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Basic Conditions
of Taoist Thunder Magic
道 教 雷 法

2007

Harrassowitz Verlag · Wiesbaden

ISSN 0567-4980
ISBN 978-3-447-05593-2

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Foreword

Today Taoist Thunder Magic or Thunder Rituals (*Lei-fa* 雷法/*Wu-lei fa* 五雷法) constitute an established element in Taoist religious culture. Many ritual practices, convictions and emblems of Thunder Magic stem from antique traditions. The ritual specialisation and the name of Thunder Magic emerged during the Sung period (11th-13th cts.), uniting, developing and rationalizing exorcist and ritual methods that were already current in earlier periods of Taoist history albeit without the label of Thunder Magic.

This study intends to describe the basic notions, practices and intentions of Thunder Magic that often is connected with the names of *Shen-hsiao* (神霄) and *Ch'ing-wei* (清微) Taoism. The Taoist Canon contains abundant materials that show Thunder amulets, altars, seals and other ritual assets. Learned Discussions (*Lei-fa shuo* 雷法說) and similar texts show that Thunder Magic is not a unified religious and ritual element of Taoist culture but comprises ritual methods that many different local traditions, documentations and the patronage of legions of divinities identify.

Many texts cannot be attributed to any individual author but later Taoists, for example Pai Yü-ch'an (白玉蟾 fl. 1209-1224), are widely assumed to have had a hand in the actual formation of those texts. However, some texts very likely emerged in the time of Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿 1093-1153) who was a persuasive and famous promoter of Thunder Magic at the imperial court of the Sung (宋) dynasty. I try to focus on materials of that early period of Thunder Magic (12th ct.). Admittedly, the texts are often hard to understand and it is difficult to grasp the practical implications that they only indicate. In a sense, this presentation has a tentative character.

The German Research Foundation (Bonn) and the Ministry of Education of Taiwan (Taipei) supported me to spend some time in Taiwan where I could consult Taiwanese colleagues and ritual specialists, who were very kind and helpful. In this sense, I especially wish to thank Profs. Lee Fong-mao (Academia Sinica) and Hsieh Ts'ung-hui (Taipei Normal University). The Katholische Akademische Ausländer Dienst (Bonn) gave Prof. Li Yüan-kuo (China/Chengdu, Academy of Social Sciences) the financial support to spend a couple of weeks in Berlin and work with me on some of the Thunder Magic materials that I present in this book. Yet, this book is just an attempt on my part to sort

out the basic conditions of Taoist Thunder Magic. I hope to draw the attention of the scholarly world to this fascinating field of research that matters for the understanding of Taoist religious culture as we have it today. Concerning the publication of this book I wish to express my sincere thanks for the support by Harrassowitz Company (Wiesbaden), especially Mr. J. Fetkenheuer.

Berlin 2007

Florian C. Reiter

Introduction

Throughout history, the workings of religious Taoism are present on all levels of the Chinese society. Canonical hagiographies of saints and immortals and the biographies of historic persons show the activities and subtle influences that Taoists exerted. We usually read that they were learned persons who mastered the scriptures of Taoism and Confucianism, and they used to employ a great variety of practical skills and rituals. Skills and rituals saved from epidemics, droughts, floods and illness. Taoists acted for the wellbeing of the people, the administration and the state at large. This seems to be the standard range of Taoist aspirations and activities, and it is for this reason that we easily find the appropriate and persuasive rhetoric in Taoist texts throughout all ages.

Never mind the time and the period, Taoists always were very expert at divination. They healed illness and exorcised baleful influences, using amulets and other ritual devices. The Taoist activists seem to make use of a rather secret personal way of life, of prayer and meditation. There is, of course, the need for a protracted and rather complicated education that may lead to the career as a priest (*tao-shih* 道士), and again there is some secrecy about the actual reality of this career.¹ However, we also notice that in many cases we never learn whether the respective Taoist was a priest or not, whether he knew how to perform rituals or not. Perhaps there was the general understanding that this profession had to be taken for granted.

Some canonical encyclopaedias present superb literary summaries of the Taoist religious culture. Sometimes they were compiled at the behest of emperors and rulers. The series of such encyclopaedias started with the title *Wu-shang pi-yao* (無上必要6ct.). Encyclopaedias turn out to be major stepping-stones when we take up our studies of religious Taoism.²

On the other hand, biographies and hagiographies often speak about alleged historical persons and pose to feature the actual combination of all those

1 F.C.Reiter: The Aspirations and Standards of Taoist Priests in the Early T'ang Period, pp.133-150, in: AAS 1.

2 J.Jagerwey : *Wu-shang pi-yao*, somme taoiste du VIe siècle. Paris 1981.

theoretical and practical elements that characterize the Taoist and his vocation. Such sources show that the Taoist can interfere in the course of nature, for example, when he organises his individual essences of life, which goes with the Taoist self-cultivation to strive after an individual immortality. Taoism is characterized by elusive concepts of immortality that point to the very individual and final goal.

The Taoist, who lives in rural settings or even at the imperial court, is employed to fight against rain, drought and other natural disasters that need the deployment of martial spirit forces. Biographies and hagiographies bring us to realize that there must be a special relationship between the individual quality of the practitioner and the outer or social realities of his Taoist activities. We can find elaborate explanations for this delicate relationship in various canonical sources, and some of them are quite prominent in a book that intends to describe the conditions of Thunder Magic or Thunder Rituals.

Many activities in Thunder Magic remind of ecstatic and exorcist performances that certainly call to mind the opaque sphere of shaman culture. Taoist sources on the other hand explicitly reject the idea that Taoists have anything to do with the shaman branches of religious proficiency. We may suppose that the ecstatic state of mind and exorcist performances can hardly be a concern for an educated and learned person. Taoism, however, proves such a supposition to be wrong.

This study of Basic Conditions of Taoist Thunder Magic elucidates the workings of Thunder Magic (*wu-lei fa* 五雷法). This branch of ritual proficiency is associated with other schools in Taoist history, namely the *Shen-hsiao tao* (神霄道) and *T'ien-hsin cheng-fa* (天心正法).

Since the Sung-period the name Thunder Magic is a general and comprehensive name for a vast variety of exorcist rituals that later continued to flourish and were labelled *Ch'ing-wei* (清微) school (14th ct.). Finally, Thunder Magic became part of the general Taoist religious culture without being explicitly named Thunder Magic and singled out for separate practices. We can study this development, for example, in present day Taiwan, which, however, does not exclude the conscious continuation of Thunder Magic by individual priests or specialists who may claim to have family traditions reaching back to Taoists of the Sung period. The translation “magic” for the Chinese word *fa* (法) is the formulation that I prefer. In fact, we deal with rituals. Thunder Rituals would also be a good name translating *lei-fa* (雷法).

We know that the emergence of Thunder Magic in the Northern Sung-period is based on antique traditions of interpreting and handling natural phenomena, which always was and is a major concern in Taoism. There were specific rituals that focussed on the destructive force of thunder and lightning. They were employed in remote periods of Chinese history. For example, the scholar Wang Ch'ung (王充) in the Han-period disputes in his *Lun-heng* (論衡) the existence of a divinity called Thunder Lord (*lei-kung* 雷公), saying that thunders are simply fire (*huo* 火).³ The statement by Wang Ch'ung (王充) seems to prove that ages ago a spirit or divine Thunder Lord was an object for scholarly considerations and, most certainly, for religious veneration. The darkness of history conceals those antique rituals. Anyway, we know for sure that the actual tasks, the purposes and means of Thunder Magic were matters of great concern, and they were integral parts of Taoism long before Thunder Magic explicitly appeared.

The T'ang Taoist Chang Wan-fu (張萬福 fl.711-713) tells us: “concerning the comprehensive rule over all divinities and demons in heaven and on earth, concerning the killing and subduing of wicked demons (*hsieh-mo* 邪魔), the beheading and the annihilation of bad spirits (*yao-ching* 妖精), the recruitment of divine forces (*ling* 靈) and the summoning of vital forces (*ch'i* 氣), the realisation of control and order for mountains and rivers, the cleansing of filthy atmospheres, the dispatch of petitions and the employment of postal [spirit] agents, the direct communication with the immortals (*shen-hsien* 神仙), there is just nothing that has any priority to [the methods and rituals of] Orthodoxy and Unity (*Cheng-i* 正一).” Ages later in the Sung period, Thunder Magic did serve well all these tasks.⁴ It is quite telling that the statements of Chang Wan-fu (張萬福) read like an early summary of the programmatic range of the much later Thunder rituals. We want to keep in mind that there are also some other, additional aspects of the ritual practice in Thunder Magic that classify such rituals as proper parts of *Cheng-i* (正一) Taoism.

We consider that the Thunder specialists employed mostly secret skills and crafts that go with the name of Thunder Magic to solve individual and communal problems that people believed to have a spiritual or transcendent

3 Wang Ch'ung: *Lun-heng* 6, 23, 96-103, esp. pp. 100-101 (*Lei-hsü p'ien*). Shanghai 1974.

4 TT 1241 *Ch'uan-shou san-tung ching-chieh fa-lu liieh-shuo* 1.4a-4b, following the text *Cheng-i fa-wen k'o-chieh p'in* (正一法文科戒品). Concerning this text see, U.A.Cedzich, p. 458, in: K.Schipper and F.Verellen eds.: *The Taoist Canon, A Historical Companion to the Daozang* (henceforth *Companion*). 3 vols. Chicago 2004.

cause. For example, droughts and floods are such problems that can endanger the wellbeing of agrarian communities. The ritual help by means of Thunder Magic, however, is most seldom a communal event in which the local population can participate, in one way or other joining the festivities. Thunder Magic is a rather personal and secret matter. The communal participation is restricted to a few sections of the old and established thanksgiving rituals (*chiao* 醮). When the Thunder specialist and priest had secretly performed his Thunder rituals and had been successful, the community may then stage such communal rituals.

Before taking up any details, I present the biography of the Taoist Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) who lived in the 9th century, well before the heyday of Thunder Magic. His biography substantiates most of the aspects of Taoist culture that I addressed so far. The text also unites many characteristics that generally describe the Taoist priest and exorcist.

The practical and ritual means that were at the avail of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) have a long history in China. They stem from historical periods before the reputed beginning of organized Taoism in the 2nd century A.D. The Sung (宋) period started in 960 A.D., about one hundred years after the life of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) who shows activities and spiritual potentials that forecast specific elements of the later Thunder Magic. His biography indicates the personal qualities that characterize the practitioners of Thunder Magic. The term Thunder Magic stands for the attempt to rationalize a welter of long established religious notions and rituals, which may be due to the intellectual and rationalistic disposition of the Sung (宋) period. We also remember that emperor Sung Hui-tsung (宋徽宗 r. 1100-1126) developed a great personal interest in the Taoist religion and actually thought himself and his staff to represent the heavenly spirit-administration. On the other side, the priest and Thunder specialist professes to embody a spirit-career with ranks and varied promotions, which enables him to live up to the extraordinary standard of being divine. Our sources do not let us have any doubts about this claim.⁵ We notice that we find in *A Dictionary of Official Titles in Imperial China* many of the spirit-titles that refer to the assumed power structure of Taoist Thunder specialists and their deities.⁶

5 See the grand spirit-ranks and promotions for the Taoist priest in TT 1220 *Tao-fa hui-yüan* 56.39a-39b. For a translation of this chapter in TT 1220 see below, Chapter II: The Scope of Taoist Thunder Magic.

6 See Charles O. Hucker, Stanford 1985 (henceforth *Hucker*).

The biography of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) serves us well as an entertaining example to illustrate the practical and visible role of Taoist Thunder Magic. The biography is contained in the collection “Supplementary Lives of Immortals” (*Hsü-hsien chuan* 續仙傳) by Shen Fen (沈汾) of the Southern T'ang period (937-975). The biography of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) is one of the twelve items in chapter 2: “Hidden Transformations” (*yin-hua* 隱化).

The Biography of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶)⁷

(17a) “Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) had the name (*tzu* 字) Lu-ts'ung (魯聰) and hailed from Chien-ch'ang (建昌) district in Hung-chou (洪州).⁸ When he was young he adhered to the Taoist skills (*tao-shu* 道術) of his [spiritual] teacher masters, the [two] Taoists from the Western Mountains (hsi-shan 西山), the Perfect Lords (*chen-chün* 真君) Hsü [Sun] (許遜) and Wu [Meng] (吳猛).⁹ He abstained from cereals and practiced breathing techniques (*fu-ch'i* 服氣).

7 See *Yeh Ch'ien-shao* in: TT 295 *Hsü-hsien chuan* 2, 16b-18b. Also see *Hsü-hsien chuan* 2, 13a-13b; in: Hsiao T'ien-shih ed.: *Li-tai chen-hsien shih-chuan* (*Tao-tsang ching-hua* 5/7, Taipei 1980); Concerning TT 295, see F. Verellen, *Xu xian zhuan*, pp. 429-430, in: *Companion*, he also indicates other editions of this title that are either complete or fragmentary. See *T'ai-p'ing kuang-chi* (太平廣記) 394 (*lei* 雷 2), 6a-6b (p. 1607, ed.: Kyoto 1972) contains the story of a certain Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉遷韶) who was initiated by Lei-kung (雷公) as to be able to summon thunders and to save people. The deity explained that he had five brothers. The two Yehs (葉) most likely are the same person, although their places of origin read different. Both names most certainly stand for the one person who hailes from Chiang-hsi province. The background of the person in TT 295 sounds better and more learned, whereas the *T'ai-p'ing kuang-chi* (太平廣記) of Li Fang (李昉, 978 CE) speaks about a young lad who collected firewood when he experienced that divine encounter. I translate the TT 295 version.

8 This is today's Nan-ch'ang district in Chiang-hsi province, where Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) also hails from.

9 Concerning the two famous Taoists (3rd ct.) who allegedly were experts in Thunder Magic, see TT 1220 *Tao-fa hui-yüan* 56.10a; for a complete translation of this chapter (nr. 56) in *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual* see below Chapter II. See F.C. Reiter: „The Name of the Nameless and Thunder Magic“, p. 115 in: P. Andersen and F.C. Reiter eds.: *Scriptures, Schools and Forms of Practice in Daoism, A Berlin Symposium*, in: AAS 20. TT 1220: 125.1a sq. *Chiu-chou she-ling man-lei ta-fa* (九州社令蠻雷大法) shows Hsü Sun (許遜) to be the very first spiritual patron saint of the Earth Altar (Thunder) rituals. The phrasing in TT 295 is opaque. It literally says: “...he served the Taoists...as his teacher masters. His Taoist skills [were] the avoidance of cereals and the breathing technics ...” Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) reputedly lived in the T'ang-period, a few centuries after the times of Hsü and Wu. Concerning the Altar of Earth Thunder, see below Chapter II, cf. TT 1220:

A Work and its Shapers
The Most High Scripture of the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens in Early
Medieval China

by
Timothy Charles Swanger

A Dissertation Presented in Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Doctor of Philosophy

Approved January 2019 by the
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May 2019

ABSTRACT

Religions, following Max Müller, have often been seen by scholars in religious studies as uniform collections of beliefs and practices encoded in stable “sacred books” that direct the conduct of religious actors. These texts were the chief focus of academic students of religion through much of the 20th century, and this approach remains strong in the 21st. However, a growing chorus of dissidents has begun to focus on the lived experience of practitioners and the material objects that structure that experience, and some textual scholars have begun extending this materialist framework to the study of texts. This dissertation is a contribution in that vein from the field of Daoist studies. Now split between two separate texts, the *Most High Scripture of the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens* began as a 4th-century collection of apocalyptic predictions and apotropaic devices designed to deliver a select group of Chinese literati to the heavens of Highest Clarity. Later editors during the early medieval period (ca. 220-589 CE) took one of two paths: for their own reasons, they altered the *Rectifying Methods* to emphasize either the world’s end or its continuation. Detailed study of these alterations and their contexts shows how individuals and groups used and modified the *Rectifying Methods* in ways that challenge the conventional relationship between religious text and religious actor.

To my mother, my first teacher

“One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth for
ever.” – *Ecclesiastes* 1:4

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Surely by now the myth of the individual author is dead and buried. But for the record: I didn't do this alone. First thanks go to my lovely and supportive family. Robert Swanger, Elaine Goble Dandridge, and Libby Swanger provided a wonderful home for a budding nerd to grow up in. Mom, I'm sorry you didn't make it to the home stretch. I was really looking forward to your keen critical eye and attentive ear as I embarked on this project, but life had other plans. I'd also like to thank my committee. Stephen Bokenkamp, Robert Campany, Huaiyu Chen, Young Oh, and Stephen West have borne my endless questions over the years with patience and good cheer. Professor Campany deserves special thanks, as it was his influence (as well as that of the departed John McRae) that got me started studying the religions of China as an undergraduate. So does Stephen Bokenkamp. His compassion and forbearance made for an excellent mentor, and his strict attention to matters philological and sinological taught me that the smallest of unturned stones can yield fascinating secrets. The Yad Hanadiv Foundation and Tel Aviv University generously funded a portion of my work, and introduced me to some lovely new friends along the way (hi, Noa!). My support network includes professors from my undergraduate and graduate years: Nancy Levene and Pierce Salguero have been of particular help. I have also relied on some very good friends, past and present: Stephanie Bilinsky, David Walsh, Sammit Khandeparkar, JooSil Kim, Seth Clippard, Paul Amato, Jennifer Bussio, Yang Wu, Wenbo Chang, Ye Han, and many others were wonderful classmates and companions through the trials and tribulations of graduate school. My idiot cats have provided endless amusement, annoyance, and distraction; Fluffins (RIP!)

helped me study for comps. But surely the most important person in my life over the course of this project has been Marci Baranski. Without her emotional and financial support, it wouldn't have been possible. More importantly, she has proven an excellent partner, and the perfect person for me to love and grow with over the past six years.

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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

DDB	<i>Digital Dictionary of Buddhism</i>
ECR	<i>Early Chinese Religion</i>
EDS	<i>Early Daoist Scriptures</i>
EoT	<i>The Encyclopedia of Taoism</i>
<i>Grand Ricci</i>	<i>Grand dictionnaire Ricci de la langue chinoise</i>
HFL	The Hanfenlou 涵芬樓 edition of the Daozang, printed by the eponymous publishing house between 1923-1926.
Handian	The <i>Hanyu Dacidian</i>
j.	<i>juan</i> (“chapter” or “scroll” – the traditional unit of textual division)
R	Robinet, <i>La révélation du Shangqing</i>
T	<i>Taishō shinshū daizōkyō</i>
TC	<i>The Taoist Canon: A Historical Companion to the Daozang</i>
TPGJ	<i>Taiping guangji</i>
WSBY	<i>Wushang biyao</i>
XDL	<i>Xiaodao lun</i>
YJQQ	<i>Yunji qiqian</i>
ZG	<i>Zhen’gao</i>
ZHDZ	<i>Zhonghua daoang</i>

Chapter 1: Religious Studies and Textuality

The Tools at Hand

The centrality of texts in the Daoist religion is beyond dispute. Consider the following example, from the *Most High Scripture of the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens* (CT 1203 *Taishang santian zhengfa jing* 太上三天正法經). Two gods receive a work of scripture from their superior that allows them to control demon soldiers in the service of the gods of the Six Heavens, whose violent rule has heretofore oppressed a suffering humanity. The superior deity ordains them into a hierarchy and commands them to transmit this work to human beings. With the aid of said work, these humans can become powerful beings known as Perfected. With their new status, these fortunate few can use the methods provided by this text to aid their celestial superiors in sweeping away the violent rule of the Six Heavens:

太上與後聖，九玄上相青童君共序三天正法除六天之文，施用寶訣祝說，投祭法度以付二君，使教後學諸為真人者，以制六天收戮群凶。於是帝君，上相青童君奉受真訣稽首而還。

The Most High allowed the Lord of the Golden Porte and the Azure Lad of the Nine Heavens to together lay out the Correct Methods of the Three Heavens for Expelling the Six Heavens, using precious oral instructions, incantations, and explanations. They sacrificed and he ritually ordained them, in order to transmit [the scripture] to the two lords, commanding them to teach those who come late to the study [of the Way] how to become Perfected in order to control the Six Heavens, gathering up and slaying the mass of demons. Thereupon the Lord of the Golden Porte and the Azure Lad received perfected instructions, performed full prostrations, and left.¹

In the ritual recounted above, the text is the focal point. Materially, it is the sole object being transmitted. The ritualized behavior of the three gods is structured around its transmission and receipt. The work structures the social relations within the celestial

1 ZHDZ 1.260b.22-c4

realm and between deities and humans. All of this presents a problem for scholars of Daoism as members of the larger discipline of religious studies. The discipline as a whole has recently been turning away from texts as the chief object of study.

One articulation of this stance is the editorial statement found in the first issue of the journal *Material Religion* (2005-):

The study of religion has largely been pursued as the study of texts—liturgical, theological, poetic, or narrative words and concepts. There is no regretting this practice, since it is clear that many religions in the last three millennia have invested enormous cultural resources in hand and mechanically printed texts, which have acted as authoritative transmissions of received knowledge. But the limits of a textual study of religion have gradually been recognized by many in academe, museum, and elsewhere over the last two or three generations...

In addition to gaps in the textual record where relevant evidence has been misplaced or destroyed (or instances where texts simply did not feature in the religion under study), the editors note that meaning and its interpretation is not confined to the textual sphere, and thus cannot be understood through textual analysis alone:

...[M]aterial things, places, and practices evoke modes of experience that are not equal to the reading of texts. "Meaning" may not be reduced simply to the parsing of words or their conceptual interpretation. Things and practices mean in ways that texts do not. Moreover, words combine with things to create even richer, more embodied forms of experience that must be scrutinized in order to capture the complex sense of religious meaning-making.

The editors give examples of the sorts of material they are interested in:

We understand by "material religion" not only great works of art and temples, but all the things believers do with them. We understand material religion to include pilgrimages, image-guided meditation, the spaces that house shamanistic transport, spirit possessions, divination, or liturgical worship, the objects to which memory and genealogy are keyed, the costumes in which ancestors are invoked, the images that make aesthetic experience a spiritual encounter, the devotional paraphernalia that grandparents and priests give as gifts to the young, the bumper stickers that invoke deities, and the objects that serve as amulets to ward off evil or summon benevolence. All of these objects and their uses constitute examples of lived religion.

Their "meaning" is not contained merely in the object or its imagery, but in how they are used, and reused, forgotten, broken, salvaged, or ensconced in museums.²

Some disciplines suggest themselves immediately for the study of these objects:

geography and place (pilgrimages, spaces that house religious activities); drama and performance (the religious activities people engage in within these spaces, as well as the objects the use and costumes they wear); social memory (memory, genealogy, and associated objects); or media studies (bumper stickers). Absent are the typical tools of the textual scholar: philology, text-criticism, and the like. Consider, too, a more recent (and very influential) programmatic statement for the materialist study of religion by Manuel

A. Vásquez:

The sort of materialism I would like to advance approaches religion as the open-ended product of discursive and nondiscursive practices of embodied individuals, that is, individuals who exist in particular times and places. These individuals are embedded in nature and culture, and drawing from and conditioned by their ecological, biological, psychological, and sociocultural resources, they construct multiple identities and practices, some of which come to be designated, often through contestation, as religious at particular junctures. In other words, a materialist approach is interested in the processes behind the naming and articulation of religion as a relatively stable and patterned reality recognized by both insiders and outsiders.³

Without analyzing this passage in detail, one can note the fields it makes amenable to the study of religion: among others, these are ecology, biology, sociology, psychology, and cognitive science. The disciplinary broad-mindedness shared by Vásquez and the editors of *Material Religion* is a striking departure from the early days of the field.

Understanding this departure requires a brief foray into those early days.

2 *Material Religion* 1.1 (March 2005): 6-7.

3 Vásquez, *More Than Belief: A Materialist Theory of Religion* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2011), 8. For a discussion of the work as a whole, see the review round table in *Method and Theory in the Study of Religion* 24, no. 4-5 (2012).

The modern discipline of religious studies is often traced to Friedrich Max Müller (1823-1900), who was the first to use the term “Science of Religion” (*Religionswissenschaft*) in a series of lectures delivered in 1870. There, he divides his new science into two stages: “[T]he former, which has to deal with the historical forms of religion, is called *Comparative Theology*; the latter, which has to explain the conditions under which religion, in its highest or lowest form, is possible, is called *Theoretic Theology*.”⁴ Müller thus divides religious studies into empirical and theoretical modes; the first requires the collection, collation, and classification of data; the second crafts an explanatory theory of religion based on that data. His split would influence the giants of the field, from Mircea Eliade (1907-1986) to J.Z. Smith (1938-2017).⁵ The science of religion should begin with the first stage, since it is not until “all the evidence that can possibly be gained from a comparative study of all the religions of the world has been fully collected, classified, and analyzed” that scholars could begin to formulate a theory of religion corresponding to the second step.

4 Jon R. Stone, ed., *The Essential Max Müller: On Language, Mythology, and Religion* (New York: Palgrave MacMillan, 2002): 114. Emphasis in original. The quotation is from the first of Müller’s 1870 “Lectures on the Science of Religion.” Stone uses the 1872 text, justifying his choice on p. xv.

5 Eliade’s debt to Müller is evident in his citational practices: the theory of religion he advances in *The Sacred and the Profane: The Nature of Religion*, tr. Willard R. Trask (Orlando: A Harvest Book, 1957) and *The Myth of the Eternal Return*, tr. Willard R. Trask (Princeton, NJ: Princeton/Bollingen Paperbacks, 2005) are founded on diverse examples. For instance, his theses on sacred space on pp. 12-17 of *The Eternal Return* are enumerated, then explicated with citations. The chaos/cosmos split on pp. 29-32 of *Sacred and Profane* is established through reference to the Vedas; to unspecified “Scandinavian colonists;” and to 2 Corinthians 5:17. Smith’s four-step method of comparison reads like a heavily-modified version of Müller’s original: the scholar first situates a given example in its historical context, then describes its reception history; second, they repeat the same two steps with a different exemplum; third, they redescribe the exempla each in light of the other; and finally, they rectify the academic categories in light of which the exempla have been imagined. See “The ‘End’ of Comparison: Redescription and Rectification,” in *A Magic Still Dwells: Comparative Religion in the Postmodern Age*, ed. Kimberley C. Patton and Benjamin C. Ray (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2000), 239.

For Müller, the most important source of this evidence is textual. Though he provides a brief paragraph on the value of missionary accounts of “savage” religions, he is chiefly interested in documentary evidence in the form of “sacred books:”

A study of the original documents on which the principal religions of the world profess to be founded... has enabled some of our best living scholars to distinguish in each religion what is really ancient and what is comparatively modern; what was the doctrine of the founders and their immediate disciples, and what were the afterthoughts and, generally, the later corruptions of later ages... [A]s it is essential that we should know the most ancient forms of every language, before we proceed to any comparisons, is indispensable that we should have a clear conception of the most primitive form of every religion before we proceed to determine its own value, and to compare it with other forms of religious faith.⁶

Note the semantic slippage here: the study of original documents at first is only relevant to “the principal religions of the world,” but by the end of the paragraph that method is useful in the study of “every” religion. The examples of “religion” that follow only confirm the centrality of sacred texts to the study of religion: Islam, Buddhism, and Hinduism are – for Müller, at least – paradigmatic textual religions (115-116). The methods that allow such study involve “critical scholarship,” broadly conceived (“When was [a book] written? Where, and by whom?... Was the whole book written at once, or does it contain portions of an earlier date?”) but also philology. When studying Zoroastrianism, for instance, “we must chiefly, if not entirely, depend on those portions of the Zend-Avesta which are written in the Gatha dialect, a more primitive dialect than that of the rest of the sacred code of the Zoroastrians,” (ibid.). Of course, the most successful

6 Stone, *Essential* 114-115. His textual focus sets him apart from other early evolutionists like Tylor and Frazer, and (later) Durkheim, who appealed to what might be called an early form of ethnographic evidence in reconstructing “primitive” religion.

analysis of a religious text was his own – that of the Vedas, again performed via philology and text-criticism.⁷

Norman Girardot sees Müller’s study of the Vedas as emblematic of his entire enterprise:

[Müller’s] judgment concerning the authentic sacredness or profound “religiosity” of the Indian “classics...” relates in many ways to an imbricated set of Evangelical Protestant assumptions about history, religion, and the special authority of scripture (*sola scriptura* – and Müller’s original Pietistic Lutheran roots should be recalled here) and individual moral regeneration. In addition to an obvious anti-Catholic perspective on the general history of religions, priests, and ritual, these mostly unspoken criteria included... an emphasis on reified religious beliefs, doctrines, and moral codes embedded in scriptures and conscience; a stress on a monotheism... unsullied by intermediary spiritual beings; the importance of nonpetitionary prayer and worship; the need for a radical spiritual transformation of human nature and an ongoing moral self-cultivation; and the originary inspiration and authoritative role of individual religious founders, prophets, reformers, and editors.⁸

We have seen some of these notes struck above in Müller’s emphasis on the beliefs of the “founders” of various religions as recorded in their texts; others are evident elsewhere in his work.⁹ Key for us here is his emphasis on sacred texts, to be interpreted as carriers of signification that constitute the center of a given religion. Some scholars continue to uncritically adopt Müller’s approach.¹⁰ The vast majority, however, have begun to see

7 For his introduction to the study of the Vedas, see his “Lecture on the Vedas, or the Sacred Books of the Brahmans” in Stone, *Essential* 43-67.

8 Girardot, “Max Müller’s *Sacred Books* and the Nineteenth-Century Production of the Science of Comparative Religions,” *History of Religions* 41, no. 3 (Feb., 2002): 233.

9 The definition of religion he advanced in 1870 is one he adhered to, with minor modification, throughout his life. Its basic component, evident in the lowest and highest forms of religion, is the human experience of the “Infinite.” Much in the manner of Rudolph Otto, the Infinite is perceived more dimly or more perfectly in varying grades of religion, stretching from “fetish worship” through Roman Catholicism and finally reaching its culmination in Protestant Christianity. For concise statements of these views, see Stone, *Essential* 113, 170-171, 197, 216.

texts as more than containers for meaning that offer skeleton keys to the nature of religion. Rather, they are now one data point among many others that are included in religious activity.

Parallel to the notion of texts as central to religions is the tendency of religious studies scholars to read religions as texts. Tomoko Masuzawa treats this trend as an extension of the hermeneutic approach in anthropology, which arose out of and in reaction to earlier German and English models of culture. Despite their differences, these models shared the conceit that culture was the province of an intellectual elite nurtured on classic literature. Their resulting spiritual and moral cultivation set them apart from the common folk (and indeed, it was at this time that the distinction between “the masses” and “the classes” began to appear). Though it was embodied in the literature studied by this elite, culture was also the expression of a unitary, primordial national spirit – a “whole way of life” or a “natural, organic folk spirit.” But while the English and German models were unabashedly evaluative, the anthropological model strove to be descriptive and pluralistic: there existed many cultures, with none distinctly “better” than the other. But the new anthropological definition of culture inherited two particularly important elements from its forebears. First, culture was conceived of as a unitary whole that was particular to a given group. Second, This unitary whole can be represented (as in literature for the German and English intellectuals); it can be understood. Therefore, it must be interpreted as a text: “[T]o know a culture is to understand its *meaning*... to grasp the ‘essential truth’ of a culture requires a *hermeneutic science*.”¹¹

11 Masuzawa, “Culture” in *Critical Terms for Religious Studies*, ed. Mark C. Taylor (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1998), 70-78, esp. 74, 77-78. Emphases in original.

Though it was first employed in this definition by Tylor, the “complex whole” version of culture remained influential among professional anthropologists (Masuzawa cites Ruth Benedict, Franz Boas, and Clifford Geertz) down through the mid-twentieth century – with an important modification: what was, for Tylor, “culture” in the singular, became plural.¹² It was then that the hermeneutic approach was borrowed from anthropology by prominent theologians like Paul Tillich and used to describe religions. Inheriting their perspective was Mircea Eliade, who defended hermeneutics as the *only* method proper to the study of religions:

The hierophanies – i.e., the manifestations of the sacred expressed in symbols, myths, supernatural beings, etc. - are grasped as structures, and constitute a prereflective language that requires a special hermeneutics... By means of a competent hermeneutics [developed, he explains earlier, from the work of earlier historians and phenomenologists of religion], history of religions ceases to be a museum of fossils, ruins, and obsolete *mirabilia* and becomes what it should have been from the beginning for any investigator: a series of "messages" waiting to be deciphered and understood.¹³

Eliade had earlier allowed that religious matters were “of concern” to members of other disciplines, and even that drawing upon their techniques could prove useful to the historian of religions; later in the same work (pp. 12-36) he elaborates on the contributions and shortcomings of psychologists, sociologists, and theologians in the study of religion. In the preface, however, as in earlier works, he makes the case that the methods of religious studies – what he calls here his “special hermeneutics” – are distinct

12 For Tylor, “culture” was unequivocally singular: “[A] search of the surviving residue of Tylor’s career has produced only two rather dubious instances of the plural, neither of them in a published work by Tylor.” See George W. Stocking, Jr., *Victorian Anthropology* (New York: The Free Press, 1987), 302-303. “Culture” had become plural at least by the time of Ruth Benedict. See Benedict, *Patterns of Culture* (New York: Mentor Books, 1959 [1934]), 17ff.

13 Eliade, *The Quest: History and Meaning in Religion* (1969; repr., Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1984), preface, n.p. Masuzawa cites a slightly longer portion on 81-82.

from the methods of other disciplines.¹⁴ Masuzawa details the enduring influence of the hermeneuticists on the field of religious studies and beyond:

To be sure, not everyone professionally engaged in religious studies would subscribe to this particular conception of ‘religious hermeneutics.’ More broadly speaking, however, the hermeneutical paradigm has become so insidiously ensconced in the human sciences generally in the course of the twentieth century that it now seems to strike many people as perversely unnatural, if not entirely impossible, to entertain the possibility that “culture” or “religion” could be construed in any way other than as an intricately intrareferential “meaningful whole...” the overwhelming emphasis on *meaning* as the ultimate constitutive substance of a cultural wholeness has had the effect... of bringing the anthropological notion of culture into closer association with the more literary, aesthetic, and moral concepts of culture discussed earlier.¹⁵

The same, she implies, could be said of religion. In this respect, Geertz and Eliade come in for particular criticism: both were interested in situating the study of religion in the tradition of the interpretive study of culture.

Her criticism of Geertz is particularly ironic because his anthropological approach had seemed to offer an alternative to scholars of religion who had tired of the Eliadean paradigm. Instead of “identify[ing] and catalog[uing] sacred archetypes across different cultures and eras” – that is, instead of constructing Eliade’s series of “messages” – they could rely on Geertz’s famous “thick description” to study various religions in their own context. In the process, religionists adopted his theory of religion as a system of symbols that created and reflected an ethos and worldview. By taking a semiotic approach to religion and culture, however, Geertz perpetuated the focus on unity and hermeneutics that saw religions as separate wholes, with their own essences, that could be read like texts.¹⁶ Vásquez traces Geertzian textualism to a particular current in Durkheimian

14 See Eliade, *The Sacred and the Profane*, 14-16.

15 Masuzawa, “Culture,” 80-82.

16 Vásquez, *Belief* 222-223; Masuzawa, *ibid.*

thought that privileges ideas over matter, and which influenced his successors in the structuralist and post-structuralist tradition. Lévi-Strauss and Derrida fundamentally differ in their approach to meaning, but both are textualists at heart. Their conceptions of meaning, insofar as they have influenced religionists, have led to the same emphasis on religion-as-text that one sees in Geertz. As an alternative, Vásquez suggests scholars refocus their gaze on ritual and practice – an approach that has been present in the field since Durkheim (and even Tylor) but has been neglected by a collective textualist myopia. While texts are critical data to the study of religion, they should not be the only data – and religions should not be analyzed exclusively in textual terms.¹⁷

For the materialists above, the problem is not that religions involve texts; it is that scholars see religions *as* their texts, and extend the textual metaphor to non-textual aspects of religious life. Religious bodies, spaces, and practices are either relegated to secondary status or reframed as texts in need of explication. The text has become a “hungry metaphor” that in the end consumes all other modes of analyzing religion.¹⁸ Approaching a given text not only as a container of signifiers but also as a material object opens new windows on the lives of its users. Vásquez sketches the parameters of textual materiality. He first notes that texts, as they have been approached, are at once objectified activity and carriers of meaning. Overemphasis on their completeness and their value as pure vehicles of signification, however, has obscured their materiality:

17 *Belief* 231-232. Throughout the book, Vásquez develops a materialist theory of religion that focuses on embodiment, praxis, and place. While extraordinarily promising, the details of his theory need not concern us here.

18 The reference is to Thomas Csordas, “Embodiment and Cultural Phenomenology,” in *Perspectives on Embodiment: The Intersections of Nature and Culture*, ed. Gail Weiss and Honi Fern Haber (New York: Routledge, 1999): 146.

Texts are always the result of (and we always meet them through) practices of production and consumption. These practices always point to: (1) the habituses of their authors and competing audiences; (2) the selection of materials (e.g., the types of parchment, binding, and ink used); (3) manipulation (miscopying them, generating apologias or polemics around them, and bowdlerizing or even banning them); and (4) appropriation (since texts are not just interpreted but also memorized, chanted, decorated, paraded down the streets, and even worn...). Texts, thus, should not be opposed or even separated from religious practices or artifacts. Instead, texts are the relatively stable albeit open-ended products of practices of “religious mattering,” text-making and text-consuming practices, including those of the religion scholar.¹⁹

We will see that most of these aspects of materiality are relevant for the production of the *Rectifying Methods*. There is another important aspect he does not discuss in detail, however: the social situation in which texts are generated, modified, and circulated. Karen King shows an astute awareness of this facet of textual production in *The Secret Revelation to John* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2006). Her assumptions and the methods she bases on them provide useful tools for the study of the *Rectifying Methods*.

The fundamental data for students of the *Secret Revelation* are four extant manuscripts, all of which differ from one another in major and minor ways. Three versions of the *Secret Gospel* were found in three different codices (II, III, and IV) among a cache of ancient manuscripts discovered near the Egyptian town of Nag Hammadi in 1945. Another, referred to by scholars as BG, was purchased in a Cairo antiquities market and brought to the Egyptian Museum in Berlin. These four different manuscripts suggest people in four different settings thought the text was relevant: an urban school setting; second-century Rome; at various points in Egypt; and outside a Pachomian monastery. The *Secret Gospel* was probably composed in an urban school setting, most likely in

¹⁹ Vásquez, *Belief* 255-256.

Alexandria, in the first or second century CE; during that same century, some version made its way to Rome, where it was used for purposes of refutation by the orthodox polemicist Irenaeus; meanwhile, different version(s) circulated in Egypt; and finally three of these were collected and buried by Pachomian monks. The differences in form and content among these versions, as well as their differing uses, reveal a great deal about the social life of the text.

The circumstances behind the discovery of the Nag Hammadi codices have been the subject of dispute for decades. King presents a stripped-down version of the conventional account, and that will serve for present purposes:

In 1945, the most important single discovery for the history of early Christianity was made. A peasant digging for fertilizer in the hills near the village of Nag Hammadi in Egypt uncovered a clay jar containing a collection of fourth-century papyrus books. As it turned out, these books contained a wealth of early Christian writings that had been buried by monks from the local Pachomian monastery in order to save them from the censors of the fifth-century Church.²⁰

The importance of the Nag Hammadi find is unquestioned, but almost every other detail has been criticized. Who found the texts? Why do the accounts of the principal figures in the discovery vary so widely? What were they doing at time of discovery? Who buried the Nag Hammadi codices, and why?

Such questions have direct bearing on the books' nature and origin. Challenging the regnant Pachomian-centered vision of the Nag Hammadi texts, Nicola Denzey Lewis and Justine Ariel Blount argue persuasively that the fertilizer story is unlikely; instead, the individual or group responsible for the discovery had likely looted the tomb of a private citizen who had commissioned the codices to be used as grave goods (a well-attested practice in ancient and late antique Egypt). Grave robbery is a well-attested

²⁰ King, *Secret Revelation* 2.

practice in ancient and modern Egypt, and furnished many of the manuscripts on the antiquities market – including, likely, the Berlin Codex version of the *Secret Gospel*. If they were indeed looted from a grave, the Nag Hammadi codices would have functioned as displays of the wealth and social power of the tomb’s occupant.²¹ Their status as material objects, then, would have been at least as important as their content.²²

The existing versions of the *Secret Gospel* suggests second-century Alexandria as a place of composition for several reasons. Its format places it among the esoteric tradition of master-student textual transmission common to an urban school; in this case, Christ transmits his final teaching to his disciple John, and the masters and students who transmitted and received it took their own place in the “school of Christ.” Its author displays extensive familiarity with Jewish literature and hermeneutics, and so they must have composed the text in a setting where such material was available. Alexandria’s community of Greek-speaking Jews provides just such a setting. Indeed, much of the material included with the *Secret Gospel* in the Nag Hammadi codices would have been exactly the sort collected and transmitted in an urban school. The material the *Gospel* quotes and parodies shows the author was familiar not only with Jewish theology and hermeneutic techniques but also distinctively Egyptian theriomorphic deities, Platonic cosmology and astrology, and demonology. Alexandria would have been one of the few

21 The power of such objects in this regard is illustrated by the story of Arethas of Caesarea, a scholar and politician of the tenth century who paid, on average, 15-20 nomismata per codex – equivalent to half the yearly salary of a civil servant. See *The Oxford Dictionary of Byzantium*, ed. Alexander P. Kazhdan (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1991), s.v. “Book Trade,” “Codex,” “Arethas of Caesarea.”

22 See Nicola Denzey Lewis and Justine Ariel Blount, “Rethinking the Origins of the Nag Hammadi Codices,” *Journal of Biblical Literature* 133, no. 2 (2014): 400-415. The debate continues: see Hugo Lundhaug and Lance Jennot, *The Monastic Origins of the Nag Hammadi Codices*, Studien und Texte zu Antike und Christentum, 97 (Tübingen: Mohr Siebeck, 2015). Pp. 1-21 answers some of the criticisms advanced in the article.

places where all of these resources would have been accessible. “The cumulative evidence...” says King, “points to most directly to Alexandria. Indeed if the *Secret Revelation of John* were not written in Alexandria, it would need to have been written in a place just like it.”²³

The popularity of the *Secret Gospel* is unquestionable; there is, however, no single definitive version. Both of these facts derive from the *Secret Gospel*’s material circumstances. All four surviving manuscripts were translated from Greek into Coptic – three independently – and show evidence of having been copied before. Indeed, each copy we now possess probably had its own complicated history. Some of this history is hinted at by “variations in the construction of the codices, scribal hands, and dialect,” (18). As mentioned above, three of the copies were found in Nag Hammadi codices; the fourth circulated separately. At the linguistic level the copy of the *Secret Revelation* found in codex IV shows distinct features characteristic of a southern dialect of Coptic; the same criteria show that the version found in codex II is a northern text (though the texts themselves are otherwise almost identical).²⁴ Meanwhile, the versions found in codex III and in the Cairo marketplace – in addition to differing significantly from one another – are both shorter than the versions in II and IV. Besides orthographical differences and differences in content, each version of the *Secret Gospel* is also marked by lacunae – portions of the text that have been damaged beyond recognition or completely destroyed between the centuries during the text’s production and their discovery. Some can be filled in with reference to other versions of the text or with educated guesses, but other parts of

²³ King, *Secret Revelation* 9-17.

²⁴ Funk, “Linguistic Aspects” 127.

the text are beyond recovery.²⁵ Textual lacunae, linguistic and orthographic differences, and the complicated histories of the Nag Hammadi codices, combined with the debates surrounding their nature and origin, present significant obstacles to their study. They also hint at another relevant factor: mobility.

Wolf-Peter Funk summarizes the movement of the Nag Hammadi codices:

Quite evidently, at least a few of our “texts”—in some Coptic version and format—did a great deal of traveling along the Nile valley before they arrived in the Nag Hammadi region. During these travels, they were doubtless part of the luggage of certain persons (who may or may not have been interested in their specific contents). They may have changed carriers from time to time, and they were probably taken out of the bag at a number of places—to be read, modified, copied (thus, in a sense, “published”) so as to multiply into several chains of transmission. That is to say, at such stopovers on the way—possibly involving a more extended stay in some places—they can be assumed to have undergone the same kind of treatment that they were evidently given on their arrival in southern Upper Egypt: as a consequence of the personal or professional contacts between their carriers and other persons, indigenous to the region, they were gradually adapted to their new environment. (This adaptation, it seems, was hardly ever accomplished one hundred per cent.) At some stages during the process, there happened to be editors who thought it fit to unite one or two pieces of the imported goods with other interesting material that derived more directly from their home production. Such miscellaneous volumes may have had quite a history of their own before some of the items happened to be chosen for inclusion into the codices we are proud to have.²⁶

Funk’s summary highlights several important aspects of the Nag Hammadi codices’ materiality. As he relates more explicitly elsewhere, they are composite volumes, containing individual manuscripts written in different dialects by different scribes. They are neither doctrinally nor linguistically unified.²⁷ The individual manuscripts contained in each codex would themselves have had their own histories, bound up in the mutual contact between copyists, editors, caravan hands, and interested locals from different

25 King, *Secret Revelation* 25.

26 Funk, “Linguistic Aspects” 146, as quoted in King, *Secret Revelation* 17.

27 Funk, “Linguistic Aspects” 125.

regions of Egypt. All of these histories would have played out for each individual manuscript before they were bound up together and (eventually) buried.

In detailing the winding journey of the Nag Hammadi texts, King and Funk display awareness of the four aspects of materiality discussed by Vásquez above. The habituses (though Funk does not use the term) of the authors, editors, teachers, and copyists of the *Secret Gospel* would have been evident in everything from their methods of teaching to the criteria governing the text's selection for use to the act of copying itself. This latter would be implicated in the wider circulation of the manuscripts. Manipulations may reflect simple dialectical differences between scribes, but they may also point to what Vásquez calls "appropriations" of the text: its specific uses in specific settings. In particular, King infers that certain differences in content mark different social fields in which the text operated.

The most important difference in content between the longer version in II/IV and the shorter version in BG/III is the insertion of a hymn to a figure called Pronoia. This hymn, inserted near the end of the text, precipitated a wave of revisions throughout the *Secret Gospel* that allowed the text to speak to contexts different than the original.²⁸ She notes four effects these changes had on the text as a whole. When compared to the shorter version, the new, longer edition displays:

...[A]n increased interest in rationalizing ritual practice, especially baptism, in terms of the work's mythological framework; a shift in some gender imagery; and an enrichment of intertextual allusions to the *Gospel of John*. In addition to these, we can note the stronger emphasis on healing by the addition of the extended list of demons...²⁹

28 King details the changes on *Secret Revelation* 244-257.

29 King, *Secret Revelation* 257

King associates these new characteristics with new contexts of use:

Altogether these may indicate a closer association of the work with a communal setting where baptism is understood in terms of moral purification and protection from the effects of demons. The ties to the *Gospel of John* indicate a stable or even increasing association with Christians for whom Johannine traditions were highly valued. And finally, the shifts in gender may point toward a monastic setting... where women were present but their leadership was not allowed and their presence was considered a sexual temptation.

For King, then, changes in the *Secret Gospel of John* reflect changes in the settings in which the text was used. An initial, shorter version was likely composed in an urban school setting for individual transmission from master to student. An independent hymn was later integrated into this version, precipitating a massive revision of the text to smoothly incorporate the new material. The thematic evidence in this longer version indicates a change in social context from a private esoteric school to a communal monastic setting.

Without question, the most important method King uses to understand these changes, and therefore what they imply about their new settings, is hermeneutic: she compares the semantic content of two different versions of the same text. And the account she favors has been challenged. Both she and her challengers agree, however, that understanding the text's fuller significance to late antique Egypt is only possible by taking into account its status as a material object. It is not solely a repository of meaning. Orthographic differences between different versions of the *Secret Gospel* reveal the intervention of different scribes as they attempted to refigure the text to suit readers who used different dialects of Coptic. Its monastic audience altered the content to suit their own purposes. The *Secret Gospel*, like other texts in the Nag Hammadi library, shows evidence of having been copied multiple times. The codices themselves collect

manuscripts written on a wide variety of subjects and in a wide variety of dialects, often by different scribes. Taken together, these facets of the history of the *Secret Gospel* make it clear that understanding the nature of any given text requires taking into account its material and social context – and that, by the same token, analyzing the changes a text undergoes over time can provide insight into the social contexts in which those changes took place. We will see that the *Rectifying Methods* offers another illustration of this same principle, but first some terminological clarification is in order.

Work, Text, Version, Voice, Author

More than forty years ago, the literary critic Jerome McGann offered a definition of “text” and related concepts that, in modified form, will prove useful in a discussion of the *Rectifying Methods*. For McGann, the text is more than the words on the page; it is inseparable from the context in which it is read.

...[W]e shall have to distinguish the different faces... which [the text] always turns to us. I do not say the different ‘levels’ of the text because that word is freighted with the concept of the text as a container or transmitter of meaning rather than as a meaningful agent in itself. In this sense one might usefully distinguish ‘the text’ (of the poem as a purely linguistic event) from the ‘version’ (or the immediate and integral physical object through which the ‘text’ is being executed), and make yet a further distinction of ‘text’ and ‘version’ from the ‘work’ (the term to stand for some more global constitution of the poem). There is a ‘work’ called *Paradise Lost* that supervenes its many texts and its many versions; to William Blake that work was one thing, whereas to William Empson it was something else; and of course to any one of us the work we call *Paradise Lost* can be, will be, reconstituted yet again.³⁰

In my reading of McGann, the word “text” is almost a verb: it is a version read in a particular situation. He gives the example Byron’s critique of the prince regent (and heir apparent to the throne of England), “Lines to a Lady Weeping.” The poem was published

30 McGann, “Theory of Texts,” review of *Bibliography and the Sociology of Texts: The Panizzi Lectures 1985*, by D.F. McKenzie. *London Review of Books*, February 18th, 1988.

in two different versions – one in 1812, anonymously, and one in 1814 under Byron’s own name. The 1812 version produced a small uproar; the impact of the 1814 version was much greater, due in no small part to Byron’s fame and political status. It occasioned attacks on Byron in the prominent newspapers *The Morning Post* and *The Courier*, with the latter being particularly outraged that Byron – as a “heredity counsellor of the King” – would dare admonish the heir apparent.³¹ The “texts” are thus the readings and responses to the 1812 and 1814 versions; the “versions” are the physical documents read during the textual process; and “Lines” is the work independent of the two versions. The boundaries between McGann’s categories are somewhat porous: for him, a constitutive element of the 1814 text is in fact the 1812 version, the reprinting of which under Byron’s name engendered such rancor. “Lines” as a work incorporates these versions and their associated texts, but also transcends them. Of note, too, is that different versions can constitute a given work even when the content of those versions differs. His example is Marianne Moore’s “Poetry.” This work was revised several times over the course of five decades. The third and “final” version consisted of a mere three lines, stripping away much of the content that had been commented on, analyzed, and enjoyed by Moore’s fans for decades. They were, perhaps understandably, upset: the poet Robert Pinsky notes that “Many readers, including numbers of Moore’s fellow poets, consider this one of the most egregious examples ever of terrible revision.” Like Byron’s “Lines,” the third version of “Poetry” caused such a stir only because it was read in light of previous versions to which

31 See “Lord Byron,” in *The Courier*, February 1, 1814, and “Lord Byron,” in *The Morning Post*, February 8, 1814. The former is reprinted in Appendix VII, “Attacks upon Lord Byron in the newspapers for February and March, 1814,” in *The Works of Lord Byron: A New, Revised, and Enlarged Edition, With Illustrations*, vol. II, edited by Rowland E. Prothero (New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1898), 463-465.

Moore's public had grown attached. But despite these differences, McGann considers the earliest and latest versions of "Poetry" to constitute a single work.³²

McGann's three examples of "works" and their constituent "versions" share one significant feature. Whatever their differences in context or content, each "version" of *Paradise Lost*, "Lines," and "Poetry" has the same title as every other version. This is not true of every work. If we adopt his definitions of "text," "work," and "version," what are we to do with "works" whose titles differ over time? Such works are legion: a glance at the "Acknowledgments" section of many academic books reveals that certain chapters appeared elsewhere in revised form and/or under different titles, yet these are considered (for legal purposes, at least) to be different versions of the same work, and similar enough that they require the copyright holder's permission for reuse in a different setting. I suggest we adopt this flexible definition of "work." This is in part because of convention. In common scholarly usage (at least, when speaking English), "Genesis," in reference to the book of the Hebrew Bible, can refer to the Greek text of the Septuagint; to the Masoretic Text consulted by the translators responsible for the King James Version; to the King James Version itself; or to any of the text's other innumerable translations. With no further specification, it is impossible to know exactly which version is being referred to – yet when discussing, in general terms, the flood in Genesis 6, or the differing accounts of the creation in Genesis 1 and 2, we can all be reasonably sure we refer to the same

32 McGann does not seem to share the assessment of Moore's critics, noting simply that the shorter third version's "power" is only present if one reads it with earlier, longer versions of the same work in mind. The background on "Poetry" is from Robert Pinsky, "Marianne Moore's 'Poetry': Why did she keep revising it?" *Slate*, June 30th, 2009, http://www.slate.com/articles/arts/poem/2009/06/marianne_moores_poetry.html

work.³³ A better reason is that titles can be fluid, especially in ancient works. Many come down to us with no name, their “titles” being the additions of later readers. So, for instance, the Revelation of John found at the end of the New Testament: what we now take as the title was originally intended to describe the work’s contents.³⁴ And yet if we take the various untitled manuscript copies of Revelation, its translations into Greek and Latin, and modern English translations to be utterly separate entities, no scholarly discourse is possible.

The extent of a “work” must be judiciously policed, however. Some titles very similar to that of the modern *Rectifying Methods* appear only in bibliographic catalogues, with no accompanying version. They are often ambiguous in Chinese, with the result that translation requires choosing between a number of different, sometimes mutually-exclusive, options: should *Chu liutian zhi wen santian zhengfa* 除六天之文三天正法 – the earliest title under which the present text appears in a bibliographic catalogue – be translated “Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens, the Writ that Expels the Six Heavens,” or “Correct Law of the Three Heavens that Expels the Qi of the Six Heavens?” The text’s early medieval apocalyptic context and the semantic range of the character *fa* 法 allows for either option. Is some combination of the two preferable? Does this title in fact combine two separate works, so that we are seeing a “Writ for Expelling the Qi of the Six Heavens” and a “Correct Method of the Three Heavens?” I will make a detailed

33 It is worth noting here that chapter divisions in the Old Testament were only introduced in the twelfth century, and – though English editions have followed them – are themselves one of many different divisions across different languages and times. See “Preface,” in Herbert Marks, ed., *The English Bible: King James Version: The Old Testament: A Norton Critical Edition* (New York: W.W. Norton and Co., 2012), xviii-xix.

34 See David E. Aune, *Apocalypticism, Prophecy, and Magic in Early Christianity* (Tübingen: Mohr Siebeck, 2006), 1-2.

(and hopefully persuasive) case for my own interpretation, but that does not change the fact that translation is a scholarly judgment call – as is the inclusion of various titles and versions under the umbrella of the same “work.”

While the contents of a “work” may be ambiguous, the status of “originals” is far more certain, especially in the case of the *Rectifying Methods*: they don’t exist.

Discussing Derrida’s “Archive Fever,” McGann notes:

...[T]he history of original documents includes their subsequent transformations and even their disappearance... Like the concept of origin itself, original documents are fictions we practice in order to manage their losses and our limits... [T]he ruptures that characterize the documentary record are an ever-present function, when the history of the making of the documents is continually rewritten and thence further revealed/obscured.³⁵

McGann’s concern in *A New Republic of Letters* (from which the quote is taken) is the transference of information (whether literary, audiovisual, or tactile) from libraries, museums, and other repositories of knowledge to the digital realm. It is thus reasonable to presume McGann intends to claim that the origins of any document (which, given the context, I assume he holds synonymous with his earlier “work”) – even those whose textual history is relatively well-known or easily traceable – is irrecoverable. But the assertion is doubly true for works like the *Rectifying Methods* whose composition, reception, and transmission is largely invisible to us; indeed, one can say the documentary trail of the *Rectifying Methods*, like that of many Daoist works, is more rupture than record. Despite these difficulties, reconstructing the social situation of the work at various points in its history can provide insight into the motives for the changes introduced in the work.

35 McGann, *A New Republic of Letters: Memory and Scholarship in the Age of Digital Reproduction* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2014), 5.

The result of centuries of shaping by different audiences is a work that speaks with different voices. By “voice,” I mean a single, relatively unified perspective in a given work – a perspective that may come from an individual author, but may also reflect the coincident desires of an editorial team or a series of editors acting separately over time. A voice in this sense is a heuristic device meant to make study and discussion of a work easier; it is a scholarly invention, not an intrinsic feature of a work. So, for Herbert Marks, the Pentateuch is characterized by two voices: “Priestly” and “Lay:”

The former is defined by an abstract, majestic God, a dynamic conception of holiness, a penchant for numbers and lists, and a reliance on schemes such as travel itineraries and genealogies to structure space and time. The Lay writings, by contrast, feature a conditional covenant, a somber assessment of human character, gaps, ambiguities, narrative suspense, and a sophisticated use of folklike legends centering on a personal God at once familiar and uncanny.³⁶

Some features of these two voices are distinguished in the two creation stories of Genesis. Commenting on the Lay version of 2:4-3:24, Marks says:

The first [i.e., the Priestly] account of creation [in 1:1-2:3] was solemn and hieratic, with a transcendent God who created man and woman in his own image and appointed them to rule over an ordered world. The second account is picturesque and evocative, with an immanent God who shapes man out of clay as a potter makes a pot... The author is less concerned to educe a hidden pattern of cosmic order than to account for the reality of human life – contentious, laborious, restless, finite – answering the question “why” with tales that can delight a child or challenge the most sophisticated interpreter.

It is impossible to trace the composition process of the Pentateuch back to individuals; rather, Biblical scholars speak of editorial teams or authors. Marks, for instance, dates the composition of the earliest Priestly strand to the late eighth century BCE based on archaeological and textual evidence (see Marks, “Pentateuch” 3-4). With the Pentateuch, we are fortunate enough to have the coherent final product into which these voices were

³⁶ Marks, “The Pentateuch,” in *Bible* 3.

eventually integrated. The *Rectifying Methods* did not follow the same path: what may have been first attested to as a unified version that combined apocalyptic and apotropaic themes was pieced apart, supplemented, and redacted by different groups for different reasons. In the process, the role of “author,” “editor,” and “audience” are blended in ways that deserve closer scrutiny.

Xiaofei Tian provides clear examples of how this process worked in the context of medieval China in *The Record of a Dusty Table: Tao Yuanming and Manuscript Culture* (Seattle: University of Washington, 2005).³⁷ The poet of the title (Tao Yuanming 陶淵明, 365?-427) is one of the most significant poets in Chinese history. In our day he has become synonymous with “Chinese culture” or “Chinese poetry.” In popular conception he is

a lofty-minded recluse, intensely loyal to [his government]; a spontaneous, willful, unconventional person who is often portrayed as drinking excessively... a poet who chooses to pursue self-fulfillment through a set of private values rather than through public life, who finds contentment and pleasure in retirement and leisure, who defies material hardship for the sake of adhering to his personal principles, and who writes natural, unaffected, and simple poetry of nature in celebration of such a lifestyle.³⁸

He is the very picture of the pastoral gentleman-poet, untrammelled by convention, whose magnificent work is dashed off in unmediated, spontaneous reaction to the natural world; it is the work’s essential brilliance that ensures its enduring appeal and enshrines its author in the Chinese pantheon of literary greats. Tian shows how this image of the poet, so simple and appealing, is belied by Tao’s own work. Her patient study reveals a picture of Tao that was devoid of loyalist sympathies; wary of nature’s dark side; and possessed of a detached irony about the world and about himself. Tao’s image as an earnest loyalist

³⁷ What follows is drawn from her introduction, pp. 3-22.

³⁸ Tian, *Tao* 12-13.

did not sprout naturally from his poetry; it was the product of centuries of editorial intervention. These editors often lacked Tao's originals, and so had no choice but to mediate between copies that often differed from one another in major and minor ways. One careful editor noted over seven hundred variants in different manuscript versions of Tao's work, ranging from single characters to phrases or even entire lines.³⁹ The work of an editor was far more than simple copyediting: in choosing between different variants, Tao's later admirers were often shaping the poem at a fundamental level.

One of the pressures on their work was their image of Tao; after all, an important criterion in determining the "correct" reading was what an editor thought the author "would" have said. It is here that Tao's enduring image as a gentleman-farmer played an especially important role in the editorial process. Tian gives the famous example of the *jian/wang* controversy, in which an editor was forced to decide whether *jian* 見 "to see," or *wang* 望 "to gaze upon" was the more probable wording in a given poem's original. *Jian* carries connotations of accident or spontaneity, while *wang* implies deliberation; because Tao was the epitome of the "spontaneous" poet, the choice was clear. Thus Tao's later "editors" were often much more:

To the degree that they were engaged in the production of manuscript copies by copying, editing, altering, and revising, we are no longer talking about the readers' reception of a stable text, but about the readers' dynamic participation in the very process of creating a text that is essentially protean. In such a paradigm, the author is still important, but the author no longer occupies the stable central position as an all-powerful and controlling presence in relation to his or her work.⁴⁰

Tian thus provides McGann's text/version/work distinction with valuable context. We already have a picture of works as fluid, not static; they are at the mercy of reader-

39 Tian, *Tao* 14.

40 Tian, *Tao* 8-9.

editor-authors, who – far from conveying the perfect essence of the original’s author – were subject to contingent pressures in making choices about which reading was “correct.” This is the situation in which the *Rectifying Methods* found itself. Different audiences inherited different versions of the work, and altered it in different ways. They quoted portions that only sometimes existed in the version they would have inherited; they excerpted material that was of particular interest to them, leaving by the wayside other material that, for the original audience, would have been central; they glossed over or rewrote portions they found inconvenient for their particular purpose(s). Thus, at various times, a work’s “audience” (the person, persons, or group who received the work) was also its “editor” (as they rearranged or deleted material), as well as its “author” (as they created new material *ex nihilo* that resulted in a different version which suited their own ends).

Reconfiguring McGann, then, I will use “work” to refer to the *Rectifying Methods* as a supervenient entity that transcends different instantiations (including the earliest version to which we have access). “Text,” for me, is not the sociohistorical context of use but rather the arrangement of signifiers on a given medium. “Version” is the material object that incarnates a given work – the combination of text and medium. Thus, one can possess two versions of a given work in which the text is the same. A facsimile of a manuscript edition of Bach’s “Partita in E Major for Solo Violin” and a typeset version of that same material, for instance, possess the same “text” because they contain the same directions for the player. However, if the editor of the typeset version has also added accents, dynamic markings, bowings, and fingerings – material that is absent from the

manuscript version – I would then say that one possessed two different versions of the same work. In the same way, two versions of the *Rectifying Methods* can be said to possess the same text if they contain the same characters in the same arrangement, or if the differences are no simpler than a misprint or variant character (穀 as a mistake for 穀, or 无 as a variant of 無). In deciding which differences are “major” and which are “minor,” I am of course playing the same role as the editors of Tao Yuanming’s work, and a degree of trust and judgment is involved. My motivation is different: instead of reconstructing an ur-text that conveys the author’s essence, I am interested in distinguishing different versions of the *Rectifying Methods* and showing how these versions reflected the circumstances of their use. Reconstructing even a few stages of this process requires an introduction to the body of literature among which the *Rectifying Methods* appeared – but also to notions of writing current among some of its many authors.

Writing and the work of creation

McGann’s “work” may be a useful tool for those of us interested in the travails of early medieval Daoist authors, but it would have been utterly foreign to those authors themselves. Connecting with their own assumptions about how writing worked and what the process of authorship actually entailed is crucial to understanding how the *Rectifying Methods* was generated and altered.

From earliest times, writing in China was thought to have arisen from imitation of the natural patterns of birds and beasts by human culture heroes. It also had intrinsic

power, particularly in the political realm, that was utterly independent of its signification.⁴¹ This understanding was inherited by Daoist authors of the early medieval period, for whom human script was nothing more than “the dead tracks of the noisy and polluted world” 鷺穢死迹 – a pale imitation of perfect celestial archetypes that arose before the primal unity divided to form the realms of gods and humans. This celestial writing was of several sorts that together formed a descending hierarchy – a hierarchy that eventually reached a degraded form used by humans in ordinary life. Immediately above the utilitarian script of daily life were the basest dregs of the celestial prototype. Like other forms of celestial writing, these dregs were incomprehensible by all but a select few humans, however. Indeed, what unified the various forms of celestial script was the fact that ordinary people could not understand them.⁴²

And therein lay their power: the incomprehensibility of celestial script was evidence of its connection to the heavenly authorities. Such writing held power in the hidden realm of spirits, whose denizens could interpret it and were bound to act on its instructions. This was the motive force behind the utility of talismans in particular, which were written in a lower form of celestial script. While they might appear to possess power independent of their signification, this is only superficially true. Talismans held meaning

41 For a brief overview of the origin of writing and its political significance in early China, see Mark Edward Lewis, *Writing and Authority in Early China* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1999) 197-202. A more detailed overview of the origins of writing, including its attribution to various culture heroes, can be found in Hsieh Hsu-wei, “Writing From Heaven: Celestial Writing in Six Dynasties Daoism” (PhD diss., Indiana University, 2005): 39-108.

42 Ibid.

for, and conveyed orders to, spirits and demons. They connected the hidden realm of the spirits to the visible world of human beings.⁴³

The same cosmic origin held for scriptures. As we will see, the *Rectifying Methods* was part of a series of works transmitted by a few different deities to the same person during the same time period. These revelations were often held to predate, or at least be co-eternal with, the cosmos itself. Like writing itself, the works I choose here to call “scripture” (a term I will soon explain) formed out of the same august stuff – *qi* 氣 – as the rest of the cosmos. Following what was by now common knowledge in Daoist circles, beings or objects formed out of *qi* were more powerful and worthier of veneration the closer they came to the cosmic muddle (*hundun* 混沌) that predated the universe as we know it. We learned above that human writing was the last link in a chain of celestial scripts that stretched back to the beginning of the universe. Just as it was farthest from the writing that arose along with the cosmos, so it was the most debased. The same holds true of scripture. (This explains the insistence, commonly encountered in Daoist works, that said works predate other “lesser” scriptures – whether Daoist or no – and are thus worthier of veneration.) The term I choose to render as “scripture” in English is *jing* 經. *Jing* is an old word with a long history that merits only a brief sketch here.⁴⁴ First attested

43 See Stephen Bokenkamp, “Word as Relic in Medieval Daoism,” in *Medieval and Early Modern Devotional Objects in Global Perspective: Translations of the Sacred*, edited by Elizabeth Ann Robertson and Jennifer Jahner (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2010): 21-35. He takes this vision of celestial script from the *Declarations of the Perfected* (*Zhen'gao* 真誥, HY 1010/CT 1016 1.8a-10, which he summarizes on pp. 24-27. Hsieh provides a translation and fuller discussion on pp. 250-99 of “Writing from Heaven.”

44 Any competent historical dictionary will provide an overview. See, for instance, Handian or Grand Ricci, s.v. “經.” To the surprise of no specialist, Tetsugi Morohashi’s 諸橋轍次 *Dai Kan-Wa Jiten* 大漢和辞典 (Tokyo: Taishukan, 1968) devotes nearly two pages to the character. See 8:9207-08.

in bronze inscriptions of the earliest recorded Chinese dynasty, the character there meant “to govern.” A few centuries later, the term had been appended to the titles a variety of works – everything from poetry to political philosophy and ritual manuals. A *jing* was usually credited to an august sage like Confucius, or to his circle of immediate disciples. The typical English translation in this period is “classic” or “canon,” implying a relatively stable work to which one turned to find the rules and norms (another meaning of *jing*) that governed the world. These were accompanied by *zhuan* 傳 “transmissions, traditions” or *shuo* 說 “explanations.” Such accompaniment was necessary because the canons themselves were abstruse, requiring the elucidation of qualified teachers who understood the intent of their composers. Indeed, it is doubtful if any work of widespread reputation was ever transmitted without the oral commentary of a master versed in its tradition, who would have himself learned at the feet of an earlier master.⁴⁵

We find many of the same principles operative with the *Rectifying Methods*, but also important differences. The body of works with which it was transmitted (known as the Shangqing 上清 or “Highest Clarity” revelations), like its forebears, distinguished between the work itself (a *jing*) and the necessary accompaniment. *Jing* here were more than the work of human hands, however. As described above, they formed at the same time and out of the same material as the earliest elements of the cosmos. They were coequal with – and often superior to – the highest gods. Written in celestial script accessible only to these deities, the Shangqing revelations were, at divine direction, passed down through the hierarchy of deities until they reached qualified mortals. Even

45 See Lewis, *Writing and Authority* 299-302. Michael Nylan’s *The Five ‘Confucian’ Classics* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2001), 10-12 provides similar background.

then they were written in script accessible only to a few, and required transcription into characters comprehensible by the rest. Their function was often salvific. Appearing during a chaotic age beset by war, disease, and famine, *jing* promised their bearers relief from the cataclysm and ascent to the heavens. This was frequently accomplished via agency of talismans (*fu* 符). The talismans that accompanied the *jing* – and which ultimately formed their core – were, however, written in the lowest form of celestial script, and conveyed messages to the spirits and demons who were of immediate concern to their bearers. Such talismans were only useful with the appropriate instructions for their use. These were known (*inter alia*) as *fa* 法 “methods,” *jue* 訣 (or *koujue* 口訣) “oral instructions.” In one sense, the *jing* served as a container for the talismans and their necessary adjuncts. I choose the term “scripture” to translate *jing* because of these celestial origins. The important difference between scripture in its common English usage is that it is not (as is attested in the Oxford English Dictionary) mere “sacred writings – at least, not as commonly conceived. *Jing* in their true form are not words on paper; they are the highest psychophysical stuff that exists.

The term *jing*, in our case, does not have the same stable usage one finds with the products of sagely effort discussed above. While *jing* were clearly distinguished from *zhuan* (which, as above, were traditions surrounding the work itself compiled by eminent masters), the accompanying works (*fa*, *jue*, etc.) were often of divine origin as well, delivered by or expounded by the same gods who conveyed the *jing* to mortal hands. Further, *jing* was synonymous with a variety of words that are semantically distinct in common usage: *shu* 書 “book,” *dao* 道 “way” (here akin to “method”), *wen* 文 “writ,”

or *zhang* 章 “strophe,” all clearly distinguished in everyday speech or writing, are synonymous in the titles of Shangqing works. They formed at the same time as the highest heavens, and were transmitted down to humankind at the end of a world-age to save a fortunate few. It is to the specific context of the Shangqing revelations that we now turn.⁴⁶

The Shangqing revelations

The body of works later known as the Shangqing 上清 (“Highest Clarity”) revelations were transmitted in thirty-four scrolls (*juan* 卷) to the spirit medium Yang Xi 楊羲 (330-86) between 364 and 370. When he received his revelations, Yang was in the service of the Xu 許 family of Jurong 句容 county (near modern Nanjing). His chief patrons were Xu Mi 謚 (303-73), a minor official in the service of a northern lord, and his son Xu Hui 翽 (341-ca. 370). Among Yang’s missives from the other world were the disparate fragments of daily revelations later collected by Tao Hongjing 陶弘景 (456-536) in his *Declarations of the Perfected* (*Zhen’gao* 真誥, CT 1016). This is our major source for information on the history and transmission of the Shangqing revelations, as well as their original social setting. The revelators were a class of more-than-human beings known as “Perfected” (*zhenren* 真人). Some, like Yang Xi’s chief instructor Wei Huacun 魏華存 (251-334), had once been human; others have no discernible human past. The term *zhen* implies that these beings, whether once human or no, had subjected themselves to a regime of self-cultivation that led to the realization of their full potential. The exact regime varies according to the work consulted, but generally includes specific dietary

⁴⁶ The preceding is a selective summary of Robinet 1: 107-122.

practices, meditation and visualization exercises, and the imbibing of alchemical elixirs. Upon ascending to this status, they received a post in the celestial bureaucracy; Wei Huacun, in life a clergywoman of the Celestial Masters (*Tianshi* 天師) sect, in death became known as the Lady of the Southern Marchmount (*Nanyue furen* 南嶽夫人). Her title was honorary, but many Perfected had real responsibilities: supervising subordinate celestial beings, guarding important texts, surveiling the conduct of mortals, and correcting celestial records were common assignments.

Many of the revelations as transmitted to the Xu family have been lost, and what remains does not represent a unified body of work. The *Declarations*, our most important source, contains everything from visions and hymns, to otherworldly geography, to questions put to the Perfected by the Xus, their associates, or by Yang himself. The collator of the text was the 6th-century scholar, alchemist, and calligrapher Tao Hongjing, who built on the work of Xu Mi's grandson, Xu Huangmin 黃民 (361-429) and the noted scholar Gu Huan 顧歡 (420 or 428-483 or 491). Tao assembled this mass of disparate material from the private collections of notable families scattered throughout the southeast. He tried (sometimes in vain) to impose order on the variegated mass, completing his work probably in 499. Though his effort was the most extensive among all the collators, by his own admission he failed to collect all of the extant materials. One source of Tao's troubles was the fact that the Shangqing manuscripts had been dispersed soon after their composition – if indeed they had ever been intended as a unified work. Huangmin began to collect “scriptures, talismans, and secret registers” 經符祕錄 copied by his father and grandfather when he was seventeen, before fleeing Jurong (then beset

by the troubles of the Sun En 孫恩 rebellion) for the safer county of Shan 剡縣 in 404. This indicates that either the works had been widely diffused during that time, or they had remained with the families to which they were addressed. Either possibility indicates that many (if not all) of the parties involved in the early revelations considered possession of individual works more important than preserving the early material as a unified whole. Tao's travail confirms that this conception of the Shangqing revelations still held some two centuries later. His efforts at collection essentially replicate Huangmin's visits to various notable families, but on a larger scale: instead of restricting his visits to the notables of Jurong, he was required to travel throughout the southeast in order to meet with a much wider circle as he followed the manuscripts' winding trail. Tao is not reassembling a coherent body of work that has been scattered by the winds of fate; he is most likely assembling such a body for the first time out of disparate materials that may never have been intended for a unified audience.

The Shangqing revelations: material and social history

An ancestor of Xu Mi had led the family south in 185, fleeing deadly intrigue at the court of the Han 漢 dynasty (202 BCE-220 CE). By the time of Mi and Hui, the Xus were related by marriage to a number of other prominent southern families.⁴⁷ These families and their associates, along with the Xus themselves, were the primary recipients of the dispatches from the other world. Analyses of dynastic records by Michel Strickmann and Dušana Dušanka Miščević show that the recipients of the Shangqing revelations – both the families to whom they had originally been addressed and those that had inherited

⁴⁷ See ZG20.6ff and commentary.

them after the elder Xus' passing – had once held important posts, but had since lost political power to northern nobility fleeing the destruction of the capital. The social circumstances surrounding the revelations' composition and subsequent popularity thus suggest that one reason for the continued success of Yang Xi's work was the desire of these southern families to recapture in the spiritual realm power that had been denied them on earth. While this thesis dates back to Michel Strickmann's work in the 1970s, I suggest in chapter three that Strickmann is overconfident in attributing the entirety of the revelations to this single cause.

The Shangqing revelations and the Rectifying Methods

The *Rectifying Methods*, like the rest of the Shangqing revelations, was originally intended for limited circulation among a select circle of southern aristocrats. These men and their families had been shut out of the halls of power by a recent wave of northern emigres. They took refuge in the new knowledge that Yang Xi imparted to them. The Shangqing revelations included detailed descriptions of the celestial and cthonic realms. Their geography, inhabitants, and bureaucracy; the mechanisms through which their denizens could affect the world of the living; and the postmortem fates of local notables were all revealed. Also revealed was the imminent end of the world, the signs that announced it in the celestial and political realms, methods for escaping it, and techniques that conveyed power over the malicious spirits who flourished in the latter days. The first version of the *Rectifying Methods* to which we have access concentrated specifically on this sort of information, imparting to its readers privileged knowledge of the end times and methods to escape it that set them above their earthly rulers. Access to

this version is impossible, however. The earliest surviving citations, found in encyclopedias and Buddhist polemics, depict a work that had already undergone considerable revision. Nonetheless, these citations, combined with other Shangqing works, can tell us what Yang Xi's version of the *Rectifying Methods* probably looked like. It was, more than likely, a collection of apocalyptic predictions and apotropaic devices, the latter meant to protect the bearer from the malevolent spirits that multiplied at the end of days as well as to guarantee ascent to one of the Shangqing heavens.

The revisions to the *Rectifying Methods* highlight which aspects of the work attracted the attention of later editors. Foremost among these was the political. When the end predicted in the original Shangqing revelations did not arrive as expected, the immediate response of the *Rectifying Methods*' editors was to delay it. They did so by altering the signs in the celestial and political realms that announced its advent. The result was a *Rectifying Methods* that legitimated the rise of Liu Yu 劉裕 (363-422), a general who founded his own dynasty. This version of the work depicted Liu's rise as one of many signals that the world was about to end. This immediacy suggests an author or authors essentially committed to the same trajectory as the original *Rectifying Methods*, but who revised it in light of changing political circumstances. Despite a lack of critical context, there is sufficient evidence to support this hypothesis (though it must remain only that).

Later compositional stages rest on firmer ground. With a few small changes, the same predictions inserted in the second revision could be used to glorify Liu Yu. This was the aim of a third editor, who either altered the *Rectifying Methods* or appealed to a

heretofore unseen version in order to endear himself and the new textual lineage he championed to a later Liu emperor. Similar concerns shaped the final edition of the text to emerge during the Northern and Southern Dynasties. One hundred and fifty years later, a new king had taken control of north China and – thanks in part to the largest army in recent memory – was on the cusp of reunifying the entire realm. Unity required more than military force, however. Since ancient times, rulers had crafted comprehensive worlds in the written realm that mirrored the coherence they sought to impose on the fractured empire. The production of such works was key to their own legitimation. The *Rectifying Methods* was redeployed as part of this ideological project. Its new editors crafted a calendrical system that illustrated their patron’s mastery of time and space and inserted it into their own version of the work.

Meanwhile, the editors of two separate works read some version or versions of the *Rectifying Methods* with entirely different purposes in mind. Malevolent spirits were a matter of everyday concern in early medieval China. They were of special danger to those who sought longevity through the alchemical arts. The potions and pills these individuals consumed required rare plants and minerals found in remote mountain forests. Such places were haunted by spirits of greater or lesser power, and those who traveled there required techniques to guard against these beings. Two such works were useful in this endeavor. The *Scripture of the Forty-four Methods on Yellow Silk* contains an incantation for guarding oneself against the spirits dwelling in remote places that is quoted from some early version of the *Rectifying Methods*. The *Precious Writs and True Formulas on [Prescribed] Lengths of Silk, Determining the Rank of Those who Seek Immortality*

contains amulets extracted from the *Rectifying Methods* that also provide spirit guards. Internal evidence places both works in a structured ordination hierarchy. This is particularly true of the *Precious Writs*; while the *Forty-four Methods* is transmitted from master to disciple, the *Precious Writs* involves itself in a multi-tiered hierarchy, with members of each grade receiving more of the amulets it contains. As in the received *Rectifying Methods*, these amulets promise spirit guards and ascent to the heavens, but the context is different. This difference is particularly evident at two points. The amulets in the received *Rectifying Methods* have varied and complex transmission histories that often involve salvific deities who appear when the end is nigh. The *Precious Writs* strips these amulets of their association with salvific deities; instead, the amulets are said to have originated with the Queen Mother of the West, famous primarily for her transmission of longevity techniques. Gone, too, is the concern with the cycles of time or the end of the world. This is evident not just in what is absent – the portions of the received work (or its variants) concerned with the apocalypse – but what is there. A well-graded hierarchy presumes not the end of the world, but its continuation. We thus see the *Rectifying Methods* appealed to for divergent purposes in the *Forty-four Methods* and the *Precious Writs*. While both share an emphasis on spirit guardians, the first is concerned almost exclusively with spirit guards and apotropaic methods, while the second uses spirit guards to emphasize the differences in rank among Daoist adepts.

Different versions, different voices

Much like the *Secret Gospel of John*, the *Rectifying Methods* took different forms according to the needs of its audiences. While it originated as a collection of apocalyptic

predictions and methods to escape the eschaton targeted at a small group of southern elites shut out of political power, it was quickly repurposed. The result brought out two different voices in the work. The first can broadly be called “apocalyptic.” It continued the eschatological orientation of the original version, inserting new signs of the end times while preserving the original version’s methods for escaping the eschaton, and also integrating it into the new Lingbao textual lineage in ways that will be discussed later. The second voice could be called “continuous.” This voice can be seen in two new versions of the work. The first featured a quotation of the text by a Lingbao-affiliated author who sought to endear his new lineage to an ascendant ruler, while the third required the interpolation of new cosmological material to argue with Buddhist critics of Daoism and provide ideological support for the unification of the realm. At the same time, the *Rectifying Methods* was being excerpted by editors who also emphasized the “continuous” voice. This voice is audible in the *Precious Writs* and the *Forty-four Prescriptions*. Though they have different orientations – one a collection of methods for transmission from master to disciple, the other a graded hierarchy of amulets intended for Daoists of different ranks – what unites them is their assumption of a continuing cosmos inhabited by people who were not under immediate threat of extinction. The guiding thread behind the changes in form and content of the *Rectifying Methods* during the early medieval period (ca. 220-589 CE) is the interests of the people who used it.

The “Rectifying Methods” and the study of religion(s)

In light of the extensive critique launched by materialist scholars of religion against a focus on texts, one might ask: what do texts still have to offer the study of religion? Such

a question misrepresents the materialist position. As articulated by Vásquez, the point is not that texts have nothing to teach us: it is that they must be seen as more than vehicles of meaning. Although they perform that function, it is only one of many. In particular, I point to the third and fourth elements of his definition of “text:” manipulation and appropriation. These suggest two features exhibited by the *Rectifying Methods* during its long life. It has been manipulated – commentated upon, added to, subtracted from, deliberately misread – for specific purposes across the centuries. It (or at least elements of it) are treated as material objects: they are laid out, worn, venerated, transmitted, or buried. As will be explored later, they even function like keys that unlock doors, symbols that confer status, or tokens that secure passage. All of these aspects are foreign to Müller’s vision of “the text” in two ways. First, the *Rectifying Methods* possesses a kind of materiality that cannot be reduced to words on a page; it plays an active role in the lives of those who are interested in it. Second, it does not function as the beating heart of a religion. That place is taken, properly, by human beings. Finally – with the addition of McGann’s notion of the “work” – scholars are looking not for pure originals that can be “corrupted,” but instead unearthing how and why readers changed works over time.

I am reminded of a joke I once heard about the “medical gaze” – the sort of dispassionate attention applied to patients by doctors during the process of diagnosis. The doctor does not treat a patient exhibiting symptoms of a disease; the doctor treats a disease whose primary symptom is the patient. Not very funny, perhaps (especially for the patient), but apt. For too long, the study of religion has treated texts as its object, with religions as lived by people as ancillary. By focusing on the hows and whys of the

Rectifying Methods' changes over time, I join a chorus of others who hope to redirect the scholarly gaze.

Chapter 2: The “Rectifying Methods” and Change Over Time

Tales retold

The Secret Revelation of John

The *Secret Revelation of John* offers a radical departure from the Christian and Jewish theologies that have come to be accepted as conventional. It draws on the common cultural repertoire of its day and refashions the material to protest a late antique world order it sees as fundamentally unjust. Summarizing the work allows us to highlight how its editors reworked existing material for their own ends. In the *Revelation*, rather than a benevolent creator who enforces a fundamentally just order, the God of the Hebrew Bible is a blind, arrogant tyrant – like the Roman rulers who oppressed the authors of the *Secret Gospel*. While the cosmos is divided into divine model and imperfect execution along the Platonic model, attempting to escape our imperfect circumstances and unite with the divine via conventional Platonic philosophy will only result in venturing further astray. This is because the world in which humans live is not, as the period’s conventional wisdom would have it, fundamentally good; rather, it is the product of deception and malice on the part of flawed gods who pretend to omnipotence.

As the name implies, the *Secret Revelation* is an oral communication from Christ to his disciple John, who was crippled with doubt after being mocked by a Pharisee. Breaking through the veil between the divine and imperfect realms, Christ comforts John and reveals to him the true nature of the universe. Christ explains that the universe originates with a single perfect, utterly transcendent being: God the Father. From God

emanated a multitude of lesser divinities, the first of whom was Pronoia-Barbelo, the Mother. From her came forth the Son, the divine Christ. However, she did not birth Christ; he was “self-generated” (“Autogenes”). Christ brought forth four great Lights, each with three pairs of eternal deities known as Aeons. Each pair had one female and one male component; the very last Aeon to appear was the female of the final triad. Her name is Sophia, which means “wisdom.” Sophia desired to produce an image of herself, but did not seek the permission of her male partner or the Father. She acted out of good will, but – in failing to understand the necessity of male consent and participation – also out of ignorance. The result is an ignorant and malevolent being, a fiery-eyed, lion-faced serpent called Yaldabaoth. This is the God of Genesis, known in the *Secret Revelation* as “the Chief Ruler.” He is born without the power to create; his first act is to steal some of his mother’s creative power in order to fashion seven subsidiary beings and a host of angels and archangels with twisted, animal-like forms. Using the same creative power, he shapes the lower world, modeling it on the divine realm. But since he himself is ignorant and malicious, the world he fashions can only be similarly flawed.

Yaldabaoth then boasts to his minions, telling its creations, “For my part, I am a jealous god. And there is no other god apart from me.” At this point, Sophia becomes aware that her brightness has diminished, and that Yaldabaoth had stolen it. She realizes her error and repents, and Christ attempts to comfort her and to instruct Yaldabaoth and his minions. Christ corrects Yaldabaoth by creating a perfect first human, informing the monster that “The Human exists, and the Child of the Human.” The Human’s image appears as a reflection on the waters of the earth. Yaldabaoth and the world rulers he

created attempt to fashion a being like it. However, because they are flawed, so is their creation: it is only an image, and has no life of its own. Like God in *Genesis 2:7*, they attempt to enliven it by blowing into its mouth, but are unable to. Sophia wishes to retrieve the power her child had stolen from her, and so Christ and the four Lights surreptitiously inform Yaldabaoth that the only way to enliven his creation is to blow that power into it. He does so, removing the power from himself and gifting it to Adam. Realizing their creation is now superior to them thanks to this infusion of power, the world rulers immediately imprison his light in a fleshly body that is subject to the mortal constraints of passion, suffering, and death. These new passions make Adam vulnerable to desire for food, beauty, and pleasure, and so to further control him they imprison him in Eden (where all these are to be had in abundance). But the benevolent gods have implanted in Adam a helper spirit, Epinoia, who teaches him about his true nature. Eve comes about as a botched attempt by the evil rulers to remove this spirit. Instead of removing Epinoia, however, they remove a portion of Sophia's power, placing it in Eve; Epinoia herself removes to the Tree of Knowledge, from whence she instructs Adam and Eve of their true nature. Upon discovering this, Yaldabaoth exiles Adam and Eve from the Garden and curses Eve to be forever subordinate to her partner. He then implants in humans the desire for base sexual reproduction to encourage the creation of more beings for the world rulers to can control. However, the resulting generation were still wiser than their rulers, and so the Chief Ruler plots with his underlings to further cement his control:

He made a plan with his powers. They begot Fate and bound the gods of heaven and angels and demons and human beings with measures and seasons and times in order to keep them all in its fetter – for it was lord over them all.⁴⁸

48 Quoted in King, *Revelation* 108.

The created world is thus an imperfect model of the divine realm subject to the rule of flawed and malevolent beings who seek to enslave humanity. However, all is not lost.

King summarizes humanity's situation thus:

...[I]n the end all humanity will be saved and brought into the eternal light. After a period of instruction and purification, each soul will ascend up to the Divine Realm, taking its rightful place in the Aeons of the Great Lights.

The narrative of the *Revelation* takes up and reworks several common themes in the Ancient Near East. In what follows, I have chosen to highlight two: the Platonic conception of the universe as reflected in the *Timaeus* and the creation of humankind taken from Genesis.⁴⁹

Plato's cosmology was some of the most influential in the ancient world. Its classic expression is in the dialogue *Timaeus*, wherein a set of friends (including the Timaeus who lends his name to the title) fête Socrates with a "feast of discourse" in celebration of the festival of Athena. According to King, it rests on three fundamental pillars: Being, becoming, and the Ideas. The realm of Being is eternal and unchanging, a stable pattern for the world of becoming. It is the abode of the Demiurge, the creator God who is himself so perfect that he is unknowable by human senses and indescribable by human language. Belonging to this realm are Ideas, the stable and certain basis for all true knowledge. Distinct from, but connected to, the realm of Being is the world of becoming. The mundane world belongs to the realm of becoming. Crafted in imperfect imitation of the world of Being on the basis of the Ideas, the world of becoming can be seen and felt, perceived via the senses and composed of the four material elements.

49 The foregoing summary is based chiefly on King, *Revelation* 3-5, with supplements from pp. 89-108 and Bentley Layton, *The Gnostic Scriptures: Ancient Wisdom for the New Age. A New Translation with Annotations and Introductions*, (New York: Doubleday, 1995): 28-39.

Because God is ultimately good, he tried his best to fashion a world that was peaceful, orderly, beautiful, and intelligent. Included in this goodness is hierarchy: the subordination of matter to spirit, the body to the soul, and created to creator. The stars and planets were created as a “moving image of eternity” to mark time and govern human destiny.⁵⁰

Later thinkers found several problems with Plato’s thought. One is the problem of evil. If God is benevolent and just, and everything on earth a copy of some more eternal, better form in the Divine Realm, what explains human suffering and death? What possible model for things so terrible could be found in a fundamentally perfect realm, and why would God inflict them upon us? Plato provides an answer in the *Timaeus* by introducing a third principle, the “receptacle.” Conceived of as female, her form changes according to the Idea whose copy she is creating. Plato uses the metaphor of the family: the receptacle is the Mother; the source of all being the Father; and the objects that are created are the Offspring. Imperfections are inevitably introduced during the process of copying (thus resulting in evil), but the process of mimesis by which God creates the perceived world ensures an essential continuity between the imperfect copy and the perfect original.⁵¹

Plato also accounts for the creation of humankind. Timaeus explains that the Demiurge did not create us himself, but delegated our crafting to his offspring, “the younger gods.” Imitating him, they fashioned around the immortal soul (itself a gift from God) a fleshly frame to be its vehicle, and constructed as well another soul within that

50 See King, *Revelation* 191-194.

51 King, *Revelation* 196, 198.

same body. This latter soul was mortal, subject to all the passions we associate with that state. To each immortal soul was assigned a star, from whence it descended into the human body. The ultimate task of human beings is to cultivate themselves by conquering the passions via reason so they can return to their original star. The younger gods, in addition to performing the lion's share of the labor in creating humankind, are also tasked with guiding humans along the proper path during this cultivation process. Human institutions can help, however. Because people are fundamentally good, they act unjustly only through ignorance and poor government; education and good government are the appropriate remedies. Wise men, being masters of their own passions already, are best suited to the task of governance.⁵²

The *Secret Revelation* as summarized above reads almost like a parody of the *Timaeus*. Rather than a benevolent and perfect deity creating a fundamentally good world, an abomination born of ignorance fashions the human world as a prison. Its violence and suffering are not accidents, but come about as a direct result of the flawed and malevolent nature of its creators. The lower gods are not benevolent guides, but jailers. It follows logically that their agents on earth are similarly malevolent – an implication that I will explore later. For the moment, it suffices to note that Plato is not the only target of the *Revelation's* ire. As any reader familiar with *Genesis* will note, that book too comes in for intense criticism. Rather than the refined and distant deity of the Priestly editors, the God of *Genesis* is a cruel tyrant, ignorant and blind to his own imperfection. It is only with the hidden aid of his betters that he is able to breathe life into Adam. The world order he creates is fundamentally unjust. Even the heavens have

⁵² King, *Revelation* 208-209, 211, 214.

malicious intent, forming part of the vicious cabal that rules over a suffering humankind. Our way out lies not in reasoned contemplation of the nature of the world in the mode of Plato, but in fundamentally breaking with it via the knowledge revealed by Christ. But the ironic turns in the *Secret Revelation* are premised on some of the same fundamental points as its sources. The universe (if not the human world) was created by benevolent deities; hierarchy is not itself unjust; humans possess the capacity to better themselves within this hierarchy. The authors of *John* do not want to destroy order as a whole; only the particular manifestation that confronts them.

In King's reading, the fundamental theme of the *Secret Revelation* is hope. Evil is a product of unjust power relations in the lower world, which are parodies of the truly good order that exists in the Divine Realm. Yaldabaoth and the world rulers are stand-ins for corrupt Roman officials and tyrannical emperors. The work is thus coded resistance to imperial rule:

The critique operates by sharply contrasting the ideal realm of the divine with the mundane world. The portrait of the transcendent Deity represents the utopian commitments of the Secret Revelation of John, while Yaldabaoth and his minions exemplify everything that is wrong. The breach between them marks the nearly unbridgeable gap between the imagination of how things were supposed to be and how they were experienced. Christ repeatedly represents evil as hierarchy overturned, both in the deadly sway of the passions over the soul and in the inverted governance of the cosmos whose rulers work to deceive and entrap humanity. In this mythic economy, the inferior wrongly attempt to rule the superior. They rule not for the good of the governed but to satisfy their own arrogance and lust for dominance. Their repeated resort to deception and violence to maintain their illusory power merely underscores the illegitimacy of their right to rule. This portrayal leads ineluctably into a foundational critique of power relations in the world.⁵³

The authors of the *Revelation* were engaged in rhetorical battle against a structure of power wherein rulers styled themselves gods and the political order was sanctioned by its

53 King, *Revelation* 158.

imitation of a divine model. Plato's particular utopianism may have failed with the demise of the Greek city-states, but his institutional framework remained influential. Quoting the philosopher Diotogenes, King summarizes the analogy between god and ruler:

Now the king bears the same relation to the state as God to the world; and the state is to the world as the king is to God. For the state, made as it is by a harmonizing together of many different elements, is an imitation of the order and harmony of the world, while the king who has an absolute rulership... has been transformed into a god among men.⁵⁴

In this ideal framework, the rule of the king was, of course, wise and benevolent. Such sentiment often grated with reality. The authors of the *Revelation* critiqued this reality by reworking the most important cultural resources of their day.

The saint who never was

A final example sounds a cautionary note. The circumstances of a work's change over time often suggest deliberate shaping by actors with their own interests, but the degree of intentionality or unity of purpose we can reasonably posit as lurking behind these changes can be stronger or weaker. Hypothesizing about authorial intent is a tricky business even when we have all the facts of composition; this is even more so when the course of a work's change and the individuals or groups responsible for it are largely invisible to us. A few examples from the case of Salar Masud illustrate this difficulty.

Legend has it that Salar Masud, also known as Ghazi Miyan, was the nephew of Sultan Mahmud (r. 998-1030) of Ghazni (in present-day Afghanistan), who invaded north India no less than seventeen times. I say "legend" because a great body of stories

⁵⁴ King, *Revelation* 160.

has accrued around the character of Salar Masud, despite the fact that he is totally unattested in contemporary chronicles. A composite version of these stories, corresponding to a greater or lesser degree with any individual telling, is told by Shahid Amin in *Conquest and Community: The Afterlife of Warrior Saint Ghazi Miyan* (Hyderabad: Orient Blackswan, 2015). Masud was born to the sultan's sister in 1009 in the town of Ajmer (in present-day Rajasthan, western India). As a young man, he accompanies his father (Sultan Mahmud's chief general) on campaign in northern India before heading to Ghazni. His stay there is brief; friction with the sultan's jealous wazir forces Mahmud to send his beloved nephew on what is supposed to be a brief exile. Masud turns this into an opportunity for conquest: riding a magnificent gray mare and accompanied by an army of adoring followers, he sets out to extend his uncle's realm in northern India. Initially successful, he establishes his headquarters at Satrikh and sends his generals to conquer the surrounding countryside, personally setting up a forward base at Bahraich, the northern frontier.⁵⁵ But tragedy strikes: on the day of his wedding, he receives word that the cattle following his army are being driven off by a tyrannous Hindu lord who had slaughtered the Ghazi's cowherds. Enraged, Ghazi Miyan leads his army forth to vengeance. Struck down by an arrow, Masud is carried by his followers to his garden in Bahraich, where he dies beneath his favorite mahua tree. The year was 1034. Though most of his troops rush to martyrdom upon the death of their commander, some few survive to see to Masud is properly buried and to erect a shrine over his tomb.⁵⁶

55 Both sites are in present-day Uttar Pradesh; see Amin, *Conquest* 153. "Ghazi" is an honorific granted to warriors who die in combat against non-Muslims, and so is sometimes preceded by the definite article.

56 This account is taken primarily from Amin, *Conquest* xv, with supplements from elsewhere in the book. His journey to Ghazni is taken from p. 27; Satrikh and Bahraich from 31; his love of the mahua from 34-35; the mare from 91-92; his followers' fates from 38-39. All information is from the first

Though Ghazi Miyan dies in the early eleventh century, he first enters the historical record over two hundred years later. In 1290, a letter by a Delhi-based poet mentions “the fragrant tomb of... [the martyred commander]’ at Bahraich spreading the perfume of ‘odorous wood’ throughout... present-day eastern Uttar Pradesh,” seeming to hint at Masud’s established presence in local memory. Whether the letter reflects widespread esteem or the predilections of a particular poet, Ghazi Miyan’s subsequent fame is undeniable. His tomb receives visits from two successive sultans (in 1341 and 1372); a ruler of modern Bengal made an armed foray there in 1353, reportedly seeking a cure for vitiligo; he appeared to an ill soldier in the 16th century; and in the same century a boisterous crowd of pilgrims on the way to his shrine piqued the interest of the famous emperor Akbar, who accompanied them incognito for a time and made a land grant for the upkeep of Masud’s shrine. The grant was reaffirmed by royal decree in 1765, and two separate accounts of the Ghazi’s fair appeared in the 1810s. British colonial administrators and native ethnographers both evinced interest in Masud and the stories and festivals surrounding him. Finally, his story or his shrine has aroused the ire of – at various times – orthodox Muslims, sectarian Hindus, Christian missionaries, and the colonial government.⁵⁷

hagiography of Masud, the *Mirat-i-Masudi*, compiled by Abdur Rahman Chisti (d. 1683) in the 1620s. The sole exception is his wedding, which was probably grafted onto the account in the *Mirat* at a later date: see Amin, *Conquest* 67-69.

57 For the letter and the sultans’ visits to the tomb, see Amin, *Conquest* 10. The date of the second visit, that of Ferozshah, is taken from Anna Suworova, *Muslims Saints of India: The Eleventh to Fifteenth Centuries*, (New York: RoutledgeCurzon, 2004): 156. Amin, *Conquest* 10 also discusses the armed foray (and the rapid response by Ferozshah) on the same page. The soldier’s story appears on pp. 10-13; Akbar’s encounter on 13 and Suworova, *Saints* 156; the land grant and its reinforcement on 13-14; and the two ethnographic accounts on the same pages. The *Mirat-i-Masudi* has been translated several times. Two British translations appeared during the Victorian era (see Amin, *Conquest* 256 n. 4 and the bibliography. Amin quotes Abdur Rachman chastising orthodox scholars on 67. Hindu critics appear much later, beginning with a series of pamphlets meant to discourage veneration of the Ghazi among

If we consider the stories surrounding Ghazi Miyan to be a “work” in McGann’s sense, two examples from its long history illustrate the promise and problems of an interest-focused approach. The first chronicle of Masud’s life, the *Mirat-i-Masudi*, was written in the 1620s by the Chishtiya Sufi Abdur Rahman. Leader of the Rudauli (in modern Uttar Pradesh) branch of the Chishti Sufis, Abdur Rahman’s *Mirat* explicitly connects the success of Islam in Upper India to his own order. The famous saint Muinuddin Chishti received a command from the Prophet himself to travel to Ajmer, drive out the local deities and their earthly servitors, and establish Ghazi Miyan’s birthplace as a sacred site for Islam. It was Muinuddin’s holy power and sage advice, provided to two successive Muslim rulers from his base in Ajmer, that allowed the establishment of a stable Islamic state in northern India. At the same time Abdur Rahman was writing, the Naqshbandia Sufi school had great influence at the Mughal court; Amin concurs with another medievalist that the *Mirat-i-Masudi* was part of an effort to counter this influence by linking significant Muslim heroes of the past to the Chishtiya patriarch Muinuddin. Because Salar Masud had already been a figure of local legend for centuries by the time Abdur Rahman wrote, this hypothesis is certainly plausible. The author of the *Mirat* would then have been collecting and transmitting extant material while rearranging it in a way that suited his own interests. The *Mirat* itself supports the hypothesis, at least in part: Abdur Rahman claims to rely on consultation with spiritual advisers, but also on “Hindi histories” and an eyewitness account recorded by one Mulla Mahmud Ghaznavi

lower-caste women; see 171-173. These pamphlets were published by the revivalist movement Arya Samaj, to be further discussed below. For British colonial management of the Bahraich shrine and missionary comments upon it, see Amin, *Conquest* 138-148.

(an account that is suspiciously absent from contemporary chronicles).⁵⁸ A neat case seems to be laid out, then: the legend of the Ghazi, in significant part, consisted of material that was edited or outright fabricated by Abdur Rahman to elevate the Chishti Sufi school.

And yet Amin himself resists relying on this interpretation too heavily:

Even if we could establish the motivation for Abdur Rahman... for writing his Life of Masud at the time when he did... an excess of meaning would still remain. [T]he more important issue is the assent of a diverse population to a common construction of a long and conflictual past.⁵⁹

As he notes later on the same page, Ghazi Miyan is not the exclusive property of Chishtiya Muslims, nor of even Muslims at all: he is overwhelmingly popular among both Muslims and Hindus across Uttar Pradesh. His appeal is reflected (no doubt in a process of mutual reinforcement) in both contemporary practice and stories about him – some of which are not accounted for in the *Mirat-i-Masud*. Abdur Rahman, for instance, does not touch upon the Ghazi's marriage. In the late twentieth century, Amin recorded a tradition local to Rudauli that Salar Masud married one Zohra Bibi, a noble girl raised by low-caste Teli. While thirsty, he comes upon Zohra by a well, but – being blind – she is unable to draw water for him. He prays to Allah to restore her eyesight, and the boon is granted. In a reversal of roles, she pursues him for marriage; the Ghazi's mother summons a Brahman (not a Muslim officiant) to set an auspicious date for the wedding, but the Brahman informs her that the wedding will not be successful: it will proceed as far as the anointing of the groom, but no further. Zohra Bibi's connection to the Teli perhaps explains the Ghazi's enduring popularity with the Teli and their own connection

⁵⁸ See Amin, *Conquest* 40, 19-22.

⁵⁹ Amin, *Conquest* 186.

with the Dafali, the caste of Muslim balladeers who sing stories of the Ghazi during his festival season. It is also a point of significant divergence with the *Mirat*, where the high-born Zohra traces her lineage to the Prophet himself and has nothing to do with the Teli.

Popular ballads similarly stress the role of cowherds in the Ghazi's martyrdom, something that receives little attention in Abdur Rahman's telling. Amin notes that the fight against cattle rustlers is a common theme in many Ghazi Miyan ballads, and that such a theme brings these ballads into contact with North Indian folk epics, many of which feature cow-protectors as the central heroes. In ballads of the Ahir cow-herding caste recorded in the late 19th century, the Ghazi rides to avenge the deaths of Ahir cowherds at the hands of a local Hindu tyrant. In dying for cows and cowherds, Ghazi appears like the hero of the founding epic of the Ahir caste, the *Lorikayan*. The fact that in the *Lorikayan* Turkic Muslims are occasionally the target of noble military campaigns in defense of cattle, and that Muslims are typically depicted as barbarous eaters of beef with no regard for Hindu sensibilities, does nothing to diminish Ahir esteem for the Ghazi.⁶⁰

We thus see hints at the reasons behind the "excess of meaning" that endears Ghazi Miyan not just to Muslims, but Hindus as well. The assimilation of the Ghazi legend to local tales, and the insertion of local peoples into the same legend, ensure an appeal that crosses religious lines. Another reason is perhaps easier to account for. In his capacity as a wonder-worker, he does not distinguish between Hindu and Muslim. Both beseech him for sons, to cure blindness, and to cure leprosy.⁶¹ His interreligious appeal

⁶⁰ Amin, *Conquest* 67-69, 122-125, 80-90.

⁶¹ Amin, *Conquest* 59ff, 138.

has in turn resulted in new twists on the Ghazi legend by Hindu and Muslim partisans eager to disabuse their co-religionists of foolish notions about Salar Masud. The Hindu revivalist movement Arya Samaj published a series of pamphlets in the 1920s that sought to free naïve Ahir and Teli from the sway of this Muslim conqueror, abetted by the machinations of the duplicitous Dafali. They can still be found outside the shrine today. Their propaganda was countered by rhetorical fusillades from Muslim partisans as well as softer counterarguments by the shrine-keepers themselves, who minimize aspects of the Ghazi's life story (such as his penchant for iconoclasm) that would resonate negatively with a Hindu audience.⁶² Because of the Ghazi legend's long, complex, and often uncertain history, asserting self-interest on the part of individuals or groups as the sole force behind change over time would be asking a hypothesis to do too much work. Rather, parallels between other local legends, coupled with pragmatic interest on the part of a diverse group of devotees, probably lies at the root of Salar Masud's continuing popularity. Given the many gaps in the *Rectifying Methods*' textual history, and the many anonymous individuals and groups responsible for its shaping, students of the work can draw valuable lessons from Amin's study of Ghazi Miyan.

62 Amin, *Conquest* 163-176.

Partial works, partial memories

The scholars above make a convincing case that the works they study were altered for specific polemical reasons. But academics should not think themselves above one variety of the same criticism. No given version of a work – not even one that attempts to incorporate and thereby replace all others – can claim to represent the work as a whole.

Turning again to McGann:

[The crafting of a critical edition] is a process by which the entire sociohistory of the work – from its originary moments of production through all its subsequent reproductive adventures – is postulated as the ultimate goal of critical self-consciousness. That the goal is in fact an unreachable one is clear. A practical move towards its attainment is essential to the critical enterprise, however. Such a move appears as some particular version of a work... Because [the critical edition] also emphasizes, *in itself*, the constructed and agented character of a text, it has the additional advantage of opening itself to critical reading, and thence of breaking down that spell of self-transparency which hovers over all the texts we read.⁶³

In self-consciously attempting to account for all variations among different versions of a work, the author of a critical edition makes explicit their own editorial decisions and thus reveals the contingent nature of both the critical edition and the versions on which it relies. The result highlights certain aspects of the work and obscures others. This is not necessarily a bad thing. Speaking of two different versions of Shakespeare's Sonnets – a variorum edition and a critical edition – McGann notes that, despite their shared ambition to account for every detail of the Sonnets' textual history, "their respective virtues are as much a function of their limits as of their particular strengths, both of which they execute as corresponding sets of presences and absences." Such deliberate shaping – conscious or unconscious – is a feature of any work, and of any attempt to preserve or remember.

63 McGann, "Theory of Texts." Emphasis in original.

The means by which this partiality is enacted is often physical as much as it is rhetorical. The museum that currently occupies Alcatraz Island is run by the National Parks Service, and focuses on Alcatraz's time as a prison. Alcatraz was also much more, however. From 1969 to 1971, the island was occupied by Native Americans claiming the former prison – recently declared surplus land by the Department of the Interior – under the Sioux Treaty of 1868. This nineteen-month occupation was the single most important driving force behind sweeping changes in the treatment of Native Americans by the federal government. However, the museum chooses to emphasize the site's time as a prison. Visitors to the museum engage with Alcatraz chiefly via touch, sight, and hearing. Visitors can tour the prison grounds, but the sites available to them are selective: they can visit the former Post Exchange and the warden's residence, for instance, but many of the areas that were most important during the Occupation are off limits. One of the dominant experiences is an award-winning guided audio tour of the cellhouse, where a former corrections officer and former prisoners narrate their experiences in Alcatraz in a recording keyed to various locations in the prison. As they listen, visitors enter the cells inhabited by prisoners, walk the same halls patrolled by jailers, and touch the bars, railings, beds, and other objects that formed daily life in the prison. In guiding its listeners, however, the audio tour almost completely neglects the island's time as a site of protest. Instead, it provides visitors with memories that emphasize their separation, as law-abiding citizens, from the criminal inhabitants of Alcatraz during its time as a prison. This simple binary forges a picture of the American government as the champion of justice that locks away dangerous elements for the good of society, while simultaneously

forgetting its more unpleasant history as an oppressor of native peoples. This particular collective memory – whether intended or not – is a product of the senses.⁶⁴

The somatic component in each of the works discussed above should not be overlooked. They may not be “collective memories” as commonly discussed in memory studies (see, e.g., *Places of Public Memory* 1-54 and references), but they are nonetheless rhetorically-inflected accounts of the past that are inseparable from physical practice. Though the *Secret Gospel* relies on the written word to reshape its source material, the versions we have bear traces of their context of use – whether in minor dialectical variants or significant differences in content. Further, the content of a given version sometimes provides suggestions about its contexts of use: the list of demons in the longer versions of the *Revelation* would likely have been used in healing magic, while the school setting in which the *Revelation* was originally composed featured close contact between a master and a group of students, including ritualized activities like prayer, the singing of hymns, and other sorts of close fellowship; it was via these means that a student in an Alexandrian school would have seen themselves as belonging to a tradition.⁶⁵ The primary mode through which supplicants of the Ghazi engage with his story (at least, as detailed by Amin) is not silent reading but physical performance: songs are sung, coins are thrown, vast distances traveled, prayers uttered, a tomb entered and

64 See Cynthia Duquette Smith and Theresa Bergman, “You Were on Indian Land: Alcatraz Island as Recalcitrant Memory Space,” in *Places of Public Memory: The Rhetoric of Museums and Memorials*, ed. Greg Dickson, Carole Blair, and Brian L. Ott (Tuscaloosa: University of Alabama Press, 2010): 160-188. 160-166 provide background on the Occupation; 176-182 discuss the audio tour. See also a retrospective interview with five of the original Native participants: “Voices from Alcatraz Island,” *Indian Country Today*, September 2, 2017, <https://newsmaven.io/indiancountrytoday/archive/voices-from-alcatraz-island-rhwnDtlNwES8WRChgoRsuw/>

65 See King, *Revelation* 11-12 on the Alexandrian school setting; on healing, see 110-114.

exited.⁶⁶ Similarly, we saw in the last chapter that the use of amulets in the *Scripture of the Three Heavens* is predicated on a ceremony of conferral that is structured by ritualized movement; certain of the amulets themselves, as we will see later, only acquire their power through journeying, chanting, and burial. Not every version of the *Scripture* will place the same level of importance on movement (this is especially true of its more ideologically-inflected revisions), but where it is present physicality should not be ignored.

A Summary of the “Rectifying Methods”

The received version of the *Rectifying Methods* is divided into two parts. The first is a motley collection of amulets, hymns, rituals, predictions, and cosmological speculation called *The Most High Scripture of the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens* (CT 1203 *Taishang santian zhengfa jing* 太上三天正法經). The second is a collection of amulets called *The Wonderful Registers of the Great Scripture of the Universe* (CT 1395 *Shangqing dadong jiuwei badao dajing miaolu* 上清大洞九微八道大經妙錄). In what follows, *Rectifying Methods* or *Methods* will refer to the composite work, while I will refer to its constituent parts as the *Zhengfa jing* (for CT 1203) and the *Jiuwei badao* (for CT 1395). (When I refer to “the beginning of the *Rectifying Methods*” or “the beginning of the *Methods*,” I am referring to the beginning of the *Zhengfa jing*, which is the found before the *Jiuwei badao* in the canon.)

Like other Daoist works of the Northern and Southern Dynasties period, the *Rectifying Methods* attempts to explain the current age of disorder while providing

⁶⁶ See particularly Amin, *Conquest* 124-145.

methods to save the reader from its dangers. The *Zhengfa jing* opens with a history of the cosmos from its earliest beginnings to the tribulations attendant on the fall of the Han 漢, China's first stable dynasty (206 BCE-220 CE). It explains these trials as part of the violent rule of Six Heavens, which employ spirits and demons to cleanse the world of evildoers. While they had legitimate command of worldly affairs for many centuries, their period of control has now expired; the lords of the celestial bureaucracy have transferred legitimate rule to the benevolent Three Heavens. The *Zhengfa jing* promises that the methods it provides – amulets, an incantation, and an internal meditation exercise – will save the reader from malevolent agents of the Six Heavens and allow ascent to the Three. Accordingly, the work provides a transmission ritual for these methods, lists the powers that accrue to the bearer of the amulets, and warns of various prohibitions that accompany these powerful tools. The work closes with a list of goods the recipient of the techniques must provide to his or her master. The *Jiuwei badao* opens with a slightly different list of material requirements, followed by a list of the amulets to be transmitted that largely accords with that found in the *Zhengfa jing*. The text (that is, the arrangement of signifiers on the page of the received work called the *Jiuwei badao*) also includes detailed instructions for copying some of these amulets, as well as list of their powers and transmission histories, before closing with a transmission ritual that almost certainly postdates the text itself.

The structure of the two works is not nearly as smooth as the above summary indicates, however. Internal inconsistencies reveal a compositional process that took place over time. While the dating of any individual layer is problematic, themes and

characters within these layers link each to discrete currents in Daoist thought that presuppose different conceptions of the universe and the beings – normal and supernormal – that populate it.⁶⁷ The difficulties begin with the title. Within the work, the phrase “Santian zhengfa” refers to methods associated with the Three Heavens that allow the bearer at once to escape the violence of the Six and to chastise the Six Heavens, rectifying the cosmic order by replacing them with the Three. These usages align it with one notion of the phrase found elsewhere in the Daoist canon, while sharply contrasting it with a different contemporary notion of the phrase. This second sees the “Santian zhengfa” as the “law” or “norms” instituted by the newly-ascendant Three, rather than methods to weather the travails of the Six or to punish them. The crux of the difference is the translation of the character 法 (pronounced *fa*, with the third tone, in modern standard Chinese): depending on the context, *fa* can be translated as either “law” or “method” in the written language of dynastic China. (The two different meanings are evident in modern standard Chinese *fangfa* 方法 “method” and *falü* 法律 “regulation.”) Unfortunately, the context here is ambiguous. Certain terms at the beginning of the *Zhengfa jing* associate it decisively with the “law” approach, but the bulk of the *Zhengfa jing* and the entirety of the *Jiuwei badao* is concerned with “methods” to control spirits and ascend to the heavens. Accordingly, I have chosen to use the term “method” to translate *fa* as it occurs in the title of the work, associating it more closely with the first current of thought in the canon.

67 While we can associate a given layer with one of these currents – for instance, Lingbao 靈寶 or Celestial Masters 天師 – it is impossible to thereby infer that each section was authored by a different hypothetical individual who subscribed to the cosmological vision associated with that corpus.

The *Rectifying Methods* is littered with such ambiguities. A more detailed summary will not resolve them, but it will better acquaint the reader with the work. The divisions that follow are of my own devising; the pagination that follows refers to the Zhonghua daoang version. (On the ZHDZ, see “Primary Sources” in the bibliography). I translate the names of deities and places without comment here, providing more detailed introductions where necessary throughout the rest of the dissertation. The summary that follows concerns the *Zhengfa jing* almost exclusively. The *Jiuwei badao* consists almost entirely of amulets, and so I will not review it here; for a discussion see Appendix F. For the names and places that feature in the following, see Appendix G.

Cosmology [1.259a.1-259c.6]

The *Zhengfa jing* begins with a cosmogenesis and the creation of beings that rule the universe. It descends through various grades of deities and supernormal beings before arriving at the creation of the world and the humans who inhabit it. The Azure Lad plays an important role here: the text records him as its compiler under his title “Clear-and-Void King of the Xiaoyou Cavern-Heaven,” (*Qingxu xiaoyoutian wang* 清虛小有天王), and he also provides a commentary under the title “Lord Azure Lad” (*Qingtong jun* 青童君). The relationship between the main text and the commentary is unclear. The latter supplies key details that fundamentally alter the nature of the *Zhengfa jing*, but whether those portions attributed to the Lord Azure Lad were originally conceived of as commentary is an open question: as we shall see later, it seems to integrate material from different versions of the *Zhengfa jing*. This being the case, I will be cautious to differentiate text and commentary in what follows.

The main text relates that the Perfected King of the Nine Heavens (*Jiutian zhenwang* 九天真王) and the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement (*Yuanshi tianwang* 元始天王) formed in the primordial muddle “before the Inaugural Qi” (*shi qi zhi xian* 始炁之先), placing their formation within an altered version of the Celestial Masters’ cosmology.⁶⁸ After seven thousand kalpas, the “primal light” (*xuan jing* 玄景) divided into the Nine Qi, which were muddled together like turbid waters. The more refined qi rose and clarified, while the less refined qi sank and spread out as a distinct layer. At this point, the Perfected King and the Heavenly King formed as the Nine Qi coagulated into the Nine Heavens. The Azure Lad explains that these heavenly lords formed out of the clarifying qi during this process.⁶⁹ Our text discusses three heavens in detail: Clear Tenuity (*Qingwei* 清微), Yuyu 禹餘, and Grand Crimson (*Dachi* 大赤), names that resonate with Celestial Master cosmology.⁷⁰ The Azure Lad’s commentary explains that these heavens are hypostases of the clear qi, which itself had divided into

68 The typical order of the Three Qi, as reflected in the *Commands and Admonitions of the Families of the Great Dao* (*Dadao jia lingjie* 大道家令戒, found on pp. 12a-19b of CT 789 *Zhengyi fawen tianshi jiaojie ke jing* 正一法文天師教戒科經) and CT 1205 *Santian neijie jing* 三天內解經 is Mystic (*xuan* 玄), Primal (*yuan* 元), and Inaugural (*shi* 始). See Bokenkamp, *EDS* 159-160, 188-192. The commentary to our text inverts this order. This would place the deities’ formation sometime before the earliest *qi* emerged.

69 The term *xuan jing* does not seem to have special significance in Daoist works, based on its absence from the *Daojiao dacidian* and *Zhonghua daojiao dacidian*. Accordingly, I have translated it in its conventional sense. The identity of the *Zhengfa jing*’s Nine Qi and their corresponding Nine Heavens is unclear to me. In the 5th-century Lingbao work CT 318 *Ziran jiutian shengshen zhangjing* 自然九天生神章經, the Three Qi of the Celestial Masters each divides itself into three qi, thus forming nine qi. See the quotation from in *Daojiao Dacidian*, s.v. “九天.” However, since our work does not follow the typical Celestial Masters cosmology, it seems inappropriate to equate its Nine Qi or Nine Heavens with those of CT 318.

70 See R: 419. These are the highest three of the nine heavens listed in CT 1345 *Dongzhen taishang daojun yuandan shangjing* 洞真太上道君元[=玄]丹經, a later Shangqing work that combines Shangqing and Celestial Masters elements; it is the latter to which these three heavens belong. Because the *Yuandan shangjing* cites the *Suling jing* extensively, it must postdate the Shangqing revelations; see R 2:287.

three different layers: Clear Tenuity emerged as the Inaugural Qi (*Shi qi* 始氣) stilled; Yuyu formed when the Primal Qi (*Yuan qi* 元氣) stilled; and Grand Crimson formed as the Dark Qi (*Xuan qi* 玄氣) stilled.⁷¹

Several gods emerge in sequence after this process is complete. First is the “Thearch of the Nine Perfected” (*Jiuzhen zhi di* 九真之帝). The Nine Perfected play a critical role in the Shangqing corpus as residents of realms within the human body and corresponding cosmic domains. These realms are the Three Primes (*San yuan* 三元). In the *Zhengfa jing*, however, the Nine Perfected live in the Three Heavens mentioned above: three in Clear Tenuity, three in Yuyu, and three in Grand Crimson. Next to emerge are the Three Prime Dames (*San yuan jun* 三元君), a trio of female deities typically referred to as the Three Prime Dames of Simplicity (*San suyuan jun* 三素元君). The main text of the *Zhengfa jing* records them spontaneously giving birth to three children, who establish mansions and spirit guards in the Shangqing heavens – perhaps equated here with Clear Tenuity, Yuyu, and Grand Crimson, though these are not the typical Three Clarities of the Shangqing textual corpus.

The commentary goes into more detail about these august deities and their progeny. The Prime Dame of White Simplicity (*Baisu yuanjun* 白素元君) gives birth to the Lord White Prime of the Right (*You baiyuan jun* 右白元君); the Prime Dame of Yellow Simplicity (*Huangsu yuanjun* 黃素元君) births the Yellow Old Lord of the Center (*Huang zhongyang jun* 黃老中央君); and the Prime Dame of Purple Simplicity (*Zisu yuanjun* 紫素元君) births the Matchless Lord of the Left (*Zuo wuying jun* 左無英君). For

71 ZHDZ 1:259a.1-b.5-6.

the moment, it suffices to emphasize that in the *Zhengfa jing* the Three Prime Dames serve to blur the distinction between body and cosmos in a manner that is typical of the Shangqing corpus: in addition to their celestial roles, these goddesses preside over the upper, middle, and lower sections of the adept's body, while their offspring have charge of various organs.⁷²

The next deity is not born, but rather enfeoffed. After the Prime Dames come into being, we read that the “Three Ways flourished, and named [as] their lord the Most High Lord of the Great Dao” (*Sandao xingjiang, juhao wei Taishang dadao jun* 三道興隆舉號為太上大道君). The exact identity of these Three Ways is not clear, but the term here probably refers to the sun, moon, and stars. In depicting them all as choosing the Most High Lord of the Great Dao as their leader, the *Zhengfa jing* situates itself above them.⁷³ In other Daoist texts of the Northern and Southern Dynasties period, the Most High Lord

72 ZHDZ 1:259.6-14. See Robinet, *Taoist Meditation* 100-103.

73 Another possible referent for the term “Three Ways” consists of three cults found in a Tang work, CT 375 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo jiku jing* 太上洞玄靈寶天尊說濟苦經: the Great Limitless Way (*Wuji dadao*): the Unexcelled Way of Orthodox Perfection (*Wushang zhengzhen dao* 無上正真道), and the Great Way of the Clear Covenant of Spontaneous Action [of the] Era of Great Peace (*Wuwei taiping qingyue dadao* 無為太平清約大道). John Lagerway infers that these Three Ways are the same as the Three Ways discussed in *Inner Explanations* 1.3a: the Way of Spontaneous Action (*Wuwei dadao* 無為大道), the Way of the Buddha (*Fodao* 佛道), and the Way of the Clear Covenant (*Qingyue dadao* 清約大道). The dissimilarity between the titles of these three ways of the *Inner Explanations* and those in CT 375 makes this seem unlikely to me. Further complicating matters is that the *Inner Explanations* contains what appears to be a different set of Three Ways. It speaks favorably of the Way of the Five Pecks of Rice (*Wudoumi dao* 五斗米道, i.e., the Celestial Masters), contrasting it with two deviant alternatives, the Way of Spontaneous Action of Banners and Flowers (*Wuwei fanhua zhi dao* 無為幡華之道), which it equates with Buddhism, and the Way of Pure Water (*Qingshui zhi dao* 清水之道) (7a). Given the context, identifying the *Wudoumi dao* as the *Wuwei dadao* of 1.3a makes sense, as does equating Buddhism with the Way of Banners and Flowers. Bokenkamp (*EDS* 197, 219 and notes) distinguishes the final items in each list provided by the *Inner Explanations*, but it is possible that either could be the Way of the Clear Contract referred to in CT 375. Whether any of these ways correspond to the Three Ways of the *Zhengfa jing* is unclear. See Daojiao dacidian, s.v. “三道.”

of the Great Dao transmits scriptures, crafts methods, or responds to important requests.⁷⁴

In our work, he assumes rulership of the Nine Heavens from the Perfected King of the Nine Heavens and creates the world as we know it: he establishes the Eight Directions and appoints three sets of Eight Emperors to oversee them. (Incidentally, these twenty-four emperors, alongside the Most High Lord himself, consider the adept's petition to enter the domain of the Azure Lad in CT 1315.) In the commentary, the Azure Lad contrasts this process of appointment with the wrong view (presumably included in a competing work) that the Heaven of Commencement had a ruler from the very beginning. He also comments on the qualifications of the Eight Emperors: they received their appointments because they were “heritors of spontaneity” (*ziran zhi yin* 自然之胤); later human beings (“those later joining the study” *hou xue* 後學) merely “modeled themselves” (*fa* 法) on spontaneity, and so could not achieve this position. The main text continues by relating how the Eight Emperors drew on spontaneity to craft precious works in order to aid later students. The specific identity of these works is uncertain, but they were secreted away in the Palace of Jade Clarity. It was at this time that the Yellow Emperor – the mythic prototype of the wise ruler – ascended to the throne. Thus humanity entered the time of the Three Dynasties, and history as we know it began.

74 He originated the techniques for rectifying the Three Heavens that form the substance of the *Forty-four Prescriptions on Yellow Silk* (an important work discussed below), while in the *Purple Book of the Celestial Emperor of Qingyao* (CT 1315 *Dongzhen Shangqing qingyao zishu jingen zhongjing* 洞真上清青要紫書金根衆經), he helps adepts gain entrance to the abode of the Azure Lad. See Robinet 1:127, CT 1338 17a; *Huangsu* 1a, 21a; CT 1315 2.1b.

The creation of humanity and nonhuman people [1.259b.24-259c.6]

The Azure Lad's commentary plays a critical role in the section of the *Zhengfa jing* concerning the creation of humanity and China's nonhuman neighbors. His conception of these two groups follows the traditional division into humans (*ren* 人) and nonhuman barbarians (usually referred to – though not directly in this work – as *hu* 胡). While the main text credits the Yellow Emperor with the creation of humankind, its description is limited to a scant eight characters: we read only that early people (*min* 民) were “coarse and rough, clothing and capping themselves with the five colors.”⁷⁵ There is no explicit *ren/hu* distinction, and the reader is left with the impression that the text is speaking only of human beings.⁷⁶ The Lord Azure Lad is more forthcoming, however – both about the origins of humanity and its distinction from nonhuman groups. He explains that the Yellow Emperor molded clay into statues of human beings. He placed some in the Central Plain – that is, what would become China – and in the wastes to the north, south, east, and west. Over a period of three hundred years, these statues took on the five colors and acquired the power of vocal communication. Those in the center could speak, while those on the periphery howled like birds and beasts. The statues of the Central Plain “modeled themselves on Spontaneity” (*fa ziran* 法自然), and because of this they received the *qi* of the Upper Perfected and became human. By contrast, the four sets of statues that populate the wastes surrounding the central plain became the four different tribes of barbarians that are the traditional enemies of the inhabitants of the Central Plain.

75 蠢以元炁五色衣冠.

76 While the character 民, when taken as “human,” implies a distinction from non-humans, this meaning is only one of several possible interpretations; whether the author meant to stress that distinction here is unclear.

The civilized Chinese have mortal lifespans, but they also have the opportunity to live forever: if they have proper moral character and model themselves on the Perfected, they will be named transcendents; those who do not will “die and return to the earth” (*si guitu* 死歸土).

The importance of Spontaneity (*ziran* 自然) in the creation of both gods and people provides one argument for the continuity of the *Zhengfa jing* and its commentary. The main text traces the inheritance of Spontaneity throughout creation. It predated the earliest and most august gods, who merely “inherited” it or “were endowed” (*bing* 禀) with it. In fact, it is only because they were endowed with Spontaneity that they acquired the title “Lords of the Nine Heavens.”⁷⁷ The term *ziran* next appears in the description of the Eight Emperors. In the main text, these beings were enthroned by the Most High Lord of the Great Dao. The Azure Lad’s commentary explains that they acquired their titles for the exact same reason as the Lords of the Nine Heavens.⁷⁸ Their connection to Spontaneity is what qualifies them for the post to which they are appointed. Finally, one of the only differences between the humans of the Central Plains and their nonhuman neighbors is that – as the commentary explains – the former “model themselves on Spontaneity” and so receive a special sort of qi: that of the “Upper Perfected” (*Shang zhen* 上真). Because of this endowment, they possess the potential to join the ranks of the “Upper Transcendents” (*Shang xian* 上仙) – that is, to become a sort of being that is

77 ZHDZ 1.259a.1-g: 九天眞王，元始天王，禀自然之胤，置於九天之號.

78 八帝者，皆受自然之胤，得爲帝號.

greater than human.⁷⁹ Realizing this potential requires following the example set by the Upper Perfected; those who do not will die and return to the earth.⁸⁰ This special qi that grants them this opportunity is only bestowed upon them because of their connection to Spontaneity. Spontaneity thus links human beings to the gods and the earliest beginnings of the universe, allowing them to transcend the bounds of their own mortality.

The Six Heavens and the coming apocalypse [1.259c.7-260a.8]

Not everyone chooses to avail themselves of this opportunity, and so the gods are forced to take drastic measures. The main text tells of how they dispatch “ghost soldiers” (*gui bin* 鬼兵) to weed these individuals out. Once again, the Azure Lad has more to say. His commentary divides humankind into two groups: those who “do not accord with Spontaneity” (*bu bing ziran* 不稟自然) and those “whose conduct is good” (*shan xing* 善行). These latter “diligently contemplate the prolongation of life [and] do not transgress the [rules of] the Three Offices [of Heaven, Earth, and Water].”⁸¹ In a process consistent with Celestial Master cosmology, they are thus selected as “seed people” (*zhongmin* 種民) who will survive the coming cataclysms and repopulate the world; here, they receive

79 The most complete study of transcendents is Campany’s *Making Transcendents: Ascetics and Social Memory in Early Medieval China* (Honolulu: University of Hawai’i Press, 2009). Pages 39-87 delineate the powers of a transcendent and situate it among the other sorts of supernatural beings that populate the textual canon of early medieval China.

80 若有骨炁係真，便為不死得補上仙。有不純之行，死歸土也。I translate 有骨炁 in the more abstract sense of “having moral character,” contrasting it with “impure conduct” that results in death. One could also translate it literally as “having [the proper] *qi* in one’s bones.” This would add the requirement that one not only behave morally, but also possess the appropriate destiny.

81 善行精勤，思念長生，不犯三官。The Three Offices form an integral part of the cosmology of the early Celestial Masters; according to *Master Redpine’s Almanac of Petitions* (CT 615 *Chisongzi zhangli* 赤松子章歷), a compilation of Celestial Master petitions that contains early documents, they choose the “seed people” discussed in this paragraph. See EoT, s.v. “Sanguan,” “Chisongzi zhangli.”

undefined “Perfected Scriptures.” The ill conduct of the former, however, incurs the wrath of the heavens and disrupts the natural course of the planets.⁸² The main text continues by explaining that – though the violent Six Heavens are currently dominant – time moves in cycles of good fortune and apocalyptic disaster. The former are called “Yang nine,” while the latter are called “hundred-six.”⁸³ Given the turmoil that led to the formation of the *Zhengfa jing*, the reader is presumably in the midst of a hundred-six, which the text assures them will end in the next *renchen* 壬辰 or *guisi* 癸巳 year (the 29th and 30th years of the sexagesimal cycle; see Table 2). Given the uncertainty surrounding the exact date of the text’s composition, it is difficult to determine the exact years it refers to here. The Azure Lad’s commentary provides some help, but is opaque in its own ways.

82 The concept of a correlation between human behavior and the course of the heavens is often credited to Han scholar Dong Zhongshu 董仲舒 (c. 195-105 BCE), who probably formalized existing ideas. Dong’s work became part of the *habitus* of political thought at both popular and elite levels, and its influence persisted throughout dynastic China. The behavior of the emperor engendered positive or negative responses from Heaven in the form of omens: a peaceful populace, plentiful harvest, and auspicious planetary alignment were signs of Heaven’s approval, while such disasters as famines, fires, and rebellion indicated Heaven’s approbation. For more on Dong’s thought, see Sarah Queen, *From Chronicle to Canon: The Hermeneutics of the Spring and Autumn, according to Tung Chung-shu* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1996): 206-226. Stephan Peter Bumbacher, *Empowered Writing: Exorcistic and Apotropaic Rituals in Medieval China* (St. Petersburg, FL: Three Pines Press, 2012): 33-56 provides a more general introduction to the linkage between heavenly approval conveyed in these terms and political authority.

83 According to Stephen Bokenkamp, this appears to be a very free modification of Liu Xin’s 劉歆 (d. 23 CE) Triple Dispensation Calendar (*Santong li* 三統歷), according to which 106 normal years – a *bailiu* 白六 (“one hundred six”) were followed by nine years of drought called a “Yang nine” (*Yang jiu* 陽九). The phrase “Yangjiu bailiu” became synonymous with the disasters that augured the apocalypse in later, especially Daoist, works – though here it is only the hundred-six that are years of disaster. See Stephen Bokenkamp, “Time After Time: Daoist Apocalyptic History and the Founding of the T’ang Dynasty,” *Asia Major*, 3rd Series 7, no. 1 (1994): 63-64. This section of the work (259c.12-14) also includes the phrase 三道虧盈，廻運而生. I am unsure what the “three daos” are here, only that their rise and fall is connected to cosmic cycles; since I deal with these already, I omit this portion of the text in my analysis.

He begins by dividing Yang nines and hundred-sixes into great and small, both of impossible length. A Great Yang Nine and a Great Hundred-Six are each 9,900 years, while their Small variants each last 3,300 years.⁸⁴ By the time of the Zhou 周 Dynasty (ca. 1100-256 BCE), the Six Heavens had already been dominant for three Great Yang Nine, but had still failed to fully exterminate evil people. Seeing this, the Sage Lord of the Latter Age asks the Most High Lord of the Great Dao whether the time was ripe to effect the separation of good and evil by different means. The Most High explains that the time had not arrived; rather, they are in the middle of the era of Grand Perfection (*Taizhen* 太真), with six more Great Yang Nine and Hundred-Sixes yet to elapse before government returned to the Three Heavens.⁸⁵ The calculated time begins with the rule of the legendary sage-ruler Yao, and ends either at the end of a *dinghai* 丁亥 year (the 27th in the sexagesimal cycle), or in a *renchen* year – a slight difference from the main text.⁸⁶ Regardless of the exact year of the coming apocalypse, the instruments with which the gods enact it remain the same.

The main text continues by specifying the means by which the Six Heavens will be subdued and the Three Heavens installed. The Perfected King of the Nine Heavens transmits two amulets to the Most High Lord of the Great Dao. Their names are difficult to translate, particularly because they seem totally unconnected to the powers the amulets provide. The first is the Writ of Three Winding Perfected Prescriptions of the Numinous

84 See R 1: 138ff.

85 I am unsure what period of time this refers to. The term *taizhen* is usually found as an epithet for a deity (e.g., CT 446 *Shangqing zhongjing zhuzhenshengbi* 上清衆經諸真聖祕 4.9a), or as a place (WSBY 56.1a).

86 計期盡承唐之年，金氏御世，丁亥之末，壬辰之歲。

Capital of the Heaven of Grand Tenuity (*Taiwei lingdu wanzhuan sanfangwen* 太微靈都
婉轉真三方文, hereafter Lingdu wanzhuan), and the second is the Perfected Registers of
the Massed Books (*Zhongshu zhenlu* 衆書真錄, hereafter Zhongshu zhenlu). These are
known as the Methods of the Three Heavens for Controlling the Six Heavens (*Zhi liutian
santian zhi fa* 制六天三天之法). The Azure Lad's commentary specifies, for the first
time, that these are the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens (*Santian zhengfa* 三天
正法) and provides a more detailed transmission history. The amulets' ultimate origin is
unrevealed; the Azure Lad states only that they predate the Perfected King of the Nine
Heavens and the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement, to whom they were
bequeathed when the two lords first formed out of the primordial qi. The Perfected King
and the Heavenly King anticipated the need to restrain the rule of the Six Heavens, and so
the two lords transmitted the Lingdu wanzhuan and the Zhongshu zhenlu to the Most
High Lord of the Great Dao when the Six Heavens' dispensation began. As this
dispensation progressed, the amulets' line of transmission extended down to human
beings: when the Yellow Emperor ascended to the throne, the Most High transmitted
them to human beings. Those fortunate enough to receive them all achieved
transcendence by the grace of the Lord Emperor (*Dijun* 帝君), the Kingly Lord of the
Western Regions (*Xicheng wangjun* 西城王君), and the Azure Lad himself.⁸⁷ This is the

87 *Dijun* is the supreme deity of the Dadong zhenjing. He is associated both with attaining transcendence and the records of transcendence themselves. Isabelle Robinet discusses this in Julian F. Pas and Norman Girardot, trans., *Taoist Meditation: The Maoshan Tradition of Great Purity* (Albany: SUNY Press, 1993): 107-8, 137. See also the "Method of the Nine Perfected" in the *Jiuzhen zhongjing* (ZHDZ 1.222-225), in which the Lord Emperor plays a critical role. The Kingly Lord of the Western Regions is a Perfected being in the *Zhen 'Gao* (14.8b) who dwells in Hengshan 衡山. This has sometimes, but not always, been considered the southern marchmount (*Nanyue* 南嶽), the latter's exact identity has been the subject of debate among scholars Chinese and Western for two millennia. See James Robson, *Power of Place: The Religious Landscape of the Southern Sacred Peak (Nanyue 南嶽) in Medieval China* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2009): 57-89.

last of the Azure Lad's commentary in the *Zhengfa jing*, but the list of amulets used to control the Six Heavens continues with one more.

The final amulet fits awkwardly with its two companions. The text calls it the Three Heavens' Numinous Registers [of Yin and Yang] of the Grand Perfected [One] from the Mystic Capital of the Nine Heavens (*Santian jiuwei xuandu taizhen yinyang linglu* 三天九微玄都太真[陰陽]靈錄, hereafter Yinyang linglu).⁸⁸ This amulet has a different transmission history than the Lingdu wanzhuan and the Zhongshu zhenlu, and unlike the other two it receives an elaborate description: the text specifies that it is made out of jade and gold and hidden in away in the Numinous Capital, where it is venerated like a scripture by various deities. (The Numinous Capital is the chief city of Grand Tenuity, a constellation near Polaris.)⁸⁹ Notably absent is any association of the Yinyang linglu with the Six Heavens: where the other two amulets restrain them so the Three Heavens can be established, the only link to this process that the Yinyang linglu can claim lies in its association with the Three Heavens. It should be grouped together with the other two amulets only by virtue of their mutual proximity. The main text explicitly presents the Lingdu wanzhuan and the Zhongshu zhenlu as methods of the Three Heavens for controlling the Six, then immediately proceeds to describe a third amulet that is both associated with the Three Heavens and lacks a function that is clearly separate from the other two. Given these facts, it is likely that the author of the *Zhengfa jing* – or

88 I have inserted 陰陽 based on their presence in the amulets' title both later in the *Zhengfa jing* and the *Jiuwei badao*.

89 Its identity varies, however: in WSBY 32.17a it is the capital of Grand Tenuity, just as it is here, but it can also be a palace in the Jade Capital (Yujing 玉京) of the Xuyan 須延 Heaven (the third of the Nine Heavens) according to WSBY 23.3a, or a palace in Shangshang Heaven according to WSBY 21.1a. Grand Tenuity can also be a palace in the Shangqing heavens.

more probably some later editor – numbered the Yinyang linglu with the two preceding amulets as devices to restrain the Six Heavens, but felt a more lavish description of its surroundings was necessary.

Hymns and transmission ceremony [1.260a.8-c.4]

At this point, the voice of the Lord Azure Lad recedes from the *Zhengfa jing*. His silence on the matter of the Yinyang linglu, coupled with the extravagant description of the amulet's heavenly abode and its inhabitants, prefigures what follows. Three times each month, the Azure Lad and the Imperial Lord of the Golden Porte pay a visit to their immediate superiors. With a retinue of a thousand Perfected beings, they ride a cloudy chariot of flowing light the color of dawn to visit the Perfected Father and the Most High. Together with the Most High they proceed to the Jade Hall of the Jade Palace in the Jade Court of the Heaven of Jade Clarity, where – amid a banquet served by ten thousand million myriads of female Perfected and guarded by giant dragonlings – they proceed to chant hymns that summarize the text up to this point. The Most High recounts the history of the cosmos from its formation down to the present end of the Great Kalpa; the Lord of the Golden Porte describes their journey to the Jade Palace and the coming apocalypse: the violent Six Heavens and their disasters will be completely obliterated, legitimate government will be taken up by the Three Heavens, and select human beings will be vouchsafed certain texts – here called the Stanzas of the Grand Perfected (*Taizhen zhang* 太真章) – that will allow them to escape the cataclysms, avoid unpleasant rebirths, and ascend to the Shangqing heavens. When the hymns are concluded, the Most High transmits the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens for Expelling the Six Heavens

(*Santian zhengfa chu liutian zhi wen* 三天正法除六天之文) in a ceremony that is at once elaborate and hastily summarized:

太上與後聖，九玄上相青童君共序三天正法除六天之文，施用寶訣祝說，投祭法度以付二君，使教後學諸爲真人者，以制六天收戮群凶。於是帝君，上相青童君奉受真訣稽首而還。

Thereupon the Most High allowed the Lord of the Golden Porte, and the Azure Lad of the Nine Heavens to together lay out the Correct Methods of the Three Heavens for Expelling the Six Heavens, using precious oral instructions, incantations, and explanations. They sacrificed and he ritually ordained them, in order to transmit [the scripture] to the two lords, commanding them to teach students of the latter age how to become Perfected in order to control the Six Heavens, gathering up and slaying the mass of deviances. Thereupon the Lord of the Golden Porte and the Azure Lad received perfected instructions, performed full prostrations, and left.

We first saw this passage in the introduction. Its overall significance is clear: modeling practices expected of human beings who interact with the Methods of the Three Heavens, the Azure Lad and the Lord of the Golden Porte preform the proper sacrifices, and in return they receive the Methods along with the oral instructions (*jue* 訣) required to understand them. The Most High directs the two deities to transmit these tools to human adepts in order to enlist them into the ranks of the Perfected; these human servants will aid the Three Heavens in sweeping away the violent remnants of the Six. The ritual contains the elements of a conventional transmission. The deities are ordained by a superior; they “lay out” (and presumably copy) the Methods of the Three Heavens and accompanying textual paraphernalia; and their superior commands them to continue the line of transmission.

Codes for transmission of Zhongwen linglu and Yinyang linglu [260c.5-261a.14]

If we take the text as continuous – a contentious proposition – then the Most High and the Lord of the Golden Porte received three amulets that comprise the Methods for Expelling

the Six Heavens: the Lingdu wanzhuan, the Zhongshu zhenlu, and the Yinyang linglu. The *Zhengfa jing* continues by outlining the ritual that structures the transmission of these amulets from master to disciple in the human realm. At the beginning of the process, the student faces east. Next, master and disciple face north; the master swears an unspecified oath, then commences the transmission process. When this is finished, the student faces eastward once again, bows, and performs an incantation in which they ascend to the heavens and formally request that the Perfected King of the Nine Heavens, the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement, and the Most High bestow upon them the Methods for Expelling the Six Heavens. The purpose of these amulets, according to the petition, is to allow their bearer to command the evil spirits of the Six Heavens and ascend to personally greet the Lord of the Golden Porte. It is important to note here that the amulets the student receives are not identical to those received by the Lord of the Golden Porte and the Azure Lad: where latter receive the Lingdu wanzhuan, the Zhongshu zhenlu, and the Yinyang linglu, the former receives the Yinyang linglu and the Gathered Writs (*Zhongwen* 眾文). According to the *Jiuwei badao*, the Zhongwen – there known as the Most High (*taishang* 太上) Zhongwen lu – is actually a group of amulets that itself includes the Yinyang linglu. Because the latter is specifically listed as separate from the Zhongwen here, the redactors of the *Zhengfa jing* and the *Jiuwei badao* must be referring to separate lists. Such inconsistencies are a hallmark of the received text.

Instructions for use of the Santian zhengfa and Zhongwen linglu [260c.20-261a14]

Putting them aside for the present, what follows in the *Zhengfa jing* are instructions for the use of certain amulets: the Santian zhengfa and the Zhongwen lu (here known as the

Zhongwen linglu 眾文靈錄). Again, the presence of an unspecified “Correct Methods of the Three Heavens” sounds a note of uncertainty: because different authors included different amulets in this group, we cannot be sure precisely which are intended here. Whichever they may be, the instructions for their use are as follows. Proper care requires daily veneration with incense and prostrations, culminating in a more complex ritual to be performed every nine years. Here, for the first time, we glimpse the process by which the amulets become efficacious. During the ninth year, on the *taisui* 太歲 day corresponding to the adept’s natal day, they are to write out the amulets in a prescribed fashion and bury them at a prescribed depth in the soil of the appropriate marchmounts.⁹⁰ The act of burial is what gives the adept control over the spirits; this is reinforced by an incantation performed at the site that restates that control, as well as asserting that heavenly figures have recorded the adept’s name in records of transcendence controlled by the Azure Lad. After three nine-year periods, the Most High will dispatch spirit-servants to welcome the practitioner to the Palace of Shangqing.

90 A person’s “natal days” (*benming ri* 本命日) are determined with reference to the sexagesimal cycle by which time was demarcated at the levels of day, month, and year. They occur when both the celestial stem (*gan* 干) and earthly branch (*zhi* 支) of a given day match that on which the person was born. The *taisui* hemerological system divides the calendar according to the five agents. Each agent is correlated with a particular stem and direction: wood with *jia* 甲 and the east; fire with *bing* 丙 and the south; earth with *wu* 戊 and the center; metal with *geng* 庚 and the west, and water with *ren* 壬 and the north. The stems are each combined with the branch *zi* 子 to form five sets of twelve days, during which the deity Taisui 太歲 and his retinue travel in the direction and to the marchmount associated with each element. On *jiazi* days they travel east to the eastern marchmount; *bingzi* days to the southern marchmount; *gengzi* days to the western marchmount, *renzi* days to the northern marchmount, and *wuzi* days to the central marchmount. The ritual associates *benming* days with *taisui* days in a manner that is unclear to me; the end result is that one performs the ritual every nine years, or three times per cycle of twenty-seven years. See ZHDZ 1.261a.1-14: 九年每以本命之日或太歲之日，以白素朱書文一通，詣所屬嶽，封埋之以制五嶽萬精之炁……如此二十七年合三埋之。See Zhonghua daojiao dacidian, s.v. “太歲已下神煞出遊日.” Many thanks to Professor Donald Harper for his help on this passage and for pointing me to the relevant dictionary entry.

Instructions for the use of the Zhongshu zhenlu [261a.15-261b.13]

The *Zhengfa jing* next details a burial ritual meant to accompany an amulet it has not yet introduced: the Perfected Writs of the Spirits of the Eight Directions [Gathered from] the Massed Texts (*Zhongshu baling zhenlu* 眾書八靈真籙). This amulet is known by the abbreviated title Zhongshu zhenlu later in the *Zhengfa jing* as well as the *Jiuwei badao*, and that is how I will refer to it hereafter. Despite the abrupt introduction, this section's structure and content link it to the ritual performed with the Santian zhengfa and Zhongwen linglu. As before, it must be performed on one's natal day or *Taisui* day every nine years for 27 years. The adept petitions the gods for the power to control spirits and is granted the Zhongshu baling zhenlu and spirit guards by the Most High after demonstrating his or her sincerity. However, A few factors distinguish it from the burial ritual that accompanies the previous amulets. First is a sacrifice of material goods that accompanies the petition. On the night of the prescribed day, the adept sets up five long, low tables, one in each of the five directions, and adorns them with incense and candles. Next, he or she lays out patterned silks and "invites" (*qing* 請) the talismans and accompanying text, setting them on (presumably) the central desk along with a plate of fruit and jujubes. Along with the petition, the adept presents these offerings to a group of deities and spirits: the High August of the Nine Tenuities and Eight Ways, the Thearchs of the Nine Heavens, the Yellow Woman of Glorious Mystery, the Officers of the Nine Numens, and the Supervisors of the Emissaries of the Transcendents.⁹¹ After three such

91 In the *Huangting neijing jing*, the Nine Tenuities are nine palaces located in various parts of the body. According to the commentary of Liangqiu zi 梁丘子 (Bai Lizhong 白履忠, fl. 722-29), "The *jing* 精 [i.e., refined *qi*] there is subtle (*wei* 微); thus they are called 'the Nine Tenuities.'" 精微故曰九微 See YJQQ 11.43b-44a. See also EoT, s.v. "Huangting jing." See also Patrick Carré, *Le Livre de la Cour Jaune: Classique taoïste des IV-Ve siècles* (Paris: Éditions du Seuil, 1999) 58, 141-42. See also Daojiao

sacrifices, the Most High responds by dispatching the Lord of the Golden Porte to bestow a title and spirit guards on the petitioner. A postface details the Most High's exact commands to the Lord: he is to seek out those who diligently practice the above methods – here referred to as “Upper Perfected” – and bestow the Zhongshu zhenlu upon them in order to “assist the ruler in governing according to the rule of the Three Heavens, destroying and expelling the inauspicious and evil.”⁹² In order to assume this role, the adept must fulfill three conditions: first, they must receive the earthly portion of the amulet in a transmission ceremony conducted according to certain rules; second, they must demonstrate their sincerity to the gods by the consistent performance of certain rituals. At this point they receive the heavenly half of the tally, and this prepares them for the third step: use of the talisman itself to fulfill the obligations of an Upper Perfected.

dacidian, s.v. “九微,” though this entry does not take into account the full scope of the reference in the *Huangting neijing jing*. The Eight Ways (*badao* 八道) are the eight directions. I am unclear on the identity of the High August of the Nine Tenuities and Eight Ways (*Jiuwei badao shanghuang* 九微八道上皇); this may be a reference to a deity named in the *Duren jing* (27.7a) as the “August Elder, Venerable Spirit of the Nine Tenuities and Eight Ways” (*Jiuwei badao huanglao zunshen* 九微八道皇老尊神), but if so that sheds no light on his identity; the *Duren jing* gives no further information on the deity. The only other reference I could find to the Nine-Flowered Thearch 九華帝君 is in a Ming work, CT 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 道法會元 in a talisman at 16.8a and repeated at 23.17b. The compiler gives no further information on this deity. Thus, this is probably an error for 九帝, mentioned at *Jiuwei badao* 6. If this is correct, then the other deity mentioned would be Huaxuan Huangnu 華玄黃女, otherwise unknown. It could be an epithet for the Mysterious Woman (*xuan nu* 玄女), who bequeathed several different methods to the Yellow Emperor – but this is no more than a guess. See Handian, Daojiao Dacidian, and Grand Ricci, s.v. “玄女.” According to *Taiqing yuce* 255b, the Nine Numens (*Jiu ling* 九靈) are Tiansheng 天生, Wuying, 無英, Xuanzhu 玄珠, Zhenzhong 正中, Zidan 子丹, Huihui 回回, Danyuan 丹元, Taiyuan 太淵, and Lingtong 靈童. These are bodily deities according to CT 64 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baijing jizhu* 九天應元雷聲普化天尊玉樞寶經集註 (which the *Taiqing yuce* is probably quoting), but many are also names of ingredients used in laboratory alchemy. See, e.g., Daojiao dacidian, s.v. “天生,” “玄珠.” Because the *Taiqing yuce* and CT 64 are both much later than the *Santian zhengfa*, here the Nine Numens probably refer to the Nine Heavens, with the *guan* 官 being unspecified officers. See Handian, s.v. “九靈,” TC, s.v. “Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baijing jizhu.” The Supervisors of the Emissaries of the Transcendents (*Jianzhen shi* 監真使) aid the adept in adding his or her name to the records of transcendence in the *Qisheng xuanji* (see, e.g., 7a-10b in that work).

92 輔正三天，滅除凶惡。

Employing the Zhongshu zhenlu requires the adept to perform a visualization exercise followed by an incantation. The Most High explicitly presents these actions as “accept[ing] the responsibility on behalf of the Three Heavens of aiding the lords of the realm in expelling calamities, causing the brightness of the correct Way to be disseminated, and the Six Heavens to be annihilated.”⁹³ After preparatory purifications, the adept burns incense and writes out the text and its accompanying talismans. The text mentioned here is not specified, but likely consists of instructions for the talisman’s use. This would place it in the genre of *jue* 訣; these were originally oral instructions delivered from master to student during a transmission ceremony that allowed the latter to properly understand and employ the text being transmitted, and without which it would be useless. (Above, we see the Most High employing *jue* that governed the transmission of the Santian zhengfa chu liutian zhi wen, as well as imparting *jue* required for their use to the Azure Lad and the Lord of the Golden Porte.) Eventually, such instructions formed an independent genre, and the word *jue* features in the titles of several subsidiary works meant to aid in the interpretation of more important texts.⁹⁴ In this case, the *jue* may have been this text itself, or the portion of it that explains the use of the Zhongshu zhenlu. Be that as it may, once the writing process is complete, the adept performs the following visualization:

93 太上告後聖君曰：凡受三天正法，當爲三天立效，佐時除凶使正道，演明六天殄滅也。

94 See, for instance, CT 1324 *Dongzhen taishan basu zhenjing dengtan fuzha miaojue* 洞真太上八素真經登壇符札妙訣, which details the construction of an altar for use in a ritual meant to accompany CT 426 *Taishang basu zhenjing* 洞真太上八素真經. 1a details the necessity of the *jue* to the proper use of the Basu zhenjing. Importantly, CT 1324 in this case probably constitutes a later reinterpretation of the work it is supposedly meant to accompany. See TC, s.v. “Dongzhen taishan basu zhenjing dengtan fuzha miaojue,” R 2: 432.

身正在中央，平坐北向，叩左齒三十六通，瞑目內思已身吐炁，炁化為火，光精流竟，天鬱冥焚，燒四方天下山林草木土地靈司。人民悉令蕩盡。竟天冥然無復。子遺洞達無涯，火炁都消，清炁鬱勃。上則無天，下則無地，率天以下莫不歸宗於虛無金門，玉闕，瓊宮，紫殿，羅列及已身俱在空虛之中清炁之內。

With your own body upright in the center [of the oratory], sit peacefully and face north, clack your left teeth thirty-six times, close your eyes, and envision your body emitting qi. The qi transforms into fiery light and flows brilliantly throughout all the dark quiet of the heavens, burning up all the plant life, all the local gods, all the Numinous Directors.⁹⁵ As for the people, they will all be eliminated completely. Up to the darkness of Heaven, there will be no remainder. Penetrating without margin or boundary, the fiery qi will all disappear, and pure qi will flourish. Above, there is no heaven; below, there is no earth. From heaven on down, nothing will not return to its ancestor in nothingness [passing through] the Golden Gate, Jade Porte, and Jade Palace, spreading out in the Purple Hall, together with “my” body, in the midst of vacuous emptiness, in pure qi.⁹⁶

The adept thus visualizes fire from his or her body progressively destroying the entire universe and returning it to a state of primordial purity. The incantation that follows

95 I am uncertain what function the Numinous Directors perform here. They appears as a spirit that can command numinous beasts in interlinear commentary to *Dengzhen Yinjue* 2.10b; as a spirit one can offend in the *Siji mingke* 1.16; as a spirit of the Water Bureau 水府 (TPGJ 232.6b-7a; as a spirit that can save one from destruction at 15.4 of Du Guangting's CT 616 *Guangcheng ji* 廣成集, and again as a spirit of the water bureau in CT 489 *Jinlu jietan yi* 金錄解壇儀 (ZHDZ 43.31).

96 The Golden Gate, Jade Porte, Jade Palace, and Purple Hall are all locations in the heavens according to works contemporaneous to portions of the *Zhengfa jing* as well as others that predate and postdate it – though some are also locations in the human body. A citation in WSBY 4.5a lists a Golden Gate Palace as the abode of the White Emperor; the color white being associated with the West since ancient times, this would place the Golden Gate in the western regions of the heavens. See Handian, s.v. “白帝.” The Golden Gate is also associated with the West in *Duren jing* 35.7b, which places it above the “Western Pass” (*Xi guan* 西關), and is located in the Northwest according to the much later CT 5 *Taishang wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing* 太上無極總真文昌大洞仙經. According to WSBY 1.4a-b, the moon is located above the Golden Gate during the fourth of the twenty-four solar terms. 1.1b has the sun absorbing refined souls of the dead in the Golden Gate during *Lichun* 立春, the first of the twenty-four solar terms. The Jade Porte is located in the constellation Grand Tenuity (*Taiwei* 太微), according to CT 5 *Maoshan zhi* 茅山志 (14th century) 10.2a as well as 3.24 of the much earlier CT 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 登真隱訣 (ca. 492-514). The Jade Palace is found in Grand Tenuity according to CT 1334 *Dongzhen taishang shenhu yinwen* 洞真太上神虎陰文 (ca. 317-420) 1a. Grand Tenuity is located in the South, bridging Virgo and Leo. See Edward Schafer, *Pacing the Void: T'ang Approaches to the Stars* (Warren, CT: Floating World Editions, 2005), 52. The phrase “Purple Hall” may be a reference to the “Purple Hall of Golden Splendor (*Jinhui zidian* 金輝紫殿), the residence of the Lord of the Golden Porte according to WSBY 14.9a.

summarizes the destruction, then reconstitutes the universe according to the plan of the Three Heavens:

天陽地激，三五及靈
流光極崖，竟天鬱冥
自下無外，悉還無形
六天群祆，靡有不平
太一促運，真道當行
九天有命，收攝賈生
周天徧地，莫有所停
聖皇顯蓋，控駕紫庭
推校十方，列奏玉清

By Heavenly Yang, Earth is stimulated.

The Three-and-Five exert their numinous power.⁹⁷

Flowing light [reaches] the border, [moving] throughout all the flourishing darkness of the heavens.

Below me is the all-embracing [nothingness]; everything has returned to formlessness.

Of the massed deviances of the Six Heavens, none are not pacified.

The Grand Monad pushes forward the revolution [of the heavens], and the true Way is put into practice.⁹⁸

97 The phrase “Three-and-Five” has many possible referents. Given the context, the cosmology of CT 999 *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 fits best here. According to one interpretation of that work, the “Three-and-Five” refers to the Five Elements, which merge in order to generate the myriad phenomena. See *Zhonghua daojiao dacidian*, s.v. “三五;” EoT, s.v. “Zhouyi cantong qi.” A reference to the “Three-and-Five” together with yin and yang in a cosmological context can be found in *Zhouyi cantong qi* 2.28b-29a.

98 On the Grand Monad, see Appendix C, j. 65.

The Nine Heavens have the mandate; they control the living beings of the world⁹⁹

Throughout all the heavens and all the earth, nothing stops them.

The Sage-August displays his chariot cover, steering [his carriage] to the Purple Court.¹⁰⁰

Reflecting and examining [everything in] the Ten Directions, he enumerates [them] in a memorial to the [emperor dwelling in] Jade Clarity.¹⁰¹

Acting as an agent of the Three Heavens, the adept visualizes their body emanating fiery qi that destroys the universe. When the Grand Monad passes control from the Six Heavens to the Three, the world is reconstituted according to the plan of the Three Heavens. The Sage-August then goes on a tour of inspection, returning to the Purple Court and preparing a memorial to the emperor dwelling in Jade Clarity – himself too important to enter the mortal realm – that informs him of the goings-on in the reformed world.

Worthy of note is that incantation – known in the *Zhengfa jing* as the Incantation of the Nine Heavens – is discussed in much the same way as the *Zhongshu zhenlu*, which is not an incantation but an amulet. We learn that the Most High bestowed it upon the

99 Read 界 for 賈. Given the reference to the Nine Heavens at the beginning of the *Zhengfa jing*, the incantation as it appears here probably intends to stress the Three Heavens' dominance over their lesser counterparts; because the Three are masters of the Nine, when the Nine Heavens have the mandate, it is the Three that direct them.

100 The Sage-August (*Sheng huang* 聖皇) is an epithet for the earthly emperor. His identity here is unclear, but given his position below that of the emperor of Jade Clarity, he cannot play a role of similar importance here. The term probably refers either to the Lord of the Golden Porte or one of the many subsidiary emperors already discussed in the *Zhengfa jing*. Given that he returns to the Purple Court – a palace in the Big Dipper – this may be the Emperor of the North. Elsewhere, the Purple Court is associated with the East; see the *Dance Song of White Ramie* (*Baizhu wuge shi* 白紵舞歌詩), in *Song Shu* 22.24b-26a.

101 The “Emperor dwelling in Jade Clarity” is the Celestial Worthy of Original Commencement (*Yuanshi tianzun* 元始天尊) according to Tao Hongjing's *Zhenling weiye tu*. This itself is evidence of later modification of that work, as the Celestial Worthy is the primary deity of the Lingbao pantheon. See EoT, s.v. “Zhenling weiye tu.”

Sage Lord of the Golden Porte for the purpose of commanding the Six Heavens and the spirits under their control; that its earthly bearers are responsible for assisting in this process; and that they will be numbered among the Perfected and transcendents as reward for their diligence. The postface to the burial ritual for the *Zhongshu zhenlu* gives the same transmission history and purpose for the amulets, as well as the same responsibilities and rewards to their human wielders.

Citations from the *Siji minkge* [262a.1 – 262b.9]

After the Incantation of the Nine Heavens, the *Zhengfa jing* abruptly transitions to a concern with ritual purity applied to an unspecified set of amulets called the “Santian zhengfa” and the “True Writs (*Zhenwen* 真文).” Purity is maintained by upholding five prohibitions related to the amulets. The text leaves little hint as to what the original author of this section might have originally placed in this group, but the separation between the True Writs and the Santian zhengfa is evident: each prohibition begins with either “All those who receive the Santian zhengfa,” or “All those who receive the Santian zhengfa and wear the True Writs.”¹⁰² There are many possible referents for the term “True Writs;” within the *Zhengfa jing* and the *Jiuwei badao* alone, there are three amulets whose names contain the phrase, and this fails to consider another incredibly popular text of the period that circulated separately.¹⁰³ Whatever the exact identity of the True Writs, they are subject to the same prohibitions that apply to the Santian zhengfa.

102 凡受三天正法; 凡受三天正法佩帶真文

103 I refer here to the *Perfected Script in Five Tablets* (*Wupian zhenwen* 五篇真文), preserved in the Daoist canon as CT 22 *Yuanshi Wulao hishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing* 元始五老赤書玉篇真文天書經). See TC, s.v. “Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing,” “Taishang donxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaoqing.”

The *Zhengfa jing* details both these prohibitions and the penalties that accrue to those who fail. The text claims the penalties and prohibitions are extracted from the *Bright Statutes of the Four Poles* (*Siji mingke* 四極明科), which has come down to us as CT 184 *Taizhen Yudi siji mingke jing* 太真玉帝四極明科經, *The Bright Statutes of the Four Poles of the Jade Emperor of Grand Perfection*. CT 184 does indeed contain these five prohibitions, but they differ in important ways from their equivalents in the *Zhengfa jing* (differences whose discussion must be put off for the moment). The first of the five concerns cleanliness: those who wear the Santian zhengfa must keep their bodies and clothes clean. The second prohibition requires the wearer to avoid the impurities surrounding death and funerals, refraining even from paying their condolences during the funeral itself.¹⁰⁴ The third prohibition concerns dress: when asleep or when performing a certain internal meditation exercise, one must take care not to reveal the head or body. The fourth concerns association: fraternizing with unspecified “experts in Yin ways” (*Yin jia* 陰家) and “persons whose outward *qi* is not the same” (外氣不同之人) will be penalized by otherworldly authorities. The final prohibition is a general injunction not to transgress unspecified precepts – presumably those enumerated above, as well as others in a book of statutes (some version of the *Siji mingke*?) the editor of the *Zhengfa jing* expected adepts to have at hand. The penalties for transgressing each prohibition are similar. At the least, the practitioner will have lose their rank among the Perfected; other ill effects include desertion by spirit guards, attack by malevolent entities, reduction in lifespan, and judicial torture by infernal officials. This emphasis on pain and punishment

104 Customs surrounding death and burial in early medieval China were elaborate. See, e.g., Wendy Swartz *et al.*, eds., *Early Medieval China: A Sourcebook* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2014), 70-71, 119-120

is counterbalanced in the next section by promises of the benefits that will accrue to those who keep the prohibitions.

Amulets and their transmission [262b.10 – 263a.2]

What follows in the *Zhengfa jing* is a list of spirit guards (and occasionally powers) that accompany various amulets. The general format of each entry follows the first:

得佩蓬萊高上真書者，給玉童十二人侍衛佩者身。

I will give those who receive and wear the Exalted Perfected Book of Penglai¹⁰⁵ twelve jade lads to guard them.

The list comprises eleven amulets in total. Two – the *Zhongshu zhenlu* and the *Lingdu wanzhuan* – we have seen before. However, the others have not been introduced, and one amulet that receives extensive discussion in earlier portions of the text – the *Yinyang linglu* – is missing. Compounding the confusion, the majority of these amulets also appear in the *Jiuwei badao*, but some do not; meanwhile, other amulets listed in the *Jiuwei badao* do not appear here. I discuss each amulet in detail in Appendix F. For now I note that one amulet in particular receives special attention. This is the *Zhongshu zhenlu*, known here as the *Zhenshu zhonglu*. 265c.5-11 reads:

太上告後聖君曰：諸有骨分，名書東華錄字，上清得佩真書衆籙，即給玉童玉女侍衛已身，記功明善，糾禁漏泄。佩者不得妄傳，傳非其人，不依年限。輕泄寶文，身被風刀之考，沒命鬼官殃及七玄祖父運蒙山之石塞，九源之河深，慎奉行。

The Most High told the Lord of the Golden Porte: All those who have lot [lodged] in their bones, whose names are inscribed in the [Records of] Eastern Florescence, recorded in the lists of Shangqing, who wear the *Zhenshu zhonglu*, are given jade lads and jade maidens to guard them and record their merits and shine a light on their good deeds, and who watch over them and prohibit them from divulging [the talisman improperly]. Those who wear the talisman must not heedlessly transmit them. If it is transmitted to an inappropriate person, [the bearer] will not live out

¹⁰⁵ Penglai is a legendary mountain and abode of transcendents in the Eastern Sea.

their allotted years. If one rashly divulges the precious writ, their body will suffer the trial of wind and swords. When they die, they [will become] ghost-officials and disaster will extend to seven generations of their descendants, and their progenitors will be assigned to move the rocks of Mt. Meng and stop up the rivers of the Nine Springs.¹⁰⁶ Diligently practice this!

Breaking from the common formula, the entry on the *Zhenshu zhonglu* records not only that the bearer of the amulet receives spirit guards, but notes the prerequisites for its transmission; reminds the reader that spiritual attendants monitor the adept's behavior in addition to guarding them (something that is only implied in the other entries); and provides injunctions against improper transmission. Much of this information would have been common knowledge for a contemporary reader, and in any case is stated elsewhere in the *Zhengfa jing*: we know from the Most High's speech to the Azure Lad (in 251b.14-21) that those who receive the *Zhongshu zhenlu* must have the proper fate lodged in their bones, and the earlier citation of the *Siji mingke* (252b.5-9) reminds the reader that spirit guards report on the conduct of those they protect. Finally, the *Zhengfa jing* closes in the next section with rules for its proper transmission and warnings of the punishments that befall those who fail to follow them. This format is typical – indeed, the *Jiuwei badao* is structured in this way – and so there should be no need to introduce an injunction that focuses only on one amulet so close to a postface that encompasses the entire text and every amulet therein. As we have seen, such strange stylistic choices permeate the *Zhengfa jing*, and so – odd as they may be – it should be no surprise to find more of them.

106 A similar admonition against reckless transmission occurs in YJQQ 4.18b: 若不依科而傳，罪延七祖，父母充責鬼官，運蒙山之石，填積夜之河，萬劫還生非人之道，已身被風刀之考。 “If you do not follow the regulations and yet transmit [the text], the fault will extend to seven generations of your ancestors. Your father and mother will fill the duty of the ghost-officials, moving the rocks of Mt. Meng to block the rivers of night; after ten thousand kalpas they will return to life in a path of nonhumans.” The Nine Springs are the waters of the netherworld.

The Daoist Canon and the history of the “Rectifying Methods”

There is little scholarship on the *Rectifying Methods*. What there is mostly focuses on the work’s origin and evolution, with the “final version” assumed to be that found in the Daoist Canon. Begun during the reign of the Yongle 永樂 Emperor (r. 1403-24) and finally published in 1445, the Daoist canon of the Ming 明 Dynasty (1368-1644) is the main source for all Daoist studies scholarship.¹⁰⁷ The assumption that the version included there marks the definitive end of the text’s use and development cuts off a few interesting avenues of inquiry. First, by adopting the standpoint of the editors of the Daoist Canon, scholars silently accept the political circumstances surrounding its compilation. While this hermeneutic simplifies study, it comes at a great cost. Canons, it need not be said, do not occur naturally. They are the end points (and often not even that) of a great degree of struggle. Official recognition (whether by a local community, a larger ecclesiastical body, or an imperial government) is a highly sought-after commodity, and so different actors (whether factions or individuals) have a great deal at stake in getting their own particular versions or interpretations of works accepted as “authoritative.” We have already seen an example of the fallout from this process: a prominent theory concerning the origin of the Nag Hammadi codices holds that they were buried to escape censure at the hands of representatives of newly-forming orthodoxy, who had decided such books were not fit for inclusion in the emerging New Testament canon.¹⁰⁸ Similarly,

¹⁰⁷ It is also the heart of modern editions of the Canon. These supplement, expand and improve upon it while introducing additional errors. For an introduction to editions of the Daoist Canon, see EoT, s.v. “Daozang and subsidiary compilations.”

¹⁰⁸ To take only one example of canon formation, the canonization of the “orthodox” New Testament has been the focus of much debate in Biblical studies. The first list that corresponds to today’s most widely-accepted 27 books appears in 367 CE. See Bart Ehrman, *After the New Testament: A Reader in Early Christianity* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1999). This was the Festal Letter of Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria. It was only one of many ancient lists, and was ignored or disputed

the arrangement of the modern Daoist canon is a relic of the imperial politics surrounding the compilation of a predecessor to the Ming canon first printed in 1190. The work that claims pride of place there is at once a paean to the then-reigning emperor and a tool to ward off a northern invasion.¹⁰⁹ Twelfth century Chinese politics or fourth century debates among sectarian Christians may have lost all relevance in current times, but such contingencies have left their marks on the materials we study. Our materials may present themselves as pure and homogeneous, but that does not mean scholars have to take them at their word.

A second problem with taking the Ming canon's version of the *Rectifying Methods* as the final word on the matter is that this is simply not the case. Although my analysis stops at the end of the early medieval period (that is, ca. 589 CE), a few examples contemporary and subsequent to the Daoist canon's compilation in 1445 suffice to show that non-canonical versions of the text remained of interest. A quotation from one such version is found in the *Secret Essentials of the Most High* (*Wushang biyao* 無上祕要), a sixth-century compendium of Daoist literature. If the Ming version of the *Most High Scripture* had been universally considered definitive, one would expect subsequent quotations of the version found in the *Secret Essentials* to be marked as spurious because they contain material not found in the Ming text. This is not the case, however. Two Ming

by some Christian communities. The exact composition of the New Testament is disputed among different Christian denominations today. For a concise explanation of the New Testament's formation and its relationship to the Hebrew Bible, see Bruce M. Metzger, *The Canon of the New Testament: Its Origin, Development, and Significance* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1987), 1-7. A more recent discussion is Edmon L. Gallagher and John D. Meade, *The Biblical Canon Lists from Early Christianity: Texts and Analysis* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2017). See also the review in *Reading Religion* at <http://readingreligion.org/books/biblical-canon-lists-early-christianity>.

109 See Michel Strickmann, "The Longest Taoist Scripture," in *History of Religions* 17, no. 3/4 (1978): 350-351.

works, the *Book of Ancient Subtleties* and the *Record of Mount Tianzhong* (comp. 1550) cite the *Secret Essentials* version of the *Rectifying Methods* without any indication they doubted its authenticity. The version in the Ming canon thus emerges as one among many. Despite its official status, contemporary and subsequent authors felt free to ignore it. The studies consulted below should be read with this caveat in mind.

Previous scholarship on the “Rectifying Methods”

Detailed discussions of the work are rare, though numerous notes exist scattered throughout other scholarship.¹¹⁰ I was unable to find any reference to the *Rectifying Methods* in the first major study of the Daoist Canon, Chen Guofu’s 陈国符 mammoth *Origins and Evolution of the Daoist Canon* (*Daozang yuanliu kao* 道藏源流考).¹¹¹

Below, I will restrict myself to works that discuss the *Rectifying Methods* at length. What follows contains a welter of intertextual references. Because matters of detailed dating are primarily of interest to specialists, I will introduce the works that follow without comment, employing standard sinological conventions. More detailed introductions to important texts referenced here will appear in following chapters and the appendices.

Nonspecialists should feel free to consult my summary at the end. Note that my Japanese

110 See, for instance, Wang Zongyu, “Daojiao zhi ‘liutian’ zhi shuo” [The theory of the “Six Heavens” in Daoism], *Daojiao wenhua yanjiu* 16 (1996): 33 n. 2. Wang’s article is concerned overall with the theory of the Six Heavens. While the *Rectifying Methods* deals with this concept at length, Wang refers to the work itself only in passing. Similarly, Ren Jiyu, ed., *Daozang tiyao* [A Summary of the Daoist Canon] (Beijing: Zhongguo shehui kexue chubanshe, 1991) aims to provide short summaries of every work in the Ming canon. Its entry on the *Rectifying Methods* (on p. 949) only devotes a few sentences to the work’s textual history.

111 Beijing: Zhonghua shuju, 1963.

is limited to reading proficiency with heavy reference to a dictionary. This makes extended engagement with Japanese scholarship difficult.

Ozaki Masaharu

The first detailed study of the *Rectifying Methods* is an article by Ozaki Masaharu 尾崎正治 published in 1973. Ozaki compares the received *Zhengfa jing* with citations found in six different sources: *Laughing at the Dao* (*Xiaodao lun* 笑道論, preserved in T 3102 *Guang Hongming ji* 廣弘明集); the *Pearl Satchel of the Three Caverns* (CT 1139 *Sandong zhunang* 三洞珠囊); the *True Appearances of the Categories* [Pertaining to] the *Dao of the Highest Purity* (CT 1132 *Shangqing dao leishi xiang* 上清道類事相); the *Seven Lots from the Bookbag of the Clouds* (CT 1032 *Yunji qiqian* 雲笈七籤); the *Taiping Yulan*, and the *Veritable Facts Concerning the True Lord Investigator of the Taiping Xingguo Temple on Mount Lu* (CT 1286 *Lushan Taiping xingguo gong Caifang zhenjun shishi* 廬山太平興國宮採訪真君事實), as well as citations of other works within the canonical *Zhengfa jing*. The most important of these is the *Bright Statutes of the Four Poles* (*Siji mingke* 四極明科), which has come down to us as *The Bright Statues of the Four Poles of the Jade Emperor of Grand Perfection* (CT 184 *Taizhen Yudi siji mingke jing* 太真玉帝四極明科經). Dividing the present *Zhengfa jing* into two parts, the author concludes that the germ of the text is the first half of the present *Taishang santian zhengfa jing* (running to page 5 of the Hanfenlou 涵芬樓 edition). This, she claims, is cited in the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu* 上清大洞真經目 under the title

Shangqing chu liutian wen santian zhengfa 上清除六天文三天正法.¹¹² The very end of the received text, which Ozaki calls the *Liutian wen santian shangzhen zhengfa* 六天文三天上真正法, was a supplement added between the Liu-Song 劉宋 (420-479) and the Southern Qi 南齊 (479-502). Further additions were made through the Sui 隋 (581-618) and the Tang 唐 (618-907).¹¹³

Ozaki's conclusion is sound in its outline but implausible in its details. As noted by Robinet (see below), the analysis is incomplete. The author considers only the present *Zhengfa jing* (CT 1203), but not the collection of amulets that probably formed an integral part of the original work (CT 1395, discussed in Appendix F; I refer to it in this chapter as the *Jiuwei badao*). As will be shown below, other students of the *Rectifying Methods* are unified in asserting that CT 1203 and CT 1395 originally constituted a single work. Further, I find persuasive Robinet's argument for the later dating of what, for Ozaki, forms the germ of the original text. Finally, I am persuaded by Robinet's conclusions on the general course of development of Shangqing texts (on both, see below).

Isabelle Robinet

Isabelle Robinet made a brief but thorough study of the *Rectifying Methods* as part of her effort to reconstruct the original Shangqing corpus as revealed to Yang Xi.¹¹⁴ She presents

112 The *Dadong zhenjing mu* is preserved in CT 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 洞玄靈寶三洞奉道科戒營始. See TC, s.v. "Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi."

113 Ozaki Masaharu, "Taijō santen seihō kyō seiritsu kō," *Tōhō shūkyō* 43 (1974): 13-29

114 Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing dans l'histoire du Taoïsme*. 2 vols. Paris: École Française d'Extrême-Orient, 1984. See 2: 87-91 on the *Rectifying Methods*. She summarizes her findings in TC, s.v. "Taishang santian zhengfa jing" and "Shangqing dadong jiuwei badao dajing miaolu." See TC 1: 587-588, 602, especially for her dating of CT 1203 and CT 1395.

the following information on the work: its title and a summary that situates it in the context of contemporary Daoism; mentions throughout the Daoist canon of the work under various titles; citations of the work (again, under various titles) within and without the canon; comments on the authenticity of different parts of the work; a more detailed summary of the work that provides some justification for her conclusions regarding the dates of the different parts; and some concluding remarks. Based on this data, she concludes that the present *Rectifying Methods* (comprising both CT 1203 and CT 1395; cf. Ozaki, above) is a skilled imitation of earlier Shangqing works that postdates slightly the original revelations. She dates CT 1395 to the late fourth or early fifth century, and CT 1203 to the seventh century (at the earliest); she thus adopts roughly the same periodization as Ozaki after a much more detailed investigation. She is hesitant, however, to include the work among the original Shangqing revelations despite its inclusion in the list of *Zhen'gao* 5.2.

For Robinet, some of the most concrete evidence for the *Rectifying Methods*' later date include three features of the present work. The first is the quotation from the *Sijimingke*, which postdates the original revelations. The second feature concerns two figures in the work: a higher deity called the Most High Lord of the Dao (*Taishang Daojun* 太上道君; that is, the deified Laozi), and a pupil called the Lord of the Golden Porte. In several discrete segments of the work, the Most High Lord imparts specific knowledge to the Lord of the Golden Porte. This is a common trope throughout the Shangqing corpus, but Robinet takes it as unique to works that postdate the original revelations. Finally, the present version of the *Rectifying Methods* makes reference to three particular qi: "Mystic"

(*xuan* 玄), “Primal,” (*yuan* 元) and “Inaugural” (*she* 始), each corresponding to a different stage in the progressive unfolding of the cosmos. These three *qi* are ubiquitous in texts belonging to the earlier Way of the Celestial Masters (*Tianshi dao* 天師道), but do not appear in members of the original Shangqing revelations. Another of Robinet’s criteria is formal: the choppieness and brevity of the current *Rectifying Methods* do not seem to indicate a complete work. Further, many of the citations of a *Rectifying Methods* found elsewhere in the Daoist canon (and without) conform to the style and tone of the received *Methods*, but are not included there. This suggests, for her, that at some point they were extracted from the text.

However, she notes that several features of the *Rectifying Methods* do in fact argue for its inclusion among early (if not the earliest) Shangqing texts. One is the agreement between citations in the WSBY and the received version of the *Jiuwei badao*. Another is the verses on page 4a-b (of the Hanfenlou edition), which fits the style of other Shangqing poems. She thus posits two major versions of the *Most High Scripture*. The first, preserved in citations from the YJQQ, WSBY, and SDZN, is most likely a significant portion of the work as revealed to Yang Xi. What we have in the received *Jiuwei badao* and *Zhengfa jing* are the remains of this work, mixed with a good deal of material inserted later by authors sympathetic to the Celestial Masters. The original work was probably a collection of apocalyptic predictions along with charms and talismans that helped one avoid the unpleasant fates met by so many during the chaos of the Northern and Southern Dynasties periods.

Robinet is well-respected as one of the twentieth century's finest scholars of Daoism, and her work here shows why. Close examination of the material she has collected, supplemented by the use of searchable databases, confirms her suspicions. The *Rectifying Methods* in its original form was probably a collection of talismans, charms, and apocalyptic predictions that was later pieced out for various purposes. What the databases tell us cements the relationship between the *Rectifying Methods* (as preserved in the *Zhengfa jing* and *Jiuwei badao*) and the early Shangqing corpus. The amulets in the *Jiuwei badao* and the *Zhengfa jing* link the *Most High Scripture* very closely with two other members of the original Shangqing corpus. While she notes where these amulets occur in specific quotations of the *Rectifying Methods*, searching for these amulets outside the confines of any title similar to that of the *Zhengfa jing* confirms this link (see Appendix F). Further, one of the few citations of the *Zhengfa jing* she missed fits strongly with the original Shangqing corpus in exactly the ways she adduces. Finally, I am less reticent than she to include some version of the *Most High Scripture* to the early Shangqing revelations based on a similar title in *Zhen'gao* 5.2.

Kobayashi Masayoshi

The first lengthy study of the *Rectifying Methods* appears in Kobayashi Masayoshi's 小林正美 *Research into the History of Six Dynasties Daoism*.¹¹⁵ He is concerned chiefly with the “original form” of the work, which he includes among the original Shangqing revelations based on its inclusion in *Zhen'gao* 5.2. His reasoning relies on a detailed

¹¹⁵ *Rikuchō Dōkyōshi kenkyū* 六朝道教史研究, Tokyo: Sōbunsha, 1990. It later appeared in Chinese as *Liuchao daojiao shi yanjiu* 六朝道教史研究, trans. Li Qing 李庆 (Chengdu: Sichuan renmin chubanshe 人民, 2001). The paragraphs that follow refer to pp. 412-418 of Li's translation.

parsing of the different names of the work as they occur in different sources: the *Zhen'gao*, the *Dadong zhenjing mu*, the WSBY, the SDZN, the YJQQ, the XDL, and the *Preface to the Lingbao Scriptures* (*Lingbao jingmu xu* 靈寶經目序, preserved in YJQQ 4.4a-6a). He confidently dates the work to between 364 and 371 (the period of the Shangqing revelations) based on the presence of a 《除六天之文三天正法》 at ZG 5.2. However, the evidence within that passage strongly suggests that Yang Xi did not himself compose the scripture; rather, he took up and modified a work that already existed. This is so for two reasons. First, the relevant section of ZG 5.2 marks the 《除六天之文三天正法》 as “within the world” 在世, indicating that it was already in existence. Second, that section concludes by noting that the work is a *jing*. This likely indicates that the work had acquired a large body of supplementary material (*koujue*, *fa*, etc.) by the time Yang inherited it.

Kobayashi runs into more trouble when he equates the 《除六天之文三天正法》 of ZG 5.2 with a certain 《上清太上三天正法除六天文錄》 preserved in the *Dadong zhenjing mu* (412-413). As Robinet notes, the *Zhenjing mu* also contains works that are posterior to the Shangqing revelations, indicating that work was revised over time. This means it should be used with caution when judging the authenticity of a Shangqing work that claims to be early. He also omits the fact that no work by a similar name is mentioned in any of the ancient bibliographies of Shangqing texts except the *Basu jing* (see Appendix B). While this does not necessarily mean some form of the *Rectifying Methods* was not early (as I will show below), it still deserves consideration.

Kobayashi also assumes that several works listed under different titles in the WSBY are in fact the same work. In many circumstances, this is a perfectly acceptable inference: different works are referred to by the same author by different titles (sometimes within the same work). But the WSBY must be used with care in this regard. As Stephen Bokenkamp has shown, it was altered by its editors (and perhaps subsequently), and so the quotations it contains do not necessarily reflect the versions the authors held in their hands.¹¹⁶ This does not diminish its value as a resource – only its reliability as a window onto the specific versions of the works it quotes that were available to its editors.

Kobayashi next claims that a passage from the 《上清三天正法經》 quoted in YJQQ 2.4 is the same as a passage from SDZN 9, which quotes a text by the same title. This is substantially true, though there are several minor differences between the text of the two entries (e.g., character variants, changes in word order, insertions and deletions). However, another passage in the YJQQ suggests the editors of the two compilations were not consulting the same version. YJQQ 21.1a quotes a 《三天正法經》, but the passage resembles neither the citation from YJQQ 2 nor SDZN 9. The latter two concern the cycles of time; YJQQ 21.1a concerns the formation of the gods. It reads like much shorter version of the beginning of the received *Zhengfa jing* – one that mixes the main text with the Azure Lad's commentary and excises his explanation of how the Three Heavens formed. These differences, combined with the many minor variations between YJQQ 2 and SDZN 9, raise the possibility that the YJQQ's editors were consulting a different

¹¹⁶ Bokenkamp, "Research Note: Buddhism in the Writings of Tao Hongjing," *Daoism: Religion, History, and Society* 6 (2014): 267.

version of the text. But that is a question for another time. Of more pressing import is Kobayashi's claim, made in the same paragraph, that WSBY 6 and SDZN 9 are the same. This is simply untrue; I discuss the differences extensively below.

Kobayashi next claims that the text of YJQQ 21 and the opening of the received *Zhengfa jing* “are basically the same (基本是同樣文字). This, again, is untrue. He compounds the problem by asserting that 《三天正法經》 is simply an abbreviated form of 《上清三天正法經》, and because of this, the present *Zhengfa jing* must have contained material from the 《上清三天正法經》. He adduces as proof the fact that YJQQ 22b, 《釋除六天玉文三天正法》 and the received *Zhengfa jing* are the same. This, too, is incorrect. One assumes, then, that by his reasoning the editors of the YJQQ, WSBY, and SDZN were consulting the same version – and that he believes he has shown there is significant similarity between this version and the received *Zhengfa jing*. Some of these conclusions hold, but many are suspect.

The portion of *Research* devoted to the *Rectifying Methods* continues in this vein. Kobayashi's extensive acquaintance with the Daoist canon allows him to marshal a wide variety of sources to support his claims. Unfortunately, he sometimes reads these sources in too little detail. Moreover, he shows a willingness to assume that two works with a similar title must be the same or share similar contents. While this is true in many circumstances, the principle must be applied with caution; appealing to it too frequently can result in significant details going unnoticed.

Ōfuchi Ninji

Ōfuchi Ninji 大淵忍爾 devotes a few short pages of his *Religious Taoism and its Scriptures* to the *Zhengfa jing*.¹¹⁷ Based on its presence in *Zhen'gao* 5.2 and its numerous citations in early Daoist texts (especially the WSBY), he feels strongly that it formed part of the early Shangqing corpus. Based on citations of a 《三天正法經》 in the WSBY and other texts, there must have been a different, lost edition. It is extremely doubtful that these two editions – the lost edition and the present *Zhengfa jing* – were the same work; rather, the citations in the Daozang edition of the WSBY and other works seem to belong to a commentary meant to accompany the older edition of the *Zhengfa jing*. The received *Zhengfa jing* came together after the time of Wang Lingqi, probably during the century before the compilation of the five-juan edition of the *Siji mingke*. The version of the *Zhengfa jing* in which the citation of the *Siji mingke* appears probably came to be during or after the compilation of the five-juan edition of the *Siji mingke*, being added to the work by people who venerated the *Zhengfa jing*.

Ōfuchi's work leaves several questions unanswered. First, what is the relationship between the *Zhengfa jing* and the *Jiuwei badao*? Though he discusses some amulets that feature in both texts (see p. 423), he does not devote any attention to the *Jiuwei badao* itself. Given the extensive intertextual links between the two, it is surely the case that the two works shared a common or at least related course of development. The information he marshals strongly suggests an early date for the *Zhengfa jing* itself – what, then, of the *Jiuwei badao*?

117 道教とその經典. Tokyo: Sōbunsha, 1997. Pp. 419-425 concern the *Rectifying Methods*.

Wang Haoyue

The most recent work on the *Rectifying Methods* has been done by Wang Haoyue 王皓月.¹¹⁸ He comes to the conclusion, again based on *Zhen'gao* 5.2, that some work called the 《除六天之文三天正法》 formed part of the original Shangqing revelations. For Wang, this did not constitute a *jing* proper; it was only over time it became different versions of the 《三天正法經》 referred to so many times throughout the canon. The original 《除六天之文三天正法》 was in fact written by Xu Mi, who controlled Yang Xi; this is the 《上清三天正法》 of YJQQ 4.2, which records a Xu son receiving the work from Yang Xi.¹¹⁹ By the time it became a *jing*, it had become collection of apocalyptic predictions and apotropaic amulets; the amulets were relatively stable, but the content of the predictions varied over time according to the needs of the work's authors. The changes eventually resulted in three different versions of the *Rectifying Methods* (71-72, 74).

The first and earliest is the 《洞真三天正法經》 referred to in WSBY. This can be reconstructed via quotations in WSBY 6, 22, 31, 32, 43, and 65 as well as a later fragment called the 《三天正法除六天玉文》 (hereafter *Jade Writ*), which is similar in content to WSBY. This version is marked as earliest by its use of the phrase “The Dao said...” (*Dao yue* 道曰), because the earliest form of the text had the Azure Lad recording the Most High Lord of the Dao teaching the Lord of the Golden Porte – that is, Wang equates “The Dao said...” with the present *Zhengfa jing*'s “The Most High Lord of the

118 See “*Santian zhengfa jing de chengshu he yanbian*,” *Shijie zongjiao wenhua* (August 2013): 71-77.

119 Wang considers the 《曲素鳳文》 a separate text.

Dao told the Lord of the Golden Porte...” The first half of the 《洞真三天正法經》 concerned the revolutions of the kalpas, with the second half comprising the talismans recorded in the *Jiuwei badao*. This version is closest to the 《除六天之文三天正法》 revealed to Yang Xi.

The second version is the 《上清三天正法經》. This was a revised version of the *Rectifying Methods* rewritten by Celestial Master Daoists some time before Lu Xiuqing composed the *Preface to the Lingbao Scriptures*, and it is preserved in citations in SDZN 9 and one section in YJQQ 2. In this version, to the “turnings of the kalpas” portion of the original text was added predictions that augured the rise of Liu Yu. These predictions were rewritten versions of predictions that appeared in the original, which concerned the advent of the Lord of the Golden Porte; instead, they became about Liu Yu, who (the work now foretold) would pacify the disorders plaguing the realm. This forms part of a set with the *Inner Explanations of the Three Heavens* (on which, see Bokenkamp’s entry in *EDS*). The two works partook of a common eschatology whereby the Six Heavens replaced the Three, and along with the appearance of the Lingbao scriptures, they were supposed to confirm that Liu Yu had the mandate as part of this process. This version was chopped up after the Liu-Song fell, with the *Dajing miaolu* becoming a separate, self-contained work.

The third version is the received *Rectifying Methods*. The editors of this text removed portions of the first version where the Dao spoke, instead claiming the Azure Lad compiled the text, with a separate deity known as the Upper Minister, Lord Azure Lad (*Shangxiang qingtong jun* 上相青童君) writing a preface. This version integrates

content from *Siji mingke* and gives instructions on how to use the Correct Methods of the Three Heavens. It de-emphasizes the content on the turning of the kalpas and removes content on Liu Yu. Because this final version of the work contains info on how to use the talismans found in the in *Dajing miaolu* as well as information on why these amulets are efficacious, it was reinterpreted as oral instructions (*jue*) meant to accompany that text.

With the exception of Robinet, Wang provides the most detailed analysis of the *Rectifying Methods*. He engages both the *Zhengfa jing* and the *Jiuwei badao*, as well as tracing allusions to individual amulets elsewhere in the Daoist canon. Further, he goes beyond Robinet in places: where Robinet merely notes that extant citations of a *Santian zhengfa jing* do not match the received version, Wang explores these differences and their implications for the evolution of the work. By de-centering the received version, his approach allows for more insight into changes in the work over time; paradoxically, this helps us better understand the *Rectifying Methods* as we have it today. However, a lack of attention to detail, combined with some faulty assumptions and insufficiently supported inferences, makes some of his methods suspect. His attribution of the earliest version of the *Most High Scripture* to Xu Mi is unwarranted. While there is no question that – given the power differential between them – Yang’s revelations would have been tailored somewhat to Xu’s needs, existing evidence shows that the relationship between the two was much more complex than Wang realizes. Stephen Bokenkamp, in *Ancestors and Anxiety*, details a give-and-take between Yang’s spiritual informants and the Xu clan that fits ill with Wang’s absolute domination of Yang by Xu Mi.¹²⁰ Wang’s picture of the initial stages of the *Rectifying Methods*’ evolution is also questionable. While he astutely uses

¹²⁰ See Bokenkamp, *Ancestors* 135-136.

ZG 5 to date an early form of the *Rectifying Methods*, he overlooks an important part of it. The list of works contained in ZG 5.2 (which provides the earliest evidence of the *Most High Scripture*) concludes by noting that every text in the list has already become a *jing*; thus, it cannot be the case that the work revealed to Yang Xi was merely a method (*fa*) that only later became a *jing*.

There are also problems with the formal changes in his postulated *Rectifying Methods*. While he is no doubt correct that it contained both apocalyptic predictions and apotropaic amulets, and that the predictions changed over time, it is not the case that the amulets remained stable. He notes that some of the amulets in the *Jiuwei badao* also appear elsewhere in quotations from the *Most High Scripture* that also include amulets absent from the present version. He attributes these quotations to a lost version of the work that had little influence; however, he fails to note that the powers therein often differ from those the amulets possess in the received *Jiuwei badao*. Further, even the received *Zhengfa jing* and *Jiuwei badao* are inconsistent in the powers they attribute to the amulets: the *Zhengfa jing* has them almost exclusively providing spirit guards, while the *Jiuwei badao* also lists other powers as well as different numbers of spirit guards. Finally, the same amulets often appear in works that do not cite the *Rectifying Methods*, where they have different powers and different transmission histories. Clearly the amulets possessed a life of their own before they were incorporated into the *Rectifying Methods*, and were afterwards excerpted from different versions that work by authors who had their own interests.

Finally, each of his postulated versions of the *Rectifying Methods* has various problems. He assumes his first version (the 《洞真三天正法經》) is closest to the work cited in ZG 5.2 because it contains the phrase “The Dao said...” which he maintains is a different form of the formula “The Most High Lord of the Dao instructed the Lord of the Golden Porte.” There are two issues here. First, he cites no evidence to support the link between the two. Second, Robinet has claimed, after extensive study, that the formula he invokes is in fact never used in early Shangqing works. While she may of course be incorrect, work of her caliber deserves engagement. He claims his second version was a form of the *Rectifying Methods* revised by Celestial Master Daoists and taken up by Lu Xiuqing, but cites no evidence to indicate the version cited by Lu Xiuqing was anything but Lu’s own creation. It is much simpler to assume (as Stephen Bokenkamp has already postulated) that Lu is simply selectively quoting the version of the *Most High Scripture* recorded in the SDZN, or even that Lu is consulting a different version entirely. While Wang’s hypothesis is of course possible, in the absence of evidence Occam’s Razor suggests otherwise.

That being said, his overall conclusions are sound. The version Lu presented to the throne in 437 was probably a revision of the earlier work; it almost certainly was meant to harmonize with the *Inner Explanations*; and astute later editors would have certainly removed the references to Liu Yu. Further, the *Dajing miaolu* and the *Zhengfa jing* were eventually split up; there is no reason to suppose it could not have happened in the way Wang claims. His third version is plausible, but only in part. If the present *Zhengfa jing* was intended as oral instructions for the *Dajing miaolu*, why do the two

provide different powers for the amulets? Why does the *Zhengfa jing* provide explicit instructions only for a few of the amulets mentioned in the *Dajing miaolu*? And why do so many amulets in the *Dajing miaolu* receive no mention in the *Zhengfa jing*? Clearly if the *Zhengfa jing* is meant to aid the practitioner in the use of the *Dajing miaolu*, the two works have undergone modification.

I will advance my own vision for the development of the *Rectifying Methods* in the following chapters. Briefly: Some work with a title similar to that of the *Rectifying Methods* existed at the time of Yang Xi and had already acquired a body of supplementary material large enough that it was called a *jing*. We know this because Tao Hongjing possessed an autograph version of *Zhen'gao* 5 that attests to both facts. But that is all we can know about the work: anything beyond the barest contours is beyond our knowledge. We can, however, reconstruct the Shangqing version of the *Rectifying Methods* that, like Wang's reconstruction, provides a useful starting point for later reworkings. Based on extant quotations in the XDL, WSBY, and SDZN, and our general knowledge of Shangqing eschatology, I hypothesize that the 《除六天之文三天正法》 as transmitted to Yang Xi was a collection of apocalyptic predictions, hymns, and apotropaic amulets and chants. The work's purpose was to foretell the end times and help adepts escape the eschaton by requiring spirits to inscribe their name in certain celestial records. This version was reworked several times. The first revision kept the talismans and methods but sharpened the urgency of the original's apocalyptic predictions by inserting direct references to Liu Yu. This is similar to Lu Xiuqing's version, and forms part of what we find in today's SDZN. It was also the version available to Wang Xuanhe (the editor of

the SDZN) and the editors of the WSBY. The WSBY's editors inserted an elaborate method of marking cosmic time (reflected in WSBY 6) to support their patron's attempt to provide an ideological foundation for a reunited China. Those same concerns dictated they remove references to Liu Yu, whose time had long passed. However, the version that referred to Liu Yu still existed. Wang Xuanhe synthesized both versions of the work when he compiled the SDZN.

Works and their authors

The *Rectifying Methods* shares something very important with the *Secret Revelation to John* and the story of Ghazi Miyan. Each of the three works has been altered over time by different readers to suit their own purposes. The authors of first version of the *Secret Revelation* – the one, as discussed in the last chapter, that circulated in the Alexandrian school setting – drew on prestigious existing material (Platonic philosophy and *Genesis*) but reworked it for their own ends. The Platonic cosmos, the God of the Hebrew Bible, and the Roman rulers who called themselves representatives of the gods were recast as twisted parodies in protest of the unjust world in which the *Secret Gospel's* authors found themselves. The same process is evident in the very first account of Ghazi Miyan's life. In composing the *Mirat-i-Masudi*, Abdur Rahman would have been drawing upon material that had been in circulation for at least four centuries before his time. He inserted a famous member of his own Sufi order into the tale in order to boost the authority of his order at a time when it was losing ground to the rival Naqsbandiya. Finally, previous scholarship on the *Rectifying Methods* depicts a work that changed over time in the hands of various authors and editors. It began its life in the late fourth century as a collection of

apocalyptic predictions, apotropaic amulets, chants, and talismans. Later readers saw many potential uses in the work. They chose to emphasize certain elements, downplay others, and excise, misread, or add material at their discretion. This process was carried out over several centuries and resulted in a collection of fragments that relate to each other in confusing and even contradictory ways. What I show in the following chapters is the very oddness of these fragments, rather than representing an insurmountable barrier to inquiry, can help us understand more about the social circumstances under which they emerged. We may never be able to reconstruct an “original” *Rectifying Methods* with certainty. What we have left can teach us, however, about who used the remains we have left, and why.

Chapter 3: The “Rectifying Methods” and the Shangqing Revelations

In order to understand what the *Rectifying Methods* has to tell us about how religious works are taken up and altered, we need to know something of the context in which that alteration took place. This requires attention to the material and social conditions that circumscribe the authors of any given work, as well as awareness of the fact that the work they generate is in part a response to these conditions. But the process of composition cannot be reduced to historical factors alone. The work (or works) themselves have a great deal to tell us. In this case, we are dealing with an author – Yang Xi – who generated a number of works that share a certain regularity in their assumptions about (*inter alia*) the nature of the cosmos, the composition of human beings, our potential fates after death, and practices we might undertake during our time on earth to ensure that said fate is as pleasant as possible.

This regularity, and Yang Xi’s responsibility for it, should not be overstated. The complicated redactional history of the works revealed to Yang Xi involved additions, deletions, “corrections,” forgeries, members of uncertain provenance, and the outright loss of material by many different individuals over the centuries. Indeed, it is only appropriate to speak of the Shangqing corpus as a body of work, rather than a collection of disparate material that with similar assumptions but different occasions of composition, once Tao Hongjing gathers the material together for what is in fact the first time. The many lacunae in his final product, as well as his own editorial interventions, sound cautionary notes to those of us interested in analyzing it.

Even when one approaches Yang's creative output with appropriate prudence, it stretches credulity to think that the regularities therein are all later fabrications or the result of random chance. There is no doubt that the author wrote with coherent assumptions in mind. For scholars interested in reconstructing any of the many missing members of the Shangqing corpus, knowledge of these assumptions – of the regularity that infuses Yang's corpus – provides an appropriate starting point when considered in connection with the considerations of time, place, and audience. That is to say, of its context.

The sociohistorical fabric

The first stable Chinese dynasty officially ended in 220 CE, but it had lost all *de facto* power decades before. The territory that formerly belonged to the Han 漢 (202 BCE-220 CE) house became divided between the states of Wei 魏, Shu 蜀, and Wu 吳. These were the celebrated “Three Kingdoms,” each of which sought to reunify China and recapture the lost glory of the Han. The dominant Wei were overthrown by their generals in the Sima 司馬 clan in 265, who established the Jin 晉. Jin history is conventionally divided into two periods: Western and Eastern. The initial period of Jin rule is known as the Western Jin 西晉 (265-316). It was dealt a serious blow in 311 when the Jin capital, the ancient city of Luoyang 洛陽, was sacked by the confederation of northern nomadic tribes known as the Xiongnu 匈奴. The court fled east to the other traditional capital of the Central Plain: the city of Chang'an 長安 (modern Xi'an 西安). But in 317, Chang'an, too, fell. The court and many of the most powerful gentry families were driven

south along with their slaves and retainers, where they established a new capital at the most significant city in the region: Jiankang 健康 (modern Nanjing 南京). Thus began the Eastern Jin 東晉 (317-420). From then on, China became divided into a series of petty kingdoms centered around the river valleys of the Yellow and Yangzi Rivers. Local kings (including the Simas) had to defend themselves against their competitors in the same valley; meanwhile, invasion by their neighbors to the north or south was a constant threat. This was particularly true for the non-Chinese northern dynasties, who were attacked every now and again by southern generals seeking the glory that would accrue to anyone who managed to successfully reconquer the old capitals of Chang'an and Luoyang.¹²¹

The flight of the northern families produced a fundamental restructuring of power relations in the south. Southern elite families had grown wealthy under the Wu and, with the disintegration of Han power, had long been accustomed to governing their own affairs. Their economic base had remained largely unharmed by the upheavals of the Three Kingdoms period, and they maintained armies large enough to deal with the occasional peasant rebellion or would-be warlord. Earning their allegiance (or at least mitigating the military threat they posed) was among the most urgent concerns of Sima

121 An excellent and accessible English-language overview of the Northern and Southern Dynasties period is Mark Edward Lewis, *China Between Empires* (Cambridge, MA and London: the Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2009). He provides an account of the Three Kingdoms period on pp. 28-37. The *Cambridge History of China* volumes on the Northern and Southern Dynasties period are still unpublished, but another excellent English-language introduction is Albert Dien's introduction in Dien, ed., *State and Society in Early Medieval China* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1990): 1-29. While Dien has argued against "earlier views of the [Northern and Southern Dynasties] as a period characterized by powerful aristocratic clans..." (28), Lewis demonstrates that significant opposition to such a view still exists. Endymion Wilkinson, *Chinese History: A New Manual, Revised and Enlarged*, 5th ed. (digital) (Harvard University Asia Center, 2018) pp. 728-735 includes an extensive bibliography of primary and secondary sources; many of these are mentioned in the main text of this dissertation, while others appear in the bibliography.

Rui 睿 (r. 317-322) and his cohort when they re-established the Jin court in Jiankang. He was initially unsuccessful in this effort, and after one month at the new capital he had yet to establish relations with the local notables. Grasping the urgency of the situation, one of his retainers persuaded Rui to personally visit local headmen and court their approval. Even after this effort proved successful, some southern families continued to agitate for independence. The two strongest were the Zhou 周, who had a long history of military conquests in the area, and the Shen 沈, who were of similar power. The Zhou in particular proved a thorn in the side of the Eastern Jin, leading several revolts in the early years of the dynasty's presence in Jiankang; it was only by pitting the Zhou and Shen families against each other that the emperor's strategists were able to ensure relative safety.¹²²

The Xu family was notably absent from the great clans who jockeyed for power during the period. Though they were of long standing (having migrated southward in 185 CE), and of former note (a Xu had held the prestigious post of Grand Chancellor-in-chief ([*da*]chengxiang [大]丞相) under the Wu), by the Eastern Jin the family had faded into obscurity.¹²³ The Shangqing revelations – the *Rectifying Methods* among them – were produced on the Xus' behalf and circulated among families at more or less the same

122 Wang Zhongluo 王仲榮, *Wei jin nanbeichao shi* (Shanghai: Shanghai renmin chubanshe, 2003), 296-309, provides a fascinating account of the stormy relations between northern émigré families and the established southern gentry in the early part of the dynasty. This includes the military adventures of Zhou Pei which preceded the arrival of Sima Rui. Unfortunately, Wang's account of social relations between northern and southern gentry ends before the time of Yang and the Xus; he shifts instead to Huan Wen's 桓溫 three invasions of the North.

123 ZG 20.4b-5b chronicles the Xus move to Pingyu 平輿 county (now located in modern Henan, then in Runan Commandery 汝南郡) and Jurong 句容 county (near modern Nanjing), with which they are more commonly associated. Dušana Dušanka Mišćević, "Oligarchy or Social Mobility? A Study of the Great Clans in Early Medieval China," (PhD diss., Columbia University, 1992), 81, 619-20 provides an account of the Pingyu Xus. Tan Qixiang, ed., *Zhongguo lishi ditu ji* [The historical atlas of China] (Beijing: Zhongguo ditu chubanshe, 1996), 3:7-8 provides the location of Pingyu; for Jurong, see 3:26-27.

socioeconomic level. This included ancestors of Tao Hongjing as well as the Ge 葛 family, all related to the Xus by marriage. While portions were directed to families of higher status, the majority of the individuals involved in the transmission and preservation of the Xus' manuscript legacy hailed from lesser-known clans. The research of Michel Strickmann and Stephen Bokenkamp has shed light on the middling status of these families. Both scholars have translated *juan* 19 and 20 of the *Zhen 'gao*. Called “Account of the Perfected Scriptures from Beginning to End” (*Zhenjing shimo* 真經始末), Tao Hongjing's postface to the *Zhen 'gao* follows the revelation and diffusion of Yang Xi's manuscripts from their beginning “in the second year (364) of the Xingning 興寧 reign period (363-365) of Emperor Ai 哀 of Jin” (r. 362-365) down to his own day.

Tao notes the official positions and genealogies of several principals in the process. Some, like Yang and the Xus, are lower-level functionaries from southern families in the service of high lords of northern descent. Many are unknown outside Tao's postface; others are the sons of renowned chess masters, relatives of noted hermits, and the like – an altogether undistinguished lot. But humble though their ancestry might be, they themselves would find a more august destiny. Strickmann comes to the following conclusion:

...[C]areful collation of the biographies of these men and their relations in the dynastic histories reveals they were all members of the old-established clans of the Southeast... It was they who became the élite of the movement that had been inaugurated by the revealed message to members of their own class, and thereby they came to occupy a prestigious spiritual status under secular rulers and officials of Daoist faith and northern origin, as their conspicuous inclusion in standard history amply demonstrates. What they had lost on the plane of mundane administration, then, was fully offset by their monopoly of other-worldly channels. In them, the “Southern scholars” (*nanshi* 南士) had eloquent spokesmen for their cause, and an

expanding Daoist society gained its most gifted intermediaries with the sources of worldly power and prestige.¹²⁴

According to this thesis, the earliest fragments of the *Rectifying Methods* are part of the effort by the southern gentry class to assert control in the spiritual realm that had been denied them in the material realm. With their political autonomy usurped by northern interlopers, they fashioned for themselves places in a new cosmic hierarchy as consolation. Whether Yang Xi was himself a member of that class is irrelevant; as a client he would have written to his audience, and that audience – at least, according to Strickmann – was looking for heavenly fulfillment of their earthly desire for power.

Yang Xi's eschatology and his map of the otherworldly bureaucracy provide the most convincing evidence for this point. One sign of the end times (in a work I will discuss more fully below) was the ascension of a certain king; who precisely Yang was referring to is difficult to tell based on existing evidence, but the role of the king in Yang's prophecy is clear: his rise to power presages the eschaton. The king's role here places Yang's prophecy in the tradition of imperial legitimation, which is two-sided. Ever since the Han, the rise of a king who would put an end to an age of disorder and preside over a peaceful realm had been foretold via the interpretation of celestial portents and the discovery of auspicious signs (often physical objects) on Earth. Once this mode of prophecy was established, it was appealed to in this way by successive rulers, including the founding emperors of the Sui 隋 (581-618) and Tang 唐 (618-907). This latter, Li Yuan 李淵 (566-635), took full advantage of his surname in order to identify with Li Hong 李弘, also known as the Lord of the Golden Porte 金闕帝君. This is none other

¹²⁴ Strickmann, "Mao-Shan" 35.

than messianic avatar of the deified Laozi (also surnamed Li according to legend) who would usher in an age of Great Peace 太平. The same rhetoric was often adopted by the leaders of various popular rebellions, who took the surname Li for the same reason. Li-led messianic rebellions began during the Han, crescendoed in the Northern and Southern Dynasties period, and sporadically reoccurred until 1112, when the final Lord Li was captured and executed.¹²⁵

Because he does not advocate rebellion – merely situating the king’s rise among the signs of the end times – Yang does not belong to this millenarian tradition. Nonetheless, the thrust of his work is apocalyptic. Coupled with the coming end of the world is the assurance that certain people will survive it through various means. One might, for instance, practice various meditation methods found throughout the Shangqing corpus. Upon completing the prescribed regimen, the practitioner would ascend to more-than-human status and attain a post in the celestial bureaucracy, which Yang sketched out with care. The question of audience arises here: who in the realm of the living (or dead) was meant to receive these posts? We know that Yang himself was destined for one, as were his patrons. But considering only the immediate circle of the initial revelations does not do the works justice. We know from Tao’s postface that Yang’s methods were transmitted and practiced by members of wealthy southern families for generations after the death of their principal recipients. We also know that these southern families had been effectively shut out of the halls of power by northern émigrés. It is thus no stretch to infer

¹²⁵ See *Encyclopedia of Taoism*, s.v. “Li Hong.” The classic study is Anna Seidel, “The Image of the Perfect Ruler in Early Taoist Messianism: Lao-Tzu and Li Hung,” *History of Religions* 9.2-3 (1969-1970): 216-247.

that the detailed structure of the other world present in Yang Xi's texts, coupled with the imminent end of this one, would appeal to such a class.

The problem for Strickmann's hypothesis is that Yang's revelations cannot be reduced to eschatology and bureaucracy alone. He reads the Shangqing corpus as a sort of "protest literature." Such literature is written by an oppressed minority in response to a real or perceived crisis. Strickmann's explanation of the Shangqing revelations' origin fits this definition well (though of course "oppression" can only be a relative term in the case of families possessed of wealth, land, slaves, and abundant cultural capital). This interpretation of apocalyptic literature silently follows Karl Marx's theory of religion, expressed trenchantly in his "Introduction to the Critique of Hegel's Philosophy of Right:"

Man is *the world of man*, the state, society. This state, this society, produce religion, an *inverted world-consciousness*, because they are an *inverted world*... *Religious* distress is at the same time the expression of *real* distress and also the *protest* against real distress. Religion is the sigh of the oppressed creature, the heart of a heartless world, just as it is the spirit of spiritless conditions. It is the *opium* of the people."¹²⁶

John Raines points out that this theory grew out of Marx's own experiences with religion in Germany and England, and acknowledges the many instances (from the cotton fields of the Old South to the Civil Rights Movement of the 1960s to the liberation theologies of South America) where religion has worked not to reinforce existing power structures, but to disrupt them.¹²⁷ He also situates Marx in dialogue with Hegelian idealism, which

¹²⁶ From John Raines, ed., *Marx on Religion* (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 2002), 171.

Emphasis in original. Marx is often misunderstood here as claiming religion is an anesthetic forced upon people by their rulers in order to keep them docile; in fact, Marx is claiming that people produce religion in order to soothe themselves amidst unsatisfactory material conditions. Raines notes this.

¹²⁷ Raines, *Marx* 5-6, 8-10. Raines's understanding of religion as expressed here and in surrounding pages would certainly benefit from complexification, but his essential point, in my opinion, stands.

(at least in relation to German Protestant Christianity) sprung from the same soil. Cognate to Raines's remarks on religion and power outside this realm, then, we can add that Marx (through no fault of his own) is ill-equipped to deal with the complexities of the Shangqing revelations. The revelations themselves attest to this fact. They were about far more than earthly power; they were also meant to address earthly problems.

This comes across clearly in the case of Tao Kedou 陶科斗 (?-sometime between 363 and 365), wife of Xu Mi. Shortly after her death, Xu and other members of his family began suffering from illness and nightmares. They turned to Yang Xi for an explanation. His spiritual informants revealed that Tao herself was implicated in his patrons' troubles. An ancestor of the Xus had, in 317 or 318, unjustly killed two men. After their deaths, the victims had lodged a complaint with the magistrates of the underworld, who decided it was appropriate to punish Tao – a member by marriage of the Xu family – with imprisonment in her tomb, where she was “perpetually thirsty but unable to drink; hungry, but unable to eat.” To escape her plight, Tao's ghost looked for someone in the Xu family to take her place. Yang's celestial informants explained that the problem could be solved via offerings to the appropriate chthonic authorities. Though the record of events as preserved in the *Zhen'gao* is incomplete, all parties involved apparently reached a satisfactory settlement: the ill family members recovered, and Tao Kedou was released from her tomb.¹²⁸

Without adducing this episode as evidence supporting one theory of religion or another, it suffices to note that the Xu family drama is not protest literature, and therefore

¹²⁸ This account is taken from Bokenkamp, *Ancestors and Anxiety* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2007, 130-138, and Peter Knickerson, “The Great Petition for Sepulchral Complaints,” in Bokenkamp, *EDS* 236-237. The quotation is from Bokenkamp, *Ancestors* 131.

contravenes Strickmann's hypothesis. Just because this hypothesis does not suffice to explain the Shangqing revelations in their entirety – work that Strickmann himself would probably not presume it capable of – does not mean it can shed no light on the probable social context of the initial revelations, and thus of the *Rectifying Methods*. It presents exactly the kind of specialized knowledge that would allow its recipients an edge over the northern interlopers who had usurped political power.

The Shangqing eschaton and methods to escape it

An Early Example

The Shangqing revelations were transmitted by Yang Xi to his patrons in the Xu family between 364 and 370. They included a concrete vision of the end of the world and a plethora of methods to escape it. For Yang, the eschaton will be marked by political chaos and natural disasters that claim the lives of the wicked while sparing practitioners of Shangqing techniques. These disasters are followed by the descent to earth of the Lord of the Golden Porte, who inaugurates the Age of Great Peace (*Taiping* 太平). The classic account of the Shangqing eschaton occurs in the *Purple Texts*:

夫唯二氣離合，理物有期，三道虧盈，出處因運期之至也，因而適之運有來矣，就而撫之。唐承之年積數有四十六丁亥之間，前後在中，中間鳥獸之世，國祚啓竭，東西稱霸，以扶弱主，主有縱橫九一之名，逮號光迹昌元。其後甲申之歲已前已後，種善人，除殘民，疫水交其上，兵火繞其下，惡惡並滅，凶凶皆沒，好道陸隱，善人登山，流濁奔蕩，御之鯨淵，都分別也。到壬辰之年，三月六日，聖君來下光臨於兆民矣……

Now, the two *qi* both separate and join. According to the principles, all things have their appointed times. The three paths have times of growth and of depletion. Emergence and withdrawal are in complete accord with the fated cycles. When he thus approaches, the end of the cycle draws near. It was during the years of [the sage-king Yao] that the Sage Lord last came to set the cycle in motion. According to the calculations the end should fall within the space of forty-six *dinghai* years.

Sooner or later, within this space of time, it will be an age of birds and beasts, when the kingdom's blessings begin to evaporate. To the east and west there will be those who declare themselves hegemon to support a weak ruler. That ruler will have the given name, vertical and horizontal, "nine" and "one." He will be bestowed the style name "Light Traces, Flourishing Prime." Later, both before and after the *jiashen* year of his rule, the good will be planted as seed people and the remaining mortals will be eradicated. Pestilence and flood will wash over them; weapons and fire will circle below them. All the evil will be eradicated at once; all the violent will be destroyed. Those who delight in the Dao will hide away in the land; the good people will ascend mountains. The flowing filth will be shaken off, driven into the vast abyss. In this way all the mortals will be divided, the good from the evil. Coming to the sixth day of the third month in the *renchen* year, the Sage Lord will descend and appear to mortals in all his glory...

The eschatology described above is characteristic of the entire Shangqing corpus, and is in fact the most detailed exposition therein. As Bokenkamp notes (*EDS* 345), Yang Xi likely had a specific ruler in mind with this description, to whom he was referring in coded language (i.e., by dividing his name into vertical and horizontal strokes). This passage is also the *locus classicus* for a very popular timeframe for the apocalypse: it will begin sometime around a *jiashen* year (the 21st year of the sexigesimal cycle), and end in the next *renchen* year (the 29th year).¹²⁹ In a note that was sometimes dropped from later works, the *Purple Texts* claim the whole drama will take place during the sixty-year period between the 45th and 46th *dinghai* years after the rule of the sage-king Yao.

The end has no end

The foremost scholar of Shangqing Daoism is Isabelle Robinet. Her work is marked by such meticulous attention to detail and such comprehensive knowledge of her sources that it remains the starting point for research on the subject despite appearing thirty years before the first searchable databases. It is thus fitting to draw extensively on her

¹²⁹ See EoT, s.v. "Apocalyptic eschatology," for the popularity of this timeframe.

scholarship for an overview of the eschatological assumptions that underpinned the Shangqing corpus.¹³⁰

One of the most important is that “eschatology” is a misnomer. The finality of the eschaton (from the Greek word for “last”) has no place in traditional Chinese cosmology. This latter is reckoned cyclically, according to the *ganzhi* 干支 “stem and branch” cycle: ten heavenly “stems” (the *gan*) match with twelve earthly “branches” (the *zhi*). The stems and branches follow their own individual cycles, intersecting to form sixty possible combinations. These combinations are used to record hours, days, months, and years.¹³¹ The “eschaton” as described above in the *Purple Texts* is not the end of history nor the end of all things; it is the end of a cycle. The text of the received version makes this explicit: “When [the Lord of the Golden Porte] thus approaches, the end of a cycle draws near.”¹³²

130 The notion of the eschaton and the methods to escape it that follow here are extracted from Robinet 1: 138-146. She provides a much fuller account of the methods in various works; I concentrate on those relevant to the *Rectifying Methods*.

131 See Handian, s.v. “時辰,” “干支.” The traditional Chinese hour consisted of two modern hours, with each day containing twelve. The twelve stems were used to record them. See also Adam Smith, “The Chinese Sexagenary Cycle and the Ritual Origins of the Calendar,” in *Calendars and Years II: Astronomy and Time in the Ancient and Medieval World*, edited by John M. Steele (Oxford: OxbowBooks, 2010): 1-37.

132 Found on CT 442 3b, as translated in Bokenkamp, *EDS* 345.

Table 1

The Heavenly Stems and Earthly Branches

	Stems	Branches
1	甲 <i>jia</i>	子 <i>zi</i>
2	乙 <i>yi</i>	丑 <i>chou</i>
3	丙 <i>bing</i>	寅 <i>yin</i>
4	丁 <i>ding</i>	卯 <i>mao</i>
5	戊 <i>wu</i>	辰 <i>chen</i>
6	己 <i>ji</i>	巳 <i>si</i>
7	庚 <i>geng</i>	午 <i>wu</i>
8	辛 <i>xin</i>	未 <i>wei</i>
9	壬 <i>ren</i>	申 <i>shen</i>
10	癸 <i>gui</i>	酉 <i>you</i>
11		戌 <i>xu</i>
12		亥 <i>hai</i>

Both stems and branches proceed in linear order: *jiazi* 甲子 is followed by *yichou* 乙丑, *bingyin* 丙寅 by *dingmao* 丁卯, etc. Once the ten stems are exhausted, the cycle of stems returns to its beginning, while the cycle of branches continues until its own end: *jiaxu* 甲戌 is followed by *yihai* 乙亥. Then, the branch cycle resets while the stem cycle continues: *bingzi* 丙子 is followed by *dingchou* 丁丑, *wuyin* 戊寅 by *jimao* 己卯, etc. The full cycle ends at *guihai* 癸亥.

The Three Heavens and the Six Heavens

The violence of the northern and southern dynasties took a heavy toll on elite families. For the *Rectifying Methods*, as for several works of the early northern and southern dynasties period, this violence signaled the end of a cycle. Like days, seasons, and even dynasties, the universe moved through natural periods of growth and decay. The growth was marked by peace and stability; the decay saw extreme violence, societal breakdown, and the disruption of the natural order. Many Daoist works of the period saw the end of the current cycle as the passage of legitimate government from six evil heavens to three benevolent ones, and implicitly implicitly or explicitly contrasted the Six and the Three in their promises of salvation.

To understand this contrast, we must trace the Six Heavens back to the Han. In an influential article, Wang Zongyu 王宗昱 finds the beginning of the theory of the Six Heavens in an attempt by a group of scholars led by Zheng Xuan 鄭玄 (127-200) to systematically interpret earlier ritual works on imperial sacrifice. They claim to see the Six Heavens in Zhou 周 (ca. 1100-256 BCE) works concerning state ritual – specifically, sacrifice to Heaven and the five visible planets. Under the influence of the apocryphal Weft Texts (*Wei shu* 緯書) – prognostication works that claim to explain the Five Classics (*Wu jing* 五經) – Zheng then associated Six Heavens with the Han imperial sacrifice to The Grand Monad (*Taiyi* 太一) and the emperors of the Five Directions. Thus, initially the term *tian*, far from meaning “heaven,” meant “heavenly spirit.” For Zheng and his associates, it referred to the spirits propitiated in state sacrifices of meat and grain. In

return for these gifts, the spirits ensured the welfare of the state and the common people.¹³³

Beginning in the late Han, this interpretation was turned on its head. Early medieval Daoist works like the *Inner Explanations* agreed with Zheng Xuan and his compatriots that the Six Heavens involved ritual sacrifice of meat and grain to heavenly spirits, but they differed from their predecessors in two important respects. First, for the *Inner Explanations* and works like it (e.g., the even earlier *Nüqing guilü*), the term “Six Heavens” referred not just to the earlier six deities of the state cult, but all deities that had received official sanction by the central government – often the spirits of dead generals or men of renown. The *Inner Explanations* holds that Laozi, here depicted as a god, had repeatedly incarnated throughout history in the role of royal advisor. In this capacity, he did not at first push for the total abrogation of the state cult; rather, he attempted to correct sacrificial customs that had strayed from the true Way. The Six Heavens, though they had erred, were capable of redemption. However, he eventually concluded that this effort was futile. In 142 C.E., Laozi descended to Zhang Daoling and abolished the rule of the Six Heavens, whose “stale qi” (*gu qi* 故氣) had run its course. He replaced them with the newly-revealed Three Heavens. The spirits of these heavens did not subsist on meat because they were emanations of the pure qi of the heavens; thus, blood sacrifice – previously thought to engender the blessings of both the great spirits of the state cult and the deceased heroes of local veneration – would be ineffective when used to propitiate these newly-revealed gods. The *Nüqing guilü* takes a harsher stance. It belongs to a genre

133 Wang Zongyu, “Daojiao de ‘Liu tian’ zhi shuo,” [The theory of the “Six Heavens” in Daoism], *Daojiao yanjiu* 16 (1996): 23-27. Bokenkamp presents a similar argument on *EDS* 200-201 n. 21.

of texts that aim to protect their bearers from maleficent spirits by listing these spirits' true names. While most such manuals confine themselves to miscellaneous demons of greater or lesser stature, the *Nüqing* focuses specifically on the spirits of the state cult, stretching back to Zhou times. Unlike in the *Inner Explanations*, the objects of state sacrifice are depicted here as unequivocally evil. The state cult is decisively rejected.¹³⁴

While Wang focuses on the Daoist rejection of official state religion, other scholars broaden the scope of their analysis. Rolf Stein and Ursula-Angelika Cedzich note the interaction between early Daoism, popular religion, and the state cult. Local cults included not only those spirits integrated into the official pantheon, but a variety of deities thought to provide benefits like healing, prognostication, and general good fortune. Daoist authors echoed government officials in their condemnation of these cults, but each group did so for different reasons. Where the officers of the central government were concerned with regulating sacrifice along class lines, Daoist works also integrated meat-eating local gods into the new cosmological scheme of the *Inner Explanations* under the rubric of the “Six Heavens” and their “stale qi.” The new gods of the Three Heavens were unambiguously separated from local gods, whether state-sanctioned or no; these latter were “mere remnants,” in Cedzich’s words, “of the old, rotten, and demonic order of the Six Heavens.” As Terry Kleeman notes, however, these local gods could be of use to the celestial and terrestrial agents of the Three Heavens – a fact that lends the

134 Wang Zongyu, “‘Liu tian’” 23-36. Stephen Bokenkamp traces the account of the Five Thearchs and their subordination to Taiyi even further back in time to the reign of Han Wudi 漢武帝 (r. 140-87 BCE). See Bokenkamp, “Sources” 452. The passage he cites is from the 1970 Minglun chubanshe 明倫出版社 reprint of *Gu shi bian* 古史辨, ed. Lü Simian 呂思勉 and Tong Shuye 童書業. The edition accessible to me is different, but substantiates his claim. See Gu Jiegang and Yang Xiangkui, “Sanhuang kao,” in *Gu shi bian*, comp. Gu Jiegang (Shanghai: Shanghai guji chubanshe, 1981) 7.2: 93-94.

Six Heavens a certain ambiguity in Daoist texts of the early medieval period. Even in works like the *Nüqing* that reject the deities of the Six Heavens in no uncertain terms, the demons, departed generals, and spirit-soldiers under the Heavens' command could still be turned to the good if such beings submitted to the proper order – that is, the authority of the Daoist pantheon and its human priests. When powerful local gods acknowledged the authority of superior beings, they could be profitably employed as overseers of lesser demonic entities. However, their ubiquity – and the attendant misfortune they cause in our world – is reflective of a more serious problem confronting humanity.¹³⁵

In many of the texts above, the rule of the Six Heavens is connected to a steady degradation of customs in the human realm which is responsible for the state of disorder that prevailed after the fall of the Han. This is made explicit in a fifth-century work, *Master Lu's Abridgement of the Daoist Code* (CT 1127 *Lu Xiansheng Daomen ke lüe* 陸先生道門科, hereafter *Daomen ke lüe*):

The Most High Lord Lao observed that in late antiquity there had been a descent into violence, so that purity was defiled and simplicity lost; the universe had lost direction and men and ghosts mixed in confusion; the stale [qi] of the Six Heavens claimed exalted office and assembled the hundred sprites as well as the ghosts of those who has suffered severe injuries, the dead generals of defeated armies, armies

135 Rolf A. Stein, "Religious Taoism and Popular Religion," in Holmes Welch and Anna Seidel, ed., *Facets of Taoism: Essays in Chinese Religion* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1979): 56-58, 63-64, 67, 77-78; Ursula-Angelica Cedzich, "The Organon of the Twelve Hundred Officials and its Gods," *Daoism: Religion, History and Society* 1 (2009): 49- 50. Here I treat only a small portion of Cedzich's impressive article. In addition to asking critical questions about the nature of textual research on, e.g., 32ff, she also points out how the boundaries between Daoist and non-Daoist gods were necessarily more complex than works like the *Inner Explanations* and the *Nüqing* would have the reader believe, as well as efforts by to incorporate undomesticated local deities into their spiritual hierarchy. Terry Kleeman, "Exorcising the Six Heavens: The Role of Traditional State Deities in the Demon Statutes of Lady Blue," in Florian C. Reiter, ed., *Exorcism in Daoism: A Berlin Symposium*, Asien-und Afrika-Studien der Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin 36, (Wiesbaden: Harrassowitz Verlag, 2011), 93-97. Here I follow the basic structure of his argument, which discusses Wang, Stein, and Cedzich. For a more detailed discussion of the nature of traditional sacrifice, including its organization along class lines and Daoist critiques of it, see Kleeman's "Licentious Cults and Bloody Victuals: Sacrifice, Reciprocity, and Violence in Traditional China," *Asia Major*, 3rd series, 7.1 (1994): 185-211.

that had rebelled and dead soldiers; the men claimed to be generals and the women called themselves ladies; leading ghostly soldiers the moved as armies and rested in camps, roaming freely about heaven and earth wantonly dispensing their might and blessings, attacking the temples of others, seeking the sacrifices offered to them...¹³⁶

These spirits spread disease and death, part of the natural world's responds to human immorality. In the words of Christine Mollier:

The final deluge will be preceded by horrible calamities: wars, barbarian invasions, crimes, social, political and familial dissolution, meteorological disorders, trials, imprisonments and official punishments, oppression of the people, conflagrations, floods, bad harvests, famines, curses, and above all an extraordinary propagation of diseases. All these troubles are produced by gigantic armies of demons (*gui* 鬼 and *mowang* 魔王), souls of the dead, and are a consequence of humankind's defilement and evil.

However, some will escape this age of disorder. These are the “seed people” (*zhong min* 種民), those few Daoists who, because of their good conduct, will live to see the coming age of Great Peace. The concept of seed people arose with the early Celestial Masters movement, which practiced a sexual rite thought to conceive a perfect human being. The explicit nature of these rites resulted in heavy censure by Buddhists and later Daoists. It is perhaps in response to this pressure that we see the *Zhen'gao* advocate a sublimated version wherein the entire process takes place as a visualization exercise involving a human agent and a spirit-maiden. Contemporaneous to this usage was the equation of *zhongmin* with terms like *liangmin* 良民 or *zhenmin* 真民 that simply connoted people of virtue. Per Bokenkamp, “The metaphor is agricultural. The ‘seed people’ were the elect of Daoist eschatology, those selected to survive the coming end time to form the germ of a new populace at the beginning of a fresh age, once all the evil

¹³⁶ Translation taken from Kleeman, “Exorcising” 92.

had been ‘rooted out.’” However, they could not survive the paroxysms of a dying world through virtue alone. They required the recognition of higher celestial authorities.¹³⁷

The appropriate authority here is the Most High Lord Lao, who once again descends to save a suffering world from its own depravity. While traces of a divinized Lord Lao can be seen during the Han, he soon acquired an eschatological aspect as Li Hong 李弘, known also as “The Imperial Lord of the Golden Porte,” (*Jinque dijun* 金闕帝君) a quasi-messianic figure who appears extensively in the religious milieu of the Northern and Southern Dynasties. The terrors of the final age were often explicitly tied to the political realm: the *Inner Explanations*, for instance, depicts the Liu-Song 劉宋 (420-497) dynasty as heritors of the mandate of the Han who would inaugurate a peaceful age of religious and political unity. The Lord of the Golden Porte appears in a similar capacity: he will descend in a *renchen* 壬辰 year (the 29th of the sexagesimal cycle), eight years after the end of the world, to proclaim the commencement of the age of Great Peace (*Taiping* 太平), populated solely by the elect. It was the duty of these individuals to prepare the realm for his arrival.¹³⁸

137 One exposition of the “seed people” theory occurs in the *Commands and Admonitions of the Families of the Great Dao* (*Dadao jia lingjie* 大道家令戒), part of CT 789 *Zhengyi fawen tianshi jiaojie ke jing* 正一法文天師教戒科經. Bokenkamp introduces and translates the *Commandments* on EDS pp. 149-185, discussing the seed people on pp. 155-157. Mollier’s words are from EoT, s.v. “Dongyuan shenzhou jing.” See also EoT, s.v. “Seed People.” For an alternative interpretation of the Celestial Masters’ sexual rites see Gil Raz, “The Way of the Yellow and Red: Re-examining the Sexual Initiation Rite of Celestial Master Daoism,” *Nan Nü* 10 (2008): 86-120.

138 Bokenkamp, EDS 186-188, 221-224; EoT, s.v. “Housheng daojun lieji,” “Li Hong.” The literature on the eschatology of the Six Dynasties period, its historical background, and on Li Hong in particular, is extensive. I refer the reader to the relevant entries in EoT, which are referenced in the articles cited earlier in this note.

The celestial lists

The Lord of the Golden Porte is one of several celestial judges who appear at the end of a cycle to separate the saved from the unsaved. Because of the cyclical nature of time, they do not do so in the manner of Christ redeeming the chosen from damnation at the end of time. Instead, they are rectifying certain lists. These lists contain the names of those who will be saved from the destruction at the end of a cycle. This is merely another iteration (albeit a rather unusual one) of a rather routine bureaucratic process. Just as one was registered on the imperial census as a member of a certain household, so the pertinent facts of one's life (and previous lives, where applicable) were registered with the appropriate otherworldly authorities. These facts, as well as one's behavior during this life, determined one's membership in the lists of those who would survive the end of a kalpa cycle. Emending these lists (or checking them for errors) was a common assignment for celestial officials.¹³⁹ One early version of the *Rectifying Methods*, for instance, records a similar task being performed in ages past:

白簡青錄，得道人名記。皇民譜錄，數極唐堯。是為小劫一交。其中損益，有二十四萬人應為得者。自承唐之後，數四十六丁亥，前後中間甲申之年，乃小劫之會，人名應定。

The names of those who will attain the Dao are recorded in green records on white slips. The numbers of the Genealogy of the People of the Three Sovereigns [that is, the relevant records referred to above] extended through the time of [the legendary sage-king] Yao. This was the turning of one small kalpa. During this time 2,400,000 were subtracted from the count of those who should attain [the Dao]. In the *jiashen* year sometime before or after the forty-sixth *dinghai* year after Yao, there will be a conjunction of small kalpas, and the records must be fixed again.¹⁴⁰

139 See, for instance, WSBY 22.15b, where the Grand Imperial Elder 太帝丈人 gathers with other deities to correct the records of transcendence.

140 See SDZN 9.3b-4b.

A pressing question for Shangqing adepts was how one's name was added to or removed from these lists. Different works provide different techniques for inscribing one's name on the appropriate lists, refer to the lists by different names, and warn of different acts that will cause the gods to strike one's name from them. Addition could require meditation exercises wherein one envisages themselves writing their own name, while others require the adept to recite incantations that demand the gods do it for them.¹⁴¹ Alternatively, the task could require the chanting of hymns or the wearing of talismans. These are a few of several methods that the adept could appeal to; because different versions of the *Rectifying Methods* contain them and they are in any case common features of Shangqing works (whether or not they work to inscribe the adept's name in celestial lists), I will treat some in detail below. Readers curious about other methods should consult volume one of Robinet. These lists often have exotic names, like the “Green Text on White Slips of the Grand Culmen” (*Taiji baijian qingwen* 太極白簡青文) or the “Jade Register of the Golden Book of the Shangqing Heaven (*Shangqing jinshu yulu* 上清金書玉錄). Their names are relatively consistent throughout the Shangqing corpus.¹⁴² As we shall see later, these same names appear in one early version of the *Rectifying Methods*.

Meditation exercises

The *Purple Texts* also provide methods for assuring one's membership in the elect:

141 For examples former, see CT 1364 *Shangqing dongzhen zhihui guanshen dajie wen* 上清洞真智慧觀身大戒文 and CT 1379 *Shangqing yudi qisheng xuanji huitian jiuxiao jing* 上清玉帝七聖玄紀迴天九霄經. Overviews can be found in the relevant entries in TC, and a more detailed introduction to CT 1379 in Robinet 2: 225-228. For the latter, see, for instance, R 2: 163ff, particularly 166.

142 Robinet discusses the chief works that contain these lists on R 2: 225-228 and R 2: 101-110.

若能精洞房於上元，修九真以彌勤，步隱書於七靈，窮八素之用誠，既得涉乎三災而不傷，又必觀更始於太平，又得賜書仙官神真長生也。

If you have been able to make essential the Cavern Chamber in your Upper Prime, have cultivated the [Method of the] Nine Perfected to widely exert their control, have paced according to the secret writings on the seven holy stars, and have assiduously completed the Eight Simplicities, then you will be able to pass through the three plagues without injury. You will also certainly be born again in the age of Great Peace and will receive documents as a Transcendent officer or as a Perfected spirit endowed with long life.¹⁴³

The methods found above, like the *Purple Texts*' eschatology, are also common throughout the Shangqing corpus.¹⁴⁴ While reference is also made here to dance called "walking along the guideline" (*bugang* 步剛) recorded in the *Baopuzi* 抱朴子, the techniques offered by the *Purple Texts* to escape the apocalypse by and large consist of internal meditation exercises.¹⁴⁵ This is immediately apparent from the allusions to parts of the human body. The Upper Prime here refers to the upper Cinnabar Field, one of the three divisions of the human body that corresponds to the brain; the Cavern Chamber is a location in the Upper Prime that is sometimes situated two inches behind the brow ridge. The Method of the Nine Perfected refers to a series of visualization exercises detailed in CT 1376 and CT 1377 during which the individual envisages various deities combining in their own person and transforming into a single spirit that revitalizes their inner organs. Finally, the Eight Simplicities refers to another series of visualization exercises detailed

143 This is a partial translation of *Housheng daojun lieji* 3a-4b modified slightly from Stephen Bokenkamp, *EDS* 345-347.

144 EoT, "Shangqing" reviews characteristic features of the Shangqing textual lineage, including cosmology, eschatology, and methods of salvation. Consult also R: 1 107-47. On Shangqing apocalypticism, see EoT, s.v. "Jinque dijun," "housheng," "Li Hong," as well as Kobayashi, *Liuchao daojuan shi* 419-426.

145 The dance ultimately descends from the ancient shamanic dance known as the "paces of Yu" Yubu 禹步. See EoT, s.v. "Bugang."

in CT 426 *Basu zhenjing* 八素真經 (*Scripture of the Eight Pure Ladies*) and CT 1323 *Basu zhenjing fushi ri yue huanghua jue* 八素真經服食日月皇華訣 (*Authentic Scripture of the Eight Pure Ladies and Instructions on the Absorption of the August Essences of the Sun and Moon*). These scriptures teach the adept techniques to absorb the essences of the sun and moon via talismans and meditation exercises, and to visualize the divinities of the planets in order to request that their name be erased from the records of death and inscribed on the records of life. Much like the *Purple Texts*, though the methods of the Nine Perfected and Eight Simplicities have been pieced apart and scattered throughout the Daoist canon, they nonetheless form a central and indisputable portion of the original Shangqing revelations.¹⁴⁶ The received *Rectifying Methods* contains a meditation exercise that – though it does not mention the lists – is perfectly coherent with the Shangqing corpus: the adept visualizes his or her body emitting fiery qi that destroys the entire universe (see chapter two’s summary of the work).

Protective spells

Bodily ascent to the heavens is only possible if one survives life’s myriad dangers.

Demons and the disasters they caused were a constant worry. The proliferation of these nefarious spirits during the tumult of the end times would have lent the problem even more urgency. Shangqing works themselves thus often include a variety of techniques designed to ward off the demons. One of the most popular was the chanting of protective spells. These spells sometimes featured in subsidiary compilations meant to prepare the

146 See Daojiao dacidian, s.v. “三元,” EoT, s.v. “Sanyuan,” “Dantian;” Grand Ricci, s.v. “洞房,” Handian, s.v. “洞房;” EoT, s.v. “Jiuzhen zhongjing” and Robinet, “Introduction,” “Basu jing,” R 2: 67-83, R 2: 51-57.

way for the practicing of more exalted methods.¹⁴⁷ But these methods would obviously have interested anyone concerned with demonic threats, and were sometimes excerpted from their original works. This is the case for one chant taken from an early version of the *Rectifying Methods*. See Appendix C.

Talismans

The word “talisman” or “amulet” translates the graph *fu* 符. In the earliest written record it means “a document written at royal command,” but by a long process of extension came to refer, in a Daoist context, to graphs that – when written on silk and worn by a worthy person – conferred special powers. Daoist amulets have their roots in techniques of imperial legitimation. After the conquest of Shang 商 (ca. 1600-1046 BCE) by Zhou, the right to rule was tied to the perceived virtue of the ruler and confirmed by the interpretation of celestial and natural phenomena. Han rulers added more concrete tokens to the repertoire of legitimation techniques in the form of physical objects like cauldrons or stones. These were often inscribed with messages foretelling or confirming the rule of a particular emperor, and could be conveniently “found” by his supporters. With the rise of the weft texts in the late Western Han (202 BCE-8 CE), these tokens extended to written works themselves. Some foretold or confirmed the ascent of a particular ruler, but their content was secondary; merely possessing them proved one’s legitimacy in the same manner as the earlier non-textual objects.¹⁴⁸ However, the interpretation of omens was not

147 See, for instance CT 1355 *Shangqing taishang Yuqing yinshu miemo shenhui gaoxuan zhenjing* 上清太上玉清隱書滅魔神慧高玄真經, which casts its chants as a preparatory exercise for the *Dadong zhenjing* 大洞真經. See the relevant TC entry. For an example of such a chant in this work, see ZHDZ 1.707b-708a.

148 Not all rulers appealed to these signs consistently; see Lagerwey, *Le Wushang* 9. Zhou Wudi rejects the necessity of talismans to buttress his authority, claiming to rule by virtue alone.

abandoned: celestial phenomena and terrestrial prodigies were used to confirm (or challenge) the mandate of a given ruler, functioning as signs of Heaven's approval or disapproval of his conduct. Amulets would later serve this same function. Rather than an innovation, however, this was an extension of their original use.¹⁴⁹

Fu, properly translated “tally” in this context, were among the signs of diverse kinds that were used by messengers to confirm the proper origin of the information they conveyed. The relationship between emperor and general provides an example. Before departing on a military campaign, a general would be given one half of a *fu*-tally (usually a physical object like a cylinder or a carving of an animal) while the other half would remain in the emperor's keeping. Orders from the emperor or messages from the general would be accompanied by the corresponding portion of the tally, which functioned as a sign of their authenticity. The stellar omens and auspicious prodigies that confirmed a ruler's legitimacy played the same role: they were the heavenly half of a tally offered in response to the emperor's earthly conduct. In the realm of popular religion, amulets functioned along similar principles: they signified the imprimatur of higher celestial authorities (who kept the other half of the talisman), and so informed spirits and demons that the bearer could command them with legitimate authority. In the Daoist realm, they were bestowed in response to the behavior or destiny of the adept: those of sufficient virtue (or whose fate permitted it) encountered a master (whether divine or mortal) and

¹⁴⁹ The classic work connecting Daoist amulets and works to signifiers of imperial authority is Anna Seidel, “Imperial Treasures and Taoist Sacraments: Daoist Roots in the Apocrypha,” in *Tantric and Taoist Studies in Honour of R.A. Stein*, vol. 2, ed. Michel Strickmann, pp. 291-371. On Zhou political authority, see Baumbacher, *Empowered Writing* 33-53; David Pankenier, “The Cosmo-Political Background of Heaven's Mandate,” *Early China* 20 (1995): 123ff. See also his book-length study, *Astrology and Cosmology in Early China: Conforming Earth to Heaven* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2013).

received either the earthly half of a *fu*, or the instructions and rituals necessary to generate their own. Like earthly *fu*-tallies, heavenly ones could be forged, stolen, or transmitted improperly. The gods were not easily fooled, however; they ignored the false tallies and penalized those who improperly transmitted them. The receipt and transmission of *fu* thus confirmed the authority of the master and disciple involved and situated them both within a heavenly hierarchy. Those who obtained the amulets or accompanying instructions outside the proper channels were ignored by the gods, and those who transmitted them improperly were subject to harsh punishment.¹⁵⁰

Placing the *Rectifying Methods*' amulets in the proper context reveals that they implicate the bearer in a complex web of significations. First, he or she received the talismans and accompanying instructions because of innate virtue or moral conduct, and they were transmitted from a master (whether mortal or deity) via a prescribed ritual. Second, they do not possess intrinsic power. The abilities conferred by the *Most High Scripture*'s amulets depend on the assent of the deities who assess the adept's virtue. The amulets signify their bearer's status as a lower but legitimate member of the heavenly hierarchy. While the powers they confer depend on the virtue of the bearer, virtue alone is not enough: it requires the recognition of higher authorities, who bestow tokens in response. The key factor is thus neither virtue nor mere possession, but rather what

150 On *fu* and other sorts of talismans, see Baumbacher, *Empowered Writing* 13-31. On *fu* in popular religion, see *ibid.*, pp. 58-62. On specifically Daoist *fu* and their antecedents (as well as the role of morality), see pp. 58-62. Threats of punishment for improperly revealing a scripture – known as “leaking” (*xie* 泄 or *lou* 漏) it – are common throughout Daoist works. The *Zhengfa jing* details them in 262c.12-263a.2. For other examples, see, e.g., CT 320 *Dongxuan lingbao danshui feishu xiaojie miaojing* 洞玄靈寶丹水飛術運度小劫妙經 9b, CT 1336 *Dongzhen taishang jinpian hufu zhenwen jing* 洞真太上金篇虎符真文經 2b. Like earthly punishments, these punishments often applied not only to the individual actor but also members of his or her family.

legitimate possession signifies: the imprimatur of the celestial authorities. The amulets of the *Rectifying Methods* are the sign of this imprimatur.

Talismans deserve discussion at length because they probably formed the core of the *Rectifying Methods* as revealed to Yang Xi, just as they form the core of the received version. They are the chief means by which the bearer performs the work for which they have been deputized by the lords of the Three Heavens; that is, they rectify the present chaotic world in preparation for the peaceful era to come.

The Shangqing version

Certain fragments of the *Rectifying Methods* can be conclusively linked to the Shangqing corpus via intertextual citation, presence in ancient bibliographies, and overlapping content. I will explore these links more fully in the following chapters. Despite disagreements among early sources about the work's antiquity, on balance they argue that certain early fragments can help us reconstruct a hypothetical "proto-version." The information found in these fragments, when compared to the general tenor of the Shangqing corpus as a whole, indicates that the *Rectifying Methods* as taken up and modified by Yang Xi predicted the end times and promoted certain specific methods of surviving the apocalypse. While the exact work revealed to Yang Xi is not available to us, existing information permits a tentative reconstruction.

Chapter 4: Prophecy and the Pen: The *Rectifying Methods* and the Rise of the Liu-Song

The *Rectifying Methods* may have been taken up by Yang Xi, but they did not remain his property alone. Very soon after the Shangqing revelations ceased, the work was altered by other authors who put it to new uses. Just as Yang's revelations spoke to his own historical context, these new authors reshaped the *Rectifying Methods* according to their own times. A figure that loomed large in this new shaping was Liu Yu 劉裕 (r. 402-422). Founder of the Liu-Song 劉宋 (420-479) and erstwhile general in service of the Eastern Jin 東晉 (317-420), Liu made a name for himself by putting down several rebellions against the throne before deciding to seize it himself. Various Daoist authors decided that his bid to rule China was significant enough to provoke heavenly attention, detailing the signs and wonders that coincided with it. Some decided to support him, presenting him with texts that both augured his rise and – in a tradition stretching back to the Eastern Han “Weft Texts” (*chen wei* 讖緯) – functioned as tokens which served to legitimate it.¹⁵¹ Others – including the anonymous editors of a new version of the *Rectifying Methods* – maintained the apocalyptic certainty of the Shangqing works but felt compelled to acknowledge the Liu clan's power.

The sociohistorical fabric

The decline of the Eastern Jin was marked by famine, royal incompetence, and internecine conflict. The dynasty finally fell to one of its own generals, the warlord Liu Yu 劉裕 (363-422). Through cunning and treachery, Liu had managed to assume control

¹⁵¹ Much has been written on the use of texts as talismans that legitimate political authority. See Baumbacher, *Empowered Writing* 50-56 for a recent example.

of the dominant military power, the elite Northern Palace Army (*beifu bing* 北府兵). Conceived of by the brilliant general Huan Wen 桓溫 (312-373) and realized in 377 by the statesman Xie An 謝安 (320-385), the Northern Palace Army functioned as a bulwark against northern aggression and a means to retake the Central Plain. The new army proved its worth six years later at the Battle of Feishui 淝水 (383), where it defeated a much larger invading force under the command of the lord of the Former Qin 前秦 (351-395) and recovered a broad swathe of modern Shandong, Henan, and Shaanxi that had been lost to the northerners.

However, the Jin court was soon weakened by factional infighting, and their newly-reclaimed territory was carved up by the northern states of Southern Yan 南燕 (398-410) and Latter Qin 後秦 (387-414). Meanwhile, the Jin emperor Sima Yao 司馬曜 (Emperor Xiaowu 孝武, r. 372-396) squandered his kingdom's wealth in pursuit of personal pleasure, and appointed his second son, the severely intellectually-disabled Sima Dezong 司馬德宗 (r. 396-418) heir apparent. With Yao's death, Dezong was crowned Emperor An of Jin 晉安帝. True power, however, lay in the hands of his father's brother, the prime minister Sima Daozi 司馬道子 (364-402). But Daozi's power would not last.

After a devastating famine and a series of agrarian revolts, Huan Wen's son Xuan 桓玄 (369-404), lord of the powerful province of Jingzhou 荊州, took matters into his own hands and rebelled. He bribed the commander of the Northern Palace Army, and their joint forces captured the capital in 403. Xuan executed Sima Daozi and his son, forced Emperor An to abdicate, and established his own dynasty of Chu 楚. The new emperor immediately moved to solidify his power. His chief threat in that regard was the

very reason he had captured the capital: the Northern Palace Army. By then, it had become a semi-independent military power that had proven difficult for the throne to control. (Indeed, it had rebelled against Sima Daozi in 397, allying itself with two local warlords.) Exiling its commander and murdering its generals, he sought to bring the army under control by promoting lower-ranking officers who would be loyal to the throne. One of these men was Liu Yu, who immediately began plotting Xuan's ruin.¹⁵²

Liu was the son of an impoverished noble family who had fled their ancestral home in the north. Conscripted into military service, he was made an officer of a general of the Northern Palace Army. Liu's relatively low rank meant he emerged from Huan Xuan's purge unscathed (a fate not shared by his commander). Immediately after the purge of 403, he began plotting against Xuan with other officers of similar rank across the kingdom. On February 28th, 404, simultaneous rebellions led by these officers rocked the nascent Chu dynasty. Liu and his officers slaughtered their overlords (all Huan family members), joined their armies, and marched on the capital. Huan Xuan was forced to flee to his base in Jingzhou with Emperor An in tow. Raising an army in great haste, he met a general of the Northern Route Army in battle. Returning to his base in defeat, Xuan was killed shortly thereafter. Sporadic resistance by Huan clansmen was crushed within a year, and Sima Dezong was reinstated. Liu spent the next several years establishing his fame by recapturing lost territory and vanquishing threats to Jin power. In 409, he destroyed the kingdom of Southern Yan; in 410, he crushed a peasant army led by the warlord Lu Xun 盧循 (?-411). Though the empire appeared stable, it was closer than ever to collapse.

¹⁵² The preceding is a summary of Wang, *Wei Jin Nanbeichao shi* 333-336, 340-341.

The generals of the Northern Palace Army had seen the writing on the wall, and began jockeying for power. Liu proved the most capable. First one, then another of his former comrades fell before him, and by 413 Liu had solidified power in his own hands. His remaining rivals (including a member of the imperial clan) fled north to Latter Qin. Meanwhile, he was still nominally in Emperor An's service, and enlarged Jin's territory by conquering neighboring states. After the fall of Southern Yan, he sacked Chengdu and annexed its holdings (Yizhou 益州, in modern Sichuan) in 412. Taking advantage of Latter Qin's troubles with nomadic tribes along its northern border, Liu launched a campaign against the rival state in 416. He promptly conquered Luoyang, and the court fled to the ancient capital of Chang'an. This, too, fell before Liu, and the last Latter Qin emperor was dragged off to Jiankang and executed in 417. Having reconquered the heartland, Liu Yu was emperor in all but name. He returned to Jiankang, and in 420 accepted the abdication of the final ruler of the Eastern Jin. Thus was the Liu-Song born.¹⁵³

The Liu-Song and political prophecy

Liu's new dynasty would be short-lived, ending a mere sixty years after it had been founded. But no one knew that at the time. When Liu died unexpectedly in 422, power passed to his son Liu Yifu 劉義符 (406-424). Yifu was quickly assassinated, along with his older brother, by high-ranking officials who sought to rule the Liu-Song from behind the throne. His successor Liu Yilong 劉義隆 proved cunning and capable, however. He had the officials responsible executed and successfully stabilized the new empire,

¹⁵³ The preceding summarizes Wang, *Wei Jin Nanbeichao shi* 341-348, 353-359.

reigning for thirty years as Emperor Wen of the Liu-Song 宋文帝 (r. 424-445). After a brief interregnum, his successor Liu Jun 劉駿 (430-453) presided over another period of relative stability.¹⁵⁴ This stability, coupled with Liu Yu's military success in the central plain, made it seem almost inevitable that the Lius would eventually reunify China. Their success did not go unnoticed by contemporary Daoist authors, who rushed to declare their support for the ascendant dynasty.

The first prophetic text to predict the Liu family's rise was probably the *Scripture of the Divine Spells of the Cavernous Abyss* (CT 335 *Dongyuan shenzhou jing* 洞淵神咒經), composed sometime in the early fourth century. In coded language, it declares the fall of the Jin and the rise of the Lius as their legitimate successor, holding that Liu Yu's ascent signals the advent of an age of peace and prosperity under which the true teaching of the Dao will flourish.¹⁵⁵ A contemporaneous work borrows the same coded language to make the same point: the Jin will fall, and the Lius will succeed them.¹⁵⁶ A Celestial Masters work from the same period, the *Scripture of the Inner Explanations of the Three Heavens* (CT 1205 *Santian neijie jing* 三天內解經), connects the Liu family with the Dao itself and notes a series of auspicious signs that legitimate their rise.¹⁵⁷

¹⁵⁴ See Wang, *Wei Jin Nanbeichao shi* 359-360.

¹⁵⁵ See Seidel, "Image of the Perfect Ruler" 237-240. Christine Mollier reviews the internal textual evidence and argues conclusively for a date before or shortly after the ascent of Liu Yu in *Une Apocalypse Taoïste*, 56-60. See also EoT, s.v. "Dongyuan shenzhou jing."

¹⁵⁶ I refer here to the *Scripture of the Numinous Treasure on the Causes and Conditions of Past Lives, of the Cavern of Mystery* (CT 322 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao benxing yinyuan jing* 太上洞玄靈寶本行因緣經). See Mollier, *ibid.*

¹⁵⁷ See Bokenkamp, *EDS* 186-188, 221-222.

The second version of the *Rectifying Methods* appeared in this context. However, that version is not directly accessible to us. It is preserved in a much later compendium, the *Pearl Satchel of the Three Caverns* (CT 1139 *Sandong zhunang* 三洞珠囊).¹⁵⁸ The *Pearl Satchel* is the work of one Wang Xuanhe 王懸河 (fl. 664-684). We know frustratingly little of Wang. He was the calligrapher for two inscriptions of imperial texts, one in 664 and another in 684. This suggests he may have served the Tang emperor Li Zhi 李治 (Tang Gaozang 唐高宗, r. 650-84) in some capacity, and perhaps could have compiled the work at imperial command. An imperial audience is suggested by some section titles, such as “Laozi as the teacher of emperors” (老子為帝師品; see 9.8b), as well as the work’s general concern with the place of Daoism in history and society. But the circumstances of composition are especially difficult to reconstruct because the received version of the *Pearl Satchel* is not Wang’s original. The version he composed contained thirty juan; the one that has come down to us contains only ten. We do not know how, why, or by whom the work was rearranged. Some sections have been moved; some are missing entirely. But the general ideological thrust is clear. The *Pearl Satchel* is hortatory literature. Wang did not aim to present a complete survey of Daoist works; rather, he collected extracts containing theory and practice that he favored, as well as the biographies of exemplary Daoists who completed these practices and the benefits they achieved. The Daoism of the *Pearl Satchel* is not Daoism “as it was” in Wang’s day; it is Daoism as he wanted it to be.

So much is clear from the received work – though given its extensive modification, one must use it with care when attempting to distinguish between Wang’s

¹⁵⁸ What follows is based on TC, s.v. “Sandong zhunang,” and EoT, s.v. “Sandong zhunang.”

editorial motives and those of his later redactors. But the *Pearl Satchel*'s use of the *Rectifying Methods* gives us no reason to challenge the assumptions outlined above. Its only direct citation of that work concerns cosmological theory. The citation takes up almost four pages (9.1a-4b) of a five-page section called “The turning of the *kalpas*” 劫運品. A kalpa (rendered in Chinese as *jie* 劫) is a standard Indian unit denoting an unimaginably vast expanse of time that was imported into China along with the spread of Buddhism.¹⁵⁹ A simple conception of the kalpa divides it into two sorts: the small kalpa (*xiao jie* 小劫) and great kalpa (*da jie* 大劫). The *Pearl Satchel*'s citation of the *Rectifying Methods* begins by presenting one method of computing cosmic time, continues by discussing the signs disasters attendant upon a conjunction of small kalpas, and concludes by discussing the signs attendant upon the conjunction of great kalpas. The work continues with much more detailed omens of the coming end, chiefly in the form of the movements of deities and other actions in the hidden realm that would be invisible to the mortal eye. I discuss these in more detail below. For the moment, I want to focus on the material that links the first post-Shangqing recension of the *Rectifying Methods* with contemporaneous literature that predicted the rise of the Liu family.

This material consists of another detailed prediction:

當有赤星見於東方，白彗干於月門，祆子續黨於蟲口，亂群墳尸於越川，人啖其種，萬里絕煙。強臣稱霸，弱主蒙塵，其後當有五靈曷瑞，義合本根。龍精之後，續族之君，平滅四虜，應符者隆，龍虎之世，三六乃清。民無橫命，柞無危患。自承之後四十六丁亥，是三劫之周。又從數五十五丁亥至壬辰，癸巳是也。則是大劫之周。天翻地覆，金玉化消，人淪山沒，六合冥一。

159 See DDB, s.v. “劫.” The version of the *Rectifying Methods* consulted by the editors of the *Pearl Satchel* differs from the classical Buddhist conception of a kalpa. While it follows the typical division into small 小 and great 大 kalpas, its subdivisions of those two periods of time are unique. Usually, a great kalpa is fulfilled after the passage of eight small kalpas, or a total of 1,347,000,000 years.

At this time, the Red Star¹⁶⁰ will appear in the east, the White Sweeper¹⁶¹ will transgress the Lunar Gate. Demons will link together at the mouth of the insects,¹⁶² chaotic mobs will pile their corpses in mounds at the rivers of Yue; people will eat their own posterity; after myriad *li*, the smoke of cooking fires will be cut off. Strong feudal lords will become hegemony; weak kings will flee the capital. After this there will be bright signs of the five numens; righteousness will accord with its root. The descendant of the Dragon-seed, the lord who continues the clan, will destroy the four rebels.¹⁶³ Talismanic responses will descend.¹⁶⁴ In the generation of the Dragon-tiger, the three-and-six will clarify. The people will have no [urge to] rebel; the throne will have no danger. In the forty-sixth *dinghai* year after Yao – this will be a complete cycle of three kalpas. Moreover, counting from the fifty-fifth *dinghai* year to the *jisi* [month?] of the [following] *renchen* year: this will be the completion of one great kalpa. Heaven and earth will be overthrown; jade and gold will transform and disappear. The people will sink into oblivion, and the mountains will be drowned. Everything in the Six Directions will become one in the darkness.¹⁶⁵

Many of the figures and portents in this passage remain obscure, but enough remains clear to make an educated guess at its meaning: the end times are at hand. The passage begins by invoking specific celestial phenomena that – unlike the movements in the hidden realm detailed in 9.1b-2a – would have been visible to human beings. It continues by obliquely referring to contemporary events. The “descendant of the Dragon-seed”

160 A star located in the first of the twenty-eight lunar mansions. See Handian, s.v. “赤星,” *Grand Ricci*, s.v. “角宿.”

161 The White Sweeper appears in the second *juan* of the *Jin shu* chapter on astronomy in a quote that nearly matches Zhang Shoujie’s 張守節 (?-?) *Correct Meanings of the Records of the Grand Historian* (*Shiji zhengyi* 史記正義) 27.20a. The latter was presented to the throne in the twenty-fourth year (736-737) of the Kaiyuan 開元 reign period (712-742). The interlinear commentary at 27.20 holds that the “essence” 精 of Venus “scatters” 散 into nine stars, one of them being the White Sweeper.

162 I am uncertain what this refers to. It appears to be the only appearance of the two characters 蟲口 as a binome in the canon, other than a citation of this passage at SDZN 9.3b-9.4a. The compound refers to a medicinal plant elsewhere in the Chinese literary corpus.

163 The “lord who continues the clan” is probably Liu Yu 劉裕 (363-422). This would make the “four rebels” four military commanders he defeated. Three of these are probably Sun En 孫恩 (?-402), his younger sister’s husband Lu Xun 盧循 (?-411) and Huan Xuan 桓玄 (369-404); I am uncertain of the fourth.

164 The implication here is that the actions of the “descendant of the Dragon-seed” will form the earthly half of a tally, and the heavenly half – in the form of the signs and wonders depicted above – will manifest.

165 SDZN 9.4aff.

probably refers to Liu Yu. The clan he continues is the house of Liu, founders of the Han 漢 dynasty (202 BCE-220 CE) whose surname had long been associated with dragons. While Liu himself claimed descent from the Han Lius, the facts of the matter are uncertain. That uncertainty was not shared by the author of this version of the *Rectifying Methods*, however. Like the authors of the *Inner Explanations* and the *Divine Spells*, they confidently augur a coming age of peace and prosperity presided over by the most powerful and successful warlord in recent memory.

Another version of the *Rectifying Methods* that existed around the same time makes the same confident prediction. We find it in the work of Lu Xiuqing 陸修靜 (406-477). A few important things happened around the time of his birth. First, a body of works called the Lingbao 靈寶 (or “Numinous Treasure”) revelations appeared sometime around 400. These works were a direct response to the popularity of the Shangqing revelations. They prominently feature the Ge 葛 family, relatives (and rivals) of the Taos who lived at the same place and time. The new revelations feature more exalted postmortem fates for members of the Ge clan, and in fact claim to supersede the authority of the Shangqing revelations entirely thanks to their own descent from a higher heaven.¹⁶⁶ Though Lu was initiated into the Shangqing lineage, he would later become a stout partisan of the Lingbao corpus. Second, of course, was the ascent of Liu Yu in 402. Though this happened before Lu’s time, the Liu clan would rise to the height of its power during the age of his maturity. As an élite in the favor of the royal family, Lu would certainly have been writing in response to their concerns.

¹⁶⁶ See Bokenkamp, “Sources of the Ling-pao Scriptures,” in *Tantric and Taoist Studies in Honor of Rolf A. Stein* (Brussels: Institute Belges des Hautes Études Chinoises, 1983) 2:442-443.

This context animates his version of the *Rectifying Methods*:

按經言：承唐之後四十六丁亥，其間先後庚子之年，妖子續黨於禹口，亂群填尸於越川，強臣稱霸，弱主西播，龍精之後，續祚之君，罷除僞主，退翦逆民，衆道勢訖，此經當行。推數考實，莫不信然。期運既至大法方隆。

The scripture states: “Forty-six *dinghai* years after [the sage-king Yao], sooner or later within that period of time, in the *gengzi* year [400], the short-lived ones will continue to form gangs at Yu’s mouth; the rebellious hordes will fill with their corpses the streams of Yue. A strong minister will declare himself hegemon; a weak lord will spread out towards the west. The descendant of dragon seed [is] the lord who will continue the Mandate.” This lord is to eradicate the false ruler and cut down and drive off the rebellious people. At this, the strength of the myriad ways will come to an end, and these scriptures will be put into practice. Figuring by the fated numbers and considering what actually happened, all [these predictions] have proven trustworthy. Since the foretold cycle has arrived, the Grand Law [of Lingbao] has risen to prominence.¹⁶⁷

The similarities to the earlier extract from the *Pearl Satchel* is obvious. So, too, are the differences. Like the *Divine Spells* and the *Inner Explanations*, Lu here predicts a peaceful world order administered by the Liu clan, whose rise is augured by the appearance in the year 400 of the Lingbao scriptures that legitimate their rule. This contrasts sharply with their role in the *Pearl Satchel*’s version. There, while they indeed preside over a peaceful world, their unification of the realm is merely one of several signs of the end times. The Lius have no power against the disasters that are to come.

¹⁶⁷ The translation is from Bokenkamp, “Lu Xiuqing, Buddhism” 192.

Table 2

Sequence of Events in the Apocalyptic Predictions of the *Purple Texts*, the *Pearl Satchel*, and Lu Xiujing's *Preface*

Purple Texts

Yao rules → 46 dinghai years elapse → Apocalyptic disasters and political decay befall before and after the jiashen year; a weak ruler is referred to in coded language; a remnant is saved → the Lord of the Golden Porte inaugurates an era of Great Peace in a renchen year

The Pearl Satchel

Yao rules → 46 dinghai years elapse → celestial records are rectified → apocalyptic disasters and political decay befall before and after the jiashen year; a remnant is saved → a strong ruler (Liu Yu) is referred to in coded language; he inaugurates an age of peace → the universe is destroyed in a renchen year

Lu's Preface

Yao rules → 46 dinghai years elapse → apocalyptic disasters and political decay befall in a gengzi year (400); a weak king is referred to in coded language; this weak king is supplanted by a strong ruler (Liu Yu). Auspicious omens descend; a peaceful era ensues.

This arrangement is not meant to suggest that the *Pearl Satchel's* version preceded Lu's. The relationship between the two is unclear, though it is evident that each drew on some version or versions of the *Rectifying Methods* that modified the *Purple Texts*.

The Shangqing version: a step forward

It is uncertain whether Lu is citing a different version of the *Rectifying Methods* or (as has been claimed) revising the version found in the *Pearl Satchel*.¹⁶⁸ Whatever the case, both versions cited above share a common ancestor in the apocalyptic predictions of the *Purple Texts*. Disaster strikes around the forty-sixth dinghai year after Yao; events in the political realm presage a peace. This basic timeline was reimagined twice in the Liu-Song. Both new versions augur the rise of the Lius, with coded references to a weak king being replaced by more obvious references to Liu Yu, who takes the realm from the king in question and ushers in a peaceful era. The key difference between the world of the *Pearl Satchel* and that of Lu's *Preface* hinges on the fate of this new world. For Lu, it continues under the Liu family's benevolent aegis. For the anonymous editor of the version found in the *Pearl Satchel*, their rule is but one sign of the coming end.

It is at precisely this point that the *Pearl Satchel's* version of the *Rectifying Methods* probably recalls its predecessor among Yang Xi's revelations. Much like the *Purple Texts*, the *Pearl Satchel's Rectifying Methods* promises that even as mountains founder and the world burns, not all will be lost:

惟高上三天，白簡青錄，乃得晏鴻翻而騰翔，飛景霄而盼目耳。

Only those [whose names are inscribed] in green records on white slips in the exalted Three Heavens will in ease and comfort take flight on great wings, fly on the phosphors to the empyrean, paying a visit to and fixing their regard upon [the Three Heavens].¹⁶⁹

168 Bokenkamp, "Lu Xiujing, Buddhism" 317 and n.41.

169 SDZN 9.4a-b. For a discussion of the term 盼目, see the appendix.

One learns the identity of the “green records on white slips” at the beginning of the *Pearl Satchel*’s citation of the *Rectifying Methods*:

白簡青錄，得道人名記。皇民譜錄，數極唐堯。是爲小劫一交。其中損益，有二十四萬人應爲得者。自承唐之後，數四十六丁亥，前後中間甲申之年，乃小劫之會，人名應定。

The names of those who will attain the Dao are recorded in green records on white slips. The numbers of the Genealogy of the People of the Three Sovereigns extended through the time of Yao. This was the turning of one small kalpa. During this time 2,400,000 were subtracted from the count of those who should attain [the Dao]. In the *jiashen* year sometime before or after the forty-sixth dinghai year after Yao, there will be a conjunction of small kalpas, and the records must be fixed again.

The passage from the *Pearl Satchel* quoted earlier that explicitly predicts Liu Yu’s rise functions like a commentary on this passage, detailing the specific signs that occur near the forty-sixth dinghai year after Yao. Those meant to survive the cataclysm have their names recorded on the heavenly lists – here called the “Genealogy of the People of the Three Sovereigns.” While this portion of the *Pearl Satchel* has clearly undergone editing by a Lingbao-affiliated author, I will suggest nonetheless that this is a collective name for all of the records included in the version of the *Rectifying Methods* received by Yang Xi. The presence of one’s name on these records guaranteed salvation from the disasters predicted by the work itself.

Chapter 5: A Lord of Space and Time: The *Secret Essentials* and the Quest for Power
The final iteration of the *Rectifying Methods* to appear during the early medieval period was a product of sectarian debate and imperial ambition. The pressure of these twin forces moved the editors of a government-sponsored encyclopedia to fashion a new version. The result was the *Scripture of the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens of the Cavern of Perfection* (*Dongzhen santian zhengfa jing* 洞真三天正法經). It combined inherited and created material to meet the needs of a new political age.

The sociohistorical fabric

The bloody politics of the sixth century informed the creation of the *Dongzhen zhengfa jing*. Its place was the Northern Zhou 北周 (557-581), a kingdom formed from the ruins of the Western Wei 西魏 (535-556), itself a rump state of the Northern Wei 北魏 (386-534). Northern Zhou's foundations were laid by the general Yuwen Tai 宇文泰 (507-56), who poisoned the final emperor of the Northern Wei and inaugurated the Western Wei, with himself as the power behind the throne. As Tai lay dying of illness in 556, he faced a crisis of succession; with his own sons too young to assume power, he appointed Yuwen Hu 護 (515-572), the son of his eldest brother, as successor. Hu in turn crowned Tai's legitimate son Yuwen Jue 覺 (542-557) as the first emperor of the Northern Zhou. Jue was not Tai's oldest son, however; that honor belonged to Yuwen Yu 毓 (534-560), son of a concubine. This became relevant for the Northern Zhou when Jue came of age, at which point Hu poisoned him and installed Yu as emperor. Hu repeated the process in 560, this time appointing Tai's fourth son, Yuwen Yong 邕 (543-78), who would later be

known by the posthumous name Emperor Wu of Zhou 周武帝. It was Emperor Wu who finally outwitted Yuwen Hu, assassinating him during a meeting with the Empress Dowager in 572. Thus, at age 30, Zhou Wudi became the first son of Yuwen Tai to hold power in his own right.¹⁷⁰

With his chief political rival dead, Emperor Wu began sweeping reforms to the structure of Northern Zhou social life. At the kingdom's inception, the economic and military power of Northern Zhou rested on the twin pillars of the equal-field (*juntian* 均田) system of land allotment, first developed during the Northern Wei, and the *fubing* 府兵 armies (an innovation of Yuwen Tai). Under the equal-field system, land was allotted to peasants according to their projected manpower. During the Northern Wei, for instance, this meant every male above twenty-five *sui* was given forty *mu* 畝 of arable land, with each woman being granted half that; in the Northern Zhou, each married couple was given one hundred and forty *mu*, divided into plots devoted to mulberry trees and various sorts of crops, and required to meet certain agricultural quotas. The *fubing* system divided the military into armies of various sizes. The base unit was the *yitong* 儀同, comprised of one thousand men; these were further grouped into bureaus called *kaifu* 開府, with two *kaifu* under the command of a general (*da jiangjun* 大將軍) and two generals under a Grand General, Pillar of the State (*zhuguo dajiangjun* 柱國大將軍). With a total of six Grand Generals, the early Northern Zhou had at its command 48,000 troops. Aside from its organization of the military, the *fubing* system also registered

¹⁷⁰ This summary of events is taken from Wang Zhongluo, *Wei Jin Nanbeichao shi* 565-569. Wang details Zhou Wudi's extensive economic and military reforms on pp. 569-580. Lewis provides an overview of the collapse of the Wei, the formation of the Northern Zhou, and the rise of the Sui on *Empires* 73-85.

military households separately from the peasantry and exempted them from taxes and corvée. Zhou Wudi abolished this practice, combining the military and equal-field registries – a reform that vastly broadened the pool of potential recruits.¹⁷¹

One significant check on this reform was the vast number of Buddhist monasteries within Northern Zhou territory. According to one estimate, they numbered around ten thousand, housing around one tenth of the total population – some one million people. Jaques Gernêt, relying on Buddhist sources, raises the number of monasteries to over forty thousand and counts three million monastics in total. Because monastics were exempt from taxes, corvée labor, and military service, this represented a significant drain on the Northern Zhou coffers, as well as its agricultural output and military strength. These costs extended to the construction, maintenance, and ornamentation of monasteries, which often required significant expenditures of manpower and materials. One Northern Wei monastery in Luoyang, for instance, was over 200 meters tall and contained numerous furniture and decorations of gold and rare stone; the construction of another cost well over six hundred thousand in cash. While such displays of extravagance were rare, the sheer number of monasteries and monastics meant that aggregate costs were high.¹⁷² Emperor Wu's response was to institute the first persecution of Buddhism in Chinese history. He demolished thousands of temples, seizing their land and wealth to

171 Wang, *Wei Jin Nanbeichao shi* 574-575, 579. On the *juntian* system, see Hanyu dacidian, s.v. “均田.” It has been the subject of much scholarly attention. See, for instance, Han Guopan 韓國磐, *Beichao Sui Tang de juntian zhidu* [The equal field system of the Northern Dynasties, Sui, and Tang], Shanghai: Shanghai renmin chubanshe, 1984.

172 Wang, *Wei Jin Nanbeichao shi* 583, estimates the total number of monastics at one million, or around one-tenth of the total population; Jacques Gernet's estimates come from *Les aspects économiques du Bouddhisme dans la société Chinoise du V^e au X^e siècles* (Paris: École Française d'Extrême-Orient, 1956), 4. See also pp. 15-16.

fund his armies. He also laïcized vast numbers of monastics: two million in 574 alone. The result was a vast expansion in the land and labor available to the state, and a corresponding explosion in the size of the army: at its height, Emperor Wu commanded some 240,000 troops. He used this vast military force to conquer the neighboring state of Northern Qi at the end of 576, reunifying North China. His dominance of the region assured, he turned his attention to stabilizing the empire and asserting his own authority. The *Dongzhen zhengfa jing* played a minor role in this process as part of a much larger work.¹⁷³

The first comment on this work to be found in the historical record is a remark by the Buddhist monk Daoxuan 道宣 (596-667):

周武平齊……自續道書號《無上祕要》。

After Emperor Wu of Zhou pacified Qi... he compiled a Daoist book called the *Secret Essentials of the Most High*.¹⁷⁴

At first glance, this seems to be an unproblematic statement. John Lagerwey notes, however, that it is likely incorrect: the WSBY's compilation had probably commenced in 574 at the Belvedere for Penetrating to the Way (*Tongdao guan* 通道觀). Assuming Lagerwey's dating is sound, why would Daoxuan provide an incorrect date? The answer rests on a fundamental principle of Chinese historiography: within certain constraints, facts are subordinate to narrative. In the compilation of biographies, for instance, certain facts of a subject's life were routinely manipulated so that he or she conformed to the

173 For the size of Wudi's army, see Wang, *Wei Jin Nanbeichao shi* 580; for his "persecution" of Buddhism, see 584. Gernet, *Les aspects* 7 n 4, records him siezing 40,000 monasteries and distributing them to feudal lords.

174 The note appears in his *Continued Biographies of Eminent Monks* (*Xu gaoseng zhuan* 續高僧傳), T 50.436c10-14.

models set by famous worthies of previous ages. Interpolations and deletions were standard practice in this effort. Well-known incidents from tradition were frequently inserted at key points in the biography in order to convey the biographer's judgment on the subject or to illustrate the subject's character. Such manipulations would have been immediately evident to the intended audience, who would have understood them in these terms and not as blatant distortions of the historical record; indeed, "fictional" incidents that stretched the bounds of credulity would have been immediately noticed by that audience and, on occasion, were condemned by the biographer recruited by the deceased's friends and family.¹⁷⁵ Further, any biography – especially those included in the Standard Histories – was the final product of a long editorial process that required hard decisions about which episodes from the subject's life ought to be omitted and which included. Twitchett details the criteria a biographer would have applied in making such choices:

The historian sought to establish the subject's basic characterization by categorizing his biography in terms of one of the normalized roles [in imperial society]... To maintain consistency, the historian often had recourse to the device of recording events that did not fit into this general picture in some other section of the history, often in the annals or in somebody else's biography, so as to leave the picture of the individual intact and at the same time preserve his own professional integrity as a recorder of the true facts... Biographies, then, in spite of their having each derived from.. separate... [sources], were to be judged as a corpus of exemplary lives from a given period.¹⁷⁶

Knowledge of these historiographic conventions allows us to detect the ideological charge behind Daoxuan's comment. His "mistake" was justified by the ideological requirements of history writing. Even if he were not mistaken, the same ideological

¹⁷⁵ On the role of "fictional" incidents in Chinese biography, see Denis Twitchett, "Problems of Chinese Biography," in Arthur F. Wright and Denis Twitchett, eds., *Confucian Personalities* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1962): 28-30.

¹⁷⁶ Twitchett, "Problems" 32-33.

charge applies: by connecting the WSBY's compilation to the conquest of Qi, the historian implicates it in the process of unification.

This notion is supported by the general role of encyclopedias in a given emperor's ideological project. As detailed earlier, encyclopedias were more than simple repositories of facts. They were explicitly ideological efforts aimed at cementing a ruler's rhetorical authority. This is no less true of Daoist encyclopedias like the *Wushang biyao* than it is of "secular" works like the *Taiping yulan*. All partook of a common heritage that stretched back to the Warring States. In the words of Mark Edward Lewis:

In the late Warring States period, developments within the textual traditions and the political realm coincided to produce new forms of writing intended to encompass the world in writing... These works were part of a general trend proclaiming completeness or totality as the highest form of textual authority. This dream of writing the world in a single text prefigured, in turn, the enterprise of uniting the world in a single state. The close links in imperial China of political authority with textual mastery or patronage emerged out of this confusion of the intellectual and political realms in a shared ideal of a single, comprehensive authority. I call the texts reflecting this development "encyclopedic," not in the modern sense of a reference work consulted for basic information on all matters of concern, but in its original sense of "cycle of learning," grand schemes that led the reader through an ordered, often hierarchical sequence including all essential knowledge...[A]ll [of these works] sought to create a sense of completeness through appeals to schemata of recurrent patterns, ultimate origins, numerical categories implying totality... or related models.¹⁷⁷

As it happens, many of these same principles animated the compilation of the *Wushang biyao*. As Lagerwey notes:

The cosmological speculations of the Daoists... would not displease an emperor whose political ambitions fittingly demanded a religion that embraced all, from the highest heavens to the deepest hells... [T]he encyclopedia responds perfectly to this ideological exigency. Beginning with the Great Dao that precedes the division of the unitary *qi*, the *Wushang biyao* follows an itinerary that passes through all the distinctions of the heavens, the hells, divinities, writings, techniques, and prescriptions to arrive at a conclusion in spontaneity and the return to silence.¹⁷⁸

¹⁷⁷ Lewis, *Writing and Authority in Early China* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1999), 287.

¹⁷⁸ Lagerwey, *Wu-shang* 29.

Lagerwey is commenting here on the organization of the *Wushang*, which begins with the parturition of primordial chaos into the heavens and continues by describing the heavens; the cycles of time; the bureaucracies of the unseen world; the gods' appearances, regalia, and attendants; the various sorts of Daoist writings (including scriptures, talismans, petitions, and hymns) and their proper transmission; methods for preserving the body and extending life; and finally the completion of the Way and the return to silence.¹⁷⁹ We see here a direct connection to the encyclopedic works of an earlier epoch, which – like those that would follow in the Tang and the Song – formed an ideological instrument for the unification of empire.

The ideological function of the WSBY in Zhou Wudi's reunification of China is further confirmed by the administrative work he undertook during its process of compilation. As Lagerwey notes:

According to the annals of the *Book of Zhou*, [Emperor Wu] spent the last eighteen months of his life reorganizing the administration of his enlarged empire and preparing the unification of all of China... [T]he end of the reign of Emperor Wu was as much devoted to the political unification of China as... the beginning was to the ideological unification of his empire. It is for this reason that it seems probable to us that this phrase in the *Continued Lives* has only an indicative value.

The compilation of the *Wushang biao* was part of a long and ambitious plan. It is of a piece with his early administrative work to stabilize and expand the Northern Zhou, his military conquests, and the later reorganization of his empire. All were driven by the same aim: to unify and rule all of China. Central to this effort was the ideological foundation provided by a detailed and coherent written world.

179 See EoT, "Wushang biao," and Lagerwey, *Wu-shang* 220-221.

A Buddhist critique and a Daoist response

The coherent world of the *Secret Essentials* arose in response to a variety of editorial pressures. The two most important were the ideological needs of the nascent Zhou state and the critiques of Buddhist monks and functionaries who were competing to meet these needs with Confucian and Daoist counterparts. The conflict gave rise to a series of court debates held by Emperor Wu, from which the Daoists emerged victorious.¹⁸⁰ The victors did not ignore the critiques of their opponents, however. As a compilation of extracts from various Daoist works, the *Secret Essentials* depended for its own coherence on the coherence of its constituent works. It was this exact point that attracted the ire of Buddhist polemicists. Notable among these was the mathematician and astronomer Zhen Luan 甄鸞 (fl. 535-81). While not a monk himself, Zhen's sympathy for Buddhism was sufficient to prompt the compilation (at imperial command) of a treatise measuring the relative merits of Buddhism and Daoism. The result was *Laughing at the Dao* (*Xiaodao lun* 笑道論), presented to the throne of Emperor Wu in 570. Displeased with Zhen's effort, the emperor ordered the work burned. A summary survives in the later *Expanded Collection Spreading the Light of Buddhism* (*Guang hongming ji* 廣弘明集, 7th c.). Zhen presents extracts from a variety of Daoist works organized into thirty-six chapters. These chapters cover a variety of topics; cosmogony, cosmology, and demonology constitute just a few. In each case, Zhen cites Daoist works on his chosen topic to form what he considers a coherent position, before offering a response headed by the phrase "I laugh at

180 The debates are discussed extensively in Livia Kohn, *Laughing at the Tao: Debates Among Buddhist and Taoists in Medieval China* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1995), 3-46. Lagerwey, *Wu-shang* 21ff discusses their background as it relates to the *Secret Essentials*.

this and say...” 臣笑曰……. His response draws on other Daoist works that contradict the position he establishes in the first section of the chapter.

It is Zhen’s work that preserves the first post-revelation recension of the *Rectifying Methods*. He cites the work four times, in each case on matters of cosmogony, cosmology, and the creation of humankind. (For a discussion and translation of these citations, see Appendix E.) Each citation is designed to contradict some other account of these matters as portrayed in a different Daoist work. This ideological thrust should remind us that Zhen was at least as interested in providing a damning picture of Daoism as he was in faithfully presenting his source material. However, it is inappropriate to dismiss his version of the *Rectifying Methods* as a distortion of whatever version he had at hand (despite the fact that this might indeed be the case). Like all other authors of the *Rectifying Methods*’ various incarnations, he worked under specific historical constraints with a particular purpose in mind. The different version preserved in the *Secret Essentials* shows that its editors took Zhen’s product seriously.¹⁸¹

Their regard for Zhen’s critique is particularly evident in their first citation of the *Rectifying Methods*. The sixth juan of the *Secret Essentials* demonstrates the latter in particular. It forms a unit with juan seven, which concerns the foundations of moral action. Both are implicit in the creation of the state, because good government proceeds from the moral excellence of the ruler and the harmony of the state with the cosmos.¹⁸²

181 Appendix C provides a full translation of each quotation or mention of the *Rectifying Methods* found in the *Secret Essentials*, as well as a brief discussion of how the translated material fits into the editors’ larger project. What follows here excerpts that material.

182 This harmony was sometimes literal. Sound and tuning were matters of concern not just in what we today consider “musical” contexts, but in the synchronization of human conduct and the cosmic order. This concern is reflected in a treatise on tuning included in the *History of the Latter Han* (*Houhan shu* 後漢書) as well as forays into musicology by the courtiers of Wang Mang’s 王莽 (45 BCE-23 CE) Xin 新 Dynasty (9-25 CE). See Noa Hegesh, “In Tune with the Cosmos: Tuning Theory, Cosmology,

Obviously, such harmony was only possible when the ruler possessed intimate knowledge of the cosmos' inner workings. The editors of the *Secret Essentials* appeal to the *Rectifying Methods* on exactly this point.

The version of the *Rectifying Methods* they consult contains two different methods of computing cosmic time. Each is subdivided into earthly and heavenly components. Both methods begin with the smallest unit of time and build to small and great kalpas, with disasters accompanying the change of each; the conjunction of great kalpas is accompanied by the worst disasters of all.¹⁸³ While the two methods share common terminology, each also contains unique periodizations; further, the terminus of each calendrical method is different, with different disasters accompanying it.

The heavenly component of the first method (ZHDZ 28.110a.14-b.22) emphasizes the motion of heavenly qi. It first introduces the Celestial Pass, which is pushed forward by the stars of the Dipper and cycles through each of the Nine Heavens. Each heaven has four doors, with each door being associated with a period (literally “watch” *hou* 候). In one day and one night, the Dipper pushes the Celestial Pass through one door, thus completing one period; when the Pass has moved through each period in each of the Nine Heavens, one revolution (*lun* 輪) is completed; one revolution thus constitutes 36 complete cycles of day and night. Three hundred and sixty revolutions constitutes one circuit (*zhou* 周) of the Nine Heavens. At this point, the qi of the Six Heavens returns to

and Concepts of Sound in Early China” (PhD diss., University of Pennsylvania, 2018).

183 A kalpa (rendered in Chinese as *jie* 劫), is a standard Indian unit denoting an unimaginably vast expanse of time. It was imported into China along with the spread of Buddhism. See DDB, s.v. “劫.” The version of the *Rectifying Methods* consulted by the editors of the *Secret Essentials* differs from the classical Buddhist conception of a kalpa. I present these alternative periodizations below. See also chapter x, p. x, n. x.

the upper Three Heavens, which rectify the qi and send it back down. 3600 circuits completes one small kalpa. This is a period of great change: in the heavens, the Nine Qi are transformed and rectified, and celestial emperors shift places in the otherworldly bureaucracy. On earth, evil spirits are annihilated along with the vast majority of humankind. With only good people remaining, earthly government is tranquil and all is harmonious.

The terrible events that accompany the conjunction of great kalpas are a marked contrast. Great kalpas, like their smaller counterparts, are measured in circuits: where 3600 complete one small kalpa, a great kalpa requires 9900. At this time, the qi of the celestial bodies moves with unusual vigor. In response, the demons and devils that inhabit the human realm multiply and become similarly agitated, causing illness and harm at will. The story stops here; no era of peace is promised, nor are any humans destined for salvation. Moving on to the earthly component, we find it similarly bleak.

Where the focal point of the heavenly component was on the qi of the Nine Heavens, the earthly component centers around the proper circulation of yin qi and yang qi. Earthly timekeeping revolves around the terrestrial counterpart to the Celestial Pass: the Floodgates of the Earth (*diji* 地機). These are located in the southeast, under the Nine Springs. Every day, the *ji* 機 lines of the earth (introduced later) push earthly waters eastward, and so qi – presumably yin qi, associated with waters and darkness – gathers at the Floodgates after each cycle of day and night. From there it circulates upwards to the Heavenly Source. This latter is presumably a locale of intense yang qi (correlated with light and heat); the infusion of yin qi would then serve to balance it. For 33 days and

nights – constituting one revolution (*lun* 輪) – this cycle maintains itself. After one complete revolution, however, yin qi and yang qi fall out of balance. The northeastern Heavenly Source extends, and the southwest – the location of Fengdu and likewise a gathering point for yin qi – contracts. The yin qi destined for the Heavenly Source flows downward, and the Nine Rivers overflow. Yin qi surges over the earth. 330 such revolutions constitute one measure (*du* 度), at which point apocalyptic figures associated with yin convene or ascend to the Three Heavens. 330 measures are one “yin blockage” (*yin fou* 隱否). In response to the buildup of yin qi, the moon (a focal point of yin qi) is eclipsed, and so floods cover the earth. 9300 measures constitute the end of one great kalpa, at which point the Nine Springs surge forth, “mountains and seas merge in the darkness, and all in the Six Directions is laid bare. This is the end of one yin cycle, the stimulation of the qi of the earth.” Yin qi – the qi of the earth, in contrast to the yang qi of the heavens – is thus in severe excess. At a later point in the text, we learn what happens when yang is in excess and yin deficient, but first chapter six of the *Secret Essentials* introduces the divisions of the sky and the earth, while reintroducing terms we have already seen.

What immediately follows is the second method of computing time, centered around *gang* 綱 (“net”) and *ji* 機 (“cable”) lines. Gang lines divide the sky into twelve portions, while ji lines (which first appear above) divide the earth by the same number. As before, a circuit occurs after 360 revolutions of the Celestial Pass, while a measure occurs after 330 revolutions of the Floodgates of the Earth. At this point, two new terms are introduced: “yang swelling” (*yang bo* 陽勃) and “yin corrosion” (*yin shi* 陰蝕). The

former occurs after 3600 complete circuits (i.e., one small kalpa according to the first method); the latter occurs after 330 measures (i.e., one yin corrosion according to the first method). A small kalpa ends when a yin corrosion and a yang flourishing both occur at the same time. At this point, the qi of heaven and earth reverse their usual order: heavenly qi becomes yin, while earthly qi becomes yang. As in the first method, “the myriad emperors change their stations,” but new changes are also introduced. Along with the reversal of the qi of heaven and earth, the cosmic order is upended: the sun and moon quit their revolutions, the Nine Springs run dry, and a variety of apocalyptic deities appear. However, we learn that the seed people survive – though we are not told how. A complete reversal of the cosmic order might seem bad enough, but the end of a great kalpa promises yet more horrors. A great kalpa ends at the conjunction of 9900 complete heavenly circuits (a “yang corrosion”) and 9300 earthly measures (a “yin flourishing”). At this point the entire universe is destroyed and then reverts to primal unity: “Heaven is upended and earth is flipped; the seas surge and rivers burst their dikes; humankind disappears and mountains drown; gold and jade transform and disappear; and all in the six directions muddles into one.”

It is understandably tempting to read this passage eschatologically, but doing so ignores its context. J. six and seven are not concerned with the end of the world; they are concerned, as Lagerwey notes, with the order of the universe and the foundation for proper moral action within it – that is, the rhetorical foundation of Emperor Zhou’s state. Their concerns become even more apparent when one browses the chapter contents themselves. Immediately after the cosmological speculations discussed above, one finds

discussion of mythical sovereigns (6.5a-7b; these individuals may or may not have been taken as real by the readers of the time); an introduction to the lands outside the central plain (6.7b-10a); a discussion of virtuous rule (6.10a-b); and advice on governance (6.11aff).¹⁸⁴ The context clearly places speculation on the end of the universe within the realm of what we might call political science. The point is not the universe's end, but its continuation. Emperor Wu's ability to measure that continuation demonstrates the potential of his government to accord with the natural rhythms of the continuing cosmos.

The *Secret Essentials*' other citations or mentions of the *Rectifying Methods* further emphasize the emperor's intimate knowledge of the cosmos. The compilation moves from a general account of the cosmos and its cycles to its celestial inhabitants and the individual works they send down to human beings; the prescriptions contained in these works and their regimes of practice; the minutiae of daily life these regimes require; and the beneficial effects for the adept who practices the regimes faithfully – namely, union with the great Dao.¹⁸⁵ We find the *Rectifying Methods* inserted at appropriate points in this structure. So, j. 22, which concerns the organization of the celestial bureaucracy and the abodes of its various deities, places the work in a specific celestial palace. J. 30-32, on the provenance, character, and function of celestial writings – including, significantly, their power as political tools for the transformation of imperial subjects – discusses the amulets in the *Rectifying Methods* and the powers they bestow upon the bearer. J. 43, on ritual dress and the recitation of scriptures, details the proper procedures

184 See Lagerwey, *Wu-shang* 50-51. Where he has 論德品, both HFL and ZHDZ eds. have 論意品. The contents, however, still concern morality and just governance. See ZHDZ 28.23a-b.

185 Lagerwey discusses this structure extensively in *Wu-shang*, pp. 38-48.

for chanting a hymn that formed part of the *Methods*.¹⁸⁶ The overall picture is of a work that was reshaped by new authors in response to political exigency and sectarian critique.

The Shangqing version: a step forward

The amulets discussed in j. 30-32 are worthy of extended discussion because they provide the closest link between the *Rectifying Methods* and the Shangqing corpus. A previous chapter discussed how the Shangqing adept could hope to escape the end times with recourse to a variety of methods. One of these required his or her name to be inscribed on the appropriate celestial lists – a task that could be accomplished (*inter alia*) via meditation exercises, incantations, or the wearing of talismans. A version of the *Rectifying Methods* preserved in the *Pearl Satchel of the Three Caverns* gave a collective name for the lists: The “Genealogy of the People of the Three Sovereigns.” The *Secret Essentials* goes into more detail about the lists themselves and their relationship to the amulets found in the *Rectifying Methods*.

The locus of this detail is a long quotation from a work devoted to celestial lists. The *Scripture of the Return to the Nine Heavens, Mystical Records of the Seven Saints of the Jade Emperor of Utmost Purity* (CT 1379 *Shangqing yudi qisheng xuanji huitian jiuxiao jing* 上清玉帝七聖玄紀迴天九霄經) details these lists and relevant information about them.¹⁸⁷ In a section called “The Lodged Lot of Those who Encounter Scripture” (*Yujing sufeng pin* 遇經宿分品), the *Secret Essentials* quotes the *Mystical Records* extensively (though in a different form than we find it today). What follows in the

¹⁸⁶ These are just a few of the *Secret Essentials*’ citations or mentions; see Appendix E.

¹⁸⁷ For more on this work, see Appendix E.

“Lodged Lot” is a long series of citations from other scriptures about the same material. Among these is a quote from the *Rectifying Methods* that links its own amulets to the heavenly lists in the *Mystical Records*. While the latter work concerns itself with practices that help the adept inscribe his or her name in these records, the quote from the *Rectifying Methods* holds that receipt of a given amulet acts as proof that the recipient’s name is already inscribed in the associated celestial record. These proofs are enumerated in a list of entries that are identical in format: “All whose names are inscribed in [record X] will attain sight of [amulet Y]” 凡名參……者得見…… The *Secret Essentials* thus reassures the adept that – should they possess the relevant amulet – their names are already inscribed on the celestial lists. They are safe from disaster.

This quotation from the *Mystical Records* is important because it provides a tight link between the *Secret Essentials*’ version of the *Rectifying Methods* and the Shangqing corpus as a whole. Although the received *Records* has been pieced apart and edited, portions of it – including the section on celestial lists – are verifiably ancient. These lists provide a solid link to another early Shangqing work. This is *The Annals of Lord Lao of the Latter Age* (CT 442 後生道君列記) The *Annals* is a member of the original Shangqing corpus that is devoted to the Lord of the Golden Porte. It opens with his biography and describes his efforts to save humankind as well as the heavens to which certain elect will ascend, should their names be inscribed on the appropriate celestial records.¹⁸⁸

188 See TC, s.v. “Shangqing yudi qisheng xuanji huitian jiuxiao jing,” and R 2:225-228. For more on these works, see Appendix E and the notes.

Conclusion: Afterlives

The previous chapters summarized the probable form and content of Yang Xi's version of the *Rectifying Methods*. Our two chief sources for the material were the sixth-century compendium called the *Secret Essentials of the Most High* and the seventh-century hortatory encyclopedia called the *Pearl Satchel of the Three Caverns*. Both projects were conducted by editors with their own agendas who were responding to their own conditions, and these exigencies left their mark on the *Rectifying Methods*. They dictated what material from earlier versions was selected for inclusion, what was omitted, and – in one particular case – what was invented. While the versions of the *Rectifying Methods* preserved in the two works were demonstrably reshaped to fit the needs of their times, they still provide clues to the content of the version revealed to Yang Xi. This was probably a work that was consistent in tenor with the rest of his revelations. It would have combined apocalyptic prophecy with methods to escape the end times that relied on the chanting of hymns, the wearing of amulets, and exercises to inscribe the adept's name on celestial lists. Later authors' revisions of Yang Xi's material led to versions of the work that had fundamentally different ideas about the end of the world. It is to these ideas that we now turn.

Versions and voices

This dissertation began in part by introducing the concept of literary “voices.” These are different, relatively unified perspectives that can be discerned within a single work. My example was the “Priestly” and “Lay” voices usually discerned in the Pentateuch. The first was concerned with the principles of creation and featured an abstract, distant God;

the second accounted for some of the fundamental problems of daily human life, with a God who walks in the garden in the cool of the day. The *Rectifying Methods* displays a similar duality. This is only true if one sees it as a “work” in McGann’s sense – an abstract entity that supervenes its constituent versions. Taking this view, one can discern two different voices. One continued the eschatological bent of its immediate predecessor, while the other – which quickly became dominant – featured a world in no danger of an imminent end. The first voice I will call “apocalyptic;” the second, “continuous.”

The final days

The Shangqing corpus is characterized most of all by its eschatological vision. This might seem counterintuitive, given that so few expositions of the end times survive. (The *Rectifying Methods*, as it exists in the *Pearl Satchel* and the *Secret Essentials*, is actually one of the longest.) But the intense concern held by Yang Xi and his associates with the eschaton is reflected more than anything else in the detailed methods to escape it preserved in the works revealed to him. The exact date of the end as it features in those revelations is uncertain; the *Purple Texts* provides only a loose sketch of the events surrounding them, featuring a failing political order and a weak king supported by warlords. The version of the *Rectifying Methods* preserved in the *Pearl Satchel* is remarkable for its elucidation of this sketch. The focus turns to the “descendant of the Dragon-seed” who restores the realm. However, the peaceful world he presides over is short-lived; soon enough, all is destroyed as it reverts to the state of primal unity that precedes the beginning of a new kalpa. The end as depicted in the *Purple Texts* receives new urgency as the signs that surround it, originally nebulous, become much clearer: the

king is clearly identifiable, as are stellar and terrestrial omens that would have been visible to the naked eye. Anyone could see that the end was nigh.

The world continues

Around the same time, strikingly similar language was being used by the Lingbao prelate Lu Xiuqing to emphasize the world's continuity. Whether he was modifying the *Pearl Satchel's* version or referring to one of his own, Lu used some version of the *Rectifying Methods* to make the case to the Liu-Song kings that the Lingbao canon was an auspicious sign that both augured and legitimated their rise. The Lius would pacify a disordered realm and inaugurate a peaceful age. In the *Purple Texts*, as in the *Pearl Satchel's* version of the *Rectifying Methods*, political disorder (whether pacified or not) was only a prelude to the end of the kalpa and the concomitant reversion of all into nothing. Lu's version omits this part of the story – one that was probably integral to the Shangqing version – and instead presents the disorders as a backdrop for the Liu family's rise to power.

The longest addition to the *Rectifying Methods* arose in a very similar context. 150 years after Lu Xiuqing presented his version to the throne of Liu Yu, the editors of the *Secret Essentials of the Most High* found themselves working for the benefit of a different king with equally grand ambitions. Fresh from the conquest of the north, Emperor Zhou of Wu signaled his intention to unify all of China with the creation of a comprehensive mirror of the universe in the realm of writing. Untroubled by Daoism's apparent contradictions, Emperor Wu found in the religion a vehicle for his own ideological legitimation. At imperial command, his team of editors compiled a work that reflected in

the rhetorical realm the unity the emperor sought to bring to the material world. The result was none other than the *Secret Essentials*. Its compilers were also sensitive to recent challenges by Buddhists and their sympathizers at court, and their extensive interpolations to the *Rectifying Methods* reflected these dual goals. Elaborate methods of marking cosmic time served both to illustrate their patron's mastery over the cosmos and reply to Buddhist charges of incoherence. While the continuous voice thus proved popular at the imperial level across the centuries, Daoist authors with no apparent concern for imperial politics also found it useful during the same period.

Further uses of the “Rectifying Methods”

It was this continuous voice that dominated further use of our work. Authors felt free to extract specific techniques to suit their own needs, while leaving the apocalyptic content – one of the most significant components of the Shangqing revelations as a whole – behind. One of the earliest examples of this is the *Precious Writs*.¹⁸⁹ This is a collection of Shangqing and Lingbao amulets probably dating from the Northern and Southern Dynasties period that includes several entries found in the *Secret Essentials* version of the *Rectifying Methods*, all unattributed. Some of the Shangqing amulets featured here belong to the original revelations, while others are later. In contrast to the sometimes-complicated transmission histories found in the *Secret Essentials* (see the section of Appendix C on j. 30-32) every amulet here is subsumed under the heading “Transmitted by the Queen Mother of the West” 西城金母王夫人受. This is an important difference.

¹⁸⁹ The full title is *Precious Writs and True Formulas on [Prescribed] Lengths of Silk, Determining the Rank of Those who Seek Immortality* (CT 128 *Taishang qiuxian dinglu chisu zhenjue yuwen* 太上求仙定錄尺素真訣玉文).

The Shangqing deities associated with transmitting methods to mortals are the Lord of the Golden Porte and the Azure Lad. They both appear in the transmission history of the *Secret Essentials*, and both typically transmit their methods to a select few mortals just before the apocalypse. The Queen Mother of the West, by contrast, has no historical apocalyptic association. The notable absence of deities associated with the apocalypse is the first hint that the author of the *Precious Writs* was less preoccupied with the end times than the author of the Shangqing version of the *Rectifying Methods*. Further evidence follows immediately. The *Precious Writs* opens with a template for an ordination ritual that accompanies the transmission of the text. The template begins in the typical format: “On the first day of such-and-such month of such-and-such year...” 某年月朔日甲子 before noting that the adept must have already been ordained at lower level in order to receive the *Precious Writs*. The generic template and concern with ordination hierarchy presuppose a transmission ceremony to be repeated many times under many circumstances, as well as a set of ordination practices that are widely-established. Both of these premises are out of place in a world that is about to end.¹⁹⁰

The *Rectifying Methods* are put to similar use in a contemporaneous text, the *Forty-four Prescriptions on Yellow Silk*.¹⁹¹ This quotes a chant given in the Shangqing version, the purpose of which is to repel demons. The *Forty-four Prescriptions* seeks to

¹⁹⁰ I take the opposition between apocalyptic orientation and an emphasis on organization from New Testament criticism of the letters of Paul. Many scholars dispute the authenticity of the so-called “Pastoral Epistles” – 1 and 2 Timothy and Titus – based on their concern with church hierarchy; concern for the long-term longevity of the church as an organized body clashes with the emphasis on the imminent end of the world established in the genuine Pauline letters. For an introduction to this view, see Bart D. Ehrman, *The New Testament: A Historical Introduction* 2nd ed. (New York: Oxford University Press, 2000): 357-362. On CT 128, see TC, s.v. “Taishang qiuxian dinglu chisu zhenjue yuwen,” R 2: 427. The summarized passages are on CT 128 1a.

¹⁹¹ The work number is CT 1380. The full title is *Shangqing taishang huangsu sishisi fang jing* 上清太上黄素四十四方經. See R 2: 229-232.

integrate into the original Shangqing revelations a few methods that postdate it slightly. It presents itself as “statutes on yellow silk” 黄素之科, and contains extensive rules for its own transmission as well as the transmission of other works. This emphasis on transmission is not unusual for members of the original Shangqing corpus; many contain such rules, as well as penalties for breaking them. What is unusual is the degree of ritualization. Transmission requires the involvement of several officiants who are listed by title, and it is these titles that betray the late date of the text. They only arose after both the Shangqing and Lingbao revelations, and mark the beginning of a shift towards an ecclesiastical hierarchy that would reach its fullest form centuries later. For the same reason as the *Precious Writs*, the *Forty-four Prescriptions* endorses a worldview that relies on the continuation of the cosmos in much the same form as it already existed.

Both the apocalyptic and continuous voices of the *Rectifying Methods* testify to the generative potential early medieval editors found in the work. It attracted the interest of different audiences, who modified it with different goals in mind. One question that immediately suggests itself is: what made the *Rectifying Methods* so special to so many different people in so many different contexts? Is there some unique spark within the work itself, hidden like a lamp under a bushel? Or was it simply random chance that caused it to catch the eye of so many across the centuries? Finding a way out of this dilemma is beyond the scope of the present work. For now, I want only to note that none of the changes in the work across the early medieval period were wholesale innovations. The earliest version contained within it all the elements that later editors would find so appealing. The cosmological speculation added by the editors of the *Secret Essentials*

found precedent in the story of origin and destruction that probably formed part of the work first revealed to Yang Xi. The amulets excerpted by the editors of the *Precious Writs* and the incantation quoted by the author of the *Forty-four* also probably sprung from that same common source. This might suggest to some that the *Rectifying Methods*' generative potential is intrinsic to the work itself – that it contained some unique essence that possessed transhistorical appeal. This assumption falls flat, however, when one notes that every use to which the *Rectifying Methods* was put depended on a particular historical situation. Certain people with certain interests somehow came into contact with a version or versions of the same work and adapted it to their own purposes. The version(s) of the *Rectifying Methods* they produced were therefore a co-production of the existing resources provided by the work itself and the interests of the editors who appealed to it.

The “Rectifying Methods” as material object

The focus of the *Rectifying Methods*' editors quickly shifted away from the next world to this one. At the same time, their editorial practices varied. Some authors were content to preserve the essential integrity of the text, merely inserting or deleting portions as necessary. Others took a more radical approach. In their eyes, it was not necessary to keep the *Rectifying Methods* whole in order for the work to be of use. Both of these tendencies are already on display during the Northern and Southern Dynasties with the *Precious Writs* and the *Forty-Four Prescriptions*, which extract amulets and/or incantations from the *Rectifying Methods* and place them in separate collections to be transmitted during ordination rituals. Compared to the earlier versions of the *Rectifying*

Methods, these works show an attenuated concern with the end of the world. The *Precious Writs*, for instance, lacks any apocalyptic deities, and contains a template for an ordination ritual that presupposes different grades of ordination. This suggests a developed ritual structure that requires continuity over time – a concern far removed from the editors behind the *Rectifying Methods* transcribed by Yang Xi. The continuous voice in the *Rectifying Methods* only became more pronounced as time moved on.

Continuing a trend that began with the *Precious Writs* and the *Forty-four Prescriptions*, the *Rectifying Methods* or the amulets it contains began to be transmitted during ordination rituals. One example of this is the *Protocol of the Ritual Pledges*, a mid-Tang work that enumerates the physical goods to be offered as pledges of sincerity upon attaining a higher rank in the organizational framework of Tang Daoism.¹⁹² Other works invoke the *Rectifying Methods* or its talismans for healing or personal protection.¹⁹³ One factor that unites these disparate catalogues is that they presuppose not the end of the world but its continuation. The amulets originally found in the *Rectifying Methods* no longer feature in the esoteric knowledge of a small group; rather, they exist in a communal context. Paradoxically, they sometimes confer powers, like ascent to the heavens, that are typically meant to rescue the adept from the end of the world. But the settings in which the amulets were used and transmitted suggest that these powers were not expected to be exercised on the spot. (This is in contrast to other powers, like healing or the summoning of spirit guards, that would have been of more immediate import.)

192 The full title is CT 1244 *Shoulu cidi faxin yi* 受籙次第法信義. See TC 461-462.

193 See CT 1347 *Dongzhen taishang shangqing neijing* 洞真太上上清內經 and CT 463 *Yaoxiu keyi jielü chao* 要修科儀戒律鈔.

While the editors of these later texts see no need to strip the amulets of salvific powers connected to the end of days, their immediate concerns lie elsewhere.

Another unifying factor in each of these applications – ritual, apotropaic, or healing – is the role played by the *Rectifying Methods*. In each case what matters is not only its text – the meaning it contains – but its physical presence as an object. The legitimate possession of the *Rectifying Methods* or its amulets is what certifies a Daoist's admission to a higher grade in the ritual hierarchy. Legitimate possession, not semantic content, is what ensures its proper function as a demon-queller or curative – that is, as a controller of spirits. Scholarly students of the *Rectifying Methods* must therefore leave behind the Müllerian vision of religious texts (what I have called “works”) as containers of meaning that provide access to a religion's core beliefs. That is simply not how the *Rectifying Methods* functions.

Different works, different needs, different times

If the compilers of the Ming Daoist canon had been successful in their attempt to fix the *Rectifying Methods*, one would expect references to other versions to drop off as the received version became hegemonic. But this is not the case: a variant remained popular centuries afterwards. The *Book of Ancient Subtleties* (*Guweishu* 古微書) was compiled by Sun Jue 孫穀 (fl. 1607-1608) in an attempt to reconstruct lost apocryphal texts based on existing quotations. When the study of apocryphal texts exploded during the Qing, the *Book of Ancient Subtleties* became the foundational text of the new field. Sun quotes the *Rectifying Methods* extensively in sections on cosmology, and the material cited is none other than the elaborate methods of marking cosmic time inserted by the editors of

WSBY 6 – and excluded, for whatever reason, from the received version.¹⁹⁴ Sun never indicates he doubts the legitimacy of the version he has at hand; indeed, he never mentions the canonical version in his sections on cosmology. Why Sun chose to cite the *Rectifying Methods* here is less important than the fact that he chose to cite a non-canonical version.¹⁹⁵ This shows that while one version may have received official sanction, at least one influential author felt free to ignore it. Canonizers are not always successful.

The introduction situated the *Rectifying Methods* alongside other works that found different shapes under the hands of different editors. Like the *Rectifying Methods*, distinct versions of the *Secret Revelation to John* and the story of Ghazi Miyan were produced to suit the purposes of different editors. Contingent circumstances spurred these authors to find cultural resources in each work that appealed to their individual purposes. If this is the manner in which works are reproduced and altered, to designate any version “final” can only be a motivated move. In the case of a canon (officially-sponsored or otherwise), the motivations of the participants are more or less clear. Clear, too, are the scholarly motives that underlie the compilation of a critical edition. One major difference

194 See *Guweishu* 33.9a-10a, 35.57a-58a. Chen is commenting on a story of the decline of civilization after Yu tamed the flood, apparently taken from TPYL 2.7a, 36.5a. The citation from the *Rectifying Methods* he inserts here is not included in the source material, so I assume it is his own addition. On the *Guweishu*, see Yang Quan 杨权, “Chenwei yanjiu shulüe” [A summary of research on the Weft Texts], *Zhongguo shi yanjiu dongtai* 6 (2000): 12-13. Sun attained his *jinshi* 進士 degree – the highest degree granted by the imperial examination system – in the 35th year of the Wanli Emperor’s 萬曆 reign, corresponding to the period between January 28th, 1607 and February 15th, 1608 in the Western calendar. I assume 穀 is a misprint for 穀 for a few reasons. First, the *Book of Ancient Subtleties* is elsewhere attributed to a 孫穀. See *An Examination of the Charts of the Book of Changes* 易緯稽覽圖 3b. In addition, the entry for Sun Yue is preceded by the one for his father, Sun Yuhou 孫羽侯 (*jinshi* 1589/90). On the dates for Chen and his father, see the *Huarong xianzhi* [Annals of Huarong County] 1882/1883, repr. Huarong jiaoyuju, 1930/31: 178-179.

195 It is of course possible that Sun lacked access to the canonical version, but I assume an elite literatus moving in imperial circles would have had both access to and familiarity with the canon.

between the two is that the latter makes explicit the principles of its own construction, leaving open the possibility of different configurations – the addition, deletion, or reinterpretation of material. The former seeks to hide the circumstances that gave rise to itself, presenting the resulting configuration of material as the only natural one. In a related rhetorical move, canonizers seek to set a seal on the creative process that leads to new versions. By adopting the view point of the canonizer, scholars of the *Rectifying Methods* adopt these two goals as their own and shut a window upon the lives of people who used and altered the work they study.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

This bibliography lists the works consulted during the writing of this dissertation. In addition, it aims to introduce the reader to some of the important works in Daoist and Chinese studies in English, Chinese, Japanese, and French. My Japanese being limited, the inclusion of a Japanese work should by no means indicate I have read it in exhaustive detail.

PRIMARY SOURCES

For works in the Taishō canon I have consulted the online edition published by the Chinese Buddhist Electronic Text Association (*Zhonghua dianzi Fodian xiehui* 中華電子佛典協會) and available at CBETA.org. Works in the *Siku Quanshu* 四庫全書 are cited in the same way as HFL (see below), and follow the editions available at ctext.org and <https://www.kanripo.org>. Works in the Daoist Canon are cited according to their number in Volume 3 of TC. For passages marked ZDHz, I have consulted:

Zhang Jiyu 張繼禹 comp. *Zhonghua daozaog* 中華道藏. 49 vols. Beijing: Huaxia chubanshe 夏出版社, 2004).

When this abbreviation is absent, or when I have included the abbreviation HFL, I have followed the Hanfenlou edition of 1923-26. Works therefrom are cited by *juan* 卷 (“scroll”) and page number, followed by “a” for recto, and “b” for verso – e.g. “46.7b” indicates the recto side of page seven of *juan* 46.

WORKS IN THE DAOIST CANON

CT 1 靈寶無量度人上品妙經 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing*

CT 5 太上無極總真文昌大洞仙經 *Taishang wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing*

CT 6 上清大洞真經 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing*

CT 7 大洞玉經 *Dadong yujing*

CT 22 元始五老赤書玉篇真文天書經 *Yuanshi Wulao hishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing*

- CT 55 高上太霄琅書瓊文帝章經 *Gaoshang taishang taixiao langshu qiongwen dizhang jing*
- CT 56 太上玉珮金璫太極金書上經 *Taishang yupei jindang taiji jinshu shangjing*
- CT 64 九天應元雷聲普化天尊玉樞寶經集註 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baijing jizhu*
- CT 87 元始無量度人上品妙經四注 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing sizhu*
- CT 89 元始無量度人上品妙經通義 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing tongyi*
- CT 91 元始無量度人上品妙經註解 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing zhujie*
- CT 103 太上無極總真文昌大洞仙經註 *Taishang wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing zhu*
- CT 128 太上求仙定錄尺素真訣玉文 *Taishang qiuxian dinglu chisu zhenjue yuwen*
- CT 133 太上洞房內經注 *Taishang dongfang neijing zhu*
- CT 166 元始上真衆仙記 *Yuanshi shangzhen zhongxian ji*
- CT 167 洞玄靈寶真靈位業圖 *Dongxuan lingbao zhenling weiye tu*
- CT 184 太真玉帝四極明科經 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing*
- CT 292 漢武帝內傳 *Han Wudi neizhuan*
- CT 294 列仙傳 *Liexian zhuan*
- CT 303 紫陽真人內傳 *Ziyang zhenren neizhuan*
- CT 318 自然九天生神章經 *Ziran jiutian shengshen zhangjing*
- CT 320 洞玄靈寶丹水飛術運度小劫妙經 *Dongxuan lingbao danshui feishu xiaojie miaojing*
- CT 322 太上靈寶天地運度自然妙經 *Taishang lingbao tiandi yundu ziran miaojing*
- CT 352 太上洞玄靈寶赤書玉訣妙經 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue*
- CT 354 上清三元玉檢三元布經 *Shangqing sanyuan yujian sanyuan bujing*

- CT 361 太上洞玄靈寶八威召龍妙經 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao bawei zhaolong maojing*
- CT 369 太上洞玄靈寶滅度五鍊生尸妙經 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao miedu wulian shengshi miaojing*
- CT 375 太上洞玄靈寶天尊說濟苦經 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo jiku jing*
- CT 388 太上靈寶五符序 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu*
- CT 405 上清紫精君黃初紫靈道君洞房上經 *Shangqing zijing jun huangchu ziling daojun dongfang shangjing.*
- CT 421 登真隱訣 *Dengzhen yinjue*
- CT 426 洞真太上八素真經 *Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing*
- CT 427 上清修行經訣 *Shangqing xiuxing jingjue*
- CT 442 上清後生道君列記 *Shangqing housheng daojun lieji*
- CT 446 上清衆經諸真聖祕 *Shangqing zhongjing zhuzhenshengbi*
- CT 456 太上洞玄靈寶三元品戒功德輕重經 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyuan pinjie gongde qingzhong jing*
- CT 463 要修科儀戒律鈔 *Yaoxiu keyi jielü chao*
- CT 489 金錄解壇儀 *Jinlu jietan yi*
- CT 507 太上黃籙齋儀 *Taishang huanglu zhaiyi*
- CT 547 靈寶玉鑑 *Lingbao yujian*
- CT 605 四明洞天丹山圖詠集 *Siming dongtian danshan tu yong ji*
- CT 615 赤松子章歷 *Chisongzi zhangli*
- CT 616 廣成集 *Guangcheng ji*
- CT 736 南華真經章句音義 *Nanhua zhenjing zhangju yinyi*

- CT 742 南華真經註疏 *Nanhua zhenjing zhushu*
- CT 783 墉城集仙錄 *Yongcheng jixian lu*
- CT 789 正一法文天師教戒科經 *Zhengyi fawen tianshi jiaojie ke jing*.
- CT 790 女青鬼律 *Nüqing guilu*
- CT 880 太清金液神丹經 *Taiqing jinye shendan jing*
- CT 1016 真誥 *Zhen'gao*
- CT 1032 雲笈七籤 *Yunji qiqian*
- CT 1114 太上洞玄靈寶本行宿緣經 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao benxing suyuan jing*
- CT 1125 洞玄靈寶三洞奉道科戒營始 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi*
- CT 1127 陸先生道門科略 *Lu Xiansheng Daomen ke lue*
- CT 1128 道門經法相承次序 *Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu*
- CT 1138 無上祕要 *Wushang biyao*
- CT 1139 三洞珠囊 *Sandong zhunang*
- CT 1168 太上老君中經 *Taishang Laojun zhongjing*
- CT 1205 太上三天正法經 *Taishang santian zhengfa jing*
- CT 1205 三天內解經 *Santian neijie jing*
- CT 1219 高上神霄玉清真王紫書大法 *Gaoshang shenxiao yuqing zhenwang zishu dafa*
- CT 1220 道法會元 *Daofa huiyuan*
- CT 1125 洞玄靈寶三洞奉道科戒營始 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi*
- CT 1244 受錄次第法信義 *Shoulu cidi faxin yi*
- CT 1269 上清修身要事經 *Shangqing xiushen yaoshi jing*

- CT 1313 洞真高上玉帝大洞雌一玉檢吾老寶經 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing*
- CT 1315 洞真上清青要紫書金根衆經 *Dongzhen Shangqing qingyao zishu jingen zhongjing*
- CT 1314 洞真太上素靈洞元大有妙經 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing*
- CT 1317 洞真上清開天三圖七星移度經 *Dongzhen shangqing kaitian santiantu qixing yidu jing*
- CT 1323 八素真經服食日月皇華訣 *Basu zhenjing fushi riyue huanghua jue*
- CT 1324 洞真太上八素真經登壇符札妙訣 *Dongzhen taishan basu zhenjing dengtan fuzha miaojue*
- CT 1328 洞真太上八道命籍經 *Dongzhen taishang badao mingji jing*
- CT 1329 太上九赤班符五帝內真經 *Taishang jiuchi banfu wudi neizhen jing*
- CT 1330 洞真太一帝君太丹隱書洞真玄經 *Dongzhen taiyi dijun taidan yinshu dongzhen xuanjing*
- CT 1331 洞真上清神州七轉七變舞天經 *Dongzhen Shangqing shenzhou qizhuan qibian wutian jing*
- CT 1332 洞真太上紫度炎光神玄變經 *Dongzhen taishang zidu yanguang shenxuan*
- CT 1334 洞真太上神虎隱文 *Dongzhen taishang shenhu yinwen*
- CT 1336 洞真太上金篇虎符真文經 *Dongzhen taishang jinpian hufu zhenwen jing*
- CT 1338 上清高上金元羽章玉清隱書經 *Shangqing gaoshang jinyuan yuzhang Yuqing yinshu jing*
- CT 1339 洞真八景玉籙晨圖隱符 *Dongzhen bajing yulu chentu yinfu*
- CT 1344 洞真太上說智慧消魔真經 *Dongzhen taishang shuo zhihui xiaomo zhenjing*
- CT 1345 洞真太上道君元[= 玄]丹經 *Dongzhen taishang daojun yuandan shangjing*
- CT 1347 洞真太上上清內經 *Dongzhen taishang shangqing neijing*

- CT 1352 洞真太上太霄琅書 *Dongzhen taishang taixiao langshu*
- CT 1355 上清高上滅魔洞景金元玉清隱書經 *Shangqing gaoshang miemo dongjing jinyuan yuqing yinshu jing*
- CT 1358 上清高上金元羽章玉清隱書經 *Shangqing gaoshang jinyuan yuzhang yuqing yinshu jing*
- CT 1360 上清九天上帝祝百神內名經 *Shangqing jiutian shangdi zhu baishen neiming jing*
- CT 1364 上清洞真智慧觀身大戒文 *Shangqing dongzhen zhihui guanshen dajie wen*
- CT 1368 上清迴神飛霄登空招五星上法經 *Shangqing huishen feixiao dengkong zhao wuxing shangfa jing*
- CT 1372 上清高上玉晨鳳臺曲素上經 *Shangqing gaoshang yuchen fengtai qusu shangjing*
- CT 1373 上清外國放品青童內文 *Shangqing waiguo fangpin qingtong neiwen.*
- CT 1376 上清太上帝君九真中經 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing*
- CT 1377 上清太上九真中經絳生神丹訣 *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue*
- CT 1378 上清金真玉光八景飛經 *Shangqing jinzhen yuguang bajing feijing*
- CT 1379 上清玉帝七聖玄紀迴天九霄經 *Shangqing Yudi qisheng xuanji huitian jiuxiao fa*
- CT 1380 上清太上黃素四十四方經 *Shangqing taishang huangshu sishisi fang jing*
- CT 1382 上清九丹上化胎精中記經 *Shangqing jiudan shanghua taiqing zhongji jing*
- CT 1389 上清高聖太上大道君洞真金元八景 *Shangqing gaosheng Taishang Dadao jun dongzhen jinyuan bajing*
- CT 1393 上清元始變化寶真上經九靈太妙龜山玄籙 *Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing jiuling taimiao guishan xuanlu*
- CT 1395 上清大洞九微八道大經妙籙 *Shangqing dadong jiuwei badao dajing miaolu*

CT 1411 洞玄靈寶長夜之府九幽玉匱明真科 *Dongxuan lingbao changye zhi fu jiuyou yukui mingzhen ke*

WORKS IN THE BUDDHIST CANON

T 50 虛高僧傳 *Xu gaoseng zhuan*

T 603 陰持入經 *Yinchi ru jing*

T 2110 辯正論 *Bianzheng lun*

T 2013 廣弘明集 *Guang hongming ji*

WORKS IN THE SIKU QUANSHU

古微書 *Guweishu*

禮記集說 *Liji jishuo*

呂氏春秋 *Lüshi qunqiu*

史記正義 *Shiji zhengyi*

太平御覽 *Taiping yulan*

易緯稽覽圖 *Yiwei jilan tu*

揚子雲集 *Yangzi yunji*

文選 *Wen xuan*

周禮注疏 *Zhouli zhushu*

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APPENDIX A

MENTIONS OF THE WORK OR ASSOCIATED CONCEPTS

Differences in cosmology and amulets throughout the canon reveal something of the textual company kept by the *Rectifying Methods* and its various versions, as well as their continued relevance over the centuries. There is more to be learned, however: citations, transmission requirements, and titles that diverge from the received text indicate that variant editions preserved in encyclopedias were cited and consulted well into the Qing 清 (1636-1912). I have attempted to collect mentions of the *Rectifying Methods* or some of its chief themes below.

CT 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 上清太上八素真經 (Eastern Jin, 317-420)

The “True Scripture of the Eight Purities” was one of the original Shangqing revelations. The earliest version of this work was broken and scattered throughout the Canon. (See R 2: 51-57 for details.) CT 426 is one of the longest portions, and 4b-5a begins with a hierarchial ranking of Shangqing texts into Ways (*dao* 道) of the Upper (*shang* 上) Middle (*zhong* 中), and Lower (*xia* 下) Perfected. The *Zhengfa jing* is among the Middle Ways; other texts of the Middle Way include two we have encountered previously: the *Sanyuan sanbu jing* and the *Sanhuang neiwen*. The end of this section lists the benefits that accrue to those who practice techniques of the Middle Way”

右中真之道，總而行之，則爲上清中道真人，給玉童玉女各一千人，位爲上清左右卿相之師。行則紫毛之節，從萬神千真，前吹鳳鳴，後奏天鈞，玄龍啓道，五帝驂軒，飛行太空，遨戲丹霄。

The above are Ways of the Middle Transcendents. All those who practice them will become Transcendents of Upper Clarity of the Middle Way, and be given one thousand Jade Lads and Jade Maidens [as guards], and be appointed masters of the grand ministers of Upper Clarity. If they practice them, they will [be given?] a staff [adorned] with purple hair (?). They will be served by ten thousand spirits and a thousand transcendents; before them phoenixes will blow and cry; behind them will play celestial music. Black dragons will open the ways before them; the Five

Emperors will drive their chariot, and [they will] fly to the grand void, sauntering and taking their ease in the red empyrean.

Precious Writs

The phrase “Santian zhengfa” appears twice in the *Chisu zhenjue*: at 20a and 23a-b. 20a includes it in a list of amulets that all appear in the *Jiuwei badao* and/or the *Zhengfa jing*; 23a-b places it at the end of a list of deities inscribed on an amulet to be worn during a breathing exercise.

CT 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* 靈寶無量度人上品妙經

“Wondrous Superior Book of Immeasurable Salvation from the [Canon of] the Marvelous Jewel.” The central scripture of the Lingbao corpus, the original *Duren jing* is indisputably among its original works. It is probably this unquestionable antiquity and importance that inspired later additions and revisions. While the first *juan* dates from before the fifth century, the following sixty were added after 1112. *Juan* 54.8b mentions “spirits of the Correct Law of the Three Heavens” (*Santian zhi shen* 三天之神).

The next four works contain the same information about the *Zhengfa jing*. I will introduce each text and conclude with the information itself.

CT 1345 *Dongzhen taishang daojun yuandan shangjing* 洞真太上道君元丹上經

“Superior Scripture of the Mysterious Cinnabar.” TC provides no date for this text. The editors of the *Zhonghua daoze* date it to the Eastern Jin, and while their dating can be

suspect this particular extract gives no reason to doubt it. The relevant portion of the text is 24b-25b, which is equivalent to a portion of CT 1314 (discussed below) called the “Sworn Codes of the Nine Perfected” (*Jiuzhen mingke* 九真明科).

CT 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* 洞真太上素靈洞元大有妙經
“The Wondrous Scripture that Penetrates Mystery of the [Room of] Unadorned Spirituality [in the Palace of] Vast Possession, of the Dongzhen Canon.” CT 1314 is a pastiche of different Shangqing texts and is probably not later than the early fifth century. The relevant passage (51b-52a) forms a portion of the *Jiuzhen mingke*.

CT 1409 *Taishang jiuzhen mingke* 太上九真明科

“Sworn Code of the Nine Perfected.” This text is included in its entirety at the end of CT 1314. WSBY cites it under that title, which implies that the present CT 1409 may have originally formed part of the received CT 1314 but was detached from it at a later date. The text often refers to itself as the “Upper Chapters of the Mystic Capital” (*Xuandu shangpin* 玄都上品), an abbreviation for “Upper Chapters of the Sworn Code of the Nine Perfected of the Mystic Capital (*Xuandu jiuzhen mingke shangpin* 玄都九真明科上品). Chapter Five (beginning on 5b of the received text) groups together several works in a single celestial palace and gives the schedule of their transmission as well as the rites required to do so, while the next chapter (6a-b) records their material transmission requirements.

玄都上品第五篇曰：傳《消魔智慧》《玉清隱書》《寶洞飛霄絕玄金章》《紫鳳赤書八景晨圖》《金真玉光》《靈書紫文》《金璫玉佩》《金根上經》《三

天正法》皆太上大道君，元始天王，金闕帝君之寶章，祕在玉清之宮，金房紫戶之內。衛靈文玉童玉女各三千人。元始之初，皆千劫一傳。自三天立正之後，七百年內聽得三傳。百年中有其人，聽一傳。給玉童玉女依四極明科。授者對齋九十日或三十日或九日而傳，不依科而傳，罪延七玄之祖，長充鬼役，無有解脫。己身被風刀之考，死充下鬼，萬不得仙。

The fifth section of the *Upper Chapters of the Mystic Capital* says: “The “Hidden Book of Demon-Destroying Wisdom,” “The Hidden of the Palace of Jade Clarity,” the “Golden Stanzas of the Precious Cavern Flying Empyrean Ultimate Mystery,” the “Red Book of the Purple Phoenix and Dawn-Chart of the Eight Phosphors,” the “Numinous Text in Purple Characters of Golden Perfection and Jade Light,” the “Scripture of the Golden Pendant and Jade Belt-Pendant,” the “Upper Scripture of the Golden Root,” the “Correct Method of the Three Heavens” – all are treasured by the Most High Lord of the Dao, the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement, and the Lord of the Golden Porte. They are hidden away in the Purple House of the Golden Chamber of the Palace of Jade Clarity. Guarding the numinous text are jade lads and jade maidens, each numbering three thousand. Since the very beginning, they have been transmitted once every ten thousand kalpas. Since the Three Heavens rectified [the cosmos], in seven hundred years they have been transmitted three times. If there is an appropriate person, then in one hundred years they can be transmitted once. [Their recipient] will receive jade lads and jade maidens [as guardians], as prescribed by the *Siji mingke*. Those who transmit [授=受] them must engage in a purificatory fast for ninety days or thirty days or nine days, then transmit it. If one transmits it but does not abide by the statutes, the guilt will extend to one’s ancestors in the seven darknesses; they will for long be charged with labor as ghosts, with none to save them. One’s own body will undergo the trial of wind and swords, and in death one will become a lower ghost, absolutely not attaining transcendence.

玄都上品第六篇曰：五傳……三天正法清繒三十尺青布四十三尺金環五雙以爲密誓上金十兩通神之信。

The sixth section of the *Upper Chapters of the Mystic Capital* says: Transmitting... the *Santian zhengfa* [requires] thirty chi of azure-black silk, forty-three chi of azure-black cloth, and five pairs of golden hoops as an Oath of Secrecy. It requires ten *liang* of gold as an Oath for Penetrating to the Spirits.¹⁹⁶

In addition to the *Zhengfa jing*, all but one of the texts in this list bear titles similar to texts that either form part of the original SQ revelations or that were integrated therein slightly afterwards. See R 2: 179-186 (#1); 237-246 (#2, #4); 45-49 (#5); 101-110 (#6); 213-218 (#7); 119-125 (#8).

196 Cf. the required offering given in the text itself at ZHDZ 262c.12-263a, which says “Thirty chi of red-and-indigo silk is the offering for possession. Thirty chi of indigo cloth is the [offering] of the oath of secrecy. Five pairs of golden hoops is the [offering] of the Grand Oath to Heaven.”

CT 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* 太上四極明科經

“Sworn Code of the Four Poles.” The relationship between this work and the *Zhengfa jing* is complex. Contrary to Robinet in TC, s.v. *Taishang siji mingke jing*, the citations of the *Siji mingke* that appear in the *Zhengfa jing* do not correspond exactly to the same passages in CT 184. Comparing *Siji mingke* 5.6b-7a to ZHDZ 262a.1-6 shows this. CT 184 reads:

太玄都四極明科曰：凡受四極明科，三天正法，佩帶真文，恒當沐浴盥洗爲急每，令屐履衣服盛潔不使污穢。真靈遠離，凶邪所乘。有犯此禁，五犯退削陟真之爵，十犯左官所考，死入地獄，萬劫還生不人之道。《玄都中宮女青律文》受者明慎奉行。

The *Siji mingke* says: All those who receive the *Siji mingke* and the *Santian zhengfa*, who wear belted at their waist the True Writs – they must always regard it as significant to bathe and wash their hands and face, and each time [they wear the talismans?] cause shoes and clothing to be exceedingly clean and not to become impure. [Otherwise] the Perfected and numens will stay far away from you, and misfortune and deviances will seize the opportunity. If you offend against these prescriptions five times, your ranking among the Perfected will be revoked. After ten offenses, the Official of the Left will subject you to judicial torture. Upon death, you will enter the earth-prisons. After ten thousand kalpas, you will be reborn in one of the paths of non-humans [according to] the Statutes and Writs of Lady Blue of the Middle Palace of the Mystic Capital. Those who receive this text must be cautious about this and behave reverently [toward the text].

Cf. ZHDZ 262a.1-6:

太上告後聖君曰：凡受三天正法，佩帶真文，恒當沐浴盥洗爲急每，令屐履衣服盛潔，不使污穢。真靈遠離，凶邪所乘，便有毀敗。學者宜明慎之。有犯此禁，太極領仙退削子陟真之爵。

The Most High told the Housheng jun: All those who receive the *Santian zhengfa* and wear the True Writs must always regard it as significant to bathe and wash their hands and face, and each time [they wear the talismans] cause shoes and clothing to be exceedingly clean and not to become impure. [Otherwise] the Perfected and numens will stay far away from you, and misfortune and deviances will seize the opportunity, and there will be ruin. Those who study [the Way] should understand and be diligent about this. If you offend against these prescriptions, the [Perfected of the] Grand Bourne will order the transcendents to revoke your ranking among the Perfected.

The first four precepts given by the *Zhengfa jing* differ in the same way from their equivalent passages in CT 184.¹⁹⁷ The *Zhengfa jing* versions threaten the practitioner with the revocation of a celestial post and cite the *Siji mingke*, while the precepts in that work threaten imprisonment in the hells and an unfortunate rebirth, citing a different text as their authority.¹⁹⁸

Three rhetorical features shared by the precepts in the *Zhengfa jing* suggest the work's editors modified an existing version of CT 184 to suit their purposes. The first hint at a later date for at least part of this process is that each precept in the *Zhengfa jing* opens with the phrase "The Most High told the Lord of the Golden Porte..." As detailed by R 2: 89, this format is never utilized by the undisputed members of the original Shangqing revelations. Indeed, it recalls Lingbao texts, wherein the Celestial Worthy of Primordial Commencement (*Yuanshi tianzun* 元始天尊) plays the role of teacher in the same manner as the Buddha in Buddhist scriptures. Second, the references to the *Statutes and Writs of Lady Blue* found in CT 184 are deleted. The motive for this move is difficult to ascertain from a limited textual sample, but the picture becomes clearer when one takes the third alteration into account. The *Zhengfa jing* warns the disobedient that they will be stripped of their ranking among the Perfected, where CT 184 combines the more

197 The fifth is a general exhortation to behave correctly, linking improper behavior to demonic attack as in the first precept. Given the prevalence of demonic etiology throughout the early medieval period, this precept in and of itself provides no clues as to the *Zhengfa jing*'s textual association. Its most notable feature for our purposes is that it does not appear in the received *Siji mingke*.

198 The *Statutes and Writs* is probably not the famous *Nüqing guilü*, an eschatological and apotropaic work from the fourth century that provides the names of demons as well as methods of averting their malign influence. EoT, s.v. "Nüqing guilü." Cf. TC, s.v. "Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing," "Nüqing guilü," EoT, s.v. "Nüqing guilü." The summaries of the *Nüqing guilü* in these two works paint a very different picture from the quotation of the *Statutes and Writs* given here. Interestingly, the phrase I gloss here as "unfortunate rebirth" (*buren zhi dao* 不人之道) is confined almost entirely to CT 184, with other occurrences (e.g., YJQQ 40.10a-b, SDZN 6.5a) citing the underlying *Statutes and Writs*.

traditional postmortem consignment to the earth-prisons with rebirth among “the paths of nonhumans” (*buren zhi dao* 不人之道). This locution is confined almost entirely to CT 184, with other occurrences (e.g., YJQQ 40.10a-b, SDZN 6.5a) citing the underlying *Statues and Writs*. Despite this isolation, the phrase itself immediately recalls the Buddhist notion of unfortunate rebirth more commonly conveyed by the phrase “Three Paths” (*san tu* 三途) – rebirth in a hell realm, as an animal, or as a hungry ghost.

The punishment threatened by the received *Zhengfa jing* implies a celestial bureaucracy divided into various ranks (*jue* 爵) similar to the degrees of earthly officialdom. The terms used to describe a mortal’s rise and fall in this hierarchy are exactly those used to describe movement through the earthly bureaucracy: we can ascend (*zhi* 陟) to certain ranks, but also be stripped of them (*tui* 退). This constellation of terms relates the *Zhengfa jing* more closely to the Shangqing corpus. One sort of question frequently put to Yang Xi by members of the Xu and Ge families included the postmortem fate of deceased family members, expressed in terms of celestial ranks such as Lord Transcendent of the Left (*zuo xiangong* 左仙公).¹⁹⁹ It also harmonizes the *Siji mingke* more closely with the received *Zhengfa jing*, portions of which promise ascent to transcendence.

Wushang biyao. On the *Wushang*, see chapter five.

While *Zhengfa jing* extracts from the *Wushang* feature extensively above, there is more that text can tell us. ZHDZ 28.102a.13-b.6 connects the *Zhengfa jing* with several other

¹⁹⁹ Bokenkamp, *Ancestors and Anxiety*

texts with which we have already seen it keeping company. A quote from one “Golden Book of the Jade Belt-Pendant and Golden Pendant of the Grand Bourne” (*Yupei jindang taiji jinshu* 玉珮金璫太極金書, a text modified by Yang Xi that predated the Shangqing revelations, lists it along with the *Jingen zhongjing* and three books we haven’t yet seen: the *Purple Book of the Green Essentials* (*Qingyao zishu* 青要紫書), the *Shijing jinguang zangjing luxing shenjing* 石精金光藏景錄形神經, and the *Jinzen yuguang taishang yinshu* 金真玉光太上隱書. The first book forms part of the Shangqing revelations; the second predates them, though it exists only in citations; and the third is an early apocryphon.²⁰⁰

T 2110 *Bianzheng lun* 辨正論

“Disputations on What is Correct.” An early seventh-century apologia by the monk Falin 法琳 (572-640), the *Disputations* testifies to Falin’s extensive knowledge of Daoist literature through its copious citation. Along with various pre-Tang works like the *Waiguo fangpin* and the *Duren jing*, he cites a *Santian zhengfa jing* in 8.547b to prove that earlier Daoist works lacked Vajra-spirits (*jingang zhi shen* 金剛之神), a variety of guardian deity depicted in large statues at the entrance of Buddhist monasteries. Another is the *yakṣa*, and it these spirits with which Falin is concerned here. Yakṣa are typically malevolent spirits, but in this context they have been converted to Buddhism and act as the Buddha’s guards. In this capacity they are known as *miji lishi* 密迹力士 in Chinese. Falin has this to say about the earlier Daoist works he consulted:

200 On the *Yupei jindang*, *Shijing*, and *Jinzen yuguang* see R 2: 213-218, 137-140, 45-49.

具序太玄之都，玉光之州，金真之郡，天寶之縣，元明之鄉，定志之里。金闕，玉京，及清靈宮，極真宮，紫陽宮等，並是道家尊神所坐之處。但有騏驎鳳凰，白雀朱鶚，鷗雞靈鵠，赤鳥青雀等……亦無金剛之神，密迹力士之像。

All [of these texts] are arrayed in the Capital of Grand Mystery, in the Province of Jade Light, in the Prefecture of Golden Perfection, in the County of Heavenly Treasure, in the Village of Primordial Brightness, in the borough of Fixed Intention. The Jade Capital and the Golden Porte, the Palace of Clear Numinosity, the Palace of Ultimate Perfection, the Palace of Purple Yang, etc., are all the abodes of venerated spirits in Daoism. They only have *qilin*, phoenixes, white swallows, crimson ospreys, rocs, numinous swans, red birds, azure phoenixes, etc... but they do not have vajra-spirits or statues of *yakṣa*.

Daoists of his day, by contrast, had noted the popularity of these spirits in Buddhist texts and had added them to their own texts, calling them *tiangang* 天岡. The location of the *Zhengfa jing* given here does not match any of the various locations for the work or its components given in the received *Zhengfa jing/Jiuwei badao*, nor do Daoist heavens of the early medieval period typically follow the administrative divisions of the human realm so closely. This suggests either that Falin was consulting some work that has not come down to us, or that he was taking liberties with his source material in the service of his larger rhetorical goal.²⁰¹

Sandong zhunang. On this text, see chapter four. 8.31b claims one *Santian zhengfa jing* mentions a Most August Master (*Shanghuang xiansheng* 上皇先生) and equates it with Laozi's manifestation as counselor to the Zhou. This is not in the received version. The SDZN also quotes the *Siji mingke*, claiming the *Santian zhengfa* is "hidden in above the

201 On Falin and the *Bianzheng lun*, see Thomas Jülch, "In Defense of the Saṃgha: The Buddhist Apologetic Mission of the Early Tang Monk Falin," in *The Middle Kingdom and the Dharma Wheel: Aspects of the Relationship between the Buddhist Saṃgha and the State in Chinese History*, ed. Thomas Jülch (Leiden: Brill, 2016), 33ff. For the locations, cf. ZHDZ 259b.22-24, 259c.22-26, 259c.26-260a.22 and 260b.22-260c.4.

Nine Heavens, in the Heaven of Jade Clarity, in the Golden Chamber, in the Purple Room.” This does not match any of the locations in the received *Zhengfa jing*, though it does match *Siji mingke* 3.9a.²⁰²

CT 1132 *Shangqing dao leishi xiang*

“The True Appearances of the Categories [Pertaining] to the Way of Shangqing.”

Compiled by the same author as the SDZN, this is an aide-mémoire to the personages that feature in various early medieval Shangqing works. It lists their names and residences. It includes the same quotation from the *Siji mingke* as in the SDZN.

CT 1129 *Daojiao yishu* 道教義樞

“The Pivotal Meaning of Daoist Doctrine.” The *Pivotal Meaning* is a small encyclopedia devoted to Daoists terms and concepts, composed by Meng Anpai 孟安排 (fl. 699). 2.4a-b claims a *Writ of the Song of the Pure Phoenix, Correct Method of the Three Heavens of the Heaven of Highest Clarity* 上清三天正法曲素鳳文 in thirty-one *juan* was received by Xu Hui. The same entry appears in YJQQ 4.3a; 5.3b specifies that Xu became a “Master of Registers” (*lu shi* 籙師) upon receiving it, and 6.4a has Xu Mi receiving the work as well. The title itself appears nowhere else in the Canon. 2.11b echoes the *Inner Explanations*, claiming that Lord Lao descended to Zhang Daoling and bestowed upon him the “Correct Law of the Three Heavens.”

202 祕於九天之上，玉清金房紫戶之內。

CT 463 *Yaoxiu keiyi jielü chao*

16.8b concerns practices for the well-being of a Disciple of the Three Phosphors who is ill. One of the registers in the possession of such a master is the “Register of the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens.”

CT 1212 *Jiao sandong zhenwen wufa zhengyi mengwei lu licheng yi* 醮三洞真文五法正一盟威錄立成儀

“Complete Ritual for Offering to the Gods of the Registers of the Three Caverns, the Five Methods, and the One and Orthodox Covenant.” A Tang work that lists the titles of the registers, with their deities, that are propitiated in the ritual. A 三天正法三元大君 appears twice – at 9a and 19a – but it is unclear which amulet in particular the deity is associated with. Few of the amulets given in the work (on 8b) correspond to those in the *Zhengfa jing/Jiuwei badao*.

CT 433 *Qiyu xiuzhen zhengpin tu* 七域修真正證品圖

“Diagram Demonstrating the Hierarchy of Degrees of the Practice of the True [Way] and of the Seven Regions [of the Immortals]. This Tang work contains a list of Shangqing methods taken from the *Zhen’gao* and establishes a hierarchy of the spiritual degrees of their practitioners. 3a contains a disordered copy of *Zhen’gao* 5.2a that includes the familiar *Chu liutian zhi wen santian zhengfa*.

CT 1239 *Zhengyi xiuzhen lüe yi* 正一修真略儀

“Concise Treatise for the One and Orthodox Cultivation of the True [Way].” This Tang work collects doctrine and protocols related to 24 registers belonging to the Three Caverns. It divides these registers into three groups. First and lowest are those belonging to the Way of the Celestial Master; second are those of the Sanhuang and Lingbao traditions; final and highest are the registers of Shangqing. A “Register of the Correct Methods of the Three Heavens” (*Santian zhengfa lu* 三天正法錄) appears among the Shangqing registers, along with some other registers mentioned in the *Jiuwei badao* and *Zhengfa jing*, either directly or by alternate names that feature elsewhere (e.g., the True Book of the Middle Prime).

CT 617 *Taishang xuanzi zhuhua zhang* 太上宣慈助化章

“Most High Memorials That Proclaim Mercy and Are Helpful in Working Wonders.” This work, compiled by Du Guangting 杜光庭 (850-933) collects 23 petitions that aim either to ameliorate or prevent certain illnesses or misfortunes. As in the below work, the phrase *Santian zhengfa* occurs in one such petition.

CT 461 *Shangqing gusui lingwen guilü* 上清骨髓靈文鬼律

“Demon Code of the Spinal Numinous Writ of the Shangqing Tradition.” This is the penal code applied in the exorcistic ritual of the Correct Method of the Heart of Heaven (*tianxin zhengfa* 天心正法), an influential exorcistic and therapeutic tradition that arose during the Song. The date of the text itself is uncertain; while the Correct Method

appeared as early as the ninth century, its textual corpus was not formed until the twelfth. *Juan* 3 is devoted to priestly titles and formulas for ritual documents. The phrase *Santian zhengfa* appears twice in this *juan*, in each case forming part of a petition.²⁰³

Song tongzhi, “*Yiwen lue*” 宋通志, 藝文略

“Bibliographic Summary” chapter of the “General Annals of the Song.” Compiled under the direction of Zheng Qiao 鄭樵 (1104-1160), the “General Annals” is an encyclopedia. Its contents range from the typical entries in the Standard Histories (imperial annals, biographies of empresses, genealogical tables) to the more unusual (phonetics and philology, zoology, topography). The Bibliographic Summary, as the name implies, collects the titles of various works into various rubrics. The “School of the Way” (*Dao jia* 道家) contains a *Taishang santian zhengfa jing* in one *juan*.²⁰⁴

Yunji qiqian.

“Cloudy Bookbag in Seven Satchels.” The incantation that features in WSBY j. 65 (on which, see below) appears here under the same title as in the *Sishisi fang* and the *Wushang biyao*. It is this version I translate in that chapter. The *Yunji* is a Daoist encyclopedia presented to Song Renzong 宋仁宗 (r. 1023-1064). Scholars differ on its

²⁰³ See EoT, s.v. “Tianxin zhengfa.”

²⁰⁴ In dividing works into various *jia*, Zheng Qiao was probably modeling his work on the *Records of the Grand Historian* (*Shi ji* 史記), compiled by Sima Qian 司馬遷 (145-86?) and presented to the throne in 100 CE. Sima Qian’s categorization was uncritically accepted by Western Sinologists as an objective assessment of the works under his purview, but the problems with this assumption are now well-known. Briefly, Sima Qian’s categorization explicitly favored works he placed in “School of the Way” (*Dao jia* 道家), and in any event his classificatory scheme simplifies a complex process of oral transmission and later systematization. On the second point, see Wilkinson, *Chinese History* s.v. “Daoism.”

focus. Kristofer Schipper, following John Lagerwey, divides the work into 37 sections; nearly half, he says, are devoted to longevity techniques under the rubric of “tending life” (*yang sheng* 養生). He notes that the heavy emphasis on *yang sheng* was more likely to be of interest to an emperor like Renzong, who was not a devoted patron of Daoism. The cost of such a slant is the comparatively scanty sections on talismans and the total lack of liturgical material. By contrast, Judith Boltz divides the work into sixteen sections. 4.3a lists a *Tanshang santian zhengfa qusu fengwen* 清三天正法曲素鳳文 in 31 *juan*. This title appears nowhere else in the Canon, apart from the DLSX entry noted above. 4.19b-20b quotes the fifth and sixth chapters of the *Xuandu shangpin* as they appears above in the *Jiuzhen mingke*, with minor variations in the number of days required for a fast. Note that in both cases the material and purificatory requirements differ from those given in *Siji mingke* 3.9a-b and in the received work at ZHDZ 262c.12-264.a.11. 5.3 records that Yang Xi bestowed the text upon him, at which point he became a Master of Registers (as detailed above). 6.4 specifies that Xu Mi received the text as well. While this exact title does not appear anywhere else in the Canon, a similar one appears at 6.7b. The sixth *juan* of YJQQ is devoted to explicating the contents of the Three Caverns, and is appropriately titled “Texts and Teachings of the Three Caverns” (*Sandong jingjiao bu* 三洞經教部). This *juan* contains a subsection by the name of “Official Ranks of the Three Caverns” (*Sandong ge* 三洞格), which includes a work called *Santian zhengfa feng zhen zhi wen*, *jiuzhen shengxuan zhi wen* 三天正法鳳真之文九真昇玄之文. An appended note echoes the *Basu zhenjing*, explaining that the works listed are “the methods of the Middle

Transcendents. If one practices all of them, one will ascend to the Heaven of Highest Clarity as a Transcendent of the Middle Circuit,” (ZHDZ 29.65a).

6.17b-19a (= ZHDZ 29.68c.32-69b.3) does not mention the *Santian zhengfa* by name, but records a composition process that is very similar for a different text, the *Rites Newly-Appeared* (*Xinchu zhi yi* 新出之儀). According to one *Jade Weft* (*Yuwei* 玉緯), the *Xinchu* originated thusly:

昔元始天王，以開皇元年七月七日丙午中時，使玉童傳皇上先生白簡青籙之文，自然得乎此法虛無先生傳於唐堯。又後聖帝君命小有天王撰集宣行。青童云：自爾之後，得此文者乃七千人，皆飛龍玄昇或淪化潛引不可具記。得道者藏文五嶽，精思積感，先得此文。此文極妙，得之隨緣文來或出河洛或戒經方依因結果也

In the days of old, the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement, in the first year of the Kaihuang reign period, in the seventh month, on the seventh day (a *bingwu* day), in the middle double-hour, ordered the Jade Lad to transmit to the August High Master writs of azure registers on white slips. [The Master] spontaneously attained this method. Master Void transmitted this to Yao. Moreover, the Lord of the Golden Porte ordered the Azure Lad to compile and promulgate them. The Azure Lad said, “From this point on, those who receive the text will number seven thousand. In all cases those who mysteriously ascend to [to the heavens on] flying dragons, or undergo a great change and retire from the world, will be uncountable. Those who attain the Way will hide this text in the Five Marchmounts. [Others] who would refine their thought and pile up their sentiments [i.e., consistently and sincerely seek the Way] must first attain these texts. These texts are wondrous to the limit; those who attain them will be able to do anything they wish. As for the coming of the texts – sometimes they emerge [like] the *River Chart* and *Book of Luo*; sometimes they [arise] from keeping the precepts of the scriptures. The result is according to one’s causes and conditions.

Some of the particulars here recall events in the received work and the cosmological extract from WSBY 6, though it overlaps perfectly with neither. The date and time of the register, some of the parties involved, and the color of the records match WSBY 6, while the composition process echoes the received work. The titles “Jade Weft” and “Rites Newly-Appeared” do not match any received texts. However, a passage very similar to the above citation appears at *Daojiao yishu* 2.10b-11a.

Juan 40 of the *Yunji* sheds some light on the *Statutes and Writs of Lady Blue of the Middle Palace of the Mystic Capital* (see above). The *juan* is an explanation of precepts that connects morality to disease, naming various good acts as “medicines” and continuing by listing several different sets of precepts. One of these bears the title *Statutes and Precepts (jie 戒) of Lady Blue of the Middle Palace of the Mystic Capital*, and contains two precepts that match exactly the first two of *Siji mingke* 5.6b-7a. Finally, 49.8a quotes a passage attributed to a *Santian zhengfa* that conforms exactly to an existing sentence in the *Yuwen*.

CT 296 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian* 歷世真仙體道通鑑

“Comprehensive Mirror of Immortals who Embodied the Dao through the Ages.” This text was probably composed shortly after the fall of the Song by Zhao Daoyi 趙道一, about whom little is known. Here, he collects existing biographies of eminent Daoists and arranges them according to his own groupings, with the overall aim of providing a Daoist counterpart to the *Comprehensive Mirror for Aid in Government* (*Zizhi tongjian* 資治通鑑) and the Buddhist *Comprehensive Mirror for Those of the Sakya Clan* (*Shishi tongjian* 釋氏通鑑) – collections of eminent lives meant for the study and emulation of princes (in the former case) and Buddhists (in the latter). *Juan* 25 includes a biography of Xu Hui that claims he received the *Santian zhengfa qusu fengwen* (see above, in the entry on the *Yunji qiqian*) from Yang Xi.

CT 1353 *Shangqing daobao jing* 上清道寶經

“Shanqing Book of the Treasures of the Dao.” An encyclopedia of Daoism that probably dates to the Song, the *Daobao jing* draws mostly on Shangqing works for information on topics ranging from scriptures and practice to the pantheon. 1.6b adopts the rubric of the *Basu zhenjing*, including the *Zhengfa jing* among the “Middle Ways.”

CT 304 *Maoshan zhi* 茅山志

The ninth *juan* of this work includes a bibliography and a list of 32 Shangqing registers. The bibliography lists a *Shangqing santian zhengfa jing* twice (9.2a, 9.5a) while the registers include a *Shangqing santian zhengfa lu*. The list also includes several registers that appear in the *Jiuwei badao*, e.g. the Most High Perfected Book of Penglai.

CT 1483 *Tianhuang zhidao taiqing yuce* 天皇至道太清玉冊

“Most Pure and Precious Books on the Supreme Dao of August Heaven.” This encyclopedia was completed in 1483 by Zhu Quan 朱權 (1378-1448), seventeenth son of Ming Taizu 明太祖 (Zhu Zhangyuan 朱璋元, r. 1368-1398). Pp. 208ff are a calendar that lists the deities that descend on each day of the month. Zhu sometimes includes a parenthetical note about that day: for instance, he calls the eighth day of the fourth month “the opening of summer” (*qixia zhi ri* 啟夏之日; the more typical name is *lixia* 立夏, a date falling between the fifth and the seventh day of the fifth month of the solar calendar). The first day of the fifth month, according to Zhu, was the day on which the

Most High Lord Lao bestowed the *Santian zhengfa* upon Zhang Daoling. This is the month and day recorded in the *Inner Explanations* (see Bokenkamp, *EDS* 215).

CT 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* 道藏闕經目錄

“Catalogue of Missing Books in the Daoist Canon.” Compiled by the editors of the Ming Daoist Canon, this is a list of titles included in previous Daoist canons that were no longer extant by the time the Ming editors began their work. A *Taishang santian zhengfa jing jue* 訣 appears in a section called “Rites” (yi 儀).

CT 1219 *Gaoshang shenxiao yuqing zhenwang zishu dafa* 高上神霄玉清真王紫書大法

“Great Magic from the Purple Book of the True King of the Highest Divine Empyrean Jade Purity.” A work of unknown date in the tradition of Five Thunder Magic (*Wu lei fa* 五雷法). This was a method of summoning rain current in the early tenth century. On Shenxiao (“Divine Empyrean”) Daoism, see TC, pp. 1081-1083. Despite internal references that suggest it was compiled during the reign of Song Huizong 宋徽宗 (Zhao Ji 趙佶, r. 1100-1125), more compelling evidence near the end of the text gives the impression it was a later document. The *Zishu dafa* is an exorcism manual; juan 10 collects various incantations, with one “Hidden Incantation for Dispelling [the Qi of] the Six Heavens at 10.23b-24a.

Guang bowu zhi 廣博物志

“Expansion of a Treatise on Curiosities.” Compiled by Dong Sizhang 董斯張 (1586-1628) in 1607. In contrast to more typical encyclopedias (*leishu* 類書), the *Guang bowu zhi* includes what we would call “natural history.” Topics include food and drink (juan 41), botany (juan 42-43), and fauna (44-50). Juan 28 concerns art and literature, and cites Daoist works, Buddhist works, and the Standard Histories. 28.31b includes a garbled quote of Zhen’gao 5.2a, which mentions the Chu liutian zhi wen santian zhengfa.²⁰⁵

Daozang mulu xiangzhu 道藏目錄詳

“Annotated Table of Contents to the Daoist Canon.” The received version was presented to the throne in Qianlong 46 (1781-82), but was originally compiled by the Ming Daoist priest Bai Yunji 白雲霽 (fl. 1626), who presented it to the throne in the *bingyin* year (1626-27) of the Tianqi 天啟 reign period (1621-1628) of Ming Xizong 熹宗 (Zhu Jiaoyou 朱校由, 1605-27). 4.38a of this text claims a *Zhengfa jing* in one *juan* was bestowed upon Zhang Daoling by the Most High Lord Lao.

Daming Daozangjing mulu 大明道藏經目錄

“Table of Contents to the Scriptures in the Daoist Canon of the Great Ming.” A *Santian zhengfa* in one *juan* is listed under the “Orthodox Unity” (*Zhengyi* 正一) section, thus placing it among Celestial Masters works. This is a marked departure from earlier

²⁰⁵ On Ming *leishu* in general, and the *Guang bowu zhi* in particular, see Harriet T. Zurndorfer, “Fifteen hundred years of the Chinese encyclopedia,” in *Encyclopaedism from Antiquity to the Renaissance*, ed. Jason König and Greg Woolf (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2013), 518-19.

material – e.g., CT 1239 (Tang) or CT 461 (Song) – which include the works or methods by its name in the Shangqing tradition.

Yuding pianzi leibian 御定駢字類編

“Imperially-commissioned [Lexicon of] Binomes [Containing] Categorized Excerpts [from Classic Works].” This is a dictionary-like compendium containing over 1600 entries in 240 juan compiled under the auspices of Gao Yu 高輿 (?-1717) on the order of the Kangxi 康熙 Emperor (1662-1722). The title is a pun; the word *pian* (“paired,” “parallel”) refers to binomes as a word class in the phrase *pianzi*, but also to a style of writing called *pianwen* 駢文 that began in the Han and flourished during the Northern and Southern Dynasties. Sometimes translated “parallel prose,” *pianwen* is characterized by emphasis on syntactic and lexical parallelism as well as tonal alternation. After the Tang, the dominant form of this style involved alternating phrases of four and six characters, thus earning it the name “four-six prose” (*siliu wen* 四六文). The purpose of the *Pianzi leibian* was to aid literati as they wrote in this style.

The *Pianzi leibian* is notable for our purposes in that it three citations of the YJQQ that concern the Zhengfa jing. Juan 98 contains a series of binomes beginning with 五. Under 五雙 we find an excerpt that contains the transmission requirements for the *Zhengfa jing* (part of 98.11a-b = part of YJQQ 4.20b); in 102.11a-b, we find the quote from YJQQ 4.19b that sites the Santian zhengfa and several other Shangqing works in the Heaven of Highest Clarity; and at 123.50a under 上學 we find the citation of the *Zhengfa jing* that appears in YJQQ 40. In each case, the YJQQ is credited by name. This

fact becomes significant when one considers the many divergences between the version of the *Zhengfa jing* preserved in the YJQQ and the received text.

APPENDIX B

THE “RECTIFYING METHODS” IN THE ANCIENT LISTS

The following contain bibliographies of Shangqing works. This appendix is based on the list in R 2: 15. I have noted where the *Rectifying Methods* appears and the name under which it appears.

CT 426 *Basu zhenjing*

4b-5a: 三天正法鳳真之文

CT 442 *Housheng daojun lieji* 後聖道君列記: does not appear

Ziyang zhenren neizhuan 紫陽真人內傳 (part of YJQQ 106.8a-15b): does not appear

CT 303 *Ziyang zhenren neizhuan* 紫陽真人內傳 46:192a-193c, 195a-c: does not appear

CT 1331 *Dongzhen shangqing shenzhou qizhuan qibian wu tianjing* 洞真上清神州七轉

七變舞天經 (ZHDZ 1:368)

2b: 三天正法威制六天

27b: 威制六天三天正法消魔上經

Jiuzhen mingke 九真明科 (Part of CT 1314 洞真太上素靈洞元大有妙經)

1:124a-b.

The biography of Lord Pei at YJQQ 105 (YJQQ 105, ZHDZ 29:816-817): does not appear

The *Dadong zhenjing mu* 大洞真經目 Dame Wei's biography (P 2337)

上清除六天文三天正法 in one juan.

APPENDIX C

THE WSBY EDITION OF THE *RECTIFYING METHODS*

The editors of the *Secret Essentials* refer to their edition of the *Rectifying Methods* almost exclusively as the *Scripture of the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens of the Cavern of Perfection* (*Dongzhen santian zhengfa jing* 洞真三天正法經). They cite or mention the work eight times: in j. 6, 22, 30, 31, 32, 43, 47, 65, and 95. In what follows, I translate each citation and explain how it fits into the *Secret Essentials*' larger ideological project.²⁰⁶

Juan 6

The editors first invoke their version of the *Rectifying Methods* at a particularly crucial moment in their own work. Legitimate rulership required personal moral perfection and knowledge of the workings of the cosmos. WSBY 6 demonstrates the latter in particular. It forms a unit with chapter 7, which concerns the foundations of moral action. Both are implicit in the creation of the state, because good government proceeds from the moral excellence of the ruler and the harmony of the state with the cosmos.²⁰⁷ The editors make their reasoning explicit in their summary of the latter portion of j. 6, in which they quote the *Rites of Zhou* (*Zhou li* 周禮): “It is the king who establishes the state.”²⁰⁸ I will say

206 This section is heavily indebted to Lagerwey, *Wu-shang*. On j. 6, see pp. 38-42, 50-51, and 81-82; on j. 30-32, pp. 42-43, 58-59, 100ff; on j. 44, pp. 45-47, 62, 143ff; on 44, pp. 35-47, 63, 147ff; on 65, pp. 47, 64-66, 170-174, esp. 172-173; on 66, pp. 47, 65, 174ff (note that this is actually a silent citation of an incantation associated elsewhere with the *Rectifying Methods*; thus, I do not discuss it here); on 95, pp. 47-48, 68-70, 203ff.

207 This harmony was sometimes literal. Sound and tuning were matters of concern not just in what we today consider “musical” contexts, but in the synchronization of human conduct and the cosmic order. This concern is reflected in a treatise on tuning included in the *History of the Latter Han* (*Houhan shu* 後漢書) as well as the musicological predilections of one of Wang Mang's 王莽 (45 BCE-23 CE) courtiers. See Noa Hegesh, “In Tune with the Cosmos: Tuning Theory, Cosmology, and Concepts of Sound in Early China” (PhD diss., University of Pennsylvania, 2008).

208 惟王建國。See Lagerwey, *Wu-shang* 51.

more on the organization of WSBY 6 and its contents below. A partial translation of WSBY 6 follows. It corresponds to ZHDZ 28.110a.14-c17.²⁰⁹

道曰：天關在天西北之角，與斗星相御。北斗七星則天關之綱柄，玉宸之華蓋，梵行九天十二辰之氣，斗綱運關，則九天並轉。天有四候之門，九天合三十六候，一晝一夜則斗綱運關，經一候之門，晝夜三十六日，則經三十六候都竟。三十六候竟，則是九天一轉。三百六十輪為九天一周。

The Dao says, “The Celestial Pass²¹⁰ is in Heaven’s northwest corner. It is driven forward with the stars of the [Northern] Dipper. The seven stars of the Dipper are thus the headrope and handle of the Celestial Pass, [which is] the beflowered canopy of the Jade Mansions [of Heaven]. [The stars of the Dipper] move the qi of Nine Heavens through the [cycles] of time.²¹¹ The net of the dipper turns the Pass, and so the Nine Heavens revolve. Each heaven has four doors that correspond each to a period [of time]; therefore, in total the Nine Heavens have thirty-six periods. In one day and one night, the net of the dipper turns the Celestial Pass through the doors of one period; in a collection of thirty-six days and nights, it thus passes through thirty-six periods. With thirty-six periods complete, one revolution of all the Nine Heavens is complete. Three hundred and sixty [such] revolutions equals one complete circuit of the Nine Heavens.

九天一周，則六天之氣皆還上上三天，三天改運，促會以催其度。三千六百周，則為小劫交。

In one complete circuit of the Nine Heavens, the qi of the Six Heavens returns to the upper Three Heavens. The Three Heavens rectify the revolution [of the Six], urging them to gather [in the Three Heavens] to hasten onward in their appointed degree. The conjunction of small kalpas occurs after three thousand and six hundred complete circuits.

小劫交，則九氣改正，萬帝易位，民亡鬼滅，善存清治，六合寧一，九千九百周為大劫終。

At the conjunction of small kalpas, the Nine Qi are transformed and rectified. The myriad [celestial] thearchs change their places; the people are obliterated, the ghosts are destroyed. The good remain and purify the rule [of the kingdom], and [all in] the

209 The following translation was aided immensely by Lagerwey, *Wu-shang* 38-43, 81-82; Bokenkamp, “Time After Time: Taoist Apocalyptic History and the Founding of the T’ang Dynasty,” *Asia Major*, 3rd series, 7.1 (1994): 68-72; *ibid.*, “Lu Xiuqing, Daoism, and the First Buddhist Canon,” in *Culture and Power in the Reconstitution of the Chinese Realm, 200-600*, edited by Scott Pearce, Audrey Spiro, and Patricia Ebrey (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2001): 192-193, 317-318 notes 41-42.

210 The star Polaris.

211 The phrase *shi’er chen* 十二辰 means literally, “the watches of the night,” or “the twelve earthly branches used to measure time.”

Six Directions becomes tranquil and unified.²¹² After nine thousand nine hundred complete circuits, one great kalpa is completed.

大劫終，則九天數盡，六天運窮。六天欲窮，則氣激於三五，羣妖凶橫，因時而行，放毒威民。此皆運窮數極，乘機而鼓，以致於此。

When one great kalpa is completed, the days of the Nine Heavens reach their end, and the movement²¹³ of the Six Heavens weakens. When the Six Heavens near their end, then qi is stimulated in the three-and-five²¹⁴ and the massed anomalies become bold and fierce. Moving about in response to the times, they freely spread illness and cause harm among the people. At the end of the turnings [of a great kalpa], these beings are nearly infinite, and they seize upon [the unfortunate times] to drum themselves up [to do great harm].

地機在東南之分，九泉之下，則九河之口吐噏之。靈機上通天源之淘注，旁吞九洞之淵奧。十二時，紀推四會之水東迴，一晝一夜則氣盈，氣盈並湊九河之機，晝夜三十三日機轉。西北迴，東北張，西南噏，張則溢，噏則虧，周於四會。天源下流，九泉涌波，是為一輪。三百三十輪為一度，一度則水母促會於龍王，河侯受對於三天。三千三百度謂之陰否，陰否則蝕陰，蝕[陰]²¹⁵水涌，水涌河決，山淪地沒，九千三百度為大劫之終，陰運之極。當此之時，九泉涌於洪波，水母鼓行，山海冥一，六合坦然。此陰運之充，地氣之激也。

The Floodgates of the Earth are in the southeast, under the Nine Springs, and the mouths of the nine rivers spit forth and suck in there. The numinous Floodgates – above, they penetrate to the Heavenly Source,²¹⁶ to dredge and irrigate it; to the side, they swallows the deeps of the Nine Caverns. In one day, the *ji* lines of the earth push the waters of the Four Directions eastward. Because of this, during the passage of one day and one night, qi overflows; qi overflows and it all gathers at the Floodgates of the Nine Rivers.²¹⁷ Thirty-three days and nights is one complete rotation of the pivot. The northwest turns, the northeast extends, and the southwest

212 The SDZN version of this portion reads 冥一 “muddle into one.”

213 Reading 運 for 欲. While phonetic confusion on the part of the scribe was unlikely – the two characters sounded little alike in early medieval literary Chinese – correcting the passage in this way allows it to follow the same rhetorical pattern established earlier in the work: anadiplosis of a phrase, whereby the same phrase ends one sentence and begins the next. This is evident in the previous line: 九千九百周為大劫終. 大劫終，則九天數盡… See Sylva Rhetoricae, s.v. “anadiplosis.”

214 The sun, moon, stars, and five naked-eye planets; see *Grand Ricci*, s.v. “三五.”

215 I insert 蝕 to preserve the anadiplosis referred to above.

216 I have been unable to find an explanation of this term.

217 In translating *ji* 機 as floodgate, I follow Lagerwey, *Wu-shang* 81. Because *ji* lines are not introduced until the next paragraph, the only way for the translation to make sense is if that paragraph had preceded this one in the original edition of the *Wushang*.

contracts. [The northeast] extends and so spills over; [the southwest] contracts and so is deficient. [Yin qi] circulates throughout the Four Directions. The Heavenly Source flows downward, and the Nine Springs surge and rush. This is one revolution. 330 revolutions is one measure. After one measure, then the Water Mother hurries to meet with the Dragon King, and the River Lord receives the summons of the Three Heavens. Three thousand three hundred measures are called one yin blockage.²¹⁸ After one yin blockage, there is an eclipse of the moon. The moon is eclipsed, and the waters [of the Nine Springs] surge forth. The waters surge fourth, and so the rivers are cut off, the mountains sink and the earth drowns. Nine thousand three hundred measures are the end of one great kalpa, the limit of the hidden turning. At this time, the Nine Springs surge into great waves, the Water Mother drums herself up and moves about, mountains and seas merge in the darkness, and [all in] the six directions is laid bare. This is the fulfillment of a yin cycle, the stimulation of the qi of the earth.

天圓十二綱，地方十二紀。天綱運關，三百六十輪爲一周。地紀推機，三百三十輪爲一度。天運三千六百周爲陽勃。地轉三千三百度爲陰蝕。天氣極於太陰。地氣窮於太陽。故陽激則勃。陰否則蝕。陰陽勃蝕，天地氣反。天地氣反，乃謂之小劫。小劫交，則萬帝易位。九氣改度，日月縮運。陸地通於九泉，水母決於五河。大鳥屯於龍門，五帝受會於玄都。當此之時，凶穢滅種，善民存焉。

The round space of Heaven [is divided by] twelve *gang* lines; the square space of Earth [is divided by] twelve *ji* lines.²¹⁹ When Heaven's *gang* [lines] turn [it] around the [Celestial] Pass three hundred and sixty times, it is one complete circuit. When the terrestrial *ji* lines push the Floodgates of the Earth three hundred and thirty times, it is one measure. When the heavens turn for three thousand and six hundred complete circuits, it is a "swelling of yang." When the earth revolves for three thousand three hundred measures, it is a "yin corrosion." Heavenly qi reaches its limit in the Grand Yin; earthly qi exhausts itself in the Grand Yang. Yang is stimulated and flourishes; yin is negated and corrodes. The corrosion of yin and the flourishing of yang is the reversal of the qi of heaven and earth. The reversal of the qi of heaven and earth is the conjunction of small kalpas. During the conjunction of small kalpas, the myriad emperors change their stations, and the nine qi run counter to their norm. The sun and moon quit their revolutions. Dry land surges forth from the nine springs, and the Water Mother bursts from the five rivers. The Great Bird is visible in the Dragon Gate;²²⁰ the Five Emperors gather at the Mystic Capital. At this

218 See Kroll, s.v. "否."

219 See Kroll, s.v. 綱. The term also suggests the headrope of a fishing net, and its meaning was extended to "main lines" or "guiding principle" (of a policy, an argument, etc.). The author of the WSBY version of the *Zhengfa jing* conceptualizes heaven as a circular net divided into sections by twelve of these *gang* lines, while the earth is a square net divided by twelve *ji* lines. The character *ji* suggests subsidiary lines to the *gang* headrope (though its extended sense carries the same meaning as *gang*). The *gang* lines of Heaven push it in revolutions around the Heavenly Pass, while the *ji* lines of Earth push it in revolutions around the Earthly Pivot.

220 Perhaps the region of Luoyang, in the old territory of Zhou.

time, disasters accumulate and annihilate all beings. The good seed people will survive.

天運九千九百周爲陽蝕。地轉九千三百度爲陰勃。天蝕則氣窮於太陽。地勃則氣謀於太陰。故陽否則蝕，陰激則勃，陰陽蝕勃則天地改易，謂之大劫交。大劫交，天翻地覆，海涌河決，人淪山沒，金玉化消，六合冥一。

When the heavens revolve for nine thousand nine hundred complete circuits, it is a “Yang corrosion.” When the earth turns for nine thousand three hundred measures, it is a “Yin swelling.” Heaven is corroded and its qi is exhausted in the Grand Yang; earth flourishes and its qi gathers at the Grand Yin. Thus yang is negated and corrodes, while yin is stimulated and flourishes. Yin flourishes and yang corrodes, and heaven and earth change and shift – this is called a conjunction of great kalpas. At the conjunction of great kalpas, heaven is upended and earth is flipped; the seas surge and the rivers burst their dikes; humankind disappears and mountains drown; gold and jade transform and disappear, and [all in] the six directions muddles into one.

右出《洞真三天正法經》

The preceding comes from the Correct Method of the Three Heavens of the Cavern that Penetrates Perfection.

For a summary of these passages, see chapter four.

Juan 22

Though juan 22 contains only a mention – not a citation – of the *Rectifying Methods*, it is nonetheless worth considering. Juan 22 belongs to a section of the text (j. 8-23) that describes the organization of the celestial bureaucracy, illustrating that Emperor Zhou’s knowledge comprehends even the minutiae of the heavens’ inner workings.²²¹ At WSBY 22.1b, the editors place a “Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens” (*Santian zhengfa* 三天正法) in one of the highest celestial palaces, the Purple Chamber of the Universe (*Liuhe zifang* 六合紫房; the phrase *liuhe* literally means “the Six Directions,” here standing for everything within them). Whether the *Secret Essentials* is referring to the

²²¹ See Lagerwey, *Wu-shang* 42-43.

work as a whole or to methods contained therein is unclear. The very mention of the Rectifying Methods in the context of heavenly organization accords it great importance; the editors of the *Secret Essentials* would have had a multitude of works available to them, and choosing this particular work or part of a work to include here indicates they held it in great esteem. Their placement of the Rectifying Methods in one of the highest palaces reinforces this impression.

Juan 30-32

The next citations of the *Rectifying Methods* occur during a long discussion of the provenance, character, and function of celestial writings. J. 30 gives the provenance and names of books and talismans; j. 31, their powers and the duration for which they will remain in the world, as well as the fated preconditions one must possess in order to receive them; and j. 32, the procedures for their transmission. The import of these writings is not in doctrine, but in part in their power as political tools. The editors make this point later on when they discuss the proper transmission of Daoist works: “The norms of the scriptures transform the world.”²²² J. 30 mentions, but does not cite, the *Rectifying Methods*. From it, we learn that the *Rectifying Methods* came to be together with the Celestial King of Primordial Commencement, and that he thereafter bestowed it upon the Most High Lord of the Great Dao (i.e., the deified Laozi). The implication here is that the work formed together with the highest gods out of the primordial qi of the universe, thus granting it almost unexcelled status among works. Following a general

²²² 經法化世. See Lagerwey, *Wu-shang* 60. My translation differs from his.

principle of Daoist hierarchy, its exalted status would have come with exalted powers: the nearer to the cosmic unity a deity or work, the greater its power.

J. 31 explicitly cites the *Rectifying Methods*. It links the work to a number of other works that form part of the core of the Shangqing canon. The nexus of these relationships is CT 1379 *Shangqing yudi qisheng xuanji huitian jiuxiao jing* 上清玉帝七聖玄紀迴天九霄經 “Scripture of the Return to the Nine Heavens, Mystical Records of the Seven Saints of the Jade Emperor of Utmost Purity.” This Eastern Jin text is a reworked member of the original Shangqing revelations that is quoted extensively in the WSBY. It provides a list of records – the *ji* 紀 of the title – on which one’s name must be inscribed in order to ascend to the heavens, a method of visual meditation for writing one’s name in said records, hymns to the seven patrons of the scripture, and a list of Seven Wounds (*qi shang* 七傷). These are faults in behavior that harm the Marks of Immortality – that is, the physical characteristics borne by a human destined to become a transcendent. Per Robinet, “[t]he names of the paradises [to which one can ascend], the characteristics of the records, and the Marks of Immortality correspond exactly to the terms found in CT 442 (*The Annals of Lord Lao of the Latter Age*).” CT 442 is a member of the original Shangqing corpus that is devoted to the Lord of the Golden Porte; it opens with his biography and describes his efforts to save humankind as well as the heavens to which certain elect will ascend, should their names be inscribed on the appropriate celestial records.²²³

Establishing an early date for the *Qisheng xuanji* and linking it to the Shangqing corpus is important because it helps date the amulets in the received *Rectifying Methods*,

²²³ See CT, s.v. “Shangqing yudi qisheng xuanji huitian jiuxiao jing,” and R 2: 225-228.

many of which are associated with the celestial records at the center of the *Qisheng*. However, this association does not exist in the received version of the *Qisheng xuanji*. Instead it is found in a chapter of WSBY 31 called “The Lodged Lot of Those who Encounter Scripture” (*Yujing sufeng pin* 遇經宿分品). This chapter opens with a condensed version of the introduction to the received *Qisheng* (which it cites by name) before providing quotations related to that text found in elsewhere in the Daoist canon. On ZHDZ 28.107c-108a, it quotes an extract from the *Rectifying Methods* (absent from the received version) that links the amulets to various celestial records in *Qisheng* (and thereby CT 442). While the received *Qisheng* is concerned with practices that help the adept inscribe his or her name in these records, in the *Rectifying Methods* extract, receipt of a given amulet acts as proof that the recipient’s name is *already* inscribed in the associated celestial record from the *Qisheng*. These proofs are enumerated in a list of entries identical in format: “All whose names are inscribed in [record x] will attain sight of [amulet Y]” 凡名參……者得見…… All of the amulets in WSBY 31 are found in the received *Jiuwei badao*, and all but one of the records listed are found in the received *Qisheng xuanji*. What follows is a partial translation of WSBY 31. The text is available at ZHDZ 28.107c-1-108a. My own notes appear in brackets.

凡名參上清金書玉籙者，得見太上衆文籙。

All those whose names are in the Jade Registers of the Golden Books of Upper Clarity will gain sight of the Register of the Massed Writs of the Most High. [The Jade Registers are the second record in the *Qisheng*. The Massed Writs is the name of the first group of amulets in the received *Jiuwei badao*. It is treated as a single amulet in WSBY 31 and 32, as well as at *Precious Writs* 20a.]

凡名參太極白簡青文者，得見除六天文三天正法。

All those whose names are in the Indigo Writs on White Slips of the Grand Culmen will gain sight of the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens for Expelling [the Qi of] the Six Heavens. [The Indigo Writs is the third record in the *Qisheng*. The Rectifying Methods is the second amulet in the *Jiuwei badao*.]

凡名參方諸玄素紫名者，得見太微靈都婉轉[三方]真文。

All those whose names are in the Obscure Plain Purple Names of Fangzhu will attain sight of the Turning Writ [of Three Prescriptions] of the Perfected of the Numinous Capital of Grand Tenuity. [The Plain Purple Names is the fourth record in the *Qisheng*. The Turning Writ is the fifth amulet in the received *Jiuwei badao*.]

凡名參金闕玉名者，得見九老仙都玄流紫極元君真書。

All those whose names are in the Jade Names of the Golden Porte will gain sight of the Perfected Book of the Dame of the Mysterious Flows of the Purple Culmen at the Transcendent Capital of the Nine Elders. [The Jade Names is the first record in the *Qisheng*. The Perfected Book of the Dame of the Mysterious Flows is the sixth amulet in the received *Jiuwei badao*.]

凡名參太清玉籍絳名者，得見清和宮天帝君真書。

All those whose names are in the Red Names of the Jade Records of the [Heaven of] Grand Clarity will gain sight of the Perfected Book of the Heavenly Thearch-Lord of the Palace of Clear Harmony. [The Red Names is the fifth record in the *Qisheng*. The Perfected Book of the Heavenly Thearch-Lord is the seventh amulet in the *Jiuwei badao*.]

凡名參太素瓊簡金字者，得見紫微玄宮玉帝飛天真書。

All those whose names are in Golden Characters on Green Slips of Primordial Substance will gain sight of the Flying Heaven Perfected Books of the Jade Emperor in the Mysterious Palace of Purple Tenuity. [The Golden Characters is the sixth record in the *Qisheng*. The Flying Apsaras Perfected Books are the ninth amulet in the *Jiuwei badao*.]

凡名參玄都丹臺白玉金字者，得見玄洲仙伯開天萬仙真書。

All those whose names are in the Golden Characters on White Jade in the Red Platform of the Mystic Capital will gain sight of the The Perfected Book of the Myriad Transcendents that Opens Heaven, of the Transcendent Count of the Mysterious Continent. [The Golden Characters is the ninth record in the *Qisheng*. The Perfected Book of the Myriad Transcendents is the tenth amulet in the *Jiuwei badao*.]

凡名參南極丹文紫籙者，得見崑崙壙臺飛天真文

All those whose names are in the Unadorned Register in Cinnabar Script of the Southern Culmen will attain sight of the Flying Apsaras Perfected Writ of the City Wall of Kunlun. [The Unadorned Register is the seventh record in the *Qisheng*. The Flying Apsaras Perfected Writ is the twelfth amulet in the *Jiuwei badao*.]

凡名參玄宮青金赤書者，得見蓬萊高上真書。

All those whose names are in the Crimson Books of Blue-Green Gold of the Palace of Mystery will gain sight of the Exalted Perfected Books of Penglai. [The Crimson Books do not appear in the received *Qisheng*. The Exalted Perfected Books is the fourteenth amulet in the *Jiuwei badao*.]

凡名參三元宮琳札青書者，得見天帝丈人黃上真書。

All those whose names are in the Azure-black Memorials of the Palace of the Three Primes will gain sight of the Perfected Books of the Celestial Thearch Elder of the Yellow August. [The Azure-black Memorials are the tenth record in the *Qisheng*. The Perfected Books of the Celestial Thearch Elder is the sixteenth amulet in the *Jiuwei badao*.]

右出洞真三天正法經

The foregoing is extracted from the *Scripture of the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens, of the Cavern of Perfection*.

Given the context in which they appear, the import of the amulets and records listed above rests not just in their ability to confer certain powers on the bearer, but also in the intimate knowledge of the cosmos they demonstrate. The list of amulets in WSBY 31 accords imperfectly with a list given in WSBY 32. What follows is a partial translation of WSBY 32. It appears at ZHDZ 28.112c-113a.

上清清微天始青正法六天文，元始傳九天父母，萬始先生。三天真書，一名金陽洞靈文，三天玉童所出，傳皇上先生。太上衆文籙，太上傳金闕帝君。三元玄臺告六天符，傳太上元老。三天正法，傳鬱絕真王。三天九微玄都太真陰陽靈籙上元章，太帝丈人受之於太虛无上真君。太微靈都宛轉真炁三方文，九天真王以授太上丈人。九老仙都玄流紫極真元君[真書]，受之於三天玉童。驅虎豹符，九炁丈人受之玄私陰陵上帝。清和宮天帝君皇熙真書，太上元君以授黃軒。紫微玄宮玉飛天真書，太清元始天王以授西王母。玄洲仙伯開天萬仙真書，東海小童以授得道人。崑崙壙臺靈飛天真[書]，太上大夫以授衆仙得道者。蓬萊高上真書，玄成清天上皇以傳寧封。

右出洞真三天正法經

The Writ [for Expelling] the Six Heavens, Rectifying Method of the Heaven of Clear Tenuity, [one of] the Heavens of Highest Clarity, was transmitted by the [Celestial King] of Primordial Commencement to the Master of Myriad Commencements,

Father-and-Mother of the Nine Heavens.²²⁴ The Perfected Book of the Three Heavens, also called “Writ of Golden Yang of Dongling,²²⁵ is that which the Jade Slips of the Three Heavens came out of, and was transmitted to Master Huangshang. The Register of the Massed Texts of the Most High was transmitted by the Most High to the Lord of the Golden Porte. The Talismans for Accusing the Six Heavens of the Mysterious Platforms of the Three Primes were transmitted to the Most High Mysterious Elder.²²⁶ The Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens were transmitted to the Perfected King of Luxuriant Extinction.²²⁷ The Numinous Registers of Yin and Yang of the Grand Perfected [One] of the Mystic Capital of the Nine Heavens – the Venerable Grand Thearch received it from the Unexcelled Perfected Lord of the Grand Void.²²⁸ The Writ of Three Winding Prescriptions of Perfected Qi of the Numinous Capital of the Heaven of Grand Tenuity – The Perfected King of the Nine Heavens conferred it upon the Most High Elder.²²⁹ The Perfected Prime Lord of the

224 The Father and Mother of the Three Heavens appears throughout the Shangqing corpus, particularly in early works. See, e.g., CT 1331 *Dongzhen shangqing shenzhou qizhuan qibian wutian jing* 洞真上清神州七轉七變舞天經 3b, 6a, 23a, 25b; *Sanyuan bujing* 26b. The earliest mention of the Master of Myriad Commencements occurs in an authentic Shangqing revelation, CT 55 *Gaoshang taixiao langshu qiongwen dizhang jing* 高上太霄琅書瓊文帝章經 8b. On this work, see R 2: 233-35. He also appears in works that postdate slightly the original Shangqing revelations: CT 1393 *Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing jiuling taimiao guishan xuanlu* 上清元始變化寶真上經九靈太妙龜山玄錄 28b-29a (though in an older stratum of the version), and CT 1378 *Shangqing jinzhen yuguang bajing feijing* 上清金真玉光八景飛經 24b. On these works, see R 2: 219-223, 45-49. He also appears at *Sanyuan bu jing* 24b. This is either an original revelation or a slight reworking. See R 2: 132-33.

225 Dongling is one of the Cavern-Heavens. See Handian and Grand Ricci, s.v. 洞靈. Master Huangshang is relatively rare. He appears at CT 1358 *Shangqing gaoshang jinyuan yuzhang yuqing yinshu* 上清高上金元羽章玉清隱書經 23b in the line of transmission for an amulet. This work slightly postdates the original Shangqing revelations. See R 2: 242-44. He appears in several citations in the WSBY.

226 The Mysterious Elder is also rare. This is his earliest appearance in the canon. Of note is that he also appears in *The Petition Almanac of Master Redpine* (CT 615 *Chisong zi zhangli* 赤松子章曆), an important collection of Celestial Master petitions dating to the Tang. On this, see EoT, s.v. *Chisong zi zhangli* and citations, especially Franciscus Verellen, “The Heavenly Master Liturgical Agenda According to Chisong zi’s Petition Almanac,” *Cahiers d’Extrême-Asie* 14: 291-343.

227 The Perfected King of Luxuriant Extinction appears only here and in this amulet’s entry in the *Jiuwei badao*.

228 The Venerable Grand Thearch is discussed in more detail elsewhere in the WSBY. In *juan* 23, “Graded Palaces and Bureaus of the Three Realms” (*Sanjie gong fu pin* 三界宮府品), he gathers with other officials at the Azure-Black Palace of the Jade Daïs (*Qinghua yujie gong* 青華玉陛宮) east of the Mystic Capital, under the auspices of the Grand Sage of Primordial Commencement of the Eastern Heaven of Lingbao (*Yuanshi lingbao dongtian dasheng* 元始靈寶東天大聖) to correct the records of the merits and faults of people who study the Way of Transcendents. While he first appears in a member of the original Shangqing corpus (CT 1372 *Shangqing gaoshang yuchen fengtai qusu shangjing* 上清高上玉晨鳳臺曲素上經) and the earlier *Lingbao wufu xu*, he proved immensely popular throughout later ages.

229 The Most High Elder was probably part of the original Shangqing pantheon. His earliest mention is in CT 1372 上清高上玉晨鳳臺曲素上經 12a, 14b. Though Robinet declines to state for certain that the *Qusu shangjing* is a member of the original revelations (see R 2: 187-190), its appearance in many

Purple Culmen, Ninth Elder of the Mysterious Flows of the Transcendent Capital received it from the Jade Lad of the Three Heavens.²³⁰ The Elder of the Nine Qi received the Talisman for Expelling Tigers and Wolves from the Upper Thearch of Mysterious Harmony of the Hidden Tumulus.²³¹ The Most High Prime Lord bestowed the Perfected Book of August Splendor of the Lord Heavenly Thearch of the Palace of Clear Harmony on the Yellow Emperor.²³² The Celestial King of Primordial Commencement of the Heaven of Grand Clarity bestowed the Perfected Book of the Jade [Emperor] in the Mysterious Palace of Purple Tenuity [that Allows the Bearer] to Fly to the Heavens on the Queen Mother of the West. As for the Perfected Book of the Myriad Transcendents that Opens Heaven, of the Transcendent Count of the Mysterious Continent – the Little Lad of the Eastern Sea bestowed it upon those who had attained the Dao. As for the Grand Perfected Book for Flying to Heaven of the Platform of the Fortified Wall of Kunlun Range – the Grand Officer to the Most High bestowed it upon those many transcendents who had attained the Dao.²³³ The High August of Mysterious Attainment of the Heaven of Clarity transmitted the Book of the Most High Perfected of Penglai to Ningfeng.²³⁴

The foregoing comes from the *Scripture of the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens, of the Cavern of Perfection*.

WSBY 31 and 32 contain many citations of a *Dongzhen zhengfa jing* that link it to early Shangqing works via apotropaic amulets. They provide strong evidence that warding off demons and ascent to the heavens were two primary focuses of one early version of the

early lists suggests great antiquity – though it has probably undergone revision.

230 There appears to be some confusion about this title in the WSBY version about this name, as it appears in WSBY 31 not as a deity but as an amulet.

231 The Elder of Nine Qi predates the Shangqing canon. He appears first in *juan* 1 of CT 880 *Taiqing jinye shendan jing* 太清金液神丹經, which Chen Guofu dates conclusively to the Eastern Han (25-220 CE). TC, s.v. “*Taiqing jinye shendan jing*” and Chen Guofu, *Daozang yuanliu xukao* (Taipei: Mingwen shuju, 1983): 289-292, esp. p. 291. The Upper Thearch of Mysterious Harmony of the Hidden Tumulus (read 和 for 私) is rare, appearing only in the WSBY and at *Zhenling weiye tu* 10b.

232 The Most High Prime Lord predates the Shangqing revelations, appearing first in the Later Han *Taishang laojun zhongjing* (CT 1168 太上老君中經, 1.1b) as a hypostasis of the Most High Lord of the Dao with nine heads on one body.

233 The Grand Officer of the Most High is rare, appearing only twice elsewhere: at *Zhenling weiye tu* 6a and *Chuanshou sandong jingjie* 21b.

234 The High August of Mysterious Attainment is also rare, appearing only once elsewhere in the WSBY (84.6a) and in the *Siji mingke* (3.6a). Ningfeng is a well-known transcendent with a biography in CT 294 *Liexian zhuan* 列仙傳, comp. Liu Xiang 劉向 (77-6 BCE).

work. However, other passages in the same sections show that the version of the *Rectifying Methods* consulted by the editors of the WSBY had already undergone significant alteration. The deities and locales in WSBY 32 place the *Dongzhen zhengfa jing* slightly later than the original Shangqing revelations. Though they are camouflaged by allusions to much older works – Ningfeng and the Elder of the Nine Qi, for instance, predate the Shangqing corpus by far – the Chamber of the Three Purities and Master Huangshang are only to be found in apocrypha attached to early texts in the Shangqing corpus. Given the temporal proximity between the Shangqing and Lingbao revelations – the latter appeared around 400, less than thirty years after Yang Xi’s revelations ceased – it is very likely the composition of the *Dongzhen zhengfa jing* overlapped with the composition of the early Lingbao revelations. The editors of the WSBY thus appealed to contemporary religious developments as they crafted their encyclopedia for the emperor.

Another section of WSBY 32 indicates that the *Dongzhen zhengfa jing* included not just amulets, but hymns. The case in point is the Hymn-Writ of the Three Heavens (*Santian songwen* 三天頌文). The *Secret Essentials* does not record the hymn itself; merely its title and powers, spread out over two juan. Juan 32 concerns its history:

三天頌文，三天元始祕於三素之房九曲瓊室。千年一傳。青童君曰：自唐之後，得此文乃七千人。皆得馭飛龍而玄昇，晏鴻翻而騰翔。或託形輪化，潛引而飛空也。如此，不可具記。依三天格制，七百年一出。

右出《洞真三天正法經》

The [Heavenly King of] Primordial Commencement²³⁵ hid the Hymn-Writ of the Three Heavens in the Bejeweled Sidechamber of the Nine Springbends, in the

235 The work reads “The Primordial Commencement of the Three Heavens.” Because “Primordial Commencement” is a common abbreviation of the title “Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement,” and the phrase *santian yuanshi* appears only once in the Chinese literary corpus outside this citation, I take the phrase “Three Heavens” to be an accidental interpolation.

Chamber of the Three Purities.²³⁶ He transmits it once in a thousand years. The Lord Azure Lad says: Since King Yao this writ has been transmitted to seven thousand people. All rode flying dragons and mysteriously ascended, took their ease on grand wings and flew away. Some entrusted their form to the transformations of the wheel; some retired into hiding and flew into emptiness.²³⁷ Those that were like this – they cannot all be recorded. According to the rules and policies of the Three Heavens, it emerges once every seven hundred years.

The foregoing comes from the *Scripture of the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens, of the Cavern of Perfection*.

As discussed above, the rhetorical function of this portion of the WSBY is to demonstrate knowledge of the tools used to bring harmony to the people and master the cosmos.

Juan 43

Juan 43, on ritual dress and the recitation of scriptures, concerns the detailed conduct of Daoists in the oratory. As one summary says, “In opening and reciting [the scriptures] according to the rules, [the adept] enters into communication with the spirits and attracts good fortune.”²³⁸ Much like j. 30-32, j. 43 demonstrates the editors’ knowledge of how to communicate with the unseen realm – knowledge which their compilation extends to Emperor Wu. It is here we learn specifically what sort of good fortune the Hymn-Writ attracts:

三天頌文，凡受此文誦之於別室。千徧，通神，萬徧，通真。通神，則與神交，言逆知吉凶。通真，則與元始觀顏，入水不沉，入火不然，經災履厄，騰景三清。

As for the Hymn-Writ of the Three Heavens, those who receive this writ should recite it in the sideroom. After a thousand times, they will enter into communication

236 The Bejeweled Sidechamber of the Nine Springbends appears nowhere else in the Chinese literary corpus. The Chamber of the Three Purities appears at *Huangsu sishisi fang* 9a as the residence of Jade Lads and Jade Maidens 玉童玉女.

237 Despite its Buddhist resonance, the term *lunhua* 輪化 appears chiefly in Daoist works during the early medieval period.

238 開讀合儀，通靈致福。See Lagerwey, *Wu-shang* 62.

with spirits; after ten thousand times they will enter into communication with the Perfected. When they enter into communication with spirits, they will converse with spirits, speak predictions, and foresee the auspicious and inauspicious. When they enter into communication with the Perfected, they will look upon the face of the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement. They will enter water without drowning; they will enter fire and not burn up. They will make it through disasters and traverse adversity. They will ride phosphors to the Three Clarities.

Juan 47

J. 47 raises once again the matter of textual transmission, this time in the context of the purificatory fasts (*zhai* 齋) that precede the legitimate transfer of a work from master to student. Concerning the *Rectifying Methods*, it has this to say:

《洞真除六天之文三天正法經》男受投書，不祭。女受當祭。不投書皆齋；七日或三日。

As for the *Rectifying Methods*, when a man receives copy of the work, he need not perform the sacrifice. When a woman receives a copy of the work, then she must perform the sacrifice. Even those not receiving the text should perform a purificatory fast of seven days or three days in length.

Here, the editors of the WSBY are extending the proper ordering of the universe down to the transmission of the works that are created out of the same *qi* that formed its deities and human inhabitants. Recall that according to these same editors, the *Rectifying Methods* formed together with one of the highest gods; its proper receipt and transmission are thus of utmost importance.

Juan 65

J. 65 marks a transition from matters heavenly (the forces of karmic retribution; the characteristics of immortals) to the specifics of Daoist religious life. It is followed in j. 66 by rules governing the minutiae of behavior in the oratory (preparatory bathing; lighting lamps; burning incense). J. 65 advocates a life of reclusion. It cites the *Rectifying*

Methods in a section called “On living in the mountains” 山居品. As the citation makes clear, such an abode is not without its dangers. The editors draw on the *Rectifying Methods* for a protective chant. Here we see some of the most concrete instructions for Daoist practice. Several chapters of such advice precede a return outward to more abstract matters – what Lagerwey calls “the return to silence.”²³⁹ As above, demonstrating their ability to prescribe even the minutiae of daily life emphasizes the comprehensive nature of the editors’ project.

凡修六天之文三天正法，遊行五嶽履涉川澤，當行三天正一之祝，威凶滅試召
靈致仙之法。登山之初，當先於山外叩齒九通，閉目思五色之雲勃勃四會，掩
冠一山及我身在雲炁之中。良久見五嶽仙官及山形林木草澤禽獸，萬物悉來朝
己仰祝曰

上帝出遊日吉時良

玉華覆蓋太一扶將

左翼白元右輔無英

八帝九真陵逢履昌

道我送我與我同光

履行五嶽群仙奉迎

出入河海萬道開張

役御六丁旋攝五行

三天有命蕩除萬凶

割落掃穢流金滅殃

正法清通嚴如威霜

華精奕奕龍輿昂昂

239 See Lagerwey, *Wu-shang* 64-66, 29. 170ff.

流青翠羽飛錦羅裳

所向所之靡不吉昌

萬真來朝齊昇玉京

畢引炁三十六咽。右出《洞真三天正法經》

All those who cultivate the *Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens, the Writ [for Expelling the Qi of] the Six Heavens* – when they travel to the Five Marchmounts, when their shoes touch the rivers and marshes, they practice the Incantation of the Orthodox One of the Three Heavens, a method to overawe disasters and destroy adversaries, to summon numens and call transcendents. Before you enter the mountain range, clack your teeth nine times, shut your eyes and imagine a five-colored cloud flourishing and gathering from all sides, covering the entire mountain and “my” body within the cloudy qi. After a while, see the transcendent officials and all the mountain’s features – trees of the forest, grasses, marshes, birds and beasts, and all the myriad phenomena altogether coming to pay court to myself. Welcome them with an incantation, saying:

The High Thearch goes forth to travel, the day being auspicious and the time fine.

Jade flowers cover and canopy him; the Grand Monad supports and leads him by the hand.

On his left, he is escorted by the White Prime; on his right, he is assisted by the Matchless Hero.

The Eight Emperors and Nine Perfected rise up to meet me and we tread in glory.

They lead me and escort me, joining in radiance with me.

[I] walk on the five marchmounts, and flocks of transcendents worshipfully welcome me.

Coming and going within the rivers and seas, the ten thousand ways open and extend before me.

Making servants of and commanding the six *ding* deities, I gather and command the Five Phases at my will.

The Three Heavens have commanded; they annihilate the myriad disasters.

Cutting and chopping, they sweep away impurities; flowing gold
annihilates calamities.

The orthodox method clarifies and penetrates, severe as a hard frost.

Flowery essence is splendid; dragon carts are brave.

Flowing green and azure wings, they fly with brocaded skirts.

I go where I want, with naught but good fortune.

The myriad perfected come to pay court to me, together ascending to the
Jade Capital.

When finished, suck in qi thirty-six times.

The preceding comes from the *Rectifying Scripture of the Three Heavens
of the Cavern of Perfection*

Appearances in other texts

Understanding the names and terms found within the Incantation of the Orthodox One as well as its appearances elsewhere in the Daoist Canon sheds some light on the antiquity of the chant as well as the sources on which the editors of the WSBY drew. The Incantation of the Orthodox One appears in its full form in the following works.

CT 427 *Shangqing xiuxing jingjue* 上清修行經訣, hereafter *Formulary*

“Formulary for Shangqing Practices.” The *Formulary* is a collection of methods revealed to Yang Xi 楊羲 (330-86), a spirit medium in the service of the Xu 許 family of Jurong 句容 county (near modern Nanjing). The *Formulary* consists of a patchwork of citations from other works. The presence of one Lingbao work and several Shangqing works that postdate the *Zhen’gao* revelations indicate that the received version of the *Xiuxing* must have undergone revision. Each method is preceded by a title and a gloss indicating its

source. The Incantation occurs on pp. 26a-b as the first of several incantations to be chanted when entering mountains or marshes. The editor of the *Xiuxing jingjue* attributes it to the *Xiaomo jing* 消魔經, an abbreviated title for several different texts.²⁴⁰

CT 1269 *Shangqing xiushen yaoshi jing* 上清修身要事經, hereafter *Essentials of Practice*.

“The Essentials of the Practice of Perfection” *The Essentials of Practice* is almost identical to the *Formulary*. In the text, the Incantation is called the “Yuqing shaomo daoshi youxing shanze zhufa” 玉清消魔道士遊行山澤祝法, which I tentatively translate as the “Incantation-method from the Heaven of Jade Clarity [for] destroying demons [to be used by] Daoist priests entering traveling in the mountains and marshes.”²⁴¹

Names and terms

High Thearch (*Shangdi* 上帝)

Shangdi is well known as lord of the realm of deceased ancestors and a focus of royal veneration during the Shang 商 dynasty (?- c. 1046 BCE). Though he was replaced in this capacity by Tian 天 with the rise of the Zhou, worship of Shangdi continued under Qin 秦 (255-207 BCE) and Han (206 BCE-219 CE), and in fact he is nearly omnipresent in the

240 TC, s.v. “Shangqing xiuxing jingjue.” The works referred to as the *Xiaomo jing* include, e.g., the portion of CT 1358 *Shangqing gaoshang jinyuan yuzhang yuqing yinshu jing* 上清高上金元羽章玉清隱書經, hereafter *Jinyuan yuzhang*) called *Yuqing shaomo dawang jinxuan baishen neizhou yinwen* 玉清消魔大王金玄百神內咒隱文 (ZHDZ 1.733), which does not contain the “Zhengyi zhou.” For an introduction to the *Jinyuan yuzhang*, see TC, s.v. “Shangqing gaoshang jinyuan yuzhang yuqing yinshu jing.” For a list of works that appear under the name *Xiaomo jing*, see R 2:179.

241TC, s.v. “Shangqing xiushen yaoshi jing.”

Chinese literary canon: from the official histories to poetry to local gazetteers, his presence is felt throughout the entirety of dynastic Chinese history.²⁴²

The Grand Monad (*Taiyi* 太一)

Like Shangdi, *Taiyi* was an important figure long before the Northern and Southern Dynasties. One of his early appearances, in the Guodian manuscripts, has him responsible for “generating water” (*shengshui* 生水). This preceded a varied career in which he appeared as a meditative state of “pure oneness” in the late Warring States; the primordial breath (*yuan qi* 元氣) in the Weft Texts; the source of the ritual in the *Annals of Master Lü* (*Lushi chunqiu* 呂氏春秋, 249 BCE); the root of music used in charismatic transformation in the early Han *Record of Rites* (*Liji* 禮記); and as the focus of a Han state cult in the 2nd c. BCE. While official veneration declined in the early Common Era, *Taiyi* remained important outside official circles, and indeed rose to prominence again in the Yellow Turbans movement, as well as featuring in the mortuary rituals of the Celestial Masters in the early Northern and Southern Dynasties period. Works of this time place special emphasis on his role as administrator of human destinies who exists both in the star Kochab and as the overlord of the spirits of the human body. He is taken

242 See Robert Eno, “Shang State Religion and the Pantheon of the Oracle Texts,” in John Lagerwey and Marc Kalinowsky, ed., *ECR Part One: Shang Through Han* 1:41-102 (Leiden: Brill, 2009), for an explanation of the Shang significance of Shangdi and its relationship to other supernormal beings. Mariane Bujard, “State and Local Cults in Han Religion,” in *ECR* 2, ed. John Lagerwey and Lü Pengzhi, 783, 794. Here are a few mentions of Shangdi in the Chinese literary canon, drawn almost at random from Kanripo’s database: he appears in a controversy over rites during the reign of Mingdi 明帝 (Liu Yu 劉彧, r. 464-472) of the Liu-Song 劉宋 (420-478) in *Song shu* 宋書 16.23a-b; in a poem by Emperor Wu 武 (Sima Yan 司馬炎, r. 265-289) of the Jin 晉 (265-419), preserved in *Wen xuan* 20.22a-25a; and an entry in the *Shandong tongzhi* 山東通志 concerning local sacrifices to Shangdi. The entry is dated to the fourth year (bridging 1726 and 1727 in the Western calendar) of the Yongzheng 雍正 Emperor (Aisin-Gioro Yinzhen 愛新覺羅胤禛, r. 1723-1735) of the Qing 清 (1644-1911).

up by the Shangqing corpus as an important bodily deity. The received *Rectifying Methods* makes him responsible for the turning of the kalpas in an internal meditation exercise that has the adept consume the entire universe in a conflagration of fiery qi emanating from their own body.²⁴³

White Prime (*Baiyuan* 白元)

The identity of this spirit varies according to the work consulted. The *Huangting neijing jing* (on which, see below) claims it is a spirit of the lungs, which the *Taidan yinshu* (discussed more fully below) confirms. However, it appears as a spirit of the brain in the *Hymn to the Gods of the Cave-Chamber* (CT 133 *Taishang dongfang neijing zhu* 太上洞房內經注, hereafter *Dongfang neijing zhu*), which was integrated into the Shangqing corpus at an early date. Baiyuan plays an important role in the Shangqing corpus, and so appears elsewhere as well. In addition to the *Taidan yinshu*, he can be found in the *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue* (discussed earlier), as well as texts like the *Zhen'gao* and the *Esoteric Biography of Ziyang the Perfected* (CT 303 *Ziyang zhenren neizhuan* 紫陽真人內傳) that form the core of the Shangqing corpus. The deity's antiquity is further attested by a citation in the *Wushang biyao*. Finally,

243 EoT, s.v. "Taiyi." For a detailed overview of Taiyi that takes into account excavated texts, tomb paraphernalia, and Dunhuang manuscripts in addition to received material, see Li Ling, "An Archaeological Study of Taiyi (Grand One) Worship," trans. Donald Harper, *Early Medieval China* 2 (1995-96): 1-39. Isabelle Robinet, in Julian F. Pas and Norman Girardot, trans., *Taoist Meditation: The Maoshan Tradition of Great Purity* (Albany: SUNY Press, 1993), 134-138 provides an overview of Taiyi's diverse manifestations in the human body. See also R 1:129. For the *Santian zhengfa jing* citation, see ZHDZ 1:261b.22-261c.11.

Baiyuan links the Incantation to the received *Rectifying Methods*, where he appears early on in the commentary of the Azure Lad.²⁴⁴

The Matchless Hero (*Wuying* 無英)

Baiyuan and Wuying often compose two parts of a trio that also includes The Yellow Old Lord of the Center (*Zhongyang Huanglao jun* 中央黃老君); this is how they appear in the *Santian zhengfa jing*. Along with Taiyi and Baiyuan, Wuying is an important bodily deity in the Shangqing corpus.²⁴⁵

The Eight Emperors *Badi* 八帝

These might be the Demon Kings of the Eight Directions (*Badi damowang* 八帝大魔王) mentioned in the *Jinyuan yuzhang*, a text that was integrated into the Shangqing corpus at an early date. (For more on these beings, see below.) The Demon Kings appear in this text as villains to be driven away by spirits marshalled by the adept. Thus, their association here with the benevolent Nine Perfected would be strange. However, there are

244 See the *Grand Ricci*, s.v. “Bai yuan”; the *Huangting neijing jing* in YJQQ 11.25b; EoT, s.v. “Taidan yinshu,” but cf. R 1:129, which lists Baiyuan as a spirit of the brain. See also *Dongfang neijing zhu* 3b-4b; TC, s.v. “Taishang dongfang neijing zhu”; *Zhen’gao* 9.14b, 13.11a, where Baiyuan appears as a spirit of the brain; he also appears as a spirit of the brain in *Ziyang zhenren neizhuan* 8b-9a; WSBY 3.12a; *Santian zhengfa* 1b.

245 He is sometimes known as *Yuanying* 元英; see, e.g., *Suling jing* (full title: CT 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* 洞真太上素靈洞元大有妙經) 18a and CT 1339 *Dongzhen bajing yulu chentu yinfu* 洞真八景玉籙晨圖隱符 6a. In both cases he is associated with Baiyuan, and so is probably a confusion of 元 with 无, an alternate form of 無. The *Bajing yulu* was incorporated into the Shangqing corpus at an early date after the Shangqing revelations; see TC, s.v. “Dongzhen bajing yulu chentu yinfu.” For the association of Baiyuan, Wuying and Zhongyang Huanglao jun in the Shangqing corpus, see R 1:129; *Ciyi jing* 5b-6a, 25a-b; *Dongfang neijing zhu* 1b, 4b, 9a; *Ziyang zhenren neizhuan* 8b-9a, where Zhongyang Huanglao jun is the “great spirit that cannot be named,” thanks to his association with Taiwei; *Denzhen yinjue* 1.3a. *Dadong zhenjing* 2.10b-11a pairs Wuying with Baiyuan, as does *Taidan yinshu* 20a and *Huangting neijing jing* 1.10b, where Wuying goes by an alternate name (Gongzi 公子); *Santian zhengfa jing* 1b.

references to benevolent Eight Emperors scattered throughout the Shangqing corpus. *The Jade Rule of the Three Original Ones and the Promulgated Scripture of the Three Female Original Ones* (CT 354 *Shangqing sanyuan yujian sanyuan bujing* 上清三元玉檢三元布經) was integrated into the main body of Shangqing texts some fifty years after the Shangqing revelations; in an incantation it contains, the Eight Emperors command transcendents to dispatch a “flying chariot” (*feibing* 飛輶) that carries the adept to the Grand Void (*taixu* 太虛). In *The Nine Crimson Speckled Talismans of the Five Emperors’ Inner Contemplation* (CT 1329 *Taishang jiuchi banfu wudi neizhen jing* 太上九赤班符五帝內真經), a member of the original Shangqing corpus, they appear in an incantation to the Lord of Mount Tai (*Taishan jun* 泰山君). More significantly, they appear in a text associated with the Nine Perfected, the *Mount Turtle Register of the Nine Spirits Pertaining to the Superior Scripture of Transformation of Primordial Beginning* (CT 1393 *Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing jiuling taimiao guishan xuanlu* 上清元始變化寶真上經九靈太妙龜山玄籙, hereafter *Guishan xuanlu*); thus, these Eight Emperors are probably the same referred to in the incantation. In the received *Rectifying Methods* (259b.19-21), they appear as emperors of the Eight Directions, with one set of eight dwelling in each of the upper three heavens.²⁴⁶

246 Zhonghua daojiao dacidian, s.v. “八帝大魔王.” For the names and descriptions of the Eight Demon Kings, see the *Jinyuan yuzhang* at ZHDZ 1.733ff. *Sanyuan bujing* 37a/ZHDZ 1.356; on the work, see TC, s.v. “Shangqing sanyuan yujian sanyuan bujing.” *Jiuchi banfu* 9b/ZHDZ 1.444-445. On the work, see TC, s.v. “Taishang jiuchi banfu wudi neizhen jing.” The *Guishan xuanlu* is perhaps the most complete list of the seventy-four Shangqing gods. See TC, s.v. “Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing jiuling taimiao guishan xuanlu.”

Nine Perfected (*Jiu zhen* 九真)

The Nine Perfected play a critical role in the Shangqing corpus, and are named and described in the *Taidan yinshu* as residents of the Three Primes (*Sanyuan* 三元), here referring to the upper, middle, and lower sections of the body. Each of the Three Primes is itself divided into upper, middle, and lower levels, and one Perfected is assigned to each level. It is in this capacity that they help the adept transform their body in the *Jiuzhen zhongjing*. However, the Three Primes also have cosmological significance as hypostases of the three primordial *qi* that generate the universe, and accordingly the Nine Perfected play an essential role in governing the cosmos. In the *Rectifying Methods* as it has come down to us, they appear as residents of the Three Primes, conceived of in that version as mutations of the *qi* of the Nine Heavens. The Nine Perfected reside in the Three Heavens of Clear Tenuity (*Qingwei* 清微), Yuyu 禹餘, and Grand Crimson (*Dachi* 大赤).²⁴⁷

247 See ZHDZ 1.520a-521a for their names and significance on both the human and cosmological levels. EoT, s.v. “Sanyuan;” *Zhonghua daojiao dacidian*, s.v. “三元;” *Daojiao dacidian*, s.v. “Sanyuan.” They appear in *Santian zhengfa jing*, ZHDZ 1.259b. The Three Heavens appear in many Shangqing works. Yuyu appears here as an abbreviation for Xuanwei ziran shangxu yuyu tian 玄微自然上虛禹餘天, the sixth of the thirty-six heavens according to CT 1373 *Shangqing waiguo fangpin qingtong neiwen* 上清外國放品青童內文. The characters 禹餘 (pronounced hjuXyo in Middle Chinese) were probably chosen for their phonetic value as imitations of Sanskrit, since the Yuyu tian appears in the *Waiguo fangpin* next to pseudo-Sanskrit heavens like the *Yudan wuliang tian* 鬱單無量天 or the *Bujiaole tian* 不驕樂天. “Yudan” (MC: ‘juttan) was the typical transcription of the Sanskrit *Uttarakuru*, a utopian northern continent (not heaven) of the Buddhist pantheon, and 不驕樂 renders Sanskrit *Nirmāṇarati*, the fifth Buddhist heaven. Accordingly, I leave it untranslated, in contrast to Livia Kohn, EoT, s.v. “San qing.” Elaborate Chinese names meant to resemble Sanskrit words were common in other heavens. See ZHDZ 1.287ff; Zürcher, “Buddhist Conquest,” in Silk, *Buddhism in China* 144-145n.

Six *ding* deities (*Liu ding* 六丁)

These deities are associated with the six combinations of the Heavenly Stems and Earthly Branches that include the stem *ding*. They act variously as guardians of the adept's body and as sources of information on future events. They appear both in Ge Hong's *Baopuzi* and the *Upper Scripture of Purple Texts Inscribed by the Spirits* (*Lingshu ziwen* 靈書紫文), a text revealed to Yang Xi.²⁴⁸

Five Phases (*Wu xing* 五行)

Important in realms as diverse as bodily health, imperial politics, and military strategy, the first systematic account of the Five Phases appears in the *Annals of Master Lü*. This work was assembled in 239 BCE out of quotations from diverse sources, some of which are no longer extant. In Warring States and Han thought, political dynasties were each linked to one of the Five Phases. The rise and fall of particular dynasties was thus conceived of as a natural process on the same order as the weather, the seasons, and the motion of the planets. However, given the close association between the Five Phases and six *ding* deities in this portion of the incantation, the author of the text probably meant to stress the divinatory aspect of *wu xing*, which had been well-known since Han times. The Five Phases are not directly mentioned in the *Rectifying Methods*, though their influence can be seen in the orderly progression of one dispensation of the heavens to another.²⁴⁹

248 For the *ding* deities in Ge Hong, see Campany, *Heaven and Earth* 72-75. The *Lingshu ziwen* is scattered throughout the modern Daozang. See Stephen R. Bokenkamp, *EDS* 275-372 for an introduction to and translation of the work. Robinet, in *EoT*, s.v. "Lingshu ziwen," also provides an introduction.

249 For the *wu xing* in politics and strategy, see Michael Loewe, "The authority of the emperors of Ch'in and Han," in *Divination, mythology, and monarchy in Han China* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994): 85-111; "Water, earth and fire," in *Divination* 55-60, as well as 125-127, 244. *EoT*, s.v.

Three Heavens (*Santian* 三天)

The Three Heavens have a storied lineage in Chinese cosmology. While they first appear in the *Wufu xu*, the first systematic exposition of the Three Heavens system occurs in the *Inner Explanations*. As reviewed above, this text portrays Zhang Daoling, the putative founder of the Way of the Celestial Masters, as establishing the Three Heavens on behalf of the deified Laozi and thus abrogating the rule of the Six Heavens, whose dispensation – though legitimate – had run its course in same manner as political dynasties. The received *Rectifying Methods* shares key assumptions of the *Inner Explanations*: the Three Heavens (there identified as Shangqing, Yuyu, and Dachi), like the Six Heavens they succeed, are at once cosmological locales, stages in the parturition of the universe, and forces with a legitimate claim to worldly governance. The Nine Heavens (*jiu tian* 九天) also deserve mention, as they are sometimes depicted as the heritors of the mandate from the Six. I am unsure of the relationship between the Nine and the Three.²⁵⁰

Jade Capital (*Yu jing* 玉京)

The Jade Capital was well-known as an abode of transcendents by the time of the Shangqing version of the *Rectifying Methods*. *The Register of the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement, the Superior Perfected, and the Hosts of Transcendents* (CT

“Wu xing” focuses on the Five Phases’ use in medical works and its place in correlative cosmology. A brief discussion on *wu xing* divination in the context of other forms (such as stalks and turtle plastrons) occurs in Loewe, *Divination* 169-170. In the *Santian zhengfa jing*, the decline of the Six Heavens and the rise of the Three is described in the work and the Azure Lad’s commentary on ZHDZ 1.259c.

250 For a brief introduction to the Three Heavens that cites Bokenkamp, see EoT, s.v. “Santian and liutian.” The Three Heavens are named in *Santian zhengfa jing*, ZHDZ 1.259b.

166 *Yuanshi shangzhen zhongxian ji* 元始上真衆仙記), a Northern and Southern

Dynasties work spuriously attributed to Ge Hong, describes it thusly:

元始天王在天中心之上，名曰玉京山，山中宮殿並金玉飾之。

The Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement dwells above the center of the Heavens. [His dwelling place] is called the Mountain of the Jade Capital. On the mountain, there are palace compounds and royal dwellings, all ornamented with gold and jade.

The “Account of [the teachings] of Buddha and Laozi” (*Shi Lao zhi* 釋老志) in the sixth-century *Book of Wei* (*Wei shu* 魏書) describes it as the dwelling place of the “Numinous King,” located above the Palace of Purple Tenuity:

道家之原出於老子，其自言也。先天地生以資萬類。上處玉京為神王之宗，下在紫微為飛仙之主。

The School of the Way originates in the words of Laozi himself, who created it before the formation of Heaven and Earth in order to save the myriad sorts of beings. Above is the Jade Capital, where dwells the ancestor of the Numinous King. Below is the Lord of the Flying Transcendents, who dwells in the [Palace] of Purple Tenuity.

The Jade Capital does not feature in the received *Rectifying Methods*, though the Palace of Purple Tenuity appears in the name of an amulet that features in the text.²⁵¹

Juan 95

By the time the reader reaches j, 95, they have passed once again from detailed prescriptions for daily life back to more abstract matters. The WSBY mentions the *Rectifying Methods* in a section devoted to exalting a different work, the *Seven Recitations of the Divine Realm with Seven Transformations for Dancing in Heaven*

251 *Zhongxian ji* 2b. For an introduction to the work, see TC, s.v. “Yuanshi shangzhen zhongxian ji.” *Zhonghua daojiao dacidian*, s.v. “玉京”; *Daojiao dacidian*, s.v. “Yujing”; *Handian*, s.v. “玉京.” *Wei shu* 114.31a; cf. Xu Jialu, ed., *Wei shu*, *Ershi si shi quanyi* (Shanghai: Hanyu dacidian chubanshe, 2004): 2463. For the amulet in question, see *Santian zhengfa*, ZHDZ 1.262b.18-19.

(preserved today in CT 1331 *Dongzhen Shangqing shenzhou qizhuan qibian wutian jing* 洞真上清神州七轉七變舞天經; whether this is the same version as that consulted by the editors of the WSBY is unclear). The juan teaches the adept how to ascend personally to the Purple Empyrean. It opens with the biography of the Lord of the Purple Empyrean 紫晨君, a Shangqing deity of long standing who figures prominently in the above-mentioned *Guishan xuanlu*. Before ascending to the Purple Empyrean and assuming his title, he travels to the ends of the universe and receives a series of works from exalted deities. He then rises to the Jade Capital and receives the *Rectifying Methods* as well as new garb and tokens of his new rank. It is only then – after using the *Rectifying Methods* to pacify the Six Heavens – that he ascends to the Purple Empyrean and performs the methods of the *Seven Recitations*.²⁵² The *Rectifying Methods* finds an important place in the story, but only as a preparatory exercise (albeit the final and therefore most significant) for the methods of the *Seven Recitations*.

²⁵² See Lagerwey, *Wu-shang* 203-204, ZHDZ 28.281c-283a, esp. 282b.8-11. According to the excerpt from the *Seven Recitations*, the methods in several other works rely on it for their efficacy.

APPENDIX D

THE “RECTIFYING METHODS” IN THE SDZN

The SDZN preserves what is probably the earliest revision of the *Rectifying Methods*, but also presents a work that had undergone considerable revision by Wang Xuanhe's time. It cites or mentions the *Rectifying Methods* three times.

Juan 6

Wang first mentions the *Rectifying Methods* in a section of j. 6 concerned with rules and precepts. The section is called “Prohibited Acts When Establishing Merit” 立功禁忌品, and situates the *Rectifying Methods* among various other “methods of Shangqing” 上清之法 (in which it includes, e.g., exercises from the *Sishisi fang*). The authority he cites is the *Regulations of Nüqing of the Middle Palace of the Grand Mystic Capital*.²⁵³ With only a slight difference, this is the title of the fifth juan of the received *Siji mingke*. The text, too, nearly matches – but again, with slight differences. The relevant citation runs as follows. See SDZN 6.4b-5a/ZHDZ 28.438b-c. My punctuation differs slightly from the ZHDZ ed.

又云：凡上學之士受三天正法，四明之科，佩帶真文，出入三光及冥卧息不得露頭，不著巾帽及脫衣露形。毀慢身神，恥辱真文，令真靈遠逝，空尸獨在。三犯不得入仙也，五犯死入地獄，萬劫還生不人之道也。

[The *Regulations*] also state: As for all those who receive the *Rectifying Methods* and the *Bright Statutes of the Four [Poles]*: When wearing the True Writs or coming and going with the Three Luminaries or resting in their bed in the dark night, they must not reveal their heads [due to] not wearing a headcovering, nor remove their clothing and reveal their form. [Doing so will] slander and offend their bodily spirits and disgrace the True Writs, causing the noble numens to go far away; only their empty corpse will remain. After three offenses, they will not attain entry into transcendence. After five offenses, upon death they will enter the earth prisons, being reborn after myriad kalpas on the path of nonhumans.²⁵⁴

253 《太玄都中宮女青律》

254 The True Writs probably refers to what we know today as *The Perfected Script in Five Tablets Written in Red Celestial Writing of the [Celestial Worthy of] Original Commencement and the Five Ancient Lords* (CT 22 *Yuanshi wulao chishu wu pian zhenwen tianshu jing* 元始五老赤書玉 [五] 篇真文天書

又云：凡上學之士受三天正法，四極明科，不得妄入淹穢哭泣悲淚，吊問死喪，五犯伐功，斷事不得入仙也，十犯死入地獄，萬劫還生不人之道也。

The *Regulations* also state: As for all those who receive the *Rectifying Methods* and the *Bright Statutes of the Four [Poles]*: They must not heedlessly enter into the impurities [surrounding] death and mourning, nor present their condolences at funerals. After five offenses, they will destroy their accumulated merit. Their case will be decided [by celestial authorities], and they will not attain entry into transcendence. After ten offenses, upon death they will enter into the earth prisons, and after myriad kalpas return to life on the path of nonhumans.

Juan 8

The eighth juan of SDZN is a selection of quotes from various works on a variety of subjects, including the dress of the gods and the auspicious signs required of (or possessed by) those destined to view certain works. Among these is a quotation from a certain *Most High Scripture of the Eight Effulgences* (*Taishang bajing jing* 太上八景經, possibly the received CT 1378 *Shangqing jinzhen yuguang bajing feijing* 金真玉光八景飛經). The *Eight Effulgences*, according to the SDZN, places the *Rectifying Methods* “above the Nine Heavens, in the Heaven of Jade Clarity, in the Golden Chamber, in the Purple Grotto.”²⁵⁵

Juan 9

The only direct citation of the *Rectifying Methods* is a long one, occupying nearly four juan (9.1a-4b). It begins by repeating the WSBY’s second method of computing cosmic time. This method begins by dividing the earth into gang and ji lines, continues by discussing the signs disasters attendant upon a conjunction of small kalpas, and concludes

經, the first work in the Lingbao corpus. Per Daojiao dacidian, “coming and going with the Three Luminaries” probably refers to an embryonic breathing exercise.

255 九天之上，玉清金房，紫戶之內。

by discussing the signs attendant upon the conjunction of great kalpas. Its portents are worth repeating:

At the conjunction of great kalpas, heaven is upended and earth is flipped; the seas surge and the rivers burst their dikes; humankind disappears and mountains drown; gold and jade transform and disappear, and [all in] the six directions muddles into one.

SDZN j. 9 continues with material not seen in the WSBY:

白尸飄於無涯，孤爽悲於洪波，大鳥掃穢於靈嶽，水母受事於九河，五龍吐氣於北元，天馬玄轡以徒魔，赤鎖伏精於辰門，歲星滅王於金羅，日月昏翳於三豪之館，五氣停暈於九嶺之巔，龍王鼓華於東井之上，河侯受對於九海之下，聖君顯駕於明霞之館，五帝科簡於善惡。當此之時，萬惡絕種，鬼魔滅跡，八荒四極，萬不遺一，至於天地之會，自非高上三天所不能禳，自無青籙白簡所不能脫也。

The *Shangqing santian zhengfa jing* says: The White Corpse²⁵⁶ floats on the boundless; the lonely souls²⁵⁷ grieve on great waves. The Great Bird sweeps away impurities at the Numinous Marchmount; the Water-Mother receives her charge at the Nine Rivers.²⁵⁸ The Five Dragons spit forth qi at the Northern Prime; the

256 The earliest reference I have been able to find to the White Corpse is in CT 1315 *Dongzhen shangqing qingyao zishu jingen zhongjing* 洞真上清青要紫書金根衆經, a work partially revealed to Yang Xi that may in fact predate the Shangqing revelations. It contains visualization and meditation practices, but also methods for escaping the apocalypse and for dealing with the pollution caused by sight of a corpse. See the relevant entry in TC. It is the latter to which the word belongs, appearing in an incantation to speed the corpse on its journey to rebirth. Here, *bai shi* refers to the corpse itself – see 1.21b. While this incantation would persist (e.g., in YJQQ 47.7a and *Xiuxing jingjue* 8b), another conception of the *bai shi* would arise that related it to the “Three Worms” (*San chong* 三蟲) or “Three Corpses” (*San shi* 三尸) – malevolent spirits thought to dwell in the human body and cause disease in a variety of ways. See EoT, s.v. “Sanshi and jiuchong.” YJQQ 82.19a numbers the White Corpse among five corpses that keep the company of the Three Worms and should be expelled from the body via an incantation that sends them down to the Yellow Springs. Note that this enumeration of the Three Worms and Five Corpses differs from that given in the EoT article.

257 The phrase I translate “lonely souls” includes the character *shuang* 爽, used since at least the time of Cao Zhi 曹植 (192-232) to refer to human will in *jing shuang* 精爽 “essence and soul.” The compound that appears here, *gua shuang* 孤爽 also appears in other Daoist works when they discuss the components of the person: CT 369 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao miedu wulian shengshi miaojing* 太上洞玄靈寶滅度五鍊生尸妙經 19a contrasts it with “rotten bones” (*xiu hai* 朽骸), while CT 103 *Yuqing wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing zhu* 玉清無極總真文昌大洞仙經註 3.8a claims Ge Hong spoke of it as something to be “venerated and refined” (*ji lian* 祭煉). Here the term probably refers to the ghosts of the unfed dead that lodge in the fetus and help constitute new persons. See Bokenkamp, “Tao Hongjing and Buddhism” 264-265.

258 The Great Bird and the Water Mother are omens of the impending apocalypse. See Robinet, *Taoism* 160-161; Grand Ricci, s.v. “大鳥;” Handian, s.v. “水母;” *Grand Ricci*, s.v. “水母.” The Numinous Marchmount” probably refers to Mount Tai, in modern Shandong. See Handian, s.v. “靈嶽.” The “Nine

Heavenly Horse [grasps] the mysterious reins in order to imprison demons;²⁵⁹ The Red Lock causes demons to bow their heads in defeat at the Starry Gates; the Spirit of the Year Star destroys [demon]-kings at the Golden Net.²⁶⁰ The sun and moon are occluded and dimmed in the offices of the Three Eminences; the Five Qi halt their halos above the peaks of the Nine Ranges;²⁶¹ The Dragon King moves about, shining, at the Eastern Well; the River Liege receives a summons under the Nine Seas;²⁶² The Sage-Lord manifests his chariot in the Office of the Bright Dawn-rose Clouds; the Five Emperors weigh the good and evil [deeds of humans] and decide [their fates].²⁶³ At this time, the myriad evil [beings] will cut off the seed people, and the devils and demons will obliterate their traces. In the eight wastes and four poles, not one in ten thousand will be left, even coming to the conjunction of heaven and earth. If [you] are not [of] the Most High Three Heavens then you cannot avert it; if your name is not carved in green registers on slips of white jade, you will not be able to escape it.²⁶⁴

Rivers” refers to the Milky Way. See Handian, s.v. “九河.”

259 The “Five Dragons” are probably the spirits of the Five Agents. See *Grand Ricci* and Handian, s.v., “五龍.” The Northern Prime could refer to one of the bureaus in Fengdu charged with processing the deceased. It is so named in CT 456, 18a. This is little more than a guess, however, as the referent is uncertain: for instance, Northern Prime is the taboo name of one of the lads dwelling in the stars of the Northern Dipper in CT 446 *Shangqing zhongjing zhu zhensheng bi* 上清眾經諸真聖祕, a compendium of Shangqing saints and gods dating from the second half of the Tang. See CT 446 1.17a and the relevant entry in TC.

260 I am unsure what the “Red Lock” refers to; this appears to be its only occurrence in the Canon. “Starry Gates” is a term used in laboratory alchemy; see, e.g., YJQQ 68.23a-b. I am unsure what it is doing here. The “Spirit of the Year Star” dwells in Jupiter. According to *Guishan xuanlu* 114a, Golden Net County is a place in the Heaven of Jade Clarity. The phrase “Golden Net” also features in hymns to the kings of the Shangqing heavens in CT 55 *Gaoshang taishang taixiao langshu qiongwen dizhang jing* 高上太霄琅書瓊文帝章經 15b-16b, and in a pseudo-Sanskrit placename in *Waiguo fangpin* 1.9a.

261 I am unsure what *san hao* 三豪 means, though it clearly refers to astronomical phenomena here. There is no other occurrence in the Daoist Canon, and it seems to be a rare term in the works of this period. The Five Qi probably refers to the qi of the Five Agents. I am uncertain what the Nine Ranges refers to. It appears in several Daoist works of the Northern and Southern Dynasties period, but the works never go into detail about it. See, e.g., CT 1338 *Yuqing yinshu jing* 15b, where it appears in an incantation to revert from old age to youth and save one’s ancestors from a shadowy afterworld; CT 55 *Gaoshang taixiao langshu qiongwen dizhang jing* 高上太霄琅書瓊文帝章經 13b, where it appears in a hymn to the highest Shangqing heaven. The *Famous Mountains of the Subcelestial Realm* (*Tianxia mingshan ji* 天下名山記) has an entry for a Nine Ranges in Yunnan province (7.58b-59a), but this is almost certainly different from the one mentioned here.

262 The Dragon King is a powerful aquatic spirit associated with the Water Office in *Duren jing* 51.1a. The Eastern Well is the twenty-second of the twenty-eight lunar lodges. The River Liege is an aquatic spirit. The Nine Seas is perhaps a collective term for all the oceans; it appears in *Duren jing* 51.1a in the phrase *bafang jiu hai* 八方九海, where *bafang* is the “Eight Directions.”

263 The Sage-Lord is the Lord of the Golden Porte. The Five Emperors are the Emperors of the Five Directions.

The passage continues with what, in WSBY 6, is the first method of computing cosmic time (“The Gates of Heaven are in Heaven’s northwest corner...), then proceeding with what – in WSBY 6 – is the first method of computing time (“The Floodgates of the Earth...).²⁶⁵ As detailed in the notes, the figures and signs that feature in the above passage are firmly rooted in Shangqing eschatology. The last line is particularly interesting in light of the celestial records introduced in the WSBY: one’s name must “be of the Most High Three Heavens” in order to survive the eschaton, and – according to this passage, at least – that status requires one to have their name inscribed in the appropriate lists. The “Three Heavens” that feature here are the same common to Six Dynasties cosmology, which opposed three “correct” heavens to six “deviant” heavens. According to this cosmology, the deviant heavens have ruled since ancient times, but their rule has now come to an end; the Three have assumed legitimate governorship of the universe. While one cannot be certain, equating the “green registers on slips of white jade” with the records listed in WSBY 31 is not at all beyond the pale if one assumes (as I do) that the editors of the *Sandong zhunang* and WSBY were consulting the same edition of the *Zhengfa jing*.

A collective name for these records is suggested by another passage from the *Sandong zhunang*:

又云：赤精開皇元年七月七日丙午中時，登琳琅之都，月之上館，受符於元始天王。開金陽玉匱，玄和玉女口命出皇民錄譜。自開皇已前，三象明曜以來，至于開皇，經累億之劫，天地成敗非可稱載。九天丈人於開皇時，算定天元，校推劫運。

264 SDZN 9.1b-2a. I have been unable to find another occurrence of this prophecy – or anything like it – in the Daoist canon or elsewhere in the Chinese literary corpus.

265 SDZN 9.2a-3b1.

[The *Shangqing santian zhengfa jing*] also says, “In the reign period of Kaihuang,²⁶⁶ in the seventh month, on the seventh day (a *bingwu* day), in the middle watch, in the capital of Fine Jade, Red Essence²⁶⁷ bestowed a talisman upon the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement. He opened the Jade Casket of Golden Yang²⁶⁸ at the command of the Jade Lady of Mysterious Harmony and withdrew the Genealogy of the People of the Three Sovereigns.²⁶⁹ Before Kaihuang, the Three Images²⁷⁰ shone forth; [from this time] until Kaihuang, one hundred million kalpas elapsed, and the successes and failures of heaven and earth cannot be measured. In the Kaihuang reign period, the Elder of the Nine Heavens²⁷¹ numbered and fixed the heavenly cycles, pushed forward the turning of the kalpas according to the proper order.

266 The third of the three kalpas that inaugurated the universe. According to WSBY 24.1a-b, the texts of the Three Caverns issued forth during these kalpas. *Dadong* 大洞 (more typically *dongzhen* 洞真), corresponding to Shangqing texts, were revealed during the *Longhan* 龍漢 kalpa; *Dongxuan* 洞玄, corresponding to the Lingbao corpus, were revealed during the *Chiming* 赤明 era, and the books in the *Dongshen* 洞神 (= *Sanhuang* 三黃 texts) cavern appeared in the *Kaihuang* 開皇 era. If the *Rectifying Methods* follows this arrangement – by no means certain – then the Genealogy of the People of the Three Sovereigns would be associated with the Sanhuang corpus.

267 This is a spirit of the south that appears throughout the Chinese literary corpus. In Zhen Xuan’s 鄭玄’s commentary to the *Canon of Rites* (*Liji* 禮記) as preserved in the Song *Collected Explanations of the Canon of Rites* (*Liji jishuo* 禮記集說) 41.18a, Chijing appears as vassal of the Flame Emperor (Yandi 炎帝, but cf. Zheng Xuan, *Zhouli zhushu* 周禮注疏 18.36a). He was taken up by Daoist authors: in WSBY 32.9a. Chijing appears below the Queen Mother of the West in the line of transmission for an amulet, and in *Santian neijie jing* 1.3a he appears as an incarnation of Laozi who advised the legendary emperor Zhuangzi 莊子. Chijing appears low in a hierarchy of deities presented in the sixth-century CT 361 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao bawei zhaolong maojing* 太上洞玄靈寶八威召龍妙經 1.7b-8b.

268 A Jade Casket (*yu kui* 玉匱) was a box used by the emperor for storing jade slips that certified his receipt of the Mandate of Heaven. See Handian, s.v. “玉匱,” “玉冊.” Here, it contains the Registers of the August People, on which is recorded the names of those who will escape the disasters that presage the end of the world.

269 The Jade Woman of Mysterious Harmony appears frequently in the Lingbao corpus or in works that have undergone editing by authors writing in that tradition. To cite one example, in CT 361 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao bawei zhaolong maojing* 太上洞玄靈寶八威召龍妙經 1.7b-8b she is one of the officials dispatched by a group of deities headed by the Most High Elder and the Most High Lord Lao. They are sent to transmit a writ for quelling spirits to twenty-four perfected. The Three Augusts are legendary rulers of antiquity. Their identities vary according to the list, but are usually given as Fu Xi 伏羲, Shen Nong 神農, and Huangdi 皇帝 or Fu Xi 伏羲, Nu Wa 女媧, and Shen Nong 神農. See *Grand Ricci*, s.v. “三皇.”

270 This phrase has many meanings. According the *Lüshi qunqiu* 呂氏春秋 5.10b, it is the name of a song composed by the Duke of Zhou. Here, however, it probably refers to the *xuan* 玄, *yuan* 元, and *shi* 始 qi. See CT 1128 *Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu* 道門經法相承次序 (ca. 680) 3.4b: 三象: 玄氣, 青; 元氣, 白; 始氣, 黃

271 The Elder of the Nine Heavens appears throughout the Shangqing corpus, where he transmits texts to mortals. See R: 1, p. 127

白簡青錄，得道人名記。皇民譜錄，數極唐堯。是爲小劫一交。其中損益，有二十四萬人應爲得者。自承唐之後，數四十六丁亥，前後中間甲申之年，乃小劫之會，人名應定。在此之際，陽九百六。二氣離合，吉凶交會。得過者特爲免哉。然甲申之後，其中壬辰之初，數有九周至。庚子之年，吉凶候見，其道審明。

The names of those who will attain the Dao are recorded in green records on white slips. The numbers of the Genealogy of the People of the Three Sovereigns extended through the time of Yao. This was the turning of one small kalpa. During this time 2,400,000 were subtracted from the count of those who should attain [the Dao]. In the *jiashen* year sometime before or after the forty-sixth *dinghai* year after Yao, there will be a conjunction of small kalpas, and the records must be fixed again. At this juncture will be a yang [nine and] a hundred-six. The two qi will separate and reunite; good and evil will mix and mingle. Those who will pass through will be specially selected to avoid [destruction]. After a *jiashen* year, at the beginning of the *renchen* year in this period, a period of nine circuits will reach its limit. In a *gengzi* year, good and evil omens will appear, and their ways will be made clear.²⁷²

9.3b-4b provides background on the celestial records referred to above. The text calls these records the Genealogy of the People of the Three Sovereigns. A key feature of these records is their mutability: at the end of each small kalpa, celestial beings remove the names of the unworthy and add the names of the worthy. Their first recension occurs after the rule of the legendary sage-king Yao, when 2,400,000 names are subtracted. The next small kalpa will end during a *jiashen* year after the forty-sixth *dinghai* year after Yao's rule, and the records will again require rectification. The cyclical nature of the Chinese calendar makes it very difficult to determine the correct *dinghai* year with certainty.²⁷³

What follows elaborates on the above. It provides the most concrete signs yet that the time is nigh:

當有赤星見於東方，白彗干於月門，祆子續黨於蟲口，亂群墳尸於越川，人啖其種，萬里絕煙。強臣稱霸，弱主蒙塵，其後當有五靈曷瑞，義合本根。龍精之後，續族之君，平滅四虜，應符者隆，龍虎之世，三六乃清。民無橫命，柞無危患。自承之後四十六丁亥，是三劫之周。又從數五十五丁亥至壬辰，癸巳

²⁷² SDZN 9.3b1-4a. Read 現 for 見.

²⁷³ On this, see Bokenkamp, "Time After Time" 68-72.

是也。則是大劫之周。天翻地覆，金玉化消，人淪山沒，六合冥一。天地之改運，非真所如何，惟高上三天，白簡青籙，乃得晏鴻翻而騰翔，飛景霄而盼目耳。此玄和玉女口命，金陽玉匱，論天地之成敗，吉凶之是非也。

At this time, the Red Star²⁷⁴ will appear in the east, the White Sweeper²⁷⁵ will transgress the Lunar Gate. Demons will link together at the mouth of the insects,²⁷⁶ chaotic mobs will pile their corpses in mounds at the rivers of Yue; people will eat their own posterity; after myriad li, the smoke of cooking fires will be cut off. Strong feudal lords will become hegemony; weak kings will flee the capital. After this there will be bright signs of the five numens; righteousness will accord with its root. The descendant of the Dragon-seed, the lord who continues the clan, will destroy the four rebels.²⁷⁷ Talismanic responses will descend.²⁷⁸ In the generation of the Dragon-tiger, the three-and-six will clarify. The people will have no [urge to] rebel; the throne will have no danger. In the forty-sixth *dinghai* year after Yao – this will be a complete cycle of three kalpas. Moreover, counting from the fifty-fifth *dinghai* year to the *jisi* [month?] of the [following] *renchen* year: this will be the completion of one great kalpa. Heaven and earth will be overthrown; jade and gold will transform and disappear. The people will sink into oblivion, and the mountains will be drowned. Everything in the Six Directions will become one in the darkness. If you are not one of the Perfected, then what is to be done? Only those [whose names are inscribed] in green records on white slips in the exalted Three Heavens will in ease and comfort take flight on great wings, fly on the phosphors to the empyrean, paying a visit to and fixing their regard upon [the Three Heavens]. This is [what] the oral command of the Jade Maiden [brought forth from] the Jade Casket of Golden Yang; it discusses the success and failure of the universe, the correctness and incorrectness of fortune and misfortune.²⁷⁹

274 A star located in the first of the twenty-eight lunar mansions. See Handian, s.v. "赤星," *Grand Ricci*, s.v. "角宿."

275 The White Sweeper appears in the second *juan* of the *Jin shu* chapter on astronomy in a quote that nearly matches Zhang Shoujie's 張守節 (?-?) *Correct Meanings of the Records of the Grand Historian* (*Shiji zhengyi* 史記正義) 27.20a. The latter was presented to the throne in the twenty-fourth year (736-737) of the Kaiyuan 開元 reign period (712-742). The interlinear commentary at 27.20 holds that the "essence" 精 of Venus "scatters" 散 into nine stars, one of them being the White Sweeper.

276 I am uncertain what this refers to. It appears to be the only appearance of the two characters 蟲口 as a binome in the canon, other than a citation of this passage at SDZN 9.3b-9.4a. The compound refers to a medicinal plant elsewhere in the Chinese literary corpus.

277 The "lord who continues the clan" is probably Liu Yu 劉裕 (363-422). This would make the "four rebels" four military commanders he defeated. Three of these are probably Sun En 孫恩 (?-402), his younger sister's husband Lu Xun 盧循 (?-411) and Huan Xuan 桓玄 (369-404); I am uncertain of the fourth.

278 The implication here is that the actions of the "descendant of the Dragon-seed" will form the earthly half of a tally, and the heavenly half – in the form of the signs and wonders depicted above – will manifest.

279 SDZN 9.4a-b. The term 盼目 is a strange one, and my translation is conjectural. In Daoist works, it frequently functions as a verb that takes an exalted place as its direct object. For instance, the "Song of

Many of the figures and portents in this passage remain obscure, but enough remains clear to make an educated guess at its meaning: the end times are at hand. The passage begins by invoking specific celestial phenomena that – unlike the movements in the hidden realm detailed in 9.1b-2a – would have been visible to human beings. It continues by obliquely referring to contemporary events. The political turmoil inaugurated by the fall of the Han would not end until the Tang, but in the interim many kings appealed to Daoist and Buddhist apocalyptic texts in order to justify much grander imperial ambitions. The two most notable are probably Yang Jian 楊堅 (541-604), founder of the Sui 隋 (581-618), and Li Yuan, founder of the Tang.²⁸⁰ But they were not the first to do so.

The “descendant of the Dragon-seed” probably refers to Liu Yu 劉裕 (r. 402-422). He was the founder of the fifth-century Liu-Song dynasty, and was supposedly descended from Liu Bang, founder of the Han. The similarities between the structure of this prophecy and that found in the *Purple Texts* are clear: both foretell the rise of a ruler in the forty-sixth *dinghai* year after Yao; both tell of disasters befalling people “before and after a *jiashen* year,” and of the salvation of the good. Finally, the prediction in the SDZN once again emphasizes the importance of having one’s name inscribed on the

the High Transcendent Who Pays a Visit, Roaming, to [the Cavern-Heaven] Dongling” (高仙盼遊洞靈之曲, YJQQ 96.9a-b) contains the line “The Beflowered Palace of the Red Dawn – how can one pay a visit to it and fix their regard upon it?” 絳晨華臺何盼目; in a poem bestowed upon Yang Xi by a Perfected informant, we find the line “The Eight Terraces – one can visit them and fix the gaze upon them.” 八臺可盼目

280 Their appeals to eschatology are discussed extensively in Bokenkamp, “Time After Time” 72-87. The classic study of apocalypticism as related to political events is Anna Seidel, “The Image of the Perfect Ruler in Early Daoist Messianism,” *History of Religions* 2.3 (1969-70): 216-247. She discusses the Northern and Southern Dynasties on pp. 230ff. Another is Erich Zürcher, “‘Prince Moonlight’: Messianism and Eschatology in Early Medieval Chinese Buddhism,” *T’oung Pao* 68 (1982): 1-75. It is reprinted in Silk, ed., *Buddhism in China* 187-257.

appropriate celestial records. These are known here as the “Genealogy of the People of the Three Sovereigns.” Assuming the editors of the SDZN and WSBY were consulting the same edition of the *Zhengfa jing*, the “Genealogy” would then be a collective name for the list of records found in WSBY 31, and viewing the amulets listed there would assure the adept that his or her salvation was guaranteed.

APPENDIX E

THE “RECTIFYING METHODS” IN THE XDL

The earliest quotation of the *Rectifying Methods* available to us survives in the *Xiaodao lun*, a polemic against Daoism written by the mathematician and astronomer Zhen Luan 甄鸞 (fl. 535-81) and presented to the throne in 570. As with each version of the *Methods*, the XDL was produced in a particular context for a particular purpose; modern readers thus must remain alert to the possibility that, in addition to more run-of-the-mill “modifications” like slips of the pen or faulty memory, Zhen Luan may have been abridging or even intentionally misquoting his source material. While Emperor Wu (r. 560-78) ordered the original *Xiaodao lun* burned, an abbreviated version can be found in pp. 143c-152c of T 2103 *Guang hongming ji* 廣弘明集 (*Expanded Collection Spreading the Light of Buddhism*, 7th c.). The extant *Xiaodao lun* contains thirty-six sections devoted to diverse topics: cosmogony, cosmology, and demonology constitute just a few. The sundry and detailed quotations in even this abbreviated version attest to the author’s intimate knowledge of the Daoist works of his day. Zhen consults the *Zhengfa jing* four times on matters of cosmogony, cosmology, and the creation of humankind. His citations always appear as one of several incommensurable accounts drawn from various Daoist texts. His overall aim is to illustrate how Daoism fails to provide a coherent account of the beginnings of the universe and its inhabitants. Below I have translated Zhen’s citations of the *Rectifying Methods*. In the XDL, the citations themselves are preceded by citations of different Daoist texts with which Zhen contrasts the *Methods* in order to illustrate Daoism’s fundamental incoherence. I have also summarized these passages below.²⁸¹

281 Consult Kohn, *Laughing* 55, 56 n. 14; 62 and n. 3, 63 and n. 7; 66 and n. 1; 140 and nn. 5-8. My translations of the *Rectifying Methods* citations, and sometimes the XDL itself, differ from hers.

The first citation of the *Rectifying Methods* (under the name *Scripture of the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens in Original Chaos*) appears in the first section of the XDL, called “The highest lord of the Dao created heaven and earth” 太上道君造立天地. Here, Zhen contrasts the creation account in the *Rectifying Methods* with other accounts in different Daoist texts. In one, Laozi creates the universe by transforming his body into its various elements: his right eye becomes the moon, his left the sun, etc. See Kohn 53-57, a translation of T 2103.52.144b13-144c15.

《三天正法混沌經》云：混沌之始。清氣爲天濁氣爲地。便有七曜萬像之形其來久矣。²⁸²

The *Santian zhengfa hundun jing* says: The clear qi became heaven, and the turbid qi became earth. Then there were the seven luminaries²⁸³ and the forms of the myriad phenomena. Their origins are old!

The second citation of the *Rectifying Methods* can be found in chapter 3, “The Three Primes turned into heavenly people” 三元為天人者. This chapter presents differing accounts of the origin of the Three Primes, the highest divisions of the heavens. It also complains that, because the highest deities formed out of pure qi, they were in no position to order human beings to attain the same state via personal cultivation (as other Daoist texts advocated). See Kohn 62-66, a translation of T 2103.52.145a.18-145b.23.

《三天正法經》云：天光未朗，蔚積未澄。七千餘劫玄景始分。九氣存焉。一氣相去九萬九千九百九十里。青氣高澄，濁混下降。而九天真王，元始天王生於九氣之中。氣結而形焉。便有九真之帝。皆九天清氣凝成九字之位。三元夫人從氣而生，在洞房宮，玉童玉女各三千而侍。以天為父，以氣為母。生於三元之君。²⁸⁴

282 T 2103.52.144c1-3.

283 The sun and moon plus the five naked-eye planets: Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. See Handian, s.v., “七曜.”

284 T 2103.52.145a27-145b5.

The *Santian zhengfa jing* says: The lights of the sky had not yet begun to shine. The deep accumulation of qi had not yet clarified. After over seven thousand kalpas, the Mysterious Phosphors²⁸⁵ began to divide, and the Nine Qi came into being. Each Qi was separated by ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety *li*. The clear qi rose and clarified; the turbulent qi descended. Then, the Perfected King of the Nine Heavens and the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement were born in the midst of the Nine Qi, which knotted together and produced their forms. Then the Emperors of the Nine Perfected were created. They all [formed] when the clear qi of the Nine Heavens coagulated and were established the thrones of the Nine Dwellings.²⁸⁶ The Lady of the Three Primes was born of Qi and abides in the Palace of the Cavern-Chamber. She is served by three thousand jade lads and jade maidens. Heaven is her father, and qi is her mother. She gave birth to the Three Prime Dames.²⁸⁷

The next citation of the *Rectifying Methods* occurs in chapter four, “Humanity was created from earth” 結土為人. It contrasts the creation of humanity as given in the *Rectifying Methods* with other versions in different Daoist texts. One, for instance, adheres to the Buddhist notion of karmic causality, holding that rebirth as a “barbarian” is the result of evil deeds committed in a previous life. This obviously contrasts with the creation account given below. See Kohn 66-68, a translation of T 2103.52.145b24-145c11.

《三天正法經》云：九氣既分。九真天王乃至三元夫人，三元之君，太上道君於是而形。逮至皇帝始立生民，結土為像於曠野。三年能言。各在一方。故有僮秦夷羌。五情合德，五法自然。承上真之氣而得為人也。²⁸⁸

285 Elsewhere in the Shangqing corpus, the division of the Mysterious Phosphors is one of the initial steps in the parturition of the universe. See *Jingen zhongjing* 2.1a, which describes this process (and the birth of the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement) in strikingly similar terms.

286 This translation is indebted to Kohn, *Laughing* 63-64.

287 I am unsure who the Dame of the Three Primes is here. The received version is clear that this is another title of the Three Ladies of Prime Simplicity, but Zheng’s quotation appears to take them as two different deities or groups of deities. It is possible that either the author of his version was mistaken, or that Zheng intentionally misquoted his text.

288 T 2103.52.145b24-45b28.

The *Santian zhengfa jing* says: After this, the Nine Qi divided. The Heavenly King of the Nine Perfected²⁸⁹ and the Dame of the Three Primes, the Three Prime Dames of Grand Simplicity, and the Most High Lord of the Dao thereupon took form. When the Yellow Emperor ascended to the throne, he created the people. He formed earth into images [of humans], [placing them] in the wild wastes. After three years, they could speak. Each was in one direction. This is why there are the crude Northerners,²⁹⁰ the Qin barbarians,²⁹¹ Di barbarians,²⁹² and the Qiang barbarians.²⁹³ People of the Five Sentiments²⁹⁴ were of one purpose. They modeled themselves on Spontaneity, receiving the qi of the Upper Perfected and becoming human.

Zhen's final citation of the *Rectifying Methods* is found in chapter 32, "Five million layers of heaven" 五億重天者. It draws from different Daoist works to show that Daoism provides no single coherent account of the heavens. It takes the five million layers of the title from one work, combining it with the nine heavens of the *Rectifying Methods* in order to show that such a vision of the heavens is mathematically ridiculous, resulting in an earth 10,000 miles thick covered by a heaven of five million layers of two feet each. See Kohn 139-141, a translation of T 2103.52.151b24-151c11.

289 I am unsure who this is, but he is relatively rare in the Chinese literary corpus. He appears in Falin's *Bianzheng lun* at 8.545a-b among other deities, heavens, and practices; *in toto* they are meant to show the contradictory nature of Daoist doctrine. In two 14th-century commentaries to the *Duren jing*, CT 91 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing zhujie* 元始无量度人上品妙經註解 2.21a-b and CT 89 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing tongyi* 元始無量度人上品妙經通義 2.18a he appears as the lord of one of the eight heavens of the east. Here, however, a simpler explanation suggest itself: in writing the name "Perfected King of the Nine Heavens" (*Jiutian zhenwang* 九天真王), a copyist has transposed the characters for "Heaven" (*tian* 天) and "Perfected" (*zhen* 真), resulting in the present name.

290 *Cang* 儻 was a disparaging name used by southerners to refer to Northerners – both those who dwelled in the North and those who moved south of the Yangzi.

291 Inhabitants of modern Shaanxi, enfeoffed by King Xiao of Zhou and relocated to modern Gansu.

292 Inhabitants of the northwest.

293 An ethnic group that was spread over what is now Gansu, Qinghai, and Sichuan.

294 The Five Sentiments are joy, anger, sadness, love, and hate. They constitute the emotional vocabulary of human beings – here in implicit contrast with the five "barbarian" groups.

《三天正法經》云：天光未明。七千餘劫，玄景始分。九氣存焉。九真天王，元始天王稟自然之胤，置九天之號。上中下真，真爲一元。元有三天。上元宮即太上大道君所治。²⁹⁵

The *Santian zhengfa jing* says: The lights of heaven were not yet bright. After more than seven thousand kalpas, the Mysterious Phosphor began to divide, and the Nine Qi were. The Heavenly King of the Nine Perfections and the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement were heritors of Spontaneity and established the names of the Nine Heavens. As for the Upper, Middle, and Lower Perfected – each [grade of] Perfected created one Prime. Each Prime had three heavens. The Most High Lord Lao governed the Palace of the Upper Prime.

295 T 2103.52.151b29-c3.

APPENDIX F

AMULETS IN THE RECEIVED “RECTIFYING METHODS”

The amulets attributed to the *Rectifying Methods* vary according to the work consulted. Even the present version (comprising both the *Zhengfa jing* and the *Jiuwei badao*) disagrees with itself on which amulets should be included; their names; their transmission histories; and their powers. Noting the contradictions between both this version and its historical antecedents illustrates that the Shangqing version of the *Rectifying Methods* did not remain stable over time, and in fact began changing very early in its history. The overall picture is of a work that was seen from earliest times not as an unalterable absolute unit, but as a toolkit that could be modified at the discretion of various authors and editors. Despite various alterations, additions, and subtractions, one function of the work remained consistent over time: it is primarily a repository of apotropaic devices meant to protect the adept from various ills and ensure ascent to the heavens.

Texts consulted

CT 1138 *Wushang biyao* 無上祕要

“Secret Essentials of the Most High.” *Juan* 32 is called The Gathered Sages [who] Transmit Scriptures (*Zhongsheng zhuanjing pin* 眾聖傳經品), and is a collection of extracts from various texts detailing the transmission histories of texts and text-like objects. A quotation from the *Dongzhen santian zhengfa jing* 洞真三天正法經 includes the transmission history of many of the amulets included in the *Jiuwei badao*, as well as some that are not. See ZHDZ 42.328b-329a. WSBY 31 and 43 contain quotes related to amulets from a *Zhengfa jing* that do not match the received text.

CT 1379 *Shangqing yudi qisheng xuanji huitian jiuxiao jing* 上清玉帝七聖玄紀迴天九霄經

“Scripture of the Return to the Nine Heavens, Mystical Records of the Seven Saints of the Jade Emperor of Utmost Purity.” This Eastern Jin text is a reworked member of the original Shangqing revelations that is quoted extensively in the WSBY. It provides a list of records – the *ji* 紀 of the title – on which one’s name must be inscribed in order to ascend to the heavens, a method of visual meditation for writing one’s name in said records, hymns to the seven patrons of the scripture, and a list of Seven Wounds (*qi shang* 七傷). These are faults in behavior that harm the Marks of Immortality – the physical characteristics borne by a human destined to become a transcendent. Per Robinet, “[t]he names of the paradises [to which one can ascend], the characteristics of the records, and the Marks of Immortality correspond exactly to the terms found in CT 442, *The Annals of Lord Lao of the Latter Age*).” CT 442 is a member of the original Shangqing corpus that is devoted to the Lord of the Golden Porte; it opens with his biography and describes his efforts to save humankind as well as the heavens to which certain elect will ascend, should their names be inscribed on the appropriate celestial records.²⁹⁶

Establishing an early date for the *Qisheng xuanji* and linking it to the Shangqing corpus is important because it helps date the amulets in the *Zhengfa jing* and the *Jiuwei badao*, many of which are associated with the celestial records at the center of the *Qisheng*. However, this association does not exist in the received version of the *Qisheng xuanji*. Instead it is found in a chapter of WSBY 31 called “The Lodged Lot of Those

²⁹⁶ See CT, s.v. “Shangqing yudi qisheng xuanji huitian jiuxiao jing,” and R 2:225-228.

who Encounter Scripture” (*Yujing sufēn pīn* 遇經宿分品). This chapter opens with a condensed version of the introduction to the received *Qisheng* (which it cites by name) before providing quotations related to that text found in elsewhere in the Daoist canon. On ZHDZ 28.107c-108a, it quotes a *Santian zhengfa jing* extract (absent from the received text) that links the amulets to various celestial records in that text. While the *Qisheng* is concerned with practices that help the adept inscribe his or her name in these records, in this *Santian zhengfa jing* extract, receipt of a given amulet acts as proof that the recipient’s name is *already* inscribed in the associated celestial record from the *Qisheng*. These proofs are enumerated in a list of entries identical in format: “All whose names are inscribed in [record x] will attain sight of [amulet Y]” 凡名參...者得見... In the entry for each amulet, I will list the associated record in the WSBY quotation where such an association exists.

CT 128 *Taishang qiuxian dinglu chisu zhenjue yuwen* 太上求仙定錄尺素真訣玉文
 “Precious Writs and True Formulas on [Prescribed] Lengths of Silk, Determining the Rank of Those who Seek Immortality.” For this text, see the conclusion.

CT 354 *Shangqing sanyuan yujian sanyuan bujing* 上清三元玉檢三元布經
 “Jade Rule of the Three Original Ones [and the] Promulgated Scripture of the Three [Female] Original Ones.” Composed some fifty years after the Shangqing revelations, the *Sanyuan bujing* is actually two texts. The “Promulgated Scripture of the Three [Female] Original Ones” (*Sanyuan bujing*) is a set of visualization practices for discerning the true

forms of deities that appear during meditation and for meditating on the Three Pure Dames; both practices link the *Sanyuan bujing* to other texts composed soon after the original revelations. The “Jade Rule of the Three Original Ones” (*Sanyuan yujian*) forms part of one of the oldest Shangqing rituals to appear after the gods descended to Yang Xi. It contains three sets of talismans: the “Grand Register of the Upper Prime for Regulating Heaven” (*Shangyuan jiantian dalu* 上元檢天大錄), the “Jade Writ of the Lower Prime for Regulating Earth” (*Xiayuan jiandi yuwen* 下元檢地玉文), and the “True Book of the Middle Prime for Regulating Transcendents” (*Zhongyuan jianxian zhenshu* 中元檢仙真書). One of these – the True Book of the Middle Prime – also features in the *Zhengfa jing* and/or the *Jiuwei badao*.²⁹⁷

The amulets

The *Jiuwei badao* divides its amulets into two groups: the Register of the Massed Writs of the Most High (*Taishang zhongwen lu* 太上衆文錄, ZHDZ 260c.5-265a) and the Amulets of the Nine Tenuities and Eight Ways (*Jiuwei badao fulu* 九微八道符錄, 265a-266a.4). Each have general transmission requirements, but some amulets have their own individual transmission requirements as well. The *Jiuwei badao* opens with a set of transmission requirements that forms part of a passage almost identical to the postface of the *Zhengfa jing* – with the important exception of the transmission requirements themselves. The *Zhengfa jing* requires four sets of offerings for the transmission of what it calls the “Rectifying methods of the Shangqing heavens for expelling the [qi of] the Six Heavens” (*Shangqing chu liutian zhi wen santian zhengfa* 上清除六天之文三天正法).

²⁹⁷ R 2: 131-135; TC, s.v. “Shangqing sanyuan yujian sanyuan bujing.”

Because the passage that details these offerings immediately follows a list of amulets and their spirit guards, I take the “Rectifying methods” to refer here to those amulets, which include members of both the Massed Writs and the Amulets of the Nine Tenuities. The first accompanies the “pledge offering” (*yao xin* 要信): thirty *chi* 尺 of silk of red and indigo.²⁹⁸ Next is the offering of “the oath of secrecy” (*mi shi* 密誓): thirty *chi* of indigo cloth. Five pairs of golden hoops are required for the offering paired with the “Grand Oath to Heaven” (*zhi tian dayan* 指天大誓). Finally, during the transmission ceremony itself, the disciple offers their master ten *liang* 兩 of good-quality gold.²⁹⁹ The transmission requirements listed in the *Jiuwei badao* for the Massed Writs are much less strict; they comprise merely the ten *liang* of fine gold offered to the master during the transmission ceremony itself.³⁰⁰

The transmission history of the amulets also varies according to the text consulted. The *Jiuwei badao* holds that the Sage-Lord of the Eastern Tomb (*Dongling shengjun* 東陵聖君) ordered the Azure Lad to compile the Methods of the Three Heavens for Expelling the Qi of the Six Heavens and directed the transcendent and perfected to store them away, transmitting them to human beings only three times in seven hundred

298 The length of one *chi* varied over time. In the Han, it was 0.231 meters; thus, assuming the author intended the Han measurement system (an unlikely proposition), 30 *chi* would equal almost 7 meters of silk.

299 In Han times, one *liang* was equivalent to 24 *zhu* 銖, with one *zhu* being the weight of 100 grains of millet.

300 See ZHDZ 262c.12-264a.11 The *Jiuwei badao* calls this the “pledge for penetrating to the spirits” (*tongshen zhi xin* 通神之信) – that is, a pledge offering to draw the spirits’ attention to the transmission ceremony – but the *Zhengfa jing* does not give it a specific name.

years.³⁰¹ The context seems to indicate here that the “Methods of the Three Heavens” refers only to the Massed Writs, since the *Jiuwei* gives separate transmission requirements – but no separate transmission history – for the Amulets of the Nine Tenuities. The *Zhengfa jing*’s transmission history is much more complicated, but consistent with the discussion of the Santian zhengfa (by its various names) throughout that work: the Lord of the Golden Porte received them from the Most High, and the Azure Lad compiled them (presumably on the orders of the Most High). Unless otherwise noted, these separate transmission histories apply to the amulets below. What follows is not a complete list of amulets in the *Jiuwei badao*; it includes only those that appear frequently throughout works of the early medieval period.

1) Register of the Massed Writs of the Most High (*Taishang zhongwen lu* 太上衆文錄)³⁰²
The quotation from a “Scripture of the Rectifying Methods of the Three Heavens” (*Santian zhengfa jing* 三天正法經) in WSBY 31 appears to treat the Massed Writs as a single amulet, giving its associated celestial record as the Jade Register of the Golden Book of the Shangqing Heaven (*Shangqing jinshu yulu* 上清金書玉錄); this record appears at *Housheng Daojun lieji* 9b. WSBY 32 appears to treat it as a single amulet as

301 The identity of Dongling shengjun is uncertain. This is the only occurrence of the name in the Chinese literary corpus. The logical inference, then, is that 東陵 is a scribal error – but for what, I do not know. Two commentaries to the *Zhuangzi* equate Dongling with Mount Tai 泰山; see CT 736 *Nanhua zhenjing zhangju yinyi* 南華真經章句音義 (11th c.) 5.3b, CT 742 *Nanhua zhenjing zhushu* 南華真經註疏 10.18a (Cheng Xuanying’s 成玄英 (fl 650) subcommentary to the *Zhuangzi*). CT 783 *Yongcheng jixian lu* 壩城集仙錄, a collection of hagiographies of the attendants of the Queen Mother of the West, includes a Dongling shengmu 母 at 6.128a. All works cited in this note are in the Zhengtong daoze edition.

302 While the Massed Writs appears in the *Jiuwei badao* as a category of amulets, *Precious Writs* 20a includes it (reading 文 for 元) in a list composed mostly of individual amulets. I regard it as a list for present purposes.

well, which the Most High transmitted to the Lord of the Golden Porte. It appears as a single amulet at *Precious Writs* 20a.

1.2) The True Writs of the Shangqing Heavens for Expelling [the Qi of] the Six Heavens (*Shangqing chu liutian zhenwen* 上清除六天真文) (264b.7-9)

According to the *Jiuwei badao*, it is “[one of] the Correct Methods of the Three Heavens, to be transmitted to outstanding perfected kings.”³⁰³ Those who do not wear it “will not be welcomed into the Shangqing heavens by the Lord of the Golden Porte when the Era of Great Peace Arrives.” Its talisman is missing. It does not appear in the *Zhengfa jing*, but appears in *Precious Writs* 20a.³⁰⁴ Its associated celestial record is the Green Text on White Slips of the Grand Culmen (*Taiji baijian qingwen* 太極白簡青文), which appears as *baijian qinglu* 籙 at *Housheng Daojun lieji* 9a.³⁰⁵ It appears at *Precious Writs* 20a as 上清除六天真文.

1.4) Stanzas of the Upper Prime, Grand Perfected Register of Yin and Yang of the Mystic Capital [of the] Three Heavens and Nine Tenuities (*Santian jiuwei xuandu taizhen yinyang linglu shangyuan zhang* 三天九微玄都太真陰陽靈籙上元章) (259c.26-260a.8, 264c.3-7)

303 This translation is strengthened by the fact that WSBY 32 gives the same transmission instructions for the Correct Methods of the Three Heavens.

304 上清除六天真文: 不佩此籙者, 太平期至不得奉迎聖君於上清宮也。三天正法, 傳鬱絕真王。

305 See ZHDZ 28: 395c.22-23: 三天正法云: 三元玄臺, 六天符在其位 (reading 內 for 位). See also 400a.1-2: 上清三天正法云: 烏日之室, 元始三天正法除六天之文封其內也; see *Maoshan zhi* 9.6b-8a.

The Stanzas of the Upper Prime is the first amulet in the *Jiuwei badao* to receive its own transmission history, which features two deities that have heretofore not been introduced. The Grand Imperial Elder (*Taidi zhangren* 太帝丈人) bestowed it upon the Unexcelled Perfected Lord of the Grand Void (*Taixu wushang zhenjun* 太虛無上真君).³⁰⁶ While this transmission history agrees with that given in WSBY 32, it differs markedly from both the general *Jiuwei badao* transmission history as well as that given in *Zhengfa jing* 259c.26-260a.8. The latter is much more complex: the Perfected King of the Nine Heavens bestowed it upon the Most High and the Jade August of the Three Heavens, who then bestowed it on the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement. The latter then bequeathed it to the Queen Mother of the West, who in turn transmitted it to the Most High Elder [who] Numinously Flies to Grand Perfection (*Lingfei taizhen taishang zhangren* 靈飛太真太上丈人); finally, this last deity transmits the amulet to qualified human beings.³⁰⁷ Neither the *Zhengfa jing* nor the *Jiuwei badao* list any of the amulet's powers, though the *Zhengfa jing* notes its location and the fact that it is venerated by a series of august beings.³⁰⁸ It appears at *Precious Writs* 20a and receives an extensive treatment on page 20a of the *Sanyuan sanbu jing*. There, it features as an alternate name for the True Book of the Middle Prime for Regulating Transcendents and boasts an impressive array of powers and spirit guards. Its talisman is missing in the *Jiuwei badao*,

306 The Unexcelled Perfected Lord is otherwise-unattested in the Daoist canon, but the Grand Imperial Elder appears in WSBY 22.15b, where he and a series of other officials gather in a palace east of the Mystic Capital to correct the records of transcendence.

307 The Most High Elder of Grand Perfection is one of the officials who corrects transcendent records at WSBY 22.15b.

308 This portion of the *Zhengfa jing* is quoted in TPYL 3.6a, 676.4a-b, and again at 679.1a.

though it appears in the *Sanyuan bujing*. The ritual associated with it there is very different, however.

1.5) The Turning Writ of Three Prescriptions of the Perfected of the Numinous Capital of Grand Tenuity (*Taiwei lingdu wanzhuan sanfang wen* 太微靈都婉轉真人三方文) (262b.13-15, 264c.3-7)

Grand Tenuity is a constellation near Polaris and the residence of the Grand Monad, with the Numinous Capital as its chief city.³⁰⁹ The *Jiuwei badao* gives the Lingdu wanzhuan an extensive list of powers and spirit guards. Its bearers will be protected by three hundred *zhifu* 直符, six thousand jade maidens, and eight “people of the Six Heavens” (*liutian baren* 六天八人).³¹⁰ Their lifespans will extend to ten billion years and they will ascend to the Perfected Palace of the Numinous Capital of Grand Tenuity – provided they keep their intention fixed on cultivating their conduct and revering the amulet.³¹¹ The *Zhengfa jing* gives it lesser powers, but counts it among the Methods of the Three Heavens for Controlling the Six Heavens; thus, it shares the same transmission history as the Massed Writs. The process of transmission is much simpler in the *Jiuwei badao*, with the Perfected King of the Nine Heavens bestowing it upon the Most High Elder; WSBY 32 gives the same transmission history. Its name varies somewhat across works: though it

309 Its identity varies, however: in WSBY 32.17a it is the capital of Grand Tenuity, just as it is here, but it can also be a palace in the Jade Capital (Yujing 玉京) of the Xuyan 須延 Heaven (the third of the Nine Heavens) according to WSBY 23.3a, or a palace in Shangshang Heaven according to WSBY 21.1a. Grand Tenuity can also be a palace in the Shangqing heavens.

310 *Zhifu* was an office in the Han. It is also listed among several relatively minor popular spirits in the *Treatise of a Recluse* (*Qianfu lun* 潜夫論) of Wang Fu 王符 (ca. 85-162 or 90-165). See Handian, s.v. “直符;” *Grand Ricci*, s.v. “潜夫論.”

311 弟子誓志修奉

keeps this name in SDZN 6.5, it appears in WSBY 31.10a as the *Taiwei lingdu wanzhuan zhenwen* 太微靈都婉轉真文, and WSBY 32.10a as *Taiwei lingdu wanzhuan zhenqi sanfang wen* 太微靈都宛轉真炁三方文. Its associated celestial record in WSBY 31 is the Purple Names on Black Silk of Fangzhu (*Fangzhu xuansu ziming* 方諸玄素紫名), which appears at *Housheng Daojun lieji* 10a.

1.6) Talisman for Repelling Tigers and Wolves (*Qu hubao fu* 驅虎豹符) (264c)

The *Jiwei badao* lists two transmission histories for this amulet, giving the impression that it was originally two amulets that have been combined into one. It promises the bearer relief from disaster, poisons, and various deaths. In addition, “the qi of [their] person will rise” (*renqi shangsheng* 人氣上昇) and evil spirits will submit before the spirit-guardians of this talisman. The *Qu hubao fu* first claims it was received from the Perfected Prime Lord of the Purple Culmen, Ninth Elder of the Mysterious Flows of the Transcendent Capital (*Jiulao xiandu xuanliu ziji zhen yuanyun* 九老仙都玄流紫極真元君). Such an august title is found nowhere else in the Daoist canon or outside of it, but the Perfected Prime Lord of the Purple Culmen features in the line of transmission for an *Upper Scripture of the Seven Recitations of the Divine Realm* (*Shenzhou qizhuan shangjing* 神州七轉上經), part of *Seven Recitations of the Divine Realm with Seven Transformations for Dancing in Heaven* (CT 1331 *Dongzhen shangqing shenzhou qizhuan qibian wutian jing* 洞真上清神州七轉七變舞天經), an early Shangqing text that postdates the original revelations. In the first line of transmission (corroborated by WSBY 32), the recipient of the *Qu hubao fu* is the Lord Jade Lad of the Three Heavens

(*Santian yutong jun* 三天玉童君), who appears nowhere else in the Daoist canon. The second transmission history is less obscure. It begins with the Upper Thearch of Yin and Yang of Primal Unity (*Xuanhe yinyang shangdi* 玄和陰陵上帝). This is a deity of middling rank in the highest Shangqing heaven in *Zhenling weiye tu* 10b, and the lord of the Middle Heaven of the Grand Culmen in WSBY 85.16a. He bestows the amulet upon the Elder of the Nine Qi (*Jiuqi zhangren* 九氣丈人), who ranks below him in the *Weiye tu*. The amulet appears to be known by a different title in WSBY 31, the Perfected Book of the Dame of the Mysterious Flows of the Purple Culmen [who Dwells at] the Transcendent Capital of the Nine Elders. ([*Jiu*]lao xiandu xuanliu ziji yuanjun zhenshu 老仙都玄流紫極元君真書). Its associated record is the Jade Names of the Golden Porte (*Jinque yuming* 金闕玉名), which appears at *Housheng Daojun lieji* 9b.

1.7) The Perfected Book of August Splendor of the Lord Heavenly Thearch of the Palace of Clear Harmony (*Qinghe gong tian dijun huangxi zhenshu* 清和宮天帝君皇熙真書) (262b.15-16, 265a)

The Perfected Book promises its bearer the ability to “cause to pay court to them the myriad spirits, to make servants of the hundred animals, and to ascend to the heavens in the bright day.” We learn in addition that “their years will extend without end.”³¹²

Heading its line of transmission is the Most High Prime Lord (*Taishang yuanjun* 太上元君), a deity that has not been introduced in either the *Zhengfa jing* or the *Jiuwei badao*. The Prime Lord also features in textual transmission elsewhere in the Canon: *Huangsu*

312 佩此上真文朝萬神役百禽白日昇天延年無終黃上君授之於赤松子... 白日上昇

sishisi fang 11a has him dwelling in the Transcendent Capital, from whence he approves the transmission of a method to dispel evil spirits; WSBY 98.2a places him in the same capital and has him transmitting a “Precious Writ of the Three Augusts” (*Sanhuang baowen* 三皇寶文). Here, he transmits the Perfected Book to the Yellow Emperor, who bequeaths it to a series of famous transcendents. WSBY 31 knows the amulet as The Perfected Book of the Lord Heavenly Thearch of the Palace of Clear Harmony (*Qinghe gong tiandi jun zhenshu* 清和宮天帝君真書), and its associated celestial record is the Red Names of the Jade Records of the Heaven of Grand Clarity (*Taiqing yuji jiangming* 太清玉籍絳名), which appears at *Housheng Daojun lieji* 10a. Its transmission history in WSBY 32 is the same as that given in the *Jiuwei badao*, as is the name by which it is known.

Thus concludes the list of amulets in the *Taishang zhongwen lu*. Not all of them are written in characters comprehensible by humans, however: two are in imitation seal-script, written echoes of celestial writing.

2) The Amulets and Registers of the Nine Tenuities and Eight Ways (*Jiuwei badao fulu* 九微八道符錄)

2.1) Perfected Book of the Jade [Emperor] in the Mysterious Palace of Purple Tenuity [that Allows the Bearer] to Fly to the Heavens (*Ziwei xuangong yufei tianzhen shu* 紫微玄宮玉飛天真書) (262b.18-19, 265a)

According to the *Jiuwei badao*, the bearer of this amulet will be promoted to “transcendent ancestor” (*xian zong* 仙宗) after thirty thousand years. The “Perfected of the Thousand Hills” (*Qianqiu zhenren* 千丘真人) – a figure otherwise unattested in the Chinese literary corpus – will pay court to them, and twenty thousand “Perfected of the hundred rivers” (*Bai du zhenren* 百瀆真人) will guard them. The more modest *Zhengfa jing* promises twenty-four jade lads and jade maidens as spirit guards. It knows the Perfected Book by a nearly identical name (the *Ziwei xuangong yuwen feitian zhenshu* 紫微玄宮玉文飛天真書), and provides no special transmission requirements nor transmission history. By contrast, the *Jiuwei badao* relates that the Celestial King of Primordial of Commencement bestowed it upon the Queen Mother of the West; here, the Celestial King is known as the “Celestial King of Primordial Commencement who Dwells in Grand Clarity.” This title is previously unknown to either the *Zhengfa jing* or the *Jiuwei badao*, but WSBY 32 gives the same name and transmission history. This amulet exhorts its recipients to perform a sacrifice when the text is transmitted to them: they must swear an oral oath to the central of the Five Emperors and offer white and indigo silks. The Perfected Book closes by enjoining the recipient to transmit the amulet

for myriad generations. Its associated celestial record is the Golden Characters on Slips of Precious Jade of Grand Simplicity (*Taisu qiongjian jinzi* 太素瓊簡金字), which appears at *Housheng Daojun lieji* 10a (which replaces *zi* with *ming* 名 “name.”

2.2) The Perfected Book of the Myriad Transcendents that Opens Heaven, of the Transcendent Count of the Mysterious Continent (*Xuanzhou xianbo kaitian wanxian zhenshu* 玄洲仙伯開天萬仙真書) (262b.22-262c.1, 265b)

According to the *Jiuwei badao*, this amulet grants its bearer the power to dispel various evil spirits, cause good spirits to pay court to them, avoid disease and illness, and ascend to the Transcendent Capital. Both the *Jiuwei badao* and WSBY 32 claim it was transmitted from the Azure Lad to qualified mortals, while the *Jiuwei* informs its reader that the Wanxian zhenshu goes by the alternate names “Amulet of the Way of the Transcendents” (*Xianrendao lu* 仙人道錄) and the Covenant-Writ of Grand Mystery for Ascending to Transcendence (*Taixuan dengxian mengwen* 太玄登仙盟文). Its associated celestial record in WSBY 31 is Golden Names on White Jade of the Cinnabar Terrace of the Mystic Capital (*Xuandu dantai baiyu jinzi* 玄都丹臺白玉金字), which appears at *Housheng Daojun lieji* 10b.³¹³

313 The Mystic Capital is located in the first Shangqing heaven (Yudan wuliang 鬱單无量) in Taixiao langshu 1.12b-1.13b and in the Heaven of Jade Clarity according to Chen Xuanying’s commentary to the Duren jing (Duren jing sizhu 3.12a-b).

2.3) The Grand Perfected Book for Flying to Heaven of the Platform of the Fortified Wall of Kunlun Range (*Kunlun yongtai feitian taizhen shu* 昆仑墉臺飛天太真[書]) (262c.1-2, 265b)³¹⁴

The *Zhengfa jing* promises the bearer of this amulet a modest twelve jade maidens as spirit guards, and names it *Guangsheng taizhen wuyue binfu* 廣生太真五嶽兵符, the Amulet of [Spirit-] Soldiers of the Five Marchmounts and the Grand Perfected of Broad Life. The *Jiuwei badao* is more effusive, promising that “those who wear it will traverse the Five Marchmounts. Mountain spirits will pay court to them, revering and guarding them. The many sprites will bow down and flee... the Goldstone will open for those who wear it.”³¹⁵ Its alternate names are *Guangsheng taizhen* (廣生太真), the Upper Amulet of the Five Marchmounts 五嶽上符, and the Amulet of the Numinous Tiger 神虎符. The first is actually the name of a deity featured in WSBY 24.7a-b; thus, this amulet must somehow be associated with it. The second appears unattested outside this particular entry, but the third is well-known as a talisman with a wide range of powers that belongs at the core of the Shangqing corpus.³¹⁶ It appears at *Precious Writs* 20a as *Shenhu xuandong* 玄洞. The Most High Elder (*Taishang daifu* 太上大夫) transmitted it to qualified mortals according to both WSBY 32 and the *Jiuwei badao*.³¹⁷ The amulet’s

314 Worth noting is that the phrase I translate as an attributive (“...for flying to heaven”) is used as a noun to translate Sanskrit *apsara* in Buddhist inscriptions.

315 The Goldstone is a category of alchemical ingredients with a peculiar property: they are invisible to ordinary people, showing themselves only to those who are properly equipped. In performing this function, the *Taizhen shu* recalls the Five Talismans of Lingbao, amulets that both protected their bearer during dangerous forays into the mountains and revealed alchemical ingredients that spurred the journeys. See Daojiao dacidian, s.v. “金石.”

316 See R:2 179-186, 249, 251-252.

317 This figure appears at *Zhenling weiye tu* 6a.

associated celestial record is the Purple Register in Red Script of the Southern Culmen (*Nanji danwen zilu* 南極丹文紫籙), which appears at *Housheng Daojun lieji* 10a. It is known in WSBY 31 as the Perfected Writ for Flying to Heaven of the Fortified City Wall of Kunlun (*Kunlun yongtai feitian zhenwen* 崑崙墉臺飛天真文).

2.4) The Most High Perfected Book of Penglai (*Penglai gaoshang zhenshu* 蓬萊高上真書) (262b.20- 21, 265b)

The *Jiuwei badao* promises that those who wear it “will traverse the rivers and the four seas; the many dragons will guard and serve them; the water sprites will tremble and submit to them,” and that they will “ride the clouds and ascend to the heavens.” Whether the Most High Perfected Book is indeed a single amulet, or two that have combined into one, is unclear. The *Jiuwei* gives two alternate names and two separate transmission histories. The first alternate name is the Most Mysterious Tablet of Penglai (*Penglai taixuan zhi zha* 蓬萊太玄之札), while the second is the Perfected Book of the Nine Flows (*Jiuliu zhenshu* 九流真書). According to the first transmission history (confirmed by WSBY 32), the High August of Mysterious Overawing Power of the Clear Heaven (*Xuanwei qingtian shanghuang* 玄威清天上黃) transmitted it to the legendary Master Ningfeng 甯封; the second has the Elder of the Northern Hill (*Beiling zhangren* 北陵丈人) transmitting it to the transcendents Ma Huang 馬皇 and Wen Quan 文泉. The *Zhengfa jing* holds that the amulet grants its bearer a spirit guard of twelve jade lads. The Most High Perfected Book appears at WSBY 31.321b and 32.329a. Its associated celestial record at WSBY 31 is the Red Book on Green-Gold [Slips] of the Mysterious

Palace (*Xuangong qingjin [jian] chi* 玄宮青金[簡]赤書), which appears at *Housheng daojun lieji* 10b. It appears at *Precious Writs* 20a.

2.5) The August High Book of the Elder Heavenly Thearch (*Tiandi zhangren huangshang zhenshu* 天帝丈人皇上真書) (262b.21-22, 265c)

The *Zhengfa jing* assigns its bearer “one hundred jade maidens and the knowledge of the auspicious and inauspicious,” while the *Jiuwei badao* promises one hundred jade maidens as spirit guards, as well as the assistance of twenty-four thousand jade maidens in divining the future via dreams. It appears in WSBY 31.321b, where its associated celestial record is the Purple Register in Cinnabar Script of the Southern Culmen (*Nanji danwen zilu* 南極丹文紫籙), which appears at *Housheng Daojun lieji* 10a.

Thus ends the Amulets of the Nine Tenuities and Eight Ways. Like the Massed Writs, some of them appear only in celestial transcription, unreadable by mortals. These three can be found on 265a-c. Finally, there is one amulet that appears in the *Zhengfa jing* but not the *Jiuwei badao*: the Perfected Book of the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement (*Yuanshi tianwang zhenshu* 元始天王真書, 262c.2-4). This amulet grants a spirit guard of twelve jade lads and twelve jade maidens as well as “the power to go between the realms of existence and nonexistence.” It appears nowhere else in the Chinese literary corpus.

In addition to discussing amulets featured in the *Zhengfa jing/Jiuwei badao* textual complex, the same portions of the texts discussed above (see “Texts consulted”) often contain information about amulets that feature in neither work. Analyzing these amulets may provide useful information about the works to which the *Zhengfa jing* and *Jiuwei badao* are linked. In format, the below entries are similar to those above. However, they do not record every appearance of each amulet in the Canon; because this portion of the appendix concentrates on links between the *Jiuwei badao/Santian zhengfa* and other parts of the Daoist Canon, I focus chiefly on appearances in the works I have already discussed. In addition, I discuss amulets that appear in quotations of the *Rectifying Methods* that do not match the received text. I thus hope to gain some insight into the wider circles in which the received *Rectifying Methods* must have circulated before assuming its present form.

WSBY 32

3.2) The Perfected Book of the Three Heavens (*Santian zhenshu* 三天真書)

Also known as the Penetrating (read 通 for 洞) Numinous Writ of Golden Yang (*Jinyang dongling wen* 金陽洞靈文). This amulet appears in *Sanyuan bu jing* 1.1a.

3.3) The Amulet of the Mysterious Terrace of the Three Primes for Lodging an

Accusation Against the Six Heavens (*Sanyuan xuantai gao liu tian fu* 三元玄臺告六天符).

This amulet's transmission history is cut off before it begins in WSBY 32. It appears under this name in *Dao leishi xiang* j. 3. The Mysterious Terrace of the Three Primes appears as pleasant location connected to an internal meditation exercise in *Guishan xuanlu* 2.9a-10b, but plays a far more important role elsewhere. It is among the many palaces and bureaus enumerated in WSBY 22; there, one can glimpse the Hidden Writ of the Upper Tenuities of the Three Heavens and Nine Numens (*Santian jiuling shangwei yinwen* 三天九靈上微隱文) once every eight thousand kalpas. This latter is none other than the Yinyang linglu according to the *Sanbu jing*, and has all the powers associated with it; the *Sanbu jing*, like WSBY 22, locates it in the Mysterious Terrace of the Three Primes.³¹⁸

WSBY 33

3.4) The Hymn-Writ of the Three Heavens (*Santian songwen* 三天頌文)

Appearing at WSBY 33.13a, the Hymn-Writ should be recited. It has the power to refine the form; to give them powers of prognostication; and to protect them from the myriad disasters that befall humankind during the end of a kalpa cycle. As the title indicates, it is not an amulet but a hymn; it must be included here, however, as WSBY 33 indicates it is a direct quote of the *Rectifying Methods*.

³¹⁸ In that work, the same location is connected to the Jade Writ of the Lower Prime for Regulating Earth. WSBY 22 quotes two different works: the *Dongxuan jing* 洞玄經 and the *Zhenji jing* 真迹經. I am uncertain which works in the received canon. (if any) these names refer to.

Conclusion

The textual footprint of the amulets above reveal a *Rectifying Methods* of considerable antiquity that has undergone considerable revision through the centuries. Citations in the original Shangqing revelations (e.g., the *Sanbu jing* and a version of the *Qisheng xuanji* preserved in the WSBY) attest to the early date of some version of the work, and circumstantial evidence confirming this is provided by the *Rectifying Methods*' consistent association with other early members of that corpus. The work itself, however, did not remain unaltered. Daoist authors of the early medieval period saw it not as an unalterable whole but as a toolkit containing apotropaic devices. These devices could be freely excerpted from their original setting, sometimes with little regard for their original names, transmission histories, or specific powers. The function remained the same, however: assuring the good fortune of the bearer, whether by warding off demons or permitting ascent to Shangqing heavens.

A different compilation of slightly more certain date – the *Precious Writs* – provides some insight into the possible logic of its editor and demonstrates the different uses to which the amulets were put in the early medieval period. The editor of this text extracted amulets from the Shangqing and Lingbao corpuses, but – in the case of the Shangqing amulets, at least – stripped them of any association with apocalyptic Shangqing deities. Further, the author placed them in a ritual setting that suggested repeated transmission. Both factors combine with the verifiably later date to suggest that the early Shangqing texts' anxiety concerning the imminent apocalypse had abated by the time of CT 128's compilation.

APPENDIX G

DEITIES AND PLACES IN THE “RECTIFYING METHODS”

Perfected King of the Xiaoyou Cavern-Heaven (*Xiaoyou zhenwang* 小有真王)

This is another name for the Azure Lad (*Qingtong jun* 青童君), one of the chief deities of the Shangqing textual corpus and an important intermediary between the gods and human beings. He is also called “Supreme Minister, Lord Azure Lad” (*Shangxiang Qingtong jun* 上相青童君), or “Lord Azure Lad of Fangzhu” (*Fangzhu Qingtong jun* 方諸青童君). Fangzhu is one of the island paradises located in the Eastern Sea (*Donghai* 東海). As Supreme Minister, his position is just below that of Lord Li 李君, the savior of humanity who plays a critical role in the Daoist eschatology of the Northern and Southern Dynasties. According to *The Inner Biography of Emperor Wu of the Han* (CT 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan* 漢武帝內傳, ca. 6th c.), he is a disciple of the Perfected King of the Nine Heavens (*Jiutian zhenwang* 九天真王), who rules the second of the Nine Primordial Shangqing Heavens. The Azure Lad also manages the affairs of earthbound transcendents (*dixian* 地仙), and functions as the Great Director of Destinies (*Da Siming* 大司命), overseeing the other Directors of Destinies in the Five Marchmounts (*Wu yue* 五嶽) and the Grotto-Heavens (*Dongtian* 洞天). Accordingly, the *Precious Scripture on the Female One and the Five Elders* (CT 1313 *Ciyi jing*, full title: *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing* 洞真高上玉帝大洞雌一玉檢吾老寶經) describes Xiaoyou as the foremost of all the cavern-heavens. He composes the *Santian zhengfa jing*, as well as playing a major role in its transmission and internal cosmology. He is also able to bestow transcendent status on human seekers.³¹⁹

319 TC, s.v. “Santian zhengfa jing;” R 1:127, EoT, s.v. “Qingtong,” *Han Wudi neizhuan* 20b; *Ciyi jing* 20a. Methods in the *Ciyi jing* are widely cited in other Shangqing works, and the *Ciyi* itself is a long and complex collection of various methods. Robinet dates it to after the seventh century. See R 2:261-283. It is one of the 三奇 *sanqi*, “Three Wondrous [Texts],” along with the *Dadong zhenjing* and the *Suling jing*. While dating after Yang Xi’s revelations, these works assimilate to the Shangqing corpus practices

Nine Perfected (*Jiu zhen* 九真)

The Nine Perfected play a critical role in the Shangqing corpus, and are named and described in the *Taidan yinshu* as residents of the Three Primes (*Sanyuan* 三元), here referring to the upper, middle, and lower sections of the body. Each of the Three Primes is itself divided into upper, middle, and lower levels, and one Perfected is assigned to each level. It is in this capacity that they help the adept transform their body in the *Jiuzhen zhongjing*. However, the Three Primes also have cosmological significance as hypostases of the three primordial *qi* that generate the universe, and accordingly the Nine Perfected play an essential role in governing the cosmos. In the *Zhengfa jing*, they appear as residents of the Three Primes, conceived of in that work as mutations of the *qi* of the Nine Heavens. The Nine Perfected reside in the Three Heavens of Clear Tenuity (*Qingwei* 清微), Yuyu 禹餘, and Grand Crimson (*Dachi* 大赤).³²⁰

that predated them. On the *sanqi*, see R 1:76-80.

320 See ZHDZ 1.520a-521a for their names and significance on both the human and cosmological levels. EoT, s.v. “Sanyuan;” *Zhonghua dao jiao dacidian*, s.v. “三元;” *Dao jiao dacidian*, s.v. “Sanyuan.” They appear in *Santian zhengfa jing*, ZHDZ 1.259b. The Three Heavens appear in many Shangqing works. Yuyu appears here as an abbreviation for Xuanwei ziran shangxu yuyu tian 玄微自然上虛禹餘天, the sixth of the thirty-six heavens according to CT 1373 *Shangqing waiguo fangpin qingtong neiwen* 上清外國放品青童內文. The characters 禹餘 (pronounced hjuXyo in Middle Chinese) were probably chosen for their phonetic value as imitations of Sanskrit, since the Yuyu tian appears in the *Waiguo fangpin* next to pseudo-Sanskrit heavens like the *Yudan wuliang tian* 鬱單無量天 or the *Bujiaole tian* 不驕樂天. “Yudan” (MC: ‘juttan’) was the typical transcription of the Sanskrit *Uttarakuru*, a utopian northern continent (not heaven) of the Buddhist pantheon, and 不驕樂 renders Sanskrit *Nirmāṇarati*, the fifth Buddhist heaven. Accordingly, I leave it untranslated, in contrast to Livia Kohn, EoT, s.v. “Sanqing.” Elaborate Chinese names meant to resemble Sanskrit words were common in other heavens. See ZHDZ 1.287ff; Zürcher, “Buddhist Conquest,” in Silk, *Buddhism in China* 144-145n.

White Prime (*Baiyuan* 白元)

The identity of this spirit varies according to the work consulted. The *Huangting neijing jing* (on which, see below) claims it is a spirit of the lungs, which the *Taidan yinshu* (discussed more fully below) confirms. However, it appears as a spirit of the brain in the *Hymn to the Gods of the Cave-Chamber* (CT 133 *Taishang dongfang neijing zhu* 太上洞房內經注, hereafter *Dongfang neijing zhu*), which was integrated into the Shangqing corpus at an early date. Baiyuan plays an important role in the Shangqing corpus, and so appears in several works. In addition to the *Taidan yinshu*, he can be found in the *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue* (discussed in the previous chapter), as well as works like the *Zhen 'gao* and the *Esoteric Biography of Ziyang the Perfected* (CT 303 *Ziyang zhenren neizhuan* 紫陽真人內傳) that form the core of the Shangqing corpus. The deity's antiquity is further attested by a citation in the *Wushang biyao*. Finally, Baiyuan links the “Zhengyi zhou” to the *Santian zhengfa jing*, where it appears early on in the commentary of the Azure Lad.³²¹

The Matchless Hero (*Wuying* 無英)

Baiyuan and Wuying often compose two parts of a trio that also includes The Yellow Old Lord of the Center (*Zhongyang Huanglao jun* 中央黃老君); this is how they appear in

321 See the *Grand Ricci*, s.v. “Bai yuan”; the *Huangting neijing jing* in YJQQ 11.25b; EoT, s.v. “Taidan yinshu,” but cf. R 1:129, which lists Baiyuan as a spirit of the brain. See also *Dongfang neijing zhu* 3b-4b; TC, s.v. “Taishang dongfang neijing zhu”; *Zhen 'gao* 9.14b, 13.11a, where Baiyuan appears as a spirit of the brain; he also appears as a spirit of the brain in *Ziyang zhenren neizhuan* 8b-9a; WSBY 3.12a; *Santian zhengfa* 1b.

the *Santian zhengfa jing*. Along with Taiyi and Baiyuan, Wuying is an important bodily deity in the Shangqing corpus.³²²

The Eight Emperors *Badi* 八帝

These might be the Demon Kings of the Eight Directions (*Badi damowang* 八帝大魔王) mentioned in the *Jinyuan yuzhang*, a work that was integrated into the Shangqing corpus at an early date. (For more on these beings, see below.) The Demon Kings appear in this work as villains to be driven away by spirits marshalled by the adept. Thus, their association here with the benevolent Nine Perfected would be strange. However, there are references to benevolent Eight Emperors scattered throughout the Shangqing corpus. *The Jade Rule of the Three Original Ones and the Promulgated Scripture of the Three Female Original Ones* (CT 354 *Shangqing sanyuan yujian sanyuan bujing* 上清三元玉檢三元布經) was integrated into the main body of Shangqing works some fifty years after the Shangqing revelations; in an incantation it contains, the Eight Emperors command transcendents to dispatch a “flying chariot” (*feibing* 飛輶) that carries the adept to the Grand Void (*taixu* 太虛). In *The Nine Crimson Speckled Talismans of the Five Emperors’ Inner Contemplation* (CT 1329 *Taishang jiuchi banfu wudi neizhen jing* 太上九赤班符五帝內真經), a member of the original Shangqing corpus, they appear in an incantation to

³²² For *Yuanying*, see, e.g., *Suling jing* (full title: CT 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* 洞真太上素靈洞元大有妙經) 18a and CT 1339 *Dongzhen bajing yulu chentu yinfu* 洞真八景玉籙晨圖隱符 6a. In both cases it is associated with Baiyuan, and so constitutes 元/无 confusion. The *Bajing yulu* was incorporated into the Shangqing corpus at an early date after the Shangqing revelations; see TC, s.v. “Dongzhen bajing yulu chentu yinfu.” For the association of Baiyuan, Wuying and Zhongyang Huanglao jun in the Shangqing corpus, see R 1:129; *Ciyi jing* 5b-6a, 25a-b; *Dongfang neijing zhu* 1b, 4b, 9a; *Ziyang zhenren neizhuan* 8b-9a, where Zhongyang Huanglao jun is the “great spirit that cannot be named,” thanks to his association with Taiwei; *Denzhen yinjue* 1.3a. *Dadong zhenjing* 2.10b-11a pairs Wuying with Baiyuan, as does *Taidan yinshu* 20a and *Huangting neijing jing* 1.10b, where Wuying goes by an alternate name (Gongzi 公子); *Santian zhengfa jing* 1b.

the Lord of Mount Tai (*Taishan jun* 泰山君). More significantly, they appear in a work associated with the Nine Perfected, the *Mount Turtle Register of the Nine Spirits Pertaining to Pertaining to the Superior Scripture of Transformation of Primordial Beginning* (CT 1393 *Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing jiuling taimiao guishan xuanlu* 上清元始變化寶真上經九靈太妙龜山玄錄, hereafter *Guishan xuanlu*); thus, these Eight Emperors are probably the same referred to in “Zhengyi zhou.” In the *Santian zhengfa jing* 259b.19-21, they appear as emperors of the Eight Directions, with one set of eight dwelling in each of the upper three heavens.³²³

“The Lord Emperor” (*Dijun* 帝君)

The Lord Emperor is the supreme deity of the *Dadong zhenjing*, and is associated both with attaining transcendence and the records of transcendence. He plays an important role in the meditation exercises that comprise early Shangqing works like the *Taidan yinshu* and the *Jiuzhen zhongjing*. In the *Jiuzhen zhongjing* he grants transcendent status alongside the Azure Lad. In contrast to his preeminence elsewhere, he appears subordinate to other figures in the *Santian zhengfa jing*.³²⁴

323 Zhonghua dao jiao da cidian, s.v. “八帝大魔王.” For the names and descriptions of the Eight Demon Kings, see the *Jinyuan yuzhang* at ZHDZ 1.733ff. *Sanyuan bujing* 37a/ZHDZ 1.356; on the work, see TC, s.v. “Shangqing sanyuan yujian sanyuan bujing.” *Jiuchi banfu* 9b/ZHDZ 1.444-445. On the work, see TC, s.v. “Taishang jiuchi banfu wudi neizhen jing.” The *Guishan xuanlu* is perhaps the most complete list of the seventy-four Shangqing gods. See TC, s.v. “Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing jiuling taimiao guishan xuanlu.”

324 See Isabelle Robinet, trans. Julian F. Pas and Norman Girardot, *Taoist Meditation: The Maoshan Tradition of Great Purity* (Albany: SUNY Press, 1993) 107-8, 137, as well as the “Method of the Nine Perfected” in the *Jiuzhen zhongjing* (ZHDZ 1.222-225). The *Jiuzhen zhongjing* was integrated into the Shangqing corpus at a very early date, and is closely related to two other works: CT 1377 *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue* 上清太上九真中經絳生神丹訣 and CT 405 *Shangqing zijing jun huangchu ziling daojun dongfang shangjing* 上清紫精君黃初紫靈道君洞房上經. See R 2:67-83, EoT, s.v. “Shangting taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing,” s.v. “Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue,” s.v. “Shangqing zijing jun huangchu ziling daojun

The Nine Heavens (*Jiutian* 九天)

The Nine Primal Heavens of Shangqing appear in several different works. They appear in the *Santian zhengfa jing* as hypostases of the primordial Nine Qi that took form after the same Nine Qi had formed the Heavenly King of Primordial Commencement and the Perfected King of the Nine Heavens.³²⁵

dongfang shangjing.” For a detailed introduction to the *Jiuzhen zhongjing*, see Robinet, “Introduction au Kieou-tchen tchong-king,” *Society for the Study of Chinese Religions Bulletin* 7 (Fall 1979): 24-43. EoT, s.v. “Taidan yinshu.” The Nine Perfected are named in another scripture that features Taiwei – see ZHDZ 1.520a-c, part of CT 56 *Taishang yupei jindang taiji jinshu shangjing* 太上玉珮金璫太極金書上經 (hereafter *Yupei jindang*, ZHDZ 1.518-529). Dijun appears in *Santian zhengfa jing*, ZHDZ 259c.22-26.

325 See R 1:131 for a general introduction to the heavens, including works that provide a complete list. Their relationship to Buddhist heavens of similar name is the focus of Erik Zürcher’s “Buddhist Conquest of Early Taoism,” in Jonathan A. Silk, ed., *Buddhism in China: The Collected Papers of Erich Zürcher* (Leiden: Brill, 2013), 144-155n. The Nine Heavens first appear in *Santian zhengfa jing*, ZHDZ 1.259a.10-11.

Florian C. Reiter

Basic Conditions
of Taoist Thunder Magic
道教雷法

2007

Harrassowitz Verlag · Wiesbaden

ABHANDLUNGEN ÜBER DIE KUNDE DES MORGENLANDES

Im Auftrag der Deutschen Orientalischen Gesellschaft

Verlag Otto Harrassowitz

ALD
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.D4

Bd. 61

Bibliografische Information der Deutschen Nationalbibliothek
Die Deutsche Nationalbibliothek verzeichnet diese Publikation in der Deutschen
Nationalbibliografie; detaillierte bibliografische Daten sind im Internet
über <http://dnb.d-nb.de> abrufbar.

Bibliographic information published by the Deutsche Nationalbibliothek
The Deutsche Nationalbibliothek lists this publication in the Deutsche
Nationalbibliografie; detailed bibliographic data are available in the internet
at <http://dnb.d-nb.de>.

For further information about our publishing program consult our
website <http://www.harrassowitz-verlag.de>

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Printed on permanent/durable paper.

Printing and binding: Hubert & Co., Göttingen

Printed in Germany

ISSN 0567-4980

ISBN 978-3-447-05593-2

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Foreword

Today Taoist Thunder Magic or Thunder Rituals (*Lei-fa* 雷法/*Wu-lei fa* 五雷法) constitute an established element in Taoist religious culture. Many ritual practices, convictions and emblems of Thunder Magic stem from antique traditions. The ritual specialisation and the name of Thunder Magic emerged during the Sung period (11th-13th cts.), uniting, developing and rationalizing exorcist and ritual methods that were already current in earlier periods of Taoist history albeit without the label of Thunder Magic.

This study intends to describe the basic notions, practices and intentions of Thunder Magic that often is connected with the names of *Shen-bsiao* (神霄) and *Ch'ing-wei* (清微) Taoism. The Taoist Canon contains abundant materials that show Thunder amulets, altars, seals and other ritual assets. Learned Discussions (*Lei-fa shuo* 雷法說) and similar texts show that Thunder Magic is not a unified religious and ritual element of Taoist culture but comprises ritual methods that many different local traditions, documentations and the patronage of legions of divinities identify.

Many texts cannot be attributed to any individual author but later Taoists, for example Pai Yü-ch'an (白玉蟾 fl. 1209-1224), are widely assumed to have had a hand in the actual formation of those texts. However, some texts very likely emerged in the time of Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿 1093-1153) who was a persuasive and famous promoter of Thunder Magic at the imperial court of the Sung (宋) dynasty. I try to focus on materials of that early period of Thunder Magic (12th ct.). Admittedly, the texts are often hard to understand and it is difficult to grasp the practical implications that they only indicate. In a sense, this presentation has a tentative character.

The German Research Foundation (Bonn) and the Ministry of Education of Taiwan (Taipeh) supported me to spend some time in Taiwan where I could consult Taiwanese colleagues and ritual specialists, who were very kind and helpful. In this sense, I especially wish to thank Profs. Lee Fong-mao (Academia Sinica) and Hsieh Ts'ung-hui (Taipei Normal University). The Katholische Akademische Ausländer Dienst (Bonn) gave Prof. Li Yüan-kuo (China/Chengdu, Academy of Social Sciences) the financial support to spend a couple of weeks in Berlin and work with me on some of the Thunder Magic materials that I present in this book. Yet, this book is just an attempt on my part to sort

out the basic conditions of Taoist Thunder Magic. I hope to draw the attention of the scholarly world to this fascinating field of research that matters for the understanding of Taoist religious culture as we have it today. Concerning the publication of this book I wish to express my sincere thanks for the support by Harrassowitz Company (Wiesbaden), especially Mr. J. Ferkenheuer.

Berlin 2007

Florian C. Reiter

Introduction

Throughout history, the workings of religious Taoism are present on all levels of the Chinese society. Canonical hagiographies of saints and immortals and the biographies of historic persons show the activities and subtle influences that Taoists exerted. We usually read that they were learned persons who mastered the scriptures of Taoism and Confucianism, and they used to employ a great variety of practical skills and rituals. Skills and rituals saved from epidemics, droughts, floods and illness. Taoists acted for the wellbeing of the people, the administration and the state at large. This seems to be the standard range of Taoist aspirations and activities, and it is for this reason that we easily find the appropriate and persuasive rhetoric in Taoist texts throughout all ages.

Never mind the time and the period, Taoists always were very expert at divination. They healed illness and exorcised baleful influences, using amulets and other ritual devices. The Taoist activists seem to make use of a rather secret personal way of life, of prayer and meditation. There is, of course, the need for a protracted and rather complicated education that may lead to the career as a priest (*tao-shih* 道士), and again there is some secrecy about the actual reality of this career.¹ However, we also notice that in many cases we never learn whether the respective Taoist was a priest or not, whether he knew how to perform rituals or not. Perhaps there was the general understanding that this profession had to be taken for granted.

Some canonical encyclopaedias present superb literary summaries of the Taoist religious culture. Sometimes they were compiled at the behest of emperors and rulers. The series of such encyclopaedias started with the title *W'u-shang pi-yao* (無上必要6ct.). Encyclopaedias turn out to be major stepping-stones when we take up our studies of religious Taoism.²

On the other hand, biographies and hagiographies often speak about alleged historical persons and pose to feature the actual combination of all those

1 F.C.Reiter: The Aspirations and Standards of Taoist Priests in the Early T'ang Period, pp.133-150, in: AAS 1.

2 J.Lagerwey: *W'u-shang pi-yao*, somme taoïste du VI^e siècle. Paris 1981.

theoretical and practical elements that characterize the Taoist and his vocation. Such sources show that the Taoist can interfere in the course of nature, for example, when he organises his individual essences of life, which goes with the Taoist self-cultivation to strive after an individual immortality. Taoism is characterized by elusive concepts of immortality that point to the very individual and final goal.

The Taoist, who lives in rural settings or even at the imperial court, is employed to fight against rain, drought and other natural disasters that need the deployment of martial spirit forces. Biographies and hagiographies bring us to realize that there must be a special relationship between the individual quality of the practitioner and the outer or social realities of his Taoist activities. We can find elaborate explanations for this delicate relationship in various canonical sources, and some of them are quite prominent in a book that intends to describe the conditions of Thunder Magic or Thunder Rituals.

Many activities in Thunder Magic remind of ecstatic and exorcist performances that certainly call to mind the opaque sphere of shaman culture. Taoist sources on the other hand explicitly reject the idea that Taoists have anything to do with the shaman branches of religious proficiency. We may suppose that the ecstatic state of mind and exorcist performances can hardly be a concern for an educated and learned person. Taoism, however, proves such a supposition to be wrong.

This study of Basic Conditions of Taoist Thunder Magic elucidates the workings of Thunder Magic (*wu-lei fa* 五雷法). This branch of ritual proficiency is associated with other schools in Taoist history, namely the *Sben-hsiao tao* (神霄道) and *T'ien-hsin cheng-fa* (天心正法).

Since the Sung-period the name Thunder Magic is a general and comprehensive name for a vast variety of exorcist rituals that later continued to flourish and were labelled *Cb'ing-wei* (清微) school (14th ct.). Finally, Thunder Magic became part of the general Taoist religious culture without being explicitly named Thunder Magic and singled out for separate practices. We can study this development, for example, in present day Taiwan, which, however, does not exclude the conscious continuation of Thunder Magic by individual priests or specialists who may claim to have family traditions reaching back to Taoists of the Sung period. The translation "magic" for the Chinese word *fa* (法) is the formulation that I prefer. In fact, we deal with rituals. Thunder Rituals would also be a good name translating *lei-fa* (雷法).

We know that the emergence of Thunder Magic in the Northern Sung-period is based on antique traditions of interpreting and handling natural phenomena, which always was and is a major concern in Taoism. There were specific rituals that focussed on the destructive force of thunder and lightning. They were employed in remote periods of Chinese history. For example, the scholar Wang Ch'ung (王充) in the Han-period disputes in his *Lun-heng* (論衡) the existence of a divinity called Thunder Lord (*lei-kung* 雷公), saying that thunders are simply fire (*huo* 火).³ The statement by Wang Ch'ung (王充) seems to prove that ages ago a spirit or divine Thunder Lord was an object for scholarly considerations and, most certainly, for religious veneration. The darkness of history conceals those antique rituals. Anyway, we know for sure that the actual tasks, the purposes and means of Thunder Magic were matters of great concern, and they were integral parts of Taoism long before Thunder Magic explicitly appeared.

The T'ang Taoist Chang Wan-fu (張萬福 fl.711-713) tells us: "concerning the comprehensive rule over all divinities and demons in heaven and on earth, concerning the killing and subduing of wicked demons (*hsieh-mo* 邪魔), the beheading and the annihilation of bad spirits (*yao-ching* 妖精), the recruitment of divine forces (*ling* 靈) and the summoning of vital forces (*ch'i* 氣), the realisation of control and order for mountains and rivers, the cleansing of filthy atmospheres, the dispatch of petitions and the employment of postal [spirit] agents, the direct communication with the immortals (*shen-hsien* 神仙), there is just nothing that has any priority to [the methods and rituals of] Orthodoxy and Unity (*Cheng-i* 正一)." Ages later in the Sung period, Thunder Magic did serve well all these tasks.⁴ It is quite telling that the statements of Chang Wan-fu (張萬福) read like an early summary of the programmatic range of the much later Thunder rituals. We want to keep in mind that there are also some other, additional aspects of the ritual practice in Thunder Magic that classify such rituals as proper parts of *Cheng-i* (正一) Taoism.

We consider that the Thunder specialists employed mostly secret skills and crafts that go with the name of Thunder Magic to solve individual and communal problems that people believed to have a spiritual or transcendent

3 Wang Ch'ung: *Lun-heng* 6, 23, 96-103, esp. pp. 100-101 (*Lei-hsü p'ien*). Shanghai 1974.

4 TT 1241 *Cb'nan-shou san-tung ching-chieh fa-lu lüeh-shuo* 1.4a-4b, following the text *Cheng-i fa-wen k'o-chieh p'in* (正一法文科戒品). Concerning this text see, U.A.Cedzich, p. 458, in: K.Schipper and F.Verellen eds.: *The Taoist Canon, A Historical Companion to the Daozang* (henceforth *Companion*). 3 vols. Chicago 2004.

cause. For example, droughts and floods are such problems that can endanger the wellbeing of agrarian communities. The ritual help by means of Thunder Magic, however, is most seldom a communal event in which the local population can participate, in one way or other joining the festivities. Thunder Magic is a rather personal and secret matter. The communal participation is restricted to a few sections of the old and established thanksgiving rituals (*chiaotai*). When the Thunder specialist and priest had secretly performed his Thunder rituals and had been successful, the community may then stage such communal rituals.

Before taking up any details, I present the biography of the Taoist Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) who lived in the 9th century, well before the heyday of Thunder Magic. His biography substantiates most of the aspects of Taoist culture that I addressed so far. The text also unites many characteristics that generally describe the Taoist priest and exorcist.

The practical and ritual means that were at the avail of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) have a long history in China. They stem from historical periods before the reputed beginning of organized Taoism in the 2nd century A.D. The Sung (宋) period started in 960 A.D., about one hundred years after the life of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) who shows activities and spiritual potentials that forecast specific elements of the later Thunder Magic. His biography indicates the personal qualities that characterize the practitioners of Thunder Magic. The term Thunder Magic stands for the attempt to rationalize a welter of long established religious notions and rituals, which may be due to the intellectual and rationalistic disposition of the Sung (宋) period. We also remember that emperor Sung Hui-tsung (宋徽宗 r. 1100-1126) developed a great personal interest in the Taoist religion and actually thought himself and his staff to represent the heavenly spirit-administration. On the other side, the priest and Thunder specialist professes to embody a spirit-career with ranks and varied promotions, which enables him to live up to the extraordinary standard of being divine. Our sources do not let us have any doubts about this claim.⁵ We notice that we find in *A Dictionary of Official Titles in Imperial China* many of the spirit-titles that refer to the assumed power structure of Taoist Thunder specialists and their deities.⁶

5 See the grand spirit-ranks and promotions for the Taoist priest in TT 1220 *Tao-fa hui-yuan* 56.39a-39b. For a translation of this chapter in TT 1220 see below, Chapter II: The Scope of Taoist Thunder Magic.

6 See Charles O. Hucker, Stanford 1985 (henceforth *Hucker*).

The biography of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) serves us well as an entertaining example to illustrate the practical and visible role of Taoist Thunder Magic. The biography is contained in the collection "Supplementary Lives of Immortals" (*Hsü-hsien chuan* 續仙傳) by Shen Fen (沈汾) of the Southern T'ang period (937-975). The biography of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) is one of the twelve items in chapter 2: "Hidden Transformations" (*yin-bua* 隱化).

The Biography of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶)⁷

(17a) "Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) had the name (*tz'u* 字) Lu-ts'ung (魯聰) and hailed from Chien-ch'ang (建昌) district in Hung-chou (洪州).⁸ When he was young he adhered to the Taoist skills (*tao-shu* 道術) of his [spiritual] teacher masters, the [two] Taoists from the Western Mountains (hsi-shan 西山), the Perfect Lords (*chen-chün* 真君) Hsü [Sun] (許遜) and Wu [Meng] (吳猛).⁹ He abstained from cereals and practiced breathing techniques (*fu-ch'i* 服氣).

7 See *Yeh Ch'ien-shao* in: TT 295 *Hsü-hsien chuan* 2, 16b-18b. Also see *Hsü-hsien chuan* 2, 13a-13b; in: Hsiao T'ien-shih ed.: *Li-tai, chen-hsien shih-chuan* (Tao-tsang ching-bua 5/7, Taipei 1980); Concerning TT 295, see F. Verellen, *Xu xian chuan*, pp. 429-430, in: *Companion*, he also indicates other editions of this title that are either complete or fragmentary. See *T'ai-p'ing kuang-chi* (太平廣記) 394 (*lei* 雷 2), 6a-6b (p. 1607, ed.: Kyoto 1972) contains the story of a certain Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉遷韶) who was initiated by Lei-kung (雷公) as to be able to summon thunders and to save people. The deity explained that he had five brothers. The two Yehs (葉) most likely are the same person, although their places of origin read different. Both names most certainly stand for the one person who hails from Chiang-hsi province. The background of the person in TT 295 sounds better and more learned, whereas the *T'ai-p'ing kuang-chi* (太平廣記) of Li Fang (李昉, 978 CE) speaks about a young lad who collected firewood when he experienced that divine encounter. I translate the TT 295 version.

8 This is today's Nan-ch'ang district in Chiang-hsi province, where Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) also hails from.

9 Concerning the two famous Taoists (3rd ct.) who allegedly were experts in Thunder Magic, see TT 1220 *Tao-fa hui-yuan* 56.10a; for a complete translation of this chapter (nr. 56) in *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual* see below Chapter II. See F.C. Reiter: "The Name of the Nameless and Thunder Magic", p. 115 in: P. Andersen and F.C. Reiter eds.: *Scriptures, Schools and Forms of Practice in Daoism, A Berlin Symposium*, in: AAS 20. TT 1220: 125.1a sq. *Chiu-chou she-ling man-lei ta-fa* (九州社令蠻雷大法) shows Hsü Sun (許遜) to be the very first spiritual patron saint of the Earth Altar (Thunder) rituals. The phrasing in TT 295 is opaque. It literally says: "...he served the Taoists...as his teacher masters. His Taoist skills [were] the avoidance of cereals and the breathing technics ..." Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) reputedly lived in the T'ang-period, a few centuries after the times of Hsü and Wu. Concerning the Altar of Earth Thunder, see below Chapter II, cf. TT 1220:

Once he stayed alone in a mountain when suddenly storm and rain came up together with thunder and lightning. There was a person clad in white garments who [appeared and] reverently addressed Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) saying that his Taoist virtuous ways were accomplished to the highest degree, and the registers of the immortals have recommended him for the ascent [to the immortals]. [Now,] in the world of man he should employ demons and deities as his servants and emissaries and so continue furthermore to display his meritorious deeds. Today, a divine person (*shen-jen* 神人) is about to descend, and he, Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶), would be able to meet the divine person. He should not be afraid at all.

Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) thereupon burnt incense and retired with folded hands to practice silent meditation. In a moment, a perfected [spirit] official who was clad in red garments (*chu-i chen-kuan* 朱衣真官) descended, arriving from the clouds far away. More than ten [spirit] generals additionally [descended] carrying swords, and on their belts they all carried the dragon-and-tiger amulet (*lung-hu fu* 龍虎符). The accompanying units (*pu-ts'ung* 部從) of demoniac and divine [troops] were legions. There were also two attendants who were clad in yellow and green garments, and each of them held one role of registers (*pu i chüan* 簿一卷) [from the heavenly archives]. The divine generals (*shen-chiang* 神將) lined up to salute Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶). The perfected [spirit] official [with red garments] addressed him and said:

"[Obeying] the decree of heaven we transfer to you these registers (*pu* 簿). [We], the divine generals, emissaries and troops are obliged to provide perfectly any service as your emissaries in order to save your contemporaries."

(17b) Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) reverently received the heavenly documents (*t'ien-shu* 天書), held them in both hands and perused them. They resembled worldly military registers (*ping-chi* 兵籍). The attendants who firmly held the registers and documents asked [Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶)] for his summons, so that they could execute his orders.

After [the encounter] Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) could shout long screams,¹⁰ and in this way, the wind was aroused in forests and abysses. When he spit out

56.13a.

10 Or translate: "he roared". Shouts or the loud, almost explosive dispatches of concentrated breaths are a rather usual feature of some Taoist techniques.

water,¹¹ rain fell in the plains. When he heavily pressed down his feet onto the ground, the noise of thunder evolved [resembling the noise of a] windlass. When [he seemed to] paint with his hand in empty space,¹² radiant lightning would occur which baffled everybody.

Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) roamed then through the world and feigned to be mad. Often being drunk, he popped around in thoroughfares. When he suddenly made loud and threatening noises, he seemed to shake with might. When he was questioned what it was all about, he gave this sort of answer: "I saw in this or that place a fire", or "[I saw] in this or that place a drought and I [just] dispatched rain to save [the situation]". When the people set out to search for the facts, they always found [his words] to have been true.

Occasionally he passed some prefectures and districts and they all asked him for help when they were suffering from a drought. Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) would prepare an altar (*hsiang-an* 香案) and start to speak spells (*ch'i-chow* 啟咒). Rain would begin to fall within a short moment. When people asked him to let thunders [rumble], he would press his feet onto the ground and consequently the sound [of thunders] would emerge from below in the earth like [the rolling of] a windlass.

In other cases when bad rainstorms had occurred and the prayers for a clear sky got no response at all, [the people] would ask Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) to stop it. Consequently he would perform his [exorcist] methods (*tso shu* 作術) (18a) and achieved that the sky cleared up (*ch'ing-chi* 晴霽). When a drought occurred during the wintertime and prayers for snow were to be offered Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) wore simple unlined clothes and stood barefooted in the sun. He would scream and recite [spells], and within a moment, wind and clouds would assemble and snow would fall throughout all the night.

Furthermore, he used amulets (*fu* 符) to save [and heal] illness and distress. He did not wait for people to come up to him and ask for help, but when he saw a sick person, he always felt sympathy and saved then that person. When wicked *mei*-demons (*hsieh-mei* 邪魅) were around and heard the name of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶), they spontaneously reformed their ways to the better. *Mei*-

11 Possibly this means amulet water.

12 This means the drawing of physically unseen amulets in empty space.

demons (*hsieh-mei* 邪魅) that were treated with [his] amulets did not again display [any wicked might] until the end of their days.¹³

In the eleventh year of the reign title *hsien-t'ung* (咸通 11; 870 A.D.) he set out to travel and finally reached Hao-chou (濠州),¹⁴ where he learnt that the governor Liu Fang (劉昉) suddenly had been struck by a wind and was about to die. Some famous physicians had already been called in but they could not cure the governor.

Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) entered with his travel stick [Hao-] chou (濠州) and said [to Liu Fang (劉昉)]: "[You] induced me to come here in order to make you come back again to life". Thereupon he wrote three amulets that he fastened on the top of the shoulder [of the governor], on his ribs and on a leg and said: "I force the wind to come forth from your feet. In three days [you] should be well again." Finally, the wind made a whizzing sound and came forth from the hollows of the feet of the governor. [The governor] recuperated after three days and was well as before.

Liu Fang (劉昉) was a very learned person. He was well familiar with literature and was generally dedicated to Taoist crafts (*tao-shu* 道術). He made an official career and attained the prefecture [as governor] where he exerted a good government that reached the common folks. He once said to his guests and attendants (18b): "in all my life, I took the *Tao* to be my teacher. Once a violent wind suddenly hit me and thereupon I experienced the impact of a saint (*sheng-jen* 聖人) who made use of some emblems (*hsiang* 相) to save and heal me."¹⁵ [The experience] that [a man like] Tung Feng (董奉) returns harmonised *bun*-souls (魂) to a man (*shih* 士), this really is something one has to wait for.¹⁶ In fact, this was a response due to the strength of *Tao* (*dao-li* 道力)". The people in the prefecture sensed that divine qualities were at hand in the person of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶). Liu Fang (劉昉) welcomed then Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉

13 This speaks about demons in the shape and with the face of humans.

14 This is a location in An-hui province.

15 This (*hsiang* 相) should refer to the amulets.

16 Here, Tung Feng (董奉) most certainly is a personal name that points to a Taoist healer who was a rather famous figure in Chiang-hsi province. He is said to have brought back to life some other high official, see TT 1248 *San-tung ch'ün-hsien lu* 4.5a-5b; TT 1139 *San-tung chu-nang* 1.18b-19a. Especially see, Ch'en Shu-yü (陳舜俞): *Lu-shan chi* (廬山記) 2.2a-2b, in: *Pi-chi hsi-pien*. Kuang-wen Comp. Taipei 1969. See F.C.Reiter: Der "Bericht über den Berg Lu (*Lu-shan chi*) von Ch'en Shun-yü, ein historiographischer Beitrag aus der Sung Zeit zum Kulturraum des Lu Shan, pp.117-119. München 1978.

千韶) at a fasting festivity (*chai* 齋) in the prefecture and expressed his wish to serve him as his teacher master. He gave him a lot of gold and brocade to express his thanks. Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶), however, speedily deserted Liu Fang (劉昉) and disappeared. A search for him was made but no traces [of the Taoist] could be found.

Later, in the regions of Ching and Hsiang (荊襄) some persons saw [him] when he talked laughing about the events in Hao-chou (豪州). It was evident that he was hiding away in the Western Mountains (hsi-shan 西山) for more than ten years. Among the people of today there are some persons who had eventually seen him". ***

Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) relies on the spiritual and perhaps even practical guidance of two Taoists of old, namely Wu Meng (吳猛) and Hsü Sun (許遜). He finds his motivation in their reputed successes, practices the abstention from cereals and breathing techniques (*fu-ch'i* 服氣).¹⁷ Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) must have been an advanced Taoist, which the apparition of a company of spirit administrators and guards seems to prove. They appeared as a divine response in honour of the Taoist success of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶). Perfected spirit officials with an entourage of warriors and emissaries entrusted him with the registers of divine martial forces that from now on would obey his commands. These spirit forces most likely were Thunder deities, because the Taoist started

17 This is *pars pro toto* for his self-cultivation. Wu Meng (吳猛) hailed from Yü-chang (豫章). He was an exorcist, who could subdue epidemics and had access to the world of the immortals, see Ch'en Kuo-fu: *Tao-tsang yüan-liu k'ao*, pp.461-462 (*Kao-hsien chuan*). Rpr.Taipei 1975. See F.C.Reiter: "Die Ausführungen Li Tao-yüans zur Geschichte und Geographie des Berges Lu (Chiang-hsi) im „Kommentar zum Wasserklassiker“, und ihre Bedeutung für die regionale Geschichtsschreibung", p. 20, in: *Oriens Extremus* 28/1 (1981). The canonical biography of the temporary Magistrate of Hsi-an, Wu Meng (西安令 吳猛), is TT 296 *Li-shih chen-hsien t'ü-tao t'ung-chien* 27, 1a-2b. At the age of forty he received the "divine recipes" (*shen-fang* 神方) of the perfected Ting I (丁義). He took as his teacher master the governor of Nan-hai (南海太守) Pao Ching (鮑暄), who passed on to him some unspecified "secret methods". During the period Huang-lung (吳黃龍, 229-232) "heaven revealed the White Cloud Amulets (*pai-yün fu* 白雲符)" that enabled him "to practice greatly his Taoist skills (*tao-shu* 道術)". Later (Chin 晉) "the Perfected Lord Hsü (許真君) joined him and received then his complete Taoist professional secrets (*pi-yao* 秘要)". The biography reports his magic and exorcist abilities. For example, Wu Meng (吳猛) stopped stormy winds with the application of his amulets. The geographic indication Western Mountains (西山) may allude to the mountains "west of the great Chiang", in this case the mountains west of Nan-ch'ang might be the actual point of reference (南昌西山). Also, see, J.M.Bolz: *A Survey of Taoist Literature, Tenth to Seventeenth Centuries*, pp. 70-72, concerning the two Taoists. Berkeley 1987.

to achieve successes that in later times would have been identified with Thunder Magic. He also acquired a new personal quality and rank, which he outwardly wished to conceal and therefore he behaved like a lunatic. He could enter the mental and physical state of ecstasy, screaming, spitting and stampeding with his feet. In this way, he could procure magic responses in the cosmos. He could see what was going on in remote places far away, and so he dispatched rain, for example, to relieve a drought or fires in those places. Rain, fair weather, snow in winter, anything what was needed Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) knew how to handle the situation. He may show up barefooted and clad in ragged clothes, possibly with dishevelled hair, and perform rituals to improve the weather conditions.

In any case, he performed specific skills (*tso-shu* 作術) to achieve the desired results. The writing of amulets was one of his crafts. He used them to subdue demons in human shape and appearance. It is significant that his amulets were used to heal illness. The Taoist would offer such help without being asked for, and he was even mighty enough to save a person from the danger of imminent death.

Anyway, Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) was not a spectacular Taoist who would have enjoyed the attention of the social elite and the court. He rejected profane goods in return for spiritual help and preferred seclusion when he felt uncomfortable about public attention.

The biography mentions *en passant* an official Taoist fasting and purification *chaiturgy* (齋) at which the Taoist participates. All his other activities can be labelled magic or exorcist, and in fact, exactly this feature is very much in the focus of the biography. The text does not give any explanation or assessments. We observe that his magic and exorcist activities go with the installation of altars and offerings of incense. They are clearly structured religious acts. I find it most important that the exorcist actions of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) are based on heavenly documents (*t'ien-shu* 天書), which are the registers of martial spirit forces. It is also a characteristic feature of the historically later Taoist Thunder Magic to have such registers (*lu* 錄). We notice that descriptions of such ritual elements are contained in many biographies in the Taoist Canon. They are the standard assets of Taoist professional life. It is very much rewarding to study the canonical explanations and descriptions of the spiritual forces and the suitable ritual means, which characterize Taoist religious culture.

A first approach to Thunder Magic

Thunder Magic is an elusive term that covers a huge array of Taoist ritual practices. Most of them seem to serve exorcist purposes, and therefore they may not enjoy the broad scholarly attention that the standard repertoire of Heavenly Master Taoism receives.¹ Hagiographical and biographical sources show that the Taoist participation in social life implies much more than the mastery of the liturgy of great festivities that the terms *chiao* (醮) and *chai* (齋) identify.² Taoist priests traditionally operated as faith healers. They also were keen to lend their helping hands when droughts, floods and other unpleasant or disastrous events marred daily life. Taoists often seem to have used exorcist rituals to expulse malignant influences and their causes that people believed to be the influences of wicked demons.³

This situation is well documented in the history of the Taoist religion. I list just a few renowned sources that provide such information. There is, for example, the Scripture of the Great Peace (*T'ai-p'ing ching* 太平經) that is connected with the Taoist history in the second century of the Christian era.⁴ The later encyclopaedias *San-tung chu-nang* (三洞珠囊), *Tao-tien lun* (道典論) and *Tao-chiao i-shu* (道教義樞)⁵ list numerous entries that tell us how Taoists dealt

1 We have some remarkable Chinese studies, for example, the two monographs: Li Yüan-kuo (李遠國): *Sben-hsiao lei-fa* (神霄雷法). Chengdu 2003; and Liu Chung-yü (劉仲宇): *Tao-chiao fa-shu* (道教法術). Shanghai 2002. Also see L.Skar: "Administering Thunder: A thirteenth Century Memorial Deliberating the Thunder Rites", in: *Cahiers d'Extrême-Asie* 9, pp.159-202 (1996-1997). And the same "Ritual Movements, Deity Cults, and the Transformation of Daoism in Song and Yuan Times", pp.413-463, in L.Kohn ed.: *Daoism Handbook* (Leiden 2000). A rough survey on Thunder Magic materials and related sources in the Taoist Canon gives K.Schipper and F.Verellen eds.: *Companion*, pp.1384-1386.

2 See M.R.Saso: *Taoism and the Rite of Cosmic Renewal*. Washington 1972. Also see K.Schipper: *Le corps taoïste*. Paris 1982, J.Lagerwey: *Taoist Ritual in Chinese Society and History*. New York 1987, R.Hymes: *Way and Byway, Taoism, Local Religion, and Models of Divinity in Sung and Modern China*. Berkeley 2002; and F.C.Reiter: *Religionen in China, Geschichte, Alltag, Kultur*. München 2002.

3 F.C.Reiter: *Der Perlenbeutel aus den Drei Höhlen (San-tung chu-nang)*, Arbeitsmaterialien zum Taoismus der frühen T'ang Zeit, p.9 sq. („Hilfe und Führung“). AF 112.

4 K.Schipper: "Taiping jing", pp.277-280, in: *Companion*. See B.Hendrischke: *The Scripture on Great Peace, The Taiping jing and the Beginnings of Daoism*. Berkeley 2006.

5 See note 3, and see F. C. Reiter, pp.440-441; H.-H. Schmidt, pp.445-446, 442, in: *Companion*. See F.C. Reiter: *Kategorien und Realien im Shang-ch'ing Taoismus (Shang-ch'ing tao lei-shih hsiang)*, Arbeitsmaterialien zum Taoismus der frühen T'ang Zeit. in: AF 119; Wang Zongyu (王宗昱): *Daojiao yishu yanjiu* (道教義樞研究). Shanghai 2001.

A first approach to Thunder Magic

Thunder Magic is an elusive term that covers a huge array of Taoist ritual practices. Most of them seem to serve exorcist purposes, and therefore they may not enjoy the broad scholarly attention that the standard repertoire of Heavenly Master Taoism receives.¹ Hagiographical and biographical sources show that the Taoist participation in social life implies much more than the mastery of the liturgy of great festivities that the terms *chiao* (醮) and *chai* (齋) identify.² Taoist priests traditionally operated as faith healers. They also were keen to lend their helping hands when droughts, floods and other unpleasant or disastrous events marred daily life. Taoists often seem to have used exorcist rituals to expulse malignant influences and their causes that people believed to be the influences of wicked demons.³

This situation is well documented in the history of the Taoist religion. I list just a few renowned sources that provide such information. There is, for example, the Scripture of the Great Peace (*T'ai-p'ing ching* 太平經) that is connected with the Taoist history in the second century of the Christian era.⁴ The later encyclopaedias *San-tung chu-nang* (三洞珠囊), *Tao-tien lun* (道典論) and *Tao-chiao i-shu* (道教義樞)⁵ list numerous entries that tell us how Taoists dealt

- 1 We have some remarkable Chinese studies, for example, the two monographs: Li Yüan-kuo (李遠國): *Sben-biao lei-fa* (神霄雷法). Chengdu 2003; and Liu Chung-yü (劉仲宇): *Tao-chiao fa-shu* (道教法術). Shanghai 2002. Also see L.Skar: "Administering Thunder: A thirteenth Century Memorial Deliberating the Thunder Rites", in: *Cahiers d'Extrême-Asie* 9, pp.159-202 (1996-1997). And the same "Ritual Movements, Deity Cults, and the Transformation of Daoism in Song and Yuan Times", pp.413-463, in L.Kohn ed.: *Daoism Handbook* (Leiden 2000). A rough survey on Thunder Magic materials and related sources in the Taoist Canon gives K.Schipper and F.Verellen eds.: *Companion*, pp.1384-1386.
- 2 See M.R.Saso: *Taoism and the Rite of Cosmic Renewal*. Washington 1972. Also see K.Schipper: *Le corps taoïste*. Paris 1982, J.Lagerwey: *Taoist Ritual in Chinese Society and History*. New York 1987, R.Hymes: *Way and Byway, Taoism, Local Religion, and Models of Divinity in Sung and Modern China*. Berkeley 2002; and F.C.Reiter: *Religionen in China, Geschichte, Alltag, Kultur*. München 2002.
- 3 F.C.Reiter: *Der Perlenbeutel aus den Drei Höhlen (San-tung chu-nang)*, Arbeitsmaterialien zum Taoismus der frühen T'ang Zeit, p.9 sq. („Hilfe und Führung“). AF 112.
- 4 K.Schipper: "Taiping jing", pp.277-280, in: *Companion*. See B.Hendrischke: *The Scripture on Great Peace, The Taiping Jing and the Beginnings of Daoism*. Berkeley 2006.
- 5 See note 3, and see F. C. Reiter, pp.440-441; H.-H. Schmidt, pp.445-446, 442, in: *Companion*. See F.C. Reiter: *Kategorien und Realien im Shang-ch'ing Taoismus (Shang-ch'ing tao lei-shih hsiang)*, Arbeitsmaterialien zum Taoismus der frühen T'ang Zeit. in: AF 119; Wang Zongyu (王宗昱): *Daojiao yishu yanjiu* (道教義樞研究). Shanghai 2001.

with the spirit world, mostly quoting scriptures dating from the *Nan-pei ch'ao* (南北朝) period.

In the Northern Sung Period during the reign of emperor Sung Hui-tsung (宋徽宗 rg.1100-1126) a welter of old concepts and practices came to be assembled under the name of Thunder Magic (*wu-lei fa* 五雷法). Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿 1093-1153) effectively managed to perform Thunder rites and enthralled the emperor with his obvious successes that were believed to result from his ritual expertise. The Taoist eliminated fox spirits and at one time enforced good weather conditions for state rituals. Wang Wen-ch'ing's (王文卿) ritual efforts are documented in his canonical biography and in *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual* (*Tao-fa hui-yüan* 道法會元) of the 14th century.⁶

This literary collection contains quite a number of texts from the School of Pure Subtlety (*Ch'ing-wei* 清微) that from the 13th century onwards continued and extended the traditions of Sung Thunder Magic. It is well known that a remarkable number of canonical texts are either directly connected with Thunder Magic or can be associated with the concepts of Thunder Magic.⁷ Very long periods of Taoist history and activities elapsed until the 12th century when literary and rather comprehensive efforts were made to assemble and formulate what could be said about Thunder Magic. Many of these materials are hard to date, even if we can place them within the frame of about two hundred years, which means from the 12th to the 14th centuries. The exact date of origin of quite a few tracts on Thunder Magic in *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual* remains uncertain.

We have some texts in *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual* that explicitly indicate Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) to be the author, and I accept this information as long as textual evidence does not contradict the attribution. Studying these texts, I

6 K.Schipper and Yuan Bingling, pp.1105-1113, in: *Companion*. P. van der Loon: "A Taoist Collection of the Fourteenth Century", pp. 401-405, in: W.Bauer ed.: *Studia Sino-Mongolica*, MOS 25. F.C.Reiter: "A Preliminary Study of the Taoist Wang Wen-ch'ing (1093-1153) and his Thunder Magic (*lei-fa*)", in: *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft* (henceforth ZDMG), 152, pp.155-184. And the same, "The Discourse on the Thunders 雷說, by the Taoist Wang Wen-ch'ing 王文卿 (1093-1153)", in: *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* (henceforth JRAS), 14/3, pp.207-229.

7 Compare *Companion* pp.1384-1385. See F.C.Reiter: Grundlemente und Tendenzen des religiösen Taoismus, das Spannungsverhältnis von Integration und Individualität in seiner Geschichte zur Chin-, Yüan- und frühen Ming-Zeit, pp.42-55 (concerning Qingwei 清微), in: MOS 48.

describe some basic features and specific activities. They all are closely interwoven and reveal the conditions and workings of Thunder Magic.

The Taoist patriarch Chang Yü-ch'ü (張宇初 1361-1410) acted on imperial orders in 1406 when he started to recompile the Taoist Canon after its destruction under Mongol rule in the 13th century. He classified Thunder Magic rituals as minor rituals (*hsiao-fa* 小法), which seems to be a belittling qualification. This assessment does in fact not say anything about the religious and spiritual standards of such minor rituals which I have shown somewhere else.⁸ In the book *Basic Conditions of Taoist Thunder Magic*, I present texts that reveal the religious and spiritual quality of Thunder Magic. I consider various practical aspects, completely basing myself on canonical sources that we can associate with or even attribute to Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿). I present information to show that such minor rituals actually comprise the whole range of well-established Taoist notions and practices. They are demanding as far as the religious and personal standing of the performing priest is concerned, which again Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) perfectly exemplified.

Human Nature and Thunder Magic

Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) presents a fair number of theoretic expositions that elucidate basic and ritual actions of Thunder Magic. Many of these texts are didactic expositions and pointedly explain rather specific themes. The answers that Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) gives his students are to the point, and yet, they should not be understood as the final solutions to the questions that originally were raised. We certainly miss the oral and secret instructions of the Taoist that he may have passed on to his advanced disciples. However, his answers are always conclusive and therefore we have a good chance to collect a lot of information that should help us understand the basics of Thunder Magic. I start out enquiring about the practical concerns and activities of a Thunder specialist.

The Thunder specialist is a Taoist priest (*tao-shih* 道士) who performs exorcist crafts. He summons individual divine forces in order to employ them for ritual

8 F.C.Reiter: "The Management of Nature: Convictions and Means in Daoist Thunder Magic (Daojiao leifa)", pp.193-210, in F.C.Reiter ed.: *Purposes, Means and Convictions in Daoism*, A Berlin Symposium, in: AAS 29; and see my *Grundelemente und Tendenzen des religiösen Taoismus*, pp.11-35; 132-139, in MOS 48.

purposes. He first addresses divine and transcendent entities that are not at all beyond the confines of his own human body. We know that the Taoists developed and fostered specific convictions concerning the divine nature of the human being, or to be more precise, of "the self" (*tzu-chi* 自己). This conviction is the absolute basis for any ritual activity, which is easy to illustrate. We find, for example, in the following short essay the explicit identification of the individual self of the priest with the Divine Norm (*ling-far* 靈法) of Thunder Magic.⁹

The Secret Instructions Concerning the Thunder Rituals (*lei-far pi-chi* 雷法秘旨) (2b) explain: the self is the Divine Norm (*ling-far* 靈法). As to the divine self (*ling-woo* 靈我), if it is not divine, what [else then] could unite with the thunder divinities (*lei-sheen* 雷神)? I (*wo* 我) am capable to excite [them] in a good way, and the thunder divinities respond in a good way. One appeal to [the thunder divinities] has one response, and thus absolutely everything is settled. When there is a [right] mind [at work], it can appeal to the divinities. When the divinities turn away and do not respond, the appeal was done without a proper mind. The response [of the divinities] is like an echo, and just for nothing, there is also no response at all. You must not have any erratic thoughts. The completely true mind (*i-p'ien chen-bsin* 一片真心) must be completely free.¹⁰ [In this way] the mind and the thunder divinities intermingle and are just like one united entity. In this way, I am the thunder divinity, and the thunder divinity is I. All the [divine] responses are concurrent with me. There is no response that would not occur, (3a) [for example], sympathy, compassion, profit and help. Above, I unite with the heart of heaven (*t'ien-bsin* 天心).¹¹ My love for the living beings is my virtue, and it is for this reason that heaven certainly does not disregard me. Thunders receive respectfully the heavenly orders. How could they disregard me?¹²

9 TT 1220: 77.2b-3a. See TT 1220: 84.8b, referring to the encounter of Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) with his teacher master (see below) and the transmission of the title (*lei-fa pi-chi* 雷法秘旨). However, we cannot prove the identity of the extant texts in consideration and the allegedly transmitted text.

10 "free" or "unknowing".

11 Compare TT 1220: 56.4b, see below the translation of chapter 56. For this term see, P. Andersen: "The Practice of *Bugang*", in *Cahiers d'Extrême-Asie* 5, p.28 (1989-1990).

12 The text *Tao-miao* (道妙; TT 1220: 84.2a-5b) extends this notion by identifying the "self" (*wo* 我) with the ancestral breaths (*ch'i che sheng-i chih tsu* 氣者生一之) and also with heaven (*t'ien* 天) implying all its potentials (p.3b). It is clear that the tract is written ages after the time of Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿). Also compare TT 1015 *Chin-so liu-chu yin* 5.1a-1b (*t'ai-hsüan yüan-ch'i suo-sheng san-yüan yin* 太玄元氣所生三元引), with a definition of the spiritual force (*shen* 神), which surfaces in the practices and convictions of Thunder Magic. For this text is attributed to Li Ch'un-feng (李淳風, 602-670), see

The subsequent explanation concerning this text says that the Fire Master, the perfect [teacher master] Wang (汪),¹³ personally transmitted it to Shih-ch'en, Wang Wen-ching (侍宸, 王文卿). This statement intends to show that the text itself was a secret transmission in the school of Thunder Magic (*lei-t'ing chih pi-ch'uan* 雷霆之秘傳).

The text Secret Instructions Concerning the Thunder Rituals (*lei-fa pi-chih* 雷法秘旨) brings us to consider the very nature of the relationship between the acting priest and the cosmic or absolute divine being that adopts the apparitions and potentials of Thunder deities. "The [Thunder] emissary, this is just me. I am the one who is the emissary and I shall act it out until the end of my life", says the theoretical tract Mysteries of Tao (*tao-miao* 道妙).¹⁴ Obviously, there is an osmotic relationship or even a special unity between man and the divine that Thunder deities identify.

We generally observe the Taoist inclination to think in terms of a grand unity, which surfaces in the chronologies of Taoist schools and affiliations. I remind of the hagiography of the Ch'ing-wei (清微) School (*Ch'ing-wei hsien-p'u* 清微仙譜) or the hagiographies of the Ch'üan-chen (全真) School (*Chin-lien cheng-tsung-chi* 金蓮正宗記 / *Chin-lien cheng-tsung hsien-yüan hsiang-chuan* 金蓮正宗仙源像傳).¹⁵ The hagiographies of T'ai-shang Lao-chün (太上老君) show this divinity to be the unifying body of the universe and the moving power of creation. T'ai-shang Lao-chün (太上老君) is the leading expression of that general Taoist notion.¹⁶ We certainly understand that scriptures and rituals

P.Andersen, in: Companion pp.1076- 1079.

13 TT 1220: 76.3a indicates the taboo name Tzu-hua (子華), the tzu-name Shih-mei (時美). See TT 1220: 83.1a, which is a later tradition. It says that the taboo name is Shou-chen (守真 "Guarding Perfection").

14 TT 1220: 84.4b-5a., and see below.

15 Concerning TT 171; 173; 174, see F.C.Reiter, pp. 1100, 1135-1136, 1136-1137, in: Companion. Also see F.C.Reiter: Grundlelemente und Tendenzen des religiösen Taoismus, pp.42-76.

16 See A.K.Scidel: La divinisation de Lao Tseu dans le taoïsme des Han, p. 84 sq., 92 sq. (Paris 1969). F.C.Reiter trl. ed.: Leben und Wirken Lao-Tzu's in Schrift und Bild (*Lao-chün pa-shih-i hua t'u-shuo*), pp.21-239 (Würzburg 1990). Also see, for example, TT 1220: 84.6a, explaining that the three "venerable divinities" of the Three Caves (*san-tung* 三洞) are to be identified with primordial forms of breath and the same time with the individual names of Thunder deities. "In fact, the three deities are in basically one deity, and the one entity is three deities" (*san-shen pen i-shen i-t' i san-shen shih yeh* 三神本一神一體三神是也). The statement also ascertains that Thunder Magic is a firm part of the established Taoism of the Heavenly Master (*cheng-i tao* 正一道 / *t'ien-shih tao* 天師道).

mirror this religious conviction of a cosmic unity of man and the divine, which Thunder Magic rituals set to use.

When we focus our study on Thunder Magic we find several tracts by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) that explain selected constituents of Thunder rituals. He also makes some statements about the spiritual conditions of the human nature that matter for any ritual performance. We come to understand the actual scope of the ritual profession in terms of intellectual and practical efforts.

Our first and most basic question that we formulate may refer to the individual standard and the quality of the Taoist. How does he summon and dispatch the divine forces that exist within his own human body and let them serve ritual purposes?

This sort of question came to the mind of the disciples of Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) who worked out appropriate texts to feature the conditions of Thunder Magic and in this way presented conclusive answers. We are fortunate to have the didactic collection *Wang Shib-ch'en ch'i-tao pa-tuan chin* (王侍宸祈禱八段錦). His otherwise unknown disciple Yüan Wu-chieh (袁無介) formulates a number of interesting questions. For example, the paragraph "Summoning and Uniting" begins with a question that Yüan Wu-chieh (袁無介) sets forth. Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) gives his explanation, and another unknown person with the name Yü-feng (御風) contributes additional commentaries.

Summoning and Uniting [the Thunder Divinities] (chao-ho 召合)¹⁷

Yüan Wu-chieh (袁無介) sets forth his question about the so-called summoning and uniting. He wishes to learn about the essential points of summoning and uniting.

[Wang] Shih-ch'en ([王]侍宸) says: The people of today, the gentlemen who practice Taoism only know that the general of the heart (*hsin-chiang* 心將) comes out of the heart, the general of the liver (*kan-chiang* 肝將) comes out of the liver and the general of the kidneys (*shen-chiang* 腎將) comes out of the kidneys. Any summoning and uniting that is done in this way, is not in accord with the right principles (*cheng-li* 正理). How does it come that people do not know that metal, wood, water, fire and earth, the generals of the five intestines all emerge from earth (*t'u* 土)? Earth is the leading force (*chu* 主) of the five elements (*wu-hsing* 五行), and the spleen (*p'i* 脾) belongs [to earth].¹⁸

The commentary by Yü-feng (御風) says: the theory of summoning and uniting relies on the spells (*chou-yü* 咒語) in rituals that are used to call out the summons. At the time of a union [with the divine], you first summon [the divinity]. When [the divinity] has arrived you inhale as to lead [the divinity] into the central palace (*chung-kung* 中宮) to realize the union.

As a case in point, (5b) Marshal Teng (鄧帥) belongs to [the element] fire and returns to the heart (*hsin* 心).

17 TT 1220: 69.5a-11a. Compare TT 1220: 124.2b-3a *Chao-ho pi-fa* (召合秘法), see F.C.Reiter: "A Preliminary Study of the Taoist Wang Wen-ch'ing (1093-1153) and his Thunder Magic (*lei-fu*)". In: ZDMG 152, p.172-173, note 54; p.179, note 82, cf. TT 1220: 85.7a-7b. The gist of this paragraph has been transmitted in later traditions, see TT 1220: 83.3a-3b *Chao-he hsüan-chi* (召合玄機). This text features the self-identification with the divinity T'ien-mu (天母). See TT 1220: 85.14a-18b (T'ien-mu 天母/Pei-tou chih mu 北斗之母). Ch. 83.2a-3a gives a grand description of the divine signs of the Heavenly Mother Mo-li-chih-t'ien ta-sheng (摩利支天大聖) who is Mārīci, a deity that unites Brahmanic mythology with Chinese Buddhist and Taoist notions, see W.E.Soothill and L. Hodous: A Dictionary of Chinese Buddhist Terms, p.435a. Rpr. Taipei 1972. TT 1220: 83.6a-6b (*lien-fa* 鍊法) shows how the internal and spiritual self-identification with and self-deification as Heavenly Mother is achieved in preparation for some Thunder rituals.

18 It literally says: "the repository/intestine spleen". See TT 1250 *Ch'ung-hsi t'ung-miao Shib-ch'en Wang hsien-sheng chia-bua* 5b, for the identification of the element "earth" as a spirit emissary ("The Will") and the "Comprehensively Inspecting Astral Agent of the Great Dipper". See below, TT 1220: 69.8a "the Divinity of the Will" (*i-shen* 意神).

Marshal Hsin (辛帥) belongs to [the element] wood and returns to the liver.¹⁹

The emissaries (*shih-che* 使者) belong to [the element] earth and return to the ancestral palace (*tsu-kung* 祖宮)²⁰ to realize the union.

[The divinity Chao] *Hsüan-t'an* (趙玄壇) belongs to the heart,²¹ and the Magic Agent Ma (馬靈官) belongs to the heart.

Marshal Wen (溫帥) belongs to [the trigram] *chen* 震. He returns to the liver and passes through (*li* 歷) the gall. The Magic Agent Wang (王靈官) belongs to the heart.²² Each of [the emissaries] follows the own [super ordinate] marshal and belongs to [one of] the five intestines.

19 Concerning these two names see, for example, TT 1220: 82. 28a: *Lei-t'ing san-shuai hsin-lu, shih-hsi, shih-shih* (雷霆三帥心錄世系事實). For an adaptation of astral realities to the human internal spheres, see e.g. TT 1220: 82. 18a-18b. Here we find the comparison of the heart of man with its seven holes and the Northern Dipper (seven stars). Also see Li Yüan-kuo: "Tao-chiao lei-fa jen-ko k'ao". In: *Shih-chieh tsung-chiao yen-chiu* 2002, 3, p. 95 (jen-shen hsiao t'ien-ti 人身小天地). Especially see p. 96. See, Liu Chung-yü: *Tao-chiao fa-shu*, p. 84 (i-shen wei i hsiao yü-chou 一身為一小宇宙); and also see F.C.Reiter: "The Discourse on the Thunders, by the Taoist Wang Wen-ch'ing (1093-1153), in: JRAS 14/3, pp.210., 224-225 (2004). Compare TT 1220: 81.1a-16.

20 "ancestral palace" most likely stands for the "central palace".

21 This is Chao Kung-ming (趙公明), a famous name in the Taoist history of the divine, see TT 1476 *Son-shen chi* 4.10a-11b. The title is Chao Yüan-shuai (趙元帥); abbreviating Cheng-i hsüan-t'an yüan-shuai (正一玄壇元帥). He is said to have avoided the Ch'in (秦) administration and retired to the mountains. See in this book Chapter II, concerning the Altar of Earth Thunder. As to TT 1476, see J.Lévi/F.Verellen, pp.897-989, in: *Companion*. The name of the divinity appears in many Taoist sources. See, for example, TT 1016 *Chen-kao* 10.17b which shows him to be a divinity of the five directions. Consequently see TT 1220: 135.19b (Wu-fang tu-mo shih che Chao Kung-ming 五方都魔使者趙公明). The name Chao Kung-ming meanders through Taoist sources of any epoch. Concerning TT 1016, see I.Robinet, pp.198-200, in: *Companion*. This is an example for the age of the tradition and the vast diffusion of the divine names in our texts. I do not intend to document all these names.

22 Concerning Wang, see F.C.Reiter: "Some Notices on the Magic Agent Wang (Wang ling-kuan) at Mt. Ch'ü-ch'ü in Tzu-t'ung District, Szechwan Province". In: ZDMG 148, 323-342 (1998). TT 1221 *Shang-ch'ing ling-pao tu-fa* 7.8a-9a offers a cosmic set of 81 Magic Agents, as part of a tradition of 81 amulets. The Agent poses in a prominent position (*chu-shuai* 主帥). He is second only to the perfected man and spirit patron (*chu-fa* 主法) Sa Shou-chien (薩守堅), in accordance with the ritual instructions *Lei-t'ing san-wu huo-chü ling-kuan Wang yüan-shuai pi-fa* (雷霆三五火車靈官王元帥秘法), in TT 1220: 241.1a-15b, and see ch. 242 and ch. 243 of TT 1220: 86.7a the deity has the title Hsien-t'ien san-wu huo-chü ling-kuan Wang Shan (先天三五火車靈官王善). In the same chapter (TT 1220) on p.7b we find the already familiar (see above note 21)

When you speak the spells by heart (*nien-chou* 念咒) to summon and unite [with the divinities], they first return to the respective intestine and enter then the central palace. [The orifices] above and below are blocked and they do not allow [divinities] to enter and take lodge. You use the nostrils to exhale noisily, or perhaps you use the sword-*mudrâ* (*chien-chüeh* 劍訣)²³ to lead them on to come forth. In front of the altar you can dispatch [the divinities] according to your will and purpose. The rituals of all grades definitely require to unite with and refine [the spiritual forces], or to refine them in meditation and visualizing them when they are present and the inside and the outside unite. You exert your mind and activate the meditation. What follows then are responses that come up like echoes.

The [element] earth is the head of the five elements. Earth lets the essences and the breaths circulate and thoroughly flow through the bones and the nine orifices.

The spleen (*p'î* 脾) is *yin*-earth (陰土). The stomach is *yang*-earth (陽土). The spleen digests the five cereals and connects them to become eminent blossoms (*ying-hua* 英華) that nourish the body.²⁴

The stomach (*wei* 胃) is the belly of the human body where all the strings are tightly bundled. It is for this reason (6a) that [the stomach] plays the leading part among the five intestines.

As to the character One (一) of the [character] centre (*chung* 中), there is a One (*yi* 一) [stroke] at the four sides, and the very centre of [the character] mouth (*k'ou* 口) shows yet another *yi* (一) that is set up in the vertical direction, emerging and reaching upwards. This is called, the divine radiance (*shen-kuang* 神光) rushes towards heaven. Protruding but reaching downwards, [the stroke *yi* 一] is said to be the divine radiance that opposes earth. Now, this means, "the four sides encircle the ultimate". Concerning the character One (一) of the [character] palace (*kung* 宮) that is above or on top of the [character], the One (*yi*

Lei-fu fa hsieh-wu chu-wei hsüan-t'an Chao Lang (雷府伐邪巫朱焯玄壇趙朗) who has a military capacity. Here we also find, for example, Wen Ch'üeng (溫瓊/溫帥). This late tradition (*Hsien-t'ien lei-ching yin-shu* 先天雷晶隱書) uses the fundamental concept of *Anterior Heaven* to lay a claim to names that we usually are inclined to combine with the notion of *Posterior Heaven*. Obviously, there are no exclusive categories.

23 See H.A.Giles: A Chinese-English Dictionary. Nr.3225, p.395b. (Rpr. Taipei 1972).

24 Compare TT 432 *Huang-t'ing nei-chang wu-tsang liu-fu pu-hsieh t'u* 13a-14a, also speaking about the stomach. For this text (the preface is dated 848), see J.Lévi, in: *Companion*, pp. 348-349.

一) turns out to be the cover. The upper [character] mouth (口) is the tripod vessel (鼎 器) that keeps its orifice empty as to store inside the substance of the subtle shining of pure gold that is the ancestral breath (*tsu-ch' i* 祖 氣).

The one lower [character] mouth (口) [of the character *kung* (宮)] is the square stove that puts in order and accomplishes the tripod vessel. Its upper part is round and resembles heaven. Its lower part is square and resembles earth. Heaven is *ch'ien* (乾), and the earth is *k'un* (坤). This is called the orifice of the heavenly female (*hsüan-p' in* 玄 牝). [The word] heavenly (*hsüan* 玄) has the meaning of black and heaven. [The word] female (牝) has the meaning of yellow and earth.²⁵ Earth is the caldron (*fu* 釜), and the caldron is the valley. The valley is an empty vessel that holds inside the original breath (*yüan-ch' i* 元 氣)²⁶ and collects the essences and the spiritual forces. They are aroused by thunders and thunderclaps. They are fertilized by wind and rain.²⁷ Just everything is contained herein.

[Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) continues saying:] The elixir classics (*tan-ching* 丹經) say: "When the one *yang* (一 陽) agitated for the first time, where did the agitation occur? When the black crow soared up, from which spot did it arise?"²⁸

(6b) Now, it all came from the point of agitation of the one spark, which was the time of the absolute beginning of the greatest ultimate (*t'ai-chi* 太 極). When that one spark had not yet agitated, my own body and the breaths of heaven and earth mutually were the inside and the outside.

The commentary by Yü-feng (御 風) says: The one (一) is *yang* (陽); and the one is pure *ch'ien* (*ch'un-ch'ien* 純 乾). *Ch'ien* (乾) is the perfect *yang* (*chen-yang* 真 陽). *Yang* gives birth to offsprings (*tsu* 子). At the very beginning, the one *yang* is

25 Compare the explanation of the term *hsüan-p' in* (玄 牝) in the Ho-shang kung (河 上 公) commentary TT 682 *Tao-te chen-ching chu* 1.5a (*ch'eng-hsiang* 6/ku-shen pu ssu 成 象 / 谷 神 不 死), which may suggest that Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) carried on a certain line of tradition. A good example for the grossly diverging interpretation of the heavenly or mysterious female as the absolute essential basis that is beyond any wording, gives, for example, TT 263 *Hsiu-chen shih-shu tsa-chu chih-hsüan p'ien* 5.4a-4b; and ch.9.3a (*Chin-tan ta-ch'eng chi*/Hsüan-p' in t'u 金 丹 大 成 集 玄 牝 圖).

26 See TT 1250: 14a, the original breath is a bodily reality.

27 *Chou-i* 周 易 17, *hsi-tz'u hsia* 繫 辭 下 1, p.2. See, The I Ching or Book of Changes, the Richard Wilhelm Translation rendered into English, by C.F.Baynes. New York 1967. (Henceforth: *Book of Changes*). See, pp. 283, 284 where the word "lightning" is used instead of "thunderclap". Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) reverses the sequence of the phrases in the *I-ching* (易 經).

28 The black crow represents the sun.

most enduring and sound. There is just nothing that is mixed up with it. [The one *yang*] is entrusted to the womb at the centre of *k' an* (坎).²⁹ When the human being comes to life for the first time, the one *yang* (陽) had first been agitated. When father and mother wed their essences, then it is that heaven and the one (*t' ien-i* 天一)³⁰ give birth to water, and so it is that [the element] fire is born within water. The fire is *yang*. When *yang* agitates, then it is that the very being streams [forth] (*hsing-liu* 性流) to the female creatures (*p' in-wu* 牝物) that manifest their being. They definitely come to life due to heaven and the one. Water is goodness (*jen* 仁). Goodness means, "to be ripe" (*shih* 碩). The inside of a fruit produces a kernel, and what is stored inside the kernel, this is the goodness. Goodness, this is the perfect water (*chen-shui* 真水), and water was brought to life by heaven and the one (*t' ien-i* 天一). When [this] agitation (*tung* 動) occurs, the *yang*-breath (*yang-ch' i* 陽氣) ascends and rising up forms high above the blissful clouds (*ch' ing-yün* 慶雲) that open the door of life (*sheng-men* 生門) and let auspicious vapours flow down to block the window of death (*ssu-hu* 死戶). Such utmost subtle, such utmost mysterious (7a) principles they are! High above there is the bent *chiang*-river (江). See the moonflower that is flourishing and pure, and there is the black crow that soars high above. This is something that genuinely belongs to everybody. When amidst great tranquillity a [specific] sensation (*hsiao-hsi* 消息) arises, the one spark (*i-t' ian* 一點) [of agitation] comes forth, issuing from where the Anterior Heaven (*hsien-t' ien* 先天) has not yet started to bud. You must know the utmost beginning when father and mother had not yet come to life. There was the situation that the one *yang* (陽) first agitated. At that time when all creatures had not yet come to life, they were without the resources to grasp life. It is no wonder that the bodies received for the first time their vital breaths due to the initiating power of heaven (*t' ien-chi* 天機)³¹ that completely leaked out. These words say it all.

29 This refers to the trigram *k' an* that has one *yang*-stroke in its very centre; see *Book of Changes*, p.114 (hexagram *k' an*, *The Abyssal/Water*).

30 TT 1250: 11a, for the combination of *t' ien-i* (天一) with the element "water" and the gall-[department], see below. TT 1250: 11a-11b, gives the context of an internal practice, which is part of the process of creation that is spiritually realised within the human body.

31 TT 1250 *Ch' ung-hsiu t' ung-miao Shih-ch' en Wang hsien-sheng chia-hua* 7b-8a, for a definition and description of the "heavenly initiating (or moving) power" (*t' ien-chi* 天機) in terms of cyclic astronomic processes during the year, involving the 28 stellar mansions, the 24 phases of the breaths and the stimulation of the 36 shining elements. TT 1250: 6a shows how the "moving power" can be manipulated following to the application of appropriate amulets.

[Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) continues saying:] The spleen (*p'í* 脾) is [called] Furnace Crescent Moon (*yen-yüeh lu* 偃月爐).³² Its outer shape shows two horns (*chiao* 角) that are sharp and hang down. At the one spark of the first agitation, the two horns bend upwards. Between the two horns, there is one orifice, which has the size of a black corn of millet. When the one orifice is about to open, the time has come for the internal practice [of self-cultivation] (*hsing-ch'ih* 行持). You visualize befittingly the one spark of golden radiance that comes forth from the cave [that resembles] a black corn of millet.

In case that you summon the general of the kidneys, it is necessary that this one spark of gold radiance be properly attached to the kidneys. In case that you summon the generals of the heart and the gall, you should concentrate (*ts'un* 存) on this one spark and attach it to the heart and the gall. The accompanying [spiritual] forces can then be deployed (*yun-hua* 運化) when that [procedure is complete]. (7b) [The ritual of] summoning and uniting works just like that, and there will never be any failure.

The commentary by Yü-feng (御風) says: The spleen is the Furnace Crescent Moon that [resembles] an iron sickle. The head is big and the tail is sharp, being long five *ts'un* (寸). It is also called the Perfect Earth of the Five Directions. The spleen is tightly connected with the heart. The orifices of the heart irrigate the eyes and the eyebrows, and they irrigate [the element] earth of the spleen. All the ritual officers³³ who summon and dispatch the [Thunder] generals keep their two eyes looking upwards, and they force the two eyebrows to bend upwards. A sustaining force is thus raised high above across the heaven. Then it is that the heavenly orifices (*hsüan-ch'iao* 玄竅) issue spontaneously the apparition of a divine radiance, which supports heaven. The thunder divinities (*lei-shen* 雷神) can hardly afford not to respond. The ancestral breaths (*tsu-ch'í*

32 TT 1220: 69.25a, connecting the spirit force of the spleen (*p'í-shen* 脾神) with the will (*i* 意), the element earth (*t'u* 土) and the numbers five and ten. However, the image of the furnace does not appear again. TT 1402 *Shang-ch'ing huang-t'ing wu-tsang liu-fu chen-jen yü-chou ching* 6b-8a compares the spleen with an "overturned bowl". For this T'ang-Text see J. Lévi, in *Companion* pp.350-351. For a Furnace Crescent Moon" (*yen-yüeh chih lu* 偃月之爐) serving as a metaphor for the area of internal refinement being compared with the Tripod of Red Cinnabar (*chu-sha chih ting* 朱砂之鼎), see TT 263 *Hsiu-ch'en shih-shu tsa-chu chih-hsüan p'ien* 6.2b; also see ch.9,2b (*i'ien-hsin t'u* 天心圖). See TT 263 *Hsiu-ch'en shih-shu wu-ch'en p'ien* 26.7a, which shows a drawing of a Furnace Crescent Moon, which may suffice here as documentation.

33 *Fa-kuan* (法官) should refer to the acting priest (*tao-shih*). TT 1250: 13b has the combined term "ritual officers and Taoist priests" (*fa-kuan tao-shih* 法官道士) which in this case, however, should not point to persons of different rank and professional quality.

祖氣), however, are the golden radiance of the Anterior Heaven (*hsien-t'ien* 先天) that shines brightly and since antiquity was never extinguished. The *Tu-jen ching* says: "It was in the middle of the void heaven that [Yüan-shih (元始)] suspended one precious pearl as small as one grain of millet. It was separated five *chang* (丈) from the earth."³⁴ Earth belongs to the trigram *li* (*li-kua* 離卦). This trigram has three strokes. Two strokes, the upper one and the lower one are *ch'ien* (乾) and metal (*chin* 金). In the middle between the two strokes, there is *k'un* (坤). *K'un* is the earth (*ti* 地), and the earth (8a) is *yin*-earth (*yin-t'u* 陰土). [The element] earth (土) constitutes the earth (*ti* 地). Moving away from it five *ts'un* you touch the very centre (*chung-huang* 中黃). The upper orifices of the eight poles are *ch'ien* (乾) and the yellow of heaven (*t'ien-huang* 天黃). The yellow of heaven is exactly [identical with] the mysterious yellow (*hsüan-huang* 玄黃). The lower orifices are the earth and the yellow of the earth (*ti-huang* 地黃). Yellow, that is the yellow court (*huang-t'ing* 黃庭). The yellow court is a room (*wu* 屋) and its base does not move (*tung* 動). The three orifices of its right side [correspond with the trigrams] *chen*, *k'an* and *ken* (震坎艮), which are the three males (*nan* 男). The three orifices of its left side [correspond with the trigrams] *sun*, *li* and *tui* (巽離兌), which are the three females (*nü* 女). *Ch'ien* (乾) and *k'un* (坤) together give birth to six children. The six children circulate and move on day and night without any pause. The movements of the heavenly bodies are strong by themselves and go on without any pause. Humans and quadrupeds all possess [internally] this most subtle principle. As soon as the eyes, the ears, the mouth, the hands and feet rise and act, these orifices also move. The [related] subtle mysteries are subject to oral transmissions (*ke'ou ch'uan* 口傳). Only the quadrupeds carry their heart in a horizontal position, and therefore they are born as domestic animals. Birds, however, do not have these orifices. There are

34 See TT 147 *Ling-pao wu-liang tu-jen shang-p'in miao-ching fu-t'u* 1.6b. See TT 1250: 4b, which correlates the Anterior Heaven with the Original Spiritual Force and the Prime Origin that "nowadays are venerated" (*yüan-shen* 元神 / *yüan-shih* 元始). For a Thunder ritual that completely is dedicated to the Anterior Heaven and its unified breaths, see TT 1220: 90 (*Hsien-t'ien i-ch'ü lei-fa* 先天一氣雷法) that incorporates the famous Song of the Heavenly Pearl by Wang Wen-ch'ing: *Shih-ch'en hsüan-chu ke* 侍宸玄珠歌; 90.15b-16b). Compare L.Skar: "Administering Thunder: A thirteenth Century Memorial Deliberating the Thunder Rites", in: *Cahiers d'Extrême-Asie* 9, pp.159-202 (1996-1997). The Anterior Heaven matches the Anterior Earth (*hsien-ti* 先地) in *Hsüan-chu ke* (玄珠歌) by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿), see TT 1220: 70.4b. Also see, for example, TT 1221 *Shang-ch'ing ling-pao ta-fa* 40.19b (*Pi-lo k'ung-ko fu* 碧落空歌符), for the self-identification or self-divinisation of the acting priest with Yüan-shih [t'ien-tsun] (元始天尊). For the song *Pi-lo k'ung-ko* (碧落空歌) and the appropriate chart, see TT 147 *Ling-pao wu-liang tu-jen shang-p'in miao-ching fu-t'u* 1.3a-3b (the preface was done by Sung Hui-tsung 宋徽宗). Compare J.Lagerwey, in: *Companion* pp.1084-1085.

some most subtle oral instructions, and the mysteries refer to the heart. Keep them for you as a secret, keep them secret!

In case that you summon the [spirit] emissaries, you take the divinity of the will (*i-shen* 意神) to be the leading force that is *lien-chen* (康貞)³⁵ which is the internal *kang* (罍) –star. [The star] becomes apparent due to its (8b) golden radiance.

In case that you summon Marshal Teng (Teng shuai 鄧帥), you take the heart to be the fire official (*huo-kuan* 火官). The fire official is the heart, and the heart is the heavenly *kang*-star (*t'ien-kang* 天罍).³⁶ When the heavenly *kang*-star shakes, golden radiance concentrates and shoots forth from the [inner] central palace (*chung-kung* 中宮). How could it happen that Marshal Teng would not become magically efficient (*pu-ling* 不靈)?

In case that you summon Marshal Hsin (Hsin shuai 辛帥), you take the divinity of the breath (*ch'i-shen* 氣神) to be the leading force. It belongs to the liver, passes through the gall department (*tan-fu* 膽府) and flows into the central palace (中宮) where golden radiance gushes forth and scatters.³⁷

In case that you summon Marshal Wen (Wen shuai 溫帥), you make use of Wood Senior (*mu-lao* 木老). When [the element] fire is born for the first time it is based on the rage of the liver. It happens then that Marshal Wen makes his apparition.

Wood gives birth to the fire of the heart (*hsin-huo* 心火), and fire is the divinity *ping-ting* (丙丁)³⁸ that makes the heavenly *kang*-star (*t'ien-kang* 天罍) shake and move. The golden radiance in the central palace resembles the shape of flowing brass that is getting mixed and refined. The [related] mysteries will be exposed in

35 See F.C.Reiter: "The Discourse on the Thunders 雷說, by the Taoist Wang Wen-ch'ing 王文卿 (1093-1153)", in: *JRAS* 14/3, p. 220.

36 Compare TT 1220: 70.1b (*Hsian-chu ko* 玄珠歌, commentary by Bai Yü-ch'an 白玉蟾: "t'ien-kang hsin yeh 天罍心也"). TT 1220: 82.18a-18b features the *t'ien-kang* [star] (天罍) as an object of individual internal possession: "my heart is inside of me but outside of me it is the *k'ang-chen* [star] (康貞). See TT 1220: 151.3a-5a (*t'ien-kang fa*/t'ien-kang shuo 天罍法/天罍說), for asironomical interpretations.

37 Both Marshals (Teng shuai 鄧帥 and Hsin shuai 辛帥) patronize their own sets of rituals, see TT 1220: 80.1a-45b (*Yen-huo lü-ling* Teng *t'ien-chün ta-fa* 焱火律令鄧天君大法); TT 1220: 81.1a-16b (*Fu-feng meng-li* Hsin *t'ien-chün ta-fa* 負風猛吏辛天君大法).

38 This addresses most likely the heat [of the sun] (*ping-ting* [*huo*] 丙丁 [火]), see below the translation of TT 1220: 56.22b.

oral instructions, and each of them is to be applied in accordance with the [respective spirit] general or marshal.

[Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) continues saying:] The *Hung-fan* (洪範) says: "Perspicacity manifests itself in wisdom (*sheng* 聖)".³⁹ These words are exactly to the point and pertain to all ranks. In a ritual, you must desire to perform the internal self-cultivation (*hsing-ch'ih* 行持).⁴⁰ You should befittingly stop up your own complete breath (*wu i ch' i* 吾一氣), and then it is that all worldly causes (*yiiian* 緣) cease to be and any thoughts do not arise. (9a) This exactly is your great goal.

The commentary by Yü-feng (御風) explains: The *Book of Documents* says that perspicacity manifests itself in wisdom. These words are absolutely to the point. Accordingly, the breath of greatest purity within my body is kept in store at the heavenly joints (*hsüan-kuan* 玄關).⁴¹ The central breath of the Great Ultimate is the principle (*li* 理), and the principle gives birth to being (*hsing* 性). Being gives birth to the dragon of *yang* (陽龍), and the dragon of *yang* is able to transform (*p'ien-hua* 變化) and ascend (*sheng-t'eng* 昇騰). The cosmos is within your hands exactly at this moment, and all mutations come to life [within your own] body.⁴²

[Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) continues saying:] Now, coming to the actual site of [a ritual of] Summoning and Uniting, the [following] question may be put forth: At the very time of Summoning and Uniting, how can I find out whether the divine generals have arrived at the scene or not? The answer is that you must definitely know the coming or the going [of the divinities]. If you do not know whether the divine generals have arrived or not, this is called to perform a blind ritual (*hsia-fa* 瞎法).

The commentary by Yü-feng (御風) says: When the spiritual force agitates, the breath follows suit. [The term] spiritual force (神) means the original spiritual

39 Huang K' an ed.: *Pai-wen shih-san ching, Shang-shu; Chou-shu hung-fan* p. 34/4. Shanghai, Ku-chi Comp. 1983.

40 This term points to chapter three in this text that uses the phrase as its title, see TT 1220: 69.11a-14a.

41 This may well refer to the cinnabar fields. However, we do not get any conclusive annotation on this term by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) or his commentator. Concerning a combination of external cosmic and internal bodily dimensions of this term see, for example, the spell *Shih-erh ching-lo fu-chou* (十二經絡符咒), in TT 1221 *Shang-ch'ing ling-pao ta-fu* 51.13a.

42 Compare TT 31 *Huang-ti yin-fu ching* 1a (*Shen-hsien pao -i, yen-tao* 神仙抱一演道). The dragon of *yang* appears to be a *pars pro toto* representing the respective practitioner.

force (元神).⁴³ The original spiritual force is precisely the individually owned original *yang* (*yuan-yang* 元陽). The original *yang* is the breath and the same time the principle. The principle gives birth to being (性). Being gives birth to the dragon of *yang*. (9b) The dragon of *yang* is the torch of wisdom (*hui-chu* 慧燭). At the time of Summoning and Uniting the nostrils inhale the breath of pure *yang* (*ch'ing-yang* 清陽) of the Anterior Heaven (*hsien-t'ien* 先天), and you transfer that breath to return to the yellow court (*huang-t'ing* 黃庭) where [the breath] congeals. Being tranquil for a short moment [the breath] must then agitate, and the divine generals have arrived when [the breath] agitates.

[Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) continues saying:] As to the coming [of the divine generals], at the time when they are summoned and united you must be silent and tranquil.⁴⁴ Perhaps you sense [their presence] when both of your temples feel a cold as if a cold wind had arrived or as if [cold wind] had touched down on both of your temples. Perhaps it is that your eyes flicker or your nostrils ache or perhaps there is the sound of bells in your ears, or perhaps it is that wind and thunders drum and agitate. In all these cases, [we know that] the heavenly generals (*t'ien-chiang* 天將) have arrived.

The commentary by Yü-feng (御風) says: As to the coming [of the spirit generals] at the time of Summoning and Uniting, when in the state of tranquillity a sensation occurs you first speak the spell *San-ching chou* (三淨祝). You use the nostrils to inhale noisily breath to fill your mouth. Using the nostrils, you lead the breath gently into the central palace (*chung-kung* 中宮). Wait until there is a true sensation (*chen hsiao-hsi* 真消息) between the two kidneys. [You remain] in greatest tranquillity like being frozen and motionless, and so you quietly listen where the original spiritual force agitates on its own and where it stays at. Then it is that the heavenly generals (10a) have actually arrived. Never mind which general it is, they all start out to operate at the central palace.

[Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) continues saying:] At this moment, you make one loud cry, pull aside, and turn the handle of the dipper (*hsien-fan tou-ping* 掀翻斗柄). You most urgently press the *mudrā* Thunder Office (*lei-ch'ü* 雷局)⁴⁵ of your left hand into the hip. The left foot treads heavily on the ground. You concentrate [your vision] on the general that was summoned and right now stays

43 TT 1250: 3a identifies the original spiritual force with the very body and the very being of the thunders (*lei chih t'ü-hsing yüan-shen yeh* 雷之體性元神也).

44 Compare TT 1250: 10b.

45 See TT 1250: 3b, for an application of the Thunder Office. The word *ch'ü* (局) can mean a position that holds a potential. I always use Thunder Office in this sense as a name.

above the window of earth (*ti-hu* 地戶).⁴⁶ Perhaps you draw an amulet and send (*t'i* 提) the general to enter the amulet, or you dispatch [the general] to execute your ritual orders (*hsing-shih* 行事). However, when you urgently speak a spell to dispatch [a spirit general] concerning any ritual task, you must not relax (*fang* 放) [the *mudrā* of] the left [Thunder] Office and you must not move away your left foot because [otherwise] the [divine] general is gone.⁴⁷ In case that you summon once but the [spirit] general does not respond, then it had happened that the heavenly general did not come. You must repeat the summoning. In case that after three summonses there is still not any response at all, the respective general just does not descend. In this case, however, any ritual performances will not have any magic results. My intentions incline to focus on this secret matter, which I must not put into words. Be cautious! Be cautious!

The commentary by Yü-feng (御風) says: Shouting out aloud at one time, you alert the generals and [their] emissaries to pull aside and turn the handle of the dipper, (10b) and then the Northern Dipper (*pei-tou* 北斗) faces southwards. Notice, the heart has seven orifices that are the Northern Dipper. The hair [of the eyebrows] is the Three Terraces [-stars] (*san-t'ai* 三台).⁴⁸ The nostrils inhale the breath of pure *yang* of the Anterior Heaven (*hsien-t'ien* 先天) and receive [the breath] to return [to your body]. The orifices of the heart are tightly shut down and do not allow the breath to be contained there but let it continue to flow up to the whole face with its seven apertures (*ch'i-k'ung* 七孔) until it flows

46 This is the direction of *sun* 巽, which points to the Southeast. Compare TT 1250: 4a.

47 ...and no longer is available for ritual service.

48 *San-t'ai* (三台), this is the "flower baldachin", the three stars above the dipper. See TT 1220: 58.1b, for a drawing of the Big Dipper, explicitly showing the stars *San-t'ai* (三台). Compare TT 1227 *T'ai-shang chu-kuo chiu-min tsung-chen pi-yao* 2.12b (*san-t'ai* *hsing-hsing* 三台星形). For another interpretation see P. Andersen: "The Practice of *Bugang*", in: *Cahiers d'Extrême-Asie* 5, p.30 (1989-1990). The term *mao* (毛) is not very clear but may refer to the eyebrows. For a central function of the stars *San-t'ai* (三台) in a spell that is connected with a *Huo-sha* amulet (火煞符) see TT 1220: 139.4b; also see, for example, TT 1221 *Shang-ch'ing ling-pao ta-fa* 5.15b, for a very instructive spell that focuses on the creative capabilities of the stars *San-t'ai* (三台). TT 148 *W'u-liang tu-chen shang-p' in miao-ching p'ang t'ung-t'u* 2.1a refers to the astronomical monograph *Shih-chi t'ien-kuan shu* (史記天官書) as to explain the superb function of the Big Dipper ("carriage of the God-Emperors" *ti-chü* 帝車) in organising the circuit of the time and the seasons. Also see Liu Chung-yü: *Tao-chiao fa-shu*, p.183, with an alternative name (*san-neng* 三能) and a greatly differing description and identification of the term. Such terms are crystallisations of a vast array of regional and historical traditions that are beyond any certain identification. Today, the three dots that top many amulets are explained in present day Taiwan to be (from the left) the lower, middle and upper platform stars, suggesting the formation of a triangle.

down to the belly and the colon (*ku-tao* 谷道). The breath thus urges on for a long time.

The nostrils inhale the breaths that tightly bind up the two kidneys and ascend from the spine (*chia-chi* 夾脊). This exactly is [the meaning of] "pulling aside and turning the handle of the dipper" (*hsien-fan tou-ping* 掀翻斗柄). Urgently take [the *mudrā*] Thunder Office of the left hand and the sword [*-mudrā*] (*chien-chüeh* 劍訣) of the right hand and press them into your hips.⁴⁹ Your left foot treads heavily on the ground, and you meditate on the general and the emissaries that were summoned as they arrive at the window of earth. Perhaps you draw an amulet and dispatch a general. You use your mouth to inhale [him] and blow [him] out to enter the amulet, or you dispatch the [spirit] general to take care of ritual matters. You speak then the spell that suits the occasion. When you dispatch [generals and emissaries] in this way, you must definitely not release the *mudrā* Thunder Office of the left hand, and you must not move away the left foot, because otherwise the [divine] general would be gone. In case that you summon one time [but the divinity] does not come, and when the same happens a second time and a third time, the [divine] general just does not descend, and any application of amulets⁵⁰ in order to cure illness (*chih-ping* 治病) (11a) definitely does not have any magic result. ***

The text combines a welter of information about the connection and union of the priest with the divine entities that he may summon. Many thunder divinities go unnamed in our texts.⁵¹ However, in the text Summoning and Uniting [the Thunder Divinities] (*chao-ho* 召合) we see a selection of names of divine figures that often appear in texts that are attributed to Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿). We certainly notice that much of the extensive and detailed expositions in terms of internal alchemy (*nei-tan* 內丹) were phrased by Yü-feng (御風) who is an otherwise unknown disciple of Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿). The expositions of internal alchemy are as much specific as they are quite general. They represent a certain mode of theoretical approach. Sung-specialists of internal alchemy used

49 TT 1220: 69.25a (commentary by Yü-feng 御風 on Wang Wen-ch'ing's (王文卿) tract The Creative Impetus (*Tsao-hua* 造化) and see, for example, TT 1220: 85. 8b: "tread on and turn the handle of the dipper" (t'a-fan tou-ping 踏翻斗柄). Compare a later tradition in TT 263 Hsiu-chen shih-shu 3.5a (*Yin-fu sui* 陰符髓). Concerning the *mudrā chien-chüeh* (劍訣), see also TT 1220: 68.1b, in combination with the *mudrā* Thunder Office.

50 Concerning this important theme, see Chapter II, and also see, for example, Li Yüan-kuo: "Lang tao-fu te chieh-kon yü pi-fa" (論道符的結構與筆法), in: *Tsung-chiao hsüeh yen-chü* 1992, 2, pp.8-13.

51 See F.C.Reiter: "The Name of the Nameless and Thunder Magic", pp.97-116, in: AAS 20.

such and similar descriptions of energetic dispositions within the human body that seemed to mirror cosmic and astral spheres. Obviously, there is some deliberately cryptic imagination involved. On the other hand, we see clearly how internal alchemy is being applied in rituals of Taoist Thunder Magic.

Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) presents rather scarce and basic information, whereas his disciple Yü-feng (御風) rephrases and enlarges the frame of interpretation due to his understanding. It is rather seldom that this type of rhetoric appears in other sources of Thunder Magic. Obviously, different levels of rhetoric and presentation were used to explicate the fabric of Thunder Magic. We have many indications that the internal self-cultivation was understood to be crucial.⁵² We also find out that such explicit and extended information on Taoist self cultivation is usually contained in later texts that emerged in the school of Pai Yü-ch'an (白玉蟾 13th ct.) when the development of internal alchemy (*nei-tan* 內丹) peaked.

The very first text in this presentation, Secret Instructions Concerning the Rituals of the Thunders (*lei-fa pi-chih* 雷法秘旨), featured the self-identification and self-deification of the Taoist who in this way prepares himself to perform a Thunder ritual. The ritual task is the sole incentive for any self-cultivation. It is all about the purpose of preparing the human body and person to be fit and ready for the ritual performance. In fact, the self-deification is already a ritual in itself. We shall see that this is a great theme in Taoist canonical texts, which specialise on exorcist rituals and almost completely forgo any rhetoric or didactic explanations and justification.⁵³ However, to support the line of reasoning that we have seen so far I introduce another text by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) that shows how to employ self-cultivation for ritual purposes. This text substantiates the information that the Secret Instructions Concerning the Rituals of the Thunders (*lei-fa pi-chih* 雷法秘旨) already have conveyed.

52 See, for example, TT 1220: 76.39a-39b (Preface by Pai Yü-ch'an 白玉蟾).

53 See Chapter II: The Scope of Thunder Magic

Assembling the Divine Force (Lien-shen 鍊神)⁵⁴

(2a) Let your divine forces congeal and sit quietly in meditation. You concentrate on the one most shining point in the Kidney Palace (*shen-kung* 腎宮). Within a short moment, fire arises, gradually engulfing your body all around. You blow out one load of breath from your mouth, and the ashes will be blown away altogether. Then, you concentrate on the breaths in the five colours of the five directions, which mix and combine to shape one united aura of radiant shining in purple and golden colours, and this [aura] transforms itself into an infant (*ying-erb* 嬰兒) that gradually grows big. [This image] has the beak of a phoenix with silver teeth, red hair and a body like a quail. Both eyes let fiery shining penetrate [a distance] of ten thousand *chang*. Both wings also have [the shining of] fire. On both forelegs, a head with eyes emerges. Each of them also emits fiery shining. The belt has the colour of gold. The left hand clutches a fire auger and the right hand clutches a mallet with eight angles. A fiery dragon winds around the body.⁵⁵

Thereupon you concentrate and see yourself as this Divine General of the Five Thunders. His head touches the heaven, and he stands on the earth. Close around him there are fiery clouds that wrap him up with the divine and fierce might of blazing fire. This is "Blazing Fire", the Heavenly Lord Teng (Yen-huo

54 TT 1220: 124.1b-2a, for a translation with very few variants see F.C.Reiter: "A Preliminary Study of the Taoist Wang Wen-ch'ing (1093-1153) and his Thunder Magic (*lei-fa*)", in: ZDMG 152, p.172 (2002). This tract shows that Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) is embedded in the Taoist traditions of his time, quite apart from the specifications of Thunder Magic and the respective deities that Thunder Magic addresses. For example, compare TT 1221 *Shang-ch'ing ling-pao ta-fa* 54.20b-21b (*lien-hsing hsing-ch'ih* 煉形行持). TT 1220: 124.1b-2a contains the text as a preliminary instruction for the Thunder rituals *Shang-ch'ing lei-t'ing huo-ch'iu wu-lei ta-fa* (上清雷霆火車五雷大法), for which we also get a preface by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿). This proves that we have to deal with independent sets of rituals that partly were grouped around the name of Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿). For the same story see TT 1220: 56.14b-15b, and below Chapter II.

55 The text TT 1220: 80.1a-1b *Yen-huo lü-ling Teng t'ien-chün ta-fa* (焱火律令鄧天君大法) shows a very good example for later (probably 13th ct.) *addenda* and embellishments of the status symbols of this divinity. The divinity has, among some other characteristics, "three eyes", and below the two wings, there are "two heads. The left one is in charge of the wind, and the right one is in charge of the rain. The whole body of the divinity is engulfed in fierce fire, riding a red dragon". There is no exclusive canon of such marks of identity, which religious imagination freely moulds and enlarges on the basic pattern of the body of a quail.

Teng t'ien-chün 焱火鄧天君) who is the ruling and commanding divinity in the rituals of the fire chariots (*Huo-chü fa* 火車法)."

The priest transforms himself to be the Heavenly Lord Teng⁵⁶ to adopt the divine capacity of the divinity. The ensuing ritual action is not performed on behalf of that deity but, in other words, the deity is the performing agent. This is the crucial point, which generally is the very basis for any Thunder Magic rituals. In this case, the meditating priest creates out of his potentials the Heavenly Lord Teng. Here we have to make the point that the deity certainly does not come down from anywhere to possess the priest but is an innate spiritual potential.

The two preceding texts contain some very common and practical elements, for example, the hand-gesture (*mudrā*) Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局) and the meditative and internal visions that invoke Thunder divinities and the same time spiritually unite the human body with cosmic realities. We also learn about a few names of divinities that are important for the Thunder Magic of Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿).

The ritual traditions that we have seen so far surface again, for example, in the short commentary on a spell (*chou* 咒)⁵⁷ that has to be spoken within the sacred area, right after two other spells with the title Divine Spell for the Ritual Steps to Turn Divine (*Pu-kang pien-shen chou* 步罡變神咒) already had been spoken. The spell invites quite a number of divinities to descend namely the two Marshals Hsin and Chang (辛張二帥). There are the Thunder Lord and the Mother of Lightning (*Lei-kung tien-mu* 雷公電母),⁵⁸ the Wind Earl (*feng-po* 風伯) and the Master of Rain (*yü-shih* 雨師), the Savage Thunders of the Five Directions (*wu-fang man-lei* 五方蠻雷) and others.⁵⁹ Now, the commentary

56 Concerning this name, see also F.C.Reiter: „The Discourse on the Thunders“, p.224; and also TT 1220: 80.1a sq.

57 See TT 1220: 87.1b/column 4 sq.

58 Concerning *Lei-kung* (*Lei-shen* 雷神 / 雷公), see R.Mathieu: *Étude sur la mythologie et l'ethnologie de la Chine ancienne*, traduction annotée du *Shanhai jing* vol I, p.503, and also note 2 (Paris 1983). Especially see *T'ai-p'ing kuang-chi* (太平廣記) 394 (*lei* 雷 1-3), pp.1601-1612. See TT 263 *Hsün-chen shih-shu shang-ch'ing chi* 39a- 39b (*Ch'ü-yü ko* 祈雨歌) makes mention of *Lei-kung* and *Tien-mu* (雷公電母). See F.C.Reiter: „The Name of the Nameless And Thunder Magic“, p.101, in: AAS 20. Also see TT 1015 *Chin-so liu-chu yin* 4.10b-11a, naming *Lei-kung* (雷公) and referring to the story of *Ch'ü-yü ko* (蚩尤) that Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) used as a frame for his well known presentation of the superior Thunder deity *Yen-huo ta-shen* (焱火大神).

59 Concerning these names, see F.C.Reiter: „The Discourse on the Thunders“, pp.210, 224. The names appear again in the commentary that I translate, see below.

that I present shows the combination of ritual gestures and internal processes. Again, we understand that such processes and concepts were right at the basis of Thunder Magic rituals.⁶⁰ I present the commentary that refers to the second cryptic phrase of the spell that reads as follows:⁶¹

(3a) The red [colour] at the red season resembles ferocious blood (*hung-shih hung ssu meng-meng hsüeh* 紅時紅似猛猛血).

The anonymous commentary says: "Your two hands form the *mudrâ* Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局). You concentrate on your tongue as the Thunder Axe (*lei-fu* 雷斧). The gall is the rumbling [of Thunder] (*p'î-li* 霹靂). The heart is Marshal Teng (Teng shuai 鄧帥) (3b). The gall is Marshal Hsin (Hsin shuai 辛帥). The kidneys are Marshal Chang (Chang shuai 張帥). The five intestines are the Five Thunders. You concentrate then on Marshal Teng (Teng shuai 鄧帥) who mounts the red breaths and descends to the Palace of the Kidneys. This is called: the *yang*-breaths (陽) descend. Marshal Chang mounts the black breaths and ascends to the Palace of the Heart. This is called: the *yin*-breaths (陰) storm upwards. In case that such an ascent and a descent happen three times, *yin* and *yang* (陰陽) strike clashing and become the thunder that enters the spleen. You shut up the breaths and keep the sight of your eyes fixed on the top of your head. You spontaneously lead the breaths of the kidneys upwards into the heart. [Again,] you shut up the breaths and [close] your eyes, and you feel spontaneously how the breaths of the heart descend to the kidneys. At the next step, you concentrate on the Savage Thunders (*man-lei* 蠻雷) of the Five Directions. Each of them mounts the breaths of the five intestines and they flow altogether into the spleen. The Rumbling Great Divinity (*p'î-li ta-shen* 霹靂大神) together with the [Thunder] emissaries mounts the breaths of the gall. Furthermore, the breaths enter the centre of the spleen where they congeal and combine [as if they were in] a tub.⁶² [The breaths] revolve without cease and reach revolving the lower cinnabar field (*hsia tan-t'ien* 下丹田). This is called "to mix and unite with the Three Palaces".⁶³ Repeatedly revolving [the breaths] reach the central cinnabar field (*chung tan-t'ien* 中丹田), which is called "the centre organises the five breaths". The five breaths revolve and move on,

60 For the commentary, see TT 1220: 87.3a-4a. Also see F.C.Reiter: "The Discourse on the Thunders", pp.222, 224, 228.

61 TT 1220: 87.3a

62 The reading „tub“ is a guess on my part, compare H.A.Giles: A Chinese-English Dictionary, nr. 12289 (t'ung 桶). I could not clearly identify the character.

63 The three palaces most likely point to the cinnabar fields, including the Mud Pill (Palace).

forcing their way upwards to the Mud Pill [Palace] (*ni-wan* 泥丸). This is called (4a) "to mix and unite with all the spiritual forces".

It is necessary to use the *mudrā* Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局) and to move [the two hands with the *mudrās*] upwards firmly pressing [them]. You start out doing so from the hall of the two kidneys (*shen-t'ang* 腎堂), and following the two sides [of your body] you reach the two ears. Now, you press the [two Thunder] Offices onto your ears and let the breaths inside the ears produce the sounds that are the thunders (*wei lei* 為雷). Your eyes flash three times, which is the lightning. Grind your teeth with one sound, which is the rumbling [of thunder].

In case that there is not any result, you just [force the points of pressure on your palms] to shift from *hai* (亥) to *ssu* (巳), and you must not clap open (*p'o-san* 拍散) [the *mudrās*]. When the [desired] effects come about, you shift then [the hands with the *mudrās* Thunder] Office to the position of your breast and clap open [your hands to give up the *mudrās*]. You concentrate [your vision] on the Three Marshals (*san-shuai* 三帥) and the Great Rumbling Divinity of the Five Thunders (*wu-lei p'i-li ta-shen* 五雷霹靂大神), on the generals and emissaries of the sun-window (*sun-hu jiang-li* 巽戶將吏) and the Thunder Divinities of the Eight Trigrams (*pa-kua lei-shen* 八卦雷神). They force their way upwards to the window on the top of your head from where they leave. Thunder, lightning, rumbling, wind and fire join together and press forward as to mix with the heavenly thunder that was summoned, and they become one [unified] entity."

The religious side of Thunder magic deals with spirit generals and other divine charges that tend to have either personal or formalistic names. We sometimes find a combination of both elements.⁶⁴ Divine names may resemble common personal names that actually refer to deities of the Posterior Heaven (*bou-t'ien* 後天). Such names often go with the divine ranks of meritorious Taoists who *post mortem* received divine Thunder ranks as a reward. The formalistic names most likely refer to abstract divine entities of the Anterior Heaven (*hsien-t'ien* 先天). Thunder Magic unites them all.⁶⁵ It is a general conviction that the priest can summon and visualize all these divine entities as internal and cosmic realities.

Nevertheless, the sources of Thunder Magic frequently speak about spirit generals whom the priest may invite to descend (*chiang* 降) on himself and enter

64 See F.C.Reiter: „The Name of the Nameless and Thunder Magic“, pp.97-116.

65 See F.C.Reiter: „The Discourse on the Thunders“, p.222 sq.

(*ju* 入) some amulets. The spiritual and physical intermediation of the priest is instrumental to achieve this result. We may be tempted to speak of possession, which would claim some mediumistic or shaman features to matter.⁶⁶ On the other hand, we also know that divinities of the Posterior Heaven (*bou-t'ien* 後天) may potentially be present inside the human body where they were implanted when the practitioner received the respective registers. The registers constitute and specify the individual identity of the priest who in this way unites man-and-the-divine.

The compilation of ritual texts with the title Great Method of the Heavenly Lord Hsin, the Fierce Emissary who Carries the Wind on his Back (*Fu-feng meng-li Hsin t'ien-chün ta-fa* 負風猛吏辛天君大法) offers another telling description of how to activate the internal potentials and concentrate the divine forces (*lien-shen* 鍊神). In other words, we learn how the Taoist adopts a specific divine quality (*pien-shen* 變神). After the presentation of the pseudo-Sanskrit spell Departing from the Husk (*ch'u-ku chou* 出穀咒) we read the following words:⁶⁷

Inhale deeply the purple breaths of the *sun*-direction (巽) and expel them sighing across the altar. You make then use of the two orifices (*ch'iao* 竅) below your tongue, and from the left side you emit chuckling the green [breath], from the right side the purple [breath], just the two breaths. They mix up and assemble to become (*chieh-ch'eng* 結成) the Grand Marshal (*ta-shuai* 大帥). Now, you recite the Written Oath (*shih-chang* 誓章) and lead [the breaths] into the Palace of the Gall (*tan-kung* 膽宮) where they assemble and become the Generalissimo (*yüan-shuai* 元帥) who has here his home palace.

The Written Address (*shih-chang* 誓章) documents the process of an internal spiritual promotion, which takes its speaker to be the divine agent. In other words, the swearing priest is in the position of his spirit *alter ego* who is the Generalissimo and Heavenly Lord Hsin (*Hsin t'ien-chün* 辛天君).⁶⁸ These are the words of the address:

66 Liu Chung-yü: *Tao-chiao fa-shu*, pp.55-60.

67 See TT 1220: 81.2a. At the end of chapter 81 we find the name of Pai Yü-ch'an 白玉蟾 (fl. 1st half of 13th ct.), which points to a rather late date of the Great Method in TT 1220 *Tao-fa hui-yuan*. This example is quite in accord with the expositions by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿), which documents the continuity in the development of Thunder magic. Concerning the Fierce Emissary, see below the translation of chapter 56 of *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual*, TT 1220: 56.29a.

68 TT 1220: 81.2a-3a.

(2b) Fierce emissaries and divinities of Thunder and Thunderclaps, your might shakes the Nine Heavens and your thunderclaps are omnipresent in the Three Realms. You are loyal and diligent and support the god-emperors and lords (*ti-chün* 帝君) with your bodies that quickly rise up [to be as tall as] one million *chang* (丈). Your title of honour is Venerable of the Thunder Departments and Commander-in-Chief for All Thunder Departments (*lei-pu tsun tu-tu chu-lei pu* 雷部尊都督諸雷部).

Wind Earl, Master of the Rain, Mother of the Divine Sound of Thunderclaps and the Radiance of Lightning, legions of Night Demons of Grand Might on the left side and on the right side receive respectfully the heavenly order (*t'ien-ling* 天令) to assist and support the Venerable of the Five Thunders.

I have reverently received the decrees of the Jade Emperor (*yü-ti* 玉帝) and so can save the people in the world. In the case that there are people who have received and cultivated [the Taoist discipline],⁶⁹ I shall rapidly disclose to them my outer apparition. When [such people] ask me to ascend to the heavenly realms, I go to attend [the heavenly] audiences and submit [the petitions] to the god-emperors. When [such people] ask me to enter the Department of Earth (*ti-fu* 地府), I straightforward reach the Palace of the Dark Spheres (*Yu-ching kung* 幽冥宮). When [such people] ask me to enter the Water Department (*shui-fu* 水府) the waves of the four seas then open up [a throughway for me]. When [such people] ask me to support the realm of life (*yang-chieh* 陽界), I establish the means to save all living beings. When [such people] ask me to save them in times of a drought, I let heavy rain come down. When [such people] ask me to arrest spirits and monsters (*ching-kuai* 精怪) I destroy and shatter their battalions. When [such people] ask me to help [a woman] in childbed, mother and offspring shall quickly separate their bodies and together with me live to the end of our lives, and we will jointly be servants of the Jade Emperor (*yü-ti* 玉帝).⁷⁰

In the case that I, your minister (*ch'en* 臣), commit any offence against the heavenly laws (*t'ien-lü* 天律), my nine ancestors will suffer punishment by poison. (3a) In the case that I turn my back on you, the sun and the moon on

69 The formulation *shou-ch'ih che* (受持者) could be an abbreviation of *shou-lu hsing-ch'ih* (受錄行持), compare TT 1220: 69.11a-14a.

70 This is fact is a great survey on possible fields of operation for the ritual specialist of Thunder Magic.

the heaven above will dim and the wells and fountains will dry out in the earth down below. Grass and trees will no longer grow and for eternity I shall be a demon in the dark netherworld, not being able to ascend to pay a visit at [the Heaven of] Highest Purity (*shang-ch'ing* 上清).

Jen and *kuei* (壬癸) mark the days when I descend. [The people] who have received and cultivated [the Taoist discipline]⁷¹ must essentially be diligent and pure. There are the mandatory offerings of tea, jujubes and soup, and peach-wood incense must be burnt. I show up on the left side and on the right side with a peaceful heart that must not get startled, and together with you⁷² I present the address to swear that I vow to save all living beings, all as ordered by the superior god-emperors.⁷³

After the text of the oath, we find the following practical instructions. They ascertain that the speaker in the oath is the Generalissimo who is the spirit *alter ego* of the practitioner:

You circulate the black breaths of the *k'au*-palace (坎宮) to let them pass upwards through the Jade Tower (*yü-lou* 玉樓). You expel (*ho* 呵) then [the black] breaths in front of the altar and concentrate in meditation on the Marshal, who now mounts the ten thousand folds of black clouds. You⁷⁴ flash your eyes that send off the Generalissimo (*yüan-shuai* 元帥) who eminently rises up. You form [the *mudrás*] Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局) and together with one clap [of your hands] you shout out: Rapidly exorcise the urgent trouble! – In other words, the Generalissimo, “my *alter ego*”, departs to fulfil the required ritual task.

The crucial point is the self-identification of the practitioner with the Thunder deity, the Generalissimo or Marshal Hsin (辛). He emerges out of the internal and bodily breaths and can be dispatched together with the black breaths. Sometimes it suffices to know the titles of the deities. This information is provided by the respective register (*lu* 錄) that the priest obtained from his teacher master. This is a most important aspect of Thunder rituals, which qualifies them as proper Taoist procedures. Taking into account the vast number of ritual methods (...*ta-fa* 大法) that *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual* contains; we consider that they all must be genuinely connected with registers (*lu* 錄). On

71 ...and arranged the ritual...

72 In this case, “you” refers to the addressees of the oath who were named at the very beginning of the text.

73 Or translate: “...all in accordance with the law of...” (一如上帝律令).

74 The text says literally “the ritual master” (*shih* 師).

the other hand, we also remember that the patriarch Chang Yü-ch'ü (張宇初) admonished his fellow Taoists to actualize (or respect) only one method, one register and one duty (*chih p'ei i-fa i-lu i-chih* 止佩一法一錄一職).⁷⁵ The message is clear – the Taoist must not change his appearances and spiritual functions *ad libitum*, because he jeopardizes his religious identity.

There is still some another point that deserves our consideration. The deity has an outer form and appearance that the practitioner can identify. Wang Weng-ch'ing (王文卿) gave us his description of the divine apparition of Yen-huo Teng t'ien-chün (焱火鄧天君).⁷⁶ In the case of Marshal Hsin (辛) the description is a bit more modest. We learn that Marshal Hsin (辛) “wears an ox-ear cap,⁷⁷ has red hair, an iron face and silver teeth like daggers [that sharp]. He is clad in green cloud-fur-garments (*yün-ch'iu* 雲裘) and black boots. His left hand holds the Thunder files (*lei-pu* 雷簿). His right hand holds the Thunder brush (*lei-pi* 雷筆). An abundant radiance of fire is seen above his apparition”.⁷⁸

Such marks of identity and status symbols (*hsiang-hao p'in* 相好品) help the Taoist in meditation and during rituals to link an apparition with a specific name that should accord with the register that he holds. This conviction is well established in Taoism, which much older canonical encyclopaedias and other descriptive texts document, for example, *San-tung chu-nang* (三洞珠囊) and *T'ai-shang Lao-chün chung-ching* (太上老君中經).⁷⁹

We may ask who actually is entitled to set to use the ritual program of Generalissimo Hsin (Hsin yüan-shuai 辛元帥). Any Taoist is entitled to do so if he holds the appropriate register (*lu* 籙) of the Marshal with the names of the divinities that are involved. I have already indicated that this is the precondition

75 See TT 1232 *Tao-men shih-kuei* 11b. Concerning this text see, F.C. Reiter, in: *Companion* p.975.

76 See above. See the following translation of chapter 56 of *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual*, TT 1220: 56.29a.

77 See H.A.Giles: *A Chinese-English Dictionary*, nr.9404.

78 See TT 1220: 81.1a, the introduction to the Marshal Class (*shuai-pan* 帥班).

79 See TT 1168 *T'ai-shang Lao-chün chung-ching*, see, K.Schipper, pp.92-94 in: *Companion*. K.Schipper tentatively dates the text to the Later Han Period, specifying his earlier assessment, following Ch'en Kuo-fu and in comparison with his “Le Calendrier de Jade, Note sur le Laozi zhongjing”, in: *Nachrichten der Gesellschaft für Natur-und Völkerkunde Ostasiens* 125, pp.75-80. As to *San-tung chu-nang* (三洞珠囊), see F.C.Reiter: *Der Perlenbeutel aus den Drei Höhlen*, pp.129-157 (concerning TT 1139 *San-tung chu-nang* 8.1a-24a).

for the realisation of all the great methods or rituals (*ta-fa* 大法) in *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual*. In the case of Generalissimo Hsin, the performing priest had received such registers (*lu* 錄). The spiritual might and presence of the spirit Generalissimo thus was implanted into the spiritual household of the priest. In other words, the priest who just addressed the deity with his "written oath" was able to activate this divine potential and adopt the identity of the Marshal/Generalissimo Hsin (辛帥). He is also in command of the subordinate divine charges, whose might derives from their cosmic dimension that their titles reveal:⁸⁰

(1a) The Savage Thunder Emissary of the East, Ma Yü-lin (*Tung-fang man-lei shih-che* 東方蠻雷使者馬鬱林);

The Savage Thunder Emissary of the South, Kuo Yüan-ching (*Nan-fang man-lei shih-che* 南方蠻雷使者郭元京);

(1b) The Savage Thunder Emissary of the West, Fang Chung-kao (*Hsi-fang man-lei shih-che* 西方蠻雷使者方仲高);

The Savage Thunder Emissary of the North, Teng Kung-ch'en (*Pei-fang man-lei shih-che* 北方蠻雷使者鄧拱辰);

The Savage Thunder Emissary of the Centre, T'ien Yüan-tsung (*Chung-yang man-lei shih-che* 中央蠻雷使者田元宗)

We see that Sung Thunder Magic unites a vast variety of Taoist concepts that develop in a new context. The actual presence of divine forces that have names and titles is an important aspect, which points to Thunder deities that either may descend from heaven or become apprehensible in a meditative visualisation that is based on the internal energies. This effort results in the spiritual formation of deities who actually become the spiritually acting agents in a ritual.

The writing of Thunder amulets is a great case in point. Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) presents a rather detailed didactic explanation about the writing of amulets. And again, we study the didactic dialogues of Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) and his disciple Yüan Wu-chieh (袁無介). We also study the subsequent commentaries by Yü-feng (御風).

80 TT 1220: 81.1a-1b.

The Basis for Writing Amulets (shu-fu 書符)

The biography of Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) in the introduction to this book already made mention of amulets. Heavenly amulets were a major element of initiation for the priest and exorcist Wu Meng (吳猛).⁸¹ Amulets are certainly outstanding and often eye-catching expressions of Thunder Magic. The collection *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual* provides fascinating evidence. Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) offers a very telling discussion of this theme:⁸²

(14a) Yüan Wu-chieh (袁無介) sets forth his question concerning the secret instructions for the writing of amulets. He wishes to learn something about this mystery.

[Wang] Shih-ch'en ([王] 侍宸) makes [the following] statement: When the one breath is present, it can be used above to reach the heavenly perfected ones, and down [on earth] it can be used to subdue the bewitching demons (*yao-mei* 妖魅). In the middle [the one breath] can be used to arouse and agitate wind and rain, thunder and lightning. At the time when an amulet has to be written you must first fix your breathing (*hsi* 息),⁸³ holding the writing brush [in your hand]. You lead on the pure breath with your nostrils, extending for long the one action of inhaling. [The breath] must not be turbid. It is most important that the breath is pure. Then, you shut up the breath and hold on to it without any breathing at all (*hu-hsi* 呼吸). You use speedily the writing brush to write down the amulet. Having done [the writing] you let the splendour of your heavenly eye (*t'ien-mu* 天目)⁸⁴ enter [the amulet], and all the generals and emissaries (*chiang-li* 將吏) that you summoned enter the centre of the amulet. Your mouth releases strongly coughing the breath right above the amulet, and golden radiance will cover [the amulet]. In your meditative vision you see the generals and emissaries who were summoned and are [now] inside the amulet that you wrote. (14b) You speedily take the three characters "vast", "clear" and "bright" (*hung* 泓 *ch'eng* 澄

81 See my Introduction.

82 TT 1220: 69.14a-16a. This text is a major source in my article "The Management of Nature: Convictions and Means in Daoist Thunder Magic (Daojiao leifa)", pp.193-210, in: AAS 29. The writing of amulets is a notorious theme in almost any compilation concerning specific Thunder rituals. They all involve similar elements; compare for example TT 1220: 219. 20a-20b (*shu-fu nei-pi* 書符內秘) in: *Shen-hsiao tuan-wen ta-fu* (神霄斷壙大法). Generally see C.Despeux: "Talismans and Sacred Diagrams", pp.498-540, in: L.Kohn ed.: *Daoism Handbook*. C.Despeux gives a general survey on the variety of amulets and graphic representations of spiritual potentials and elements.

83 This means the inhaling and the exhaling of breath.

84 For this term, see above p. 11b, and TT 1220 *Tao-fa hui-yüan* 56.31a.

ming 明)⁸⁵ and [mentally] stamp (*ya* 押) them onto the amulet. If the breath in your mouth leaks out, during the time when the amulet is being written, or if your mouth does not enclose the breath and an amulet is still being written, such an amulet does not have any divine force. Even if there should eventually be some divine result, this occurs [only] by chance once a time. Such an effect is not due to the force of the amulet.

The commentary by Yü-feng (御風) says: Amulets do not have an orthodox outer form (*cheng-hsing* 正形). They have their divine force (*ling* 靈) based on the breath (*ch'i* 氣). The divine force (*ling* 靈) is the ancestral breath (*tsu-ch'i* 祖氣). In case that the ancestral breath is not clearly present (*ming* 明), how can you still wait for its divine force (*ling* 靈) to become effective? When the divine force is present, you know where the ancestral breath stays at and when it comes and goes. You firmly guard the cinnabar fields (*tan-t'ien* 丹天)⁸⁶ and gently nourish that basis [of your body]. Generally, when the human hands, feet, eyes and ears, nostrils and tongue set out to move, [the same time] these orifices (*ch'iao* 竅) are also agitated.⁸⁷ Concerning these orifices, they are the locations that assemble and contain the original breath. They are the bags that collect and store the essences and spiritual forces. The *hun*- 魂 and *p'o*- 魄 souls are guarded at the purple window (*tsu-hu* 紫戶). The purple window is the gate of fate (*ming-men* 命門) and the location that connects [the embryo] with the womb. The three [cinnabar fields] must not desert each other.⁸⁸ This is what *Meng-tzu* (孟子) calls the breath that rears the natural greatness.⁸⁹

In any case, when amulets have to be written, you purify your mind, (15a) tranquilize your considerations, congeal your spiritual forces, fix your breathing and grasp the writing brush. You use the nostrils to lead on the pure breath and having completely inhaled it you let [the pure breath] return to the central bar (*chung-kung* 中扃)⁹⁰ that you firmly shut. You let the breath of pure-*yang* (*ch'ing*

85 The radical rain (*yü* 雨) tops the three characters. They are ritual devices that we do not find in official dictionaries. The pronunciation derives from the basic characters as indicated. They frequently appear in print on modern amulets (Taiwan). Here, however, the priest most likely deposits them mentally on the amulets.

86 TT 1250: 15b

87 This word is usually translated "orifice", but here *ch'iao* (竅) should refer to the cinnabar fields. Compare H.A.Giles: A Chinese-English Dictionary, nr.1426.

88 This points most likely to the interdependence of the three cinnabar fields.

89 *Hao-jan chih ch'i* (浩然之氣); see H.A.Giles: A Chinese-English Dictionary, nr. 3891 ("passion-nature").

90 The "central bar" seems to be identical with the "yellow court", see below the Commentary by Yü-feng (御風).

yang chih ch'i 清陽之氣) amass and flow into the central palace (*chung-kung* 中宮). Then, you shift to open the central bar, and the original breath (*yüan-ch'i* 元氣) comes forth. You blow it onto the tip of your writing brush, and so a golden radiance flashes brightly with all its splendour. You write the amulet on the paper, which is like the force of a dragon that crawls on. All the paper is filled with the killing breaths (*sha-ch'i* 煞氣) that form unseen barricades. Again, your nostrils breathe in pure breath. You let [the pure breath] straightforwardly pass through the heavenly joints (*hsüan-kuan* 玄關). The nine orifices above and below must all be shut up, and they must not allow any leakage to happen.⁹¹ The one breath completes the amulet. When [the writing of the] amulet is completed you release the breath and blow it onto the amulet. You take the three characters *hung*, *ch'eng* and *ming* and stamp them [mentally] on the amulet. Now, when the amulet is being written you must not let the original breath (*yüan-ch'i* 元氣) leak out, because otherwise the amulet will not be magically efficient (*yen* 驗).

[Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) continues saying:] At the moment you are writing an amulet you leak the breath from your mouth. You should a second time enclose the breath and [again] write down this amulet. In case that you leak the breath three times and the writing of the amulet is not identical at all (*pu-i* 不一), then you have the result that the heavenly generals do not respond and what had been done ritually will not be magically efficient. Generally, the essential [requirement] for writing amulets is the absolute (15b) enclosure of the one load of breath (*pi-ch'i* 閉氣) in the mouth. When one encloses this breath, the individual mind (*wu-hsin* 吾心)⁹² must not have any erratic thoughts. When the own will is concentrated, the source of perfection is thus secure and firm. When you blow [the breath] upon the amulet, you lend it (*chieb* 借) the divine might of the one breath. In case that you leak away the breath, what else is still at hand to be used? Those who practise rituals today do not know [the method concerning] the orifices, and it is for this reason that all their writing of amulets is ridiculous.

The commentary by Yü-feng (御風) says: Concerning the time when an amulet is being written, it is all about enclosing the breath (*pi-ch'i* 閉氣). It is essential that the nostrils first collect the pure breath that you transfer then to enter the yellow court (*huang-t'ing* 黃庭). You shut up the nine orifices and achieve that

91 Concerning the nine orifices (*ch'iao* 竅) in a context with the *hun*- and *p'o*-souls (魂魄), see below and compare TT 110 *Huang-ti yin-fu ching shu* 1.6b-7a.

92 Literally: „my mind“

the original breath is complete and present. You tip down the brush and write the amulet. One [stroke of the] brush sweeps and completes the golden radiance that flares up. If you perform in this way, you will get an echo and a response. In case that you leak the original breath and also do not use the nostrils to lead on the pure breath to be forcefully stimulating, how could you let it happen that the original breath comes forth? Anyway, when you enclose the breath your mind then does not shift, move, and harbour any mixed thoughts. Your whole will rely on the very centre. Breath and brush all revolve [together], and in this way your will definitely completes the amulet. Gentleman who practise rituals (16a) [but] do not attain the transmission [concerning] the heavenly joints (*hsüan-kuan* 玄關) and [furthermore] are not informed about the ancestral breath, practise in vain the writing of amulets and deserve to be greatly ridiculed.”

The text explains the internal involvement and the physical requirements for writing amulets. We understand that divine forces inhabit the amulet and its graphic design, which therefore carry divine potentials. We do not need to consider any theories about the value and meaning of symbols. We simply learn and accept that there are spirit generals and their entourage of spirit emissaries who populate the amulet. The Taoist has the privilege to visualize a transcendent reality that escapes the apprehension of a layperson. In short, the amulet is not so much a combination of graphic designs on paper, but it is an energetic and spiritual agent. Small wonder that some amulets may be drawn in the air, in empty space, and there is not any graphic trace at all.

We may well ask what can be done about amulets that are not magic and do not show any advantage for its owner. Many amulets, for example, were used to procure rain. Now, what do we do if it was all in vain?

The short tract *The Soaring Sword Beheads the Heavenly Emperor* (*fei-chien chan t'ien-huang* 飛劍斬天皇) is a good example. The text says that after two or three days when the amulet failed to procure rain, the priest could use the following method:⁹³

(16a) You take one leaf of strong yellow paper and write on it a Heavenly-Emperor amulet (*t'ien-huang fu* 天皇符). The head of it must point to the direction of Southeast (*sun-fang* 巽方) and the feet [of the amulet] to [the direction] of Northwest (*ch'ien-fang* 乾[方]). In the middle of the altar and below the flayers, at night around the time 11 p.m. until 1 a.m. (*tsu-shih* 子時),

93 TT 1220: 68.16a-16b (*Lei-t'ing san-san ch'i-tao pi-chieh* 雷霆三司祈禱秘法).

you take the blood of a cock and spit it onto the Heavenly-Emperor amulet (*t'ien-huang fu* 天皇符). The next day around noon (*wu-shih* 午時) when the sun stands in its zenith, you⁹⁴ form the *mudrá* Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局) with your left hand and your right hand holds the sword. Standing vis-à-vis the Heavenly-Emperor [amulet], you visualise the Heavenly Emperor with his human head and the body of a snake.⁹⁵ [You visualize] the waterwheel on the top of his head, and his feet tread on a waterwheel. [The Emperor] raises rapidly his body to be as tall as ten thousand *chang* (丈), and your own body (*wu-shen* 吾身) also rises to be as tall as ten thousand *chang* (丈), being in a great rage. You visualise that the heaven dims and the earth gets black [and dark]. In one moment, you speedily turn around your body and using your sword cut the Heavenly-Emperor amulet into (16b) two pieces. This is called the Soaring Sword Beheads the Heavenly Emperor (*fei-chien chan t'ien-huang* 飛劍斬天皇).

In other words, the Taoist takes on the tall and awful apparition of the Heavenly Emperor himself, and having the same spiritual capacity he destroys the amulet that certainly did not house the Heavenly Emperor.

The text School Talks gives another informative report that may serve as a good documentation concerning amulets. It features the failure of the application of an amulet to alleviate the delivery of a child. We also learn why this effort failed:⁹⁶

(4a) ...Being once in a private home [I, your] disciple administered an amulet to save a woman who was about to deliver a child. When I summoned the [spirit] generals, my heart was greatly shaking and my left eye repeatedly flickered.⁹⁷ When I issued the amulet and dispatched the emissaries, my heart and my will were not pleased, and the Emissary of the Will (*i-shih che* 意使者) had not yet arrived at the scene. It worked just like that. The next morning the family bade me farewell and told me that the prospective mother had visualised a demon emissary with a green face and three eyes. (4b) Fire charged forth from the eyes of the demon engulfing the body of the woman in childbed, and she felt that her

94 It says literally: "the ritual master (fa-shih 法師)".

95 See, for example TT 1220: 67.10b, and 124.12a, which show the importance of the image of the snake, eventually representing the lightning in Thunder Magic. Also see TT 1220: 69.24a, for a commentary by Yü-feng (御風), who associates the snake (she 蛇) with lightning, fire and the trigram *li* (離). See F.C.Reiter: "A Preliminary Study of the Taoist Wang Wen-ch'ing (1093-1153)", in: ZDMG 152, pp.169-170.

96 TT 1250: 4a-4b. The participants in the conversation are Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) and Yüan T'ing-chih (袁庭植).

97 Lit. "jump" (t'iao 跳).

body became as hot as fire. After a short time, she delivered a dead born baby. Please, what is the meaning of this event?

[Wang Wen-ch'ing 王文卿] gives the following answer: This is a very clear result. How do you come to be that stupid? There was the great shaking in your heart, which means that the Emissary of Your Ancestral Palace (*ju tsu-kung shih che* 汝祖宮使者) was immediately transferred to your heart as soon as he had appeared, and this is why your heart was excited (*chi* 急). As to the green face and the three eyes, this was your own divine force (*ju shen* 汝神) that following the amulet underwent mutation and change. Your left eye flickered, this means that [the element] fire returned to wood-county (*mu-hsiang* 木鄉). The mother who under this condition gave birth to [a child] had to lose the child. This principle is clear. What need is there at all to have that many doubts and questions?"

The conversation seems to show that the disciple did not properly control his internal processes in a way that would have transferred to the amulet the required positive force. Obviously, the dispatch of the spirit Emissary the Will did not work. The vital wood-energies should have been transferred to the womb. However, the Taoist in vain consumed them with his beating heart and flickering eye. Anyway, we understand that the dispatch of spirit emissaries and generals goes with amulets, which seems to be a very demanding and responsible effort.

We know that all of this is but a small glimpse of the antique and yet steadily present traditions concerning the application of amulets. Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) and his fellow Thunder specialists participate in this stream of traditions that a text with the title On Writing Amulets (*shu-fu shih* 書符式) in the collection Great Shang-ch'ing and Ling-pao Rites (*Shang-ch'ing ling-pao ta-fa* 上清靈寶大法) testifies:⁹⁸

(2a) The ritual method says: In case that the time for writing an amulet has come, you face the East in a pure room (*ching-shih* 淨室). Pay your respects [to the divinities] and kneel down for long. Visualize your own body to be [the Heavenly Worthy] of Prime Origin (*yüan-shih* 元始).⁹⁹ There are 10.000

98 On this text, see J. Lagerwey: *Companion* pp.1021-1024. This corpus of Taoist texts was compiled by Wang Ch'ü-ch'en (王契真); transmitted by Ning Ch'üan-ch'en 寧全真, 1101-1181). As to the translation, see TT 1221 *Shang-ch'ing ling-pao ta-fa* 14.2a-2b.

99 For another example, see TT 1221: 40.19b.

divinities in attendance all around. Your body has a radiant shining. You breathe in the breaths in the five colours of the five directions, and your hands twist firmly the *mudrā* Jade Purity (*yü-ch'ing chüeh* 玉清訣). You use your nose to lead on the nine breaths to enter your mouth and swallow them nine times. You circulate the breaths in the cinnabar fields to ascend and push against the Mud Pill [Palace] (*ni-wan [kung]* 泥丸 [宮]). The breaths flow throughout the whole body. They evenly spread in all the joints¹⁰⁰ (2b) and release a great radiance that illuminates all around. You see (*chien* 見) all the heavens, the earth, the sun, the moon and the constellations. After this, you recite the secret spells twelve times, collect the breaths and lead them into the writing brush. You get up your body, pay again your respects [to the divinities], grasp the writing brush and grind your teeth thirty two times. You face then the East in order to write out the amulet. For its upper part, you take the stars and the dipper to top the structure [of the amulet]. You concentrate on the astral constellations, on sun and moon and all their radiance that links up with the breaths of the [secret spells] in Five Paragraphs (*wu-p'ien* 五篇)¹⁰¹ and illuminates the inside and the outside [of your body]. You collect and treasure [these breaths]. When the time of their application has come, you should visit the Gate of Heaven (*t'ien-men* 天門), burn incense, again pay your respects and kneel down for long. You silently memorialize to the [Heavenly Worthy] of Prime Origin and clearly state all the matters of concern. After that you can apply [this method], and there will always be the [appropriate] response. Keep the method secret and treasure it dearly.”

This text nicely summarizes the efforts that may lead to the composition of an amulet. The amulet appears to be a cosmic entity just like the acting priest himself who assumes the cosmic dimension of Prime Origin. Certainly, this is most remarkable.¹⁰²

Praying for Rain (tao-yü 禱雨)

A most spectacular and important application of Thunder Magic is certainly the ritual effort to procure rainfall. We must not forget that Taoists lived in an agrarian country, and harvests depended on fine weather conditions. In the case

100 or “orifices”

101 This refers most certainly to the following paragraph “writing five paragraphs of secret spells” (*shu wu-p'ien mi-chou* 書五篇密咒), TT 1221: 14.2b-3a.

102 For a modern and very conclusive description of Taoist amulets and the related practices as understood today, see Chang Chih-hsiung (張智雄) and Li Feng-mao (李豐楙): *Cheng-i fa-fu yü tao-chiao wen-hua* (正一法符與道教文化).

Does it not well enclose *ch'ien* and [the element] metal (乾 金)? Metal gives birth to water. Water has [the potential of] life of heaven and the One (*t'ien-i* 天一). Heaven and the One are connected with the River Chart (*ho-t'u* 河圖). The One and the Six lodge at *k'an* (坎). The [number] One stands for the western region and the region of pure metal. The [number] Four (*ssu* 四) gives birth to [the element] metal. The [number] Nine of [the element] metal is *yang* (陽), and the final stage is [reached] when *yang* (陽) at its zenith gives birth to *yin* (陰). *Yin* (陰) is *k'un* (坤), the [number] Six and the [element] earth (*liu-t'u* 六土). Does it not well enclose *ch'ien* and the [element] metal (乾 金)? The [element] metal is *yang* (陽), and *yang* (陽) is the dragon. The dragon (*lung* 龍) has a pool (*t'an* 潭), and the pool holds the water and the rain. Rain emerges from the breath of earth, and the clouds emerge from the breath of heaven. When the clouds steam, then it is that rainfalls occur. The nine strokes [of the writing brush] for the character *yü* (雨), "the rain", are connected with heaven, and this is the inherent mystery of *yang* (陽).

In the thunder department (*lei-pu* 雷部) there are the wind and the clouds, thunder and lightning, mist and hail, snow and rain (19a). These eight pure matters borrow the Nine, the inherent number of [the element] metal of the River Chart. When it is that *yang* (陽) finds its final stage, the ninth matter then is the rain.¹⁰⁹ Rain emerges from the breath of the earth. The earth (*ti* 地) is connected with [the trigram] *k'un* (坤), and *k'un* stands for [the element] earth (*t'u* 土) that dominates *yin* (陰), and *yin* (陰) [in turn] procures (*sheng* 生) the rain.¹¹⁰

You first concentrate [your internal vision] on the red lotus blossom in your heart. The *yang*-breath (陽氣) steams and descends to enter the one clear pool of water between the two kidneys. The one stroke in the middle of [the trigram] *k'an* (坎) is the minor-*yang* (*shao-yang* 少陽). When the minor-*yang* is born (*sheng* 生) for the first time, it is stored within [the element] earth (*t'u* 土), and then the *yang*-breath (陽氣) within [the element] earth gradually expands and exceeds. Generally, when the heavenly time has come to let it rain, the *yang* (陽) steams and [consequently] there is rainfall. The stones become shining (*jun* 潤) and emit water. When water comes forth [from the stones, we know that] the indicator of

109 The preceding list named nine matters, the last one being "rain". In other words, the preceding eight phenomena build up *yang* (陽) that culminates in [the number] Nine and in the natural phenomenon that is the rain.

110 Compare J. Blofeld: *I Ching, The Chinese Book of Change*, pp.216-217. London 1976.

rain has appeared. *Yin* (陰) encloses the *yang-p'o* [-souls] (陽魄) and the chill of the nine heavens (*chiu-hsiao han* 九霄寒).

You collect first the breath of complete *yin* (陰) that is contained within [the trigram] *k'un* (坎). You let the breath [of complete *yin* (陰)] ascend to the double pass of the spine and reach the windlass pass (*lu-lu ta-kuan* 轆轤關) where it enters as far as three *ts'un* deep into the window of the brain (*nao-hu* 腦戶), and [the location] there is called Bright Hall (*ming-t'ang* 明堂). [This procedure] is tantamount to the installation of the thunder altar (*lei-t'an* 雷壇) on the top of [Mount] *K'un-lun* (崑崙).

A second time you let ascend (*sheng* 陞) the breath of red-*yang* (*hung-yang* 紅陽) that is inside the *li* [-trigram] (離)¹¹¹. [Trigram] *li* (離) has two *ch'ien* (乾) [-strokes] that enclose one *k'un* (坤) [-stroke].¹¹² [The element] earth (*t'u* 土) is located (19b) inside. Pure *yang* (*ch'un-yang* 純陽) is on the outside, and pure *yin* (*ch'un-yin* 純陰) is on the inside.¹¹³ *Yin* (陰) is water.¹¹⁴ There is the saying: The Dipper of the South (*nan-tou* 南斗) moulds the *hun*- [souls] (魂). It is the water, which actually moulds.

The womb of [the element] water (*shui-t'ai* 水胎) is set up at the position of the trigram *li* (離). *Li* (離) is the sun. There is a black radiance within the sun, and this [black radiance] exactly is the water. The essence of *yin* (陰) is within *yang* (陽), and so the three worlds (*san-chieh* 三界) are clear and bright, which belongs to the theories for the prayers to attain a clear sky.

In the case of prayers for rain you must "boil the mountains and cook the sea" (*p'eng-shan chu-hai* 烹山煮海)¹¹⁵ to get rain. You just let the breath of red-*yang*

111 This is a name for the heart.

112 *ch'ien* (乾) and *k'un* (坤) represent *yang* (陽) and *yin* (陰).

113 This refers to the trigram *li* (離). Compare *Book of Changes*, p.li (Introduction).

114 Compare Hsü Chien (徐堅): *Ch'u-hsueh chi* (初學記) 6 (*tsung-tsai shui* 總載水) p.111, quoting *Huai-nan tzu* (淮南子) and *Han-shu* (漢書). Ed. Peking 1980.

115 The phrase describes some meditative practices and the appropriate symptoms, see TT 1220: 85.6b "first call upon the fire of the heart. Boil the water of the kidneys, and seemingly within a moment there is a painful heat within the belly, and that exactly is the cooking sea that spills over. Following this, you draw the water of the kidneys as to enter the top [of the head], the boiling mountain. Immediately your forehead transpires cold sweat. This means that the boiling mountain moves". This is said to be a secret internal method. However, in our text the correspondences and associations are different. This is a nice example for an emblematic phrase that everybody re-thinks or re-interprets following the own requirements.

(*hung-yang* 紅陽) ascend to reach the double pass of the spine, and then let it enter three *ts'un* deep into the window of the brain (*nao-hu* 腦戶). This is called the Appointment at the Bright Hall (*ming-t'ang chu-cha* 明堂駐劄).

You first grasp the *yin* (陰) of the *k'an* (坎) [-trigram]. Overflowing black breath covers and rests upon the top of your head. Heaven blurs and bends down on the pagoda, and the four mountains stand amidst blurring mist with drizzling rain [all around]. You let the breath of red-*yang* (*hung-yang* 紅陽) ascend and directly collide with¹¹⁶ the breath of *yin* (*yin-ch'i* 陰氣). When you see that the red breath arrives, you only see an abundant steaming. Again, you let ascend the *yang* of *k'an* (*k'an-yang* 坎陽) that is a perfectly black breath, which directly collides with the top of your head (*ting-hsin* 頂心). Two *yin* [-strokes of *k'an* (坎)] enclose one *yang* [-stroke] and, definitely, they produce the abundant steaming. Then it is that the stones moisten and emit water.

When a brilliant and steaming blaze of fire occurs in the middle of the sun, the fish tail then turns over the waves (*yü-wei fan-p'o* 魚尾翻波), the torpid insects (20a) struggle to get out of the window of earth (*ti-hu* 地戶) and the sound of thunder certainly shakes the night. When this happens, the radiance of lightning blazes,¹¹⁷ in the North black pigs (*wu-chu* 烏豬) cross the River¹¹⁸ and black clouds cover the dipper (*chao-tou* 單斗), [and so we know that] the indicators of rain have appeared.

When in the morning black breath ascends and black clouds cover the base (*chiao* 腳) [of the land] late in the evening, heavy rain will certainly come. The subtlety [of these instructions] is contained in the basic scriptures that the teacher-master transmits.¹¹⁹

You focus [your meditation] on your heart that resembles a lotus blossom that has not yet opened. [You visualize] the red breath that is inside and sinks straight down to the two kidneys. You see the one clear pool of perfect water (*chen-shui* 真水). The red breath of the heart sinks down, and this [perfect] water bubbles up enclosing the red breath. [Starting out] from the liver [the red breath]

116 *ch'ung* (衝) "collide with" or alternatively "forces its way to"

117 I suppose that *shan* (廟) stands for *shan* (煽), compare H.A.Giles: A Chinese-English Dictionary nrs. 9669,9672.

118 The word River points to the Milky Way.

119 Actually, we cannot identify so far central scriptures in the Thunder Magic of that time. Taking the genre of this text into account, the teacher-master should be Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿).

passes the heart and exits from the base of the tongue. You only feel the cloudy breath (*yün-ch'i* 雲氣) in your mouth (*wu-k'ou* 吾口)¹²⁰ that suddenly exits and in front of your face revolves, passes the *sun*-window (*sun-hu* 巽戶) and gradually becomes as big as the wheel of a carriage to roll on. These clouds fill overflowing the cosmos (*liu-ho* 六合).

The commentary of Yü-feng (御風) says:¹²¹ Clouds are *k'un* (坤) and [belong to the element] earth (*k'un t'u* 坤土). The element earth dominates [the colour] black (*hei* 黑). However, *k'un* and earth (*k'un t'u* 坤土) are enclosed inside the trigram *li* (離). When *yang* (陽) reaches its zenith, it procures *yin* (陰) and *yin* (陰) is black. The colour black stands for [the elements] water and earth. (20b) The wind comes to life at the centre of [the trigram] *li* (離). When the wind rises, the fire burns. Heaven and [the number] Three give birth to [the element] wood that is stored in the trigram *li* (*li-kua* 離卦). *Li* (離) lodges at the position of the East. The third transmission after "heaven" procures [the element] wood and is called [trigram] *chen* (震). It is the eldest son (*chang-nan* 長男).¹²² [The element] wood is hidden inside the trigram *li* (*li-kua* 離卦). [The element] wood procures fire, wind and thunder. They are thus all born within [the trigram] *li* (離). Thunder and rain come to life on the inside of the trigram *k'an* (坎卦) at the right side.¹²³ Inside [the trigram] *k'an* (坎) there is the perfect *yang* (*chen-yang* 真陽). It has the designations *yang*-thunder (*yang-lei* 陽雷), joy of the heaven (*t'ien-hsi* 天喜), fire-thunder (*huo-lei* 火雷) and Six-and-One (*liu-i* 六一).¹²⁴ [The trigram] *k'un* (坤) stands for the [number] Six and the centre. *Ch'ien* (乾) and [the element] metal have the [number] One.¹²⁵ [The number] One gives birth to [the element] metal that [in turn] gives birth to [the element] water. Water makes

120 It says literally: "my mouth". In the commentaries, we generally could speak in the first person ("I"). However, I prefer the second person ("you") to convey the ideas of a didactic address.

121 I cannot exclude that some other unknown text by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) originally preceded the commentary.

122 This means that in the sequence of the trigrams the fourth position ("transmission") after "heaven" (*ch'ien* 乾) is the trigram *chen* (震) that therefore is associated with number 4. See *Chou-i*, 9 (ed. Kanbun taikui vol. 16, 1913). Compare J.Blofeld: *I Ching, The Chinese Book of Change*, pp.216-219.

123 *Yü-yü-chih k'an* (於右之坎). Studying the position of trigram *li* (離) we find that the trigram *k'an* (坎) is on the right side, compare J.Blofeld: *I Ching*, p.217 (King Wen's arrangement).

124 Compare TT 1220: 69.24b, for an interpretation of these terms by the commentator Yü-feng (御風), see below the chapter The Creative Impetus. The astronomical term *t'ien-hsi* (天喜) may refer to the calendar. I do not think this is the point in our text.

125 Concerning the number see, *Book of Changes*, p.741 (Key for Identifying the Hexagrams); and J.Blofeld: *I Ching, The Chinese Book of Change*, pp.216, 217.

pools, and pools hold water. It is the water, which makes the rain. This is a most celestial, a most secret and most subtle principle.

When the sound of wind and thunder becomes clearly discernible on the sides of your ears, you expel coughing the breaths nine times. The [number] nine is the old-*yang* (*lao-yang* 老陽). It is the principle that the zenith of *yang* (*yang-chi* 陽極) produces *yin* (陰). Now, you realise again nine times the internal practice as described above, and then you feel that the water of the two kidneys has actually ascended, and the water is the rain. When the urine becomes pressing, it is important that you must not release the water of the kidneys when the rain has not [yet] fallen. (21a) Just wait straightaway for the wind and the rain to become very strong, and then you [can] get up and slowly release the urine, but then it is that the big rainfall has already come.¹²⁶ Only this internal practice and conduct (*hsing-ch'ih* 行持) never result in even one failure. Can you really be careless about this matter?"

The text clearly presents an equation between the natural phenomenon "rain" in our visible world and internal processes within the body of the priest who guides and organises what we may call the internal rain. We can understand this internal practice as application of the general and familiar concept of using the human body as a microcosm that parallels the macrocosm of the visible world. However, they are knit together in an osmotic relationship that the formal symbols of the eight trigrams feature. The human body being a cosmic mirror functions the same time as an irresistible stimulus for nature. The systematic and rather intellectual approach that we find in these texts characterizes many sources of Thunder Magic that date from the Sung period.

Killing and Crusading (sha-fa 煞伐), the Martial Side of Thunder Magic

Praying for rain, stopping inundations and other similar good deeds brought the Taoists fame and honours. They believed that natural disasters and deprivations were due to the unruly behaviour of baleful spirit forces that may inhabit official and unofficial shrines. The specialist of Thunder Magic is supposed to know how to handle the problem. Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) offers his insights

126 In other words, it rains as much as it rains within the body of the practitioner.

concerning the ways and means to tackle the difficult task in the chapter Killing and Crusading (*sha-fu* 煞伐). We read the following expositions: ¹²⁷

(21a) Please let me, [Yüan Wu-chieh (袁無介)], raise some questions about the essential requirements for killing and crusading.

[Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) gives the following answer:] It is all about the breath of rage (*nu-ch'i* 怒氣) of the own original spiritual force (*tsu-chi yüan-shen* 自己元神). Any summoning of [spirit] generals and any writing of amulets requires the breath of rage that goes with an urgent and enraged [demeanour]. When you write an amulet, you do it urgently and speedily. Having done the writing you take away the brush [moving the hand towards the direction of] the *sun*-window (*巽* 戶). ¹²⁸ At the same time the [spirit] generals and marshals that you summoned to come, all show an enraged apparition. When you dispatch the [spirit] generals, it is necessary that you are tranquil and firm and settle down sitting cross-legged. You concentrate in meditation on the one spark of golden radiance within the spleen that separates to be two sparks. One spark moves on revolving to enter the space between the two kidneys where it changes to become an agglomeration of black breath (*hei-ch'i* 黑氣). The agglomeration rapidly rushes straight upwards to exit from both eyes. On *yang*-days (*yang-jih* 陽日) [the agglomeration] exits from the left eye, and on *yin*-days (*yin-jih* 陰日) from the right eye and soars up (*fei-shang* 飛上) then towards the *sun*-window (*巽* 戶). After that, you concentrate in meditation on the [second] spark of golden radiance that revolving enters (21b) the heart where it changes to become red breath (*hung-ch'i* 紅氣). The red breath exits from the base of the tongue and soars [up] towards the *sun*-window (*巽* 戶).

It is the black [breath], which makes the black clouds and the black mist. It is the red [breath], which makes the fierce fire and the glowing-red shining. You only see the black clouds and the blazing fire that inundate heaven and densely fill the cosmos (*lin-bo* 六合). Black clouds and glowing-red fire are everywhere around and there is just nothing that they would not burn or cover. Divinities wail and demons cry, and there is no location at all where they could escape to and hide away. However, the black breath encloses the red breath and forms countless agglomerations beyond any limits (*pai-ch'ien-wan t'wan* 百千萬團). At this point of time, a great heat is inside the human body and sweat perspires. You definitely must not move a fan or open your shirt but keep on until the

127 TT 1220: 69.21a-23b

128 This always indicates the direction of Southeast.

heat becomes very scorching. You use in a very gentle way lamp-wicks (*teng-hsin* 燈心 [草])¹²⁹ to push them into your nostrils (*ch'u-pi* 搐鼻). On *yang*-days (*yang-jih* 陽日) you push a lamp-wick into the left nostril, and on *yin*-days (*yin-jih* 陰日) you push it into the right nostril. You do sneeze once and loudly, and within a moment, just one sound of a thunderclap comes from the window of *sun* (*sun-hu* 巽戶). When you have a response like this, then you can dissolve the [Thunder] altar. Certainly, there will never be any failure at all.

The commentary of Yü-feng (御風) says: Killing and crusading necessarily require that you enrage your outer appearance, your original spiritual force, the fire of your heart (22a) and your internal disposition in order to make them utmost hard and enduring just like the movements of the heavenly bodies, which are strong by themselves and never take a rest.

Generally, when you write amulets you must enrage (*fen-nu* 奮怒) the essences and spiritual forces in a determined way, so that they leap up boldly. You must be urgent and quick when you are writing amulets. You use both hands to form the [*mudrās*] Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局) and thrust them onto [the amulet]. Quickly take off the writing brush [moving your hand towards the direction of] the *sun*-window (*sun-hu* 巽戶). The generals and marshals that you summoned to come all show an enraged appearance. Having dispatched the generals you conveniently sit down cross-legged and practice silent meditation. Your nostrils inhale the pure breaths of the Anterior Heaven (*hsien-t'ien ch'ing-ch'i* 先天清氣). [The pure breaths] force directly their way to the yellow court (*huang-t'ing* 黃庭). The nine orifices above and below are all closed and do not allow any breaths to be absorbed (*jung* 容). Being in a state of tranquillity you let the one spark of golden radiance that is within the spleen ascend and separate to be two [sparks of radiance].¹³⁰ One spark moves on to enter the two kidneys behind the naval, where it becomes an agglomeration of black breath (*bei-ch'i* 黑氣). The agglomeration forces its way upwards from the spine and the double pass to reach the two eyes where it exits. On *yang*-days (*yang-jih* 陽日) [the agglomeration of breath] exits from the left eye, and on *yin*-days (*yin-jih* 陰日) from the right eye in order to soar upwards to the window of *sun* (*sun-hu* 巽戶). You concentrate your mind on the one sound of thunderclap that [then] greatly shakes. After this and for a second time the nostrils inhale the pure breath that forces its way to enter the mysterious female (*hsüan-p'in* 玄牝).¹³¹ Do not allow

129 See Herbert A. Giles: A Chinese-English Dictionary, nr. 10864.

130 Literally: „into two parts“.

131 The statement concerning the nine orifices is omitted, compare above.

any breath to be absorbed (*jung* 容) and keep the colon (*ku-tao* 穀道) (22b) completely contracted (*i-so* 一縮). You let the [pure] breath directly ascend to enter revolving the orifices of the heart, where the [pure] breath becomes the red breath that [finally] exits from the base of the tongue and soars upwards to the *sun*-window (*sun-hub* 巽戶).¹³²

[The breath] that is black becomes the black clouds and the black mist. [The breath] that is red becomes the red shining and the blazing fire. You only see the black clouds and the shining of fire that collides with heaven and fills overflowing the cosmos. It burns all around the world-of-the-law (*fa-chieh* 法界) to clean away any poisonous atmosphere. The wicked spirits find their tracks cut off. Fiery clouds and killing breaths cover and stay at all the locations where wicked forces reside. The ritual officer (*fa-kuan* 法官) in his meditation directs [the fiery clouds and killing breaths] to all these places. Therefore, it is that the divinities wail and the demons cry in those wicked places. There is just no way for them to escape and hide away. The black breaths enclose the red breaths and form agglomerations. One [agglomeration] transforms to become two [agglomerations] and two of them become three [agglomerations] and the three [agglomerations] become countless agglomerations without any limits.

At this time, a great heat is within your body and sweat perspires. You must not move a fan or unbutton your shirt but keep on until the heat becomes scorching. Gently use lamp-wicks (*teng-hsin* 燈心 [草]) to push them into the nostrils. On *yang*-days (*yang-jib* 陽日) you use this method for the left nostril, and on *yin*-days (*yin-jib* 陰日) you use this method for the right nostril. You sneeze with one [strong] sound that [corresponds with] one shaking thunder. The wicked forces find their tracks cut off, which is such a subtle matter that I just cannot say it.

[The methods of] Killing and Crusading, Praying (23a) for Rain and [the methods of the] Creative Impetus (*tsao-hua* 造化) are identical.¹³³ You first concentrate your meditation on the red breath in your heart. The red breath forces its way downwards to the mysterious female (*hsüan-p'ín* 玄牝). The nostrils again inhale pure breath that you let expand and collide with the spiritual force of the spleen (*p'í-shen* 脾神). The one spark of golden radiance that is just below the spiritual force of the spleen makes its way directly to the two kidneys. You first contract [and keep closed] the colon, lift up the black breath of the

132 The *SUN*-[window] (巽) stands for the nostrils.

133 This statement refers to the chapters nrs. 6 and 8 of this text (TT 1220: 69).

right kidney and let it very slowly move directly upwards to reach the Mud Pill [Palace] (*ni-wan* 泥丸[宮]). The black breath thus fills overflowing the cosmos (*liu-he* 六合). The ascent and the absorption of the breaths (*hsi* 息) happen thirty-six times. Now, you let the red breath of the left kidney ascend to move upwards and reach the Mud Pill [Palace] (*ni-wan* 泥丸[宮]). When the black breath [there] faces the red breath, they enclose each other and soar up towards the *sun*-direction (*sun-fang* 巽方), and all the heaven is filled with black breaths and red breaths. A second time you let the black breath of the right kidney ascend, and [again] you breathe in [breath] (*hsi* 息) thirty-six [times] that forces its way up to the window of the brain (*nao-hu* 腦戶).

Above in heaven and below on earth and absolutely everywhere, there are these black and red killing breaths. They cover and pin down the wicked divinities (*hsieh-shen* 邪神). Divinities wail and demons cry. They do not have any place where they could escape to with their [outer] apparitions. You grasp the killing breath of the heavenly *kang* [-star] (*t'ien-kang sha-ch'i* 天罡煞氣) that burning blazingly shoots forth from the black breaths. Moreover, your nostrils inhale pure breaths that rush to the Heavenly *Kang* [-star] of the Fire of the Heart (*hsin-huo t'ien-kang* 心火天罡).¹³⁴ They rush directly to the T'ai-i Cave (T'ai-i *hsieh* 太乙穴).¹³⁵ You use the nostrils (23b) to lead on these breaths. When you suddenly release a very heavy load of [these] killing breaths there will definitely be a [fitting] response. The mysteries are reserved for the oral transmission from the teacher master.

The last paragraph of the commentary by Yü-feng (御) contains quite a few terms that are very ambivalent, addressing astral names or elements, which obviously are also human properties. The associative method is a common feature in Taoist sources, and Thunder Magic is no exception at all. Sometimes the actual identification of specific terms must follow the explanations that the respective authors found necessary to give. Some Taoist authors reveal their own understanding of the terms they use. In other cases, we are not so fortunate. Any search for explanations in other and, very likely, later texts is a risky endeavour. It is for this reason, that I did not comment here on statements that explicitly rely on oral instructions to become intelligible. Yet, our texts tell us enough to figure out the basic conditions of Thunder Magic.

134 Concerning this phrase, see the following translation of a section of *Hsien-t'ien i-ch'i buo-lei Chang shih-che ch'i-tao ta-fa* (先天一氣火雷張使者祈禱大法). See above pp.8a-8b, and 6a (concerning "the mysterious female", albeit with a quite different application).

135 See below for a description of this term, following TT 1220: 82.18b-19a.

The collection *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual* contains quite a number of complete sets of ritual instructions that address individual divine patrons (*chu-fa* 主法). They usually include the respective pantheon of spirit-generals in a paragraph with the title General Class (*chiang-pan* 將班). Listings of the subordinate deities follow.¹³⁶ We also find varied instructions concerning ritual matters. For example, we find paragraphs that feature the writing of amulets or the construction of altars that involve the Thunder Divinities. The Great Method for Prayers to the Emissary Chang of the Fire Thunders of the One Breath of the Anterior Heaven (*Hsien-t'ien i-ch'ü buo-lei Chang shih-che ch'ü-tao ta-fa* 先天一氣火雷張使者祈禱大法)¹³⁷ is such a complete set of instructions concerning Thunder rituals under the patronage of Emissary Chang. Here we find a rather instructive tract concerning the Heavenly T'ien-kang [Stars] (*t'ien-kang* 天罡):¹³⁸

(18a) As to *kang* (罡)¹³⁹, the four Correct Ones (*ssu-cheng* 四正) constitute the bowl of the dipper (*kang* 罡) that occupies (*ch'ü* 取) the correct centre of the four directions, and this is my heart (*wu-bsin* 吾心). The North has the *tou* [-constellation] (斗) of *yin* and *yang* (陰陽).¹⁴⁰ Heaven uses the *tou* (斗) to manage the ten thousand transformations. Humans use their heart to dominate and display their affairs. It is for this reason that the heart has seven orifices to correspond (*ying* 應) to the Northern Dipper (北斗). I demonstrate why it is that [the star] *p'o-chün* (破軍)¹⁴¹ is a heavenly *kang* [-star] (天罡). In my heart, an orifice inside holds muddy blood. When I am enraged my face turns red, (18b) and this is so because this blood gets up to my face. The common phrase

136 For example, TT 1220: 82.1a-1b.

137 TT 1220: 82.1a-29b

138 TT 1220:82.18a-18b

139 H.A.Giles: A Chinese-English Dictionary, nr.5906 gives the translation "The name of certain stars", pointing to *t'ien-kang* (天罡). This means "four stars that form the bowl of the 斗 [nr.11427] constellation,...".

140 *tou* (斗) of course means "peck" or simply a dry measure, and indeed, we could understand the word in this sense: "The North has the measure of *yin* and *yang*". See H.A.Giles: A Chinese-English Dictionary, nr.11427. Generally see TT 629 *T'ai-shang pei-tou erh-shih-pa chang ching*, and see K.Schipper, in: *Companion* p.954, saying that is is a "comparatively late and popular text" that owes much to TT 622 *T'ai-shang huan-ling pei-tou pen-ming yen-sheng chen-ching* (possibly Sung period).

141 This is a name for the seventh star of the Northern (Big) Dipper. See TT 629 *T'ai-shang pei-tou erh-shih-pa chang ching* 18b-19b.

is: the fire of the heart rises. [The word] *kang* (剛) means *kang* (剛) hard¹⁴² and *ch'iang* (強) strong.¹⁴³ Rage then is *kang* (剛) [which means] hard.¹⁴⁴

As to the heavenly *tau* [-constellation] (斗), the sphere of *yin* (陰) ranges from the star *shu-hsing* (樞星) to the star *k'uei-hsing* (魁星). The sphere of *yang* (陽) ranges from the star *shu-hsing* (樞星) to the star *p'iao-hsing* (杓星). When the heart is tranquil, it is *yin* (陰). When the heart is excited, it is *yang* (陽). My heart then is inside [my body the star] *lien-chen* (廉貞), and on the outside my heart is [the star] *p'o-chün* (破軍). Now, in the state of tranquillity, I contain my heart inside, and any matters do not bud. [My heart] is in the highest state of being honest (*lien* 廉) and pure (*ch'ing* 清). Outside [of my body] my heart then is the [star] *p'o-chün* (破軍). When a rage develops, my heart is beating fast and is getting bold as if it were rushing in a hurry. Even if there were legions of armed forces (*chün* 軍), [my heart] could crush (*p'o* 破) them...¹⁴⁵

This paragraph shows nicely how the association of words and characters constructs the persuasive combination of external, astronomical and internal bodily realities. The ambiguity of many technical phrases that we encounter can also be shown for the term *t'ai-i hsüeh* (太乙穴). We already had some statement by Yü-feng (御風) that used the term. Yü-feng (御風) commented on Wang Wen-ch'ing's (王文卿) exposition *Killing and Crusading* (*sha-fa* 煞伐).¹⁴⁶ It is well known that the name *T'ai-i* (太乙) refers to a key astral position and stellar deity of antique provenance.¹⁴⁷ The chapter *Great Method for Prayers of the Emissary Chang of the Fire Thunders of the One Breath of the Anterior Heaven* (*Hsien-t'ien i-ch'i huo-lei Chang shih-che ch'i-tao ta-fa* 先天一氣火雷張使者祈禱大法) in *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual* has a telling tract concerning the term and name of *T'ai-i* (太乙), which goes with the taboo name *Hun-ming* (混明):¹⁴⁸

142 or „unyielding“

143 or „forceful“

144 See H.A.Giles: *A Chinese-English Dictionary*, nrs.5895 and 5906 as interchangeable characters.

145 The name of the star means „to crush enemy forces“. See TT 629: 17b-19b.

146 See above, TT 1220: 69.21a-23b

147 See F.C.Reiter „The Discourse on the Thunders“, p.224. Concerning this theme, see W.Eichhorn: *Die Religionen Chinas*, pp.114-115, 124-127. Stuttgart 1973. Also see, H. Maspero: *Le taoïsme et les religions chinoises*, p.535 (*Les procédés de nourrir le principe vital*). Paris, rpr. 1971. I.Robinet: *Méditation taoïste*, pp.205-210. Paris 1979. Compare TT 1220: 76.22a.

148 TT 1220: 82.18b-19a. The name may mean either „United Luminescence“ or „Brightness in Chaos“.

(18b) Now, T'ai-i (太乙) is the cave (*hsüeh* 穴) where *yin* (陰) is all united. It is the breath of perfect *yin* (*chih-yin* 至陰). The cave is exactly in front of the colon (*ku-tao* 穀道) and behind the urinary organs where it sinks right into the centre [between them]. The [perfect] breath bends the head and stretches the belly. When you contract [and shut up] the two caves (*hsüeh* 穴),¹⁴⁹ (19a) the breath ascends spontaneously. This is the subtle function [that is called] to roll up the water and seize the dragon (*chüan-shuei ch'in-lung* 捲水擒龍)".

These cryptic lines demonstrate in a way that physical dispositions can be projected to identify implicitly astral positions. Thunder Magic rituals reflect outwardly, what the performing priest manages to evolve in his body, in his mind and in his hands. I remind of the plain connection between the urine that is withheld and the rain that has not yet come. The performing specialist of Thunder rituals is much more than an intermediary. He identifies himself in a practical way with the cosmos and creation, and thus becomes its transcendent body. A small portion of a commentary by Yü-feng (御風) can again illustrate this disposition of Thunder Magic:¹⁵⁰

(25a) Heaven has the sun, the moon and the stars that can shine upon all the surroundings. Man has the eyes, the ears and the nostrils and can hear, see and unite the essences, the vital energies and the spiritual forces (*ching, ch'i, shen* 精氣神) in his human body, in the middle between the two kidneys. The left one is the sun, the right one is the moon, and the central palace (*chung-kung* 中宮) is the heavenly stars *t'ien-kang* (天罡) that are the ancestral vital energy (*tsu-ch'i* 祖氣). The human body has the three rivers (*san-chiang* 三江), the five lakes, the four seas, the five holy mountains and the four marchlands that become apparent in the facial section [of the body]. My body then is great earth. Mountains and rivers are all completely present. Man is able to arrange the breathing and harmonize the vital energies to unite them in his body. He is able to respond to and unite with the mysteries of heaven and earth. Now, I use all my sincere will (*ch'eng-i* 誠意) to infuse it to my thoughts and so proceed to turn the handle of the dipper (*t'a-fan tou-ping* 踏翻斗柄).¹⁵¹ When heaven and earth become unexpectedly dark, this definitely is a response [to this action].

149 This obviously refers to the colon and the urinary organs.

150 TT 1220: 69. 25a

151 For this phrase, see above chapter 2 (*chao-bo* 召合).

The Creative Impetus (tsao-hua 造化)

The superb position and operational basis of the Thunder specialist becomes again clear when we read still another telling exposition by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿). The chapter Creative Impetus (*tsao-hua* 造化) fits perfectly well to the preceding expositions in this book that speaks a lot about the relationship between human nature and Thunder Magic. I present the first part of the text by the priest Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) that actually is the basis for the commentary by Yü-feng (御風). I used the commentary to conclude the preceding paragraph:¹⁵²

(23a) Yüan Wu-chieh (袁無介) says: Heaven and earth create and bring about thunder, lightning, wind and rain. What causes could make them occur?

[Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) gives the following answer:] Man is endowed with the breath of heaven and earth, and he lives on it. Heaven and earth are correct and selfless. Man, however, can snatch the creative impetus of heaven and earth. Now, the breaths of the three potentials (*san-ts'ai* 三才), heaven, earth and man are omnipresent and [the same time] they are individual breaths.¹⁵³ All causes are together with heaven and earth mutually inside and outside. As to wind and rain, thunder and lightning, why should it be difficult to make them occur?

Now, heaven has the sun, the moon and the stars. Their radiance is bright enough to shine on the world all around. Man has his eyes, ears and nostrils, and so he can hear, see and know all creatures between heaven and earth. Earth has the three *chiang* [-rivers] (江), the five lakes, the four seas, the five holy mountains and the four marshlands, and there are four limbs for all creatures. The [human] body accordingly is (24a) great earth, and the mountains and rivers are all completely present. I actually can put an end to the causes (*hsi-yüan* 息緣) and harmonize the breaths (*t'iao-ch'i* 調氣) in order to take the adequate responses from within my body and unite [myself] with the secrets of heaven and earth. Therefore, it is that using my own perfect will (*chen-i* 真意) I focus my thoughts on the ongoing [ritual] procedures (*suo hsing chih shih* 所行之事).

152 TT 1220: 69.23b-27a. In this section I skip the commentaries.

153 I do not think that *p'ing-hsi* (屏息) means "abstain from uttering any sound". See H.A. Giles: A Chinese-English Dictionary, nr.9319. Here, the term indicates the individual breaths of each of the three potentials. *P'ing* (屏) basically means "to set aside".

The perfect breaths of heaven and earth thus follow my will and action. I fix my [internal] vision and seize the response, which never fails in even one single case.

Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) continues his instructions on p. 25a:

"Now, what is born out of me, this is my will. Good and bad, they all emerge from my will. The will is the spiritual agent of the spleen (*p'î-shen* 脾神). The spleen belongs to [the element] earth. The number of its coming to life (*sheng-shu* 生數) is the Five, and the number of its completion (*ch'eng-shu* 成數) is the Ten. The outer shape of the spleen resembles the crescent moon (*yen-yüeh* 偃月) (25b). When there are no thoughts and calculations the two sharp points [of the spleen] hang downwards. When all the thinking (*i-nien* 一念) suddenly arises, the two [sharp] points consequently rise and point upwards. Any single spark of thought and calculation emerges at the centre of the spleen that in fact is the ancestral breath (*tsu-ch'î* 祖氣)¹⁵⁴ of heaven and earth. As soon as any single thought is born, it floats (*ku* 汩) into the heart. Now, the heart is the lodge of the spiritual agents. When the heart receives this one single spark of the will, which is good or bad, vile or killing, which may have [the quality of] an immortal or of a Buddha, the heart serves them all.

If I am able to know the source and the flow (*yüan-liu* 源流) of the ancestral breath, I must resolutely hold on to this one spark of perfect breath (*chen-ch'î* 真氣). I am (*wo* 我) then [in the position of] ruler (*chu-tsai* 主宰)¹⁵⁵ in heaven and on earth, which pertains to the employment of my heart. If I let my heart be enraged, cruel and bad, I lack the Tao of Heaven (*t'ien-tao* 天道) and shall eternally be a demon of the lowest class (*hsia-kuei* 下鬼). How could I still be able to seize the creative impetus of heaven and earth?"¹⁵⁶

These texts show clearly that the terminology of internal alchemy (*nei-tan* 內丹) describes the fundamental conviction of the existential identity of man and the cosmos. This notion implies the precondition of a human identity with those divine potentials that carry life. The external thunder and rain appear to be functions and expressions of thunder and rain within the human body, where they first have to be aroused. The cosmos inevitably will mirror and echo such internal processes.

154 Or say "ancestral vital energy", which I eventually use as alternative translation for the sake of convenience.

155 I notice that H.A.Giles: A Chinese-English Dictionary, nr.11490 offers the translation "god".

156 „...and act as a ritual specialist?" This is the implied question.

We find that the texts by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿), especially his *Wang Shib-ch'en ch'i-tao pa-tuan chin* (王侍宸祈禱八段錦) show a rather modest application of *nei-tan* (內丹) terminologies.¹⁵⁷ The commentaries on the other hand indulge in *nei-tan* (內丹) rhetoric, which was in tune with the culture of the time. Comparing the School Talks with this text "in eight paragraphs", we hardly can claim that those specialists of Thunder Magic fostered a common and mandatory set of *nei-tan* (內丹) terminologies. The terminology and rhetoric may have depended on the individual affiliation of the respective priest and his education. We know that many materials went through the hands of later compilers and editors, and Pai Yü-ch'an (白玉蟾 13th ct.) certainly was only one of them. It is risky to project later interpretations backwards and claim them for an interpretation of earlier works. I certainly want to repeat that there is no need to do so, although we may not be able to understand every coded indication.

Thunder Magic was a very practical matter. I continue to present a chapter of *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual* that we connect with some certainty with Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿). It contains theoretical and practical instructions that show the range of ritual approaches and methods in Thunder Magic. However, there is no connection with the cult and the ritual patronage of any specific Thunder divinity. The texts contain general and didactic instructions that serve us well.

I already said that *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual* contains many ritual programs that are based on the patronage of specific deities. The programs include the lists of the pantheon and instructions about ritual steps, amulets, *mudrās*, spirit hells and other ritual devices that may be used to control the spirit forces. I call to mind, for example, the Great Method for Prayers to the Emissary Chang of the Fire Thunders of the One Breath of the Anterior Heaven (*Hsien-t'ien i-ch'i huo-lei Chang shib-che ch'i-tao ta-fa* 先天一氣火雷張使者祈禱大法).¹⁵⁸

The following paragraphs in this book present the comprehensive and informative Divine Texts of the Great Methods of the Five Thunders at the Jade Department in the Heaven of Highest Purity (*Shang-ch'ing yü-fu wu-lei ta-fa yü-shu ling-wen* 上清玉府五雷大法玉樞靈文).¹⁵⁹ This text deals with many practical devices of Thunder Magic that all have transcendent foundations, which is well explained in the detailed preface by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿).

157 TT 1220: 69.1a-27b

158 TT 1220: 82.1a-29b, see above.

159 TT 1220: 56.1a-42a

He gives a survey on the divine potentials that condition the pantheon and the various means of the Thunder specialist. He adopts in his presentation the position and authority of the evasive figure of his teacher who allegedly was the Fire Master of Thunder and Thunderclaps. He displays the Arrangement of the Offices of Thunder and Thunderclaps together with an extended Thunder pantheon.¹⁶⁰ Some paragraphs of the text present the Precious Seals of Thunder Might and the methods to use them. Much attention is being paid to the Locations and Departments of the Five Thunders and their different types. We find again, in a way unexpected, the story of the Great Divinity of Law and Order who closely links Thunder Magic with the national legendary history.¹⁶¹ The application of Thunder breaths, the writing of amulets to cure illnesses, to raise dragons and produce rainfall, such activities are major themes in *chapter 56*. Spells, *mudrās* and ritual steps all matter greatly in these instructive texts. How to build thunder altars, how to construct hells to put away demonic forces and how to crusade against evil deities in their shrines, such questions and many more get fascinating answers in *chapter 56* of *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual*. They always remind us of the explanations that we have just seen.

The priest moves within the solid frame of his religious career, receiving registers and oral secret instructions. In the case that he performs bravely his tasks, he can rise in the spirit administration up to divine functions and ranks. This seems to ascertain the basic conviction of the divine nature of the priest, which he can consciously employ in ritual.

Yet, some Thunder rituals are performed with "dishevelled hair and barefooted". There is no word about robes and ritual caps or an especially dignified demeanour. The demeanour of the Taoist Yeh Ch'ien-shao (葉千韶) reportedly was not always very dignified and in many ways may remind us of the modern exorcists whom we have seen in action in Taiwan.¹⁶² However, we have to accept, I believe, any Taoist self-identification. We also should accept what Taoists of any epoch tell us about the range of their theoretical and practical ways and means and the constituents of their religion and culture.

160 TT 1220: 56.5a-10a. The pantheon comprises more than one hundred abstract names that I do not list.

161 TT 1220:56.14b-15b. See above "Assembling the Divine Force", in: TT 1220: 124.1b-2a.

162 See above my Introduction. Compare P. Nickerson: "Attacking the Fortress, Prolegomenon to the Study of Ritual Efficacy in Vernacular Daoism", pp.117-179, in: AAS 20.

All our themes concerning the theoretical and practical elements of Thunder Magic reappear in the many other chapters of *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual*, albeit with many variants that are due to different historic and regional backgrounds. Due to the introduction by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) Chapter 56 shows a rather comprehensive and authoritative documentation of the historical and yet general conditions of Thunder Magic.

A Corpus of Taoist Ritual (*Tao-fa hui-yüan* 道法會元) contains quite a number of comprehensive sets of Thunder rituals. They often represent regional traditions and affiliations that we hardly can trace concerning their historic roots. Fortunately, chapter 56 in *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual* has a preface by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) that at least suggests that the chapter has his spiritual patronage. I present most of chapter 56 in translation to complement the preceding presentation in Chapter I. The title of chapter 56 in *A Corpus of Taoist Ritual* is promising:¹

Divine Texts of the Great Methods of the Five Thunders at the Jade Department in the Heaven of Highest Purity, (*Shang-ch'ing yü-fu wu-lei ta-fa yü-shu ling-wen* 上清玉府五雷大法玉樞靈文),

Preface by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿):

(1a) The Fire Master of Thunder and Thunderclaps (*lei-t'ing huo-shih* 雷霆火師) says: formerly when Heaven and Earth (*hsüan-huang* 玄黃) were not yet separated,² there was a phase of dimness with hardly any light at all. When the clear and the turbid then separated, the existence of the visible signs of the Vital Principle (*hung-meng* 鴻蒙)³ came first into being.

The Supreme God-Emperor of Prime Origin (*Yüan-shih shang-ti* 元始上帝) saw that there were no principles for symbols and signs, and so he initiated the great saintly beginning with his command to carve and define the opportune and clear cut rules and standards for the form of the characters. The precious books on flowery writing tablets, the dragon texts and phoenix seal characters thus became manifest in radiant light.

At that time, the Perfect King of Jade Purity (*Yü-ch'ing chen-wang* 玉清真王) of the exalted *Shen-hsiao* (神霄) [-Heaven] stayed at the Golden Palace of Congealed Spiritual Might (*Ning-shen chin-ch'üeh* 凝神金闕). He reflected on

1 TT 1220: 56.1a-42a

2 *Chou-i* 1 (*k'un* 坤), p. 23, in: *Kanbun taikēi* (Tokyo 1913). See *Book of Changes* p. 391.

3 *Chuang-tzu chi-chieh* (莊子集解) 3 (tsai-yu 11 在宥), p. 66, in: *Chu-tzu chi-ch'eng* (諸子集成). (Peking 1986). Compare H.A.Giles: *A Chinese-English Dictionary*, nr.5269.

the saints and nobles who sympathised with the living beings in the regions beneath where they float drowning in the the sea of bitterness. They drift along in the waves of birth and death. In ten thousand *kalpas*, they experience injustice and error, and the bewitching spirits are able to destroy or harm [them]. The Perfect King felt sorrow and sympathy, and using the proper formal way he questioned whether any diligent attention was being paid [to the situation].

The Supreme God-Emperor of Prime Origin dwelling in the Golden House at the Jade Palace said to the Perfect King:

Those creatures are not yet **(1b)** enlightened and consequently concentrate in themselves the [*karmic*] causes (*she-yin* 攝因).⁴ If the creatures were enlightened about the fact that they concentrate the [*karmic*] causes in themselves, how could they [still] be in the Hell of Earth? As to the Halls of Heaven, would they then not be the befitting places for them?

The Perfect King kowtowed, repeatedly saluted, knelt down for a long time and looking up with respect stated his gratefulness for the heavenly mercy and expressed his vow to hold on to the essentials for perfection. The [God-Emperor of] Prime Origin felt sympathy with him, and was that not good?

Thereupon [the God-Emperor] ordered the Divine Favourite (*ling-fei* 靈妃), the Jade-girl of Cave Mystery (*Dong-miao yü-nü* 洞妙玉女) that she takes the gilded key that dragons adorn and open the lock with jade inlays of a whistling phoenix at the Temple Subtle Perfection of the Flowers of the West (*Hsi-hua miao-chen tien* 西華妙真殿). She was to take the chest made of shining jade and precious stones and confer the transmission of the Tao of Primordial Unity (*hun-bo chih tao* 混合之道) of the Purple Script of the Three Luminaries (*san-kuang tzu-wen* 三光紫文). She was to teach [the Perfect King] the *mudrās* (*chüeh* 訣) of the Five Thunders, which control wicked forces and behead bewitching demons. [The *mudrās*] have the designations Black Dragon, Red Horse, Blazing Fire and Prosperous Circuit. One uses them to dispatch the emissaries from the empyrean, which is a perfectly hidden and most secret essential [matter].

At that time, the Supreme God-Emperor of Prime Origin directed the great lot of complaisant saints of the ten regions to return, and he ordered the demons to

4 See W.E.Soothill and L.Hodous: A Dictionary of Chinese Buddhist Terms, p. 205a. (Rpr. Taipei 1972). Also compare Ting Fu-pao (丁福保): *Fò-hsiieh ta tzu'u-tien* (佛學大辭典) 984c-985a (*shih-yin* 攝因). Taipei 1974.

ascend and enter the state of formlessness. The Perfect King was sent down to stop the evil world. The Perfect King thereupon took the amulets and seals, the dragon-tracts of the Five Thunders (2a) and the secret instructions of the astronomical calculations concerning the Northern Dipper as to transmit them to the Elder of the Five Holy Mountains (*Wu-yüeh chang-jen* 五嶽丈人)⁵ saying:

It is the Northern Constellation (*pei-ch'en* 北辰) of Heaven,⁶ which all the other stars salute.⁷ Below [the constellation] there are the two palaces that are named the Pivot and the Initiatory Force (*shu-chi* 樞機),⁸ and they are said to be the two poles of the East and the West. The Palace Pivot revolves and has the might that transforms life (*hua-sheng* 化生).⁹ The Palace Initiatory Force is the institution that on behalf of the god-emperors executes the commands and regulates the nine hundred and six [types of] disasters and calamities in the *yang*-[sphere] (陽). [The Palace Initiatory Force] is in charge of all affairs that pertain to happy and cruel [events] among people, to demons and divinities, disastrous and favourable events. It issues and brings to life all the beings with their categories and oscillating appearances. All of this is evidence for orders and commands, and it is for this reason why thunder divinities (*lei-shen* 雷神) exist.

There are five types of thunders, namely the Heavenly Thunder (*t'ien-lei* 天雷), the Divine Thunder (*shen-lei* 神雷), the Dragon Thunder (*long-lei* 龍雷), the Water Thunder (*shui-lei* 水雷) and the Earth-Altar Thunder (*she-ling* 社令).

5 Huang-ti (黃帝) is said to have bestowed this Taoist title on a Taoist who lived on Mount Ch'ing-ch'eng shan (青城山) in Szechwan, see TT 1032 *Yün-chi ch'ü-ch'ien* 120: 13a; 122.10b. However, in this text *Wu-yüeh chang-jen* most likely refers to a transcendent divinity who is linked with the very beginning of Taoist revelations. TT 599 *Tung-t'ien fu-ti yüeh-tu ming-shan chi* 4b also refers to a much later stage in Taoist history.

6 *Pei-ch'en*, Horus boreal, which is connected with the divinity *T'ien-huang ta-ti*. See G. Schlegel: *Uranographie Chinoise*, p. 815. (Leiden 1875).

7 Or translate: "encircle", see H.A.Giles: *A Chinese-English Dictionary*, nr. 6575 (*kung* 拱).

8 "Pivot and Initiatory (or "Moving") Force" is an ambivalent term. It can stand for crucial units of the (spirit) administration and military forces. I remind of the term *shu-chi fang* (樞機房) denoting a "Central Control Office" (T'ang), see *Hucker*, nr.5418. My translation of the term is meant to imply the function of a transcendent military office as indicated. F.C.Reiter: "Discourse on the Thunders", p. 213 (translating TT 1220: 67. 21a, *Lei-shuo* 雷說 by Wang Wen-ch'ing 王文卿), in: *JRAS* 14/3. Also see the same: "A Preliminary Study of the Taoist Wang Wen-ch'ing (1093-1153)", p.181, in: *ZDMG* 152. TT 1220: 67.3a explains that the term identifies Thunder and thunderclaps (*Chang Shan-yuan* 張善淵: *Lei-t'ing hsüan-lun* 雷霆玄論).

9 In Buddhism, this also is an important term, see W.E.Soothill and L.Hodus: *A Dictionary of Chinese Buddhist Terms*, p.142a (Anpāḍaka).

雷). Furthermore, there is the Thunder Wall (*lei-ch'eng* 雷城) that is located amidst the *Brahma-breaths* (*fan-ch' i* 梵氣) above the white and jade-like milky-way and the Prefecture of the Perfect King in [the Heaven of] Jade Purity. The Thunder Wall is 2300 miles away from the region of the Prefecture of Jade Purity. The Wall is high eighty-one *chang* (丈),¹⁰ and I¹¹ (*wu* 吾) have the Thunder Wall in control. Due to the resident officials, masters, emissaries, ministers and branch offices for distinct duties there is a leading force for the bestowal of (2b) life for all creatures that urges on and moves the sea and the mountains. Thus, the four seasons are pushed on and shifted, *yin* and *yang* are made to rise and descend, and [that leading force] registers the good and punishes the bad. The Five Thunders Headquarter Office is the very centre that right in time issues the orders. The Headquarter has its own Special Offices of the Five Thunders Emissaries that comprehensively assist the Five Thunders. Below, they control the three offices, [named] North Pole (*pei-chi* 北極), Jade Pivot (*Yü-shu* 玉樞) and P'eng-lai (蓬萊).

When in all the world wind and rain are untimely and excessive heat causes torching droughts, locusts bring calamity, armoured strive madly wages and famine happens often and severely, all of this is due to requests for [divine] commands. The god-emperors (*ti-chün* 帝君)¹² issue the orders and the Jade Pivot forwards the commands (*hao-ling* 號令) [for the execution of the orders]. The pivot itself operates three hundred officials in authorized positions who assist and support the control of the transformations of life (*sheng-hua* 生化).

All men, who strive for perfection, yearn for *Tao* (道) [but] do not discuss the essential mysteries they will have their outer form recede, deteriorate and decay. [In the case that] they do not use amulet water (*fu-shui* 符水) their efforts will not reach up to the Three Heavens (*san-t'ien* 三天). [In the case that] they do not rinse [their mouth with] the refined essences (*ching-hua* 精華), their spiritual forces are not pure and pleased. [In the case that] they do not help people in illness and distress, the success of *Tao* will be hard to achieve.

Concerning those who yearn for the immortals, study *Tao* and wish to be rapidly successful, nothing is better than the beheading of evil forces, the expulsion of

10 Concerning the Thunder Wall, see F.C.Reiter: "Discourse on the Thunders", p. 218, and note 90, in: JRAS 14/3.

11 Following the phrasing in TT 1220: 56.3b the [Perfect] King in the [Heaven] of Jade-Purity should be the speaker.

12 TT 1220: 56.4a has *ti-ch'en* (帝真) in a similar phrase. Also compare TT 1220: 84.9a "...all comes from orders by the god-emperors".

harm, the application of (3a) amulets, the consecration of water (*chou-shui* 祝水), the help for people and profiting the creatures, the ample collection of hidden merits and in subtle ways the support for religious veneration (*hsiang-huo* 香火). When [such persons] come together with creatures, they consider how to save them. They are correct and straight without any wickedness, and they behave themselves so all life long from its very beginning. Now, how should they ponder that the easy ascent [to heaven] could not be achieved?

Just be afraid that you are not able to meditate in a refined way and be afraid that you take resort to a superficial and shallow [demeanour]. [Be afraid that] the amulets and *mudrās* (*fu-chüeh* 符訣)¹³ are incomplete, that merits come late and effects are little. [Be afraid that ritual] engagements do not have any magic force [at all], and in the end your remissness is overwhelming. I am very much embarrassed about the situation, and therefore I take today the secret instructions and the divine texts of the Jade Pivot to hand them down to the world of man.

If the secret instructions and the divine texts of the Jade Pivot are internally applied, they can be used for the cultivation and control of the body. If they are externally applied, they can be used to pacify the people and help the country. [They can be used] to pray for rain, clear the sky, eliminate disasters and do away with unfortunate events. They can be used to drive away dragons and snakes that cause calamities in rivers and lakes and restrain scaly dragons and water monsters in pools and caves where they harm people. [The secret instructions and divine texts] save the living beings (*sheng-ling* 生靈) from the distress of great dangers and release the legions of *hun*-souls (*hun* 魂) that face the darkness of Hades. [The secret instructions and divine texts help] to crusade against temples, expel any wicked forces, eradicate evil spirits and heal sickness. They make the thunders and thunderclaps circulate [starting out] from your palms, and they cause wind and rain to come right before your eyes. [The secret instructions and divine texts help] to adjust the crimes and faults of seven generations of ancestors in the nine dark [regions]. They abolish (3b) the blood sacrifices of thousands of lives in hundreds of *kalpas*.

Keep close to the divine texts (*ling-wen* 靈文) and secret manuals and so have the cause to be in charge of the creatures and profit the living beings. The subtle instructions and divine recipes (*shen-fang* 神方) save all around from deadly disasters, from confusion and illness. Those who have received [these

13 Or translate: the "instructions for [the composition of] amulets".

documents] must keep them safely. Those who come across them have the destination to do so. They have the [required] restraint and practice self-cultivation (*hsing-ch'ih* 行持).¹⁴ [Such persons] can wait to ascend soaring [to heaven]. Being diligent at the beginning and remiss in the end, [such persons] drown eternally in the sea of misery. Perfectly investigate [the magic texts and secret manuals] and set them to use. Echo and response will immediately occur.

T'ai-su ta-fu ning-shen tien shih-ch'en Wang Wen-ch'ing (太素大夫凝神殿侍宸王文卿) The Attendant Wang Wen-ch'ing, the Gentleman *T'ai-su* of the Temple *Ning-shen*, wrote this preface."

(3b) The Arrangement of the Offices of Thunder and Thunderclaps (*lei-t'ing fen-ssu* 雷霆分司)¹⁵

The Fire Master of Thunder and Thunderclaps (*Lei-t'ing huo-shih* 雷霆火師) says: when the Five Thunders is well understood, you should know all the departments of the thunder prefecture (*lei-fu* 雷府). When they all are known there will be immediate responses in the case that requests were made. Furthermore, the Thunder Wall is located amidst the *Brahma-breaths* (*fan-ch'i* 梵氣) above the white and jade-like milky-way and the Prefecture of the Perfect King in [the Heaven of] Jade Purity. The Thunder Wall is 2300 miles away from the sphere of the prefecture. The Wall is high eighty-one *chang* (丈). It is the location,¹⁶ which the King of the Heaven of Jade Purity has in control. His officials, masters, emissaries, ministers and branch offices for distinct duties rule over the bestowal of life for (4a) all creatures, urge on and move the sea and the mountains, push on and shift the four seasons, let *yin* and *yang* rise and descend and register the good and punish the bad. In the very centre, there are the rulers of the Five Thunders who right in time issue the orders to support the operations of the Perfect King.¹⁷ Furthermore, the emissaries of the Five Thunders are specialised officials at the Thunder Wall who comprehensively assist the Five Thunders and relate the orders with the individual offices.

14 Or: "internal cultivation". See above the chapter A First Approach to Thunder Magic.

15 This section very much reads like a later summary or even repetition of the preface by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿).

16 Or translate: "office" (*ssu* 所).

17 See above the translation of p. 2a-2b. This text closely parallels the introduction by Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿).

Whenever wind and rain do not accord with the season and torching heat becomes a burden, armoured strife madly wages and famine happens often and severely, all of this is due to requests for [divine] orders by the god-emperors and the perfected ones (*ti-chen* 帝真).¹⁸ There is just nothing, which does not come from the Jade Pivot, which in a great way covers the detachments of the regions (*fen-yeh* 分野). At the same time, it leads on the generals and emissaries of the Three Monitoring Offices (*san-ssu* 三司) to judge over and regulate the merits and failures of demons and divinities in the three realms (*san-chieh* 三界), and thus take care of the wellbeing of the black haired people.

Furthermore, in the *tou*-constellation (斗) there are divine prefectures (*shen-fu* 神府) and the [Palace] Pivot (*shu* 樞). The Pivot has administrators (*hsiang* 相), and therefore there is a Court of the Jade Pivot (*yü-shu yüan* 玉樞院) that is also called Court of the Pivot Constellation (*tou-shu yüan* 斗樞院). Officials in authorized positions have distinct duties. They are about two hundred officials who support the administration of the Perfect King and guide the duties of thunder and thunderclaps. Concerning the disaster of floods and drought, armoured strife and famine, they all come from corrective actions and thus [are bound to] happen.

(4b) The Headquarter Office of Thunder and Thunderclaps (*lei-t'ing tu-ssu* 雷霆都司) is the Special Control Office (*chuan-ssu* 專司) of the God-Emperor of the North (*Pei-ti* 北帝) that arranges the ranks of the officials, distributes the individual duties and assists the governance of the Jade Pivot.¹⁹ Whenever in the world floods cause inundations [or] drought-demons [operate], in all cases one asks the Court of the Jade Pivot (*yü-shu yüan* 玉樞院) that the respective reports [about the disasters] would be transferred to the higher echelons and that action would be taken. As to the battle-axes and halberds of thunder and thunderclaps, as to applause, rewards and punishments, they all have their regulations and are not in a state of confusion. There are officials who are in charge of all of them.

The Heart of Heaven (*t'ien-hsin* 天心) has the thunders but they are not only there. Furthermore, there is the *P'eng-lai* Office (*P'eng-lai ssu* 蓬萊司) that is controlled by the Capital Commissioner of the Waters. His generals and

18 See above p. 2b for a similar phrase, which uses the term *ti-chün* (帝君).

19 The text writes "Jade Initiatory Force" or perhaps "Jade *Chi*-[Military Office]" (*yü-chi* 玉機), which most certainly is a mistake. This phrase does not occur anywhere else. I suppose that we should read *yü-shu chih cheng* (玉樞之政).

品天官).²⁹ The following rank has the Seal of the Mercury Heaven of Purple Radiance. Those who receive the seal carry it on their belt. They rely on it for years to use it when there are the occasions to summon thunder divinities, move mountains, exhaust the sea, expel dragons and cause rainfall.

Now, there are hidden forms [of spirit forces] that [either] soar in the void [or] walk on earth. They are fierce and wicked demons and deities, and you just use the seal in order to attach it to the spot where they dwell. They shall spontaneously perish. When you should raise dragons and cause rainfall, you use the seal to seal the amulets and memoranda (*fū tieh* 符牒). However, you must not use the seal in any faulty way. Divine, indeed, is the seal.

The seal of the subsequent rank is the Seal of the Fire Script of Thunder Radiance. (11a) Those who happen to receive the seal can use it in order to employ and dispatch the Five Thunders, punish and behead wicked and malignant spirits, raise clouds, bring about rainfall and subdue water monsters (*shui-kuai* 水怪). If men who cultivate perfection and concoct the elixirs receive the seal, they can use it to secure the site of an altar (*t'an-ch'ang* 壇場). Demons and monsters see its red shining over a distance of ten thousand *chang*, all the fire and smoke that range across heaven. The demons and monsters cannot show up [at the site] as intruders and thieves. When you carry [the seal] on your belt and happen to find yourself amidst [fighting] troops, blank weapons cannot harm your body. Concerning amulets and memoranda, you also use the seal to seal them.

Formerly, Lord Mao (Mao-chün 茅君) carried the seal on his belt. His rank was promoted to be Superior Chamberlain³⁰ and Arbiter of Fate at the Holy Mountain of the East (*Tung-yüeh shang-ch'ing ssu-ming* 東嶽上卿司命). Having ascended to heaven, he later bequeathed the pattern of the seal (*yin-uen* 印文) to our world.

Then there is the Seal of the Cavern-Magic of Jade-Dawn (*yü-ch'en tung-ling* 玉晨洞靈) that is also called Seal *Tou-k'uei* (斗魁印). Formerly Lord Mao additionally carried the seal on his belt. Anyone who happens to get this seal can use it to shine on and behead scaly sea serpents and wicked dragons. He can use it to summon thunder and cause rainfall. The immediate responses happen right in time, and [the seal] never fails. In case that you should pray for a clear sky, for

29 This is the divine title of the priest, who holds such seals.

30 See Hucker, p. 407, nr.4987.

snow to fall, to transmit salvation (*ch'uan-tu* 傳度)³¹ and dispatch [divine forces], for all these activities, you use the seal to seal [the appropriate documents]. Perhaps you issue formal documents, memorialise petitions as well as all the other types of official memoranda, amulets and reports, they shall ascend and arrive in time [in the heavens]. Generally, (11b) when you have these seals on your belt and your way takes you to provinces and districts, where religious rites³² for the god of the city wall and moat take place (*Ch'eng-buang* 城隍) you are always respectfully received.

(11b) Method of Consecrating Seals (*chi-yin fa* 祭印法)

For any consecration of thunder seals, you take six *ping* (丙) days when thunders had occurred. You arrange at night and beneath the pivot of the dipper an altar table that faces the *kang*-stars (罡). You put some fruits of the season on the table, but you must not use pomegranates, water chestnuts, the roots of lotus, *ko*-beans (葛), sweet cane, black cucumber (*t'u-kua* 土瓜) and the like. You properly take twelve portions of tee and wine, burn incense and look far out to the pivot of the dipper. You offer repeatedly your veneration to address above [in the heavens] the Commissioner at the Dipper and Secretarial Receptionist (*tou-hsia shu-hsiang t'ung-shih she-jen* 斗下樞相通事舍人)³³ and speak the [following] spell:

This evening your disciple burns incense and respectfully performs the Great Method of the Five Thunders in order to infuse [its might] into the divine seals to be jointly used to employ the [divine] emissaries. I do not dare to act alone on my own authority. I reverently submit my request to the Commissioner at the Dipper and Secretarial Receptionist, to the Commissioners of the Waterways³⁴ at the right and left sides, to the Lads of Jade-Perfection (*yü-wan t'ung-tzu* 玉完童子), to the Lower Memorial Processors (*tson-shih [kuan]* 奏事[官]) of the Five Thunders who attend to the amulets and to the Palace Guards (*kung-ts'ao* 功曹), who are in charge today.³⁵ I reverently submit my wish that you all descend riding your carriages as to receive and be pleased with my ample rites [of veneration].

31 Or translate: "transmit initiation and ordination".

32 *T'ü-t'ien* (祠典) has the meaning of *ssu-t'ien* (祀典).

33 *Hucker*, p. 435, nr. 5431; p. 556, nr. 7507. The divine title is possibly a mistake for *tou-chung shu-hsiang* (斗中樞相), see the pantheon IT 1220: 56.6a.

34 *Hucker*, p. 542, nr. 7282.

35 *Hucker*, p. 527, nr. 7042; p. 297, nr. 3489.

Again you salute three times, pour wine, burn incense and use (12a) [for the sacrifice] twelve pieces of gold currency and twelve cloud-horses (*yün-ma* 雲馬). The left hand and the right hand form twisting [the fingers] the *mudrâ* pattern-*ch'en* (辰文). You speak in silent meditation the [following] formula:

Heaven, help me to get the wood on a *ping* 丙 [-day].³⁶ Radiance of thunder, transform life. Pivot of the dipper (*ton* 斗), let your magic might descend. Change and let work the five phases (*wu-hsing* 五行). The eight trigrams (*pa-kua* 八卦) may be magically penetrating all around. The nine provinces may be in a state of awe. The Water Department may be the controlling agent, and the fire monsters must dissolve their outer forms. I wish to have the divine breaths descend and floating spread out everywhere in the nine [spheres] of purity. Act urgently as this is the law and order.

Having spoken the spell you concentrate on all the deities that descend and let the perfect breaths come close to you. You inhale [the perfect breaths and] lead them into the seal. You take [the seal] then back to a quiet room and must not allow women, chicken and dogs to see it. Do use [the seal] in accordance with the rules.

Spell for taking out the seal (*ch'u-yin chou* 出印呪): Fire bells in the palace, your scorching brightness combines and penetrates [all around]. Five Thunders of the five regions, let your radiance descend and arouse the wind. Might of heaven, terrify the four regions, and the evil forces will extinguish their tracks. Act urgently as this is the law and order.

(12b) Spell for using the seal (*yung-yin chou* 用印呪): August emperors of heaven do issue your orders to behead the wicked spirits and extinguish the cruel ones. The divine seal is stamped down right away, and wind and fire may thus become urgent and pressing. Act most urgently, as this is the law and order of the superior god-emperors.

Having spoken the spell you take the breath of thunder (*lei-ch'i* 雷氣) and blow it onto the seal. You concentrate your vision on the radiance of fire that extends over a distance of ten thousand feet. Above, it links up with the pivot of the *ton*-constellation (斗), and down here [on earth], it flows into the pattern (*wen* 文) of the seal. You concentrate on the radiance of the lightning of the Five Thunders that shakes and echoes in heaven and on earth. The Heaven of the Divine

36 See above p. 10b, which says that the wood for a seal has to be collected on special days.

Empyrean (*shen-bsiao t'ien* 神宵天) will be half-blue and half-red. You inhale these breaths into your mouth and blow them onto the seal.³⁷

Spell for taking back the seal (*ju-yin chou* 入印咒): Divine seal do return to the *sun* [-direction] (*sun* 巽). Jade lads do return to your [heavenly] palaces. All you functionaries do guard your positions. When you receive my summoning, you [must] follow suit. Act most urgently as this is law and order.

After speaking the spell, you wrap up the seal and let the Thunder officials and saints control it as before.³⁸ If you are not performing rituals, you must not take out and air the seal.

(13a) The Locations and Departments of the Five Thunders (*wu-lei suo-pu* 五雷所部)

The Fire Master says: In general, there are five [sorts of] thunders, namely the Heaven Thunder (*t'ien-lei* 天雷), the Divine Thunder (*shen-lei* 神雷), the Dragon Thunder (*lung-lei* 龍雷), the Water Thunder (*shuei-lei* 水雷) and the Altar of Earth Thunder (*she-ling lei* 社令雷).

A commentary in small print says: another name is Thunder of the Wicked-Spirits (*yao-lei* 妖雷). The Thunder of the Wicked-Spirits does not accept commands from the god-emperors and therefore its appellation is "wicked spirits".

What [the thunders] rule over is not at all the same, and their departments are to be distinguished. The men who study *Tao* and their disciples who receive the ritual methods all attain the means they can rely upon, and so they can issue memoranda, prayers and requests. However, in the case that one does not know these methods (*fang* 方), one exerts the mind in vain.

As to the Heaven Thunder (*t'ien-lei* 天雷), hundreds of officials and thousands of generals support above [in heaven] the Jade Emperor (*yü-ti* 玉帝) and below [on earth] they control *yin* and *yang* (陰陽). Their might and virtue weigh

37 Compare the paragraph *shu-fu* (書符) On Writing Amulets, in TT 1220: 69.14a-16a (*Wang shih-ch'ên ch' i-tao pa-tuan chin* 王侍宸祈禱八段錦) that echoes such statements.

38 This speaks of those divinities that the ritual addresses and involves. The formulation is opaque but we also find the formulation on TT 1220: 56.41b, where it should have the same meaning and application.

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extremely heavy. At the turn of a *kalpa* the superior god-emperors dispatch by decree this thunder to descend down to the world of man in order to re-open heaven and re-examine earth, to drum and agitate *ch'ien* and *k'un* (乾坤), to install the sun and get the moon [into position]. [The Heaven Thunder] is exceedingly honourable, which is quite beyond any words.

In case that the country [experiences] excessive heat during a few years in a row and famine and devastation rage throughout the world, it is appropriate then that all the kings in the country expose *tz'u*-texts (詞). They memorialise and make [the situation] known to the heavens and extend the information to all the [Thunder] officials as to implore them to send down [the Heaven Thunder] to help and save the world. Then it is that you can (13b) effectively use altars and rituals in accordance with the standards, but you must not have any erratic intentions.

The Divine Thunder (*shen-lei* 神雷) also has hundreds of officials and thousands of generals who reside in the centre of the three realms (*san-chieh* 三界). They all are stationed (*t'un-chu* 屯駐) in accordance with the seasons and on behalf of heaven they operate and exert their transforming influences. In one year and within the four seasons [the Divine Thunder] issues the paroles (*fa-hao* 發號) and dispatches orders (*shih-ling* 施令) as to spread evenly the rain and the moisture. In case that [the people in] the lower regions were neither loyal nor pious, neither humanitarian nor faithful (*chung/hsiao/jen/i* 忠孝仁義)³⁹ and [either] in their former lives [or] in their present time harmed all the creatures in hideous ways and unjustly amassed plenty of properties, the Three Officials (*san-kuan* 三官) then hand in [appropriate] reports to the higher [institutions in heaven] and have the [respective] names registered in the Files of the Wicked (*apu* 惡簿). The superior god-emperors order then the Divine Thunder to crusade (*fa* 伐) against [the guilty ones]. Today perhaps, when wild winds and heavy rain occur and shaking sounds of thunder punish and kill men and creatures, this is just such an event.⁴⁰ If you desire to activate the Divine Thunder, you must send up a report to the Three Monitoring Offices (*san-ssu* 三司) and let memorials soar up to the nine pure [heavens] (*ch'iu-ch'ing* 九清). Then it is that you can employ the Divine Thunder.

As to the Dragon Thunder (*lung-lei* 龍雷), the superior god-emperors conferred upon it the Dragon Palaces (*lung-kung* 龍宮) with ten thousand generals and

39 This is the traditional set of Confucian ideals and virtues.

40 This proves the operations of the Divine Thunder.

thousands of troops that support the Dragon Lord (龍君) who with his might and virtue preserves and protects the scriptures of the immortals (*hsien-ching* 仙經). In general, the Dragon Palaces in the sea store ten thousand chapters of scriptures of the immortals and immeasurable extraordinary treasures, which were also given by the heavenly emperors. The [Dragon] Thunder protects them. The Dragon Thunder rules over (14a) the help [that is required] for a whole region when droughts and inundations occur. If you desire to activate the [Dragon] Thunder, you send memorials that soar up to all the [spirit] officials and let them inform the superior god-emperors. [The superior god-emperors] hand down to the Chef of Dragon Thunder a warrant to proceed speedily and help. Definitely, there will be a response. Its winds are smooth and harmonious and its rain is subtle and widely spread, which is such an event.

As to the Water Thunder (*shuei-lei* 水雷), it is located at the Department of the Water Officials of the Lower Origin (*Hsia-yüan shui-kuan* 下元水官). The superior god-emperors conferred upon them the order to punish and behead the water monsters (*shui-yao* 水妖), to reward merits and crusade against faulty behaviour. Belonging to the ranks of the divinities, they also preside over the help for a whole region where disaster and drought occur. As to the officials and generals, it is all the same as with [the officials] of the Dragon Palaces. If you activate and dispatch them, you [first] must report to the officials and memorialise to the water department (*shui-pu* 水部). But after the memorials were heard, the responses will come within a certain [short] time.

Concerning the Altar of the Earth Thunder now, in the centre of a district or hamlet there were men who due to their loyalty and righteousness reprimanded the country. There were men who were pious and brave, ardent and fierce who reprimanded the rulers who deserted their battle lines. They retired then to their homes and died with anger. Their radiant, divine and magic nature assembled and formed the [Altar of the Earth] Thunder. The [Altar of the Earth] Thunder can arrest sea-monsters and dragons, arouse wild winds and fierce rainfall at unsuitable times, uproot trees and break down woods. [Such spirit-forces] regard it as fundamental to demand blood sacrifices (*hsieh-shih* 血食), but they can bring disaster and good luck for complete regions and their subtle affairs. (14b). When people offer sacrifices at the proper time, the wind and the rain will be harmonious. In the case that sacrifices and announcements (*chi-kao* 祭告) are neglected, [such spirit forces] cause fierce rainfall and wild winds, angry thunders and violent lightning that appear continuously. Great floods harm the people, the sprouts and the harvest, and thus hurt human life and existence (*hsing-ming* 性命). The people of today, be it in one province or in one territory, may well

emperors the title of *Lü-ling ta-shen* (律令大神) and was officially part of the Divine Thunder (*shen-lei* 神雷).⁴⁶

(15b) In the 5th month on the 5th day at *wu*-time (11 a.m. to 1 p.m.) this thunder [divinity] ascends to and enters the Lodge of the Fire Bell (*huo-ling chib chai* 火鈴之宅) at the Palace of the South, and on that day you can draft (*t'u* 圖) his apparition in a room for meditation. You use the blood of a goat, a fowl and a goose, five goat heads, five [sorts of] fruit of the season and pure wine to offer veneration for this great divinity during one day and one night.⁴⁷

When the divinity descends, you can make him arouse immediately clouds and rain. Within a moment the [divinity can] make a clear sky, stop the wind, extinguish monsters, stop epidemics and discard pestilence. The divinity can swallow the demons [that cause] epidemics. At the time of the offering you write out two pieces of the Amulet of Blazing Fire (*Yen-huo fu* 焱火符)⁴⁸ and place them on the [altar] table. The next day you take them back. You can use them to control any epidemics and wicked illnesses. The mysteries [of this method] are reserved for the oral transmission.

The presentation of the Amulet of Blazing Fire (*yen-huo fu* 焱火符) follows on pp. **15b-16b** together with the Spell in Veneration of the Divine Force (*chi-shen chou* 祭神咒):

Great Divinity of Law and Order, Venerable [Divinity] of Wind and Fire with a pair of armed and huge wings, you roam and soar through heaven and earth (*ch'ien-k'un* 乾坤), behead the bewitching spirits and swallow evil forces, bind up the demons and retain plagues, cause rain to fall suddenly [or] make presently

46 In other words, he belonged then to the position and function of Divine Thunder.

47 Compare TT 1220: 57.16a, for a similar arrangement (*chi-fa* 祭法), contained in *Shang-ch'ing yü-shu wu-lei chen-wen* (上清玉樞五雷真文), in: TT 1220: 57.1a sq.

48 For this amulet see TT 1220: 56.15b-16b. The following spell (*Chi-shen chou* 祭神咒) summarises the divine capabilities and influences that are featured in the preceding text. Also compare e.g. TT 1220: 57.16b-17a and 61.15b-17a which gives a superb dissection of the amulet (*san-hsing* 散形), featuring its parts and elements. See *Yen-huo lü-ling T'eng t'ien-chün ta-fa* (焱火律令鄧天君大法) which features Lord T'eng as "Leading Marshal" (*chu-shuai* 主帥), right after the overlord of the ritual, *Chiu-t'ien lei-tsu ta-ti* 九天雷祖大帝 in: TT 1220: 80. 1a sq. The chapter is dedicated to this Lord T'eng and his amulets, see e.g. pp. 6b-8a; pp. 22b-33b. This text also contains instructions on the composition of amulets and the performance of ritual steps, for example see TT 1220: 80.4b-6b.

a clear sky. Obey my spell, obey my summoning. Come and descend to the gate of *sun* (巽門)⁴⁹ and act urgently as this is law and order.

The Application of Thunder Breaths (*fu lei-ch'ü* 服雷氣)

This section of the text says (16b-17a): The men who receive the [Thunder] rituals⁵⁰ save people from illness and distress. They cut off the wicked spirits, chase away what is evil and heal illness (*chih-ping* 治病).⁵¹ They need attain the method "the Thunder Lord (*lei-kung* 雷公) invites the breaths", and then they can use the method [Application of Thunder Breaths]. After your initiation when the sound of thunder is suddenly heard, before or after the period Excited Insects (*ching-che* 驚蟄),⁵² you arrange properly an incense altar that faces the direction [of the thunder that you had heard]. (17a) Both of your hands form twisting the *mudrâ* Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局)⁵³ and with closed eyes you speak secretly the spell:

I received the manuals and rituals of the Five Thunders. Thunder and thunderclaps make mighty sounds. I internalize them to control thus my body and preserve my life (*pao-ming* 保命). I spit them out to bind up tightly the demons and punish evil forces. Divine breaths across a distance of ten thousand *chang*, do water the flowers of my stomach. Supreme and Fierce Emissary of Law and Order (*lü-ling* 律令), Silver Teeth, do act urgently as this is law and order.

After speaking the spell, you wait for the flash of lightning and the sound of thunder to occur. You look out for the direction and stare straight that way. You breathe in the breaths [of lightning and thunder] and swallow them twenty five times. There is shining in hiding (*yin-yin ming-ming* 隱隱明明). When the radiance comes down you swallow most hastily these breaths, which shall have the [desired] result.

49 The divinity enters at this point the ritual area.

50 Alternatively say "the rituals".

51 Or they „heal illness“.

52 See H.A.Giles: *A Chinese-English Dictionary*, p.26 ("March"). (Rpr. 1972 Taipei).

53 Compare F.C.Reiter: "The Discourse on the Thunders", p. 217, in: JRAS 14/3.

Writing out Amulets to Cure Illness, Raise Dragons
and Produce Rainfall (*shu-fu chih-ping ch' i-lung hsing-yü*)
書符治病起龍行雨

The following section (17a-18a) starts out with a quotation of the Fire Master who says:

The great methods that were handed down by the Court of the Emissaries of the Five Thunders (*Wu-lei shih-yüan* 五雷使院) [enable to] write out amulets, cure illness, raise dragons, produce rainfall, drive back floods and beg for clear skies. There are ritual instructions (*fa-chüeh* 法訣) for all of this, which must not be used in unauthorised ways. In case that there are offences (17b) [the ritual] will not have any divine force (*pu-shen* 不神).

If you have to write out an amulet, you prepare the ritual performance (*fa-i* 法儀) and set up an altar. You twist [the fingers to show] the *mudrā* The Divine Empyrean Calls out the Summons (*shen-hsiao hu-chao chüeh* 神宵呼召訣). You perform the [ritual] steps (*kang-pu* 罡步) in the direction of Southeast and the *sun-* (巽) window, present incense and summon the divine generals (*shen-chiang* 神將) to attend to the matter of concern. You start to memorialise to the superior god-emperors, to the Court of the Emissaries of the Five Thunders, to the Three Monitoring Offices of Thunder and Thunderclaps (*lei-i'ing san-ssu* 雷霆三司) and [finally to] the Chef Stuarts of the Five Thunders (*wu-lei chu-tsai* 五雷主宰). After this procedure you form twisting [your fingers] the *mudrā* Transform to be Divine (*p'ien-shen chüeh* 變神訣) and so transform yourself (*hua-shen* 化身) to be the Emissary of the Five Thunders.⁵⁴ You walk the steps Crack the Earth and Summon the Thunders (*p'o-ti chao-lei kang* 破地召雷罡).⁵⁵ When you reach the front side of the altar, you apply the *mudrā* Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局) and speak in meditation the spell:

Divine Constellation of the Jade Pivot, receive the decree for the Perfect King to crack the earth and summon the thunders, to punish and crusade against the cruel and wicked forces. Emissaries of the Five Thunders, hurriedly come up to the site of the altar and complying with my spell and decree start to chase away

54 Compare F.C.Reiter: "A Preliminary Study of the Taoist Wang Wen-ch'ing (1093-1153)", in: ZDMG 152/1, p. 172, translating "Assembling the Divine Force" (*Lien-shen* 鍊神); see TT 1220: 124.1b-2a. Again, the divine force is being created within the own body. In this sense, there is a clear identity of man and god. The concept of "spirit possession" (shamanism) most certainly does not apply.

55 Compare TT 1166 *Fa-hai i-chu* 6,23a-23b.

what is unlucky. Report to the five [thunder] departments that they let greatly descend their divine radiance. [The divine radiance] may flow into my brush and ink slab to write out the heavenly tracts⁵⁶ (*t'ien-chang* 天章) in seal script. The water monsters may perish and any evil ways⁵⁷ (*hsieh-tao* 邪道) may get scattered and vanish. Do act urgently as this is the law and order of the god-emperors of Thunder and thunderclaps (*lei-t'ing ti-chün* 雷霆帝君).

You speak the spell five times and concentrate [your vision] on the Emissaries of the Five Thunders, the Supreme Counsellors at the Jade Pivot, the *P'eng-lai*-Emissaries (蓬萊使者) of the god-emperor of the North (*pei-ti* 北帝). (18a) The thunder carriages together with the thunder divinities of the five departments, the officials, generals, servants and troops altogether descend down from heaven, come forth from the earth and hurry up to patrol. You reflect upon and visualize that the generals of the Five Thunders and their servants all transform their bodies (*bua-shen* 化身) and appear to be thick mist that together with the fire of the thunderclaps spread all around your brush, your ink slab, the red ink and also in the water and on the paper. After that, you grind your teeth (*k'ou-ch'ib* 叩齒) five times,⁵⁸ take the brush and shout out very loudly five times. You inhale the breaths five times (*wu-k'ou* 五口) and blow them onto the brush and the ink slab. You concentrate [your vision] on the radiance of fire that [shines] over a distance of ten thousand feet and combines a bright shining that projects on the person (*she-jen* 射人) who is responsible and commissioned to write the amulet.

A drawing of the Amulet of the Comprehensive Assistance of the Five Thunders (*wu-lei tsung-she fu* 五雷總攝符) follows. The amulet shows the character for thunder (*lei* 雷) that a curved line with five smaller circles on its inner periphery encircles. (18b) We learn "that the amulet on the right hand side represents the character thunder (*lei* 雷). After its completion the character or the drawing was enlarged with five [small] rings (*ch'üan* 圈) called Thunder One, Thunder Two, Thunder Three, Thunder Four and Thunder Five."⁵⁹ Twisting the hand to form the *mudrá* [pattern-] *sun* (巽) [you can use the amulet] to control the breaths of epidemics, illness and the wounds that were caused by cold and poison or any other wicked illness."

56 Or: „memorials for the heavens“

57 „evil ways“ is a rather opaque phrase which may point to competing ritual or exorcist specialists.

58 This is an established method, see F.C.Reiter: *Der Perlenbeutel aus den Drei Höhlen*, pp. 166-172, referring to TT 1139 *San-tung chu-nang* 10. 1a-11b.

59 See F.C.Reiter: "The Discourse on the Thunders", p.213.

Now we get the Amulet of the Five Locks (*wu-so fu* 五鎖符). The graphic design shows the character for the word well (*ching* 井) within a circle.

The spell [for this amulet] says: Thunder Deity of Heavenly Fire, Thunder Deity of Earthly Fire and Five Thunders let your magic might descend to lock up the demons and bar evil spirits.

The explanation states: The spell has to be spoken when you write the character *ching* (井). After this, you turn the brush around and smear (*t'u* 涂) seven times [seven circles on the character *ching* 井].⁶⁰ The same time you speak in your mind the spell: (19a) At the first turn [of my brush], the six spirits (*liu-shen* 六神) hide away. At the second turn [of my brush], the four killing forces (*ssu-sha* 四煞) perish. At the third turn [of my brush], the *k'uei*-star (*k'uei-kang* 魁罡)⁶¹ is agitated. At the fourth turn [of my brush], the fire of thunder rushes upwards. At the fifth turn [of my brush], the thunderclaps charge forth. At the sixth turn [of my brush] the mountain demons die. At the seventh turn [of my brush], what rebels against heaven and does not have *Tao* is collected and arrested to have the heads chopped off and the feet severed. The fifteen types of deities and demons that are not correct and cause misfortune rush altogether to surrender to my Five Thunders. They are not allowed to agitate and move. Act urgently as this is law and order.

The instruction says: After the spell was spoken, you take off the brush [with a quick movement of the hand] towards the direction of Southeast and exhale [noisily] the thunder breaths that enter the amulet. You concentrate on the sound of thunder that shakes the earth and on the radiance of fire within the amulet that reaches as far as ten thousand feet, and you bless then the dispatch [of the amulet].

Now we find the *mudrās* that go with the Amulet of the Five Locks (*wu-so fu-chüeh* 五鎖符訣): [When] heaven and earth are shaken by five sounds [of thunder] you write the character "well" (*ching* 井) and concentrate [your vision] on the fire of thunder and thunderclaps that enter the character *ching* (井). You form the *mudrā* [pattern-] *wu* (午), write the character *ching* (井) a second time and meditate on the Thunder Deity of the Fire of Heaven (*t'ien-huo lei-shen* 天火雷

60 I understand that in the end the amulet or character would be hidden under these circles in black ink.

61 The first star of the Big Dipper, compare F.C.Reiter: "The Discourse on the Thunders", p. 220.

神). After this, you form the *mudrā* [pattern-] *ch'ou* (丑) and meditate on the Thunder Deity of the Fire of Earth (*ti-huo lei-shen* 地火雷神), and then you meditate on the Thunder-Fire One, the Thunder-Fire Two, the Thunder-Fire Three, the Thunder-Fire Four (19b) and the Thunder-Fire Five. When you pass the twelve branches (*chih* 支) [pointing them out on your palm], the sequence starts out at the position of *tzu* (子) to pass [the position of] *wu* (午) and the twelve branches [altogether]. When you reach [again] the position of *tzu* (子), you form the [mudrā] Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局). You meditate then on the Five Thunders that send down their divine might, lock up the demons and bar the evil spirits. Now, you proceed as above and recite in meditation the spell on the seven circles [drawn by the writing brush] (*ch'i-chuan chou* 七轉咒). At the first turn [of the brush], you form the *mudrā* [pattern-] *mao* (卯).⁶² At the second turn [of the brush], you form the *mudrā* [pattern-] *yin* (寅). At the third turn [of the brush] you form the *mudrā* [-pattern] *ch'ou* 丑. At the fourth turn [of the brush], the middle finger (*chung-chih* 中指) points to the central line on the palm (*chung-wen* 中文). At the fifth turn, the fourth finger points to the upper line [on the palm]. At the sixth turn, the fourth finger points to the central pattern [on the palm]. At the seventh turn, you form the *mudrā* [pattern-] *tzu* (子)."⁶³ The concluding statement in this paragraph says that this [spell and method] rely on the above method of smearing circles of black ink on [the amulet] with the writing brush that finally must be taken off [with a quick movement of the hand] towards the direction of Southeast.

The result of the action is show on p.19b, which shows a fat and round black dot with a slim tail pointing upwards beyond its left upper part. This indicates the movement of the brush that was quickly taken off. The black dot hides the amulet.

The following amulet has the title Amulet of the Green Dragon of the Breath of Life (*sheng-ch'i ch'ing-lung fu* 生氣青龍符) that is good for gaining prosperity and keeping monsters under control (*chao-ts'ai chen-kuai* 招財鎮怪). The description says: First inhale the breath of life of the East and let it enter the palace of the liver. You blow then the breath onto the tip of the brush that

62 This most certainly means that the individual positions of the branches of earth on the palm are being pointed out (*tien* 點) or counted, which I call a *mudrā*.

63 See F.C.Reiter: "The Discourse on the Thunders", pp. 212-221, in: JRAS 14/3. These chronological and calendar elements are most important for Thunder Magic, at least in the perception of Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿). Obviously, any time some position on the palm is being pointed to or pressed upon, we have a specific pattern *mudrā*. In some statements, the word *wen* "pattern" (文) obviously means "lines".

together with your eyes shines radiantly, (20a) and write the amulet. You form the *mudrá* [pattern-] *chen* (震), grasp the breath of life and concentrate [your vision] on the green dragon that riding the breath enters the amulet.

The amulet is shown in a dispersed form (*san-hsing* 散形) that is used for learning and memorizing the composition and the internal meaning of the drawing. The amulet itself must be done in a fast and concentrated action that results in the assembled or complete form (*chü-hsing* 聚形) of the amulet. We see on p.20a the ideal form of the amulet. The meaning of the individual parts of the amulet is stated as follows: Shaking thunders rise fast, fire wheels display their abundance. Three-and-Five, the Iron Face, hurriedly rides on strong smelling smoke. Dragons speedily hurry on like lightning, riding rapidly on cloud carriages. They call in prosperity (*chao-ts'ai* 招財), keep guard on residences and assist to destroy the sources of wicked influences.⁶⁴

Another amulet follows. It is called the Amulet of the Soaring Sword that Arrests Dragons (*fei-chien chuo-lung fu* 飛劍捉龍符). The commentary explains that the amulet keeps guard on residences and sites (*chai-lung* 宅龍)⁶⁵ and brings security to men and creatures. It severs and subdues demons and all those spirit forces that kill. P. 20b shows a few small graphic designs that altogether constitute the amulet. The explanations for each single part of the drawing are telling: The military detachment on the left hand side and the military detachment on the right hand side, both of them shake roaring the three realms. Lord of Thunder and Mother of Lightning, arrest quickly the wicked spirits. Generals of the Thunder Lord of the Green God-Emperor; generals of the Thunder Lord of the Red God-Emperor; generals of the Thunder Lord of the White God-Emperor; generals of the Thunder Lord of the Black God-Emperor; generals of the Thunder Lord of the Yellow God-Emperor, do rise quickly, do rise quickly as to arrest the wicked and bewitching dragons.⁶⁶

P. 21a contains the Amulet Raise the Dragon and Cause Rainfall (*ch'i-lung chib-yü fu* 起龍致雨符).⁶⁷ The decree and spell for the amulet say: Black clouds,

64 Due to small printing, some of the characters are rather difficult to identify. The translation is tentative.

65 "dragon" could refer to promontories or hilly sites where houses are built, in accordance with the diction of *feng-shui* (風水). For example, see S.D.R. Feuchtwang: *An Anthropological Analysis of Chinese Geomancy*, p. 15. Vientiane 1974.

66 The colours represent the totality of the cosmos and its positive spirit forces. For the generals, see the pantheon TT 1220: 56.9b.

67 An alternative name is indicated in small print that is not clearly readable.

which is the auspicious sign may ascend. T'ai-i (太乙) may support [the rise of] the morning. Jade dawn and divine force of the cavern let the *yin*-[darkness] (陰) sink down to give reign to the dragons. The iron plate [with the amulet] was just now exposed.⁶⁸ Thunder masters (*lei-shih* 雷師) prop up [the shafts of the Thunder] carriage: Grand Senior T'ai-shang (T'ai-shang hao-weng 太上浩炁), most urgently receive [this] order from the Lord of Origin (Yüan-chün 元君).

The subsequent explanation gives the following information: When in commanderies and cities excessive droughts lasted a long time and any prayers for rain had not been answered, you then search out famous mountains (21b) and grotto-caves (*tung-hsüeh* 洞穴) that have sites with dragon-pools. You suitably set up an altar in accordance with the rules and recite the spells.⁶⁹ Consequently, you take a [square] iron plate that has a length of nine *ts'un* and a width of three *ts'un* and use red ink to write the precious amulet. You speak in meditation the spell forty nine times, and then you throw the plate with the memorial [and amulet] down into the pool. You dispatch all the [spirit] functionaries, officials and generals who pledge then to receive the city god and the god of the earth (*ch'eng-huang she-ling* 城隍社令) to raise together the thunders and cause rainfall. They will come down right in time. First, you must prepare and get in [proper] form the memorials and petitions, and then everything is just fine.

You use unwrought iron in order to cast the [iron] plate that is thick one *ts'un* and broad seven *ts'un* for the single ritual. The plate has a length of one *ch'ih* and two *ts'un*. When there is the occasion for prayers and requests, you also write out four pieces of the Amulet Raise the Dragon and Cause Rainfall [*ch'i-lung chih-yü fu* 起龍致雨符]. You put them together with an Amulet of Floating Mercury (*liu-tan fu* 流丹符) into the four jars (*weng* 瓮) that you place on the four corners of the altar.

Now we see a drawing of the just mentioned Amulet of Floating Mercury. (22a) The following description says that the amulet uses an iron leaf (*t'ieh-yeh* 鐵葉) that is long nine *ts'un* and broad three *ts'un*. You engrave the amulet using red [colour]. You do this a second time to fill in [the red colour] where it was deficient.

68 This most certainly refers to the practice known as the „exposure of dragon tablets" (*t'ou lung-chien p'in* 投龍簡品). See F.C.Reiter: Der Perlenbeutel aus den Drei Höhlen pp. 39-41. Compare TT 1139 *San-tung chu-nang* 2.8a-12a.

69 This is the preceding text.

The Amulet of the Great Divinity of Blazing Fire (*yen-huo ta-shen fu* 焱火大神符) is the following theme.⁷⁰ The amulet consists of a number of graphs for which we get some explanations: The left eye is the sun. The right eye is the moon. Open the eyes, and the shining of fire shines over a distance of ten thousand *chang*, illuminates heaven and earth, and extinguishes evil demons. Heaven is round and earth is square. There are six rules, nine paragraphs and eight trigrams (*pa-kua* 八卦).⁷¹ Emissary of Savage Thunder of the East, do most speedily rise up. Emissaries of the Five Directions just do the same. **(22b)** The supreme god-emperors (*shang-ti* 上帝) have the decree to sweep clean the nine provinces. Where the response is not compliant, [the perpetrator] is to be fixed below the five holy mountains. Act most urgently as this is law and order. Fire of thunder, do burn and destroy. Demons will be terrified and divinities will be grieving. On the right side you blaze [with flames]⁷² Mount K'un-ch'iu (崑丘) – and the four rivers (*ssu-tse* 四澤) stop their flow. On the left side you blaze [with flames] the five holy mountains – and the stars fall down from heaven. You drag the heaven and pull the earth. Your hands rout the clouds of fire. Soaring high you search the cosmos (*liu-ho* 六合) and let lightning stream through the great void. Dragons find themselves tied up. Demons and divinities extinguish their traces. Fire chariots approach hurriedly across [a distance of] ten thousand *chang*. The heat [of the sun] (*ping-ting* [*huo*] 丙丁 [火]) destroys any doubts, burns demons (*fan-kuei* 梵鬼) and extinguishes disasters,⁷³ urgently, most urgently!

(23a) The following decree and spell say: Generals and emissaries of the Three Monitoring Offices, today you attend to this amulet (*chih-fu* 直符) and following me urge the emissaries to accept respectfully and obey the heavenly amulet (*t'ien-fu* 天符) in order to collect and arrest the demoniac thieves, to push back illness and disperse annoyances. What dares to rebel against the command,

70 Despite the grand title, the amulet and its description are abbreviations of the Amulet of Blazing Fire in: TT 1220: 61.15a-17b. Concerning this amulet, see F.C.Reiter: "The Management of Nature: Convictions and Means in Daoist Thunder Magic (Daojiao leifa)", in: AAS 29, pp. 203-205, in: F.C.Reiter ed.: Purposes, Means and Convictions in Daoism. There are a few minor variants in the translation. Concerning the divinity Great Divinity of Blazing Fire, also see TT 1220: 56.6a of the pantheon.

71 "Six rules" may refer to the six upper musical pitchpipes of ancient music, and "nine paragraphs" may stand for the nine branches of mathematics, which together with the eight trigrams describes the totality of the cosmic order using antique and formal expressions.

72 I take the character *shan* (煽) to stand for *shan* (煽).

73 The three characters after *ping-ting* (丙丁) are almost unintelligible. This is a tentative translation.

thunder axes may speedily execute. The superior god-emperors issue this command to drive away and expel [all molestations].

Having spoken the spell you open [the hand with the *mudrā*] Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局) and let it enter (*ju* 入) the amulet. You burn [spirit] money, [spirit] horses and the memorial (*cha-tzu* 劄子). You dispatch the divine generals and palace guards (23b) that go along with the command of the amulet and disperse and control. The results will immediately become evident.

We learn that this amulet shows the true form (*chen-hsing* 真形) of the great divinity. It can immediately bring about a clear sky or rainfall, punishes and crusades against wicked forces, beheads evil spirits and expels bad influences, swallows and devours the demons of epidemics. All the divine effects [of the amulet] can hardly be reported. This is the supreme amulet in the centre of the thunder departments, which is available. Formerly, the Perfect Lords Wu [Meng] (吳猛) and Hsü [Sun] (許遜) and the followers of these masters all received this mystery.⁷⁴

Now we find the Amulet that Circulates Thunders and Hits Evil Spirits (*yün-lei ta-shi fu* 運雷打祟符). (24a) The ritual method for the amulet [works as follows:] [The fingers of] both hands start pressing (*tien* 點)⁷⁵ [the position of] *mao* (卯) [on the palm] and continue to press the [following] positions of *ch'en* (辰), *wu* (午), *shen* (申), *bai* (亥) and *wei* (未) except [the position of] *tzu* (子). Freeze [the hands] that clutch tightly the *mudrā* Five Thunders (*wu-lei chüeh* 五雷訣). You start out from the sides of both ears to move your hands [with the *mudrā*] around in a circle, and [at the same time] you recite in meditation the Spell Five Thunders (*wu-lei chou* 五雷咒). You perform then the ritual paces Cracking the Earth and Summoning the Thunders (*p'o-ti chao-lei kang* 破地召雷咒),⁷⁶ shout out to summon the Five Thunders and concentrate upon their arrival. You look out for the locality where the evil forces are, take the two hands with the *mudrā* Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局) and press them down on both ears that you strike as the Thunder drums (*lei-ku* 雷鼓). You let both eyes flash to be the radiance of lightning (*tien-kuang* 電光) and spit out water to be wind and rain. You release the *mudrā*s (*fa-chüeh* 發訣) and focus [your meditation] on the rumbling of thunder and thunderclaps (*lei-t'ing pi-li* 雷霆霹

74 Concerning the two Taoists, see J.M.Boltz: A Survey of Taoist Literature, Tenth to Seventeenth Centuries, pp. 70-72. Berkeley 1987. See F.C.Reiter: "A Preliminary Study of the Taoist Wang Wen-ch'ing", p. 159-160, in: ZDMG 152/1.

75 The following positions are all earthly branches.

76 See above and TT 1166: 6.23a-23b.

靈), that roaring evolves and proceeds to decapitate and extinguish the evil and wicked spirits.

The Spell Gather at the *Kang*-[Stars] (收罡斗咒) follows: All stars (*hsing-tou* 星斗) come back to the *kang*-[position] (罡).⁷⁷ I lead my steps back to the Pure Hall (*ch'ing-t'ang* 清堂).⁷⁸ Divine animals support me. All deities support me [as my spirit] generals. Whatever I ("my person" *wu-shen* 吾身) aim at, sun and moon are radiantly shining just as much. Act urgently as this is law and order.

The Establishment of Hells for Evil Demons (*Chih-hsieh chien-yü fa* 治邪建獄法)

(24b) The descriptive explanation of the ritual⁷⁹ refers to the Fire Master who says as follows: the great method of the Five Thunders (*wu-lei ta-fa* 五雷大法) especially sends down [to us] the secrets of the jade amulets that control evil forces and behead wicked spirits. In unusual circumstances they save the living beings from the dangers of heavy distress and calamities, cleanse all creatures from their dark and gloomy faults, exterminate shrines (*lu-miao* 戮廟), expel bad forces, punish wicked spirits and cure diseases. For all of this there are specialised offices [that are in charge]. In the case that such wicked spirits and evil forces (*ching-hsieh* 精邪) are around in the world you just take amulets and [consecrated] water (*fu-shui* 符水) that you provide either to be swallowed or to be carried [on the belt].⁸⁰ Peace and health will come in due time.

In case that those wicked forces have an outer shape and substance, they soar in the void or walk on earth. Some wicked divinities in the water and on earth cause calamities. Water monsters (*shui-yao* 水妖) cause misfortune (*nieh* 孽), and when they all do not yield to the control by amulets, there is the method of establishing hells (*chien-yü fa* 建獄法). You command the Three Monitoring Offices (*san-ssu* 三司) to arrest, bind up and transfer [such malignant elements] to the hell, where they are checked and brought under control. [In this way] you

77 This should refer to „...the bowl of the constellation the Big Dipper“.

78 This may be the heavenly sphere that is visited in meditation as to adopt the radiant might of the central cosmic sphere that stars define.

79 Alternatively translate simply: “method”. This theme is connected with rituals of healing, see, for example, TT 1220: 59.1a-10b.

80 Obviously *t'un-p'ei* (吞佩) are two different modes of application, otherwise the translation “amulet water” would have been fine.

eliminate forever their very roots and origin. After establishing a hell, you can use it according to the rules.

Now we find the title: Hell of thunder and lightning that check and control (*lei-tien k'ao-chih yü* 雷電考治獄). The square drawing of the hell is rather poor. However, we get the following information (25a): In the three realms (*san-chieh* 三界), the hell bars and arrests all those, who belong to [spirit] officers and generals, managers of sacrifices,⁸¹ to the immortal officers of the lower echelons and [other] officials who do not have *Tao* and belong to the demons and divinities who [wrongly] adopt personal names and attach themselves to people to commit any sorts of faults and insult and distort Taoist rituals (*tao-fa* 道法) and do not surrender to heavenly amulets (*t'ien-fu* 天符). You establish this hell [for them].

The following hell is called: Hell of the comets with the radiance of fire (*huo-kuang liu-hsing yü* 火光流星獄). We learn that this hell is made to put away and arrest scaly dragons, poisonous scorpions and any sorts of water monsters. When they have fully attained their capacity, they rise up to (25b) reach [the rank of] *yin*-officials (*yin-kuan* 陰官) in the Water Department (*shui-fu* 水府). Without any reason they harm people, [spoil] sprouts and the harvest, let water shoot forth, swell rivers, capsize passenger boats, swallow and devour living beings, and being without *Tao* they cause any disasters. You use this [hell] to bar and control [them].

The following hell is called: Hell of the poisonous and harmful metal spirits (*chin-ching tu-bai chih yü* 金精毒害之獄). This hell puts away and bars the mountain spirits and wood deities (*shan-ching mu-shen* 山精木神) in the world, the wicked spirits that have fully attained the capacity of the five elements. Only these monsters (*ching-kuai* 精怪) are wicked spirits. They have outer shapes and figures and attach themselves to the physical form of the human body. Sometimes [such elements] are in hiding and sometimes they become visible. You use this hell for all of them.

The hell is in charge of the trouble caused by the Nine Wells (*chiu-ch'üan k'ü-nao chih yü* 九泉苦惱之獄).⁸² This hell is said (26a) to put away and bar epidemics and any sorts of demons (*mo-kuei* 魔鬼) that cause trouble for the

81 See Hucker nrs. 1015,6650.

82 The name Nine Wells stands for the Hades or for death, see H.A.Giles: A Chinese-English Dictionary nr.2263. Rpr. Taipei 1972.

condition and outer appearance of temples and harm the natural disposition of people. [The hell puts away and bars] demons and divinities (*kuei-shen* 鬼神) that in the world operate as savage robbers and thieves who do not comply with Great *Tao*, harm the country and hurt the people. This hell bars them all.

The hell of the gloomy platform-tower and the long night (*yu-t'ai ch'ang-yeh chih yü* 幽臺長夜之獄) (26b) puts away and bars what is not connected with correct sacrifices (*cheng-ssu* 正祀). When clan members formerly were not in accord with *Tao*, they conceal themselves in corpses. As itinerant demons and wicked spirits (*k'o-kuei hsieh-shen* 客鬼邪神), they are dependent on outer [physical] forms. [In this way] they enter dreams, throw pebbles and strike with stones, rob and occupy men and creatures, debauch wives and usurp rooms and porches of the people. The five [social] relationships (*wu-tao* 五道) and everything are no longer in good order. These false divinities and pretentious immortals (*wei-shen cha-hsien* 偽神詐仙) eternally cut off the roots and sources [of the people].

As a response, you set up the hell. You deliberate in detail the big and small arrangements and principles, send soaring petitions to the Three Monitoring Offices (*san-ssu* 三司) and memorialise vis-à-vis the supreme god-emperors a complete report that explains the source of the wicked causes and where their presence can be spotted. You also state, which hell you established at a southeastern location.⁸³ You then beg that the Five Thunders of the Three Monitoring Offices (*san-ssu wu-lei* 三司五雷) may be sent down to a visit on earth, first of all to put away and arrest the lewd and malignant forces of any quality and to rush them down into the hell where they are barred and controlled.

When you have written the report in accordance with the [proper] style, you approach then the family where the wicked person lives. You choose and cleanse a room in the southeastern [part of the house]; using incense and water to wash away any faults. You take the ashes of the incense burner and establish the hell [laying out the ashes on the ground] according with the model.⁸⁴

Every hell [of this type] has a diameter of nine *ts'un*. You use one branch of a peach tree with a length of three *ch'ih* and fasten red silk [streamers] on its upper

83 This refers to the notorious *sun*-direction (巽).

84 The ashes are used to design or lay out the hell on the floor.

end. Each (27a) of them is long five *ts'un*. You stick [the branch] into the centre of the gate of every hell and attach its name [on the branch].

After this, you burn incense and invite the Chef Managers (*chu-tien* 主典) who investigate vicious demons and revise and correct [the archives of] the good ones and the bad ones. You invite the Chef Stewards (*chu-tsai* 主宰) of the Five Thunders⁸⁵ who are in control of the hells, the Emissaries who are in control of the ordinances and investigate by torture (*tien-lu k'ao-chin shih che* 典錄拷禁使者), the Emissaries who bind up the *hun*-souls and deport them under supervision (*chuan-hun chien-sung shih-che* 縛魂監送使者), the Emissaries of Law and Order (律令使者), the Emissaries who transmit the orders (*ch'uan-ling shih-che* 傳令使者) and the Thirty Six stalwarts of the thunder-drums (*san-shih-liu lei-ku li-shih* 三十六雷鼓力士),⁸⁶ and you implore them all to descend and form a guard for the hell to lock up its gates.

It does not take very long and their apparitions become visible. After their appearances became visible, they measure the weight of the crimes, whether they have to execute [the culprits] or imprison them. Perhaps they send them to the Office of Thunder and Thunderclaps of the Emperor of the North (*Bei-ti lei-t'ing ssu* 北帝雷霆司) and the *P'eng-lai* Office (蓬萊司), where their cases will be judged according with the law. Only the Court of the Jade Pivot (*yü-shu yüan* 玉樞院) does not correct crimes (*chih-tsui* 治罪).

85 See Hucker, p.514, nrs.6515, 6809.

86 For the emissaries see, TT 1220: 56.8b of the pantheon. For the thirty-six stalwarts, see p.9a. Many of the divinities in the pantheon do not appear in our texts. However, the names that we can identify in the pantheon are just enough to prove that the materials in chapter 56 are homogeneous. Concerning the method of "binding up" (arresting) souls, see TT 1220: 59.7a-7b, which involves the *mudrā* Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局) and a spell addressing the Five Thunder Emissaries (*wu-lei shih-che* 五雷使者).

Altars and Prayers for Rain or Clear Skies

The presentation first features the model for the altar that is used to pray for rain (*ch' i-yü t'an-shih* 祈雨壇式). The Fire Master says that the official administrators will have to expose *tz'u*-prayers (投詞) when droughts last long in all the territories of the country, when the provinces and commanderies lack rain.⁸⁷ The officials pray that relief and help would be brought about, and so it is that they record the prayer-texts for exposure to memorialise and make [the situation] known (27b) to the superior god-emperors. At the same time, they notify the Court of the Emissaries of the Five Thunders (*wu-lei shih-yüan* 五雷使院) and the Three Monitoring Offices of Thunders and Thunderclaps (*lei-t'ing san-si* 雷霆三司). They beg that [these institutions] especially send down instructions to direct the [spirit] officials at the lower echelons that an amnesty is granted for culprits among the people of the whole region. After this, [the local officials] implore that some specific Thunder may send down a lot of rain and moisture to save what got scorched and dried out. When the memorial dispatch for any specific thunder was made, asking that a lot of rain may quickly fall but obviously there is no response at all, [the officials] go then to a spot that corresponds above [on heaven] with the *T'ai-sui* [star] (太歲). They take good yellow clay and build an altar with three levels.

The upper level is broad two *chang* and four *ch'ih*. The middle level is broad two *chang* and eight *ch'ih*, and the lower level is broad three *chang* and two *ch'ih*. Each of them is high one *ch'ih* and three *ts'un*. The officials place new long-necked earthen jars holding four flourishing branches at the four corners of the altar. They use a dragon pool to immerse four elixir amulets (*tan-fu* 丹符). The incense table (*hsiang-an* 香案) must be placed in the centre [of the altar] in order to venerate the commissioners (*shu-hsiang* 樞相)⁸⁸ of the Three Monitoring Offices (*san-ssu* 三司). Altogether, there are four of them. Veneration is offered to all the officials and generals of the thunder departments⁸⁹ (*lei-pu* 雷部) at the four sides of the ground level of the altar. One employs seven priests (*dao-shih* 道士) to stand on the altar and present the notifications [about the matter of concern]. At three points of time, namely *ch'en-* (辰), *wu-* (午) and *yu-* (酉) the

87 The term "official" (*kuan-ssu* 官司) alludes to the official sphere of the administration. However, in this case the spirit official or Taoist priest should be addressed.

88 See *Hucker*, nr. 5431, p. 435.

89 Alternatively say "thunder categories".

ritual master (*fa-shih* 法師) grasps his sword. At the Window of Earth (*ti-hu* 地戶) of the altar he starts to perform the ritual paces "the soaring (28a) dragon brings rain" (*fei-lung chih-yü kang* 飛龍致雨罡), and so he ascends the altar.

A commentary in small print says that there is also the (alternative) name "paces to produce water and summon the thunders" (*tso-shui chao-lei kang* 作水召雷罡).

The ritual master ascends the altar and walks around it nine times, turning to the left hand side, and nine times he recites the spell "summoning the dragon to bring rain" (*chao-lung chih-yü chou* 召龍致雨咒). He says then in a loud voice: In this-or-that area, rain and moisture have failed to come in time. The *Tao* of Heaven was set for a long drought. I look up with respect to the Five Thunders and down here petition to have the service of the Emissary who Attends to the Amulet that he may quickly arouse the Three Monitoring Offices of Thunders and Thunderclaps to direct any thunder to send speedily a lot of rain in order to save what had been scorched and dried out. I have already memorialised [this problem] and made it known to the supreme god-emperors. Act most urgently and quickly without any offence against my order.

Having finished shouting aloud [these words the ritual master] descends again from the altar at its Window of Earth. It does not take longer than three days until thunder, thunderclaps and rain occur. Then again, the ritual master prepares memorials to make it known and express thanks vis-à-vis the supreme god-emperors. The ritual master arranges a *chiao*-ritual (醮),⁹⁰ returns the clay of the thunder altar and the earthen jars handing them over to the river *Cb'ang-chiang* (長江).⁹¹ A graphic design depicts the altar, reflecting the indications in the preceding text. The picture also shows the characters Gate of Heaven (*t'ien-men* 天門) above the top level of the altar and the characters Window of Earth below the first level of the altar. (28b) A short line above the sketchy drawing of the altar explains that the altar table is to be installed on the top level. Below the drawing, we read where the veneration has to be offered: Below the altar at its four sides.

90 This serves a thanksgiving festivity.

91 This is the sole indication that could suggest the origin of these materials in a specific geographic setting which is Chiang-hsi province from where Wang Wen-ch'ing (王文卿) hails (Chien-ch'ang [建昌] district).

The next theme is the model for an altar to pray for a clear sky (*ch' i-ch'ing t'an shih* 祈晴壇式). The Fire Master says: When in the territories of the country, in provinces and cities, rain pours down continuously for [many] months in a row, [the rivers] Chiang and Ho swell, and if this development is not due to heavenly orders (*t'ian-ming* 天命) then it is due to bewitching dragons and water monsters. They cause misfortune (*nieh* 孽) to harm the people and the creatures. If the rulers of the country and the regional wardens (*shou-t'u chang-kuan* 守土長官)⁹² wish to pray for a clear sky and for the rain and water to recede quickly, then it is necessary to inform (*shen* 申) the Court of the Emissaries of the Five Thunders and the Three Monitoring Offices of Thunders and Thunderclaps. The rulers of the country and the leading regional wardens altogether memorialise to the supreme god-emperors, present a *tz'u*-[complaint] to point out that it all looks like a proper heavenly disaster (*t'ien-tsai* 天災).⁹³ They will ask then for a basic amnesty for the culprits among the living beings, and that the rain would be put away and the floods be pushed back. As they fear that bewitching water [-spirits] (*shui-yao* 水妖) committed faults, they ask for the dispatch of the officials and generals of the Three Monitoring Offices (29a) and all the battalions of the Five Thunders (*wu-lei pu* 五雷部眾) to descend, put away and crusade [against such evil elements].

When on the second day there is no response at all, on the third day then you choose a high mountain or a place without any water. You take yellow clay and build at the site an altar with three levels that has the extensions of the type of altar [that has to be built to] pray for rain. However, [in this case] each level of the altar is only thick one *ch'ih* and two *ts'un*. When the construction of the altar is complete, you place the incense table on the upper level. You present then veneration for the Fierce Divinity that Carries the Wind on the Back (負風猛神), for the Great Divinity Earl of the Wind (*feng-po ta-shen* 風伯大神) and the Great Divinity of Blazing Fire (*yen-huo ta-shen* 焱火大神).⁹⁴ Veneration must be offered for the rulers of the four offices (*ssu-ssu chu* 四司主) on two sides [of the altar]. You place one empty long-necked jar in each of the four corners of the middle platform of the altar, all made of red iron ore. You put into each

92 Compare Hucker, nr. 143, p. 110.

93 Of course, the ritual presentation is the task of the Thunder specialist and priest, who is employed to perform the rituals. See below, the address is "you".

94 This is Teng Po-wen (鄧伯溫), see F.C.Reiter: "Preliminary Study of the Taoist Wang Wen-ch'ing", pp. 172-173, in: ZDMG 152/1; and the same: "The Discourse on the Thunders", pp. 222-225, in: JRAS 14/3. See the pantheon, TT 1220: 56.6a. Concerning the Fierce Divinity that Carries the Wind on the Back (*fu-feng meng-shen* 負風猛神), see TT 1220: 81.1a sq. and the preceding chapter in this book.

jar one Amulet of the True Shape of [the Great Divinity] of Blazing Fire (*yen-huo chen-hsing fu* 焱火真形符). All around on the four sides [of the altar] and on the ground level you receive respectfully the Thunder Departments (*lei-pu* 雷部). You employ Taoist priests (*tao-shih* 道士) as usual who invoke and display the ritual procedures.⁹⁵ The head priest (*chu-fa* 主法) chooses three points of time, namely *yin* (寅), *wu* (午) and *hsü* (戌) to grasp his sword and perform the [ritual] paces "urge the dragons to suck up the flood" (*ch'ü-lung hsi-shui kang* 驅龍吸水罡). He ascends the altar at the Window of Earth (*ti-hu* 地戶).⁹⁶ The priest walks forty-nine circuits around [the altar] towards the right hand side, and he recites "the spell to put away the flood and make a clear sky" (*shou-shui tso-ch'ing chou* 收水作晴咒). When the recitation of the spell has ended, [the head priest] burns an Amulet of the True Shape of [the Great Divinity] of Blazing Fire in the incense burner. There are oral instructions (*k'ou-chüeh* 口訣) for this. Consequently, [the priest] descends (29b) from the altar. When right in time the wind arises, the clouds are put away and the rainfall stops, then it is that you arrange a *chiao*-festivity (醮) to thank for the [divine] mercy and send up [an appropriate] documentation. All of this must accord with the rules. After ending these procedures, you bury the clay of the altar together with the long-necked jars in a location of a *wu*-position (*wu* 午). You must not disrespectfully dump the clay.⁹⁷

Spell to pray for rain (*ch'ü-yü chou* 祈雨咒): Grand Master of Prime Origin (*T'ai-yüan hao-shih* 太元浩師), Essence of Thunder and Fire, combine *yin* and gather *yang* (yin-yang 陰陽), keep guard on the Thunder Wall (*lei-ch'eng* 雷城)⁹⁸. Earl O (*O-po* 闕伯)⁹⁹ with wind and fire, do ascend to the Abyss-Hall (*yüan-t'ing* 淵庭), let the wind blow and lightning abound, arouse the magic forces out of darkness and let them whirl around [Mount] *T'ai-hua* (太華). Give commands to lords and retainers as the supreme god-emperors have the decree to act most urgently to put away the *yang* (陽) and let rain come down, which

95 This statement could make the impression that the preceding matters were administered by secular official. I think that this is not the case but all of this is a Taoist specialist matter that ritual masters take care of.

96 In the Southeast corner of the altar, see above.

97 Notice, these altars are temporarily set up. It takes some care and precautions to dismantle them after the ritual. Thunder Magic does not need the stage of temples or cloisters. The *wu*-position (*wu* 午) refers to a point on the geomantic compass.

98 See F.C.Reiter: "The Discourse on the Thunders", pp. 218-219, esp. note nr. 90, in: JRAS 14/3.

99 Concerning this name, see TT 1220 *Tao-fa hui-yüan* 133.13b, which shows the Earl to be a great general of the Fire Department of the South. His name, unfortunately, is barely readable.

[must] happen immediately. Send forth urgently the dragons and grasp tightly the lightning that they emerge from darkness and pools. Today I have the honour to speak the spell that must be realised speedily as this is a command by the Jade Emperor (Yü-ti 玉帝) for you. Whoever ventures to decline [commits] a crime that does not weigh lightly. Act urgently as this is law and order.

The following Spell of Lord Wood (*mu-lang chou* 木郎咒) says: Heaven of *ch'ien*, (*ch'ien-t'ien* 乾天) let your shining stream. Jade Pool of the East (*yü-ch'ib* 玉池) cast off your fire across a distance of ten thousand miles. In the *K'an*- and *Chen*-palaces (坎震宮) the Lord Wood, (30a) *T'ai-i* (太乙), the Hero Three- Mountains (*san-shan hsiung* 三山雄), the *K'un*- (坤) Divinity, the Grand Magic Lord of the *Sun* (巽) Region and the Most Supreme Lady of Purple Vacuity and Mysterious Magic Force, you all must arrive most urgently as this is the law and order.¹⁰⁰

The spell of the Great Cavern to ask for rain (*Ta-tung ch'ing yü chou* 大洞請雨咒) says: The shining of thunder, the shining of thunder, *T'ai-i* (太乙) is in hiding. *T'ai-po* Director of Wind (*T'ai-po feng-ling* 太伯風令) and Grand Old Lord with Four Eyes (*Ssu-mu hao-weng* 四目浩翁), Lord Yen (嚴君) you keep guard on the ice and fling away the *yang* (陽) -essences of fire. Director of Rain, for which reason are [your gates] closed? Director of Wind, why do you keep so calm (*p'ing* 平)?¹⁰¹ The divine might and flamboyance of the sun, gold-immortals awake it. Water and fire flow together in a common stream. Earl Han Po [-wen] (韓伯[文]) bears up his boat, and the three officials (*san-kuan* 三官) open up shining brightness.¹⁰² The five god-emperors (*wu-ti* 五帝) may entrust

100 It is not exactly clear what the spell is thought to bring about.

101 I remind of the most likely identity with the names of Feng-po and Yü-shih (風伯雨師) that identify star-divinities, namely Chi-hsing and Pi-hsing (箕星畢星) or numbers 7 and 19 of the 28 stellar divisions, see H.A.Giles: A Chinese-English Dictionary, pp.26,27; and *Sou-shen chi* 4,p.43, ed.: *Ku hsiao-shuo ts'ung-k'an*. Chung-hua Comp. Peking 1979.

102 *Fu-chou* (負舟) in this phrase parallels *ke'ai-ming* (開明). Possibly this is a reference to Han Po-wen (韓伯文) see TT 1220 *Tao-fa hui-yüan* 133. 12a, which shows the name to be the "radiant and great divinity in the department of lightning". TT 1220: 133 sq present a large and important set of Thunder rituals that have the patronage of *T'ai-i* (太乙/一). The origin of the phrase "to carry a big boat on the back" most certainly is *Chuang-tzu*, *nei-p'ien*: *Hsiao-yao yu* (莊子內篇逍遙遊), see TT 670 *Nan-hua chen-ching* 1.1b., or *Chuang-tzu chi-chieh* 1.1, in: *Chu-tzu chi-ch'eng* 3. See B.Watson: The Complete Works of Chuang-tzu, p.29 "If water is not piled up deep enough, it won't have the strength to bear up a big boat". New York 1968. The sentence features with symbolic expressions the unbearable situation of a drought.

to *T'ai-shang* the decree and order that the dragons [must] bring the rain to drip down. Act urgently as this is a decree by the Perfect Lord of Prime Existence (*Yüan-ming chen-chün* 元命真君).

The spell and prayer for a clear sky (*Cb'i-ch'ing chou* 祈晴咒)¹⁰³ says: Fire Carriage, Fire Carriage (*huo-chü* 火車), home of Thunder orders (*lei-ling* 雷令), Three-and-Five (*san-wu* 三五) are the marshals, shining radiantly without any limit.¹⁰⁴ Let (30b) fire speed across a distance of ten thousand miles that can clean away clouds and dawn. You have a bond (*yüeh* 約) to support the god-emperors with your radiant eyes, silver teeth and the water of wide clarity (*huo-luo shui-lei* 豁落水類).¹⁰⁵ Be quick and without any delay. The god-emperor [Teng] Po-wen (鄧伯溫)¹⁰⁶ commands to sweep off and annihilate the hidden evil forces (*yin-hsieh* 陰邪). Act most urgently and speedily and administer immediately the flamboyance of the sun, all like the assistance of the Director of Fire of the supreme god-emperors.

There is an alternative title for this spell. We see it in small print below the main title Spell and Prayer for a Clear Sky. It reads as follows: Spell to put away water and procure clear weather. One has to recite the spell in silent meditation eighty one times.

Subsequently there is still another spell that is used to achieve a clear sky. It says: Essences of metal and jade return,¹⁰⁷ the heavenly clouds may open up and scatter. [The astral constellation] Purple Subtlety (*tzu-wei* 紫微)¹⁰⁸ may send

103 The commentary in small print gives an alternative name: Spell to collect the water and make a clear sky that the priest should silently recite eighty one times. This spell actually addresses Teng Po-wen (鄧伯溫) who is a mighty thunder divinity, see below.

104 Concerning three names or titles of Thunder deities with the specification Three-and-Five, see TT 1220: 56.6b,9b of the pantheon.

105 Compare P.Andersen: "The Practice of Bugang", translating *huo-luo* 豁落 with "wide clarity", in: *Cahiers d'Extrême-Asie* 5, p.36.

106 See F.C.Reiter: "A Preliminary Study of the Taoist Wang Wen-ch'ing", pp. 174-175. In: ZDMG 152/1. Teng Po-wen (鄧伯溫) is a most prominent name, also in later materials. Compare, for example, TT 1220: 133.13b (*T'ai-i chen-lei p'i-li ta-fa* 太乙真雷霹靂大法). Here he appears to be the „leading marshal of Thunder and thunderclaps“ (*Lei-t'ing chu-shuai yen-huo lü-ling ta-shen* Teng Po-wen 雷霆主帥焱火律令大神鄧伯溫).

107 The meaning is not quite clear. Possibly this is a reference to sacrificial offerings.

108 See G.Schlegel: *Uranographie Chinoise*, p.830, nr.699. See H.A.Giles: *A Chinese-English Dictionary*, nr.12329. See the titles TT 15 *W'u-shang chiu-hsiao yü-ch'ing ta-fan tzu-wei hsüan-tu lei-t'ing yü-ching* and TT 1485 *Tzu-wei tou-shu*. Concerning these titles see K.Schipper, p. 1091; and M.Kalinowski, pp.758-759, in: *Companion*.

down the ominous sign that rain clears off the dust. Earl of the Sea (*hai-po* 海伯), wind, rain and the radiance of thunder may descend and urge on the essences of *yang* (陽精) to be most luminous, and the shades of *yin* (陰) may be buried deeply. Urgently and respectfully receive the most exalted and supreme (*t'ai-chi t'ai-shang* 太極太上) fire-wheel-order (*huo-lun lü-ling* 火輪律令) of [the astral constellation] Purple Subtlety (*tsu-wei* 紫微) in [the heaven of] Jade Purity (*yü-ch'ing* 玉清).

At this point we find the description of still another amulet: Amulet that Brightens the Eyes with the Character Radiance (*ming-mu kuang-tsu fu* 明目光字符).¹⁰⁹ The text gives the following instruction: First, you freeze your spiritual forces and pause your breathing. You turn yourself towards the Southeast where the prosperous region is. You hold firmly the writing brush, grind your teeth, grasp and inhale (31a) the radiance of the heavenly eye (*t'ien-mu* 天目)¹¹⁰ that you expel [from your mouth], pooh, onto the tip of your writing brush. Then it is that you put down the brush to write the amulet.

We get some commentaries in small print concerning the individual elements of the amulet: I respectfully receive the decree from the ruler of the stars, the Great God-Emperor of Purple Subtlety.¹¹¹ The *yang* (陽) is the sun, and the *yin* (陰) is the moon. Day and night, they shine brightly. The Jade-Bar (*yü-beng* 玉衡)¹¹² revolves and all around there are birth and completion. The left eye flashes with lightning and the right eye has [the shining of] a meteor. The divine forces are pure, and the breaths are lively. They thoroughly penetrate Hades. Sun and moon link up their radiance. Heaven and earth are thus united.

After the text, we find again that fat round dot with a tail, most certainly pointing to the direction of Southeast as we had seen on p.19b. Actually, this is the appearance of the amulet after completion – it disappears under the black seal.

109 Concerning the practical importance of the title, see pp.31a-31b.

110 A description of the "heavenly eye" gives TT 1220: 69.11b (*Wang Shichen qidao buduan jin* 王侍宸祈禱八段錦), positioning the heavenly eye between the eyebrows as the magic third eye and focus that emits spiritual might. This refers to the magic deva-eye that the performing priest had obtained by meditation. He adopts, in other words, a heavenly identity when writing out the amulet. Compare *t'ien-yen* (天眼) as a Buddhist term, see Ting Fu-pao (丁福保): *Fo-hsüeh ta-tz'ü-tien* 佛學大辭典, p. 472b. Taipei 1974; see W.E.Soothill and L.Hodous: A Dictionary of Chinese Buddhist Terms, p. 146a.

111 In this case, Purple Subtlety refers to the respective star-divinity.

112 This most likely means the *pei-tou* (北斗) constellation.

There are some further technical instructions for the elaboration of the amulet. We learn that one has to use for the amulet thin and yellow paper and black ink (*mo* 墨). You do the writing on the morning of the first moon (*shuo-jib* 朔日) of each month. You burn incense and face the radiance of the sun in the direction of Southeast. You grasp then the breaths and [inhaling] take them in. Secondly, you write the character "light of the sun" (*hsüan* 烜), burn then [the paper] and put [the ashes] into purified (31b) water (*ching-shui* 淨水) [and use it] to wash your eyes. The shining of your eyes will be double as much as usual.

The following method deals with the consecration of incense and its inner application by swallowing (*chou hsiang t'un-fu fa* 咒香吞服法). The spell consists of the following words: Incense of the law,¹¹³ do enter my body (*ch'ü* 軀) and any illness will be expelled. The law abides, and the incense abides. The breaths abide, and the spiritual agents with their might abide. When they change (*pian* 變), they thus become white frost. When they transform (*bua* 化), they thus become sweet dew. The incense of the law may always be my ruling force for 36000 days. Act urgently as this is the law and order of T'ai-shang Lao-chün (太上老君).

At this point, the text gives us an instruction for the application of the spell. Each morning we have to take one portion of frankincense (*ju-hsiang* 乳香) and inhale grasping the radiant breath of the sun. Three times, we exhale the breath [loudly] coughing above the incense and use purified water to swallow it.¹¹⁴ We can preserve our body to be fine and without any illness for one full year, and our eyes will have the penetrating eyesight.

The next theme is a prayer for snow (*ch'i-hsieh* 祈雪): (32a) We read the following statement by the Fire Master (*buo-shih* 火師): Generally, the spring is warm in the world of man, the summer is hot, the autumn is cool and the winter is cold. Now, this is the constant principle of *yin* and *yang* (陰陽) that rise and descend. When the four seasons are in harmony, evil breaths (*hsieh-ch'i* 邪氣) do not come to life (*pu-sheng* 不生), and illnesses and epidemics do not arise. When one season is not quite in tune (*pu-ying* 不應), the people suffer from disasters as a response. When the winter is warm and there is no snow at all, this is called "yang battles" (*yang-chan* 陽戰), which causes people to be variously ill during springtime. When governors (*kuo-wang* 國王) and common locals (*t'u-jen*

113 Alternatively translate: „incense of the ritual“. The translation derives from my interpretation of the last sentence of the spell.

114 This may refer to the ashes of the incense.

土人) ask for snow [to fall] and for the expulsion of disaster, they report then the situation by means of *t'ü* (詞) [-prayers]. They are sent off as soaring memorials to the supreme god-emperors to notify the Court of the Emissaries of the Five Thunders and the Three Monitoring Offices of Thunder and Thunderclaps (*Lei-t'ing san-ssu* 雷霆三司). They also notify the Divine and Supreme Councillor of the East and the Immortal Master of Portentous Radiance (*Tung-ling shang-hsiang Jui-kuang hsien-shih* 東靈上相瑞光仙師).¹¹⁵ The memorial begs for pardon concerning the transgressions of the living beings (*sheng-ling* 生靈) and implores that portentous snow may be sent down earlier as to suppress the evil breaths. Then you go to a location that corresponds above [in heaven] with the *T'ai-sui* [star] (太歲), and exactly in that location you set up an altar with three levels in accordance with the model of the altar that is used to pray for rain. You order the Taoist priests (*tao-shih* 道士) to do everything just in the same way as for the rituals [described] before. It is, however, required that in the centre of the altar and above the incense table for the ritual veneration you paint two icons (*liang-wei* 兩位) in order to venerate the Divine and Supreme Councillor of the East and the Immortal Master of Portentous Radiance.¹¹⁶ (32b) Every time the ritual master comes to the three points of time, namely *ch'en*, *wu* and *yu* (辰午酉) he performs the [ritual] steps "produce water and summon thunders" (*tso-shui chao-lei kang* 作水召雷罡). He holds firmly his sword and ascends the altar. Turning to the right hand side, he walks around [the altar] thirty six times and recites silently (*mo-nien* 默念) thirty six times the Spell of the Eastern Divine Force (*tung-ling chou* 東靈咒). When he reaches the front side of the incense altar, he presents incense and makes his statement to the supreme god-emperors, to the Court of the Emissaries of the Five Thunders, to the Three Monitoring Offices of Thunder and Thunderclaps (*lei-t'ing san-ssu* 雷霆三司), to the Divine and Supreme Councillor of the East and the Immortal Master of Portentous Radiance (*Tung-ling shang-hsiang Jui-kuang hsien-shih* 東靈上相 / 瑞光仙師),¹¹⁷ that they may soon send down portentous snow.

115 These are two addressees. Compare TT 15 *Wu-shang chiu-hsiao yü-ch'ing ta-fan tzu-wei hsüan-tu lei-t'ing yü-ching* 17a, which at first sight suggests that this is just one name and title. However, see below the reference to the two icons that have to be set up. They stand for two identities. The pantheon in TT 1220: 56.5b has *Tung-ling shang-shang yüan-chün* (東靈上相元君) and p.6a has *Jui-kuang hsien-shih* (瑞光仙師).

116 A commentary in small print points out that the name *Tung-ling* (東靈) in some other text reads "the Eight Magic Forces of the Eastern Pole" (*dong-chi pa-ling* 東極八靈).

117 Concerning the two names, see above.

Now, following this and relying on the formal procedures you can descend from the altar. It will not take more than the time of one prostration and there will be a response. The ritual to thank for the snow follows the formal arrangements of the ritual for prayers for rain.

The Spell of the Eight Magic Forces of the Eastern Pole (*tung-chi pa-ling chou* 東極八靈咒) says: Divine Supreme Councillor of the East, home of portentous radiance, you secretly keep in control the heavenly flowers of green jasper of the superior god-emperors. You rule over the wide and clear fire and let the wind sweep severely in order to eliminate the evil [forces]. Your compassion and benevolence save the creatures, responding in time without failure. I desire that you send down portentous snow that may spread all over China (*chung-hua* 中華). Act urgently as this is law and order. (33a)

Another spell says: Gold-Essences, Great Ultimate, Jade Flowers that disperse their leaves, I [modestly] pray for snow and pray so to move away the warm atmosphere of wind and fire. Luminous Master, Fire Master (*huo-shih* 火師), do let portentous [signs] appear. Superior Perfected Ones in the Great Void, in [the Heaven of] Great Purity and at the Ultimate Poles (*t'ai-hsü t'ai-ch'ing t'ai-chi* 太虛太清太極), do assist [the execution of] this order.

The Crusade against Temples and the Eviction of Wicked Spirits (*fa-miao ch'ü-ching* 伐廟除精)

The Fire Master says: You respond to life among people when there are outrageous spirits, fierce demons, mountain spirits and monstrous demons (魃) that lead astray common wives and daughters, let their bodily appearances become visible and secretly rob properties of the people. Thus, they have shrines and sow the seeds to commit transgressions. Thunder and thunderclaps supervise the investigation of such elements, because they do not fear the laws of the immortals (*hsien-fa* 仙法). It is well permissible that people expose *t'zu* [-prayers] (*t'ou-t'zu* 投詞) to memorialize all the harm [they have suffered]. They rely then on these memorials to inform the superior god-emperors and send off soaring notifications to all the officials, using special documents for the Divine Thunder and the Water Thunder (*shen-lei shui-lei* 神雷水雷), which may convene and proceed [together], crusading against [such evil elements] within a certain time.

When the right time has come, you carry on your left forearm the Seal (*yin* 印) of Thunder Radiance and Fire Script (*lei-kuang huo-wen* 雷光火文) and the Seal (33b) of Mercury Heaven of Purple Radiance (*tzu-kuang tan-t'ien* 紫光丹天). You perform the [ritual] steps "the soaring dragon beheads the monsters" (*fei-lung chan-kuai kang* 飛龍斬怪罡). You do so to move the violent and evil forces (*k'uang-hsieh* 狂邪) and crusade against [the respective] temple gate. You attach first one Amulet of the Great Divinity of Blazing Fire (*Yen-huo ta-shen fu* 焱火大神符) at the gate. Having done so, you return to some high and exposed location on the right and left sides [of the temple in consideration]. You sacrifice in the open (*yeh* 野) to the thunder divinities (*lei-shen* 雷神), shout out for them to come forth and approach speedily that site in order to burn down and destroy the temple and to put away and arrest the demonic thieves. Responding right in time there will be extensive thunders and rainfall. Do not be afraid at all. When the ritual procedures are complete, you offer a feast (*chi-ch'ou* 祭酬) for the Thunder and thunderclaps. When you use this ritual for your performance, you must perform it publicly and correctly. You must not use this method for any erratic endeavours. You have to fear that you hurt creatures, but [in this case] the ritual officer (*fa-kuan* 法官) invokes all the blame to rest upon him.

The beheading of scaly dragons, sea-serpents and water monsters (*chan chiaoch'en shui-kuai* 斬蛟蜃水怪) is the following theme. When water-serpents, dragons and water monsters dwell in rivers, lakes, ponds and in dark caves with pools and fountains, when they devour the six [sorts of] domestic animals, suck the blood veins of men and eventually change to be huge serpents that bar the main roads in the area and harm the merchants, or when they attack untimely and cause great floods that inundate provinces and districts, you memorialise all of this precisely (34a) vis-à-vis the supreme god-emperors. You notify all officials and send documents to the Water Department (*shui-fu* 水府), asking for generals and emissaries to be sent down in order to crusade against [these plagues] within a certain time. Three days in advance, you must present warrants (*chieh* 牒) to the city god (*Ch'eng-huang* 城隍) in the [respective] province or district (*chou-hsien* 州縣), to the earth-god (*t'u-ti* 土地), to the village altars (*li-she* 里社) and the local shrines (*miao-tzu* 廟祠), that they group and lead on their [spirit] troops and generals to control the roads in the four directions and prevent the dragons, monsters and evil water spirits to pass through. When the specific time and day have come, you use flags that are made of dark red silk, seven *ch'ih* long, and write out seven pieces of the Amulet Heavenly Barrier (*t'ien-kuan fu* 天關符). You use the Seal of Cave Magic of the Jade Morning (*yü-ch'en tung-ling* 玉晨洞靈) to seal the amulets. Carrying the seal on the left

upper arm, you form twisting [the fingers] the *mudrá* Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局). Your right hand grasps the sword and you perform the [ritual] steps "connect the heavenly iron barricade" (*lien t'ien t'ieh-chang kang* 連天鐵障罡). You approach the place where the sea serpents and dragons are in hiding and throw the amulets into the water. When you go to expose the amulets [in the water] you must instruct the [local] people to beat brass gongs and drums as to support the action. When the exposure of the amulets had been done, you must summon and invite with a very loud voice all the officials, generals and troops and the legions of the department of the Five Thunders that they speedily behead the water monsters. When [the water monsters] shrink back into the water, the thunders shake the waves that greatly boil up and make these monsters come up to drift on the surface of the water. You most urgently must (34b) take out then the Seal Cave-Magic (*tung-ling* 洞靈)¹¹⁸ and let it shine on the monsters.¹¹⁹ The blood of the monsters shall flow out of their two eyes and thus they perish. After this has been achieved you order your attendants (*ti-tzu* 弟子) to stab [the monsters] with their swords and bury the cadavers in a remote place that must be secured (*chen* 鎮) with [the help of] amulets. When this procedure is complete, you issue amulets in order to send back all the troops and generals to return to their original spheres of might [where they are stationed]. Later then and quite independently, you choose an auspicious day to present sacrificial offerings as thanksgiving.

A Corpus of Taoist Ritual now introduces seven heavenly characters that constitute the dispersed form of the Amulet of the Seven Killers of the Heavenly Barrier (*t'ien-kuan ch'i-sha fu* 天關七煞符). The description says: (35a): The seven amulets are extremely magic (*chi-ling* 極靈).¹²⁰ They dominate the water monsters of a whole region. In case that you want to bring peace and control to one region or one spot, you write the seal characters of the amulet in a compound structure (*tieh-chuang* 疊篆). You use iron ore (*sheng-t'ieh* 生鐵) to cast [the amulet]. When it is completed you place [the amulet] safely at pools and caves and for all future ages there will not be again any harm caused by any water monsters. [The amulet characters] present the decree to behead and eliminate poisonous dragons and water monsters "urgently as this is the law and order".

118 This most likely is the above mentioned seal Cave Magic of the Jade Morning (*yü-ch'en tung-ling* 玉晨洞靈)

119 This instructions seems to have a "historical" precedent, involving the two famous Taoists Hsü Sun (許遜) and Wu Meng (吳猛), compare above TT 1220: 56.10a- 10b.

120 Notice that each of the seven characters can count as one amulet.

The following subtitle reads: Multilayer seal character that assembles the outer form of the seven killers of the heavenly barrier (*t'ien-kuan ch' i-sha chü-hsing tieh-chuan* 天關七煞聚形疊篆). Below the seal character of the compound seal, we get the indication that we should add the religious rank, the surname and name [of the performing priest].

Ritual Steps and Mudrâs (*pu-kang chüeh fa* 步罡訣法)¹²¹

Concerning the theme there are quite a few subtitles: **(35b)** The Fire Master (*huo-shih* 火師) says that the men who cultivate perfection and receive the ritual methods have to encounter an enlightened master. He would instruct them concerning the pure amulets (*fu-t'u* 符圖) and the patterns of the precious seals (*pao-yin wen* 寶印文) of the Five Departments of Thunder Rituals (*lei-fa wu-pu* 雷法五部). Furthermore, the persons need to get the choreography for the ritual paces and the [proper] measures for the *mudrâs* (*kang-pu chüeh-chieh* 罡步訣節). Only then, it is that the men can attain the magic force [of amulets and seals]. It is for this reason that in correct rituals there are the [spirit] generals *Chien-kang* (建罡將軍) and *Ch' i-kang* (起罡將軍).¹²² All [correct rituals] document this matter. Today I transmit it for the posterity.

Now we see five titles and drawings of ritual choreographies that show the choreography of various ritual paces.

Ritual paces to produce water and summon the thunders (*tso-shui chao-lei kang* 作水召雷罡).¹²³

Ritual paces of the soaring dragon that brings rain (*fei-lung chib-yü kang* 飛龍致雨罡). **(36a)**

Ritual paces of the soaring dragon that beheads monsters (*fei-lung chan-kuai kang* 飛龍斬怪罡).

121 *chüeh* (訣) most certainly means "hand-gesture" (*mudrâ*), see below pp. 36b-37a.

122 The two spirit generals most likely represent the stars at the tail and the head of the Big Dipper. They point to the crucial orientation of proper Thunder rituals.

123 *kang* (罡) refers to the astral constellation of the Big Dipper that provides the standard orientation for the choreography of the ritual steps. The translation "ritual paces (or steps)" implies the astral orientation.

Ritual paces that drive on the dragons to suck up the flood (*ch'ü-lung hsi-shui kang* 驅龍吸水罡) (36b).

Ritual paces of the iron barricade that connects heaven (*lien t'ien t'ieh-chang kang* 連天鐵障罡).

All the drawings give a rather detailed mapping of the paces. The first drawing most clearly shows that the choreography follows the basic pattern of the Big Dipper.

The text continues to present a conclusive list of hand-gestures (*mudrās/chüeh-mu* 訣目) that contains the following items:

The *mudrā k'uei-mu* 魁目 is the *hsü* (戌) -pattern¹²⁴ that must be pressed with the thumb of the left hand.

The *mudrā kang-mu* 罡目 is the *ch'en* (辰) -pattern.

The *mudrā shen-mu* 神目 is the *wu* (午) -pattern.

The *mudrā kuei-mu* 鬼目 is the *tui* -pattern with *mao* on top of it (兌卯).

The *mudrā* "barring the wicked influences of the wind" (*chin feng-hsieh* 禁風邪) requires that the thumb of the left hand presses upon the second finger.

The *mudrā* "seal of comprehensive assistance" (*tsung-she yin* 總攝印) requires that [the thumbs of] both hands press upon the middle section of the [respective] middle fingers.

The *mudrā* "seal for the employment of emissaries" (*i-shih yin* 役使印) means that a position between the positions *mao* and *ch'en* (卯辰) [must be pressed upon].

(37a) The *mudrā* Thunder Office (*lei-chü* 雷局) means that the thumb presses the second and the third fingers and forms twisting the *tzu* (子) -pattern. [The same time] the fourth and fifth fingers press upon the centre of the palm (*chang-hsin* 掌心).

124 Alternatively "line" that has to be pressed upon, see below. Pattern translates the word *wen* (文).

The following Text on Transforming to be a Divine Entity (*hua-shen wen* 化神文) certainly makes some statements that have a top priority for Taoist Thunder rituals. The commentary in small print reveals the importance of the title. It points out that generally any writing of amulets, any dispatch of literary documents and any practice of self-cultivation (*hsing-ch'ib* 行持)¹²⁵ require to transform the own person to be a divine entity.

The Fire Master (*huo-shih* 火師) says that any gentleman who performs Thunder rituals (*lei-fa* 雷法) and, at any given time, has the task to expel [wicked elements], employ [divine forces], address and call out [for divine help], would have to use the *mudrâ* "transform to be a divine entity" (*pien-shen ch'ieh* 變神訣). He grinds his teeth five times (*k'ou-ch'ib* 叩齒) and visualises (*ts'un* 存) that he wears on the top of his head a *liang-cap* (*liang-kuan* 梁冠), is clad in red garment and wears red shoes. [He visualizes] immortals who on his left and right sides hold up streamers. There are [also] young lads who present respectfully the sword and keep the registers (*lu* 錄) at hand. Other young lads hold up banners. There are the judges, who keep the registers of evil deeds. There are the generals of the Thunder lords (*Lei-kung* 雷公) of the Five god-emperors (*wu-ti* 五帝), the Thunder Lord *Shao-yang* (*Shao-yang lei-kung* 劬陽雷公), the Generalissimo of the Fire Carriages (*huo-ch'ü yüan-shuai* 火車元帥) and the divine generals of all the [Thunder] offices. They altogether appear in front of me,¹²⁶ behind me and on my left and right sides. They listen to my orders and directives. After this, I start to perform the ritual [in consideration].

The following text presents a Spell for Dispatching Texts and Scripts (*fa-ch'ien wen-t'zu chou* 發遣文字咒) saying: I respectfully receive the command from the god-emperors and keep seals and amulets in tight control. Having the sole power of command over the Headquarters Offices¹²⁷ I command the affairs of demons (37b) and divinities who do not operate in the right order. The execution of my order must be as fast as the fire of the stars (*hsing-huo* 星火).

125 This is the title of the third paragraph in *Wang Shih-ch'en ch' i-tao pa-tuan chin* (王侍宸祈禱八段錦) in TT 1220: 69.11a-14a, where the term clearly points to the type of self-cultivation and meditation that has to precede any ritual action in the framework of Thunder Magic.

126 Explicitly *wu* (吾), representing the Thunder specialist. For the two divinities Thunder Lord *Shao-yang* (*Shao-yang lei-kung* 劬陽雷公), Generalissimo of the Fire Carriages (*Huo-ch'ü yüan-shuai* 火車元帥), see the pantheon in chapter 56, TT 1220: 56.9a-9b, where also the attendant lads are mentioned. P.6b gives a similar title, adding Three-and-Five.

127 See *Hucker*, p.542, nr.7285.

When the ritual [force] (*fa* 法) spreads out, it urgently leads wind and thunderclaps to victory. The three spheres (*san-chieh* 三界) must not let the slightest delay happen, and within shortest time there are bright responses. Obey and accept the respective commands and do not hastily delay or retain them (*ch'ih-liu* 遲留). Go quickly and return quickly. I attend.

Another spell says: Heavenly thunders, all in hiding, dragon and tiger interlock (*lung-hu chiao-heng* 龍虎交橫). Sun and moon spread out your radiance. Shine on me and give me a share of your brightness. Palace Guard Emissaries, attend to the amulet, accept and execute [my orders].

The subsequent text presents an instruction concerning sacrifices that are performed in open air (*yeh-chi shen-chüeh* 野祭神訣).¹²⁸ The Fire Master (*huo-shih* 火師) gives the following instruction: Generally, when prayers and requests are made in order to crusade against a temple (*fa-miao* 伐廟) to expel wicked and cruel [elements], and when a fast response is desired to come about it is necessary to use the method of sacrificing in open air. In just a moment, there will be an appropriate response by the lower generals of the Thunder department (*lei-pu* 雷部), who are wild and fierce. You have to offer them blood sacrifices (*hsüeh-shih* 血食). The suitable ritual sacrifice has to be staged in open air. You choose a spot on a high mountain (*kao-shan* 高山) (38a) that nobody else reaches. [If the ritual is performed] at a market place (*shih* 市) you must use a single [separate] room in the position of Southeast, lock the room and present the sacrifice [inside]. When you set up the altar you take white chalk and mark out the altar [on the floor] with its three terraces facing [the direction of] *sun* (巽). The upper platform [of the altar] is broad nine *ch'ih*, the one in the middle is broad one *chang* and two *ch'ih*, and the lower platform is broad one *chang* and five *ch'ih*. You take one cock and fix firmly the legs with a dark red string of silk. You take five big wine-cups and one bottle of wine, five thousand [pieces of] sacrificial money and five sacrificial flags, one sharp-edged sword and frankincense for one incense burner. You arrange the altar according to the rules.

When the time has come, the ritual master (*fa-shih* 法師) wearing his hair dishevelled and barefooted looks far out into the direction of Southeast and performs the ritual steps "crush the earth and summon the magic forces" (*p'o-ti chao-ling kang* 破地召靈罡). He ascends the altar and sacrifices incense (*shang-*

128 Most certainly, this does not just mean outdoors but points to a remote spot in the wilderness.

bsiang 上香). His left hand forms twisting the *mudrâ* Employ-the-Emissaries (*i-shih chüeh* 役使訣), and his right hand holds the sword. Again, looking out into the direction of Southeast the ritual master declares with a loud voice: I respectfully receive the decree by the god-emperors to summon the Thunder Emissaries of Barbarian Thunder of the Five Directions (*wu-fang man-lei shih-che* 五方蠻雷使者), that they approach speedily to so-and-so location, to punish and behead the demonic thieves [at the location].

Perhaps the ritual master also says: Heaven, send down sweet rain and order wind and fire to be around quickly. Today I have prepared, heeding the rules, the blood of a cock, wine, sacrificial money, bright incense, sacrificial presents and other items. The time has come and nobody must offend against (38b) my orders. When the spell has ended, you stab the cock and let the blood drip into the wine-cups that stand for the five directions. You pour then wine into the five cups and use your sword to stir and mix the wine [with the blood] in the wine-cups. It is all the same as with the preceding spell. You burn (*hua* 化) the sacrificial money and take the sacrificial offerings to bury them three *ch'ih* [deep] in the earth [at a spot] in the direction of Southeast (*sun* 巽). The ritual master (*fa-shih* 法師) speaks again a spell saying: I am in front of the altar and my eminent sword is at avail. He takes his sword and sticks it upright into the earth where he had buried the sacrificial offerings, and then he retreats. Clouds will immediately come up and rain will start to fall. You must not often sacrifice [in this way] and hurt creatures. At the time of the sacrifice, you had one amulet fastened at the centre of the altar (*t'an-hsin* 壇心). When the ritual has come to its end, the amulet must be buried together with the [other] sacrificial objects. This method is extremely subtle and must not be leaked [to outsiders] because one has to be afraid that disaster may be caused to happen.

Now, we find a drawing that shows the altar with the flags as described in the text. There are two lines of Chinese characters in small print running down from the top to the bottom line on both sides of the square drawing. The lines indicate where the surname and name of the respective Emissary of the Barbarian Thunder can be inserted. The columns end with a statement saying, for example, "white garment and cap" (*i-tse* 衣幘), which speaks about the emissary of the West. The phrases black garment and cap, (39a) red garment and cap, green garment and cap point to the other three directions.

Conditions for the Ritual Transmission and [spirit] Promotion

(ch'uan-tu t'iao-p'in 傳度條品)

Here we read: generally, the salvation of several hundreds of people counts as one merit completed (*i-kung* 一功), also to pray for rain at one time counts as one merit completed. The achievement of [these] highest merits leads exactly to one promotion (*chuan* 轉).

At the start, the respective teacher master transfers the *Shang-ch'ing* Register that Preserves Clear Measures (*pao ming-tui shang-ch'ing lu* 保明兌上清錄)¹²⁹ to the disciple of Thunder Magic (*lei-fa ti-tzu* 雷法弟子), to let him serve as Judge on the Right Side at the Five Thunders Court (*wu-lei yüan yu p'an-kuan* 五雷院右判官). When the merit [on this position] is complete, the person¹³⁰ is promoted to [the rank of] Judge on the Left Side (*tso p'an-kuan* 左判官). Then the person is promoted to [the rank of] Great Judge on the Right Side (*yu ta p'an-kuan* 右大判官)¹³¹ and the same time Chief Corrector of the Proper Rituals and Lord of Origin for the [respective] day (*cheng-fa chu-ko jih-chih yüan-chün* 正法主格日直元君).

The following promotion is [the rank of] Great Judge on the Left Side (*tso ta p'an-kuan* 左大判官). When the merits [on the position] suffice, [the respective person] is promoted to [the rank of] Commissioner of the Capital Waters at the Dipper (*tou-chung tu-shui shih-che* 斗中都水使者). The commentary below in small print names still another title namely Commissioner that Controls the Waters (*chang-shui shih-che* 掌水使者). Furthermore, the person is promoted to [the rank of] Commissioner of the Capital Waters (*tu-shui shih-che* 都水使者).¹³²

Another commentary in small print indicates for this level the two alternative titles namely Judge on the Right Side for the Capital Waters and secondly Judge on the Left Side for the Capital Waters (*tu-shui yu / tso p'an-kuan* 都水右 / 左判官). When the merit on that position suffices, again the rank rises to be (39b)

129 Concerning *tui* 兌, see H.A.Giles: A Chinese-English Dictionary, nr.12170. It is very unlikely that the character is used instead of nr.13776 "to be pleased" (悅). *Lu* (錄) certainly stands for "register" *lu* (錄).

130 This is the disciple of Thunder Magic, who rises to some remarkable spirit ranks.

131 Concerning the titles of these judges, see TT 1220: 56.6b of the pantheon.

132 As to these titles, compare TT 1220: 56.6b of the pantheon.

Arbiter of Fate in the Heaven of Supreme Purity [and] Councillor on the Right Side in the Jade Department (*shang-ch'ing ssu-ming yü-fu yu-ch'ing* 上清司命玉府右卿). The commentary in small print says that the title is identical with the Imperial Secretary in the Department of Fire (*huo-pu shang-shu* 火部尚書).

Again, the rank changes to be Arbiter of Fate in the Heaven of Supreme Purity, Councillor on the Left Side in the Jade Department (*shang-ch'ing ssu-ming yü-fu tso-ch'ing* 上清司命玉府左卿) that again the commentary says to be identical with the Imperial Secretary in the Department of Fire (*huo-pu shang-shu* 火部尚書).

The following promotions are the ranks: Superior Councillor at the Jade Department, Associated Emissary and Judge of the Five Thunders (*yü-fu shang-ch'ing wu-lei fu-shih p'an* 玉府上卿五雷副使判),¹³³ Supervisor of Public Affairs of Demons and Deities at the Headquarters Office of Thunder and Thunderclaps (*lei-t'ing tu-ssu kuei-shen kung-shih* 雷霆都司鬼神公事).

The next promotion confers the title Superior Councillor at the Jade Department, Emissary of the Five Thunders, Concurrent Supervisor of Public Affairs of Demons and Deities at the Headquarters Office of Thunder and Thunderclaps (*yü-fu shang-ch'ing wu-lei shih ling lei-t'ing tu-ssu kuei-shen kung-shih* 玉府上卿五雷使領雷霆都司鬼神公事). The commentary in small print says that the title is identical with the title [and function of] Censor at the Golden Palace in the Nine Heavens (*chiu-t'ien chin-ch'ueh yü-shih* 九天金闕御史) that also corresponds with the controlling function of the Judge on the Right Side and the Judge on the Left Side. The position may be called Joint Administrator and Supervisor, Manager of the Public Affairs of Demons and Deities at the Headquarters Office of Thunder and Thunderclaps (*t'ung kuan-kan lei-t'ing tu-ssu kuei-shen kung-shih* 同管幹雷霆都司鬼神公事). The official at the Jade Department (*yü-fu ch'ing* 玉府卿) may be called Supervisor and Administrator of the Public Affairs of Demons and Deities at the Headquarters Office of Thunder and Thunderclaps (*chih lei-t'ing tu-ssu kuei-shen kung-shih* 知雷霆都司鬼神公事).¹³⁴

The title Tablet of Declaration of Thunder and Thunderclaps (*lei-t'ing pan-kaio* 雷霆版誥) introduces the drawing of an amulet that has to be done in red ink on a plank made of the wood of pine trees (*tzu-po* 梓柏). We first see the front

133 For this title, compare TT 1220: 56.5a of the pantheon.

134 We notice that these divine titles do not matter in the preceding texts.

side of the plank that must be broad three *ts'un* and long five *ts'un*. We get the formulae for the two inscriptions on the front side and on the backside of the wooden plank. A text in small print below the drawing of the amulet says that so-and-so disciple can be entrusted with this or that task, which he will perform in accordance with the standards.

(40a) The backside of the plank shows in the centre line the date of issue of the declaration. The right line names the [acting spirit] emissary who has so-and-so name and holds the rank of Emissary at the Court of the Jade Pivot (*yü-shu yüan shih* 玉樞院使).¹³⁵ The line on the left side of the central line with the date of issue indicates the street, the rank and the names of the respective teacher master.

A similar presentation of the Iron Bond of the Thunder Wall (*lei-ch'eng t'ieh-ch'üan* 雷城鐵券) follows. The central line of the text on the front side says: Decree, do guard the body and keep safe the life. Employ and dispatch the Five Thunders. This has to be done in red ink. On the right side, we get eight characters of *dhārani* spells that control the [spirit] palace guards of all departments who record the merits and the weight of transgressions. On the left side of the central line, we read two *dhārani* characters. The subsequent text says: Urgently! All divine forces may accept and act according to [the amulet]. As far as the teacher master is concerned, any crime report about him being remiss in ritual matters reaches the three officials (*san-kuan* 三官) for his impeachment. - The next line to the left belongs to the backside of this bond and again names the Emissary at the Court of the Jade Pivot (*yü-shu yüan shih* 玉樞院使), [who in fact is] so-and-so official with so-and-so surname. The formulae on the backside are identical with the respective text of the Tablet of Declaration of Thunder and Thunderclaps that we have just seen.

These rather formalistic presentations are very much in line with the preceding descriptions of spirit ranks that the successful Thunder specialist can hold. The administrative instructions round up and conclude *chapter 56*.

I only summarize briefly the two formal descriptions of memorials and administrative documents that follow (pp.40a-42a). The standard formulae enlist the help of the Court of the Emissaries of the Five Thunders in the Jade Department of the Heaven of Highest Purity (*Shang-ch'ing yü-fu wu-lei shih-yüan* 上清玉府五雷使院). All the available [spirit] military forces, the amulets,

135 This is the spirit position that the priest has adopted to work out the amulet.

seals, *mudrās* and emissaries are to forward the report or petition (*shen* 申) of the administering priest, who calls for the support of the highest spirit-authorities in heaven to help the country and save the people. Any support must be provided due to the orders of the supreme god-emperors, who receive the petition by the intermediaries of the Jade Department. There must be no offence against or suppression of the requests brought to the knowledge of the authorities at the Jade Department by means of the basic prayer tablets that the sincere followers of Taoism exposed. Individual protection and salvation is also asked for, and this extends to the salvation of the seven generations of ancestors in Hades, which again is a standard requirement in terms of filial piety.

The first document has the specific title: Form for Memorials (*cha-tzu shih* 劄子式). (40b) The second sketchy document gives the basic pattern for an address to the Court of the Heavenly Pivot (*shen t'ien-shu yüan* 申天樞院). First, there is an appeal to the subordinate Court of the Emissaries of the Five Thunders in the Jade Department of the Heaven of Highest Purity (*Shang-ch'ing yü-fu wu-lei shih-yüan* 上清玉府五雷使院). In each case, we learn how to date, sign or seal the documents. ***

Abbreviations

AAS: Asien- und Afrika-Studien der Humboldt Universität zu Berlin.
Harrassowitz/Wiesbaden

AF: Asiatische Forschungen. Harrassowitz/Wiesbaden

Book of Changes: *The I Ching or Book of Changes*, the Richard Wilhelm Translation rendered into English, by C.F.Baynes. New York 1967.

Companion:: K.Schipper and F.Verellen eds.: *The Taoist Canon, A Historical Companion to the Daozang*. 3 vols.Chicago 2004.

Hucker: *A Dictionary of Official Titles in Imperial China*. Stanford 1985.

JRAS: *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*

MOS: *Münchener Ostasiatische Studien*. Steiner/Stuttgart

TT: *Taoistischer Kanon (Ta Ming Tao-tsang ching/ Cheng-t'ung tao-tsang)*. Ed. Taipei 1977, 61 vols.

ZDMG: *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*

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TT 174 *Chin-lien cheng-tsung hsien-yüan hsiang-chuan*

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The *Sword Scripture*: Recovering and Interpreting a Lost 4th-Century Daoist Method for Cheating Death*

Robert Ford Campany

Abstract

This article undertakes a new interpretation of the Shangqing text known as the *Sword Scripture*, which has survived in fragments. It argues that the scripture prescribed a classic sort of method of *shijie* or “escape by means of a simulated corpse.” It also presents a theory as to why such a method would have been recommended to the earliest recipients of the Shangqing revelations despite the fact that the scripture does not promise that the practice it teaches would lead to Perfected status for practitioners.

Keywords: Daoism, *Sword Scripture*, Shangqing, *shijie*, performance

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* My thanks to Terry Kleeman for inviting me to the Erlangen workshop in which this paper was first presented and for helpful suggestions on its content; to the Internationales Kolleg für Geisteswissenschaftliche Forschung at the Universität Erlangen-Nuremberg and its excellent faculty and staff for hosting the workshop; and to colleagues there and at Vanderbilt University who commented on the paper in its early stages. Special, heartfelt thanks to Steve Bokenkamp for patiently and generously discussing with me many difficult matters concerning Shangqing texts as well as for his many suggestions.

The Lingbao Scripture of the Three Primordials

The Lingbao Scripture of the Three Primordials (Lingbao Sanhua Juding Jing, 灵宝三花聚顶经) is a foundational Taoist text within the Lingbao (Numinous Treasure) tradition, which emerged in the 5th century CE. This scripture is pivotal in the development of neidan (内丹, internal alchemy), particularly in its emphasis on the cultivation and unification of the Three Treasures: jing (精, essence), qi (气, breath), and shen (神, spirit).

Core Concepts in the Scripture

Three Flowers Condensing onto the Head

A central metaphor in the scripture is the concept of the "Three Flowers Condensing onto the Head" (Sanhua Juding 三花聚顶). This refers to the unification of the Three Treasures at the Aperture of the Mysterious Gate (Xuanguan Yiqiao 玄关一窍), symbolizing the convergence of essence, breath, and spirit at the crown of the head. This process is considered a significant step in the attainment of spiritual transcendence and immortality.

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Role of the Three Purities

The scripture underscores the importance of the Three Purities (Sanqing 三清) — the Celestial Worthy of the Way and Its Power (Taishang Laojun), the Celestial Worthy of Numinous Treasure (Lingbao Tianzun), and the Celestial Worthy of the Numinous Origin (Yuanshi Tianzun). These deities are revered as embodiments of the primordial principles and are invoked for guidance in the alchemical process.

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Neidan Practices Derived from the Scripture:

While the Lingbao Sanhua Juding Jing is primarily a liturgical text, it lays the groundwork for several neidan practices:

Circulation of Qi: The scripture describes methods for circulating qi through the body, particularly focusing on the microcosmic orbit, which is essential in neidan practices.

Breathing Techniques: It introduces specific breathing exercises aimed at refining and harmonizing the body's energy.

Visualization: The text employs visualization techniques to aid in the condensation of the

Three Flowers and their ascent to the head.

Practise manual - AI generated based on the chinese text:

Breathing Techniques in the Lingbao Sanhua Juding Jing

1. Embryonic Breathing (胎息, Tāixī)

The scripture emphasizes the importance of quiet, deep breathing to cultivate and refine the body's energy:

"Inhale and exhale gently, without sound; let the breath be smooth and continuous, like the flow of water."

2. Circulating Qi (行气, Xíngqì)

The scripture describes methods to guide and circulate the breath through the body's energy channels:

"Guide the breath through the body, from the lower dantian to the crown of the head, and back down the spine. Visualize the breath moving like a serpent, coiling and uncoiling, nourishing each part of the body."

3. Condensing the Three Flowers onto the Head

The scripture outlines the practice of unifying the Three Treasures—jing (essence), qi (vital energy), and shen (spirit)—at the crown of the head:

"Focus the mind on the crown, drawing the Three Flowers upward. Let the essence rise like smoke, the energy like mist, and the spirit like light. When they converge, the body becomes luminous, and the spirit ascends."

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Fengshen Yanyi

Titolo originale

Altri titoli Fengshen Bang

Autore Xu Zhonglin e Lu Xixing

1ª ed. originale XVI secolo

Genere Romanzo

Lingua originale cinese

Ambientazione dinastia Shang

Modifica dati su Wikidata · Manuale

Fengshen Yanyi (封神榜), noto anche come **Fengshen Bang**, traducibile come "la canonizzazione degli dei", è un romanzo cinese del sedicesimo secolo, scritto durante la dinastia Ming (1368–1644). È una tra le più importanti opere in cinese vernacolare, del genere degli dei e demoni.

È composto di 100 capitoli, e combina elementi di storia, folklore, mitologia, leggende e fantasia. Viene attribuito a Xu Zhonglin.

La storia è ambientata nel periodo di declino della dinastia Shang (1600–1046 a.C.) e l'inizio della dinastia Zhou (1046–256 a.C.). Intreccia numerosi elementi della mitologia cinese, come divinità, immortali e spiriti.

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La dinastia Ming fu la dinastia che assunse il controllo assoluto della Cina dal 1368 al 1644, dopo aver determinato il crollo della precedente dinastia Yuan di origine mongola. Dopo la conquista da parte dell'emergente dinastia Shun della capitale Pechino nel 1644, gli aristocratici fedeli alla causa dei Ming si organizzarono nelle loro roccaforti nelle province meridionali del paese. Nel 1645 la dinastia Qing di etnia manciù sconfisse l'esercito Shun e si impadronì del potere. La resistenza dei cosiddetti Ming meridionali sarebbe stata progressivamente distrutta dai Qing e dopo il 1662 sarebbero rimasti soltanto dei gruppi

isolati di Ming che avrebbero continuato le loro attività antigovernative fino all'istituzione della Repubblica di Cina nel 1912. L'impero Ming era uno dei più vasti della storia, con una superficie di 10,4 milioni di kmq all'apice, nel XVII secolo.

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Reproduced from:

Isabelle Robinet, "Shangqing

In The Encyclopedia of Taoism, vol. 2, pp. 858-66

Edited by Fabrizio Pregadio

Routledge, 2008

The Encyclopedia of Taoism

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□ Shangqing (Highest Clarity)

□ Tianshi dao (Way of the Celestial Masters)

The term Shangqing initially denoted a corpus of scriptures revealed to Yang Xi (330-86) between 364 and 370 (see table 21). With later "apocryphal" texts, these scriptures were adopted by the southern Chinese aristocracy in the fifth and sixth centuries and were assigned the highest rank within the Three Caverns (sandong) of the Taoist Canon. Later, the same term also designated a religious movement, whose actual founder was Tao Hongjing (456-536), with its own patriarchs (see table 22), holy places, liturgy, and a large number of other texts.

As a body of doctrines and practices, Shangqing developed in southeastern China after the imperial court

and the upper classes fled from the north, which had been invaded by non-Chinese peoples, and settled in the Jiangnan region. Here they were confronted by a local Chinese aristocracy of long standing that sought to reaffirm its own traditions over those imported from the north. Shangqing thus marked a revival of the religious legacy of southern China. Claiming to be on a higher level than its forerunners, it consists of a synthesis of the native ecstatic tradition, the late-Zhou and Han traditions of immortality seekers, and the religion of the Celestial Masters (Tianshi dao) imported from the north. Besides a few local cults, Shangqing also incorporated — in a superficial way, but for the first time in Taoism — some features borrowed from Buddhism, and its sources show traces of the debates on wu and you (Non-being and Being) that had engaged the Xuanxue (Arcane Learning) thinkers. All these elements were blended into a coherent whole, imbued with reminiscences of old Chinese myths and of the literary tradition represented by the Chuci (Songs of Chu; trans. Hawkes, *The Songs of the South*) and by Sima Xiangru (ca. 179-117 BCE; Hervouet, *Le chapitre 117 du Che-ki*). This gave the Shangqing texts a remarkable poetic and literary quality, and secured them success among the Chinese intelligentsia.

History

The revelations received by Yang Xi were addressed to the Xu family, especially Xu Mi (303-76) and his son Xu Hui (341-ca. 370), of whom Yang Xi was a client. The Xus, who had been related for many generations to Ge Hong's family, were based in Jurong (near Nanjing, Jiangsu). Xu Mi's grandson, Xu Huangmin (361-429), disseminated the Shangqing manuscripts when he moved further south to Zhejiang, and upon his death bequeathed them to the Ma and Du families. These events marked the first dispersion of the original manuscripts, which was to be followed by several others. In the early 5th century, Wang Lingqi and Xu Huangmin's son, Xu Rongdi (fl. 431-32), produced many forgeries.

Before Tao Hongjing, several medieval Taoists — notably Lu Xiuqing (406-77) and Gu Huan (420/428-483/491) — tried to reassemble the original texts, but Tao's effort was by far the most successful. Also thanks to his work, the school became the foremost Taoist tradition between the sixth and tenth centuries. Emperors interested in the Shangqing scriptures bestowed their favors upon the patriarchs of the school, including Sun Youyue (399-489), Tao Hongjing, Wang Yanzhi (528-635), Pan Shizheng (585-682), Sima Chengzhen (646-735), and Li Hanguang (683-769). Shangqing texts were the main sources of Taoist encyclopedias of that time (especially the *Wushang biyao* and the *Sandong zhunang*), and served as inspiration to Wu Yun (?-778), Li Bai (Li Bo, 701-62), and many other poets. In Song times, patriarchs like Zhu Ziyi (976-1029) and Liu Hunkang (1035-1108) initiated emperors and their families into the Shangqing mysteries. The Taoist section of the *Taiping yulan* (Imperial Readings of the Taiping Xingguo Reign Period), a major encyclopedia published in 983, and the ritual collections compiled

in that period, such as the Wushang xuanyuan santian Yutang dafa (Great Rites of the Jade Hall of the Three Heavens, of the Supreme Mysterious Origin; CT 220), contain significant portions of Shangqing materials. From the 13th century, the Shangqing school lost much of its authority as the Celestial Masters gained ascendancy. The Shangqing registers (lu), however, still ranked above all others.

Table 21. The Shangqing textual corpus. See Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing dans l'histoire du taoïsme*, 2: 15-22 and passim. Some titles are given in abbreviated form, and some translations are tentative. The received Santian zhengfa jing (CT 1203; cf. no. 7 below) is not a Shangqing text.

NO. RECEIVED TEXT TITLE

- 1 CT 5, 6, 7, 103 Dadong zhenjing (Authentic Scripture of the Great Cavern)
- 2 CT 1378 Jinzhen yuguang bajing feijing (Winged Scripture of the Jade Radiance of Golden Truth and of the Eight Effulgences)
- 3 CT 426, 1323 Basu jing (Scripture of the Eight Pure Ladies)
- 4 CT 1316 Bu tiangang niexing qiyuan jing (Scripture of the Seven Primes on Pacing the Celestial Guideline and Treading the Stars)
- 5 CT 1376, 1377 Jiuzhen zhongjing (Central Scripture of the Nine Real Men)
- 6 lost Bianhua qishisi fang jing (Scripture on the Methods of the Seventy-four Transformations)
- 7 lost Santian zhengfa jing (Scripture of the Orthodox Law of the Three Heavens)
- 8 CT 33 Huangqi yangjing sandao shunxing jing (Scripture on Following the Course of the Three Paths of the Yellow Pneuma [=Moon] and the Yang Essence [=Sun])
- 9 CT 1373 Waiguo fangpin Qingtong neiwen (Inner Script of the Azure Lad on the Distribution of the Outer Realms)
- 10 CT 179, 255, 442, 639 Lingshu ziwen (Numinous Writings in Purple Script)
- 11 CT 1332 Zidu yanguang shenyuan bian jing (Scripture on the Transformation of the Fiery Radiant Divine Origin, Written on Purple [Tablets])
- 12 CT 1315 Qingyao zishu jingen zhongjing (Collected Scriptures of the [Lord of?] Qingyao on the Golden Root, Written on Purple [Tablets])
- 13 CT 1327 Sanjiu suyu yujing zhenjue (Authentic Instructions on the Jade Scripture of the Pure Words of the Three [Primes] and the Nine [Old Lords])
- 14 CT 354 Sanyuan yujian sanyuan bujing (Scripture on the Distribution of the Three Primes, Jade

Seal of the Three Primes)

- 15 lost Shijing jinguang cangjing lu [recte: lian?] xing jing (Scripture on the Essence of Stone and the Radiance of Metal for Hiding One's Shape and Refining [?] One's Form)
- 16 CT 1359 Danjing daojing yindi bashu jing (Scripture on the Effulgence of Cinnabar and the Essence of the Dao and on the Eight Arts to Conceal Onself within the Earth)
- 17 CT 1331 Shenzhou qizhuan qibian wutian jing (Scripture of the Divine Continent on the Dance in Heaven in Seven Revolutions and Seven Transformations)
- 18 CT 1330 Taidan yinshu (Concealed Writ of the Great Cinnabar [Palace])
- 19 CT 1317 Kaitian santu qixing yidu jing (Scripture on Crossing through the Three [Celestial] Passes and the Seven Stars to the Opening of Heaven)
- 20 CT 1382 Jiudan shanghua taijing zhongji (Central Records of the Essence of the Embryo and the Upper Transformation of the Ninefold Elixir)
- 21 CT 1329 Jiuchi banfu wudi nei zhenjing (Scripture of the Nine Red Bundled Talismans and the Inner Authenticity of the Five Emperors)
- 22 CT 1334 (?) Shenhu shangfu xiaomo zhihui jing (Scripture of Wisdom on the Superior Talismans of the Divine Tigers and on [the Drugs for] Subduing the Minor Demons)
- 23 CT 1372 Gaoshang yuchen fengtai qusu shangjing (Superior Scripture of the Most Exalted Jade Dawn and the [Eight] Pure [Ladies] of the Palace of the Phoenix Terrace)
- 24 CT 83, 1351 Baihu heihe feixing yujing (Winged Scripture on Flying with the White-Winged and the Black-Feathered [Phoenixes])
- 25 CT 84, 1391 Qionggong lingfei liujia zuoyou shangfu (Superior Talismans of the Left and the Right of the Six Jia for the Numinous Flight to Exquisite Palace)
- 26 CT 56 Yupei jindang Taiji jinshu shangjing (Superior Scripture of the Jade Pendant and the Golden Ring Written on Golden [Tablets] in the Great Ultimate)
- 27 CT 1393 Jiuling taimiao Guishan xuanlu (Mysterious Register of the Turtle Mountain from the Great Wonder of [the Palace of] the Nine Numina)
- 28 CT 1361, 1369 Qisheng xuanji huitian jiuxiao jing (Scripture of the Mysterious Records of the Seven Saints for the Return to the Nine Celestial Empyreans)
- 29 CT 1380 Taishang huangsu sishisi fang jing (Most High Scripture of the Forty-four Methods Written on Yellow Silk)
- 30 CT 55 Taixiao langshu qiongwen dizhang (Precious Writ of the Great Empyrean on the Exquisite Text of the Imperial Statement)
- 31 CT 1357 Gaoshang miemo dongjing jinxuan yuqing yinshu (Most Exalted Concealed Writ of the Jade Clarity of Cavernous Effulgence and Golden Mystery for the Extermination of Demons)
- 32 CT 1336, 1337 Taiwei tian dijun jinhu zhenfu (Authentic Talismans of the Golden Tigers of the Imperial Lord of the Heaven of Great Tenuity)

33 CT 1333 Taiwei tian dijun shenhu yujing zhenfu (Authentic Talismans of the Jade Scripture of the Divine Tigers of the Imperial Lord of the Heaven of Great Tenuity)

34 --- Taishang huangting neijing yujing Taidi neishu (Most High Jade Scripture of the Inner Effulgences of the Yellow Court, Inner Writ of the Great Emperor) [see Huangting jing]

Salvation and Immortality

As a religion, Shangqing reconciles different ideas about salvation based on a threefold conception of the human being:

1. A human being is a complex individual: immortality implies the unification of the spirits and entities that compose and animate the person.
2. A human being is linked to his ancestors whose sins and merits fall on him, and his salvation cannot be separated from theirs.
3. Salvation involves a cosmicization and is thus universal, in the sense that the adept inwardly becomes one with the universe.

In Shangqing, immortality is a private pursuit, without the intervention of human intermediaries. The ultimate goal of the adept's quest is illustrated by the image of the cosmic saint (shengren), which is rooted in the Zhuangzi, the Liezi, and the Huainan zi, and integrates features drawn from popular imagery. Once an adept has obtained immortality, he will dwell in Emptiness and his body will emanate a supernatural radiance. He will enjoy eternal youth, have supernatural powers, and become one with the great forces of the universe. The terms used to describe this state indicate a transcendence of the dualism of life and death; for instance, the adept asks to "take his pleasure far away, where there is no round or square, deeply beyond phenomena, where Non-being and Being blend in Darkness," and to be born and die with the Void.

Immortality is no longer as evidently physical as it was in Ge Hong's tradition; if it is a bodily immortality, it involves the achievement of a spiritual body through meditation. Shangqing adepts aim at having their names written in the registers of life (shengji) held by divinities, or at unraveling the mortal knots that human beings are born with (Robinet, Taoist Meditation, 139-43). Salvation can also be obtained after death: an adept can ascend from the state of an "underworld governor" (dixia zhu, an immortal of inferior rank) to that of a celestial immortal. The Shangqing idea of rebirth as a way of salvation is very different

from the Buddhist notion of reincarnation, and is an innovation that heralds Neidan.

Human beings have three main possibilities for rebirth. One of them is based on a new view of shijie (release from the corpse) as a stage of Taoist asceticism: when purification during life has remained incomplete, the body awaits purification in an intermediary realm such as the Great Yin (Taiyin). The adept may also be reborn in paradises where he undergoes purification by fire and is revived as an immortal. Finally, rebirth can also occur during one's lifetime, through experiencing again one's embryonic development. The latter method is called "nine transmutations" (jiuzhuan) or "ninefold elixir" (jiudan), two terms that relate rebirth to alchemy but on a purely spiritual level.

Gods and Spirits

In their relationships with divine beings, adepts strive to become one with them, sometimes with a touch of chaste love. Divinities are intercessors who appear to the believer and help him on his way to salvation, giving him the keys to celestial palaces, revealing their names and toponymy to him, and nourishing him with cosmic or celestial effluvia. The gods descend into the adept and guide him to the celestial kingdoms, hand in hand, where they share their pastimes with him. This relationship is remarkably different from the one described in the scriptures of the Celestial Masters. It is expressed in numerous hymns blending bliss, exaltation, and mystical joy that appear for the first time in a Taoist movement.

The various gods are all different forms of the Primordial Beginning, and can take many appearances. Among the highest are the Celestial King of Original Commencement (Yuanshi tianwang, see sanqing); the Most High Lord of the Dao (Taishang daojun); the Imperial Lord (Dijun); the Imperial Lord of the Golden Portal (Jinque dijun), who is also known as the Saint of the Latter Age (housheng) and is identified with Li Hong (Laozi's appellation as the messiah); the Queen Mother of the West (Xiwang mu); and her companion Qingtong (Azure Lad). Their primary role is to serve as mediators, and they are at the source of major revealed texts.

Shangqing inherits the Taoist vision of humanity as embodying many spirits, which is first found in the Han "weft texts" or weishu (the names of several spirits are the same or similar in both corpora). Cosmic deities, including the gods of the stars, the planets, and the five sectors of space, play a fundamental role in visualizations. They descend into the believer's body to make it luminous. Many live simultaneously in the heavens and within the human being, regularly inspecting the lives of adepts and updating the registers of life and death. Shangqing also maintains the earlier notions of the three 三 Cinnabar Fields (dantian) and the

Three Corpses (sanshi; see sanshi and jiuchong). In contrast to the Three Palaces of earlier times, however, Shangqing texts imagine that the brain is divided into Nine Palaces (jiugong), which became a standard feature of Taoist subtle physiology. In addition, twenty-four effulgent gods dwell in the body, divided into three groups of eight known as the bajing (Eight Effulgements), each of which is governed by one of the Three Pure Ladies (Sansu). These spirits play a key role in unraveling the mortal knots of the body. The Five Gods (wushen) of the registers of life, who live in the brain, lungs, liver, heart, and lower abdomen, are directed by the Great One (Taiyi) in the brain (see Taidan yinshu).

Table 22. The forty-five Shangqing patriarchs. Source: Maoshan zhi (Monograph of Mount Mao; CT 304), j. 11-12.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Wei Huacun (251-334) | 24 Mao Fengrou |
| 2 Yang Xi (330-86) | 25 Liu Hunkang (1035-1108) |
| 3 Xu Mi (303-76) | 26 Da Jingzhi (1068-1113) |
| 4 Xu Hui (341-ca. 370) | 27 Xu Xihe (?-1127) |
| 5 Ma Lang | 28 Jiang Jingche (?-1146) |
| 6 Ma Han | 29 Li Jinghe (?-1150) |
| 7 Lu Xiujing (406-77) | 30 Li Jingying (?-1164) |
| 8 Sun Youyue (399-489) | 31 Xu Shoujing (?-1195) |
| 9 Tao Hongjing (456-536) | 32 Qin Ruda (?-1195) |
| 10 Wang Yuanzhi (528-635) | 33 Xing Rujia (?-1209) |
| 11 Pan Shizheng (585-682) | 34 Xue Ruji (?-1214) |
| 12 Sima Chengzhen (647-735) | 35 Ren Yuanfu (1176-1239) |
| 13 Li Hanguang (683-769) | 36 Bao Zhizhen (?-1251) |
| 14 Wei Jingzhao (694-785) | 37 Tang Zhidao (?-1258) |
| 15 Huang Dongyuan (698-792) | 38 Jiang Zongying (?-1281) |
| 16 Sun Zhiqing | 39 Jing Yuanfan |
| 17 Wu Fatong (825-907) | 40 Liu Zongchang |
| 18 Liu Dechang | 41 Wang Zhixin (?-1273) |
| 19 Wang Qixia (882-943) | 42 Zhai Zhiying (?-1276) |
| 20 Cheng Yanzhao (912-90) | 43 Xu Daoqi (1236-1291) |

21 Jiang Yuanji (?-998) 44 Wang Daomeng (1242-1314)

22 Wan Baochong 45 Liu Dabin (fl. 1317-28)

23 Zhu Ziying (976-1029)

Cosmology and Cosmography

Shangqing cosmology follows the traditional Chinese pattern based on the numbers 3 and 5 (see *sanwu): a vertical threefold division into Heaven, Earth, and Humanity corresponds to a horizontal fivefold division into the *wuxing. There are Nine Great Primordial Heavens created from pure cosmic pneuma, each of which in turn gives rise to three heavens for a total of thirty-six heavens (*sanshiliu tian). Another series is formed by eight heavens arranged horizontally. The Heavens of the Three Clarities (*sanqing 三 pictures) are superior stages in the adept's progress. Other paradises are the stations of the sun, moon, and other astral bodies (planets, constellations, and the Northern Dipper or *beidou), as well as the far ends of the earth, sometimes designated after ancient myths. The Southern Paradise is a place of purification and rebirth.

Besides the traditional Five Peaks (*wuyue), Shangqing cosmography includes other sacred mountains corresponding to the Grotto-Heavens and the Blissful Lands (*dongtian and fudi). The axis of the world is Mount *Kunlun, also called Xigui shan (Turtle Mountain of the West) or Longshan (Dragon Mountain). Other mountains, such as the Renniao shan (Mountain of the Bird-Men), play an analogous role.

The underworld is a counterpart of the Dipper. Located in the mountain-city of *Fengdu, its administration is governed by the Northern Emperor (*Beidi) and is organized into six courts that judge the dead (six is a Yin number, related to obscurity and death). The end of the world, often evoked in Shangqing scriptures, is described in the Santian zhengfa jing (Scripture of the Orthodox Law of the Three Heavens; CT 1203; Ozaki Masaharu, "Taijō santen seihō kyō seiritsu kō"), in a way reminiscent of ideas already found in the Hanshu (History of the Former Han). The end of a cosmic cycle comes when the Yin and Yang pneumas reach their point of exhaustion. A lesser cycle ends after 3,600 celestial Yang or 3,300 terrestrial Yin revolutions, while a greater cycle ends after 9,900 celestial Yang or 9,300 terrestrial Yin revolutions. The Mother of Water (Shuimu), a "celestial horse" (tianma), a "great bird" (daniao), and Li Hong are the judges who, at that time, descend to earth to judge humanity.

Practices

Unlike the communal rites of the Celestial Masters, the Shangqing practices are individual and emphasize *meditation and visualization. The bureaucratic and theurgic aspects of the Celestial Masters' relationship to their gods are ignored: the celestial beings are not summoned with petitions but are invoked with

prayers or chants, and there are no warlike struggles with demonic spirits. Physiological techniques and the ingestion of drugs and herbs are considered as minor; sexual practices are condemned or are interiorized and sublimated. The ritual aspect of the practices is flexible, and one is not impelled to observe the formal rules if it is impossible to do so.

The great variety of Shangqing practices can be categorized as follows:

1. Charms, recitations (*songjing), and hymns, usually accompanied by visualizations (*cun), whose purpose is to exterminate demons, summon spirits, or obtain salvation.
2. Visualization of spirits, some celestial and some corporeal (often both), who come to animate and spiritualize the body (see *Huangting jing and *Dadong zhenjing). The adept blends them all into one, and unites himself with them. Often at the end of these visualizations everything in the world and outside of it becomes effulgent. This group also includes the method of the Three Ones (*sanyi) described in the *Ciyi jing, the *Suling jing, and the *Jiuzhen zhongjing.
3. Ecstatic metamorphoses (see *bianhua).
4. Methods aiming at having one's name inscribed in the "registers of life" (Ciyi jing, *Basu jing, and Taidan yinshu).
5. Methods for loosening the mortal knots of the embryo (Basu jing, Jiuzhen zhongjing, and Taidan yinshu).
6. Ecstatic excursions (*yuanyou) and absorption of astral efflorescences (Basu jing and Jiuzhen zhongjing).

Interiorization is the major innovative feature of Shangqing, and its main legacy for Taoism. It consists of actualizing (cun), i.e., giving existence to entities pertaining to an imaginative and mystical world that lies between spiritual and physical existence (see *xiang). The adept has direct access to the sacred: the role of intermediary is not played by priests or other ritual officiants but by the scriptures themselves, which organize and codify relations between humanity and the gods, and between ordinary and sacred life. The

importance of the written texts is emphasized to such a degree that the master's role consists only in certifying their legitimate transmission. The Shangqing scriptures are divine and precosmic, a token bestowed by the deities that promises salvation.

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The Way and the Words

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Summary

Introduction

Between 364 and 370 CE, deities known as Perfected Ones 仙 were said to have appeared in visions to the medium Yang Xi 楊羲 and others in what is now southeastern China to give instruction on a wide range of topics. Deigning to descend from a hitherto unknown zone of the heavens called Supreme Purity or Shangqing 上清, they dictated to the recipient, who wrote down their words, or else they arrived bearing written scrolls, some of which they allowed to be copied. The resulting texts were shared with patrons, notably members of the southeastern clan Xu 許. Within a few generations the texts circulated more widely, sometimes imitated and forged by aristocrats seeking the religious and social cachet that simply owning the scriptures could convey. This scriptural profusion prompted the Daoist master Tao Hongjing 陶弘景 around 499 (and another figure named Gu Huan 顧歡 a bit earlier) to cull what he considered the apocryphal from the thirty-odd authentic scriptures that had survived and to compile other documents, including diary-like records of the Perfected Ones' appearances in visions and dreams. The larger of these compilations that survives was titled Zhen'gao 真經 or Declarations of the Perfected. All this is of course well known to scholars of Daoist religion, but few of these writings have been carefully studied or translated in non-Asian-language publications. Yet they constitute one of the most fascinating textual dossiers of world religious history.

Here I want to pose the following question: What were Shangqing scriptures for? These texts prescribe a great many practices. The prescriptions certainly do not skimp on detail.

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DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1017/9789048555260.009>[Opens in a new window]

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Prasenjit Duara

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Bible > Sermons > Revelation 21:27

The Heavenly Register

Homilist

Revelation 21:27

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defiles, neither whatever works abomination, or makes a lie...

I. THE BOOK referred to —

1. The book of life.

2. The Lamb's book.

(1) As the author of life.

(2) As the Head of the Church.

(3) As the final Judge.

II. The names recorded —

1. Repentant sinners.

2. Living believers.

3. Sanctified disciples. Of all ages — countries — dispensations — conditions.

III. THE PRIVILEGES of the registered.

1. Divine honour.

2. Divine riches.

3. Every good.

4. Heavenly glory. Conclusion: The subject should produce —

1. Unspeakable joy.

2. Entire confidence.

3. Holy circumspection.

4. Fidelity and obedient perseverance.

(Homilist.).

Parallel Verses

KJV: And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

WEB: There will in no way enter into it anything profane, or one who causes an abomination or a lie, but

only those who are written in the Lamb's book of life.

The Heavenly Church BookThe Impassable GulfTop of PageTop of Page

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[Archive #17 – PDFs of Creation of the Gods Library of Chinese Classics Chinese-English Bilingual Edition \(Vols. 1-4\)](#)

May 5, 2020Jim R. McClanahan

Note #1: See update 11-28-21 for a PDF of a doctoral thesis analyzing the historical sources for FSYY.

Note #2: See update 03-14-23 for a PDF of circa 1620 FSYY woodblock prints.

Last updated: 11-03-2024

Here I present a PDF of the Library of Chinese Classics bilingual edition of Creation of the Gods (Fengshen yanyi, 封神榜, c. 1620 CE), sometimes translated as Investiture of the Gods or Enfeoffment of the Gods.

Here is a summary.

I. Description

This 100 chapter shenmo novel tells of the great struggle between the declining Shang (c. 1600–1046 BCE) and ascending Zhou (c. 1046–256 BCE) dynasties. In the beginning, King Zhou of Shang offends the primordial goddess Nuwa by leaving a lewd poem in her temple, and in response, the devi summons a trio of spirits (a fox, a pheasant, and a lute) to bring about the dynasty's downfall. The fox spirit takes the place of the king's concubine Daji and, over the course of nearly 30 years, leads him down a path of imperial neglect, decadence, and sadism. This causes many of the kingdom's dukes, marquis, and generals to later rebel in favor of King Wu of Zhou, the monarch destined by heaven to rule China.

The majority of the story follows the countless battles between the forces of Shang and Zhou. Along the way, the latter are aided by immortals of the Chan (阐) sect (an analogy for Quanzhen Daoism), which favors spiritual cultivation, while the former are aided by the Jie (截) sect (an analogy for Zhengyi), which favors charms and incantations. [1] Each transcendent wields any number of swords, fans, hooks, staves, axes, halberds, scissors, hammers, rings, sashes, nails, dippers, pennants, pearls, gourds (etc.), each with not only the power to take the lives of thousands of humans but also immobilize other immortals and even kill them. These celestial battles escalate to the point that Laozi and the Buddha must fight side-by-side to defeat a trap designed to kill 10,000 immortals.

A story line present throughout the novel is the fate of Jiang Ziya, a Daoist adept and the military strategist

and stalwart commander of the Zhou army. He is destined to deify the souls of the humans and immortals who die in battle using the “List of Creation” (Fengshen bang, 封神榜), an index of preordained names agreed upon at the beginning of time by the heads of the three religions. This list is housed in the “Terrace of Creation” (Fengshen tai, 封神台), a reed pavilion in which the souls of the dead are gathered to await their apotheosis. In the end, after defeating the Shang forces, Jiang deifies a total of 365 major gods, along with thousands of lesser gods, ranging from holy mountains, weather, and plagues to constellations, the time cycle, and the five elements.

Fig. 1 – A detail of Nezha striking at an enemy during battle. Image from The Newly Printed, Zhong Bojing Annotated, Investiture of the Gods (Xinke Zhong Bojing xiansheng piping Fengshen yanyi, 新刻中
國封神榜, c. 1620) (larger version).

Considering the story takes place a millennia prior to the arrival of Buddhism in China, the novel portrays the religion having no presence in the east. There are several times in the narrative when a Buddhist deity travels from the western paradise to halt the execution of a powerful immortal or demon as they are fated to submit to Buddhism. Furthermore, when the Buddha intervenes in the great battle towards the end, he does so to find talented disciples who will help him spread the religion in the east. In fact, Bodhisattvas like Guanyin and Manjusri are depicted as former Chan sect immortals who later become disciples of Buddhism.

II. Relationship to JTTW

For the purposes of this blog, several characters from Journey to the West (Xiyouji, 西遊記, 1592) appear in the novel, including Laozi, the Buddha, Nezha (fig. 1), Muzha, and Li Jing, Ao Guang, Erlang (called Yang Jian, 楊戩) and his hound, etc. Journey to the West also had a number of clear influences on the book, one being the ape spirit Yuan Hong (孫悟空) from later chapters who wields a staff and 72 transformations in a fight with Yang Jian. Sound familiar?

III. The Translation

This edition of the novel was originally translated by Gu Zhizhong (顧志中, 1898–1995) in 1992. Dr. Barbara Witt notes the translation has its pros and cons:

The positive: It is the only complete translation of Fengshen yanyi into a Western language that I am aware of. The edition I read (from 1992 I think), was also nicely done with interesting woodcut illustrations throughout the novel.

The negative: Firstly, it is not a very faithful translation. Poems are generally left untranslated and sentences often paraphrased. [2] I think, when ever the translator found something difficult, he just skipped it. Secondly, I think Gu Zhizhong was not an English native speaker and not very familiar with Western mythology and some of his translations are really off. For example Taiyi zhenren 太一真人 (“True Man Primordial”), a powerful Daoist immortal, becomes “Fairy Primordial” in his translation, which conjures up a very different image.

While the translation may not be perfect, I think it is a must read as many of the gods mentioned therein are worshiped in modern temples throughout China, Taiwan, Malaysia, and Singapore. It is a lens into modern folk religion.

IV. PDF File

The following PDF is a combination of all four volumes making up Gu (2000):

<https://journeytothewestresearch.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/05/fsyy-en-cn.pdf>

Update: 11-28-21

I’ve added Wan (1987), a doctoral thesis analyzing the historical sources and micro/macro structure of the story. It also provides a summary of the tale in the end.

PDF File

Click to access Investiture-of-the-gods-Fengshen-yanyi-Sources-narrative-structure-and-mythical-significance.pdf

Update: 03-14-23

Here is a PDF for volume one of The Newly Printed, Zhong Bojing Annotated, Investiture of the Gods (Xinke Zhong Bojing xiansheng piping Fengshen yanyi, 新刻鐘馗百鬼集, c. 1620), the oldest known edition of the novel. It is full of lovely woodblock prints (fig. 2).

PDF File

[Click to access Investiture-of-the-Gods-1620-prints.pdf](#)

Fig. 2 – A random page from vol. 1 of The Newly Printed, Zhong Bojing Annotated, Investiture of the Gods (larger version).

Thank you to the National Archives of Japan for offering the complete 1620 edition of FSYY. It can be downloaded [here](#).

Update: 09-13-23

Tumblr user digitalagepulao has drawn an amazing Nezha (fig. 3). The theme is based on the feud between the prince and his father, which leads to the former's suicide and divine resurrection. The artist describe a tense scene from the novel:

Li Jing in a fury grabbed his halberd, leapt on his horse and galloped out of the headquarters. He was astonished to see Nezha with his Wind-Fire Wheels and Fire-Tipped Spear. He swore loudly, "You damned beast! You caused us endless suffering before your death, and now that you've been reborn, you're troubling us again!"

"Li Jing! I've returned my flesh and bones to you [via suicide], and there's no longer any relation between us. Why did you smash my golden idol with your whip and burn down my temple? Today I must take my revenge!"

The drawing is part of digitalagepulao's "Expedition to the West au" (JTTW alternate universe) storyline based on this article.

Fig. 3 – Digitalagepulao's Nezha (larger version).

Update: 09-08-24

@ryin-silverfish of Tumblr (author of this guest post) has made a catalog of the fantastic pets from the novel.

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1NozJF8nbhy8t6Jta7AZ5WKbyCmEMYtgFM_akcSt9D-Y/edit?usp=drivesdk

They have also made a catalog of Nezha's powers.

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1FjHQPXmEalChk7PNiw9ljAJ8Cq66-AjevgEfdEa6wgl/edit?usp=sharing>

A very big thank you to them. I'll add more later if or when new lists are available.

Disclaimer:

These have been posted for educational purposes. No malicious copyright infringement is intended. Please support the official release.

Update: 11-03-24

My friend Dario Virga (Onibotokemaru on Instagram) (fig. 4) has completed an Italian translation of the novel titled *L'investitura degli Dei: Romanzo cinese di epoca Ming* (2024). This 1,120 page, two-volume edition can be purchased here for € 50,00:

<https://www.libraccio.it/libro/9788879847049/xu-zhonglin/investitura-degli-dei-romanzo-cinese-di-epoca-ming.html?tr=C3137>

Fig. 4 – Dario and his translation (larger version).

Notes:

1) Prof. Shi Changyu notes in his preface to this translation that the friction between the fictional Chan and Jie sects serves as an analogy for that of Quanzhen and Zhengyi during the Ming, for the former was marginalized, while the latter was held in high esteem and fell prey to decadence, naturally hindering its ability to contribute anything of value to the development of Daoism at this time (Gu, 2000, pp. 50-53).

2) Those interested in reading some of the poetry from the novel should consult Koss (1979), which compares them with those from *Journey to the West*.

Sources:

Gu, Z. (2000). *Creation of the Gods* (Vols. 1-4). Beijing: New World Press.

Koss, N. (1979). *The Relationship of Hsi-yu chi and Feng-shen yen-i: An Analysis of Poems Found in*

Both Novels. T'oung Pao, 65(4/5), second series, 143-165. Retrieved May 5, 2020, from <http://www.jstor.org/stable/4528175>

Wan, P. (1987). Investiture of the Gods ("Fengshen yanyi"): Sources, Narrative Structure, and Mythical Significance (UMI No. 8810607) [Doctoral dissertation, University of Washington]. Available from ProQuest Dissertations and Theses database.

Wu, C., & Yu, A. C. (2012). The Journey to the West (Vols. 1-4) (Rev. ed.). Chicago, Illinois: University of Chicago Press.

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8 thoughts on "Archive #17 – PDFs of Creation of the Gods Library of Chinese Classics Chinese-English Bilingual Edition (Vols. 1-4)"

Soe Htet Aung says:

September 8, 2020 at 2:53 pm

THANKS FOR THIS!!

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Casey says:

August 17, 2023 at 12:15 am

These books are egregiously rare and expensive to buy so it's a great resource. Thanks

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Reply

Jim R. McClanahan says:

August 17, 2023 at 10:34 am

You're welcome. I'm happy to make it more accessible to people.

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Reply

Jack says:

March 14, 2024 at 2:43 am

Just want to thank you for the PDF! I've read it in another language before, but now that I've moved countries, I couldn't find it again. So I'm really happy to have an easy accessible version here!

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Reply

Jim R. McClanahan says:

March 14, 2024 at 12:48 pm

You're welcome.

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Reply

Crystal says:

February 2, 2025 at 11:56 am

I know the Tales of the Teahouse Retold: Investiture of the Gods translation by Katherine Liang is incomplete but I am curious about your thoughts on it in comparison to Gu Zhizhong's translation.

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Jim R. McClanahan says:

February 2, 2025 at 2:28 pm

I haven't read the series yet. I'll add it to my reading list.

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Reply

PearlSpirit says:

March 7, 2025 at 10:21 pm

Goodness, I am so annoyed because I had a longer post written out, but the site deleted it! I'm not the person you were asking, but I've read Teahouse. To be blunt, the translation has the same problem that many translations of Chinese literature into Indo-European languages seem to run into: inconsistent translation of the names of people, places, and things. It would be one thing if translators made a consensus, for example, 玉皇大帝 (Yùhuángdàdì) as Jade Emperor and stuck with it. But Katherine Liang Chew decides to render 太乙真人 (Taiyi Zhenren) as Paragon, meanwhile, Gu Zhizhong calls him Fairy Primordial. Also, for some reason, she decided to transliterate Li Gen, the name of the yaksha whom Nezha killed, as Night Face, which feels a tad unnecessary given that his Chinese name isn't exactly hard for Westerners to pronounce (but maybe she thought people would confuse it with Li Jing?). She decided to translate 灵珠 (Língzhū) as "Magical Pearl" instead of Spirit Pearl, and to be honest, I am questioning that decision. Doesn't Líng refer to "a departed soul" or "a spirit"? Ghost Pearl might be a more accurate translation if she didn't want to say "spirit" for some reason. Also, Língzhū wasn't a literal magical pearl or a pearl with ghost powers or whatever. "Língzhū" is a dharma name, like Golden Cicada in Journey to the West. Língzhū is said in some sources to have been an Immortal who reincarnated in the human realm.

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November 2012

Powered by WordPress.com. Foreword: this is not a comprehensive catalog. I have chosen to exclude three things:

All the horses with fancy names, unless they have supernatural power.

Fancy carriages. Even the ones pulled by dragons.

Nezha's Wind-Fire Wheel.

On top of that, I have chosen to include:

Fantastic beasts that aren't steeds (as in, animals you ride on), and more like weaponized pets.

Yaoguai characters that are subdued and become steeds or pets. Which is why Ma Shan the lamp spirit doesn't count; despite being subdued, Randeng doesn't use him for anything afterwards, unlike the Peng eagle.

Many characters share the same species of steeds. The chapter title behind each name is the first chapter their steed appears in.

Steeds

☐☐/Blue Luan bird - Nvwa (Chapter 1), Lady Shiji (Chapter 13), Yunxiao (Chapter 49), Princess Longji (Chapter 66)

-As you can see, this species seems to be favored by female immortals.

-In the Book of Mountains and Seas, the Luan is described as a bird with five-colored feather patterns, whose sighting shall bring peace to the realms.

-The description is very similar to the phoenix's.

☐☐☐☐/Fiery-eyed, Golden-pupiled Beast - Chong Heihu (Chapter 3), Zheng Lun (Chapter 3), Yu Hua (Chapter 33), Cheng Qi (Chapter 73)

Deer - the Ten Lords of Golden Turtle Island (Chapter 43), Randeng (Chapter 45), Wenshu (Chapter 61)

-They divide those deers into subcategories of “Sika Deer” (☐☐☐), “Yellow-spotted Deer” (☐☐☐), and “Eight-forked Deer” (☐☐☐) too, but honestly, that's just semantics.

-Randeng's deer got cut in half by the Golden Dragon Scissor in Chapter 48, but in later chapters, he's also described as riding a deer. I guess he just has more than one deer.

-Wenshu's steed was a deer before he switched to a new one in the Ten Thousand Immortal Formation Arc.

☐☐☐/Golden-eyed Camel - Lv Yue (Chapter 58), Holy Mother of Flame Spirit (Chapter 71), Yu Yuan (Chapter 75)

-Yu Yuan's case is a bit complicated, because the chapter uses both “Golden Eyed Camel” and “Golden-pupiled Five Cloud Camel” (☐☐☐☐☐) for his steed. Whether it's semantics again, or his camel is actually a

fancier, better version of your run-of-the-mill ones remains unclear.

Tiger - Shen Gongbao (Chapter 37), Zhao Gongming (Chapter 46).

-Shen Gongbao's tiger is a "White-foreheaded Tiger" (白额虎), while Zhao Gongming's one is black-furred.

Crane - Huanglong (Chapter 45), Old Man of the South Pole (Chapter 65)

Qilin - Grand Tutor Wen (Chapter 27), Huang Tianhua (Chapter 40)

-Wen Zhong's Qilin is called the "Ink Qilin" (墨麒麟), and Huang Tianhua, the "Jade Qilin" (玉麒麟).

五色牛/Five-colored Bull - Huang Feihu (Chapter 8)

水兽/Water-forcing Beast - Ao Bing (Chapter 14)

辟邪/Bi An - Wang Mo (Chapter 38)

-Said to be the seventh of the Nine Sons of the Dragons, it is a tiger-like beast that's often used to decorate jail doors and courts.

狻猊/Suan Ni - Yang Sen (Chapter 38)

-Also an offspring of dragons, it's a lion-like beast that enjoys sitting still and fire and smoke. As such, it's often used to decorate incense burners.

白额虎/Spotted Leopard - Gao Youqian (Chapter 38)

𪛗/Zheng Ning - Li Xingba (Chapter 38)

-Like many fantastic beasts in this catalog, it's probably made up by the author. However, the Book of Mountains and Seas does feature a strange beast named “Zheng”, which looks like a red leopard with five tails and a single horn.

𪛗/Four-Not-Like - Jiang Ziya (Chapter 38)

-It used to be Yuanshi's steed, and was given to Jiang Ziya to help him face the 4 aforementioned monstrous steeds of the Nine Dragon Island Sages, because regular horses would become terrified in their presence.

-Might be based on an elaphure, a.k.a. Père David's deer.

𪛗/Hong Hu - Qiong Xiao (Chapter 49)

-Literally “Goose-Swan”. Apart from being a name for actual swans, it can also be a generic name for large birds, as well as a name specifically referring to white-colored Chinese phoenix.

𪛗/Flower-plumed Bird - Bixiao (Chapter 49)

𪛗/Horned Azure Bull - Lao Tzu (Chapter 50)

𪛗/Red Smoke Foal - Luo Xuan (Chapter 64)

-I originally counted it out because, despite its unusual color, it seems to still be a horse. Then I noticed the description of flames coming out of its four hooves upon a reread. Princess Longji takes it out with her

Twin Dragon Sword.

鯨/Whale-Dragon - Hong Jin (Chapter 66)

龍魚/Divine Fish - Princess Longji (Chapter 66)

-The second character has multiple pronunciations (Liu, Nai, Wei). It's a needlessly complicated name for some kind of fish.

-However, both the Ming illustration of FSYY and the modern Lianhuanhua adaptation seem to portray it as a fish-bird hybrid thing.

-It is also the natural counter to Hong Jin's Whale Dragon.

夔/Kui Bull - Patriarch Tongtian (Chapter 77)

-Might be related to the "Kui Bull" (夔) of Book of Mountains and Seas, a one-legged, hornless, bull-like beast. It will bring wind and storm whenever it enters and exits water bodies, and emits a glow that's like the sun and moon.

白???/White ??? - Lao Tzu's "Three in One Breath" clones (Chapter 77)

-Much like Longji's fish-bird, that last character is nearly untypable, and I can't even find a pronunciation. It might be an alternate character for 白, which would mean that Lao Tzu's first clone is just riding a Baize, the mythical all-knowing beast.

天馬/Heavenly Horse - Lao Tzu's "Three in One Breath" clones (Chapter 77)

☐☐/Earthly Hou - Lao Tzu's "Three in One Breath" clones (Chapter 77)

-Likely based on a lion, the Hou is also a mythical beast. Here, it is written as ☐, but the more well-known version is ☐, which is used in JTTW for Guanyin's escaped steed, the Golden-haired Hou.

-FSYY seems to favor ☐ over ☐, though.

☐☐☐/Cloudray Beast - Yang Ren (Chapter 80)

-Daode Zhenjun's steed, which he gives to Yang Ren. When slapped on the horn, clouds form around its four hooves, allowing it to take flight.

☐☐☐☐/One-horned Blacksmoke Beast - Zhang Kui (Chapter 86)

-Basically a horse with one horn. It can travel at supernatural speed, turning into a blur of black smoke in the process. Yang Jian tricked him into decapitating it in the very same chapter.

☐☐☐/One-horned Beast - Jin Dasheng (Chapter 92)

-No idea what its relation is to the other magical one-horned steed above.

-Speaking of...can you call all horses with an additional horn a unicorn, or is it limited to the European folklore incarnation alone?

Pets

☐☐☐☐/Iron-beaked Divine Eagle - Chong Heihu (Chapter 3)

-Kept in a gourd when not in use. Maaaaaybe a spell, since when Heihu unleashes it, the eagles just appear out of nowhere in a cloud of smoke. Natural counter to Gao Jineng's wasps.

White-faced Ape - Bo Yikao (Chapter 19)

-Is an amazing singer, because it has cultivated to a level where the bone in its throat is no longer there, unlike regular animals. Can also perceive Daji's true form and tried to claw her in the face as a result.

-King Zhou ordered the execution of the ape, but spared it on Bo Yikao's pleading...immediately before Bo Yikao himself yeeted his instrument at Daji and got executed as a result. Nothing is said about what happened to the ape after Bo Yikao's death.

𪛗𪛗𪛗/Golden-eyed Divine Warbler - Huang Feihu (Chapter 28)

-Technically not Huang Feihu's pet, but a tribune from the North Sea that was released on his order to go after Daji in fox form (he didn't know that, though), and succeeded in clawing her in the face.

-Because of this, Daji develops a grudge against him.

𪛗𪛗/Fox-Ferret - Mo Lishou (Chapter 40)

-Giant monster ferret that looks like a white rat, and is said to be "as large as a white elephant". Swallowed Yang Jian whole, before he squeezed its heart and burst out of its body, tearing the beast in half in the process.

-Likely based on Devaraja Vaisravana's iconography, where he's often depicted with a rat/mongoose in his hand. This might be a result of syncretism of Vaisravana and Kubera the wealthgod. It's also known as the "Treasure-spewing Rat", and can throw up treasures when squeezed.

☾/Celestial Howling Hound - Yang Jian (Chapter 47)

-Giant monster dog that's "as large as a white elephant and as swift as an owl". Is also referred to as an "immortal hound" (天狗) during the Plum Mountain Demons Arc. A true MVP in fights.

-While Erlang's hound companion has been part of his iconography since the Yuan dynasty, FSYY is the work that gives the doggo its most iconic and popular name.

Dog - Ji Kang (Chapter 66)

-It's unclear whether the dog is a spell, or an actual beast, since Ji Kang unleashes it by reciting a mantra, at which point a black cloud appears and a dog pokes its head out of the cloud to bite people. I lean more towards the former.

-This dog attack thing is likely related to the stellar deity Ji Kang is deified as—the Heavenly Dog Star (天狗星), a star of ill omens.

☾/Centipede Wasp - Gao Jineng (Chapter 69)

-Kept in a sack when not in use. The first time we see the wasp swarm in action, it stings Huang Tianhua's Qilin in the eyes, causing him to fall off his saddle and be killed.

-However, when Gao Jineng tried to use it a second time, Chong Heihu unleashed his Iron-beaked Eagles in return, which devoured all the wasps and led to his subsequent demise at the hand of Huang Feihu.

Subdued yaoguai turned steed/pet

Winged Immortal, a Golden Winged Peng eagle - Randeng (Chapter 63)

-One of THE memetic losers of FSYY. Upon shifting to his true form, the wind created by his wing flaps can whisk away tremendous amounts of seawater, exposing the seabed and allowing him to feast on the fishes.

-He tried to use that move to drown the city of Xi Qi after getting beaten up by Jiang Ziya and the Chan juniors, which doesn't work thanks to Yuanshi's magical water barrier.

-After several hours of futile work, he got tired and was too embarrassed to go back to camp. Then he got directed to a feast by Randeng in disguise, ate 108 prayer beads disguised as snacks, and was subdued via nasty stomach cramps.

-Later sent out as a scout against Kong Xuan, got punted out of the air, and the best description he can manage is "Guy has wings".

Kong Xuan, a peacock - Zhunti (Chapter 71)

-A giant roadblock. Has the super OP Five-colored Divine Light (五光) attack, which can suck up treasures, divine beasts, and people alike.

-When Yang Jian uses the Demon-revealing Mirror on him, he can only see a glowy, agate-like ball of light inside. Upon being overpowered by Zhunti, he reverts to his true form—a narrow-eyed, red-crowned peacock, and is taken away as a steed.

-Later, he becomes Mahamayuri the Wisdom King, literally "Great Peacock".

Black Cloud Immortal, a softshell turtle - Zhunti (Chapter 83)

-A disciple of the Jie Sect. He fights Zhunti, only to be defeated via a bamboo fishing pole, at which point he reverts to his true form and is led away by an acolyte to live as a pet turtle in the Eight Virtues Pool of the Western Pure Land.

Dragon-headed Immortal, an azure Lion - Wenshu (Chapter 83)

-Disciple of the Jie Sect. He is in charge of the Taiji Formation during the Ten Thousand Immortal Formation Arc. Subdued by Wenshu, and was led out on a leash to be paraded before Patriarch Tongtian on Lao Tzu's order as extra insults.

Spirit Tusk Immortal, a white elephant - Puxian (Chapter 83)

-Disciple of the Jie Sect. In charge of the Twin Polarity Formation (阴阳阵). Subdued by Puxian.

Golden Light Immortal, a Hou - Cihang (Chapter 83)

-Disciple of the Jie Sect. In charge of the Four Bearings Formation (四方阵). Subdued by Cihang, FSYY's Daoist-ized version of Guanyin.

Disclaimer: I'm not counting powers from his treasures, such as the Wind-Fire Wheels giving him super speed and allowing him to take flight.

I'm also excluding the invisibility talisman Taiyi drew on him in Chapter 12, since, unlike his Three-headed Eight-Armed Form, it's not a skill or permanent alteration.

Pre-resurrection:

Advanced physical maturity - I don't know what to call "A newborn baby being able to jump and run around right after emerging from a ball of flesh", but this is probably it. (Chapter 12)

Unusual height - 6ft tall 7 years old kid, though this might just be a result of FSYY's weird sense of scale. (Chapter 12)

Super strength - A 7 years old kid killing Li Gen the Yaksha with a Qiankun Ring to the head should count as super strength. In Ao Bing's case, he drags him off the steed with the Huntian Sash first before the bonking. (Chapter 12)

Still, his later beatdown of Ao Guang and being able to draw the Qiankun Bow no one else could lift? Yeah, definitely super strength. (Chapter 13)

Five Elements Travel: Earth - After Ao Guang storms off to make a complaint to JE, Nezha uses Earth Travel to go to Taiyi's abode and ask for help. It's activated by grabbing a handful of dirt and tossing it into the air. (Chapter 12)

Travel to the Celestial Realm - After Taiyi puts an invisibility talisman on him, he goes to wait for Ao Guang under the Celestial Realm's gates. (Chapter 12)

Dream Communication - Talking to Lady Yin in her dream after his suicide. (Chapter 14)

A generic ghost power, as shown by later instances of Wen Zhong and Yin Jiao's souls warning King Zhou in his dreams, before they go into the Terrace of Investiture. (Chapter 52, Chapter 66)

Efficiency at granting prayers - After Lady Yin builds a temple for him, he is said to be able to fulfill all the wishes of his worshippers, from granting blessings to warding off disasters. (Chapter 14)

Materialization - After Li Jing's destruction of his temple, Nezha goes to protest to Taiyi, and the narration says that "After receiving incense and worship for half a year, Nezha is able to take a form and voice himself to some extent." (□□□□□□□□□□□□)

It is implied here that ghosts can become corporeal again via people's worship, though, from the looks of it, Nezha has only become visible and audible, and doesn't have a physical body yet at the point of the temple's destruction. (Chapter 14)

Post-Resurrection:

Unusual height (Again) - He grows from 6ft to "1 Zhang 6 Chi" after his resurrection, which is about 15-18 ft. (Chapter 14)

Spear arts - Taught by Taiyi. (Chapter 14)

Samadhi Fire - When Wenshu ties him to the Flying Dragon Pillar and orders Jinzha to whip him, he is described as "blowing out Samadhi Fire from his seven orifices" (七窍喷火). This may or may not be metaphorical. (Chapter 14)

It must also be noted that FSYY's Samadhi Fire is not the Red Boy-exclusive special attack of JTTW, and multiple Daoists from both Chan and Jie Sects are able to use it.

The best example is when Nezha and his brothers, Lei Zhenzi, Huang Tianhua, and Weihu try to burn Ma Shan with the Samadhi Fire on Jiang Ziya's orders, which doesn't work because he's a lampwick spirit, who proceeds to escape through the flames. (Chapter 63)

Lotus Body: Immunity to soul-based attacks - In Chapter 37, the narration then explains that all beings of flesh and blood possess the Three Souls and Seven Spirits, and Zhang Guifang's spell works by forcefully scattering them.

Nezha, because of his Lotus Body, does not have souls, thus granting him immunity to the attack.

This will become a recurrent thing. Here's a list of all the soul-based treasures and spells that fail against Nezha:

Zhang Guifang's Unhorsing Spell (Chapter 37)

Zheng Lun's nose beams (Chapter 57)

Chijing Zi/Yin Hong's Yin-Yang Mirror (Chapter 60)

Guangcheng Zi/Yin Jiao's Soulfell Bell (Chapter 65)

Qiu Yin's Red Pearl (Chapter 74)

Fa Jie's banner (Chapter 79)

Long Anji's Paralyzing Ring (Chapter 79)

Bian Ji's Spectral White Bone Banner (Chapter 84)

And here's a collection of his sassy responses:

"Bastard, I'm staying on these wheels and you ain't calling me off them!" (Against Zhang Guifang)

"Dude, are you sick or something, blowing your nose like that?" (Against Zheng Lun)

"Idiot, it's just a red orb. What's so special about it, huh?" (When Qiu Yin tells him to take a look at the pearl)

"Your ring sucks, check out mine!" (To Long Anji, right before bonking him with the Qiankun Ring and killing him)

Lotus Body: Resistance to physical attacks - Spells don't knock Nezha off his wheels, but physical weapons like Yang Sen's Sky-opening Pearl, Wen Zhong and Zhao Gongming's whips, and Guangcheng Zi/Yin Jiao's Heaven-turning Sealstone can. (Chapter 38, Chapter 42, Chapter 47, 63)

However, he doesn't seem to suffer any lasting injuries afterwards. The only non-magical/poisonous injury that sticks for a while is some bruises, from getting hit in the face by Deng Chanyu's Five Light Stones. (Chapter 53)

Lotus Body: Immunity to diseases - When Lv Yue puts his plague pills into Xi Qi's water supply, the entire city falls victim to the sorcerous plague, save for Nezha and Yang Jian, because of the former's lotus body

and the latter's Ninefold Mystic Arts. (Chapter 58)

Later, Yu Hualong's five sons create five bushels of poisonous poxes, which are spilled all over the Zhou camp from the air, giving everyone magical, five-colored smallpox.

Once again, Nezha is immune, and Yang Jian, knowing that the Yu brothers are up to something, gets the hell out of dodge before the pox spell is unleashed. Cue Nezha complaining of them “Pulling a Lv Yue again”. (Chapter 81)

Immunity to the Soul-Killing Banner (魂魄) - The treasure in question belongs to Yu Hua: when raised, it unleashes/turns into multiple streams of black smoke that covers the victim and whisks them away. (Chapter 32)

Subsequently, he tries to use it against Nezha, but Nezha just grabs the smokes, seizes the treasure, and stuffs it into his Leopard Skin Sack. This may or may not fall under the umbrella of “Immunity to Soul-based Attacks”. (Chapter 33)

Counterspell: Pearl Attack - Feng Lin can blow a cloud of smoke out of his mouth, which contains a bowl-sized red pearl that functions as a projectile weapon. Nezha just points his finger at the smoke, and it fizzles out. (Chapter 36)

Supernatural endurance: Red Sand Formation - One of the Ten Formations, it contains three bushels of red sand, which can create a giant sandstorm that reduces any humans and immortals who enter the formation to powder. (Chapter 44)

Nezha and Lei Zhenzi are assigned to protect King Wu, the only person who can break the formation... because Fate Says So, but is also Fated to get trapped in there for 100 days. So naturally, Nezha and Lei Zhenzi get stuck in there alongside him. (Chapter 49)

When Old Man of the South Pole breaks the formation, Nezha and Lei Zhenzi are fine, but King Wu is

already dead and has to be resurrected via a magical pill. (Chapter 51)

I'm not putting this under Resistance to Physical Attacks because, unlike the weapons, I'm unsure as to whether the red sand is magical in nature.

Resistance to poison: Blood-melting Knife (血魔刀) - Limited, since Nezha is still severely injured and incapacitated by Yu Hua's new treasure (made by his master Yu Yuan). However, for mortals, a wound from the knife is pretty much an insta-kill. (Chapter 74)

Three-headed, Eight-Armed Form - After Nezha is injured by Yu Hua's knife, he's taken back to Taiyi's abode to recover. When he's ready to leave, Taiyi offers him three cups of wine and three "fire jujubes", which gives him his iconic multi-headed and armed transformation.

Unlike in JTTW, FSYY's Nezha has 8 arms instead of 6. Presumably, the 2 extra ones are used to wield the Yin-Yang Swords, the pair of weapons Taiyi gives to him alongside the Nine Fire Dragon Bell Cover... which never get used afterwards.

Upon switching to the multi-headed and limbed form, his appearance also changes into a blue-faced, red-haired, fanged monstrosity, which is not too dissimilar to the fierce guardian deities of esoteric Buddhism. (Chapter 76, Chapter 79)

Also, amusing reaction to his new transformation: "Dangit master, how am I supposed to use all these arms? They are like ugly branches on a tree." (Chapter 76)

Sagehood in Flesh (肉身成圣) - Nezha is said to attain the status post-war, alongside his brothers, Li Jing, Lei Zhenzi, Wei Hu, and Yang Jian.

Basically, immortality and godhood, but it doesn't require you to die in ancient China's bloodiest bureaucracy recruitment program first. (Chapter 100)

Appendix: a detailed description of all the soul-based stuff

Immunity to soul-based attacks: White Light Spell - Zheng Lun's special attack, taught by Sage Du'e of West Kunlun, has him shoot two beams of white light out of his nose, which can seize people's souls and basically incapacitate them via sudden dizziness. (Chapter 3)

Immunity to soul-based attacks: Yin-Yang Mirror - Given to Yin Hong by his master, Chijing Zi, the Yin-Yang Mirror is half red and half white; the white half can kill anyone he shines it at, while the red half can revive anyone who have been killed by the white half. (Chapter 59)

After Shen Gongbao turns Yin Hong against the Zhou, he uses the white half on Nezha, and it does nothing because again, lotus body. (Chapter 60)

It is ambiguous whether the Yin-Yang Mirror fails because the white half only works on beings of flesh and blood, or because it kills people by ripping their souls out of their bodies—both of which do not apply to Nezha.

Immunity to soul-based attacks: Soulfell Bell (响铃) - One of Yin Jiao's treasures, given to him by Guangcheng Zi. It works just like Zheng Lun's nose beams and the Unhorsing Spell—making people fall off their steeds. (Chapter 63)

And it doesn't work on Nezha either, who hits the bell with his golden brick, sending sparks flying everywhere. (Chapter 65)

Immunity to soul-based attacks: Red Pearl - A treasure cultivated by Qiu Yin the earthworm yaoguai, it is a bowl-sized red pearl that rises up from his head in a beam of white light, and can put anyone who look at it into a fugue state.

Immunity to soul-based attacks: Fa Jie's banner - The treasure causes Lei Zhenzi to fall down from the air, but doesn't work on Nezha, and Fa Jie gets knocked down by the Qiankun Ring for his troubles. (Chapter 79)

Immunity to soul-based attacks: Paralyzing Ring (珊珊) - Long Anji's treasure. Made of two interlocking rings, anyone who hears them tinkling in the air will be paralyzed and fall to the ground. (Chapter 79)

Immunity to soul-based attacks: Spectral White Bone Banner (白骨旗) - Unlike all the other soul-based spells and magical items, Bian Ji's banner of human bones is an AOE treasure; anyone who enters its range will instantly fall unconscious. (Chapter 84)

Although the narration states that the banner will not work on Nezha, after seeing Lei Zhenzi getting caught in its aura in mid-air, and Wei Hu's vajra club failing to damage it (he tries to use it as a projectile, but the weapon just falls down the moment it enters the banner's range), he is understandably cautious and does not pursue Bian Ji past the banner. (Chapter 85)

道藏通考

The Taoist Canon

A Historical Companion
to the *Daozang*

VOLUME I

Antiquity through
the Middle Ages

Edited by
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The University of Chicago Press
Chicago & London

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The University of Chicago Press, Chicago 60637

The University of Chicago Press, Ltd., London

© 2004 by The University of Chicago

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Printed in the United States of America

13 12 11 10 09 08 07 06 05 04 5 4 3 2 1

ISBN (cloth, vol. 1): 0-226-73811-6

ISBN (the set): 0-226-73817-5

Published with the generous assistance of the Chiang Ching-Kuo Foundation for International Scholarly Exchange.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Dao Zang.

The Taoist canon : a historical companion to the Daozang = [Dao zang tong kao]

3 v. ; cm.

Parallel title in Chinese characters.

Includes bibliographical references and index.

Contents: vol. 1. Antiquity through the Middle Ages / edited by Kristofer Schipper and Franciscus Verellen—vol. 2. The modern period / edited by Kristofer Schipper and Franciscus Verellen—vol. 3. Biographies, bibliography, indexes / edited by Kristofer Schipper and Franciscus Verellen.

ISBN 0-226-73817-5 (set : alk. paper) — ISBN 0-226-73811-6 (v. 1 : alk. paper) —

ISBN 0-226-73813-2 (v. 2 : alk. paper) — ISBN 0-226-73815-9 (v. 3 : alk. paper)

1. Dao Zang. 2. Taoism. I. Title: Dao zang tong kao. II. Schipper, Kristofer Marinus. III. Verellen, Franciscus. IV. Title

BL1900.A1D359 2004

299.5'1482—dc22

2004047959

This book is printed on acid-free paper.

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PREFACE

The *Daozang*, or Taoist canon, is a vast collection of texts in a wide variety of genres that comprehensively define Taoism and its scriptural development through the ages. Along with revealed books, ritual texts, inspired poetry, and other religious documents, this library of the Tao contains works on subjects of broad interest to students of Chinese thought—philosophy, cosmology, medicine—as well as encyclopedic compendia, literary anthologies, and collected works of individual authors. At every turn, the *Daozang* holds new and significant discoveries in store that are transforming our perceptions of Chinese religion and society.

The exploration of this neglected treasure house of information has been held back by its apparent impenetrability. To some extent, this is due to the esoteric or ahistorical nature of certain Taoist writings. In large part, however, generations of scholars have come to regard the Taoist canon as inaccessible as a result of the manner by which the *Daozang* was assembled and organized over the centuries. As Taoism evolved through history, the Taoist canon outgrew its original rationale.

The first organizational structure, dating from the fifth century, separated the canon into three divisions named the Three Caverns. This structure and its subsequent additions relate sets of scriptures to grades of Taoist initiation. Subordinate to this system, a twelve-fold generic organization indicates the types of writings represented in each division. Beside scripture, exegesis, and ritual, we find categories comprising historical annals and lives of saints, precepts, graphic materials, and works on miscellaneous Taoist arts and techniques. The *Daozang* thus charts the path for an adept's initiation, while simultaneously functioning as a library for all branches of Taoist learning.

Successive editions of the Taoist canon were compiled under imperial auspices and distributed to selected temples. Clergy close to the court generally supervised the editorial work. But Taoism at no time knew a determinant ecclesiastical authority. The Taoist canon is, rather, the fruit of a prolonged negotiation. The "Repository of Taoist Scriptures of the Great Ming" (*Da Ming daoze jing* 大明道藏經), the basis of the work presented here, was completed in the Zhengtong reign (1436–1450), a thousand years after the fundamental organization of the Three Caverns had been laid down. It still stands as the provisional conclusion to the drawn-out process of constituting a canonized corpus for Taoism.

The Three Caverns initially served to channel a flood of new, fourth-century texts and to integrate them with existing Taoist traditions. A comparable reconfiguration of the canon took place in early modern China, beginning in the tenth century, when local medium cults generated a new upsurge of texts claiming canonization. Many of

their scriptures and rituals found a place in the *Daozang*. At one level, therefore, the question of whether or not a work belongs in the canon reflects the give and take over the integration of distinct cults and text traditions into the liturgical system of Taoism. From the Taoist perspective, the object of this negotiation was the evolving corporate identity of Taoism in Chinese society.

The changing contents of the *Daozang* provide, on another level, a key to the historical self-definition of the Taoist tradition within China's religious and intellectual landscapes. Some borderline inclusions are controversial: works from several Warring States (475–221 B.C.) schools of thought were adopted alongside the *Laozi* 老子 and the *Zhuangzi* 莊子. At the other extreme, the *Daozang* preserves and transmits a significant number of works of Chinese popular religion from all periods. The original Three Caverns accommodated far-reaching assimilations of Buddhist thought and practices that were gaining ground in the fourth and fifth centuries. Whereas the Buddhist canon (*Dazang jing* 大藏經) upheld the *non-Chinese* origin of a work as a criterion for canonicity, the *Daozang* was looked upon as a bastion of Chinese *indigenous* tradition. Yet just as Buddhist writings of Chinese origin soon found their way into the Buddhist canon, the *Daozang* also incorporated Buddhist-style sutras, Tantric rituals, and hymns boasting the sanctity of Brahmanism. The history of the Taoist canon, set out in the general introduction below, can be read as a core history of Taoism itself in its continuous interaction with the rest of the Chinese religious system.

The concept “canon” is implicit in the Chinese designations *jing* 經, meaning “classic” or “scripture,” and *zang* 藏, “repository.” The fundamental Taoist scripture, Laozi's “Classic of the Way and its Power” (*Daode jing* 道德經), was a *jing* in the received canon of early Chinese philosophy. Later, the Buddhist and Taoist canons were referred to as the “aggregate scriptures” (*yiqie jing* 一切經) in their respective domains. The first deliberate canon formation in China, the “Five Classics” (*Wujing* 五經) made up of the ancient writings revered by Confucius, was undertaken in the reign of Han Wudi (140–87 B.C.) with a view to defining the values of China's emerging state orthodoxy. The *Daozang*, by contrast, reveals the unofficial face of China. It constitutes perhaps the richest, and still scarcely explored mine of primary sources on all aspects of the history, thought, and organization of the various strata of China's civil society that were labeled as “Taoist.” Over the past century, a growing number of specialists have discovered the rewards of investigating this unexpected virgin territory in the midst of a civilization as prestigious and well studied as China's. It is the editors' hope that the present *Companion* will stimulate wider circles of China scholars and nonspecialists alike to participate in this discovery.

The pioneering work of the original Tao-tsang Project is described in the general introduction. The task of shaping the inchoate materials inherited from the early

research phase into the present book raised equally demanding challenges. An organization of the material on historical principles had been envisaged by Kristofer Schipper from his inception of the project. The long editorial phase, meanwhile, spanning the period 1991 to 2003, brought the benefit of new insights that enabled us to sharpen the historical focus of this *Companion*. The format finally adopted invites the reader to explore, for the first time, the whole of the Taoist canon in a historically meaningful chronological framework and by categories corresponding to the needs of modern scholarship.

The funding and institutional organization of the Tao-tsang Project were coordinated by the European Science Foundation. The editors wish to express their deep appreciation of the Foundation's decisive role in this multinational undertaking. At different stages, we were generously helped by the many colleagues and collaborators named in the introduction. Here I would like to acknowledge my personal debt to Mrs. Shum Wing Fong 岑詠芳 of the library of the Institut des Hautes Etudes Chinoises, Collège de France, for her painstaking assistance provided over the years. The Institute for Advanced Study of the Royal Netherlands Academy of Arts and Sciences opened its resourceful and congenial facilities to both editors to work on this project, myself as fellow-in-residence in 1996–97. Finally, I am honored to record in this place our gratitude to Mrs. Monique Cohen, curator of oriental books and manuscripts, for permission to reproduce the illustrations from the Ming edition of the *Daozang* in the Bibliothèque nationale de France. Our special thanks go to Mr. Alan Thomas, editorial director for humanities and sciences at the University of Chicago Press, with his expert staff, and to Professor Anthony C. Yu of the Divinity School, University of Chicago, for their unfailing support in seeing this work into print.

Franciscus Verellen

USER'S GUIDE

STRUCTURE AND CONTENT

The *Companion* assigns an entry to each work in the *Daozang*. The works are identified by their full titles and by "work numbers" in the sequential order of their original appearance in the Ming canon.

For the intents of this *Companion*, the works in the Ming canon are grouped here in categories based on historical principles. In the first place, all works are assigned to one of three periods: (1) Eastern Zhou to Six Dynasties; (2) Sui, Tang, and Five Dynasties; or (3) Song, Yuan, and Ming.

Within these chronological divisions, the classification follows a typological scheme that applies roughly the same structural pattern across the different periods. For each period, a first distinction is made between texts in general circulation (A), and texts in internal circulation (B). Within the category A, the texts are classified according to subject, whereas in category B the framework is determined by the orders, schools, or textual traditions to which the works belong. The principles for the grouping of the texts by major categories is further explained in the chapter and section introductions. For an overview, see the tables of contents for volumes 1 and 2 and the classified title index in volume 3. For further information on the historical and thematic arrangement of the contents of the Ming canon for the purposes of this *Companion*, the reader is referred to the general introduction, pp. 48–50.

In addition to the works included in the canon, a number of titles that are not or no longer found as integral entities in the *Daozang* form the subject of separate entries. These fall into two categories: (1) canonical works missing from the Ming canon that can be recovered among the manuscripts from Dunhuang, identified according to manuscript numbers in the respective collections Stein, Pelliot, and DX; and (2) major works that are anthologized in two collections contained within the *Daozang* (1032 *Yunji qiqian* and 263 *Xiuzhen shishu*) but do not feature as separate titles in the canon. These are numbered by a combination of the work and first chapter numbers of the anthology in which they occur (e.g., 263.26 *Wuzhen pian* denotes the edition of that work preserved in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 26–30).

The *Companion* can be read as a historical guide to Taoist literature or as a classified and annotated bibliography of individual works. To find the entry for an individual work, the user is referred to the indexes described below under the heading Accessory Materials.

ENTRIES

Each entry consists of a heading, an article and, if applicable, a bibliography.

Heading. Set off from the main body of the entry, the heading comprises several lines containing the following categories of bibliographic information:

1. The complete title as given at the beginning of the work
2. The length of the work in chapters (juan) or folios (fols.)
3. Attribution and date: the proper names of authors, commentators, and preface writers mentioned at the beginning of the work (information on authorship established by research in other sources is found in the main body of the article), followed by courtesy names (*zi* 字), styles (*hao* 號), and posthumous titles (*shi* 諡) as applicable. This is followed by the date of compilation of the work or its prefaces, if known, or the best available approximation in the form of authors' dates or historical period. Exceptionally, lacking all of these criteria, the work's placement within the chronological plan of the *Companion* indicates the editors' best estimation as to its date.
4. The work number according to the title concordance by Shi Zhouren [Kristofer Schipper] and Chen Yaoting, *Daozang suoyin*, followed by the serial number of the fascicles in parentheses (fasc.) in the Commercial Press edition of 1926. Users of the Yiwen yinshu and Xin wenfeng reprints of 1977 or the Sanjia edition of 1988 may obtain corresponding volume and page numbers from the Finding List for Other *Daozang* Editions in volume 3.

Article. The main body of each entry focuses on the following items: translation or paraphrase of the work's title; details of provenance, authorship, and transmission, based on factual evidence from prefaces, postfaces, colophons, or bibliographic sources; important independent editions outside the Ming *Daozang*; internal evidence bearing on chronological relationships and affiliations with other works in the canon; description of the nature and the purpose of the work, including a characterization or brief summary of its contents.

Bibliography. Here are included only references to studies that are exclusively or substantially concerned with the subject of the entry. References concerning points of detail appear in the text of the entry. All references are given in abbreviated form. For full details, the reader is referred to the main bibliography in volume 3.

ACCESSORY MATERIALS

In addition to the general index, the materials in volume 3 include:

Biographical notices. This section features short biographies of frequently mentioned Taoists. In the main body of the work, their names are typographically set off in

small capitals (e.g., TAO HONGJING, whose biography is found in volume 3, on page 1277).

Bibliography. This is a list of the complete references to primary and secondary sources cited in abbreviated form throughout the *Companion*. In addition, selected titles of general interest concerning the *Daozang* and the historical bibliography of Taoist literature are included here.

Work indexes. The classified title index, work number index, and *pinyin* title index each permit the localization of a work's main entry in the *Companion*. The latter two indexes list in addition all cross-references to works outside their main entries. For the entries on Dunhuang manuscripts, the work indexes give the corresponding manuscript numbers in the Pelliot (P.), Stein (S.), and St. Petersburg (DX) collections in the place of *Daozang* work numbers.

CONTRIBUTORS

The list of contributors is found at the beginning of each volume. The authors of the entries are indicated at the end of each article. The editors have endeavored to preserve individual contributor's translations and vocabulary to the extent that demands for consistency and standardization throughout the *Companion* permitted. Biographical notes on the contributors are found in volume 3, followed by lists of their respective contributions identified by work number in the *Daozang* for articles and by section number in the *Companion* for introductions.

OTHER CONVENTIONS

Selected Chinese terms have been left untranslated to allow for multiple meanings in different contexts (e.g., *qi*) or, occasionally, for lack of a corresponding concept or satisfactory translation (e.g., *zhenren*, *fu*). As terms adopted into the English vocabulary of the *Companion*, these are printed in roman type.

All references to works in the *Daozang*, other than the title given in the main entry, are in the form of the complete or abbreviated title in *pinyin* romanization, preceded by the work number in italics (e.g., 690 *Daode zhenjing zhu*).

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As soon as Zhang Yuchun received the Yongle emperor's request, he started to collect the works he deemed fit to be included. He may have found many of these works in the library of his own temple on the Longshu shan 龍書山 in Jiangxi.¹ Some works may have come from the imperial library, as for instance, the imperial commentaries of the *Daxue jing* 大學經 (The Book of the Way and Its Power). The Yongle edition also contained a great number of Daoist texts. The editing work took place in the palace. The works were presented to the throne, examined by the appointed officials,

1. 1462 Huang Ming renzheng shi 1: 44-5 and 1732 Daomiao shimo 28.

2. See Zhang's biography by Sun Kaixuan 孫克寬, "Mingchu daoshi Zhang Yuchun ji qi Xianquan 明初天師張宇初及其先賢墓," in *Huayang shidian*, 373-47. On Zhang's activity with respect to the Daomiao, see below.

3. The Longshu shan Shuangying zhongguo gong 上清宮宮廟 was rebuilt in 1366, and a revolving library for the Daomiao was installed in it. According to the *Longshu shan Daomiao* 龍書山道廟碑 (Chen Yuan, Daomiao wen 16, 907) by Yu Li 俞利 (1372-1381), this collection was much larger than the old one, the latter being, in all likelihood, the *Zhongle daomiao* 中和道廟, destroyed in 1181.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

In addition to the general index, the following are included:

Biographical notes. This section features short biographical notes on the authors of the works. In the main text, the names are typographically set out in

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

Kristofer Schipper

In the summer of 1406, ZHANG YUCHU, forty-third successor to the hereditary office of Heavenly Master, received an imperial prescript asking him to edit a complete collection of Taoist scriptures and to present them to the throne.¹ Zhang, then forty-five years old, was not only the most eminent among the Taoists of his time, but also a recognized scholar and calligrapher.² Zhu Di 朱棣 (1360–1424), who issued the prescript for this collection, had only recently become emperor. From the beginning of his reign (1403), he had ordered all the existing literature of his day to be collected and copied out, in order that it might be preserved as the Great Compendium of the Yongle Period (*Yongle dadian* 永樂大典). His desire to have a complete collection of Taoist books may well have been inspired by this preoccupation.

Similar *Daozang* 道藏 (Repositories of the Tao) had been compiled by earlier Chinese dynasties, always under the authority of the Son of Heaven himself. As such, these successive collections served not only to preserve the spiritual inheritance of Taoism, but also to define and sanction the place that Taoism occupied within the context of Chinese civilization. That the West referred to these repositories with the term *canon* is, therefore, well justified. Today, only the above-mentioned Ming *Daozang* has survived. All the earlier canons have fallen victim to the vicissitudes of Chinese history.

As soon as ZHANG YUCHU received the Yongle emperor's request, he started to collect the works he deemed fit to be included. He may have found many of these works in the library of his own temple on the Longhu shan 龍虎山 in Jiangxi.³ Some works may have come from the imperial library, as, for instance, the imperial commentaries of the *Daode jing* 道德經 (The Book of the Way and Its Power). The *Yongle dadian* also contained a great number of Taoist texts. The editing work took place in the palace. The works were presented to the throne, examined by the appointed officials,

1. 1462 *Huang Ming enming shilu* 3.4a–b and 1232 *Daomen shigui* 2a.

2. See Zhang's biography by Sun Kekuan 孫克寬, "Mingchu tianshi Zhang Yuchu ji qi *Xianquan ji* 明初天師張宇初及其峴泉集," in *Hanyuan daolun*, 313–47. On Zhang's activity with respect to the *Daozang*, see below.

3. The Longhu shan Shangqing zhengyi gong 上清正一宮 temple was rebuilt in 1299, and a revolving library for the *Daozang* was installed in it. According to the *Longhu shan Daozang bei* 龍虎山道藏碑 (Chen Yuan, *Daojia jinshi lue*, 967) by Yu Ji 虞集 (1272–1348), this collection was much larger than the old one, the latter being, in all likelihood, the *Zhenghe daoza* 政和道藏, destroyed in 1281.

and then either authorized to “enter into the canon” (*ruzang* 入藏) or discarded. It took almost forty years, until 1445, for the canon to be completed. By that time, the Yongle emperor had died and it was his successor, the Zhengtong emperor, who had the collection printed in 1447. The canon, which bore the official name Repository of Taoist Scriptures of the Great Ming (*Da Ming daoze jing* 大明朝藏經), was thereupon distributed to major Taoist centers, as the emperor’s gift.⁴

The Ming *Daoze* remains the last. The Qing dynasty (1644–1912) did not undertake any endeavor of this kind. Instead, it sought to reduce the status of Taoism in Chinese culture. The repressive measures instigated by the Manchu rulers and continued by their successors were so effective that in the 1920s only two or three copies of the Ming canon remained extant. From these copies it was luckily reprinted in 1926 by photolithographic facsimile process, allowing it to be preserved and making it available for the first time to a wider public.

The Ming canon comprises some 1,500 different works.⁵ These works vary from only a few pages to several hundreds of scrolls (*juan* 卷) in length.⁶ The texts vary not only in size, but also in form and subject matter. The Ming canon contains many different categories of writings. One would expect these categories to cover mostly mystical or scholastic works, but in fact these writings are in the minority. Although the philosophical texts of Laozi 老子, Zhuangzi 莊子, and others, together with their numerous commentaries, figure prominently in the *Daoze*, they do not amount to more than some 200 titles. Other subjects that readily come to mind when one thinks of Taoism, such as alchemy and Tending Life (*yangsheng* 養生) practices, including medicine and dietetics, are also represented by many hundreds of texts. Yet these texts also do not constitute the most important part of the canon, and neither do the works on cosmology and hagiography. The place of preeminence, in terms of ranking and volume, is given to liturgy. This vast category comprises the scriptures to be ritually recited, the hymns to be chanted, the memorials to be read, as well as the instructions for meditation and visualization to be performed within the framework of the Retreat (*zhai* 齋) and Offering (*jiao* 醮) services. All in all, these works account for some 800 texts, more than half of the Ming canon. As to volume, these texts take up not less than

4. See VDL 38, 46, 58.

5. The exact number of texts depends on the method of separating certain works. In this study we have 1,487, but this figure is open to revision. Some texts have separate numbers for the table of contents and for the main text. These texts should normally be assigned a single number. Others are in fact collections (*congshu* 叢書) and should have multiple numbering. See also below.

6. On the more or less standard length of the *juan*, see VDL 60–61. A *juan* in the Ming canon averages approximately 7,000 Chinese characters.

3,000 *juan*, out of a total of 4,551. Ritual is as central to the canon as it is to Taoism itself. A strong link ties scriptures to ritual in Taoist history, and this relationship has influenced the way Taoism thinks about texts, as well as about writing in general.

Scriptures are essential to the transmission of the Tao, as shown in the founding myth of Laozi, the keeper of the books, who on his departure from this world transmitted the *Daode jing* to the guardian of the Pass. This revelation marks, for Taoism, a beginning or a renewal, a new covenant with the Tao and with all beings. The *Daode jing*, like many other Taoist texts that were to follow, does not contain any personal names, place names, or dates that would allow it to be reduced to a temporal context. The message of these writings is meant to be universal, yet it is considered accessible only to those apt to receive it. As the *Daode jing* (chapter 41) states so forcefully: when inferior people laugh at the Tao, they prove thereby its very value; only superior people can understand it and put it into practice.

That the transmission of the Tao is a matter of initiation is clearly perceptible in the *Zhuangzi*. A great many of its stories concern the passage of the true Tao from master to disciple. These roles are played by a great variety of historical, semihistorical, mythical, and allegorical persons.⁷ These stories of transmission make important distinctions, between those who are apt to be initiated and those who are not,⁸ between Taoism and shamanism,⁹ between Zhou sacrificial religion and the initiates of the search for Long Life,¹⁰ between those bound by the outer values of human society and those who have chosen freedom by realizing that the entire universe is within themselves.¹¹ As a fundamental paradox, that which holds “those who love the Tao” together and founds their institutions is each person’s individual relationship to the Tao.¹²

In the hagiography of the immortals that developed along with their worship in the late Warring States (475–221 B.C.) and early Han periods (206 B.C.–A.D. 220), initiation is again a central theme. There is also growing evidence that the places of worship of a given immortal saint became organized in regional or even national networks.¹³

7. One of the main themes of the *Zhuangzi* is the conversion of Confucius by Taoist sages, and the conversion by Confucius of his own disciples.

8. See, for instance, the story of Nüyu 女偶 and Nanbo Zikui 南伯子葵 in chapter 6.

9. This is one of the meanings expressed in the story of Liezi 列子, his master Huzi 壺子, and the shaman in chapter 7.

10. This is a recurrent theme in stories about animals that would rather not be used for sacrifice and about ancient trees that survive because they are useless.

11. See, for instance, the dialogue between Jianwu 肩吾 and Madman Jieyu 狂接輿 in chapter 7.

12. See Schipper, “Dao yu wu 道與吾,” in *Daojia wenhua yanjiu* 道教文化研究 15 (1999): 399–403.

13. On the worship of Tang Gongfang, see Schipper, “Le culte de l’immortel Tang Gong

There is no evidence, as yet, that the adhesion to these communities entailed specific rites of passage. Future discoveries, especially through archaeology, may yet contribute to our knowledge in this field. After all, most of what we know from the religious associations of the ancient Mediterranean world comes from dedicatory inscriptions and tesserae.¹⁴

In the institutionalized Taoism of medieval times, adepts were initiated and ordained through the ritual of the transmission of scriptures. As we shall see, the very way in which the Taoist canon became organized bears witness to this fact. Its later division into seven parts, called the Three Caverns and the Four Supplements (*sandong sifu* 三洞四輔), was originally conceived to correspond to the successive stages on the way to the ultimate union with the Tao or, to put it otherwise, to establish the grades of the Taoist hierarchy. We will return to this question later. The vast majority of the books in the *Daozang* are those that in principle should be transmitted only within the framework of initiation and ordination. This method of transmission is a typically Taoist institution called *ke* 科 (literally, "classification"), and the liturgical tradition through which it is enacted is the *keyi* 科儀 (literally, "the ritual of classification"). The texts that are transmitted in this way can be found only in the Taoist canon or, mostly in manuscript form, in the private possession of Taoist masters who, as a rule, do not transmit them to outsiders. Before the commercial reproduction of the Ming canon of 1926, these texts were normally not available in general libraries.¹⁵ Not all works contained in the canon were, however, subject to ritually prescribed transmission. Most writings by philosophers, doctors, historians, and the like, were intended for everybody and thus circulated freely. These texts can therefore also be found outside the canon.

The distinction between books in general circulation and those whose distribution was ritually restricted is of great importance for the study of Taoist literature. In the present work these books have therefore been separated into different categories. The bibliographical problems for the two categories are not at all the same. Research on ancient catalogues and early editions, which constitute the main tools of sinological bibliography, is feasible only for those books in the Taoist canon that were in general circulation. This traditional approach based on external criteria is of little help for the identification and dating of scriptures in restricted circulation. For these texts, we developed a methodology that corresponds to what may be called "internal textual criticism." This method traces quotations and identical text passages and searches for

fang," in *Cultes populaires et sociétés asiatiques*, ed. Alain Forest, Yoshiaki Ishizawa, and Léon Vandermeersch (Paris: L'Harmattan, 1991) 59–72.

14. See, for instance, J. T. Milik, *Dédicaces faites par les dieux (Palmyre, Hatra, Tyr) et des thèses sémitiques à l'époque romaine* (Beirut: Institut français d'archéologie de Beyrouth, 1972).

15. This fact is strikingly illustrated by the VDL bibliography.

datable elements such as specific names and terms and—with due precautions—the use of stylistic and linguistic criteria. These internal criteria can be used to construct relative chronologies consisting of dates *terminus ante quem* and *terminus post quem*, which then, whenever they can be linked to some clearly datable source, may be transformed into a fairly accurate absolute chronology.

Between the two categories of texts, there is some inevitable overlap: the *Daode jing*, always a book in general circulation, became subject to ritual transmission in the early medieval Taoist ecclesia. The *Yinfu jing* 陰符經, although no doubt originally intended as a text for initiates, became a work in general circulation. These instances of overlap, however, remain limited, and we may say that, by and large, the two categories are mutually exclusive. A work in general circulation normally does not even quote a work in restricted distribution, and vice versa.

The distinction between these two categories of texts is important not only for bibliographical reasons but also because of the particular nature of the works in limited circulation. It is the liturgical institution of the *keyi* that has regulated the transmission of Taoist writings and that has been the primary factor in setting them apart from the mainstream of Chinese literature and creating a separate canon for them. Other historical developments, such as the "parting of the Way" between Confucianism and Taoism in early imperial China, as well as the influence of Buddhism, have been equally instrumental. Many of these factors have yet to be studied in detail, and a number of questions that could be raised in this respect remain, for the time being, unanswered. Yet the enduring presence and virtually uninterrupted development of an independent Taoist canon is a fact of such magnitude and importance within the general context of Chinese culture that we have to make an attempt to explain how this canon came about, even if the account we can give here is necessarily tentative and incomplete.

THE HISTORY OF THE TAOIST CANON BEFORE THE MING DYNASTY

Many questions related to the origins of what we now call Taoism—the search for personal salvation and the lore of the transcendent *xian* 仙 (immortals); the exact nature of the Huang-Lao 黃老 (Huangdi and Laozi) persuasion of the Warring States; the *fangshi* 方士 religion of the early imperial period—remain basically unanswered. For all we know, these forms of thought and practice, which evoke the mystery religions of ancient Greece and the Hellenistic world, did not originally constitute a separate entity within Chinese society, although the ritual practice of adepts may well have been distinct from the public religion of the Zhou dynasty and its blood sacrifices. In the "Tianxia 天下" chapter of the *Zhuangzi*, which presumably dates from the late Warring States period and contains a survey of different schools, the term *daoshu* 道

術 (the arts of the Tao) is used not just for the thought of Laozi, but for all schools. The teachings of Lao Dan 老聃 (Old Long Ears) and his disciple Yin Xi 尹喜, the guardian of the Pass, are singled out as representing the most mystical of all ways of thought and are listed alongside other teachings, including those of the Confucians (Rujia 儒家).

The term *Daojia* 道家 itself does not occur in pre-imperial times for any school of thought then current, like Mojia 墨家, Fajia 法家, and so on. We encounter it only at the time of Han Wudi (r. 140–87 B.C.). Its appearance coincides with the emergence of the new syncretistic Confucianism as the imperial orthodoxy. It should be noted that the term *Huang-Lao*, which until then was generally used in the context of the mysteries of Laozi and the worship of the immortals, tends to disappear at about the same time that the term *Daojia* appears, and it may be that the latter was intended to replace the former. In Taoist literature from the Han period until the Tang (618–907), however, the term *Huang-Lao* continues to occur frequently in all kinds of contexts. More research needs to be done on this question.

Sima Qian 司馬遷 (145–86 B.C.) uses the term *Daojia* in his biography of Laozi.¹⁶ He stresses the mystical and esoteric nature of the teachings of the Old Master but does not give any information on any institutions of the “school” (literally, “family”) of the Tao. As for Liu Xin’s 劉歆 *Qiliu* 七略, the earliest bibliography in Chinese history (6 B.C.), it also lists the *Daojia* philosophical works alongside those of other schools as a part of the literature of the time, without giving to Taoist texts any special status.

Many misunderstandings persist concerning the term *Daojia*, and this may be a good place to attempt a clarification. It has become a sinological dogma to distinguish between the so-called Taoist school (*Daojia* 道家), said to have produced the classical mystical texts (although the term, as we have seen, occurs only later), and the so-called Taoist religion (*Daojiao* 道教), often said to have begun in the Later Han period. The successive *Daozang* never made this distinction. When we look at the way the terms *Daojia* and *Daojiao* occur in the texts preserved in the Ming canon, we see that they are practically synonymous and interchangeable. There are instances when philosophical texts are considered part of *Daojiao* and when religious movements—for example, the ecclesia of the Heavenly Master (Tianshi dao 天師道) of the Later Han period—call themselves *Daojia*. The distinction between *Daojia* and *Daojiao* that we find today in sinological literature did not originate within Taoism itself and cannot be related to the difference between texts in general and texts in restricted circulation. The distinction originated with outsiders¹⁷ and is flawed by the erroneous assumption that *jia*

16. *Shiji* 63. The mythological antecedents of Sima Qian’s narrative are clear.

17. The theory was propagated by Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200). See his “Lun daojiao 論道教,” *Zhuzi yulei* 125.3005.

necessarily means “philosophy” and *jiao*, “religion.” The distinction has no taxonomic value and serves no other purpose than to divide Taoism into an acceptable and a disdained form—to fundamentalist Confucians. It is therefore tainted by prejudice. Every religion has the right to define itself without outside interference, and Taoism should be no exception. As long as Taoism itself does not distinguish between the *Daojia* and *Daojiao*, and moreover considers that its mystical thought and its liturgical practice belong together, we should follow suit. That Taoism did evolve in time and that new forms did appear is only natural. It is to this historical dimension that we now return.

Wang Chong’s *Daozang*

According to our present state of knowledge, it does not seem that in ancient China the teachings of Lao Dan and the tenets of the Huang-Lao persuasion were in some way marginalized and their followers given a place apart in society. Only in the Later Han period do we find forms of polarization and separation, which appear in the context of the emergence of syncretistic Confucianism as the dominating orthodoxy. Later Han Confucianism successfully absorbed and integrated all other ways of thought—such as that of the Mohists, the Legalists, and the Cosmologists—with the exception of Taoism. That the new imperial orthodoxy borrowed much from Taoism is well known, yet the Confucian search for universal legitimacy is one of the major factors in its own hostile stand toward, and therefore gradual estrangement from, the living religion of its times.

This growing Confucian partisanship is noticeable in the *Lunheng* 論衡 of Wang Chong 王充 (27–ca. 100). Much of the argumentation of the *Lunheng* centers on the questions whether the supernatural existed and whether the beliefs current at the time had any value. Wang Chong’s aim is to distinguish Confucianism from the beliefs and practices of the *fangshi* 方士 and *daoren* 道人, which he assimilates explicitly with *Daojia*. Nowhere is this assimilation clearer than in chapter 24 of the *Lunheng*, on “The Spuriousness of the Tao” (*daoxu* 道虛). Wang begins by quoting “the works of the literati” (*rushu* 儒書) that contain stories about Long Life and immortality that are completely irrational and do not agree with the tenets of Confucianism but belong to the teachings of Taoism. He criticizes the search for salvation through physical practices and alchemy and declares that the Way of Lao Dan for transcending the world is unworthy of credence.¹⁸ Wang Chong wishes to remove everything related to *Daojia* from the true Confucian tradition as he understands it, which suggests that at the time the two traditions were still intimately intertwined and that Wang Chong wanted them separated.

18. *Lunheng* 7.313–38.

That is not to say, however, that Wang Chong wished to do away with Taoism altogether and exclude it from the culture of scholars. During the Later Han period, the palace library was situated in a building called the Eastern Belvedere (Dongguan 東觀). Tradition had it that this building once housed Laozi, when he was keeper of the archives (*zhuxia shi* 柱下史) under the Zhou. Hence the place was sometimes called "Mr. Lao's library" or "The Mount Penglai [i.e., paradise] of the Daojia."¹⁹ Wang Chong concurs by saying that although the post of librarian was a minor one, this library was nevertheless a state-sponsored Taoist repository (*dianguo Daozang* 典國道藏) and was useful to allow superior scholars (*tongren* 通人) to acquaint themselves with it.²⁰ Here we have, to my knowledge, the first occurrence of the term *Daozang* in Chinese literature. Moreover, the definition given here to the expression resembles that of the *Daozang* of later times: a repository of books that, while part of Chinese culture as a whole and placed under the aegis of the state, nevertheless belonged to a special domain and formed a separate body of literature.

Ge Hong's Catalogue of Taoist Books

The *Baopu zi neipian* 抱朴子內篇 of GE HONG (283–343), and its ardent plea that the search for immortality of the Daojia be taken seriously, must be seen in the context of the above-mentioned Confucian and Taoist controversy. Ge describes his work as "speaking of things like divine immortals and their drugs, demonic beings and their tricks, Tending Life and longevity, expelling evil and averting calamities; it [therefore] belongs to Daojia."²¹ Although Ge's treatise postdates the institutionalization of the Tianshi dao, it is based on a form of Taoism that is in fact more ancient.²² When he wrote it in the years around 310, the Tianshi dao had not yet penetrated, it seems, to southern China where Ge lived. The practices Ge describes in such great detail are in fact closer to the Han Taoism criticized by Wang Chong, whose *Lunheng* Ge had read.²³ GE HONG's arguments in favor of the Taoist search for immortality mainly through alchemy are very much directed at countering skeptics like Wang and his followers.

GE HONG devotes a whole chapter (19) of his book to the bibliography of Taoism as he knew it. As for the books listed in his catalogue, Ge claims that his master, ZHENG YIN, had originally obtained them from Ge's own ancestor GE XUAN (traditional dates, 164–244). The bibliography lists approximately 300 different works

19. See Schipper, "Le monachisme taoïste."

20. *Lunheng* 13.604–5.

21. 1187 *Baopu zi waipian* 50.3a.

22. This point has been made by Strickmann in "The Mao Shan revelations," 135.

23. See 1187 *Baopu zi waipian* 43.4b.

amounting to some 670 juan. In addition to these works, Ge lists some fifty-five talismans or collections of talismans. How many of these he had actually copied or knew only by title remains uncertain.

GE HONG's list is the first extant catalogue exclusively devoted to Taoist books. Yet it would seem that it did not result from the wish to create a canon but proceeded from the opposition between Taoism and Confucianism. Ge's other work, the *Baopu zi waipian* 抱朴子外篇, is entirely devoted to Confucianism. As regards the ritual transmission of the Taoist texts, Ge gives us some important details. Apart from emphasizing time and again that they should be given only to those who are worthy, Ge tells us, for instance, that his master ZHENG YIN said to him:

Among the Taoist books, none are more important than the Inner Writs of the Three Sovereigns and the Image of the True Form of the Five Sacred Peaks.²⁴ The immortal officials and superior persons of old treasured their methods; those who did not have their names inscribed among the immortals were unable to obtain them. They can be transmitted only once in forty years, and at the moment of the transmission, after having daubed one's lips with [sacrificial] blood, an oath [of secrecy] should be sworn and pledges given for the covenant.²⁵

There are a number of similar passages in the *Baopu zi neipian*, some giving concrete information about the kind of pledges to be offered, the oaths to be proffered, and so on. They constitute the first references we have of what may have been a much older ritual tradition of initiation.²⁶ However, while publishing a catalogue of Taoist books, GE HONG did not yet make distinctions among these texts as to which were "canonical" and which were not. In fact, concerning the many handbooks and methods for meditation, GE HONG writes that there were thousands of different kinds, "yet all have their efficacy!"²⁷

The Canon of the Early Taoist Ecclesia (*Zhengyi fawen* 正一法文)

In the preceding paragraphs, we have seen that it was the Han Confucian rejection of Taoism that provoked the separation between the two traditions. Taoism did, however, also have a natural tendency to exclusiveness owing to the esoteric nature of its initiation, and this tendency certainly was reinforced by its relationship to Confucianism. One of the cornerstones of the Tianshi dao is the rejection of the worship of the

24. On these texts, see Schipper, "Gogaku shinkei zu."

25. BPZ 19.308.

26. On the ritual for transmission of these texts, see Dunhuang manuscripts Stein 3750 and Pelliot 2559 and 1281 *Wuyue zhenxing xulun*.

27. BPZ 18.297.

Six Heavens (*liutian* 六天), a term that, in Han Confucianism, denoted the pantheon of saints and gods of the state religion. These figures were branded as abominable demons, filthy and treacherous powers, whose reign had come to an end with the new covenant that Lord Lao 老君 had made with his vicar on earth, Zhang Daoling 張道陵, in A.D. 142.²⁸ The proscription of Confucian divination text and their related practices is documented in the early set of precepts for libationers, the *Taishang Laojun yibai bashi jie* 太上老君一百八十戒.²⁹ Also within Taoist literature, certain distinctions appear between books that adepts should read and those they should not. The Rules Governing the Family of the Tao (*Dadao jialing jie* 大道家令戒, in 789 *Zhengyi fawen tianshi jiaojie kejing*, a document that can be dated A.D. 255), has the Heavenly Master say to his followers:

None of you, who should apply yourselves entirely to what is good, accept the words of the scriptures. Instead you transmit to one another what is heterodox; you are familiar with falsehoods and reject the truth. I formerly made a list of unprincipled and heterodox writings, and ordered them all to be destroyed. But the libationers lacked [moral] strength, and hid these writings in secret places, so that they continue to exist until the present day. The students of these latter days revel in superficial words; they point to the false and call it true. All this contravenes the interdictions of Heaven. Those who do this shall suffer and never obtain grace.³⁰

The scriptures that were transmitted within the Tianshi dao were, as far as we know, the *Daode jing* and the *Taiping jing* 太平經. The ecclesia also had its own writings. These writings appear to have been, for the most part, purely ritual in nature and linked to the initiation of the members of the communities, at different stages in their life.³¹ These writings consisted mainly of cosmic diagrams and signs (*tu* 圖, *fu* 符) symbolizing divine powers.³² The graphic representations were accompanied by texts that identified the transcendent powers, giving their names and sometimes their appearance, in order to guide the adept in invoking them mentally. These documents were called registers (*lu* 錄), and the sacred texts thus transmitted were called *tulu* 圖錄 or *fulu* 符錄. To these texts could be added the ritual for transmission, the rules to be observed by the adepts who received the text, the story of its origins, its transmission, and its efficacy. Other materials, such as instructions for meditation, rules to be observed, and models for the petitions (*zhang* 章) to be presented to the divine agents,

28. See the introduction to part I.B.1.

29. Preserved in 786 *Taishang laojun jinglü* (third century?).

30. *Dadao jialing jie* 17a.

31. See Schipper, "Taoist ordination ranks."

32. Such as the above-mentioned *Wuyue zhenxing tu*.

could also be added. So, from the core of the cosmic diagrams or the revealed text whole scriptures developed, which, for the Taoists, retained the sacred quality of a *lu*. As mentioned, the Tianshi dao used and transmitted not only its own holy writings of the One and Orthodox Covenant with the Powers (*zhengyi mengwei* 正一盟威), but also the *Daode jing*. This fundamental book of Taoism had been made into the Text in Five Thousand Characters, giving it the status of a cosmic writing expanded from the symbolic number five.

The early Heavenly Master ecclesia united its own texts under the title of *Zhengyi fawen* 正一法文 (Statutory Texts of the One and Orthodox [Ecclesia]). When exactly this unification took place we do not know, but it is certain that this Heavenly Master canon existed in the Six Dynasties period, because a text from the *Zhengyi fawen* is quoted in the *Wushang biyao* 無上秘要 (ca. 563).³³ It is thought that the *Zhengyi fawen* at one time counted no less than 100 different texts. As shown by the status given to the Zhengyi Statutory Texts in the later *Daozang*, this collection represents the core liturgical tradition of Taoism.

The Books of the Three Caverns (*Sandong jing* 三洞經)

Many of the prominent families that fled from the north to South China following the invasions of the nomadic Central Asian peoples in the early fourth century belonged to the ecclesia of the Heavenly Master.³⁴ These families spread the new form of liturgical Taoism also in the south, where, as we have seen, it was still unknown to GE HONG a few decades earlier. That this endeavor was successful is borne out by the fact that the aristocratic Xu 許 family of Jiankang 建康 (Nanjing), the main recipient of the revelation of the Shangqing 上清 scriptures by YANG XI, around 360 adhered to the Tianshi dao. As to the legendary matriarch who was at the origin of the Shangqing revelation, WEI HUACUN, she was reputed to have been a libationer (*jijin* 祭酒) of the Heavenly Master ecclesia. Moreover, the liturgical Lingbao scriptures that were revealed a quarter of a century later to GE HONG's grandnephew GE CHAOFU contain many elements from the rituals of the Way of the Heavenly Master.³⁵ As for LU XIUJING (406–477), who made the first inventory of the canonical scriptures of the Three Caverns (see below), we know from his writings that he belonged to the Tianshi dao.³⁶

At the same time, these scions of aristocratic families in the south were heirs to the

33. WSBY 46.16b–18a.

34. See Strickmann, *Le taoïsme du Mao Chan*, 34ff.

35. Such as the rites for the consecration of the incense burner and the presentation of memorials, etc.

36. See 1127 *Lu xiansheng daomen keliu*.

no doubt older and perhaps more refined Taoism of the “arts of immortality” transmitted by GE HONG. It may well be that this *xian* Taoism was at first rejected by the new masters who came from the north.³⁷ If that is so, this old form of Taoism may have experienced some kind of rehabilitation through the new revelations.

Best known are the texts of the *Shangqing jing* 上清經 revealed to YANG XI in the years 364–370.³⁸ They amount to some forty complete books and many fragments that were collected into such famous compilations as the *Zhen’gao* 真誥. Also important and most influential are the texts of the *Lingbao jing* 靈寶經, received by GE HONG’s grandnephew GE CHAOFU around 400.³⁹ Soon YANG XI and GE CHAOFU found many epigones who added similar works to those they had received, thus greatly increasing the stock of newly revealed texts. It is in this corpus that the hypothesis of the “rehabilitation” of southern Taoism is most easily verified. It has been shown that many Shangqing and Lingbao scriptures were inspired by books that were mentioned by GE HONG.⁴⁰ Most of these scriptures, especially the Shangqing, were beautifully written, in contrast to the texts of the *Zhengyi fawen*. As a result, they have exerted a great influence on Six Dynasties and Tang literature. They were also given a prominent place in the Taoist canon.

The wave of revelations was by no means limited to these famous works. Other works of a different kind but certainly no less important had appeared at the turn of the century in the Jiangnan area. These works were, in the first place, the *Dongyuan shenzhou jing* 洞淵神咒經⁴¹ and the similarly influential but now partly lost *Shengxuan neijiao jing* 昇玄內教經. The *Dongyuan shenzhou jing* is a vast apocalyptic prophecy anchored solidly in the Heavenly Master tradition. Here the charisma of the newly revealed books is expressed most explicitly. The newly revealed books are called the Scriptures of the Three Caverns (*Sandong jing* 三洞經), or often simply The Three Caverns. These texts, the *Dongyuan shenzhou jing* says, “circulate from now on; all true adepts receive them” (2.4b), in the Middle Kingdom (7.1a). These texts were to be kept and recited in the dioceses (*zhi* 治) so that the people could be healed and protected against the onslaught of the demon armies that would come to exterminate evil persons in this world. The Scriptures of the Three Caverns comprise the Shangqing, the Lingbao, and the Sanmei 三昧 (i.e., *samādhi*) scriptures, the latter being a different name for the *Dongyuan shenzhou jing* itself (see 5.4a and 8b).

37. See Strickman, “The Mao Shan revelations,” 131–39.

38. See the introduction to part 1.B.2.

39. See the introduction to part 1.B.3.

40. See Bokenkamp, “Sources of the Ling-pao scriptures,” and Schipper, introduction to *Concordance du Houang-t’ing king*.

41. At least the original ten juan. See Mollier, *Une apocalypse taoïste*.

From the term *Sanmei*, as well as from many other textual elements, both in the Lingbao and in the Dongyuan texts, Buddhist influences are manifest.⁴² Ōfuchi has rightly pointed out that the period of the revelation of these new scriptures coincides with that of the massive introduction and translation of Buddhist texts in North China, notably by such scholars as Kumārajīva (350–409).⁴³ Like the Buddhist sūtra, the Sandong scriptures were supposed to come “from the West.” At that time, many Chinese considered Buddhism to be a foreign form of Taoism, and there was a belief that the Buddhist texts introduced by the *śramaṇa* had been originally written by Laozi after his departure for the West.⁴⁴ When these texts were instead found to be quite different and not Taoist at all, and were claimed by the Buddhists as their own, a “nativist” reaction ensued, resulting in the creation of a comparable Taoist literature of true scriptures (*zhenjing* 真經). As for the methods by which this was effected, we know that trance techniques played an important role.

Ōfuchi has also shown that, contrary to a commonly held view, the term *sandong* 三洞 (Three Caverns) did not derive from the Buddhist *Tripitaka* (three receptacles), but had quite a different signification. The concept was in the first place cosmological. One of the most important and influential definitions of *sandong* occurs in an early Lingbao text.⁴⁵ It starts out by describing the cosmic eras that preceded our present world and that were governed in succession by the Three Treasures: Tianbao 天寶, Lingbao 靈寶, and Shenbao 神寶. These treasures represented the Three Primordial *qi* (pneumata). They originated in the Three Caverns and the Three Pure Ones (*sangqing* 三清). From this fundamental triad, the whole universe (the ten thousand beings) was created.⁴⁶ Here, then, we see that the Three Caverns correspond to the primordial chaos that engendered the three original pneumata.⁴⁷ The idea that writing appeared spontaneously with the creation of the universe as the beginning of all phenomena is a traditional Taoist belief. It was further elaborated in the Lingbao scriptures. These primordial characters were considered to be the True Writs (*zhenwen* 真文), and their manifestation at the beginning of time is recalled until today, each time a Taoist ritual area is installed:

42. See Zürcher, “Buddhist influence on early Taoism.” Buddhist influence is remarkably absent in the *Shangqing jing*.

43. Ōfuchi Ninji, “The formation of the Taoist canon,” 253–57.

44. We cannot enter into the important issue of the “conversion of the barbarians” (*huahu* 化胡) controversy here. See Zürcher, *The Buddhist conquest of China*, 288–320.

45. 318 *Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhangjing* 1a.

46. Ōfuchi’s conclusion that the Three Caverns were assimilated with the Three Vehicles of Buddhism is based on sources of a later date (see below).

47. On this cosmogony, see the introduction to part 1.B.1.

The True Writings,
 Heavenly treasures in vermilion writing on jade tablets,
 Were born before the Original Beginning,
 In the middle of the Void Caverns.
 The universe had not yet taken root,
 Sun and moon did not yet shed their radiance.
 Obscure! Dark!
 No originator!
 No lineage!
 When the marvelous writings appeared, they gathered and mingled,
 Now present, now absent.
 Yin and yang nurtured them into distinctness,
 The great yang assisted them in obtaining brightness.⁴⁸

The appearance of all these new texts during the fourth and fifth centuries was a major turning point in the history of Taoism. The nature of the writings is complex. On the one hand, the fact that they are all, or nearly all, of mediumistic origin may reduce their importance in our eyes. However, once we study them carefully, we see that they combine different and sometimes contradictory elements: the old Taoism of the south with the liturgical institutions of the Tianshi dao from the north; the doctrines of Buddhism that conquered China during that time and the most traditional and ancient cosmology of China proper. In elaborating this multiple synthesis, the books of the Three Caverns recentered Taoism and at the same time created the conditions for the development of its canon.

Lu Xiuji and the Canon of the Three Caverns

LU XIUJING served as Taoist master at the court of the Liu-Song dynasty (420–479). In 437 he presented, at the request of the emperor, a list of “genuine” Taoist scriptures.⁴⁹ Indeed, since the appearance of the new texts, not only the true heirs to the legacy of GE HONG had “received” holy texts, but many others as well. Hence the necessity that someone knowledgeable and of undisputed religious authority establish an inventory of scriptures to be considered as canonical. This Catalogue of the Scriptures of the Three Caverns (*Sandong jing mulu* 三洞經目錄) comprised, apart from the above-mentioned Shangqing and Lingbao texts, also a book, or more probably a set of talismans, called the Writ of the Three Sovereigns (*Sanhuang wen* 三皇文). This document, originally the pride of the library of GE HONG (see above), had been

48. Lingbao ritual for the consecration of the altar. See Schipper, *The Taoist body*, 87ff.

49. This is the date of the preface to the Catalogue of Lingbao Scriptures (*Lingbao jingmu* 靈寶經目序), preserved in YJQQ 4.4a–6a.

“rediscovered” by BAO JING (260–330?) during the Yuankang era (291–299) of the Jin dynasty in a cave on the Song shan 嵩山. BAO JING was the governor of Nanhai 南海 (modern Canton), as well as GE HONG’s father-in-law.⁵⁰ He was also the master of the famous hermit XU MAI, the elder brother of XU MI, the main recipient of the *Shangqing jing*. Thus, BAO JING’s “discovery” of a “new” version of the *Sanhuang wen* may in several respects be considered the forerunner of the wave of “revealed” rewriting of ancient texts that produced the Shangqing and Lingbao scriptures. This is the reason LU XIUJING attributed one of the divisions of his Catalogue of the Three Caverns to BAO JING’s scripture. The catalogue therefore looked like this:

1. Dongzhen 洞真 (the Cavern [Penetrating] Truth),⁵¹ containing the texts of the *Shangqing jing*.
2. Dongxuan 洞玄 (the Cavern [Penetrating] Mystery), containing the texts of the *Lingbao jing*.
3. Dongshen 洞神 (the Cavern [Penetrating] Divinity), containing the texts of the *Sanhuang wen*.

How many works were listed in each category is not entirely clear. According to the extant fragments of Lu’s catalogue, the Dongzhen division comprised thirty-four works totaling forty-one juan, and the Dongxuan division twenty-seven works, possibly with later additions by Lu’s disciple and successor SONG WENMING (ca. 550).⁵² As for the Dongshen division, it appears to have been quite small, comprising only four scrolls (juan) of what must have been essentially talismans and invocations.

More important, however, is the fact that in LU XIUJING’s scheme, each of the primordial caverns is associated with the revelation not just of cosmic writings but of a particular group of texts. Each of these groups, moreover, had not only, as we have seen, its particular history, but also its own characteristics.

The Shangqing texts concern almost exclusively Tending Life techniques, including meditation, visualization, and (spiritual) alchemy. The practices they contain were intended to be performed by the individual adept, as the highest and purest form of self-cultivation, in the search of immortality.

The Lingbao texts were meant to be recited in a liturgical context. They are linked to the Retreat (*zhai* 齋) and Offering (*jiao* 醮) rituals and contain many instructions for the performance of these essentially collective religious services.

50. See the introduction to part I.B.4. This story is independent from the tradition represented by GE HONG, so there is no reason to suppose that the *Sanhuang jing* mentioned by him (see above) is the same text as that “discovered” by BAO JING.

51. In Taoist scholarship, the concept of *dong*, cavern, is defined as *tong* 通, “to penetrate.” See *Daomen dalun* 道門大論 in YJQQ 6.1a.

52. See Ōfuchi Ninji, “On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” and Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 222ff.

The Dongshen writings were used for "calling upon the gods of Heaven and Earth and making them obey one's orders. Their efficacy is fathomless; hence they were given the name of *shen* (god, divine)."⁵³

In other words, the first division is concerned with the individual's search for the ultimate truth (*zhen* 真), the second with the mystery (*xuan* 玄) of Taoist liturgy, and the third is dedicated to intercourse with the gods (*shen* 神) as practiced by groups united in the worship of a particular deity. The texts that compose this part of the canon bear this out. They contain not only talismans and spells, but also divination techniques for predicting the future, at all times an important aspect of these cults. Indeed, the Three Sovereigns, to whom the third (or Dongshen) division was devoted, were the most important deities of ancient China, and their veneration was widespread even in the imperial period. As such they stand here for all these forms of veneration, such as, for instance, the worship of the Five Sacred Peaks (*wuyue* 五嶽).

LU XIUJING's categorization goes much beyond a mere bibliographical classification. It aims at bringing together in one coherent structure the three main aspects of any religious tradition: (1) the individual mystical search for transcendence, (2) the liturgical celebration of the mystery, and (3) the worship of the deities, saints, and ancestors. LU XIUJING's categorization provides a scriptural legitimization for each of these. If we compare this canon with those of other great religious traditions, we readily see that few of them have accomplished such a perfect integration. LU XIUJING's three-tiered canon is a work of genius that allowed Taoism to develop and remain a single tradition. Its multiple forms of practice did not result in any schisms. Its great flexibility enabled it to survive many persecutions.

Yet LU XIUJING did not include all the newly revealed scriptures of his time. As we have seen, he left out the apocalypse of the *Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing* and other major texts. A reason for these omissions is suggested by the fact that all the works he did include were in some way or another linked to the texts of GE HONG's bibliography. In this way, through the filiation with this undisputed patriarch of southern Taoism, Lu established the canonicity of the new revelations.

Other texts not included in LU XIUJING's catalogue are those of the Heavenly Master ecclesia. These texts were not excluded because Lu considered them uncanonical, but, on the contrary, because the Tianshi dao, to which Lu himself belonged, already had its *Zhengyi fawen*.⁵⁴ Later, when the successors of LU XIUJING compiled a new canon, including not only the newly revealed texts classified according to the Three Caverns system but also the older groups of texts, they gave the Zhengyi scrip-

53. Preface to the Three Caverns, in YJQQ 6.1b: 洞神者召敕鬼神, 其功不測, 故得名神。

54. Compare Ōfuchi Ninji, "The formation of the Taoist canon," 265.

tures of the Heavenly Masters the seventh division. As the last, and uneven, division, it served as the single and universal foundation of the entire structure.

The Seven Parts

In the course of several centuries during the early middle ages, North and South China underwent quite separate developments. As we have seen, only in the fourth century did the Tianshi dao penetrate to the south. As for the newly revealed scriptures of the Three Caverns, there is no evidence that they became known in North China before the sixth century. Yet, in an ironical shift in ideology, the north, which had been forcibly converted to state Buddhism in the early phase of the period of division (fourth century), turned to Taoism in the middle of the fifth century, right at the time LU XIUJING compiled his *Sandong jing mulu*.⁵⁵ Thereafter, in the south it was Buddhism that in turn established itself among the higher strata of society, which led to the first official persecution of Taoism, during the Liang dynasty (502–557).

In the later half of the sixth century, the Northern Zhou dynasty (561–580) began its drive for the unification of the empire. Searching for a faith that would assist him in this ambition, Emperor Wu ultimately chose a form of state Taoism. Around 574, against a background of anti-Buddhist measures, the emperor founded an academy, named Tongdao guan 通道觀, purportedly for the study of the Three Religions (*sanjiao* 三教) in order to show the fundamental unity of all doctrines, old and new. For the first time, the equality of the Three Religions became official policy.⁵⁶ Such a policy agreed with Taoism.⁵⁷ The daoshi of the Tongdao guan, under the direction of WANG YAN (d. 604), were asked to make a critical appraisal of all Taoist texts. At the same time, a vast *summa theologica* of Taoism was compiled with the title of *Wushang biyao* in one hundred juan.⁵⁸ It mainly consists of citations taken from the Sandong scriptures as codified by LU XIUJING. It also refers to the *Daode jing*, the Zhengyi canon, and the *Shengxuan neijiao jing*. There are four degrees of initiation and transmission: (1) the *Daode jing*, (2) the *Sanhuang jing*, (3) the *Lingbao jing*, and (4) the *Shangqing jing*, the last three stages being those of the Three Caverns of LU XIUJING. The Zhengyi ordination degrees are notably absent from this scheme, probably, as

55. This is related to the famous patriarch KOU QIANZHI (365–448). See 78s *Laojun yinsong jiejing*.

56. See Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 10–13. There is much confusion surrounding this episode in Chinese history, making it difficult to give a more circumstantial account here.

57. Taoism formerly maintained that Confucius was Laozi's disciple, and the Buddha the latter's avatar. Hence the Three Religions had a common origin in Laozi.

58. The WSBY and the history of its compilation are studied in detail in Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*.

Lagerwey has pointed out, for political reasons.⁵⁹ There is as yet no trace of any other ordination degree or classification system.

The work of collecting and collating the texts continued after the fall of the Zhou under the Sui dynasty. The name of the Tongdao guan was changed into Xuandu guan 玄都觀. A manuscript of the *Laozi bianhua jing* 老子變化經 discovered at Dunhuang has a colophon indicating that it was copied in 612 under the supervision of a master of the Xuandu guan, in order to be included in the imperial library.⁶⁰ This work must have been part of the general editorial effort undertaken at the Xuandu guan. Moreover, this evidence shows that the work by WANG YAN and his colleagues was no longer limited to the scriptures of the Three Caverns and the Zhengyi canon, but had been extended to encompass such works as this popular text from the Later Han period. The editors treated the primitive messianic text with much respect, as all ancient and corrupt characters were copied verbatim.

According to the Buddhist polemical work *Xiaodao lun* 笑道論, by Zhen Luan 甄鸞, which was presented to the court in 570, the Taoists of the Xuandu guan produced a catalogue of the texts they had copied and edited. The entire collection amounted to 2,040 juan made from 40,000 sheets of paper.⁶¹

We have seen that WANG YAN and his colleagues pursued their work under the Northern Zhou in an imperial foundation called the Tongdao guan 通道觀 and that this foundation was perpetuated by the Sui dynasty after the fall of the Northern Zhou (in 581), when the Tongdao guan was renamed Xuandu guan. At some time, perhaps during the Sui, Wang produced a new catalogue of the collection he had assembled, called *Sandong zhunang* 三洞珠囊, in seven juan.⁶² This catalogue is reputed to have listed all Taoist works and books by the classical philosophers, but we do not know how many juan it comprised.⁶³

We may speculate on the possibility that WANG YAN's catalogue was divided into seven parts because it had seven juan, but there is no proof of this. The first time we find reliable evidence of the way the enlarged canon was organized is in a work named The Order of Succession of The Taoist Scriptural Legacy (1128 *Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu*), written by the patriarch PAN SHIZHENG around 680. After having

59. See Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 32 and passim.

60. See Seidel, *La divinisation de Lao Tseu*, 59–60, and Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Moku-rokuhen*, 325.

61. *Xiaodao lun* in *Guang hongming ji* 9. See also the discussion in CGF 108–9.

62. Now lost. To be distinguished from the encyclopedia SDZN.

63. See CGF 108. Chen's reconstruction, stating that the entire collection amounted to 8,030 juan, is confusing, and more so because titles of scriptures "not yet revealed" (*weichu* 未出) but still hidden in the Three Caverns were included in the catalogues.

introduced the cosmogony and the spontaneous birth of the primordial scriptures, he says:

The first, the Cavern [Penetrating] Truth, is the Great Vehicle; the second, the Cavern [Penetrating] Mystery, is the Middle Vehicle; the third, the Cavern [Penetrating] Divinity, is the Lesser Vehicle. From all of the Three Caverns came the Seven Parts: as Dongzhen, Dongxuan, and Dongshen [are the Three Caverns], so Taixuan 太玄, Taiping 太平, and Taiqing 太清 contain the auxiliary scriptures (*fujing* 輔經). Taixuan is auxiliary to Dongzhen, Taiping to Dongxuan, and Taiqing to Dongshen. The Three Auxiliaries together with [the Three Caverns] form the Thirty-six Divisions (*sanshiliu bu* 三十六部).⁶⁴ The Zhengyi [One and Orthodox] Covenant with the Powers (*mengwei* 盟威) is pertinent to all [the canon]. Together, [all these divisions] form the Seven Parts.⁶⁵

Thus, at some time during the Sui or the beginning of the Tang, the two canons, the *Zhengyi fawen* of the Tianshi dao and the *Sandong jing* of LU XIUJING, were brought together. All the surviving ancient texts were also brought into the *Daozang*, and these were given the status of "auxiliary scriptures." This expression should be qualified. The word *fu* 輔 literally means "support pole," but the expression "four supports" has the special meaning of the four ministers of state who surround the supreme ruler.⁶⁶

The contents of these "auxiliaries" were as follows:

- the *Taixuan bu* 太玄部, being the highest class, contained the *Daode jing*, its commentaries, and the works of later Taoist philosophers
- the *Taiping bu* 太平部 was made up by the only recently "rediscovered" *Taiping jing* in 170 juan)
- the *Taiqing bu* 太清部 preserved all the old literature on alchemy, physical exercises, and other Tending Life techniques, these being considered the Lesser Vehicle of Taoism
- the seventh division of the *Zhengyi bu* 正一部 contained the *Zhengyi fawen*, (Statutory Texts of the One and Orthodox [Ecclesia]). These, during the Tang, amounted to 100 juan. The texts of the Heavenly Master ecclesia, "founded on the *Daode [jing]*, supportive of the Three Caverns, and encompassing the Three Vehicles,"⁶⁷ were considered to be relevant (*tongguan* 通貫) to the teachings of the six other divisions.

64. On the Thirty-six Divisions, see Chen Guofu (CGF 252–57).

65. 1128 *Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu* 1.1b–2a.

66. This meaning also has a precedent in Taoism, where the Three Officials are supported by Four Ministers. See 1016 *Zhen'gao* 19.12b: *Sanguan sifu* 三官四輔.

67. *Zhengyi jingtu kejie pin* 正一經圖科戒品, in 1129 *Daojiao yishu* 2. 11a–b.

The evidence that these seven divisions had the contents mentioned here can still be deduced from the arrangement of 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* (q.v.).

Much information about the initial composition of the Seven Parts, and especially, the Four Supplements can be obtained from a cluster of related handbooks, called either *Daomen dalun* 道門大論,⁶⁸ *Xuanmen [da] lun* 玄門[大]論,⁶⁹ [*Dongxuan lingbao*] *Xuanmen dayi* [洞玄靈寶] 玄門大義,⁷⁰ or *Daojiao yishu* 道教義樞.⁷¹ All of these texts are interrelated and date from the early Tang, around 700. All quote, or are attributed to, a certain Master Meng (Meng *fashi* 孟法師), who, in one instance, is identified as MENG ANPAI, a well-known court Taoist from the time of the empress Wu Zetian (r. 684–704). One of these texts, the *Daojiao yishu*, twice quotes a catalogue of Taoist works titled *Yuwei qibu jing shumu* 玉緯七部經書目, attributed to the same Meng *fashi*.

There have been many discussions about the identity of MENG ANPAI, author of the *Daojiao yishu* and the above-named catalogue. He has erroneously been taken for a daoshi of the Liang dynasty (502–557).⁷² This error has in turn induced many authors to date the introduction of the seven-part classification system of the Taoist canon to that same period, that is, about two centuries before it actually came into existence. As a result, the history of the Taoist canon has been rendered so confused as to make it almost unintelligible.

From the title of MENG ANPAI's catalogue we can see that it was organized according to the seven parts system. Not much else is known about this catalogue, but the above set of texts give detailed information about the composition of each part and its place within the structure of the entire canon. Interestingly, the texts in question continuously quote the Zhengyi scriptures, or *Zhengyi fawen*, as the authority on which this classification system was based. In some cases the complete title of the text concerned is given as "The Chapter on Ordination Rites and Precepts Related to [the Transmission] of Scriptures and Diagrams of the Statutory Texts of the One and Orthodox [Ecclesia]" (*Zhengyi fawen jingtu kejie pin* 正一法文經圖科戒品).⁷³

68. This text is partially preserved in YJQQ 6.

69. Quoted in the encyclopedia SDZN 7.23a.

70. 1124 *Dongxuan lingbao xuanmen dayi*.

71. 1129 *Daojiao yishu*; according to its preface, derived from the original version of 1124 *Dongxuan lingbao xuanmen dayi*.

72. The error derives from a faulty reference by DU GUANGTING in his preface to his 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi* as to the identity of "Da Meng." This mistake has been taken over by Chen Guofu (CGF 1–4).

73. See 1129 *Daojiao yishu* 2.11b.

The Twelve Categories and the Thirty-Six Divisions

Patriarch PAN SHIZHENG, in the above-quoted text, mentions not only the organization of the canon into seven parts, but also the Thirty-six Divisions (*sanshiliu bu* 三十六部).⁷⁴ Here he refers to a further and more elaborate classification of the books in the *Daozang*. That such an additional subdivision was necessary is evident when we think of the bulk of different texts that now make up the Taoist canon. Indeed, above-mentioned treatises such as the *Daomen dalun*, the *Xuanmen dayi*, and the *Daojiao yishu* all give the additional classification system of the Twelve Categories of texts (*shier lei* 十二類), also called the Twelve Sections (*shier bu* 十二部). When applied to each of the Three Caverns, the Twelve Categories result in a total of thirty-six subdivisions (whether this was actually the system PAN SHIZHENG had in mind remains to be seen; we will return to this question later).

The Twelve Categories as defined by the *Daojiao yishu* and countless other sources are as follows:

1. Fundamental Scriptures, *Benwen* 本文
2. Sacred Symbols, *Shenfu* 神符
3. Exegeses, *Yujue* 玉訣
4. Diagrams, *Lingtu* 靈圖
5. Annals, *Pulu* 譜錄
6. Precepts, *Jielü* 戒律
7. Solemn Rites, *Weiyi* 威儀
8. Techniques, *Fangfa* 方法
9. Miscellaneous Arts, *Zhongshu* 衆術
10. Hagiography, *Jizhuan* 記傳
11. Hymns, *Zansong* 讚頌
12. Memorials, *Biaozou* 表奏

Many titles speak for themselves. The "Fundamental Scriptures" are the original revelations of the Tao. "Symbols" are the kind of cosmic writings that often constitute the core revelation of a scripture. These writings can be used in ritual and as talismans. Category 3 holds the commentaries on the scriptures, and "Diagrams" contains the graphic representations of divine and cosmic forces such as the Eight Trigrams. These representations are also the basis of the registers. The "Miscellaneous Arts" cover the whole group of alchemical, Tending Life, medical, and other manuals, and also texts used for prognostication.

We have found a few indications that this system may indeed have been applied.

74. On the Thirty-six Divisions, see Chen Guofu (CGF 252–57).

1. The "Rites of Girding with the True Writ of the Imperial Lord of Supreme Trinity" by LU XIUJING refers to the "thirty-first juan of the fourth section of the Dongzhen [division] (*Dongzhen disi bu di sanshiyi juan* 洞真部第四部第三十一卷)."⁷⁵ This small work concerns the method of using a register, and the "fourth section," that of "Diagrams," corresponds indeed to this kind of text.

2. An ancient commentary to LU XIUJING's famous Pacing the Void stanzas refers to the "eighth juan of the third section of the Lingbao texts of the Dongxuan [division] (*Dongxuan disan bu, Lingbao diba juan* 洞玄第三部靈寶第八卷)."⁷⁶ Here also, the evidence is conclusive, as the third category is devoted to exegeses.

3. The Dunhuang manuscript Stein 4226, which contains the table of contents of the *Taiping jing*,⁷⁷ refers to the "second juan of the Taiping division" (*Taiping bu dier juan* 太平部第二卷), which would indicate that, as in the later Ming canon, only the texts of Three Caverns, not those of the Four Supplements, were subdivided into twelve categories.

4. This last point is also borne out by the "Record of Truthful Transmission of the Divine Flying Powder," transmitted by Qi Tui 齊推 and dated 812.⁷⁸ This text is also found in YJQQ 74. The recipe for Lingfei powder is there stated to have been transcribed "from juan 153 of the Taiping division."

The taxonomy of the Twelve Categories certainly deserves further study. As to the matter of the Thirty-six Divisions, it is further complicated by the fact that at about the same time the twelve-categories system came into being, several other texts speak of an organization of the canon into thirty-six divisions of an entirely different nature. Here we find not a bibliographical classification, but a list of thirty-six titles of texts, some known, others entirely new, which were seen as an ideal canon of cosmic dimensions, integrating all currents and schools. This "Sanshiliu bu zunjing 三十六部尊經" became an important theological concept, without ever, so it seems, having actually been realized.⁷⁹

The Liturgical Organization of the Tang

The aim of Taoist scholars of the early Tang period (618–907) was clearly to integrate all schools and traditions within the canon according to a hierarchical order.

75. 1293 *Shangqing taiwei dijun jiedai zhenwen fa* 1a.

76. 614 *Dongxuan lingbao shengxuan buxu zhang xushu* 1b.

77. See the article on 1101 *Taiping jing*.

78. 943 *Lingfei san chuanxin lu*.

79. For more information, see 336 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao yebao yinyuan jing*, 337 *Taoshang dongxuan lingbao shibao gongde yinyuan miaojing* and 8 *Taishang sanshiliu bu zunjing*. The problem of the Thirty-six Divisions is discussed by Chen Guofu (CGF 252–58).

These scholars included not only the major scriptural bodies that made up the Seven Parts, but also lesser groups and sects. Thus the followers of the millenarian prophecies of the *Dongyuan shenzhou jing*, who had formed an independent sect since the early Six Dynasties period, were now recognized and given a place as a subsidiary group within the Dongshen division.⁸⁰ Each group of scriptures was subject to a special transmission and ordination ritual. A Taoist adept could thus follow his or her individual path to union with the Tao by going through the successive stages as laid down in the canon and institutionalized in the liturgical organization of the religion. At each stage, the adept had to accept certain precepts and rules of conduct. These sets of rules, progressively more numerous and detailed, were attached to the scriptures to be transmitted at each level. To each stage corresponded also a particular ordination title, as well as corresponding ritual vestments (*fafu* 法服), liturgical empowerment, and so on. Also, for each initiation and ordination, offerings of various kinds had to be presented as tokens of the disciple's sincerity (*xinwu* 信物). In some cases, such as for the attainment of the highest rank of transmission of the Shangqing scriptures, the *xinwu* consisted of precious objects of silver and gold.

A number of Tang sources give detailed descriptions of the system and how it worked.⁸¹ It was well unified, despite a number of minor discrepancies. In general, the aim of creating a unity between the religious organization (the body of the ecclesia) and the scriptural corpus (the body of writings) was fully accomplished. This was a remarkable achievement. The different textual traditions no longer represented different schools (as may have previously been the case) but had become integrated into an overall system in which the adept could make his or her way from the first religious instruction during childhood to the highest levels in the divine office. None has better captured the spirit of this process than WU YUN (d. 778):

Although for [obtaining] the Tao there is no recipe, its study has to proceed gradually. Thus one begins with the Zhengyi; then follow the Dongshen; one gets established in the Lingbao (i.e. the Dongxuan), and finally rests in the Dongzhen. Ultimate peace is the foundation, perfect concentration is the means, through the observance of abstinence and precepts we work at it; compassionate benevolence is the most advanced stage.⁸²

The four mental conditions match the four stages of learning. WU YUN does not mention the Taixuan stage for the transmission of the *Daode jing* and related texts, but this may be, as we can see from the Dunhuang manuscripts, because it was closely

80. See ZHANG WANFU, 1240 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi shou sandong jingjie falu zeri li*.

81. See the introduction to part 2.B, "The general liturgical system of the Tang."

82. See 1052 *Zongxuan xiansheng xuangang lun* 9b.

linked to the Zhengyi stage. "One gets established in the Lingbao" probably refers to the fact that the previous grades were also for laymen, but the transmission of the Sandong initiation conferred the qualifications of a master. The idea that one "rests in the Dongzhen" may be related to the fact that in Tang times the highest stages of the Shangqing initiation corresponded to the final stages of one's life.⁸³

Many members of the Tang establishment were initiated and ordained. The solemn ordination of one of the imperial princesses, first in the intermediate grade corresponding to the *Dongxuan bu* 洞玄部 and then in the highest grade of the *Shangqing jing* in the year 711, has been described.⁸⁴ Evidence yielded by the manuscript sources found in Dunhuang allow us to understand how all the ordination system was applied on a far lower level. It is evident, if not from actual scriptures then from lists of texts pertaining to each division, that all degrees of the Tang Taoist ecclesia were present at Dunhuang. Indeed, in a remote place like Dunhuang, the adepts did not always, when acceding to a certain rank, receive all the texts they were entitled to own. Sometimes they received only the lists that came as part of their ordination documents. These lists may have enabled adepts, whenever they came to a center where the texts were available, to prove that they were entitled to read and perhaps copy the works in question.⁸⁵

The Canon of the Kaiyuan Era

We have seen that at the Tongdao guan of the Northern Zhou dynasty, Taoist texts were transcribed in order to be included in the imperial library, which implies that the texts were not destined to be united into a separate Taoist canon. Only special catalogues were made, such as the *Yuwei jingmu* 玉緯經目 by YIN WENCAO (d. 688).⁸⁶ Under the Tang, Taoism was officially considered equal if not superior to Buddhism, and Taoist texts continued to be collected for inclusion into the imperial library. At the same time, a variety of encyclopedias and handbooks were published, some of which have survived.⁸⁷ The work of redaction and study culminated in the period of Tang

83. See Schipper, "L'építaphe pour une grue (*Yiheming*) et son auteur," in *A Festschrift in honour of Professor Jao Tsung-i on the occasion of his seventy-fifth anniversary* (Hong Kong: The Chinese University of Hong Kong, 1993), 409–21.

84. ZHANG WANFU, 1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo* 2.18a ff.

85. See Schipper, "Taoist ordination ranks in the Tunhuang manuscripts." ZHANG WANFU, in his 1240 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi shou sandong jingjie falu zeri li* 4b, also states that the ordinants received the catalogue of the books they were entitled to read and copy (in this case those related to the *Daode jing*).

86. Now lost. It should have listed Taoist texts of a total volume of 7,300 juan, again including, no doubt, many still unrevealed scriptures.

87. See part 2.A.8 on handbooks and encyclopedias.

Xuanzong (712–756), especially in the later part of this celebrated epoch. During the Kaiyuan period, the emperor ordered the most eminent Taoists of the capital to collect and edit all the texts with a view to publishing a *Daozang*.

A similar undertaking was launched with respect to the Buddhist canon. The Buddhist catalogue was compiled by Zhisheng 智升. It bore the title *Kaiyuan shijiao lu* 開元釋教錄 and was presented in 730. It contained all existing works. Editions and translations of the same text were listed chronologically. The listed scriptures amounted 5,048 juan. This catalogue laid the groundwork of all subsequent editions of the Buddhist *Tripitaka*. The same can be said for the *Daozang*. The Taoists presented their catalogue probably somewhat later. It was called the *Sandong qionggang* 三洞瓊綱, and the volume of the entered books amounted to 3,477 juan.⁸⁸ In the seventh year of the Tianbao era (748), Xuanzong ordered that an unknown number of copies of the texts listed in the catalogue be made, and that the collections of scriptures thus compiled be distributed to all major Taoist centers. This, then, was the first true Taoist canon.⁸⁹

The Kaiyuan *Daozang* was to be the model for all subsequent *Daozang* until the Yuan dynasty. Although not a scrap of it survives, we know not only how it was organized, but also something about its contents. Not only ancient canonical texts, but also new, even contemporary, scriptures were included, for instance, the anti-Buddhist "Scripture of the Jade Purity of the Great Tao of the Most High (1312 *Taishang dadao yuqing jing*)⁹⁰ or the notorious *Huahu jing* 化胡經 by Wang Fu 王浮, written around 300 and no longer extant. The inclusion of such works paved the way for later controversies. It also demonstrates the rapprochement between Taoism and Confucianism in Xuanzong's times. For the same reason, the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 became popular under Xuanzong, and we may suppose that it was incorporated into the *Daozang*, probably in the section *Taiqing bu*.⁹¹

The *Dongxuan bu* certainly had become an important part of the canon. Since the early Tang, many new Lingbao scriptures had been written, some having a regular length of ten juan, others being shorter or even very short, aiming at expressing the essential wisdom of the Tao in one or two pages (*daoyao* 道要). Although in later periods the bulk of these scriptures would no longer enjoy the popularity they held during the Tang, they continued to be transmitted and are still prominent in the Ming canon.

88. Different numbers have been advanced. Here we follow the *Sanchao guoshi* 三朝國史 (see VDL 5).

89. While in fact the *Daozang* was propagated in the Tianbao era, Xuanzong's canon is known as that of the Kaiyuan era.

90. A Dunhuang manuscript of this scripture (Pelliot 2257) carries a colophon showing that it was copied for the emperor himself in 753.

91. This can be deduced from the place given to this work in 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu*.

Among other important developments of this era we must mention the trend toward a historical institutionalization of Taoism through the establishment of genealogies for its major traditions. Thus the Shangqing, Lingbao, and Zhengyi traditions were endowed with contrived genealogies of patriarchs linked to holy mountain sites. The Shangqing tradition became identified with the Maoshan 茅山 in Jiangsu; the Lingbao register with the Gezao shan 閣皂山, and the Zhengyi tradition with the Longhu shan 龍虎山, both in Jiangxi. These identifications were to have far-reaching consequences.

In its manuscript form, the Kaiyuan canon was vulnerable. The revolt of An Lushan 安祿山 (755–757) and Shi Siming 史思明 (755–763) resulted in the destruction of the two capitals, Chang'an and Luoyang, and in the loss of the copies of the *Daozang* that were kept there. Suzong (r. 756–762), the successor of Xuanzong, immediately set out to have the Taoist scriptures recopied. Nonetheless, the terrible civil war following the rebellion of Huang Chao 黃巢 (874–884) that provoked the end of the Tang dynasty also destroyed most of the religious centers, and with them their manuscript libraries. During the following Five Dynasties period (907–960), several attempts were made to restore at least part of the canon. The best-known example is the effort of DU GUANGTING (850–933), a court Taoist who became the spiritual leader of the Shu kingdom in Sichuan.⁹² Du is especially known for his work as editor of the Taoist classics, as well as for his outstanding expertise in Lingbao liturgy. In later periods, his authority would always be invoked whenever important questions related to ritual surfaced. In the present context, it is important to note that Du was the first to have the works he edited printed, in order to give Taoist texts a wider distribution and therefore a greater chance of survival.⁹³

The Song and Yuan Canons

It is well known that the Song tried in many ways to restore the glory of the Tang and to follow their example. They, too, extended imperial patronage to Taoism and set out, at an early date, to recollect lost Taoist texts and to rebuild the *Daozang*. Under Emperor Zhenzong (r. 998–1022), the task of collecting the texts and making a new catalogue was entrusted to the most powerful official of the empire, the military commissioner WANG QINRUO (962–1025). Wang, who had also had a hand in editing the new imperial Taoist liturgy, the *Luotian dajiao* 羅天大醮,⁹⁴ suggested that the traditional organization of the *Daozang* be abandoned and that, instead of beginning

92. See Verellen, *Du Guangting* (850–933).

93. One of the works we know Du had printed was his complete edition of 335 *Dongyuan shenzhou jing*.

94. See Wang's 1285 *Yisheng baode zhuan*.

with the Shangqing scriptures, the canon ought to open with Laozi's *Daode jing*.⁹⁵ This suggests that, at least for Wang, the traditional transmission and ordination grid was no longer valid. WANG QINRUO presented his catalogue of the *Dongzhen bu* in 1015, but it was not accepted. Two years later, he presented a new catalogue, this time of the entire canon, entitled *Baowen tonglu* 寶文統錄, which was prefaced by the emperor himself.⁹⁶ The *Sanchao guoshi* 三朝國史 gives the contents of the catalogue in numbers of juan (here to be understood as chapters):

Dongzhen bu 洞真部: 620

Dongxuan bu 洞玄部: 1,013

Dongshen bu 洞神部: 172

Taixuan bu 太玄部: 1,407

Taiping bu 太平部: 192

Taiqing bu 太清部: 576

Zhengyi bu 正一部: 370

It is noteworthy that the 4,350 juan listed here retained the sevenfold structure of the canon, and that the philosophical *Taixuan bu* had grown considerably, relative to the other sections.⁹⁷

Again, as under the Tang, the listed texts were hand-copied for distribution to Taoist centers, unlike the Buddhist canon, which had been printed under imperial auspices and with government money, in 983.⁹⁸ The copying of the Taoist texts was done in accordance with the catalogue of WANG QINRUO. But it seems that after Wang's death in 1025 some changes were introduced, perhaps while copies were prepared in regional centers. The *Dongxiao tuzhi* 洞霄圖志, a monograph of the Taoist temples on Dadi shan 大滌山 (Jiangsu, near Hangzhou), reports that one of the copies made under the auspices of Emperor Zhenzong was bestowed on this center. From that set, after revision by an eminent Taoist scholar named Feng Dezhi 馮德之, new sets were made under the title "The Bookcase of the Clouds with the Seven Labels" (*Yunji qiqian* 雲笈七籤).⁹⁹ This title is of special interest because *Yunji qiqian* is now the title not of one of the versions of Zhenzong's canon, but of the famous Taoist anthology by

95. 770 *Hunyuan shengji* 9. See CGF 81. Chen's criticism is unjustified.

96. It was listed in the imperial library of the Southern Song under the title *Sandong sifu bu jingmu* 三洞四輔部經目 (VDL 34–35).

97. The *Sanchao guoshi* lists 4,359 juan, a figure that has been adopted by most scholars. See VDL 5 and n. 16.

98. See Demiéville, "Notes additionnelles sur les éditions imprimées du Canon bouddhique," in Pelliot, *Les débuts de l'imprimerie en Chine*, 223–40.

99. Local copies of the imperial *Daozang* were also made in Sichuan. See VDL 36–37.

ZHANG JUNFANG (fl. 1008–1025). In his preface, Zhang claims to have been one of the compilers of the Song canon (which he refers to as the *Da Song tiangong baozang* 大宋天宮寶藏) under WANG QINRUO and to have played an important role in the editorial work. His compilation, he says, was a condensed version of the canon, intended for the bedside table of the emperor. As Piet van der Loon has observed, ZHANG JUNFANG's account is full of inconsistencies and errors, and therefore not trustworthy.¹⁰⁰ Moreover, the title *Yunji qiqian*, referring explicitly to the sevenfold division of the canon, was a fitting name for a *Daozang*, whereas Zhang's anthology did not follow that arrangement and completely omitted many divisions of Taoist literature, especially liturgy. A possible explanation may be that the *Dongxiao tuzhi* account is accurate, that the imperial *Daozang* was indeed copied in Hangzhou and then distributed under the title *Yunji qiqian*. ZHANG JUNFANG, or possibly someone else borrowing his name, would then have compiled the anthology using the same title.

The Song canon was revised and considerably enlarged under Emperor Huizong (r. 1100–1125). Moreover, for the first time, the *Daozang* was printed. The cutting of the printing blocks was to be done in Fuzhou, where previously the Buddhist canon had also been reprinted. All the manuscripts were transported there and lodged in a special library in the Tianning wanshou gong 天寧萬壽宮 temple. The name given to the library was *Zhenghe wanshou daozaang* 政和萬壽道藏. Work on the blocks began in 1119 and took a long time to complete. By the time the blocks were ready and transported to the capital, the end of the dynasty was near, and it is unclear how many printed copies of the *Zhenghe wanshou daozaang* were made and distributed.

After careful study, Piet van der Loon arrives at the conclusion that the total volume of Huizong's canon amounted to 5,387 juan.¹⁰¹ This was an increase of more than one thousand juan, or 20 percent, compared to Zhenzong's canon of a century earlier. What new materials were added? Huizong's reign was one of the most fervent Taoist periods in Chinese history. The emperor himself, as Lord of the Tao (Daojun 道君), extended his patronage to many Taoist establishments and undertakings. The period also witnessed, at court and elsewhere, the birth of a number of new Taoist schools. It is, however, difficult to assess how many of the works produced by these new schools were included in the *Daozang*.¹⁰²

During the Southern Song dynasty, the manuscript copy of Huizong's canon

100. VDL 30–32.

101. Against the number of 5,481 juan given by CGF 135.

102. See, for instance, the case of the 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao*, a *Tianxin zhengfa* 天心正法 manual that appears to have been composed especially for inclusion in the canon.

was still kept at Fuzhou. Several new copies were made of this set and distributed to temples in South China. The printing blocks of the *Zhenghe wanshou daozaang* had entered into the possession of the new rulers of northern China, the Jin dynasty. In 1188, these blocks, previously kept in Kaifeng, were transported to the Middle Capital (Zhongdu 中都, modern Peking). There they were completed and printed into a yet larger edition (6,455 juan), titled *Da Jin Xuandu baozang* 大金玄都寶藏. Here again, we have no clear indication as to the kind of new materials that were added, perhaps in connection with the many new schools that developed in the twelfth century.

One of these new schools, which was to become the major movement of renewal in the modern history of religions in China, was the Quanzhen 全真. It was founded around 1170 by WANG ZHE (1113–1170) in Shandong. The rapidly growing movement, after initial difficulties, obtained recognition by the Jin state in 1197. In 1208, the emperor presented a complete set of his *Xuandu baozang* to the Taixu guan 太虛觀 in Shandong in honor of QIU CHUJI, hao Changchun (1148–1227), one of the main artisans of the Quanzhen institution as a monastic order. After the conquest of northern China by the Mongols and the destructions it wrought, the Jin *Daozang* was almost totally lost. Under the direction of SONG DEFANG (1183–1247) and his disciple Qin Zhian 秦志安 (1188–1244), the Quanzhen order reedited the *Daozang* on the basis of the sole surviving copy of the Jin canon.¹⁰³ To all appearances, the contents of this new *Daozang*, which was completed in 1244, were the same as those of the Jin *Xuandu baozang*. Only four new texts, related to the history of the Quanzhen movement, had been added at the end.¹⁰⁴

The Destruction of the Old Canon

During the early stage of the Mongol period (1206–1368), the Quanzhen order enjoyed great official support, enabling it to establish itself durably as one of the major components of modern China's religious system. This success also stoked the fires of the ancient rivalry with Buddhism. Other factors must have contributed to the ensuing conflicts, but the fact that the *Daozang*, since Tang Xuanzong's times, contained many anti-Buddhist texts and could be considered slanderous with regard to that religion became the focus of the controversy. A debate conducted at court in 1258 before the future emperor Kublai resulted in defeat for the Taoist side. A purge of some forty contentious works in the *Daozang* was ordered.¹⁰⁵ The texts in question were publicly burned. Twenty-three years later, in December 1281, the official ban on Taoist books

103. See VDL 51–52.

104. See 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* and VDL 52, n. 3.

105. The list is given in the *Bianwei lu* 2 (see Qing Xitai, *Zhongguo daojiao shi*, 224).

was suddenly extended to all works with the exception of the *Daode jing*.¹⁰⁶ Not only all copies of the *Daozang* but all holdings of temples and monasteries and even the books in the possession of individual daoshi were to be destroyed. The extent of the damage can be assessed thanks to 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu*, a catalogue of missing books based on a comparison of the contents of the *Xuandu baozang* with those of the Ming canon:¹⁰⁷ the catalogue lists some 800 works as lost. However, according to the Gazetteer of Longxi xian in Fujian of 1762, a complete manuscript copy of the *Zhenghe daoizang* 政和道藏 survived at the Xuanmiao guan 玄妙觀 (formerly Tianqing guan 天慶觀) of Zhangzhou 漳州.¹⁰⁸ Even though not all Taoist books were lost, the proscription of 1281 stands as one of the worst assaults on China's spiritual heritage by tyrants of various descriptions.¹⁰⁹

The holocaust did give Taoism a chance for renewal. As we have seen, before the burning of the books, premodern China continued to live with a scriptural canon belonging to the middle ages. Once again, the Quanzhen canon of 1244 was in all likelihood virtually identical with the Jin canon, itself a reedition of Huizong's *Zhenghe wanshou daoizang*, while the latter probably did not differ much from Zhenzong's manuscript canon of the early eleventh century. The compilers of this collection, after the innovative proposals of WANG QINRUO had been discarded, returned to the model of the Tang *Daozang* of the Kaiyuan era. Even if books had been added, the organizational principles had remained the same. But while 500 years had passed without any fundamental change to the structure of the canon, Taoism itself had evolved in significant ways.

Since the late Tang and the Five Dynasties periods, with the economic and cultural development of the Jiangnan area and the rise of its merchant cities, the local temple organizations had seen a great revival. New scriptural and ritual traditions sprang up from these centers. The influence of Song Buddhism, not only through its Chan and

106. That is, after the conquest of southern China and the reversal of the military fortunes of the Mongols with their attempt to invade Japan. The reasons for Kublai's extraordinary decision to ban Taoist books are unclear. The defeat of his fleet may have been one of them.

107. The authors of the *Daozang quejing mulu* evidently made use of this catalogue. It is possible that theirs was an incomplete copy, as VDL 62 seems to suggest.

108. *Longxi xianzhi* 龍溪縣志 11.34b.

109. In his inscription to the memory of Zhang Liusun 張留孫 (1248–1322), patriarch of the so-called Xuanjiao 玄教 order of the Yuan dynasty, ZHAO MENG FU (1254–1322) records that around 1295 the newly enthroned Emperor Chengzong reassured the patriarch of his sympathy to Taoism (see Chen Yuan, *Daojia jinshi lue*, 912). The work of the Xuanjiao order in support of Taoism in the later part of the Yuan remains to be studied.

Pure Land schools but especially through its Tantric traditions, was pervasive. This influence is clearly perceptible in Taoist texts.

None of these new developments were easily reconcilable with the traditional framework of the canon, which, as we have seen, corresponded to the hierarchy of the clergy of the medieval ecclesia. The ancient Way of the Heavenly Master, with its elaborate liturgical organization, had gradually ceased to exist in the late Tang and Five Dynasties periods—or perhaps, as future research may demonstrate, its communal structure had transformed itself into that of the modern temple association (*hui* 會). The very lineage of the Heavenly Masters, which had continued since the Han dynasty with its seat at the Yangping zhi 陽平治 diocese in the Guanzhong region in southwestern Shaanxi, was replaced with a new institution, the hereditary Zhengyi patriarchy of Longhu shan in Jiangxi. The claim that this institution hailed from the founder of the Tianshi lineage has never been substantiated. Indeed all the available historical evidence points to the contrary. The transformation may have been a result of the Tang official recognition of the Longhu shan Heavenly Master temple as the seat of the lineage (see above). In any case, the modern Zhengyi order of the Longhu shan bears no resemblance whatsoever with the religion of the *Zhengyi fawen*. This order is a perfect example of the transformation Taoism underwent at the end of the middle ages. It is also a remarkable testimony of Taoism's adaptability.

The inevitable problems brought about by the discrepancy between the canon and the living Taoist religion of the Song were not easily resolved. In his great liturgical handbook *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 上清靈寶大法, JIN YUNZHONG (fl. 1225) expressed the difficulties he experienced in matching the ritual practice of his times with the orthodoxy of the canon. In order to accommodate the living *Tianxin zhengfa* 天心正法 school, he decided to regard it as representing the true Heavenly Master tradition, while rejecting the ancient Zhengyi rites. To legitimate the powerful school of the Jingming zhongxiao dao 淨明忠孝道 promoted by the temple of Saint Xu Jinyang 許旌陽 of Mount Xishan 西山 at Nanchang (Jiangsu), Jin Yunzong associated it with the ancient Lingbao division. In fact, it can be induced from his protracted arguments regarding canonicity that none of the new schools occupying most of the space of part 3.B in the present study had been integrated into the old canon at that time. Indeed, if any of the works produced by schools like the Shenxiao fa 神霄法, the Wulei fa 五雷法, the Tianxin zhengfa, the Jingming zhongxiao dao, the Qingwei fa 清微法—and many other works as well, such as the scriptures written in honor of popular saints—had been included, at least one or two of them would have fallen victim to the great holocaust and presumably listed as such in 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu*. The fact that no work of the kind can be found in that catalogue suggests that they either had never been admitted or had subsequently been expurgated.

From this perspective, it may be surmised that had the ancient canon not been destroyed, the ultimate outcome might have been even worse: sclerosis followed by radical reformation. Since the traditional *Daozang* had ceased to exist, the way was now open for a renewal.

THE MING CANON AND ITS SUPPLEMENT

The Compilation of the *Zhengtong daoze* 正統道藏

We now return to the collection that is the subject of the present study, the *Da Ming daoze jing* 大明道藏經. The fact that the Heavenly Master was asked to submit the new canon indicates that since the political eclipse of the Quanzhen order during the reign of Kublai, the patriarch of the Longhu shan had obtained virtual leadership over all of Taoism. His headquarters in Jiangxi had become an important Taoist ordination center with a large library. However, as stated earlier, the editorial work was to take almost forty years. It must have advanced well during Zhang's lifetime. He himself had moved to Peking in order to supervise the editing. But after his death in 1410, and the subsequent demise of the Yongle emperor in 1424, things may have come to a standstill. Zhu Di's successor, the Xuande 宣德 emperor (1426–1436), was not interested in the enterprise. During the Zhengtong 正統 reign, beginning in 1436, the work was finally continued and completed. We do not have much information about the editors, except that the registrar (*daolu si* 道錄司) Shao Yizheng 邵以正 was entrusted with the final revision in 1444.¹¹⁰ It was probably he who included ZHANG YUCHU's collected writings, the *Xianquan ji* 峴泉集, into the Ming canon, and the place of its insertion probably marks the point at which Shao introduced his additions to the work of the former Heavenly Master. The following entries, numbered 1312 to 1428, correspond to a mass of texts from the Six Dynasties and the Tang period, especially Shangqing scriptures that had not been previously included. Most of these texts have characters altered in deference to Song taboos, suggesting that they originally came from a Song canon. Had it not been for this kind of afterthought on the part of the editors, much of our information about the great Shangqing tradition would have been ruefully incomplete.

The editors could have done much more. We know, as mentioned above, that at the time the Ming canon was compiled, a copy of the *Zhenghe wanshou daoze* still existed in the Xuanmiao guan at Zhangzhou. Many other, perhaps incomplete, copies existed elsewhere, for instance in Fuzhou itself. Why did ZHANG YUCHU not reprint their contents? We can even ask more precisely: why was the catalogue of the

110. On Shao Yizheng, see Schipper, "Master Chao I-chen."

Quanzhen *Xuandu baozang*, which most evidently was used by the editors of the Ming canon to make 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu*, not included? This omission is all the more strange since the editors themselves showed, in that same catalogue of missing works, that catalogues of earlier editions had been reproduced in previous canons. What exactly did the editors imply by marking all those books that were evidently still extant in Fujian at the time as "missing" (*que* 闕)? That they were literally unable to find them or that, after ZHANG YUCHU had edited a *Daozang* according to his own ideas, it was no longer feasible or desirable to include them? To do so would have resulted in adding at least 2,000 juan to the 4,000 that had already been collected by the former Heavenly Master.

That the Heavenly Master wished to make a *new* canon can be seen from the fact that the great majority of the works he selected were modern, that is, dated from the Southern Song or later.¹¹¹ We can gain some insight into his ideas from his *Daomen shigui* 道門十規 (Ten Guidelines for Taoism), a pastoral directive probably written shortly after Zhang received, in 1406, the imperial request to present a new *Daozang*. He presents the history and the role of Taoism as they were understood in his times. His historical perception begins with Laozi as grand astrologer and archivist, founder of the Huang-Lao school. Taoism was subsequently dominated by different currents and sects. This situation resulted ultimately in the separation between his own Zhengyi order, with its mainly secular clergy, and the Quanzhen order, with its monastic institutions. He credits his own ancestor, the First Heavenly Master, with having founded the Zhengyi order; GE XUAN with creating the Lingbao school; Xu Jingyang with the Jingming zhongxiao dao; and the elder Mao brother with the Shangqing tradition. Each of these orders, schools, or traditions had in ZHANG YUCHU's time become a sect (*pai* 派) with its own holy mountain, temples, clergy, titles, and registers.

Beside these sects there were the methods (*daofa* 道法) of the Qingwei, the Shenxiao, and so on. The practice of such *fa*, Zhang says, required strict discipline and great purity, lest the performers became indistinguishable from "back-alley shamans." This caveat gives Zhang the opportunity to dismiss the use of spirit writing as a medium unfit for orthodox Taoists. A special paragraph is devoted to those in charge of temples, who can be laymen, but in that case should be senior citizens of impeccable conduct.

In all these precepts there is no trace of the ancient canonical framework of graded initiations and ordinations. Although Zhang clearly saw himself as the supreme leader of the Taoists, he derived this standing from the imperial request to compile the *Daozang*, and not from any empowerment given to him, either by the body of

111. See VDL 61 and n. 43.

Taoist masters, or by decree of the gods or ancestors. It is obvious that the ecclesia of the middle ages had no contemporary meaning, and that Zhang decided to create a *Daozang* for his time, in accordance with the Taoism of his time. It is likely that he was aware of the catastrophe that had befallen Taoism because of the contents of the *Xuandu baozang* and that he wished to avert similar mishaps.

Outlining the scriptural legacy of Taoism, Zhang defines the Three Caverns as containing the revelations made by the Three Pure Ones, that is, the Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊, the Lingbao tianzun 靈寶天尊, and the Daode tianzun 道德天尊. Therefore, he says, the *Lingbao duren jing* 靈寶度人經, since it was "spoken" by the Yuanshi tianzun, should be at the head of the canon,¹¹² and that is indeed where it is now found. He also tells us that the most important texts revealed by the Lingbao tianzun were not the Lingbao scriptures, but the *Dingguan* 定觀 and the *Neiguan* 內觀.¹¹³ As for the texts of the Daode tianzun, these were the *Daode jing* and the *Riyong* 日用.¹¹⁴ Furthermore, Zhang makes a distinction between scriptures meant for personal cultivation (*nei er xiu ji* 內而修己) and those meant for saving the world (*wai er ji shi* 外而濟世). Scriptures such as the *Beidou jing* 北斗經 and *Yushu jing* 玉樞經 belonged to the second category.

As a result of these principles, the organization of the *Daozang* became radically altered. Among the most conspicuous departures from the traditional seven-parts classification is the placement of the *Daode jing* and the other ancient philosophical texts and their commentaries not in the *Dongxuan bu*, as had formerly been the case, but in the *Dongshen bu*. This placement occurred under the aegis of Daode tianzun, who, in modern Taoism, is considered to be the deified Laozi (Taishang laojun 太上老君). Other momentous, but perhaps at first sight less visible changes are the transformation of the *Dongzhen bu* into a collection of modern *daofa* of the Qingwei, Yutang, and Thunder Magic schools, headed by the sixty-chapter Shenxiao version of the *Lingbao duren jing*. The *Shangqing jing*, which used to occupy this place in the first of the Three Caverns, is eliminated. As we have seen, we owe it to the insight, or the afterthought, of Shao Yizheng that, in extremis, the ancient Shangqing scriptural corpus was saved and added at the end of the *Daozang*.

Needless to say, the attempts by ZHANG YUCHU to pour new wine into old bottles

112. 1232 *Daomen shigui* 5a.

113. These titles correspond, respectively, to 400 *Dongxuan lingbao dingguan jing zhu* and 641 *Taishang laojun neiguan jing*, both early Tang texts. But while the *Dingguan* is indeed placed in the *Dongxuan bu*, the *Neiguan*, as revealed by Laojun, is in the *Dongshen bu*.

114. Corresponding to 645 and 646 *Taishang laojun [nei, wai] riyong jing*. These short treatises are probably from the Song or Yuan periods.

rendered the organization of the canon obscure, especially to outsiders. The classification not only of the Three Caverns but also, within each of these, of the Twelve Categories was radically changed. In the Ming canon what used to be a very clear classification system results in total disorder. Thus the Fangfa division of the *Dongzhen bu* is a mixed collection of Qingwei rites, Inner Alchemy handbooks, some ancient Shangqing texts, and so on.

The Twelve Categories were defined in the Tang period on the basis of Taoist literature as it existed at that time. More than seven centuries later, these categories were totally inappropriate. All kinds of new books had appeared in the meantime, such as the texts of Inner Alchemy, the *yulu* 語錄 (*logia*) of the Quanzhen masters, the monographs of sacred sites, and so on, none of which fitted the old system. While ZHANG YUCHU was very much a man of his times and well versed in all the different schools that existed then, he decided to use the old seven-parts system, the rationale of which had become obsolete. The addition of the Twelve Categories did not help to render the classification of the texts any clearer and, in some instances, resulted in an even greater confusion. Hence it is difficult to find one's way in the Ming canon. (See table 1 for a summary of the distribution of texts of the Ming canon.)

Other factors may have played a role in making the organization of the canon so confused. We have seen ZHANG YUCHU's explicit condemnation of spirit writing. Yet there are a great many texts in the canon that state just as explicitly that they were produced in this way. Pride of place as one of the very first books of the Fundamental Scriptures of the *Dongzhen bu* belongs to 5 *Taishang wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing*, which was revealed by a "descent into the brush" (*jiangbi* 降筆) in the year 1168 in Wenchang temple in Zitong 梓桐 (Sichuan), as mentioned repeatedly in the prefaces to that work. Another instance is the 317 *Lingbao tianzun shuo Hongen lingji zhenjun miaojing*. This happens to be the very first book in the next Cavern, the *Dongxuan bu*, and equally a product of the planchette, wielded this time in the temple of the immortal Xu brothers 徐仙 at Jin'ao feng 金鰲峰 in Fuzhou. The scripture has a preface by Emperor Yongle himself, dated 1420.¹¹⁵ It is evident that this new work was included while the editorial work on the *Daozang* was already under way; it was placed at this prominent position because of its august patronage. Many other examples could be quoted of books that must have been admitted into the canon because the temple organization that produced them was rich or powerful.

Nevertheless, the worship of local saints does not stand out as prominently in the Zhengtong canon as it would later in the supplement. Remarkable, on the contrary,

115. See the rich documentation on the cult in part 3.B.12, "The Hongen lingji zhenjun Cult."

TABLE 1. *Distribution of texts of the Ming canon of the Zhengtong era*
For each category we give the number of juan followed, between parentheses, by the number of texts.

TWELVE CATEGORIES	THREE CAVERNS			FOUR SUPPLEMENTS				Total
	Dongzhen 洞真	Dongxuan 洞玄	Dongshen 洞神	Taixuan 太玄	Taiping 太平	Taiqing 太清	Zhengyi 正一	
Benwen 本文	160 (77)	84 (71)	40 (51)					
Shenfu 神符	8 (9)	10 (8)	8 (5)					
Yayue 玉訣	111 (60)	36 (33)	707 (88)					
Lingtu 靈圖	27 (17)	11 (13)	51 (6)					
Pulu 譜錄	21 (13)	18 (12)	42 (14)					
Jielü 戒律	12 (12)	27 (11)	9 (7)					
Weiyi 威儀	31 (30)	420 (81)	27 (26)					
Fangfa 方法	230 (51)	76 (24)	60 (63)					
Zhongshu 衆術	19 (20)	20 (20)	104 (74)					
Jizhuan 記傳	124 (19)	35 (17)	37 (20)					
Zansong 讚頌	10 (6)	8 (8)	6 (7)					
Biaozou 表奏	9 (2)	29 (5)	6 (3)					
Total	762 (316)	774 (303)	1,097 (364)	553 (117)	410 (66)	179 (25)	776 (240)	4,551 (1,431)

NOTE: The 1607 supplement of 56 texts raises the total number of texts in the Ming canon to 1,487.

is the place the canon gives to Confucianism, exemplified by the inclusion of the complete works of SHAO YONG (1012–1077). Numerous works by Confucian scholars on cosmology and Inner Alchemy are also noteworthy, such as Zhu Xi’s 朱熹 (1130–1200) commentary on the *Zhouyi cantong qi*. Here again, public relations and the promotion of the ideology of the Three Religions must have played a role.

The Supplement of 1607

In 1585, 140 years after the completion of the *Zhengtong daoze*, Zhu Yijun 朱翊鉤, the Wanli 萬曆 emperor, asked the then Heavenly Master Zhang Guoxiang 張國祥, the fiftieth successor to the holy office, to compile a supplement to the canon. Again, the patriarch repaired to Peking to start his work. Again it took him a long time to accomplish the task. Twenty-two years later, Zhang Guoxiang presented the results of his labors. His choice had fallen on just fifty-six books, with a combined volume of no more than 180 juan. Why did it take so long? Why so few books? And above all, why did the emperor all of a sudden express the wish for a supplement? Once again, we have little to go on to reconstitute the history of the compilation. Almost all information has to be distilled from the supplement itself.

It is well known that the last two great rulers of the Ming, the Jiajing and Wanli emperors, favored Taoism. Since we have no clear indication as to what motivated the request for a supplement, we can only presume that an update in keeping with the religious policy of the times was deemed necessary. The borderlines of Taoism, with respect to those of the other two great doctrines (Buddhism and Confucianism), had to be redrawn. Perhaps the growing importance of sectarian movements made it expedient that the position of Taoism be strengthened.

When we look at the kind of books that were selected for the supplement, any of these reasons could be advanced. The selection is indeed surprising. The supplement starts out with a flurry of scriptures related to popular sects and saints. The very first text, 1432 *Taishang zhonggdao miaofa lianhua jing*, is a pastiche of the Buddhist Lotus Sūtra, produced by an unidentified sectarian movement by means of planchette writing. The ninth entry, 1440 *Huangjing jizhu*, is an annotated edition of the 10 *Gaoshang yuhuang benxing jijing*. This was the work of Luo Hongxian 羅洪先, *zi* Nianan 念庵 (1504–1567?). Luo was the distinguished *zhuangyuan* 狀元-laureate of 1529, who as a result of a difference of opinion with the Jiajing emperor was dismissed from public office in 1541. He was an ardent admirer of Wang Shouren 王守仁, *zi* Yangming 陽明 (1472–1529), and a friend of Lin Zhaoen 林兆恩 (1517–1598), the founder of the Sanyi jiao 三一教. *Huangjing jizhu* also contains a “preface to the original edition” by Luo himself proclaiming that, lacking the means of publishing his work, he presented it to the Heavenly Master for inclusion in the *Daoze*. This preface is also dated 1585. By that time Luo is thought to have died, so the possibility of some sleight of hand by

the editor cannot be excluded. The commentary itself, however, is manifestly written by a scholar familiar with the thought of Wang Yangming. A special feature is that the editor of this work is a certain Zhou Xuanzhen 周玄貞, a Quanzhen master from Shandong, who also served as compiler of this very supplement of the Taoist canon (Zhou's complete title is given in the work as *Da Ming jiang daojing xiu xuanzang si Quanzhen dizi* 大明講道經修玄藏嗣全真弟子).¹¹⁶

There are many other links between the supplement of 1607 and eminent scholars of the late Ming. The two last works to be included are 1486 *Laozi yi* and 1487 *Zhuangzi yi* by Jiao Hong 焦竑 (1541–1620). Jiao Hong was still alive at the time his works were included, and it must be assumed that he gave his assent to this. The 1483 *Tianhuang zhidao taiqing yuce* by Zhu Quan 朱權 (1378–1448), seventeenth son of the founder of the dynasty, deserves also to be mentioned. But most astonishing is the inclusion of a work by Li Zhi 李贄 (1527–1602), a study of the *Yijing* with a distinct Chan 禪 approach titled 1473 *Yiyin Shangxia jing*. At the time of publication, Li had been dead for five years. His demise, possibly by suicide, had not allayed a raging controversy surrounding his personality and actions. The scholar-rebel, pursuing his Buddhist vocation while remaining the most prominent liberal thinker and writer of his time, had been the victim of furious attacks by the Confucian orthodox establishment, both during his lifetime and after. The inclusion of his work in the supplement of the *Daozang* was politically significant. It amounted not only to a rehabilitation, but to an act of defiance towards the Donglin Party 東林黨 and their allies.

Here we should stress once more the presence of a great number of scriptures and hagiographies related to popular saints in the supplement, in contrast with the main canon of the Zhengtong era. Many deities, such as Bixia yuanjun 碧霞元君, had never obtained official recognition in the form of a canonization title (*fenghao* 封號), in spite of great popularity, especially in the capital. The inclusion of their scriptures amounted to such a sanction. We must conclude that there existed a political will behind this move. The *Ming shilu* 明實錄 (juan 183, second month of Wanli 15) reports that candidates in the imperial examinations were wont to refer to texts in the *Daozang* rather than to cite the Confucian classics and orthodox commentaries. This raises the question of what kind of Taoism the supplement sought to foster and define. It was evidently something far more popular and unconventional than had previously been the case. The legitimization of the cult (*xianghuo* 香火) of popular saints, of Wang

116. The work identifies yet another collaborator to the supplement. In a third, short preface dated 1588 Wang Jingcui 王靜粹 identifies himself as responsible for copying texts to be included in the Wanli supplement. He must have also had a hand in arranging the texts that went into the present edition.

Yangming's thought, of Lin Zhaoen's teaching, and of Li Zhi's criticisms could be interpreted as an attempt to create an opposition movement to the Confucian orthodoxy of the times and, by the same token, to muster popular support for the Wanli throne. This hypothesis is strengthened by other evidence, notably from the stele inscriptions of the same period in Peking's popular temples, where a similar spirit of opposition to the reactionary orthodoxy prevails.

However futile such attempts to provide a platform for opposition to the Confucian orthodoxy may have been and however miserably they failed in later periods does not diminish the importance of the undertaking. The late Ming stands out in the history of Chinese culture as a moment of freedom and creativity.

Destruction and Rebirth

A few words, finally, about the gradual repression of Taoism during the Qing. The political bias undoubtedly goes back to the days when the kingdom of Hou Jin 後金 (1616–1644) was a sanctuary for fundamentalist Confucians opposed to the liberal culture of the late Ming. The sectarian uprisings that caused the demise of the Ming comforted the future rulers in their opposition to popular religion. As early as 1663, the Kangxi 康熙 emperor assimilated daoshi with shamans (*wushi* 巫師) and mediums (*tiaoshen* 跳神), prohibiting their exorcistic rites on pain of death. The foremost persecutor, however, was Qianlong 乾隆. In the fourth year of his reign (1739), he prohibited the recruitment of disciples by the Heavenly Masters. The next year he assented to the following petition by the chief minister of the Court of State Ceremonial (Honglu si qing 鴻廬寺卿), Mei Gucheng 梅穀成 (d. 1763): "Taoists are vile. It is improper that they pollute the court with their filth." Thus after 1740 the Heavenly Master was no longer admitted to the palace. In 1742, Taoists were dismissed from their role in the state rituals and Taoist music was barred from state ceremonials. In 1752, the Heavenly Master was demoted from his dignity as a mandarin of the second degree to the fifth. He was also barred from presenting proposals for the canonization of saints. Although some time later he was reinstalled in the third degree and permitted to come to court once every five years, the Taoists' situation remained unfavorable and altogether different from what it had been during the Ming. It was to degrade continuously thereafter. Finally, in 1821, the first year of the reign of the Daoguang emperor, the Heavenly Master was barred not only from court, but from the capital.

Another eloquent example of the Qing government's ostracism is found in the *Siku quanshu* 四庫全書. Unlike the Yongle emperor, who gave a large place in his *Yongle dadian* to Taoist works, the Qianlong emperor banned virtually all of them. At a time when the Ming canon was by no means rare and was readily available in the capital, the old Manchu managed to reduce the presence of Taoist books in this "universal

library" to some forty titles, virtually all of them commentaries of the *Daode jing* or the *Zhuangzi*. The *Daozang*, which in Qing times was constantly pilfered because it contained so many rare ancient texts,¹¹⁷ was severely criticized precisely for containing these works! This and similar partisan arguments abound in the review that the *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* devotes not to the *Daozang* itself, but to an annotated catalogue of the same, the *Daozang mulu xiangzhu* 道藏目錄詳註 by Bo Yunji 白雲霽 (dated 1626).¹¹⁸ Thus Taoist literature was placed outside the purview of Confucian learning and condemned to oblivion.

The hostility of the literati, encouraged by the Qing policy toward Taoism, became a factor in their programs for national renewal. It was one of the driving forces behind the proposals made by Kang Youwei 康有為 (1858–1927) during the Hundred Day Reform (Wuxu bianfa 戊戌變法) period. For Kang, the religious fervor of the Chinese was "the shame of the nation." The decree issued by the young Guangxu emperor in 1898 to "do away with temples to open schools (*feimiao banxue* 廢廟辦學)" opened the door for the gratuitous confiscation of temple property and the destruction of their valuable patrimony. The immediate consequence was to destabilize the entire country, one of the causes for the so-called Boxer Rebellion of 1900. In the course of these tragic events, when the allied troops entered Peking, their gunfire destroyed the Da guangming dian 大光明殿 temple in the western part of the city, where the printing blocks of the Ming canon were kept. They were all destroyed.

The initiative by President Xu Shichang 徐世昌 (1855–1939) to reprint the Ming canon came in the wake of the May Fifth Movement in 1919. He financed the enterprise and instructed his minister of education, Fu Yuanshu 傅沅叔 (1872–1939), to supervise the task. The work itself was entrusted to the Hanfen lou 涵芬樓 bibliophile association in cooperation with the Commercial Press in Shanghai. A committee of scholars endorsed the publication in a preface in which some of the main facts related to the history of the *Daozang* were recalled. Among the signatories we find the reformers Kang Youwei and Liang Qichao 梁啟超.

The canon was reprinted in 1926 in reduced format facsimile, and the original 4,551 juan bound into 1,120 fascicles. The reprint is virtually complete. Minor lacunae must have existed in the original copy. Five hundred sets were made which were sold to sinological libraries all over the world. The study of the treasure house of Taoism could at last begin.

117. It is in the *Daozang* that many important philosophical texts—such as parts of the *Mozi*, the *Gongsun Longzi*, and the works of SHAO YONG—as well as mythological texts such as the *Shanhai jing* have been preserved. Qing literati edited and published these texts on a large scale but rarely acknowledged their origin.

118. *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 146 (end).

THE TAO-TSANG PROJECT

Daozang Studies after 1926

It did not take long before scholars delved into the reprinted *Daozang* and began publishing their findings. This task was by no means easy as there was little to go on. Virtually no study had been made hitherto of the canon and its contents. As mentioned, scholars of the Qing period had mined the Ming canon for ancient texts they deemed of interest, without, however, asking why the Taoists had preserved these texts, and without giving them credit for having done so. In consequence no Qing scholar had ever studied the *Daozang* in its entirety, with the self-proclaimed exception, at a late stage, of Liu Shipai 劉師培 (1884–1919). Liu had spent the winter months of 1910 in the Baiyun guan 白雲觀 temple in Peking reading ten juan a day and had made a critical study of the whole collection.¹¹⁹

Another claim to having read through the entire canon before it was reprinted was made by Father Léon Wieger, S.J. In 1911, he published his catalogue of the Ming *Daozang*.¹²⁰ It is doubtful whether the reverend father ever saw, let alone read, the canon. His "catalogue" is an adapted translation of the above-mentioned catalogue by Bo Yunji.¹²¹ On the basis of this catalogue, Wieger made his own classification of the texts according to a rather haphazard selection of fifty-six categories. Nevertheless, in the absence of any better work, Wieger's catalogue was used for many years. His classification of texts was even reprinted in the *Daozang* index of the Harvard-Yenching Institute Sinological Index Series.¹²²

The general situation scholars found themselves in when tackling the *Daozang* after it became available has been aptly described by Maspero. After stating that the repository had until recently been nearly inaccessible, he says:

And the collection is vast, over a thousand volumes containing nearly 1,500 different works, many of them very lengthy; so that the exploration, which will be long and difficult, has scarcely begun. . . . One of the chief difficulties of research relating to the history of Taoism arises from the fact that the ancient Taoist books are undated:

119. A simple calculation shows that at this rate Liu would have needed a year and a half to complete the task. His "Reading notes on the *Daozang*" (*Du dao tang ji* 讀道藏記) show the limits of both his labors and his understanding. His initiative did, however, set an example and received much attention. Its slender results were published in the *Guocui xuebao* 國粹學報 75–77 (1911) and again in his collected works in 1934 (*Du Dao tang ji* in *Liu Shenshu xianshen yishu* 63).

120. L. Wieger, *Taoïsme*, vol. 1, *Bibliographie générale* (Hsien-hsien, 1911).

121. See the remarks by Liu Ts'un-yan, "The compilation and historical value of the Tao-tsang."

122. Weng Dujian, *Daozang zimu yinde*, xiii–xx.

their authors are unknown, we do not know what period they belong to, and there is almost never either a preface or a prefatory or final note giving an author's name or a chronological indication. For some of them, we can waver between Han and Ming—that is between dates differing by some fifteen centuries.¹²³

Maspero's first attempt at dating some of the texts in the *Daozang* is important, not so much for the results, which are now largely obsolete, but for its methodology. Maspero first found a few "well established reference points." Using these as points of departure, he examined to what extent he could find these reference materials quoted in other works. Thus he established sets of cognate texts. Without any previous knowledge of the history of Taoist literature, Maspero managed to identify what have since become known as the Shangqing and Lingbao corpuses,¹²⁴ demonstrating the efficiency of what we have since named "internal textual criticism."

It is beyond the scope of the present introduction to give a full account of the progress of *Daozang* studies since the reprint of 1926.¹²⁵ Some major contributions that have been instrumental in the development of the field should, however, not go unmentioned.

Chen Guofu 陳國符 (1914–2000) issued from a Taoist family in Changshu 常熟 (Jiangsu) and studied chemistry in China and in Germany. During his university years he was attracted to the history of Chinese science and collaborated with Tenney Davis on a study of the *Baopu zi neipian*.¹²⁶ He returned to China in 1942 and joined the Southwest Union University in Kunming. There he began to work seriously on the history of the *Daozang* under the guidance of the great linguist Luo Changpei 羅常培 (1899–1958). After the war, Chen traveled extensively in search of materials

123. "An essay on Taoism in the first centuries A.D.," 313–14. This "Bibliographical introduction" must date from around 1936 (see *ibid.* 313, note 3).

124. *Ibid.*, 314–19.

125. There are several reports on the development of Taoist studies in China, Japan, and the West: see Noguchi Tetsuro 野口鐵郎 and Fukui Fumimasa 福井文雅 in *Dōkyō* 道教 3:218 ff., edited by Fukui Kōjun 福井康順 et al.; Qing Xitai 卿希泰, *Zhongguo daojiao shi* 4:479 ff.; Anna Seidel, "Chronicle of Taoist studies in the West 1950–1990," *Cahiers d'Extrême-Asie* 5 (1990): 223–347; K. M. Schipper, "The history of Taoist studies in Europe," in *Europe Studies China*, 476–91, edited by Ming Wilson and John Cayley (London: Han-Shan Tang Books, 1995); F. Verellen, "Taoism," in Dan Overmyer ed., "Chinese religions: the state of the field (part 2)," *Journal of Asian Studies* 54 (1995): 322–46. Our introduction here does not highlight the contributions of Chinese scholars such as Xu Dishan 許地山 (1893–1941) and others, as their work did not primarily concern the *Daozang* and its sources.

126. Tenney Davis and Chen Kuo-fu, "The inner Chapters of the *Pao Phu Tzu*," *Proceedings of the British Academy* (1941): 74, 297.

and evidence. The result was his *Daozang yuanliu kao* 道藏源流考, a pioneer study of the history of the canon and many related topics. It was first published in 1949 and immediately exerted great influence on the then still nascent field. In 1963, a new enlarged edition was published, which comprised, in addition to the original study, a number of important essays, notably on the early Tianshi dao, on Taoist music, and on the history of Chinese alchemy. Chen's work, all the more because he was not a professional sinologist, commands deep admiration. It has been used by generations of students but never superseded. Yet it has one serious drawback. Chen's work admirably reconstructs the development of the old canon, from the Three Caverns of LU XIUJING to the last *Xuandu baozang* of the Quanzhen masters. But it does not devote any in-depth study to the sole *Daozang* that has come down to us, that of the Ming. Chen considered the classification system of the *Zhengtong Daozang* chaotic, and its editors inept.¹²⁷ Be that as it may, his work offers little help to those needing to find their way about the canon. In the end, despite its wealth of materials, Chen's historical study promises more than it delivers, by not taking into account the vast majority of modern texts contained in the Ming *Daozang*. In 1983 Chen published a sequel titled *Daozang yuanliu xukao* 道藏源流續考, but it is solely devoted to alchemy.¹²⁸

Daozang studies in Japan truly commenced with the work of Fukui Kōjun 福井康順, whose *Dōkyō no kisoteki kenkyū* 道教の基礎研究 (Fundamental research in religious Taoism, 1952) broke new ground and opened up the field. Chen Guofu's work exerted great influence in Japan, as can be seen from Yoshioka Yoshitoyo's 吉岡義豊 *Dōkyō kyōten shiron* 道教經典史論 (Treatise on the history of Taoist scriptures, 1956). Following in Chen's footsteps, Yoshioka added many new materials, notably from Buddhist sources and the Dunhuang manuscripts. Most useful for the new field of *Daozang* studies were the indexes of book titles occurring in Taoist handbooks and encyclopedias that Yoshioka appended to his study. These permitted tracing quotations and thus advancing the study of Taoist bibliography. Yoshioka continued in this way through a large number of groundbreaking publications. He further collaborated with young scholars from France and made their work known in Japan. Ōfuchi Ninji 大淵忍爾 also contributed immensely to the study of the Taoist canon. Besides reconstructing such scriptural monuments as the *Dongyuan shenzhou jing* and the ancient *Lingbao jing*, he collected and edited all of the Dunhuang manuscripts related to Taoism. He also made an important contribution to the study of Taoist ritual.

It was thanks to the works of these last three scholars that, at the time I studied the *Han Wudi neizhuan* 漢武帝內傳 as the subject of my dissertation, I was able to identify it as a literary work related to the Shangqing scriptures and to explain its

127. CGF 177.

128. Published by Mingwen shuju in Taipei, 1983.

narrative in terms of a ritual for the transmission of sacred texts.¹²⁹ This dissertation induced me to delve into the vast source material on liturgy in the *Daozang*, only to find it virtually incomprehensible. No guidance was available, whether from books or from field materials. Chavannes's groundbreaking study of the Lingbao ritual Casting of Dragons (*tou longjian* 投龍簡),¹³⁰ then the only study on the subject of Taoist ritual available, showed that he also had been at a loss as to the meaning of many aspects of the liturgy.

A few years later, in 1964, I was privileged to study with Taoist masters in Tainan (Taiwan) and for the first time to witness *zhai* 齋 and *jiao* 醮 services. The Lingbao Qingwei 靈寶清微 liturgy is relatively well preserved in southern Taiwan.¹³¹ The manuscripts handed down from generation to generation contain scriptures and rituals that in many cases are also found, in identical or cognate versions, in the Ming canon.

The study of the living tradition thus opened up a field that hitherto had remained inaccessible, and at the same time allowed us to progress in our understanding of the most important component of the canon. In order to facilitate the identification of manuscript sources and the exploration of the *Daozang*, I compiled a number of research aids. One of these was a concordance to the titles of the Ming canon, which was useful for identifying pertinent terms within the often long-winded and obscure titles of Taoist texts.¹³²

Thus, during my years in Taiwan (1962–1970), I began laying the groundwork for an overall study of the Ming *Daozang*. This enterprise, the dimensions of which I did not truly fathom initially, appeared timely as more and more case studies on specific scriptures and movements began appearing. However, these early, topical researches were often difficult to contextualize. Moreover, under the influence of Japanese scholarship, research on Taoism tended to focus increasingly on the Six Dynasties period. Later developments, with the exception of Quanzhen Taoism, remained virtually untouched. The discovery of the living traditions now made it possible, and necessary, to include these in our study as well.¹³³

129. See *L'empereur Wen des Han*.

130. Chavannes, "Le jet des dragons."

131. The rituals have been published by Ōfuchi Ninji, *Chūgokujin no shūkyō girei*.

132. First published as *Concordance du Tao-tsang* and again as a companion volume to the Yiwen yinshu guan reprint of the *Zhengtong Daozang* (Taiwan 1976), and, more recently, in a revised version published with Chen Yaoting 陳耀庭 as *Daozang suoyin* 道藏索引 by the Shanghai shudian in 1996. I made my own inventory of the contents. This resulted in a slightly different numbering of the texts. On the *Yunji qiqian* index, see below.

133. The dangers of introducing medieval data in the study of the contemporary field has

The Beginning of the Tao-tsang Project

At the European Conference of Chinese Studies in Paris in September 1976, I proposed to create a research program for the study of the *Daozang*. The aim was to provide the first comprehensive, systematic, and analytical bibliography of the Ming canon. All texts were to be investigated for their date, authorship, and significance, as well as abstracted. Indexes were to be made of all hard data the texts might contain. Finally the contents of the canon would be reorganized so as to contextualize each text by giving it a meaningful place in terms of modern scholarship. This reorganization would throw light on the historical evolution of Taoism and give the canon a transparency it had hitherto lacked.

The proposal obtained the sponsorship of the European Association of Chinese Studies, and work began right away. The headquarters of the project were established at the Center for Documentation and Research on Taoism of the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes (EPHE) in Paris. John Lagerwey undertook his study on the *Wushang biyao*, an important compendium in the history of medieval Taoism.

In 1978, the Tao-tsang Project was recognized by the European Science Foundation (ESF) as an "Additional Activity" of the Council for Humanities. The duration of that activity was set at four years (1979–1983). The ESF installed a steering committee for the project composed of Professors Wolfgang Bauer (Munich), Piet van der Loon (Oxford), Maxime Kaltenmark (EPHE, Paris), Hans Steininger (Würzburg), Erik Zürcher (Leiden), and myself. Three working groups were created, one in Paris, one in Würzburg, and at a later stage, one in Rome. The Paris working group consisted of Catherine Despeux, Caroline Gyss-Vermande, Marc Kalinowski, Pauline Koffler, Kwong Hing Foon, John Lagerwey, Christine Mollier and Isabelle Robinet. Four outside members, Poul Andersen from Copenhagen, Adrianus Dudink from Leiden, Denis Allistone from Zürich, and Franciscus Verellen from Oxford, were also integrated into the Paris working group.

The Würzburg working group included Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein, Ursula Angelika Cedzich, Florian Reiter, and Hans-Hermann Schmidt. The Rome group comprised Lydia Bonomi, Alfredo Cadonna, Giovanna Fulvi, Alessandra Lavagnino, Ritsuko Mazzei, Fabrizio Pregadio, and Giovanni Vitiello.

In addition to the subsidies provided by the European Science Foundation, several research organizations contributed to the undertaking. The Würzburg working group, under the direction of Hans Steininger, received two full and two part-time temporary research posts from the Deutsche Forschungsgemeinschaft. Ph.D. scholarships were provided by the Nordic Institute of Asian Studies, the Dutch Organization for

been aptly described by Strickmann, "History, anthropology, and Chinese religion," *Harvard Journal of Asian Studies* 40 (1980): 201–48.

Scientific Research, and the Swiss National Fund. The French Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique (CNRS) recognized and subsidized the project through the creation of a special cooperative research scheme, RCP no. 625 "Bibliographie taoïste." The participants held positions at the Ecole Française d'Extrême-Orient, the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes, the Universities of Paris III and of Aix-Marseille. Several junior members were in due time appointed as researchers at the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique. Pauline Koffler participated on a voluntary basis. The Rome group, under the guidance of Professor Giuliano Bertuccioli, received support from the Istituto Italiano per il Medio ed Estremo Oriente but provided no research posts or scholarships for its members.

The work was organized so as to progress in stages. First a number of training sessions and workshops were arranged in order to provide the participants with indispensable specialist skills. Professors Nathan Sivin (Pennsylvania), Michel Strickmann (UC Berkeley), Erik Zürcher, Piet van der Loon, and I conducted training sessions. Workshops took place in Würzburg, Paris, and Oxford. At a later stage, Professor Piet van der Loon invited individual participants to training sessions at his home in Oxford. Professor Jao Tsung-i (Hong Kong) was often consulted. Master Chen Yung-sheng (Tainan) was also called upon to share his immense knowledge of the liturgical tradition with the participants.

On the basis of provisional lists of works, classified according to period and groups of texts (subject or school), the participants were invited to choose the books they wished to study. They were encouraged not to restrict themselves to one particular group of texts, but to extend their acquaintance to a variety of different traditions and aspects of Taoism. As can be seen from the present work, this recommendation was only partly carried out. In spite of the precise guidelines elaborated by the steering committee in order to ensure consistency in the writing of the articles, the contributions of the participants reflected in many cases their individual approach. The editors have tried to respect this aspect of the articles as much as possible.

At the start, all texts needed to be indexed. All hard data such as book titles, names of persons, places, and temples, dates, deities, rites, and so on, were collected according to an established protocol. These data were then entered into a filing system. Soon, Professor Erik Zürcher convinced us to use a computer to establish an electronic data bank. This, in 1979 Europe, was still a pioneer undertaking. The data were entered in the mainframe computer of the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique at Orsay. That outfit had been designed for computation, not for what was soon to become, in the eyes of its engineers, a space-devouring monster occupying several megabytes! Each time the Tao-tsang Project needed to sort its data, the entire computer facility was blocked for part of the day. First the results were compiled on printouts that soon invaded all the available space of our small working room. Later they were

processed on microfiches. The data were entered in *pinyin* transcription, as Chinese character codes were not available at the time. Mrs. Irène Schaeffer, the secretary of the Paris working group, did much for the organization and the advancement of the work. Thanks to her efforts, most of the texts had been indexed and processed after two years. The data bank, with its inevitable shortcomings, proved a workable and efficient tool for the "internal textual criticism" that had become our fundamental methodology.

Other important research aids were produced in the meantime. Thanks to the labors of Kwong Hing Foon, the *Yunji qiqian* index that I had begun in Taiwan was finally completed and copied out in her impeccable calligraphy for offset reproduction. John Lagerwey contributed a most useful study on the sources of the great encyclopedia. The first volume of the *Index du Yunji qiqian* appeared in 1981 and the second in 1982 at the Ecole Française d'Extrême-Orient. Professor Piet van der Loon prepared a critical bibliography of all Taoist works listed in the catalogues of the Song period. He added a study of his sources and of the history of the Song and Yuan canons. His *Taoist books in the libraries of the Song* constituted not only a great contribution to the Tao-tsang Project but also a model for all future bibliographical undertakings of this kind.

As a guideline for the writing of the articles it was recommended that authors concentrate on the date, the author, the nature and the historical context of the work. Although full evidence of bibliographical and historical findings were to be included, the articles were to be as succinct as possible, normally not more than one type-written page. A description of the contents was also to be included, but, again, limited: no "tables of contents"! We kept fast to the idea that we should aim to say the first word about a given text, not the last. Regular meetings took place within the working groups where the contributions were discussed and, as necessary, amended.

The Tao-tsang Project also maintained contacts with researchers in the Far East. In 1979 I visited the Institute of World Religions of the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences and made a presentation of the project. The next year, Mrs. Wu Shouju 吳受琚 of that institute came to Paris, thanks to a scholarship of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. She participated in the working groups and workshops and was given full access to the research materials of the project available at that time. Mrs. Wu's experience, as well as the materials, proved to be useful for the work on the *Daozang tiyao* 道藏提要 that started in 1981 at the Institute of World Religions, under the direction of Professor Ren Jiyu 任繼愈.

Contact was also maintained with the Japanese Taoist scholars, especially with professor Fukui Fumimasa 福井文雅 of Waseda University. Thanks to his untiring support, two workshops were organized, one in Paris and one in Japan. The topics of the workshops were not directly related to the Tao-tsang Project, but at each occasion

reports on the work in progress were presented and discussed. By the time the "Additional Activity" of the European Science Foundation and support of the Deutsche Forschungsgemeinschaft came to an end in 1983, the project had advanced remarkably well. The data bank covered the most relevant portions of the canon, several important studies and working tools had been published, and, last but not least, almost 1,000 articles had been written. Nevertheless, the work was far from finished. Many articles had been revised and corrected, but many others remained first drafts. Moreover, they were written in four different languages: French, German, English, and Italian. In order to produce a scholarly publication with adequate indexes, these articles had to be translated into a single language. At the final sessions of the steering committee, it was decided that the work should be presented in English. I was entrusted with completing the work and editing it for publication. An initial deadline was set for 1993. Many more years proved necessary.

The Final Stage

Although much had been accomplished, still more work remained to be done. Fortunately, many collaborators agreed to translate their own contributions. Several hundred texts in the canon, however, had found no takers, and it fell mostly to myself to study and write about them.

The editing also presented a daunting challenge. In the spring of 1991, I was most fortunate to find Franciscus Verellen willing to join me in the task of editor. His contribution to the final stages of the writing, correcting, and editing of the manuscript has been immense. Working most of the time at different places and at different tasks, we had to find time in holidays and in our respective family surroundings to work together. This changed when, in 1995–1996, we obtained fellowships at the Netherlands Institute for Advanced Study in the Humanities and Social Sciences (NIAS) at Wassenaar. During this time we regularly worked together. The entire manuscript was revised and great advances were made in the reorganization of the materials.

Indeed, one of the main priorities of the project had always been to classify all the texts into appropriate categories. In order to open up the sources of Taoism, a new arrangement of the materials was an absolute necessity. Whatever value the classification into Three Caverns, Four Supplements, and Twelve Categories may have had historically, it was abundantly clear that this system had outlived its usefulness by the time it came to be applied to the contents of the Ming *Daozang*. Other criteria, such as the distinction between Daojia and Daojiao, were also not viable. An innovative approach was needed.

An overall organization based on historical principles, while at the same time incorporating a scheme of typological classification, emerged as the most meaningful. For the chronological framework, three broad periods were distinguished:

1. From the Eastern Zhou to the Six Dynasties
2. Sui, Tang and Five Dynasties
3. The Song, Yuan, and Ming

This division proved significant and operable with respect to the long-term evolution of Taoist textual traditions. Within the periodic divisions, we introduced a scheme of typological classification that produced, to the extent that this was historically justifiable, a consistent pattern of categories across periods.

For each period, a first distinction was made between (A) "Texts in general circulation" and (B) "Texts in restricted circulation." Although Taoist institutions as well as the diffusion of texts changed in the course of time, the ritual tradition of initiation and ordination was always maintained. Even today, Taoist scriptures continue to be copied by hand and transmitted confidentially from master to disciple. When a given work could be classified on both sides of this distinction, cross-references were supplied.

To the chronological and typological divisions we added a third level of distinction, that of the individual groups of texts in each major subdivision. Choosing these groups and sorting the texts into each of them involved a long period of trial and error. We were not guided by any dogmatic conception but aimed to approach the problem empirically and to let the texts speak for themselves. It became clear that within the category of texts in general circulation, a classification according to subject was the most appropriate, whereas for those in restricted circulation, the different traditions, movements, schools, and orders to which the texts belonged offered the most suitable framework. Eventually, appropriate slots for almost all texts were found. The groups were arranged as systematically as possible, facilitating the survey of a given branch of Taoist literature from one period to another. For most of the final groupings, short introductions have been added, explaining their rationale and composition.

The majority of choices, whether with regard to conceptual categories or to the placement of specific texts within them, should be unproblematic. Yet some will undoubtedly cause surprise or raise objections. I can say only that certain decisions, such as classifying the *Zhouyi cantong qi* as a Tang work or the *Zhenyuan* 真元 texts as Ming, have not been taken lightly. In the case of hybrid texts that contain old material together with later additions and alterations, a form of arbitration had to be adopted. When the additions and modifications significantly affected the nature of the text, the later date was chosen. In cases where the subsequent changes could be considered minor (taboo characters, secondary glosses), the earlier date was maintained. These decisions involved much time and deliberation.

During the final stage, the editors were joined by a number of new contributors: Dr. Vincent Goossaert (CNRS), Dr. Jan De Meyer (Leiden), and Dr. Yuan Bingling 袁冰凌 (Leiden and Fuzhou) wrote articles and introductions. On the editorial level,

Mrs. Shum Wing Fong 岑詠芳, Mrs. Fang Ling 方玲, and Mr. Pierre Marsone contributed greatly to the work of correcting the manuscript and completing the bibliography and biographical notices. Special mention must be made of the contribution of Feng Congde 封從德, who wrote a computer program for the conversion of the Wade-Giles romanization system into Pinyin and supervised the electronic entry of the Chinese characters.

The preparation of the final manuscript was entirely coordinated by Franciscus Verellen. He also resolved the problem of formatting the text and directed the revisions of the drafts and the compilation of the bibliographic and biographical sections.

New Perspectives

In the meantime, work continued in other places. Dr. Judith Magee Boltz set out in 1981 to study the Taoist canon, paying special attention to post-Tang literature. This focus led her to read and analyze some 300 Song, Yuan, and Ming texts and collections. Her remarkable study *A survey of Taoist literature, tenth to seventeenth centuries* presents and discusses much of the historical, hagiographic, and literary materials from these periods and places them in their cultural context. Other young scholars in the United States also have turned to Taoist studies, setting a new trend in the American sinological environment.

Scholarly progress also continued in Japan. Thanks to the pioneering work of the great Japanese scholars, interest in Taoism grew rapidly, especially after World War II. The Dōkyō Gakkai 道教學會 became one of the prominent learned societies in the field of Chinese and Japanese studies. Its journal, the *Tōhō shūkyō* 東方宗教, has published many important contributions to the field. Excellent monographs, especially on Six Dynasties Taoism, have been produced in the research center of Kyoto, together with valuable research aides, such as the Concordance on the *Zhen'gao*, *Shinkō sakuin* 真誥索引, by Professor Mugitani Kunio 麥谷邦夫. Great efforts were also made to introduce Taoist studies to a wider public. These efforts resulted in the successful three-volume encyclopedic work *Dōkyō*, which presented the state of the art to nonspecialists and included for the first time, next to historical studies, reports on the living liturgical tradition. This work was soon translated into Chinese and has exerted a considerable influence.

In China, the recent progress in Taoist studies has been great. The *Daozang tiyao* 道藏提要 appeared in 1991. It was the work of young Taoist scholars of the Institute of Religions of the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences. Apart from the above-mentioned Wu Shouju, these scholars included Chen Bing 陳兵, Wang Ka 王卡, Zhu Yueli 朱越利, and others, under the guidance of Professors Ren Jiyu 任繼愈 and Zhong Zhaopeng 鍾肇鵬. Taking into account the difficult conditions and the tight schedule for the writing of this work, it is a great accomplishment.

This research on the contents of the canon proved to be a powerful incentive for further initiatives. The *Daozang* was reprinted, this time not from the 1926 Hanfen lou reproduction, but from the original Ming copies preserved in China.¹³⁴ The new reprint proved to be a great success. In its wake, Professor Chen Yaoting 陳耀庭 of the Shanghai Academy of Social Sciences published two series of Taoist texts that had not previously been part of the canon, under the title of *Zangwai daoshu* 藏外道書.¹³⁵ Other important texts were published in modern typeset editions. Taoist dictionaries and studies, too many to be enumerated here also appeared. The Taoist Association of China (Zhongguo Daojiao xiehui 中國道教協會) has undertaken the compilation of a new Taoist canon, to be called *Zhonghua daozaang* 中華道藏.

Meanwhile, at Peking University, Professor Tang Yijie 湯一介 created the Center for Research on Taoism (Daojiao yanjiu shi 道教研究室). This development was followed by Professor Chen Guying 陳鼓應, who stimulated research on the classical Taoist texts with his new editions and commentaries and with the publication of the scholarly journal *Daojia wenhua yanjiu* 道家文化研究.

The other important center of Taoist studies in China is Chengdu. There, at Sichuan University as well as the Sichuan Academy of Social Sciences, many scholars work under the guidance of Professor Qing Xitai 卿希泰. After a number of provisional publications, his complete History of Chinese Taoism (*Zhongguo daojiao shi* 中國道教史) in four volumes has recently been completed. Here, too, we may say that, as a first complete historical study, it is a true achievement. The Sichuan center publishes the journal *Zongjiao xue yanjiu* 宗教學研究.

In Taiwan, Professor Li Fengmao 李豐楙 of the Academia Sinica has launched an ambitious program for the digitalization of the entire Ming canon. Not only the texts will be entered on computer file, but also all diagrams, talismans, and illustrations. Much research is being done to overcome the technical challenges of this vast project.

* * *

One century ago, Taoism was threatened with death. The society in which it lived and that it informed to a far greater degree than has been generally assumed was rapidly disintegrating. It had, indeed, for the greater part, ceased to exist. Its temples and monasteries had been expropriated or destroyed, its scriptural legacy was on the brink of being irrevocably lost. One hundred years ago, no scholar had yet undertaken any serious study of Taoism's history and literature. Today, Taoism revives. Although still

134. Jointly published by the Wenwu chubanshe 文物出版社, the Shanghai shudian 上海書店, and the Tianjin guji chubanshe 天津古籍出版社.

135. Compiled by Hu Daojing 胡道靜 et al.

far from its former glory, it is not likely that it will encounter in the near future the kind of crises it has weathered in the past. We may expect with some confidence that Taoism will regain a new lease of vitality, purified and strengthened by its ordeals.

In this renaissance, the work of scholars has its modest place. We have always felt it to be a great privilege to study these important materials and explore their meaning for the history of the human spirit. To be sure, the results of our labors are far from perfect and will invite many corrections. We hope that these may be forthcoming, and that other studies will soon improve on the work presented in these volumes.

Part I

Eastern Zhou to Six Dynasties

1.A Texts in General Circulation

This section contains the works of ancient Taoist philosophers or those who were assigned to this school by tradition. Foremost among these works is the *Laozi* or *Daode jing*, which was canonized as a classic (*jing* 經) probably in the early Han period (206 B.C.–A.D. 220).

Later, the *Daode jing*, also known as the Text in Five Thousand Characters (*Wuqian wen* 五千文), became the fundamental scripture of Heavenly Master Taoism which transmitted it alongside with the Xiang'er 想爾 commentary. The transmission of the Text in Five Thousand Characters constituted a distinct degree in the hierarchy of ordination grades as officially established during the Northern Zhou dynasty (557–581) (see 1138 *Wushang biyao* 37 for the corresponding transmission ritual). Later, with the division into Seven Parts (*qibu* 七部) by WANG YAN, the *Daode jing* and its canonical commentaries constituted the *Taixuan bu* (see 1238 *Chuanshou jingjie yi zhujue* for the ordination ritual corresponding to the ranks of disciple of the Golden Button [*jinniu dizi* 金鈕弟子] and of master of the Rites of Divine High Mystery [*taishang gaoxuan fashi* 太上高玄法師]). In the Ming canon, the *Daode jing* and other philosophical scriptures made up the core of the *Dongshen bu* (see general introduction).

The incorporation of philosophical works of the preimperial period into the Taoist canon has been a controversial issue. The *Zhuangzi*, although not a *jing* before the eighth century A.D., was very influential in Han Taoism and later, and thus its inclusion can be justified. The same obtains for the *Liezi* 列子 and such later Taoist philosophical texts as the *Wenzi* 文子, the *Huainan zi* 淮南子, and so on. However, the Ming canon also contains the *Mozi* 墨子, the *Han Fei zi* 韓非子, the *Gongsun Long zi* 公孫龍子, and others. There is evidence that the *Mozi* goes back to a copy in the Song canon (see Wu Yujiang, *Mozi jiaozhu*).

In incorporating these texts, the compilers of the Ming canon continued a well-established tradition that goes back to the above-mentioned WANG YAN. His *Xuandu jingmu* catalogue was presented to the throne in 570, and it contained a great number of philosophical texts (*zhuzi lun* 諸子論). In his *Xiaodao lun* (9.153b), Zhen Luan criticizes the fact that the canon contained the *Han Fei zi*, the *Huainan zi*, the *Taixuan jing* 太玄經, the *Yilin* 易林, and the *Huangdi jingui* 黃帝金匱, all works still present in the Ming canon. Among the works now lost but cited by Zhen Luan as incorporated into the Northern Zhou canon are the oracle manuals *Lianshan* 連山 and *Guizang* 歸藏. Interestingly enough, even the *Mengzi* 孟子 was considered to be a Taoist

canon (see CGF 108). The collection of Taoist books under the Northern Zhou was undertaken against the background of the Buddhist and Taoist controversies of the time. It would appear from the above-mentioned evidence that the compilers aimed at defining Taoism as the way of thought and ritual in ancient China, representing all those traditions of Chinese thought that were not explicitly Confucian (the *Mengzi* became recognized as a fundamental Confucian scripture only in Song times).

Later, the editors of the *Siku quanshu* echoed Zhen Luan's indignation, when discussing the contents of the Ming canon in their article concerning the *Daozang mulu xiangzhu* by Bo Yunji. What they and many Qing scholars with them failed to acknowledge, was that without the *Daozang* many precious philosophical texts (such as the *Mozi*, the *Gongsun Long zi*, and others) would have been irretrievably lost.

The Ming canon contains a number of philosophical texts in plain, un-annotated versions, presented as Fundamental Scriptures (*benwen* 本文). These are the *Laozi* and the *Zhuangzi*. Other ancient philosophic texts, such as the *Wenzi*, are represented by annotated versions of a later date only. These works are discussed under the period when their commentaries were written. In this chapter they are only listed, with the indication as to where the relevant article can be found.

1.A.1 Philosophy

1.A.1.a Texts

Daode zhenjing 道德真經

2 juan

Attributed to Laozi 老子 (traditional date sixth century B.C.); Warring States (475–221 B.C.)

664 (fasc. 346)

"The True Scripture of the Way and Its Virtue." This is the book of Laozi as Fundamental Scripture (*benwen* 本文), without commentary. Sima Qian, in his biography of Laozi, speaks already of Laozi's book "in two parts, expounding the meaning of the Way and Its Virtue, in some five thousand words 著書上下篇, 言道德之意, 五千餘言" (*Shiji* 63.2141). Thanks to the manuscripts found at Mawang dui (see 665 *Daode jing guben pian*), we know that the present division into two parts and the title of The Book of the Way and its Virtue was already current at the beginning of the Han dynasty (206 B.C.–A.D. 220). The present version is, moreover, divided in *zhangju* 章

句 chapters amounting to the symbolic number of eighty-one, an arrangement that probably dates from the Later Han period (A.D. 25–220). The titles of these chapters correspond to those of the HESHANG GONG commentary (see 682 *Daode zhenjing zhu*). The word *zhen* (true) in the title of the present version became current in Tang times (618–907). Part of the original text (1.8b–10b) has been lost, and the missing passages have been replaced with the corresponding ones of 665 *Daode jing guben pian*.

Recent research places the date of Laozi's book in the fourth century B.C., during the Warring States period, but some parts of the text may well be older, considering the vocabulary and the rhymes used. The Mawang dui versions show already displaced and corrupt passages. The division of the book into two parts, on Tao and De, on ontology and strategy, is not clearly evident in the respective contents, while the division into eighty-one chapters makes the text appear as a series of separate axiomatic statements. Doing away with this division, and reading the text as a continuous discourse, allows one to determine a few instances where formerly separated parts might be linked. The book as a whole, however, does not read as a systematically developed argument. It must have been from the beginning a collection of short axiomatically paradoxical texts, compiled without particular order. The original number of these texts is difficult to assess. There may have been fifty-five (see 1177 *Han Fei zi*) or seventy-two (see 693 *Daode zhenjing zhigui*, preface, 4b) before the present division into eighty-one.

Although the exact place of Laozi's book in Taoist tradition has been, and will continue to be, a much debated issue, its dominant position since antiquity is clear. Indeed, the book deals with the major topics of Taoism with a depth and insight that have earned it the place of the religion's foremost scripture.

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Kristofer Schipper

Daode jing guben pian 道德經古本篇

2 juan

Edited by Fu Yi 傅奕 (555–639)

665 (fasc. 346)

"Ancient Recension of the Book of the Way and Its Virtue." This is the plain text of the *Laozi*, without commentary, based on a manuscript discovered in A.D. 574 at

Pengcheng 彭城 (Xuzhou, Jiangsu), in the tomb of a concubine of Xiang Yu 項羽 (233–202 B.C.). See 770 *Hunyuan shengji* 3.20a. The date as well as the stylistic characteristics of the present text establish a relationship with the manuscripts of the *Laozi* found in 1973 in Han tomb no. 3 at Mawangdui near Changsha (Hunan). The division into a *Daopian* 道篇 and a *Depian* 德篇 may therefore well correspond to the original arrangement of the text, while the arrangement into eighty-one chapters, according to the so-called *Heshang gong zhangju*, as well as the indications on the number of characters in each chapter are probably of Fu Yi's own devising.

The present text contains 5,556 characters, almost 300 more than the HESHANG GONG commentary version of 682 *Daode zhenjing zhu*, which has 5,274. None of these numbers correspond to the indications supposedly given by Fu Yi on the versions he examined in his time: 5,722 characters for the manuscript found at Pengcheng, 5,683 or 5,610 for the WANG BI commentary version, and 5,555 or 5,590 for the HESHANG GONG commentary version (770 *Hunyuan shengji* 3.20a). The present text, however, shows greater affinities to the extant WANG BI edition than to that attributed to HESHANG GONG.

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Kristofer Schipper

Nanhua zhenjing 南華真經

5 juan

Attributed to Zhuang Zhou 莊周 (second half of the fourth century B.C.) and his followers

670 (fasc. 349–351)

"True Canon of the Southern Florescence." This is an unannotated edition of the *Zhuangzi*, under the canonical title bestowed on it by Emperor Xuanzong in 742. This edition is part of a series, comprising also the *Guanyin zi* (667 *Wushang miaodao wenshi zhenjing*), the *Liezi* (668 *Chongxu zhide zhenjing*), and the *Gengsang zi* (669 *Dongling zhenjing*). Each of these editions has a preface and a portrait of the sage in question. The origin of this small collection of the four Taoist authors canonized by Xuanzong is unknown. Sparse indications in the different prefaces make it appear later than the Song period. The preface of the present *Nanhua zhenjing* is mostly abstracted from Zhuang Zhou's biography in the *Shiji*. The division into five juan does not respect the arrangement into inner, outer, and miscellaneous chapters.

Zhuang Zhou was a southerner, that is, he came from the region south of the Yellow River. His native place, according to the sparse information we have from the

Shiji and a few other records, appears to have been the township of Meng, a place near the present town of Shangqiu in Henan province, in a region at the intersection of Shandong, Jiangsu, and Anhui provinces. It was part of the ancient state of Song, and Zhuang Zhou is often referred to as a man of Song. After the fall of Song in 286 B.C., the region fell into the hands of other principalities, including Chu. As a result, Zhuang Zhou is also known as a native of Chu.

The dates of Zhuang Zhou are tentative, but most scholars agree with the affirmation in the *Shiji* that he lived during the times of King Hui 惠 of Wei 魏 (r. ca. 369–325). He was also invited to the court of King Wei 威 of Chu 楚 (r. ca. 339–328). The exact dates of these King s are still under discussion, but *grosso modo* this means that Zhuang Zhou was active during the second half of the fourth century. Liu Xiaogan gives his dates tentatively as 369–286 B.C. (Liu, *Classifying the Zhuangzi chapters*, 41) which would make Zhuang Zhou a contemporary of Mengzi 孟子 (tentative dates 372–289).

According to the *Shiji*, the book of Zhuangzi amounted to more than 100,000 characters. The *Han shu*, "Yiwen zhi," 30.1730 lists the *Zhuangzi* as having fifty-two chapters (*pian* 篇), comprising seven inner, twenty-eight outer, fourteen miscellaneous, and three additional chapters with "explanations" (*jieshuo* 解說). The present edition of the *Zhuangzi* has only 70,000 characters, and the inner and miscellaneous chapters number, respectively, fifteen and eleven; no trace remains of the "explanations." The *Shiji* mentions explicitly the chapters "Youfu," "Daozhi," and "Quqie," which occupy today the position of chapters 31, 29 (miscellaneous chapters, *zapien* 雜篇) and 10 (outer chapters, *waipian* 外篇).

GUO XIANG (d. 312) is generally regarded as the editor of today's version in thirty-three chapters. According to his preface (see Guo Qingfan, *Zhuangzi jishi*), he considered sizeable parts of the work spurious or superfluous and therefore discarded them. Problematically, virtually none of the discarded texts have survived elsewhere.

There is a general consensus for ascribing the seven so-called inner chapters (*neipian* 內篇) to the author. These stand apart from the others in language, style, and vocabulary. They also have distinct three-character titles, enunciating what may be considered to be their main themes (e.g., "Xiaoyao you," Free and easy wandering), whereas the other chapters (with the exception of chapters 28 to 31) are simply named after their opening words. The distinctiveness and comparatively earlier date for the inner chapters have been demonstrated by Liu Xiaogan. Liu's arguments are based on the vocabulary of the inner chapters and on the more circumstantial, but evident, fact that much of the text in the other chapters consists of explanations and developments of writings contained in the inner chapters.

The dating of the outer and miscellaneous chapters is far more problematic. The

general opinion, notably voiced by Graham, is that they come from different periods, the latest, such as the “Tianxia” chapter (33) being early Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220). Some sets of chapters, such as the above-mentioned series of 28 to 31, are distinguished by thematic, two-character titles. Graham thinks these chapters come from a different school of thought, that of the hedonist Yang Zhu 楊朱. Liu Xiaogan considers such an assumption unnecessary. The book of Zhuangzi is quoted extensively in the *Liushi chunqiu* 呂氏春秋 (compiled ca. 239 B.C.), in such a way that suggests it had found its definitive shape by that time.

In spite of the long period during which the text of the book was written (roughly between 340 B.C. and A.D. 240), there is a great coherence and unity of thought in the entire work, even if the influence of other schools of thought is very much in evidence in the later chapters. These chapters do, however, refer time and again to passages in the inner chapters, which does convey the impression that parts of the outer and miscellaneous chapters are equally old (this cross-referencing has inspired Graham to supplement the text of the inner chapters with excerpts from the others).

We may conclude that the *Zhuangzi* is the recipient of the writings of a single tradition, that it was constitutive of the way of thought that later came to be called Taoist and that the older and the newer parts together are representative of the evolution of this thought during the century that preceded the hegemony of Legalism and the united empire (third century B.C.).

Taking this into consideration, we may say that the *Zhuangzi* displays a marked absence of political thought, at least in the inner chapters. This absence contrasts with all contemporary schools, with the exception of the Logicians (*mingjia* 名家). The relationship with the latter school is evident, but also of a controversial nature. The *Zhuangzi* is truly philosophical inasmuch as its object of investigation is human knowledge and its relationship to cognition in all its forms. Zhuang Zhou’s epistemology goes farther than most observers have noted. Most striking is his treatment of mythology and religion. The mythical fish and bird (the iconography of both is present on Warring States bronzes) are compared with ordinary animals and found lacking: too cumbersome! When Laozi sits in meditation with unfastened hair, this is not in conformity with a ritual prescription, but “because he had just bathed” and needed to let his hair dry. Through bodily exercises of the “nurturing life” kind, old Pengzu 彭祖 lived only 800 years: what a pity! Humor is Zhuang Zhou’s foremost maieutic tool.

The treatment the *Zhuangzi* gives to logic is most remarkable: in the famous “Discussion on the Equality of Things,” the discourse of logic is used to surpass causality and open the way to total understanding, which can be reached through intuition or through dream and trance states. Here Zhuang Zhou proceeds from the

background of what may be called Chinese shamanism toward universal mysticism. Mystical truth (*zhen* 真) is innate, familiar yet unknowable. The opposition between this inward knowledge of the Taoist and the outward projected knowledge of the shaman—portrayed respectively as Master Gourd and as Wuxian the great shaman of antiquity, in the seventh chapter, “Rejoining the Supreme Ruler”—illustrates this mystical approach to knowledge. Although the very disciple of Master Gourd finds the two “ways” difficult to distinguish, the Master confounds the shaman, because the latter is limited to the phenomenal world, whereas the Gourd incapacitates the original chaos. Here the message of the *Zhuangzi* is truly Taoist.

The *Zhuangzi* is no doubt one of the most penetrating and beautiful books written in Chinese and also one of the masterworks of world literature. Its influence on Chinese culture—and on Far Eastern culture in general—has been profound, not only on Taoism but on Confucianism and Buddhism as well. Having been canonized as a “classic” only in the eighth century, the *Zhuangzi* did not suffer from undue exegetical scholasticism: every reader could approach its message unencumbered by considerations of orthodoxy, hence the vast array of different commentaries. The *Daozang* of the Ming features more than ten editions of these.

The *Zhuangzi*’s influence on every part of Taoism has been considerable. We find allusions to and quotations from the *Zhuangzi* in early works of Tending Life practices, in the poems of the 1016 *Zhen’gao*, and in the hymns of the Lingbao canon.

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Kristofer Schipper

Tongxuan zhenjing 通玄真經

12 juan

746 (fasc. 520–522)

“True Scripture of Communion with Mystery.” This text corresponds to the Taoist philosophical work *Wenzi*. It is present in the *Daozang* with the commentary by Xu Lingfu 徐靈府 (ca. 809–815), and the article is therefore listed in part 2.A.1.a.

Chongxu zhide zhenjing 冲虚至德真经

3 juan

Attributed to Lie Yukou 列禦寇 (early fourth century)

668 (fasc. 348)

“True Scripture of the Void and Supreme Virtue.” The philosophical work *Liezi* 列子 has been known under this title since 1007. It had previously been granted the title *Chongxu zhenjing* in 742 (*Jiu Tang shu* 24.926; *Songchao da zhaoling ji* 135.1a).

列子



FIGURE 1. Liezi (668 1a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/663)

According to Graham's study, the work's textual history is as follows: A *Liezi* in eight *pian* 篇, first mentioned in the bibliographic chapters of the *Han shu* 30.1730, was listed as lost at an early date. Liu Xiang's 劉向 (ca. 77–76 B.C.) memorial presenting the collated text, however, is preserved. In the first half of the fourth century, a *Liezi*, the contents of which fit Liu Xiang's description, was written, probably by the grandfather or father of Zhang Zhan 張湛 (fl. 370). Zhang Zhan was the first to write a commentary on this text. In the preface to his commentary, Zhang describes the transmission of the work (cf. 732 *Chongxu zhide zhenjing sijie*; for a summary and analysis of this preface, see Graham, “Date and composition,” 144 ff.).

The present edition contains interspersed phonetic annotations and is preceded by an illustrated brief biography of Liezi (fig. 1; from 163 *Xuanyuan shizi tu*).

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Yin Wen zi 尹文子

2 juan

Attributed to Yin Wen 尹文 (second half of the fifth century B.C.)

1173 (fasc. 840)

“Book of the Philosopher Yin Wen.” This book is mentioned, as comprising one chapter, in the section on logicians (*mingjia* 名家) of the bibliographical treatise in *Han shu* 30.1736. Yin Wen is said to have lived and taught at the famous Jixia academy at Qi during the reign of Duke Huan (455–405 B.C.) and to have known Gongsun

Long zi 公孫龍子. The *Daozang* edition has a preface by a certain Mr. Zhongchang 仲長氏 of Shanyang 山陽 (in modern Shandong), who states that he obtained the text at Luoyang during the Huangchu era (A.D. 220–226) and edited it in two juan. Several scholars have pointed out that this must be Zhongchang Tong 仲長統, a scholar of the late Han who came from Shanyang. The latter figure, however, died in A.D. 220.

The authors of the *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* classified the work under “Eclectics” (*zajia* 雜家) and identified its contents as a mixture of Huang-Lao Taoism and *fajia* 法家 legalism. They did not express serious doubts as to its authenticity. Modern scholarship has been less generous. Not only is the history of the transmission of the text full of contradictions, but the text itself is shallow and facile and manifestly draws on later works, such as certain passages from the *Zhuangzi*. By general consensus, the present text is a late forgery.

Kristofer Schipper

Mozi 墨子

15 juan

By Mo Di 墨翟 (active late fifth century B.C.) and his followers

1176 (fasc. 843–845)

The *Daozang* edition of the *Mozi* comprises seventy-one chapters. Eighteen have been lost. This is nevertheless the most complete version of the writings of Mo Di and his school that has come down to us. All modern editions are based on it.

Bi Yuan has remarked (*Mozi zhu* 1.1a) that the *Daozang* edition observes the taboo on the character *kuang* 匡 in the personal name of Song emperor Taizu. The present edition therefore appears to be based on a Song version and may have originally formed part of the *Tiangong baozang*.

The text has no annotation. It is divided into chapters as follows: juan 1, chapters 1 to 7, contains short sayings by Mozi and dialogues on a great variety of topics; juan 2 to 9 contain the thirty-nine famous Essays, each topic being covered by three successive chapters; juan 10 and 11 contain the chapters on Mohist logic (40–45; chapter 46 is found at the end of juan 11 but belongs to the next category); juan 12 and 13 contain the dialogues, in *Lunyu* style, between Mo Di and his disciples, comprising chapters 46 (in juan 11) to 51; juan 14 and 15 contain the so-called military chapters.

A discussion as to the authenticity and dating of the Mohist canon falls outside the scope of the present bibliography. The question that should be raised here is why the *Mozi* was included in the Taoist canon at all. Specific reasons have been studied by S. Durrant. Durrant quotes the hagiography of Mozi in the *Shenxian zhuan* (given in *Taiping guangji* 5 and authenticated by a citation in 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu* 16.3a), and also draws attention to the important place given to Mozi's Taoist arts in BPZ and elsewhere in the *Shenxian zhuan*. Mozi is also mentioned as an immortal in 1016

Zhen'gao 5.12a. All this would suggest that Mozi was the object of a popular cult in early medieval China and had become a Taoist saint.

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Kristofer Schipper

Han Fei zi 韓非子

20 juan

Han Fei 韓非 (d. 233 B.C.)

1177 (fasc. 846–849)

"Book of Master Han Fei." The book itself is preceded by Liu Xiang's 劉向 (ca. 77–76 B.C.) presentation of it by way of a preface. The text found in the *Daozang* belongs to the group of editions in fifty-three *pian*. Its source is probably the same as that of the edition printed by He Fan 何夔 (1267), which was based on the copy of the imperial library. He Fan removed the annotations that are preserved in the *Daozang* version as well as in the 1165 edition of Huang sanba lang 黃三八郎. Reproduced in the encyclopedias of the beginning of the Song (960–1279) period (TPYL, YJQQ, etc.), these notes probably date from the Tang dynasty (618–907). They may be Li Zan's 李贄 (see He Fan's preface, *Han Fei zi yuping* 韓非子迂評).

The present version in the *Daozang* does not correspond to the quotations made by Gu Guangqi in his *Han Fei zi shiwu*, published in 1816.

An extract of the *Zhu dao* 主道 is quoted in YJQQ 1.6b (1.14a–15a) between two commentaries on the *Laozi*. Here, the notes are presented in an abbreviated form. This synthesis of the notion of true power contains *Jielao* 解老, which may be the earliest extant commentary on the *Daode jing*.

Jean Lévi

Huangshi gong sushu 黃石公素書

21 fols.

Preface and commentary by ZHANG SHANGYING 張尚英, *zi* Tianjue 天覺

(1043–1121)

1179 (fasc. 849)

"Book of Simplicity by the Duke of the Yellow Stone." Huangshi gong is the legendary figure said to have given Zhang Liang 張良 the Art of War by Taigong (*Taigong bingfa* 太公兵法; *Shiji* 55.2034–35). The existence of a *Sushu* attributed to him is attested only in the early twelfth century (VDL 145–46). Zhang's exegesis is the

oldest preserved commentary to this work. The *Tongzhi* 68.7a lists commentaries by LÜ HUIQING (1032–1111) that are otherwise unknown, except that the *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 12.361 names Lü as the author of a *Sanlie sushu jie* 三略素書解 in one juan.

Zhang writes in his preface that the *Sushu* is the very text that Zhang Liang received from Huangshi gong. During the Jin dynasty (265–420), robbers broke into Zhang Liang's tomb and found the book in his jade headrest. According to Zhang, the text comprised 1,336 words.

In reality, the present main text has 1,257 characters. It is identical with the version in *Shuofu* 90.14b–17a. A *Sushu* citation in 1017 *Daoshu* 20.4a also derives from this version of the text (19b).

Doubts about the authenticity of the *Sushu* were expressed at an early date (*Junzhai dushu zhi* 11.486–87; *Yuhai* 140.19b), and since Ming times an increasing number of voices name ZHANG SHANGYING as the author of the text (e.g., *Tingyu jitan* 21b–22a). Such an attribution can be neither proved nor excluded today. But considering the period of its emergence and the "textual history" as told by Zhang, it is not unlikely that Zhang really was the author.

The text, divided into six sections, gives general recommendations for ethical conduct (1–4) and advice for political and military governance (5–6), often exemplified in the commentary by historical events. A number of passages (1a–3a; 14b; 20b) come from the *Huangshi gong sanlie*.

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Huainan honglie jie 淮南鴻烈解

28 juan

Commentary attributed to Xu Shen 許慎 (d. A.D. 124)

1184 (fasc. 863–867)

"Explanations on the *Great Achievements* by [the Prince of] Huainan." The philosophical work *Huainan zi* was written at the court of Liu An 劉安, prince of Huainan (179–122 B.C.), and was presented to the emperor Wu in 139 B.C. (see *Han shu* 44.2145, where it is called "*neishu* 內書," in twenty-one *pian* 篇).

In his preface, Gao You 高誘 provides information about the life of Liu An and the work *Huainan zi*, which he, Gao, had received from Lu 盧 [Zhi 植] (d. A.D. 192). In 205, Gao began to write his commentary. Later on, eight chapters of this commentary were lost, and Gao made up the deficiency only in A.D. 212. Earlier, toward the end of the first century, Xu Shen had written explanations on the *Huainan zi*. Although only Xu Shen is named as the author of the commentary in the present edition, it was

in fact a composite work: the commentaries on juan 16, 17, 18, 21, 22, 25, 27, and 28 are by Xu Shen, all the others are by Gao You.

As an independent work, Gao's commentary in twenty-one juan was lost by the early eighth century, Xu's (also in twenty-one juan) by the late tenth century. Versions in which both commentaries were merged did, however, already exist in the seventh century, and by the eleventh century only this composite kind of *Huainan zi* commentary was available, with the entire commentary attributed solely to either Xu or Gao.

By subdividing seven juan into *shang* 上 and *xia* 下, the *Daozang* edition arrives at a total number of twenty-eight juan. Of all extant versions, this is closest to the Northern Song edition reproduced in *Sibu congkan* 四部叢刊.

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Guigu zi 鬼谷子

3 juan

Attributed to Guigu zi 鬼谷子; fourth century B.C.

1025 (fasc. 671)

"Master of the Ghost Vale." Tradition considers the Master of the Ghost Vale to have been the teacher of Su Qin 蘇秦 (d. 317 B.C.) and Zhang Yi 張儀 (d. 309 B.C.) and thus declares him the ancestor of the school of diplomats (Zongheng jia 縱橫家) of the Warring States period (475–221 B.C.). The legendary philosopher is supposed to have styled himself after the location of his retreat.

The questions of the authorship and origin of the work transmitted under this name and the presence of many parallels with the *Guanzi* 管子 (*Guanzi tongjie* 2: 197–202 corresponds to our text 2.33b–39a) and especially throughout the *Dengxi zi* 鄧析子 have up to now remained unresolved.

Although *Shuoyuan* 11.1a–b contains a quotation of *Guigu zi* that cannot be traced, a book of this title was described neither by Liu Xiang nor by his son, nor is it listed in the *Han shu*, "Yiwen zhi." In its table of contents, the *Qilu* 七錄 lists two texts, together totaling five juan, under the category "Zongheng" (*Guang hongming ji* 3.110c). With reference to a statement in the Yue Yi 樂壹 commentary that Su Qin wrote under the pseudonym Guigu zi, the *Qilu* presumably attributed the authorship of *Guigu zi* to Su Qin (*Shiji*, *Zhengyi* commentary in *Yuhai* 53.21b–22a). Su Qin's works, listed in *Han shu* 30.1739 as comprising thirty-one *pian* 篇, were in part retrieved in Mawang dui in 1973 (see Mawang dui hanmu boshu zhengli xiaozu, *Zhanguo zongheng jia shu*), but no conclusions about *Guigu zi* can be drawn from them.

The *Guigu zi* really enters history only after Yue Yi (of whom we merely know

that he came from Lu commandery 魯郡 and probably lived in the fourth century) and presumably Huangfu Mi 皇甫謐 (215–282) annotated the book. According to *Sui shu* 29.1005, both versions comprised three juan. Quotations in *Song shu* 18.496, in the *Zichao* 子鈔 by Yu Zhongrong 庾仲容 (476–549)—as preserved in 1262 *Yilin* 2.15b–16b), based on Yue Yi's redaction—and in the *Beitang shuchao* (passim) indicate the existence of a text in the fifth to early seventh centuries resembling the extant *Guigu zi*, although it included material that is now lost.

Huangfu Mi's commentary, said to have existed in Japan until the ninth century (*Nihonkoku genzaisho mokuroku* 25a), seems to be wholly lost today. Some passages from Yue Yi's explanations, however, which still existed in their entirety during Tang times, are preserved. From one passage we can conclude that already at the time of Huangfu the text contained a section titled *Yinfu qishu* 陰符七術 (Zhang Yantian, *Shiji zhengyi yiwen jijiao*, 225).

In the received text, under the heading "Benjing yinfu qipian 本經陰符七篇," we find concepts apparently connected with individual Taoist practices that are not generally believed to have existed before the third or fourth century. For Liu Zongyuan 柳宗元 (773–819) the *Yinfu qipian* was an even later addition to what he already considered to be a forgery ("Bian Guigu zi 辯鬼谷子," *Liu Zongyuan ji* 4). The additional fact that *Yinfu qipian* contains passages borrowed from *Dengxi zi* could also indicate that the two texts might be contemporary.

In Tang times, apart from the Yue Yi version and one in two juan without commentary, a commentary by Yin Zhizhang 尹知章 (d. 718) is listed (*Jiu Tang shu* 27.2032). In addition, a contemporary of Liu Zongyuan, Yuan Ji 元冀, had written an abstract of the essential ideas (*zhiyao* 指要) of *Guigu zi* (see Liu's "Bian Guigu zi" cited above). Since both of these works are lost, it is not clear to which edition the citations in TPYL refer. However, they give evidence of a text that differed from the present version in length, in the use of section titles, and in the commentary. The reproduction of a long passage from the *Guigu zi* in Zhao Rui's 趙蕤 *Changduan jing* 長短經 (716) 3 shows, moreover, that at that time the work had a section titled *Quqie pian* 祛箴篇, which was borrowed from *Zhuangzi* (Guo Qingfan ed., *Zhuangzi jishi* 4.2.342–57). The number of subsections, including this section, in the first two juan of the *Guigu zi* would have been thirteen, in keeping with the information provided in a preface attributed to Yin Zhizhang ("Bian Guigu zi," commentary of Han Chun 韓醇, ca. 1177).

By the twelfth century, there apparently existed only one complete, commented version of the *Guigu zi* in three juan. According to the *Zhongxing guange shumu* (in *Yuhai* 53.22a) this version was the work of TAO HONGJING, of the Eastern Jin period (317–420). Curiously, this connection is not mentioned in earlier records. The description, including the erroneous dating of TAO HONGJING (456–536), corresponds to information provided by a copy of a Song manuscript from the collection of Qian

Zeng 錢曾 (1629–1701). The latter is essentially the same as the present *Daozang* edition, though apparently more complete.

The present edition comprises only twelve sections in its first two jian (cf. *Zhongxiang guang shumu*). The *Junzhai dushu zhi* 11.502–6 lists thirteen sections. Both catalogues seem to refer here to the still existing preface attributed to Yin Zhizhang, of which, however, according to *Han yiwen zhi kaozheng* 1418, two different versions were in circulation. The text records, moreover, the loss of two other *pian*, titled *Zhuanwan* 轉丸 and *Quluan* 祛亂. The commentator remarks that in some versions the chapter *Quqie* 祛箴 from the *Zhuangzi* was inserted in place of the two missing *pian*. This insertion, however, he dismisses as incompatible with the spirit of the *Guigu zi*. According to other interpretations, he adds, the lost sections *Zhuanwan* and *Quluan* were in reality identical with the sections *Benjing* 本經 and *Zhongjing* 中經 of the third jian (see the *Guigu zi*, 3.12b and 3.24b). The fact that our commentator obviously resorts (2.34b) to the Tang annotations from a corresponding passage in *Guanzi* 18.2b–3a by no means proves Yin Zhizhang to be the author of the present commentary. On the other hand, it does rule TAO HONGJING out as the commentator, a hypothesis not supported by either the style or the contents of the work.

Thus the commentary was presumably written before the redactions known during the Tang were lost. Material for comparison that was still available to the author included Yue Yi's version (cf. our text 2.9a, 2.12a, or 3.1a with Zhang Yantian, *Shiji zhengyi yiwen jijiao*, 225–26).

In 1805, Qin Enfu 秦恩復 compared the *Daozang* version with the above mentioned manuscript from Qian Zeng's collection and subsequently compiled a revised and completed edition of this commentary to *Guigu zi*.

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Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Gongsun Long zi 公孫龍子

3 jian

By Gongsun Long 公孫龍 (b. 498 B.C.); commentary by Xie Jiang 謝絳; *zi*

Xishen 希深 (995–1039)

1172 (fasc. 840)

This is the work of the logician Gongsun Long, in six chapters (*pian* 篇). The *Han shu*, "Yiwen zhi," 30.1736 lists this work as comprising fourteen chapters; the *Sui shu*, "Jingji zhi," 34.1002, while placing it among Taoist books, lists it as *Shoubai lun* 守白

論. However, Pang Pu has argued convincingly (*Gongsun Long zi yanjiu*, 51–71) that the present text corresponds to the complete original, despite a certain number of errors and interpolations (such as the opening phrases of the first chapter).

Xie's commentary endeavors to stress the Confucian values of the text and remains very much at the surface. The present *Daozang* text forms the basis of all modern editions.

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Kristofer Schipper

Yuzi 鬻子

2 jian

Attributed to Yu Xiong 鬻熊 (legendary date: eleventh century B.C.);

commentary by Feng Xinggui 逢行珪 (presentation dated 653)

1171 (fasc. 840)

"Book of Master Yu." This work is supposed to have been written in pre-Han times. The *Han shu*, "Yiwen zhi," gives a *Yuzi* in 22 chapters (*pian* 篇) in the section on "Daojia" (30.1729), and another in nineteen chapters under "Xiaoshuo jia." Legend makes Master Yu a councillor of King Wen of the Zhou dynasty (r. 1099–1050 B.C.), who enfeoffed Yu in Chu. He is cited in the *Liezi* and in Jia Yi's *Xin shu* 9.15b–16a.

The authenticity of the text as a pre-Han work is much debated. The present version is very short and is not divided into different *pian*. Although the text must, therefore, be incomplete, there is no obvious trace of falsification. Its contents are close to the subject matter of the *Lüshi chunqiu* 呂氏春秋 and could well be the work of a later writer of the Huang-Lao school.

The commentary is by an otherwise unknown scholar of the early Tang who presented it to the throne in 653, claiming the work had been transmitted in his family for many generations. This annotated edition is attested since the Tang (see VDL 168). All extant editions derive from the present *Daozang* version.

Kristofer Schipper

Sunzi zhujie 孫子註解

13 jian

Late eleventh or early twelfth century

1180 (fasc. 850–854)

"Commentaries to the *Sunzi*." This work is a collection of eleven different commentaries to "Sunzi's Art of War" in thirteen sections. The commentators are Cao Cao 曹操 (155–200); a certain Mr. Meng 孟氏 (Liang dynasty; cf. *Sui shu* 34.1012); the Tang commentators Li Quan 李荃 (fl. 750), Du You 杜佑 (735–812), Du Mu 杜

牧 (803–852), Chen Hao 陳皞, and Jia Lin 賈林; as well as the Song commentators Mei Yaochen 梅堯臣 (1002–1060), Wang Xi 王皙 (fl. 1082), He Yanxi 何延錫, and Zhang Yu 張預.

The present edition does not state when or by whom the collection was compiled. Sun Xingyan 孫星衍 is of the opinion (see the preface to *Sunzi shijia zhu* 孫子十家注) that this work is the same as the *Shijia Sunzi huizhu* 十家孫子會注, in fifteen juan, compiled by Ji Tianbao 吉天保, which is listed in the bibliographic chapters of the *Song shi* 207.5183. The *Suichu tang shumu* 29b lists a *Shiyi jia zhu Sunzi* 十一家註孫子, but without naming a compiler. Different figures of ten and eleven commentaries are due to the fact that Du You's annotations did not exist as an independent work, but were assembled from juan 148–162 of his *Tongdian* (cf. Yu Jiaxi, *Siku tiyao bianzheng* 11.595–96) and thus cannot be considered as a separate commentary.

The *Sunzi shijia zhu* in thirteen juan revised by Sun Xingyan is based on the *Daozang* and another Ming edition. In many instances it has been supplemented by passages from the *Tongdian* and TPYL, resulting in considerable textual variants. In contrast, the text of a recent typeset edition, *Shiyi jia zhu Sunzi*, which is based on a Song print in three juan dating from the reign of Ningzong (1195–1225), hardly differs from this *Daozang* edition.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Baopu zi neipian 抱朴子內篇

20 juan

By GE HONG 葛洪, *hao* Baopu zi 抱樸子 (283–343)

1185 (fasc. 868–870)

“Book of the Master Who Keeps to Simplicity, Inner Chapters.” Sun Xingyan 孫星衍 (1753–1818), in his preface to his critical edition in the *Pingjin guan congshu* 平津館叢書, demonstrates that this is a work altogether different from the 1187 *Baopu zi waipian*, although the two are placed together in the *Daozang* edition. The work is recorded in the *Sui shu*, “Jingji zhi,” as comprising twenty-one juan and is classified among the texts of Taoism (34.1002). It is further documented in all major bibliographies and appears to be complete. The present *Daozang* version is at the origin of most modern editions, including the one by Sun Xingyan quoted above.

The reasons that prompted GE HONG to write this famous treatise on the search for immortality are given by the author himself, especially his autobiography “Zixu 自序,” which occupies juan 50 of the 1187 *Baopu zi waipian*. There the author retraces his youth (he was born in Jurong 句容, Danyang 丹陽, near present-day Nanking) and early career as a military official during the Jin dynasty. He notes that by the time of the disastrous Jianwu era (317), when the north fell into the hands of the Tuoba and

Luoyang was destroyed, he had already written most of his literary works, including the present one. This work he characterizes as concerning matters pertaining to “the drugs and recipes for becoming immortal, the marvels and feats caused by demons and spirits, the lengthening of years through nurturing life, the [methods] for averting evil and warding off calamities belonging to the Taoist school (Daojia 道家).” Written in the most accomplished parallel (*pianti wen* 駢體文) style, it is undoubtedly thanks to its literary value that this work has been preserved.

Elsewhere in the book, GE HONG reveals that his knowledge of Taoism was transmitted to him by his teacher ZHENG YIN, a scholar who taught the esoteric arts of Taoism. Juan 19 gives a vivid account of GE HONG's studies under Zheng's guidance, as well as a list of the more than 200 books and sixty talismans he saw in Zheng's library, some of which he had been able to copy himself. ZHENG YIN was the student of the famous magician at the Wu court, GE XUAN, who was GE HONG's granduncle, according to GE HONG's own claims.

The book was written before the influx of refugees from the north was to profoundly change the culture and religion of the Jiangnan region where GE HONG lived. Indeed, the *Baopu zi neipian* shows no acquaintance with the Way of the Heavenly Master (Tianshi dao 天師道), to which many of the aristocrats who immigrated from the north and founded the Eastern Jin dynasty (317–420) belonged. This implies that the present work bears testimony to the traditions of the Taoism of the Han dynasty (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) as they survived in the south before the fall of Luoyang.

The value of the *Baopu zi neipian* as a source for our knowledge of early Taoism cannot be overestimated. Despite the marked partiality of the author for laboratory alchemy as the sole true method of obtaining immortality, all systems and methods of early Taoism are presented and discussed in detail.

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Kristofer Schipper

Baopu zi waipian 抱朴子外篇

50 juan

By GE HONG 葛洪, *hao* Baopu zi 抱樸子 (283–343)

1187 (fasc. 871–873)

“Book of the Master Who Keeps to Simplicity, Outer Chapters.” While the inner chapters (1185 *Baopu zi neipian*) provide a wealth of important information for the study of Taoism, as a work of philosophy the present outer chapters are certainly

superior; they also reflect more faithfully the genius of their author, who was in the first place a Confucian scholar. Although some fragments have been found that may have originally been part of the book but no longer feature in it, the authenticity of the present text is beyond doubt.

Living at a time when Confucian learning was in decline and many traditions of ritual and moral attitudes were being abandoned, GE HONG maintained the high scholarly standards and the rigorous critical thinking that developed in the Later Han period (A.D. 25–220) and was maintained until the middle of the third century. GE HONG's Confucianism put great emphasis on personal cultivation, on the role of study and literature, and on the ideal of an ordered society. In this context, these outer chapters recognize the validity of inner cultivation according to Taoist principles and therefore have their place in the Taoist canon alongside the *neipian* 內篇.

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Kristofer Schipper

1.A.1.b Commentaries

Daode zhenjing zhu 道德真經註

4 juan

Attributed to HESHANG GONG 河上公; Later Han (A.D. 25–220)

682 (fasc. 363)

"Commentary to the True Scripture of the Way and Its Power by the Old Man on the River Bank." The date and authenticity of this commentary, which in Huangfu Mi's 皇甫謐 (215–282) *Gaoshi zhuan* 高士傳 is titled *Laozi zhangju* 老子章句, have long been the object of debate. The most radical view was put forth by the Tang historian Liu Zhiji 劉知幾 (661–721), who simply denied the existence of the book (see Liu Zhiji's biographies in *Jiu Tang shu* 102 and *Xin Tang shu* 132). The dating of the present commentary has been hampered by the identification of HESHANG GONG with Heshang zhangren 河上丈人, who is supposed to have lived near the end of the Warring States period (475–221 B.C.). A date for the commentary is also complicated by the lore surrounding HESHANG GONG in GE HONG's *Shenxian zhuan* and in the apocryphal "Laozi Daode jing xujue 老子道德經序訣," attributed to the shadowy GE XUAN (traditional dates, 164–244). In this lore, HESHANG GONG is considered to be a contemporary of the Han emperor Wendi (r. 179–157 B.C.).

Adding to the confusion, the bibliographical treatises in *Jiu Tang shu* 47.2026 and *Xin Tang shu* 59.1514–15 mention a work with the title *Laozi zhangju* in two juan, not

authored by HESHANG GONG but by Anqiu Wangzhi 安丘望之. The latter apparently lived at the time of the Han emperor Chengdi (r. 32–7 B.C.). Both of the Tang histories also mention, apart from Anqiu Wangzhi's work, HESHANG GONG's commentary to the *Daode jing* in two juan. *Sui shu* 34.1000 mentions a HESHANG GONG commentary of the early Han (200 B.C.—A.D. 220), while noting that under the Liang (502–557) there was a *Laozi jing* commentary in two juan written by Heshang zhangren of the Warring States period.

Heshang zhangren, or the Elder from the Banks of the [Yellow] River, is first mentioned in Sima Qian's biography of Yue Yi 樂毅 (*Shiji* 80.2436) as the teacher of An Qisheng 安期生 and as the originator of a line of thought that eventually influenced Cao Can 曹參, a prime minister under Emperor Gaozu of the Han (r. 206–195 B.C.). Cao Can was noted for his sympathy for the Huang-Lao doctrine. Contrary to Huangfu Mi's *Gaoshi zhuan* (quoted in TPYL 507), however, the *Shiji* makes no mention of a *Daode jing* commentary by Heshang zhangren.

Given the confusion surrounding the identity of Heshang zhangren and of HESHANG GONG and the role played by Anqiu Wangzhi, it remains uncertain whether the work now known as the HESHANG GONG commentary dates back to the late Warring States period or to the early Han, as stated by GE HONG. There are sufficient reasons, however, to conclude that the present work dates at least from the middle or the end of the Later Han (25–220 A.D.). This date would imply that the HESHANG GONG commentary is one of the oldest *Daode jing* commentaries now in existence. Rao Zongyi, in his critical edition of the Xiang'er commentary 想爾注 to the *Daode jing* (*Laozi Xiang'er zhu jiaozheng*), has found indications that the Xiang'er commentary quotes the commentary by HESHANG GONG (on this issue, see also the following article). It is thus no coincidence that in the Tang dynasty transmission rite of the *Daode jing* to the so-called students of the Eminent Mystery (*gaoxuan dizi* 高玄弟子), the HESHANG GONG commentary was second only to the *Daode jing* itself, preceding the *Xiang'er zhu* and four other texts dealing with protocol and hagiography (see Benn, *The Cavern-mystery transmission*, 84).

Formally, the title of the present commentary as mentioned by Huangfu Mi, *Laozi zhangju*, is an indication of the Later Han as a probable time of composition. The Later Han was the heyday of the *zhangju* 章句 (chapters and phrases) style of commentary. The reaction against the *zhangju* style came in the third century, with the rise of the so-called Neo-Taoism of WANG BI (226–249) and others. As can be expected, the HESHANG GONG commentary is entirely free of the metaphysical elements omnipresent in Neo-Taoism.

Conversely, Huang-Lao thought, one of the dominant Han dynasty schools, looms large in this commentary. It has been noted that in the course of the Han dynasty, Huang-Lao thought witnessed a shift in emphasis from politics and society

to longevity. The HESHANG GONG commentary bears witness to this evolution. The expression *zhishen zhiguo* 治身治國, referring to the equal sustenance of country and body, is ubiquitous in this work. In the commentary to *Daode jing* chapter 59, the equality of country and body is explicitly stipulated (*Guo shen tong ye* 國身同也). Despite HESHANG GONG's insistence upon the equal sustenance of country and body, a preference for the latter is noticeable. Thus, the constant Tao (*changdao* 常道) in *Daode jing* 1 is explained as "the Way to spontaneously attain longevity." And in the commentary to *Daode jing* 64, it is said that "[ordinary] people study the administration of the country, whereas the sage studies the management of the body." Frequent reference is made to longevity techniques, such as in the commentary to *Daode jing* 6, where the Mysterious Female (*xuanpin* 玄牝) is for the first time likened to the human nose and mouth.

Another noteworthy element in HESHANG GONG's ideology is that although certain Confucian values are treated as inferior, others are given a high status. Thus, in the commentary to *Daode jing* 18, it is stated that when the Great Tao was active (i.e., before the appearance of humanity and righteousness, which are regarded as pernicious in both the *Daode jing* and the HESHANG GONG commentary), filial piety and loyalty were to be found everywhere. Similarly, in the commentary to *Daode jing* 27, it is said that the sage saves the people by constantly educating them in loyalty and filial piety.

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Jan A. M. De Meyer

Laozi Xiang'er zhu 老子想爾注

Dunhuang manuscript Stein 6825

Later Han (A.D. 25–220)

"Xiang'er Commentary to the *Laozi*." This is one of the earliest glosses on the *Daode jing*, and many sources mention this work, probably of the Han period (206 B.C.–A.D. 220), as once having been included in the *Daozang*. 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* 1.6b lists the *Xiang'er zhu Laozi daode jing* 想爾注老子道德經, in two juan, as lost. Its partial recovery among the Dunhuang manuscripts is, therefore, fortunate. Rao Zongyi has published the text in a critical edition. It has also been reproduced and studied by Ōfuchi Ninji.

The Dunhuang manuscript fragment contains only the text of the first juan of the *Daode jing*, the so-called *Daojing* 道經, and the first two chapters are missing. The text begins with the phrases of the third chapter: "By not seeing things that can be desired, the heart will not be troubled" (*bu jian ke yu ze xin bu luan* 不見可欲, 則心不亂) and

ends with the thirty-seventh chapter and the title the Book of the Tao by Laozi, First Part, Xiang'er (*Laozi Daojing*, shang. *Xiang'er* 老子道經, 上, 想爾). The manuscript, 26.7 cm high and 9 m long, has 585 columns with an irregular number of characters written in neat clerical script. Remarkably, the commentary following each sentence is written in exactly the same way as the main text, without any punctuation or other mark to separate the two. This style is archaic. The manuscript is not dated. Given the style and the paper, it might date from the Six Dynasties (220–589), and it probably came from North China (see Rao Zongyi, *Laozi Xiang'er zhu jiaozheng*, 5).

It is not known who Xiang'er was. The earliest mention of the name occurs in 789 *Zhengyi fawen tianshi jiaojie kejing*, which contains a collection of some of the oldest texts of the Way of the Heavenly Master, dating from the Three Kingdoms period (220–265). The second text (12a–19b), titled Rules Governing the Family of the Tao (*Dadao jialing jie* 大道家令戒) and dating to about 255, is a short treatise on the religious policy of the ecclesia. It refers on page 14b to *Xiang'er* as a book that the faithful should heed. However, as the passage is obviously corrupt (four characters are missing), it is impossible to decide whether it refers to the commentary of the *Daode jing* or to the commandments of Xiang'er (*Daode jing Xiang'er jie* 道德經想爾戒) that had to be obeyed by those who received this scripture (see 786 *Taishang laojun jingliu* 1a–b). In any case, the two, commentary and commandments, are closely related. The name *Xiang'er* here refers to an important doctrinal work that, together with two other fundamental texts (the *Huangting jing* 黃庭經 and the now lost *Miaozhen jing* 妙真經), deserved special respect. Indeed, whereas the Way of the Heavenly Master apparently did not itself produce any major doctrinal work, it did transmit and use a number of ancient doctrinal texts, such as the *Daode jing*, the *Taiping jing* 太平經, and the *Huangting jing*.

In later times, the Xiang'er commentary came to be considered the work of Zhang Daoling 張道陵, the founder of the Way of the Heavenly Master, or of his grandson Zhang Lu 張魯 (d. 216). In his prefatory treatise (*xulu* 序錄) to his *Jingdian shiwen*, Lu Deming 陸德明 (556–627) mentions Xiang'er (the printed edition mistakenly writes "xiangyu 想余"; see Rao Zongyi, *Laozi Xiang'er zhu jiaozheng*, 4) and states: "it is not clear who he is; some say Zhang Lu, some say Liu Biao 劉表." Liu Biao (d. 218) refers to the famous military commander at the end of the Han dynasty. The latter attribution is so improbable as to suggest that by the time of Lu Deming the identity of Xiang'er was completely lost to oblivion.

In the liturgical organization of the Tang, the transmission of the *Daode jing* and its commentaries formed a separate stage of initiation and ordination. The corresponding ordination ritual of the early Tang has been preserved in 1238 *Chuanshou jingjie yi zhujue*. The author of this ritual discusses the ranking of texts and says that the Xiang'er commentary should come third, after the plain text of the *Daode jing* (the

so-called “great character text,” *Dazi ben* 大字本) and the HESHANG GONG commentary (682 *Daode zhenjing zhu*). According to this author, the commentary deserves this rank because it was written by Zhang Lu, the Successor of the Master (*xishi* 系師), who assumed the name of Xiang’er and wrote the work in order to instruct the uncouth and primitive inhabitants of Sichuan. Still later in the Tang period, Xiang’er became identified with Zhang Daoling himself. In the prefatory chapter of the second commentary he wrote to the *Laozi* classic, Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756) lists the Xiang’er commentary in second place (before HESHANG GONG) and notes: “this commentary was made by Zhang Daoling, the Ritual Master of the Three Heavens” (see 679 *Tang Xuanzong yuzhi Daode zhenjing shu*, Waizhuan 1b). This text is taken over by DU GUANGTING, in his 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi* (preface, 2b). It is clear, therefore, that the identification of Xiang’er with either Zhang Lu or Zhang Daoling occurred at a rather late stage and that the place of the commentary in the order of glosses on the *Daode jing* was subject to discussion.

These issues have been debated by modern scholarship, but without conclusive results. The hypothesis that the Xiang’er commentary was written by the early Heavenly Masters raises the immediate problem of content and style. The cosmology and theology of the early Heavenly Masters as expounded in 789 *Zhengyi fawen tianshi jiaojie kejing* and many other texts is well known and bears little resemblance to the system of the Xiang’er commentary. Another difficulty is that if the Xiang’er commentary really were the work of the founders of the Heavenly Master ecclesia, then why do none of the numerous texts that have come down to us from this ecclesia mention or even imply such a relationship?

The Xiang’er commentary explains the thought of the *Daode jing* in terms of Tending Life (*yangsheng* 養生) practices in often highly contrived glosses with little or no relationship with what appears to be the original meaning of the *Laozi* text. Among other tenets, the commentary explains that the Tao is present in the human body but cannot be seen, and adepts should not attempt to visualize the Tao or, for that matter, the deities of the body, such as the spirits of the Five Viscera and so on. The Tao is personified in Taishang laojun 太上老君, and he is therefore also the author of the *Laozi*. Each time the word *I* occurs in the text, the commentary reminds us that we have to understand this as the voice of the Tao (“*wu*, *Dao ye* 吾, 道也”). The commentary addresses itself to a community of believers (*xin Dao* 信道) who are enjoined to respect the commandments of the Tao (*Daojie* 道誡). They should worship (*gongyang* 供養) the Tao but not offer sacrifices (*ji* 祭), nor pray at ancestral shrines (*daoci* 禱祠). This is one of the most stringent interdictions. Great importance is attached to sexuality. Sexual desires should be banned, sexual energy carefully preserved. Males should learn to behave like women, to curb their aggressiveness and ambition. There is a heavenly bureaucracy (*tiancao* 天曹) that keeps records of human sins. Some, but

not all, of these tenets are also found in the ecclesia of the Heavenly Master, yet the style, the tone, and the theology are quite different. For all appearances, the Xiang’er commentary represents an earlier stage of community Taoism than the ecclesia of the Heavenly Master.

This brings us to the problem of dating. First there is the main text of the *Daode jing* as it features in the Xiang’er commentary. As we have seen, we do not find the division into chapters that are present in the HESHANG GONG and WANG BI versions. In other respects, the text is much the same. In two instances, however, the Xiang’er text omits a sentence: the words “*wei wuwei* 爲無爲” in chapter 3, and “*dajun zhi hou, bi you xiong nian* 大軍之後必有凶年” in chapter 30. It is important to note that in both versions of the *Daode jing* discovered in 1973 in Han tomb no. 3 at Mawang dui near Changsha (Hunan), which date from the second century B.C. or earlier, these sentences are also lacking. Other minor evidence also suggests that the Xiang’er text is closer to the Mawang dui versions than to any other of the early *Laozi* versions. Even the special way the numeral 30 is written, which has been considered a typical indication that the version was made by Zhang Lu (see Rao Zongyi, *Laozi Xiang’er zhu jiaozheng*, 4), can be found in the Mawang dui manuscripts.

Could the Xiang’er commentary be older than the HESHANG GONG commentary? Rao Zongyi has reached the opposite conclusion, pointing to many instances where the two commentaries are similar and assuming that Zhang Daoling was the author of the Xiang’er commentary. Other scholars have followed suit, without offering significant new evidence. Yet the question cannot be said to have been settled conclusively. Within the limits of the present article, we can observe only that in all the instances where the two commentaries are manifestly similar, it is impossible to establish which copies the other or whether both draw on a common exegetical tradition. In conclusion, the Xiang’er commentary could, therefore, date from the Later Han period, possibly from as early as the first century A.D.

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Daode zhenjing zhu 道德真經註

4 juan

By WANG BI 王弼, *zi Fusi* 輔嗣 (226–249)

690 (fasc. 373)

“Commentary to the *Laozi*.” The present version of WANG BI’s commentary is followed by two colophons, one by Chao Yuezhi 晁說之, dated 1115, and another by

Xiong Ke 熊克, dated 1170. This text shows a number of variants with respect to other received versions (cf. “Laozi Daode jing zhu 老子道德經注,” in Lou Yulie, *Wang Bi ji jiaoshi*). The taboo for the character *xuan* 玄 is not observed. The text is divided into four juan, and there is no division into two parts. The numbers and the headings for the different chapters are also missing.

As Rudolph Wagner’s exhaustive study (*The craft of a Chinese commentator*) of WANG BI’s commentarial technique has shown, one of the main original features of the present work is WANG BI’s emphasis on the epistemological value of the *Laozi*’s language. The original text stresses the ineffability of the Tao and the incapacity of language to express ultimate truths. According to WANG BI, the structure of the work’s textual composition (*wen* 文), in particular its complex patterns of parallelism, termed “interlocking parallel style” by Wagner, was a key to establishing its unambiguous meaning. WANG BI himself adopted what he understood to be Laozi’s rhetorical technique for his own analytic and argumentative purposes. Intricate parallel prose became a hallmark of Dark Learning (*xuanxue* 玄學) discourse, of which WANG BI was a leading exponent.

Wang Bi considered the *Daode jing* to be the coherent work of a single author, the historical sage Laozi. After several centuries of rival claims with respect to the relative status of Laozi and Confucius as sages, and with vacillating Han patronage now in favor of Confucian learning, now in favor of the new cult of Lord Lao, WANG BI and his intellectual circle regarded Confucius as the supreme sage, followed directly by Laozi. In this scheme, the *Daode jing* together with the Analects and the Book of Changes constituted a set of fundamental classics encapsulating the metaphysical teaching of the ancients, embodied most perfectly by Confucius.

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Laozi weizhi lilue 老子微旨例略

8 fols.

By WANG BI 王弼, *zi* Fusi 輔嗣 (226–249)

1255 (fasc. 998)

“Some Examples of Laozi Hermeneutics.” Many Song bibliographers have identified WANG BI, the great commentator of the *Daode jing* (see 690 *Daode zhenjing zhu*), as the author of this text. The work has been listed under different titles since Lu Deming’s 陸德明 (556–627) *Jingdian shiwen*.

Wang argues in this short essay that the gist of Laozi’s thinking is in his emphasis

on essentials and disregard for the marginal (*chongben ximo* 崇本息末). The other key is that “there is no obscure [mystery] that cannot be known” (*wuyou bushi* 無幽不識).

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Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

1.A.2 Divination

This section opens with the *Taixuan jing* 太玄經, a classic of Taoist and Confucian divination modeled on the Book of Changes that has recently been the subject of exhaustive studies by Michael Nylan and Nathan Sivin. The following text, the “Forest of Changes” (*Yilin* 易林), is an oracle book again based on a systematic elaboration of the sixty-four hexagrams in the Book of Changes. Despite the complicated history of its transmission, it has been widely accepted as a work of the Han period (206 B.C.–A.D. 220). The “Book of Sublime Tokens” (*Lingqi jing* 靈棋經) is traditionally also attributed to various Han masters, but its historical transmission can be traced only to Six Dynasties (220–589) times. As the title indicates, its subject is divination by casting tokens like dice.

The last three works are closely related treatises on the *liuren* 六壬 system, an astro-calendric method using the ancient divination board (*shi* 式). Placed traditionally under the patronage of the Dark Maiden (Xuannü 玄女), these works were said to have been first revealed to the Yellow Emperor and transmitted to the world by him. The method was used, among other things, for determining calendrical correspondences and divining auspicious and ill-fated marriages. Despite their fragmentary state of preservation and partial fusion with later commentaries, these texts constitute early Six Dynasties writings, reflecting Han theory and methods.

Jizhu taixuan jing 集註太玄經

6 juan

By Yang Xiong 揚雄 (53 B.C.–A.D. 18); commentary by Sima Guang 司馬光 (1019–1086)

1183 (fasc. 860–862)

“Collected Commentaries on the Book of Supreme Mystery.” Literary sources of the Han period leave no doubt about the authenticity of the Book of Supreme Mystery, nor about its attribution to Yang Xiong. It is also mentioned in the *Han shu*,

"Yiwen zhi," 30.1727. Between its diffusion during its author's own lifetime and the Northern Song period (960–1127), about fifteen commentaries were written.

The work was conceived by Yang Xiong on the model of the Book of Changes. It comprises two parts: the first part itemizes the eighty-one symbolic figures of the Supreme Mystery (*xuanshou* 玄首) accompanied by explanatory formulas; the second part comprises the eleven appendixes that offer an initiation—theoretical as well as practical—into the manipulation of the figures described in the first part.

In this respect, the present edition in six juan is incomplete, for it comprises only the first part of the original work. This edition was nevertheless conceived as a whole, since the absence of the appendix corresponds to the original intention of Sima Guang, editor of the text and author of the "Collected Commentaries." The *Song shi*, "Yiwen zhi," 205.5172 mentions the present text and specifies a version in six juan.

The Ming edition in ten juan, which was included in the *Sibu beiyao* 四部備要, is identical to the *Daozang* version as regards the first part of the work (juan 1–6). In this Ming edition we find slight variants in the content of the commentary: sometimes the text is abridged by a few phrases; sometimes, on the contrary, the text is enlarged with passages that do not occur in the *Daozang* version. The part containing the eleven appendixes (juan 7–10) is accompanied by the commentary of Xu Han 許翰 (eleventh/twelfth century).

In his preface dated 1082 (*xu* 1a–b), Sima Guang gives the list of the seven commentaries he used. The only still extant commentary is that of Fan Wang 范望 (end of third century). It appears in the excellent Northern Song printed edition by a certain Zhang Shi 張實 (cf. *Siku quanshu zongmu* 108.4a), which is reproduced in *Sibu congkan* 四部叢刊.

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Yilin shangxia jing 易林上下經 (焦氏易林)

10 juan

Jiao Gan 焦贛 (end of the first century A.D.)

1475 (fasc. 1101–1104)

"Forest of Changes." This text consists essentially of a list of 4,096 (64 times 64) derived hexagrams (*biangua* 變卦) obtained from the sixty-four original hexagrams of the Book of Changes and consequently claims to be its logical and natural devel-

opment. To each of the derived hexagrams corresponds an oracular formula in four-character verse. The same formula may be associated with several hexagrams at the same time.

The ten juan of the work are divided into two equal parts, *shangjing* 上經 and *xiajing* 下經, each numbered one to five. This type of division is unique. After the Ming, all editions of the work adopt a four-juan pattern. The other two Ming editions now extant (see below) comprise sixteen juan, which corresponds to the number of juan given by the earliest recension of the "Forest of Changes," in the bibliographical catalogue of the *Sui shu* (34.1033).

Although the attribution of the work to Jiao Gan has often been questioned, none of the serious suggestions propose a date of composition beyond the Later Han period (25–220). See the preface and postfaces of Ding Yan 丁晏 (mid-nineteenth century) to this work in *Yilin shiwen* 易林釋文, *Nanjing shuyuan congshu* 南菁書院叢書 3; see also Yu Jiaxi, *Siku tiyao bianzheng* 733–49, for a discussion of this question. The first traceable quotation of the "Forest of Changes" (*xiajing* 4.4b) is found in *Dongguan Hanji* 東觀漢記 (see *Siku quanshu zongmu* 109.924). Similar instances multiply from the Six Dynasties period (220–589) on. The earliest extant preface was written in 846 by Wang Yu 王俞. It does not appear in the present *Daozang* edition.

Our text contains four colophons:

1. The colophon of Chen Zhensun 陳振孫, dated 1241. It is less complete than the version in *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 12.28a–b, but richer in concrete details.
2. The colophon of Peng Hua 彭華, dated 1473. Its main interest lies in the indication that its edition came from the libraries of the Imperial Cabinet.
3. The colophon of Jiang Enshu 姜恩書, dated 1525. Jiang relates the circumstances that led him to publish the Forest of Changes on the basis of a specimen he obtained from Kang Hai 康海 (1475–1541).
4. The colophon of Ma Lin 馬麟, written nine years later (1534), only describes the reprinted edition quoted in the former colophon.

The present *Daozang* edition can be identified with near certainty as Jiang Enshu's. It forms, together with the editions of Mao Jin 毛晉 (*Jindai bishu* 津逮祕書), and He Yunzhong 何允中 (*Guang Han-Wei congshu* 廣漢魏叢書), the three Ming editions known today.

As regards the earlier history of the text, there is a Song (960–1279) edition that, however, seems to have undergone considerable modifications in the course of its transmission up to the version we now possess (*Shili ju congshu* 士禮居叢書, dated 1808), as well as an edition of the Yuan period (1279–1368). The latter is, properly speaking, the oldest extant version (*Sibu congkan* 四部叢刊) and the only one to

include a major commentary, of unknown origin. One should finally note the excellent critical edition of Zhang Haipeng 張海鵬 (1805), established on the basis of the Song version and the three Ming editions mentioned above.

Marc Kalinowski

Lingqi benzhang zhengjing 靈棋本章正經

2 juan

Commentary by Yan Youming 顏幼明 (Jin [265–420]) and He Chengtian 何成天 (370–447)

1041 (fasc. 719)

“Original Stanzas of the Venerable Book of the Sublime Tokens.” This is a treatise on a divination technique carried out by throwing a set of twelve two-sided tokens. Besides the two juan of the main text, the work includes a number of prefaces (*xu* 序 1a–8a), a table of contents (*mulu* 目錄 1a–7a), and two colophons (2.54a–56b). The text appears for the first time in the bibliographical catalogue *Sui shu*, “Jingji zhi,” 34.1034 under the slightly different title *Shier lingqi bujing* 十二靈棋卜經. In the bibliographical catalogue of the *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” 206.5241 and 5242 it is mentioned under its more common title of *Lingqi jing*. The existence of the work during the Six Dynasties period (220–589) is attested by the *Nan shi* (36.950), which quotes an excerpt of the text (corresponding to 2.4a in the present work).

The present text does not mention any author’s name. The prefaces contain imaginary attributions to one or another of the Han authorities on divinatory matters. The earliest extant version, the manuscript of the Yonezawa 米澤 Library in Japan, attributes the transmission of the text to the monk Fa Wei 法味 of the Jin dynasty (265–420). The preface, probably from the Tang period (618–907), dates this event to the years 280–289. The same preface is reproduced in the present work (preface 3), where the name of the recipient of the book, however, becomes Chang Fahe 常法和. An identical account of the transmission of the work is found in the *Yiyuan* 異苑 (fifth century) 5.7b, which gives the same name for the recipient but a later date (373–375) than the Yonezawa manuscript. Yu Jiayi examines this question in detail, using the edition described in the *Jingji fangshu zhi* 經藉訪書志 (*Siku tiyao bianzheng* 13.730–33).

The work has three commentaries:

1. Yan Youming of the Jin period (265–420). An attempt to identify this person is made by Yu Jiayi. The date of the commentary is confirmed by the fragment of our *Lingqi jing* discovered at Dunhuang (Stein 557). In this fragment, one finds some passages attributed to Yan Yuan 顏淵 or simply to Yan.

2. He Chengtian of the Liu Song dynasty (420–479). The three combinations (*ke* 課) preserved in Stein 557 (100, 101, 102, corresponding to 2.41a–42b in the present text) come with two commentaries. One is explicitly attributed to Yan [Yuan], the

other is simply preceded by the term *zhu* 注 (commentary). This fragment is nevertheless close to the commentary by He Chengtian. It should be noted that this commentary, which precedes Yan’s, was probably considered at the time to be chronologically anterior to Yan’s. This is not the case in the present version where Yan’s commentary (of the Jin period) precedes He’s (of the Liu Song period).

3. The third commentary is simply introduced by the word *jie* 解 (gloss). All the editions, from Ming times on, agree on attributing this commentary to Liu Ji 劉基 (1311–1375). The original edition of this commentary, as presented in *Deyue yi congshu chuke* 得月蓂叢書初刻, considers only the first part of the entire gloss (as it is found in the other editions, including the present *Daozang* version). This preliminary part is always separated from the remainder from the commentary by the term *ci* 此 (“this means . . .”).

The various prefaces and postfaces are organized as follows:

A. Tang period (618–907)

1. Preface 1 (*xu* 1a–2a) by Li Yuan 李遠, dated, incongruously, Huichang 會昌 9 (849?) and reproduced in all the extant editions except the Yonezawa manuscript.

2. Preface 3 (*xu* 3b–5b), not signed. It does not mention Li Yuan’s preface. Numerous factual elements related to the Six Dynasties period are given. One finds in particular the name of Wang Yin 王胤 of the Liu Song dynasty, to whom the Yonezawa manuscript attributes the invention of the one hundred and twenty-five combinations that form the body of the work. This preface is the one found in the Yonezawa manuscript.

3. Colophon 1 (2.54a–55b) by Han Yun 韓運. Internal evidence dates it to the Tang period (see 2.54a). It also appears as a colophon in the Yonezawa manuscript with a variant in the author’s name, there given as Han Yunxiu 韓運休.

B. Song period (960–1279)

1. Colophon 2 (2.55b–56b) by Zhang Shi 張拭 (1133–1180).

2. Preface 2 (*xu* 2b–3a), unsigned. The author refers to the Song through the term *benchao* 本朝 “the present dynasty.”

C. Yuan period (1279–1368)

Preface to the gloss (*xu* 5b–6b). This preface is unsigned in the present work but unanimously attributed to Liu Ji by all the editions since Ming times. One of them gives the year 1361 (*Shugu congchao* 述古叢鈔).

Although the presence of the gloss—if one considers it to be authentically written by Liu Ji himself, around the end of the Yuan period—does not permit assigning a date earlier than 1361 to this edition of the *Lingqi jing*, it is nonetheless distinct from all the other editions derived from Ming versions. The latter, with their general presentation and supplementary elements such as the commentary of Chen Shikai 陳師凱

of the Yuan dynasty and the 125 *qijue* 七絕 poems, derive from the same source. The Dunhuang manuscripts (Stein 557 and 9766, Pelliot chinois 3782, 4048, and 4984), the Yonezawa manuscript, and the *Daozang* edition may all be considered as the antecedents of this version. On the other hand, only Li Yuan's classical preface and the preface of Liu Ji's gloss are found in the typical Ming editions of the *Lingqi jing*. Preface 3 and colophon 1 are those of the Yonezawa manuscript. Preface 2 and colophon 2 come from a Song edition. They do not seem to appear elsewhere. In this respect, the present *Lingqi jing* edition represents an essential document for the systematic study of the formation of the *Lingqi jing* and its transmission from the Six Dynasties on.

Besides the editions quoted above, one should also note the editions of the *Wenxuan lou congshu* 文選樓叢書 (for the quality of its prefaces) and the edition of the *Mohai jinhu* 墨海金壺, which was used as a model for the Qing editions.

Articles dedicated to the *Lingqi jing* are found in all Chinese bibliographical works from the Song until the present day.

Marc Kalinowski

Huangdi longshou jing 黃帝龍首經

2 juan

Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220)

283 (fasc. 135)

"Book of the Dragon's Head, Transmitted by the Yellow Emperor." The preface (2b) explains that when the Yellow Emperor was about to leave the world and ascend to Heaven on a dragon, he transmitted this book (which he himself had received from Xuannü 玄女) to his descendants. Upon his departure, the dragon's head was the last thing to be seen, hence the title.

This is the first of a series of three treatises in the *Daozang* that deal with the astrocalendrical divination known as *liuren* 六壬. Until Song times (960–1279), this method was practiced with the aid of a divination board (*shi* 式), which we know to have existed since Han times (206 B.C.–A.D. 220), and to which the present text refers (see the expression "to turn the board" [*tuishi* 推式] on 2.18a).

The earliest references to the *Longshou jing* are in BPZ 19.307, *Wuxing dayi* 2.12a, and *Yanshi jiaxun* 19.520–21. The *Sui shu*, "Yiwen zhi," 34.1029 gives the present title and number of juan.

Hong Yixuan 洪頤暄, in the preface to his edition (dated 1805) of the *Longshou jing* (in the *Pingjin guan congshu* 平津館叢書), shows the multiple relationships between this book and Han society. It must be noted, however, that the present text has undergone modifications, as a number of quotations, especially those given in the *Wuxing dayi*, can no longer be found here.

The text is divided into seventy-two paragraphs and is provided with an extensive commentary that quotes a great number of ancient sources. In several places, the main text refers to these same sources (1.13a, 17a, 21b, and 2.21b). It is therefore likely that in the course of copying, text and commentary have become intermingled.

The commentary (1.3a) gives a list of correspondences between the twelve equatorial constellations (*xin* 宿) and the civil calendar. The series is identical with that found on the most ancient model of *liuren* boards, dated 173 B.C. (see *Wenwu* 文物 no. 8 [1978]: 12–31). This is all the more remarkable, since none of the Han astronomical treatises that have come down to us mention it, nor do any of the other *liuren* manuals, with the exception of 284 *Huangdi jingui yuheng jing*.

Marc Kalinowski

Huangdi jingui yuheng jing 黃帝金匱玉衡經

23 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

284 (fasc. 135)

"Book of the Jade Scales and Golden Casket, Transmitted by Huangdi." The term *jingui* (Golden Casket) points up the esoteric dimension of the work (22a). *Yuheng* (Jade Scales) here refers to the constellation of the Northern Dipper (1a).

The book has a short introduction (1a–2a) where magical and ritual aspects of the mantic method—described in the text itself—are emphasized. The work is composed of two parts: *Jingui zhang* (2a–14b) and *Yuheng zhang* (14b–23a). Each *zhang* 章 comprises ten headings, numbered one to ten.

Like 283 *Huangdi longshou jing*, the present text is a treatise of divination by the *liuren* 六壬 method. The basic theory is assumed to be known to the reader. The work limits itself to taking an inventory of a set of typical examples. In most cases, a single example corresponds to each heading. The ten headings of *Jingui zhang* are organized in such way that the examples follow each other according to the increasing complexity of the method.

The *Huangdi jingui yuheng jing* does not appear in the ancient bibliographical catalogues. However, it contains some elements that point with near certainty to a date of composition in the Six Dynasties period (220–589).

The term *liuren* used by Yan Zhitui 顏之推 (531–591) is accompanied by a reference to the *Jingui yuling* (*Yanshi jiaxun*, "Zayi 雜藝").

Except for the variant (the introduction to the present *Jingui yuheng jing*, 1b, uses the title of the work in a slightly modified form; here too, the modification concerns the same character as the one in the list of *Yanshi jiaxun*: *Jingui yufang* 房), we can infer that the *Jingui yuheng jing* occupied a choice position among the *liuren* treatises as

early as the Six Dynasties. On an other hand, Yan Zhitui introduces the term *longshou* 龍首 before the mention of *Jingui yuling*. In the *Daozang*, *Jingui yuheng jing* is also preceded by 283 *Huangdi longshou jing*.

The *Wuyue chungiu* 吳越春秋 quotes, on four occasions, the first or the second part that composed the *Jingui yuheng jing* (*yuheng* appears there also in a modified form: *yumen* 閤門; 5.57b; 7.17b and 22a; 10.65a; *Sibu congkan* 四部叢刊). The *Wuyue chungiu* mentions the number of the heading to which each example it uses is related. Therefore, it may be assumed that the author used, if not the work incorporated in the present *Daozang*, then a similar treatise written according to the same classifying criteria (cf. Kalinowski, "Les instruments astro-calendériques"). The first elaboration of the present text should be either contemporary or anterior to the composition of the *Wuyue chungiu* (second to fourth century; cf. Zhang Xinzhen, *Wei shu tongkao*, 661–63).

Finally, one should note the occurrence (17a) of the same set of twelve equatorial constellations as the one mentionned in the commentary of 284 *Huangdi longshou jing*. But while in this last work the set is presented as a simple annex to the computation technique described by the text, in the *Jingui yuheng jing* it forms the actual substance of the work. It is unlikely that the *Jingui yuheng jing* was written much earlier than the *Wuyue chungiu*. Nevertheless, it should be noted that the *Jingui yuheng jing* is in part devoted to the application of *shi* 式 techniques of the Han period.

A good critical edition of the text, based on the *Daozang* version, by Sun Xingyan 孫星衍, is found in *Pingjin guan congshu* 平津館叢書.

Marc Kalinowski

Huangdi shou sanzai xuannü jing 黃帝授三子玄女經

4 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

285 (fasc.136)

"Book of the Dark Maiden, Transmitted by Huangdi to His Three Disciples." This is a short treatise on divination by the *liuren* 六壬 method.

The presentation and style of the work are comparable to 284 *Huangdi jingui yuheng jing*. A few rare commentaries come with the text. All the prognostications are aimed at determining the lucky or ill-fated character of matrimonial unions. From the fragmentary nature of this opuscle, one can suppose that the present text is an extract from a larger work devoted to the *liuren* method, such as the *Xuannü shijing* 玄女式經.

The technical formula stated in the first lines of page 1a of the text is also found in an inscription that appears on a divinatory table *shi* 式 dating from the end of the Six Dynasties (220–589; cf. *Wenwu cankao ziliao* 文物參考資料 no. 7 [1958]: 20–23). It also

appears in the *Wuxing dayi* 5.2b, which considers it to come from a *Liuren shijing*. *Siku tiyao* III.947c establishes a connection between the present text and the *Xuannü shijing yaofa* 要法 mentioned in the *Sui shu* (34.1029). Before the Tang period (618–907), the existence of *liuren* treatises placed under the patronage of the Dark Maiden is attested by the *Wuxing dayi* 5.4b. Part of the description of this *liuren* method by the *Wuxing dayi* is based on extracts from a *Xuannü shijing*. The quoted passages are not found in the present version.

Other editions are found in the *Jindai bishu* 津逮秘書 and *Pingjin guan congshu* 平津館叢書.

Marc Kalinowski

1.A.3 Medicine and Pharmacology

Medical works entered into the Taoist canon with the catalogue of the Xuandu guan 玄都觀 by WANG YAN and his collaborators (see the general introduction). Medicine and drugs have been part of Taoist practice since early times. In the Heavenly Masters ecclesia, spiritual exercises were to replace medicine for the curing of illness, but soon, as for instance in the case of the sectarians of 335 *Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing*, the masters used acupuncture to alleviate the sufferings of the faithful. Medicine, especially herbal drugs, also figures prominently in the Shangqing scriptures, and their editor TAO HONGJING was also an important scholar of Chinese medical science.

Ancient medical texts have been reassembled and reedited time and again throughout history. As a result, many important old texts figure in the Ming canon in later versions. The reader is therefore advised to consult also part 2.A.3 and part 3.A.3. The present section presents only the Yellow Emperor Classics and TAO HONGJING's *Zhouhou beiji fang*.

The scholarly literature on ancient Chinese medicine is abundant and easily accessible to students of the discipline. It has therefore seemed sufficient to the editors to limit the present section to the discussion of the actual editions as preserved in the *Daozang*.

Huangdi suwen lingshu jizhu 黃帝素問靈樞集註

23 juan

Edited by Shi Song 史崧; preface dated 1155

1020 (fasc. 661–663)

"Combined Commentaries on the Basic Questions and the Divine Pivot of the Yellow Emperor." The classic Inner Canon of the Yellow Emperor (*Huangdi neijing* 黃

帝內經) is traditionally considered to be composed of two parts, the Basic Questions and the Divine Pivot, each in nine juan. Although the *Huangdi neijing* may have been elaborated during the Former Han period (206 B.C.–A.D. 9) or even earlier, there is still much discussion about the formation of the text as we have it today.

The preface of Shi Song states that in his time the text of the *Suwen* was current and well established, whereas *Lingshu* editions were quite deficient. On the basis both of a number of ancient manuscripts that his family had handed down and of other old versions, he edited the *Lingshu* text. He divided the text into twenty-four juan and eighty-one chapters, adding phonological glosses (the last juan containing the glosses). He does not mention any commentary, and the present edition does not contain any. The title of the present version of Shi Song's work is therefore erroneous: it contains neither the text of the *Suwen*, nor the commentaries. The text as edited here has only twenty-three juan, as the phonological glosses have been distributed inside the main text.

The *Lingshu* as edited by Shi is mainly concerned with acupuncture. Therefore it has also been called the Needle Classic (*zhenjing* 針經). Its authenticity has been much debated, the authorship being ascribed to Huangfu Mi 皇甫謐, and even to WANG BING. Much of the material it contains is certainly ancient.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Huangdi neijing suwen buzhu shiwen 黃帝內經素問補註釋文

50 juan

Commentary by WANG BING, hao Qixuan zi 啓玄子 (762), corrected by Lin Yi 林億 (1058–1064) and others, and again by Sun Zhao 孫兆

1018 (fasc. 649–660)

“Questions on Initial Life, from the Inner Canon of the Yellow Emperor, Text and Annotations.” The title of *Huangdi neijing*, not mentioned in the *Shiji*, does figure in the bibliographic chapters of the *Han shu*, which lists it as comprising eighteen juan, according to the *Qiliue* 七略 catalogue by Liu Xin 劉歆 (d. 23 B.C.). This title therefore existed some time before the beginning of our era. Its attribution to the Yellow Emperor was already questioned by Huangfu Mi 皇甫謐 (215–282) in his preface to the *Jiayi jing* 甲乙經. Huangdi's early association with medicine, however, can also be seen, for instance, in the Biography of Cangong (*Shiji* 105).

The title *Suwen*, not mentioned in the biographical chapters of the *Han shu*, appears in the third century in the *Shanghan lun* 傷寒論, in the *Maijing* 脈經, and in the preface of Huangfu Mi to the *Jiayi jing*, where it is said: “At the present time there exists a *Zhenjing* 針經 in nine juan and the *Suwen* 素問 in nine juan. These two works form the *Neijing* 內經 in eighteen juan.”

WANG BING adopts this viewpoint, but places the *Suwen* first (preface, 1a). Thus, the title *Suwen* appears around the second and third centuries. According to Yu Jiayi,

this title may well have existed at the time of Liu Xin, who may have only mentioned two encyclopedic works in his catalogue, the *Huangdi neijing* in eighteen juan and the *waijing* in eighteen juan, without giving the titles of the component works (*Siku tiyao bianzheng* 12.624).

For Quan Yuanqi 全元起, the first commentator of the *Suwen* (early sixth century), the term *su* 素 designates the foundation of life. According to the *Qianzuo du* 乾鑿度, *su* means Taisu 太素, “the beginning of the manifestation of the qi, of matter” (1.1a).

Prior to the commentary by WANG BING, there existed two other commentaries on the *Suwen*, on which Wang based himself. The first of these is that of Quan Yuanqi, of whom we know nothing except that his friend Wang Sengru 王僧儒 died in 503 (*Nan shi* 59.4459). His commentary, originally in nine juan, is mentioned as comprising eight juan in the bibliographical chapter of the *Sui shu* (34.1043, based on the catalogue of the Liang), in the *Jiu Tang shu* (47.2046), and in the bibliographical chapters of the *Song shi* (207.5303). The *Xin Tang shu* (59.1565) and the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” list the nine-juan version. The second commentary, by Yang Shangshan 楊上善, titled *Huangdi neijing taisu* 黃帝內經太素, is in thirty juan. This is a classification of the text of the *Suwen* by themes, accompanied by commentaries. The author is said to have been an imperial physician during the Daye era (605–618) of the Sui dynasty.

WANG BING, whose hao was Qixuan zi, thus based his commentary on the two texts mentioned above, which he had obtained from his master Xuanzhu zi 玄珠子 (see 1023 *Suwen liuqi xuanzhu miyu*, preface, 1a). He also made use of the manuscript of an earlier master named Zhang, which he discovered in the library of a certain Mr. Guo (preface, 3a). He not only commented on the text, but also modified the number (and order) of the juan to twenty-four and of the chapters to eighty-one. In order to make the text more explicit, he sometimes added characters in red ink, to set them off from the original text (preface, 5a). His commentary is essentially based on certain chapters of the *Suwen* and the *Lingshu*, the quotations of which are occasionally introduced under the title *Zhenjing*. Wang also wrote a preface dated 762 that is placed at the head of the book.

Lin Yi and his group revised the text and the commentary on imperial orders received in 1057. Sun Zhao proceeded to make a new revision. The work was presented to the emperor before being published. The *Daozang* edition begins with a memorial (*biao* 表) presented by Lin Yi and his collaborators on that occasion. In his revision notes, always signaled by the phrase “*xin jiaozheng yun* 新校正云,” Lin Yi often quotes the *Jiayi jing* and the commentaries on the *Suwen* by Quan Yuanqi and by Yang Shangshan. Moreover on several occasions, he indicates variants from an unidentified “separate manuscript” (*bieben* 別本). These notes are the result of a painstaking study comparing the redundancies of the different chapters and the commentaries to these passages by WANG BING. The notes also mention the changes in the titles and the

order of the chapters that WANG BING made with respect to the edition annotated by Quan Yuanqi (see the comparative tables in Okanishi Tameto, *Song yiqian yiji kao*, 1:11-14; Ma Jixing, *Zhongyi wenxian xue*, 68-109).

The *Suwen* presents itself as a dialogue between Huangdi and his minister and teacher Qibo 岐伯, with the exception of the last seven chapters (juan 49-50, chapters 75-81), where Huangdi transmits his knowledge to his minister Leigong. Huangfu Mi writes in his preface to the *Jiayi jing*: "The marvelous treatise [of the Yellow Emperor] was received by Leigong, who transmitted it to posterity."

This book is of a composite nature; it does not date from a single period, nor does it represent a single school (see the studies by Yamada and Keegan). At present, only seventy-nine chapters survive: chapters 72 and 73 were already lost when WANG BING wrote his commentary. Of the remaining seventy-nine chapters, the authenticity of seven (66-71, 74) has been questioned by Lin Yi, who attributes them to WANG BING himself (preface). These chapters develop the theory of the five revolutions and the six qi (*wuyun liuqi* 五運六氣). Besides these chapters, there are three others (4, 8, and 15) that are never mentioned in the *Jiayi jing* and that are therefore probably of later date; chapter 8, moreover, mentions official titles that came into being only after 265. The other chapters date from the end of the Warring States period at the earliest, and from the end of the Later Han (A.D. 25-220) at the latest. The chapters that speak only of yinyang without mentioning the Five Agents are from the late Warring States period, like the manuscripts found at Mawang dui. Some chapters only use cyclical characters to designate the time of day; these are of the early Han period (e.g., chapter 3), whereas the chapters that use cyclical characters where the first month of the year corresponds to the sign *yin* 寅 are later than 104 B.C. (cf. chapter 49).

The *Suwen*, which expounds medical theory, diagnostics, major diseases, and acupuncture, represents an already elaborate synthesis of medical knowledge that circulated among physicians who referred themselves to Huangdi and among the *fangshi* 方士. Certain principles (chapter 26) are close to the current theories in Han astronomy and divination by wind (*fengzhan* 風占).

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Catherine Despeux

Ge xianweng zhouhou beiqi fang 葛仙翁肘後備急方

8 juan

By GE HONG 葛洪 (283-343), TAO HONGJING 陶弘景 (456-536), and Yang Yongdao 楊用道 (preface dated 1144); edited by Duan Chengyi 段成已, *hao* Juxuan xiansheng 菊軒先生 (1276)

1306 (fasc. 1013-1015)

"Vade Mecum with Prescriptions for All Emergencies, by Old Immortal Ge." This famous handbook of herbal medicine was originally compiled by GE HONG, with the title *Zhouhou jiuzi fang* 肘後救卒方 (Vade Mecum for Extreme Urgencies), which must have comprised three juan, totalling 86 rubrics. About two centuries later TAO HONGJING made a revised edition, sometimes condensing Ge's prescriptions, and sometimes adding his own, arriving at a total of 101 rubrics. This number had a symbolic meaning, because it corresponded to the number of diseases, which, in Buddhist texts, are related to each of the Four Elements (earth, water, fire, and wind). The rubrics were classified into internal diseases, external diseases, and illnesses caused by animals or by exterior agents.

In the twelfth century, Yang Yongdao again revised Tao's work. He had obtained an edition of the Qiantong era (1101-1110). Yang added at the end of each rubric prescriptions copied from another handbook called *Zhenglei bencao* 證類本草 (Classified *Materia Medica*), by Tang Shenwei 唐慎微 (fl. 1082).

According to Chen Jiru 陳繼儒, who edited the present handbook during the Wanli period (1573-1620), the work was included in the Ming *Daozang* at the request of ZHAO YIZHEN. Zhao was himself the editor of another medical handbook also included in the canon, 1165 *Xianchuan waiké bifang*.

The present edition has five prefaces: (1) by GE HONG; (2) by TAO HONGJING; (3) a continuation of this "old preface" written at Luming shan 鹿鳴山; (4) by Yang Yongdao, who called his expanded edition the *Fuguang zhouhou fang* 附廣肘後方; (5) by Duan Chengyi, who found a copy while on an inspection tour in Henan and had it printed. Duan, a *jinsi* of the Zhengda era (1224-1231), was a famous man of letters, close to the Quanzhen school of which his cousin Duan Keji 段克己 was an adept (cf. *Ermiao ji* 9a).

In addition to recipes of herbal medicine, the present handbook sometimes prescribes acupuncture and moxibustion, as well as certain "shamanistic" practices, especially in cases of possession (1.12a-b). Incantations are prescribed in juan 3 (5b). The handbook also has some veterinary prescriptions.

Catherine Despeux

1.A.4 Yangsheng

The contents of the present section do not adequately represent the wealth of early textual material preserved in the Taoist canon concerning the arts of Tending Life. Indeed, here we find only those works that we can surmise correspond to pre-Sui (581–618) versions. Many more texts, however, survive in later collections of the Tang dynasty (618–907), and the reader is therefore invited to consult also part 2.A.4. Moreover, many ancient *yangsheng* 養生 practices were transmitted as part of the Shangqing revelations. Hence they were rewritten and also more or less altered; nevertheless the ancient forms remain very much apparent. In one famous case, that of the Book of the Yellow Court (*Huangting jing* 黃庭經), we happen to have the two complete versions: the ancient text (332 *Taishang huangting waijing yujing*) as well as the Shangqing version (331 *Taishang huangting neijing yujing*), which is listed among the texts in part 1.B.2. Critical studies of this kind of Shangqing material may yet yield many new insights into the early history of Tending Life practices.

The few texts assembled here are, nevertheless, important. Both the original version of the above-mentioned *Huangting jing* and the newly identified *Laozi zhongjing* 老子中經 (1168 *Taishang laojun zhongjing*) are highly significant works. Equally essential is the 818 *Taiqing daoyin yangsheng jing*, which can be linked to the well-known Ma-wangdui manuscripts. The hitherto unstudied 132 *Taiqing zhenren luoming jue* is also a remarkable source for the vision of the body and its transcendent dimensions.

Taishang laojun zhongjing 太上老君中經

2 juan

Later Han (25–220)?

1168 (fasc. 839)

“The Most High Lord Lao’s Book of the Center.” This work is one of the earliest manuals of Taoist cosmology to have come down to us. An identical version has been preserved in YJQQ 18–19, under the title *Laozi zhongjing* 老子中經 (Laozi’s Book of the Center), also named *Zhugong yuli* 珠宮玉曆 (Jade Calendar of the Pearly Palace). The commentary by Liangqiu zi 梁丘子 in 402 *Huangting neijing yujing zhu* 2.5b quotes a passage of chapter 17 of the present text under the title of *Yuli jing* 玉曆經, and again at 2.23a a passage of chapter 11. The work 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 1.18b–19b and 21a quotes different passage from chapters 34, 35, and 22 of our work, without indentifying them.

The work is composed of fifty-five chapters, numbered in sequence and followed by the mention of divine immortals (*shenxian* 神仙). The significance of this term

here is unclear, unless we assume that it was originally followed by the word *xuantu* 玄圖 (mysterious picture). Indeed, the final chapter gives a book title that may well have been that of the present work: Jade Calendar of the Sun [and the Moon?], with Mysterious Pictures of the Divine Immortals, in Fifty-Five Chapters (*Shenxian xuantu ri [yue?] yuli wushiwu zhang* 神仙玄圖日[月?]玉曆五十五章). It is therefore possible that formerly each chapter was accompanied by illustrations depicting the deities described. When these illustrations no longer existed, the editors removed the reference “mysterious picture,” leaving before each chapter the truncated enumeration of *diyi shenxian*, *dier shenxian*, and so on.

Chen Guofu (CGF 80) identifies the present work with a *Laojun yuli zhenjing* 老君玉曆真經 in the library of GE HONG (BPZ 19.305). 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.7a, however, lists a *Yuli jing* (in one juan) as well as a *Laozi zhongjing* (in one juan) as two different works to be transmitted at the ordination of a Gaoxuan fashi 高玄法師 priest. However this may be, it seems certain that the present work antedates GE HONG (283–343). The final chapter mentions the titles of several talismans named the *Zhutai* 珠胎, *Qiji* 七機, *Huagai* 華蓋, and *Qingguan* 清觀. The bibliographical chapter of the *Baopu zi* mentions the talismans called *Zhutai* and *Qiji* (BPZ 19.307), titles not found in any other Taoist text known today. Moreover, our text finishes with the following words spoken by Laozi: “I enjoin you to search diligently for a master. I have taught eighty-one disciples, who have all become immortals. Ten of them have dispersed among the people. They are grain immortals (*guxian* 穀仙), who roam everywhere, looking for adepts. I have traversed the times of Qin 秦 [221–207 B.C.] and Xiang 項 [i.e., Xiang Yu 項羽, 233–202 B.C.] without manifesting myself. Now I shall appear for the Han, in accordance with the Yellow Era. Those who will see me shall know great happiness!” This coming of a new “yellow” era recalls not only the cosmological speculations of Wang Mang’s (r. A.D. 9–25) times, but especially the Yellow Turban Revolt of 184. The term *guxian* is also given in 818 *Taiqing daoyin yangsheng jing* 6b, where it is applied to Pengzu 彭祖. This is undoubtedly an ancient work that may date to the Eastern Jin dynasty (317–420).

The work describes in detail all the gods of the universe and of the human body, giving the exact correspondences between the two, from the greatest and highest to the smallest and lowest. Farther on, the text places these gods in a liturgical calendar that takes into account the phases of the moon, the sexagesimal cycle of days, and the twelve hours of the day. The meditation on the gods of the body is accompanied by visualization, massage, and invocations. Sexual exercises also appear to have been used, as women and men practice together (chapters 13 and 24), while the latter are instructed to retain their semen (chapter 21).

The Jade Calendar concerns not only these exercises, but also the cosmic cycles,

short and long, that separate the recurring periods of crisis. The book foretells (chapter 52) the imminent end of a major cycle, when only immortals and Taoists will be saved from the wholesale destruction of the present world.

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Kristofer Schipper

Taiqing zhenren luoming jue 太清真人絡命訣

9 fols.

Third or fourth century

132 (fasc. 59)

"Methods for a Lasting Life of the True Persons of Greatest Purity." This is an ancient manual for Tending Life techniques, quoted under the present title in Song catalogues (see VDL 92). It quotes (on page 2a) a *Shenxian tu* 神仙圖 (Illustrations of Divine Immortals). This is the ancient title of 1168 *Taishang laojun zhongjing*, where the quoted passage can be found in section 12 (1.7b). The names given here on pages 3b–4b to the different spirits of the body are also similar to those in *Taishang laojun zhongjing*, section 26 (1.21b; e.g., "Dandan 旦旦" for the spirit of the stomach, "Bibi 俾俾" for the spirit of the spleen, etc.).

The manual draws on a variety of sources. It begins (1a–2b) with a few theoretical explanations by Huang-Lao, the foremost saint of early Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) Taoism.

These explanations are followed by instructions for "serving the Tao" (*shidao* 事道) given by a master (*shi* 師). First the adepts, male as well as female, should atone for their sins and obtain pardon from the heavenly administration. Then they should visualize the spirits of the body by means of the techniques of Visualizing of the Five Beasts (*cun wushou* 存五獸) and Traveling through the Viscera (*lizang* 歷臟).

The final part (5a–9b) is spoken by deity (*shen* 神). He says: "Can I constantly remain separated from mankind? If I am to dwell with mankind, it behooves to think of me. Humans are neglecting themselves and do not take loving care of their bodies. They reject me, they lose me, they shame me, they hurt me, they injure me through their married life, they tire me out with their sex, . . . they do not meditate on me according to the Tao." Thereupon, a Taoist (*dao* 道) asks the deity about the ways of preserving the vital energies. These ways are then expounded in terms that are close to 1168 *Taishang laojun zhongjing* (compare the description of the Cinnabar Field [*dantian* 丹田] here on page 8b with 1168 *Laojun zhongjing*, section 17, 1.13a–13b), the main innovation in the present text being that, in addition to the *dantian* in the lower part of the body, there is also one each in the median and upper parts (*zhongbu dantian* 中部

丹田 and *shangbu dantian* 上部丹田). This is a development also found in Shangqing Taoism. In the absence, however, of other references to this tradition, we may conclude that the present text belongs to an earlier stratum.

Kristofer Schipper

Xiandao jing 顯道經

14 fols.

Third century?

862 (fasc. 578)

"Exposition of the Tao." This is an ancient manual of Tending Life practices that emphasizes practical methods, especially for reducing starches ("abstaining from cereals," *duangu* 斷穀) and slimming, as well as for meditation. The practice of the Tao is defined here as "entering the room of the Tao" (*ru dao shi* 入室). After an introduction into general and theoretical topics, a subtitle, "Explanations of the Simple Tao" (*Su dao jie* 素道解), aptly characterizes the contents. Few sources are given, but similar instructions can be found in Tang works such as 830 *Fuqi jingyi lun* by SIMA CHENGZHEN. At the end, the text refers to a *Shenxian tu* 神仙圖. This title could well refer to 1168 *Taishang laojun zhongjing* (q.v.), and quotations here show many similarities with that text; for instance: "If you constantly think of the Tao, the Tao will also think of you. In sadness, think of the Tao; in illness think of the Tao; in poverty think of the Tao; in need and distress think of the Tao; when rich and noble, think of the Tao; when eating and drinking, think of the Tao. . . . The Tao is I, and I with you shall together practice the arts of Long Life." 132 *Taiqing zhenren luoming jue* also gives a citation from the *Shenxian tu* that in many respects is similar. Also, the particular names for the spirits of the Five Viscera (e.g., Bibi 俾俾 for the spleen; see page 10b) are common to the three texts. The present work should be of a contemporary, pre-Eastern Jin (317–420) date.

Kristofer Schipper

Taiqing daoyin yangsheng jing 太清導引養生經

19 fols.

Fourth century?

818 (fasc. 568)

"Treatise of Great Purity on Gymnastics and Nurturing Vitality." This work is listed in the *Bishu sheng xubian dao siku quesbu mu* (1145) under the title of *Daoyin yangsheng jing* 導引養生經, in one juan (VDL 150). The text is later than 1427 *Taiqing Daolin shesheng lun*, to which it refers, and 824 *Songshan Taiwu xiansheng qijing*, which it cites. It probably dates in its present form to a period after the mid-eighth century. However, the *Zhubing yuanhou lun* (dated 610) and 836 *Shenxian shiqi jingui miaolu* already

cite much the same material from traditional sources. On the basis of these citations, the majority of the exercises described here can be dated to the late sixth century. A relationship between the present text and the lost *Yangsheng yaoji* 養生要集 (fourth century; see Barrett, "Transmission") can only be surmised.

The partial edition of the work in YJQQ 34.1a–13b corresponds, with variants, to the section 1a–13a of the present text. Another abridged version is found in juan 28 of 1017 *Daoshu*.

The work consists of a collection of gymnastics and breathing techniques, including those of Daolin 道林 (i.e., Zhi Dun 支遁, 314–366), representing the schools of various immortals of antiquity (Chisong zi 赤松子, Ning Feng zi 寧封子, Pengzu 彭祖, Wangzi Qiao 王子喬). Several of the latter's biographies in 294 *Liexian zhuan* are cited. The breathing techniques and animal-like movements placed under the patronage of Ning Feng zi continue an ancient tradition.

Remnants of this tradition dating from the Han period (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) have been unearthed in recent decades by archaeologists: the Gymnastics Chart (*Daoyin tu* 導引圖) in Mawangdui, depicting movements and exercises; and a set of commentaries on these illustrations, inscribed on bamboo slips discovered separately in Jiangling, Hunan (see the references in Despeux).

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Jean Lévi and Franciscus Verellen

Taishang huangting waijing yujing 太上黃庭外景玉經

3 juan

Before A.D. 255

332 (fasc. 167)

"Precious Book of the Exterior Landscape of the Yellow Court." This is the original *Huangting jing*, a didactic poem spoken by Lord Lao and describing the interior world. The epithet *waijing* was later added by the Shangqing tradition, in order to distinguish this ancient text from their own 331 *Taishang huangting neijing yujing* (see, for instance, 1344 *Dongzhen taishang shuo zhihui xiaomo zhenjing* 1.15b: 黃庭內外[景經]).

The oldest copy of the present text is by Wang Xizi 王羲之 (303–379). Written in 337, it has been reproduced on a stele, from which a number of rubbings have been preserved. These rubbings have been studied and critically edited by Nakata Yūjirō (*Chūgoku shoron shū*, 83–142).

The *Huangting jing* is, however, older than that. Its prosody and rhymes correspond to Later Han (25–220) or Three Kingdoms (220–265) usage (see Maspero, "Methods," 489). 294 *Liexian zhuan* 2.21a (biography of Zhu Huang 朱璜) mentions

the *Laojun Huangting jing* and the practice of its multiple recitations. It is, moreover, mentioned in 789 *Zhengyi fawen tianshi jiaojie kejing* 16a (dated 255) as an important work for the instruction of adepts. Its specific vocabulary is also used in 1294 *Shangqing huangshu guodu yi* 19b–20b. The work was part of GE HONG's library (1185 *Baopu zi neipian* 19.5a).

In the present edition, the text is divided into three short juan, which correspond to the version in the annotated edition of 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 58–60.

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Kristofer Schipper

Taishang mingjian zhenjing 太上明鑑真經

11 fols.

1207 (fasc. 876)

"The Most High True Scripture of the Clear Mirror." The territorial units listed in our text (6a) are *zhou*, *jun*, *xian*, and so on. The same text in *Laojun mingzhao fa xushi* 老君明照法敘事 (in YJQQ 48.7b), in the oath of transmission (*shifa* 誓法), omits *jun* 郡 from this list. The *jun* commandery was abolished as a formal territorial unit during the early Tang (618–907). YJQQ 48.7a also shows traces of another revision of our text (5a) in the substitution of *li* 理 for *zhi* 治, the taboo name of Tang Gaozong. We may therefore conclude that the present text dates from the Six Dynasties period (220–589).

The work is an assortment of instructions and charms devoted to the pursuit of immortality. It comprises two parts, of which only the first deals with mirrors, the second part concerns a medicinal plant and the three poisonous worms (*sanchong* 三蟲).

Part 1 (1a–6b) presents various methods of meditation that make use of the powers of water and metal intrinsic to Chinese mirrors. From resolute self-visualization in one or several mirrors, the adept progresses to the technique of the four discs. These discs are implanted at cardinal points by the four emblematic animals, each bearing a looking glass. In this way the adept may perceive his personal gods as well as the nine transformations of Laozi according to the hours of the day. For the highest degree of meditation the text counsels the use of a single mirror. It gives details (but no drawing) of a charm, the *tianyuan fu* 天圓符 attributed to Zuo Yuanfang 左元放, the master of GE HONG. Placed on the back of a small mirror to be worn by the adept, this charm assures him protection against all evil. A formula of transmission for these instructions ends the first part of this text.

Part 2 (7a–9b) consists of moral injunctions addressed to a *Huangting zhenren*



FIGURE 2. The Three Deities guarding against the Three Afflictions of lust, greed, and ambition (1207 10b–11a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1191)

daoshi 黃庭真人道士 concerning *jiuheng* 就衡 (manna), used by Emperor Yao to nourish victims of the Deluge. This food is made from a nine-knotted, thirty-six leaved plant gathered by a Huangting yunü 黃庭玉女. It is associated with four charms of the cardinal points; the charms are shown in drawings and identified in the text accompanied by their propitious dates, regulated to the calendrical system *jianchu* 建除.

The final instructions are aimed at fighting the three poisonous worms by means of three charms. Two of these charms, the text states, derive from the *Laozi sanshijiu zhen fu* 老子三十九真符. There are no illustrations of these charms, but auspicious days for entering the mountains to prepare the remedies are given. Our text closes with the illustrations of three gods complete in details of dress and identity, who, when invoked, will help the adept to fulfill the instructions provided (fig. 2).

Reference concerning the four discs *sigui* 四規 (2a) is found in BPZ 19, which lists among lost works a book of Four Discs (*Sigui jing* 四規經) and a Book of the Clear Mirror (*Mingjing jing* 明鏡經). BPZ 19 further lists a Charm of the Forty-nine True Mirrors (*Sishijiu zhenjing fu* 四十九真經符), which may well be related to the Charm of the Thirty-nine True Mirrors (*Sanshijiu zhenjing fu* 三十九真經符) mentioned in the present text (9b).

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Taiqing jing duangu fa 太清經斷穀法

12 fols.

846 (fasc. 573)

“Methods of the Great Purity Canon for Abstaining from Cereals.” This text comprises elements of a tradition that can be traced at least to the Han dynasty (206 B.C.–A.D. 220). Among the patron saints of this tradition is Cui Yezi 崔野子, whose biography in LZIT 7.13b probably derives from the late Six Dynasties (220–589) *Dongxian zhuan* 洞仙傳. The present work probably dates to the end of the Six Dynasties period at the earliest.

All of the six recipes for which a source is indicated (see 2a–b, 5b, 6a, 6b, and 9b) are said to derive from the *Wufu jing* 五符經. Four of these resemble recipes found in 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 2.21a–b, 2.30b–31a, 2.35a, and 2.36a, except for details concerning measures and quantities. The recipes are also abridged. The two remaining recipes attributed to the *Wufu jing* (2.a–b, 6a) are related only remotely to those found there: perhaps 2.12a for the *fuling* 茯苓 (*pachyma cocos*) recipe and 2.21a–b for *huangjing* 黃精 (*poligonatum giganteum*).

The present work (7a–b) contains a citation of the *Baopu zi* that is not found in extant editions.

The book consists of a selection of exclusively plant-based recipes for preparing substitute foods. Some of the foods are themselves based on cereals, but in fermented form. All of the preparations are extremely simple and require only a few common ingredients. The recipes refer to only five plants: *fuling* 茯苓, *huangjing* 黃精, *zhu* 朮, *jusheng* 巨勝, and *tianmen dong* 天門冬.

Jean Lévi

1.A.5 Alchemy

As with other technical texts (medicine, *yangsheng* 養生), the early materials related to alchemy have been preserved in a great variety of sources and in many different compilations. Here again, later editions brought together in part 2.A.5 should be consulted alongside the present ones. Many alchemical recipes and techniques have also been transmitted within the Shangqing scriptures (see part 1.B.2).

The works assembled here are of a varied nature. Some are highly technical (930 *Sanshiliu shuifa*), while others relate to mythology (see, for instance, the “method” of the five transcendental “mushrooms” planted by the divine Mao brothers on Maoshan 茅山 [889 *Taiji zhenren jiuzhuan huandan jing yaojue*]). Some works, such as the ancient

alchemical manual 880 *Taiqing jinyi shendan jing*, have sections on ritual. Throughout this section the role played by GE HONG in the elaboration of alchemical lore is apparent. As can be seen from many titles in this section and in part 2.A.5, the compilers of the Xuandu guan 玄都觀 catalogue and subsequent bibliographers classified these alchemical texts in the Taiqing division.

For the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 and related texts, the reader is invited to consult the introduction to part 2.A.5. Although the notion of Inner Alchemy was in a way already present in later Han times (see 1168 *Taishang laojun zhongjing* 38), to all evidence the work that is now called *Zhouyi cantong qi* belongs to a later development in Taoist thought and practice.

Shenxian fuer danshi xingyao fa 神仙服餌丹石行藥法

26 fols.

Attributed to Jingli xiansheng 京里先生; Six Dynasties (220–589)

420 (fasc. 192)

“Methods of the Divine Immortals for Ingesting Cinnabar and Other Minerals, and for Making Medicines Edible.” This text includes a collection of alchemical recipes and a section dealing with the general principles of the treatment of mineral and vegetal substances. Apart from two references to cinnabar as coming from Yue 越 (in modern Zhejiang; 7a) and Ba 巴 (in modern Sichuan; 9a), which suggest that the text dates at least partially from before the Tang (618–907), there is no definite evidence on the date of this compilation. The name of its legendary author, who is also credited with 836 *Shenxian Shiqi jingui miaolu*, appears as Jingli 景里 xiansheng in *Bishu sheng xubian dao siku quesu mu* 2.36b, where the title of the work is given as *Shenxian fushi ershi bing xingyao fa* 神仙服食餌石并行藥法 (Methods of the Divine Immortals for Ingesting Minerals in Pills, and for Making Medicines Edible; cf. VDL 130).

The contents of the work may be divided into three parts. The first part (1a–11a) includes twenty-one methods for making cinnabar edible. There follow similar recipes for realgar (11a–17b) and other substances (25a–26a). A third section (17b–25a, entitled *Shenxian fushi ershi* 神仙服食餌石, a name close to the variant title mentioned above) discusses the value and use of common minerals and plants for obtaining immortality, as well as the general principles underlying their treatment and ingestion. The methods described in this work seem to be related to traditions reflected in the early hagiographical sources, where the ingestion of minerals and plants is often mentioned as part of dietary regimes. Several recipes here are in fact associated with names of legendary immortals of antiquity.

Fabrizio Pregadio

Sanshiliu shuifa 三十六水法

12 fols.

930 (fasc. 597)

“Thirty-six Methods for Liquefying [Solids].” This work describes ways of turning metals and minerals into aqueous solutions. A *Sanshiliu shuifang* 三十六水經, without attribution, is mentioned by GE HONG (283–343) in 1185 *Baopu zi neipian* 19.4b. Some of these methods were known to GE HONG since he speaks of “transforming instantly the thirty-six minerals (or stones) into water 三十六石, 立化爲水” (1185 *Baopu zi neipian* 3.1b) and further describes two methods for making aqueous solutions of realgar and cinnabar (1185 *Baopu zi neipian* 16.9b–10a). These two methods correspond, with some variants, to 2a–2b of the present text. The book is entitled *Lian sanshiliu shui shi fa* 鍊三十六水石法 in the *Chongwen zongmu* (VDL 163).

According to one tradition, the authorship of the work is ascribed to Liu An 劉安 (179–122 B.C.). His biography in the *Shenxian zhuan* 神仙傳 states that he was given an alchemical book in thirty-six juan 丹經三十六卷 by his Eight Masters (Bagong 八公). An excerpt from the same work in YJQQ 109.24a adds: “Alchemical scriptures along with thirty-six recipes for mercury, etc. [丹經及三十六水丹等方] or: diverse recipes of which thirty-six concern solvents and silver[.]”

Supplementary information can be found in 885 *Huangdi jinding shendan jingjue* 8.1a–2a, according to which Liu An not only received the *Sanshiliu shuifa* from the Bagong, but also a *Wuling shendan shangjing* 五靈神丹上經. That source also includes the line of transmission of these texts (8.2b) and states that Liu An transmitted them to Zuo Wu 左吳 before ascending into Heaven. According to Gao You 高誘, however, Zuo Wu himself was one of the Bagong (cf. 1184 *Huainan honglie jie*, preface 2a).

Another tradition ascribes the authorship to TAO HONGJING. His bibliography in the *Huayang yinju xiansheng benqi lu* (YJQQ 107.10a), by his nephew Tao Yi 陶翊 (ca. 502), includes the title *Fuyunmu zhu shiyao xiaohua sanshiliu shuifang* 服雲母諸石藥消化三十六水方 in one juan. TAO HONGJING himself, however, notes in his commentary to the *Bencao* 本草: “The methods of transformation [*xiao* 消] of nitre can be found in the *Sanshiliu shuifang*” (*Shennong bencao jing jizhu* 23, and 769 *Tujiang yanyi bencao* 1.28a). The sentence is also quoted, although incorrectly, in 885 *Shendan jingjue* 19.2a. There are indeed several procedures for dissolving nitre in our text (4a–b); the third of these also figures in 885 *Shendan jingjue* 19.2a.

Despite the title, the *Sanshiliu shuifa* comprises more than thirty-six methods. The text must have acquired its present form during the Northern Song (960–1127), if not already during the Tang: the 885 *Shendan jingjue* includes a “*rongyan shuifa* 戎鹽水法” excerpted from the *Sanshiliu shuifa* which figures after the thirty-six methods in our text.

The procedures themselves are short; nitre (*xiaoshi* 硝石) is generally used as solvent to obtain various solutions (alum, gold, realgar, cinnabar, lacquer, etc.). Instruction on the ritual used for the transmission of the text, attributed to a certain Gao Qi 高起, along with an incomplete list of days forbidden for the making of drugs is found at the end of the text (11b–12b; compare this list with that of 885 *Huangdi jiuding shendan jing* 1.2a; 880 *Taiqing jinyi shendan jingjue* 1.7a; and 908 *Shangqing jiuzhen zhongjing neijue* 2b).

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Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Shangqing jiuzhen zhongjing neijue 上清九真中經內訣

6 fols.

Attributed to Chisong zi 赤松子; early Six Dynasties (220–589)

908 (fasc. 589)

“Secret Instructions on the Central Book of the Nine Authentic [Lords] of High Purity.” This text is attributed to Chisong zi, who appears here under the appellation Taiji zhenren 太極真人 (Zhenren of the Great Ultimate). No exact details are available about the origin and date of this short text, but its title and attribution suggest that it may have been transmitted as part of the Shangqing corpus. Taiji zhenren is also associated with 889 *Taiji zhenren jiuzhuan huandan jing yaojue* and 1376 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing*, two other works related to this corpus and entirely or partially devoted to alchemical methods.

The text includes three methods for the ingestion of cinnabar (1a–2b), followed by the description of an Offering (*jiao Taiyi fa* 醮太一法; 2b–5b) to be performed before the preparation of the elixir.

Fabrizio Pregadio

Taiji zhenren jiuzhuan huandan jing yaojue 太極真人九轉還丹經要訣

8 fols.

Early Six Dynasties (220–589)

889 (fasc. 586)

“Essential Instructions on the Book of the Nine-Times-Transmuted Elixir of the Zhenren of the Great Ultimate.” This work includes the recipe for an elixir (1a–5b), two methods for compounding minor drugs (5b–6b), and an account of five *zhi* 芝 (substances of a transcendental nature that only divinities can confer upon adepts) said to have been planted by Mao Ying 茅盈 and his brothers on Maoshan 茅山 (6b–8a).

The text, which is listed for the first time as *Taiji zhenren jiuzhuan huandan jing* in *Sui shu* 34.1049, is presented here as revealed by Xicheng Wangjun 西城王君, one of the Shangqing immortals.

Several quotations in TPYL from the biography of Mao Ying confirm that the materials found in the present text were once part of the Shangqing scriptural corpus. These quotations are derived from both the first recipe (e.g., passages in 1a and 3b are quoted in TPYL 942.4b, 811.7a, and 812.7a; cf. also TPYL 671.1a and 1016 *Zhen'gao* 5.4a) and the account of the *zhi* (passages in 6b and 7a–b are quoted in TPYL 718.7b and 986.3b). It is likely that these recipes were already transmitted before YANG XT's revelations of 364–370, and that they entered Mao Ying's biography from different sources, being later separated from it to form the present text. The earlier origin of the section on the *zhi*, said to have been appended (*fu* 附) to the elixir recipe, is attested by 1185 *Baopu zi neipian* 11.6b and 11.7b.

Part of the first recipe (summarized in Strickmann, “On the alchemy of T'ao Hung-ching,” 146–150) is quoted as *jiuzhuan fa* 九轉法 (Method of the Nine Cycles) in 885 *Huangdi jiuding shendan jingjue* (passages in 3b and 5a are found there in 20.16b–17a and 20.1b; the latter is also in 930 *Sanshiliu shuifa* 11b). The recipes of the two corollary drugs are reproduced in YJQQ 77.10b–11b. The account of the *zhi* was later incorporated in 304 *Maoshan zhi* 19.11a–b, and in 1333 *Shangqing daobao jing* 4.9b. It is quoted in WSBY 78.3a–4a as coming from the now lost *Daoji jing* 道跡經.

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Fabrizio Pregadio

Taiqing jing tianshi koujue 太清經天師口訣

15 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

883 (fasc. 583)

“Oral Instructions of the Heavenly Master on the Books of the Great Purity.” This work includes a short introduction (1a–b) and two different texts: the *Taiqing shendan jingjue* 太清神丹經訣 (Instructions on the Book of the Divine Elixir of the Great Purity; 1b–4b) and the *Chisong zi zhouhou yaojue* 赤松子肘後藥訣 (Instructions on the Medicines by Chisong zi to Keep at Hand; 4b–15b). The first text comments on some passages of the *Taiqing jing*, a lost early alchemical scripture repeatedly quoted here as *benjing* 本經 (original canon). The second text gives the recipes of the Three Powders (*sansan* 三散) and the Five Salves (*wugao* 五膏), revealed by Chisong zi after a dialogue with Yunyang zi 雲陽子.

The introduction, on the pledges necessary to receive the first text and the conse-

quences of its illicit transmission, is also found in 885 *Huangdi jinding shendan jingjue* 3.4a–b. The passages in the first text on the acetic bath (*huachi* 華池; 1b) and the crucible (*tufu* 土釜; 3a–b) are also found in 885 *Shendan jingjue* 17.5a and 7.6a–b, respectively. In the second text, the method for making pellets for driving away demons (*zuo quegui wanyao fa* 作卻鬼丸藥法; 14a) is almost identical to a recipe given in 885 *Shendan jingjue* 5.10b, which also includes an identically named talisman, and in SUN SIMO's *Taiqing danjing yaojue* 太清丹經要訣 (YJQQ 71.27a). The first recipe of the Five Salves also includes the so-called methods of the eight refinements (*balian* 八鍊; 7a–8b), said to belong to a corpus of early alchemical texts and methods in 954 *Taishang hunyuan zhenlu* 7b. All the passages quoted in 885 *Shendan jingjue* mention (with some variants) the title of the present text, showing that the introduction and the two other sections were part of a single work already by the middle of the seventh century.

Fabrizio Pregadio

Taiqing jinyi shendan jing 太清金液神丹經

3 juan

Juan 1 attributed to Zhang Daoling 張道陵 (second century A.D.); juan 2 attributed to Yin Changsheng 陰長生 (first century A.D.); juan 3 by GE HONG 葛洪 (283–343)

880 (fasc. 582)

“Book of the Divine Elixir [Made from] Liquid Gold, from [the Canon of] Greatest Purity.” This is a collection of diverse texts, some alchemical, others indirectly or not at all related to alchemy. The title is mentioned, without the prefix *Taiqing*, in the *Chongwen congmu* (VDL 118). The composite nature of the work is already manifest from the different attributions given at the headings of each juan. The structure of the text itself does not in fact correspond to this tripartite division. The compilation, possibly undertaken by GE HONG, seems to draw on various sources related to the alchemy of Yin Changsheng and his followers.

Juan 65 of the YJQQ, in the section on alchemy (“Jindan jue” 金丹訣) of that encyclopedia, is entirely devoted to excerpts of the present text and provides some clues as to its structure.

The book begins with a preface by Zhang Daoling, who speaks of himself as Dao-ling (3a7) and refers to his disciples Zhao Sheng 趙昇 and Wang Chang 王長. This preface, written in a philosophical vein and an obvious forgery, may explain the attribution of the whole juan to the first Heavenly Master. The YJQQ version has a commentary to this preface, which, in the present version, is added at the end (3b–7a).

Following this commentary, our text 7b–13a has a ritual of fasting and sacrifice in preparation for the alchemical work, to be performed before producing the *liuyi ni* 六一泥 sealing paste necessary for the hermetical closing of the alchemical vessel. The

famous talisman of the True Form of the Five Sacred Peaks (*Wuyue zhenxing tu* 五嶽真形圖; see 1281 *Wuyue zhenxing xulun*) plays an important role in these rites. This part is omitted in the YJQQ version, which gives only the final didactic poem (13a–14b). The poem, in seven-character verse, is identified in a following note as the core of the *Taiqing jinyi shendan jing*. It was originally written in unintelligible “ancient script,” but transcribed into Han-time characters (Hanzi 漢字) by Yin Changsheng. The biography of Yin Changsheng in YJQQ 106.21b (“Yin zhenjun zhuan” 陰真君傳) states that the (recipe) for the divine elixir made from Liquid Gold (*Taiqing jinyi shendan* 太清金液神丹) was bestowed on Yin by his master Ma Mingsheng 馬鳴生. The biography is followed by an autobiography (*zixu* 自敘) by Yin where he announces his departure from this world in A.D. 122.

Chen Guofu has examined the rhymes of the poem and dated it to the Later Han period (25–220). Other features, such as place names, confirm this date (Chen Guofu, *Daozang yuanlin xukao*, 289–92). These place names figure in the remainder of the first juan, which contains a recipe for making *liuyi ni*, a detailed explanation on the making of the elixir, and the ritual to be performed before taking it. These texts are consistent throughout. Chen concludes, therefore, that the entire first juan is of an ancient, possibly Han, date, and that the two remaining juan are later additions.

The first part of the second juan (1a–5b) is also preserved in YJQQ 65. It contains explanations and elaborations on the themes of the above-mentioned poem. The last paragraph quotes “Lord Zheng,” that is, ZHENG YIN, GE HONG's master, who pronounces a eulogy of Yin Changsheng and his master Ma Mingsheng.

The text continues (11a) with a story by GE HONG about his father-in-law BAO JING, who met Yin Changsheng in the first year of the Taixing era (A.D. 318). On this meeting, see also *Jin shu* 95.2482. The story as it is told here is similar, for the first part, to that of the *Daoxue zhuan* 道學傳 quoted in TPYL 663. Here Yin Changsheng prophesies about the future of the Jin dynasty (265–420), and GE HONG concludes (page 9b) that the events of 324 and 328 bore out the words of the immortal.

The last juan is attributed to GE HONG. It contains a description of foreign countries, especially of the south and the west. In a long preamble, GE HONG laments the lack of information about foreign regions and tells about his study of them and their products, especially those of use in alchemy. He ends by saying: “I now have written a record of those states that produce cinnabar, in order to increase the knowledge of foreign countries and enlighten ignorant minds, and have added it at the end of the [Book of] Divine Gold.” We have no proof that this text is by GE HONG's hand, but neither is there conclusive evidence to the contrary. It would not seem likely that a forger of GE HONG's Taoist work would have selected this subject. In any event, this work would appear to date to the Six Dynasties period (220–589), if not earlier.

Kristofer Schipper

Baopu zi shenxian jinzhuo jing 抱朴子神仙金鈞經

3 juan

Attributed to GE HONG 葛洪 (283–343); includes texts dating from the Han to the Six Dynasties (206 B.C.–A.D. 589)

917 (fasc. 593)

“Book of the Golden Liquor of the Divine Immortals.” This work includes texts of different date, all related to GE HONG and his *1185 Baopu zi neipian*. The title is mentioned for the first time as *Shenxian jinzhuo jing* in *Chongwen zongmu* (VDL 130).

The first juan describes a method for the preparation of the Golden Liquor, called *jinzhuo* in the title and *jinsui* 金水 (Golden Water) throughout the text. This description corresponds in several details to the short and often unclear summary given by GE HONG in *1185 Baopu zi neipian* 4.16a–17b (cf. Pregadio, “The Book of the Nine Elixirs,” 574–78). The recipe is divided into thirty short passages, each followed by a commentary. Two references to the change in the weight system between the Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) and the Jin (265–420) dynasties (commentary, 1.1b and 1.8a; cf. *1185 Baopu zi neipian* 4.18a) suggest a Han date for the text. On the evidence of the place names mentioned, the commentary dates from the sixth century.

The second and third juan reproduce *1185 Baopu zi neipian* 4.1a–7a and 4.7a–22a, respectively. Among the most significant variants are the reference to the method of the divine elixir of the Great Purity (*taiqing shendan* 太清神丹) as coming from the *Taiqing shangjing* 太清上經 (3.2b), and a method attributed to Bo xiansheng 白先生 (3.7b), not found in GE HONG’s work.

As described in this text, the main ingredients of the Golden Liquor are gold and mercury. The final product can be ingested, or it can be used to cast eating and drinking utensils, or to obtain a cyclically transformed elixir (*luandan* 還丹). The commentary refers to the *Jiudan jing* 九丹經 (1.4b) for a “test preparation of gold and silver” (*shizuo jinyin fa* 試作金銀法); the corresponding method is found in *885 Huangdi jiuding shendan jingjue* 1.5a.

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Fabrizio Pregadio

1.A.6 Sacred History and Geography**1.A.6.a Cosmogony and the Pantheon**

The “Register of Primordial Beginning” (*166 Yuanshi shangzhen zhongxian ji*) is a description of the pantheon that includes an account of the Taoist creation myth, a regular feature in subsequent Laozi annals (see part 2.A.6.a and part 3.A.6.a; an early specimen of the genre has come down via the Dunhuang manuscript *Laozi bianhua jing* 老子變化經; see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō* and Su Jinren, “Dunhuang yishu *Laozi bianhua jing*”). It is followed here by the “Scripture on the Creation of the World” (*1437 Taishang laojun kaitian jing*) a work likewise devoted to cosmogony and the history of Laozi manifestations. Further accounts of the pantheon include TAO HONGJING’s “Table of the Ranks and Functions in the Pantheon” (*167 Dongxuan lingbao zhenling weiye tu*), which presents the Shangqing pantheon in the form of an organizational chart of officials presiding over the underworld and the terrestrial and celestial spheres.

Yuanshi shangzhen zhongxian ji 元始上真衆仙記

9 fols.

Attributed to GE HONG 葛洪 (283–343); Six Dynasties (220–589)

166 (fasc. 73)

“Register of [the Heavenly Prince of] Primordial Beginning, the Superior Zhenren, and Hosts of Immortals.” This work comprises elements of two shorter versions listed in Song catalogues (cf. VDL 82). The present edition adds both the alternative title “Inside a Pillow” and the reputed author’s name as a subheading (“Ge Hong *Zhenzhong shu* 葛洪枕中書”). Yu Jiayi has demonstrated, however, that the work is later than GE HONG, since it mentions (7a) the apotheosis of Xu Mu 許穆 (i.e., XU MI 謚, d. 373; see Strickmann, *Le taoïsme du Mao chan*, 124 ff.) and Xu Yufu 玉斧 (i.e., Xu Hui 翺, d. ca. 370; see Strickmann, *Le taoïsme du Mao chan*, 156 ff.), who both survived Ge.

The work has been transmitted, with its traditional attribution, under both the present title and as *Zhenzhong shu*. Another version is contained in *446 Shangqing zhongjing zhu zhensheng bi* 5, and several later editions may be consulted in *congshu* 叢書 of the Ming period (1368–1644). In addition, Yu Jiayi pointed to parallels between the *Yuanshi shangzhen zhongxian ji* and *1016 Zhen’gao* 16, as well as to similarities with LÜQIU FANGYUAN’s edition of TAO HONGJING’s *167 Dongxuan lingbao zhenling weiye tu*.

The present text purports to be a revelation to GE HONG (1a–2a). Despite its uncertain origin, it constitutes an important source on the Taoist creation myth. The

work includes a brief cosmogony, beginning with Pan Gu 盤古, the Heavenly Prince of Primordial Beginning (Yuanshi tianwang 元始天王), a genealogy of primordial deities, and accounts of the “hosts of immortals,” with their titles and residences.

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Franciscus Verellen

Taishang laojun kaitian jing 太上老君開天經

7 fols.

Attributed to Zhang Pan 張泮; Six Dynasties (220–589)

1437 (fasc. 1059)

“Scripture on the Creation of the World, by the Most High Lord Lao.” The *Guang hongming ji* 12.174c, compiled by Daoxuan (596–667), claims that the *Kaitian jing* was the fabrication of a certain Zhang Pan. In *Xu Gaoseng zhuan* 23.624c, Daoxuan states that under the reign of the Northern Wei emperor Xiaoming (516–528), the Taoist Jiang Bin 姜斌 cited the *Laozi kaitian jing* in a debate. It is likely to be a work of the Six Dynasties period. Another edition is found in YJQQ 2.9a–14b.

The scripture’s ostensible subject, cosmogony, relates the work to the Taoist genesis tradition (see, e.g., 166 *Yuanshi shangzhen zhongxian ji*). At the same time, and perhaps more importantly, it provides a chronicle for the pre-Zhou period to precede the Laozi legend as assembled by Sima Qian in *Shiji* 63, emphasizing the sage’s role as instructor of rulers (*dishi* 帝師) and revealer of scriptures. In this sense, the “Creation of the World” also belongs to the Laozi annals tradition in the *Daozang* (e.g., 770 *Hunyuan shengji*). The present litany of Laozi’s credentials suggests that the work, like Laozi chronicles in general, served a polemical purpose. Daoxuan’s reference to its use in religious debate at court seems to bear this out.

The scripture postulates that Lord Lao is at the origin of creation, the process through which the undifferentiated One of nonbeing first divided into Heaven and Earth and then brought forth the myriad beings, each endowed with countless attributes. At the Great Beginning (*taichu* 太初), the first of a series of cosmic phases, Lord Lao orally pronounced (*koutu* 口吐) the *Kaitian jing* scripture. The “Creation of the World” incorporates several traditional creation myths (3a–b; cf. Rao Zongyi, “Lun daojiao chuangshi ji,” 37), including the legend of the two sons of Chaos (Hundun 混沌), named Hu Chen 胡臣 and Hu Ling 胡靈, whose spirits after death became the gods of the mountains (*shanyue shen* 山嶽神) and the rivers (*shuishen* 水神), respectively. Having first enlightened Hundun, Laozi subsequently reveals other scriptures and instructs every one of the culture heroes and mythical rulers from Fu Xi 伏羲, Zhu

Rong 祝融, the Three Sovereigns 三皇, and Huangdi 黃帝 down to the legendary kings of the Shang dynasty. The narrative ends with Lord Lao’s renewed manifestation as teacher (*shi* 師) under the Zhou.

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Franciscus Verellen

Dongxuan lingbao zhenling weiye tu 洞玄靈寶真靈位業圖

29 fols.

Originally compiled by TAO HONGJING 陶弘景 (ca. 500); revised by LÜQIU FANGYUAN 闕丘方遠 (before 893)

167 (fasc. 73)

“Table of the Ranks and Functions in the Pantheon.” The title of this work by TAO HONGJING, preserved here in a revised edition by LÜQIU FANGYUAN, is not mentioned in contemporary or early sources, probably due to the fact that this text originally formed part of 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* (q.v.). 1128 *Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu* 2.16a, for example, mentions a *Zhenling weiye jing* as a subsection of the *Dengzhen yinjue* and provides a comprehensive quotation. Also the references to 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* in 446 *Shangqing zhongjing zhu zhensheng bi* 7.13b–14a and 8.9b–10b seem to refer to a section in that work similar in content to this “Table of Ranks.”

The present *Zhenling weiye tu* reflects TAO HONGJING’s attempt to provide an exhaustive survey of names, ranks, and administrative responsibilities of the inhabitants of the spiritual realms of the universe, structured in seven levels. In his annotations he apparently provided additional details about the provenance and career of the deities. Tao based himself on the Shangqing literature, but for former historical persons, he also used non-Taoist sources for comparison. A major part of the work—the description of the offices in the mountain caves and in the terrestrial and underworldly realms—obviously taken directly from 1016 *Zhen’gao* 12–16, supplemented by investigations Tao himself conducted there.

Although no source is named, juan 83 and 84 of the WSBY are certainly based on Tao’s *Zhenling weiye tu*. There we find, in an ascending order, entries on the officials of the underworld (*guiguan* 鬼官), the terrestrial level (*dixian* 地仙, *dizhen* 地真), and the so-called nine palaces (*jiugong* 九宮), as well as those of the heavenly spheres of Taiqing 太清 and Taiji 太極, with frequent additional remarks, brief yet typical for TAO HONGJING (see also the Dunhuang manuscripts Pelliot 3141, Pelliot 3773, and Stein 5751, in Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 343–44; *Zurokuhen*, 772–75). The following sections on the Shangqing 上清 and Yuqing 玉清 Heavens were

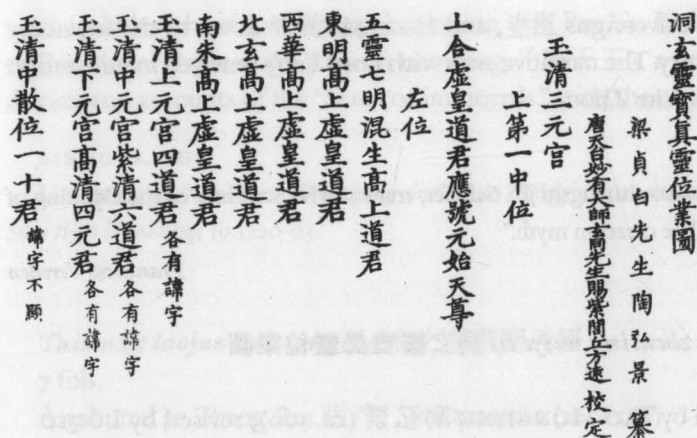


FIGURE 3. The Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning and his court, the register of deities at the highest echelon of the pantheon, according to Lüqiu's recension (167 1a–b).

presumably distributed over juan 85–86 of the WSBY (cf. the table of contents of the WSBY preserved in Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2861, in Ōfuchi, *Zurokuhen*, 751; and Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 69). Yet these sections are at least partly covered by the citation in 1128 *Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu*. There the supreme deities of the pantheon are listed in a descending order, only a few passages of the commentary are quoted, and possibly some additions are already worked into the final part (2.18b–20a). But since there can be no doubt about the main source of both, this citation and those in the WSBY taken together provide ample material for comparison with the present revised edition made by LÜQIU FANGYUAN (see fig. 3) during his time in the Tiantai 天台 Mountains (he moved to the Dadi Grotto Heaven 大滌洞天 near Hangzhou in 893). The comparison reveals considerable shortcomings in his work. Possibly Lüqiu had relied on copies of TAO HONGJING's original version but failed to reproduce the various interrelations that had been indicated graphically in the *Zhenling weiye tu* of the *Dengzhen yinjue*. His arrangement of the gods into a continuous, linear sequence is presumably based on an understanding of their spatial groupings on the right, left, and in the center of the diagram as a hierarchical classification. Thus, for example, [Yuqing] zixu gaoshang yuanhuang daojun [玉清] 紫虛高上元皇道君, the supreme deity in the pantheon, is given place eleven, right rank, in this rendering, probably because that name had originally been placed in the right (i.e., the beginning) on the diagram (cf. 1128 *Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu* 2.16a with our text 1b). Frequently Lüqiu misinterprets brief lines of summarizing commentary and lists them as independent entries (compare, e.g., 1128 *Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu* 2.16b3,

2.16b10, and 2.17a7 with our text 1b3–5). Sometimes both misunderstandings occur at the same time, resulting in a completely unintelligible disarray (compare, e.g., WSBY 84.12a7–9 with our text 11a9–11b4). In other instances Lüqiu found himself compelled, because of the confusing order, to alter lines of commentary (compare, e.g., WSBY 84.2a–b with our text 15a–b).

Since it is, finally, unlikely that TAO HONGJING wrote a separate preface for a subsection of his *Dengzhen yinjue* (1050 *Huayang Tao yinju ji* does not contain such a preface), we can only assume that LÜQIU FANGYUAN used Tao's general introductory remarks and placed them, reworked into a preface and signed with Tao's name, at the beginning of his new edition.

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Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

1.A.6.b Mythology and Hagiography

This section assembles six classics of Taoist hagiography and mythical geography that stand as models for their respective genres and have exerted major influences on the development of Chinese imaginative literature and narrative fiction. The work 1031 *Shanhai jing* is an early comprehensive description of the natural world and its inhabitants, extending outward from the actual realm to increasingly fantastic lands. Composed nearly a thousand years later, 598 *Shizhou ji* is concerned with projections of the "true [i.e., esoteric] form" of the realms of the immortals.

The work 294 *Liexian zhuan*, probably of Later Han (25–220) date, can be regarded as the prototype of an extensive body of collected lives of immortals. In one way or another, all later works of this sort look back upon the *Liexian zhuan* as their ancestor and authentic nucleus. The remaining three works, dealing with the spiritual aspirations of rulers, form a genre of their own. Like the 1031 *Shanhai jing*, the 291 *Mu tianzi zhuan* is thought to have originated in the fourth century B.C. Describing the shamanistic journeys of King Mu of the Zhou (r. 1023–983 B.C.), it is similarly concerned with the exploration of mythical geography. Both works engaged the interest of the Jin scholar and author Guo Pu 郭璞 (276–324), whose commentaries survive.

The spiritual quest of King Mu, however, also relates this work to the historical romance about the Han emperor Wudi (r. 140–87 B.C.), 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan*, which in time is closer to the *Shizhou ji* (ca. sixth century A.D.). A central feature of the adventures of both rulers is their respective encounter with the goddess Xi wang mu 西王母, who appears in more archaic form also in the *Shanhai jing*. The work 293 *Han Wudi waizhuan*, finally, continues the themes of divine revelations obtained by Wudi

and the fervent quest for immortality that was associated with his reign. It belongs to a larger tradition of legends about the emperor and his court, widely transmitted outside the Taoist canon, that enjoyed great popularity in medieval China.

Shanhai jing 山海經

18 juan (juan 14–15 are missing)

Probably fourth century B.C., with later additions; commentary by Guo Pu 郭璞 (276–324)

1031 (fasc. 675–676)

“Book of Mountains and Seas.” This is a mythical geography of the ancient world, written as a systematic repertoire of regions, landmarks, mythical animals and peoples, prophylactics, drugs, and other cures for the various ills that befall this world. The first five chapters relate to the Chinese world of the times and refer, at least partially, to actual places and their names. The following chapters, grouped in series of four, concern increasingly remote and mythical regions and their inhabitants. A final chapter (18) appears to be a later addition.

The systematic nature of the compilation and the importance given, for each place mentioned, to the drug that can be found there and the divination practices related to it suggest that this work originated as a handbook of shamanistic medicine.

The *Shanhai jing* is mentioned by Sima Qian at the end of his treatise “Dayuan zhuan 大宛傳” (*Shiji* 123.3179), where he judges that its contents “cannot be believed.” It is probable that he refers to the present work. The *Han shu*, “Yiwen zhi,” lists the work in thirteen *pian* 篇 and classifies it under *xingfa* 形法 (30.1774–75), which suggests that it was used for divination.

The present and many other editions of the text are accompanied by a presentation by Liu Xin 劉歆 (d. 23 B.C.), stating that he edited the text in eighteen *pian*. This number is at variance with the above-mentioned reference in the *Han shu*, “Yiwen zhi.” For this reason as well as for matters of style, the presentation must be considered spurious. Many elements in it, such as the attribution of the *Shanhai jing* to Bo Yi 伯益, who assisted Yu the Great in subduing the Flood, have nevertheless long been given credence.

The commentary by Guo Pu, on the other hand, is well authenticated. It is mentioned in Guo’s biography in the *Jin shu* as well as in the bibliographical treatises of the *Sui shu* and *Tang shu* 唐書. The present edition, moreover, incorporates Guo’s *Shanhai jing tuzan* 山海經圖讚, eulogies written as captions for the illustrations of the work as they existed already in his time. Here they are given at the end of each chapter.

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mari, and references in idem; “*Shanhai jing*,” in Loewe, ed., *Early Chinese Texts*, 357–67; Zhang Chunsheng, “Ping Zhengtong Daozang ben Shanhai jing”; Zhang Chunsheng, “*Shanhai jing pianmu kao*.”

Kristofer Schipper

Mu tianzi zhuan 穆天子傳

6 juan

Probably early fourth century B.C.; discovered in A.D. 281; commentary by Guo Pu 郭璞 (276–324)

291 (fasc. 137)

“The Story of Son of Heaven Mu.” The epic narrative of the life of King Mu of the Zhou (r. 1023–983 B.C.), his travels through the world and his meeting with the Queen Mother of the West (Xi wang mu 西王母; juan 1–5), as well as of the death and burial of Lady Sheng Ji 盛姬 (juan 6). According to the undated preface by Xun Xu 荀勗, the manuscript on bamboo slips was discovered by robbers in Taikang 2 (A.D. 281) in the tomb of King Xiang of Wei (r. 318–296 B.C.), together with many other texts. It was edited by Xun and other scholars. Apparently juan 1–4 are of a piece and correspond to the original state in which they were found, whereas juan 5 was reconstructed by Xun and his colleagues from other remains. Juan 6 corresponds to a fragment from another work, the *Zhou Muwang meiren Sheng Ji sishi* 周穆王美人盛姬死事, which was also found in the tomb.

The *Daozang* edition is based on a printed edition of the Yuan period (1279–1368). According to the preface (dated 1350) by Wang Jian 王漸, *zi Xuanhan* 玄翰, this eccentric scholar obtained a rare copy from the imperial censor Liu Zhen 劉貞 (1289–1361) and had it reprinted. The original Yuan edition has not been preserved. The present *Daozang* reprint is therefore the oldest extant edition. The Tianyi ge reprint, from which all later editions derive, is probably based on it.

The *Mu tianzi zhuan* is cited in Taoist works as a source related to the search of immortality. Central to this interpretation is the episode of the meeting between the Son of Heaven and Xi wang mu. This theme has been adopted in many later hagiographies, the most famous being 212 *Han Wudi neizhuan*.

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Kristofer Schipper

Liexian zhuan 列仙傳

2 juan

Attributed to Liu Xiang 劉向 (77–6 B.C.)

294 (fasc. 138)

“Biographies of Famous Immortals.” The present work is not mentioned in the *Han shu*, “Yiwen zhi,” whereas the Biographies of Famous Women (*Lienü zhuan* 列女傳) by the same author is given. According to the *Sui shu*, “Jingji zhi,” 33.979, Liu Xiang, while editing the classics, started to write the Biographies of Famous Immortals, Famous Men, and Famous Women. The same source (19b) gives two editions of the *Liexian zhuan*, one in three juan, with eulogies (*zan* 讚) added by Sun Chuo 孫綽 (314–371), and another in two juan, with eulogies added by the Jin poet Guo Yuanzu 郭元祖. This latter version corresponds to the present work.

Yang Shoujing (1839–1915) in *Riben fangshu zhi* 6.30b–31b and Yu Jiayi (1883–1955) in *Siku tiyao bianzheng* 19.1197–1205 have pointed out that for reasons of style, place names, book titles, and so on, the present work must have been written in later Han times (A.D. 25–220), in imitation of Liu Xiang’s *Lienü zhuan*. The author even wrote a preface that is lacking in the present edition but that has been preserved in a manuscript version of the *Shuofu*, which was reproduced by Sun Yirang 孫詒讓 (1848–1908) in his *Zhayi* 11.22a. The last two sentences are missing in this preface but appear to have been preserved in Falin 法林 (572–640), *Poxie lun* 破邪論 (in *Guang hongming ji* 11.21a), and give a fictitious date of 18 B.C. In the text itself, there are some intentional anachronisms. For instance, the biography of Mao nü 毛女 (7b–8a) is dated to 35 B.C. (170 years after the fall of the Qin).

The oldest citations of the *Liexian zhuan*, in Wang Yi’s (second century A.D.) commentary to the *Chuci* 楚辭 (3.13b) and in Ying Shao’s (d. 195?) commentary to the *Han shu* 25A.1204 and 57B.2599, are no longer found in the present text. Also, Ying Shao’s commentary is said to have comprised seventy-two biographies (see 1016 *Zhen’gao* 17.17a), whereas our present version has only seventy. In spite of these defects, the present version corresponds to the version included in the Song canon *Da Song tiangong baozang* 大宋天宮寶藏 of 1019, as it is similar to the abbreviated version of YJQQ 108. In the YJQQ, the sequence of the biographies is identical. Twenty-seven biographies have been omitted, and there is one additional one (Ruan Qiu 阮丘, YJQQ 108.14b).

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Shizhou ji 十洲記

13 fols.

Probably sixth century

598 (fasc. 330)

“Record of the Ten Islands.” A description of the ten paradisiacal regions in the Eastern Sea where the immortals have their abode, with a further description of the holy mountain Kunlun in the west, together with that of three additional islands: Fangzhang, Fusang, and Pengqiu. Although these four additional regions are not part of the ten islands and are not mentioned at the beginning of the text, the description does not vary notably from the preceding ones and there is no reason to suppose that they are later additions.

The opening sentences and evidence from 1281 *Wuyue zhenxing xulun* and other sources suggest that the present text was originally part of a longer work that included 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan* and 293 *Han Wudi waizhuan* (see 1281). The division into separate parts must, however, have occurred at an early date, as the *Sui shu*, “Jingji zhi,” and later bibliographies quote it as an independent work. Variant titles are *Haiwai shizhou ji* 海外十洲記 and *Shizhou sandao ji* 十洲三島記.

Whereas 212 *Han Wudi neizhuan* is a narrative constructed around the transmission of the ancient talisman called the Image of the True Form of the Five Sacred Mountains (*Wuyue zhenxing tu* 五嶽真形圖) and the later revealed texts of the Shangqing canon, the present sequel is concerned with an analogous Image of the True Form of the Ten Islands (*Shizhou zhenxing tu* 十洲真形圖), also mentioned in 212 *Han Wudi neizhuan*. Since the narrative here assumes the persona of Wudi’s courtier Dongfang Shuo 東方朔 (154–93 B.C.), the text is traditionally ascribed to him. It is also included as an independent text in YJQQ 26.

The description of the lands of the immortals is colorful and picturesque. The text has exerted widespread influence, notably on Tang poetry.

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Kristofer Schipper

Han Wudi neizhuan 漢武帝內傳

31 fols.

Probably sixth century

292 (fasc. 137)

“The Inner Story of Emperor Wu of the Han.” This is a short novel in the classical style that tells the legend of the visit of the goddess Xi wang mu 西王母 to Emperor Wu (reign 140–87 B.C.). A famous text of medieval Taoism, it is often quoted in the

literature of the end of the Six Dynasties (220–598) and Tang (618–907) periods. The earliest direct citation of our text appears to be that in the preface (2b) of the *Yutai xinyong* 玉台新詠 by Xu Ling 徐陵 (507–583). On the other hand, the work should be later than the revelations to YANG XI (364–375), as the greatest part of the text is an adaptation of the now lost biography of Mao Ying 茅盈, one of the most important saints of the *Shangqing jing* (see Schipper, *L'empereur Wou des Han*, 11–19).

In fact, this work is not a primary Taoist source but a literary production composed from a number of different sources, combining excerpts from the dynastic histories with legendary accounts and Taoist hagiography. It may have served an apologetic purpose, inasmuch as the story sets out to prove the superiority of the new texts of the *Shangqing jing* over those of ancient Taoism, here represented by the Image of the True Form of the Five Sacred Mountains (*Wuyue zhenxing tu* 五嶽真形圖), a talisman that existed already in Han times (206 B.C.–A.D. 220). Therefore, in the story, the miraculous appearance of the classical goddess Xi wang mu is followed by that of the Shangqing female deity Shangyuan furen 上元夫人, whose revelations supersede that of her predecessor. At first, Shangyuan furen refuses to transmit the most holy scriptures and talismans to the emperor, but after a resounding quarrel with Xi wang mu and endless entreaties by a kneeling and kowtowing emperor, she at last gives in and parts with the scriptures. Later, the emperor shows himself unworthy of this holy revelation, and the sanctuary where the sacred texts are kept goes up in flames.

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Kristofer Schipper

Han Wudi waizhuan 漢武帝外傳

19 fols.

293 (fasc. 137)

“Extraneous Stories on Emperor Wu of the Han Dynasty.” This is a collection of anecdotes and legendary biographies that are presented as a sequel to 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan*. Early bibliographic sources tend to confound both texts. The *Chuxue ji* 5.103, for instance, cites the source of the story of Li Shaojun 李少君 of the present collection (10b) as coming from the *Han Wudi neizhuan*, and the *Yiwen leiju* (94.1626) does the same for the story on Feng Junda 封君達 (6b). Moreover, no ancient catalogue quotes the title *Han Wudi waizhuan*. For this reason, the scholar Qian Xizuo 錢熙祚, in his colophon to his critical edition of the present work in *Shoushan ge congshu* 守山閣叢書, suggests that this *waizhuan* originally corresponded to the second juan of 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan*. Indeed, the *Xin Tang shu*, “Yiwen zhi,” 59.1519 notes that this work was composed of two juan, whereas at present it has only one (see also 292).

In its present version, the text can be subdivided into three distinct parts. The first part relates to the legend of Dongfang Shuo 東方朔 and seems to come from the preface to 598 *Shizhou ji*, another work closely related to 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan*.

The second part consists of six biographies, comprising those of the King of Huainan, the alchemist Li Shaoweng 李少翁, and so on. It may be that these stories were originally added to 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan* by the daoshi Wang Youyan 王游岩 in 746. Chao Zaizhi 晁載之, in his *Xu tanzhu* 續談助 4.76 (*Congshu jicheng* 叢書集成 ed.; see also *Zhongxing guange shumu*, quoted in *Yuhai* 58.9a), quotes a colophon by Wang in which he states that he made this addition. The addition aimed at illustrating the transmission of the alchemical secrets handed down by the eight scholars (*bagong* 八公) who worked at the court of the king of Huainan. However, in this part, the stories on Lady Quan 拳夫人 and the dwarf Juling 巨靈 appear to have been borrowed from the *Han Wudi gushi* 漢武帝故事, yet another collection of stories surrounding the great emperor. The present part must therefore have been remodeled.

The third and last part comprises eight biographies, beginning with that of Lu Nüsheng 魯女生, that all concern the transmission of the holy scriptures that were given to the emperor by the goddesses who visited him. They therefore relate directly to 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan* and form a sequel to the latter's narrative. The biographies are rather close to those found in the *Shenxian zhuan* 神仙傳. A similar transmission is also given in 1281 *Wuyue zhenxing xulun*.

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Kristofer Schipper

1.A.7 Collected Works

Huayang Tao yinju ji 華陽陶隱居集

2 juan

By TAO HONGJING 陶弘景 (456–536), compiled by Fu Xiao 傅霄, *hao* Zhaotai dizi 昭臺弟子 (d. 1159), collated by Chen Jue 陳桷, *hao* Dadong dizi 大洞弟子 (fl. 1131–1162)

1050 (fasc. 726)

“Literary Works of Tao [Hongjing], the Hermit from Huayang.” Fu Xiao, the editor of the present version, was a well-known Taoist at Maoshan. He was temporarily appointed by Song Gaozong (r. 1127–1162) to the Taiyi gong 太一宮 temple in the capital, and he is named as one of the authors of a monograph on Maoshan, the *Maoshan*

ji 茅山記 of 1150, now lost (see 304 *Maoshan zhi*, "Xulu," 1a, 16.7a–b). Some information on his contemporary Chen Jue is also provided in 304 *Maoshan zhi* 16.8a–b.

If we accept the information given in *Sui shu* 35.1077, which already lists a *Liang Yinju xiansheng Tao Hongjing ji* 梁隱居先生陶弘景集 in thirty juan and a *Tao Hongjing neiji* 陶弘景內集 in fifteen juan, Fu Xiao's compilation contains merely a small part of the contents of earlier collections. The present version still includes a preface by Jiang Zong 江總 (1.1a–b), who, as stated elsewhere (1.3b, commentary), was the first to compile TAO HONGJING's literary oeuvre, by official order, in 588. Already by that time Jiang deplored earlier losses. Nevertheless, all clear references in 300 *Huayang Tao yinju neizhuan* (presumably dating from the Tang [618–907]) to specific writings in a contemporary *wenji* can be found in the present version.

Our collection contains poetic writings, letters, and inscriptions from Tao's hand, as well as the prefaces to 421 *Dengzhen yinjue*; *Yao zongjue* 藥總訣; *Zhouhou baiyi fang* 肘後百一方 (more detailed than the version in 1306 *Ge xianweng zhouhou beiji fang*, "xu," 3b–7b); *Bencao* 本草 (1.19b–24b); and *Xiangjing* 相經 (2.12b).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

1.A.8 Compendiums and Encyclopedias

Wushang biyao 無上祕要

100 juan (juan 1–2, 10–14, 36, 58–64, 67–73, 75, 77, 79–82, 85–86, 89–90 are missing)

Late sixth century

1138 (fasc. 768–779)

"The Essence of the Supreme Secrets." According to *Xu gaoseng zhuan* 2.463a, this work was compiled at the request of Emperor Wu of the Zhou after his victory over the state of Qi in 577 (see Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 1). Only two-thirds of the original 100 juan are extant, but the complete, annotated table of contents of the original anthology survives in the Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2861. From this list of contents it can be concluded that the work was intended as a general survey of Taoist cosmology and practice in the form of a collection of quotations (for the translation of the complete table of contents, see Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 49–71). The Dunhuang manuscript dates from 718, but Lagerwey suggests that the original *mulu* 目錄 dates to the same period as the anthology. The care taken in the compilation of the *Wushang biyao* seems to indicate that Emperor Wu wished to use this work as an ideological instrument to prepare and justify the political unification of China, which at that time he was trying to accomplish by military force.

In its present form the *Wushang biyao* includes quotations from about 120 texts, 69 of which are still extant in the *Daozang* (Lagerwey, 268). The great majority of the quoted texts come from the Dongzhen and Dongxuan canons. We may also note the importance of the liturgical texts contained in this anthology: not only are they among the most ancient complete texts of Taoist rituals, the fact that they are attributed to the emperor himself (Lagerwey, 125) shows that already at that time the institution of Taoism as a state religion presupposed the realization of an orthodox liturgy.

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John Lagerwey

1.B Texts in Internal Circulation

1.B.1 The Way of the Heavenly Master

The texts presented here are nearly all that remain of the scriptural legacy of early Heavenly Master Taoism (*Tianshi dao* 天師道). Much has been lost (see 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* 2.6b–9a). A certain number of important works current in the Six Dynasties period (220–589) have been preserved in Tang (618–907) versions. Among these are “The Petition Almanac of Chisong zi” 615 *Chisong zi zhangli* and the corresponding ritual 1288 *Yuanchen zhangjiao licheng li*. These works were nevertheless written almost entirely in the Six Dynasties period and are most representative of the Taoism of that time. They are therefore included in this chapter.

The present group of texts contains a wealth of information on the original organization, liturgy, and doctrines of Heavenly Master Taoism. Among the most important liturgical texts are 790 *Nüqing guilü* and the unique 1294 *Shangqing huangshu guodu yi*. The doctrinal works comprise such famous texts as 789 *Zhengyi fawen tianshi jiaojie kejing*, 1195 *Laojun bianhua wuji jing*, 785 *Laojun yinsong jiejing*, and 1205 *Santian neijie jing*. Other early doctrinal works, such as 658 *Taishang miaoshi jing*, have only recently been identified. Some texts preserve the prefix *Zhengyi fawen (jing)* 正一法文 (經) from the time they were incorporated into the *Zhengyi* canon, compiled, as far as we know, by MENG ANPAI (fl. 699; see YJQQ 6.18a).

The only overall study to date of these materials is Chen Guofu, “Nanbei chao Tianshi dao kao changpian 南北朝天師道考長篇,” in CGF 308–69. See also the historical study by Fukui Kōjun, *Dōkyō no kisoteki kenkyū*, 2–61.

1.B.1.a Didactic and Doctrinal Treatises

Zhengyi fawen tianshi jiaojie kejing 正一法文天師教戒科經

23 fols.

Wei dynasty, ca. 255

789 (fasc. 563)

“Commandments of the Heavenly Master from the One and Orthodox Canon.” A collection of five texts concerning the religious doctrines of the Heavenly Master. The

second text, dated about 255, indicates that this collection contains the most ancient documents known on the Way of the Heavenly Master.

The first text (1a–12a) is a general discourse on the rules to observe in religious life and presents Five Commandments (*jiaojie* 教戒). It discusses the foundations of moral order in the universe, based on the principle of cosmic harmony (*chonghe* 沖和). Classical in tone and subject matter, the treatise exerted considerable influence on medieval Taoism, reflected in the fact that it was rewritten as 1120 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhonghe jing*, a pseudo-Lingbao text, and reworked again into 1122 *Taishang lingbao shengxuan neijiao jing zhonghe pin shuyi shu*.

The Rules Governing the Family of the Tao (*Dadao jialing jie* 大道家令戒; 12a–19b) is a short treatise on the theological foundations of Heavenly Master Taoism. It recalls first the creation of the universe out of the Three Qi or Pneumata (*sangqi* 三氣): the Mysterious, Original, and Incipient (*xuan* 玄, *yuan* 元, *shi* 始). These primordial energies were black, white, and yellow and became the Triad of Heaven, Earth, and the Tao as the Original Being. This Tao appeared throughout the ages as Laozi, the sage counselor of kings. Under the Zhou (1050–221 B.C.), he bestowed the Way of Taiping (*Taiping dao* 太平道) on Gan Ji 干吉. Later, Yin Xi 尹喜 obtained the *Daode jing*, and the Tao went to the Western Regions in order to convert the barbarians. Thus the True Way (*zhendao* 真道) developed and flourished. In China, Laozi “newly appeared” (*xinchu* 新出老君) and revealed the teaching of the One and Orthodox Covenant with the Powers (*Zhengyi mengwei zhi dao* 正一盟威之道) to Zhang Daoling 張道陵 in A.D. 142. But because of both the turmoil created by Zhang Jue 張角 (the leader of the Yellow Turban Revolt in A.D. 184) and the immoral behavior of the adepts, the institutions of the Way degenerated. Today, in A.D. 255, under the Wei dynasty, says the treatise, everyone should again obey the ancient rules.

This important document, which appears to be corrupt in some places, refers on page 14b to the Xiang'er 想爾 commentary of the *Daode jing* (see *Laozi Xiang'er zhu*, Stein 6825), on 16a to the Book of the Yellow Court (*Huangting sanling qiyan* 黃庭三靈七言; see 332 *Taishang huangting waijing yujing*), and on 17a to the practice of addressing memorials to the Three Officials (*Sanguan wenshu* 三官文書). A translation can be consulted in Bokenkamp, *Early Daoist scriptures*, 149–85.

The “Teachings of the Heavenly Master” (*Tianshi jiao* 天師教; 19b–20a) is a didactic hymn in seven-character verse (*qiyan* 七言), recommending to the adepts the practice of confession and meditation, and recalling that salvation can be obtained through religious merit.

The text entitled “The Diocese of Yangping” (*Yangping zhi* 陽平治; 20a–21b) is an epistle of an unknown Heavenly Master to the libationers (*jijiu* 祭酒) of all the

dioceses exhorting them to adopt a worthy and correct behavior in accordance with the traditions of the Way. The Yangping Diocese was the Heavenly Master's own headquarters, and the epistle must have originated there, hence the title.

The collection ends with a song in eleven couplets, in the pattern of what appears to be a counting rhyme called Drawing Three (*Qiansan shi* 牽三詩).

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Zhang Songhui, "Zhengyi fawen tianshi jiaojie kejing chengshu niandai kao."

Kristofer Schipper

Laojun bianhua wuji jing 老君變化無極經

9 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1195 (fasc. 875)

"Scripture of the Limitless Transformations of Lord Lao." Such is a possible translation of the title of this long poem of 369 seven-character verses. More likely, however, the title derives from the opening verse of the present poem: "Lord Lao transformed himself in the Wuji period." *Wuji* (Limitless) is a celestial era (*tianshang nianhao* 天上年號) corresponding to the time of King You 幽, when Laozi left China for the west. The present work belongs to the early texts of the Way of the Heavenly Master, as may be deduced from the explicit mention of the Twenty-four Dioceses (*zhi* 治) and assemblies (*hui* 會) at the Heavenly Master's diocese of Yangping 陽平 (6b). This poem is remarkably similar in vocabulary and expression to parts of 615 *Chisong zi zhangli*, as well as to the One Hundred and Eighty Rules of Laojun (*Laojun yibai bashi jie*, in 786 *Taishang laojun jingliu*) and to the didactic poem in juan five of 790 *Nüqing guiliu*. Our text twice mentions (2a and 5a) a now lost *Yinyang zhongjing* 陰陽中經, which may have been related to the rites of sexual union of 1294 *Shangqing huangshu guodu yi*.

The poem consists of two parts. The first part (112 verses) describes the successive transformations of Laozi in each of the five directions: (1) his departure to the West and the conversion of the barbarians; (2) his return to China as Li Hong 李弘 (written *mu zi gong kou* 木子弓口) and the investiture of Zhang Daoling 張道陵 as Heavenly Master; and his appearances (3) in the Eastern Sea, (4) the northern Dark River, and (5) among the southern barbarians (Zhang Lu 張魯).

In the second part (231 verses), the author begins by describing his flight from the north to the south around the time of the fall of the Western Jin (ca. A.D. 310). He continues with a complaint about the present situation, namely, the decay of both the civil government and the Heavenly Master organization (ca. 360). They will be restored by the True Lord of Great Peace (*Taiping zhenjun* 太平真君), whose coming

is expected apparently in the west (Sichuan), as the author intends to go there or has just arrived there.

At nearly every stage, and usually indicated by a change of rhyme, the narrative of both parts is interrupted by other narratives (such as the transmission of the *Daode jing* to the author, after the description of Laozi's departure to the west), by hymns on the Way, or by descriptions of methods and rites (such as the rites of sexual union, *guodu* 過度) by which men and women can escape present and future disasters and obtain the status of Seed People (*zhongmin* 種民).

The poem concludes with a coda (twenty-six verses) that recommends retirement from office, retreat into mountainous regions, ingestion of elixirs, and abstention from cereals.

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Adrianus Dudink

Taishang miao shi jing 太上妙始經

7 fols.

Fifth century?

658 (fasc. 344)

"The Scripture of the Marvelous Beginning." This is a short but interesting text, which, on the basis of its contents and style, must date to the Six Dynasties period, perhaps as early as the fourth century. The version of the Conversion of the Barbarians story, which resembles that of 1205 *Santian neijie jing*, antedates the sixth century, while the reference to the Three Caverns (*sandong* 三洞) implies a date after 350.

The book gives an account of the creation of the universe, the birth of the gods, the mythical geography of the earth, the reproduction of human beings and finally the manifestation of Laozi in this world, his conversion of the barbarians and the transmission of the *Zhengyi mengwei zhi dao* 正一盟威之道 to Zhang Zhennan 張鎮南, that is Zhang Lu 張魯. This scripture is not mentioned elsewhere.

Kristofer Schipper

Zhengyi tianshi gao Zhao Sheng koujue 正一天師告趙昇口訣

5 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1273 (fasc. 1003)

"Oral (Secret) Instructions to Zhao Sheng, by the One and Orthodox Heavenly Master." According to the *Shenxian zhuan* (YJQQ 109.19a–21a), Zhao Sheng 趙昇 (also written 升) and Wang Chang 王長 were Zhang Daoling's 張道陵 foremost

disciples, whom he chose as his successors on Yuntai shan 雲臺山 (corresponding to the diocese of the same name, in Sichuan). The present work takes up this lead and reveals the apocalyptic prophecies that were spoken before the master left this world (Zhang died on Yuntai shan in 157; see 774 *Yunlong zhuan* 5.5a–b).

The present text, although in many respects close to other works of Six Dynasties apocalyptic literature, mentions a number of texts and talismans that are not encountered elsewhere. The beginning of the apocalypse is predicted (2a) for the first year of the sexagesimal cycle (*jiuzi* 甲子) in the reign of the Golden Horse, *jinma* 金馬, a circumlocution for the Sima 司馬 family of the Jin 晉 dynasty, who ruled by the Virtue of Metal (this date would correspond to A.D. 364). The suffering would end and the reign of the messiah would begin at the end of the Golden Horse period (3a; compare, for similar prophecies, 322 *Taishang lingbao tiandi yundu ziran miaojing* 5a). Zhang first recalls his investiture by Lord Lao, who made him Chief of All Spirits (*baigui zhuzhe* 百鬼主者; 1b) and directed him to establish the Twenty-four Dioceses “in order to convert those who belonged to the heterodox and vulgar (cults),” while, on the other hand, bestowing upon him a Red Register of Huang-Lao (*Huang-Lao chilu* 黃老赤籙) for the attainment of Long Life. Finally, Lord Lao tells Zhang that the present times are coming to an end and that before Lord Li 李 (Hong 弘) comes to shepherd the people, great sufferings are to befall the world. At first, 240,000 people will be saved as Seed People (*zhongmin* 種民; 1b). Their names are written in the Purple Book of Great Mystery (*Taixuan zibu* 太玄紫簿; 2a). Another 140,000 will be selected at that time on the basis of their merits. They will be chosen from among those who have obtained diocesan ordination (*zhilu* 職籙) and will receive the *Huang-Lao chilu* as a token of their status as the elect (2a). In the year *jiashen* 甲申, there will be a great flood that will wash away the impurities of the world, including bad Taoists.

The Heavenly Master then reveals a Life-Giving Talisman of Myriad (Divine) Names, of the Nine Lights of the Great Mystery (*Taixuan jingguang wancheng shengfu* 太玄九光萬稱生符; 3a), by which the chosen ones will be recognized on the day of the coming of the True Lord of Great Peace (Taiping shengjun 太平聖君). At that time, the dead will rise from their graves and shall be judged. Only those who have this fu and are Taoist initiates shall escape punishment.

Kristofer Schipper

Santian neijie jing 三天內解經

2 juan

By Xushi 徐氏, *hao* Santian dizi 三天弟子 (fl. 421–478)

1205 (fasc. 876)

“Explanations of the Essentials of the Three Heavens.” The author of this work, a certain Mr. Xu, Disciple of the Three Heavens, cannot be identified with certainty. The

work, however, was written during the Liu Song dynasty, praised here as successor to the Han ruling house by mandate of the Tao. Particular mention is made of the official measures to extinguish cults in A.D. 421 (1.9a–b; cf. *Song shu* 17.488).

The scripture explains political and social changes as the results of an ongoing cosmic revolution in which the correct emanations of the Three Heavens embodied in Laozi alternate with the stale emanations of the Six Heavens (*liutian guqi* 六天故氣). Each of Laozi’s manifestations in the world, from the mythical age of Fuxi through the Zhou and Han periods up to the blessed rule of the Liu Song, marked a renewal of the cosmic order based on the Three Teachings, which Laozi, as Counselor of the State (*guoshi* 國師), instituted at different times, in different places, and in response to different needs. These Three Teachings were: (1) the Great Way of Nonacting (*wuwei dadao* 無爲大道); (2) Buddhism (*fodao* 佛道) for disciplining the barbarians; and (3) the Great Way of the Pure Covenant (*qingyue dadao* 清約大道), which corresponds to the Heavenly Masters religion.

The times of decay are, on the other hand, characterized by the mixing of the original Three Teachings (e.g., the introduction of Buddhism into China); their abuse (e.g., unauthorized transmission within the liturgical tradition); the formation of sects such as the Way of the Pure Water (*qingshui dao* 清水道; 1.7b); and, above all, the spreading of illegitimate, popular cults.

The warning against decadence is primarily directed at the libationers (*jijin* 祭酒) of the period. They are called upon to conform to the principles of the *Daode jing* and to return to purity and simplicity in their liturgical offices (juan 2).

Both in its description of the foundations of the Heavenly Master tradition and in its criticism of deviations, this text resembles the roughly contemporary work 1127 *Lu xiansheng daomen keliu*.

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Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Laojun yinsong jiejing 老君音誦誡經

22 fols.

By KOU QIANZHI 寇謙之 (365–448)

785 (fasc. 562)

“Book of the Hymnal Rules of Lord Lao.” This text gives instructions for a liturgical reform linked to hymns and music. It is generally acknowledged that the present work corresponds to the New Liturgical Rules of the Hymns from amid the Clouds (*Yunzhong yinsong xinke zhi jie* 雲中音誦新科之誡), which was revealed, according to *Wei shu* 114.3051 and *Sui shu* 35.1093, to KOU QIANZHI in 415. These sources indicate,

however, that the text comprised twenty juan, whereas our present work occupies only one. It is divided into thirty-seven sections, which all end with the injunction: “Observe and practice this (rule) carefully, in accordance with the law” (*mingshen fengxing ru liu ling* 明慎奉行如律令).

Notwithstanding the fact that it contains only a fraction of the original, the present work gives ample and precise information about the reforms introduced by Kou. Among the most prominent reforms are simplification of the rules (see, for instance, 1a), recitation of the holy scriptures with psalmody and hymns (1a); abolition of the rites of sexual union (*huangchi fangzhong zhi shu* 黃赤房中之術; 2a–b; 18b); and new rules for the communal banquets (*chu* 廚; 7b–8a), mortuary rites (15a–b), and healing (16a–b). Moreover, the supremacy of the linear descendants of Zhang Daoling 張道陵 is abolished (20b). The real Heavenly Master is Lord Lao himself (2b), and his first vicar on Earth was Zhang Daoling, now succeeded by Kou (3a). The account given here of the revelation received by Kou (2b–3a) accords with that given in the official histories *Wei shu* and *Sui shu* cited above.

With a view to establishing Taoism as a state religion, Kou puts forward a certain number of measures to curb the independence of the communities and end the power of the hereditary libationers (2b; 6b–7a). This privilege was conferred through an Iron Contract (*tiequan* 鐵券; compare 1205 *Santian neijie jing* 1.6a). The Twenty-four Dioceses (*ershisi zhi* 二十四治) are also abolished, and the libationers should no longer claim affiliation with these localities in Sichuan but instead with the heavenly dioceses of the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions (*ershiba xiu* 二十八宿), which replace the former dioceses (19a–20b). Messianic beliefs are severely criticized. The text mentions the great Li Hong 李弘 (compare 790 *Nüqing guilü* 5.3a and 335 *Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing* 1.10b) and the lesser known messiah Liu Ju 劉舉 (4b).

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Kristofer Schipper

Lu xiansheng daomen kelüe 陸先生道門科略

9 fols.

By LU XIUJING 陸修靜 (406–477)

1127 (fasc. 761)

“Master Lu’s Summary of Taoist Liturgy.” This is a small treatise, the text of which, in its present version, appears to be truncated at the end. A commentary, in small characters, seems at times to have incorporated parts of the main text (6b.1–2).

The liturgical manuals of the early Tang period (618–907) quote instructions by LU XIUJING concerning the liturgical organization of Heavenly Master Taoism (see

1211 *Zhengyi fawen chuan dugong ban yi* 1b). This organization, as it is described in the present work, corresponds by and large to that presented in 1205 *Santian neijie jing*.

A reference to the Ritual of the Three Caverns (*Sandong guifan* 三洞軌範; 5a) and a quotation of the words of Taiji zhenren 太極真人 (5b; this citation has not been identified; compare 425 *Shangqing taiji yinzhū yujing baojue*) recall Lu’s involvement with the Lingbao liturgy.

Having first discussed the origins of the liturgical tradition and the establishment of the Covenant of Purity (*qingyue* 清約; 1b) by the Way of the Heavenly Master, the text then outlines the structure of the religious organization (1b–3a). A second part (3a–5b) is devoted to the liturgy of the layman: the domestic registers (*zhailu* 宅錄), the communal banquets (*chu* 廚), the contributions to be made to the dioceses (*xin* 信), the domestic sanctuaries called *jing* 靖 or *jingshi* 靜室, the ritual vestments (*fafu* 法服), and the recitation of scriptures (*songjing* 誦經).

The final part (5b–9b) discusses initiation and ordination degrees, as well as the interdiction of shamanistic (*yaowu* 妖巫) and divination practices.

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Kristofer Schipper

1.B.1.b Rituals and Rules

Nüqing guilü 女青鬼律

6 juan

Third century?

790 (fasc. 563)

“Code of Nüqing for [Controlling] Demons.” This is the abbreviated title of the Code of the Demons of the Nüqing Mysterious Capital (*Nüqing xuandu gui lüling* 女青玄都鬼律令; 3.1a). The exact meaning of the name *Nüqing* remains unclear (cf. 2.5b and 5.4a). The code belongs to early Heavenly Master Taoism. According to the text itself (1.1a), it was revealed by the Great Way to Zhang Daoling 張道陵 in A.D. 143. “The second year” mentioned here should be that of the Han’an era (A.D. 142–143; see *Zhang tianshi ershi zhi tu* 張天師二十四治圖 in SDZN 7.6a–b).

The present version in six juan (together some 700 columns of text) must be incomplete, as it speaks of a code in eight juan (see 1.1a and 4.4b). Juan 2 and 4 seem to occupy their original place (see 2.1a and 4.4b). The *Chongwen zongmu* lists a version of our text in ten juan (VDL 79).

The oldest extant quotations of this work are found in 1201 *Daoyao lingqi shengui pin jing* (early Tang?). These quotations show so many variants that one can hardly attribute them all to scribal errors. At several points, the present text can be corrected

by comparing it with the quotations in 1201 *Shengui pin jing* and its Dunhuang manuscript versions Pelliot 2395, 2432, 2753, and Stein 986. A quotation from the *Nüqing guilü* in 615 *Chisong zi zhangli* 2.5a is no longer found in the present version.

The *Nüqing guilü* was still widely available in modern times, which is evident from the fact that a *Nüqing lü* quoted in 220 *Wushang xuanyuan santian yutang dafa* 13.2a (after 1158) corresponds to 2.5b and that the text following this quotation in 220 *Yutang dafa* 5.7a–11b corresponds to 1.1b–7b, and 5.10b–11b to 2.1a–5a and 6.6b). In addition to these passages, 220 *Yutang dafa* may well contain material from the lost part of the original *Nüqing guilü*. The quotation of this work in DENG YONGONG's preface to 461 *Shangqing gusui lingwen guilü* (first half of the twelfth century) can no longer be found.

The present text reveals to the adept the existence of 36,000 demons that can be warded off by knowing their names. About 320 demons are identified, and in some instances, details of surname, appearance, dress, and so on are given. The demons are divided into groups. Juan 1 lists 100 demons related to the heavens, the sexagesimal cycle, the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions, the Six Jia periods, the winds, and the Dipper stars. Juan 2 gives the names of the demons of mountains and seas, trees and animals. Juan 4 concerns the evil spirits of wind and water that dwell in ruined tombs or are released by sorcerers and heterodox Taoists. This juan gives more information than the others on demons and ways to ward them off. Juan 6 lists 110 plague demons, as well as those of death and of the grave. All these forces are roused through immoral behavior. Juan 3 therefore provides rules of conduct (*daolü jinji* 道律禁忌) for the adept. Each rule is followed by a number of years (counted in *suan* 算), which will be subtracted from one's lifespan in case of infringement.

More rules can be found in juan 5, which also includes an important didactic poem on the theme of the apocalypse. The poem contains explicit references to the rites of sexual union (*heqi* 合氣; 1a) by which the adept can enter into the company of the Seed People (*zhongmin* 種民; 2a), the chosen ones who will escape the destruction of the apocalypse, foreseen for the thirty-seventh (*gengzi* 庚子) year of the sexagesimal cycle. The Seed People will see the time of the Great Peace (*taiping* 太平; 2a) and meet the savior Li Hong 李弘, whose name here is written *mu zi san tai* 木子三台, a rebus to be understood only by the initiates.

The rites of sexual union are also mentioned elsewhere in the text (1.8a and 5.4a). Those who have accomplished these initiation rites receive the Mandate of the Yellow Book (*huangshu qiling* 黃書契令; 3.4b; compare 1294 *Shangqing huangshu guodu yi* 23b, and 1343 *Dongzhen huangshu* 12b). Some rules concerning the proper behavior to be adopted during these rites are given on 3.3a–b. They forbid the adepts to divulge the

names of the Father and Mother of the Tao (*dao fumu* 道父母; compare 1294 *Guodu yi* 6b–7a and 1343 *Dongzhen huangshu* 11b–12a).

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Adrianus Dudink

Dongzhen huangshu 洞真黃書

16 fols.

Third century?

1343 (fasc. 1031)

"Yellow Book of the Dongzhen [Canon]." A fragment of the important Yellow Book manual containing instructions and commandments concerning sexual intercourse. This text is a companion to 1294 *Shangqing huangshu guodu yi* inasmuch as most of the diagrams and formulas it contains provide the theoretical framework for accomplishing the above-named ritual. Maspero has shown that the present work corresponds to the Yellow Book of sexual techniques mentioned and criticized by Buddhist polemicists (Maspero, "Methods," 536; see fig. 4).

According to our text (2a), the Yellow Book originally had eight juan and was revealed in the year 142 by Laozi to Zhang Daoling 張道陵. Elsewhere in our text (7b) it is specified that this revelation happened at noon on the tenth day of the first moon. On 12b the same (or another?) revelation is said to have occurred on the seventh day of the seventh moon of 142. Here, the text first refers to "Zhang Ling 張陵" and on the next line using his epithet, "Daoling 道陵." The following year (143), we are told, Zhang Ling transmitted the text(s) to his disciples Zhao Sheng 趙升 (also written 昇), Wang Chang 王長, Wang Zhi 王稚, and Wang Ying 王英 (2a, and again 12b). This, according to the second passage, enabled them to practice the Mandate of the Yellow Book, *Huangshu qiling* 黃書契令, a term frequently mentioned in other Six Dynasties works. Afterward, the disciples gave the instructions of the

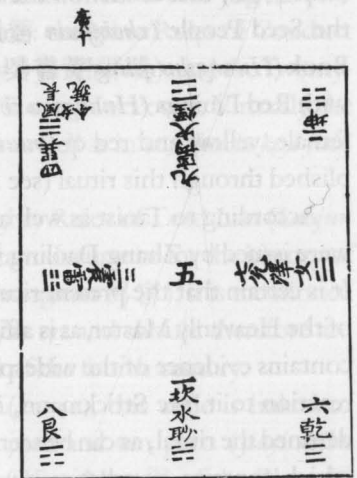


FIGURE 4. Diagram showing the order of the Nine Palaces (1343 8b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1324)

Yellow Book to the Three Ladies (*san furen* 三夫人) at the diocese of Beiwang 北望治 on Zhuangshan 莊山 (the present region of Rongjing 榮經 in Sichuan). The name of this diocese is not among the original twenty-four *zhi* 治. Everything points to a similar date for this work and 1299 *Shangqing huangshu guodu yi*, and like the latter it was preserved as part of the Maoshan legacy.

The final fragment deals mainly with the auspicious and prescribed days for sexual intercourse, for the most part calculated on the basis of the sexagesimal cycle. At the end there is a register (*lu* 錄) that may correspond to the above-named *Huangshu qiling*.

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Shangqing huangshu guodu yi 上清黃書過度儀

24 fols.

Third century?

1294 (fasc. 1009)

"Ritual of Passage of the Yellow Book." This work contains the rites of sexual union (*heqi* 合氣) that confer on the disciples of the Heavenly Master the privilege to join the Seed People (*zhongmin* 種民; 4a, 24b) by attaining the Mandate of the Yellow Book (*Huangshu qiling* 黃書契令; 23b). This document is also called the Yellow Book with Red Linings (*Huangshu chijie* 黃書赤界), the colors being those of the male and female, yellow and red *qi* (*huangqi* 黃氣, *chiqi* 赤氣), the union of which is accomplished through this ritual (see 1016 *Zhen'gao* 9.9a).

According to Taoist as well as Buddhist sources, the Yellow Book and its mandate were issued by Zhang Daoling 張道陵 to his disciples (see 1343 *Dongzhen huangshu*). It is certain that the present ritual belongs to the most ancient documents of the Way of the Heavenly Master, as is affirmed in 790 *Nüqing guilü* 3.4b–5a. 1016 *Zhen'gao* 2.1a–b contains evidence of the widespread practice of the ritual, as well as of the Shangqing reaction to it (see Strickmann, *Le taoïsme du Mao Chan*, 181–87). The Buddhists condemned the ritual, as can be seen from Xuanguang's *Bianhuo lun* (*Hongming ji* 8.48b), which contains a verbatim quotation of the present text. However, this ritual was practiced as late as the tenth century (1237 *Sandong xiudao yi* 3b). It is listed in the *Song shi*, "Yiwen zhi," 4.5199 (without the epithet *Shangqing*; see VDL 148). The present text may well have been transmitted, together with the *Dongzhen huangshu*, as part of the bulk of Shangqing texts preserved in this section of the Ming canon.

The ritual is divided into three distinct parts. The first part (1a–8b) concerns the preliminary rites of meditation and invocation. The second and main part (8b–22a)

contains the rites of union, while the last part gives the texts of the memorials to be presented at the end as the Announcement of Merit (*yangong* 言功) earned by the adepts.

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Third century?

786 (fasc. 562)

"Canonical Rules of the Most High Lord Lao." This collection originally contained four different codes, of which only the first two remain. No trace survives, either here or elsewhere, of the *Taiqing yinjie* 太清陰戒 or the *Nüqing lüjie* 女青律戒, which both appear, according to the table of contents, to have been intended especially for women (*nüguan* 女官). The relationship between the *Nüqing lüjie* and 790 *Nüqing guilü* is difficult to ascertain.

The first remaining code is called the Commandments of the *Daode jing* (*Daode zunjing jie* 道德尊經戒; 1a–2a). It consists of two parts: the Nine Rules of Conduct (*Jiuxing* 九行) or Commandments of Xiang'er (*Xiang'er jie* 想爾戒), and the Twenty-seven Commandments of the Venerable Book of the Tao and Its Power. Virtually the same texts can be found in 787 *Taishang jingjie* 17b–19a as well as in 463 *Taoxiu keyi jielü chao* 5.4b and in YJQQ 38.18a–19a.

The other remaining code, One Hundred and Eighty Rules of Lord Lao (*Laojun yibai bashi jie* 老君一百八十戒; 2a–12b), is an important document for the history of early Taoism. Especially intended for the male adept (*nanguan* 男官), it is mentioned in 532 *Taiji zhenren fu lingbao zhaijie wei yi zhujing yaojue* 17a and should therefore antedate the revelation of the Lingbao canon at the end of the fourth century.

According to the preface to our present version (2a–4a), this code is linked to the transmission of the *Taiping jing* 太平經 in 170 juan and ten parts (*jiayi shibu* 甲乙十部). The preface says that during the reign of King Nan 赧 of the Zhou 周 (315–256 B.C.), Lord Lao transmitted the *Taiping jing* to Gan Ji 干吉 at Langye 瑯琊. When Lord Lao later returned, during the reign of King You 幽 (of Chu 楚; 238–228 B.C.), after converting the barbarians in the West, he found that the religion he had established at Langye, with its male and female libationers, had greatly degenerated. Therefore he gave the present code to Gan Ji.

The same text is found in 463 *Taoxiu keyi jielü chao* 5.14a–19a, with an abridged pref-

ace, which specifies that these commandments were spoken by Lord Lao for initiates of the Alliance with the Powers (*Mengwei* 盟威). This specification would indicate that the present code was adopted by Heavenly Master Taoism. The code, with the unaltered preface, is also given in YJQQ 39.1a–14b.

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Kristofer Schipper

Zhengyi fawen taishang wailu yi 正一法文太上外籙儀

30 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1243 (fasc. 991)

“Compendium of the Exterior Registers of the Zhengyi Canon.” These *wailu* are the ordination registers of the ordinary people, as opposed to those of the masters, that is, the heads of the communities (see 463 *Yaoxiu keyi jielü chao* 10.5b–6a). The Register of the Delegated Mandate (*gengling* 更令) is given to children at the age of seven *sui*; from this initial stage onward, at intervals of five, four, and three years, the young people receive, respectively, the registers of One, Ten, and Seventy-five Generals. Two years later, at the age of twenty-one *sui*, the adepts form couples and receive together the Register of One Hundred and Fifty Generals. At that moment, the ritual of the Passage (*guodu yi* 過度儀) is practiced (see the memorial on 20b–22a, and 1294 *Shangqing huangshu guodu yi* 22b). This last register marks the highest level of the Exterior Registers and qualifies the adept for the functions of master (*shi* 師). Those who wish to pursue such a goal have to undergo training as scribes (*shuli* 書吏) at one of the dioceses (17b–18a).

There are moral and ritual rules that determine the conferral of the Exterior Registers, especially for the different categories of women (1a–4a), for those of inferior social status, for foreigners (4a–5a), and for those who, for some reason, have lost their registers and must consequently renew their ordinations (23b and 24b). The latter have to begin again with the Register of the Renewed Order (*gengling* 更令; 22a–30a; in this case, the word *geng* is pronounced with the third tone, *qusheng* 去聲, as indicated in 463 *Yaoxiu keyi jielü chao* 10.5b).

There are at least two quotations from a *Taiping jing* 太平經 on 4a. One quotation does not occur verbatim in the parts of the *Taiping jing* that have come down to us, but it is similar in style and enumerates six classes of superior beings (sages, immortals, etc.), which are also found, in reversed order, in 71.8a of the present *Taiping jing*. A second, longer quotation in 13b–14a of the present text shows affinities with *Taiping*

jing 42.1a–b, and it may therefore be assumed that the *jing* 經 mentioned on 14b.3 corresponds to the *Taiping jing*, albeit in a version different from 1101a.

Kristofer Schipper

Zhengyi fawen jing zhangguan pin 正一法文經章官品

4 juan

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1218 (fasc. 880)

“Chapter on Petitions and Officials of the Zhengyi Canon.” The title indicates that this text was originally not a separate work but part of the Zhengyi canon (*Zhengyi fawen* 正一法文). The present text derives from the old Protocol of the Twelve Hundred Officials (*Qianerbai guan yi* 千二百官儀), which goes back to the foundation period (second to third centuries) of the Way of the Heavenly Masters in Hanzhong, in the border region between modern Sichuan and Shaanxi (see 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 3.23a, commentary). This manual, now lost, listed the celestial officials (*guan* 官) together with their residences (*gong* 宮), competences (*zhu* 主), and subordinates (*libing* 吏兵). Some fragments of the original work have been preserved in the third juan of 421 *Dengzhen yinjue*. As can be seen from numerous repetitions in the text, different manuscripts of uncertain date and of varying quality were used for the present version. Two of the officials, Chitian shiqi jun 赤天食氣君 and Shoushen tunding jun 收神土明君, were, according to TAO HONGJING, revealed only to WEI HUACUN, the ancestress of the Shangqing tradition (compare 1.1a in the present text with 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 3.22a–b). But the text contains traces of a much later revision consisting in the observance of the name taboos of the Song founding emperor Taizu 太祖 (Zhao Kuangyin 趙匡胤, r. 960–976) on 1.21b and his father Xuanzu 宣祖 (Zhao Hongyin 趙弘殷; cf. *Song shi* 1.1–2; hence the substitution of *yin* 引 for *hong* 弘 on 7b and 4.5b).

The work 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 7 contains a number of models for memorials said to be quoted from a *Qianerbai guanzhang jing* 千二百官章經, which Lord Lao gave to the First Heavenly Master. Indeed, in several of these memorials, the names of the celestial officials are the same as those given in the present work (compare 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 7.22a with 1.11b here).

The present text provides the names, attributes, and functions of the celestial officials addressed in seventy memorials (*zhang* 章), without giving the text of these memorials. The titles, among other things, indicate that the memorials concerned above all the different kinds of diseases and everyday ills of rural society. Thus reference is made to many aspects of peasant life in early medieval China. Elements that can be connected to the life of the gentry or literati are notably absent.

The practitioners, men and women, are given the title of libationer (*jijiu* 祭酒). The celestial officials are invoked in order that they may come and dominate (*zhu* 主) the agents of disorder, or again to control and heal (*zhi* 治) diseases or contain (*shou* 收) bad influences. From a comparison of the titles of the memorials as they are listed in the table of contents with those given in the text itself, it appears that these titles are largely interchangeable.

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Fukui Kōjun, *Dōkyō no kisoteki kenkyū*, chap. 1; Liu Lin, "San Zhang wudou midao."

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Chisong zi zhangli 赤松子章曆

6 juan

Six Dynasties (220–589) with some later additions

615 (fasc. 335–336)

"The Petition Almanac of Chisong zi." A calender by the same immortal is quoted in the introduction (1.1a) as being at the origin of the present manual (compare 463 *Yaoxin keyi jielü chao* 10.8a ff.). Another important source is the Protocol of the Twelve Hundred Officials (*Qianerbai guan yi* 千二百官儀), which is quoted frequently (1.1a, 1.18a, 3.11a, 3.28a, 5.31b, and passim). A long passage entitled Invitation of the Officials (*qingguan* 請官; 2.18b–22a) is also found in 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 3.14b–23a, where it is said to have originally come from this same *Qianerbai guan yi*, whereas the present text gives the *Taizhen ke* 太真科 as its source. It can therefore be assumed that the ritual of the Way of the Heavenly Master—the rites that 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* (3.13a) calls the Ancient Ritual from Hanzhong (*Hanzhong jiu fa* 漢中舊法)—forms the basis of our work.

At the beginning of the protocol (1.2a–17b) is a list of the pledges (*zhangxin* 章信) that must be provided when presenting the different petitions. This list is at the same time an index of the texts of the petitions given in juan 3 to 6. Originally, there were 134 different petitions, but, as indicated by the list itself, 68 of them have been lost.

The petitions correspond to a wide range of preoccupations: droughts, locusts, tigers, diseases, possession, witchcraft, birth, death, liturgical festivals, and others. In the case of illness and possession, divination is mentioned as a means for diagnosing the origin of the affliction (see, for example, 3.8b, 15a). In some cases, human effigies made of metal (*jinren* 金人, 4.5a; or *yinren daixing* 銀人代形, 1.11b) are offered as substitutes for a sick person or as a messenger to the other world.

All petitions are presented by a master on behalf of a follower. A long ordination title, corresponding to the highest initiation grade of the Heavenly Masters liturgical organization, is given in 2.22b. There is also a vivid description of the meditation that

accompanies the presentation of the petitions to the Heavenly administration (*cunsi* 存思; 2.23b–24a).

The present edition is probably not earlier than the latter part of the Tang dynasty (618–907), since it mentions (4.22b) the Registers of the Immortal King of the Way of Filial Piety (*Xiaodao xianwang* 孝道仙王; see 449 *Xiaodao Wu Xu er zhenjun zhuan*). The text of the petition where this reference occurs may have been added at a later stage to the manual, which no doubt was actually used by daoshi over a long period of time.

Kristofer Schipper

Yuanchen zhangjiao licheng li 元辰章醮立成曆

2 juan

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1288 (fasc. 1008)

"Practical Almanac for the Offering of the Memorial of the Original Star." This is a complete ritual of the Zhengyi tradition for the cult of a person's life-star, which presides over one's destiny. The second juan contains different tables for the calculation of a person's destiny, and prayers for averting the evil elements that form part of one's fate. Such prayers are incorporated in the service described in juan one. The cult of the life-star here aims at averting danger for the entire family (*jia* 家). The patrons of the Offering are named "male and female officers" (*nannü guan* 男女官), following the precepts of the ancient Way of the Heavenly Master. The ritual shows traces of Lingbao influence. For instance, the invocations (*zhou* 咒) of the Five Emperors (*wudi* 五帝) on pages 5a–6b come from the Lingbao scriptures (see 330 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhenwen yaojie shangjing* 6a–7a). But the pantheon, the indications concerning the altar, and the offerings are similar to those given in 615 *Chisong zi zhangli*. The present ritual should be about contemporary with the latter.

The beginning of juan 1 gives detailed instructions about the establishment of the altar, and contains a rare illustration of how it was laid out (fig. 5). There were seats for the Five Emperors at each of the four sides and the center of the altar, and votive lamps for the stars of the Dipper and the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions. Outside the main altar, three subsidiary altars were established for the family ancestors, the domestic gods, such as the Stove God, and the Earth God. Among the sacrificial offerings to prove the sincerity of the adept's faith (*zhangxin* 章信), we find money, rice, silk, divination stalks, oil, and silk threads, as well as a substitute body in metal (*jinren yi xing* 金人一形) and two gold rings. Paper, brushes, ink, a correction knife, and incense were also laid out. At the end of the Offering service (*jiaofa* 醮法) wine, dried meat, and other foods were presented, as well as pieces of silk in five colors. As a

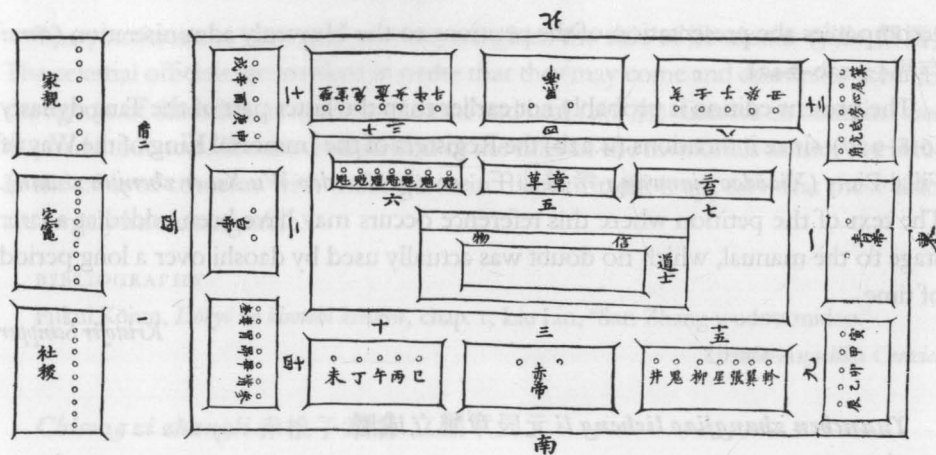


FIGURE 5. Diagram of the altar with indications for the placement of the incense burners and other items. On the West side, three small altars are dedicated to the ancestors, the Stove God, and the Earth God of the home (1288 1.1a–2a). Ming reprint of 1398. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1270)

supplement to the present ritual, 1289 *Liushi jiazi benming yuanchen li* allows the adepts to determine which deity governs his or her destiny.

Kristofer Schipper

Liushi jiazi benming yuanchen li 六十甲子本命元辰曆

7 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1289 (fasc. 1008)

“Sexagesimal Almanac of Fundamental Destiny and the Original Stars.” The binomials of the sexagesimal cycle corresponding to a person’s year of birth are considered to denote his or her Fundamental Destiny (*benming* 本命). Each binomial is related to another one, called the “original star,” or “prime chronogram,” which varies according to the sex of the individual concerned. The method for determining these binomials is given in 283 *Huangdi longshou jing* 1.16a.

This is a simple concordance between the two kinds of binomials. To each of these corresponds a deity, whose name and surname is given (for example, the *jiazi* binomial is called Wang Wenqing 王文卿), and each deity disposes of a retinue (*congguan* 從官). The correspondence that exists between the fundamental destiny as determined by a person’s birth date and the stars of the Dipper is also given.

It is clear that the present text is an appendix to the preceding 1288 *Yuanchen zhang-*

jiao licheng li. There, in 2.4a–6b, we find the same list of the sixty gods of fundamental destiny as well as the method for calculating the number of their retinue.

Similar lists of the deities of the sexagesimal cycle are given in 615 *Chisong zi zhangli* 3.18b–19a and 1294 *Shangqing huangshu guodu yi* 4b–7a; some of the personal names for the deities of the sexagesimal cycle also occur in 1209 *Taishang zhengyi mengwei falu yibu* 5.4a–5.

Yao Zhenzong (1843–1903) identifies (*Sui shu jingji zhi kaozheng*, 560) the present work with a *Yuanchen benshu jing* 元辰本屬經 mentioned in the *Sui shu*, “Jingji zhi.”

Marc Kalinowski

1.B.2 Shangqing

The turbulent century during which the Eastern Jin dynasty survived south of the Yangzi (317–420) witnessed a profound religious renewal. Among the most important legacies of that period are the scriptures revealed, during a period of six years (364–370), to the mystic and visionary YANG XI. The transmission, diffusion, and canonization of these scriptures, the sequels that were written to them, and even the forgeries that almost immediately proliferated have been the subject of much interest and study since early times (see Strickmann, *Le taoïsme du Mao Chan*, 1–81).

The Shangqing scriptures have come down to us in varying states of preservation. Some of them have been preserved intact, while others survive only in fragmentary form. A number have come down in multiple versions under different titles. Attempts have been made to reconstruct the original corpus revealed to YANG XI from the mass of Shangqing scriptures and thus to separate the authentic works from the apocrypha. The following articles are based on this research, without sharing, however, its aim of reconstructing the corpus. Our classification, therefore, does not attempt to isolate YANG XI’s texts from their near-contemporary sequels or forgeries, but follows the example of Isabelle Robinet’s *La révélation du Shangqing* in considering as fundamental for our purposes the group of canonical works as defined by the Shangqing scriptural tradition itself.

The basis for this classification is the Catalogue of Shangqing Scriptures (*Shangqing jingmu* 上清經目), the first part of the *Sandong jing shumu* 三洞經書目, which LU XIUJING presented in 471 to Emperor Mingdi of the Liu Song dynasty. This part of Lu’s original catalogue is now lost. The earliest version we have of the catalogue of

the canonical Shangqing scriptures is given in 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 5.1a–1b. It is called *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu* 上清大洞真經目 and lists thirty-four works totaling forty-one juan. This list corresponds to the scriptures received on ordination into the highest grades of the Taoist priestly office. The source of the list is not given; however, it is preceded in the above-named 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* (4.8a–9b) by a similar list of Lingbao scriptures, and, as shown by Ōfuchi Ninji (“On Ku Ling Pao Ching”), this Lingbao catalogue corresponds to the *Lingbao jingmu* 靈寶經目, the second part of the *Sandong jing shumu* of LU XIUJING, revised and enlarged by SONG WENMING. It is therefore likely that the list of Shangqing scriptures we have here was also originally based on Lu’s catalogue.

The *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu* contains not only the titles of original Shangqing scriptures, but of a number of apocrypha as well. At the same time it fails to list a number of authentic works. The present group is therefore divided into four subdivisions: (a) the canonical Shangqing scriptures, containing the articles on the texts mentioned in the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*; (b) other early Shangqing scriptures, containing those texts that, although original (or early apocryphal), were not included in the corpus of canonical texts; (c) Shangqing hagiographies; (d) manuals and anthologies compiled during the period under review.

The sequence in which the scriptures are presented here in the first subdivision (1.B.2.a) follows that of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*. More than half of the texts mentioned in this list have survived in their original or near-original form. As stated earlier, some texts have come down to us in several versions, while of others only fragments remain. At the end of each article, or group of articles, the relevant information concerning the relationship of the work(s) to the original corpus is given.

The most important scripture, the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing*, is present in the *Daozang* in several editions, all of which date from the Song (960–1279) or later. For this reason, these editions will be discussed in part 3 below, while here we present only a few short texts which were part of the original version. These texts are related to what Isabelle Robinet has termed the “Formula of the *Dadong zhenjing*” (*Dongjue* 洞訣, or *Dadong koujue* 大洞口訣, or *Dadong koujue yinshu* 大洞口訣隱書; see Robinet, “Le *Ta-tung chen-ching*,” 412–13).

1.B.2.a The Canonical Shangqing Scriptures

Shangqing jiutian shangdi zhu baishen neiming jing

上清九天上帝祝百神內明經

9 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1360 (fasc. 1039)

“Scripture on the Esoteric Names of the Hundred Gods.” This work contains fragments of original Shangqing texts, divided into four parts: (1) The hymns of the Esoteric Names of the Hundred Gods (*baishen neiming*; 1a–3a), mentioned in the title. They belong to the “Formula of the *Dadong zhenjing*.” The esoteric names are those of the heavens, as given at the end of each section in 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing*. (2) A song to expel demons (3a–7b), also found in 1344 *Dongzhen taishang shuo zhihui xiaomo zhenjing* 1.6a–10b. (3) A method for the absorption of the mysterious root (*xuangen* 玄根). This is an exercise in visual meditation, linked to the practice of the *Dadong zhenjing*. It is reproduced in YJQQ 23.10a–11a. (4) Hymns sung by one of the gods who appeared to YANG XI. These hymns are given, at least partially, in 1016 *Zhen’gao* 10b–11a, as well as in 608 *Shangqing zhuzhen zhangsong* 10b–11b and in 1374 *Shangqing zhu zhenren shoujing shi song jinzhen zhang* 1a–b.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing taishang yuqing yinshu miemo shenhui gaoxuan zhenjing

上清太上玉清隱書滅魔神慧高玄真經

42 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1355 (fasc. 1038)

“Scripture of the Divine Wisdom That Annihilates Demons.” This is one of the Secret Scriptures of the Yuqing Heaven of the Shangqing school, closely associated with the *Dadong zhenjing* 大洞真經. The present work contains hymns as well as talismanic writings.

The hymns can be divided into three groups: First, a song (1a–3a) that CHEN JINGYUAN quotes in 104 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing yujue yinyi* as belonging to the *Dadong zhenjing*. Chen notes a number of variants of the “Maoshan version”; these variants correspond to the present text.

A second group (4b–8b) is also found in the introduction to the *Dadong zhenjing* (6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing* 1.9a–10b and 7 *Dadong yujing* 大洞玉經 1.4a–5b). The hymns of the *Dadong zhenjing* (with the exception of those called *Dadong yujing*) make up the final group.

The revealed commentary of the *Dadong jing* (in YJQQ 8.1a–18b) includes these hymns together with the others of this scripture (see YJQQ 8.1b and 2a commentary on certain expressions that are found in our text on 8b). The same text is again found in YJQQ 42. Our present version must be later than the WSBY, as that work is mentioned in the commentary on 36b.

The talismanic characters of our text correspond to the *Ziwen danzhang* 紫文丹章 (see 1335 *Dongzhen taishang ziwen danzhang*), a Shangqing text that is linked to the practices of the *Dadong zhenjing*.

A colophon states that a god transmitted our text to Youyang jun 幼陽君, a saint of the Shangqing tradition. Finally there are a few phonetic glosses.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing gaosheng taishang dadao jun dongzhen jinyuan bajing yulu

上清高聖太上大道君洞真金元八景玉錄

17 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1389 (fasc. 1045)

“Hagiography of Taishang Dadao Jun.” This text begins with a long poem on the search for immortality and on the different ways to attain it. There follows a description of the travels of the god in the eight directions on his chariot of effulgence (*jing* 景) and on *su* 素. *Su* is the Yin counterpart of *jing*; the travels are related to the Eight Gates of the Mysterious Mother (*Xuanmu bamen* 玄母八門; see 1323 *Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing fushi riye huanghua jue* 17a–end). This rite is closely related to the *Dadong zhenjing*.

It should be noted that our text is never quoted under its present title but often as *Dadong zhenjing*. Thus it would appear that it was one of the texts which accompanied the practices of the *Dadong zhenjing*.

There is a colophon recording the transmission by the Ziwei furen 紫微夫人 to YANG XI in A.D. 355 of texts amounting to 20,230 characters and of the *Dadong zhenjing* in 10,000 characters.

This text and the two preceding ones correspond to number 1 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

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Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing jinzhen yuguang bajing feijing 上清金真玉光八景飛經

25 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1378 (fasc. 1042)

“The Scripture of the Eight Effulgences [*bajing*, here referring to heavenly gods] of Jade Brilliance and Golden Truth.” This is an apocryphal Shangqing text that has adopted as its title the name of one of the fu from the original works it imitates. It states that it was revealed by a Shangqing deity, and it has a colophon (24b–25a) of the kind written by XU RONGDI (d. 435; see 1016 *Zhen’gao* 19.13a–b and Strickmann, “The Mao Shan revelations,” 49). It should therefore date to the beginning of the fifth century.

This scripture has been incorporated into the Shangqing corpus and is quoted by numerous anthologies of the school. Its present version seems incomplete, as a number of quotations in other works can no longer be found here. However, quotations in the encyclopedias of the sixth and seventh centuries (WSBY and SDZN) agree with the words of our text.

This work borrows material and exercises of visual meditation from the original texts of the Shangqing. We find a meditation exercise called *badao biyan* 八道秘言 (6a–14a), which is a variant of a similar exercise in 1376 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiu zhen zhongjing* 1.11b–15b. The names given here to the Eight Effulgences are the same as those found in 1359 *Shangqing danjing daojing yindi bashu jing*.

Next we find another series of the fu called *Huoluo qiyeuan* 豁落七元 (19a–end). There is a sequence of five fu of the Five Emperors (*wudi* 五帝; 14b–22b), with an accompanying song (14a–b). This song has since been included in a Shangqing ritual for the transmission of the present scripture (1324 *Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing dengtan fuzha miaojue* 3b–4a).

The present text corresponds to number 2 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*. Other versions are the Dunhuang manuscripts DX 1962, Pelliot 2728 and 2848, and Stein 238 (dated 692). An abbreviated version is included in YJQQ 53.1a–8b.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing 上清太上八素真經

28 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

426 (fasc. 194)

“True Scripture of the Eight Purities.” The Eight Purities (*basu*) are female celestial deities (see 1323 *Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing fushi riye huanghua jue*). This *Basu jing* is a Shangqing scripture, the present version of which includes passages quoted in WSBY and SDZN, but it is incomplete. In fact, this text should have been incorporated into the above mentioned 1323 *Huanghua jue*. The stanzas named *Yangge*

jiuzhang 陽歌九章 (see 13b) that can be found in WSBY 20.4b–6b (quotation partly corresponding to 303 *Ziyang zhenren neizhuan* 17a–18a) must also be added, as they were once part of this work.

Our text can be divided into three parts: the first part (4a–9b) presents a hierarchical list of Shangqing texts, indicating to which celestial eminences and heavens their practice gives access (this list is also found in YJQQ 6.6b–8a and in 428 *Taishang feixing jiuchen yujing* 2b–4a).

The next part (9b–26b) contains meditation exercises on the Five Planets and their deities, to be carried out as a form of penitence on the Five Universal Days (*wutong* 五通). This rite is complementary to the form of penitence called Return to the Origin (*huiyuan* 迴元; see 1377 *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue* 10b). This part is reproduced in 637 *Taishang feibu wuxing jing* 4b–8b and 10b, as well as in 1385 *Shangqing dongzhen tianbao dadong sanjing baolu* 1.34a–41a and in YJQQ 25.21a–31a.

The text ends with three formulas aimed at setting one's *hun* 魂 souls at rest and expelling the Three Corpses (*sanshi* 三尸; 26b–end). These formulas are also included in 1319 *Dongzhen xi wang mu baoshen qiju jing* 16b–18a and in 637 *Taishang feibu wuxing jing* 9a–10a.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing fushi riyue huanghua jue

洞真太上八素真經服食日月皇華訣

26 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1323 (fasc. 1028)

“Absorption of Solar and Lunar Essences.” This text constitutes the part of the *Basu jing* dealing with the absorption of these essences. It was probably joined to 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing*, as only the present work contains the part concerning the Eight Purities (*basu*), the celestial female deities for whom 426 *Basu zhenjing* is named. Quotations from both works in WSBY and SDZN are indiscriminately ascribed to the *Basu jing*. The present text must therefore belong to the original Shangqing revelation.

The text begins with a description of the practice of the absorption of solar and lunar essences by means of consecrated water that has been previously exposed to the light of the stars (1a–8b). This practice is similar to that described in other Shangqing texts (e.g., 639 *Huangtian shangqing jinque dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing*, part 1; 33 *Shangqing huangqi yangjing sandao shunxing jing*, parts 1 and 2; 1315 *Dongzhen shangqing qingyao zishu jin'gen zhongjing*, parts 1 and 2). There are charms used for the

absorption of lunar and solar essences (8b–17a): two for Yin and Yang, two for the sun and moon, eight for the *basu*.

The second part of the text deals with the ritual of the Eight Gates of the Mysterious Mother (*Xuanmu bamen* 玄母八門); the Mysterious Mother is a hypostasis of the Original Yin. This ritual consists in writing votive tablets, which are then arranged according to the eight directions (the Eight Gates) and intended for the deities they invoke. The ritual is completed by the visualization of the Ladies of the Eight Purities (Basu yuanjun 八素元君) at the time of the Eight Calendar Nodes (*bajie* 八節). The entire ritual is linked to the recitation of the *Dadong zhenjing* (one finds the same names for the gods in 1389 *Shangqing gaoshang taishang dadao jun dongzhen jinyuan bajing yulu* and 1358 *Shangqing gaoshang jinyuan yuzhang yuqing yinshu jing*, and the same vows in 1313 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing* 22a–23a).

The liturgy of the Song period (960–1279) has borrowed several invocations from the present text (for example 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* 37.7b and 67.33a–b correspond to 3b, 35.8a, and 60.8b in the present text, and 20b corresponds to 4b). The description of the sun and moon on 3b–4a of our text is also found in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 76.14a.

This text and the preceding one correspond to number 3 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen shangqing taiwei dijun bu tiangang fei diji jinjian yuzi shangjing

洞真上清太微帝君步天綱飛地紀金簡玉字上經

29 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1316 (fasc. 1027)

“Superior Scripture in Jade Characters on Golden Tablets for Pacing the Celestial Mainstay and Flying on the Terrestrial Filaments of the Sovereign Lord of the Great Tenuity, of the Dongzhen Shangqing Canon.” This text deals principally with the practice of flying paces (*feibu* 飛步) for pacing the Dipper (the Celestial Mainstay; see Schafer, *Pacing the void*, 238–42). This is an ancient practice (see BPZ 19.306 and the Heavenly Master texts 795 *Zhengyi chuguan zhangyi* 5b and 1294 *Shangqing huangshu guodu yi* 14b). Another version of this method is said to have been taught by Master Zhang of Handan 邯鄲張先生, who transmitted it to Liu Jing 劉京 (first century B.C.). According to our text (28b–29a), a version of this method was once presented to Wang Mang (r. A.D. 9–25), but it was not, unlike the present text, the authentic Shangqing version.

The authenticity of our text is nevertheless doubtful from the Shangqing perspec-

tive: the beginning is altered, and no quotation is found in the WSBY. 1338 *Dongzhen taishang taisu yulu* 4b contains a colophon by XU RONGDI that was perhaps originally attached to this work, according to which the text was transmitted to Xu Yuanyou 許遠遊 in A.D. 345. In that case it would be apocryphal. A few passages of the text, however, agree with quotations in 1016 *Zhen'gao* (for example 9.1a4 corresponds to 17b1 in the present text).

The beginning of the text (1a–7a) is composed of incoherent fragments of Shangqing texts (cf. 140 *Shangqing wozhong jue* and 876 *Taishang wuxing qiyan kongchang jue*). The following part (7a–23a) presents the highly elaborated practice of pacing the Dipper, to be executed in four phases. This presentation is followed by a passage on the history of the practice from the time of Huangdi 黃帝 on. Then come various minor prescriptions (20a–23a). The work ends (23a–end) with a postface by Lord Wang of the Western City, Xicheng Wangjun 西城王君, master of Mao Jun 茅君, written for an unidentified text entitled *Taishang zishu* 太上紫書.

The present work is one of the oldest to describe in detail the practice of pacing the Dipper. Some fragments are included in rituals (for example, 1015 *Jinsuo liuzhu yin* 1.1a–2b and 15.14a, corresponding to a passage on page 8a in our text).

Other versions of the text are: 428 *Taishang feixing jiuchen yujing* 25b–34a, corresponding to 1385 *Shangqing dongzhen tianbao dadong sanjing baolu* 1.20a–25a. The latter is a parallel version of 11a–17b of the present text (with some variants). This text corresponds to number 4 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing 上清太上帝君九真中經

2 juan

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1376 (fasc. 1042)

“Central Scripture of the Nine True Ones.” This title refers to one of the practices of the Shangqing tradition. The meditation on the Nine True Ones is attributed to Chisong zi 赤松子, an immortal of ancient times who was adopted by the Shangqing tradition. It is closely linked to 1377 *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue*.

The present text is a patchwork of other Shangqing texts, sometimes assembled from incoherent fragments that are either originals or ancient apocrypha. They correspond to quotations found in other Shangqing texts, or in WSBY and SDZN.

The work can be divided into five parts, beginning with the practice of the Nine True Ones (*jiuzhen fa* 九真法; 1.2b–11b). This practice consists in evoking the nine “souls of the Lord Emperor”—which, in 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing* (3.6b–end and 4.1a–7a), are the spirits of the vital organs of the body—and then having them take up

residence in each of these organs. In the end, they are all united in the Heavenly Palace of the Brain (*niwan* 泥丸). The aim of this exercise is to regenerate the body. The same method is found in 1382 *Shangqing jiudan shanghua taijing zhongji jing* 16b–26a. It is reproduced, in an abbreviated form, in YJQQ 30.5b–9b and 52.1a–4a. Another version can be found in the Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2751, lines 200–365.

Next (1.11b–15b) there is a Discourse on the Essentials of the Eight Ways (*Badao biyan* 八道秘言; i.e., the eight directions). The practice described here, attributed to Huang-Lao jun 黃老君, is closely related to the *jiuzhen fa*. It consists in visualizing at given periods deities traveling in their chariots. Descriptions of the practice have been copied and developed in several apocrypha of the school. They have been incorporated into YJQQ 51.4a–6b and 430 *Shangqing badao biyan tu* 1a–9a. Third, there is a fragment of the practice of the five spirits (*wushen fa* 五神法 1.15b–16b; see 405 *Shangqing zijing jun huangchu ziling daojun dongfang shangjing*, where this method is given in its complete form).

The second juan begins (2.1a–8b) with a practice to invoke the Emperors of the Sun (called Yuyi 鬱儀) and the Ladies of the Moon (Jielin 結璘). This exercise culminates in the ascension of the practitioner to Heaven in the chariots of these gods. There is a fragment of the *wushen fa* in 2b–3a. The present protocol was revealed to Lord Pei 裴君, patron of the Shangqing revelation; it is probably one of the most ancient practices involving the sun and the moon. It is also found in 1377 *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue* 15b–21b and is reproduced in numerous other texts. A great number of its elements have been incorporated in liturgy.

Finally, there is a series of alchemical recipes attributed to Zhang Daoling 張道陵. These recipes are considered apocryphal (Strickmann, “On the Alchemy of Tao Hung-ching,” 171–72), but they are closely linked to the ancient Shangqing corpus. The first of these recipes can also be found in YJQQ 68.1a–9b and 77.7b–10b; it is similar to the one in 255 *Taiwei lingshu ziwen langgan huadan shenzhen shangjing*. There is also a distinct relationship between this part and the above-mentioned 1377 *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue*, since the title of this work corresponds to the first of the alchemical recipes found here.

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Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue

上清太上九真中經絳生神丹訣

22 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1377 (fasc. 1042)

“Instructions on the Divine Elixir of Life and the Central Scripture of the Nine True Ones.” This scripture is closely related to the preceding 1376 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing* and to the following 405 *Shangqing zijing jun huangchu ziling daojun dongfang shangjing*. Its title refers to two distinct practices: that of the Nine True Ones (*jiuzhen*) and that of the divine elixir (*shendan*). These practices are absent from the present text but are found in 1376 *Jiuzhen zhongjing*. Like the latter, our text is composed of several parts, all belonging to the original Shangqing revelation (364–370).

The first part is devoted to the *Futong zhi dao* 拂童之道, also called the practice of the twenty-four spirits (*ershi si shen fa* 二十四神法), or again the practice of the bright mirror (*mingjing fa* 明鏡法; 1a–2a): the practice of washing the eyes (read *tong* 瞳 for *tong* 童) with a solution of pure cinnabar, as described in many other places, e.g., *Zhen'gao* 5.13a. Another part discusses a precious formula of the Jade Scripture (*Yujing baojue* 玉經寶訣; 2a–4b), which corresponds to the practice of the Five Planets (*wuchen fa* 五晨法). A third practice that receives attention is that of the Return to the Origin (*huiyuan fa*; 4b–11a). These same three practices are recorded in a more complete form in 405 *Shangqing zijing jun huangchu ziling daojun dongfang shangjing*.

The second half of the present work is devoted to the Scripture of the Nine Yin of the Lord Emperor (*Dijun jiuyin jing* 帝君九陰經; 11a–15b) and to the *Yuyi jielin* 鬱儀結璘 practice (15b–end). The scripture contains instructions for meditation on the secret spouses of the Great Yin 太陰, who reside in the stars of the Dipper and in the Mingtang 明堂 (a palace of the brain). These deities confer salvation; their names refer to the powers of invisibility and transformation. The same text occurs in 1367 *Shangqing hetu neixuan jing* 2.14–end, and in YJQQ 31.10a–end. For the *Yuyi jielin* practice in 15b–end, see the preceding 1376 *Jiuzhen zhongjing*.

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Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing zijing jun huangchu ziling daojun dongfang shangjing

上清紫精君黃初紫靈道君洞房上經

19 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

405 (fasc. 191)

“Superior Scripture on the Dongfang Palace of the Brain.” The title refers to one of the palaces of the brain (*dongfang*), as well as to two Shangqing deities (compare 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing*, paragraphs 9 and 17). The present text is totally different from two others also called *Dongfang jing* (133 *Taishang dongfang neijing zhu* and 879 *Shangqing jinshu yuzi shangjing*).

The title bears little or no relationship to its contents. The text contains a few exercises that may have originally been interrelated, but the present version represents a later compilation. The contents of the work do not appear to be quoted elsewhere under the present title. The practices expounded are also to be found in many other scriptures, too numerous to be listed here (see, in particular, 1376 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing* and 1377 *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue*, as well as Robinet, “Kieou-tchen tchong-king”). The text under discussion contains the best version of this set of practices, four of which may be of earlier origin than the Shangqing revelation (364–370), as follows.

First, the practice of the five spirits (*wushen fa* 五神法; 1a–3b). The five spirits—those of the eyes, the hands, and the lungs—are divided into three groups, related to exercises to be performed in the morning, at noon, and in the evening. Here only the spirits of the hands belong to the Shangqing pantheon. The exercise consists in reciting a poem and in visualizing qi, which transform themselves into dragons. The adept mounts these dragons in order to rise up to the sky.

The second practice is called the practice of the twenty-four spirits (*ershi si shen fa* 二十四神法; 3b–10a). The practice begins with an enumeration of the twenty-four spirits of the body (in three groups of Eight Effulgences [*jing* 景], with the specific names these spirits bear in the Shangqing tradition. There follows a visualization of the same spirits (9a–10a). They appear in two mirrors, which the adept forms out of white qi. What we have here is an adaptation, by the Shangqing tradition, of an ancient magical practice with mirrors, comparable to that described in BPZ 15.69.

The third practice is the practice of the Five Planets (*wuchen fa* 五晨法; 10a–12a). This is a visualization practice of the planets linked to particular points on the face (the names of these points are not found elsewhere), as well as a visualization of the sun and the moon, situated in the temples on each side of the head.

The final practice involves a table of the names of the stars and gods of the Dipper. These names correspond to those found in other Shangqing texts. This list is followed by a description of the practice of the Return to the Origin, or Revolving Principles

(*huiyuan* 迴元). This is a text for doing penitence that is complementary to the exercise of the *wutong* 五通 days (426 *Shangqing taishang taishang basu zhenjing*, where the spirits of the planets also intervene).

This text and the two preceding ones correspond to number 5 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

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Robinet, "Introduction à l'étude du Kicou-tchen tchong-king."

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing huangqi yangjing sandao shunxing jing

上清黃氣陽精三道順行經

29 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

33 (fasc. 27)

"Shangqing Scripture on Following the Three Trajectories and [Absorbing] the Yellow Qi and Yang Essence." The yellow qi is the energy of the moon, the yang essence that of the sun. The exercises contained in this work explain how the adept can absorb these energies. The Three Ways (*sandao*) are the trajectories of the three luminaries: sun, moon, and Dipper. The adept follows their course (*shunxing* 順行).

The title of the present scripture is mentioned among those revealed to YANG XI (between 364 and 370). It is closely linked to the other Shangqing texts dealing with the same subject, such as 639 *Huangtian shangqing jinqie dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing*, 426 *Taiqing taishang basu zhenjing*, and 1315 *Dongzhen shangqing qingyao zishu jin'gen zhongjing*. A final colophon mentions the transmission of the scripture to Lady WEI HUACUN, patron of the Shangqing. Quotations in ancient anthologies (WSBY, SDZN, etc.) correspond to the present text. Pages 3b, 4, and 5 (corresponding to blocks 3 and 4 in the original edition) are lost.

The work contains two main parts. One is dedicated to the sun and the moon, the other to the Dipper. Among the practices related to the sun (1b–12a), we find first of all a description of the sun and the different stages of its course across the sky. The exercises consist mainly in mentally ascending to the palaces through which the sun passes during the first day of each season, and there meeting the Lord of each palace, as well as purifying oneself in the waters of life and eating the fruit of a tree of immortality. The practices related to the moon (12b–33a) are similar. They are performed during the solstices and equinoxes.

The practices related to the Dipper (25a–27b) are as follows: the adept must lie on top of the seven stars of the Dipper, which are inhabited by seven holy lads who inun-

date the adept with the radiance of the seven jewels. A number of figures of antiquity and some immortals are mentioned as having practiced these methods.

Complete parts and long extracts of this text are quoted in YJQQ 9.12b–13a, 23.1a–2a, 11a–12b, 14a–b, and in 1333 *Shangqing daobao jing* 2.3b, 4a, 5a, 5b, 8b. This work bears out the continuity between the Shangqing texts and the Chinese mythological tradition. The names given to the stations of the sun and the lunar lodges here also occur in the Lingbao texts and in liturgies. This text corresponds to number 8 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing waiguo fangpin Qingtong neiwen 上清外國放品青童內文

2 juan

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1373 (fasc. 1041)

"Esoteric Text of the Green Lad on the Goods Deposited in Foreign Countries."

This work describes the lands of the other world, the fields of the cardinal points, the heavens and subterranean regions, and the marvelous goods they possess; the text gives their talismanic names, which are heavenly sounds. The Green Lad (*qingtong* 青童) is a Shangqing god.

The present work is mentioned in 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 5.1a as one of the Shangqing texts. However, none of the original Shangqing writings, revealed between 364 and 370, mention this work or even allude to it. Other aspects—such as certain elements of its terminology (Buddhist terms, or expressions originating in the Lingbao scriptures), as well as the fact that the work incorporates fragments from 598 *Shizhou ji* (compare our text 3b–4a with 598 *Shizhou ji* 2.31a–b, 32b, 30a–b)—indicate that we are dealing here with an apocryphal work. The quotations in WSBY agree with the present text. The two juan appear to have been originally separate works. Each of them has an introduction, certain passages of which are identical, as well as a conclusion. Moreover, both juan introduce the Thirty-six Foreign Countries, giving them distinct names.

The text of the first juan, in which the number six dominates, presents qi-writings termed *ming* 銘 (inscriptions) with indications of their pronunciation (*yin* 音). The names of the furthestmost regions of the four horizons, the center, and the zenith are also given. The second juan adopts a system based on the number nine and contains the names of the Thirty-six Heavens, divided into nine groups. Each of these groups is introduced by one of the Nine Shangqing Heavens. The same text then gives the names of the Thirty-six Terrestrial Regions, divided into nine layers.

This cosmology constitutes a form of compromise between different Chinese traditions concerning the islands of immortals, the stations of the sun, and the lands

of the barbarians. Its exotic, outlandish presentation of names imitates transcribed Sanskrit. The entire work is meant to be recited and to furnish the practitioner with the means—the names and descriptions—to visualize the regions of the nether world and to receive the fu that facilitate penetration into the Sacred Mountains and the Remotest (*ji* 極) Countries, as well as with the means to rise up to the Heavens.

Juan 22 of the YJQQ is made up entirely of extracts of the present work. The names of the lands and rulers given in our text have been adopted in certain rituals, such as 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* 4.1b–2b and 515 *Dongxuan lingbao hetu yangxie sanshiliu tian zhayiyi* 1.6b3–4 (compare 2.5a9–10 in the present text). This text corresponds to number 9 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Huangtian shangqing jinque dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing

皇天上清金闕帝君靈書紫文上經

13 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

639 (fasc. 342)

“Marvelous Scripture in Purple Characters of the Lord Emperor of the Gold Portal.” This is one of the texts that most surely belongs to the original Shangqing revelation (364–370). Some of TAO HONGJING’s glosses to 1016 *Zhen’gao* and to 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* confirm this. Quotations in WSBY and SDZN also correspond to the present text. This scripture is closely related to 255 *Taiwei lingshu ziwen langgan huadan shenzhen shangjing*, 179 *Taiwei lingshu ziwen xianji zhenji shangjing*, and 442 *Shangqing housheng daojun lieji*. All these texts probably formed originally one single work, for they appear to complement each other, and in the quotations made from these texts they are often confused with one another.

The text contains three main parts. The first part (4a–8b) describes the absorption of solar and lunar essences. The core of this practice comprises two spells (*zhou* 咒), one formed by the names of the Emperors of the Sun, the other by the names of the Ladies of the Moon. These spells are accompanied by the visualization of the astral essences that should be absorbed by the adept.

The second part (8b–11a) evokes the mastery of the three *hun* 魂 and seven *po* 魄 souls by means of a spell and the visualization of colored qi. The description of this mastery is followed by an imaginary self-cremation for the *hun* souls and by the adept’s vision of himself surrounded by the emblematic animals of the four directions for the *po* souls.

The third and last part (11b–end) contains a spell of the Three Original Principles (*sanyuan* 三元), which are the Three Ones (*sanyi* 三一), the three spirits of the Cinnabar Fields (*dantian* 丹田). A spell of the God of the Mysterious Pass (*xuanguan* 玄

關) completes this exercise. The rite of the Mysterious Pass, that is the Palace of Life or the Gate of Destiny (*mingmen* 命門), here located in the navel, constitutes a kind of interiorization of sexual practices. This interiorization is said, by the text itself, to replace such practices and to be superior to them (13a–b).

The present work is a fundamental text of Taoism. Each practice we find here is an elaboration by the Shangqing movement of more ancient rites, traces of which can be found either in 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* (absorption of astral essences, spirits of the Cinnabar Fields), or in the tradition of the Heavenly Masters (the God of the Mysterious Pass). The names attributed to the spirits of the Cinnabar Fields are the same as those of the Taiqing tradition (see YJQQ 49.8b). The *Lingshu ziwen* is the basic reference for the invocation of the sun and the moon. These invocations are repeated not only in various Shangqing texts, but also in numerous rituals whose aim is to achieve mastery over the *hun* and *po* souls (the names of these souls found here are similar to those used in many other texts) as well as in the rite of the *xuanguan*.

Another version of the text is found in the Dunhuang manuscripts Stein 4314 and 6193, and Pelliot 2751 (see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 183–84).

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Isabelle Robinet

Taiwei lingshu ziwen langgan huadan shenzhen shangjing

太微靈書紫文琅玕華丹神真上經

8 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

255 (fasc. 120)

“Scripture of the Langgan Elixir.” Langgan is the name of a mythical tree on Mount Kunlun 崑崙. This text is linked to the *Lingshu ziwen* group (see the preceding article and the following two articles). Our text probably formed a single work with this group. The rules of transmission given in 7b–8a apply to all of these texts. They derive from the original Shangqing revelation.

The elixir recipe contains fourteen ingredients commonly used in Taoist recipes, such as cinnabar, orpiment, and so on. Their esoteric names correspond (with a single exception) to those used in another Shangqing recipe, in 1376 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing* 2.9b–11b.

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Isabelle Robinet

Taiwei lingshu ziwen xianji zhenji shangqing 太微靈書紫文仙忌真記上經

4 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

179 (fasc. 77)

“True Record of Interdictions [to Be Observed by] the Immortals.” This is a fragment of the *Lingshu ziwen* and one of the rare scriptures among the original Shangqing revelations devoted to the formulation of the rules of ritual.

A gloss indicates that it was transmitted by the Green Lad (*qingtong* 青童) to Gong Zhongyang 龔仲陽 (here written 楊) and to his brother Youyang 幼陽 (two Shangqing immortals). The same indications are already found in the biography of Ziyang zhenren 紫陽真人 (YJQQ 106.13b and *Dengzhen yinjue* 登真隱訣 quoted in TPYL 660).

The text presents an enumeration of the ritual prescriptions and interdictions against lust, drinking, and eating the meat of animals (corresponding to that of one's own Fundamental Destiny [*benming* 本命] or to that of one's parents); taboos concerning the north; and so on. To infringe these prescriptions and interdictions means to damage the marks or signs of immortality (*xianxiang* 仙相), as given in 442 *Shangqing housheng daojun lieji*.

Other versions of the present text exist in 427 *Shangqing xiuxing jingjue* 22b–25a and in the Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2751 (*Ziwen xingshi jue* 紫文行事訣), lines 182–95.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing housheng daojun lieji 上清後聖道君列紀

13 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

442 (fasc. 198)

“Annals of the Latter-Day Saint.” This work is part of the textual group of the *Lingshu ziwen* (see the articles on 639 *Huangtian shangqing jinque dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing* and following) and constitutes an important part of the original Shangqing revelation. It is authenticated through quotations in 1016 *Zhen'gao*, SDZN, and elsewhere. According to tradition, the present text was transmitted by the Lord Green Lad 青童君 to Wang Yuanyou 王遠遊, one of the legendary immortals of the Shangqing corpus.

The Latter-Day Saint is Li Hongyuan 李弘元 (Li Hong being the traditional name of Laozi as messiah; see Seidel, “The image of the perfect ruler,” 236–47). He is the Lord of the Golden Portal and a divine intermediary. This work starts with a biography of the saint, who practices Shangqing methods in order to attain apotheosis.

The saint is then pictured as the judge at the end of time (3b–4a) and as a mediator (7b–8a) who sends twenty-four teachers into the world under the guidance of Wang Yuanyou, whose task it is to transmit the Shangqing scriptures (enumerated in 8a). The Latter-Day Saint also descends to reign over the world.

The main purpose of the text is to establish a hierarchy among the elect who are to be saved when the world comes to an end. From 9b on, our work describes the different marks or signs of physical immortality (*xianxiang* 仙相), which differ according to the palace in Heaven where the name of the elected has been inscribed. These palaces correspond to those given in 1379 *Shangqing yudi qisheng xuanji huitian jiuxiao jing* 17b–29b. This text and the three preceding ones correspond to number 10 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

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Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang zidu yanguang shenyuan bian jing

洞真太上紫度炎光神元變經

33 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1332 (fasc. 1030)

“Rules on Purple [Tablets], Book of Blazing Light, [Created by] Transformation from the Divine Mystery [for *yuan* read *xuan* 玄].” This scripture materialized through the condensation of light and divine vital qi.

TAO HONGJING in 1016 *Zhen'gao* 9.5a–b and in 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 3.2b seems to indicate that the present text is one of the Shangqing apocrypha. Its context, however, agrees perfectly with that of the other works of this school; quotations made by WSBY and SDZN accord. This text could therefore date from the beginning of the fifth century. It is incomplete (see the following article on 1368 *Shangqing huishen feixiao dengkong zhao wuxing shangfa jing*).

The present work deals with light and its horizontal expansion. It teaches long distance vision and the evocation, mastery, and absorption of the luminous forces of the Five Directions.

After an introduction of a few pages, the text presents an exercise for the evocation of emptiness (*zhaomu* 招無; 2b–7a). This exercise is found, in more succinct (perhaps its original) form, in 1016 *Zhen'gao*, 421 *Dengzhen yinjue*, and 1319 *Dongzhen xi wang mu baoshen qiju jing*. It consists in visualizing the limits of the Five Directions (east, south, west, north, and zenith) and summoning the Immortal Officials of these places, until general enlightenment is obtained. The work then presents the Bell of Fire and

Flowing Gold (*liujin huoling* 流金火鈴; 7a–17a), from the name of an important Shangqing charm. This part of the work also contains five other charms and four formulas of invocation. Next comes a ritual for the Emperors of the Five Directions (17a–23b). It consists of lighting lamps decorated with charms. Other practices include an alchemical recipe (23b–27b) for the purpose of summoning the Officials of the Five Peaks, and a visualization and absorption of the spiritual forces of the Five Directions (27b–33a). These forces appear in the form of Divine Lads bearing plants and beverages of long life, of Jade Maidens associated with the shoots (*ya* 芽) of the Five Directions, and of colored halos that are absorbed through the mouth and swallowed together with saliva. Instructions relating to the practice of 1317 *Dongzhen shangqing kaitian santu qixing yidu jing* are also given.

A substantial part of our text (9a–17a) is found in 1337 *Dongzhen taiwei jinhu zhenfu* (7a–end).

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing huishen feixiao dengkong zhao wuxing shangfa jing

上清迴神飛霄登空招五星上法經

5 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1368 (fasc. 1040)

“Scripture of the Superior Method for Returning to the Divine, Flying up to High Heavens, Rising into Space, and Calling upon the Five Planets.” The first part of this scripture is linked to 1332 *Dongzhen taishang zidu yanguang shenyuan bian jing*, because this part is quoted by 446 *Shangqing zhongjing zhu zhensheng bi* and by WSBY 97.1a–12b under that title. Moreover, the contents of this part correspond to that of 1332 *Shenyuan bian jing*: a method of visualizing the different gods of the Five Directions as well as the sun and the moon.

The second part is an appendix of sorts, introducing the evocation of the gods of the Book of the Yellow Court (*Huangting jing* 黃庭經) and of 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing* 4, 5, and 6. This second part is mentioned as an apocryphal work by TAO HONGJING in 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 3.2b.

This text and the preceding one correspond to number 11 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen shangqing qingyao zishu jin'gen zhongjing

洞真上清青腰紫書金根衆經

2 juan

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1315 (fasc. 1026–1027)

“Purple Book [of the Celestial Emperor] of Qingyao, [Containing] the Combined Scriptures of Gathering the Golden Root.” *Qingyao* (green waist) in ancient mythology designates either a celestial maiden or a sacred mountain, while *jin'gen* (golden root) refers to solar energies. This Shangqing scripture was at least partially revealed to YANG XI in 365 (see 1016 *Zhen'gao* 2.7a). According to one source (596 *Xianyuan bianzhu* 3.15a), this text was revealed in the second century A.D. The present version corresponds to the citations found in WSBY and SDZN but is perhaps incomplete since the remarks concerning it in 442 *Shangqing housheng daojun lieji* 8a do not correspond to its present contents.

The book as a whole is attributed to the Great Minister Lord Green Lad (Shangxiang qingtong jun 上相青童君), but each juan starts with the biography of the god under whose aegis it has been placed.

Juan 1 deals with practices of absorbing solar and lunar energies (closely resembling those found in 1323 *Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing fushi riye huanghua jue*, 639 *Huangtian shangqing jinque dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing*, and 33 *Shangqing huangqi yangjing sandao shunxing jing*). It also contains charms which enable one to escape the catastrophe of the apocalypse and methods to purify oneself of the pollution caused by the sight of a corpse.

Juan 2 deals exclusively with descriptions of the three paradises mentioned in the Shangqing scriptures as well as of the rituals that enable adepts to gain access to these paradises. This is one of the ritualistic texts of the Shangqing corpus. It contains rituals (*yige* 儀格) for the presentation of memorials written on wooden tablets (*yuzha* 玉札) and ends (18b ff.) with practices of visualization that enable the adept to cross the Three Celestial Passes (*san tianguan* 三天關). The same text is found in 1317 *Dongzhen shangqing kaitian santu qixing yidu jing* 1a–b.

The present work corresponds to number 12 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*. It is quoted in several places in YJQQ. Certain ritual elements have found their way into later manuals, such as the invocation on 1.6a–b, which is given in 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* 60.8a–b.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang sanjiu suyu yujing zhenjue 洞真太上三九素語玉精真訣

14 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1327 (fasc. 1029)

“Jade Essence Formulas in the Pristine Words of the Three and Nine.” The “Pristine Words” (*suyu*) of the title are those of the Nine Emperors of the Nine Heavens and of the Three Perfected (i.e., the Three Original Ones, *sanyuan* 三元; 1b). This text is a Shangqing apocryphal work. It bears the title of a text of the school (see 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 5b; 1331 *Dongzhen shangqing shenzhou qizhuan qibian wutian jing* 27b). Indeed, quotations found elsewhere under this title do not correspond to the present work (compare 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 3.1a and the biography of Pei jun 裴君 in YJQQ 105.14b). A gloss by TAO HONGJING in 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 3.1a mentions an apocryphal work bearing the title of our text. Quotations in the anthologies WSBY and SDZN accord with our text. If it is the work mentioned by TAO HONGJING, it must have appeared sometime around the end of the fourth century (Shangqing revelation) and the beginning of the fifth century.

The Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2576 (lines 1–134) corresponds to pages 5b–end of the present text. Ōfuchi Ninji's (*Tōnkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 180) identification of this manuscript as being the *Shangqing sanzhen zhiyao yujue* 上清三真指要玉訣 is erroneous.

The work concerns the rites for addressing the deities or spirits of the five cardinal points. It begins with a *Sanjiu suyu yujing zhenjue* (1a–6a), which gives the text its title. This formula consists of a series of invocations to the Emperors of the Five Directions. The same invocations are also found in the biography of Pei jun 裴君 (YJQQ 105.10b–11b) as well as in various Shangqing texts. A visual meditation accompanies these invocations.

The invocations are followed by a ritual of presentation of memorials on the Eight Nodal Days (*bajie touci fa* 八節投刺法) to the sacred peak (*yue* 嶽) with which the adept is identified (6a–9b). This ritual consists in burying a tablet that establishes the Taoist adept's identity. The association of the adept with a sacred peak may be influenced by the ancient Lingbao tradition.

The final part (9b–14b) of our text contains a ritual for establishing the gods (*zhen-shen* 鎮神) of the five sacred mountains. In order to perform this ritual, charms are engraved on stones and buried in places surrounding one's residence and corresponding to the five cardinal points.

The present text corresponds to number 13 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*. The entire first part of this text is also found in YJQQ 44.18b–22a.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing sanyuan yujian sanyuan bujing 上清三元玉檢三元布經

43 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

354 (fasc. 179)

“Jade Rule of the Three Original Ones [*sanyuan yujian*] [and the] Promulgated Scripture of the Three [Female] Original Ones [*sanyuan bujing*].” The title contains a double reference, corresponding to two conflated scriptures. The first triad corresponds to the traditional division of the universe into Heaven, Earth (here: the mountains), and humans (here: the immortals). The second triad represents the Three Ladies of Purity, goddesses of the Shangqing. The text appears, therefore, to be a hybrid from perhaps a half century later than the original Shangqing revelation but is nevertheless linked to it. The quotations found in encyclopedias (WSBY, SDZN) agree with our text.

The “Jade Rule” is one of the earliest Shangqing rituals. Its text is divided into two parts, with the “Promulgated Scripture” wedged between the two. The first part (3b–26a) is composed of fu, a register (*lu* 籙), and a formulary. Some of the fu are missing. They can be recuperated thanks to 416 *Shangqing pei fuwen huangquan jue* 1b–3b. Part of our text (4a–11b) can also be found in 168 *Yuanshi gaoshang yujian dalu* 1a–2a and 8a–11b. The second part (31b–35b) expounds a ritual with offerings inviting the gods to descend.

The “Promulgated Scripture of the Three [Female] Original Ones” is a guide for recognizing different apparitions that may occur during meditation (26a–31b); this exercise is similar to that of 1393 *Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing jiu ling taimiao guishan xuanlu* (mentioned in our text, 31a).

At the end of the second part of the “Jade Rule” (from page 35b on) there is a description of the meditation on the three goddesses. A similar description is given in 1313 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi taidong ciyi yujian wulao baojing* 28b–29a. The present text corresponds to number 14 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing danjing daoqing yindi bashu jing 上清丹景道精隱地八術經

2 juan

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1359 (fasc. 1039)

“The Scripture of the Tao Essence of Cinnabar Effulgence [Containing] the Eight Methods for Hiding in the Earth.” This text concerns various techniques for transforming oneself and making oneself invisible. In spite of a similarity in the titles, the text is entirely different from 1348 *Dongzhen taishang danjing daoqing jing*. Our work is mentioned by many of the original Shangqing texts: 426 *Shangqing taishang basu*

zhenjing 5b, 1331 *Dongzhen shangqing shenzhou qizhuan qibian wutian jing* 28a, and 1016 *Zhen'gao* 5.2b. It may, however, go back to a period earlier than the Shangqing revelation (364–370), as it mentions (2.4a–5a) more or less legendary persons who once followed its practice. The 1016 *Zhen'gao* 12.7a–b confirms this when it says that Liu Yi 劉翊, who lived at the time of the Yellow Turbans (A.D. 184; see his biography in *Hou Han shu* 111), received these *Yindi bashu*. The ancient version is said to have had eight juan (2.1a). The quotations found in the WSBY correspond to the words of the present text.

The different methods of transformation are considered as means to salvation in the concrete sense of escaping from dangers, obtaining bodily freedom, mounting up to heaven, and so on. The names given to the eight methods belong to the vocabulary of ancient Taoism and are inspired by the *Laozi* and the *Zhuangzi*. One of the main characteristics of this text is the relationship between the Eight Gods of Effulgence (*bajing* 八景), the Eight Trigrams (*bagua* 八卦), and the Eight Calendar Nodes (*bajie* 八節). In this respect, our work is different from other Shangqing texts in which the Eight Trigrams never occur.

The first juan enumerates the Eight Methods of Transformation, with the help of eight fu and with visual meditation on colored clouds. The latter change into mythical animals, each then being related to a specific part of the body. The *bajing* are also invoked by using their secret names (these are given on 2.5b–6a).

The second juan contains methods for escaping disasters. These correspond to different Trigrams (1a–4b). The method uses the same fu and the same secret names of the *bajing*. It is placed under the aegis of the Lord Emperor Ziqing 紫清帝君 and enables one to be transformed into a mythical animal.

The remainder of the text gives detailed information for putting these methods into practice. Almost all of the first juan is reproduced in YJQQ 53.9a–13b. This present text corresponds to number 16 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

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Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen shangqing shenzhou qizhuan qibian wutian jing

洞真上清神州七轉七變舞天經

29 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1331 (fasc. 1030)

“Seven Recitations of the Divine Realm with Seven Transformations for Dancing in Heaven.” The title of this scripture comprises references to two distinct parts

of the text. The first part, Seven Recitations of the Divine Realm (*Shenzhou qizhuan shangjing* 上經), consists of a series of fourteen units to be recited in a prescribed order. The second part, Seven Transformations for Dancing in Heaven (*Shenzhou qibian wutian jing* 經), deals with techniques of transformation and salvation to enable the adept “to dance in Heaven.”

The text is placed under the aegis of a Shangqing deity and is mentioned in many texts of this school (for example 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 5b; 1016 *Zhen'gao* 5.3a). It is quoted in 639 *Huangtian shangqing jingque dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing* (2b–3a). The quotations in WSBY, SDZN, and other anthologies correspond to our text. There are reasons to believe that the last pages (26b–end) have been added in order to justify the inclusion of this new text into the corpus of scriptures revealed to Yang Xi.

The text begins with the biography of the Shanghuang xiansheng zichen jun 上皇先生紫晨君. Next there is the series of fourteen units also found in 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing* and in 1393 *Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing jiuling taimiao guishan xuanlu*. These units are paraphrases of passages in the *Dadong zhenjing*.

The second part of the work expounds seven methods for transforming oneself into a cloud, a beam of light, into fire, water, or even into a dragon, in order to obtain corporeal liberation. These methods require the visualization of colored qi 氣, divine beings, and charms (23a–26b). The exercises are accompanied by invocations. The last pages of the text contain an almost complete list of the Shangqing scriptures. This text corresponds to number 17 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taiyi dijun taidan yinshu dongzhen xuanjing

洞真太一帝君太丹隱書洞真玄經

46 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1330 (fasc. 1030)

The title of this scripture refers to its various components. It is usually cited under one or another of their names, as either “Secret Scripture of Taidan” (*Taidan yinshu* 太丹隱書), referring to the Southern Palace, a place of redemption, where the book is stored; or “Scripture of the Supreme One” (*Taiyi jing* 太一經), to whom the present work is dedicated; or again, “Mysterious Scripture of Dongzhen” (*Dongzhen xuanjing*) or “Dongxuan.” The two terms *Dongzhen* and *Dongxuan*, which later designate two distinct groups of *Daozang* texts, are found for the first time in Shangqing scriptures. A work named *Taishang yinshu* belonged to the revelations received by YANG XI (see 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 4b; 1016 *Zhen'gao* 5.3a). The present form does not correspond to the original version, although it certainly contains elements from

the original Shangqing texts. A number of passages quoted in anthologies (WSBY, SDZN) are not found in our text. The text is considerably altered and disjointed. Its contains (14b, 20b) interpolations from a *Taiwei huangshu* 太微黃書 that is no longer extant (compare, for example, 1338 *Dongzhen taishang taisu yulu* 1b–2b). In some places, a commentary is included. The text is closely related to 1313 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing*, which may be of a slightly later date.

As the title indicates, our text is the scripture of Taiyi 太一. Its themes are regeneration and fusion with Taiyi and the Lord Emperor (*dijun* 帝君). It treats of various visual meditations that aim at the amalgamation of all the deities with the adept and the inscription of the adept's name on the registers of life. The gods acting in these exercises are those who rule over the formation of the embryo and human reproduction. Among these we find the Five Spirits of the Registers, the Three Original Ones of the Cinnabar Fields, the Mysterious (*xuan* 玄) Father and Mother, and the generative spirits of the body (see 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing* 5). The exercises described here often provide a key for the understanding of the relevant *Dadong zhenjing* passages, the latter serving as a kind of incantatory recapitulation of the former. The exercises are expounded, one after the other, without any clear transition.

Isabelle Robinet

***Shangqing dongzhen yuanjing wuji fu* 上清洞真元經五籍符**

5 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

82 (fasc. 37)

“Five Register-Charms of the Mysterious Book [for *yuan* 元 read *xuan* 玄] of the Dongzhen Canon.” This is a fragment of 1330 *Dongzhen taiyi dijun taidan yinshu dongzhen xuanjing*. Its title here is an alternate name for this *Taidan yinshu*. The latter (30a) mentions five charms, while only one of these charms is reproduced in the text. Our present text has all five (1a–2b, 2b–4b, and 5a corresponding to 1330 *Taidan yinshu* 30b–31a, 33a, and 44a).

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing taiyi dijun taidan yinshu jiebao shier jiejie tujue

上清太一帝君太丹隱書解胞十二結節圖訣

16 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1384 (fasc. 1043)

“Illustrated Instructions for Untying the Twelve Embryonic Knots according to the Secret Scripture of Taidan.” This is the final part of 1330 *Dongzhen taiyi dijun taidan yinshu dongzhen xuanjing* (38b–end). It explains, with illustrations, the method of the



FIGURE 6. Nurturing the immortal embryo by untying the strings of death (1384 2a–b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1365)

Taidan yinshu 太丹隱書 for “untying the Inborn Knots” (*jiejie* 解結). The concept of Inborn Knots that make the body perishable is proper to the Shangqing texts, which contain various methods for untying them (see 1382 *Shangqing jiudan shanghua taijing zhongji jing* 3b–16b and 1313 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing* 50b–53b; see also Robinet, *Méditation taoïste*, 214–19) (figs. 6–9).

The “knots” are here distributed in groups of four and located in the three main sections of the body: the head, the thorax, and the abdomen. The disciple invokes the Lord Emperor (*dijun* 帝君) and twenty-seven other gods, in three groups of nine. The knots are untied as a result of the solemn decision of this assembly.

This text and the two preceding ones correspond to number 18 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet



FIGURE 7. Deities of the Twenty-four Knots (1384 7a–b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1365)

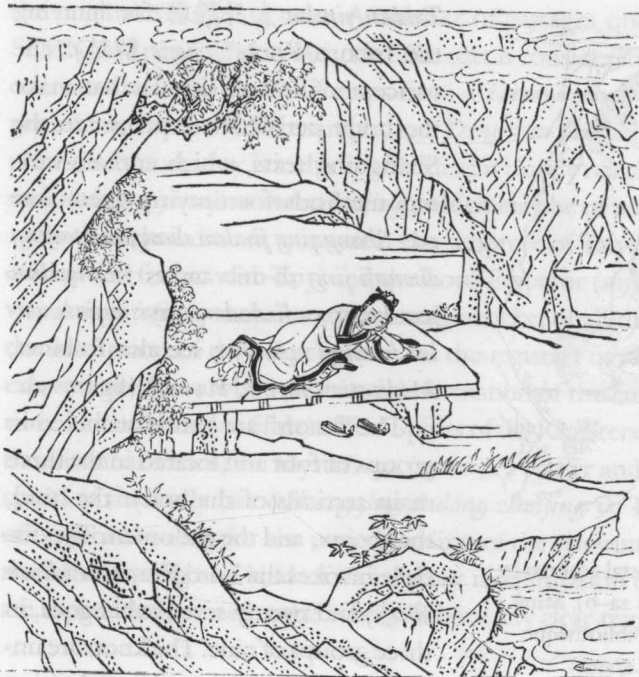


FIGURE 8. Meditating when reclining (1384 13b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1365)



FIGURE 9. The transmission of the method (1384 14a–b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1365)

Dongzhen shangqing kaitian santu qixing yidu jing

洞真上清開天三圖七星移度經

2 juan

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1317 (fasc. 1027)

“Scripture on Dipper Transfer with Three Limits for Opening Heaven.” The Three Limits (*santu*) or Celestial Diagrams (*tiantu* 天圖) correspond to the Three Celestial Passes (*san tianguan* 三天關; 1.1a) that the adept must open. The seven stars (*qixing*) mentioned in the title are those of the Dipper. Their intercession enables the adept to have his or her name inscribed on the register of life. The term *yidu* (transfer) designates at the same time the rotation of the stars that transport the adept to the skies and his transfer from the register of death to the register of life.

This text is a Shangqing apocryphal work probably dating from the end of the fifth or the beginning of the sixth century. It is a replica of 1366 *Shangqing tianguan santu jing*, the title by which it is ordinarily cited.

However, our work includes a first part (1a–8a) that is missing from 1366 *Santu jing* and seems to have been borrowed from 1315 *Dongzhen shangqing qingyao zishu jinggen zhongjing* 2.18b–23b (anthologies quote this passage under the title of that text). Moreover, the *Huoluo qiyan* 豁落七元 charms, which are missing in 1366 *Santu jing* appear here on page 3a. The division of the text into two juan, which occurs in the middle of an exercise, is awkward and contradicts the indication of the text itself that it comprises only one juan (2.18a).

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing tianguan santu jing 上清天關三圖經

32 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1366 (fasc. 1040)

“Three Limits Scripture on the Passes of Heaven.” The Passes of Heaven (*tianguan*) are “the gates of life of the Nine Heavens” in the southeastern regions (see 1317 *Dongzhen shangqing kaitian santu qixing yidu jing* 1.1a). There are three gates, and they are also called *tiantu* (Heavenly Diagrams or Limits), hence the expression *santu* (the Three Limits).

The present text, which is duplicated in the preceding entry, 1317 *Yidu jing*, belongs to the Shangqing legacy but is probably an ancient apocryphal work of that school. The title is listed among the original works (see, for instance, 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 5b; 1016 *Zhen’gao* 9.5b), but the quotations of the work in the *Zhen’gao* do not conform to the present text. TAO HONGJING, in a commentary to the relevant passage, states that the work has not yet “come out into the world.” The quotations in

WSBY and SDZN, however, do correspond. In consequence, the present text must date, at the latest, from the end of the fifth or the beginning of the sixth century.

Our text must have been altered, as it is disorganized and refers to two *juan* (see 9b), whereas only a single *juan* remains. The *fu* of the *Huoluo qiyan* 豁落七元, referred to on 9b, are lacking.

The methods described are all copied from those of the original Shangqing scriptures, except perhaps the lamp ritual, which seems to be inspired by the practice of the Heavenly Masters and borrows its terminology, although the names of the gods of the planets show slightly variant readings. The type of colophon we have here, stating that the work was transmitted to the two Shangqing patrons, Lord Wang 王君 and Lady WEI [HUACUN], is also found in other apocrypha.

The scripture begins with a technique for obtaining salvation through the intercession and mediation of the gods of the stars of the Dipper (1a–10b and 12b–13b). This method “opens the Passes of Heaven” and is similar to that given in 1377 *Jiuzhen zhongjing* 4b–11a. Then follows a paragraph devoted to the names of the Courts of the Inferno. To recite these names results in the closing of the Gates of Death (10b–12b). This practice and the preceding one are complementary. The same names for these courts are given in *Zhen'gao* 15.1a–b. On pages 14a–22b there is a rite of penitence (*wuli* 五離) entailing the intercession of the planets. This rite is close to that of the *wutong* 五通 in 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 20a–25b.

The lamp ritual (22b–26a), inspired by the Heavenly Masters tradition, invokes the adept's star of destiny (*benming* 本命), the star of the current year, and Taisui 太歲, the counterrotating invisible twin of Jupiter. Such a stellar triad is unknown in the original Shangqing texts.

Our work terminates with the Vows of Immortality (*xianyuan* 仙願, 26a–31a), inspired by the ritual of *Xuanmu bajian* 玄母八間 in 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* (17a–end). This text and the preceding correspond to number 19 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing jiudan shanghua taijing zhongji jing 上清九丹上化胎精中記經

26 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1382 (fasc. 1043)

“The Embryonic Essence From Superior Transmutation of the Ninefold Elixir.”

It is achieved through the ninefold union of the *qi* of the Nine Primordial Heavens with the Embryonic Essence (*taijing*), and through their coagulation inside the Gate of Destiny (*mingmen* 命門; 2b–3a). These Nine Transmutations (*jiuzhuan* 九轉) form the human body at the time when, during nine months, the *qi* of the Nine Heavens

inspire life in the fetus. The Embryonic Essence means either the essence that unites with the *qi* in order to create the fetus (3a), or the *qi* that transform themselves first into essence, then into cinnabar, and finally into a fetus (16b).

The present text is part of the original Shangqing revelations. Its contents agree with the numerous quotations in WSBY. The entire work is devoted to the process of regeneration from the embryonic state thanks to assistance from the Primordial Nine Heavens. This scripture concerns the realization, in one's mind, of the divine origin of human life, which is the Fundamental Truth (*benzhen* 本真; see 2b, 16b).

The work begins with an introduction (1a–3b) on the general principles of the origin of human beings. The text is then divided into two main parts.

The first part (3b–16b) concerns a method “to untie the knots of the embryo” (*jie baozhong shier jie* 解胞中十二節). The theory of the knots, which are the inborn principles of death, is more or less the same as in 1330 *Dongzhen Taiyi dijun taidan yinshu dongzhen xuanjing*, but the method used here is different. The untying is done by the Original Father, the Mysterious Mother, the Kings of the Nine Primordial Heavens, and the Twenty-four Effulgences (*jing* 景) of the body. Meditating on these figures must be practiced three times a day—at sunrise, noon, and sunset—for the three parts of the body: upper, middle, and lower.

The second part (16b–26b) describes a method for reconstituting the process of gestation from the Nine Heavenly Qi, and thus creating a divine body. In order to achieve this, the disciple summons the Kings of the Nine Primordial Heavens, one by one, and installs them in his own body. Then he achieves the union, in his heart (the central organ), of the Original Father and the Mysterious Mother, the former coming down from the Palace of the Brain (*niwan* 泥丸), the latter rising up from the Gate of Destiny (*mingmen* 命門). Of all early Shangqing scriptures, the present text is the one that most clearly marks the first development in the direction of Inner Alchemy.

In YJQQ 29.4a–17b, there is an abstract of the first part of the present text, while the second part is quoted in extenso. A slightly abridged version of our text is given in 408 *Shangqing taijing ji jiejie xingshi jue*. The invocations in this work have been adopted in certain rituals (for instance in 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 2.11b).

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing taijing ji jiejie xingshi jue 上清胎精記解結行事訣

14 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

408 (fasc. 191)

“Formula for the Practice of Untying the Knots from the Records of Embryonic Essence.” This work is similar to 1382 *Shangqing jiudan shanghua taijing zhongji jing*, of which it reproduces the essential passages (pages 1a–12b, 12b–13a, and 13b–14 in

our text correspond to pages 3a–15b, 22a–b, and 26a in 1382 *Taijing zhongji jing*). This text and the preceding one correspond to number 20 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Taishang jiuchi banfu wudi neizhen jing 太上九赤班符五帝內真經

32 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1329 (fasc. 1029)

“The Nine Crimson Speckled Talismans of the Five Emperors’ Inward Contemplation.” The expression *jiuchi banfu* (Nine Crimson Speckled Talismans) refers to the qi of the Nine Original Ones (here: the Emperors of the Five Directions and those of the Four Seas). The second part of the title probably has a double meaning: it concerns not only the “Five Emperors who inwardly establish” (read *zhen* 鎮 for 真) the spirits in their dwellings (as they establish the nature of things), but also the “interior truth of the Five Emperors”—an allusion to the inward contemplation (*neisi* 內思) of the true form (*zhenxing* 真形) of the deities concerned (2b, 6a, 25b, etc.).

The present text belongs to the original Shangqing revelation. Its title is mentioned by a few works originating from this revelation (e.g., 1016 *Zhen’gao* 5.3a). Its contents tally with the quotations in WSBY.

The work is dedicated to the terrestrial divinities, that is, those of the Five Directions, the Five Sacred Peaks, and the Four Seas. It begins with an exercise (2b–6a) that teaches the adept how to interpret colored visions during meditation—appearances of celestial guides or demoniac emanations—and how to interpret the true form of deities. Similar exercises are found in other Shangqing texts (e.g., 354 *Shangqing sanyuan yujian sanyuan bujing* and 1393 *Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing jiuling taimiao guishan xuanlu*).

The two other exercises (6a–25b and 25b–31a) are complementary. They belong to the numerous Shangqing practices for obtaining both the inscription of the adept’s name in the registers of life and its removal from the registers of death. Here, the life registers are held by the Emperors of the Five Directions and the Lords of the Sacred Peaks. They are also related to the planets and to specific organs of the body. The registers of death are held by the Emperors of the Seas. The exercises group together visual meditation, the use of talismans, and invocations.

The talismans confer on the adept the power to secure the mountains and govern the seas. However, the names of the Emperors of the Five Directions are not those that the Shangqing texts attribute to them. They are found again in a commentary to 87 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* 2.62a–b, citing a “Shangqing zhenren 上清真人.”

The present text corresponds to number 21 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang shenhu yinwen 洞真太上神虎隱文

7 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1334 (fasc. 1031)

“Secret Scripture of the Divine Tiger.” This text is said to have been revealed to YANG XI in A.D. 365 (see 1016 *Zhen’gao* 1.12a). It is also known as the Scripture of the Wisdom That Annihilates Demons (*Zhibui xiaomo jing* 智慧消魔經 [or *miemo jing* 滅魔經]) and as the Secret Scripture of the Eight Methods (*Bashu yinwen* 八術隱文; see this title on 7b and the quotations in 412 *Shangqing pei fuwen qingquan jue* 2b and 413 *Shangqing pei fuwen boquan jue* 4b). The present text corresponds to the comments in 1016 *Zhen’gao* 3.16a–b and 17.1b.

The scripture is essentially composed of two apotropaic hymns, chanted by Shangqing deities in a jubilant celestial atmosphere. The first hymn, entitled “Huishen zhi shi 揮神之詩” (Shaking the [Divine] Spirits), is intended to drive away (evil) spirits (1a–3b). The second hymn, “Jinzen zhi shi 金真之詩” (Song of the Golden Zhenren; 5b–7a), is a form of Pacing the Void (*buxu* 步虛). The first stanzas of each of these hymns are modeled on those of *Dadong zhenjing* (compare 1a–b and 6b with 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing* 2.12a–b, 14b and 9b). A colophon (7b) mentions a further hymn, revealed by the Celestial Maiden of the Nine Flowerings (Jiuhua Anfei 九花安妃; the same maiden who appeared to YANG XI). This song, says the text, should have been recorded in a chapter of *Taishang bashu zhibui miemo shenhu yin wen* 太上八術智慧滅魔神虎隱文, a title corresponding to 1344 *Dongzhen taishang shuo zhibui xiaomo zhenjing*. The second juan of the latter indeed corresponds, with some additions, to the present text. The poem in question, however, is lacking.

This present text corresponds to number 22 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing gaoshang yuchen fengtai qusu shangjing

上清高上玉晨鳳臺素上經

23 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1372 (fasc. 1041)

“Superior Scripture on the Emanations from the Labyrinth of Phoenix Terrace.” This scripture was created out of the cosmic qi of the Phoenix Terrace (*fengtai*) of Nine Meanderings (*jiuqu* 九曲) in the Heavens, energies that pervade the eight directions of space, in correspondence with the Eight Purities (*basu* 八素; see 426

Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing). The present work is placed under the aegis of Gaoshang yuchen and is part of the original Shangqing revelations, as stated in other books of the Shangqing tradition (such as 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 5a, 1331 *Dongzhen shangqing shenzhou qizhuan qibian wutian jing* 2.7b, 1016 *Zhen'gao* 5.3b). But the work appears to be incomplete (compare, e.g., 412 *Shangqing pei fuwen wen qingquan jue* 2b, 413 *Shangqing pei fuwen wen baiquan jue* 7a, 414 *Shangqing pei fuwen jiangquan jue* 1a, 415 *Shangqing pei fuwen wen heiquan jue* 1a and 416 *Shangqing pei fuwen wen huangquan jue* 4b).

The text is composed of hymns and fu. The hymns (2b–7b) are linked to the Five Emperors of the Five Directions. They are songs of heavenly bliss and of compassion for the sufferings of humanity. They are composed of sacred sounds that ward off the calamities of the impending apocalypse, and they use the distinctive terminology of this type of Shangqing literature.

A number of fu correspond to the Secret Fu of the Five Phases (*wuxing bifu* 五行秘符; 15b–end), which are linked to the five pairs of Heavenly Stems. This material may have originally formed a separate work (compare 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 5b and 1016 *Zhen'gao* 5.3a).

The hymns are also found in 608 *Shangqing zhuzhen zhangsong* 2b–8b. YJQQ 51.7b–11a quotes the last part of our text (15b–21b). 1457 *Gaoshang yuchen youle zhang* is formed entirely from the present work, from which it has taken all the hymns.

This scripture should not be confused with 1348 *Dongzhen taishang danjing daoqing jing*, although the latter has been quoted under the same title. One of the titles of 1348 *Daoqing jing* is *Qusu jueci* 曲素訣辭 (1a), which is very close to that of the present work.

Isabelle Robinet

Gaoshang yuchen youle zhang 高上玉宸憂樂章

5 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1457 (fasc. 1064)

“Hymn of Joy and Sorrow of the Most High Yuchen.” As indicated by a colophon, these pages are an excerpt of 1372 *Shangqing gaoshang yuchen fengtai qusu shangjing*, and contain the hymns of the latter work.

This text and the preceding one correspond to number 23 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang feixing yujing jiuzhen shengxuan shangji

洞真太上飛行羽經九真昇玄上記

13 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1351 (fasc. 1033)

“Record on Wings for Flying on High.” This text expounds the method that enables the adept to “rise up to Mystery” thanks to the Nine True Ones, that is, the nine gods of the Dipper (Ursa Major). The subtitle, *Huiyuan jiudao* 迴元九道, refers to the same gods (the term *huiyuan* designates the Revolving Principles [see YJQQ 8.20a–b] as well as the Return to the Origin [see 3a in the present text]).

This work is quoted in WSBY, but the majority of the quotations, as well as those from other sources (such as SDZN, 1132 *Shangqing dao leishi xiang* and others) come from 428 *Taishang feixing jiuchen yujing*. The latter’s subtitle is identical with that of the present work (see 83 *Boyu heihe lingfei yufu*). All these texts appear to have originally belonged to the same work, the *Beiyu heihe feixing yujing* that corresponds to number 24 in the list of canonical Shangqing writings, the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*. However, the only early quotations of our text are found in WSBY. These quotations, moreover, concern only the rules of transmission and may well have come from another source. In other words, the present work is nowhere authenticated. The possibility that this is an apocryphal text that borrowed the title of a scripture of the Shangqing corpus can therefore not be excluded.

This “Record” describes a variant exercise of *sanyi wudou* 三一五斗 (see 60 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo xuanwei miao jing*), which consists in meditating on the three major gods of the stars in the Dipper, whom the adept invokes and induces to descend into his Three Cinnabar Fields (the names these gods receive here are unknown in the authentic Shangqing scriptures).

The text also shows evidence of interpolated glosses (1b6–2a2 comes from 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 5a and 5b–6b). It also has detailed prescriptions concerning other exercises as well as comments on other Shangqing scriptures (compare “the oral formula” of 1376 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing* 11a–13a).

The entire text is incorporated into 324 *Shangqing wuchang biantong wanhua yuming jing* 34b–end. Some fragments are quoted in YJQQ 25.14a–15b (corresponding to 8b–9b) and 52.4b–8a (corresponding to 4a–5a, 6b–9b).

Isabelle Robinet

Taishang feixing jiuchen yujing 太上飛行九晨玉經

34 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

428 (fasc. 195)

“Jade Scripture of the Flight to the Nine Stars.” The stars referred to in the title are those of the Dipper, plus the two invisible stars Fu 輔 and Bi 弼 (also called Kongchang 空常) on either side of the constellation. The present text is quoted in WSBY and SDZN under the title [*Huiyuan jiudao*] *Feixing yujing* [迴元九道] 飛行羽經 (compare 1351 *Dongzhen taishang feixing yujing jiuzhen shengxuan shangji*). It bears the subtitle *Jinjian neiben* 金簡內文 (Esoteric Scripture on Golden Tablets).

Feixing yujing is a title belonging to the Shangqing corpus (cf., for example, 1016 *Zhen'gao* 5.4b and 442 *Shangqing housheng daojun lieji* 2a). Two parts of the present text must be distinguished: the first part (up to 25b) actually represents the *Feixing yujing*. The process of pacing the Dipper, which is expounded here, begins with a dance on invisible stars surrounding the Dipper. These stars are the *hun* 魂 and *po* 魄 souls inhabited by female deities. A description of the Dipper stars and of the deities who preside over them follows.

The second part (25b–end) is a shortened and slightly modified version of 1316 *Dongzhen shangqing taiwei dijun bu tiangang fei diji jinjian yuzi shangjing* 7b–18b (q.v.). This second part is never quoted by sixth and seventh-century anthologies under the present title. It is probably this part that the subtitle of our text refers to. Indeed, the title *Jinjian neiben* is equivalent to *Jinjian yuzi* 金簡玉字. This last part therefore derives from 1316 *Jinjian yuzi* and was grafted onto the present text at a much later date.

The first part is linked to the Kongchang method (cf. 875 *Taishang laojun da cunsi tu zhujue* and 324 *Shangqing wuchang biantong wanhua yuming jing*) and to the *Longfei chisu* 龍飛尺素 formula (see 1326 *Dongzhen shangqing longfei jiudao chisu yinjue*). The entire text is quoted in YJQQ 20.

Isabelle Robinet

Boyu heihe lingfei yufu 白羽黑翮靈飛玉符

6 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

83 (fasc. 37)

“Jade Fu for the White Feathered, Black-Winged Spirits Taking Flight.” This text owes its title to the white and black phoenixes under whose aegis it is placed (2b, 6b). In later quotations, one sometimes finds *longfei* 龍飛 (dragons taking flight) instead of *lingfei*. The text dates to the Shangqing revelation (see 1016 *Zhen'gao* 5.4b). One of the work's alternative titles is *Feixing yujing shengxuan shangji* 飛行羽經昇玄上記 (see 1326 *Dongzhen shangqing longfei jiudao chisu yinjue* 6a). The latter text is connected

with 428 *Taishang feixing jiuchen yujing*, a scripture that, according to tradition, was conveyed of the world by the phoenix at the same time.

Our text is quoted in 1132 *Shangqing dao leishi xiang* (1–5b) under its present title. 414 *Shangqing pei fuwen jiangquan jue* and 415 *Shangqing pei fuwen heiquan jue*, as well as 413 *Shangqing pei fuwen boquan jue* and 416 *Shangqing pei fuwen huangquan jue*, also quote it under the title *Huiyuan jiudao feixing yujing* (see 428 *Taishang feixing jiuchen yujing*). The Five Fu—one for each direction—that provide the main material for this work were used to perform the ritual of pacing the Dipper (*feibu shengxuan* 飛步昇玄), as expounded in 428 *Jiuchen yujing*.

Our text is also found in its entirety in 1326 *Dongzhen shangqing longfei jiudao chisu yinjue* 6a–fin and in 324 *Shangqing wuchang biantong wanhua yuming jing* 28b–34a.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen shangqing longfei jiudao chisu yinjue 洞真上清龍飛九道赤素隱訣

11 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1326 (fasc. 1028)

“Secret Formula [of Talismans] on Crimson Silk of the Nine Ways of the Dragon's Flight.” This work owes its name to the talismans included in the text—these are to be written on strips of red silk three feet long—as well as to its connection with the method of pacing the nine stars of the Dipper (the Nine Ways) in 428 *Taishang feixing jiuchen yujing*. It pertains to the Shangqing revelation.

The work comprises two parts. The first bears the title of 83 *Boyu heihe lingfei yufu* 白羽黑翮靈飛玉符. Here are invoked the Lads and Maidens of the Dipper stars, who were created through the qi (breaths) exhaled by the Ladies of the Black Stars of the Dipper (the names of their palaces correspond to those in 428 *Taishang feixing jiuchen yujing*). We also find the Lads and Jade Maidens from the palaces on the planets. Their names are those given in 324 *Shangqing wuchang biantong wanhua yuming jing* 17b–18b, a text related to the present work. This first part is concerned with the method of pacing the stars Kongchang 空常 (2a–b; cf. 876 *Taishang wuxing qi yuan kongchang jue*). It is entirely reproduced in 324 *Yuming jing* 24a–28b. The second part has been duplicated in 83 *Lingfei yufu* (q.v.).

Isabelle Robinet

Taishang wuxing qi yuan kongchang jue 太上五星七元空常訣

23 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

876 (fasc. 581)

“Formula of the Five Stars [i.e., planets], the Seven Original Ones [i.e., the stars of the Dipper], and of the Kongchang [i.e., the invisible stars of the Dipper].” On the Kongchang, see 324 *Shangqing wuchang biantong wanhua yuming jing*. The text is composed of a variety of elements assembled in great disorder. Many passages are given twice, others are truncated (see 15b, where the invocation breaks off in the middle); some fragments and texts are interpolated, as in a ritual (see the gloss on 17a). All these texts concern the stars, with the exception of some passages borrowed from 1016 *Zhen’gao* 9.2a–b concerning the twenty-four spirits of the body (see 3b–4a, 8a and 19a–b).

The texts the present work draws on are 637 *Taishang feibu wuxing jing*, 405 *Shangqing zijing jun huangchu ziling daojun dongfang shangjing*, 1377 *Shangqing taishang jiu zhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue*, 140 *Shangqing wozhong jue*, 1316 *Dongzhen shangqing Taiwei dijun bu tiangang fei diji jinjian yuzi shangjing*, and *Huiyuan jiudao feixing yujing* (WSBY 18).

An important passage is devoted to the practice of pacing the stars called Kongchang. It is, however, incomplete (compare 324 *Shangqing wuchang biantong wanhua yuming jing*). The diagram of the Kongchang, which is absent from the latter, is given here (fig. 10).

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing wuchang biantong wanhua yuming jing

上清五常變通萬化鬱冥經

47 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

324 (fasc. 166)

“Airy and Mysterious Scripture on the Universal Metamorphosis and Ten Thousand Transformations of the Five Permanent Ones.” The term *wuchang* (Five Permanent Ones) in the title may be an error for *Kongchang* 空常, the name of the invisible stars of the Dipper that play a major role in the present text. The term *wuchang* also appears in the foreword of the text. This may, however, be an a posteriori explanation, since the prologue constitutes a later addition. 304 *Maoshan zhi* 9.4a mentions a *Wudi yuming jing* 五帝鬱冥經 where *wuchang* designates the Five Emperors of the cardinal points. As for the term *biantong wanhua* (Universal Metamorphosis and Ten Thousand Transformations), it refers to the adept’s metamorphosis, which is presided over by the stellar deities. The exercises explained in the text are related to these deities.

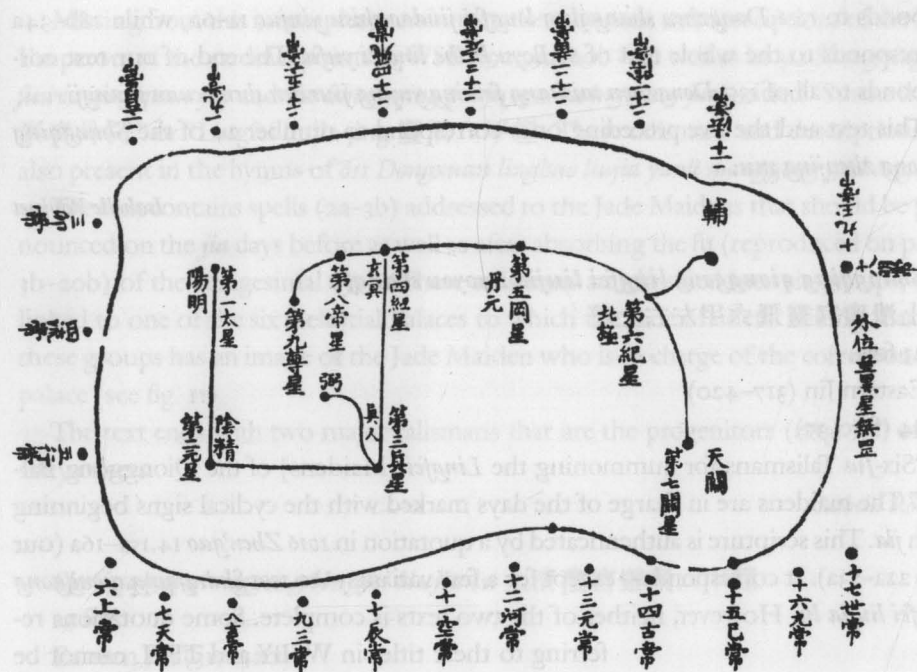


FIGURE 10. Choreography for the Dance of the Dipper Stars (876 5b–6a).

Yuming jing appears to mean “Airy and Mysterious Scripture,” but the expression may well have a technical signification.

The text is a collection of exercises, all of which involve stellar deities. The compilation is probably of a date later than the Shangqing revelation, for the foreword testifies to a more metaphysical approach than is usual for that corpus.

The Kongchang practice (2b–3a and 20b–24a) is more complete here than in 876 *Taishang wuxing qi yuan kongchang jue* 14b–15b, 17b–21b. The term *Kongchang* is formed by the contraction of the names of the spirits of the invisible stars Fu 輔 and Bi 弼 of the Dipper. These two spirits are the souls of Heaven and Earth. They gave their names to a network of twenty-five points located around the Dipper. These points are placed in correspondence, five by five, with the planets. In the method of the Kongchang stars the adept starts by pacing this network (*bugang* 步綱; p.2b) and then continues pacing the planets before arriving at the Dipper. The names of the Lords and Ladies of the Dipper are given on 13a–14a. They correspond to those found in other Shangqing texts.

Pages 19b–20b present a technique of meditation and visualization of stellar deities. These transform themselves into a child named the Impermanent (*Wuchang* 無常).

Pages 24a–28b contain a method entitled *Longfei jiudao chisu yinjue*, which cor-

responds to 1326 *Dongzhen shangqing longfei jiudao chisu yinjue* 1a–6a, while 28b–34a corresponds to the whole text of 83 *Boyu heihe lingfei yufu*. The end of our text corresponds to all of 1351 *Dongzhen taishang feixing yujing jiuzhen shengxuan shangji*.

This text and the five preceding ones correspond to number 24 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing qionggong lingfei liujia zuoyou shangfu

上清瓊宮靈飛六甲左右上符

23 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

84 (fasc. 37)

“Six-*Jia* Talismans for Summoning the *Lingfei* [Maidens] of the Qionggong Palace.” The maidens are in charge of the days marked with the cyclical signs beginning with *jia*. This scripture is authenticated by a quotation in 1016 *Zhen’gao* 14.15a–16a (our text 22a–23a). It corresponds—except for a few variants—to 1391 *Shangqing qionggong lingfei liujia lu*. However, neither of the two texts is complete. Some quotations referring to these titles in WSBY and TPYL cannot be traced.

Originally, the *Liujia* scripture was linked to the *Suzou danfu* 素奏丹符 (cf. *Zhengao* 5.4b and WSBY 43.14a), under which title it is sometimes quoted. BPZ 19.307 mentions the six *jia* talismans, and these must, therefore, have had a history before their incorporation into the Shangqing corpus (Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing*, 1:12–13, 24–25). Tradition says that these talismans were connected to the Scripture of the True Form of the Ten Regions (*shizhou zhenxing* 十洲真形). Our text mentions some persons living under the Zhou, Han, and Wei periods to whom the talismans were purportedly transmitted. According to TAO HONGJING’s glosses on the *Zhen’gao* (13.2a and 20.7b–8a), XU MI’s brother XU MAI once received these talismans from the libationer Li Dong 李東. In reality, the talismans may well have existed in many versions, one of them belonging to the Way of the Heavenly Master (see 1210 *Zhengyi sawen shilu zhaoyi* 16b–17a). Therefore our text must be a specific Shangqing version.



FIGURE 11. The Jade Maiden of the *jiashen* period, with a description of her attire (84 9a).

Missing from this incomplete version are the talismans and descriptions of the Five Emperors of the cardinal points in WSBY 92.19a–20b—as well as in 412 *Shangqing pei fuwen qingquan jue* and 416 *Shangqing pei fuwen huangquan jue*—titled “Suzou danfu 素奏丹符” or “Lingfei liujia jing 靈飛六甲經”. These talismans and descriptions are also present in the hymns of 611 *Dongxuan lingbao liujia yunü shanggong gezhang*.

The text contains spells (2a–3b) addressed to the Jade Maidens that should be pronounced on the *jia* days before as well as after absorbing the fu (reproduced on pages 3b–20b) of the sexagesimal cycle. These talismans are classified into six groups, each linked to one of the six Celestial Palaces to which the Jade Maidens belong. Each of these groups has an image of the Jade Maiden who is in charge of the corresponding palace (see fig. 11).

The text ends with two major talismans that are the progenitors (*zong* 宗) of the sixty others.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing qionggong lingfei liujia lu 上清瓊宮靈飛六甲錄

23 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1391 (fasc. 1046)

“Six-*Jia* Register for Summoning the *Lingfei* [Maidens] of the Qionggong Palace.” This text duplicates 84 *Shangqing qionggong lingfei liujia zuoyou shangfu*. A *Lingfei liujia lu* is mentioned in 1239 *Zhengyi xiuzhen lüeyi* 18a among the registers (*lu*) of the Shangqing tradition. The title of our text is also given in the *Dongzhi yiwen lue* (VDL 77).

Isabelle Robinet

Dongxuan lingbao liujia yunü shanggong gezhang

洞玄靈寶六甲玉女上宮歌章

4 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

611 (fasc. 334)

“Hymns of the Jade Maidens of the Six *Jia*-Periods in the Palaces on High.” The reference in the title to the Dongxuan Lingbao canon is spurious. The present work belongs to the Shangqing corpus and is linked to the fu of the *liujia* 六甲 (see 84 *Shangqing qionggong lingfei liujia zuoyou shangfu*). This link can be deduced from the fact that the six hymns correspond exactly to the fu given in 84 *Zuoyou shangfu*. The names of the Jade Maidens are also the same (compare this text 1a3, 1b4, and 3a4 with 84 *Zuoyou shangfu* 6b, 14b, etc.). Moreover, the style and terminology of the present work are purely Shangqing; there is no discernible trace of Lingbao influence.

The hymns were to be sung in the meditation room, on *jia* days, in conjunction

with the absorption of the fu. This text and the two preceding ones correspond to number 25 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Taishang Yupei Jindang taiji jinshu shangjing 太上玉佩金璫太極金書上經
26 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

56 (fasc. 30)

“Superior Scripture Golden Writ of the Supreme Pole [in Honor] of Jade Pendant and Gold Ring.” The title features the names of Jade Pendant (Yupei) and Gold Ring (Jindang), the two main deities to whom the text is devoted. It belongs to the Shangqing scriptures, but according to 1016 *Zhen’gao* 14.a–b and 13.12a, it may have existed previously and been linked to the *Shijing jinguang fu* 石精金光符 which is at the origin of the Scripture of the Jewel-Sword (*Baojian jing* 寶劍經). The name *Yupei Jindang jing* is also linked to that of Master Zhang of Handan 邯鄲張先生, who produced the method of the Three Ones and Five Bushels (*wudou sanyi* 五斗三一; see *Zhen’gao* 10.6a–b). Our text presents itself as a preparatory practice for the absorption of astral emanations. It is typical of the Shangqing attitude to consider the ancient scriptures it adopted as inferior.

The present text, however, is an original Shangqing version that was rewritten during the revelation. Its style and terminology agree with those of the other scriptures of this school. We find, nevertheless, a certain number of physiological elements that are peculiar to this text: the Three Palaces of the median and inferior parts of the body (6b–9b) as well as the names of the deities that inhabit them do not occur in any other Shangqing text.

Except for the end of the text (beginning 23b), relating to the *Mingtang xuanzhen* 明堂玄真 practice, all the quotations of the text found in anthologies (WSBY, SDZN) agree. This *Mingtang xuanzhen* practice is peculiar to the *Yupei Jindang jing*. It belongs to the biography of Maojun 茅君 (see 424 *Shangqing mingtang yuanzhen jingjue*). This appendix might have been added later. It is never quoted under the title of *Yupei Jindang jing*.

Yupei and Jindang are the *hun* 魂 and *po* 魄 souls of the Primordial Nine Heavens. They incarnate the Green Yang and the White Yin and are deities of imperial rank who dwell in the sun and the moon. The practices are expounded in two consecutive parts: one concerning Yupei, the other Jindang. The adept recites invocations, complemented by the use of charms (which represent the esoteric names of the essence of the Shangqing Primordial Nine Heavens) and the visualization of the Nine Zhenren, derived from the Three Principles (*sanyuan* 三元) and dwelling in the Nine Palaces of the body (three for each of the three parts of the body centered on the Three Cinnabar

Fields). The present text thus connects the practices of absorption of solar and lunar emanations with those of the Three Ones (the Three Original Principles). This text corresponds to number 26 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing jiuling taimiao

Guishan xuanlu 上清元始變化寶真上經九靈太妙龜山玄籙

3 juan

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1393 (fasc. 1047–1048)

“Mount Turtle Register of the Nine Spirits Pertaining to the Superior Scripture of Transformation of Primordial Beginning.” Mount Turtle, after which the present register (*lu*) is named, is situated east of Kunlun. It is the residence of the Queen Mother of the West (Xi wang mu 西王母). She is the patron deity of the present text. Nine Spirits (*jiuling*) is the name of her palace (see YJQQ 8.14a). This is the Register of Transformations (*bianhua* 變化) of Primordial Beginning (or of Incipient Life, [*shisheng* 始生], which is here the equivalent of the Primordial Qi [*yuanqi* 元氣]), which manifests itself through the aspects of seventy-four gods (1.9a).

The quotations in the encyclopedias WSBY and SDZN correspond to the texts of juan 1 and 3. Juan 2 is different from the others and corresponds in fact to 1394 *Shangqing gaoshang Guishan xuanlu*, which has been inserted here. The two original juan follow each other in a perfectly homogeneous way.

The text in talismanic characters (1.4a–8b) is a concretion of the purple qi that constitutes the body of Xi wang mu. This text must be copied by the adept, who then recites it while absorbing this qi, after it has been visualized, as coming down from the stars of the Dipper and surrounding the constellations of the zodiac. The Queen Mother is presented here as an astral and celestial deity.

The remainder of the text, which includes juan 3, gives a list of the seventy-four deities. Their different forms correspond to signs (*hao* 號), that is, manifestations of the Primordial Beginning. These gods adopt different forms that change with the seasons; they have human forms, animal forms, or appear as lights. These transformations are in keeping with the saying of Laozi (chapter 1): “the Tao has no permanent name.” The disciple has to learn, with the help of this register, to see these forms and to reduce them to their true form (*zhenxing* 真形).

This register gives us the most complete available list of the celestial pantheon of the seventy-four gods of the Shangqing school. They were also recorded, so it seems, in the now lost *Bianhua qishisi fangjing* 變化七十四方經, of which a part is used in the *Dadong jing* 大洞經, as well as in 1331 *Dongzhen shangqing shenzhou qijuan qibian wutian jing*.

The first part of our text (1.1a–55a) is also found in 1436 *Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing* (see the following article).

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing 上清元始變化寶真上經

53 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1436 (fasc. 1059)

“Superior Scripture of Transformation of Primordial Beginning.” This text is a duplicate of 1393 *Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing jiuling taimiao Guishan xuanlu* 1.1a–55a. Together they correspond to number 27 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing yudi qisheng xuanji huitian jiuxiao jing

上清玉帝七聖玄紀迴天九霄經

32 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1379 (fasc. 1043)

“Scripture of the Return to the Nine Highest Heavens, Mystical Records of the Seven Saints of the Jade Emperor of Utmost Purity.” The word *ji* 紀, here translated as “records,” refers to the lists on which the disciple must inscribe his or her name in order to rise up to the heavens.

Although this scripture belongs to the original Shangqing corpus, a quotation by TAO HONGJING in 1016 *Zhen'gao* 14.19a cannot be found in the present version. The contents of the work as a whole correspond in particular to 442 *Shangqing housheng daojun lieji*. Our text is quoted abundantly in WSBY.

After a long prologue (1a–5b) in which the formation of the scripture in the heavens is described, there is a method for visual meditation for the purpose of having one's name inscribed on the heavenly records on the days when the Five Emperors update them (5b–12b).

Next there are seven hymns in seven-character verses to the glory of the seven patrons of the scripture (12b–17b), followed by talismanic writs that open the gates of the Shangqing paradises (17b–19b).

At the end there is an enumeration of the Seven Wounds (*qishang* 七傷)—lewdness, impurity, and so on—that impair one's Marks of Immortality, the corporeal characteristics of the saints (*xianxiang* 仙相; 29b–32b).

The names of the paradises, the characteristics of the records, and the Marks of Immortality correspond exactly to the terms found in 442 *Housheng daojun lieji*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing qisheng xuanji jing 上清七聖玄紀經

3 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1361 (fasc. 1039)

“Mystical Records of the Seven Saints of the Utmost Purity.” This is a fragment from the original version of 1379 *Shangqing yudi qisheng xuanji huitian jiuxiao jing*. This text is missing from the extant version of that book. Together these two texts correspond to number 28 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*. The fragment (12b–16a) refers to the hymns in 1379 *Jiuxiao jing*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing taishang huangsu sishisi fang jing 上清太上黃素四十四方經

21 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1380 (fasc. 1043)

“Scripture of the Forty-four Methods on Yellow Silk.” This is a code of rules concerning the transmission and the practice of a group of texts or methods related to the *Dadong zhenjing* 大洞真經. These practices are called the Rites of the Supreme One (*Taiyi zhi shi* 太一之事). Many of these practices are found in 1330 *Dongzhen Taiyi dijun taidan yinshu dongzhen xuanjing* and in 1313 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing*. The present work can, on the whole, be considered as belonging to a current of thought related to the “Formula of the *Dadong zhenjing*.”

Notwithstanding the fact that a work under the present title is mentioned in 1016 *Zhen'gao* 5.2a, the text under consideration either must be later than the original Shangqing revelation, or it has been modified. Terms like Ritual Master of the Three Caverns (*sandong fashi* 三洞法師) or of the Great Cavern (*dadong fashi* 大洞法師) are later than the Lingbao revelation.

The aim of this work was to incorporate 1313 *Wulao baojing* into the Shangqing scriptural corpus and to develop and systematize the ritual rules that are outlined in 1016 *Zhen'gao* and in the above-mentioned 1330 *Dongzhen xuanjing* and 1313 *Wulao baojing*, in order to devise an ecclesiastical hierarchy of sorts. This development coincided with the beginning of the ritualization and institutionalization of the Shangqing tradition, which began almost immediately after the revelation of the texts of this school. Juan 46 of YJQQ is entirely composed of excerpts from the present work, which corresponds to number 29 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Gaoshang taixiao langshu qiongwen dizhang jing 高上太霄琅書瓊文帝章經
29 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

55 (fasc. 30)

“Scripture of the Emperor’s Stanzas in Precious Writing, Jewel Book of the High Heavens.” This work is a Shangqing apocryphal text. It declares that it belongs to the method of the whirling wind (*huifeng* 徊風) and to 1313 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi ciyi yujian wulao baojing*, which shows a link with the Formula of the *Dadong zhenjing*. Quotations found in the WSBY (see Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 225–26) confirm this link. The text is essentially composed of nine hymns and talismanic characters. Hymns are addressed to the Kings of the Nine Shangqing Primordial Heavens. They are sung on the days when the envoys of these kings perform their inspection tour on Earth. The talismanic characters are formed by the essence of the Nine Heavens. These characters should be engraved on jujube kernels (*zaoxin* 棗心; 26b) and carried to summon the officers of the Five Peaks who drive away malefic creatures.

Isabelle Robinet

Taixiao langshu qiongwen dizhang jue 太霄琅書瓊文帝章訣

10 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

129 (fasc. 59)

“Formula of the Emperor’s Stanzas in Precious Writing, Jewel Book of the High Heavens.” This text is identical to juan five of 1352 *Dongzhen taishang taixiao langshu*, which contains prescriptions for the copying of sacred scriptures and rules pertaining to the gifts to be offered by the disciple at the time of the transmission of the scriptures, as well as various other ritual prescriptions. This text and the preceding one correspond to number 30 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing gaoshang miemo dongjing jinyuan yuqing yinshu jing

上清高上滅魔洞景金元玉清隱書經

11 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1357 (fasc. 1038)

“Secret Writings of the Yuqing Heaven, from the Jinxuan [read *xuan* 玄 for *yuan* 元] Palace of Profound Radiance, which Annihilates Demons.” This is an early Shangqing apocryphal text, composed of hymns that are aimed at expelling demons and healing illness. Its recitation is prescribed after practicing the Formula of the *Dadong zhenjing*, in alternation with the recitation of 1356 *Shangqing gaoshang miemo yudi shen-*

hui yuqing yinshu. These hymns are, in places, similar to those of 1358 *Shangqing gaoshang jinyuan yuzhang yuqing yinshu jing*.

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Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing gaoshang miemo yudi shenhui yuqing yinshu

上清高上滅魔玉帝神慧玉清隱書

20 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1356 (fasc. 1038)

“Secret Writing of the Yuqing Heaven, Being the Embodiment of the Divine Wisdom of the Jade Emperor, which Annihilates Demons.” This is an apocryphal Shangqing text, associated with the Formula of the *Dadong zhenjing*.

The work’s aim is to divulge the names of demons as well as those of demon slayers (*shaqui dubo li* 殺鬼都伯吏). It presents invocations and fu used to expel evil spirits. This text is recited jointly with 1357 *Shangqing gaoshang miemo dongjing jinyuan yuqing yinshu jing*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing gaoshang jinyuan yuzhang yuqing yinshu jing

上清高上金元羽章玉清隱書經

28 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1358 (fasc. 1038)

“Secret Writings of the Yuqing Heaven, Feathered Stanza from the Jinxuan [read *xuan* 玄 for *yuan* 元] Palace.” This text is closely related to 1357 *Shangqing gaoshang miemo dongjing jinyuan yuqing yinshu jing*; it contains hymns similar to those of the latter, and the quotations found in the different anthologies often confound both texts under a single reference to *Yuqing yinshu*. This text is also linked to the Formula of the *Dadong zhenjing*.

The work introduces a method that allows the adept to drive away the Demon-Kings of the Eight Directions, thanks to his or her knowledge of their names and appearances, while singing hymns to the Heavenly Lords who subdue these demons. The latter are marshalled by fu of the heavens that are governed by these Lords.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen bajing yulu chentu yinfu 洞真八景玉籙晨圖隱符

8 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1339 (fasc. 1031)

“Secret Fu from the Images of Aurora, Jade Registers of the Eight Effulgences.”

This text is one of the works associated with the Formula of the *Dadong zhenjing* (see 5a and 6a, and Robinet, “*Le Ta-tung chen-ching*,” 417) and consequently is an early Shangqing apocryphal text. The title indicates that it is affiliated to 1389 *Shangqing gaosheng Taishang dadao jun dongzhen jinyuan bajing yulu*, another apocryphal work. Its contents show a connection with 1358 *Shangqing gaoshang jinyuan yuzhang yuqing yinshu jing*, which features fu of the same structure (1a–5a) and corresponding to the same deities.

The meditation exercise described in 5b–6a is also linked to 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing* and to exercises found in 1313 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing*. The passage on page 7a.1–3 is found in 1389 *Shangqing gaosheng Taishang dadao jun dongzhen jinyuan bajing yulu* 13b.8–10.

The final colophon indicates that under King You 幽王 of the Zhou dynasty, a certain Wang Xuandu 王玄度, alias Jingu zi 金谷子, discovered these fu and transmitted them. This kind of colophon is often found attached to Shangqing texts that are considered apocryphal.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang ziwen danzhang 洞真太上紫文丹章

5 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1335 (fasc. 1031)

“Cinnabar Scripture in Purple Characters.” The talismanic signs of this text were written in purple (4b; or green, 3b) on red silk.

The title is mentioned in 1358 *Shangqing gaoshang jinyuan yuzhang yuqing yinshu jing* 1b (a text from the Shangqing corpus) and in 352 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaojing* 2.29a (an early Lingbao scripture). The entire text is found at the end of 1356 *Shangqing gaoshang miemo yudi shenhui yuqing yinshu* 37b–end. This places it among the texts belonging to the Formula of the *Dadong zhenjing* (see Robinet, “*Le Ta-tung chen-ching*,” 414). The present text claims to allow the adept to receive the *Yuqing yinwen* 玉清隱文 (5a). Of the one hundred and twenty characters it is said to comprise, the text gives only seventy-two.

Rules have been added to these characters, to be observed by the adept who copies the characters and carries them on his person. These rules concern the transmission of the text, incantations, and visualizations.

A final colophon mentions the transmission of the text by Shangqing deities to Lord Youyang, that is, Gong Youyang 龔幼陽, Gong Zhongyang's 龔仲陽 brother. Both are Shangqing patron saints. This text and the four preceding ones correspond to number 31 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang jinpian hufu zhenwen jing 洞真太上金篇虎符真文經

6 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1336 (fasc. 1031)

“True Writ Scripture of the Tiger Talismans.” The text contains the Metal-Tiger Fu (1a–2b), also found in 1337 *Dongzhen taiwei jinhu zhenfu* 1a–3b, as well as the Divine Tiger Fu, also found in 1333 *Dongzhen taishang shenhu yujing*. The presence of a colophon by XU RONGDI suggests that this text is apocryphal.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taiwei jinhu zhenfu 洞真太微金虎真符

17 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1337 (fasc. 1031)

“True Talismans of the Metal Tiger of Greatest Subtlety, from the Dongzhen Canon.” In spite of the title, the fu and corresponding texts brought together here are probably apocryphal. Only the first pages (1a–2a) are quoted by WSBY. The work 413 *Shangqing pei fuwen boquan jue* 4b quotes page 1b as part of 1344 *Dongzhen taishang shuo zhibui xiaomo zhenjing*.

The text itself is composed of three parts: (1) the Metal-Tiger Fu of 1336 *Dongzhen taishang jinpian hufu zhenwen jing*; (2) the *Huoluo dafu* 豁落大符, consisting of seven fu for the sun, moon, and the Five Stars (i.e., planets), and five supplementary fu that resemble those of 1392 *Shangqing qusu jueci lu*; and (3), from 7a to the end, corresponding to 1332 *Dongzhen taishang zidu yanguang shenyuan bian jing*.

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Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing taishang huiyuan yindao chu zuiji jing

上清太上迴元隱道除罪籍經

7 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

1362 (fasc. 1039)

“Scripture of the Secret Method of the Return to the Origin [or: to the Original Ones; or: of the Turning Original Ones], for the Remission of Sins.” It contains the exercise of Return to the Origin (*huiyuan* 迴元), which belongs to the Shangqing legacy. It is also found in 1377 *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue* 4b–11a.

This text and the two preceding ones correspond to number 32 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang shenhu yujing 洞真太上神虎玉經

5 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1333 (fasc. 1031)

“Scripture of the Divine Tiger Talisman.” This talisman is often associated with the Metal-Tiger Fu. The text bears a colophon by XU RONGDI. It corresponds to its quotations found in WSBY.

The work consists of a talisman and instructions for its use, to which are added the “secret names of the Great Demons of the Nine Heavens, Jiutian mowang 九天魔王.” The text in its entirety is found in 1336 *Dongzhen taishang jinpian hufu zhenwen jing* and corresponds to number 33 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

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Ishii Masako, “*Kinko shinfu, Shinko gyokukyō shinfu kō*.”

Isabelle Robinet

Taishang huangting neijing yujing 太上黃庭內景玉經

12 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

331 (fasc. 167)

“Precious Book of the Interior Landscape of the Yellow Court.” It has not been established that this long, didactic song in thirty-six sections, which describes the Inner World, existed before the revelations to YANG XI, but it is firmly linked to that early development of the Shangqing tradition. A fragment of a copy of the text in

YANG XI’s autograph has been handed down (see Nakata Yūjirō, *Chūgoku shoron shū*, 83–136).

The *Huangting neijing jing* is an expanded version of the original Book of the Yellow Court, afterward called the “Precious Book of the Exterior Landscape of the Yellow Court” (332 *Taishang huangting waijing yujing*).

Ouyang Xiu 歐陽修 (1007–1072) has pointed out the particular relationship between these two versions (*Jigu lu* 10.2a). A systematic comparison between the two texts is found in Schipper, *Concordance du Houang-t’ing ching*.

The 1016 *Zhen’gao* 8.4a–b shows that the text was recited by XU MI himself (see Strickmann, *Le taoïsme du Mao Chan*, 201). The importance of multiple recitation as an adept’s first step on the road to perfection has been stressed in hagiography. The song was transmitted expressly for this purpose to Lady WEI HUACUN (see *Nanyue Wei furen zhuan*, quoted in TPYL 678.7a). It soon enjoyed a wide circulation (1344 *Dongzhen taishang shuo zhihui xiaomo zhenjing* 1.15b).

Divine instructions for its recitation by beginners were reproduced and copiously annotated by TAO HONGJING (421 *Dongzhen yinjue* 3.1a–5b).

The text has a number of variant readings in common with the annotated version in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 55–57. The present work was included in the catalogue of Shangqing scriptures of the *Sandong jingmu* 三洞經目 (see 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 5.2a), where it corresponds to number 34 of the *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu*.

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Kristofer Schipper

1.B.2.b Other Early Shangqing Scriptures

Taishang dongfang neijing zhu 太上洞房內經注

5 + 7 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

133 (fasc. 59)

“Hymn to the Gods of the Cave-Chamber.” The Cave-Chamber (*dongfang*) is a residence in the brain. A *Dongfang xianjin jing* 洞房先進經 is mentioned in 1016 *Zhen’gao* 17.16b in connection with Ji Kang 嵇康 (223–262), which could imply that a similar text existed before the Shangqing revelations. According to the same source, Sima Jizhu 司馬季主 (fl. ca. 170 B.C.) is said to have possessed a copy. The present work undoubtedly did not belong to the original Shangqing revelation, but it was later

adopted by the school; the commentary by TAO HONGJING to the above-mentioned passage in *Zhen'gao* indicates as much. It is also mentioned in 302 *Zhoushi mingtong ji* 周氏冥通記, *Bianzheng lun* 辯正論, and elsewhere.

The preface, quoted in WSBY, is attributed to the immortal Zhou Yishan 周義山. The text borrows heavily from his biography, 303 *Ziyang zhenren neizhuan*.

The text of the hymn in the present version is shorter than that in 1313 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing* 24a–27a. A single verse in 4a, and the two final verses, are not found in 1313 *Wulao baojing*. All quotations of the hymn in encyclopedias are from 1313 *Wulao baojing*. Thus, the present version may be an abridgment.

At the end of the text, two short hymns are included from a *Zhengyi Xuandu lii* 正一玄都律 (see 7a). They can still be found in 188 *Xuandu liuwen* 4a–b.

The commentary of our text is anonymous. It is quoted in SDZN 8.20a, and it should therefore date, at the latest, to the seventh century. The commentary often cites 1313 *Wulao baojing* and 1330 *Dongzhen taiyi dijun taidan yinshu dongzhen xuanjing*.

Isabelle Robinet

Dadong jinhua yujing 大洞金華玉經

12 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

254 (fasc. 120)

“Jade Scripture of the Golden Flower.” This work, named after a divine dwelling in the brain, is an illustrated collection of Shangqing texts centered on the Formula of the *Dadong zhenjing*.

A first part (1a–6b) contains various passages from 1313 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing*. The remainder (7a–10a) illustrates, with the help of nine pictures, the method of the whirling wind (*huaifeng* 徊風), which partially matches 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing* 6.10a–17b (see fig. 12).

A description of the One Emperor (Di Yi 帝一) follows (10b–11a). The scripture concludes with thirteen illustrations of the meditation on the Male-Female Real One (*Cixiong zhenyi* 雌雄真一; 11a–12a).

Isabelle Robinet



FIGURE 12. Stages of the *huaifeng* meditation (254 7a–b)

Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing

洞真太上素靈洞元大有妙經

68 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1314 (fasc. 1026)

Suling (Unadorned Spirituality) and *Dayou* (Vast Possessions) are the names of the room and the palace where the heavenly prototype of the *Suling jing* is kept (1b). According to a gloss in YJQQ 8.19a, the term *dongxuan* 洞玄 (for *yuan* 元) means that the present scripture “penetrates mystery.”

We find a number of texts of different origins assembled here, all related to the Shangqing school and linked to the practice of 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing* and 1313 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing*. Together with these two texts, the present work forms the Three Extraordinary Writings (*sanqi* 三奇; 44b). The texts and exercises it contains are either earlier or later than the Shangqing revelation. It seems that none of the three is much later than the beginning of the Lingbao movement (early fifth century). The names of the gods and the topology are sometimes different from those found in other Shangqing texts. A number of the methods expounded here come from a different school and are considered inferior from the Shangqing point of view.

The *Suling jing* did not have its present form at the time of the SDZN (seventh century), as that encyclopedia mentions the work as having three *juan*. Certain exercises given in the present version are incomplete. The text contains a number of interpolations.

The first part (5a–12b) expounds the method of the Three Caverns (*sandong* 三洞), that is, Heaven, Earth, and the Underworld or Abyss, and dates from the time when this expression was not yet used to designate the three divisions of Taoist scriptures (see below).

A second part (12b–24b) contains a description, famous throughout the Taoist tradition, of the Nine Palaces in the brain and their divine inhabitants. This part constitutes the real *Suling jing*. The practices expounded here are probably earlier than the Shangqing revelation. The main section in this part can be found in 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 1, where these practices are given as excerpts from the biography of Su Lin 蘇林 and as fragments of a *Suling jing* “not yet revealed in this world.”

The third part (24b–41a) describes the important method of the Three Original Ones and the True One which is also linked to the biography of Su Lin. This part is in disorder and incomplete. The same method is also given in many other texts.

Next there is a digression (41a–44a) on the six invocations to the Shangqing gods who are mentioned in the biography of Lord Pei 裴君 (see YJQQ 105.10b–11b). This part is probably apocryphal. It is also found, with variants, in 1327 *Dongzhen taishang sanjiu suyu yujing zhenjue*.

Finally, there is a passage from the *Jiuzhen mingke*, also found in 1409 *Taishang jiuzhen mingke* 九真明科. This passage is, however, quoted in WSBY as coming from the present *Suling jing*, which could mean that it was already incorporated in our text before the end of the sixth century. It is in this passage (44a–b) that we find the hierarchical classification of Taoist scriptures in three degrees, where the Sanhuang texts 三黃文 occupy the lowest rung, the Lingbao the middle, and the Shangqing the top. This corresponds to the traditional classification of the Three Caverns (*sandong* 三洞), although the term is not used here.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing suling shangpian 上清素靈上篇

10 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1371 (fasc. 1040)

“Unadorned Spirituality, Upper Chapters.” This is an excerpt of 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing*, corresponding to pages 12b–22a of that work. There are a few variant readings, and one page (15b–16a) is missing.

Isabelle Robinet

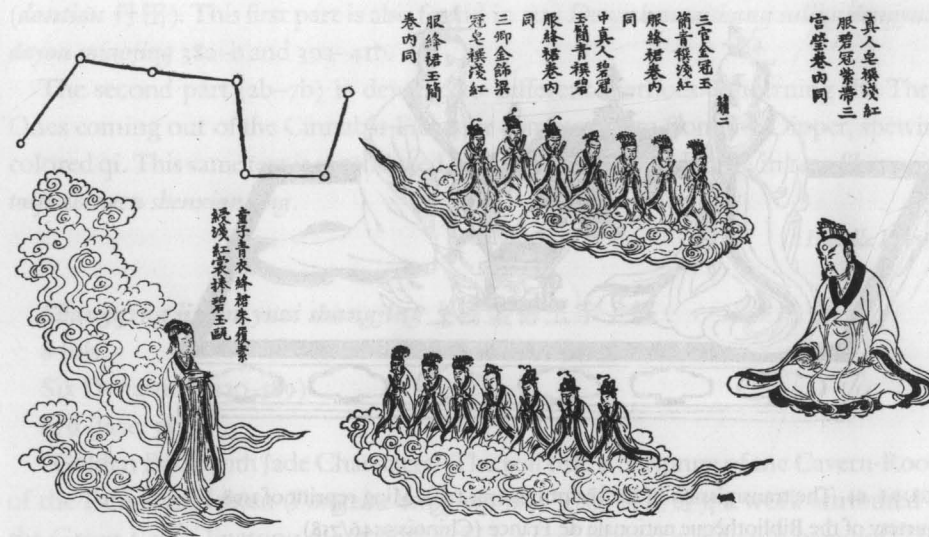


FIGURE 13. Vision of the Dipper stars in spring (765 1a–b). Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/758)

Shangqing jinque dijun wudou sanyi tujue 上清金關帝君五斗三一圖訣

20 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

765 (fasc. 534)

“Illustrated Instructions on [Visualizing] the Three Ones in the Five [Phases] of the Dipper, according to the Imperial Lord of the Gold Portal.” This illustrated text derives from the hagiography of Su Lin 蘇林, one of the original Shangqing texts, which was dictated by Zhou Yishan 周義山 (*hao* Ziyang zhenren 紫陽真人; see 1016 *Zhen’gao* 10.3b; 10.6a–b; see figs. 13 and 14). The narrative part of this hagiography is reproduced, apparently in a highly condensed form, in YJQQ 104.1a–4b. The original second part of Su Lin’s hagiography, containing methods practiced and transmitted by Su, is mostly lost. Some of these methods, however, such as the visualization of the Nine Palaces (*jiugong* 九宮), can still be found in the first juan of 421 *Dengzhen yinjue*, or are, as in the present case, extant as separate works (see also 253 *Jinque dijun sanyuan zhenyi jing*).

Other versions of this meditation method survive in fragmentary or condensed form in 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* 38a–40a and in 140 *Shangqing wozhong jue* 3.3a–5a, 3.6b–7a. A nearly identical version exists in 60 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo xuanwei miaojing* (a major omission, however, occurs on 2b of that scripture), as



FIGURE 14. The transmission of the scriptures (765 17b). Ming reprint of 1598.
Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/758)

well as in YJQQ 49.11a–17b. No clue as to the date of the present illustrated version has been found.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Yuanshi tianzun shuo xuanwei miaojing 元始天尊說玄微妙經

7 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

60 (fasc. 31)

“Marvelous Scripture of Mysterious Subtlety.” This text contains one of several versions of the Five Bushel Stars (five stars of the Dipper) and the Three Ones method (*wudou sanyi* 五斗三一, also called *wudou neiyi* 五斗內一). This is a variant practice of Keeping the One (*shouyi* 守一). The present method was given in the biography of Su Lin 蘇林 as the Oral Formula of Lord Zhou (*Zhoujun koujue* 周君口訣; YJQQ 49.11b). This Lord Zhou is Zhou Jitong 周季通, the zhenren of Purple Yang (Ziyang zhenren 紫陽真人), the “author” of Su Lin’s biography.

This practice is said to have been known to Sima Jizhu 司馬季主 (d. ca. 170 B.C.) and other masters of antiquity, such as Master Zhang of Handan 邯鄲張先生 (see 1016 *Zhen’gao* 10.6a–b).

The most complete version of the method is found in YJQQ 49.11a–17b. It is also found in 765 *Shangqing jinque dijun wudou sanyi tujue*, as well as in 140 *Shangqing wozhong jue* 2.2a–4b and 3.3a–5a.

The text can be divided into two parts: the first part (1a–2b) gives a method to rise up to the Dipper, escorted by the Three Ones, the gods of the Three Cinnabar Fields

(*dantian* 丹田). This first part is also found in 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* 38a–b and 39a–41b.

The second part (2b–7b) is devoted to different methods concerning the Three Ones coming out of the Cinnabar Fields or coming down from the Dipper, spewing colored qi. This same text is reproduced, in a much condensed form, in 1404 *Shangqing taiji zhenren shenxian jing*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing jinshu yuzi shangjing 上清金書玉字上經

8 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

879 (fasc. 581)

“Golden Book with Jade Characters.” The real title is Scripture of the Cavern-Room of the Fangzhu Heaven (*Fangzhu dongfang jing* 方諸洞房經), a work attributed to the Green Lad (Qingtong dijun 青童帝君), a god from the Fangzhu paradise. That title is given here on 2b; and 1016 *Zhen’gao* (14.6a, 18.3b), 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* (1.6b and 11b), and other anthologies use it to quote the present text. The work is not mentioned in the catalogues of Shangqing texts, but, according to 1016 *Zhen’gao* 2.22a, it was revealed to YANG XI. The text itself states in 8b that it was known to persons of the Han dynasty.

The text agrees with quotations in 1016 *Zhen’gao* and 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* but must have undergone alterations. Certain glosses have been incorporated in the main text, and the latter is in disorder.

The theme of the work is a variant method of pacing the stars of the Dipper. This practice consists in “lying down” in the constellation and absorbing its effulgences, which penetrate into the Cavern-Room Palace situated in the brain.

The YJQQ gives two versions of this work (25.16b–20a and 52.8b–11a). It is widely used in liturgy.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taiwei huangshu tiandi jun shijing jinyang sujing

洞真太微黃書天地君石景金陽素經

12 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

81 (fasc. 36)

“Pure Scripture of Golden Yang of Mineral Splendor of the Lord of Heaven and Earth, from the Yellow Book of the Taiwei Heaven.” This is a fragment of the Yellow Book of the Taiwei Heaven, comparable to 257 *Dongzhen taiwei huangshu jiutian balu zhenwen* (q.v.). The present text corresponds to juan 7 of the latter text, where it was

entitled Pure Scripture of Golden Yang of Mineral Splendor (*Shijing jinyang sujing* 石景金陽素經), a name that corresponds to the Shangqing tradition's terminology and that designates the solar essence as described in the first pages of the present text.

The work is composed of short explanations on Embryonic Breathing (*taixi* 胎息) and on the absorption of solar essence (1a–b) as well as fu. The colophon is of the kind written by XU RONGDI.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taiwei huangshu jiutian balu zhenwen

洞真太微黃書九天八籙真文

8 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

257 (fasc. 120)

“True Writs of the Eight Registers of the Nine Heavens, from the Yellow Book of the Taiwei Heaven.” This is a fragment of the Yellow Book of the Taiwei Heaven. Another fragment of this text constitutes 81 *Dongzhen taiwei huangshu tiandi jun shijing jinyang sujing*. The title of the present text corresponds to that of juan 8 of the original work, which, according to the list given in 2a–b, was called the True Writs of the Eight Registers of the Nine Heavens (*Jiutian balu zhenwen* 九天八籙真文). The *Taiwei huangshu* was originally the work of Dai Meng 戴孟, who is said to have lived during the reign of Emperor Wu of the Han (r. 140–87 B.C.; see *Dongxian zhuan* 洞仙傳 in YJQQ 110.15a–b). 1016 *Zhen'gao* 14.6a–b states that Dai was still living at the time of emperor Cheng of the Jin dynasty (r. 325–342). Although the work appears to have been revised and incorporated among the Shangqing scriptures, it is certain to have existed prior to YANG XI (330–ca. 386). It was also adopted, at least partially, as an element of the Shangqing liturgy (see 1293 *Shangqing taiwei dijun jiedai zhenwen fu*, a ritual by LU XIUJING; cf. also 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 5.2b).

This fragment consists of an introduction (1a–2b), talismanic characters (3a–6a), and a 200-character spell to be copied on a piece of green silk and worn around the waist (7a–8a).

Isabelle Robinet

Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing 太真玉帝四極明科經

5 juan

Six Dynasties (220–589)

184 (fasc. 77–78)

“Sworn Code [read *ming* as *meng* 盟] of the Four Poles of the Jade Emperor.” This title is among those of many codebooks mentioned by the Shangqing scriptures. Most of these codes, however, were purely imaginary.

A *Siji mingke* is explicitly quoted by such early works as 1331 *Dongzhen shangqing shenzhou qizhuan qibian wutian jing* (29a) and 1321 *Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing xiuxi gongye miaojue* (2b), but these quotations are not found in the present text. Later sources quote the present text more closely: 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* contains an exact rendering, and the quotations in 1352 *Dongzhen taishang taixiao langshu* 2a–13b, 1203 *Taishang santian zhengfa jing* 8b–9a, and WSBY have their equivalents in the present work.

The preface contains excerpts from 1344 *Dongzhen taishang shuo zhihui xiaomo zhenjing* 1.5a–b and a quotation from the *Taizhen ke* 太真科 (now lost), which is also found in SDZN 7.16b.

The five juan are placed under the authority of the five palaces of the Capital of Mystery (Xuandu 玄都) and under the jurisdiction of the Five Emperors of the Five Directions. Each juan comprises twenty-four articles.

The work contains the rules for transmission of the sacred scriptures, as well as for the rites to be observed by those who possess them. The majority of texts mentioned are those of the Shangqing tradition, either from the original revelation, or of a later date. Lingbao and Sandong 三洞 texts are also mentioned (4.2b, 3b).

An analysis of the contents and of the different quotations seems to indicate that this text has undergone a number of revisions, following the scriptural development of the Shangqing tradition. In its present state the work is later than 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* because it gives a more coherent synthesis of the different scriptures. It is also later than the Lingbao revelation, but earlier than 1203 *Taishang santian zhengfa jing*, which gives quotations corresponding exactly to the present version.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang danjing daoqing jing 洞真太上丹景道精經

8 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1348 (fasc. 1033)

“Scripture of the Essence of the Tao and of the Effulgence of Cinnabar.” Although the title is borrowed from a Shangqing work (1359 *Shangqing danjing daoqing yindi bashu jing*), the present text (1b) states that it is distinct from the latter. Therefore it is later. The subtitle, *Qusu jueci* 曲素訣辭, also comes from the Shangqing legacy (cf. 1372 *Shangqing gaoshang yuchen fengtai qusu shangjing*). Finally, the present work is said to have been transmitted by Guxi zi 谷希子, a patron saint of the school.

The style accords with that of the Shangqing scriptures, and the hymns are also similar, if less ornate. They are composed of four-character verses that invoke the gods of the Shangqing pantheon by name but lack the literary quality of their models. This

work should therefore be later than YANG XI (330–ca. 386) but antedates the WSBY (late sixth century), which quotes it on 33.3b.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang qingya shisheng jing 洞真太上青牙始生經

3 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1349 (fasc. 1033)

“Most High Scripture from the Dongzhen (Canon) on the Budding of the Green Shoots.” This work presumably derived from a method bearing the same name mentioned in the hagiography of the Mao brothers and originally described in its appendix (cf. the version of this hagiography in YJQQ 104.16b). A technique by the same name was also known to TAO HONGJING, but not as a separate scripture (*jing* 經; cf. 1016 *Zhen’gao* 18.11b). Such a scripture did, however, exist by the time of 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* (see 2.10b–11a) and WSBY (see 47.10b). A passage that corresponds to 1a of the present text is quoted 184 *Mingke jing*.

The method itself—meditative absorption of the elementary qi, or shoots (*ya* 牙), of the Five Directions—probably has its origin in an old exercise described in 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 1.11b–14b. It later became a well-known method both within the Shangqing and Lingbao traditions (see, e.g., 424 *Shangqing mingtang yuanzhen jingjue* 6a–10a and 352 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaojing* 2.4b–14a).

The special feature in the present variant of this method is that the visualization is to be performed simultaneously by two partners of the male and female sex aged between twelve and fifteen and sexually inexperienced. Thereby a kind of spiritual union is effected (*erren gongtun yu shen tongyi* 二人共吞与神同一).

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Dongzhen jinfang duming luzi huinian sanhua baoyao neizhen shangjing

洞真金房度命綠字迴年三華寶曜內真上經

11 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1346 (fasc. 1033)

“Superior Scripture of the Inner True Beings in the Golden House of Precious Threefold Effulgent Radiance, which Saves Life by Registering Names (in Heaven) and Rejuvenating Beings, [a Book] of the Dongzhen Canon.” This is a small but complete text for recitation and meditation, written in seven-character verse, not unlike the *Huangting jing* 黃庭經, giving a description of the Inner Landscape (the Golden House) and the True Beings who inhabit it.

The present work is quoted several times in WSBY (see Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 250) as well as in 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* 2.11a. According to Robinet (*La révélation du Shangqing* 2:434), the names of the deities correspond to those given in the *Dadong zhenjing* (see the introduction to part 1.B.2). This small manual should therefore date to the later Six Dynasties period. An obviously apocryphal colophon states that it was transmitted to WEI HUACUN by the Xicheng zhenren 西城真人 on Mount Yangluo 陽洛.

There is an introduction that describes the original revelation of the text and the method of recitation. For recitation the adept has to enter into a meditation room and salute the four directions, visualizing the [Donghua] Dadi jun 大帝君 in the east, the Nanji shangzhen jun 南極上真君 in the south, the Santian changsheng jun 三天長生君 in the west, and Gaoshang xuhuang jun 高上虛皇君 in the north. During the recitation, some talismans, of which the models are given, are to be ingested. At the end, a number of ritual prescriptions are given, especially for the transmission of the text, which entails the oblation of a replacement body (*daixing* 代形) made of gold (*jinren* 金人).

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing taishang yuanshi yaoguang jinhu fengwen zhang baojing

上清太上元始耀光金虎鳳文章寶經

15 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1383 (fasc. 1043)

“Precious Scripture of the Stanza of the Golden Tiger, Written in Phoenix Script, [Produced by] the Primordial Effulgence of the Most High: A Shangqing Book.” The title of the text is not mentioned in any of the bibliographical sources at our disposal for the Six Dynasties period. Its contents, however, show a close relationship with other Golden or Divine Tiger (*shenhu* 神虎) texts of the earlier Shangqing scriptures (see Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing* 2:436). The present text has a colophon stating that it was transmitted by the saint Wang Bao 王褒 (Tongbo zhenren 桐柏真人) in 365 to Xu Yuanyou 許遠遊. This colophon belongs to the kind that XU RONGDI is reputed to have added to the scriptures he possessed or forged.

The text starts with a talisman writ related to the Three Sovereigns (*Sanhuang* 三皇). These are defined here as, respectively, the Dihuang 地皇, the Renhuang 人皇, and the Gaoshang 高上. They are powerful exorcistic talismans and spells, and as such are linked to the “Scripture of Wisdom That Annihilates Demons” (1344 *Dongzhen taishang shuo zhihui xiaomo zhenjing*).

Kristofer Schipper

1.B.2.c Early Shangqing Hagiographies

The Shangqing revelations included not only scriptures but hagiographies. These concern the most important divine patriarchs of the movement and were written by other saints or by the patriarchs themselves. Thus, the biography of Lady WEI HUACUN was produced by Fan Miao 范邈, *hao* Zhonghou 中侯, one of the immortals who appeared to YANG XI, while the Lady herself dictated the Life of her divine preceptor Lord Wang (*Qingxu zhenren Wangjun neizhuan* 清虛真人王君內傳, YJQQ 106.1a–8a). In fact, all the hagiographies were revealed either to YANG XI himself or to other participants in the movement at its earliest stage.

These holy biographies retrace the career of the noted personages and describe in detail the manner and means by which they attained the rank of zhenren. Foremost among these works is 442 *Shangqing housheng daojun lieji*, which was incorporated into the canonical Shangqing scriptures and has therefore been discussed above. Of the other hagiographies, only a few remain in their original or near original form.

Only fragments survive of the important Life of Lady Wei (*Nanyue Wei furen zhuan* 南嶽魏夫人傳), the holy matriarch of the movement. The longest synopsis is in *Tai-ping guangji* 58, which seems to be based on a revised version dating from the Tang (618–907; see Strickmann, *Le taoïsme du Mao Chan*, 62). This version has also been reproduced in *Gushi wenfang xiaoshuo* 顏氏文房小說.

The Life of Mao Ying 茅盈, another important divine patriarch, and the eldest of the three Mao brothers, survives partially in YJQQ 104.10b–20a (*Taiyuan zhenren dongyue shangqing siming zhenjun zhuan* 太元真人東嶽上卿司命真君傳). The same encyclopedia contains numerous excerpts of other Shangqing hagiographies as well as one apparently complete version—the Life of Lord Pei—discussed below.

The Shangqing hagiographies have been studied by Chen Guofu (CGF 8–14), Strickmann, *Le taoïsme du Mao Chan*, 62–64; and Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing*, 1:51–57 and 2:365–405.

Qingling zhenren Pei jun zhuan 清靈真人裴君傳

26 fols.

Attributed to Deng Yunzi 鄭雲子; Six Dynasties (220–589)

1032 *Yunji qiqian* 105 (fasc. 677–702)

“Life of Lord Pei, Zhenren of Pure Transcendence.” Pei jun was one of the saints who appeared to YANG XI. The present hagiography is mentioned by TAO HONGJING (1016 *Zhen’gao* 2.18b; commentary). Deng Yunzi (otherwise unknown) is given as Zheng Ziyun 鄭子雲 in *Jiu Tang shu*, “Jingji zhi,” 46.2004, and as Zheng Yunqian

鄭雲千 in *Xin Tang shu*, “Yiwen zhi,” 49.1519, while the Song bibliographies follow the present version (VDL 156).

Pei, zi Xuanren 玄仁, is said to have been born into a Buddhist family in 178 B.C. He was first initiated in the rites of contrition and the techniques of sexual continence by a Buddhist master, the *daoren* 道人 Zhi Ziyuan 支子元, before being introduced to the higher paradises and their immortals by Chisong zi 赤松子. From these teachers he also received a great number of texts that generally correspond to the canonical Shangqing scriptures.

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Ziyang zhenren neizhuan 紫陽真人內傳

19 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

303 (fasc. 152)

“The Esoteric Life of the Zhenren of Purple Yang.” Purple Yang is Zhou Yishan 周義山. According to a colophon (*Zhou Pei erzhen xu* 周裴二真序; 18a–19a) by Lord Pei (see previous article) and the zhenren Zhou himself, the present biography was written by the latter and revealed to a certain Hua Qiao 華僑, prefect of Jiangcheng 江乘 (Jurong 句容, Jiangsu), allied to the family of XU MI, YANG XI’s patron. These facts are discussed by TAO HONGJING at the very end of 1016 *Zhen’gao* (20.13b–14a), stating that Hua was an early recipient of divine revelations, but that he was indiscreet and that, therefore, the immortals stopped visiting him, turning instead to YANG XI. In any event, Tao was acquainted with the present text and its colophon.

A copyist notes (14b): “[Copy based on the] edition of the Chief of Rites Mozhao 摹召法主 (?), [itself] originally copied on sexagesimal day one, seventh of the First Moon of the third year of the Longan era of the Jin [1 March 399].” It is further noted that Lord Zhou was born in 80 B.C. (there is a slight error in the chronology here). In 65 B.C. Zhou became the disciple of Lord Su 蘇君, from whom he received the [method] of the Three Ones. According to the bibliographical indications of TAO HONGJING (Zhenbo 貞白), the text should contain 3,488 characters, whereas the present version has 3,489. The copyist states, “As I do not know which character is superfluous, I do not dare to delete any.” The present version is therefore later than Tao.

Quite similar in style to the previously examined Life of Lord Pei, the biography presents Zhou Yishan as the son of an aristocratic family who is entirely devoted to the quest of the Tao and who discovers that a poor vendor of sandals is in fact the zhenren Immortal Lord Su. Thanks to the latter’s instructions, Zhou travels to the

sacred mountains of the immortals and meets ever greater saints, including the Yellow Old Lord (Huang-Lao jun 黃老君) from whom he receives many scriptures and talismans of the Shangqing tradition. A recapitulative list of these documents is given on 15a–17a. The present text is partially reproduced in YJQQ 106.8a–15b.

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Kristofer Schipper

1.B.2.d Anthologies

Zhen'gao 真誥

20 juan

Compiled and annotated by TAO HONGJING 陶弘景; completed in 499

1016 (fasc. 637–640)

“Declarations of the Zhenren.” The zhenren are the gods who appeared to YANG XI during the years 364–370. The term *gao* originally referred to a sacrificial ceremony intended to convey a written proclamation to the gods. The present title confers on the Declarations the same solemn character that is associated with the teachings of the Buddha. Here, the Declarations are instructions handed down by the gods.

TAO HONGJING compiled the present collection of notes taken by YANG XI, XU MI, or his son Xu Hui 許翺 (331–ca. 370) on the instructions addressed to them by the gods, in the years after 490. The “Declarations” are doctrinally less important than the great revealed scriptures of the Shangqing. They do not convey the essential part of the divine message, but either contain the deities’ minor pronouncements, or provide supplementary explanations pertaining to the practice of the major texts. The present text includes a discussion between the gods, YANG XI, and XU MI. The latter figures were the main recipients of the declarations and also addressed questions to the gods.

Among other sources, TAO HONGJING used the *Zhenji jing* 真跡經, a similar collection, now lost, compiled by GU HUAN. There may well have been further antecedents.

The materials used for the present work are mainly autographs by YANG XI and the two Xu’s. It is sometimes overlooked that Tao was only the compiler of these texts. He himself makes a clear distinction between the revealed texts, which he quotes under the heading of *Zhen'gao*, and his own commentaries.

The present edition contains a preface by Gao Sisun 高似孫, dated 1223. All other extant editions derive from this version.

There is a certain disorder in the compilation and in the text that may be partially original and partially the result of later modifications. TAO HONGJING divided his work into seven parts, the last two parts containing his own writings and no revealed texts. Originally, the work was divided into ten juan, but as early as the SDZN (seventh century), the first few juan of the book must have been divided into two. There are traces of alterations and additional commentaries from later times. Nevertheless, the work as a whole appears to be well preserved.

The first section (juan 1–4) contains fragments of the written accounts of the nocturnal visits by the gods to YANG XI, and records the hymns and poems sung on these occasions. This first part provided the materials for collections of hymns such as 613 *Zhongxian zansong lingzhang* and 980 *Zhuzhen gesong*. It also provided the text of 1428 *Shi dichen Donghua shangzuo siming yangjun zhuanji*.

The second section (juan 5–8) concerns miscellaneous subjects. Juan 5 is composed of revelations made by Lord Pei 裴君, which are of a slightly different character from other Shangqing texts. The same part contains a list of Shangqing texts (2a–4b). Juan 6 contains a discussion of the drug Atractylis (*zhu* 朮) and a number of text fragments that are close to the Buddhist Sūtra in Forty-two Sections (*Sishier zhang jing*; 5b–12a). Juan 7 and 8 concern the tribulations of the ancestors of the Xu family in the nether world. This part is closer to the traditions of the Way of the Heavenly Master than to those of the Shangqing school.

The third section (juan 9–10) is devoted to different minor practices, such as massage, and small rites and details concerning techniques described in the revealed scriptures. Part of this section (9.6a–9a) contains 1319 *Dongzhen xi wang mu baoshen qiju jing*. Long passages have been reproduced in other works.

The fourth section (juan 11–14) is entirely devoted to the description of Mount Maoshan 茅山 and its history. The major part of this text was revealed by Lord Dinglu 定錄君, the second Mao brother. It contains an original hagiographic text, partly composed of local legends. Part of this text is composed of questions XU MI asked the gods and of the answers he received. Questions and answers are dispersed throughout the text. The section has provided the materials for juan 6 and 13 of 304 *Maoshan zhi* and for numerous hagiographic collections.

The fifth section (juan 15–16) concerns Fengdu, the world of the dead. One of its sources appears to have been a *Fengdu ji* 酆都記. The division into two juan is quite arbitrary, occurring as it does in the middle of a text on the judges of hell.

The sixth section (juan 17–18) assembles the personal archives of YANG XI and the Xus, that is, fragments of their correspondence, quotations, and accounts of dreams.

The seventh section (juan 19–20) is the only one written entirely by TAO HONGJING himself. He explains his methodology, describes the history of the texts, their alterations and falsifications, and gives the genealogy of the Xu family.

The *Zhen'gao* is a key source of information for establishing the authenticity of Shangqing scriptures and provides essential explanations for their comprehension. A great number of Taoist made use of it.

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Isabelle Robinet

Taiqing jinyi shenqi jing 太清金液神氣經

3 juan

Six Dynasties (220–589)

882 (fasc. 583)

“Scripture of the Taiqing Heaven of Liquified Gold and Divine Qi.” The work begins with alchemical recipes that may predate the Shangqing revelation. These recipes come from a Document of the Supreme Sovereign (*Taihuang lingce* 太皇靈策; 2a) and were transmitted by the zhenren of Pure Void (Qingxu zhenren 清虛真人) Wang Bao 王褒, WEI HUACUN’s teacher. One of the formulas is similar to a prescription found in 1376 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing* 2.9a–18a.

Juan 2 contains recipes (2.4a and 6b), some of the names of which resemble those mentioned in BPZ 11.186 and 15.250. On 2b there is a recipe quoted from a *Tianhuang wen* 天皇文.

The final juan is composed entirely of texts also found in 1016 *Zhen'gao*. This part is said to be the work of a disciple who, during the 430s, copied these texts in the house of Du Daoju 林道鞠.

This is the earliest anthology of fragments of the revealed texts. The remarks in the preface suggest that it was compiled around 430.

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Isabelle Robinet

Daoji lingxian ji 道跡靈仙記

18 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

597 (fasc. 330)

“Annals of Transcendent Immortals, [Abstracted] from the Traces of the Tao.” The title of this collection is inspired by that of the lost *Daoji jing* 道跡經. It is entirely composed of texts found in 1016 *Zhen'gao* 14–16.

Isabelle Robinet

Dengzhen yinjue 登真隱訣

3 juan

Compiled and annotated by TAO HONGJING 陶弘景, between 492–514

421 (fasc. 193)

“Secret Instructions for the Ascent as a Zhenren.” This was originally a voluminous work divided into seven main sections (see 1016 *Zhen'gao* 19.1b). TAO HONGJING began its compilation shortly after his retreat to Maoshan 茅山 in 492 (3.25a bears the date 493); and although the text must have been essentially completed by 499, Tao continued to work on it until the second decade of the sixth century. The number of juan, given as twenty-four by Tao’s nephew Tao Yi 陶翊 around 502 (see *Huayang yinju xiansheng benqi lu* 華陽隱居先生本起錄, cited in YJQQ 107.9b), was twenty-five in Song times. The *Chongwen zongmu* also lists a version in sixteen juan (VDL 143).

Tao’s sources for this compendium, of which only three juan are extant, were essentially the same as those he used for his “Declarations of the Zhenren” (1016 *Zhen'gao*), that is, the Shangqing revelations recorded in the autograph of YANG XI and the two Xus. But whereas the purpose of the “Declarations” was mainly documentary, the “Secret Instructions” provided a practical manual for the adept. To this end, TAO HONGJING compiled a series of exercises derived in part from the various revelations of the *Zhen'gao*, in part from the methods of the zhenren of the Shangqing Heaven recorded in the appendices to their biographies, and in part from the scriptures (*jing* 經) themselves. He furnished all these exercises with meticulous commentaries.

The first juan of the present fragment includes parts of a technique for visualizing the Nine Palaces in the human head. This technique was originally attached to the hagiography of Su Lin 蘇林 (the first part of which is transmitted as *Xuanzhou shangqing Sujun zhuan* 玄洲上卿蘇君傳 in YJQQ 104.1a–4b). The second juan presents a number of individual revelations orally transmitted by the various zhenren to Yang and the Xus (cf. 1016 *Zhen'gao* 9, 10). The third juan contains instructions for reciting 331 *Huangting neijing* (3.1a–5b; Tao questions the authenticity of this part) and

prescriptions concerning the liturgy of the Heavenly Masters tradition, both of which formed originally part of the biography of WEI HUACUN (3.5b–27a).

The scope and richness of the original work were far greater than this fragment. Aside from the manifold meditation techniques typical of the Shangqing tradition, the *Dengzhen yinjue* also offered comprehensive guidance for making and using drugs (“Fushi pin 服食品”; cf. especially the quotations from *Dengzhen yinjue* 7 in SDZN 3 and 4.4b), as well as for the techniques of metamorphosis (*shijie* 尸解). One of the sources for the latter practice (see TPYL 665) was a scripture titled *Shijing jingguang zangjing lianxing zhenjing* 石精金光藏景鍊形真經, abbreviated *Jianjing* 劍經, to which TAO HONGJING also refers in *1016 Zhen’gao* (e.g., 14.18b and 16.13b; a lengthy excerpt of this work is preserved in TPYL 665). One section of this work dealt with talismans and diagrams (“Futu jue 符圖訣”; see 2.15a; it constituted juan 6 of the original “Ascent as a Zhenren”). Another section concerning rules, “Zunjie xu 遵戒序,” formed juan 2 of the original work (cf. 2.14b). A Dunhuang manuscript (Stein 3750) that is undoubtedly based on another work by TAO HONGJING (Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō*: *Mokurokuhen*, 331) refers to a juan that purportedly gave advice to hermits living in the mountains (*Xunshan dingshi juan* 巡山定室卷; Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō*, 721, lines 18–20). Two further chapter headings of the original work are given in SDZN 8.5b, “Ligong pin 立功品” (merits), and in SDZN 7.15b, “Shiri quanci jue 時日詮次訣” (almanac). Other parts probably included Tao’s “Table of the Ranks and Functions in the Pantheon” (167 *Dongxuan lingbao zhenling weiye tu*), a similar diagram of the structure of the celestial regions of the universe (cf. 1128 *Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu* 2.1a–6b), and an annotated inventory of the Shangqing scriptures (cf. 104 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing yujue yinyi* 12a–b; 304 *Maoshan zhi* 9.1a–b). Furthermore, 424 *Shangqing mingtang yuanzhen jingjue* (q.v.) can be safely regarded as a former part of the *Dengzhen yinjue*. The Dunhuang manuscripts Stein 4314, Stein 6193, Pelliot 2751, and Pelliot 2732 (treated individually below) may also be considered as belonging to the same original work.

As the citations in 300 *Huayang Tao yinju neizhuan* 2.11b suggest, the final part of TAO HONGJING’s protracted work on the *Dengzhen yinjue* seems to have consisted of autobiographical notes in which the author recorded events extending up to the year 514.

A preface by Tao to this work is preserved in 1050 *Huayang Tao yinju ji* 1.19b–21a.

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Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Addendum

1. Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2732: This manuscript fragment is the middle part of a scroll. It has no identifying marks or indication of title. Its amply annotated text describes a number of different techniques of visualization and massage in the Shangqing tradition. These techniques are also described in juan 9 and 10 of TAO HONGJING’s *1016 Zhen’gao*. They are daily exercises for the prevention or healing of illnesses. These techniques were not yet incorporated into the framework of a comprehensive scripture (*jing* 經) but handed down in loose sequence by the immortals of the Shangqing Heaven in the form of oral transmissions.

Since this manuscript does not, as far as the sequence of text or commentary is concerned, tally completely with the corresponding passages in *1016 Zhen’gao*—nor does it show greater overlappings with juan 2 of 421 *Dengzhen yinjue*, which is otherwise rather similar in content—Ōfuchi Ninji (*Tonkō dōkyō*: *Mokurokuhen*, 185) has concluded that it must be a fragment of the *Zhenji jing* 真跡經, compiled by GU HUAN around 465, on the basis of the same recorded revelations from the Shangqing that TAO HONGJING collected later in his *Zhen’gao*.

There exists no evidence, however, that GU HUAN annotated his facsimile edition of the original manuscripts (his concern was to reproduce the autographs by tracing). Moreover, TAO HONGJING states in his appendix to the *Zhen’gao* 19.8a that GU HUAN did *not* integrate these individual transmissions into his work. Tao, by contrast, included them not only in his documentary compilation of the *Zhen’gao* but also, as evidenced by the extant juan 2, in his *Dengzhen yinjue*. There his aim was to describe these techniques once more with a detailed and, above all, practice-oriented commentary (see *1016 Zhen’gao* 9.7b).

As Ōfuchi states, lines 1–15 of the manuscript, including the commentary, tally exactly with 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 2.20a5–20b6, the concluding section of the method for the absorption of mist (*fumu fa* 服霧法), and the beginning of the so-called black-white technique (*xuanbai fa* 玄白法). Exactly at this point, the manuscript Pelliot 2732 shows a break by abruptly running on with a line of commentary concerning the “visualization of the image of the sun in a diseased hand” (*cun rixiang zai jishou* 存日象在疾手; cf. *1016 Zhen’gao* 10.15a–b). Presumably due to this break, further passages were lost that had been congruent with the continuing passages in 421 *Dengzhen yinjue*. On the other hand, it cannot be excluded that the present second juan of the fragmentary *Dengzhen yinjue* was originally longer. Given the completely identical passages at the beginning of the commentary, it seems, contrary to Ōfuchi’s opinion, reasonable to regard manuscript Pelliot 2732 as a further fragment of the *Dengzhen yinjue* that continues the portion forming the extant juan 2 (See Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō Zurokuhen*, 395–97).

2. Dunhuang manuscripts Stein 4314, 6193, and Pelliot 2751: These three manu-

scripts together constitute a fragment of a *juan*, the beginning of which has not been preserved (see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 183–84). While it lacks a title, manuscript Pelliot 2751 (the longest fragment) bears a final note: “Instructions on practicing the Purple Writ [*Ziwen* 紫文],” which in fact refers only to the first part of the text (lines 1–199). The text describes various meditative exercises from the so-called [*Lingshu*] *ziwen* [靈書] 紫文, one of the original manuscripts from the Shangqing scriptural corpus. These exercises are for absorbing the elementary energies of the sun and the moon and for controlling the *hun* 魂 and *po* 魄 souls (see 1016 *Zhen’gao* 5.3b, 5.4b, 9.24b, 18.5a–b). The main text in this section corresponds completely to 639 *Huangtian shangqing jinque dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing* 8a–14a. On the basis of this scripture, we can infer that the missing passages at the beginning of our scroll must have been “*Tun riqi fa* 吞日氣法 (4a–6a), “*Taiwei yin riqi kaiming lingfu* 太微飲日氣開明靈符” (6a–b), and “*Tun yuejing fa* 吞月精法” (6b–8a).

The second section deals with the visualization of nine deities and their incorporation into the organs of the human body in a kind of spiritual reenactment of ontogenesis (*jiuzhen fa* 九真法, lines 200–378), as well as with the visualization of cosmic triads in the form of colored clouds (*sansu yun* 三素雲) in eight meditative steps (*badao biyan fa* 八道秘言法, lines 422–95). These two techniques belonged within the compass of another scripture from the early Shangqing revelations, the *Jiuzhen zhongjing* 九真中經 (see 1016 *Zhen’gao* 5.1b–2a, 14.16b, 18.5b). In comparison to the extant version of these methods in 1376 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing* 1.2a–15a, certain parts of the text from Dunhuang show a distinctly terser form as well as variants (lines 231–32 of the main text, for example, are not found in the *Daozang* version).

Lines 378–421 contain an interpolation, with calendar instructions on the *jiuzhen fa* from *Shengxuan ji* 昇玄記 (cf. TPYL 660.4b, quoting 421 *Dengzhen yinjue*; 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 5a), that has also been preserved in 1351 *Dongzhen taishang feixing yujing jiuzhen shengxuan shangji* 11a–13b.

From the subtitle, “7. Instructions on Practicing the *Jiuzhen [zhongjing]*,” in line 200 of the manuscript, Ōfuchi concluded that the fragment had originally represented a complete work in seven sections on a long scroll, of which more than five of the preceding sections were lost. However, he failed to notice the striking similarity of the commentary to TAO HONGJING’s style and approach, as exemplified by 1016 *Zhen’gao* and 421 *Dengzhen yinjue*.

The following parallel strongly supports this impression: concerning the details about the divinities of the body, Tao refers in 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 2.5a to his commentary on the “practice of the twenty-four spirits” (*ershisi shen fa* 二十四神法; cf. also 1016 *Zhen’gao* 5.11a, 5.13a, 9.2a–b; a version of this practice is preserved in 405 *Shangqing zijing jun huangchu ziling daojun dongfang shangjing*), which he may have

also explained within the framework of his *Dengzhen yinjue*. Virtually the same reference in the same context appears also in the commentary of the manuscript Pelliot 2751, line 245.

Thus we may conclude that the Dunhuang manuscript does not represent an independent *Ziwen xingshi jue* 紫文行事訣 in one *juan* with seven sections, but rather the fragment of a *juan* from the *Dengzhen yinjue* that contained the subsections six (*Ziwen*) and seven (*Jiuzhen zhongjing*) within a larger chapter (on visualization, *cunxiang* 存相?) of that work. If we take into account the abbreviated rendering of some passages and, especially in the second part of the fragment, the relatively brief annotations, it is also possible that the Dunhuang copy, similar to 424 *Shangqing mingtang yuanzhen jingjue* (q.v.), already represents a somewhat revised version of Tao’s original text (see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō Zurokuhen*, 382–94).

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Zhoushi mingtong ji 周氏冥通記

4 *juan*

By Zhou Ziliang 周子良 (497–516); annotated and edited by TAO HONGJING 陶景弘 (517)

302 (fasc. 152)

“Mr. Zhou’s Records of His Communication with the Invisible World.” This work is the written legacy of TAO HONGJING’s disciple Zhou Ziliang. In his visions, Zhou had met, along with certain higher *zhenren* also known from 1016 *Zhen’gao*, a number of lesser immortals from the subterranean Cavern-Heavens of Maoshan. He kept a diary about these meetings.

Zhou’s generally sketchy but sometimes detailed (*juan* 1–3) records, covering a period of sixteen months, were found by TAO HONGJING in a mountain cave at Maoshan 茅山, where Zhou had hidden them—apparently shortly before he took his own life. Tao arranged and annotated the material, which included the recipe for an elixir that possibly caused Zhou Ziliang’s death (4.19a–20b). Tao wrote an introduction containing Zhou’s biography (remarkable especially for the dramatic account of Zhou’s suicide on 1.3b–4a), and in early 517 he presented the work, divided into four *juan*, to the emperor. The letter of presentation by Tao and the imperial note in reply are attached to Zhou Ziliang’s biography.

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Shangqing mingtang yuanzhen jingjue 上清明堂元真經訣

10 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

424 (fasc. 194)

“Instructions for the Scripture of Xuanzhen in the Mingtang.” The title refers only to the first part (1a–6a) of the present work. It describes the visualization of a Jade Maiden named Xuanzhen 玄真 in the sun and moon and her subsequent entry into one of the palaces of the head, the Mingtang. Except for an interpolated passage on 4b–5b, taken from 1016 *Zhen’gao* 9.18a–b, the method derives from the technical appendix to the hagiography of Mao Ying 茅盈 and his brothers, a text of the original Shangqing corpus attributed to Li Zun 李遵 (see 1016 *Zhen’gao* 8.2a). Only the first part of this hagiography has been preserved in YJQQ 104.10b–20a.

The second part of the present work (6a–10a) is based similarly on a meditation technique, the absorption of the Cloud Shoots of the four directions (*fu siji yunya shenxian shangfang* 服四極雲牙神仙上方), that formed originally part of the biography of Wang Bao 王褒, hao Qingxu zhenren 清虛真人, composed and revealed by WEI HUACUN. The narrative part of this biography, which also belongs to the oldest Shangqing scriptures (see 1016 *Zhen’gao* 12.13b; 14.17b), is given in YJQQ 106.1a–8a.

Conspicuous is the continuous and sometimes detailed commentary. Its style and approach are reminiscent of TAO HONGJING’s. The critical remark (8a) about an insertion in the original manuscript written in a hand other than YANG XI’s should be viewed in light of the fact that Tao did possess the original manuscript of Wang Bao’s biography, which otherwise was entirely in YANG XI’s hand (see 1016 *Zhen’gao* 20.2b). The identification of the different handwriting as *ding* 丁 corresponds to the criteria laid down by Tao in his appendix to *Zhen’gao* 19.6a.

Citations from the lost fourth juan of 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* in SDZN 10.3a and 3.20a–21a show that Tao did include the set of instructions presented in the present text. It should be noted, however, that SDZN 3.20a–21a reproduces the first sentences of the second part of our work (on the absorption of the Cloud Shoots) with two comments by TAO HONGJING that cannot be found in our present version. This fact may be explained by a final remark (10a) in our text: “The commentary, where not absolutely related to the practice [of the present instructions], has been abridged.”

We conclude that the present text is in all likelihood a fragment of 421 *Dengzhen yinjue*.

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Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Shangqing mingtang xuandan zhenjing 上清明堂玄丹真經

6 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1381 (fasc. 1043)

“True Book of the Hall of Light and the Dark Cinnabar.” This is a small manual for visual meditation according to some well-known methods from the Shangqing tradition. The beginning of the text is missing but can be reconstituted from 140 *Shangqing wozhong jue* 3.1a–b3. There the relevant passage is called “Practical Recipes Transmitted by Lord Su,” which shows that the first part, which concerns the Way of the Hall of Light (*mingtang zhi dao* 明堂之道), was considered to have been revealed by Su Lin 蘇林. Parallel text excerpts can be found in 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 1.8a–10a and 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* 13b–25b. The latter source has many passages in common with our text (including a reference to a now lost passage of 254 *Dadong jinhua yujing* on page 15a). Robinet’s claim (in *La révélation du Shangqing*, 420) that it entirely reproduces two sections of 1314 *Suling jing*, be it in abridged form, can, however, not be substantiated. It would seem more plausible that both versions have a common origin in an unknown, now lost, ancient scripture.

Next to the meditation on the Hall of Light (a place in the brain, residence of three deities) there is also the method of the Dark Cinnabar, which is a more advanced form of visual meditation on different places in the head.

Kristofer Schipper

1.B.2.e Rituals and Rules

Taishang jiuzhen mingke 太上九真明科

23 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1409 (fasc. 1052)

“The Sworn [*ming* here has the sense of *meng* 盟] Code of the Nine Zhenren.” The identity of these gods is not indicated. Perhaps they are those of 1376 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing*. The present text is found in its entirety in 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* 46b–end. The WSBY quotes it under the title of *Suling jing*, which could imply that it was originally part of that scripture and was detached from it at a later date. The same text is also found in 1345 *Dongzhen taishang daojun yuandan shangjing*.

We have here a systematic presentation and elaboration of the code of rules expounded by the Shangqing scriptures and their transmission. Juan 3 of 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* is an even more expanded version of the same material. A large

number of Shangqing texts are mentioned. However, some of the more important and authentic ones, such as the *Basu jing* (see 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing*), are not found here.

The code is divided into three main parts. The first part (2b–8a) gives rules about delays to be observed between two subsequent transmissions, the time of abstinence and retreat of master and disciple, and the nature and quantity of gifts to be presented to the master.

The second part (8a–12a) enumerates various ritual faults to be avoided: failing to confess one's sins before practicing Taoist exercises, infringing the rules of purity, or omitting the preparatory observances.

The final part (12a–18b) tells how to atone for sins, whether committed by the disciple or his ancestors. Atonement consists in offerings to the rivers of the underworld and in prayers. At the end we find a number of hymns addressed to the four major gods of the Shangqing school.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang shanghuang minji dingzhen yulu

洞真太上上皇民籍定真玉籙

6 fols.

1341 (fasc. 1031)

"Precious Register on which are Fixed the [Names of] the Zhenren of the Population Record of the Most High Supreme Sovereign, a Dongzhen Scripture." A *Shanghuang lu* 上皇籙 is mentioned among the texts received by Lord Pei (see *Qingling zhenren Peijun zhuan* 清靈真人裴君傳 in YJQQ 105.23a–b, and the separate article on 1032.105). The present text is quoted in 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* 2.5a–b, in a passage devoted to the works revealed to Lord Pei. The title of our work is given in WSBY 47.10b (see Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 228).

The major part of the present work is occupied by a sermon pronounced by the Most High Lord Lao to the Green Lad (Qingtong jun 青童君) on the notion of repentance and the practice of confession (*cankui* 慚愧). The overall tone of the discourse is Buddhist and has no apparent relationship to the register presented at the end (4b–6a).

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing taiwei dijun jiedai zhenwen fa 上清太微帝君結帶真文法

2 fols.

By LU XIUJING 陸修靜 (406–477)

1293 (fasc. 1009)

"Rites of Girding with the True Writ of the Imperial Lord of Supreme Tenuity."

A subtitle tells us that this short ritual is also called the Text [to be pronounced] at the Transfer of the Girdle, and that it comes from the Scripture of the Transfer of the Girdle of the Supreme Tenuity (*Taiwei jiaodai jing* 太微交帶經). This scripture undoubtedly corresponds to 257 *Dongzhen taiwei huangshu jiutian balu zhenwen*, the self-proclaimed eighth jian of a *Taiwei huangshu* 太微黃書, a Shangqing text. It contains the True Writ, in talismanic writing, which is copied on a piece of striped cloth (*wen* 紋), white for men and purple for women, nine inches wide and nine feet long, to be wrapped around the waist.

A note given at the beginning of the text states that it is an authentic work by Master Lu [Xiujing] 陸先生真本 and that it belongs in the fourth section of the Dongzhen division, where it occupies the thirty-first jian. This important bibliographic indication is partially confirmed by the catalogue of Dongzhen (Shangqing) scriptures in 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 5.1a–2b. The latter is divided into four sections and lists the Transfer of the White Cloth and the Purple Cloth (*Shangqing baiwen jiaodai* 上清白紋交帶, *Shangqing ziwen jiaodai* 上清紫文交帶) as rites for confirmation into the highest grades of the Shangqing ordination. This information accords with the present text. The meaning of the reference to a thirty-first jian, however, is unclear.

The text of the writ and its transcription are not given here but in 257 *Taiwei huangshu*. Here are found only a few indications regarding the preparations and offerings for the ritual, and three short prayers, presumably to be pronounced at the ceremony of confirmation.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang qiuxian dinglu chisu zhenjue yuwen 太上求仙定錄尺素真訣玉文

31 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

128 (fasc. 59)

"Precious Writs and True Formulas on (Prescribed) Lengths of Silk, Determining the Rank of Those Who Seek Immortality." A collection of sacred writs from a number of ancient scriptures of the Shangqing and Lingbao canons, here collected as a document for transmission on ordination and, as such, kept by Xi wang mu 西王母, the Royal Lady, Golden Mother of the Western Fortress, as she is called in the line giving the name of the author of the text (1a).

At the beginning of the collection, we find a model certificate for the transmission. It states that the ordinand, having already obtained the investiture in the sacred liturgy of the Great Sworn Alliance (*dameng shangsheng lingke* 大盟上聖靈科; see 1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lieshuo* 1.2a), is now entitled to receive the Secret Characters on the Lengths of Silk (*Chisu mizi* 尺素密字). This statement implies that the transmission of the present collection of writs corresponded to an ordination of the Shangqing level.

The hybrid nature of the collection—which includes, on 9b–10a, the Esoteric Sounds (*neiyin* 內音) of 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing*—makes it unlikely that it is a product of the Taoist institutions of the Tang; it should therefore be earlier.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing dongzhen zhibui guanshen dajie wen 上清洞真智慧觀身大戒文

24 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1364 (fasc. 1039)

“Great Rules of Wisdom in Self-Examination.” This set of three hundred rules is the most extensive Taoist code. It is intended for those initiated and ordained into the highest levels of the Shangqing tradition. In this quality and context, it is quoted in extenso in WSBY 45.

Lagerwey (*Wu-shang pi-yao*, 272, n. 6) remarks that the present set of rules may have been created in imitation of 456 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyuan pinjie gongde qingzhong jing* so as to give the Shangqing canon its own code of precepts. Schmidt (“Die Hundertachtzig Vorschriften,” 156) has shown, moreover, that both codes are expanded elaborations of the same model, the ancient One Hundred and Eighty Rules of Lord Lao, the Heavenly Master libationers’ code (see 786 *Taishang laojun jingliu*). The present set adopted no less than seventy-seven rules from the latter code. The first part of the three hundred rules contains also one hundred and eighty items, in clear imitation of the ancient set. That part corresponds here to a first grade of perfection. The next group contains only thirty-six rules, and the third and final section, eighty-four. In fact, the number of distinct rules is smaller, as many are repeated as injunctions against inciting others to commit the same fault. For instance, we find one rule that states: “He who studies the Tao should not drink wine” (rule 3). Another rule says: “He who studies the Tao should not encourage others to drink wine” (rule 4). In adopting this procedure, our text imitates 456 *Sanyuan pinjie gongde qingzhong jing*, from which it has borrowed no less than ninety-six rules.

The last part consists entirely of so-called “commemorations” (*nian* 念) prescribing

numerous topics for mental concentration. Initially, these set thoughts concerned good deeds and intentions, but later they also dealt with Taoist ritual practice. Toward the end of the text, these commemorations become mystical: “He who studies the Tao should concentrate on [*nian*] traveling to the Gold Portal of the Shangqing Heaven in order to pay homage to the Most High zhenren” (16a). These mystic practices belong to the Shangqing tradition.

In addition to the rules, we find in a second part of the text a discourse on their virtues and on their ritual recitation, for which a lamp should be installed and a special hymn should be sung when lighting it (21a–b).

As shown by Schmidt (“Die Hundertachtzig Vorschriften,” 156–57), these three hundred commandments have continued to be transmitted in Taoist monastic organizations until the present day. They were adopted by the Quanzhen 全真 order, which revised them and transmitted them on ordination into the highest grades of their order. A copy of the text with its corresponding ordination certificate was collected by Hackmann in the Shangqing guan 上清觀 near Qingdao and published in 1931.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing yuanshi pulu taizhen yujue 上清元始譜錄太真玉訣

10 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1365 (fasc. 1039)

“Precious Instructions of the Most High Zhenren on the Register of the Primordial Beginning of the Shangqing Tradition” This text contains a ritual for salvation from the Three Evils (*san’e* 三惡). The evil powers are here assimilated with the Three Corpses (*sanshi* 三尸) and the Five Sufferings (*wuku* 五苦). The subtitle, “Deliverance from the Form and Disappearance through Transformation in Flowing Light and Jade Radiance” (*Jiexing dunbian liujing yuguang* 解形遁變流景玉光), uses typical Shangqing terminology (see, for instance, 1359 *Shangqing danjing daojing yindi bashu jing* 1.7a) as it figures in discussions of the technique of liberating oneself from the limits of corporeality (*shijie* 尸解).

The work probably existed already in the fifth century, since it served as a source for Yan Dong’s 嚴東 (fl. 485) commentary in 87 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing sizhu* 2.40a–b; 2.43a–54a. Although it is difficult to allocate the work to one of the distinctive traditions of that time (judging from its liturgical components, it seems to be connected more closely with the Lingbao tradition), it has been reckoned among the Shangqing texts since at least Tang times (446 *Shangqing zhongjing zhu zhensheng bi* 7.1b; see also 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 28.14a–15a) and was probably related to 1387 *Shangqing yuanshi gaoshang yuhuang juitian pulu*.

A special feature of this ritual, for which lights are installed for the Nine and the Thirty-two Heavens, is the use of a medium onto whom the physical complaints in the body of the beneficiary of the ritual are to be transferred (7b: *shengkou daixing* 生口代形). The live substitute—a passage (10a) in the text advises that one not choose ugly or inferior persons—obtains the possibility to acquire merits and to become an aspirant for a clerk's post under the Three Officials (*sanguan* 三官).

A part of the text, which reveals a lacuna on 4b, is also found in YJQQ 81.1a–5a.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

1.B.3 Lingbao

Thirty years after the first Shangqing revelations, in the same town of Jurong 句容 where GE HONG had lived, and on nearby Maoshan where YANG XI had had his hermitage, GE CHAOFU, Hong's grandnephew, made a vital contribution toward the renewal of Taoism through the creation of an updated scriptural canon. Whereas the Shangqing revelations had accomplished the synthesis between the traditions of the mystery cults of the south and the Way of the Heavenly Master, the new Lingbao scriptures attempted to integrate yet another important aspect of Chinese religion of those times: Buddhism (see Zürcher, "Buddhist influence on early Taoism"). A synthesis was obtained not so much by the blending of doctrines as through integration on the liturgical level.

This integration was founded on the ritual traditions of the south: the rites for the establishment of the altar on which the gods descend to partake in the offerings and incarnate themselves in a medium for the duration of the ritual. *Lingbao* 靈寶 (originally also written 靈保) is an ancient southern term for medium and shaman (see Kaltenmark, "Ling-pao," 576–79). The staking out of the ritual area entailed the use of five talismanic writings (*wufu* 五符). Holy mountains were sacred areas par excellence, and an excursion, whether in flesh or spirit, to these dwellings of gods and ancestors necessitated the possession of the Medium's Five Talismans, *Lingbao wufu* 靈寶五符, which GE HONG valued so much. Bokenkamp ("Sources") has shown convincingly that the books left behind by GE CHAOFU's granduncle were of primary importance in elaborating the new synthesis.

Like the Shangqing revelations, the Lingbao canon also incorporates parts of the liturgical practice of the Way of the Heavenly Master, to which it considers itself superior. According to TAO HONGJING (1016 *Zhen'gao* 19.11b) and MENG ANPAI (1129 *Daojiao yishu* 2.6b), the scriptures produced by GE CHAOFU dur-

ing the Longan period of the Jin dynasty (397–402), became the foundation of the liturgical practice of Taoism. This practice, which continues to the present day, combines the great liturgical paradigm of the Retreat (*zhai* 齋), the Lingbao traditions of the south, and the protocols for the presentation of memorials of the Heavenly Masters, with the recitation of scriptures and the circular *pradaksina* dance of Buddhism.

Again, like the revelation of the Shangqing scriptures, the work of GE CHAOFU must have touched off a wave of supplementary texts and imitations. Here, too, LU XIUJING established the catalogue of canonical scriptures that were to be considered as the basis for ordination into the rank of a master entitled to conduct the Lingbao Retreat (*sandong fashi* 三洞法師). Lu's catalogue, the *Lingbao jing shumu* 靈寶經書目, has been preserved in several sources. First, we have the list in 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.8a–9a (here entitled *Lingbao zhongmeng jingmu* 靈寶中盟經目 and including a few additional works), also found in the Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2337 of the *Sandong fengdao kejie yifan* 三洞奉道科誠儀范. Another Dunhuang manuscript is Pelliot 2256, which Ōfuchi, who has studied both manuscripts (Ōfuchi Ninji, "On Ku Ling Pao Ching"), identifies as being part of a lost work by SONG WENMING (active 549–551) called *Tongmen* 通門 or *Tongmen lun* 通門論. Another version is found in 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 1.5a–7a. Ōfuchi and Bokenkamp ("Sources") have reconstructed the list of canonical scriptures and identified them among the texts transmitted in the Ming *Daozang* of 1445. Lu's catalogue, as completed by Song, is divided into two main parts: nineteen canonical scriptures and eight texts of instructions and commentaries, presumably of a later date. With one exception, the texts are presented here in the sequential order of their occurrence in the Liu-Song catalogue. As in the case of the Shangqing scriptures, the text of the most famous scripture, the *Lingbao duren jing* 靈寶度人經 (number 15 of the catalogue), has come down to us incorporated into a work of the Song period (960–1279). This work is 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing*, to be fully discussed in part 3.B.

The most complete study of the canonical Lingbao scriptures to date is Bokenkamp, "Sources of the Ling-pao scriptures."

1.B.3.a The Canonical Lingbao Scriptures

Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing 靈寶無量度人上品妙經 1

20 fols.

ca. 400

1 *Lingbao duren jing* 1 (fasc. 1)

“Most Excellent and Mysterious Book of the Marvelous Jewel That Saves Innumerable Human Beings.” This Book of Salvation (*Duren jing* 度人經), as it is generally known, is the most prominent scripture of the liturgical Lingbao tradition. It occupies the preeminent place in the Taoist canon, where it stands as the opening juan of the first text, the expanded sixty-one chapter version of the Song (960–1279; see section 3.B.6).

The scripture, spoken by the Tao, is divided into three parts. It begins with a long introductory *nidāna*-narrative that gives a detailed description of the original revelation and its marvelous efficacy. It states that in the past the sacred scripture appeared in the heavenly spheres of the nascent universe and was bestowed on the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning (Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊). He then promulgated the text by reciting it ten times. The entire pantheon of gods and saints of the Ten Directions (the eight points of the compass, the zenith, and the nadir) converged at the place of recitation. Here the Yuanshi tianzun suspended a pearl, the size of a small grain, in the void and made the myriad gods enter inside. After the tenfold recitation, the Tianzun transmitted the scripture to “me” (*wo* 我), meaning here both the Tao (or Daojun 道君) and the individual adept.

The revelation restored the universe to its original sinless state. Everyone henceforth cultivated their inborn goodness and no longer killed, injured, coveted, exhibited jealousy, debauched, robbed, or hated other beings. Nor did anyone abuse language by proffering either flattering or injurious words. Everyone loved each other, and all became close as kin. Not only all the living were saved, but also all ancestors.

The first part closes with instructions for the recitation of the scripture, which should be done in an oratory (*shi* 室, meaning *jingshi* 靜室) while burning incense. The formula given for the Opening of the Incense Burner (*falü* 發爐) rite (5b) is adapted from the Heavenly Master liturgy.

The core of the scripture is the second part (6a–14b). The title of *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* 元始無量度人上品妙經 is repeated here. This part contains the essence of the scripture by revealing the “secretly rhyming sounds of hidden names of the great gods of the Thirty-two Heavens and of all other divine beings.” The recitation of the scripture activates this entire pantheon, including the Demon Kings and other celestial guardians.

The third part contains the revelation of the Innumerable Sounds of the Secret Language of the Great Brahman [Energies] of the Heavens (“Zhutian zhong dafan yinyu wuliang yin 諸天中大梵隱語無量音”; 17a–end). Here are found the stanzas on the creation of the universe, named Marvelous Writings of the Primordial Beginning (compare 22 *Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing*, q.v.). The stanzas of the Thirty-two Heavens are given here in three series: the higher, the middle, and the lower, totaling twelve hymns.

The date and authenticity of this text as an early Lingbao scripture are beyond doubt. The earliest known commentary to the *Duren jing* is that by Yan Dong 嚴東 (fl. 485) in 87 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing sizhu*. Ōfuchi Ninji (“On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 51) has argued that the first *nidāna*-narrative part is not annotated by Yan and that it should therefore be a later addition, but his argument is not convincing.

The *Duren jing* has been immensely important in Taoist liturgy. It borrows from Buddhism not only many elements of form, vocabulary, and style, but also its very function as a text to be recited repeatedly for salvific ends, a function taken from the practice of Indian sūtra-reading and mantra-recitation. The prescribed tenfold psalmody has provided the framework for innumerable ritual performances. The esoteric aspect of the “sacred sounds and hidden names” has, moreover, inspired a great many mystical elaborations. This text corresponds to number 15 of the Lingbao corpus.

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Kristofer Schipper

Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing

元始五老赤書玉篇真文天書經

3 juan

ca. 400

22 (fasc. 26)

“Scripture on the True Writs of the Five Ancients of the Primordial Beginning, Red Writings in Celestial Script on Jade Tablets.” This scripture is also known under a number of variant titles, for example, *Wupian zhenwen* 五篇真文 or *Dongxuan chishu jing* 洞玄赤書經. Originally divided into two juan, it is one of the basic texts of the early Lingbao canon.

The True Writs came spontaneously into being even prior to the Primordial Beginning, launched the cosmogony, and have ever since been guarantors of the cosmic order. They are called “red writings” because they were refined in the fire of the Southern Heaven (1.1b). They form the core of this scripture, which reproduces them

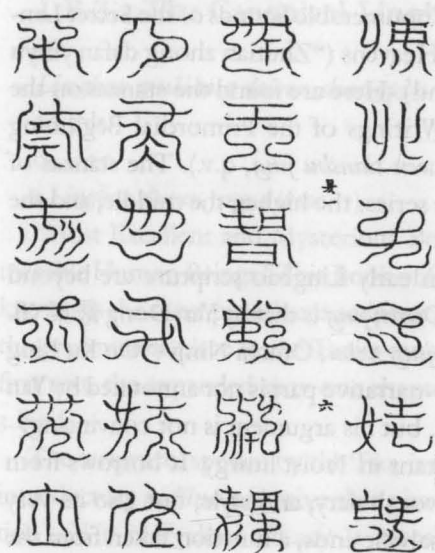


FIGURE 15. The True Writs of the East
(22 1.7b-8a)

fu that help to ban demons and escape cosmic catastrophes, some can again be traced back to 388 *Wufu xu* 3.12a-14a. Furthermore, the scripture states the reason for establishing the six months of fasting and the ten fast days of each month: at these times the deities gathered in the various heavenly palaces and sent emissaries to earth to examine the offenses and merits of the people. Therefore it was especially during these times that one had to fast and observe the precepts (2.17b-3.7b) (fig. 15).

The preface to the present scripture, quoted in the first half of the seventh century (1132 *Shangqing dao leishi xiang* 3.6b; 1129 *Daojiao yishu* 10.3b), is no longer extant. This text corresponds to number 1 of the Lingbao corpus.

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2 juan

ca. 400

352 (fasc. 178)

"Lingbao Scripture of the Jade Instructions on the Red Writing" This text forms part of the early Lingbao canon (Ōfuchi Ninji, "On Ku Ling Pao Ching," 41-42, 46).

in "celestial script," a kind of seal script (*zhuanwen* 篆文; 1.7b-30a). For each of the Five Directions there exists a number of characters that, divided into four groups each, are inscribed in the various celestial palaces and have a fourfold effect: they register the names of the adepts on lists of immortality, warrant the correctness of the cosmic processes, dominate the demons, and control the divinities of the water in order to prevent floods. In addition, there are magic symbols (*fu*) for the Five Directions, taken from 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 3.9b-11b (cf. Bokenkamp, "Sources," 454-56). The description of the Five Ancients (1.31a-35a) corresponds also, mostly verbatim, to 388 *Wufu xu* (1.11b-14b). Of another series of

It is complementary to 22 *Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing*, providing essentially explanations on how to put the heavenly revelations therein into practical use. In Ōfuchi's opinion, it originally comprised only one juan. However, the text itself (2.4b) and also 22 *Yupian zhenwen* 3.15b indicate a division into two juan.

The revelations of this scripture are addressed to a certain Wang Longci 王龍賜, exhorting him to save all people in the Ten Directions of space. The revelations begin with two series of Lingbao precepts (identical with 177 *Taishang dongzhen zhihui shangpin dajie* 1b-3a). A ritual for the redemption from sin follows. This is the *Tou sanyuan yujian* 投三元玉簡, in which the divinities of the Three Origins (Heaven, Earth, and Water) are supplicated by casting (*tou* 投) messages to them inscribed on wooden tablets (1.5a-8a). The subsequent part (1.8b-21a) is an elaboration on 22 *Yupian zhenwen* 1.7b-30a. It gives a rendering of the True Writs in terrestrial script (for textual differences, see Kobayashi Masayoshi, "Reihō sekisho gohen shinbun," 24-28) and explains various practices for their use. The instructions that follow for swallowing the fu of the Five Emperors and making a bamboo stick, into which the fu are sealed, refer to 22 *Yupian zhenwen* 1.35a-39b. The next paragraph has also been taken from this source.

Juan 2 contains—in addition to an *avadāna* story of worthy deeds in previous existences, probably adopted from the *Longshi nü jing*, 909c-910a (see Bokenkamp, "Sources," 474-75)—several other practices that have no direct counterpart in 22 *Yupian zhenwen*, for example, the ingestion of the Five Shoots (*shi wuya* 食五牙) in which the Five Ancients are visualized and, after they have been transmuted into the qi of the respective direction, incorporated by the adept and directed to the corresponding viscera (2.4b-14a). Not only the prologue, but also the fu with the names of the heavens and final formulas of invocation together with instructions for swallowing the qi are found—with slight variants—in 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 1.11b-12a, 3.14b-16a, 3.21a-22a. The sacrifice (*jiaojì* 醮祭) to the five Lingbao emperors (2.20a-28b) is also based on 388 *Wufu xu* 3.4b-7b. Our text closes with directions for the ceremony for the transmission of the True Writs and magic symbols.

The commentary, which occasionally gives additional instructions, was probably written together with the scripture itself, since 1124 *Dongxuan lingbao xuanmen dayi* 11b already states that its date was not known with certainty.

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洞玄靈寶五老攝召北酆鬼魔赤書玉訣

7 fols.

ca. 400

1297 (fasc. 1009)

“Jade-Instructions on the Red Writing of the Five Ancients about Summoning the Demons of [the Underworld] Beifeng.” This text corresponds to 352 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaojing* 1.24b–31a. The editor possessed only this fragment of the original work, since he remarks at the beginning: “Regrettably this version is incomplete (*yuan que* 原闕). A search for [the remainder] and the editing of a complete version still remain to be done.” This text and the preceding one correspond to number 2 of the Lingbao corpus.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang dongxuan lingbao kongdong lingzhang 太上洞玄靈寶空洞靈章

Six Dynasties (220–589)

Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2399

“Marvelous Stanzas of the Void Caverns.” This scripture of the canonical Lingbao corpus is missing from the Ming *Daozang*. A large part of the text has, however, been recovered from the Dunhuang manuscripts (see Ōfuchi Ninji, “On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 47, and Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō, Zurokuhen*, 2–8).

The manuscript Pelliot 2399 contains 245 lines of sixteen characters. This is approximately equivalent to twelve folios in the 1926 reprint of the Ming *Daozang* and appears to represent the entire scripture, with the exception of the opening sentences. The title of the scripture is given at the end of the manuscript and is identical to that found in the catalogue of the canonical Lingbao scriptures, the *Lingbao jingmu* 靈寶經目.

The text opens with the description of a festive gathering and banquet at the court of the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning (Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊). There each of the sovereigns (*di* 帝) of the Thirty-two Heavens in turn sings a hymn extolling the blissful beauty and joy that reigns in their respective divine precincts, a meritorious deed that saves countless creatures. These stanzas (*zhang* 章) occupy the major part of the present scripture. The final part of the text is again in prose and describes the delights and paradise-like conditions resulting from the recitation of the scripture by gods and humans alike.

Like most other stanzas in the Lingbao scriptures, the present thirty-two hymns were incorporated in liturgy, to be sung during the rites of circumambulation. WSBY 29 contains the complete text of the hymns for this very purpose (see Bokenkamp, “Sources,” 479). The present text corresponds to number 3 of the Lingbao corpus.

Kristofer Schipper

Dongxuan lingbao yujing shan buxu jing 洞玄靈寶玉京山步虛經

10 fols.

ca. 400

1439 (fasc. 1059)

“Lingbao Scripture on Pacing the Void at Jade-Capital Mountain.” This work belongs to the original Lingbao corpus. It is listed in the first part of the *Lingbao jingmu* 靈寶經目 as *Shengxuan buxu zhang* 昇玄步虛章 (Stanzas on Ascending to the Mysterious and Pacing the Void). The initial part of the text, describing the celestial regions, shows in its present version distinct differences from the quotations in WSBY and 1123 *Yiqie daojing yinyi miaomen youqi* 2b, 11a. The core of the work is made up of ten stanzas that describe the ascent to the celestial Mount Yujing (where the Lingbao scriptures are concealed) and the gathering with immortals and zhenren, during which, via the recitation of the scriptures to the accompaniment of Taishang, all suffering is eliminated. The stanzas are followed by several hymns (three of which were adapted from the Shangqing tradition; cf. Bokenkamp, “Sources,” 443–45) in praise of the Lingbao scriptures. A short biography of GE XUAN (also quoted in 1123 *Yiqie daojing yinyi miaomen youqi* 26b) concludes our text.

The practices of visualization (3a), like those concerning the circumambulation of the altar (*gaozuo* 高座; cf. 524 *Dongxuan lingbao zhai shuo guang zhu jie fa deng zhu-yuan yi* 11b), and of the chanting of the stanzas during the Lingbao Retreat are similar to the ones prescribed in 425 *Shangqing Taiji yinzhu yujing baojue* 5b–6a, 7b, 9b. The stanzas and some of the hymns are cited—with some variations—in LU XIUJING’s ritual 528 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao shoudu yi* 38b–41a, 23b–25a in connection with the transmission of the Lingbao canon. Furthermore, hymns from the present work can also be found in two other scriptures from the ancient Lingbao corpus, 344 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui benyuan dajie shangpin jing* 7b–8a and 425 *Shangqing Taiji yinzhu yujing baojue* 18a–20a.

An annotated edition of the *Yujing shan jing* quoted in 1132 *Shangqing dao leisbi xiang* 3.1b is no longer extant. The present text corresponds to number 4 of the Lingbao corpus.

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Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhang jing

洞玄靈寶自然九天生神章經

15 + 2 fols.

ca. 400

318 (fasc. 165)

"Stanzas of the Life Spirits of the Nine Heavens." One of the most fundamental texts of the Lingbao corpus, its present version having been slightly altered as a result of later additions. The Nine Treasure Stanzas (8a–9b) appear to be a later addition (see Ōfuchi Ninji, "On Ku Ling Pao Ching," 47, and the next article on 165 *Lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen sanbao dayou jinshu*). The original version, that is 1a–8a and 9b–14b, is given in YJQQ 16.

The scripture can be divided into three parts. The first part (1a–4b) describes the eras that have preceded our present world and that were governed in succession by the Three Treasures: Tianbao 天寶, Lingbao 靈寶, and Shenbao 神寶. These figures represent the Three Primordial Qi or Pneumata, assimilated to the Three Caverns (*sandong* 三洞) and the Three Pure Ones (*sangqing* 三清). They create the Ten Thousand Things. This cosmogony is similar to the development of the fetus, and, therefore, the Intendant of the Nine Heavens (Jiutian Sima 九天司馬) chants these hymns every time a child is born. By analogy, the disciple may recite them and thus assemble the entire pantheon in his or her body and consecrate it.

The second part (5a–8a) tells of the revelation of the hymns by the Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊, in order to save the Seed People (*zhongmin* 種民) at the forthcoming apocalypse of the imminent sexagesimal year 21 (*jiashen* 甲申). After this *nidāna*-style introduction, the third part (8a–15a) presents the nine hymns, each one corresponding to one of the Nine Heavens, followed by poems by the Taiji zhenren 太極真人.

An appendix features the tale of a miracle that occurred at the beginning of the Song dynasty as a result of the recitation of the present scripture. There exist three commentaries to this work (396, 397, and 398).

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Kristofer Schipper

Lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen sanbao dayou jinshu

靈寶自然九天生神三寶大有金書

9 fols.

ca. 400

165 (fasc. 73)

"Golden Writing from the Dayou [i.e., a palace in the Yuqing Heaven] of the Three Treasures [i.e., the three divinities Tianbao 天寶, Lingbao 靈寶, and Shenbao 神寶]." The text is identical with 318 *Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhangjing* 1a–9b, where the present title figures as a subtitle, except that the stanzas of the Nine Heavens and the two hymns of Taiji zhenren 太極真人 are not included.

In YJQQ 16.1a, *Sanbao dayou jinshu* is used as an alternative title for the whole *Jiutian shengshen zhang jing*. A Yuan commentary (398 *Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhang jing zhu* 1.1b), however, applies this title only to the part of the *Jiutian shengshen zhang jing* that describes the genesis and the propagation of the nine stanzas. This text and the preceding one correspond to number 5 of the Lingbao corpus.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt



FIGURE 16. The fu of the Western direction (671 1.6b–7a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/666)

Taishang wuji dadao ziran zhenyi wucheng fu shangjing

太上無極大道自然真一五稱符上經

2 juan

ca. 400

671 (fasc. 352)

"Supreme Scripture of the Most High Boundless Great Tao and the Spontaneously [Created] True-and-One Symbols of the Five Correspondences." This scripture forms part of the original Lingbao canon. It is listed in the first part of the *Lingbao jingmu* 靈寶經目 as having one juan. Citations in WSBY and SDZN as well as in the Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2440 correspond to the present text but do not indicate a division into two juan. Thus the latter division was probably not introduced before the late Tang (618–907; Ōfuchi Ninji, "On Ku Ling Pao Ching," 37, 47–48; *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 20–26; *Zurokuhen*, 10–22).

The core of the scripture is the revelation of the five symbols that are correlated to the Five Planets, Five Peaks, Five Viscera, and so on, and their practical application by Taoist masters and lay believers (*baixing* 百姓) for the healing of diseases (1.3a–11b; fig. 16). Juan 2 describes the practice of carving male and female figurines from the roots of the

zhangju 章拒 plant. These figurines function as helpers and establish contacts with the Eight Archivists (*bashi* 八史), who in their turn enable humans to communicate with the gods (2.1a–8a). Engraving the fu contained in this scripture onto heavy stones is recommended as a simplified method for lay believers, from the emperor down to the common people. The twenty-four Lingbao diagrams (2.11b–12b) that one is to receive after the fu come from 1407 *Dongxuan lingbao ershi sheng tujing*. The present text corresponds to number 6 of the corpus.

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***Taishang lingbao zhutian neiyin ziran yuzi* 太上靈寶諸天內音自然玉字**

4 juan

ca. 400

97 (fasc. 49)

“Lingbao Scripture on the Esoteric Sounds of the Spontaneously Created Jade-Characters in the Various Heavens.” The text belongs to the early Lingbao canon and is listed in the *Lingbao jingmu* as having two juan. But probably by the sixth century it was divided into four juan. The present version is possibly incomplete (cf. Ōfuchi Ninji, “On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 37, 48).

The work reveals the names of the Thirty-two Heavens (eight in each of the four directions) and eight jade characters in celestial script that are scattered in each of the heavens (1.1b–14a). These characters, intended for the salvation of the believers and their ancestors, are in the “hidden language of the great Brahma” (*dafan yinyu* 大梵隱語). The text gives details about the celestial palaces, gates, and so on. where the characters are located, their functions, the times at which the adept is to write and ingest these characters as well as the effects of this practice (1.15a–2.18b). The second half of the text provides the “terrestrial reading” and explains both the meaning of the individual jade characters, giving for each heaven a “cavern-stanza” (*dongzhang* 洞章) into which the eight characters are interwoven, and illustrates the effect of their recitation.

The names of the Thirty-two Heavens and the 256 jade characters are identical with 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* 1.7b–9b, 1.16b–17b. The present text corresponds to number 7 of the Lingbao corpus.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui zuigen shangpin dajie jing

太上洞玄靈寶智慧罪根上品大戒經

2 juan

Ca. 400

457 (fasc. 202)

“Lingbao Scripture on the Supreme Great Rules of Wisdom Concerning the Roots of Guilt.” The term *zuigen* 罪根 (roots of guilt) denotes bad deeds and offenses against the religious precepts; these transgressions lead to hell.

This scripture, considered by Ōfuchi as possibly incomplete, is part of the early Lingbao canon (see his “On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 37, 42, 48). Its first juan describes the transmission of the scripture from the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning to the Most High Lord of the Tao. The Heavenly Worthy explains the gradual decline of humanity in the course of the five kalpas—from the original blissful state down to the introduction of registers of sin—and lists five series of precepts (1.4a–9b): the Ten Precepts for creating good karma, the Ten Superior Prescriptions, the Ten Evils (to be avoided), and the Twelve Rules to be observed. The latter can be also be found in 177 *Taishang dongzhen zhihui shangpin dajie* 2b–4b.

In juan 2, the Heavenly Worthy visits the worlds in the Ten Directions of space, where he sees people suffering in hell. From the different deities he learns about the causes of their suffering and by what penitence they may be reborn in a particular form after a determined period of time (cf. 455 *Taishang xuanyi zhenren shuo santu wuku quanjie jing*). Souls be saved from hell, especially by following the methods outlined in the *Mingzhen ke* (i.e., 1411 *Dongxuan lingbao changye zhi fu jiuyou yugui mingzhen ke*). The present text corresponds to number 8 of the Lingbao corpus.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

***Taishang dongzhen zhihui shangpin dajie* 太上洞真智慧上品大戒**

16 fols.

ca. 400

177 (fasc. 77)

“Great Superior Rules of Wisdom.” The classification in the Dongzhen division, as indicated by its title, must be a later alteration since in early works like *Lingbao jingmu* 靈寶經目 and WSBY this scripture is entitled “*Dongxuan* 洞玄 [*lingbao* 靈寶].”

Often simply named *Dajie jing*, it can be regarded as one of the basic collections for rules and precepts within the Lingbao tradition. It describes the transmission of six series of rules from the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning to the Most High Lord of the Tao. These are the Ten Precepts (1b–2b) together with the Twelve Rules to be Observed (2b–4b). Anyone who accepts them obtains the grade of an Adept of Pure Faith (*qingxin dizi* 清信弟子; cf. 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie*

yingshi 4.5a; the subsequent Rules for Blocking the Six Sense Organs [6a–7a] also pertain to this grade). Then follow the Rules for Salvation of Living Beings (7a–8a), the Exhortations to the Ten Good Deeds (8a–9b), and finally seven Rules Concerning the Retribution of Merits (13b–15b).

Passages from this scripture (1a–6a) were adopted in an abbreviated form by LU XIUJING (see 524 *Dongxuan lingbao zhai shuo guang zhu jie fa deng zhuyuan yi* 8a–10b).

For Dunhuang manuscripts of this scripture, see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Moku-rokuhen*, 29–33; *Zurokuhen*, 30–37. The present text corresponds to number 9 of the Lingbao corpus.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Dongxuan lingbao yulu jianwen sanyuan weiyi ziran zhenjing

洞玄靈寶玉籙簡文三元威儀自然真經

10 fols.

Ca. 400

530 (fasc. 295)

“Tablets of the Jade Register, for the Ceremonial of the Three Principles.” This “True and Spontaneous Scripture” contains only the third and last part—that of the Jade Register of the Median Principle (*zhongyuan yulu* 中元玉籙)—of the original work, which is one of the fundamental texts of the Lingbao liturgy. The two other parts are the Tablet of the Golden Register of the Superior Principle (*shangyuan jinlu jianwen* 上元金籙簡文) and the Yellow Register of the Inferior Principle (*xiayuan huanglu jianwen* 下元黃籙簡文). The *Lingbao jing shumu* lists a *Taishang dongxuan lingbao jinlu jianwen sanyuan weiyi ziran zhenyi jing* 太上洞玄靈寶金籙簡文三元威儀自然真一經, which should correspond to the complete scripture. Indeed, as indicated by our text (10a), the three parts (*sanbu* 三部) contained altogether 240 articles, which amounts to some 80 articles for each part. The present text contains 81 articles, whereas the numerous quotations in WSBY 34–37, 39, 42, 48, and passim (for the *Jinlu jianwen*), in WSBY 54 (for the *Huanglu jianwen*), as well as in 507 *Taishang huanglu zhaiyi* 55 and 56 enable us to supplement several dozens of articles. It should, moreover, be noted that the scripture is listed in 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 1.5b simply as *Dongxuan lingbao sanyuan weiyi ziran jing* 洞玄靈寶三元威儀自然經, omitting the specification *jinlu* of the early catalogue. This omission induced Ōfuchi Ninji to reject the authenticity of the present work (“On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 49).

The first part of the scripture dealt, among other things, with the rites for establishing the altar and the protocols for entering or leaving it. The second part, which is preserved here, essentially concerns the rules that govern the relationship between master and disciple. The last part speaks of the rites of salvation through the extirpa-

tion of the roots of guilt (*badu zuigen* 拔度罪根). These are the rites of the Retreat of the Yellow Register (*Huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋). WSBY 54, containing the classical ritual for this Retreat, is entirely composed of quotations from our scripture (compare also the Dunhuang manuscripts Pelliot 3148, Pelliot 3663, DX 158, reproduced in Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Zurokuhen*, 38–42).

The present text corresponds to number 10 of the Lingbao corpus.

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Dongxuan lingbao changye zhi fu jiuyou yugui mingzhen ke

洞玄靈寶長夜之府九幽玉匱明真科

39 fols.

ca. 400

14II (fasc. 1052)

“Liturgy of the Sworn [reading *ming* in the sense of *meng* 盟, as does WSBY 51] Alliance with the Zhenren, Kept in the Jade Chest of the Nine Realms of Darkness, in the Department of the Long Night [the regions of death and damnation].” This scripture was revealed by the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning for the salvation of all beings.

The hells described here are the twelve infernal regions, introduced in 457 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui zuigen shangping dajie jing*. Those who dwell there are judged according to the Recompenses for the Twelve Meritorious Deeds (*shi shan yinyuan* 十善因緣) and the Punishment for the Fourteen Evil Acts (*shisi zuibao* 十四罪報).

The main part of this long text (from 15b onward) is devoted to different rituals for the salvation of the dead. The first ritual is intended for the release from all forms of retribution (*zuifu yuandui badu shangpin* 罪福緣對拔度上品). This service corresponds to the Retreat of the Alliance with the zhenren, *Mengzhen zhai* 盟真齋 in WSBY 51, which the faithful should practice at home for more than eighty days a year. Addressing prayers and confessions to the gods of the ten directions, the faithful were to strike the ground with their foreheads and slap their faces (*bojia* 搏頰) some 660 times during a single service.

A second ritual (25b–37a) aims at delivering the country from all kinds of disasters. This ritual is found in WSBY 53 as the Retreat of the Golden Register (*jinlu zhai* 金籙齋) and constitutes the earliest Taoist ritual to be performed for the welfare of the state. The sacred area is built around the Five True Writs (*wuzhen wen* 五真文; see 22 *Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing*). The participants’ hair is disheveled and their faces are smeared with mud, as in the Retreat of Mud and Charcoal (*tutan zhai* 塗炭齋; see 1278 *Dongxuan lingbao wuguan wen*).

At the end of our text there is a short presentation of the rites of Casting Dragons (*toulong* 投龍) on the occasion of the transmission of the ten scriptures of the Lingbao.

These rites have been further codified and annotated in LU XIUJING's 410 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhongjian wen*. The present text corresponds to number 11 of the Lingbao corpus.

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Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhibui dingzhi tongwei jing

太上洞玄靈寶智慧定志通微經

25 fols.

ca. 400

325 (fasc. 167)

"Most High Lingbao Scripture on Wisdom, Fixing the Will and Penetrating the Sublime." This text, with the variant title *Siwei dingzhi jing* 思微定志經, belongs to the early Lingbao canon. All quotations of the work in WSBY and *Bianzheng lun* 8.544a correspond with the present text. A quotation in Dunhuang manuscript Stein 1438 (*Daojiao yi* 道教義; Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tōnkō dōkyō*: *Zurokuhen*, 735, line 30), which Ōfuchi claims to be missing in our text, can be reconstructed almost in its entirety from the diagram on 6a–b (fig. 17). A Dunhuang manuscript of the *Siwei dingzhi jing* (Pelliot 5563; Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tōnkō dōkyō*: *Zurokuhen*, 53) shows only minor variants to 18b–20a of the present version.

The main issue of the text concerns the transmission of a two-part contract in the form of a cosmic diagram (*liangban lunzhuan tu* 兩半輪轉圖) and of the Ten Pre-

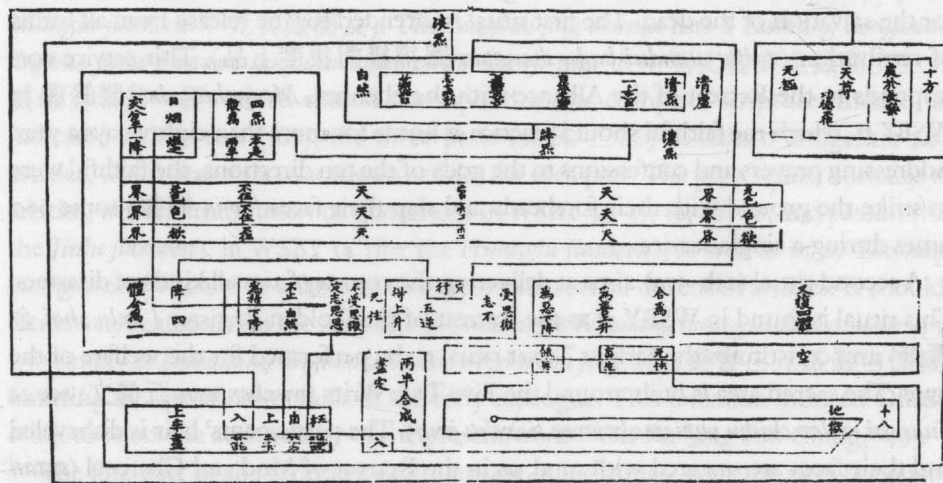


FIGURE 17. The Memory Palace for meditating on the Tao and for the practice of joining the two parts (325 6a–b).

cepts to the zhenren Zuoxuan 左玄真人 and Youxuan 右玄真人 by Lingbao tianzun. Interspersed are a number of parables patterned after the Buddhist *avadāna*, such as the account on the previous existence of the two zhenren as a charitable married couple (9a–15b), as well as various hymns. Buddhist influence is explicit in this text: the first five of the Ten Precepts correspond to the *pañca-sila*, while the tenth precept is a formulation of the Mahāyānist bodhisattva vow. Taoism and Buddhism, represented by Zuoxuan zhenren and Youxuan zhenren, are understood as being "two ways leading to one goal" (*er tu gui yi* 二塗歸一). The difference seems to be of a formal kind: as opposed to the Buddhists, who from the beginning renounce all worldly possessions, the Taoist adepts must provide pledges (*faxin* 法信) for their ordination. The present text corresponds to number 12 of the Lingbao corpus.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhenyi quanjie falun miaojing

太上洞玄靈寶真一勸誡法輪妙經

6 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

346 (fasc. 177)

"Scripture of the Wheel of the Law to Encourage [Good] and Prohibit [Evil Deeds]." The present text is the first of four fragments that belonged originally to a single work entirely devoted to karma and retribution. The other fragments are: 348 *Taishang xuanyi zhenren shuo quanjie falun miaojing*, 455 *Taishang xuanyi zhenren shuo santu wuku quanjie jing*, and 347 *Taishang xuanyi zhenren shuo miaotong zhuan shen ruding jing*. These last three texts are found as a single book among the Dunhuang manuscripts (Stein 1605 and Stein 1906; see Ōfuchi Ninji, "On Ku Ling Pao Ching," 50). The beginning of the work, which is lacking in those manuscripts, must correspond to the text we have here. The whole, therefore, can be identified as the Scripture of the Wheel of the Law [Expounding] Sins and Blessings (*Falun zuifu* 法輪罪福) in three juan, as listed in the *Lingbao jing shumu* 靈寶經書目.

The text describes the circumstances of the revelation of the Scripture of the Wheel of the Law to Taiji zuo xiangong 太極左仙公 (GE XUAN). While the saint is practicing the Tao on Mount Tiantai 天台, three zhenren of the Most High Mysterious One (*Taishang xuanyi zhenren* 太上玄一真人) visit him. They are his divine Masters of Transmission (*dushi* 度師), whereas the Taiji zhenren 太極真人 Xu Laile 徐來勒 is his guarantor (*bao* 保). Each of the three zhenren reveals one part of the practice, which forms the subject of the texts in the next three articles.

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Taishang xuanyi zhenren shuo quanjie falun miaojing

太上玄一真人說勸誡法輪妙經

7 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

348 (fasc. 177)

“Scripture of the Book of the Wheel, Spoken by the Zhenren of the Most High Mysterious One.” This text continues the preceding 346 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhenyi quanjie falun miaojing*.

The revelation of the Wheel of the Law has a marvelous efficacy that enables all beings to leave the cycle of transmigration and enter nirvāṇa (*miedu* 滅度). Through their asceticism, the true hermits move the Void Sovereign, Xuhuang 虛皇, who, after innumerable kalpas, bestows on them the present scripture. Humans of all ways of life can enter into *samādhi* thanks to this revelation. Lay people, by their religious practice, may obtain Delivery of the Corpse (*shijie* 尸解). All persons, priests or lay, inspired by the teachings of the Great Vehicle (*fa dacheng zhi xin* 發大乘之心) can gain merit and salvation by lighting oil lamps, abandoning their riches, giving donations to the poor, and by sacrificing a part or the totality of their bodies. The text closes with three rhymed *gāthās* and an epilogue.

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Taishang xuanyi zhenren shuo santu wuku quanjie jing

太上玄一真人說三途五苦勸誡經

11 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

455 (fasc. 202)

“Scripture of Encouragement and Prohibition, [in order to Escape from] the Three [Bad] Destinies and the Five Sufferings.” This is the second chapter of the Book of the Wheel of the Law (*Falun jing* 法輪經), revealed by the second zhenren of the Mysterious One (see the two preceding articles).

First, the Tao expounds the laws of retribution. Thereupon, He (i.e., the Tao) leaves the heavens eight times through the gates of the eight directions and discovers humans submitted to the severest tortures in hell. The *devas* who administer these regions explain to him that those beings atone for their sins. The merciful Tao announces the salvation of all, thanks to his Wheel of the Law and the teachings of Exhortations and Prohibitions. Through the eight gates opened by the Tao, all will enter into nirvāṇa. At the end, there is a short epilogue on meritorious deeds, as well as three rhymed *gāthās*.

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Taishang xuanyi zhenren shuo miaotong zhuan shen ruding jing

太上玄一真人說妙通轉神入定經

9 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

347 (fasc. 177)

“Scripture of Entering *Samādhi* of Marvelous Perception and Conversion of the Spirit, Spoken by the Zhenren of the Most High Mysterious One.” This is the final chapter of the *Falun jing* 法輪經 (see the three preceding articles).

This part consists essentially in the enumeration of forty-five commemorations (*nian* 念) to guide the mind toward concentration on good deeds and universal salvation as in Mahāyāna Buddhism (see Zürcher, “Buddhist influence,” 112).

At the end of the text, we find, as usual, instructions concerning the transmission of the scripture and the necessary pledges of precious objects. Finally, there is a passage devoted to the merits of reciting the scripture, which enables the disciple to overcome all dangers and to become an immortal in the Palace of the Grand Bourne (Taiji gong 太極宮). This text and the three preceding ones correspond to number 14 of the Lingbao corpus.

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Taishang zhutian lingshu duming miaojing 太上諸天靈書度命妙經

19 fols.

ca. 400

23 (fasc. 26)

“Most High Miraculous Book of Salvation in the Numinous Writing of the Numerous Heavens.” This text belongs to the original Lingbao scriptures. Citations in WSBY, SDZN, and in Buddhist works correspond to the present text, although some of them are considerably abridged or give variant readings (compare, e.g., *Xiaodao lun* 9.150b with our text, 14b–15a).

The Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning reveals this scripture in the five paradisiacal regions in order to preserve for all eternity the good fortune the inhabitants of these realms have enjoyed since the revelation of the Lingbao scriptures in the mythical Longhan 龍漢 era. Otherwise it might disappear in the periodic epochs of decline. Now, too, the peoples of remote border regions, to whom the blessings of a revelation had never before been extended, are at last included in the scheme of universal salvation. At the end of the “greater and smaller eras,” lesser teachings—such as gymnastics (*daoyin* 導引), Tending Life (*yangsheng* 養生) practices, and the talismans and diagrams of the Taiqing tradition and the *Taiping dao jing* 太平道經—will also perish, while the scriptures of the Three Caverns shall outlive all catastrophes. The text concludes with four stanzas addressed to the Four Heavenly Rulers (*sitian diwang* 四

天帝王) which form the core of the revelation. This text corresponds to number 16 of the Lingbao corpus.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang dongxuan lingbao miedu wulian shengshi miaojing

太上洞玄靈寶滅度五鍊生尸妙經

19 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

369 (fasc. 181)

“Scripture of Nirvāṇa [Obtained] by the Fivefold Refinement of Living Beings and Corpses.” This work contains the revelations of the sacred writs insuring the repose, purification and salvation of the dead in their tombs.

These writs, reproduced here in sacred characters (*zhenwen* 真文), correspond to the esoteric sounds of the heavens (*zhutian neiyin* 諸天內音; see 97 *Taishang lingbao zhutian neiyin ziran yuzi*). The writs must be copied on five stones and buried at the edges and in the center of the tomb. Each writ is accompanied by a talismanic order (*fuming* 符命) in the name of the Law of Nüqing, the ancient Code of Alliance with the zhenren (*Mengzhen jiutian Nüqing wen* 盟真九天女青文).

The present work appears to be incomplete. Two versions have been found among the Dunhuang manuscripts (Pelliot 2865 and Stein 298) that contain an appendix. It includes a yellow memorial (*huangzhang* 黃章) to be presented at the time of the burial of the inscribed stones and a few accounts of the efficacy of this rite (see also 1292 *Huangzeng zhangfa*).

On the practice of the ritual in connection with requiem services (*qianshen yi* 遷神儀) during the Tang dynasty (618–907), see DU GUANGTING, 507 *Taishang huanglu zhaiyi* 57.1b, quoting the liturgist ZHANG WANFU. The present text corresponds to number 17 of the Lingbao corpus.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyuan pinjie gongde qingzhong jing

太上洞玄靈寶三元品戒功德輕重經

38 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

456 (fasc. 202)

“Scripture of Great and Minor Merits, and the Classified Rules of the Three Principles.” A large part of the text is quoted in WSBY 44. This quotation corresponds to the Rules of the Three Principles, which are divided into three groups of sixty interdictions, each group being placed under the aegis of one of the Three Officials (*sanguan* 三官).

The first part of the work gives a detailed description of the administrative configuration. Each sphere of the universe (Heaven, Earth, and Water) contains one palace and three prefectures (*fu* 府). Each prefecture has either twelve offices (for Heaven) or fourteen (for Earth and Water), for a total of one hundred and twenty. Each office keeps records on merits and sins. The accounts are verified on the fifteenth day of the first, seventh, and tenth moons. Then the names of those who have merited long life are transcribed on a Green Register (*qingbu* 青簿) and a Jade Calendar (*yuli* 玉曆). Those who shall go into the Nine Realms of Darkness (*jiuyou* 九幽) have their names inscribed on the Black Book (*heibu* 黑簿). This entire administration is present not only in the heavens but also inside the human body.

The text often refers to the authority of Nüqing 女青, the Pole Star (*beiji* 北極), who has created the institutions of the Three Officials and the code of prohibitions. It also refers to the ritual of the Alliance with the zhenren (*Mingzhen kefa* 明真科法; see 1411 *Dongxuan lingbao changye zhi fu jiuyou yugui mingzhen ke*, number 11 of the corpus), as well as to the precepts of wisdom (*Zhihui shangpin* 智慧上品; see 457 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui zuigen shangpin dajie jing*, number 8 of the corpus). Finally, for the ritual of pardon of sins, our text refers to a *Sanyuan xiezui fa* 三元謝罪法, which may correspond to 417 *Taishang dadao sanyuan pinjie xiezui shangfa*. The present text corresponds to number 18 of the Lingbao corpus.

Kristofer Schipper

Dongxuan lingbao ershisi sheng tujing 洞玄靈寶二十四生圖經

48 fols.

ca. 400

1407 (fasc. 1051)

“Lingbao Scripture on the Diagrams of the Twenty-four Vital Energies.” This scripture of the ancient Lingbao corpus is obviously modeled on earlier texts since not only its title but also the names of the twenty-four individual diagrams are given in almost identical form in the works listed in BPZ 17 and 19 (see Bokenkamp, “Sources,” 458–60).

After ingesting the talismans for introspection (*Dongxuan neiguan yufu* 洞玄內觀玉符), Housheng Lijun 后聖李君, the ruler over the saints of the future world (cf. 442 *Shangqing housheng daojun lieji*), has a vision of the original cosmic configuration of the Twenty-four Qi or Pneumata, manifest in three superimposed divisions of Eight Effulgences. These are projections of the vital energies of his own body, and appear as sacred diagrams of characters written in the sky (fig. 18). The present text represents Lord Li’s record of his meditative experience. Set to music, the diagrams are also rendered in the form of twenty-four hymns (plus a twenty-fifth, serving as the basis for the others). Twenty-four fu are used to invoke the corresponding divinities in the

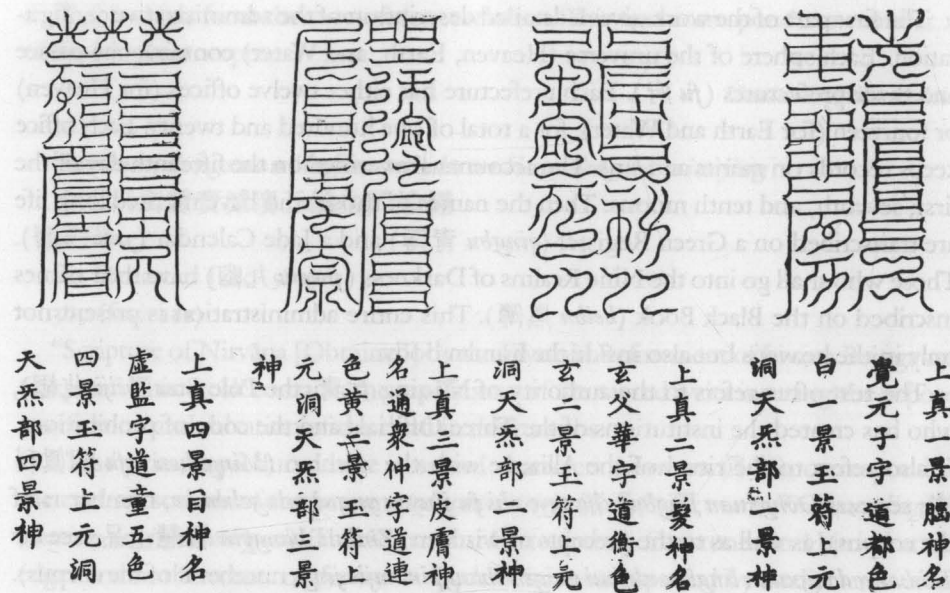


FIGURE 18. Four of the Eight Superior Effulgences of the vital energies (1407 6b–8b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1388)

three centers of the body. They are followed by the formula for transmission together with the secret names of the five *māras* (魔王) acting as guarantors during transmission, and finally by a three-part register (*lu* 錄) of all subordinate physical divinities.

The application and benefit of the twenty-four different diagrams are discussed in 671 *Taishang wuji dadao ziran zhenyi wucheng fu shang jing* 2.11b–12b.

LU XIUJING refers to the present work as a fundamental register of the Lingbao tradition, on which he bases the rite of exteriorization of the officials (*chuguan* 出官) within the ritual of transmission he himself authorized (see 528 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao shoudu yi*, preface and 13b–19a). The present text corresponds to number 19 of the Lingbao corpus.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang lingbao wufu xu 太上靈寶五符序

3 juan

Eastern Jin (317–420)

388 (fasc. 183)

“The Five Fu, Powerful Treasure of the Most High.” The word *xu* in the title, normally translated “preface,” refers rather to the text as such (Kaltenmark, “Quelques



FIGURE 19. The Lingbao talisman of the north (388 3.11b).

remarques,” 5). This and other features of the text, according to Kaltenmark, betray its close relationship to the apocryphal *weishu* 緯書 commentaries of the Han. In its present form, however, it postdates GE HONG (283–343), whom it mentions (2.22b) and quotes (3.5a). The title does not correspond to the content of the extant work, for the text no longer deals exclusively with the famous Five Fu but constitutes an anthology of Taiqing Taoism—that is, Taoism of the Han dynasty and Three Kingdoms period (206 B.C.–A.D. 265).

This is the Taoism of the great myths concerning, in particular, the transmission of the Five Fu by the mythical ruler Yu 禹 (1.1a–11a, 3.1a–3a); the quest for the explanation of the Book of the True One by the Yellow Emperor (3.16b–22a); formulas (juan 2) and Lord Lao’s revelations (3.13a); the Offering, including meat and wine (3.3a–7b); the body with numerous souls, lacking system, but made in the image of nature (1.19b–25a); and the seekers of immortality, hermits who enter the mountains to collect medicinal plants (1.15b–16a). The Five Fu themselves seem to have been especially used to protect the adept in the mountains, for they are preceded by a table of auspicious days for “entering the mountain” (3.3b–9a; the same information is also found in BPZ 17) (see fig. 19).

As Isabelle Robinet has shown, the antiquity of the main parts of the *Wufu xu* is confirmed by its close connection with the *Sanhuang wen* 三皇文 and with such texts as 1168 *Taishang laojun zhongjing* (Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing*, 1:26–34). It was only much later that the *Wufu xu* was linked to the so-called “new” Lingbao texts—no doubt in order to lend them an aura of greater prestige (Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 234). This text corresponds to number 20 of the Lingbao corpus.

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John Lagerwey

Shangqing taiji yinshu yujing baojue 上清太極隱注玉經寶訣

20 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

425 (fasc. 194)

“Precious Instructions on the Jade Scriptures, a Secret Commentary by the [Zhenren of the] Supreme Pole.” This scripture belongs to those of the Lingbao canon transmitted to GE XUAN in eleven juan (see Ōfuchi Ninji, “On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 40, 53). The present text, to which LU XIUJING also refers in 528 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao shoudu yi* 38a–b (cf. 3a of the present text), has presumably not been preserved in its entirety: thirteen citations are given in WSBY, but one of them (37.1a) can no longer be found in our text.

The work deals with the ritual prescriptions for the transmission, recitation, copying, and so on, of sacred scriptures. The division of these scriptures into categories is of great interest. Thus the Dongzhen group of the Three Caverns (*sandong* 三洞) is said to comprise the *Dadong zhenjing* 大洞真經 and, directly related to it, the *Xiaomo zhihui jing* 消魔智慧經, as well as the *Feixing yujing* 飛行玉經. The Lingbao scriptures fall into the Dongxuan 洞玄 division, while the *Sanhuang wen* 三皇文 belong to the Dongshen 洞神 division. The prefix *Shangqing* 上清 is conferred on all scriptures of the Three Caverns. They fit into the higher category (*shangpin* 上品), and together they have their place of honor in the north. For the scriptures of the middle category (*zhongpin* 中品) no titles are listed, but they include all texts that do not belong to the main scriptures of the Three Caverns. Their place of honor is in the east (11a–b). The records of the personal attainments of the immortals (*xianren benye zhuan* 仙人本業傳), collected under the title Scriptures on the Traces of the Tao (*Daoji jing* 道跡經), form a final category with its place of honor in the west (13b).

The *Daode jing* 道德經 has a special status. Although its transmission is unrestricted, it is ranked with the higher category and is venerated together with the scriptures of the Sandong in the north.

The present text thus describes a division of the Taoist scriptures that gives no priority to the Maoshan tradition and does not even consider it as a separate entity. The same concept of the Three Caverns can also be found in other works belonging to the early Lingbao canon: 532 *Taiji zhenren fu lingbao zhaijie weiyi zhujing yaojue* 12a–b, 19a–20a; and 1114 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao benxing suyuan jing* 10b–11a. The present text corresponds to number 21 in the Lingbao corpus.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhenwen yaojie shangjing

太上洞玄靈寶真文要解上經

16 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

330 (fasc. 167)

“Supreme Scripture with Essential Explanations on the Most High Lingbao Writs.” This text belongs to the early Lingbao canon, more precisely, to the eleven juan of texts purportedly transmitted to GE XUAN. It is quoted in WSBY 32.18a and Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2455, *Lingbao ziran zhaiyi* 靈寶自然齋儀 (Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō*: *Zurokuhen*, 146, line 32). Rather than offering a commentary on the Five True Writs of the Lingbao tradition, our text deals with the liturgical practice centering on them.

An introductory account on the genesis of the Five True Writs, which plainly relies on 22 *Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing* 1a–2b, is followed by an enumeration of the twelve universal virtues of the cosmic symbols (*shier de* 十二德) and the twelve vows (*shier yuan* 十二願). The latter, as well as the subsequent invocations addressed to the protective deities of the Five Directions (*weiling shenzhou* 衛靈神咒), are basic elements of the typical Lingbao ritual (see, e.g., 528 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao shoudu yi* 10a–11b). Also basic ritual are the statements of repentance and the requests for pardon addressed to the Ten Directions (*chanxie shifang* 懺謝十方; a variant of these addresses is found, e.g., in 1411 *Dongxuan lingbao changye zhi fu jinyou yugui mingzhen ke* 17b–24a). The hymns, as well as directions for paying homage to Donghai qingtong jun 東海青童君 and Dadao yuchen jun 大道玉晨君 at the end of the text, are borrowed from the early Maoshan literature (see 1016 *Zhen'gao* 3.9a–b; 3.16a–b, 9.15a–b). This text corresponds to number 22 of the Lingbao corpus.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang taiji taixu shang zhenren yan taishang Lingbao weiyi dongxuan

zhenyi ziran jing jue 太上太極太虛上真人演太上靈寶威儀洞玄真一自然經訣

Six Dynasties (220–589)

Dunhuang manuscripts Pelliot 2356, 2403, and 2452

“Instructions Concerning the Spontaneous Scriptures of the True One, for the Ceremonial of the Lingbao, as Expounded by the Superior Zhenren of the Great Ultimate and Void.” Among the present three manuscript fragments, presumably of the same work, only one (Pelliot 2452) gives a title at the end of the text, and that reads simply: “Instructions Concerning the Scriptures for the Ceremonial of the Lingbao, First Part” (*Lingbao weiyi jing jue shang* 靈寶威儀經訣上). Ōfuchi Ninji (*Tonkō dōkyō*, *Zurokuhen*, 727) identifies the manuscripts as parts of the now lost Lingbao scripture,

the long title of which is found in the *Lingbao jingmu* 靈寶經目 preserved in the Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2256. An argument against this identification is the fact that the title as given in Pelliot 2452 mentions a “first part,” whereas according to the *Lingbao jingmu* the work had only a single juan (compare also 1125 *Sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.8a–9a).

In all other respects the present text as partially preserved here corresponds to what we may surmise to have been the contents of the lost work. It is transmitted by the zhenren of the Great Ultimate Xu Laile 徐來勒 and deals at least partially with the ceremonies of transmission of the Lingbao scriptures. As Bokenkamp (“Sources,” 484) has remarked, the work was apparently already lost during the Tang or Northern Song dynasties, for it is not included in the list of Lingbao scriptures in the compendium of the Yellow Register rituals collected by the Southern Song Taoist LIU YONGGUANG (508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 1.5a–7a).

The manuscript Pelliot 2452 contains the longest fragment, with 104 lines. It begins with a number of hymns sung by great Taoist patriarchs (including Zhang Daoling 張道陵) extolling the extraordinary powers of the present scripture. The remainder, and also the largest part, of the text is devoted to models for written petitions (*zhang* 章) to be presented during the ceremonies for the transmission of Lingbao scriptures. These documents do not refer to the restrictions that were supposed to limit the frequency of the distribution of the Lingbao texts to once in forty years, but they do mention the sums of money and other offerings to be provided on the occasion. These amounted to not less than 24,000 coins (*jinqian* 金錢). In addition, the adept had to offer ten gold bracelets to be scattered in the ten directions, and another ten gold bracelets to his or her master.

The transmission of the Lingbao scriptures here is explicitly meant to be made not only to Taoist scholars (daoshi) or lay people, but to Buddhist *śramana* (*shamen* 沙門) as well. The text endeavors to assimilate the two faiths, declaring, for instance, that “immortal” (*xian* 仙) and “Buddha” (*fo* 佛) have exactly the same meaning, *fo* being merely a foreign word (*huyu* 胡語; see Pelliot 2356, line 4). As to the original revelation, Xu Laile gave this work to his disciple GE XUAN, who in turn transmitted it to Zheng Siyuan 鄭思遠 and also to the *śramana* Zhu Falan 竺法蘭 (Pelliot 2452, lines 90–93). They were then given to GE HONG who divulged them to the world while he was staying on Mount Luofu 羅浮山 during the “sixth year of the Jianyuan 建元 era” (Pelliot 2452, lines 102–4). This date must be a copyist error, as the Jianyuan era lasted only two years (343–344), and because GE HONG died in 343. The present text corresponds to number 23 of the Lingbao corpus.

Kristofer Schipper

Taiji zhenren fu lingbao zhajie weiyi zhujing yaojue

太極真人敷靈寶齋戒威儀諸經要訣

24 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

532 (fasc. 295)

“Instructions from All the Scriptures for the Ritual of the Lingbao Retreat, Expounded by the Zhenren of the Great Bourne.” The Great Lingbao Liturgy 靈寶大法 is performed on given days, sixty times a year, by the gods in Heaven. The Taoists of this world should reverently follow their example.

The present work contains a complete ritual of the Lingbao Retreat (1b–7b), with instructions for its performance. There are also indications for the recitation of scriptures (*zhuanjing fa* 轉經法) and the lighting of lamps (*randeng* 然燈) to be performed on various occasions and for different purposes, such as healing (7b–12a).

Among the scriptures to be recited, the first discussed here is the *Daode jing* 道德經 (12a). Next is mentioned the *Dadong zhenjing* 大洞真經 in thirty-nine chapters, which “should not be recited in this world” (12b). But the Lingbao scriptures are the ultimate texts of Taoism (Daojia 道家), and instructions are given for their transmission along with the *Daode jing* (12b–14a).

There follow various instructions on the liturgical organization and orthodox practice. The ancient Heavenly Master practice of feasting the worthy is discussed on 14b, and shamanistic practices are criticized on 15a–16. An important passage discusses the priestly hierarchy. The fundamental ordination remains that of the Heavenly Master liturgy. All priests should be libationers (*jijiu* 祭酒) and observe the One Hundred and Eighty Rules (*baibashi jie* 百八十戒; see 786 *Taishang laojun jingliu*). Those who embrace the life of hermits and receive the scriptures are inducted into an additional ordination as master of one of the Five Peaks, according to the year in which they were born. (For example, those born in the third or fourth denary year (*yin* 寅 or *mao* 卯) have an Fundamental Destiny (*benming* 本命) related to the east and are therefore ordained as Dongyue xiansheng 東嶽先生, and so on. (17a).

The subsequent discussion on sacred books concerns not only the previously mentioned scriptures, but also the *Zhuangzi* (18b–19a). On 20b, the different offices of the participants in the Retreat ritual are defined. The head officiant is called *fashi* 法師. Next comes the head cantor (*dujiang* 都講), the Inspector of the Retreat (*jianzhai* 監齋), and the three Intendants of, respectively, the scriptures, the incense, and the lamps (*sijing* 侍經, *sixiang* 侍香, *sideng* 侍燈). Other priests, such as the libationers of the Yellow and Red and the Great One (*Huangchi taiyi jijiu* 黃赤太一祭酒; see 1294 *Shangqing huangshu guodu yi*, etc.) are permitted to be present but should not actively participate. In general, all Taoists are ranked according to their diocesan ordination (*zhilu* 治錄).

Final instructions concern meditation during the Retreat and the Ten Commemorations (*shinian* 十念) for concentration on good deeds. This text corresponds to number 24 of the Lingbao corpus.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhibui benyuan daje shangpin jing

太上洞玄靈寶智慧本願大戒上品經

18 fols.

Fifth century

344 (fasc. 177)

“Lingbao Scripture on the Great Superior Rules and Original Vows of Wisdom.” This text belongs to the group of “new scriptures” revealed to GE XUAN. In the *Lingbao jingmu* it is listed as *Taishang xiaomo baoshen anzhi zhibui benyuan daje shangpin* 太上消魔寶身安志智慧本願大戒上品; the WSBY cites it as [*Dongxuan*] *xiaomo jing* [洞玄]消魔經, *Dongxuan anzhi jing* 洞玄安志經, or *Dongxuan dingzhi jing* 洞玄定志經.

Three Dunhuang fragments (Pelliot 2468, Stein 6394, Pelliot 2400; cf. Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuben*, 61–66; *Zurokuben*, 77–85) of this scripture exist in which Xu Laile 徐來勒 explains to GE XUAN the concepts of karma and retribution: blessings and misfortune are determined by one’s good and evil deeds. Therefore right actions and “original vows” are indispensable. For this purpose fifty-nine vows (4a–7a), prescriptions for ten good deeds (*shishan quanjie* 十善勸戒; 9b–10b), and the ten sufferings (*shihuan* 十患; 15a–b) are set forth. In the final paragraph, GE XUAN entrusts his disciple Zheng Siyuan 鄭思遠 (i.e., ZHENG YIN) to transmit the scriptures in accordance with the instructions provided.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taiqing wushiba yuanwen 太清五十八願文

7 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

187 (fasc. 78)

“Text of the Fifty-eight Vows from the Taiqing [Heaven].” This is not an original work but completely composed of parts from 344 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhibui benyuan daje shangpin jing* 4a–15a.

The present text contains mainly fifty-eight vows and the Exhortation to the Ten Good Deeds (*shishan quan* 十善勸). Whereas 344 *Benyuan daje shangpin jing* 4a–7a lists the complete series of fifty-nine vows that are to be pronounced in various situations for the salvation of all, our text incorrectly arrives at a number of fifty-eight by

fusing the first part of the thirty-fifth with the second part of the thirty-sixth vow. This text and the preceding one correspond to number 25 of the corpus.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang dongxuan lingbao benxing suyuan jing 太上洞玄靈寶本行宿緣經

16 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

III4 (fasc. 758)

“Scriptures on Destiny as Determined by One’s Original Deeds.” This text belongs to the group of “new scriptures” in eleven juan revealed to GE XUAN. On the two significant terms in the title—*suyuan* (destiny) and *benxing* (original deeds)—see 1b and 9a. The work is quoted in WSBY as *Dongxuan qingwen jing* 洞玄請問經, or as *Xiangong qingwen jing* 仙公請問經, juan two. This alternative title refers to the form the book takes: (Xiangong) GE XUAN queries Xu Laile 徐來勒 about the nature of karmic causality (for full editorial details see Ōfuchi Ninji, “On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 31–33, 36; Wang Chengwen, “Dunhuang ben *Taiji Zuo xiangong qingwen jing*”).

The aim of the text is to encourage the individual to make a vow (*yuan* 願) to lead a religious life because, as the text abundantly demonstrates by means of both concrete examples and theoretical discussions, fate in this life (*benxing*) is determined by an individual’s actions in his previous existences (8b).

In addition to defining and defending this concept of ultimate justice, the text outlines the essence of religious life: it refers to the 180 precepts of wisdom (2b; found in 456 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyuan pinjie gongde qingzhong jing*) and furnishes the Ten Injunctions of the Most High and the Proscription of the Ten Evils (2b–4a), probably taken from 457 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhibui zuigen shangpin daje jing*. Alluding to 671 *Taishang wuji dadao ziran zhenyi wucheng fu shang jing*, our text recalls the story of the revelation of the Lingbao Retreat (*zhai* 齋) to Zhang Daoling 張道陵 and, in a Mahāyānist perspective, affirms that this is the greatest of all Retreats, because it seeks the salvation of all creatures.

The text also discusses ritual vestments and the recitation and transmission of scriptures. On (12a) is found the locus classicus of the liturgical definition of the term *sanbao* 三寶. This text corresponds to number 26 of the Lingbao corpus.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang dongxuan lingbao benxing yinyuan jing 太上洞玄靈寶本行因緣經
8 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

III5 (fasc. 758)

“Lingbao Scripture of the Karmic Factors of Causation and Deeds in Previous Existences.” This is one of the “new scriptures” revealed to GE XUAN. The *Lingbao jing shumu* 靈寶經書目 lists it under the title *Xiangong qingwen benxing yinyuan zhongsheng nan* 仙公請問本行因緣衆聖難; the WSBY 47.2b quotes it as *Dongxuan zhongsheng nan jing* 洞玄衆聖難經. However, the first part of the *Lingbao jingmu* 靈寶經目 also lists a *Zhongsheng nan* in three juan, marked as “not yet revealed” (for hypotheses about this problem, cf. Ōfuchi Ninji, “On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 43–44). Suffice it here to recall that all Lingbao scriptures marked as “not yet revealed” by LU XIUJING did exist by A.D. 570 (cf. *Xiaodao lun* 9.151b).

In our text, GE XUAN propagates the new Mahāyānist Taoism that calls no longer for individual salvation but for saving others (1b). Merits have to be established before ascension to the Shangqing 上清 Heavens can be attained (2a). GE XUAN gives—in the style of Buddhist *avadāna* stories—a detailed account of his own former existences in order to illustrate his teaching and the importance of karmic vows (3a–5b). Finally, he reveals three important instructions to Zhang Daoling 張道陵 (8a; for the terms *shangqing* and *sandong* 三洞 in the Lingbao tradition and the relation between Zhang Daoling and the Lingbao scriptures, cf. Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 24–26, n. 2).

A complete Dunhuang manuscript of this text (Pelliot 2454) shows considerable textual differences with respect to the *Daozang* version (cf. Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tōkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 66–69). The present text corresponds to number 27 of the Lingbao corpus.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

1.B.3.b Other Early Lingbao Scriptures

Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyi wuqi zhenjing

太上洞玄靈寶三一五氣真經

7 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

985 (fasc. 618)

“True Scripture on the Three Ones and Five Qi.” This text corresponds to 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 3.17a–23b. It recounts the story of the Yellow Emperor who wanders to the four extremities of the world to obtain the explanation of the

Tianhuang zhenyi jing 天皇真一經. On Emei shan the Yellow Emperor finally meets the Sovereign (*huangren* 皇人), who reveals to him the secret of the Three Ones (*sanyi*)—the *nihuan* 泥丸, the *jianggong* 絳宮, and the *dantian* 丹田—and the method for subsisting on the Five Shoots (*wuya* 五牙). GE HONG tells a shorter version of this myth in BPZ 18.

John Lagerwey

Taishang lingbao tiandi yundu ziran miaojing

太上靈寶天地運度自然妙經

7 fols.

Sixth century

322 (fasc. 166)

“Lingbao Scripture on the Laws of Movement of Heaven and Earth.” This “spontaneously created” scripture is listed in the *Lingbao jingmu* under the title *Tiandi yundu*, with the mention “not yet revealed,” but it was in circulation by A.D. 570 (cf. Ōfuchi Ninji, “On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 36, 55–56). Quotations in YJQQ and SDZN correspond to the present text.

After an introduction dealing with the cosmic dimensions and the importance of leading a religious life that aims at overcoming the three miseries of age, disease, and death, the scripture stresses that he who wants to obtain the Tao must know the cosmic laws for the occurrence of catastrophes. The ten prophetic stanzas that follow constitute the essential message of the scripture. They announce the end of the *jinma* 金馬 era (presumably referring to the Sima 司馬 emperors of the Jin dynasty (265–420); compare 1273 *Zhengyi tianshi gao Zhao Sheng koujue*) and a deluge. Then at the time of the water-dragon (*shuilong shi* 水龍時), Li Hong (Gongkou Shibazi 弓口十八子) will appear. The only hope of escaping the catastrophe lies in the constant recitation of these verses and in a determined effort to penetrate their meaning. The text closes with rules for the transmission of this scripture.

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Hikuchi Norataka, “*Taijō reibō tenchi undo shizen myōkyō*.”

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Dongxuan lingbao xuanyi zhenren shuo shengsi lunzhuan yinyuan jing

洞玄靈寶玄一真人說生死輪轉因緣經

8 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

III9 (fasc. 759)

“Lingbao Scripture on the Karmic Causality of Transmigration, Spoken by the Zhenren of the Mysterious One.” Here Xuanyi zhenren answers the questions raised by the immortal Yundu 仙人雲度 in A.D. 260 on Mount Kunlun 崑崙. He addresses in detail kinship and family bonds, explaining that they are fixed for one life only. One’s subsequent existence depends solely on the merits previously acquired. Although family membership is only temporary, it demands filial piety and, after one’s parents’ death, the four seasonal sacrifices (*sishi cisi* 四時祠祀; 2a–b). Different forms of rebirth as the result of good and evil deeds are affirmed (3a–6b). The zhenren predicts that during the time of Jin (*Jinshi zhi shi* 金氏之世) there will be a period of Great Peace when Taoism will flourish. At the end of Jinma 金馬, in the year of the water-dragon, Lord Li (i.e., Li Hong 李弘) will appear as a savior (cf. 322 *Taishang lingbao tiandi yundu ziran miaojing* 4b–5b). To enter into his presence would be the reward for merits acquired in previous existences (7a).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang dongxuan lingbao jieye benxing shangpin miaojing

太上洞玄靈寶誡業本行上品妙經

28 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

345 (fasc. 177)

“Marvelous Superior Scripture of the Rules of Conduct, from the Dongxuan Lingbao Canon of the Most High.” The subject of these Rules of Conduct is a Retreat patterned on the rituals of the Three Principles (*sanyuan* 三元) as well as of those on Mud and Charcoal (*tutan zhai* 塗炭齋, 26a; see WSBY 50, 52). The contents and subtitle given in 1a, *Yuanyi jinzen falun jieye benxing yinyuan shangpin* 元一金真法輪誡業本行因緣上品, show that this work is closely related to some of the ancient Lingbao texts, in particular to 348 *Taishang xuanyi zhenren shuo quanjie falun miaojing*.

When this text was revealed by Yuan [Xuan]yi tianzun 元[玄]一天尊 to the Lord of the Tao, the latter was given the title of *Wushang gaoshang dongming da fawang* 無上高上洞明大法王. The Tao “speaks” to expound the circumstances of this revelation (1a–2b). At the end of the work, the Tao speaks again to sum up all the salutary effects of the text since its revelation in the cosmic period Dongming 洞明 (28a–b). In its introduction, the text recalls particularly how the Tianzun, before he began the reve-

lation, invited his listeners by pointing to the ten directions of space (*yishou zhidian shifang xukong zhi zhong* 以手指點十方虛空之中; 2a). Having arrived, the listeners circumambulate the Tianzun three times while burning incense, spreading flowers, and chanting the hymn of *buxu* 步虛. After taking up their respective places, they ascend to the fields of the Wheel of the Law of the Golden True One, *deng jinzen falun zhuchang* 登金真法輪諸場 (2b). “I set the Wheel of the Law of the Golden zhenren in motion,” the Tianzun immediately announces, “in order to transform all causes” (3a). The ritual practice that follows enables the adept to be promoted to the rank of Golden zhenren (27a). The Tianzun opens (*kai* 開) this marvelous book—that is, “begins his predication”—ten times. The first time, he transmits the Rules of Conduct. Then he “opens” Nine Fields: those of the Ten Saints (5b), of the Ten Good Deeds (8b), of the Ten Evil Deeds (10b), and so on. Each opening of a field is followed by a hymn. The origin and power of these hymns are then expounded by the Tianzun to the Lord of the Tao. The fields of the evil ways of the Ten Perversions (17a–18b) are to be considered with special care, since these are the various forms of heterodox cults (*guidao* 鬼道) from which one is liberated by the teaching.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao feixing sanjie tongwei neisi miaojing

太上洞玄靈寶飛行三界通微內思妙經

16 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

III8 (fasc. 759)

“Marvelous Scripture on Penetrating the Subtle and Visualizing the Interior for Flying in the Three Worlds.” After five years of the practices described in this text, one is able, according to the introduction, to “fly in the Three Worlds.” The phrase “penetrating the subtle and visualizing the interior” in the title summarizes these practices.

The text defines itself as the “most marvelous of the Three Caverns” (15b). It is indeed built upon the scriptures of the Three Caverns: its title indicates that it is a Lingbao scripture (note that the term *tongwei* also appears in the title of 325 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui dingzhi tongwei jing*). The transmission pledges are the same as those for 671 *Taishang wuji dadao ziran zhenyi wucheng fu shang jing* and 352 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaojing* (16a; cf. 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* 4.2b–3a), probably because our text, like these Lingbao scriptures, originally included five fu (1b–2b). The adept who uses this book bears, however, a Shangqing title—disciple of the Three Luminaries (*sanjing dizi* 三景弟子; 8a)—and the book designates itself, in the Shangqing manner, a superior way (*shangdao* 上道; 1a).

On the other hand, the practices which are described in a series of paragraphs attributed to Taiji zhenren 太極真人 (Xu Laile 徐來勒) recall those found in books of earlier date than the Lingbao and Shangqing texts. We find, in particular, many items from 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* and 1168 *Taishang laojun zhongjing*: 5a–b, cf. 388 *Wufu xu* 1.11b–14b; 6b–7b, cf. 388 *Wufu xu* 1.25a–26a; 10b, cf. 388 *Wufu xu* 1.19a and 1168 *Laojun zhongjing* 2.5a; 12b, cf. 1168 *Laojun zhongjing* 1.11a; 14b, cf. 1168 *Laojun zhongjing* 2.11a.

John Lagerwey

Taishang lingbao yuanyang miaojing 太上靈寶元陽妙經

10 juan

Six Dynasties (220–589)

334 (fasc. 168–169)

“Marvelous Scripture of Primordial Yang.” The *yuanyang* (Primordial Yang) of the title refers to the text as such, to the world and the palace in which the text was revealed, and to the zhenren and the “youths” who use it (cf. 5.1a, 1.3b, 16b, 6.4a, 7.1a). The text defines itself as “the secret reservoir of that which the venerable scriptures in thirty-six sections do not explain” (6.24a) and as the book that “causes to be heard that which has heretofore never been heard,” not even in the “divine charts of the Seven Parts and the essential secrets of the Three Pure Ones” (9.2a, 16b).

A *Yuanyang jing* was criticized by Tao An at the end of the sixth century (*Erjiao lun* 141b). Of the five Dunhuang manuscript fragments containing the term *yuanyang* in their title, the only one that corresponds to our text is undated; it is found in juan 4, which Ōfuchi Ninji (*Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 104) rightly thinks belongs instead to 356 *Dongxuan lingbao shangshi shuo jiubu shenming jing*.

The present text is clearly truncated (10.23a), but it nonetheless forms a coherent whole: entirely devoted to the description of the practice of those who “leave the family” (see especially 1.3a, 10.13b), it begins with religious commandments and vows and ends with “ascension to the Heaven of the Great Net.”

The ten juan, divided into seven sections, are largely given over to comparisons, parables, and dialectics in the Buddhist manner (Falin, *Bianzheng lun* 8.534b, says that the *Yuanyang jing* and other Taoist scriptures primarily plagiarize the *Fahua* 法華 (i.e., the *Miaofa lianhua jing*) and the *Wuliang shou jing*. The text uses Buddhist rhetorical techniques and vocabulary to encourage Buddhist practices: compassion, charity, preaching, and recitation of the present text (5.13b, 7.6a, 8.4b). Even the individual adept’s private chapel is given a Buddhist name, the *jingshe fangzhang shi* 精舍方丈室 (9.21a).

Clearly influenced by the *Mahāparinirvāṇa-sūtra*, the author aims, by making use of the dialectics of double negation, to resolve all doubt and incomprehension and

achieve “permanence, joy, selfhood, and purity” (*chang le wo jing* 常樂我淨, 6.3a, 9.16b), that is, the “plenitude of words and meaning” (*youzi youyi* 有字有意, 10.18a). The adept must therefore not consider “the suffering of nonpermanence and such ideas as the nonexistence of the self and of purity as the true meaning” (10.19b). The exhortation to “abandon the idea of self” was but an expedient for “doing away with doubt” (10.20a).

The importance of Buddhist borrowings notwithstanding, Buddhist practices serve in the *Yuanyang jing* as a preliminary to practices leading to a properly Taoist form of salvation; the recitation of this text was intended simply to prepare adepts to set forth on the True Way. This goal, in any event, is what the end of the book suggests: At first, we see the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning preparing at dawn on the seventh day of the seventh month to ascend to the Heaven of the Great Net and “enter trance” (*ruding* 入定; this scene would seem to be a development based on the context of the Heavenly Worthy’s preaching in a part of the *Benji jing* 本際經; cf. 59 *Yuanshi dongzhen jueyi jing* 1b). The prospect causes panic and distress to his disciples, and all of them—monks and nuns, Men and Women of Pure Faith alike (10.1b), even the male and female officers of the Twenty-four Dioceses (10.2b: 職 replaces 治, the tabooed personal name of Tang Gaozong)—surround him and beg him to stay. There follows a marvelous description of an offering made to the Heavenly Worthy, seated on a “great throne as high as the Mountain of the Jade Capital” (10.5b), in order to retain him: “Do not abandon us!”

But the Heavenly Worthy does not accede to their pleas. He gives final instructions concerning the fullness of words and meanings and then rebukes his auditors when they beg him to stay and teach his Way: “You ought not to speak so,” he says, but then adds: “I herewith confide (*fuzhu* 付囑) the supreme, orthodox method to Lord Lao. He will make a great manual (*da zhigui* 大指歸) for you. Just as the Heavenly Worthy made for all beings a place of refuge (*zhigui chu* 指歸處), so also will Lord Lao do for you. Like a great king who governs a vast territory, when he makes a tour of inspection, confides the affairs of the nation to a chief minister, so also will the Heavenly Worthy confide all that concerns the orthodox method to Lord Lao” (10.19a).

What is this method? According to a phrase in 9.8b, “the true Way, the methods that are not karmically determined, are the practices of adepts of the Way for swallowing essences (*tunjing* 吞精) and energy (*yanqi* 咽氣), inhaling and exhaling (*tuna* 吐納), absorbing and mounting” (*fuyu* 服御).

John Lagerwey

Dongxuan lingbao shangshi shuo jiuhu shenming jing

洞玄靈寶上師說救護身命經

12 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

356 (fasc. 179)

“Salvation Scripture Spoken by the Former Master [Immortal of Purple Yang].” The Dunhuang manuscript Stein 482 (seventh century), which carries the title *Yuanyang shangjuan zhaodu ji’nan jing* 元陽上卷超度濟難經, “Pin diyi 品第一,” corresponds partially to the present text (Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō*: *Mokurokuhen*, 100). Together with juan 4 of 334 *Taishang lingbao yuanyang miaojing*, this text was originally part of a vast work that comprised all the fragments of a *Yuanyang jing* 元陽經 found at Dunhuang. For instance, the manuscript Pelliot 2366 (Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō*: *Mokurokuhen*, 102) contains sections 16 to 18 of a *Taishang yuanyang jing* 太上元陽經.

The term (*shangshi* 上師) in the title refers in general to all masters of previous generations, but here it refers especially to the Immortal of Purple Yang 紫陽仙 (7a) and his master, the Duke-Immortal of Primordial Yang 元陽仙公 (2a). This term is synonymous with *shizun* 師尊 (6b; see 334 *Yuanyang miaojing* 4.1a). Before rising up to heaven on the seventh day of the seventh moon of the year *renyin* 壬寅 (5b), the “senior master” (*shangshi* 上師) of the zhenren Tiaolin fajing 條林法淨真人 explains to the latter how to make use of the present scripture, which belongs to the first section of the Primordial Yang (*Yuanyang shangpin* 元陽上品 (1b), in order “to protect the persons and save the lives” of all those who, for a period of five hundred years after his departure, are victims of the *gudao* 蠱道 sorcery prevalent at those times.

In order to be saved, it suffices to recite this scripture, or, if one is unable to read, to carry it on oneself. All demons that do not listen to his words shall be judged according to the *Xuandu guilü* 玄都鬼律, says the master (2a–b). Then he gives the names of the seven zhenren [of the Dipper?] whom one may invoke in order to drive away demons. He finally promises to all those who propagate the cult of the present book that they will be reborn in the celestial abode of Wenchang 文昌 (6a).

After the master’s departure, the narrative moves to his disciple, who creates the second section of the book (7b) through the concentration of his thought (*jingsi* 精思). This act prompts a great gathering of dragon-kings who wish to learn his method, and thereupon the epiphany of the divine master of Primordial Yang himself, when Tiaolin expounds the new section. The revelation of the paradise of Primordial Yang that follows terminates with the appearance of the twenty-five disciples chosen by Tiaolin to perpetuate his work. Among the latter are Zhang Ling 張陵 and Zhang Jue

張角. Sixteen names of the disciples are linked to sections of the Book of Primordial Yang (until number 32).

Juan four of 334 *Yuanyang miaojing* completes our text. Here we see Tiaolin rise up to Heaven on the seventh day of the first moon (4.3b), and his disciple, the zhenren Jinghui dulin 淨惠度林真人, follows him on the fifth day of the tenth moon. The ascensions of the first three masters coincide with the days of the Three Principles (*sanyuan* 三元), the very days on which Lord Lao established the Twenty-four Dioceses (see Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 103–104). Like Tiaolin in the present work, Jinghui in the fifth juan of 334 *Yuanyang miaojing* projects in thought the vision of a paradise where eleven of his disciples dwell (variant readings of the Dunhuang manuscript attribute the sections 33 to 38 to six of these disciples). At the beginning of the juan, the revered master (*shizun* 師尊) himself creates the vision. At midnight, when he contemplates the Dipper, he sees the Wenchang Palace 文昌宮 open and Laozi appear. The latter descends, first on a green dragon, then on a green horse, introduces himself as the zhenren Li Yuan, Child of the Eastern Sea 東海小童李元真人, and declares that he has been sent by the Congregation of Heavenly Bliss (*tianqing hui* 天慶會) in order to instruct the disciples, so that they may “later on expound the books of infinite meanings” (*wuliang yi jing* 無量義經; 4.2b–3a).

John Lagerwey

Dongxuan lingbao benxiang yundu jieqi jing 洞玄靈寶本相運度劫期經

14 fols.

Sixth century

319 (fasc. 165)

“Lingbao Scripture on the Origin and the Appearance of the Cosmic Cycles and Kalpa Periods.” This text is closely related to the fragmentary work 1131 *Taishang miaofa benxiang jing* and various Dunhuang manuscripts of the *Benxiang jing*. Apart from a number of stylistic elements, these texts share a peculiar terminology, for example, *sanyuan jiue* 三元九厄 (nine difficulties of the Three Primordial [epochs], 13b; cf. 1131 *Benxiang jing* 1.10a); the Buddhist borrowing *śrāvaka* (*shengwen* 聲聞, 7b; cf. manuscript Stein 2122, line 1); or the concept of *shixian* 十仙 (ten [stages of] immortality; analogous to the Buddhist *daśabhūmi* [*shidi* 十地], 7b; cf. 1131 *Benxiang jing* 1.7a–b, 1.14a–15a, and Falin’s polemic against it in *Bianzheng lun* 8.543b). The description of the primordial paradise on Mount Dongfu 洞浮 is also similar to manuscript Stein 2122, lines 30–74 and Pelliot 3091, lines 1–10, since they share the “spontaneously created characters of the celestial environment and Great Chaos” (*tianjing dahun ziran wenzi* 天景大混自然文字; 1a–2b).

One of the two citations from chapter (*pin* 品) 20 of the *Benxiang jing* (1132 *Shangqing dao leishi xiang* 3.3a) is contained in the present text (2b). Of another citation

from the *Benxiang jing* in *Bianzheng lun* 8.543c, only the second half corresponds to a passage in our text 14b. On this admittedly scant evidence, we can surmise either that the present text presents the lacunal chapter 20 of the sixth-century *Benxiang jing*, originally in at least twenty-three *pin*, or, more likely, that it has been wrought from various parts of the old *Benxiang jing*.

The *Xiaodao lun* 9.147a–150a repeatedly quotes a *Jiku jing* 濟苦經. These passages show a striking similarity with the part of the present text that centers its cosmological explanations on Mount Kunlun 崑崙 (10b–12a).

The minor and major calamities that occur at fixed intervals and cannot be prevented (*rang* 穰) constitute another important theme of the present scripture. The sage, however, because of his knowledge of the inherent laws, is able to avoid these calamities, for example, by storing grain when a famine is about to occur (13b). In view of the approach of such times of calamity, the Heavenly Worthy of Lingbao revealed the *Shenzhou jing* 神咒經 in ten juan to be recited for salvation; especially important are its two juan “Shimo 誓魔” (see 335 *Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing* 1) and “Zhouxie 咒邪” (unknown). In case of emergency, it is also advised to invoke the zhenren Yaowang 藥王 and Yaosheng 藥盛 as well as the deities from *Yuanyang shangbu* 元陽上部 (to be found in 356 *Dongxuan lingbao shangshi shuo jiuhu shenming jing*), the *Lingbao wuliang duren pin* 靈寶無量度人品, *Dadong zhenjing* 大洞真經, *Wuliang shenjing* 無量神經, *Sanmei zhenjing* 三昧真經, and *Daode jiejie* 道德節解 (4b–6a).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Dongxuan lingbao danshui feishu yundu xiaojie miaojing

洞玄靈寶丹水飛術運度小劫妙經

22 fols.

Sixth century

320 (fasc. 165)

“Lingbao Scripture on the Cosmic Cycles, Small Kalpas, and the Technique of Flying [after the Ingestion of] Elixir-Fluid.” This scripture was probably one of the works listed as “not yet revealed” in the *Lingbao jing shumumu* 靈寶經書目, *Lingbao jingmu* 靈寶經目 (see Ōfuchi Ninji, “On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 41, 55). It is cited as *Xiaojie jing* in SDZN.

Its contents show little coherence, touching upon diverse topics such as ritual vestments (*fafu* 法服; 5b–6b) and the celestial transmission of various scriptures (among others the *Dadong zhenjing* 大洞真經 in thirty-nine chapters 大洞真經三十九章; 14b–15b). It explains how to survive the imminent fire-catastrophe of the small kalpa by studying the scriptures of the Three Caverns and practicing the Lingbao Retreat.

There are different methods for adepts who live in the world and for those who have retreated to the mountains. The latter should also absorb pneuma, swallow elixir, venerate the deities of the Pole Star (*beiji* 北極), and wear nine fu on their belt (3a–5b). The instructions for making the elixir are revealed by a Shangqing deity, the Lady Wang (Ziwei Wang furen 紫微王夫人).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang dongxuan lingbao bawei zhaolong miaojing

太上洞玄靈寶八威召龍妙經

2 juan

Sixth century

361 (fasc. 180)

“Lingbao Scripture on the Eight Daunters and Summoning the Dragon Deities.” A *Bawei zhaolong jing* in one juan is listed in the *Lingbao jingmu* as “not yet revealed.” Thus the present text is probably one of the scriptures that are said to have existed by 570 (cf. Ōfuchi Ninji, “On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 37, 55). The earliest quotations from it are found in SDZN and 1132 *Shangqing dao leishi xiang*.

This scripture offers the means to survive the minor and major kalpas unharmed, to avert floods and droughts by influencing the water deities, and to render the venom-spewing Eight Daunters 八威 harmless. In order to achieve this end, one should climb a mountain on the eight seasonal days (*bajie ri* 八節日) and summon the *nāgarāja* (*longwang zhangren* 龍王丈人 of the seas [1.2a–4a], and one should on four days each year (*sishi* 四時) cast tablets of prayer into the waters (*tou shuijian* 投水簡; 1.4b–6b). During the Lingbao Retreat, tablets of the Eight Daunters (*bawei cewen* 八威策文) must be worn on the belt, in order to summon the dragon-kings and zhenren and to dispel the demons. The ritual for the transmission of this scripture concludes juan 1. Juan 2 contains mainly an exaltation of the dragon lord (*longjun* 龍君) and propagates the idea of the Mahāyāna as well as various theoretical concepts (e.g., the four ways of conduct [*sixing* 四行] and the Three Worlds [*sanjie* 三界]; 2.9b ff.). The term *bawei ce [wen]* can be found in 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 3.12b and 22 *Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing* 2.1a–2b.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Yuanshi tianzun shuo bianhua kongdong miaojing

元始天尊說變化空洞妙經

17 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

37 (fasc. 28)

“Marvelous Scripture of the Transformations in the Empty Cavern.” *Kongdong* is a term for the realm of transcendence, and *bianhua* refers to the translation into immortality by rising up to Heaven (see 17a).

The text opens with a description of a heavenly audience. Dressed in full ritual garments, carrying bells at his waist and a sword on his back, the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning drives his chariot to the Seven Jewel Forest in the country Xina 西那. Surrounded by Superior zhenren, he orders the Wulao shangzhen 五老上真 and Xiandu zuogong 仙都左公 to open the precious casket, to unroll the Five True Scriptures, and to chant the present text. When this manifestation of the Correct Way of the Three Heavens has driven away the demons of the Six Qi, the Heavenly Worthy orders the Wulao and Zuogong to reveal the Essentials of the Eight Ways of the Transformations in the Empty Cavern (3b). This revelation concerns secondary rites, by contrast with visualization rites, that represent the “superior way” (*shangdao* 上道; 12b). These secondary rites are linked to the celestial assizes that take place on the Eight Station days or Articulations (*bajie* 八節), that is, during the meteorological transformations marking the transition of the seasons. Each of these assizes lasts three days. The adept first performs an ablution; at noon, he enters his chamber; at midnight, bare-chested, facing north, he makes a confession; and, after having addressed the divinity concerned by means of prayer, he swallows a fu. Each of these fu induces one of the Eight Beams of the Celestial Chariot (*bajing yuyu* 八景玉輿; 3b) to arrive. The adept must also paint these fu on silk and carry them on his body. Among the days of the Eight Articulations, spring and autumn equinoxes are of particular importance because they are days when the Celestial Origin (*tianyuan* 天元) itself “judges the living and punishes the sinners.” The Celestial Origin will not accept the confession of an adept who might subsequently commit an offense. The adept is not permitted to practice these Retreats of Purification (*qingzhai* 清齋) during the days of the Eight Articulations, but, by anticipation, on the days of his own destiny (*benming* 本命) or also on the sexagesimal days 1 and 42 (*jiazi* 甲子 or *gengzi* 庚子) (17a).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyuan yujing xuandu daxian jing

太上洞玄靈寶三元玉京玄都大獻經

29 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

370 (fasc. 181)

“Great Offering in the Capital of Mystery on [Mount] Jade Capital for the [Days of the] Three Principles.” The version of this text discovered among the Dunhuang manuscripts (Stein 3061; cf. Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 80) bears a title that corresponds better to the contents of our work than that of the present edition: “Great Offering in the Capital of Mystery on Jade Capital [Mountain, for the Day] of the Median Principle [*zhongyuan* 中元].” See 1312 *Taishang dadao yuqing jing* 3.9a, where that ritual is mentioned. The present text deals with the offering performed on the day when officers of the Earth examine the accounts of the dead. Thanks to this offering “to the saints, and the Taoists who, during this day and this night, recite this book,” the hungry ghosts will be delivered (20a–b).

Everything concerning the days of the Three Principles (*sanyuan* 三元)—lines 31–32 of the Dunhuang version (Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 81) as well as 26a ff. at the end of the *Daozang* edition—seems to have been added to the original text. It is likely, according to the division of the work as indicated by the commentator (5b–6a), that pages 21a–22b have also been added.

According to Xuan Yi (fl. 684–704), the author of the work was a Taoist named Liu Wudai 劉無待 (*Zhenzheng lun* 569c). Liu is said to have written this book in the seventh century in order to imitate the *Yulan pen* 盂蘭盆. Because our text is already quoted in the *Yiwen leiju* (4.80), compiled in 624, Yoshioka Yoshitoyo (*Dōkyō to Bukkyō* 2:238) suggests that Liu Wudai might be the author of the “expanded” version of the *Daxian jing* in the *Daozang*. However, the quotation found in the *Yiwen leiju* is much closer to the *Daozang* version than to the Dunhuang manuscript. The expanded text and the commentary both seem to date from the sixth century. Both the first of the ten commandments found in one of the added sections (“banning the killing of living beings for the purpose of offering illicit sacrifices to the deities and demons of the Six Heavens”; 26b) and the allusion to the myth of the Conversion of the Barbarians (*huahu* 化胡), which appears in the commentary (21b–22a), belong to this period. The name of the birthplace of Lord Lao is given by the commentator as the Commandery of Chen (Chenjun 陳郡; 21b). This name was used to designate the locality only during the Liu Song and Hou Wei periods.

John Lagerwey

1.B.3.c Doctrinal and Liturgical Works

Of the eight texts presented below, four are works by the great patriarch and liturgist LU XIUJING. A fifth text (524 *Dongxuan lingbao zhai shuo guang zhu jie fa deng zhuyuan yi*), although compiled at a later date, is composed of excerpts from his works. This group of texts aptly illustrates the importance of Lu in the formation of the Taoist liturgy of the Middle Ages, which was dominated by the Lingbao Retreats he codified and propagated. Lu's greatest influence lies in this field. The *Daozang* contains only two other works by Lu, a brief Shangqing transmission ritual (1293 *Shangqing taiwei dijun jiedai zhenwen fa*) and the Heavenly Master doctrinal work 1127 *Lu xiansheng daomen keliu* for laymen.

As is already clear from the latter work, and is constantly borne out by the texts presented here, the Lingbao liturgy does not break away from the mainstream of the Way of the Heavenly Master. The officers remain first and foremost Zhengyi libationers. The initiation into the newly revealed Lingbao scriptures constitutes a higher level, demanding imposing and costly ceremonies, as described in 528 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao shoudu yi*. These initiations may well have been intended for members of the ruling classes.

Taishang dadao sanyuan pinjie xiezui shangfa 太上大道三元品戒謝罪上法
16 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

417 (fasc. 192)

“Superior Method for Seeking Pardon for Sins against the Classified Precepts of the Three Origins.” The present service for the confession and expiation of sins is related to 456 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyuan pinjie gongde qingzhong jing*. The latter work, one of the earliest Lingbao scriptures, mentions rites of pardon called *Sanyuan xiezui fa* 三元謝罪法 (37b); that ritual, in all likelihood, corresponded to the present text.

The text under review, which is incomplete in some places, has been reproduced in WSBY 52 under the title *Sanyuan zhai* (see Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 159–61).

This ritual of Retreat was performed within the Pure Room on the days of the Three Principles, that is, the fifteenth day of the first, seventh, and tenth moons. At each stage of the performance, the participants knocked their heads upon the ground and struck their faces (*koutou zibo* 叩頭自搏), more than 1,800 times in the course of a single service.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongxuan lingbao fazhu jing 太上洞玄靈寶法燭經

10 fols.

By LU XIUJING 陸修靜 (406–477)

349 (fasc. 177)

“Scripture of the Beacon of the Law.” This is a collection of ten sermons aimed at explicating the significance of the Retreat. The sermons were given in order to prepare the adepts for the services.

Thanks to a note in 524 *Dongxuan lingbao zhai shuo guang zhu jie fa deng zhuyuan yi*, we know that the present work was written by LU XIUJING, and that these sermons were indeed read before each major performance of a service, beginning with the *sugi* 宿啓.

The sermons open with the words: “Thus speaks the Tao . . .” In reality, these are not revealed texts but “words of the Tao” as foundation of all reason, to be pronounced by the officiant as a spiritual preparation before entering the sacred area (2b).

Each sermon approaches the Retreat from a different viewpoint, but all end with a sentence from the *Daode jing* 道德經.

Kristofer Schipper

Dongxuan lingbao wugan wen 洞玄靈寶五感文

8 fols.

By LU XIUJING 陸修靜 (406–477)

1278 (fasc. 1004)

“The Five Sentiments [of Gratitude].” This work contains the text of a sermon on the sentiments of gratitude that should be harbored by those who participate in the Retreat of Mud and Charcoal (*tutan zhai* 塗炭齋). The author explains that he wrote this sermon in order to bolster the spirits of his disciples, with whom he performed such a Retreat in the year 453. The ritual was rigorously executed, in ascetic circumstances, during a period of several months.

Following the sermon, the present text gives an outline of different Retreat services (*zhong zhaifa* 衆齋法). First, there are the Shangqing 上清 Retreats, which correspond to the practices of the Fast of the Heart (*xinzhai* 心齋) and the Ataraxy (*zuowang* 坐忘) described by Zhuangzi. Next come the nine kinds of Lingbao Retreats, beginning with that of the Golden Register (*jinlu zhai* 金籙齋) and ending with the Teaching Retreat (*zhijiao zhai* 指教齋). This last service is to be performed by Libationers (*jijiu* 祭酒) and their students (*lusheng* 籙生). We find, in this outline, a classification analogous to that of the division of the scriptures into Three Caverns (*sandong* 三洞) introduced by Lu.

At the end of the outline, classified separately, we find the famous Retreat of Mud and Charcoal of the Three Origins (*sanyuan tutan zhai* 三元塗炭齋) for the expiation

of sins. The commentary stresses the great merits, proportionate to the sufferings endured by the participants, that can be obtained through its performance. The sacred area must be installed in the open air, and the officiants, their faces smeared with mud and their hair disheveled, are chained to the pillars that stake off the area. With their hands bound behind their backs, a piece of jade in their mouths, and stretched out face down on the ground, they ceaselessly beat the earth with their heads, asking for forgiveness.

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Dongxuan lingbao zhai shuo guang zhu jie fa deng zhuyuan yi

洞玄靈寶齋說光燭戒罰燈祝願儀

18 fols.

Attributed to LU XIUJING 陸修靜 (406–477)

524 (fasc. 293)

"Observations on the Lingbao Retreat, [Especially on] Lights, Beacons, Rules, Punishments, Lamps, and Vows." The present work on the rites of the establishment of the altar and the preparation of the Retreat is mentioned in 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 16.18a as having been written by LU XIUJING. The same source gives an abstract of the contents, which correspond, in general, to the parts of the present work dealing with the Bestowal of the Ten Rules, the Selection for Offices, and the Promulgation of Commandments and Punishments (7b–16a). But a quotation in 508 *Licheng yi* 16.18b of a work identified as our text does not resemble the present version. A note in our text (7b), states that "the present work was entirely constituted from a selection of the works by Lu Xiujing." Thus it is due to a later compiler.

The present work, containing nothing that refers either to lamps or to vows, does not correspond to the topics mentioned in the title. The book begins with a sermon titled "Jueguang zhai waishuo 燭光齋外說" (Free Remarks to Illuminate the Retreat; 1a–5a) based on a quotation from the *Zhuangzi*. Next, there is another sermon, "Fazhu xu 法燭序" (Prologue to the Beacon of the Law), which is one of the ten sermons in 349 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao fazhu jing*. The version given here has been amended, no doubt to meet the demands of the compiler, who was reconstituting from different sources a lost work by the great liturgist.

Since at the time of the compilation of 508 *Licheng yi* the original work appears to have been extant, the present reconstitution must be rather late. We know that as early as DU GUANGTING (850–933) the rites of the first evening of the Great Retreat services were the subject of much controversy (see 507 *Taishang huanglu zhayiyi* 53.1a–

4a)—hence the importance of a treatise on this subject placed under the authority of LU XIUJING.

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Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhongjian wen 太上洞玄靈寶衆簡文

13 fols.

By LU XIUJING 陸修靜 (406–477)

410 (fasc. 191)

"The Tablets of the Precious Jewel." Disciples, when they passed through the successive stages of initiation and ordination, made oblations of wooden tablets (here called the Tablets of the Precious Jewel) accompanied by golden dragons, in order to announce their new status to the divine powers. These rites were called the Casting of Tablets and Dragons (*tou longjian* 投龍簡).

The protocol for these rites, which LU XIUJING presents here, draws on many sources, some of which can be identified. Foremost among them is 1411 *Dongxuan lingbao changye zhi fu jiuyou yugui mingzhen ke*. In fact, all rituals for the Casting of Tablets and Dragons refer to one paragraph (37b–38a) of this scripture. The True Writs (*zhenwen* 真文) to be copied on the tablets, as well as the many other texts to be read during the ritual, come from 352 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaojing*. The latter draws again on 22 *Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing* (see Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 232–33).

The rites concern the initiation into the Lingbao tradition on two successive levels. The first level is called the Median Oath (*zhongmeng* 中盟) and is confirmed by the transmission of the Covenant of Spontaneity (*ziran quan* 自然券). The second level is called the Great Oath (*dameng* 大盟; compare 528 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao shou-du yi*).

The oblation for the Median Oath involves one tablet, to be addressed to the Official of Water (Shuiguan 水官). For the Great Oath, one has to present three tablets, to be deposited ("cast") on a mountain, in water, and in the earth. This last tablet should be buried in the disciple's house. This ritual has to be repeated at least three times.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongxuan lingbao shoudu yi 太上洞玄靈寶授度儀

2 + 53 fols.

By LU XIUJING 陸修靜 (406–477)

528 (fasc. 294)

"Ritual for the Transmission [of the Corpus] of Lingbao [Scriptures]." Through the conferral of the two registers (*lu* 籙) that represent the quintessence of all the Lingbao scriptures, the disciples are ordained (*du* 度) and receive the title of master.

In the presentation (*biao* 表) that stands at the beginning of the present work, and that LU XIUJING addresses to the Great Master of the Mystery (*xuanzhong dafa shi* 玄中大法師, the name used in the Lingbao liturgy for Laozi), Lu declares that seventeen years after his own initiation, he had collected thirty-five juan of revealed scriptures related to the Great Lingbao Liturgy (*Lingbao dafa* 靈寶大法): "The ancient scriptures revealed by Yuanshi [tiansun], and those received by the Duke-immortal [*xiangong* 仙公, that is, GE XUAN], those that have appeared at the present time and that are authentic, amount altogether to thirty-five juan." This number corresponds to that of the corpus of texts included in Lu's catalogue, counting both the "old" and the "new" scriptures, of which the concluding remarks of the *Lingbao jing shumu* found at Dunhuang says: "The authentic texts today make up thirty-five or thirty-six juan" (see Ōfuchi Ninji, "On Ku Ling Pao Ching," 41, and compare Kobayashi Masayoshi, "Ryū Sō ni okeru Reihōkyō, 105–6). Lu continues by saying that there is not yet an appropriate ceremonial for the transmission of these scriptures. Lu composed the present "complete and annotated ritual" (*licheng yizhu* 立成儀注), for which he implores divine benediction, drawing on Lingbao scriptures such as the [Bamboo Slips] of the Golden and Yellow Register (cf. 530 *Dongxuan lingbao yulu jianwen sanyuan wei yi ziran zhenjing*), the "Liturgy of the Sworn Alliance with the Zhenren" (1411 *Dongxuan lingbao changye zhi fu jinyou yugui mingzhen ke*), the "Jade Instructions on the Red Writing" (352 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaojing*), and finally the Spontaneous Book of the Real One. The latter probably corresponds to the *Zhenyi ziran jing jue* (see the article on Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2356).

The transmission of the Lingbao corpus is symbolized by the transfer of two registers, the True Writs in Five Tablets (*Lingbao wupian zhenwen* 靈寶五篇真文; see 22 *Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing*) and the Five Talismans (see 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu*). The transmission includes, moreover, the registers of the Three Times Eight Effulgences (*Sanbu bajing* 三部八景; see 1407 *Dongxuan lingbao ershi sheng tujing*) and the Inner Sounds of All Heavens (*Zhutian neiyin* 諸天內音; see 97 *Taishang lingbao zhutian neiyin ziran yuzi*). Finally, the ordinand receives the Tablets of Commandment of the Eight Authorities (*Bawei cewen* 八威策文), which he carries fastened to his belt, and the Staff of Commandment (*cezhang* 策杖). On these last two symbols, see 352 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaojing* 1.23a–26b.

LU XIUJING's transmission ritual is a grandiose ceremony. In principle, it should be performed on a holy mountain. In the sacred area, precious pledges of gold and silk abound. The two main registers are unrolled and placed on a table in the open air, during the whole night of the Nocturnal Audience (*suqi* 宿啓), which is the first part of the service (4a–7b). If the wind blows the registers away, the ceremony has to be stopped and can recommence only after an interval of at least three days. If the

same thing happens three times in succession, the disciple cannot be ordained (4a). On the morning after the *suqi*, the ceremony of the Great Oath (*dameng* 大盟) takes place. The transfer of the registers is made in exchange for the precious pledges (38a). A circular Pacing the Void (*buxu* 步虛) dance celebrates this solemn moment. Thereupon the master of the ordination recites the Ten Precepts (41b), and the disciple pronounces the oath of secrecy (43b) and receives his ordination certificate (43b). Finally, in keeping with the liturgy of the Heavenly Master tradition, a memorial is presented to Announce the Merit (*yangong* 言功; 46a–49a). Following the Great Oath ceremony, there is the ritual of the Casting of Tablets (*toujian* 投簡; 50b–52a). A more complete version of this ritual is given by LU XIUJING in 410 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhongjian wen*.

On page 49a, there is a passage indicating the officiating master's residence. It gives, as indications to be completed, such-and-such a prefecture (*fu* 府), district (*xian* 縣), and monastery (*guan* 觀). The present text must therefore have been revised either in Tang or Song times.

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Kristofer Schipper

Dongxuan lingbao shengxuan buxu zhang xushu

洞玄靈寶昇玄步虛章序疏

14 fols.

614 (fasc. 334)

"Commentary on the Stanzas for Ascending to Mystery and Pacing the Void."

The antiquity of the present commentary on a part of 1439 *Dongxuan lingbao yujing shan buxu jing* can be inferred from its reference to the latter as the eighth juan of the third section of the *Lingbao jingmu* 靈寶經目 (1b). Both the title given here to that scripture, *Taishang shuo xuandu yujing shan jing* 太上說玄都玉京山經, as well as the alternative title given elsewhere in the commentary also correspond to the indications provided by the *Lingbao jingmu* (see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tōkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 365).

The fact that the commentary does not concern the hymns in the second part of 1439 *Buxu jing* suggests that these hymns were not part of the original text. Indeed, the author of the present commentary criticizes the obtuseness of those who had changed the term *xuandu* 玄都 (Mysterious Capital) into *dacheng* 大乘 (Great Vehicle) at the end of the third hymn (8a). The incriminated term does indeed figure, as indicated, in 1439 *Buxu jing* (4a). The "new books," those to which the name of GE XUAN is linked, were the first to advance the Taoist doctrine of the Great Vehicle (see Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 22), and the second part of 1439 *Buxu jing* presents itself as belonging to

the revelation to GE XUAN. Since our commentator is opposed to the “new books,” the present text must have been written after, presumably not long after, their appearance, that is, around A.D. 430 (see Ōfuchi Ninji, “On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 42).

The commentary, in itself, contains little of note. It does show, however, that there existed already in the Six Dynasties (220–589) an esoteric interpretation of the Lingbao texts, relating their entire discourse and practice to the body of the adept. The first line, for example, “We bow our heads to hail the Most High,” is interpreted to mean: “One opens one’s heart and causes the fire of the wisdom of the Most High to consume the outward appearance of the body and thus purify it.” This interpretation explains why the author says earlier that “the mountain [of the Jade Capital] is the body; it is also the body of the Most High” (4b). From the beginning of these hymns the adept “embodies” the Most High, “who is like unto a human being” (2a).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao erbu chuanshou yi 太上洞玄靈寶二部傳授儀

10 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1295 (fasc. 1009)

“Ritual for the Transmission of the Two Parts of the Lingbao [Diagram].” The reference is probably to the two complementary parts of the geometrical diagram given in the Book of Penetrating Meditation through Concentration (*Siwei dingzhi liangban tuju* 思微定志兩半圖局). This diagram is given in 325 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui dingzhi tongwei jing* 6a–b, a text of the ancient Lingbao canon that WSBY 34.9a–b and 46.7a–b quotes under the title of *Siwei dingzhi jing* 思微定志經.

The text of the present ritual is similar, in places even identical, to that of 522 *Dongxuan du lingbao ziran quanyi*. The latter is well attested in early Tang (618–907) sources; it refers to the administrative division of *fu* 府, whereas our text, in a corresponding passage, has *jun* 郡, an administrative division of the Six Dynasties.

The transmission, which entails the division of the diagram (6a) and the adoption of Ten Precepts (*shijie* 十戒; 8b), corresponds to one of the degrees of the Lingbao ordination. The Ten Precepts, which are given also in 325 *Tongwei jing* 7b–8a, correspond to the Ten Precepts of the Heavenly Worthy and the Fourteen Ways of Deportment (*Tianzun shijie shisi chishen pin* 天尊十戒十四持身品, in 459 *Dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo shijie jing*). For unknown reasons, the present text gives only nine of the ten precepts, omitting the ninth (interdiction of seeking vengeance); it also amends a number of others, changing the prohibition of adultery into that of lewd thoughts and the interdiction of drunkenness into total abstinence from alcohol. The present transmission, therefore, presumably concerns the ordination of novices as monks.

The ordination ritual of our text is mentioned in 1237 *Sandong xiudao yi* 6a, and in a note by DU GUANGTING in 507 *Taishang huanglu zhaiyi* 55.18a, quoting the daoshi Zhang Chengguang 張承光. The same note is reproduced in liturgical manuals of the Song such as 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 20.10a. These manuals maintain the “contract of the diagram” as part of the Lingbao ordination (see 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 29.12a–14b).

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Taishang dongxuan lingbao toujian fuwen yaojue

太上洞玄靈寶投簡符文要訣

30 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

395 (fasc. 185)

“Elementary Instructions on the Written Symbols for the Casting of Tablets according to the Lingbao Tradition.” The first and only bibliographic mention of this text, in one juan, is found in *Chongwen zongmu* 10.6a (VDL 87). But the work, which is based exclusively on the literature of the ancient Lingbao canon, may have been compiled at a considerably earlier date.

When compared with the early texts, our version features some variant readings, such as Hengshan 衡山 (25b) for the Southern Peak, instead of Huoshan 霍山, as in the early texts. There are also several apparent transcription errors (11b3, 21b8). Pages 7b–8a offer a brief outline of the method for absorbing the five Cloud Shoots (*fu wu yunya* 服五雲牙; derived from 352 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaojing* 2.4b–14a). This outline is followed by the remark that this method (together with the associated written symbols, *fuwen* 符文) will be given in full in another juan. Both the *fuwen* and the instructions on the method are found in 17a–24b of the present version of the work, which at least since the eleventh century had been presented in one juan.

The contents of the present work are connected only in part with the ritual of the Casting of Tablets (*toujian*), already set forth in 352 *Chishu yujue miaojing* 1.5a–16b and then definitively formulated by LU XIUJING (410 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhongjian wen*). The symbols reproduced for this purpose are based on the cloud-seal characters in 22 *Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing*.

The other themes of this text (without exception taken from 97 *Taishang lingbao zhutian neiyin ziran yuzi*) fall outside the framework of this ritual but still focus on the reproduction of celestial symbols in a ritual context.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

1.B.4 Texts of the Dongshen Division

The third part of LU XIUJING's canon was called "penetrating divinity" (Dongshen 洞神). Its fundamental text was the Writ of the Three Sovereigns (*Sanhuang wen* 三皇文), now lost, a document in sacred talismanic characters, which, according to GE HONG, had once been obtained by the Yellow Emperor (see BPZ 18.296). For GE HONG this writ and its complement, the Image of the True Form of the Five Sacred Mountains (*Wuyue zhenxing tu* 五嶽真形圖), were the most powerful of all Taoist talismans. GE HONG had received them from his master ZHENG YIN, *zi* Siyuan 思遠 (d. 301), a scholar who had obtained the books that had once belonged to GE HONG's famous granduncle GE XUAN (d. 244; see BPZ 4.62 and 19.303–305). GE XUAN himself had been the disciple of Zuo Ci 左慈, *zi* Yuanfang 元方 (fl. early third century: see *Hou Han shu* 82B.2747).

Chen Guofu (CGF 72–73) identifies the *Sanhuang wen* known to GE HONG as the *Xiaoyou jing* 小有經 version, as opposed to the new so-called *Dayou jing* 大有經 version, which was revealed during GE HONG's lifetime. This new version was found in 301 in a cave on the Song shan 嵩山 by BAO JING (260–330?), governor of Nanhai 南海 (modern Canton; see YJQQ 4.10b and 6.11b; the latter passage has been identified as coming from the now lost *Xuanmen dayi* 玄門大義, a doctrinal work of the early seventh century).

BAO JING was GE HONG's father-in-law (CGF 76) and the master of the famous hermit XU MAI, the elder brother of XU MI, the main recipient of the *Shangqing jing* 上清經. Thus, BAO JING's *Dayou jing* version may in several respects be considered as the forerunner of the wave of "revealed" rewriting of ancient texts that produced the Shangqing and Lingbao scriptures. This may be the reason LU XIUJING attributed one of the divisions of the Catalogue of the Three Caverns (*Sandong jing shumumu* 三洞經書目) to BAO JING's scripture.

Unlike the Shangqing and Lingbao catalogues, no trace remains of Lu's list of the *Dongshen jing* 洞神經. It seems, however, that the corpus was quite small, comprising only four juan. Lu transmitted the texts to Sun Youyue 孫遊嶽, who passed them on to TAO HONGJING. Tao "analyzed the different currents to which these texts belonged and rearranged them into 11 juan," one for each of the Three Sovereigns, and one for each of the Eight Emperors (*badi* 八帝; see YJQQ 6.12). This arrangement of the Dongshen division is confirmed in WSBY 30.3a, and it is found again, enlarged to fourteen juan by the addition of three rituals, in 803 *Taishang dongshen sanhuang yi*, the ritual for the transmission of the Dongshen canon. In a similar way, 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.7b indicates that in order to be ordained a master of the Dongshen division, adepts had to possess the fourteen juan of the *Dongshen*

jing. Of these, only the two juan of 640 *Dongshen badi miaojing jing* have survived. The reason for the loss may be that the *Sanhuang wen* was burned by imperial order in 646. It was replaced in the canon by the *Daode jing* 道德經 (CGF 77), as is still the case in the Ming *Daozang*.

The Image of the True Form of the Five Sacred Peaks was also transmitted by TAO HONGJING along with the *Sanhuang wen* (see 1281 *Wuyue zhenxing xulun* and Dunhuang manuscripts Stein 3750 with Pelliot 2559). Another ancient text related to the *Sanhuang wen* that has been preserved is 767 *Taishang tongling bashi shengwen zhenxing tu*.

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Taishang tongling bashi shengwen zhenxing tu

太上通靈八史聖文真形圖

14 fols.

Third–fourth century A.D.

767 (fasc. 534)

"Image of the Sainly Writ and the True Form of the Eight Archivists for the Spiritual Communication with the Most High." The Eight Archivists are the spirits of the Eight Trigrams. The interpretation of the term *shi* 史 may be deduced from the name of the trigram *kun* 坤 in the system of the present text. It is given alternately as *zhuxia* 柱下 and *zhushi* 柱史, both of which are short forms of the title *zhuxia shi* (literally, "scribe beneath the pillar"), and both of which are also used as names for Laozi, the archivist of Zhou (see *Hou Han shu* 59.1908–9 and YJQQ 3.3a). The ancient office of *zhuxia shi* is variously defined as that of a censor or archivist, and the title is used also as the name of a star in the Central Palace (possibly Draconis), said to be occupied with the "recording of offenses" (*jiguo* 記過; *Jin shu* 11.289). The practices related to the Eight Archivists are described in the present text as taking place beside a pillar at the center of the hall (*tangshu* 堂樞), where two archivists are thought to be permanently on duty (13a).

The present text describes a technique of divination based on summoning the Eight Archivists by means of fu and comprising the presentation of offerings (*ji* 祭) to the spirits. This technique was known to GE HONG, who in a discussion of the different forms of divination refers to the practice of making the Eight Archivists arrive by means of offerings (*jizhi bashi* 祭致八史; BPZ 15.248), and who in the list of the books in his master's library includes the title, "Image of the Eight Archivists" (*Bashi tu*; BPZ 19.305). It is entirely possible that the present text is in fact the work that was

known to GE HONG. In any case, there is little doubt that a large part and perhaps all of the work is ancient, predating at least the period around A.D. 400, when the newly revealed Lingbao corpus was propagated by GE CHAOFU, the great-nephew of GE HONG. This early date appears from a comparison of the present work with one of the central texts of the Lingbao corpus, 671 *Taishang wuji dadao ziran zhenyi wucheng fu shangjing* (see also the Dunhuang version of this text, Pelliot 2440; Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Zurokuhen*, 10–22).

The first juan of 671 *Wucheng fu shangjing* describes the five basic Lingbao fu, and the second juan centers on some practices related to the Eight Archivists and associated with a *Bashi zhenxing tu* 八史真形圖 (2.12a). The latter title is included in the list of the twenty-four images of the Lingbao corpus, given at the end of the second juan. The same list is found in 1407 *Dongxuan lingbao ershi shengtu jing*, with hymns praising each image, and it is clearly related to GE HONG's catalogue (see Bokenkamp, "Sources," 459–60). In 671 *Wucheng fu shangjing* the title of the fu for communicating with the Eight Archivists is given as *Xuandong tongling fu* 玄洞通靈符 (2.12a, 11b), corresponding to the central set of fu in the present text (5b–9a), where the title of each includes the same phrase. The actual fu of the Eight Archivists are not included in 671 *Wucheng fu shangjing*, but it should be noted that the style of the version in the present text closely resembles that of the five Lingbao fu in the opening part of 671 *Wucheng fu shangjing*, a fact that becomes even more apparent when one turns to the Dunhuang manuscript version of this work. It seems that the two sets of fu together correspond to the *Bawei wusheng fu* 八威五勝符, mentioned by GE HONG (BPZ 19.7a; note that the term *wusheng fu* 五勝符 [Talismans of the Five Victories] is predominant in the Dunhuang version of 671 *Wucheng fu shangjing*, in spite of the term *wucheng* 五稱 [Five Denominations] in the title). It may be added that the thirteen *Bawei wusheng fu* are praised in the Tang dynasty 803 *Taishang dongshen sanhuang yi* 10b–11a, in a hymn that contains the line *pianmu xuandong* 篇目玄洞 ("they belong under the heading Xuandong"). Note that GE HONG's catalogue includes a *Xuandong jing* 玄洞經 in ten juan, 1185 *Baopu zi neipian* 19.5a.

The names of the Eight Archivists are the same in 671 *Wucheng fu shangjing* as in the present text, and the manner and purpose of relating to them is described in similar terms. The main differences are that in 671 *Wucheng fu shangjing* the fu of the Eight Archivists are presented as secondary in relation to the five Lingbao fu (2.1a, 11a–b), and the names of the eight spirits are combined with those of the buddhas and bodhisattvas of the Ten Directions—an arrangement that necessitates the addition of the two collective terms, *bajing* 八精 and *bashi* 八史, as the names of the two spirits of the center (2.5b–6b). These elaborations are clearly derivative with respect to the tradition of the present text, in which, furthermore, we find no indication of an influence from

the Lingbao tradition. The two instances where the term *tongling* 通靈 in the names of the above-mentioned fu is replaced by *lingbao* (8b) are of little consequence. On one hand, the term *lingbao* was in use independently of and well before the appearance of the Lingbao corpus; on the other, it might have slipped in during the later transmission of the present text. In any case, it is inconceivable that the system of the present text could have been derived from the Lingbao context as defined by 671 *Wucheng fu shangjing*. We may conclude that the present book is, if not necessarily the source of 671 *Wucheng fu shangjing*, then at least a version closely related to that source.

The book is divided into two parts. In the first part (1a–5b), which has no separate title and may lack the beginning, the basic technique of divination through communication with the Eight Archivists is described. The spirits are said to be divided into couples, Zhushi 柱史 (spirit of the trigram *kun*) being the wife of Lingang 臨罡 (spirit of the trigram *qian* 乾), and so on. Each couple descends into a person's home for a period of three days, followed immediately by the descent of the next couple, and so on through a cycle of twelve days. If one wishes to consult these spirits, one must first fast for a period of 100 days, then place a set of eight fu written on wooden tablets in the eight directions (3b–4a). On the day of the descent of a couple, one must arrange offerings for the two spirits at the left door-pivot (*hushu* 戶樞) of the main hall of the house. The adept must call out the names of the spirits and may then ask them questions on any subject, including the future. Women should address the female spirit, and men the male, and the spirits will then respond by speaking to the adepts or by inspiring knowledge within their hearts. It may be noted that a particular value is ascribed to the concerted practice of man and wife, likened to the union of *qian* and *kun*, in a later part of the book (12b; cf. the early Zhengyi ritual preserved in 1294 *Shangqing huangshu guodu yi*).

The second part of the book (5b–14a) is entitled "Bashi tongling fu 八史通靈符" and presents the somewhat different level of practice associated with the *Xuandong tongling fu* (see above). This part also contains many references to the protective and exorcistic functions of the Eight Archivists. The legend of the transmission of the fu is told by the Yellow Emperor, to whom all the passages of this second part of the book are attributed (in the first part only one passage (1b) opens with this attribution). The Yellow Emperor relates that he received the fu from "Lord Li, the senior master" (i.e., Laozi), who saw them in the Big Dipper, and who is also said to have brought them to the barbarians of India (*hu* 胡; 5b and 13a). The fu are referred to as stellar (*xingfu* 星符), and they are described as being governed by the stars of the Dipper (6a–9b). The Eight Archivists are found both at a pillar of the main hall in people's homes and in the Dipper, as subordinates of the Lord of the Dipper (Doujun 斗君; 13a–b) (fig. 20).

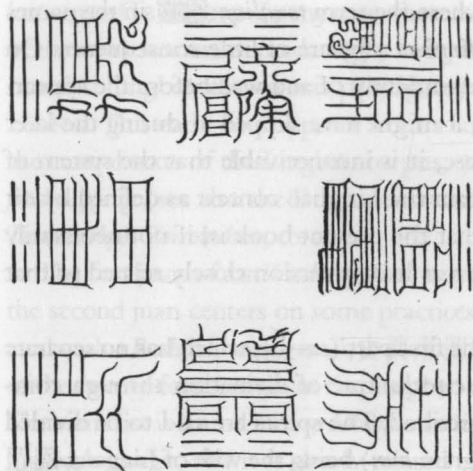


FIGURE 20. Fu of the Eight Archivists (767 3b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/760)

such tablets are functionally equivalent to statues of the gods. Offerings are presented to the fu (11a), and each of the Eight Trigrams is said to be governed by “the fu of one star” (9b). Furthermore, in the first part of the text—following the presentation of the eight fu to be displayed in the eight directions of the ritual area—an additional eight fu are presented as actual pictures of the gods. These eight fu are also divided into pairs, and it is stated that on the three days corresponding to the couple in question the fu “descend and are present in people’s homes” (4a–5a).

The two sets of eight fu in the first part of the book are found with some variations in 1202 *Dongshen badi yuanbian jing* 13b–16a. This book, which appears to belong to the second half of the Tang dynasty (618–907), is part of the Dongshen canon.

The practices related to the Eight Archivists form part of the common stock of early methods, drawn upon by all the Taoist traditions that were established in the course of the Six Dynasties. As testified by 671 *Wucheng fu shangjing*, these practices were to some extent adopted into the Lingbao corpus, and in the Zhengyi 615 *Chisong zi zhangli* we find the fu of the Eight Archivists mentioned in a list of mixed registers (*zalu* 雜錄; 4.22b). It was only during the later part of the Six Dynasties that these practices were classified as Dongshen, and in texts of the Tang dynasty this classification is unequivocal (see, e.g., 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.7b). We find no trace of such classifications in the present text. When qualified at all, the officiant is referred to merely as a daoshi, and the rules of transmission stipulate simply that the recipient should be a worthy person. However, one may not pass the fu on

When a question is addressed to them, they return to the Dipper to consult the registers of fate (10a and 12a). The same journey may be undertaken by a superior person and daoshi, whose name has already been entered in the register of immortals in the constellation. When such a person wears the fu, the spirits will attach themselves to his body, and after a period of three years he will ascend to heaven (5b–6a).

The relationship between the fu and the deities they represent is remarkably direct in this text. Each of the *Xuandong tongling fu* is referred to as the “spirit tablet” (*shenzhu* 神主) of the spirit in question. It should be noted that in present-day popular religion

indiscriminately, and in all cases one should announce their transmission to the spirits by “making offerings to the fu, while [placing oneself] under the Dipper” (*Jifu douxia* 祭符斗下; 13a–14a).

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Wuyue zhenxing xulun 五嶽真形序論

25 fols.

Late Six Dynasties (220–589)

1281 (fasc. 1005)

“Introductory Treatises to the [Image] of the True Form of the Five Sacred Mountains.” This work is a collection of four texts concerning the legends and rites surrounding this famous talisman. The first text (1a–18a) tells the story of the revelation of the talisman by the goddess Xi wang mu 西王母 to Emperor Wu of the Han dynasty, describes the paradisiacal islands of the immortals, and tells of the later transmission of the holy image. A long quotation in 1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo* 1.14b–18a shows that, in spite of its heterogeneous aspect, this text forms a single piece. In his commentary on 1016 *Zhen’gao*, TAO HONGJING refers twice to a *Wuyue xu*, once on the subject of the biography of Feng Junda 封君達 and once on that of the islands of the immortals (1016 *Zhen’gao* 10.23a and 14.20a). Both references agree with passages (on pages 16b and 8a–14b) of this first text, which probably constitutes the original version of 292 *Han wudi neizhuan* and 598 *Shizhou ji*, as well as of 293 *Han wudi waizhuan*.

The second text (18a–19b) contains two documents for the ritual of transmission of the talisman (*shoutu jiwen* 受圖祭文). These two written prayers are attributed to ZHENG YIN. They are related to the Rites of Transmission of the Image of the Five Sacred Mountains (*Shoushou Wuyue tu fa* 授受五嶽圖法) preserved among the Dunhuang manuscripts (Stein 3750 and Pelliot 2559).

These rites are quoted in 1240 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi shou sandong jingjie falu zeri li* 5a–b as having been edited by TAO HONGJING himself (cf. Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 331–32). They mention the fact that the ordinand should copy not only the holy image, but also the introduction (*xu* 序), and that the latter text would occupy fourteen to fifteen sheets of paper (Stein 3750, lines 25–26). This number agrees with the length of the first text of the present work, another indication that it was the original introduction.

The third text (19b–21b) is called “Instructions for Use by Mr. Bao [Jing],” and the last (21b–25b) is a preface to the Image of the Five Sacred Peaks attributed to

Dongfang Shuo 東方朔. This last text is also reproduced in 441 *Dongxuan lingbao wuyue guben zhenxing tu* 1a–4b.

The texts contained in the present work, together with an excerpt from the above-mentioned rites of transmission, are reproduced in YJQQ 79.

Kristofer Schipper

Shoushou wuyue tufa 授受五嶽圖法

Shoushou sanhuang fa 授受三皇法

Sixth century

Dunhuang manuscripts Stein 3750 and Pelliot 2559

“Rituals for the Transmission of the [Writs of the] Three Sovereigns.” These two texts are rituals for the transmission of the sacred talismans of the *Sanhuang wen* 三皇文 tradition. Both manuscripts are fragments of the same scroll, which must have been considerably longer. The rituals were probably written or edited by TAO HONGJING (see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 331–32). A petition (Stein 3750, line 43) starts with the mention of the *Tianjian* 天監 era of the Liang dynasty (502–519).

The Stein manuscript begins with the final part of the rites of transmission for the *Xiyue gong jinshan fu* 西嶽公禁山符 and other talismans that belonged to a lesser degree of initiation (see 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.7b. Next follow the rites of transmission of the Image of the True Form of the Five Sacred Mountains (*Wuyue zhenxing tu* 五嶽真形圖). Tao’s commentary notes that these rites were transmitted by ZHENG YIN and GE HONG.

The rites for the transmission of the *Sanhuang jing* are incomplete. Tao notes at the beginning of his commentary that all versions current in his time came, in principle, from BAO JING and GE HONG but that some are of uncertain origin. He states that he grouped them all together in ten juan (see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Dōkyōshi no kenkyū*, 308, for a detailed discussion).

Kristofer Schipper

Dongshen badi miaojing jing 洞神八帝妙精經

32 fols.

Probably sixth century

640 (fasc. 342)

“Scripture of the Wondrous Essence of the Eight Emperors, of the Dongshen Canon.” The book is a compilation of some of the basic material of the Dongshen canon, which formed during the Six Dynasties around the original *Sanhuang wen* 三皇文 in three juan (see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Dōkyōshi no kenkyū*, 298–317). A fourteen-juan list of the Dongshen scriptures, entitled “Dayou lutu jingmu 大有錄圖經目,” is included in 803 *Taishang dongshen sanhuang yi* 5a–b, a Tang dynasty (618–907) text.

The format of this list corresponds to the discussion of the *Dongshen jing* found in a passage from the *Xuanmen dayi* 玄門大義, a text of the transition period between the Sui (581–618) and Tang dynasties (YJQQ 6.11a–12a; see also *Xiaoyou jing xiaji* 小有經下記, in YJQQ 9.9a). It is stated there that the *Dongshen jing* in eleven juan included one juan transmitted to each of the Three Sovereigns (i.e., the original *Sanhuang wen*) and one transmitted to each of the Eight Emperors, and that the number of fourteen juan was reached by the addition of special ritual texts. In the above-mentioned list, juan 4–11 of the *Dongshen jing* are associated with the Eight Emperors, and juan 4–6 are listed as the three parts of the *Badi miaojing jing* 八帝妙精經. The *Xuanmen dayi* attributes the arrangement of the *Dongshen jing* in eleven juan to TAO HONGJING (YJQQ 6.12a) and quotes “part six” (*diliu* 第六) of the *Dongshen jing* (SDZN 8.32a). Another quotation from this part six, apparently derived also from the *Xuanmen dayi*, is given in YJQQ 6.10b and is found verbatim in the present book (16a). It thus seems likely that the work dates at least to the late Six Dynasties.

The group of texts associated with the Eight Emperors is commonly referred to as the Eight Enquiries (*basuo* 八索; YJQQ 4.10a–b; 6.12a; 9.9a). The *Shangshu xu* 尚書序 by Kong Anguo 孔安國 defines the term *basuo* as referring to “expositions concerning the Eight Trigrams” (*Shisan jing zhushu* 114b; see also YJQQ 100.4b, 8b). It may be noted that another surviving part of the *Dongshen jing*, 1202 *Dongshen badi yuanbian jing* (corresponding to juan 7 to 9 of the list in 803 *Sanhuang yi*), centers on divinatory practices related to the Eight Archivists (*bashi* 八史) who are defined as the essences of the Eight Trigrams. However, none of these practices is included in the present book, which furthermore makes no reference to the Eight Emperors except in the title.

The text begins by presenting some basic elements of the Dongshen tradition, for instance, techniques of meditation on the Three Ones (*sanyi* 三一), the supreme deities of the human body (2b–4b), and the hymns entitled “Yangge jiuzhang 陽歌九章” (4b–6a), used in connection with ritual circumambulations (see WSBY 38.3b–4a and 1283 *Taishang dongshen xingdao shoudu yi* 4b–5b). The largest part of the text is taken up by a separate work entitled *Xicheng yaojue sanhuang tianwen nei dazi* 西城要訣三皇天文內大字 (12a–29b), which includes a series of ninety-two fu (17a–28b), divided into three parts and presented as a version of the original *Sanhuang wen* in three juan. A note under the title of this work identifies it as “the ritual practices and the established forms [*licheng* 立成] [of the *Sanhuang fu*] of the Immortal of the Western City” (i.e., Wang Yuan 王遠; 12a). And in a short passage immediately following the fu, the ritual instructions accompanying the fu are said to represent “the practices of Lord Wang” (*Wangjun shixing*; 29a). This description seems to refer to the work entitled *Xicheng shixing* 西城施行, which may well be the *Xicheng yaojue* 西城要訣 of the present text. A *Xicheng shixing* is mentioned in the Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2559 (see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 331–32; *Zurokuhen*, 721–25). It is described there both

as a work in one juan containing “the essentials of summoning [spirits] for inspection” (by means of fu), and as an addition to the main corpus of *Sanhuang fu* in ten juan (Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Zurokuhen*, 724.100–1).

The note following the title says that the *Xicheng yaojue* was written down by the disciple of Wang Yuan, Bo He 帛和. In the following text, which leads up to the presentation of the fu, he relates how in 100 B.C. the master, after a three-year period of waiting, transmitted to him the “essential Way,” consisting of the *Sanhuang tianwen dazi* 三皇天文大字 and the formulas for the making of elixir of the *Taiqing zhongjing* 太清中經 (15b). The basis for this account would seem to be the biography of Bo He in *Shenxian zhuan* 神仙傳 (see, e.g., 596 *Xianyuan bianzhu* 2.17b–18b and TPYL 663.6b). The circumstances of the transmission are described in a different way in this biography, but there, too, the master is Lord Wang of Mount Xicheng, and the same texts are mentioned (with the addition of the *Wuyue tu* 五嶽圖).

A similar account, concerning, however, only the *Sanhuang wen* and the *Wuyue tu*, is found in 1185 *Baopu zi neipian* 19.8a–b. It explains that those who are destined to attain the Tao may enter a holy mountain and through the practice of meditation obtain a vision of the fu, following the example of Bo He. However, at the time of the late Six Dynasties (220–589) the transmission of the *Sanhuang fu* was associated more particularly with the name of BAO JING (see also *Erjiao lun* 8.141b on the “fabrication” of the *Sanhuang jing* by BAO JING during the years 291–299). The author of the *Xuanmen dayi* speculates that perhaps GE HONG in fact received the tradition from two different sources (YJQQ 6.12a; 1129 *Daojiao yishu* 2.7a).

The problem of different lines of transmission resulting in separate versions of the tradition is reflected in the present text, which concludes with a spurious quotation from BPZ, entitled “Secret Words of Baopu zi” (29b–32a). It is not clear whether this passage originally formed part of the immediately preceding *Xicheng yaojue* or was written especially for the present text. The “secret words” refer to “the Established Forms (*licheng*) written down in this place,” that is, in the section of the *Xicheng yaojue* presenting the fu (31a). The reduced format of this version of the *Sanhuang fu* contrasts with the information derived from BAO JING that the *Tianwen sanhuang dazi* comprised 40,000 words; the passage also states that GE HONG, in addition, received the essential Way of the Three Writs (*sanwen yaodao* 三文要道; apparently a version in four juan comprising fewer than the 40,000 words mentioned) from BAO JING (31a and 32a).

It should be noted that in the above-mentioned passage of the *Xicheng yaojue*, on the ritual instructions accompanying the fu, the directions found under the first nine fu in the present text are said to be different from those found in the Inner Scripture of Lord Bao (*Baogong neijing* 鮑公內經; 29a). We may compare the material found in WSBY 25, entitled “Essential Usages of the Sanhuang Tradition” (*Sanhuang yaoyong*

三皇要用) and said to be derived in its entirety from the *Dongshen jing*. The last part of the juan (25.9b–10b) gives instructions for the nine fu that are partly identical with those in the present text (though omitting some of the indications of accompanying fasts). A widely different series of instructions for nine fu related to the same group of deities is found in a preceding part of the same juan (3b–5a). Furthermore, we find that a passage at the beginning of this juan of the WSBY (2b.1–2) corresponds to a quotation in TPYL 676.8b from a *Sanhuang xumu* 三皇序目 (which may quite likely be the same as the *Xumu* attributed to BAO JING and quoted in the *Xuanmen dayi*; see YJQQ 6.10b–11b). Note also the correspondence between the title of a section of this juan, “Zhuguan qingtai zhi fu 朱官青胎之符” in WSBY 25.7b–8a, and the title “Qingtai fu 青胎符” for a part of the main corpus said in Pelliot 2559 to be transmitted by Bao and Ge (Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Zurokuhen*, 724.100, 120). Thus it seems likely that the opening parts of this juan were derived from a BAO JING version of the *Dongshen jing*.

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1.B.5 Other Revealed Scriptures

A certain number of important revealed scriptures of the Six Dynasties were not selected by LU XIUJING as canonical texts in his *Sandong jing shumu* 三洞經書目, perhaps for several reasons. Some texts, like the *Taiping jing* 太平經, had not yet been rewritten or adapted in Lu’s time (see part 1.B.6). Once it was adapted, it obtained canonical status as the Taiping division of the Sui and Tang *Daozang*. Other texts, like the *Shengxuan neijiao jing* 昇玄內教經 and the *Dongyuan shenzhou jing* 洞淵神咒經, may have been left out because, unlike the Books of the Three Caverns and the Scripture of the Great Peace, their prototypes were not part of the library of GE HONG but belonged instead to the texts of the Way of the Heavenly Master. They were probably produced by sectarian movements. They never obtained separate divisions in the canon, even in Tang times.

Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing 太上洞淵神咒經

20 juan

Late Eastern Jin (317–420); preface by DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

335 (fasc. 170–173)

“Scripture of Divine Incantations of the Abyssal Caverns.” This work is the principal apocalyptic text of medieval China. The term *shenzhou* 神咒 (divine incantations) suggests the work’s oral aspect. The scripture presents itself as revealed by the Tao to a

worthy recipient whose mission it was to transmit it in order to save mankind from the imminent end of the world. The work's confused and highly repetitive style confirms its oral, mediumistic origins. Even the book's title is not definitively stated. It presents itself as the Scripture of the Innumerable (*Wuliang jing* 無量經; 1.1a), the Marvelous Scripture of the Central Mystery of Shangqing (*Shangqing zhongxuan miaojing* 上清中玄妙經; 2.1a), the Scripture of Divine Incantations (*Shenzhou jing* 神咒經; 3.2b), the Book of Samādhi (*Sanmei jing* 三昧經) and the Scripture of Great Exorcism (*Daqu jing* 大驅經; 5.1a; 10.1a), among other titles. Although the text contains no evidence as to the identity of its medium-recipient, a few elements indicate that it was produced by a fervent religious movement, a sect active in the Jiangnan region (south of the Yangzi) at the beginning of the fifth century.

The oldest versions of the *Shenzhou jing* are found among the Dunhuang manuscripts (Pelliot and Stein collections). These versions emanate from a text that comprised ten juan (see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tōkō dōkyō: Zurukuben*, 519–63, which gives the best reconstruction of the Dunhuang version of the *Shenzhou jing*). Two manuscripts (Pelliot 3233 and 2444) — corresponding to juan one and seven, respectively — contain colophons dated 664 that state this copy of the work was made in a metropolitan monastery (the Lingyin guan 靈應觀) by order of Emperor Gaozong for the crown prince Li Hong 李弘, the son of Wu Zetian (r. 684–704), named after the Taoist messiah. The characters *yuan* 淵, *min* 民, *shi* 世, and *zhi* 治 in these two manuscripts are substituted in deference to the names of Tang emperors. During the first half of the sixth century, the *Shenzhou jing* was known as a ten-juan scripture (see 319 *Dongxuan lingbao benxiang yundu jieqi jing* 4b–5a), and 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.6b, at the beginning of the Tang, still refers to the version in ten juan. The *Shenzhou jing* maintains this form until the end of the Tang (618–907). It appears as such in the other Dunhuang copies dating from the seventh and eighth centuries, as well as in a reference in DU GUANGTING's 590 *Daojiao lingyan ji* 12.9b–10a (YJQQ 119.7a–7b). Historical references found in these first ten juan allow us to date the original *Shenzhou jing* to the beginning of the fifth century. There are several allusions to Liu Yu 劉裕 (363–442), founder of the Liu Song dynasty (e.g., 1.3a, 9b), as well as typical Six Dynasties terms such as *suolu* 索虜 (2.8a), an expression used in the south to designate northern barbarians.

At the beginning of the Five Dynasties, DU GUANGTING expanded the text into twenty juan. This is the basic text of the *Shenzhou jing* found in the *Daozang* edition. It comprises the same ten juan (apart from some variations) of the Dunhuang versions, plus eight later juan from the Tang period and two additional juan (19 and 20) that are contemporary with the scripture's original ten-juan nucleus.

The *Daozang* edition opens with a preface by DU GUANGTING that refers to the wood-block printing of the work that he commissioned (preface, 3b). The title Heav-

enly Master Transmitter of Truth (*chuanzhen tianshi* 傳真天師) that appears in the list of Du's titles in the note preceding his preface allows us to date Du's edition to the first decades of the tenth century. This title was bestowed on him by Wang Yan 王衍 (r. 918–926), the second ruler of the Shu 蜀 kingdom, at a ceremony of reciprocal investiture in 923 (see Verellen, *Du Guangting*, 178).

Du's preface attributes the *Shenzhou jing*'s revelation to a certain Wang Zuan 王纂, a Taoist at Mount Maji 馬跡山 (part of the Maoshan range), at the end of the Eastern Jin (before 316). Though this attribution cannot be accepted for the purpose of dating the present scripture, it may nevertheless have a certain foundation. The lineage of masters associated with the *Shenzhou jing* might have claimed Wang Zuan as their spiritual ancestor. This order's existence is attested by the beginning of the Tang (cf. 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 5.3b and 445 *Dongxuan lingbao sanshi minghui xingzhuang juguan fangsuo wen* 3a). Du no doubt received the order's original *Shenzhou jing* as well as the related liturgical texts (penitential rituals and rituals for requesting rain) that are found in his edition. These rituals (some of which are also found as independent texts in the *Daozang*) were transmitted to the *Shenzhou jing* masters (*shenzhou shi* 神咒師; also called masters of the Law of the Great Religion of the Samādhi and of the Divine Incantations of the Abyssal Caverns [*Dongyuan shenzhou dazong sanmei fashi* 洞淵神咒大宗三昧法師]) when they were ordained (see 1125 *Kejie yingzhi* and 445 *Fangsuo wen*, mentioned above).

The "Scripture of Divine Incantations of the Abyssal Caverns" presents itself as the Book of books, the absolute, supreme scripture. It is, in fact, at the same time a prophylactic text, a liturgical manual, a repository of all the deities, a demonological repertory, a contract shared by adepts and masters of the Three Caverns (*sandong fashi* 三洞法師; the *Shenzhou jing*'s highest clerical rank), and a passport for salvation. But its fundamental *raison d'être* is the prophetic, apocalyptic message it contains. This message has its foundation in a Taoist theological setting. The *Shenzhou jing*'s ideology and liturgy are rooted in the Heavenly Masters organization.

The present text includes all the characteristics of apocalyptic drama. Its vision can be summarized as follows: The end of the world is imminent; it corresponds to the completion of a cosmic era, a Great Kalpa. The final deluge will be preceded by calamities that will occur in particular years of the sexagesimal cycle: wars; invasions; brigandage; social, political, and family dissolution; meteorological disorders; trials; imprisonments and official punishments; oppression of the people by tyrannical officials; fires; floods; bad harvests; famines; witchcraft and sorcery; and, above all, the extraordinary spread of countless diseases. All these afflictions will be brought on by gigantic armies of many kinds of demons (*gui* 鬼 and *mowang* 魔王) that are mostly the souls of the dead. Their proliferation will be the result of the people's moral corruption. Instead of conforming to the true religion (the religion of the Three Caverns,

that is, Taoism, of which the *Shenzhou jing* says it is the highest representative), the people commit sins, are swayed by heterodox cults and shamanism, and sacrifice domestic animals to offer blood to the demons that bring on disasters and adversity.

The deluge will occur in the fifty-fourth year (*jiashen* 甲申) of the sexagesimal cycle in order to purify the universe by ridding it of all these evil creatures. These apocalyptic predictions are repeated again and again throughout the first ten original juan of the work. Little place is left for expressions of hope or descriptions of a utopian life. Salvation is promised for all the faithful who have been converted to the Law and who show their full devotion to the correct way by conforming to the liturgical prescriptions and by practicing active proselytism. The elect or Seed People (*zhongmin* 種民) will constitute a new immortal race in the paradisiacal kingdom of Great Peace ruled by the Perfect Lord Li Hong. This savior will appear in a *renchen* 壬辰 year, eight years after the end of the world.

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The literature on the *Shenzhou jing* is extensive. See Mollier, *Une apocalypse taoïste*, and references there.

Christine Mollier

Taishang dongshen dongyuan shenzhou zhibing kouzhang

太上洞神洞淵神咒治病口章

36 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1290 (fasc. 1008)

“Oral Petition for the Healing of Diseases, in the Dongyuan Shenzhou Tradition, of the *Taishang Dongshen* Division.” The early chapters of 335 *Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing* expressly prescribe the liturgical practice of *kouzhang* 口章, the oral petition. The present text is representative of the context of the movement that produced this scripture. There are many similarities in the lists of deities and demons, and one passage of 335 *Shenzhou jing* (10.7b–8a) gives a description of the presentation of an oral memorial for healing purposes that is close to the ritual we have here.

The ritual, which shows no direct influence of the Lingbao liturgy, is performed at the home of the patient by a master who has received the Heavenly Master ordination (4b), in conjunction with an Offering to the Five Emperors (*jiao wudi* 醮五帝; 28a–b).

The fact that this text was classified as part of the Dongshen division is also an important indication of its early inclusion into the Taoist canon (see general introduction).

Although the text mentions the characteristic cheek slapping (*bojia* 搏頰) as an expression of contrition, rites of repentance do not play the same dominant role here as in the Lingbao liturgy. Instead, a vast number of gods and demons are conjured up, and misdeeds committed by ancestors are annulled (*jie* 解).

This is an important text for the study of the Shenzhou ritual and for the history of Taoist liturgy in general.

Kristofer Schipper

Dongzhen taiji beidi ziwei shenzhou miaojing 洞真太極北帝紫微神咒妙經

12 fols.

Eastern Jin (317–420)

49 (fasc. 29)

“Marvelous Book of the Spells of the God of the Pole Star, Emperor of the North of the Supreme Ultimate, a Dongzhen Canon.” Under this rather unlikely title has been preserved a fragment of an ancient and important eschatological work that has no links with the Dongzhen (i.e., the Shangqing) scriptures but is instead close to the early parts of 335 *Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing*. Like the latter, the present text refers to itself as *Sanmei jing* 三昧經 (3a; compare 335 *Shenzhou jing* 8.9a and passim). Stylistically, the short paragraphs introduced as revelations, as well as the vocabulary and phraseology, are similar. The text speaks of the current period as the Great Jin 大晉 (9b) and mentions invasions by barbarians (10a).

The text begins with a subtitle (*pin* 品) that applies to the entire juan, which implies that it is but a section of a larger work. Paragraphs 2–12 (2a–10b) contain revelations concerning the disasters to come during the ten final years of the sexagesimal cycle, from *jiayin* 甲寅 to *guihai* 癸亥. Presumably, the complete work covered the entire sixty years and was therefore composed of six juan. The *Chongwen zongmu* 10.6b lists a *Beidi shenzhou jing* 北帝神咒經 in ten juan, which may well correspond to the present work. This *Beidi shenzhou jing* is listed as lost in 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* 1.14a.

The revelations are presented as spoken by the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning, and on page 6b the cult of the Three Heavenly Worthies is mentioned. This text may therefore be contemporary to the Lingbao scriptures, but it is not included in LU XIUJING’s list of canonical books.

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Dongxuan lingbao feixian shangpin miaojing 洞玄靈寶飛仙上品妙經

5 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

381 (fasc. 182)

“Marvelous Scripture on Flying Immortals.” During a heavenly meeting where the “predication on Earth” of the *Sanmei wuliang shenzhou dajing* 三昧無量神咒大經 is discussed, the audience asks the Heavenly Worthy what to do about “the superficial and inconstant world of today, where most people believe neither in Taoist methods nor in the teaching of the Three Caverns” (1b), notwithstanding the imminent cataclysm.

The words of the Tao (*daoyan* 道言) provide the answer, tracing back the history of salvation. Anyone aspiring to immortality must renew it. First one has to receive the registers, beginning with those linked to the Yellow and Red Talismans (*huangchi zifu* 黃赤紫符), belonging to the Heavenly Master tradition, then those of the Three Caverns and, finally, the Divine Formulas (*shenzhou* 神咒) that destroy demons and save people (2a). After receiving the scriptures and the corresponding registers, the adept has to observe the calendar of the fasts. These fasts must not be practiced by an adept alone but in community with others (2b). The Tao continues with a litany of fifty-one actions that enable one “to become a Flying Immortal.” Among these fifty-one actions, “the keeping of the fasts is the first” (4a).

The present scripture is then revealed. During this revelation, an altercation takes place between an immortal and a zhenren. The Heavenly Worthy declares the zhenren to be in the right and banishes the immortal to the moon, where he must “cut the cassia tree” (4b). This incident provokes a question from the immortal King of the Flying Skies concerning the hierarchy of merits. The Heavenly Worthy tells him that his answer will be an oar, a bridge of good karma, a good field of merit. All the saints, here gathered, have performed meritorious actions since the first year of the Opening of the Light (*kaiguang* 開光). Thus they have “gradually obtained access to the fruits of the Supreme Tao” (5b). In the heavenly hierarchy there are “nine grades” (*jiupin* 九品) of immortals, zhenren, and saints. Everyone can become a saint. The accumulation of merits is comparable to the building of a tower.

The scripture is mentioned in 335 *Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing* (20.25a). The beginning of our text seems to draw inspiration from this work, which mentions the *Sanmei* texts (6.6b).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhonghe jing 太上洞玄靈寶中和經

10 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1120 (fasc. 759)

“Scripture of Central Harmony.” This is a longer recension of the treatise on cosmic harmony (*zhonghe* 中和), the first part of 789 *Zhengyi fawen tianshi jiaojie kejing* (1a–12a). The entire text of this treatise is reproduced here as “spoken by the Tao” (*daoyan* 道言). Some passages are interchanged, notably the one that begins “The Tao manifests [itself] through spontaneity . . .” (*dao chu ziran* 道出自然; 8b), which in the original version constitutes the final part of the text (10a). The changes are often quite revealing with respect to the evolution of Taoist doctrines in the early middle ages.

Although the present work claims to be a Lingbao scripture, it is not mentioned among the texts of that corpus. It must, however, be anterior to the *Taishang dongxuan lingbao shengxuan neijiao jing* (see the next article), as the latter’s seventh juan contains elements borrowed and adapted from it (see 1122 *Taishang lingbao shengxuan neijiao jing zhonghe pin shuyi shu*).

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Taishang dongxuan lingbao shengxuan neijiao jing

太上洞玄靈寶昇玄內教經

Originally 10 juan

Six Dynasties (220–589)

Dunhuang manuscripts Pelliot 2990 (juan 5); Pelliot 2560 (juan 6); Pelliot 3341 (juan 7); Stein 6310; Pelliot 2474; Pelliot 2326; Stein 3722 (juan 8); Pelliot 2750 and Pelliot 2430; Stein 4561 (juan 9); Stein 6241; Pelliot 2343 (juan 10); and fragments: Pelliot 2391; Pelliot 2445; DX 5177; DX 901; Stein 107; and DX 2768

“Scripture of the Esoteric Doctrine of Ascent to Mystery.” This long scripture presents itself as a superior revelation, superseding the earlier Lingbao corpus. In the beginning of juan seven (see 1122 *Taishang lingbao shengxuan neijiao jing zhonghe pin shuyi shu* 1a), Zhang Daoling 張道陵 beseeches the Most High Lord Lao to reveal the esoteric doctrine (*neijiao* 內教), whereupon the latter promises to tell him “what the Scripture of the Five Tablets has not yet conveyed.” This *Wupian jing* 五篇經 is the first and leading text of the Lingbao corpus, namely, 22 *Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing*. In other parts of the present text, the Lingbao scriptures are characterized as the exoteric doctrine (*waijiao* 外教) and, as such, contrasted with the *neijiao* of the present scripture (Pelliot 2445, lines 56–58)

The esoteric doctrine is a perfect Buddho-Taoist hybrid. Juan 5 is called “The Return of the Good Conqueror” (*Shansheng huanguo pin* 善勝還國品) and presents

the revelations by a bodhisattva (*dashi* 大士) of that name on his return from the Western Regions. Other similar, and even more specific, elements from the myth of the Conversion of the Barbarians (*huahu* 化胡) are found in juan 8 (entitled “The Revelation of the True Commandments” [*Xian zhenjie pin* 顯真戒品]), as well as in many other parts of the work. The instructions are addressed to Taoists as well as Buddhists, to daoshi and *śramaṇa* alike (Pelliot 2343, line 7). This is the ultimate revelation. None of the other scriptures, except the *Daode jing* 道德經, are to be considered as valid (Pelliot 2343, lines 92–95).

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Taishang lingbao shengxuan neijiao jing zhonghe pin shuyi shu

太上靈寶昇玄內教經中和品述議疏

43 fols.

Six Dynasties (220–589)

1122 (fasc. 759)

“Annotated Edition of the Chapter on Central Harmony [*zhonghe*] in the Scripture of the Esoteric Doctrine of the Ascent to Mystery [*Shengxuan neijiao jing*].” The present text, shorn of its undated commentary, constitutes the seventh juan, the only part extant in the Ming *Daozang*, of the scripture originally comprising ten juan and quoted as such in WSBY 46.1a–3b (Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 145). The complete work, which 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* indicates as missing, still existed in Song times (960–1279; VDL 170–71). A number of juan have been retrieved among the Dunhuang manuscripts (see preceding article).

The present chapter takes its title and part of its contents from the earlier pseudo Lingbao scripture 1120 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhonghe jing*. It copies and adapts the latter’s Five Commandments (3b–4a, corresponding to 4a–b in the present text), as well as numerous other phrases and passages. The commandments are found in WSBY 46.1a–3b as *Shengxuan wujie* 昇玄五戒.

The fact that 1120 *Zhonghe jing* constitutes a rewriting of the early Heavenly Master treatise 789 *Zhengyi fawen tianshi jiaojie kejing* points to a filiation that might explain why the *Shengxuan neijiao jing* is considered a revelation to the First Heavenly Master, Zhang Daoling 張道陵.

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1.B.6 The *Taiping jing*

Taiping jing 太平經

170 juan (missing: juan 11–34, 38, 52, 56–64, 73–85, 87, 94–95, 115, 119–170)

Reedited during the late Six Dynasties (220–589)

1101a (fasc. 746–755)

“Scripture of the Great Peace.” The term *taiping* 太平 occurs from early Han times (206 B.C.–A.D. 220), characterizing the result of good government. The work expounds cosmological theories and moral precepts for the improvement of the state and of the world in general.

This text was originally divided into ten parts, numbered according to the Celestial Stems (*jia* 甲, *yi* 乙, *bing* 丙, *ding* 丁, etc.). Each part comprised seventeen juan, containing an unequal number of chapters (*pian* 篇). According to a table of contents found in a Dunhuang manuscript (Stein 4226; see below), the number of *pian* of the entire scripture totaled 366.

The questions of the provenance, authorship, and transmission of the present version of the *Taiping jing* are beset with difficulties and have been the subject of much research since the 1950s (reviewed in Beck, “The date of the *Taiping jing*”). Although the text undeniably contains much ancient material (see Tang Yongtong, “Du *Taiping jing* shu suojian”; Wang Ming, “Lun *Taiping jing* chao jiabu zhi wei”; idem, *Taiping jing hejiao*; Ōfuchi Ninji, “Taihei kyō no raireki”; Kaltenmark, “Ideology of the *Taiping jing*”; and Kandel, *Taiping jing*), there is also ample proof that this version corresponds to a late Six Dynasties *rifacimento* (see Fukui Kōjun, “Taihei kyō”), its author being one Zhou Zhixiang 周智響, who presented the work to the throne in the years 569–583, most probably in 572, as this was a *renchen* 壬辰 year of great prophetic significance (Yoshioka Yoshitoyo, *Dōkyō to Bukkyō* 2:130–31).

A work with the term *taiping* in its title is first mentioned in several places in the *Han shu* in connection with the events of the years 33 B.C. to A.D. 9. Called Scripture of the Great Peace and the Conservation of the Origin According to the Calendar of the Officials of Heaven (*Tianguan li baoyuan taiping jing* 天官曆包元太平經), this work was said to have been revealed by the immortal Chijing zi 赤精子 and to have contained instructions for the renewal of the heavenly mandate of the dynasty (Beck, “Date,” 155–57; Kandel, *Taiping jing*, 3–23).

The traditions surrounding the present *Taiping jing* all center, however, on a second revealed text bearing the title Book of the Great Peace with Blue-Green Headings (*Taiping qingling shu* 太平清[青]領書). It was presented to the Han throne in 166 as having been obtained from a holy man named Gan Ji 干吉 (or Yu Ji 于吉) from

Langye 琅邪 (Shandong). Fan Ye 范曄 (398–446; *Hou Han shu* 30B.1084) adds the information that Gan Ji's book comprised 170 juan and that he "obtained it at the Quyang 曲陽 springs" (probably in Shandong).

Taoist sources identify Gan Ji as a zhenren of antiquity. According to the preface to the One Hundred and Eighty Rules of Lord Lao (*Laojun yibai bashi jie* 老君一百八十戒, in 786 *Taishang laojun jinglü* 2a–4a; this text antedates A.D. 400; see Schmidt, "Die Hundertachtzig Vorschriften"), the Way of the Great Peace (*Taiping zhi dao* 太平之道) and the Teachings of Great Purity (*Taiping zhi jiao* 太清之教) were first revealed to the world during the reign of King Nan 赧 of the Zhou (315–256 B.C.). At that time, Lord Lao came to Langye and transmitted to Gan Ji the *Taiping jing* in 170 juan and ten parts. The above-mentioned 786 *Taishang laojun jinglü* reproduces the One Hundred and Eighty Rules along with the Precepts of Xiang'er (*Xiang'er jie* 想爾戒), and there is indeed a certain resemblance between the two codes of conduct. Rao Zongyi (*Laozi Xiang'er zhu jiaozheng*, 98–102, and "Xiang'er jiujie yu sanhe yi") has demonstrated the relationship of the Xiang'er precepts and the Xiang'er commentary of the *Laozi* with the *Taiping jing*. The preface to the table of contents of the *Taiping jing* in the Dunhuang manuscript quotes Xiang'er as saying that because there were so many impostors the Tao recorded the Threefold Harmony (*sanhe* 三合), in order that the truth might be discerned. This Threefold Harmony is then defined as the combination of the teachings of the *Daode jing*, the *Taiping jing*, and the Way of the Heavenly Master (manuscript Stein 4226, lines 47–50). The short account of the history of Taoism given in 1205 *Santian neijie jing* (4a–b) speaks of a *Taiping dao jing* that Lord Lao bestowed on Gan Ji (as well as on a certain Li Wei 李微 from Shu 蜀) as a forerunner of the Way of the Heavenly Master.

Thus, from the third through the fifth centuries, the *Taiping jing* (like the Xiang'er texts) was transmitted by the Way of the Heavenly Master. The 1243 *Zhengyi fawen taishang wailu yi* (an early Heavenly Master text) quotes the *Taiping jing*. A first citation on page 4a does not occur verbatim in the parts of the *Taiping jing* that have come down to us, but it is similar in style and enumerates six classes of superior beings (*shenren* 神人, *zhenren* 真人, *xianren* 仙人, *daoren* 道人, *shengren* 聖人, *xianren* 賢人), which are also found, in reversed order, in juan 71.8a of the present *Taiping jing*. A second, longer quote in 1243 *Wailu yi* 13b–14a shows affinities with *Taiping jing* 42.1a–b.

About 570, Zhen Luan refers, in *Xiaodao lun* (*Guang hongming ji* 9.15a), to the *Taiping dao jing* as lost. The disappearance of the *Taiping jing* at the end of the Six Dynasties (220–589) period is also documented elsewhere. The *Xuanmen dayi* 玄門大義 (YJQQ 6.15a–b, where on 6.1a it is given the variant title *Daomen dalun* 道門大論), dating from the beginning of the seventh century, speaks of two versions of the *Taiping jing* formerly in existence: the original scripture transmitted to Gan Ji, which was

entirely lost; and a version transmitted by the Way of the Heavenly Master, of which only some fragments remained. The latter version was called the Scripture of the Great Peace Pervading the Ultimate (*Taiping dongji jing* 太平洞極經) and once had 144 juan. Again according to the *Xuanmen dayi*, a new version, complete in 170 juan, had become current in recent times. This was due to the "rediscovery," during the reign of Emperor Xuan of the Chen dynasty (569–583), of a miraculously preserved copy. It was "found" by the above-named Zhou Zhixiang, a disciple of Zang [Xuan]jing 藏[玄]靜, the author of a commentary to the *Laozi* (see 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi*, preface 3a). Zhou afterward lectured on the text in the capital and received the title of *Taiping fashi* 太平法師; "since then, the book has become widespread."

There are other stories surrounding the "rediscovery" of the *Taiping jing* during the latter part of the Six Dynasties period. These stories show, in accordance with the preface and postface of the table of contents in the Dunhuang manuscript Stein 4226, a marked involvement with the Shangqing tradition (see Yoshioka Yoshitoyo, *Dōkyō to Bukkyō* 2:7–114). GE HONG's library contained two versions of the *Taiping jing*; one was the 170-chapter edition in ten parts. It is also known that the Shangqing tradition transmitted many texts of the Way of the Heavenly Master. Yoshioka's conclusion is therefore that the new version mentioned by the *Xuanmen dayi* (which must correspond to that of the Dunhuang manuscript as well as our text) was obtained through the combination of the then still extant fragments of the original scripture of Gan Ji on the one hand, and of the *Taiping dongji jing* on the other (Yoshioka Yoshitoyo, *Dōkyō to Bukkyō* 2:103–4). The present text of the *Taiping jing* calls itself repeatedly *Dongji jing* (see Kaltenmark, "Ideology," 25), and the *Taiping dongji jing* is therefore a plausible source. We have virtually no information, however, about the original *Taiping jing* other than that, like the "rediscovered" version as well as the present one, it comprised 170 juan. This fact does not prove Yoshioka's hypothesis correct but only renders the new version more suspect.

The Dunhuang manuscript with the table of contents of the new version carries the title "Second Juan of the Taiping Division" (*Taiping bu dier juan* 太平部第二卷; critical edition in Yoshioka Yoshitoyo, *Dōkyō to Bukkyō* 2:14–63), which means that it was copied from the Taiping division of the Taoist canon, probably for the purpose of an ordination ceremony (see Schipper, "Taoist ordination ranks," 143). The manuscript does not observe the Tang taboo for *zhi* 治, which makes it unlikely that it was taken from the Taoist canon of the Tianbao (742–756) era. This leaves only the early seventh century as the date *terminus ante quem*.

Finally, there is an unsigned Tang dynasty postface of the present version of the *Taiping jing*. It is called *Taiping jing fuwen xu* 復文序, and the Ming editors placed it at the beginning of 1102 *Taiping jing shengjun bizhi*, although it exclusively concerns our text. The *fuwen* 復文 to which the title refers are the talismanic *fu* 符 writings that

occupy juan 104 to 107 and that are considered, like the similar True Writs (*zhenwen* 真文) of the Lingbao tradition, the core (*benwen* 本文) of the revealed text. This postface traces the history of the *Taiping jing* back to Zhou Zhixiang and indicates that the present version corresponds to the one he “rediscovered.”

From the foregoing it follows that Zhou most probably used whatever was left at his time of the version transmitted by the Way of the Heavenly Master, the *Taiping dongji jing*. This text he rewrote and enlarged considerably in order to make it into a 170-juan book (cf. Yoshioka Yoshitoyo, *Dōkyō to Bukkyō* 2:141–46). Other, older versions did survive for a long time along with the new text (this may explain why a *Taiping jing* is marked as lost in 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu*), and thanks to a number of quotations from these older versions, it is possible to see how the new version was made. What remains from the older versions shows a concise classical style and a precise argumentation, while the corresponding passages in the present version are never fully identical; instead they are expanded, verbose rewritings, drawn out and repetitive in the extreme (compare SDZN 1.21b–23a and 1101a 45.7b–10b, passim). Furthermore, the available original material appears to have been spread out thinly throughout the book, which has “chapters” of only one or two pages in length. It seems likely that the talismanic *fuwen* texts were added in order to make the *Taiping jing* correspond to the other prestigious revealed texts of medieval times, and thus to justify its place in the framework of the liturgical organization as the canon of a Taiping division (*bu* 部).

Nevertheless, the *rifacimento* does contain much old material, which, if properly handled, can yield important insights, as Kaltenmark has shown, into the ideology of the Han *Taiping jing*.

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Kristofer Schipper

Part 2

Sui, Tang, and Five Dynasties

2.A Texts in General Circulation

2.A.1 Philosophy

2.A.1.a Commentaries on Ancient Philosophers

The Tang dynasty (618–907) witnessed a substantial production of commentaries on ancient Taoist philosophical works, with Laozi's *Daode jing* occupying the first place. By the middle of the eighth century, some thirty *Daode jing* commentaries, written after the beginning of the Tang, were in existence. This activity is hardly surprising, in view of Laozi's adoption as ancestor of the ruling Li 李 clan and the subsequent imperial reverence bestowed upon the *Daode jing*, declared in 747 the most important of all canonical texts.

The significance of this corpus of commentaries is manifold. Texts such as 677 *Tang Xuanzong yuzhu Daode zhenjing*, 678 *Tang Xuanzong yuzhi Daode zhenjing shu*, and 679 *Tang Xuanzong yuzhi Daode zhenjing shu*—together constituting twenty-eight juan of commentary, subcommentary, and commentary to the subcommentary on the *Daode jing*—testify to the zeal with which Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756) and his circle promoted the Taoist worldview. One century and a half after Xuanzong's demise, the influence of his commentaries had not yet waned, as is evident from DU GUANGTING's (850–933) massive fifty-juan 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi*.

Whereas a number of authors associated with so-called Chongxuan 重玄 or Double Mystery—the leading Taoist intellectual trend in the first half of the Tang dynasty (see the introduction to part 2.A.1.b)—presented their ideas in the form of dialogic treatises or other autonomous works, others expounded their theories in commentatorial form. This is the case with Li Rong's 李榮 722 *Daode zhenjing zhu* and CHENG XUANYING's subcommentary to GUO XIANG's *Zhuangzi* commentary, in the 745 *Nanhua zhenjing zhushu*. The influence of Chongxuan learning is also evident from Zhao Zhijian's 趙志堅 719 *Daode zhenjing shuyi* and Xuanzong's commentaries to the *Daode jing*. The *Daode jing* commentaries of Xuanzong, Li Rong, and CHENG XUANYING, together with those by HESHANG GONG and YAN ZUN, were compiled in the early tenth-century 711 *Daode zhenjing xuande zuanshu*. This compendium is also of considerable importance for the reconstruction of texts (*in casu* the commentaries by YAN ZUN and Li Rong) that had been presumed lost or were only partly transmitted.

The late Tang and Wudai (907–960) trend to synthesize Taoist and Confucian values, which found its most systematic expression in Luo Yin's 羅隱 1135 *Taiping liangtong shu*, is reflected in Lu Xisheng's 685 *Daode zhenjing zhuan*. Wang Zhen's 王眞 713 *Daode jing lunbing yaoyi shu* is interesting in that it offers an interpretation of the *Daode jing* as a manual on strategy.

Daode zhenjing zhu 道德真經註

4 juan

By Li Rong 李榮; seventh century

722 (fasc. 430)

"Commentary on the *Daode jing*." Li Rong, *hao* Renzhen zi 任眞子, was a famous Taoist monk originally from Sichuan who lived in the second half of the seventh century. He played an important part in controversies between the Buddhists and the Taoists. Li was also the author of commentaries on the *Zhuangzi*, now lost, and on the *Xisheng jing* 西昇經. The latter is partially preserved in 726 *Xisheng jing jizhu*.

This commentary on the *Laozi* is incomplete, ending with chapter 36. It is possible to recuperate some of the missing text from quotations found in 711 *Daode zhenjing xuande zuanshu*. The present commentary can be classed with commentaries of the Chongxuan 重玄 (Double Mystery) school, along with those of CHENG XUANYING on the *Zhuangzi* and the *Laozi* (cf. 745 *Nanhua zhenjing zhushu*), which were strongly inspired by the Mādhyamika: The Tao of the Center is neither *you* 有 (being) nor *wu* 無 (nonbeing) (1.9b), but *you* and *wu* merged into one (2.11a); it is neither one nor triple, but one and triple (2.10a); it is mystery upon mystery, rejection upon rejection (2.10b; see also 1.4b); it is rejection of all analytical reasoning and then the rejection of that rejection—total forgetfulness. It consists of "nonattachment to either of the two components" (4.3a), that is, to either of the two opposing elements *wu* and *you*, unity and multiplicity, and so on, and even to nonattachment itself.

As the mystical search proceeds it passes through the dialectic process and then the conjunction of opposites where all thought is banished.

Isabelle Robinet

Tang Xuanzong yuzhu Daode zhenjing 唐玄宗御註道德真經

4 juan

Attributed to Emperor Xuanzong; between 732 and 735

677 (fasc. 355)

"Imperial Commentary on the *Daode jing* by Tang Xuanzong." Xuanzong was initiated into Taoism in 721 by SIMA CHENGZHEN, himself the author of 1035 *Daoti lun*, a commentary, in its own way, on the *Daode jing*. Our text is listed as comprising two juan (see the subcommentary 679 *Tang Xuanzong yuzhi Daode zhenjing shu* 9a and VDL

153). It is followed by a subcommentary, also by the emperor, in which he explains and elaborates his earlier commentary. Xuanzong's commentary is characterized by the division of the *Laozi* into four juan, two corresponding to the part devoted to the Tao, the other two to that of the De. For this division he was criticized (701 *Daode zhenjing kouyi*). The subcommentary does not maintain this division.

The text is distinguished by a marked tendency toward mysticism and reflects the influence of many carefully studied sources. Certain phrases of the HESHANG GONG commentary are textually repeated (*Laozi* 12, 15, 17, 22, 36, 41, et al.), but the commentary as a whole employs quite a different approach.

Here we find the mystic theme of total forgetfulness (*jianwang* 健忘), the renunciation of all material, intellectual, and social possessions, the rejection of desire and learning (1.14b and *Laozi* 23 and 27) and even of purity (1.18b). This betrays the unmistakable influence of the Chongxuan 重玄 school and comes well within the bounds of SIMA CHENGZHEN's writings, particularly of his *Daoti lun*. Also present is the notion of *fen* 分 (fate; 4.4b.6b), developed by GUO XIANG and adopted by CHENG XUANYING, which is prefigured in HESHANG GONG's *suo* 所 (place). *Fen* is here coupled with the idea of *yong* 用 (use or function): to each his proper function (*yinyong* 應用; *Laozi* 21, 23, 28). Xuanzong praises the Taoist virtues of feminine receptivity (*Laozi* 16) and of *wuwei* 無爲 (*Laozi* 38, 43), but he also defends Confucian ideals, reinterpreting *ren* 仁 (humanity) to mean "undifferentiated love." (This view was later to be strongly opposed by Zhu Xi 朱熹 [1130–1200]). The rites are understood as a beginning of the return to the Tao when conduct has become inadequate (*Laozi* 38).

On the metaphysical level the text maintains the distinction between the coarser planes of beings (*cuyou* 粗有) and the marvelous plane of nonbeing (*miaowu* 妙無), a distinction inspired by Buddhism but adopted by the commentators of the Chongxuan school. However, the text reestablishes the balance between *wu* 無 and *you* 有 (in particular in 1.12b. 16b, 24b) and between absolute and relative truth (*Laozi* 25 and 40). The "median qi" is that of Harmony and the One, which is the source of yin and yang; this is the "marvelous qi" that must be kept within oneself and by which everything exists (*Laozi* 39, 52).

This commentary is replete with quotations from and references to the classics (particularly the *Yijing*, the Spring and Autumn Annals, and the *Zhuangzi*). Because of its reliance on the classics, the work can be considered a link between the Xuanxue 玄學 and the Neo-Confucian schools. In this respect, Xuanzong's text quotes the famous phrase of Xizi, which was to become a cornerstone of Neo-Confucianism: "the metaphysical is the Tao, the physical the tools" (*xing er shang zhe weizhi dao, xing er xia zhe weizhi qi* 形而上者謂之道形而下者謂之器).

This commentary has been reproduced in several collections, in particular in 706 *Daode zhenjing jizhu*, 711 *Daode zhenjing xuande zuanshu*, and 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi*.

Xuanzong's commentary and subcommentary inspired especially a lengthy further subcommentary by DU GUANGTING, 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi*.

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Isabelle Robinet

Tang Xuanzong yuzhi Daode zhenjing shu 唐玄宗御製道德真經疏

10 juan

Attributed to Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756)

678 (fasc. 356–357)

"Commentary on the *Daode jing* by the Tang Emperor Xuanzong." Xuanzong's subcommentary to his own commentary 677 *Tang Xuanzong yuzhu Daode zhenjing* contains either six or eight juan, depending on the edition (cf. the subcommentary 679 *Tang Xuanzong yuzhi Daode zhenjing shu* 3a and VDL 152). According to the *Jixian zhuji* 集賢注記 (in *Yuhai* 53.11b) this work was composed by a number of literati and Taoist masters. On the whole it simply expands and paraphrases the commentary that precedes it, indicating its many classical references.

This text also contains references to the classics, particularly the *Yijing* and the *Zhuangzi*. These quotations are glossed in turn by DU GUANGTING in 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi*. The commentary is also found in 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi*.

Isabelle Robinet

Tang Xuanzong yuzhi Daode zhenjing shu 唐玄宗御製道德真經疏

4 juan

Attributed to Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756)

679 (fasc. 358)

"Commentary on the *Daode jing* by the Tang Emperor Xuanzong." This commentary on Xuanzong's subcommentary on the *Daode jing* (677 *Tang Xuanzong yuzhu Daode zhenjing* and 678 *Tang Xuanzong yuzhi Daode zhenjing shu*) has been attributed (see VDL 153) to Qiao Feng 喬諷 (950), but it is no more than an extract from DU GUANGTING's commentary on the commentary of Xuanzong (compare, for example, 1.6a–b with Du's 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi* 8.1a–7a).

The work is in some disorder. The preface (1a–4a) repeats part of DU GUANGTING's preface and the beginning of his commentary. The remainder of the preface to the present text repeats 725 *Guangsheng yi* 1.1b. The first sentences of the commentary (1.1a–3b) are an interpolation from CHENG XUANYING's commentary.

DU GUANGTING's text is sometimes placed in the present text under the classification "subcommentary" (*shu* 疏), "commentary" (*zhu* 注), or, as by DU GUANGTING himself, "meaning" (*yi* 義). Occasionally, as in 1.12a–b, two headings are used as if they corresponded to different works, yet they in fact both refer to DU GUANGTING's text. In this instance, a passage has been divided and the two parts transposed.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing zhuan 道德真經傳

4 juan

by Lu Xisheng 陸希聲 (fl. 889–904)

685 (fasc. 368)

"Commentary on the *Daode jing*." Lu Xisheng also wrote commentaries on the *Yijing* and the Spring and Autumn Annals. The preface to the present work is found in YJQQ 1.13a–16a. Another, almost identical version of this commentary exists in the *Zhihai*. Our commentary (1.5b) is cited in 695 *Daode zhenjing jijie* 1.10a–b.

It is only because Laozi was misunderstood that his work has been judged incompatible with the teachings of Confucius, states the author in his preface. He places Laozi beside the great figures of Confucianism, Fu Xi 伏羲 and Wen Wang 文王. The preface thus evokes the general orientation of the commentary.

By and large, the work constitutes a section-by-section paraphrase of the *Laozi*. sections 32, 63, and 64, are divided into two parts; sections 42 and 43 are combined; section 54 precedes 53. The result is a translation of the text into a more accessible and explicit language, by which the commentator seeks to demonstrate that the doctrines of Laozi and Confucius have much in common.

The usual themes of the mystical interpretations of Laozi are found here: the contrasting notions of principle (*li* 理) and things (*shi* 事), essence (*ti* 體) and function (*yong* 用) correspond to the "nameless" and the "named" (1.1b–2a) and to Tao and De (3.17a); heart-mind (*xin* 心) and traces (*ji* 跡; 2.23a) and intrinsic nature (*xing* 性) and passions (*qing* 情) correspond to beings (*you* 有) and nonbeings (*wu* 無; 1.1a–4b). These contrasting notions merge into total forgetfulness (*jian wang* 健忘; 2.23a) and the return to intrinsic nature (*fu xing* 復性), and these in turn lead to the state of great harmony (*datong* 大同; 1.3a–b).

The Spirit of the Valley and the Mysterious Female are the symbols of this fusion (1.6b), the mainspring of an endless chain of action and reaction. By means of this chain, rule by nonaction is made possible and invulnerability is assured (3.18a).

The above may explain why the commentary abounds in quotations taken from the Confucian classics, in particular from the *Yijing* and the Book of Rites and at times from the Analects, with the exclusion of the writings of other schools. Section 47 of

the *Daode jing*, “Without Going Beyond His Doors He Understands the World,” is explained by the Confucian formula of the expansion of love and knowledge from what is near to what is far through personal introspection (*Daxue* 3.12b–13b). The commentaries on section 32 (“On the Nameless”) and section 56 (“Those Who Speak Do Not Know . . .”) are each made the occasion for a discourse on the rectification of names (2.15b–16b).

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing xinzhuzhu 道德真經新註

4 juan

By Li Yue 李約 (fl. 810)

692 (fasc. 375)

“New Commentary on the *Daode jing*.” According to PENG SI (commentator on the 709 *Daode zhenjing jizhu zashuo*) and Dong Sijing 董思靖 (commentator on the 705 *Daode zhenjing jijie*), this commentary dates from the Tang dynasty (618–907; see 709 *Jizhu zashuo* 1.4b and 705 *Zhenjing jijie* third preface, 3a). The present text (4.6b) is quoted by CHEN JINGYUAN in 714 *Daode zhenjing cangshi zuanwei pian* 9.11a. It is mentioned in Song catalogues VDL 106. The reading Na 納 in the name Li Na, given as the author of a commentary of the *Laozi* mentioned in *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” 5.1b, is probably an error for Yue 約.

The commentary is divided into chapters, thirty-seven for the *Daojing* and forty-one for the *Dejing* (chapters 43 and 44 are combined, as are chapters 48 and 49, and 68 and 69).

As the author explains in his preface (1a–b), the originality of this commentary lies primarily in the punctuation adopted in chapter 25.2.6b: Instead of “Humanity models itself on Earth, Earth on Heaven . . .,” the author reads “One who models oneself on Earth is just like Earth, one who models oneself on Heaven, is just like Heaven; this is the law of nature.” This sentence thus accords with that which speaks of the four Greats (Humanity, Earth, Heaven, and the Tao).

Interpretation in terms of cultivation of one’s person (*zhishen* 治身) takes precedence over metaphysical interpretations, as in 2.3b, 7b. The Tao is simply the void, nonbeing (*wu* 無; 3.3b). Any connotation of *wu* and *you* 有 as being and nonbeing is ignored. HESHANG GONG’s interpretation of the Dark and the Female is accepted as possible (1.4a); one also finds a vitalistic interpretation (3.9a) with a quotation from the *Huangting jing* 黃庭經. Immortality is the survival of the spirit, or spirits, beyond the body, not physical immortality (2.12a–b). Life is defined as the spirit (*shen* 神; 4.8b) that abides in the heart-mind, provided the latter is empty (4.8b).

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing zhigui 道德真經指歸

7 juan

Attributed to YAN ZUN 嚴遵 (59–24 B.C.); subcommentary attributed to Gushen zi 谷神子

693 (fasc. 376–377)

“Return to the Meaning of the Tao.” Apart from this text, originally in fourteen juan, YAN ZUN wrote a commentary on the *Laozi* in two juan, which is extant. The question of the authenticity of this *Zhigui* has been the subject of much debate (see bibliography below).

The main argument against its authenticity is based upon the fact that it is not quoted in ancient texts. All that can be said with confidence is that the present work dates at least from Tang times (618–907).

The commentary exists in two versions. One, in the edition of Hu Zhenheng 胡震亨 (1569–1644), is found in the *Bice huihan* 秘冊彙函 and in the *Jindai bishu* 津逮祕書; the other is the present text, which seems to be better preserved than the other versions, for the following reasons:

1. The fact that juan 1–6 are lost is indicated. Unlike the other version, where the chapters are numbered 1 to 6, here they are listed under their original numbers 7 to 13.
2. The present version includes an additional final chapter that is missing in the other versions.
3. This version includes the text of the *Laozi*, as noted by Lu Deming 陸德明 (556–627) in *Jingdian shiwen*, by Chao Gongwu 晁公武 (12th c.; see the introduction 1b by Yan Lingfeng, “Bian Yan Zun *Daode zhigui lun* fei weishu”), and by Fan Yingyuan (13th c.) in *Laozi daode jing guben jizhu*.

The present version contains two prefaces, or one preface in two parts (the second part in smaller print). They are unsigned. The second preface also appears in Hu Zhenheng’s edition, in the *Bice huihan* (between 1573–1619), where it stands as the first part of what was considered to be the preface by the subcommentator Gushen zi, an attribution now contested.

Our version has a subcommentary that is in fact limited to a few textual glosses. Gushen zi has not been identified with certainty as its author. Some scholars believe that it could have been written by Feng Kuo 馮廓, or by PEI XING, author of a commentary mentioned in the *Tang shu*, or perhaps by Zheng Huang 鄭還古; the last two figures were both known as Gushen zi and lived in Tang times.

The notion of the reversibility of opposites, one leading to the other, may be said to be the basis of YAN ZUN’s system of thought. Several postulates accrue from this reversibility: it implies a single source as the basis of all antithetic dualities, and it

betokens a state of perpetual flux, an eternal renewal, and a propensity toward a harmonious equilibrium. This single source, this absolute reality, can be neither grasped nor named. All phenomena are no more than vague shadows of this reality. Thus YAN ZUN commends suspended judgment and nonaction.

Furthermore, YAN ZUN draws a kind of cosmogonic picture of his metaphysical approach: the Tao is the Void of the Void; the De is the One and the Void. The One is both existence and nonexistence: as the One of the One, it gives life; as the principle of transformation it achieves the ultimate completion. Two is the Spirit and the non-existence of nonexistence (the *wu* 無 of the *wu*). Three is the Great Harmony and the *wu* from which proceed Heaven and Earth, yin and yang. After these comes the sage or, as the case may be, the pneuma, and then the form or substance (*xing* 形). In the course of his commentary, the author gives several variants of this picture but always maintains the same dramatis personae: Tao, De, Spirit, Great Harmony.

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Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing xuande zuanshu 道德真經玄德纂疏

20 juan

Compiled by Qiang Siqi 強思齊 (ninth century)

711 (fasc. 407–413)

"Compendium of Commentaries on the Mysterious Virtue of the *Daode jing*." This work is preceded by a preface bearing the signature DU GUANGTING (850–933). It should be noted that this preface is dated 964. The preface states that Qiang Siqi lived at the end of the ninth century.

The commentaries provided are those of the Emperor Xuanzong (commentary and subcommentary), HESHANG GONG, YAN ZUN, Li Rong 李榮, and CHENG XUANYING. The title of each section is accompanied by a gloss in two parts: the first part is analytic and is by CHENG XUANYING (compare the Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2517, a fragment of Cheng's commentary). The second part was probably written by Qiang Siqi.

Foreign passages have slipped into the opening pages of the compendium. In 1.2b–3b, the subcommentary by Xuanzong, for instance, is followed by a short passage taken from CHENG XUANYING's introduction to his commentary (see the introduction in the Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2553). Similarly, the latter part of Li

Rong's commentary 1.4a–b was written by WU YUN and is in fact an extract from 1052 *Zongxuan xiansheng xuangang lun* 1a–b and 5b–6a.

Thanks to this compendium, texts that have been considered lost can be restored. The Xuanzong and HESHANG GONG commentaries are both extant; the missing first part of the YAN ZUN commentary is here preserved.

The same is true for the second half of the Li Rong commentary, also found here. The commentary by CHENG XUANYING has been considered lost, but by comparing his text in our compendium with the subcommentary found in 710 *Daode zhenjing zhushu*, it has been possible to attribute the latter to CHENG XUANYING.

A close examination of the existing commentaries reveals that they are contained in their entirety in our compendium, with the exception of certain textual remarks (certain variants should be noted; also, for example in 1.9a the remarks found in 722 *Daode zhenjing zhu* 1.3a are omitted; the textual observations made by CHENG XUANYING in 710 *Daode zhenjing zhushu* are also omitted in the compendium). Consequently it may now be said that the lost commentaries have been preserved here virtually intact.

The CHENG XUANYING commentary belongs to the school of Double Mystery (Chongxuan 重玄). For a study of this commentary see the bibliography below.

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Isabelle Robinet

Daode jing lunbing yaoyi shu 道德經論兵要義述

4 juan

By Wang Zhen 王真; presented in 809

713 (fasc. 417)

"The Essential Meaning of the Discussion of Things Military in the *Daode jing*."

This text is an interpretation of the *Laozi* as a guide for military action in the broadest sense. The work is preceded by three documents: a covering letter for its presentation to the court, dated 809; the imperial approval; and an explanatory introduction to the work itself. Although Wang's explanations are based on the idea that no section in the *Daode jing* is unrelated to military affairs, he does not offer a martial exegesis, but affirms that noncontending is the essential message of the *Laozi* (5a).

The text of the *Daode jing* is provided integrally only in a few instances; mostly it is paraphrased and semantically explained.

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2 juan

By Song Luan 宋鸞; Tang (618–907)?

977 (fasc. 614–615)

“Hymns on the Chapters of the Way and Its Power.” The author, whose official titles as imperial censor and member of the judicial administration do not disclose precise indications as to the period in which he was active, is otherwise unknown. The present work is listed in the *Bishu sheng xubian dao siku jueshu mu* (VDL 153) under the title “Leisurely Tunes to the Chapters of the Way and Its Power” (*Daode pianmu xianyin* 道德篇目閑吟).

In his undated preface, the author seeks to demonstrate the wisdom of Laozi through illustrations of the past, and he declares his intention, in writing the present poetical commentary, to follow the instructions by the reigning emperor for promoting Taoism. It is possible that the emperor in question is Tang Xuanzong. Graphic variants in the preface show that the present work observes Song taboos and thus may have been included in the Song canon.

Following the chapter headings as they appear in the edition of 677 *Tang Xuanzong yuzhu Daode zhenjing*, Song Luan presents his musings in seven-syllable verse. The poetry is interspersed with quotations from the text of the *Daode jing* and its commentaries, mainly by Tang Xuanzong and HESHANG GONG, which at times he amends rather freely. Occasionally, the author comments on his own poems by quoting historical anecdotes.

Kristofer Schipper

Daode zhenjing shuyi 道德真經疏義

3 juan

By Zhao Zhijian 趙志堅; Tang (618–907)

719 (fasc. 428)

“Commentary on the *Daode jing*.” A work of that time in three or four juan by Zhao Zhijian is mentioned in the Song bibliographies (VDL 153). DU GUANGTING, in the preface to his commentary (dated 901) to 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi* 3b, speaks of a Master of the Law Zhao Jian, author of a commentary in six juan. The preface to 705 *Daode zhenjing jijie* 3a, reproducing DU GUANGTING’s preface, gives the name as Zhao Zhijian. These texts therefore seem to refer to the same Zhao Zhijian commentary, dating from the eighth century at the latest. Wang Zhongmin (*Laozi kao*, 177, 267) speaks of two different commentaries.

The text under consideration here is incomplete. The entire first part (*Daojing*) in three juan is missing, as well as sixteen chapters of the second part (4.21b and 6.1a).

The content of the commentary, which is centered for the most part on medi-

tation, suggests that this is in fact the work of a Buddhist under the Tang dynasty (618–907).

The author opens each chapter of the *Laozi* with a résumé, before proceeding with a phrase-by-phrase analysis. His interpretation emphasizes the empty heart-mind (*xin* 心) as superior to the “correct” heart-mind (*zheng xin* 正心; 5.16b–17a), as well as sitting in meditation (*zuowang* 坐忘; 5.25a–b). In 5.5a–b the author develops the theme of the three degrees of contemplation, “being” (*you* 有), “nonbeing” (*wu* 無), and “correct contemplation,” which transcends the latter.

In 5.28a–29a the phrase “what stays still is easy to hold” (*Laozi* 64) is interpreted as referring to tranquility of the heart-mind, which must be maintained before thought and feeling manifest themselves.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi 道德真經廣聖義

50 juan

By DU GUANGTING 杜光庭; preface dated 901

725 (fasc. 440–448)

“Explications Expanding upon the Sage’s [Commentary on the] True Scripture of the Way and Its Power.” The original work comprised only thirty juan (see the preface, 5b). A Song version, also in thirty juan, was entitled *Daode jing guangsheng yi* (see *Chongwen zongmu* 5.6b). It is not known, however, whether this discrepancy reflects a difference in substance or in arrangement.

The preface, dated 30 October 901 and undoubtedly composed by DU GUANGTING himself, begins with a legendary account of the *Daode jing*’s provenance and proceeds to list sixty-one earlier commentators of the scripture. The last entry in this catalogue is the commentary by Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756) “in six juan” (cf. below); it is followed by the statement that the present text is an elaboration upon the latter (4a).

The bulk of Du’s “Explications” consists in fact of a subcommentary on the commentary (678 *Tang Xuanzong yuzhi Daode zhenjing shu*) and on the annotations (677 *Tang Xuanzong yuzhu Daode zhenjing*) of Emperor Xuanzong, the “sage” in the work’s title. DU GUANGTING introduces this scholiastic feat with quantities of historical and theological material. The first juan analyses phrase by phrase Xuanzong’s decree of 723 announcing the imperial commentaries (1.1b–9a; for the text of the decree see also 677 *Daode zhenjing*, preface). It continues with a life of the emperor (1.10a–11a) and an outline of the scripture’s teaching in thirty-eight lessons (*jiao* 教; 1.11b–18b). The following chapter is devoted entirely to the first sentence of the introduction (*shiti* 釋題) to Xuanzong’s commentary: “‘Laozi’ is the private style (*neihao* 內號) of the Most High Emperor Xuanyuan.” This phrase gives rise to a treatise on the cosmic origin of

the deified Laozi, his revelation of sacred literature, subsequent transformations and epiphanies, and finally his esoteric and hypostatic appellations, as well as on the titles conferred on the deity by early Tang rulers. Two further chapters conclude this broad exposition of Xuanzong's introduction. Du's citation of the text of the introduction ends with the words "six juan in all," a phrase that for obvious reasons is absent from the present ten-juan version of the commentary. Juan 5 of the "Explications" analyses the juxtaposition of the pair "Way" and "Power" and the corresponding division of the *Daode jing*, as decreed by Xuanzong. With juan 6, finally, begins the work's main task of exegesis, in which DU GUANGTING joins his own extensive explications (*yi* 義) to both Xuanzong's commentary (*shu* 疏) and annotations (*zhu* 注), devoting full chapters to between one and three of the original scripture's eighty-one brief stanzas (*zhang* 章).

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35 juan

By GUO XIANG 郭象 (fl. 312) and CHENG XUANYING 成玄英 (fl. 650)

745 (fasc. 507–509)

"Commentaries on the True Scripture of the Southern Florescence." This text of the *Zhuangzi* has a commentary by GUO XIANG and a subcommentary by CHENG XUANYING. It is preceded by prefaces by each of these commentators. Chapters 2 and 6 of the *Zhuangzi* are divided into two parts, thus accounting for the thirty-five chapters of the present work.

The commentary and subcommentary were originally published separately. Both were revised by ZHANG JUNFANG (fl. 1028; cf. 737 *Nanhua zhenjing zhangju yushi* 20b). There are two other extant editions that carry the two commentaries together: the first by Li Shuzhang 黎庶昌 in *Guyi congsu* 古逸叢書 (Tokyo 1882–1884; the modern critical edition by Cao Chuji and Huang Lanfa is based on this), and the second by Guo Qingfan 郭慶藩 in *Zhuangzi jishi* (preface dated 1894). The prefaces are also found in 738 *Nanhua zhenjing yushi zalu* 1.9a–12b.

The *Zhuangzi*'s text here is the version edited by GUO XIANG, that is, the truncated and reorganized version rearranged into thirty-three chapters (*pian* 篇; see the postface mentioned below). The particular edition of the *Zhuangzi* in our text seems to be that of CHENG XUANYING, revised by ZHANG JUNFANG (compare the present text 1.10b, 5.3b, 5.17b with 737 *Zhangju yushi* 8a, 9a, 9b; and 6.9b in our text with 736 *Zhangju yinyi* 8b).

There exist also several editions of the GUO XIANG commentary, either standing alone or accompanied by textual glosses by Lu Deming 陸德明 (556–627). Variants concern minor points of detail. There seems to be no edition before the Song, although some fragments from the Tang (618–907) are found among the Dunhuang manuscripts. The present form of the GUO XIANG commentary is incomplete (see the critical edition of variants in Wang Shumin, *Guo Xiang Zhuangzi*). The postface to the commentary is missing. It was rediscovered in the Kōzanji in Kyoto and has been edited by Fukunaga Mitsuji (Sōshi, postface, 4) and Takeuchi Yoshio ("Rōshi to Sōshi," 247 ff.). Zhang Zhan's 張湛 (fl. 370) quotations from this commentary in 732 *Chongxu zhide zhen jing sijie* are slightly different (compare, for example, our text 6.10b and 5.58b with 732 *Sijie* 9.27b and 9.16b–17a, etc.). A number of errors of attribution are to be noted: the words of 34.7a, for example, are CHENG XUANYING's and not those of GUO XIANG (this passage is not in Lu Deming's version).

On the basis of remarks made in *Shishuo xinyu* 4.17, GUO XIANG was long held to have plagiarized Xiang Xiu 向秀 (ca. 221–300). Many scholars have shown this allegation to be false (see, in particular, Fukunaga Mitsuji, "Kaku Shō no Sōshi zhū to Kō Shū no Sōshi zhū"). For conclusive proof, one need refer only to Lu Deming's quotations, in his *Jingdian shiwen*, of the commentary by Xiang Xiu. CHENG XUANYING was a notable Taoist master from the middle of the seventh century who also wrote commentaries on the *Daode jing* 道德經 and *Duren jing* 度人經 (cf. 87 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing sizhu*). The subcommentary by Cheng existed independently of GUO XIANG's commentary (cf. the bibliographical chapters of the *Jiu Tang shu* 47.2029, where Cheng's subcommentary is mentioned as comprising twelve juan, and of the *Song shi* 205.5180, where it is listed in ten juan).

Cheng states in his preface (4b) that he had assembled the *Zhuangzi*'s text into thirty chapters. Our edition, therefore, does not correspond to its original form. His quotations of GUO XIANG's commentary sometimes also differ from the present text (cf. 20.10b; 21.14b).

This subcommentary, like the *Daode jing* commentary by the same author, is much marked by Mādhyamika doctrine and belongs to the commentaries of the Chongxuan 重玄 or Double Mystery school. The mainspring of this school is the "middle-Tao" that stands equidistant from affirmation and negation. The second of the double *xuan* 玄 consists of rejecting all notions, not only the notion of the distinction between affirmation and negation, but also the notion of the two merging together and thus annihilating any trace of duality, and even the notion of that which lies beneath the unifying of complementary opposites. The technique of the Double Mystery school is to proceed in two stages: the first is "forgetfulness," or the rejection of all emotional or conceptual opposites; the second is forgetfulness and rejection of the first rejection. This double rejection is the meaning given in chapter 20 of the *Zhuangzi* to the

sentence “I place myself between usefulness and uselessness; this resembles but is not [the Tao]: there one is not freed from all shackles” (22.1b–2a).

According to CHENG XUANYING, when Zhuangzi uses the term “useful,” he means “nonuseful” action, which is nonaction; between the two is the Tao of the middle. Although Zhuangzi keeps his distance from the two extremes, he remains in the “middle-one” and thus he has not rejected the middle. “This resembles the Tao, but it is not the true Tao.” Zhuangzi continues, “But for those who take the Tao and De as their mount and go freely wandering, it is not the same.”

Cheng adds the commentary: “He has rejected the two extremes and moreover has forgotten the “middle-one,” he has rejected and again rejected, *xuan*, and again, *xuan*.”

The Buddhist technique of the Four Terms (the affirmation of being or existence [*you* 有]; the affirmation of the contrary [*wu* 無]; the simultaneous affirmation and rejection of the two) is specifically expounded in juan 2 of our text, more methodically and more explicitly than in CHENG XUANYING’s commentary of the *Laozi*. Cheng’s choice of GUO XIANG’s commentary as his point of departure is perfectly logical. GUO XIANG had already worked upon the notions of rejection and forgetfulness and had provided an exact outline of this mechanism of double rejection when he wrote: “reject the affirmation, then reject that rejection: reject and again reject until nonrejection is attained” (8.7b).

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Isabelle Robinet

Tongxuan zhenjing 通玄真經

2 juan

Commentary by Xu Lingfu 徐靈府, *hao Moxi zi* 默希子; completed between

809–815

746 (fasc. 520–522)

“True Scripture of Communion with Mystery.” This title was bestowed on the Taoist philosophical work *Wenzi* 文子 simultaneously with the canonization of the four disciples of Laozi—Zhuangzi 莊子, Liezi 列子, Wenzi 文子, and Kangcang zi 亢倉子—in 742 (*Tang huiyao* 50.866).

The *Han shu* 30.1729 lists a *Wenzi* in nine *pian* 篇, whereas the *Sui shu* 34.1001 lists a book of the same title in twelve juan and records the loss of the text in nine *pian*. These facts, added to the observation that the extant *Wenzi* shows influences from the *Huainan zi* 淮南子 (see 1184 *Huainan honglie jie*) and even from its early commen-

taries (Wang Shumin, *Zhuazi jiaozheng*, 493–539), have led to the conclusion that the received text is a drastic rewriting of the “Proto-Wenzi” and has to be dated between the third and fourth century (a commentary to the new version was written by Zhang Zhan 張湛, fl. 370; see Kandel, *Wen tzu*, 26).

The 1973 excavation in Dingzhou 定州 (Hebei) of the textual fragments of the original *Wenzi* on bamboo confirms this conclusion. The latest date on the bamboo slips is 56 B.C. It was found that the dialogue originally took place between the instructing Wenzi and King Ping 平王 (of Zhou?), and not, as handed down traditionally, between Laozi and the inquiring Wenzi. Moreover, the questions that have been transmitted to us through the later text were originally formulated as answers, and the answers as questions.

In spite of these discrepancies, there also seem to have been parallels between both versions (see the publications of Hebei sheng wenwu yanjiu suo Dingzhou Hanjian zhengli xiaozu listed below). On the other hand, comparisons with the Dunhuang fragment Pelliot 3768 (see Wang Zhongmin, *Dunhuang guji xulu*, 245–57) and a passage in YJQQ 91.1a–11b show that the rewritten *Wenzi* continued to undergo considerable modification.

The text had previously been commentated in the fourth century by Zhang Zhan (this commentary, mentioned above, is now lost), by Li Xian 李暹 (sixth century, also lost), and possibly by Zhu Bian 朱弁 (on the date of the latter, see the following article on 749 *Tongxuan zhenjing*). In its present form, the received text of the *Wenzi* seems to date back to Xu Lingfu. Xu completed his commentary on Mount Heng 衡山 between 809 and 815 (see the preface). In his commentary, he generally limits himself to terse paraphrases that closely follow the wording of the text. In contrast to the Song printed edition—which has no preface and of which juan 9, 11, and 12 have been only partially preserved—the *Daozang* edition is complete. A comparison undertaken by Zhang Yuanji 張元濟 (1866–1956) has revealed numerous textual differences of varying importance with respect to the Song edition (see his appendix of 1936 to the edition of the *Tongxuan zhenjing* in *Sibu congkan* 四部叢刊).

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Tongxuan zhenjing 通玄真經

7 juan

By Zhu Bian 朱弁, hao Zhengyi 正儀

749 (fasc. 525–526)

“True Scripture of Communion with Mystery.” A commentary on the *Wenzi* in twelve juan by Zhu Bian (var. Zhu Bing 并, Zhu Qi 棄, and Zhu Xuan 玄) is first mentioned in *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku qieshu mu*. The *Junzhai dushu zhi* 11.476, which gives the name as Zhu Xuan and indicates twelve juan, no doubt refers to the present work, but dates it to the Tang dynasty (618–907). The entry mentions the earlier loss of the section “Fuyan 符言” *Wenzi* (4), which is said to have been replaced in some versions by the corresponding portion from Xu Lingfu’s 徐靈府 commentary (see the article on 746 *Tongxuan zhenjing* and VDL 93).

Our present version preserves only seven juan of Zhu’s commentary (juan 4 and 7 were drawn from Xu Lingfu) and claims that Zhu lived during the Song (960–1279). Yet the fact that Zhu is said to have served as subprefect of Jinyun 縉雲 in Guazhou 括州 (Zhejiang) points rather to the Tang, more specifically to a date between 758 and 769, the period during which Jinyun was administered as a subprefecture of Guazhou (renamed Chuzhou 處州 after 769).

As far as any comparison is possible (juan 5), Zhu’s main text seems to be closer to the Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 3768 (see Wang Zhongmin, *Dunhuang guji xulu*, 245–57) than to Xu Lingfu’s version. Reconstructing the lost portions of Zhu’s commentary is partly possible on the basis of the “old commentary” in juan 9 of the *Wenzi zuanyi* 文子續義 version from the *Yongle dadian* 永樂大典, which is not by Xu Lingfu (see the article on 748 *Tongxuan zhenjing zuanyi*).

Zhu Bian’s commentary gives priority to the cosmic-mystical aspects of the text over its political implications. For him, the central theme is finding the way back to one’s nature (*xing* 性) and one’s innermost principle (*li* 理) in perfect harmony (*shun* 順) with the phenomena of the universe (*wuxiang* 物象).

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2.A.1.b Tang Philosophical Texts (General)

As far as Taoist philosophy is concerned, the Tang dynasty is primarily a time of synthesis. Two important trends, reflected in most of the works in this section, are

discernable. The first trend, now generally known as Chongxuan 重玄 or Double Mystery, flourished during the seventh century and continued to exert its influence as late as the tenth century. Leading figures of this new development in Taoist mysticism, such as CHENG XUANYING and Li Rong 李榮, often expressed their views in the form of commentaries on the *Daode jing* or the *Zhuangzi*. Hence, their works are treated in the previous section of this book. Works in the form of dialogic treatises, authored by other figures, have also been preserved, such as 1048 *Xuanzhu lu* and 1035 *Daoti lun*. The path proposed by Double Mystery (the name originates in the line *xuan zhi you xuan* 玄之又玄 from the first chapter of the *Daode jing*) combines the mystical potential of the Taoist classics with the views and methodology of Mādhyamika philosophy. The attainment of union with the Tao necessitates an act of “twofold obscuring” or “twofold rejecting,” which leads to the eventual surpassing all contradictions, as between vulgarity and wisdom, being and nonbeing, duality and nonduality. Although Taoist masters of the late seventh and the eighth centuries, like SIMA CHENGZHEN and WU YUN, cannot be properly considered representative of Chongxuan learning, their works in this section (1026 *Tianyin zi*, 1036 *Zuowang lun*, 1038 *Xinmu lun*, and 1052 *Zongxuan xiansheng xuangang lun*) bear witness to its influence.

The second trend, which gained in importance after the rebellion of An Lushan 安祿山 (755–757), was far less concerned with Taoist and Buddhist mysticism, reflecting instead an increasingly critical attitude toward socio-political matters, all the while continuing the old search for accommodation of China’s two native systems of thought, Confucianism and Taoism. Good examples of this trend are Wang Shiyuan’s 王士源 *Kangcang zi*, which was later renamed 669 *Dongling zhenjing*, and Luo Yin’s 羅隱 1135 *Taiping liangtong shu*. Also 1044 *Huashu*, though ideologically much more complex than the works just mentioned, partly reflects this trend. Sometimes, as in the case of 1027 *Sulü zi*, Taoist influence is tenuous at best.

One text that falls outside the major tendencies in Tang thought is 1028 *Wuneng zi*. Violently anti-Confucianist and hardly influenced by Buddhism, it is one of the few Tang works to offer a faithful elaboration of the most radical elements of classical Taoist philosophy.

Taishang dongxuan lingbao fashen zhilun 太上洞玄靈寶法身製論

3 fols.

Tang (618–907)

462 (fasc. 203)

“Regulations for the Body of the Law.” The term *fashen*, which is not explained in this short text itself, is borrowed from Buddhism, where it denotes the highest of the three bodies of Buddha (*trikāya*): the embodiment of absolute truth (*dharmakāya*). The work 1129 *Daojiao yishu* 1.3a–8a contains a section on this term, mainly quoting

9 *Taishang yicheng haikong zhizang jing* and *Benji jing* 本際經 from the Sui and Tang dynasties. Around the same time, other Taoist works frequently use this term in the expression *chujia fashen* 出家法身 which seems to be synonymous with simply *chujia* (monk, Taoist; e.g., 336 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao yebao yinyuan jing* 1.3b–4b).

This latter meaning of *fashen* seems to apply to the present title. In eight paragraphs the text provides basic rules, mainly of a general kind, for the conduct of Taoists. Sanctions for offenses against these rules are temporary suspension (*jingu* 禁錮), or exclusion from the diocese and annulment of the register (*duozhi xuelu* 奪治削錄). Especially the common practice of seeking to gain merit by releasing living beings (*fangsheng* 放生) at certain times in the fifth month is denounced, because the animals were first caught for this purpose. The text also briefly refers to the detailed rules by LU XIUJING.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Xuanzhu ge 玄珠歌

4 fols.

By Tongxuan xiansheng 通玄先生; tenth century

573 (fasc. 320)

“The Song of the Mysterious Pearl.” The author has not been identified with certainty. *Chongwen zongmu* 9.15a seems to suggest that Zhang Jianming 張薦明 (fl. 939) is the author (cf. LZTT 46.8a). The thirty didactic verses describe the Mysterious Pearl.

The radiance of the pearl represents the completeness of the human being. If the “original spiritual forces” and the “original completeness” diminish and are finally lost, humans also lose the Mysterious Pearl. In this song, the Mysterious Pearl is an entity that may be apprehended by meditative means. However, it is endangered by a profane attitude of mind and a negligent way of life. The text explains that the undiminished presence of the Mysterious Pearl produces most favorable effects, especially the “ascension to a state of perfection.”

Florian C. Reiter

Xuanzhu xinjing zhu 玄珠心鏡註

10 fols.

By Hengyue zhenzi 衡嶽眞子; Five Dynasties (907–960)

574 (fasc. 320)

“The Commentary on the Mysterious Pearl and the Mirror of the Mind.” This text comments upon two poems, “Shouyi shi” (On the Preservation of the One; 1a–6a) and “Dadao shouyi bao zhang” (The Precious Stanza about the Preservation of the One by the Great Tao; 6a–10b). Concerning their origin, see 575 *Xuanzhu xinjing zhu*, which

predates this work. Hengyue zhenzi is probably to be identified with CHEN SHAO-WEI (see 1017 *Daoshu* 31.1a). The *Chongwen zongmu* 9.14a lists this commentary.

This commentary contains an abridged version of the poems, which appear in the commentary of 575 *Xuanzhu xinjing zhu*. Special emphasis is laid on the meaning of *xin* 心 (mind) as mirror (cf. 1017 *Daoshu* 37.2b), and on the meaning of the scale. The latter measures, by means of meditation, the success of the endeavor of “embracing the original [Being] and preserving the One” (10a). At the end of this work there are passages that differ from the respective section in 575 *Xuanzhu xinjing zhu*. Hengyue zhenzi criticizes statements by Taoists of his time who made pretentious claims about their successes. This commentary distinguishes five phases of time that demarcate the progressive improvements of the state of mind. In the end, there should be a complete absence of any influences of the outside world. Consequently, the physical conditions would improve according to a succession of seven phases; the last phase is said to be far beyond the Three Worlds (10b).

Florian C. Reiter

Xuanzhu xinjing zhu 玄珠心鏡註

36 fols.

Commentary by Wang Sunzhi 王損之; edited by Zhangsun Zi 長孫紫, hao Juzé 巨澤; Tang (618–907)?

575 (fasc. 320)

“The Commentary on the Mysterious Pearl and the Mirror of the Mind.” This work was written by Wang Sunzhi and transmitted by Zhangsun Zi (see the preface, dated 817). It contains two poems with commentaries, and is listed in *Bishu sheng quesu mu* 2.31b (VDL 134). The account of the history of the poem “Shouyi shi” (On the Preservation of the One) is the same as in *Taiping guangji* 67.414–16. It had been revealed by Cui Shaoxuan 崔少玄, who was the wife of Lu Chui 盧陲. Being an exiled secretary of the Jade Emperor, she gave that poem to her husband just before her return to the heavens. However, her husband was unable to understand the poem. In Shaanxi he happened to meet Wang Sunzhi, who explained the poem and wrote an appropriate text, for which he designed the title *Xuanzhu xinjing*. It is this text that is here presented as “commentary.” A second poem with a similar title is said to stem from the same source (30a ff.). Neither the preface of this work nor *Taiping guangji* 67 mention that poem. It is likely that this edition of *Xuanzhu xinjing zhu* was compiled after 817.

The commentary connects the topic of the preservation of the Original One or the “Buddha mind” (*xinyin* 心印) with meditative and physiological concepts. The Original One or the Pure Yang is the Mysterious Pearl.

Florian C. Reiter

Dongling zhenjing 洞靈真經

30 fols.

Attributed to Gengsang Chu 庚桑楚

669 (fasc. 349)

"True Scripture of the Communion with the Divine." The origin of this philosophical work is directly related to the honors conferred by Tang Xuanzong (r. 712–756) on the ancestor of the dynasty (Laozi), his four disciples (Zhuangzi 莊子, Liezi 列子, Wenzi 文子, Kangcang zi 亢倉子), and the writings attributed to these figures. The book *Kangcang zi* (or *Gengsang zi* 庚桑子) was first mentioned when the emperor, in early 742, recommended it to the Central Chancellery (*zhongshu menxia* 中書門下) for verification and revision. The intention was to grant it the title *Dongling zhenjing* and then to use it, together with the other three newly canonized works, as an examination text in the Taoist institutes of the empire (Chongxuan xue 崇玄學). The

actual author of the present work was the hermit Wang Shiyuan 王士源 [元] (fl. 742) from Yicheng 宜城 (Hubei). Wang took the chapter "Gengsang chu 庚桑楚" from the *Zhuangzi* as a starting point and, using other philosophical writings, created a new work comprising nine chapters (*pian* 篇; see *Xin Tang shu* 59.1518; *Meng Haoran ji*, preface by Wang).

Although scholars opposed the state-authorized promulgation of the book (*Meng Haoran ji*, preface by Wei Tao 韋滔 [750]; *Zizhi tongjian waiji* 1.16b–17a, citing Feng Yan 封演 [fl. 742–805]), the *Kangcang zi* soon began to circulate in various versions, differing mainly in its division into juan. However, no officially certified version of the text was established by the imperial library (Bishu sheng 秘書省) until 1117 (*Tongjian changbian jishi benmo* 127.4b).

Phonetic explanations of the archaic characters typical of the text are also found in the edition commentated by He Can 何璨 (for details see the article on 747 *Dongling zhenjing*).

The brief biography of Gengsang Chu preceding the *Daozang* edition of the text comes from 163 *Xuanyuan shizi tu* (q.v.). The woodcut



FIGURE 21. Gengsang zi (669 1a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/664)

print depicting the philosopher (fig. 21) may be based on ZHAO MENGFU's illustration of Zhang Junxiang's 張君相 (1254–1322) edition of the same work.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Tianyin zi 天隱子

6 fols.

By SIMA CHENGZHEN 司馬承禎 (647–735)

1026 (fasc. 672)

"Master Hidden in the Heavens." This book's title is the name of an unknown immortal and its legendary author. SIMA CHENGZHEN, twelfth patriarch of the Shangqing school (not the thirteenth as stated in the colophon), is considered the author only of the commentary. It is mentioned in the Song bibliographical catalogues (VDL 84); one version is said to have included an appendix on the Three Palace method, which is not found in present text. *Quan Tang wen* 924.17a–b contains only the preface.

The book is divided into eight paragraphs: the first three are of a general nature; the last five correspond to the five stages of liberation until complete deliverance (4b). The first stage, liberation by faith, is attained by fasting and observance of interdictions: abstinence from cereals, nourishing oneself by the qi, massage, and self-discipline curbing all excess. The second stage, liberation by emptying the mind, is achieved by retreating to a room where the half-light and atmosphere are conducive to a balance of yin and yang influences.

The third stage, liberation through knowledge, is the fixing of the spirits by the heart-mind (*xin*) and visual meditation on the body. Next comes the stage of seated meditation, "sitting and forgetting" (*zuowang* 坐忘), through which the adept attains stillness and, finally, forgetfulness, both of himself and everything around him. This is liberation through concentration.

These four stages or liberations lead to the deliverance by the spirit (or of the spirit): this deliverance is the One of the *Yijing*; the "all things being equal" of the *Zhuangzi*; the *Daode* of the *Laozi* and the *tathatā* (*zhenru* 眞如) of the Buddhists. It leads to the state, earthly or heavenly, of immortality (*xian* 仙).

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Isabelle Robinet

Sulü zi 素履子

3 juan

By Zhang Hu 張弧; Tang (618–907)

1027 (fasc. 672)

“Master Plain Conduct.” As the short preface explains, the title of this work derives from the tenth hexagram of the Book of Changes—*lǚ* 履 (“to tread,” “to conduct”)—where it is said that “he whose conduct is plain (simple, unadorned) can go forth without blame.” Zhang Hu’s book was written as a warning against forgetting this rule of conduct.

About the author, little is known. Apparently, Zhang Hu once held the titles of court gentleman for ceremonial service (*jiangshi lang* 將仕郎) and probationary case reviewer in the Court of Judicial Review (*shi dali pingshi* 試大理評事).

The *Daozang* edition is now the oldest printed version of the *Sulü zi*. The text can also be found in a half dozen other collectanea, the earliest being the *Fanshi qishu* 范氏奇書 from the Jiajing period (1522–1565).

The Song catalogues that mention this work (see VDL 131) consider it to be Confucian, and they have every reason to do so. Of the fourteen sections of the book, only the first two (on the Way and its Virtue) are clearly Taoist in inspiration, and even here the Confucian influence is easily recognizable. Zhang Hu then proceeds to elucidate a number of Confucian values, such as loyalty, filial piety, benevolence, righteousness, wisdom, trustworthiness, etiquette, and music. The book concludes with Zhang Hu’s observations on the nature of wealth and nobility, poverty and lowliness, peace and crisis. Anyone familiar with Zhou and Han Confucianism will have to look hard for original contributions in the *Sulü zi*. At best, our text is to be viewed as one of the less interesting examples of the Tang dynasty tendency to synthesize Confucian and Taoist thought.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

Xuanzhen zi waipian 玄真子外篇

3 juan

By Zhang Zhihe 張志和 (fl. 757–762)

1029 (fasc. 672)

“Supplementary Book of the Master of the Obscure Truth.” *Xuanzhen zi* 玄真子 is one of the bynames and also the title of a philosophical book of Zhang Zhihe (see *Xin Tang shu* 196). According to the author, this appellation means “the truth out of the without truth” (1.3a–b). According to Yan Zhenqing 顏真卿 (709–785), an acquaintance of the author’s, Zhang Zhihe had written a *Xuanzhen zi* in twelve juan, totalling 30,000 characters (see the biographical notice attached to the end of the text in the edition of *Congshu jicheng jianbian* 叢書集成簡編 52). The present text is com-

posed of only about 7,000 characters. It is uncertain whether it is a fragment of the long lost book in twelve juan, or a supplement. The bibliographical treatise of the *Xin Tang shu* contains two references to the *Xuanzhen zi* under the same author’s name, one in twelve juan and the other in two juan, without giving precise details about the contents of or the relationship between the two texts. The *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 9 refers to a version in the present format.

The three juan of the book bear the following subtitles: (1) “Bixu 碧虛” (Blue Void); (2) “Yuezhao 鸞鷲” (Celestial Bird); and (3) “Tao zhi ling 濤之靈” (Spirit of the Waves). These titles are the names of characters and form the opening words of the respective chapters. The texts consist of dialogues and discussion on cosmological and philosophical subjects among imaginary characters. The inspiration of the book seems to derive from the *Zhuangzi*.

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Kwong Hing Foon

Liuzi 劉子

10 juan

Commentary by Yuan Xiaozheng 袁孝政

1030 (fasc. 673–74)

“Book of Master Liu.” This text contains fifty-five paragraphs dealing with literary, philosophical, and political subjects. Several editions of this work show variants as to text and title (e.g., the Tang *Liuzi* 流子). The book has been attributed to different authors, including Liu Xie 劉勰 (ca. 462–522) and Liu Zhou 劉晔 (514–565). Lin Qitan and Chen Fengjin have presented a critical study of the many editions of the *Liuzi* and also of the extant Dunhuang fragments Pelliot 2546, 3562, and 3704. According to their research, the original *Liuzi* can be traced back to Liu Xie (see Lin Qitan and Chen Fengjin, *Liuzi jijiao*, 339–42).

This edition of the *Liuzi* has to be appreciated in connection with the commentary by Yuan Xiaozheng (Tang period [618–907], adjutant in Bozhou 播州). According to Lin and Chen (*Liuzi jijiao*, 8), it is most likely that this edition had been printed before the Zhengtong period (1436–1449). The attribution of the *Liuzi* to the author Liu Zhou is usually based on a preface ascribed to him that is no longer extant. Yuan Xiaozheng’s commentary elucidates each paragraph.

The commentary contains explanations of terms or expressions. It also provides documentation based on examples taken from historical records. Especially the last paragraph of this book refers to Taoism, under the heading “Jiuliu” (Nine Classes of Teachings; 10.13a–b). This is the only section that could actually justify the incorpora-

tion of this learned collection into the Taoist canon. The *Linzi* neither represents any specific branch of Taoism nor refers to religious or liturgical matters.

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Florian C. Reiter

Daoti lun 道體論

1 + 32 fols.

Transmitted by Tongxuan xiansheng 通玄先生; tenth century?

1035 (fasc. 704)

"Discourse on the Way and Its Substance." The Song catalogues that list this work (VDL 154) do not mention an author. Tongxuan xiansheng is variously identified as SIMA CHENGZHEN, ZHANG GUO, and Zhang Jianming 張薦明 (fl. 939). The preface is concerned only with matters of content and offers no clues as to authorship or date. However, a comparison of the *Daoti lun* with the writings of SIMA CHENGZHEN and ZHANG GUO and with the evidence about Zhang Jianming in the *Xin Wudai shi* (34.369–71) and in LZTT (46.8a–b) suggests that the authorship of the *Daode jing* exegete Zhang Jianming is fairly probable. Our text has been preserved only in the *Daozang*.

The *Daoti lun* is divided into three parts: "Lun Laozi Daojing shang 論老子道經上" (On Laozi's *Scripture on the Way*, Part One), "Wendao lun 問道論" (On Questions Regarding the Way), and "Daoti yi 道體義" (The Meaning of the Way and its Substance). It is presented in the form of a dialogic treatise (*yulu* 語錄). In its explanations of philosophical categories such as Way and virtue (*daode* 道德), Way and matter (*daowu* 道物), being and nonbeing (*yowwu* 有爲), names and actuality (*mingshi* 名實), vacuity and being (*kongyou* 空有), et cetera, it betrays a strong influence of the Double Mystery (Chongxuan 重玄) learning of the early Tang, and thus of Buddhist (Mādhyaṃika) philosophy.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

Zuowang lun 坐忘論

20 fols.

Attributed to SIMA CHENGZHEN 司馬承禎 (647–735)

1036 (fasc. 704)

"Treatise [on the Art] of Sitting and Forgetting." The title is a reference to the passage on the Fast of the Heart (*xinzhai* 心齋) in chapter 6 of the *Zhuangzi*. The expression *zuowang* 坐忘 has become synonymous with "meditation." In 1026 *Tianyin zi*, by the same reputed author, the same term denotes the fourth and next to last stage prior to the deliverance of the spirit, or "liberation through concentration."

The YJQQ 94 reproduces this text in extenso, but there the end of the seventh section is quite different, and the conclusion (*zuowang shuyi* 坐忘樞翼) is missing altogether. The YJQQ gives no indication of authorship.

1017 *Daoshu* 2.1a–4a includes a condensed version of the *Zuowang lun*, apparently abstracted from the text as we have it here. Almost all major Song catalogues list the work (see VDL 109). The *Xin Tang shu* places it under the name of SIMA CHENGZHEN, but the Bishu sheng catalogue (*Bishu sheng xubian dao siku quesu mu*) attributes it to WU YUN. The question of its authorship remains uncertain.

The present edition is due to an otherwise unknown Zhenjing jushi 眞靜居士, who commissioned its printing (see the preface).

The *Zuowang lun* explains the principles of the practice of the Tao in seven parts. It advocates renunciation of the world and its luxuries and the adoption of a stoical attitude. Changes of fate should be accepted as inevitable and as sent from Heaven. The longest section is the third, on the "concentration of the heart" (*shouxin* 收心). This concentration leads to the "emptiness of the heart-mind," which implies a total void: the mind should be free from any contingencies, even of "emptiness," which still is a "place" (see 3b). The last section, devoted to "attaining the Tao" (*dedao* 得道), makes a distinction between two kinds of "attainment": the more profound form produces an unchanging body, the body of the "divine humans" (*shenren* 神人), who have a spiritual body when they are hidden and a spirit similar to qi when they manifest themselves. The more superficial attainment is that which gives the "deliverance through the corpse"; here it is only the heart that "obtains" wisdom. This wisdom, however, uses the body, which therefore remains subject to corruption. The concluding section is in fact an adaptation of 400 *Dongxuan lingbao dingguan jing zhu* (also reproduced in YJQQ 17), an early Tang scripture, which further raises the problem of the authenticity of the *Zuowang lun* in its present form.

An inscription of the Tang dated 829, by the female Taoist master Liu Ningran 柳凝然, contains a presentation of a *Zuowang lun* in one juan and seven sections (that is, in the same arrangement as the present text) by a Taoist named Zhao Jian 趙堅, a contemporary of the author of the inscription (see Chen Yuan et al., *Daojia jinshi lue*, 176). Chen Yuan does not hesitate to title it "The *Zuowang lun* of Master White Cloud" (Boyun xiansheng *Zuowang lun* 白雲先生坐忘論), that is, of SIMA CHENGZHEN. The fact, however, that its text differs widely from the present version further increases our doubts as to the work's attribution.

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Isabelle Robinet

Xinmu lun 心目論

4 fols.

1038 (fasc. 704)

"Discourse on the Heart and the Eyes." The unnamed author is the Tang Taoist and poet WU YUN (d. 778). The present version is identical to the text in Wu's collected works, 1051 *Zongxuan xiansheng wenji* 2.16a–19b (q.v.).

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Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Sanlun yuanzhi 三論元旨

1 + 20 fols.

Late Tang (618–907) or Five Dynasties (907–960)?

1039 (fasc. 704)

"The Original Purport of the Three Arguments." The *three* in the title has different connotations: it refers not only to the three subsections of our text—"Daozong 道宗" (The Principle of the Way), "Xuwang 虛妄" (Falsities), and "Zhenyuan 真源" (Sources of Verity)—but also to the original unity of Way, mind, and nature (*dao* 道, *xin* 心, *xing* 性), and to the unity of spirit, vital energy, and essence (*shen* 神, *qi* 氣, *jing* 精).

From the preface, nothing factual about date and authorship can be gleaned, except that the author had been a recluse for many years. IIII *Taixuan zhenyi benji miaojing* is quoted regularly, indicating that our text is not older than the early Tang. A reference to the *Zhuangzi* as the *Nanhua jing* 南華經 indicates that the *Sanlun yuanzhi* must have been written after 742, when the *Zhuangzi* was canonized as the *Nanhua zhenjing*. The *Sanlun yuanzhi* has been preserved only in the *Daozang*.

It is clear that the *Sanlun yuanzhi* is deeply influenced by the Chongxuan 重玄 learning of the early Tang. A recurring theme is the attainment of union with the Tao. Leading to this union are three forms of meditation (*sanding* 三定), corresponding to three stages of being, in ascending order: immortal, zhenren, and sage (*shengren* 聖人). The importance of the equal cultivation of both spirit and vital energy through meditation and gymnastics (*daoyin* 導引) is emphasized. Our text posits the unity of spontaneous nature (*ziran* 自然) and Buddhist causality (*yinyuan* 因緣), a feature also characteristic of 1035 *Daoti lun*.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

Huashu 化書

6 juan

Attributed to TAN QIAO 覃峭, *zi* Jingsheng 景昇 (fl. ca. 880–950)

1044 (fasc. 724)

"The Book of Transformations." This text was first circulated as the work of Song Qiqiu 宋齊丘 (*zi* Zisong 子嵩) under the title *Qiqiu zi* (see *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 117.2464–65). It is mentioned in several Song bibliographies with this author (VDL 83), and the *Shuofu* 42 edition of the introductory part of the book (the prefaces and table of contents) opens with a preface by Song Qiqiu dated 930, in which he claims credit for the book. Song Qiqiu (d. 959) was an official in the state of Wu and associated with Li Bian 李昇, the governor of Jinling 金陵 (present Nanking). In 937 he assisted Li Bian in establishing the Southern Tang dynasty, with its capital in Jinling, and he also held office during the reign of the second emperor of the dynasty (see *Xin Wudai shi* 62–63). Li Bian appointed Song Qiqiu military governor (*jiedu shi* 節度使) of Hongzhou 洪州 (present-day Nanchang), the capital of Jiangnan West. Song Qiqiu built a large mansion in his home village (near Hongzhou) and established himself there as a great lord, surrounded by scores of diviners and magicians (see Ma Ling's *Nan Tang shu* 20 and *Jiangnan yeshi* 1–2).

The idea that Song Qiqiu had in fact stolen the *Huashu* from a Taoist by the name of TAN QIAO was put forward by CHEN JINGYUAN in a preface dated 1060 and likewise included in *Shuofu* 42. CHEN JINGYUAN relates the story of the theft as told to him by Zhang Wumeng 張無夢 (952?–1051), who repeats a conversation with his master, CHEN TUAN (d. 989). CHEN TUAN refers to TAN QIAO as a master and friend (*shiyou* 師友), and states that Tan wrote the book while living on Zhongnan shan 終南山. Passing through Jinling on his way to Maoshan 茅山, Tan met Song Qiqiu and entrusted him with the book, in order that he should write a preface and transmit the book to posterity. Song, however, first plied Tan with drink, then tied him in a bag and threw him into a deep abyss, whereafter he proceeded to circulate the *Huashu* as a work of his own. A shorter version of the preface, without the fantastic details in connection with the theft, is found in LZTT 39.17b–18b, appended to the biography of TAN QIAO. The actual biography derives from 295 *Xu xian zhuan* 3.17b–18b, by Shen Fen 沈汾 of the Southern Tang dynasty. It is included also in YJQQ 113B.41a–42a and does not mention the *Huashu*. The biography confirms, however, that TAN QIAO retired first to Zhongnan shan and thereafter visited the sacred mountains throughout China.

The notion that TAN QIAO might be identical with TAN ZIXIAO, the founder of the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 (see the article on 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa*), is not found in Song sources. See, for instance, 606 *Nanyue zongsheng ji* 5a–b and *Fozu tongji* 42.392c, which both give short accounts of the appearance of the book, based

on the preface by CHEN JINGYUAN. The identification is also implicitly denied in the Yuan dynasty LZTT, which includes separate biographies of the two persons and mentions the *Huashu* only in connection with TAN QIAO. Such denial is also the case for 781 *Xuanpin lu* 5.13b–14a, which records a summary of the book made by a man who settled on Lushan 廬山 around 962. However, in texts of the late Ming dynasty (1368–1644) the two names consistently refer to the same person, and the earliest surviving local histories relating to Quanzhou (according to all sources, the native place of TAN ZIXIAO, the founder of the Tianxin zhengfa) include biographies in which TAN ZIXIAO is described as the author of the *Huashu* and with the family background mentioned in 295 *Xu xian zhuan* 3.17b–18b. See *Quanzhou fu zhi* 65.38a–b and the *Min shu* 7.11a–12a. The latter text includes the biography in the geographical section, under the description of Qingyuan shan 清源山, the sacred mountain immediately to the north of Quanzhou, claiming that TAN ZIXIAO cultivated the Way at the Zize dong 紫澤洞 cavern near the top of the mountain. The claim is frequently repeated in later topographical works of the area, but it does not appear to be supported by sources earlier than the Ming dynasty.

The attribution of the *Huashu* to TAN ZIXIAO is generally accepted in Taoist sources since the late Ming dynasty, for instance in a preface by Wang Yiqing 王一清 (fl. 1592), who wrote a commentary to the book. For this, see the *Daozang jiyao* edition of the *Huashu*, which gives Zixiao zhenren 紫霄真人 as the *hao* of the author but retains the *zi* Jingsheng of TAN QIAO. The *Xu Daozang* edition of the book, 1478 *Huashu*, does likewise. The attribution to TAN ZIXIAO was accepted by Yu Jiayi, on the basis that TAN ZIXIAO, on his way from Quanzhou to Lushan, passed through Nanking in the years 943–957 and therefore may be taken to be identical with the TAN QIAO who, in CHEN JINGYUAN's preface, is said to have met Song Qiqiu in Nanking (Yu Jiayi, *Siku tiyao bianzheng*, 846–47). One might add that TAN ZIXIAO was living on Lushan (on Zixiao Peak, from which he seems to have taken his name) when Song Qiqiu was installed in Hongzhou, not far from the mountain. Lushan was by far the most important religious center of the area, and no doubt many followers of Song Qiqiu were connected with the mountain. The *Lushan zhi* 1.46b–47a quotes a *Yuyu lu* 圍余錄 for an anecdote mentioning Song Qiqiu's frequent visits to Lushan.

The contents of the *Huashu* give no cause to doubt its attribution to TAN ZIXIAO. The philosophy of the book, with its deduction of techniques from the emptiness of the Tao (as realized within the body of the practitioner), agrees with the methods of the Tianxin zhengfa. The few specific techniques mentioned are all consistent with its teachings: *fuhui* 伏虺 (the subduing of snakes; 2.1a), *wuji* 巫祭 (offering through mediums; 2.2b); and *xiangfu* (the use of “imitative symbols”; 4.7a). The latter are described as exorcistic in function and involve the “entwining of arms and locking together of fingers.” The commentary of Wang Yiqing identifies these practices as

techniques for the transformation of the spirit through instructions for finger pricking and through walking the guideline (*qiajue bugang bianshen zhi shu* 掐訣步罡變神之術), that is, the kind of practices for which TAN ZIXIAO was particularly noted (see Ma Ling's *Nan Tang shu* 24.162–63). Note also that the term *Zhengyi* 正一 is given special emphasis (1.6b–7a), in accordance both with the title *Zhengyi xiansheng* given to TAN ZIXIAO by the ruler of Min (see 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa*), and with the general affiliation of the Tianxin zhengfa.

The *Huashu* is philosophical and literary in a form that evokes the early Taoist philosophers. It addresses itself to the general reading public and was printed in a large number of editions (see Chang Bide, *Shuofu kao*, 258–59). The philosophy of the book is markedly influenced by Buddhism, see especially juan 1, entitled “Daohua 道化” (Transformations of the Tao). All creation is said to be founded in emptiness, and the phenomena of the world are seen as transmutable, relative, and illusory. By a return to emptiness one may transcend the world of changes and transform oneself into something lasting. Compare the biography of TAN ZIXIAO in LZTT 43.8a–11a, where he is said to have constantly explained to his disciples that his teaching was based on the *Zhuangzi* and *Liezi*, and that it was in perfect accord with the central philosophy of Buddhism. He says that he had studied the Buddhist scriptures since his youth, and he attacks those Taoists who opposed themselves to Buddhism: rejecting Buddhism is also turning one's back to the fundamental meaning of Taoism.

It may be noted that the discussions of morality, found in juan 3–4, are to a large extent Taoist justifications and reinterpretations of traditional Confucian virtues. It is clear that the book participates in the trend toward a unification of the three teachings, manifested already in the early part of the tenth century and represented, for instance, by CHEN TUAN, the famous friend of TAN QIAO (on their relationship, see the preface by CHEN JINGYUAN and also Lin Shengli, “Zixiao zhenren”).

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Poul Andersen

Huashu 化書 (譚子化書)

6 juan

Attributed to TAN QIAO 覃峭, *zi* Jingsheng 景昇 (fl. ca. 880–950)

1478 (fasc. 1170)

“The Book of Transformations.” The heading gives Zixiao zhenren 紫霄真人 as the *hao* of the author, thus conflating him with TAN ZIXIAO (fl. 936–976), the founder of the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 (see 1044 *Huashu*). The present edition has a table

of contents but is otherwise identical to 1044 *Huashu* (and to the *Daozang jiyao* edition, derived from a copy of the *Daozang* kept at Wudang shan 武當山). The section headings and ordering are slightly at variance with those of the table of contents found in *Shuofu* 42, which apparently represents a *Xinghua lu* 興化路 version printed in 1330–1332 (see Chang Bide, *Shuofu kao*, 259).

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Poul Andersen

Haike lun 海客論

23 fols.

1045 (fasc. 724)

"The Sea Traveler's Discourses." This is an abridged version of 266 *Jinyi huandan baiwen jue* (tenth century; q.v.).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Xuanzhu lu 玄珠錄

2 juan

By Wang Hui 王暉, hao Xuanlan 玄覽 (626–697); compiled by Wang Daxiao 王大霄, zi Taixiao 太霄 (b. ca. 671)

1048 (fasc. 725)

"Record of the Mysterious Pearl." The term *xuanzhu* 玄珠 (Mysterious Pearl), as the preface (3b) by Wang Xuanlan's disciple Wang Daxiao explains, is a courteous reference to Wang Xuanlan himself.

The preface contains fairly detailed data about the master's life and considerable literary output, now lost but for the 120 or so entries recorded here, culled from private notes made by Wang Xuanlan's interlocutors and compiled in the form of a dialogic treatise (*yulu* 語錄). The material dates from Wang's forties and fifties, when he liked to engage in philosophical debate. Wang, who started out as a soothsayer and a diviner, instructed himself in Mahāyāna texts, the *Daode jing*, YAN ZUN's 693 *Daode zhenjing zhigui* (first century B.C.), and works on immortality. He was almost fifty when he was finally ordained a daoshi. Perhaps this absence of a regular teacher explains his sometimes highly original views. The *Xuanzhu lu* has been preserved only in the *Daozang*.

Essential to Wang's system of thought is his unconventional interpretation of the first line of the *Daode jing*, from which he isolates the *kedao* 可道 and the *changdao* 常道. The *changdao* produces Heaven and Earth, which are eternal; the *kedao* (or "private dao," *sidao* 私道) produces all beings, which are mortal. This theory enables Wang to

find an answer to the following paradox: If the Tao is fundamentally different from all beings, then how can all beings cultivate the Tao? And if Tao and beings are identical, then where is the necessity for all beings to cultivate the Tao? It is possible, according to Wang, for one to cultivate one's own "private Tao" and to ascend to the constant, eternal Tao. The way to reach this goal is to practice "sitting in oblivion" (*zuowang* 坐忘), which became a prominent feature in the works of SIMA CHENGZHEN, who was one generation younger than Wang Xuanlan.

Wang's idealistic system of thought is heavily influenced by Buddhism, in particular by the school of "consciousness only." Parallels with the roughly contemporary *Hai-kong jing* 海空經 are legion. Our text is one of the best examples of the Tang dynasty tendency to merge Taoist and Buddhist thought, better known as the Double Mystery (Chongxuan 重玄).

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Jan A. M. De Meyer

Zongxuan xiansheng xuangang lun 宗玄先生玄綱論

26 fols.

By WU YUN 吳筠, posthumous title Zongxuan xiansheng 宗玄先生 (d. 778) 1052 (fasc. 727)

Wu zunshi zhuan 吳尊師傳

2 fols. (appendix to 1052)

By QUAN DEYU 權德輿 (between 802–810)

1053 (fasc. 727)

"Arcane Principles of Master Zongxuan." This work is an outline of Taoist thought, written by WU YUN for the Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756). The text is preceded by a memorial that states it was presented to the throne in 754 (Xuanzong's reply is preserved in *Quan Tang wen* 37.12b).

The *Xuangang lun* is considered one of WU YUN's most outstanding works by his biographer QUAN DEYU (see 1053 *Wu zunshi zhuan* 2a). The latter refers to the work in three sections, which corresponds to the present text, but the *Chongwen zongmu* lists the title twice, once in three juan, the second time in one juan (VDL 98). Other bibliographies also mention either one juan or three juan, but the latter designations actually refer to the three sections (cf. VDL 98). The three sections are further subdivided into subsections (*zhang* 章), each with its own heading.

The first section is titled "Ming Daode" (Clarification on the Tao and the De). It comprises nine subsections dealing with the various manifestations of the Tao in the universe and within humanity: the Primordial Qi, the True One, *taiji* 太極, yin and

yang, movement and quiescence, being and nonbeing, etc. At the end of the section, there is also some criticism of Confucianism: the practice of Confucian virtues is considered unsuitable for a monarch, because the Confucianists are incapable of comprehending the profound meaning of the teachings of the sages (8b).

The second section, entitled “Bian fazhao” (Explanation of the Doctrine), comprises fifteen subsections. It describes the sacred origin of the scriptures and the order in which they should be studied: Zhengyi 正一, Dongshen 洞神, Lingbao 靈寶, Dongzhen 洞真. This account is followed by a discussion of methods employed for self-purification and the accumulation of merit through the observance of moral precepts. Immortality, for WU YUN, can be attained by meditation and mental concentration, by practicing compassion and observing religious rules rather than by simply ingesting elixirs.

The third and last section is entitled “Xining zhi” (Fixing the Will and Mind on Immortality). It comprises nine subsections, all presented in *yulu* 語錄 (recorded conversations) form. The dialogue between WU YUN and an interlocutor dwells on the reasons so few attain immortality. The arguments put forth are similar to those in the “Shenxian ke xue lun” (1051 *Zongxuan xiansheng wenji* 2.9b–16a).

The appendix, 1053 *Wu zunshi zhuan* by QUAN DEYU, is a short biography of WU YUN and traces his Taoist career at Emperor Xuanzong’s court. The biography is reproduced virtually verbatim in *Jin Tang shu* 192 and forms the primary material for all subsequent biographies of WU YUN (cf. LZTT 37.96b–10b, 304 *Maoshan zhi* 15.10b, etc.).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Taiping liangtong shu 太平兩同書

2 juan

By Luo Yin 羅隱, *zi* Zhaojian 昭諫 (833–910)

1135 (fasc. 767)

“The Identity of Both.” The term *liangtong* 兩同 in the title has two different meanings. Besides hinting at Luo Yin’s attempt to show that Confucianism and Taoism are compatible, it also refers to the ten chapter headings, all of which consist of two antithetical concepts, such as strength and weakness, profit and loss, order and disorder, and so on. The idea, then, is that a faulty interpretation of a certain concept easily leads to the actualization of its opposite. The term *taiping* 太平 was added before the second half of the twelfth century, possibly because of Luo Yin’s relation to LÜQIU FANGYUAN (d. 902), author of 1101b *Taiping jing chao*.

In half of the Song catalogues that list the *Liangtong shu* (VDL 111) not Luo Yin but WU YUN (d. 778) is given as the author. This discrepancy is the result of the existence of two *Liangtong shu* (see *Xin Tang shu* 59.1540 and *Song shi* 205.5208), one

by WU YUN and one by Luo Yin. Comparison with the extant works of both writers indicates that the present text is the work of Luo Yin. *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 10.15b lists it under the title *Zhurong zi liangtong shu* 祝融子兩同書, another indication of Luo Yin’s authorship, as the Luo clan was reputed to have descended from the mythical emperor Zhurong.

Although Song dynasty prints of Luo Yin’s poetic works are still extant, this is not the case of the *Liangtong shu*. The present text is preserved (in some cases only in fragments) in the Ming editions *Xu baichuan xuehai* 續百川學海 and *Shuofu*. Yong Wenhua consulted these editions with another Ming copy from Fan Qin’s 范欽 (1506–1589) *Tianyi ge* 天一閣 when he compiled his *Luo Yin ji*. The *Liangtong shu* version on which Yong Wenhua based himself for his critical edition, however, is not a Ming but an early Qing (1644–1911) copy, namely, the text as it appears in juan 8 of the *Luo Zhaojian ji* 羅昭諫集. This work is now preserved in the *Siku quanshu* 四庫全書, which also contains another version of our text, as a separate work in the *zajia* 雜家 section. The *Luo Zhaojian ji*, which was already mentioned in the twelfth-century *Suichu tang shumu* 72, acquired its definitive form in a 1670 print made by a certain Zhang Zan 張瓚, who had previously combed the Hangzhou region for all existing old editions of Luo Yin’s works. This version of the *Liangtong shu* is superior to all others, including the *Daozang* edition (the oldest) of which Yong Wenhua was apparently unaware. The *Daozang* edition shares many insignificant textual variants with the other Ming editions. Fragments of our text also appear under the name Lingbi zi 靈璧子 in the Ming collections *Zhuzi huihan* 諸子彙函 and *Zhuzi gangmu leibian* 諸子綱目類編.

Our text has not been fully preserved. The tenth chapter, which, like chapters 6 through 9, should end with a quotation from Confucius, actually ends in midsentence. Probably, not more than one or two dozen characters are missing.

The *Taiping liangtong shu*’s emphasis is on the art of governing. Its most interesting aspect is Luo Yin’s diverse attempts to prove the basic compatibility of Taoist and Confucian values, for example, by praising historical figures who in their own actions exemplified both Taoist and Confucian values; by illustrating certain themes with quotations from both Taoist and Confucian sources; and by explaining concepts normally associated with one school through the use of terms normally connected with the other school. Our text is arguably the most systematically elaborated example of a trend—often motivated by anti-Buddhist sentiments and by no means uncommon during the latter half of the Tang—toward the unification of Taoism and Confucianism. The fact that the first five *Liangtong shu* chapters end with a quotation from Laozi does not imply the precedence of Taoism over Confucianism. Luo Yin’s basic interest rather resembles the Confucian “rectification of names” (*zhengming* 正名). Though he does his best to incorporate as many Taoist values as possible, he is also

careful to exclude Zhuangzi's relativistic and so-called primitivistic elements, apparently concerned lest Taoist "radicalism" place a strain on any lasting Confucian-Taoist synthesis.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

Taishang laojun qingjing xin jing 太上老君清靜心經

3 fols.

1169 (fasc. 839)

"Scripture by the Most High Lord Lao on Purity and Quietude of the Heart." This text, which also figures in YJQQ 17.13b–15b under the title *Laojun qingjing xin jing*, basically corresponds to 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing* but is simpler in style. Whereas its counterpart includes an epilogue, the present scripture concludes with a *gāthā* and promises of rewards for the recitation and keeping of the scripture.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Dongling zhenjing 洞靈真經

3 juan

He Can 何瓌 [榮], commentator

747 (fasc. 522)

"True Scripture of the Communion with the Divine." He Can's commentary on the *Kangcang zi* 亢倉子 (see the article on 669 *Dongling zhenjing*) was first bibliographically recorded in *Junzhai dushu zhi* (VDL 82). A comparison of two citations in TPYL 344.7b and 350.3a with the present work (1.26a–b) shows, however, that it already existed—with some variants—in the tenth century.

No details about the author of this commentary seem to have been available to Song (960–1279) and post-Song bibliographers, but the *Yongle dadian* 10286.14b–15a contains a preface, nowhere else preserved, by the grand academician (*taixue boshi* 太學博士) He Can, of the [Hou] Jin dynasty (936–946). According to this source, a certain Liu Tiancong 劉天從, who kept a copy of the *Dongling zhenjing* in his private collection, asked He Can for an introduction so that he could have the work printed. However, no mention is made of He having written the commentary on this occasion. The author of the present pithy lexical-semantic explanations and interpretation of the text already had various versions of the *Kangcang zi* at his disposal (see, e.g., 1.13a, 1.24b, 1.25a, 2.11a). The phonetic annotations interspersed in the main text are also found in the above mentioned citations in TPYL, but since they appear in 669 *Dongling zhenjing* as well, they cannot be firmly attributed to He Can. A folio containing phonetic explanations (*yinyi* 音義) is preserved in a printed Song edition of this commentary (five juan, in *Sibu congkan* 四部叢刊); its author cannot be deter-

mined beyond doubt, nor is it possible to identify it confidently with the *Kangcang zi yinyi* 亢倉子音義 in one juan listed in the bibliographic chapters of the *Song shi* (205.5178).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Wuneng zi 無能子

3 juan

Written in 887

1028 (fasc. 672)

"Master Incompetent." The preface to this text states that it was written by a friend of Wuneng zi. However, the information it provides about the date of the writing of the text is so detailed that it is probably the work of Wuneng zi himself. Our text was written in Zuofu 左輔 (modern Dali, east of Xi'an) between 26 March and 22 April 887, while Wuneng zi spent most of his time in bed. The author, who apparently had held an office but went to live in obscurity with a family he befriended, the Jing 景 clan, chose not to reveal his real name. None of the names mentioned in *Wuneng zi* permit the identification of the author.

Most important Song catalogues (VDL 143) list the *Wuneng zi* in three juan, *Song shi* 205.5180 giving one juan instead. Although in some editions of our text eleven of the thirty-four subsections are marked as missing, one can safely assume that the work has been preserved in its entirety: possibly as a result of the author's whim, some subsections are split up into two, three, or four paragraphs. The number of additional paragraphs thus created corresponds exactly to the number of subsections marked as missing.

Six Ming dynasty collectanea—namely, *Shier zi* 十二子, *Ershi jia zishu* 二十家子書, *Zi hui* 子彙, *Qieqiean chujian shiliu zi* 且且菴初箋十六子, *He zhu mingjia pidian zhuzi quanshu* 合諸名家批點諸子全書, and *Zhuzi huihan* 諸子彙函—contain the *Wuneng zi*, sometimes in heavily truncated form, as in the case of the *Zhuzi huihan*, which reproduces only five of the thirty-four chapters and in its table of contents erroneously lists the *Wuneng zi* as a Sui dynasty (581–618) text. This edition is interesting, however, as it contains a short but not unsympathetic remark on the present text by the Neo-Confucianist Cheng Hao 程顥 (1032–1085). The oldest edition of *Wuneng zi*, predating the earliest other Ming prints by about a century and the only one to contain the full table of contents, is the present version in the *Daozang*. The compilers of the *Siku quanshu*, who used a copy of this text from Fan Qin's 范欽 (sixteenth century) Tianyi ge 天一閣 library, stated that they included the *Wuneng zi* only because of the scarcity of Tang books. They failed to indicate the age of the "old copy" (*jiuben* 舊本) at their disposal (*Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 146.50a).

Formally, the three *juan* of our text differ. *Juan 1*, which opens with the important essay “On the Transgressions of the Sage” (*shengguo* 聖過), sketches the basis of *Wuneng zi*’s philosophy; *juan 2* offers elaborations in the form of fictitious dialogues between historical figures, arranged chronologically from King Wen of the Zhou to the third-century hermit Sun Deng 孫登; *juan 3* consists of dialogues between *Wuneng zi* and his friends and family, together with a few parables.

Whenever *Wuneng zi* is mentioned in works on Chinese thought, it is almost invariably in the context of classical Chinese anarchism. *Wuneng zi*’s precursors were Laozi, Zhuangzi, Liezi, Ruan Ji 阮籍 (210–263), and GE HONG’s contemporary Bao Jingyan 鮑敬言. Actually, what this iconoclastic work aims at is the total annihilation of traditional or conventional ideas and practices, which are nothing but arbitrary fabrications of the so-called sages of antiquity. Toward the end of the book, even the conventions of language itself are shattered (3.7a–8b). Another interesting argument concerns the impossibility of physical death (since the body consists of originally dead material) and hence the futility of the quest for physical immortality (1.5a–b). Noteworthy is the *Wuneng zi*’s repeated insistence upon “no-mind” (*wuxin* 無心) as the solution to human suffering.

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Jan A. M. De Meyer

Gushen fu 谷神賦

8 fols.

By Zhao De 趙德, *zi* Daxin 大信, *hao* Dashui yiren 大水逸人 (early ninth century)

262 (fasc. 121)

“Rhapsody of the Valley Spirit.” The *Daozang* edition of this otherwise unknown annotated *fu*-rhapsody indicates the author with the words “Tianshui yiren Daxin zhu 天水逸人大信註.” The character *tian* must be an error for *da*. Song bibliographies such as *Tongzhi yiwén lüè* state that the work was written by Zhao Daxin 趙大信 (see VDL 110), which allows us to identify the author, either of the text of the rhapsody or of the commentary, as Zhao De, *hao* master Dashui (Dashui xiansheng 大水先生), a presented scholar (*jinsshi* 進士) of the late Tang, who retired at an early age in his native region of Chaozhou. When Han Yu 韓愈 (768–824) was exiled to Chaozhou in 819, Zhao was put in charge of coastal defense and also taught at the school that Han had established, greatly enhancing the standard of learning in the region. *Quan Tang wen* 622.6b preserves Zhao’s preface to a collection of writings by Han Yu.

The rhapsody takes its title and main theme from a passage in *Daode jing* 6. From

there the author develops his mystical vision of the Primordial Womb (*yuanbao* 元胞) and the realization of the immortal embryo within the body. The thought of the author shows the influence of 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*. The annotations follow the text closely and elucidate it; they are likely by the same hand.

Kristofer Schipper

Chisong zi zhongjie jing 赤松子中誠經

12 fols.

Tenth century

185 (fasc. 78)

“Scripture of the Central Rules by Chisong Zi.” This text is first listed in *Chongwen zongmu* 9.2b. The *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku queshu mu* 2.34b gives the variant title *Chisong zi bajie lu* 八戒錄 and ascribes the authorship to CHEN TUAN (871–989). This attribution is not confirmed anywhere in Chen’s biographies. In Song times (960–1279), further variant titles are attested: *Chisong zi jie*, *Chisong zi zhongjie pian* 篇 (cf. VDL 110), and *Chisong zi jing* (cf. *Xishan xiansheng Zhen wenzhong gong wenji* 35.551–552). Possibly, the present text was inspired by a passage in 1185 *Baopu zi neipian* 6.5a–b, which contains a brief summary of a *Chisong zi jing* with similar contents.

An account of marvelous cures due to Chisong zi’s central rules figures as a preface to the present work. A variant of this story is found in 1167 *Taishang ganying pian* 4.1b–2a.

The text itself is composed as a dialogue: in response to questions put forth by the Yellow Emperor, Chisong zi explains the relation between one’s individual actions and their consequences. Each person has a star that watches over him or her and that diminishes his or her original lifespan of 120 years upon each offense (1a–b); thus Chisong zi gives numerous rules of conduct and exemplifies the effects of good and evil deeds.

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

2.A.1.c The *Yinfu jing* and Its Commentaries

Despite its controversial origin and obscure content, the *Yinfu jing* 陰符經 has been influential among both Taoist and Confucian thinkers. Tradition places its origin variously in the Warring States period (475–221 B.C.), or in the Jin or Northern Wei (386–534) dynasty. At the opposite extreme, Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200) and other Song scholars took the skeptical view that the scripture actually originated with Li Quan

李筌 (fl. 713–741), the main commentator featured in this section. The fact that the *Yinfu jing* is quoted in the *Yiwen leiju*, however, shows that it existed at least by early Tang times (618–907). It is presented here in a version that probably dates to the first half of the eighth century (31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*).

Interpretations of the *Yinfu jing* have ranged between the domains of military and political philosophy, on the one hand, and physiological alchemy, on the other, giving rise to numerous commentaries. The Song catalogue *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe,” lists thirty-nine titles. In this section, Li Quan’s collection of annotations ascribed to ancient authors and completed by his own (108 *Huangdi yinfu jing jizhu*) is followed by his contemporary ZHANG GUO’s 112 *Huangdi yinfu jing zhu*, which takes issue with Li Quan’s views in 108 *Huangdi yinfu jing jizhu*. The next item, 110 *Huangdi yinfu jing shu*, appears to be wrongly ascribed to Li Quan. It is based on DU GUANGTING’s early tenth-century account of Li Quan’s encounter with the Old Woman of Lishan 驪山老母. This mysterious immortal not only revealed an “authentic” explication of the scripture to Li, but also confirmed its supposed antiquity. DU GUANGTING was himself the author of a now lost commentary on the *Yinfu jing*.

Huangdi yinfu jing 黃帝陰符經

2 fols.

Eighth century?

31 (fasc. 27)

“The Yellow Emperor’s Scripture of the Hidden Contracts.” This text deals with the cosmic forces and principles, and also with their seen or unseen influences in the human world. There are three paragraphs: “The Immortal Embraces the One: This means Tao”; “Enriching the State and Pacifying the People: This means Fa”; and “Strengthening the Troops and Fighting Victoriously: This means Shu.” These subtitles combine the aspects of “civil culture” (*wen* 文) and “military means” (*wu* 武). Bibliographies classify this text either as “military” or “Taoist” (see VDL 139, 140; Reiter, “Scripture of the Hidden Contracts”). The present text represents the long version comprising about 400 words, whereas tradition ascribes 300 words to the *Yinfu jing* (see 110 *Huangdi yinfu jing shu*, preface 1b). Another text, 113 *Huangdi yinfu jing jie* offers an interpretation of this discrepancy, connecting Xi wang mu 西王母 and the Yellow Emperor with the revelation and transmission of the *Yinfu jing* (in 400 words). Chu Suiliang’s (596–658) *Tang Chu Henan Yinfu jing moji* reproduces the long version. There is some dispute as to the authenticity of Chu’s work (see Yu Jiayi, *Siku tiyao bianzheng* 1178–80). Ouyang Xun’s (557–641) *Yiwen leiju* 88.1507 quotes one sentence of a text with the title *Yinfu* that can be found in the present work (1a). It is therefore likely that a *Yinfu jing* was extant in the sixth century. However, the above-mentioned three subtitles appear for the first time around 750, in a text traditionally

attributed to Li Quan 李筌 (see 110 *Huangdi yinfu jing shu*). It should be noted that most phrases quoted elsewhere from the *Yinfu jing* do appear in this text.

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Florian C. Reiter

Huangdi yinfu jing jizhu 黃帝陰符經集註

14 fols.

By Li Quan 李筌 (fl. 713–741)

108 (fasc. 54)

“The Collection of Commentaries on the Yellow Emperor’s Scripture of the Hidden Contracts.” This work contains explanations that are said to have been transmitted by Yi Yin 伊尹, Taigong 太公, Fan Li 范蠡, Guigu zi 鬼谷子, Zhuge Liang 諸葛亮, Zhang Liang 張良, and Li Quan 李筌. The preface, attributed to Zhuge Liang, connects the text with the Yellow Emperor, but it does not give the traditional information about the Old Woman of Lishan 驪山 that figures prominently in 110 *Huangdi yinfu jing shu*.

The “long version” (in approximately 400 words, see 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*) of the *Yinfu jing* is not divided into the customary three paragraphs (cf. 110 *Huangdi yinfu jing shu*). The distribution of commentaries through the text is uneven. The commentaries by Li Quan are comparatively substantial; however, do not match the commentaries attributed to that author in 110 *Huangdi yinfu jing shu*. Li Quan’s commentaries in the present collection prompted ZHANG GUO to write his own (see 112 *Huangdi yinfu jing zhu*) in order to refute Li Quan’s opinion, which confirms Li Quan’s authorship of the commentaries attributed to him in this collection. The compilation of the collection itself can be attributed to Li Quan. His name occupies the last and chronologically most recent position at the end of the long series of authors. Li Quan offers naturalistic interpretations that seem to be based on historical events or on data referring to military and political actions.

Florian C. Reiter

Huangdi yinfu jing zhu 黃帝陰符經註

11 fols.

By ZHANG GUO 張果 (first half of the eighth century)

112 (fasc. 55)

“Commentary on the Yellow Emperor’s Scripture of the Hidden Contracts.” According to 295 *Xu xian zhuan* 2.4b–6a, ZHANG GUO died at the beginning of the

Tianbao period (742–756). Since the present text mentions neither the title nor *hao* that were bestowed onto Zhang by the emperor in 734 (cf. *Jiu Tang shu* 8.200), his commentary was probably written before that date. His biography in *Jiu Tang shu* 191 tells us that he wrote the *Yinfu jing xuanjie* 玄解. In the Song catalogues, the present text is listed under the title *Yinfu jing taiwu zhuan* 太無傳 (see VDL 140). Zhang mentions in his preface that several commentaries to the *Yinfu jing* existed already, none of which was satisfactory. He condemns especially the commentary by Li Quan 李筌, a contemporary of his. As Zhang states, he happened to find a *Yinfu zhuan* in the Taoist canon (*daojing zang* 道經藏), the date and author of which were unknown. He rearranged it and also included his own annotations (in which he mainly limits himself to harshly attacking Li Quan). Both Zhang and Li based their commentaries on the long version of the *Yinfu jing* (comprising 443 and 437 characters, respectively). In fourteen instances, Zhang criticizes Li's interpretation, referring each time to Li's commentary in 108 *Huangdi yinfu jing jizhu*. For one of his points of criticism (1a), compare Li Quan's preface to the *Yinfu jing* quoted in *Junzhai dushu zhi* 11.487–89. The present work is also found, with slight variants, in YJQQ 15.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

***Huangdi yinfu jing song* 黃帝陰符經頌**

7 fols.

By Yuanyang zi 元陽子; Tang (618–907)?

311 (fasc. 161)

“The Yellow Emperor's Scripture of the Hidden Contracts [Interpreted] in Hymns.” In this work, Yuanyang zi relates the *Yinfu jing* to alchemical practice in thirty-nine hymns in seven-character lines. Bibliographic mention of this interpretation is found in the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe,” 5.5a. The main text (417 characters) is divided into three sections with the usual headings. The *Daozang jiyao* edition of this work shows an interpolation in the main text (for a discussion of this passage, see 124 *Huangdi yinfu jing zhujie* 2b–3a); the commentary is identical.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

***Tianji jing* 天機經**

8 fols.

Probably Tang dynasty (618–907)

1190 (fasc. 874)

“Scripture of Natural Opportunities.” Also known under the titles *Tianji zi* 天機子 and *Yinfu tianji jing* 陰符天機經 (VDL 84, 140), this text is in fact one of the numerous 31 *Huangdi Yinfu jing* 陰符經 commentaries.

The preface, studded with quotations from the Book of Changes, summarizes the

contents but contains no factual information as to date or authorship. *Junzhai dushu zhi* 11.489–90 considers it to be the work of Li Quan 李筌 (mid-eighth century). Our text has been preserved only in the *Daozang*, where it is also found in YJQQ 15, appended as an explanatory work to the *Yinfu jing*. *Daozang jinghua* lists the work under the title *Yinfu tianji jing*.

Tianji jing is divided into nineteen subsections, each elucidating one term from the *Yinfu jing*. The stress is on statecraft and strategy, with sporadic references to longevity. The wise man, according to our text, becomes invincible by scrutinizing signs from nature and humanity, by knowing when to advance and when to retreat, by understanding the interplay of yin and yang, and by responding to opportunities (*yingji* 應機). The Book of Changes and *Daode jing* are quoted frequently, but echoes of Mencius (5a) and GUO XIANG (6b) are likewise present.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

2.A.1.d Commentaries on the *Zhouyi cantong qi* and Related Scriptures

The essential theoretical framework for this section is provided by the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契, the *Guwen longhu jing* 古文龍虎經, and the *Jinbi jing* 金碧經. Because of their problematic dating, these texts are discussed here rather than in part 1. The three texts, together with the so-called *Wu xianglei* 五相類, are closely related, so much so that they are often combined in different sequences. An example is 905 *Cantong qi wu xianglei biyao*, a book in which the main text is the *Wu xianglei*, in supposed sequence with the *Zhouyi cantong qi*. Other works, such as 1017 *Daoshu*, give a *Cantong qi* in three chapters (*sanpian* 三篇). In these works, the second chapter is a *Cantong qi* ascribed to a certain Caoyi zi 草衣子, also known as Lou Jing 婁敬, of the Han dynasty, while chapter 3 in fact corresponds to the *Jinbi jing*. Still other works—such as 999 *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 with the commentary of Yin Changsheng 陰長生—consider (preface 1a) that the *Cantong qi* was produced out of the *Guwen longhu jing*. In order to throw some light on these difficulties, we shall discuss the different texts in turn, beginning with the one that is best known today.

The *Zhouyi cantong qi* (Concordance of the Three according to the Book of Changes of the Zhou Dynasty) is a short treatise in verse and prose that endeavors to explain the alchemical process in terms of the cosmology of the *Yijing*. This book is ascribed to WEI BOYANG, a legendary immortal. The attribution is based on Wei's hagiography in the *Shenxian zhuan* 神仙傳, presumably written by GE HONG: “Wei Boyang made the *Cantong qi wu xianglei* together in two scrolls. The discourse is like a commentary on the *Zhouyi* but in fact he borrows its divination symbols [*yaoxiang* 爻象]

in order to discuss the meaning of the making of the elixir. However, the Confucian scholars [*ru* 儒者] did not understand matters related to immortality and therefore often wrote commentaries [explaining the text] in yin-yang [sexual] terms. They thus completely lost sight of its deeper meaning" (*Shenxian zhuan* in YJQQ 109.6a-b).

This passage is rather problematic. It is uncertain whether the title *Cantong qi wu xianglei* denotes one or two distinct works. The explanation given of its contents and its misuse by Confucian scholars suggests a subsequent addition, as it closely fits the later, Tang (618–907) version of the work but not at all the earlier one (see below). Moreover, yin-yang commentaries of the work existed in Tang times (see van Gulik, *Sexual life in ancient China*, 80–81). Indeed, the whole text translated above seems doubtful, given that GE HONG mentions WEI BOYANG in his BPZ 19.306 as the author of a work simply called *Neijing* 內經. The very historicity of WEI BOYANG is open to question. His legend as reported in the *Shenxian zhuan* is devoid of facts; it contains only an anecdote about the way WEI BOYANG tested the resolve of his disciples by pretending to die after taking his alchemical elixir. In fact, *Boyang* is the name of Laozi (see Seidel, *La divinisation de Lao Tseu*, 7, 29–30), and according to Laozi's biography in *Shiji* 63.2142, his son Zong 宗 became commander in Wei 魏. Moreover, the very passage translated above is also found in the BPZ 3.46, again in connection with Laozi. Hence, as Fukui Kōjun observes (in "A study of *Chou-i Ts'an-t'ung ch'i*," 26), "Wei Boyang" can be read as "Boyang from Wei" and therefore as referring to an avatar of Laozi.

The most significant reason, however, to question the relation of the present *Zhouyi cantong qi* with a legendary WEI BOYANG and an ancient stratum of Taoist alchemy is that the text as we know it is not quoted in any form before the Tang dynasty. A commentary to the *Yijing* called *Cantong qi* must have existed, since the *Jingdian shiwen* 2.1a by Lu Deming 陸德明 (556–627) quotes a commentary by Yu Fan 虞翻, a scholar of the end of the Han dynasty (206 B.C.–A.D. 220): "The *Cantong qi* says: 'the graph has sun and thereunder moon 日月爲易.'" This brief clause can indeed be found in 999 *Zhouyi cantong qi* 1.10a.1, but there it is part of a sentence that reads, "the sun and the moon alternate, hard and soft complete each other 日月爲易, 剛柔相合." Yu Fan was a Confucian scholar known for his commentaries on the apocrypha (*wei* 緯); the *Cantong qi* he quotes must have been an apocryphal commentary on the *Yijing* and not a Taoist book on alchemy. Therefore, the present version of the *Cantong qi* places what must have been a definition of the character *yi* 易 in a context of cyclical alternation and alchemical process. It is also doubtful that the text Yu Fan referred to was the same as the present *Cantong qi* because the clause cited is too short to be conclusive. A second instance where a *Cantong qi* is mentioned is in 1016 *Zhen'gao* 12.8b, where in his commentary TAO HONGJING quotes a *Yi cantong qi* 易參同契 concerning the story of a certain Chunyu Shutong 淳于叔通. This person obtained methods for

calculating future events, which enabled him to be appointed *fangshi* 方士 as well as mayor of the capital Luoyang. It is not entirely clear whether the "calculations" in question were contained in the book of *Yi* itself, but it stands to reason to suppose that there was a direct relationship, which again shows that the original *Cantong qi* was an apocryphal commentary on the *Yijing* and concerned prognostication, not alchemy. However, this obvious fact has not prevented many prefacers of editions of the present alchemical work to quote, mostly indirectly, this passage of the *Zhen'gao* in an attempt to reconstruct its textual history.

A final indication of the fact that the original *Cantong qi* was a work of prognostication and calculation is provided by a quotation in the *Yanshi jiaxun* 17, "Shuzheng 書証." Here the author Yan Zhitui (531–ca. 590) cites the *Cantong qi* as saying: "A man carrying an announcement makes [the character] 'to create' 以人負告爲造." He then goes on to criticize what he terms "the nonsensical utterances of the prognosticators and calculators 數術謬語." Again, this criticism is a clear indication that the original work was related to the art of *shushu* 數術 and not to alchemy. In modern times, the textual scholar Ma Xulun 馬敘倫 (1884–1970), in *Dushu xiaoji* 2.34, accords with our argument that an apocryphal *Yijing* commentary called *Cantong qi* must have existed. He goes on to emend the quotation in the *Yanshi jiaxun* in a contrived way to make it correspond to a passage in the actual *Cantong qi* (see Chen Guofu, *Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 354).

In this light, it would be useful to find evidence in the surviving *Yiwei* 易緯 apocrypha of a relationship with the *Cantong qi*. Although there are some obvious parallels, these may be explained by the similarity of the subject matter. Also the author of a counterfeit *Cantong qi* would certainly have tried to imitate the still existing Han *Yiwei* texts, such as the *Qianzuo du* 乾鑿度 (in *Yiwei bazhong* 1.5b–6a). In short, there is no conclusive evidence that a *Cantong qi* as we have it today existed before Tang times.

The earliest mention of the present *Cantong qi* may well be a short treatise by the daoshi Liu Zhigu 劉知古 entitled *Riyue xuanshu lun* 日月玄樞論 (in *Quan Tang wen* 334.13a–21a). There is also a memorial (*biao* 表) presenting this work to the throne. Both mention the *Cantong qi* in the context of the practice of alchemy and as the fundamental text of this mysterious art. Liu Zhigu states that many people already used this book but failed to understand it. In his research on the origins of the *Cantong qi*, Liu mentions GE HONG's *Shenxian zhuan*, as well as other authors. He quotes the preface of an edition of the *Longhu jing* 龍虎經 by a certain Mr. Xiao 蕭; more of this text can be found today at the beginning of the preface of 999 *Zhouyi cantong qi*, attributed to Yin Changsheng 陰長生. Although it does not tell us much about the book by Mr. Xiao, it does show that Liu Zhigu was referring to texts that were related to the lore of the *Cantong qi* as we have it today.

Liu, according to his biography in LZTT 32.2a–3b (probably based on the now lost *Gaodao zhuan* 高道傳; cf. 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu* 1.10b–11a), became a Taoist

during the Longshuo era (662–663) and left this world in 743. Since he was esteemed by SIMA CHENGZHEN, the likely period for his treatise and its presentation to the throne would be the reign of Xuanzong (712–757).

Another work of the same period, the *Chuxue ji*, contains a quotation (23.549) that corresponds to a sentence in the *Cantong qi*. The sentence in question is found in chapter 79 of 1002 *Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi* 3.1a (cf. Fukui Kōjun, “A study of Chou-i Ts’an-t’ung ch’i,” 27). The earliest of the annotated versions of the book, that of Yin Changsheng 陰長生 (999 *Zhouyi cantong qi*), should also date from this period (see Chen Guofu, *Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 377). This early commentary is followed by that of PENG XIAO, 1002 *Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi*, dated 947. As the title indicates, Peng (whose real family name was Cheng 程) divided the text into chapters. His edition would remain the standard for later times, and most of the subsequent studies are based on it.

All these facts bring us to the conclusion that the received *Cantong qi* did not come into being before the middle of the Tang dynasty. This conclusion vindicates the many opinions that have been voiced in the past expressing doubt as to the authenticity of the text. As early as the beginning of the thirteenth century, a local official from Fujian—Bao Zhongqi 鮑仲祺, zi Wozhi 澣之—expressed his disbelief (see 1002 *Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi*). As to the way the present *Cantong qi* defines itself, we have seen that here, too, the different versions offer conflicting accounts. One of the persistent themes, however, from Liu Zhigu to the preface in the Yin Changsheng edition and beyond, is that there exists a close relationship between the *Zhouyi cantong qi* and the *Guwen longhu jing* (also titled *Guwen longhu shangjing* 上經).

The *Guwen longhu (shang) jing* is not known before the Tang. A close stylistic resemblance between this work and the *Cantong qi* is evident. Both texts are essentially in rhymed verse, both speak of alchemy, and many of the technical terms are similar. This resemblance is especially manifest for the first part of the *Cantong qi* (the first juan in the PENG XIAO edition), in which, in many instances, we find wordings and meanings almost identical with corresponding phrases in the *Longhu jing*. A close comparison shows, however, that the *Yijing* vocabulary, so prevalent in the *Cantong qi*, is absent from the *Longhu jing*. In many places, instead of typical Taoist terms and names such as Yuanjun 元君 and Xuannü 玄女, the *Cantong qi* has Zhongni 仲尼 and Shengren 聖人. Other transpositions are *zhonggua* 衆卦 for *zhongshi* 衆石 (juan 1).

The most conclusive evidence that the *Cantong qi* is a sequel and an enlargement of the *Longhu jing*, however, is that at the end of the *Longhu jing* the author indicates that further information about the practice can be found in a text called *Huoji* 火記 (Notes on Fire). In fact, says the final paragraph, the *Longhu jing* is but a supplement to this *Huoji*, and therefore it was not the author’s purpose to repeat the information contained therein. The corresponding passage in 999 *Cantong qi* (1.38b) is a clear ampli-

fication of this passage, but far more verbose and devoid of any clear message. It states that the indications of the *Huoji* “in six hundred chapters” were not comprehensible to the vulgar, but that true sages used them, and that they were explained here, lest the Tao not be transmitted. This is a classical case of amplification (*yanchu* 演出). Indeed, the text of the *Longhu jing* is clear and straightforward in discussing the hierogamy of the dragon and the tiger, whereas the *Cantong qi* discusses the same topic but more awkwardly, having to match the imagery of the Taoist cosmological process with that of the *Yijing*.

The study of the relationship between the two works could be pushed further. For instance, in 887 *Zhang zhenren jinshi lingsha lun*, the author, Zhang Jiugai 張九垓 (fl. 750), repeatedly cites the *Longhu jing*, while in fact his quotations correspond to the *Cantong qi*, but with a number of variants. On page 2b, the quotation in the *Longhu jing* reads: “The White Tiger is the hinge; the Green Dragon mates with it 白虎爲敖樞，青龍與之俱。” These two clauses can be found in 999 *Cantong qi* (1.33b), but in a different context: “The moon crescent is modeled on the crucible. The White Tiger is the hinge. The mercury sun is like flowing pearls. The Green Dragon mates with it 偃月法爐鼎，白虎爲敖樞，汞日爲流珠，青龍與之俱。” It is the same text, but two sentences have been added. Moreover, these sentences are in the part of the *Cantong qi* that comes after the passage on the *Huoji*, where the correspondence with the received *Longhu jing* ends. A quotation of the *Cantong qi* in Zhang’s work (887 *Jinshi lingsha lun*, 8a) cannot be found in the present versions. Many more instances illustrate the complex relationship between these texts.

Another work of the same group is the *Jinbi jing*, which also comes in many versions. One of the oldest may be the 904 *Jinbi wu xianglei cantong qi* in three juan with a preface and a commentary ascribed to Yin Changsheng 陰長生. In conclusion, we may say that in the middle of the eighth century there existed a cluster of texts with the titles *Longhu jing*, *Zhouyi cantong qi*, and *Jinbi jing* that formed the bases of the present three works.

During the Southern Song, the *Cantong qi* became popular, and many of the greatest scholars, including Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200), tried their hand at writing commentaries on it. The *Longhu jing*, meanwhile, lost favor. The *Cantong qi* was frequently reprinted at government expense (*gongku banxing* 公庫板行). The work’s great popularity turned the homeland of WEI BOYANG, the region of Guiji 會稽 (Shaoxing 紹興, Zhejiang), into a center for practitioners of Inner Alchemy.

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Zhouyi cantong qi 周易參同契

3 juan

Attributed to Yin Changsheng 陰長生 (an immortal of the Former Han period, 206 B.C.–A.D. 9); Tang (618–907)

999 (fasc. 621)

“Concordance of the Three according to the Book of Changes of the Zhou Dynasty.” This is a commentary to the *Cantong qi* 參同契 by a legendary immortal who is considered to have been the disciple of Ma Mingsheng 馬鳴生. The work is mentioned in the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe” (see VDL 139). The text is not divided into chapters (*zhang* 章), unlike 1002 *Zhuoyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi* by PENG XIAO (q.v.).

According to the preface, a certain “Xu zhenren 徐真人,” from Beihai 北海 and a retainer (*congsshi* 從事) to the magistrate of Qingzhou 青州 (both places are in today’s Shandong), wrote the *Gu longhu shangjing* 古龍虎上經 (Old Superior Book of the Dragon and the Tiger). Later, WEI BOYANG wrote a commentary to this work that he titled *Wu xianglei* 五相類. The work by Xu and the commentary by Wei together were then called *Cantong qi* 參同契.

It must be noted that this first part of the preface is similar to, and at places identical in wording with, the Treatise on the Mysterious Axis of the Sun and the Moon (*Riyue xuanshu lun* 日月玄樞論 in *Quan Tang wen* 334.13a–21a) by Liu Zhigu 劉知古 (see introduction to part 2.A.1.d). In this document, the passage concerning Xu zhenren is presented as part of the preface of the commentary to the “*Longhu* 龍虎” (this must be the *Guwen longhu jing* 古文龍虎經) by a certain Mr. Xiao 蕭. It is unclear which version is the original. Another version of a similar story involving the same Xu zhenren is given in 905 *Cantong qi wu xianglei biyao* 1a.

Chen Guofu (*Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 377) considers, on the basis of various sources quoted, that the present text cannot be earlier than the Tang dynasty (618–907). The sources in question include the *Jinhai* 金海 by Xiao Ji 蕭吉, quoted in 1.21b and 1.25a; the *Yisi zhan* (1.24a, 25b; 2.2b, 3b); and the *Shenshu lingxia* 神樞靈轄, quoted in 2.27b and 34a. The commentary also quotes a certain Wang Fusi, for instance in 1.18b, and it shows many variant readings in comparison with the 1002 *Tongzhi yi* by PENG XIAO (colophon dated 947). These variants suggest that the present text is older than 1002 *Tongzhen yi* and therefore could be from the middle of the Tang and, thus, one of the earliest editions of the *Cantong qi*.

The legendary alchemist Yin Changsheng is mentioned by GE HONG (BPZ 3.47) among those immortals who swallowed only half a dose of elixir so as to remain on Earth. He has a biography in the *Shenxian zhuan* (in *Taiping guangji* 8.53–55). Part of the alchemical work 880 *Taiqing jingyi shendan jing* is attributed to him, and that part (juan 2), if not a Han work, is certainly early. Another later and far more elaborate

version is found in YJQQ 106.21b–24a, followed by an “autobiographical note” (*Zixu* 自敘; 24a–b). The source of the YJQQ text cannot be identified, but the text shows that Yin was popular during the Tang. None of these biographies, however, link Yin in any way to the *Cantong qi* or the *Gu[wen] longhu jing*. Many commentaries beside the present one are also attributed to Yin Changsheng 陰長生, for instance 904 *Jinbi wu xianglei cantong qi*, 906 *Yin zhenjun jinshi wu xianglei*, and 226 *Zi yuanjun shoudao chuanxin fa*. All of these are Tang works.

Yuan Bingling

Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi 周易參同契分章通真義

3 juan

By PENG XIAO 彭曉 (Cheng Xiao 程曉), *zi* Xiuchuan 秀川, *hao* Zhenyi 真一子; Dated 947 (see colophon to 1003)

1002 (fasc. 623)

Zhouyi cantong qi dingqi ge mingjing tu 周易參同契鼎器歌明鏡圖

12 fols.

By PENG XIAO 彭曉; colophon dated 947

1003 (fasc. 624)

“Penetrating the Real Meaning of the Concordance of the Three according to the Zhou Book of Changes, Divided into Chapters,” followed by “Song of the Tripod” and “Image of the Shining Mirror.” The *Daozang* lists “Penetrating the Real Meaning” and the additional texts “Song of the Tripod” and the “Image of the Shining Mirror” as two separate books, whereas in fact they form a single work. At the end of 1003 (11a–12a), a colophon signed by PENG XIAO gives the date of 947.

The *Daozang* version here is based on the printed edition made by Bao Zhongqi 鮑仲祺, *zi* Wozhi 澹之, in 1208. Bao was a local official in charge of agricultural affairs in Jianyang 建陽 county in northern Fujian, the region where the famous Masha 麻沙 editions were produced. Bao’s colophon can be found in 1003 6b–8a, but from his own words as well as from textual annotations following the different chapters (e.g., 1002 1.19b and 1003 3b) it can be ascertained that the two parts constitute a single work.

Bao based his edition of the *Cantong qi* on two previous editions. For the main text he used the critical edition established eleven years earlier by Zhu Xi 朱熹 (see 1001 *Zhouyi cantong qi*). As to PENG XIAO’s commentary, he availed himself of the edition made by Zheng Huan 鄭煥 from Lin’an 臨安 (Hangzhou). Since this edition had many errors, he also consulted numerous other versions (7a). It seems that Zhu Xi’s work on the *Cantong qi* was already printed when Bao made his edition, and Bao tells us that in his time many more editions were current, which must indicate that the book was popular indeed. Bao does, however, express his misgivings as to the

authenticity of the *Cantong qi* and suggests that it must have existed before the Five Dynasties period (1003 7b). This comment makes him the earliest critic of the alleged antiquity of the *Cantong qi* on record.

PENG XIAO's commentary is recognized as the authoritative version of the *Cantong qi*. Peng came from Yongkang 永康 in Northern Sichuan and was a daoshi who also served as an official during the Hou Shu 後蜀 dynasty (934–965). According to the *Shu taowu* 蜀樵機, quoted in LZTT 43.7b–8a, PENG XIAO's surname was Cheng 程. He was a Taoist of the Feihe shan 飛鶴山 in the Changli 昌利 diocese. After having passed the examinations, he became prefect of Jintang 金堂, near Chengdu. At the end of his life he was promoted to the honorary post of gentleman of the Board of Sacrifices (*cibu yuanwai lang* 祠部員外郎). He died in 955.

According to the *Zhizhai shulu jieti* (see VDL 112), PENG XIAO's commentary was printed for the first time, it seems, at Magu shan 麻姑山, and the text of the *Cantong qi*, which he divided into ninety chapters, was followed by his own "Mingjing tu" (Image of the Shining Mirror), as well as by his biography, with the title *Xiuchuan zhuan* 秀川傳. This biography is no longer extant in the present edition. Here we find only a colophon (*xu* 序; 1003 11a–12a) dated 947, where Peng gives his definition of the name *Cantong qi*, explaining that *can* stands for *za* 雜, *tong* for the homophone *tong* 通, and *qi* for *he* 合. Thus the title means, Peng states, that the principles of all alchemical works are here comprehensively explained and that their meanings are all in agreement with each other. The key to the fundamental meaning of alchemy is to understand all terms as symbolical (*xiang* 象) and related to the cosmological process. The colophon ends with a quote of Yin Changsheng 陰長生 to the effect that one should not talk about success or failure but be fully concentrated on the practice; only then can the transformation of the elixir be hoped for. A similar sentence can be found in the preface of 999 *Zhouyi cantong qi*, which shows that PENG XIAO knew this work and that therefore it must be older.

PENG XIAO also wrote commentaries to the *Yinfu jing* and other works. Most of these commentaries are no longer extant. The YJQQ 70 has his *Huandan neixiang jin yaoshi* [huolong shuihu lun] 還丹內象金鑰匙[火龍水虎論], which according to Peng's preface was written after he completed his commentary on the *Cantong qi*.

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Yuan Bingling

Zhouyi cantong qi zhu 周易參同契註

2 juan

Five Dynasties (907–960)?

1004 (fasc. 624)

"Commentary on the Concordance of the Three according to the Zhou Book of Changes." This anonymous commentary to the *Cantong qi* 參同契 contains only the first part of the main text, and more precisely, that part in Yin Changsheng's 陰長生 version that occupies the first juan (see 999 *Zhouyi cantong qi*). The author explains in his undated preface that he considers only this part to be the authentic work of WEI BOYANG and that the rest of the text of the *Cantong qi* is only a commentary by Chunyu Shutong 淳于叔通 (see introduction to part 2.A.1.d).

According to the study that Chen Guofu (*Daozang yuanlin xukao*, 377–79) made of this text, a number of place names it uses came into use only during the Tang (618–907) and the Five Dynasties (907–960). The present *Daozang* edition omits one stroke in the character *kuang* 匡, in observance to the Song (960–1279) taboo. The edition on which this version was based should therefore date from that period.

In general, the commentary is close to Yin Changsheng's, but the text has even a greater number of lacunae.

Yuan Bingling

2.A.1.e Commentaries on Lingbao Scriptures

Dongxuan lingbao wuliang duren jingjue yinyi 洞玄靈寶無量度人經訣音義
9 fols.

By ZHANG WANFU 張萬福 (fl. 713)

95 (fasc. 48).

"Formulas and Glosses on the Book of Salvation [*Duren jing*]." ZHANG WANFU quotes from a number of ancient Lingbao scriptures on how to recite the *Duren jing*, and how to meditate on certain parts. The present text (7b–9a) gives not only the pronunciation of certain terms but also their meaning.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongxuan lingbao dagang chao 太上洞玄靈寶大綱鈔

3 fols.

By LÜQIU FANGYUAN 閻丘方遠, hao Xuandong xiansheng 玄洞先生 (d. 902)

393 (fasc. 185)

"Outline of the Lingbao Tradition." Here LÜQIU FANGYUAN, himself a Taoist

master of the Shangqing tradition ("Tianzhu guan ji" [dated 900], 782 *Dadi dongtian ji* 3.3b; for biographical details, see 295 *Xu xian zhuan* 3.4a–6a), first explains the five kalpas in relation to the Five Elements before briefly describing the transmission of Lingbao scriptures from the time of the Yellow Emperor to that of LU XIUJING. LÜQIU also mentions Emperor Xuanzong's (r. 712–756) initiatives that changed the name of Taolin 桃林 district to Lingbao district and that founded Lingbao monasteries. The *Duren jing* 度人經 is considered the essential scripture within the fifty-eight-juan Lingbao canon.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Dongxuan lingbao dingguan jing zhu 洞玄靈寶定觀經註

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)

400 (fasc. 189).

"Book of Intent Contemplation, of the Dongxuan Lingbao Canon, with a Commentary." This is a short doctrinal treatise on *samādhi*. The text is known only in conjunction with its commentary and is reproduced in extenso in YJQQ 17.6b–13a, but without the short colophon of the present version. This colophon is signed by an unknown Lingxu zi 冷虛子 and dated with the cyclical characters *renshen* 壬申. The present title is given in the *Junzhai dushu zhi*, which mentions that it was listed in the *Handan shumu* 邯鄲書目 of 1049 (VDL 112).

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu 太上老君說常清靜經註

36 fols.

Attributed to DU GUANGTING 杜光庭, hao Guangcheng xiansheng 廣成先生

(850–933)

759 (fasc. 533)

"Commentary on the Scripture of Perpetual Purity and Tranquility." The attribution to DU GUANGTING cannot be maintained because of various anachronisms in this work. The most conspicuous example (27b) is the allusion to Ding Shaowei 丁少微 (fl. 978) and CHEN TUAN (871–989). Hence this commentary is not likely to date prior to the late tenth or the eleventh century. However, DU GUANGTING was familiar with the *Qingjing jing* and cites it in 783 *Yongcheng jixian lu* 1.11b.

Compared to 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing* our main text shows only insignificant variants. The comprehensive commentary that groups the individual sentences according to criteria of contents and that favors the *Daode jing* 道德經 and

[726] *Xisheng jing* 西昇經 in its citations also affirms the basic equality of Taoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism (15b; 16a–b).

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Zhutian lingshu duming miaojing yishu 諸天靈書度命妙經義疏

15 fols.

Tang (618–907)

98 (fasc. 50)

"Commentary on the Miraculous Book of Salvation in the Numinous Writing of the Numerous Heavens." This text is a free philosophical interpretation of 23 *Taishang zhutian lingshu duming miaojing*, with strong Buddhist overtones. It provides no clue as to its date or provenance.

According to the author's view, the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning's renewed revelation aims at making the inhabitants of the five paradises conscious of the relative and illusory nature of happiness in life—which they deem to be everlasting (*wu chang* 無常, *xiechang* 邪常)—thus leading them toward the realization of the truly eternal (*zhenchang* 眞常).

Understanding that the blessed existence is merely based on the residue force (*yushi* 餘勢) resulting from the earlier revelation of the Lingbao scriptures is, according to this commentary, the first step to overcoming (*du* 度) sensory perception (*shiming* 事命) and karma (*yeming* 業命) and to breaking through to one's true nature (*zhenxing* 眞性) and original destination (*daoming* 道命).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

2.A.2 Divination and Numerology

This section contains four works on topomancy and astrology that can all be dated to the Tang-Song transition period (tenth century). The 282 *Huangdi zhaijing*, a manual on the siting of dwellings, is followed by a set of works on astral divination: the Star Scripture (287 *Tongzhan daxiang li xingjing*), a descriptive astronomy cum astrology; and the two closely related Observatory Scriptures, 288 *Lingtai jing* and 289 *Chengxing lingtai biyao jing*, which feature a divination practice based on the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions and a ritual against baleful celestial influences, respectively.

Huangdi zhaijing 黃帝宅經

2 juan

Late Tang (618–907)

282 (fasc. 135)

“Yellow Emperor’s Scripture on Dwellings.” This is a topomantic work devoted to the determination of the influence of dwellings and sites in general on human destiny (1.1a). It is not mentioned in any bibliographic catalogue before the *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* (109.1a–b). In their entry on the present work, the *Siku* compilers provide a brief overview of this type of topomantic literature, which can be traced back as far as the *Han shu*, “Yiwen zhi,” 30.1774, which mentions a *Gongzhai dixing* 宮宅地形. In their view, the *Huangdi zhaijing* can be considered one of the oldest extant treatises on mantic arts.

Our text is divided into two juan, supplemented by explanatory notes. The beginning of the first juan (1.1a–2b) is a kind of unannotated introduction to the whole work; the remainder is a general exposition on topomantic techniques, dotted with quotations, mainly from the *Yijue* 易訣 by Xu Jun 許峻 of the Han. The second juan consists of a presentation and commentary on two diagrams representative of yang and yin dwellings (see fig. 22). All the quotations in this part derive from a “Book” (on dwellings?), presumably an earlier work that is also quoted in juan 1 in both the notes (1.3b) and the text (1.8a).

Juan 1 provides a list of twenty-nine topomantic works, ten of which have indications of authorship. The most recent authors mentioned are Li Chunfeng 李淳風 (602–670) and SIMA CHENGZHEN (655–735, called Sima tianshi 司馬天師). The earliest possible date for the compilation of this text is thus the late eighth century, or somewhat later, since the author, who addresses the “topomancers of recent times” (*jintai xuezhe* 近來學者; 1.2a), considers the above-mentioned texts as representing the “old system” (*guzhi* 古制; 1.1b).

The text dates probably from the late Tang (618–907) or Five Dynasties period (907–960), since a copy of juan 1 is attested in the Dunhuang manuscripts (Pelliot Chinois 3865). It is also totally unrelated to the southern tradition that took an important part in shaping modern geomancy as we know it today and that became widespread from the Northern Song (960–1127) onward. None of the twenty-nine mentioned works are references for the modern tradition. Moreover, our text does not mention the compass (*luopan* 羅盤) and the three differently shifted arrangements of the twenty-four positions; it also postulates an absolute priority of calendrical calculation over real-site observation and analysis. In the present system, the auspiciousness or balefulness of the topomantic position (*zhai zhi xingnian* 宅之行年) depends on the relationship of the seasonal cycle and sexagesimal binomials with the indices pertaining to the twenty-four positions.

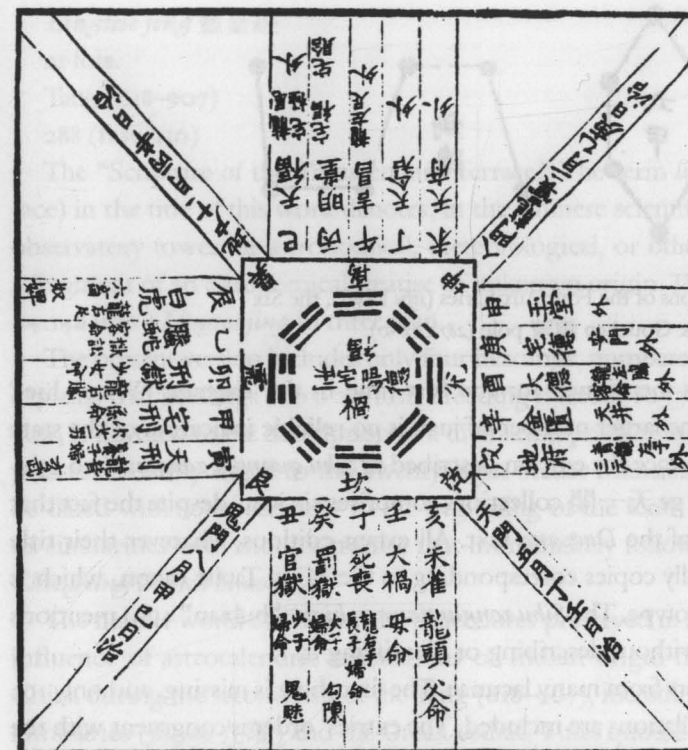


FIGURE 22. The spatial orientation and siting of yang dwellings (282 2.1a–b).

The *Huangdi zhaijing* is included at the beginning of the first of the thirty juan devoted to topomancy in the *Gujin tushu jicheng* (juan 651).

Marc Kalinowski

Tongzhan daxiang li xingjing 通占大象曆星經

2 juan

Tang (618–907)

287 (fasc. 136)

“Scripture on the Stars, with the Descriptive Almanac of their Basic Divinatory Symbols.” Better known among specialists as the Star Scripture (*Xingjing* 星經), this work appears as a descriptive and illustrated catalogue of the stars or constellations belonging to Chinese uranography (see fig. 23). The entries are mostly in an oracular style, lending the work the aspect of a handbook of judiciary astrology, and warranting the full title in the present *Daozang* edition.

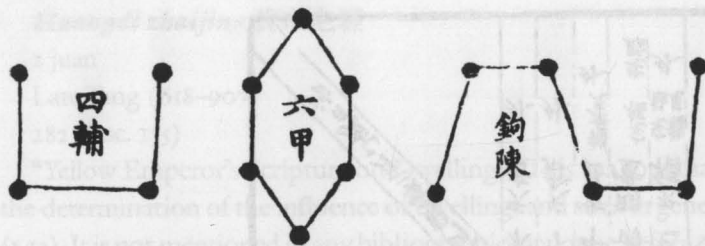


FIGURE 23. The constellations of the Four Auxiliaries (*sifu* 四輔), the Six Periods (*liujia* 六甲), and the Gouchen 鉤陳 pole (287 1.1a–b).

The Star Scripture is mentioned for the first time in the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe,” 44.12b, in three juan. The larger number of juan is no reliable indication of the state of the work at the time, since the edition described in *Siku quanshu zongmu* (110.25b–26a), today in the Tianyi ge 天一閣 collection, comprises six juan, despite the fact that it is a simple reedition of the *Daozang* text. All extant editions, whatever their title or attribution, are actually copies corresponding to the Ming Taoist canon, which is therefore the oldest prototype. The *Sibu zonglu tianwen bian* (“bubian” 49b) mentions a Yuan printed edition without describing or identifying it.

The present text suffers from many lacunae. The first sheet is missing, and only 162 of the 283 known constellations are included. The entries’ order is congruent with the natural succession of the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions (*xin* 宿), distributed seven to each direction. Entries 1 to 100 deal with the seven eastern *xin* and neighboring constellations; 101 to 162 with the northern *xin* and neighboring constellations. Entry number 101 is preceded by an introduction on the northern *xin*, which confirms that such was indeed the original order of the work and that lacunae are mostly due to the loss of the second part, dealing with constellations of the western and southern quarters.

When compared with the star catalogues preserved in Tang literature (see Needham, “Astronomy,” 197–98), especially with the *Kaiyuan zhanjing* 開元占經 of the early eighth century (juan 60–63 and 65–70), the present work shows obvious similarities both in style and content. The oracular formulas are often identical with the exception that where the *Kaiyuan zhanjing* presents itself as a compilation of supplementary materials, the *Tongzhan daxiang li xingjing* almost always adduces its own authority. It can be safely assumed that the present work was written during the Tang (618–907). This dating is further confirmed by some elements of internal criticism, for which see the entry in *Siku quanshu zongmu*. In his *Han shu yiwen zhi shibu* 2:1502, Yao Zhenzong 姚振宗 argues that its integration into the *Daozang* should date from the Tang or, at the latest, from the Song (960–1279).

Marc Kalinowski

Lingtai jing 靈臺經

21 fols.

Tang (618–907)

288 (fasc. 136)

The “Scripture of the Transcendant Terrace.” The term *lingtai* (transcendant terrace) in the title of this work denotes, in the Chinese scientific tradition, any kind of observatory tower for astronomical, meteorological, or other purposes. This text is a fragment of an astronomical treatise of unknown origin. The *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe,” 44.14a lists a *Lingtai jing* in three juan.

The present version includes only four headings, numbered 9 to 12. A commentary explains that headings 1 to 8 are lost. Heading number 10 (3a–14b), the most important, is devoted to the description of a divination practice using a set of twenty-eight palaces, certainly linked to the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions (*xin* 宿). The text can be dated with some certainty to the beginning of the tenth century, on the basis of its similarities with another treatise that immediately follows it in the *Daozang*: 289 *Chengxing lingtai biyao jing*.

The mantic world evoked by the procedures preserved in this text betrays a strong influence of astrocalendric calculations of Indian origin that were widespread in China during the second half of the Tang (618–907), including the system of the nine luminaries (*jiuyao* 九曜) and the Greek zodiac. Titles quoted in the text belong to the Greco-Indian astrological corpus, like the *Duli [yusi] jing* 都例經 (4b), introduced into China between 785 and 805 (see also the entry on 289 *Biyao jing*), and the *Simen jing* 四門經 (1b; see *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 12.373), which also dates from the Tang (see *Xin Tang shu*, “Yiwen zhi,” 3.1548).

One peculiarity worth mentioning is the advanced Sinification of the system of the nine luminaries, among which the typically Chinese Tianyi 天一 and Taiyi 太一 are used in place of *jidu* 計都 (*ketu*) and *luohou* 羅侯 (*rāhu*).

Marc Kalinowski

Chengxing lingtai biyao jing 秤星靈臺祕要經

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

289 (fasc. 136)

“Scripture on the Essential Secrets of the Transcendant Terrace for Appraising the [Influence of] Celestial Bodies.” The title paraphrases heading 11 in the preceding work, 288 *Lingtai jing*, “Appraising the Influence of the Celestial Bodies” (*chengxing lifen* 力分; 14b).

The text is as fragmentary as the preceding one (see 6a for a reference to missing passages), with which it shares a common lexical and theoretical background. Fre-

quent quotations from a *Jiuzhi jing* 九執經 (2a, 3b, 4a) confirm the obvious filiation with Indian astrocalenderic traditions; the *Jiuzhi li* 曆 (Calendar of the Nine Planets) was introduced to China in 718.

A short introduction by the author was fortuitously preserved in the shape of a commentary to a quotation from the *Renlun jing* 人倫經 (1a-b). It explains how the transmission of the astrological ritual described here, going back to Guo Pu 郭璞 (276-324), passed through Yixing 一行 (eighth century) and his contemporary Li Quan 李筌, who noted it down in their *Bisi jing* 筆斯經. The author claims to have deleted this part of the text while editing it around 894-897, lest sorcerers (*shiwu* 師巫) put it to illicit use. He ends by saying that over the years he changed his mind and was now ready to publish a separate edition of this very part. It can thus be assumed that the received version was written in the first decades of the tenth century.

The treatise is clearly divided into two parts: the first part (1a-4b) describes a protection ritual against baleful celestial influences and forms a kind of appendix to the divinatory procedure outlined in 288 *Lingtai jing*. It may be noted that the ritual includes the chanting of Taoist scriptures such as the *Duren jing* 度人經 and the *Xiaozai jing* 消災經 (3a).

The second part (5a-7a) has two paragraphs (the first paragraph being followed by a commentary) and deals again with the mantic world of the nine luminaries. The title of the second paragraph, “Dongwei dashu 洞微大數,” anticipates a divinatory method that seems to have taken form under the Song (960-1279); the earliest known source of this method is a work in the *Daozang*: 1485 *Ziwei doushu* (q.v.; this work stipulates the equivalence of *ziwei* 紫微 and *dongwei* 洞微). More generally, the procedures in both the present text and 288 *Lingtai jing* present many similarities with those in 1485 *Ziwei doushu* that may represent reformulations by later Song innovators.

Marc Kalinowski

2.A.3 Medicine and Pharmacology

If a distinction can be made in the history of Chinese medicine between an earlier period of “Taoist medicine” and a later period of “Confucian medicine,” then the Tang (618-907) witnessed the final flourishing of the former. Both SUN SIMO, at the beginning of the dynasty, and WANG BING, at its later stage, made immense contributions toward the preservation and the upgrading of Chinese medical science. Sun’s work is related mainly to herbal drugs and symbolical therapy, whereas both Wang’s work on the *Huangdi neijing suwen* 黃帝內經素問 (see part 1.A.3) and his later studies,

such as the 1023 *Suwen liuqi xuanzhu miyu* listed here, concern mainly acupuncture and questions of theory. From Sun’s work and other minor texts assembled here one can see how closely Tang medicine was related to Tending Life practices. The reader is therefore invited to consult also part 2.A.4.

Sun zhenren beiji qianjin yaofang mulu 孫真人備急千金要方目錄

2 juan

1162 (fasc. 799)

Sun zhenren beiji qianjin yaofang 孫真人備急千金要方

93 juan

By SUN SIMO 孫思邈 (581?-682); revised by Lin Yi 林億 and others; eleventh century

1163 (fasc. 800-820)

“Essential Priceless Prescriptions for All Urgent Ills, by Zhenren Sun.” This is an important medical handbook in 232 sections that contain 5,200 articles concerning the main aspects of practical medicine. The title of the work is not new. The *Sui shu*, “Jingji zhi,” 34.1045 quotes a *Qianjin fang* 千金方 in three juan by Fan Shiying 范世英.

According to Nathan Sivin, this great work of SUN SIMO was written between 650 and 659. There are three main editions of the book: one dating from the Northern Song period, which is very incomplete; another from the Song, and the present *Daozang* edition (see Okanishi Tameto, *Song yiqian yiji kao* 2:584 ff.; Ma Jixing, *Zhongyi wenxian xue*).

The first two juan are edited separately under the title “Table of Contents of the *Sun zhenren beiji qianjin yaofang*.” In addition to the table of contents, this part contains two prefaces and an introduction.

The first preface is signed by Gao Baoheng 高保衡, Sun Qi 孫奇, Qian Xiangxian 錢象先, and Lin Yi, members of the bureau charged with the revision of medical texts, founded on imperial order in 1056. For their work of revision and editing, they requested that the secretary of the imperial cabinet collect public and private manuscripts of the *Qianjin fang*, as well as the books of the Taoist canon. Having first presented the sources used by SUN SIMO for his handbook, the prefacers briefly describe the sequence of the sections of the work.

The second preface is by SUN SIMO himself, who explains the reasons for writing this work and the meaning of the title. The introduction that follows is composed of two parts: (1) ten articles for guidance written by Sun himself and originally placed at different places in his work, but assembled here by the editors; and (2) a number of corrections made by Lin Yi and his collaborators. Their work consists mainly in the unification of names, remedies, and medical terminology; a modernization of the

measures given in the recipes; a reordering of chapters and recipes; and the correction of faulty characters.

The main part of the work deals with drug therapy (juan 2 to 78), beginning with prescriptions for diseases of mother and child. At the end of each prescription, variants for dosage or ingredients are indicated in small characters. These indications have been borrowed from later sources and are certainly due to Lin Yi and his collaborators. In addition to the prescriptions of classical Chinese medicine, the work contains a number of Taoist remedies, such as the use of incantations or talismans. There are also a few references to the alchemical work of SUN SIMO. Between 618 and 626, a dragon is said to have presented Sun with a book called Canon for the Absorption of Water (*Fushui jing* 服水經), which the author abstracts here. The book describes a form of exorcism that uses a Sanskrit *dhārāṇī*.

Juan 79 and 80 are devoted to dietary rules. Juan 81 to 83 are on the arts of Tending Life. These chapters use large parts of the lost *Yangsheng yaoji* 養生要集, which is also used in 1427 *Taiqing daolin shesheng lun*.

At the end of the work, there is a part devoted to pulse taking and acupuncture. The system expounded here is that of the *Jiayi jing* 甲乙經, revised by Zhen Quan 甄權 of the Tang in his *Mingtang renxing tu* 明堂人形圖.

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Catherine Despeux

Suwen liugui xuanzhu miyu 素問六氣玄珠密語

17 juan

By WANG BING 王冰, *hao* Qixuan zi 啓玄子; 762

1023 (fasc. 665–667)

“Secret Instructions on the Mysterious Pearl of the Six Qi in the *Basic Questions*.” The work is mentioned in Yu Mao’s *Suichu tang shummu* under the title *Miyu* 密語 (see VDL 134). WANG BING, the editor and commentator of the *Huangdi neijing suwen*, announced in his preface to 1018 *Huangdi neijing suwen buzhu shiwen* that he wrote a *Xuanzhu miyu* 玄珠密語, which he clearly identifies as a work on prognostication (1018 *Buzhu shiwen*, xu 1b). This text seems to have been originally part of WANG BING’s commentary but appears here as a separate work. As indicated in the title, it is a detailed treatise on energy cycles (*qiyun* 氣運) in the universe and in the human body.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Taishang zhouhou yujing fang 太上肘後玉經方

5 fols.

By Lu Zunyuan 盧遵元, *hao* Xiaqi zi 霞栖子; ninth century

847 (fasc. 573)

“Vade Mecum of Recipes from the Jade Book of the Most High.” This small collection consists of eight prescriptions, each linked to one of the Eight Recipes and attributed to a famous immortal. The text is mentioned in Song catalogues (see VDL 86) and reproduced in YJQQ 74.13a–19a. There the name of the author is given as Lu Daoyuan 盧道元.

The author is not known from other sources. In the preface, he traces the transmission of the recipes to the god Donghai qing tong jun 東海青童君, who dictated them to a certain Chaoju zi 巢居子. The latter recorded them and gave them to Hanqi zi 寒棲子 during the Chang’an era (701–704). Hanqi zi passed them on to the author in 792, who transmitted them in turn to a Mr. Shi 施, alias Yinqi zi 隱棲子, “in the *yiwei* 乙未 year of the Baoli era (825–827).” In fact, this era does not comprise a *yiwei*, but only a *dingwei* 丁未 year. It is probable that there has been a graphic confusion between *yi* 乙 and *ding* 丁.

Each prescription carries a colophon relating its origin. For instance, the fifth recipe is said to have been found in a cavern on Mount Heming 鶴鳴 in Sichuan, whereas the sixth was culled from a *Xianmen zi jing* 羨門子經. The latter title is mentioned in the catalogue *Sanguo yiwenzhi* 三國藝文志 4.84a.

The YJQQ version is more explicit than the present text with respect to the origins of the recipes. Moreover, the YJQQ reproduces the Eight Trigrams at the head of each of these recipes. For the sixth recipe, the YJQQ version gives a variant.

Catherine Despeux

Shenxian fushi lingcao changpu wan fangzhuan 神仙服食靈草菖蒲丸方傳

5 fols.

Tang (618–907)

844 (fasc. 573)

“Recipes and Stories Concerning Calamus and Ganoderma Pills.” This is a small treatise on the different ways of gathering and preparing herbal medicine from these two species, how to ingest them, their efficacy, and historical examples of people who benefitted from them. The introduction gives the date Dali 14, which corresponds to 779.

Kristofer Schipper

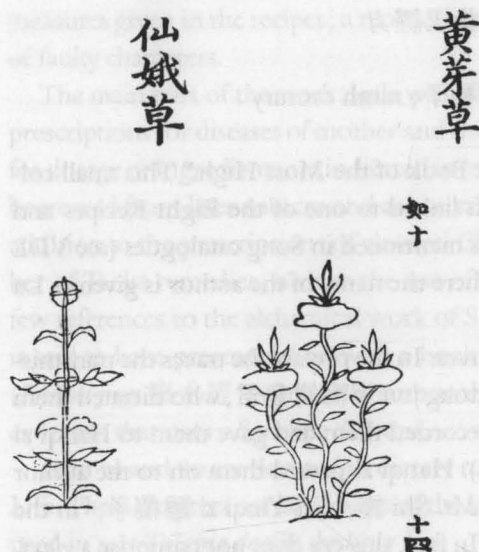


FIGURE 24. Imaginary herbs for medical meditation—the Immortal Beauty and the Yellow Shoot (932 17a–b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/925)

Boyun xianren lingcao ge 白雲仙人靈草歌

20 fols.

Tang (618–907) or Five Dynasties (907–960)

932 (fasc. 597)

“Song of the Divine Herbs, by the White Cloud Immortal.” This is an illustrated catalogue of fifty-five medicinal plants, with annotations in rhymed verse (see fig. 24). One entry lacks an illustration.

Boyun xianren (White Cloud Immortal) is an appellation for SIMA CHENGZHEN (667–735). The present work, however, is quoted only in the *Chongwen zongmu* (see VDL 100), and without attribution. The book must therefore have been written between the eighth and tenth centuries.

The herbs have a wide range of properties. Some are used in operative alchemy, in mollifying or fixing minerals. Others have therapeutic virtues or help to prolong life. The preface to the catalogue is stated to be lost.

Catherine Despeux

Zhong zhicao fa 種芝草法

4 fols.

Tang (618–907)

933 (fasc. 597)

“Method of Planting Cryptogams.” This is an undated text; it quotes as its source the instructions given by Laozi in another text, also undated: 1206 *Shangqing mingjian*

yaojing, paragraph 7, which carries the subtitle “Laozi’s Jade Casket Containing the Scripture on Growing Cryptogams: A Secret of the Divine Immortals” (*Laozi yuxia zhong zhongzhi jing shenxian bishi, diqi* 老子玉匣中種芝經神仙祕事第七).

These two texts are similar in content, but many textual divergences between them suggest that our text may well be an inexact copy of 1206 *Mingjian yaojing* and 1245 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi mingjing fa*, a text that repeats 1206 *Mingjian yaojing* in many instances. To take two examples among many, 2b of our text compared to 1206 *Mingjian yaojing* 10b shows discrepancies in the *wuxing* 五行 table of correspondences; and 3a and 4a compared with 1206 *Mingjian yaojing* 10a–13a reveal evidence of faulty copying.

The text stipulates that immortality may be obtained only by the absorption of the four cryptogams of the cardinal points, cultivated according to the instructions given. These instructions provide for every detail of the growth, harvesting, and preparation of the cryptogams for medical purposes. These plants, of themselves, command all the tellurian, vegetable, mineral, and cosmological essences used in other methods in the quest for immortality. Most of the plants, minerals, ceremonies of harvesting, and laws governing each cryptogam in rhythm with the universe that are mentioned in our text are also found in the BPZ, particularly in *juan* 11, “Xianyao 仙藥.”

Pauline Bentley Koffler

Shangqing mingjian yaojing 上清明鑑要經

12 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1206 (fasc. 876)

“The Scripture of the Essentials of the Clear Mirror.” This text contains instructions for the preparation and use of seven methods for attaining immortality, presented in seven short paragraphs: (1) meditation by means of mirrors; (2) the polishing of such mirrors; (3) alchemical prescriptions; (4) celestial flower-wine; (5) selected healing plants for making pillows, and identification of the nine-knotted magistral staff; (6) prescriptions for such pillows, and their accompanying fu; (7) cultivation of cryptogams governed by the cardinal points.

It is possible that in deference to the Song taboo of the name of Gaozong (*jing* 鏡) the term *jian* 鑑 was substituted in the title for the more usual *mingjing* 明鏡. The book was probably written before the Song (960–1279). Paragraphs 1, 2, 4, and 5 (that is, the entire first half of the text, with the exception of page 4b) exist also in YJQQ 48.8a–13b, as well as in the Tang work 1126 *Dongxuan lingbao daoxue keyi* 2.6b–10a. Moreover, the first two paragraphs of the present work make up the entire text of 1245 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi mingjing fa*. As to paragraph 7 of our text, it is the source of

933 *Zhong zhicao fa*. On close scrutiny, the textual variants that exist between all these versions convey the impression that the present one is the least distorted.

In spite of its title, this book does not appear to have any direct relationship with the Shangqing scriptural tradition. The ingredients of the prescriptions echo the classical sources on those matters (*Shennong bencao*, BPZ).

Pauline Bentley Koffler

2.A.4 Yangsheng

This section, devoted to Tending Life techniques (*yangsheng* 養生), is divided into two sections: “miscellaneous practices,” many of which involve breathing exercises in combination with a variety of other methods; and practices that are specifically centered on “respiratory techniques.” The first category comprises dietary techniques (especially abstention from cereals), personal hygiene, gymnastics, massage, divination and calendrical observances, meditation, elixir and physiological alchemy, and magic. The section opens with a short, general treatise on the Primordial Qi or the fundamental life force (*yuanyi* 元氣). Next comes perhaps the best-known representative of *yangsheng* literature: 838 *Tangxing yanming lu*, attributed by tradition alternatively to the scholar of medicine and alchemy TAO HONGJING and to the Tang physician SUN SIMO. This text is followed by another work ascribed to Sun: 837 *Zhenzhong ji*. Several of the compilations in this section are presented in the form of commentaries on earlier works, such as 402 *Huangting neijing yujing zhu*, 403 *Huangting neijing yujing jingjie*, and 432 *Huangting neijing wuzang liufu buxie tu* on the Book of the Yellow Court (see also 1400–1402), and 763 *Laozi shuo wuchu jingzhu* on the Five Feasts Scripture. The work 673 *Taishang laojun hunyuan sanbu fu*, a rare collection of popular talismanic methods, is followed by several works on life-tending magical arts involving invocations, *dunjia* 遁甲 (hidden period) magic, and mirrors. The discourse in this section ranges from homely advice on everyday lifestyle and the maintenance of good health to abstract philosophical speculation. The respiratory techniques that form the main subject of part 2.A.4.b, and that feature frequently in the other works in this chapter as well, are for the most part based on the theory and practice of Embryonic Breathing” (*taixi* 胎息) described in Henri Maspero’s “Methods of ‘Nourishing the Vital Principle.’”

2.A.4.a Miscellaneous Practices

Yuanyi lun 元氣論

28 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1032 *Yunji qiqian* 56 (fasc. 677–702)

“Treatise on the Primordial Qi.” This text is cited as lost in 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* 2.6a and must therefore have existed as an independent work. It has, however, been preserved in the YJQQ, where it is placed at the beginning of the chapters concerning bodily exercises, as a kind of introduction. The text observes the Tang taboo of the character *zhi* 治, replacing it with *li* 理. There are citations of 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing* (18b and 24a) and of the “Sanfeng ge 三峰歌” of Luo Gongyuan 羅公遠, which shows that the work dates from the Tang dynasty and was probably composed during the late eighth or early ninth centuries.

The present work is a theoretical treatise on *yuanyi* 元氣 (Primordial Qi, fundamental life energy), in its relationship to the origin of the universe and the configuration of the human being. The preface (1a–3a) retraces the mythical birth of the universe from the cosmic egg and the ensuing formation of the world and of human life. The later part of the text explains the cosmological system and the corresponding methods of Inner Alchemy (*neidan* 內丹) and other Tending Life techniques.

Alessandra Lavagnino

Tangxing yanming lu 養性延命錄

2 juan

Attributed to TAO HONGJING 陶弘景 (456–536)

838 (fasc. 572)

“Records Concerning Tending Life and the Lengthening of Life.” This is a collection of instructions for healthy living; food; fasting and prayer; breathing exercises for healing; massage; gymnastics; and sexual therapy.

The present work is mentioned in Song catalogues such as the *Bishu sheng xubian-dao siku qieshu mu* with attribution to TAO HONGJING (see VDL 159). The preface of the present edition notes, “Some say that this book was compiled by Sun Simo.” This attribution may be due to the fact that the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” lists a work with a similar title, also in two juan, which it ascribes to Sun, whereas the *Bishu sheng* catalogue lists a *Yangsheng zalu* 養生雜錄 in one juan by the same author (VDL 159).

The present text is given, in an abridged form, in YJQQ 32. There the unsigned preface does not contain the note on the alternative attribution of the text to SUN SIMO, nor does it mention the division of the book into two juan of three paragraphs each, which may imply that those two details were added later. The wording of the

preface suggests the authorship of TAO HONGJING, as does the style, but this similarly does not exclude the possibility of a deliberate imitation.

The author states in the preface that he studied all texts on the art of Tending Life, from the mythical emperors up through the Wei and Jin dynasties, and that he relied on the *Yangsheng yaoji* 養生要集 by Zhang Zhan 張湛 (fl. 370), Zhi Dun 支遁 (alias Daolin 道林), Zhaiping 翟平, and Huangshan 黃山. In fact, one third of the section on gymnastics and massage here consists of extracts from the *Yangsheng yaoji* (see Despeux, "Gymnastics").

The book is composed of numerous quotations, many containing the words of Pengzu 彭祖. These words may have come from a *Pengzu yangxing jing* 彭祖養性經 in one juan, mentioned in the *Sui shu*, "Jingji zhi," 34.1043. Parts of this latter text can also be found in 1163 *Sun zhenren beiji qianjin yaofang* by SUN SIMO, in the section 81.9b–17b of that work which bears the title "Tending Life according to Daolin," and is therefore probably based on the above-mentioned work by Zhang Zhan. Other parts of our text can also be found in 837 *Zhenzhong ji*, also by SUN SIMO (compare, e.g., the passages in 1.5b and 1.10b of our text with 837 *Zhenzhong ji* 2b and 3a–b, respectively). Moreover, the third paragraph of juan 1 of our text corresponds to 1427 *Taiqing Daolin shesheng lun* 9. The latter work corresponds in turn to juan 81 of 1163 *Qianjin yaofang*. The description of the Six Qi given in our text (2.3a) is identical to the one found in 836 *Shenxian shiqi jingui miaolu* 5b. The passage on the Play of the Five Animals (*wuqin xi* 五禽戲; 2.7a–b) corresponds to a passage in 821 *Taishang laojun yangsheng jue* 1.1a–2a.

This work appears to be a reconstitution dating from the late Tang dynasty (618–907) and drawing on materials on *yangsheng* techniques found mainly in the works of SUN SIMO.

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Catherine Despeux

Zhenzhong ji 枕中記

27 fols.

Tang (618–907)

837 (fasc. 572)

"Notes to Be Kept inside the Pillow." This is a collection of various methods for Tending Life. The *Chongwen zongmu* (VDL 115) attributes it to SUN SIMO (d. 682). YJQQ 33.1a–12a has a *Shenyang zhenzhong fang* by SUN SIMO of Taibo shan, with a preface, that corresponds to the beginning of the present text (approximately 1a–10a).

The other parts of the text are quoted in *Jingshi zhonglai daguan benzao* 6 and 12 (dated 1108), indicating that in the early Song it had already its present form. However, an editorial mistake caused a fragment of 850 *Xiuzhen bilu* to take the place of a part of the original text (10a–13a), which continues from 13b onwards. The author mentions a journey to Sichuan in 649 (21a), which is confirmed by Sun's biography in LZTT 29.12b.

The present book is a patchwork of quotations and methods taken from Six Dynasties compilations and divided into two main parts: (1) recipes for Tending Life (1b–10a), offering general thoughts, prohibitions, gymnastics, and breathing exercises, with a brief overview of Embryonic Breathing (which is criticized in 820 *Taiqing tiaopi jing*); (2) methods concerning the harvest, fabrication, and ingestion of the most common mineral or vegetable concretions, so as to keep the intestines free after having "chased the Three Worms" (13b–27b). Details are provided on the rites to perform when ingesting the drugs.

Jean Lévi

Huangting neijing yujing zhu 黃庭內景玉經註

3 juan

By Bo Lüzhong 白履忠, hao Liangqiu zi 梁丘子 (fl. 722–729)

402 (fasc. 190)

"Commentary on the Precious Book of the Inner Landscape of the Yellow Court."

This is a commentary on 331 *Taishang huangting neijing yujing*, by the court Taoist Bo Lüzhong. Bo's biography in *Tang shu* 192.5124 mentions the present work. The original preface has been preserved in YJQQ 11.1a–b, where it is followed by the preface to the *Wucheng zi* 務成子 commentary (1b–9b). In our present edition, this sequence is reversed: the *Wucheng zi* preface occupies 1a–3a; Bo's original preface is on 3a–b; and they are merged into a single text called "Formula (for Reciting) the *Huangting neijing yujing*." Both prefaces are again reproduced in the version of the present work included in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 55–57, but there they are presented as being entirely the present author's work. Bo's commentary is complete, giving due attention to each detail, whether of a practical or of a mystical nature, and drawing on a large number of primary and secondary sources in support of the interpretations. Its inclusion in a great number of Song libraries (VDL 88) demonstrates its popularity.

Kristofer Schipper

Huangting waijing yujing zhu 黃庭外景玉經註

2 juan

By Bo Lüzhong 白履忠, hao Liangqiu zi 梁丘子 (fl. 722–729)

263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 58–60 (fasc. 131)

“Commentary on the Precious Book of the Outer Landscape of the Yellow Court.” This is Bo Lüzhong’s commentary to 332 *Taishang huangting waijing yujing*, preserved only in the *Xiuzhen shishu* collection. The work reads like a sequel to Bo’s 402 *Huangting neijing yujing zhu*, as it bases most of its interpretations on the system of the latter. This dependence is especially apparent in the fact that the present text places all major dwellings of the gods in the head (for instance, the “marvelous root” [linggen 靈根] is identified with the tongue on 58.2b) instead of in the lower belly and the sexual organs, which seems to be what the original meaning of the *Waijing yujing* indicates. Among the deities of the body, Laozi is especially prominent, and the whole commentary can be read as a guide to visualizing an Inner Old Master.

Kristofer Schipper

Huangting neiwai yujing jingjie 黃庭內外玉景經解

11 fols.

By Jiang Shenxiu 蔣慎修 (Tang [618–907])

403 (fasc. 190)

“Commentary on the Precious Book of the Inner and Outer Landscapes of the Yellow Court.” This is a commentary on the two versions of the *Huangting jing*. The present text is only a fragment of the original work by Jiang in ten juan (see *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe,” 5.5b; VDL 147). Jiang is unknown elsewhere, but, judging from his title, he may have been a daoshi at a Tang (618–907) court. This is a detailed philosophical commentary drawing on classical Taoist sources.

Kristofer Schipper

Huangting neijing wuzang liufu buxie tu 黃庭內景五臟六腑補瀉圖

2 + 22 fols.

By Hu Yin 胡愔; preface dated 848

432 (fasc. 196)

“Chart on the Procedures for Filling and Emptying the Six Receptacles and Five Viscera according to the the Inner Landscape of the Yellow Court.” This is a short, illustrated treatise on the Five Viscera and their corresponding qi-breaths (fig. 25).

The work is mentioned in a Song catalogue (VDL 147). It is also reproduced, without illustrations, in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 54. That version is titled *Huangting neijing wuzang liufu tu* and it is preceded by the same preface, except for the omitted date. The main texts of the two versions show major divergences: The passage 4a–b in 263

肝臟圖



FIGURE 25. The Green Dragon of the liver (432 10a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/429)

Xiuzhen shishu is absent from the present text; conversely, the section 2b–3a here is missing in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu*. The discussion concerning the heart is entirely different in the two versions. The present work is also related to 1402 *Shangqing huangting wuzang liufu zhenren yuzhou jing*, which, in its edition in YJQQ 14, features the same illustrations (compare, for example, 7b–8b here with YJQQ 14.6b–7b, and 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 54.4a–5b with 1402 *Yuzhou jing* 2b–3b). These different versions all constitute fragmentary and no doubt partially corrupted elaborations of the same basic material (see also 819 *Taishang yangsheng taixi qijing*).

In his preface the author explains that he had selected and ordered a set of Taoist texts for the initiation of novices. The categories indicated in the preface correspond exactly to those found in the text: illustrations, glosses, pathology and medication, therapeutic breath-swallowing, seasonal taboos, and gymnastics.

Jean Lévi

Shangqing huangting yangshen jing 上清黃庭養神經

10 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1400 (fasc. 1049)

“Book on the Nourishment of the Spirits of the Yellow Court, a Supreme Purity Scripture.” The present text is listed in the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe” (see VDL 148). Moreover, YJQQ 14 contains a *Huangting dunjia yuanshen jing* the first three pages of which are the same as this text. The first part sets out a system combining meditation on the spirits of the body, as prescribed by the Book of the Yellow Court (see 331 *Huangting neijing yujing* and 332 *Taishang huangting waijing yujing*), with the worship of the gods of the sexagesimal cycle and the so-called *dunjia* 遁甲 or “hidden period” magic. As such, the title of the YJQQ version seems more appropriate. However, after the first three pages, which both texts have in common, the YJQQ version, beginning at the end of page 3b, contains a treatise on the Five Viscera and the different ways to nourish them that is similar to 1402 *Shangqing huangting wuzang liufu zhenren yuzhou jing* (q.v.), whereas our text is from the beginning to the end devoted to the cult of the gods of the sexagesimal cycle. All these texts must have a common background. In

spite of the *Shangqing* epithet, there is no clear relationship with the scriptural canon of the same name.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang huangting zhongjing jing 太上黃庭中景經

13 fols.

Commentary by Li Qiansheng 李千乘; late Tang (618–907)?

1401 (fasc. 1050)

“The Book of the Central Landscape of the Yellow Court of the Most High.” This is a sequel to the two other versions, the “Inner” and the “Outer,” of the Book of the Yellow Court, 331 *Taishang huangting neijing yujing* and 332 *Taishang huangting waijing yujing*. It carries a second title: *Huang-Lao huangting jing* 黃老黃庭經. But this mention of “Huang-Lao” (the Yellow Emperor and Laozi) was probably intended to give the book an antique aura. Its description of the inner world is also more straightforward and picturesque than that of other versions. The work is listed in the bibliographical chapters of the *Song shi* and in the *Tongzhi*; these chapters also mention the commentator (see VDL 147).

Li Qiansheng is unknown. His name is preceded, at the beginning of the text, by his ordination title of Shangqing yuanming zhenren 上清元命真人, which was current during the Tang. His extensive glosses draw on a variety of well-known sources, all classical but not exclusively from the Shangqing canon. The *Yijing* 易經 is quoted on page 5b and again on 9b. The *Dadong jing* 大洞經 is also often referred to, which suggests a late Tang date.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing huangting wuzang liufu zhenren yuzhou jing

上清黃庭五藏六府真人玉軸經

12 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1402 (fasc. 1050)

“Precious Scroll of the Zhenren on the Six Receptacles and Five Viscera of the Yellow Court of Shangqing.” This work is a short treatise on the visualization of the Five Viscera, with illustrations (see fig. 26). A related text, though with different illustrations, is found in YJQQ 14.3b–14a. The latter’s illustrations are identical to those in 432 *Huangting neijing wuzang liufu buxie tu*, the contents of which again recall the present work. The beginning of the YJQQ version is truncated and the text has been conflated with a *Huangting dunjia yuansheng jing* that does not correspond to the *Daozang* work of the same title, 873 *Huangting dunjia yuansheng jing*. In fact, this version

(YJQQ 14) seems to be a different elaboration of 432 *Buxie tu*. The version in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 54 incorporates extensive passages of the present work (54.10b of the *Xiuzhen shishu* corresponds to 5b of our text) that do not feature in the extant edition of 432 *Buxie tu*. Moreover, both 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* and the present text contain numerous identical passages.

An abridged version of the present work is also found in 819 *Taishang yangsheng taixi qijing* 5b–7b.

Jean Lévi

Laozi shuo wuchu jing zhu 老子說五厨經註

2 + 5 fols.

By Yin Yin 尹愔; presented in 736

763 (fasc. 533)

“Commentary on the Five Feasts Scripture Pronounced by Laozi.” Yin Yin (d. 741), a prominent Taoist and Confucian scholar under Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756), served variously as imperial remonstrator (*jianyi dafu* 諫議大夫), abbot of the Suming guan 肅明觀 temple in Chang’an, and Jixian yuan 集賢院 academician (see *Xin Tang shu* 200.5703; *Cefu yuangui* 53.16b–17a; *Makita Tairyō, Gikyō kenkyū*, 364). The presentation date at the end of the author’s preface is preserved only in the edition of this commentary in YJQQ 61.5b–10b, where it is titled *Wuchu jing qifa* 氣法.

FIGURE 26. The Red Bird, spirit of the heart (1402 3b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1383)

The short Five Feasts Scripture itself is entirely preserved within this commentary. It does not appear independently in the *Daozang* (for another edition of the scripture, see *Zangwai daoshu* 6:58; in that version, Yin Yin’s introductory paragraph appears at the end). The scripture comprises five stanzas consisting of four five-character lines each. The YJQQ edition shows that the five stanzas were associated with the Five Directions of space: east (lines 1–4), south (lines 5–8), north (lines 9–12), west (lines 13–16), and center (lines 17–20). Taoist “kitchen banquets” (*chu* 廚) were originally communal feasts that constituted an important part of the liturgical system of the Heavenly Master movement (see Stein, “Spéculations mystiques et thèmes relatifs aux ‘cuisines’”). In the present work, the five kitchens are assimilated with the Five Viscera (*wuzang* 五臟), and the concept of the ritual banquet is recast in terms of physiologi-



cal alchemy. In his introductory paragraph (1a), Yin Yin relates the harmonization of vital energy (qi) to the satisfaction of the Five Viscera, which in turn balances the Five Spirits (*wushen* 五神). As a result of realizing these conditions, desire is eliminated. "In this scripture," says Yin, "obtaining provisions for the Five Viscera is likened to seeking food in the kitchen. Hence the reference to Five Kitchens." Commenting on Yin Yin's interpretation, DU GUANGTING claims more explicitly that practicing this scripture will enable the adept to stop eating (590 *Daojiao lingyan ji* 12.2b).

DU GUANGTING also states (590 *Daojiao lingyan ji* 12.2b) that the *Wuchu jing* formed part of the Taiqing bu 太清部 section, that is, the third of the Four Supplements (*sifu* 四輔), containing alchemical works, in the Tang Taoist canon. A second commentary, according to Du, had been written by Yin Yin's contemporary Zhao Xianfu 趙仙甫 (fl. 732; see *Yuhai* 53.11b). The same scripture, titled *Sanchu jing* 三厨經, was also contained in the Buddhist canon of the Tang period (see *Kaiyuan shijiao lu* 18.672a). The Buddhist version is, moreover, represented by a set of Dunhuang manuscripts (studied in Makita Tairyō, *Gikyō kenkyū*, 351–61) and is still found in the Taishō canon (T 85, no. 2894). Its five stanzas or incantations, arranged in the Buddhist version in the spatial order east-south-center-west-north (Stein 2673; Makita 354–55), were characterized by DU GUANGTING as "spell *gāthā*" (*zhouji* 咒偈; 590 *Daojiao lingyan ji* 12.2b). It seems likely that the scripture, with its Buddho-Taoist content and quasi-magical use, originated as a late Six Dynasties (220–589) Tantric "book of spells" (*zhoujing* 咒經; cf. Makita Tairyō, *Gikyō kenkyū*, 367, and Strickmann, "The Consecration sūtra"). In Tang times (618–907), the text was fiercely disputed by the Taoist and Buddhist communities, as borne out by DU GUANGTING's tale of alleged Buddhist plagiarism, which claims to document the origin of the separate Buddhist version circulating at that time (see 590 *Daojiao lingyan ji* 12.2b–3b, and Verellen, "Evidential Miracles," 250–51).

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Franciscus Verellen

Siqi shesheng tu 四氣攝生圖

28 fols.

Late Tang (618–907)?

766 (fasc. 534)

"Illustrated [Method] of the Four Energies for Conserving One's Health." At the end of the unsigned and undated preface (page 3b), the title of the present work is given as *Siqi shesheng tu* 四季攝生圖, reading "Four Seasons" instead of "Four Energies." Several Song catalogues, such as the *Chongwen zongmu*, quote the work under

the present title (see VDL 96), stating that it was written by the daoshi Liu Ding 劉鼎. A number of people with this name can be identified for the Tang (618–907) and Wudai (907–960) periods, but none of them is known to have been a daoshi.

The work describes and depicts the viscera (*wuzang* 五臟, *liufu* 六腑) and their functions, linking them to the seasons and to the rules to be observed to keep in harmony with their changes (see fig. 27). A number of the practices as described here were common in Tang texts, such as 828 *Youzhen xiansheng funa yuanqi jue*.

Kristofer Schipper

Baosheng ming 保生銘

1 fol.

Attributed to SUN SIMO 孫思邈 (581?–682?)

835 (fasc. 571)

"Inscription on Preserving Health" This is an abstract of the main principles for maintaining good health as found in most of the Tending Life texts, such as SUN SIMO's 1163 *Sun Zhenren beiji qianjin yaofang* 81.9b; 1427 *Taiqing Daolin shesheng lun* 1b, 10b, 11b; and in 838 *Tangxing yanming lu*.

This short text was engraved on the gate of an anonymous person. *Baosheng ming* is quoted in 766 *Siqi shesheng tu* 2b.

Catherine Despeux



FIGURE 27. The spirit of the lungs (766 12a–b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/759)

Taiqing zhonghuang zhenjing 太清中黃真經

2 juan

Text attributed to Jiuxian jun 九仙君; commentary to Zhonghuang zhenren 中黃真人; Tang (618–907)

817 (fasc. 586)

"The Most Pure Veritable Book of the Yellow Center." This is a didactic poem in seven-character verse. Both the Jiuxian jun and Zhonghuan zhenren are mythical figures, the latter being considered the master of the Yellow Emperor (see *Xianyuan benji* 軒轅本記 in YJQQ 100. 26b–27a). Zhonghuang is the center of the body. It is also a

name for the spleen. According to the unsigned and undated preface, this *Zhonghuang jing* 中黃經 was also called Treatise on the Womb Receptacle (*Taizang lun* 胎藏論) or Book of the Yellow Center of the Womb Receptacle (*Taizang zhonghuang jing* 胎藏中黃經). The eighteen sections (*zhang* 章) originally formed a single juan. This is also the version preserved in YJQQ 13, which is identical with the present one, except for some elements (the preface has a commentary, but part of the commentary we have here is missing). A version of the present work in one juan is listed in the *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 12.2b under the title Book of the Yellow Center of the Inner Landscape (*Neijing zhonghuang jing* 內景中黃經; see VDL 80).

The form and content of the present work is comparable to 402 *Huangting neijing yujing zhu*, with its commentary by Bo Lüzhong 白履忠, hao Liangqiu zi 梁丘子 (fl. 722–729). A *Zhonghuang jing* is quoted by Bo in YJQQ 11.24b and 34b, and 12.6a, 19b, 20b, and 21b, but the citations do not correspond to the present work.

The work explains how one can gain inner vision through physical exercises. The first chapter concerns the abstention from cereals, the Three Worms, and the Three Cinnabar Fields. The second chapter describes Embryonic Breathing, how to visualize body energies, and heavens and palaces inside the body. The necessity for concentrating one's mind through an impeccable moral conduct, among other things, is stressed (2.11b). The commentary adds that practicing Embryonic Breathing requires the help of an assistant (2.2b), which may indicate that these practices were carried out in communities of adepts.

Lidia Bonomi

Taishang laojun yangsheng jue 太上老君養生訣

7 fols.

Early Tang (618–907)

821 (fasc. 569)

“Instructions of the Most High Lord Lao for Nourishing Vitality.” This work consists of a collection of diverse gymnastic and respiratory practices, arranged in four paragraphs. Each of these short texts can be found in works of the early Tang (618–907), and the present collection should date to the same period.

The text states that it was “transmitted by Hua Tuo 華佗 to Wu Pu 吳普,” reflecting the usual attribution of its first technique to Hua (see *Hou Han shu* 82B.2739). Song catalogues mention a *Laozi wuqin liuqi jue* 老子五禽六氣訣 (VDL 102) that undoubtedly corresponded to our work. The first two paragraphs of the present text are entitled “Wuqin 五禽” (Dance of the Five Animals; cf. 838 *Yangxing yanming lu* 2.7a–8a) and “Liuqi 六氣” (The Six Breaths), respectively. The *liuqi* method is extant in numerous analogous versions (e.g., 131 *Taixi biyao ge jue* 1b–2a). The third paragraph, a general discours on dietary methods, is also reproduced in 842 *Baopu zi*

yangsheng lun. The final paragraph concerns respiratory techniques, in particular the method of the Six Breaths for healing diseases of the Five Viscera. An analogous version is found in 1163 *Sun zhenren beiji qianji yaofang* 82.5b–8b.

Jean Lévi

Shenxian shiqi jingui miaolu 神仙食氣金櫃妙錄

18 fols.

By Jingli xiansheng 京里先生

836 (fasc. 571)

“Marvelous Record from the Golden Chest on Qi-Eating [as Practiced] by the Immortals.” The identity of the Master of the Capital City, Jingli xiansheng, is unknown. We also have a collection of alchemical methods, 420 *Shenxian fuer danshi xingyao fa*, from the same author. He is mentioned in the *Sui shu* bibliographies as the author of a *Jingui lu* in twenty-three juan. This title is also mentioned in Song catalogues (VDL 130).

The present text contains a selection on dietary, “breath-swallowing” (*fuqi* 服氣), and gymnastic methods that are extant elsewhere in Tang collections. In particular, the part on curing various diseases through *daoyin* 導引 gymnastics (9a–13b) can be found in 818 *Taiqing daoyin yangsheng jing* (9a–13a); many other excerpts are included in 837 *Zhenzhong ji* (e.g., 7a–9a and 14a–18a in the present text correspond to 9a–10b and 1a–4b in the *Zhenzhong ji* and in 838 *Yangxing yanming lu*).

Jean Lévi

Sandong shuji zashuo 三洞樞機雜說

13 fols.

Tang (618–907)

839 (fasc. 572)

“Various Accounts of the Essential Elements of the Three Caverns.” This is a small notebook with prescriptions on miscellaneous subjects, culled from a number of well-known sources, none of them later than the Tang (618–907). The text begins with instructions for daily gymnastic exercises for novices. There are precise indications, and no source is given. The next item is on self-massage, with excerpts from 1016 *Zhen'gao* and other Shangqing texts. Another item treated in some depth is rheumatism and other ailments that provoke stiff and painful joints. For these ailments, a Spell of the Northern Sovereign for Curbs and Twists (4b–7b) is given. Other topics concern herbs, the classification of immortals, and different kinds of incense. This work looks like a scrapbook of a Taoist amateur of the Tang dynasty.

Kristofer Schipper

Shesheng zuanlu 攝生纂錄

28 fols.

Tang (618–907)

578 (fasc. 321)

“Collection of Texts for Conserving Health.” This work is concerned with gymnastic exercises (*daoyin* 導引), breathing techniques (*tiaoqi* 調氣), the siting and protection of dwellings (*juchu* 居處), and the choice of auspicious days for traveling (*xinglu* 行旅).

The title of this work is quoted in the bibliographical chapter of the *Xin Tang shu* (59.1542), which indicates that the author is a certain Wang Zhongqiu 王仲丘, whereas the Song catalogues give Wang Liqui 王立丘 (see VDL 167) and state that the work had three juan.

The first part, on gymnastic exercises, draws on well-known sources of the Jin period (265–420) or even earlier, such as the *Yangsheng yaoji* 養生要集 of Zhang Zhan 張湛 (fl. 370) and the *Daoyin jing* 導引經, mentioned in the biographical chapter (juan 19) of 1185 *Baopu zi neipian*. In addition to these exercises, the present work gives a series of twelve exercises named Brahman Gymnastics (*poluomen daoyin fa* 婆羅門導引法; 2a–3a) that are also found in 1163 *Sun zhenren beiji qianjin yaofang* 81.1a–2a and in 1427 *Taiqing Daolin shesheng lun* (without the mention of Brahman Gymnastics). This is the only reference to Indian gymnastics in the *Daozang*.

Among the breathing exercises, we find a Method for the Harmonization of Qi by Master Luan (*Luan xiansheng tiaoqi fa* 欒先生調氣法; 10b) that probably comes from the *Tiaoqi fang* 調氣方 of the Buddhist monk Luan mentioned in the bibliographical chapter of the *Xin Tang shu* (59.1568). The part on siting page 19 quotes 283 *Huangdi longshou jing*.

Catherine Despeux

Sun zhenren sheyang lun 孫真人攝養論

5 fols.

Attributed to SUN SIMO 孫思邈 (581?–682)

841 (fasc. 572)

“Discourse of Sun Zhenren [i.e., SUN SIMO] on Dietary Rules and Hygiene” This work is in fact a manual of calendrical observances. It may be related to the *Qianjin yueling* 千金月令 of SUN SIMO, of which a few fragments are preserved in *Shuofu*. Some of its formulæ are also found in Sun’s 837 *Zhenzhong ji*. The text lists alimentary interdictions and prescriptions concerning hygiene corresponding to each month of the year.

Jean Lévi

Hunsu yisheng lu 混俗頤生錄

2 juan

Liu Ci 劉詞; tenth century?

848 (fasc. 573)

“Notes on [Methods of] Nourishing Life for Common Use.” Liu Ci was a recluse of Maoshan 茅山 (Jiangsu). A biography of a Liu Ci figures in both the *Jiu Wudai shi* 124 and the *Xin Wudai shi* 50. A native of Hebei, Liu was famous for his military prowess. He died during the reign of Shizong (954–959) of the Later Shu. No mention of Taoism is made in his biography, and it is uncertain whether its subject is the author of our text.

The present work is listed in *Chongwen zongmu* 9.17a as *Hungu* 谷 *yisheng lu* (cf. VDL 135); the *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” 205.5195 notes only one juan.

In the preface, the author confesses to having fallen ill due to overindulgence in food and drink. His condition led him to the discovery that the art of prolonging life did not lie in the ingestion of drugs or the search for immortality, but simply in achieving the proper balance (1b).

The text comprises ten basic rules for the observation of diet hygiene. The first two sections deal with food and drink in general, followed by certain precautions to take during the Four Seasons and some prescriptions to combat fatigue and diseases caused by noxious winds. The last two sections concern rules related to sexual hygiene and prohibitions regarding hours and days of the year.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Baopu zi yangsheng lun 抱朴子養生論

2 fols.

Tang (618–907)

842 (fasc. 572)

“Baopu zi’s Discourse on Tending Life.” This work is mentioned in the *Song shi* among the works of GE HONG (VDL 113). The title of this brief tract is explained by its opening citation of a celebrated and frequently quoted passage from the *Baopu zi* (BPZ 18.368), which was in turn inspired by the *Huangren jing* 皇人經.

This work is an assemblage of commonplaces on the art of nourishing vitality. Most of its constituent elements are derived from Tang (618–907) writings. The same text is also found, with small variants, in 821 *Taishang laojun yangsheng jue*. In addition to the passage taken from the *Baopu zi*, the work contains quotations from the *Xiaoyou jing* 小有經 (cited also in 837 *Zhenzhong ji* 2b and 838 *Yangxing yanming lu* 1.5b) of Feng Junda 封君達 (838 *Yangxing yanming lu* 1.10a; 837 *Zhenzhong ji* 3a). Compare also 2a with 838 *Yangxing yanming lu* 1.9a.

Jean Lévi

Baosheng yaolu 保生要錄

10 fols.

By Pu Qianguan 蒲虔貫 (fl. 934–965)

849 (fasc. 573)

“Essentials for Preserving Life.” The author held the post of *siyi lang* 司義郎 (secretary) in the chief secretariat of the crown prince. Although this official title was of Tang origin, it was equally used in the early Song (960–1279; cf. *Xin Tang shu* 39.1293 and *Song shi* 168.3997).

The name of the author and the date of the text are problematic. The *Junzhai dusku zhi* 1a–6b lists a *Zhouyi yigui* 周易易軌 by Pu Qianguan of the Later Shu (934–965). The *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” 206.5265, however, does not mention the *Zhouyi yigui* but attributes another work to the author (written 蒲乾貫), a *Zhouyi zhimi zhaodan jue* 周易指迷照膽訣. The *Shuofu* 84 virtually reproduces all of the present text (until page 7a, *guolei* 果類), but it indicates the name of the author as Pu Chuguan 蒲處貫.

The text itself concerns dietetics. In his short preface, the author explains that the entire work is a result of his own experiences. He therefore undertakes the task of correcting certain errors found in ancient books. The latter include, for instance, substances of little use in dietetics, whereas he mentions only those substances that actually reinforce or “nourish” (*bu* 補) the organism.

The text begins with a brief summary of the *shen* 神/*qi* 氣 (spirit and breath) theories and *daoyin* 導引 gymnastics. This summary is followed by advice on clothing and habitation, the main object being “to avoid (noxious) winds in the same way as one would avoid an arrow” (4b). In the sections concerning drugs and food, the author advocates herbal and plant medicines (6b) and stresses the importance of sesame (*huma* 胡麻) among cereals. The list of alimentary substances for dietary purposes includes some varieties of fruit, meat (mutton, venison), fish, and fowl. Of note is the absence of vegetables in the list and the mention of Angelica root (*bozhi* 白芷; Dahurian Angelica) of the country of Wu, considered the best variety during the Song dynasty (cf. 769 *Tujing yanyi bencao* 30.8a).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Taishang baozhen yangsheng lun 太上保真養生論

5 fols.

Five Dynasties (907–960)

852 (fasc. 575)

“Discourse on Tending Life and Preserving Perfection by Taishang.” This short anonymous treatise is mentioned in the *Chongwen zongmu* 9.7b, which omits the term *Taishang* 太上. The present title is listed in the *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” 205.5202 (cf. VDL

120), which also includes another work with a similar title, the *Da dongxuan baozhen yangshen lun* 大洞玄保真養生論.

The book is a collection of quotations and excerpts: it begins (1a–2a) with an extract from 641 *Taishang laojun neiguan jing* followed by the text of 840 *Pengzu shesheng yangxing lun*. Although the latter shows some variants, the version of our text seems far more complete. Another passage, in a reduced version, figures in 263.17 *Zazhu jiejing* 18.5b, where it is attributed to YANLUO ZI. The latter was a Taoist of the Five Dynasties (907–960), the date of our text must be placed between that period and the early Song (960–1279).

The work discusses humanity’s place in the universe, the formation of the embryo, the reasons for the loss of vital energy, dietetics, and rules to observe in everyday life. When the adept has succeeded in the practice of all of these disciplines, notes the author, he or she may proceed to ingest drugs, at first of plant, later of mineral origin. The final step is ataraxy, the only state in which adepts can avoid the scattering of their internal deities or spirits (*shen* 神), for their departure from the body is considered as the cause of disease and death.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Xiantian Xuanmiao yunü Taishang shengmu zichuan xiandao

先天玄妙玉女太上聖母資傳仙道

9 fols.

Tang (618–907)

868 (fasc. 579)

“The Tao of the Immortals Conferred by the Most High Holy Mother, the Jade Maiden of Obscure Mystery from the Prior Heaven.” This short and clearly incomplete text contains the instructions concerning the arts of Long Life revealed to Laozi by his mother, the Jade Maiden of Obscure Mystery, immediately after his birth.

Laozi’s mother, Mother Li, was canonized as Great Empress of the Prior Heaven (Xiantian taihou 先天太后) by Empress Wu Zetian in A.D. 666; it is likely that her title here refers to this canonization.

Several passages of the present work can be found, with many variants, in 770 *Hunyuan shengji* by XIE SHOUHAO (twelfth century). It is probable that both works had a common source in a now lost *Xuanmiao jing*, which is quoted in 1129 *Daojiao yishu* 4.3a and YJQQ 12.5b and 21.13a. The present text is also close to 954 *Taishang hunyuan zhenlu*, which was likewise among the sources of 770 *Hunyuan shengji*.

Among the secrets of Long Life that Laozi receives, elixir alchemy occupies an important part (page 3a–4b). From page 5a on, the text describes the initiation of Yin Xi 尹喜. As a guidebook for practicing meditation, Laozi gives his disciple a *Yuli*

zhongjing 玉曆中經 in thirty-five chapters (*zhang* 章; see page 6a). This text must be 1168 *Taishang laojun zhongjing*, and “thirty-five” appears to be an error for “fifty-five,” the actual number of that work’s chapters.

Kristofer Schipper

Huangting dunjia yuanshen jing 黃庭遁甲緣身經

10 fols.

Tang (618–907)

873 (fasc. 580)

“Book of the Hidden Period and the Causal [Karma] Body of the Yellow Court.” This work is a manual of life-preservation methods. It combines the meditation and invocation practices of the Book of the Yellow Court, and more specifically of the “Inner Landscape” version of this text (see 331 *Taishang huangting neijing yujing*), with the *dunjia* magic, which consists in marshaling the spirits of the six *jia* and six *ding* periods for help and protection.

There is another text in the *Daozang* with this title, juan 14 of the YJQQ. Both texts are different but clearly related in subject and style. The YJQQ version mentions, within the text on page 3br, a more complete title, adding the two terms *neijing* 內景 (Inner Landscape) and *biyao* 秘要 (Secret Essentials): *Huangting neijing biyao liujia yuanshen jing* 黃庭內景秘要六甲緣身經.

The *dunjia* method consists of writing a Talisman of the Causal Body of the Six Jia (*liujia yuanshen fu* 六甲緣身符) and swallowing it. This remedy will heal all diseases and also bring about the presence of the Jade Maidens of the Six Jia (*liujia yunü* 六甲玉女). Other methods consist in breathing exercises, including the famous absorption of the Five Shoots (*fu wuya fa* 服五牙法; 4b–7b). One of the texts presented here, the “Taiji zhenren fu siji yunya shenxian shangfang 太極真人服四極雲牙神仙上方,” may well be a fragment of a Shangqing text annotated by TAO HONGJING, as found in 421 *Dengzhen yinjue*. The meditation methods are indeed related to the *Huangting jing*. Those in the YJQQ versions are illustrated (see fig. 28).

The YJQQ version is far more complete and more structured as a “canon.” The pres-



FIGURE 28. The spirit of the spleen (YJQQ 14.9a).

脾
藏
圖

ent work is composed of fragments, some quite unrelated to their title. Possibly, they all derive from the same source.

Kristofer Schipper

Dongxuan lingbao daoshi mingjing fa 洞玄靈寶道士明鏡法

3 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1245 (fasc. 991)

“The Clear-Mirror Method for Use by Taoists of the Sacred Treasure Register.”

This text provides no indication of authorship or date. It is a shortened version of 1206 *Shangqing mingjian yaojing*. It is also identical, apart from two brief passages in the text (on pages 2a and 3a), with 1126 *Dongxuan lingbao daoxue keyi* (2.7b). With minor variations, the text as a whole is to be found in YJQQ 48, *Biyao jue fa*, in the sections titled “Laojun mingzhao fa xushi 老君明照法叙事,” “Mingzhao fa 明照法,” and “Mozhao fa 摩照法.” The text is a medley of selected passages dealing with the use of mirrors for meditation practices.

Pauline Bentley Koffler

Changsheng taiyuan shenyong jing 長生胎元神用經

19 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1405 (fasc. 1050)

“Book of the Function of the Spirit of the Origin of the Matrix, Who Bestows Long Life.” This is a small manual of Embryonic Breathing (*taixi* 胎息) and other common Tending Life practices popular during the Tang. The author, who terms himself a “rustic” (*yeren* 野人), relates that he met a certain Mr. Wang on Mount Luofu 羅浮山 (near Canton) during the Dali era (766–779; see page 10a; cf. 824 *Songshan Taiwu xiansheng qijing*).

Kristofer Schipper

Taiqing Daolin shesheng lun 太清道林攝生論

24 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1427 (fasc. 1055)

“Discussion on Conserving Health according to the Forest of Taoists, a Taiqing Book.” This is a collection of prescriptions on lifestyle, housing, eating, self-massage, gymnastics, and breathing exercises.

The present work is listed in Song catalogues (see VDL 151). The name Daolin 道

林 (Forest of Taoists) may refer here to Zhi Dun 支遁, whose religious name was Daolin and who was one of the authors of the now lost *Yangsheng yaoji* 養生要集, a forerunner of most compilations of the Tang period on Tending Life techniques (see 838 *Yangxing yanming lu*, preface).

The present text is similar to juan 81–83 of 1163 *Sun zhenren beiji qianjin yaofang*, by SUN SIMO (fl. 673). There are, however, many discrepancies and, at times, the order of the rubrics differs. The *Yigu tang tiba* quotes the table of contents of a Northern Song edition of the *Qianjin yaofang* 千金要方, which seems to indicate that that edition, which was not reedited by Lin Yi 林億, was closer to the present text (see Okanishi Tameto, *Song yiqian yiji kao*, 593).

The second rubric in the present work is entitled “Huangdi zaji 黃帝雜忌” (Miscellaneous Interdictions of the Yellow Emperor; 9a–13b). It is possible that this rubric preserves the text of an otherwise lost work titled *Huangdi za yinshi ji* 黃帝雜飲食忌, quoted in the *Sui shu*, “Jingji zhi,” 34.1043.

Catherine Despeux

Pengzu shesheng yangxing lun 彭祖攝生養性論

3 fols.

Tang (618–907)

840 (fasc. 572)

“Discourse on Conserving Health and Tending Life according to Pengzu.” This work consists of a series of general considerations on precautions to observe, exhortations to moderation, and prescriptions of hygiene for the prolongation of life. The prescriptions are typical of life-tending literature of the Tang period.

Jean Lévi

Yangsheng bianyi jue 養生辯疑訣

3 fols.

SHI JIANWU 施肩吾, *hao* Qizhen zi 栖真子; after 806

853 (fasc. 575)

“Oral Formula for the Dispersal of Doubts Concerning [the Practice of] Tending Life.” The treatise was well known in the early Song (960–1279), although not always under the same title. Both the *Chongwen zongmu* 9.8b and the *Xin Tang shu*, “Yiwen zhi,” 59.1523 list a *Bianyi lun* 辯疑論 in one juan. The *Xin Tang shu* adds that the author, SHI JIANWU, a presented scholar (*jinshi* 進士) of the Yuanhe period (806–820), was a recluse of Xishan 西山 in Jiangxi. The present title figures in YJQQ 88, but only the section on pages 11a–12b corresponds, with some variants, to our text (1a–2b). The rest of the YJQQ text is actually an excerpt from another work, the *Sanyuan pian* 三元篇 (cf. 1017 *Daoshu* 30.9a, YJQQ 88.13b, and the postface).

The text existed in its present form during the early period of the Southern Song dynasty. This is evident from the slightly abridged quotations in 1017 *Daoshu* 35.3a, although the order is slightly different (cf. 2a, 1b, and 3b of our text).

The essential ideas contained in the work resemble those in SHI JIANWU’s *Sanzhu pian* 三住篇 (see 1017 *Daoshu* 30). Much emphasis is laid on the preservation of *xing* 形 (body), *qi* 氣, and *shen* 神 (spirits or divinities) through the practice of Holding the One (*shouyi* 守一). The author adds that if adepts could live secluded from common mortals in a state of ataraxy, they would be able to keep both their *qi* and *shen* within the body.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Sandong daoshi jushan xiulian ke 三洞道士居山修鍊科

29 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

1272 (fasc. 1003)

“Codex for Taoist Masters of the Three Caverns Who Live in the Mountains and Practice Physiological Refinement.” This small manual opens both with instructions for absorbing the *qi* (*fuqi* 服氣) and the ritual for the transmission of the instructions. It contains directions for making various elixirs, abstaining from cereals, ingesting fu for healing, and collecting minerals and plants in the mountains.

The respiratory exercises at the beginning of the work contain an otherwise unknown technique, for which 120 breaths in three series, named *bayin* 八引, *siyin* 四引, and *yiyin* 一引, are inhaled. Also the “apothecaries’ measure” used in the alchemical practice (25a) is worth noting: one “inch-square spatula” (*fangcun bi* 方寸匕) is equivalent to two “pinches” (*cuo* 撮), equivalent to four “spatulas” (*daogui* 刀圭), or to eight “beans” (*dou* 豆). This manual seems to have been largely compiled from other texts: 11b–15b is the same as “Gushen miaoqi jue 谷神妙氣訣,” YJQQ 61.10b–15a; 20a–23b derives from “Qingling zhenren Pei jun zhuan 清靈真人裴君傳,” YJQQ 105.15a–17b, 105.4a–5a; for 24b–25a, cf. 837 *Zhenzhong ji* 26a–b.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Guqi huanshen jiuzhuan qiongdan lun 固氣還神九轉瓊丹論

13 fols.

Five Dynasties (907–960)?

418 (fasc. 192)

“Treatises on the Mutation of the Spirit through Keeping the Qi Firm and on the Nine-Times-Transmuted Precious Elixir.” The first treatise (“Guqi huanshen lun 固氣還神論,” 1a–2b) is a short prose text arguing that one should preserve the “essence,” that is, semen (*jing* 精), not simply by refraining from ejaculation but also by recycling

the semen inside the body through the “return of the essence” (*huanjing* 還精) technique advocated in the *Huangting jing* 黃庭經. The term *guqi* 固氣 (keeping the qi firm) is defined in the (presumably) Tang work *Taiqing Wang Lao kouchuan fa* 太清王老口傳法 (in YJQQ 62.20a) as “avoiding ejaculation.”

The second treatise is the “*Jiuzhuan qiongdan lun* 九轉瓊丹論” (3a–13b). It is composed of a main text and a commentary, apparently both by the same author. The treatise advocates spiritual alchemy above laboratory alchemy, which it terms *danfa* 丹法 (the usual expression, *neidan* 內丹, does not occur). The vocabulary recalls the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 and related works. The source materials and argumentation of both treatises suggest a pre-Song (960–1279) date.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang chu sanshi jiuchong baosheng jing 太上除三尸九蟲保生經

25 fols.

Five Dynasties (907–960)?

871 (fasc. 580)

“Scripture of the Most High for the Protection of Life through the Elimination of the Three Corpses and the Nine Worms.” This is an illustrated handbook presenting these agents of decay and death as well as various apotropaic and medical methods for expelling them (see figs. 29–31).

Whereas the Three Corpses are clearly identified as demons of human and animal morphology, the Nine Worms are given shapes similar to insects and germs, which has led some scholars to propose that the existence of harmful bacteria was known to the Chinese of the time (see Liu Ts’un-yan, “Taoist knowledge of tuberculosis”).

The text itself (14a–b) attributes the discovery of these worms to the great physician SUN SIMO. Sun is said to have showed them to a student by the name of Zhou 周, who drew pictures of them. Later these pictures passed into the hands of a daoshi from Mount Qingcheng 青城山, who transmitted them to the prefect of Pengzhou 彭州, Geng He 庚河. The latter tried out Sun’s remedies and commissioned a skilled draftsman to make paintings of the harmful agents. The author obtained these paintings from his friend, a certain Chen Lingzhang 陳靈章 from Dongping 東平, who during the Yuanhe era (806–820) traveled to the northern part of Sichuan to practice the Tao. There in the early years of the Changqing era (821–824), together with a fellow Taoist named Li Xuanhui 李玄會, he abstained from cereals during 100 days, performed breathing exercises and ingested drugs for the elimination of the worms. In the end, some strange insect-like creatures were evacuated from his body.

Elsewhere (6a–7a), the author tells the story of two brothers who obtained immortality, also in Sichuan. The facts were reported to the authorities by a daoshi named Yang Yuanyi 楊元一, the head of a temple (*guan* 觀) on Mount Qingcheng 青城山,



FIGURE 29. The seven *po*-spirits (871 3a–b).



FIGURE 30. The Three Corpses (871 7a–b, 8b).

FIGURE 31. Pathogenic agents in the body (871 14a).

in the year 900 (Guanghua 3). Since the text mentions explicitly the Tang dynasty (618–907) at this point, it is likely that it was compiled at a later date.

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Kristofer Schipper

Nantong dajun neidan jiuzhang jing 南統大君內丹九章經

6 fols.

Attributed to WU YUN 吳筠; Five Dynasties (907–960)?

1054 (fasc. 727)

“The Scripture in Nine Sections on Inner Alchemy.” This is a spurious work attributed to WU YUN (d. 778, cf. 1051 *Zongxuan xiansheng wenji*). The book is first mentioned in the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” 5.22b.

Both the preface, dated 818, and the colophon are also ascribed to WU YUN, but the former states that the text was transmitted to the author by Li Bo 李白 (701–762), whereas the latter writes “by an old man.” The colophon also indicates another title for the present text, the *Neidan shenjue* 內丹神訣, and criticizes another text revealed by a certain Nantong Fan dajun 南統樊大君 in 818 (cf. 761 *Taishang laojun yuandao zhenjing zhujie*). Consequently, the present work must postdate the latter.

The “scripture” deals with the techniques of preserving life transmitted by Lord Mao 茅君 to Fan. The text is divided into nine short sections, each with a heading. It belongs to the Maoshan tradition and describes simple techniques of visualization and pacing the Dipper; absorption of the rays of sun, moon, and the Seven Luminaries; the method of the Six Qi; and so on.

The text also places emphasis on good deeds in order to accumulate “hidden merit.” Through the practice of these techniques, the divinities are moved to descend and inhabit the adept’s body, thereby assuring the latter of immortality. The term *neidan* 內丹 is not used in the alchemical sense and is defined as the collection of divinities within the body (1a). Both the preface and the colophon consider Embryonic Breathing as an ineffective technique for preserving life when practiced on its own.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

2.A.4.b Respiratory Techniques

Taixi jing zhu 胎息經註

3 fols.

Commentary by Huanzhen xiansheng 幻真先生 (late ninth century?)

130 (fasc. 59)

“Commentary on the Book of Embryonic Breathing.” This is a small, somewhat theoretical work. The authors of the *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 28 consider the commentator to be also the author of the book itself. However, the *Taixi jing* also exists in a separate version, without commentary (see 14 *Gaoshang yuhuang taixi jing*).

The real name of Huanzhen xiansheng is unknown. He is considered to be the author of 828 *Youzhen xiansheng funa yuanqi jue* (where *you* 幼 stands for *huan* 幻), an important treatise on Embryonic Breathing. This text is also included in the *Yunji qiqian* (YJQQ 60.14a–27a), where it is followed immediately by the present text (27a–28b), called simply *Taixi jing*.

828 *Youzhen xiansheng funa yuanqi jue* has a preface mentioning the Tianbao era (742–756). The same preface can, however, also be found with 824 *Songshan Taiwu xiansheng qijing*, ascribed to a certain Taiwu xiansheng 太無先生 (on the relationship between these two texts, see Maspero, “Methods,” 460–61 n. 3), and the same preface

is found again at the beginning of a short treatise entitled *Taiwu xiansheng fuqi fa* 太無先生服氣法 (YJQQ 58.8b). Here, instead of Tianbao, the Dali era (766–779) is indicated.

The commentary on the *Taixi jing* uses a vocabulary unlike that of other Tang texts on the same subject. For instance, on pages 1a and 3b the term *taixi* 胎息 is said to be equivalent to *neidan* 內丹. The YJQQ version is slightly shorter and has a few variant readings. Also, both a passage at the end of the commentary, beginning with *fan taixi* 凡胎息 (3a), and the final Inscription on Embryonic Breathing (*Taixi ming* 胎息銘; 3a) are lacking in the YJQQ version. The passage beginning with *fan taixi* was actually taken from 825 *Yanling xiansheng ji xinjin fuqi jing* (17b), yet another treatise on the same subject, which dates from the late Tang period (see Maspero, “An essay on Taoism,” 339 n. 57). In its present form, the work under discussion may, therefore, be a compilation of a later period, prior to the publication of the YJQQ.

The commentary explains that the practice of Embryonic Breathing enables one to keep the Primordial Qi (*yuanqi* 元氣) and the gods (*shen* 神) within the body and thus to attain immortality.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Gaoshang yuhuang taixi jing 高上玉皇胎息經

1 fol.

14 (fasc. 24)

“Book of Embryonic Breathing.” This text is, but for the first line, identical to 130 *Taixi jing zhu* (see above), also found in YJQQ 60.27a–28b.

Kristofer Schipper

Taixi biyao ge jue 胎息祕要歌訣

4 fols.

Tang (618–907)

131 (fasc. 59)

“Oral Formulas and Songs on the Principal Secrets of Embryonic Breathing.” This small, anonymous work treats, in prose and verse, the same topics as those found in 820 *Taiqing tiaopi jing*, and is thus probably of a later date. The substitution of the character *li* 理 for *zhi* 治, in observation of the Tang taboo, is another indication of the possible date of the work.

The author recalls briefly the main points concerning the absorption of qi: dietetics, sexual hygiene, the exercises of the Six Qi (*liuqi* 六氣) to be practiced in times of illness, and so on. The last exercise is to be found nowhere else and may have been invented by the author himself.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Zhenqi huanyuan ming 真氣還元銘

17 fols.

By Qiangming zi 強名子; first half of the tenth century

264 (fasc. 131)

"Inscription on the True Qi Returning to the Origin." An epigrammatical text on the subject of breathing and meditation, in classical, four-character phrases in the style of Ming inscriptions, accompanied with an explanatory commentary. The author, using the pseudonym Master of the Forced Name (i.e., the Tao), tells us in his undated preface that during the Zhenming years (915–920) of the [Later] Liang dynasty he visited Mount Taishan and met an immortal who transmitted to him the "art of spitting out [the old] and inhaling [the new; *tuna* 吐納] and perfecting the body [*lianxing* 鍊形]." The immortal told him not to divulge these secrets before twenty years had passed. Now that this was the case, the author worked these instructions into a new scripture (*xinjing* 新經) for inscription in public places and on holy mountains.

The commentary draws on a number of sources, such as the *Huangting jing* 黃庭經 and the *Taixi jing* 胎息經.

Kristofer Schipper

Xiuzhen jingyi zalun 修真精義雜論

25 fols.

By SIMA CHENGZHEN 司馬承禎, *hao* Boyun zi 白雲子 (647–735)

277 (fasc. 134)

This text is part of the 830 *Fuqi jingyi lun* by SIMA CHENGZHEN (q.v.).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Taishang yangsheng taixi qijing 太上養生胎息氣經

9 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

819 (fasc. 568)

"Most High Scripture on Embryonic Breathing and Tending Life." This is a short treatise compiled from a number of well-known texts. The names of the Three Cinnabar Fields and the stages of the transformations of the body are the same as in 824 *Songshan Taiwu xiansheng qijing*.

Our text differs, however, from the latter treatise, since it also adopts some specific Shangqing techniques for the absorption of astral concretions, corresponding to the viscera and to particular periods of the calendar cycle. Each of the viscera and periods is put in correlation with a specific type of expiration. The Tables of the Five Viscera (the illustrations have been lost) are summarized here from 1402 *Shangqing huangting wuzang liufu zhenren youzhu jing* (see also YJQQ 14.4a–13a). The text claims to belong

to the Maoshan movement, since it places itself under the patronage of Fusang dadi jun 扶桑大帝君.

Jean Lévi

Taiqing tiaoci jing 太清調氣經

22 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

820 (fasc. 569)

"Great Purity Scripture on the Harmonization of Qi." This text, in one juan, is mentioned in the Song catalogue *Bishu sheng xubian dao siku quesu mu* (VDL 92). It shows close affinities with certain passages in 825 *Yanling xiansheng ji xinjiu fuqi jing* (compare 9b and 17b–18b with 825 *Xinjiu fuqi jing* 2b and 1a–2b, respectively). Similarly, the three techniques of smelting, letting roam, and closing the qi are practically identical with those in Yanling's anthology (compare 18b–21b with 825 *Xinjiu fuqi jing* 23b ff.). The relationship with 824 *Songshan Taiwu xiansheng qijing* (q.v.) is problematic; both works appear to be based on the same kind of materials.

The present work, seeking to break with earlier tradition and the practices of its time, attacks the old manuals on breath absorption as offering nothing but vacuous visualizations, calendrical rules, and a plethora of useless if not harmful prescriptions. The treatises on Tending Life (*yangsheng* 養生) of the early Tang, such as 837 *Zhenzhong ji* (9a–10b), seem to be particularly singled out for criticism. Instead, this work advocates spontaneity and natural harmony, as well as more flexible practices of breath absorption that would be compatible with the life of an official.

Jean Lévi

Taiqing fuqi koujue 太清服氣口訣

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

822 (fasc. 569)

"Oral Instructions on Breath Absorption of Taiqing." This work is mentioned in numerous Song catalogues (VDL 91). The *Tongzhi*, "Yiwen lue," attributes these instructions to Fan Zongshi 樊宗師. According to the YJQQ, the instructions convey the method of Wang Lao 王老 (see YJQQ 62.1a, "Taiqing Wang Lao kouchuan fa 太清王老口傳法," and 59.12a, "Taiqing Wang Lao kouchuan fuqi fa 太清王老口傳服氣法"). The preface in the present text also places the work under the patronage of Wang Lao (see also YJQQ 62.11a and the postface, "Wang Lao zhenren jing houpi 王老真人經後批," 21b ff.).

The edition in YJQQ 62.1a–2b resembles an extract of the same work in YJQQ 59.11b–13b; it is sufficiently different from the present work to suggest that the two

might be separate elaborations of a common source. The following passages correspond: 1a–3b and YJQQ 62.1a–4a; 4a–b and YJQQ 62.13b–14b; 5a–b and YJQQ 62.7a–8a; 6a–8a and parts of YJQQ 62.8b. Beginning on 6a, the two texts diverge. The YJQQ version is longer but does not represent the original text (62.9b).

This manual, despite indications to the contrary in the preface, is primarily addressed at novices who might experience serious troubles when practicing the breathing techniques. It offers a survey of common breath absorption and dietary techniques that were current under the Tang, respresented by such works as 820 *Taiqing tiaopi jing* and 824 *Songshan Taiwu xiansheng qijing*. The closing invocation corresponds to the one used in the establishment of the sacred area in 1226 *Daomen tongjiao biyong ji* 7.9b–10a.

Jean Lévi

Zhuang Zhou qijue jie 莊周氣訣解

4 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

823 (fasc. 569)

“Explanations of the Breathing Method of Zhuangzi.” This is a small manual on breath absorption. The work probably dates to the Tang (see *Bishu sheng xubian dao siku quesu mu* 2.27a; VDL 138). Li Quan’s commentary in 110 *Huangdi yinfu jingshu* 1.2a, close to the *Zhuangzi*’s 莊子 famous parable (chapter 3) of the fire that passes from log to log (see 1a in the present text), is explained in terms of Tending Life (*yangsheng* 養生). The final part, concerning Embryonic Breathing (*taixi* 胎息), is closely related to 831 *Qifa yaoming zhijue* (see 11a–b).

Jean Lévi

Songshan Taiwu xiansheng qijing 嵩山太無先生氣經

2 juan

Eighth–ninth century?

824 (fasc. 569)

“Breath Scripture of Master Great Nonbeing of Mount Song.” This work is preceded by a preface in which the author declares to have received its method of Embryonic Breathing (*taixi* 胎息) in the Dali reign period (766–779) in the form of oral instructions by Master Wang (Wang gong 王公) of Luofu shan 羅浮山 (cf. 1405 *Changsheng taiyuan shenyong jing*). According to the version in YJQQ (see below), the encounter took place at Gaoyou 高郵.

This work is mentioned in several Song catalogues (see VDL 90). The entry in *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” identifies the author as Li Fengshi 李奉時 (fl. 825), otherwise known for a method cited in 825 *Yanling xiansheng ji xinjin fuqi jing* 6a–b. YJQQ 59.25b

states that this master was from Songshan. 1017 *Daoshu* 15.10a–13a reproduces a series of breath absorption methods, corresponding by and large to the present text. They are attributed to a “Saint of Songshan,” identified in a note as Li Fengshi. Another version of this text (see below), however, ascribes it to Huanzhen 幻真, the annotator of 130 *Taixi jing zhu* (q.v.).

While Master Wang has not been identified, he is cited in 831 *Qifa yaoming zhijue* 5b and 8b. A note explains that the Longgang 龍崗 method in question was transmitted by ZHANG GUO. The present work refers to Wang Lao 王老 (cf. LZTT 43.11b–12b) and the *Wang Lao jing* 王老經, frequently associated with ZHANG GUO in hagiographic writings. One of the methods in the present work appears under the name of ZHANG GUO, who died at the beginning of the Tianbao era (742–756), in 825 *Yanling xiansheng ji xinjin fuqi jing* 4b–5a. These indications suggest that the present work represents Taoist writings belonging to the second half of the eighth century.

The Huanzhen version is found in 828 *Youzhen* [i.e., Huanzhen] *xiansheng funa yuanqi jue* and YJQQ 60.14a–27a. It represents essentially the same text, with slight divergences. More complete if less systematically organized versions of most of the methods in the present work are found in 820 *Taishang tiaopi jing*. Other Tang and Song collections reproduce the work partially (see YJQQ 59.8a–10 and 73.11a–b; 818 *Taiqing daoyin yangsheng jing* 13a–14b and 16a–b).

The contents of this work can be grouped under three headings: respiratory practices (1.1a–10b), dietary regimens and general recommendations (1.10b–13b), and the theory of Embryonic Breathing (1.13b–2.4a). By defining Embryonic Breathing as a form of natural alchemy or “hidden cinnabar” (*yindan* 陰丹), it suggests an inner alchemical approach to its subject.

Jean Lévi

Youzhen xiansheng funa yuanqi jue 幼真先生服內元氣訣

Preface + 13 fols.

828 (fasc. 570)

“Instructions of Master Huanzhen [for Youzhen, read Huanzhen 幻真] for the Absorption of Primordial Breath.” This is another version of 824 *Songshan Taiwu xiansheng qijing* (see preceding entry).

Jean Lévi

Yanling xiansheng ji xinjiu fuqi jing 延陵先生集新舊服氣經

26 fols.

Annotated by Sangyu zi 桑榆子; late Tang (618–907) or Five Dynasties (907–

960)

825 (fasc. 570)

“Master Yanling’s Collection of Ancient and Modern Treatises on Breath Absorption.” This text is mentioned in several Song catalogues (see VDL 109). Master Yanling and Sangyu zi have not been identified. The two appellations may refer to the same person. Internal evidence, such as the references to ZHANG GUO, date the work to the period between the mid-eight century and the Five Dynasties (907–960).

Items 1–13 of the work’s fifteen methods, together with Sangyu zi’s commentaries, also appear in YJQQ 58, 59, and 61. The two versions are textually close. However, in the YJQQ version the methods from the present work are found interspersed among passages from other sources. Other extracts in YJQQ 58–61—for example, from *Taiqing Wang Lao kouchuan qijing* 太清王老口傳氣經 (59.11b–13a) and *Zhongshan yugui fuqi jing* 中山玉櫃服氣經 (60)—are found in more complete versions elsewhere in YJQQ (62 and 83, respectively), which suggests that the YJQQ version of the present text is cited, but via an anthology incorporating extracts from other works as well. The present work is also quoted in 829 *Taixi jingwei lun* (q.v.).

The methods involve breathing techniques related to Embryonic Breathing (*taixi* 胎息). There are no references to the Maoshan methods of astral absorption and few to visualization. The commentary of Sangyu zi is of a practical nature, emphasizing spontaneity and regular but measured application.

Jean Lévi

Taixi jingwei lun 胎息精微論

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

829 (fasc. 571)

“Discourse on the Subtleties of Embryonic Breathing.” This work precedes another with a similar title, 830 *Fuqi jingyi lun*, a treatise by SIMA CHENGZHEN (647–735). The present text criticizes certain techniques found in the latter (2a). The work is listed in the *Chongwen zongmu* as comprising 3 juan, but the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” mentions a *Taishang hunyuan shangde huangdi* [i.e., Laozi] *taixi jingyi lun* in one juan (see VDL 88 and 124) that seems to correspond to the present work, also ascribed to Laozi. Our text was well known at the end of the ninth century (see *Xianji zhi jue* by PEI XING in YJQQ 88.8a ff.).

The work comprises three different texts: “*Taixi jingwei lun* 胎息精微論” (1a–3a), “*Neizhen miaoyong jue* 內真妙用訣” (3a–5b), and “*Taixi shenhui neidan qifan jue*

胎息神會內丹七返訣” (5b–7b). Of these three texts, only the first is quoted in its entirety in another Tang text, the 825 *Yanling xiansheng ji xinjiu fuqi jing* 14b–16a (the version in YJQQ 58.1a–3b is identical, except for its omission of the first sentence). This version is much longer than our text and includes practical instructions (cf. 825 *Xinjiu fuqi jing* 15b4–10; 16a4–8; 16b3–7). Both our text and 825 *Xinjiu fuqi jing* also feature different commentaries, anonymous in the case of the present text and by Sangyu zi 桑榆子 in the case of 825 *Xinjiu fuqi jing*. The *taixi* 胎息 method described is actually the absorption of the Inner Breath (*neiqi* 內氣) through holding the breath and swallowing the saliva seven times.

Of the next text, the “*Neizhen miaoyong jue*,” there exists an expanded, Buddhized version in YJQQ 59.14b–18a: “*Damo dashi zhushi liuxing neizhen miaoyong jue* 達磨大師住世留形內真妙用訣”; this version, according to Fukui Fumimasa (“Key to longevity”), is based on our text. Other versions of the text are incorporated in 1405 *Changsheng taiyuan shenyong jue* 1a–4b and in 826 *Zhuzhen shengtai shenyong jue*. In both of the latter versions, the commentary of our text is presented as part of the main text. The first sentence is from the present text (1a and 1b). The “*Neizhen miaoyong jue*,” ascribed to Liu jun and entitled *Liu jun bizhi* 劉君祕旨, then follows.

The “*Neizhen miaoyong jue*” is a discussion of *taixi* with hardly any practical instructions (cf. the long instructions in 1405 *Changsheng taiyuan shenyong jue*, missing in our text). The importance of *shen* 神 is emphasized as the controller (*zhu* 主) of *qi* (the technical term *zimu* 子母 is used for *shen* and *qi*).

The last text, “*Taixi shenhui neidan qi fan jue*,” deals with the technique *huanjing bunao* 還精補腦 (Repairing the Brain with Seminal Essence), inspired from the *Huangdi neidan qifan [jue]* 黃帝內丹七返 [訣] (now lost). Part of this text (6b–7b) can be found in abridged form in 1405 *Changsheng taiyuan shenyong jue* 6b.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Fuqi jingyi lun 服氣精義論

12 fols.

By SIMA CHENGZHEN 司馬承禎, hao Boyun zi 白雲子 (647–735)

830 (fasc. 571)

“Essays on the Quintessence [of the Method of] Absorbing Qi.” The author’s name is given as Boyun zi beneath the title; this was the hao of SIMA CHENGZHEN according to an inscription dated 742 (see 603 *Tiantai shan zhi* 12a). A *Jingyi lun* by Sima lianshi 司馬鍊師 is mentioned in 901 *Shiyao erya* 2.4a (preface dated 806). The *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku qieshu mu* 2.25b lists the present title in three juan, the *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” 205.5195, however, writes one juan.

The difference in the number of juan can be accounted for, since the present text is only a fragment of the original, which comprised altogether nine essays (*lun*). The

fuller version can be found in YJQQ 57.1a–30a. Our text comprises only the first two essays: “Wuya lun 五牙論” and “Fuqi lun 服氣論.” A note on 6b announces that the *daoyin* 導引 gymnastics techniques are explained in the essays, but the essays in question, including the one on *daoyin*, are found elsewhere in the *Daozang* (cf. 277 *Xiuzhen jingyi zalun*).

There are some variants in our text (including the version found in 277 *Xiuzhen jingyi zalun*) with respect to the YJQQ version. Although the latter is sometimes more complete, (see, e.g., YJQQ 57.10b–12b, “Wuling xindan zhang 五靈心丹章,” missing in the present text), it omits some of the methods and all the diagrams of the fu.

The “Wuya lun” and the “Fuqi lun” describe techniques for the absorption of the Five Shoots (i.e., the qi of the Five Directions) and of swallowing breath. The former technique is based on methods described in 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 1.11b. The methods used for the absorption of breath were intended primarily to permit the adept to survive without cereals (*duangu* 斷穀).

For a description of the other techniques, see 277 *Xiuzhen jingyi zalun*. The “Daoyin lun” comprises seventeen gymnastics techniques (the YJQQ includes only one). These techniques, which should not be employed at the same time, were considered as an aid for the absorption of breath. The next two essays, “Fushui lun 服水論” and “Fuyao lun 服藥論,” deal with the ingestion of fu and drugs, mainly to avoid hunger and thirst, thereby facilitating the absorption of breath. The “Shenji lun 慎忌論” and the “Wuzang lun 五臟論” concern dietary rules and the Five Viscera. The last two essays, “Liaobing lun 療病論” and “Binghou lun 病候論,” discuss diseases and their cures. The “Liaobing lun” (YJQQ: “Fuqi liaobing lun 服氣療病論”) describes the use of gymnastics and the absorption of breath for curing various ailments.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Qifa yaoming zhijue 氣法要妙至訣

12 fols.

Late Tang (618–907)

831 (fasc. 571)

“Arcane Instructions on Breathing Techniques.” This is a small treatise on Embryonic Breathing. The work mentions the title given to ZHANG GUO by the Tang emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756) and must therefore be later than the mid-eighth century. The text discusses methods for harmonizing breath and the use of the Six Qi. The author warns of the dangers of his method to novices and praises its miraculous effects.

Jean Lévi

Shangqing siming Mao zhenjun xiuxing zhimi jue

上清司命茅真君修行指迷訣

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

832 (fasc. 571)

“Instructions Pointing out Errors in Practice, by the True Lord Mao, Director of Destiny of Supreme Purity.” This is a small guide for breathing exercises. Lord Mao is Mao Ying 茅盈, the eldest of the three Mao brothers and one of the divine patriarchs of the Shangqing revelation. His hagiography survives partially in YJQQ 104.10b–20a (*Taiyuan zhenren dongyue shangqing siming zhenjun zhuan* 太元真人東嶽上卿司命真君傳). Here, however, in spite of the title, there seems to be little or no connection with the Shangqing scriptures (see part 1.B). The breathing exercises are straightforward and practical, and the instructions do not use Shangqing terminology. The daily practice is coordinated with the time cycles of the decade and the twelve months. Part of the text can be found in YJQQ 61.17b–18b under the title “Method for the Absorption of Qi during the Twelve Months” (*shier yue fuqi fa* 十二月服氣法).

Kristofer Schipper

Shenqi yangxing lun 神氣養形論

3 fols.

833 (fasc. 571)

“Spirit and Breath as Sustenance for the Body” is mentioned in a Song catalogue (VDL 131). An abridged version is found in YJQQ 34.15b. The work should therefore be of a Tang (618–907) or Five Dynasties (907–960) date. After a brief discussion of the relationship between Breath (action, mother of Spirit) and Spirit (word, son of Breath), on the one hand, with Form, or the body, on the other, the text adduces the *Laozi* and the Yellow Court Scripture *Huangting jing* (*waijing* 外經) for exalting the merits of interior meditation.

Jean Lévi

Cunshen lianqi ming 存神鍊氣銘

3 fols.

Attributed to SUN SIMO 孫思邈 (581?–682)

834 (fasc. 571)

“Inscription on Concentrating the Spirit and Refining Breath.” This work is a short piece on the steps of the Tao, ascribed to Sun Simo. This attribution is doubtful. Note that the work is listed in Song catalogues as anonymous (VDL 101). It is probably of a Later Tang (618–907) or Five Dynasties (907–960) date.

The work is entirely reproduced, under the title *Taiqing cunshen lianqi wushi qihou*

jue 太清存神鍊氣五時七侯訣, in YJQQ 33.12a–14b, where it follows a partial citation of 837 *Zhenzhong ji*, hence perhaps the attribution to SUN SIMO. A similar text is found in 400 *Dongxuan lingbao dingguan jing zhu* 6b–7a. The term *dingguan* 定觀 (intent contemplation or *samādhi*) also occurs in the present work (3b).

The text is divided into three parts: a general introduction on respiratory practices, in four-character verse; five preliminary steps for attaining the Tao; and seven subsequent grades for the advanced adept.

Jean Lévi

Baopu zi biezhì 抱朴子別旨

2 fols.

Attributed to GE HONG 葛洪 (283–343); probably Tang (618–907)

1186 (fasc. 870)

“Separate Instructions from the Master Who Keeps to Simplicity.” This text contains two paragraphs: one on Embryonic Breathing (*taixi* 胎息), the other on gymnastics (*daoyin* 導引). The text does not correspond to any passage in 1185 *Baopu zi neipian* but is mentioned as a separate work in Song bibliographies (VDL 113). The bibliography of the *Song shi* lists it as having two chapters. The present version is therefore but a fragment of a Tending Life manual, dating from the Tang (618–907).

Kristofer Schipper

Taiqing yuandao zhenjing 太清元道真經

3 juan

Ninth century?

1423 (fasc. 1055)

“Veritable Scripture of the Original Tao of the Taiqing [Heaven].” This scripture is mentioned in the *Chongwen zongmu* 9.8b and other Song catalogues (VDL 85). The text was originally revealed by Laozi to nineteen persons, who subsequently attained immortality (3.2b). The scripture was, however, first diffused in 818 when Nantong Fan dajun 南統樊大君 revealed it to Meng Zhexian 孟譎仙.

The latter transmitted it to Wang Xuwu 王虛無, who recorded it in writing (3.2b). The scripture is criticized in a postscript attributed to WU YUN, in a text with a preface also dated 818 and revealed by Nantong Fan dajun (cf. 1054 *Nantong Fan dajun neidan jiuzhang jing* 4a).

The 761 *Taishang laojun yuandao zhenjing zhujie*, with a commentary by Yin Zhi 隱芝, is a Southern Song version of the scripture based upon another edition. Although the first juan in both versions is identical, except for the last line, juan 2 and 3 in the present text contain many lacunae (see, e.g., 2.1a–1b, 3b, 4a, and 3.1a). A long passage of the same scripture is quoted in 1017 *Daoshu* 13.10a–11b, which seems to have been

excerpted from yet another edition. Finally, the observance of a Tang taboo (1.1b, 2.3a), suggests a late Tang (618–907) date.

The scripture deals with Embryonic Breathing (*taixi* 胎息), a technique that enables the adept to return to his origin. *Yuandao* 元道 is defined as the unsurpassable method of the Most High Lord Lao of returning to the root (1a). The *yuandao* method is superior to the techniques described in the *Huangting jing* because of its relative simplicity: it can be practiced by anyone under any circumstances. The method is divided into three different grades.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

2.A.5 Alchemy

We know from history that alchemy enjoyed great popularity during the Tang period (618–907; see Sivin, *Chinese alchemy*), and this popularity is borne out by the large number of texts found in this section. Most of these texts deal with alchemy in much the same way as their predecessors in earlier centuries, and they incorporate elements from Han (20c B.C.–A.D. 220) as well as Six Dynasties (220–589) Taoism. Some works, however, are different in character and make use of a theoretical framework provided by certain texts that, although reputed to be very old, in fact became current only in the Tang dynasty. The most important of these theoretical works are the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契, the *Guwen longhu jing* 古文龍虎經, and the *Jinbi jing* 金碧經 (the question of the dating of these texts is discussed in the introduction to part 2.A.1.d).

The difference between the two kinds of texts, those that deal with laboratory alchemy (*waidan* 外丹) and those that transpose the alchemical process within the human body and that in Tang times therefore received the name of Inner Alchemy (*neidan* 內丹), is often stated clearly. In some instances, however, it is difficult to say whether the names of alchemical ingredients are used in a concrete or in a metaphorical way. The difficulty is compounded by the fact that the majority of the texts in this section are placed indiscriminately in the Ming *Daozang* in the *Fangfa* 方法 division of the Dongshen. Often we have to resort to comparisons with other texts in order to establish the true nature of the work. For instance, the YJQQ, in its section on alchemy (juan 63–73), does distinguish between *neidan* and laboratory manuals.

All in all, the distinction between operative laboratory alchemy and contemplative Inner Alchemy has been so fundamental since Tang times that the two have to be presented as separate categories, in spite of some unresolved uncertainties with respect to the classification of specific texts.

2.A.5.a Laboratory Alchemy

Huangdi jiuding shendan jingjue 黃帝九鼎神丹經訣

20 juan

Juan 1, presumably Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220); juan 2–20, Tang (618–907)

885 (fasc. 584–585)

“Canon and Instructions for the Divine Alchemy of the Nine Cauldrons of the Yellow Emperor.” The first juan is generally considered to be the original canon (*jing* 經), as its text corresponds, in a general way, to the quotations given in the BPZ 4 (“Jingdan pian 金丹篇”) of a *Huangdi jiuding shendan jing*. In spite of many differences, the relationship between the two texts is undeniable. According to GE HONG, the work called *Jiuding danjing* 九鼎丹經 should have been in the possession of Zuo Ci 左慈 (Zuo Yuanfang 左元放, ca. 155–220), who gave it to GE HONG’s grandfather, GE XUAN (BPZ 4). According to Chen Guofu (*Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 296–97), the text is of Han date.

The remaining nineteen juan contain the instructions (*jue* 訣), which are sometimes of a practical, sometimes of a theoretical nature. Each of the parts begins with the words “This servant remarks” (*chen an* 臣按). These chapters should date to the Tang. A date suggested by place names (e.g., Chenzhou 辰州, a name in use during the period 659–686) and by quotations from books such as the pharmacopoeia *Bencao* 本草 by Su Jing 蘇敬, who lived in 659. A final, more circumstantial indication is given in 14.2a, where we find a discussion on the price of realgar (*xionghuang* 雄黃). The text states that “as this dynasty has unified the world,” the price of the ingredient, formerly extremely expensive, has fallen drastically. A similar statement was made by SUN SIMO, as quoted in 837 *Zhenzhong shu* 21a. Chen Guofu has shown that juan 10 quotes a poem titled *Zhenren ge* 真人歌 that features Han period rhymes (*Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 293). As the use of Han rhymes remained widespread in later periods, this does not necessarily indicate a Han date.

The present work, in ten or in twenty juan, is mentioned in several Song catalogues (see VDL 146). The work contains a certain number of references to medical and alchemical sources, some of which no longer exist. Chen Guofu has listed these works (*Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 329–30).

The first juan expounds the names and characteristics of nine kinds of elixirs. Each elixir has a different efficacy, but all confer on those who ingest them the power of rising up to Heaven. This juan also explains the manufacturing of the alchemical vessels and the all-important lute (*liuyi ni* 六一泥). According to the tradition given by the text itself, this alchemical text was transmitted by the Dark Maiden (Xuannü 玄女) to the Yellow Emperor. For the transmission, as a token of faith, gold figurines of a human being and a fish were to be thrown into an eastward flowing stream (1.1b). This

fundamental text mentions certain alchemical terms, such as “the beautiful maiden” (*chanü* 姮女), that also occur in the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 and that therefore have become important in Inner Alchemy.

Among the many studies on the alchemy of the *Huangdi jiuding shendan jingjue*, the work of Sivin is noteworthy for reconstructing some of the experiments and their theoretical implications (see Sivin, “Theoretical background, 225–27, on the recipe for the Yellow-and-Black preparation [*xuanhuang* 玄黃]).

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Pregadio, “The Book of the Nine Elixirs”; Sivin, “The theoretical background of elixir alchemy.”

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Jiuzhuan lingsha dadan zisheng xuanjing 九轉靈砂大丹資聖玄經

12 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

886 (fasc. 886)

“Scripture of the Mystery of the Nine-Times-Cycled Marvelous Mineral Great Elixir That Assists the Saints.” This is a small composite treatise on the theory and the practice of laboratory alchemy. The first part (1a–9a) expounds the alchemical procedure in a most unusual Taoist sūtra form. Here we find the Zhenren of the Supreme Ultimate (Taiji zhenren 太極真人) in Heaven preaching a doctrine of “salvation through refinement” (*liandu* 鍊度), not, as in later liturgical practice, through the symbolic Inner Alchemy of the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 tradition (compare 1220 *Daofa huiyuan*) but through laboratory alchemy. In keeping with the title and with the accepted practice, the alchemical process is carried out in nine phases. The great elixir having been completed, the adept rises up to Heaven in broad daylight and enters the court of the Golden Portal, in order to join the ranks of the True Persons who attend to the Heavenly Emperor.

The scripture on the great elixir is followed by two paragraphs devoted to fire-phasing: the low fire (*wenhuo* 文火) and the blazing fire (*wuhuo* 武火). Finally there are four alchemical recipes.

The liturgical form of the present scripture suggests that it dates from the Tang dynasty.

Kristofer Schipper

Lingbao zhongzhen danjue 靈寶衆真丹訣

16 fols.

Compiled before 1020; probably Tang (618–907)

419 (fasc. 192)

“Instructions on the Elixirs of the Zhenren of Lingbao.” This text is a collection of eleven recipes, introduced by a preface concerned with their efficacy for curing illnesses caused by “winds” (*feng* 風). The original title of the compilation was *Lingbao huanhun danfang* 靈寶還魂丹方 (Lingbao Recipes of the Elixirs for Returning the Hun Soul). Under this title, which in the *Daozang* edition is the name of the first recipe (1a–5b), the text is partially included in YJQQ 76.1a–13b (corresponding here to 1a–5b, 7a–10a, and 13a–16b) and is listed in *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku quesbu mu* 2.36a (cf. VDL 171–72). The inclusion in the YJQQ shows that the work was compiled before 1020. The mention of the *daliang* 大兩 and *dafen* 大分 weight measures suggests that it is not earlier than the Tang (618–907).

The three recipes on 7a–8a and 15a–16b are also found in 918 *Zhujia shenpin danfa* 3.10a–11b, 6.7a–8a, and 6.8b–9a, respectively. The last recipe in the YJQQ version, 76.14a–b, does not appear in the *Daozang* text.

Fabrizio Pregadio

Shenxian liandan dianzhu sanyuan baozhao fa 神仙鍊丹點鑄三元寶照法

7 fols.

Preface dated 902

863 (fasc. 578)

“Method of the Divine Immortals for Refining the Elixir and Casting by Projection the Precious Mirrors of the Three Originals.” This is a short text giving instructions on the preparation of three mirrors through an alchemical process. According to the preface, the method was revealed to the anonymous author by Guigeng zi 歸耕子.

The Three Originals (*sanyuan* 三元) here are Heaven, Earth, and Humanity. To each of them is devoted a mirror, to be cast with the Elixir of the Fiery Dragon (*huolong zhi dan* 火龍之丹) and inscribed with emblems (1a–2b and 7a). The properties of the elixir, obtained from the Five Metals (*wujin* 五金; 1a), are described in 2b–3a. The process includes a procedure of fire-phasing (*huohou* 火候, 4a–7a) that extends over a period of one year. The names of the procedure’s seventy-two stages are derived from sentences found in the “Yue ling 月令” (Monthly Ordinances) chapter of the *Liji* 禮記 (Book of Rites).

Fabrizio Pregadio

Taiqing shibi ji 太清石壁記

3 juan

By Chuze xiansheng 楚澤先生; compiled in 758 or 759 on the basis of an earlier version

881 (fasc. 582–583)

“Record from the Stone Wall of the Great Purity.” This text attributed to a master of Chuze, is a collection of alchemical recipes, followed by sections dealing with rules for the ingestion of the elixirs. According to *Xin Tang shu* 59.1521, the text was edited in three juan during the Qianyuan 乾元 period (758–759) of the Tang by an anonymous officer of Jianzhou 劍州 (in modern Sichuan), on the basis of an earlier version attributed to Su Yuanming 蘇元明, who appears as Su Yuanlang 蘇元朗 in *Gujin tushu jicheng* 古今圖書集成 18:240.9b–10a, quoting from a version on the *Luofu shan zhi* 羅浮山志 (Monograph of Mount Luofu). He is ascribed there a *Shibi ji* 石壁記 and is said to have retired on Mount Luofu at the end of the sixth century (cf. CGF 435, n. 16; Chen Guofu, *Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 314–15; and Soymié, “Le Lo-feou chan,” 122).

More than sixty recipes are given altogether in this important collection. Their sources are not mentioned, but the *Shibi ji* appears to be closely related to the corpus of writings developed around the *Taiqing jing* 太清經 during the Six Dynasties (220–589). The recipes are often followed by details of the medical properties, and the third juan is mainly concerned with rules for the ingestion of the elixirs and descriptions of their effects.

Many alternative names of the elixirs, usually listed together with their recipes, are the same as those given in SUN SIMO’s *Taiqing danjing yaojue* 太清丹經要訣 (YJQQ 71.2a–3b) and in 901 *Shiyao erya* (cf. Sivin, *Chinese alchemy*, 76–79, 258–59). Both a *Shibi ji* and a *Chuze jing* 楚澤經 are mentioned in *Shiyao erya* 2.3b and 2.7a, respectively. No relationship, on the other hand, is found between the synonyms of the substances given in juan 1 of *Shiyao erya* and those in the two lists of the present text (2.9a–10a). The short accounts of minerals in 3.12b–14a form the basis of those in 907 *Jinshi bu wujiu shu jue*.

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Chen Guofu, *Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 314–15; Sivin, *Chinese alchemy*; Soymié, “Le Lo-feou chan.”

Fabrizio Pregadio

Zhang zhenren jinsbi lingsha lun 張真人金石靈砂論

10 fols.

By Zhang yinju 張隱居; between 742 and 770

887 (fasc. 586)

"Treatise on Metals, Minerals, and the Numinous Powder [i.e., Cinnabar] of the Zhenren Zhang." The author of this text, the zhenren or recluse (*yingju*) Zhang, can be identified as Zhang Jiugai 張九垓, *hao* Hunlun zi 渾淪子. In the bibliographies of the *Jiu Tang shu*, 59.1518, and the *Song shi*, 205.5191, he is attributed commentaries, now lost, to the *Zhuangzi* and the *Longhu jing* 龍虎經. According to the former catalogue, he was active during the reigns of Daizong (763–779) and Dezong (780–805). A sentence in the present text (4b) shows that he was born in 720 or slightly earlier, and that his work dates from between 742 and 770.

Together with the *Qian tong jue* 潛通訣, the *Longhu jing* is the main textual authority of this treatise. The passages excerpted from these texts are not found in their present versions: some sentences quoted as deriving from the *Longhu jing* are now in the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 (e.g., those on 2b, 3a, and 9a correspond to 1002 *Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi* 1.23a, 2.1b, and 2.21a, respectively), while the passage quoted on 5a–b as coming from the *Qian tong jue* is found in 996 *Guwen longhu jing zhushu* 3.8b.

The text is divided into twelve *pian* 篇 (chapters) and is devoted to as many substances or alchemical preparations (cf. Kaltenmark, "Summary," 64–65). Each *pian* generally describes the cosmological associations, the function in drug prescriptions (*jun* 君, *chen* 臣, etc.), and the action on the human body of a substance; the latter aspect is emphasized in the final section. The passages on the cosmological associations of cinnabar and mercury (5a) and the yin and yang substances (6a–b) are summarized in 938 *Dadan pian* 2b.

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Fabrizio Pregadio

Dadong lian zhenbao jing xiufu lingsha miaojue

大洞鍊真寶經修伏靈砂妙訣

21 fols.

890 (fasc. 586)

Dadong lian zhenbao jing jiuhuan jindan miaojue

大洞鍊真寶經九還金丹妙訣

17 fols.

By CHEN SHAOWEI 陳少衛, *zi* Ziming 子明, *hao* Hengyue zhenren 衡嶽真人; between 712–734

891 (fasc. 586)

"Wonderful Instructions for the Subduing of Cinnabar" (890) and "Wonderful Instructions on the Golden Elixir of the Nine Cycles" (891), both "Supplementary to the Dadong Scripture on the Refining of the Authentic Treasure." These works describe two complementary methods for the refining of cinnabar and its transmutation into an elixir. Several statements (e.g., preface of 890 *Lingsha miaojue* 1a and 4b; 891 *Jindan miaojue* 1b) show that the two works originally had different titles and formed a single treatise, said to contain instructions on the *Dadong lian zhenbao jing*. The latter is also attributed to CHEN SHAOWEI in *Chongwen zongmu* 9.19b and *Song shi* 205.5194 (cf. VDL 78).

The place names mentioned in both texts were in simultaneous official use only during the first four decades of the eighth century. The dating suggested by this evidence is confirmed by the expression *tianyuan* 天元 (preface of 890 *Lingsha miaojue* 1a), which probably refers to the Xiantian 先天 and Kaiyuan 開元 reign periods, that is, 712–741 (cf. Zhang Zigao, *Zhongguo gudai huaxue shi*, 209–10). The original treatise was not written later than 734, when a reduced version of the two parts was submitted to the throne by ZHANG GUO (cf. article on 896 *Yudong dashen dansha zhenyao jue*).

CHEN SHAOWEI refers to the first section of the present work as "Lingsha qifan lun" 靈砂七返論 or *pian* 篇 (Treatise on the Seven Cycles of Cinnabar) and to the second as "Jindan erzhang" 金丹二章 (Two Essays on the Golden Elixir). The two sections retain titles close to these in YJQQ 69 (*Qifan lingsha jue* 七返靈砂訣) and 68.9a–25a (*Jiuzhuan jindan erzhang* 九轉金丹二章). The inclusion of these texts in reverse order in the YJQQ shows that the separation into two distinct works had already taken place by the early eleventh century; this separation is also suggested by the *Chongwen zongmu* entry cited above, which lists only the title of the first text in a form similar to the present one. The original title of the first section appears in the present work as its subtitle.

CHEN SHAOWEI's work is one of the main sources of Tang alchemy (cf. Sivin,

"Theoretical background," *passim*). In the first text, centered on cinnabar, the main process of each cycle consists of the treatment of the product of the previous cycle, yielding each time a "gold" (*jin* 金) that can be ingested or used as the main ingredient in the next cycle. In the second text, the final product of the previous seven cycles, now defined as "mercury" (*gong* 汞), is used as the main ingredient for the preparation of a "cyclically transformed elixir" (*huandan* 還丹). The treatment by fire-phasing (*huohou* 火候) includes here six cycles rather than nine, as would seem to be implied in both the original and the current title of this section (*jiuhuan* or *jiuzhuan*, "nine reversions" or "nine-times cycled").

The descriptions of cinnabar in the first text (preface and 1a–3b) and of mercury in the second (9a–b) form the basis of those given in 909 *Longhu huandan jue* 1.1a–10b and 913 *Tongyou jue* 3b–4b. A summary of the preface of the first text, as well as part of its instructions on fire-phasing (5a–b), are found in 1017 *Daoshu* 31.1a–2a. The beginning of the preface is reproduced in *Quan Tang wen* 901.7a–b.

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Fabrizio Pregadio

Taishang weiling shenhua jiuzhuan dansha fa 太上衛靈神化九轉丹砂法

7 fols.

Seventh or eighth century?

892 (fasc. 587)

"Method of the Highest Nine-Cycled Cinnabar, Protecting the Spirit and Divinely Transmuting." This text describes the preparation of an elixir through the treatment of cinnabar in nine stages. In a different and often more reliable version of the same method, found in 895 *Yinyang jiuzhuan cheng zijin dianhua huandan jue*, the final product is said to transmute (*hua* 化 or *dianhua* 點化, "transmute by projection") other metals into gold. The expression *shenhua* 神化 (divine transmutation) in the title of the present text refers, strictly speaking, to this property.

The title of this work is not listed in any bibliography, with the possible exception of 901 *Shiyao eryl* 2.3b, which mentions a *Weiling jue* 衛靈訣. On the basis of this evidence, and of references to place names officially adopted during the Tang period (618–907), the dating would be restricted to between the seventh and the eighth century.

The various steps of the process are related to passages of the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契, usually quoted and briefly commented upon at the end of each section (cf. article on 895 *Huandan jue*). The quotations are missing in the last two sections. The

text of the final section seems in fact to be either incomplete or altered, as it does not include the description of the ninth stage of treatment.

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Spooner and Wang, "The Divine Nine Turn Tan Sha Method."

Fabrizio Pregadio

Yudong dashen dansha zhenyao jue 玉洞大神丹砂真要訣

21 fols.

By ZHANG GUO 張果, *hao* Gushen shan ren 姑射山人; submitted to the throne in 734

896 (fasc. 587)

"Veritable Essential Instructions on the Great Divine Cinnabar." This is an abridged version of CHEN SHAOWEI's treatise, now found in the *Daozang* as 890 *Dadong lian zhenbao jing xiufu lingsha miaojue* and 891 *Dadong lian zhenbao jing jiuhuan jindan miaojue*. ZHANG GUO's summary is identifiable as the text listed in *Chongwen zongmu* 9.21a as *Fu dansha jue* 服丹砂訣 (Instructions on the Ingestion of Cinnabar), and in the bibliography of the *Xin Tang shu* 59.1521 as *Dansha jue* 丹砂訣 (Instructions on Cinnabar; cf. VDL 114). The entry in *Xin Tang shu* adds that the text was submitted by ZHANG GUO to the emperor (i.e., Xuanzong) in 734.

The elaborate construction of CHEN SHAOWEI's treatise is lost in ZHANG GUO's abridgment, which omits important sections, such as the whole preface, and gives short summaries of others. Most passages concerned with doctrinal rather than practical instructions (e.g., 891 *Jindan miaojue* 9b–10a and 10a–b, on the cosmological associations of mercury extracted from cinnabar) are excluded. At the end of this version (17a–21a) are four methods not found in CHEN SHAOWEI's work and unrelated to the main text.

Fabrizio Pregadio

Shiyao eryl 石藥爾雅

2 juan

By Mei Biao 梅彪; preface dated 806

901 (fasc. 588)

"Synonymic Dictionary of the Mineral *Materia Medica*." This is an alchemical lexicon followed by lists of names of elixirs and methods and by a bibliography of alchemical and other texts. The preface is by Mei Biao (b. ca. 750), who was a native of Jiangyuan 江源 in modern Sichuan. He states there that his work was compiled to supply the lack of entries concerning minerals in the *Erya* 爾雅, but he also alludes to the widespread use of "secret names" (*yinming* 隱名) in the alchemical literature.

The first juan gives a list of more than 500 synonyms for 164 (or 167, also counting subentries) names of mineral, vegetal, animal, and human substances, as well as laboratory instruments (cf. Chen Guofu, *Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 383–442). The sources of the various synonyms are not mentioned. The second juan includes three lists of names and synonyms of elixirs, a list of names of alchemical methods, and a list of about 100 texts mostly concerning alchemy.

Thirteen names in the second list of elixirs (2.1b–3a) appear together with their synonyms, with occasional variants but in the same order, in juan 1 of 881 *Taiqing shibi ji*, where the corresponding methods are given. Several of these names and synonyms are also found in SUN SIMO's *Taiqing danjing yaojue* 太清丹經要訣 in YJQQ 71.2a–b. The latter also includes twenty-four names of elixirs found here in the third list (2.6b–7a; cf. YJQQ 71.3a–b), which shows the close relationship among *Shiyao eryl*, *Danjing yaojue*, and juan 1 of *Shibi ji* (cf. Sivin, *Chinese alchemy*, 76–79, 258–59). There is, on the contrary, no direct relationship between the synonyms of substances given by Mei Biao and the “secret names” listed in *Shibi ji* 2.9a–10a, nor between these synonyms and the collection of glosses found in other alchemical sources (cf. Pregadio, “Un lessico alchemico,” 16–21).

According to the preface, the work was originally in one juan, and as such it is listed in *Chongwen zongmu* 10.4a and in *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” 67.28a (cf. VDL 100). Against Zhu Yizun's 朱彝尊 (1629–1709) opinion that the second juan is a later addition (see the colophon reproduced at the end of the *Biexia zhai congshu* 別下齋叢書 edition) stand Mei Biao's own words asserting that his work is divided into six *pian* 篇 (chapters), as we have it today. All the later editions, both Chinese and Japanese, are derived from the *Daozang* edition.

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Fabrizio Pregadio

Jinshi bu wujin shu jue 金石簿五九數訣

10 fols.

Tang, after 686

907 (fasc. 589)

“Instructions on an Inventory of Forty-five Metals and Minerals.” This is a short treatise on the *materia medica* dealing with substances used in the preparation of elixirs. Both *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku quesu mu* 2.38b and *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” 67.28a (cf. VDL 100) include its title, omitting the word *jue* 訣 (instructions). The reference to Jinzhou 錦州 as a source of cinnabar (*dansha* 丹砂; 1a) shows that the

work dates from after 686. The entry on talc (*huashi* 滑石; 8a) mentions Caizhou 蔡州, the name given to Yuzhou 豫州 in 762 because of a taboo on the personal name of Emperor Daizong, but this name probably reflects the date of the copy on which the *Daozang* edition is based. Other details suggest that this edition descends in fact from a Song copy: the largest administrative unit of the empire is called *lu* 路 (6b), and the Tang dynasty is referred to as *jin Tang* 近唐 (“recently, under the Tang”; 5b). Apart from the inclusion in the two Song bibliographies there is no definite evidence on the latest possible date of compilation, but the references to substances coming from foreign countries and to the pilgrimage on Mount Wutai 五臺山 of the Indian Buddhist monk Zhi Falin 支法林, said to have taken place in 664 (5b–6a), suggest that the work dates from the Tang.

The main source of the treatise is a text now lost, known only through a quotation in 881 *Taiqing shibi ji* 3.12b–14a, which does not mention either its title or its author. About a dozen descriptions of the present text, as well as its short introductory passage, essentially correspond to those found there. One third of the hundred or so indications of sites of occurrence are derived either from TAO HONGJING's *Bencao jing jizhu* 本草經集註 or, through the latter, from the *Mingyi bielu*. Three entries—those on *shi guiyi* 石桂英 (splendor of the stone cassia; 5a), *shi liudan* 石榴丹 (vermilion of the stone pomegranate; 8b), and *shi zhong huangzi* 石中黃子 (yellow seeds of the stone; 10a)—are similar to passages found in BPZ 11.199.

The descriptions, usually short, are concerned with the places of origin, shape, and properties of the various substances. All of the descriptions refer to minerals, with the single exception of *hutong lu* 胡同律 (resin of balsam poplar; 8a–b), which was used as flux in mineral preparations. The earliest descriptions of selenite, halite, and asbestos in an extant pharmacological source are found here. Reference to sites of occurrence include Persia, Uddyāna, the Western Regions (*xiyu* 西域), modern Vietnam and Cambodia, and the modern provinces of Gansu, Qinghai, and Xinjiang.

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Fabrizio Pregadio

Longhu huandan jue 龍虎還丹訣

2 juan

By Jinling zi 金陵子; Tang or Song (compiled before 1042)

909 (fasc. 590)

“Instructions on the Cyclically Transformed Elixir of the Dragon and the Tiger.” This text, attributed to a master of Jinling (a place in modern Jiangsu), includes sections dealing with the *huandan* 還丹, followed by a collection of other methods. A

reference to the *dajin* 大斤 and *daliang* 大兩 weight measures (1.15a) suggests that the text is not earlier than the Tang (618–907). It was compiled before 1042, as shown by the mention in *Chongwen zongmu* 9.22b of a *Longhu huandan jue* in two juan, attributed to Jinling zi.

The contents of the text may be divided into two parts. The first part (1.1a–13b), concerned with mercury and lead, is almost entirely based on quotations from CHEN SHAOWEI's 890 *Dadong lian zhenbao jing xiufu lingsha miaojue* (preface and 1a–3b), dating from the beginning of the eighth century. While CHEN SHAOWEI's work deals with the extraction of mercury from cinnabar and the preparation of a *huandan* using that mercury as the main ingredient, the passages quoted in the present text are employed to refer to a mercury-lead process, described in 1.13a–b.

The second part, which comprises more than eighty methods including variant recipes (cf. Guo Zhengyi, "Cong *Longhu huandan jue*"), opens with two methods for the preparation of the *danyang* 丹陽 (a copper and arsenic compound, 1.14a–20a; cf. other methods in 953 *Gengdao ji*, juan 6) and continues into the second juan, which deals mainly with the production of *hongyin* 紅銀 (red silver, i.e., copper) and with methods for removing the halo (*yun* 量). CHEN SHAOWEI's work is explicitly mentioned here (2.40a) as *Qipian dansha jue* 七篇丹砂訣. Several characters, substituted by blank spaces, are missing in the final pages (2.33b to end).

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Guo Zhengyi, "Cong *Longhu huandan jue* kan woguo liandan jia dui huaxue de gong-xian."

Fabrizio Pregadio

Tongyou jue 通幽訣

28 fols.

Tang 618–907)?

913 (fasc. 591)

"Instructions for Penetrating [Alchemical] Secrets." This short treatise on alchemical theory is first mentioned in the *Chongwen zongmu* 9.22b. However, some details in the text could indicate a Tang date: the use of the place name Langzhou 朗州 (3b), which was changed to Huzhou 湖州 in the early Song 907–1279), and the title Hunyuan huangdi zhenjun 混元皇帝真君 for Laozi. This title could also be an abbreviated form of Taishang laojun hunyuan shangde huangdi 太上老君混元上德皇帝, conferred on Laozi in 1014. Our text also mentions a lost work (11a), the *Yinyang tonglüe* 陰陽統略 (cf. VDL 142), the exact date of which, however, remains uncertain. The long passage on the provenance of cinnabar (4a–b) seems to be an abbreviated version of 890 *Dadong lian zhenbao jing xiufu lingsha miaojue* 2a by CHEN SHAOWEI (fl. eighth century).

The text discusses both the number of years needed for the natural elixir and the different names for cinnabar (1a–4b). The remainder of the work deals with the theory of correspondences, fire-phasing, and, finally, two recipes for a drug made with *zhu* 朮 (atractyle).

Most of the text is also found elsewhere. For the first part (1a–20b), compare 915 *Huandan zhouhou jue* 1.1a–18a (the latter is quite abridged). For the second part (12b–27a), see 947 *Yuging neishu* 1a–7a.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Danfang jianyuan 丹方鑑源

3 juan

By Dugu Tao 獨孤滔, hao Zige shansou 紫閣山叟; 836

925 (fasc. 596)

"The Original Mirror of Alchemical Prescriptions." This text was listed during the Song period under various titles (see VDL 80). The dating of the text (836) is based on 919 *Qiangong jiageng zhibao jicheng* 1.2a. The text of "Danfang jingyuan 丹房鏡源" in 919 *Zhibao jicheng* 4.3a–8b differs from the present work. Dugu Tao compiled the names of essences and products of operative alchemy (*maidan* 外丹).

There are twenty-five paragraphs listing the names of metals, minerals, alloys, and medicines, all according to their categories. The accompanying indications either give the place names where the essences can be found or describe their physical structure, colors, and qualities. The text indicates how such essences may react with each other. It appears that lead and mercury, which are difficult to define and to fix, are the most prized products. The term *huangbo shu* 黃白術 (yellow-white techniques) pertains to the majority of the practical instructions in this text (1.3a). However, only the last section gives a detailed description of an alchemical production ("Dianzhi wuhuang wanzi fang 點制五黃丸子方"; 3.6b–7b).

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Florian C. Reiter

Dadan pian 大丹篇

9 fols.

Tenth century?

938 (fasc. 598)

"Book on the Great Elixir." Read da 大 for tai 太 in the title. A Song catalogue (see VDL 77) lists a *Dadan shi* 大丹詩 in one juan that could refer to our text. The present work, a collection of quotations excerpted from Tang (618–907) or Five Dynasties (907–960) sources, includes both prose and verse.

The section on elixir poisoning (1a–1b) is an abridged version of a preface attributed to Yuanyang zi 元陽子 and ZHANG GUO[LAO] in 239 *Huandan jinyi ge zhu* 1a–1b. The “Shu zhongjing 術中經” (6b–8a) is an extract from 922 *Huanjin shu* 5a–6b by TAO ZHI (d. 825). For Li Tuo 李託 and Zhang Tao 張陶 (fl. 803), mentioned in 4b, see 1083 *Longhu yuanzhi* 8b, which, however, writes Li Fen 李汾 instead of Li Tuo. That work, attributed to Qingxia zi 清霞子 (Sui or Tang), also includes many other passages from the present text.

The present collection also contains material from lost works such as the *Jinshi lingtai jue* 金石靈臺訣 (6a), mentioned in 901 *Shiyao eryl* 2.3b of the early ninth century as *Jinshi lingtai ji* 記 and also listed in the catalogue of lost books, the *Daozang quejing mulu* 2.6a. The *Guigu xiansheng jiuzhuan jinyi da huandan ge* (see 8a of the present text) is mentioned in a Song catalogue (see VDL 132) as *Guigu xiansheng huandan ge* 鬼谷先生還丹歌 in one juan.

The prose and poetry of the *Dadan pian* deal with numerous aspects of laboratory alchemy.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Dadan wenda 大丹問答

4 fols.

Tang (618–907)

939 (fasc. 598)

“Questions and Answers on the Great Elixir.” This is an alchemical treatise presented in the form of a dialogue between Zheng Siyuan 鄭思遠 (i.e., ZHENG YIN) and his disciple GE HONG. Although the title is not mentioned in any of the bibliographies, the text was often quoted in alchemical books of the Tang (618–907) and Song (960–1279) dynasties. The quotations, however, are mainly excerpts from the first section of the text (1a–3b; see the somewhat reduced version in 927 *Taiqing yubei zi* 1a–3b).

The first quotation in a book with an established date figures in 233 *Huandan zhongxian lun* 11a (preface dated 1052). The present text is also quoted (without title) in 1017 *Daoshu* 32.27a–27b and 20.4b where the quotation is attributed to Qingxia zi 清霞子. During the Song dynasty, there were many books in circulation ascribed to Zheng Siyuan (i.e., ZHENG YIN) and GE HONG, excerpted from other books ascribed to these two Taoists. One example is 940 *Jinmu wanling lun* 4a–4b, which also quotes a passage from our text (2b).

The first section of the *Dadan wenda* is on the qualities of the elixir, which should be composed of metals and minerals, that is, a mixture of gold or metallic essence (*jin zhi jing* 金之精) and mineral solution (*shi zhi yi* 石之液). The remainder of the text deals with the natural formation of the elixir and fire-phasing, information that can be found also in other texts, such as the first chapter of 915 *Huandan zhouhou jue*, also

attributed to GE HONG (compare 1.3a, 18a, and 21a ff. with 3b–4a of our text), and 947 *Yuqing neishu* 18b, 19b.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Jinmu wanling lun 金木萬靈論

4 fols.

Attributed to GE HONG 葛洪 (283–343); probably Tang (618–907)

940 (fasc. 598)

“Discourses on the Myriad Efficacies of Metal and Vegetal [Elixirs].” These discourses claim the superiority of GE HONG’s teachings. They also affirm the existence and value of the elixirs that confer immortality. This title is listed in *Chongwen zongmu* 9.20a (cf. VDL 116).

The text partly combines, sometimes with mistakes, abridged versions of texts signed by GE HONG, such as BPZ 4, “Jindan 金丹” (see also 917 *Baopu zi shenxian jinzhao jing* 2.1a–5a, which can be compared with 1a–3b of the present text and 939 *Dadan wenda* 1a–1b, 2b, which can be compared with 4a–4b). The diction of the variants proves that this text was composed long after GE HONG’s 1185 *Baopu zi neipian*.

Florian C. Reiter

Hongqian ru heiqian jue 紅鉛入黑鉛訣

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

941 (fasc. 598)

“Formulas for the Addition of Red Lead to Black Lead.” The terms *hongqian* 紅鉛 (red lead) and *heiqian* 黑鉛 (black lead) were already in use during the Five Dynasties period (907–960), as can be seen from the alternative titles of the *Huandan neixiang jin yaoshi* 還丹內象金鑰匙 (YJQQ 70) by PENG XIAO (d. 950): *Heiqian shuihu lun* 黑鉛水虎論 and *Hongqian huolong jue* 紅鉛火龍訣, where the terms stand for lead and mercury, respectively.

This work is a short alchemical treatise belonging to a group of cognate texts with a common source, a *Yuanjun jue* 元君訣, discussed in 947 *Yuqing neishu* 玉清內書 1a. The latter gives more details, whereas our text is terse and practical. Moreover, it classifies its procedures under various headings lacking in the *Yuqing neishu*; the sequence of the headings suggest that the two texts are based on different versions. The treatise comprises methods for making a reaction vessel (1a) and fixing mercury (1b, 5b); indications on fuel quantities, fire-phasing (2b ff.), and projection (5a); as well as a discussion on the ingestion of the drug and its aftereffects (4a). It is clearly a work on laboratory alchemy.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Tongxuan bishu 通玄祕術

21 fols.

Edited by Shen Zhiyan 沈知言, *hao* Buyi 布衣; late ninth century, based on an earlier version

942 (fasc. 598)

“The Secret Arts for Penetrating the Mystery.” This is a collection of alchemical recipes edited by Shen Zhiyan, a native of Mount Jin’e 金鵝山 in modern Sichuan. According to the preface, in 864 the author received the Secret Essentials of Various Masters on the Divine Elixirs (*Shendan zhujia biyao* 神丹諸家祕要) in three juan from a Master Zheng 鄭公 from Huainan 淮南. The latter is probably Zheng Xuan 鄭玄, to whom *Chongwen zongmu* 7.19a and other Song catalogues (VDL 126) ascribe a *Putian tongxuan bishu fang* 圃田通玄祕術方 in three juan. As stated in the preface, Shen Zhiyan’s compilation also was originally in three juan. The bibliography of *Song shi* 207.5314 assigns the *Tongxuan bishu* the same number of juan. The same catalogue ascribes a *Tongxuan biyao shu* 通玄祕要術 in three juan to an anonymous author of the Xiantong period (860–874), while *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku quesu mu* 2.37b attributes a *Tongxuan miaojue* 通玄妙訣 in one juan to Bo Zhiyan 波知言, likely to be a mistake for Shen Zhiyan 沈知言 (cf. VDL 126 and 139).

The text includes recipes for more than two dozen elixirs, occasionally giving details of their medical properties. There is a gradual shift from mineral to vegetal substances in the lists of ingredients. One of the compounds (*pishu dan* 辟暑丹, or Elixir to Escape the Summer Heat; 14b–15a) is said to have been offered to and ingested by Emperor Yizong (r. 860–874). The last recipe is followed by the description of a rite (18b–19a) in which the officiant is instructed to wear the robes of a daoshi 道士, visualize divinities, and utter an invocation before the ingestion may take place.

Fabrizio Pregadio

Lingfei san chuanxin lu 靈飛散傳信錄

6 fols.

By Qi Tui 齊推; 812

943 (fasc. 599)

“Record of the Truthful Transmission of the Divine Flying Powder.” This short treatise begins with a testimony, dated 812, in which the author demonstrates the efficacy of the *lingfei san* 靈飛散—a powder based on mica—and relates how he succeeded in obtaining the best recipe for it. The text is reproduced in YJQQ 74.20b–26a and quoted in Song catalogues (see VDL 169).

According to his testimony, Qi Tui, from Gaoyang 高陽 (Hebei), was befriended by his uncle Huishu 晦叔, a member of the Censorate (*Xiantai chashi* 憲臺察史). Huishu told Qi that juan 28 of SUN SIMO’s *Qianjin fang* indeed contained this recipe

(1163 *Sun zhenren beiji qianjin yaofang* 82.22a; the Northern Song edition of the same medical handbook quotes it in juan 27). Moreover, a Taoist called Wu Dan 吳丹, client of the honorary supernumerary secretary (*xun yuanwai lang* 勳員外郎) Cao Junyi 曹君彝, told his patron that the best version of the recipe was to be found in the *Taiqing jing* 太清經. Later, Cao indeed happened to discover a manuscript of the *Taiqing jing* containing the recipe, in the chapel of the house of the late Li Bi 李泌 (d. 754) of the imperial secretariat.

The YJQQ version of the present text specifies that the recipe figured in juan 153 of the Taiqing division of the Taoist canon. In 1163 *Qianjin yaofang*, the recipe is attributed to a zhenren of the Western Peak (Xiyue zhenren 西嶽真人), and instead of the herb *atractilis* (*zhu* 朮), ginseng is prescribed.

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Catherine Despeux

Yuqing neishu 玉清內書

22 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

947 (fasc. 599)

“Inner Book of Jade Purity.” This is an alchemical treatise that is mainly theoretical in nature but also contains some practical instructions. The statement “At present, in our great Tang empire . . .” (3b) could indicate a Tang date. The *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku quesu mu* 2.38b lists a *Jindan zhouhou jue yuqing neishu dayao zhongpian* 金丹肘後訣玉清內書大藥終篇, which could be an alternate title of our text. The present title first occurs in the *Chongwen zongmu*, which records two juan (VDL 99). The treatise belongs to a group of cognate texts that all mention a *Yuanjun jue* 元君訣, but the sentence on transmission by Yuanjun (7a) occurs also in an Inner Alchemy text (cf. 22b *Zi yuanjun shoudao chuanxin fa* 7a).

Most parts of the present work can be found in other alchemical texts. For the *Yuanjun jue* (1a–7a), see 913 *Tongyou jue* 20a–27a, which contains some variants. Each version includes sentences missing in the other (cf. 2a and 5b of our text and 913 *Tongyou jue* 24a, 25a, and 25b); in one case (3a), the text seems to have been deliberately altered (cf. 913 *Tongyou jue* 22b). For the *Jindan fushi bianhua wujin zhi gong* 金丹服食變化五金制汞 (2b–11a), compare 941 *Hongqian ru heiqian jue* 1a–6b. The latter employs a different order of presentation and a slightly different terminology. This section includes practical procedures for fixing mercury, making a reaction vessel, casing, and so on.

A third section describes a helical type of fire-phasing (11a–17b) similar to that described in 233 *Huandan zhong xian lun* 16b–17b (preface dated 1052); this section explains the increase and decrease in the weight of fuel over a period of nine months.

Finally, an abridged version of the *Yuanjun qianyun shoujing jue* 元君潛運手鏡訣 (17b–21a) can also be found in 915 *Huandan zhouhou jue* 1.21a–24a. This section also deals with fire-phasing over a period of nine months; this period is considered to correspond to the Nine Tripods (*jiuding* 九鼎).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Taigu tudui jing 太古土兌經

3 juan

Tang (618–907)

949 (fasc. 600)

“Scripture of Earth and the Trigram Dui of High Antiquity.” Earth and the trigram *dui* 兌 are symbols of minerals and metals, respectively. Although the title writes *jing* 經, this work is not a scripture. The *Chongwen zongmu* 9.20a, the first bibliography to mention the book, lists it as *Duitu jue* 兌土訣 in three juan. The correct title should, therefore, read *Taigu duitu jue* 太古兌土訣. Even though it appears in a Song (960–1279) bibliography for the first time, the geographical names used date to the Tang dynasty (618–907) or earlier (3.1b, 3b, 7a). According to Chen Guofu (*Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 336), the work can be dated between 702 and 749.

The book is ascribed to a certain Master Zhang 張先生 (1.4b). It is difficult to judge how much of the text was indeed written by Zhang, since there are remarks and notes by an anonymous compiler scattered throughout the text. Several references to other editions are made in the body of the work such as “one edition says 一本云” (1.6b, 2.4b) or “according to the Wu edition 吳本云” (2.5a). The work mentions TAO HONGJING and the *Zhang jun Wupian* 張君五篇, often quoted in books of the Five Dynasties (907–960) and the early Song (cf. 239 *Huandan jinyi ge zhu*, preface, 4a, and 924 *Zhenyuan miaodao yaolie* 4b).

Much of the work deals with processes of subduing minerals and metals (*fufa* 伏法). Many of these methods are attributed to Hugang zi 胡剛子. The methods, however, do not correspond to those attributed to Hugang zi in other alchemical texts (compare, e.g., the *xuanzhu fa* 玄珠法 with the method of the same name in 885 *Huangdi jiuding shendan jingjue* 3.5b). Hugang’s poems in the first juan (1.2b–3b), however, are quoted in 909 *Longhu huandan jue* 1.16b and in 1004 *Zhouyi cantong qi zhu* 2.24a under the heading “Wujin jue 五金訣.”

The last section, entitled “Jinshi chao lu 金石抄錄” (3.7b–12b), shows a marked influence of the theory of categories, similar to that 905 *Cantong qi wu xianglei biyao* (cf. 3.2b–3a, *ming junchen* 明君臣, and 3.9a–9b, *ming xianglei* 明相類, of our text).

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Chen Guofu, *Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 336.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Xuanjie lu 懸解錄

9 fols.

Preface dated 855

928 (fasc. 597)

“Record of Arcane Explanations.” Read *xuan* 玄 for *xuan* 懸 in the title, which is first mentioned in the *Chongwen zongmu* 9.25a. The *Xin Tang shu*, “Yiwen zhi,” avoiding a taboo, writes *Tongjie lu* 通解錄 and notes that the preface was written in the Da-zhong period (847–860) by Hegan Ji 紇干戩, governor of Jiangxi (see VDL 166). This corresponds to the preface of our text which, although anonymous, is dated 855.

The book was known under different titles: *Xuanjie lu* 玄解錄, *Xianjie lu* 賢解錄, *Yanmen gong miaojie lu* 鴈門公妙解錄, and *Tongjie lu* 通解錄, (see Chen Guofu, *Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 327–28). Moreover, Hegan Ji wrote a *Liu Hong zhuan* 劉洪傳 that Chen Guofu believes to be identical with the *Xuanjie lu* (*Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 328).

The book also appears in YJQQ 64; 944 *Yanmen gong miaojie lu* (see following entry) is a shorter and incomplete version. It is possible that the title Lord of Yanmen 鴈門公 (in Shanxi) refers to the author.

The *Xuanjie lu* is considered to be the first printed book on a scientific subject (see Needham, “The historical development of alchemy,” 167, and Carter, *The invention of printing*, 59). The book deals with elixir poisoning and its antidotes. It was first revealed to the Han alchemist Liu Hong 劉洪 by Jiuxiao jun 九霄君 in 122 (1b). Liu Hong engraved it on stone; in the eighth century it was discovered by ZHANG GUO[LAO], who presented the text to Emperor Xuanzong (7b).

The author extracted only the most important sections from this work, those on the identification of mineral ingredients and the formulas for neutralizing toxicity (1b).

The text (1b–7b) is presented as a dialogue between Liu Hong and Jiuxiao jun. The latter explains the danger of preparing and ingesting mineral elixirs without understanding both the true nature of the ingredients and natural laws (4b), since each ingredient possesses its own particular poison. Liu Hong’s recipe for an antidote based on five ingredients (*Shouxian wuzi wan fang* 守仙五子丸方; 8a) is followed by a poem of praise by ZHANG GUO.

Of interest is the cultivation of the “Three Ones” (*sanyi* 三一) within the body as an alternative path to immortality (6b). The expression *sanyi* is also used to designate the three perfect elixirs (*zhiyao* 至藥), such as *shenfu* 神符, *baixue* 白雪, and *jiuzhuan* 九轉. For these elixirs, see also 906 *Yin zhenjun jinshi wu xianglei*.

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Carter, *The invention of printing*; Chen Guofu, *Daozang yuanliu xukao*.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Yanmen gong miaojie lu 鴈門公妙解錄

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)

944 (fasc. 599)

“Lord Yanmen’s Record of Marvelous Explanations.” This work on elixir poisoning and its antidotes is discussed in the preceding article on 928 *Xuanjie lu*, of which the present text is a shorter version. This text contains some variants, the most important being the use of the character *bao* 保 instead of *shou* 守. The pages *Xuanjie lu* 8a–9a are missing from the present text.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Yin zhenjun jinshi wu xianglei 陰真君金石五相類

42 fols.

Attributed to Yin Changsheng 陰長生 (Former Han period, 206 B.C.–A.D. 9); before 1052, probably Five Dynasties (907–960)

906 (fasc. 589)

“Yin Zhenjun’s [Treatise on the Theory of] Categories of Minerals and Metals.” This work, ascribed to the immortal Yin Changsheng, is not listed in any of the bibliographies, but it is quoted in 233 *Huandan zhongxian lun* 5b (preface dated 1052). Another text, most probably of the Five Dynasties (907–960), seems to allude to it (266 *Jinyi huandan baiwen jue* 6a).

Most of the books quoted in the text are of the Tang (618–907) or Five Dynasties period; the *Biyao jue* 祕要訣 mentioned on page 35a could be a reference to 905 *Cantong qi wu xianglei biyao*. Moreover, Chen Guofu dates the text between the Tang and the end of the Five Dynasties on the basis of the place names. The date of the work, nevertheless, poses problems: on two occasions it quotes a *Shilu* 實錄, the first time regarding three grades (*sanpin* 三品; 1b), then concerning the story of Yu the Great 大禹 and the perfect medicine (18b–19a; cf. the tale recounted in 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 1). The classification of the elixir in three grades, of which *shenfu* 神符 is the most important, can be found in such pre-Song (960–1279) works as 928 *Xuanjie lu* 5a (preface dated 855) and 954 *Taishang hunyuan zhenlu* 7a–b (for GE HONG, *shenfu* is a drug only of the second category, cf. 1185 *Baopu zi neipian* 4.7b). However, the source of the *Shilu* is unclear.

The work is divided into twenty sections, each of which is devoted to a mineral or metal. Each section is followed by a discourse on the mineral’s or metal’s category and best possible combinations (or “marriage”) with other substances. The esoteric names of substances used are commonly found in other alchemical texts, such as 901 *Shiyao eryl* and 885 *Huangdi jiuding shendan jingjue*. It may be noted that Bo He 帛

和 is presented as the teacher of Yin Changsheng (37a), and that lead from Persia is considered superior to lead from Jiazhou 嘉州 (32b–35b, 37a–37b).

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Chen Guofu, *Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 331.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Penglai shan xizao huangdan ge 蓬萊山西竈還丹歌

2 juan

Attributed to Huang Xuanzhong 黃玄鍾; Tang (618–907)?

916 (fasc. 593)

“Song of the Refining of Cinnabar in the Western Still on Mount Penglai.” The *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” mentions this work with Huang Xuanzhong as its author (see VDL157). Both the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” and the *Chongwen zongmu* mention a *Penglai shan caoyao huandan jue* 蓬萊山草藥還丹歌 in one juan by the same author (VDL158). The latter title corresponds better to the text we have here, inasmuch its contents concern almost exclusively the description of many kinds of medicinal herbs. The author is indicated at the beginning of our text as acting director of the Department of State, grand master of the Palace with Golden Seal and Purple Ribbon of the Han dynasty (*Han jianjiao puyi jinzi guanglu dafu* 漢檢校僕射金紫光祿大夫). This title, however, corresponds to Tang not Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) nomenclature. The misleading element comes from the presentation (1a–2b) of the work, where the “author,” who signs as an immortal official of Penglai shan (one of the islands of Immortals in the Eastern Sea), tells a fable about his acquisition of his esoteric alchemical knowledge and the presentation thereof to Emperor Wu of the Han (compare 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan*). At the time of the presentation, the author was already retired on Penglai, and out of compassion for the emperor sent one of his divine pages to bring the book to the court.

The text consists of some 170 poems on vegetable substances to be used in alchemy. Each poem is accompanied by a paragraph giving the various (poetic) names for the herb. Chen Guofu (*Daozang yuanliu kao*, 334–35) has shown that some place names used in the text correspond to Tang administrative geography.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Taiqing xiudan bijue 太清修丹祕訣

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

884 (fasc. 583)

“Secret Instructions for the Practice of Alchemy according to the Taiqing Tradition.” The text is divided into two parts. The first concerns the making of *lingsha* 靈沙, an elixir that enables the adept to become an Earth Immortal. This elixir is in fact excrement obtained after a period of feeding on rich food, followed by a short period of vegetarianism. The excrement has to be eaten in small portions over a period of fifteen days, followed by another period of rich food, and again one of eating excrement.

After these practical instructions follows a paragraph on the theory of Embryonic Breathing (*taixi* 胎息). Titled “Kanli eryong fa 坎離二用法” (6a–7a); this paragraph is taken from 829 *Taixi jingwei lun*, “Neizhen miaoyong jue 內真妙用訣” (3a–4a), a Tang text. It describes the Mysterious Female (*xuanpin* 玄牝) according to the Heshang gong commentary of *Laozi* 4, “This is the nose and the mouth.” It continues by saying: “When the Mysterious Female is established [i.e., fully formed] it is like the flower stalk that grows out of the melon. This is the moment when the yin [parts] first get the maternal energy” (6a6). From this moment springs the human being, which then develops outside the womb. The return to the womb can be enacted by learning again to breathe like an embryo (*taixi*).

Yuan Bingling

Xuanshuang zhangshang lu 玄霜掌上錄

2 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

945 (fasc. 599)

“Handbook for [Making] Black Frost.” This is short recipe for the making of a *yin* drug to counterbalance the cinnabar compounds (*danyao* 丹藥), which, conferring Long Life, were strongly yang (see 1b). This text is also included in YJQQ 77.11b–13b and should, therefore, date from the Tang (618–907) or Five Dynasties (907–960) period.

The recipe calls for the oxidation of lead, from which white crystals were taken for repeated treatment and ingestion as a powder.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Taiji zhenren zadan yaofang 太極真人雜丹藥方

15 fols.

Tang (618–907)

946 (fasc. 599)

“Miscellaneous Methods for Alchemical Elixirs by the Taiji zhenren.” A small collection of recipes, using esoteric names for most of the common ingredients. The work is illustrated, but the relation between the drawings and the contents of the work is unclear. The place names used in the text point to a Tang date.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Jiuzhuan liuzhu shenxian jiudan jing 九轉流珠神仙九丹經

2 juan

Tang (618–907)?

952 (fasc. 601)

“Book of the Divine Immortals Nine Elixirs Obtained through the Ninefold Transformation of the Liquid Pearl.” This alchemical work is mentioned in the *Bishu sheng xubian dao siku qieshu mu* (VDL 72). Almost no elements for its dating are available. The text is in a poor state, and some parts have been displaced or are missing. It could well date to the Tang period, despite the use of the character *zhi* 治 (normally a Tang taboo).

According to Chen Guofu (*Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 292), the present text is linked to 885 *Huangdi jiuding shendan jingjue*, because it starts out with a commentary on the poem “Zhenren ge 真人歌” that can also be found in 885 *Shendan jingjue* 10.3b–4a (the beginning of the poem is missing in our text). In fact, although there is some resemblance between the two versions, the wording is so different in places as to make any conclusion on their relationship a matter of conjecture. However, the nine kinds of elixir that are listed and explained throughout the book are those also given in juan 20 of 885 *Shendan jingjue*. It would seem, therefore, that the present work is a sequel to the latter. Among the more original materials of the present work is a Recipe for Reviving the Dead (*qisi fang* 起死方) attributed to Lü Gong 呂恭, an immortal of old who used a herbal drug to reanimate the members of his family who had died during the two hundred years he had spent in the mountains (2.10b–11a). An improved method calls for the use of the placenta of a child born the fifth day of the fifth lunar month.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Qiangong jiageng zhibao jicheng 鉛汞甲庚至寶集成

5 juan

Tang (618–907)?

919 (fasc. 595)

“Complete Collection of the Lead and Mercury, Male and Female, Great Treasures.” This text is a handbook on laboratory alchemy. The expression *jiageng* 甲庚 here is a mystical term for the opposite and complementary principles: *jia* stands for the sun (yang), as the sun starts its cycle in this sign; and *geng* stands for the moon (yin), as its ascent begins in that station (see 915 *Huandan zhouhou jue* 1.4b and 913 *Tongyou jue* 4b, 5a). The meaning of the title of the present work is explained in 913 *Tongyou jue* 1.5a: “The two treasures of sun and moon are the supreme essences [*jing* 精] of Heaven and Earth. When *jia* and *geng* are moved by each other’s essences, they undergo transformation and their shining lights take form and materialize as minerals [*sha* 砂].”

This work is in fact a collection of various texts. Juan 1 begins with instruction on how to make the Casket of the Bubbling Source Elixir (*Yongquan kuifa dan* 涌泉匱法丹). The method is preceded by a preface (1.1a–5a) signed by Zhao Naian 趙耐庵, hao Zhiyi 子知一子, and dated with the cyclical characters *bingchen* 丙辰. Since the preface mentions (2a7) the Baoying era (A.D. 762), it seems that *bingchen* here stands for 776 or a later recurrence of the cyclical date. Zhao relates how he obtained this method from two masters, Zhang Fuhu 張富壺 and Yang Jiuding 楊九鼎, both from Sichuan. There are illustrations on 9b and 10b, the latter showing how the *kui* 匱 is immersed in water and the fire is placed on top. One of the aims of the procedure is to make artificial gold.

Juan 2 is devoted to methods for making gold and silver. It is understood that only high-class people should practice these methods. The artificial gold should be used only for saving the poor, and not for private wealth. Otherwise, the divine punishments would be terrible (2.3b). A table of different kinds of artificial gold is given on 4.2b. The instructions are followed by a colophon (2.10b) signed by a person named Qingxu 子清虛 from the Jinhua dong 金華洞 and dated on the third year of the Yuanhe era (808). The cyclical characters following the date are *wushen* 戊申, an error for *wuzi* 戊子.

Other datable elements in the text are rare. The names Rihua 子日華 (3.7a) and Wuzhen Dongyang 子悟真洞陽 (1.21b) have not been identified. The *Danfang jingyuan* 丹房鏡源 is quoted in Zhao Naian’s preface (1.2a) as dating from 762. The *Danfang jingyuan* itself is quoted in 4.3a–8b. This text is roughly the same as 925 *Danfang jianyuan* (q.v.). Chen Guofu (*Daozang yuanliu kao*, 344–45) states that the place names used in this text point to a Southern Song (1127–1279) or even Yuan (1279–1367)

date. This evidence is, however, not conclusive, and there are no clear indications that this well-edited and clear handbook is later than the Tang dynasty.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Xuanyuan huangdi shuijing yaofa 軒轅黃帝水經藥法

12 fols.

Five Dynasties (907–960)?

929 (fasc. 597)

“Methods for Drug [Preparation] from the Scripture of Aqueous [Solutions] of Xuanyuan, the Yellow Emperor.” This short treatise contains thirty-two recipes for making aqueous solutions of cinnabar, realgar, and other minerals used in operative alchemy. Two methods (numbers 3 and 4) are missing.

According to the preface, a certain Xu Jiu 徐久, a hermit and alchemist, received the Scripture of Aqueous [Solutions] (*Shuijing* 水經) from an immortal in the Cavern of the Lotus Brook (Lianxi dong 蓮溪洞) on Mount Tiantai 天台山.

The recipes are followed by a list identifying sixty-nine kinds of dragon shoots (*longya* 龍芽) that serve to fix the minerals. The list is classified in the order in which these substances are used in alchemy and corresponds to the identifications given for sixty-nine kinds of dragon shoots in 903 *Chunyang Lü zhenren yaoshi zhi* 1a–10b. At the end of the text, there is a poem on the method of using these dragon shoots.

Catherine Despeux

2.A.5.b Inner Alchemy**Xiuzhen liyan chaotu** 修真歷驗鈔圖

18 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

152 (fasc. 68)

“Copy of Diagrams of Attested [Methods] for the Cultivation of Perfection.” In YJQQ 72, this short alchemical work is entitled *Zhenyuan miaodao xiudan liyan chao* 真元妙道修丹曆驗抄, with Caoyi dongzhen 子草衣洞真 given as the author. However, Caoyi dongzhen 子 is also considered the author of the preceding text in the YJQQ, *Da huandan qibi tu* 大還丹契秘圖, and in all Song catalogues (see VDL 162). The name appears to have been attached to our text by mistake (cf. the discussion in CGF 287). Caoyi 子 also figures in a list of names at the end of the text (16a), an additional indication that he is not its author. Moreover, Caoyi 子 quotations in later works are excerpts from the *Huandan qimi tu*, not from the present text (see, e.g.,



FIGURE 32. Man and the universe, or the multiple correspondences between the body and cosmic energies (152 15b).

1086 *Yuzhuang xiehou lu*, mid-twelfth century). Finally, the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe,” 5.26a ascribes the authorship of our text to a certain Luo Ziyi 羅子一 (cf. VDL 126).

The treatise describes the formation of an elixir, which under natural circumstances would require 4,320 years. The alchemist, however, using the yin and yang components of his body as ingredients, accelerates this process within himself. The procedure is mental, and much emphasis is laid on emptying and fixing the mind (*kongxin* 空心, *jiixin* 佳心). Changes and transformation in the macrocosm are illustrated by twelve diagrams (see fig. 32), which are slightly different in the YJQQ version.

The *Daozang* version is less complete than that in the YJQQ (see, e.g., 11b, where the explanatory comments on the hexagrams are missing).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Zi yuanjun shoudao chuanxin fa 紫元君授道傳心法

9 fols.

Commentary attributed to Yin Changsheng 陰長生; Tang (618–907)

226 (fasc. 112)

“The Method of Zi [-xu 虛] Yuanjun [i.e., WEI HUACUN] of the Transmission of the Tao through the Heart.” This work is mentioned in the *Chongwen zongmu* and in the *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” under the titles: *Yuanjun fudao chuanxin jue* 元君付道傳心訣 and *Yuanjun fudao chuanxin famen* 法門 (VDL 82). This kind of title appears to have been common in the Five Dynasties period (907–960; see, for instance, 926 *Da huandan zhaojian* 19a), but it is not impossible that the present work is of an earlier date. The title *Yuanjun* is traditionally linked to alchemical texts (see 885 *Huangdi jiu-ding shendan jingjue* 3.1a–1b). Also, 901 *Shiyao erya* (preface dated 806) 1.6b says that “Yuanjun does not allow the ultimate medicine to be transmitted in an unruly way.” The expression *zhiyao* 至藥 (ultimate medicine) is often used in our text. On page 7a there is a sentence concerning the transmission of the text. This sentence is corrupted

in the present text, but is quoted in its correct form in 947 *Yuqing neishu* 7a, a work probably dating from the Tang.

The work is divided into two parts. The first part (1a–2b) concerns the transmission through the heart and is written in partially versified prose, with sentences of five and four characters. The adept is enjoined to purify his or her heart before receiving the teaching and to meditate (*guanxin* 觀心) before putting this teaching into practice.

The second part (2b–8b) contains a poem called “Longhu ge 龍虎歌” (Song of the Dragon and Tiger), together with a commentary and, at the end, a series of twelve other poems. This part has been reproduced in YJQQ 73.1a and following. There the poem is called “Gu longhu ge 古龍虎歌” and the commentary is attributed to Yin Changsheng.

The poem and commentary in the second section use an alchemical vocabulary similar to that found in works like 928 *Xuanjie lu* or 906 *Yin zhenjun jinshi wu xianglei*. However, our text insists on the danger associated with the “yellow-white medicine” (*huangbo yao* 黃白藥) and instead emphasizes spiritual accomplishments.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Zhen longhu jiuxian jing 真龍虎九仙經

14 fols.

Commentary attributed to YE FASHAN 葉法善 and Luo Gongyuan 羅公遠; before the ninth century

227 (fasc. 112)

“Book of the Nine Immortals and of the Real Dragon and Tiger.” According to the *Chongwen zongmu* 9.2a, the title of this work should be *Tianzhen huangren jiuxian jing* 天真皇人九仙經 (VDL 84). The work 1017 *Daoshu* gives a version of the present text based on another edition; there it is called *Jiuxian pian* 九仙篇, and the commentary is attributed to three authors: YE FASHAN, Luo Gongyuan, and the monk Yixing 一行 (682–727). This latter version is mentioned by the *Junzhai dushu zhi* 16.758–59, but instead of YE FASHAN, this catalogue writes Ye Fajing 葉法靜. The *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe,” 5.13b and the *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” 205.5192 give Ye Jingneng 葉靜能 and Yixing, respectively, as the authors. The appearance of the name of Yixing here suggests a connection with Tantrism (*mizong* 密宗).

The *Junzhai dushu zhi* writes that the book originally was transmitted to the Yellow Emperor by Tianzhen huangren 天真皇人 (cf. 1a of our text). The Emperor concealed the book on Emei shan, where it was recovered during the reign of Han Wudi (140–87 B.C.). Later, during the Dazhong era of the Tang (847–860), the book was proscribed (VDL 84).

The *Daozang* version is less complete than the one reproduced in the *Daoshu*, but it contains a number of passages that are lacking in the latter.

The terminology of the work is rather esoteric, as exemplified by the use of terms like *sanmei dinghua zhi huo* 三昧定化之火, *fenshen* 焚身, and *toutai* 投胎. This terminology was to exert a considerable influence on later Taoist texts. The methods are based on the visualization techniques of ancient Taoism; they are presented here in a systematic way for use in healing as well as for opening the fontanel in order to be able to exteriorize the Infant.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Tao zhenren neidan fu 陶真人內丹賦

18 fols.

Attributed to TAO ZHI 陶植 (d. 825); Five Dynasties (907–960)?

259 (fasc. 121)

“Ode on the Inner Elixir.” This is a short Inner Alchemy poem ascribed to TAO ZHI, with an anonymous commentary. The poem has been known under various titles since the early Song (960–1279). The work 266 *Jinyi huandan baiwen jue* 22b quotes it as *Jindan zhi fu* 金丹職賦, and the *Chongwen zongmu* 9.21a lists a *Jindan fu* 金丹賦. Juan 1 of 261 *Jindan fu* has the same poem with a commentary of a much later date. A comparison of the two texts shows many variants that sometimes convey significantly different meanings (cf. 8a of our text with 19b of the 261 *Jindan fu*). The poem in the present text is much shorter than that in 261 *Jindan fu* (see, e.g., 10b–11a, 19a, 30a, 37a–45a of the 261 *Jindan fu*), whereas only one line of our text is missing in the latter. It is, nevertheless, difficult to ascertain which of the two poems represents a more authentic version of the original.

The commentary is an alchemical interpretation of the poem, preceded by a short preface. Both the *Cantong qi* 參同契 and the *Jinbi jing* 金碧經 are regarded as works on the art of lengthening one’s lifespan (7a). The author uses many of the arguments found in late Tang (618–907) or Five Dynasties theoretical alchemical works disproving the efficacy of Outer Alchemy: 7b quotes 937 *Da huandan jinhu bolong lun* 3a, and 17a quotes the 922 *Huanjin shu* 7b. This last quotation begins with “Tao jun says . . .,” an indication that the commentary was probably not written by TAO ZHI himself.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Jinyi huandan baiwen jue 金液還丹百問訣

31 fols.

Five Dynasties (907–960)

266 (fasc. 132)

“Explanations of the ‘Hundred Questions’ on the Cyclically Transformed Elixir of Liquefied Gold.” This alchemical work in the form of recorded conversations (*yulu*

語錄) comprises an introduction (1a–5a) and a dialogue between Li Guangxuan 李光玄, a native of Bohai 渤海 (1a), and his master Xuanshou xiansheng 玄壽先生. The names of Bohai and Xinluo 新羅 (Sila; 1a, 3a) indicate that Li lived before 926, because these two kingdoms were destroyed in 926 and 935, respectively. The text mentions military unrest in the north: Li is counseled by his master to leave Mount Song and to pursue his alchemical quest on one of the holy mountains in the south, where it was peaceful (Luofu, Maoshan, Lushan, and Taishan are named; 29b). This mention of unrest, along with the use of the geographical names Wuyue 吳越 and Jiangzhe 江浙, is an indication of a late Tang (618–907) or early Wudai (907–960) date. The text is listed in the *Bishu sheng xubian dao siku quesu mu* 2.39a as *Jinyi huandan lun* 論, in one juan, by Li Xuanguang 李玄光. A *Xuanguang xiansheng koujue* 玄光先生口訣 is quoted in 926 *Da huandan zhaojian* 12b (preface dated 962).

An abridged version of the present text entitled *Jinyi huandan neipian* 金液還丹內篇 (the term *neipian* 內篇 [inner chapter] seems to suggest the existence of a *waipian* 外篇 [outer chapter]) is included in 1017 *Daoshu* 22.6b–9b. The work 1045 *Haike lun* is a shorter version of our text with some changes in sequence: 14b–17b, 18a–20a figure in the *Haike lun* on 14a–16b and 12b–14a, respectively.

The text emphasizes at the outset breathing exercises and concentration on the *dantian* 丹田 to protect the *yuangqi* 元氣 (Primordial Qi; 2b). It then advocates the making of the elixir with two ingredients only, lead and mercury (5b, 15b). Most of the text is composed of criticism of those who believe in vegetal (24b) or mineral substances (13b ff.) as suitable elixir ingredients. The entire work is much influenced by 922 *Huanjin shu* by TAO ZHI (d. 825), which is often quoted. That the present work contains older material can be seen from the occasional use of *li* 理 in the place of *zhi* 治 (6b), which was tabooed during the Tang. The text seems to be a readaptation of an older alchemical work; compare, for instance, the quotation from a *Baiwen lun* 百問論 in 233 *Huandan zhongxian lun* 3a and the corresponding passage on 27b of our text.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Taishang laojun neidan jing 太上老君內丹經

3 fols.

643 (fasc. 342)

“Book of Inner Alchemy of the Most High Lord Lao.” This small summary of the Tao (*daoyao* 道要) explains the allegorical and metaphorical nature of the alchemical process as applied to meditation and body techniques. It must date to the Tang dynasty (618–907) because in the first line it contains an instance of Tang taboo avoidance (*lixin* 理心 instead of *zhixin* 治心). The terminology of the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 is virtually absent.

Kristofer Schipper

Wei Boyang qifan dansha jue 魏伯陽七返丹砂訣

7 fols.

Commentary by Huang Tongjun 黃童君; Tang (618–907)

888 (fasc. 586)

“Wei Boyang’s Explanation of the Sevenfold Cyclically Transformed Elixir.” This short alchemical work comprises a *jue* 訣 (an oral formula; 1a–3a) and a *ge* 歌 (a song; 3a–7a). It is ascribed to WEI BOYANG, the traditional author of the *Cantong qi* 參同契. The work 901 *Shiyao erya* (preface dated 806) mentions a *Qifan lingsha ge* 七反靈砂歌 (2.3b; *lingsha* 靈砂 and *dansha* 丹砂 are synonymous). A version of this text with the commentary by Huang Tongjun was known in the early Song period (VDL 71).

Another version of the *jue* without the commentary figures in 905 *Cantong qi wu xianglei biyao* 1b–2a, and the *ge* is reproduced, with some slight variants, in 927 *Taiqing yubei zi* (3b–4a), under the title *Yaoping ge* 瑤瓶歌: *Yaoping* being the first two characters of the poem.

The formula deals with the origin and transformation of mercury and cinnabar: both substances originate from the *yuanqi* 元氣 (Primordial Qi) and acquire form through its transformations. This reference to *yuanqi* is the most striking difference between our text and the *Cantong qi wu xianglei biyao*, which does not use the term *yuanqi*, although it mentions a *weimiao yuan qi* 微妙元氣 (subtle and marvelous qi) on one occasion. The commentaries on the two versions are completely different. As for the poem, it describes the vessel and lute used for making the sevenfold cyclically transformed elixir. It is difficult to judge whether the text refers to interior practices or to actual alchemy: on the one hand, the adept is instructed to seal the vessel and conduct (*yin* 引) the qi (4b; the gloss says *neiqi* 內氣, inner qi); on the other, there are directions to immerse the cinnabar for three days in a cold spring to eliminate the poison, and finally to take three pills a day (6a–b).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Huanjin shu 還金述

9 fols.

By TAO ZHI 陶埴 [埴] (d. 825)

922 (fasc. 596)

“Explanations on the Cyclically [Transformed] Gold [Elixir].” The author died in the mountain range of Siming shan 四明山 in 825, according to a Yuan source (141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu* 4.13b).

This short alchemical treatise, in three sections, is included in YJQQ 70, “Neidan fajue 內丹法訣,” with a few textual variants and writing *shu* 術 for *shu* 述 in the title. There is also an abridged version in 1017 *Daoshu* 32.28a–33a.

The treatise was popular during the Five Dynasties (907–960). It is quoted by PENG XIAO (d. 960) in 1002 *Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi* 2.15a and 926 *Da huandan zhaojian* 12a (preface dated 962). Judging from the quotations, there must have been many editions of our text in the early Song (960–1279). Those quotations in 266 *Jinyi huandan baiwen jue* 6a, 7a, 16a correspond to the present text (4a, 1a, 2b), but the long passage quoted in 938 *Dadan pian* 6b–8a was excerpted from a different version. Moreover, 233 *Huandan zhongxian lun* 11b includes a quotation from a *Tao Zhi sanpian* 三篇 that is missing in the *Daozang* edition (the *Huanjin shu* is often quoted as *Tao Zhi pian* 陶埴篇 or *Sanpian* 三篇 because of its three sections).

The treatise comprises a short preface, three sections, and a poem. The first section interprets a series of quotations, mainly from the *Cantong qi* 參同契 and the *Guwen longhu jing* 古文龍虎經. The second section refutes the possibility of prolonging life through the ingestion of an elixir made with mercury or cinnabar. The third section deals with correspondences and numbers used in fire-phasing.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Zhenyuan miaodao yaolie 真元妙道要略

20 fols.

Attributed to Zheng Siyuan 鄭思遠 (i.e., ZHENG YIN); Five Dynasties (907–960)

924 (fasc. 596)

“The Synopsis of the Essentials of the Mysterious Tao of the True Origin.” This text contains explanations concerning alchemical praxis and meditative self-cultivation. The author points out errors a practitioner should avoid. Such errors could lead to physical injuries like burns (via, e.g., the unintentional production of gunpowder, 3a). This work cannot have been written at the time of Zheng Siyuan (Western Jin [265–316]), as the quotations of Li Ji 李勣 (594–669) and of YANLUO ZI (ca. 936–943) indicate.

The work comprises three paragraphs: “Chujia yanzhen jing 黜假驗真鏡” (Mirror of Wrong [Practices] and of the Realization of Perfect [Results]; 1a–10b), “Zhengzhen pian 證真篇” (Evidences of the Perfect [Methods]; 10b–16a), and the “Lianxing pian 鍊形篇” (Sublimation of the Outer Form; 16a–20a). Much emphasis is laid on the interpretation of alchemical processes in the sense of *neidan* 內丹 and the cultivation of the mind (18a; see 641 *Taishang Laojun neiguan jing* 6b). There are many quotations from scriptures like the *Huangting jing* 黃庭經, *Sanyuan jing* 三元經 or *Neipian* 內篇 (11b, 19a, 19b). This work shows the influence of deities, cosmic energies, astronomy, and the calendar on alchemical procedure (see, e.g., 11b–12a).

Florian C. Reiter

Da huandan zhaojian 大還丹照鑑

23 fols.

Preface dated 962

926 (fasc. 597)

“Shining Mirror of the Cyclically Transformed Elixir.” An anonymous preface dated 962 states that the author was a native of Zitong jun 梓潼郡 (Sichuan); he lived during the reign of Meng Chang 孟昶 (934–965) of the Western (or Later) Shu 蜀 dynasty.

The complete title of the treatise should be *Zhaojian dengxian ji* 照鑑登仙集, according to the preface. The *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku quesu mu* 2.40b writes *Da huandan zhaojian dengxian ji* in one juan. The *Daozang* title is therefore abbreviated. Moreover, the text in one juan comprised thirty-three *pian* 篇 or sections (preface), whereas the present work has thirty-four *pian*.

The *Da huandan zhaojian* is a collection of alchemical poems (with some prose) attributed to a vast array of Taoist worthies, some historical, others legendary. The five poems at the beginning (2a–6a) were written by the author himself, each dealing with a direction, element, or metal, with their secret names appended at the end. These poems are followed by thirty-four *pian* of oral formulas (*jue* 訣) excerpted from various sources: For the *Lun erqi chan huangya* 論二氣產黃芽 (6a) and *Shi qiangong* (7a–8a), see 937 *Da huandan jinhu bolong lun* 2a–4a. The *Lun erqi chan huangya* is fairly abridged in our text. For the *Luofu xiansheng koujue* 羅浮先生口訣 (10a), *Yang Xuanyi koujue* 楊玄一口訣 (16b), and *Taibo shan yinshi Han Yunzhong koujue* 太白山隱士韓蘊中口訣 (22b), compare 265 *Huandan gejue* 1.16b, 5b, and 12b, respectively. For the *Xuanhuang zi koujue* (11b), see 233 *Huandan zhongxian lun* 8a.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Jusheng ge 巨勝歌

5 fols.

By Liu Chongyong 柳沖用, hao Xuanming zi 玄明子

931 (fasc. 597)

“Sesame Song.” This is a poem on Inner Alchemy in which sesame is not mentioned at all. The title was probably chosen because of the metaphoric significance of the name *jusheng* 巨勝 (literally, “giant winner”) given to the tiny grain because of its great dietary value. As said in the thirty-first chapter of the *Cantong qi* 參同契: “Sesame [*jusheng*] gives longevity; cinnabar, if transmuted, can be absorbed” (see 1000 *Zhouyi cantong qi zhu* 1.21b).

This text is mentioned in several Song catalogues (see VDL 96). It quotes the *Tao zhenjun sanpian* 陶真君三篇, a title sometimes used to designate 922 *Huanjin shu* (see that work, 2.5a), by TAO ZHI (d. 825). Our text also quotes a passage of the *Cantong qi* (see 1000 *Zhouyi cantong qi zhu* 1.24b and juan 36), as well as the *Jinbi jing* 金碧經,

the *Taiyi tu* 太易圖, and the *Yuanjun ge* 元君歌. This last text must be related to the tradition of 947 *Yujing neishu*, which quotes a *Yuanjun jue* 元君訣.

The introduction criticizes certain alchemical transmissions. The poem is composed of ten stanzas of eight lines on the theme of “lead and mercury and the five agents.”

Catherine Despeux

Danlun juezhi xinjian 丹論訣旨心鑑

14 fols.

Zhang Xuande 張玄德; Five Dynasties (907–960)?

935 (fasc. 598)

“Mental Mirror and Directions Regarding Discourses and Explanations on the Elixir.” This is a short treatise by Zhang Xuande of Nanyang 南陽 (Henan). It is mentioned in Song catalogues (see VDL 80), and another version, with minor differences, is preserved in YJQQ 66. A part of the text is included in 915 *Huandan zhouhou jue* 2.3b (early Song) under the title *Zhizhen jue* 指真訣. Since the quotations and content of the treatise are similar to 936 *Dahuan xinjian* (between the late ninth and the early eleventh centuries), our text must date from approximately the same period.

The treatise comprises five sections: an introduction (1a–2b); a discussion on the toxicity of elixirs based on mineral substances (*mingbian* 明辯; 2b–7b); discourses on the elixir (*jindan lun* 金丹論; 7b–12a); discourses on its cyclical transformation (*da huandan zongzhi* 大還丹宗旨; 12a–13b); and finally a short passage entitled “Arcane Notes” (*xuanji* 玄記; 13b–14a).

Several passages from the second and third sections are quoted in alchemical books of the Five Dynasties or the early Song, such as 899 *Dadan ji* (under the title *lun* 論) and 927 *Taiqing yubei zi*. As to the nature of the discourses, it is unclear whether the author is writing about Inner or Outer Alchemy. Chen Guofu believes the work to be Inner Alchemy (see CGF 390 and 417).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Dahuan xinjian 大還心鑑

5 fols.

Five Dynasties (907–960)?

936 (fasc. 598)

“Mental Mirror of Cyclical Transformation.” This short alchemical treatise is included in YJQQ 73.12a–16a under the title *Dahuan xinjing* 心鏡. The present title, however, which substitutes the character *jian* 鑑 for *jing* 鏡 in deference to a Song taboo, is also listed in several Song bibliographies (cf. VDL 79). Although the *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” indicates Hanshan zi 寒山子 of the Tang dynasty as author, the text is of a later date since it quotes MA ZIRAN (d. 856). The treatise can, therefore, be dated

between the mid-ninth century and the early eleventh century (publication of the YJQQ). Although essentially the same, except for a few minor differences, the YJQQ version seems more complete. A longer version of the treatise figures in 915 *Huandan zhouhou jue* 2.1a–7b under the title *Longhu jinyi huandan xinjian* 龍虎金液還丹心鑑 (also in 1017 *Daoshu* 14, where the authorship is attributed to Xuanhe zi 玄和子).

The basic ideas in the text resemble those found in 926 *Da huandan zhaojian*, especially the rejection of drugs based on mineral substances. For the author, who seems directly inspired by TAO ZHI (d. 825), the elixir should contain only lead and mercury. Moreover, TAO ZHI's book, 922 *Huanjin shu*, is often quoted. The aim of alchemy, according to the text, is to obtain the perfect medicine and at the same time achieve illumination. On the basis of its content and the vocabulary, it is unclear whether the text falls into the category of Inner or Outer Alchemy.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Da huandan jinhu bolong lun 大還丹金虎白龍論

6 fols.

Huanyang zi 還陽子; ninth or tenth century

937 (fasc. 598)

"Discourse on the Golden Tiger and the White Dragon of the Great Cyclically Transformed Elixir." This is a short treatise on alchemical theory by the Recluse of Mount Sumen 蘇門山隱士 (Henan), Huanyang zi. The latter was—according to the *Xin Tang shu*, "Yiwen zhi," 59.1524—a hermit of the Tang dynasty.

A colophon at the end of the text states that Du Xidun 杜希遁 (zi Wangji 忘機, hao Yongyang zi 永陽子) of Mount Heng 橫峰, while fleeing an uprising in 886, met the recluse Nanyang gong 南陽公, for whom he wrote down the present text. The author of the colophon, however, had received these instructions on alchemical ingredients *yaojue* 藥訣 from his deceased master. The treatise was certainly known during the tenth century, since the two sections of the text (2a–4a) are quoted in an abridged form in 926 *Da huandan zhaojian* 6a–8a (962). The latter, however, does not indicate its source and attributes (8a) one of the poems in our text (4a) to Guangcheng zi 廣成子. The present text was well known during the early Song (cf. VDL 78); it is also quoted in 259 *Tao zhenren neidan fu* 7b.

The text comprises a preface (1a–2a), two sections on ingredients (2a–4a), six poems, and a colophon (4a–6a). In the preface, the author rejects the use of *waidan* 外丹. The sections on ingredients include discussions on lead (i.e., "golden tiger," *jinhu* 金虎), mercury (i.e., "white dragon," *bolong* 白龍), and "yellow shoots" (*huangya* 黃芽), an amalgam, in this case, of lead and mercury. These three ingredients represent water/metal, fire/wood, and earth, respectively.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Longhu yuanshi 龍虎元旨

9 fols.

Attributed to Qingxia zi 青霞子; ninth century or later

1083 (fasc. 741)

"Secret Directives on the Dragon and the Tiger." Read *xuan* 玄 for *yuan*. Although the title of this short alchemical text is not mentioned in any bibliography, the *Chongwen zongmu* 9.21b and 25a (cf. VDL 161) mentions a *Qingxia zi Longhu jinyi huandan tongxuan lun* 青霞子龍虎金液還丹通玄論 in one juan and a *Longhu huandan tongxuan yaojue* 龍虎還丹通玄藥訣 in two juan by Su Yuanming 蘇元明 (i.e., Qingxia zi, see CGF 419). These titles could refer to the present work since it is also attributed to Qingxia zi. The book was first transmitted to Dong Shiyuan of Mount Dongyue 東嶽董師元 by the recluse of Luofu Qingxia zi 羅浮隱士青霞子 in 789 (8b). It was then handed down to Zhang Tao of Jianzhou 劍州張陶 in 803 and later to Li Fen of Jingnan 荆南李汾 (for Li Fen 李汾 or Li Tuo 李託, see 938 *Dadan pian* 4b) in 838, and finally to Cheng jun 成君. In one bibliography of the early Song (VDL 91), Zhang Tao was considered the author of 881 *Taiqing shibi ji*, traditionally attributed to Qingxia zi.

Much of the material in the text itself, can be found in other books of the late Tang (618–907) or the early Song (960–1279), although not in the same order. For the *Guge* 古歌, the quotations attributed to Wei jun 魏君, and the *jue* 訣 (4a–6b), see 927 *Taiqing yubei zi* 5b–6b. Similarly, for the quotations on pages 4b–7b, see 899 *Dadan ji* 1a–3b. Our text seems more complete and less corrupt than the others. In 1085 *Neidan bijue* 9b, the seven poems at the end are attributed to ZHANG GUO[LAO] (fl. eighth century).

The text deals with the theory of correspondences, cyclical transformation, the complementarity of yin and yang, and fire-phasing (1a–8a). Cinnabar is accepted as the sole drug of immortality (3b–4a), and emphasis is laid on the secrecy of textual transmission (8b). The entire work is a commentary on the basic ideas of the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Yuanyang zi jinyi ji 元陽子金液集

15 fols.

Ninth–tenth century

238 (fasc. 113)

"Yuanyang zi's Collection [of Verse and Commentary] on the Gold Liquid." The "collection" comprises one alchemical *neidan* 內丹 poem with commentary ascribed to Yuanyang zi 元陽子. The text is listed as *Huandan jue* 還丹訣, one juan, in the *Bishu sheng xubian dao siku queshu mu* (VDL 163).

It is also mentioned in the *Junzhai dushu zhi* as *Huandan ge* 歌, one juan, by Yuanyang zi. A bibliographical note states that this work was transmitted to *Li Guangxuan* 李光玄 by his teacher (cf. 266 *Jinyi huandan baiwen jue*) and that the sequence of the verses was in complete disorder.

The poem is quoted in books of the Five Dynasties (907–960) and the early Song (960–1279), for example, in 266 *Jinyi huandan baiwen jue* 7b, 12b, 22a (the quotation on 22a is missing in our text) and in 233 *Huandan zhongxian lun* 9a (preface dated 1052), which quotes the commentary as *Yuanyang zi zhu* (3b). Since the present text refers (9a) to 922 *Huanjin shu* 4a by TAO ZHI (d. 825), it can be dated between the ninth and eleventh centuries.

Another version of the *Yuanyang zi* poem is included in juan 2 of 265 *Huandan gejue*, but the commentary is not the same. Although the present text states (13a) that the poem consisted of thirty verses, both the present version and the *Huandan gejue* have thirty-one. The latter also inverts the order of some of the verses (see numbers 3, 4, 5, 11, 12, 21, and 22; number 16 is placed at the end). Textual variants abound in both versions and also in the quotations found in other works, which suggests the existence of many different editions of this text in the early Song period.

The book advocates the formation of an elixir of immortality based on the “true yin/yang” ingredients within the adept and warns against the use of toxic mineral or metal ingredients. It is written in the same style as 239 *Huandan jinyi ge zhu* and seems to be directly inspired by the 922 *Huanjin shu* of TAO ZHI.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Huandan jinyi ge zhu 還丹金液歌註

2 fols.

By *Yuanyang zi* 元陽子; commentary attributed to ZHANG GUO 張果 (d. ca. 742), *hao* Tongxuan xiansheng 通玄先生; Five Dynasties (907–960)? 239 (fasc. 113)

“Commentary on the Song of the Cyclical Return of Gold Liquid.” This work comprises a long preface and a short alchemical poem and is ascribed to *Yuanyang zi*. According to the CGF 287, *Yuanyang zi* could be the *hao* of Yang Canwei 羊參微, commentator or author of the *Shangqing longhu jinbi jing*, a book that is no longer extant. The commentary is attributed to ZHANG GUO (also known as Tongxuan zi 通玄子, see CGF 287), and some passages of his biography are quoted in the preface (5b).

The *Junzhai dushu zhi* mentions a *Huandan ge* in one juan, but the reference is to another work (cf. 238 *Yuanyang zi jinyi ji*). The present text, however, judging from quotations in other works, can be dated, at the latest, to the Five Dynasties (907–960) or the early years of the Northern Song (960–1127). The preface (1a) is quoted in 938 *Dadan pian* 1a, but a passage there on removing toxicity is missing from our preface.

However, the work 1017 *Daoshu* 32.25a gives a long yet abridged extract from the preface, followed by the text in which both commentary and poem are mixed.

The preface and the poem deal with outer alchemical topics and the true understanding of natural law (1a–2b). They warn against the fatal effects of elixirs prepared with mineral substances (2b–4a quotes ZHANG GUO). The work ends with anecdotes on testing disciples before imparting the secrets to them (5b–6b).

The *Xin wenfeng* 新文豐 edition of the *Daozang* erroneously places the poem before the preface.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

2.A.6 Sacred History and Geography

In this section, Laozi chronicles have been grouped under sacred annals, while lives of various gods, saints, and immortals are discussed under hagiography. Although the devotional and *mirabilia* writings in the subsection titled “Sacred Annals and Records” also contain broadly hagiographic narratives, they are treated separately here because they served purposes and explored themes that distinguish them from the purely hagiographic compilations (see the introduction to 2.A.6.a). Sacred geographies are treated here as “records”; and gazetteers and inscriptions are gathered in the subsection titled “Mountain and Temple Monographs; Epigraphy.”

2.A.6.a Sacred Annals and Records

The following subsection comprises four distinct subjects or genres: chronicles of the acts and manifestations of Laozi, a spiritual lineage, *mirabilia*, and sacred geography. The Tang development of the Laozi annals tradition begins with a chronicle by YIN WENCAO. It was presented to Emperor Gaozong (r. 649–683) and survives only in citations (especially YJQQ 102.1a–6a). The “True Record of the Most High of Undifferentiated Beginning” (954 *Taishang hunyuan zhenlu*) is thought to be close to this chronicle in period and background. In late Tang times, DU GUANGTING was the principal contributor to this genre. His *Hunyuan tu* 混元圖 in ten juan (see *Chongwen zongmu* 10.12a) was lost by the time of the Ming canon compilation (see 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* 1.19b), but is likely to have exerted a major influence on the Song continuations of the tradition (see part 3.A.6.a). Du’s 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi* 2 (see part 2.A.1.a) should be consulted in this context. His 593 *Lidai chongdao ji*, a court memorial, is discussed in the present section because it also includes an extensive chronicle of Laozi manifestations. Like the “True Record,” the “Inner Preface to the

Golden Book" (772 *Taishang laojun jinshu neixu*), probably a work of the Tang-Song transition period (tenth century), places the emphasis on the transmission of the *Daode jing* 道德經 from Laozi to his disciple Yin Xi 尹喜.

This subsection also contains the "Shangqing Genealogical Record of the Three Worthies" (that is, the gods of the Three Caverns of the Taoist canon; 164 *Shangqing sanzun pulu*) and a spiritual genealogy (444 *Dongxuan lingbao sanshi ji*) on the lineage of the Taoist masters of Tiantai shan. DU GUANGTING's collections "Evidential Miracles in Support of Taoism" (590 *Daojiao lingyan ji*) and "Record of Marvels" (591 *Luyi ji*) represent two literary genres of sacred records: the *lingyan* 靈驗 miracle tale and *zhiguai* 志怪 *mirabilia*, respectively. These texts are followed by three works of sacred geography: "Map of the Book of Mysterious Contemplation of Man-Bird Mountain" (434 *Xuanlan renniao shan jingtu*); SIMA CHENGZHEN's "Plan of Celestial and Terrestrial Palaces and Residences" (*Tiandi gongfu tu*, preserved in YJQQ 27); and DU GUANGTING's comprehensive geography: "Record of the Cavern-Heavens, Auspicious Sites, Holy Mountains, and Marshes" (599 *Dongtian fudi yuedu ming-shan ji*).

Taishang hunyuan zhenlu 太上混元真錄

28 fols.

Tang; seventh–eighth century?

954 (fasc. 604)

"True Record of the Most High of Undifferentiated Beginning [i.e., Laozi]." This text relates the departure of Laozi from the Zhou and his meeting at the Hangu 函谷關 pass with Yin Xi 尹喜, the guardian of the Pass who becomes his disciple. Yin here receives the transmission of Laozi's Text in Five Thousand Characters (*Wuqian wen* 五千文)—that is, the *Daode jing* 道德經—and other scriptures, including the *Xisheng jing* 西昇經, as well as the *Jiejie* 節解 commentary on the *Daode jing* and instructions pertaining to various esoteric methods (*fa* 法). The work is mentioned in Song catalogues (VDL 103).

Kusuyama Haruki ("*Taishō kongen shinroku kō*," 464, 469, 473–74) dates this anonymous work to the period between 650 and 750 and speculates on a possible connection with YIN WENCAO (622–688), a noted author on the Laozi legend, the discipleship of Yin Xi, and the traditions concerning the sage's departure to the West, including a now lost Laozi chronicle titled *Xuanyuan huangdi shengji* [jing] 玄元皇帝聖紀[經] in ten juan (see VDL 97 and the fragment preserved in YJQQ 102.1a–6a). The present text's use of commentaries titled "discussions" (*lun* 論; 1b–2b, 10b, 21b–22b, and 27b) is also found in the surviving fragments from YIN WENCAO's chronicle (see the article on 1200 *Dongxuan lingbao taishang liuzhai shizhi shengji jing*). The "True Record" is in any event a Tang work—it avoids the Tang taboo character *shi* 世, replacing it with *dai* 代,

in deference to Emperor Taizong's (r. 626–649) personal name, Shimin 世民—and is probably not later than the eighth century.

The *Taishang hunyuan zhenlu* stands as an early representative of a new phase in the development of Laozi annals, a phase that took shape against the background of the sage's adoption as the Tang imperial family's ancestor. Further examples of such annals include the work of YIN WENCAO already mentioned, as well as 593 *Lidai chongdao ji* and other works by DU GUANGTING. The genre continued to flourish under the Song (see 774 *Youlong zhuan* and 770 *Hunyuan shengji*).

A brief introduction and quotations (1b) are followed by the first "discussion." The quotations are of verses by Qian Xiu 牽秀 (*zi* Chengshu 成叔, fl. 280–290, see *Jin shu* 60.1635)—citing his *Laojun song* 老君頌—and Xue Daocheng 薛道衡 (fl. 570, see *Sui shu* 57.1405–8), citing the *Laozi beiming* 老子碑銘 (cf. *Wenyuan yinghua* 848.1a–5a). After the first discussion, the work chronicles the transmission, embedded in a dialogue between Lord Lao and Yin Xi, of a variety of teachings attributed to Laozi. These teachings are concerned mostly with alchemical and physiological methods and include the *Lianjin fa* 鍊金法 (6b–7a), *Taiqing bafu jing* 太清八符經, *Taiqing guan-tian jing* 太清觀天經, and *Jiudu jing* 九都經; the *Shendan jing* 神丹經 and *Jinyi jing* 金液經 (7a; cf. 880 *Taiqing jinyi shendan jing*); the *Yuli zhongjing* 玉曆中經 (10b; cf. 1168 *Taishang laojun zhongjing*); the *Daode jing* (12a; cf. 664 *Daode zhenjing*); and the *Jiejie* 節解 commentary (13b; cf. 710 *Daode zhenjing zhushu*). This chronicle is followed by a summary of the *Xisheng jing* 西昇經 (15a–18b; cf. 726 *Xisheng jing jizhu*) and an account of Laozi's Conversion of the Barbarians (*huahu* 化胡) in the West (18b–20a), of his second meeting with Yin Xi at the Black Sheep Market (Qingyang si 青羊肆) in Chengdu (20a–21a), and of his ascension into Heaven (21a). A further discussion elaborates again on the *Xisheng jing* (21b–22b). This discussion is followed by two additional Laozi revelations: the "Cun sanyi zhi fa 存三一之法," an inner alchemical meditation method (22b–24a), and instructions for entering the meditation chamber (*ru jingshi* 入靜室; 24b–27a).

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Lidai chongdao ji 歷代崇道記

20 fols.

DU GUANGTING 杜光庭; 885

593 (fasc. 329)

"The Record on the Veneration of Taoism through the Ages." This work was written as a memorial addressed to Emperor Xizong (r. 874–888). According to *Chongwen zongmu* 10.9a, the original title was *Lidai diwang chongdao ji* 歷代帝王崇道記.

DU GUANGTING records the major events in the history of Taoism, especially its official or imperial patronage and support. According to Du, the history of the official veneration of Laozi and of Taoism reaches back to the time of the Zhou dynasty (ca. 1050–221 B.C.). The most important expression of such acts of official veneration was the establishment of temples and cloisters and the ordination of Taoist priests for these religious establishments. Du's record features the many apparitions of Laozi or of his messengers that legitimized imperial rule. Such apparitions or visions were perceived and reported by Taoists. The places where these events occurred were suitable for the establishment of religious institutions. DU GUANGTING takes into account the fact that the Tang emperors claimed Laozi as their ancestor. Consequently, he focuses his attention mostly on events related to the Tang house.

This work features the religious legitimacy of imperial rule, which is based on divine approval, itself manifested in the apparitions of Laozi. DU GUANGTING does not give any indication as to his sources.

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Florian C. Reiter

Taishang laojun jinshu neixu 太上老君金書內序

6 fols.

772 (fasc. 554)

"Inner Preface to the Golden Book of the Most High Lord Lao." This text connects the hagiography of Laozi with the story of the compilation of the *Daode jing* 道德經. According to the colophon by the unknown author, who calls himself Xuanshi 玄師, this work presents a critical documentation. It claims to be more precise than the other current works on the subject. The *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku queshu mu* 2.22b lists this work, which, consequently, must have been written during the eleventh century at the latest.

The text describes the legendary birth of Laozi and his rank as a universal deity. He served the Zhou rulers as official, teacher, and prophet. There are detailed reports about his encounter with Yin Xi 尹喜, about the revelation of the *Daode jing*, and about the Conversion of the Barbarians. The *Daode jing* is an object of veneration for the immortals who reside in the heavens. Here on Earth, that scripture can be used for meditation and recitation.

Florian C. Reiter

Shangqing sanzun pulu 上清三尊譜錄

12 fols.

164 (fasc. 73)

"Shangqing Genealogical Record of [the Affiliation with] the Three Worthies" This work belongs—together with 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi*, 674 *Wushang sanyuan zhenzhai linglu*, 1388 *Shangqing jinzhen yubuang shangyuan jiutian zhenling sanbai liushiwu bu yuanlu*, and 1390 *Shangqing dongtian sanwu jin'gang xuanlu yijing* (q.v.)—to the group of texts related to the enigmatic Jinming qizhen 金明七眞. This work was recorded, and at the same time provided with a commentary, by Jinming's disciples Xuhuang daojun 虛皇道君, Xuwu zhenren 虛無真人, Jiutian zhangren 九天丈人, and others (10b) who had also already transcended the historical-terrestrial sphere. The information about Jinming qizhen in 446 *Shangqing zhongjing zhu zhensheng bi* 7.11a–b may have been taken from the present text (3b).

The Three Worthies (*sanzun* 三尊) in the title, hypostases of the Three Jewels (*sanbao* 三寶; Sanskrit, *triratna*), are directly related to the scriptures of the Three Caverns. The intention of this work, to confirm Jinming qizhen as the divine ancestor of the Taoism of the Three Caverns (*sandong* 三洞), thus becomes clear. The veneration and visualization of the Three Worthies in connection with the Shangqing and Lingbao scriptures, the *Sanhuang jing* 三皇經, the *Wuyue [zhenxing tu]* 五嶽[眞形圖] and Laozi's Text in Five Thousand Characters (*Wuqian wen* 五千文) represent, according to the commentary, Jinming's original teaching (1a).

Among the three divine masters of transmission (*dushi* 度師; 1a–4a) whose secret names are given in freely composed characters, Jinming qizhen, being the representative of the present time, is placed in the last position. Subsequently, Jinming's heavenly inauguration by the Three Worthies during the Chiming 赤明 era, which he obtained together with Gaoshang jiutian shanghuang yuanjun 高上九天上皇元君 and Jiutian shanghuang laojun 九天上皇老君, is recounted. Instructions for copying, keeping, and venerating the genealogical record conclude this work.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Dongxuan lingbao sanshi ji 洞玄靈寶三師記

9 fols.

Attributed to Liu Chujing 劉處靜, hao Guangcheng xiansheng 廣成先生;

preface dated 920

444 (fasc. 198)

"Record of the Three Masters." On the liturgical function of the Three Masters, see the article on 445 *Dongxuan lingbao sanshi minghui xingzhuang juguan fangsuo wen*. The preface bears the cyclical date *gengchen* 庚辰 (920). This book is wrongly attributed to Liu Chujing, for the author calls himself the "disciple [of Ying Yijie 應夷節]

Master Guangcheng 廣成先生” (8b). The only person known to fit this description is DU GUANGTING (see LZTT 40.11a–13a), but Verellen (*Du Guangting*, 18) adduces a number of good reasons for calling Du’s authorship into doubt. Liu Chujing was in any case not the disciple of Ying Yijie, who is the “initiating master” in the present text, but codisciple, with Ying, of Feng Weiliang 馮惟良 (4b–5a). Liu died in the year 873 (see 602 *Xiandu zhi* 1.14b; note the cyclical date *xinyou* 辛酉 does not correspond to Xiantong 14).

Feng’s master was Tian Xuying 田虛應. According to the account given here, Tian ended his career on Mount Tiantai after having lived a long time on the Southern Peak, where he received from Xue Jichang 薛季昌 the *Shangqing dadong* 上清大洞. Tian’s three most important disciples were Feng Weiliang, Xu Lingfu 徐靈府, and Chen Guayan 陳寡言. He is said here to have lived more than 200 years.

The *Yinhua lu* (ca. 860) confirms that Tian was one of the greatest Taoists of the early ninth century (4.92–93). He could control rainfall, and he also performed Yellow Register rituals. Like the present text, the *Yinhua lu* associates Tian with the Southern Peak and mentions the same three disciples from Tongbo shan 桐柏山 (in the Tiantai range). The *Yinhua lu* does not, however, mention Xue Jichang and does not say that Tian himself went to Tiantai.

Xue was a disciple of SIMA CHENGZHEN who was not integrated into the Shangqing lineage (304 *Maoshan zhi* 11.2a–5a). His biography mentions the names of none of his disciples (LZTT 40.1a–b). It may be, therefore, that the transmission story told here is designed to justify a new lineage (cf. CGF 29–30). According to the very last line of Tian Xuying’s biography, he was “the ancestral master of the method of the Three Caverns used nowadays in the Jiangzhe 江浙 area.”

Feng Weiliang is said to have received from Tian, on the Southern Peak, “the secrets of the Three Caverns.” Around 820 he accompanied his master to Tiantai and “spread the method of the Three Caverns originally transmitted by Sima Chengzhen and Master Tian throughout the Jiangnan area.”

Ying Yijie (810–894) was initiated successively in Zhengyi (by the Eighteenth Heavenly Master, Zhang Shaoren 張少任, at Longhu shan 龍虎山), Dongshen, Dongxuan, and Shangqing practices. According to the present text, Ying was the eighth master in the *Shangqing dafa* 上清大法 lineage, after TAO HONGJING, WANG YUANZHI, PAN SHIZHENG, SIMA CHENGZHEN, Xue, Tian, and Feng. Ying’s ritual practice included, therefore, both Zhengyi and Shangqing elements—“ascension of the altar to review the registers [*yuelu* 閱錄]” and recitation of the *Huangting jing* 黃庭經, respectively—and it led to his “direct reception of the transmission of the zhenren.”

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John Lagerwey

Daojiao lingyan ji 道教靈驗記

15 juan

By DU GUANGTING 杜光庭; after 905

590 (fasc. 325–26)

“Evidential Miracles in Support of Taoism.” In his undated preface the author states that sanctuaries and images have overlords, and veritable writings and transcendent rituals have guardians. Since every sacrilege inevitably implicates the offender, supernatural manifestations abound. Characteristically against this background of retribution, the book narrates incidences of miraculous intervention that furnish cognizable evidence for tenets of the Taoist faith.

The imperial preface is erroneously ascribed to Emperor Huizong (r. 1100–1126) in the present text; the same preface also occurs in the edition in YJQQ (117.1a–b), an anthology compiled a century before the reign of Huizong. The latter version plausibly attributes the preface to Emperor Zhenzong (r. 997–1022). It may be noted that the YJQQ edition (122.16a–b) features a further text attributed to Zhenzong: a preface to the *Tiantong huming miaoqing* 天童護命妙經. This scripture, an antecedent of 632 *Taishang taiqing tiantong huming miaoqing*, is the subject of a miracle tale by DU GUANGTING in the present collection.

According to Du’s preface, the original *Daojiao lingyan ji* comprised twenty juan. A corresponding version survived at least into the thirteenth century (see *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 12.347). Some 50 percent of the present text (82 of 167 titles) is duplicated in the YJQQ edition (juan 117–9, 120.1a–14a, 121.7a–13b). The editors of the *Siku quanshu* 四庫全書, discussing a fifteen-juan version with identical subheadings, described the YJQQ version summarily as a further abridgment of the original (see *Siku quanshu zongmu* 147.3072). Yet the YJQQ substantially complements the present text. With thirty-six additional stories (YJQQ 120.14a–22a, 121.1a–7a, and juan 22 in extenso), it allows the reconstitution of 22 percent of the original (in terms of titles), against the 25 percent (in terms of juan) missing in the present edition.

The present text belongs to the first decades of the tenth century and draws predominantly on Sichuanese material, reflecting the author’s activities as head of the Taoist community there under the late Tang and the Former Shu. The latest dated event (7.2b) is a ritual performed by Wang Zongtan 王宗坦 (d. 913) in 905. DU GUANGTING served as tutor to Wang Zongtan, the second son of Emperor Wang Jian (r. 907–918) and first heir apparent (908–913) of the Shu kingdom (see *Xin Wudai shi* 63.789).

The book is organized according to eight categories of supernatural agents effecting the miracles recounted:

1. Patron deities of temples, monasteries, and sacred sites
2. Deities represented by sacred statues and paintings

3. Apparitions and interventions of Lord Lao
4. Manifestations of the Heavenly Master
5. Various deities, true immortals, and spirit officers
6. Efficacious scriptures, or their tutelary deities, and other sacred writings (talismans, registers)
7. Supernatural power emanating from bells, chimes, and other liturgical utensils
8. The efficacy of the rituals of the Retreat and the Offering and of the written petitions presented therein

The “Evidential Miracles” constitutes a major source on Buddhō-Taoist relations under the Tang and Five Dynasties. The work bears witness to tensions and rivalries between the two communities in the wake of the Huichang (841–846) proscription of Buddhism, its polemical thrust heightened by the Taoist appropriation of the *lingyan ji* 靈驗記 miracle tale, originally a Buddhist apologetic genre, to the detriment of Buddhism.

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Franciscus Verellen

Luyi ji 錄異記

8 juan

By DU GUANGTING 杜光庭, completed between 921–925

591 (fasc. 327)

“Record of Marvels.” This work contains an undated preface by the author. Shen Shilong 沈士龍 (*juren* 舉人 graduate in 1597) asserted that Du composed this work in order to flatter Meng Chang 孟昶, the second ruler of the Later Shu (r. 934–965), whom he allegedly served as a magician (see Shen’s preface to the *Bice huihan* 秘冊彙函 edition cited below). This view was corrected by the *Siku* editors who observed that the events in the book referred to the Former Shu and that, in fact, Du had not survived into the Later Shu (see *Siku quanshu zongmu* 144.2995). The *Luyi ji* nevertheless has the appearance of an official presentation (see the concluding remark of the preface) to the second ruler of the Former Shu, Wang Yan 王衍 (r. 918–925). Du’s campaign for the house of Wang and his express faith in their future as rulers of Shu (see, e.g., 5.6a) date the book before 925, the year in which the Former Shu were ousted by the Later Tang. On the other hand, the latest dated event in the text (6.7b) places its completion after 26 February 921.

Some 60 percent of the present edition has been transmitted separately through the *Taiping guangji*. Early synoptic versions are also preserved in *Leishuo* 類說 (six stories)

and *Shuofu* (twelve stories). One of the two manuscripts in the Peking National Library bears colophons by Qin Silin 秦四麟 (*gongsheng* 貢生 nominee between 1573–1619) and He Zhuo 何焯 (1661–1722), and a colophon and collation notes by Huang Pilie 黃丕烈 (1763–1825). Several useful editions have survived in *congshu* 叢書 from the Ming period onwards. The edition in *Bice huihan* contains significant variants to the present text, as well as prefaces by Shen Shilong and his coeditor Hu Zhenheng 胡震亨 (1569–1644).

While the most complete extant texts are arranged in eight juan, the Song version comprised ten juan (see *Chongwen zongmu* 6.3b). A significant part of the text lost from all editions and manuscripts can be recovered from the *Taiping guangji*, namely, twenty-four additional stories against some 138 titles in the *Daozang* edition (ca. 14 percent in terms of titles, depending on the division of the text into separate items).

Du’s work incorporates a wide range of traditional material as well as events based on contemporary or near-contemporary sources. Other material or events were witnessed by the author himself, transmitted to him orally, or derived from current official documents.

Within the literary and religious framework of an avowed *mirabilia* collection (cf. the *zhiguai* 志怪 tradition evoked in Du’s preface as anteceding his work), the *Luyi ji* served a manifest political purpose. At the time of its presentation, Du occupied the rank of vice president of the Board of Finance (*hubu shilang* 戶部侍郎) and acted as chief Taoist advisor to Wang Yan. His “Record of Marvels” not only bolstered a sense of cultural cohesion for the region of Shu but also pointed to the historical precedents for its political independence and asserted a cosmological sanction for the succession of its current rulers to the Tang dynasty. The political implications of Du’s more outspoken support for the kingdom of Shu were apparently objectionable enough to early Song editors to have been excised from the text incorporated in *Taiping guangji* (compare, e.g., 2.6a–b in the present text with *Taiping guangji* 86.559–60).

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Xuanlan renniao shan jingtu 玄覽人鳥山經圖

6 fols.

434 (fasc. 196)

“Scripture and Chart for the Mysterious Contemplation of Man-Bird Mountain.” This is a text of mystical geography, said to have been written by Tiandi 天帝 (2a), concerning the mountains (there is one of them in each of the endless worlds) inhabited by the Man-Birds, spirits of hybrid shape; the mountain itself has a man-bird



FIGURE 33. The map of Man-Bird Mountain (434 5a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/431)

The version of this work in YJQQ 80.19b–24a, titled *Yuanlan renniao shan xingtu* 元覽人鳥山形圖, presents no major variants, with the exception of the third part, which is missing.

Some passages of the text are quoted in WSBY: in particular in 4.8a–b, where the text is quoted under the title of *Dongxuan wufu jing* 洞玄五符經, a name that probably refers to the lost [*Dongxuan*] *Wufu renniao jing* 五符人鳥經 (see CGF 69–70).

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Tiandi gongfu tu 天地宮府圖

17 fols.

By SIMA CHENGZHEN 司馬承禎 (647–735)

1032 *Yunji qiqian* 27 (fasc. 677–702)

“Plan of Celestial and Terrestrial Palaces and Residences.” According to the author’s preface, the original work constituted a gazetteer (*tujing* 圖經) in two juan. A work corresponding to that description and attributed to SIMA CHENGZHEN was catalogued in the thirteenth century (*Zhizhai shulu jieti* 12.347) under the title *Shangqing tiandi gongfu tujing* 上清天地宮府圖經 (Shangqing Gazetteer of Celestial and Ter-

restrial Palaces and Residences). A map for the contemplation of the mountain is given on 5a (see fig. 33): its authors are said to be Jiulao xiandu jun 九老仙都君 and Jiuqi zhangren 九氣丈人.

The text can be divided into three parts: (1) a description of the peculiarities (shape and nature) of the mountain, on top of which is found the palace of Yuanshi tianwang 元始天王; there Xi wang mu 西王母 was initiated to the Tao (1a–2b); (2) a detailed description of the ritual for the contemplation of the mountain (2b–4b); and (3) a list of the seven names of the mountain and its fantastic animals and miraculous plants (5b–6a). For this last part, compare 598 *Shizhou ji* 5b–6b.

restrial Palaces and Residences). A separate version was reported lost at the time of the compilation of the Ming canon (1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* 1.2a).

The present register localizes various categories of sacred sites and identifies their presiding deities. The sites are grouped, in accordance with traditional sacred geography (cf. Miura Kunio, “Dōten fukuchi shōkō”), under Ten Great Cavern-Heavens (*dongtian* 洞天; 1b–3b), Thirty-six Lesser Cavern-Heavens (3b–9a), and Seventy-two Blessed Places (*fudi* 福地; 9a–17a). Sima’s entries may be compared with those of DU GUANGTING in the corresponding sections of 599 *Dongtian fudi yuedu mingshan ji*, dated A.D. 901 (see 3b–4b, 6b–8b, and 8b–11a, respectively).

DU GUANGTING’s account continues with a catalogue of the Twenty-four Dioceses (*ershisi zhi* 二十四治). It might be conjectured that the second juan of Sima’s original work applied the same traditional scheme. Shen Cengzhi, in fact, wrote his brief notice of the present work in *Hairi lou zhacong* (250–51), on the tacit assumption that the compilation 1032.28 *Ershisi zhi* (q.v.) in the following chapter of YJQQ (28) constitutes juan 2 of Sima’s work.

Franciscus Verellen

Dongtian fudi yuedu mingshan ji 洞天福地嶽瀆名山記

17 fols.

By DU GUANGTING 杜光庭; 901

599 (fasc. 331)

“Record of the Cavern-Heavens, Auspicious Sites, Holy Mountains, and Marshes, as well as of the Famous Mountains.” This is a work of religious geography that was compiled in Sichuan (Chengdu), according to the preface dated 901. The author’s aim was to collate and transmit the indications of religious geographic data that were given in *Guishan yujing* 龜山玉經. This source had formerly been incorporated into the Taoist canon (see 969 *Tiantan Wangwu shan shengji ji*, preface 1a) but is no longer extant. DU GUANGTING describes the connections between the spheres of the divine and the human world. These connections become manifest in the many residences of the deities and immortals throughout the cosmos and in the world of humans. Deities and immortals take residence in selected sites, where temples or belvederes should be established (preface). This idea was especially current during the Tang period, as other texts in the Taoist canon document (see, e.g., SDZN 7.1a ff. and 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 1.12b–13a).

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Florian C. Reiter

2.A.6.b Hagiographies

Hagiographies, for the purposes of this subsection, are lives or collections of lives of Taoist saints and immortals. Chronicles of the acts and manifestations of Laozi are grouped under the heading “Sacred Annals and Records” in the preceding subsection, 2.A.6.a. The material below falls into two groups: individual lives and collections. The former—of which only a small fraction survive, judging by the numerous references to individual *benzhuan* 本傳 and *neizhuan* 內傳 titles in the hagiographic literature—are here represented by the illustrated hagiography of Wangzi Jin 王子晉, the “Veritable Illustrations with Eulogies” (612 *Shangqing shi dichen Tongbo zhenren zhen tuzan*), a fragment from the “Annals of Huangdi” (290 *Guang Huangdi benxing ji*), and by the “Biography of Tao [Hongjing], the Hermit from Huayang” (300 *Huayang Tao yinju neizhuan*). The “True Lords Wu and Xu” (449), by contrast, jointly treats the founding patriarchs of a school, the Way of Filial Devotion (Xiaodao 孝道). The remaining collections show a variety of classificatory criteria: the “Supplementary Lives of Immortals” (295 *Xu xian zhuan*) groups its subjects according to the categories “Ascensions” and “Hidden Transformations”; DU GUANGTING’s “Encounters” (592 *Shen-xian ganyu zhuan*) places the emphasis on revelatory contacts on the border between the worlds of humans and immortals; the same author’s “Assembled Immortals of Yongcheng” (783 *Yongcheng jixian lu*) classes together female immortals. In the “Jiang-Huai” collection (595 *Jiang-Huai yiren lu*), the principle of selection is regional, while, finally, in “Presumed Immortals” (299 *Yixian zhuan*) it is thematic, highlighting the problem of recognizing immortals in this world.

Shangqing shi dichen Tongbo zhenren zhen tuzan

上清侍帝晨桐柏真人真圖讚

19 fols.

Compiled by SIMA CHENGZHEN 司馬承禎, *hao* Boyun zi 白雲子 (647–735)

612 (fasc. 334)

“Veritable Illustrations with Eulogies of the Imperial Chamberlain of Shangqing and Zhenren of [Mount] Tongbo.” This is a hagiography, in eleven scenes, of the immortal Wangzi Jin 王子晉. At the head of the main text, following the author’s preface, is a more elaborate version of the work’s title that adds the honorifics “assistant of the right with jurisdiction over the Office of the Five Peaks” (*ling Wuyue si youbi* 領五嶽司右弼) and “Immortal Lord Wang 王仙君” (3a). For information on Wangzi Jin—also known as Wangzi Qiao 王子喬, the son and crown prince of King Ling of the Zhou (571–545 B.C.)—the preface refers the reader to the *Shiji* (see 4.156) and the *Liexian zhuan* 列仙傳 (see Kaltenmark, *Le Lie-sien tchouan*, 109–14), remarking that



FIGURE 34. Wangzi Jin descends on a cloud chariot to Tongbo shan (612 14a–b, scene 8).

official historiography recorded his traces up to his death, while Taoist books focused on his afterlife as an immortal (1b).

Wangzi Jin’s heavenly honors and appointments form the subject of several of the handsomely illustrated scenes highlighting important episodes in his career from crown prince to Shangqing saint. Each scene begins with a narrative account, some citing earlier sources (especially the *Liexian zhuan* and a separate biography, *zhuan* 傳), and includes a description of the corresponding illustration, noting ritual vestments, sites, palaces, and paraphernalia of iconographic interest. This description is followed by a eulogy in eight four-character lines and by the illustration itself. Scene 7, for example, shows the saint in audience with Yuchen dadao jun 玉晨大道君 (see his hagiography 1389 *Shangqing gaosheng taishang dadao jun dongzhen jinyuan bajing yulu*) at the Gold Portal (*jinque* 金闕), where Wangzi receives his insignia and charter of appointment (12a–13a). In scene 8 (13b–14b; fig. 34) his title is proclaimed as *shi dichen ling Wuyue si youbi Wang Tongbo zhenren* 侍帝晨領五嶽司右弼王桐柏真人 (imperial chamberlain assistant of the right with jurisdiction over the Five Peaks, zhenren Wang of Tongbo) and he is seen descending on a cloud, about to take up his post as governor of Mount Tongbo (Tiantai shan 天台山, Zhejiang). Scene 9 (14b–15b)



FIGURE 35. Wangzi Jin descends from Heaven to reveal scriptures to Yang Xi (612 18a–19a, scene 11).

depicts Wangzi Jin holding court in the Palace of the Golden Court Cavern (Jinting dong 金庭洞), the Cavern-Heaven (*dongtian* 洞天) of Tongbo.

The special interest these items in Wangzi Jin's hagiography held for SIMA CHENGZHEN can be appreciated from the siting of the Tongbo guan 桐柏觀 temple, founded in Sima's honor in 711, directly above Wangzi Jin's Cavern-Heaven (see 603 *Tiantai shan zhi*). Both the temple emplacement and this hagiography's emphasis on Wangzi Jin's association with the Shangqing Heaven underline the links between the Tiantai school of Taoism and the textual tradition of Shangqing, in which SIMA CHENGZHEN occupies the place of a patriarch. Indeed, the present work culminates in the descent of the Lord of Tongbo, clad in crimson robe and hibiscus cap, to Maoshan 茅山, as one of the zhenren responsible for the Shangqing revelations in 365. In the final scene, the Maoshan visionary YANG XI is depicted standing on a raised platform, with brush and paper in hand ready to take a dictation (fig. 35; cf. 1016 *Zhen'gao* 1.2b, where this apparition of Tongbo zhenren is also listed).

Franciscus Verellen

Guang huangdi benxing ji 廣黃帝本行記

12 fols.

By Wang Guan 王瓘; 881

290 (fasc. 137)

"Expanded Annals of the Yellow Emperor." The present text is the final chapter of the annals in three juan listed in Song catalogues under the title *Guang Xuanyuan benji* 廣軒轅本紀 (VDL 157).

The complete work is reprinted in YJQQ 100.2b–32a, a text in turn reproduced in LZTT 1.1a–27b. All three texts include the same commentary, with a few variants: a note in the present version (11b) is incorporated into the main text of YJQQ 100.31b, and the commentaries in the YJQQ version are not found in the present text (26b). The passage concerning the visit of Guangcheng zi 廣成子 is different in the present and YJQQ versions.

The work of Wang Guan incorporates elements from several early texts: compare 1a, 1b, and 9b with 294 *Liexian zhuan* 1.1b, 1.2a, and 1.1a–2b, respectively. Also compare the biography of Huangdi in 1.2b–3a, 2a–b, and 4a–5a in the present text with *Zhuangzi* 24.830–33 and 11.379–84; and compare 10b here with 1031 *Shanhai jing* 3.14a and 3.22b). Grafted onto these mythological elements are traditions from the early Lingbao corpus: compare 3b in the present text with BPZ 4.61, 18.29, 17.274; and 9b–10a in the present text with BPZ 13.235–36. The passages concerning the burial of talismans in the mountains (9b, 11a–b) are related to the tradition found in 388 *Tai-shang lingbao wufu xu* (1.2b–3a, 4a–b, 6b). The initiation of Huangdi by Huang Ren 皇人 (5a–8a) seems to correspond to a later development of the Taiqing tradition. The passage is not found in the YJQQ version.

The first two chapters are devoted to Huangdi's feats as inventor and exorcist. The third chapter, entitled "Xiuxing daode 修行道德" (Perfection of Virtue) and found only in the *Daozang* version, is the narrative of Huangdi's mystical quest and of his initiation by masters on each of the sacred mountains.

Jean Lévi

Huayang Tao yinju neizhuan 華陽陶隱居內傳

3 juan

By Jia Song 賈嵩, hao Xueluo ruzi 薛羅孺子

300 (fasc. 151)

"Biography of TAO [HONGJING], the Hermit from Huayang." Although later scholars date this text to Song times (960–1279; see, e.g., Ye Dehui's 葉德輝 edition of 1903 in *Guangu tang huike shu* 觀古堂彙刻書), its author, Jia Song, is with some probability identical with the late Tang (618–907) prose writer of that name whose rhapsody *Xiari keweifu* 夏日可畏賦 has been preserved in *Wenyuan yinghua* 5.9a–10a.

If so, some questions arise with respect to juan 3 of this biography: although the preface states that the work comprises three juan, the last juan is based entirely on documents that are not mentioned during the critical discussion of sources in that preface. Both Song Huizong's decree of 1124 concerning the expansion of Tao's honorific name and the eulogy by the poet Su Xiang 蘇庠 (1065–1147) have to be regarded as later additions, unless we consider the possibility that the work originally consisted of only two juan—which would be in keeping with a statement in the *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku quesu mu* (VDL 144).

The other parts of the text give an account of TAO HONGJING's official career (juan 1) and of the religious life he lead after his retreat to Maoshan 茅山 (in 492). Jia Song lists individually his sources of information. His primary source was the record kept by TAO HONGJING's nephew, Tao Yi 陶翊, until 499 and then supplemented by Pan Quanwen 潘泉文 around 502–508, which has been preserved only in a very incomplete version (*Huayang yinju xiansheng benqi lu* 華陽隱居先生本起錄, YJQQ 107.1b–11b). In addition, Jia used 1016 *Zhen'gao* and 421 *Dengzhen yinjue*, which must have contained autobiographical material (cf. the article on the latter), and also Tao's literary works (see 1050 *Huayang Tao yinju ji*). Occasionally, Jia Song also draws on official historiographical works like Tao's biography in *Liang shu* 51.742–43. We must consider dubious the various citations from a *Jijuan* 集卷 (presumably an abbreviated title), in which Tao is called *xiansheng* 先生 throughout (e.g., 2.1b). Even if those quotations from *Jijuan* stem from an unidentified part of an earlier edition of Tao's literary works, they cannot be from Tao's own hand.

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13 fols.

449 (fasc. 201)

"Biographies of the Two True Lords Wu and Xu of the Way of Filial Devotion." This work is one of the earliest accounts of the acts of XU XUN and his eleven disciples, if the date of 819 mentioned in the text (9b) is accepted. This date conflicts, however, with the indication that 560 years had passed since the apotheosis of XU XUN in 292 (9b). The text contains, with major variants, all of the material found in BO YUCHAN's 263 *Xinzheng shishu* 33–36, as well as a useful lineage of masters up to 683 (13a–b).

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Xu xian zhuan 續仙傳

3 juan

Compiled by Shen Fen 沈汾; Southern Tang (937–975)

295 (fasc. 138)

"Supplementary Lives of Immortals." Citations of this work in *Taiping guangji* and its listings in several Song bibliographies (see VDL 168) refer to the title as *Xu shenxian zhuan* 續神仙傳. The author's name at the head of each juan is accompanied by the titles *chaoling lang qianhang Lishui xian ling* 朝請郎前行溧水縣令 (front echelon gentleman for court audiences and county magistrate of Lishui [Jiangsu]). The hagiography of Nie Shidao 聶師道 (3.6a–14b) mentions the sovereign Wu Taizu (r. 902–905), the founder of the Five Dynasties Wu kingdom in Huainan (3.12b and 14a). Given Shen Fen's appointment in the same Jiangsu region, and that his book was anthologized by the editors of *Taiping guangji* in 978, it is likely that the author lived under the Wu kingdom (902–937) and/or its successor, the Southern Tang (937–975). A collection of lives from the same period and region, 595 *Jiang-Huai yiren lu* by Wu Shu 吳淑 (947–1002), has an entry on a Taoist wizard identified as "attendant censor Shen Fen *shiyu* 沈汾侍御" (19a–b), while another Southern Tang writer, Liu Chongyuan 劉崇遠, uses the same appellation to refer explicitly to the author of the *Xu xian zhuan* (see Liu's *Jinhua zi zhibian* 2.60 and Yu Jiaxi, *Siku tiyao bianzheng* 19.1220). Some sources give the author's personal name as Fen 汾 (see CGF 240; *Siku quanshu zongmu* 146.1252).

In his own preface, where he refers to himself as "Fen 汾" (1b), Shen attributes the scarcity of Taoist hagiographic records both to the elusive nature of the immortals and to the failure of official historiography to acknowledge them. As the specific impulse for undertaking his own compilation, Shen names the loss of classical works (*fengji* 墳籍) in the "flames of war" during the Zhonghe reign period (preface 2a), referring to the chaos and destruction that accompanied the sack of Chang'an by Huang Chao 黃巢 and the exile of Emperor Xizong from the capital in 881–885.

The Taoist canon edition of this work represents the earliest extant version, along with the citations in *Taiping guangji* (eight biographies) and YJQQ 113B (twenty-five biographies). The *Xu xian zhuan* was also reproduced in the *Shuofu* (the 100-juan series), *Siku quanshu* 四庫全書 (*Yingyin Wenxuan ge* 景印文淵閣 edition, vol. 1059), and other *congshu* 叢書 editions.

The "Supplementary Lives" forms a structured compilation of individual biographies of immortals (*xianzhuan* 仙傳), the typical format of contemporary Taoist hagiography, exemplified by the numerous works of DU GUANGTING in this genre. One of the tales in the present collection, titled "Wang Kejiao 王可交" (2.13–15b), is in fact also found in Du's 592 *Shenxian ganyu zhuan* (2.1b–2b, and again cited in YJQQ 112.10b–11b as derived from the latter source). Shen Fen groups his material in two cat-

egories: “Ascensions” (*feisheng* 飛昇; juan 1, “comprising eighteen persons, including three female zhenren”) and “Hidden Transformations” (*yinhua* 隱化; juan 2, “twelve persons,” and juan 3, “eight persons”). The work includes some lives of well-known figures of the Tang (618–907) and Five Dynasties (907–960) periods, both historical and legendary, such as Lan Caihe 藍采和 (1.1b–2b), MA ZIRAN (1.6a–10a), Xie Ziran 謝自然 (1.16b–19a), SUN SIMO (2.1a–4b), ZHANG GUO (2.4b–6a), SIMA CHENG-ZHEN (3.1a–3a), and LÜQIU FANGYUAN (3.4a–6a).

Franciscus Verellen

Shenxian ganyu zhuan 神仙感遇傳

5 juan

By DU GUANGTING 杜光庭; after 904

592 (fasc. 328)

“Biographies of Persons Who Had Contacts and Encounters with Supernatural Beings and Immortals.” This collection contains seventy-five tales—including a condensed version of the well-known “Guest with the Curly Beard” (4.7b–10b)—and is marked “incomplete.” In the *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” 4.5190 it is listed as comprising ten juan. The *Taiping guangji* contains twenty-seven biographies quoted from the *Shenxian ganyu zhuan*, eighteen of which are not found in our text. A few of these stories are, however, cited in 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu*.

The stories take place mainly in today’s provinces of Henan, Shaanxi, and Sichuan; the dates mentioned range from A.D. 265 to A.D. 904; many of the tales are contemporary to the author.

For this collection Du has drawn on several sources: the anecdotes 4.2a–4a, 6b–7b, and 5.20a–21b seem to be based on *Xuanshi zhi* 9.2a–4a, 1.15a–b, 1.11a–15a by Zhang Du (fl. 853). Six other episodes (2.1a–b, 2.9b–13b, 3.3b–4a) were obviously taken from Duan Chengshi’s (ca. 803–863) *Youyang zazhi* 2.17–20, 26–28. The story of Pei Chen 裴沉 is corrupt in the present version (2.10a–b; cf. YJQQ 112.13a–14b) where the last four lines belong to an anecdote also found in *Youyang zazhi* 2.28. Another three episodes (2.6b–9a, 3.7b–8a) were again taken from a different work and are found in YJQQ 99.1a–4a.

YJQQ 112 consists of thirty selected tales from the present work. The fourteen anecdotes in YJQQ 113A, which in the *Sibu congkan* 四部叢刊 edition forms the second half of juan 112, are, however, not part of DU GUANGTING’s work but were selected from the now lost *Yishi* 逸史 (preface dated 847) by Lu Zhao 盧肇 (cf. *Shuofu* 24.21b–23b; *Taiping guangji*; 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu* 16.22b; Verellen, “Luo Gongyuan,” 291–94).

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Tongcheng jixian lu 壩城集仙錄

6 juan

DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

783 (fasc. 560–561)

“Record of the Assembled Immortals of Yongcheng.” This work was originally in ten juan, according to DU GUANGTING’s preface, which is contained in YJQQ 114.4a. The original version comprised 109 biographies of immortals (see *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe,” 5.7b). This edition is, therefore, lacking four juan; it contains only thirty-seven texts. YJQQ 114–116 has 27 biographies, which partly double those preserved in this edition (e.g., “Xi wang mu zhuan,” 1.9a–20b; and “Jiutian xuannü zhuan,” 6.2a–4a). In any case, the full set of 109 biographies can no longer be reconstituted. The name *Tongcheng* (Fortified City) refers to the residence of Xi wang mu 西王母 on Mount Kunlun 崑崙 (see 598 *Shizhou ji* 11a; YJQQ 114.4a; *Shuijing zhu* 1.10.3–5).

This work is devoted to the lives of Xi wang mu, the Queen Mother of the West, and her entourage on Mount Kunlun, comprising, among others, her daughters. The texts describe the revelation of practices of self-cultivation and the revelation of the Shangqing scriptures, which were received by WEI HUACUN. The texts are couched in the form of biographies that also describe the visits of these deities in the human world. At the beginning of this work, DU GUANGTING places the biography (or hagiography) of Laozi’s mother (“Shengmu yuanjun”; 1.1a–9a). The biography of the Queen Mother (“Jinmu yuanjun”; 1.9a–20b) follows. There are references to antiquity (e.g., Yu 禹 asks Yunhua furen 雲華夫人 to come to his aid; 3.1a ff.) or explanations concerning local cults (e.g., concerning Huangtang tan jing 黃堂壇靖, the place from which Xi wang mu ascended to Heaven; 5.16a). DU GUANGTING does not indicate his sources. However, it is clear that he transcribed extensively from sources like 1016 *Zhen’gao*, 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan*, 294 *Liexian zhuan*, 1138 *Wushang biyao*, and others.

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Florian C. Reiter

Jiang-Huai yiren lu 江淮異人錄

25 fols.

By Wu Shu 吳淑 (947–1002)

595 (fasc. 329)

“Records about Extraordinary Persons in [the Area along the Rivers] Jiang and Huai.” Although the present edition does not name an author, Wu Shu from Danyang

丹陽 (Jiangxi) is generally acknowledged to have written this collection of episodes. In the Song catalogues this work is listed as comprising three juan (cf. VDL 102).

The collection contains twenty-five stories of persons who lived in Wu's home province and in other provinces along the named Jiang and Huai Rivers during the second half of the Tang (618–907) and under the Wu (902–937; in which the author's father held an official position), and Southern Tang (937–975) dynasties. The figures in the stories demonstrated supernatural abilities in different fields such as prophecy, healing, alchemy, or communication through dreams. The dates mentioned in the text range from 769–957, thus reaching up to the childhood of the author, who probably collected most of the episodes himself (10a, 14b). Written sources on which Wu Shu may have drawn are not apparent—except for the story of Qu Tong 瞿童 (21b–25b), which is based on Wen Zao's 溫造 account of Qu Boting 瞿伯庭 (cf. VDL 164–65).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Yixian zhuan 疑仙傳

3 juan

Yinfu yujian 隱夫玉簡; Five Dynasties (907–960)

299 (fasc. 151)

“Biographies of Presumed Immortals.” The author of these twenty-two biographies has not been identified. The biographies were compiled after the Tianbao period (742–756). According to *Chongwen zongmu* 10.9a, this work had only one juan. However, the arrangement of the texts in three juan corresponds with the indications by the author Yinfu yujian in his preface.

The twenty-two texts contain didactic dialogues, stories about healers, visionary encounters and experiences, which together make clear that these “biographies” have to be considered as specimens of *chuanqi* 傳奇 literature.

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Florian C. Reiter

2.A.6.c Mountain and Temple Monographs; Epigraphy

This subsection discusses inscriptions marking temples and sacred mountains, beginning with the 971 *Tang Songgao shan Qimu miao beiming* stele by Cui Rong 崔融 (652–707). The Qingyang gong inscription (964 *Xichuan Qingyang gong beiming*) complements DU GUANGTING's account in 593 *Lidai chongdao ji* of the Tang restoration after the Huang Chao 黃巢 rebellion in 884. The work 970 *Tang Wangwu shan Zhongyan tai Zhengyi xiansheng miaojie* gives the text of a stele inscription at Mount

Wangwu 王屋山 commemorating SIMA CHENGZHEN. DU GUANGTING's 969 *Tiantan Wangwu shan shengji ji* is a gazetteer on the same mountain, and 453 *Nanyue xiaolu* is a mountain monograph, based mainly on local inscriptions, devoted to the Southern Peak.

Tang Songgao shan Qimu miao beiming 唐嵩高山啓母廟碑銘

7 fols.

By Cui Rong 崔融 (652–703)

971 (fasc. 610)

“Tang Stele Inscription at Qimu Temple on Mount Song.” The present stele inscription tells the story of the birth of Qi, son of Great Yu 大禹, whose mother was transformed into a stone pillar (*Han shu* 6.190). The stone in question, called “Qimu shi 啓母石,” can be found at the foot of the Songshan 嵩山. According to a fragment of an inscription preserved in the *Songshan zhi* 8.43a–b, the first temple was built in this location by Zhu Chong 朱寵 in A.D. 123. The temple was rebuilt in 683 by order of Emperor Gaozong of the Tang (*Songshan zhi* 8.53a).

The present inscription was written by Cui Rong on the occasion of his visit to the site in 680 (cf. *Xin Tang shu* 114.4195).

Denis Allistone

Xichuan Qingyang gong beiming 西川青羊宮碑銘

24 fols.

By Yue Penggui 樂朋龜; 884

964 (fasc. 609)

“Stele Inscription for the Qingyang Gong Temple in Xichuan [Province, Western Jiannan].” This stele was made on imperial orders for emplacement in the restored temple on the site of the ancient Black Sheep Market (Qingyang si 肆) in the western suburb of Chengdu, in modern Sichuan (on the significance of this site in the legend concerning the epiphanies of Lord Lao, see Kusuyama Haruki, *Rōshi densetsu no kenkyū*, 423–35).

The author—a Hanlin academician in the entourage of Emperor Xizong (r. 873–888) and protégé of the influential eunuch Tian Lingzi 田令孜 (see *Beimeng suoyan* 5.35) during the emperor's exile to Chengdu in 881–885—held the rank of vice president of the Board of War (*bingbu shilang* 兵部侍郎) and served as officer in charge of decrees and proclamations (*zhizhi gao* 制誥) at the time of presenting the inscription to the throne.

The text is followed by an accompanying memorial of Yue Penggui (23b–24a) and a dispatch (*die* 牒) concerning the emplacement of the stele at the site of the temple

by the military governor of Xichuan (Chen Jingxuan 陳敬瑄, d. 893; 24a–b). The latter document, dated 30 September 884, is also reproduced in 770 *Hunyuan shengji* 9.24a–b.

Other samples of Yue's official writings are preserved in *Tang da zhaoling ji* 唐大詔令集 (1070) and later compilations. The present text appears to represent the earliest and most complete extant version of the Qingyang gong inscription.

Another firsthand account of the miracle commemorated by the inscription is contained in 593 *Lidai chongdao ji* 16b–20b. Dated a few months after Yue's compilation (4 January 885), this text refers to the imperial edict ordering the present inscription (20a). A further record in two juan was extant during the Song but reported lost before the compilation of the Ming canon (see VDL 86).

The inscription commemorates a local portent of the quelling of the Huang Chao rebellion (878–884), the imminent restoration of the Tang under Emperor Xizong, and the end of the Chengdu exile. In addition, it surveys incidences of both loyalist and supernatural support for mythical as well as recent historical rulers.

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Tang Wangwu shan Zhongyan tai Zhengyi xiansheng miaojie

唐王屋山中巖臺正一先生廟碣

5 fols.

By Wei Ping (?) 衛阡

970 (fasc. 610)

"Tang Stele at the Temple of Master Zhengyi on Zhongyan Terrace of Mount Wangwu." The commemorative stele for SIMA CHENGZHEN (647–735) provides an outline of the master's life. The *Zhengyi* in the title should read *Zhenyi* 貞一, the master's posthumous name, conferred by Emperor Xuanzong. *Zhenyi* is elsewhere used correctly within this text (4a). The alteration of *Zhen* 貞 to *Zheng* 正 results probably from the taboo on Emperor Song Renzong's personal name, Zhen 禎 (see CGF 57). This stele features a *hao*, unknown elsewhere, of SIMA CHENGZHEN, namely, Daoyin 道隱 (1b). According to this inscription, SIMA CHENGZHEN settled in Wangwu shan 王屋山 in 724 (2b) and died there in 735 (3b). The latter date does not accord with that of 727 found in Sima's biography in the *Jiu Tang shu* 192 and in 969 *Tiantan Wangwu shan shengji ji* 天壇王屋山聖跡記 4b. Chen Guofu noted that the author of this inscription was probably one of the disciples of SIMA CHENGZHEN; Chen thus considered the indication in this text more reliable.

There is some uncertainty as to the correct graph for the author's personal name.

The character Ping (?) 阡, not found in standard dictionaries, is indicated by the present *Daozang* edition. In the *Jinshi lu* 7.6b and the *Jiyu tang bei lu* ("Wu," 1a) the character Ping 憑 appears, while CGF 52 prefers Jing 阡.

Another complete version of the text is found in the *Jiyu tang bei lu*. Certain elements in this version differ from the text in the *Daozang*. For example, the name and the *zi* 字 of the master are reversed. Furthermore, the stele does not give the accurate date of its erection during the temple's restoration by Sima Gang 司馬綱, a nephew of the master. One verse at the end of the text alludes to the erection, but the two versions diverge with respect to the date. According to the *Daozang*, the event occurred several years after the master's death (5b); according to the *Jiyu tang bei lu*, the stele was set up following his death ("Wu," 5a). The author of the latter work therefore classed this stele among those dated 736, refusing, for reasons unknown, the year of 747 proposed by the *Jinshi lu* (7.6b).

Kwong Hing Foon

Tiantan Wangwu shan shengji ji 天壇王屋山聖跡記

4 + 14 fols.

Preface by DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

969 (fasc. 610)

"Account of the Sacred Vestiges of the Altar of Heaven on Wangwu Shan." In his preface, DU GUANGTING explains his reasons for writing this local gazetteer (it is, however, not certain that Du's preface originally referred to the text that follows it here): the Tiantan was the highest peak of the Wangwu Mountains. It was there that the Yellow Emperor received the revelations of Xi wang mu 西王母 and the Jiutian xuannü 九天玄女 enabling him to defeat Chiyu 蚩尤. A religious festival was celebrated yearly on the fifteenth day of the eighth moon in this place of worship, where SIMA CHENGZHEN (647–735) had built a temple, the Shangfang yuan 上方院. The Taoist princess Yuzhen 玉真公主, daughter of the Emperor Ruizong (r. 710–712), settled there after 712.

The present version includes a rather detailed description of the Tiantan and its main religious monuments (1a–7b). This description is followed by four imperial edicts addressed to SIMA CHENGZHEN, three by Ruizong and one by Xuanzong (7b–9a). Next come several poems by various authors. The Tang poems are by the emperor Ruizong and by Du Fu 杜甫 (712–770). The latter's poem is probably another version of the fourteenth poem in the series of twenty titled *Qin Zhou zashi* 秦州雜詩二十首; the first two verses of the poem corresponding to the version of this series are also cited in 307 *Xiyue Huashan zhi* 21b. The following six poems constitute later materials; they are attributed to Jinmen yuke Lin xianren 金門羽客林仙人 and Tongzhen daoren 通真道人. These two appellations may refer to the same person,

LIN LINGSU (cf. LZTT 53.7a). Then there is one Yuan poem in three characters by Du Renjie 杜仁傑, dated 1289 (two other texts by the same author appear in 973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu* 5.7a–9a and 8.14a–17b).

Finally, an inscription by Chen Daofu 陳道阜, written at the request of the temple intendant Fu Daoning 傅道寧, commemorates the empress mother's donation of a jade statue of Tianzun in 1309 (see also CGF 53).

Kwang Hing Foon

Nanyue xiaolu 南嶽小錄

15 fols.

By Li Chongzhao 李冲昭; 902

453 (fasc. 201)

“Short Record of the Southern Peak [in Hunan].” About the author no details are known. The earliest mention of the text is found in the *Chongwen zongmu* (cf. VDL 121). The introductory remarks by Li are dated *renxu* 壬戌. Since the latest date mentioned in the text is A.D. 869 it is likely that these cyclical characters stand for the year 902.

This record was based on old inscriptions, the *Hengshan tujing* 衡山圖經, *Xiangzhong shuo* 湘中說 (read *ji* 記 for *shuo* 說), and oral information. It gives an account of the topography of the Hengshan 衡山, the various religious buildings found there, and the persons who obtained the Tao on this mountain. The record also includes Chisong zi's 赤松子 biography by Liu Xiang 劉向 (14a–b; from 294 *Liexian zhuan* 1.1a) and a colophon by Zhuge Huang 諸葛黃 to a portrait of Tian Liangyi 田良逸 (d. 811).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

2.A.7 Collected Works

Two eminent Taoist authors are represented here, one a poet of the mid-Tang period, the other a late-Tang master of prose. WU YUN's partially preserved collected works contain, in addition to *fu*-rhapsodies and verse in various fixed meters, celebrated samples of his *lun*-discourses. DU GUANGTING's collection is even more fragmentary. Of his immense oeuvre in many genres only two categories survive here, albeit in large quantities: official and liturgical petitions, providing a detailed documentation of his career at the courts of the Tang and the Former Shu.

Zongxuan xiansheng wenji 宗玄先生文集

3 juan

By WU YUN 吳筠, *zi* Zhenjie 貞節, *hao* Dongyang zi 洞陽子, posthumous title Zongxuan xiansheng 宗玄先生 (d. 778)

1051 (fasc. 726–727)

“Collected Works of Master Zongxuan.” This collection is preceded by an undated preface by QUAN DEYU, vice-president of the Board of Rites (*libu shilang* 禮部侍郎). QUAN DEYU occupied that post from 802 to 810. He is also the author of WU YUN's biography 1053 *Wu zunshi zhuan*.

WU YUN was a prolific writer whose complete works amounted to 450 chapters (*pian* 篇). Twenty-five years after his death (ca. 803), the collected works were compiled by Wang Yan 王顏 in thirty *pian* and presented to the throne. That edition was later obtained by one of WU YUN's disciples, who then asked QUAN DEYU to write a preface (see preface 2b–3a).

The present collection is incomplete, since, according to QUAN DEYU, it originally comprised twenty juan (see 1053 *Wu zunshi zhuan* 2a). Later bibliographies record ten or eleven juan. The collection comprises only twenty-four of the thirty sections mentioned in the preface. The preface also includes the titles of twelve sections, of which four are missing in the present work (preface 2a–2b). Moreover, 1052 *Zongxuan xiansheng xuanguang lun*, in three sections, also formed part of the collection (see 1053 *Wu zunshi zhuan* 3a).

Juan 1 and 2.1a–9b comprise eight *fu*-rhapsodies in irregular verse. Some of these are meditative in nature (see, for instance, “Xixin fu 洗心賦” and “Dengzhen fu 登真賦”; 2.3a–7a), others descriptive (2.7a–9b). The “Xuanyuan fu 玄猿賦,” written at Mount Lushan, includes a short preface. The “Yiren fu 逸人賦” (1.4a–8b) is a dialogue between a recluse and an interlocutor: the recluse discourses on the importance of disdaining worldly honors in favor of preserving the integrity of body and spirit. The “Si huanchun fu 思還淳賦” (2.1a–3b) contains some barbed references to the “Buddhist clique.”

The *fu*-rhapsodies are followed by three *lun*-discourses, all mentioned in the *Chongwen zongmu* (see VDL 93, 109, and 129).

The most famous of these *lun*-discourses is the “Shenxian ke xue lun 神仙可學論” (2.9b–16a), which upholds the thesis that immortality can be attained through the exercise of will and through study—a refutation of the claim by the Six Dynasties poet Ji Kang 嵇康 (223–262) that immortality was innate and could not be attained through study or exterior means. This work is included in the YJQQ 93.1a–7b.

The “Xinmu lun 心目論” (2.16a–19b) is presented in the form of a dialogue between the eyes and the heart, each accusing the other of leading him astray. It is in fact a metaphorical tale aimed at the emperor: the heart represents the ruler who blames

his lack of self-control on other factors (here the eyes). The work 1038 *Xinmu lun* reproduces this text (cf. Köhn, “Mind and Eyes”).

The “Xingshen ke gu lun 形神可固論” (2.20a–26b) comprises a preface and five essays on ways of consolidating body and spirit.

Nine short poems and four long ones on various themes end the collected works. The four long poems are: (1) “Youxian shi 遊仙詩” (Roaming Immortal), twenty-four couplets in five-word verses; (2) “Buxu ci 步虛詞” (Pacing the Void), ten couplets; (3) “Langu shi 覽古詩” (Perusing the Past), fourteen couplets in five-word verses; (4) “Gaoshi yong 高士詠” (Odes to Eminent Gentlemen), fifty couplets in five-word verses, each of which is dedicated to a Taoist immortal or to a person admired by WU YUN.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Guangcheng ji 廣成集

17 juan

By DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

616 (fasc. 337–339)

“Collected Works of the Master of Broad Accomplishments.” DU GUANGTING received the honorary title Guangcheng xiansheng 廣成先生 from Wang Jian (847–918), king of Shu, in 913. Du’s collected works are catalogued in the *Chongwen zhongmu* as having fifty-four juan and in the bibliographical chapter of the *Song shi* as comprising one hundred juan (see VDL 109–110). The present edition corresponds, therefore, to only a part of the original work.

The first three juan contain petitions (*biao* 表) addressed to the throne; the remaining juan hold supplications (*ci* 詞) presented at different ritual services. None of these documents appear to date from the time the author was active at Chang’an, the capital of the Tang dynasty, before coming to Chengdu, Sichuan, in 881 with Emperor Xizong. Du’s title, as given with his name at the beginning of the present edition, corresponds, however, to the one he bore in that early period of his life.

The *biao* are all addressed to the Shu emperors, to Wang Jian as well as to his son Wang Yan (898–925). The *ci*, on the contrary, date largely from the times when Du, although having remained in Sichuan at the service of Wang Jian, was at least in name subject to the last Tang emperors. In these documents, Wang Jian is named “the master of Sichuan” (Chuanzhu 川主; e.g., 6.9b and 7.10b), or, elsewhere, “king of Shu” (Shuwang 蜀王; e.g., 9.5b); the supplications ask for “blessings for the Tang and peace for the region of Shu” (9.8b). From juan 12 on, we find mention of the “emperors of Shu” and their reign titles. These documents thus reflect the political changes of the times. They also mention many important historical figures related to the Shu region

and to the new dynasty. Certain events, such as the auspicious portents produced at the coronation of Wang Jian and the death and funerals of the latter, are well documented.

The *ci* were written for a great variety of liturgical services. We find the classical Retreats (*zhai* 齋) of a general nature, as well as a great number of specialized Offerings (*jiao* 醮) addressed to the stars and, on the occasion of special dates or events—for example, ordination—to specific deities, such as the Earth God, and immortals. The most important Offering services are called *Zhoutian dajiao* 周天大醮 and *Luotian dajiao* 羅天大醮. These vast rituals, which are described here for the first time, are said to be based on the “ancient Lingbao liturgy” (6.11b).

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Kristofer Schipper

2.A.8 Handbooks and Encyclopedias

The encyclopedic and analytic compilations on the categories of Taoist literature, thought, and practice in this section offer an insight into the structure of the mental universe of medieval Taoism. The “Principal Meaning of Taoism” (1124 *Dongxuan lingbao xuanmen dayi*) analyzes the twelvefold classification of Taoist writings in the canon; “The Pearlbag of the Three Caverns” (1139 *Sandong zhunang*) lays out major categories of Taoist theory and practice; and “The Pivotal Meaning of Taoist Doctrine” (1129 *Daojiao yishu*) categorizes theoretical concepts and terms. The “Phonological Glossary” (1123 *Yiqie daojing yinyi miaomen youqi*), likewise concerned with problems of terminology, is a fragment of a once extensive glossary of the Taoist canon. The final group of texts—“Forest of Opinions” (1262 *Yilin*), “Discussion of the Standard Works of Taoism” (1130 *Daodian lun*), and “Collection of Accomplished Sayings” (1033 *Zhiyan zang*)—consists of compilations of citations.

Dongxuan lingbao xuanmen dayi 洞玄靈寶玄門大義

20 fols.

Seventh century

1124 (fasc. 760)

“Principal Meaning of Taoism.” This work deals with the classification of the Taoist writings into twelve divisions (*shier bu* 十二部; 1a–b) and with their characteristics. As Ōfuchi Ninji demonstrates (“On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 33–36), the *Xuanmen dayi* is

based on SONG WENMING's (fl. 550) *Tongmen lun* 通門論. The last part of that work has been preserved in Dunhuang manuscripts (Pelliot 2861, Pelliot 2256, Pelliot 3001; see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tōnkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 332; *Zurokuhen*, 725–34). The *Xuanmen dayi* again served as a basis for the *Daojiao yishu*, compiled about 700 (cf. 1129 *Daojiao yishu*, preface 4b; note that 2.14b–24a of this work is almost entirely composed of parts from the present *Xuanmen dayi*).

The passages 14b–15a and 15b of our text are cited in 464 *Zhaijie lu* 5a and 7b as being derived from the *Xuanmen dalun* 玄門大論. Passages 7a–12a are found in YJQQ 7.1a–6a where *Daomen dalun* 道門大論 is named as the source. Of YJQQ 6, also citing *Daomen dalun*, only the final part (6.20a–23a; 6.23b–24b) survives in the present text, whereas the first part (6.1a–19b) now figures—partly abridged and with new titles—only in 1129 *Daojiao yishu* 2.1a–12a. This sort of textual modification is fully in keeping with the statements by MENG ANPAI in his preface to the latter work. Also SDZN quotes from juan 7, 13, and 20 of a *Xuanmen lun* 玄門論. These passages are no longer found in the present *Xuanmen dayi*, but the citation in SDZN 7.23a appears to be the abridged version of a passage in 1129 *Daojiao yishu* 1.17b (cf. also 1124 *Xuanmen dayi* 17b and Pelliot 2256 lines 286–89). Thus *Xuanmen lun*, *Xuanmen dalun*, and *Daomen dalun* can be regarded as alternative titles for the *Xuanmen dayi* that originally comprised twenty juan. This conclusion contradicts, however, 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* 1.12b and 1.20a, which has separate entries for a *Dongxuan lingbao xuanmen dayi* and a *Xuanmen dalun* in twenty juan (cf. Ōfuchi Ninji, *Dōkyōshi no kenkyū*, 280–87, 334–36).

Since the *Daomen dalun* in YJQQ 6.1a cites the *Benji jing* 本際經, our text can be dated between the *Benji jing* (early seventh century) and the SDZN (second half of the seventh century).

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Sandong zhunang 三洞珠囊

10 juan

Compiled by Wang Xuanhe 王懸河, *hao* Luhai yuke 陸海羽客; ca. 680

1139 (fasc. 780–782)

"The Pearlbag of the Three Caverns." This work is an encyclopedia of Taoist practice presenting exemplary models of Taoist careers, together with their subjects' literary activities and general conduct. Wang Xuanhe selected texts or books from the Three Caverns that present model Taoists who often rank among the deities and immortals. Many texts convey theoretical notions that Wang Xuanhe wishes to introduce. *San-*

dong (Three Caverns) here means Taoist literature. Concerning the activities of the court Taoist Wang Xuanhe, there are three titles of inscriptions preserved in *Baoke leibian* 8.288.

Song bibliographies indicate that *Sandong zhunang* (SDZN) originally comprised thirty juan (VDL 74). The present remainder was substantially rearranged under unknown circumstances, see, for example, the indication on 4.5b, according to which the chapter "Nourishment" (3.1a–29a) was originally juan 9. On the other hand, 4.5b indicates the existence of a chapter on the "Retreat into the Mountains," formerly juan 29, which is no longer extant. There are other indications concerning lost titles or chapters, for example, 7.24a, "Ershiqi tian zhe 二十七天者."

Wang Xuanhe intended to provide the Taoist priest with instructive guidelines, rather than to compile a complete catalogue of Taoist scriptures and literary works. In this respect, the SDZN differs from WANG YAN's bibliography *Sandong zhunang*, compiled around the end of the sixth century (see YJQQ 85.18b–20a). Wang Xuanhe quotes biographies in order to present model Taoists who had successfully realized those practices and prescriptions that the texts of the Three Caverns feature. The chapters in SDZN are entitled "Nourishment," "Meditation," "Elixirs of the Deities and Medicines of the Immortals," and so on. There are some indications concerning formal rules that a Taoist priest should observe, for example, "To Gain Merits, to Observe Restrictions" (6.4b–13a). Wang Xuanhe also features comprehensive systems that appear to classify and order the world as well as its physical and spiritual entities; see, for example, "The Twenty-four Dioceses" (7.1a ff.) and "The Twenty-seven Lords of the Vital Energies in the Human Body" (7.24a–24b). In juan 7, Wang Xuanhe introduces some sources of the Sui (581–618) or early Tang (618–907) period, for example, *Zhang Tianshi ershisi zhi tu* 張天師二十四治圖 (7.6a–14a). The majority of Wang Xuanhe's sources consist of earlier Shangqing texts. In many cases, Wang Xuanhe clearly quotes from 1016 *Zhen'gao*.

Wang Xuanhe aims to define the place of Taoism within society and history. This aim can be seen from his extensive presentations of the themes "Laozi, the Teacher of the Emperors" (9.5b) and "Laozi Converts the Barbarians of the West" (9.8b–20b). SDZN is an important source for the bibliography of Taoist works. It preserves numerous texts and extended fragments of texts that are either no longer extant or incomplete, for example, the extensive quotations of 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 登真隱訣 (e.g., 3.20a ff.) and the *Huahu jing* 化胡經 (9.6b ff.).

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Florian C. Reiter

Daojiao yishu 道教義樞

10 juan

By MENG ANPAI 孟安排 (fl. 699)

1129 (fasc. 762–763)

“The Pivotal Meaning of Taoist Doctrine.” This small encyclopedia of Taoist terms and concepts was compiled probably toward the beginning of the eighth century. The Taoist master MENG ANPAI from Mount Qingqi 青溪 (Hubei) lived during the reign of the empress Wu (684–705). His name is mentioned in connection with the construction of a temple in 699 in Jingzhou, not far from Mount Qingqi (“Jingzhou da chongfu guan ji 荊州大崇福觀記,” *Wenyuan yinghua* 822.1a–2b).

As Meng writes in his preface—in which he also cites the paragraph on Taoist scriptures from the bibliographic treatise of the *Sui shu* (dated 656) 35.1091–92—he found the existing works of this kind unsatisfactory, with the sole exception of the *Xuanmen dayi* 玄門大義 (see 1124 *Dongxuan lingbao xuanmen dayi*). He adopted the latter in an abridged form, made use of additional citations from various scriptures, and thus compiled his work in thirty-seven sections. It has not come down to us completely, since one section from juan 5 and the whole of juan 6 in four sections are missing (cf. the table of contents to the work).

In his compilation, Meng does not treat the practice of Taoism but concentrates exclusively on its theoretical concepts, which, in each case, he briefly defines (*yi* 義) before providing detailed explanations (*shi* 釋) and citing sources. To a great extent, the concepts discussed are of Buddhist origin, for example, “fields of merit” (*futian* 福田), Pure Land (*jingtu* 淨土), and “five corruptions” (*wuzhuo* 五濁). Thus the present work also bears testimony to the influence of early Tang Buddhism on Taoism. Of great importance is also juan 2, in which the conception for the classification of Taoist scriptures in three, seven, and twelve divisions is documented.

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Yiqie daojing yinyi miaomen youqi 一切道經音義妙門由起

33 fols.

By SHI CHONG 史崇, alias Shi Chongxuan 史崇玄, et al.; compiled 712–713

1123 (fasc. 760).

“Phonological Glossary of the Taoist Canon” and “The Origin and Development of Taoist Doctrine.” The present edition consists of two prefaces to the work corresponding to the first part of the title, and the text of the second.

The “Phonological Glossary” had been commissioned by Emperor Xuanzong, who came to power in September 712 and consolidated his rule by the elimination of the Taiping princess, his aunt, at the end of July 713.

The editor in chief of this work was SHI CHONGXUAN (d. 713), an influential court Taoist under two preceding reigns (see *Jiu Tang shu* 7.141, and *Zizhi tongjian* 208.6598 on his appointments under Zhongzong, and *Xin Tang shu* 83.3656–57 for those under Ruizong) and abbot of the Taiqing guan 太清觀 temple, seat of the imperial Laozi cult in Chang’an. In the wake of the Taiping princess’s death, Shi and several other members of the editorial committee mentioned in the preface (see below) fell victim to a purge of her former supporters (see *Chaoye qianzai* 朝野僉載, by Zhang Zhuo 張鷟, ca. 658–730, quoted in *Taiping guangji* 288.2292, and *Zizhi tongjian* 210.6683–86). The completion of the work therefore falls within the interval between the accession of Xuanzong and the downfall of the Taiping princess.

The glossary itself survived into the Song (see references in 104 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing yuyue yinyi* 1a–12a, passim) but was subsequently lost (cf. 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* 2.1b). A separate edition of the preface(s) was recorded in the eleventh century (*Chongwen zongmu* 9.3a, listing the *Yiqie daoshu yinyi xu* 一切道書音義序 in one juan).

The two prefaces to the present text are by Emperor Xuanzong (“Yiqie daojing yinyi xu”) and by SHI CHONGXUAN and his fellow editors (“Miaomen youqi xu”). The former recounts the imperial order that had initiated the research for and compilation of the glossary. The completed work comprised 140 juan, “not counting the index and the catalogue of scriptures.”

The second preface indicates a total of 113 juan, including the glossary, doctrine (*Miaomen youqi* 妙門由起, “in six sections”), and the bibliographies (note that *Xin Tang shu* 59.1520 catalogues a *Daozang yinyi mulu* 道藏音義目錄, also in 113 juan; the *Daozang quejing mulu*, cited above, claimed 150 juan for the lost work titled *Yiqie daojing yinyi* 一切道經音義).

The editors’ preface further lists the members of the editorial committee: twenty-three officials and scholars, headed by Shi, and eighteen clerics (not an exhaustive list), abbots, and dignitaries of major metropolitan and provincial temples. The latter group was headed by ZHANG WANFU, also of the Taiqing guan in Chang’an, who had already collaborated with Shi in the ordination ceremonies for imperial princesses in 711 and 712 (see 1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo* 2.18a–20b).

The title suggests that the glossary was modeled on the *Yiqie jing yinyi* (mid-seventh century) by Xuanying 玄應 and on antecedent Buddhist dictionaries, which elucidated phonetic and philological difficulties arising from the Chinese translation of Sanskrit names and terminology.

The glossary was compiled on the basis of 2,000 juan of scriptures held at the

capital. The editors' preface evokes the vicissitudes of the transmission of Taoist books. In fact, their scholarly project was soon followed by the attempts of the Kaiyuan period (713–741) to reconstitute the canon itself (cf. 507 *Taishang huanglu zhaiyi* 52.16b).

As mentioned in the editors' preface, the *Miaomen youqi* in six sections had been compiled jointly with the glossary. This summary account of Taoist doctrine, according to citations from selected scriptures (see the list in Yoshioka Yoshitoyo, *Dōkyō kyōten shiron*, 398–400), is all that survives of the larger work. The six sections address the following subjects: (1) Cosmogony (*daohua* 道化); (2) Pantheon (*tianzun* 天尊); (3) and (4) Cosmology and sacred geography (*fajie* 法界, *jūchu* 居處); (5) Taoist practice (*kaidu* 開度); and (6) Scriptural traditions (*jingfa* 經法).

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Franciscus Verellen

Yilin 意林

5 juan

By Ma Zong 馬總, *zi* Yuanhui 元會; 787

1262 (fasc. 1000–1001)

“Forest of Opinions.” This is a compilation of selected passages from philosophical works from the pre-Qin (221–206 B.C.) up to the Six Dynasties (220–598) period. The two prefaces by Dai Shulun 戴叔倫 and Liu Bing 劉并 (*zi* Bocun 伯存), dated 786 and 787, provide information about the compilation of this collection: Ma Zong used as a basis Yu Zhongrong's 庾仲容 (476–549) work *Zichao* 子鈔 in thirty juan (of which only the list of books used for the compilation has been preserved; cf. the bibliographical appendix to *Ziliue*), but he modified the length of the individual excerpts, thus creating his own selection in six juan.

The present fragmentary version of the *Yilin* in five juan contains extracts from sixty-nine works (the table of contents lists seventy-one), almost half of which are lost today. However, an abridged version of the *Yilin* in six juan is still found in *Shuofu* 11.11a–33a. Although the table of contents in the *Daozang* edition corresponds, apart from a few exceptions, to the *Shuofu* edition and also to the list of works excerpted in the *Zichao*, the order of the textual extracts in juan 5 of the present text differs from the table of contents. Also, the passage given under “Wangsun zi 王孫子” in juan 2 does not come from that work (cf. the version in the *Shuofu*).

Shortcomings of this kind have been noted and corrected in later critical editions, such as the one of 1797 commentated by Zhou Guangye 周廣業, which also contains a compilation of scattered fragments from the *Yilin*. Compilations of missing passages from juan 2 and 6—found, for example, as an appendix to the *Wuying dian juzhen* 武

英殿聚珍 edition—merely contain the respective paragraphs from the *Shuofu* version. For a discussion of numerous other editions of this text, see Hu Yujin, *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao buzhen*, 1018–19.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Daodian lun 道典論

4 juan

Tang (618–907)

1130 (fasc. 764)

“Discussion of the Standard Works of Taoism.” Despite the title, this work is not a discourse but an encyclopedia in which the anonymous compiler has assembled, under each heading, a selection of citations from Taoist writings. Originally comprising thirty juan (see *Bishu sheng xubian dao siku queshu mu* 2.25a), it most likely dates from (the first half of?) the Tang dynasty. In the present four juan version more than seventy texts are cited, most of them from the Six Dynasties (220–589) period. Seven texts are probably of a later date and quoted only in other compilations of the seventh and eighth century. About a dozen texts, such as *Taishang chutai yebao jing* 太上處胎業報經 (3.4b) and *Taiyi dijun tianhun neibian jing* 太一帝君天魂內變經 (4.7b) are otherwise unknown.

Two Dunhuang fragments, Stein 3547 and Pelliot 2920, contain parts of juan 1 of the present work. The first sixteen lines of Stein 3547 precede the beginning of the *Daodian lun* in the *Daozang*. Moreover, an internal reference to the headings “Mountains” and “Vestments and Adornments” (1.12b), which are not preserved in our text, confirm the fragmentary character of this encyclopedia.

The preserved four juan contain more than fifty headings on the following topics: classification of deities (juan 1); ranks and titles of Taoists (juan 2); forbidden actions and wrong mental attitudes (juan 3); omens, dreams, gymnastics, respiratory exercises, and operative alchemy (juan 4).

Very likely, the Dunhuang manuscripts Pelliot 2459, Pelliot 2469, Pelliot 2725, Pelliot 3652, Pelliot 3299, and Stein 1113—which, according to Ōfuchi's studies, probably belonged to one and the same scroll—and presumably also Pelliot 2443 (see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 349–51; *Zurokuhen*, 801–10) are further fragments from the *Daodian lun*: there, too, we find the binominal headings with occasionally very brief entries; the same, otherwise little-known texts are cited, and the same abbreviated titles are used (e.g., *Mengwei jing* 盟威經, *Fuqi fa* 服氣法). Moreover, Pelliot 2459, line 101, has a commentary by the compiler that, like the occasional explanations in the present text (e.g., 1.11a; 2.7a), starts with the formula “Now I explain” (*jinsi* 今釋). The indications of the juan of a work from which the citations are drawn are, however, missing in the *Daozang* version.

Assuming that the above manuscripts are fragments of the *Daodian lun*, the work cannot have been compiled before the beginning of the seventh century, since Pelliot 3652 cites from juan 4 of the *Benji jing* 本際經, and Pelliot 2725, Pelliot 2459, and Stein 1113 quote juan 3 of the *Benji jing* under the title *Tianshi qingwen jing* 天師請問經.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Dongxuan lingbao Zuoxuan lun 洞玄靈寶左玄論

4 juan

Seventh century or earlier

1136 (fasc. 767)

“Discourse of Zuoxuan.” The term *Zuoxuan* 左玄 in the title might imply that this text was attributed to GE XUAN (164–244), traditionally considered to have been the recipient of the sacred Lingbao scriptures, and who in hagiographic sources is also referred to as Taiji Zuo xiangong 太極左仙公. Another possibility is that the term is a reference to a certain mythical zhenren from the hierarchy of immortals surrounding the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning, namely Zuoxuan zhenren 左玄真人, mentioned in 1432 *Taishang zhongdao miaofa lianhua jing* 1.1a.

Evidently, much of the original text has been lost. The four juan that make up the actual text correspond to the fourth and fifth item (*pin* 品) of the original text. Three quotations from the *Zuoxuan lun*, preserved in the seventh-century SDZN (7.22a), make clear that the original text consisted of at least thirteen *pin*. These quotations also suggest the early Tang (618–907) as a probable date of composition.

The present text, which has been preserved only in the *Daozang*, posits the division of the Tao into a Great and a Lesser Vehicle (Mahāyāna and Hīnayāna) on the basis of precedence given to either compassion and pity (*cibei* 慈悲), or to meditation on the unreality of ego and phenomena and on the reality of karma and nirvāṇa (*kongguan* 空觀). In the present text, Taishang Daojun 太上道君, who is credited with the (originally Buddhist) ability to reveal himself in various manifestations in order to expound the doctrine (*xianshen shuofa* 現身說法), also explains the origin and meaning of the Three Caverns and their twelve subsections (*sandong shier bu* 三洞十二部).

Jan A. M. De Meyer

Zhiyan zong 至言總

5 juan

Fan Xiaoran 范邈然; late Tang (618–907)?

1033 (fasc. 703)

“Collection of Accomplished Sayings.” As its title suggests, this book is a selection of texts from various works considered by the compiler as suitable for Taoist practice. The first chapter concerns the rites of the Retreat (*zhaijie* 齋戒; 1.1a–8a), audiences

with the zhenren (*chaozhen* 朝真; 1.8a–10b), purification and bathing (*jiehui muyu* 解穢沐浴; 1.10a–12a). The second chapter is about the methods, theories, and recipes of the art of Tending Life (*yangsheng* 養生). The third chapter addresses interdictions and precautions (medical, dietary, sexual, hygienic, and even emotional, etc.) that must be observed in order to “maintain life.” The fourth chapter describes breath circulation (*yunqi* 運氣). The fifth chapter concerns methods for exercising and strengthening the body (*budao* 補導), the massage methods of Laozi (*Laozi anmo fa* 老子按摩法; 5.1a–4a), merit and demerit (*gongguo* 功過; 5.4a–10a), and finally a rite of repentance (*Sanyuan bajie xieguo fa* 三元八節謝過法; 5.10a–12a).

The present text cites dozens of earlier books, some of which appear independently in the *Daozang*, as follows (the references in parentheses are to the *Zhiyan zong*):

417 *Taishang dadao sanyuan pinjie xiezui shangfa* 1a–2a (1.10b–11a)

464 *Zhaijie lu* 1a–2b (1.1a–2a), 3a–4a (1.2a–3a), 8b–11b (1.3a–6b), 16b–17a (1.4a–b)

838 *Yangxing yanming lu* 1.5a (2.1a–b), 1.5a (2.4a–b), 1.8b–9a (3.9b), 1.10a–b (2.4b)

1163 *Sun zhenren beiji qianjin yaofang* 81.1a–2b (2.10a–b), 81.2b–3a (2.6a–b),

81.3a–b (2.6b–7a), 81.3b–4a (2.10b–11a), 81.10a–b (2.3b–4a)

1427 *Taiqing Daolin shesheng lun* 1a–b (2.11a–b), 2b–4a (3.2a–3b), 4a–5a (2.11b–

12b), 9a–10a (3.3b–4a), 10a–12a (3.4a–5b), 13a–b (3.5b–6a), 13b–14b (5.2b–3b),

14b–16b (5.1a–2b), 16b–18a (4.8b–9b), 18b–19b (4.9b–10b), 23a–b (2.8a–b)

The *Zhiyan zong* is, in turn, cited twice by the YJQQ, 35.6a–10a (2.2b–12b) and 35.10a–14a (3.1a–5b), dating it to before the eleventh century. The compiler, Fan Xiaoran, designated as a daoshi of Yuxue 禹穴, Guiji 會稽, is otherwise unknown. According to Yoshioka Yoshitoyo, he was approximately contemporary with DU GUANGTING (850–933) and the book appeared at the end of Tang.

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Kwong Hing Foon

2.B Texts in Internal Circulation

2.B.1 The General Liturgical Organization of the Tang

The unification of Taoist traditions that began in the fifth century A.D. reached its culminating point during the Tang dynasty (618–907). The groundwork for this unification was laid by LU XIUJING (406–477) in his *Sandong jing shumu* 三洞經書目 and in his codification of the liturgy of the Way of the Heavenly Master (see 1127 *Lu xiansheng daomen kelüe*). In a different way, works by TAO HONGJING (452–536) such as 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* and the *Zhenling weiye jing* 真靈位業經 (see 167 *Dongxuan lingbao zhenling weiye tu*) equally attempted to provide a global and unified view of the Taoist traditions that were current in those times.

The great encyclopedic undertaking, 1138 *Wushang biyao*, constituted a further step toward the integration of the different traditions into a single system (see Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 32 and passim). However, inasmuch as this enterprise aimed at the establishment of a state religion, the Way of the Heavenly Master and its liturgy were virtually excluded. The collection and collation of texts for the compilation of the *Wushang biyao* was carried out at the Tongdao guan 通道觀 under the direction of WANG YAN (d. 604). Bibliographic projects continued at the abbey during the Sui dynasty (581–618), when its name was changed to Xuandu guan 玄都觀. A manuscript of the *Laozi bianhua jing* 老子變化經 discovered at Dunhuang has a colophon indicating that it was copied in 612 under the guidance of a master of the Xuandu guan in order to be included in the imperial library (Seidel, *La divinisation de Lao Tseu*, 59–60, and Ōfuchi, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 325). Thus this manuscript must have been part of the general compilation effort undertaken at the abbey. Moreover, this manuscript shows us that at that time the collection and collation of Taoist texts was no longer limited to the scriptures of the Three Caverns (*Sandong jing* 三洞經) but also included more ancient works. The editors treated the ancient messianic text of the *Laozi bianhua jing* with the utmost respect, since all archaic and corrupt characters and sentences were copied verbatim. All the Taoist scriptural traditions were thus united for inclusion in one great canon. As is well known, on that occasion the ancient texts were subdivided into four parts, the so-called Four Supplements (*sifu* 四輔).

The *Wushang biyao* does not as yet mention the *sifu*. But WANG YAN's catalogue, called the Bag of Pearls from the Three Caverns (*Sandong zhunang* 三洞珠囊; not to

be confused with the later encyclopedia SDZN that bears the same title), was divided into seven chapters, which may be an indication that it was this catalogue that was divided into Seven Parts (*qibu* 七部). This hypothesis becomes all the more likely when we recall that the catalogue listed a number of works that were not included in the category of the scriptures of the Three Caverns (see *Xiaodao lun* 9.152b).

Several decades later, the patriarch PAN SHIZHENG (d. 682), in his dialogues with the Tang emperor Gaozong (r. 649–683), remarked: “Concerning the transformation of the Three Caverns into Seven Parts [one should note that]: Dongzhen, Dongxuan, and Dongshen [are the Three Caverns], so Taixuan, Taiping, and Taiqing contain the auxiliary scriptures (*fujing* 輔經). . . . The Zhengyi [One and Orthodox] Covenant with the Powers (*mengwei* 盟威) is pertinent to all [the canon]. Together, [all these divisions] form the Seven Parts” (1128 *Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu* 1.2a).

The most remarkable feature of this evolution is the fundamental importance accorded, at the beginning of the Tang period, to the liturgy of the Way of the Heavenly Master. It is henceforth integrated into the unified Taoist system, of which it forms the basis as well as the first step. The reason for this order must be sought in the fact that the classification of Taoist scriptures does not correspond solely to preoccupations of a bibliographical nature. This classification of books also reflects the different ordination ranks of the Taoist hierarchy. The Zhengyi (Heavenly Masters) tradition is the first and lowest echelon. From there, the system comprises a large number of steps leading to the top of the ladder, the initiation into the Shangqing tradition (the Dongzhen scriptures). Chen Guofu (CGF 7) remarks: “The transmission of registers (*falu* 法籙), disciplinary rules (*jie* 戒), and scriptures between Taoists followed a set system of hierarchical grades. To each grade corresponded a certain type of scripture. This classification does not necessarily follow that of the Taoist canon, but can be used as material for comparison purposes.” Chen's point of view is not entirely substantiated by the evidence furnished by Tang works on the overall liturgical organization. It is true that some subdivisions of the seven-part canon have no clear status in the classification system of ordination ranks (this is the case, for instance, for the *Taiqing bu* 太清部). But at the same time, there can be no doubt that there existed a formal relationship in Tang times between the divisions of the canon and the ordination ranks of the daoshi. Indeed, several sources show us that in those times the ordinations were accompanied by the transmission of scriptures that represented complete divisions of the canon. For instance, 1238 *Chuanshou jingjie yi zhujue* contains an ordination ritual corresponding to the ranks of disciple of the Golden Button (*jinniu dizi* 金鈕弟子) and of master of the Rites of Divine High Mystery (*taishang gaoxuan fashi* 太上高玄法師). This ordination was linked exclusively to the transmission of the texts in the *Taixuan bu* 太玄部 of the canon, and, during the ceremony, the most representative works of that division were indeed handed over from master to disciple. These works

were the *Daode jing* 道德經 and its most important commentaries, as well as several rituals that were linked to these scriptures. In a similar way, the conferral of the rank of disciple of the Three Sovereigns (*sanhuang dizi* 三皇弟子) implied the transmission of the *Dongzhen bu* 洞真部, as is shown by 803 *Taishang dongshen sanhuang yi*. These links between ordination and the transmission of scriptures are borne out by the way ZHANG WANFU (fl. 713) presents the ordination ranks of his times in his 1240 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi shou sandong jingjie falu zeri li*.

One of the most fundamental aspects of the system that linked ordination with the transmission of texts was already outlined by PAN SHIZHENG. When Taizong (alias Tang Tianhuang 唐天皇 [Heavenly Sovereign of the Tang]) asked him "Where are the fruits of the different stages of Taoism found?" PAN SHIZHENG answered: "In the classification system of our religion, we distinguish between the gradual and the sudden. That implies that when an adept for the first time manifests his or her intention of becoming a Taoist [master] . . . he or she should first observe the disciplinary rules. These rules are, for instance, those that the *Taixuan zhenjing* 太玄真經 calls the three, five, nine, ten, one hundred and eighty, and three hundred rules."

The *Taixuan jing* to which PAN SHIZHENG refers is now lost, but ZHANG WANFU gives a rather complete list of the different sets of rules and their corresponding ordination ranks at the beginning of 1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo*. This list shows conclusively that ordination ranks were linked not only to scriptures but also, as Chen Guofu observed, to sets of disciplinary rules: to receive an ordination implied the transmission of a corresponding register (*lu* 籙; see Zhang's 1212 *Jiao sandong zhenwen wufa zhengyi mengwei lu licheng yi*) and a particular set of commandments. ZHANG WANFU's handbooks, as well as a number of other works, explain the entire system, which matched the seven divisions of the canon to the hierarchy of the Taoist clergy.

To each of the seven parts corresponded a rank and titles for those who had received the texts of that part. For each part, there was a distinct ritual of transmission, and at each stage, new offerings had to be made by the recipient. These offerings ranged, for example, from one pair of silver rings and 120 feet of silk for obtaining the lowest rank in the Way of the Heavenly Masters, to nine ounces and fourteen rings of gold, at least 300 feet of silk, and numerous other precious objects for the highest rank of transmission of the Shangqing scriptures. Inside the system, there were, of course, a number of minor discrepancies. The general situation, however, was that during the entire period under discussion here, there was a near perfect unity between the Taoist clerical-liturgical organization and its scriptural corpus. This situation must have been most satisfying, inasmuch as the different textual traditions no longer represented different schools (if that had ever been the case) but had become integrated into an

overall system in which the adept could make his or her way from the first religious instruction during childhood to the highest levels in the divine office.

We have listed the texts in this section according to the organization of the Tang canon. Beginning from the lowest level, the One and Orthodox (*zhengyi* 正一) Way of the Heavenly Master, we present the Taiping and Taixuan divisions, but not the Taiqing division, as there is absolutely no proof that the texts of that part of the canon were ritually transmitted within the framework of the overall liturgical organization. For instance, there is no ordination title that corresponds to the possession of Taiqing texts, and these works, mostly manuals for the Tending Life practices, must therefore have been in general circulation. The textual traditions of the *Dongyuan shenzhou jing* 洞淵神咒經 and the *Shengxuan jing* 昇玄經 do not have their own divisions. They are therefore classified, by the Tang liturgists, either as part of the Dongshen division, or as separate groups somewhere between Dongshen and Dongxuan, that is, as "lesser Lingbao" texts. Notwithstanding the vagueness that surrounded their canonical status, these texts were transmitted liturgically and commanded special initiations and ordination titles.

Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi

洞玄靈寶三洞奉道科戒營始

6 juan

By Jinming qizhen 金明七真; early Tang (618–907)

1125 (fasc. 760–761)

"Regulations for the Practice of Taoism in Accordance with the Scriptures of the Three Caverns, a Dongxuan Lingbao Canon." This work presents standards for the Taoist's life and professional activities. Originally the work was arranged in three juan (1.1b); see *Chongwen zongmu* 9.3b, where the title reads *Sandong fengdao kejie* 三洞奉道科戒. It is not known how or why the work was remodeled to comprise six juan, nor when the title was expanded. The present edition is incomplete, as is shown by the quotations found in 1132 *Shangqing dao leishi xiang* 1.1a and SDZN 6.13a.

This is Jinming qizhen's main work (see also 164 *Shangqing sanzun pulu*, 674 *Wushang sanyuan zhenzhai linglu*, 1388 *Shangqing jinzhen yuhuang shangyuan jiutian zhenling sanbai liushiwu bu yuanlu*, and 1390 *Shangqing dongtian sanwu jin'gang xuanlu yijing*), which sets the standard for the integral, hierarchically structured system of Taoism that was to retain validity throughout the Tang dynasty. The exact date of the work remains to be ascertained. Whereas Ōfuchi Ninji, on the basis of internal evidence, dates it to about the middle of the seventh century, Yoshioka, mainly relying on dates given in 1388 *Sanbai liushiwu bu yuanlu*, argues for a date around 550 (Yoshioka Yoshitoyo, "Sandō hōdō kakai gihan," 39–45). But the lack of historical evidence for the

existence of such complex, state-sponsored Taoist institutions (*guan* 觀) in the sixth century—corresponding largely to the Buddhist *vinaya*, as described in the present text—leaves doubts about Yoshioka's thesis.

Ōfuchi Ninji (*Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 115 ff.) describes the Dunhuang fragments of this work, and Yoshioka Yoshitoyo's *Dōkyō to Bukkyō* 3:77–219 contains a complete Japanese paraphrase of the text.

The relationship of the present work to other texts provides a basis for its tentative dating. On the one hand, the work itself (1.8a, 1.12a) clearly relies on 336 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao yebao yinyuan jing*, and a now lost passage (cited in 1123 *Yiqie daojing yinyi miaomen youqi* 17b–18b) shows a parallel with 339 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chujia yinyuan jing* 10b. On the other hand, 792 *Xuanmen shishi weiyi* repeatedly (10a, 11a) refers to our text as Qizhen's *Code*. Apart from the citation from a *Sandong ke* in SDZN 6.13a, not found in the present text, the earliest historically reliable references to the code date from the early eighth century (see 1240 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi shou sandong jingjie falu zeri li* 8b).

This work shows essential features of Zhengyi Taoism, which received substantial imperial favors at the presumed time of the book's compilation. According to the preface, Jinming qizhen had divided his work into three *juan*-comprising 512 individual paragraphs and eight additional sections containing standards for the ceremonial (*yifan* 儀範). Judging by the number of individual paragraphs still extant, more than one third of the text is lost. Some of these lost portions are found in the Dunhuang manuscripts Pelliot 3682 and Stein 809 (Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 115–16; *Zurokuhen*, 219–22); 1123 *Yiqie daojing yinyi miaomen youqi* 17b–18b contains a lost passage, of which manuscript Pelliot 3682 is a direct continuation. Another noteworthy passage is found in 464 *Zhaijie lu* 9a–10a (cf. 336 *Yebao yinyuan jing* 4.11a).

The *yifan* in eight sections, completely preserved in *juan* 4 to 6 of the present text, originally formed a single *juan*, the final *juan* 3 (see 6.12a). Song bibliographers still referred to this original version in three *juan* (VDL 74), but among the Dunhuang manuscripts there existed already a version in five *juan* (Pelliot 2337; Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 116–21; *Zurokuhen*, 223–42).

The first part of the work (*juan* 1–3) offers detailed descriptions of ten categories of Taoist religious activities (“the production of icons,” 2.1a–5b; “the copying of scriptures,” 2.5b–7a; etc.). This part opens with a presentation of the rewards or punishments obtained for evil and good deeds, all of which are quoted from 336 *Yebao yinyuan jing* (1.8a, 12a); compare Yoshioka Yoshitoyo, *Dōkyō to Bukkyō* 3:117–33. The second part (*juan* 4–6), consisting of eight sections, provides instructions for the performance of liturgical services (see fig. 36). The ranks that mark the career of the Taoist priest and the respective registers and scriptures that the Taoist receives step-by-step are all listed and described in great detail. Possibly the most important data are provided by two



FIGURE 36. Ritual vestments for male and female priests of different grades (1125 5.4b, 6b).

lists of the relevant scriptures: *Lingbao zhongmeng jingmu* 靈寶中盟經目 (4.8a–10b) and *Shangqing dadong zhenjing mu* 上清大洞真經目 (5.1a–2b). These lists should be viewed within the context of the chapter on the Taoist's career (“Faci yi 法次儀”; 4.4b ff.). Most of the texts listed here were written during the Six Dynasties period (220–589) and are of great bibliographical and historical value because they reveal the concrete literary background to the activities of the Taoist priest.

A comparison of the *Daozang* text with the Dunhuang manuscripts cited above, as well as with Stein 3863, reveals in addition to variant characters (instead of *niuguan* 女冠 as in our version, the manuscripts consistently write *niuguan* 女官) interpolations in the section on ordination grades and documents (“Faci yi 法次儀”) in our version (Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 115, 117–18). Also, the change of the title from *huangchi dizi* 黃赤弟子 (Pelliot 2337 line 132) to *sanyi dizi* 三一弟子 (4.6a) is worth noting.

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Florian C. Reiter and Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu 道門經法相承次序

3 juan

By PAN SHIZHENG 潘師正; ca. 680

1128 (fasc. 762)

"The Order of Succession of the Taoist Scriptural Legacy." This text purports (see 1.9a) to record conversations between the Celestial Emperor (Tianhuang 天皇)—that is, Tang Gaozong (r. 649–683), who assumed this title in 674 (see *Jiu Tang shu* 5.99, *Zizhi tongjian* 202.6372)—and the Reverend Master Pan (PAN SHIZHENG [d. 682?]) that took place at the latter's retreat in Xiaoyao 逍遙 valley on the Central Peak (i.e., Songshan 嵩山), not far from Gaozong's capital at Luoyang.

Although the exchanges recorded in the present text are not dated, Gaozong's interest in Songshan and in Pan is well attested in the Taoist tradition (see *Zhenxi* 真係, dated 805, in YJQQ 5.13b) and confirmed by historical sources. At least one dated visit to the sacred mountain included a meeting of the emperor and his close family with Pan from 19 to 25 March 680 (see *Zizhi tongjian* 202.6393). For (planned) visits in 676, 679, and 683 (the year of Gaozong's death), see the review of the relevant sources in CGF 51. However, the enfeoffment ceremonies in honor of Mount Song that were intended in each of those years were all cancelled for various reasons (see *Zizhi tongjian* 202.6379, 6393, and 203.6515; cf. *Tang huiyao* 7.101–3).

The discrepancy between the title and the contents of the work (for which see below) and the lack of editorial unity suggest that the present text may be incomplete. It is also impossible to ascertain whether the purported conversations were recorded by PAN SHIZHENG himself.

An introductory section summarizes Taoist doctrines concerning the organization of the universe, the structure of the Taoist canon, the pantheon, and moral precepts. The discussion of the latter subject (1.6a–9a) shows a strong Buddhist influence; it is cast in the form of a catechism.

Instruction by question and answer is the characteristic presentation of Pan's main body of teaching, which responds to questions by Emperor Gaozong regarding the doctrines of the Way of the Three and One (1.9a), the Nine and Six Palaces (1.10a), the grades of spiritual attainment (1.10b), and Taoist cosmology and the pantheon (1.14b).

Chapter 2 opens with a list of celestial palaces and their residing deities (2.1a), followed by further questions and answers concerning the corporeal manifestations of the Heavenly Worthy (2.7a), and the celestial hierarchy and organization (2.16a).

Chapter 3 is a glossary of Taoist concepts involving numerical categories, ranging from one to ten.

Franciscus Verellen

Taoxiu keyi jielü chao 要修科儀戒律鈔

16 juan

By Zhu Junxu 朱君緒, *zi* Faman 法滿; early eighth century

463 (fasc. 204–207)

"Summary of Important Ceremonies, Rules, and Codices to be Practiced." Little is known about the author, a Taoist master of the Three Caverns (*sandong daoshi* 三洞道士), except that he was a native of Yuhang 餘杭 district (Zhejiang) and died there on Mount Tianzhu 天柱山 in 720 (*Dongxiao tuzhi* 5.9b–10a; see *Zhenjing lu* 真境錄 [ca. 1115], quoted in 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu* 13.20b–21a).

Zhu's compilation is a thematically arranged survey of Taoist religious practice drawing on about ninety earlier works—without according preference to one or the other tradition. His own comments are few; for the most part he lets the textual passages speak for themselves. The main themes are:

Juan 1: Division of the Taoist canon and transmission of the scriptures

Juan 2: Copying and reciting of scriptures and ritual instructions pertaining to these tasks

Juan 3: Rules for disciple and master

Juan 4–7: Various sets of commandments and interdictions

Juan 8: Types and periods of fasting (*zhai* 齋) and the functions of individuals participating in the ritual

Juan 9: Prescriptions about vestment, etiquette, and the common meals

Juan 10–11: On Taoist dioceses and the submitting of petitions

Juan 12: Miscellaneous topics, like meals for the sages (*fanxian* 飯賢), construction of religious buildings, meditation on the Tao

Juan 13: Various rules on behavior toward fellow disciples, on erecting the altar, and others

Juan 14: Drinking of alcohol, abstinence from cereals, ingestion of drugs, and others

Juan 15–16: Sickness and death of Taoists, placing the body into a coffin, and burial.

The last two juan, on rarely discussed subjects, have a special standing within the compilation. As Zhu writes in a preliminary remark, he made an effort to combine here in one juan (suggesting that the division of his works was originally different) the observances laid down by Da Meng 大孟 (Meng Jingyi 孟景翼; fl. 505), Xiao Meng 小孟 (Meng Zhizhou 孟智周; first half of the sixth century), Shi Jinggong 石井公, and Zhang Xu 張續.

The importance of Zhu Junxu's compilation lies not least in its wealth of citations

from lost works such as *Huangren benxing jing* 皇人本行經, *Taizhen ke* 太真科, and *Jinlu jianwen* 金籙簡文.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Sandong zhongjie wen 三洞衆戒文

2 juan

Compiled by ZHANG WANFU 張萬福 (fl. 713)

178 (fasc. 77)

“Comprehensive Prescriptions of the Three Caverns.” ZHANG WANFU’s collection—which may date from roughly the same time as 1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo* and which originally contained twenty-one juan (1240 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi shuo sandong jingjie falu zeri li* 2a)—has been preserved only as a fragment in two juan. The surviving preface, however, still gives an approximate idea of the components of the work. Its structure corresponded to the ordination hierarchy of the Tang, which in turn was related to the arrangement of the texts in the Taoist canon (see the introduction to part 2.B.1, and Schipper, “Taoist ordination ranks,” 128–31). ZHANG WANFU extracted and compiled these materials from originals in the canon to provide adepts with proper models of the texts needed for transmission. According to the preface, the separately transmitted texts 445 *Dongxuan lingbao sanshi minghui xingzhuang juguan fangsuo wen* and 788 *Sandong fafu kejie wen* also belonged within the configuration of the *Sandong zhongjie wen*.

Among the preserved contents of our fragment are the prescriptions of the Triple Refuge (*sangui jie* 三歸戒) that mark the beginning of religious life, and thirty-six paragraphs concerning the conduct of disciples in their relations with their masters (*dizi fengshi kejie wen* 弟子奉師科戒文). Although both series of prescriptions are part of the Zhengyi ordination, Zhang remarks that the former was taken from the Taixuan 太玄部 division of the canon. Almost all of the rules of conduct for disciples are found in 463 *Yaoxiu keyi jielü chao* 3.3a–7a, which quotes a more comprehensive series from a penal code (*lü* 律; possibly the *Xuandu lü* 玄都律).

The order in juan 2 may be corrupt, since the rules for obstructing the Six Passions (*bise liuging jie* 閉塞六情戒) corresponding to the “first alliance with the Lingbao canon” (*lingbao chumeng* 靈寶初盟) precede the various series of prescriptions related to the Dongshen scriptures. Of the latter, two series, the so-called “eight failings” (*babai* 八敗) and the “thirteen prohibitions” (*shisan jin* 十三禁), presumably have their source in 640 *Dongshen badi miaojing jing* 1b–2a and 13a–b.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Dongxuan lingbao daoshi shou sandong jingjie falu zeri li

洞玄靈寶道士受三洞經誡法籙擇日曆

8 fols.

By ZHANG WANFU 張萬福 (fl. 713)

1240 (fasc. 990)

“Almanac for Determining the Proper Dates for the Transmission of the Registers and Commandments of the Scriptures of the Three Caverns to Taoists, of the Dongxuan Lingbao Canon.” The author states in the introduction (1a–2a) that this booklet was compiled for easy reference on the basis of a larger manual, the Comprehensive Rules of the Three Caverns (*Sandong zhongjie* 三洞衆戒) in twenty-one juan (see 178 *Sandong zhongjie wen*).

The almanac is organized according to the classification of scriptures in the hierarchical order of initiation and transmission current at the time. On the elementary level, we find the ordinations of the One and Orthodox (*zhengyi* 正一) Way of the Heavenly Master: first the registers of immortals and spirits (*xianling fulu* 仙靈符籙) for lay people, then the Diocesan registers (*zhilu* 治籙) for the ordination of masters.

The next step concerns the transmission of the *Daode jing* 道德經, marked by the ordination to the Lord Lao Gold Button Register (*Laojun jinniu lu* 老君金鈕籙). This step is followed by the transmission of the *Dongyuan shenzhou jing* 洞淵神咒經 and the *Sanhuang wen* 三皇文.

The initiation in the Lingbao scriptures corresponds to that of the Covenant of Spontaneity (*ziran quan* 自然券) and the registers of the Scriptures of the Median Oath (*zhongmeng jing* 中盟經: a general name for the revealed Lingbao scriptures) and the True Writs (*zhenwen* 真文). To this category are appended the transmission of a number of ancient texts, grouped together as the Five Methods (*wufa* 五法). These texts are the [*Laojun*] *liujia fu* [老君] 六甲符, the [*Xiyue gong*] *jinsan fu* [西嶽公] 禁山符, the [*Sanhuang*] *neiwen* [三皇] 內文, the [*Lingbao*] *wufu* [靈寶] 五符, and the *Wuyue zhenxing tu* 五嶽真形圖. These five old texts were grouped together by TAO HONGJING, who wrote a ritual for their transmission (see Dunhuang manuscripts Stein 3750 and Pelliot 2559). ZHANG WANFU classifies them here as Lingbao. Under a separate heading, the author inserts a register of the River Chart (*Hetu baolu* 河圖寶籙; see 1396 *Shangqing hetu baolu*), which is related to the cult of the Dipper stars and to the Sacrifice of the Nine Sovereigns (*Jiuhuang jiaoyi* 九皇醮儀).

The final stage of initiation is marked by the transmission of the Shangqing scriptures. At the end of the almanac there is a discussion on the importance of performing transmission rituals in an orderly fashion.

Kristofer Schipper

Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo 傳授三洞經戒法錄略說

2 juan

By ZHANG WANFU 張萬福; 713

1241 (fasc. 990)

"Short Exposition on the Transmission of the Scriptures, Rules, and Registers of the Three Caverns." ZHANG WANFU compiled this work in early 713; it is less of a practical manual than a theoretical treatise on the different groups of texts within the Taoist canon in connection with the Tang ordination system. Following the hierarchy, Zhang quotes a number of fundamental texts, each time giving a brief exegesis of his own. His work opens with a list of rules relevant to the different ranks of ordination (*jiemu* 戒目; see 178 *Sandong zhongjie wen*). This list is followed by similar surveys of the registers of the Zhengyi canon (*Zhengyi fawen* 正一法文), the group of Daode scriptures (*Daode jingmu* 道德經目) from the *Taixuan jing* [bu] 太玄經[部], and the *Sanhuang wen* 三皇文 with their corresponding registers (*Sanhuang famu* 三皇法目); each survey includes a theoretical discussion. The texts of the Lingbao (*Lingbao famu* 靈寶法目) group are mentioned only summarily. By contrast, the five ancient texts of fu-talismans (grouped as *wufa* 五法 in 1240 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi shou sandong jingjie falu zeri li*, for example) — namely, [*Laojun*] *liujia fu* [老君] 六甲符, *Lingbao wufa* 靈寶五符, [*Xiyue gong*] *dongxi jinwen* [西嶽公] 東西禁文, *Wuyue zhenxing tu* 五嶽真形圖, and *Sanhuang neiwén* 三皇內文 — are dealt with in detail (1.12b–19a). For the Shangqing canon, *Santian zhengfa chu liutian yuwen* 三天正法除六天玉文 (now lost) and 1372 *Shangqing gaoshang yuchen fengtai qusu shangjing* are cited.

A second section of this work (2.8a–18a) treats the symbolism of the pledges (*xin* 信) to be provided for the transmission ritual, and the meaning of ordination contracts (*quanqi* 券契), vows of alliance (*meng* 盟), and oaths (*shi* 誓). The text concludes with ZHANG WANFU's colorful description of the ordination of the imperial princesses Jinxian 金仙 and Yuzhen 玉真 in 711 and 712.

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Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Sandong fafu kejie wen 三洞法服科戒文

11 fols.

By ZHANG WANFU 張萬福 (fl. 713)

788 (fasc. 563)

"Treatise on the Code of Ritual Vestments for the Entire Liturgy." A subtitle for this short vade mecum reads: "Catechism of the Heavenly Master, Section on Ritual Vestments" (*Tianshi qingwen fafu pin* 天師請問法服品). The Catechism of the Heav-

enly Master is now lost, but a Lingbao text, the Catechism of the Duke Immortal (*Xiangong qingwen jing* 仙公請問經), contains a treatise on ritual vestments (see 1114 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao benxing suyuan jing* 6a–b).

The Heavenly Master received from the Most High Lord Lao fifteen vestments and ritual instruments for the accomplishment of his office. Like the Taoists in this world, the zhenren and immortals in the other worlds also have ritual vestments that differ according to their ranks, of which there are nine. But their vestments are immaterial. Only when they transform their bodies so as to reveal themselves to us do they assume a material appearance (4a–b).

The vestments of the Taoists here below are divided into seven classes: vestments for (1) novices (*churu daomen* 初入道門); (2) Zhengyi 正一 (Heavenly Master); (3) Daode 道德 (transmission of the *Daode jing*); (4) Dongshen 洞神; (5) Dongxuan 洞玄; (6) Dongzhen 洞真; and (7) a final rank for the Lecturer of the Three Caverns (*Sandong jiangshi* 三洞講師). This classification corresponds to the ordination ranks of the Tang. It follows, as do the descriptions of the clothing, the regulations given in 1125 *Sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 5.4a–5b. The regulations of the Shangqing (Dongzhen) masters correspond to the indications given in 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* 4.6a–7a.

The text gives detailed explanations on the meaning of vestments such as the crown (*guan* 冠), the cape (*pi* 被), the robe (*he* 褐), and the skirt (*qun* 裙). Finally, it reproduces forty-six rules laid down by the Heavenly Master concerning those who wear these vestments.

Kristofer Schipper

Dongxuan lingbao sanshi minghui xingzhuang juguan fangsuo wen

洞玄靈寶三師名諱形狀居觀方所文

5 fols.

By ZHANG WANFU 張萬福 (fl. 713)

445 (fasc. 198)

"Documents Concerning the Proper Names of the Three Masters, Their Appearance, Their Temples and [Other] Places of Residence." The author, the great liturgist for the imperial Taiqing guan 太清觀 in Chang'an, reminds the reader that prior to all religious services, the officiants should meditate on their Three Masters (*cun sanshi* 存三師): the Master of the Initiation (*dushi* 度師), the Master of the Record (*jishi* 籍師), and the Master of the Scriptures (*jingshi* 經師), defined as the adept's own teacher, his teacher's teacher, and the latter's teacher, respectively. This rite is an act of homage (*lishi* 禮師) during which the masters' age, rank, and place of residence (*juguan fangsuo* 居觀方所) should be recalled, and their physical appearance (*xingzhuang* 形狀) mentally evoked. These particulars are communicated to the disciple at

Commandments (*shijie dizi* 十戒弟子) at the outset, to True Man, disciple of Three Effulgences, from the Great Cavern of the Mysterious Capital of Highest Purity (*shangqing xuandu dadong sanjing dizi* 上清玄都大洞三景弟子, *mou zhenren* 某真人) at the end.

The hierarchy of scriptural traditions accords entirely with that of the middle of the Tang period, as given by ZHANG WANFU in his 1240 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi shou sandong jingjie falu zeri li*.

The registers command the divine energies of the universe, and each adept, according to his or her birth date, occupies a particular position in this framework (*ming xi qiji* 命系氣籍). The cosmological taxonomy is different for each tradition, and the present work gives tables for determining each individual's position (7b–12b).

At the time of the transmission, messages written on wooden tablets (*banwen* 版文) are presented to the gods so that they may know the adept's name. Other tablets, called *chenban* 儼版, are sent to inferior deities. Some of these tablets have talismans, which are reproduced at the end of the work.

Those Taoists who lived in religious communities were required to have a document showing their affiliation to the monastery (*guan* 觀). The example shown here (15a–16b) is similar to that given in 445 *Dongxuan lingbao sanshi minghui xingzhuang juguan fangsuo wen* by ZHANG WANFU.

The present work incorporates, from page 19b on, an important document called the Protocol of the Dioceses of the Heavenly Master, Part 1 (*Tianshi zhi yi, shang* 天師治儀上). It is by Zhang Bian 張辯, descendant of the thirteenth generation of the Heavenly Masters (*shisan shisun* 十三世孫) and officer of the guard of the prince of Wuling of the Liang dynasty 梁武陵王. The latter was Prince Xiao Ji 蕭紀, fifth son of Emperor Wu and established at Chengdu 成都 in Sichuan. He died in A.D. 553 in the struggle for the succession of the throne of Emperor Jianwen.

This protocol gives the list of forty-four dioceses with their geographical and cosmological locations. They are divided into four groups. There is a commentary that compares different versions of this text and that quotes the *Taizhen ke* 太真科. This commentary probably dates from the Tang period.

Kristofer Schipper

Xuanmen shishi weiyi 玄門十事威儀

17 fols.

Tang (618–907)

792 (fasc. 564)

“Ten Items of Taoist Ceremonial.” This text most likely dates from the Tang. It refers repeatedly (10a; 14a) to 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi*, named here *Fengdao ke* and *Qizhen ke* [jie] 七真科[戒] (compare, e.g., 10a with 1125

Fengdao ke 6.6a). It also promises the ten kinds of blessings and respect from the *Shengxuan jing* 昇玄經 and *Fafu ke* 法服科 to those who observe the rules (16a). Infractions of the rules will result in the loss of the ten kinds of merit and respect and cause ten kinds of contempt and separation from saints and sages (16b). The ten kinds of loss are enumerated in ZHANG WANFU's compilation 788 *Sandong fafu kejie wen* 9b–10a. In 1236 *Taishang chujia chuandu yi* 12b, JIA SHANXIANG (fl. 1086) refers to the present work as a standard text for rules of conduct.

The work, revealed to Wuxiang zhenren 無想真人 by the Most High Lord Lao, contains remarkably detailed regulations for deportment in the monastic community and for everyday practice. In more than 140 items, the rules for behavior with regard to the master, the use of certain objects (sitting platform, water flask, five eating bowls, and two napkins), and hygiene are laid down. The regulations are not associated with any specific tradition within Taoism, and there are no details about religious grades and initiation or the organization and possessions of the monastic community.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang jingjie 太上經戒

19 fols.

Tang (618–907)

787 (fasc. 562)

“Canonical Commandments of the Most High.” This is a collection of six distinct sets of rules linked to the different ordination ranks of the Tang period. The Ten Commandments (*shijie* 十戒) at the beginning of the work come originally from 1312 *Taishang dadao yuqing jing* 1.1a, 4b and 7b–9a. The next text (2b–12b), called Great Commandments of the Highest Class (*Dajie shangpin* 大戒上品), is a long excerpt from the rules found in 344 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui benyuan dajie shangpin jing* 1a–11a. These rules were linked to the transmission of the Lingbao scriptures (see 1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo*, by ZHANG WANFU). Also belonging to the Lingbao tradition are the Ten Good and Ten Evil Actions (*shishan shie* 十善十惡; 12b–13a), quoted from 1352 *Dongzhen taishang taixiao langshu* 8.4b–5b, as well as the Ten Commandments from the Book on Meditation on the Sublime and Fixing the Will (*Siwei dingzhi jing shijie* 思微定志經十戒), quoted from 325 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui dingzhi tongwei jing* 7b and 20b–23b.

The Twenty-seven Commandments of Miaolin (16b–17b) show a marked resemblance in style and content with 1398 *Dacheng miaolin jing*, but they cannot be found there.

Finally, there are the Twenty-seven Commandments of Lord Lao. Divided into three categories of nine rules each, these commandments correspond to the teachings of the *Daode jing* 道德經. They are preceded by Nine Rules of Conduct (*jiuxing* 九

行), otherwise known as the Commandments of Xiang'er 想爾戒 (see 786 *Taishang laojun jinglü*).

The text of the present work corresponds exactly to that of juan 38 of the YJQQ, entitled "Explanations on the Commandments" (*shuojie* 說戒).

Kristofer Schipper

Dongxuan lingbao daoxue keyi 洞玄靈寶道學科儀

2 juan

Signed Taiji taixu zhenren 太極太虛真人 (Chisong zi 赤松子); Tang (618–907)

I126 (fasc 761)

"Instructions for the Study of the Tao of the Sacred Treasure Register." This text is undated, and the signature is ambiguous. By its content the book belongs to an epoch when Taoist monastic life was already well established, that is to say, after A.D. 400.

Much of the text, using variations in language and a sometimes more elaborate form, is reminiscent of other texts of a similar nature found in the YJQQ. It also recalls many of the commandments in 786 *Taishang laojun jinglü*. In the first part of our text, for instance, the instructions concerning the proper dates for taking a bath and the spell to be pronounced at that occasion, which are given in the first juan of our work on page 14a, are also found in YJQQ 41.6a–7a and 10b. Another spell accompanying ablutions on 1.16a of our text occurs also, in a similar context, in YJQQ 45.6b, and again in YJQQ 46.12b and 47.4a. A series of instructions concerning meditation methods are to be found almost verbatim in both works. The interesting method for meditating before a mirror (*mingjing yaojing pin* 明鏡要經品) on 2.7b–8b is reproduced in YJQQ 48.8a–9a, as well as in 1206 *Shangqing mingjian yaojing* 1a–3a. The method for making a pillow (*shenzhen pin* 神枕品; 6b–7b) corresponds to YJQQ 48.12a–13b and 1206 *Mingjian yaojing* 5a–7a. A version of the text on the making of a magical staff with nine knots (*jiuji zhang* 九節杖; 9b–10a) is found in YJQQ 48.14a–b and 1206 *Mingjian yaojing* 7a–b. Finally, the instructions for making a divine sword (*zuo shenjian fa* 作神劍法; 10a–12a) can be compared with 431 *Shangqing hanxiang jianjian tu* 4b–8a.

This book is a compendium of instructions for the daily behavior in the ritual and personal lives of novices living within Taoist religious communities. Although it bears textual resemblances to other works, it differs from some of these by the fact that it has no application to the conduct of social life in the world outside the Taoist communities it addresses.

Pauline Bentley Koffler

Shangqing jing bijue 上清經祕訣

2 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1291 (fasc. 1009)

"Secret Instructions from the Shangqing Canon." This is a short summary of Tang liturgical practice, introducing the scale of ordinations as linked to the registers of the different traditions, the division of the canon into Three Caverns, and the way this body of scriptures corresponds to the organization of the human body.

The text says, "Our state has adopted the marvelous instructions of Xuanyuan" (i.e., Laozi, according to his Tang canonization title; 1b). It quotes from a variety of sources and gives the *Shangqing jing* as the main source for the organization of the canon into Three Caverns.

Kristofer Schipper

Zhaijie lu 齋戒錄

17 fols.

Ninth–tenth century

464 (fasc. 207)

"Register of Rules for Fasting." This work appears to be a compilation of the second half of the Tang dynasty. It quotes the *Zhuangzi* under the title 670 *Nanhua zhenjing* (1a, 6a), so the year 742 can be regarded as a *terminus post quem*. DU GUANGTING's (850–933) preface to 335 *Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing* seems to be a fuller version of the story in *Zhaijie lu* on the transmission of *Shenzhou jing* 神咒經, *Shenhua jing* 神化經, and *Sanwu dazhai jue* 三五大齋訣 from Daojun 道君 to Wang Zuan 王纂. *Taiping guangji* 15.103–4 contains an episode about Wang Zuan identical with the present story and names Du's 592 *Shenxian ganyu zhuan* as its source. However, this episode is no longer found there.

Our text gives a comprehensive survey of the different kinds of *zhai* 齋 and the corresponding calendar dates, yet without providing practical instructions for their observance. Inserted in this compilation are the above-mentioned story of Wang Zuan and an episode quoted from WSBY (47.4a–5b, giving as its source the now lost *Benxing miaojing* 本行妙經) that illustrates the results of an offense against the fasting rules (14b–16a). Since the text repeats itself in some instances (1a–2a and 11b–12a; 6a and 1a, 1b; 8b and 16a), it is doubtful that the present version corresponds to the original text.

Distinct textual relationships to other works include the following: *Zhaijie lu* 1a–2a, 3a–4a, 8b–11b are found, with slight variants, in 1033 *Zhiyan zong* 1.1a–6b; the passages 1a–2a, 2a–3a, 16a–b are found in 1200 *Dongxuan lingbao taishang liuzhai shizhi shengji*

jing 3a-4a, 1a-2a, 2a-b; YJQQ 37, entitled *Zhaijie xu* 齋戒敘, is identical to the present text.

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Xuantan kanwu lun 玄壇刊謬論

16 fols.

By Zhang Ruohai 張若海, *hao* Wuwei zi 悟微子 (fl. 943)

1280 (fasc. 1005)

"Essay on the Rectification of Errors [Committed] on the Altar of Mystery." This essay was written by Zhang in 943 in the Ziji gong 紫極宮 temple in Changsha (Hunan; see page 16a). In twenty paragraphs, it gives the gist of his discussions with a certain Yunguang xiansheng 雲光先生, who had come from Mounts Tiantai 天台 and Siming 四明 in Zhejiang (page 1a). Zhang questions Yunguang and thanks him for his answers.

The explanations of Master Yunguang are especially remarkable for the frequent comparisons he makes to court ritual: if even court rituals require prior purification by means of a retreat, he argues, then how much more so those performed before the Three Pure Ones (*sangqing* 三清; 2b). For each day of a service a different memorial is needed, just as no court official would present the same memorial twice (12b). Popular songs and music are not used in court rituals: is it conceivable that they be used, as is the case nowadays, in rituals for Yuhuang shangdi 玉皇上帝 (14a)?

This small book is criticized in several manuals of the Southern Song period (960–1279): none of these manuals accepted the ideas of Master Yunguang regarding the ceremonies for the Proclamation of the Prohibitions and the Installation of Officials, for these ceremonies should take place after the rites of opening, not before, as is the case in court ritual (see 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 16.12b and 1226 *Daomen tongjiao biyong ji* 6.3b). The criticisms of JIANG SHUYU (see 508 *Licheng yi* 16.19a–24b) are the most numerous and detailed. All citations he makes of the book are still found in the present text.

John Lagerwey

2.B.2 The Orthodox One Way of the Heavenly Master

The liturgical manuals of the early Tang period (618–907) show that the religious organization of those times remained for the most part the domain of the Zhengyi 正一 (Orthodox One) Way of the Heavenly Master (see 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.4b–6b and, especially, 463 *Taoxian keyi jielü chao* 10.1a–8a). The importance of the Zhengyi tradition (see the introduction to part 2.B.1) is, moreover, shown by the compilation of a special scriptural canon, the Liturgical Corpus of the Orthodox One Way (*Zhengyi fawen* 正一法文), by the great Taoist scholar MENG ANPAI (fl. 699; see YJQQ 6.18a). A few texts with the prefix of *Zhengyi fawen* [jing] 正一法文 [經] have been preserved from this corpus (see also CGF 309).

At the head of the dioceses, we find the inspectors of merit (*dugong* 都功). For the most important dioceses, these *dugong* should be linear descendants (*Tianshi zisun* 天師子孫) of the First Heavenly Master. After so many centuries, this quality is shared by many men and women. Their ordination is documented in 1210 *Zhengyi fawen shilu zhaoyi* and 1211 *Zhengyi fawen chuan dugong ban yi*. The list of Tang dioceses is given in SDZN 7, and in a more complete form, in the *Ershisi zhi* 二十四治, YJQQ 28 (see the article on 1032.28 *Ershisi zhi*). The masters remained connected to these dioceses, even if they no longer lived there. There is a description of the sanctuaries in 463 *Taoxian keyi jielü chao* 10.1a–4b.

The Zhengyi rituals clearly show the popular character of the Way of the Heavenly Master. The rituals for the presentation of memorials (*shangzhang* 上章) remain simple. As shown in part 2.B.1, the Zhengyi tradition constitutes the lowest and most elementary level of the seven divisions of the canon, of which it now forms an integral part, as is borne out by many sources, especially ZHANG WANFU's 1212 *Jiao sandong zhenwen wufa zhengyi mengwei lu licheng yi*.

In order to obtain the grade of inspector of merit, one must obtain the transmission of twenty-four Zhengyi registers, corresponding to as many degrees (*jie* 階). The integral transmission of all twenty-four registers at the same time—instead of obtaining them gradually according to one's progress in the Tao, as in the past—had become a general practice. This is shown by a memorial, preserved in 615 *Chisong zi zhangli* 4.22b, that must date from the second half of the Tang (618–907). The practice may well be connected with the emergence of the Longhu shan 龍虎山 in Jiangxi as a major pilgrimage center for the cult of the First Heavenly Master. This cult was promoted by a new lineage of the Zhang family, which designated among its offspring one "Heavenly Master" per generation. By doing so, the Zhangs of the Longhu shan did not conform with the genealogy of the linear descendants of the First Heavenly

Master. This is demonstrated by the fact that we hear for the first time of the Longhu shan family around A.D. 770, at which time they claim to be descendants of the thirteenth generation. From the *Tianshi zhiyi* 天師治儀 (see 1244 *Shoulu cidi faxin yi*) we know that the linear descendants of the First Heavenly Master had already arrived at the thirteenth generation by the middle of the sixth century. DU GUANGTING tells us that it was the thirteenth “Heavenly Master” of the Longhu shan family who exchanged the rule that the registers for the ordination should be inscribed on wooden tablets (*ban* 版) for their copy on paper, “so as to assure a wider distribution” among lay people and clergy as protective talismans (590 *Daojiao lingyan ji* 11.5b). A complete version of the twenty-four registers as they must have been distributed by the Longhu shan cult is given in 1208 *Taishang sanwu zhengyi mengwei lu*. Two rituals edited by DU GUANGTING, 796 *Taishang sanwu zhengyi mengwei yuelu jiaoyi* and 797 *Taishang zhengyi yuelu yi*, concern the worship of the gods of these registers.

2.B.2.a Liturgical Organization

Wushang sanyuan zhenzhai linglu 無上三元鎮宅靈錄

23 fols.

Attributed to Jinming qizhen 金明七真; early Tang (618–907)

674 (fasc. 353)

“Divine Register of the Supreme Three Origins for Securing the House.” The name of Jinming qizhen is associated with one of the most important works for the hierarchical systematization of Taoism: 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi*. Here he appears as the recipient of a new revelation in a *renshen* 壬申 year on Mount Kunlun 崑崙 (1a). The Lord of the Great and Infinite Tao, Most High Jade Emperor of the Ultimate Supremely Supreme Primordial Beginning (Wushang shangshang yuanshi taishang yuhuang 無上上元始太上玉皇) transmits to Jinming qizhen the Correct Teaching of the Pure and True [Pneuma] (*qingzhen zhengfa* 清真正法), or the Teaching of the Great Vehicle (*shangmiao dacheng zhengfa* 上妙大乘正法). In the closely related texts 1388 *Shangqing jinzhen yuhuang shangyuan jiutian zhenling sanbai liushiwu bu yuanlu*, 1390 *Shangqing dongtian sanwu jin'gang xuanlu yijing*, and also 164 *Shangqing sanzun pulu*, Jinming communicates with Gaoshang tianbao yuhuang 高上天寶玉皇. The present teaching is intended for the salvation of mortals as a future generation of heavenly beings (*shifang tianren dizhao* 十方天人地兆).

On the basis of the dates in Jinming's 1388 *Sanbai liushiwu bu lu*, Yoshioka Yoshitoyo (“Sandō hōdō kakai gihan no seiritsu ni tsuite,” 43) concludes that the cyclical characters stand for the year 552. Assuming, however, that the present text, the three similar texts attributed to Jinming qizhen mentioned above, and 1125 *Fengdao kejie*

(q.v.) originated around the same time from the same tradition, such an early date seems doubtful. Although 1125 *Fengdao kejie* 4.6b lists a *Sanyuan zhailu* 三元宅錄 among the grades of the Zhengyi tradition, it cannot be inferred that this register was identical with the present one. Since none of the four texts dealing with Jinming qizhen's revelation and the organization based thereon play any role in 1125 *Fengdao kejie*, they might rather slightly postdate this important work integrating the various Taoist traditions into a comprehensive hierarchical system.

The present register integrates the household of the recipient into Jinming qizhen's religious community and puts it under the surveillance of three times three divine protectors in the Three Heavens (Qingwei tian 清微天, Yuyu tian 禹餘天, and Dachitian 大赤天). In return, the parties to the household covenants agree to pay yearly tributes (of rice, among other things) to the master in charge, and to keep accurate accounts of the deceased and living members of the family. The influence of the Way of the Heavenly Masters is evident (see especially 1127 *Lu xiansheng daomen kelie*); modifications are found with reference to a few specific points only: the three days of assembly (*sanhui* 三會) of the original system—during which the household registers were revised in the diocese and the tutelary gods were promoted—are replaced here by the days of the Three Principles (*sanyuan* 三元).

Following the register, we find rules concerning the religious life and details about transmitting and using the register. These rules are presented as a type of penal code (*Yusi zhengfa lü* 玉司正法律). A postface by Jinming qizhen concludes our text.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Xuandu lüwen 玄都律文

22 fols.

Seventh century

188 (fasc. 78)

“Penal Code of the Mysterious Capital [i.e., the seat of Laojun 老君].” This is a work of the Zhengyi tradition that regulates the religious life within the community of the Heavenly Masters. We can draw no conclusions with regard to any specific text on the basis of similar titles (*Xuandu nüqing shanggong zuoguan lü* 玄都女青上宮左官律 and the like) that figure already in 457 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui zuigen shangpin dajie jing* 2 (passim), but one of the earliest quotations of our work is found in 133 *Taishang dongfang neijing zhu* 6a–7a. The source of the passage in question is identified as juan 9 of the *Xuandu lü* and corresponds to 3b–4b of the present version. This reference—as well as the numerous citations from the *Xuandu lü* in SDZN and in 463 *Taoxian keyi jielü chao*, for which corresponding passages can be found only rarely—proves that the present work constitutes merely a fragment of the original text, which the Song bibliographers still list as having either eight or fifteen juan (VDL 98).

Among the surviving six sections of the work (the SDZN names a few more of the original subtitles), we find instructions for reciting the rules (*jiesong lü* 戒頌律), regulations for the communal organization (*zhidu lü* 制度律) that deal with, inter alia, the hereditary succession of the master (*shi* 師), the annual taxes (*tianzu mi* 天租米), the days of assembly (*sanhui ri* 三會日), and the cosmological orientation and organization of the dioceses (*zhi* 治) and “chambers of quietude” (*jing* 靖); and rules for writing memorials (*zhangbiao lü* 章表律). Levels of punishment are laid down for each offense against these rules.

Firmly rooted in the tradition of the Heavenly Masters, our text reveals later influences in only one paragraph, on the investiture in the different grades of ordination that culminate in the transmission of the *Shengxuan zhenwen* 昇玄真文 and the *Shangqing dadong* 上清大洞 [*zhenjing* 真經] (17a).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Zhengyi fawen shilu zhaoyi 正一法文十籙召儀

28 fols.

Early Tang (618–907)

1210 (fasc. 878)

“Protocol for the Invocation [of the Gods] of the Ten Registers of the Zhengyi Canon.” This work is a repertoire aimed at determining, according to a given previous date of birth, the dominant god (the Lord, *jun* 君) of the registers the adept is receiving. At the beginning, a table lists not ten but fourteen registers, while the text (1b–13b) gives fifteen lists. These lists in fact correspond to ten registers, inasmuch as the numbers 2–3, 4–5, 6–7, 8–9, and 13–14 belong together as sexually differentiated parts of one and the same register, listing *xianguan* 仙官 for the masculine and *lingguan* 靈官 for the feminine forces. These ten registers are transmitted to adepts who have been initiated in the Union of Pneumata (*heqi* 合氣; see 1294 *Shangqing huangshu guodu yi*) and have obtained the rank of master. Also according to 463 *Taoxiu keyi jielü chao* 10.7a–b, these adepts receive ten registers, and the list of registers provided is, although not identical, close to the present protocol. The ordinands are called *zhenren* of Scarlet Yang (*chiyang zhenren* 赤陽真人; compare 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.6a). For this reason, the first register in our text is the *Yuanming chilü* 元命赤籙, which corresponds to this rank and must, therefore, be the highest of the ten registers. Moreover, the present text contains, following the ten lists, a Contract of the Scarlet Register (*Chilü quan* 赤籙券; 13b–14b): insignia in two symmetrical parts, with the text of the Oath of Transmission (*jianmeng* 簡盟) written twice, from right to left on the right side of the contract, and from left to right on the left side. The transmission of this document conferred the ability to master (*du* 度; literally, “to transfer”) the divine spirits of the sexagesimal cycle and of the points

of the compass. A detailed table of their taboo names (*hui* 諱) is given at the end (15b–28b).

Kristofer Schipper

Zhengyi fawen chuan dugong ban yi 正一法文傳都功版儀

5 fols.

Early Tang (618–907)

1211 (fasc. 878)

“Ritual for the Transmission of the Tablet of the Inspector of Merit, of the Zhengyi Canon.” The office of inspector of merit (*dugong* 都功) is the highest in the Heavenly Master hierarchy of the Tang, and the Tablet (*ban* 版) is the foremost insignia of this rank. Only those who have obtained all of the registers and passed all lower grades are eligible for this office (26–3a; compare 1239 *Zhenyi xiuzhen lüeyi* 11a). It confers the right to hereditary transmission of the function of master to descendants (1a and 3a). The present text envisages also the possibility of transmitting the dignity of *dugong* to “those who dwell in the Tao” (*zai dao* 在道), that is, those who live in a monastery (*guan* 觀; 1a). The *dugong* are leaders of the dioceses (*huashou* 化首; *hua* stands for *zhi* 治 in deference to the Tang taboo) and are qualified to confer the diocesan ordination (*zhilü* 治籙), except for the *Yangping zhi* 陽平治: the office of *dugong* of this foremost of all dioceses is reserved for the linear descendants of the first Heavenly Masters (1b, the commentary quotes LU XIUJING).

The present text makes almost no reference to the ritual of transmission but consists of a series of model documents for the investiture, namely, the text to be written on the Tablet (*banwen* 版文; 1a–2b) and two memorials, one presented on the eve of the night of transmission, the other the next morning, when the installation is confirmed.

The present text is marked as missing from the Ming canon in 1430 *Daozong quejing mulu* 28b. This oversight occurred, no doubt, because the text is marked as an appendix to 1210 *Zhengyi fawen shilu zhaoyi* (see the present text 1a, subtitle).

Indeed, holding the ten registers of 1210 *Shilu zhaoyi* is a prerequisite for obtaining the rank of *dugong* (see 463 *Taoxiu keyi jielü chao* 10.7b).

Kristofer Schipper

Zhengyi fawen falu buyi 正一法文法籙部儀

24 fols.

Early Tang (618–907)

1242 (fasc. 990)

“Protocol of the Section of Ritual Registers, of the Zhengyi Canon.” This is a collection of rites and documents for promoting disciples to ranks superior to the ordinary lay registers, but without conferring the diocesan ordination and the quality

of master. This hybrid ritual is different from other texts of the Zhengyi canon, or, for that matter, from any other known tradition. The adepts possess already the Mandate of the Yellow Image (or Book; *Huangtu [shu] qiling* 黃圖 [書] 契令) and the True Heavenly Scarlet Register (*Zhentian chilu* 真天赤籙), two documents that belong to the highest lay ordinations of the Heavenly Master tradition under the Tang (see 1210 *Zhengyi fawen shilu zhaoyi* 13b). But here the disciples receive an additional contract of the Great One, True One, Three Ones (*Zhentian sanyi zhenyi taiyi suquan* 真天一真一太一素券). This particular terminology is related to certain concepts that are mentioned in our text, which explains that the universe is governed by a Great One True One of the Supreme Three Heavens (*Shang santian zhenyi taiyi* 上三天真一太一; 1a-b) and that the ordination disciples receive here is called the Triple Oath of the Great One (*Taiyi sanmeng* 太一三盟). This ordination combines elements from the Dongshen canon (such as the *Jin'gang biquan* 金剛畢券; 12b), the Lingbao canon (22b-23a), and the Shangqing canon (16a). The present protocol therefore aims at integrating the different traditions of the end of the Six Dynasties (220-589) and the early Tang (618-907).

At the end of the text, we find a quotation from the *Siji mingke* 四極明科 that cannot be found in the present version of 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing*. There is a colophon giving a line of transmission not of the existing present text but of an accessory rite, the invocation of the divine spirits of the Twelve Hours (*shier shi shoushi* 十二時狩士; 24a). Of all the persons mentioned, only one is known: Ding Xuanzhen 丁玄真 (530-607), whose biography is found in LZTT 31.14a-b.

Kristofer Schipper

***Dongxuan lingbao kezong fa* 洞玄靈寶課中法**

8 fols.

Early Tang (618-907)

1246 (fasc. 991)

"Method for Determining [the Dominant Qi] in Each Class [of Register]." Although the title gives the epithet *Lingbao*, this repertory concerns above all the Zhengyi registers. At the beginning of the tables, we find the qi and the gods of the *Zixu lu* 紫虛籙 of the *Daode jing* 道德經, and at the end, those of the seven stars of the Dipper (*Qixing lu* 七星籙). This register does not appear before the Tang period. Except for the last one, all the tables of the repertory are similar to those found in 1210 *Zhengyi fawen shilu zhaoyi*.

At the end of the work there is a clear, short exposition of the significance of the Zhengyi registers ("Jie lu lüeshuo zhengyi zhi yi 解籙略說正一之儀"; 6b-8b).

Kristofer Schipper

***Ershisi zhi* 二十四治**

19 fols.

Seventh to tenth century

1032 *Yunji qiqian* 28 (fasc. 677-702)

"The Twenty-four Dioceses." This anonymous text derives for the most part from juan 7 of SDZN (see the list of correspondences by Lagerwey, in Schipper, *Index du Yunji Qiqian*, 1:36 n. 48). The following three passages are exceptions: (1) 3a-4b, taken from a lost work by DU GUANGTING (see *Xianzhuan shiyi* 仙傳拾遺, quoted in *Taiping guangji* 37.235-36); (2) 5b-7a, from DU GUANGTING's 590 *Daojiao lingyan ji* 2.10b-12a, also quoted in YJQQ 117.14a-b; and (3) 11b-12a, from *Yuntai zhi zhong [nei] lu* 雲台治中[內]籙 (see YJQQ 4.11b-17a).

The present work, then, essentially combines seventh- or pre-seventh-century material (the SDZN passages in turn refer to predecessors) with early tenth-century additions by DU GUANGTING. In addition to the above sources, the present text may represent elements of DU GUANGTING's *Ershisi hua tu* 二十四化圖 in one juan (not extant; see *Song shi*, "Yiwen zhi," 4.5190; see also 599 *Dongtian fudi yuedu mingshan ji* 11a-15a), or of juan 2 of SIMA CHENGZHEN's *Tiandi gongfu tu* (YJQQ 27, see 1032.27), or a combination of both.

The preface, citing the *Zhang tianshi ershisi zhi tu* 張天師二十四治圖 via 770 *Hun-yuan shengji* 7.6a-7b, recounts the legend of Lord Lao's revelation to Zhang Daoling 張道陵, which led to the institution of the dioceses (see 1205 *Santian neijie jing* 1.6b; WSBY 23.4a-9a). The text lists and localizes the original Twenty-four Dioceses in three hierarchical orders of eight, with accounts of the topography and legends associated with each sacred site and of the four additional dioceses instituted by Zhang's successors to complete the correspondence between the system of the dioceses and that of the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions (*xin* 宿).

Franciscus Verellen

***Zhengyi xiuzhen lueyi* 正一修真略儀**

20 fols.

Tang (618-907)

1239 (fasc. 990)

"Concise Treatise for the One and Orthodox Cultivation of the True [Way]." The purpose of the work, as defined in the unsigned and undated preface, is "to explain the profound meaning of the main points for the cultivation of the Registers of the Three Caverns (*sandong lu* 三洞籙), so that one may understand that the doctrines promulgated by the highest saints and gods in all respects are in complete agreement with the mystery of mysteries." The registers, which are the foundation of the scriptures of the Three Caverns, enable the initiates to marshal the gods and subdue the demons, and

thus to progress on the road to immortality. The text refers to other manuals, such as the *Sandong fengdao ke* 三洞奉道科 (see 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4) and the Protocol of the Dioceses of the Heavenly Master (*Tianshi zhiyi* 天師治儀; see 1244 *Shoulu cidi faxin yi*). The present work seems to be incomplete, as the explanations on the sacrifice of the Registers (*jiaofa* 醮法) announced on page 5b are no longer found.

The registers are presented here in three main groups. On the most elementary level we find those of the Way of the Heavenly Master, in reversed order of importance: first the Precious Register of the One and Orthodox Covenant with the Powers, in Twenty-four Degrees (*Zhengyi mengwei baolu ershisi jie* 正一盟威寶籙二十四階), and the Register of the One Hundred and Fifty Generals (*Baiwushi jiangjun lu* 百五十將軍籙), which represent the higher ordinations; then, at the end (page 10a), the Register for Children (*Tongzi yi jiangjun lu* 童子一將軍籙). The contract that proves the legal transmission (*sanwu zhenquan* 三五真券) follows these registers. There is also a special paragraph on ordination and liturgy.

The middle level (*zhongfa bu* 中法部) lists the talismans, diagrams, images, and writs of the Sanhuang and Lingbao traditions, equally presented in a descending order. A long and important commentary explains the different practices that belong to this level. There are breathing exercises, meditation practices, as well as the dancing of the Paces of Yu (*Yubu* 禹步) and Pacing the Mainstay (*bugang* 步綱).

The uppermost level is that of the Shangqing division. Here we also find twenty-four degrees, as well as a document confirming the legitimate transmission. A final paragraph is devoted to the rules to be observed when copying all these registers.

Kristofer Schipper

Zhengyi weiyi jing 正一威儀經

20 fols.

Eighth century

791 (fasc. 564)

"Scripture on the Liturgy of the Zhengyi Masters." This scripture deals, in thirty different topical sections, with specific questions of ordination, ritual, and the conduct of life. It corresponds in its overall conception to the Taoist codices that flourished in the seventh and eighth centuries. The registers and rules given for the grades of ordination within the Zhengyi tradition, and also the hierarchical order of the daoshi within the clerical system—from the lay degrees (*qingxin dizi* 清信弟子) up to the *dadong fashi* 大洞法師 (5a–b)—follow the outlines provided by such standard works as 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.5a–5.3b.

A remarkable feature of the present text is its description of life in Taoist institutions and of certain aspects of their organization. On 18a–b it says, for instance, that

the final stage of entering into the religious state is residence in a monastic community (*zhuguan* 住觀). The necessity of monastic residence also applies to Zhengyi masters. The monastic institutions possessed domains (*zhuangtian* 莊田), mills (*nianwei* 碾磑), and servants (*jiaren* 家人). After a master had died, all goods, apart from his most personal belongings such as clothes and bedding, passed into the permanent possession (*changzhu* 常住) of the institution (19a–b). All of these elements correspond to prescriptions in Buddhist monastic discipline (*vinaya*; cf. Gernet, *Buddhism in Chinese society*).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang zhengyi mengwei falu yibu 太上正一盟威法籙一部

44 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

1209 (fasc. 878)

"Complete Division of the Liturgical Registers of the One and Orthodox Covenant with the Powers of the Most High." The liturgical registers (*falu* 法籙) are in principle linked to the practice of ritual and not to the transmission of scriptures (see 615 *Chisong zi zhangli* 4.22a–b). Apparently, the fourteen registers contained in the present work were all intended for lay adepts, although the sixth one, the Register of the Pneumata of the Twenty-four Dioceses (*Ersishi zhi qilu* 二十四治氣籙), corresponded, originally, to the ordination of a master of a community (see CGF 339–40). The accompanying text for the transmission of this register, however, does not mention this function. The registers seem to be arranged here in hierarchical order. The first three registers are intended for children, while the last, the Register of Immortals and Spirits of One Hundred and Fifty Generals for Male Adepts (*Taishang baiwushi jiangjun nan xianling lu* 太上百五十將軍男仙靈籙), is for adults. The other registers appear to be mostly of a prophylactic nature (*fulu* 符籙; see page 11b, line 6). Some registers are also found elsewhere, such as the Register of the Most High for Protection and Long Life (*Taishang baoming changsheng lu* 太上保命長生籙; 19a–21b), equally reproduced in 1208 *Taishang sanwu zhengyi mengwei lu* 6.25b–17a. The present work is in many respects comparable to the latter but lacks the systematic division into twenty-four *lu* that characterizes 1208 *Mengwei lu*.

Each register is accompanied by a form for its transmission. The text of these forms is practically the same for all registers. It states that the disciple, who receives these initiatory documents from a Master of the Three Caverns (*sandong fashi* 三洞法師), espouses the cause of the Way of the Heavenly Master, the rules and commandments of which he or she promises to observe.

These rules corresponded in the first place to the Five Commandments (*wujie* 五戒), which are mentioned at the end of the work. The disciple also confirms his or her

resolve to learn to recognize the divine qi of the “newly appeared Laozi” (*xinchu Laozi* 新出老子) in his or her body.

Kristofer Schipper

2.B.2.b Rituals

Zhengyi fawen jing buguo jiaohai pin 正一法文經護國醮海品

12 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

1287 (fasc. 1008)

“Offering to the Seas for the Protection of the State, from the Zhengyi Ritual Canon.” In fact, this chapter (*pin* 品) from the liturgy of the Heavenly Masters contains several different rituals and other texts. At the beginning, we find a short scripture on the Offering of the Universal Proclamation of the River Chart (*Hetu pugao dajiao* 河圖普告大醮), giving detailed instructions about its performance (1a–2a.8). Then, without transition, the ritual to which the present text owes its title begins: the Offering to the Dragons of the Sea for the Benefit of the State. In the introduction (2a–4a), the Heavenly Master explains the efficacy of this ritual and stipulates the Offerings, which are comparatively costly. Next, the iconography of the Dragon-Kings of the Four Seas is described.

From 9a on, we find three short rituals of the Lingbao liturgy for depositing dragon-tablets (*longjian* 龍簡): in the sea, on a mountain, and under the floor of a house. These rites are complementary to the *jiao* 醮.

Kristofer Schipper

Zhengyi jiee jiaoyi 正一解厄醮儀

8 fols.

Early Tang (618–907)

794 (fasc. 564)

“Offering for Averting Misfortune and Illness, of the Zhengyi Liturgy.” The ceremony consists of the Presentation of a Petition (*zhangjiao* 章醮), combining the rites of triple libations of wine (the first being accompanied by an offering of tea) with those for sending off a petition and for the reading of the memorial (*shu* 疏). The latter must be a feature of the Lingbao liturgy: the Memorial of Accomplished Merits (*gongde shu* 功德疏), giving details of the rites, the offerings, and the participants. The text distinguishes (6b) between followers who are in office (*zaiguan* 在官), those who live in the world (*zaizhai* 在宅), and those who have entered religion (*zaidao* 在道). All these elements point to the Tang dynasty as the date for this ritual.

The *jiao* 醮 offering is, in the first place, presented to the seven stars of the Dipper,

and next to the Five Emperors, the Directors of Destiny (*siming* 司命), and the deities of the sexagesimal cycle.

The altar for the *jiao* is built either in the courtyard of the house of the patron, or inside the house. It is divided into three square concentric parts, separated by partitions made of strips of red fabric (*lanzuan* 欄纂), with openings at each of the four corners. In this sacred area (*tanshan* 壇墀) are placed different kinds of offerings, such as fruit, cakes, Destiny Rice (*mingmi* 命米), salt, beans, et cetera, as well as numerous oil lamps. There is only one officiant, who is seated to the south of the area, facing north.

Kristofer Schipper

Zhengyi chuguan zhangyi 正一出官章儀

21 fols.

Tang (618–907)

795 (fasc. 564)

“Ritual Formulas for the Exteriorization of the Officials, according to the Zhengyi Tradition, Together with Their Corresponding Petitions.” This work may be a fragment of a larger liturgical manual, as a great number of different petitions existed in the Heavenly Master liturgy (see 615 *Chisong zi zhangli*).

The text contains four rites, all concerning the release from spells and the effects of sorcery. The first rite is called the “return to normality” (*huishan* 迴善; 1a–5b), for diseases caused by witchcraft. The person who cast the spell is called the “evil person” (*eren* 惡人), and his or her name should be indicated. The presentation of the petition can be completed by means of an exorcism with the help of a talisman (4b–5b). The next rite also concerns healing (*huihao* 迴好; 5b–10a). Here the illness is caused either by witchcraft or as a result of past misdeeds committed by the patient. The third petition concerns liberation from prison (*kai laoyu* 開牢獄; 10a–14b). Although the text does mention real imprisonment, it primarily concerns the arrest, by vengeful demons, of the souls of the patient. The principal aim of the rite is therefore the liberation from spirit possession. The final item is called “return end repentance” (*huihua* 迴化; 14b–21a) and concerns slaves who rebel and, possessed by malevolent spirits, constantly run away from their master’s house carrying away the latter’s property. In order to obtain his recovery, the master of the slaves proceeds to the sanctuary (*Sanbao yuqian* 三寶御前) of a monastery (*guan* 觀) for the rite to be performed.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang sanwu zhengyi mengwei yuelu jiaoyi 太上三五正一盟威閱錄醮儀
14 fols.

Edited by DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

796 (fasc. 564)

“Offering Ritual for the Inspection of the Zhengyi Registers.” At periodic intervals, on the days when the lists of the Seed People (*zhongmin* 種民) are examined in the heavens, the adept himself must review the gods of the registers he or she has received. The present ritual concerns the twenty-four registers of the Heavenly Masters dioceses, as given in 1208 *Taishang sanwu zhengyi mengwei lu*. The same series is also used in 1212 *Jiao sandong zhenwen wufa zhengyi mengwei lu licheng yi* by ZHANG WANFU.

The evocation of the gods of the registers (*chuzou falu libing* 出奏法錄吏兵; 3b–6b) is here followed by that of the generals and knights (*zhubu jiangjun bingma* 諸部將軍兵馬; 7a–13b). The present text is close to that of 797 *Taishang zhengyi yuelu yi* (see the next article), but it mentions neither the offerings nor the libation rites of the *jiao* 醮 ritual.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang zhengyi yuelu yi 太上正一閱錄儀

16 fols.

Compiled by DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

797 (fasc. 565)

“Ritual of Inspection of the Zhengyi Registers.” The ritual takes place in a Pure Room (*jing* 靖; 1a). The registers have to be unrolled and placed on stools, with offerings of wine and fruits. The complete sequence of the ritual is outlined. The text of the ritual is nearly identical with that of 796 *Taishang sanwu zhengyi mengwei yuelu jiaoyi*.

Kristofer Schipper

Zhengyi zhijiao zhai yi 正一旨教齋儀

6 fols.

798 (fasc. 565)

Zhengyi zhijiao zhai qingdan xingdao yi 正一旨教齋清旦行道儀

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

799 (fasc. 565)

“Rites for the Retreat of the One and Orthodox Teaching.” LU XIUJING, in 1278 *Dongxuan lingbao wuguan wen* 7a, classifies the *Zhijiao zhai* at the last and lowest level of the nine forms of Lingbao Retreats. He states that the most important aim of this ritual is purity. An anonymous commentary adds: “This is performed by libationers

[*jiju* 祭酒] and disciples [*lusheng* 籙生] alike, according to their hierarchical position. When hungry, one is allowed to eat, but only vegetarian food. . . . After the midday meal, [even] water should not cross one’s teeth.” These injunctions correspond to those given among the Twelve Rules of the Retreat in the ritual itself (798 *Zhijiao zhai yi* 4a). The last rule is also quoted in 463 *Taoxian keyi jielü chao* 9.12b as deriving from the *Zhijiao jing* 旨教經, a now lost liturgical treatise of the Heavenly Master tradition (compare also 463 *Jielü chao* 9.8b). For 1126 *Dongxuan lingbao daoxue keyi* 1.18a, the *Zhijiao zhai*’s purpose is the healing of illness.

The two texts of the *Zhijiao zhai* that have been preserved in the *Daozang* are parts of the same service. According to 798 *Zhijiao zhai yi*, (3b), this service lasted one night and one day and comprised the rituals of “three times practicing the Tao” (*sanshi xingdao* 三時行道), that is, the morning, noon, and evening rites. The ritual of 799 *Zhijiao zhai qingdan xingdao yi* corresponds to the first of these, while 798 *Zhijiao zhai yi* contains the text of the Nocturnal Announcement (*sugui* 宿啓) to be performed during the preceding night.

The officiant is an inspector of merit of one of the Heavenly Masters’ dioceses, indicated in 798 *Zhijiao zhai yi*, by way of example, as the Yangping zhi 陽平治, the first in rank among the dioceses (*xi tianshi Yangping zhi zuo pingqi dugong* 係天師陽平治左平氣都功; 1b). The service is performed for the benefit of a patron (*zhaizhu* 齋主; 799 *Zhijiao zhai qingdan xingdao yi* 4a). The *xingdao* 行道 ritual culminates in a triple offering of incense. This simple service is, in spite of its many Zhengyi elements, essentially modeled after the Lingbao liturgy.

Kristofer Schipper

Zhengyi chitan yi 正一敕壇儀

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

800 (fasc. 565)

“Ritual for the Consecration of the Altar.” This is a preliminary ritual for the purification and the protection of the altar for the *jiao* 醮 offering in a Retreat (*zhai* 齋) service (pages 1b and 6a). The present ritual, in many respects, resembles the rites for the purification of the altar (*jietan jiehui* 潔壇解穢) in 1212 *Jiao sandong zhenwen wufa zhengyi mengwei lu licheng yi* 5a–6a by ZHANG WANFU. The officiating master’s ordination title on 3a is identical with that given in 797 *Taishang zhengyi yuelu yi* by DU GUANGTING. The present text may, therefore, be a Tang version of the ritual.

The altar is described as having three levels, on which the gods of Heaven and Earth and their subaltern deities all have their proper place. At the beginning of the ritual, the officiating master invokes the Divine Beasts of the four directions (*zhao siling* 召四靈) and the gods, especially the Three Officials (*sanguan* 三官). Then he proceeds to

consecrate the ritual instruments: the sword and the bowl of purifying water. Dancing the Paces of Yu (*Yubu* 禹步), he invests the sacred area with his legions of heavenly soldiers. At the end, he executes the magical steps of the seven stars of the Dipper, and, having “entered the Dipper” (*rudou* 入斗; 5b), he performs the final exorcism.

Kristofer Schipper

Zhengyi jiaozhai yi 正一醮宅儀

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

801 (fasc. 565)

“Offering for the Dwelling.” This is a ritual presented to the domestic deities, principally to the Stove God (Zaojun 灶君; 2a) and to the Generals of the Five Directions who guard the house. This Offering is made on the *wangxiang* 王相 days of every season, in order to avert calamities caused by baleful influences that may affect the dwelling.

The text of this ritual is similar to that of 802 *Zhengyi jiaomu yi* and seems to have been annotated by the same person. Our text (2b, line 6) notes that “officiants who have entered religion simply sit down without doing obeisance.” The same remark is found in *Zhengyi jiaomu yi* 2a, line 3. The text is also close to that of 794 *Zhengyi jiejiaoyi* (compare the list of offerings). All three of these rituals have a tea offering added to the first libation of wine, a detail that may indicate a date from the second half of the Tang dynasty (618–907).

The ceremony is simple. After having drawn the outline of the sacred area on the ground of the courtyard, the officiant installs the altar by the placement of one large table and five small ones. The place of honor, at the north side, is given to the God of the Hearth. In addition to the usual offerings, four mirrors are installed. The ritual consists of an invocation and three libations, without the presentation of a petition or a memorial. At the end, some of the foodstuffs that have been offered are buried in the ground near the gates of the dwelling.

Kristofer Schipper

Zhengyi jiaomu yi 正一醮墓儀

4 fols.

Tang (618–907)

802 (fasc. 565)

“Offering at Tombs.” This ritual is presented to the guardian deities of the site: the five *houtu* 后土 and the *tingzhang* 亭長 (gods of the Earth), and the *zhangren* 丈人 (god of the mountain). The offering is made to avert calamities that are brought about

through the deterioration of the tomb or the site. The text mentions the divination practices that have determined the selection of the site of the tomb (2a).

The altar is installed to the left of the road that leads to the tomb. The ritual apparently comprises only two libations. It is performed by an Invocator (*zhuren* 祝人). The entire text is close to 801 *Zhengyi jiaozhai yi*.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang jinshu yudie baozhang yi 太上金書玉牒寶章儀

13 fols.

Tang (618–907)

806 (fasc. 566)

“Protocol of the Most High for the Precious Petitions Written on Jade Tablets.” This short manual contains the rites of exteriorization (*chuguan* 出官) and of invocation (*qi* 啓) of deities for the presentation of four petitions. The text begins with a prayer for pardon and peace on behalf of a family befallen by ill luck (1a–3b). This prayer is followed by a General Memorial for the Announcement of Merit (*yangong* 言功), presented on the occasion of a community assembly on the fifth day of the tenth month, when the registers of the followers are revised and updated (3b–5b). Then comes a supplication for a sick child (5b–8b), and, finally, a petition linked to an exorcism (8b–12b). Among the ritual objects used for this exorcism, there are a bow and five arrows (12b). The altar was constructed on the bank of a river. First the petition was presented and burned; then the likenesses of the demons were painted, and these effigies were placed in a box and immersed in the river, special care being taken that they did not surface. In the event that the rite could not be performed at a riverside, a bucket of water could also be used.

All petitions had to be copied in 100 copies, which were first purified by fumigation and then placed before the image of the deity. Only when, after three days, they had not been blown away by a gust of wind or polluted by the excrement of mice or rats could they be used.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang xuanci zhuhua zhang 太上宣慈助化章

5 juan

Compiled by DU GUANGTING 杜光庭, *hao* Guangcheng xiansheng 廣成先生 (850–933)

617 (fasc. 339–340)

“Most High Memorials That Proclaim Mercy and Are Helpful in Working Wonders.” This is a collection of twenty-three *zhang* 章 memorials used for different

purposes. Most of the memorials concern various kinds of illnesses and misfortunes and were presented in times of crisis or as preventive measures.

There is no reason to doubt the attribution to DU GUANGTING. It may be that the patriarch compiled this collection in order to reconstruct a work with the same title: the *Xuanci zhang* 宣慈章 by a certain Master Yu 虞先生 of the Tang, which was lost during the turmoils that marked the end of that dynasty (see the preface to *Shangqing wuyuan yuce jiuling feibu zhangzou bifa* 上清五元玉冊九靈飛步章奏祕法, in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 179.1a).

The collection contains a memorial for a daoshi's presentation of his personal record of sins to the Three Officials of Heaven, Earth, and Water (*Daoshi tiandishui sanguan shoushu luzhuang zhang* 道士天地水三官手書錄狀章; 2.12a–15a). This memorial is a unique testimony of the practice of writing full confessions of one's sins in order to obtain forgiveness by the Three Officials (*Sanguan shoushu* 三官手書), a practice that goes back to the origin of the Heavenly Master movement (see *Sanguo zhi* 8.264, quoting the *Dianlüe* 典略). According to our text, the adept had to establish a record (*luzhuang* 錄狀 or *buzhuang* 簿狀) of all his or her transgressions since the age of seven *sui*, itemizing them one by one, giving full details of places and dates, avoiding any circumlocutions or flowery paraphrases, and presenting everything in a straightforward manner, as in an official document (2.12a and 13a). The same *juan* contains a number of other memorials to be presented by daoshi, not only to atone for their sins but also to ask for protection, for instance on their travels “Daoshi yuanxing zhang 道士遠行章”; 2.6b–8a).

A long Memorial to Arrest the Puppy Devil “Shou quanzi gui zhang 收犬子鬼章”; 3.1a–4b) relates to cases of possession by this fearful spirit, more fully named the Puppy Devil from under the Stone (Shixia quanzi gui 石下犬子鬼), which especially attacks children. Other demons that cause children's diseases are also named: the Wet Nurse from Heaven's Prison (Tianlao rumu 天牢乳母) and the Washing Bride (*Xihuan xinfu* 洗浣新婦). Other memorials also provide interesting glimpses into medieval demonology.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongxuan lingbao suling zhenfu 太上洞玄靈寶素靈真符

3 *juan*

Attributed to Masters LU XIUJING 陆修靜 (406–477) and DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933); preface by DU GUANGTING, after 913

389 (fasc. 184)

“True Talismans of the White Numen from the Supreme Mysterious Cavern of the Lingbao [Canon].” According to the preface, the text was bestowed on Zhai 翟 [Fayan 法言], *zi* Qianyou 乾祐, by the Heavenly Worthy in the form of one scroll of

vermilion writing. The revelation is said to have taken place during the Qianyuan 乾元 reign (758–760) in the area of the Yangzi gorge at Wushan. The date appears to be a mistake for Kaiyuan 開元 (713–741), since the author's account of the subsequent history of the text refers to Tianbao (see below). Although Zhai's hagiography does not supply realistic dates (aged forty-one in 755, died in 836), it is likely, nevertheless, that he was active in the reign of Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756; see LZTT 41.17a–20a).

The talismans are said to have reached the capital during the Tianbao period (742–756), and they subsequently flourished in both popular and official circles throughout the middle Yangzi region of modern Hubei and Eastern Sichuan. The preface names Duan Chengshi 段成式 (ca. 803–863) among adepts of the text after it had reached Xiandu shan 仙都山 (Fengdu). Duan's father, chief minister Duan Wenchang 段文昌 (773–835), had been a benefactor of the Xiandu temple on that site (see his *Xiu Xiandu guan ji* 修仙都觀記, dated 833, in *Wenyuan yinghua* 822.3b–4b). It was in this temple that DU GUANGTING obtained the present text in 906, while conducting a search for lost scriptures. Later, Du took it upon himself to enter the text into the Taoist canon (see preface).

The attribution varies in each chapter heading: *juan* 1, “Master Lu”; *juan* 2, “received by Master Lu”; *juan* 3, “received by Master Du.” The title of the work does not figure in the extant Dunhuang catalogue of LU XIUJING's Lingbao canon. A lacuna is indicated at the end of the present text.

The preface is signed “Guangcheng 廣成 Du Guangting,” using the religious title that Du received in 913 (see Verellen, *Du Guangting*, 163–64). Designs of the talismans—with commentaries and instructions for use (swallow, attach to part of body, etc.)—and incantations are included. The talismans serve as cures for various pains and diseases, against depression, and in exorcism. The preface mentions, in addition, reviving the dead, conjuring rain, and warding off wild animals—referring presumably to a more complete version of the collection.

Franciscus Verellen

Taishang laojun hunyuan sanbu fu 太上老君混元三部符

3 *juan*

Tang (618–907)

673 (fasc. 352–353)

“The Three Fu of the Origin of Chaos, the Most High Lord Lao.” *Sanbu fu* 三部符 may have been a generic name for talismans in general, perhaps as an allusion to the three fu that enabled Shen Buhai 申不害 (d. 377 B.C.) to govern the kingdom of Han with Taoist inaction and peacefulness (see *Huainan zi* 20). The term *Hunyuan*, Laozi's epithet since Tang times, is perhaps misplaced here; the original title could have read: *Taishang hunyuan laojun sanbu fu*.

A *Sanbu fulu* in two juan is mentioned in Song catalogues (see VDL 75). DU GUANGTING's *Xianzhuan shiyi* 仙傳拾遺 relates the story of a Taoist by the name of Shi Deyi 史得一 who, during the Xiantong period (860–874), found a book called *Laojun sanbu fu* floating on the water during a flood. It had not become wet, and he took it home. A night, the divine guardian of the book appeared to him in the form of a young lad and said: “The precious fu of the Most High have long circulated among the people. . . . Many mistakes have appeared. This correct version is now given to you so that you may save people from illness and distress” (*Xianzhuan shiyi*, in Yan Yiping, *Daojiao yanjiu ziliao* 1.102–3). This story seems to indicate that a collection of talismans known as *Sanbu fu* existed prior to the new revelation received by Master Shi.

That the present collection dates to the Tang period (618–907) is borne out by a number of details. The comments that accompany the talismans speak of Taoist adepts as *jijiu* 祭酒 and *lusheng* 籙生, whereas their sanctuary is called a *zhitan* 治壇 (1.6b). Other titles mentioned are regional inspectors (*cishi* 刺史; 3.29b), two-thousand-bushel officials (*erqian shi* 二千石; 2.21b), and district officials (*xianguan* 縣官; 2.15a). These are all Tang and pre-Tang titles.

A commentary on page 1.2b of our text mentions “the Three Fu and all others” (*sanbu fu ji yiqie fu* 三部符及一切符), which may indicate that some talismans were added to the original collection.

The fu are by and large intended for exorcistic purposes, and their uses reflect the daily worries of a rural population. The talismans are classified in twenty-seven categories, ranging from the protection of houses and crops against rats to avoiding epidemics and evil officials. A single love talisman is found on 3.29a. From the commentaries and spells that accompany the fu, some information on medieval popular religion may be gleaned. We learn that ghosts (*gui* 鬼) were wont to steal people's clothes, rock their beds, and cause them to lose their hair (1.34b–35a). In one instance, we are told a legend: Han Wudi's palace was haunted by dog spirits (*quanguai* 犬怪). Xi wang mu 西王母 gave the emperor a fu to put on the walls of his dwelling, and the scourge subsided (2.11a).

Kristofer Schipper

Si yin qi juefa 思印氣訣法

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

869 (fasc. 579)

“Magic Formulas Using the Mind, the Seal, and the Breath.” This is a short but important collection of various rites of exorcism. The seal is the Yue Seal of the Yellow God (*Huangshen yuezhang* 黃神越章; 1.b) already mentioned by GE HONG in the context of similar rites (BPZ 17.89). Here “Yue” may mean *intaglio*, as GE HONG also

uses the expression *yuezhang* as a technical term. Apart from their great similarity with the practices described by GE HONG, the present formulas also show distinct characteristics of the Heavenly Master tradition (for instance, “Tianshi jijiu 天師祭酒”; 3b). Their is also a marked resemblance with the healing rites, using the same seal, in 1270 *Zhengyi fawen xiuzhen zhiyao* 15b–20a. The rites combine breathing techniques (holding one's breath) with visualizations and *Yubu* 禹步 paces (*bu jinji* 步九跡; 1a).

The exorcisms concern spirits, wild animals, and other dangers encountered in mountains: evil persons, epidemics, tree spirits, baleful stars, phantoms, heterodox cults, discontented ancestors, and so on.

Of a distinctly popular nature, the present formulas could well correspond to ancient practices. Several details, such as the allusion to the power of the *vajra* (*jin'gang* 金剛; 3b), point, however, to the Tang as the time when the present collection was produced.

Kristofer Schipper

Beidi qi yuan ziting yansheng bijue 北帝七元紫庭延生祕訣

10 fols.

Tang or Five Dynasties (seventh–tenth century)?

1265 (fasc. 1002)

“Secret Instruction for Prolonging Life, of the Purple Court of the Seven Origins [Subject to] the Northern Emperor.” This book is said to have been revealed to GE XUAN by the Most High Lord Lao in 239 and to have been transmitted to the world during the Wei period (220–265) by a certain Mr. Ye 葉先生 (1a). It is included as a whole in YJQQ 25.1a–10b (only the talismans are different) and may well be of late Tang or Five Dynasties date. It is connected with the later *Beidou jing* 北斗經 tradition, which likewise is defined as a text for prolonging life (*yansheng* 延生) and which has many elements in common with the present work (see 622 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing*).

The book describes a ritual for presenting offerings to the gods of the Big Dipper, with the aim of averting calamity, obtaining blessings, and saving one's ancestors. At a given moment in the ritual, the script calls for “burning money,” implying that use was made of sacrificial paper money (7a). Seven lamps are lit in the sacred area, and destiny is interpreted by the manner in which they burn. The eight and ninth stars of the Dipper are identified as Gaoshang yuhuang 高上玉皇 and Taiwei dijun 太微帝君, and it is said that if one succeeded in visualizing them, his life would be prolonged by 300 or 600 years, respectively (2b; compare 752 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng jing zhu* 2.25a). One of the incantations is entitled “Beidou yansheng shenzhou 北斗延生神咒” (8a). It closely resembles the “Beidou changsheng congming shenzhou 北斗長生聰明神咒” found in 752 *Beidou jing zhu* 3.15a–b (as well as in modern editions

of the scripture). Note that the latter version of the incantation is found identically in 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* 9.15b, where it forms part of the rite of lighting “lamps for prolonging life, in the pattern of the character *chi* 敕.”

Poul Andersen

2.B.2.c Miscellaneous

Zhengyi lun 正一論

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1228 (fasc. 988)

“Discussion of the Orthodox One Way of the Heavenly Master.” This is a short treatise in question and answer form, in defense of the ancient Heavenly Master liturgy. The work is listed in the *Chongwen zongmu* (see VDL 97). The mention of the Ming dynasty (Da Ming 大明) on page 2, line 10, must be an alteration by the editors of the *Daozang* for Da Tang 大唐. Similar changes occur elsewhere in the Taoist canon.

The discussion begins with the question of why there are numerous Taoist traditions, each of which claims to be a divine revelation. The answer is that each tradition is intended for different kinds of adepts, cultivated and uncultivated, of different periods. However, of all traditions, the Orthodox One Way of the Heavenly Master constitutes the fundamental norm. Questions then address the issue of liturgy, and especially the relationship and the relative value of the Heavenly Master ritual of Mud and Charcoal for the Forgiveness of Sins (*tutan xieyi* 塗炭謝儀) and the Lingbao Pure Retreat (*Lingbao qingzhai* 靈寶清齋). Can they be performed together? The teacher refuses this amalgamation. The Heavenly Master tradition is earlier than GE XUAN’s Lingbao liturgy. At the time the former was revealed, there existed only the Lingbao Five Talismans (*wufu* 五符; see 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu*). The famous Five True Writs (*wu zhenwen* 五真文) were fabricated later (page 3a, line 10, and 3b, line 1). In general, the rites of the Heavenly Master tradition, especially the Teaching Retreat (*zhijiao zhai* 旨教齋), are simple and rustic in comparison to the magnificent celebrations (*shengguan* 盛觀) of the Lingbao liturgy. With a great flourish of quotations of the *Daode jing* 道德經, the teacher proves the greater authenticity of the simple and sober Zhengyi tradition.

Kristofer Schipper

Daoyao lingqi shengui pin jing 道要靈祇神鬼品經

27 fols.

Ca. sixth–seventh century

1201 (fasc. 875)

“The Scripture on the Ranks of the Essential Spiritual Forces, Divinities, and Spirits.” This work presents categories of divine potencies, representing specific spheres of competence. It was written in the late Six Dynasties period (220–589) or, at the latest, under the early Tang (618–907; see Ze Cheng, “Dunhuang guxieben *Taiping jing* wenzi canye,” 55–56, and Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 351).

The text presents the names of early saints, together with the names of the deities controlling the forces of nature such as water, mountains, calendrical time, et cetera. The text also makes mention of both widely established cults, such as the deities of the Earth Altar (4a–5a), and local cults like that of Kuang Su 匡俗 on Mount Lu 廬山 (6b). Special attention is given to the name by which a deity can be summoned. The name forms the basis for ritual formulas or prayers introduced by this text.

The text refers to the Shangqing, Lingbao, and Zhengyi traditions of the Six Dynasties period, as shown by the list of the deities of the sexagesimal cycle (13a–16a), which also can be found in 790 *Nüqing guilü* 1.4b–7b.

Florian C. Reiter

Taishang shuo liujia zhifu baotai huming miaojing

太上說六甲直符保胎護命妙經

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

50 (fasc. 29)

“Scripture of the Officers in Charge of the Energies of the Sexagesimal Cycle, for Protecting the Embryo and Guarding Life.” It is said to have been revealed by the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning (Laozi in Tang popular belief) to his disciple Yin Xi 尹喜.

This prophylactic scripture is based on the register of officers of the sexagesimal cycle of the Heavenly Master tradition (e.g., “Jiazi Wang Wenqing 甲子王文卿, etc.)—spirits of the Original Destiny (*yuanchen* 元辰). Here these officers are ritually invited to protect mother and child against evil spirits and black magic (*gu* 蠱; 2b) at the moment of birth. Women are invited to copy this scripture and worship it (7b).

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Taishang zhengyi zhongui jing 太上正一咒鬼經

10 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

1193 (fasc. 875)

“Collection of Incantation Spells for Exorcisms of the One and Orthodox, Transmitted by the Heavenly Master.” Certain spells are in rhymed verses of seven, four, and five words. From page 4b onward, the text comprises invocations, prayers, and incantations in prose for the purpose of exorcising the demons of heterodox cults (*yedao* 野道). In a final paragraph, the entire text is presented as a scripture (*jing* 經) transmitted by the Zhengyi zhenren 正一真人 to all his libationers.

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FIGURE 38. Seal for use in exorcism (1270 19b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1252)

Zhengyi fawen xiuzhen zhiyao 正一法文修真旨要

20 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1270 (fasc. 1003)

“Essentials of the Practice of the True, from the One and Orthodox Ritual Canon.” This is a small collection of miscellaneous practices. The first part is devoted to breathing techniques and gymnastics (*daoyin* 導引; 1a–11b). The second part deals with healing: different forms of diagnosis through observation and analysis (*chahou* 察候), followed by treatment through exorcism (*xingjin* 行禁) by means of a seal (12a–20a; fig. 38).

The seal technique is explained by a certain Li Daohua 李道化. A number of the instructions for breathing techniques in the first part are borrowed from the Shangqing scriptures.

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Strickmann, “The Seal of the Law,” 10–20.

Taishang zhengyi fawen jing 太上正一法文經

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

1204 (fasc. 876)

“Scripture of the Most High Zhengyi Ritual Canon.” This is a hybrid work combining Heavenly Master and Lingbao teachings. The exact relationship with the *Zhengyi*

fawen canon is unclear. We may have here an “abstract of the essentials” (*daoyao* 道要), a form of short liturgical scripture popular in Tang times.

The text reveals, first, the origin of suffering in the world: the sins of humanity bring about punishment from Heaven in the form of legions of demons causing diseases. Nine forms of disaster (*jiu* 九厄) are defined (2a–3b); next, the names of nine ugly and murderous demons (*jiu chou shagui* 九醜殺鬼) are given; finally, the text presents the emissaries of the Five Emperors (*mudi* 五帝), the diseases they convey, and the knives and swords (*dao* 刀) they wield.

Those who meditate upon the Taiyi jiuku tianzun 太一救苦天尊, copy this scripture, and recite it nine times while untying nine knots (*jiejie* 解結) made in tresses of black silk will escape all calamities.

The text ends with a short ritual of atonement addressed to the Heavenly Worthies of the Ten Directions (*li shifang tianzun fa* 禮十方天尊法).

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Wushang santian fashi shuo yinyu zhongsheng miaoqing

無上三天法師說陰育衆生妙經

5 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1197 (fasc. 875)

“Marvelous Scripture for the Protection of the People, Spoken by the Supreme Ritual Master of the Three Heavens.” The first day of the eleventh moon of the 47th year (*gengxu* 庚戌) of the sexagesimal cycle, Zhang Daoling 張道陵, Ritual Master of the Three Heavens (*santian fashi* 三天法師), moved by the suffering of the people who have been under attack for several months by hordes of demons led by a “newly appeared chief” (*xinchu guishi* 新出鬼師, 4b; compare the contract for the purchase of a tomb, dated 485, mentioned in Stein, “Religious Taoism and popular religion,” 64), descends on Yuntai shan 雲臺山 in Langzhou 閬州 (Sichuan). There he reveals to a Taoist named Cheng Fadao 成法道 (4a) the present scripture “for the protection of the people.” Since the outburst of demonic power is the result of “heterodox worship of gods and demons” (*yinsi guishen* 淫祀鬼神; 3b), it suffices to ask a monastic Ritual Master of the Three Caverns (*chujia sandong fashi* 出家三洞法師) to perform a Lingbao Retreat with Divine Incantations (*shenzhou lingbao qingzhai* 神咒靈寶清齋; 1b–2a, see 65a *Taishang dongshen tiangong xiaomo huguo jing*), according to the method of the Retreat of Spontaneity (*ziran zhaifa* 自然齋法; 3a). Then the Heavenly Master in person, followed by his disciples Wang Chang 王長 and Zhao Sheng 趙昇, will descend in order to exterminate the demons by means of a “divine fu of the Most High.”

Various elements suggest a Tang date: the title of the Taoist master, the names given to the Retreat, the administrative organization (*zhou xian xiang* 州縣鄉; 4a). The

name of Langzhou did not exist prior to the reign of Emperor Xuanzong (712–756). The *gengxu* date could refer to the years A.D. 770, 830, or 890.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongshen tiangong xiaomo huguo jing 太上洞神天公消魔護國經

3 juan

654 (fasc. 343)

“Scripture of the Lord of Heaven for Destroying Demons and Protecting the State.” This remarkable text explains the origin and function of a corresponding “Retreat for Destroying Demons and Protecting the State.” The Lord of Heaven is Yuhuang 玉皇, the Jade Emperor, who was given charge of the world when the Three Pure Ones (*sangqing* 三清) retired after the genesis of the world had been completed. The fact that this is a Dongshen scripture of the Most High is significant, for all the books of the Three Caverns are presented as having issued from the mouth of Lord Lao, who resides in the Taiqing 太清 or Dongshen 洞神 Heaven (2.3a, 6b). Dongshen seems also to be equated with Zhengyi, inasmuch as the Nine Heavens of the Shangqing revelation and the Thirty-two Lingbao Heavens are said to be “outside” the Three Pure Heavens of the Zhengyi cosmogenesis (2.7a).

Sun Xubo 孫虛白, Taoist master at the court of Huizong (r. 1100–1125), mentions a “Lingbao tiangong zhai 靈寶天公齋” (1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 3.4a). The text itself traces the Retreat back to a certain Wang Fajin 王法進 (d. 742) of Jianzhou 劍州 (in the Shu area of Sichuan) who, after completing the Lingbao Retreat of the Lord of Heaven, announces the merit obtained and presents a memorial (2.1a–b). According to her biography in 298 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian houji* 4.16b–19a, Wang Fajin received at the beginning of her career the Zhengyi Register for the Prolongation of Life and was later chosen to receive the method of the Lingbao Pure Retreat and Offering for Thanking Heaven and Earth. This Pure Retreat is described as being close to the Lingbao Retreat of Spontaneity (*Lingbao ziran zhai* 靈寶自然齋) and is said to have been much practiced in Sichuan. Whereas in Li’nan 里南, it is simply called Pure Retreat, in Shu it is called the Retreat of Heavenly Merit (*gong* 功 instead of *gong* 公).

The Retreat of the Lord of Heaven may be performed “in order to obtain birth and growth from the Great Tao, or to give thanks to the heavens for covering and to the earth for supporting all beings, to obtain the forgiveness of sins or to pray for good fortune, to supplicate for timely wind and rain to ensure abundant harvests of cereals, to expel pestilence and poisoned qi, or in order to bring down good fortune and extend life” (2.4b). Among the twenty-seven types of Retreats revealed by Laojun, the Retreats of the Golden and Jade Registers were for use by the emperor only,

and the Retreat of the Yellow Register was for the salvation of the dead (2.3a–4a). By contrast, the Retreat of the Lord of Heaven was intended for the people and was to be performed for the living by a Ritual Master of the Three Caverns and Orthodox Unity (2.2b, 3.5b).

John Lagerwey

Dongzhen santian bihui 洞真三天祕諱

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1350 (fasc. 1033)

“The Personal Names of the Three Heavens.” This is a small but interesting manual for ritual practice for private or liturgical use. It contains a number of simple rites for minor officiants (here simply called daoshi; 3b) who have received the ordination of “the Three and the Five” (*sanwu* 三五; 1a), meaning the registers of the Zhengyi tradition (compare 1239 *Zhengyi xiuzhen lüeyi* 2b–10b). These rites conferred the status of True Being of the Original Destiny, Pacing the Fundamental Structure of the Three and the Five of the Red Sky (*Chitian sanwu bugang yuanming zhenren* 赤天三五步綱元命真人; see 1237 *Sandong xiudao yi* 4b), thus enabling the officiant to marshal the Great Left and Right Generals of the Three and the Five of the Red Sky (*Chitian sanwu zuoyou da jiangjun* 赤天三五左右大將軍; see our text page 6a). The rites contain much ancient material, but the invocation of the nine Dipper stars (pages 2b–3a) is the same as that in the *Hetu jiuixing lu* 河圖九星籙 (see 1392 *Shangqing qusu jueci lu* 23a–24a) and again in YJQQ 24.17b–18b, which clearly shows that the manual belongs to the Tang period.

The first rite—which has given its title to the entire manual—is that of the invocation of the True Names (*zhenming* 真名) of the Three Heavens and the personal names of the Three Masters (*sanshi* 三師; here defined, in the manner of the ancient Heavenly Master movement, as Zuo Wushang 左無上, You Xuanlao 右玄老 and Zhong Taishang 中太上). These names are to be called out loud in times of crisis. If this invocation proves to be insufficient, one should perform the dance of the straight Paces of Yu of the Divine Turtle on heavenly stilts (*shenkui tianqiao zhi Yubu* 神龜天躡直禹步; 1b) while pronouncing the above-mentioned invocation of the Dipper stars. An alternative method is that of “Reclining in the Dipper” (*wodou* 臥斗; compare YJQQ 24.16b ff.).

The manual next presents a number of healing and exorcistic rites to be performed for lay people, on request. The first service takes the form of a simple presentation of an oral memorial (*kouzhang* 口章; 3b), accompanied by *bugang* 步綱 dancing. The head of the household should prepare offerings to the seven stars of the Dipper (not

nine, as in the previous rites), of wine, cakes, and fruit (dried jujubes and chestnuts), that should be eaten on the spot by the officiant. On more important occasions, the same rites should be performed, but this time accompanied by a great offering (*dajiao* 大醮; 5b). A service of an even higher grade demands a communal banquet of the Three and the Five (*sanwu chu* 三五廚), for which a number of outside persons have to be invited. To the expenses for feeding a group of lay people is added the outlay of faith offerings (*xinwu* 信物; 6a) of bolts of silk.

At the end, the text enumerates the Ten Highest Commandments (*Shangpin shijie* 上品十戒; 6a), followed by the list of ten evil actions. These lists come from 457 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui zuigen shangpin dajie jing* 1.6a–7b, and are also found in 463 *Taoxian keyi jielü chao* 5.2b–3b, which shows that they were current in the Tang period.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang laojun shuo jieshi zhouzu jing 太上老君說解釋咒詛經

3 fols.

Tang (618–907)

652 (fasc. 343)

“Scripture for Dissolving Spells, Spoken by the Most High Lord Lao.” The text that bears the alternative title “Scripture for Eliminating Spells and Bewitchments” (*Jiechu zhouzu yanmei jing* 解除咒詛厭魅經; 2b) was probably the central part of a minor ritual. Believers who have been bewitched by evil persons are to ask a Taoist Master of the Three Caverns (*sandong daoshi* 三洞道士) to recite this scripture, whereupon the Five Emperors and their retinue will destroy all demons.

The text is loosely related to *Foshuo zhoumei jing* 佛說咒魅經 (T 2882), where, among others, the Five Emperors are sent to destroy persons who have bewitched others. To the wording used in our text—that their heads shall be broken into seven pieces (*tou po zuo qi fen* 頭破作七分)—the Buddhist scripture adds “like the twigs of the Ali tree” (*ru ali shu zhi* 如阿梨樹枝).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

2.B.3 The Taiping Division

Taiping jing chao 太平經鈔

10 juan

Tang (618–907)

1101.b (fasc. 746–747)

“Selected Excerpts from the Scripture of the Great Peace.” The editors of the Ming *Daozang* incorporated this work into the incomplete version of 1101.a *Taiping jing* (originally in 170 juan) that they had at their disposal, placing it at the beginning in order to make up for the missing first ten juan of the work. In fact, however, this is an independent work, presumably of a later date, aiming to provide an abstract of the scripture. Its ten juan, numbered from *jia* 甲 to *gui* 癸, are supposed to give the essential content of each chapter of the main work, which was divided into ten similarly numbered parts of seventeen juan each.

The present work was used extensively by Wang Ming (*Taiping jing hejiao*) to complete the lacunal 1101.a *Taiping jing* version of the *Daozang*. However, the anonymous author of our “Selected Excerpts” probably used a different version of the Great Peace Scripture. The comparison with the table of contents of the 170-juan *Taiping jing*, as given in the Dunhuang manuscript Stein 4226, shows that, to begin with, the *jia* part of one text does not correspond to that of the other. Indeed, the *jia* part as outlined in the Dunhuang manuscript corresponds to the contents of the last (*gui*) chapter of the “Selected Excerpts.” As to the first chapter of our present text, it draws heavily on the fourth-century 442 *Shangqing housheng daojun lieji* (see Wang Ming, “Lun *Taiping jing* chao,” and *Taiping jing hejiao*, 1–7). Because these elements from the Shangqing tradition are completely absent from 1101.a *Taiping jing*, Wang Ming (“Lun *Taiping jing* chao”) considers the first chapter of our book to be a falsification. This assertion should be qualified. Although there is a clear difference in the ordering of the text as given in the Dunhuang manuscript and the present work, it is by no means certain that the 170-juan *Taiping jing* did not include similar Shangqing material. Indeed, the Dunhuang manuscript appends at the end of the table of contents of the 170-juan version a quotation from the *Taiping jing* (Stein 4226, lines 605 ff.) that is similar to, at certain points even identical with, the text of the first chapter of our work, as well as its original source, the 442 *Shangqing housheng daojun lieji*. It may, therefore, reasonably be assumed that the text of our first chapter (*jia*) was indeed part of the *Taiping jing*. Wang Ming’s opinion to the contrary rests on the dating of the *Taiping jing* as a Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) work, as a result of which the presence of quotations from a fourth-century text can represent only a falsification. Yet this view should be qualified by taking into account the history of the rewriting of the *Taiping jing* by Zhou

Zhixiang 周智響 during the Chen dynasty (569–583; see *1101.a Taiping jing*). Zhou was a Taoist of the Maoshan (Shangqing) school, which held that the Latter-Day Saint (Housheng daojun 後聖道君) was a reincarnation of the Lord of Great Peace (Taiping jun 太平君). Our text (1.4b) states that this lord's Book of the Great Peace (*Taiping zhi jing*) should be studied by all who hoped to be saved from the impending apocalypse. The inclusion of this material at the beginning of the 170-juan *Taiping jing* is therefore not fortuitous, but accords well with the circumstances of the compilation of this *rifacimento* as we know them.

Another point that should not be overlooked is that there are many discrepancies between the two texts in the remaining parts, too. Wang Ming's ingenuity in collating both works conceals the fact that a great number of passages in the present text have no counterpart in the *1101.a Taiping jing* version (for instance, compare 2.13b to 2.16b).

Since Tang Yongtong ("Du *Taiping jing* shu suojian"), the present work has been ascribed to LÜQIU FANGYUAN (d. 902), author of 393 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao dagang chao* and editor of 167 *Dongxuan lingbao zhenling weiye tu*. Although scholars have accepted this attribution by and large, the evidence on which it is based appears to be slim. The *Taiping jing chao* is first mentioned by JIA SHANXIANG's 774 *Youlong zhuan* 4.18a, which lists it among the works related to the *Taiping jing*, saying: "In addition to the main scripture [*zhengjing* 正經], there are the Selected Excerpts of the *Taiping [jing]* in ten juan. The author is unknown. He gives a general outline of the scripture following its table of contents." Farther on (18b), Jia again writes at length about LÜQIU FANGYUAN, concluding: "He also profoundly studied the *Taiping jing* and wrote a commentary to it in thirty juan, entirely grasping the essentials of the text." Jia borrowed the material on Lüqiu from the latter's biography in 295 *Xu xian zhuan* 3.4a–6a. Lüqiu's commentary, also known from other sources (see Wang Ming, *Taiping jing hejiao*), therefore cannot be assimilated to the present *Taiping jing chao*. That Lüqiu did write a general outline of the Lingbao canon (393 *Lingbao dagang chao*) does not prove that he was also the author of the present text. It should also be noted that the general outline of the Lingbao canon, notwithstanding the word *chao* 鈔 in the title, is in fact a work of an entirely different nature.

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Taiping jing shengjun bizhi 太平經聖君祕旨

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1102 (fasc. 755)

"Secret Instructions of the Sage-Lord of the Scripture of Great Peace." This short treatise on the practice of Keeping the One (*shouyi* 守一) is signed by the Great Minister Lord Green Lad (Shangxiang qingtong jun 上相青童君), one of the foremost

immortals of the Shangqing revelations (see YJQQ 4.7b). Its direct link with *1101.a Taiping jing* is not clear, but JIA SHANXIANG (774 *Youlong zhuan* 4.18b) lists a *Taiping bizhi*—"said to have been transmitted by the Great Minister Lord Green Lad and that discusses the methods of Keeping the One"—among the subsidiary texts of the great scripture. This text must be the present work.

The main theme of the treatise is the unity of the Three Energies: essence (*jing* 精), godhead (*shen* 神), and pneuma (*qi* 氣).

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2.B.4 The Taixuan Division

Chuanshou jingjie yi zhujue 傳授經戒儀註訣

17 fols.

Early Tang (618–907)

1238 (fasc. 989)

"Annotated Instructions for the Protocol of Transmission of the Scripture and the Rules." This work concerns the transfer of the *Daode jing* 道德經, its commentaries, and the corresponding ritual texts, which, together, form the Taixuan division of the Taoist canon of the Tang dynasty (see list on page 4b). The present work is included and listed as the eighth scroll (juan) of the group of texts of the division. Thus, the SDZN (5.5b) quotes the "Annotated Instructions" as "Number Eight of the Taixuan Scriptures," and 1240 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi shou sandong jingjie falu zeri li* 4b refers to our book as "Annotated Instructions by Lord Lao for the Transmission of the Dongxuan Division.

For a study of the present protocol and a discussion of its date as an early Tang work, see Kusuyama, *Rōshi densetsu*, 140–43 and 261–67.

The transmission of this group of texts of the Taixuan division coincides with the conferral of a corresponding rank in the Taoist hierarchy of the times. The ordinand is called a disciple of the register (*lusheng* 籙生). During the ceremony, he or she is presented by a Master of the Three Caverns (*sandong fashi* 三洞法師) to a Great Master of Highest Mystery (*Taishang gaoxuan fashi* 太上高玄法師). The latter title is borne by those who possess the *Daode jing*, and it is indeed this master who confers the ordination (compare 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.7a). According to the present protocol, however, the ordinand does not himself receive this title. Instead, after having received the Taixuan division scriptures, he is simply called Disciple of the Three Treasures (*sanbao dizi* 三寶弟子; compare also 1244 *Shoulu cidi*

faxin yi 6a). The text indicates, moreover, that when the ordinand is called upon to officiate, his title will be Ritual Master of the *Daode jing*. He must await the moment when, having advanced through successive stages, he will become Master of the Three Caverns (see 14b). The present ordination is therefore regarded as only one stage of many more to come.

The oath (*mengwen* 盟文; 16a) delivered by the disciple is also known from other documents; it is found in WSBY 37.2b–3b, as well as in the Dunhuang manuscripts Pelliot 2347, 2350, 2417, and 2735, all dating from the period between 709 and 757 (see Schipper, “Taoist ordination ranks,” 137).

The Taixuan division as defined by the present protocol contains no more than seven works comprising ten scrolls: the *Daode jing* “in large characters” (without commentary); the Heshang gong and the Xiang’er commentaries; the Annotated and Illustrated Instructions by Lord Lao for Meditation (*Laojun sishen tu zhujue* 老君思神圖注戒; this should be the same work as 875 *Taishang laojun da cunsi tu zhujue*); the present protocol; and, finally, the Rituals for the Spontaneous Retreat and for the Audience (*Ziran zhai* 自然齋 and *Ziran chao* 自然朝) of the Old Lord. These rituals are no longer extant.

The rules to be observed by the disciple are called the Essential Commandments in Three Classes (*sanpin yaojie* 三品要戒; 9a). They were originally issued by Xiang’er (see page 3b) and should therefore be the same as the *Daode zunjing Xiang’er jie* 道德尊經想爾戒 mentioned in 784 *Taishang laojun jiejing* 1a–b.

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Taishang sandong chuanshou daode jing zixu lu baibiao yi

太上三洞傳授道德經紫虛籙拜表儀

19 fols.

Edited by DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

808 (fasc. 566)

“Ritual of the Presentation of Memorials for the Transmission of the Register of the Purple Void and the *Daode jing*, in the Tradition of the Liturgical Scriptures of the Three Caverns.” The ordination of the *zixu lu* 紫虛籙 marked the first step in the hierarchy of Taoist masters in Tang times. The present ordination ritual is divided into two parts: a ceremony of repentance, probably coming at the end of the period of retreat and seclusion of the ordinants (1a–12a), and a *daochang* 道場 ritual, to be performed three days later by the disciples themselves, or, if they are not yet capable of performing it correctly, by the senior master who has sponsored (*jianbao* 監保) their ordination.

The first part is composed mainly of hymns and texts of repentance. At the end, a memorial announcing the merit and seeking atonement for sins is presented (*yangong xiegao zhang* 言功謝過章).

The second part marks the actual ordination. The disciples, who are referred to by the title of Newly Ordained in the Register of the Purple Void (*xinshou taishang daode gaoxuan gaoshang zixu dizi* 新授太上道德高玄高上紫虛弟子), receive: the *Daode jing* “with the black tassels and the golden button” on the wrapper (*qingsi jinniu* 青絲金紐); the register *Gaoshang zixu tianshu bilu* 高上紫虛天書祕籙; the commentary by HESHANG GONG (*Heshang gong zhangju* 河上公章句); the Rules of Xiang’er (*Xiang’er yaojie* 想爾要戒); 875 *Taishang laojun da cunsi tu zhujue*; 1238 *Chuanshou jingjie yi zhujue*; 666 *Xisheng jing*; the *Miaozhen xuanjing* 妙真玄經; the *Liujia cuntu* 六甲存圖; the *Lizang yuli* 歷藏玉曆 (this may well be another title for 1168 *Taishang laojun zhongjing*); and the liturgical rituals that correspond to the qualifications of the masters of this rank.

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Taishang laojun da cunsi tu zhujue 太上老君大存思圖注訣

25 fols.

Early Tang (618–907)

875 (fasc. 580)

“Instructions and Illustrations of the Principal Visualizations of the Most High Lord Lao.” A scripture bearing this title existed before the seventh century: 1238 *Chuanshou jingjie yi zhujue* 4b presents a *Laojun sishen tu zhujue* 老君思神圖注訣 as the seventh of the ten juan of the Taixuan section of the *Daozang*. The present text addresses the transmission and recitation of the basic scripture of this section, namely, the *Daode jing* 道德經 (23a, 24b, YJQQ 43.6a), and it refers to the *Xiang’er zhu* 想爾注, also of the same section (11a; see 1238 *Chuanshou jingjie yi zhujue* 4b). Finally, a few paragraphs correspond to prescriptions given for the transmission of the *Laozi* in the WSBY (WSBY 37.1a–b, 5b corresponds to YJQQ 43.6b, 7b, 16b–17a).

This text is quoted as the *Laojun cunsi tu* 老君存思圖 in 463 *Taoxiu keyi jielü chao* (where 2.7a–8a corresponds to 18a–21b of the present text; 8a5–b1 is not found in our text). With the exception of 4b–9b, 19a–b, 24b–25b and all drawings, the entire text corresponds, apart from a few variants, to paragraphs 9–18 of the YJQQ’s edition of the *Laojun cunsi tu* in eighteen paragraphs (*pian* 篇) with a preface (*xu* 序; 43.3a–17b). The original text certainly included the seven supplementary paragraphs found in the YJQQ: paragraph 5 is the one that deals with the transmission of the *Daode jing*; paragraphs 6 and 7 describe the entrance onto the sacred area and therefore constitute the counterpart to paragraphs 12 and 13, on the subject of leaving the sacred area (YJQQ 43.13a–14a corresponds to 875 13a–14a). Paragraphs 1 to 4, finally, are also essential, as they describe the transformation of the Hall of the Retreat into the Mountain of the Jade Capital, Yujing shan (玉京山) and the visualization of the Three Treasures and the *Daode tianzun* 道德天尊 of the Ten Directions. Pages 4b–9b, which are missing



FIGURE 39. Visualization of the Three Pure Ones (875 21a–b).



FIGURE 40. Visualization of the gods while ascending the altar (875 21b–22b).

in the YJQQ, must also belong to the original text, for visualizations described in these pages are announced at the beginning of the paragraph (875 1a; YJQQ 43.8a). In the text of the YJQQ the illustrations are said to be lost (YJQQ 43.3b).

The preface in the YJQQ describes the fundamental importance of the methodical practice of visualizations to obtain great enlightenment (*dajue* 大覺; 43.3b). Visualizations may be performed in a seated position (paragraph 10) or lying down (paragraph 11; see 875 12a–b). The text also provides descriptions of visualizations specific to the six different hours of the day for practicing the Tao (*xingdao* 行道; paragraph 14, 14b), and of visualizations that must precede the ascension of the rostrum (*deng gaozuo* 登高座), whether for the purposes of predication or recitation (paragraphs 15 to 17; 875 18a–22b) (see figs. 39–44).

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FIGURE 41. Vision after ten thousand recitations of the *Daode jing* (875 23b–24b).

FIGURE 42. How to meditate before sleeping (875 12b).

服冠青帳
服餘取宜
裝



FIGURE 43. Vision after emerging from meditation at night (875 14a–b).



FIGURE 44. Visualization before ascending the chair for giving a sermon (875 18b).

Taishang laojun neiguan jing 太上老君內觀經

7 fols.

Early Tang (618–907)

64I (fasc. 342)

“Book of the Inner Vision, by the Most High Lord Lao.” In 1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo* 2.5b–7a ZHANG WANFU quotes extensively from this work (2a–6a), which, stylistically as well as in content, shows affinities with 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing* (compare page 5a.6 of the present text).

The work treats the theoretical background of ecstatic introspection, the development of the embryo, the nomenclature of the spirits of the body, and the state of ataraxy. It has exerted a wide influence and is often quoted in later commentaries.

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Taishang laojun xuanmiao zhenzhong neide shenzhou jing

太上老君玄妙枕中內德神咒經

3 fols.

Tang (618–907)

872 (fasc. 580)

“Divine Spells of Inner Virtue, from the Mystical Pillow of the Most High Lord Lao.” To judge by the bibliographical record, this little manual must have been very popular. From 1237 *Sandong xiudao yi* 5b we know that it was one of the texts transmitted on ordination into the rank of Gaoxuan daoshi 高玄道士. At the end of the Tang, it was used by lay people as well (590 *Daojiao lingyan ji* 12.8a–b; the same story is also included in 592 *Shenxian ganyu zhuan* 1.13a–b). In Southern Song times (1127–1279), this text was still used liturgically (1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 3.21a). It also found its way into imperial and private libraries (VDL 15).

After a short introduction, the text provides a protective spell and then several methods and formulas to be put into practice at night, before sleeping, in order to ensure a quiet rest.

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Zhenzhong jing 枕中經

3 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1422 (fasc. 1055)

This is the same text as 872 *Taishang laojun xuanmiao zhenzhong neide shenzhou jing* (q.v.).

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Taishang laojun jiejing 太上老君戒經

29 fols.

Early Tang (618–907)

784 (fasc. 562)

“Commandments of the Most High Lord Lao.” As explained at the beginning of the book, the sage, after having transmitted the *Daode jing* 道德經 to Yin Xi 尹喜, also gave him these rules, at the latter’s request, during their journey to India.

As indicated on page 29b, the present text, with commentary, is incomplete. The mention of a “first part” at the beginning and a reference to a later chapter on page 13b indicate that the book comprised more than one juan. Part of the work, with its commentary (pages 7b to 10a and 11b to 19a), was reproduced in YJQQ 39.14b–16b.

The commandments—which consist of the five interdictions of murder, theft, lewdness, untruth, and alcohol—correspond to the *pañca-sīla* that Buddhism prescribes for its lay adepts. Here, twenty-five guardian deities protect those who have adopted the rules (see page 11a). Then the text indicates numerous correspondences between the Five Commandments, the Text in Five Thousand Characters (the *Daode jing*), the Five Viscera, the Five Emperors, and others.

Before pronouncing the commandments, Lord Lao quotes a hymn in three stanzas: the Formula in Praise of the Scriptures (*Lijing zhu* 禮經祝), first found in 344 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui benyuan dajie shangpin jing* 7a–8a.

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2.B.5 Sanhuang Scriptures and Rituals

As during the Six Dynasties (220–589) period, under the Tang (618–907) the *Sanhuang wen* 三皇文, the fundamental text of the Dongshen division, did not develop into a major tradition but remained almost invisible. The contents of the present section reflect this state. It seems as if the Dongshen division existed mainly as a minor ordination grade within the Tang liturgical organization, since a sizeable proportion of all texts preserved are related to this institution. Moreover, because the original *Sanhuang wen* texts were in fact little more than the talismans of the Three Sovereigns and the Map of the True Form of the Five Sacred Peaks (*Wuyue zhenxing tu* 五嶽真形圖), both a form of diagram, it seems that the Dongshen division also became the repository of other similar documents and their accompanying rituals. The work 1202 *Dongshen badi yuanbian jing* deals with methods of magic and prognostication linked

to the Eight Archivists (*bashi* 八史)—spirits of the Eight Trigrams—whereas other rites involve the powers of the River Chart (*Hetu* 河圖). That the *Sanhuang wen* and *Wuyue zhenxing tu* talismans continued to be popular in Tang times can be seen from many contemporary accounts (cf. CGF 77).

Dongshen badi yuanbian jing 洞神八帝元變經

39 fols.

Eighth or ninth century?

1202 (fasc. 876)

“Scripture of the Mysterious [read *xuan* 玄 for *yuan* 元] Transformation of the Eight Emperors, of the Dongshen Canon.” The present book describes a technique of divination based on the summoning of the Eight Archivists (*bashi* 八史), the spirits of the Eight Trigrams (2b–7a). An earlier version of this technique is found in 767 *Taishang tongling bashi shengwen zhenxing tu*, which may be dated to the third or fourth century A.D., and which represents the period before the methods related to the Eight Archivists were classified as belonging to any particular tradition. As testified by the present book, and by references to the Register of the Eight Archivists (*Bashi lu* 八史錄) in other Tang dynasty texts, these methods were later absorbed as parts of the Dongshen canon (see, e.g., 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.7b). The title of the present book is found in the fourteen-juan list of the *Dongshen jing*, included in 803 *Taishang dongshen sanhuang yi* 5a–b, in which juan 7–9 are listed as the three parts of the *Badi xuanbian jing* 八帝玄變經 (see 640 *Dongshen badi miaojing jing*). The content of the books listed in 803 *Sanhuang yi* seems to comprise practices related to the Eight Archivists (cf. the survey of the contents of a *Dongshen jing* in fourteen juan—referring to the same set of material as 803 *Sanhuang yi*—found in 1125 *Kejie yingshi* 4.7b). Thus it seems likely that the present book corresponds to the title listed in 803 *Sanhuang yi*.

A version of the method described is said to have been edited by the Buddhist monk Huizong 惠宗, who lived on Mount Songgao 嵩高 (34a–b). Nothing is known from the standard historical sources about this monk, but the information of the present book places him somewhere in the third or early fourth century A.D. The author makes several comparisons with Huizong’s version, stating that Huizong used special names, incomprehensible to noninitiates, for the herbs used, as a part of the method, in the preparation of medicines (preface 2a), and that he expanded the section on forms of the Paces of Yu (*Yubu* 禹步) so as to include more than ninety variants (11b).

The present version is associated with another line of transmission (35a), originating with an immortal by the name of Yan Daoseng 延道僧, who in 508 revealed the method to three persons staying in the western mountains in Youzhou 幽州 (Hebei). The line of transmission comprises six stages, ending with one Zu Ji 祖積, and in-

cludes two Buddhist monks from the Yongtai si 永泰寺 monastery. There was a Yongtai si on Mount Songgao, but it was so named only in 706 (see “Zhongyue Yongtai si bei 中嶽永泰寺碑,” dated 752, in *Jinshi cuibian* 89.1a–5b). Thus the present version may be tentatively dated to the eighth or ninth century.

The book is divided into fifteen sections, corresponding to various elements or aspects of the technique of summoning the Eight Archivists. These elements include the Paces of Yu (section 4, 11a–13a); the fu of the Eight Trigrams (*Bagua fu* 八卦符), one set of which is swallowed and another suspended at the sides of the altar (section 5, 13a–16b); and the preparation of a medicine (section 6, 16b–19a). The central part of the technique is a large offering (*ji* 祭; section 10, 23a–25b). The effect of these elements is that the Eight Archivists are “summoned and made subservient” (*zhao yi* 召役), and the overall aim is that the spirits will appear in front of the practitioner (*shuren* 術人), who may ask them questions about the future, past, and distant events (section 11, 25b–27b). A secondary effect is that these spirits will be at his service and provide protection as well as any conceivable kind of blessing (2b–3a, 27a).

The technique of summoning the Eight Archivists is described in the present book as more elaborate and more esoteric than in the earlier 767 *Bashi shengwen zhenxing tu*. It can be performed only by a male practitioner, who preferably uses a secluded place in the mountains where he has constructed a temple (*shenshi* 神室) especially for the performance of the practice (19a–20b), and who keeps even the offerings free from the polluting touch of female hands (25a). Compare the ritual carried out in people’s homes, preferably by a husband and wife in unison, described in 767 *Bashi shengwen zhenxing tu*. Note also that the present book modifies the standard cosmological setting presented in 767 *Bashi shengwen zhenxing tu*—where the Eight Archivists are described as delegates of the archives of fate in the Big Dipper—by referring to the spirits as “assistant scribes of the Southern Dipper” (*Nandou shizuo* 南斗史佐; 1a, 2b). Nevertheless, there is a clear connection between the two forms of the technique. The names of the spirits in 767 *Bashi shengwen zhenxing tu* are found in the present book in the names of the set of fu to be suspended at the sides of the altar; these names accompany the new names given to the archivists in the present book. Moreover, the actual form of the two sets of fu clearly shows them to be related to the two sets of the first part of 767 *Bashi shengwen zhenxing tu*, as does the agreement on the functional division between the two sets.

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Taishang sanhuang baozhai shenxian shanglu jing 太上三皇寶齋神仙上錄經
Tang (618–907)?

854 (fasc. 575)

“Supreme Scripture on the Registration as a Divine Immortal [through the Performance of] the Precious Retreat of the Three Sovereigns.” The book describes a method of performing a Retreat (*zhaifa* 齋法) belonging to the Dongshen tradition. The practitioner refers to himself as a disciple of that tradition (*dongshen dizi* 洞神弟子; 5b), and the division of the Dongshen canon into books, each transmitted by one of the Three Sovereigns and the Eight Emperors (*badi* 八帝), is alluded to (1b–2a, 5b; see 640 *Dongshen badi miaojing jing*). The main elements of the Retreat comprise ablutions, offerings of incense, and the lighting of lamps (*randeng* 然燈). It is concluded by an offering (*jiaoyi* 醮儀) to the Three Sovereigns (5a–6b).

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Dongxuan lingbao hetu yangxie sanshiliu tian zhaiyi

洞玄靈寶河圖仰謝三十六天齋儀

4 juan

515 (fasc. 292)

Dongxuan lingbao hetu yangxie sanshiliu tubuang zhaiyi

洞玄靈寶河圖仰謝三十六土皇齋儀

4 juan

Late Tang (618–907)

516 (fasc. 292)

“Rituals of the Retreat of the River Chart for Atonement to the Thirty-six Heavenly [Emperors] and Earthly Sovereigns, of the Dongxuan Lingbao Canon.” According to the text itself (5b, and passim), this ritual was part of a Prayer Retreat of the Median Principle (*Zhongyuan qiqing dazhai* 中元祈請大齋) celebrated in a sacred area (*shan* 壇), in accordance with the Dongshen 洞神法 rites. The detailed instructions at the beginning of 515 *Dongxuan lingbao hetu yangxie sanshiliu tian zhaiyi* for the construction of this sacred area, with its three altars, tell us that in the center of the *shan* there had to be a flagpole, fifteen feet high, with a banner bearing the fifteen sacred signs of the *Sanhuang tianwen* 三皇天文 (1a). Therefore, this Lingbao Retreat is based on the Sanhuang Register.

Each of the four juan of 515 *Tian zhaiyi* contains the prayers addressed to nine Heavenly Emperors (in the first juan the passages 7 to 9 are missing), and the four juan of the present text follow a similar pattern. Each god has a different secret name (*hui* 諱) but the same epithet: True Essence in Response to the Great Tao of Supreme Nonaction, Most True, Most High, Negated Nothingness (Taishang wuwu zhizhen

wushang wuwei dadao yinggan zhenjing 太上無無至真無上無爲大道應感真精). A similar epithet is applied to the gods invoked in the cognate 805 *Taishang dongshen taiyuan hetu sanyuan yangxie yi*, edited by DU GUANGTING.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongshen taiyuan hetu sanyuan yangxie yi

太上洞神太元河圖三元仰謝儀

31 fols.

Edited by DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

805 (fasc. 565)

“Ritual of the River Chart of the Great Origin, for Atonement to the Three Principles, a Dongshen Canon.” Although this ritual is cognate to 515 *Dongxuan lingbao hetu yangxie sanshiliu tian zhaiyi* and 516 *Dongxuan lingbao hetu yangxie sanshiliu tubuang zhaiyi*, there are many dissimilar details, notably in the layout of the sacred area (*shan* 壇). This group of rites may derive from the *Hetu dazhai* 河圖大齋, which the emperor Tang Xuanzong (r. 712–756) asked LI HANGUANG to perform on his behalf on Maoshan 茅山 (see 304 *Maoshan zhi* 8.9a).

The present text accords with other liturgies edited by DU GUANGTING (cf. the ordination title on 20b), and the attribution would present no difficulty were it not for the fact that on 1b and following there is a reference to a *Huanglu licheng yi* 黃籙立成儀 containing detailed diagrams of the sacred area. This text could be the work of a certain Lü Yun 呂雲, a contemporary of JIN YUNZHONG (fl. 1224–1225; see 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 44.17b). The work 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 319.18b quotes the same text as an authority for the layout of the altar. On the other hand, it seems that the *Hetu dazhai* was no longer celebrated in Southern Song times (1127–1279), and the reference to *Huanglu licheng yi* may be a later interpolation.

Kristofer Schipper

Dongshen sanhuang qishier jun zhai fangchan yi

洞神三皇七十二君齋方懺儀

8 fols.

Edited by DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

804 (fasc. 565)

“Ritual of Repentance to the (Four) Directions during the Retreat of the Seventy-two Lords of the Three Sovereigns, from the Dongshen Canon.” This rite of pardon is cognate to 805 *Taishang dongshen taiyuan hetu sanyuan yangxie yi*. The seventy-two lords (*jun* 君) correspond to the four directions of Heaven and Earth, respectively. In each of these eight directions there are nine lords. To each group is addressed an

offering of incense, flowers, lamps, and other things, and blessings are invoked for the ruling emperor. In addition, a final prayer is addressed to Taiyi 太一.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongshen sanhuang yi 太上洞神三皇儀

13 fols.

Early Tang (618–907)

803 (fasc. 565)

“Ritual of the Three Sovereigns.” This text contains the liturgical protocol for the transmission of the scriptures of the Dongshen division and related talismans and writs. The ceremony for ordination and initiation into the arcana of one of the seven canonical degrees is comparable to that of the Taixuan division contained in 1238 *Chuanshou jingjie yi zhujue*. Both texts resemble each other in the way the lists of scriptures to be transmitted are presented; the two texts should belong to the same period, the beginning of the Tang.

The present text appears to be incomplete. The Opening of the Incense Burner (*fulu* 發鑪) rite is not matched with a corresponding “closing” (*fulu* 復鑪) rite at the end. The ritual stops abruptly with the presentation of the attributes of the Three Sovereigns. It is probable that 1284 *Taishang dongshen sanhuang chuanshou yi* corresponds to the missing final part of our ritual.

The ritual offers important information on the contents of the Dongshen division in Tang times. Of the texts listed on pages 5a–b, the first eleven juan (out of fourteen) are early, since they are already mentioned in the *Dongshen bilu* 洞神祕籙 catalogue (in WSBY 30.3a). According to this source, one juan was devoted to each of the Three Sovereigns and the Eight Emperors (*badi* 八帝). We find a confirmation of this arrangement in eleven juan in YJQQ 6.11b–12a, with the additional information that it was the work of TAO HONGJING. The same passage states earlier on that as a result of the addition of three juan of ritual, the number of juan had been raised to fourteen. This number corresponds exactly to the list provided in the present text. The passage of the YJQQ corresponds, according to Ōfuchi Ninji (*Dōkyōshi no kenkyū*, 280–92), to the *Xuanmen dayi* 玄門大儀, a Taoist encyclopedia of the beginning of the seventh century.

The fourteenth juan in the list is a ritual of transmission (*Sanhuang chuanshou yi* 三皇傳授儀). This ritual may well correspond to our present text. As a matter of fact, a quote in YJQQ 6.10a from the fourteenth juan of the *Dongshen* [*jing* 經] corresponds to a passage on page 12b in our text. However, other quotations from the same source (YJQQ 6.11a; SDZN 2.8a; SDZN 4.9a) do not correspond. The fourteen juan of the Dongshen division, together with the related talismans and writs, are also mentioned in 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.7b.

The present ritual gives the texts of all the documents and memorials used for the transmission and describes the transferal of the different scriptures and talismans. The sacred characters of the Writs of the Three Sovereigns (*Sanhuang wen* 三皇文) are translated and read aloud by the master, and the disciple repeats the sounds after him.

The ritual contains many elements of the Heavenly Master tradition (see the ordination titles of the officiant on pages 1a and 2b), whereas the transmission ritual given in WSBY 38 corresponds more closely the Lingbao type.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongshen sanhuang chuanshou yi 太上洞神三皇傳授儀

16 fols.

Early Tang (618–907)

1284 (fasc. 1005)

“Ritual for Transmission of the Scriptures of the Dongshen Division.” The first part of the text is missing; there is a Closing of the Incense Burner (*fulu* 復鑪) rite on page 14a, whereas the corresponding “opening” (*fulu* 發鑪) rite is absent from the beginning. The different writs and talismans mentioned on 13a are all listed in 803 *Taishan dongshen sanguan yi*. All this points to a close relationship between the two fragments, which may indeed have originally belonged to the same text.

The scriptural transmission corresponds to an initiation and ordination as disciple of the Inner Light of the Three Sovereigns of the Dongshen [Canon] (*dongshen sanhuang neijing dizi* 洞神三皇內景弟子).

The larger part of the remaining ritual (1a–10b) contains the text of the Register of the True Officials (*zhenguan lu* 真官籙) of the Three Sovereigns, which is transmitted to the ordinand by the officiating great master. This master states in a long text of atonement (*daxie* 大謝; 10b–13a) that the prescribed period between two initiations for this ritual canon is forty years. The transferal of the sacred writs then takes place by fixing them on different parts of the ordinand’s clothing and body (13a). Finally, the disciple is presented to the gods (*chaobai* 朝拜), and the officiants leave the altar to perform the customary rites of closure.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongshen xingdao shoudu yi 太上洞神行道授度儀

15 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1283 (fasc. 1005)

“Liturgy for the Transmission of the Dongshen Division.” In a truncated and, perhaps for this reason, unsigned colophon, the author explains that he compiled

the present liturgical protocol because at his time the rituals for the transmission of the Dongshen scriptures had become incomplete or were no longer well known. He claims to have made use of different canonical sources. Indeed, the part more specifically devoted to transmission (*chuanshou yi* 傳授儀; 10a–13b) is by and large similar to the corresponding ritual in WSBY 38 (*Shou Dongshen sanhuang yi pin* 授洞神三皇儀品). The text of the oath (*mengwen* 盟文), which our text mentions on 11b, is provided in WSBY 38.2b.

Albeit in an abbreviated way, the present work gives the complete protocol for a service of transmission. First there is a Nocturnal Announcement (*sugui fa* 宿啓法; 1a–1b), followed by an Announcement of Merit (*yangong fa* 言功法; 1b–3a). After the Retreat, the great liturgy begins with the solemn invocation of the gods (*Dongshen xingdao yi* 洞神行道儀; 3a–6b) and the Offering (*Dongshen sanhuang jiaoji yi* 洞神三皇醮祭儀; 6b–9a). The ritual area is then cleared for the rites of transmission (*chuanshou yi*; see above), and an audience rite (*chaoli* 朝禮; 13b–15b) is held for the presentation of the ordinand to the gods.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongshen wuxing zan 太上洞神五星讚

7 fols.

Attributed to Zhang Heng 張衡, *zi* Pingzi 平子 (78–139)

976 (fasc. 614)

“Hymns to the Five Planets, a Dongshen Scripture of the Most High.” This work contains in fact no chants, poems, or hymns to the glory of the planets, but a treatise on these stars, their deities, and powers. The present title is erroneous.

Zhang Heng was a prominent scholar, astrologer, and mathematician. The present work recommends burning incense and presenting *jiao* 醮 offerings to the Office of Water (*shuifu* 水府) as a means for averting the baleful influence of the planets at certain conjunctions; it also uses names like Najie 那頡 for the planet Venus (Jinxing 金星). Although the style is archaic, it is not a Han text. There is an interesting passage on the risks posed to the court by powerful empresses (7b). The work could be of Tang date (618–907).

Kristofer Schipper

2.B.6 Dongyuan and Shengxuan Scriptures and Rituals

2.B.6.a The *Dongyuan shenzhou jing*

Reference is made, for this section, to 335 *Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing*. The original work in ten juan dates from the late Eastern Jin (317–420). At the beginning of the Five Dynasties (907–960), DU GUANGTING expanded the text to twenty juan. This is the basic text of the *Shenzhou jing* 神咒經 found in the *Daozang* edition. It comprises the same ten juan (apart from some variations) of the Dunhuang versions, plus eight later juan (11 to 18) from the Tang period (618–907). At the beginning of that dynasty the tradition of the *Dongyuan shenzhou jing* was recognized as a Taoist order (see 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 5.3b and 445 *Dongxuan lingbao sanshi minghui xingzhuang juguan fangsuo wen* 3a). Several rituals, which Du included in his twenty-juan edition, are also found separately in the *Daozang*.

Taishang dongyuan shuo qingyu longwang jing 太上洞淵說請雨龍王經

4 fols.

362 (fasc. 180)

“Scripture of the Dragon-Kings for Praying for Rain, Preached by the Most High, [Lord of] the Abyss.” This text corresponds to 335 *Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing* 13.1a–4a (see Mollier, *Une apocalypse taoïste*, 64). From above the Three Heavens the Lord of the Way sees an epidemic spreading throughout the world. Seated on a cloud of five colors, he descends and, having attracted with his radiance the dragon-kings of all the heavens, he preaches the Orthodox Way to them. He concludes by enjoining them to save the people with a torrential rain.

Next the Tao speaks to describe a ritual for averting all manner of misfortune. The ritual consists in reciting, over a period of three days and three nights on a sacred area composed of “the thrones of the nine dragons and the images of the five saints,” the “marvelous scripture of the divine formula of the dragon-kings of all the heavens.” If, after the ritual is completed, a house is struck by lightning during the ensuing storm, the family involved must write the names of the dragon-kings of the Four Seas and suspend them in the four corners of the house and then burn incense and invoke the dragon-kings. The latter will then spew forth water, and the spirit of the flames will hide itself under the earth. Finally, says the Tao, the faithful should worship the dragon-kings regularly on every day of the new and the full moon.

John Lagerwey

Dongxuan lingbao bajie zhai suqi yi 洞玄靈寶八節齋宿啓儀

9 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1296 (fasc. 1009)

“Ritual for the [First] Night Communication of the Retreat of the Eight Nodes.”

The title refers to the divisions of the solar year. This minor Lingbao Retreat is mentioned in 463 *Taoxian keyi jielü chao* 8.1b, where it is said that its aim is “to wash away new and old sins.” There is no evidence that it was practiced either before or after the Tang.

We do not find here the rites of installation of the officiants and the proclamation of rules for the Retreat that are common in the *suqi* 宿啓 rituals performed at the start of larger Lingbao services. After the presentation of the memorial (*ci* 詞), there is a proclamation of the Ten Rules (*shijie* 十戒).

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang sanwu bangjiu jiao wudi duanwen yi 太上三五降救醮五帝斷瘟儀

12 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

809 (fasc. 566)

“Offering to the Five Emperors for Abolishing Epidemics, Thanks to the Immediate Succor of the Most High Three and Five.” This is a small domestic service to be performed in the case of epidemics. It is related to the *Dongyuan shenzhou* tradition. The present offering could be performed in conjunction with a *shenzhou zhai* 神咒齋 (1a), and the officiant has the title of *dongyuan dizi* 洞淵弟子 (2a). Among the offerings are listed five dishes of Fate Rice (*minglu mi wupan* 命祿米五盤), as well as wine and dried deer meat (*jiubu* 酒脯). Not only these offerings but also the style in which the text of the ritual is written are archaic and primitive: The oral prayer (*kouzhong ciyu* 口中詞語) is partly in rhymed four-character phrases (3b–5a). The offering of tea (5a) suggests a popular ritual of the Tang dynasty.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongyuan sanmei shenzhou zhai chanxie yi

太上洞淵三昧神咒齋懺謝儀

20 fols.

Edited by DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

525 (fasc. 294)

“Ritual of Confession and Atonement for the Retreat of the Divine Incantations of the *Samādhi* and the Abyssal Caverns [Revealed] by the Most High.” This text, signed by DU GUANGTING, belongs to the Tang liturgical tradition of the 355 *Taishang dong-*

yuan shenzhou jing (see also 526 *Taishang dongyuan sanmei shenzhou zhai qingtan xingdao yi* and 527 *Taishang dongyuan sanmei shenzhou zhai shifang chanyi*). The hymns (*song* 頌) for the Ten Directions of this ritual (2a to end) are indeed those (apart from some variations) in which juan 15 of the Tang version of the *Shenzhou jing* 神咒經 “Buxu jiekao 步虛解考” [Pacing the Void to Avoid Punishment] mainly consisted (2a–10a). These hymns are, themselves, likely revisions of ancient hymns found in juan 3 (2a, 3b, 5b, 8a, 9b, and 10a) of the original (fifth century) *Shenzhou jing*.

The fact that Du signed independent editions of this *Shenzhou jing* penitential ritual (see also 527 *Shifang chanyi*) testifies to his personal interest in perpetuating this liturgical tradition—during the first decades of the tenth century, he also edited and prefaced the *Daozang* edition of the *Shenzhou jing* in its extended version of twenty juan—and to the undeniable importance of this sui generis tradition during the Tang dynasty. This ritual was performed by the masters of the *Shenzhou jing* 神咒經師 (445 *Dongxuan lingbao sanshi minghui xingzhuang juguan fangsuo wen* 3a), also called masters of the Law of the Great Religion of the *Samādhi* and the Divine Incantations of the Abyss (1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 5.3b), who formed an order within the sacerdotal Taoist system of the Tang dynasty (cf. 1237 *Sandong xiudao yi* 8b; 1125 *Kejie Yingshi*; Schipper, “Taoist ordination ranks”).

Compared to the version found in *Shenzhou jing* 15, DU GUANGTING’s “new” liturgy shows a concern for systematization and conformity with current religious tastes. No mention is made of the archaic Pacing the Void rites. The mediumistic, spoken aspect of juan 15 of the *Shenzhou jing*, with the stereotyped formula “the Tao says” (*Tao yan* 道言), is almost completely absent (except for one example: 2b).

The ritual is intended for a family to cure illnesses, to expel demons, avoid natural calamities, and so on. Proselytism, which had been at the core of the therapeutic and liturgical performances of the masters of the *Shenzhou jing* in the early stages of the movement, is still alive: families are encouraged to receive the sacred book (4a.7), that is, to become initiated. Rites of confession are performed by the participants in the ten directions; the *Shenzhou jing* and the hymns and incantations are recited.

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Christine Mollier

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太上洞淵三昧神咒齋清旦行道儀

8 fols.

Edited by DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)?

526 (fasc. 294)

“Morning Audience for the Retreat of the Divine Incantations of the *Samādhi* and the Abyssal Caverns [Revealed] by the Most High.” This is the Morning Audience ritual of the liturgy of the Dongyuan shenzhou order. The preceding text (525 *Taishang dongyuan sanmei shenzhou zhai chanxie yi*) as well as the next one (527 *Taishang dongyuan sanmei shenzhou zhai shifang chanyi*) equally belong to this service. These three rituals do not form a complete set. Not only those for the Noon and Evening Audiences are missing (see note on page 1a), but probably others as well. There are no fundamental reasons against the attribution to DU GUANGTING; the claim “edited by Du,” however, is also found in a number of texts of obviously later date.

The officiant is identified as a Great Ritual Master of the Three Caverns who, on this occasion, “respectfully performs the rites of the Retreat of Great *Samādhi* and Divine Spells” (page 2a). The purpose of the service is clearly of a healing and exorcistic nature. The invocation of divine helper spirits (pages 6a to 7b) is based on the liturgy of the Heavenly Master school (*Santian fashi Zhengyi kepin* 三天法師正一科品).

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongyuan sanmei shenzhou zhai shifang chanyi
太上洞淵三昧神咒齋十方懺儀

10 fols.

By DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)?

527 (fasc. 294)

“Ritual of Confession to the Ten Directions for the Retreat of the Divine Incantations of the *Samādhi* and the Abyssal Caverns [revealed] by the Most High.” This work forms part of DU GUANGTING’s “new” liturgy of 335 *Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing*. It is closely linked, indeed complementary, to 525 *Taishang dongyuan sanmei shenzhou zhai chanxie yi*. Both of these rituals of confession are signed by Du and consist mainly in the same hymns to the Ten Directions found in juan 15 of the Tang *Shenzhou jing* (see 525 *Chanxie yi*).

Christine Mollier

Taishang dongyuan sanmei dixin guangming zhengyin taiji ziwei fumo
zhigui zhengjiu edao jifu jixiang shenzhou 太上洞淵三昧帝心光明正印

太極紫微伏魔制鬼拯救惡道集福吉祥神咒

5 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

386 (fasc. 182)

“Spell of Auspicious and Exorcistic Power, of the Luminous Heart Seal of *Samādhi*, from the Dongyuan Tradition.” This longest of all the titles in the *Daozang* introduces a strange spell composed of long and incomprehensible phrases (a standard length is twenty-five characters) that all end in the refrain “*jixiang yin tan chijun* 吉祥音檀熾鈞,” meaning approximately: “auspicious sounds! resounding clappers!” The present text, which might be a fragment of a lost work (an isolated subtitle appears on 2a), is unlike any known text of the Dongyuan tradition.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongyuan beidi tianpeng huming xiaozai shenzhou miaojing

太上洞淵北帝天蓬護命消災神咒妙經

7 fols.

Late Tang (618–907)?

53 (fasc. 29)

“Marvelous Book of Divine Incantations of Tianpeng, for Protecting Life and Abolishing Disasters, a Most High Dongyuan Canon Spoken by the Emperor of the North.” This is an eschatological scripture that advocates the practice of the rites of the Emperor of the North. The method of the Emperor of the North for killing demons (*Beidi shagui zhi fa* 北帝煞鬼之法) is found, among other minor rites, in 1016 *Zhen’gao* 10.10a–11b (cf. also 1016 *Zhen’gao* 15.1a–4b) and in 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 2.11a–13b. The same rite appears in 140 *Shangqing wozhong jue* 2.17a–18b, but under the title “Method of the Emperor of the North.” The rite consists mainly in calling out the names of the Six Heavenly Palaces of Fengdu in order to marshal the demon-killing armies (the titles here are different from those given in the above-quoted texts), as well as in reciting the famous Tianpeng Incantation (see 1016 *Zhen’gao* 10.10b–11a). According to TAO HONGJING’s commentary (1016 *Zhen’gao* 11b), this method was revealed to YANG XI. It may well be, however, that the method originally belonged to an older and independent liturgical tradition (compare 49 *Dongzhen taiji beidi ziwei shenzhou miaojing*) that also continued to exist in later times (see 1412 *Taishang yuanshi tianzun shuo beidi fumo shenzhou miaojing*) and that was related to eschatological expectations and beliefs.

The present text indeed reveals a marked apocalyptic background. According to the words of the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning, traditional virtues have

completely disappeared; bandits and demons, wild animals and natural calamities injure and kill people. The number of victims of the exactions by officials are increasing. The mingling of the living with the dead and the spread of the forces of the demons of the Six Heavens are the cause of the appearance of the Three Catastrophes (*sanzai* 三災) and the impending end of the kalpa. Only *zhai* 齋 Retreats and the recitation of the names of the heavenly palaces and gates, as well as of the Tianpeng Incantation, can save the faithful.

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Christine Mollier

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2 fols.

Tang (618–907)

54 (fasc. 29)

"Marvelous Scripture of Divine Incantations of the Abyssal Caverns, [Pronounced by] the Most High for Avoiding Epidemics." This text advocates the practice of short Retreat rituals to save the sick. It was joined to three other short scriptures in the same juan of the Ming canon. Like the other three, this work dates from the Tang period.

The text describes how the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning revealed this scripture in the Supreme Yang Palace (Shangyang gong 上陽宮) to the Heavenly Worthy of the Abyssal Caverns, Dongyuan tianzun 洞淵天尊, for the purpose of saving people from devastating illnesses. These calamities are due to the perverted hearts of human beings who do not respect the Three Treasures. Their names are noted down by the emissaries of the Five Emperors (*wudi* 五帝) and other divine authorities. In retribution for sins, these gods send epidemics and disasters, not only to humans but also to domestic animals, causing them to fall ill. To be released and to have one's name erased from the registers, families should establish sacred areas (*daochang* 道場) and practice Retreats, reciting this scripture and offering incense.

Christine Mollier

2.B.6.b The *Shengxuan neijiao jing*

Taishang dongxuan lingbao xuanjie shouhui zhongzui baohu jing

太上洞玄靈寶宣戒首悔衆罪保護經

3 juan (the first juan is missing)

Tang (618–907)

460 (fasc. 203)

"Scripture of Protection for the Proclamation of the Commandments and the Confession of All Sins." This scripture presents itself as a complement to the *Shengxuan jing* 昇玄經 (see 1122 *Taishang lingbao shengxuan neijiao jing zhonghe pin shuyi shu*). It was to be transmitted to those who had already received the former scripture, as well as a (votive) Writ in Seventy-two Characters (*Fangsu qishier zi* 方素七十二字) and the Supreme Great Register (*Wushang dalu* 無上大籙; 3.11a). Since these two related documents are already mentioned in the *Shengxuan jing* itself (see WSBY 34.19a), we may conclude that the present work is later. Everything points to a date in the Tang dynasty. There are references to the calender of periodic Retreats (2.2b), to the Tang administrative system (2.3b), and to Taoists living in hermitages (3.10b).

The scripture originally comprised three juan, of which the first is lost. The second juan contains the text of five confessions for the benefit of "male and female officers" (*nannü guan* 男女官; 3b), donors (*shizhu* 施主; 5b), officiants (*chen* 臣; 7a), patrons (*zhaizhu* 齋主; 8b), and all the souls in hell (10b). These confessions should be performed according to the Lingbao rites (*Lingbao zhaifa* 靈寶齋法), as the Taishang daojun 太上道君 declares to the Heavenly Master Daoling 天師道陵 (3a).

In the third juan, Taishang daojun explains to the Heavenly Master that confession procures the salvation of the living and the dead, as it eliminates the faults that otherwise would be reported to Heaven by the censors (*siguo zhi shen* 伺過之神; 8a) who live in each person's body. Lay people are therefore advised to invite a Master of the Scriptures (*jingshi* 經師) to come to their house and recite these Writs of the Confessions of the Ascent to Mystery (*Shengxuan huiguozhi wen* 昇玄悔過之文) six times a day for a duration of either one day or three consecutive days (10a). At the end of the text there is a ritual for its transmission, by a Ritual Master of the Ascent to Mystery (*Shengxuan fashi* 昇玄法師; compare 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.8a): the Ultimate Contract of the Supreme Interior Teaching That Leads to Heaven (*Neijiao wushang dengtian biquan* 內教無上登天畢券; 10a).

John Lagerwey

2.B.7 Lingbao

2.B.7.a Scriptures

The Lingbao scriptures constitute the most voluminous part of Taoist texts of the Sui (581–618) and Tang (618–907) periods. The reason for this great number of texts may be sought in the development of monastic Taoism during the late Six Dynasties period. The history of this development has yet to be written, but it seems certain that it was mostly sponsored by governments and the ruling classes (see Schipper, “Le monachisme taoïste”), inasmuch as the monastic communities were modeled on the Buddhist *saṅgha*. From the beginning, Lingbao scriptures and liturgies had been subject to Buddhist influence. This canon, therefore, naturally came to occupy a central position in monastic Taoism. In addition, Buddhism was gaining an important foothold in popular devotion during the same period.

The interpenetration of Buddhism and Taoism accentuated the rivalry between the two. Their mutual antagonism is reflected in the famous debates, often sponsored by the emperor himself, between Buddhist and Taoist scholars in the late sixth and early seventh centuries. These debates, in turn, must have provided an incentive for the composition of the large doctrinal treatises brought together below in part 2.B.7.a.1.

These scriptures present themselves as superior teachings with respect to the original Lingbao texts. A related characteristic is the fact that they are obviously very much influenced by Buddhism, and specifically by its great sūtras such as the *Miaofa lianhua jing*, the *Dabo niepan jing*, and the *Weimojie suoshuo jing*. Taking the form of doctrinal treatises, these scriptures discuss all aspects of Buddho-Taoist thought and institutions. Although they observe the classical form of the revealed scripture, their authors were often well-known clerics. As Wu Chi-yu's pioneering study of the *Benji jing* 本際經 has shown, Liu Jinxi 劉進喜 and Li Zhongqing 李仲卿, the authors of this “Taoist sūtra,” were famous monks living in the capital. Li Zhongqing participated in the debates at the imperial academy in the presence of Emperor Tang Gaozu himself (Wu Chi-yu, *Pen-tsi king*, II–14).

These texts must have been extremely popular during the Sui and early Tang periods, given the presence of numerous copies found among the Dunhuang manuscripts. No less than eighty-one manuscripts of the *Benji jing* have been retrieved at Dunhuang (see Wu Chi-yu, *Pen-tsi king*, 1). This scripture originally comprised ten juan, of which only two survive in the Ming *Daozang* (see 336 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao yebao yinyuan jing*).

The same period saw the development of a genre of texts that constitute the opposite of the large treatises: the short doctrinal and prophylactic texts here assembled in part 2.B.7.a.3. The main characteristic of these miniature *jing* 經, some only ten or

so lines long, is that they were manifestly written for lay people, to be constantly recited or even worn on the body as amulets. Some of the most famous popular Taoist texts belong in this group, first of all 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing*, but also 19 *Taishang shengxuan xiaozai huming miaojing* and 65 *Taishang zhenyi bao fumu enzhong jing*. Many of these short texts were engraved in stone. The Dunhuang manuscripts contain numerous copies. A number of commentaries were written on these texts in later times (see part 3.A.1.e). The fact that these and a number of other scriptures in this chapter do not bear the epithet *Lingbao* in their titles, but are instead considered as revealed by Taishang laojun 太上老君, might indicate that they do not belong here but should be classified instead among the Taixuan division. Indeed, as can be gathered from 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* 1.16b–18b, the Yuan *Daozang* classified them thus. There are, however, two reasons that this example has not been followed here. First, we have no evidence that texts such as 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing* were indeed included in the Taixuan division during Tang times; the available information indicates, on the contrary, that this was not the case. Second, the text itself, by claiming its transmission by GE XUAN, squarely places the work in the Lingbao tradition.

Between the two extremes—the long doctrinal treatises and the short “essentials of the Tao” (*daoyao* 道要), we have a large number of scriptures of medium length, here assembled in part 2.B.7.a.2. These texts might be subdivided again into several groups. The first group represents texts that continue the tradition of the *jing* 經 (scriptures) of the Six Dynasties period. These *jing* discuss general doctrinal issues and religious practices. Another group of texts concerns more specifically the liturgical practice of the Sui and Tang periods, especially the masses for the repose of the dead, the services for redeeming the souls in hell, and the fasts to be observed at periodical intervals by clerics and laymen alike: the Six Yearly Months of Fast and the Ten Monthly Days of Fast (*liuzhai shizhi* 六齋十直). Some *jing*, such as 662 *Taishang laojun shuo bao fumu enzhong jing* and 647 *Taishang shuo zhuanlun wudao suming yinyuan jing*, are direct adaptations of Buddhist sūtras, whereas other scriptures, such as 650 *Taishang laojun changsheng yisuan miaojing*, have in turn been adapted as Buddhist texts.

The late Tang period saw the development of the first local schools of the Lingbao tradition. One of these schools, linked to the cult of the patriarch XU XUN (Xu Jingyang 許旌陽) and known as the Way of Filial Piety (*xiaodao* 孝道), is well known through hagiography (see Schipper, “Taoist ritual and local cults”). One *xiaodao* scripture of the Tang period has been preserved in no less than three different versions (66 *Yuanshi dongzhen cishan xiaozai baoen chengdao jing*, 380 *Dongxuan lingbao daoyao jing*, and 1112 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao baxian wang jiaojie jing*), a fact that demonstrates the great popularity of the movement.

2.B.7.a.1 The Long Treatises

Taishang dongxuan lingbao yebao yinyuan jing 太上洞玄靈寶業報因緣經

10 juan

Sui (581–618) or early Tang (618–907)

336 (fasc. 174–175)

“Scripture of the Most High from the Dongxuan Lingbao Canon Regarding Retribution and Karmic Causes.” The original title of this text (*Taishang yebao yinyuan jing*; see 10.10a and Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2387) did not include the classificatory terms *dongxuan lingbao*. The Most High Lord of the Way is the disciple of the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning (4.6b) and the author of this text, which is composed of his responses to the questions of the zhenren of Universal Salvation (Puji zhenren 普濟真人).

Among the twenty-one manuscripts of various parts of this text found at Dunhuang (Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 85–100), only juan 2 and 10 are not represented. A comparison with the present text shows that a passage in 6.7a concerning the “hanging of images” (i.e., paintings) was apparently not in the original text (see Ōfuchi, *Mokurokuhen*, 92). One of the Dunhuang manuscripts (Ōfuchi, *Mokurokuhen*, 96) is dated 753. Ōfuchi situates two others (page 94) toward the beginning of the seventh century. A much abbreviated, but essentially accurate citation of 7.1a–3b may be found in 1123 *Tiqie daojing yinyi miaomen youqi* 9b–10a.

In an article on 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi*, a book that cites the present text simply as “the scripture,” Yoshioka, responding to criticisms of Ōfuchi and Akizuki, defends a date between 530 and 550 for the production of both texts (Yoshioka Yoshitoyo, “Sandō hōdō kakai gihan,” 41–42, 53–85). The *Yebao jing* is indeed quoted in a text that dates to the early Tang (Ōfuchi Ninji, *Dōkyōshi no kenkyū*, 227–29). On the other hand, it recommends the “release of living animals” (*fangsheng* 放生, 6.5b, 9.2b), a practice thought to have been introduced only by Zhi Yi 智顗 (538–598).

The *Yebao jing* is divided into twenty-seven sections, probably in order to correspond to the twenty-seven grades in the hierarchy of heavenly disciples of the scriptures of the Three Caverns (10.4a; see SDZN 7.22b, quoting SONG WENMING). At the outset, the entire universe having been illumined by the light of the Heavenly Worthy of Compassionate Countenance (*ciyan tianzun* 慈顏天尊), the readers are invited to contemplate the heavens. They see first the celestial assembly discussing the Unique Vehicle (*yicheng* 一乘; 1.2a), then a land whose king sets an example for his subjects by “alienating his person [*sheshen* 捨身] and giving liberally in order to find the true Way” (1.3a). Next readers see a land where, on the contrary, an evil king goes so far as to kill the very “body of the Law” (*fashen* 法身: *dharma*) of monks (1.10a).

Finally, readers visualize the punishments inflicted on evil persons either in hell or by means of reincarnation.

This first section sets the tone for all that follows: moral and social hierarchies are identical, and the search for the Unique Vehicle, preached by monks through public exegesis (*jiangjing* 講經)—the greatest of all sources of merit (7.7b)—becomes a matter of state concern. The goal is to “take the teaching of the books of the Three Caverns and to use whatever means are expedient (*shangqiao fangbian* 善巧方便: *upāya-kausalya*) to convince and induce all beings to embody and understand the orthodox Way and to enter the Unique Vehicle” (5.11b; compare 9.16a).

In his great synthetic undertaking, the author of the *Yebao jing* wrote what appears to be the first description of the moral and ritual system of monastic and state-sponsored Taoism that was to play so important a role in the Tang. In this context, we may note his description, thenceforth standard, of the calendar (4.7a–11a), of the nine types of Retreat (5.3b–4b; see also 1138 *Wushang biyao* 49–57), of the Five Meritorious Acts (6.12a–13a: making statues, copying sacred texts, founding religious institutions, performing rituals, and undertaking acts of charity), of the rituals to be performed every seventh day up to and including the forty-ninth day after the death of a parent (8.5b–7a), and of the Grand Offering of the Capital of Mystery (9.1b–11a).

The Unique Vehicle contains not only the great method of the Three Caverns (2.4b) and the Retreats described in the thirty-six sections of these scriptures (4.6b; compare 10.4a), but also the scriptural method revealed at Jinming shan 金明山; the present book; the *Shengxuan jing* 昇玄經; and the “seven thousand fu and charts and four thousand divine formulas” (6.1b, 3a). Among the nine types of Retreat mentioned above, we find the exorcistic Retreat known as the Divine Formulas for the Expulsion of Epidemics and Sweeping Away Perverse Spirits (5.4b). In general, it is clear that the present text aims, in the first place, to explain and to prove—hence the “exemplary tales” that often follow the explanations of practices (e.g., 5.9b, 14a, 6.1b)—as well as to be all-inclusive. The zhenren of Universal Salvation, after receiving the simple method (*jianyao zhi fa* 簡要之法) of the Grand Offering (9.10b), states that “even the Unique Vehicle is difficult to enter”; he therefore asks the Lord of the Way to reveal to him a summary of the simple method (*jianyao zhi li* 簡要之理; 9.14b). The Lord of the Way explains to the zhenren the Twenty-four Gates by which all may gain access to salvation (see 183 *Taiji zhenren shuo ershi men jie jing*).

The zhenren, however, desires something still simpler, and the Lord of the Way therefore explains to him how at once to reduce everything that is “without appearance” (*wuxiang* 無相: *alaksana*) to the Unique Vehicle and to destroy all that “has an appearance” (*youxiang* 有相: *salaksana*) in order to “equalize the ten thousand methods” (9.16a). In conclusion, the Lord of the Way recounts how, through the ages, he has assumed all manner of forms and names, from Yuanshi 元始 to Xuhuang 虛皇

(10.7a), as well as those of a Confucian (Ruzong 儒宗; 8a) and of Guanshiyin 觀世音 (9a). Since all things derive from the Most High, it is enough to “express spontaneously the good intention to come before me” to make confession for one’s sins to be pardoned (3.1b). A single thought can cleanse entirely one’s “shining mirror” and enable one to recover the “lost true nature,” that is, the nature that was “originally calm and pure,” the “Tao-nature” innate in everyone (3.14a–b, 7.7b).

The *Yebao jing* is thus a synthesis of Buddhist and Taoist elements, the latter deriving primarily from the Lingbao scriptures. The *Ayu wang jing* 阿育王經, translated in 512, is the likely source of the practice of the “alienation of one’s person,” performed for the first time by the Liang emperor Wudi in 528 (Kenneth Ch’en, *Buddhism in China*, 125). The vow to be reborn in the Pure Land (*jingtu* 淨土; 5.9b) recalls that of Huiyuan 慧遠 (344–416). Above all, however, the *Dabo niepan jing*, translated in 421, and the *Miaofa lianhua jing*, translated in 406, seem to have influenced our text: to the former may be attributed the idea of the original purity of human nature, a reflection of the *Tathāgata-garbha* theory, and to the latter both the mention of Guanshiyin and the idea of a Unique Vehicle (see Kenneth Ch’en, *Buddhism in China*, 117, 307).

These two texts are among the most popular of Buddhist sūtras. Nonetheless, it is possible that the *Yebao jing*’s use of them derives from the Buddhist schools of the period. The descriptions of decadence that appear before the presentation of the method for saving and protecting (*jiuhu zhi fa* 救護之法; 6.3b) and the ritual prescriptions (*kejie* 科戒) of *Laozi* (10.5a) suggest the influence of Xinxing 信行 (540–594; see Kenneth Ch’en, *Buddhism in China*, 297–99). The emphasis placed on simple methods—that to “save and protect” consists in the invocation of the Heavenly Worthies Who Save from Distress in the Ten Directions (6.4a)—recalls the practices preached by the propagators of Pure Land doctrine in the sixth and seventh centuries (see Kenneth Ch’en, *Buddhism in China*, 343–46). The Lotus Sūtra, finally, with its theory of the Unique Vehicle, became the supreme sūtra of the Tiantai school founded by Zhi Yi. Assuming that such influences indeed underlie the *Yebao jing*, a late sixth or early seventh century date could be assigned to it.

John Lagerwey

Taixuan zhenyi benji miaojing 太玄真一本際妙經

18 fols.

Early seventh century

III (fasc. 758)

“Book of the Original Term of the True One.” This text constitutes the second juan of the original *Taixuan zhenyi benji miaojing* (abbreviated *Benji jing* 本際經) in ten juan, which is no longer extant as an integral text. Wu Chi-yu reassembled it as far as possible from numerous Dunhuang manuscripts (for its textual history, see his *Pen-tsi*

king, 15–24). Only juan 2 and 9 are extant in the *Daozang* (see also 59 *Yuanshi dongzhen jueyi jing* and 329 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao kaiyan bimi zang jing*).

The work dates from the early seventh century. According to *Zhenzheng lun* 3.569c, the first five juan were written by the Taoist Liu Jinxi 劉進喜 of the Sui dynasty (581–618). Li Zhongqing 李仲卿 enlarged the work to ten juan. According to the biographical information Wu Chi-yu gathered on both authors, they lived sometime between 560 and 640 (Wu Chi-yu, *Pen-tsi king*, 11–14). The earliest quotation from the *Benji jing* is found in *Bianzheng lun* (T 2110) 8.544a–b. This work was probably completed in 629.

The term *benji* 本際 (original terminus, fundamental origin) is nowhere explained in the extant parts of the work. In Buddhist scriptures, from which Liu Jinxi presumably borrowed the term, it denotes the origins of suffering and of the cycle of transmigration, namely, ignorance and desire (Wu Chi-yu, *Pen-tsi king*, 5–10). According to our text, suffering (*fannao bing* 煩惱病) can be healed by the medicine of wisdom (*zhizhui yao* 智慧藥) engendered by this scripture (10a–b).

The *Benji jing* is, on the whole, a theoretical work that has to be seen in the context of the Buddhō-Taoist debates of the period, in which the two authors themselves participated (Wu Chi-yu, *Pen-tsi king*, 12–14). Basic questions concerning Taoism are discussed here, or are answered by the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning and other gods, using numerous terms and concepts borrowed from Buddhism and the dialectical logic of Mādhyamika teaching (for instance, 6b; 13b).

In this second juan, the Heavenly Worthy enumerates twelve distinctive marks (*yin* 印) by which the true doctrine differs from false teachings (5b–7a), expounds ten ways of conduct as the prerequisite for the correct insight (*zhengguan* 正觀; 7b–8a; 11a–16a), and gives explanations about his real body (*zhenshen* 真身) and its manifestations (*yingshen* 應身; 3a; 16b).

A list of textual differences between our edition and various Dunhuang manuscripts—mostly fragments, the earliest of which (Stein 3135) dates from 678—is provided by Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 133–41. A commentary to this juan of the *Benji jing* has come down to us as a fragment (Pelliot 3027).

For an explanation of the subtitle “Fushu pin 付囑品” (Injunctions) of the present second juan, see the next article concerning 59 *Yuanshi dongzhen jueyi jing*.

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Yuanshi dongzhen jueyi jing 元始洞真決疑經

17 fols.

Early seventh century

59 (fasc. 31)

“Dongzhen Scripture for Resolving Doubts [Spoken] by [the Heavenly Worthy of] the Primordial Beginning.” This text corresponds to juan 2 of the *Benji jing* 本際經 and is thus essentially the same as *III Taixuan zhenyi benji miaojing*. It contains, however, more textual variants and is corrupt in two places: 12a–13a (printing block *xiuwu* 宿五, 10) is merely a repetition of 8b–9b (printing block *xiuwu*, 7); 17a has a number of lacunae (see *III Benji miaojing* 17a).

The present title, “Scripture for Resolving Doubts,” is derived from the contents: on the one hand, the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning himself resolves doubts by answering the questions put to him (1b, 16a–b); on the other hand, just before “entering mystery” (*shengxuan rumiao* 昇玄入妙; 3a), he entrusts the Lord of the Tao with the task (hence the subtitle “*fushu pin* 付囑品” given to this juan in *III Benji miaojing*) of dispersing doubts, and Xu Laile 徐來勒 is assigned to help him disseminate the teaching (3b, 4b–5a).

This title was already current in the eighth century, as our text is quoted as *Taishang jueyi jing* 太上決疑經, for instance, in *1123 Yiqie daojing yinyi miaomen youqi* 12a and *Chuxue ji* 23.553.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang dongxuan lingbao kaiyan bimi zang jing

太上洞玄靈寶開演祕密藏經

15 fols.

Early seventh century

329 (fasc. 167)

“Lingbao Scripture that Opens the Treasury of Secrets.” This scripture corresponds to the ninth juan of the *Benji jing* 本際經 (see the article on *III Taixuan zhenyi benji miaojing*). The alternative title comes from the text itself, where it is also explained.

In keeping with the remainder of the *Benji jing*, this juan treats philosophical and theological themes. In reply to Taiwei dijun's 太微帝君 question about the bodily characteristics of the Heavenly Worthies of the Ten Directions of space, Taishang daojun 太上道君 expounds different concepts, distinguishing, on the one hand, between the immaterial body without shape (*daoshen* 道身) and the physical body (*shengshen* 生身), and, on the other hand, between the original body (*benshen* 本身)—a primordial condition unperturbed by affliction that is equated with the Tao-nature (*daoxing* 道性; 3a)—and the manifest body (*jishen* 跡身). Farther on, he elucidates the concept of differentiated teaching (*biejiao* 別教) and explains that he teaches according to the

understanding of the masses in two halves or extremes that finally lead to the middle path and the correct insight (*zhengguan* 正觀; 9a–10b). Thus the Most High Lord of the Tao has opened the treasury of the secrets of body, mouth (differentiated teaching), and heart (correct insight; 12b–13b). After tracing the line of oral transmission of the text from Taidi 太帝 to himself, Taishang daojun concludes by calling upon Taiwei dijun to write down and transmit this text.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang miaofa benxiang jing 太上妙法本相經

3 juan

Sui (581–618) or early Tang (618–907)

1131 (fasc. 764–765)

“Scripture on the Origin and Appearance of the Wonderful Law.” A note at the beginning of this text states that it is “incomplete.” Indeed, even its title cannot be understood without reference to *319 Dongxuan lingbao benxiang yundu jieqi jing* 9a, where *ben* 本 (origin) refers to the beginnings of the luminous teachings of Taoism (*daojiao* 道教), and *xiang* 相 (appearance) designates the “powerful appearance [*weixiang* 威相] of the methods of the Tao [*daofa* 道法]” that are revealed in the Three Worlds for the salvation of all beings (compare our text 1.17b).

The two *Benxiang* scriptures—*319 Jieqi jing* and the present text—must have originally belonged to the same work. Not only do both belong to the catechetical genre using questions and responses, they also use the same curious formula for introducing questions, “I have received your gracious response; allow me to request further answers” (*319 Jieqi jing* 14a; *1131 Benxiang jing* 1.7a). In addition to their common use of vocabulary typical of the voluminous Taoist sūtras of the seventh century (*heyi gu* 何以故, *suoyi zhe he* 所以者何, *biru* 譬如) they also share references to the ten immortals (*319 Jieqi jing* 7b; *1131 Benxiang jing* 1.14b) and to Kunlun (*319 Jieqi jing* 10b–12a; *1131 Benxiang jing* 3.6a–b).

Among the twelve manuscripts of a *Benxiang jing* found at Dunhuang (Öfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 295–304), the first four, all untitled fragments, correspond to parts of juan 1 and 3 of the present text. Two other manuscripts mention the names of sections (*pin* 品) 5 and 21. Pelliot 2388 identifies itself as juan 23 of the *Taishang miaofa benxiang jing* (juan 卷 is undoubtedly an error for *pin* 品). Part of Pelliot 3091 corresponds to a citation in YJQQ 7.11a–b of a *Benxiang jing* (*319 Jieqi jing* 1b–2a closely resembles this passage, but it is impossible to decide which of the two passages preceded the other).

Among the many citations of a *Benxiang jing* in *463 Yaoxiu keyi jielü chao* only three are found, and these only partially, in the present text: 12.12b, 12.8b, and 1.3a–b in *463 Jielü chao* correspond to 1.14a, 2.8a–b, and 1.2a in *1131 Benxiang jing*, respectively. The

last passage is also found in Pelliot 2357. Of a total of seven variants, all three texts differ twice, the present manuscript is in agreement once with 463 *Jielü chao* and once with 1131 *Benxiang jing*, and the latter two agree three times. One of the citations in the 463 *Jielü chao* (10.7b–8a) contains remarks against the venality of libationers (*jijiu* 祭酒) that seem to be in contradiction with what is said in the present text concerning Taoists who “live at home.” The style of all other citations in the 463 *Jielü chao* differs greatly from that of our text.

Neither this text nor 319 *Jieqi jing* contain any of the numerous citations of a *Benxiang jing* in 1132 *Shangqing dao leishi xiang*. A passage quoted in 3.5a–b and attributed to *Benxiang jing* section 11, however, includes a list of texts close to that at 319 *Jieqi jing* 5b–6a. Other citations refer to *Benxiang jing* sections 1 to 20.

If, finally, we consider the relationship between the two texts in the *Daozang*, the Dunhuang fragments, and related citations in the *Xiaodao lun* (see article on 319 *Jieqi jing*), it is clear that the present text is indeed incomplete and presumably the product of modifications of a sixth-century *Benxiang jing*. As an example of such changes we may note that the present text invariably writes *tianzun* 天尊 (Heavenly Worthy) where Pelliot 2396 (lines 70, 85, and 87) has *Jinglao* 靜老. This modification in the present text is especially clear in view of the fact that a *Jinglao tianzun* appears in Stein 2122 (Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tōkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 302, 304) and in a citation of the *Benxiang jing* in 1132 *Leishi xiang* 4.1b (note that *Jinglao* is preserved once in 1131 *Benxiang jing* 3.6b6, corresponding to Pelliot 2396, line 100, which reads *Jingxuan* 靜玄).

The main aim of the present text is to define Taoist practice, for “the zhenren is interested only in practice, not names” (2.7b; compare 3.4b, 11a): “He who neither speaks nor names embodies Emptiness” (2.1b); “to practice Emptiness is to honor one’s mother, to follow the Tao is to revere one’s father. . . . They are my original parents” (3.9b). To achieve the Tao, which is “truth and purity” (1.1b), one must have both knowledge and willpower, for they who lack them are like animals: “They know their mother, but not their father” (2.6b). Knowledge seems to refer primarily to knowledge of the inevitability of karmic retribution. Willpower is required to purify the three sources of bad karma, for “bad fortune does not come of its own; it is the actions of the body, the mouth, and the heart that bring it about” (1.2a).

Successful practice also depends on finding a good master and steering clear of *waidao* 外道. “An enlightened master,” we read, “is the gate of the Tao”; he is “the father and mother of a Taoist” (1.13b, 3.8a). The term *waidao* refers at once to “foreign” and “materialistic” ways. Those who adhere to *waidao* “see everything upside down: they begin their teaching with Plenitude and so give illicit pleasure to the crowd” (2.1b). All of juan 3 is devoted to an argument aimed at convincing a certain “mother of

the desert” (*yemu* 野母)—together with her accomplices, all of whom have the names of barbarians or wild animals—to forego her excessively materialistic understanding of life, causality, and salvation.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dadao yuqing jing 太上大道玉清經

10 juan

Eighth century

1312 (fasc. 1022–1024)

“Scripture of Jade Purity of the Great Tao of the Most High.” This scripture is at once a polemical anti-Buddhist text and a synthesis of the Taoist literature of the Six Dynasties. *Yuqing* 玉清 (Jade Purity) does not refer any longer to the highest heaven, it is but the heaven of the Palace of the Clouds where dwell the Heavenly Worthies of Great Compassion (2.17a, 10.1b–2a) and of the Gold Portal (2.12a; compare 1.27a), as well as the Supremely Great Tao (8.14b) and various zhenren in the service of the higher gods. These zhenren are Baoguang 寶光, whose birth myth recalls that of Laozi (7.1a–b); Tongxuan 通玄, who describes the Way for the kings of the foreign countries who have come to the world of the Great Tang 大唐世界 (8.1b, 3b); Mengwei 盟威, who would appear to be Zhang Daoling 張道陵, as he is associated with the revelation of the rituals (*weiyi* 威儀) of the Way of the Orthodox One (9.1b, 2b). This zhenren is also linked to the Way of Filial Piety (*xiaodao* 孝道; 9.10a; see also 9.5b). The zhenren Zhonghe 中和 visits Heaven on the days of the Three Principles (*sanyuan* 三元)—the seventh or the fifteenth day of the first, seventh, and tenth months. These visits are the occasion for final explanations of the Way of Compassion (*cibei dao* 慈悲道; 10.1a–2a).

These divine beings together save humanity by their “expedient means [*fangbian li* 方便力] of great compassion” (2.4b), that is, by the preaching of books such as this one, by the invention of methods of all kinds (1.12b ff.), by the proclamation of rules of conduct (*jieke* 戒科; 1.33a; see also 1.27a), and so on. But if this world of infinite adaptation to the needs of suffering creatures also includes a “teaching without words” (3.25a; compare 4.10b), it is inferior to the Heaven of the Great Net, where the adept can visit (*ye* 謁) the Primordial Worthy (Yuanzun 元尊) and where he or she must “communicate with the spirit” (*yi shen jiao* 以神交; 6.7b). Higher still, the adept encounters the Heavenly Worthy of the Void (Xuwu tianzun 虛無天尊). Then the adept enters the domain of the Way of Silence of the Most High (*Taishang mingji daojing* 太上冥寂道境), where there are “neither visits nor words.” Finally, he or she reaches the domain of the Way of Great Space (*Taixu daojing* 太虛道境), “where there is nothing to see.” And yet, the Heavenly Worthy of the Great Peace (Taiping tianzun 太平天尊)

seems to dwell there. Moreover, the Way of Great Peace (*Taiping dao* 太平道) (8.3b) is the omnipresent ideal at all levels of the universe: the empire, for example, “now” lives in such a time (1.4b; compare 2.8a, 4.16b, 7.12b, etc.).

In this world at peace, the obsession with classifications has ceased: the spiritual is now identical with the social hierarchy (see especially 1.3b, 7b, 8b, 21b), and it seems now less urgent to divide Taoist books into Three Caverns—the term is used but twice (9.21a, 10.22b)—than to affirm that all such texts belong to the “Way of life” (*shengdao* 生道) that makes it possible to “extirpate the qi of death” (9.16a). The author is nonetheless well acquainted with earlier Taoist writings: he not only mentions the Ways of Great Peace and of the Orthodox One, but also either mentions or uses 1364 *Shangqing dongzhen zhibui guanshen dajie wen* (1.31b), the *Kongdong ziran lingzhang* 空洞自然靈章 (4.26a), the thirty-nine Stanzas of 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing* (4.15b, 10.11b), and the thirty-two heavens of 97 *Taishang lingbao zhutian neiyin ziran yuzi* (7.31a–32b).

He also mentions and describes the practices that lead to long life, as well as the following rituals: the Grand Retreat of the Nine Realms of Darkness (*Jiuyou dazhai* 九幽大齋); the Grand Offering of the Median Principle (*Zhongyuan daxian* 中元大獻; 3.9a); the Retreats of the Three Principles (*Sanyuan zhai* 三元齋; 4.27a); the Retreat and Offering rituals (*zhaijiao keyi* 齋醮科儀; 1.39b; compare 9.16a, 19b); the practices of absorption of energies (*fuqi* 服氣; 8.25a) and of “spitting out the stale and taking in the new” (*tugu naxin* 吐古納新; 8.7a, 10.18b). This book is also rich in information on the constitutive elements of ritual: the Striking of the Metal Bell and the Stone Chimes (*ming jinzhong ji yuqing* 鳴金鐘擊玉磬; 1.15a); the Pacing the Void (*buxu* 步虛; 2.19a, 4.6b); the singing of “powerful stanzas for expelling demons” (*fumo lingzhang* 拂魔靈章; 3.11a); and the purification of the altar by “contracting servants to whom one issues orders” (*yuechi tongpu* 約敕僮僕; 5.23a; compare 9.19a).

This text would seem to represent a new phase in Buddho-Taoist relations. Buddhist vocabulary and style are still very much in evidence, as the following, much abbreviated list shows: *heyi gu* 何以故 (1.29b); *yingshen* 應身 (7.13a); *wujin zang* 無盡藏 (4.25a); *sanjie* 三階 (10.22b); *jiandun fa* 漸頓法 (10.23a); *jingshe* 精舍 (10.30a). Even the subordination of mental to bodily practices seems to make use of Buddhist reasoning. For example, understanding (*ruli* 入理) is not as important as “putting the body in order” (*lishen* 理身; 10.5b; compare 10.8b: “to destroy the body to find the Way results in the survival of the Way but the destruction of the body”). The attack on the discourse on Vacuity (*kong* 空) recalls the idea that “the Victorious . . . have declared beyond healing those who believe in Vacuity” (see Lamotte, *L'enseignement de Vimalakīrti*, 49).

The *Vimalakīrti-nirdeśa* in particular seems to have been consulted frequently by the author of the present text, as evidenced by the discourse on the “four major elements” (*sida* 四大; 10.29a; see Lamotte, *L'enseignement*, 228); by the negative attitude

toward “teaching with words” (*yanjiao* 言教), in spite of the fact that this book itself fits that category (4.10b; compare 1.29b and Lamotte, *L'enseignement*, 146 ff., 316), by the story of the taking of food (4.22a; see Lamotte, *Vimalakīrti*, 319); by the multiplicity of the “domains of the Way” (2.14a) going hand in hand with the supremacy of empty space (6.7b; Lamotte, *Vimalakīrti*, 396); and by the “middle Way” (10.1a; Lamotte, *Vimalakīrti*, 301).

But all these borrowings notwithstanding, we also find in this text a remarkably explicit and nationalistic rejection of Buddhism: it is called the religion of “salvation by extinction” (*miedu* 滅度; 1.26a; compare 7.15b, 34a, 10.8b). Nothing is more shocking to a Taoist than the suicide by fire (*shaoshen zimie* 燒身自滅; 1.30b; compare 7.14a, 9.11a) practiced in this “foreign way” (*waidao* 外道; 5.14b). In any case, this religion lacking in “true methods” (*shifa* 實法; 1.30b), of “allegorical discourse” (*biyu zhishuo* 譬喻之說; 1.31a), cannot even pretend to an autonomous origin, for it was first taught by the Heavenly Worthy of the Latter-Day Saints (Housheng tianzun 後聖天尊; 1.27a)—that is, Laozi—to his disciple, the Old Master (Gu xiansheng 古先生): “I ordered him to use it to convert the frontier regions . . . ; they are regions difficult to civilize, inhabited by people without harmonious qi” (1.30a–b). An entire section of the present text, occupying all of juan 7, is devoted to the description of the “use of the Way to civilize the barbarians on all sides” (*dao hua siyi* 道化四夷).

This scripture was produced prior to 753, the date of one of the five manuscript fragments from Dunhuang (Pelliot 2257; Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 304). The anti-Buddhist polemics call to mind the ferocity of Buddho-Taoist debates at the beginning of the Tang (618–907).

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John Lagerwey

Taishang yicheng haikong zhizang jing 太上一乘海空智藏經

10 juan

Early Tang (618–907)

9 (fasc. 20–22)

“The Most High, Unique Vehicle Scripture of Sea-Space, the Reservoir of Wisdom.” According to Xuanyi 玄嶷 (fl. 684–704), a *Haikong jing* in ten juan was written by Li Xing 黎興 and Fang Chang 方長, the first a Taoist of Yizhou 益州 (Sichuan), the second a Taoist of Lizhou 澧州 (Hunan; cf. *Zhenzheng lun* 569c). Early citations of this text can be found in SDZN (4.9b corresponds to 3.1a of the present text) and 1128 *Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu* (1.12a–13b, corresponding to 1.19b–20a, 6a–9a). The word *zang* 藏 (reservoir, repository) here also means “womb” because its usage

clearly derives from *fōzang* 佛藏, “womb of Buddha-hood” (*Tathāgata-garbha*; see Kohn, *Early Chinese mysticism*, 148).

The doctrinal content of this text is summed up in its title: Haikong zhizang is in the first place the name of a true adept (*zhenshi* 真士) who, by posing questions to the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning, elicits a major part of the text. It is said of Haikong zhizang that “his body is like the sea and his heart like space; his argument [*li* 理] includes that which is ‘beyond things’: he is a reservoir of wisdom” (1.2a–b). This reservoir of wisdom is also “like a great sea: no matter what enters it, its taste is constant” (4.7a). Haikong himself is described as “permanence and joy: he dwells in the reservoir of jewels that does not change” (5.19a). Being “neither this nor that,” he is not absolutely fixed, and “it is because all the dharma are empty that he is called Sea-Space” (5.19b). Indeed, there is in reality no difference between the Heavenly Worthy, Sea-Space, and the Way: “I am the reservoir of hidden jewels of the Unique Vehicle’s Sea-Space of wisdom” (6.16a).

This Unique Vehicle is set in opposition to the Lesser Vehicle (referring to Taoists who achieve only terrestrial immortality; 5.18a, 8.21a) and against the Taoism of those who “direct families and convert the people” (10.3b, 7a). It is also contrasted with “foreign ways” (8.12b, 9.1b) and, above all, with the cult of “heavenly demons” (*tianmo* 天魔; 4.30b, 5.13a–15a). It is a Great Method (*dafa* 大法; 9.14a) that enables the adept to understand the books of the Three Caverns and the Seven Parts (6.22a). It should, therefore, be transmitted only to Taoists who “have already received the Lingbao True Writs and who understand perfectly the subtle meaning of the Dongxuan scriptures” (3.21b).

The Taoism (*dao-jiao* 道教; 3.18a, 4.29b) of the Unique Vehicle is monastic, for unless the adept “leaves his family” (4.22b, 6.2b–3a, 8.8b), he cannot free himself from attachment (*zhuo* 著; 4.32a, 7.5a), nor recover his “balance” (*pingdeng* 平等, juan 7), that is, the Tao-nature—defined as “permanence, joy, selfhood, and tranquility” (*chang le wo jing* 常樂我淨; 6.2a, 7.2a, 14a)—that even the hungry demons possess (5.5b). Preaching is essential to this monastic Taoism, for it liberates people from their “doubting hearts” (2.8a) and from their “unbelief” (2.12a). This preaching is to be done after the sole meal of the day, taken at noon (1.2a, 3.17b, 8.29b, 10.13a). Lay believers contribute through giving (*bushi* 布施; 10.2b), even of the self (*sheshen* 捨身; 8.1a), and by making Pure Offerings (*jingong* 淨供; 5.7a, 8.2a). But in order to reach nirvāṇa (*miedu* 滅度; 2.2b) in the Land of Extreme Joy (Jile guo 極樂國; 1.1a, 8.26b–28b), one must transcend the distinction between giving and receiving (*sheshou* 捨受; juan 9) by “entirely transcribing” (*puji* 普記, juan 10) this text, that is, by “receiving its imprint” (*shouji* 受記; 10.16b).

In order further to situate this text with respect to other scriptures of the same type and period, the following points may be noted: in the text itself (4.28b), the revealing

Heavenly Worthy is the one of Great Compassion; the end of the book, from 8.7a on, is a prolonged departure scene, punctuated by the lachrymose pleading and final questions of the Worthy’s audience. At last, after a long discourse on the decadence that will occur 8,000 years after his departure (10.2a–12a), the Heavenly Worthy confides (*fuzhu* 付囑) his teaching to a “king of the dharma” (*fawang* 法王; 10.18b), promises his listeners that they will one day see him again, and then disappears.

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Wushang neibi zhenzang jing 無上內祕真藏經

10 juan

Early Tang (618–907)

4 (fasc. 14–15)

“Supreme Esoteric Writ of the True Reservoir.” In the text the title is defined as follows: “The bodies and natures of all beings are pure; celestial truth and the orthodox Way are hidden within: that is the meaning of ‘true reservoir.’ This true reservoir is neither interior nor exterior; it is not the aggregate of the dharmas, nor that of all beings, neither the Way nor its manifestation. Because it is, in the final analysis, not nothingness but silence, we call it ‘secret.’ . . . Whoever recites, observes, and explains this scripture of the true reservoir will have unimaginable merit that will enable him to see me in person and accomplish the supreme Way” (2.14a). This work is a “scripture of the Great Vehicle” that enables the practitioner to find his way to the Mountain of Spiritual Comprehension (*Lingjie shan* 靈解山; 2.8a), where the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning reveals this text in the form of responses to the doubts of his disciples (1.1a, 10.11b).

This book is quoted for the first time at the beginning of the eighth century in 463 *Taoxiu keyi jielü chao*. It distinguishes itself from other Buddhist-influenced scriptures of the period by its insistence on the fundamental identity of all beings—they are identical with respect to the “nature of the Heavenly Worthy” (1.13b) and to the “body of the Way” (3.7a, 9.2b)—and on a fixed social hierarchy (see 10.11a) that corresponds, ultimately, to a spiritual hierarchy based on capacity and merit (5.2b, 6.12b). The aim of the propagators of this form of Taoism (*dao-jiao* 道教 or *xuanjiao* 玄教; 6.13a, 7.2a) is to “open the gate of expediency” (*fangbian* 方便; 9.7a) so that all may have access to the “power of fearlessness” (6.3b) and to the joy (9.11b) to be found in the “ultimate field of the Way” (*jiujing dao-chang* 究竟道場), that is, in the Mountain of Spiritual Comprehension in the land of the Hall of Great Good Fortune (Da futang guo 大福堂國; 5.1a; on this name, see Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 41).

Ignorance, avarice, and anger are the three things that separate people from this mountain (1.7a). Of these three sources of the “overturning” (*diandao* 顛倒) of the truth, the first is the most important: “Ignorant people, people of superficial understanding, do not comprehend the Great Way and lose their eternal and true nature; they misunderstand the orthodox scriptures and classify them” (4.1b; compare 9.10a). In reality, all sacred texts derive from the true reservoir—the golden mouth of the Heavenly Worthy (4.2b)—and all methods belong to the orthodox Way (3.7a). The Heavenly Worthy himself owes his name to the fact that he is “identity, without duality” (3.11).

It is therefore necessary to give up the superficial methods of the Lesser Vehicle (3.5a). The way of the immortals not only is extremely difficult, but also leads to longevity, not to liberation (4.9a). The Heavenly Worthy knows this because he himself tried that path before encountering his “supreme and venerable master, who put an end to my doubts and taught me how to lose myself in the Way, to enter the five spaces where there is nothing [*wu wujian* 五無間], to kill the five demon thieves, to cling to the One and never change” (5.7b–8a). In order to reach this land of the Way where all is one, adepts must use this book to train themselves in the practice of double negation. They must also observe a series of twenty-seven commandments (6.6a). Above all, “in the end” (*jiujing* 究竟: the title of the thirteenth and final section of the text), they must “practice assiduously” the five “virtues of good fortune,” to wit, reverence, compassion, readiness to accept humiliation, regular progress, and charity (10.5a).

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2.B.7.a.2 Medium-Length Scriptures

Dacheng miaolin jing 大乘妙林經

3 juan

Early Tang (618–907)

1398 (fasc. 1049)

“Marvelous Forest of the Great Vehicle.” The first of the ten sections of this summary (*yaoyan* 要言; 1.5a, 2.17b) of the doctrine of the Great Vehicle explains at some length the meaning of the term *miaolin* 妙林 (marvelous forest) in the title (1.6b–7b). To hear this teaching produces the same effect as to eat the fruits of a marvelous forest; also, a forest reproduces itself, provides shade, and adapts to the wind. The magical forest of the present book is located near the Palace of Primordial Yang in the City of the Seven Treasures on the Mountain of Unimaginable Discourse (Busiyi shan 不思議山; 1.1a), also known as the Hall of Great Good Fortune (Dafu tang 大福堂; 2.7b). This forest produces the sounds of the sermon of the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning—also called the Heavenly Worthy of Great Virtue (1.21b) or of Great

Compassion (1.15b, 2.7a)—prior to his return to the Marvelous Land of Eternal Joy (Changle miaotu 長樂妙土; 1.1b), that is, the Pure Land (Jingtu 淨土; 2.10b).

In reality, however, this Pure Land of the eternal joy of the Three Pure Ones does not exist (3.7a). There is but One Vehicle (2.6a), not two (3.9a). Beyond the pale of this “city of jewels” (2.12b, 3.16a) there is nothing but the thirty-six questions known as “perverse views” (1.22b) and the thirty-six views that are “incorrect” (3.14a). The literature of the thirty-six sections in the Three Caverns, in other words, belongs to the past, and this text poses the basic issue in these terms: if “silent extinction [*jimie* 寂滅] is in the breast” (1.24a), and if the “Three Worlds are domains of the Way” (3.10), of what use is “correct practice” (1.21b) or the “appearance of the Heavenly Worthy in this world” (3.12a). Their main function is to show that “it is because there is no self that my person lives forever in the Pure Land of eternal joy”: “to search for the Way by physical means” is therefore a “great illness,” for it presupposes the existence both of the body and of evil (3.7a–b). Correct practice and divine appearances, thus, enable adepts to “transcend practice” (*shengxi* 勝習; 1.7b), but also, when they take the form of a book, to protect those who own and recite it (3.17a).

This text relies heavily on 4 *Wushang neibi zhenzang jing* and 9 *Taishang yicheng haikong zhizang jing* for both its vocabulary and its arguments. However, it recommends (3.2a–5a) the very “spirit of certainty” (*jueding xin* 決定心) that 9 *Haikong jing* (10.9a) opposes. A citation contained in YJQQ 89.2b–3b corresponds to 1.15a, 20a–21a.

John Lagerwey

Taishang laojun xuwu ziran benqi jing 太上老君虛無自然本起經

15 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1438 (fasc. 1059)

“Book of the Origins of the Void Spontaneity by the Most High Lord Lao.” This is a philosophical treatise typical of eighth-century Taoism. The vocabulary—from the dialectical as well as from the conceptual point of view, especially terms like *biru* 譬如 (or *biruo* 譬若) and the phrase *suoyi zhe he* 所以者何—is reminiscent of Buddhist-influenced texts of the seventh century. The entire text as we have it here is reproduced in YJQQ 10. The few variant readings in the YJQQ version are mostly preferable to those of the present version.

The text begins with an explanation of the cosmology of the three qi, red, yellow, and white. Lord Lao, author of the *Daode jing* 道德經 (6b), is presented as a transformation of the second of these qi, that is to say, the yellow and harmonious “pneuma” of the center (*zhonghe* 中和). The term translated as *void* in the title of the present work is composed of two characters: the first, *xu* 虛, designates the red qi, the second, *wu* 無, the yellow qi. The red qi is called the One of the Left; it encourages

good deeds. The white qi is the One of the Right and encourages evil. The yellow qi, called the One of the Center, is “the spirit of my body, the child of the Tao” (8a). He who liberates himself from all desire and “holds to the Void . . . may obtain the Tao of spontaneity” (2b).

In consequence, it is recommended to hold to the Void, rather than to retain the qi of one’s body. In order to do this, one must read the scriptures continuously and thus awaken to the fact “the spirits of the body are born from the Tao, which is pure and calm” (3a). It is also recommended to do good deeds and so obtain merit (6a, 8a). The greatest merit accrues to “him who, with a heart full of compassion, desires to save all those who are in distress” (13b). Under no circumstances should one imitate the exoteric Taoists (*wai daoia* 外道家), who “isolate themselves in their chamber and forcibly shut their ears and eyes” (5b). One should also take care “when one sees a god, not to address it, because it may be a perverse deity come to seduce you” (15a). In general, all active methods (*youwei zhi fa* 有爲之法; 11a) should be avoided, such as gymnastics (*daoyin* 導引), alchemy, and offerings (*jiaoji* 醮祭), and one should never be satisfied with the results of one’s studies (15a).

John Lagerwey

Wushang dacheng yaojue miaojing 無上大乘要訣妙經

11 fols.

Tang (618–907)

58 (fasc. 31)

“Marvelous Supreme Epitome of the Great Vehicle.” This brief scripture revealed by the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning to the Most High Lord of the Way, of Da futang guo 大福堂國, is a summary (*yaojue* 要訣) of the great Taoist sūtras of the seventh to eighth centuries. It is built around a modified version of the Parable of the Burning House in the Lotus Sūtra: in order to induce his children to leave the burning house, a father promises them three kinds of vehicles, but once they are out of danger, he gives them only one Great Vehicle (3b–4a). In like manner, the Heavenly Worthy urges the Lord of the Way to stop using the methods of the Lesser Vehicle and to spread the “true methods of the Lingbao teaching” (3a). In these decadent times, he adds, there is no greater merit than to organize Retreats (*zhaijie* 齋戒) and to preach the present text, nor any demerit greater than criticizing this text (8a–10a). Helping others to understand the importance of this text will also be greatly rewarded.

The use of the term *shouji* 受記 (receive the imprint; 1b, 6a) makes it likely that this text is later than 9 *Taishang yicheng haikong zhizang jing*.

John Lagerwey

Yuanshi tianwang huanle jing 元始天王歡樂經

15 fols.

Tang (618–907)

62 (fasc. 32)

“Scripture of Happiness of the Heavenly Kings, [Spoken by the Heavenly Worthy] of Primordial Beginning.” After a tour of inspection in the countries of the Ten Directions, and before returning to the supreme Daluo Heaven, the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning entrusts (*fuzhu* 付囑) the True Books in Thirty-six Sections to the heavens of the 3,000 worlds. The Heavenly Lord of the Nine Qi then asks the Heavenly Worthy what should be taught to the evil kings who inhabit the Yuanli 宛利 Heaven below.

Evil, replies the Heavenly Worthy, is due to the fact that the people do not believe in moral causality. He therefore preaches the present scripture “in order that the kings of all countries may know happiness [*huanle* 歡樂] and bring peace to their territories” (2a). Thereupon the merciful Worthy describes a complete—typically Tang—program of rites designed to ensure the happiness of the country.

The king of the country of True Patience (*shanren* 善忍; 3a), after having listened to the Heavenly Worthy, puts his program into practice: he gives up his palace, his parks, and all the beautiful sites in his country and builds abbeys in them. There he chooses the best among his subjects to “enter the Way, promote orthodox rites, and help the state transform the people.” Soon, the families of the wealthy begin to imitate the king by donating money for the Field of Virtue (*yitian* 義田; 4a). Some people practice the *shangqing dadong jinfang tianbao dongzhen sanyuan xingdao* 上清大洞金房天寶洞真三元行道, “so as to sublimate matter”; others perform twelve different kinds of ritual. Among these rites, those of the Dongyuan shenzhou 洞淵神咒, the Zhengyi 正一, the Taiping dongji 太平洞極, and the Wulian xingdao 五鍊行道 are particularly noteworthy.

The fame of this utopian state rises to the heavens, and the heavenly kings, overjoyed (*huanle*), come down to Earth to observe and protect it. The most perfect natural harmony reigns until the day the king and his entire court “rise to heaven in broad daylight” (6a).

The remainder of the text gives the list—for each of six categories: zhenren, Jade Lads and Maidens, *vajras* (*jin’gang* 金剛), divine kings and generals—of the 100 agents sent by the Heavenly Worthy to all those who emulate the practice of that blessed land.

John Lagerwey

Dongxuan lingbao zhutian shijie zaohua jing 洞玄靈寶諸天世界造化經

12 fols.

Tang (618–907)

321 (fasc. 165)

“Book of the Transformations of the Worlds of the Different Heavens.” This book is divided into seven sections. The first section is an introduction (*kaixu* 開敘) to the cosmology of the kalpas and to the ethics of retribution according to the Five Paths (*wudao* 五道). The last section (11b) is a plea for the promotion of Taoism by the expression of the Great Vow (*dayuan* 大願; 12b) for universal salvation and by the contractual transmission (*tongqi xiangshou* 同契相受) of the present scripture.

Sections 2 to 6 are “words of the Tao.” They are organized according to a decreasing hierarchy that begins with a description of the world of the four directions centered on Mount Kunlun, and ends with an account of infernal torments. Section 2 (13a) incites the listeners to fast ten times a month. Section 3 (5b) urges them to respect five things: life, goodness, purity, discipline and trust. According to section four (7a), the worlds of all the heavens have large caves where zhenren live and “never die.” People who lead a secular life cannot imitate them. To do so, one has to be Taoist and live in seclusion. Section 5 (8b) describes the cosmic cycles: natural calamities make small kalpas, social decay large ones. After all has been destroyed by the simultaneous appearance of seven suns, the Heavenly Worthy renews the world (9a–b).

The present text is probably the Taoist answer to the *Si tianwang jing* 四天王經, a Buddhist apocryphal work written around 427 (Soymié, “Les dix jours de jeûne du taoïsme,” 2). While plagiarizing the Buddhist sūtra (4b–5a), it also modifies it: Kunlun replaces Sumeru, and Taiwei dijun 太微帝君, replaces Indra. The name of the country to the west of Kunlun, Datang guo 大唐國, also suggests that the present text is from the Tang period.

The Mountain of the Powerful Bird (Lingniao shan 靈鳥山) from which the Heavenly Worthy reveals this scripture (1a), is the Mountain of the Man-Bird (see 434 *Xuanlan renmiao shan jingtu*).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyuan wuliang shou jing

太上洞玄靈寶三元無量壽經

14 fols.

Tang (618–907)

323 (fasc. 166)

“Scripture of Incommensurable Longevity of the Three Principles, from the Dongxuan Lingbao Canon of the Most High.” This text consists of twenty-seven incommensurable (*wuliang* 無量) methods revealed by the Most High Lord Lao during a

“great assembly” held in the Palace of the Three Principles. “Incommensurable longevity” is one of the blessings promised those who recite, copy, and distribute this text (13b–14a).

All methods, says the Most High, come from the Tao and may be summarized as the practice of contemplative wisdom (*guanhuì* 觀慧). The first of the twenty-seven incommensurable methods—twenty-seven is also the number of paragraphs in 336 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao yebao yinyuan jing*—teaches how to “distance oneself from the body” (*yuanshen* 遠身), the last how “to bear the unbearable.” Each method has ten modalities: one keeps the body at a distance by means of wisdom, compassion, patience, good works, work on one’s heart, amelioration of karma, assiduity, the regulation of the body, the elimination of desire, and the “universalization of the heart” (*puxin* 普心).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao shihao gongde yinyuan miaojing

太上洞玄靈寶十號功德因緣妙經

9 fols.

Tang (618–907)

337 (fasc. 176)

“Marvelous Scripture of the Karmic Retribution of the Merit of the Ten Epithets, from the Dongxuan Lingbao Canon.” Seated on his Lion Throne of the Seven Treasures in the World of the Rejection of the Sages (*qixian shijie* 棄賢世界), the Most High Lord of the Tao explains to a zhenren named Universal Salvation (*puji* 普濟) the merit to be acquired by the recitation of the Ten Epithets of the Original Master (*benshi* 本師), the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning, in front of his statue (pages 2b and 8a; compare the Ten Epithets of the Heavenly Worthy in the *Longjiao jing* 龍蹠經, quoted by Li Shaowei 李少微 in 87 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing sizhu* 2.28b). These epithets are esoteric words of the Great Brahma (*dafan yinyu* 大梵隱語), translated into human speech by Tianzhen huangren 天真皇人 and others (4a; compare 97 *Taishang lingbao zhutian neiyin ziran yuzi* 1.1a). They all express the capacity of the Original Master to save all beings, because he is the Supreme Tao (*wushang Tao* 無上道) on which “the ten thousand practices depend” (4a).

The ninth epithet—Master of Immortals and Zhenren—contains all the others, and the explanation given for this title is therefore the longest of all (5a–8a). It is also the most original contribution of the present scripture. Here we find what is probably the most ancient definition of the Twelve Sections (*shier shibu* 十二事部) of the books of the Three Caverns. The “worthy scriptures in thirty-six sections” (*Sanshilu zunjing* 三十六部尊經), source of all forms of salvation, are themselves expressions of the three bodies of the master: the Body of the Law (*xuwu fashen* 虛無法身, or *dharmakāya*),

the Body of Retribution (*ziran baoshen* 自然報身, or *sambhogakāya*), and the Body of Transformation (*yuanshi huashen* 元始化身, or *nirmāṇakāya*).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao suming yinyuan mingjing

太上洞玄靈寶宿命因緣明經

11 fols.

Tang (618–907)

338 (fasc. 176)

“Luminous Scripture of the Karmic Causality in Former Lives, from the Dongxuan Lingbao Canon of the Most High.” A *Dongxuan lingbao suming yinyuan miaojing* 妙經 is mentioned by DU GUANGTING in his “Zhaitan jingmu 齋壇經目” (see 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 1.6a–b). The Most High Lord of the Tao (Laozi) here explains to Yin Xi 尹喜 that people’s present conditions have their “karmic origin in their former lives.” Nine paragraphs, each followed by a hymn, list such items as the six things and the five sins that determine whether one is to be reborn in Heaven, as an animal, and so on. The six things (2b) resemble the five things of 321 *Dongxuan lingbao zhutian shijie zaohua jing* 6a, and it is only in this passage that the present text uses the pronoun *rucao* 汝曹, which appears several times in the 321 *Zaohua jing*.

The beginning and the end of the present *Suming jing* are especially interesting. At the end, the text distinguishes Three Ways: the Way of Communication with the zhenren, the Way of the West, which derives from the “division of the body” of the Tao named Tathāgata (*rulai* 如來), and the Way “spit from the mouth” of Laozi into Yin Xi’s ear. The beginning of the text traces mythological history back in time from the method of the Three Treasures (*sanbao zhi fa* 三寶之法), attributed to Yu 禹, back to Fuxi 伏羲 and Nügua 女媧 and to the Three Ways of the Origin (*yuandao* 元道), of the Beginning (*shi* 始), and of Humanity (*ren* 人; see 1205 *Santian neijie jing* 1.3a).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao chujia yinyuan jing 太上洞玄靈寶出家因緣經

20 fols.

Seventh century

339 (fasc. 176)

“Lingbao Scripture on the Karmic Causality of Those Who Leave Home [in order to Devote Themselves to the Religious Practice].” Since about 20 percent of this text is quoted (partly abridged) in 1123 *Yiqie daojing yinyi miaomen youqi*, it must have existed by the beginning of the eighth century at the latest.

In the narrative frame of this scripture, two hundred monarchs appear before the Most High Heavenly Worthy and express their wish to give up their worldly life. From

him they learn about all the good deeds and pious works that they have accomplished and that mark their present existence. Thereafter they receive the commandments for the initial stage of perfection (*chuzhen jie* 初真誡) and make the appropriate promises and vows. The text continues by explaining the threefold meaning of the term *chujia* 出家: to leave home, to enter into religious practice, and to forsake everything profane. Together, these three steps define a Taoist master. In many examples, our text illustrates the importance of Taoists for society and the commonweal, substantiates the significance of their position, and shows how hostile attitudes toward them have catastrophic results.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang shuo zhuanlun wudao suming yinyuan jing

太上說轉輪五道宿命因緣經

8 fols.

647 (fasc. 342)

“The Most High Proffers the Scripture Concerning Reincarnation into the Five Paths according to the Karma of Previous Lives.” During a retreat in the ninth month, the Most High Lord Lao, followed by a cortege of immortals, takes up his seat at the foot of a huge tree whose fruits heal all illnesses. When Zuoxuan zhenren 左玄真人 asks him a question about karmic causality, Lord Lao, who is also called Tianzun and the Tao, uses the tree as the metaphoric basis of his sermon, “Those who do good are like this tree: they grow ever taller, and there is no limit to the fruit they bear.” In like manner, everything that happens to people in this life is the result of what they have “planted” in previous lives. Those who desire good fortune in future lives must begin to do good now. They must, above all, practice the Way regularly and not wait until they fall sick or encounter ill fortune. The greatest merit is to be obtained by the recitation and distribution of this scripture.

The present text is quite clearly modeled on *Shan’e yingguo jing*: the place from which the sermon is preached, its theme, the structure of its phrases, and even, on occasion, the language are identical (compare 2a1–3 and 2b6 here with *Shan’e yingguo jing* 1380c16–17). The administrative term *zhoujun lingzhang* 州郡令長 (4b) cannot be used to date this text, as it derives from the Buddhist scripture (1383a). It is worth noting, finally, that the prospect of punishment threatened by the Buddhist text to those who work in this life as *shigong* 師公 or *shimu* 師母 (1381c) is not found in this Taoist sūtra.

John Lagerwey

Taishang laojun shuo changsheng yisuan miaojing 太上老君說長生益算妙經
10 fols.

Early Tang (618–907)

650 (fasc. 343)

“Wonderful Scripture on Longevity and Increasing the Life Span, Spoken by the Most High Lord Lao.” There is indirect evidence for the existence of this scripture in the seventh century, in that a Buddhist adaptation of it, *Qiqian Fo shenfu jing* 七千佛神符經 is already listed among the apocrypha in a catalogue of the year 695: *Da Zhou kanding zhongjing mulu* 15.474a–c. Three scriptures in one juan each are listed there: *Fo shuo yisuan jing* 佛說益算經, *Fo shuo qi Fo shenfu jing* 佛說七佛神符經 and *Fo shuo yisuan shenfu jing* 佛說益算神符經. A later catalogue, *Kaiyuan shijiao lu* 18.677c (dated 730), remarks that all three titles represent one and the same work.

In the present scripture, the generals of the six cyclical *jia* 甲 combinations (*liujia jiangjun* 六甲將軍) are, at the behest of the Most High Lord Lao, entrusted with eliminating calamities, protecting the people, and prolonging their lives. Also, fifteen fu are revealed that are to be carried on the body and that serve the same purpose.

The Buddhist version of this scripture shows many textual parallels (including the fu) with our text. It is, however, partly abridged (the mention of Zhang Daoling 張道陵 is, of course, missing), and the fu are not called “Taishang [or dadao] shenfu 太上(大道)神符,” but “seven-thousand-Buddha” (*qiqian Fo fu* 七千佛符).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang laojun shuo bao fumu enzhong jing 太上老君說報父母恩重經

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)

662 (fasc. 345)

“Scripture on the Rewarding of Parental Kindness, Spoken by the Most High Lord Lao.” This scripture is a Taoist elaboration of *Fumu enzhong jing*, an apocryphal Buddhist text mentioned in *Da Zhou kanding zhongjing mulu* 15.474a (dated 695). That scripture gives an account of the manifold hardships and privations that parents undergo in order to bring up their progeny. Particularly noteworthy is the well-observed description of the mother-child relationship during pregnancy, birth, and the child’s growing up. Pious children can return the kindness they have received by copying and reciting the scripture for their parents and by making offerings during the *ullambana* festival on the fifteenth day of the seventh month.

The present work contains all essential parts of that Buddhist scripture, partly verbatim, partly rearranged or expanded and, of course, given a Taoist veneer: in the place of Buddha, Ānanda, and *ullambana*, we find Taishang laojun 太上老君, Haikong zhizang zhenren 海空智藏真人 (see the seventh-century *Taishang yicheng haikong*

zhizang jing), and *zhongyuan* 中元. A few noteworthy amplifications include the short treatise on filial piety (1b–2a), the enumeration of the torments of hell for impious children and of heavenly blessings for dutiful ones (5a–6b), and the instruction to have a *gaoshang jingde fashi* 高上淨德法師 master preach on this scripture on the first day of each month (7b).

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang laojun shuo yisuan shenfu miaojing 太上老君說益算神符妙經

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

672 (fasc. 352)

“Wonderful Scripture of the Divine Fu for Increasing the Life Span, Spoken by the Most High Lord Lao.” The contents of this scripture largely correspond to 650 *Taishang Laojun shuo changsheng yisuan miaojing*. Its narrative frame (transmission of the scripture from Taishang laojun 太上老君 to Zhang Daoling 張道陵) and its overall structure, however, are more coherent than 650 *Yisuan miaojing*, which could point to an earlier date, especially since the present work also contains fewer repetitive embellishments. Both texts also differ in the number and kind of fu. The present scripture contains ten fu: seven for the stellar divinities of Ursa Major and three for those of the Three Terraces (*santai* 三台). The former are also found in 753 *Beidou qi yuan jinxuan yuzhang* 3a–4b.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianguan jing 太上洞玄靈寶天關經

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

987 (fasc. 618)

“Scripture of the Gate of Heaven.” In a succinct manner, this little treatise places religious practice in the context of the world’s structure. It begins with a description of the emergence of this structure from one period to another: “The root of Heaven and Earth” (1a), Lord Lao changes his name after each cataclysm, when a new universe appears. He was first called Wuming jun 無名君, then Wushang xuanlao 無上玄老, and later Taishang laojun 太上老君. After having passed yet again through Xuanmiao 玄妙, that is, having undergone rebirth, his name became Gaoshang laojun 高上老君 and he created the present universe by “differentiating the original qi” (1b). Of this qi, Taishang laojun is later said to be “the father and the mother” (4a).

Using the Lingbao and Shangqing scriptures, our text then describes the universe, with its Thirty-six Heavens, Thirty-six Worlds, and Three Offices. In this universe, the Taoist's goal is to "ascend to the realm of the Three Pure Ones and escape forever from the cycle of reincarnation" (1b). Above all, one must insure that one's name is never entered into the registers of death by the censors of the Three Offices. One can do this by taking refuge in the Heavenly Worthy of the Ten Directions.

The novelty of the present text, in comparison with the Six Dynasties texts it uses, lies in its description of the appearance of the ten Heavenly Worthies. This description is intended to enable one to visualize them at the same time one commits oneself into their hands. For the images of the sovereigns of the Thirty-six Heavens and the Thirty-six Worlds, the text refers to the Registers and Portraits of the Immortals (*Xianban tuji* 仙班圖籍).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao guowang xingdao jing

太上洞玄靈寶國王行道經

12 fols.

Tang (618–907)

III3 (fasc. 758)

"The Books of Kings Who Practice the Tao." The substitution of the character *dai* 代 for the Tang taboo character *shi* 世, as well as stylistic features, confirm the Tang date of this work. The Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning begins by explaining to the Most High Lord of the Tao how, moved by human ignorance, he travels the universe and assumes different aspects—of a sage, a Taoist, a scholar, a Confucian, even of a palace lady—in order "to help the sovereign establish the rites and instruct the people." But scriptures are not sufficient, the Lord of the Tao replies. People still harbor doubts. It is true that the people are dullwitted, admits the Heavenly Worthy, and that is why one has to lead them gradually (*jian* 漸) to enlightenment. It cannot be done suddenly (*dun* 頓). Then the Lord of the Tao suggests that the best means of reforming the people would be "henceforth to entrust [*fuzhu* 付囑] the sovereign with the teaching of the saints, for whether the teaching of the scriptures flourishes or declines depends entirely on him" (2b). The Heavenly Worthy assents, vowing to leave his teaching after his departure (*guoqu* 過去) to the kings, the ministers, and all those, men and women, who exercise authority over the people.

In the twenty-odd paragraphs that follow, the Heavenly Worthy gives instructions for managing religious affairs. One must, to begin with, "establish hermitages and initiate [*du* 度] the people." Then thousands of chairs for predication (*fazuo* 法座) are to be instituted, and Taoists should be invited to explain "the profound meaning of the Seven Subtle Sections and the Three Caverns of the Great Vehicle" (3a). Officials

should receive "the registers and fu, the rules and scriptures of the Three Caverns" (7b). For the first fifteen-day period of each season, they should "set up great Wheels of the Treasure [*baolun* 寶輪] and light ten thousand spirit lamps in imitation of the constellations." During this period, officials should invite Taoists to carry out rituals and explain the scriptures of the Three Caverns (8a–b). The Heavenly Worthy also prescribes that on the days of the Three Origins, the ceremonies of the Great Offering of the Heavenly Capital (*Xuandu daxian* 玄都大獻; 9a) and of the Casting of Dragons (*tou longjian* 投龍簡) be carried out (9b).

John Lagerwey

Dongxuan lingbao taishang zhenren wenji jing 洞玄靈寶太上真人問疾經

31 fols.

Tang (618–907)

III6 (fasc. 758)

"The Zhenren of the Most High Enquires into Illness." According to the preface to the work, the zhenren, also called Real Person without Beginning (Wushi zhenren 無始真人), is one of the few among the throngs of spiritual beings who have come to hear the Lingyao baozang tianzun 靈耀寶藏天尊 preach on a text of the Great Vehicle titled *Wugian wen* 五千文 who truly understand the Heavenly Worthy's explanations. At the end of his sermon, the Heavenly Worthy chooses Real Person without Beginning and three other zhenren—among them Zhang Daoling 張道陵—to carry his message of salvation to the world in the "cons to come." Then the Heavenly Worthy "divides his body and his names," that is, he produces the Three Vehicles or Caverns and assumes for himself ten distinct names. At the same time, he becomes subject to a multitude of illnesses and sufferings. "Why?" asks Real Person without Beginning. "Because I have a body," responds the Heavenly Worthy (see *Laozi* 13).

The main text is composed of the Heavenly Worthy's teachings in twelve sections, followed by the explanations of Real Person without Beginning. In the first of the twelve sections (Questions Concerning Illness), the Heavenly Worthy explains that the seventy-two forms of sickness from which people suffer are the result of their sins. "That is why," he says, "I divide my body into seventy-two saints." Those who recognize that their "true body" is not their "body of flesh" will be saved. The best way to learn how to distinguish these two bodies is to engage in Retreats at which, while wearing the fu and registers of the Three Caverns, one performs the sixfold recitation of the scriptures in order to control the six emotions of one's physical body.

The following sections consist primarily in the enumeration—much as is done in 336 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao yebao yinyuan jing* (see 15a–b here and 336 *Yinyuan jing* 2.1a ff.)—of what a healed person can hear, see, and so forth, without being troubled, and then of the karmic effects of a given mode of practice. The Heavenly Worthy

declares himself to be “the father and mother of all beings: I have compassion for you, I love you. . . . Why are you not merciful in turn so as to repay my kindness?” (12b, 13a).

The zhenren Real Person without Beginning’s primary concern is to explain ritual practice: of particular importance is the recitation of the *Wuqian wen* because it is “the spirit of the Five Organs” of the Heavenly Worthy (17a). The Confucian view that it is an exoteric teaching is legitimate, but it is above all “the body of the Great Saint” (20a). That is why, when an adept of the Higher Way dies, it is more appropriate simply to recite the present text during Retreats on the three sevens (the seventh, fourteenth, and twenty-first days after his death) than to perform the ordinary rites of mourning.

In a more general vein, among all extant rituals, only those written by the Latter-Day Saint (Housheng 後聖; 24b) should be used. The method of the Three Heavens is to be used for rituals of offering. The ritual code of this method, the *Xuandu jing* 玄都舊格, contains oaths that “protect the qi” attached to each of its articles. Finally, recitation of the present text enables one not only to resolve all the problems of this world, but also “gradually to enter into *samādhi*” (*shending* 神定; 26b). “All that,” concludes the text, “is the result of study; it does not happen of itself.”

John Lagerwey

Taishang xuandu miaoben qingjing shenxin jing 太上玄都妙本清靜身心經

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

35 (fasc. 27)

“Scripture of the Marvelous Root of the Pure Calm of Body and Mind.” It is from the Abbey of Primordial Yang in the Capital of Mystery (Xuandu) that the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning, the Worthy of Great Compassion, explains how to recover the original purity of the body and the heart (the *miaoben* 妙本 of the title). His sermon on the reversal (*diandao* 顛倒) of the “correct nature” elicits from his celestial audience a hymn of joy, but the zhenren of the Explanation of the Law (*fajie* 法解; see 371 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao santu wuku badu shengsi miaojing*), knowing how “doltish” people are, asks how to perform the ritual of salvation. Ten times each month, responds the Heavenly Worthy, adepts should sit in their Pure Room and, after passing in review the filthiness of heart and body, they should wash the body with the “warm water of the incense of the Law (*faxiang tang* 法香湯)” and purify the heart with the “incense of quiet contemplation (*jingguan* 靜觀).”

Another zhenren, worried that in these latter days people’s minds are too benighted to understand the Law, asks how their borrowed (*jiayou* 假有) bodies could participate in salvation. You have truly understood the Unique Vehicle, replies the Heavenly Worthy: human nature and characteristics (*xingxiang* 性相) are empty, and the body

is but a “temporary abode” destined to decay. Whoever incorporates emptiness no longer needs a body. But inasmuch as people have bodies, they must perform rituals. Even after they die, their kin should erect “great treasure altars” and recite the present text so that the deceased can return to the Pure Void.

After a hymn, the Heavenly Worthy exhales a five-colored light that illumines the entire universe and elicits from his auditors a confession and the prayer (*yuan* 願) that all beings be saved. The Heavenly Worthy then opens hell so that the hungry demons can ascend to the “sphere of the Tao.”

John Lagerwey

Taishang jiuizhen miaojie jinlu duming bazui miaojing

太上九真妙戒金錄度命拔罪妙經

9 fols.

Tang (618–907)

181 (fasc. 77)

“Book of the Golden Register for the Redemption of Sins and for Salvation, [Including] the Marvelous Commandments of the Nine Zhenren.” This book was in existence during the Tang, as a manuscript version discovered at Dunhuang (Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuben*, 326) attests. The text may even be as early as the seventh century, if it corresponds to the *Jiuyou jing* 九幽經 that Xuan Yi 玄嶷 attributes to Liu Wudai 劉無待 (Yoshioka Yoshitoyo, “Eisei e no negai,” 237; see 370 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyuan yujing xuandu daxian jing*). The present text is quoted under this title in 1167 *Taishang ganying pian* (26.6a), and the term *jiuyou* (Nine Realms of Darkness) actually occurs in the title—between the words *duming* 度命 and *bazui* 拔罪—of the Dunhuang manuscript.

The present book envisages the redemption of sins—especially those of the dead who already suffer in the Nine Realms of Darkness, but also those of the living—by the transmission of the Nine Commandments of the White Slips of the Golden Register (*Jinlu baijian jiuizhen miaojie* 金錄白簡九真妙戒) during a Great Retreat of the Nine Realms of Darkness (*Jiuyou dazhai* 九幽大齋; 5a).

Two charms mentioned in these slips must be transmitted at the same time. They are the famous *jiuku zhenfu* 救苦真符 and *changsheng lingfu* 長生靈符 that deliver from suffering and bestow eternal life. The Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning reveals both charms and commandments at the behest of the Emperor of the North of Fengdu (Fengdu beidi 酆都北帝), who pleads for mercy for all the suffering souls for whom he and his demon officials (*guiguan* 鬼官) are responsible. The revelation takes place on a day of assembly in the Palace of the Three Principles (Sanyuan gong 三元宮), in the World of the Nine Purities (Jiuqing miaojing 九清妙境). It enables sinners to become zhenren of the Nine Palaces (Jiugong zhenren 九宮真人; 8a).

All the liturgical manuals of the Southern Song period (1127–1279) advocate the transmission of these commandments (for example 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 4.30b; 546 *Lingbao yujian mulu* 27.1a), but they reverse the order of the first two. The work 466 *Lingjiao jidu jinshu* 290.10a restores the original order. DU GUANGTING quotes a *Jiuzhen miaojie jinlu duming miaojing* that does not correspond to the present text (507 *Taishang huanglu zhayiyi* 56.9a).

The same pages (1a–7a) of this text can be found in 1412 *Taishang yuanshi tianzun shuo beidi fumo shenzhou miaojing* 6.1a–7a.

John Lagerwey

Yuanshi tianzun shuo Fengdu miezui jing 元始天尊說酆都滅罪經

3 fols.

73 (fasc. 32)

“Scripture of Redemption from Sins in the Netherworld of Fengdu, Pronounced by the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning.” This scripture deals with ritual measures to be taken for the salvation of one’s deceased parents. For a period of two years, while the dead person is brought before the ten judges (*Shiwang* 十王) of the netherworldly courts, the living accompany him or her by accumulating merits through the performance of rites (Retreats, Offerings, recitation of scriptures). These rites finally cancel the burden of the dead person’s guilt and exempt him or her from punishment in one of the twenty-four hells situated under Mount Fengdu.

The idea of a bureaucratic otherworldly tribunal with ten courts presided by ten royal judges originated in a Buddhist-inspired popular milieu in China. The earliest transmitted manuscript of the apocryphal Scripture of the Ten Kings dates from 926, but there is good reason to assume that belief in the ten kings—and possibly also rituals focusing on them—existed considerably earlier. The *Da Tang neidian lu* of 664, for example, lists a *Shiwang zhengye jing* 十王正業經 by a monk named Fayun 法雲 who lived roughly around the same time.

The date of this Taoist scripture on the ten kings—which lists new Taoist names for each of the deities, in addition to those names borrowed from the earlier sources—is uncertain. However, rituals to the ten otherworldly judges are propagated in some compilations of twelfth- and thirteenth-century Taoist liturgy (see, e.g., 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 54.19b–20b), while heavily criticized in others (e.g., 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 44.19a).

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太上十二上品飛天法輪勸戒妙經

10 fols.

Tang (618–907)

182 (fasc. 77)

“Scripture of the Twelve Superior Rules of Admonition of the Wheel of the Law of the Flying Devas.” This text is spoken by the Taiji zhenren 太極真人 (Xu Laile 徐來勒) and the Zuo xianweng 左仙翁 (GE XUAN). The recitation of this book abolishes the twelve kinds of sin (murder, theft, heterodoxy, calumny, lies, jealousy, cupidity, wrath, stupidity, infidelity, lack of filial piety, and drunkenness). The rules against these sins are related to the Marvelous Commandments of the Nine Zhenren (*Jiuzhen miaojie* 九真妙戒; see 181 *Taishang jiuzhen miaojie jinlu duming bazui miaojing*).

In spite of its title, the present work appears to bear no relation to the Book of the Wheel of the Law (*Falun jing* 法輪經; see 346 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhenyi quanjie falun miaojing*, 348 *Taishang xuanyi zhenren shuo quanjie falun miaojing*, 445 *Dongxuan lingbao sanshi minghui xingzhuang juguan fangsuo wen*, and 347 *Taishang xuanyi zhenren shuo miaotong zhuan shen ruding jing*). It contains two nonrhyming *gāthās*, and it makes a distinction between Taoists who have “left the family” (*chujia* 出家) and those “within the family” (*zaijia* 在家). It therefore likely dates from the Tang period.

Kristofer Schipper

Taiji zhenren shuo ershisi men jie jing 太極真人說二十四門戒經

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)

183 (fasc. 77)

“Scripture of the Twenty-four Prescriptions, Spoken by Taiji Zhenren.” This scripture begins by listing the various periodical days of Retreat, during which the prescriptions that follow are to be recited—either by a group in the oratory (*jingshi* 靜室) or by a master of the ritual (2a–b). Offenses against the twenty-four interdictions are punished in the twenty-four hells named after the tortures that await the sinner there (3a–6b). The recitation of the interdictions is recommended for the salvation of the deceased during the seven-times-seven-day period of mourning, for pregnant women, and in life-threatening situations (7b).

A rhymed *gāthā* in praise of these prescriptions concludes the text.

The present work is mentioned as *Zhenren ershisi jie jing* 真人二十四戒經, together with the corresponding hells, in 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 34.11b–12b (identical with 547 *Lingbao yujian* 31.27a–b), 42.1a, and 58.13b, in connection with setting up the forty-nine *huiyao* 迴耀 lamps for the souls of the deceased.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taiyi jiuku hushen miaojing 太一救苦護身妙經

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

351 (fasc. 177)

“Marvelous Life-Protecting Scripture of the Great One Who Saves from Distress.” During an assembly in the Qingwei 清微 Heaven, the Most High Lord Lao asks the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning (*yuanshi tianzun* 元始天尊) to enable people who suffer in the Three Worlds to participate in the heavenly joy created by his light. That is the role of the Heavenly Worthy Who Saves from Distress (*Jiuku tianzun* 救苦天尊), responds the Tianzun, for he is capable of transforming himself into a Taoist, a marshal, or even a Chan master in order to save all beings. Supplicants need only to invoke him.

The Tianzun immediately proceeds to do precisely that, and the savior appears as a young child. After Lord Lao has demonstrated his capacity to transform himself and save lives, the Tianzun says to him: “You are my qi; I am your root. What I know, you know. This is the Nine Yang essence that is very powerful. You must keep it secret and never reveal it” (3b). Lord Lao then concentrates in order to create a formula to encapsulate the power of the Nine Yang (the qi of the orient from which comes the One Who Saves from Distress). The Tianzun continues with a litany of the times when recitation of this formula, together with the present text, can save one from distress. Inasmuch as the savior descends to the human realm regularly on the third and ninth days of each month, adepts must also worship him on these days in their Pure Room.

John Lagerwey

Shangqing jingui yujing xiuzhen zhixuan miaojing

上清金匱玉鏡修真指玄妙經

17 fols.

Tang (618–907)

353 (fasc. 178)

“Marvelous Jade Mirror in a Golden Casket Elucidating the Mystery of the Practice of Perfection.” The significant part of the title, repeated in the text (1a), is *xiuzhen zhixuan* 修真指玄 (explanation of the mystery of the practice of perfection). The term *yujing* 玉鏡 (jade mirror) does not appear in the text; it probably refers to the text itself: like a mirror, it enables one to “see clearly”; and as a precious object, it is enclosed in a golden casket (*jingui*; see 16b, the “powerful stanzas of the golden casket”). Lord Lao’s title, Holy Ancestor (*shengzu* 聖祖; 6a, 11a), and one of the titles used for lay people, Men and Women of Pure Faith (*qingxin nannü* 清信男女), suggest that this text belongs to the Tang period.

The present text is a summary (*yaoyan* 要言; 5a) of Taoism revealed by the Most High Lord of the Tao for the benefit of lay people, who are sometimes called People of Pure Faith (*qingxin zhi liu* 清信之流; 1a; compare 9b). The text is later than 371 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao santu wuku badu shengsi miaojing*, which it quotes (4b–5a and 10a–b correspond to 371 *Shengsi miaojing* 6a–b and 7a–b, respectively).

After the Lord of the Tao briefly describes the spirits of the body, the “Tao explains” the importance of the practices of nourishing the heart (2a) and the qi (3a). The adept must also perform many charitable works and, most importantly, save his ancestors before he can “unite with the Tao” by means of interior alchemy (4a–5a). The present summary is apparently intended to take the place of the regular practice, which “ordinary people” lack the time to carry out.

The summary is followed by a ritual to be performed for one’s deceased parents. A statuette representing the deceased is set next to the images of the Three Pure Ones after having first been stamped with the Seal of the Nine Zhenren (they are probably linked to the Nine Prescriptions of 181 *Taishang jiu zhen miaojie jinlu duming bazui miaojing*). Three times per day for three to nine days (5a), one must then make a confession of sins. Otherwise, one may invoke the Heavenly Worthy Who Saves from Distress (*Jiuku tianzun* 救苦天尊) 3,000 times. After every 100 invocations, one must stop and bow to the Three Pure Ones and to other appropriate deities whose *fu* are given in the text.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao santu wuku badu shengsi miaojing

太上洞玄靈寶三塗五苦拔度生死妙經

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

371 (fasc. 181)

“Marvelous Scripture of Salvation from Life and Death in the Inferior Ways and the Five Sufferings.” After having explained the *Weimiao xuanyi zhenjing* 微妙玄一真經 to a celestial assembly in the World of Everlasting Happiness (changle shijie 長樂世界), the Lingbao tianzun 靈寶天尊 emits a light of nine colors that illuminates everything in the Ten Directions and the Nine Hells. Distressed by what he sees in the hells, the zhenren of the Explanation of the Law (Fajie zhenren 法解真人) asks the Tianzun for an explanation and a solution. The explanation is that people become depraved at the end of an era (*shimo* 世末); this depravity results in their transmigration into the Three Inferior Ways (*santu* 三塗), which are followed first by the Five Sufferings (*wuku* 五苦) in the various hells and then by the Eight Difficulties (*ba’nan* 八難)—the eight obstacles to a devout life—when they are reborn. The solution (4b–5b) is the purification of the Three Karmic Sources (*sanye* 三業)—the mouth, the heart, and the

body—and of the Five Poisons (*wudu* 五毒) of the senses, and followed by practice of the Eight [Forms of Good] Conduct (*baxing* 八行). Even the Heavenly Worthies of the Three Times (Sanshi tianzun 三世天尊) achieved the state of nonaction in this manner, concludes the Tianzun.

That is all very well for future and present generations, responds the zhenren of the Explanation of the Law, but what is to be done for those already in the hells? Since the entire ritual of salvation (*qianba zhi ge* 遷拔之格) is recorded in the scriptures of the Three Caverns (*Sandong zhongjing* 三洞衆經; 6a), the Tianzun presents here only a summary: if even the “officials who study the Tao” must save their ancestors before they can save themselves, how much more is this true of ordinary people? As soon as a parent dies, one must summon the Tianzun who lives “beyond this world in the Palace of the Far East. . . . One need only turn to him in one’s mind, fix one’s thoughts on his venerable countenance, and call out his name,” for he has vowed to save every living being, and he will come, just as his name suggests, “in search of the voice” (*xunsheng* 尋聲). One may also light nine lamps to illumine the Long Night (see 1411 *Dongxuan lingbao changye zhi fu jiuyou yugui mingzhen ke* 15b–24a). The lamps must be lit over a period of forty-nine days. One might also make a soul-banner, copy and disseminate the present scripture, or give alms to the poor. As a result of these meritorious deeds (*gongde* 功德), the names of one’s parents are removed from the Black List and their souls can then ascend to the Pure Land.

This text is quoted in 353 *Shangqing jingui yujing xiuzhen zhixuan miaojing* (q.v.).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao wangsheng jiuku miaojing

太上洞玄靈寶往生救苦妙經

14 fols.

Tang (618–907)

373 (fasc. 181)

“Scripture for Saving [Deceased Parents] from Distress in Future Lives.” This scripture appears to be a Tang recension of 371 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao santu wuku badu shengsi miaojing*, from which it takes its main themes and character, and even its title (see 2a, 7b). It places greater emphasis, however, on proselytism and pedagogy. Those who receive this text are called upon “to spread it to those who have not heard it” (10b) and to exhort others to perform the “five acts of philanthropy” (11b–13a). The Heavenly Worthy proceeds to calculate the return one may expect on each charitable “investment,” while also warning that “if one’s wealth is not enough to redeem [bu 補] one’s sins, the wealth has no weight” (13a).

The ritual and institutional instructions are also more precise than in the 371 *Badu shengsi jing*. To save one’s ancestors, one must ask a Taoist master (daoshi 道師) to

perform a seven-day Retreat (2a). If one wishes to use “the text of the five meditations,” one must “invite a master and receive it in accordance with the code” (8a). Among the five charitable acts, three consist in giving money to religious institutions and inciting others to do likewise (12a–b). Frequent reference is made to the merit of those who “leave the family” in order to dedicate themselves to the religious life (6a, 9b, 12b). The ritual for one’s deceased parents should be done on the forty-ninth and one hundredth days, for “within forty-nine days their sins are judged and within one hundred days they enter one of the Five Paths” (7b).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao jinggong miaojing 太上洞玄靈寶淨供妙經

10 fols.

Tang (618–907)

376 (fasc. 181)

“Marvelous Scripture on the Pure Offering.” This Pure Offering—here revealed to GE XUAN by his three masters: the zhenren Yuluoqiao 鬱羅翹, Guangmiaoyin 光妙音, and Zhendingguang 真定光, already mentioned in 346 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhenyi quanjie falun miaojing*—is intended to replace the Grand Offering of 370 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyuan yujing xuandu daxian jing* (10a). Unlike the latter, the Pure Offering must be made not only on the days of the Three Principles, but also on the days of the five *la* 臘 festivals. Whereas in 370 *Daxian jing* the most important thing was to recite the revealed scripture, the present text emphasizes the performance of a day-long ritual that culminates at noon in a gigantic offering—as large as a mountain, the text says (3b, 9a)—for all hungry souls. The present text also insists on the danger these souls represent for the well-being of the living and emphasizes the duty every pious son has toward his natural parents and his “true parents.” Less importance is attached to the sufferings of these hungry souls and to the karmic origins of their suffering.

The present text can be distinguished from its predecessor by a style that is more obviously influenced by Buddhism. Witness the frequent use of the double negative (for instance, “neither birth nor death”; 7b) and the distinction between exhaustible (*youjin* 有盡) and inexhaustible (*wujin* 無盡) offerings (6a). Such terminology is typical of Taoist texts of the end of the sixth and the beginning of the seventh century.

John Lagerwey

Dongxuan lingbao zhongqing weiyi jing 洞玄靈寶鍾磬威儀經

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

531 (fasc 295)

“Book of the Protocol for [Sounding] the Bell and the Chime Stone.” These two instruments announce the hours of the service and punctuate the ritual recitations. The bell must be struck a certain number of times for different occasions. Errors are punished by Heaven.

This is a small didactic scripture of uncertain date. It contains twelve hymns (*song* 頌) and a *gāthā* (*jī* 偈) celebrating the virtues of the instruments. All the hymns and the *gāthā* are rhymed.

Kristofer Schipper

Dongxuan lingbao jiu zhenren wufu sangui xingdao guanmen jing

洞玄靈寶九真人五復三歸行道觀門經

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)

990 (fasc. 618)

“Scripture of the Nine Zhenren for the Contemplation of the Gates and the Practice of the Tao by Means of the Five Restorations and the Three Returns.” The Nine Zhenren are listeners who, upon hearing the words of the Tao, proceed to an altar area to show lay people how to advance in the Way and transcend all difficulties. The “five restorations and three returns” undoubtedly refer to a return to the proper use of the five senses and of the *sanye* 三業 (the three sources of karmic disorder, namely, the body, the heart, and the mouth). Frequent reference is made to “returning to the root,” to the Way, to the heart, and to constancy. The gates the adept contemplates are presumably the gates of the senses, which he or she controls as the result of his or her “practice of the five victories” (4b–5a).

This practice enables the adept to escape from the Nine Dark Realms of hell. Each hell is described as the punishment for a specific sin: against the Tao or its De, against one’s nature or against reason, or against one of the five Confucian virtues. Each kind of sin attracts a specific demon that attaches itself to one or another aspect of the person (one’s knowledge, one’s will, etc.). The first hell is governed by the Jade Emperor, the next three by the Three Sovereigns, and the last five by the Five Emperors. By avoiding the various sins, adepts can purify their hearts, recover “true constancy,” and ascend to “the supreme place” or to “the fruit of the Great One.”

John Lagerwey

Dongxuan lingbao taishang liuzhai shizhi shengji jing

洞玄靈寶太上六齋十直聖紀經

9 fols.

Eighth to tenth century

1200 (fasc. 875)

“Lingbao Scripture on the Six Annual Months of Fast, the Ten Monthly Days of Fast, and the Records of the Saint.” This is one of twelve scriptures printed in 1016 at the request of WANG QINRUO (*Xu Zizhi tongjian changbian* 86.10b). Bibliographic mention of this scripture is found in *Bishu sheng xubian dao siku queshe mu* 2.21b. The scripture contains a compilation of the different kinds of fast and the calendrical dates pertaining to them, with a discussion that emphasizes the spiritual component of the fast, referring to the well-known passage in *Zhuangzi* on the Fast of the Heart. This discussion is followed by a selection of citations from various works (the sources are not named) that introduce the basic ideas of Laozi’s teaching.

At least the part of this text dealing with the fast (1b–4a) seems to come from the lost *Xuanyuan huangdi shengji* 玄元皇帝聖紀 in ten juan, written by YIN WENCAO between 679 and 684 (see “Yin Wencao bei 尹文操碑,” 957 *Gu louguan ziyun yangqing* ji 1.4b–9b): the passages 2a and 3a–4a are cited in 463 *Taoxian keyi jielü chao* 8.1b–2a, 8.3b as coming from the *Shengji jing*; in 464 *Zhaijie lu* 1a–2a and 8b they are cited under the title *Hunyuan huangdi shengji* 混元皇帝聖紀 and *Shengji jing*. This part of the present text also shows the same formal division (presentation with a subsequent discussion, *lun* 論) as a fragment of YIN WENCAO’s work preserved in YJQQ 102.1a–6a and also entitled *Hunyuan huangdi shengji jing*.

On the basis of corresponding passages in WSBY and *Zuowang lun* 坐忘論 (YJQQ 94.1b), a number of sentences on pages 4a–b, 5b–6a, and 7a–8b can be shown to come from the lost *Miaozhen jing* 妙真經. A passage on pages 6a–b is from the *Wenzi* 文子 (746 *Tongxuan zhenjing* 5.2a–4b). A paragraph on pages 8b–9b is also found in YJQQ 55.8b–9a, where the source is indicated as *Yueqing bilu* 玉清祕籙.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Yuanshi dongzhen cishan xiaozi baoen chengdao jing

元始洞真慈善孝子報恩成道經

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

66 (fasc. 32)

“Book of the Filial Son, Good and Merciful, Who Repays His Debt [to His Parents] and so Achieves the Tao.” See the following article on 380 *Dongxuan lingbao daoyao jing*.

Dongxuan lingbao daoyao jing 洞玄靈寶道要經

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)

380 (fasc. 182)

“Book of the Summary of the Tao.” This text, together with 66 *Yuanshi dongzhen cishan xiaozi baoen chengdao jing* is one of the basic texts of the Way of Filial Piety (*xiaodao* 孝道; see also 449 *Xiaodao Wu Xu er zhenjun zhuan*). Judging from the conceptual and linguistic similarity of the present text and 66 *Chengdao jing*, as well as from the fact that the last sentence of both texts is identical, it seems likely that these two texts were written by the same person. The use of certain terms and turns of phrase borrowed from seventh-century Taoist literature—such as Real Tao (*zhendao* 真道; 66 *Chengdao jing* 4b), and [Great] Supreme Tao (*wushang [da]dao* 無上[大]道; 66 *Chengdao jing* 1a; 380 *Daoyao jing* 6a)—sets a *terminus post quem* for the date of these texts. The use of the term *wujin zang* 無盡藏 (inexhaustible reservoir; 380 *Daoyao jing* 7a) suggests a date around 700 (cf. Gernet, *Buddhism in Chinese society*, 210–17). Traditionally, the *xiaodao* is considered a branch of Lingbao Taoism.

Both the present text and 66 *Chengdao jing* constitute “words of the Tao,” but the latter is the “basic text” (*benwen* 本文) of the movement, while the present text is—as its title states—a “summary of the Tao” (*daoyao* 道要; 4b). The title of 66 *Chengdao jing* emphasizes its theological priority over the “summary” by linking itself to the highest of the Three Caverns (Dongzhen 洞真) of the Three Pure Ones (Yuanshi 元始; see 1b: *wushang dadao yuanshi tianzun* 無上大道元始天尊).

Both texts are panegyrics to the *xiaodao*, but it is 66 *Chengdao jing* that describes the teaching’s origin: the zhenren of the left, the right, and the center take form by becoming differentiated from the Primordial Beginning (1a). After 90,000 kalpas, they leave the “jade matrix” with bodies that are luminous “like the new moon.” Another 90,000 kalpas later, “they transform themselves into babies and attach themselves to their Real Mother” (1b). There, they gradually grow up, while waiting for the right time to reenter the world.

Each of these “true kings of filial piety”—this is the epithet given them by the Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊—rules over one of the Three Luminaries (*sanguang* 三光; the sun, the moon, and the Big Dipper). Orphans are able to “repay the primordial debt to their parents” by worshipping the Three Luminaries (4a–b). The three zhenren “love life and reject death” (2a). All that is evil—eating meat, drinking wine, stealing, and adultery—is therefore alien to their way. Those who follow the Way of Filial Piety are as powerful as the Tao (2b). They are able to discard the Five Anxieties (3b) and to control a country, a body, illness, or the Ten Thousand Things (4a). In the land of an enlightened king (*mingwang* 明王) who governs according to the “rules of the teaching” (*jiaojie* 教戒) of filial piety, there will be Great Peace (*taiping* 太平). It suffices to

recite this text in order to repay one’s debt, and to initiate a ritual concert in Heaven as well. Therefore, the *Chengdao jing* must be diffused by all possible means.

According to the present text, the Supreme Way puts an end forever to the cycle of life and death, to suffering and karmic causality (6a), for filial piety never leaves the Gold Portal (the source of life) and thus closes off hermetically the way of death (7a). Filial piety is related to maturation (*cheng* 成) as the Tao is to birth (1a). Those who are not grateful to their parents are worse than animals: they are sinful souls (2a). But so great is the compassion of a filial person that the True King of High Brightness (Gaoming zhenwang 高明真王), on seeing those sinful souls in the eighteen hells, transforms himself, thanks to the light in his filial heart, into the “cloud of an immortal.” This cloud converts the entire universe and enables such souls to receive forgiveness, “to wash themselves in the mysterious ford and to ascend the Phoenix Steps” (3a). After having made their confession there, they return to their tombs. From these tombs they then appear to their descendants in dreams (*tongmeng* 通夢) and exhort them to “repay their debts.” Once the descendants have done this, their ancestors ascend to the Southern Palace.

Thus, concludes the Tao, “sinful souls receive forgiveness and go on to practice the Tao, while their descendants, enlightened by their dreams, practice filial piety. But those who follow my way should first practice filial piety and, in the second place, practice the Tao” (3b).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao baxian wang jiaojie jing

太上洞玄靈寶八仙王教誡經

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

III2 (fasc. 758)

“Scripture on the Rules and Teaching for the Eight Immortal Kings.” This text is identical to 66 *Yuanshi dongzhen cishan xiaozi baoen chengdao jing*. It defines itself as “the statement of the rules and of the teaching [*jiaojie* 教誡] of the supremely great Tao to the enlightened kings of earth” (6b). The Eight Immortals mentioned in the title do not appear in the text.

John Lagerwey

2.B.7.a.3 Short Doctrinal and Prophylactic Texts

Taishang shengxuan xiaozai huming miaojing 太上昇玄消災護命妙經

2 fols.

Tang (618–907)

19 (fasc. 25)

“Marvelous Scripture of the Most High Elevation to Mystery, which Protects Life and Averts Disaster.” From the Palace of the Fivefold Brightness (Wuming gong 五明宮) in the Forest of the Seven Jewels, the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning emits a ray of light that illumines the misery of all beings sunk in the River of Passion (Aihe 愛河) and the Sea of Desire (Yuhai 欲海). Addressing himself to all beings, the Heavenly Worthy exhorts them to understand that the vacuity of things is no more certain than their perceptible reality: “Those who know that vacuity is not unreal and that the perceptible reality is not mere appearance are enlightened, and have even begun to penetrate the marvelous sounds.” He concludes by saying that when this scripture is recited, a host of gods will come and protect the adept.

The language and the argumentation of the text are typical of the first century of the Tang period. Two undated Dunhuang manuscripts (Öfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 315–16) are titled *Taishang shengxuan huming jing*.

This work has remained popular over the centuries. DU GUANGTING recounts a miracle linked to its recitation (see Verellen, “Evidential miracles,” 237). The Song emperor Zhenzong (r. 997–1022) wrote a preface to it (YJQQ 122.16a–b). Its recitation was part of the celebration of the *Huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋 during the Song (see 508 *Wusheng huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 12.2a, and 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 5.6a). There are several commentaries: by LI DAOCHUN (101 *Taishang shengxuan xiaozai huming miaojing zhu*), by WANG JIE (100 *Taishang shengxuan xiaozai shuo huming miaojing*), and by Zhang Bo 張白 (312 *Taishang shengxuan xiaozai huming miaojing song*).

John Lagerwey

Taishang laojun shuo xiaozai jing 太上老君說消災經

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

631 (fasc. 341)

“Scripture on Warding off Calamities, Pronounced by the Most High Lord Lao.” Although no details are known about the origin of this text, it is one of those minor scriptures typical of the Tang period. Both 289 *Chengxing lingtai biyao jing* 3a and 592 *Shenxian ganyu zhuan* 5.18a mention a *Xiaozai jing*, probably referring to the present text.

The scripture, revealed by Lord Lao to Yin Xi 尹喜, lists the thirty-six *vajra* (*jin'gang*

金剛), twenty-five divine kings (*shenwang* 神王), twenty-seven strong men (*lishi* 力士), and thirty-seven Heavenly Masters (*tianshi* 天師, residing above the thirty-six heavens), all of whom were to be invoked when a household suffered from demons, diseases, or other calamities. When male or female believers recited this scripture, all misery came to an end. For the Buddhist polemics about the appearance of *jin'gang* and *lishi* divinities in Taoism, see *Bianzheng lun* 辯証論 8.547a–c.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang changsheng yanshou ji fude jing 太上長生延壽集福德經

2 fols.

Tang (618–907)

21 (fasc. 25)

“Scripture for the Prolongation of Life and the Accumulation of Felicity and Merit.”

During an encounter in the land of the Magic City (Huacheng guo 化城國), the Divine King of Long Life and the Protection of Felicity (Changsheng hufu shenwang 長生護福神王) asks of the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning what rites should be performed by those who, overwhelmed with misfortune, wish to enter the Gate of the Law (*ru famen* 入法門). “You should first teach them how to purify their bodies, hearts, and mouths and then transmit to them the superior methods of the Three Caverns,” the Heavenly Worthy answers. He then adds two formulas, one for the prolongation of life, the other for the accumulation of felicity and merit. One must recite these formulas according to a specific rite and calendar. The text concludes with a hymn of thanks chanted by the Divine King, and with the audience’s vow to follow the Supremely Great Tao.

John Lagerwey

Yuanshi tianzun shuo shengtian dedao jing 元始天尊說生天得道經

2 fols.

Tang (618–907)

24 (fasc. 27)

“Pronouncement of the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning on Living in Heaven and Obtaining the Tao.” Written in the usual style of Mahāyāna Taoist scriptures (*dacheng jingdian* 大乘經典), this text is a short summary of such physiological practices as the circulation of the harmonious breath (*taihe zhengqi* 太和真氣) and the interior vision (*neiguan* 內觀). The recitation of this scripture is already mentioned in an inscription dated 980 (*Jinshi cuibian* 125.19b) and listed in the *Bishu sheng* (see VDL 100). Some liturgical manuals of the Song period (for example, 508 *Wushang huanlu dazhai licheng yi* 12.2b; 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 55.31b; 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 5.7b)

also advocate the recitation of this scripture in the context of rites for the salvation of the soul.

John Lagerwey

Taishang yuanshi tianzun zhengguo zhenjing 太上元始天尊證果真經

1 fol.

Tang (618–907)

47 (fasc. 29)

“True Scripture of the Most High Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning on Rewards.” This brief scripture deals with the rewards (*zhengguo* 證果) that can be obtained through its transmission and constant recitation: heavenly protection, roaming the Shangqing Heaven, immortality, and the destruction of demonic powers. Ordinary mortals are rewarded with longevity, domestic happiness, and redemption of their souls from postmortem punishment. A hymn recapitulating these ideas concludes the scripture.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang yuanshi tianzun shuo xuming miaojing 太上元始天尊說續命妙經

1 fol.

Tang (618–907)

48 (fasc. 29)

“Marvelous Scripture for the Prolongation of Life, Spoken by the Most High Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning.” Taishang daojun 太上道君 having been ordered by Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊 to save people from suffering by spreading “his method,” enjoins human beings to invoke the two zhenren of Great Mercy—the zhenren of Great Charity (*dahui* 大惠) and the zhenren who Saves from Distress (*jiuku* 救苦)—whenever they are sick or in difficulty. This indication will suffice to save them and “prolong their lives.”

In the hymn that follows, the laity are called Men and Women of Pure Faith (*qingxin nannü* 清信男女), a term characteristic of the Tang period.

John Lagerwey

Taishang yuanshi tianzun shuo dayu longwang jing

太上元始天尊說大雨龍王經

3 fols.

Tang (618–907)

51 (fasc. 29)

“Scripture of the Great Rain-Producing Dragon-Kings, Spoken by the Most High Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning.” At the heart of this text we find the

names of sixty-eight dragon-kings for invocation in periods of drought. Good men and women (*shan nanzi shan nüren* 善男子善女人) are encouraged to go wherever there is a drought to copy this text, transmit it in a “pure and solemn” manner, and then ask a Ritual Master of Great Virtue (*Gaode fashi* 高德法師) to recite it in a “Taoist arena.” The altar may also be called a Pure Land (*jingtu* 淨土), and one may use it to pray for rain on the six monthly days of fasting (*liuzhai ri* 六齋日; 1b). To all these examples of typical Tang terminology can be added the expression “For what reason?” (*heyi gu* 何以故; 1b). The text begins in the same way as 62 *Yuanshi tianwang huanle jing*: “When Yuanshi tianzun had completed [a tour of inspection] of the Five (Ten in 62 *Huanle jing*) Directions . . .”

John Lagerwey

Taishang huguo qiyu xiaomo jing 太上護國祈雨消魔經

4 fols.

Tang (618–907)

52 (fasc. 29)

“Demon-Slaying Scripture for Protecting the Country and Praying for Rain.” The zhenren Moonlight (*Yueguang* 月光) arrives at Yujing shan 玉京山 on a white crane and announces to the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning (Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊) his desire to save the people of the Yanfu 閻浮 world from all natural calamities. The zhenren requests the expedient means (*fangbian* 方便) to accomplish this task. The Tianzun then lists his spiritual powers that “abide in this world and save from all difficulties” (2a). When people encounter difficulties, they need merely recite this book.

The zhenren then asks for a ritual (*fashi* 法事) by which to obtain rain. Transmit my teaching in the Yanfu world, the Tianzun says. Tell them, wherever they may be, to create altars (*tanchang* 壇場) with images of the Worthies (*zunxiang* 尊像) and flags, and then to recite this scripture and perform a Retreat and an Offering (*zhaizhuan* 齋饌). These acts will cause the gods to send dragon-kings and masters of thunder and rain to make the clouds appear.

At the end of the book, the Tianzun gives it a title that begins with *Tiangong* 天功 instead of *Taishang*. Among the gods to whom the offering is addressed, there is a Father and a Mother of Celestial Merits (*tiangong fumu* 天功父母; 3a).

John Lagerwey

Taishang zhenyi bao fumu enzhong jing 太上真一報父母恩重經

2 fols.

Tang (618–907)

65 (fasc. 32)

“Scripture of the Most High True One for Repaying One’s Debt Toward One’s Loving Parents.” By request of the Shangzhi 上智, the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning recalls the heavy debt every human being owes his or her parents. He then lists the rituals one may perform in repayment. If one’s parents suffered from illness due to evil demons, one should perform rituals called *daochang* 道場. After the death of one’s parents, one should begin with the observation of a Retreat (*zhai* 齋), of forty-nine days, and then on one’s own birthday, one should remember that it was one’s parents who gave one life.

The recitation of the present text is advocated in 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 5.9a.

John Lagerwey

Zhenzang jing yaojue 真藏經要訣

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

96 (fasc. 48)

“Epitome of the True Reservoir Scripture.” Two brief passages aside, this summary is entirely composed of citations from 4 *Wushang neibi zhenzang jing*. The first of the added passages treats the importance of keeping the commandments (3a3–7); the second passage criticizes as useless such Buddhist practices as giving oneself to a tiger and self-immolation by fire (4b1–8).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao guanmiao jing 太上洞玄靈寶觀妙經

2 fols.

Tang (618–907)

326 (fasc. 167)

“Scripture for Contemplating the Marvelous according to the Lingbao Tradition.” This scripture corresponds, from the first line (1b), to 400 *Dongxuan lingbao dingguan jing* 4a to the end, and to the last paragraph of 1036 *Zuowang lun* (beginning on 16b). The text is mentioned in the *Suichu tang shumu* 23b (see VDL 172) and must date from the Tang or Five Dynasties (907–960) period.

Isabelle Robinet

Taishang dongxuan lingbao hu zhu tongzi jing 太上洞玄靈寶護諸童子經

3 fols.

Tang (618–907)

328 (fasc. 167)

“Lingbao Scripture of the Protecting Lads.” The “Protecting Lads” mentioned in the title are emissaries of the stars that govern the destiny of humanity. Those whose lives are threatened by the harmful actions of the “dogs of heaven and earth” must burn incense and recite this text, which is primarily an invitation both to the Lads of the true qi of the seven stars of the Big Dipper and to the Lads of the beams of qi from the Five Directions. The conclusion shows that it is this recitation that enables the Lads to carry on their work in the world. The passage 1b–2a derives from 336 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao yebao yinyuan jing* 8.7a.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao sifang dayuan jing 太上洞玄靈寶四方大願經

5 fols.

Tang (618–907)

343 (fasc. 176)

“Lingbao Scripture of the Great Supplications [to Be Pronounced] in the Four Directions.” In this scripture, the Heavenly Worthy promises to those who seek to obtain the Tao—be it in their mountain retreats or in monasteries—that they shall reach their goal if, in the morning and in the evening, they speak the given supplications into the four directions and pronounce certain benedictions (*zhuyuan* 祝願) before and after eating and drinking.

Of the four series of supplications for oneself and for others (fourteen directed to the saints and zhenren in the east, eleven to those in the south, nine to those in the west, and seven to those in the north; 1a–3b), the first two are based on 22 *Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing* 3.11a–13a. The second part of the present text (3b–5b) consists of various benedictions that are spoken mainly for the donor (*zhazhu* 齋主) of the meal at midday (*zhongshi* 中食). Some of those passages (4a, 4b–5a, 5b) are also found in 1410 *Dongxuan lingbao qianzhen ke* 29a–b.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang lingbao zhibui guanshen jing 太上靈寶智慧觀身經

2 fols.

First half of the Tang (618–907) dynasty

350 (fasc. 177)

“Lingbao Scripture on Wisdom and the Contemplation of the Body.” This short text probably originated during the first half of the Tang dynasty. In 771 it was carved

in stone in the Yongxian guan 永仙觀 (near Chang'an) under the title *Qingjing zhihui guanshen jing* 清淨智慧觀身經 (see Chen Yuan et al., *Daojia jinshi lue*, 153–54). The theme of this scripture, which conspicuously relies on Buddhist terminology and ideas, is the contemplation of the body and its components, which in meditation are found to be absolutely void and illusory. Thereby one attains to a consciousness in which one is no longer subject to suffering; thus one gains liberation (*jietuo* 解脫).

The three hymns to wisdom that conclude our text are also found in 524 *Dongxuan lingbao zhai shuo guang zhu jie fa deng zhuyuan yi* 7b–8a and 1364 *Shangqing dongzhen zhihui guanshen da jie wen* 1a–b.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

***Taishang dongxuan lingbao furi miaojing* 太上洞玄靈寶福日妙經**

3 fols.

Tang (618–907)

355 (fasc. 179)

“Marvelous Lingbao Scripture on the Days of Blessings.” In this small treatise for use by lay people, the latter are invited to observe a fast on all days of blessings (*furi* 福日) mentioned in the text (for the list of such days, see 464 *Zhaijie lu* passim). The mere recitation of this text sufficed to avert misfortune. It was therefore a highly meritorious act to copy and disseminate it.

John Lagerwey

***Taishang shenzhou yanshou miaojing* 太上神咒延壽妙經**

2 fols.

Tang (618–907)

358 (fasc. 179)

“Wonderful Scripture of the Divine Formula of Invocation by the Most High Lord of the Tao for Prolonging Life.” This short scripture is an abridged and obviously popularized version of 650 *Taishang laojun shuo changsheng yisuan miaojing* or 672 *Taishang laojun shuo yisuan shenfu miaojing*. For instance, the generals of the cyclical *jia* 甲 combinations are not listed individually, and the *fu* that are shown and explained in detail in the above texts are mentioned only briefly in the present text. Instead, emphasis is placed on the simple recitation of this short scripture.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

***Taishang daojun shuo jieyuan badu miaojing* 太上道君說解冤拔度妙經**

2 fols.

Tang (618–907)

372 (fasc. 181)

“Marvelous Scripture for Salvation and Delivery from Enmity.” This explanation of the Essentials of the Tao (*Daoyao* 道要) by the Most High Lord of the Tao, in the Baqian Forest 八鶯林, illuminates the entire universe and accentuates the contrast between the hells and the Halls of Happiness. What have those who suffer in the former done? asks the zhenren of Great Faith (Duxin zhenren 度信真人). The Lord of the Tao explains that the zhenren, full of compassion, decided to avail himself of the light of the “golden words” to divulge on Earth this book that delivers from sorrow and rescues from sins. Lay people are told to recite it six times during a retreat in their Pure Room.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo jiku jing

太上洞玄靈寶天尊說濟苦經

3 fols.

Tang (618–907)

375 (fasc. 181)

“The Heavenly Worthy Explains How to Overcome Difficulties.” Whether it is for a difficult childbirth, for sickness, or for a case of bewitchment (*gudao* 蠱道), “invoke my name and I shall be attentive to the voice [*xunsheng* 尋聲] and come from Heaven with all my host directly to this house to save the sick, drive away the wandering soul, and oblige it to return to its original body [*benshen* 本身].” The Heavenly Worthy is invoked (*zhouqing* 咒請) by the seven names given at the beginning of the text.

The People of the Tao (1b, 2a) are also invited to provide for “my servants, the Taoists,” to make books and statues, to establish temples and abbeys, and to recite this text three times a day.

The reference to the Three Ways (*wuji dadao* 無極大道, *wushang zhengzhen dao* 無上正真道, and *wuwei taiping qingyue dadao* 無爲太平清約大道) seems to allude to 1205 *Santian neijie jing* 1.3a.

John Lagerwey

Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing 太上老君說常清靜妙經

3 fols.

First half of the Tang (618–907)

620 (fasc. 341)

“Wonderful Scripture on Perpetual Purity and Tranquility, Spoken by the Most High Lord Lao.” This text probably dates from the first half of the Tang dynasty. *Bidian zhulin* 16.3b lists a manuscript of this text from the brush of Huaisu 懷素, dated 785. An autograph in the calligraphy of Liu Gongquan 柳公權, dated 840 (*Yunyan guoyan lu* 雲煙過眼錄; 3.16b), which was later carved in stone, features only a few variant characters (*Zhongguo shufa bianji zubian*, “Liu Gongquan,” 2.201–5). The work 757 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu* 23a mentions an edition with a commentary by SIMA CHENGZHEN, and *Nanyue zongsheng ji* 3.7a states that Li Simu 李思慕 (see 453 *Nanyue xiaolu* 13a) wrote explanations for this scripture. However, today no trace of these two commentaries can be found. For the discussion of an autograph of the *Qingjing jing* attributed to Yang Hu 楊祐 of the Liang dynasty, but most likely dating from the Tang, see Li Weiran, “Songta *Qingjing jing*.”

The work gives instructions on how to restore both the constant purity of the spirit (*shen* 神) that is often upset by the mind (*xin* 心), and the perpetual ataraxy of the mind that is frequently harassed by desire: first by regarding all phenomena as empty (*kong* 空) and nonexistent (*wu* 無) and then by transcending this view. One who follows these instructions will gradually attain the Tao.

In an epilogue, GE XUAN describes the line of transmission of this text, which he has now recorded for the first time, from the Queen Mother of the West down to himself. He also notes that the two zhenren, Zuoxuan zhenren 左玄真人 and Zhengyi zhenren 正一真人, enumerate the wonderful effects that arise from reciting and holding on to the scripture.

This scripture enjoyed great esteem among the Quanzhen Taoists. Not only does the term *qingjing* 清靜 play an important role in WANG ZHE’s teaching (see, for instance, 1156 *Chongyang zhenren jinguan yusuo jue*, passim), but also the present text belongs to the handful of scriptures, the recitation of which was recommended by Wang (“Zhongnan shan shenxian Chongyang zhenren quanzhen jiaozu bei,” 973 *Gan-shui xianyuan lu* 1.8a). For the recitation of the scripture during the Huanglu 黃籙 ritual in the Song dynasty, see 529 *Lingbao wujing tigang*.

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang laojun shuo anzhai bayang jing 太上老君說安宅八陽經

2 fols.

Tang (618–907)

634 (fasc. 341)

“Scripture on the Eight Yang and on [Securing] Peace for the House, Spoken by the Most High Lord Lao.” This short text probably dates from the Tang dynasty. It shows a close correspondence, partly verbatim, with a section in *Tiandi bayang shenzhou jing* 1423a, a Buddhist text. The latter scripture, the translation of which is attributed to Yijing 義淨 (635–713), was first listed in a bibliography and described in 800 (*Zhenyuan xinding shijiao mulu* 28.1017a–b). It was condemned as apocryphal in *Beishan lu* 2.582c (completed in 806).

The present scripture gives no explanation for the term *bayang* 八陽 (Eight Yang), whereas the Buddhist text (1424b) equates “eight” with “discrimination” (*fenbie* 分別) and with the eight kinds of perception (*bashi* 八識) and explains yang as the “clear understanding” of the principle of emptiness and nonexistence (*kongwu zhi li* 空無之理). While the Buddhist work further discusses topics like burial and marriage, the present text limits itself to the pacifying of dwelling places: wherever the dragon deities (*longshen* 龍神) have been disturbed and death-bringing forces (*sha* 煞) have been aroused in the course of digging for the construction of a house, all harm can be averted and harmony and peace secured by reciting this scripture.

The mention of a *Bayang jing* in 289 *Chengxing lingtai biyao jing* 4a presumably refers either to this text or to 635 *Taishang laojun shuo buxie bayang jing*.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang laojun shuo buxie bayang jing 太上老君說補謝八陽經

2 fols.

Tang (618–907)

635 (fasc. 341)

“Scripture on the Eight Yang and the Amends, Spoken by the Most High Lord Lao.” This scripture largely corresponds to 634 *Taishang laojun shuo anzhai bayang jing*. It could be a later version of the latter, since the list of divinities is more extensive here. Also the use of the scripture is specific in that its recitation should be done after the construction works (that disturb the forces residing in the earth) have been completed.

Although the use of our text within the framework of a ritual is not explicitly mentioned, it is clearly related to the *anzhai zhai* 安宅齋 described in 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* (especially 198.1b–2b and 320.17b–19a).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang laojun shuo shangqi miezui jifu miaojing

太上老君說上七滅罪集福妙經

4 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

1170 (fasc. 839)

“Wondrous Book of the Seven [Stars] on High That Abolish Sin and Gather Happiness, Spoken by the Most High Lord Lao.” This scripture for recitation in worship of the seven Dipper stars that control fate is similar to 622 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing*. The passage on vows pronounced to the different stars of the constellation (2a–b) is partly identical in wording to the hymns in 622 *Yansheng zhenjing* 8b–9a.

This work was included in the Taiqing division by the editors of the Ming *Daozang*; it thus seems unlikely that it was still currently in use for liturgical purposes in modern times. We may therefore suppose that the present scripture is earlier than 622 *Yansheng zhenjing*, and that the former has perhaps inspired the latter.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang shuo tongzhen gaohuang jieyuan jing 太上說通真高皇解冤經

2 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1449 (fasc. 1063)

“Scripture on Communicating with the Zhenren, High and August, and on Deliverance from Calamity, Spoken by the Most High [Lord of the Tao].” This text is identical with 372 *Taishang daojun shuo jieyuan badu miaojing*.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang dongxuan jizhong jing 太上洞玄濟衆經

3 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1460 (fasc. 1064)

“Scripture on Universal Deliverance, from the Dongxuan Canon of the Most High.” This text is a small jewel of monastic and dialectic Taoism of the seventh and eighth centuries. It deals succinctly with one of the most fundamental problems of Taoism, the origin of evil: does evil stem from the spirit (*shen* 神) or from knowledge (*shi* 識)? Compare the discussion on this subject in 9 *Taishang yicheng haikong zhizang jing* 1.22a ff. The present text makes it apparent that in this new form of Taoism the human being is no longer considered as a body filled with spirits that one must try to retain, but as a spirit endowed with knowledge. One’s difficulties stem from the loss of one’s “lucid nature” (*mingxing* 明性), that is, from one’s misconceptions concerning

one’s real origins. One does not own one’s body but is only its temporary occupant. The parents who gave one life are not true parents (hence the role of monasticism). Once one has understood (*wu* 悟) that one is born from the Void Spontaneity (*xuwu ziran* 虛無自然; see 1438 *Taishang laojun xuwu ziran benqi jing*), one will no longer be a prisoner of passions or the body: “He will have a body no more; his spirit and body will become one; he will have found his original parents and achieved the Tao.”

The version of the present text in YJQQ 31.7b–10a has only a single important variant: on page 1b1, *shui* 誰 should read *shi* 識.

John Lagerwey

Taiji Zuo xiangong shuo shenfu jing 太極左仙公說神符經

7 fols.

1117 (fasc. 759)

“Scripture of the Divine Talisman Spoken by Taiji [Zhenren] and Zuo Xiangong.” Zuo xiangong is the title of GE XUAN. In this text, he recounts the transmission of an elixir, the medicinal power of which “equals (*fu* 符) those of divine making” (*shenzao* 神造). Ge himself received the elixir from the zhenren Taiji 太極 (i.e., Xu Laile 徐來勒) and in turn transmits it by way of the present text to Zheng Siyuan 鄭思遠 (i.e., ZHENG YIN). Even though the alchemical recipe revealed here is said to lead to the supreme Way, it seems to be ranked lower than internal practices. At the beginning of the text, we see GE XUAN living in the Huayang Cavern 華陽洞, where he practices holding the Three Ones (the *nihuan* 泥丸, the *jianggong* 絳宮, and the *dantian* 丹田, according to a note). This practice enables him to gain “a profound understanding of life and death, to forget his body altogether, to solidify his nature, and to enter through wisdom into the True Way.” It is in this state of trance that he sees the misery of all beings and decides, at the request of one Wang Xingcheng 王行成, to reveal the essential Way (*yaodao* 要道). At the end of the text, Ge “returns to his original heaven,” leaving it to Zheng Siyuan to propagate his method.

John Lagerwey

Beidou jiubuang yinhui jing 北斗九皇隱諱經

4 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

1456 (fasc. 1064)

“Book of the Secret Names of the Nine Glorious [Stars] of the Northern Dipper.” The Ursa Major constellation has seven visible stars and two hidden ones, Fu 輔 and Bi 弼. This short text describes the stars and their functions and commends meditation. Visualizing the stars obtains their protection.

The text is identical to YJQQ 24.9a–14a, a section titled “Beidou jiuhuang zhiwei zongzhu 北斗九皇職位總主.” It is difficult to establish which version represents the original, but inasmuch as the YJQQ section clearly forms part of a larger excerpt from a now lost *Xuanmen baohai jing* 玄門寶海經 (judging by its title, a Tang text), it would seem that the present version was copied from the latter source.

Kristofer Schipper

2.B.7.b Litanies

This section gathers texts of repentance and pardon called *chan* 懺, a term considered to be the transliteration of the Sanskrit *kṣamā* (confession; also written *chanmo* 懺磨 or *chamo* 叉磨). The *chan* constitute a special category of texts, half scripture, half ritual. Like many other liturgical rites of Chinese Buddhism, their creation is traditionally attributed to Emperor Wu of the Liang dynasty (r. 502–549). The Taoist counterparts of the Buddhist *chan* are mainly adaptations from major Lingbao scriptures, to which are added long lists of names of great deities whose pardon is implored. Because of the repetitive nature of *chan*, we have chosen the term *litany* for this type of chanted text. Taoist litanies became current during the Tang (618–907) and have remained an important part of Taoist liturgy.

Taishang cibei daochang xiaozai jiuyou chan 太上慈悲道場消災九幽懺

10 juan

Attributed to GE XUAN 葛玄; preface by LI HANGUANG 李含光; eighth century

543 (fasc. 297–299)

“Litany for the Ritual of Mercy of the Most High, for Deliverance from Calamities and the Nine Realms of Darkness.” In the this text, the Most High is called the Merciful Worthy (Cizun 慈尊). By means of a dialogue with Puji zhenren 普濟真人, he reveals and explains this ritual of confession that makes it possible not only to ward off misfortunes that threaten the country, but also to save one’s ancestors from punishment in hell (1.20b–21a). The text makes a clear distinction between these two uses of the ritual: the first use is for the peace of the living (*ping’an* 平安), and the second is for offerings to the dead (*zhuijian* 追薦; 1.8b).

The attribution to GE XUAN is explained by LI HANGUANG in his preface. After receiving the books of the Three Caverns from Xu Laile 徐來勒, writes Li, GE XUAN extracted from them their most salient features in order to compose the present litany. However legendary, this story accurately links the litany to the Lingbao tradition associated with GE XUAN and, thereby, to the Zhengyi ritual tradition (see Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 24–25). At the beginning of the present text we read that “the Three

Caverns can all be included in the Unique Vehicle. . . . Orthodox Unity combines the Three Vehicles” (1.1b–2a).

As Yoshioka has shown (*Dōkyō to Bukkyō* 1:393–99), this text is at least in part inspired by the *Cibei daochang chanfa*, in ten juan, traditionally attributed to Liang Wudi (r. 502–549) and probably dating at least in part from that period. The present litany does indeed resemble its Buddhist prototype, not only as regards its title and the titles of several of its sections, but also in its use of certain key phrases, as well as in its overall structure. Yoshioka nonetheless dates this text to the eighth century. If we are correct in assuming that Wu Zetian (r. 684–705) is not among the “seven deceased emperors” (*qimiao* 七廟) mentioned at 1.11b, the date of composition could be set between 763 (the date of Daizong’s accession to the throne) and 769 (the date of LI HANGUANG’s death).

As stated in 1.5a, many of the texts of both the confessions and the explanations in this litany are citations, either abridged or adapted, of 336 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao yebao yinyuan jing* (1.5a–b here corresponds to 336 *Yebao yinyuan jing* 10.1b–2a, 3b; 6.16a–b to 4.1b–2a; 10.11a–12b to 10.4a–6b; etc.). The last citation, moreover, shows clearly that the dialogue between Puji zhenren and Cizun in the present text is based on that between Puji zhenren and Daojun 道君 in 336 *Yebao yinyuan jing*.

Starting with the east and ending with the zenith and the nadir, each juan is devoted to one of the Ten Directions. The vows that follow each confession and sequence of salutations are always addressed to the Lingbao *tianzun* 天尊 of the relevant direction (see, for instance, 1.11b and 2.4b). Each sequence of salutations—with the sole exception of the last, which is elicited by the depth of GE XUAN’s sense of gratitude to Xu Laile (10.17b–18a)—begins with Yuqing jiangfu tianzun 玉清降福天尊 and Xunsheng jiuku tianzun 尋聲救苦天尊, followed by one of the ten directional *tianzun* (see 1.10b, etc., and 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 6.1a–b). The adept calls on a total of 1,170 *tianzun* and zhenren in the course of the forty-two salutation sequences (10.19b).

John Lagerwey

Taishang cibei jiuyou bazui chan 太上慈悲九幽拔罪懺

10 juan

Tang (618–907)

544 (fasc. 300–301)

“Litany for the Mercy of the Most High for Deliverance from the Nine Realms of Darkness and the Remission of Sin.” As the title indicates, this litany is related to 543 *Taishang cibei daochang xiaozai jiuyou chan*. Among the many parallel passages, those in juan 9 and 10 show most clearly the derivative nature of the present work (compare, for instance, our text 9.4b–5a with 543 *Jiuyou chan* 4.1b–2a, and again

9.8b–9a, 10.4b–5a, and 8b–9a with, respectively, 543 *Jiuyou chan* 6.1b–3a, 5.17b–19a, and 5.6b–7a).

The present text presents itself as a sermon delivered by Xuhuang daojun 虛皇道君 to Puji zhenren 普濟真人. As in 543 *Jiuyou chan*, here also each juan is dedicated to a direction, beginning with the east. Each juan contains two litanies, which are usually composed of the “appellations of response” (*yinghao* 應號; 2.1b) of fifty *tianzun* 天尊. The first appellation of the 100 in each juan (from juan 2 to 10) is always that of the *tianzun* of the relevant direction. In juan 1, this appellation occurs after those of the Three Treasures (Cibei sanbao *tianzun* 慈悲三寶天尊) and of the Savior from Distress (Xunsheng jiuku *tianzun* 尋聲救苦天尊). The acts of obeisance are followed by confessions and discourses on moral causality and meritorious rituals.

The ritual system always prescribes the invitation of a master (*qingshi* 請師; see, for instance, 1.6a). If it is true that the confession of sins can resolve all problems (see 7.9a) and may be performed on any day of the religious calendar (see 3.5a and 7.5a), the author nonetheless clearly thinks of such confession in the context of rituals for the repose of the souls of the deceased, especially parents (see 4.4a). The Way of Filial Piety (*xiaodao* 孝道) of descendants who have this kind of rite performed for their parents “ascends to the Office of Heaven, which decides that the deceased may leave the hells forever in order to roam in bliss and live eternally in the Hall of Happiness” (5.9a).

It may be noted that the list of Retreats given in our text (8.8b), in contrast with the more traditional list given in 543 *Jiuyou chan* 6.11a–b, mentions a Retreat of the Emperor of the North (*Beidi zhai* 北帝齋).

John Lagerwey

Laozi xiangming jing 老子像名經

10 juan (juan 6–8 are missing)

Tang (618–907)

661 (fasc. 345)

“Scripture of the Symbols and Names [of the Heavenly Worthy, Revealed] by Laozi.” This text contains litanies for recitation as an act of repentance and in order to achieve absolution (*chanhui* 懺悔). These litanies are said to be revealed by Laozi for the salvation of humanity. On this work, see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 316–21.

The names of the *tianzun* 天尊 are arranged according to the cosmic directions east, south, west, north, northeast, zenith and nadir, and this arrangement also designates the contents of the extant chapters of the work. For each direction there are short introductory and concluding statements attributed to Laozi. Taoists and lay people alike can recite these litanies of repentance to avoid punishment in the hells

or calamities of other kinds. The text also speaks about the positive effects on one’s future rebirth and the remission of guilt obtained by reciting these litanies. Practical instructions state that the deities, some of which are described, should be represented by figures or paintings on scrolls and venerated in temples. Such devotional practices also bear good results when the country is threatened by war or other crises. The litanies were to be used in prayer in connection with lamp liturgies (*deng zhi fa* 燈之法). Following these liturgies, celebrations of purification and preaching sessions displaying the scriptures of the Great Vehicle of the Three Caverns could be performed. In this way, divine help and salvation were sure to be obtained (10.8b–9a).

Florian C. Reiter

Taishang lingbao shifang yinghao tianzun chan 太上靈寶十方應號天尊懺

10 juan (juan 1 and 3–9 are missing)

Tang (618–907)

542 (fasc. 296)

“Litany of the Heavenly Worthy of the Ten Directions Who Respond to Invocations.” The expression *yinghao* 應號 (literally, “appellations of response”) refers to the names of the different *tianzun* 天尊 corresponding to their religious role and by which they may be invoked. In like manner, 543 *Taishang cibei daochang xiaozai jiuyou chan* 10.13b, speaks of “names that correspond to different manifestations” (*huashen yinghao* 化身應號), and again, in 10.19a, of the *Tianzun* of the Ten Directions, each of which is the Primordial Beginning, born in the Ten Directions in correspondence with the *qi* (*yingqi er sheng yu shifang* 應氣而生于十方).

Originally, the present work contained 1,200 names of the *Tianzun* of the Ten Directions (10.12a). Like the extant two juan, each of the ten juan must have prescribed acts of obeisance to 120 *tianzun* divided into three equal sections (*pin* 品). All these acts of obeisance and confession culminate, at the end of the third section, in a series of vows for the good of all beings. These vows are the expression of the desire of the person reciting them to obtain the Supreme Tao (*wushang Tao* 無上道; 10.12a).

The expression *Wushang Tao*—as well as others such as *heyi gu* 何以故 (why), *zhenxing* 真性 (true nature), *sancheng dafa* 三乘大法 (great law of the Three Vehicles)—allows us to link the present text to the Lingbao tradition of the first half of the Tang dynasty. More precisely, this text, like the above-mentioned 543 *Jiuyou chan*, is largely composed of excerpts from 336 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao yebao yinyuan jing* (for instance, 2.1a–2a of our text corresponds to 336 *Yebao yinyuan jing* 3.13b–15b, and 2.2b–4a to 336 *Yebao yinyuan jing* 3.3b–5a). As the same passages are also found in 543 *Jiuyou chan* 2.1a–2b and 6.1a–3a, we may conclude that both litanies use the same procedure for condensing the text of 336 *Yebao yinyuan jing*, and also that the present work departed more significantly from the *Yebao jing* than 543 *Jiuyou chan* (compare, for instance,

336 *Yebao yinyuan jing* 3.5a3–5 with our text 2.3b2–5 and 543 *Jiuyou chan* 6.2b6–7). The present text also differs from the two others in that its protagonists are the Most High (Taishang 太上) and Miaoxing zhenren 妙行真人.

John Lagerwey

Taishang taixuan nüqing sanyuan pinjie bazui miaojing

太上太玄女青三元品誡拔罪妙經

3 juan

Tang (618–907)

36 (fasc. 28)

“Marvelous Scripture That Abolishes Sins against the Classified Rules of the Three Principles, Spoken by the Most High Most Mysterious Nüqing.” This is a later version, in the form of a litany (*baochan* 寶懺), of 456 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyuan pinjie gongde qingzhong jing*, an early Lingbao scripture. The reference in 1.10a to the canons and statues of the Holy Tao of the Mysterious Origin (*xuanyuan shengdao* 玄元聖道) confirms the overall impression that this is a Tang work.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanshier tianzun yinghao jing

太上洞玄靈寶三十二天尊應號經

2 juan

Tang (618–907)

1121 (fasc. 759)

“Appellations of Response of the Heavenly Worthy of the Thirty-two Heavens.” Only two juan (12 and 22) of this litany remain. These two juan each provide the 200 names for one of the Thirty-two Heavens. Juan 12 deals with the Qingming hetong tian 清明何童天, which, according to 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* 1.8a, is the third of the Thirty-two Heavens: it is located in the World of Desire (see WSBY 4.1a) and provides 100 “merciful appellations of response” (2a) for the east and 100 for the south. Juan 22 deals with the Wusi jiangyou tian 無思江由天, the twenty-second of the Thirty-two Heavens (1 *Shangpin miaojing* 1.9a): half of the names correspond to the west, the other to the north. According to WSBY 4.1b, this heaven is located in the World of Appearances.

On the basis of the available evidence, it is difficult to determine the original length of this text. The notes attached to the titles indicate that juan 1 to 11 and 23 to 26 are missing. Perhaps there were, originally, 400 names, that is, two juan for each heaven, but such a hypothesis would not account for the fact that the third heaven is located in juan 12 and the twenty-second in juan 22.

Juan 12 gives what is perhaps the best explanation of the rationale of the text. The beginning of this chapter mentions a celestial assembly brilliantly illuminated by the

sun: overjoyed, “saints, zhenren, and immortals are all promoted.” An immortal then asks the Lord of Heaven how the sins of the people of the inferior world could be forgiven. They must burn incense and light lamps, visualize deities and honor a master, the Lord answers. Then, having chanted a hymn, they must surrender themselves to the Heavenly Worthy whose names are listed further on, and they must vow to have their own names struck off the lists of the *Mengzhen jiuyou yuguai changye zhi han* 盟真九幽玉匱長夜之函.

John Lagerwey

Taishang cibe daochang miezui shuichan 太上慈悲道場滅罪水懺

3 juan

Tang (618–907)

545 (fasc. 301)

“Water Litany for the Remission of Sins, a Ritual for the Mercy of the Most High.” At first sight, the present text appears to be a Taoist version of the Buddhist *Cibei shuichan fa* in three juan by Zhixuan 知玄 (d. 881), where the word *shui* 水 is explained as “the water of *sanmei* with which the karma of resentments is washed away” (45.968c). However, the two texts appear to have only their titles and the number of juan in common. The term *shui* in the title of the Taoist litany is not explained but seems to refer to the *shuifu* 水府, the Office of Water, that is, hell (1.1b). There is one juan for each of the Three Principles (*sanyuan* 三元).

The Essentials of the Tao (*Daoyao* 道要), which the present work represents in typically Tang manner (1.1a), consist in the confession of one’s sins and the dispatch of petitions to Heaven (*shangzhang* 上章 or *shangbiao* 上表; 1.1b and 3.6a). These tasks are best done on the days of the Three Principles, or on the days of the five *la* 臘 festivals. Most important is the confession of the sins of the members of one’s lineage, then those of “clerics and lay people, living or dead” (3.4a), and finally those of all beings (3.7a). The importance of filial piety (*zhixiao* 至孝; 3.6b) is stressed.

The list of sins we find here follows the same model—that of 336 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao yebao yinyuan jing*—as the preceding two texts in the *Daozang*, which also are litanies for the Mercy of the Most High. The procedure is also the same: obeisances (six times ten per juan), followed by confessions.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongzhen xianmen jing 太上洞真賢門經

34 fols.

Tang (618–907)

61 (fasc. 31)

“Book of the Gate of Sages.” The present text, which is a litany of 563 *Taishang lingbao jingming feixian duren jing fa* (not of 573 *Xuanzhu ge*, as the text announces on page

ra) and names the “bodies of response” (*yingshen* 應身) of the Heavenly Worthy of the Ten Directions, must originally have been called the Book of the Gate of the Sages of Lord Lao (*Laojun xianmen jing* 老君賢門經; 1a), as Lord Lao’s name appears twice in the text, at the beginning and at the end. The present title is probably due to the fact that the scripture is included in the Dongzhen division of the *Daozang*.

The confessions linked to these litanies of names deal with only three sins: killing, theft, and concupiscence. These are the first three of the five sins prohibited by the Five Commandments given during the Tang to Taoist initiates (see 784 *Taishang laojun jiejing* 6b–7b). In each sequence, the adept first confesses his or her sins of murder, theft, and concupiscence in the religious realm—killing, for example, “to make a sacrifice to gods and demons” (7a)—and then confesses the same sins in the profane world. There are thus three times two groups of names for the four directions, the above, and the below. The goal of this practice is to “enjoy the fruits of eternal joy” (6b). Given the reference to “the images of the transcendental powers” (*lingxiang* 靈像; 1b), it may be that these litanies were recited in front of the statues or portraits of the Heavenly Worthy.

John Lagerwey

***Taishang yuqing xiezui dengzhen baochan* 太上玉清謝罪登真寶懺**

6 fols.

190 (fasc. 81)

***Taishang shangqing rangzai yanshou baochan* 太上上清攘災延壽寶懺**

6 fols.

191 (fasc. 81)

***Taishang taiqing bazui shengtian baochan* 太上泰清拔罪昇天寶懺**

7 fols.

192 (fasc. 81)

The above three titles form one work. There is no indication as to the date of the text. This type of scripture seems to have emerged during the Tang period.

The text of the “Precious Litany of Repentance of the Most High Heaven of Yuqing for the Forgiveness of Sins and Ascent to Heaven” (190 *Taishang yuqing xiezui dengzhen baochan*) is divided into two parts. The short introductory remarks by the Most High explain that repentance is indispensable for the extinction of the old karma. Without repentance, which by implication has to be performed ritually, there is no way to have one’s name inscribed in the Golden Registers of the Jade Hall. Recitations of the litanies of all the saints listed here helped to save the souls of the ancestors. At the same time, such recitations secured good luck for posterity. The recitations were made before an image of Laozi. The reciting person entrusted himself or herself to all the

deities and saints named in the litanies of this text. Each litany is introduced by a short paragraph depicting both the transgressions demanding repentance and the recitation of the subsequent litany. One of the sins listed here is the veneration of heretic cults.

The second part of this scripture is arranged in almost the same way. It contains a description of ten types of crimes or faults with their consequences for the after-life, including punishments in the hells and the conditions of rebirth.

The “Precious Litany of Repentance of the Most High Heaven of Shangqing for Averting Misfortune and Prolonging Life” (191 *Taishang shangqing rangzai yanshou baochan*) is also divided into two parts. The short introductory remarks by the Most High recommend the recitation of this scripture to those who wished to enlist divine help to overcome illness and distress or other difficulties, including those caused by slander. On the returns of one’s “personal destiny day” (*benming ri* 本命日) of birth, one should sacrifice in front of images of the Three Pure Ones (*sangqing* 三清) and recite this scripture. This sacrifice could be performed by a Taoist priest rather than a lay person.

The second part of this work addresses specific groups of persons, like officials who go astray from the right principles, or physicians and soothsayers who take advantage of others, or merchants who deceive their customers. In each case the most effective religious means of salvation are the litanies presented in this text.

The “Precious Litany of Repentance of the Most High Heaven of Taiqing for the Eradication of Guilt and Ascent to Heaven” (192 *Taishang taiqing bazui shengtian baochan*) is again divided into two parts. A revelation made by the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning introduces the first part. In this respect the text may be compared with 189 *Taishang lingbao chaotian xiezui dachan*. The Heavenly Worthy speaks about the painful suffering that humanity has to endure in hell. This suffering is due to ignorance of the Taoist scriptures. Being led astray by wrong convictions, most people are unable to renounce sin and guilt. The methods of repentance, especially the recitation of the names of all saints, are praised as the best way to accomplish this renunciation. Such recitations can also bolster the defenses against future sin and guilt.

The second part of the text speaks about those who have indulged in profane affairs and not restrained their sensual desires. They must admit their faults, and, showing repentance, they should recite the litanies presented in this part.

Florian C. Reiter

***Taishang xiaomie diyu shengzhi tiantang chan* 太上消滅地獄昇陟天堂懺**

13 fols.

537 (fasc. 296)

“Litany of the Most High for Destroying Hell and Ascending to Paradise.” The person reciting this text begins by taking refuge in ten Heavenly Worthies for each of

Nine Realms of Darkness (*jiuyou* 九幽), and then for all the hells of Fengdu 豐都 and Taishan 泰山. The Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning then promises his help to those who copy this scripture and recite it. The text ends with a prayer addressed to the Compassionate Worthy of the Gold Portal (Jinque cizun 金闕慈尊), asking him to save the reciter and all his or her ancestors.

The first part of the text, concerning the Nine Realms of Darkness, is based on 181 *Taishang jiuazhen miaojie jinlu duming bazui miaojing*.

John Lagerwey

2.B.7.c Rituals and Rules

The Tang dynasty witnessed a great development not only in Taoist monastic institutions, but also in liturgical creation. The classical ritual canon of the Lingbao Fast or Retreat (*zhai* 齋), with its set pattern of three or nine Audiences (*chao* 朝), became universally adopted during this period. The flowering of liturgical art and the lavishness of the performances can be imagined from ZHANG WANFU's eyewitness report of the rites of transmission of the Lingbao rank, to one of the princesses of the Tang imperial family (see 1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo*).

The present section gives an incomplete picture of the importance of the Lingbao liturgy of the periods concerned. The reason for this fragmentary representation is that most of the fundamental liturgical manuals, especially those by the greatest Taoist liturgist of all times, DU GUANGTING, became standard reference works for later generations. They were therefore reedited time and again and have come down to us in later versions. This transmission process also characterizes Du's 507 *Taishang huanglu zhaiyi*, which, in spite of the many alterations and its incompleteness, still contains so much original material that we have included it here. It should, however, be studied alongside with other and later manuals that also contain many elements of Du's tradition, and that therefore complete 507 *Taishang huanglu zhaiyi*, such as 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* by JIANG SHUYU.

Taishang dongxuan sandong kaitian fenglei yubu zhimo shenzhou jing

太上洞玄三洞開天風雷禹步制魔神咒經

4 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

385 (fasc. 182)

“Book of Divine Spells and of the Paces of Yu that Open Heaven and Marshal Wind and Thunder to Dominate Demons: A Liturgical Three Caverns Text of the Dongxuan Division.” This is an early scripture about the Thunder Gods (*leishen* 雷神) and their role in rites of exorcism. The text is spoken by Yuhuang 玉皇 (Haotian yuhuang

shangdi 昊天玉皇上帝) to Shuifu fusang dadi 水府扶桑大帝, in the presence of all the bodhisattvas (*zbutian pusa* 諸天菩薩). He mentions his own legend on 1b–2a.

The text does not mention the Paces of Yu (*Yubu* 禹步) at all, but introduces a spell to conjure the Thunder Gods and *yaksa* (*yecha* 夜叉; 2b). All this suggests a Tang date, a hypothesis supported by the fact that the Southern Song text “Taiyi tianzhang jilei pili jing 太一天章積雷霹靂經,” in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 140.10a–14b, reproduces the present book in a new version, with the title *Haotian yuhuang shangdi bishou yubu zhilei shenzhou jing* 昊天玉皇上帝秘授禹步制雷神咒經, rewritten to match the Five Thunder Magic (*wulei fa* 五雷法) of the *Taiyi tianzhang yanglei pili dafa* 太一天章陽雷霹靂大法 introduced, according to 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 139.19b, by the Thirtieth Heavenly Master, Zhang Jixian 張繼先 (1092–1126).

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongxuan lingbao shangpin jie jing 太上洞玄靈寶上品戒經

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)

454 (fasc. 202)

“Lingbao Scripture on the Supreme Rules.” The various series of prescriptions of which this text is composed come mainly from the revealed Lingbao scriptures but have been partly altered or expanded: for the *nidāna* formula (1a–b), the exhortations to Ten Good Deeds (3a–4a), and the rules for obstructing the six sense organs (5a–b), see 177 *Taishang dongzhen zhihui shangpin dajie* 1a, 8a–9b, and 6a–7a. For the retribution for nine evil deeds (4b) and the hymns (7b–8a), see 344 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui benyuan dajie shangpin jing* 3b–4a and 16a–17a. For the ten kinds of disease and wonderful remedies (6a–b; this is a selected series of 100 good and 100 evil deeds), see *Laojun xuwu jing* 老君虛無經, as quoted in 463 *Yaoxiu keyi jielü chao* 5.19a–23b.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo shijie jing 洞玄靈寶天尊說十戒經

2 fols.

Sixth century

459 (fasc. 203)

“Lingbao Scripture on the Ten Rules, Spoken by the Heavenly Worthy.” This scripture contains two series of commandments: the Ten Rules (*shijie* 十戒) and the Fourteen Rules for Self-Control (*shisi chishen zhi pin* 十四持身之品). Their observance is linked to the grade of an Adept of Pure Faith (*qingxin dizi* 清信弟子).

Eight Dunhuang manuscripts of this text have been preserved, some of them as fragments. They include the documents of initiation (*mengwen* 盟文) that record the transmission of these rules from master to disciple. The oldest manuscript, Pelliot

2347, bears the date 709 (see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Tonkō dōkyō: Mokurokuhen*, 108–10; *Zurokuhen*, 197–201).

However, the two series of rules in our text were combined into one scripture as early as the sixth century: The *Xiaodao lun* 9.149c cites a *Shijie shisi chishen jing* 十戒十四持身經; the passage quoted, however, refers to a ritual of transmission not found in the present version.

Our text has been composed almost entirely from passages in the following early Lingbao scriptures: 177 *Taishang dongzhen zhihui shangpin daje* 5a, 2b; 325 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui dingzhi tongwei jing* 7b; 457 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui zuigen shangpin daje jing* 1.5a–b.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

***Dongxuan lingbao qianzhen ke* 洞玄靈寶千真科**

30 fols.

Seventh century

1410 (fasc. 1052)

“Code of the One Thousand Zhen.” This text contains the code orally transmitted by the One Thousand zhenren to GE XUAN in A.D. 240 on Mount Laosheng 勞盛, at the behest of the Most High Lord of the Tao (1a–b).

By the beginning of the eighth century, at the latest, this text existed under a form that by and large corresponded to the present version: 463 *Taoxian keyi jielü chao* cites about 80 percent of our text; the textual variants in 463 *Jielü chao* are sometimes clearer and more comprehensive, but occasionally that version is much abridged. Only two citations there (2.1b, 9.5b5–9) cannot be found in the present text.

In the manner of the Buddhist *vinaya*, this work gives detailed regulations for the daily life in a monastic community, pertaining to monks as well as to nuns (7a–b, 16a–17a). These ordinances are not systematically arranged; for instance, regulations about eating are scattered throughout the text. A complex monastic organization is discernible, which is clearly patterned after the Buddhist model and for which there is no evidence before the Sui dynasty (581–618; e.g., permanent monastic property endowments [*changzhu* 常住]; 10b, 11b; controllers of the monastery [*gangwei* 綱維]; 7b, 8a; servants [*jingren* 淨人]; 3a, 4b). The main topics of the work are the initiation of male and female novices by decree of the monarch (*wang chi yu du* 王敕與度; 18a–19a); confession and absolution (3b–4a, 16b–17a); disciplining of community members (note that obstinate offenders can be brought before the monarch and punished under secular law; 4a–b, 7a–8b); vestments (for the Shangqing, Lingbao, and Sanwu traditions; 6b–7a); hygiene (14b–15a, 16a); personal belongings and monastic property, illness, and deathbed rites (20a–b).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

***Dongxuan du lingbao ziran quanyi* 洞玄度靈寶自然券儀**

7 fols.

522 (fasc. 293)

***Dongxuan lingbao ziran zhaiyi* 洞玄靈寶自然齋儀**

6 fols.

Early Tang (618–907)

523 (fasc. 293)

“Ritual for the Transmission of the Covenant of Spontaneity.” This ritual corresponds to the ordination of the first degree (*chumeng* 初盟) of the Lingbao liturgy, with a subsequent Retreat service (523 *Dongxuan lingbao ziran zhaiyi*). The text of the ritual for transmission here is similar, and in many instances even identical, to that of 1295 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao erbu chuanshou yi*.

The present ritual is mentioned in the catalogue of Lingbao texts in 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.9b.

The transmission of the covenant of spontaneity (*ziran quan* 自然券), as an initial stage of the Lingbao ordination is already mentioned by LU XIUJING in his 410 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhongjian wen* 1b. ZHANG WANFU confirms repeatedly that this ordination service remained current in Tang times (see 1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo* 1.2a, 1.8a, and 2.18b).

At the moment of ordination, the certificate was divided (*fen quanqi* 分券契; 5b), or, more precisely, broken into halves (*poquan* 破券; 4a). ZHANG WANFU, in the above-mentioned passage, links this rite to the adoption of six rules, whereas our present ritual prescribes the promulgation of ten rules (*shijie* 十戒; 7a), which must correspond to those recorded in 1295 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao erbu chuanshou yi*.

The Retreat of Spontaneity (*Ziran zhai* 自然齋) is a classical service of the *daochang* 道場 type, to be performed as an act of merit on the day of the transmission (see 2a). The service is performed on behalf of the ordinand, here called *dadao dizi* 大道弟子, and sponsored by a patron (*zhaizhu* 齋主; 6a).

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongxuan lingbao wudi jiaoji zhaozhen yujue

太上洞玄靈寶五帝醮祭招真玉訣

7 fols.

Edited by Zhang Chengxian 張承先; Tang (618–907)

411 (fasc. 191)

“Jade Instructions for the Sacrifice to the Five Emperors and for Summoning the Zhenren.” These instructions correspond to a section from 352 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaojing* (2.20a–28b). Zhang Chengxian, a Taoist master of the Tang

dynasty (see 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 20.9b–11b), states in a concluding remark that he extracted this ritual (from the original work) and edited it to serve for an independent ceremony. On the day of transmission of the two registers of the *Lingbao wulao chishu* 靈寶五老赤書 and the staff for commanding the Eight Daunters (see the article on 528 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao shoudu yi*), this sacrifice should be held in order to summon the heavenly zhenren. After the initial performance, this ceremony should be repeated three times at intervals of three years.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang huanglu zhaiyi 太上黃籙齋儀

58 juan

By DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

507 (fasc. 270–277)

“Liturgical Manual for the Yellow Register Retreat.” The last part of the present version contains a number of dated prefaces and colophons. The earliest date is 880 (54.26a), which corresponds to the time during which the author, then at Chang’an, had begun his work on the revision of the Lingbao liturgy. The second date is 891 (colophon to the chapter on the recitation of scriptures; 52.17a). This date is accompanied by the words: “revising the liturgy at the Diocese of Yuju 玉局治, at Chengdu.” In this colophon, Du deplors the destruction of the Tang Canon in the two capitals as a result of the rebellion of Huang Chao (880–884). The last date is 901 (57.1b). Thus, the present manual contains texts that were elaborated at different periods in the life of the author.

The *huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋 was no doubt the liturgical service most commonly celebrated from the seventh to the thirteenth century. For Du, this Retreat could serve the most diverse purposes: peace and prosperity for the country, salvation for the ancestors, repose of the dead, prevention of natural disasters, propitiation of demons, and so on. His manual became an authoritative source for this liturgical practice and served as a model through the entire Song (960–1279) period, even when the *huanglu zhai* became exclusively a service for the repose of the dead. Thus Du is constantly cited and referred to by the liturgists of that period. However, those citations in their works that can be identified in the present version of Du’s manual all come from the last part (juan 49–57), whereas a great number of other citations can no longer be found and must have come from parts of the manual that are now lost.

JIN YUNZHONG, the author of 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa*, possessed a version of Master Du’s *Huanglu zhaike* 黃籙齋科 in forty juan (preface 1b) that dated from 890–892 (17.19a). This edition, according to Jin, contained some 230,000 characters (22.3a), an average of 5,750 characters per juan, filling approximately seventeen double folios in the arrangement of the present *Daozang* edition. This average length corre-

sponds to the length of the last juan (especially 49, 51, 52, 53), while the juan at the beginning of the work are much shorter, averaging no more than eight folios. Moreover, the present *Daozang* version, although comprising a larger number of juan than the version in Jin’s possession, contains only some 190,000 characters. It must therefore be incomplete, which is also apparent from the table of contents of the manual that Jin handed down to us (39.1b–2b). Comparing this table with the contents of the present version, we see that juan 10 to 12 (service for the birth of a crown prince) and juan 40 to 48 (saving the ancestral souls from hell) did not exist in Jin’s copy. The latter opened with three chapters on the Establishment of the Altar, the Preliminary Rites, and the Nocturnal Announcement (*sugui* 宿啓), which the present version lacks. These three chapters are often quoted in other Song sources (see 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 2.8a–b, 16 passim, and 19.1a–7a; the remainder of juan 19 and the entire juan 20 of this work correspond to juan 56 and juan 55, respectively, in our version of Du’s manual).

The remaining juan are, to judge by their titles, the same in both versions, but arranged in a different sequence. They can be divided into two groups. The first group is made up of the final juan mentioned above. Their common characteristic—their relative length—results from the fact that these are texts annotated by the author. His commentary comprises long discussions, for instance on the True Writs (*zhenwen* 真文; 54.1b–2b), that later became famous (cf. Jin, 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 18.29a–30b). But even in this group, some elements are missing. In juan 50, on the Dispersal of the Altar and the Offering (*santan shejiao* 散壇設醮), we no longer find the discussion of the *jiao* 醮 ritual quoted by Jin (39.3a–4b; compare also 508 *Licheng yi* 15.2b). Du’s manual, as preserved in the present *Daozang* version, has suffered major modifications.

These modifications become all the more apparent with the second group, comprising juan 1 to 48. Here, with the exception of juan 1, the texts are completely devoid of commentary. Moreover, the rituals have been much tampered with. For example, instead of the original Invocation of Guardian Gods (*weiling zhou* 衛靈咒) in five verses (see 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 22.14a–15a), we find here the short formulas used in the *luotian dajiao* 羅天大醮 of the Song period (compare the beginnings of 477 *Luotian dajiao zaochao ke*, 478 *Luotian dajiao wuchao ke*, and 479 *Luotian dajiao wanchao ke* with those of juan 10–12 and 13–15 of the present manual). The rite of the Opening of the Incense Burner (*fulu* 發爐) is also very different from that used by DU GUANGTING (cf. 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 22.15b–17b). Instead, we find here a formula similar to that used in 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 16.1b and passim (compare the present text 42.1b, passim).

With the exception of a few juan (54, 55, 56), the authoritative manual of the great liturgist of the Tang has come down to us in a late and altered version. A comparative

study with manuals from the Song, especially those by JIN YUNZHONG and JIANG SHUYU (508 *Licheng yi*), might help partially to reconstruct the original work.

Kristofer Schipper

Jinlu zhai qitan yi 金籙齋啓壇儀

II fols.

By DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

483 (fasc. 266)

“Rites of Commencement of the Retreat of the Golden Register.” The *jinlu zhai* 金籙齋 should in principle be performed by the monarch himself. However, in the present text, the regulations given as to the offerings and pledges indicate the possibility that the patrons could also be ordinary people (*shuren* 庶人; 5a) who are allowed to spend less for the ritual.

The first half of this work concerns the installation of the ritual area (*jinlu tan* 金籙壇; 2a–6a). The latter is similar to that of DU GUANGTING’s *huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋 (see 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 1–2) but larger, comprising a surface of 1,800 square feet (200 square meters), surrounded by hundreds of lamps and filled with precious articles, such as five dragons in gold for the rite of Casting Dragons and Tablets (*tou longjian* 投龍簡) at the end of the service (see Chavannes, “Le jet des dragons”).

This ritual area is consecrated by the ritual of the Nocturnal Announcement (*suqi* 宿啓), the text of which is given in the second half of the present work. The ritual starts with a purification of the altar (*jintan* 禁壇). At the center of the ritual is the rite of installation of the True Writs of the Five Directions (*Wufang zhenwen* 五方真文; 8b–9b). The *suqi* ends with a Ceremony for the Promulgation of the Rules (*shuojie weiyi* 說戒威儀; 11b) to be observed during the Retreat.

The present version of the *suqi* ritual is similar to that of DU GUANGTING’s *suqi* for the Retreat of the Yellow Register (*huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋), as preserved in 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 16. But in the present version, one part seems to be lacking: the rite of the Installation of the Officials (*buzhi* 補職) that, in DU GUANGTING’s rituals, followed immediately after the *shuojie weiyi* (see Du’s own discussion concerning this point in 507 *Taishang huanglu zhayiyi* 53.3a–b).

It should be noted that among the series of *jinlu zhai* rituals that follow our text in the Ming *Daozang* there is a unique version of the installation and promulgation rites in 486 *Jinlu dazhai buzhi shuojie yi*. However, the series to which the latter text belongs has another version of the *suqi* (484 *Jinlu dazhai suqi yi*), this time without the installation rite. Moreover, in the series of *jinlu zhai* rituals of which our text is the first item, all the other texts are of a later date, and the relationship between the present work by DU GUANGTING and the others is by no means clear. It should be

observed, however, that only the present text contains the necessary instructions for the installation of the altar.

Kristofer Schipper

Lingbao liandu wuxian anling zhenshen huangzeng zhangfa

靈寶鍊度五仙安靈鎮神黃縉章法

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1292 (fasc. 1009)

“Rites for [the Presentation of] the Memorial on Yellow Silk, the Pacification of the Souls, and the Tempering of the Five Immortals.” In 369 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao miedu wulian shengshi miaojing*, one finds five directional Heavenly Writs that are to be inscribed on colored stones. These stones are then to be buried in the grave, in the Five Directions, in order “to keep the soul in peace and retain the spirit” (*anling zhenshen* 安靈鎮神). The writs are called *Lingbao moudi* [某帝] *liandu wuxian anling zhenshen mouqi* [某氣] *tianwen*, which explains the title of the present text. The Five Immortals are the spirits of the Five Viscera, which one must nourish and refine so that they pass (*du* 度) from darkness into the Southern Palace (369 *Miedu jing* 7b–8a). The 369 *Miedu jing* refers only to the rite of the petition on yellow silk (8a), but in the Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2865, the present text is an integral part of 369 *Miedu jing*. Archaeological finds reveal this ritual to have been practiced in the Tang and Song periods (960–1279) (see Morgan, “Inscribed Stones”).

The present work includes the text of this petition and then describes its correct presentation. At midnight, in the place where the deceased lies in peace, the master—whose title, *Dongxuan lingbao chidi xiansheng zhishen da fashi* 洞玄靈寶赤帝先生至真大法師 (1a), is not otherwise known—faces north, lights five incense burners, sets out the five weights (*wuzhen* 五鎮), that is, the five writs of the 369 *Miedu jing*, and then declaims (*zoushang* 奏上) the petition.

After having left the writs exposed throughout the night, the master buries them the next morning at dawn (5a).

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John Lagerwey

Lingbao banjing zhaiyi 靈寶半景齋儀

19 fols.

Tang (618–907)?

517 (fasc. 293)

“Ritual for a Half-Day Retreat.” This small service comprises three Audiences to be held, respectively, at dawn (1a–5b), early in the morning (5a–10a), and late in the morning (10a–15a), as well as a Triple Libation (*sanxian* 三獻). The Retreat is performed for the inauguration of a newly built or restored house. The text specifically mentions the case of an official who is about to enter his new residence (18a).

The libations are made to the gods of the soil, the site, and the region. There are also other offerings: incense, lamps, silk, and coins (their number is related to the patron’s Fundamental Destiny [*benming* 本命]). These offerings are placed at the five cardinal points. The text, moreover, mentions the presentation of pledges of faith: pieces of silver, as well as camels and horses, presumably in ceramics or made of paper (17a).

The altar is surrounded by four mirrors. Moreover, Stellar Swords (*xingdao* 星刀) are placed on each of the cardinal points. At the end of the service, sacrificial paper money is burned (*shaohua* 燒化; 19b).

This small service is classical in form and vocabulary. It is possible that it dates from the second half of the Tang period.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang lingbao yugui mingzhen zhai chanfang yi

太上靈寶玉匱明真齋懺方儀

9 fols.

519 (fasc. 293)

Taishang lingbao yugui mingzhen dazhai chanfang yi

太上靈寶玉匱明真大齋懺方儀

9 fols.

520 (fasc. 293)

Taishang lingbao yugui mingzhen dazhai yangong yi

太上靈寶玉匱明真大齋言功儀

17 fols.

By DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

521 (fasc. 293)

“Retreat of the Sworn Alliance [*ming* 明 in the meaning of *meng* 盟] with the True, from the Jade Case of the Divine Jewel.” According to the definition given by DU GUANGTING, cited in 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 6.2a, the aim of this Retreat is the release of ancestors from hell and their subsequent transfer to paradise.

These three rituals are parts of a service to be celebrated under the auspices of members of the imperial family for the repose of the soul of a deceased ruler (see 521 *Mingzhen dazhai yangong yi* 2a). The two rituals for Atonement toward the [Ten] Directions (*chanfang yi* 懺方儀; 519 *Mingzhen zhai chaofang yi* and 520 *Mingzhen dazhai chanfang yi*) are similar to each other. The Announcement of [Acquired] Merit (*yangong yi* 言功儀) is followed by a Presentation of Tablets (*toujian yi* 投簡儀; 8b–12b) and a Sacrificial Offering (*shejiao* 設醮; 12b–end). These three succeeding ceremonies mark the end of the Retreat. A complete program of a *mengzhen zhai* 盟真齋 is given in 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 2.7b–10a.

The rituals and their texts are classical in form. A comparison between 521 *Yangong yi* and the same ritual in DU GUANGTING’S 507 *Taishang huanglu zhaiyi* 49 reveals many similarities. Some elements of the present ritual are nevertheless of a later date, such as the offering of paper money and horses (*qianma* 錢馬; in 521 *Yangong yi* 16a). This practice was officially adopted during the years 1008–1016 (see 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 3:3a–5a).

The *mengzhen zhai* seems to have originated with early Lingbao scriptures such as 1411 *Dongxuan lingbao changye zhi fu jiuyou yugui mingzhen ke*. LU XIUJING mentions it, saying: “It is performed by the adepts themselves for the salvation of the souls of all generations of ancestors, even those who lived in the remotest past” (1278 *Dongxuan lingbao wugan wen* 6a).

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Kristofer Schipper

Lingbao jiuyou changye qishi duwang xuanzhang

靈寶九幽長夜起尸度亡玄章

10 fols.

Tang (618–907)

610 (fasc. 334)

“Marvelous Stanzas for Resuscitating Corpses and Saving the Dead from the Long Night of the Nine Realms of Darkness, a Lingbao Scripture.” The text is composed of twenty-six stanzas to be recited in a ritual of pardon. A Buddhist parallel to the present ritual is among the Dunhuang manuscripts: *Chizhai nianfo chanhui liwen* 持齋念佛懺悔禮文 (Stein 382), which is a Pure Land text. Compare also *Dacheng sizhai ri* 大乘四齋日 (Stein 1164). In all these rites the officiant recites the stanzas while kneeling in a given direction and making a prescribed number of prostrations. The ritual is linked to certain days of fasting (*liuzhai shizhi ri* 六齋十直日; 7b).

The resemblance to these Buddhist rites as well as a specific vocabulary make it

almost certain that the present text dates from the Tang period. In particular, Laozi is called the Great Sage (*dasheng* 大聖; 2a), and Taoism the Teaching of the Great Sage (*dasheng jiao* 大聖教; 5a).

The order of the directions toward which the adept must kneel does not correspond to any established sequence, and the number of prostrations, likewise, does not correspond to the usual symbolism.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao wuyue shenfu 太上洞玄靈寶五嶽神符

15 fols.

Tang (618–907)

390 (fasc. 184)

“Divine Talismans of the Five Peaks, from the Most High Dongxuan Lingbao Canon.” The text contains a small collection of talismans, including not only those corresponding to the deities of the Five Peaks and their zhenren (1a–7b), but also those of the White Tiger (*boku fu* 白虎符; 8a–b), the Five Stabilizers (*wuzhen fu* 五鎮符; 8b–11b), the Great Peace (*taiping fu* 太平符; 11b–12b), the Powerful Virtue (*weide fu* 威德符; 12b–14b), and, finally, the Five Generals (*wu jiangjun fu* 五將軍符; 14b–15b). For the last talisman, our text gives a legendary line of transmission, from Fan Li 范蠡, the statesman of Yue 越, to empress Lü 呂 (Gaohou 高后), the spouse of Liu Bang (247–195 B.C.).

The text that accompanies the talismans of the Five Peaks continuously quotes a work called “Images of the Divine Immortals.” This *Shenxian tu* 神仙圖 is also quoted in other texts. For instance, 1407 *Dongxuan lingbao ershi sheng tujing* repeatedly cites a *Lingbao shenxian tu* as the source of the twenty-four sets of talismans it contains, and there exists a variant version of this revealed Lingbao scripture, called *Dongxuan lingbao sanbu ershi sheng tu* (YJQQ 80), that simply has *Shenxian tu*. Among the twenty-four sets of talismans originating in this *Shenxian tu* we also find those of the Five Peaks (*Shenxian wuyue zhenxing tu* 神仙五嶽真形圖). Bokenkamp (“Sources of the Ling-pao scriptures,” 458–60) has shown that both this set of talismans and the others derive originally from different texts kept in GE HONG’s library.

Our conjecture is, therefore, that here too we have a Lingbao adaptation of an ancient version from that same source. Indeed, the present text contains several archaic elements. The talismans are used for the protection of the country and the king’s palace, and they are cult objects to which sacrifices (*ji* 祭 or *jiao* 醺; 8a, 15a) should be made, especially animal sacrifices. For the *wuzhen fu*, the sacrifice of a water buffalo, a sheep, and a pig (*sansheng wu* 三牲物; 9a) is required. The cult of the *Taiping fu* demands horns of water buffalo and sheep, and 120 pounds of pork as a substitute

form of *sansheng* 三牲. For the protection of the palace, our text proposes to make five statues of wax mixed with sulfur, each one fourteen inches high, to be placed in vessels that are hung from the beams of the great hall (7b).

All of these elements are highly anachronistic with respect to the revealed Lingbao scriptures of the fourth and fifth centuries, and even more so with regard to later Lingbao monastic practices. They belong instead to the sphere of 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu*. The present adaptation shows no influence from any of the revealed Lingbao scriptures. It is not quoted in any Six Dynasties source. For these reasons, it seems improbable that the present version was made during the Six Dynasties period; it is more likely a product of Tang antiquarianism.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing gaoshang yuzhen zhongdao zongjian baohui

上清高上玉真衆道綜監寶諱

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

443 (fasc. 198)

“Comprehensive List of Precious Taboo Names of the Exalted Jade Zhenren of [the Heaven of] Supreme Purity.” The book begins with a list of taboo names of various deities, followed by a passage from a Purple Phoenix Register (*Zifeng lu* 紫鳳錄). Both the title of the book and the quotation of this register seem to indicate a relation to the Shangqing tradition, especially to 1372 *Shangqing gaoshang yuchen fengtai qusu shangjing* and to the *Zifeng chishu* 紫鳳赤書. The latter text is mentioned in the *Jiuzhen mingke* (in 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* 51b, 52a); it is, moreover, quoted in 412 *Shangqing pei fuwen qingquan jue* 2a and in YJQQ 7.7a, 9.11b. The Song catalogues mention a *Dongzhen longjing jiuwen zifeng chishu* 洞真龍景九文紫鳳赤書 in one juan (see VDL 122).

In the present book, however, the Purple Phoenix Register is said to have been transmitted along with the *Bawei cewen* 八威策文, which is a text originally associated with the Lingbao tradition (see 352 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaojing* 1.24b–26a). The next section of the present book (4a–6b) is said to be derived from chapter 75 of the *Jinguang mingjing* 金光明經 of the *Sanhuang tianwen dazi* 三皇天文大字.

The closing account of the regulations for the transmission of the book includes the form of a contract (*qi* 契; 6b–7a), in which the title of the recipient is given as *dongxuan ziran wushang sandong dizi* 洞玄自然無上三洞弟子. The practice of combining materials from the Three Caverns and assigning them to the use of priests ordained in the Dongxuan division is well attested in texts of the late Tang and the Five Dynasties

(907–960). See, for instance, 1237 *Sandong xiudao yi* 6b–7a and 1239 *Zhengyi xiuzhen lüeyi* 11b–12a, 17a–b.

Poul Andersen

Taixuan bajing lu 太玄八景錄

43 fols.

Tang (618–907)

258 (fasc. 120)

“Register of the Great Mysteries’ Eight Effulgences.” Exactly the same text is also found in 1407 *Dongxuan lingbao ershi sheng tujing* 3a–48a. Its utilization as a register conferring initiation and ordination, as is the case here, however, did not come into use before the Tang. Hence its placement in this section.

According to the explanations given in the text itself, the name of the Eight Effulgences derives from twenty-four sacred diagrams, written in “golden script and jade characters” (*jinsbu yuzi* 金書玉字), through spontaneous transformation of the three times eight luminous spirits of the body of the Lord Li, the Saint Who Is to Come (Housheng Lijun 後聖李君).

The present register is the second in importance to be transmitted to initiates into the texts of the Lingbao canon (*taishang lingbao dongxuan dizi* 太上靈寶洞玄弟子; see 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.8a, where the more complete title of *Sanbu bajing ziran zhizhen yulu* 三部八景自然至真玉錄 is given). The same register is also mentioned in 1239 *Zhengyi xiuzhen lüeyi* 18a (under the title *Taishang bajing chentu lu* 太上八景晨圖錄). ZHANG WANFU, in his catalogue of the Lingbao scriptures, mentions a *Bajing neiyin* 八景內音, probably referring to the present register (see 1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo* 1.8a).

Fang Ling

Xuhuang tianzun chuzhen shijie wen 虛皇天尊初真十戒文

8 fols.

180 (fasc. 77)

“Text of the Ten Rules for the Initial Stage of Perfection, [Spoken] by the Heavenly Worthy Xuhuang.” The devotee receives this text on the occasion of his or her first initiation (*kaidu* 開度; 1a). In the early eighth century, ZHANG WANFU wrote that novices (*xin chujia* 新出家) received the *chuzhen jie* 初真戒, but he did not specify the number of those rules (178 *Sandong zhongjie wen*, preface; 1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo* 1.1b). Besides the present set, there are still other series of *chuzhen jie*: 339 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chujia yinyuan jing* 4b–5b lists ten prohibitions and ten prescriptions, and 1237 *Sandong xiudao yi* 3b mentions eighty-one injunctions of the same name.

The present ten rules are also found—though without the explanations that follow each injunction—in 1033 *Zhiyan zong* 1.6b–8a (identical with YJQQ 40.7a–8b). Apart from the explanations, our text appears to be posterior to that passage: whereas in the 1033 *Zhiyan zong* version the rules are pronounced by a Heavenly Zhenren (*tianzhen* 天真), our text is more specific in citing Xuhuang tianzun 虛皇天尊 instead of a zhenren. Rule 9, calling for loyalty, filial piety, and so on, figures as the first prescription in the present version, together with an explanation explicitly emphasizing that in the scriptures of the immortals, loyalty and piety occupy the foremost place. The passages in 1033 *Zhiyan zong* 1.8a on the consequences of keeping and breaking these rules are not contained in our text. The present text therefore represents a later recension of a Tang work.

For a description of the usage of these rules in Quanzhen 全真 Taoism, as well as for a translation, see Hackmann, “Die Mönchsregeln,” 142–70.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

2.B.8 The Dongzhen Division

2.B.8.a Scriptures

Taishang santian zhengfa jing 太上三天正法經

11 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1203 (fasc. 876)

“The Scripture of the Correct Law of the Three Heavens.” This is a title that belongs to the Shangqing scriptures (it is mentioned in 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 4, 1331 *Dongzhen shangqing shenzhou qizhuan qibian wutian jing* 27b, and 1016 *Zhen’gao* 5.2a). The Three Heavens are the three upper heavens (which here bear names different from those in the Shangqing texts). Our work is attributed to the king of the Xiaoyou Heaven, also known as the Green Lad (Qingtong jun 青童君).

The present text is not one of the Shangqing texts revealed to YANG XI. First, most of the quotations from our text do not agree with quotations from a *Santian zhengfa jing* in other works (e.g., WSBY, SDZN, 1132 *Sangqing dao leishi xiang*, YJQQ 2.4b–8a). Only quotations from works later than WSBY, such as *Xiaodao lun* and YJQQ 21.1a, correspond, and only for the first page.

Moreover, the present text (8b–9a) quotes 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* 5.6b–7b, a text later than the Shangqing revelation. Also, except for the stanzas on pages 4a–b,

the terminology and content of our text also do not correspond to those of the Shangqing school.

This work must therefore be an apocryphal text of the seventh century, at the earliest. It appears to be fragmentary, containing only the preamble to a discussion of apotropaic texts, which are not included. The preamble deals with the first appearance of these texts, their subsequent transmission in the heavens (1a–5a), and the rules for those who possess them (5b–end). The Heavenly Lads and Maidens protect the adept who possesses any of these works (enumerated in 10a–b) and the regulations governing their transmission.

A commentary recounting the words of the Green Lad accompanies the first two pages of our text and presents the outline of a cosmology.

To supplement the material of this work, see 1395 *Shangqing dadong jiuwei badao dajing miaolu*, 412 *Shangqing pei fuwen qingquan jue*, 413 *Shangqing pei fuwen boquan jue*, and 414 *Shangqing pei fuwen jiangquan jue*.

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Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing 洞真高上玉帝大洞雌一玉檢五老寶經

58 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1313 (fasc. 1025)

“Precious Scripture on the Female One and Five Elders.” The title refers to the *Sansu yuanjun* 三素元君 (Ladies of the *Ciyi* 雌一), feminine divinities dwelling in the Palace of the Golden Flower, situated in the brain, as well as to the *wulao* 五老 (spirits of the registers).

The present work groups together various methods, taken probably from different sources of varying degrees of authenticity with respect to the original Shangqing revelation, and relates them to these feminine divinities. The methods are all old, antedating WSBY (sixth century), which frequently quotes them; they are often presented as formulas accompanying sacred writings. Overall, the presentation accords perfectly with Shangqing terminology and its pantheon, suggesting that this work dates from a period shortly after the revelation. However, the present form of the text, which is mentioned in the ancient anthologies under various titles, is probably later than the seventh century.

The text comprises: procedures supplementary to the *Dadong zhenjing* 大洞真經 (1a–19a and 57b–58b); meditation methods related to the Ladies of *Ciyi* (19b–24a and

43b–53b); a “long” version of *Dongfang jing* 洞房經, more complete and probably more authentic than 133 *Taishang dongfang neijing zhu* (24a–27b); instructions that are also found, in part, in 1330 *Dongzhen taiyi dijun taidan yinshu dongzhen xuanjing* (37b–42b); passages from 1016 *Zhen’gao* (27a–31b); and a long fragment of a method (53b–57b) that at one time was part of 1376 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing* but that no longer appears in that work. All these texts and methods aim at having one’s name inscribed on the Heavenly Registers or at untying the knots of predestined death.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang sanyuan liuzhu jing 洞真太上三元流珠經

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1318 (fasc. 1027)

“Scripture on the Three Principles and the Moving Pearl.” The title of this work refers to the divinities of the Moving Pearl (*liuzhu* 流珠) Palace, located in the brain. It also refers to meditation-related practices. But this composite work only partly fits the title. The earliest mention of it is found in 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* 15b and in the biography of Maojun 茅君 (see 304 *Maoshan zhi* 5.13a).

The first page deals with the Moving Pearl Palace; it may be a fragment of a text concerning meditation on this palace. It is this section that probably gives our work its present title. However, the essential part is missing. The charms (1b–3a) are also found in 81 *Dongzhen taiwei huangshu tiandi jun shijing jinyang sujing* 5a, as indicated (1b). The rest of the text is made up of passages taken from 1016 *Zhen’gao*.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen xi wang mu baoshen qiju jing 洞真西王母寶神起居經

19 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1319 (fasc. 1027)

“Scripture of the Queen Mother of the West for Cherishing Spirits and [Regulating] Comportment.” This work takes its title and a good part of its material from 1016 *Zhen’gao*. The latter, in fact, contains a *Baoshen jing* revealed by Pei jun 裴君 to TAO HONGJING, described as “not having appeared in the world.” Thus the present work is not one of the texts revealed to and recorded by YANG XI. The only texts revealed to Yang under this title are the fragments in 1016 *Zhen’gao*. The present work, then, consists of a collection of revelations made to YANG XI and presented under a title that corresponds only to the beginning of the text. This first part may be no more than the remnant of a much larger collection.

Nevertheless, the title fits the contents of the work as a whole inasmuch as this text lays out rules and rituals for the adept to observe in daily life.

Most of the passages in this collection (1a–12b and 14a–16b) are taken from texts in 1016 *Zhen'gao*, though there are sometimes important differences in wording. Other paragraphs (12b–14a) not found in the *Zhen'gao* are presented as texts revealed to YANG XI by the same divinities and are written in the same vein as those in the *Zhen'gao*.

The end of the work (16b–18b) is also similar to 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 26b–28; the last two instructions probably derive from a different source. The Dunhuang manuscript Pelliot 2576, lines 13–end, is identical to the present text, except that pages 8a–11b are lacking.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang shuo zhibui xiaomo zhenjing 洞真太上說智慧消魔真經

5 juan

Tang (618–907)

1344 (fasc 1032)

“Scripture of Wisdom That Annihilates Demons.” This scripture comprises texts from various periods. The first two juan are exorcistic texts. The three remaining juan contain statements on wisdom expounded in a Buddho-Taoist terminology. The whole work may have been assembled during the Tang period, as suggested by quotations found in 1129 *Daojiao yishu* 5.2a (corresponding in the present text to 3.3a), 104 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing yujue yinyi* 3b (2.5b here), and YJQQ 49.1a–b (5b–6a in the present text).

The first juan of this work constitutes the *Xiaomo jing* 消魔經 of the Shangqing corpus. Other scriptures bearing the same name also belong in principle to the Shangqing corpus but were “never fully revealed.” They are merely quoted in 1016 *Zhen'gao*. Yet another set of *Xiaomo jing* belong to the Lingbao school. The 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* 3.6b attributes seven juan to our scripture, as does the present work itself (1–2b, 4b). In reality, these are nonrevealed chapters (see 1.3b and 4b). Page 1.3b mentions only one juan.

The first juan contains an introduction, probably of a later date, and a “preface” (4b–5a), which is quoted by 1016 *Zhen'gao* (18.6a3–5 and 13.4a4, corresponding to 4b10, 5a2, and 5b10 in the present text). The preface can also be found, in part, in 184 *Mingke jing* (1.5a–b). There only the passage dealing with the organization of the Infernal Offices (*guan* 官) is included. The introduction is followed by hymns, the first of which (6a–11a) relates the revelation of the scripture in Heaven. These hymns are closely related to the *Dadong yujing zhujue* 大洞玉經注訣 (quoted under this title

in 1130 *Daodian lun* 4.16b, corresponding to 1.8b in the present text; this part is also found in 1360 *Shangqing jiutian shangdi zhu baishen neiming jing*).

The remainder of the text consists of a hierarchical enumeration of drugs and medicinal plants that expel demons and illnesses. This list has been incorporated into numerous other texts (1360 *Neiming jing* 3b–7a; 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan* 6a–7b; *Youyang zazu* 2.4b–5a; it was also incorporated in the *Daoji jing* 道跡經; see WSBY 78.3b–6a).

For juan 2, see 1334 *Dongzhen taishang shenhu yinwen*, which contains the same text.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing dongtian sanwu jin'gang xuanlu yijing

上清洞天三五金剛玄籙儀經

30 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1390 (fasc. 1046)

“Scripture Concerning the Shangqing Register of the Three-Five Vajra Bearers from the Cavern-Heavens.” This text belongs—to judge by its terminology, the names of its deities, and other details—to the Jinming qizhen 金明七真 group. In form and structure this text is similar to 1388 *Shangqing jinzhen yuhuang shangyuan jiutian zhenling sanbai liushiwu bu yuanlu*; it gives instructions concerning the documents and rites for the transmission of the Register of the Three Generals, named Ge 葛, Tang 唐, and Zhou 周. The model for this register is undoubtedly the *Sanyuan jiangjun lu* 三元將軍籙, listed in Tang sources under the ordination hierarchy of the Zhengyi organization (see, e.g., 1239 *Zhengyi xiuzhen lüeyi* 5b and 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.6a). The personal names of the generals are, however, modified in the present text (cf., e.g., 1212 *Jiao sandong zhenwen wufu zhengyi mengwei lu licheng yi* 12b–13a).

The transmission of the register is accompanied by the splitting of a symmetrical contract into two halves (*sanwu qi* 三五契) and by the transmission of a fu and an inscribed ceremonial tablet (*ceban* 策板). The modifications in the wording of the formulas and documents, when compared to the original Zhengyi models, correspond exactly to those in 1388 *Jiutian zhenling sanbai liushiwu bu lu*.

Ursula Angelika Cedzich

Dongzhen taishang daojun yuandan shangjing 洞真太上道君元丹上經
41 fols.

1345 (fasc. 1032)

“Superior Scripture of the Mysterious Cinnabar.” This text states that it was transmitted by the Great Lord Green Lad (Qingtong dajun 青童大君). It takes its title (read *xuan* 玄 for *yuan* 元) from the name of a palace situated in the brain.

The work is divided into three distinct parts, of which the first and the third are also found in 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing*. Part 1 (1a–12b) is similar to 12b–22a of the latter. It deals with the contemplation of the palaces in the brain and of their divinities. The third part (20a–end) is the *Xuandu jiuzhen mingke* 玄都九真明科 found in 1314 *Dayou miaojing* 46b–end. The same title is found in 1409 *Taishang jiuzhen mingke*.

The second part (12a–20a), however, which follows on the first part without transition, is a text of completely different origin, with the marks of the One and Orthodox [*zhengyi*] Way of the Heavenly Masters: it gives the names of the Nine Heavens and the Nine Earths, none of which accord with those listed in Shangqing texts.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang badao mingji jing 洞真太上八道命籍經

2 juan

1328 (fasc. 1029)

“Scripture of the Tablets of Life of the Eight Ways.” This scripture is mentioned in 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* 2.8b. The “eight ways” are the solar and lunar orbits (1a–b); they give their name to a practice described in the beginning of the text (1.1a–3b) that is based, in an extremely simplified form, on the Eight Tablets of the Mysterious Mother (*Xuanmu bajian* 玄母八簡) found in 1323 *Dongzhen taishang basu zhengjing fushi riye huanghua jue* 23a–25b. This part of the text is also found in YJQQ 51.1a–3b.

The description of this practice is followed (4a–b) by general remarks on the interdependence of being and nonbeing (*you* 有 and *wu* 無) and on life and death. There follows (6a–12b) a list of the causes of various disasters and failures and of the means to remedy them through rites of expiation.

The first juan ends with a colophon stating that it was received by the Lady WEI HUACUN.

The second juan is devoted to a ritual very much resembling the Shangqing ritual of the Three Originals (*sanyuan* 三元). This juan reproduces a number of passages from Shangqing texts or apocrypha (2.7a–9b: 1379 *Shangqing yudi qisheng xuanji hui-tian jiuxiao jing*; 10b–11b: 1352 *Dongzhen taishang taixiao langshu* 6.30b–31a and 1324 *Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing dengtan fuzha miao jue* 7a–b; 21a–23b: 1352 *Taixiao*

langshu 10.2b–5b; 27b–29a: 1317 *Dongzhen shangqing kaitian santu qixing yidu jing* 2.14a–15b).

This work can therefore be considered a Shangqing apocryphal text, dating from before 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* and after 1352 *Taixiao langshu* 10, which it cites explicitly. It is one of the texts testifying to the early ritualization of the Shangqing school.

Isabelle Robinet

Taiwei dijun ershi shen huiyuan jing 太微帝君二十四神回元經

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1455 (fasc. 1064)

“Scripture of the Twenty-four Spirits That Return to the Origin, Revealed by the Sovereign Lord of the Great Tenuity.” Although this meditation manual on the twenty-four original spirits of the body has been included only in the 1607 supplement to the Ming canon, it is no doubt an ancient text. The practice of visualizing the spirits of the body—eight for each of the three levels (*sanbu bashen* 三部八神)—is well known from the Shangqing scriptures, and the names and descriptions of the deities as they are given here correspond entirely to those found in a number of Six Dynasties texts (see Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing*, 75). The title of the present work cannot be found, however, in the bibliographical sources at our disposal for the early period. The *Gaoshang baoshen mingke jing* 高上寶神明科經 quoted on 2b is equally unknown. As it is unlikely that this work was composed during the Song (960–1279), it has tentatively been given a place here.

The text describes the twenty-four deities and quotes the invocations to be pronounced when visualizing them.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing huaxing yinjing dengsheng baoxian shangjing

上清化形隱景登昇保仙上經

5 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1369 (fasc. 1040)

“Superior Shangqing Scripture for Transformation, Disappearance, Ascension, and Securing Immortality.” The first part (1a–3b) of this text is a pastiche of the exercise of the Eight Gates of the Mysterious Mother (*Xuanmu bamen* 玄母八門; cf. 1323 *Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing fushi riye huanghua jue* 17a–end). The second part (3b–4b) is taken from 1377 *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangshen shendan jue* 11b–12b.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing huiyao feiguang riyue jinghua shangjing

上清迴耀飛光日月精華上經

5 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1370 (fasc. 1040)

“Supreme Shangqing Scripture for Returning to the Light [or Returning the Light] and Flying in the Splendor of the Quintessential Radiance of the Sun and Moon.” This work is an anthology of hymns that are partly inspired by other Shangqing texts (compare 3b–4b and 1332 *Dongzhen taishang zidu yanguang shenyuan bian jing* 2a; also 4b–5b and 1016 *Zhen’gao* 4.6b). Buddhist influence is indicated by the use of such expressions as Three Treasures (*sanbao* 三寶; 2b) and Great Vehicle (*dacheng* 大乘; 5b).

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing taixiao yinshu yuanzhen dongfei erjing jing

上清太霄隱書元真洞飛二景經

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1199 (fasc. 875)

“Scripture of the Book Concealed in the Taixiao Empyrean on the Original Truth for Flying to the Two Heavenly Bodies.” This title bears little relation to the content of the text. Shangqing books about flying to the two heavenly bodies deal with flight to the sun and moon. Here we have two extracts from 1317 *Dongzhen shangqing kaitian santu qixing yidu jing*: pages 1a–6a of the present text correspond to 2.6b–11b in the latter, concerning the rite of penitence invoking the five planets; and 6a–b correspond to 1317 *Yidu jing* 3a–b, a short fragment on the stars of the Dipper.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing taiji zhenren zhuansuo shixing biyao jing

上清太極真人撰所施行祕要經

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1363 (fasc. 1039)

“Scripture of the Essentials of the Practices of the Zhenren of the Supreme Pole.” This scripture borrows its title from 1016 *Zhen’gao* 9.3a. It is similar to juan 9 and 10 of that text as well as to passages from 1319 *Dongzhen xi wang mu baoshen qizhu jing*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing hetu neixuan jing 上清河圖內玄經

2 juan

Tang (618–907)

1367 (fasc. 1040)

“Book of the Interior Mystery of the River Chart, from the Shangqing Canon.”

This text (6a–12a) contains the “Precious Shangqing Register of the River Chart” (1396 *Shangqing hetu baolu*), as well as all the formulas and documents for transmission lacking in that text. However, the present work does not give the images of the Nine Sovereign Lords (Jiu huangjun 九皇君) of the stars of the Dipper, but only that of the Nine Ladies (4b–5b).

The present text may well be identical or related to a *Hetu neiji* 河圖內紀 or *Hetu neipian* 河圖內篇 transmitted by the Shangqing patriarch LI HANGUANG to Tang Xuanzong (r. 712–756), who in 753 asked the patriarch to celebrate a River Chart Retreat (*Hetu zhai* 河圖齋) on Maoshan 茅山 based on that text (see 304 *Maoshan zhi* 2.9a). According to two successive replies by LI HANGUANG, the Retreat was celebrated the following year. In the “Chronicle of Maoshan” the text on which this ritual for atonement (*zhaixie* 齋謝) was based is called *Hetu neipian* (304 *Maoshan zhi* 2.17a).

The work 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 3.12a–b and 6.2b quotes the *Hetu neipian* as a source for the emplacement (*shenwei* 神位) of the *Hetu jiao* 河圖醮 or *Jiuyuan jiao* 九元醮 (see 805 *Taishang dongshen taiyuan hetu sanyuan yangxie yi*).

Kristofer Schipper

Jinjue dijun sanyuan zhenyi jing 金闕帝君三元真一經

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

253 (fasc. 120)

“Scripture of the True One of the Three Principles of the Imperial Lord of the Golden Portal.” This text corresponds to 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* 27a–38b. It existed, however, already in Tang times as a separate scripture, as it is given in extenso, with some variants, in YJQQ 50.10b–18b, under the title *Jinjue dijun sanyuan zhenyi jingjue* 金闕帝君三元真一經訣.

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Kristofer Schipper

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10 fols.

Tang (618–907)

256 (fasc. 120)

“The Superior Scripture of the Supreme Origin, Invocation of the King of the Majestic Spirits of the Golden Empyrean of the Nine Heavens of the Jade Capital.” This text is later than the Shangqing revelations. It includes texts from that corpus in pastiche form and may be identical with the *Yujing taiyuan jing* 玉景太元經 mentioned in 304 *Maoshan zhi* 9.3b. Note also that the rules for transmission, as given on pages 2a and 5a, would indicate that the present text is posterior to the formation of the Lingbao canon.

The first six pages expound an apotropaic method based upon the name and the visualization of the King of the Majestic Spirits of the Golden Empyrean mentioned in the title. This method comprises a talisman of the great tiger (*dahu fu* 大虎符); another talisman, of “vast clarity” (*huoluo* 豁落; 6b), resembles the talisman of the sun in 392 *Shangqing huoluo qi yuan fu*. From 7a to the end, our text is also found in 1337 *Dongzhen taiwei jinhu zhenfu*.

The present work is further mentioned as a register (*lu* 籙), under the title *Taishang yujing jiutian jinxiao weishen yuzhu jing* 太上玉京九天金霄威神玉咒經, in 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 4.10a, together with a series of Shangqing registers conferring the title of Master of the Dongzhen Law (*Dongzhen fashi* 洞真法師).

Isabelle Robinet

Taishang shengxuan sanyi rongshen bianhua miaojing

太上昇玄三一融神變化妙經

2 juan

38 (fasc. 28)

“Book of the Ascent to Mystery through the Transformations by Means of the Fused Spirit of the Three Ones.” This work is a patchwork, rather than a synthesis, of different elements. The first juan is presented in the form of a Lingbao discourse by the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning on karma and the Void Spontaneity (*xuwu ziran* 虛無自然): if most people are subject to reincarnation, it is because they do not know that the real nature is essentially pure and quiet (1.1b), and they are not acquainted with the Unique Vehicle (1.2a). As a result, they use active methods (*youwei* 有爲), the happy rewards of which gradually decrease (1.3b). The nonactive method consists of returning to the origin (1.4a). This method is explained in the second juan, which presents itself as the “words of the Tao.” These words suggest an ancient text on

yangsheng 養生 (Tending Life), with its description of the Three Ones, the Nine Ones, the palaces of the body, and their cosmological counterparts. The nonactive method consists in preserving one’s primordial qi and nourishing one’s spirits (2.7a). The text continues with multiple definitions of the terms *hundun* 混沌 and *qi* 氣.

The term *rongshen* 融神 (fused spirit) does not occur in the present text; it is found in 39 *Taishang daoyin sanguang jiubian miaojing*.

John Lagerwey

Taishang daoyin sanguang jiubian miaojing 太上導引三光九變妙經

10 fols.

Tang (618–907)

39 (fasc. 28)

“Marvelous Book of *Daoyin* Exercises Using the Three Luminaries and Nine Transformations.” The Three Luminaries whose energies (qi) the adept is to “conduct and pull” (*daoyin* 導引) are the sun, the moon, and the stars. The “nine transformations” probably refer to the Laozi of the Nine Transformations (10a), that is, to the transformations of Laozi linked to the sun’s course across the sky (cf. Seidel, *La divinisation de Lao Tseu*, 92 ff.). The reference in 40 *Taishang daoyin sanguang baozhen miaojing* to the nine transformations of the eight assemblies (3b) would seem to confirm this interpretation, for the texts of the eight assemblies mentioned there (3a) correspond to the “sounds of the eight assemblies” given here (2a–5b).

Two distinct rites are described, both of which are to be performed during odd (yang) months. The first rite consists in “conducting and pulling” the eight different forms of the qi of the Three Luminaries. These exercises are accompanied by the above-mentioned sounds—hymns—and by the swallowing of fu. The second rite is one of salutations and confessions addressed to thirty-two (i.e., four times eight) Laozi tianzun 老子天尊.

Two of three lines cited from a *Daoyin sanguang jing* 導引三光經 in the SDZN (3.24a) are found here (1b).

John Lagerwey

Taishang daoyin sanguang baozhen miaojing 太上導引三光寶真妙經

4 fols.

Tang (618–907)

40 (fasc. 28)

“Marvelous Book of *Daoyin* Exercises Using the Three Luminaries and Precious Zhen.” This text stands in relation to 39 *Taishang daoyin sanguang jiubian miaojing* as the preface and postface to certain Shangqing texts: it first recounts the manner of its revelation and then lays down the procedure of its proper transmission in accordance

with the *Siji mingke* (184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* does not mention this text). At the beginning, the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning and his court are seen verifying registers of the Three Principles when a strange light, streaming from the eastern and western horizons and followed by immortals, suddenly illumines the assembly. The Heavenly Worthy explains how the transformations of the Tao lead, through the alternation of sun and moon, to the creation of the celestial administration of the Three Luminaries. Then he transmits to a zhenren a “text of the eight assemblies”—the hymns of the other *Sanguang jing*—that had until then been hidden in the palaces of the luminaries.

John Lagerwey

Dongzhen taishang zishu luzhuan 洞真太上紫書籙傳

20 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1342 (fasc. 1031)

“Record of the Register with Purple Writing.” This undated work is mentioned in the bibliographical chapters of the *Song shi* under the title *Taishang zishu luzhuan* 太上紫書籙傳 (see VDL 88). A sentence from page 5a of the present text is quoted in TPYL 677.11a as coming directly from a *Taishang zishu lu* 太上紫書籙. At the end of the work, there is a reference to Lord Wang 王君, a saint often linked to apocryphal Shangqing texts, which may imply a reference to the *Taishang zishu wangjun zixu* 太上紫書王君自序, a section of 1316 *Dongzhen shangqing taiwei dijun bu tiangang fei diji jinjian yuzi shangjing*.

The work consists of sermons and dialogues of a marked Buddhist character pertaining to oral formulas revealed by a number of gods of the Taoist pantheon (Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊, Yuanshi tianwang 元始天王, Taishang daojun 太上道君, Xi wang mu 西王母, and others).

At the beginning of the work, the contents of the revelations are defined under the complete title “Superior Scriptures Containing the Esoteric Instructions on the Five Secrets, the Six Mysteries, the Three and the Nine, and the Orthodox One” (*Wuyin liumiao sanjiu zhengyi mizhi shangjing* 五隱六妙三九正一密旨上經), later abbreviated as *Liumiao mizhi*. All of these instructions are said to have been transmitted originally by the Taizhen zhangren 太真丈人 to the Wenshi xiansheng 文始先生.

Xi wang mu is at the origin of the revelation of five essential oral instructions (*koujue* 口訣), which are related to the three principal scriptural traditions of the Dongzhen, Dongxuan, and Dongshen canons (8b). Next, Xi wang mu explains the nature of the *liumiao* 六妙, the latter being linked with the use of certain special characters (see pages 9a–b).

Alfredo Cadonna

2.B.8.b The Shangqing Registers

Dongzhen taishang taisu yulu 洞真太上太素玉籙

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1338 (fasc. 1031)

“Jade Register of the Great Simplicity.” A similar title is mentioned in the biography of Pei jun 裴君 in YJQQ 105.23a. Our work is listed in the bibliographical chapters of the *Song shi* (see VDL 86). It consists of a number of minor instructions concerning various practices.

The work divides into three sections. The first two sections comprise thirty columns of text each, due to the fact that they were taken from either the 119 or the 1244 editions of the *Daozang*, which were printed in blocks of thirty columns. The resulting text fragments stop short in the middle of a phrase.

The first thirty columns (1b–2b) probably represent the text itself. The first five lines can also be found in YJQQ 9.5b, while the rest comes from 1330 *Dongzhen taiyi dijun taidan yinshu dongzhen xuanjing* 14b–16b and 20b.

The next thirty columns (3a–4a) are extracts from 81 *Dongzhen taiwei huangshu tiandi jun shijing jinyang sujing* 2b–3b. The pages that follow (4b–6b) concern the transmission of 1316 *Dongzhen shangqing Taiwei dijun bu tiangang fei diji jinjian yuzi shangjing*, a Shangqing text, with a model of the contract (*qi* 契) of transmission, followed in turn by a Shangqing formula invoking the sun by means of talismans.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang cangyuan shanglu 洞真太上倉元上籙

7 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1340 (fasc. 1031)

“Superior Register of the Azure Origin.” This title is mentioned in the biography of Pei jun 裴君 (YJQQ 105.8a, 23a) and in 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* 2.7a–b. The oldest quotation from our work (4b) is found in 1129 *Daojiao yishu* 2.2b.

Although it borrows its title from the Shangqing school, our work certainly appeared later than the revelations to YANG XI (364–370). It reveals that the doctrine of the Sandong had already attained an elaborate stage of development (4a–b). In addition, the influence of the Lingbao doctrine can be seen clearly in references to the Twenty-eight Heavens, the Daluo Heaven (1b and 2b), and the Three Primordial Qi (4a).

The Three Vehicles into which sacred texts were classified led the adept to aban-

don progressively his or her family, the world, and even the sacred texts themselves. This scheme reflects the evolution of Taoism, under the influence of Buddhism, toward an increasing emphasis on meditation. It is virtually unknown before the Tang period.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing yuanshi gaoshang yuhuang jiutian pulu

上清元始高上玉皇九天譜錄

16 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1387 (fasc. 1045)

“Shangqing Register of the Jade Emperor of the Nine Heavens from the Most High Primordial Beginning.” This work is a register of Shangqing divinities, all of which are deities from 1393 *Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangqing jiuling taimiao Guishan xuanlu*. For example, 2a1–2 corresponds to 1393 *Guishan xuanlu* 3.20a; 2b1–2 corresponds to 1393 *Guishan xuanlu* 3.24a; 2b5–7 corresponds to 1393 *Guishan xuanlu* 3.25a; and so on. Many of these deities are the same as those in 168 *Yuanshi gaoshang yujian dalu*.

This register consists of elements of an ancient *sanyuan* 三元 (Three Principles) ritual stemming from the Shangqing movement. It is associated with the recitation of Shangqing texts, and it dates, at least in part, from the sixth century at the latest (see Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing*, 2:216–24).

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing jinzhen yuhuang shangyuan jiutian zhenling sanbai liushiwu bu yuanlu
上清金真玉皇上元九天真靈三百六十五部元錄

25 fols.

Attributed to Jinming qizhen 金明七真; early Tang (618–907)

1388 (fasc. 1045)

“Shangqing Register of the Three Hundred and Sixty-Five True and Divine Forces from the Nine Heavens in the Upper Origin of the Gold Zhenren Jade Emperor.” Among the texts of which the transmission is attributed to Jinming qizhen, the present work alone contains an explicit date: in 551, Jinming is said to have received on Mount Dailing 帶嶺 the final revelation of this register from Gaoshang tianbao yuhuang 高上天寶玉皇. This date is Yoshioka’s main evidence for dating the whole group of texts to the middle of the sixth century (Yoshioka Yoshitoyo, “*Sandō hōdō kakai gihan*, 39–92). Yet, this dating remains open to doubt (cf. the articles on 674 *Wushang sanyuan zhenzhai linglu* and 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi*). The fact that the present work first quotes Jinming (“Jinming says . . .”) and then continues in direct

speech (“I, Qizhen, received . . .”) could indicate that it was recorded by a disciple. On the other hand, 674 *Zhenzhai linglu* 16b, also attributed to Jinming qizhen, seems to refer already to the contents of our text (11a–19b).

Although a *Sanbai liushiwu bu lu* is not mentioned in 1125 *Sandong fengdao kejie yingshi*, a closer look at the present register reveals that it was, like 674 *Zhenzhai linglu*, derived from a model of the Zhengyi tradition: the Register of the One Hundred and Fifty Generals (*Yibai wushi jiangjun lu* 一百五十將軍錄) was adapted here into a register of three hundred and sixty-five generals.

Like its model, the present register is composed of two parts (183 *shangling* 上靈 plus 182 *zhenling* 真靈) of a complementary nature (yang and yin). Transmitted successively, they form the complete register, called *zhilu* 治錄. Following the register, the text describes the ritual of transmission, which also adopts the structure of the Zhengyi liturgy: Invocation (*chuguan* 出官), Presentation (*biao* 表), and the Announcement of Merit (*yangong* 言功), followed by the composition of petitions written on wooden tablets (*baici* 白刺) and paper (*zhizhang* 紙章). Minor modifications include the wording of the *falü* 發爐 and the signing of the documents (the so-called *taiqing* 太清; 24b–25a). This transmission ritual is followed by the program for another ritual, which, after the transmission of the register, can be held to obtain relief from calamities, and other events of misfortune. An exhortation not to separate the text, that is, the register and the liturgical part, concludes this work. We also learn here (24b) that Jinming’s organization was founded on thirty-six dioceses (*zhi* 治), in contrast to the set of twenty-four under the Heavenly Masters.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Shangqing gaoshang Guishan xuanlu 上清高上龜山玄錄

39 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1394 (fasc. 1048)

“Mysterious Register of Mount Turtle.” This text is a Shangqing register that borrows its title from 1393 *Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangqing jiuling taimiao Guishan xuanlu*. The text also appears in juan 2 of the latter, and in 1385 *Shangqing dongzhen tianbao dadong sanjing baolu* 2. It is mentioned among the *Shangqing lu* in 1239 *Zhengyi xiuzhen lueyi* 17b, and in 304 *Maoshan zhi* 7b.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing dadong jiuwei badao dajing miaolu 上清大洞九微八道大經妙籙
6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1395 (fasc. 1048)

“Wonderful Register of the Great Scripture of the Universe.” The *jiuwei badao* 九微八道 is the cosmos. *Jiuwei* 九微 is equivalent to *jiuxuan* 九玄 (Nine Mysteries), *jiutian* 九天 (Nine Heavens; cf. 2a), or *santian jiuwei xuandu* 三天九微玄部 (Mysterious Capital of the Nine Subtleties of the Three Heavens [arranged vertically]); *badao* 八道 is equivalent to the eight points of the compass. The expression *jiuwei badao* therefore designates the cosmos in its two dimensions, horizontal and vertical, and in terms of earthly and heavenly space.

The text is a fragment of 1203 *Taishang santian zhengfa jing*, an ancient Shangqing text only partially preserved. A part of our work (3a–5a) is in fact quoted in WSBY 31.10b–11b and 32.10b–11b, under the title *Santian zhengfa jing* 三天正法經. The beginning of the present text is a shortened version of 1203 *Zhengfa jing* 11a–b; further along, other titles, which also figure in 1203 *Zhengfa jing*, are found.

This text is entirely devoted to exorcistic charms, some of which bear names derived from the Shangqing corpus (*hubao fu* 虎豹符; *shenhu fu* 神虎符); reference is also made (3b) to their transmission to the venerated saints of the Shangqing writings. The contents of this work derive mainly from *Santian zhengfa jing* material, but its form follows that of later works: the final pages (6a–b), for instance, refer to a ritual function, suggesting that this is a fragment of an ancient text (late fourth or early fifth century) later incorporated into a liturgical framework and adapted accordingly.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing betu baolu 上清河圖寶籙

9 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1396 (fasc. 1048)

“Precious Shangqing Register of the River Chart.” This register is based on the secret names (*hui* 諱) of the Nine Sovereign Lords (Jiu huangjun 九皇君)—that is, the nine stars of the Dipper (Beidou 北斗), seven of which are visible and two invisible—and of their Ladies (*furen* 夫人). This nomenclature of the Dipper became current in Tang times, and the present register dates to that period. It is quoted in 1240 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi shou sandong jingjie falu zeri li* 5b by ZHANG WANFU.

The present text is incomplete, as it ends its instructions for transmission of the register (8a) with the words: “They present a memorial as follows . . .” The complete version of the present work is found in 1367 *Shangqing betu neixuan jing* 6a ff.

The register (1a–b) includes, for meditative purposes, the pictogram of the Nine

Palaces and the Nine Lords. A similar Hetu register is reproduced as part of 1209 *Taishang zhengyi mengwei falu yibu* 34b–38b.

Kristofer Schipper

Yuanshi gaoshang yujian dalu 元始高上玉檢大錄

12 fols.

Tang (618–907)

168 (fasc. 73)

“Great Register of the Jade Rule of the Most High Primordial Beginning.” This register combines other Shangqing texts or registers bearing the title “Great Register of the Jade Rule.” It is based on 354 *Shangqing sanyuan yujian sanyuan bujing* and in part duplicates that text.

Our work can be divided into three major parts. The first part corresponds to 354 *Sanyuan bujing* 4a–b. The second part presents the same pantheon (but gives only half the number of divinities) as that found in 1387 *Shangqing yuanshi gaoshang yuhuang jiutian pulu*. This is the Shangqing pantheon; the gods correspond to those in 1393 *Shangqing yuanshi bianhua baozhen shangjing jiuling taimiao guishan xuanlu*, to which are added the divinities of the Nine Shangqing Heavens. The third part of our text corresponds to 354 *Sanyuan bujing* 4b–11b.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing zhongjing zhu zhensheng bi 上清衆經諸真聖祕

8 juan

446 (fasc. 198–199)

“Secret Book of the Saints and Zhenren of the Shangqing Scriptures.” As the title indicates, this text is a systematic survey of all the Shangqing spirits and gods, compiled from the writings of that school. This pantheon is presented in tabular form and was probably intended for ritual purposes. The names of the spirits and divinities are often accompanied by charms representing the deities in graphic form. Each listing is preceded by the title of the work or method from which it derives. Despite frequent cross-references to avoid repetition, certain names appear several times under the title of one or more listings, as well as in the methods outlined. The work 166 *Yuanshi shangzhen zhongxian ji* is included in these listings (5.3a–6b) and some of the Lingbao divinities are also named (7.12a).

The present text (8.12a) mentions Liang Qiuzi’s 梁丘子 commentary on the *Huangting jing* 黃庭經 (in 263 *Xinzheng shishu* 55–60) and therefore dates, at the earliest, from the second half of the Tang.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing huoluo qiyan fu 上清豁落七元符

5 fols.

Tang (618–907)

392 (fasc. 185)

“Talismans of the Seven Principals of the Vast Clarity.” The expression *huoluo qiyan* 豁落七元, a poetic name for the seven stars of the Dipper constellation, is anterior to the Shangqing scriptures and occurs in a great number of them. Sometimes it is explained as a name of the cosmic emanations that structure the universe (see YJQQ 9.2a).

Essentially, the present text contains the reproductions of the fourteen talismans that, together with the colophon, are also found in 1392 *Shangqing qusu jueci lu* 3b–6b.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing dongzhen tianbao dadong sanjing baolu

上清洞真天寶大洞三景寶籙

2 juan

1385 (fasc. 1044)

“Precious Registers [Corresponding to the Grade] of Disciple of the Three Luminaries of the Great Arcane, a Heavenly Treasure of the Shangqing Dongzhen Division.” The present work contains four registers to be transmitted as part of the initiation into the Shangqing canon, which marks the highest level of the Taoist hierarchy of the Tang period and corresponds to the ordination of disciple of the Three Luminaries of the Great Arcane (*dadong sanjing dizi* 大洞三景弟子), hence the title of our text. Each of the registers given here corresponds to a degree (*jie* 階) of initiation giving access to the (Shangqing) Dongzhen division of the canon, here called *Yuqing bu* 玉清部 (see note on page 1.1a, and similar notes on 1.9a, 1.26b, etc.). The four registers are:

1. Talismanic Register of the Golden Tiger (*Taishang dijun jinhu fulu* 太上帝君金虎符籙; 1.1a–9a), with its complement and counterpart, the Talisman of the Divine Tiger (*Taishang shenhu fu* 太上神虎符). Both registers have protective powers.

2. Register of the Flying Paces of the Void and Permanent [Stars] (*Taishang feibu kongchang lu* 太上飛步空常籙; 9a–26a), the practice of which comprises an elaborate choreography, allowing the adept to travel in the entire universe. An interesting diagram on pages 1.18b–19a shows this choreography in detail (fig. 45). There is also, on page 1.19a, the model of a sort of visiting card that the adept should carry on his or her head when traveling the stars. This ancient art is conducive to the status of True Being of Supreme Purity (Shangqing zhenren 上清真人).

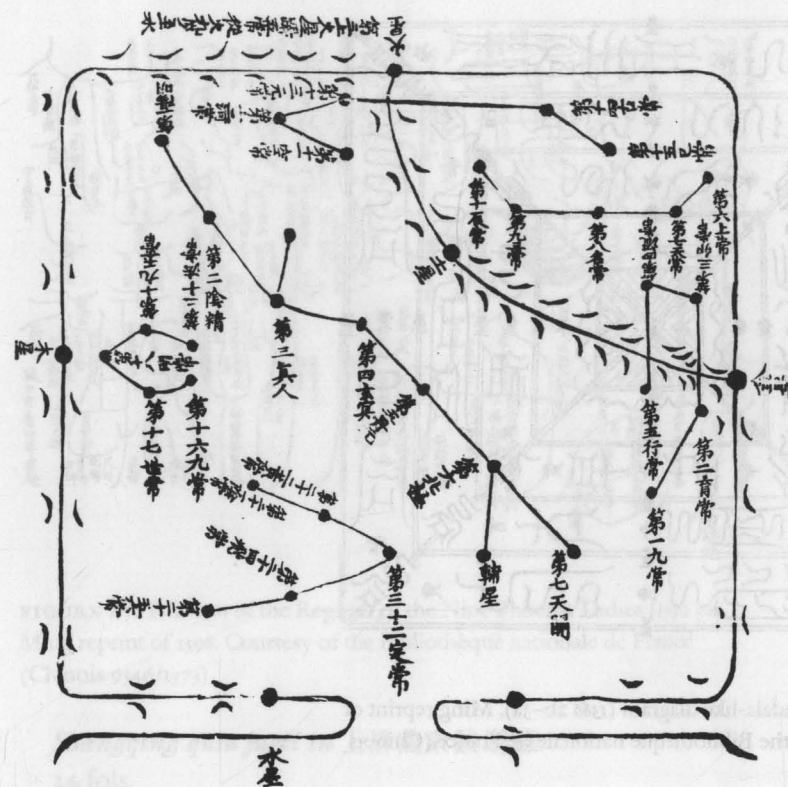


FIGURE 45. Choreography for the paces of the Kongchang stars (1385 1.18b–19a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1366)

3. Register for the Three Leaps to the Two Luminaries (*Taishang erjing sanben lu* 太上二景三奔籙; 1.26b–41a). The two luminaries are the sun and the moon, but a leap to the stars (*benchen fa* 奔辰法) is added.

4. Mysterious [read *xuan* 玄 for *yuan* 元] Register of the Turtle Mountain (*Taishang Guishan yuanlu* 太上龜山元籙). This document occupies the entire juan 2 and is subdivided into three parts (*pin* 品), each representing a degree.

All registers are derived, respectively, from the following well-known Shangqing texts: 1337 *Dongzhen taiwei jinhu zhenfu*, 1336 *Dongzhen taishang jinpian hufu zhenwen jing*, 324 *Shangqing wuchang biantong wanhua yuming jing*, and 1394 *Shangqing gao-shang Guishan xuanlu*, as well as from some minor texts (see Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing*, 420–21).

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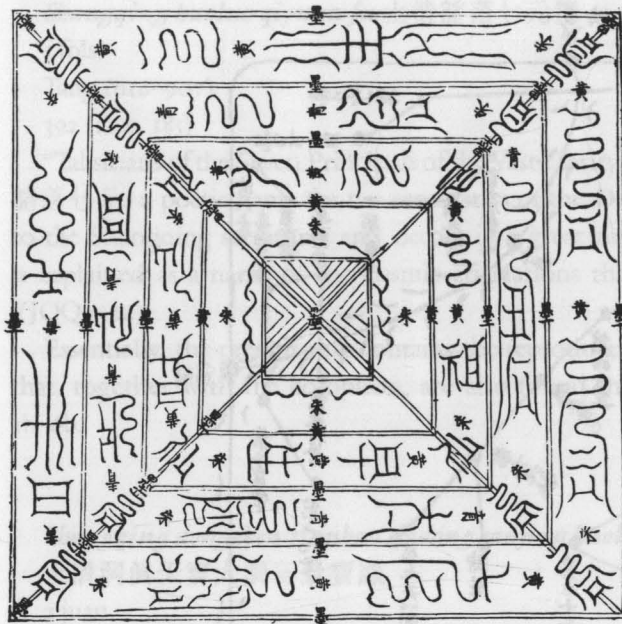


FIGURE 46. Mandala-like diagram (1386 2b-3a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1367)

Shangqing dadong sanjing yuqing yinshu jue lu 上清大洞三景玉清隱書訣錄
16 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1386 (fasc. 1045)

“Register for the Instructions for the Secret Writings of the Jade Purity of the Three Luminaries of the Great Arcane, a Shangqing Text.” Although the title refers to the highest stage of the Taoist hierarchy of the Tang period (the *dadong sanjing* degrees), this is in fact a simple prophylactic register with talismans, presumably for lay people. The talismannic secret writing are mandala-like diagrams, some of which resemble those found in 429 *Shangqing changsheng baojian tu* (fig. 46).

Other talismans are of a more particular kind. They are written with either green or red ink, and each line is carefully annotated as to the color that has to be used (pages 13a–15b).

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FIGURE 47. Talisman of the Register of the Nine Phoenix Ladies (1392 3a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1373)

Shangqing qusu jueci lu 上清曲素訣辭錄

24 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1392 (fasc. 1046)

“Register for the Instructions on the Emanations from the Labyrinth, a Shangqing Text.” This is an illustrated collection of registers, apparently for lay people, of different periods and origins. The first register, the *Qusu jueci lu* 曲素訣辭錄, which gives its name to the entire collection, is also no doubt the most ancient one. It is linked to 1372 *Shangqing gaoshang yuchen fengtai qusu shangjing* (where the meaning of the title is explained on 1a) and contains some parallel passages with it, including its legendary connection with Taiji zuo zhenren 太極左真人. The beginning of the present work corresponds to 1372 *Qusu shangjing* 10b–12a, but our text contains the original True Writ of the Mysterious Hill of the Phoenix Pneumata of the Nine Heavens (*Jiutian fengqi xuanqiu zhenshu* 九天鳳氣玄丘真書; 3a; fig. 47), a remarkable and, to judge by the names of the deities it contains, probably ancient document. This True Writ is missing from 1372 *Qusu shangjing*, where it has been replaced by a picture of nine heavenly ladies surrounding a major deity. From the context it would seem that this is a picture of the Most High True Lord of the Mysterious Hill with the Nine Phoenix Ladies. His presence here appears to be the result of an error by a copyist, who wrote “Xuanqiu taizhen jun 玄丘太真君” (10b) instead of *Xuanqiu dashu* 玄丘大書.

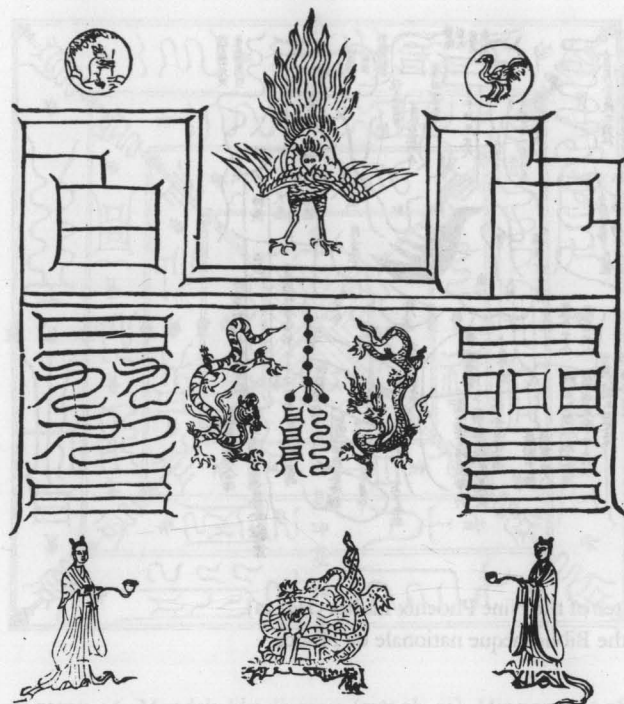


FIGURE 48. Cosmic diagram showing the emblematic animals of the four quarters, the sun and the moon, with a character for dragon in the center (1392 10b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1373)

Another instance of a garbled transcription is to be found on page 11a of 1372 *Qusu shangjing* (passage concerning the rites of transmission; see our text, 1a). The relationship between our text and 1372 *Qusu shangjing* shows that our text represents a more original, albeit incomplete, version of the Shangqing scripture.

The next part of the present collection contains a series of talismans of the sun, the moon, and the Five Planets (*Huoluo qi yuan lu* 豁落七元錄) (fig. 48). These talismans are also found in 392 *Shangqing heluo qi yuan fu*. Another series of talismans follows, this time for calling up the dragons of the Ten Heavens (*Shitian zhaolong lu* 十天召龍錄) (fig. 49).

The final part of the text contains an important series of ritual symbols that belong to the highest stage of Shangqing initiation of the Tang period. Transmitted by a high *Shangqing dadong fashi* 上清大洞法師, this stage is characterized as the Final Way of the Return of the Chariot (*huiju bidao* 迴車畢道). Adepts would have reached this stage after having received the True Scriptures of the Great Arcane (*Dadong zhenjing*



FIGURE 49. Illustration of the Shangqing register for marshaling the dragons of the Ten Heavens (1392 7a-b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1373)

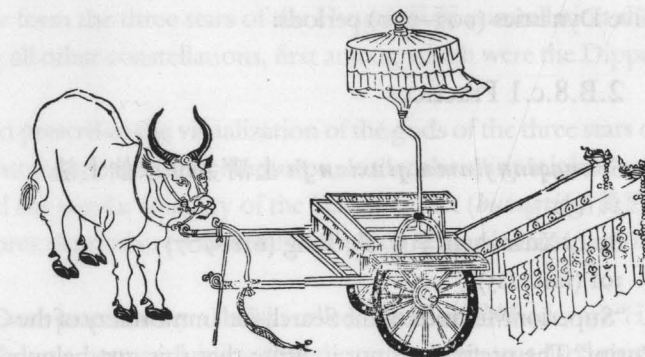


FIGURE 50. The chariot of the final return (1392 24a-b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/1373)

大洞真經), that is, during the Tang, the complete corpus of Shangqing texts (cf. 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 5.1a-2b).

The registers transmitted at this stage are, respectively: (1) the Register for Invoking the Dragons of the Eight Powers (*Bawei zhaolong lu* 八威召龍錄; 10a), complete with tablets (*jian* 簡) and True Writs (*zhenwen* 真文) to be deposited (*tou* 投) in a sacred place when making offerings to the dragons; and (2) the Register of the Nine Stars of the River Chart (*Shangqing taixuan hetu jiu xing lu* 上清太玄河圖九星錄; cf. 1396 *Shangqing hetu baolu*).

A picture of the chariot of the final return marks the end of the registers (fig. 50).

2.B.8.c Manuals, Anthologies, and Encyclopedias

Assembled here are a number of secondary sources concerning the private and the liturgical practices of Shangqing Taoism. Most of these works are composed of citations from different sources, and many books are anthologies composed of passages taken from major Shangqing scriptures. Isabelle Robinet, in *La révélation du Shangqing*, has compiled a nearly exhaustive inventory of these anthologies and has traced the majority of the sources they quote.

Most of these texts are difficult to date with precision. In principle they could have been composed at any time between the end of the Six Dynasties period (after TAO HONGJING, 456–536) and the Southern Song (1127–1279). In fact it seems plausible to assign all of them to the Tang dynasty (618–907), because during that period Shangqing texts enjoyed a wide circulation among literati. Many of these texts were copied by famous calligraphers such as Yan Zhenqing 顏真卿 (709–785) who were wont to make small collections of them for private reference or as collectors' items. As manuals for Tending Life techniques these anthologies became obsolete with the development of Inner Alchemy theories and practices at the end of the Tang and the Five Dynasties (907–960) periods.

2.B.8.c.1 Practices

Shangqing jinmu qiuxian fa 上清金母求仙上法

23 fols.

By Li Xuazhen 李玄真; Tang (618–907)

391 (fasc. 185)

“Superior Methods of the Search for Immortality of the Golden Mother of Highest Purity.” The prefix does not indicate that this text belongs to the Shangqing canon; it is, rather, a general term for Taoist scriptures of the Tang dynasty. The author, who hails from Liaodong 遼東, identifies himself in the colophon (22a) as a Master Who Wanders in the Arcane of the Northern Peak (*beiyue youxuan xiansheng* 北嶽遊玄先生), a Six Dynasty and Tang title for daoshi who had been ordained and obtained the Lingbao registers (see 1130 *Daodian lun* 2.2a–4b and 1407 *Dongxuan lingbao ershi sheng tujing* 19b). Moreover, Li states that he belonged to the Chongxuan guan 崇玄館 on Lushan 廬山. These establishments had been founded by Emperor Xuanzong in the second year of the Tianbao era (743). During the Five Dynasties and Song periods, they were renamed Chongxuan guan 崇玄觀.

This small text propounds the correct way to write a number of Lingbao talismans and to reveal their correct readings (*yin* 音). The talismans are the *Taisu yangsheng yishijiu fu* 太素陽生一十九符. They were, as stated at the beginning of the text, given

to Wang mu 王母 for her greater enlightenment. Li taught this method to his disciple Wang Yanzhen 王延真 and to many others during a seven-year period, beginning in the year *gengwu* 庚午 and ending in *bingzi* 丙子. These dates could correspond to 790 and 796, respectively.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing huachen sanben yujue 上清華晨三奔玉訣

5 fols.

Tang (618–907)

409 (fasc. 191)

“Precious Formulas of the Highest Pure [Canon] for the Threefold Flight to the Glistening Dawn.” This is not a Shangqing scripture, although it uses much of the vocabulary of these texts, but a later work concerning meditation on the seven stars of the Dipper constellation and the two invisible stars Fu 輔 and Bi 弼. These stars entered Chinese astrology in late Six Dynasties (220–589) and early Tang times, and they are presented here as a novelty. They are identified with the deities Taiping jinjue housheng dijun 太平金闕後聖帝君 and Taiwei tiandi 太微天帝. These two stars and the Pole Star together form the three stars of the Huagai 華蓋 constellation that dominated Heaven above all other constellations, first among which were the Dipper stars.

The meditation method prescribes the visualization of the gods of the three stars of the Huagai. Their light illuminated the inner landscape, so that the spirit might freely roam inside. Here we find the familiar imagery of the Yellow Court (*huangting* 黃庭) and the Shangqing scriptures. A number of rhymed formulas and detailed instructions accompany the method.

A *sanben* 三奔 method was practiced by a daoshi called Hou Kai 侯楷 (d. 573). His biography in LZTT 30.12b has a note explaining that the term *sanben* was used originally to designate the sexual techniques of the Yellow Emperor (*Huangdi sanben yunü zhi shu* 黃帝三奔御女之術), but that could not be the case here, where the meaning seems to be the Shangqing method of the high flight (*gaoben* 高奔) to the stars.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing xianfu qionglin jing 上清僊府瓊林經

24 fols.

1403 (fasc. 1050)

“Book from the Jade Forest of the Dwelling of the Immortals.” This is an anthology of excerpts, dealing mainly with meditation and Tending Life techniques. Most of the quotations are culled from different Shangqing scriptures (see Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing*, 421), but other sources are also used, among them the Dongshen Divi-

sion (*Dongshen bu* 部; 7b) and the Lingbao canon (*Lingbao jing* 經; 8a, 10a). From page 18a onward, there are a number of citations from the 1016 *Zhen'gao*.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing taiji zhenren shenxian jing 上清太極真人神仙經

26 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1404 (fasc. 1050)

“Book of the Divine Immortals of the Great Principle.” This is an anthology of various meditation and Tending Life techniques taken exclusively from Shangqing sources (see Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing*, 421). The first part (1a–4b) deals with the respiration techniques known as Cloud Shoots (*yunya* 雲芽), placed under the aegis of WEI HUACUN. The next fragment contains some practical instructions concerning the meditation on the divine partner, the Mysterious Zhenren (Xuanzhen 玄真). From page 7b to page 20a, we find various well-known methods for the absorption of stellar energies and the circulation of qi inside the body. The last part of the book contains practical information concerning physiology and personal hygiene.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing dongzhen jiugong zifang tu 上清洞真九宮紫房圖

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

156 (fasc. 68)

“Illustrations of the Purple Room and the Nine Palaces, according to the Shangqing Tradition.” The present text is divided into two parts: a number of illustrations of different aspects of the pantheon (1a–4a; see fig. 51), and a text called “Jiugong zifang san dantian jue 九宮紫房三丹田訣” (Formula of the Three Cinnabar Fields, the Purple Room, and the Nine Palaces; 4b–6b). This text gives a short description of the gods of the body. Titles similar to that of the present work are mentioned in various sources. The oldest is 671 *Taishang wuji dadao ziran zhenyi wucheng fu shang jing* 2.12a, which mentions a *Jiugong zifang tu*.

The illustrations for this description of the interior world are lost; the present text is entirely unrelated to the preceding images, which, to judge from their content and captions, must have been part of 155 *Sancai dingwei tu*.

Kristofer Schipper

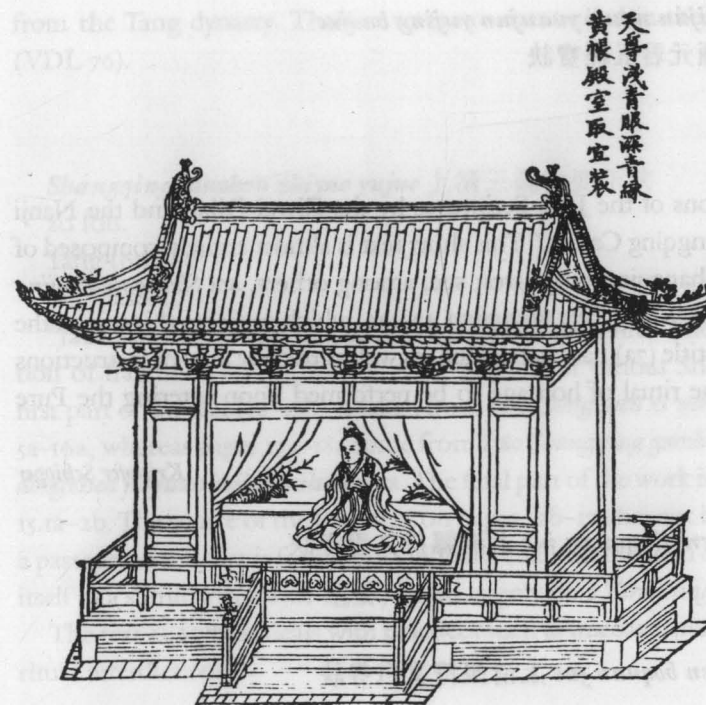


FIGURE 51. The Palace of the Mysterious Elixir in the body, dwelling of the Taiyi zhenren (156 3a–b, detail).

Shangqing taiyi jinque yuxi jinzhen ji 太清太一金闕玉璽金真紀

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)

394 (fasc. 185)

“Annals of the Golden Zhenren of the Jade Seal of the Golden Portal of the Supreme One.” This is an apocryphal text of the Shangqing school. The text as a whole is an amalgam of fragments clumsily clapped together. Its title is inspired by a title in the biography of Pei jun 裴君 (YJQQ 105.9b). The present text (5a) is quoted under a simplified title as *Taiyi jinzhen ji* 太一金真紀 in SDZN 5.4a and 3b, and in 1132 *Shangqing dao leishi xiang* 2.1b. A passage on page 5a is quoted in TPYL 679.7b. Our text, therefore, existed under the Tang.

The greater part of the text is made up from quotations from the biography of Lord Pei mentioned above. There are, however, references to texts other than those of the Shangqing revelation, and one long passage (4b) is even alien to the Shangqing tradition.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing ziwei dijun nanji yuanjun yujing baojue

上清紫微帝君南極元君玉經寶訣

10 fols.

Tang (618–907)

406 (fasc. 191)

“Precious Instructions of the Jade Scriptures by the Ziwei Dijun and the Nanji Yuanjun, from the Shangqing Canon.” This short text is almost entirely composed of quotations from the Shangqing scriptures; see, among others, 405 *Shangqing zijing jun huangchu ziling daojun dongfang shangjing* 4a–12a, which precedes this text in the *Daozang*. Only the subtitle (7a) has been added, as well as the few lines of instructions on the last page for the ritual of homage to be performed upon entering the Pure Room.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing pei fuwen qingquan jue 上清佩符文青券訣

10 fols.

412 (fasc. 192)

Shangqing pei fuwen boquan jue 上清佩符文白券訣

11 fols.

413 (fasc. 192)

Shangqing pei fuwen jiangquan jue 上清佩符文絳券訣

4 fols.

414 (fasc. 192)

Shangqing pei fuwen heiquan jue 上清佩符文黑券訣

3 fols.

415 (fasc. 192)

Shangqing pei fuwen huangquan jue 上清佩符文黃券訣

7 fols.

416 (fasc. 192)

“Instructions Concerning Shangqing Talismans.” Together, these five works form an anthology of excerpts from the major Shangqing scriptures (the sources are generally indicated) concerning protective talismans. Notwithstanding the orientation by color, which presupposes a specific classification according to direction or function, the excerpts under each category do not correspond to any particular criteria. These five texts do not appear to be linked to any ritual of liturgical transmission.

It is probable that the excerpts were originally accompanied by drawings of the talismans. This anthology appears to have been a collector's item, probably dating

from the Tang dynasty. The five texts are mentioned in the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe” (VDL 76).

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing sanzhen zhiyao yujue 上清三真旨要玉訣

20 fols.

Tang (618–907)

422 (fasc. 193)

“Jade Formula of the Essential Principles of the Three Zhenren.” This is a collection of fragments culled, for the most part, from various Shangqing writings. The first part of the text (1a–12b) is taken from 1319 *Dongzhen xi wang mu baoshen qiju jing* 5a–16a, whereas pages 17a–18a come from 1389 *Shangqing gaosheng Taishang dadao jun dongzhen jinyuan bajing yulu* 6b–7a. The final part of the work is found in 1016 *Zhen'gao* 15.1a–2b. The source of the fragment on pages 12b–17a has not been located, except for a passage on 16b that is found in Dunhuang manuscript Stein 6219. That text presents itself as a summary (*daoyao* 道要) based largely on a *Ziran jing* 自然經.

The text as a whole deals with practices such as massage, prayer, exorcism rites, and ritual interdictions.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing dongzhen jieguo jue 上清洞真解過訣

28 fols.

Tang (618–907)

423 (fasc. 194)

“Formula for the Absolution of Sins.” This work is composed mainly of Shangqing texts, and of texts inspired by that school. It can be divided into four parts.

The first part (1a–5b) contains a method of Lord Pei 裴君, which is found in his biography (YJQQ 105.5a–6b and 12a–15a). This method consists of confessing one's faults to the Emperor of the North and of invoking the gods of the Three Principles on the days when these deities assemble to revise the registers of life, especially at the time of the autumn equinox.

A second part (5b–7b) contains three methods of Xu Hui 許翺, one of which is a variant on the *wutong* 五通 method found in 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 20a–25a. A second method is linked to the Zhaoling furen 昭靈夫人, one of the goddesses at the origin of the revelations to YANG XI. This method, which consists of invoking the planets, seems also to have been inspired by 426 *Basu zhenjing* 21b and 20a. The third method in this section corresponds to 1377 *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue* 10a–b.

In the third part, the text on pages 7a–8a corresponds to 1330 *Dongzhen taiyi dijun taidan yinshu dongzhen xuanjing* 35b–37a, whereas 8b–9a is taken from an unknown work called the Annals of Master Liu (*Liu xiansheng ji* 劉先生記).

In the fourth part, from page 9a to the end of the work, we find a description of the *huiyuan* 迴元 method as originally given in 1377 *Shendan jue* 4b–10b.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing xiuxing jingjue 上清修行經訣

29 fols.

Tang (618–907)

427 (fasc. 195)

“Formulary for Shangqing Practices.” This work is an authentic anthology of prescriptions belonging to the Shangqing school. Each practice is preceded by a title, with a gloss indicating the source of the chapter concerned. With the exception of the passage 10b–11b, which derives from a Lingbao scripture (352 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaojing* 1.25b and 24a), all the other texts in this work originate from Shangqing writings: 1016 *Zhen’gao* (the first page; this source is not indicated in the present text); 639 *Huangtian shangqing jinjue dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing*; 1313 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing*; 1380 *Shangqing taishang huangsu sishisi fang jing*; 1315 *Dongzhen shangqing qingyao zishu jin’gen zhongjing*; 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing*; 1378 *Shangqing jinzhen yuguang bajing feijing*; 1379 *Shangqing yudi qisheng xuanji huitian jiuxiao jing*.

The last paragraph of our text (25b to the end), which cites a *Xiaomo jing* 消魔經, is not found in extant works bearing that title but in YJQQ 47.10b–11a.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing xiushen yaoshi jing 上清修身要事經

30 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1269 (fasc. 1002)

“The Essentials of the Practice of Perfection.” This is the same text, under a different title, as 427 *Shangqing xiuxing jingjue*, with the exception of a fragment in 2b–3a on the technique of grinding one’s teeth.

Isabelle Robinet



FIGURE 52. Ascending to Heaven for an audience in midsummer (430 4a–b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/427)

Shangqing badao biyan tu 上清八道祕言圖

10 fols.

Tang (618–907)

430 (fasc. 196)

“Chart of the Discourse on the Essentials of the Eight Directions.” This is an illustrated version of the *Badao biyan* 八道祕言 meditation exercise from 1376 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing* (1.11b–15b) (fig. 52).

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing hanxiang jianjian tu 上清含象劍鑑圖

9 fols.

Attributed to SIMA CHENGZHEN 司馬承禎 (647–735)

431 (fasc. 196)

“The Shangqing Diagrams of the Cosmic Signs Embodied in Mirrors and Swords.” This work is a compilation of six brief chapters dealing with three mirrors and one sword, artifacts rendered spiritually significant by virtue of the cosmic designs engraved upon them (fig. 53). Due to these engravings and by the unique power of the Technique of the Four Discs (*sigui zhi fa* 四規之法), the mirrors reveal the real form of all that they reflect (1a–4b; cf. 1126 *Dongxuan lingbao dao xue keyi* 2.8b; 1245 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi mingjing fa* 1b; 1206 *Shangqing mingjian yaojing* 2a). Two additional fu, yin and yang, endow the two faces of the sword with the forces of submission and attack

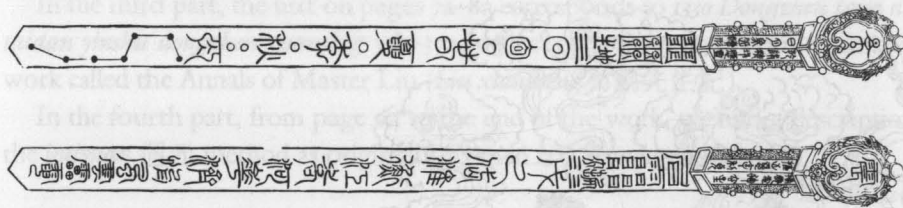


FIGURE 53. Magic swords (431 5a–6b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/428)

(4b–7a). Details of the fabrication and historical transmission of such artifacts (8b–9a) and a short formula for the smelting of silver from sand (9a–9b) close the text.

According to one chapter (7b–8a) this entire text and its accompanying diagrams were presented by SIMA CHENGZHEN to the Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756), who responded with a brief poem, included in the text.

The memorial of presentation is signed Wu Ji 吳及 and dated 1005. Since Wu Ji lived from 1014–1062, either the attribution of this memorial or the date 1005 is erroneous.

Pauline Bentley Koffler

Shangqing changsheng baojian tu 上清長生寶鑑圖

4 fols.

Tang (618–907)

429 (fasc. 196)

“Shangqing Illustrations of Precious Mirrors of Long Life.” This work contains seven illustrations of magic mirrors adorned with various symbols and talismanic signs (fig. 54).

The title has *jian* 鑑 for *mirror* in deference to the Song taboo of the character *jing* 鏡 (see Chen Yuan, *Shihui juli*, 154). However, within the text the original character *jing* occurs (1a and 2b), indicating that the text dates from before the Song.

Kristofer Schipper

Qiyu xiuzhen zhengpin tu 七域修真證品圖

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)

433 (fasc. 196)

“Diagram Demonstrating the Hierarchy of Degrees of the Practice of the True [Tao] and of the Seven Regions [of the Immortals].” This text contains (3a–5b) a list of Shangqing methods taken from 1016 *Zhen’gao* 5.3a–b. It establishes a hierarchy of the spiritual degrees of those who practice the school’s discipline. The description of

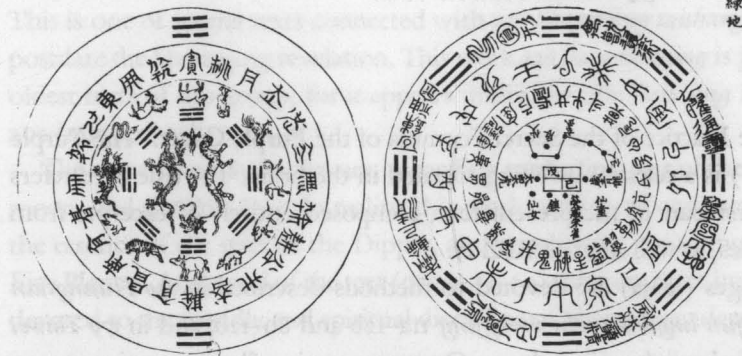


FIGURE 54. Magic mirrors (429 1a–2a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Chinois 9546/426)

these degrees follows the patterns laid down in 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* (4a–5b and 8a–b) and in 428 *Taishang feixing jiuchen yujing* (2b–3a). According to these sources, the Seven Regions are: the Yuqing, Shangqing, Taiji, and Taiqing Heavens; the Nine Palaces of the celestial immortals; the Nine Palaces of the terrestrial immortals; and finally the cavern-heavens (*dongtian* 洞天). The last two “regions” found here are in addition to those listed in 426 *Basu zhenjing* and 428 *Jiuchen yujing*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing zhongzhen jiaojie dexiong jing 上清衆真教戒德行經

2 juan

458 (fasc. 203)

“Scripture on the Religious Precepts and the Practice of Virtue of the Multitude of the Zhenren of Shangqing.” This work is composed entirely of excerpts from 1016 *Zhen’gao*, especially juan 2, 4, 6, 10, 11, and 12.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing dadong jiugong chaoxiu bijue shangdao

上清大洞九宮朝修祕訣上道

9 fols.

Compiled by Zhou Deda 周德大

569 (fasc. 319)

“Superior Shangqing Method of Secret Formulas for Audience in the Nine Palaces of the Great Cavern.” This is a systematic presentation of the practices pertaining to the Nine Palaces of the brain. The practices are taken from 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaoqing*.

Isabelle Robinet

Ziting neibi jue xiuxing fa 紫庭內祕訣修行法

16 fols.

Tang (618–907)

874 (fasc. 580)

“Method for the Practice of the Secret Formula of the Purple Court.” The Purple Court (*ziting* 紫庭) is a celestial dwelling situated in the brain. The title here refers especially to the first part of the present text, composed entirely of excerpts from Shangqing scriptures, as well as from BPZ 17.

The opening pages (1a–5a) are devoted to methods described in 639 *Huangtian shangqing jinque dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing* 11a–12b and 8b–12b, and in 179 *Taiwei lingshu ziwen xianji zhenji shangjing* 3b–4a. Our text occasionally gives variant terms and additional elaborations. The following pages (6a–8a) contain extracts from 1016 *Zhen’gao* 9.8a–17a. Page 9a to the end the present text is composed of passages from the BPZ 17.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangxuan gaozhen Yanshou chishu 上玄高真延壽赤書

16 fols.

877 (fasc. 581)

“Red Book of the Most Subtle Great Realized Yanshou.” This text is composed of passages from juan 9 and 10 of 1016 *Zhen’gao*. Yanshou 延壽 is an immortal who figures in the latter work (9.11a). The title “Red Book” is usually reserved for texts of the Lingbao school; page 2a of our text quotes 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 1.22a.

The present text has been tampered with (words inserted on page 9a, and titles changed on 9a and 9b). Passages from 1016 *Zhen’gao* are often worded differently: in some places the actual *Zhen’gao* text is presented as a gloss (compare 4b with 1016 *Zhen’gao* 10.25a–b). Not all of the numerous textual variants are likely to be due to errors by the copyists. The *Zhen’gao* quotations are considerably at variance with the received version. Possibly the version from which our author drew his quotations was not the same recension of the *Zhen’gao* as the one we now know.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing jingyao sanjing miaojue

洞真太上八素真經精耀三景妙訣

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1320 (fasc. 1028)

“Wondrous Formula of the Three Heavenly Bodies of Essence from the True

Scripture of the Eight Purities Revealed by the Most High, of the Dongzhen Canon.” This is one of several texts connected with 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* that postdate the Shangqing revelation. This work 426 *Basu zhenjing* is probably one of the oldest texts of this group, for it appears under the title *Basu jing* in 1130 *Daodian lun* 29a (our text 4a).

The three heavenly bodies are, according to the first part of the work, the sun, the moon, and the Pole Star. In reality, this work consists of one method for absorbing the essence of the stars of the Dipper, and another for absorbing the essence of the Five Planets. At the end of the text (pages 4a–6a) there are three important paragraphs devoted to the worldly and spiritual discipline of Shangqing adepts.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing xiuxi gongye miaojue

洞真太上八素真經修習功業妙訣

14 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1321 (fasc. 1028)

“Wondrous Formula for Acquiring Merits from the True Scripture of the Eight Purities Revealed by the Most High, of the Dongzhen Canon.” This text is related to, but postdates, 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* (cf. the references to Lingbao in 3b and 13b).

The work presents ritual precepts. The first of these precepts are attributed to 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing*, where, however, they are not now found. The other rules are quotations from the Ritual of the Most High (*Gaoshang ke* 高上科), an unknown work.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing sanwu xinghua miaojue

洞真太上八素真經三五行化妙訣

11 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1322 (fasc. 1028)

“Wondrous Formula for Practicing Transformation by the Three and the Five.” This work is related to 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing*, but of much later date. Here, *the Three* refers to the three cognitions (*sanzhi* 三智) of Heaven, Earth and Humanity; *the Five*, to the five sagacities (*wuhui* 五慧) of Confucianism: benevolence (*ren* 仁), righteousness (*yi* 義), ritual comportment (*li* 禮), knowledge (*zhi* 知), and faithfulness (*xin* 信).

This Confucian element and a number of expressions of Buddhist origin (“reborn among men”; “greatest vehicle”; 3a) testify that this text does not derive from the same source as those texts revealed to YANG XI.

The present text (7a) is quoted in 396 *Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhang jing jieyi* 2.3b, under the title *Basu jing* 八素經. The method for meditating on the Green Lad (Qingtong 青童) that is found at the end of our text (9a–11b) is similar to 1315 *Dongzhen shangqing qingyao zishu jin’gen zhongjing* 2.11a–12b.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing zhanhou ruding miaojue

洞真太上八素真經占候入定妙訣

10 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1325 (fasc. 1028)

“Marvelous Formula for Divining by the Stars and Entering into Meditation.” This text is related to 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* and presents methods of curing ills by meditation on the spirits of the body, and of expelling harmful influences (bad dreams, pollution) by massage. The names of the body spirits are those of the Shangqing tradition, but the style of the work bears little resemblance to the writings of that school.

Isabelle Robinet

Taishang dongzhen jing dongzhang fu 太上洞真經洞章符

8 fols.

Tang (618–907)

85 (fasc. 37)

“Talismans and Symbols of the Cavern, from the True Shangqing Canon.” This is a small collection of fu (some are missing), together with the spells and documents to be used alongside them. The first item is the *Dongzhang fu*, from which the collection takes its title, and which is used for expelling the *shi* 尸 demons in the body. This fu is to be practiced daily, morning, and evening.

The next item consists of a series of protective talismans to be used in conjunction with the famous *mingmo zhou* 命魔咒 (5a) also used in Lingbao liturgy (and that is here called *Miexie zhou* 滅邪咒). The final series of fu is related to the seven stars of the Dipper and to the god Taiyi 太一. All of these texts and talismans belong to the Shangqing canon.

Kristofer Schipper

Dongzhen taishang shangqing neijing 洞真太上上清內經

11 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1347 (fasc. 1033)

“Esoteric Shangqing Scripture of the Most High, of the Dongzhen Canon.” This small hybrid text reveals the secret talismans (or names) of the Nine Heavenly Zhenren, of the Nine Heavens where they dwell, and of the Five Emperors (*wudi* 五帝), all for personal protection.

Kristofer Schipper

2.B.8.c.2 Liturgy

Shangqing tianbao zhai chuye yi 上清天寶齋初夜儀

10 fols.

216 (fasc. 84)

“Ritual of the First Night of the Retreat of the Heavenly Treasure of Superior Purity.” This ritual must be performed the night before the three audiences of a Heavenly Treasure Retreat (3b, 9a)—a Retreat that can be celebrated only for recipients of the Ultimate Method of the Superior Purity (*Shangqing bifa* 上清畢法; 1a), which is linked to the scriptures of the Dongzhen or Shangqing canon. The ritual is a Heavenly Treasure Retreat because of the relationship between the lord of the Heavenly Treasure and the Large Cavern in 318 *Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhang jing* 1a. The present ritual includes a hymn in three stanzas (7a–8b). It is a modern addition—Ōfuchi dates it after the Yuan period (Ōfuchi Ninji, “On Ku Ling Pao Ching,” 47)—to the same 318 *Jiutian shengshen zhang jing*.

After describing the revelation of the Shangqing literature to WEI HUACUN, 223 *Qingwei yuanjiang dafa* mentions a Retreat of the Heavenly Treasure and says that it is a form of the thunder method (*leifa* 雷法).

John Lagerwey

Dongzhen taishang taixiao langshu 洞真太上太霄琅書

10 juan

1352 (fasc. 1034–1035)

“Peerless Book of the Empyrean.” This work is a collection of rules and regulations. Its title is borrowed from a Shangqing text: 55 *Gaoshang taixiao langshu qiongwen dizhang jing*, which provides the material for the first juan.

The numbering of the juan jumps directly from one to three although the numbering of the paragraphs remains consecutive. Juan 3 consists of extracts from 184 *Taizhen*

yudi siji mingke jing (juan 1, 2, 4, 5) and from 1409 *Taishang jiuzhen mingke* (similar to 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* 54a–65b).

The following juan are concerned with various ritual elements; Taoist clothing; rules to be observed in copying and preserving (chests, tables, hangings, etc.) sacred books; donations to be made on transmission; regulations for performing Retreats (*zhai* 齋); rules governing the relationship between master and disciple; and moral precepts (see 8.4b–5a, corresponding to YJQQ 38.13a–b).

Juan 5 is similar to 129 *Taixiao langshu qiongwen dizhang jue*. Our text (8.11a–12b) reproduces a tomb contract from 1016 *Zhen'gao* 10.16a–17b. In the last juan (10.2b–5b), a number of hymns derive from 1328 *Dongzhen taishang badao mingji jing* 2.21a–23b, imitating the initial parts of it.

Isabelle Robinet

Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing dengtan fuzha miaojue

洞真太上八素真經登壇符札妙訣

14 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1324 (fasc. 1028)

“Wondrous Formula for Ascending the Altar and Dispatching Charms and Memorials, from the True Scripture of the Eight Purities.” This text is related to 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* and deals with the construction of the altar and the sacred area, and with the *chuguan* 出官 ritual for exteriorizing body deities that is characteristic of Zhengyi practices. Our text (4a–b) reproduces an invocation found in 1378 *Shangqing jinzhen yuguang bajing feijing* 14a–b and 4b–6b, a shortened form of the register (*lu* 籙) from 354 *Shangqing sanyuan yujian sanyuan bujing* 4.11b, and specifically names the latter work.

The present work is an example of the ritualization of texts related but posterior to the Shangqing revelations. A quotation (8b–9a) from 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* 5.24a, in particular, points to a later date for our text.

Isabelle Robinet

Taishang feibu wuxing jing 太上飛步五星經

10 fols.

Tang (618–907)

637 (fasc. 341)

“Scripture of Pacing the Void and the Five Planets.” This is a small manual with excerpts from various Shangqing texts on the practices of pacing the Dipper stars and visualizing the planets by means of meditation.

The first part (1a–4b) derives from 876 *Taishang wuxing qi yuan kongchang jue*; the

remainder corresponds to 426 *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* (10a–18b, 21b, and 26b to end), with the exception of a passage on 8a–b of our text, which derives from 1016 *Zhen'gao* 3.17a–18b.

Isabelle Robinet

Taishang feibu nandou taiwei yujing 太上飛步南斗太微玉經

9 fols.

Tang (618–907)

638 (fasc. 341)

“Jade Scripture from the Taiwei on Pacing the Southern Dipper.” This scripture contains instructions on pacing the constellation Nandou 南斗. Transmitted by Chisong zi 赤松子, the True Lord of the Great Void (Taixu zhenjun 太虛真君), the present text is related to 637 *Taishang feibu wuxing jing*, to which it may be a sequel. The text explains that the adept needs to know the true names (*zhenming* 真名) of the six stars, and to carry the fu representing their real form (*zhenxing* 真形) on his or her body (or to ingest them) in order to pace the corresponding *hun* 魂 and *po* 魄 stars and, finally, the constellation itself. After several years of practice, the adept becomes a zhenren of the Shangqing Heaven, and finally he or she ascends to the Yuqing 玉清 Heaven (1b–2a). Consequently, the text provides the fu that protect the adept during his or her ascent to the stars, followed by instructions for pacing the five *hun* and seven *po* stars and, finally, the six stars of the Nandou. For this practice, drawings of the stars connected by lines are prepared and laid out on the ground. Then the adept paces these stars while visualizing the divinities and reciting invocations. Our text concludes with a list of the pledges for the transmission of the scripture.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Shangqing zhuzhen zhangsong 上清諸真章頌

14 fols.

Tang (618–907)

608 (fasc. 334)

“Hymns of All the Zhenren of the Supreme Purity.” This work is a collection of hymns from both the original revealed scriptures and later works. The last hymns in this collection come from the early Lingbao canon.

The work contains, successively: (1) Hymns for Pacing the Void (*buxu* 步虛; 1a–2b), the texts of which are not found elsewhere; (2) songs extracted from 1372 *Shangqing gaoshang yuchen fengtai qusu shangjing* (2b–7b), 1328 *Dongzhen taishang badao mingji jing* (21a–23b), 1352 *Dongzhen taishang taixiao langshu* (10.2b–5b), and 1458 *Taishang dongzhen huixuan zhang* (in extenso)—all of these are apocryphal; (3) the complete text of 1459 *Shangqing jinzhang shier pian*; and (4) hymns from

532 *Taiji zhenren fu lingbao zhajie wei yi zhujing yaojue* (22b–23a), an early Lingbao scripture.

Isabelle Robinet

***Zhongxian zansong lingzhang* 衆仙讚頌靈章**

13 fols.

Tang (618–907)

613 (fasc. 334)

“Marvelous Stanzas of the Hymns of the Immortals.” Here we find a number of poems revealed to YANG XI by the gods and goddesses who appeared to him. The poems are preserved in the 1016 *Zhen’gao*. The present text also contains a number of chants from the early Lingbao canon, such as the *Zhibui song* on pages 8a–9a. This hymn comes from 425 *Shangqing Taiji yinshu yujing baojue* 18a–20a.

Isabelle Robinet

***Zhuzhen gesong* 諸真歌頌**

22 fols.

Tang (618–907)

980 (fasc. 615)

“Hymns of the Zhenren.” This is a collection of poems, songs, ditties, and liturgical hymns from the corpus of Shangqing scriptures. The poems are mostly from juan 3, 4, and 13 of 1016 *Zhen’gao*. The songs on pages 7a–b derive from the story of the meeting between Xi wang mu 西王母 and Han Wudi (r. 140–87 B.C.) in 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan*. On pages 8a–10b, we find other hymns extracted from biographies of the Shangqing immortals, where they are sung by deities when the latter reveal themselves (compare WSBY 20.11b–12b, excerpts from the stories of WEI HUACUN and Lord Mao; see also YJQQ 96.12a–b).

The songs on pages 1a–b derive from 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* 66b–67b; those on pages 3a–b, from 1332 *Dongzhen taishang zidu yangguang shenyuan bian jing* 2a–b.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing zhu zhenren shoujing shi song jinzhen zhang

上清諸真人授經時頌金真章

5 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1374 (fasc. 1041)

“Golden Hymns of the Zhenren of Supreme Purity, Sung on the Occasion of the Transmission of the Scriptures.” The title of this small collection is representative of its

contents. Especially prominent is the saint WEI HUACUN, who appeared to YANG XI and transmitted texts to him.

The present collection corresponds exactly to 608 *Shangqing zhuzhen zhangsong* 10b–14a, together with 1459 *Shangqing jinzhang shier pian*. The hymns have been copied from 1016 *Zhen’gao* 3.8a and 10b–11a, 1360 *Shangqing jiutian shangdi zhu baishen neiming jing* 9a–b, and 1330 *Dongzhen taiyi dijun taidan yinshu dongzhen xuanjing* 1a–b.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing wushang jinyuan yuqing jinzhen feiyuan buxu yuzhang
上清無上金元玉清金真飛元步虛玉章

6 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1375 (fasc. 1041)

“Superior Shangqing Stanzas of Pacing the Void, Flying to the Origin of the Golden Zhenren, in the Jade Purity [Mountain] of the Golden Origin.” Based on the model of the liturgical *buxu* 步虛 hymn of the Lingbao canon, as given in 1439 *Dongxuan lingbao yuqing shan buxu jing*, the present Shangqing version has the customary ten stanzas in five-character verse, followed by four stanzas in four-character verse. The vocabulary shows a marked Buddhist influence.

Isabelle Robinet

***Taishang dongzhen huixuan zhang* 太上洞真徊玄章**

3 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1458 (fasc. 1064)

“Stanzas on the Return to Mystery.” This hymn is also found in 608 *Shangqing zhuzhen zhangsong* 8a–10b.

Isabelle Robinet

***Shangqing jinzhang shier pian* 上清金章十二篇**

3 fols.

Tang (618–907)

1459 (fasc. 1064)

“Twelve Golden Stanzas of the Shangqing.” These verses are also found in 608 *Shangqing zhuzhen zhangsong* 10b–14a.

Isabelle Robinet

2.B.8.c.3 Encyclopedias

Shangqing wozhong jue 上清握中訣

3 juan

Attributed to TAO HONGJING 陶弘景 (456–536)

140 (fasc. 60)

“Shangqing Instructions to Be Kept in Hand.” While the work corresponds to the data listed in bibliographical sources from the Song dynasty (960–1279) on, there is no proof for the existence of a book of that title before the Tang (618–907). Moreover, the references to a *Wozhong jue* in 446 *Shangqing zhongjing zhu zhensheng bi* 7.1b–5a show that that work was far more voluminous than the text transmitted from the Song.

The ascription to TAO HONGJING seems to derive from a biography of uncertain date (quoted in TPYL 666.1b), according to which Sun Tao 孫綽 and Huan Kai 桓闔, both disciples of Tao, received from the master secret instructions to be kept in hand (*wozhong bijue* 握中祕訣).

The *Wozhong jue* does in fact bear close resemblance to TAO HONGJING's confirmed works, particularly the 421 *Dengzhen yinjue*, but comparisons between parallel passages in both works reveal a degree of correspondence (not only in the main text but frequently also in the commentary) that can be explained only by extensive borrowing. These comparisons suggest that the *Wozhong jue* is not an original work but a condensed remake of Tao's *Dengzhen yinjue* by a later author (cf., e.g., 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 1.3a–11b with our text 3.1a–2b).

The contents of the present text comprise excerpts from 1316 *Dongzhen shangqing taiwei dijun bu tiangang fei diji jinjian yuzi shangjing* (1.1a–4a; the beginning is lost); a number of methods transmitted in 1016 *Zhen'gao* 9–10 and in 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 2; and excerpts from the biographies of Su Lin 蘇林, the Mao 茅君 brothers, Wang Bao 王褒 (3.7b–9b; cf. 424 *Shangqing mingtang yuanzhen jingjue*), and WEI HUACUN (3.10a–b; cf. 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* 3.1a and 3.23b–27b). All of these items were also topics of Tao's original *Dengzhen yinjue*.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Shangqing dao leishi xiang 上清道類事相

4 juan

By Wang Xuanhe 王懸河 (fl. 683)

1132 (fasc. 765)

“The True Appearances of the Categories [Pertaining to] the Tao of the Highest Purity.” The title is indicative of the contents of this encyclopedia. For the author, see also SDZN. Intended as an aide-mémoire, this work lists the names and residences, with their localizations, of divinities, saints, and legendary and historical figures. These

residences are named *belvedere*, *palace*, *pavilion*, and so on. The deities Qingtong jun 青童君 and Xi wang mu 西王母, and the patriarch LU XIUJING, are among the figures included in this text. Its account of the residences does not attempt to be exhaustive (3.14a). Wang Xuanhe makes no distinction between the spheres of mythology and history.

The sources, always indicated, are mostly Shangqing texts dating from the Six Dynasties period (220–589). Other references are to the *Taiping jing* 太平經 (3.6a) and to Zhang Daoling 張道陵 (1.7a). Wang Xuanhe's system of categories is consistently applied to his materials. The heavenly palaces contain the archives where the scriptures of the Shangqing tradition had been stored until their revelation to humanity. It may be that the divinities conferred their revelations by appearing in the recipient's worldly belvedere or palace, that is, in a temple.

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道藏通考

The Taoist Canon

A Historical Companion
to the *Daozang*

VOLUME 2

The Modern Period

Edited by
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The University of Chicago Press
Chicago & London

Introduction: Taoism in the Early Modern Era

The era starting with the advent of the Song dynasty in the second half of the tenth century may be considered the beginning of the modern age in the history of China. When compared to previous times, great changes in all aspects of China's civilization are manifest, and perhaps nowhere are these changes more visible than in the evolution of Taoism.

The rise of local political and religious lay organizations, especially in the regions south of the Yangzi River, is certainly one of the most important factors in this change. During the previous century, the division of the country into a great number of semi-autonomous regions greatly favored the emancipation of local societies, where Taoism had, and still has, its natural habitat.

We see, especially among the townspeople of the Jiangnan 江南 area, the rise of associations (*hui* 會) in honor of local saints. Apart from worship, these associations had many functions. The most important associations were often vocational groups comparable to European guilds and merchant corporations. Others were pilgrimage associations, maintaining networks between different localities. Still others had more precise aims, such as performing deeds of merit: keeping the temple and the locality clean, reciting scriptures and teaching literary skills, caring for the old and the sick by establishing hospitals and dispensaries, helping the physically and mentally disabled by housing them in the temples, liberating animals and advocating vegetarianism, printing and publishing, and even collecting old paper (any piece with writing on it was deemed sacred). Many associations ran schools and trained young people in the martial arts so as to be able to protect the community when the need arose. All these deeds were *gongfu* 功夫 (religious merit; a term we now associate with the Chinese martial arts as practiced within the context of temple associations). Because all these activities were performed as a service to the community, we call these associations "liturgical organizations."

The temple-and-market network greatly developed in the Five Dynasties period (907–960). Formerly only a few Taoist saints had been officially recognized. Now, in the new and generally short-lived kingdoms that emerged, many local saints came into the limelight. The worship of the great saints of the Jiangnan area—such as Guandi 關帝, the embodiment of martial virtue; Wenchang dijun 文昌帝君, who became

the patron saint of the literati; Mazu 媽祖, the fisherman's daughter who became the protectress of seafarers; XU JINGYANG, the immortal official; and many more—developed greatly, and the associations that promoted them grew in power and wealth. Over time, these powerful nonofficial organizations distributed their own sacred literature. They attracted their own clergy and created rituals in which the veneration of their saint had a central position. Thus local Taoist lineages developed, and many scriptures in the present volume bear witness to this development.

The growing importance of local centers was reinforced by imperial patronage. Already at the beginning of the Tang dynasty, imperial patronage was obtained for the worship of XU JINGYANG, and this patronage was reinforced in later periods. Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756) of the Tang dynasty canonized Zhang Daoling 張道陵, the First Heavenly Master. This measure did not benefit the region of northern Sichuan, where the ecclesia originally came from, but a Taoist temple in honor of this patriarch that stood at an important junction of the trade routes that linked the Jiangnan area to the provinces of Jiangxi, Fujian, and Guangdong. This place, on Longhu shan 龍虎山, was purportedly the spot where Zhang Daoling had obtained the Tao and where his descendants had continued to live. The emperor also recognized the chiefs of this lineage as the legitimate holders of the title of Heavenly Master. Thereby the new Zhengyi 正一 patriarchy of the Longhu shan was created, which would become vastly influential during the period under consideration here. Also toward the end of the Tang (618–907), other southern centers claimed their historical ancestry and established lineages of patriarchs. The Maoshan 茅山 lineage, going back to Lady WEI HUACUN, who had inspired YANG XI in writing the Shangqing texts, was construed by a Taoist named Li Bo 李渤 in the early ninth century (see YJQQ 5). As to the Lingbao tradition, it was claimed by a temple on Gezhaoshan 閣皂山 in Jiangxi province. The Lingbao declared GE XUAN, the ancestor of GE HONG and a famous Taoist of the Three Kingdoms period (220–265), its founder. During the Ming (1368–1644), the authority of the Longhu shan Heavenly Master lineage over the two other centers became predominant, so much so that the Maoshan and Gezhaoshan gradually lost their identity before being taken over by the Quanzhen order during the Qing period (1644–1911).

In the beginning of the Song period, the development of local and regional organizations could no longer be ignored by the central government. In a series of bold religious and political actions, Emperor Zhenzong (997–1022) of the Northern Song, after having first been sanctified as the representative of the Tao on Earth by the revelation of Heavenly Letters, undertook to create a network of officially sponsored Taoist temples called Tianqing guan 天慶觀. The Taoist priests who were appointed as keepers of the sanctuaries were recognized as government officials. The state retained control of the sanctuaries, but it allowed many local associations to participate in the

different activities related to them. In the Tianqing guan, not only the Yellow Emperor, the divine ancestor of the dynasty, was worshiped. Some of these deities—such as the Three Officials (*sanguan* 三官)—belonged to the Taoist ecclesia; others were dynastic deities whose worship was an imperial prerogative, such as the Lord of Taishan. Soon, next to the Tianqing guan, and with imperial approval, shrines appeared to many other saints and gods. The modern temple was born, with its lay organization that replaced the ancient dioceses of the ecclesia of the Heavenly Master.

Throughout the Northern Song, emperors maintained important Taoist functions. Emperor Huizong (r. 1101–1125) was actually titled Lord of the Tao (Daojun 道君). Yet we cannot speak of an “official religion.” The temple network of which the emperor was the head existed side by side with, but separate from, the official Confucian bureaucracy, although there were many institutional and also informal links.

At the beginning of the modern era, the interpenetration between the Three Teachings was strong. Among the Buddhist schools, Chan (Zen) Buddhism was influenced by Taoism. The other great movement, that of Pure Land Buddhism, in turn influenced Taoist ritual practice. Confucianism owed an immense debt to both Buddhism and Taoism, which had given it the transcendent dimension it was hitherto lacking. But as Taoism became more and more immersed in local society and popular culture, it became estranged from the other two religions, or, more exactly, Buddhism and Confucianism gradually distanced themselves from it. While the idea of the unity of the Three Teachings remained one of the cornerstones of the political discourse, in practice only Taoism continued to believe in the dialogue. The two other doctrines tended toward increased differentiation. The unity of the Three Teachings therefore became primarily a Taoist cause and was only actively supported by Confucianism and Buddhism at times when Chinese culture as a whole was threatened, as during the Mongol period.

The main challenge for Taoism, as reflected in the texts of the period under consideration here, were the great changes due to the emancipation of local cults. Many of these cults were survivals from antiquity, such as those that venerated the Earth God (*she* 社 or *tudi* 土地), the Thunder God (*leishen* 雷神), and many nature spirits. Others, already mentioned, were cults of local saints. Invariably, the deities of these cults manifested themselves through spirit mediums, according to the age-old traditions of Chinese shamanism. How were these deities and their priests to be assimilated within the framework of Taoist thought and practice? And even more challengingly, how were the rites performed by the shamans to be integrated with the Taoist liturgical organization?

As the texts in the *Daozang* show, the first challenge, that of incorporating the gods of ancient China and the saints of local temples into the Taoist pantheon and theology, was met simply by assimilating them with cosmic energies (*qi*), most often

represented by a star or a constellation. This sublimation was not unlike the translation of mortals into immortality, as already practiced through the liturgy of the great Taoist *zhai* 齋 and *jiao* 醮 services. Thus the canonization these deities had received from the imperial institution (*guofeng* 國封) was matched by the conferral of a Taoist investiture (*daofeng* 道封) to them. Far more complex, and therefore the subject of many treatises and discussions, was the profusion of rites related to these deities. These rites were by and large of an exorcistic nature, and the new saints, such as Lord Guan 關公, played an important role in them, first with the rank of general, then as marshal, and finally as a high celestial deity.

Exorcistic rites had, of course, always existed in Taoism, and many scattered references related to them may be culled from medieval source material. Some rites, like the exorcistic spells of the God of the North (Beidi 北帝), had been incorporated into the revelations of YANG XI (see 1016 *Zhen'gao* 10.10a–11b, 15.1a–4b and 53 *Taishang dongyuan beidi tianpeng huming xiaozai shenzhou miaojing*). Exorcism was also part of medical practice, as can be seen from the “Jinjing 禁經” in SUN SIMO’s *Qianjin yifang* 千金翼方. However, exorcists had never gained high social recognition, and their rites had only rarely been put into writing.

All this was now to change. From the beginning of the Song dynasty onward, we are confronted with spirit-medium cults and related exorcist rituals that, although local in origin, gained wide recognition at court and obtained imperial favor (e.g., the worship of the Yisheng baode zhenjun 翊聖保德真君 at the imperial court; see 1285 *Yisheng baode zhuan* by WANG QINRUO). The early tenth-century work 1237 *Sandong xiundao yi* presents, in addition to the traditional Tang liturgical organization and its ordination grid, the first mention of a minor exorcistic order that practiced the Thunder magic (*leifa* 雷法) of the Emperor of the North (*Beidi leigong fa* 北帝雷公法; 9a). Henceforth, many rites (*fa* 法) related to these exorcist practices became institutionalized and established their own initiations and lineage organizations, independent of the existing Taoist liturgical structures.

Modern Taoism distinguishes between the liturgical capability of the Taoist Scholar (*daoshi* 道士) and that of the Ritual Master (*fashi* 法師) or Ritual Official (*faguan* 法官). This distinction is again reflected in the differences in authority conferred by the register (*lu* 籙) and by the rite (*fa* 法). Among the sources that bear on this subject, the most complete and enlightening are the *Taishang tiantan yuge* 太上天壇玉格 and its sequel, *Taishang hundong chiwen nüqing zhaoshu tianli* 太上混洞赤文女青詔書天律 in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 249–52. In the latter, it is stated explicitly that “the *fa* has to follow the register [*lu*], and there can be no discrepancy between the two” (249.13b). As the regular Taoist clergy and the Ritual Masters worked side by side in the same environment, their mutual integration became a fundamental prerequisite and a continual process.

The above-quoted texts in the *Daofa huiyuan* derive from the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 lineage, which was, according to its own accounts, one of the earlier Song exorcistic lineages to obtain official recognition. Globally speaking, the Tianxin zhengfa appears to have been the first lineage to have been codified by means of a written corpus. It established a historical lineage beginning with TAN ZIXIAO in Fujian during the Five Dynasties and was well represented by DENG YOUGONG until the end of the Northern Song. The lineage claimed to be ultimately derived from the First Heavenly Master himself. During the Southern Song (1127–1279) and later, the Tianxin zhengfa was indeed considered to be a part, even a fundamental part, of the rites of the Way of the Heavenly Master. In fact, however, its exorcistic rites during which a demon is first captured and imprisoned, then interrogated and sentenced, are elaborations of ancient shamanistic séances.

Also comparatively early, and even more famous, were the Shenxiao 神霄 rites, which are said to have been introduced by the court Taoist LIN LINGSU (1076–1120) and his disciple Wang Wenqing 王文卿 (1093–1153). Few precise facts can be found to link the Shenxiao texts preserved in the *Daozang* with the activities of these daoshi at the court of Song Huizong, as all of the relevant books can be shown to have been written or at least seriously reedited during the Southern Song period. The name “Shenxiao” refers to a supreme sphere in the heavenly universe, where higher deities than those hitherto recognized dwelled. This reference allowed for the establishment of a new list of nine Heavenly Worthies 天尊, the so-called Nine Sovereigns (Jiuchen 九宸), the first being the Original Saint Governor of the Heavens, the Heavenly Worthy of Long Life of the Southern Apex, Founder of the Myriad Rites of the Celestial Abodes of Shenxiao (Shenxiao tiangong wanfa zhi zong, Nanji changsheng tongtian yuansheng tianzun 神霄天宮萬法之宗南極長生統天元聖天尊). Next to the supreme god of the Shenxiao, the Taiyi jiuku tianzun 太乙救苦天尊 and the Leisheng puhua tianzun 雷聲普化天尊 represent the cosmic forces related, respectively, to death and life. These names are Taoist translations of the bodhisattva Kṣitigarba and Samantabhadra. The presence of two essentially Buddhist deities at the heart of modern Taoist ritual should not come as a surprise. The Lingbao ritual for the universal salvation of souls (*pudu* 普度) had since the late medieval period become more and more predominant, and with it the rites of sublimation (*liandu* 鍊度) that aim at forging an immortal body for the suffering dead. These rites involve the purification and divine rebirth of a spirit through the practice of Inner Alchemy by the officiant. Such Inner Alchemy techniques were combined with purification and exorcism rites that marshaled the forces of the thunder. These latter practices were by and large borrowed and adapted from Tantric Buddhism. Here much remains to be done in terms of research to elucidate the original Tantric antecedents of Song Taoist ritual. Tantrism, introduced in China during the late Tang, does not seem to have succeeded

at that time in establishing itself as an autonomous Buddhist school, but it did have an important influence on Taoism, and many Tantric practices found their way into Taoist liturgy.

During the Southern Song, the combination of the above-mentioned elements became consolidated into a large ritual synthesis that received the general appellation of the Great Rites of the Shangqing Lingbao (*Shangqing lingbao dafa* 上清靈寶大法). Within this global framework, expounded in a number of important manuals and handbooks, we see the successive incorporation of different lineages, such as the Yutang dafa 玉堂大法 of LU SHIZHONG. Lu, at the beginning of the Southern Song period, claimed to continue the methods of the Tianxin zhengfa, but by incorporating them into the Lingbao liturgy for the universal salvation of souls. Other influential currents were the Tongchu 童初 rites of Maoshan, the Jade Pivot (Yushu 玉樞) scriptures of BO YUCHAN, and finally the Qingwei school of ZHAO YIZHEN. But there are many other movements, especially related to *leifa*, that call for further research.

Owing perhaps to the rupture with its historical antecedents—the Heavenly Master ecclesia and the ancient scriptural transmission of the Lingbao and Shangqing canons—and perhaps also to the emancipation of local cults and their spirit-medium rites, Taoism in the modern age seems to increasingly lose a sense of its own historical reality. Zhang Daoling 張道陵 becomes the revealing spirit of the Tianxin zhengfa rites, while LÜ DONGBIN continues, century after century, to transmit his Inner Alchemy secrets and to write poetry. These and other divine patriarchs also write commentaries to sacred scriptures (e.g., 99 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing jizhu*). The great commentary to the *Yuhuang benxing jing* 玉皇本行經 by the Ming scholar Luo Hongxian 羅洪先 (1504–1564) is also adorned with prefaces by saints such as Zitong dijun 梓潼帝君 (Wenchang 文昌), LÜ DONGBIN, QIU CHUJI, and the Heavenly Marshal Deng 鄧元帥. These saints are moreover the authors of a large part of the commentary (see 1440 *Huangjing zhujie*).

To all these changes in the Taoist traditions must be added the widespread use of printing, which made possible the dissemination of texts formerly transmitted to initiates only. Thus the exclusivity that formerly characterized the transmission of many liturgical texts could no longer be maintained. During the Yuan and Ming periods, some Taoist scriptures—such as 622 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing* and 623 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming changsheng miao*, or 1442 *Taishang sanyuan cifu shezui jie'e xiaozai yansheng baoming miaojing*—were among the most widely printed and distributed books in China, surpassing the circulation of Buddhist and Confucian works. In what respect are we then justified to maintain the heading “Texts in Internal Circulation” for this part?

Even while the old system was no longer universally adhered to, rules relating to transmission and ordination still appear to have been strictly applied. Some books

were circulated in a printed form, but they were by no means considered fit to be placed into anyone's hands. The printed versions of the successive *Daozang* were confined to Taoist centers and almost never shown to outsiders. Moreover, even popular scriptures of devotion, to be recited and venerated in people's homes, carried explicit warnings as to their exclusivity and as to the many rules to be observed when handling them. Finally, what certain scriptures may have lost in exclusivity as a result of their widespread circulation was largely made up for by the very secrecy that surrounded the new exorcist techniques of the Tianxin zhengfa and Shenxiao rites. All in all, the ritual texts of Taoism continued to be accessible for ordained daoshi and initiated practitioners only.

3.A Texts in General Circulation

3.A.1 Philosophy

3.A.1.a Commentaries on Ancient Philosophers

3.A.1.a.1 The *Daode jing*

Daode zhenjing lun 道德真經論

4 juan

By Sima Guang 司馬光 (1019–1086)

689 (fasc. 373)

“Essay on the Way and Its Power.” This essay was originally entitled *Daode lun shuyao* 道德論述要 (“A Summary of the Discourses on the *Daode jing*”) and divided into two juan (VDL 153).

Sima Guang considers that the *Laozi* should not be divided into two books, one on the Tao, the other on the De. His commentary follows the traditional order of the chapters, with one paragraph per chapter, but without titles. Sima Guang was one of the first commentators (possibly the first) to punctuate after *you* 有 and *wu* 無 in the opening sentences of the *Laozi*: “*wu* [negation] is the name of the origin of Heaven and Earth; *you* [affirmation] is the name of the mother of the ten thousand beings; forever in the *wu* shalt thou contemplate the wonder, forever in the *you* shalt thou contemplate its fringes.”

But *wu* and *you* are here seen as only makeshift names. The Confucian virtues are here seen as upheld: *ren* 仁 (humanity) and *yi* 義 (duty) are contained within the Tao, which is why they make their appearance when the Tao declines; when *Laozi* rejects knowledge and *ren*, it is because in their time of decadence, these virtues are no more than simulacra of their true meaning.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing cangshi zuanwei pian 道德真經藏室纂微篇

10 juan

By CHEN JINGYUAN 陳景元, *zi* Taichu 太初 or Taixu 太虛, *hao* Bixu zi 碧虛子 or Zhenjing 真靖; 1072

714 (fasc. 418–420)

“Subtleties Culled From the Storehouse of the Way and Its Power.” The term *pian* 篇 (text) has been added to this title to distinguish the text from the two commentaries that follow it as sequels in the *Daozang*. The author collected a great number of editions and commentaries of the *Daode jing* and kept them in a special room. In this work, he presents what he considers to be the subtle words of the ancient sages regarding the *Daode jing* (see the preface, 6b, and 9b–10a).

CHEN JINGYUAN (1024–1094) was a Taoist master from Tiantai who later resided at Lushan. He wrote numerous commentaries and other works, though only a few of these survive. As a disciple of Zhang Wumeng 張無夢 (952?–1051), he belongs to the lineage of CHEN TUAN.

The present work is preceded by (1) an introduction by the author devoted in the main to the mythology of the *Laozi*; (2) a “Dissertation on the *Laozi*” by Ge Bi 葛邲 (*zi* Cizhong 次中, *hao* Wenkang gong 文康公) from Lingying guan 靈應觀 in Shanshan 贍山; and (3) a preface by Yang Zhonggeng 楊中庚, dated 1258, stating that a printed edition of this commentary was presented to the emperor (in 1072, as specified in 715 *Daode zhenjing cangshi zuanwei kaiti kewen shu* 1.4b).

This commentary is noted in the bibliographies as consisting of two juan. It is also said that the same author wrote a *Daode zhu* 注, likewise in two juan (see *Song shi* 205.5178 and the biography of CHEN JINGYUAN in LZTT 49.5a). The question therefore arises whether CHEN JINGYUAN wrote two different commentaries on the *Laozi*.

The present commentary has been preserved, wholly or in part, in anthologies such as 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi* (which contains the shortest version), 707 *Daode zhenjing jizhu*, 718 *Daode zhenjing gushan ji*, and 716 *Daode zhenjing cangshi zuanwei shouchao*. Some of these versions accord with each other (cf. 707 *Daode zhenjing jizhu* 1.1a and 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi* 3.4a); others differ (cf. 707 *Daode zhenjing jizhu* 2.17b–18a, 18b–19b, and 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi* 13.33a–34a). Occasionally, these versions correspond to the present text (e.g., 2.2b–3a and 718 *Daode zhenjing gushan ji* 2.4b–5a and 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi* 13.33a); sometimes they diverge (cf. 2.1b and 718 *Daode zhenjing gushan ji* 2.1b). Nevertheless, it would be wrong to consider the present text and its other versions as having issued from different sources. On the whole, they represent one and the same text, despite occasional variants. The present version of the text appears to have been abridged, especially when comparing it to quotations found in 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi*.

In his prefatory remarks (6b), the author reviews the fundamentals of his under-

standing of the *Daode jing*, which, as he states in his commentary, applies equally to governing the state and the self. CHEN JINGYUAN selects phrases from the *Laozi* that sum up his reading of the work, and he uses them to illustrate government by nonaction on the political level, a life of withdrawal without desires on the personal level, and, on the metaphysical plane, the ineffability of the Tao. His commentary is a work of recapitulation that provides a synthesis of interpretations of the *Daode jing*. It presents the distinctions between essence (*ti* 體) and function (*yong* 用), between the physical and metaphysical spheres, between the “root” and the “leaving of traces,” between the “I” and the “other,” between the notion of real nature received from Heaven (*xing* 性) and to which one must return without trespassing beyond its limits, and that of the passions (*qing* 情) that engender distinctions. All these distinctions must vanish in “total forgetfulness” and in “coalescent unity.”

Our commentary does not neglect the dialectics of *wu* and *you* (nonbeing and being), and presents the most representative of the interpretations of HESHANG GONG. CHEN JINGYUAN adopts the explanation of “nourishing the spirit and purifying the body” within the context of techniques applying to the circulation of qi and blood.

On various occasions he makes a distinction between the “ancient” interpretations inspired by Taoist practices and applicable to both the individual and the state—which include practices of breathing and visual meditation as well as cosmological speculations—and contemporary interpretations that do not go beyond the sphere of individual conduct and that fall within the category of ethical and mystical practices.

This commentary is also interesting for the way it links the *Daode jing* to the commentaries of diverse schools of Taoist texts and to the Confucian classics. Among the various schools we find that of Lu Xisheng 陸希聲. There are long fragments of the now lost parts of the commentary by YAN ZUN. The Taoist texts referred to are those of the *Zhuangzi* and, above all, the *Huainan zi* (cf. 1184 *Huainan honglie jie*), as well as 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*, 666 *Xisheng jing*, and so on. The most frequently quoted Confucian classics linked to the *Daode jing* are the *Yijing* (including many unattributed borrowed phrases and interpretations of the hexagrams), the *Lunyu*, the *Shijing*, and the *Mengzi*, whose flood-like breath (*haoran zhi qi* 浩然之氣) is assimilated to the median qi.

The cosmogonic system of our author is clearly inspired by YAN ZUN, and although Zhang Wumeng is not mentioned by name, Yang Zhongkeng in his preface states that CHEN JINGYUAN here transmits the essence of his master's doctrine. We find indeed that Inner Alchemy constitutes an important element throughout the text. The spirit of synthesis characteristic of this current of thought pervades the work, and the vocabulary of this school is reflected in the many allusions and terms stemming from Inner Alchemy (see, for instance, 2.2a, 5.12b, 10.7b). Furthermore, the Taiji 太極 is constantly assimilated to the primordial qi, which would seem to confirm the ties that no doubt linked CHEN JINGYUAN to the CHEN TUAN school.

Finally, as the author of works of a philological nature, CHEN JINGYUAN introduces into this commentary observations concerning variants in the *Laozi* text, comparing the versions of WANG BI, HESHANG GONG, Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756), and an ancient manuscript (*guben* 古本).

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing zhuan 道德真經傳

4 juan

By LÜ HUIQING 呂惠卿; 1078

686 (fasc. 369)

“Commentary on the True Scripture of the Way and its Power.” LÜ HUIQING (1031–1110) held high ministerial positions. This work was presented to the emperor in 1078. It is mentioned in the bibliographical catalogues as comprising two juan (VDL 104).

The commentary is placed in the traditional order, at the end of each chapter of the *Laozi* text, and not after each sentence or phrase. It is quoted in 718 *Daode zhenjing qushan ji* with important variants (compare 718 *Qushan ji* 1.2b–3a; 13b; 2.5b with our text 1.1b; 1.5a; 1.11b, respectively). It is also quoted in 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi* 1.22a, 24b, and elsewhere, with substantial divergences from our text (1.4a–b) as well as from 724 *Zhenjing jiyi* 5.20b–21a. The quotations in 718 *Qushan ji* and 724 *Zhenjing jiyi* also diverge: the commentary on chapter 1 of the *Laozi* is virtually the same in our text as in 724 *Zhenjing jiyi*, but it is different in 718 *Qushan ji* (compare 1.5a–b in the present text with 718 *Qushan ji* 1.13a and 724 *Zhenjing jiyi* 1.19b–20b).

Within each chapter, this commentary follows the development of Laozi's thought phrase by phrase, providing constant examples from the *Daode jing* as illustrations, with the result that the text comments on itself. Allusions to the *Zhuangzi* are also oblique. Digressions are rare. The beginning of the commentary reveals a Mādhyamika influence. The pedagogical usefulness of the latter can be seen in the manner by which the commentary explains the negative formulas of the *Laozi* as instructions to avoid affirmation of any sort (1.19b, see also 1.18b).

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing jizhu 道德真經集註

10 juan

Colophon by Liang Jiong 梁迥; 1098

706 (fasc. 395–398)

“Collected Commentaries on the True Scripture of the Way and its Power.” The collection comprises the commentaries of HESHANG GONG, WANG BI, Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756) of the Tang, and WANG PANG (1042–1076). The colophon by

Liang Jiong, military judge of Yingzhou 英州, explains that an official by the name of Zhang (his personal name is not given) had these commentaries printed after having them edited by a “worthy scholar.” There are many other editions of the first three commentaries in the present collection, but the fourth—by WANG PANG, the son of Wang Anshi 王安石 (1021–1086), who also wrote an important commentary on the *Zhuangzi* (743 *Nanhua zhenjing xinzhuan*)—survives only here in a complete version. The same commentary is partially preserved in 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi* and 718 *Daode zhenjing qushan ji*. The hypothesis put forward by Wang Zhongmin in *Laozi kao* attributing the present edition to Wen Ruhai 文如海 is untenable. Wen lived under the Tang (see VDL 138).

There are three prefaces. Those by Emperor Xuanzong and GE XUAN are well known. The third is by WANG PANG, who states that it was written in 1070.

A comparison of the WANG PANG commentary in our text with the fragments preserved in 724 *Zhenjing jiyi* shows that the present version, although generally complete, has been abridged in some places (compare our text 1.1a and 1.6a with 724 *Zhenjing jiyi* 1.25a and 1.27a–29b, respectively; the passage from WANG PANG’s commentary given in 724 *Zhenjing jiyi* 5.21b–22a is missing altogether in the present version).

The commentary by WANG PANG belongs to those that attempt a synthesis between the Three Teachings (*sanjiao*): Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism. Wang Pang often compares Confucianism to the seasons of spring and summer, Taoism to autumn and winter, these being the times of fruition, of harvest and gathering. Laozi brings all together and makes all things return to the One, to their “fundamental nature,” and to quiet peacefulness. It is this gathering that enables the renewal of blossoming in the following spring and summer (see WANG PANG’s preface, page 6b, and the passages on 3.19a, 4.7b, 5.24a, 6.18a). WANG PANG opposes WANG BI’s interpretation insofar as WANG PANG considers that Laozi recognized *wu* 無 (non-being) and *you* 有 (being) to be interdependent, but that Laozi’s thought concentrates on *wu*, whereas the Confucian scriptures are concerned with *you* (compare also 724 *Zhenjing jiyi* 1.28b–29b). WANG PANG follows the example of Sima Guang 司馬光 (1019–1086) by placing punctuation, in the opening sentences of the first chapter of the *Daode jing*, after *wu* and *you*, and not after *yu* 欲 (desire), as is customary (see 689 *Daode zhenjing lun*).

WANG PANG’s commentary centers on the concept of *xing* 性 (nature), which has here the connotation of the “fundamental nature” of humanity, the vehicle of transcendence in human beings, identified by WANG PANG with the *pu* 樸, the “uncarved block” of the *Laozi* (see 5.8b, 8.21b). He also equates this concept of nature with the *haoran* 浩然 (the exaltation of the spirit), in Mengzi (see 10.9b). WANG PANG advocates humanity’s “return to its nature” (*fuxing* 復性), an expression borrowed from

the Tiantai school of Buddhism and that Li Ao 李翱 (774–836) already had made the title of his famous essays, *Fuxing shu* 復性書. To “return” in this way is also “to examine the core of one’s nature” (*jinxing* 盡性), an idea that refers to the *Yijing* and that here becomes synonymous with *fuming* 復命 (return to destiny), an expression taken from Laozi. All throughout his work, WANG PANG juggles with these three expressions, each of which comes from one of the Three Teachings.

WANG PANG often quotes the *Zhuangzi* (see 1.8b and especially 3.32a, where he makes an interesting comparison between Laozi and Zhuangzi), as well as the *Yijing* and the *Mengzi*. He likewise quotes many Confucian classics: the *Lunyu*, the *Shujing*, the *Shijing*, the *Liji*, and others. He uses some Buddhist concepts, especially in the context of the dialectic discourse of the conciliation of the opposites *wu* and *you*, action and nonaction, unity and duality (see, for instance, 7.11a and 12a). Wang frequently pairs double negations to demonstrate the fact that these concepts mutually abolish and also complete each other (e.g., “appearances are neither illusory nor nonreal”; 7.12a). Several times, he uses the expression “things cannot move” (*wu bu neng qian* 物不能遷; 3.8b, 8.12a), which is reminiscent of the title of an essay by Sengzhao 僧肇 (374–414).

The Taoism of WANG PANG is essentially philosophical. For him, to “nourish life” is to “forget the I” and to become a “being without mind” (*wuxin* 無心; 3.34a, 35a, 35b). Thus humans can achieve “mystical identification” (*xuantong* 玄通; 3.33b), the coincidence of opposites such as *wu* and *you*, of the One and the ten thousand transformations (see 5.4a and 25a; 6.17a). There is virtually no mention of Taoist practices, although in 2.11a we find a reference to Taoist anthropology: the triad of essence (*jing* 精), spirit (*shen* 神), and pneuma (*qi* 氣) that form the human being. Wang rejects quietism (see 4.21a and 7.9b, 25b) as well as asceticism. He considers that the wish to escape from hunger and cold are part of human nature.

Wang’s commentary extols the role of the saint who “embodies the Tao” and “goes to the extreme of his own nature,” who “governs the world” (4.11a, 12a; 5.25a), who masters all transformations and is capable of all things (8.29a). In this spiritual achievement resides his longevity, which establishes a smooth harmony with transformations and vicissitudes, or a vision that transcends opposition between life and death (5.15a, 21a). Leader of the people, the saint enables the people to “follow their own nature” (10.9a–b, 29a, 31b).

In conclusion, WANG PANG, who remains above all a scholar, has created an intelligent synthesis of the Three Teachings. It seems that his commentary exerted an important influence on Su Che 蘇轍 (see 691 *Daode zhenjing zhu*).

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing zhu 道德真經註

4 juan

By Su Che 蘇轍; 1100

691 (fasc. 374)

"Commentary on the True Scripture of the Way and its Power." Some of the Song editions of this commentary by Su Che were divided into two juan (VDL 107) and are said to date from 1100 (see *Daode zhenjing jiyi dazhi* 1.9b). There were two editions printed in the thirteenth century that are no longer extant: one written in the calligraphy of Zhang Jizhi 張即之 in 1218 (cf. *Songren zhuanji ziliao suoyin* 宋人傳記資料索引 2398), the other produced in 1255 in Sichuan by the Taoist master Wang Daoli 王道立, *zi* Boxiu 伯修, and revised by his grandson in 1290 (see *Bisong lou cangshu zhi* 66.3a).

In this commentary, Su Che seeks to illustrate the fundamental unity linking Taoism, Confucianism, and Buddhism. In a postface, dated 1108, he states that it was in order to prove to a Buddhist monk that the teachings of Confucianism were akin to those of Buddhism that he had undertaken to write this commentary on the *Laozi*. A more complete version of this postface is preserved in other editions. The present commentary is indeed particularly characterized by its Buddhist-oriented approach. Almost all the references to the Confucian classics are to the *Yijing*, on which Su Che wrote a separate commentary.

The dominant concept of the present work is *fixing* 復性 (return to one's own nature). This expression, associated with the Tiantai school Buddhism, had already enjoyed a long history in both Confucianism and in Taoism, but Su Che gives it unusual prominence.

Like the Neo-Confucians and WANG PANG (706 *Daode zhenjing jizhu* 5.15a), Su Che uses a statement from the Book of Changes as a formula epitomizing individual asceticism: "By exploring the order of the world to its limits and examining their own nature, they arrived at [an understanding of] the decree [of Heaven]" (*qiongli jinxing yi zhi yu ming* 窮理盡性以至於命; *Yijing*, "Shuo gua," 1). In this way the expression *fixing* connects with *fuming* 復命 (to restore the decree of Heaven) and a Buddhist concept can be linked to the *Yijing* (see the commentary to chapter 16, 1.19a-b).

Xing 性 is the ultimate reality, understood with the transcendental connotation that Buddhism attaches to it. It is the seat of the Tao in humanity (1.10a), so vast that it fills all Heaven and Earth; neither life nor death have power to alter it, nor can they in any way increase or diminish it (1.14b). *Xing* is also the primary source through which the senses experience the world and whence all beings originate (1.15a; 2.4a). *Xing* is attained not by a quietism leading to the immobility of "withered wood" but by a kind of immobility, a quiescence, that is radiant action (1.17b-18a). *Ming* 命 (decree of Heaven) is the *miao* 妙 transcendent, the wondrous aspect of *xing*. *Xing* remains in the realm of the word; *ming* transcends the word (1.19a).

On various occasions, Su Che makes a distinction between the metaphysical world and the world of forms (*xing*). The former is that of the immeasurable, ineffable Tao (2.12a, 4.10b), where there is neither negation (*wu* 無) nor affirmation (*you* 有); the latter is that which can be spoken of and measured (1.2a, 7b, 12b), that which encompasses Heaven and Earth "beyond the ten thousand beings" yet is finite (1.20a) and not self-engendered (1.8a).

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing jie 道德真經解

2 juan

By Chen Xianggu 陳象古; preface 1101

683 (fasc. 364)

"Explication of the True Scripture of the Way and its Power." The present commentary on the *Daode jing* has a short preface dated 1101. The author was "gentleman of discussion" (*chengyi lang* 承議郎) at Song Huizong's (r. 1100-1125) court (see *Song huiyao jigao* 4:3895). The commentary is quoted in 707 *Daode zhenjing jizhu* by PENG SI, and in 710 *Daode zhenjing zhushu*, corresponding to 2.4b in the present text.

Chen treats the *Laozi* as a continuous text, without using the traditional chapter divisions. Thus, for instance, on 1.18a the last sentence of chapter 25 is followed directly by the first phrase of chapter 26.

The version of the *Daode jing* used here shows some textual differences in relation to the traditional HESHANG GONG and WANG BI editions. For example, the last sentences of chapters 48 (here on 2.7b) and 52 (here 2.10a) are lacking.

Chen's glosses are short and do not develop any particular system. The explanations are sometimes rather original (see, for instance, the commentary on the sentence in chapter 13 (here on 1.9a): "If I had no body, how could I suffer?," which reads: "Only when one no longer relies on the fact that one has a body, can the Tao operate its mysterious function in the body."

Isabelle Robinet

Song Huizong yujie Daode zhenjing 宋徽宗御解道德真經

4 juan

By Emperor Huizong 徽宗; ca. 1111-1118

680 (fasc. 359)

"Imperial Commentary on the True Scripture of the Way and its Power by Song Huizong." This commentary dates from the Zhenghe period (1111-1118). It was engraved on stone and included in the *Daozang* after 1118 (VDL 105 and 44, note).

The main references used by Emperor Huizong are the *Yijing* and the *Zhuangzi*. Huizong punctuates the first sentences of the *Laozi* after *wu* and *you*, following the

example of Sima Guang 司馬光 (1019–1086), and, like many commentators, he uses a phrase of *Zhuangzi* as his model. As a result, he places special emphasis on *changyou* 常有 and *changwu* 常無 (absolute existence and nonexistence), which are parallel to *zhiwu* 至無 (the supreme *wu*), *zhenwu* 真無 (the real *wu*), and *miaoyou* 妙有 (the transcendent *you*; 2.1a). This emphasis reveals the persistent influence of Mādhyamika and the commentators of the Chongxuan 重玄 school: the *wu* underlies and encompasses the *you*, and vice versa. Here, the *changwu* is associated with *li* 理 (the norm of the world), and the *changyou* with *shi* 事 (the mundane, affaires, i.e., Buddhist categories). Other Buddhist influences can be discerned in the text: “return to one’s nature” (*fuxing* 復性; e.g., 1.19b, 3.3b); “immobility of beings” (e.g., 1.5a, 7a); “total forgetfulness” or “forgetfulness of contradictions” (e.g., 3.17b, 18a, 18b). The influence of Neo-Confucianism can also be seen, for instance, in the distinctions made by Huizong between the metaphysical and the physical world (e.g., 1.27a, 2.12b), in a leitmotiv borrowed from the *Yijing*—“to go to the limit of the norm of the world and to the extremes of one’s own nature in order to arrive at the decree [of Heaven]—and in his discussion on the nonabsolute (*wuji* 無極) and the absolute (*youji* 有極; 2.11b).

Isabelle Robinet

Song Huizong Daode zhenjing jieyi 宋徽宗道德真經解義

10 juan

Commentary by Zhang An 章安; before 1125

681 (fasc. 360–362)

“On the Meaning of Song Huizong’s Explication of the True Scripture of the Way and its Power.” This subcommentary to the commentary 680 on the *Daode jing* by Huizong (r. 1100–1125) was probably written during the emperor’s lifetime and addressed to him personally. It follows the “classical” pattern insofar as it echoes features from GUO XIANG’s commentary on the *Zhuangzi*.

Zhang An states that the fundamental tenet of the *Laozi* is to be found in Laozi’s doctrine of weakness and nonresistance (10.14a). On several occasions the commentator affirms that he also is a partisan of nonaction. He returns repeatedly to the theme of *feiyou feiwu* 非有非無 (neither being nor nonbeing) already elaborated by the Chongxuan 重玄 school of Double Mystery (see 745 *Nanhua zhenjing zhushu*) and to the formula that places the Tao in “forgetfulness of the self and of others.” The Tao resides in everything, and everyone possesses it within himself. Nature (*xing* 性) is the One (5.13b). The general system of thought underlying this commentary is summarized as follows: “to go to the very limits of one’s nature and thus reach supreme emptiness, forgetful of oneself and others. Those who forget that they have forgotten find that their destiny has returned to the Great Beginning (Taichu 太初). Thus, by

nonaction they rediscover the substance of the Tao, and since therefore there is nothing that is not done, they achieve the function of the Tao. At rest, they are saints; in action, kings” (7.7b).

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing shuyi 道德真經疏義

14 juan

By Jiang Zheng 江澥

694 (fasc. 378–383)

“Commentary with Explanations of the True Scripture of the Way and its Power.” This work, probably written during the lifetime of Emperor Huizong (r. 1100–1125) and addressed to him, includes a commentary of the *Daode jing* by the emperor and a subcommentary by Jiang Zheng that repeats Huizong’s commentary and develops it phrase by phrase.

Jiang’s work presents the same themes that are found in the Huizong commentary, perhaps most frequently “neither being nor nonbeing” (*feiyou feiwu*), influenced by the commentators of the Double Mystery (Chongxuan) school: the absolute *wu* is the *wu* that is not *wu*, and the absolute *you* is the *you* that is not *you* (1.7a), that is to say, the transcendent *wu* that is the transcendent *you*, and the *you* that is the real *wu*.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing zhushu 道德真經註疏

8 juan

Attributed to GU HUAN 顧歡 (420–483) and others

710 (fasc. 404–406)

“Commentaries on the True Scripture of the Way and its Power.” This is an anthology of twenty-three commentaries on the *Daode jing*. The editors of the Ming canon indicated GU HUAN, Recruit for Office from the Wu Commandery (*Wujun zhengshi* 吳君徵士), as the compiler. This attribution is plainly mistaken, as the present anthology can date only from the twelfth century at the earliest. The commentaries placed under the name of Chen are those of Chen Xianggu 陳象古 (see 683 *Daode zhenjing jie*) that were published in 1101.

The main commentary, marked *zhu* 註, is that of HESHANG GONG; the subcommentary (*shu* 疏) is by CHENG XUANYING. Among the other glosses, the most frequently quoted are (1) the *Jiejie* 節解 commentary by an unknown author, sometimes identified as GE XUAN; (2) a subcommentary to that of HESHANG GONG by a certain Wang, who may be identified as Wang Xuanbian 王玄辯, reported to have written such a subcommentary at the end of the eighth century (see 725 *Daode zhenjing*

guangsheng yi 1.3b); (3) a commentary by the above-mentioned GU HUAN; and (4) a commentary by Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756) of the Tang.

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Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing zhijie 道德真經直解

By Shao Ruoyu 邵若愚, *hao Benlai zi* 本來子; 1159

Revised by Zhang Zhixin 張知新, *hao Qinghe jushi* 清河居士

688 (fasc. 372)

“Straightforward Explication of the True Scripture of the Way and its Power.” This commentary has an introduction dated 1159 by Shao Ruoyu, a native of Qiantang 錢塘 (cf. the bibliography of Song commentaries *Song jiejing xingshi* 宋解經姓氏 appended to the preface of 707 *Daode zhenjing jizhu*, 2a). It ends with an epilogue dated 1160, signed Chen Yuanqing 陳元卿, which records comments by Shao Ruoyu and states that this work had been previously printed. The commentary is accompanied by the glosses, usually textual, of Zhang Zhixin. It adopts its own division of the *Laozi*. Shao Ruoyu explains that for him the quintessence of the *Daode jing* can be summarized as: the absence of desire, corresponding to *youxuan* 又玄 (multiple mystery) and to the four final stages of asceticism in Buddhism, centering on the dialectics of *you* and *wu* until their ultimate dissolution in neither *you* 有 nor *wu* 無 (neither being nor nonbeing). This process, which is presented in the epilogue of the present text, and elaborated in the first chapter of the *Laozi*, corresponds to that of the Chongxuan 重玄 school (see 745 *Nanhua zhenjing zhushu*).

Shao Ruoyu chooses quietism and rejects all religious practices. He does however, distinguish four steps on the way to the Tao: these steps he links to the four Primal Stages of the *Liezi* (Taiyi 太易, Taichu 太初, Taishi 太始, Taixu 太虛), as well as to the words in the *Laozi*, “The Tao gives birth to the One, the One gives birth to the Two . . .” The step of the Three is that of “exterior virtue,” and the step of the Two, of “interior virtue” and of yin-yang. The step of the One is that of the Breath-of-the-One, the primordial qi that is the “uncarved block,” the “empty virtue,” and that is the origin of all things. The Breath-of-the-One in humanity is the heart-mind (*xin* 心), which is the name given to all the essential elements contained within the body and which characterizes the human being, the *hun* 魂 and *po* 魄 souls, the spirit (*shen* 神), the essence (*jing* 精) or real nature (*xing* 性), and the passions (*qing* 情). The fourth step is that of *youxuan*, of *xin* without *xin*; it is the ultimate stage of the Tao and the Taiyi, the first of the Primal Stages of the *Liezi*.

Shao Ruoyu reconciles his interpretation of the *Daode jing* with the “four verities” of the Mādhyamika, as well as with *Zhongyong* 中庸 (the Doctrine of the Mean). He cites Mencius and the Analects, but more often the *Zhuangzi*, the Taoist texts of ZHANG BODUAN, and 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing*. Nonetheless his efforts to establish a Three Teachings synthesis remain generally inchoate.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing quanjie 道德真經全解

2 juan

Attributed to Shi Yong 時雍, *hao Xiaoyao* 逍遙; preface 1159

696 (fasc. 385–386)

“Full Explication of the *Daode jing*.” The preface, dated 1159, is signed by Shi Yong of the Jin dynasty (1115–1234), residing at Bo 亳, the birthplace of Laozi. The author recounts that he received an anonymous manuscript bearing this title from Xi Quhua 郤去華 and that he had it printed. The *Daozang* editors attributed the work to Shi himself.

Throughout the commentary, the author makes a distinction between the absolute Way, that of Heaven, and the Way of Earth. The absolute Tao is the state of fusion of yin, yang, and harmony—in other words, the state of Primordial Chaos. From this One are born yin and yang as well as Heaven and Earth. The One is the Absolute Name. The Tao of Heaven is without body, without desire, without action; it is the way of the Spirit and of the yang containing the yin.

The Tao of Earth is immobility and quiescence; it is the way of qi and of the yin containing the yang. The union of the Tao of Heaven and of Earth in humanity produces the harmony of the center. To incorporate the Tao of Heaven is to govern without action; to incorporate the Tao of Earth is to become female and concentrate qi; to incorporate the absolute Tao is to attain the state of primordial chaos and non-cognition, which comprises all things.

The *you* 有 is defined as matter (*xing* 形) and the *wu* 無 as spirit (*shen* 神); these definitions are similar to the interpretation Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200) gives these terms: both are perfectly complementary.

Xuan 玄 is black blended with red (corresponding to the trigrams *qian* 乾 and *kun* 坤). The second *xuan* in chapter 1 of the *Laozi* lies in the heaven Dafan 大梵 (the supreme Heaven, according to certain Taoist texts) and governs the celestial palaces of the brain and heart (*niwan* 泥丸 and *jianggong* 絳宮), as well as the five qi and the one hundred spirits of the universe. Indeed, on several occasions our author uses terms and notions that are specifically Taoist: the Primordial Chaos results from the fusion of the essence (*jing* 精), breath (*qi* 氣), and spirit (*shen* 神); mention is also made of the Southern Palace and the Capital of Mystery.

The second juan has been reproduced entirely in 700 *Daode zhenjing jie*, as juan 3 of that work.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing jie 道德真經解

3 juan

Probably Southern Song (1127–1279)

700 (fasc. 388)

“Explication of the True Scripture of the Way and its Power.” The date of this anonymous commentary is not known. The last juan has been borrowed from 696 *Daode zhenjing quanjie*. The original final part of the present commentary is missing.

The commentary consists, for the most part, of lengthy reflections, partly mystical and partly poetical, on the state of the primordial One, or original chaos prior to differentiation. This is the state of *pu* 朴 (the uncarved block) and *su* 素 (undyed silk), the “real” state corresponding to the *qiwu* 齊物 (the identity of all things) of the *Zhuangzi* where there is neither image, nor sound, nor movement (*wuqian* 無牽, a term with Buddhist connotations), where *xing* 性 (nature) is undivided. Since it represents in humanity a state both primordial and ultimate, to which one must “return,” the notion of *xing* here is quite central.

The notions of *ti* 體 (substance) and *yong* 用 (function) are used to distinguish between, “absence”—or the transcendence of the Tao (which is nowhere), corresponding to the Void, to spontaneity, to the One, and to *xing*—and “presence”—or the immanence of the Tao (which is everywhere), corresponding to the original separation and dispersal into movement and action.

With the frequent use made of the notions of yin and yang, and in one instance of Inner Alchemy (1.16b: the “River Chariot,” “Purple Chamber,” and “stove”), this commentary displays a slight tinge of Taoism despite the fact that the term *ming* 命 (decree) is given a completely different significance from the one given to it in Inner Alchemy: in our text it is related to *wu* or nonbeing and contrasted with form (*xing*; 1.18b).

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing qushan ji 道德真經取善集

12 juan

By Li Lin 李霖, *zi* Zongfu 宗傅, Hermit of Raoyang 饒陽; preface 1172

718 (fasc. 424–427)

“Select Anthology of *Daode jing* Commentaries.” This anthology contains an undated preface by Li Lin, written in his later years, and a second preface by Liu Yunsheng 劉允升 dated 1172, according to which the work was divided into six juan and printed.

The anthology joins together fifty-four authors from different periods. The most

frequently quoted are Emperor Huizong (r. 1100–1125) of the Song and WANG PANG. The eclectic selection includes, in addition to the commentaries of WANG BI and HESHANG GONG, several commentaries belonging to the Chongxuan 重玄 school, some of which are now lost. Among these are the commentaries by Sun Deng 孫登, Zang Xuanjing 藏玄靜, Liu Jinxi 劉進喜, CHENG XUANYING, Cai Zihuang 蔡子晃, and Li Rong 李榮. The anthology also contains extracts from other lost commentaries, such as the one attributed to Kumārajīva (344–413). Certain commentaries date back to the Jin (265–420) and the Sui (581–618) dynasties, for example those by Zhong Hui 鍾會 and the Taoists GU HUAN, TAO HONGJING, and Pei Chuen 裴楚恩 (on the latter, see 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi*, preface, 3a). Other texts date from the Tang (618–907) and Song (960–1279), such as those by Che Huibi 車惠弼, the Taoist Zhang Junxiang 張君相 (1254–1322), WU YUN, Sima Guang 司馬光 (1019–1086), Liu Zhongping 劉仲平 (who signs his name Liu Ji 壑 in 707 *Daode zhenjing zhu*), Lu Dian 陸佃 (under the name of Lu Nongshi 陸農師 in 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi*), Li Tian 李旼, Lü Jifu 呂吉甫 (i.e., LÜ HUIQING; cf. 686 *Daode zhenjing zhuan*), and the female Taoist Cao Daochong 曹道沖 (cf. 707 *Daode zhenjing jizhu*, preface, 7b). The date of the commentary by the Immortal from Songling 松靈仙人 is unknown (cf. 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi*, preface, 3a). There are also a half dozen commentaries that are completely unknown and not mentioned elsewhere; among these, the most quoted in our text are those by She Wang 舍王 and Ma Juji 馬巨濟. The quotations from Lü Jifu are often at variance with 686 *Zhenjing zhuan*. The remaining quotations accord on the whole rather well with this text.

Throughout the present text, which is divided into the traditional chapters of the *Daode jing*, Li Lin adds his own personal commentary to each of the commentaries he has chosen. He reveals a tendency toward Quanzhen 全真 Taoism, especially in relation to Inner Alchemy. He states that he who attains the Tao is a Quanzhen person who perfects his essence (*jing* 精), his breath (qi) and his spirit (*shen* 神). This statement is an explicit reference to the works on Inner Alchemy mentioned in 2.11a. However, Li Lin’s concepts are his own: *jing* is the prime element and carries a cosmological meaning; sublimation seems to occur from the *jing* to the *shen* without the qi playing an important part (cf. 6.14a–b). On the other hand, the *jing* is the basis of *xing* 性 (real nature) in contrast to the qi (which in this context is cosmological). The qi is the basis of the body (*xing*); indeed the *jing* sometimes forms one common entity with the spirit (*jingshen* 精神) as described in the *Huainan zi*.

Our text ends with a brief Essay on the Unifying Coalescence of the Tao and the De, where Li Lin insists on the fundamental unity of the Tao “prior to forms,” and of the De 德 “after the appearance of forms.” Quoting Sima Guang, he seems to decry the division of the *Daode jing* into two distinct books.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing sizi gudao jijie 道德真經四子古道集解

10 juan

By Kou Caizhi 寇才質; preface dated 1179, postface dated 1180

684 (fasc. 365–67)

“Collected Explications of the Ancient Teachings of the Four Masters on the *Daode zhenjing*.” The original title of the work, as stated in the author’s preface and in the postface by Liu E 劉誥 of Fanzhi 繁峙 (Shanxi), was *Sizi gudao yi* 四子古道義 (Interpretations according to the Ancient Teachings of the Four Masters).

Neither preface nor postface contain much factual information on the identity of Kou Caizhi. Apparently, he also authored a *Jingshi shu* 經史疏 in ten juan, which was lost by the time the *Siku quanshu* was compiled.

Kou describes himself as an obscure rustic who spent his early manhood indulging in simple pleasures. He first studied works on *neidan* 內丹 and divination. Only at a later age did he discover the ancient Taoist works and their commentaries. Frustrated with the way lecturers on the Tao all seemed to ignore the basis of Laozi’s teachings and to restrict themselves to theories relating to *kongxing* 空性 (*sūnyāta*), Kou decided to elucidate his own understanding of the *Daode jing*, drawing solely upon material culled from the works of the four masters that both Kou and Liu E considered to be the direct disciples of Laozi: the *Nanhua jing* 南華經 (Zhuangzi), *Chongxu jing* 沖虛經 (Liezi), *Tongxuan jing* 通玄經 (Wenzi) and *Dongling jing* 洞靈經 (attributed to Gengsang Chu). The present text has been preserved only in the *Daozang*.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

Daode zhenjing jizhu 道德真經集註

18 juan

By PENG SI 彭耜, *hao* Helin zhenyi 鶴林真逸; preface dated 1229

707 (fasc. 398–402)

Daode zhenjing jizhu shiwen 道德真經集註釋文

1 + 21 fols.

708 (fasc. 403)

Daode zhenjing jizhu zashuo 道德真經集註雜說

2 juan

709 (fasc. 403)

These three works by PENG SI, disciple of BO YUCHAN, are complementary. The preface to 707 *Daode zhenjing jizhu* (An Annotated Anthology of the Commentaries on the *Daode jing*) is dated 1229 and signed by PENG SI. In a preface missing from the Yiwen edition of the *Daozang* but present in both the Commercial Press edition

and *Daozang jiyao*, “Xin 心” 6.1, PENG SI presents himself as the successor to CHEN JINGYUAN (1025–1094).

The commentaries included in 707 *Zhenjing jizhu* do not reflect Peng’s predilection for alchemy. The compiler does not cite his own master, although BO YUCHAN also wrote a commentary on the *Laozi*. Twelve of the score of authors Peng does cite have much fuller versions of the commentaries in 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi*. Most of these commentaries date from the Song (960–1279), and apart from those by CHEN JINGYUAN, Sima Guang 司馬光 (1019–1086), Su Che 蘇轍 (see 691 *Daode zhenjing zhu*), and Chen Xianggu 陳象古, the majority are lost. The commentaries by Li Wenhe 李文和 and Lin Dong 林東 are found exclusively in the present work.

The 708 *Daode zhenjing jizhu shiwen* is a philological study of the *Laozi* in which PENG SI compares textual variations and glosses, relying to a large extent upon Lu Deming 陸德明 (ca. 550–630) and CHEN JINGYUAN, and includes data taken from 707 *Zhenjing jizhu*.

The 709 *Daode zhenjing jizhu zashuo* offers “Various Observations” as an addition to the anthology 707 *Zhenjing jizhu* and reports instances where the *Laozi* was quoted, often by emperors, going back as far as the Han. It provides information about certain commentaries or anthologies of commentaries, occasionally quoting from them. There is interesting information to be gathered from these observations. For instance, the mention of a lost catalogue of the *Daozang* that describes the contents of the anthology by Zhang Daoxiang 張道相 (also known as Zhang Junxiang 張君相, 1254–1322), now no longer extant, adds another fragment to the case history of that controversial matter (1.2a–3a).

The author’s various sources are nearly always indicated: official dynastic histories, local gazetteers, literary works, and commentaries.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing jijie 道德真經集解

4 juan

By Zhao Bingwen 趙秉文 (fl. 1185–1232)

695 (fasc. 384–385)

“Collection of Commentaries on the *Daode jing*.” This work is attributed to Scholar Zhao (Zhao xueshi 學士). This appellation is identified by the *Guigian zhi* 1.5–6 and 9.97–98 with Zhao Bingwen, who was named academician in 1217 (his biography appears in the *Jin shi* 110.2426–29). Zhao was the author of numerous commentaries on the classics. Oddly, however, this collection includes individual commentaries attributed by name to Zhao Bingwen; his name is not placed at the beginning or end of individual commentaries as is customary for the authors of compilations.

The collection consists of seventeen commentaries by different authors, including extracts assigned to Kumārajīva (344–413) and Sengzhao 僧肇 (374–414). The first anonymous sentences of each commentary are in fact taken from the commentary by Su Che 蘇轍, 691 *Daode zhenjing zhu*. The commentaries given under the name Juji 劉巨濟 of the Song (960–1279; 723 *Daode zhenjing jiyi dazhi* 1.10a; cf. our text 1.12b with 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi* 20.11a). Those attributed to Lu are by Lu Xisheng 陸希聲 (compare the present text 1.10ab with 685 *Daode zhenjing zhuan* 1.5b). The commentaries attributed to Ye are by Ye Mengde 葉夢得 (1077–1148; compare the present text 2.3a–b with 707 *Daode zhenjing jizhu* 6.4b), the author of various commentaries on the classics.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing jijie 道德真經集解

4 juan

By Dong Sijing 董思靖; preface dated 1246

705 (fasc. 393–394)

“Anthology of Explications of the *Daode jing*.” A long preface by the author precedes this work. A list of commentators on the *Laozi* is given here (1.2b–4a), drawn in part from the preface by DU GUANGTING to 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi*. Added to this list is a good deal of valuable information concerning subsequent commentaries and the number of characters contained in the various editions of the *Daode jing*.

Our anthology ends with postfaces. One is signed Xie Zhi 謝壘 and dated to the Baoyou period (1253–1259; the cyclical dates given in the text appear to be erroneous); the other is signed by Huang Bichang 黃必昌, *zi* Jingfu 景父, and dated 1257. The latter was a scholar from Quanzhou, the native place of Dong Sijing.

A reedition of this commentary in the *Shiwan juan lou congshu* 十萬卷樓叢書—revised and corrected by Liu Ruoyuan 劉若淵, *zi* Yuanran 淵然, with apparently only minor typographical differences in the text—carries a preface by Lu Xinyuan 陸心源 (1834–1893).

This commentary is also quoted in 712 *Daode zhenjing jiyi* (e.g., 1.5b, 10a), under the name of Dong Sijing, with the variant character 靜.

Despite its title, the book is not really a “collection” of commentaries. The author limits himself to quoting a number of commentators, among them, in particular, Su Che 蘇轍 (referred to by his *zi* Wending 文定), Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200), Sima Guang 司馬光 (1019–1086), and the emperor Huizong (r. 1100–1125), as well as some authors known from other compilations whose works have not survived independently. Dong Sijing also discusses the various interpretations given to certain passages or phrases (particularly 1.3b–4b, 10a–11b, 16a–18a, and 3.20a–21b). He provides an

account of interpretations of the *Daode jing* in terms of Taoist practices going beyond the commentaries themselves.

A major place, however, is devoted to his own interpretations. On two occasions the author sums up the meaning of the *Daode jing* in a few formulas: ataraxy, nonaction, spontaneity, responding to events with the Void, noncompetitiveness (preface, 4a–7a). For him the Tao is everywhere and therefore immanent, yet at the same time it is transcendent since it is “beyond and anterior to all things.” The Tao is the “substance” of which qi is the “function.” The Tao is indefinable (nameless) and metaphysical; qi is definable (named) and physical. Tao and qi do not exist one without the other, and they share the same origin (1b, 3a, 4a). Chapter 3 of the *Laozi*, according to the author, deals with “the substance and function of the Tao” and “the yin and yang of qi.” The Spirit of the Valley is a term that stems from *li* 理 (principle), which is empty; the “obscure female” denotes yin and yang and originates from qi; “Heaven and Earth,” in the same paragraph, belong to the world of matter.

This is a work that assembles commentaries based on purely Taoist interpretations of the *Laozi* and at the same time borrows heavily from Neo-Confucian concepts.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing cangshi zuanwei kaiti kewen shu

道德真經藏室纂微開題科文疏

5 juan

By Xue Zhixuan 薛致玄, *zi* Yongqi 庸齊, hao Taixia laoren 太霞老人; prefaces

1249

715 (fasc. 420–421)

Daode zhenjing cangshi zuanwei shouchao 道德真經藏室纂微手鈔

2 juan

716 (fasc. 421)

This commentary on CHEN JINGYUAN’S commentary on the *Daode jing* (714 *Daode zhenjing cangshi zuanwei pian*) is divided into two parts: 715 *Kaiti kewen shu* (An Analysis of the Introduction) and 716 *Shouchao* (A Hand Copy). The author of both parts is Xue Zhixuan (see the prefaces to the first of the present texts and to 114 *Zuanwei pian*, 1.11a).

The first part, 715 *Kewen shu*, is preceded by three prefaces—signed by Li Ting 李庭 from Fuyang 浮陽, by Guo Shizhong 郭時中 (dated 1249), and by Feng Fu 馮復 (of the same year)—that state that both parts had been printed. It deals in the main with the mythology concerning Laozi, his birth and reincarnations. It includes a long biography of CHEN JINGYUAN (1.3b–8b).

The second part, 716 *Shouchao*, refers almost entirely to the many quotations from the classics made by CHEN JINGYUAN in his commentary and gives their sources. It contains only the second half of the *Daode jing*, namely the *Dejing*, as the first half is missing.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing kouyi 道德真經口義

4 juan

By LIN XIYI 林希逸, hao Juanzhai 麴齋; 1261

701 (fasc. 389)

"Oral Explanations of the *Daode jing*." LIN XIYI also wrote commentaries on the *Zhuangzi* and the *Liezi*. The present work was printed in Fujian in 1261, together with the latter. The original edition in two juan was frequently reprinted but seems no longer extant.

Perhaps because of its "oral" nature, the commentary is clear and simple. It proceeds from chapter to chapter, analyzing each sentence in turn and often providing a summary at the end of a chapter. The passages on the art of government are interpreted as metaphors on the art of self-conduct. There is no mystical terminology. There are a number of comparisons with Neo-Confucian themes and with terms used in the *Yijing* and the *Zhuangzi*. Particular account is taken of the language of the *Laozi*, which for the most part is deemed metaphorical or deliberately paradoxical and is on many occasions compared to the language of the *Zhuangzi*. LIN XIYI examines the special meaning that, in his view, the *Laozi* gives to words and then suggests that the *Laozi* and the *Zhuangzi* can be read only by applying criteria and values that are different from those appropriate to Confucian texts. He also takes into consideration what he calls Laozi's rhetorical style and sometimes situates the *Laozi* within the general context of Chinese culture in order to attenuate the paradoxes or lessen their novelty. He summarizes the whole system of the *Laozi* as "knowing how to be full and empty," "have and have not," or as "being" (*you* 有) and "not being" (*wu* 無), that he calls "to preserve the feminine and the black." He returns often to the need to have a heart-mind that is nonoccupied.

On the whole, this is a kind of translation of the *Laozi* that effaces the difficulties of the thought and of the text, as it also obliterates its riches.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing yijie 道德真經義解

4 juan

By Xizhai daoren 息齋道人

721 (fasc. 429-430)

"Explications of the True Scripture of the Way and its Power." The *Yuan shi yiwenzhi*, 5:41-42, mentions two Xizhai daoren as authors of a *Laozi jie*. One is Li Rong 李榮 (*Laozi jie* in four juan), the other Li Kan 李衍 (*Laozi jie* in two juan).

Li Rong, zi Jiamou 嘉謀, was a Taoist master who also commented on 3 *Yuanshi shuo xiantian daode jing zhujie* in the Baoyou period (1253-1259). The inspiration and the references that characterize that work are very different from those dominating the present commentary. This work 3 *Daode jing zhujie* has definite particularities, among them a theory of primordial origins and precise references to Inner Alchemy, as well as a propensity to make comparisons with Buddhism. The references in our text, by contrast, are mostly to the Confucian classics and especially to the *Mengzi*. It is true that Chinese authors frequently change the tenor of their writing as they comment on different works, but in this case the commentaries are on quite similar texts. In the commentary on *Laozi* 25, for instance, there is, surprisingly, none of the mystery of the origin that pervades 3 *Daode jing zhujie*; on the other hand, the rare references made in the latter to the *Mengzi* reflect none of the observations made in the present commentary.

Indeed, our commentator, to judge by his references to Confucianism and his tendency to use the term *li* 理 in the sense of "ultimate truth," can probably be identified as Li Kan. Li Kan (fl. 1312), zi Zhong Bin 仲賓, posthumous name Wen Jian 文間, was born in Ji Qiu 薊邱. He was also the author of a *Zhupu xiangji* 竹譜詳集 in one juan.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode huiyuan 道德會元

2 juan

By LI DAOCHUN 李道純, hao Qing'an 清庵; Yingchan zi 瑩蟾子; preface dated 1290

699 (fasc. 387)

"Return to the Source of the Meaning of the *Daode jing*." The author states that having read BO YUCHAN's commentary to the *Laozi*, he felt he should write his own. He reproaches the previous commentators for having developed a particular viewpoint, be it theoretical, alchemical, or other, whereas his own explanation wells up from the very source of the spirit of the work and tends to give a global interpretation while stressing the link that unites the different chapters.

The present commentary is divided into three parts: a literal gloss of the text, sentence by sentence; a commentary at the end of each chapter explaining its general meaning; and, also for each chapter, a poem in the Chan Buddhist style.

According to the preface, LI DAOCHUN adopted the HESHANG GONG version of the text of the *Daode jing*. He furthermore compares this edition with two others, including BO YUCHAN's commentary, now preserved in the *Taishang daode baozhang yi* 太上道德寶章翼 (*Daozang jiyao*, "Xin 心" 3-4). He considers the latter to be the best edition. Li discusses the variants between the three editions in his introduction (*xuli* 序例).

LI DAOCHUN transmitted the *Daode huiyuan* to Zhao Daoke 趙道可, hao Dingan 定庵, who was one of his closest disciples (cf. 1060 *Qing'an Yingchan zi yulu* 2.1a). A Yuan edition of the present work, dated 1350, is preserved at the Sichuan Provincial Library (see Yan Lingfeng, *Zhou Qin Han Wei zhuzi zhijian shumu*, 1:138)

Catherine Despeux

Daode zhenjing san jie 道德真經三解

4 juan

By Deng Yi 鄧錡, hao Yubin zi 玉賓子; preface 1298

687 (fasc. 370-371)

"Three Explications of the *Daode jing*." These explications are preceded by four introductory texts, including a preface by the author, dated 1298. One of these four texts is a genealogical presentation of the transmission of Inner Alchemy; this text was originally a separate work entitled *Dadao zhengtong* 大道正統 (Authentic Transmission of the Supreme Tao) written by Xiao Tingzhi 蕭廷芝, disciple of PENG SI and author of juan 9-13 of 263 *Xiuzhen shishu*. In this latter text, which was printed by the author in 1260, he describes ZHONGLI QUAN and LÜ DONGBIN as the masters of Haichan zi 海蟾子 (LIU CAO 劉操), from whom the two schools of ZHANG BODUAN and WANG ZHE are said to have descended. Another of the introductory essays, the *Dadao lishu* 大道歷數 (Chronicle of the Great Tao), bears the signature Qingcheng zhenren 青城真人 (the zhenren of the Green City), who may possibly be identified as Zhang Yun 張氤 (635-745; cf. 781 *Xuanpin lu* 5.6a).

Throughout this commentary there are three levels of explanation. The first level, the *jing* 經, which explains the text itself. The second level explains the Tao 道 from an overall point of view often related to cosmology or based on general practices. This level includes frequent allusions to the *Yijing*; for example, the thirty spokes around the hub of the wheel (*Laozi* 11) symbolize the twenty-eight stars around the Pole Star, and the doors and windows of a room symbolize the sun and moon. The third level refers to the practices of the De 德, for the most part alchemical exercises, with frequent references to ZHANG BODUAN and LÜ DONGBIN. The phrase "the Tao gives

birth to the One, which gives birth to the Two" (*Laozi* 42) is explained on the level of the Tao as meaning that the One, the Great Ultimate Taiji, has given birth to the Two (the Four Emblems), which have given birth to the Three (the Eight Trigrams). Explained on the level of the De, however, the reference is to the Void that gave birth to the two qi that gave birth to nature (*xing* 性). Deng's interpretation of *Laozi* 50 gives rise, on the level of the Tao, to speculation about cosmic numbers, with reference to SHAO YONG; on the level of the De, he offers an alchemical interpretation. "Know the male but preserve the female" (*Laozi* 28) means, on the level of the Tao, knowing that the hexagram *qian* 乾 represents the Great Beginning, and *kun* 坤 the Completion, while on the level of the De it signifies the ascendancy of mercury over lead and of wood over metal.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing jiyi dazhi 道德真經集義大旨

3 juan

By Liu Weiyong 劉惟永, Ding Yidong 丁易東, and others; 1299

723 (fasc. 431)

Daode zhenjing jiyi 道德真經集義

17 juan

By Liu Weiyong 劉惟永, Ding Yidong 丁易東, and others; 1299

724 (fasc. 432-439)

The 723 *Daode jing dazhi* (General Purport of the Anthology of Commentaries on the *Daode jing*) contains various prefaces and diagrams and, as the title indicates, serves as an introduction to 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi*, the anthology proper.

The first nine pages of 723 *Jiyi dazhi* are devoted to diagrams illustrating phrases from the *Laozi* in terms of cosmology and Taoist techniques (fig. 1). Thus the Spirit of the Valley (*Laozi* 6) is described as designating the abode where the spirits of the viscera are hidden; the thirty spokes of the wheel (*Laozi* 11) correspond to the number of the viscera (1.1b); the Mysterious Female (*Laozi* 6) denotes the left and right kidneys. The diagram on 1.8b-9a is also found in 688 *Daode zhenjing zhijie* (preface, 6b).

Although 723 *Jiyi dazhi* provides a list of the eighty-one authors cited in the anthology (1.9b-12b), it also gives the number as seventy-eight (3.26a-26b), and sometimes provides the date of the commentaries, most of which belong to the Song (960-1279) and Yuan (1279-1368) dynasties. The passages from these commentaries were selected from earlier anthologies. The prefaces (723 *Jiyi dazhi*, from 1.12b to the end) are the same as those preceding the commentaries in the anthology 724 *Zhenjing jiyi*. Introductions also taken from the commentaries are found in 723 *Jiyi dazhi* 2.1a-3.21b. They include one by Wang Yuanze 王元澤 (i.e., WANG PANG) that is missing from 706



FIGURE 1. Projection of the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions onto the human body (723 1.6a)

in 706 *Daode zhenjing jizhu*. Each chapter of 724 *Zhenjing jiyi* ends with a commentary by Shitan.

Many of the commentaries in 724 *Zhenjing jiyi* are uniquely preserved here, for example, the commentary by Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200) and several other commentaries also found in 707 *Daode zhenjing jizhu* (in eighteen juan), but in much abridged form. The latter include a commentary by Wang Anshi 王安石 (1021–1086) that is otherwise lost, as well as numerous commentaries by Taoists: ZHAO SHIAN, whose commentary dates from 1152 and is the longest in the book; BO YUCHAN (1194–1229); Yang Zhiren 楊智仁 (1287), using the vocabulary of Inner Alchemy; and Niu Miaozhuan 牛妙傳 (1280). BO YUCHAN's approach is mystical: "It is I who am the Saint," he writes; "the ten thousand beings become one with me. . . . I am Heaven and Earth, Heaven and Earth are I" (12.25a). He identifies himself with the cosmos (10.30a); the root of the cosmos is *xin* 心 (heart-mind 11.27b). Xie Tu'nán 謝圖南 (1246) explains the *Daode jing* in terms of the *Yijing* (11.30b; 12.27a), Zhang Chongying 張沖應 (1253) interprets the *Laozi* in terms of Tending Life and breathing exercises (5b; 11.26b, 27a; 15.1a).

Zhao Shian, whose personal name was Daosheng 道昇 and who was known for his practice of the Yellow Register Retreat (*huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋; see 219 *Lingbao wuliang*

Daode zhenjing jizhu, although the latter work contains the most extensive extant extracts from his commentary.

723 *Jiyi dazhi* 3.21b–27a contains a number of colophons or postfaces dating from the end of the thirteenth century, signed by Yang Ke 陽恪 (1296), Liu Weiyong (1299), Su Qiwen 蘇起翁, Yu Qingzhong 喻清中, and by the Heavenly Master Zhang Yucai 張與材 (1300). Liu Weiyong explains that his anthology and that of Ding Yidong were amalgamated. Ding's commentary is included in our anthology under the name of Shitan 石潭. Yu Qingzhong, in his postface, mentions the "new edition" of this commentary, which included his own commentary, in collaboration with his master Ding Yidong.

The anthology 724 *Zhenjing jiyi* originally comprised a total of thirty-one juan, of which only the first seventeen remain. It now ends at chapter 11 of the *Laozi*; the first four chapters of the anthology are devoted to chapter 1 of the *Daode jing*. The commentators are presented in 724 *Zhenjing jiyi* more or less in the same order as the list given in the introduction (723 *Jiyi dazhi* 1.9a–11b). Quotations of the commentaries are in extenso. The commentary by Wang Yuanze in our anthology is much more complete than the text given

duren shengjing dafa 49.18b; 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 34.4a), distinguish three possible practices of the *Daode jing* (723 *Jiyi dazhi* 2.17a): first, following the way of *wuwei* 無為 or nonaction, which is that of "total forgetfulness" (724 *Zhenjing jiyi* 14.13b); second, using techniques to achieve longevity (see 724 *Zhenjing jiyi* 7.3b, where he states that the *Laozi* is the origin of methods for attaining longevity); third, applying of the *Daode jing* to government. The Doctrine of the Mean (*Zhongyong* 中庸) is presented as complementary to the *Laozi* (723 *Jiyi dazhi* 2.15a–b), and the "flood-like breath" of the *Mengzi* becomes the principal springboard for techniques of longevity. In 724 *Zhenjing jiyi*, Zhao uses a Neo-Confucian vocabulary (2.1a–b) and can be considered a pioneer of the Heart-Mind school (Xinxue 心學): the *xin* is the Tao (13.18b) and the fundamental nonbeing (*benwu* 本無 14.12b), while the *xing* 性 (nature) is the first qi and the Spirit of the Valley (11.13a). Zhao Shian also employs Buddhist terminology: *zhenwu* 真無 (real nonbeing) and *zhenkong* 真空 (real void; 2.4a, 9a–b, 19b). He uses the concepts of *wu* 無, and *you* 有 (being and existence) are dealt with according to the tenets of the Double Mystery school (Chongxuan 重玄); and he approaches the question concerning gradual or sudden enlightenment in the same vein (2.16a, 17a; 5.27a); the negation of negations follows the Mādhyamika doctrine (2.16b). Nevertheless, references to Inner Alchemy are also present (2.18b, 19a; 7.36b; 12.15a). The Spirit of the Valley and the Mysterious Female are interpreted in various ways, but always within the framework of breathing techniques (11.12a–17b).

A comparison of all the commentaries in this anthology gives rise to the following observations:

1. A distinction can be made between those commentaries that give precedence to *xin* (heart-mind) or to *xing* (real nature). For BO YUCHAN, *xin* is the "root of the universe" (11.27b); for Yu Qingzhong, *xin* existed before the universe (12.34a; see also Shao Ruoyu 邵若愚, 688 *Daode zhenjing jijie* 1.12a: the one qi of chaos is the *xin* of humanity). As for the commentaries that give precedence to *xing*, the text by Chu Boxiu 褚伯秀 states that *xing* is the Taiji 太極, the Supreme Pole (11.35a), while in the commentary by Xiuxiu an 休休庵, dated 1288, the *xing* precedes the Taiji (12.30a).

2. There are two distinct ways of understanding the first chapter of the *Daode jing*, depending on whether it is punctuated before *wu* and *you*, or after *ming* 名 (name) and *yu* 欲 (desire). To punctuate before *wu* and *you*, as does Sima Guang 司馬光 (1019–1086; cf. 689 *Daode zhenjing lun*), is to place emphasis on the *changwu* 常無 and *changyou* 常有 (the absolute nonbeing and absolute being). Several commentators in our anthology follow this interpretation, including Cheng Taizhi 程泰之, an author with Confucian leanings (2.32a; commentary dated 1069); the Taoist Niu Miaozhuan; Lin Juanzhai 林虞齋 (i.e., LIN XIYI; 3.11b; commentary dated 1261); BO YUCHAN (3.3a); Su Jingjing 蘇敬靜 (4.7b); Wang Anshi 王安石 (1.19a–b); Zhao Bingwen 趙秉文 (4.14a); Lu Dian 陸佃 (1.24b); and Liu Zhongping 劉仲平 (1.31a–b). There are

also differences in the first phrase of the *Laozi*: some commentators read it as “The Tao that can be spoken of is not the absolute Tao,” while others take it to mean “The Tao I speak of is not the ordinary Tao.”

3. The Mysterious Female is explained either in terms of *wu/you* (by Lü Jifu 呂吉甫, i.e., LÜ HUIQING, 11.7b–8a), or as the Void (by Benyian jushi 本一庵居士, 11.45b; WANG PANG, 11.9a; Shao Ruoyu, 11.18a–b; Wang Zhiran 王志然, 11.18b, commentary dated 1069), or in terms of Tending Life and Inner Alchemy (by HESHANG GONG, 11.2a–b; Liu Ji 劉驥, 11.11a–12b, commentary dated 1146; Zhao Shian, 11.12a–13b; Zhang Chongying 張冲應, 11.41b; and Wu Huanzhong 吳環中, 11.43b).

4. In chapter 7 of the *Daode jing*, the sentence “*Yi qi bu zisheng*” has engendered two conflicting interpretations: in one case it is translated “They do not exist for themselves,” in another, “They do not exist of themselves.” Advocates of the former translation include the emperor Xuanzong, Lu Dian, and Liu Ji; among those who prefer the latter translation are Su Che, Huang Maocai 黃茂材 (commentary dated 1179), and Xue Yongzhai 薛庸齋.

5. A number of commentators believe that the thirty spokes of the wheel, in chapter 11 of the *Laozi*, symbolize the thirty days of the month (see, e.g., 17.30a, 33b, 35a, 37a); others see the figure 30 as the earthly Five Elements multiplied by the celestial Six Breaths (17.24a–b, 38a).

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing yanyi shouchao 道德真經衍義手鈔

20 juan (juan 1 and 2 are missing)

By Wang Shouzheng 王守正, *hao* Wufeng Qing'an yishi 五峰清安逸士; early Yuan (1279–1368)

717 (fasc. 422–24)

“*Daode zhenjing* with Elaborations of Its Purport, Copied by Hand.” This work is no longer fully extant. The first two juan, corresponding to the first eight *Daode jing* chapters with their commentaries, are lost. The book, attributed to a certain Wang Shouzheng (the Pure and Quiet Recluse from the Five Peaks [Wufeng Qing'an yishi]), is clearly the work of two authors. The *yanyi* 衍義 section, ascribed to Wang Shouzheng, offers elucidations on the text of the *Daode jing*. Each paragraph of *yanyi* is followed by a further explanatory paragraph headed by the character *chao* 鈔, and ascribed to a disciple of Wang Shouzheng. An interesting document in this context is a preface by Wang Yun 王惲 (d. 1304), the “*Laozi yanyi xu* 老子衍義序.” It relates his meeting in 1292 in the capital with an old Taoist master from the Chongyang gong 重陽宮 (one of the leading Quanzhen temples in modern Shaanxi) named Wang, a native of Shu, and obviously the real author of our work. As the title of Wang Yun’s

preface suggests, the *chao* sections were later additions to Wang Shouzheng’s original *Laozi yanyi* (see *Qiuqian xiansheng daquan wenji* 42.11b–12a).

The sources quoted most often in the *yanyi* sections are the *Zhuangzi* and the Book of Changes. The *chao* sections, mostly considerably longer than the *yanyi*, draw upon a wide variety of sources, including all of the Confucian classics, philosophical works such as the *Han Fei zi* 韓非子 and Yang Xiong’s 揚雄 (53 B.C.–A.D. 18) *Fayan* 法言, historical works such as the *Shiji*, and more recent commentaries such as DU GUANGTING’s 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi*. The present text is uniquely preserved in the *Daozang*.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

Daode xuanjing yuanzhi 道德玄經原旨

4 juan

By DU DAOJIAN 杜道堅, *zi* Chuyi 處逸, *hao* Nangu zi 南谷子; 1305

702 (fasc. 390)

“Original Meaning of the Mysterious Scripture of the Tao and the De.” This work is introduced by several prefaces, each signed by scholars of the same period. The first two prefaces are dated 1305.

DU DAOJIAN (1237–1318), a native of Dangtu 當塗 in Anhui, was a Taoist master who entered the order at fourteen years of age and later became abbot of several monasteries, including that of Shengyuan in Huzhou 湖州. He also wrote a commentary on the *Wenzi* 文子 and was the master of Li Taiwu 李太無.

He compares the teaching of the *Laozi* with that of the *Yijing*. The Spirit of the Valley in the *Laozi* is the Taiji 太極 of the *Yijing*. The *Laozi* is explained in terms of *you* and *wu* (existence and nonexistence), and the *Yijing* in terms of mobility and quiescence. The antithesis between *wu* and *you* in the *Daode jing* is illustrated in the *Yijing* by the Taiji, which gives birth to the two principles. For DU DAOJIAN the term *wuji* 無極, which Zhou Dunyi 周敦頤 (1017–1073) associates with the Taiji, does not mean “that which has no pole” but instead designates the Supreme Void (*taixu* 太虛) that precedes the Taiji. Here our author enters into the controversy surrounding these terms and joins the ranks of many Taoists who disagree with Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200). DU DAOJIAN punctuates the first phrases of the *Laozi* after *wu* and *you* in the same way as Sima Guang 司馬光 (1019–1086) and interprets the absolute *wu* as “prior to Heaven” (*xiantian* 先天) and the absolute *you* as the “posterior to Heaven/world of phenomena” (*houtian* 後天). He also supports the theory held by the alchemists that *xing* 性 (nature) and *ming* 命 (the physical pole of life) are complementary.

He joins those who equate the heart-mind (*xin*) with the Tao in humanity: the heart-mind is the root, the pivot of the Tao that existed before Heaven and Earth; to be resonant, it must be totally empty, like the valley.

The teachings of the *Daode jing* are addressed to the Superior man (*junzi* 君子) and give special importance to the way of the August Ones and to the power of emperors. In this text, DU DAOJIAN borrows the *Huangji jingshi* 皇極經世 classification used by SHAO YONG: the Three August Ones, the Five Emperors, the Kings and Hegemons. Throughout his commentary, he makes references to the exemplary conduct of Confucian heroes—Yao, Shun, Yu the Great, etc.—advocating government by nonaction. He also adopts the equally Taoist and Confucian precept according to which governing one's own body is on a par with government of the family and of the country.

Isabelle Robinet

Xuanjing yuanshi fabui 玄經原旨發揮

2 juan

By DU DAOJIAN 杜道堅; 1306

703 (fasc. 391)

"Dissertation on the Original Meaning of the Mysterious Scripture." This text, in twelve sections, is a complement to 702 *Daode xuanjing yuanshi*, as the title implies. It opens with a preface by the author, dated 1306, followed by two other prefaces: one by Huangshi weng 黃石翁 (Old Man of the Yellow Stone) and the other, also dated 1306, by Ren Shilin 任士林, a disciple of the author.

As he explains in his preface, DU DAOJIAN proposes to gloss the *Laozi* with the aid of the *Huangji jingshi* 皇極經世 by SHAO YONG. In the first six sections of our text, DU DAOJIAN uses the categories and computations of SHAO YONG to recast a cosmic chronology that begins with the manifestation of Heaven and continues with the Five Greats (of the *Laozi*). These "greats" are the four beginnings of the *Liezi*, to which the author adds the Taiji, corresponding to chaos in the *Liezi*. The chronology continues, using the same categories as SHAO YONG: three times Three August Ones, then the Five Emperors, followed by the Kings and Hegemons. His aim seems to be to introduce the Taiji into this cosmology.

The six final sections are devoted to the transmission of the *Daode jing* and to the legend of the reincarnations of Laozi. The last section is an index of key terms of the *Laozi*.

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing zhu 道德真經註

4 juan

By WU CHENG 吳澄, *zi* Youqing 幼請, *hao* Caolu 草廬 (1249–1333)

704 (fasc. 392–393)

"Commentary on the True Scripture of the Way and its Power." WU CHENG is also the author of a commentary on the *Yijing* and of a critical edition of the *Zhuangzi*

(741 *Nanhua neipian dingzheng*). Wu, one of the foremost scholars of the Yuan dynasty (1279–1368), was a disciple of Lu Xiangshan 陸象山 (1139–1193). He divides his commentary into sixty-eight sections, devoting much of his work to textual and philological analyses.

For WU CHENG, the essence of the *Laozi* is that every concept evokes its opposite and that these opposites are mutually dependent and even reinforce each other. Asserting this opinion (3.12a), he states that the second chapter of the *Laozi* presents in itself a complete summary of the *Daode jing* (1.5a). Elsewhere he takes the view that "to act by nonaction" is equally a major concept in Laozi's work. The Tao is seen as a metaphysical entity. It is the *li* 理—the "norm" of the thought of Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200)—not yet infused with qi, and it corresponds to the "eternal nonbeing" of the *Zhuangzi*.

The De, on the other hand, is a physical entity in which *li* is infused with qi; it corresponds to Taiyi 太一 (the Great Unity) of the *Zhuangzi*. This "eternal non-being" is designated by Laozi as the "root of Heaven and Earth" and is the "ancestor of the original beginning (*yuanshi* 元始) of Prior Heaven."

The Great Unity is named the Mysterious Female and the Spirit of the Valley and is the Primordial Qi and the "source of the Lingbao of Prior Heaven." It is clear that the commentator establishes equivalents between the *Laozi*, the *Zhuangzi*, and a number of terms associated with religious Taoism.

The *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 146 indicates, on what appears to be inconclusive evidence, a similarity between this commentary and that of Su Che 蘇轍 (q.v.).

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing zhangju xunsong 道德真經章句訓頌

2 juan

By Zhang Sicheng 張嗣成 (d. 1343); preface dated 1322

698 (fasc. 387)

"Admonitory Hymns to the Chapters of the *Daode zhenjing*." As Judith Boltz has noted (*A survey of Taoist literature*, 223) this text constitutes the only *Daode jing* commentary in the *Daozang* linked to the Heavenly Master hierarchy. Its author, Zhang Sicheng, was the thirty-ninth Zhengyi patriarch.

Similar to a number of older Taoist masters who had produced exegetical works on the *Daode jing*, Zhang composed the "Admonitory Hymns" mainly because of his frustration with the widespread ignorance of his contemporaries, including those who considered themselves Laozi's followers, regarding the master's teachings. As Zhang states in his preface, reciting these hymns not only will enhance insight into the true meaning of the classic, but also will enable one to cultivate one's person, regulate the family, rule the people, and bring peace to the realm, literally echoing the Confucian *Daxue*.

The effects of the recitation described above are, as Zhang concedes, only the coarser aspects of the message of the *Daode jing*. True wisdom must be sought in the cultivation of *jindan* 金丹.

Thirteen of the eighty-one hymns, written in four-, five-, and seven-character lines, are enlarged with extra commentary. In this text, one can find elucidations of the nature of the Tao in terms of principle (*li* 理), qi, nature (*xing* 性), and life (*ming* 命) (1.1b), as well as Zhang's opinion regarding HESHANG GONG's division of the original text of the *Daode jing* into eighty-one chapters (1.19a).

Jan A. M. De Meyer

***Daode zhenjing zhu* 道德真經註**

2 juan

By Lin Zhijian 林志堅, *zi* Renzhai 仁齋, *hao* Xuanmen kaizhen hongjiao da

zhenren 玄門開真弘教大真人; preface 1354

720 (fasc. 429)

"Commentary on the True Scripture of the Way and its Power." Lin Zhijian, from Guanglin 廣林, must have been an important Taoist master at the end of the Yuan dynasty (1279–1368). He is not otherwise known. His commentary, which was printed during the Yuan dynasty, consists of short sentences taken from the *Daode jing* itself.

Isabelle Robinet

Da Ming Taizu gao huangdi yuzhu Daode zhenjing

大明太祖高皇帝御註道德真經

2 juan

By Emperor Taizu 太祖 of the Ming dynasty; 1374

676 (fasc. 354)

"Imperial Commentary on the *Daode jing* by Ming Taizu" (see also the entry in *Ming shi*, "Yiwen zhi," 74.2451). The author states in his preface that this commentary on the *Daode jing* was written in 1374. The *Laozi* text is presented in an unusual format of sixty-seven chapters. It is inspired by the WU CHENG commentary 704 *Daode zhenjing zhu*, which it follows closely and quotes frequently (the latter consists of sixty-eight chapters, of which chapter 65 is not included in the present text).

Some emphasis is laid upon breathing techniques (cf. the interpretation of the Spirit of the Valley; 1.6b and 1.10a) and upon the importance of the mind as the dwelling place of the souls, the spirit, and the Tao. But this commentary primarily views the text in political and governmental terms. The saint governs by peaceful means, bringing aid and benefit to all creatures, a phrase that occurs repeatedly. The preface strongly opposes any alchemical interpretation of the *Daode jing*.

Isabelle Robinet

***Daode zhenjing cijie* 道德真經次解**

2 juan

Ming dynasty (1368–1644)?

697 (fasc. 386)

"Ordered Explications of the *Daode zhenjing*." According to the preface, the impetus for writing this text was the author's visit to the Longxing guan 龍興觀 (in Suzhou 遂州, near Yizhou 易州, south-west of modern Peking). This temple housed a stele that carried the texts of the *Dao jing* 道經 and the *De jing* 德經. If this is the same stele as the one from the Longxing guan in Yizhou referred to in Chen Yuan's *Daojia jinshi lue* (98–99), it would date from the second year of the Jinglong period (708). When the author read the text on the stele, he found it to differ substantially from the text of the *Daode jing* current in his own day, occasioning major discrepancies in the interpretation. Thereupon he decided to produce a commentary to the classic and to systematically note all textual variants found on the stele. These variants (sixty-nine instances in the case of the *Dao jing* and seventy for the *De jing*) are grouped in two different chapters, added to the two parts of the annotated classic.

In the writing of the commentary, the author claims not to have followed any other interpretations, instead forming a school of his own. In reality, some of the explanations are rather bland. The value of the *Daode zhenjing cijie* lies not so much in its qualities as commentary as in the fact that it preserves the text of the Longxing guan stele.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

***Daode zhenjing jiyi* 道德真經集義**

10 juan

By Wei Dayou 危大有; 1387

712 (fasc. 414–416)

"Collected Commentaries on the True Scripture of the Way and its Power." This collection of commentaries on the *Daode jing* is preceded by two prefaces. One is by the Heavenly Master ZHANG YUCHU and dated 1393, the other, dated 1387, is by the author. In the latter, the author states, in agreement with the *zhishen zhiguo* 治身治國 school of commentaries, that the *Daode jing* was a text as relevant to self-cultivation as to governance. This interpretation explains the choice of commentators in the present work, ranging from HESHANG GONG to contemporaries of the author. This second preface ends with a list of the authors included in the collection; to this list should be added Ouyang Xiu 歐陽修 (1007–1072; 1.7b), Sima 司馬 (4.10a; this is not Sima Guang 司馬光), WANG BI (5.1b and 9.20b), and Emperor Huizong (r. 1100–1125), a total of sixteen authors.

Many of these authors, however, are quoted only in passing. Among the most cited authors are LIN XIYI; WU CHENG; He Xinshan 何心山, *zi* Chuyin 處尹 (fl. 1387);

LI DAOCHUN; and Lü Zhizhang 呂知常, the author of a *Laozi jiangyi* 老子講義 in twelve juan (VDL 107), of which a sixteenth-century copy is preserved in the National Library of Peking.

He Xinshan frequently quotes the *Zhuangzi*, the *Liezi*, and the *Yijing*. The explanations he provides are inspired by Inner Alchemy (1.11b: the husbanding of essence and qi, the method of the eruption of the trigram *li* 離 and the filling of *kan* 坎; see also, e.g., 2.8a, 8.3a).

The commentary by Lü Zhichang was presented to the throne in 1188. He quotes the *Xisheng jing* (see 666 *Xisheng jing* and 726 *Xisheng jing jizhu*) and the *Huangting jing* (see 332 *Taishang huangting waijing yujing* and 331 *Taishang huangting neijing yujing*) repeatedly and tends to explain the *Laozi* in terms of Taoist practice (e.g., 1.4a, 5a, and 20a–21b).

Isabelle Robinet

Daode zhenjing song 道德真經頌

13 fols.

By Jiang Rongan 蔣融庵; Ming (1368–1644)?

978 (fasc. 615)

“Hymns on the *Daode jing*.” Of the otherwise unknown author, the only detail is given in his signature: “from Maoshan.” The present collection of eighty-one poems, one for each chapter of the *Daode jing*, has been preserved only in the *Daozang*. The ideas expressed in the four-line, seven-character poems bear no direct relationship to the content of the chapters of the book under which they are classified.

Kristofer Schipper

Laozi yi 老子翼

6 juan

By Jiao Hong 焦竑, *zi* Ruohou 弱侯, *hao* Danyuan 澹園 (1541–1620)

1486 (fasc. 1115–16)

“Wings to the *Laozi*.” This text is by the Ming scholar and bibliophile Jiao Hong and is the next to the last work of the supplement *Xu Daozang* 續道藏, which was added to the Zhengtong canon in 1607. To realize the extent to which the original work was truncated by the editors of the canon, it is useful to compare the text of the *Xu Daozang* with two other easily accessible versions: the original Wanli print (copied into the *Daode jing mingzhu xuanji*) and the version in the *Siku quanshu*.

Both the Wanli and the *Siku quanshu* editions open with Jiao Hong’s own preface, dated 1587, and with a list of the sixty-four *Daode jing* commentaries used by Jiao in establishing his own critical commentary. Despite the interest of these items, they were excluded from the *Xu Daozang* edition. In the main body of the work as

found in the Wanli and Siku editions, the text of each *Daode jing* chapter is followed not only by a glossary of terms, but also by abundant quotations from older commentaries, including the now lost commentary by Shao Bian 邵弁 (twelfth century). Most numerous are quotations from the writings of Su Che 蘇轍, Lü Jifu 呂吉甫, Li Jiamou 李嘉謀, Lu Xisheng 陸希聲, Wang Yuanze 王元澤 (i.e., WANG PANG), and Cheng Ju 程俱. In the *Xu Daozang*, however, all this wealth has been reduced to quotations from the Su Che commentary, with only one exception, where Lü Jifu is quoted.

Eighteen of the *Daode jing* chapters also carry Jiao Hong’s own notes (*bicheng* 筆乘). Fortunately, in the *Xu Daozang* these have been retained almost entirely.

The last two juan of the *Laozi yi* (corresponding to juan 3 in the Wanli and *Siku* editions) are formed by supplements consisting of quotations from historical, epigraphic, and other sources. These juan deal with the life of Laozi and the history of the *Daode jing*, and they contain chronologically arranged notes on a host of *Daode jing* commentators. Some of these notes concern commentators whose commentaries have long been lost, such as Qin Xi 秦系 (eighth century). Other commentators, like WU YUN, were included in recognition of brief but remarkable comments they made about the *Laozi*.

Jiao Hong’s work concludes with observations on textual variants in the *Daode jing* (“*Laozi kaoyi* 老子考異”), drawing on a dozen or so different redactions of the text, including the one on a stele in the Longxing guan 龍興觀 (see 697 *Daode zhenjing cijie*).

Jan A. M. De Meyer

3.A.1.a.2 The *Zhuangzi*

Nanhua zhenjing xinzhu 南華真經新傳

20 juan

By WANG PANG 王雱, *zi* Yuanze 元澤 (1044–1076)

743 (fasc. 503–506)

Nanhua zhenjing shiyi 南華真經拾遺

8 fols.

744 (fasc. 506)

“New Exegesis of the *Zhuangzi*.” The qualification of this commentary as “new” may be explained by the fact that the author wrote another commentary to the same book in ten juan (see VDL 67), now lost, which is quoted in 734 *Nanhua zhenjing yihai zuanwei* 3.7b and 4.12b. The short 744 *Nanhua zhenjing shiyi* is a supplement that is also given, under the title *Zashuo*, in the appendix of 1487 *Zhuangzi yi*.

Wang was the son of Wang Anshi 王安石 (1021–1086) and assisted his father in his work; he thus attained a great erudition.

There is an unsigned preface, dated 1096, that explains that the present text was found in Sichuan during the years 1075–1085 and thereupon edited and printed. Although this version claims to be more complete than those current at the time of its discovery, the commentary on chapters 7 to 13 is lacking, as well as that on part of chapter 22. In a unsigned colophon to the preface, the author says that before him the *Zhuangzi* had never been properly understood.

The text of the *Zhuangzi* used here can be identified as the “old manuscript” (*jiuben* 舊本) edited by ZHANG JUNFANG and described by CHEN JINGYUAN in his 737 *Nanhua zhenjing zhangju yushi*.

WANG PANG’s exegesis is not based on philology. His aim is to explain Zhuangzi’s thought through the words of Zhuangzi himself, without imposing his own philosophy. He demonstrates the articulations of Zhuangzi’s thought and analyzes its progression from chapter to chapter. At the beginning of each chapter, the link with the preceding one is explained. At the end of each chapter, its different parts are discussed. The explanations are almost always based on citations from the book itself, confronting one passage with another, and using only the terminology and the metaphors of Zhuangzi himself. Laozi is rarely quoted, and Buddhist or Confucian terminology is even less in evidence. There are a few instances where Neo-Confucian terminology is used, as well as the concepts of *ti* 體 and *yong* 用 (substance and function; see, e.g., 6.6b and 9b; 10.20b–21a). The concepts of *zhiming* 至命 (to go to the utmost of one’s destiny) and *jinxing* 盡性 (to examine the core of one’s nature) are often mentioned (see, e.g., 4.2b; 6.12a and 18b). The text of the *Zhuangzi* itself remains, however, the basic material on which WANG PANG builds his exegesis.

There are several characteristic aspects of this exegesis. There is almost no mysticism, as becomes clear when one examines the way the famous passage on the Fast of the Heart and the “whiteness” that rises up from the “empty chamber” are interpreted (1.13b–14a). On the other hand, the exegesis occasionally evokes WANG BI (see, for instance, 3.1a). The foremost characteristic seems to be the rejection of the body and the material world. The body is only a temporal abode (it is merely “borrowed” [*wei* 委]; 4.12b). The body is “the branch” (3.3b); it should not be “nourished” (3.4a). The corporeal principle is the origin of all differences and multiplicity, whereas “forgetting the body” allows the practitioner to merge into unity (*yi* 一; 2.18b, 4.19a) and become one with the ten thousand beings (6.2b). Diversity is our lot (*fen* 分), whereas unity is our natural destiny (*ming* 命), the heavenly order. The material world (*xingqi* 形器) and the world of humans (*jingshi* 經世) are forever opposed to the Tao. WANG PANG considers that Confucianism is limited to the material world (see 734 *Nanhua zhenjing yihai zuanwei* 4.12b).

WANG PANG uses several expressions and concepts borrowed from GUO XIANG, including “spontaneous realization” (*zide* 自得; 1.1a; 4.3b), “coincidence” (*dang* 當; 1.8a; 4.12a), and to “plunge to one’s limit” (*ming qi ji* 冥其極; e.g., 1.4b; 2.14b). Like Guo, Wang emphasizes the attainment of truth and the accomplishment of the self through spontaneity (*zi* 自; 10.23b). Wang reproaches GUO XIANG, however, for having reduced the “free wandering” (*you* 遊) of Zhuangzi to a state of simple contentment with one’s lot (1.1b). In 743 *Nanhua zhenjing xinzhuan*, Wang frequently quotes the expression of Zhuangzi, “Go along with things and let the mind wander freely 乘物以遊心” (3.20b; see also 4.16a; 6.2b and 17a). This phrase clearly means to him to “wander beyond the material and multiple world.” That is the core of his commentary.

Isabelle Robinet

Nanhua zhenjing zhangju yinyi 南華真經章句音義

14 juan

By CHEN JINGYUAN 陳景元, *hao* Bixu zi 碧虛子; 1084

736 (fasc. 495–96)

Nanhua zhenjing zhangju yushi 南華真經章句餘事

20 fols.

737 (fasc. 497)

Nanhua zhenjing yushi zalu 南華真經餘事雜錄

2 juan

738 (fasc. 497)

The three works of CHEN JINGYUAN are philological notes to the *Zhuangzi*. The main text is the 736 *Nanhua zhenjing zhangju yinyi* (“Phonetic and Semantic Glosses”). The two shorter works, the 737 *Nanhua zhenjing zhangju yushi* (“Additional Notes”) and the 738 *Nanhua zhenjing yushi zalu* (“Miscellaneous Documents”), contain additions and complements.

CHEN JINGYUAN (1025–1094) compares different editions of the *Zhuangzi*. His basic text is the official Guozi jian 國子監 edition of 1007. To the printed editions he adds eight manuscripts (see the list in 737 *Zhangju yushi* 20b). One of these manuscripts was collated by Xu Lingfu 徐靈府, *hao* Moxi zi 墨希子, a scholar who lived at the end of the ninth century and who wrote a commentary on the *Wenzi* 文子 (see LZTT 40.5a). Three other manuscripts contain versions of the *Zhuangzi* revised by ZHANG JUNFANG. Another manuscript is by Liu Deyi 劉德一, who lived at the beginning of the eleventh century. Although Chen does not explicitly say so, a good number of his glosses are borrowed from the *Jingdian shiwen* 經典釋文 by Lu Deming 陸德明 (556–627).

The “additional notes” of 737 *Zhangju yushi* contain the tables of the divisions that CHEN JINGYUAN made in the book of *Zhuangzi*. He also lists errors discovered in the Guozi jian edition.

The “miscellaneous documents” of 738 *Yushi zalu* originally comprised three chapters on the *Gongsun Long zi* 公孫龍子 (see the preface of 763 *Zhangju yinyi* [2b]). Only two of these chapters are preserved in the *Daozang* version. The commentary in 738 *Yushi zalu* is the same as the one found in 1172 *Gongsun Long zi* 1.4b–8a, 2.1a–2b. Among these miscellaneous documents, Chen also gives the texts of the prefaces to the *Zhuangzi* by GUO XIANG and by CHENG XUANYING (1.9a–10a and 1.10a–12b, respectively), and the text of the imperial edict conferring official titles on the *Zhuangzi* and the *Liezi*. Finally, he gives the *Jiuzheng xinjie* 九證心戒, an essay by Yang Sifu 楊嗣復 dated 827. This essay is based on the Nine Tests (*guan* 觀) explained by Kongzi in chapter 32 of the *Zhuangzi*.

Isabelle Robinet

Nanhua zhenjing zhiyin 南華真經直音

2 + 12 fols.

By JIA SHANXIANG 賈善翔; preface dated 1086

739 (fasc. 497)

“Phonetic Gloss of the *Zhuangzi*.” This text is mentioned under the title *Zhuangzi zhiyin* in *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lie,” 5.3a (VDL 137). In the preface, JIA SHANXIANG, author of the *Gaodao zhuan* and other works, states that it was his intention to help readers of the *Zhuangzi* who might not be familiar with some of its more abstruse vocabulary.

The title of this work suggests that the pronunciation of each character is indicated by citing another, homophonous character (*zhiyin*). This rule is only partly applied. In many instances, the *fanqie* 反切 method is used in order to provide the pronunciation, and sometimes only the tone of the character is given.

The *Nanhua zhenjing zhiyin*, which is now found only in the *Daozang*, has not been preserved in its entirety: the text breaks off after the fourteenth *Zhuangzi* chapter (“Tianyun 天運”). In all, more than one thousand characters are provided with pronunciation or tone. It should be noted that the present edition is not flawless. A number of misprints obstruct the determination of the correct pronunciation.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

Nanhua miao 南華邈

3 fols.

Song dynasty (960–1279)

740 (fasc. 497)

“Profundities of the *Zhuangzi*.” The title of this short work first occurs in small characters beneath the title of the previous work, 739 *Nanhua zhenjing zhiyin*, to which it is appended. The *Daozang mulu xiangzhu* (3.20a) considers it to be the work of JIA SHANXIANG, but the present text, which is devoid of preface or colophon, does not allow such a conclusion. In the bibliographic chapters of the *Song shi* (205.5180), a *Zhuangzi miao* 莊子邈 is mentioned, with Wen Ruhai 文如海 as the author. Wen Ruhai presumably lived in the eighth century and also authored a *Zhuangzi zhengyi* 莊子正義 in ten juan. Whether Wen Ruhai’s *Zhuangzi miao* is related to the work now found in the *Daozang* is impossible to ascertain.

The full text of the *Nanhua miao*, which offers explanations of the titles of the chapters of the *Zhuangzi*, has not been preserved. What remains are explanations to the following chapter headings: “Tiandi 天地,” “Tiandao 天道,” “Tianyun 天運,” “Keyi 刻意” (incomplete), “Shuo jian 說劍,” and “Yufu 漁父.” Of the explanations to the “Lie Yukou 列禦寇” chapter, only the title is left. Apart from the *Daozang* version, no other editions of this text have been transmitted.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

Nanhua zhenjing kouyi 南華真經口義

32 juan

By LIN XIYI 林希逸, *zi* Suweng 肅翁, *hao* Zhuqi 竹溪 (ca. 1210–ca. 1273);

postface by Lin Jingde 林經德; dated 1260

735 (fasc. 488–494)

“Colloquial Interpretation of the *Nanhua Zhenjing*.” According to Lin Jingde, LIN XIYI’s aim in writing this text was “to cleanse Guo Xiang’s 郭象 filth off the Old Immortal Nanhua” (“Houxu,” 1.b; see GUO XIANG). The same postface, moreover, explains that LIN XIYI chose the term *kouyi* 口義 (oral interpretation) in order to make clear that literary style was not his main concern in making this commentary. In effect, the language Lin uses is simple and unadorned and contains many instances of Southern Song vernacular.

The present version in the *Daozang* is the oldest edition of our text. A ten-juan edition can also be found in the *Siku quanshu*, under the title *Zhuangzi kouyi*.

LIN XIYI was first and foremost a Confucian scholar-official, but his *Zhuangzi* commentary betrays a better-than-average knowledge of Buddhism, in particular the Chan Buddhist style of discourse. At the same time, and contrary to many of his fellow Confucians, Lin’s interpretations reveal a genuine sympathy for the *Zhuangzi*, as for

the *Daode jing* and the *Liezi*, to which Lin also wrote colloquial interpretations (701 *Daode zhenjing kouyi* and 729 *Chongxu zhide zhenjing Juanzhai kouyi*).

In his own introduction ("Zhuangzi kouyi fati 發題"), LIN XIYI elaborates on five types of difficulty that obstruct our correct understanding of the *Zhuangzi*, a book that "deserves its place under Heaven despite its not being a Confucian classic" ("Fati" 1.b). He seems to have regarded WANG PANG's and LÜ HUIQING's views on the *Zhuangzi* as especially detrimental to the book's reputation ("Fati," 2.b). In establishing his own commentary, LIN XIYI draws upon a wide variety of texts and commentators, among them the *Mengzi* 孟子, the *Zhongyong* 中庸, Han Yu 韓愈 (768–824), the *Vimalakīrī-nirdeśa sūtra*, and Lin's own teacher Chen Zao 陳藻.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

Nanhua zhenjing yihai zuanwei 南華真經義海纂微

106 juan

By Chu Boxiu 褚伯秀, *zi* Xueyan 雪巖; preface dated 1265

734 (fasc. 467–487)

"Collected Subtleties from the Sea of Meanings of the True Scripture of Southern Florescence." This is a collection of commentaries on the *Zhuangzi* with an additional interpretation by the editor, Chu Boxiu. Chu, who was born in 1230 and must have died after 1278, was a native of Wulin 吳林. In 1246, he met Fan Yuanying 范元應—a Taoist master from Sichuan, abbot of the Shouning guan 壽寧觀 on Hengshan 衡山, and author of a still extant *Laozi daode jing guben jizhu* 老子道德經古本集注—during the latter's stay at the capital. Chu studied the *Zhuangzi* with Fan during two years. Afterward, following his master's instructions, Chu continued studying by himself for seven years; he then compiled the present edition and had it printed. There are three prefaces, by Liu Zhensun 劉震孫 (1197–1268), Wen Jiweng 文及翁 (fl. 1279), and Tang Han 湯漢 (ca. 1198–1275), all dated 1265. They are followed by a note (preface, 4a–6a) by the editor, which shows that Chu based himself on CHEN JINGYUAN's edition of major commentaries in 736 *Nanhua zhenjing zhangju yinyi* (compare also the list in Chen's 737 *Nanhua zhenjing zhangju yushi* 20b), but he added a number of other interpretations. Most of the commentaries listed are, however, quoted only sporadically, as is the case of the glosses by Chu's master Fang Yuanying and by WANG PANG. The commentary by WANG PANG as given here appears, moreover, to be different from Wang's 743 *Nanhua zhenjing xinzhuan* and may represent another commentary by the same author, now lost. The commentary by Li Yuanzhuo 李元卓, *alias* Li Shibiao 李士表, also differs from Li's work in 1263 *Zhuang Lie shilun*.

Only six commentators out of the seventeen listed by Chu are in fact included in the present anthology. They are, in the order as listed:

1. GUO XIANG (252–312). His commentary is quoted here from a Wumen official edition (*guanben* 吳門官本), corrected through the critical notes by CHEN JINGYUAN. This version of GUO XIANG's text differs from that of 745 *Nanhua zhenjing zhushu* and also from that used by Lu Deming 陸德明 (556–627).

2. LÜ HUIQING (1031–1110). This text is quoted here from a Sichuan edition. Lü is also the author of 686 *Daode zhenjing zhuan* and of 965 *Song dong Taiyi gong beiming*. According to the *Zhizhai shulu jieti* (see VDL 138), his commentary to the *Zhuangzi* in ten juan was presented to the throne in 1084. The work is listed as lost in 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* 2.20b. In 1920, a copy was found in Khara-khoto (Karakorum) by P. K. Kozlov (see his *Comptes rendus* and *Mongolei, Amdo und die tote Stadt Chara-Choto*). From this copy, it could be ascertained that Chu Boxiu had not quoted the complete text. Until then, the work was extant only in the form of the long citations made by Chu, which were used by Jiao Hong 焦宏 (1541–1620) in his 1487 *Zhuangzi yi*.

3. Lin Yidu 林疑獨 (fl. 1268). Chu quotes his commentary from a printed edition from Masha 麻沙 in Fujian. Lin gives a hermeneutic and symbolical reading of the *Zhuangzi*, which emphasizes the limits of human language. According to Lin, the *Zhuangzi* uses metaphors and symbols in the same way as the *Yijing* uses images (*xiang* 象; see 95.7a). Lin Yidu often refers to the dialectics of *wu* 無 (nonbeing) and *you* 有 (being). He clearly dissociates himself from Taoist interpretations of the book of *Zhuangzi* in terms of bodily exercises (see, for instance, 5.16b). The most remarkable aspect of his commentary, however, is his emphasis on the concepts of *ming* 命 (mandate), *xing* 性 (nature), and *li* 理 (principle), which he takes here from the famous words of the *Yijing*: "to explore *li* to its limits, to examine the very core of one's *xing*, so as to reach [an understanding of] *ming*."

Lin distinguishes three levels of explorations. "To explore *li* to its limits" corresponds to ordinary life and therefore means "to listen with one's ears." "To examine the very core of one's *xing*" corresponds to "listening with one's heart" and to "reverse hearing." Finally, "to reach [an understanding of] *ming*" consists in "listening with the qi, or with the Void" (see 8.4b and 99.3b). These interpretations are related to the meaning Lin gives to the three concepts: *Ming* existed before life and also constitutes the very substance of life (see 36.10a and 74.4a); it thus stands for the Origin in terms of the Void. The *ming* as attribute of an individual is subjective, and thus plural. This subjective and plural aspect of the *ming* is the *xing*, which appears here following the spirit. *Xing* is the "true nature," a particular aspect of the *ming* that one has to retrieve. The *li*, finally, is the objective (*zaiwu* 在物) aspect of the *xing* and thus opposed to the subjective *xing*. The ultimate stage of the Tao is therefore the *ming* as origin of all beings and as the point at which they all are still undifferentiated (to illustrate this stage, Lin Yidu uses the term *qiwu* 齊物 of the *Zhuangzi*, that is, the fusion into unity of all

beings). This stage is superior to “the answer” given to the exterior world (see 8.4b; 99.3b; 74.4a; 36.9b–10a; 105.5a, 106.10b). However, the relationship between *ming* and *xing* is the same as that between Heaven (here equated with *ming*) and humanity (here equated with *xing*), as well as that between yang and yin. In other words, *ming* and *xing* are complementary and both necessary.

4. Chen Xiangdao 陳詳道, *zi* Yongzhi 用之 (1053–1093). Chen was from Mingqing 閩清 in Fujian, a Confucian scholar, and author of a Book on Ritual (*Lishu* 禮書) and of a commentary to the Analects (*Lunyu* 論語). His commentary is quoted only in the first half of Chu Boxiu’s anthology.

5. CHEN JINGYUAN is the author of the *Zhuangzi* commentary 736 *Nanhua zhenjing zhangju yinyi*. The text quoted here under his name is, however, another commentary, otherwise unknown. Chen’s interpretation is more mystical than others and recommends renunciation and forgetting.

6. The next commentary is that of LIN XIYI, which corresponds, with many variants, to Lin’s 735 *Nanhua zhenjing kuyi*. The edition quoted here was printed in Fujian.

7. Chu Boxiu’s own commentary comes last. Chu adds to his interpretation a general conclusion for each chapter. He often uses philological methods, compares variant readings, avows the difficulties in understanding certain terms, compares passages, and so on. Chen, however, also proposes his own system of interpretation, centering on the notions of *yangxing* 養性 (to nourish one’s nature) and *fixing* 復性 (to return to one’s nature). This return can be accomplished through “total forgetting” (*jianwang* 健忘), which is the “nonmental” (*muxin* 無心). Because of this *muxin*, Chen rejects the qi techniques and also criticizes Inner Alchemy. He declares that the “I” (*wo* 我) that is eternal is not the body of flesh but the “marvelous void,” which is colorless and cannot be seen. Chen therefore is also opposed to all Taoist techniques of visualization. He reconciles Taoism and Confucianism and declares that Zhuangzi reveals “the heart” of the teachings of Confucius (98.10a). For him, Confucianism proposes the “inner learning” that culminates in the “outward learning” of Taoism (49.7a–b). He quotes the *Ximing* 西銘 of Zhang Zai 張載 (1020–1076) as being close to the spirit of Zhuangzi (19.13a), and he often quotes the famous words of the *Yijing*, also regularly adduced by the Confucians: “to explore *li* to its limits, to examine the very core of one’s *xing*, so as to reach [an understanding of] *ming*.” He sees, for instance, a connection between these three concepts and the three first chapters of the *Zhuangzi* (see 5.5a).

Isabelle Robinet

Zhuang Lie shilun 莊列十論

29 fols.

By Li Yuanzhuo 李元卓, *zi* Shibiao 士表; Song (960–1279)

1263 (fasc. 1001)

“Ten Discussions on the *Zhuangzi* and the *Liezi*.” This is a collection of short essays on particular passages of these works, nine having been taken from the *Zhuangzi* and one from the *Liezi*.

The author is identified as instructor of the Imperial College (Taixue jiaoshou 太學教授). He appears not to be known elsewhere. The work is mentioned in several Song catalogues under the title *Zhuangzi shilun* 莊子十論 (VDL 137). The ten essays concern:

1. The dream of Zhuangzi (*Qiwu lun* 齊物論)
2. Bao Ding (*Yangsheng zhu* 養生主)
3. Hiding the boat (*Da zongshi* 大宗師)
4. Yan Hui’s meditation (*Da zongshi* 大宗師)
5. Hu Zi and the shaman (*Ying diwang* 應帝王)
6. The Mysterious Pearl (*Tiandi* 天地)
7. Zhuangzi and the fishes (*Qiushui* 秋水)
8. The drunk who fell from the cart (*Dasheng* 達生)
9. The Tao of old (*Tianxia* 天下)
10. The story of Songhua zi (*Zhou Muwang* 周穆王)

Nine topics come from the *Zhuangzi* and one from the *Liezi*. The work is quoted by Jiao Hong 焦宏 (1541–1620) at the end of his 1487 *Zhuangzi yi* (“Fulu 附錄,” 22a ff.) under the title *Zhuangzi jiulun* 莊子九論.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

Zhuangzi neipian dingzheng 莊子內篇訂正

2 juan

By WU CHENG 吳澄 (1249–1333)

741 (fasc. 497)

“*Zhuangzi*’s Inner Chapters Correctly Arranged.” When WU CHENG produced his commentary on the *Daode jing* (704 *Daode zhenjing zhu*), he rearranged the traditional eighty-one paragraphs into sixty-eight larger units. Apparently acting on the same impulse, Wu composed this text. As indicated by the title, WU CHENG’s own contribution limits itself to providing paragraph divisions for the *Zhuangzi*’s seven Inner Chapters.

Similar to his treatment of the text of the *Daode jing*, WU CHENG’s tendency is to concentrate more material into one paragraph than is customary today. Thus,

clearly separated subdivisions of the original text are often found together in one new paragraph, which in itself is not problematic. WU CHENG's idiosyncratic approach becomes objectionable, however, where subdivisions of the *Zhuangzi* that form one logical unity are divided over two new paragraphs, as in the final section of the fifth *Zhuangzi* chapter ("Dechong fu 德充符," 2.6a-b).

The *Zhuangzi neipian dingzheng* has been preserved only in the *Daozang*.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

Nanhua zhenjing xunben 南華真經循本

30 juan

By Luo Miandao 羅勉道 (d. 1367), collated by his disciple Peng Xiang 彭祥

742 (fasc. 498-502)

"Fundamental *Zhuangzi*." The author explains the title of his work in the short prefatory essay "Nanhua zhenjing xunben shiti 釋題." According to Luo Miandao, the *Zhuangzi* was misinterpreted on numerous occasions by commentators who sought to explain the text in Pure Conversation (*qingtan* 清談), Chan Buddhist, or Confucian terms. What all these commentators lacked was a profound knowledge of the language and culture of the Late Zhou period, which spawned the *Zhuangzi*. Luo Miandao, on the other hand, claims to have succeeded in interpreting the text "in accordance with its basic purport" (*xun qi benzhi* 循其本指), hence the term *xunben* 循本 in the title.

Luo Miandao's commentary does not extend to all of the *Zhuangzi*'s chapters. Juan 28, 29, and 30 of the *Nanhua zhenjing xunben* limit themselves to reproducing the text of six of the *Zhuangzi waipian* chapters that Luo Miandao judged not to have been written by Zhuang Zhou 莊周 himself. These chapters are: "Keyi 刻意," "Shanxing 善性," "Rangwang 讓王," "Daozhi 盜跖," "Shuojian 說劍," and "Yufu 漁父." Apart from a few critical remarks, Luo Miandao considers these chapters unworthy of commentary.

The *Nanhua zhenjing xunben* exerted quite some influence on later commentators. It is, for instance, one of the five *Zhuangzi* commentaries quoted most often in Jiao Hong's 1487 *Zhuangzi yi*. The *Nanhua zhenjing xunben* is preserved only in the *Daozang*.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

Zhuangzi yi 莊子翼

8 juan

By Jiao Hong 焦竑, *zi* Ruohou 弱侯, *hao* Danyuan 澹園; (1541-1620) preface dated 1588

1487 (fasc. 1117-1120)

"Wings to the *Zhuangzi*." This text by the Ming scholar and bibliophile Jiao Hong, is the last work printed in the *Xu Daozang*, the 1607 addition to the Zhengtong canon.

As in the case of Jiao Hong's 1486 *Laozi yi*, the *Daozang* edition of the present work is a severely abridged version of the original 1588 print by Wang Yuanzhen 王元貞, which can be conveniently consulted in the *Zhongguo zixue mingzhu jicheng* 中國子學名著集成 edition.

In Wang Yuanzhen's print, the main body of the text is preceded by Jiao Hong's own preface (dated 1588), Wang Yuanzhen's preface of the same year, the original table of contents of the *Zhuangzi yi*, the list of commentaries and other works consulted by Jiao Hong, and an essay "On Reading the *Zhuangzi*" ("Du *Zhuangzi* 讀莊子"). These items are not without interest. Jiao Hong's preface, for instance, contains his views on the relation between *Zhuangzi*, Laozi, Confucius, and Mencius. However, none of the introductory items are to be found in the *Daozang* edition.

In compiling this text, Jiao Hong consulted a total of forty-nine works dealing with the *Zhuangzi*, including commentaries and works on textual criticism and the pronunciation of the *Zhuangzi*'s more obscure vocabulary. The commentaries quoted most often by Jiao Hong are those by GUO XIANG, LÜ HUIQING (1031-1100), Chu Boxiu 褚伯秀 (thirteenth century), Luo Miandao 羅勉道 (fourteenth century), and Lu Xixing 陸西星 (sixteenth century). Other works quoted regularly include Hong Mai's *Rongzhai suibi* and JIA SHANXIANG's 739 *Nanhua zhenjing zhiyin*. In the *Daozang* edition, however, almost all commentaries, with the exception of the one by GUO XIANG and Jiao Hong's own notes (*bicheng* 筆乘), have been excised. Similarly, CHEN JINGYUAN's *Zhuangzi quewu* 莊子闕誤, which in Wang Yuanzhen's edition is inserted between the main text and the appendixes, is omitted in the *Daozang* edition.

Only in the appendixes does the *Daozang* match Wang Yuanzhen's edition. The appendixes include Zhuang Zhou's *Shiji* biography; Ruan Ji's 阮籍 (210-263) "Zhuang lun 莊論"; Wang Anshi's 王安石 (1021-1086) "Zhuangzi lun 莊子論"; Su Shi's 蘇軾 (1036-1101) "Zhuangzi citang ji 莊子祠堂記"; Li Shibiao's 李士表 "Zhuangzi jiulun 莊子九論" (the nine chapters dealing with the *Zhuangzi* in Li's 1263 *Zhuang Lie shilun*); and a "Farewell Address" ("Zengbie 贈別") by the obscure Five Dynasties Pan You 潘佑. WANG PANG's (1042-1076) "Zashuo 雜說" can also be found in 744 *Nanhua zhenjing shiyi*.

Jan A. M. De Meyer

3.A.1.a.3 The *Liezi**Liezi chongxu zhide zhenjing shiwen* 列子沖虛至德真經釋文

2 juan

By Yin Jingshun 殷敬順; Tang (618–907); supplemented by CHEN JINGYUAN

陳景元, *hao* Bixu zi 碧虛子; 1069

733 (fasc. 466)

“Textual Explanations of the *Liezi*.” In his preface dated 1069, CHEN JINGYUAN provides details on the origin of the work: he based himself on an already heavily damaged manuscript in two juan. The manuscript was in the calligraphy of Moxi zi 墨希子 (Xu Lingfu 徐靈府; fl. 815) and contained textual explanations of the *Liezi*; it was compiled by the assistant prefect of Dangtu 當塗 county, Yin Jingshun of the Tang (apparently a contemporary of Xu). In addition, Chen used another manuscript in Xu’s calligraphy, the *Liezi* with a commentary by Lu Chongxuan 盧重玄 (see 732 *Chongxu zhide zhenjing sijie*), as well as the *Liezi* edition printed in 1007 by the Directorate of Education (*guozi jian* 國子監). After having compared the different readings, he compiled a list of 106 variant characters in one juan, which he added as a supplement to Yin’s explanations.

In the present text, Chen’s list is no longer found as a separate appendix but is incorporated into Yin’s explanations. Thus in most cases it is no longer possible to distinguish the provenance of the individual notes. They are limited to phonetic and semantic explanations and point out more than 200 textual differences that concern not only the text of the *Liezi*, but also the commentary by Zhang Zhan 張湛 (fl. 370) and the report by Liu Xiang 劉向 (see the article on 668 *Chongxu zhide zhenjing*).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Chongxu zhide zhenjing jie 沖虛至德真經解

20 juan

By Jiang Yu 江通; ca. 1110

730 (fasc. 457–460)

“Explanations of the *Liezi*.” The title of the otherwise unknown Song author—scholar of the Inner College at the Prefectural Academy in Hangzhou (*Hangzhou zhouxue neishe sheng* 杭州州學內舍生)—allows a rather precise dating of his work: an examination system in three grades (*sanshe* 三舍), introduced under Shenzong for the National Academy in the capital (Taixue 太學), was also applied to the academies on the prefectural level (Zhouxue 州學) in the period between 1099 and 1121 (*Huang Song shichao gangyao* 14.6b; 18.9b).

Judging from the formula at the beginning of the text, this work was meant to be presented to the court. The *Siku quanshu zongmu* 146.1245 notes that Jiang Yu relies

on the style of GUO XIANG’s *Zhuangzi* commentary—without philological annotations and with intuitive understanding. His explanations are highly praised for their elegance of style and thorough textual understanding, and are placed above LIN XIYI’s commentary to the *Liezi*.

The present edition has some lacunae (4.25a; 9.1b; 20.11a) that are also found in the *Daozang jiyao* edition (in three juan) as well as in the *Siku quanshu zhenben* 四庫全書珍本 edition (in eight juan).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Chongxu zhide zhenjing yijie 沖虛至德真經義解

6 juan

By Song Huizong 宋徽宗; 1118

731 (fasc. 460)

“Explanation of the Meaning of the *Liezi*.” The imperial text, in the present form, is fragmentary and treats only half of the *Liezi*. In Song bibliographies, Huizong’s *Liezi* commentary is listed as comprising eight juan (VDL 101). His explanations were also included unabridged in the collection 732 *Chongxu zhide zhenjing sijie*, where the complete commentary has been preserved. The part missing here begins in juan 12 of the latter work. Huizong’s preface of 1118 has also been preserved only in that collection. In this preface, the emperor writes that after having commentated the *Laozi* and *Zhuangzi*, it would be impossible not to expound the *Liezi* (an edict to have the imperial commentary to the *Liezi* printed by the Directorate of Education and to distribute it to scholars was issued in 1123; see *Tongjian changbian jishi benmo* 127.9b–10a). Huizong does not linger over philological details but gives an elegant exegesis of the philosophical thought of the work. The main text does not show any substantial textual variants but contains interspersed information about variant readings that come from Zhang Zhan’s 張湛 (fl. 370) commentary.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Chongxu zhide zhenjing sijie 沖虛至德真經四解

20 juan

Compiled by Gao Shouyuan 高守元, *zi* Shanzhang 善長, *hao* Heguang sanren 和光散人; 1189

732 (fasc. 461–466)

“Four Explanations of the *Liezi*.” Little is known about the life of the compiler. The *Jin shi* 131.2813 mentions that he held the position of a collator in the Imperial Library (*jiaoshu lang* 校書郎) during the Tiande period (1149–1153). His compilation contains four commentaries together with their prefaces, a brief biography of Liezi (from 163

Xuanyuan shizi tu), Liu Xiang's 劉向 report, and a preface to Gao Shouyuan's compilation, written by Mao Hui 毛麾 in 1189.

The authors of the four commentaries, the first three of which are listed as independent works in Song bibliographies (see VDL 101), are as follows:

1. Zhang Zhan 張湛 (fl. 370). For his preface, in which he gives an account of the textual history, see Graham, "The date and composition of the *Liezi*" (144 ff). His commentary in the present edition differs only slightly from the Song print reproduced in *Sibu congkan* 四部叢刊.

2. Lu Chongxuan 盧重玄 (fl. 735; cf. 295 *Xu xian zhuan* 2.4b–5a). According to his preface, he wrote his explanations of the *Liezi* at the behest of Xuanzong (r. 712–756). From the title—Kaiyuan shengwen shenwu huangdi 開元聖文神武皇帝, by which he refers to the emperor—it can be concluded that this commentary was written between 739 and 742 (cf. *Jiu Tang shu* 9.210; 9.215).

3. Huizong 徽宗 (r. 1100–1125). For his commentary and preface dated 1118, see 731 *Chongxu zhide zhenjing yijie*.

4. Fan Zhixu 范致虛. He was the executive assistant of the Left in the Department of State Affairs (Shangshu zuocheng 尚書左丞); the preface to his explanations is by Wu Shizhong 吳師中 and dated 1119.

Like Zhang Zhan's and Huizong's explanations, the two other commentaries were probably also included unabridged, so that in this collection four of the oldest *Liezi* commentaries have been preserved virtually complete (in juan 18, Lu's annotations are missing).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Chongxu zhide zhenjing Juanzhai kouyi 冲虛至德真經膚齋口義

8 juan

By LIN XIYI 林希逸, *hao* Juanzhai 膚齋; ca. 1260

729 (fasc. 455–456)

"Colloquial Explanations of the *Liezi*." Apart from this work, LIN XIYI wrote commentaries in the same style on the *Laozi* and *Zhuangzi*. To the latter, a postface by Lin Jingde 林經德 dated 1260 has been preserved (see 735 *Nanhua zhenjing kouyi*); it contains an explanation of the term *kouyi* 口義 as well as biographical information about LIN XIYI, and it is therefore reasonable to assume that the present work was also written around that year.

Lin's explanations are preceded by a brief biography of *Liezi* (from 163 *Xuanyuan shizi tu*) and by Liu Xiang's 劉向 memorial (see 668 *Chongxu zhide zhenjing*). Lin, who repeatedly calls himself a (Neo-) Confucian (*wuru* 吳儒; 7.11b), consistently indicates text parallels to the *Zhuangzi*, *Huainan zi*, and elsewhere, and he frequently points out relations to (Zen) Buddhism (e.g., 4.24a–25a). In text-critical notes he specifies

which passages in the *Liezi* he considers authentic, and which portions he discounts (e.g., 8.26b).

In the 1574 Jingyi tang 敬義堂 edition of the *Sanzi kouyi* 三子口義, Lin's commentary is divided into two juan but does not show substantial textual differences.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

3.A.1.a.4 Others

Xisheng jing jizhu 西昇經集註

6 juan

By CHEN JINGYUAN 陳景元, *hao* Bixu zi 碧虛子 (1025–1094)

726 (fasc. 449–450)

"Collected Commentaries on the Scripture of the Ascent to the West." The scripture contains the teachings that Laozi left to the Guardian of the Pass, Yin Xi 尹喜, when Laozi headed west. Its contents rely heavily on the *Daode jing*. For individual practice, the importance of *yangshen* 養身 (nourishing the body) and *shouyi* 守一 (holding the One) are emphasized. The latter is to be preferred to alchemical practices (3.19b). The scripture is divided into thirty-nine sections with large portions rhymed—mostly in mnemonic verses of eight or ten syllables (sections 5–14).

Possibly the work was written before the mid-fourth century, as its opening sentences are cited (without, however, explicitly naming the source) in *Zhengwu lun* 1.7b (see Zürcher, *The Buddhist conquest of China*, 311–12 and 436 n. 111). These very opening and concluding passages were repeatedly the object of Buddhist polemics in the course of the *huahu* 化胡 disputes, since by small textual modifications it could be proven either that the Buddha was Laozi's teacher or the reverse (for the Buddhist argumentation, see *Zhenzheng lun* 2.564c–565a; for the Taoist view, see also 770 *Hunyuan shengji* 3.8a–b and 954 *Taishang hunyuan zhenlu* 22a–b). Laozi's biography in *Shenxian zhuan* 神仙傳 also mentions a *Xisheng jing*.

There is no reason to doubt that the present work is identical with the *Xisheng jing* frequently cited and attacked in the historical texts in the Buddhist Canon, as all citations—with minor textual variants and apart from one probably erroneous ascription—can be found in today's text. Similarly, all the citations in early Taoist compilations (e.g., WSPY, 1129 *Daojiao yishu*, 1123 *Yiqie daojing yinyi miaomen youqi*), correspond closely to the present text.

For his collection, CHEN JINGYUAN used five originally separate commentaries, which he verified before producing his definitive main text. Within the work, Chen limits himself to pointing out textual variants.

The five commentaries are by (1) Wei Jie 韋節, *zi* Chuxuan 處玄, who probably lived during the years 497–569 (cf. LZTT 29.4a–5b; read Tianhe 天和 for Taihe 太

和). (2) Xu Daomiao 徐道邈, who was, together with PAN SHIZHENG (585–682), a disciple of Wang Yuanzhi 王遠知 (LZTT 25.2b). (3) Chongxuan zi 沖玄子, whose identity remains a mystery. (4) Li Rong 李榮, known as a Taoist from Sichuan who in the years 658–663 took part in the Buddhist-Taoist debates before the emperor (see *Ji gujin fodao lunheng* 4.387b–394c). He also left a commentary to the *Laozi* (722 *Daode zhenjing zhu*). (5) Liu Renhui 劉仁會, who lived during the Wei dynasty (386–556) and is also known to have written a commentary on the *Daode jing* (see 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi*, preface).

The explanations of the individual commentators, originally amounting to a total of thirteen or fourteen juan (cf. VDL 103–104), were used only selectively by Chen (see also 770 *Hunyuan shengji* 3.8a for a citation from Chongxuan zi's commentary, which is not found in our text).

The present edition is faulty: for printing 維七, 7 (for 4.8b–9b), the block of 維四, 7 (727 *Wenshi zhenjing zhu* 1.7a–8a) was used.

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Xisheng jing 西昇經

3 juan

Commentary by Song Huizong 宋徽宗; ca. 1117

666 (fasc. 346–347)

“Scripture of the Ascent to the West.” Contrary to its title and its placement in the division entitled *benwen* 本文 (fundamental scriptures), this work is an edition with a commentary by Song Huizong. It is preceded by an imperial preface from the Zhenghe period (1111–1118) in which the *Xisheng jing* is said to be complementary to the *Daode jing*.

Compared to 726 *Xisheng jing jizhu*, which is also divided into thirty-nine sections, our main text shows numerous textual differences, especially at the end of section 22.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Wenshi zhenjing zhu 文始真經註

9 juan

By Niu Daochun 牛道淳, hao Xiaoyao zi 逍遙子 (fl. 1296)

727 (fasc. 450–452)

“Commentary on the True Scripture of Wenshi.” The author of this commentary on the *Guanyin zi* 關尹子, a Quanzhen Taoist, is known to us through another work, 276 *Zheyi zhimi lun* (preface dated 1296).

The brief biography of Yin Xi 尹喜 (cf. 667 *Wushang miaodao wenshi zhenjing*) is followed by a preface (probably by the commentator himself) to the present “direct explanations” (*zhijie* 直解). A postface to the *Wenshi zhenjing*, dated 327 and attributed to GE HONG, praises this work, which Ge is said here to have received from his master Zheng Siyuan 鄭思遠 (i.e., ZHENG YIN).

The nine *pian* 篇 of the main text are divided into 170 sections (*zhang* 章). The work is commented sentence by sentence, and the contents are again summarized at the end of each section. Niu's explanations are indeed “direct” and occasionally have a colloquial tinge.

Niu repeatedly refers to two otherwise unknown editions of the *Guanyin zi*. The textual passages that he cites as coming from Guo Ziqian's edition 郭子謙本 (4.15b; 7.16b; 8.3a) are all found in 667 *Wenshi zhenjing* but not in 728 *Wenshi zhenjing yanwai zhi*, whereas the passage from the edition by Xixuan zi [surnamed] Jia 希玄子賈本 (4.6b) is found in the latter but not in the former text.

On the whole, the three *Guanyin zi* versions contained in the *Daozang* hardly differ in their main text. Most textual variants occur between the present text and 667 *Wenshi zhenjing*.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Wenshi zhenjing yanwai zhi 文始真經言外旨

9 juan

By CHEN XIANWEI 陳顯微, hao Baoyi zi 抱一子; 1254

728 (fasc. 453–454)

“Meaning of the *Guanyin zi* beyond Its Words.” In the preface to this interpretative commentary (dated 1254), CHEN XIANWEI from Yangzhou 揚州 defends the text against the suspicion that it was forged by a scholar in Han times; he also gives a numerological explanation of the titles of its nine *pian* 篇. A note points out that Chen's original commentary in three juan was divided into nine juan for the present edition. Wang Yi 王夷, a disciple of Chen's, states in his preface that he received this work from Chen and had it printed. This preface is followed by a memorial (dated 15 B.C.) in which Liu Xiang 劉向 gives an account of his collation of the text and its previous transmission. This memorial is not mentioned elsewhere before the Song (960–1279); most likely it was forged together with, or slightly after, today's *Guanyin zi*.

An edition of Chen's commentary prior to that in the *Daozang* is described in *Bisong lou cangshu zhi* 66.5b–12a, where it is said that in 1293 Ji Zhirou 姬致柔 had a *Bichuan Guanyin zi yanwai jingzhi* 秘傳關尹子言外經旨 in three juan newly printed in Hangzhou.

A Chronicle of the Emergence of the *Guanyin zi*, written by Zhu Xiangxian 朱象先 in 1281 as a preface to Baoyi zi's explanations was not included in the Hangzhou

edition, nor in the *Daozang* edition. It probably originally introduced yet another printed edition. Today, this preface is most accessible in the *Shoushan ge congshu* 守山閣叢書 edition, which, moreover, contains a strongly modified version of Wang Yi's preface.

A version of Chen's commentary in two juan that can be traced back at least to 1591, due to the *Daoshu quanji* 道書全集 edition, is found in the *Daozang jiyao*. There, each *pian* concludes with a summary from the brush of Zhu Xiangxian (and, without doubt, from his edition of 1281). Repeatedly, textual variants in the edition of Guo 郭 (that correspond with the text of 667 *Wushang miaodao wenshi zhenjing*; see also 727 *Wenshi zhenjing zhu*) are pointed out. Two other annotations (1.22b; 2.17b) cannot be identified. The preface by Wang Yi is missing completely, that of the commentator has been abridged by about 460 characters, as compared to both other editions. Zhu's chronicle is abridged in the final sentence, but it does not have the lacunae of the *Shoushan ge* edition.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Tongxuan zhenjing zuanyi 通玄真經續義

12 juan

By DU DAOJIAN 杜道堅, hao Nangu zi 南谷子; ca. 1310

748 (fasc. 523–524)

“Received Meaning of the True Scripture of Communication with Mystery.” This version of DU DAOJIAN's commentary on the *Wenzi* 文子 includes a brief biography of Wenzi by ZHAO MENG FU (1254–1322; cf. 163 *Xuanyuan shizi tu*) and prefaces by WU QUANJIE (dated 1310), Huang Shiweng 黃石翁 (1310), and DU DAOJIAN himself.

Du, who from 1303 on was Taoist registrar (*daolu* 道錄) of Hangzhou 杭州, revised an old, unspecified edition of the *Wenzi*. He arranged the contents into sections, at the end of which he added his own interpretations stressing the analogies between socio-political conditions and cosmic events. Compared to Xu Lingfu's 徐靈府 version (cf. the article on 746 *Tongxuan zhenjing*), this text shows numerous corrections that are clearly by DU DAOJIAN himself, as are the phonetic explanations that conclude the work.

As pointed out by Yu Jiayi (*Siku tiyao bianzheng* 19.1196–99), the compilers of the *Siku quanshu* not only erroneously assumed that Du was active under the Song, but also failed to notice the *Daozang* version and relied on the fragmentary edition in the *Yongle dadian* (with juan 1, 3, 5, 10, and 12 missing completely, and juan 8 lacking Du's commentary). This edition contained, in addition to Du's interpretations, a so-called “old commentary” (in juan 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, and 11 identical with Xu Lingfu's commentary, while the annotations in juan 9 are by a different author). From this commentary, the compilers concluded that Du had originally formulated his “appended interpreta-

tions” as a subcommentary to a selection of annotations by Xu Lingfu and Zhu Bian 朱弁 (see the article on 749 *Tongxuan zhenjing*). For the *Wuying dian* 武英殿 edition of 1780, this text was supplemented by a Ming printed edition without commentary and by Mou Yan's 牟巘 (1227–1311) preface to the original edition, taken from his collected literary works. The preface by Mou Yan is not found in the *Daozang* version.

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Hebei sheng wenwu yanjiu suo Dingzhou Hanjian zhengli xiaozu, “Dingzhou Xi Han Zhongshan Huaiwang mu zhujian *Wenzi* shiwen/jiaokan ji/de zhengli he yiyi.”

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Heguan zi 鶡冠子

3 juan

Commentary by Lu Dian 陸佃 (1042–1102)

1175 (fasc. 842)

“Master Pheasant Cap.” This philosophical work in which Taoist, Confucian, Legalist, and military-philosophical ideas are interwoven is attributed to a hermit from Chu 楚 who wore a cap made of pheasant feathers (see *Han shu* 30.1730, containing the earliest bibliographic mention of a work with this title). In its present form, however, the work has existed only since the seventh century, after its oldest parts, dating from the fourth century B.C., had been supplemented, mainly in Han times but also in subsequent centuries (see Needham, “History of scientific thought,” 547). The inconsistent information about the size and division of earlier, uncommentated versions of the text remains unexplained: between Tang (618–907) and Song (960–1279) times the number of *pian* 篇 is given as fifteen, sixteen, or nineteen (see the preface and VDL 167). Since the Ming (1368–1644) dynasty, however, there seem to have existed only editions in nineteen *pian*.

In this oldest preserved commentary, Lu, who in an eventful career rose to the position of executive assistant of the Left in the Department of State Affairs (Shangshu zuocheng 尚書左丞), mainly paraphrases the text and cites the Confucian classics as well as the Taoist philosophers. He regularly indicates variant readings but only in one instance specifies “the edition of Su” (*Suben* 蘇本; 2.14a). The present edition has numerous lacunae, mostly in the main text, but also in the commentary (1.2a). A Ming facsimile of a Song print (*Ming fu Song kanben* 明覆宋刊本) of Lu's explanations, reproduced in the *Sibu congkan*, has somewhat fewer lacunae than the *Daozang* edition.

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Huangshi gong sushu 黃石公素書

23 fols.

Preface and commentary by Wei Lu 魏魯

1178 (fasc. 849)

“Book of Simplicity by the Duke of the Yellow Stone.” This version of the *Sushu* is not listed in the Song bibliographies. About Wei Lu nothing is known apart from the position (prefect of Baoxin 褒信, in today’s Henan) and title indicated here.

For the contents of the text, Wei sees a division into three parts: the practice of ruling the empire by *Dao* and *De* 德; techniques for maintaining physical existence and preserving one’s life; principles for the undertakings of the sovereigns and for putting the country in order. Both Zhang Liang 張良 (d. 187 B.C.) and Zhuge Liang 諸葛亮 (181–234) are said to have received the *Sushu* and to have practiced it with great success.

Between the present text (1,117 characters) and 1179 *Huangshi gong sushu* there are, in addition to numerous minor variants, considerable textual differences: 11b10; 12a2–6; 16b5 of our version are missing there, and 1179 *Sushu* 12a–14a is not found in the present text. Also 1179 *Sushu* 18b ff. does not correspond at all with our text 19b ff.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Sunzi yishuo 孫子遺說

22 fols.

By Zheng Youxian 鄭友賢; late eleventh or early twelfth century

1181 (fasc. 854)

“Gleanings of Sunzi’s [Art of War].” The first bibliographic mention of this work is found in *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe,” 68.7a. All that is known about Zheng Youxian is that he was a native of Yingyang 螢陽 (Henan).

In the present edition, Zheng’s work is preceded by two older texts: Wei Wudi’s preface to the separate *Sunzi* edition commentated by him (*Wei Wudi zhu Sunzi* 魏武帝註孫子) and Sun Wu’s 孫武 biography (from *Shiji* 65). In a Song printed edition of the “Eleven Commentaries to the *Sunzi*,” dating from Ningzong’s reign (1195–1224; cf. 1180 *Sunzi zhujie*), the biography of Sun Wu and Zheng’s work figure as an appendix, while Wei Wudi’s preface has not been included.

In his preface, Zheng explains that in terms of philosophical depth the *Sunzi* has the same standing for those who are concerned with the art of warfare as the *Yijing* does for Confucian scholars. Since its meaning has not been treated exhaustively by the ten commentators, he now proposes to answer remaining questions in a fictitious dialogue under the title “Gleanings of the Ten Commentaries.” Thus Zheng unfolds his explanations in thirty points, often supporting them with quotations from other military treatises and exemplifying them by historical events.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Zihua zi 子華子

10 juan

Attributed to Cheng Ben 程本, *zi* Zihua 子華, of the Spring and Autumn period (770–475 B.C.); late eleventh or early twelfth century

1174 (fasc. 841)

“Master Zihua.” The earliest mention of this philosophical work, which is usually counted among the works of the school of Eclectics (*zajia* 雜家), is found in the *Junzhai dushu zhi* 12.511. In Chao Gongwu’s 晁公武 opinion it was written by an examination candidate (*juzi* 舉子) after the Yuanfeng period (1078–1086). The *Zhongxing guange shumu* (in *Yuhai* 53.10a–b), which ascribes the text to the Confucian school, confirms that the existence of a *Zihua zi* was attested under neither the Sui nor the Tang; nor was it listed in the Song bibliographies.

The work is made up of fictitious dialogues in which Master Zihua elucidates his ideas to “contemporaries” such as Yanzi and Confucius. The first six juan mainly present Confucian concepts in a Taoist guise, and juan 7–10 essentially deal with cosmology and metaphysics. The preceding report by Liu Xiang 劉向 on the collation of the *Zihua zi* was, like the work itself, probably forged.

By the late twelfth century, the book must have found a certain recognition, as Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200) refers in his critique of the work to an “official edition from Guiji” (*Guiji guanshu banben* 會稽官書版本) that, in contrast to the present edition, had three prefaces or postfaces (“Oudu manji 偶讀漫記,” *Zhuji daquan* 71.8a–9a). Passages from all ten juan of the text in *Shuofu* 46.12b–14b correspond to our text. The text of the *Zihui* edition of 1576–1577 is identical but is arranged into two juan only.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

3.A.1.b Commentaries on the *Yinfu jing***Huangdi yinfu jing shu** 黃帝陰符經疏

3 juan

Attributed to Li Quan 李筌, *hao* Dagan zi 達觀子 (fl. 713–741); eleventh century?

1110 (fasc. 55)

“Extended Commentary on the Yellow Emperor’s Scripture of the Hidden Contracts.” This commentary is based on oral instructions that Li Quan reportedly received from the Old Woman of Lishan 驪山 (see preface). Since the commentary mentions the rebellion by An Lushan 安祿山 and Shi Siming 史思明 (19b), this text was written after 750. Each commentary is headed by an unsigned introduction. This work combines the traditions concerning the *Yinfu jing* and the Old Woman of Lishan that became current under the Song dynasty.

This *Yinfu jing* commentary is wrongly attributed to Li Quan. In fact these are Yuan Shuzhen's 袁淑真 (eleventh century?) explanations (see 127 *Huangdi yinfu jing jijie*). The preface giving an account of Li Quan's meeting with the Old Woman of Lishan, from whom he is said to have received the *Yinfu jing*, is an embellished version of the narrative of the revelation in 592 *Shenxian ganyu zhuan* 1.11a–13a (see Verellen, "Encounter," 377–79).

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Florian C. Reiter, with an addendum by Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Huangdi yinfu jing jijie 黃帝陰符經集解

3 juan

By Yuan Shuzhen 袁淑真 (eleventh century?)

127 (fasc. 58)

"Collected Explanations of the Yellow Emperor's *Yinfu jing*." The title does not correspond to the contents of this work, since all explanations here are marked as being by Shuzhen. Yuan, who was a registrar of the Changsha district (Hunan), presumably lived in the eleventh century. In the Song catalogues he is not listed with reference to the present title but in connection with a commentary (*zhu* 注) in one juan and a subcommentary (*shu* 疏) in three or one juan to the *Yinfu jing* (cf. VDL 141).

The present work is—apart from differences listed below—identical with 110 *Huangdi yinfu jingshu*, attributed to Li Quan 李筌. The *Zhongxing guange shumu* (in *Yuhai* 5.21a) notes that Yuan's subcommentary also contained a preface and hymns. Here in his preface, Yuan announces that he would point out the basic ideas of the text before giving a detailed subcommentary. Such a formal division has not been maintained in the present text but only in 110 *Yinfu jingshu*, where each of the three juan is also concluded by a hymn. Moreover, in his preface Yuan criticizes Li Quan for having failed to divide the text into three sections as indicated by the explanations of the Mother from Mount Li. The above considerations clearly show that only 108 *Huangdi yinfu jing jizhu*, and not 110 *Yinfu jingshu*, can be ascribed to Li Quan.

Yuan keeps neither to the long nor to the short textual tradition; he includes the disputed last part, abridged and without commentary. Counting the characters for each of the three sections (bearing the headings given in the legend of the Mother from Mount Li), Yuan claims the numbers 105, 92, and 103 (adding up to the ideal number of 300); in fact, we find 121, 89, and 104 characters here.

Textual differences between the two versions of Yuan's commentary: The present work contains two citations (2.4a–b) from the *Laozi* that are missing in 110 *Yinfu jingshu*. The passages 1.1a3–4; 1.8b9–9a,3; 1.10a; 2.7a6–8; 3.8a7; 3.10b10–11a3; and 3.11a9

in that version are not found in the present text. And in 110 *Yinfu jingshu* the last part of the text is commentated (3.11a–b).

A summary of the present explanations to the *Yinfu jing* is given in Rand, "Li Ch'üan and Chinese military thought," 120–33.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Huangdi yinfu jing jie 黃帝陰符經集解

3 juan

By Cao Xiyun 曹希蘊, *zi* Daochong 道冲 (eleventh century)

111 (fasc. 55)

"Collection of Explanations Concerning the *Huangdi yinfu jing*." This collection contains commentaries by Chisong *zi* 赤松子, Zhang Liang 張良 (d. 187 B.C.), GE XUAN, XU XUN, ZHONGLI QUAN, LÜ YAN, SHI JIANWU, Cui Minggong 崔明公, Liu Xuanying 劉玄英 (i.e., LIU CAO 劉操), and Cao Daochong. The latter name stands for Cao Xiyun, the Taoist poetess who compiled this work (also *Quan Song ci* 2:700 and *Song shi* 208.5388, "Cao Xiyun geshi houji 曹希蘊歌詩后集," two juan).

The text of the short version, comprising some 300 words, is divided into three paragraphs (see 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*). The commentaries also deal with the title of the scripture itself and explain the three subtitles. The *Yinfu jing* has been understood as referring to questions of individual self-cultivation and the spheres of the family and the state. Several commentaries use lyrical forms.

Florian C. Reiter

Huangdi yinfu jing jie 黃帝陰符經解

21 fols.

By Jian Changchen 蹇昌辰, *hao* Baoning dashi 保寧大師 (eleventh century)

113 (fasc. 55)

"Explanations Concerning the *Huangdi yinfu jing*." These explanations were written by the court Taoist Jian Changchen. His preface emphasizes their novelty. In the section following the preface, titled "The Traces of the *Yinfu jing*," Jian explains the discrepancy between the approximately 300 words that the *Yinfu jing* is traditionally said to comprise and those versions that have about 400 words. The Queen Mother of the West, he says, revealed the text to Huangdi, and Huangdi in turn added his own commentary, accounting for the difference of about 100 words. Jian separates what is believed to be Huangdi's commentary and inserts the title "Expositions about the *Huangdi yinfu*" (15b–19a). This is the only version that divides the whole text into four paragraphs.

The commentary is based on the assumption that the effects of "hidden correspondences" can be detected in the heavenly forces that find their visible expression in signs

(*xiang* 象) and, especially, in the mirror of the heart or mind. In this sense, the interpretations focus on the heart or mind. A few quotations are taken from philosophical books, including the *Zhuangzi* and *Liezi*.

Florian C. Reiter

Huangdi yinfu jing zhu 黃帝陰符經註

20 fols.

By Ren Zhaoyi 任照一; Northern Song (960–1127)

114 (fasc. 56)

“Commentaries and Explanations Concerning the *Huangdi yinfu jing*.” This work deals mainly with the Tao of Heaven and humanity and with the principles of the moving forces that lead to their “hidden correspondence” (*yinfu* 陰符). The author is said to have written this work on the basis of instructions by unnamed zhenren (see the preface).

The scripture is given in its short version of about 300 words. The three subtitles (see 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*) are incorporated into the commentaries. The commentaries show a strong emphasis on the concepts and terminology of the *neidan* school of the Song period. They feature the cultivation of human nature and the microcosmic and macrocosmic processes that are produced by yin and yang and result in life and death.

Florian C. Reiter

Huangdi yinfu jing zhu 黃帝陰符經註

12 fols.

By Huang Juzhen 黃居真, hao Xujing dashi 虛靖大師; Northern Song (960–

1127)

115 (fasc. 56)

“Commentary on the *Huangdi yinfu jing*.” The author of this commentary was a court Taoist. The Queen Mother of the West (Xi wang mu), wishing to help humanity, revealed these instructions to the Yellow Emperor (Huangdi), who shaped them in this book. *Yinfu*, meaning “hidden correspondences or contracts,” designate the consensus that characterized the meeting of Xi wang mu and Huangdi (see the preface).

The text of the scripture in its short version, in some 300 words, is not subdivided, and the three subtitles (see 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*) appear as integral parts of the commentary. The commentary provides brief definitions of the terminology.

Florian C. Reiter

Huangdi yinfu jing zhu 黃帝陰符經註

8 fols.

By Shen Yafu 沈亞夫 (eleventh or early twelfth century?)

116 (fasc. 56)

“Commentary on the *Huangdi yinfu jing*.” Nothing is known about the author of this commentary, except his title of supervising secretary (*jishi zhong* 給事中; 1a). Since bibliographic mention of the work is found in *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” 5.4b, it may be assumed that Shen lived in the eleventh or early twelfth century. The preface bears no attribution but is most likely by Shen himself. It relates the *Yinfu jing* to *neidan* 內丹 theories, which Shen also uses later in his explanations.

The text on which Shen commentates is the short version of the *Yinfu jing* (316 characters) with the well-known threefold division.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Huangdi yinfu jing zhu 黃帝陰符經註

9 fols.

By Cai shi 蔡氏 (twelfth century)

117 (fasc. 56)

“Commentary on the *Huangdi yinfu jing*.” This text contains Zhu Xi’s 朱熹 (1130–1200) commentary on the *Yinfu jing*, which has also been attributed to his student Cai Yuanding 蔡元定. This text is the same as 124 *Huangdi yinfu jing zhu* 1a–8a (q.v.).

Florian C. Reiter

Huangdi yinfu jing jieyi 黃帝陰符經解義

23 fols.

By Xiao Zhenzai 蕭真宰 (twelfth century)

118 (fasc. 56)

“Explanations of the Meaning of the *Huangdi yinfu jing*.” The author of this text was an official in Sichuan. According to *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” 5.4b, this work originally comprised three juan (VDL 140).

The short version of the scripture, in approximately 300 words, is divided into three paragraphs (see 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*). The commentary for the first paragraph is no longer extant, as remarked by the unknown editor (1b). The commentaries for the second and third paragraphs are quite extensive. They mainly quote philosophical and classic books, including the *Zhuangzi*, *Liezi*, *Lunyu*, and *Mengzi*.

Xiao Zhenzai criticizes the long version of the *Yinfu jing*, comprising about 400 words (see 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*), which he believes to be incorrect (23b).

Florian C. Reiter

Yinfu jing sanhuang yujue 陰符經三皇玉訣

3 juan

Eleventh or twelfth century (?)

119 (fasc. 57)

"Jade Instructions on the *Yinfu jing* by the Three August Ones." This commentary is mentioned neither in the Song catalogues, nor on the list of *Yinfu jing* versions given by Gao Sisun (*jinsshi* 進士 1181) in his *Ziliie* (1.1b–2a); it is, however, cited with some textual variants in the late twelfth century by Hou Shanyuan 侯善淵 (1061 *Shangqing Taixuan ji* 4.11a).

In his preface, the Yellow Emperor gives an account of his discovery of the text and of his search for a capable exegete, which led him to Guangcheng Zi 廣成子 on Mount Kongtong 崆峒 and to Tianzhen huangren 天真真人 on Mount Emei 峨嵋 (cf. 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 3.17a–18a). The work now contains the explanations that Huangdi received from these two figures. The *Yinfu jing*, in its short version of 324 characters, is expounded sentence by sentence, and also the question of its practical applicability is discussed. The interpretations depict the human body as a reflection of the macrocosm (e.g., 1.5b) and point to the relation of the *Yinfu jing* with the physiological alchemy that aims at regaining the pure yang (*chunyang* 純陽 1.1b–2b). The Three August Ones signify the three cinnabar fields within the human body.

A much abridged version of our present text is found with some textual variants in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 3.4b–10a under the title "Essentials of the *Yinfu jing*."

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Huangdi yinfu jing zhu 黃帝陰符經註

18 fols.

By LIU CHUXUAN 劉處玄, hao Changsheng zi 長生子; preface dated 1191

122 (fasc. 57)

"Commentary on the *Huangdi yinfu jing*." This commentary was written by the Quanzhen patriarch LIU CHUXUAN. There is a preface (dated 1191) by Fan Yi 范懌, written at the request of Bi Shouzheng 畢守真. The preface sketches the history of the transmission of the scripture, beginning with Huangdi. It does not mention the traditions concerning the Mother from Mount Li (see 110 *Huangdi yinfu jing shu*).

The short version of the text, in approximately 300 words, is divided into three paragraphs (see 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*). The commentary is based on concepts typical of the Quanzhen 全真 school. The composition of the *Yinfu jing* is said to be the result of Huangdi's efforts to comprehend the Tao. LIU CHUXUAN compares Huangdi's success with Śākyamuni's enlightenment and existence as Buddha. Therefore, the

revelation of the *Huangdi yinfu jing* could be compared with the composition of the Diamond Sūtra (*Jin'gang jing* 金剛經).

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Florian C. Reiter

Huangdi yinfu jing jiangyi 黃帝陰符經講義

4 juan

By Xia Yuanding 夏元鼎, zi Zongyu 宗禹, hao Yunfeng sanren 雲峰散人; 1227

109 (fasc. 54)

"Discussions about the *Huangdi yinfu jing*." These discussions have a preface by Lou Fang 樓昉, dated 1226. Lou Fang at one time held a position in the military administration of Xinghua 興化 (Fujian). Xia Yuanding of Zhejiang went to see him. He brought along his explanations concerning the *Yinfu jing*. These explanations, however, had been based on the instructions of an (unnamed) adept, whom he had met on Mount Heng.

The long version (approximately 400 words; see 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*) of the text is not divided into three paragraphs (see 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*). The commentary represents *neidan* 內丹 traditions of the Song period (960–1279), as demonstrated by its quotations. The author cites the present work in 146 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian jiangyi* 5.9b, using the *Yinfu jing* to comment upon the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇. Juan 4 of the present text is entitled "Huangdi yinfu jing jiangyi tu shuo 圖說." It contains twelve texts, some of which are illustrated with charts. These texts deal with *neidan* theory, but they do not seem to be connected with the *Yinfu jing* in a direct way. This juan 4 also contains three prefaces or postfaces that partly refer to a commentary by Xia Yuanding concerning the text *Cui gong ruyao jing* 崔公入藥鏡. This text is no longer extant (see 4.10–12a, "Yunfeng ruyao jing jian xu 雲逢入藥鏡箋序," by Liu Yuanliang 留元兩, dated 1226). There is a postface by Wang Jiuwan 王九萬 (4.14b–16b), dated 1227. Most texts in juan 4 either were written by Xia Yuanding or refer to him and his Three Books on the Gold-Elixir (*Yunfeng jindan sanshu* 雲峰金丹三書). There is no obvious connection between that title and 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*.

Florian C. Reiter

Huangdi yinfu jing zhu 黃帝陰符經註

2 juan

By Tang Chun 唐淳, hao Jinling daoren 金陵道人; preface dated 1229

121 (fasc. 57)

"Commentary on the *Huangdi yinfu jing*." This text has a preface by Meng Chuoran 孟綽然 (dated 1229). The preface says that Zhou Zhiming 周至明 organized the printing of this work.

Several commentators, including HESHANG GONG and Lü Zhenren 呂真人, make their statements on the scripture in its short version of some 300 words and also on the three subtitles (see 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*). The selected quotations deal with aspects of meditative self-cultivation. The second chapter introduces the commentaries of the Old Mother (Laomu 老母). However, there is no evidence identifying the latter with the well-known Old Woman of Lishan 驪山 (see 110 *Huangdi yinfu jing shu*). The *Yinfu jing* is said to deal exclusively with individual self-cultivation, despite its analogies taken from military philosophy (2.6a–6b).

Florian C. Reiter

Huangdi yinfu jing xinfa 黃帝陰符經心法

3 juan

By Xu Yuanyi 胥元一, hao Liuxu sanren 六虛散人 (fl. 1291)

120 (fasc. 57)

"*Yinfu jing* by the Yellow Emperor as a Method of Spiritual Cultivation." About its author, a native of Tongchuan 潼川 (Sichuan), nothing is known except that in 1291 he wrote a commentary to the *Laozi* (cf. 723 *Daode zhenjing jiyi dazhi* 1.11a) that was included in the collection 724 *Daode zhenjing jiyi*.

In the present work, Xu interprets the *Yinfu jing* as a method for the cultivation of the mind (*xinfa* 心法). The main text comprises 441 characters, divided into three parts, each with a separate heading. As stated by Xu, cultivating the Tao is the same as cultivating one's mind (*xiundao ji xiuxin* 修道即修心; 1.2b). His explanations are clearly Neo-Confucian in outlook.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Huangdi yinfu jing zhu 黃帝陰符經註

9 fols.

By Hou Shanyuan 侯善淵, hao Taixuan zi 太玄子; Jurchen Jin (1115–1234)

123 (fasc. 58)

"Commentary on the *Huangdi yinfu jing*." This work has a preface of unknown origin. It states that yin 陰 and fu 符 represent the internal and external phenomena of human nature. The moving forces of life and the ways and means to control

or direct life are all human faculties. Hou Shanyuan lived on Mount Gushe 姑射 (Shanxi).

The long version (about 400 words; see 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*) of the text has not been subdivided into paragraphs. The commentaries consist of short sentences that intend only to clarify the diction of the scripture.

Florian C. Reiter

Huangdi yinfu jing zhujie 黃帝陰符經註解

10 fols.

Attributed to Zou Xin 鄒訢 (Zhu Xi 朱熹 [1130–1200]); ca. 1305

124 (fasc. 58)

"Commentary on the *Yinfu jing*." The heading attributes this commentry to Zou Xin, a Taoist from Kongtong 崆峒. Kongtong was the mountain on which the Yellow Emperor discoursed with Guangcheng zi 廣成子 on the meaning of the *Yinfu jing* (cf. the preface to 119 *Yinfu jing sanhuang yujue*). Zou Xin is a pseudonym for Zhu Xi: during the Warring States period, Zou was the name of a state that earlier had been called Zhu 邾; and *xin* 訢 is synonymous with *xi* 熹 (cf. 1001 *Zhouyi cantong qi* 3.8a). The present work is identical with the commentary in Zhu Xi's *Yinfu jing kaoyi* 陰符經考異.

The real author of this commentary is named by Huang Ruijie 黃瑞節 in his compilation *Zhuji chengshu* 朱子成書 (preface dated 1305). According to Huang, the explanations to the *Yinfu jing* are not by Zhu Xi himself (he only revised the text), but by his friend and collaborator Cai Yuanding 蔡元定 (1139–1198). This statement by Huang also answers the question about the identity of the Mr. Cai (Caishi 蔡氏), who is named as the author of an identical commentary that figures separately in the *Daozang* (117 *Huangdi yinfu jing zhu*).

Cai used the long version of the *Yinfu jing* (446 characters), which he divided into three *pian* 篇. The disputed last part of the text is left uncommentated by him. In supplementary notes, Huang Ruijie, whose name is not given in the present edition, quotes additional sources and points out textual variants in four different versions (8a) of the *Yinfu jing*.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Huangdi yinfu jing jiasong jiezhu 黃帝陰符經夾頌解註

3 juan

By WANG JIE 王玠, zi Daoyuan 道淵, hao Hunran zi 混然子 (fl. 1331)

126 (fasc. 58)

"Commentary on the *Yinfu jing*, with Hymns Inserted." This commentary is by the prolific Quanzhen adept from Nanchang 南昌. In his undated preface, the author

gives his own interpretation of the term *quanzhen* 全真 by stating that it means the completeness of essence (*jing* 精), breath (*qi* 氣), and spirit (*shen* 神). In keeping with this theory, the commentary is largely centered on cosmological and *neidan* 內丹 considerations. The authority for cosmological theory is SHAO YONG, for Inner Alchemy both ZHANG ZIYANG and the patriarchs of the Xishan tradition (e.g., SHI JIANWU; 3.5b). At the end of each paragraph of the commentary there is a hymn.

Kristofer Schipper

Huangdi yinfu jing zhu 黃帝陰符經註

12 fols.

By YU YAN 俞琰, *hao* Linwu shanren 林屋山人, *hao* Yuwu sou 玉吾叟; preface dated 1348

125 (fasc. 58)

“Commentary on the *Huangdi yinfu jing*.” The preface by Shi Yu 師餘 is dated 1348. It praises YU YAN (1258–1314), a specialist on the *Yijing* (see 1005 *Zhouyi cantong qi fahui*). This work was published after the death of YU YAN (preface).

The text is presented in its short version of some 300 words (see 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*). In doing so, YU YAN explicitly (11a) follows Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200), who thought that the additional sentences making up the long version (approximately 400 words) were in fact commentaries. Concerning this notion, compare 113 *Huangdi yinfu jing jie*. YU YAN gives philological and naturalistic explanations about the world of humanity.

Florian C. Reiter

Hunyuan yangfu jing 混元陽符經

1 fol.

32 (fasc. 27)

“Positive Covenant with Undifferentiated Beginning [i.e., Laozi].” This short text, 140 characters long, is a counterpart, and a possible appendix, to 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*. Its cryptic wording refers to the flow of energies in the body. It is intended as an aid for concentration during meditation.

Kristofer Schipper

3.A.1.c Commentaries on the *Zhouyi cantong qi* and Related Scriptures

Zhouyi cantong qi 周易參同契

3 juan

By Zhu Xi 朱熹, alias Kongtong daoshi Zou Xin 空同道士鄒訢 (1130–1200); edited by Huang Ruijie 黃瑞節

1001 (fasc. 623)

“Concordance of the Three According to the Book of Changes.” This is a commentary on the *Cantong qi* by the great Confucian thinker of the Southern Song. The work is mentioned in the “Yiwen zhi” of the *Song shi*. The *Zhizhai shulu jieti* lists it under the title “Critical Edition” (*Cantong qi kaoyi* 考異; VDL 112). In the present edition, the title is followed by the words, “With Additional Remarks by the Disciple Huang Ruijie of Luling 廬陵 [near Nanchang, in modern Jiangxi].” Huang’s remarks (*fulu* 附錄) are given in small print between paragraphs and at the end of the work.

The work is signed at the end by the author, who calls himself Kongtong daoshi Zou Xin (3.8a). Huang explains in his long commentary that follows that this pen name was chosen by Zhu Xi because the state of Zou in ancient China was the home of the sage Zhuzi 鄒子. As to Xin 訢, this name was glossed by the commentators of the classics as a synonym of *xi* 喜 (熹; see 3.8a).

In his later years, Zhu Xi turned to the study of the *Yijing* and also became interested in the *Cantong qi*. At the time, Zhu Xi had retired to Kaoting 考亭 in Jianyang 建陽 county in northern Fujian. His former disciple, assistant, and intimate friend Cai Yuanding 蔡元定, *zi* Jitong 季通 (1135–1198), came to see him in 1197 when Cai was on his way to his place of exile in Henan (Cai had been condemned following accusations of heterodoxy by court officials against Zhu Xi and his students). According to the narrative, the two men remained together a whole night discussing the text of the *Cantong qi* and establishing correct readings, thus finalizing the work.

Zhu Xi compared several editions of the *Cantong qi*, though he mentions explicitly (and at times amends) only the edition of PENG XIAO (see 1002 *Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi*). For example, Peng’s version (1.4b) has the sentence “The Five Agents obtain their principle 五行得其理,” which Zhu changed into “The Five Agents obtain their sequence 五行得其序.” The amendments are relatively minor. On the whole, Zhu Xi’s glosses do not show great penetration of the text; YU YAN criticized them, saying that Zhu’s commentary comprised many doubtful passages and was in some places obscure (see 1005 *Zhouyi cantong qi fahui*, preface). The work remained influential, however, in that it established a dialogue between Taoists and Confucians. Thus Zhang Yucai 張與材, Thirty-eighth Heavenly Master, in his preface

to the above-mentioned edition by YU YAN, says that Zhu Xi in his old age aspired to immortality and therefore took up the study of this text.

Yuan Bingling

Zhouyi cantong qi zhu 周易參同契註

3 juan

Twelfth century or later

1000 (fasc. 622)

“Commentary on the *Cantong qi*.” This anonymous commentary on the *Cantong qi* follows the main text as edited by PENG XIAO (see 1002 *Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi*) in ninety chapters (*zhang* 章). It must therefore be later than PENG XIAO’s edition (947). This later date is also suggested by other evidence: page 3.16b quotes a “Zihua zi” corresponding to 1174 *Zihua zi* 1.2a–2b. The latter work is of the Southern Song period (1127–1279). In many places, the commentary seems to be missing (chapters 48 to 58).

The commentary stresses the correspondances between Outer and Inner Alchemy. Most glosses explain the contents of the work in terms of the human body and physiological, notably sexual, functions; see, for instance, the comments on chapter 60 where sexuality is metaphorically addressed. The Book of the Yellow Court (*Huangting jing* 黃庭經) is quoted in many places.

Yuan Bingling

Zhouyi cantong qi jie 周易參同契解

3 juan

By CHEN XIANWEI 陳顯微, *zi* Zongdao 宗道, *hao* Baoyi 抱一子; 1234

1007 (fasc. 628)

“Elucidation of the *Cantong qi*.” The author was a daoshi from the Huai 淮 region who later in life moved to the Yousheng guan 佑聖觀 in Lin’an 臨安 (Hangzhou). There he instructed his students in practice of the *Cantong qi*. There are three prefaces and postfaces. The first (*xu* 敘), at the beginning of the text, is signed Zheng Boqian 鄭伯謙 and dates from the fifth moon of the year 1234. The second and third are printed at the end of the work: a *houxu* 後敘 (3.18a–19b) by an anonymous disciple, dated 1245, and a “*youxu* 又敘” (3.19b–21a) by Wang Yi 王夷, *hao* Xiwei 希微子, dated from the first month of 1234. In fact, the *youxu* terms itself a colophon (*ba* 跋). This sequence is problematic. Since it is uncertain how the original of the present *Daozang* version was organized, it will be useful to look more closely at the chronology.

The colophon by Wang Yi starts out by stating that he was the oldest disciple of CHEN XIANWEI. In Zhejiang, the *Cantong qi* was popular at that time, and PENG XIAO’s edition was widely published, even by government authorities. Yet a number

of scholars had expressed their doubts as to the authenticity of the work. At first, Wang himself was uncertain, but when Chen arrived in Hangzhou, and all the scholars went to see him to discuss the authenticity of the *Cantong qi*, he explained to them that WEI BOYANG was in fact a reincarnation of Laozi and that, based on the text’s archaic and pure classical style, it had to be the work of the sage himself. Chen did not, however, wish to write a commentary. Therefore, Wang assiduously asked for his elucidations, wrote them down, and composed them into the present work. Then he had it printed in early 1234.

The second preface, by Zheng Boqian, seems to contradict this account. It states that CHEN XIANWEI, in 1223, met with a “superior person” who taught him the true alchemical method. This method allowed him to gain a profound understanding of the *Cantong qi*, the very day this work came into his hands. Retiring from the world, Chen then practiced the *Cantong qi* diligently, wrote the present commentary, and gave it to his disciples.

The third preface, by the disciple who came from the Tiantai 天台 mountains, states that he met CHEN XIANWEI in 1244 in the Yousheng guan at Hangzhou. Master Chen said that he had made an edition of the *Cantong qi* at the request of a friend and suggested that the disciple have it printed as a meritorious deed, which he did the following year.

The commentary contains many references to the works of CHEN TUAN, LIU HAICHAN, and ZHANG BODUAN. It thus may be considered to follow the so-called Southern school (Nanzong 南宗) of Song Taoism.

Yuan Bingling

Zhouyi cantong qi shiyi 周易參同契釋疑

3 + 25 fols.

By YU YAN 俞琰; author’s preface dated 15 September, 1281

1006 (fasc. 627)

“Resolving the Doubtful Passages of the *Cantong qi*.” This is the earliest work on the *neidan* 內丹 scriptures by the great Yuan scholar. In his preface, he explains that he was appalled by the numerous errors he found in the current versions of the *Cantong qi*. He appreciates the work of PENG XIAO (see 1002 *Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi*) and considers the general division into ninety chapters by the latter useful, although he questions several specific chapter divisions. By his time, however, many errors had found their way into the text. Moreover, he queries PENG XIAO’s wisdom in giving a place apart, in an appendix, to the Song of the Tripod (*Dingqi ge* 鼎器歌). He also criticizes Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200) and his commentary 1001 *Zhouyi cantong qi* as superficial and obscure.

Yuan Bingling

Zhouyi cantong qi fabui 周易參同契發揮

9 juan

By YU YAN 俞琰; author's preface dated 30 April 1284

1005 (fasc. 625–627)

“Explanations of the *Cantong qi*.” This is one of many commentaries in the *Daozang* by the great Yuan scholar YU YAN. The author's preface is preceded by three other prefaces: by Ruan Dengbing 阮登炳 (dated 1284), by the Thirty-eighth Heavenly Master, Zhang Yucai 張與材 (dated 1310), and by DU DAOJIAN (1237–1318), respectively. According to *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 146, the book was printed by Zhang Yucai in the year (1310) of his preface. The present edition must therefore be based on that printed edition.

Yu's reasons for studying the *Cantong qi* are more amply explained in his earlier *1006 Zhouyu cantong qi shiyi* (q.v.). The present detailed commentary is a continuation of the work of PENG XIAO (see *1002 Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi*) and relies on different printed editions from Fujian, Jiangxi, and Zhejiang.

Yu stresses repeatedly that the text of the *Cantong qi* was to be understood entirely in a metaphorical sense. He glosses *santong qi* as the “concordance of the three different kinds.” These three different kinds (*lei* 類) are the three discourses: of the *Yijing*, of Huang-Lao Taoism, and of laboratory alchemy (literally, “fire-phasing [*huohou* 火侯])

Yuan Bingling

Zhouyi cantong qi zhu 周易參同契註

3 juan

By Chu Huagu 儲華谷; Southern Song (1127–1279)

1008 (fasc. 629)

“Commentary on the *Cantong qi*.” The author is unknown elsewhere. This text follows the PENG XIAO edition (see *1002 Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi*). The short and laconic commentary often quotes ZHANG BODUAN, making it an exponent of the so-called Southern school (Nanzong 南宗). It can therefore be considered to date from the Southern Song period.

Yuan Bingling

Guwen longhu jing zhushu 古文龍虎經註疏

3 juan

By Wang Dao 王道; presented to the throne in 1185

996 (fasc. 620)

“A Commentary and a Subcommentary to the Dragon and Tiger Book in Ancient Characters.” The author—according to the presentation memorial, a petty officer in

the guard of one of the princes of the imperial family—met a Taoist master in 1152, who instructed him about the true meaning of lead and mercury in the human body. He began his Inner Alchemy practice in the Tianqing guan 天慶觀 in Guiji 會稽. After many setbacks, he met another master in 1164, who gave him different instructions, but again he was not successful. Only in 1173 did he finally meet a genuine master who told him that true lead and all the other alchemical ingredients he needed were produced by his own body. The refining of the effulgences of the sun and the moon would suffice to make the elixir. Having completed his commentary, he was able, thanks to the services of a fellow Taoist named Zhou Zhenyi 周眞一, to present his work to Emperor Xiaozong 孝宗 (r. 1163–1189) of the Southern Song dynasty, who invited him for a audience at court. Afterward, he had the book printed.

The commentaries are simply phrased but detailed. Wang makes frequent use of the *Zhouyi cantong qi* (in the 1002 edition by PENG XIAO) in order to make comparisons. Among other sources, the *Yinfu jing* is also often quoted. At the end, Wang gives two diagrams taken from the *Cantong qi*.

His undated colophon concerns the printed version of the book. He defends his system, especially against those who find his glosses too accessible for noninitiates.

Yuan Bingling

Guwen longhu shangjing zhu 古文龍虎上經註

16 fols.

Song?

997 (fasc. 620)

“Glosses on the Dragon and Tiger Book.” The work is undated and does not mention its author. The *Cantong qi* is quoted almost exclusively as the source for the commentary. It is difficult to give any assessment as to the date and diffusion of this short work.

Yuan Bingling

Du longhu jing 讀龍虎經

2 fols.

Song (960–1279)?

998 (fasc. 620)

“How to Read the Dragon and Tiger Book.” These two folios of instructions appear to be a sequel to 997 *Guwen longhu shangjing zhu*. They contain a few glosses on the technical terms of Inner Alchemy.

Yuan Bingling

Longhu shoujian tu 龍虎手鑑圖

5 fols.

153 (fasc. 68)

“Diagram of the Hand-Mirror of the Dragon and the Tiger.” This is a brief *neidan* 內丹 text commenting on the diagram that opens the text. This diagram is a cosmic compass that relates the *Yijing* trigrams to the denary cycle of the calendar. In the center of the diagram and around its perimeter there are texts that use alchemical equivalences to refer to the fusion of mercury with iron through the agent of fire. There is no indication of authorship.

The first part of the text consists of brief commentaries taken from the opening of the *Zhouyi cantong qi*, mentioning WEI BOYANG, traditionally the author of that work, as well as Xu *congshi* 徐從事, who, it is said, was responsible for its transmission (cf. 1005 *Zhouyi cantong qi fahui* 9.15b–21a and Fukui Kōjun, “Chou-i Ts’an-t’ung ch’i,” 23–24).

The last part of the present work consists of a short series of seven-character verses. Each verse is an explanation of the two-word alchemical term that forms its title. These verses recall others found in 1003 *Zhouyi cantong qi dingqi ge mingjing tu* by PENG XIAO, but are much simpler in form.

Pauline Bentley Koffler

3.A.1.d Commentaries on Zhengyi, Shangqing, and Lingbao Scriptures

Yuanshi shuo xiantian daode jing zhujie 元始說先天道德經註解

5 juan

Commentary by Li Jiamou 李嘉謀; *jinsshi* 進士, 1166; edited by Zhang Shanyuan 張善淵, *hao* Guifu daoren 癸復道人 (fl. 1280–1294)

3 (fasc. 13–14)

“Explanations of the Scripture of the Way and Its Power of the Anterior Heaven, Revealed by the Primordial Beginning.” Yuanshi 元始, the Primordial Beginning, speaks of himself as the undifferentiated being that existed before phenomena originated, a being that can be named by the terms *miao* 妙, *yuan* 元, *shen* 神, *zhen* 真, and *dao* 道, but that cannot be grasped in its full reality. In the philosophical discussion of the present text, a separate section (*pian*) is dedicated to each of these five terms. Each *pian* comprises one juan of 1,000 characters and is divided into nine subsections (*zhang* 章).

The date and provenance of the text are uncertain. It is worth noting that a passage (4.12b) corresponds—with slight differences in text and number of characters—to a passage cited (ca. 1226) by Xia Yuanding 夏元鼎 under the title *Yuanshi biyan* 元始秘言 (109 *Huangdi yinfu jing jiangyi* 4.9a).

According to the preface by Zhang Shanyuan, a Taoist master of Suzhou, Li Jiamou wrote a commentary on the text and had it printed in Sichuan. By 1257, Xie Tu’nan 謝圖南 could obtain only a handwritten copy of that edition. This manuscript was passed from Xie, together with a preface of his own, to Li Zengbo 李曾伯 (b. 1198), who for his part wrote an introduction to the work before passing it on to Li Kejiu 李可久, a daoshi from Jiaying (Zhejiang), for printing. Li Kejiu supplemented the version with another text, entitled *Bawei longwen* 八威龍文 and transmitted separately as 30 *Yuanshi bawei longwen jing* (compare 2a there with 4.12b in the present text).

In his preface, Zhang Shanyuan, thus presenting a new edition of the text, severely criticizes the interpretation of Xie Tu’nan and Li Zengbo, who related the text with its five pivotal terms to the Red Writings and Jade Characters in five sections revealed by Yuanshi tianzun in order to fix the universe (see 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* 1.10b). According to Zhang, these five sections were identical with five talismans prominent in the Shenxiao and (Tiantai) Lingbao traditions of the Song dynasty (see, e.g., 147 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing miaojing futu* 3.12a–15b, and 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* 69.15a–25a), whereas the origin and transmission of the present text could be seen solely in relation to the *Daode jing*.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Yuqing wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing zhu

玉清無極總真文昌大洞仙經註

10 juan

Commentary by Wei Qi 衛琪, *hao* Zhongyang zi 中陽子; 1309

103 (fasc. 51–53)

“Commentary on the Great Cavern Scripture according to Wenchang.” This is a commentary to 5 *Taishang wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing*. The author, Wei Qi, was a daoshi from Penglai shan 蓬萊山 in Sichuan. According to his preface, he received this book as a young boy and studied it for thirty years before making this new critical edition and commentary. He went to the capital to have it printed. The book was presented to the throne in 1310 and published with prefaces from the Thirty-eighth Heavenly Master, Zhang Yucai 張與材; the Hanlin scholar Zhang Zhongshou 張仲壽; and the academician Zhao Bian 趙抃.

In his long preface, Wei Qi gives a presentation of the *Dadong zhenjing* and its history. The version here is from Sichuan and was first revealed to the saint Wenchang, whose name in this world was Zhang Tongzhen 張通真, at the beginning of the Zhou dynasty (ca. 1050–221 B.C.). Later, the book was revealed once more to WEI HUACUN as part of the Shangqing scriptures. The patriarch LU XIUJING is said to have edited the *Dadong zhenjing* in three parts and to have placed them under the aegis of Diyi 帝一 (Ancestral One), Ciyi 雌一 (Female One), and Xiongyi 雄一 (Male One),

respectively, recomposing the text in verses of three or four characters. Later, under the Tang, the patriarch Wang Baohe 王保和 made, on imperial order, a critical edition in thirty-nine sections. Wei also mentions the Song editions by ZHU ZIYING (see 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing*) and ZHANG SHANGYING, which were presented to the throne in 1111. Wei states further that the original version of the text comprised no less than one hundred and twenty juan, but it had been reduced to three juan and subdivided into thirty-six sections by Yuchen daojun 玉宸道君, the deity who revealed it in the world. Later (3.4a) Wei explains that in addition to this version, there existed two other current versions of the scripture, one of Maoshan 茅山, one of Longhu shan 龍虎山 (see 7 *Dadong yujing*), both in thirty-nine sections.

Wei Qi considers the *Dadong zhenjing* superior to the *Duren jing* 度人經, the *Jiutian shengshen zhang jing* 九天生神章經, and the *Huangting jing* 黃庭經 because the present scripture reveals the esoteric names of the celestial beings and their correspondences with the spirits and energies of the human body. It teaches how to connect the superior and inferior spheres of the universe and to link the inner and the outer worlds.

The first two juan, and also part of the third, contain introductory material about the scripture and its divine author. In the first juan, Wei Qi exposes in a methodical way his cosmological system, which is very much influenced by Neo-Confucian thought and Inner Alchemy. (See fig. 2.)

The second juan gives a general presentation of the scripture. It explains the title as well as the symbolical numbers that are common to the *Yijing* and the *Dadong zhenjing*. It records (17a–21a) the “preface” by Wenchang, the divine revealer of the text (compare 5 *Dadong xianjing*), and it gives a list of deities and legendary persons to be invoked. There is also a ritual for the recitation of the text, which is similar to that in 5 *Dadong xianjing* 5b–9a.

The main text of the scripture starts at 3.13a and ends on 10.30b. It is essentially the same as 5 *Dadong xianjing*. Wei Qi indicates (3.13b) the differences between this revealed version and the traditional *Dadong zhenjing* of the Shangqing school: they are mainly textual and concern the order of the sections. This judgment is borne out by the comparison of the present version with 6 *Dadong zhenjing*, edited by Jiang Zongying 蔣宗瑛. The present version, writes Wei, was originally divided into three juan. It has thirty-four sections (and not thirty-eight, as does 5 *Dadong xianjing*, or thirty-nine, as does 6 *Dadong zhenjing*). The order in which sections 15 to 21 are placed here is different from all other editions.

In the beginning of each juan, there is a short preface (*xujing* 序經) beginning with the words: “The Tao speaks . . .” There is also a conclusion at the end of each juan.

Each of the thirty-four sections, moreover, begins with a text spoken by Yuanshi tianwang 元始天王, explaining the multiple correspondences between the given sec-

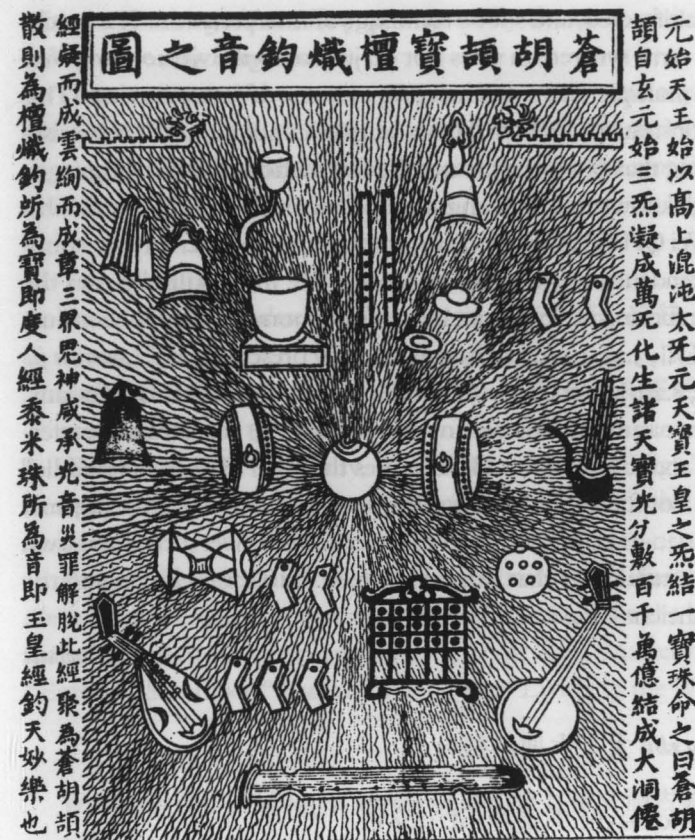


FIGURE 2. Instruments for Heavenly Music (103 1.22b)

tion and a number of cosmic correlates. Each section also ends with a kind of summary assessing the relationships between certain practices and their efficacy.

Wei Qi's commentary is based on the principle of multiple levels of interpretation. These levels are the world, the inner universe, and the heavenly spheres. The human microcosm is considered to be a metaphorical expression of realities in the heavens or in the universe at large.

Wei Qi, moreover, attempts a form of semantic analysis. In order to explain a given concept, he collects a number of occurrences of the same word or idea in the text and confronts their meanings and connotations (e.g., *jing* 景 on 5.7a–8a; *zhu* 珠 on 5.15b; *su* 素 on 6.21a–b). He also occasionally illustrates the polysemic nature of certain terms (for instance, *wuri* 五日 on 8.24a–b). Another aspect of his commentary concerns language equivalences; he translates one system into another by comparing Buddhist terms with Taoist terms of various schools (Shangqing, Lingbao, Inner Alchemy) and also with Neo-Confucian terms. At times, he proposes a number of different interpretations for the same passage (for instance, 9.7b).

This is a profound, multifaceted, and subtle technique of interpretation. The much-used but rather negative term syncretism does not do justice to the virtuosity of Wei Qi's technique of using multiple and interchanging systems of interpretation. This technique is able to demonstrate the manifold meanings of concepts; and it is precisely this diversity of meaning that often constitutes the foundation of Taoist language.

Combining a thorough knowledge of Shangqing and Inner Alchemy Taoism with a solid classical training, Wei Qi brilliantly succeeds, through his commentary, to counter the Neo-Confucian tendency to marginalize Taoism. He most skillfully uses the terminology of Neo-Confucianism, in particular concepts borrowed from Mencius: "conscience" (*liangzhi* 良知; 3.25a) and "all beings are fully present in me" (*wanwu jie bei yu wo* 萬物皆備於我; 8.25b). Wei discusses, in the manner of the Neo-Confucians, the question of the inborn nature and the destiny (*xingming* 性命) of humanity, referring to the classics (7.11a and 12b; 5.4a–b). He also uses the term "Tao of the middle" (*zhongdao* 中道) in the Confucian and not in the Buddhist sense (7.27b). Against those like Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200) who aimed to reject Taoism, Wei turns their own weapons and shows the natural links that existed between the Taoist religion and the cultural foundations of ancient China.

Isabelle Robinet

Taishang datong jing zhu 太上天通經註

4 fols.

Commentary by LI DAOCHUN 李道純 (d. 1306)

105 (fasc. 54)

"Commentary on the Book of Great Communication of the Most High." This text is identical with 327 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo datong jing*, the only difference being the character *song* 頌 (hymn) in the place of *ji* 偈 (*gāthā*).

After having explained the title of the work, LI DAOCHUN glosses each sentence; he then addresses the general meaning of the three paragraphs and the final hymn. He draws on sources like the *Zhongyong* 中庸 and the *Mengzi* 孟子, as well as on 106 *Taishang chiwen donggu jingzhu* (see page 4b of the latter), a short text also commented by Li.

Catherine Despeux

Yuanshi tianzun shuo taigu jing zhu 元始天尊說太古經註

11 fols.

By Master Fish Trap, Changquan zi 長筌子; thirteenth century

102 (fasc. 50)

"Commentary on the Book of Highest Antiquity, Spoken by the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning." The present work, including the preface, is nearly identical

with 106 *Taishang chiwen donggu jingzhu* by the same author, who is otherwise unknown (see 1064 *Dongyuan ji*).

The text exposes the way to obtain immortality and to accede to Great Mystery (*taixuan* 太玄) through cutting oneself off from (outer) vision and audition. It is divided into three parts, beginning each time with the words "The Tianzun says . . ." and ending with a poem.

Catherine Despeux

Taishang chiwen donggu jing zhu 太上赤文洞古經註

7 fols.

Commentary by Master Fish Trap, Changquan zi 長筌子; thirteenth century

106 (fasc. 54)

"Book of Arcane Antiquity, Red Writ of the Most High." This short text explains the way to immortality and supreme mystery through the abolition of hearing and vision.

Despite the different titles, this is a duplicate of 102 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo taigu jing zhu* and 107 *Wushang chiwen donggu zhenjing zhu*. Like the latter, the present version introduces each of three parts with a different title: "Mastering Truth" (*caozhen* 操眞), "Entering Sainthood" (*rusheng* 入聖), and "Living in the World" (*zhushi* 住世).

Catherine Despeux

Wushang chiwen donggu zhenjing zhu 無上赤文洞古真經註

6 fols.

Commentary by LI DAOCHUN 李道純 (d. 1306)

107 (fasc. 54)

"True Book of Arcane Antiquity, Ultimate Red Writ." This short text explains the way to obtain immortality. The main text is identical with 102 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo taigu jing zhu* and 106 *Taishang chiwen donggu jing zhu*, both signed Master Fish Trap, Changquan zi 長筌子.

LI DAOCHUN's commentary draws on Confucian, Taoist, and Buddhist sources. The term *chiwen* 赤文 (red writ) in the title refers to the revealed Lingbao texts, where it designates the luminous and spontaneous script that emerged from Chaos (see 87 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing sizhu* 2.6a). But here, LI DAOCHUN uses the term with reference to Inner Alchemy and Tantric Buddhism, where red is the color of the qi of the Void (1b). Li specifies that in Buddhism red is the symbol of the "empty body."

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Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing sizhu

元始無量度人上品妙經四註

4 juan

Edited by CHEN JINGYUAN 陳景元; preface dated 1067

87 (fasc. 38–39)

“Four Commentaries on the Book of Salvation.” These commentaries on the *Duren jing* 度人經 are preceded by three prefaces: the first by Emperor Zhenzong (see VDL 134); the second, dated 1067, by the compiler of the present text, CHEN JINGYUAN (1025–1094); and the third, dated to the year *jiawu* 甲午 (754), by Xue Youqi 薛幽棲 (fl. 754). The paragraph on the divisions of the *Duren jing* and the phonetic glosses at the end of the book are based on those in Zhang Wanfu’s 95 *Dongxuan lingbao wuliang duren jingjue yinyi* (7b–9b).

The oldest of the four commentaries used by CHEN JINGYUAN is that of Yan Dong 嚴東 (fl. 485; see LZTT 28.14b–15a). Although his commentary is not cited in juan 1, which contains the preface of the *Duren jing*, he refers to the events described in that preface elsewhere in his commentary (2.58a). Yan Dong does touch on cosmological matters, but the primary aim of his commentary would seem to be the definition of the words of the text.

The three remaining commentaries are those of Li Shaowei 李少微, CHENG XUANYING (fl. 640), and Xue Youqi (see LZTT 39.10b–11b). Li Shaowei appears to have written prior to CHENG XUANYING, as the latter seems to cite him (cf. the citations of a “commentary” at 3.9a, 9b, with Li’s commentary at 3.11b).

Of the four commentaries, Li’s is not only the most frequently used, but also the most interesting. He cites a great number of texts, from the Dongshen canon in particular, in order to provide a clear description of the Three Offices (2.32b–36b) and the Five Spirits of the body (3.20a–21b). He mentions a Contract for the Ascension to Heaven (2.59b), which a Taoist must have if the liquid part of his body is not to be retained by the Aquatic Officers, and the solid by the Terrestrial Officers; without this contract, the Celestial Officers will not open the Gate of Heaven. Li describes the Thirty-two Heavens both as a moral hierarchy and as a cycle whose components are linked to The Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions. Contrary to Yan Dong, who places the starting point of the cycle of heavens in the east (2.43a), Li places it in the northwest, at the Gate of Heaven.

John Lagerwey

Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing zhu 元始無量度人上品妙經註

3 juan

Commentary by Donghai Qingyuan zhenren 東海青元真人; hymns by Qinghe laoren 清河老人; edited, with eulogies, by Jingming daozi Guo Wangfeng 淨明道子郭罔鳳

88 (fasc. 40–41)

“Commentary on the Book of Salvation.” In his undated preface, Qinghe laoren states that he had decided to publish the commentary by Qingyuan zhenren because it represented a breakthrough in the understanding of the *Duren jing*. A short postface to the text, presumably added by Guo Wangfeng, contains five tales aimed at demonstrating the efficacy of the recitation of the *Duren jing*. These tales are dated between 1174 and 1204. Judith Boltz nonetheless suggests a late-thirteenth century date for this text because the district of Qinghe 清河 (Huai prefecture, Jiangsu) was created around 1270 (*A survey of Taoist literature*, 328, n. 572). She also notes that Donghai 東海 was in the same prefecture.

Qingyuan includes in his version of the *Duren jing* not only the *Yuanshi lingshu shang / xiapian* 元始靈書上 / 下篇 and the hymn of Taiji zhenren (3.21b–22b, 45b–46b) found already in the Shenxiao edition (1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* 1.15a–16a, 18a–20b), but also a “fourth” *Yuanshi lingshu*, called *Shangpian longzhang fengzhuwen* 上篇龍章鳳篆文 (3.22b–23b). According to a note by Guo: “The Shu 蜀 edition places [this writ] after the *Lingshu xiapian*, but given the fact that it is entitled *Shangpian zhangzhuwen*, it is more appropriate to put it with the *Shangpian*. Other editions have placed it after the *Shangpian*, and we have done likewise” (3.22b). The only other edition of the *Duren jing* in the *Daozang* to include this supplementary stanza is that of Chen Guanwu 陳觀吾 (91 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing zhujie* 3.22b–23a; dated 1336), and Chen, in his discussion of this addition (2.20a), refers to Qingyuan’s arguments as presented by Guo.

Qingyuan simply comments on the original text, line by line and word by word. Although he never describes his system of interpretation as such, its key lies in the linking of each element of the text to an aspect of the Taoist body. The three categories of listeners in the Heavenly Court, for example, are identified with the essence, the qi, and the spirit in the body (1.5b). Since the chariots of the gods are “the product of the yang-essence” and the dragons and birds who pull these chariots are “born of the qi of the yin-essence,” the saint creates them himself by breathing in and out (2.12b–13a). The fu and registers held by Taokang 桃康 represent (*yu* 喻) the qi and the blood (3.8a).

Qingyuan’s text is also rich in allusions both to Taoist practice and to the Taoist world of the imagination. He mentions a form of “corpse liberation” by suicide (1.24b) and describes, in a most concrete manner, the redemptive mechanism of scripture recitation (1.27b–28a). He further compares celestial writs, composed of qi, with

“traces of ink,” their poor terrestrial cousins (2.6a). He links the Yujing shan, celestial origin of the *Duren jing*, to Mount Kunlun here below (2.9a). Also worthy of note are his reference to “nature and destiny” (*xingming* 性命; 1.10b) and his use of the demonstrative *zhege* 這箇 (1.7b; Qinghe laoren also uses it: 1.16a, 2.17a, etc.).

Guo Wangfeng’s commentary makes frequent use of the concept of *xingming* (1.3a, 16a, 3.44b, etc.) and refers often to both Confucian (1.3a, 16b, etc.) and, above all, Buddhist (especially juan 2) texts. Guo even states himself (2.35a) that whereas Qingyuan insists on inner work (*neigong* 內功) and outer practice (*waixing* 外行), he is primarily interested in comparing Taoist with Buddhist texts. Among the Taoist texts he uses are 318 *Daoxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhangjing* (2.11a, 32b) and 141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhusu* (3.9b). The fact that Guo belongs to the Jingming school is visible not only in his *hao*, Jingming daozi, and in the features just mentioned, but also in his direct use of 563 *Taishang lingbao jingming feixian duren jingfa* (1.28a ff. is the same as 563 *Duren jingfa* 1.17b ff.). No doubt Guo inserted the stanza on 1.32b, for it is also found in the 563 *Jingming jingfa* (1.24a–b), and Qingyuan does not comment on it.

John Lagerwey

Yungong fayu 雲宮法語

2 juan

Wang Kesun 汪可孫; 1298

1049 (fasc. 725)

“Dharma Words from the Cloudy Palace.” This work is a compilation of quotations from the classics of the Three Teachings, with a few comments by the author. In his preface, he explains that *xing* 性 and *ming* 命 are the common focus of all three teachings. Although a Confucian himself, Wang was aware of the necessity of cooperation between Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism in order to return to the Tao (preface 1b). He compiled the present text to prove this point. Cloudy Palace (*yungong* 雲宮) is the name Taoists give to the sanctuary of the inner retreat (preface, 2a).

The text itself is divided into seven items (*pin* 品): Former Heaven (*xiantian* 先天), Later Heaven (*houtian* 後天), Tending Life (*yangsheng* 養生), Explaining Virtue (*mingshan* 明善), Keeping the Methods (*chiyong* 持用), Creating the Subtle (*zaowei* 造微), and Divine Transformation (*shenbua* 神化). A large number of books are quoted, sometimes implicitly. For instance, the *Kongzi jiayu* 孔子家語 is extensively cited but not named (1.7a, 1.10a, 2.7b). The Lixue 理學 philosophers are prominent, including Zhou Dunyi 周敦頤, SHAO YONG, Zhang Zai 張載, Cheng Yi 程頤, and Zhu Xi 朱熹. A variety of pre-Han, Han, and early medieval works are also used. Buddhist scriptures (*Lankāvatāra-sūtra*, *Avatamsaka-sūtra*) and the Chan Sixth Patriarch Huineng 慧能 are more marginally represented.

The text is loosely structured and down to earth. It reads like a point-for-point demonstration that Confucianism had developed its own practice of *xing* and *ming*, a practice wholly consistent with Taoist and Buddhist theory, but with more concrete objectives. There seems to be little influence of *neidan* 內丹. Little is known about Wang Kesun; (*Hongzhi*) *Huizhou fuzhi* 弘治徽州府志 9.50b indicates that he was a scholar from Jixi 績溪 (modern Anhui) who declined to hold office under the Yuan.

Vincent Goossaert

Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing tongyi

元始無量度人上品妙經通義

4 juan

By Zhang Yuchu 張宇初 (1361–1410)

89 (fasc. 41–42)

“Comprehensive Interpretation of the Book of Salvation.” This text by the Forty-third Heavenly Master, Zhang Yuchu, draws on virtually all earlier commentators, from Yan Dong 嚴東 to Xue Jizhao 薛季昭. As an interpretation it is derivative, relying heavily on Xiao Yingsou’s 蕭應叟 90 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing neiyi* and on an otherwise lost commentary by Lei Moan 雷默庵 (see article on 92 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing zhujie*).

Although Zhang first mentions Xiao Yingsou by name only on page 1.15b, his interpretation of the first part of the text in terms of Inner Alchemy derives almost entirely from Xiao (cf. 1.5a–15b and 90 *Miaojing neiyi* 1.10b–2.6a). In addition to Zhang’s identified borrowings from Lei Moan, it seems likely that the prefatory diagrams not taken from Xiao’s *Neiyi*, and that link the *Duren jing* to thunder, also derive from Lei. At one point, in excluding the *Yuanshi lingshu shang / xiapian* 元始靈書上 / 下篇 (4.2a), Zhang invokes the joint authority of Lei and Xiao. The direct citations from Lei’s commentary are on the whole unremarkable.

Zhang concludes his text with a postface to Lei Moan’s edition of the *Duren jing* originally revealed by the Celestial Lord Xin during a séance in a *gengyin* 庚寅 year (1290?). After recalling his revelation of the Hunyuan 混元 Thunder rites to Lei, Xin launches into an encomium on the *Duren jing*. It is the only text, says Xin, that survives all final cataclysms, safe in the Jade Capital. It contains within it the entire “mystery of Hunyuan”: the precious pearl at the beginning of the text is the human heart, and the Yuanshi tianzun is the “primordial spirit.” Therefore, “when one recites this text with appropriate concentration, it is the Primordial Beginning who recites.” Those who do not understand the scripture’s meaning can save neither themselves nor others. Most of these points are cited once again in Zhang’s commentary (1.15a, 23a–24b).

The information furnished by this postface complements perfectly that given in Lei Moan’s biography in 297 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian xubian* 5.11b–14a: It was while he

was reciting the *Duren jing* that the Hunyuan method was originally revealed to Lei. Seven days later, the Celestial Lord Xin appeared to Lei to tell him that “this teaching is based entirely on the *Duren jing*.” Finally, Lei’s last request before writing his testamentary poem and expiring was that his disciples recite for him the *Duren jing* one last time.

John Lagerwey

Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing neiyi

元始無量度人上品妙經內義

5 juan

By Xiao Yingsou 蕭應叟; 1226

90 (fasc. 43–44)

“Esoteric Interpretation of the Book of Salvation.” This interpretation is preceded by four separate texts. The first text—a memorial for liturgical use by Xiao Yingsou, dated 1226—states that the *neiyi* was originally printed separately as a book in two juan, but that it had then been separated into an interlinear commentary for the present edition. Xiao signs the memorial with his ritual title, Shangqing dadong xuandu sanjing fashi 上清大洞玄都三景法師.

The second text, also dated 1226, is an essay by Xiao on the “meaning of the scripture.” The creative forces captured in the names of the scripture, says Xiao, are in no way different from the “drop of essence of True Yang” at the origin of each person’s life (2b). “The alchemical way and the meaning of the scripture are identical” (6a; cf. 1.5b, where it is the “numinous treasure” [*lingbao* 靈寶] and the elixir [*jindan* 金丹] that are equated; also 2.8a, where the “scripture method” [*jingfa* 經法] is equated with the alchemical way).

The third text is a description, built around cosmological diagrams, of how the universe is born from the “Red Writ of Chaos” (*hundong chiwen* 混洞赤文; 7a). The final text is entitled “Instructions for the Recitation of the Scripture.” In this text, there is a most interesting illustration of the Inner Landscape, showing the circulation of yin and yang energies in the body (fig. 3).

Starting with the literal meaning of the text—for this meaning, Xiao relies on the four commentaries edited by CHEN JINGYUAN (87 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing sizhu*; cf. here, 6a)—Xiao then deepens this interpretation by means of a numerological and cosmogonic metaphorization of key elements. For the latter, Xiao relies principally on the *Yijing* and the tradition of Inner Alchemy as represented by 997 *Gurwen longhu shangjing zhu*, 141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu*, and 999 *Zhouyi cantong qi*. ZHONGLI QUAN, PENG XIAO, ZHANG ZIYANG, SHAO YONG, and Cheng Yi 程頤 are all mentioned more than once. The ultimate inspiration of Xiao’s hermeneutical method may well be the “scripture method,” whose name derives from



FIGURE 3. The circulation of yin and yang in the body: A metaphorical representation of the Inner Landscape (90 “biao,” 8a–b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/88)

the title of 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa*, cited several times in the present text: 1.1a corresponds to 219 *Duren shangjing dafa*, 1.4b–5a; 1.12b to 8.2a; and 2.5b to 8.10a. The latter two passages are attributed in the *Neiyi* to the Master in the Beyond (*xuanshi* 玄師; two other passages attributed to him, at 3.15b and 4.5b, are to be found in 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 4.38b and 36a). These passages are of particular interest here because in the *Duren dafa* the first one is preceded by the phrase, “explained in terms of the interior,” and the second by the phrase, “explained in terms of the marvelous way of the internal landscape.” This “marvelous way” is then compared with the ways of the “grand method”—exorcism—and scripture recitation. The present text may be said to go beyond mere comparison to the synthesis of these ways.

The numerological metaphorization of the text is unevenly distributed, with heavy concentration on the first lines of the *Duren jing* and on its tenfold recitation (1.6b–8b, 1.14a–2.4a). But the keystone of this system of interpretation is the *Lingshu zhongpian* 靈書中篇, whose 256 characters (eight times thirty-two) are linked to the sixty-four hexagrams of the *Yijing* (5.3a–27b).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing zhujie

太上洞玄靈寶無量度人上品妙經註解

3 juan

By CHEN ZHIXU 陳致虛, *zi* Guanwu 觀吾, *hao* Shangyang zi 上陽子; preface 1336

91 (fasc. 45–46)

“Commentary on the Book of Salvation.” In a preface dated to midautumn of 1336, CHEN ZHIXU states that one must have both “inner practice and outer merit” in order to obtain immortality. He therefore interprets the *Duren jing* in terms of both the “worldly method” (*shifa* 世法) of recitation and prayer and the “Taoist usage” (*daoyong* 道用) of Inner Alchemy. Sexual desire, writes Chen, leads men to squander their “qi of true unity”; proper practice using the *Duren jing* leads to its recovery and sublimation.

Chen also suggests in his preface that his interpretation is primarily indebted to the commentaries compiled by CHEN JINGYUAN (87 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing sizhu*) and that of Xiao Yingsou 蕭應叟 (90 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing neiyi*), as well as to what he learned from his master, Zhao Youqin 趙友欽 (fl. 1329; cf. 1069 *Shangyang zi jindan dayao liexian zhi* 8b–9a). An examination of the commentary itself reveals that Chen borrows heavily indeed—far more than would appear from explicit citation—from Xiao Yingsou (especially in 1.2b–2.18b), but likewise from Qingyuan zhenren 青元真人 (88 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing zhu*; especially 2.20b–30b, 38b–41b, 3.23b–36b). Chen also refers three times to his own master (1.42a, 2.42a–b, 3.2a–b) and frequently to earlier masters of his alchemical lineage such as ZHANG BODUAN. He would seem, finally, to have known Xue Jizhao’s 薛季昭 commentary (cf. 2.35a and 92 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing zhujie* 2.23b).

Although Chen’s implicit criticism of Xiao Yingsou for not paying equal attention to “nature and vitality” (*xingming* 性命) is unjust (cf. 1.2a, 7a, 8b with 90 *Miaojing neiyi* 1.4a, 13a, 13b–14a), it does reveal one of his primary concerns. At 1.8b, for example, Chen insists on identifying the “primordial spirit” of the heart with the “true nature,” and he says that “taming the heart is like taming a wild animal.” Part of the difficulty of taming the heart is no doubt due to the fact that “the hearts of those who believe in the Way are rarely solid, while the unbelieving hearts of those who do not believe are solid as metal and rock” (1.10a; cf. 2.42b). But the real difficulty for Chen is clearly that “as soon as the root of desire stirs, hell emerges” (2.45b; Xiao Yingsou, in 90 *Miaojing neiyi* 4.32a [borrowed by Chen, 3.18b], says that the most urgent of all interdictions is that against sexual desire, but he does not insist on the point as much as Chen).

For Chen, the solution is to “cut off all thought of desire” and to practice the Way of Inner Alchemy. To do this, one must first find a teacher (1.41a; cf. 2.51b, where even Huang-Lao is said to have needed a teacher). In Chen’s own case, if his interpretation

of the *Duren jing* is indebted in the first place to that of Xiao Yingsou, it would appear that his teacher led him to translate that interpretation into personal alchemical experience: when Chen glosses the “Red Writs of Chaos” (*hundong chiwen* 混洞赤文) as the “true nature” and the “primordial spirit” (2.4b), he is paraphrasing Xiao’s *Neiyi*, 3.3a, 4a; but when he responds to his teacher’s inquiry (2.42a–b), he says of this term that it is “the cold sweat that covers the body.” Apparently Chen understands the *hundong chiwen*, revealed at the beginning of time, to be comparable to the cold sweat that covers the microcosm of the adept’s body when he or she is subliming the elixir. Chen goes on, then, to describe the parallels between physical and spiritual embryogenesis (2.43b).

Zhao Youqin’s metaphoric comparison of the earth to a large plank afloat on the waters, themselves a portion of the “heavenly carpet” (3.2b), proves to be the occasion for one of the most remarkable developments in Chen’s commentary. “This metaphor,” says Chen, “comes very close to the matter”; he then launches into a long description of contemporary versions of the ancient *huntingian* theory 渾天論 of the cosmic egg (3.2b–10a, 13b–18a). Although the relevance of this description to his alchemical interpretation of the *Duren jing* is not clear, it is significant that CHEN ZHIXU felt the need to relate his alchemical experiences to the most recent scientific discussions concerning the nature of the universe.

John Lagerwey

Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing zhujie

元始無量度人上品妙經註解

3 juan

By Xue Jizhao 薛季昭, *hao* Xianweng 顯翁; presented 1303 or 1304

92 (fasc. 46)

“Commentary on the Book of Salvation.” This commentary by Xue Jizhao, a Taoist master from Lushan 廬山 in possession of the Shangqing dadong baolu 上清大洞寶籙 register (3.22b), is preceded by a liturgical memorial with the discrepant dates Dade 7 (1303) and *jiachen* 甲辰 (1304). Here the author humbly presents his work to the Jade Emperor: “Many people recite this book, but few understand it. It is not that earlier worthies have not written commentaries, but they tend to be obscure, and latter-day adepts have difficulty understanding them.” Xue presents himself as one who, having received the “heart-seal transmission of the master,” is in charge of the Altar for the Manifestation of Thunder (*xianlei tan* 顯雷壇). He hopes to earn merit and so to compensate for his own sins by writing as straightforward a commentary as possible. In point of fact, Xue’s commentary is comparatively unencumbered by esoteric readings and descriptions of the spiritual bureaucracy.

A series of postfaces recount the circumstances surrounding the publication of

Xue's work. According to one Li Yueyang 李月陽, also of Lushan and writing in 1305, Xue's reticence to publish his commentary had been overcome: first by a local layman's decision to finance the carving of the blocks, and then by the words of encouragement uttered by the divine Marshal Wang on the Thunder Altar of Anterior Heaven in West Market five days after the completion of the carving had been liturgically announced (3.19a–20a). In 1308, according to a postface by Xue (3.20a–22a), he spent a night on this same altar. During the night, the “ancestral master” Lei Moan 雷默庵 (see article on 89 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing tongyi*) came to him in a dream with two announcements: first, that Xue's name had been registered in the Shenxiao celestial offices because his “merit in explaining [the *Duren jing*] is equal to mine”; second, that a text was about to be revealed to him (this is presumably the heart-seal transmission mentioned in the preface). Eight days later, as predicted, a text is revealed to Xue by none other than Xin Zhongyi 辛忠義, the divine Clerk of the Thunder Clap who had originally revealed to Lei Moan the Hunyuan 混元 Thunder rites (297 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian xubian* 5.12b; cf. Boltz, *A survey of Taoist literature*, 47, 209–11). A final text, also by Xue, tells the history of the revelation and transmission of the “precious declaration of the Primordial Beginning,” a declaration that Xue wrote out on the Scriptural Altar of the Sea of Snow Heart-Mirror in 1316.

The commentary produced in this context of dream revelation and automatic writing is anything but visionary. Indeed, Xue states explicitly that his commentary is intended for religious novices (*chuzhen dedao zhe* 初真得道者, 2.24b; cf. 3.4b, 21b), whether or not they have received a ritual register (*falü* 法籙; 1.18a, based on 90 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing neiyi*, 2.31a). Xue simplifies the *Duren jing*, in part, as he explains in an undated postface (3.18a–19a), by going counter to contemporary practice and excluding the *Lingshu xiapian* 靈書下篇 and the *Taiji zhenren houxu* 太極真人後序. More generally, he simply takes from his predecessors the bare minimum of what he deems necessary for an understanding of the text. To this end, he borrows regularly from the commentaries of Guo Wangfeng 郭罔鳳 and Li Shaowei 李少微. He borrows from the former especially in juan 2 (cf. 2.3a on Kunlun with 88 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing zhu* 2.9a), and from the latter primarily in juan 3 (from 87 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing sizhu*). He shares with Xiao Yingsou's 蕭應叟 *Neiyi* both the mode of liturgical presentation and the *zhifu* 直符 (3.18a; 90 *Miaojing neiyi* 5.36a), and he alludes once to Shenxiao literature (2.29b).

What is unique to Xue's commentary is not only its relative simplicity, but also his references to the ritual context of the recitation of the *Duren jing*: where, for example, Yan Dong 嚴東 interprets the phrase "today there is the joy of transmission" as a reference to the transmission of the *Duren jing* to the Lord of the Tao by means of Yuanshi tianzun's recitation as described in the text itself (87 *Miaojing sizhu* 2.58a), Xue interprets the phrase as a reference to a religious initiation: "today so-and-so is being initiated" (2.20b–21a). In similar fashion, astral bodies and other cosmic entities

mentioned in the text are divinized and placed in a ritual context: the Southern Dipper, for example, becomes “the lord who gives entry to life, and that is why one’s name of life is written on the Register of Long Life” (2.21b; compare 87 *Sizhu* 2.36b).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao wuliang duren shangpin jingfa

太上洞玄靈寶無量度人上品經法

5 juan

Compiled and annotated by Chen Chunrong 陳春榮; Southern Song (1127–1279)?

93 (fasc. 47-48)

"Scriptural Method of Book of Salvation." By its very title this commentary on the *Duren jing* links itself to the Lingbao dafa movement: *jingfa* (scriptural method) is an

alternative name for this form of the “great method” (compare 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa*, title and 71.23b). The text is preceded, in rather unusual fashion, by a brief introduction to the rules of recitation, the cosmic origins of the text, and the salutary effect of its recitation. Nothing is known of the commentary’s author, Chen Chunrong, except that he was a Zhengyi priest, to judge by his title, given here as *taishang sanwu dugong zhilu dizi* 太上三五都功職籙弟子.

Chen refers frequently to the “great method,” both to indicate the source (*an* 按) of his viewpoint (3.16b, 19a) and to tell the reader where to find further details (1.24a, 3.4a, 4.3b). Most, though not all, of the citations attributed to the Master in the Beyond (*xuanshi* 玄師) are to be found either in 219 *Shangqing dafa* or in 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* (especially juan 4, 10, and 26), or in both. Chen’s division of the *Duren jing* in forty-seven paragraphs is, with two exceptions, identical to the division in juan 26 of 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa*, but it differs from that of JIN YUNZHONG in juan 2 and 3 of 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa*. The similarity of the drawings on 1.5b, 6a (fig. 4); 2.10b; 3.8b, 13a with those in juan 4 of 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* confirms the links of Chen’s commentary to the version of the *Lingbao dafa* that JIN YUNZHONG associates with Tiantai.



FIGURE 4. The correspondence between respiration and the circulation of qi, as measured through the pulse, and the movement of the “heavenly clockwork” of the Big Dipper stars (g3 1.6a)

In addition to the Lingbao dafa texts and to the traditional commentaries compiled by CHEN JINGYUAN (87 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing sizhu*)—whom he cites frequently, though sometimes implicitly—Chen Chunrong also uses an imperial commentary (probably that of Huizong; see VDL 134) and the Shenxiao writings (compare 2.47a–50b and 3.2b–3b with 147 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangbin miaojing futu* 3.1a–10a and 12a–15b). For the *Lingshu zhongpian* 靈書中篇 (4.4b–29b), he uses the correspondences with the hexagrams found for the first time in Xiao Yingsou's 蕭應叟 90 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing neiyi*. It may be, however, that Chen took this part of his commentary not from Xiao but from Xiao's source, for in the rest of his commentary, whenever Chen cites a passage that may be found in Xiao's work, he almost invariably attributes it to a (*Lingbao*) *neixiang danzhi* 內象丹旨 (compare 1.6a, 2.40b, 41b, and 44a with 90 *Miaojing neiyi* 1.12b, 3.39b, 40a, and 40b).

John Lagerwey

Dongxuan lingbao duren jing dafan yinyu shuyi

洞玄靈寶度人經大梵隱語疏義

22 fols.

94 (fasc. 48)

“Explanation Concerning the Esoteric Speech of Great Brahma [*Dafan yinyu*].” The title refers to the paragraph at the end of the *Duren jing*, which also constitutes the primary subject of 97 *Taishang lingbao zhutian neiyin ziran yuzi*. This paragraph consists of 256 characters, a number corresponding to that of the Thirty-two Heavens multiplied by eight. The paragraph was singled out for special attention in the Shenxiao and Lingbao dafa traditions of the Southern Song. It is likely that the present text was transmitted separately for that reason (cf. the warning against “divulging [the esoteric sounds] to lay people” in 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 26.26b).

In addition to separate paragraphs of explanation for each of the Thirty-two Heavens, all of which essentially reproduce Li Shaowei's 李少微 commentary, this text contains three introductory and two concluding paragraphs: the former explain the terms *zhutian dafan* 諸天大梵, *yinyu* 隱語, and *wuliang* 無量; the latter explain the final paragraph of the *Duren jing* as a postface to the “esoteric sounds.” It is noteworthy that this text devoted to the Sanskrit-like quality of the sounds nonetheless insists that they were Chinese (1b, 20b).

John Lagerwey

Wuliang duren shangpin miaojing pangtong tu 無量度人上品妙經旁通圖

2 juan

Compiled by Liu Yuandao 劉元道, *hao* Shouyi dashi 守一大師

148 (fasc. 67)

“Chart for Analyzing the Wonderful and Superior Book of Salvation.” The term *pangtong* in the title—meaning “penetrating to the very limit” and, hence, “thorough analysis”—is borrowed from *Yijing* studies, where it refers to the analysis of a hexagram as a whole. The present text was originally in three juan, but the first juan is lost.

According to the biography of Liu Yuandao in LZTT 51.4b–5a, he was associated from the beginning with Emperor Huizong's project for the compilation of a *Daozang*. His vast book learning earned him a series of promotions, and finally he was appointed head of the Taoists in the capital. It is undoubtedly at this time that he lived at the Taiqing chuqing gong 太清儲慶宮 (see 1.1a) and compiled the present text.

Relying heavily on the commentaries compiled by CHEN JINGYUAN (87 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing sizhu*), Liu Yuandao attempts, in juan 2, primarily to link the Thirty-two Heavens of the *Duren jing* to the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions. In juan 3, he describes the ritual for the recitation of the *Duren jing* and the *Dafan yinyu* 大梵隱語, a text found both in the *Duren jing* and in 97 *Taishang lingbao zhutian neiyin ziran yuzi*. Liu also describes the celestial origins of these two texts.

Liu not only notes the source of his comments in virtually every paragraph, but also provides a list of his sources at the end of his work. The authors of 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* and 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* make considerable use of Liu's work, but they eliminate all source references (compare the present work 2.1a–8a and 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 10.11b–13a, 15b–25b; also 3.1a–7b and 219 *Duren dafa* 3.13b–17a, 22a–23b, 2.8a–9b). JIN YUNZHONG was no doubt thinking of these imitators when he wrote that “irresponsible people have recently borrowed from such books as the *Pangtong tu* 旁通圖, the *Wuwei jing* 武威經, and the *Beidou lu* 北斗錄 and, after completely changing the names, have fabricated the Xuanji method 璇璣法” (1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 27.10b).

John Lagerwey

Taishang shengxuan shuo xiaozai huming miaojing zhu

太上昇玄說消災護命妙經註

12 fols.

By WANG JIE 王玠, *zi* Daoyuan 道淵, *hao* Hunran zi 混然子; Yuan (1279–1368)

100 (fasc. 50)

“Commentary on the Marvelous Scripture of the Most High Elevation to Mystery Protecting Life and Averting Disaster.” In the main part of his commentary, WANG

JIE explains the words and the reasoning of the text without pursuing a systematic exegesis. His definition of key terms to some extent alters the fundamental message of the scripture, replacing an epistemological sequence—the experience of reality, the unreal nature of this reality, the identity of both perceptions and the ultimate reality of the “marvelous sounds”—with ontological dialectics. This shift appears to be due to the influence of the Neo-Confucian dialectics of “substance” as opposed to “function” (see page 6a). Another influence may be attributable to the author’s alchemical preoccupations. Apparently taking as a point of departure the suggestion of an esoteric meaning of the text made by LI DAOCHUN in 101 *Taishang shengxuan xiaozai huming miaojing zhu* 2a (compare our text 1b), Wang contrasts this interpretation, to which he gives the name of “the use of the Tao” (*daoyong* 道用), with a religious and literal interpretation that he terms the “method of the age” (*shifa* 世法; see pages 2a, 3a, and 10b; cf. the article on 91 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing zhujie*). The alchemical terminology used by Wang is that of the Quanzhen school 全真 (compare 10a6 in the present text to 25 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo dedao liaoshen jing* 3a10).

John Lagerwey

Taishang shengxuan xiaozai huming miaojing zhu

太上昇玄消災護命妙經註

5 fols.

By LI DAOCHUN 李道純 (d. 1306)

101 (fasc. 50)

“Commentary on the Marvelous Scripture of the Most High Elevation to Mystery Protecting Life and Averting Disaster.” In comparison with the standard versions of the scripture, as given in 19 *Taishang shengxuan xiaozai huming miaojing* and in the Dunhuang manuscripts, we find here, on page 4a, an additional phrase of four characters: *suishen gongyang* 隨身供養, that is, “worship wherever you are.”

LI DAOCHUN’s commentary is divided into three parts. It proposes an alchemical interpretation of the text. The Yuanshi tianzun symbolizes the ancestral qi, and the Palace of Five Colors where he preaches is equated with the Yellow Court (*huangting* 黃庭), whereas the Forest of the Seven Jewels is said to refer to the Three Origins (*sanyuan* 三元) and the Four Emblems (*sixiang* 四象). In the second part of his commentary, LI DAOCHUN quotes the *Hṛdāya-sūtra* (*Xinjing* 心經).

Catherine Despeux

Shengtian jing songjie 生天經頌解

6 fols.

By Wang Jichang 王吉昌, hao Chaoran zi 超然子; early thirteenth century

313 (fasc. 162)

“Hymns in Exegesis of the Book of Birth in Heaven.” This work comprises thirty-seven poems explaining and expanding upon the meaning of the short Tang scripture 24 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo shengtian dedao jing*. The general tenor of the commentary is that of spiritual alchemy, in keeping with the teachings of Wang, the author of 247 *Huizhen ji*.

Kristofer Schipper

Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhang jing jieyi

洞玄靈寶自然九天生神章經解義

4 juan

By Dong Sijing 董思靖, hao Guishan 圭山; 1252

396 (fasc. 186)

“Commentary on the Stanzas of the Life Spirits of the Nine Heavens.” In the preface, Dong, a Taoist from the Tianqing monastery 天慶觀 at Qingyuan 清源 (Shanxi), divides the text according to its contents and gives explanations regarding the five kalpas and the Nine Heavens on the basis of numerical correspondences.

In his postface, dated 1252, Dong Sijing presents a discourse in which he convinces a skeptic of the contents of this scripture and the Taoist teaching. In his explanations, Dong refers to a great number of Shangqing and Lingbao scriptures and cites a total of seven different editions of the *Jiutian shengshen zhang jing* 九天生神章經 (3.1a–29a), of which only the commentary from Sichuan (*Shuzhu* 蜀註; i.e., 397 *Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen yuzhang jing jie*) can be identified.

Zhang Yuchu’s 張宇初 (1361–1410) preface to Dong’s commentary can be found in 1311 *Xianquan ji* 2.17a–19a.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen yuzhang jing jie

洞玄靈寶自然九天生神玉章經解

3 juan

By Wang Xichao 王希巢, zi Yinxian 隱賢; 1205

397 (fasc. 187)

“Explanations of the Stanzas of the Life Spirits of the Nine Heavens.” As Wang Xichao—a Taoist from the Chongxu monastery 冲虛觀 in Mianzhou 縣州 (Sichuan)—states in his preface (dated 1205), he wrote this commentary at the suggestion of a

certain Ren Xianliang 任賢良, who deemed the previous explanations by Yuchan zi 玉蟾子 (surnamed Zhao 趙) to be incomplete.

Wang's commentary is unusually detailed and precise in its textual criticism (e.g., 1.5b–6b). The two hymns by Taiji zhenren 太極真人 at the end of this text are left uncommentated.

In his supplement to the *Junzhai dushu zhi*, Zhao Xibian lists a *Jiutian shengshen zhang jing* in three juan, with explanations by Wang Xichao, a preface by Cheng Gongxu 程公許 (fl. 1211), and a colophon by Zhao Rixiu 趙日休. Neither that preface nor the colophon are reproduced in the present edition.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhang jing zhu

洞玄靈寶自然九天生神章經註

3 juan

By Hua Yangfu 華陽復; preface by ZHANG SHOUQING 張守清, dated 1332

398 (fasc. 188)

“Commentary on the Stanzas of the Life Spirits of the Nine Heavens.” Nothing is known about Hua Yangfu except that it can be concluded from his work (1.4b5) that he lived under the Yuan dynasty (1279–1368). The preface to this commentary was written by ZHANG SHOUQING, a Taoist residing on Wudang shan 武當山 (Hubei). Zhang had been active establishing temples there as early as 1284. His title, Tixuan miaoying taihe zhenren 體玄妙應太和真人, which he uses in the preface, had been bestowed on him by the emperor in 1314 (962 *Wudang fudi zongzhen ji* 2.1b; 961 *Xuantian shangdi qisheng lingyi lu* 6a). Zhang regrets that he knew the old Tang commentaries by Xue Youqi 薛幽棲, Li Shaowei 李少微, and CHENG XUANYING only by hearsay and states that he was shown Hua's commentary by a visitor from Wu 吳.

Hua's commentary is by no means original; it draws heavily on the explanations by Wang Xichao 王希巢 (compare, e.g., 1.12b–14b with 397 *Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen yuzhang jing jie* 1.22b–26a) and frequently cites commentaries by Xiao Zhenyou 蕭真祐 and Zhen Shuai 真率 that otherwise have not been preserved. Appended to the text we find a folio of phonetic explanations.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo jiuku miaojing zhuji

太上洞玄靈寶天尊說救苦妙經註解

27 fols.

By [Lü 呂] Dongyang zi 洞陽子 of Tongshen an 通神庵; preface by Zhou Zhun 周準, hao Baozhen zi 葆真子

399 (fasc. 189)

“Annotations to the Scripture for the Salvation from Distress.” This commentary on 374 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao jiuku miaojing* is preceded by a preface by a certain Zhou Zhun of Jinjiang 錦江 (Shangrao 上饒 district, Jiangxi), in which we learn that Dongyang zi was the hao of a Mr. Lü 呂氏 of Siming 四明, a mountain range in Zhejiang. Lü announces to Zhou his intention to write a commentary on the *Jiuku jing* 救苦經 which, he says, contains “the secret meaning of the Great Cavern.”

Lü, citing 529 *Lingbao wujing tigang*, defines the *Jiuku jing* as an “esoteric exposé of sublimation [*liandu* 鍊度] rites” (17b). Salvation by sublimation is to be accomplished by “setting fire” (*xinghuo* 行火) to the *sanmei* 三昧, that is, by the “fires of the lord (the heart), the minister (the kidneys), and the people (the bladder)” (24a; cf. 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 15.1b, 3a). Lü identifies the Taoists’ “primordial spirit” with the “true nature” of the Confucians and the “origin” (*benlai* 本來) of the Buddhists (2a). The *ling* 靈 of Lingbao is identical with the spirit (*shen* 神) and the nature (*xing* 性), and the *bao* 寶 with the breath (qi) and life (*ming* 命; 4b–5b). Adepts of Chan understand the heart and the nature but are too much “attached to their discourses on Emptiness” (10b). One must also create the Lords of the Three Treasures by transforming the qi, the spirit, and the essence (*jing* 精; 13a).

John Lagerwey

Taishang shengxuan xiaozai huming miaojing song

太上升玄消災護命妙經頌

7 fols.

By Zhang Bo 張白, zi Xubo 虛白, hao Boyun zi 白雲子 (fl. second half of tenth century)

312 (fasc. 161)

“Hymns on the Marvelous Scripture of the Most High Elevation to Mystery Protecting Life and Averting Disaster.” This is a rhymed commentary to the Tang scripture 19 *Taishang shengxuan xiaozai huming miaojing*. The *Daozang* edition indicates Zhenyi xiansheng Sima Ziwei 貞一先生司馬子微 of the Tang as the author of this work, referring to SIMA CHENGZHEN (647–735). This attribution is an error. According to the biography of Zhang Bo in LZTT 47.15a, the latter wrote a rhymed commentary on the work in question. The biography quotes the first and last lines of this commentary, showing clearly that it corresponded to the present text. The confusion with SIMA

CHENGZHEN may have resulted from the fact that both he and Zhang Bo had the *hao* Boyun zi.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu 太上老君說常清靜經註

7 fols.

By LI DAOCHUN 李道純, *hao* Qing'an 清庵, Yingchan zi 瑩蟾子 (fl. 1290)

755 (fasc. 532)

"Commentary to the Scripture on Perpetual Purity and Tranquility." For biographical details about the Quanzhen 全真 Taoist LI DAOCHUN, see 1060 *Qing'an Yingchan zi yulu*. The main part of the present text is identical with 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing*; the latter's epilogue, however, has not been included here. In his exegesis, Li mostly limits himself to strict textual interpretation, citing only occasionally the *Daode jing* and *Yijing* for explanation.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu 太上老君說常清靜經註

63 fols.

Yuan (1279–1368)?

756 (fasc. 532)

"Commentary on the Scripture of Perpetual Purity and Tranquility." This anonymous commentary probably dates from the Yuan dynasty (see 60a: "Earlier, in the year 1068 of the Song . . ."). Compared to 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing*, the main text of the present work has been abridged by more than one third: pages 1b10–2a8 of that text are missing here, as is the epilogue. After the individual sections of the text, the commentator first gives his own explanations and often cites commentaries on the *Qingjing jing* by Wenzhong zi 文中子 and Boyun weng 白雲翁 (not identified). Then—without indicating his sources—he narrates stories that illustrate the efficacy of the recitation of this scripture. He goes on to summarize in a final remark (*lun* 論) the relation between the individual episode and the preceding section of the text. As for the sources of the stories that can be traced, they are mostly Tang works like the *Fayuan zhulin* 法苑珠林, the *Baoying ji* 報應記, and the *Guangyi ji* 廣異記 that attest to the efficacy of the Diamond Sūtra (*Jin'gang jing* 金剛[般若]經). Our commentator in some places remained faithful to the original story (compare, e.g., 5b with *Baoying ji* [in *Taiping guangji* 103.695], but sometimes he modified them heavily, to the point of changing the names of the protagonists (compare, e.g., 52b–58b with *Xu xuanguai lu* 續玄怪錄 [in *Taiping guangji* 16.109–12]. In all cases, the title *Jin'gang jing* has been replaced by *Qingjing jing* 清靜經.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu 太上老君說常清靜經註

24 fols.

Arranged and revised by BO YUCHAN 白玉蟾, *hao* Qiongguan zi 瓊瑯子;

commentary by Wang Yuanhui 王元暉, *hao* Yinwei zi 隱微子, dated 1312

757 (fasc. 532)

"Commentary on the Scripture of Perpetual Purity and Tranquility." In a brief postface, Wang Daxu 王大敘 (*hao* Gouqu shanren 句曲山人) writes that he came into possession of a *Qingjing jing*—commentated by SIMA CHENGZHEN and divided into sections and revised by BO YUCHAN—and that he was preparing to have the work printed. Jiang Huazi 蔣華子 (*hao* Siqing weng 四清翁) confirms in his preface (dated 1312) that the diagrams at the beginning of the text are by BO YUCHAN. Since no explicit information on the commentary nor on the identity of Wang Yuanhui (from Zhongnan 終南) is given, we can only assume that Yuanhui is the *zi* of Wang Daxu.

Our main text, divided into five sections, is the same as 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing*, the epilogue of which has been compiled here with an account of Laozi's incarnations and manifestations, the diagrams by BO YUCHAN, and various poems to form a separate prolegomenon. The commentary is mainly a conglomeration of citations from all kinds of sources. Variant readings are indicated.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu 太上老君說常清靜經註

24 fols.

By Hou Shanyuan 侯善淵, *hao* Taixuan zi 太玄子 (Jin dynasty, second half of twelfth century); preface by Mao Hui 毛麾 (fl. 1187)

758 (fasc. 533)

"Commentary on the Scripture of Perpetual Purity and Tranquility." From the preface by Mao Hui (cf. "Yizhen chongxu zhenren Mao zunshi tuihua ming," 973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu* 7.6b), we can conclude that Mao and Hou were contemporaries. The text itself links the place name Gushe shan 姑射山 (Shanxi) to the commentator's name, whereas according to Mao Hui, Hou lived on Lishan 驪山 (Shaanxi).

In comparison to 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing*, the present main text shows only a few minor differences. Usually the commentary limits itself to a terse paraphrase of the individual paragraphs, followed by a hymn in eight five-character verses. The epilogue is not commented.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing zuantu jiezhu

太上老君說常清靜妙經纂圖解註

23 fols.

By WANG JIE 王玠, *zi* Daoyuan 道淵, *hao* Hunran zi 混然子 (first half of fourteenth century)

760 (fasc. 533)

“Explanations and Commentary with Illustrations to the Wonderful Scripture on Perpetual Purity and Tranquility.” The present main text is the same as 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing*. The Eulogies of the Zhenren (“Zhenren zan 真人讚”) form a separate epilogue here.

In his commentary, WANG JIE presents himself as an adherent of the Quanzhen 全真 tradition by citing Taoist, Buddhist, and Confucian works, by depicting the Three Teachings on a par with each other in a diagram (12b), and by postulating the cultivation of one’s nature (*xing* 性) and physical existence (*ming* 命; 13b; 23a). Interspersed, we find references to Inner Alchemy. Each commented section is supplemented by a diagram, illustrating the interrelations and interdependences of the definitions and terms employed.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing songzhu 太上老君說常清靜經頌註

8 fols.

By Liu Tongwei 劉通微, *hao* Moran zi 默然子 (1167–1196)

974 (fasc. 614)

“Psalmodic Commentary on the Scripture of Perpetual Purity and Tranquility.” The author, who signed this commentary only with his byname, was a 全真 Quanzhen Taoist. According to 955 *Zhongnan shan zuting xianzhen neizhuan* 1.4a–5b, Liu was a native of Yecheng 掖城 in Shandong. In 1167 he met WANG ZHE there, from whom he also received his byname. After meetings with four of Wang’s disciples, Liu was summoned, at the beginning of the Mingchang period (1190–1196), to the Jin court, where he conversed with the emperor Zhangzong on Taoist themes (among others, *qingjing* 清靜). He died in 1196, not long after leaving the court. The present work is not mentioned in his biography.

The main text has similar variant characters as 758 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu*; the epilogue, however, is missing in our work. Liu’s hymns consist of eight five-character verses each, which are more in the nature of a poetic paraphrase of the main text than an explanatory commentary.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang taiqing tiantong huming miaojing zhu 太上太清天童護命妙經註

10 fols.

By Hou Shanyuan 侯善淵, *hao* Taixuan zi 太玄子; Jurchen Jin (1115–1234)

762 (fasc. 533)

“Annotations to the Life-Protecting Book of the Heavenly Lords of Utmost Purity.”

This short commentary on 632 *Taishang taiqing tiantong huming miaojing* is similar in form to Hou’s commentary 758 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu*.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang kaiming tiandi benzhen jing 太上開明天地本真經

4 fols.

Transmitted by Renshou, Meishan Master Who Penetrates the Mystery of the Three Teachings 通玄三教眉山師仁壽

34 (fasc. 27)

“Explication of the Most High of the Original Truth of Heaven and Earth.”

After stating that humanity lost its “original truth” in the Tao by the development of knowledge, the author explains the birth of the Three Teachings (*sanjiao* 三教) as a response to this situation. Each has its special area of competence—morality, dialectics, alchemy (note the use of the term *gongfu* 功夫)—but each “embraces heaven and earth” in its teaching. Nowadays, regrettably, these Three Teachings have lost their original truth. It is therefore the task of those who would “penetrate the Mystery of the Three Teachings” to explain (*kaiming* 開明), out of compassion for the living and the dead, that there is no Heaven higher than human nature (*xing* 性), nor an Earth more stable than the human heart. All paths to salvation depend on the body, but in order to recover the “true origin,” one must “recite the True Book that is hidden from human eyes.” In other words, one must find a “superior man” who can teach one “the way of the scriptures,” for “it is necessary to know that the True Book of the Great Way depends on oral transmission and the seal of the heart [*xinyin* 心印].”

John Lagerwey

Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing zhu

太上玄靈北斗本命延生真經註

5 juan

By Xu Daoling 徐道齡, *hao* Xuanyang zi 玄陽子; corrected by Xu Daoxuan 徐道玄, *hao* Qianyang zi 乾陽子; 1334

750 (fasc. 527–528)

“Commentary on the Dipper Scripture.” According to his postface, written on the occasion of the printing of this work in 1334, Xu Daoling composed this text in divine

inspiration while occupying a sinecure post in Suzhou. Concerning Xu Daoxuan, the corrector, no information is provided.

Although Xu Daoling states that he relied on the “instructions of previous sages,” he does not specify any particular text model. Numerous parallels, however, point to 752 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng jing zhu* (q.v.) as a possible source.

One of the characteristics of the present work is its obvious relation to the spirit-writing cult of Zitong dijun 梓童帝君: a prefatory note (*Beidou jing tici* 北斗經題辭) and a petition to the Jade Emperor (5.1a–2a) are attributed to this deity. Text and commentary are thus set in a ritual frame: the prefatory note gives instructions for the visualization of the deities of the Big Dipper to be practiced before the recitation of the scripture, and for the prayers to be pronounced at the beginning of the ritual. More formulas and a series of ten benedictions come after the text (4.13b–17b). Juan 5 includes, after Zitong dijun’s petition and some technical instructions, a set of fu that stand for the individual deities of the constellation (cf. 752 *Beidou benming yansheng jing zhu* 2.9b–19a) and for certain parts of the scripture itself (4.11a–12b; 2.1a–9b).

Xu Daoling, who tries to give the *Beidou jing* a valid position within the Three Teachings, frequently refers in his commentary to Buddhist and Confucian sources (e.g., *Jin’gang jing* 金剛經, *Sishier zhang jing*, *Mengzi* 孟子, *Daxue*). As for Taoist sources, he clearly prefers 16 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing*, but he also cites 623 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming changsheng miaojing* (2.13a), 10 *Gaoshang yuhuang benxing jijing* (4b), and others.

Xu attempts to interpret from an exalted view of self-cultivation several passages of the main text that originally dealt only with conditions of everyday life in the home. The main text sometimes has variant readings (compare, e.g., 2.9b3, 2.9b8, and 4.10a1 with 622 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing* 3b5–6, 8a9).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing zhujie

太上玄靈北斗本命延生真經註解

3 juan

By Xuanyuan zhenren 玄元真人 from Kongtong shan 崆峒山

751 (fasc. 528)

“Commentary on the Dipper Scripture.” This commentary on 622 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing* is by an unknown author with the byname Xuanyuan from Kongtong; it is accompanied by a preface attributed to Li Bo 李白 (701–762) and a postface signed “Su Shi 蘇軾” (1036–1101). These attributes may indicate a connection with a spirit-writing cult.

In the work itself, we find a single instance (1.18b–19a) of a parallel to Xu Daoling’s 徐道齡 (fl. 1334) commentary in 750 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing zhu* 1.23b–24a. This parallel could, however, derive from a common source.

In his commentary, Xuanyuan zhenren establishes a threefold division of the individual paragraphs: (1) a tersely phrased explanation that remains close to the main text, followed by (2) a comprehensive, easily understandable interpretation (*dazhong* 大眾), which is then completed by (3) a hymn comprising eight seven-character verses and resuming the theme metaphorically.

We also find fu in this text (2.11b–15b), corresponding to those in Xu Daoling’s commentary (5.3b–6b) as well as to those in Fu Dongzhen’s 傅洞真 (752 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng jing zhu* 2.9b–19a), along with figurative depictions of the astral deities.

The commentator, who relies mainly on the authority of the 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing* and 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*, advocates the concept of the Three Teachings (*sanjiao* 三教; 1.10a–b) and the graded teaching in the Three Vehicles (*sancheng* 三乘; 2.23b). The action of the Beidou 北斗 as a universal regulator of cosmic events stands as a paradigm for the Tao or the Void “lying before one’s eyes,” as well as existing within humanity itself (2.1a–2a). Through continued meditation (2.29b), introspective contemplation of the mind (*xin* 心, i.e., Beidou), shutting oneself off from the illusory exterior world (1.17a), and restraining the Horse of the Will (*yima* 意馬) and the Monkey of the Mind (*xinyuan* 心猿; e.g., 3.2b), the practitioner finally achieves sudden enlightenment (*dunwu* 頓悟; e.g., 1.8a), realizing the true void of the great Tao (2.30a). The principle of true nature (*xing* 性) is rated higher than life, with its span limited by time (*ming* 命; 1.16b). Allusions to *neidan* 內丹 practices (e.g., 1.15a) are mostly metaphorical.

The style is rhetorical, reminiscent of the genre of recorded conversations (*yulu* 語錄), and the phrasing is poetic and metaphorical.

The prevalence of Chan ideas suggests that the commentary was produced among the later Quanzhen Taoists, who understood their tradition as a synthesis of the so-called Northern and Southern schools. The formal terminological and stylistic similarities with a text like 1065 *Xuanjiao da gongan* should also be pointed out in this context.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng jing zhu

太上玄靈北斗本命延生經註

3 juan

By Fu Dongzhen 傅洞真

752 (fasc. 529)

Beidou qiyuan jinxuan yuzhang 北斗七元金玄羽章Appendix to 752 *Yansheng jing zhu*

9 fols.

753 (fasc. 529)

“Commentary on the Dipper Scripture.” Fu Dongzhen, who is otherwise unknown, intended his commentary on 622 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing* to serve as a vindication for that popular scripture. Because of its parallel style, the *Beidou jing* was often considered a forgery, by either DU GUANGTING or Zhang Daoling 張道陵, rather than a revelation. It was, moreover, decried as trivial. On the basis of the teachings of the scriptures and statements by earlier masters, Fu wanted to elucidate the *Beidou jing* and prove the deeper meaning of its simple words (see the preface).

Fu’s commentary is probably later than the Song (960–1279; 2.25b). It is quoted in Chen Zhong’s commentary in 754 *Taishang shuo Xuantian dasheng zhenwu benchuan shenzhou miaojing* 2.8a. Furthermore, both citations of a *Doujing shi* 斗經釋 in 1049 *Yungong fayu* 2.1b (preface dated 1298) correspond, in slightly modified form, to 3.12a–b and 3.7b, respectively, of the present work, which was probably also one of the sources for Xu Daoling’s 徐道齡 commentary in 750 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing zhu*.

A general characteristic of Fu’s commentary is the author’s high degree of technical knowledge about liturgical practice and divinatory calculation. Although he also uses some Buddhist terms—the origin of which he traces back to the Huahu theory—on a philosophical level, he rarely refers to Buddhist or Confucian works (for an exception, see 2.1a). As basic Taoist writings, he names 641 *Taishang laojun neiguan jing*, 400 *Dongxuan lingbao dingguan jing*, 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing*, and 1036 *Zuowang lun*. Another important source was a *Pangtong tu* 旁通圖, i.e., probably the *Beidou* (or *-di*) *qiyuan shengwei pangtong tu* 北斗(帝)七元聖位旁通圖. This work may have been the focus for the so-called *xuanling* 玄靈 or *xuanji* 玄璣 methods, to which Fu alludes repeatedly (see also 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa*, preface 6b, 10.7b).

The numerous interspersed textual criticisms (e.g., 2.28a) show that Fu had compared different versions of the main text.

The appendix, 753 *Beidou qiyuan jinxuan yuzhang* (Winged Stanzas on the Golden Mystery), contains seven stanzas addressed to the seven primary stars of the *Beidou*

and the talismans pertaining to them (cf. 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 8.17b–21a). It also contains rules for sacrifices to the individual stars of fate, and further ritual recommendations and explanations related to the recitation of the *Beidou jing*. Incidentally, the instructions concerning the accompanying visualization are clearly similar to the method of meditation described in 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 285.1a under the title *Xuanling mocho neisong* 玄靈默朝內誦.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Beidou qiyuan jinxuan yuzhang 北斗七元金玄羽章

3 fols.

975 (fasc. 614)

“Winged Stanzas on the Golden Mystery.” Although not directly related in contents, the present text may have originally formed an appendix to the hymns to the *Qingjing jing* by Liu Tongwei 劉通微 (974 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing songzhu*). It contains the same hymns as those found in 753 *Beidou qiyuan jinxuan yuzhang*.

The title is borrowed from Shangqing literature, where it signifies the songs or prayers to be intoned against the temptations of the demon rulers from the eight directions (see 1358 *Shangqing gaoshang jinyuan yuzhang yuqing yinshu jing* 9b–17b). In the present text, hymns of the same title describe the specific characteristics and functions of the individual stars of the Big Dipper. The prayers addressed to the seven primary stars are also found, mutatis mutandis, in 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 8.17b–21a as citations from a *Beidou jinxuan yuzhang* 北斗金玄羽章. Our text, however, comprises nine stanzas, of which the last two, songs addressed to the accompanying stars Fu 輔 and Bi 弼, may be later additions. The fu provided by 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* in this context are missing here.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

3.A.1.e Treatises and Essays

Taishang xiuzhen tiyuan miaodao jing 太上修真體元妙道經

21 fols.

Revealed to Liu Yuanrui 劉元瑞; colophon by Dong Zhengguan 董正觀, dated 1261

41 (fasc. 29)

“Most High Scripture of the Marvelous Way of Incarnation of the Origin for the Cultivation of the True [Self].” In his colophon, Dong Zhengguan relates that a deity named Yuansu zhenjun 元素真君—Lord of the Teaching of the Holy Thunder Mountain of the Ultimate North (Beiji lei Yue jiaozu 北極雷嶽教主) and incarnation

of the [Lord of the] Gold Portal (Jinque huashen 金闕化身)—revealed the present scripture to an adept named Liu Yuanrui by means of “descending into the brush” (*jiangbi* 降筆), that is, spirit-writing. Liu refused to divulge the text—in the last paragraph of the scripture, the deity enjoins Liu not to show it to unworthy people—and thus it was only after his death that Dong could obtain a copy and print it.

The scripture is divided into twenty-four sections, each of which ends with a short, rhymed abstract (*jue* 訣). The deity teaches those who “seek to perfect themselves” the “marvelous way of incarnation of the origin.” In the beginning, the Tao was without words (page 1a) and the body of the universe was “pure yin” (*chunyin* 純陰; 3b). The image of this pristine perfection is the child who “in triple silence follows the body” of its mother and breathes in harmony with her respiration (8b–9a). This silence is triple because the qi of Heaven, Earth, and humanity intermingle in it (*hun zhi* 混之). One must therefore forget all distinctions and return to the Primordial Chaos (*hundun* 混沌; 13a). One should no longer be preoccupied with the dragon or the tiger, with lead or mercury, and even less with offerings (14a and 17b). One has only to “Hold the One” (13b and 15a), and thus, as said on 15b and 19b, “one can tally without fu” (*bu fu er ke fu* 不符而可符) and command [the spirits] without spells (*bu zhou er ke zhu* 不咒而可囑).

John Lagerwey

Jindan fu 金丹賦

47 fols.

Commentary by Ma Lizhao 馬蒞昭; Yuan (1279–1368)

261 (fasc. 121)

“Ode on the Gold-Elixir.” This work is a counterpart to the *Neidan fu* by TAO ZHI (cf. 259 *Tao zhenren neidan fu*). The commentator, Ma Lizhao, who refers to himself as a disciple of the Great Tao 大道弟子, presumably lived during the Yuan period, as he writes: “Since Jin, Tang, and Song times 晉唐宋以來 . . .” (preface, 1a).

According to the preface (1b), Ma’s copy of the *Jindan fu* lacked any indication as to the work’s authorship, and since Ma does not mention any older commentaries, it is likely that he simply possessed the poem.

Ma’s interpretation of the *Jindan fu* is philosophical in nature and greatly influenced by the works of the Tang Taoist WU YUN. He discourses on the Tao, the interaction of yin and yang, and the universal order, with examples from the *Yijing*, and from the *Xuangang lun* 玄綱論 and other philosophical treatises by WU YUN.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Qianyuan zi sanshi lun 乾元子三始論

3 fols.

268 (fasc. 132)

“Master Qianyuan’s Discourse on the Three Beginnings.” This is a short treatise of unknown date. The name “Qianyuan zi” is based on that of a celestial immortal (*tianxian* 天仙), master of one of Chisong zi’s 赤松子 teachers (cf. 883 *Taiqing jing tianshi koujue* 5b). The treatise comprises four short paragraphs: in this text, *taiyi* 太易 (Great Change) is considered the equivalent of *hundun* 混沌 (Chaos); Taichu 太初 (Great Beginning), Taishi 太始 (Great Commencement), and Taisu 太素 (Great Simplicity) are the beginning of qi, *xing* 形 (form), and *zhi* 質 (matter), respectively. The author was directly inspired by a Han apocryphal text (the *Qianzuo du* 乾鑿度) and the first chapter of the *Liezi* 列子.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Wushang miaodao wenshi zhenjing 無上妙道文始真經

36 fols.

Twelfth century

667 (fasc. 347)

“True Scripture of Wenshi.” The title is derived from the byname Wenshi xiansheng 文始先生, for the Guardian of the Pass, Yin Xi 尹喜, to whom this work is attrib-

uted. Although a *Guanyin zi* 關尹子 in nine *pian* 篇 is listed already in the bibliographic chapters of the *Han shu* 30.1730, the existence of the present text is not attested before the early Southern Song period (1127–1279). The first bibliographic mention of the text that has come down to us is found in *Suichu tang shumu* 23b. According to *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 9.288, Xu Zang 徐藏 (var. Chan 藏, *zi* Zili 子禮; fl. 1167) received this text from Sun Ding 孫定 of Yongjia 永嘉 (Zhejiang). Thereafter the *Guanyin zi* seems to have circulated widely within a short time, as can be seen from citations in 90 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing neiyi* 1.7a; 4.21a.

In the Quanzhen tradition, the year 1233 is celebrated as the date when the text, lost for more than one thousand years, reappeared and came again into the hands of a descendant of the Yin clan. In that year, it was brought by a certain Zhang Zhongcai 張仲才, who had obtained it in Zhejiang, to the patriarch Yin Zhiping 尹志平 on Zhongnan shan 終南山, the ancient dwelling place of Yin Xi (see



FIGURE 5. Portrait of Yin Xi (667 1a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/662)

"Da Yuan chongxiu gu Louguan zongsheng gongji," 957 *Gu Louguan ziyun yanqing ji* 1.15a-b). In his chronicle about the appearance of the *Guanyin zi* (cf. 728 *Wenshi zhenjing yanwai zhi*), Zhu Xiangxian 朱象先 states in 1281 that on the occasion of the printing of the *Daozang*, Huizong had ordered a search for Taoist texts, which produced no copy of the *Guanyin zi*. Only when the Taoist canon was newly edited under SONG DEFANG was the work included in the library under the title *Wenshi zhenjing*.

The present work is preceded by a brief biography and a depiction of Yin Xi (fig. 5), both derived from 163 *Xuanyuan shizi tu*. The same arrangement is also found with the texts of Zhuangzi and Liezi. Moreover, the first commentary in the *Daozang* to the work each of the three philosophers is preceded by the same biography, but without the illustration.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang laojun yuandao zhenjing zhujie 太上老君元道真經註解

16 fols.

By Yin Zhi 隱芝, zi Neixiu 內秀, hao Heming zi 合明子 (fl. thirteenth century)
761 (fasc. 533)

"Commentary on Taishang Laojun's Veritable Scripture of the Original Tao." For the scripture, see 1423 *Taiqing yuandao zhenjing*. The commentator, Yin Zhi, was a contemporary of BO YUCHAN (see 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 84.17b-21a). The commentary mainly quotes the *Laozi*, the *Zhonghuang zhenjing*, and the *Huangting jing*, often giving a paraphrase in the place of the original text (see, e.g., the quotation of the *Zhonghuang zhenjing* on 14a). The entire passage of the commentary on 14b-15a forms part of the main text in 1423 *Taiqing yuandao zhenjing*. The hymn (*zan* 贊) at the end of the text is missing in the other version.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Dadao lun 大道論

24 fols.

By Zhou Gupu 周固樸; Song (960-1279)
1037 (fasc. 704)

"Discourse on the Great Tao." This work is a short, well-written philosophical treatise of the Chongxuan 重玄 school, whose author is not known elsewhere. The work is, however, listed under his name in the *Suichu tang shumu* by You Mao (1124-1193; see VDL 78). The text quotes many different sources, one of which is 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi* by DU GUANGTING (see the present text 12a1, corresponding to 725 *Guangsheng yi* 2.2b6). It also observes the Song taboo of the character *kuang* 匡 (see 20b8).

The treatise is divided into eighteen chapters (*zhang* 章) devoted to traditional subjects, such as obtaining or losing the Tao, the quality of the master, and so on. Some of the chapters are annotated. The tone is philosophical throughout, with an emphasis on the logical explanation of Laozi's and Zhuangzi's thought. One of the important distinctions the author makes is that between true learning (*zhenxue* 真學) and vulgar learning (*suxue* 俗學).

The early Tang Taoist scholar YIN WENCAO (d. 688) is credited with writing a book with the same title (see 956 *Zhongnan shan shuojing tai lidai zhenxian beiji* 17a), but whether the two works are related is unclear.

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Sakauchi Shigeo, "Taidō ron kō."

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Hongdao lu 弘道錄

56 juan

By Shao Jingbang 邵經邦 (1491-1565)
1464 (fasc. 1067-1080)

"Record of the Boundless Way." This book, despite the word *dao* 道 in its title, has nothing to do with Taoism. It is concerned with the Great Way of Confucianism, in particular with Neo-Confucian ethics. As the author declares, "Since the school of Confucius, men of learning became acquainted with the ways of wisdom and have sought to abide by them" (56.5b). Shao is better known for his similarly titled *Hongjian lu* 弘簡錄 and *Hongyi lu* 弘藝錄. The Harvard Yanjing Library preserves a rare edition of the *Hongdao lu*, which otherwise seems to be extant only in the *Daozang*.

Inspired by the *Daxue yan yi* 大學衍義 (dated 1229) of Zhen Dexiu 真德秀 (10.16b), the author composed his book in five principal parts corresponding to the Five Virtues of Confucianism. Each principal part is again subdivided into five parts corresponding to the five social relationships. The subdivisions provide examples of model behavior and speeches by individuals from antiquity up to the author's period. Shao's personal remarks follow. The book must have been compiled after 1522, during the reign of the Ming emperor Shizong, whom Shao refers to as the "present Emperor"—a model of filial piety for his conduct at the time of Wuzong's funeral in 1522 (6.21b).

The text's regular structure shows up numerous incoherences and lacunae. The work was revised and edited by Zhang Guoxiang 張國祥, the compiler of the supplement to the *Daozang* at the imperial behest in 1607 (25.22b).

Kwong Hing Foon

Taixu xinyuan pian 太虛心淵篇

8 fols.

1047 (fasc. 725)

“Essay on the Depths of the Mind [in the State of the] Great Void.” This is a short text with a section of interpretative lyrics attached to it. Most of the sentences of the actual essay are interpreted in poems of twenty words each.

The poems speak of the enlightenment that characterizes the original state of being (*zhenxing* 真性). They also discuss the encroachments of the outside world that diminish the original potential. Finally, they deal with the possibility of returning to the original state of existence. This work aims to instruct those who would be willing to “cultivate their existence” (7b). The poems have neither titles nor attributions, making it difficult to identify the work precisely.

Florian C. Reiter

Taishang ganying pian 太上感應篇

30 juan

By Li Changling 李昌齡 (937–1008)

1167 (fasc. 834–839)

“Treatise on Retribution of the Most High.” This most famous of the “morality books” (*shanshu* 善書) is listed in the *Bishu sheng xubian dao siku quesbu mu* (VDL 89), which implies that it existed already during the Northern Song (960–1127). The *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” gives Li Changling as the author. Zhao Xibian 趙希弁, in his appendix to the *Junzhai dushu zhi* (dated 1249), lists an edition in eight juan. He adds that Li, the author, was a hermit of the “Han and Jiaxia jiang 漢嘉夾江” region. This designation appears to be an error for “Han and Jialing jiang 漢嘉陵江,” since the Jialing River is a tributary of the Han in Shaanxi and Sichuan. Zhao indicates, moreover, that his own father wrote a preface to the work, extolling its Confucian virtues. Since the book had eight juan and the text of the *Taishang ganying pian* itself is short, this edition must have also comprised a commentary by Li Changling.

The *Daozang* edition gives Li Changling as the author of the narrative commentary (*zhuan* 傳). This attribution must be an error, since the commentary contains numerous dates from the Southern Song period, the latest being 1172 (1.5b). The commentary is, moreover, distinctly Taoist, whereas the main text is fundamentally Confucian (see below). The narrative commentary is followed by eulogies written by the scholar-official Zheng Qingzhi 鄭清之, *zi* Anwan 安晚 (1176–1251).

The present version begins with a presentation memorial to the throne (dated 1233, i.e., addressed to Emperor Lizong 理宗). It is signed by Hu Yingwei 胡瑩微, whose title *youjie jianyi zhuguan jiaomen gongshi Taiyi gong fenxiu* 右街鑒義主管教門公事太一宮焚修 indicates that he was a Taoist official in the capital and the head of

an imperial Taoist shrine, the Taiyi gong 太一宮. The edition to which Hu refers in his presentation comprised eight juan, like the edition seen by Zhao Xibian. Hu had found it in the Taoist canon.

It follows from the information in the abundant prefatory matter in the present edition (no less than ten prefaces and an undated Chronicle of Miracles [*Jishu lingyan* 紀述靈驗] that after the presentation of the book by Hu Yingwei, the Taiyi gong produced a printed edition that enjoyed a wide circulation. The edition was enhanced by the calligraphy of Emperor Lizong, who wrote the last two lines of the text: “Do not commit evil deeds, but devote yourself to doing good 諸惡莫作，衆善奉行。” It also included the eulogies by Zheng Qingzhi 鄭清之 preserved here and a colophon by the Confucian scholar Zhen Dexiu 真德秀, *hao* Xishan xiansheng 西山先生 (1178–1235). The colophon has also been preserved here and is dated 1235.

Other local editions must have been made at the same time and during subsequent years. To print and distribute the *Taishang ganying pian* was a work of great religious merit. Many scholars followed suit and published editions with their own prefaces, some of which are assembled here: those are by Chen Huangzi 陳奐子 (dated 1233), Gong Youcai 龔幼采 (dated 1235), Zheng Dahui 鄭大惠, Xian Ting 先挺 (dated 1238), Ye Yingfu 葉應輔 (dated 1235), and Ying Chen 應辰 (dated 1238). Most of these prefaces mention that Li Changling wrote the text as well as a commentary, said by Gong Youcai to have amounted to 100,000 characters. Gong severely criticizes Li, saying that his long-winded glosses served only to complicate a perfectly straightforward text. This remark is important, as it shows that Li’s commentary was of a philosophical nature, and not a narrative commentary as we have here.

Of far later date is the preface by Feng Mengzhou 馮夢周, here printed immediately after the presentation. Feng was a Yuan official in South China. He was asked to write this preface by a man from Jiangsu named Wen Huaren 溫懷仁, who undertook the reprinting of the Taiyi gong edition in 1347, completing it two years later. In Wen’s own undated preface, which follows Feng’s, he confirms that the version of the *Taishang ganying pian* in his possession originally derived from the *Daozang* and was printed at the Taiyi gong in Hangzhou; he identifies the priest responsible for the printing as Zongji 宗季. Neither Feng nor Wen specify the number of juan in their edition.

What remains, then, is the problem of the narrative commentary. The undated Chronicle of Miracles that follows the above-mentioned prefaces is very close in style and in intent to the *zhuan* that follows the main text. That this work cannot be the famous commentary by Li Cangling is certain, but there is no indication who wrote it, nor where it came from.

The main text of the *Taishang ganying pian* comprises only some 1,200 characters. It frequently refers to popular worship and repeatedly commends the cult of the Stove God (*Siming Zaojun* 司命灶君; e.g., 28.2b). In Song times the worship of the Stove

God does not seem to have been recognized as a Taoist practice. The text states that one should not kill animals for sacrifices unless prescribed by ritual (*feili xiangzai* 非禮享宰; 17.7a). Medieval Taoism strongly condemned animal sacrifice and sacrificial banquets. The narrative commentary changes the meaning of the text to “do not kill animals without reason” (*feili xiangzai* 非理享宰; 17.9b2) and thus avoids the issue of the ritual sacrifice of animals. This alteration and many others point toward discrepancies between the main text and the narrative commentary. Whereas the former is a mixture of Confucianism and Taoism, the latter is purely Taoist.

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Kristofer Schipper

Tianyuan fawei 天原發微

18 juan

By Bao Yunlong 鮑雲龍, *zi* Jingxiang 景翔 (1226–1296); edited by Fang Hui 方回, *zi* Wanli 萬里 (1227–1307)

1182 (fasc. 855–859)

“Uncovering the Finer Points of the Fundamentals of Nature.” This work is a philosophical study in cosmology. The author, Bao Yunlong, became a presented scholar (*jinsshi* 進士) in 1258 on the recommendation of the scholars in his region (*xianggong jinsshi* 鄉貢進士). When the Mongols conquered the south, he retired from office. The present book is the only extant work attributed to him. It must, however, have been quite influential, as many scholars of later periods reedited and republished it. The present edition has neither prefaces nor colophons, although Bao himself produced several of these (see *Tongjiang xuji*, by Fang Hui, 34.1a and 6a). Fang Hui was a contemporary of Bao who obtained his *jinsshi* degree in 1262. He is identified here as the editor of Bao’s work. According to the authors of the *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 108.5a, all the prefaces and colophons were included in the Yuan edition of the Yuanzhen period (1295–1297), which must have served as the model for the *Daozang* version; they were also included in the early Ming edition by Bao Ning 鮑寧, a descendant of Bao Yunlong.

The work is of an encyclopedic nature. A number of key concepts—such as Taiji 太極, (the whole first juan), *dongjing* 動靜, *jingdong* 靜動, and *biansfang* 邊方—are elucidated by quotations from numerous authors, mostly Confucians and Neo-Confucians. The most frequently quoted authority is SHAO YONG. The fact that the latter’s work is also transmitted by the *Daozang* may have prompted the inclusion of the present text.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Sanyao dadao pian 三要達道篇

2 fols.

Yuan (1279–1368)?

1260 (fasc. 999)

“Tract on the Realization of Tao by Means of the Three Essentials.” This work addresses practitioners of self-cultivation. The contents suggest that the work was inspired by the body of Quanzhen 全真 literature that emerged during the Yuan period.

Whoever attempted to practice self-cultivation should renounce all profane ways. The practical points of reference are the Three Essentials (*sanyao* 三要). This term is quoted from the *Yinfu jing* 陰符經. The unknown author explicitly mentions this text. Compare 108 *Huangdi yinfu jing jizhu* 4a, which identifies *sanyao* with “the ears, eyes, and mouth.” This interpretation is also applied in the present work. Concerning self-cultivation, it was considered important to control these Three Essentials in order to seal the interior spheres of the body against influences of the profane world.

Florian C. Reiter

Liugen guidao pian 六根歸道論

3 fols.

Yuan (1279–1368)?

1261 (fasc. 999)

“Tract on the Return to the Tao by Means of the Six Causes.” This text deals with the necessary conditions to effect the return mentioned in the title. The author is unknown. The Six Causes are, in Buddhist terminology, the eyes, ears, nose, tongue, body, and mind. In this text, the term *liugen* 六根 is also used in this way. The present text recommends that first the mind should be firmly controlled, then the body. This recommendation reflects the realities of the two spheres: inside and outside. If the Six Causes are in the condition of tranquillity and purity, then the Great Tao is present.

Florian C. Reiter

Tang taigu miaoying Sun zhenren fushou lun 唐太古妙應孫真人福壽論

4 fols.

Attributed to SUN SIMO 孫思邈 (fl. 673)

1426 (fasc. 1055)

“Discourse on Felicity and Longevity, by the Tang Zhenren Sun, Marvelous Response of High Antiquity.” This is a famous little treatise on morality and divine retribution, listed in Song catalogues under the title “Discourse on Felicity and Longevity of the Nine Realms of Darkness” (*Jiyou fushou lun* 九幽福壽論; see VDL 121). The present title can be explained by the fact that in 1103 SUN SIMO was canonized by Song Huizong as Miaoying zhenren 妙應真人.

This text was engraved on stone by a certain Yang Cong 楊聰 (cf. *Jinshi cuibian* 47.24a–27b).

Catherine Despeux

Daoshu yuanshen qi 道書援神契

7 fols.

Compiled 1305

1231 (fasc. 988)

“Key to the Sacred Foundation of Taoist Scriptures.” This is a short treatise that attempts to prove the classical and orthodox background of Taoist ritual. The title may well be an adaption of that of the famous *weishu* 緯書 commentary, the *Xiaojing yuanshen qi* 孝經援神契. This adaption, in turn, might indicate that the author was a man of some learning.

In his dated but unsigned preface, the author stresses the common origin of Confucian and Taoist rites and notes that Confucius took Laozi as master in this respect. Later, the followers of Confucius adapted their clothing to the fashions of the age, whereas the Taoists did not change theirs, but continued to wear antique robes. Their present practice is the direct continuation of the rites of ancient China. The author gives thirty-four convincing examples, ranging from the form and setting of the altar to ritual instruments and rites such as praying for rain.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo datong jing

太上洞玄靈寶天尊說大通經

1 fol.

Song (960–1279)

327 (fasc. 167)

“Scripture of the Sermon of Lingbao Tianzun on the Great Communication.” The three short paragraphs and the verse that compose this scripture describe the “great communication.” “True emptiness” is “inconceivable and indescribable” because it has no form. Human beings are the locus of an alternation between rest (their nature) and activity (their heart), and they must learn to harmonize these two aspects of their existence. The Great Way has no image, nor is there any activity in one’s true nature. Those who attain to that rest in which there is no activity will illumine the world with their wisdom. The vocabulary is cognate with Song philosophical concepts, especially those of the Confucian School of Principle (*lixue* 理學).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan baoyuan shangjing 太上洞玄寶元上經

21 fols.

368 (fasc. 180)

“Superior Scripture of Treasuring the Origin, of the Dongxuan Canon.” A commentary on the title announces the variant titles *Yuanyi miaojue* 源一妙訣 and *Ziran ching* 自然經. This is a doctrinal treatise based on the *Daode jing* and unknown elsewhere. It deals with Heaven, Earth, and humanity, before giving an esoteric interpretation of the liturgical title of Taishang laojun: Wuji dadao zhizhen taishang laojun gaohuang tianzun yudi bixia 無極大道至真太上老君高皇天尊玉帝陛下. The author divides this title into ten segments, as so many interior names (*neihao* 內號) of the god. The date of this work is uncertain.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang laojun shuo liaoxin jing 太上老君說了心經

1 fol.

642 (fasc. 342)

“Scripture on Total Comprehension of the Mind, Enunciated by Taishang Laojun.” The scripture is quoted in a collection of commentaries to the *Laojun qingjing jing* 老君清靜經 published during the Yuan (1279–1368) dynasty (757 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu* 17a). It mainly emphasizes the importance of ataraxy in the practice of meditation, an idea commonly encountered in texts such as the “Guankong pian 觀空篇” or the “Taixi pian 胎息篇” (see 1017 *Daoshu* 10.10a and 14.8b).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Shuijing lu 水鏡錄

16 fols.

Ming dynasty (1368–1644)?

1479 (fasc. 1107)

“Water Mirror Record.” This is a small collection of moral tracts of the morality book (*shanshu* 善書) genre. It is undated and unsigned and unknown outside of the canon. The work begins with the text of 1167 *Taishang ganying pian*. Next follow two texts of the *Zitong dijun jie shizi wen* 梓潼帝君戒士子文. The *Yinde yanshou lun* 陰德延壽論 comes from 851 *Sanyuan yanshu canzan shu* by Li Pengfei 李鵬飛, hao Jiuhua chengxin laoren 九華澄心老人, published in 1291. The final three short texts are for the preservation of animal lives: the *Fangsheng wen* 放生文 for the liberation of animals, the *Shasheng qijie* 殺生七戒 against the killing of animals, and finally the *Quan shanlu ge* 勸殺牛歌, which opposes the slaughter of oxen and eating of beef.

Kristofer Schipper

3.A.2 Divination and Numerology

Zhouyi tu 周易圖

3 juan

Southern Song (1127–1279)?

157 (fasc. 69)

“Diagrams of the Book of Changes.” The author is unknown, but the present work was in any case written after 1180, the year the *Rongzhai suibi* by Hong Mai (1123–1203) was published. Our text explicitly cites the *Rongzhai suibi* (1.28b–30b) in a passage concerning the *Zhouyi juzheng* 周易舉正 (a book from the Tang dynasty). Hong Mai states in this passage that he presented the *Zhouyi juzheng* to the throne, after having discovered its existence in a copy of the Taoist canon preserved in Fuzhou (significantly, these details were deleted from the standard edition of the *Rongzhai suibi*, reproduced in *Sibu congkan* 四部叢刊, *xupian*). Concerning the dating *ante quem* of the present work, the fact that there are no references at all to persons living after the

second half of the twelfth century suggests that the diagrams were compiled some time between the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries. Liu Shipei brought forward the evidence on this question in *Du Daozang ji* 7b–9a. See also the colophon by Chen Hongxu 陳弘緒 (1597–1665) in *Jingyi kao* 41.11b–12b.

The *Zhouyi tu* contains a total of 114 diagrams, beginning with those related to the Supreme Pole Taiji 太極, the Great Ultimate (fig. 6).

All the different aspects of the philosophical speculations of the Song period (960–1279) concerning the laws of numbers and the structure of hexagrams are discussed. Almost every diagram is explained. More than half of the text is in fact a long excerpt from the works of Zheng Shaomei 鄭少梅 (alias Zheng Dongqing 東卿; middle of the twelfth century; see *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 1.18–19). Zheng is, moreover, either the author or the commentator of a great number of the diagrams in juan 1. In *Du Daozang ji*, Liu Shipei published an annotated table of contents of the present work.

Marc Kalinowski



FIGURE 6. An integral representation of the Great Ultimate (157 1.1a)

Dayi xiangshu goushen tu 大易象數鉤深圖

3 juan

158 (fasc. 70)

“Charts for Exploring the Deep Meaning of Symbols and Figures of the Book of Changes.” This work is a compendium of figures and charts with comments pertaining to the symbolism of the hexagrams and arithmetical models of the Book of Changes (fig. 7). The present work contains 139 charts and is an expanded version of the section on the *Yijing* (featuring 70 charts) in the *Liuqing tukao* 六經圖考. The latter was com-

圖日七復



FIGURE 7. A cosmological representation of the Hexagram fu, “Regeneration” (158 2.25a)

plied by Yang Jia 楊甲 between 1131 and 1162 and revised by Mao Banghan 毛邦翰 between 1165 and 1173. The title is already present in the original: see the Ligeng tang 禮耕堂 reedition, based on a Southern Song edition.

The *Liuqing tu* went through a second redaction sometime between the end of the twelfth century, when the former versions were completed, and the middle of the thirteenth, when the catalogue that first recorded it was compiled (*Zhizhai shulu jieti* 3.82–83). Its author, Ye Zhongkan 葉仲堪, nearly doubled the number of charts concerning the *Yijing*. Thereafter the *Dayi xiangshu goushen tu* contained 130 charts altogether. It is therefore certain that Ye Zhongkan’s version is the same as our present text, or at least its direct source.

Needless to say, the attributions to Liu Mu 劉牧 (1011–1064; *Daozang mulu xiangzhu* 1.23a) or Zhang Li 張理 (fl. 1314–1364; *Shoujing tu* 授經圖 4.15b) are fictitious. For further details, see Liu Shipei, *Du Daozang ji* 9b–12a.

The 139 charts can be classified into three groups: the 70 original ones, in the same order as the Ligeng tang edition; 56 charts forming a homogenous set (2.12a–b), which we know were composed by Zheng Dongqing 鄭東卿 (157 *Zhouyi tu*); and thirteen charts of various origin, mostly inserted at the beginning of the first juan.

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Yishu gouyin tu 易數鉤隱圖

3 juan

By Liu Mu 劉牧 (1011–1064)

159 (fasc. 71)

“Charts for Probing the Hidden Meaning of the Figures of the Book of Changes.” This work is an important source on the school of *Yijing* exegesis (the School of

Figures). This school flourished during the early Song, under the reign of Song Renzong (1023–1064).

Together with his contemporary SHAO YONG, Liu Mu is the only member of this school whose works have reached us in complete form. The text is mentioned by the *Junzhai dushu zhi* 1.33–34 and has an entry in the *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 2.1a–b. Our edition is also included in the *Tongzhi tang jingjie* 通志堂經解: its editor's preface describes the text's transmission under the Song. We also know that old editions had a preface by Ouyang Xiu 歐陽修 (1007–1072) that was later deleted because it was considered likely to be spurious.

The present work contains fifty-five charts, which are numbered and usually accompanied by a comment. The last part (3.4a–9b) has no chart. The first two juan comprise the charts pertaining to the *Yijing* itself, while the third refers to the *Hetu* 河圖 and the *Luoshu* 洛書. A short preface by Liu Mu himself introduces the work as a whole.

Marc Kalinowski

Yishu gouyin tu yilun jiushi 易數鉤隱圖遺論九事

14 fols.

By Liu Mu 劉牧 (1011–1064)

160 (fasc. 71)

“Nine Supplementary Items to the Charts to Probe the Hidden Meaning of the Figures of the Book of Changes.” This text is a supplement to 159 *Yishu gouyin tu*. It was published posthumously (*yi* 遺), after Liu Mu's death. It was already included as an appendix in Southern Song editions (*Junzhai dushu zhi* 1.134). The reason the “Nine Supplementary Items” were not included in the main text from the beginning are not clear. They date from the same period.

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Yixiang tushuo neipian 易象圖說內篇

3 juan

By Zhang Li 張理 (fl. 1314–1364)

161 (fasc. 71–72)

“Inner Volume of the Discourse on Symbols and Charts of the Book of Changes.” This text forms a set with the “outer volume,” 162 *Yixiang tushuo waipian*.

The first preface (1a–2b) was written by Huang Zhencheng 黃鎮成 in 1357. From its content and the way it quotes the title (“Discourse on Symbols and Charts of the Book of Changes in One Volume” [*Yixiang tushuo yipian* 易象圖說一篇]; prefaces, 1b), it seems that it refers solely to the *neipian*. It is therefore likely that this inner volume circulated independently already by that time.

The second preface (2b–5a), dated 1364 and signed by Zhang Li himself reinforces this hypothesis. It was clearly composed for the achievement of the second part of the *Yixiang tushuo*, namely, the outer volume. This preface was indeed written seven years after the first preface. Moreover, although it does not name the work thus prefaced, its contents essentially introduce the topics of the outer volume. The *Yixiang tushuo* has an entry in the *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 108.23a–24a.

In the present work, Zhang Li first exposes CHEN TUAN's theory on the *Hetu* 河圖 and comments on some passages of the Book of Changes (juan 1). He then proceeds to an explanation of the origins of the sixty-four hexagrams (2.1a, 3.7a) with ten charts. Last come divinatory calculations using milfoil.

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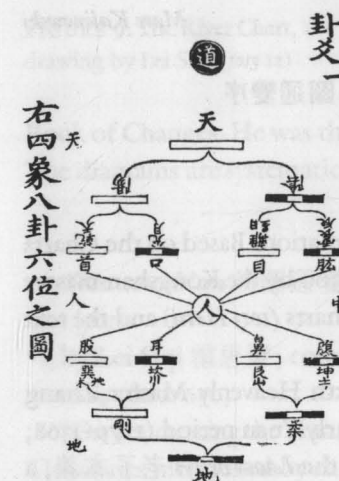


FIGURE 8. Man positioned between Heaven and Earth (162 2.1a)

Yixiang tushuo waipian 易象圖說外篇

3 juan

By Zhang Li 張理 (fl. 1314–1364)

162 (fasc. 72)

“Outer Volume of the Discourse on Symbols and Charts of the Book of Changes.” This text is the second part of 161 *Yixiang tushuo neipian*. The first juan contains six charts illustrating the numerical symbolism of the Book of Changes. The second juan is concerned with the internal structure of the hexagrams (eight charts; see fig. 8), and the third juan discusses their astrological and calendrical background as well as their geopolitical interpretation.

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Yishi tongbian 易筮通變

3 juan

By Lei Siqi 雷思齊 (1223–1301)

1011 (fasc. 630)

“On Penetrating the Transformations Based on the Mantic Procedures of the Book of Changes.” This is a treatise on milfoil divination (*shi* 筮), that is, the technique of drawing a hexagram from the Book of Changes through the manipulation of the milfoil. In the preface written in 1300 for the completion of 1014 *Yitu tongbian*, Lei Siqi mentions a treatise on milfoil method (*shifa* 筮法) that he composed for inclusion as an appendix to the former work (1012 *Kongshan xiansheng Yitu tongbian xu* 4a). It seems almost certain that he refers to the present work. Moreover, allusions to the

Yitu tongbian in prefaces written for the introduction of Lei's work to the court in 1331 combine both titles as *Yi tushu tongbian* (1012 *Kongshan xiansheng Yitu tongbian xu* 1b, 2b). Of the several works by Lei Siqi that were presented on that occasion, only the *Yitu tongbian* and the *Yishi tongbian* are still extant. Their entries in *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* (3.56a–57a) are gathered under a single heading. The origin and dating of the present work are thus identical to those of the *Yitu tongbian*.

The present work's three *juan* are divided into five chapters. The first two chapters deal with archaic conceptions of milfoil divination, with examples drawn mostly from the *Zuozhuan* 左傳. The last three chapters focus on the analysis of the hexagrams' inner structure, on transformations, and on numerical rules pertaining to the actual use of the milfoil.

Marc Kalinowski

Kongshan xiansheng Yitu tongbian xu 空山先生易圖通變序

5 fols.

By Lei Siqi 雷思齊; 1300

1012 (fasc. 630)

"Prefaces [to the Treatise] on Penetrating the Transformations Based on the Charts of the Book of Changes." The treatise was completed in 1300 by the Kongshan master Lei Siqi (1223–1301). It forms a set with its introductory charts (1013 *Hetu*) and the text itself (1014 *Yitu tongbian*).

The first preface (1a), dated 1286, is by the Thirty-sixth Heavenly Master Zhang Zongyan 張宗演, who promoted Lei Siqi during the early Yuan period (1279–1368; 2b). It is not concerned with the *Yitu tongbian* but with the *Laozi benyi* 老子本義, a work also mentioned by the other prefaces. The fact that it is not connected with the *Yitu tongbian* might explain why it is fourteen years earlier than Lei's own preface.

The second preface (1b–2a), dated the third month of 1332, was composed by the eminent Hanlin academician Jie Xisi 揭傒斯 (1274–1344) for the presentation of Lei's works (including the *Yitu tongbian*) to the court in 1331. The two disciples of Lei who came to the capital for presenting their master's works also obtained a preface from the Taoist patriarch WU QUANJIE (1269–1346). Wu's text, the third in the present work (2a–3b), dated the sixth month of 1332, is similar to Jie's preface, adding only some extra details on Lei's Taoist activities. WU QUANJIE thereby honored his former teacher.

Lei Siqi's own preface (3b–4a), fourth and last, deals mainly with the *Yitu tongbian* and his three-*juan* extension (1011 *Yishi tongbian*). The date of Lei's preface, 1330, can be considered as the time when these two works were finally put together.

Marc Kalinowski

河圖十四微之圖

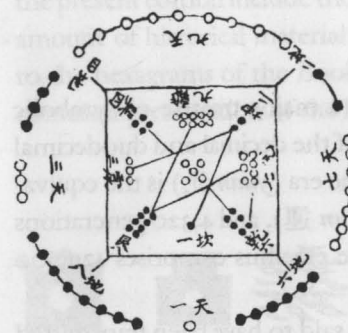


FIGURE 9. The River Chart, a drawing by Lei Siqi (1013 1a)

Hetu 河圖

2 fols.

1013 (fasc. 630)

"River Chart." This work should be understood in the sense that it definitively acquired under the Song, that is, as a graphical representation of the first nine numbers.

The present small work is actually an introduction to 1014 *Yitu tongbian*; for its origin and dating, see 1012 *Kongshan xiansheng Yitu tongbian xu*.

The four diagrams in the present work were composed by Lei Siqi 雷思齊 (1223–1301; see fig. 9). His aim was to introduce in an abridged form his theory of the genesis of symbols and figures of the Book of Changes. He was thus conforming to the use current from the Song onward. The diagrams are systematically analyzed in the first two *juan* of the *Yitu tongbian*.

Marc Kalinowski

Yitu tongbian 易圖通變

5 *juan*

By Lei Siqi 雷思齊; completed in 1330

1014 (fasc. 630)

"On Penetrating the Transformations Based on the Charts of the Book of Changes." The charts mentioned by the title are actually gathered in the introductory matter to the present work, 1013 *Hetu*.

Lei Siqi's preface (in 1012 *Kongshan xiansheng Yitu tongbian xu*) shows that compilation of the *Yitu tongbian* was finally completed in 1300. It appears from the information provided by the other prefaces that an edition of this work was presented to the court in 1331. This edition was probably the basis for the present *Daozang* edition. Another independent edition circulated in the seventeenth or eighteenth century (*Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 3.56a–57a).

The first two *juan* provide a detailed analysis of the charts edited in 1013 *Hetu*, as well as some explanations. *Juan* 3 discusses the cosmological conceptions and numerical rules of the Book of Changes. In the last *juan*, Lei Siqi traces the history of the charts provided at the beginning of his work. He focuses on the traditions that appeared under the Song and that distorted the form and original meaning of the *Hetu*. The theories of CHEN TUAN, Liu Mu 劉牧 (1011–1064), and Li Gou 李覲 (1009–1059) are discussed in detail.

Marc Kalinowski

Huangji jingshi 皇極經世

12 juan

By SHAO YONG 邵雍 (1011–1077)

1040 (fasc. 705–718)

“The August Ultimate through the Ages.” This is a major treatise of symbolic chronology. It is based on the complex intermingling of the decimal and duodecimal indexes of the sexagesimal cycle. In its computation, one era (*yuan* 元) is the equivalent of twelve conjunctions (*hui* 會), 369 revolutions (*yun* 運), and 4,320 generations (*shi* 世). One generation corresponds to 30 years; one era thus comprises 129,600 years.

The computations discussed in the present work are said to have been transmitted from master to disciple, from their putative author, CHEN TUAN, down to SHAO YONG, who finally compiled them. It is generally considered that the last juan, which our edition attributes to SHAO YONG himself, was actually written by his son, Shao Bowen 邵伯溫 (1057–1134), or one of his disciples.

Several editions have been preserved, among which those by Zhang Xingcheng 張行成 (twelfth century; *Yongle dadian* edition, reproduced in *Siku quanshu zhenben* 四庫全書珍本 1, entry in *Siku quanshu zongmu* 108.11b–12b) and Wang Zhi 王植 (seventeenth or eighteenth century; *Siku quanshu zhenben* 4, entry in *Siku quanshu zongmu* 108.16a–17b) are most representative. All of these editions were reorganized and supplemented by further writings and comments, making it difficult to identify SHAO YONG’s original work. Our *Daozang* edition is no earlier than the Ming, since the last date mentioned in the chronologies is the founding of that dynasty in 1368 (4.38a). This edition comprises twelve juan, each divided into three parts for the first ten juan, and two parts for the last two juan. The text is, moreover, divided into numbered chapters (*pian* 篇, also called *guanwu* 觀物, “investigating phenomena”); their contents can be grouped into four parts: (1) the chronological tables themselves (juan 1–6, chapters 1–34); (2) tables on consonants (*sheng* 聲) and vowels (*yin* 音; chapters 38–40), as well as their equivalents in the previous tables (juan 7–10, chapters 35–50, see 11b.11a–12b); (3) general considerations and explanations on the overall system of the *Huangji jingshi* (juan 11, chapters 41–52, which must be a numbering mistake for 51–62); and (4) two unnumbered chapters titled “outer chapters on investigating phenomena” (*guanwu waipian* 觀物外篇). These chapters contrast with the first sixty-two chapters, which are usually called “inner chapters on investigating phenomena” (*guanwu neipian* 觀物內篇). The first of these two “outer chapters” (juan 12A) applies the chronological principles to the formal structure of the Book of Changes; the second (juan 12B) is a miscellany of philosophical and historical musings of Neo-Confucian inspiration.

Among the extant editions, the *Daozang* is the closest to the original disposition as described in the *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 1.16–17 and in more detail in later sources (see, for

instance, the Wang Zhi edition, *liyan* 例言 1a). Other noteworthy characteristics of the present edition include the complete absence of any commentary, the considerable amount of historical material inserted in the chronologies, the lack of any reference to the hexagrams of the Book of Changes in the first ten juan, and the lacunal and confused presentation of the last juan (especially 12B).

Marc Kalinowski

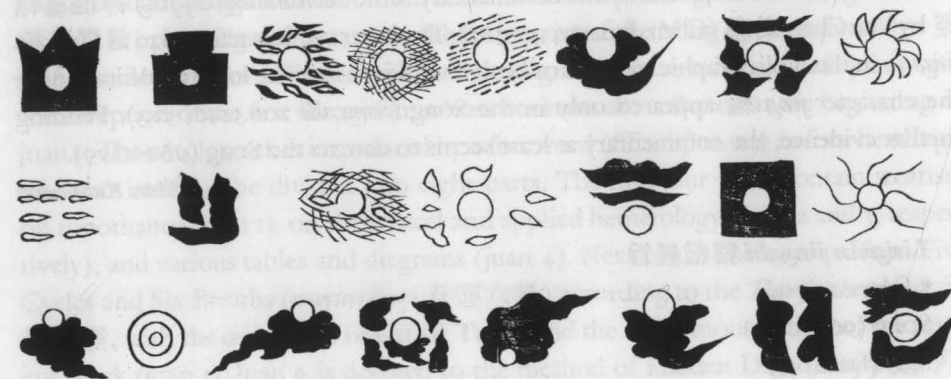


FIGURE 10. Cloud formations and haloes for meteorological forecasts (1275 3b–4a, 4b–5a, and 5b–6a). Ming reprint of 1398. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1257)

Yuyang qibou qinji 雨暘氣候親機

16 fols.

1275 (fasc. 1004)

“On Atmospheric Agents [Causing] Sunshine and Rain.” This is a meteorological treatise dealing mainly with precipitations. Most of its previsions are based on empirical observations: celestial movements, form and color of the clouds, force and direction of the winds, among others. It also occasionally uses calendrical computation (8b–9a). Some religious elements are concentrated in a long poem in seven-character verse (11a–16a). There is no reference to the military and administrative domains.

The date of the present text is uncertain. It differs from 1276 *Pantian jing* in its less scholarly style and its emphasis on prognostication as opposed to analysis. The presence of religious elements and concrete allusions to weather-inflicted calamities (destroyed temples, killed cattle, uprooted trees, human casualties) identify it as a specimen of the popular manuals used by specialists of meteorological prediction and of conjuration of evil influences caused by climatic changes.

Marc Kalinowski

Pantian jing 盤天經

15 fols.

1276 (fasc. 1004)

"Book of Celestial Movements." This is a short treatise of meteoromancy based mainly on the observations of clouds and winds. The analysis of these observations also includes calendrical speculations. The work is composed of rather obscure formulas followed by comments that take up the larger part of the text.

Among the works quoted by the commentary is the *Shenshu lingxia jing* 神樞靈轄經 by Yue Chan 樂產 (Chen dynasty, 557–587). The latter work is referred to as *Shenshu lingxia* in the bibliographic treatises of both Tang histories. The longer title including the character *jing* 經 appeared only in the Song (*Song shi* 206.5246, 5255). Pending further evidence, the commentary at least seems to date to the Song (960–1279).

Marc Kalinowski

Lingxin jingzhi 靈信經旨

8 fols.

Song (960–1279)

1425 (fasc. 1055)

"Instructions from Canonical Books on Miraculous Signs." This is a short treatise on divination, especially on natural and physical responses to particular situations, allowing one to have a foreboding of future events. The book is listed in Song bibliographies (see VDL 169).

The unsigned and undated introduction proclaims that this text contains the gist of all important works on the subject. The treatise begins with a rhymed part that introduces the different kinds of signs. A text in prose follows, called the *Liu Gen zhenren lingxin jing* 劉根真人靈信經. Liu Gen is an immortal whose biography was originally included in the *Shenxian zhuan* 神仙傳, where he is described as a healer (see 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu* 7.14a).

Kristofer Schipper

Rumen chongli zhezong kanyu wanxiao lu 儒門崇理折衷堪輿完孝錄

8 juan

Between 1583 and 1607

1471 (fasc. 1089–1091)

"Annals of Perfect Filial Piety for Scholars, on the Critical Use of Topomancy." The author probably hailed from Fujian, since he alludes to the local traditions of this region (8.9b). He introduces himself as a mere compiler of topomantic classics ("Fanli," 1a–b), of which he gives an excellent abstract in the first juan, but above all of the related mantic theories, of which he provides an outline in the form of a commentary.

The work features numerous debates where the conceptions of contemporary physicians (*yijia* 醫家), calendarists (*lijia* 曆家), astronomers (*xingjia* 星家), hemerologists (*xuanze jia* 選擇家), and diviners (*mingjia* 命家) are juxtaposed. The author was also a reformer of the almanac (*tongshu* 通書) and attacked Lü Cai's 呂才 (d. 665, 2.1a, 11a) positions in this regard.

The present work must have been compiled between 1583 (the latest date mentioned, 3.4a–b) and 1607, when the *Xu Daozang* 續道藏 was published. The contents can be considered to spring from the official reform of the hemerological tables (*xuanze lishu* 選擇曆數) promulgated in 1376, in the early years of the Ming dynasty (2.11a–b).

A detailed table of contents with its own pagination comes before each juan, with the exception of the first three juan, whose contents are collected at the beginning of juan 1. The whole work is introduced by a foreword ("Fanli," 1a–2a) in four headings. The text itself can be divided into eight parts. The first four parts contain treatises on topomancy (juan 1), on theoretical and applied hemerology (juan 2 and 3, respectively), and various tables and diagrams (juan 4). Next comes the system of the Five Cycles and Six Breaths (*wuyun liuqi* 五運六氣) according to the *Tianfu zhengjing* 天符正經, with the comments of CHEN TUAN and the anonymous author of the present work (juan 5). Juan 6 is devoted to the method of Hidden Days (*dunjia* 遁甲), according to the theories of a Mr. Xu 許氏. Juan 7 discusses astrology on the basis of the computation introduced in juan 2 and 4. Last comes an essay on funerary practices (juan 8), embellished with many quotations from Neo-Confucian masters and ending with the funerary inscription composed by Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200) for the moving of his father's tomb (cf. *Zhuji daquan* 94.22b–23b).

Marc Kalinowski

Yiyin shangxia jing 易因上下經

6 juan

By Li Zhi 李贄 (1527–1602)

1473 (fasc. 1097–1100)

"Guide to the Book of Changes." The expression *shangxia jing* 上下經 refers to the traditional division of the Book of Changes into two parts: the First Book (*shangjing* 上經), containing thirty hexagrams, and the Second Book (*xiajing* 下經), containing thirty-four hexagrams.

It is well known that Li Zhi is the author of this work. His preface, however, was not included in the *Daozang*, the only extant edition of the present text. This preface has been transmitted separately in *Jingyi kao* 55.4a. It explains how Li Zhi composed the "Guide" in his old age and that the title *Jiuzheng Yiyin* 九正易因 (Guide to the Book of Changes Corrected Nine Times), under which the work appears in bibliographical catalogues (*Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 7.33a–b), was suggested afterward by

his friend Ma Jinglun 馬經綸. The *Daozang* edition therefore presents the original title as conceived by the author. The text itself must have been composed in the last years of the sixteenth century.

The *Yiyin* is shaped as a commentated edition of the Book of Changes. Li Zhi uses this form to expound his vast knowledge in the study of this classic. He uses nearly eighty commentaries, some of them authored by contemporaries such as Fang Shihua 方時化 (late sixteenth century), which is the most often quoted one, and Wang Ji 王畿 (1497–1582), who was his master. Earlier authors, notably from the Song and Yuan, are also quoted extensively.

Marc Kalinowski

Guyi kaoyuan 古易考原

3 juan

Early sixteenth century

1474 (fasc. 1100)

“Research on the Origins of the Ancient Forms of the Book of Changes.” This work was authored by Mei Zhuo 梅鷟 (see *Ming shi* 96.2346). Mei appeared on the public scene between 1506 and 1521. The present work must therefore date from the early sixteenth century. It has an entry in *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 7.20a–b.

The *Guyi kaoyuan* is part of the school of exegesis of the Book of Changes that developed from the Song onward. Its author develops personal views on the structure and ordering of the sixty-four hexagrams (juan 1) and their origins in the Supreme Ultimate (juan 2). He finally raises the question of the primeval forms of the Book of Changes (juan 3).

Marc Kalinowski

Taichu yuanqi jieyao baosheng zhi lun 太初元氣接要保生之論

6 fols.

1477 (fasc. 1107)

“Treatise on the Simple [Reading 輯 for 接] Essentials of Protecting Life through the Original Energy of the Very First Beginning.” This treatise presents a method of breathing exercises modeled on the annual cycle, with indications of the practice required at each season and each month. It uses the metaphors of Inner Alchemy, but sparingly. On page 1b, Wang Ding zhenren 王鼎真人, a legendary immortal of the Song (960–1279) period (see LZTT 50.6a–b), is quoted. In the lineage of Taoist patriarchs established by Li Jianyi 李簡易 (*hao* Yuqi zi 玉谿子, fl. 1264) in his “Hunyuan xianpai zhi tu 混元仙派之圖” (see 245 *Yuqi zi danjing zhiyao*), Wang Ding occupies the same rank as Lü DONGBIN, as a direct disciple of ZHONGLI QUAN.

Kristofer Schipper

Xu zhenjun yuxia ji 許真君玉匣記

7, 2, 6 fols.

Preface dated 1433

1480 (fasc. 1108)

“Notes from the Jade Coffer of the True Lord Xu.” This short liturgical calendar is ascribed to the third-century saint XU XUN. It features a preface (“Xu”; 1a–2b) dated 1433 and signed by a Mr. Wu 吳 (surnamed Gengbi zhai 耕筆齋), and was probably compiled not long before this date.

The calendar gives the auspicious days for sacrifices according to the localization of the deities (*zhushen* 諸神). It is integrated within the framework of the revelations of the Jade Emperor (6a).

The table of contents (“Mulu,” 1a–b) has seventeen entries, including treatises extant in the following work, 1481 *Fashi xuanze ji*. The latter work and the present text form a single book (see 1481 *Fashi xuanze ji* 44a), of which the *Yuxia ji* is the second entry. The first entry is actually merged with the table of contents (“Mulu,” 1b–7a) and lists the anniversaries of a number of deities belonging to the Taoist, Buddhist, and popular pantheons. The Buddhist deities play the major role, as can be seen from their number and from the many allusions to the recitation of sūtras.

The author seems to have been inspired by an earlier work, the *Xitian yujing* 西天玉經 (“Mulu,” 4a). The mention of the anniversaries of the Ten Kings of Hell is completed by the story of their transmission. This story details how the dates were revealed in 1455 by the King of Hell himself to Li Qing 李清, a Shandong scholar.

Marc Kalinowski

Fashi xuanze ji 法師選擇記

44 fols.

Postface dated 1488

1481 (fasc. 1108)

“Hemerological Notes of the Ritual Master.” This is a short liturgical calendar concerning various deities, most of them Buddhist. Its transmission can supposedly be traced back to Xuanzang 玄奘 (Sanzang heshang 三藏和尚), who composed it in 627 at the behest of the Tang emperor Xuanzong (1a). The Ritual Master of the title probably refers to Xuanzang. The author claims to have used a work from the Buddhist canon, the *Rulai xuanze ji* 如來選擇記 (1a).

The present work is comparable to 1480 *Xu zhenjun yuxia ji*. It can be considered a Buddhist equivalent of the Taoist liturgical doctrine found in 1480 *Yuxia ji*. This is the opinion of the postface’s author (4b–5a). This postface was dated 1488 and attributed to a Yanling 延陵, Xuanxuan daoren 玄玄道人. Both works were then edited in a single volume (see 1480 *Xu zhenjun yuxia ji*).

The *Xuanze ji*, properly speaking, is the third of the seventeen entries forming the table of contents of 1480 *Xu zhenjun yuxia ji* ("Mulu," 1a–b). The remaining fourteen entries are a description of hemerological and astrocalendrical procedures transcribed from various sources. Entries 8 to 10 form a comprehensive set reproduced from 1267 *Jiutian shangsheng bichuan jinfu jing* 1b–11b. Entry 13 (29a) is indicated as copied from a *Biyu jing* 碧玉經.

Marc Kalinowski

Ziwei doushu 紫微斗數

3 juan

1485 (fasc. III4)

"[Treatise] on the Calculus of the Bushel in Purple Sublimity." The realm of Purple Sublimity (*Ziwei yuan* 紫微垣) is a common name for the central part of the Sphere of the Fixed (see *Jin shi* 20.433), on the border of which lies the Northern Bushel constellation. The present text is a divination treatise based on the layout of eighteen partly imaginary stars on a mantic matrix comprising twelve divisions. These twelve divisions fit the twelve branches of the sexagesimal cycle. The layout of the stars on the matrix depends mainly on the inner symmetries within the cycle and on symbolic connotations of its elements (the ten stems and the twelve branches). This procedure is used for the interpretation of individual horoscopes (*bazi* 八字; 1.1a) also computed by means of the sexagesimal calendar.

The present work was never listed in bibliographical catalogues. The Purple Sublimity method has nonetheless been known for a long time and still plays a large part among contemporary calendrical systems. All the modern texts can be traced back to the *Ziwei doushu quanshu* published under the Ming by Luo Hongxian (1504–1564). Although both texts share the same computation and overall structure, the present work represents a distinct tradition. Its names for the eighteen stars (excluding *Ziwei* 紫微, which gives its name to the work, and *Wenchang* 文昌) and the ordering of the mantic values conferred upon the twelve divisions of the sky (the twelve palaces [*gong* 宮]; 1.20b–33a) are altogether different from those in modern use.

The present text exhibits, under various angles, an archaic stage of the method. The description of the stars and palaces (2.14a–3.26a) is suffused with elements borrowed from Greek astrology, a dimension absent from Luo Hongxian's book. Meanwhile, there is no reference to the Northern Bushel, despite the allusion to it in the title. A more fitting title would therefore be "[Treatise] on the Eighteen Stars of the Purple Sublimity (or Cavern)." The text also includes noteworthy archaisms, such as Cavern Sublimity (*dongwei* 洞微) instead of *Ziwei* (2.14a.9), and the Four Masters [of Fate] (*sizhu* 四主) instead of the Four Pillars (*sizhu* 四柱; 2.11a.6).

On the other hand, Luo Hongxian's work shows many characteristics of a later edition. The number of stars has increased dramatically and includes the mantic appellations of the stars of the Northern Bushel and other imaginary stars also present on a geomancer's compass; their total number exceeds 30. Today it has reached 115, covering several categories (*ji* 級). It may be noted that astronomers had previously identified fifteen stars within the realm of the Purple Sublimity (*Jin shi* 290). The method itself also produced new computations that are absent from the present work.

The antiquity of the present work probably made it difficult for practitioners to use. From the Ming onward, they therefore chose to work with the revised edition by Luo Hongxian. Internal criticism thus tends to suggest an early date for the present work: Yuan (1279–1368) or, more likely, Song (960–1279). As there are no external criteria for dating the work, however, there can be no definitive conclusion on this point. Luo Hongxian's edition, besides frequently citing CHEN TUAN, the putative author of the Purple Sublimity method, also quotes comments by BO YUCHAN.

Marc Kalinowski

Lingbao liuding bifa 靈寶六丁祕法

16 fols.

581 (fasc. 322)

"Secret Lingbao Method Concerning the Spirits of the Six *Ding* Days." The ritual devoted to the spirits mentioned in the title is practiced individually. In general, it serves a propitiatory function (see, e.g., 8a–b) but may also be performed as a spiritual exercise (e.g., 10a–b).

The present method bases itself on a certain *Liuding jue* 六丁訣, which also underlies the ritual described in juan 2 of 586 *Huangdi taiyi bamen rushi jue* (q.v.). The latter text appears to be regarded as authoritative. It is mentioned twice, each time with both a succinct but accurate description of its table of contents in three juan and an account of the transmission of the method. In the first account, the transmission takes place from the Dark Maiden (*Xuannü* 玄女) to the Yellow Emperor (4a); in the second account, it is passed to a certain Zhang Qun 張群, through the intermediary of the goddess of the *dingchou* day (*dingchou shennü* 丁丑神女; 10a). The second account is reproduced in a more detailed but less careful version in 588 *Huangdi taiyi bamen nishun shengsi jue* (q.v.). The reference to the *Liuding jue* there is replaced by one to a *Taiyin xuannü jing* 太陰玄女經.

The two citations of a *Xianjing* 仙經 in 586 *Rushi jue* are also found in the present text. The first citation (2.7b) occurs, on the one hand, in abridged form with a reference to the *Xianjing* (7b); on the other hand, it appears in extenso but is ascribed to

the Yellow Emperor (15b). The second citation is embedded in a larger citation of the Yellow Emperor (1b–2a).

The end of this brief work records a method of corpse liberation (*shijie* 尸解) by means of embryonic breathing (14a–15a).

Although the present work is close to the two above-mentioned treatises in the *Daozang*, it differs from them in the following respects: its style is more refined; the ritual is essentially devoted to goddesses of the six *ding* days; whereas in *586 Rushi jue* several other deities are involved in the transmission and instruction of the text by the Jade Maiden (Yunnü 玉女) or the Dark Maiden, in the present text only the Yellow Emperor figures in that role; finally, while the mantic system of the Hidden Days (*dunjia* 遁甲) here underlies parts of the ritual sequence, its role in the two related works is more explicit.

Marc Kalinowski

Huangdi taiyi bamen rushi jue 黃帝太乙八門入式訣

3 juan

586 (fasc. 323)

“Instructions Transmitted by the Yellow Emperor for Penetrating the Order of the Eight Gates of the Great One.” This work is a collection of ritual instructions centered on the cult of the spirits of the six *ding* days (*liuding* 六丁) in the sexagesimal cycle (juan 2). The ritual itself is based on the authority of a *Liuding shenjue* 六丁神訣 (2.2a), which is also mentioned and described in *581 Lingbao liuding bifa* (q.v.). The ritual is preceded (juan 1) by a fragmentary discussion of mantic methods involving Hidden Days (*dunjia* 遁甲). These methods are characterized by the order of the Eight Gates and Nine Palaces, to which the title refers. The beginning of this introductory part is in seven-character verse (1.1a–3a). The work ends with a series of closing rites: the surveying of constellations and propitiatory invocations of the five sectors and six directions (juan 3).

Apart from the Jade Maiden (Yunnü 玉女), who is served by the spirits of the *ding* days as acolytes (2.3b), the instructing deities are the Most High Lord Lao and Sanhuang da tiandi 三皇大天帝. The divinatory ritual described in 1.4a–6b shows traces of Buddhist terminology. A *Damo taixi jing* 達磨胎息經 is cited in the short passage devoted to embryonic respiration (1.3a–4b).

The present text is one of three related liturgical texts; the other two texts are *587 Huangdi taiyi bamen rushi bijue* and *588 Huangdi taiyi bamen nishun shengsi jue*, which follow immediately after the present text in the *Daozang*. Besides the similarity of their titles, these three texts share a number of passages in common, including two citations of a *Xianjing* 仙經 that can also be found in *581 Lingbao liuding bifa*.

Marc Kalinowski

Huangdi taiyi bamen rushi bijue 黃帝太一八門入式秘訣

18 fols.

587 (fasc. 324)

“Secret Instructions Transmitted by the Yellow Emperor for Penetrating the Order of the Eight Gates of the Great One.” As in *586 Huangdi taiyi bamen rushi jue*, the title here refers to the spatial order of the Eight Gates and Nine Palaces of the mantic method of the Hidden Days (*dunjia* 遁甲). The spirits of the six *ding* days (*liuding* 六丁) in the sexagesimal cycle, however, play a less important role in the present text than in *586 Rushi jue*. Here they are replaced by the six *wu* 戊 days, for which the text provided talismans, seals, and instructions regarding their use (5b–9a). The ritual is constructed around a procedure titled Concealed Return of the Jade Maiden (12a), which is also described in *588 Huangdi taiyi bamen nishun shengsi jue* under the slightly different title Hidden Form of the Jade Maiden (2b). The version found in the present text seems to have been current at least under the Song. See the *Dunjia fuying jing* (written at the imperial behest between 1034–1038).

The *Dunjia fuying jing* (3.14b) contains a passage that is identical to 14b.1–5 in the present work and to *586 Huangdi taiyi bamen rushi jue* 3.2b; it also continues most of the ritual described in the present text (see *Dunjia fuying jing* 3.9b ff. for the Concealed Return of the Jade Maiden, and 3.15b ff. for the spirits of the six *ding* days). Indeed, the *Dunjia fuying jing*, primarily a deductive divination treatise for the Hidden Days method, provides the theoretical model for the structure of the ritual. The imperial officers responsible for the composition of the *Dunjia fuying jing* devoted fully one third of the text to the method of the Hidden Days. The transmission of that method, which first appeared in *1185 Baopu zi neipian* 17.5b, seems closely tied to that of the kind of rites found in the present work. It may be noted that Emperor Renzong’s (r. 1023–1064) preface to the *Dunjia fuying jing* states that the undertaking was the result of a discovery of “Secret books on the [method of the] dragon days” (*Longjia bijing* 龍甲秘經) in a secluded dwelling on Mount Peng 蓬山 (preface, 1a).

Marc Kalinowski

Huangdi taiyi bamen nishun shengsi jue 黃帝太一八門逆順生死訣

27 fols.

588 (fasc. 324)

“Instructions Transmitted by the Yellow Emperor Concerning Progression and Regression of Birth and Death through the Eight Gates of the Great One.” This text constitutes the last of the series of three consecutive works in the *Daozang* (see also *586 Huangdi taiyi bamen rushi jue* and *587 Huangdi taiyi bamen rushi bijue*). The titles, form, and content of these works suggest that they belong to the same liturgical

context. Unlike the other two, however, the present text is not structured around a principal rite.

The work's constituent elements can be distinguished as follows. Page 1a: a table of the six decades of the sexagesimal cycle and their correspondences with the Eight Gates and the method of divination by Hidden Days (*dunjia* 遁甲; 586 *Rushi jue* opens with a similar mantic table). Page 2b–4a: method of the hidden form of the Jade Maiden (described in identical terms in 587 *Rushi bijue* [q.v.]). Page 6b–11a: method of the Orphan and the Void (*gu xu* 孤虛), including an account of its transmission by the Dark Maiden (Xuannü 玄女) to Li Jing 李靖 in 628 (also found, with significant variants, in 586 *Rushi jue* 1.7a–11b). Page 14b–22a: Book of the Dark Maiden of Great Yin (*Taiyin xuannü jing* 太陰玄女經), a ritual centered on the cult of the spirits of the six *ding* days of the sexagesimal cycle. Titled “unique method among ten thousand” (*wanyi fa* 萬一法; the complete title is given in 581 *Lingbao liuding bifa* 9b), its transmission to a certain Zhang Qun 張群 is due to the goddess of the *dingchou* day (*dingchou shennü* 丁丑神女; 15a). The whole of this ritual is reproduced almost identically in 581 *Lingbao liuding bifa* 9b–14a, with the exception of the final section in the present work (20a–22a), for which 581 *Lingbai liuding bifa* substitutes the description of a method of embryonic respiration. Page 22a–25a: a complement to the preceding part, providing instructions for the fabrication and use of the six talismans of the Yin spirits (the six *ding* days) of the six decades of the sexagesimal cycle (*liujia yinfu* 六甲陰符). These instructions are also partially included in 581 *Lingbao liuding bifa* 12b–14a and, in a more detailed version, in *Dunjia fuying jing* 3.18a–19b.

Finally, we may point out a series of recipes for diverse potions (1a–b and 11a–14b). The series on 11a–b is also found in YJQQ 77.13a, with the same transmission account.

Marc Kalinowski

Bizang tongxuan bianhua liuyin dongwei dunjia zhenjing

祕藏通玄變化六陰洞微遁甲真經

3 juan

Song (960–1279)

857 (fasc. 576)

“Book of the Six Yin of the Sublime Grotto [*Liuyin dongwei jing*], Veritable Scripture of the Hidden Days [*Dunjia zhenjing*].” This title corresponds to two treatises combined. The Six Yin are the spirits of the *ding* 丁 days of the six decades in the sexagesimal cycle, while its *jia* 甲 days are Yang spirits (2.2a). The mantic method of the Hidden Days constitutes the formal framework of the cult of the Six Yin (1.11a). This method does not feature directly in the present work, however, except in the introduction (see below).

Two documents are inserted at the end of the first juan. The first document (8a–10a) is in the form of a deed written in 971 by the Song official Zhao Pu 趙普 (921–991), on the occasion of the registration of a writ in the Department of Forbidden Books of the Imperial Library (*bishu ge* 祕書閣). The expression *bizang* 祕藏 (kept in the imperial library) in the title of the present work suggests that it was the object of the deed. The work may thus date to the second half of the tenth century. The author indicates having obtained it from a recluse named Liu Han 劉罕 on Luofu shan 羅浮山.

The second document (10b–12a) is the preface to a *Dunjia shenjing* 遁甲神經 (or *fuying* 符經) in three juan. The account of its transmission is assimilated with that of the *Yinfu jing* 陰符經 (1.11a).

The contents of the present work are related to the tradition of the secret method of the six *ding* (*liuding bifa* 六丁祕法; 2.3a). Like the other texts produced by that tradition, it bases itself on the first chapter of a *Liuding jue* 六丁訣 in three juan (cf. 581 *Lingbao liuding bifa* 4b, 10a) and is essentially devoted to ritual.

The first two juan describe the central ritual of the cult of the six *ding* spirits. The second juan repeats in greater detail what is said in the first. The main ritual, or Sacrifice of the Great Assembly (*dahui ji* 大會祭), was held six times per year, on the *jiazi* 甲子 days; the secondary ritual, or Sacrifice of the Small Assembly (*xiaohui ji* 小會祭), was held thirty-six times per year, on the *ding* days. Noteworthy is the importance assigned to the northern warrior Zhenwu zhenjun 真武真君, Lord of the North (2.2a) or of the Center (3.7a). The third juan is, apart from a brief résumé (1a–2a) of 2.6a–8a, entirely devoted to talismans used in the ritual.

Marc Kalinowski

Xuanjing bixia lingbao juxuan jing 玄精碧匣靈寶聚玄經

3 juan

Song (960–1279)

984 (fasc. 618)

“Book of the Mysterious Aggregates of the Marvelous Jewel, from the Jade Casket of Mysterious Essence.” This is a manual of divination according to the ancient system of Hidden Days (*dunjia* 遁甲). The idea of “aggregates” here refers probably to the fact that the present work endeavors to combine different forms of computation and time calculation, notably those of *dunjia* and *liuren* 六壬, as in the twenty-second chapter (3.12b). The style of the work is abstruse in the extreme, and there are many missing parts on each page.

The contents can be compared with those of the most ancient manual of this mantic art, the *Dunjia fuying jing*, which was composed on imperial order in the years 1034–1038. The present treatise could represent a sibylline version of the latter. In this respect we do have here an important document for the study of the social

currents that contributed, during the Song dynasty, to the continuation of the mantic techniques related to the Hidden Days method.

Each *juan* is subdivided into twenty-four rubrics (*bu* 部). The first two *juan* are mostly dedicated to *dunjia*, while the third makes extensive use of the *liuren* and *fengjiao* 風角 techniques.

Marc Kalinowski

Yiwai biezhuan 易外別傳

25 fols.

By YU YAN 俞琰; ca. 1284

1009 (fasc. 629)

“Extraneous Commentary to the *Yijing*.” The title of the present work can be explained by the wish of the author to make this text into an appendix of his *Zhouyi jishuo* 周易集說 (Collection of Interpretations of the *Zhouyi*; see 1010 *Xuanpin zhi men fu*). He also considers that the present work contains marginal developments with respect to the theoretical foundations of the Book of Changes. The expression *yiwai biezhuan* appears to have been introduced by Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200; see *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 4.15b). The present work is reviewed in *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 146.54b–56a.

The preface of YU YAN (fl. 1253–1296) contains little concrete information except the date of 1284, by which the work was presumably completed. More information about the scope and the form of the present work can be found in the two colophons appended to 1010 *Xuanpin zhi men fu*. The work presents itself as a commenatry on certain tenets of metaphysical and alchemical thought as expressed in works like the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 and the *Yinfu jing* 陰符經, on both of which YU YAN himself wrote glosses (1005 *Zhouyi cantong qi fahui* and 125 *Huangdi yinfu jing zhu*).

The present commentary is certainly tainted with Taoism, but its overall orientation is Confucian, as can be seen from the numerous references to the theories of SHAO YONG, Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200), and others.

Marc Kalinowski

Xuanpin zhi men fu 玄牝之門賦

4 fols.

By YU YAN 俞琰; between 1284 and 1296

1010 (fasc. 629)

“Rhapsody of the Gate of the Dark Female.” The title corresponds to that of the prose poem (*fu*) at the beginning of this short text. The allusion to the famous passage of the sixth chapter of the *Daode jing* is understood here as a reference to the alchemical process. Moreover, the present opusculum contains a short poem dedicated to LÜ DONGBIN.

The colophon by YU YAN (fl. 1253–1296) does not refer to the poems presented here, but concerns mostly the preceding 1009 *Yiwai biezhuan*. The author explains the general organization of the work and the sources he used. It appears that Yu intended to append the *Yiwai biezhuan* to his collected interpretations of the *Zhouyi* (*Zhouyi jishuo* 周易集說; compiled between 1284–1296; see the preface by YU YAN to this work in the *Tongzhi tang jingjie* 通志堂經解). As the preface of the *Yiwai biezhuan* is dated 1284, it is reasonable to suppose that the pieces contained in the present small collection were also written between that date and 1296.

A second colophon is by YU YAN's son and was written on the occasion of his printing of the *Xuanxue zhengzong* 玄學正宗 in 1356. Yu Zhongwen 俞仲溫 states that his father integrated the *Yiwai biezhuan* into the *Zhouyi jishuo* (this is no longer the case in the *Tongzhi tang jingjie* edition) and that the *Xuanxue zhengzong* originally contained three works by YU YAN: the *Yiwai biezhuan*; a commentary on the *Yinfu jing* 陰符經 (probably 125 *Huangdi yingfu jing*); and his commentary to the *Qinyuan chun* 沁園春 by LÜ DONGBIN (136 *Lu Chunyang zhenren Qinyuan chun danci zhujie*).

The authors of the *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* (147.30a–30b) considered that the placement of the colophons to the *Yiwai biezhuan* at the end of the present collection indicated that these two texts were edited as one work in the now lost *Xuanxue zhengzong*.

Marc Kalinowski

3.A.3 Medicine and Pharmacology

Tujing yanyi bencao 圖經衍義本草

5 + 42 *juan*

Compiled by Kou Zongshi 寇宗奭; 1116; revised by Xu Hong 許洪 (fl. 1208)
768–769 (fasc. 535–550)

“Enlarged and Illustrated *Materia Medica*.” This work is edited in two parts, beginning with a head-scroll (*shangjuan* 上卷) divided into five *juan* and containing prefatory texts, followed by the *Materia Medica* (*bencao* 本草) itself, in forty-two *juan*.

The first part (*shangjuan*) contains a great number of prefaces to various previous *bencao* that were incorporated into the present handbook: the preface to the *Jiayou bencao* 嘉佑本草 of 1061 by Zhang Yuxi 掌禹錫 (1.1a–5b); the preface to the *Tujing* 圖經 [*bencao* 本草] of 1062 by Su Song 蘇頌 (1.5b–9a); the preface to the *Kaibao chongding bencao* 開寶重定本草 of 973 (1.9a–11a); the preface to the so-called *Tang*

ben [bencao] 唐本本草 of 659 by Kong Zhiyue 孔志約 (1.10b–12b); and the preface of TAO HONGJING to his *Materia Medica*, commentated by Zhang Yuxi (1.13a–26a).

The second juan of the *shangjuan* opens with an introduction (*xuli* 序例) on the art of picking and preparing medicinal herbs (2.1a–10b). Zhang Yuxi then turns to the history of Chinese *bencao* and presents prefaces of ancient works that he and others collected: the *Yaodui* 藥對 of Xu Zhicai 徐之才; the *Qianjin fang* 千金方 by SUN SIMO; the *Bencao shiyi* 本草拾義 by Chen Zangqi 陳藏器; the *Chongguang buzhu shennong bencao bing tujing* 重廣補註神農本草并圖經 of 1092 by Lin Xi 林希; and the *Leigong paozhi lun* 雷公炮炙論 (*shangjuan* 2.10b–20b). Juan 3 of the *shangjuan* opens with the preface to the *Bencao yanyi* 本草衍義 by Kou Zongshi himself (dated 1116). This preface is followed by the continuation of the introduction (*xuli*) that began in the previous juan. The last two juan of the *shangjuan* still continue the introduction and deal with the classification of medicinal herbs and animal and mineral substances.

The above summary illustrates the confused arrangement of the present edition, in which some parts—for example, the table of contents—are missing. It is nevertheless possible to reconstitute the successive strata of which the present handbook is composed.

The most fundamental *Materia Medica* is the *Shennong bencao* 神農本草 of the late Han period. Its title appears for the first time in the *Qilu* 七錄 of the Liang dynasty (see *Ruan shi Qilu*). This work listed the symbolic number of 365 medicinal ingredients (there are in fact more in the extant editions). It was enlarged and annotated by TAO HONGJING, and edited as the *Shennong bencao jing jizhu*, listing 720 ingredients. Of this work only fragments survive (see the edition by Mori Rishii listed in the general bibliography). In the present text, quotations of the work of TAO HONGJING are introduced with the words: “Tao the Hermit says (*Tao yinju yue* 陶隱居曰).”

In 657, an imperial edict ordered a group of twenty-two scholars under the direction of Su Jing 蘇敬 (fl. 656–660)—or, according to other sources, under Kong Zhiyue—and Li Ji 李勣 (594–669) to compile a new *Materia Medica* (cf. *Jiu Tang shu* 79.2726–27). The work was completed in 659, and its study became mandatory for physicians under the Tang. The new *bencao* was based on the book of TAO HONGJING, enlarged by 114 new descriptions of remedies. Called *Xinxiu bencao* 新修本草 or *Tangben* [bencao], the handbook had fifty-three or fifty-four juan (see *shangjuan* 1.12b), of which twenty-five were devoted to pictures and seven to text with illustrations. Because of an imperial taboo of the Daguan era (1107–1110), Su Jing's name was written Su Gong 蘇恭, as is the case here. The Tang official *bencao* is quoted in our handbook under the heading “*Tang ben zhu* 唐本註.”

Somewhat later appeared the *Shu bencao* 蜀本草 in twenty juan, a revised edition of the official handbook of 659, by Han Baosheng 韓保昇 of Sichuan. This book is quoted here under the heading “*Shu ben yun* 蜀本云.” There are also quotations here

of a *Shu ben tujing* 蜀本圖經, but there is no conclusive evidence that this is the same work.

A slightly later *Materia Medica* was the *Rihua zi zhujia bencao* 日華子諸家本草 which reportedly had twenty juan and was compiled by a certain Rihua zi, reputed to have lived during the Kaibao era (968–976). Nothing else is known of him. This work is often quoted here.

In 973, a new imperial edict ordered the medical doctors to revise the extant *Materia Medica*, to incorporate the important elements of the *Bencao shiyi* 本草拾義 (completed in 739) of Chen Zangqi 陳藏器 and the *Bencao yinyi* 本草音義 of LI HANGUANG, and to add new findings. This work was completed by Liu Han 劉翰, the Taoist Ma Zhi 馬志, and Wang Guangyou 王廣祐. It is known under the title of *Kaibao bencao* 開寶本草. Again under imperial supervision, this work was revised by Li Fang and reedited under the title *Kaibao chongding bencao* 開寶重定本草. This collection contained descriptions of 983 ingredients. The material from the *Tangben* of 659 was marked “Tang fu 唐附,” and the new additions “jin fu 今附.”

Later, under the Song, a new *Materia Medica* was compiled at imperial behest and under the direction of Zhang Yuxi 掌禹錫, Lin Yi 林億, Zhang Dong 張洞, and Su Song 蘇頌. This work was presented to the throne in 1061 under the title *Jiayou buzhu Shennong bencao* 嘉祐補註神農本草. Its main sources were the above-mentioned *Kaibao chongding bencao* and the *Shu bencao*. The new additions were marked “xin bu 新補.” The quotations of the *Tang ben* were introduced as “*Tang ben zhu* 唐本註” and those of the *Kaibao bencao* as “jin zhu 今註.” Entirely new materials added in this handbook were marked “xinding 新定.” There are only seventeen such items. This *Jiayou bencao* listed no less than 1,082 ingredients.

A year later, illustrations were added to the *Jiayou buzhu Shennong bencao*. Henceforth it was thus entitled *Bencao tujing* 本草圖經. Another ninety-eight descriptions were added on that occasion; these were marked “benjing wailei 本經外類.” As told in our present work (*shangjuan* 1.6a), under the Tang there had been two illustrated *bencao*: that of Su Jing (see above) and the *Danfang yaotu* 單方藥圖 of the Tianbao era (742–756). Both works were lost by the time of Su Song, who could procure only the last juan of the *Danfang yaotu*.

In 1092, Chen Cheng of Sichuan arranged the *Jiayou bencao* of 1061 and the *Tujing* of 1062 into one single book. He added a few new elements, marked “bie shuo 別說.” This work is the *Chongguang buzhu Shennong bencao bing tujing* 重廣補註神農本草并圖經. The title is mentioned in the Ke edition of the *Jingshi zhenglei daguan bencao*, which also includes all the material from the *Jiayou bencao* and the *Tujing*. Perhaps this is the same work under a different title.

Finally, in 1116, Kou Zongshi compiled a *Bencao yanyi* with the aim of correcting the errors of the *Jiayou bencao* and the *Tujing*. His work was published three years later.

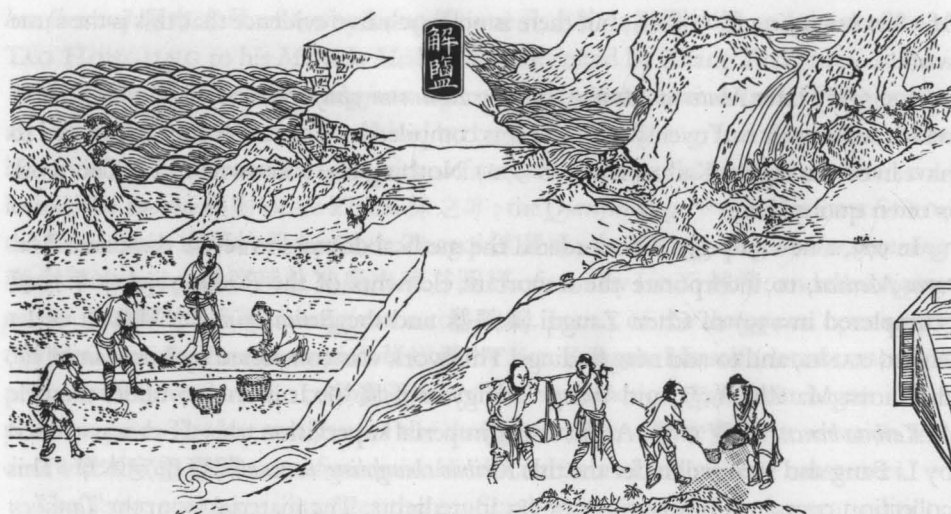


FIGURE 11. (above and opposite) Two techniques for winning salt from seawater: Salt-making by evaporation in a cauldron and in a salt marsh (769 3.7b-9a and 9a-b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/761)

Until 1195, the title of this new handbook was *Bencao guangyi* 本草廣義; it was then changed into *yanyi* 衍義 in avoidance of the personal name of Emperor Ningzong (r. 1195-1224). In 1249, the book was edited as a supplement to a new edition of the *Daguan bencao*, called the *Chongxiu Zhenghe bencao* 重修政和本草. The arrangement of the prefaces and their texts is identical with that of the present work.

It appears, therefore, that the present *Tujing yanyi bencao* corresponds to the *Chongguang buzhu shennong bencao bing tujing*, to which was added the text of the *Bencao yanyi* of Kou Zongshi at the end of each rubric. The contents of the present text are identical with the *Chongxiu Zhenghe bencao*, but the quotations are given here in a different order.

The present work is in many respects similar to the *Leibian tujing jizhu yanyi bencao*. This work appears to be based on a *Xinbian leiyao tuzhu bencao* 新編類要圖註本草, of which there were several printings during the Song and the Yuan. Some of these editions name a certain Liu Xinfu 劉信甫 (early thirteenth century) as having carried out the revisions (see *Yiji kao* 醫籍考 of *bencao* 3, p. 146).

In a colophon to the *Bencao yanyi*, of which he had obtained the Yuan printing blocks, Zhu Yizun 朱彝尊 says that this work was included in the Taoist canon by a certain Boyun zi 白雲子 (see *Pushu tingji* 曝書亭集, 55). Boyun zi is most likely Qi Zhiyuan 綦志遠, a Quanzhen 全真 Taoist and a close friend of SONG DEFANG, who directed the edition of the Taoist canon of 1246. The title *Bencao yanyi* may designate



爐銀水銀

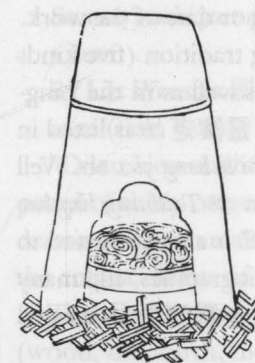


FIGURE 12. A furnace for making mercury (769 3.22b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/761)

the original twenty-juan work by Kou Zongzhi or the present handbook, which is sometimes quoted under this abbreviated title.

The present *Materia Medica* gives more than 1,000 descriptions classified in eight categories: minerals (juan 1-6), herbs (7-20), shrubs (21-25), ingredients of human origin (26), quadrupeds (27-29), birds (30), fish and insects (37-39), vegetables and spices (40-42). Each medicinal ingredient is minutely described: its taste, toxicity, place of origin, the best time for its harvest, its therapeutic uses, its combination with other remedies, and sometimes the mode of preparation.

More than 120 different works are quoted. The *Shennong bencao jing*, however, remains the fundamental text. For the mineral ingredients, some alchemical works are cited, such as 925 *Danfang jianyuan* and 930 *Sanshilin shuifa*. In general, the name of the ingredient is given in white in a black frame. For each item there are one or more illustrations with indication of the place of origin of the variant. There is also an illustration of salt fabrication (3.7b-9a; see fig. 11) and of a furnace for making mercury (3.22b; see fig. 12).



FIGURE 13. Fabulous mushrooms of immortality: Red Jade, China Root, Zuo Spirit with female guardian, Metal Essence (1406 2a, 21b, 30a, 62a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1387)

Taishang lingbao zhicao pin 太上靈寶芝草品

64 fols.

Song (960–1279)?

1406 (fasc. 1051)

“Catalog of Mushrooms of Immortality.” This work contains illustrations, with short descriptive texts, of 127 mushrooms or herbs of Long Life. Neither the anonymous preface nor the text give any indication of the provenance or date of the work.

The *zhi* 芝 fungus plays an important role in the Shangqing tradition (five kinds of *zhi*-mushrooms were said to grow on the Maoshan 茅山) as well as in the Lingbao corpus. A text with the title *Dongxuan lingbao zhi pin* 洞玄靈寶芝品 is listed in the catalog of the Lingbao canon in 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 1.6b. Well before that, the importance of the *zhi*-plant had been stressed in 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 15b and passim, and a large part of chapter 11 of the BPZ is also dedicated to this plant. Numerous texts concerning *zhi* are listed in Song bibliographies, and many of these were illustrated (see fig. 13). A *Taishang lingbao zhi pin* 太上靈寶芝品 is listed in the *Chongwen zongmu* (VDL 89).

With respect to the description of individual *zhi*, the present work has no direct relationship with chapter 11 of the BPZ, nor with 933 *Zhong zhicao fa* (compare also 1206 *Shangqing mingjian yaojing* 8b–13a, which refers to “illustrations”). Texts containing descriptions that can be related to those in the present work are found in *Yiwen leiju* 98 (a description of nineteen *zhi*, giving *Baopu zi* as source), in *Taiping yulan* 986 (a description of thirty-two *zhi*, quoting a *Xianren caizhi tu* 仙人採芝圖 as source; compare the quotation of a *Caizhi tu* 採芝圖 in *Bencao gangmu* 本草綱目 28), again

in *Taiping yulan* 345 (quoting a *Dunjia kaishan tu* 遁甲開山圖), and so on. A detailed list of this kind of *zhi* is given in 855 *Taiping jingque yuhua xianshu baji shenzhang sanhuang neibi wen* 太清金闕玉華仙書八極神章三皇內祕文 2.7a ff. These sources, all but the last of an early date, may have provided the models on which the descriptions in our present text are based.

Alfredo Cadonna

Huangdi neijing lingshu lue 黃帝內經靈樞略

9 fols.

1019 (fasc. 661)

“Abbreviated Divine Pivot of the Internal Canon of the Yellow Emperor.” This text is composed entirely of quotations from chapters 24, 8, 47, 30, 18, 17, 71, 9, 75, 81, 80, and 69 of the *Lingshu* 靈樞. These quotations are arranged into four groups, concerning the general structure of the body; the Six Qi (essence, breath, the yang humors [jin 津], the yin humors [yi 液], the blood, and the blood vessels); dementia; and aphonia.

Before 1093, the year when Korea presented an edition of the *Lingshu* to China, this book was rare in its country of origin. The present abridged edition, by an unknown author, must be posterior to that date. The present book is mentioned in Song catalogues (see VDL 146).

Catherine Despeux

Suwen rushi yunqi lun'ao 素問入式運氣論奧

3 juan

By Liu Wenshu 劉溫舒; 1099

1022 (fasc. 664)

“Discussion on the Arcana of the Circulation of Qi in the *Suwen*.” This book is composed of thirty-one essays (only thirty are numbered), accompanied by twenty-seven drawings. There are also two “formulas” (*jue* 訣), which are in fact drawings of a hand with the emplacements of the cyclical signs of the Ten Trunks and Twelve Stems (fig. 14).

The work studies the correspondences between the five cycles of the Five Agents (wood, fire, earth, metal, and water) and the Six Qi (heat, humidity, drought, coldness, wind, and warmth) during the sexagesimal cycle, on the one hand, and the circulation of qi in the energy tracts of the human body, on the other. The author considers the circulation of qi to be the very principle to be mastered for the application of the techniques of tonification and dispersion (preface, 1a). The present treatise examines in a more detailed way the subjects of chapters 66 to 74 of the *Suwen*, which are attributed to WANG BING by Lin Yi 林億 (1058–1064). The work was presented to the emperor (see *Junzhai dushu zhi*).

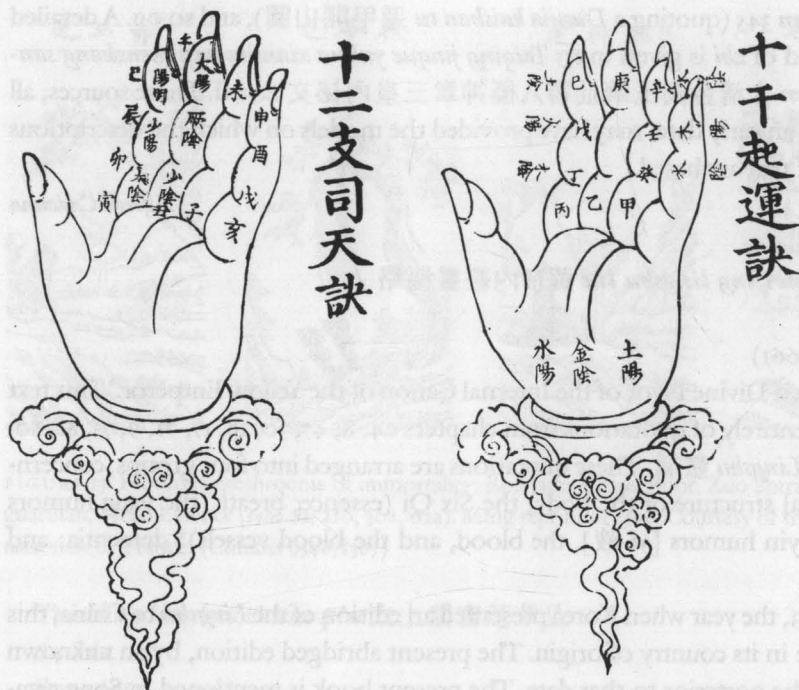


FIGURE 14. Arrangement of the Heavenly Stems and Earthly Branches on the hand: A mnemonic aid for counting in the sexagesimal cycle (1022 1.2a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1010)

The text itself is preceded by a preface of the author (dated 1099) and a table of contents. Of Liu Wenshu, we know only that he was a physician at court (preface, 1a).

The title of this work is listed in the bibliographical chapter of the *Song shi* (207.5319) as having four juan. In other catalogues that describe Song editions, the present book is listed as comprising three juan, followed by 1021 *Huangdi neijing suwen yipian* (in one juan), also attributed to Liu Wenshu (see Okanishi Tameto, *Song yiqian yiji kao*, 60–61).

Catherine Despeux

Huangdi bashiyi nan jing zuantu jujie 黃帝八十一難經纂圖句解

7 juan

By Li Jiong 李駟, *zi* Ziye 子埜, *hao* Xifan 唏范子; preface dated 1269 1024 (fasc. 668–670)

“Phrase-by-Phrase Glosses of the Eighty-one Difficulties of the Yellow Emperor’s Canon.” The author, a native of Linchuan in Jiangxi, also wrote a *Wang Shuhe maijue jijie* 王叔和脈訣集解 and a *Youyou ge jujie* 幼幼歌句解 (see preface, 1a).

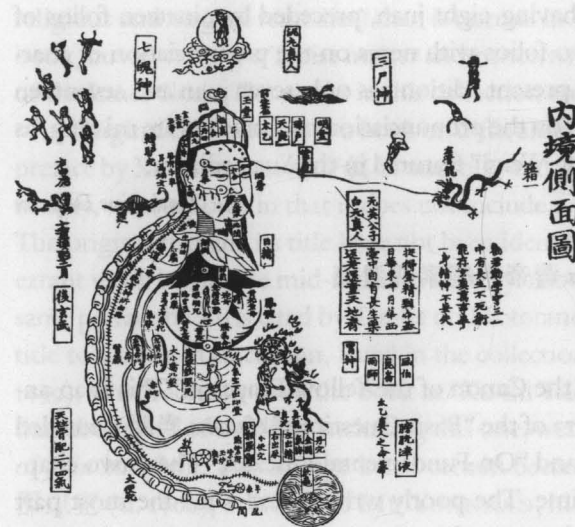


FIGURE 15. The Inner Landscape (1024 “Xulun,” 4a–b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1012)

In spite of the great number of commentaries written on the *Nanjing* prior to his own, Li Jiong quotes only two: those of Lü Guang 呂廣 and Yang Xuancao 楊玄操 (see preface, *Huangdi bashiyi nan jing zhuyi tu xulun* 黃帝八十一難經註義圖序論, 1a–b). The commentary by Lü Guang is quoted in *Sui shu* 34.1040, which reports that the Liang catalogue listed a *Huangdi zhongnan jing* 黃帝衆難經 (lost in the interim), annotated by Lü Bowang 呂博望. This was probably a byname of Lü Guang. Yang Xuancao lived at

the beginning of the Tang (618–907). The *Nanjing benyi* 難經本義 states that he was commander of the garrison of She county 歙縣尉.

The preface is dated 1269 and is followed by an illustrated introduction to the text, entitled “Introductory Illustrated Treatise on the Meaning and Commentary of the Eighty-one Difficulties.” Before Li Jiong, Ding Deyong 丁德用 wrote an illustrated commentary called the *Buzhu nanjing* 補注難經 in five juan, dated 1062 (see *Junzhai dushu zhi*). The illustrations concern the first, second, third, eighth, and sixty-seventh difficulties, associated with the pulse and the ancient points of the energy tracts. They apply the theory of the Five Cycles and Six Qi (*wuyun liugqi* 五運六氣) and establish a relationship between the twenty-four qi of the annual cycle and the twenty-four qi that are positioned on the body, from the head to the feet, or again on the radial artery on the wrist. Mention should be made of the representation (side view) of the Inner Landscape of the human body, (page 4a–b) with captions on the alchemical concepts and the topology of the body as found in the Shangqing scriptures (fig. 15).

This introduction is followed by the main text, with glosses for each sentence. The *Nanjing* selects difficult passages in the *Suwen* for explication. Using the form of a dialogue, it discusses the pulse, energy tracts, organs, certain diseases, the points used by the ancients, and the methods for puncturing. The simple commentary is mainly of philological interest. Once or twice Li Jiong notes his emendations of erroneous characters.

A Yuan edition is described as having eight juan, preceded by nineteen folios of illustrations and an appendix in two folios with notes on the pronunciation of characters (see *Yigu tang ji* 17.12a). The present edition has only seven juan and seventeen folios of illustrations; the two folios on the pronunciation of characters are missing, as is the indication "corrected by Wang Weiyi" featured in the Yuan edition.

Catherine Despeux

Huangdi neijing suwen yipian 黃帝內經素問遺篇

5 juan

1021 (fasc. 663–664)

"Lost Chapters of the *Suwen* of the Canon of the Yellow Emperor." This is an annotated edition of chapters 72 and 73 of the "Basic Questions" (*Suwen* 素問), entitled "On the Techniques of Puncture," and "On Fundamental Diseases." These two chapters were lost in WANG BING's time. The poorly written text is for the most part composed of passages from other chapters of the *Suwen*. Without any doubt, this is a forgery (see Yu Jiayi, *Siku tiyao bianzheng*, 667).

Under the Song, this work was edited as a supplement to 1022 *Suwen rushi yunqi lun'ao*, by Liu Wenshu, and many catalogues attribute it to Liu.

Catherine Despeux

Jijiu xianfang 急救仙方

11 juan

Compiled 1444–1445

1164 (fasc. 821–822)

"Formulas of the Immortals for Relief of Emergencies." The eleven juan so titled are actually parts of four or five unrelated books of different periods, conflated by the *Daozang* editors and given the title of a work to which they are unrelated. This confusion was probably wrought by the Ming editors. The title is not mentioned in Song catalogues (see VDL). The massive and oft-reprinted Korean *Uibang yuehwi* 醫方類聚 contains a number of quotations from the original *Jijiu xianfang*. The quotations on obstetrics and gynecology are found in *Yifang leiju* 209.87, 212.46, 219.354, and 229.591 and 602. Not only do these quotations differ from the *Daozang* text, but formulas with the same title in the two books contain different ingredients (e.g., compare *Ji yin dan* 濟陰丹 4.11a with *Yifang leiju* 146).

The preface describes *Jijiu xianfang* as a book on childbirth, a description that fits only the first five juan. It is clear, however, that these five juan are not one book but two, or more probably three. The fourth book included under this title is an important work that circulated widely among physicians. These four writings are not related to immortality practices or Taoism. They include no more symbolic therapy (that is,

religious and magical remedies) than is normal in early medical formularies. The fifth book, however, is by a Taoist master and concerns what might be called dysfunctions of the Inner Gods. The works in this collection are best analyzed separately:

1. Original title unknown: a book on difficulties of pregnancy and childbirth with a preface by Xu Shouzhen 徐守真 in one folio and three juan. This is a conventional formulary, unusual only in that it does not include a broad range of women's problems. The original text and its title have not been identified, nor is the preface found in any extant work before the mid-fifteenth century. A book entitled *Taichan* 胎產 with the same preface by Xu is cited by Tamba no Mototane in *Iseki kō* 51.1247. Tamba gave this title to a book in three juan, listed in the collection *Qingnang zazuan* 青囊雜纂 (ca. 1459), which actually cited the book as "Xu shi Taichan fang 徐氏胎產方." It is likely that about half of the titles, including this one, were copied from the *Daozang* version of *Jijiu xianfang*. This lineage is not certain because the compiler was Shao Yizheng 邵以正 (d. 1462), a disciple of LIU YUANRAN, himself a disciple of ZHAO YIZHEN. Zhao was the author of 1165 *Xianchuan waikē bifang* and a number of Taoist liturgical works.

Hu Yujin 胡玉緒, in *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao buzhen*, 816, attempts to identify the *Jijiu xianfang* with Liu's lost *Jiuji xianfang* 救急仙方, which is not recorded in the standard histories. Zhao's collection includes both *Jijiu xianfang*, under separate titles assigned to its parts, and *Jiji xianfang* 濟急仙方, proving that the two books are distinct.

The prescriptions in this formulary, like those in most similar books from the Song on, are, broadly speaking, developed and elaborated from those associated with the Han classic *Jingui yaolüe* 金匱要略 (196/220 A.D.). Because the prescriptions were copied from one book to another with minor variations, they do not provide a simple basis for dating. For instance, the first prescription in juan 1 is found, with minor variations of wording, in the *Xuanming lunfang* 宣明論方 (1172), attributed to Liu Wansu 劉完素, in *Yitong zhengmai quanshu* 11.8a–8b. It is less likely that the one work copies from the other than that they are derived from a common source.

2. *Bianzheng shikuo* 辯證詩括 (3.146a–17b). a small work on diagnosis and treatment of certain pediatric disorders. This mnemonic is not otherwise known, and may be a fragment of some more general book, or even of the preceding title, although the latter's preface does not refer to disorders of infants.

3. Original title unknown: cited as "Jiyin pin 濟陰品," a formulary for difficulties of pregnancy and childbirth, in juan 4–5. In the anonymous preface the contents are said to be based on nutgrass rhizome (*xiangfuzi* 香附子 [*Cyperus rotundus*]), but some of the prescriptions do not use this ingredient.

4. *Xianshou lishang xuduan fang* 仙授理傷續斷方 (juan 6–9): "Formulas for the Healing of Injuries and Broken Bones, Revealed by an Immortal." This work is

liberally cited in the Ming encyclopedia *Yongle dadian* 永樂大典, from which it was reconstituted in four juan for inclusion in the *Siku quanshu* 四庫全書 collection. Modern reprints are descended from the latter, and like it incorporate material from other books. The relevant portions of *Yongle dadian* are apparently lost, but *Xianshou lishang xuduan fang* is quoted with equal liberality in medical compilations such as *Uibang yuchwi*. The anonymous author of the preface (reproduced here) attributes the book to a Lin daoren 蘭道人, whom he places in 841/846. There is no evidence to connect this book with any Taoist movement.

This work is considered by medical historians the oldest more or less intact monograph on external disorders. It includes descriptions of lesions and internal disorders of all sorts, not only traumas, and most of its drug formulas are for ingestion (this is the norm in classical writings on the topic). Three juan are quoted here under the

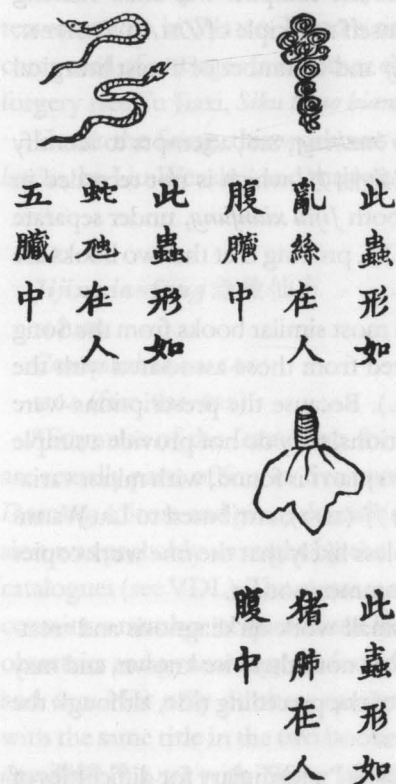


FIGURE 16. Insects and worms in the human body (1164 10.6b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1150)

original title (juan 6–8), the first on bonesetting, the second primarily on treatment for debilitation due to traumas and lesions, and the third on *ding chuang* 疔瘡, or boils. Juan 9 is given under a separate title, *Bichuan wuzhi pin* 秘傳五痔品 (Secretly Transmitted Formulas for All Types of Hemorrhoids), but it is taken verbatim from the same source. None of the four juan is quoted in *Uibang yuchwi*. The latter source gives quotations from the original *Jijin xianfang* on knife wounds (185.619) and boils (179.408), but neither quotation corresponds to the *Daozang* text (cite both from volume 8 of the typeset Peking 1982 reprint). The contents are on the whole conventional drug formulas.

5. *Shangqing ziting zhulao xianfang* 上清紫庭追癆仙方 (juan 10–11): preface by an “old gentleman” (*lao sou* 老叟); a treatise on cadaver vector disorders (*chuanshi* 傳尸) and debility disorders (*laozhai* 癆瘵), closely related groups of infectious maladies. Here these disorders are portrayed as “all due to the Three Corpse Worms and to possessing ghosts” (see Sivin, *Chinese alchemy*, s.v. and 297–99). The *Qingnang zazuan* attributes this tractate to Zhao Yixin 趙宜信, who is not



FIGURE 17. Loci for moxibustion (1164 11.20a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1150)

otherwise known. The present text discusses and illustrates various insects and worms, but it is not concerned with modern helminthology (see fig. 16). The first three of these “worms” are in the form of a three-inch human, a ghost, and a frog. This text is an important source for its discussion of the six stages of these diseases, for its materials on *gengshen* 庚申 observances, and for its use of materials from popular healing, drawing on drugs, moxa, and ritual. The only idea not found elsewhere makes the Corpse Worms’ well-known periodic tour of the body into a circuit of certain moxibustion loci (fig. 17).

The text ends with two “Illustrations of Huangdi’s method for treating the twenty-one types of debility disorders with moxibustion” (twenty-two loci are shown) and with apotropaic rites used against these maladies by Master Yuzhen 玉真先生 of the Jingming 靜明 order. A testimonial by the King of Yue 越王 is said to have been transmitted three times between 937 and 1014, but the second of the three dates is clearly specious. It is given as the ninth year of the Chunhua 淳化 era, which lasted only five years (990–994; see 10.14b).

An anecdote mentions a Master Li Tong 李同 of Maoshan (10.15a), a liturgy entitled *Dadi xuanke* 大帝玄科 (10.13b), a *Laojun sanshi jing zuan* 老君三屍經纂 (10.13a), and a *Qihuang guangji* 岐黃廣記. None of these are otherwise known.

Nathan Sivin

Xianchuan waikē bifāng 仙傳外科秘方

12 juan

Compiled by ZHAO YIZHEN 趙宜真; d. 1382; edited by LIU YUANRAN 劉淵然 (1351–1431)

1165 (fasc. 823–824)

“Secret Formulas for External Medicine, Transmitted by the Immortals.” This work is a somewhat revised conflation of three collections:

1. *Xian chuan waikē ji yan fāng* 集驗方: the title is given in running heads. The preface of the Qingwei patriarch ZHAO YIZHEN attributes the work to Yang Qingsou 楊清叟, who transmitted it to Wu Ningji 吳寧極, whose son passed it to a Master Li 李先生, from whom Zhao received it. It was printed once before 1378, and again along with item 2 below after being edited by Zhao’s disciple LIU YUANRAN in 1395.

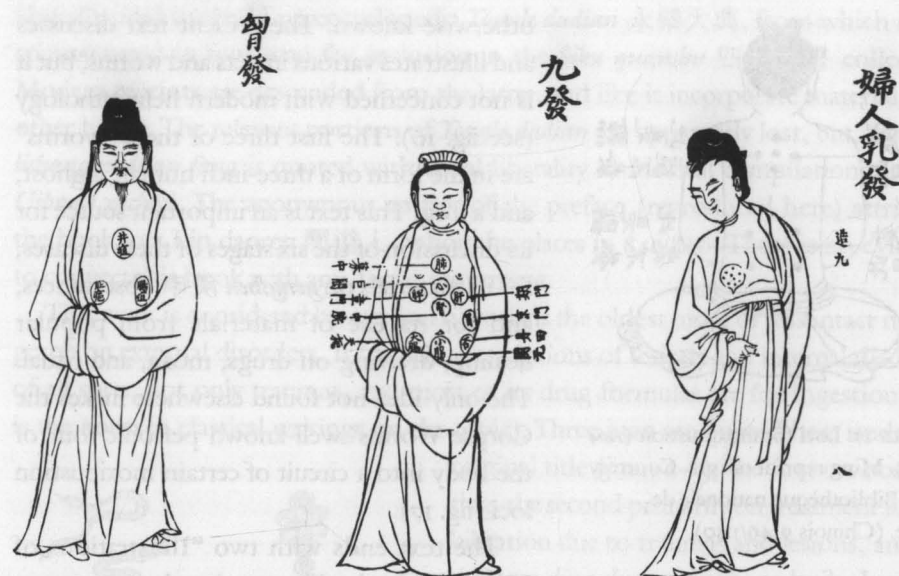


FIGURE 18. Sores and rashes on the chest, abdomen, and breasts (1165 9.9b and 10a–b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1151)

The latter version and the *Daozang* edition differ in minor respects. The work is mainly on abscesses, rashes, boils, and other external ailments (fig. 18), but it includes a short mnemonic on variant drug names and a paragraph on the preparation of plant drugs (4.14b).

2. *Bichuan waikē fāng* 秘傳外科方: anonymous; a colophon by Liu, written for the 1395 printing, states that Zhao received it from Rong Kexiao 榮可蕭, but Liu does not suggest Rong authored it. The *Daozang* version occupies juan 8–9. It omits two sections at the end and the colophon. Juan 8 is a “general discussion” that may correspond to the *Waikē xu lun* 外科序論 of Zhao mentioned in the bibliographical treatise of the *Ming shi*. Juan 9 is a collection of remedies for external disorders, including the effects of judicial beating and hemorrhoids. Its large illustrations of sores, rashes, and similar lesions are of special value.

3. An unnamed and unidentified work labeled “Zhi zhuza cheng pin 治諸雜證品”: treatments for miscellaneous syndromes, occupying juan 10–11 in the *Daozang* version. This is a comprehensive formulary in which external disorders play a large but not predominant part. A discourse on leprosy is attributed to Shuran zi 脩然子 (11.8a), and a discussion on prevention of complications during recovery from Cold Damage Disorders (*shanghan rebing* 傷寒熱病) is attributed to Chunyang daoren of Ningchuan 寧川純陽道人 (11.1b).

The 1395 editions of the first two constituent treatises are extant. The editors of

the reprint (Peking 1957) claim they also consulted the *Daozang*. There is no reason to doubt that the texts in the latter were produced from the 1395 edition, possibly by Liu’s disciple Shao Yizheng 邵以正, editor of the *Zhengtong Daozang*.

Nathan Sivin

Xiuzhen bilu 修真祕錄

11 fols.

By Fu Duren 符度仁; after 1061

850 (fasc. 573)

“Arcane Notes on the Cultivation of the True [Nature].” This is a short work on dietary rules by Fu Duren, a registrar of Fengyang county in Shaanxi. The book is mentioned in the *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku quesu mu* 2.29b, but there the name of the author is erroneously written Fu Churen 符處仁.

The text comprises essentially a long list of victuals of plant and animal origin, destined to reinforce the body or specific organs and to cure various ailments. The description of each of the various foodstuffs includes a main text extracted from a *Materia Medica* (*bencao* 本草) followed by a sentence from an ancient commentary. With reference to the mule, the hedgehog (3b), and the chestnut (1b), the text quotes Meng Shen 孟詵 (ca. 621–ca. 713) of the Tang dynasty, but the description of persimmon (5a) is followed by a quotation of Zhang Yuxi 掌禹錫 of the Song (cf. 769 *Tujiang yanyi bencao* 29.17b, 32.2b, 35.18a, and 35.38a, respectively). Since Zhang’s writings transmitted in 769 *Tujiang yanyi bencao* derive from his *Jiayou bencao* 嘉佑本草, compiled around 1061, our text must be posterior to that date.

At the end of the text (10b–11a), there is a passage quoted from an unidentified *Yangsheng lun* 養生論 recommending the absorption of worms in order to sustain the adept during the seventh and eighth months of each year. This kind of recommendation is quite out of tune with the general style of the work.

Part of the present text (1a–3a) is included by mistake in 837 *Zhenzhong ji* 11a–13a.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

3.A.4 Neidan and Yangsheng

During the Tang period (618–907), the practice of Inner Alchemy (*neidan* 內丹) acquired a definite status among the important forms of Taoist practice. This status was due to a number of circumstances, which translated themselves on the scriptural level by the (re)appearance of works such as the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 (see

part 2.A.1.d). However, Inner Alchemical discourse and Outer (laboratory) Alchemical practice remained closely related, and in some instances it is difficult to say whether a given text concerns the one or the other form.

This close relationship changes with the new era beginning in the Song (960–1297). The practice of Inner Alchemy is linked strongly to a number of saintly and divine patriarchs such as LÜ DONGBIN, whose hagiography strongly rejects laboratory alchemy and who becomes a patron of Inner Alchemy (see, for instance, 263.14 *Zhong-Lü chuan dao ji*). Here Inner Alchemy establishes itself as the major and orthodox practice for Tending Life and for the realization of the Tao within one's own body. The other currents in Song *neidan*, such as the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 by ZHANG BODUAN, had the same influence. In consequence, virtually all Song and later texts on the subject of Tending Life (*yangsheng* 養生) encompass *neidan*. For this reason, a different categorization applies in this period, since texts pertaining to Inner Alchemy were more closely associated with works on Tending Life techniques than with those concerning operative or laboratory alchemy.

The present section first discusses general works, among which ZENG ZAO's 1017 *Daoshu* stands out as the most important collection of texts. We then present the two main currents, the Zhong-Lü 鍾呂 and the *Wuzhen pian* traditions. The former was to become very influential in the *neidan* practice of the (northern) Quanzhen 全真 order, whereas the latter would be the leading influence for the so-called Southern school (Nanzong 南宗). The lineage of the Nanzong appears to have been constructed a posteriori by BO YUCHAN. The same patriarch also elaborated the tradition of the Shenxiao school of ritual. The connection between the Nanzong and the Shenxiao schools deserves further research.

3.A.4.a General Works and Manuals

Daoshu 道樞

42 juan

Compiled by ZENG ZAO 曾慥, *zi* Duanbo 端伯, *hao* Zhiyou 至游子; ca. 1151–1017 (fasc. 641–648)

“Pivot of the Tao.” This is a collection of texts dealing with the art of longevity, excerpted from Five Dynasties (907–960) and Song (960–1279) sources. The compiler, ZENG ZAO (1091–1155), was an official during the reign of Emperor Gaozong (1127–1162; see *Jinjiang xian zhi* 晉江縣志 12). The work is mentioned in the *Suichu tang shumu* 24a, without further details (VDL 154). Although the *Daozang* edition comprises forty-two juan divided into 118 *pian* 篇 (sections), the *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 12.349 notes twenty juan in 122 *pian*. Thus it is possible that four *pian* are missing from the present edition. However, the arrangement of Zeng's

compilation seems fairly complete: he begins with philosophical discussions on the Tao and ends with the most important *neidan* texts of the Zhong-Lü group (cf. 1191 *Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa*). ZENG ZAO's collection was completed by 1151, since he mentions the last text of the *Daoshu* in a note of that date (cf. 263.17 *Zazhu jiejing* 22 and 23). Zeng's biographies of the immortals were also completed around this date (see preface, *Jixian zhuan* 43.24a).

The *Daoshu* includes many interesting Northern Song (960–1127) treatises on Inner Alchemy and related subjects; these books, now lost as separate entities, are listed in many bibliographies of the Song and Yuan (1279–1368) dynasties. The main drawback of this compilation is the inaccuracy with which the texts were copied. Many passages were arbitrarily abridged, poems paraphrased, and often only parts of the original quotations are correctly reproduced. In view of these shortcomings, the *Daoshu* texts should be used with caution and the original should always be consulted if still extant. But despite these limitations, the *Daoshu* still remains an important tool as a source on lost Northern Song alchemical texts.

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Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Huandan zhouhou jue 還丹肘後訣

3 juan

Tenth or eleventh century

915 (fasc. 592)

“Manual for the Cyclically Transformed Elixir.” This treatise is an undated compilation of alchemical theory. The introduction (1a) states that the treatise corresponded to juan 10 of GE HONG's *Zhouhou jue* 肘後訣 (cf. 1306 *Ge xianweng zhouhou beiji fang*), a chapter dealing with alchemy. The present work, however, derives its material from various sources.

The text quotes TAO ZHI (d. 825; see 922 *Huanjin shu*) and a postscript dated 875 (see 2.2a and 3.10a). Therefore the late ninth century is the earliest date for this compilation. On the other hand, the text mentions LÜ DONGBIN, a semilegendary figure popular during the early Song (960–1297).

For the first section of juan 1 (1a–25a), compare 913 *Tongyou jue* 1a–20b; for the rest (1.21a–24a), see 947 *Yuqing neishu* 17b–21a.

For the *Longhu jinyi huandan xinjian* 龍虎金液還丹心鑑 (2.1a–7b), see 1017 *Dao-shu* 14.1a–6a which attributes the text to Xuanhe 子玄和子 (cf. 1274 *Xuanhe zi shier yue gua jin jue*). The *Longhu jinyi huandan xinjian* is quoted in 233 *Huandan zhongxian lun* 3b (preface dated 1052) as *Huandan xinjing* 還丹心鏡. This section of the present text

comprises passages similar to 935 *Danlun jue zhi xinjian* and 936 *Dahuan xinjian*. The poem that follows (2.7b–9b) is paraphrased in 233 *Huandan zhongxian lun* 20a.

Apart from some short alchemical essays, the rest of the work comprises alchemical poems and one “autobiographical” note by Wu Daling 仵達靈 (dated 875; 3.10a–11b). The 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu* (twelfth century) indicates a *Chaohua si biji* 超化寺壁記 as the source of this note.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Ma Ziran jindan koujue 馬自然金丹口訣

3 fols.

By MA ZIRAN 馬自然; Northern Song (960–1127)?

1157 (fasc. 796)

“Explication of the Elixir, by Ma Ziran.” Ma was a disciple of LIU HAICHAN (1a; see also his biography in the LZTT 49.11a). He is often confounded with Ma Xiang 馬湘, *zi* Ziran 自然 (d. 856), but the LZTT makes a clear distinction between the two. He is said to have been a contemporary of ZHANG BODUAN (984–1082), who also dedicated a poem to him (cf. the latter’s preface to 1081 *Jindan sibai zi*).

MA ZIRAN’s *koujue* 口訣, a poem in seven-word verse, is partially paraphrased in 1017 *Daoshu* 7.15b–16a (ca. 1150). There seems to have been a different version in circulation during the Yuan (1279–1368; cf. the long quotation in 141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu* 5.11a).

The poem begins with a criticism of other, “inferior” techniques. The author then describes his meeting with LIU HAICHAN and his subsequent enlightenment (*bodhi* 菩提). The Nine-Times-Transmuted Elixir (*jiuzhuan huandan* 九轉還丹) corresponds to *bodhi*; it is defined as a state of enlightenment within the reach of anyone who practices introspection, and not as the exclusive domain of ordained Taoists or Buddhists (2a). The poem shows a strong influence of Chan Buddhism.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Zhenren Gao Xiangxian jindan ge 真人高象先金丹歌

7 fols.

By Gao Xian 高先, *zi* Xiangxian 象先; 1014

1079 (fasc. 740)

“Song of the Elixir by the Zhenren Gao Xiangxian.” The popularity of this poem in early Song times is illustrated by ZHANG BODUAN’s (984–1082) allusion to it in his *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 (see 141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu* 6.13a). It was also known under other titles, such as *Gao Xiangxian ge* 高象先歌 and *Dadao jindan ge* 大道金丹歌 (see VDL 79).

In a short preface, an anonymous author relates his meeting with Gao Xiangxian of Quyang 胸陽 (Jiangsu) in the capital in 1013. A year later, he received this poem, to which he appended a commentary (*zhujie* 注解). Neither the present version nor the Yulong wanshou guan 玉隆萬壽觀 edition seen by Lu You in 1166 (see *Lu Fangwen ji* 26.47) include a commentary to the poem, indicating that the present text was known in this form already during the Song dynasty (960–1279). Lu You also suggests that Gao Xiangxian was a famous scholar-official and calligrapher of the Shunhua era (990–994) who disappeared, leaving the mundane world behind him. In the poem itself (5b), Gao claims to be the descendant of Gao Jichong 高繼沖 (943–973), ruler of the kingdom of Nanping, who surrendered to the Song in 963 (see *Song shi* 483.13953–55).

The poem describes a vision in which Gao Xian ascends to the Xihua 西華 palace. In this celestial abode, he receives *neidan* 內丹 instructions, based on the *Cantong qi* 參同契, from the goddess Xihua furen 西華夫人. The description is followed by criticism of other, “inferior” techniques (5a) and by the transmission of a text entitled *Chilong tian shang jue* 赤龍天上訣. Part of the poem is quoted in 1017 *Daoshu* 35.9a–9b.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Xuanhe zi shier yue gua jin jue 玄和子十二月卦金訣

3 juan

Before 1155

1274 (fasc. 1003)

“Master Xuanhe’s Golden Explanations on the Hexagrams of the Twelve Months.” This short text is included in 1017 *Daoshu* 14.6a–8b by ZENG ZAO, where it is followed by an alchemical treatise of the Five Dynasties or the early Song (see 936 *Dahuan xinjian* and 915 *Huandan zhoushou jue* 2.1a–7b).

The text comprises twelve poems with commentaries, each of which corresponds to a hexagram. The text is concerned mainly with the process of purification of the two ingredients of the elixir (i.e., “true” lead and mercury). The purification takes place through the practice of fire-phasing (*huohou* 火候). The twelve hexagrams represent the increase and decrease of yin and yang during the months of the year or the double hours of the day.

The *Daoshu* version is abridged, but it adds five sentences at the end that are missing in the present text. The commentary in the *Daoshu* version is also more or less complete, but occasionally it is conflated with the poems.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

***Taixi baoyi ge* 胎息抱一歌**

4 fols.

Northern Song (960–1127)?

827 (fasc. 570)

“Song on Embryonic Breathing and [the Method of] Holding the One.” This short, anonymous work comprises an undated preface and twenty poems on the methods known as Holding the One. In the *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku quesu mu* catalogue 2.28a, the title is indicated as *Baoyi taixi geju* 抱一胎息歌訣, with YANG XI as the author. But, since the preface (1a) quotes YANLUO ZI, this text must date to the Five Dynasties (907–960) or later. Moreover, the preface lays emphasis on the circulation of qi instead of breath retention, the former being a widely practiced method during the Northern Song Dynasty.

The poems show a clear Chan influence, evident also in many other Northern Song poems, such as the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 (see, e.g., the last poem on page 3a of the present text).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

***Huandan zhiyao pian* 還丹至藥篇**

5 fols.

Wang Xianzhi 王賢芝, *zi* Yingtu 膺圖, *hao* Wuxuan zi 悟玄子; Song (960–1279)?

1092 (fasc. 742)

“Essays on the Circulating Elixir and Perfect Medicine.” This text consists of ten odes serving didactic purposes; it most likely corresponds to the similar title listed in *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” 5.29a. Thus the work can be assumed to date to the eleventh century at the latest (see VDL 108).

Wang Xianzhi had spent many years trying in vain to master operative alchemy. Some oral and secret instructions received from a zhenren, whose name remains undisclosed, helped him to achieve “sudden enlightenment.” He also managed to realize the cultivation of “true essences,” in the sense of the *neidan* 內丹 tradition. Circulating Elixir and Perfect Medicine designate the highest degree of cultivation.

Florian C. Reiter

***Longhu jingwei lun* 龍虎精微論**

8 fols.

1259 (fasc. 999)

“Discourse on the Subtleties of the Dragon and the Tiger.” This short, undated, and anonymous treatise comprises a preface, ten poems on *neidan* 內丹, and some respiration and gymnastics (*daoyin* 導引) techniques. The author criticizes laboratory alchemy (*waidan* 外丹); for him the only valid means of obtaining the elixir of im-

mortality is to follow the universal rhythm and to employ the *jing* 精 (essence) and the qi of Heaven and Earth as ingredients.

The alchemical oeuvre should begin with *daoyin* (6a), and two methods are given in the text. These techniques are followed by the visualization of the four emblematic animals, which the adept should place according to their spatial orientation in the form of a mandala. The author concludes with fire-phasing, in which the adept regulates his or her breathing according to the hexagrams *qian* 乾 (Heaven) and *kun* 坤 (Earth). *Qian* designates the yang hours between midnight and noon; *kun*, the yin hours between noon and midnight.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

***Taixuan baodian* 太玄寶典**

3 juan

Song (960–1279)?

1034 (fasc. 703)

“Precious Canon of the Greatest Mystery.” This is a handbook for Tending Life and Inner Alchemy. It is undated and unsigned but is mentioned in the *Suichu tang shummu* (VDL 90). It does not quote any outside sources.

The many methods, recipes, and recommendations here assembled are mostly of a practical nature. The author draws on a great variety of traditions. The proposed methods are mainly of a physical nature: refining breath energies, practicing Embryonic Breathing (*taixi* 胎息; 1.3b, 1.7a), keeping and refining the semen for men and the menstrual blood for women. From 1.7a on, the metaphorical language of *neidan* 內丹 is used. This use continues in 2.2b–4b.

The methods range from simple recipes to more complicated ones. At the end of juan 1, the mastication of pine needles is advanced as a sure means to attain immortality. In 2.5b, we find that meditation and concentrating to the point of sweating profusely is the way to become a True Person. A method for concentrating on the body in order to make it transparent so that one can see inside one’s organs and viscera is described in 2.5a. Aura development is taught in 2.4b. Also ritual methods are recommended, such as the sending of petitions to Heaven (2.9b). The third juan is entirely devoted to medicinal herbs and concoctions, and to methods for making an immortal’s staff, a “wooden horse” (*muma* 木馬) drug that, when taken, allows one to walk fast. The final method permits adepts, by using a herbal concoction, to control their vitality and to know the time of their death in advance.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Jinjing lun 金晶論

6 fols.

Northern Song (960–1127)?

236 (fasc. 113)

“Discussions Concerning Gold and Crystal.” This is a short anonymous treatise on Inner Alchemy. By “crystal” the author means the radiance of the sun, while “gold” is the glow of the moon (preface, 1a). The text is divided into three paragraphs (*pian* 篇); at the end, there is a poem in eleven couplets, entitled “Song on the True and False [Methods] of the Great Alchemical Elixir of Gold and Crystal, Lead and Mercury, Dragon and Tiger.” This poem appears to have been copied from another alchemical song by Qianzhen zi 潛真子, which figures in 237 *Huandan xuanmiao tongyou ji* under the title “Verses Revealing the Marvelous and Penetrating the Arcane” (*Xuanmiao tongyou shi* 玄妙通幽詩; compare the present text 5a–b with 237 *Tongyou ji* 2b–3b).

Gold and crystal here are symbolic homologues of other alchemical ingredients such as lead (*qian* 鉛) and quicksilver (*gong* 汞). The true ingredients do not exist outside the human body. The practice, explained in allegorical terms, has distinct sexual overtones, its aim being to “return the crystal [i.e., the energy of the kidneys] in order to repair the brain” (*huanjing bunao* 還晶補腦; 4b), a transparent disguise of the “return of the sperm” (*huanjing* 還精) in the sexual arts of Taoism.

Kristofer Schipper

Huandan xianmiao tongyou ji 還丹顯妙通幽集

11 fols.

By Qianzhen zi 潛真子; Northern Song (960–1127)?

237 (fasc. 113)

“Collection Revealing the Marvels and Penetrating the Arcana of the Alchemical Process.” The author, who signs Shaoshi shan Qianzhen zi 少室山潛真子 (Master of the Hidden Truth from Mount Shaoshi; the mountain of the Songshan 嵩山 range in Henan and the location of the famous Shaolin si 少林寺), is otherwise unknown. In his undated preface, he states that he was inspired to write a “Poem Revealing the Marvels and Penetrating the Arcana of the Alchemical Process” (same title as the present work) in thirty couplets after reading 238 *Yuanyang zi jinyi ji*. The poem, part of which has been incorporated in 236 *Jinjing lun*, describes the Inner Alchemical process of meditation on the union of the antithetical energies in the body. Coming after *Yuanyang zi* 元陽子, but before 236 *Jinjing lun*, the present work should date from the Northern Song period.

The collection comprises also an “Exegetical Hymn of the Great Alchemical Enterprises by the Zhenren of Purple Smoke” (Ziyan zhenren jie dadan song 紫煙真人解大丹頌), as well the famous poem Spring in the Garden by the Qin River (Qinyuan

chun 沁園春), attributed to Lǚ DONGBIN (see Baldrian-Hussein, “Yüeh-yang”). The latter poem is given twice here, each time with a different commentary. The first commentary, entitled simply “Qinyuan chun,” is anonymous. The second one, titled “Versified [Commentary] by He Xiang on Lu Zhenren’s Qinyuan Chun [Ballad]” (He Xiang song Lü zhenren Qinyuan chun 何仙姑頌呂真人沁園春) seems to be incomplete, as the commentary on the last lines is missing.

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Kristofer Schipper

Taishang riye hunyuan jing 太上日月混元經

2 fols.

656 (fasc. 343)

“Book of the Sun and Moon and Their Origin in Chaos.” This is a short theoretical *neidan* 內丹 treatise based on the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契. It is listed in the *Chongwen zongmu* (dated 1042) 9.18b as well as in later Song bibliographies (VDL 94).

Ma Lizhao’s commentary in 261 *Jindan fu* 18a, which dates to the Yuan (1279–1368), names the present work, together with the *Jinbi jing* 金碧經 and the *Zhouyi cantong qi*. The quotations Ma gives of it on 19a and 27a can no longer be found in the present text, which must be a fragment of the original.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang baoyuan jing 太上浩元經

2 fols.

659 (fasc. 344)

“Scripture of the Vast Origin by the Most High Lord Lao.” This scripture is a rhymed, rhythmic text consisting of ten lines of four characters, with the remainder in seven-character verses that describe poetically the Inner Alchemical process. Respiratory control, visualization of the Three Palaces within the human body and the deities residing therein—Shangyuan tongzi 上元童子 or Nanji laoren 南極老人 (upper palace), Guxuan 谷玄 or Beiji zhenren 北極真人 (lower palace), and Linggui yunü 靈龜玉女 (middle palace)—and the elimination of external desires set the inner circulation in motion and lead to the completion of the Divine Elixir (*taizhen shendan* 太真神丹) and to longevity.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Lingjian zi 靈劍子

22 fols.

Attributed to XU XUN 許遜, *zi* Jingyang 旌陽; probably Northern Song

(960–1127)

570 (fasc. 320)

“Master of the Magical Sword.” The title is an epithet for the third-century saint XU XUN, as the latter, according to his legend, received from five young ladies a sword with which to fight demons (see 448 *Xishan Xu zhenren bashiwu hua lu* 1.7a–b).

The *Lingjian zi* is mentioned in a Song catalogue of 1145 (see VDL 169), but as having two juan. It is possible that the next text in the *Daozang*, 571 *Lingjian zi yindao ziwu ji*, which is not listed in the above-mentioned catalogue, originally occupied the second juan. The text of 571 *Ziwu ji* is a logical sequel to the present *Lingjian zi*.

Given that the date *ante quem* of the present work is 1145, and that the popularity of XU XUN greatly increased after his canonization in 1112 by Emperor Huizong, it seems likely that the present text dates from the eleventh or twelfth century.

The present work gives the methods for abstaining from ordinary food and sustaining oneself with breath (qi) in order to obtain immortality. This method is here considered to be a form of alchemy. The object is the creation of an immortal embryo. At the end of the work there is a description of sixteen gymnastic exercises, linked to the four seasons, to be performed as a preliminary stage to respiration exercises and Embryonic Breathing.

Catherine Despeux

Lingjian zi yindao ziwu ji 靈劍子引導子午記

14 fols.

Attributed to XU XUN 許遜, *zi* Jinyang 旌陽; Northern Song (960–1127)?

571 (fasc. 320)

“Notes on the Induction of Qi from Zi to Wu, by the Master of the Magic Sword.” The text is composed of straightforward instructions, accompanied by a commentary that quotes many different sources. First (1a–5b), the instructions deal with gymnastics exercises and massage. Among the sources quoted, there are many Shangqing scriptures, such as 1016 *Zhen’gao* (juan 9) and 331 *Taishang huangting neijing yujing*. Next (6a–12b), the text explains a number of concepts of Inner Alchemy, whereas the commentary quotes the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 (the poems quoted do not exist any longer in the present version of that work, but are often quoted, for instance in 142 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian sanzhu* and the *Cantong qi*). The subtitle on 13a announces “Formulas for the Induction of Qi” (*Yindao jue* 引導訣). This part appears to be truncated. See also 570 *Lingjian zi*.

Catherine Despeux

Zhuzhen shengtai shenyong jue 諸真聖胎神用訣

16 fols.

Song (960–1279)?

826 (fasc. 570)

“Divinely Efficacious Holy Womb Methods of the Host of Zhenren.” This is a small, anonymous, and undated manual for Embryonic Breathing techniques (*taixi* 胎息), composed of some thirty different methods. These methods are attributed to a great variety of saints of ancient and more recent times, including YANLUO ZI, Bodhidharma (Damo chanshi 達磨禪師), and LIU HAICHAN. This undated booklet should not, therefore, be earlier than the Song. However, it quotes much earlier material and does not include any texts related to the *neidan* 內丹 schools of the late Tang (618–907) and Song periods. A method attributed to an otherwise unknown zhenren of the Mysterious Gourd (Xuanhu zhenren 玄胡真人; 3a–4a) belongs to the school of internal refining (*neilian* 內鍊), which links the spirits of the body with the hypostases of the Tao of liturgical Taoism (Jiuku tianzun 救苦天尊, Lingbao tianzun 靈寶天尊, etc.). This method is characteristic of the meditation methods of the Lingbao dafa 靈寶大法.

Kristofer Schipper

Huangting neijing yujing zhu 黃庭內景玉經註

46 fols.

By LIU CHUXUAN 劉處玄, *hao* Changsheng zi 長生子 (1147–1203)

401 (fasc. 189)

“Commentary on the Precious Book of the Inner Landscape of the Yellow Court.” This is a commentary on 331 *Taishang huangting neijing yujing* by the Quanzhen 全真 patriarch LIU CHUXUAN. In the title, the author’s place of origin, which was Donglai 東萊 near Ninghai in Shandong, is given as Shenshan 神山 (compare 1141 *Xianle ji* 1.a). Liu’s authorship of this commentary is mentioned by his biographers (see 297 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian xubian* 2.7a and 973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu* 2.4b).

The commentary is in short four-word poems (*siyan song* 四言頌) of a simple didactic nature.

Kristofer Schipper

Yangming jiguan jindan zhenjue 養命機關金丹真訣

12 fols.

572 (fasc. 320)

“True Instructions Concerning the Gold-Elixir and the Knack of Tending Life.” This text contains thirty-six tracts by an unknown author and features *neidan* 內丹 practices. It gives a description of the basic, harmonizing elements or energies of

human nature. An equilibrium of the life forces can be achieved by means of breath control. The author recommends the meditative guidance of the vital energy on its way through the human body. The text describes the vision of the energetic circuits, the “palaces,” within the body that are reached in meditation. It also mentions the deities that reside in such palaces. The text appears to belong to the tradition of the *Huangting jing* 黃庭經. The reader also finds instructions for the proper transmission of the practices it describes.

Florian C. Reiter

Jindan zhenyi lun 金丹真一論

23 fols.

By Boxuan zi 百玄子; late Northern Song (960–1127)?

1080 (fasc. 741)

“Discourses on the Gold-Elixir and the True One.” These discourses consist of explanations and quotations concerning theorems of operative and physiological alchemy. This work has not been documented in bibliographies but may have been written during the Song dynasty (960–1279). It certainly does not predate the quotations of the *Yinfu jing* 陰符經 (11b, identical with Li Quan’s commentary in 108 *Huangdi yinfu jing jizhu* 2b). See also see the quotations of the *Jinbi jing* 金碧經 by Ziyang 紫陽 (i.e., most likely, ZHANG BODUAN).

The “magic elixir” originates in the qi (breath) of the True One. The relationship between these two elements can be compared with the relationship between child (elixir) and mother (breath). However, the focus is on operative alchemy, with its technical apparatus (such as the “elixir well”; 5b–6a) and its results (immortality). The text quotes and comments on many songs, odes, and alchemical books that the author of this work does not identify. The commentaries are clearly separated by the typography. Especially noticeable are the many quotations of the title *Cantong qi* 參同契.

Florian C. Reiter

Sanyuan yanshou canzan shu 三元延壽參贊書

5 juan

By Li Pengfei 李鵬飛, *hao* Jiuhua chengxin laoren 九華澄心老人; first published in 1291

851 (fasc. 574)

“Book of the Three Principles for Longevity Equal to Heaven and Earth.” The expression *canzan* 參贊 in the title comes from the Doctrine of the Mean (*Zhongyong* 中庸), chapter 22: “Whoever can assist in maintaining and promoting Heaven and Earth, he can be their equal” (cf. preface, 4a).

The present work is the sole surviving work of the author, who also wrote a *Jinji fang yiji* 救急方一集 (see preface, 1b). Li Pengfei (b. 1222) was a physician from Anhui. He was noted for his filial piety (see *Yuan shi* 197.4449).

The text of the present book was reputedly transmitted to Li Pengfei by a sage near the Huai river. It was published in 1291 and in 1294, according to the prefaces, and again about 1338 by a governor of the province of Zhejiang (see the *Siku quanshu* 四庫全書 edition), with a colophon by He Yuanbao 何元保, an agricultural official of the same province.

The general introduction of the work describes the development of the embryo in terms that are similar to those found in the chapter “Entrance into the Matrix” of the *Ratnakūta-sūtra* (*Da baoji jing* 56.326b–336c), but for a few discrepancies concerning the first three weeks. Longevity of heavenly, earthly, and human origin is obtained, respectively, through nondispersion of seminal essence, regularity and measure in life-style, and alimentary hygiene.

The final two juan of the work are devoted to Inner Alchemy. The author refers to MA ZIRAN, LIU HAICHAN and ZHANG BODUAN. He quotes the texts of the Xishan 西山 school of Inner Alchemy (see 5.4b). The diagrams concerning fire-phasing (4.5a–b) are similar to the one in 243 *Chen Xubo guizhong zhinan* 1.4b; the diagram on the Unity of the Three (5.5a–b) resembles the one found in 576 *Baoyi hansan bijue* 2.13a.

Catherine Despeux

Jichuan zhenren jiaozheng shu 稚川真人校證術

9 fols.

Song (960–1279)?

902 (fasc. 588)

“Methods Guaranteed by Jichuan [Ge Hong].” This is a small collection of *neidan* 內丹 formulas in the 1002 *Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi* tradition. The work bears no relationship to 1185 *Baopu zi neipian*. The first page features a table of transmission, tracing the present methods from an anonymous master to Kou Shuyuan 寇叔原, Zhou Huaxie 周化寫, Cui Huangguan 崔黃冠 (alias Cui Jingong 崔金叢), and then to Xifang Zhongcheng 西方仲成 and a number of others. The text itself is presented as the teachings transmitted by Cui to Xifang and by the latter to Dai Daocheng 戴道亨. All of these persons are otherwise unknown. A poem attributed to Zhenyi zi 真一子 (PENG XIAO) is found on 9a–b.

Kristofer Schipper

Yuanshi bawei longwen jing 元始八威龍文經

3 fols.

30 (fasc. 27)

"Eight Powers Dragon-Writ Scripture of the Primordial Beginning." This book is composed of eight paragraphs of irregular, rhyming verses. It borrows from a Six Dynasties title (361 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao bawei zhaolong miaojing*) but deals with modern practices. Using cosmological allusions, it summarizes the dialectic and the union of fire and water and of movement and rest that underlie the creation of the Superior Man (*zhiren* 至人).

John Lagerwey

Lingbao guikong jue 靈寶歸空訣

8 fols.

By ZHAO YIZHEN 趙宜真, *hao* Yuanyang zi 原陽子 (d. 1382)

568 (fasc. 319)

"Lingbao Instructions for Returning to the Void." The author was also known for his medical expertise (see 1165 *Xianchuan waikie bifang* and 1311 *Xianquan ji* 4.11a). The present work contains fourteen songs with commentaries. The songs comprise twenty-eight words each.

The author explains that the life of humans is dominated by many uncertainties, not least by birth and death. ZHAO YIZHEN claimed to be editing and emending a text that had been erroneously attributed to Bodhidharma. He also rearranged the material in the form of songs, which he felt were more suitable for memorization (postface, 7a–8a). The texts deal with meditative experiences like the premonitions of approaching death, coupled with moral instructions. If a "return to the Pure Land" and the liberation from profane affairs could be accomplished, the "dharma body" (*fashen* 法身) would manifest itself.

Florian C. Reiter

Yushi jing 玉室經

5 fols.

By Li Chengzhi 李成之; Yuan (1279–1368)

1078 (fasc. 740)

"Scripture of the Jade Room." This scripture by Li Chengzhi of Caotan 草潭 in Dezhou 德州 (Shandong) contains thirteen paragraphs, all of which feature aspects of *neidan* 內丹 theory and practice.

The work starts with a description of ways of behavior that endanger the vital energies in the human body. The utensils processing yin and yang within the human body itself are called "incense burner" and "tripod." They are surrounded by spiritual forces

(1a–2a). No explanation is provided for the name "Jade Room." The paragraphs deal with cosmic elements (the sun and the moon, 2a–2b, 3b), with *Yijing* 易經 symbols, and also with general phenomena such as good and bad fortune in life (4a–b). The explanations culminate in expositions concerning *xingming* 性命, referring to the "nature" and "existence" of man. The basis for a realization of *xingming* is seen in individual integrity and also in the fulfillment of social obligations (5a). This didactic work may have formed part of Quanzhen 全真 literature of the Yuan period.

Florian C. Reiter

Neidan huanyuan jue 內丹還元訣

4 fols.

Yuan (1279–1368)?

1098 (fasc. 743)

"Instructions for the Return to the Original [State of Existence by Means of] Inner Alchemy." This text contains expositions of the basic concepts of *neidan* or Inner Alchemy. The work is not documented in bibliographies and does not provide any indications for a more precise date. However, the "instructions" appear to have been compiled at a rather late period (Yuan?) to serve as a summary of *neidan* teaching.

The introductory passages explain that anyone interested in the cultivation of the Tao must be informed about the Five Elements, the Four Signs, the "reversal of the mutations due to the workings of yin and yang," and so on. In fact, the text deals with only two of these subjects, namely, the Five Elements and Four Signs. First, the text sketches the development and the circulation of the energies that control the five intestines of the human body. In a similarly summary way it features the Four Signs (or Symbols): *jinweng* 金翁, the "gilded old man"; *chanü* 姮女, the "young girl"; *yinger* 嬰兒, the "small child"; and *huangpo* 黃婆, the "yellow old woman." The text attempts to define the meaning of these signs or symbols. The concluding passages of the text contain a short description of the *bagua* 八卦 and also refer to natural phenomena (lightning, wind, etc.) and bodily correspondences (physical organs).

Florian C. Reiter

Danjia ji 亶甲集

7 fols.

Zhao Min 趙民, *hao* Jiangzhen zi 降真子; Song (960–1279)?

1093 (fasc. 742)

"Collection of True and Superior Principles." This work was compiled by Zhao Min, a native of Xi Qin in Gansu. It contains thirty poems about the achievement of Long Life. Each poem has fifty-six words. Zhao Min commends the methods of

CHEN TUAN (Master Xiyi 希夷). This reference could point to the Song as the period of compilation (1a).

The poems present descriptions of the practices that lead to the achievement of immortality, and in this they follow the diction of *neidan* 內丹. On the other hand, they appear to discuss the production of an elixir as well as its application and effects, such as arresting the process of aging (3b, 6a). The author claims to have experienced the effectiveness of the elixir (6a). His poems, he says, contain a true and complete account. However, oral instructions would still be indispensable, and all efforts would remain in vain as long as these instructions had not been obtained.

Florian C. Reiter

Jinyi dadan shi 金液大丹詩

14 fols.

Song (960–1279)?

1094 (fasc. 742)

“Poems on Liquefied Gold and the Great Elixir.” This work comprises twenty-nine short poems, comprising forty words each. All of them convey *neidan* 內丹 metaphors. They appear to have been written during the Song period, although they do not provide any concrete indications as to their precise date.

The poems describe creation with its essential elements and their symbols, which also govern the existence of human beings and their efforts to reach the Tao of Long Life (10a). The terms *jinyi* 金液 and *dadan* 大丹 in the title of this work are not explained but appear to refer to such efforts of self-cultivation.

Florian C. Reiter

Taishang xiuzhen xuanzhang 太上修真玄章

7 fols.

Yuan (1279–1368)

1043 (fasc. 724)

“Arcane Essays on the Supreme Cultivation of True [Nature].” This text contains ten tracts dealing with physiological self-cultivation. The author is unknown.

The basis for the expositions in this work is the understanding that *xing* 性 ranks above *ming* 命 (3a). Both concepts are central. They refer to “the being of humans” and to their “worldly existence.” These concepts are explained by means of the terms *shen* 神 (spiritual force) and *qi* 氣 (vital energy). The ten essays feature conception, birth, and life, all of which depend on the above elements. These elements in turn have their basis in the cosmic energies of the Anterior Heaven (2a–3a). The essential precondition for any self-cultivation is said to be moderation in eating, drinking, and speaking, and also the avoidance of sleep (4b–5a). The mind has to be freed of any

considerations and become void (5b). Many efforts have to be exerted to diminish yin and strengthen yang (7a).

Florian C. Reiter

Wuxuan pian 悟玄篇

12 fols.

By Yu Dongzhen 余洞真; preface dated 1229

1046 (fasc. 725)

“Essay on the Realization of the Mysteries.” This work presents didactic texts on how to become an immortal. It is essential for that purpose to eliminate yin and to strengthen yang. The means required to achieve this goal can be found within humanity itself. Yu Dongzhen (1166–1250) was initiated into these secrets in Hangzhou. His preface is dated *jichou* 己丑, referring to 1229. References are made to SHI TAI and BO YUCHAN (6b, 9b), pointing to the *neidan* 內丹 tradition of the Southern Song (1127–1279) period.

The “mysteries” mentioned in the title are the energetic and physical components of the human genesis, comprising the development and circulation of the vital energies, and of spiritual forces and essences. Self-cultivation effects the reversal of the usual processes of physical developments, that is, the gradual deterioration of physical potentials. The most important and guiding element is *xin* 心 (the mind). This text points to many practical and meditative methods, such as Holding the One, meditation, and medicine. The diction is esoteric. Details were to be left to oral instruction.

Florian C. Reiter

Tuoyue zi 橐籥子

8 fols.

By Zhu Dongtian 祝洞天, *hao* *Tuoyue zi* 橐籥子 (fl. 1350)

1188 (fasc. 874)

Yindan neipian 陰丹內篇

3 fols.

Appendix to 1188 *Tuoyue zi*

1189 (fasc. 874)

“Master Tuoyue” is a miscellanea by Zhu Dongtian, a Taoist of Longhu shan 龍虎山 in Jiangxi (cf. *Sian ji* 21.6a). In the *Daozang*, the book is divided into two separate parts with different titles. However, the second title, 1189 *Yindan neipian*, should be considered an appendix to the main text.

Part of the 1188 *Tuoyue zi* appears in the form of a dialogue between Tuoyue zi and a disciple; the matters discussed include correspondences between the macrocosm and

the microcosm; the vital forces in human beings that follow the universal rhythm of Heaven and Earth; the Eight Trigrams (complete with six diagrams; those depicting Heaven and Earth are not divulged); and the final transformation and union with the Tao.

The 1189 *Yindan neipian* comprises one short paragraph on sexual practice, followed by a commentary. Both text and commentary employ esoteric alchemical language.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Taibo jing 太白經

11 fols.

934 (fasc. 598)

“Scripture on the Planet Venus.” It is possible that the title uses the name Taibo 太白 (Venus) to allude to the elements Metal/Gold and White Tiger. These two names belong to *neidan* 內丹 terminology. The introductory passages are the same as 950 *Shangdong xindan jingjue* 3.1a–1b. The present work deals with the proper transmission of instructions concerning the Gold-Elixir.

The text speaks of ten types of people who were either able or unable to receive such instructions. It also refers to ten factors considered important for the production of the elixir, such as the circumstances and means of production. Although the concluding remarks do not exclude explicitly operative alchemy (e.g., 7b, no. 4, concerning the “furnace”), many statements do refer to *Yijing* 易經 correspondences and *neidan* concepts (see, e.g., 10b, *da dantian* 大丹田 for “lead”). The core process is seen in the reaction or compounding of “dragon” and “tiger,” the symbolic “true essences” of the elixir (11a). An ode by SHI JIANWU resumes this theme. A quotation taken from the commentary on the *Yinfu jing* 陰符經 by Li Quan 李筌 (9b) appears to be an extension of 110 *Huangdi yinfu jing shu* 2.6b, suggesting that the present work was written, at the earliest, in the latter half of the Tang period (618–907) and probably much later.

Florian C. Reiter

Taishang yuanbao jinting wuwei miaojing 太上元寶金庭無爲妙經

18 fols.

1399 (fasc. 1049)

“Scripture on Ataraxy from the Golden Court of the Primal Treasure.” The terms *yuanbao* 元寶 and *jinting* 金庭 do not appear in the text. The first term probably refers to the Primordial Qi (breath), and the second to the alchemical tripod (*ding* 鼎). The respiration that is the subject of this text is described as “work on emptiness,” on that which has no fixed form, hence “ataraxy.” The text as a whole is a treatise on Inner Alchemy. The aim is the creation of the elixir (*jindan* 金丹) by the marriage of the

Five Elements. The text uses such terms as White Tiger, Green Dragon, True Water, and True Fire. All operations must be synchronized with the time of year.

The text is divided into twenty-seven paragraphs, each of which contains “a word of the Tao,” followed in all but paragraph 20 by a commentary of the Queen Mother of the West. While there is progression from paragraph to paragraph, they hardly amount to a systematic exposé. A certain number of original features may be pointed out: the heart is called the Hall of the Seal (*yintang* 印堂), and mention is made of both a “light of the vermilion seal” and a “vermilion palace seal.” The heart is called “the office of the spirit” and “the office of the emperor,” whose name is Lord of the Jade Flower. The coccyx is identified with the Door of Earth, the *niwan* 泥丸 with the Gate of Heaven: the saint causes the water of his kidneys—called “divine water” or “energy-water”—to ascend and irrigate the *niwan* and then to fall, first into the Flower Pool and then into the Scarlet Palace. The heart’s fire must not be set burning fiercely by things outside the self: it must be kept for heating the alchemical tripod. The adept must “sublimate his qi” and “calm his spirit.” To calm his spirit he must put an end to all discursive thought and to desire. The term *quanzhen* 全真 (Complete Truth) appears twice in the text.

John Lagerwey

Jiubuan qifan longhu jindan xili zhenjue 九還七返龍虎金丹析理真訣

9 fols.

By Cheng Zhao 程昭, *zi* Shiming 士明; Northern Song (960–1127)?

229 (fasc. 112)

“True Method Explaining the Theory of the Nine-Times-Transformed and Seven-Times-Transmuted Dragon-and-Tiger Elixir.” This is a small treatise on Inner Alchemy; the author is otherwise unknown. According to our text, in the *renshen* 壬申 year of the Great Song the author met a Taoist recluse by the name of Siming yeke 四明野客 who taught Cheng, at his request, the principles of the art of Inner Alchemy. The present book contains their dialogue.

The explanations quote the well-known *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 as well as the *Longhu jing* 龍虎經. The text mentions famous masters of the past such as YAN- LUO ZI, Qingxia zi 青霞子, and Cui Xuanzhen 崔玄真 (fl. 741–756), the author of 135 *Cui gong ruyao jing zhuji* and is mentioned here in relation to an unknown *Longtai jing* 龍胎經. The text also mentions the Five Dynasties (907–960) or early Song alchemist Yuanyang zi 元陽子 (see 238 *Yuanyang zi jinyi ji*). All these elements refer to the early stage of Inner Alchemy, and the work therefore may date to the Northern Song period, the year *renshen* standing for either 1032 or 1092.

Kristofer Schipper

Xiudan miaoyong zhili lun 修丹妙用至理論

10 fols.

Northern Song (960–1127)?

234 (fasc. 113)

“Treatise on the Supreme Reasons and Marvelous Results of the Practice of Alchemy.” This short theoretical work has an unsigned preface and nine chapters (*pian* 篇) corresponding to the nine stages of the alchemical process. The preface mentions an alternative, possibly the original, title: “Short Instructions for Fire-Phasing” (*Huohou jue* 火候訣略). Phase 8 comprises the construction of an altar on which the alchemical tripod is placed. The master and his disciple ascend the altar in order to supervise the fire-phasing. Although the description is realistic, this phase appears to be part of a meditative process, since in the preface the author rejects all forms of operative alchemy.

Most of the sources quoted, such as the *Yuhu song* 玉壺頌 (4b), are either Tang (618–907) or Five Dynasties (907–960). Some sources date to the early Song, for instance, a work by LIU HAICHAN (4b). The text should therefore belong to the Northern Song period.

Kristofer Schipper

Zhizhen zi longbu dadan shi 至真子龍虎大丹詩

8 fols.

Zhou Fang 周方, *zi* Guiyi 歸一, *hao* Zhizhen zi 至真子; preface 1026

269 (fasc. 132)

“Poems on the Great Elixir of the Dragon and the Tiger, by Master Zhizhen.” An anonymous preface dated 1026 says that the author of the poems was a certain Zhou Fang, a Taoist of Shaoshi shan 少室山 (Henan).

The present text, however, was presented to the emperor by the official Lu Tian 盧天. The latter’s official title corresponds exactly to that of Lu Tianji 盧天驥, an official who is known to have presented another alchemical text to the throne between 1111 and 1117 (see 905 *Cantong qi wu xianglei biyao* 1a). It seems that the character *ji* 驥 was omitted here inadvertently.

The work comprises thirty-two poems on the elixir. According to the preface, this elixir is not based on plants or minerals. The text of the poems in general could apply to Inner or Outer Alchemy alike.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Xu zhenjun shihan ji 許真君石函記

2 juan

Attributed to XU XUN 許遜, *zi* Jingyang 旌陽; Southern Song (1127–1279)?

951 (fasc. 601)

“Notes from the Stone Box of Zhenren Xu.” This is an alchemical handbook that, according to the undated preface, corresponds to the nine chapters of esoteric instructions left behind in a stone box by the famous immortal XU XUN when he rose up to heaven in broad daylight with his house and family. The box was found by an official named Zhang 張. Later the Taoist master Xie Guanfu 謝觀復 transmitted it to his disciples Zhu Mingshu 朱明叔 and Zheng Daoquan 鄭道全 from Dongjia 東嘉 (Sichuan). Xie Guanfu is XIE SHOUHAO, *hao* Guanfu 觀復 (1134–1212). He is the author of 770 *Hunyuan shengji* and who lived at the Yulong gong 玉隆宮 on Xishan 西山, the center of XU JINGYANG’s worship. Zhu Mingshu and Zheng Daoquan are otherwise unknown.

The work is not mentioned in Song catalogues. The story of the stone box left behind by XU XUN is well known from his hagiography at least since Southern Song times (see 440 *Xu taishi zhenjun tuzhuan* 2.18b). The *Daozang* typography observes the Song taboo for the character *kuang* 匡.

The work quotes many operative alchemical terms but does not contain any recipe or instructions for laboratory alchemy. It is closer to Inner Alchemy, as it uses many concepts and theories related to the *Cantong qi* 參同契 and similar texts. Here also, the discourse remains theoretical and, above all, literary; nothing of practical use is revealed.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Zazhu jiejing 雜著捷徑

9 juan

Yuan (1279–1368)?

263.17 *Xiuzhen shishu* 17–25 (fasc. 125)

“Shortcut to the Tao: A Miscellany.” *Siku quanshu zongmu* 147.3078 lists a *Xiuzhen jiejing* in nine juan compiled by Yu Juehua 余覺華, *zi* Rongfu 榮甫, from Jian’an 建安 (Fujian) during the reign period *Zhiyuan* (1335–1340). Both the description of the work and the number of juan correspond exactly to our text. This work is a typical collection of On the Cultivation of Perfection (*xiuzhen* 修真) texts: it includes breathing exercises, physiological treatises on the Five Viscera, descriptions of the body, *daoyin* 導引 (gymnastics) techniques, and poems on these subjects.

Some of the texts are unique; for instance, juan 18 contains illustrations and explanations of various centers in the head and body by YANLUO ZI; juan 19, “Baduan

FIGURE 19. The *baduan jin* or Eight Lengths of Brocade method (263 19.4a–5b)

jin fa 八段錦法,” has illustrations of *daoyin* techniques (fig. 19), with text ascribed to ZHONGLI QUAN (see the translation in Maspero, “Methods,” 547–48).

For the “Cuixu pian 翠虛篇” in juan 17 and the “Tianyuan ruyao jing 天元入藥鏡” in juan 21.6b ff., see also the articles on 1096 *Chen xiansheng neidan jue* and 135 *Cui gong ruyao jing zhujie*.

Juan 22–23 comprise poems and *ci*-lyrics by ZENG ZAO (d. 1155) and his friends.

Juan 21 contains eighty-one anonymous verses on Tending Life techniques (*yangsheng* 養生); juan 24 and 25 are on the same subject. The *Tiandi jiaoshen lun* 天地交神論 (25.1a–2b) is an excerpt from 1191 *Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa*.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

3.A.4.b The Zhong-Lü Tradition

Zhong-Lü chuandao ji 鍾呂傳道集

3 juan

Attributed to ZHONGLI QUAN 鍾離權; compilation attributed to LÜ YAN 呂岳; transmitted by SHI JIANWU 施肩吾; Northern Song (960–1127)?

263.14 *Xiu zhen shishu* 14–16 (fasc. 124)

“Zhongli Quan’s Transmission of the Art [of Immortality] to Lü Dongbin: A Collection.” This work belongs to a group of texts ascribed to the legendary ZHONGLI QUAN and his disciple LÜ DONGBIN. These texts are generally referred to in other *Daozang* works as the Zhong-Lü 鍾呂 texts (on these, see 1191 *Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa* and 246 *Xishan qunxian huizhen ji*).

Although the present title is first mentioned in *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 12.348, there is a complete, if slightly abridged, version in 1017 *Daoshu* (ca. 1150), entitled *Chuandao pian* 篇. The *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” 4.5190 writes *Zhenxian* 真仙 *chuandao ji*, and the Ming work *Daoyan neiwai bijue quanshu* (Zangwai daoshu 6:61–101) indicates yet another title: *Zhong-Lü erxian* 二仙 *chuandao ji* (this edition has an additional paragraph at the end).

In the Yuan dynasty (1279–1368), the authorship of this work was ascribed to SHI JIANWU; YU YAN, for instance, refers to it as Shi Qizhen’s 施栖真 (i.e., SHI JIANWU’s) *Zhong-Lü chuandao ji* (see 1005 *Zhouyi cantong qi fabui* 8.3a; see also the discussion in 305 *Chunyang dijun shenhua miaotong ji* 5.14b).

The *Chuandao ji* is presented as a dialogue between ZHONGLI QUAN and LÜ DONGBIN. It is divided into eighteen topics of discussion dealing with different aspects of Inner Alchemy, beginning with the different degrees of immortality and ending with transfiguration. The content is mainly theoretical, with occasional allusions to practice. The work defines itself (16.13a–b) as a theoretical background to 1191 *Lingbao bifa*, which explains the practical exercises in detail.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa 祕傳正陽真人靈寶畢法

3 juan

Attributed to ZHONGLI QUAN 鍾離權, *zi* Yunfang 雲房, *hao* Zhengyang zhenren 正陽真人; transmitted by LÜ YAN 呂岳, *zi* Dongbin 洞賓, *hao* Chunyang zhenren 純陽真人; Northern Song (960–1279)

1191 (fasc. 874)

“Secret Transmission of Master Zhengyang’s Complete Methods of the Sacred Jewel.” This work is ascribed to the legendary Han Taoist, ZHONGLI QUAN; it is said to have been transmitted by his disciple LÜ DONGBIN, a semilegendary figure

of the Tang (618–907) dynasty (preface). The book, however, is first mentioned in the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe,” 5.31a as *Zhongli shou Lü gong lingbao bifa* 鐘離授呂公靈寶畢法 in ten juan (*juan* must be an error for the sections into which the book is divided).

LÜ DONGBIN and ZHONGLI QUAN are considered the authors of a series of *nei-dan* 內丹 texts, known as the Zhong-Lü group (cf. the preface to 246 *Xishan qunxian huizhen ji* and Baldrian-Hussein, *Procédés secrets*, 41 ff.). The present book is a continuation of another Zhong-Lü work (cf. 263.14 *Zhong-Lü chuandao ji* [*Xiuzhen shishu* 16.13a–13b]). A Yuan source attributes the authorship of the texts to SHI JIANWU (cf. 305 *Chunyang dijun shenhua miaotong ji* 2.9a and 5.14b), putative author of 246 *Xishan qunxian huizhen ji*, another important Zhong-Lü text. Both ZHONGLI QUAN and LÜ DONGBIN were acknowledged as patriarchs of Taoist schools that emphasized Inner Alchemy, such as the Quanzhen jiao 全真教 in the north, and later the Nanzong 南宗 in the south.

The methods described in the text were excerpted from a *Lingbao jing* 靈寶經 in thirty juan, which ZHONGLI QUAN discovered in a cave in the Zhongnan 終南 Mountains in Shaanxi (preface, 1a). Zhongli classified three juan into three sections, representing the Three Vehicles (*sancheng* 三乘), or the “three stages of accomplishment” (*sancheng* 三成). The three stages are further subdivided into ten sections (preface; see also 263.14 *Zhong-Lü chuan dao ji* [*Xiuzhen shishu* 16.13b]).

The first stage comprises four sections describing methods of breath control and gymnastics. The next stage, in three sections, deals with methods of circulating the qi and inner fluids of the body. The final stage, in three sections, concerns methods of meditation and transfiguration.

A slightly abridged version of the present text is included in 1017 *Daoshu* (early twelfth century).

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Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Xiuzhen taiji hunyuan tu 修真太極混元圖

18 fols.

Xiao Daocun 蕭道存, *hao Hunyi zi* 混一子; Northern Song (960–1127)

149 (fasc. 68)

“Diagrams on the Mystery of Ultimate and Primordial Chaos for the Cultivation of True Nature” (fig. 20). This is an illustrated treatise of the so-called Zhong-Lü tradition (see 1191 *Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa*). According to the preface, the author of the treatise based himself on a work by SHI JIANWU known as the *Xiulian* 修鍊 *taiji hunyuan tu*, but this title is otherwise unknown.



FIGURE 20. The Ten Islands of the Blessed, for visualization in meditation. In the foreground, the Purple Residence of the Taiwei zhenjun; above it, the remaining nine islands in clusters of three (149 8a)

The diagrams and quotations contained in this work illustrate the methods of the system followed by the Zhong-Lü school as it is expounded, for instance, in the “*Xiuzhen zhixuan pian* 修真指玄篇” in 1017 *Daoshu* 19.9a–22a.

The short preface attributed to Jin Quanzi 金全子 and describing the transmission of the *Xiuzhen zhixuan tu* 修真指玄圖 is clearly out of place here, as it actually deals with the next text in the canon: 150 *Xiuzhen taiji hunyuan zhixuan tu*.

The present treatise is concerned mainly with the theoretical order of the microcosm, the circulation and union of the internal fluids (*qi* 氣 and *yi* 液), and, finally, the transfiguration of the adept.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Xiuzhen taiji hunyuan zhixuan tu 修真太極混元指玄圖

9 fols.

Song (before 1154)

150 (fasc. 68)

“Diagram [Illustrating] the Mystery of the Cultivation of Truth, of the Supreme Pole, and the Primordial Chaos.” This is a text that belongs to the Zhong-Lü group (cf. 1191 *Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa*). Its preface by Jin Quanzi 金全子, zi

Zhupo 竹坡 of Hangzhou, was erroneously placed at the beginning of the preceding work, 149 *Xiuzhen taiji hunyuan tu*, perhaps by the editors of the *Daozang*. One Jin Zhupo 金竹坡 of the Tang dynasty (618–907) is indicated as the author of 923 *Dadan qiangong lun*, but this work has been shown to be a forgery of the Southern Song (1127–1279).

The authorship of the preface poses another problem, since the same preface with minor variations is ascribed to Li Song 李竦 (a disciple of SHI JIANWU and compiler of 246 *Xishan qunxian huizhen ji*) in 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu* 14.22a, a work dated 1154. Whereas Jin Quanzi describes his encounter with SHI JIANWU as having occurred in Nanking, Li's preface has Nanjing Yingtian fu 南京應天府, the name used during the Dazhong xiangfu period (1008–1016). The present text can therefore be placed between this period and 1154.

The text comprises nine diagrams and a collection of short formulas (*jue* 訣) illustrating the practical methods explained in the *Xiuzhen zhixuan pian* 修真指玄篇 (1017 *Daoshu* 19.9a–22a); however, it includes only a list of the names of the techniques employed, without any practical instructions.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Xishan qunxian huizhen ji 西山群仙會真記

5 juan

Attributed to SHI JIANWU 施肩吾, *zi* Xisheng 希聖, *hao* Qingxu dongtian Huayang zhenren 清虛洞天華陽真人 (fl. 820); compiled by Li Song 李竦, *zi* Quanmei 全美, *hao* Sanxian men dizi tianxia du xianke 三仙門弟子天下都閑客; Northern Song (960–1127)

246 (fasc. 116)

“Record of the Immortals of the Huizhen [Hall] on Xishan.” This work belongs to a group of *neidan* texts inspired by the patriarchs ZHONGLI QUAN and LÜ YAN (cf. 1191 *Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa*). It is attributed to the well-known poet SHI JIANWU, a recluse of Xishan in Jiangxi. The compiler, Li Song, was a disciple of SHI JIANWU (cf. 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu* 14.22a).

Already during the Song dynasty (960–1279), the attribution of its authorship to SHI JIANWU was contested: the *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 12.348 considers the Tang (618–907) poet and the author of our text as two different persons of the same name. Moreover, internal evidence from the text itself proves that this work was compiled, at the earliest, toward the end of the tenth century: 1.6a mentions Zhang Mengqian 張夢乾, who appears to have died in 998 (see *Shanxi tongzhi* 陝西通志, quoted in *Gujin tushu jicheng*, “Shenyi dian,” juan 252).

The present title first occurs in the *Suichu tang shumu* (VDL 108). The *Junzhai dushu zhi* lists a *Qunxian huizhen ji* in five juan subdivided into twenty-five *pian* 篇,

corresponding to the present version. The 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu* 16.3a quotes a biography of SHI JIANWU from the *Xishan huizhen ji*, which, however, does not figure in the present work. A slightly abridged version of the present text is found in 1017 *Daoshu* 38.

The preface, ascribed to SHI JIANWU, is linked to two traditions: it mentions the twelve saints of Xishan as well as ZHONGLI QUAN and LÜ DONGBIN. It explains that each of the five juan corresponds to one qi of the Five Elements. Each of the twenty-five sections of this work quotes a Taoist text, in most cases the *Xishan ji* 西山記, referring apparently to an antecedent of the present work. The themes discussed are: recognition (of masters, methods, the Way, etc.); nourishment (of the vital principle, qi, etc.); reparation of damage (due to diminished qi, vitality, etc.); true alchemical ingredients (yin and yang, lead, mercury, etc.); transmutation (and perfection of the body, spirit, etc.). The theory and the practical procedures described are less detailed than those of 1191 *Lingbao bifa*.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Jinbi wu xianglei cantong qi 金碧五相類參同契

3 juan

Preface and commentary ascribed to Yin Changsheng 陰長生; after 947 904 (fasc. 588–589)

“Book of Azure Gold and the Theory of Categories of the Kinship of the Five.” This is an Inner Alchemical treatise attributed to Yin Changsheng of the Han dynasty. It is mentioned for the first time, however, in the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” 5.6b, which notes only one juan. The work comprises a preface and poems with commentaries. The first sentence of the preface is a definition of the *Cantong qi* 參同契 by PENG XIAO, from his postface of 947 (cf. 1003 *Zhouyi cantong qi dingqi ge mingjing tu* 11a). This quotation, which is also repeated in the commentary, does not preclude the possibility that the poems are of a much older date.

Another version in 1017 *Daoshu* 34 consists of a dialogue between two legendary Taoists, Yunya zi 雲牙子 and Yuanyang zi 元陽子. The poems, paraphrased, are attributed to the former, and the commentary to the latter. The first two poems and their commentaries, as well as some other passages in the middle of the text, are missing from the *Daoshu* version, which, moreover, follows a slightly different sequence in the presentation of the poems. The commentary, too, is often abridged.

The technical terms employed are, with a few exceptions, similar to those of the Zhong-Lü group of texts, such as 1191 *Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa*. Since these texts are of the Northern Song date, the present work must belong to the same period. Moreover, famous Taoist books are often referred to as scriptures (*jing* 經), a usage current during the Northern Song.

The text is divided into eighteen sections, of which number 6 is missing. These sections trace the development of Inner Alchemical practice, from the technique known as “collecting the medicine” to the formation of the immortal embryo and transfiguration.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Liaoming pian 了明篇

14 fols.

By Master Song xiansheng 宋先生; compiled by Mao Rixin 毛日新; preface 1168 272 (fasc. 133)

“Book of Comprehension.” This is a collection of poems ascribed to a Master Song, who is said to have received instruction directly from the legendary ZHONGLI QUAN 鍾離權 in 1165 (preface, 1a). Shortly afterward, Mao Rixin met Song in Jiangsu, where he obtained this work (preface, 1b).

The collection comprises a preface by Mao Rixin followed by poems written in various styles by Song. The longest section consists of a series of thirty poems entitled “He Langran zi Jindao shi 和朗然子進道詩” (2a–9b), written to match the style of the thirty poems by Liu Xiyue 劉希岳 (see 271 *Taixuan langran zi Jindao shi*).

The rest of the work (9b–14b) comprises *ci*-lyric poems on Inner Alchemical themes. These poems are inspired by the *Qinyuan chun* 沁園春 attributed to Lǚ DONGBIN (136 *Lǚ Chunyang zhenren Qinyuan chun danci zhujie*).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Zhuzhen lun huandan jue 諸真論還丹訣

5 fols.

Northern Song (960–1127)

230 (fasc. 112)

“Formulas of the Perfected on the Cyclically Transformed Elixir.” This is a short collection of alchemical poems ascribed to a number of Taoist worthies. Although the compilation is not listed in any of the catalogues, most of the material is quoted in Song texts.

The first poem, “Yuhu song 玉壺頌,” is incomplete; see 1017 *Daoshu* 12.5b, which describes the transmission of the poems by Taiyi zhenren 太一 (乙) 真人 to Zhongtiao zi 中條子. The poem is also quoted in a Tang or Five Dynasties work as “Taiyi zhenren yuhu song 太一真人玉壺頌” (cf. 1080 *Jindan zhenyi lun* 10b).

Chen Guofu has traced the Qingxia zi 青霞子 poems on the basis of rhyme analysis (*Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 236) to the southern dynasties of Qi, Chen, and Liang (479–589). Although this provenance may be doubtful, at least one of the poems is quoted in a Five Dynasties text (266 *Jinyi huandan baiwen jue* 18b).

For the “Rongcheng gong neidan geju 容成公內丹歌訣,” see BPZ 16.28. Our text reproduces only half of the BPZ poem and has changed the last line. A slightly different version of the poem is quoted in 234 *Xiudan miaoyong zhili lun* 6a as “Yuanhuang shangjing 元皇上經.”

The last poem by Cao Shengtu 曹聖圖 (*hao* Tanxuan zi 探玄子) is a short extract from the *Qiangong wuxing tu* 鉛汞五行圖 mentioned in *Chongwen zongmu* 9.23b (read 鉛汞 for 訟求) and other Song catalogues (VDL 154). A slightly different version figures in 1017 *Daoshu* 30.1a.

All the poems are on alchemical themes; Cao Shengtu’s poem, however, is clearly on *neidan* 內丹.

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Chen Guofu, *Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 317.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Zhenyi jindan jue 真一金丹訣

9 fols.

Wang Chang 王常; Song (960–1279)

231 (fasc. 112)

“Explication Concerning the Elixir of the True One.” This is a spurious work attributed to ZHONGLI QUAN, Lǚ DONGBIN, and SHI JIANWU. The author, Wang Chang, traces the transmission of the text and states that it was hidden in a cave by SHI JIANWU.

The text itself is divided into two sections. The first section comprises poems on the three methods of the *Yinfu jing* 陰符經, followed by a short essay on the circulation of qi through various points of the body. The nomenclature and the theory are similar to the Zhong-Lǚ texts of the Northern Song (see, for example, 1017 *Daoshu* 19.9a ff.).

The second section, entitled “Taixi jieyao 胎息節要,” (Essentials of Embryonic Respiration) is devoted to this subject. A passage (7a) figures in 826 *Zhuzhen shengtai shenyong jue* 2b, where it is entitled “Yuqi fa 御氣法.” Another paragraph (7b) is a quotation from YJQQ 59.10b.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Zhenxian bichuan huohou fa 真仙秘傳火候法

9 fols.

Late Song (960–1279)?

274 (fasc. 133)

“The True Immortal’s Secret Transmission of Fire-Phasing Techniques.” This undated work is divided into two sections. The first section (1a–4a) is based partly on lost texts such as the “Xiuzhen zhixuan pian 修真指玄篇” (1017 *Daoshu* 19; cf., for example,

12b and 1a-1b of our text), the “Jindan nijin pian 金丹泥金篇” (1017 *Daoshu* 23), and on texts preserved in the *Daozang*, such as 246 *Xishan qunxian huizhen ji* (1017 *Daoshu* 38) and 1191 *Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa* (1017 *Daoshu* 42). This last work seems to have inspired the author of our text in his choice of the title. Since many of the books mentioned above are of the twelfth century, the present work is later than that period. The second section (4a-9a) comprises affirmations of a certain Fangbian zhenren 方便真人.

The fire-phasing (*huohou* 火候) methods are based on Zhong-Lü techniques, with a few variations (see, e.g., 7b). The main methods described are those of the celestial revolution type (*zhoutian huohou* 周天火候). Other techniques include the art of conducting the seminal essence to repair the brain (*huanjing bunao* 還精補腦) and of circulating qi. The description and the macrocosmic and microcosmic correspondences, accompanied by symbols from the *Yijing* 易經, are similar to those of the Zhong-Lü texts.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Taishang jiuyao xinyin miaojing 太上九要心印妙經

9 fols.

Attributed to ZHANG GUOLAO 張果老; Song (960-1279)?

225 (fasc. 112)

“Marvelous Book of the Nine Essentials Heart Seal of the Most High.” This is a short treatise on *neidan* 內丹 attributed to ZHANG GUOLAO (eighth century) but containing numerous technical terms current in the texts of the Zhong-Lü school from the Northern Song (960-1127) period (e.g. *sanhuo* 三火, *sanyang* 三陽, or *lianshen hedao* 鍊神合道; compare, for instance, *Xishan qunxian huizhen ji* 4.2b, 9b; 5.8b). The author seems to have been inspired by 660 *Hunyuan bajing zhenjing* (compare 3.4b-5b of that text with the first pages of the work under discussion). The present text also uses expressions from the *Yinfu jing* 陰符經 such as *fuguo anmin* 富國安民, *qiangbing zhansheng* 強兵戰勝, and *shenxian baoyi* 神仙抱一 (3b).

The text is composed of nine sections. These, according to the preface, correspond to the phases of the Nine-Times-Transmuted Elixir (*jiuzhuan* 九轉). The term *xinyin* 心印 refers to the spiritual transmission that brings the disciple to a sudden understanding of the workings of the universe.

The nine sections comprise discussions on topics concerning the Real One and the Three Ones, as well as respiration, fire-phasing, and, finally, embryonic respiration and meditation.

The use of the term *xinyin* as well as the mention, in the last section of the work (7b), of Bodhidharma show an influence from Chan Buddhism, of the kind perceptible in treatises on embryonic respiration since Tang times. The *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe,”

5.20b (VDL 93) mentions a now lost *Xinyin taixi tuike miaodao jue* 心印胎息蛻殼妙道訣 in one juan.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Cunshen guqi lun 存神固氣論

7 fols.

577 (fasc. 321)

“Discourse on Holding the Spirit and Strengthening the Qi.” This is a short compilation without any indication of date or authorship. It contains two kinds of texts: thirteen short explanations (1a-5b) concerning fundamental physiological procedures and two short essays: the “Xingshen jumiao fa 形神俱妙法” (Method for the Transcendence of Both Body and Spirit; 6a-b) and the “Zhongyuan pian 中源篇” (Essay on the Middle Origin; 7a-b). The short explanations constitute the outline of a *neidan* 內丹 program. The two essays are markedly different in style: they are less didactic and contain quotations. They may date from an earlier period.

Vincent Goossaert

Taishang changwen dadong lingbao youxuan shangpin miaojing

太上長文大洞靈寶幽玄上品妙經

12 fols.

991 (fasc. 619)

“Essay of the Most High, a Scripture of the Upper Section of the Dark Mystery of the Numinous Treasure of the Great Cavern.” This is a work on the subject of Inner Alchemy. The nineteen paragraphs of the text are all “words of the Tao”; the first ten paragraphs describe the structure of the universe and the body; the last nine provide the responses of a master to a disciple concerning various forms of practice.

According to the first part of the book, Great Extremity (*Taiji* 太極) and Great Simplicity (*Taisu* 太素), which existed before the separation of Heaven and Earth, are both “in the image of the Great One,” but Great Simplicity is identified with the west and the production of metal (*jin* 金), and Great Extremity with the south and the production of cinnabar (*dan* 丹). According to the practical half of the book, it takes 1,000 days for the *jindan* 金丹 to “knot,” 2,000 days for the “embryo of the saint” to form in the Central Palace, and 3,000 days for the accomplishment of the “great undertaking.”

In language and system, this text is close to 263.14 *Zhong-Lü chuandao ji* (*Xiuzhen shishu* 14-16). On two occasions, however, it refers to the qi of the heart as the “breath of the True Origin” (*zhenyuan zhi qi* 真元之氣; 6b, 11a), which suggests a possible link to the True Origin school of Inner Alchemy (cf. 57 *Shangfang tianzun shuo Zhenyuan tongxian daojing*).

John Lagerwey

Taishang changwen dadong lingbao youxuan shangpin miaojing fabui

太上長文大洞靈寶幽玄上品妙經發揮

19 fols.

992 (fasc. 619)

"Elaboration on the Essay of the Most High." This text presents itself as an elaboration (*fabui* 發揮) of 991 *Taishang changwen dadong lingbao youxuan shangpin miaojing*. A note at the beginning states: "The meaning of the *Changwen dadong jing* and of the five paragraphs of methods (?) is obscure. I fear that latter-day adepts will have difficulty following it. That is why I have devised a thirty-day system. Do not transmit it to the unworthy! Conceal it!"

The present text is indeed divided into thirty parts, one for each day of the sixth month (the reason for this choice is not made clear; the paragraphs for the fifth and sixth days are missing). The author does comment on some phrases from the preceding text, but he also introduces a number of new concepts: the True Yin and the True Yang, the seventy-two periods (*hou* 候), the River Chariot (*heju* 河車), the Yellow Lady (*huangpo* 黃婆), and others. He also insists repeatedly on the moral aspects of the Way of the immortals, which he assimilates to the Way of the gods (*shendao* 神道) and the Way of the buddhas (*fodao* 佛道). There are references to a *Gujing* 古經 and to the *Longhu shangjing* 龍虎上經.

John Lagerwey

Taishang huadao dusi xianjing 太上化道度世仙經

14 fols.

648 (fasc. 342)

"Scripture of the Immortals of the Most High for Transformation into the Tao and Salvation from the World." This is a summary of Inner Alchemy composed of three sections of verse and a commentary. The titles of the three sections are "Transformation into the Tao," "The Five Phases," and "The Principle of the Mystery." The commentary uses terminology from the *Lingbao bifa* 靈寶畢法 (263.14 *Zhong-Lü chuandao ji* [Xuzhen shishu 14–16]). The whole text is preceded by an introduction in the manner of a Lingbao scripture, presenting the text as a sermon of the Most High. This work concludes with some practical ritual instructions.

John Lagerwey

Neidan bijue 內丹祕訣

11 fols.

Song (960–1279)?

1085 (fasc. 741)

"Secret Instructions Concerning the Gold-Elixir." This work is a compilation of unknown origin. It contains prose, poems, and songs about the Gold-Elixir, which

represents the elements and results of meditative self-cultivation. This text is not documented in bibliographies, but it is most likely a product of the Song period.

The text mentions Taoists of the Tang (618–907) and Wudai (907–960) periods including ZHANG GUO (9a) and MA ZIRAN (6a). ZHONGLI QUAN, LÜ YAN and LIU HAICHAN (2b, 7a). The text was shaped by the southern traditions associated with LIU HAICHAN and MA ZIRAN (cf. 1157 *Ma Ziran jindan koujue*).

The text deals with the gradual apprehension of *xing* 性 and *ming* 命 (being and existence), and it stresses the importance of the "true nature" (*zhenxing* 真性).

Florian C. Reiter

Jindan zhengzong 金丹正宗

11 fols.

Hu Huncheng 胡混成, hao Xuanxue jinshi 玄學進士; Song (960–1279)?

1087 (fasc. 742)

"Correct Line of Transmission of the Gold-Elixir." The author was a native of Wuling 五陵 (Henan). This text focuses on the *neidan* 內丹 tradition, which is understood to be analogous to operative alchemy (3b). This text, which was written during the Song period at the earliest, is not documented in bibliographies.

The work sets out presenting some cosmogonic descriptions. The Original Breath of the Anterior Heaven (2a), which governs the life of humanity, appears to be the most vital element. It is the object of the corresponding concept of self-cultivation. The Posterior Heaven, or postnatal existence, is the reality that has to be seen in opposition to the faculties of the Anterior Heaven. Self-cultivation, which is based on a revelation made by Laozi, has to be performed according to three stages: first comes the (interior) establishment of the "furnaces," then the "concentration of the medical essences," and finally the (proper) "fire-phasing." The author of this work gained these insights when he mysteriously met with an unknown immortal, who "may have been a person like Lü Yan or Zhongli Quan" (9a). Hu Huncheng concludes his work with a series of twelve short poems (*duanju* 短句) that contain the teachings of his anonymous master. The poems use an indirect, veiled diction.

Florian C. Reiter

Zhengdao ge 證道歌

5 fols.

By Zuozhang zi 左掌子; Northern Song (960–1127)

1095 (fasc. 743)

"Songs Bearing Witness to the Tao." The text is listed in the *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku quesu mu* (VDL 165). The identity of the author is unknown. The preface indicates that the fifteen *neidan* 內丹 songs are inspired by the tradition of the Xiaodao school 孝道 of the Xishan 西山 near Nanchang.

The title *Zhengdao ge* has been given to a variety of texts. A poem by this name attributed to He Xiang 何仙姑 can be found in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 22.1b.

Kristofer Schipper

Yangsheng yongxuan ji 養生詠玄集

27 fols.

Song (960–1279)?

843 (fasc. 573)

“Collection [of Poems] on the Cultivation of Life and in Praise of the Mysteries.”

This collection consists of thirty anonymous verses. Each verse consists of twenty-eight words. Commentaries on each sentence are provided. The poems summarize essential points in the scriptures concerning the achievement of Long Life and the liberation from the entanglements of the profane world.

The poems focus on key terms of the *neidan* 內丹 tradition, such as the Cinnabar Fields and Embryonic Breathing. They also deal with specific procedures like the “cultivation of the yang [forces] and the diminution of yin.” The explanations of these terms include quotations, for example, of the *Neiguan jing* 內觀經 (2a, 2b; see 641 *Taishang laojun neiguan jing* 4a, 3b), or of a statement by Qizhen zi that can be found in 1017 *Daoshu* 30.11a. The quotation of the *Neiguan jing* suggests that this work was written in the period of the Five Dynasties (907–960) or the Song (960–1279).

Florian C. Reiter

3.A.4.c The *Wuzhen pian* and the Southern School (Nanzong)

The *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 (Essay on the [Immediate] Awakening to Truth) is an important alchemical work by ZHANG BODUAN (984–1082) of Tiantai 天台 (Zhejiang). Zhang’s original name was Boduan 伯端, which he later changed to Yongcheng 用成 (var. 誠). The earliest information about ZHANG BODUAN is supplied by the author himself in a preface and a postface to this work. In the preface, dated 1075, he mentions having served Lu Shen 陸詵 (i.e., Lu Longtu 陸龍圖, 1022–1070) in Chengdu; he notes that during this period he received instructions from a Taoist immortal on ingredients and fire phasing for the alchemical elixir (141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu*, preface 16a). Later, he wrote the *Wuzhen pian*, a work that encompasses both the techniques of prolonging life (corresponding to *ming* 命, destiny) and of reverting to one’s original nature (i.e., *xing* 性). In the postface, dated 1078, he describes himself as a follower of the sixth Chan patriarch, Huineng 慧能 (141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu*, postface 3b). He also claims to have divulged alchemical secrets three times, but each

time he suffered misfortune. He therefore wrote the *Wuzhen pian* in order to instruct later adepts indirectly.

Further biographical details can be found in the *Wuzhen pian ji* 悟真篇記 (before 1173) by Lu Shen’s grandson, Lu Sicheng 陸思誠, and in the *Zhang zhenren benmo* 張真人本末 (early thirteenth century? See 142 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian sanzhu* and 143 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen zhizhi xiangshuo sancheng biyao*). Both these sources were used for ZHANG BODUAN’s biography in LZTT 49.

According to the *Wuzhen pian ji*, ZHANG BODUAN was demoted and banished to Guangnan xi 廣南西 (Guangxi), where he was employed by Lu Shen. Lu was later transferred to Chengdu and died there. After the death of Lu Shen, Zhang served a certain Ma Mo 馬默, to whom he later offered his book. The *Wuzhen pian ji* also identifies ZHANG BODUAN’s mysterious teacher as LIU HAICHAN.

The *Zhang zhenren benmo* repeats the same information in part but adds the story of ZHANG BODUAN’s visit to the official Huang Shang 黃裳 during the Zhenghe period (1111–1118).

It is known that during Huizong’s reign (1100–1125), there was a great interest in Taoist books. Since Huang Shang was the official responsible for having woodblocks cut for the printing of the *Daozang*, it is possible that he received the *Wuzhen pian* from someone using ZHANG BODUAN’s name. But apart from an undated preface by SHI TAI (d. 1158) to 1091 *Huanyuan pian*, and another doubtful one attributed to SHI TAI’s disciple XUE DAOGUANG and dated 1115 (see below; also cf. the *Xue Zixian shiji* 薛紫賢事蹟 in 143 *Wuzhen zhizhi xiangshuo*), there are hardly any traces of the book before the mid-twelfth century.

The *Wuzhen pian* is first listed in the *Junzhai dushu zhi* (VDL 118) as *Tongxuan biyao wuzhen pian* 通玄秘要悟真篇 in one juan. But we find it quoted frequently in earlier works. It is included in 1017 *Daoshu* 18.9b by ZENG ZAO (d. 1155) and in 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu* 2.9b (preface 1154) and 688 *Daode zhenjing zhijie* 2.12a (preface 1159). In 1161 a first commentary was written (cf. 263.26 *Wuzhen pian* [*Xiuzhen shishu* 26–30]). A second commentary, dated 1169 or 1173, followed (see 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu*). From this time on, ZHANG BODUAN’s fame (and that of his book) was greatly enhanced.

During the Shunxi era (1174–1189), a Taoist claiming to be ZHANG BODUAN himself visited the latter’s grandson (cf. Zhang’s biography in the *Jiading Chicheng zhi* 35.12b). In 1196, a bridge in Tiantai 天台 was officially named *Wuzhen qiao* 悟真橋. In the following year, the name of the place where Zhang is said to have written the *Wuzhen pian* was changed to *Wuzhen fang* 悟真坊, and later a temple was built there in his honor (*Jiading Chicheng zhi* 31.7b and 2.14a).

In 1202, the first commentary was reedited (see 263.26 *Wuzhen pian*). Another commentary, by Xia Yuanding 夏元鼎, was completed about 1226 (146 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian jiangyi*).

Around 1330 CHEN ZHIXU compiled a work that included three commentaries (142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu*). Another compilation of approximately the same date is 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu* (preface 1335).

Several lines of transmission of ZHANG BODUAN's teachings, both direct and indirect, were known during the thirteenth century. The direct lineage that follows is given by BO YUCHAN in "Xie Zhang Ziyang shu 謝張紫陽書" (263 *Xinzheng shishu* 6.4a): ZHANG BODUAN (d. 1082); SHI TAI (d. 1158); Xue Shi 薛式 (i.e., XUE DAO-GUANG, d. 1191); CHEN NAN (d. 1213); BO YUCHAN (fl. early thirteenth century). By the mid-thirteenth century, this group was extended to PENG SI and his disciple Xiao Tingzhi 蕭廷芝 (see the latter's introduction, dated 1260, in 687 *Daode zhenjing san jie*, preface, 7a-b).

The main characteristic of this group is that it did not produce a single commentary to the *Wuzhen pian* but expressed itself in verse, the collections being entitled *pian* 篇. Hence we have the *Huanyuan pian* 還元篇 (by SHI TAI), the *Huandan fuming pian* 還丹復命篇 (by XUE DAOGUANG), and the *Cuixu pian* 翠虛篇 (by CHEN NAN), all three preserved in the *Daozang*.

The second line of transmission is more difficult to trace, owing to the insistence on anonymity that prevailed within it. The first source for this group is a preface by Chen Daling 陳達靈 dated 1174 (141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu*, preface 5a), which gives the following lineage: Wuzhen xianweng 悟真仙翁 (i.e., ZHANG BODUAN); Guangyi zi 廣益子 (fl. 1138–1168); Wuming zi 無名子 (fl. 1173). In the Yuan dynasty (1279–1368), the list was extended by Lin Jing, hao Yuanyang zi, in a postface (cf. 151 *Jinyi huandan yinzheng tu* 17b): from Wuming zi to Ruoyi zi 若一子 and Longmei zi 龍眉子 (fl. 1218).

The first group of the second line of transmission was identified by Dai Qizong as Liu Yongnian 劉永年, hao Guangyi shunli zi 廣益順理子, and WENG BAOGUANG, zi Yuanming 淵明, hao Wuming zi (cf. 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu*, preface 5a and 12b). The characters Wuming zi 無名子, meaning "anonymous," gave rise to a bitter quarrel about the true identity of the author of the commentary. For some commentators, including Dai Qizong, the author was clearly WENG BAOGUANG, but for others, such as the editor of 142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu*, the commentary was the work of XUE DAOGUANG (see 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu*).

The dispute over the authorship of the Wuming zi commentary was provoked by the question of the authenticity of a particular version of the *Wuzhen pian*. This problem led each owner of the text to declare his own version to be the only genuine one and to elaborate a complete line of transmission of the text.

There were already many editions of the *Wuzhen pian* available during the Southern Song when Lu Sicheng wrote the *Wuzhen pian ji*. Lu had inherited the book from his father. It was an edition that went back to the official Ma Mo, under whom ZHANG

BODUAN had served. Lu Sicheng reiterates the authenticity of his edition, at the same time giving us some examples of the variants in other editions (see below, "Wuzhen pian ji," in 142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu*). This "true edition" (*zhenben* 真本) was later obtained by Weng Baoguang (preface 1173) in the region of Lake Dongting. On the transmission and editions of the *Wuzhen pian*, see also the article on 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu* below.

The title *Wuzhen pian* was originally, at least during the early years of the Southern Song, applied to a set of eighty-one poems (cf. 1017 *Daoshu* 18.9b and 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu* 2.9b). ZHANG BODUAN himself states in his preface that the *Wuzhen pian* comprised eighty-one verses (141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu*, preface 16b). Of these verses, the number of the first sixteen, two times eight (*erba zhi shu* 二八之術), stood for the balance of Yin and Yang. The following sixty-four verses were intended as an explanation of the sixty-four hexagrams of the *Yijing* 易經. The last verse expressed the magnificence of Great Unity (Taiyi 太一). Zhang later added twelve alchemical *ci*-lyrics (to the tune of *Xijiang yue* 西江月) and, finally, thirty-two poems on various Buddhist subjects.

Despite this clear description of the contents, the order of the poems in the extant editions is often in disarray. This work 145 *Wuzhen pian zhushi* contains only fifteen instead of the sixteen introductory poems; 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu* includes only two of the thirty-two Buddhist poems, whereas 142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu* omits them completely. Some of the *Xijiang yue ci*-lyrics are missing from 146 *Wuzhen pian jiangyi*. Only 263.26 *Wuzhen pian* follows ZHANG BODUAN's outline, but even here several more poems have been added.

Additions and omissions are not the only problem. Three of the five *Wuzhen pian* texts in the *Daozang* present the poems in practically the same numerical order. The *Siku quanshu* 四庫全書 edition of *Wuzhen pian zhushu* does likewise, but the *Daozang* edition of the latter and 145 *Wuzhen pian zhushi* change the order completely. The variants in the different editions raise further questions.

The key to these problems lies in the nature of the work itself. Written in the same obscure fashion as the famous *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契, the book is open to manifold interpretations: is its subject *neidan* 內丹 (theoretical alchemy), or is it a manual of sexual techniques? As a *neidan* book, moreover, it could be used by each master to express his own ideas. The poems were used separately as individual *koujue* 口訣 (oral instructions), which explains why some versions present them in a different numerical order.

The *Wuzhen pian* was widely accepted as a commentary on the *Cantong qi* (cf. Fang Hui's 方回 remarks in *Tongjiang xueji* 31.17a). The interpretation by the commentators, however, differed widely. The earliest commentary by Ye Wenshu 葉文叔 explained the work in terms of the *dayan* 大衍 system of the *Xici* 繫辭 appendix to the *Yijing* (see 263.26 *Wuzhen pian*). WENG BAOGUANG employed *Yinfu jing* terminology to

explain the alchemical process, culminating in the “great cyclically transformed elixir of liquefied gold nine-times transmuted” (*jiuzhuan jinyi da huandan* 九轉金液大還丹; 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu*, preface 10b). Xia Yuanding 夏元鼎, according to Fang Hui, interpreted the book as a manual on gymnastics and breathing techniques (*Tongjiang xuji* 31.17a).

That the *Wuzhen pian* was linked to sexual techniques is evident since all the commentators lament its misinterpretation. They also refute energetically the idea that its contents resemble the methods of Zhang Sanfeng 張三峰, a reputed master of sexual techniques. ZHANG BODUAN’s biography in the *Zhang zhenren benmo* was clearly invented to aid in this refutation (cf. 143 *Sancheng biyao* 15b; see also Boyun zi’s preface of 1204, 14b, and Dai Qizong’s comments on 22b). This misinterpretation persisted nevertheless, judging from the quotations in 878 *Zituan danjing*, a book on dual cultivation.

Wuzhen pian 悟真篇

5 juan

By ZHANG BODUAN 張伯端 (984–1082); commentaries by Ye Shibiao 葉士表, zi Wenshu 文叔 (dated 1161), and Yuan Gongfu 遠公輔 (dated 1202)

263.26 *Xiuzhen shishu* 26–30 (fasc. 126–127)

“Essay on the [Immediate] Awakening to Truth.” This work is a collection of the oldest commentaries on the *Wuzhen pian*; it was compiled by Yuan Gongfu in 1202 (cf. 143 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen zhizhi xiangshuo sancheng biyao* 19b). The text in five juan is mentioned in *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 12.349 with its complete title: *Wuzhen pian jizhu* 悟真篇集注. The present version has no prefaces, but the Yuan author Dai Qizong 戴起宗 possessed an edition that included prefaces by Ye Wenshu and Yuan Gongfu, dated 1161 and 1202, respectively (see 143 *Sancheng biyao* 19b, 20a). Ye Wenshu’s commentary is, moreover, criticized in a preface dated 1173 (141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu*, preface 8b). Apart from Ye Wenshu’s commentary, the collection includes commentaries by WENG BAOGUANG or by XUE DAOGUANG (see 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu* and 143 *Wuzhen zhizhi xiangshuo sancheng biyao*). These commentaries were excerpted from different editions and versions and are therefore introduced by two different names, Xiangchuan weng 象川翁 and Wuming zi 無名子 (see, e.g., 26.18a–18b).

The original Ye Wenshu commentary ended with a series of diagrams by the author, entitled “*Wuzhen pian waizhuan* 悟真篇外傳” (see 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu*, preface 8b). The present version includes some diagrams and five poems but does not indicate the name of the author. The diagrams, entitled “*Danfang baojian tu* 丹房寶鑑圖,” are reproduced in 1068 *Shangyang zi jindan dayao tu* 8a–10b (ca. 1331) under the title “*Ziyang danfang baojian zhi tu* 紫陽丹房寶鑑之圖.”

The commentaries quote many important alchemical works such as the *Cantong qi* and related texts; the latest datable work is a commentary by Wang Dao 王道 (cf. 996 *Guwen longhu jing zhushu*, preface dated 1185). According to WENG BAOGUANG, Ye Wenshu’s commentary was based on the numerical system known as *dayan* 大衍, explained in the *Xici* 繫辭 appendix of the *Yijing* 易經 (see 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu*, preface 8b), which was the subject of many exegeses during the Tang and Song dynasties.

The 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* edition of the *Wuzhen pian* is the most complete, since it includes ZHANG BODUAN’s Buddhist poems (cf. 144 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian shiyi*). Although there are a few changes in the order of some of the *jueju* 絕句 and *Xijiang yue* 西江月 poems, our text follows mostly the same numerical order as 142 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian sanzhu* and the *Wuzhen pian zhushu* (*Siku quanshu* 四庫全書 edition).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

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Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu 紫陽真人悟真篇註疏

8 juan

By ZHANG BODUAN 張伯端 (984–1082); commentary by WENG BAOGUANG 翁葆光, zi Yuanming 淵明, hao Wuming zi 無名子, Xiangchuan weng 象川翁 (1173); transmitted by Chen Daling 陳達靈, hao Ziyang weng 紫陽翁 (1174); edited and commented by Dai Qizong 戴起宗, zi Tongfu 同甫, hao Kongxuan zi 空玄子 (ca. 1337)

141 (fasc. 61–62)

“Commentary on Ziyang Zhenren’s Awakening to Truth.” This edition of the *Wuzhen pian* with Weng’s commentary passed into the possession of Chen Daling, Weng’s contemporary, who transmitted it to his disciple Boyun zi 白雲子 (cf. Chen Daling’s preface in 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu* and Boyun zi’s introduction in 143 *Sancheng biyao* 14b).

WENG BAOGUANG does not say how or from whom he obtained his edition. His contemporary Chen, on the other hand, states in his preface that the book had been transmitted to Weng by Liu Yongnian 劉永年. This statement is in direct contradiction to what we know from elsewhere and refers to a line of transmission that had nothing to do with the Lu family, for whom Zhang had worked, but was attached to

the Zhang, Liu, Weng, Chen tradition of transmission. There were many versions of the *Wuzhen pian* during the Southern Song, and several Weng commentaries were also in circulation. The 263.26 *Wuzhen pian*, for instance, gives the author of the commentary sometimes as Wuming zi 無名子 and sometimes as Xiangchuan weng 象川翁 (WENG BAOGUANG was a native of Xiangchuan in Sichuan). CHEN ZHIXU, who was familiar with the *Xiuzhen shishu* version, also gives both names in 1067 *Shangyang zi jindan dayao*. Dai Qizong possessed two different versions as well (cf. 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu* and 145 *Wuzhen pian zhushi*).

Dai Qizong also claims that the Weng commentary incorporated in 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu* is the original *Wuzhen pian* edition of the Lu family, later obtained by WENG BAOGUANG. The *Wuzhen pian ji* 2b–3a (preface to 142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu*) mentions several examples of variants in other editions, for instance, the poem “Raojun liaowu zhenru xing 饒君了悟真如性” in 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu* 8.17b and 145 *Wuzhen pian zhushi* 2.40a. This poem was not included in the edition belonging to the Lu family but in a “separate edition” (*bieben* 別本; cf. 142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu* 3a). Since the poem can be found in all the versions of the *Wuzhen pian* in the *Daozang* except 146 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian jiangyi*, it is possible that the original edition belonging to the Lu family was already lost or incomplete during the Southern Song dynasty (1127–1279). See also the introduction to 3.A.4.c above.

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***Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian shiyi* 紫陽真人悟真篇拾遺**

11 fols.

By ZHANG BODUAN 張伯端 (984–1082)

144 (fasc. 64)

“Supplement to the Essay on Ziyang Zhenren’s [Immediate] Awakening to Truth.” This text is mentioned in ZHANG BODUAN’s preface as comprising thirty-two poems in praise of Buddhism (see 141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu*, preface 16b). The present text, with the subtitle *Chanzong gesong shiqu zayan* 禪宗歌頌詩曲雜言, is a collection of thirty-two poems with a short introduction at the beginning; it is included in 263.26 *Wuzhen pian* (*Xiuzhen shishu* 30.1a–12a) under the title *Chanzong gesong* 禪宗歌頌 (Odes in Praise of Chan).

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***Wuzhen pian zhushi* 悟真篇註釋**

3 juan

By ZHANG BODUAN 張伯端 (984–1082); commentary by Weng Baoguang 翁葆光, zi Yuanming 淵明, hao Wuming zi 無明子 (fl. 1173)

145 (fasc. 65)

“Explication of the Essay on [Immediate] Awakening to Truth.” This work is a variant version of the WENG BAOGUANG commentary given in 141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu*; it was compiled by Dai Qizong 戴起宗 and is described by the latter in a postface dated 1336 (see 143 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen zhizhi xiangshuo sancheng biyao* 22b).

The text was preceded by a short preface by Zixu zi 子虛子. The latter, according to Dai, deleted a whole section of WENG BAOGUANG’s preface (see 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu*, preface 10b). This section in our text (preface 4a) is shorter and quite different from the other version. The preface in the present text is also undated, whereas the other version is dated 1173.

Dai Qizong also describes the work as being divided into three juan, with an introduction at the beginning of each chapter, which is the case in the present text. These prefaces actually constitute three essays, entitled “Sancheng biyao lun 三乘秘要論,” added to the text by Zixu zi (see 143 *Sancheng biyao* 7b–12b and 22b).

Our text is referred to once as a “separate edition” (*bieben* 別本) in 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu* 7.7b (compare with 2.48a). The *bieben* quoted in our text (2.35a), however, is the same as the XUE DAOGUANG commentary in 142 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian sanzhu* 4.11a.

The numerical order of the *Wuzhen pian* poems in the present work differs from that in all the other commentaries. The third chapter is devoted to a long alchemical poem by ZHANG BODUAN, entitled “Du Zhouyi cantong qi.” The poems on Buddhist themes, however, are not included.

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Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen zhizhi xiangshuo sancheng biyao

紫陽真人悟真直指詳說三乘秘要

33 fols., appendix

143 (fasc. 64)

“Explanations on Ziyang Zhenren’s Essay on the [Immediate] Awakening to Truth.” This text and its appendix, “Detailed Explanation of the Directives of the *Wuzhen pian* and Esoteric [Transmission of the] Essential [Methods of the] Three Vehicles,” are presented as two separate texts in the *Daozang*. The appendix, erroneously numbered 144 instead of 143 in the *Yiwen yinshu guan* 藝文印書館 index of

the *Daozang*, should have been placed directly after the main text, as it is in the *Siku quanshu* 四庫全書 edition of the 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu* and also in the edition in the Ming collection, *Jindan zhengli daquan* 金丹正理大全 (in *Daoshu quanji* 道書全集). These two editions are virtually identical.

A comparison of the present text with the *Siku quanshu* edition brings other anomalies to light. The presentation of the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 poems in the latter matches that in 142 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian sanzhu*, except in the case of the twelve *Xijiang yue* 西江月 poems, where the numbers are slightly different. The present text, however, changes the order completely. Moreover, the *Siku quanshu* edition, entitled *Wuzhen pian zhushu*, is in three juan with a one-juan appendix: *Wuzhen pian zhushu zhixiangshuo*. Our text, however, is divided into eight juan. Moreover, the present work should include the *Wuzhen pian ji* 悟真篇記 (see preface 5a, 8a), which the editors of the *Daozang* wrongly placed at the beginning of 142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu*. The present text has also been considerably reworked, and we find whole passages of 142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu* interpolated into the commentaries (see, e.g., 1.10b); quotations from a “separate edition” (*bieben* 別本) generally refer to the latter text. These interpolations and most of the allusions to the separate edition are lacking in the *Siku quanshu* edition, which on the whole is more complete and reliable. Since most of the interpolations consist of commentaries by CHEN ZHIXU and Lu Shu 陸墅, it is possible that the additions were made by a member of CHEN ZHIXU’s school. Our text also includes one poem (7.21a) that is missing in all the other *Daozang* editions.

The appendix is a collection of essays, prefaces, biographies and explanations by WENG BAOGUANG, Dai Qizong 戴起宗, and other authors. The *Daozang* edition is clearly inferior to that in *Siku quanshu* and contains many omissions. Some of the materials, especially the biographies, are abridged.

Half of the appendix (1a–13a) comprises essays by WENG BAOGUANG. Of these, the three entitled “Sancheng biyao 三乘秘要” were added as introductions to each of the three juan of 145 *Wuzhen pian zhushi*.

A short preface by Boyun zi 白雲子, dated 1204, relates the history of the transmission of the WENG BAOGUANG commentary.

The *Zhang zhenren benmo* 張真人本末 is a short biography based on 142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu*, “*Wuzhen pian ji* 悟真篇記,” written shortly before 1173. The biography further relates a story to the effect that ZHANG BODUAN and two other officials were three stars of the Ziwei 紫微 constellation. This story was told to the author of the *Benmo* by the grandson of Huang Shang 黃裳 (1044–1130), one of the officials, and was clearly meant to denigrate the latter. Since the tradition that ZHANG BODUAN was a banished star is mentioned by BO YUCHAN in his collected works (early thirteenth century; see *Bo Yuchan quanji* 白玉蟾全集 7.20a in *Daozang jinghua*), the

biography must have been written toward the end of the twelfth century or at the beginning of the thirteenth.

The *Xue Zixian shiji* 薛紫賢事蹟 (16b–19a) is an account of the Buddhist XUE DAOGUANG’s meeting with his master Shi Xingling 石杏林 and of his subsequent conversion to Taoism. This account, which contains biographical material on both XUE DAOGUANG and Shi Xingling, is reproduced in LZTT 49. The *Xue Zixian shiji* was intended as an introduction to a commentary on the *Wuzhen pian* attributed to XUE DAOGUANG (18b), and as such it plays a decisive role in the dispute over the authorship of the WENG BAOGUANG commentary.

Both the *Daozang* and the *Siku quanshu* editions of the *Xue Zixian shiji* are incomplete, but again the latter is clearly better. According to another version of the *Xue Zixian shiji*, XUE DAOGUANG wrote his commentary in order to correct Ye Wenshu’s mistaken interpretation (cf. *Sizhu Wuzhen pian*, preface 3b). According to Dai Qizong (20a), since the *Shiji* and the commentary had been transcribed by Shangqiu laopu Jinshi Weng Yuanwang Zhenyi 商邱老圃今是翁元王眞一 (?) in 1115, XUE DAOGUANG could not have criticized Ye Wenshu, whose commentary had been written in 1161. The end of the *Shiji*, however, is wrongly appended to 142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu* 6a, where it is dated 1169 (read *jichou* 己丑 for *yichou* 乙丑). Thus the possibility that XUE DAOGUANG (d. 1191) wrote a commentary cannot be excluded. The *Shiji* in the *Wuzhen pian sizhu* also gives the date 1169 and states that the text was transcribed by Shangqiu laopu twenty-eight years later (i.e., ca. 1197).

Nonetheless, there are several points in favor of Dai Qizong’s hypothesis that the commentary was written by WENG BAOGUANG:

1. The commentary by XUE DAOGUANG is not quoted in the thirteenth century, either by BO YUCHAN or by other followers of his school. The 1088 *Huandan fuming pian*, on the other hand is mentioned often.

2. The *Wuzhen pian* in 263.26 *Wuzhen pian* (*Xiuzhen shishu* 26–30) comprises commentaries by Xiangchuan Weng 象川翁 and by Wuming zi 無名子. These commentaries are also quoted by CHEN ZHIXU in 1067 *Shangyang zi jindan dayao* (see 142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu*). Since Xiangchuan Weng was the *hao* of WENG BAOGUANG, and since the *Xiuzhen shishu* was compiled by disciples of the *Wuzhen pian* school, the error would surely have been corrected if the commentary had actually been written by XUE DAOGUANG.

3. YU YAN, who was a great admirer of ZHANG BODUAN and XUE DAOGUANG, quotes both the *Wuzhen pian* and the *Huandan fuming pian* but criticizes the commentary by WENG BAOGUANG (see 1005 *Zhouyi cantong qi fahui* 1.3b; 4.3a; 9.2a; and 145 *Wuzhen pian zhushi* 2.22b, 32a, 35a).

4. XUE DAOGUANG met his teacher in 1120, according to his preface (see 1088 *Huandan fuming pian*), but the *Xue Zixian shiji* gives a date of 1106. The *Shiji* was

then transcribed in 1115 (19a), further proof of a reworking of the text at a later date. The *Shiji* is quoted in Lu Shu's preface (cf. 142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu*, preface 2b).

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Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian sanzhu 紫陽真人悟真篇三註

5 juan

Commentaries by CHEN ZHIXU 陳致虛, *zi* Guanwu 觀吾, *hao* Shangyang zi 上陽子 (fl. 1331); Lu Shu 陸墅, *zi* Ziye 子野 (fl. thirteenth century?); and Xue Shi 薛氏 (i.e., XUE DAOGUANG 薛道光, *zi* Daoyuan 道源, *hao* Zixian 紫賢 (dated 1169); appendix: "Wuzhen pian ji 悟真篇記" by Lu Sicheng 陸思誠, *zi* Yanfo 彦孚 (before 1173); edited and printed by Zhang Shihong 張士弘 (fl. fourteenth century)

142 (fasc. 63–64)

"Three Commentaries on Ziyang Zhenren's Essay on the [Immediate] Awakening to Truth." The editor, Zhang Shihong, was an official during the reign of Wenzong (1328–1329) of the Yuan dynasty (see *Yuan shi* 32.719). He was therefore a contemporary of CHEN ZHIXU. The commentary attributed to XUE DAOGUANG in our text, however, is quoted by Chen as being by Wuming zi 無名子 or Xiangchuan weng 象川翁 in 1067 *Shangyang zi jindan dayao* 5.10a. Chen's quotations were excerpted from the collection included in 263.26 *Wuzhen pian* (*Xinuzhen shishu* 26–30). In his preface (4b) to the present text, however, Chen not only criticizes the collection but also mentions the commentaries by XUE DAOGUANG and Lu Shu, to which he later added his own comments (preface 5a).

Zhang Shihong was responsible for some changes in the *Wuzhen pian sanzhu* compiled by CHEN ZHIXU. He deleted all the poems that figure in 144 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian shiyi* and also a few others that he claimed were forgeries (preface 6b).

There were many editions of the *Wuzhen pian sanzhu* available at the time the *Daozang* was compiled. Later additions to 141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu* were excerpted from a different version; the commentary by Lu Shu in 7.21a, for example, is missing in the present text.

Four of the five quotations from "a separate edition" (*bieben* 別本) in 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu* (1.1b, 5b, 2.17a, and 6.3b) can be found in our text (1.1b, 3a, 17a, and 4.1a).

The *Wuzhen pian sanzhu* presents the poems in the order described in ZHANG BODUAN's preface, with one additional *Xijiang yue* 西江月 and five *jueju* 絕句 poems at the end.

The "Wuzhen pian ji 悟真篇記" or "Notes on the *Wuzhen pian*" by Lu Sicheng, which was added to the present critical and annotated edition of the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 as prefatory matter, comprises a biography of ZHANG BODUAN and an account

of the events surrounding the transmission of the *Wuzhen pian*. It is mentioned by WENG BAOGUANG in his preface dated 1173 and should have been placed originally at the end of the latter's commentary (cf. 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu*, preface 5a and 8a). The version of the "Wuzhen pian ji" we have here is incomplete. It ends abruptly on page 3a, followed (3b–5b) by a passage from CHEN ZHIXU's commentary (2.4a–6b). It ends (6a) with the last paragraph of the *Xue Zixian shiji*, which is dated 1169 (cf. 143 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen zhizhi xiangshuo sancheng biyao* 19a). A comparison with another version shows that only the last line—bearing Lu Sicheng's name, and his official title, Zhaofeng lang 朝奉郎—is missing (cf. *Wuzhen pian jizhu* 悟真篇集注 7, *Daozang jinghua* edition). Zhaofeng lang, a prestigious title, occurs only after the Shaoxing era, that is, after 1161 (*Song shi* 168.4012); hence the "Wuzhen pian ji" must have been written after this date, along with WENG BAOGUANG's preface. The work was known to BO YUCHAN (early thirteenth century), according to Dai Qizong 戴起宗 (141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu*, preface 5a). In the early Yuan, the "Wuzhen pian ji" was often quoted (cf. 1005 *Zhouyi cantong qi fahui* 6.25a and 9.5b), and the LZTT 49 refers to it as "another source" (*yi*yun 一云) for ZHANG BODUAN's biography.

Although the "Wuzhen pian ji" is one of the main sources for the history of the work's textual transmission, it contains a number of errors with respect to the native places of some of the persons mentioned in the work.

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Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian jiangyi 紫陽真人悟真篇講義

7 juan

By ZHANG BODUAN 張伯端, *zi* Pingshu 平叔, *hao* Ziyang 紫陽 (984–1082); commentary by Xia Yuanding 夏元鼎, *zi* Zongyu 宗禹, *hao* Yunfeng sanren 雲峰散人 (ca. 1226)

146 (fasc. 66)

"Ziyang Zhenren's Essay on the [Immediate] Awakening to Truth Explained." Three prefaces by Xia Yuanding's friends, all scholar-officials, precede the text. The earliest of these, by Zhen Dexiu 真德秀 (1178–1235), is dated 1227. The commentary was, however, written earlier, since it is mentioned in a postface dated 1226 (see 109 *Huangdi yinfu jing jiangyi*, 4.11b, "Jindan sanshu 金丹三書," referring to the present work and two other commentaries by the same author). According to his own account, written in 1224, Xia Yuanding was initiated on Longhu shan 龍虎山 (Jiangxi) in 1220 (*Nanyue yushi benmo* 16a). The commentary was therefore written between this date and 1226.

Xia Yuanding's interpretation of the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 is based principally on the Zhong-Lü texts (see especially 2.9b). Among these, 246 *Xishan qunxian huizhen ji* and 263.14 *Zhong-Lü chuandao ji* (*Xiuzhen shishu* 14–16) are frequently quoted. The author also quotes (1.5b) a verse from 1088 *Huandan fuming pian* (1a) by XUE DAO-GUANG, but unfortunately none of the extant *Wuzhen pian* commentaries are mentioned. Most of the quotations are from poems attributed to ZHONGLI QUAN or to LÜ DONGBIN; Xia Yuanding is known to have compiled a collection of the latter's verse entitled *Jindan shijue* 金丹詩訣 in two juan (q.v.).

The Xia commentary comprises only sixteen poems in regulated verse (*lüshi* 律詩), the sixty-four *jueju* 絕句, one *lüshi* in five-character lines, and twelve *Xijiang yue* 西江月 lyric poems. All the poems on Buddhist themes are missing. A comparison with the *Xiuzhen shishu* version also shows that the order of the sixteen *lüshi* is totally different; however, except for a few *jueju* there are no other changes in presentation. According to the Yuan author Fang Hui 方回 (1227–1306), Xia Yuanding not only practiced heterodox methods but also fabricated the twelve *Xijiang yue*, wrongly attributed to ZHANG BODUAN (see *Tongjiang xuji* 31.17a). The latter accusation, however, does not hold up, since the twelve poems in question are mentioned in ZHANG BODUAN's preface and figure in all editions of the *Wuzhen pian*.

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Hunyuan bajing zhenjing 混元八景真經

5 juan

First half of the twelfth century?

660 (fasc. 344)

"Book of the Eight Effulgences of the Origin of Chaos." This is an undated treatise on Inner Alchemy. ZENG ZAO gives an abstract of the present book in 1017 *Daoshu* 17, "Hunyuan pian 混元篇," which covers the complete text as it appears here. A commentary on 3.1a confirms its present division into five juan, but the original version must have had three. On 2.5b there is a reference to a middle juan, while on 1.10b there is a mention of a third and final juan. As these references are to passages on 3.2a and 5.11b–12a, respectively, we may suppose that the first three juan of the present version, written as a dialogue, correspond to the original first two juan, while the present juan 4 and 5, which contain more practical instructions, are the original final juan. However, the text seems to have been divided from the beginning into five chapters (*pian* 篇), as we find on 4.1a a reference to a fifth *pian* that discusses the establishment of an altar (*litan* 立壇); this reference corresponds, indeed, to a section beginning on 5.8b in the present edition.

The main characteristic of the contents of the present book is its relationship to the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇, in vocabulary as well as in argument. For instance, the

discussion on 3.5b–7b on the Three and the Five (*sanwu* 三五) and the conception of the Infant is cognate to poem 14 of the sixteen seven-word poems in the *Wuzhen pian* (see 263.26 *Wuzhen pian* [*Xiuzhen shishu* 26.29a–30a]), while the passage on the White Tiger's First Menses on 4.14b is related to number 3 of the *Xijiang yue* 西江月 irregular poems (263.26 *Wuzhen pian* [*Xiuzhen shishu* 29.4b–5a]). The book contains also numerous references to the ritual framework of the *neidan* practices it describes (see 1.3b; 5.2b; 5.13b–14a). These descriptions do not allow us, however, to establish a relationship between the present book and the liturgical practices of the so-called Hunyuan 混元 ritual that existed in Song (960–1279) times (see 1220 *Daofa huiyuan*).

The entire book is written in a vernacular style with many colloquialisms (e.g., 5.4b: 三年變盡凡體立出一箇神仙的不謬矣).

The available evidence therefore points to the first half of the twelfth century as the period in which the present book must have been written.

Kristofer Schipper

Huanyuan pian 還源篇

10 fols.

By SHI TAI 石泰, *zi* Dezhi 得之, *hao* Xinglin 杏林, Cuixuan 子 翠玄子 (d. 1158) 1091 (fasc. 742)

"Book on Returning to the Origin." This book is a collection of eighty-one alchemical poems in seven-word verse. The poems were written a year after SHI TAI's encounter with ZHANG BODUAN (see the preface). This meeting is described in detail in the "Xue Zixian shiji 薛紫賢事蹟," a biography relating SHI TAI's transmission of his teaching to his disciple XUE DAOGUANG (143 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen zhizhi xiangshuo sancheng biyao* 6b; cf. also SHI TAI's and XUE DAOGUANG's biographies in LZTT 49).

SHI TAI's poems and preface are included in 263.1 *Zazhu zhixuan pian* (*Xiuzhen shishu* 2). The latter work, moreover, contains a postface (7.9b–10b) by SHI TAI that is missing in the text under discussion. This postface, however, is appended to XUE DAOGUANG's "Dansui ge 丹髓歌" and discusses the essential ideas of the poem. It is therefore possible that it was not originally a postface to the *Huanyuan pian*.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Huandan fuming pian 還丹復命篇

13 fols.

By XUE DAOGUANG 薛道光, alias Shi 式, *zi* Daoyuan 道源, *hao* Zixian 紫賢, Biling chanshi 毗陵禪師; preface dated 1126 1088 (fasc. 742)

"Book of the Return to Life and the Cyclically Transformed Elixir." This is a collection of alchemical poems by XUE DAOGUANG, the third patriarch in the *Wuzhen pian* lineage. According to the preface, XUE DAOGUANG received an oral instruction (*koujue* 口訣) from a master in 1120 (?), but his biography in the LZTT 49 and the "Xue Zixian shiji 薛紫賢事蹟" (143 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen zhizhi xiangshuo sancheng biyao* 17a) states that he met SHI TAI, author of 1091 *Huanyuan pian* and direct disciple of ZHANG BODUAN, in 1106.

The present title is listed in the *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 12.349, which also mentions the preface (dated 1126). This title actually refers to the poems in the first half of the text (1a–8a), according to the description of the work in the preface. The "Dansui ge 丹髓歌" (8b–11b) was appended by a compiler at a later date. The latter also figures in 263.1 *Zazhu zhixuan pian* (*Xiuzhen shishu* 4b–9b).

The present text included a commentary in Yuan (1279–1368) times (see *Xishang futan* 2.6b); this commentary is no longer extant.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Cuixu pian 翠虛篇

28 fols.

By CHEN NAN 陳楠, *zi* Nanmu 南木, *hao* Cuixu weng 翠虛翁, Niwan xiansheng 泥丸先生 (d. 1213); compiled by Wang Sicheng 王思誠, *zi* Zhenxi 子眞息子 (fl. 1217) 1090 (fasc. 742)

"Book of Azure-Emptiness." This collection is attributed to CHEN NAN, one of the patriarchs in the *Wuzhen pian* 悟眞篇 lineage and a disciple of XUE DAOGUANG (see his biography in LZTT 49 and 1088 *Huandan fuming pian*). For a printing of this work before 1250, see the article on 1072 *Jindan zhizhi*. Chen also obtained a book on Thunder magic, the *Jingxiao dalei lang shu* 景霄大雷琅書, at Limu shan 黎姥山 (see LZTT 49.15a and the biographical note in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 108.15b–16b). Both CHEN NAN and his disciple BO YUCHAN were linked to Thunder rites (see van der Loon, "A Taoist collection," 402). According to YU YAN (fl. 1284), the entire *Cuixu pian* had been fabricated by the prolific Bo (*Xishang futan* 2.2b). The LZTT 49, however, mentions a collection entitled *Cuixu miaowu quanji* 翠虛妙悟全集 by CHEN NAN.

The *Daozang* edition of the *Cuixu pian* comprises a preface by Wang Sicheng,

seven poems, and a short alchemical treatise. The *Daozang jiyao* ("Kui 奎" 4.127) has a better edition, since it omits the second poem, entitled "Dadao ge 大道歌," which is an interpolation (see 238 *Yuanyang zi jinyi ji* 1a ff.). The *Daozang jiyao* also includes a colophon by Chen Yuxing 陳興行, dated 1217 (cf. *Bo Haiqiong quanji* 白海瓊全集 6.34a, 133). The colophon, entitled *Ba Chen Niwan zhenren cuixu pian* 跋陳泥丸真人翠虛篇, states that the first poem in our text, the "Ziting jing 紫庭經" (1a), had been noted down by Pan Jingliang 潘景良 and that Wang Sicheng not only compiled the *Cuixu pian* but also supplemented it.

The 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* includes some poems from the present text but wrongly attributes a *Cuixu pian* to Niwan xiansheng Chen Pu 泥丸先生陳朴 (cf. 263.12 *Zazhu jiejing* [*Xiuzhen shishu* 1a], 1096 *Chen xiansheng neidan jue*, and 1072 *Jindan zhizhi*, preface).

The "Luofou cuixu yin" (7b), a poem dedicated to BO YUCHAN in 1212, is included in 1307 *Haiqiong Bo zhenren yulu* 4.1a ff. (ca. 1221). The collection also includes three *ci*-lyrics (15b–16a) in honor of Chen's three main disciples: Sha Daozhao 沙道昭, Ju Jiushi 鞠九思, and BO YUCHAN. Finally, the "Jindan shijue 金丹詩訣" is a set of eighty-one alchemical poems in seven-word verses.

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van der Loon, "A Taoist collection," 401–5.

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Jindan zhizhi 金丹直指

13 fols.

By Zhou Wusuo 周無所住; preface dated 1250 1072 (fasc. 739)

"Straightforward Instructions for [Inner] Alchemy." The author, a native of Yongjia 永嘉 (modern Wenzhou) who uses the surname Wusuo 無所住 (Homeless), states in his preface that in the course of his search for the Tao since an early age, he met a certain Lin Ziran 林自然 of Mount Chicheng 赤城 in the year 1242. Lin instructed him in alchemy and introduced him to his master Li zhenren 李真人. Thereupon, the author visited many Taoist training centers (*conglin* 叢林), until in 1249 he met a certain Fang Bixu 方碧虛 of the Zongyang 宗陽 [temple], who was known as an authentic transmitter of the tradition of the *Wuzhen pian* 悟眞篇. Having shown Fang the text of the present work, Zhou obtained his friendship. Later he discussed his ideas with the Buddhist monk Yuancan 圓燦 from Putian 莆田 and others, who assured him that his ideas were in agreement with Chan teachings and with the works of the Nanzong patriarchs ZHANG BODUAN and CHEN NAN. The author, together with a fellow Taoist named Wu 吳 from the Boyun 白雲菴 in Zhupu 竹浦, printed the

Jindan xu 金丹序 of Zhang zhenren 張真人 and the 1090 *Cuixu pian* of Niwan Chen zhenren 泥丸陳真人 (q.v.).

The work consists of sixteen poems on Inner Alchemy and a treatise on the same subject, which also discusses the unity of the Three Teachings.

Kristofer Schipper

Jindan sibai zi 金丹四百字

12 fols.

Attributed to ZHANG BODUAN 張伯端 (984–1082); commentary by Huang Ziru 黃自如, dated 1241

1081 (fasc. 741)

“The Elixir Explained in Four Hundred Words.” This text comprises twenty poems (in five-word verses) and a long preface (1a–5a), both ascribed to ZHANG BODUAN, *zi* Pingshu. According to the preface, this poem was transmitted to MA ZIRAN. BO YUCHAN, in a letter addressed to ZHANG BODUAN, alludes to this work but does not mention the present title (see 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 6.4b, “Xie Zhang Ziyang shu”).

Bo claims to have come across the text in the Wuyi 武夷 Mountains. In his colophon dated 1241, Huang Ziru from Xujiang 盱江 (Jiangxi) seems convinced that the work was written by Zhang, but the Yuan (1279–1368) author YU YAN claims that the entire text had been fabricated by the prolific BO YUCHAN, because the earliest edition of this work had appeared in a collection entitled *Qunxian zhuyi ji* 群仙珠玉集 (listed in the *Zhizhai shulu jieti* 12.353), a compendium of Taoist works collected or written by BO YUCHAN himself (*Xishang futan* 2.8a). A later tradition claims that the work was revealed to Bo by ZHANG BODUAN (cf. 1067 *Shangyang zi jindan dayao* 7.6b). The Huang Ziru version, which is also the earliest edition of this work, is reproduced in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 5, but without Huang’s colophon and with the addition of five poems by Huang. There are many editions of this popular work extant; the most important of these can be found in the *Daoyan neiwai quanshu* collected by Peng Haogu (1597), in the *Fanghu waishi* by Lu Xixing (1520–1606), and in Li Wenshu’s *Jindan sibai zi jie* (1061).

The text describes the Inner Alchemical process based on the theory discussed in 1191 *Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa*.

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Yuqing jinsi qinghua biwen jinbao neilian danjue

玉清金箓青華祕文金寶內鍊丹訣

3 juan

By ZHANG BODUAN 張伯端, *zi* Pingshu 平叔, *hao* Ziyang 紫陽 (984?–1082)

240 (fasc. 114)

“Alchemical Formula for the Inner Purification of the Gold Treasure; Secret Writings from the Golden Box of the Jade Purity [Heaven], Transmitted by the Immortal Qinghua.” Although this *neidan* 內丹 treatise is ascribed to ZHANG BODUAN, it was collected and recorded by a disciple (2.5a).

The disciple is identified as Wang Bangshu 王邦叔 in an introduction to the text in the *Daoyan neiwai quanshu* (collected by Peng Haogu; preface 1597). This introduction, which is missing in the *Daozang* edition, states (a) that the text was revealed to ZHANG BODUAN by Qinghua zhenren 青華真人, and (b) that it was transmitted to Wang Bangshu by ZHANG BODUAN on Luofu shan 羅浮山.

The treatise is not listed in any of the bibliographies. BO YUCHAN mentions a *Yuqing lingpian* 玉清靈篇, but it is evident from the context that he is referring to the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 (cf. 263.1 *Zazhu zhixuan pian* [*Xiuzhen shishu* 4.8b]). The divinity Qinghua dijun 青華帝君 played an important role in the Shenxiao order during Song Huizong’s reign (1100–1125), but the text (1.8b) quotes the *Ruyao jing* 入樂鏡, a poem popular during the Southern Song (1127–1279; cf. 135 *Cui gong ruyao jing zhujie*). Moreover, ZHANG BODUAN is referred to as Zhang zi 張子, an appellation used for the philosopher Zhang Zai 張載 (1020–1076) during the Song (cf. *Zhang Zai ji* 張載集 307, 373). The use of Zhang Zai’s philosophical terms, such as *qizhi zhi xing* 氣質之性, is further evidence of the author’s intention of linking this spurious work with the name of a leading Song philosopher.

The text explains inner alchemical theory using pseudo-philosophical terminology (fig. 21). Part of the work is presented as a dialogue between ZHANG BODUAN and a disciple, the rest as discourses on various *neidan* 內丹 topics. The main emphasis is on “circulation of the inner light.”

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FIGURE 21. Allegory of the sublimation of yin energy in Inner Alchemy (240 2.13a)



FIGURE 22. The being of light rising from its mortal body (154 10a)

Shangqing Taixuan jinyang tu 上清太玄九陽圖
12 fols.

By Hou Shanyuan 侯善淵, *hao* Taixuan zi 太玄子; end of the twelfth century

154 (fasc. 68)

"Shangqing Illustrations of Yang-Nine by [Master] Taixuan." Hou Shanyuan was a Taoist from the Shenju dong 神居洞 on Mount Guye 姑射山 in Shanxi. His *hao* was Taixuan zi, hence the title. Hou was a contemporary of Mao Hui 毛麾 who was received at the imperial court in 1190 (see 758 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu* and 973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu* 7.6b)

This book contains diagrams accompanied by (mostly versified) commentaries on the *xiuzhen* 修真. The illustrations of the nine fundamental phases of alchemical transmutation are followed by drawings with commentary concerning fire-phasing and, finally, by twelve songs on the twelve alchemical periods (see fig. 22).

The present work shows a strong influence of Chan Buddhism and situates itself in the tradition of the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇, which is quoted on page 2a. It also quotes the *Jinbi jing* 金碧經 (page 6b).

Catherine Despeux

Yuanqing zi zhiming pian 爰清子至命篇

2 juan

By Wang Qingsheng 王慶升, *hao* Yuanqing zi 爰清子; 1249

1089 (fasc. 742)

"Master Yuanqing's Book of the Supreme Life Force." In his preface, dated 1249, Wang Qingsheng defines this life force as the culmination of *xing* 性 and *ming* 命 resulting from the true realization of one's innate nature. The author's teacher was a disciple of BO YUCHAN (cf. 275 *Sanji zhiming quanti* 11a), whence his use of diagrams and poems to elucidate his system, a method current during the thirteenth century in the so-called Southern school of Taoism.

The first juan comprises poems and five diagrams describing the Inner Alchemical process. Wang Qingsheng's explanations are mostly based on the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇, which is quoted frequently.

The second juan includes a series of *jueju* 絕句 poems in seven-character verse, entitled "Rudao shi 入道詩" (Upon Entering the Tao), as well as a commentary on a

famous *ci*-lyric attributed to LÜ DONGBIN: the "Qinyuan chun 沁園春" (cf. 136 *Lü Chunyang zhenren Qinyuan chun danci zhujie*).

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Sanji zhiming quanti 三極至命箴蹄

By Wang Qingsheng 王慶升, *zi* Guozhai 果齋, *hao* Yuanqing zi 爰清子; after

1244

275 (fasc. 133)

"The Three Ultimates and the Supreme Destiny Ensnared." The author wrote this work after 1244, the last date mentioned in the text. He was the disciple of Master Yao 姚, whose *hao* was Taoyuan zi 桃源子, himself a follower of BO YUCHAN. A certain Yang Caiyin 楊菜隱 instructed Wang in the principles of alchemy in 1243 and of fire-phasing in 1244 (11b). Wang thus belonged to the Southern school of alchemy. He gives a list of the works written by the patriarchs of this lineage and transmitted to their successors (10a–12a).

Following a number of diagrams, with commentary, on Inner Alchemy—including those of the Three Ultimates: Wuji 無極, Taiji 太極, and Huangji 皇極—the author discusses the meaning of the Five Chariots (*wuju* 五車) of, successively, the sheep, the deer, the buffalo, the great buffalo, and the great white buffalo. Wang also discusses the Three Vehicles (*sansheng* 三乘), and there is a commentary on a poem of Outer Alchemy (*waidan* 外丹) by BO YUCHAN ("Ziqing Bo zhenren jinyi dahuan waidan jue 紫清白真人金液大還外丹訣"; 12a–23b), as well as a versified explanation on a song by LÜ DONGBIN ("Chunyang zhenren shuangtian xiaojiao 純陽真人霜天曉角"; 21b–23a). These two texts cannot be found in the works of their respective authors in the *Daozang*. The final part of the present work contains short prose and poetic texts by the author.

Catherine Despeux

Pomi zhengdao ge 破迷正道歌

6 fols.

Attributed to ZHONGLI QUAN 鍾離權, *hao* Zhengyang zhenren 正陽真人; mid-eleventh century

270 (fasc. 133)

"Song for Dispelling Doubts Concerning the Correct Path." This short Inner Alchemical poem is attributed to ZHONGLI QUAN. The date of the poem is difficult to ascertain, since it is nowhere quoted in its present form. One of the earliest works to mention a *Pomi gelun* 破迷歌論 by ZHONGLI QUAN is 275 *Sanji zhiming quanti* 15b (ca. 1250). But in the absence of a quotation, it is impossible to know whether the title refers to our poem. Later, during the Yuan dynasty (1279–1368), a different

poem is quoted under the same title (*Zhengyang weng Zhimi ge* 正陽翁指迷歌; cf. 1067 *Shangyang zi jindan dayao* 9.6a), suggesting that there were several poems with the same title in circulation. There existed, nevertheless, several versions of the poem during the Yuan (cf. 1b of the present text and 281 *Baoyi zi sanfeng laoren danjue* 11b). For example, 139 *Taishang dongzhen ningshen xiuxing jingjue* not only is a reduced version but comprises variants that clearly point to another edition.

The poem, in seven-character verses, seems to have been modeled on another poem attributed to ZHONGLI QUAN that was very much in vogue during the twelfth century. Nonetheless, the present poem does not accept many of the ideas presented in the latter (cf. 1a and 263.26 *Wuzhen pian* [*Xiuzhen shishu* 28.5b]).

The vocabulary and terms employed are based on the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇, in a style resembling that of CHEN NIWAN (cf. 1090 *Cuixu pian*). Moreover, the basic ideas show a marked influence of Chan Buddhism. On the other hand, the poem criticizes popular *neidan* 內丹 techniques described in other texts attributed to ZHONGLI QUAN and LÜ DONGBIN, suggesting that the author of the poem was affiliated with the *Wuzhen pian* group. The alchemical process described in the text is accomplished spontaneously upon the discovery and circulation of the qi of Former Heaven (*xiantian zhi qi* 先天之氣).

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Taishang dongzhen ningshen xiuxing jingjue 太上洞真凝神修行經訣

4 fols.

Late Song (960–1279) or early Yuan (1279–1368)

139 (fasc. 60)

“Instructions from the Book of Practicing Concentration of the Spirit in the Canon of the Cavern of [Penetrating] Truth of the Most High.” This poem in seven-word verses is an abridged version of 270 *Pomi zhengdao ge*, attributed to Zhongli Quan.

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Jinyi huandan yinzheng tu 金液還丹印證圖

23 fols.

By Longmei zi 龍眉子; ca. 1222

151 (fasc. 68)

“Illustrations of the Return of the Liquified Gold to the Cinnabar Field.” This work is a collection of drawings with accompanying poems by Longmei zi, whose real name, like those of many other authors of the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 tradition (e.g., Wuming zi 無名子, mentioned on 19b), is unknown.

There is a preface by Longmei zi dated 1218, but the colophon at the end (17b–18b) was written later, in approximately 1222 (*gengzi* 庚子 is an error for *gengchen* 庚辰).

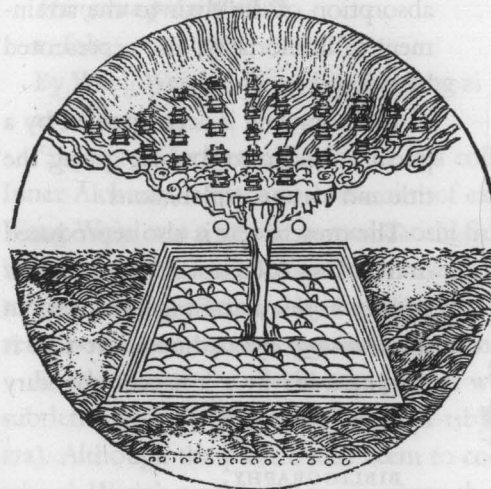


FIGURE 23. Heaven and Earth, to be visualized in the first stage of the inner recreation of the universe (151 2b)



FIGURE 24. Yin and yang, with the vessels of reproduction (151 3a–b)

Another colophon by Wang Jingxuan 王景玄, a Taoist belonging to the lineage of BO YUCHAN, maintains that Bo drew the pictures, but that the poems are by Longmei zi. Since Wang refers to Longmei zi as patriarch (*zushi* 祖師), it is possible that he was the latter's disciple.

The question of the transmission of the present text is linked to the problems surrounding the commentary on the *Wuzhen pian* (on this question, see 141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu*), which is sometimes attributed to Wuming zi (WENG BAOGUANG) and sometimes to XUE DAOGUANG. According to the colophon, Longmei zi belonged to Wuming zi's tradition (see also 141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu*, 142 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian sanzhu*, 143 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen zhizhi xiangshuo sancheng biyao*, 144 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen bian shiyi*, 145 *Wuzhen pian zhushi*, 146 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian jiangyi*, and the introduction to part 3.A.4.c).

During the Yuan period (1279–1368), the work already had its present form (see colophon by Ling Jing 林靜; 18b–20a).

Longmei zi uses the same terminology as Wuming zi in the latter's *Wuzhen pian* commentary. He divides the illustrations into two groups of nine drawings (cf. the preface). The first group represents the beginning of the alchemical experiment as a circle corresponding to Taiji 太極, the One Qi (*yiqi* 一氣) that underlies all change of the expanding universe and that after numerous transformations ends in the formation of the elixir. The second group shows the stages that lead from the



FIGURE 25. Maintaining the immortal principle
(JY 13b-14a)

Danjing jilun 丹經極論

11 fols.

Southern Song (1127-1279)?

235 (fasc. 113)

"Ultimate Treatise on Alchemical Scriptures." This is an anonymous work written after the twelfth century, as the quotation of the patriarch (*zushi* 祖師) on page 2b is in fact extracted from the commentary on the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 by WENG BAOGUANG (see 263.26 *Wuzhen pian* [*Xiuzhen shishu* 29.2b]). In the latter work, this passage is attributed to PENG XIAO; in fact, only the first sentence is by this master (see 1002 *Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi* 2.30a).

The present treatise reiterates WENG BAOGUANG's discussions on Internal and External Medicine (*neiyao* 內藥 and *waiyao* 外藥) and on fire-phasing. The system of fire-phasing is here applied to the respiration techniques of holding one's breath (*biqu* 閉氣) and Embryonic Breathing (*taixi* 胎息). The most original section of the work is that on the method for externalizing the spirits of the body through visualization (*chushen fa* 出神法; 9a-10a).

The poems at the end of the work are said to be lost parts of the *Wuzhen pian* and the *Huandan fuming pian* 還丹復命篇. The last poem, "Wuyan 五言," on page 11b, does figure in 1088 *Huandan fuming pian* 1b.

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absorption of the elixir to the attainment of immortality, also represented by a circle (see figs. 23-25).

Each drawing is accompanied by a poem in seven-word verse, giving the title and various explanations.

The present text is also reproduced in the Ming collections *Daoyan neiwai bijue quanshu* and *Fanghu waishi*. In the *Daozang jiyao* edition, the text is accompanied by a long commentary by Hanchan zi 函蟾子.

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Mingdao pian 明道篇

17 fols.

By Wang Weiyi 王惟一, *hao* Jingyang zi 景陽子; 1304

273 (fasc. 133)

"Pages to Clarify the Tao." This is a collection of eighty-one didactic poems on Inner Alchemy, written with the aim of explaining the arcana of the art to literati. Wang Weiyi was a scholar turned daoshi from Songjiang 松江 (Jiangsu); he died in 1326. The number of poems is, of course, symbolic, and so are the numbers of sixteen seven-word full poems, sixty-four five-word cut-verse poems, one five-word regular verse poem, and twelve irregular verse poems to the tune of *Xijiang yue* 西江月.

In addition to these lyrics, the present work includes a discussion on the artificial subtleties of Inner Alchemy texts (12b-15b) and a Song on Obtaining the Tao (15b-17a). Although the preface may seem to contain an allusion to the Quanzhen 全真 school, Wang's work belongs entirely to the Southern tradition of ZHANG ZIYANG and BO YUCHAN.

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Jinyi dadan koujue 金液大丹口訣

11 fols.

By Zheng Dean 鄭德安, *hao* Chongxu miaoqing Ningzhen zi 冲虛妙靜寧真子

280 (fasc. 134)

"Oral Formula on the Great Elixir of Liquified Gold." According to a note after the title, this text was transmitted (or revealed) by a "Taoist clad in white." The preface is said to be by Zheng Dean, who is also the editor (2a).

The text itself could be of the thirteenth century or somewhat later, since it quotes ZHANG BODUAN (here called *zushi* 祖師, "patriarch"), and also half of a verse from 1088 *Huandan fuming pian* by XUE DAOGUANG.

In the same vein as ZHANG BODUAN, Zheng Dean deals in his preface with the differences and similarities between Buddhists and Taoists and with the problems and dangers of transmission to an unsuitable person (cf. Zhang's preface to the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇). The *jue* 訣 that follows (3a-3b) describes the entire Inner Alchemical process. The rest of the text comprises alchemical poems (of which six are in *ci* 詞 style), a short treatise on the mind (*xin* 心) and the Tao, and a further alchemical poem.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Bixu zi qinchuan zhizhi 碧虛子親傳直指

11 fols.

Attributed to Yang Mingzhen 楊明真, *hao* Bixu zi 碧虛子 (1150–1228)

241 (fasc. 114)

“Instructions Personally Transmitted by Master Bixu.” This is a short treatise on Inner Alchemy, presumably by the Quanzhen 全真 patriarch Yang Mingzhen, whose *hao* was Bixu zi and who was an expert in *neidan* 內丹 (see 955 *Zhongnan shan zhuting xianzhen neizhuan* 2.2b–3b). The introduction states that late in life the writer met Master Haiqiong 海瓊先生—that is, BO YUCHAN—and also a hermit called Anran jushi 安然居士 at the Zhuling cavern-heaven 朱陵洞天, that is, Mount Heng 衡山. Although Yang’s biography does not mention that he traveled to southern China, the meetings are chronologically not impossible. In any case, the present work cannot be by CHEN JINGYUAN, who also used the *hao* Bixu zi (as affirmed by Boltz, *A survey of Taoist literature*, 327 n. 569). The *neidan* methods described here are generally those of the Southern school (Nanzong 南宗), with special reference to the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇.

Kristofer Schipper

Chen Xubo guizhong zhinan 陳虛白規中指南

2 juan

By Chen Chongsu 陳冲素, *hao* Xubo zi 虛白子; Yuan (1279–1368)

243 (fasc. 114)

“True Central Directions by Master Chen Xubo.” This is a treatise on Inner Alchemy characteristically blending elements from the Nanzong 南宗 tradition with that of the Quanzhen 全真 school. The author, in his undated postface (*houxu* 後序), identifies himself as Chen Chongsu, Zhenfang daoren 真放道人 of the Shengzhen xuanhua dongtian 昇真玄化洞天 of the Wuyi 武夷山 Mountains. He must have been a contemporary of the Yuan scholar WU CHENG (1249–1333), as the latter wrote three poems in dedication of another work by Chen, the *Neidan xianmi* 內丹顯秘 (see *Wu Wenzheng ji* 92.29b–30a). In the preface to these poems, Wu states that Chen, a daoshi of the Wuyi Mountains, bestowed his instructions to Yang Qingyuan 楊清遠, his disciple and “student of the *Can[tong qi]*.”

The expression *guizhong* in the title is borrowed from the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契, and means “correctly focused center” (see 2.3a).

Among the authorities quoted, we find predominantly writings from the Nanzong tradition, but Quanzhen masters such as Dan Chuduan 譚處端 and Li Jianyi 李簡易 (*hao* Yuqi zi 玉溪子) are also mentioned.

Kristofer Schipper

Yuqi zi danjing zhiyao 玉谿子丹經指要

3 juan

By Li Jianyi 李簡易, *hao* Yuqi zi 玉谿子 (fl. 1264)

245 (fasc. 115)

“Alchemical Texts: Basic Directions.” This is a collection of writings on Inner Alchemy by a Quanzhen 全真 Taoist. Li Jianyi, a native of Yichun 宜春, was the grandson of Li Guan 李觀 (*hao* Yuqi sou 玉谿叟), an official with a penchant for Taoism (preface 1a–1b). The collection comprises Li Jianyi’s works, all written during different periods: the preface dated 1264, for example, refers only to the first five of the titles in this collection (preface 2b). There are two other prefaces in the collection, one undated (3.7a–8a), the other dated 1266 (3.11b–16b).

According to YU YAN (1258–1314), a collection of Li Jianyi’s writings was published in Changsha (Hunan) at about the same time as Emperor Kublai ordered the burning of Taoist books (1281). YU YAN also mentions a “recent” reedition of the collection printed in Jiangxi. The latter, published together by Peng Shi 彭石 and Po Jianming 頗簡明, comprised four texts by Li Jianyi and several others by Peng Shi himself. Of the four—entitled “Wuzhen zhiyao 悟真指要,” “Xihuang zuoyong 羲皇作用,” “Guishi tu 規十圖,” and “Xinyin jing jie 心印經解”—only the first three texts are included in the present work (cf. *Xishang futan* 2. 11a).

The present collection was printed by Wang Gui 王桂 in 1354. It was entitled “The Ten Books” (*shishu* 十書) because it included nine works by Li Jianyi and one by his contemporary Peng Chongyang 彭重陽 (see Wang’s note, 3.18a–19a). The collection includes a preface by Li Jianyi (dated 1264) and a supplement on the main lines of transmission from Taoist masters of the Song Dynasty and their disciples. The texts areas follows:

Juan 1. (1) “Wuzhen pian zhiyao 悟真篇指要,” an explanation of the system of the famous Inner Alchemical work, the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇, with Li’s own interpretation.

Juan 2. (2) “Changsheng jiushi zhi shu 長生久視之書” (1a–8a), a commentary on an alchemical interpretation of the *Yinfu jing* 陰符經 by Yang gu 楊谷. (3) “Bianhuo lu 辯惑論” (8a–12b), a short treatise demonstrating that the methods employed in Inner Alchemy are not inferior to those of Chan Buddhism. (4–5) “Danfang fayu 丹房法語” and “Xihuang zuoyong 羲皇作用” (12b–16b), two essays on the methods and aims of *neidan*: the basis of all practice lies, according to Li Jianyi, in mental concentration. A part of the “Danfang fayu” is included in 579 *Yangsheng bilu* under the heading “Danfang yulu 丹房語錄,” which comprises an additional oral instruction (*koujue* 口訣) missing in our text.

Juan 3. (6) “Zhang Ziyang zeng Bolong dong daoren ge 張紫陽贈白龍洞道人歌”

(1a–6b), a commentary to a poem by ZHANG BODUAN. (7) “Guichong tu 規中圖” (7a–11a); the text is preceded by an undated preface, but a summary included in 579 *Yangsheng bilu* 2a, with the title “Yuqi zi Yichun xinjie 玉谿子宜春心訣,” bears the date 1269 (the name of the author is mistakenly written Li Gongming 李公明). The text, which begins with a diagram, deals with methods of meditation and circulation of qi. (8) “Jie Chunyang zhenren Qinyuan chun 解純陽真人沁園春” (11b–16b), a commentary on a famous *ci*-lyric attributed to Lǚ DONGBIN (cf. 136 *Lǚ Chunyang zhenren Qinyuan chun danci zhujie*). The preface is dated 1266 (11b). (9) “Miyu shi 密語時” (16b–17a), comprises five poems, probably by Peng Shi 彭石 (cf. *Xishang futan* 2.11a). (10) “Zan Chunyang xiang 讚春陽像” (17b–19a), a short text commemorating a statue of Lǚ DONGBIN by Peng Chongyang 彭重陽, followed by a note by Wang Gui, dated 1352 and written on the occasion of the printing of the present collection.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Changsheng zhiyao pian 長生指要篇

19 fols.

By Lin Ziran 林自然, hao Huiyang zi 回陽子; 1250

1099 (fasc. 743)

“Essays on the Essentials [of the Search for] Long Life.” These essays were composed by Lin Ziran, who for a long time had tried in vain to obtain the Gold-Elixir, that is, the success of the meditative and respiratory means of self-cultivation. In Fujian, Lin Ziran had met with an otherwise unknown zhenren, Mr. Lu 陸公真人, who hailed from Sichuan. Mr. Lu instructed Lin Ziran in the art of fire-phasing, and as a result Lin Ziran was successful. He wrote the seven tracts of this work in order to provide others with helpful didactic texts (see the preface, dated 1250).

The seven texts begin with the words “Huiyang zi says.” They contain *neidan* 內丹 theories about the conditions of human existence. The author speaks about WEI BOYANG as “ancestor” (15a) and quotes, among others, [ZHANG] ZIYANG (6b, 7b), placing himself clearly within the tradition of the alchemy of the Song period. At the end of the text, Lin Ziran gives a chart presenting time phases and their emblematic correspondences.

Florian C. Reiter

Zazhu zhixuan pian 雜著指玄篇

8 juan

By BO YUCHAN 白玉蟾, zi Ziqing 紫清, et al.; ca. 1225

263.1 *Xiuzhen shishu* 1–8 (fasc. 122)

“Directions to Mystery: A Miscellany.” This text comprises treatises and poems by BO YUCHAN, his teachers, and his disciples on the subject of Inner Alchemy. It

is listed in the *Qianqing tang shumu* 16.25a as *Bo Yuchan zhixuan pian* 白玉蟾指玄篇 eight juan. One of the texts in the present work is dated 1244 (1.10a). It is, however, not included in YU YAN’s (fl. 1284) list of BO YUCHAN’s works (cf. *Xishang futan* 2.7b). The *Daoyan neiwai bijue* 道言內外秘訣 is nevertheless by BO YUCHAN and another miscellany entitled *Ziqing* [that is, *Bo Yuchan*] *zhixuan ji* 紫清指玄集 figures in the *Daozang jinghua lu* (*Shumu leibian* 53.24074).

Most of the pieces included in this collection can be found elsewhere, as indicated below:

Juan 1. “Bo Xiansheng jindan huohou tu 白先生金丹火候圖,” an introduction to the *Jindan huohou tu* with explanations by Bo’s disciples; see 1309 *Haiqiong chuan-dao ji*.

Juan 2. “Huanyuan pian 還源篇”; see 1091 *Huanyuan pian*.

Juan 3. “Ziting jing 紫庭經”; see 1090 *Cuixu pian*, “Yinfu sui 陰符髓,” a condensed version of 119 *Yinfu jing sanhuang yujue*.

Juan 4. “Xiuxian bianhuo lun 修仙辯惑論”; see “Gushen busi lun 谷神不死論,” *Yinyang shengjiang lun* 陰陽升降論, and “Danfang fayu 丹房法語.”

The four titles listed above are also ascribed to BO YUCHAN in the *Daozang jinghua lu*. The “Xiuxian bianhuo lun” is one of the treatises included in the *Zhixuan pian* in the *Daoyan neiwai bijue quanshu*.

Juan 5. “Jindan sibaizi 金丹四百字”; see 1081 *Jindan sibaizi*.

Juan 6. “Xie Zhang Ziyang shu 謝張紫陽書” (see *Daoyan neiwai bijue quanshu*, *Daozang jinghua lu* and *Xie xianshi jishu ci* 謝仙師寄書詞. Both of these works by BO YUCHAN are mentioned in *Xishang futan*.

Juan 7. Poems ascribed to XU JINGYANG and ZHONGLI QUAN; “Dansui ge 丹髓歌” (by XUE DAOGUANG); see 1088 *Huandan fuming pian*.

Juan 8. “Weisheng ge 衛生歌,” by Xishan xiansheng 西山先生.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Jindan dacheng ji 金丹大成集

5 juan

By Xiao Tingzhi 蕭廷 [var. 挺] 芝, zi Yuanrui 元瑞, hao Liaozhen zi 了真子 (fl.

1260)

263.9 *Xiuzhen shishu* 9–13 (fasc. 123)

“Collected Works on the Great Accomplishment of the Elixir.” The author was a disciple of PENG SI, one of BO YUCHAN’s most famous followers (cf. Xiao Tingzhi’s preface, dated 1260, in 687 *Daode zhenjing san jie*, preface, 8a). According to another source, Xiao Tingzhi, a native of Fuzhou 福州 (Fujian), possessed two style-names (zi 字): Yuanrui and Tianlai 天來 (cf. *Quan Song ci* 4.2777).

The present work is quoted frequently in 1005 *Zhouyi cantong qi fahui* (e.g., 3.3b;

5.18b; 6.2b). Since the latter has a preface dated 1284, the second half of the thirteenth century would seem the latest date for the collection.

The work begins with diagrams illustrating the interaction of *qi* and *jing* 精 in the *neidan* 內丹 process, their circulation, and the rules of fire-phasing (9.1a–7b). These diagrams are followed by three poems and a treatise on the cyclically transformed elixir. The entire *juan* 10 comprises definitions of *neidan* nomenclature, in recorded conversations (*yulu* 語錄) form. This part is entitled “Jindan wenda 金丹問答” (Questions and Answers on the Elixir). It is also included in 579 *Yangsheng bilu* 19a–32b and is reproduced in the collection *Jindan jiwèn* 金丹集問 (*juan* 1) compiled by Hu Wenhuan 胡文煥 (fl. 1596), in *Gezhi congshu* 格致叢書.

Juan 11 and 12 comprise poems in different styles; two of these are addressed to friends (12.5b–6a), the remainder are on *neidan* themes. The *ci*-lyrics in 12.7a–12b are reproduced in *juan* 7 and 8 of 1100 *Minghe yuyin* (edited in 1347), without attribution. In *juan* 13 we have a commentary on the *Cui gong ruyao jing* 崔公入藥鏡 (on this work, cf. 135 *Cui gong ruyao jing zhujie*, where Xiao’s gloss is quoted extensively) and one on Lü DONGBIN’s *ci*-lyric, the *Qinyuan chun* 沁園春 (cf. 136 *Lü Chunyang zhenren Qinyuan chun danci zhujie*).

The *Daozang jiyao* edition, titled *Jindan dacheng*, is incomplete.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

3.A.4.d Other *Neidan* Traditions

Qinxuan fu 禽玄賦

10 fols.

260 (fasc. 121)

“Rhapsody of Grasping Mystery.” A short and elegantly written treatise on Inner Alchemy in nine parts, of unknown authorship and date. Although no sources are quoted, the work makes extensive use of the metaphorical language of the Zhong-Lü school as exemplified in the *Zhong-Lü chuandao ji* 鍾呂傳道集 (263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 14–16). It should therefore date from the Northern Song period (960–1127).

Kristofer Schipper

Taiqing yuanji zhimiao shenzhu yuke jing 太清元極至妙神珠玉顆經

37 fols.

865 (fasc. 578)

“Most Pure Book of the Divine Pearl and the Jade Bead and Supreme Wonder of the Original Principle.” As explained in the beginning of the text, “divine pearl” here refers to the essence of the sun, and “jade bead” to that of the moon. The anonymous author quotes a *Kaitian ji* 開天記 that remains to be identified.

This is a guide to the Inner Alchemy practice modeled on the sixty-four hexagrams of the *Yijing* 易經. The system of this kind of practice corresponds to that of 999 *Zhouyi cantong qi*, but this work is only indirectly quoted here on page 36a, under the name of its reputed author, WEI BOYANG. The hexagram cycle can be performed on a monthly or daily basis. The latter variant, with two *gua* 卦 on which to model the practice, is in fact that which is also most widely used by the adepts of the above-mentioned work. The present text also proposes an hourly practice, and finally a combination of the three.

Among the practical instructions, the text (page 35b) explains that for the realization of a yang “stroke” (*yao* 爻) in a given hexagram, the adept should hold his or her breath during a period of time corresponding to thirty-six ordinary respirations and then swallow three times, whereas for a yin stroke the time should be that of twenty-four respirations, also followed by swallowing three times. Each time the energy should be forcefully guided downward to the Cinnabar Field (*dantian* 丹田).

This practical and simple guide of uncertain date is useful for the understanding of modern *neidan* 內丹 practice.

Kristofer Schipper

Zituan danjing 紫團丹經

19 fols.

Southern Song (1127–1279)

878 (fasc. 581)

“Alchemy of the [Master of the] Purple Coil.” This is a short treatise on sexual alchemy. The presence of an incomplete rendering of the character *kuang* 匡 (a Song taboo), together with a number of citations from authors of the Northern Song dynasty such as ZHANG BODUAN (984–1082), allow us to date the present text to the Southern Song period. A remark at the end of the book states: “This book is not about the great alchemical way. It has never been known that one can obtain immortality by mounting women. The reason why [the book] is preserved here is in order to warn off those who might be deluded. This is not something to practice in order to become an immortal.”

If there is a sexual innuendo in the author’s *hao*, it is difficult to identify. The text itself is rather explicit, as it states that the prescribed methods are useful for preserving one’s sexual energy in order to be able to accomplish his duties to his parents, that is, to beget children (3b). The author explains that the male orgasm is *taiyang liuzhu* 太陽流珠 and the female orgasm *taiyin xuanzhu* 太陰玄珠. Each female menstrual period corresponds to six moon phases of five days. One of these is the menstrual period of Vermilion Liquid (*chishui* 赤水), whereas during each of the remaining five periods women produce mercury (*gong* 汞) that can be turned into gold. The red liquid of

the menses is “kidney water” and corresponds to lead (*qian* 鉛). The clear red liquid produced toward the end of the menstruation is a drug that should be culled (*cai* 採) at midnight. The calendar calculations for choosing the most appropriate moment are highly complex. The technique calls for *coitus reservatus* (18b).

Many poetic terms are listed for the female sexual organs, most commonly “furnace of the reclining moon” (*yanyue lu* 偃月爐; 17a–19a).

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Yangsheng bilu 養生秘錄

32 fols.

Early Yuan (1279–1368)

579 (fasc. 321)

“Secret Records on Tending Life.” This work is a good example of eclectic compilations popular during the Mongol period. The present anthology draws mainly upon Nanzong 南宗 sources of the southern (alchemical) tradition but also refers to other traditions. It includes seven texts. The first is “Recorded Sayings from the Cinnabar Room of Master Yuqi” (*Yuqi zi danfang yulu* 玉溪子丹房語錄, 1a–b), an abridged version of 245 *Yuqi zi danjing zhiyao* 2.13. The following oral instructions (*koujue* 口訣, 1b) must be the continuation of the preceding text, but they do not figure in 245 *Danjing zhiyao*. The “Rote Instructions of Master Yuxu from Yichun” (*Yuxu zi Yichun xinjue* 玉虛子宜春心訣, 2a–5a), with the chart of the focused center (*Guizhong tu* 規中圖), derive from the same source (245 *Danjing zhiyao* 3.7a–10b). The fourth text, “Internal Meaning of the Yellow Center” (*Zhonghuang neizhi* 中黃內旨, 5a–8b), consists of three quotations: one by Yuzhen xiansheng 玉真先生 (LIU YU, patriarch of the Jingming zhongxiao 淨明忠孝 school; this text does not figure in 1110 *Jingming zhongxiao quanshu* but is close in content to the second juan of this work); one by the Three True Lords Mao 三茅真君, and the last by Yuqi zhenren 玉谿真人 (this text does not figure in 245 *Yuqi zi danjing zhiyao*).

The fifth text, “Straightforward Instructions on Alchemical Classics by the Old Man Green Mist” (*Qingxia weng danjing zhizhi* 青霞翁丹經直指, 8b–18a, a subtitle; the title *Siduan jin* 四段錦 does not seem to fit the text) is a work by an anonymous disciple of BO YUCHAN, dated 1244. The next item, “Song of the Great Tao” (*Dadao ge* 大道歌, 18a–19a) is without indication of authorship but is actually a work by the Thirtieth Heavenly Master, Zhang Jixian 張繼先 (1092–1126; see 1249 *Sanshi dai tianshi Xujing zhenjun yulu* 3.1a, also included in 1257 *Qunxian yaoyu zuanji* 2.2b). It is followed by two glosses. The last and longest text, “Questions and Answers Concerning Alchemy” (*Jindan wenda* 金丹問答, 19a–32b, without indication of authorship), is the same text as 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 10, where it is attributed to Xiao Tingzhi 蕭廷芝 (fl. 1260), a second generation disciple of BO YUCHAN.

Vincent Goossaert

Yin zhenjun huandan ge zhu 陰真君還丹歌註

9 fols.

Commentary by CHEN TUAN 陳搏, hao Xiyi 希夷 (d. 989); poem: Five Dynasties (907–960) or earlier; commentary: early Song (960–1279) 134 (fasc. 59)

“Commentary on Yin Zhenjun’s Song of the Cyclically Transformed Elixir.” This text comprises a short alchemical poem ascribed to Yin Changsheng 陰長生 (Yin zhenjun 陰真君), a legendary Han Taoist, and a commentary by CHEN TUAN (d. 989). The poem is first listed in the *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku qieshu mu* as *Yin zhenjun da huandan ge* 陰真君大還丹歌 in one juan, but the *Song shi* gives the present title, omitting the character *da* 大 (VDL 139). It must antedate the Song dynasty, however, since PENG XIAO (fl. 974) quotes it during the Five Dynasties (cf. 1002 *Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi* 2.22a, 3.11b).

The poem describes the Inner Alchemical process, beginning with the union of two inner ingredients and their purification (3b–8b), a process that finally culminates in the completion of a cyclically transformed elixir of immortality (9b).

The commentary, attributed to the famous Taoist master CHEN TUAN, uses the nomenclature of the sexual arts (*fangzhong* 房中) and interprets the poem as a technique of augmenting and refining the seminal essence (*xiayuan jing* 下元精). This particular commentary is not mentioned in any of CHEN TUAN’s biographies, but he is known to have written a book on a similar subject. This book, the *Zhixuan pian* 指玄篇, is described in Chen’s biography in *Song shi* 457.13421 as a work dealing with “gymnastics, the art of nourishing [the vital principle], and the cyclically transformed elixir” (*Yan dao yang ji huandan zhi shi* 言導養及還丹之事). Since many books were forged in CHEN TUAN’s name during the Northern Song (960–1127), the authorship of the commentary remains uncertain.

The poem is reproduced with minor variations in 927 *Taiqing yubei zi* 11a.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Cui gong ruyao jing zhujie 崔公入藥鏡註解

16 fols.

By WANG JIE 王玠, hao Hunran zi 混然子; ca. 1331

135 (fasc. 60)

“Commentary on Master Cui’s Mirror on the Admixture of Ingredients.” The title refers to a short poem in three-character lines by a certain Mr. Cui. The origin of this poem is unclear. There are many works of the Song period (960–1279) with the title *Ruyao jing* 入藥鏡 (VDL 134), in either one or three juan. ZENG ZAO (ca. 1151) possessed two completely different works with the same title (see 1017 *Daoshu* 37.12b). More than a century later, Xia Yuanding 夏元鼎 had seven (see 109 *Huangdi yinfu jing jiangyi* 4.14a). The *Ruyao jing* quoted by Xia Yuanding is a poem in five-character lines (cf. 146 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian jiangyi* 1.3b).

The earliest version of the *Ruyao jing* is a Tang (618–907) alchemical poem in five-character lines. This poem may well have been provided with explanations in prose by the alchemist Cui Xuanzhen 崔玄真 of Minshan 岷山 (Sichuan). Although the full title of this work was *Jinbi qiantong ruyao huojing ji* 金碧潛通入藥火鏡記, in one juan (*Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe”; see VDL 119), we find this work also referred to as *Jinbi qiantong huo ji* 火記 (901 *Shiyao erya* 2.3b; preface dated 806); *Jinbi ruyao huojing* 金碧入藥火鏡 (233 *Huandan zhongxian lun* 10b; preface dated 1052); *Cui gong ruyao jing* 崔公入藥鏡 (900 *Danfang xuzhi* 12a; preface dated 1163); or simply as *Yaojing* 藥鏡 (1086 *Yuzhuang xiehou lu* 7a). According to a note in the *Xin Tang shu*, “Yiwen zhi,” Cui Xuanzhen lived during the Tianbao era (742–756).

A second version of the *Ruyao jing* is linked to the name of Lǚ DONGBIN; it is called the *Tianyuan ruyao jing* 天元入藥鏡. A fragment of this text is quoted in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 21.6b–9b, as an introduction to a diagram and a poem about the Yin-Tiger and the Yang-Dragon and their relation to the Trigrams *kan* 坎 and *li* 離. The fragment is signed Cui Xifan 崔希範, *hao* Zhiyi zhenren 至一真人, and dated 940.

As to the latter poem, we find it referred to in a text attributed to Lǚ DONGBIN: 1055 *Chunyang zhenren huncheng ji* 2.4b, where it is linked explicitly to the *Ruyao jing*. The same poem is quoted extensively during Song and Yuan (1279–1368) times in relation to the transmission of the *Ruyao jing* to Lǚ DONGBIN (1017 *Daoshu* 37.4b; 246 *Xishan qunxian huizhen ji* 2.4a–b; 1067 *Shangyang zi jindan dayao* 6.4a). According to ZENG ZAO, the *Tianyuan ruyao jing* was originally a manual for sexual practices that later was given a correct interpretation by Lǚ DONGBIN (1017 *Daoshu* 3.4a, 6b), which may be the reason that Zeng gives only the section headings and not the actual text (37.12b–16a). These headings appear to be the final section of the *Tianyuan ruyao jing* but should actually follow the introduction given in the 263 *Xiuzhen shishu*. Lǚ DONGBIN’s biography in the LZTT 45.2b claims that Lü received the *Ruyao jing* from Cui gong himself in 881. However, the citation that follows this indication refers to the present poem in three-character lines.

A third version of the *Ruyao jing* is the *Ruyao jing shangpian* 上篇 (1017 *Daoshu* 37.1a–12b), a text that employs Buddhist terminology (*jingang* 金剛, *wulun* 五輪, *xinyin* 心印, etc.). A long passage of this same text quoted in 263.17 *Zazhu jiejing* (*Xiuzhen shishu* 21.4b) uses the same vocabulary but seems to come from a slightly different version.

Finally, there is our present version in three-character lines. It is also attributed to Cui Xifan. We find it for the first time in a complete form in the *Jindan dacheng ji* (263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 13.1a–9b) by Xiao Tingzhi 蕭廷芝 (fl. 1260). From that time (late Song [960–1279] and early Yuan [1279–1368]), this version became the standard, and all quotations of Cui gong and *Ruyao jing* refer to it (see 141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen*

pian zhushu 3.13b and 5.21b; 142 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian sanzhu* 3.6a, 4.21a and 26a; 1005 *Zhouyi cantong qi fahui* 5.22a and 6.29b; etc.).

YU YAN, in *Xishang futan* (2.5b), claims that the author of the *Ruyao jing* lived on Bohe shan 白鶴山 in Hunan, and he mentions the commentaries by Xia Yuanding, Chu Yong 儲泳, and Xiao Tingzhi. The *Zhizhai shulu jieti* (VDL 134) gives Yuanshan 遠山 (for 遠 read 袁), in Jiangxi, as the residence of the author.

WANG JIE, the commentator of our present text, was a contemporary of CHEN ZHIXU (before 1331). He interprets the poem as a guide to the Inner Alchemical process, to be performed every night from 7 P.M. to 5 A.M. Wang first describes breath control, then the interaction of yin and yang, and finally fire-phasing and the formation of the elixir.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Lü Chunyang zhenren Qinyuan chun danci zhujie

呂純陽真人沁園春丹詞註解

11 fols.

Attributed to Lǚ YAN 呂喆, *hao* Chunyang zhenren; commentary by YU YAN 俞琰, *hao* Quanyang zi, Linwu shanren 林屋山人全陽子 (1258–1314)

136 (fasc. 60)

“Explication of the Alchemical Lyric ‘Spring in the Garden by the Qin’ by the Zhenren Lü Dongbin.” The *Qinyuan chun* 沁園春 is an alchemical *ci* 詞-lyric ascribed to Lü Yan, better known as Lǚ DONGBIN, who composed the tune of the same name. Although it is not mentioned in any bibliography, it can be traced back to the eleventh century since the story of its transmission is recounted by Liu Fu 劉斧 (1040–after 1113) in *Qingsuo gaoyi* 8.82. The poem was revealed to a *jinsshi* 進士, Cui Zhong 崔中, in the city of Yueyang 岳陽 in Hunan (see Baldrian-Hussein, “Yüeh-yang”).

The poem describes the *neidan* 內丹 process, here called *Qifan huandan* 七返還丹 (seven-times cyclically transformed elixir): the collection of the True Yang at the hour of *zi* 子, its union with True Yin to obtain the Seed, the purification by fire-phasing, and finally the accumulation of merit and transfiguration. The Yuan commentator YU YAN (cf. 1005 *Zhouyi cantong qi fahui*) interprets the poem according to the practices of his school. The main interest of this commentary lies in the wealth of books and authors quoted by the commentator.

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Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Longhu zhongdan jue 龍虎中丹訣

7 fols.

228 (fasc. 112)

"Instructions for [the Acquisition of] the Central Elixir from [the Union of] the Dragon and the Tiger." This is a short treatise on Inner Alchemy. This undated text is stylistically modern (e.g., the seven-word poems at the end) and concerns a variety of practices. In addition to the meditative and respiratory exercises for the conception of the immortal embryo (*tai* 胎), illustrated through the hexagrams of the *Yijing* 易經 (e.g., *fu* 復 for introduction and *gou* 姤 for conception), the methodology calls for the recitation of spells in order to activate the energies of essence (*jing* 精), qi, and spirit (*shen* 神) for the transformation of the body. A series of nine poems describes the entire cycle, ending in delivery (*tuo* 脫), in terms of nine phases (*hou* 候) taking nine years.

Kristofer Schipper

Huandan bijue yang chizi shenfang 還丹祕訣養赤子神方

6 fols.

By Xu Ziwei 許子微, *zi* Mingdao 明道; end of the twelfth century

232 (fasc. 112)

"Divine Recipes for Nourishing the Infant according to the Secret Process of Returned Cinnabar." The work explains in ten points the alchemical principles that lead to the production of the spiritual Infant. When the latter is able to leave the body through the fontanel, it should be nourished during three years, and then during nine symbolical years.

During the years 1174–1189, Xu Ziwei began to search for a master. He met Peng Mengqu 彭夢籛 on Mount Tongbo 桐柏 (in southwestern Henan, on the border with Hubei). Orally and with the help of diagrams, Peng transmitted the Way of Returned Cinnabar to Xu in the temple of Huaidu 淮瀆廟.

At the end of the text, Xu gives the lineage of the transmission of the *xiuzhen* 修真 from Zhang Tiangang 張天罡 to Peng Mengqu, Xiao Yingsou 蕭應叟, Xu Ziwei, and Lin Yuanding 林元鼎. In this lineage, Xu is presented as a native of Shanxi province, whereas here, in the indications given with his name on the first page, he hails from Xishan 西山.

Catherine Despeux

Gushen pian 谷神篇

2 juan

By Lin Yuan 林巖, *zi* Shenfeng 神鳳, *hao*

Xuanchao zi 玄巢子; preface dated 1304

252 (fasc. 119)

"Dissertation on the Spirit of the Valley" (figs. 26–27). This is a popular treatise on Inner Alchemy. The author, from Fujian (Minxiang 閩鄉, preface, 4b), gives Wufu 五福 (unidentified) as his place of origin. He defines the tradition to which he belongs as coming from Han Xiaoyao 韓逍遙, whereas his own teacher was a certain Yu Yu 郁郁, *zi* Lian 蘆菴 (preface, 6a). Han Xiaoyao is known through a quotation from his work, the *Neizhi tongxuan bijue* 內指通玄秘訣 in 1005 *Zhouyi cantong qi fahui* 1.11b.

There is another preface (dated 1315) by Zhao Congshan 趙從善, *zi* Sixuan 思玄, who had the work printed.

The work is composed mostly of poems and short dissertations. The main topic is Inner Alchemy, but other, more general topics are addressed. The virtue of the *Beidou jing* 北斗經 (the Dipper scripture) is sung (1.12a), as is the efficacy of the charm water of the Hunyuan rites (*Hunyuan fushui* 混元符水; 1.9b and 1.14b). There are also other references to liturgical Taoism, as well as to sexual practice (2.16b). There is no mention of Quanzhen 全真 Taoism.

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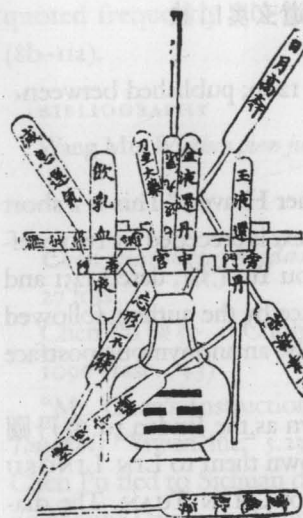


FIGURE 26. Representation of the crucible with the different stages of the alchemical process (252 2.2a)

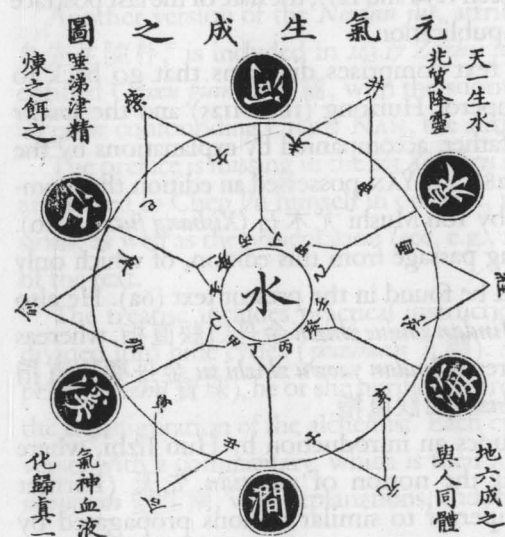


FIGURE 27. Water as the primordial element and its devolution (252 2.9a)

***Xiantian jindan dadao xuanao koujue* 先天金丹大道玄奧口訣**

11 fols.

By Huo Jizhi 霍濟之, *zi* Juchuan 巨川; completed ca. 1249; published between 1254 and 1257

279 (fasc. 134)

"Arcane Formula of the Great Alchemical Way of Former Heaven." This is a short Inner Alchemical work that includes some diagrams. The text is preceded by two prefaces by friends of the author, Liu Zicheng 劉子澄 and You Yu 尤燭, dated 1251 and 1249, respectively. The work ends with an undated postface by the author, followed by a preface by Guo Sanyi 郭三益 (dated 1119) and, finally, an anonymous postface dated 1257.

The author, Huo Jizhi, claims that the diagrams known as the *Jindan tu* 金丹圖 originally belonged to his great-grandfather, who had shown them to LIN LINGSU who, in turn, immediately recognized them as the work of CHEN TUAN. The diagrams came into the possession of Guo Sanyi, who returned them to the Huo family, with which he had close ties. Later, Huo Jizhi's father, a Taoist, realized the meaning of these diagrams and subsequently wrote a *koujue* 口訣 (oral instruction) on them.

He had not yet published this work as intended when he died in 1254. It was printed by his son shortly afterward. Although no precise date is indicated, the printing must have taken place between 1254 and 1257, the date of the last postface mentioning the publication.

The present text comprises diagrams that go back to the reign of Emperor Huizong (1100–1125) and the *koujue* by Huo Jizhi's father, accompanied by explanations by the author (see fig. 28). YU YAN possessed an edition that comprised a preface by You Mushu 尤木石 (*Xishang futan* 2.8b). He quotes a long passage from this edition, of which only one sentence can be found in the present text (6a). He also gives the title as *Jindan koujue zhizhi* 金丹口訣直指, whereas the present text reads *Jindan yaowu zhizhi tu* 金丹藥物直指圖 and *Koujue zhizhi* 口訣直指.

The text includes an introduction by Huo Jizhi, where he explains that the notion of *xiantian* 先天 (Former Heaven) was superior to similar notions propagated by Chan practitioners (*zuo Chan* 坐禪), that is, adepts of Xingzong 性宗. Following this introduction are diagrams and explanations based on the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇, which is

圖根歸

FIGURE 28. Illustration of Returning to the Root (279 3b)

quoted frequently (3b–7a); alchemical poems (7a–8a); and finally the postfaces (8b–11a).

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Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

***Chen xiansheng neidan jue* 陳先生內丹訣**

27 fols.

Chen Pu 陳朴, *zi* Chongyong 沖用; after 1078

1096 (fasc. 743)

"Mr. Chen's Instructions on the Inner Elixir." This text is first mentioned in the *Tongzhi*, "Yiwen lue," 5.23a. According to the short anonymous preface, however, Chen Pu fled to Sichuan during the turmoil of the Five Dynasties (907–960). It was on Mount Damian of Qingcheng 青城山 of this province that he met ZHONGLI QUAN and LÜ DONGBIN and was initiated into the Tao. In 1078, he encountered the statesman Zhang Fangping 張方平 in Nandu 南都 (present Nanyang 南陽 in Henan). Zhang's presence in Nanking during this period is attested in the *Song shi* 318.10353 ff. The book, however, became popular only in the twelfth century. It was transmitted to Huainan yesou 淮南野叟 by Chen (preface). This transmission is also mentioned in a preface dated 1264 (cf. 245 *Yuqi zi danjing zhiyao* 1.1a–1b).

Another version of the *Neidan jue*, attributed to "Niwan xiansheng Chen Pu 泥丸先生陳朴," is included in 263.17 *Zazhu jiejing* (*Xiuzhen shishu* 17). This version is entitled *Cuixu pian* 翠虛篇, with the subtitle *Jiuzhuan jindan bijue* 九轉金丹秘訣, an error confounding CHEN NAN, the author of 1090 *Cuixu pian*, with Chen Pu.

The preface is missing in the 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* version, and there the commentary, attributed to Chen Pu himself in our text, is titled *jie* 解. Many additions and omissions, as well as the presentation (see, e.g., 1a–1b, 6b–7a), point to a different edition of the text.

The treatise includes practical instructions on *neidan* 內丹, the methods being divided into nine cycles (*jiuzhuan* 九轉). After the adept has acquired the precious pearl (*baozhu* 寶珠), he or she purifies it through fire-phasing. The last cycle ends with the transfiguration of the alchemist. Each cycle is described by a poem in seven-word verse, with a commentary, which is then followed by a *ci*-lyric to the tune of *Wang jiangnan* 望江南, with explanations, and, finally, by instructions in prose.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Dongyuan zi neidan jue 洞元子內丹訣

2 juan

Northern Song (960–1127)?

1097 (fasc. 743)

“Inner Elixir Explained by Master Dongyuan.” The work is listed in the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe,” 5.23a, as comprising one juan. The author, Dongyuan zi 洞元子, was well-versed in both Taoist and Confucian literature. The Taoist Feng Dongyuan 馮洞元 (fl. 936–968) was just such a scholar (cf. 1285 *Yisheng baode zhuan* 2.1a). The title Dongyuan 洞元, however, was bestowed upon several adepts during the reigns of Zhenzong (997–1022) and Huizong (1100–1125). Shen Ruoji 沈若濟 (d. 1131), who was one of these adepts, practiced both *neidan* 內丹 and *waidan* 外丹 (cf. 304 *Maoshan zhi* 16.5a–5b).

In the preface, the author declares his intention of giving a clearer account of the alchemical process than the *Cantong qi taiyi zhi tu* 參同契太一至圖, a work no longer extant, yet his own text is certainly abstruse. It is divided into twenty-one sections (*pian* 篇) and makes use of *Yijing* 易經 terminology to explain the purification of the Three Cinnabar Fields (*dantian* 丹田) through the preservation of the seminal essence, meditation, the practice of moral virtues, and the art of conducting the qi to the brain (preface and 1.1a–1b).

Juan 1 explains the origin of “true ingredients” and the process of transformation using eight hexagrams. Each discussion of the hexagram is followed by a quotation from the *Yijing* (*zhuan* 篆) and a poem (*jue*).

Juan 2 comprises several discussions on meditation (2.5b ff.) and the circulation of the inner light (*shengguang* 神光). The last *pian* uses hexagrams to explain the process of birth and death and its reversal to obtain immortality.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

3.A.5 Alchemy

In the course of the Tang dynasty (618–907), alchemical theory and practice were greatly transformed under the influence of works such as the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 and the *Guwen longhu jing* 古文龍虎經. These and other related texts were instrumental in the development of Inner Alchemy (*neidan* 內丹) as opposed to laboratory or elixir alchemy (*waidan* 外丹). As is evident from the previous section, *neidan* gradually became an almost entirely distinct form of practice. The present section contains all the texts of the Song (960–1279) and later periods that explicitly concern *waidan*.

The evolution of alchemy has often been explained as the result of a reaction against laboratory alchemy, which was held responsible for many cases of elixir poisoning, especially during the late Tang. However, as the present section bears out, laboratory alchemy by no means became defunct, even if the relatively small number of major texts and manuals clearly indicates a decline when compared with the number of texts from the medieval period. It is also remarkable in this respect that the works that can be dated to the Northern Song period (960–1127) are still relatively numerous. The last major manuals on laboratory alchemy, such as the *Gengdao ji* 康道集, date from the Southern Song (1127–1279) period. *Waidan* texts become scarce in the Yuan (1279–1368) and Ming (1368–1644) periods.

Xuexian bianzhen jue 學仙辨真訣

6 fols.

Northern Song (960–1127)?

138 (fasc. 60)

“Instructions for Discerning Truth in the Study of Immortality.” This small treatise on theoretical alchemy is mentioned for the first time in the *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” 4.5198 (see VDL 159). It consists mainly of an explication of 922 *Huanjin shu* by TAO ZHI (d. 825).

The text is composed of five paragraphs discussing the true alchemical ingredients, and, finally, of a poem called “Zimu ge 子母歌” (Song of the Mother and Child). This poem was well known by the end of the twelfth century (see the commentary of WENG BAOGUANG in 141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu* 4.15a and 145 *Wuzhen pian zhushi* 2.20b). The present work may therefore be of the same period. In the preface, however, the author mentions only the five paragraphs and does not speak of the poem and its commentary. These works could have been added to the work at a later stage.

The poem has been attributed elsewhere to ZHONGLI QUAN (see 1258 *Zhuzhen neidan jiyao* 1.1b; this is a later text, where the poem is called “Huandan ge 還丹歌” [Song of the Cyclical Elixir]). Another work quotes the poem as an “ancient song” (*guge* 古歌; see 261 *Jindan fu* 26b).

The five paragraphs are titled “Discerning the Truth,” “The Jewel,” “Liquid Silver,” “Mercury,” and “Understanding the Alchemical Process.” According to the author, this treatise gives the essential features of the art of the Liquified Gold (*jinyi zhi shu* 金液之術).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Jinhua yuyi dadan 金華玉液大丹

19 fols.

Song (960–1279)?

910 (fasc. 590)

“Great Elixirs of the Golden Flower and the Jade Liquor.” The title of this collection of alchemical recipes is taken from the text of the first recipe (1a–2b), where *jinhua* 金華 (golden flower) and *yuyi* 玉液 (jade liquor) are the names of two intermediate stages in the preparation of the *zixia dan* 紫霞丹 (Elixir of the Purple Mist). The use of *qian* 錢 as the unit of weight below the *liang* 兩 shows that the compilation dates from after 992.

About a dozen recipes are given altogether. Several methods include regimes of fire-phasing control (*huohou* 火候); the method described in 12a–b has the name “method for Embryonic Breathing” (*taixi fa* 胎息法).

Fabrizio Pregadio

Dadan qiangong lun 大丹鉛汞論

9 fols.

Attributed to Jin Zhupo 金竹坡; eleventh century or later

923 (fasc. 596)

“Discourse on Lead and Mercury of the Great Elixir.” The author of this short alchemical treatise is indicated in the heading as Jin Zhupo of the Tang dynasty (618–907). However, since the text quotes a poem by ZHANG BODUAN (cf. 142 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian sanzhu* 2.19a), the eleventh century is the earliest possible date.

A Jin Quanzi 金全子, *hao* Zhupo 竹坡, appears in another text of uncertain date, as the disciple of SHI JIANWU (fl. 806–820; see 149 *Xiuzhen taiji hunyuan tu* 1a).

The treatise is both theoretical and practical. It discusses correspondences between lead, gold, mercury, cinnabar, the elements, trigrams, directions and the origin of lead, quicksilver, calomel, and other substances. There are also practical recipes on the extraction of true lead and mercury from common lead, cinnabar, and silver (2a), another on extracting *boxue* 白雪 (arsenious oxide?) and *huangya* 黃芽 (litharge, lead monoxide) from minium and mercury (2a–3a). There are some instructions on powders based on calomel (3b, 6b) and for making a great elixir (*dadan* 大丹) with lead, mercury, and silver as the main ingredients. The recipes do not give detailed instructions for luting, fire-phasing, or casing, as is common in older *waidan* 外丹 texts.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Huandan gejie 還丹歌訣

2 juan

Compiled by Yuanyang zi 元陽子; Song (960–1279) or later

265 (fasc. 132)

“Oral Formulas and Songs on the Cyclically Transformed Elixir.” This is a collection of alchemical poems attributed to Yuanyang zi (cf. 239 *Huandan jinyi ge zhu*). Since the first poem, however, mentions LÜ DONGBIN (1.2a), Northern Song (960–1127) would be the earliest date for this collection.

Many of the poems can be found in earlier works of the Five Dynasties or the early Song. For the poems in 1.12b–17b, for example, see 926 *Da huandan zhaojian* 10a, 16b, 17a, and 22b. Part of the second poem, by Dou zhenren 竇真人 (1.9b), is quoted in 266 *Jinyi huandan baiwen jue* 10b.

For the poem in juan 2, see also 238 *Yuanyang zi jinyi ji* 1a–15b, where it is found with a different commentary.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Jiuzhuan lingsha dadan 九轉靈砂大丹

12 fols.

Song (960–1279)?

893 (fasc. 587)

“Nine-Times-Transmitted Elixir.” This text describes a method based on mercury and sulfur. The use of the *qian* 錢 weight measure as the unit immediately inferior to the *liang* 兩 shows that the work dates from after 992. A post-Tang (618–907) dating is also suggested by several linguistic features.

The first five sections (1a–3a) are concerned with the construction of the apparatus and the preparation and sublimation of *qingjin tou* 青金頭 (head [i.e., matrix] of cerulean gold), a mercury-sulphur compound. These sections correspond to the opening portions of 894 *Jiuzhuan qingjin lingsha dan* 1a–2a, where they appear in a slightly different order. Other passages shared with the latter work are found in the following sections, which describe a complex method of treating *qingjing tou* in nine cycles.

Fabrizio Pregadio

Jiuzhuan qingjin lingsha dan 九轉青金靈砂丹

5 fols.

Song (960–1279)?

894 (fasc. 587)

“Nine-Times-Transmitted Elixir [Obtained] from Cerulean Gold.” This work describes an alchemical method similar to that outlined in 893 *Jiuzhuan lingsha dadan*.

The same evidence cited for the latter shows that the present text dates from after 992.

The expression *qingjin* 青金 (cerulean gold) in the title refers to a compound of mercury and sulfur that is prepared in the first stage and is further refined in nine cycles. The process described here is more straightforward than that of 893 *Jiuzhuan lingsha dadan*; it consists simply in the addition of sulfur to the product of the preceding stage.

Fabrizio Pregadio

Yinyang jiuzhuan cheng zijin dianhua huandan jue

陰陽九轉成紫金點化還丹訣

5 fols.

Tenth century?

895 (fasc. 587)

“Instructions on the Preparation of the Purple Gold, a Cyclically Transformed Elixir That Transmutes by Projection, [Obtained] in Nine Cycles [through the Action] of Yin and Yang.” This text includes a different version of the method described in 892 *Taishang weiling shenhua jiuzhuan dansha jue*, a Tang work dating possibly from the seventh or the eighth century. The references to the *fen* 分 as the weight unit below the *liang* 兩 (2b and 3a) suggest that the present version dates from before the end of the tenth century.

The descriptions given here are more concise and generally more reliable than those of the other version. The first four stages of treatment consist of two cycles of recompounding cinnabar after the extraction of mercury. The product is treated in the next three stages to prepare a *huandan* 還丹 (cyclically transformed elixir) and in the final two stages to prepare a purple gold (*zijin* 紫金) and a “projection powder” able to transmute mercury and lead into gold. The quotations from the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契, found at the end of each of the nine sections, correspond to passages appearing in 2.25a, 2.27b, 2.21a, 1.26a, 2.25a, 1.30b, 1.31b, 1.25a, and 1.30b, respectively, in the edition of 1002 *Zhouyi cantong qi fenzhang tongzhen yi*.

Fabrizio Pregadio

Taiqing yubei zi 太清玉碑子

12 fols.

927 (fasc. 597)

“Jade Stele of the Taiqing [Heaven].” This is a short work comprising prose and poetry. It is mentioned in the *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku quesbu mu* 2.38a as *Yubei zi* in one juan (VDL 99). The present title figures in the *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” 4.5189, which

states that the text is a dialogue between Zheng Siyuan 鄭思遠 (i.e., ZHENG YIN) and GE HONG. The latter is also indicated as the author. The dialogue, however, occupies only the first three pages of the text, the remainder being a collection of prose and poems excerpted from various sources.

Much of the material can be found elsewhere: For the dialogue (1a–3b), compare 939 *Dadan wenda* 1a–3b. The “Yaoping ge 瑤瓶歌” (3b–4b) is the same as 888 *Wei Boyang qifan dansha jue*, with some variants. For the “Wujin ge 五金歌” and the “Longhu jue 龍虎訣” (5b–6b), compare 1083 *Longhu yuanshi* (attributed to Qingxia zi 青霞子), which includes a better text but presents the material in a different order. Compare also 935 *Danlun juezhi xinjian* (3a–4b), which seems to reproduce a different version. The latter text (9a) quotes the first line of the *Da huandan ge* 大還丹歌 (9b), but it indicates a *Cantong qi* 參同契 as its source. For the *Jinyi da huandan ge* 金液大還丹歌 (11a–12a), compare 134 *Yin zhenjun huandan ge zhu*, which has some textual variants. Our text includes three additional lines at the end of the poem.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Shangdong xindan jingjue 上洞心丹經訣

3 juan

Northern Song (960–1127)?

950 (fasc. 600)

“*Shangdong* Instructions and Scriptures on the [Cultivation of the] Mind and [the Preparation of] Elixirs.” This text contains complementary information about Inner Alchemy and operative alchemy (2.1a–1b). It was compiled by the later followers of Taiji zhenren 太極真人 (Xu Laile 徐來勒; see YJQQ 6.4b). The most frequently quoted spokesman of these followers is Xianweng 仙翁 (i.e., GE XUAN). *Sui shu* 3.1049 already lists a *Taiji zhenren jiuzhuan huandan jing* 太極真人九轉還丹經.

The text presents, in three paragraphs, alchemical prescriptions, techniques, and rules, for which parallels can be found in *Baopu zi neipian*, “Jindan” (3.3b ff.). The instructions (*jue* 訣) and commentaries on the statements by GE HONG do not give any indications as to their sources. The same is true for the many methods (*fa* 法) that the text introduces. There is an exposition by Taiji zhenren on 1.13b, and an instruction by the same author on 2.7b. However, it is not possible to claim that the other commentaries, which are all clearly separated by the typography, can be attributed to Xu Laile or any other specific name. Zheng Siyuan 鄭思遠 (i.e., ZHENG YIN) and GE HONG are introduced as members of the line of transmission, which originated with Xu Laile. The sentences on 3.1a–1b constitute the introductory passage in 934 *Taibo jing* 1a–1b.

Florian C. Reiter

Huandan zhongxian lun 還丹衆仙論

25 fols.

Yang Zai 楊在, *hao* Baofu shanren 抱腹山人; 1052

233 (fasc. 113)

“Discourse of the Immortals on the Transmutation of the Elixir.” The date is provided in the preface by the author, a native of Xihe 西河 (Shanxi). The text contains a collection of sayings by different gods and immortals, starting with the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning, Lord Tao, Lord Lao, the Yellow Emperor, and others, and ending with more recent alchemists like Lǚ DONGBIN and LIU HAICHAN. A second part contains instructions, apparently by Yang Zai himself, on alchemy (*waidan* 外丹): on how to choose the place for the experiments and how to build the furnace. Yang describes the phasing of the fire (*huohou* 火候) according to the helical phasing method (i.e., the increase and decrease of fuel in conformity with the basic cycle of thirty days, divided into six phases [*liuhou* 六候], each subdivided into two parts; for details, see Sivin, “The theoretical background of elixir alchemy,” 274). Also discussed are the ways to obtain and use the “real” ingredients of alchemical lead and mercury, the elimination of toxic principles in the elixir, and the effects of its ingestion.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Dadan ji 大丹記

7 fols.

Attributed to WEI BOYANG 魏伯陽, *hao* Taisu zhenren 太素真人

899 (fasc. 588)

“Record of the Great Elixir.” This short alchemical work is first listed in the *Chongwen zongmu* 9.19b. The use of the weight measure *dafen* 大分 suggests a date after 922.

The work is a piecemeal composition, as are many of the late Tang (618–907) and Five Dynasties (907–960) alchemical texts. The series of quotations and theoretical (1a–2b) explanations were excerpted from the same source as 935 *Danlun juezhi xinjian* 3a–4a and 927 *Taiqing yubei zi* 5a ff. The present text, however, is abridged. The 1083 *Longhu yuanshi* gives a clearer account but in a different order.

The remainder of the text deals with: the doses of the ingredients to be used for the elixir (2b–3b); fire-phasing (3b–4a; cf. 1083 *Longhu yuanshi* 6b–7b); and a poem and explanations on the use of ingredients and alchemical utensils (4b–7a). This last section is the only one not included in the alchemical texts mentioned above.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Danfang aolun 丹房奧論

17 fols.

By Cheng Liaoyi 程了一, *hao* Xuexian zi 學仙子; 1020

920 (fasc. 596)

“Recondite Discourses on the Elixir Laboratory.” These discourses are presented in sixteen tracts dealing with the essences and products of operative alchemy (*waidan* 外丹). In 1018, Cheng Liaoyi had met his teacher Wei Junyan 魏君顏 in Nanking. Wei transmitted to him “secrets of the elixirs” and gave him oral instructions for their production. Cheng Liaoyi returned to Hunan (Mount Heng 衡山), where he successfully practiced these instructions. This text describes the results of his efforts (preface, dated 1020).

The sixteen paragraphs define essences such as true lead and true cinnabar. They also describe their effects when ingested and the methods of their production. The text mentions cases of misunderstanding or mishandling of alchemical processes, for which certain contemporaries are blamed. The subsequent losses and mistakes are to be blamed exclusively on such errors.

Florian C. Reiter

Ganqi shiliu zhuan jindan 感氣十六轉金丹

10 fols.

Song (960–1279)?

911 (fasc. 591)

“Golden Elixir from Sixteen Cycles of Qi-Reaction.” This is a short, incomplete treatise on the sixteen-stage technique of preparation of an alchemical compound. Five kinds of ingredients are heated in a crucible, to be later mixed with mercury. The ingredients will interact with the mercury, hence the term *ganqi* 感氣 (reaction of qi) in the title.

Of the sixteen stages, only those corresponding to stages 8 (in part?) to 16 are preserved. The remainder of the text has a clear description of the alchemical furnace (with illustration) and of the elixir preparation. The text is at times close to 900 *Danfang xuzhi*, but could be earlier, and less influenced by *Longhu jing* 龍虎經 theory. The *yanghuo lu* 養火爐 calls for the ashes of sacrificial paper money (*zhiqian hui* 紙錢灰), which indicates a Song or later date.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Cantong qi wu xianglei biyao 參同契五相類祕要

6 fols.

Attributed to WEI BOYANG 魏伯陽; submitted to the court by Lu Tianji 盧天驥 (fl. 1111–1117)

905 (fasc. 589)

“Arcane Essentials of the Similarities and Categories of the Five [Substances] from the *Cantong qi*.” This is a short theoretical treatise on alchemy attributed to WEI BOYANG. The text, it seems, was submitted to court by Lu Tianji 盧天驥 during the Zhenghe period (1111–1117; see Ho and Needham, “Theories of categories,” 21). A *Wu xianglei* 五相類 in one juan is listed in various Song catalogues (see VDL 81). The present title, without the last two characters (*biyao* 祕要), is mentioned in the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe,” 5.6b.

As the title indicates, this text is derived from a *Cantong qi wu xianglei* and was considered by some to be the second chapter of the *Cantong qi*. This view is, however, refuted in the introduction.

The tradition that WEI BOYANG wrote a *Cantong qi wuxing xianglei* 五行相類 goes back to his biography in the *Shenxian zhuan* 神仙傳; but the *Cantong qi wu xianglei* in two *pian* 篇 described by Liu Zhigu 劉知古 (eighth century) explains the alchemical process using *Yijing* 易經 terminology (cf. 1017 *Daoshu* 26.1a), which is not the case in our text. A similar description of the *Cantong qi wu xianglei* is also found in other *Cantong qi* commentaries (see, e.g., 999 *Zhouyi cantong qi* 3.7b and 1002 *Zhouyi cantong qi fenzhang tongzhen yi* 3.7b). Nevertheless, part of the main text (1b–2a) figures in versified form in 888 *Wei Boyang qifan dansha jue* 1a–3a (Tang, 618–907). In addition, the text uses a number of esoteric names for substances, most of which can be found in 901 *Shiyao eryl*a (preface dated 806). According to the introduction, the *Wu xianglei* deals with the control of the three yellow substances (sulfur, realgar, and orpiment) and the two precious things (lead and mercury). The text elucidates the theory that only substances of the same category (*tonglei* 同類) can react to each other. It classifies the substances as yin or yang and applies the theory of the Five Elements (*wuxing* 五行) and the six acoustic pitches (*lülü* 呂律) to all forms of chemical change and reaction. Lead, mercury, sulfur, realgar, orpiment, and copper carbonate are the ingredients used for the great cyclically transformed elixir (*da huandan* 大還丹; 6b).

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Ho and Needham, “Theories of categories.”

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Longhu huandan jue song 龍虎還丹訣頌

20 fols.

By Lin Taigu 林太古; commentary by Gushen zi 谷神子; Northern Song (960–1127)?

1082 (fasc. 741)

“Ode on the Formula of the Dragon-and-Tiger Cyclically Transformed Elixir.”

This is an alchemical poem in seven-word verse by Lin Taigu, with a commentary by Gushen zi. According to a biographical note of the commentator, Lin Taigu was a native of Bingzhou Taiyuan 并州太原 (in Shanxi). Lin was summoned to court by the [Northern Song] emperor Taizong (r. 976–997) and later retired to Huayang 華陽 in Yizhou 益州 (Chengdu, Sichuan). The commentator’s *hao*, Gushen zi, is common to many Taoists between the Five Dynasties (907–960) and the Yuan period (1279–1368). The poem mentions LÜ DONGBIN, who, according to the commentary, had “recently attained the Tao “近代得道也” (9a).

The poem and the commentary are in the *Cantong qi* 參同契 and the *Longhu jing* 龍虎經 tradition and may be interpreted in both *neidan* 內丹 and *waidan* 外丹 terms. The commentary quotes several well-known alchemical works, such as TAO ZHI’s *Huanjin shu* 還金述, as well as a number of lost works, including the *Shenshui huachi lun* 神水華池論, the *Zhongyuan lun* 中元論 (VDL 79), and the *Wuming daoze ge* 無名道者歌 (VDL 143). The *Yunang song* 玉囊頌 quoted here (8a) is referred to Southern Song (1127–1279) texts as *Yulu song* 玉壺頌 (cf. 230 *Zhuzhen lun huandan jue*).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Longhu huandan jue 龍虎還丹訣

16 fols.

Commentary by Li zhenren 李真人; Northern Song (960–1127)

1084 (fasc. 741)

“Formula of the Dragon-and-Tiger Cyclically Transformed Elixir.” This work comprises three alchemical *ci*-lyrics. The title is a combination of the headings of the first two poems: “Longhu jue 龍虎訣” and “Huandan jue 還丹訣.”

Since the third poem, the “Qinyuan chun 沁園春,” can be traced to the end of the eleventh century (cf. 136 *Lü Chunyang zhenren Qinyuan chun danci zhujie*), the present text must have been compiled after that date. A *Li zhenren huandan ge* 李真人還丹歌 in one juan is mentioned in the *Chongwen zongmu* 9.22b, possibly referring to this work.

Two of the poems include a commentary by Li zhenren. It is uncertain whether he is the author of the poem “Huandan jue,” which has no commentary. Li zhenren’s commentary to the “Longhu jue” is alchemical, but whether *neidan* 內丹 or *waidan*

外丹 is unclear. His quotations are taken mainly from standard alchemical texts such as 922 *Huanjin shu* by TAO ZHI (d. 825), 906 *Yin zhenjun jinshi wu xianglei*, and the lost work *Taiyi zhi tu*. The “Qinyuan chun” commentary is, however, a clear *neidan* interpretation. This text is an important source for LÜ DONGBIN’s early poetry since almost all the quotations can be found in two collections of his poems (see, e.g., 1055 *Chunyang zhenren huncheng ji* 2.5a, 16a, and the *Jindan shijue* compiled by Xia Yuan-ding).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Shenxian yangshen bishu 神仙養生祕術

18 fols.

Edited by CHEN XIANWEI, *hao* Baoyi zi 抱一子 (fl. 1234); also attributed to

Liu Jingxian 劉景先 (fl. 351)

948 (fasc. 599)

“Secret Arts of the Divine Immortals for Tending Life.” This is a small collection of excerpts, taken from other sources. The editor, here indicated only by his *hao*, also wrote 1007 *Zhouyi cantong qi jie* (preface 1234).

A first group of recipes concerns nine alchemical compounds (1a–5a). A second group (5a–10a) is called “Baxian dian fa 八仙點阿法” (Trifles of the Eight Immortals). These recipes are herbal preparations for various purposes. A third set has different auxiliary recipes for surviving in times of dearth and famine, such as economizing on oil (12a) or making especially long-burning candles (*sheng lazhu fa* 聖蠟燭法; 11b) that last for one or two months. These practical methods are followed by a long prescription for food abstention in times of famine (*pigu fang* 辟穀方 17a–18a). This prescription is a text thought to have been presented by Liu Jingxian 劉景先 to the ruler of the Later Zhao dynasty in 351. The prescription calls for the use of beans and cereals (glutinous rice) as well as sesame. These ingredients were made into balls the size of a fist and then are steamed. After eating three balls, hunger was stilled for seven days. No other food was to be taken. A second intake, also of three balls, sufficed for forty-nine days. A third, identical meal would last for three hundred days. When thirsty, the adept was to drink ground sesame with water. To revert to a normal diet, the adept had to eat three boxes of sunflower seeds made into a soup. This prescription was engraved in a rock near the Taiping xingguo si 太平興國寺 in the Hanyang military district 漢陽軍. These names belong to the Song period (960–1279).

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Lingsha dadan bijue 靈砂大丹祕訣

23 fols.

Southern Song (1127–1279)?

897 (fasc. 587)

“Secret Instructions on the Great Elixir of the Wondrous Mineral.” *Lingsha* 靈沙 can be a name for black sulfide of mercury or a synonym of *dansha* 丹砂, the unrefined form of cinnabar. In this particular text, however, *lingsha* stands for *Baoyi lingsha* 抱一靈砂, the wondrous mineral drug that bridges Inner and Outer Alchemy. The first kind of practice is assumed to be known. As for the second, the text prescribes a drug made of “sixteen ounces of sulfurized mercury (*lingong* 硫汞),” from which ten ounces of white lead are obtained. This drug is made into black grains and mixed with bilious alunite and black plums and then placed into an earthen vessel to cook with rice vinegar. The “black metal” is heated until the substance is “subdued” and decomposed. It is then left to rest and eventually opened. The contents are put into a sulfur casing, obtained by heaping a first layer of the residue of the lead substance on the bottom of a reaction vessel, then a layer of sulfur, and then again a layer of lead. This casing is heated, according to a detailed table of fire-phasing. The resulting first phase is called *Tuoyang boti lingsha* 脫養白體靈砂 (wondrous white-bodied mineral released after incubation; 3a–b). Eight other phases follow, to make a complete operation of Nine-Times-Transmuted Elixir alchemy.

This particular method was transmitted by GE XUAN to Zheng Siyuan 鄭思遠 (i.e., ZHENG YIN) and GE HONG. The latter related it to the Thirtieth Heavenly Master, Zhang Jixian 張繼先 (1092–1126), who, in 1101, taught it to Zhang Shizhong 張侍中, a Taoist at the court of Song Huizong (1101–1125), in order to help the sovereign beget children. When Wang later left the court, he transmitted the method to a Buddhist monk called Guiyan chanshi 鬼眼禪師. This disregard for historical chronology suggests a late date for the compilation of this work.

Following the first part of the text, there are a number of miscellaneous instructions and recipes centered on the theme of *lingsha*, including a nine-phased process of refining sulfur called *Jiuzhuan jindan jue* 九轉金丹訣 (Nine-Times-Transmuted Alchemy; 15a–17b).

The following “Chisong zi sizhuan jue 赤松子四轉訣” lists four different recipes for making *lingsha*, the first being related to a method for making gold. Then follows a “Taiji lingsha fu 太極靈砂賦,” a poetic description of the alchemical process using sexual analogies. At the end there is a “Laojun lingsha jue 老君靈砂訣,” a short poem on the major tenets of alchemical theory.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Biyu zhusha hanlin yushu gui 碧玉朱砂寒林玉樹匱

8 fols.

By Chen Dashi of Western Shu 西蜀陳大師; Southern Song (1127–1279)

898 (fasc. 587)

“Formula of Blue Jade and Red Cinnabar from the Jade Tree in the Cold Forest.”

This is a short alchemical treatise based on poems with a commentary. The term *hanlin* (cold forest) denotes the realm of death, as explained on 4a. The jade tree is the tree of life in this world where all is impermanent. The first part is rather esoteric, but pages 6a–8a contain precise instructions concerning a process involving *yingqian* 銀鉛, that is, silver-bearing lead.

There are several indications concerning the transmission of the recipes. A prescription for *Zuijin chi* 醉金池 on 5b is said to have been transmitted to Fan Dongsou 范東叟 (*jinshi* 進士, 1235). After 1265, Fan obtained the post of imperial diarist *qiju sheren* 起居舍人. On page 6a he is said to have lived at a Taoist academy (*daoyuan* 道院) in Hangzhou. This may have been at the end of his life. The *yingqian* recipe is said (8a–b) to have been in the possession of the family of a certain Wang Yuanzhong 王元中 (*hao* Boyun weng 白雲翁) of Taiyuan for a long time. Later the high official Lü (Lü *xiangfu* 呂相府) in Bianliang 汴梁 (Kaifeng) obtained the recipe and gave it to a member of the Qian family (Qianfu 錢府), who then gave it to the Jing family 京府. The author obtained it from them. So the recipes in this book, all duly tested and found efficient, came from great dignitaries of the old and new Song capitals such as the Jings and the Gentleman in Attendance Fan Dongsou (here Fan 范 is erroneously written Wei 危). The author then brought them to Sichuan.

*Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling**Xiulian dadan yaozhi* 修鍊大丹要旨

2 juan

Southern Song (1127–1279)?

912 (fasc. 591)

“Important Indications for the Refining of the Great Elixir.” This is a fairly detailed handbook for laboratory alchemy. The date and the author are unknown. The author says of himself that for some twenty years he went from place to place searching for books and the right instructions for the practice of alchemy (1.9b); finally an extraordinary person revealed them to him. What the author received was an esoteric cosmological theory (9b), but he offers no details as to texts or teachers. The present handbook uses references and source indications sparingly. Yin Changsheng 陰長生 is quoted on page 2.6b (together with Laozi giving alchemical instructions). On 1.23b–24a, a recipe is given that “Lü, the Patriarch of Pure Yang” Chunyang Lü zushi

純陽呂祖師 is supposed to have written on the walls of his cave, which suggests that the present work dates to the Southern Song. A certain resemblance in subject matter and treatment is apparent between this text and 900 *Danfang xuzhi* as well as 911 *Ganqi shiliu zhuang jindan*. For instance, all three works have the formula for *Baxue shenfu* 白雪神符 (compare our text 1.12a–b with 900 *Danfang xuzhi* 14a and 911 *Zhuang jindan* 8b). Also the technical indications regarding stills, phasing, and so on are similar from one text to the other. If the present text dates, like the preceding ones, to the Southern Song, then the cyclical year indication *dinghai* 丁亥 on 1.12b could correspond to 1167.

The text sets out to give the principles of laboratory alchemy, followed by a number of recipes. The second juan describes the use of a fireproof asbestos bag (*huanhuo juan* 浣火絹). Plants are used in the process of casting a reaction vessel with the lost-wax technique (2.1b–3a). In certain instances, a preparation has to be kept warm on the naked belly of the practitioner for a period of forty-nine days (2.5a). Some of the procedures are illustrated.

*Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling**Zhujia shenpin danfa* 諸家神品丹法

6 juan

Compiled and edited by Meng Yaofu 孟要甫, *hao* Xuanzhen zi 玄真子; Song, before 1163

918 (fasc. 594)

“Alchemical Prescriptions of Divine Quality from all Specialists.” This is a kind of scrapbook on laboratory alchemy, composed of texts of different periods. The first juan is devoted to generally identifiable excerpts from BPZ, especially from the chapter on alchemy, “Huangbo pian 黃白篇.” From page 8b onward, the quotations derive from other sources. On 1.12a, there is a method authored by Xuanzhen zi, the editor and compiler of the present collection. This person, called Meng Yaofu, is not known elsewhere. From juan 2 on, the work carries his signature under the chapter titles. The entire juan 2 is his work. It is devoted to ritual prescriptions for choosing an appropriate place for refining cinnabar (*xiudan zedi yishi* 修丹擇地儀式). In a preface (2.2a ff.), beginning with the words *hundun wei fen* 混沌未分 (before Chaos was divided), the author explains that his work should be titled *Jindan biyao cantong lu* 金丹秘要參同錄. This title is quoted repeatedly in 900 *Danfang xuzhi* 丹房須知 by Wu Wu 吳悞 (*hao* Ziran zi 自然子), which has a preface dated 1163. The present work therefore must be earlier than that date.

The philosophy behind this compilation was to include all texts deemed useful and explicit, regardless of style or redundancies. In many instances, the author indicates

that he had tried the recipes and found them useful (e.g., 3.8a). Some entries are redundant, such as the “Hua Gengfen fa 化庚分法” on 3.11b and 6.7a. The numerous quotations from various sources are assembled without apparent system.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Zhigui ji 指歸集

9 fols.

By Wu Wu 吳悞, *hao* Ziran zi 自然子; ca. 1163

921 (fasc. 596)

“Collection of Basic Explanations.” This work is a collection of quotations from important alchemical texts. These quotations demonstrate, according to the author, the fundamental principles of the alchemical process. The work was compiled before 1163 as it is mentioned in the same author’s preface to 900 *Danfang xuzhi*.

Wu Wu, who also styled himself Gaogai shanren 高蓋山人, after the sacred mountain in Fujian, possessed a good knowledge of alchemy, both *neidan* 內丹 and *waidan* 外丹, and his preface advocates the practice of both these systems in the quest for immortality. Among the techniques used in *neidan*, Wu Wu’s preference lay in concentration and breath retention (*cunshen biqi* 存神閉氣), a technique resembling Chan meditation (*Chanding* 禪定). As for *waidan*, the author says that only one ingredient should be used, namely, cinnabar (*dansha* 丹砂), since it had the magic property of preserving both body and spirit. All other substances, says the author, are toxic.

The work comprises a preface and five sections dealing with the cyclically transformed elixir (*huandan* 還丹), the ingredients of which are described as true lead and true mercury and fire-phasing (*huohou* 火候). Wu Wu’s quotations are borrowed mainly from 926 *Da huandan zhaojian*. Sections 4 and 5, on the mutual production and destruction of the Five Elements and fire-phasing, are in part based on 1083 *Longhu yuanzhi*. The principal alchemical work, according to Wu Wu, is the *Jinbi longhu jing* 金碧龍虎經, which he considered to be wrongly attributed to Huangdi and actually transmitted by Shennong 神農.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Yuzhuang xiehou lu 漁莊邂逅錄

11 fols.

By Wu Wu 吳悞, *hao* Ziran zi 自然子; ca. 1187

1086 (fasc. 741)

“Record of a Chance Encounter in a Fishing Village.” This is a short alchemical treatise by Wu Wu of Mount Gaogai 高蓋 (Fujian). The author was well versed in

both laboratory alchemy and Inner Alchemy, as is evident from his other works in the *Daozang*: 900 *Danfang xuzhi* and 921 *Zhigui ji*.

In the short preface to the present text, Wu emphasizes the old Taoist idea that the alchemical oeuvre can be achieved only through the combined efforts of three persons. He recounts his meeting with two other friends who shared a similar desire to achieve the elixir. Wu Wu indicates that their experiment began in 1187.

The account begins with the different names of the elixir *jinyi dahuan dan* 金液大還丹 and its ingredients. These names are followed by a description of five cycles corresponding to the Great Beginning (Taichu 太初), the Great Ultimate (Taiji 太極), the division into yin and yang, the four directions with their symbols (*sixiang* 四象), and the center corresponding to Earth. This description is followed by a short extract on fire-phasing by Caoyi zi 草衣子 (cf. 152 *Xiuzhen liyan chaotu* and 1017 *Daoshu* 33.11b).

The work ends with two poems, the first in praise of the friends’ meeting, the second on the discovery of the Lead of Former Heaven (*xiantian qian* 先天鉛) in the furnace on the eighteenth day of the eleventh month. The present text is especially noteworthy for its numerous quotations from Tang alchemical texts that are no longer extant in the *Daozang*.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Danfang xuzhi 丹房須知

14 fols.

By Wu Wu 吳悞, *hao* Ziran zi 自然子; preface dated 1163

900 (fasc. 588)

“Requisite Knowledge for the Alchemical Laboratory.” The author has two other works on alchemy in the *Daozang*: 921 *Zhigui ji* 指歸集 (here mentioned in the preface) and 1086 *Yuzhuang xiehou lu* 漁莊邂逅錄. The latter text is dated 1187. Wu calls himself Gaogai shanren 高蓋山人, after the mountain of that name in western Fujian (present Yongtai 永泰).

The text is marked (14b) as incomplete. The author’s purpose is to provide detailed instructions for those who set out to practice laboratory alchemy, so that they will not have to deal with all the difficulties he himself encountered in his quest for reliable information. The work quotes a number of sources, most of which are unknown elsewhere. The author shows close familiarity with the theoretical framework of the *Longhu jing* 龍虎經 and *Cantong qi* 參同契.

He begins with the all-important choice of two experienced companions for the enterprise. Here, and in many other places, Wu quotes the *Cantong lu* 參同錄, that is, the *Jindan biyao cantong lu* 金丹秘要參同錄 by Meng Yaofu (see 918 *Zhujia shenpin danfa*). For examples of passages transcribed verbatim by Wu Wu from this source,

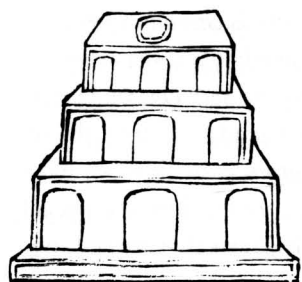
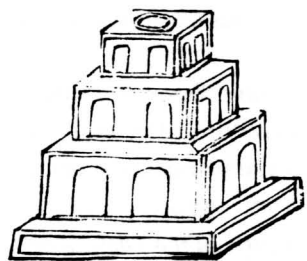


FIGURE 29. The alchemical altar (900 5b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/893)



FIGURE 30. A furnace for the extraction of mercury (900 7a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/893)

compare 2b1, 2b10, and 3b4 in the present text with 918 *Shenpin danfa* 2.11a6, 2.6b3, and 2.11b.4, respectively.

As to the choice of a suitable place for the laboratory, Wu proposes a blessed site (*fudi* 福地) such as the Gaogai shan where he lived. The laboratory had to be oriented in a particular way. Here Wu quotes a work that serves as his guide throughout, the *Huolong jing* 火龍經, ascribed to SIMA ZIWEI (3a). There should be no women present, nor Buddhist monks and nuns, chickens or dogs. Incense should be kept burning constantly. Whenever entering the laboratory, one should don clean clothes. No pungent vegetables should be eaten. The water, earth, charcoal, and such used in the process should be especially pure.

An altar should be erected according to a number of specifications. The description is illustrated (5b; fig. 29). Several kinds of precious metals and minerals should be buried at its base. This altar was in fact the alchemical furnace (*lu* 爐), also called the Platform of the Elixir (*dantai* 丹臺). A number of openings on all sides facilitated the firing. The crucible (*ding* 鼎) was placed on top. An ancient mirror was also placed there, as well as a number of votive lamps.

Measures should be taken to protect the elixir from demons. The rites to be performed for this protection are also given (6a). The different alchemical vessels, their shape and use, are described and illustrated, as are the rites to be performed in conjunction with their use. Next the method for refining lead (*qian* 鉛) to obtain mercury and other derivatives is discussed, up to the completion of the elixir (see fig. 30). The last, incomplete, paragraph concerns the ingestion of the alchemical substance.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Gengdao ji 庚道集

9 juan

Southern Song to Yuan (1127–1368), with possible Ming (1368–1644) additions 953 (fasc. 602–603)

“Collected [Texts] on the Way of [Refining] Gold.” *Geng* 庚, the seventh of the Heavenly Stems, stands here for the West, and hence for the element metal, especially gold. This work is a collection of some twenty texts on laboratory alchemy, most of which feature the names of their authors or transmitters in the title. There is no preface or indication of a compiler. In juan 1, there is a “Wenzhen zi jindan dayao baojue 文真子金丹大藥寶訣,” the work of one Mengxuan jushi 蒙軒居士, dated 1144. There are also other names, such as Pu zhenren 蒲真人 (2.12b), whose arts were transmitted to a certain Ge Kejiu 葛可久, who in turn passed them on to Chen Shuzi 陳庶子. Further on in the same juan (15a) is a recipe signed by the same Chen Shuzi. The final recipe is for curing leprosy (*dama laifeng yao* 大麻癩鳳藥). It is mostly composed of highly toxic ingredients.

In 3.2a–b, the undated preface by Yang Qin 楊勤 to the *Taishang lingsha dadan* 太上靈砂大丹 refers to the transmission of the text to a certain Zhang Shizhong 張侍中. This passage is identical to 897 *Lingsha dadan bijue* 2a.

On the whole, this collection, which is well edited and contains precise recipes, seems to date from the Southern Song. Chen Guofu (*Daozang yuanliu xukao*, 345), however, remarks that the place name Jiangxi 江西 on 2.5b did not exist before Ming times. On the next page (2.6a) there is a mention of calamine or zinc bloom (*ganshi* 甘石), and the Arab word for this substance is also given: “The Huihui 回回 call this *tuotiya* 脫梯牙.” This reference points to the Yuan dynasty.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Jinhua chongbi danjing bizhi 金華沖碧丹經祕旨

2 juan

Transmitted by BO YUCHAN 白玉蟾, PENG SI 彭耜, and Lan Yuanbo 蘭元白; preface by Meng Xu 孟煦 (dated 1225) 914 (fasc. 592)

“Arcane Directions [from the Book of the] Golden Flower for Ascent into the Biluo 碧落 Heaven.” This is an alchemical work of rather obscure origins. In his preface on the transmission of the text, Meng Xu, a native of Sichuan and descendant of Meng Chang 孟昶 (934–965) of the Later Shu dynasty, attributes the first juan to BO YUCHAN. Meng claims to have obtained the text from the latter’s disciple PENG SI during a voyage in Fujian, but he did not put the instructions to use. In 1220, he received another text from Lan Yuanbo (juan 2 of the present compilation), which brought additional clarification to PENG SI’s work. Meng combined the two texts in



FIGURE 31. Instructions for making and loading alchemical vessels (914 3b-4a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/907)

one book and gave it the present title. Jinhua chongbi danshi 金華沖碧丹室 was the name of PENG SI's hermitage (preface, 4b).

Meng Xu's story is suspect, both with regard to the transmission and to the date of he text. He claims, for instance, that he was unable to put the alchemical instructions into practice because of the Wu Xi 吳唏 (read 曦 for 唏) rebellion. Wu Xi was beheaded in 1214, whereas Meng met Lan Yuanbo, an avatar of BO YUCHAN (preface), in 1220. Moreover, the latter's *hao* is given as Yangsu zhenren 養素真人, which was the *hao* of a famous Taoist who lived during the reign of Emperor Renzong (1022-1063): Lan 藍 (var. 蘭) Yuandao 元道 or Lan Fang 藍方 (cf. LZTT 48.18b). Lan Yuandao is often mentioned in alchemical books of the thirteenth century or later (cf. 953 *Gengdao ji* 1.9a-9b and 245 *Yuqi zi danjing zhiyao*, preface 1a-1b).

The first juan, ascribed to BO YUCHAN, is short (four folios). It comprises mainly poems and a few alchemical prescriptions. The second juan, attributed to Lan Yuanbo, consists of detailed instructions for the fabrication of various alchemical elixirs, one of these being the Nine-Times-Transmuted Elixir (*jiuzhuan huandan* 九轉還丹). The importance of the work lies in its descriptions and manifold diagrams of alchemical utensils (fig. 31; cf. Ho and Needham, "Theories of categories," 57).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Chunyang Lü zhenren yaoshi zhi 純陽呂真人藥石製

11 fols.

Attributed to LÜ DONGBIN 呂洞賓, *hao* Chunyang zhenren 純陽真人; fourteenth or fifteenth century

903 (fasc. 588)

"Zhenren Lü Chunyang's [Poems] on the Preparation of Mineral and Plant Drugs."

According to a study based on an analysis of the rhymes and a comparison of plant names with those of the *Bencao* 本草, these poems can be dated between 1324 and the beginning of the fifteenth century (see Ho Peng Yoke et al., "Elixir plants").

The work comprises a series of poems about plants used by alchemists for elixirs or aurification, and about their action on minerals. The title of each poem is the esoteric name of a plant, to which the suffix *longya* 龍芽 (dragon shoot) is appended. The common name of the plant is added in a note after the title. The exact date of the poems is uncertain, but the text employs a number of plant names unusual in Song pharmacopoeia. Another work on *longya* preserved in the *Daozang* is unfortunately also undated (see 929 *Xuanyuan huangdi shuijing yaofa* 10a-12b).

The text, in its present form, comprises sixty-eight poems on sixty-six plants. Since the last poem mentions seventy-two *longya cao* 龍芽草 (11a), it is possible that some poems have been lost. One poem is incomplete and another is missing on page 7b.

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Ho Peng Yoke et al., "Elixir plants."

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Shangqing jing zhendan bijue 上清經真丹祕訣

6 fols.

845 (fasc. 573)

"Secret Instructions for the True Elixir according to the Shangqing Scriptures." This work transmits the alchemical skills of the Earth Immortals for saving people from poverty and distress, achieving immortality, and obtaining relief from illness (1a-1b).

First the text lists ten names of pills and describes their application together with the maladies they were intended to cure. The text then explains the technical procedures for concocting the medicines. The basic essences have to be heated and boiled for different periods of time and also with varying degrees of intensity. The essences are to be enclosed in a vessel called *Hunan hezi* 湖南合子. The use of a water-fire stove (*shuihuo lu* 水火爐) is prescribed. It has to be fired with specified amounts of fuel. The production of the different medicines took three to nine years.

Florian C. Reiter

3.A.6 Sacred History and Geography

3.A.6.a Sacred Histories and Records

The works presented below are grouped into four subcategories: Laozi annals, the pantheon, imperial patronage, and sacred geography.

The long-standing tradition of Laozi annals (see part 1.A.6.a and part 2.A.6.a) is represented here by two compilations, 774 *Youlong zhuan* and 770 *Hunyuan shengji*, of the Northern (960–1127) and Southern Song (1127–1279) periods, respectively. The detailed narrative iconography of the Laozi visions already found in 593 *Lidai chongdao ji* and further developed in these two works gave rise to illustrated chronicles under the Song and Yuan (1279–1368), for example, the controversial *Laozi bashiyi hua tu* 老子八十一化圖 (thirteenth century; see Kenneth Ch'en, "Buddhist-Taoist mixtures"; Kubo Noritada, "*Rōshi hachijuichi ka zusetsu*"). While many of these chronicles genuinely reflect the imperial patronage of Taoism in various ages, their partisan agenda is undeniable: they give prominence to the Taoist creation myth and dwell on the claim that from the Three Sovereigns to the "uncrowned king" Confucius, every sage of Chinese antiquity enjoyed the benefit of Laozi's instruction. Even the Buddha Śākyamuni owed his enlightenment to Laozi, whose conversion of the barbarians accounted for the spread of Buddhism in foreign lands and its ill-advised importation to China. The political implications of Laozi's guidance of emperors from the Han Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) to the Song were no less contentious. The very titles of works such as "Annals of the Sage" (*shengji* 聖紀) or "Veritable Records" (*shilu* 實錄), with their echoes of dynastic historiography, gave offense in non-Taoist quarters. XIE SHOUHAO's claim in the preface to his "Annals of the Sage" (770 *Hunyuan shengji*) to have based himself on extensive consultation of the records of the Three Teachings (*sanjiao* 三教) no doubt has to be read in this light.

The comprehensive "Illustrated Pantheon of the Three Spheres" (155 *Sancai dingwei tu*) is followed by three works devoted to the gods of important mountain cults: the Envoy of Lushan (1286 *Lushan Taiping xingguo gong Caifang zhenjun shishi*), the Three Brothers of Maoshan (172 *San Mao zhenjun jiafeng shidian*), and the Three True Lords of Mount Huagai (778 *Huagai shan Fuqiu Wang Guo san zhenjun shishi*). Various aspects of imperial patronage of Taoism under the Song and Ming (1368–1644) are illustrated by the next three texts: In 1285 *Yisheng baode zhuan*, the statesman WANG QINRUO reveals how the Northern Song had placed itself under the protection of a Taoist saint whose intervention in the imperial succession engendered the "announcement from Heaven" incident; 777 *Zhangxian mingsu huanghou shou shangqing bifa lu ji* documents the ceremonies for the Taoist ordination of the dowager of Emperor

Zhenzong in 1024; and 1462 *Huang Ming enming shilu* is a chronologically arranged dossier of official documents pertaining to imperial patronage of Taoism under the Ming. The section closes with the 1063 *Dongyuan ji*, the comprehensive sacred geography of modern Taoism.

Youlong zhuan 猶龍傳

6 juan

By JIA SHANXIANG 賈善翔, *zi* Hongju 鴻舉, *hao* Chongde wuzhen dashi 崇德悟真大師; compiled between 1086–1100

774 (fasc. 555)

"Biography of [Unfathomable] Like a Dragon." The title refers to Laozi, alluding to Confucius's characterization of the Old Master after the legendary meeting between the two sages (see *Shiji* 63.2140 and the preface to the present work, 6b–7a). A Ming (1368–1644) manuscript version of this work preserved in the Library of Congress bears the title *Taishang hunyuan shangde huangdi youlong zhuan* 太上混元上德皇帝猶龍傳, in two juan (see Wang Zhongmin, *Zhongguo shanben shu tiyao*, 411). The text's original arrangement seems to have been in three juan (see the entries in Song bibliographies listed in VDL 143).

JIA SHANXIANG, according to his biography in LZTT 51.15b–16a, compiled the *Youlong zhuan* under the Northern Song reign of Zhezong (1086–1100). His official titles under the chapter headings indicate that the author was a prelate (*jiaomen gongshi* 教門公事), with supervisory authority over one half of the capital's Taoist clergy. Jia is also the author of a phonetic gloss on the *Zhuangzi* (739 *Nanhua zhenjing zhiyin*), an ordination ritual for monks (1236 *Taishang chujia chuandu yi*), and the hagiographic compilation *Lives of Eminent Taoists* (*Gaodao zhuan* 高道傳), which survives only in citations (see Yan Yiping, *Daojiao yanjiu ziliao* 1.4:1–120).

The long preface to the present work (7 fols.) resumes the main themes of the Laozi legend, from several distinct perspectives: (1) Laozi's sacred appellations and the main phases of the "historical" sage's career (miraculous birth, office of archivist, departure to the west, discipleship of Yin Xi 尹喜, return to Qingyang 青羊肆, ascension on a white deer); (2) his revelations operated through Yin Xi, HESHANG GONG, Gan Ji 干吉 (or Yu Ji 于吉), Zhang Daoling 張道陵, and KOU QIANZHI; (3) cosmogony and scriptural revelation; (4) Laozi's role as instructor of the mythical rulers (*dishi* 帝師) from Fu Xi 伏羲 to the Shang period (ca. 1500–1050 B.C.); and (5) imperial patronage of the Laozi cult under the Tang (618–907) and early Song (960–1279) dynasties.

The *Youlong zhuan* is the principal Northern Song specimen of a long tradition of Laozi hagiography that had received a fresh impetus from the imperial cult of Laozi under the Tang. Since YIN WENCAO's now lost *Xuanyuan huangdi shengji* [jing]

玄元皇帝聖紀 [經] in ten juan (see VDL 97 and the surviving fragment in YJQQ 102.1a–6a; cf. also the article on 954 *Taishang hunyuan zhenlu*), the story of Lord Lao as cosmic deity and savior at critical junctures of human history was typically narrated in chronicle form, resembling the annals of imperial reigns. The extensive compilations of DU GUANGTING at the end of the Tang (especially 593 *Lidai chongdao ji*, 725 *Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi* 2, and presumably the now lost *Hunyuan tu* 混元圖 in ten juan) provided much of JIA SHANXIANG's material concerning the Tang period. For Southern Song (1127–1279) continuations of this tradition, see the work of XIE SHOUHAO, especially 770 *Hunyuan shengji*.

The main body of the present work develops and expands the themes introduced in the preface: cosmogony (Laozi, coeternal with the Tao, as originator of both creation and revelation); Laozi as teacher of mythical rulers; the birth of Laozi (with distinct echoes of the birth legend of Buddha Śākyamuni); the sage's journey to the west, the discipleship of Yin Xi, scriptural revelations; the new dispensation entrusted to Laozi's second disciple and vicar, Zhang Daoling; and Laozi's numerous interventions on behalf of the Tang ruling house. The last entry concerns Laozi's renewed canonization by the Northern Song emperor Zhenzong (r. 997–1022).

Franciscus Verellen

Hunyuan shengji 混元聖紀

9 juan

By XIE SHOUHAO 謝守灝, *zi* Huaiying 懷英, *hao* Guanfu dashi 觀復大師; preface by Chen Fuliang 陳傅良 (dated 1193); author's presentation memorial (dated 1191).

770 (fasc. 551–53)

“Annals of the Sage of Undifferentiated Beginning [i.e., Laozi].” According to Xie's presentation memorial (*jinbiao* 進表) as reproduced here, the original work comprised eleven juan and was submitted to the emperor (Guangzong, r. 1189–1194) under the title *Taishang laojun hunyuan shengji* 太上老君混元聖紀 (prefaces, 3a–b). In fact, however, the original title was *Taishang laojun hunyuan [shangde] huangdi shilu* 太上老君混元 [上德] 皇帝實錄 (see 297 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian xubian* 5.7b).

Two Ming (1368–1644) manuscripts bearing that title are preserved in the Peking Library and the Library of Congress: the *Taishang laojun hunyuan shangde huangdi shilu* in seven juan (see Beijing tushu guan shanben bu ed., *Beijing tushu guan shanben shumu* 5.31a; 297 *Tongjian xubian* also indicates a work in seven juan) and in six juan (see Wang Zhongmin, *Zhongguo shanben shu tiyao*, 411). The Peking manuscript is reproduced in *Zangwai daoshu* 18:1–208, where the title is abridged as *Taishang laojun shilu* 太上老君實錄, or “Veritable Record of the Most High Lord Lao.” This text represents a separate line of transmission of the present work. In the Peking manu-

script, the preface by Chen Fuliang (1137–1203) and Xie's presentation memorial both read *shilu* 實錄 in the place of *shengji* 聖紀, and the memorial reads “a certain number of juan” instead of “eleven juan.” The contents of the present work and the Peking manuscript are essentially the same but show traces of revision, as does the chapter arrangement: *Shengji* juan 3–4 correspond to *Shilu* 3, *Shengji* 5–6 to *Shilu* 4, and *Shengji* 7–9 to *Shilu* 5–7. The Peking manuscript edition features four additional prefaces and a colophon, including prefaces by Zhu Xi's 朱熹 (1130–1200) disciple Cai Yuanding 蔡元定 (1135–1198) and by Xie E 謝諤 (1121–1194), a *jinshi* 進士 of the Shaoxing period (1131–1162) and a high-ranking Southern Song (1127–1279) official. The latter's preface is dated 1190 (*Shilu*, prefaces 10b; *Zangwai daoshu* 18:5), that is, the year before the work's official presentation.

The *Taishang shilu* 太上實錄 by XIE SHOUHAO is mentioned among new works included in the edition of the *Daozang* completed in 1244 (VDL 56). Xiang Mai's 邁 (fl. 1281–1291) *Bianwei lu* 2.764b lists the title *Hunyuan huangdi shilu* 混元皇帝實錄 (as well as a *Taishang shilu* by XIE SHOUHAO) among the Taoist books proscribed by Kublai Khan in 1281. The colophon by Ke Zhengmeng 柯正蒙 to the Peking manuscript, meanwhile, dates to the Zhizheng (1341–1368) period at the end of the Yuan (*Zangwai daoshu* 18:208).

A textual comparison of the two versions and an examination of the prefaces and colophon suggest that the *Hunyuan shengji* text constitutes a post-Song revision of XIE SHOUHAO's work. The *Taishang laojun shilu* version, on the other hand, not only preserves the original title but also represents the earlier phase in the text's elaboration and transmission. References in the *Shilu* version to “the present dynasty,” for example, have been changed in the present text to “the Song dynasty.” Also some of the anti-Buddhist material in the *Shilu* version that was connected with the *Huahu* 化胡 legend—Xie cites the statesman WANG QINRUO's (962–1125) defense of his inclusion of the *Laozi huahu jing* 老子化胡經 in the Northern Song (960–1127) canon (*Shilu* 7.47b; *Shengji* 9.33b)—has been purged from the present text, perhaps with a view to the work's reintegration into the canon following the Yuan (1279–1368) proscription. The *shilu* titles listed by Xiang Mai suggest that the book had indeed been banned in that form. After fortuitously surviving the book burnings of 1281, the *Shilu* presumably served as the basis for the Peking manuscript copy made under the Ming (cf. Shi Yanfeng, “*Hunyuan shengji*”).

For separate, partial versions of the present work transmitted within the *Daozang*, see 771 *Taishang laojun nianpu yaolue* and 773 *Taishang hunyuan laoji shilue*.

A brief introduction at the head of juan 1 lists the classical authors of the Laozi legend, beginning with Sima Qian (referring to Laozi's biography in *Shiji* 63), and points to the present work's immediate predecessors, the first of which was YIN WENCAO's *Shengji* 聖紀, that is, the now lost early Tang (618–907) *Xuanyuan huangdi shengji*

[*jing*] 玄元皇帝聖紀 [經] in ten juan (see VDL 97). Of this only a fragment survives in YJQQ 102.1a–6a, titled *Hunyuan huangdi shengji*; Xie's subsequent citations of the "Tang Annals" (*Tangji* 唐紀) refer to this work (on 954 *Taishang hunyuan zhenlu* as a source for the present compilation, see Kusuyama, "*Taishō kongen shinroku kō*," 459–60). The second predecessor to the present work was JIA SHANXIANG's Northern Song 774 *Youlong zhuan*, a compilation that XIE SHOUHAO denigrates as abundant but confused (1.1b). In the remainder of juan 1, Xie presents a summary of his own wide-ranging research in the form of a chronicle (*nianpu* 年譜) of Laozi's manifestations from the mythical era of the Three Sovereigns down to his apparition in 1112 under the Northern Song emperor Huizong (1.2a–41a).

XIE SHOUHAO's annals cite a broad range of sources, including scripture, hagiography, standard historiography, inscriptions, and Buddhist and Confucian writings, as well as such recent compilations as the anthology *Taiping guangji* and, in connection with repeated references to Laozi's return and ascension at Black Sheep Market, Yue Penggui's 樂朋龜 964 *Xichuan Qingyang gong beiming*. Not mentioned are the works of DU GUANGTING, although the latter's 593 *Lidai chongdao ji* and 590 *Daojiao lingyan ji*, for example, furnished virtually all of Xie's material relating to the period from the mid-ninth to the early tenth century (*Hunyuan shengji* 9.15b–24a; see Verellen, "A forgotten T'ang restoration," 114–15), in addition to numerous earlier passages. The extent to which the present work might incorporate Du's now lost *Hunyuan tu* 混元圖 in ten juan is impossible to determine.

The development of the work's main contents follows approximately the scheme laid out in the *nianpu* chronology in juan 1. Juan 2 describes Laozi's creation of the universe and his revelations addressed to Fu Xi 伏羲 and subsequent culture heroes and mythical rulers; juan 3–4 cover Laozi's manifestations under the Shang (ca. 1500–1050 B.C.) and Zhou (ca. 1050–221 B.C.), and his revelations to Yin Xi 尹喜; juan 5, continues with Yin Xi's discipleship and covers the conversion of the Western Barbarians (*Huahu*); juan 6 tells of other disciples, including Wenzhi 文子 and Gengsang chu 庚桑楚, of instructions imparted to Confucius, and covers the Qin dynasty; juan 7 contains advice to Han emperors, further revelations through the intermediaries of HESHANG GONG and Zhang Daoling 張道陵, and information on the Wei, Northern Wei, and KOU QIANZHI; juan 8 covers the Northern Zhou, Sui, and early Tang (emperors Gaozu to Xuanzong); juan 9 continues to discuss the Tang (Xuanzong through Xizong to the final years of the dynasty), as well as the Five Dynasties and Northern Song emperors down to Huizong. The final entries concern Huizong's Xuanhe reign period (1119–1125).

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Franciscus Verellen

Taishang laojun nianpu yaolie 太上老君年譜要略

13 fols.

Compiled by XIE SHOUHAO 謝守灝 (1134–1212); revised by Li Zhidao 李致道 of Yinshan 隱山

771 (fasc. 554)

"Summary Chronicle of Most High Lord Lao." This work is a separate edition of the concise Laozi chronicle (*nianpu* 年譜) included in juan 1 of XIE SHOUHAO's extensive "Annals of the Sage" (770 *Hunyuan shengji* 1.1b ff.). The present, revised edition is clearly and conveniently set out under the reigns of the mythical and historical rulers who were instructed by Laozi or favored by manifestations of the sage. A similar arrangement of the same material appears in the first chapter of 773 *Taishang hunyuan laozhi shilüe*.

Franciscus Verellen

Taishang hunyuan Laozi shilüe 太上混元老子史略

3 juan

By XIE SHOUHAO 謝守灝 (1134–1212)

773 (fasc. 554)

"Short History of Laozi, Most High of Undifferentiated Beginning." This is a truncated version of XIE SHOUHAO's "Annals of the Sage" (770 *Hunyuan shengji*). The author is here identified as XIE SHOUHAO of the Qingxu an 清虛菴 sanctuary on Lushan 廬山. Juan 1 of the present work is another version of the Laozi chronicle (*nianpu* 年譜) in 770 *Hunyuan shengji* 1; the arrangement here resembles that found in 771 *Taishang laojun nianpu yaolie*. The remaining chapters cover approximately the portion of the narrative contained in 770 *Hunyuan shengji* 2–4, ending with an account of the discipleship of Yin Xi 尹喜.

Franciscus Verellen

Sancai dingwei tu 三才定位圖

8 + 11 fols.

By ZHANG SHANGYING 張商英, zi Tianjue 天覺, hao Wujin jushi 無盡居士 (1043–1121)

155 (fasc. 68)

"Illustrated Pantheon of the Three Spheres." This text was composed by the statesman and liturgist ZHANG SHANGYING, probably on imperial order. According to the annotated table of contents (*pianmu* 篇目; 1a–8b), the original text served as a guide to the entire scope of the universe, from the highest sphere of the primordial Void Sovereigns (*xu Huang* 虛皇), to the Heavens of the Three Pures Ones (*sangqing tian* 三清天), to the deities of the cosmic energies of the Eight Trigrams (*bagua* 八卦)

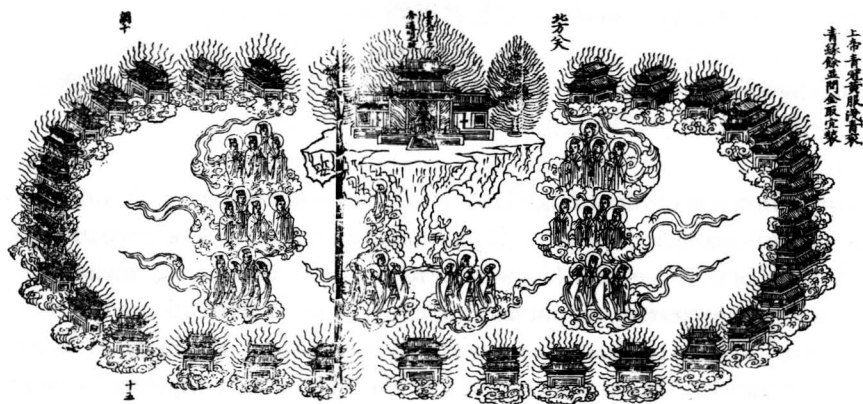


FIGURE 32. Yuhuang and the Thirty-two Heavens (155 10b–11b)

and all their derivatives, to the Heaven of Yuhuang 玉皇, the Three Officials (*sanguan* 三官), the stars of the Dipper, the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions, and the Six Palaces of Hell (Fengdu liugong 酆都六宮).

Only part of the illustrations that correspond to this great pantheon have survived: those of the Void Sovereigns, the Three Pure Ones, and the Heaven of Yuhuang (fig. 32). An obviously misplaced and incomplete picture of the Controller of Fate (Jiutian siming 九天司命), Heavenly Worthy of the Protection of Life (Baosheng tianzun 保生天尊), has been inserted between the second and the third of the Three Pure Ones (see fig. 33).

It is highly probable that the illustrations at the beginning of 156 *Shangqing dongzhen jiugong zifang tu* (1a–4a) also belonged originally to our text. They represent



FIGURE 33. The Controller of Fate, Jiutian siming (155 6b–7a)

two of the Three Officials, the Gates of Heaven (*erge* 二閤), the stars of the Dipper and of the Twenty-eight Mansions, and other stellar deities. The legends show many similarities with those of the present work.

In spite of its lacunal state, this remains a precious document on early Song (960–1279) theology.

Kristofer Schipper

Lushan Taiping xingguo gong Caifang zhenjun shishi

廬山太平興國宮採訪真君事實

7 juan

First compiled by Ye Yiwen 葉義問 (preface 1154), with many later additions 1286 (fasc. 1006–1007)

“Veritable Facts Concerning the True Lord Investigator of the Taiping Xingguo Temple on Mount Lu.” This is a collection of texts and documents concerning the tutelary deity of Lushan, the holy mountain (near Jiujiang 九江, Jiangxi). Since ancient times, the worship of the Envoy of Lushan (Lushan shizhe 廬山使者) has been recognized as part of the worship of the Five Sacred Peaks and other major holy mountains, the latter having the function of assisting the gods of the former (see 1281 *Wuyue zhenxing xulun* 24b). In 731, on the order of Emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756), these holy mountains were endowed with temples dedicated to their respective tutelary deities (see *Zizhi tongjian* 213.6796). The inscription “Jiutian shizhe miaobei 九天使者廟碑” by Li Pin 李珣 commemorates this fact and is preserved in the present work on 6.1a–5b; it is dated 732 and appears to be genuine (see the authentication dated 1241 in the colophon by Cheng Gongxu 程公許, 6.5b–8a).

This imperial patronage continued under the Song, when, especially under Taizong (r. 976–997) and Zhenzong (r. 997–1023), the Five Sacred Peaks and connected sites played again an important role in the dynastic legitimation process. In 977 the temple on Lushan received the official name of Taiping xingguo gong, in keeping with the reign title of that period.

The present work was compiled much later, it seems from the preface, by a local official named Ye Yiwen 葉義問 (1098–1170). Ye relates that when he went to the temple in 1154, together with the prefect of Jiujiang, to perform the official sacrifices, he was appaoched by a local daoshi who asked him to compile a record on the tutelary deity from the temple records.

It is uncertain, however, to what extent the present work reflects Ye’s original text. Indeed, in the above-mentioned colophon by Cheng Gongxu, it says that the Tang inscription was originally included in the work compiled by Ye Yiwen, but that its title was *Ganying ji* 感應記. On the other hand, in a memorial dated 1238 and addressed to the throne, the temple’s abbot, Xiong Shouzhong 熊守中, requests an upgrading

of the canonical title of the deity (2.12b–14a). As part of his request, Xiong mentioned the legend that at the time the Tang temple was built the divine Envoy appeared to Emperor Xuanzong in a dream and prophesied that after 500 years he would greatly help the empire. That time had now arrived. Xiong also added a book he had compiled of the miracles performed by the Envoy during the Song dynasty. He states that his book was in six chapters, and he gives their titles. Several of these titles correspond to those of the chapters included in the present text, and there is every reason to suppose that these are indeed Xiong's work.

As a result of Xiong Shouzhong's efforts, the status of the deity was raised in 1240, and the official documents issued on that occasion are also included here (3.1a–3b). Other documents concerning the deity and its worship are dated even later, the last one being from the year 1318. The title of chapter 4, “Yuanchao chongfeng lei 元朝崇奉類,” refers to the Yuan dynasty, suggesting that the present work was completed only under the Ming dynasty.

The work is rich in materials unknown elsewhere. There is a poem by Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200) on 5.10a, commemorating his discussions on Inner Alchemy with a daoshi of the temple (compare 1001 *Zhouyi cantong qi*). Bo YUCHAN (fl. 1218) is featured with a commemoration of his stay at the temple (6.19b–25a; cf. 1309 *Haiqiong chuandao ji*) and with a long poem (6.25b–26b). The work also documents the visit by the court Taoist Zhang Liusun 張留孫 (see 304 *Maoshan zhi*) as a special envoy of the empress and the heir apparent to present an Offering (*jiao* 醮) for the health of the emperor.

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Yuan Bingling

San Mao zhenjun jiafeng shidian 三茅真君加封事典

2 juan

Compiled and edited by Zhang Dachun 張大淳, *hao* Chongjing mingzhen weimiao dashi 沖靖明真微妙大師; 1267

172 (fasc. 75)

“Protocol of the Additional Canonization of the Mao Brothers.” The official granting of the additional titles *shengyou* 聖祐 (for Mao Ying 茅盈), *deyou* 德祐 (for Mao Gu 茅固), and *renyou* 仁祐 (for Mao Zhong 茅衷) in 1249 was inspired by Shi Tan 師坦, *hao* Dongwei xiansheng 洞微先生, who made his own promotion to Taoist registrar in the capital (*zuojie daolu* 左街道錄) contingent upon that of the deities.

Zhang Dachun supervised the affairs of all monasteries on Maoshan 茅山 and was the head of Shi Tan's home monastery, Chongxi guan 崇禧觀, which was to receive a generous donation on the occasion of the ceremony. Zhang recorded the complete

procedural details of the official act. The printing of this documentation at Shi Tan's request took place only in 1267, after his death (preface).

Juan 1 of our text contains the document of Shi's appointment as *zuojie daolu* and a record of the ensuing negotiations between the master and the authorities. The final imperial edict for the canonization of the deities is found on 1.14b–17b (see also 304 *Maoshan zhi* 4.13b–15a). Messages of salutation to the saints conclude juan 1.

Juan 2 comprises two rituals in honor of the ancestors of Maoshan, the first being a later addition, since it speaks of the additional titles *zhenying* 真應, *miaoying* 妙應, and *shenying* 神應, which were bestowed on the Mao brothers only in 1316 (cf. 304 *Maoshan zhi* 4.19a–21a). This ritual is followed by the official ritual for the present canonization and, among others, an address (*qingci* 青詞) by the emperor himself. The work ends with Shi Tan's letter of thanks to the court and his request to have the imperial edict carved on a stele.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Huagai shan Fuqiu Wang Guo san zhenjun shishi

華蓋山浮丘王郭三真君事實

6 juan

Compiled in 1261 by Liu Xiang 劉祥 and Wang Keming 王克明, from writings by Zhang Yuanshu 章元樞 (fl. 1180), Huang Mijian 黃彌堅, and others (twelfth through fourteenth centuries); revised edition of 1407

778 (fasc. 556–557)

“Factual Account of the Three True Lords of Mount Huagai: Fuqiu, Wang, and Guo.” This work contains the remnants of documents concerning the cult of the lords of the mountain situated south of Nanchang in Jiangxi province. The original work comprised fourteen juan. It had been compiled in 1261 by Liu Xiang and Wang Keming, who based their work on records written by Huang Mijian, as well as on their own efforts. They explicitly did not attempt to eliminate contradictory evidence. In 1352, the printing blocks of their edition were destroyed by war. Around 1391, Jiang Bicheng 江碧澄 made great efforts to revive the cult of the Three Lords. He succeeded in collecting materials for a new hagiography. In 1407 ZHANG YUCHU revised these new documents and incorporated them into the collection of Taoist texts that he was preparing by imperial order. The above information is provided by the three prefaces.

Fuqiu 浮丘 is a legendary figure. He was the teacher of Wang 王 and Guo 郭, who hailed from Kaifengfu (Henan). A text of unknown origin within the commentary (2.1b) states that the two disciples, here named Daoxiang 道想 and Daoyi 道意, were in fact legendary figures like their teacher. They are said to have set out in search of a particular mountain in Jiangnan, where they hoped to find their teacher once again. They finally

reached Mount Huagai 華蓋, where they performed many miraculous deeds, healed the sick, and provided assistance to the needy. In 293 they ascended to Heaven.

The first chapter contains historic miscellanea, for example, an inscription (1.5a–7a) by Yan Zhenqing 顏真卿 (709–785) and the text *Sanzhen ji* 三真記 by Li Chongyuan 李冲元, dated 1099 (1.7a–9b). The indication of the name Shen Tingrui 沈庭瑞 (d. 985) as author of this first chapter is surely erroneous. Shen Tingrui is the author of the *Er zhenjun shilu* 二真君實錄 (2.1a–11a).

The text itself, like the commentaries by the two compilers of the Song period (Liu and Wang), describes the journey of Wang and Guo to Mount Huagai, referring to the many places in central Jiangxi where they had become objects of local veneration. Liu Xiang and Wang Keming are responsible for the listing of the honorary titles, which were bestowed on the Three Lords by imperial decrees dated 1075, 1099, 1117, and 1237. Zhang Yuanshu 章元樞 (fl. 1180) was the author of a mountain gazetteer (see 3.1a ff.), for which he used older sources (Yan Zhenqing, Shen Tingrui). The indication of the year 1265 (3.7b) has been added by the two compilers of the Song period (the same applies to 6.14a). They are also responsible for the compilation of juan 4, containing a description of temples of the cult, and for juan 5 and 6. These two chapters contain biographies and tales about miraculous events that are due to the beneficial influences of Wang and Guo. Among the biographies, two texts should be especially mentioned: Shen Tingrui's biography (he was a substantial contributor to this work) and RAO DONGTIAN's biography (he was the founder of the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 on Mount Huagai). The foundation of the Tianxin zhengfa is said to have been due to the inspiration of the Three Lords of Mount Huagai.

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Florian C. Reiter

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3 juan

By WANG QINRUO 王欽若; 1016

1285 (fasc. 1006)

“Biography of [the True Lord] Assisting the Sage and Protecting Virtue.” This is a comprehensive account of the revelations made in the period 960–994 by the divine protector of the Song dynasty, the True Lord Yisheng baode 翊聖寶德.

The book was compiled by the commissioner for the Palace Secretariat (*shumi shi* 樞密使) WANG QINRUO (962–1125) on the basis of earlier records. It was presented at court in 1016 (the presentation memorial and endorsement are appended) and furnished with a preface by Emperor Zhenzong (r. 997–1022). The earliest edition of the work is found in YJQQ 103. The present edition differs by attributing Zhenzong's

preface to Renzong (r. 1022–1063), and by including at the end the enfeoffment of Yisheng by Huizong (r. 1100–1125) in 1104. The book is described in the *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 147.3074–75, which criticizes the Taoist policies of WANG QINRUO and confuses the subject of the book with the deity Xuanwu.

The revelations took place at Zhongnan shan, where the god had spoken through Zhang Shouzhen 張守真, a man from Zhouzhi 盩厔 county (north of the mountain and bordering on the prefecture of Chang'an). It appears from some early accounts (*Xu Zizhi tongjian changbian* 17.14b and *Shiwu jiyuan* 2.22a–b) that the god had originally presented himself as the Black Killer General (Heisha jiangjun 黑煞將軍), a name that is absent from the present book. The *Shiwu jiyuan* quotes from the *Yang Yi tanyuan* 楊億談苑, on which the account in the *Changbian* is also partly based. Prior to the revelations, the Black Killer had been worshiped in the 930s by TAN ZIXIAO, the founder of the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 (cf. Ma Ling's *Nan Tang shu* 24.162). The Black Killer talisman (“Heisha fu 黑煞符”) is one of the three fundamental fu of the Tianxin zhengfa and was probably already known to TAN ZIXIAO (see 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa*).

The importance attached to these revelations under the Northern Song is due to the fact that they included an announcement from Heaven (*fuming* 符命) that the mandate was to be transferred to Taizong (r. 976–997), the younger brother of the first emperor, Taizu (r. 960–976). The key sentence is, “The prince of Jin [i.e., Taizong] has a virtuous heart 晉王有仁心” (1.5b). This revelation is said to have taken place on the night before the death of Taizu in 976 (*Changbian* 17.14b). It is, however, also said that Taizong took an interest in the cult already in the years 963–967 (1.4a), and it seems likely that the announcement played a role in securing his position as the heir apparent. After the accession of Taizong, the god was rewarded by the construction of the Shangqing taiping gong 上清太平宮 temple, which was completed in 980 at the place where Zhang Shouzhen received his revelations (1.6b–7b; see also *Changbian* 18.12b–13a and the inscription by Xu Xuan 徐鉉 in *Xugong wenji* 25.4b–8a). The god was canonized as General Yisheng in 981 (1.8b) and as True Lord Yisheng baode in 1014 (1.10b).

The main elements of the initial revelation were the methods of the sword, (*jianfa* 劍法; 1.2b–3a) and a system of *jiao* 醮 services comprising a new nomenclature for the various kinds of *jiao* and regulations for the numbers of places for deities (*shenwei* 神位) on the altar (1.3a–4a). This system was later adopted as the imperial standard (see 477 *Luotian dajiao zaochao ke*, 478 *Luotian dajiao wuchao ke*, and 479 *Luotian dajiao wanchao ke*). A résumé of the book (based also on additional sources) is included in *Songchao shishi* 7.12a–21b.

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Poul Andersen

Zhangxian mingsu huanghou shou shangqing bifa lu ji

章獻明肅皇后受上清畢法錄記

5 fols.

By ZHU ZIYING 朱自英, *hao* Guanmiao xiansheng 觀妙先生; 1024
777 (fasc. 556)

“Records of Empress Zhangxian Mingsu’s Initiation into the Highest Registers of the Shangqing Tradition.” These records were compiled by ZHU ZIYING in 1024, that is, shortly after the mourning period for the Song emperor Zhenzong (r. 997–1022) had ended, on the occasion of the official Taoist ordination of the empress dowager. The ceremonies, prepared at the Yuqing zhaoying gong 玉清昭應宮 temple in the capital, took place at the Chongxi guan 崇禧觀 on Maoshan 茅山 and comprised a seven-day ordination ritual (*yulu daochang* 玉籙道場), a three-day thanksgiving ritual (*xieen daochang* 謝恩道場) that included a Retreat banquet (*zhai* 齋) for the entire clergy of Maoshan, and a ritual of casting dragon tablets (*tousong jinlong yujian* 投送金龍玉簡). ZHU ZIYING (976–1029), the twenty-third Maoshan patriarch and, simultaneously, the head of the Yuqing zhaoying gong in the capital (see 304 *Maoshan zhi* 11.10b–11b) officiated as master of ordination (*dushi* 度師), while Zhang Shaoying 張紹英 (see 304 *Maoshan zhi* 16.1b–2a) acted as a guarantor (*baoju* 保舉). In acknowledgment of their services, the two masters received the honorary names Guanmiao xiansheng 觀妙先生 and Mingzhen xiansheng 明真先生, respectively (see “Maoshan di ershisan dai shangqing dadong guoshi Qianyuan Guanmiao xiansheng youguang xianyang zhi bei 茅山第二十三代上清大洞國師乾元觀妙先生幽光顯揚之碑,” 304 *Maoshan zhi* 25.13a).

A slightly modified version of Zhu’s report was carved in stone by Meng Yingzhi 孟應之 (304 *Maoshan zhi* 25.2a–5a).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Huang Ming enming shilu 皇明恩命世錄

9 juan

Between 1567 and 1607

1462 (fasc. 1065)

“Chronological Register of the Gracious Ordinances of the Illustrious Ming.” This work is a compilation of official documents concerning acts of imperial patronage on behalf of the Heavenly Masters of the forty-second through the forty-ninth generations. Several documents concerning the Fiftieth Heavenly Master have been added—their titles do not appear in the table of contents—at the end of juan 9. The year 1567 is the latest date for a document in the original compilation, 1605 for the additions. The same documents serve as the basis of the history of these Heavenly

Masters in 1463 *Han tianshi shijia* 3.24a–4.17b (cf. 3.25a, where the author of the *Shijia* refers to the present text).

After the first juan, which contains the eulogies of the first twenty generations of Heavenly Masters written by the emperor Taizu, each master is accorded a separate juan (juan 4 and 5 are partially lost).

John Lagerwey

Jin dongtian haiyue biao 進洞天海嶽表

5 fols.

Presented in 1050

1062 (fasc. 732)

Dongyuan ji 洞淵集

9 juan

By Li Sicong 李思聰; ca. 1050

1063 (fasc. 732)

The 1063 *Dongyuan ji* (Anthology of the Abyssal Cavern) is preceded by the 1062 *Jin dongtian haiyue biao* (Memorials for the Presentation of “Cavern-Heavens, Seas, and Peaks”), which is a compilation of three official texts: a memorial (*biao* 表), a report (*zhuang* 狀), and a letter (*zhafu* 劄付). All of them concern the presentation of an anthology of religious topography to the Emperor Song Renzong in 1050. The anthology was authored by the daoshi Li Sicong from the Dazhong xiangfu gong 大中祥符宮 of Qianzhou 虔州 (modern Ganxian 贛縣, southern Jiangxi). The author relates that he had been compiling Taoist classics since 1032 and eventually produced a set of six charts, with introductions and poems, describing (1) the Celestial Abodes (*Yuqing xuanji tu* 玉清璇極圖, quoted as *Yuxu* 虛 *xuanji tu* on 2b); (2) the Cavern-Heavens and the Five Peaks (*Dongtian wuyue tu* 洞天五嶽圖); (3) the Islands of Immortals (*Penghu langyuan tu* 蓬壺閬苑圖); (4) the Sacred Water Courses (*Daming lingdu tu* 大溟靈瀆圖); (5) Famous Mountains and Blessed Lands (*Mingshan fudi tu* 名山福地圖); (6) the Liquified Gold and cyclically transformed elixir (*Jinyi huandan tu* 金液還丹圖). This author also produced “Ten Charts for Perusal while Reclining” (*Wopi tu* 臥披圖). The purpose of the two works—the anthology of the six charts presented in 1050 and the extant 1063 *Dongyuan ji*—was identical, but the details are different. 1063 *Dongyuan ji* does not include the alchemical part but adds the Twenty-four Dioceses (*zhi* 治) and the stars and heavens (juan 6 to 9). Also, the charts and poems have disappeared, and some parts lack a title; therefore it is possible that the extant 1063 *Dongyuan ji* was collected later, with the remnants of the anthology of religious topography that was presented to Emperor Song Renzong in 1050. It is also worth noting that the title *Dongyuan ji* does not figure in the three official documents collected in 1062 *Haiyue*

biao. The present text should not be confused with the unrelated 1064 *Dongyuan ji* of the same name. The compilation of the 1063 *Dongyuan ji* in its present state must have taken place sometime after 1050; it is quoted less than a century later among the sources of 148 *Duren shangpin miaojing pangtong tu* 3.8.

In the preface of 1063 *Dongyuan ji* ("Sanjie yong xu 三界詠序," 1.1a–b, dated 1050), Li Sicong gives yet another list of contents: (1) the abodes of the highest gods, (2) the Cavern-Heavens and Five Peaks, and (3) the Islands of Immortals.

The contents of the "Anthology of the Abyssal Cavern" are arranged topically among its nine juan. The first juan contains the preface and the "Sanqing yong xu 三清詠序" (Introduction to Chanting the Three Pure Ones; 1b–8a), which describes the highest gods and the books and heavens associated with them. Next come the Ten Great and Thirty-six Lesser Cavern-Heavens (juan 2), the Five Celestial Peaks (3.1a–2b), the Three Islands (3.3a–3b), and the Ten Continents (3b–6a). Juan 4 introduces the seventy-two Blessed Places (*fudi* 福地; including the Five Peaks, number 2 to 6), and juan 5 names the seas, rivers, lakes, and other water courses (thirty-nine in all). The terrestrial geography closes with the Twenty-four Dioceses (*zhi* 治) of the Tianshi dao (juan 6). The next two juan deal with astronomy: the eleven bright stars (7.1a–4a), the seven gods of the Dipper (7.4b–6b), and the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions (juan 8). Juan 9 introduces the thirty-two gods of the celestial palaces of Shangqing (*Shangqing sanshier tian digong shen* 上清三十二天帝宮神; 1a–5b) and ends with a presentation of all heavens ("Juguan sanjie shiji 具官三界事跡"; 6a–b).

The present work is highly systematic. Although its lists conform with traditional sacred geography, it differs in many regards from the corresponding chapters in the YJQQ (see especially juan 26–28), compiled slightly earlier, and from 599 *Dongtian fudi yuedu mingshan ji*. It is generally more detailed than either of these texts, including descriptions of the gods themselves (especially in juan 1 and 7 to 9), but does not mention its sources.

Vincent Goossaert

3.A.6.b Hagiographies

This section discusses, first, comprehensive hagiographic collections; second, collections section figures according to specific schools or lineages; and finally, lives of individual immortals or patron saints of particular cults. The texts 596 *Xianyuan bianzhu* and 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu* are essentially reference works grouping extracts from earlier anthologies in paired entries according to antithetical or matching themes. LZTT (296 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian*) and its two supplements (297 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian xubian* and 298 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian houji*) represent the most ambitious Taoist hagiographic project since DU GUANGTING's now lost *Xianzhuan*

shiyi in forty juan (see the general Bibliography for a reconstruction). These texts not only are exhaustive in scope, but in effect constitute a history of Taoism, itself seen as a succession of schools, cults, and individuals having "embodied the Tao" in different ages. While LZTT combines several different classificatory objectives, historical chronology is the guiding principle in the organization of the 781 *Xuanpin lu*. ZHAO MENG FU's "Portraits of Ten Masters" (163 *Xuanyuan shizi tu*) is a fine example of the genre of illustrated hagiography. Two compilations from the turn of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, 1465 *Xiaoyao xu jing* and 1476 *Soushen ji*, finally, stand as selective hagiographic histories spanning the period from antiquity to the Ming.

The next set of works is organized around lineages or movements: 1463 *Han tianshi shijia* concerns the "hereditary house" of the Heavenly Masters; 440 *Xu taishi zhenjun tuzhuan*, 447 *Xu zhenjun xianzhuan*, and 448 *Xishan Xu zhenren bashiwu hua lu* are all based on BO YUCHAN's hagiography of XU XUN (the *Yulong ji* 玉隆集) and on other saints and patriarchs of the Way of Filial Piety of Xishan 西山. 452 *Nanyue jiu zhenren zhuan* groups together nine immortals of Hengshan 衡山, and 956 *Zhongnan shan shuojing tai lidai zhenxian beiji* gathers eminent Taoists of the Louguan 樓觀 temple lineage.

The final group is devoted to individual saints: 301 *Huan zhenren shengxian ji* to TAO HONGJING's servant Huan zhenren 桓真人; 306 *Taihua Xiyi zhi* to CHEN TUAN; 450 *Taiji Ge xiangong zhuan* to GE XUAN; 451 *Yunfu shan Shen xianweng zhuan* to Shen Taizhi 申泰芝; 779 *Tang Ye zhenren zhuan* to YE FASHAN; 780 *Diqi shangjiang Wen taibao zhuan* to Wen Qiong 溫瓊; and 308 *Ningyang Dong zhenren yuxian ji* to Dong zhenren 董真人.

Xianyuan bianzhu 仙苑編珠

3 juan

Compiled by Wang Songnian 王松年; tenth century, after 960

596 (fasc. 329–330)

"Garden of Immortals: A Pearl Treasury." The text bears no exact date but refers to the year 960 (3.24b). The term *bianzhu* 篇珠 in the title of the text (literally, "a tress of pearls") indicates the precious nature of the narrative and places the work in a specific literary form. The *bianzhu* belongs to the anthology (*leishu* 類書) class of literature but is itself an expanded form of an older literary genre, the *lianzhu* 連珠, consisting of very short verses, each word of which encapsulates a historical event or legend. The *lianzhu* were mnemonics learned by rote at school and later paraded in literary works. In the course of time, they developed into the *bianzhu* form, which is characterized by short verses followed by a text in prose that elucidates the narrative hidden in the verse. In his preface, Wang Songnian explains that "in writing the 'Garden of Immortals' in the *bianzhu* form, I have taken as a basis the *Meng Qiu* 蒙

求, which uses four-character verses to highlight the essentials [of the story] and then adds an explanation in the form of a commentary” (preface, 1b). The *Meng Qiu* is a Tang (618–907) work by Li Han 李瀚. Another example of this literary form is the *Bian Zhu* 編珠 by Du Gongzhan 杜公瞻 of the Sui (581–618).

Our text groups more than 300 *lianzhu* in pairs, that is, in eight-word couplets that introduce over 600 immortals. Wang Songnian tells us in his preface that for the greater number of these figures he has used well-known sources, like the *Shenxian zhuan* 神仙傳. In addition to these immortals he has included 132 persons who attained immortality “since Tang and Liang times” (preface, 1b). Each *lianzhu* is accompanied by extensive commentaries, written by Wang himself, in which he offers information on each immortal. Wang gleaned this information from diverse hagiographies and other sources, many of which are now lost: for instance, the *Daoxue zhuan* 道學傳 (1.2b) and the *Louguan zhuan* 樓觀傳 (1.7a).

The importance of this text lies in the fact that because of these references to works now lost, it can be used to reconstruct important ancient hagiographies and perhaps provide added information regarding familiar texts such as the 1016 *Zhen’gao* and the 294 *Liexian zhuan*.

Mention is made of this text in the *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi” (VDL 95).

Pauline Bentley Koffler

Sandong qunxian lu 三洞群仙錄

20 juan

Compiled by Chen Baoguang 陳葆光; preface (dated 1154) by Lin Jizhong 林季仲, *zi* Zhuxuan 竹軒

1248 (fasc. 992–995)

“Records of the Multitude of Immortals of the Three Caverns.” Zhuxuan (preface, 4a) refers to the author as Taoist master of the Jingying an 靜應菴 sanctuary in Jiangyin 江陰 (Jiangsu).

The records form an anthology of paired episodes taken from various biographies of the immortals. The topic for each pair is set out in a heading consisting of a couplet of two four-character titles. The titles introduce antithetical or matching couples of a wide variety of entities: plants, animals, places, objects, numerical categories, types of religious practice, natural phenomena, and so on. Chen Baoguang’s method follows Wang Songnian’s 王松年 tenth-century adaptation of the *bianzhu* 編珠 tradition of literary *leishu* 類書 anthologies (see the article on 596 *Xianyuan bianzhu*). In effect, the topical arrangement of the material and systematic identification of the sources suggest that this work could also be used, like the classic *Chuxue ji*, as a dictionary of quotations and for facilitating the memorization of sources for reference.

The author quotes an eclectic range of Taoist works dating from the Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) to the early Song (960–1279). The sources cited are said to number more than 200 (CGF 241–42); they actually involve an even larger number of titles than meets the eye, because two early Song anthologies, *Taiping guangji* and *YJQQ*, are cited globally. The chief documentary value of the present text lies in its preservation of passages from earlier works, many of which are no longer independently extant.

As the preface makes clear, however, the didactic intention of the book was primarily of a religious nature. Zhuxuan first points to the apologetic purpose of hagiography: immortals left “traces” in order to convince unbelievers of the possibility of transcendence. He then evokes the long-standing philosophical debate about human nature and innate endowment as opposed to moral cultivation and spiritual attainment through learning; he includes an allusion to the famous Chan 禪 contribution to the debate, opposing “sudden” and “gradual” enlightenment. The preface writer, and by implication the author, adopt WU YUN’s (d. 778) argument that immortality could indeed be attained through study (see Wu’s “Shenxian ke xue lun 神仙可學論” in 1051 *Zongxuan xiansheng wenji* 2.9b–16a)—hence the usefulness of transmitting such materials as furnished by the “traces of immortals” and collected in this book.

Franciscus Verellen

Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian 歷世真仙體道通鑑

53 juan

By Zhao Daoyi 趙道一; colophon by Liu Chenweng 劉辰翁 (dated *jiawu* 甲午 [1294]); preface by Deng Guangjian 鄧光薦 (dated *jiawu* [1294])

296 (fasc. 139–48)

“Comprehensive Mirror of Immortals Who Embodied the Tao through the Ages.”

The author, who is referred to as Zhao Quanyang 趙全陽 in one of the prefaces, is virtually unknown outside the context of this work. Nor can the date of the book be determined with certainty. However, thanks to the several prefaces and presentation memorials, a number of hypotheses may be advanced.

The authors of the colophon, Liu Chenweng (1232–1297), and the author of one of the prefaces, Deng Guangjian (1232–1303), are both well-known figures of the late Song period: Deng rose to a relatively high rank in the administration. A patriot and Song loyalist, he attempted twice unsuccessfully to commit suicide after the fall of the dynasty. Having refused to respond to the overtures of the Yuan (1279–1368) general Zhang Hongfan 張弘範, Deng died in 1297 in retirement from public life. Liu Chenweng, like Deng Guangjian a native of Luling 廬陵, was active in late Song (960–1279) Neo-Confucian circles and closely associated with the prominent

scholar Zhou Lianxi 周濂溪. Liu also withdrew from official life after the Mongol victory.

It is likely that Zhao Daoyi compiled his work during the two decades after the fall of the Song dynasty. The prefaces—by literati living in retirement and, like many former officials during that period, drawn to Taoism—suggest as much. Moreover, Zhao Daoyi states in his own foreword that his history covers the period from antiquity to the end of the Song. In his preface, dated *jiannu* 甲午, Liu Chenweng says that the book's contents reached up to “contemporary” times, which should refer to the year 1294. Finally, the section devoted to the Heavenly Master movement includes a biography of the thirty-fifth patriarch; it was presumably written during the lifetime of the Thirty-sixth Heavenly Master. The latter lived around the end of the Song and the beginning of the Yuan: we know that he was a young man in the Xianheng reign period (1266–1274) and in full activity under Kublai Khan, who conferred a title on him in 1291.

An indication of Zhao Daoyi's place of origin can be gleaned from his title: Fuyun shan Shengshou wannian gong daoshi 浮雲山聖壽萬年宮道士. According to the biography of Li Babai 李八百 in juan 10, this was the Fuyun guan 浮雲觀, renamed Fuyun shan under the Song, situated in Fengxin county 封新縣 in the superior prefecture of Longxing 隆興府 (in modern Nanchang 南昌, Jiangxi). Luling, the place of origin of the two preface writers Deng and Liu, is very close to Nanchang.

Our text (the LZTT) presents itself as a history of Taoism narrated through the lives of individuals who had obtained the Tao; it is supplemented by 297 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian xubian* and 298 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian houji*. The former continues the section that is devoted to immortals under the Song; the latter is a compilation of lives of female immortals.

This vast undertaking aimed at nothing less than providing Taoism with its own “Comprehensive Mirror” (*tongjian* 通鑑), a counterpart to Sima Guang's *Zizhi tongjian* and the Buddhist chronicle *Shishi tongjian* 釋氏通鑑. However, the resulting history is not an annalistic chronicle in the style of 770 *Hunyuan shengji* (1191), which was also known, in the historiographical tradition, as the “Veritable Record of Lord Lao” (*Hunyuan shilu* 混元實錄). Besides chronicles of this kind, Taoism also possessed a hagiographical literature consisting of the lives of saints in the tradition of 294 *Liexian zhuan*, the *Shenxian zhuan* 神仙傳, and 295 *Xu xian zhuan*, comprising in all 1,600 biographies, as affirmed in the prefaces to the present work.

The aim of Zhao Daoyi's work, then, was to place this biographical material into the chronological framework provided by official historiography and the histories of Taoism. In general, his editorial procedure consisted in transcribing the biographies word for word—sometimes adding a brief conclusion as to the manner in which a saint's life reflected the teaching of the *Daode jing* 道德經—and in arranging them

according to his own groupings. The chronological succession of the lives is complicated by two sets of factors: first, by the semilegendary nature of much of the material, that is, by the saints' extraordinary longevity and by their propensity to return in various reincarnations; and, second, the need to account for the immortals' filiation in terms of the various movements or schools. As a result, the organization of the work is subject to three main principles: (1) the order preestablished by earlier collections on which the present work draws; (2) the subjects' filiation according to schools; and (3) historical chronology. In the following, the LZTT will be discussed under the headings of these three sometimes irreconcilable criteria.

1. The sources: Two main types of sources can be distinguished: those on which the author drew directly for his biographical material and those that indirectly guided the organization and composition of the work. Some of the earlier collections appear to have been used in both ways at once. Direct sources include 294 *Liexian zhuan*, which occupies the entire juan 3. All of its biographies are incorporated here, with the exception of the lives of Anqi 安期 and of the female immortals who are included in the 298 *Houji*. The biographies are, however, arranged in a different order, reflecting, perhaps, the author's views regarding their chronological succession. Material from the *Shenxian zhuan*, attributed to GE HONG, occupies a large part of juan 5 and is strongly represented in juan 11, 12, 13, and 34. In addition, biographies drawn from that work are found scattered throughout the first two thirds of the present text. Juan 17 consists entirely of biographies taken from 1016 *Zhen'gao* 12, 13, and 14. Juan 12–16 likewise include material from that work.

The *Dongxian zhuan* 洞仙傳, a lost collection of the late Six Dynasties period (220–589), is known today mainly from citations in YJQQ 109 and other Song anthologies (see Yan Yiping, *Daojiao yanjiu ziliao*, vol. 1). It is the source of most of the biographies in juan 6 and of others found throughout the remainder of the present collection. The work 295 *Xu xian zhuan*, by Shen Fen 沈汾 of the Southern Tang (937–975) dynasty, is completely reproduced in juan 36 (where only the biographies of Song Yu 宋愚, Wei Shanjun 韋善竣, and Zhang Huigan 張惠感 derive from different sources), juan 37 (except Xue Chang 薛昌, WU YUN, Li Bo 李白), juan 38 (except Liu Xuanhe 劉玄和, Yang Taiming 楊泰明, Li He 李賀, Xuanyuan Miming 軒轅彌明), and juan 39 (only Du Sheng 杜昇, Yang Xi 羊惜, and TAN QIAO); isolated biographies from this work are found scattered throughout the present text: those of LÜQIU FANGYUAN (juan 40); Nie Shidao 聶師道 (juan 41); Xu Jun 徐鈞 and Qian Lang 錢朗 (juan 45); and others.

The *Zhenxi* 真系 (dated 805), by Li Bo 李渤, preserved in the form of citations in YJQQ 5, provided the material for juan 24–25, devoted to Maoshan. The YJQQ itself, especially the section entitled “Biographies” (*zhuan* 傳), appears to have been used directly in the elaboration of the “Comprehensive Mirror,” without mention of the

sources on which its material was based in turn. See the following chapters: YJQQ 104, biographies of Mao Ying 茅盈, incorporated in abridged form in LZTT 16, and of the saints of the Louguan 樓觀, Yin Gui 尹軌, Song Lun 宋倫, Feng Chang 馮長, Yao Dan 姚坦, Zhou Liang 周亮, and others, reproduced in LZTT 8 and 9; YJQQ 105, the biography of Pei Jun 裴君, included in abridged form in LZTT 15; YJQQ 106, the biographies of Wang Bao 王褒, Zhou Yishan 周義山, Ma Mingsheng 馬明生, and Yin Changsheng 陰長生, reproduced in LZTT 13 and 14. Although it is possible that Zhao Daoyi used the same ulterior sources as the YJQQ independently, his adoption of the same groupings as found in the YJQQ suggests that the latter provided his material for juan 8, 9, 13, 14, and 16.

The *Xuanyuan benji* 軒輊本紀, a chronicle of Huangdi 黃帝 composed under the Song that survives only in its version in YJQQ 100, is fully incorporated in LZTT 1. The 770 *Hunyuan shengji* (dated 1191), an annalistic account of Taoism organized around the manifestations of Laozi in history, served as the basis for the composition of LZTT 2. Such mysterious figures from high antiquity as Yougu da xiansheng 有古大先生, Yu Huazi 郁華子, and others are taken from that work; an exception is Guangcheng zi 廣成子, whose biography is based on the *Shenxian zhuan*.

The *Gaodao zhuan* (between 1068 and 1101), which survives only in fragmentary form, appears to have been a major source for the “Comprehensive Mirror”—and Zhao Daoyi’s preferred choice when he had to select among several earlier biographies of the same saint. This work is massively represented from LZTT 39 onward. It would seem, for example, that the lives of personalities associated with the Louguan temple in juan 39–40 were transcribed via the *Gaodao zhuan*, rather than the *Louguan zhuan* 樓觀傳, the main earlier source for this material. Whenever it is possible to compare one of these biographies in the LZTT with fragments from the *Gaodao zhuan* and the *Louguan zhuan*, thanks to their citations in the 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu*, Zhao Daoyi’s text appears to be closer to the former than to the latter.

The *Yulong ji* 玉隆集 (dated 1224) of BO YUCHAN, reproduced in 263.31 *Xiuzhen shishu*, constituted the basis for the two chapters devoted to XU XUN and his disciples, LZTT 26–27. As for the *Jixian zhuan* 集仙傳 (twelfth century) of ZENG ZAO, no more than an outline remains of this possible source that included biographies of most of the Five Dynasties (907–960) and Song immortals in the LZTT. Among other likely sources, 592 *Shenxian ganyu zhuan* by DU GUANGTING seems to have provided, directly or indirectly, the material for many biographies in juan 22.

Without necessarily serving as direct sources, certain collections had an influence on the composition and arrangement of the LZTT’s contents: The organization of the *Louguan zhuan*, though the work itself is no longer extant, can be reconstructed in outline from the preface of the *Zhongnan shan shuoqing tai lidai zhenxian beiji* 終南山說經台歷代真仙碑記 (see CGF 265). The list of names indicated there corresponds

to the organization of two sections in the present work, LZTT 8–9 and 39–40. The Nine Immortals of the Southern Peak of the Six Dynasties (see 453 *Nanyue xiaolu*) are grouped together in LZTT 33; those of the Tang, who claimed spiritual descent from SIMA CHENGZHEN, are included in juan 40. Their biographies, however, do not derive from this source. The 444 *Dongxuan lingbao sanshi ji* may have provided the spiritual lineage of three Nanyue masters under the Tang.

2. Lineages and schools: The arrangement of the main body of the LZTT can be explained neither by chronology alone, nor by the organization of earlier collections; instead, Zhao Daoyi arranged his material according to spiritual lineages or schools as perceived by a Taoist at the end of the Song. In the following we shall retrace the main lineages that emerge from the LZTT.

The avatars of Laozi: all of juan 2 is devoted to these figures, including a series of figures from high antiquity perceived as being early manifestations of Laozi (see the biography of Yin Xi 尹喜; 8.1a–3b).

The immortals of antiquity: the subjects of the *Liexian zhuan*, grouped together in chapter 3. They presumably represented for the author a coherent set of Taoists or *fangshi* 方士.

Yin Xi and the early Louguan: the section LZTT 8–9 concerns the transmission of the doctrine from Yin Xi to Yin Gui and the Nine Saints of Louguan.

The Maoshan movement: the author distinguishes a pre-Maoshan phase—consisting of the lineage from An Qisheng 安期生 to Yin Changsheng (juan 13), of the first instructors and deities of Maoshan (juan 14–16), and of various sages connected with Maoshan (throughout juan 17–23)—and the lineage of the Maoshan patriarchs themselves (juan 24–25). Possibly, the biographies in juan 11–12 should be added to this group: though mostly taken from the *Shenxian zhuan*, they also feature in 1016 *Zhen’gao* and represent the southern tradition of Taoism described by GE HONG, which underlay the Maoshan movement.

Zhang Daoling 張道陵 and the Heavenly Master movement: the biography of Zhang Daoling occupies all of juan 18 and is followed by the remainder of the movement’s lineage in juan 19. It is not clear why this well-defined group is found embedded in the Maoshan material.

The Way of Filial Piety (Xiaodao 孝道) of Xishan 西山: following an arrangement similar to juan 18 and 19, a first chapter (juan 26) is devoted to the founder of this movement, XU XUN, and his eleven disciples are grouped together in the next (juan 27). The period covered extends from the Jin to the Tang. It appears that this movement is placed immediately after the Maoshan movement because the Xiaodao claimed that XU XUN belonged to the same Xu family that had been responsible for transmitting the Maoshan revelations.

The second Louguan: Juan 29–30 contain the lives of the immortals of the

Louguan, many of whom participated in the controversy with the Buddhists under the Northern Wei (386–534). The majority of these figures lived in the period between the Northern Wei and the Sui (581–618).

The immortals of the Southern Peak (Nanyue 南嶽): the lives of the Nine Immortals of Nanyue, as well as a certain number of other immortals associated with that mountain but not included in 453 *Nanyue xiaolu*, are found in juan 33. Juan 39–40 groups together immortals of the Second Nanyue, according to master-disciple relationships. These immortals claimed descent from the Maoshan patriarch SIMA CHENGZHEN and included the Tiantai master DU GUANGTING (see also 444 *Dongxuan lingbao sanshi ji*). The immortals in juan 41–42 are thematically related to this group: Nie Shidao 聶師道 is connected to LÜQIU FANGYUAN (the last biography in juan 40); Zhang Yun 張氤 (the second biography in juan 41) is connected to both YE FASHAN (juan 39) and Luo Gongyuan (juan 40); the last figure in juan 41, Zhai Fayan 翟法言, was the master of Shu Xuji 舒虛寂, who opens juan 42.

The lineage of LÜ DONGBIN: Quanzhen 全真 saints claiming descent from LÜ DONGBIN are loosely grouped in juan 45–49, while the masters of the related Jinlian 金蓮 movement, tracing their origin to ZHONGLI QUAN, are found dispersed throughout the work. It may be noted that many of the Taoists in juan 45–47 were connected to the court and to Neo-Confucian circles.

3. The chronological framework: Given the emphasis in this work on tracing lineages and lines of transmission, overall chronology suffered inevitable distortions. The first biography, that of the Yellow Emperor as patron of the immortals and founder of Chinese civilization, is followed by lesser figures of preceding ages. Nevertheless, Zhao Daoyi's history of Taoism from antiquity to the Yuan is roughly continuous, at least in terms of his sequential treatment of the founders of major movements (a major exception to this rule, however, is the emergence of the Heavenly Masters in juan 18). Despite internal inconsistencies within individual sections, the following phases may be distinguished: from the beginnings to the Later Han (juan 1–14); Six Dynasties to Sui (juan 15–30); Sui to Five Dynasties (juan 31–45); and Five Dynasties to the end of the Song (juan 45–53).

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Jean Lévi, revised by Franciscus Verellen

Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian xubian 歷世真仙體道通鑑續編

5 juan

Attributed to Zhao Daoyi 趙道一; fourteenth or fifteenth century?

297 (fasc. 149)

"Supplement to the Comprehensive Mirror of Immortals Who Embodied the Tao through the Ages." This work supplements 296 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian*. It provides additional biographies to the latter, extending its chronological span to the Jurchen Jin (1115–1234) and Yuan (1279–1368) periods. The emphasis is on Quanzhen 全真 masters.

Jean Lévi

Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian houji 歷世真仙體道通鑑後集

6 juan

By Zhao Daoyi 趙道一; fl. 1294

298 (fasc. 150)

"Continuation of the Comprehensive Mirror of Immortals Who Embodied the Tao through the Ages." This work supplements 296 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian*. It is devoted to female immortals from antiquity to the end of the Song. Most of the material is taken from 783 *Yongcheng jixian lu*.

Jean Lévi

Xuanpin lu 玄品錄

5 juan

By Zhang Tianyu 張天雨, *hao* Gouqu waishi 句曲外史; 1335

781 (fasc. 558–559)

"Records of the Categories of the Mysterious." The preface by the author (var. Zhang Yu 張雨 [1276–1342]; see Sun Kekuan, *Hanyuan daolun*, 292–94) is dated with the cyclical characters *yihai* 乙亥, that is, the year 1335. Here, Zhang calls his work a "History of the Mysterious" (*Xuanshi* 玄史), saying that he searched for persons to whom Sima Tan's 司馬談 definition of the Taoist school (from *Shiji* 130.3292) would apply. As a result, Zhang collected 144 biographies and arranged them according to dynasties—starting with Yin Xi 尹喜 from Zhou (ca. 1050–221 B.C.) times up to LIU YONGGUANG (1134–1206). Within the dynasties, the biographies are again grouped in various categories (e.g. "Daode pin 道德品," categories of Tao and De; "Daoyin 道隱," Taoist hermits; "Daoru 道儒," Taoist scholars).

With few exceptions, Zhang does not give the sources for his compilation, but it is evident that apart from the *Zhuangzi* (e.g., 1.3b–6a) and 1016 *Zhen'gao* (e.g., 1.15a–b), he did not use any specifically Taoist material. Instead, he attempted an objective, official presentation of Taoist personalities by taking biographies, mostly verbatim or slightly

abridged, from the following official histories: *Shiji*, *Han shu*, *Hou Han shu*, *Wei shu*, *Jin shu*, *Nan shi*, *Sui shu*, *Jiu Tang shu*, *Xin Tang shu*, and *Xin Wudai shi*. It is not clear what his sources were for the biographies from the Song dynasty (960–1279).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

庚桑子



FIGURE 34. Gengsang zi
(I63 2b)

莊子



FIGURE 35. Zhuangzi
(I63 8a)

Xuanyuan shizi tu 玄元十子圖

13 fols.

By ZHAO MENGFU 趙孟頫 (1254–1322); colophon dated 1286

163 (fasc. 72)

“Portraits of Ten Masters of the Mysterious Origin.”

According to his colophon, Zhao made this small album at the request of his master, DU DAOJIAN, *hao* Nangu zi (1237–1318; see second colophon, dated 1306). The present version is based on a printed edition by a certain Lu Daotong 路道通 (alias Lu Mingzhen 路明真) of Changchun 長春 (Jiangsu). Lu launched a subscription for the financing of his initiative and requested prefaces from a number of famous contemporaries: Zhang Yucai 張與材, the Thirty-eighth Heavenly Master (d. 1316; Zhang originally also wrote a colophon to Zhao’s work); Yao Yun 姚雲 (*jinsshi* 進士 1268); and the daoshi Huang Zhonggui 黃仲圭 and Huang Shiweng 黃石翁. According to this last preface, the blocks of this printing were kept at the Taiqing gong 太清宮 at Bozhou 亳州 (Laozi’s birthplace, in Henan), whereas DU DAOJIAN had the portraits copied onto murals for his temple, the Zongyang guan 宗陽觀.

The ten portraits are those of Guanyin zi 關尹子, Wenzi 文子, Gengsang zi 庚桑子 (fig. 34), Nanrong zi 南榮子, Yinwen zi 尹文子, Shicheng zi 士成子, Cuiqu zi 崔瞿子, Boju zi 柏矩子, Liezi 列子, and Zhuangzi 莊子 (fig. 35). The album originally appears to have included a picture of Laozi as well. The work was copied by the Yuan artist Hua Tangqing 華唐卿 (see *Guoyun lou shuhua ji*, “Hualei,” 2.11b). The daoshi Sun Dafang 孫大方 obtained this copy and undertook to have it printed (see Huang Shiweng’s preface).

Caroline Gyss-Vermande

Xiaoyao xu jing 逍搖墟經

2 juan

By Hong Yingming 洪應明, *zi* Zicheng 自誠; ca. 1600

1465 (fasc. 1081)

Changsheng quanjing 長生詮經

23 fols.

Supplement to 1465 *Xiaoyao xu jing*

1466 (fasc. 1082)

Wusheng juejing 無生訣經

36 fols.

Supplement to 1465 *Xiaoyao xu jing*

1467 (fasc. 1082)

“Book of the Land of Ecstatic Wanderings.” This work has a preface by Yuan Huang 袁黃 (1533–1606), in which he states that he had received a “chronicle of immortals” (*xianji* 仙紀) entitled *Xiaoyao you* 逍遙遊 from Hong Zicheng (i.e., Hong Yingming). The title is an allusion to the first chapter of the *Zhuangzi*.

Hong Yingming, who was equally interested in Taoism and in Buddhism, is mainly known for his Chan work *Cai gen tan* 菜根譚. His background and dates remain uncertain, but he probably lived in the second half of the sixteenth century.

The textual history of the present work is problematic. The same text is found in a collection of writings by Hong Yingming titled *Xian fo qizong* 仙佛奇蹤, which has come down in two main editions: a palace edition in four juan published in 1602 and discussed in the *Siku quanshu zongmu* under the heading of “fiction” (*xiaoshuo* 小說), and the edition titled *Yuedan tang xian fo qizong hekan*. We have been able to consult only the latter.

The *Xian fo qizong* comprises four parts, arranged in a two-tiered compilation. Its first section is devoted to Taoists, with illustrated hagiographies of immortals and an appendix entitled “Changsheng quan 長生詮.” A Buddhist counterpart to this section is organized in the same way: biographies of bodhisattvas and eminent Chan masters, entitled “Ji guang jing 寂光境,” followed by an appendix containing selected quotations, titled “Wusheng jue 無生訣.” The work as a whole is preceded by two prefaces. The first of these, referring to Taoism, corresponds to the preface of the work in the *Daozang* under discussion, but, unlike the latter, it is signed; the second preface concerns the Buddhist dimension of the work and bears the signature of Feng Mengzhen 馮夢禎 (1546–1605).

In the palace edition, the biographies of the immortals form the first juan, the Taoist anthology the second, the Buddhist hagiographies the third, and the Buddhist quotations the fourth. By contrast, in the *Xian fo qizong*, the biographies of immortals

occupy the first three juan and the “Changsheng quan” forms the fourth. The remaining four juan contain the Buddhist counterpart. Also only juan 5 and 8 have titles, while the illustrated parts bear the general designations “Liexian 列仙” and “Fozu 佛祖.” Moreover, the biographies in the *Xian fo qizong* are arranged in a different order from that in the *Daozang* and palace editions, which are identical in this respect, and a certain number of biographies are missing altogether (in particular that of the last Taoist immortal under the Ming).

In the *Daozang*, two of the parts constituting the *Xian fo qizong* follow immediately after 1465 *Xiaoyao xu jing*, as 1466 *Changsheng quanjing* and 1467 *Wusheng juejing*. The latter work features a colophon dated 1607 by the Fiftieth Heavenly Master, who was also responsible for an edition of the work; this colophon likely applies to all three parts. The Heavenly Master’s edition was probably made on the basis of the palace edition by removing the Buddhist biographies and dividing 1465 *Xiaoyao xu jing* into two juan in order to preserve an identical number of chapters. The supplement to the *Daozang*, *Xu Daozang* 續道藏, in turn based itself on this edition, grouping the three works into four chapters, for after the first two juan of 1465 *Xiaoyao xu jing*, the same numbering continues through the following two works: 1466 *Changsheng quanjing* and 1467 *Wusheng juejing* bear the designations “juan 3” and “juan 4,” respectively, under their titles.

However, prior to their incorporation into illustrated editions placing the two religions side by side, in accordance with the syncretic tastes of the time, the three works that make up the *Xian fo qizong* appear to have circulated in separate editions or manuscript versions, as is suggested by Yuan Huang’s preface and by the title of the edition in eight juan, the *Xian fo qizong heke* 仙佛奇蹤合刻, or “combined edition.” Moreover, each of the two appendixes bear their author’s name in this edition, and in the 1602 edition each section occupies a separate chapter.

The confused numbering of the parts of the three texts in the *Daozang* no doubt reflects the editors’ uncertainty as to whether they should be treated as a single work, following the example of the Heavenly Master, or whether they constituted three separate entities. In fact, the three texts in the *Daozang* are quite unrelated and should be treated separately.

The 1465 *Xiaoyao xu jing* is a collection of sixty-three biographies of Taoist immortals, beginning with a life of Laozi and concluding with the hagiography of Zhang Sanfeng 張三峰, the famous Taoist of the late Yuan (1279–1368) and early Ming (1368–1644) periods who became a popular saint from the seventeenth century onward.

The work can thus be considered a history of Taoism from its beginnings to the Ming, viewed through the lives of the immortals. Although the author drew his material from traditional hagiographies by transcribing or condensing them, 1465 *Xiaoyao xu jing* is more than a simple synopsis of the great collections such as LZTT. The

originality of the work lies in its selection. This work is, for example, the only compendium of immortals’ lives featuring the complete set of the Eight Immortals (*baxian* 八仙). By omitting all details concerning textual filiations, imperial canonizations, and cults devoted to the immortals, the author emphasizes the anecdotal aspect of his subject while minimizing its religious content. The work can thus be said to represent the popular Taoist pantheon of the Ming from a—albeit sympathetic—literary perspective.

It is difficult to identify Hong Yingming’s sources with confidence because the traditional material had already been extensively shared by earlier collections. The following sources, however, can be singled out: LZTT, the *Liexian zhuan* 列仙傳, and 781 *Xuanpin lu*. For certain immortals, including Cao Guojiu 曹國舅, Li Tieguai 李鐵拐, Mayi zi 麻衣子, and Zhang Sanfeng, whose lives figure in none of the great pre-Ming collections, the author’s sources remain unknown.

Jean Lévi

Soushen ji 搜神記

6 juan

Reprinted in 1607

1476 (fasc. 1105–1106)

“In Search of the Gods.” This is a collection of lives of saints and legendary figures canonized from antiquity up to the Ming (1368–1644); it assumes the title of the well-known work by Gan Bao 干寶 (fl. 317–322). The author of the preface explains that he had read a *Soushen ji* at the Fuchun tang of Sanshan 三山富春堂 in Nanking; although the text had little in common with the reconstructions of the *Soushen ji*, it nevertheless preserved its spirit. A note dated 1607 by Zhang Guoxiang 張國祥, the editor of the supplement to the *Daozang*, *Xu Daozang* 續道藏, indicating that the present version had undergone editorial changes, closes the work.

The *Xu Daozang* edition is in fact a reprint, without the illustrations, of the work published by the Fuchun tang; the latter work included a preface dated 1593 by Luo Maodeng 羅懋登 (see Naikaku bunko, *Naikaku bunko Kanseki bunrui mokuroku*, 283b). The present text is related to but distinct from the late-Ming work *Sanjiao yuanliu shengdi fozu soushen daquan*, reprinted by Ye Dehui 葉德輝 in 1909 (see Li Xianzhang, “*Sankyō sōjin daizen*,” 79–83; Dudbridge, *The legend of Miao-shan*, 58–59).

The collection opens with biographies of the founders of the Three Teachings: Confucius, the Buddha, and Laozi. In addition to deified virtuous officials and a few representatives of the Buddhist pantheon and of Taoist immortals, a large number of figures from classical mythology are included: the Master of Rain, the God of Wind, the Master of Lightning, Panhu, and others. A wide range of sources is cited. Each

entry is provided with indications of the dates on which its subject was venerated, the temples dedicated to him, as well as lists of titles and canonizations.

Jean Lévi, revised by Franciscus Verellen

Han tianshi shijia 漢天師世家

4 juan

Edited by Zhang Guoxiang 張國祥, the Fiftieth Heavenly Master; published in 1607

1463 (fasc. 1066)

“Hereditary House of the Heavenly Master of the Han Dynasty.” This text contains the biographies of the Tianshi of the Longhu shan 龍虎山 (Jiangxi) lineage. The present enlarged version includes as its last entry the life of the Forty-ninth Heavenly Master, Zhang Yongxu 張永緒 (d. 1565). The work contains, however, many traces of earlier editions.

According to the preface by Zhang Yuchu (1361–1410), placed as a colophon in the present work (see also his *1311 Xianquan ji* 2.6a–8a), the compilation of the *Han tianshi shijia* was first undertaken by his father, the Forty-second Heavenly Master, Zhang Zhengchang 張正常 (d. 1377). It was he who then invited the famous scholar Song Lian 宋濂 (1310–1381) to write the preface (dated 1376) that still figures in the present edition. The compilation apparently left something to be desired, and Zhang Yuchu revised it completely before he had it printed. He requested a preface from Su Boheng 蘇伯衡 (dated 1390).

The present edition was brought up to date by Zhang Guoxiang, the editor of the 1607 supplement to the Taoist canon. Several authors contributed prefaces: Zhou Tianqiu 周天球 (dated 1593), Wang Dexin 王德新 (*jinsshi* 進士, 1573), and Yu Wenwei 喻文偉 (dated 1597). Yu, a native of Yunnan, submitted his preface on his own initiative. The five prefaces together constitute the first juan of the work.

The second juan contains the biography of the First Heavenly Master, preceded by an introduction (*yin* 引) by Zhang Yue 張鉞 (*jinsshi*, 1508), who apparently had also revised the work. Zhang Yue, himself a native from Jiangxi, was a personal friend of the Forty-eighth Heavenly Master, Zhang Yanpian 張諺猷 (d. 1537).

The history of the Longhu shan Heavenly Masters is beset by contradictions, at least early on. As has been pointed out by several historians (see Schipper, *Annuaire de l'Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes*, Ve Section—Sciences Religieuses 91 [1982–1983]: 133–36), the institution of the Tianshi dao 天師道 of the Six Dynasties and early Tang periods was different from the Longhu shan establishment. In the former, not one but all direct descendants of the First Heavenly Master had the right to the hereditary title and to the office of Inspector of Merit (*dugong* 都功) of the Yangping zhi 陽平治, the first of the dioceses. It was not until the mid-Tang period that the Tianshi temple

on Longhu shan in Jiangxi became an important pilgrimage center and that its claim to be the original cradle of the Tianshi lineage emerged. The history of the lineage was then reinvented. The present work bears witness to this fact, for instance, by attributing exceptional longevity to earlier generations: from the death of Zhang Heng 張衡 in 179 to the death of the fifteenth Heavenly Master, Zhang Shilong 張士龍, during the Zhenyuan era (785–804) more than 600 years elapsed, during which there were thirteen Heavenly Masters, whereas during the following 600 years there were twenty-nine successors. The discrepancies in the making of the tradition can also be seen through a comparison with earlier biographies as recorded, for instance, in LZTT 19. There the lineage extends up to the thirty-fifth generation under the Southern Song period. These biographies may therefore have been compiled by the Thirty-sixth Heavenly Master, Zhang Zongyan 張宗演 (d. 1291).

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Xu taishi zhenjun tuzhuan 許太史真君圖傳

2 juan

440 (fasc. 197)

“Life of the Grand Astrologer Xu.” This is a richly illustrated hagiography of the great saint XU XUN, who is said to have risen up to Heaven in 291 A.D. (figs. 36–38). Stories about Xu and his companion Wu Meng 吳猛 became current during the early medieval period. They greatly amplified during the Tang (618–907), giving rise to the Way of Filial Piety (Xiaodao 孝道) movement that was based on their lore (see 449 *Xiaodao Wu Xu er zhenjun zhuan*). Toward the end of the Tang, the holy places related to the worship of the immortal official, notably the temples on Xishan 西山 near Nanchang 南昌 (Jiangxi), became major pilgrimage centers.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, BO YUCHAN wrote an extensive hagiography of XU XUN and the lesser saints of his school under the title *Yulong ji* 玉隆集 (263.31 *Xiuzhen shishu*). That work provided, with some variants, the basis for the present illustrated hagiography.

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Kristofer Schipper

Xu zhenjun xianzhuan 許真君仙傳

17 fols.

Yuan (1279–1368)

447 (fasc. 200)

“Hagiography of Zhenren Xu.” This is a Yuan version of the biography of XU XUN in BO YUCHAN’s *Yulong ji* 玉隆集 (dated 1224), reproduced in 263.31 *Xiuzhen shishu*.



FIGURE 36. Xu Xun fighting mountain spirits (440 1.19b–20a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/437)



FIGURE 37. Xu Xun smelting the iron pillar (440 2.7b–8b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/437)



FIGURE 38. Xu Xun rising up to Heaven (440 2.17b–18a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/437)

The present version cannot be earlier than 1295, since the qualifier *Zhidao xuanying* 至道玄應 in its title (1a) was conferred under the reign of the Yuan emperor Chengzong (1295–1307; see IIII *Jingming zhongxiao quanshu* 1.12b).

The text differs from that of BO YUCHAN in the following respects: the actual deeds of the saint (263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 33) are slightly abridged, and the notes are incorporated into the text; the chapter concerning his posthumous career in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 34 is lacking here; the biographies of his eleven disciples are considerably shortened (263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 35 in 263 corresponds to 14b–16b in the present version); and among the various saints of the movement that form the subject of (263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 36), only a succinct account of Hu tianshi 胡天師 is included here.

Jean Lévi

Xishan Xu zhenren bashiwu hua lu 西山許真君八十五化錄

3 fols. + 3 juan

Foreword and preface dated 1246; postface dated 1250, signed Yongwu zhenren Shi Cen 勇悟真人施岑; second postface, by Sun Yuanming 孫元明, dated *dingwei* 丁未 (1247)

448 (fasc. 200)

“Record of the Eighty-five Manifestations of Zhenren Xu of Xishan.” This is a re-edition of the legend of XU XUN compiled by BO YUCHAN in his *Yulong ji* 玉隆集 (dated 1224), reproduced in 263.31 *Xiuzhen shishu* (q.v.)

The author—whose identity is concealed behind the name of one of the disciples of the patriarch of the Loyalty and Filiality (Zhongxiao 忠孝) movement, Shi Cen—states in his presentation note that XU XUN’s teaching had enjoyed great popularity after the saint’s “descent” at Jinling in 1224, when he announced his doctrine. At that time, several sanctuaries were dedicated to him and a Yongwu monastery became the seat of a fervent group of followers of the Way of Filial Piety. This is how the movement began. Later, a certain Song Daosheng 宋道昇 presented Shi Cen with a hagiography of the twelve saints of Xishan. To enliven the composition, Shi divided it into eighty-five scenes, each accompanied by a poem from his own brush. One of the members of the group undertook to collect funds to assure the work’s diffusion.

In his postface, Sun Yuanming declares having received the visit of one of the members of the original circle, Jia Shoucheng 賈守澄, after a premonitory dream. Jia then passed the edition of Shi Cen on to him.

The date of XU XUN’s apparition in 1224 corresponds to that in BO YUCHAN’s biography of the saint. In a note on the Pavilion for Assembling Immortals of the Yulong monastery, the name of the hermitage of XU XUN, BO YUCHAN marvels at the enthusiasm the sanctuary enjoyed at that time (written on the occasion of his third

visit to Xishan since 1218; see 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 31.2b). The reedition of BO YUCHAN's text thus fell in a period when the movement was thriving.

Jean Lévi

Nanyue jiu zhenren zhuan 南嶽九真人傳

7 fols.

Edited by Liao Shen 廖僔; Northern Song (960–1127)?

452 (fasc. 201)

“Short Biographies of the Nine Zhenren of the Southern Peak.” This work gives an account of the lives of nine persons who obtained the Tao on Hengshan 衡山 between 265 and 513 A.D. About Liao Shen no details are known apart from his official titles, but since in his introductory note he mentions the “commissioner of military affairs, Sun Mian 孫沔 [997–1067], of the present dynasty,” and since the work is listed as anonymous in the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” 5.9a, we can conclude that Liao Shen probably lived in the late Northern Song period.

The introductory note makes it clear that Liao was not the actual author. He was asked by the Taoist master Ouyang Daolong 歐陽道隆, in whose family the biographies had been preserved, to write a preface to the text, since Ouyang wished to have it printed (he had already printed the *Duren jing* 度人經, *Daode jing* 道德經, and the *Jiuyou jing* 九幽經). Liao states that he corrected and edited the text.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Zhongnan shan shuojing tai lidai zhenxian beiji

終南山說經臺歷代真仙碑記

19 fols.

Zhu Xiangxian 朱象先, *zi* Yixu sou 一虛叟; end of thirteenth century

956 (fasc. 605)

“Stele and Inscription on the Platform of the Discourse on the Scriptures and Its Immortals through the Ages.” The Platform of the Discourse on the Scriptures (*shuojing tai* 說經臺) is traditionally the place where the Guardian of the Pass, Yin Xi 尹喜, received instruction, the *Daode jing* 道德經, and other scriptures from Laozi.

The work comprises thirty-five biographies of Taoists linked to the Louguan tradition. It was presented to two high-ranking Quanzhen 全真 Taoists, the patriarch Nie Zhizhen 聶志真 and the temple superintendent (*tidian* 提點), Zhao Zhixuan 趙志玄, by the author. The latter, a Maoshan Taoist and native of Gouqu 句曲, is also the author of another work on the Louguan tradition: 957 *Gu Louguan ziyun yangqing ji*.

Zhu Xiangxian states in his postface that he visited the Louguan in 1279 and found there a work in three juan: the *Louguan xianshi zhuan* 樓觀先師傳. Additions to

this work, originally revealed by Yin Gui 尹軌 to Liang Chen 梁謹 in 305 (8b), were made during the Northern Zhou dynasty (557–581) by Wei Jie 韋節 (13a). It was later completed by YIN WENCAO (d. 688). The *Louguan xianshi zhuan*, which was also known as *Louguan nei zhuan* 樓觀內傳 (VDL 87), comprised thirty biographies of immortals. Zhu Xiangxian seems to have drawn upon these works for most of the biographies in our text. He is himself, nevertheless, the author of a few biographies and of the eulogies in verse at the end of each biography. The biographies from Zhu's brush are those of Yin Xi, YIN WENCAO, and three Taoists who lived during the Song (960–1279) and Yuan (1279–1368) periods: Liang Quan 梁筌, Yin Renping 尹忍平, and Li Zhirou 李志柔. Yin Xi's biography excepted, all the others are of the same, short length, which shows that the present work drastically abbreviated the original versions. The *Louguan zhuan*, quoted in 596 *Xianyuan bianzhu*, is not the same as the *Louguan nei zhuan*, since the quotations do not correspond to our text.

Denis Allistone

Huan zhenren shengxian ji 桓真人升仙記

14 fols.

301 (fasc. 151)

“Record of Zhenren Huan's Ascent to Immortality.” This work relates the legend of TAO HONGJING's disciple Huan [Fa]kai 桓法闡 (see, e.g., SDZN 1.17a), who in this version—unlike the historical tradition—travels from Sichuan to Maoshan to become Tao Hongqing's lowliest servant. Secretly he strives for perfection and is finally, to everybody's amazement, preferred to his ambitious master and summoned to Heaven before him.

In the tale, *neidan* practices—and especially a method of meditation called “silent audience with the emperor on high” (*mochao shangdi* 默朝上帝; cf. 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* 6.5a–b)—are proposed as Huan's recipe of success. The text can scarcely date from a period earlier than the tenth century, since it refers to the cult of the Three Offices of the Water-Palace (*shuifu san guan* 水府三官; 9b). This cult was canonized for the first time in 928 by Yang Pu 楊溥, ruler of the Wu and, later, Nan Tang 南唐 empires (*Xin Wudai shi* 61.758; see also *Song huiyao jigao* 1:882).

While a roughly similar, though much shorter, hagiography of Huan (Fa)kai exists already in the *Shenxian ganyu zhuan* 神仙感遇傳 by DU GUANGTING (in *Taiping guangji* 15.106; see Verellen, “Encounter as revelation,” 380), only ZENG ZAO (d. 1155) refers to details in the present text (compare 1017 *Daoshu* 8.1a–2b with 1a–b, 3a–b, 5b, 6a–b, and 7a–b in the present text).

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Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taihua Xiyi zhi 太華希夷志

2 juan

By Zhang Lu 張輅; preface 1314

306 (fasc. 160)

“Records on [the Life of Chen] Xiyi of Huashan.” This is a biography of CHEN TUAN, *hao* Xiyi 希夷 (d. 989). According to the author’s preface, Zhang Lu was an administrative clerk (*zhishi* 知事) in Jinning 晉寧 in the Hezhong 河中 prefecture, not far from Huashan. It is there that he compiled this biography, based on material from diverse sources. Although the account is partly fact and mainly fiction, the author’s wish was to give Chen’s life a historical background.

The first chapter is devoted to CHEN TUAN’s fame at the court of Taizong (r. 976–997) of the Song dynasty. The second chapter, which is a collection of anecdotes on the Taoist and his contemporaries, also includes a bibliographical list of Chen’s works (7b). Zhu Xi’s (1130–1200) *Wuchao mingchen yanxing lu* 10.1 seems to have been the main source of a number of passages (1.1a–b, 8b–10a, 13a–b; 2.2a–b, 3b–5a, 9a–13b), but these passages have not been excerpted directly from his works. Some passages (2.2b–3b) are extracts from Zhang Fangping’s (1007–1091) account in *Lequan ji* 33.

Most of the material has been excerpted from *xiaoshuo* 小說 literature of the Song period (960–1279). One passage (2.1a–2b) is taken from the *Xiangshan yelu* 湘山野錄 by the Buddhist Wenying 釋文瑩, as quoted in the encyclopedia *Huang Song shishi leiyuan* by Jiang Shaoyu (twelfth century). A poem dedicated to Zhang Yong 張詠 (2.1b) is also from the same source. Another passage (2.1a) can be found in the *Qingxiang zaji* by Wu Chuhou (eleventh century).

Certain parts of our text (5a–b, 6a–b) have much in common with CHEN TUAN’s biography in the LZTT 47. It is possible that both versions are based on the biography in the lost *Gaodao zhuan*. A short passage of our text (1.15a) is identical with the quotation in 1248 *Sandong qunxian lu* 13.10b, which gives the *Gaodao zhuan* as its source. This quotation also figures in the LZTT biography. CHEN TUAN’s poems were famous during the Song, and our text includes some of them, the most important being an exchange of poems with Song Taizong in juan 1. The date indicated, Zhidao 1 (995), seems to be erroneous, since CHEN TUAN died in 989. The *Xu Zizhi tongjian changbian* states that the poems were written in Yongxi 1 (984). The source of the poems is lost, but some of them can also be found in other works. The first and the last of the poems in juan 1 (13b) figure in a biography of CHEN TUAN attributed to Pang Jue 龐覺, included in the *Qingsuo gaoyi*. A monograph on Huashan, the *Huayue zhi*, reproduces some passages (1.3a–3b, 6b), three poems (1.7a), and also a poem by Song Taizong’s third messenger, Ge Shouzhong 葛守中 (var. 忠).

Denis Allistone

Taiji Ge xiangong zhuan 太極葛仙公傳

29 fols.

By Tan Sixian 譚嗣先, *zi* Daolin 道林; preface by Zhu Chuo 朱綽 (dated 1377) 450 (fasc. 201)

“Biography of Ge [Xuan 玄], Duke-Immortal of the Taiji [Palace].” The preface by Zhu Chuo is dated by the cyclical characters *dingsi* 丁巳. Since Zhu Chuo is listed as registrar (*zhubu* 主簿) of Pingyin 平陰 district (Shandong) during the early Ming (*Jurong xian zhi* 8.22b), *dingsi* stands for the year 1377.

Zhu not only wrote the preface but also revised the text and rearranged its order. Tan Sixian, the compiler of this hagiography, was a Taoist in the Qingyuan monastery 青元觀 constructed in 508 A.D. on the site of GE XUAN’s dwelling. As a basis for his work he used a “Biography of the Duke-Immortal” that had been recorded on the Gezao 閣皂山 mountain (preface) where Ge is said to have obtained immortality. That biography, probably a Southern Song (1127–1279) work, apparently served also as the basis for GE XUAN’s biography in LZTT 23. In addition, Tan draws on other sources, such as 1016 *Zhen’gao* and *Shenxian zhuan* 神仙傳.

In the present text, we find appended to Ge’s hagiography (1a–22b) inscriptions by Fang Jun 方峻 (*jinsi* 進士 1030) and TAO HONGJING (23a–26b; it corresponds to 1050 *Huayang Tao yinju ji* 2.5a–8b), as well as two Song edicts (dating from 1104 and 1246, respectively) bestowing the titles Chongying zhenren 冲應真人 and Chongying fuyou zhenjun 冲應孚佑真君 on GE XUAN.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Yunfu shan Shen xianweng zhuan 雲阜山申仙翁傳

13 fols.

First half of the fourteenth century

451 (fasc. 201)

“Biography of Shen, the Immortal Old Man from Mount Yunfu.” This hagiography, obviously written in the Yuan (1279–1368) dynasty (12b speaks of the “previous Song” and the “great Yuan”), gives an account of the career of Shen Taizhi 申泰芝 (687–755; 1b, 7b–8a) and the cult devoted to him that was initiated on imperial order immediately after his death on Yunshan 雲山 in Hunan and that was still continuing when this text was written. The hagiography concludes with an episode set in the ninth century attesting to the truth of this account, and with the imperial decree of 1157 canonizing Shen as Miaoji zhenren 妙寂真人.

Various stories of Shen’s life that have been worked—in considerably modified and embellished form—into the present hagiography are found in the following earlier works: 1a–3b, cf. *Nanyue zongsheng ji* 3.8a–b; 4a–b, cf. *Longcheng lu* 1.7a–8a (where our protagonist is called Shen *tianshi* 申天師); 5b–6a, cf. *Xianzhuan shiyi* (in *Taiping guangji*

33.210; the protagonist is named Shen Yuanzhi 申元之); 10a–11b, cf. *Chuanji* 傳記 (in *Taiping guangji* 69.428–31; the protagonist is Shen tianshi or Shen Yuan 申元). Zhao Daoyi took these different names to stand for two different persons, cf. LZTT 33.13b–14a (identical with *Nanyue zongsheng ji* 3.8a–b) and 39.6b–7b (same as *Xianzhuan shiyi*).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Tang Ye zhenren zhuan 唐葉真人傳

35 fols.

Ca. 1250

779 (fasc. 557)

“Biography of the Zhenren Ye [Fashan 法善] of the Tang Dynasty.” The biography is preceded by a preface and a genealogical table of the Ye family. The preface by Ma Guangzu 馬光祖 (*hao* Yuzhai 裕齋) is dated Chunyou (1241–1253), *gengzi* 庚子. But as the *gengzi* 庚子 year (1240) falls outside this period, the cyclical date is probably an error for *gengxu* 庚戌 (1250) or *renzi* 壬子 (1252).

In his preface (1a), which also mentions a cult of YE FASHAN, Ma writes that Zhang Daotong 張道統, a Taoist from the Chongzhen 沖真 monastery (in Lishui 麗水 county, Zhejiang), showed him a “Biography of the Heavenly Master Ye,” probably referring to the present work. The Chongzhen monastery, originally named Xuanyang guan 宣陽觀, had once been established at Ye’s request; later on Ye was buried there (14a; 16b–17b).

According to the biography—which by means of numerous episodes illustrates Ye’s role as a Taoist at the court, but also as a helper of the people—Ye lived from 614 to 720 (15a; cf. his biography in *Jiu Tang shu* 191). Appended, we find Ye’s petitions to Xuanzong together with the imperial replies (17b–21b), inscriptions for Ye and his ancestors, as well as edicts for the bestowal of honorary titles upon them (up to the year 1120). A fragment (29b–31a) of the inscription by Xuanzong has been preserved in the Dunhuang manuscript Stein 4281.

The present text is probably extensively based on older works. The Song bibliographies list a biography of Ye, written by Liu Gushen 劉谷神 (see VDL 150). His biography in *Taiping guangji* 26.170–74 was assembled from episodes in *Jiyi ji* and *Xianzhuan shiyi* (ninth and tenth centuries) and, moreover, refers to his “proper biography” (*benzhuan* 本傳).

For the confusion of YE FASHAN with Ye Jingneng 葉淨能, to whom sometimes the same episodes are ascribed, see Yusa Noboru, “Yō Hōzen.”

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Diqi shangjiang Wen taibao zhuan 地祇上將溫太保傳

15 fols., with a supplement (*buyi* 補遺) of 5 fols.

Edited by Huang Gongjin 黃公瑾; 1274

780 (fasc. 557)

“Life of Guardian Wen, Chief General of the Earth Spirits.” This hagiography of one of modern China’s great gods was originally written in 1258 by Liu Yu 劉玉, *hao* Qingqing 清卿, a daoshi from Sichuan. Liu’s preface has been preserved in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 253.1a–3b. The postface by Huang Gongjin, dated 1274 and preserved in the same collection (253.9a–10a), explains how Huang incorporated Liu’s work in a treatise on Guardian Wen and the earth spirits, which he had printed.

The present hagiography’s format and style in fact transform it into a short story, an early example of the genre that was to become so popular in Yuan (1279–1368) and Ming (1368–1644) times. It gives a vivid and entertaining account of the god’s early years during the Tang dynasty (618–907), when he, a divine incarnation born in Pingyang 平陽 (Wenzhou 溫州), served as a petty officer in the army of Guo Ziyi 郭子儀. Thereafter he became a butcher of buffalo, a most sacrilegious trade. After being converted by a celestial envoy, he prepared himself for divine office by worshipping the statue of an assistant of the god of Taishan 泰山 in the latter’s temple, having made the vow to become himself such an assistant after his death. The time for this transformation would come, he was told, when the statue had changed. When, thereupon, two boys tried to play a trick on him by painting the statue green and red and by sticking two boar’s tusks into its mouth, Wen died on the spot and transformed himself into a fierce guardian spririt in the image of the statue. Refusing the canonization by the state (*guofeng* 國封) and bloody sacrifices (*xueshi* 血食), he entered into the service of the Thirtieth Heavenly Master, Zhang Jixian 張繼先 (Xujing zhenren 續靜真人, 1092–1126), as a commander of the latter’s spirit army. In this capacity, Wen performed many great feats, and thus was canonized liturgically (*daofeng* 道封) as Zhufa yiling zhaowu dashi taibao 助法翊靈昭武大使太保, which is the title he has in most rituals. While respecting Buddhism as one of the great ways of salvation, Wen was especially active against Buddhist heresies of the popular Santan 三壇 sect. The supplement contains further adventures and, presumably, brings the story up to the times of Liu Yu and Huang Gongjin.

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Kristofer Schipper

Ningyang Dong zhenren yuxian ji 凝陽董真人遇仙記

16 fols.

By Lu Zhaowen 祿昭聞; ca. 1238

308 (fasc. 160)

“Encounters with Immortals of the Congealed Yang Zhenren Dong.” This is a chronicle of the career of the otherwise unknown Dong Shouzhì 董守志 (1160–1227). Dong was a Jurchen who adopted a Chinese name and became a military man. He was chronically ill until he was converted and became cured at the age of thirty-five. From then on, he led an eventful life as a Taoist monk in the western Shaanxi and eastern Gansu areas. After a short summary (1a–2a) of the whole story, Lu Zhaowen, otherwise unknown, narrates chronologically the most significant events of Dong’s life. Most of these events are encounters with the three immortals ZHONGLI QUAN, LÜ DONGBIN, and LIU HAICHAN, who appear either alone or in pairs, imparting medicine or talismans, instruction and poems, sometimes speaking from the void and sometimes appearing in person to perform miracles.

It is noteworthy that LÜ DONGBIN is the least prominent of the three. On the other hand, the hagiographic data on LIU HAICHAN are especially interesting; they form the first substantial account of him before the official Quanzhen 全真 biography, 173 *Jinlian zhenzong ji*, a few years later. Although famous since the eleventh century as a disciple of CHEN TUAN and a *neidan* 內丹 master (see *Dongxuan bilu* 8.90), LIU HAICHAN’s legend appears in developed form only by the late Jurchen Jin period (1115–1234). Some of the information also differs from both the Quanzhen texts and early sources such as, notably, the two inscriptions *Liu Haichan xianji* 劉海蟾仙蹟 (1116; cf. Chen Yuan, *Daojia jinshi lüe*, 328–30) and *Chuang Haichan tang yishi keji* 創海蟾堂移石刻記 (1148; *Daojia jinshi lüe*, 1010). According to WANG CHONGYANG’s poems, Liu hailed from Yan 燕 (also the place named in the later standard version of his life), while the inscriptions place his origins in Qin. In the present text, he says himself that he came from Ruicheng 芮城 (southern Shanxi, very near LÜ DONGBIN’s birthplace); he also has a “yellow face,” a trait unique to this account.

The narrative is in a matter-of-fact style; it evokes a popular following that probably mingled with the more articulate Quanzhen movement after Dong’s death. The transmission of the Tao from LIU HAICHAN to Dong is mentioned in 174 *Jinlian zhenzong xianyuan xiangzhuan* 17b, and a Ningyang wanshou gong 凝陽萬壽宮, originally founded by Dong, was active in Longzhou 隴州 (western Shaanxi) until the late Ming.

Vincent Goossaert

3.A.6.c Mountain and Temple Monographs

Maoshan zhi 茅山志

33 juan

Compiled ca. 1330 by Liu Dabin 劉大彬, *hao* Yuxu zi 玉虛子; prefaces by Zhao Shiyān 趙世延 (1324), WU QUANJIE 吳全節 (1327), and the compiler (1328) 304 (fasc. 153–158)

“Chronicle of Maoshan.” This work was compiled on the initiative of WU QUANJIE—who had first approached Wang Daomeng 王道孟, the forty-fourth Maoshan patriarch—and, finally, his successor, Liu Dabin. Wu, as the archpatriarch (*xuanjiao da zongshi* 玄教大宗師), presided over Taoism in the South China region, and saw in this work the reward for his own efforts and those of his predecessor, Zhang Liusun 張留孫, to obtain imperial support and special favors for the Taoist community on Maoshan. It took thirteen years to complete the chronicle. Liu Dabin, who meanwhile had fallen ill, had charged his disciples with collecting material, but completion of the work was delayed as supplement after supplement was included. Thus we even find a memorandum by Liu Dabin on a *jinlu zhai* 金籙齋 held in 1330 on behalf of the empire (4.18b–19a).

The chronicle includes official historical documents, a section on the legend of the Mao brothers, a description of the mountain’s topography with its natural sites, a section on bibliography, another on the lineage of Maoshan patriarchs in the form of biographies, the lives of those immortals and famous Taoists who in the course of history had lived on Maoshan, a description of the local flora, reproductions of numerous inscriptions on steles at monasteries and other sanctuaries, and finally a section containing poetry and miscellanea.

Apart from the rich documentary material from a wide range of historical sources used in the chronicle, Liu drew on 1016 *Zhen’gao* and on a *Maoshan ji* 茅山記 in four juan by Fu Xiao 傅霄 and Zeng Xun 曾恂, dated 1150 (now lost), which treated mainly the topography and the buildings of Maoshan. The twelve sections constituting the work were originally divided into fifteen juan.

Liu Dabin was not the only one who contributed to the first version of this chronicle: at the end of the text we find a postface written in 1320 by ZHAO MENGFU (1254–1322) for an illustrated work ordered by Liu Dabin on the Shangqing tradition (*Shangqing chuanzhen tu* 上清傳真圖). There Zhao presents himself as the author of the biographies that accompanied the portraits of the forty-five patriarchs of Maoshan. Presumably Liu included these biographies, if not the portraits, in his *Maoshan zhi*. The eulogies (*zan* 贊) appended in the chronicle to all these biographies (juan 10–12) are by Yu Ji 虞集 (1271–1348) and are also found in his *Daoyuan xuegu lu* 45. The cal-

ligraphic rendering of the whole text was finally the responsibility of Zhang Yu 張雨 (1277–1348; see *Pingjin guan jianzang ji shuji* 1.11a–b; CGF 247–50). In this form the work was printed twice: for the first time during the Yuan (1279–1368), and the second time, with an additional preface by Hu Yan 胡儼, in 1423. No later edition reproduced Zhang Yu's calligraphy and the original illustrations.

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Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Xiyue Huashan zhi 西嶽華山誌

23 fols.

By Wang Chuyi 王處一, *zi* Ziyuan 子淵, *hao* Lianfeng yishi 蓮峰逸士; preface

by Liu Dayong 劉大用, *zi* Qizhi 器之 (1183)

307 (fasc. 160)

“Monograph on the Western Peak.” Huashan, the mountain of the title, is one of the five sacred mountains. The author sojourned on the Lotus Peak, one of the central summits of Huashan, whence his *hao*, “Recluse of the Lotus Peak.” The Taoist of the Quanzhen 全真 school and author of 1152 *Yungang ji*, Wang Chuyi (1142–1217), lived during the same period under the Jin dynasty, but his well-documented biography shows that he had no connection with the Lotus Peak.

Liu Dayong states in his preface that the author based his work on older monographs such as the *Huashan ji* 華山記 and the “*Tujing* 圖經” (a lost *Huazhou tujing* 華州圖經 is quoted in the text) and that he collected anecdotes on the mountain from such ancient works as the 294 *Lixian zhuan* attributed to Liu Xiang 劉向. Moreover, the text comprised “over seventy *pian* 篇 concerning the peaks, caverns, monasteries, natural products, relics, immortals, and so on, of the Huashan” (preface). This description does not accord with the present version; it is probable, therefore, that our text is incomplete. This impression is reinforced by the fact that a later monograph, the *Huayue zhi* 華嶽志, quotes (cf. 1.23a, 45b; 3.3b) a *Xiyue Huanshan zhi*, but the quotations in question are missing in the present version.

The text includes two prefaces by Emperor Xuanzong of the Tang dynasty (r. 712–756), the second of which is only the first section of a stele (for the complete text, see “*Xiyue Taihua shan beixu*,” in *Quan Tang wen* 41). The 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* quotation (6b) cannot be found in the extant version of this work in the *Daozang*. Similarly, the source of one story is wrongly given as the *Lixian zhuan* 列仙傳 (5b–6a); it was in fact excerpted from the *Shenxian zhuan* 神仙傳. The latter is also the origin of a passage further on in the text (8b–9a). The “old poem” (2a) is by Han Yu 韓愈 (768–824; cf. *Quan Tang shi* 3789). Two short passages (21.b–2a) reassemble 599 *Dongtian fudi*

yuedu mingshan ji 3b and 6b. The couplet attributed to Du Fu 杜甫 (712–770) on 21b is unidentified.

Denis Allstone

Meixian guan ji 梅仙觀記

26 fols.

Ca. 1296

600 (fasc. 331)

“Records of the Monastery of the Immortal Mei [Fu 福].” The present compilation should be dated 1296, since the date given in the text—“second year of Zhenyuan 貞元” (9b)—must be an error for “Yuanzhen 元貞.”

The work has been compiled from constituent parts. Its first part, the “*Meixian shishi* 梅仙事實” (True History of the Immortal Mei; 1a–9b) by Yang Zhiyuan 楊智遠 (fl. 1082) from the Meixian guan in Fengcheng 豐城 district (Jiangxi), gives an account of the life of Mei Fu, who lived under Wang Mang (r. A.D. 9–25; 1a–6b has been adopted almost verbatim from *Han shu* 67.2917 ff.). Mei finally obtained immortality and ascended into Heaven from Mount Feihong 飛鴻山, which was afterward renamed Meixian shan 梅仙山 (6a–9a; strongly abridged citation in LZIT 14.14b–15a). The last paragraph (9a–b) of this first part (in which the above-mentioned date appears) is—although not marked as such—a later addition that also describes the condition of the monastery (occupied by Buddhists) in the late thirteenth century.

The second part (9b–11b) consists of various inscriptions on steles, one of which is dated 1270. Pages 11b–15b contain the application for canonization, in which Yang Zhiyuan played an active part, and the bestowal of the titles Shouchun zhenren 壽春真人 (in 1082; cf. *Songchao da zhaoling ji* 宋朝大詔令集 136.6b) and Shouchun liyin 史隱 zhenren (in 1132) for Mei Fu.

The final part consists of a hymn in praise of Mei, as well as numerous poems about the mountain named after him and the monastery there.

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Jinhua Chisong shan zhi 金華赤松山志

2 juan

By Ni Shouyue 倪守約, *zi* Zhuquan 竹泉; second half of the thirteenth century

601 (fasc. 331)

“Monograph on Mount Jinhua.” This mountain is linked to the legend of Chisong zi 赤松子 and to that of Huang Chuping 皇初平 (whose *zi* was also Chisong zi) and

his brother Huang Chuqi 皇初起. According to the text (5b), Chisong shan 赤松山 is another name for Jinhua. The work itself can be dated to the end of the Southern Song (1127–1279); the author (about whom we have little information), a Taoist of Mount Jinhua 金華山, lived at the beginning of the Yuan (1279–1368) dynasty (see *Jinhua youlu* 2b).

The monograph seems to have been reconstructed from local sources, parts of which had already been lost at the time the work was undertaken (see preface, 1a). It includes a biography of the brothers Huang that tries to give a historical background to their legend by mentioning honorific titles they received during the Southern Song. This biography is followed by a description of the mountain that starts with an account of the alchemical tradition and of deposits of cinnabar, then offers a physical description of the mountain (caverns, peaks, rivers, and streams), and ends with an account of the monasteries. Among the latter, special attention is paid to the Baoji guan 寶積觀 or Chisong gong 赤松宮 (3a–12b). Seven biographies of Taoists of the area, chronologically arranged, figure in the text (12b–16b). The majority of these figures are famous for having been received at court during the Southern Song or for having played an important role in the Taoist history of the region. The work contains some anomalies: according to the text (16a), Zhu Zhichang 朱知常 was the forty-first patriarch of Maoshan; 304 *Maoshan zhi* 12.11a speaks of the irregularity of the secession of Maoshan patriarchs and gives the name of Wang Zhixin 王志心.

Three imperial edicts are included in the monograph (16b–18a): the first, dated 1099, confers the title of Chisong zi lingxu zhenjun 赤松子凌虛真君 on Chisong zi, the immortal of antiquity. The second and third edicts, dated 1189 and 1262, both concern honorific titles conferred upon the Huang brothers. A list of steles of Mount Jinhua is included (18a–19b) but without the text. Four titles of Taoist texts preserved in various temples are found at the end. Two of these works are still extant (185 *Chisong zi zhongjie jing* and 1167 *Taishang ganying pian*). The *Zhifu zhai congshu* 知服齋叢書 edition and the present text are identical.

Denis Allistone

Xiandu zhi 仙都志

2 juan

By Chen Xingding 陳性定, *zi* Ciyi 此一; edited by Wu Mingyi 吳明義, *zi*

Zhongyi 中誼; preface dated 1348

602 (fasc. 331)

“Topography of [Mount] Xiandu.” The preface was probably written by Wu Mingyi, who like Chen was a Taoist residing on Mount Xiandu (Jinyun 縉雲 county, Zhejiang). It mentions Zhao Siqi 趙嗣祺 (*zi* Xuyi 虛一) because in 1320 he was the first to receive an imperial decree (signifying official recognition) from the Yuan (1279–1368)

court to administer the Yuxu gong 玉虛宮 temple on this mountain (1.9a–b).

The text deals with the topography, religious buildings, and flora of the mountain, as well as with persons who obtained immortality and other outstanding people associated with the mountain. In addition there is a list of inscriptions and the text of poems and inscriptions by a large number of scholars.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Tiantai shan zhi 天台山志

21 fols.

Compiled in 1368

603 (fasc. 332)

“Monograph on Mount Tiantai.” This work is a compilation of the early Ming (1368–1644) dynasty (for the date, see 10a). It includes an introduction, where the author links the Tiantai traditions to those of the Shangqing. This is followed by four sections on peaks, caverns, rivers, streams, and, finally, ending with famous monasteries. The most important of these was the Tongbo guan 桐柏觀, founded in 711 in honor of SIMA CHENGZHEN on Mount Tongbo 桐柏山, under which was situated the Cavern-Heaven (*dongtian* 洞天) of the Golden Court, over which reigned the immortal Wangzi Qiao 王子喬.

The “Stele on Tongbo guan” (10b–13b) is dated 748. The author, Cui Shang 崔尙, was an official in the Department of Sacrifice (cf. *Xin Tang shu* 72B.2736). The *Jinxie linlang* 金薤琳琅 includes a truncated copy of the inscription, based on a rubbing of the original.

The “Record on the Reconstitution of the Taoist Library” (13b–15a), dated 1010 and written by the scholar Xia Shu 夏疏 (984–1050), recounts how the collection of Taoist books was transported to Hangzhou in 985, where they were copied. They were later returned to Tiantai for preservation.

The “Record on the Restoration of the Tongbo guan” (15a–18b), by Cao Xun 曹勛 (d. 1174), is dated 1168. It describes the huge construction work under the direction of Shi Baozhang 石葆璋 that was finally completed in 1167.

The last pages of the monograph comprise poems by famous poets—including Li Bo 李白 (701–762) and Luo Yin 羅隱 (833–909)—inspired by Mount Tiantai, as well as some short notes on the secularization of certain monasteries or on their links to the Tongbo guan during the early Ming.

Denis Allistone

Longrui guan Yuxue Yangming dongtian tujing 龍瑞觀禹穴陽明洞天圖經
4 fols.

By Ye Shu 葉樞; 1114

604 (fasc. 332)

“Monograph on the Cavern-Heaven Yangming, the Cavern of Yu the Great, and on the Longrui Guan.” This is a text composed of quotations concerning the legend of Yu the Great, in the kingdom of Yue, excerpted from diverse books. The monograph also deals with the history of the monastery Longrui guan 龍瑞觀 in Guiji 會稽. The 599 *Dongtian fudi yuedu mingshan ji* by DU GUANGTING affirms that Guiji is the Cavern-Heaven Yangming of Supreme Mystery 極玄陽明洞天. This designation accords with our text, which quotes as its source the *Guishan boyu [shan] jing* 龜山白玉經 (1b). According to 969 *Tiantan Wangwu shan shengji ji* (preface), the latter work (now lost) once formed part of the Taoist canon.

The text has been attributed to Li Zongze 李宗諤 (964–1012), probably the reason the bibliographical chapters of the *Song shi* (204B, 5156) list a *Yangming dongtian tujing* 陽明洞天圖經 in fifteen juan under his name. The same work also considers Li as the author of the *Yuezhou tujing* 越州圖經 in nine juan, a book that is also mentioned in our text (3b). The date of the work and the name of the author, however, are clearly indicated at the end of our text. The author, Ye Shu, a native of Yuezhou and a *jinshi* 進士, later served as assistant lecturer in the Wei prefecture in Shandong.

The Longrui guan was built on the site of the ancient temple Houshen guan 儼神觀, according to the “Tang Longrui guan ji 唐龍瑞觀記” stele (see *Liang Zhe jinshi zhi* 2.13b). The name Houshen guan was changed to Huaixian guan 懷仙館 under the Liu Song (420–479), at the request of the Taoist Kong Lingchan 孔靈產. The *Daoxue zhuan* 道學傳, quoted in SDZN 2.7b, states that the monastery was constructed under the emperor Mingdi (465–471), next to the cavern of Yu the Great. Our text indicates the date of its founding as 705, but according to the stele, its second reconstruction took place that year. It is only since 714, however, after the observance of a *jiao* 醮 celebrated by YE FASHAN, that the monastery was known as Longrui guan. The Cavern-Heaven Yangming is the cave where the books used by Yu the Great for controlling the floods were hidden (3b).

There is an identical edition of the text in Luo Zhenyu’s *Yujian zhai congshu* 玉簡齋叢書. According to the author, the text formed part of the Song canon.

Denis Allistone

Siming dongtian danshan tu yong ji 四明洞天丹山圖詠集

36 fols.

By Zeng Jian 曾堅, *zi* Zibo 子白; ca. 1362

605 (fasc. 332)

The “Collection of Poems on and Descriptions of the Cavern-Heaven Siming and the Cinnabar Mountain.” This work comprises texts from different periods on Mount Siming 四明山 in Zhejiang. The collection, compiled toward the end of the Yuan (1279–1368) dynasty, can be dated approximately on the basis of two internal dates: 1362 (11a) and 1361 (13a).

The author, Zeng Jian of Linchuan, was a contemporary of Wei Su 危素 (*zi* Taipu 太僕, 1303–1372), author of two important texts in the collection. Both Zeng and Wei were disciples of Wu CHENG (1249–1333).

The preface by Zeng Jian, like DU GUANGTING’s 599 *Dongtian fudi yuedu mingshan ji*, identifies Mount Siming as the Ninth Cavern-Heaven. It also mentions two illustrations (*tu* 圖) of the mountain by Xue Yifu 薛毅夫 which are, however, missing from the present version.

The first section of the collection is an ancient description of the mountain ascribed to Mu Hua 木華 (*zi* Xuanxu 玄虛), with a commentary by He Zhizhang 賀知章 (659–744). Our text places Mu Xuanxu in the Tang (618–907) dynasty (1a), although he was a well-known scholar of the Jin period (265–420). In fact, the main text cannot be of the Jin dynasty, since it mentions the names of Taoists posterior to this period (such as Fan Yan 范顏 and Ying Ze 應則; 4a–b). Although Mu’s authorship of this part can be contested, it is nevertheless possible that he was the author of a monograph on the mountain, since the Buddhist monk Zanning 釋贊寧 (919–1000) quotes a *Siming shan ji* 四明山記 by Mu Xuanxu in his *Sunpu* 筭譜. The authenticity of He Zhizhang’s commentary, however, is almost beyond doubt, since during the Northern Song (960–1127) he was known to have written a preface to a *Xuanxu zhi* 玄虛志 (see 779 *Tang Ye zhenren zhuan* 16b). He also called himself Siming kuangren 四明狂人.

The description of the mountain is followed by two short biographies (6b–7a) of the immortals Liu Wang 劉綱 (Han) and Kong You 孔祐 (Southern Qi). The “Inscription on Siming shan 四明山” and the “Record of the Boshui guan 白水觀” (9a–11a) are by Wei Su and were written at the request of Wu Guogong 吳國珙, disciple of Mao Yongzhen 毛永貞. The latter, a Taoist of the Sanhua yuan 三華院 on Mount Longhu 龍虎山, had sojourned in the Boshui guan for a long period of time (11b). In this context, the text draws an analogy to Wu Zhenyang 吳真陽 (*hao* Hunpu zi 混樸子) of the Southern Song (1127–1279) dynasty: he was a disciple of the Thirtieth Heavenly Master, Zhang Jixian 張繼先 (1092–1126), and also a Taoist of the Sanhua yuan who was linked to the Boshui guan (10a). The Longhu shan is mentioned often in our text, which suggests that the Taoism of Mount Siming followed the Heavenly

Master tradition. Mao Yongzhen was also responsible for the construction of a dwelling, the Shitian shanfang 石田山房, which was situated next to the Siyu guan 祠宇觀 on Mount Siming (cf. the preface by Zeng Jian, 112–113a). The text ends with poems (132–136a) on the mountain by authors of different periods, ranging from the Tang to end of the Yuan dynasty (1279–1368).

A commentary on the text ascribed to Mu Xuanxu was written by the Ming Scholar Huang Zongxi (1610–1695) in his *Siming shan zhi*. The commentary points out numerous errors in the Mu Xuanxu description of the mountain.

Denis Allstone

Nanyue zongsheng ji 南嶽總勝集

27 fols.

606 (fasc. 332)

“General Account of the Scenery of the Southern Peak.” This title is misleading, since the present text gives only the twenty-eight entries on Taoist establishments in the second juan of the *Nanyue zongsheng ji* by Chen Tianfu 陳田夫. The original work consists of three juan (as reprinted in the *Lilou congshu* 麗廬叢書, which is based on a Song (960–1279) edition and preserves its format of twenty lines with twenty characters each; see also the Buddhist canon edition listed in the general bibliography in volume 3): juan 1 deals with topography, local cults, and so on; juan 2 is about Buddhist and Taoist religious buildings and the flora and fauna of the mountain; and juan 3 has biographies of hermits and eminent Buddhists and Taoists from the Tang (618–907) to the Song period.

In the preface (dated 1163) to his work, Chen, himself a resident of the Southern Peak, says that he mainly combined four existing records of the Hengshan 衡山 for his compilation: a Buddhist and a Taoist record, and two recent texts, *Shenggai ji* 勝槩集 and *Hengshan ji* 衡山記.

The history of the *Lilou congshu* edition of the text is described in the preface by Ye Dehui 葉德輝 (dated 1907). Different editions of Chen’s work are discussed by Mo Boji in *Wushiwan juan lou qunshu bawen* 3.182a–184b.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Wudang jisheng ji 武當紀勝集

32 fols.

By Luo Tingzhen 羅霆震; hao Yunlu qiaoweng 雲麓樵翁; Yuan (1279–1368)

963 (fasc. 609)

“Record of the Scenery of Wudang” This title comprises a collection of descriptive poems by a single author. Nothing is known about Luo Tingzhen. The name given

for his place of origin, Longxing lu 龍興路, corresponds to the appellation used for the region of Nanchang 南昌 (Jiangxi) in Yuan times. The poems describe in simple diction the scenery, monuments, and remarkable sites on Wudang shan 武當山.

Kristofer Schipper

Dadi dongtian ji 大滌洞天記

3 juan

By Deng Mu 鄧牧, zi Muxin 牧心 (1247–1306)

782 (fasc. 559)

“Records of the Cavern-Heavens of Great Purity.” This text describes in detail Mount Dadi, thirty-fourth of the thirty-six *dongtian* 洞天, which lies to the southwest of Hangzhou in Zhejiang; it also includes fifty biographies of mountain dwellers. The author was a recluse who retired after the fall of the Song to the famous Taoist establishment, the Dongxiao gong 洞霄宮, on the mountainside.

The text is preceded by three prefaces. The third is dated 1305 and signed Shen Duofu 沈多福, zi Jieshi, abbot of the Dongxiao gong. In this preface, Shen says that asked his disciple Meng Jixu 孟集虛 to collaborate on the compilation of this text, which he entitled *Dongxiao tuzhi* 洞霄圖志. Shen also draws attention to the fact that a former work devoted to Mount Dadi—the *[Dadi] Zhenjing lu* (大滌) 真境錄, written in 1118 by the daoshi Tang Zixia 唐子霞—was already a lost book, and that an expanded edition published between 1234 and 1236 was also lost.

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Pauline Bentley Koffler

Gu Louguan ziyun yanqing ji 古樓觀紫雲衍慶集

3 juan

By Zhu Xiangxian 朱象先, zi Yixu sou 一虛叟; soon after 1308

957 (fasc. 605)

“Collection from the Hall of Purple Clouds and Abundant Blessing of the Ancient Louguan.” This work is a compilation comprising stele and other inscriptions concerning the Louguan 樓觀, for the period ranging from the Tang (618–907) to the Yuan (1279–1368) dynasties, with, at the end, poems by authors of the Tang, Song, and the Yuan. The name of the hall constructed in 1242 (1.16b) was inspired by a phenomenon that took place in 741, when purple clouds appeared indicating the location of sacred texts (cf. 770 *Hunyuanyuan shengji* 8.32b). The collection is posterior to 1308, the last date it mentions (2.23a).

There are some important documents concerning the Louguan of the Tang period: the “Record of the Zongsheng guan 宗聖觀” (1.1a–4b; the name Louguan was changed to Zongsheng guan in 625); a biography of YIN WENCAO by Yuan Banqian 員半千 (621–714), engraved upon a stele in 717 (1.4b–9b; the text is reproduced in the *Jinshi cuibian* 71.18b–22b); a stele by Dai Xuan 戴璇 in honor of Laozi and the Louguan (1.9b–13a).

The Yuan documents deal mainly with the Quanzhen 全真 school of Taoism. The “Record on the Reconstruction of the Louguan” (1.13a–18b), by Li Ding 李鼎 and dated 1263, was engraved upon a stele in 1296. It recounts work undertaken for the reconstruction of the Louguan, which had been completely destroyed during the war that took place between 1232 and 1233, toward the end of the Jin dynasty. The reconstruction, which began in 1236 under the direction of Li Zhirou 李志柔 (*zi* Qianshu 謙叔, 1188–1266) and at the behest of the sixth patriarch Yin Zhiping 尹志平, was finished in 1242. This text also extols the reappearance of the *Guanyin zi* 關尹子, an apocryphal work ascribed to Yin Xi 尹喜 and “rediscovered” by Sun Ding 孫定 in Zhejiang. It is there that a certain Zhang Zhongcai 張仲才 obtained the text and presented it to Yin Zhiping in 1233. In 1282, Zhu Xiangxian also wrote about the reappearance of the *Guanyin zi* in his *Wenshi zhenjing chushi ji* 文史真經初世紀 (Shoushan ge 守山閣 edition, *zi bu* 子部, “yuanben” 原本). The “Record” also indicates that the honorific title of Shuntian xingguo 順天興國 was given to the Zongsheng guan in 988 (1.14a). This was the name of the highest altar (*tan* 壇) in the ritual revealed to Zhang Shouzhen 張守真 by the divinity Yisheng baode zhenjun 翊聖寶德真君 during the early Song (cf. 1285 *Yisheng baode zhuan* 1.3a and 956 *Zhongnan shan shuoijing tai lidai zhenxian beiji* 17a).

The reconstruction of the Louguan and the *Guanyin zi* form the main topic in most of the texts preserved in the present collection. The biography of Li Zhirou (2.8b–12a) by Li Daoqian 李道謙 differs considerably from the one in 973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu* (7.16b–20b). Four texts of the collection, of which one is a preface to a Louguan edition of the *Guanyin zi* (2.1a–1b), are by Zhu Xiangxian. The collection also includes a biography of Yin Zhiping by Jia Yu 賈馥 (2.3a–7b) and texts by DU DAOJIAN (3.1a–5a), Shi Tingyu 石廷玉 (2.2a–3a), Zhao Fu 趙復 (*zi* Renfu 仁甫; 2.7b–8b), and Wang Shoudao 王守道 (2.21a–23a).

Denis Allistone

Song dong Taiyi gong beiming 宋東太乙宮碑銘

5 fols.

By Hu Meng 扈蒙, *zi* Riyong 日用; 984

965 (fasc. 610)

Song xi Taiyi gong beiming 宋西太乙宮碑銘

5 fols.

By Song Shou 宋綬, *zi* Gongchui 公垂; 1029

966 (fasc. 610)

Song zhong Taiyi gong beiming 宋中太乙宮碑銘

5 fols.

By Lü HUIQING 呂惠卿, *zi* Jifu 吉甫; 1074

967 (fasc. 610)

These three steles commemorate three palaces constructed during the Northern Song (960–1127) dynasty as cult centers to receive the stellar divinity Taiyi 太乙 (Great One). The cult to Taiyi was instituted in the reign of Wudi (140–87 B.C.) of the Han dynasty (see *Shiji* 12.456).

In 981, the Taoist astrologer Chu Zhilan 楚芝蘭 taught divinatory techniques (*Song shi* 461.13500) based on the authority of a work entitled *Wufu taiyi* 五福太一 (see *Yuhai* 100.6b). This work mentions ten Taiyi divinities and explains that when one of these traverses the five palaces, peace and security are obtained in the corresponding geographical fields (*fenyue* 分野). In this work, both the order in which the divinity traverses the five palaces and the corresponding *fenyue* are identical with the account in another work, partially apocryphal, ascribed to Wang Ximing 王希明, the *Taiyi jinjing shijing* 太一金鏡式經 5.3a.

The five palaces are represented by four trigrams placed around the center, which is one of the palaces. The divinity travels through these palaces, changing one of them every forty-five years and accomplishing a complete voyage through all five in two hundred and twenty-six years. This voyage is undertaken in five directions, in the following order: *qian* 乾 (northwest), *gen* 艮 (northeast), *xun* 巽 (southeast), *kun* 坤 (southwest), and the center.

The *Yuhai* indicates that according to Chu Zhilan, the divinity would pass through the southeast palace (*xun*), which corresponds to the field Suzhou 蘇州 in 984. Chu therefore suggested that a palace be built in the southeast of Kaifeng, at Sucun 蘇村, the name resembling that of the *fenyue*. This first stele, by the Hanlin scholar Hu Meng (915–986), was erected to celebrate the building of the eastern Taiyi gong.

Forty-five years later, a western palace was built in the southwest of the capital. The scholar Song Shou (991–1040) was charged, by Zhang Shixun 張士遜 (964–1094), to write the text for a second stele (966 *Song xi Taiyi gong beiming*; cf. *Yuhai* 100.23b).

As early as 1071, we find the proposal of the astrologer Zhou Cong 周琮 to construct a Taiyi gong in the center of Kaifeng, not far from the monastery Jixi guan 集禧觀, in order to honor the divinity, whose arrival was expected in 1074. Emperor Shenzong acceded to this request and ordered LÜ HUIQING (1032–1111), author of 686 *Daode zhenjing zhuan*, to write the text of a third stele to commemorate the event (967 *Song zhong Taiyi gong beiming*). Shenzong then entrusted CHEN JINGYUAN with the administration of the central palace (cf. 715 *Daode zhenjing cangshi zuanwei kaiti kewen shu* 1.5a). About twenty Taoists were selected to live there, and once a year a novice was ordained. Taoists who had the honor of being invited also sojourned in the other two palaces and celebrated rituals periodically.

The cult of the ten divinities of Taiyi was different from that of the divinities of the Nine Palaces (the *jiugong guishen* 九宮貴神). The latter cult was first instituted, at the suggestion of Su Jiaqing 蘇嘉慶, during the Tang dynasty in 744. It is linked to the ancient speculations on the magic square: the “marvelous tortoise” formed by the numbers one to nine placed in a square around the center, the number five, in such a way that the sum of each horizontal or diagonal row totaled fifteen. Both the names of the divinities and their passage through the palaces differ in the two systems. Moreover, the two cults were separate during the Song dynasty (960–1279): the divinities of the Nine Palaces received offerings of animal origin (meat, poultry, etc.), whereas such offerings were strictly forbidden for the ten divinities. An initiative by the inspector of sacrifices, An Ding 安鼎, in 1092, to unify the two cults was rejected by the minister of rites (cf. *Song shi* 103.2508 and *Song huiyao jigao* 1:756).

In 1118, forty-five years after the construction of the central Taiyi gong, the name of the monastery Longde gong 龍德宮 was changed to Bei Taiyi gong 北太一宮. A specialist of the Taiyi techniques, the Taoist Zhang Xubo 張虛白, was appointed administrator of this northern palace (cf. LZTT 51.1b and *Wenxian tongkao* 80.743).

The custom of building palaces to welcome the Taiyi divinities came to an end during the Southern Song dynasty when, in 1208, Emperor Ningzong rejected a proposal to construct a Taiyi gong in Hangzhou (cf. *Yuhai* 100.29b).

Denis Allistone

Longjiao shan ji 龍角山記

25 fols.

Later part of the twelfth century

968 (fasc. 610)

“Records of Mount Dragon Horn.” This work consists of a collection of stele inscriptions, most of which relate to this mountain in Shanxi, which originally was called Yangjiao shan 羊角山 (Mount Goat Horn). It was at the foot of this mountain that, in 620 A.D., Laozi appeared to a villager named Ji Shanxing 吉善行 and told him that

he, Laozi, was in fact the ancestor of Emperor Tang Gaozu (r. 618–626) and the divine protector of the newly founded dynasty (compare 774 *Yulong zhuan* 5.11a–14b and 770 *Hunyuan shengji* 8.4a–6b).

The latest date in the present collection is 1171. The *Fushan xianzhi* 浮山縣志 of 1935 (40.26a) contains the text of an inscription by the Quanzhen 全真 master Mao Hui 毛麾 for the renovation of the Tiansheng gong 天聖宮 (see below), dated 1192. If the present work were later than this date, it is probable that this document would have been included.

The first inscription (1a–4b) in the present collection is by Tang Xuanzong (r. 712–756). Dated 729, it recalls the appearance of Laozi in 620 and announces the change of name for the mountain. The next text (4b–5a) commemorates a great *jiao* 醮-offering, with a final rite of Casting Dragons (*tou longjian* 投龍簡), that took place in 713 at the Longjiao shan 龍角山 (see page 9b).

The two following epigraphical texts (5a–7b; 7b–9a) are also by Tang Xuanzong and are dated 733 and 739, respectively. These inscriptions do not concern the Longjiao shan or the Qingtang guan 慶唐觀 directly (the latter was the temple that Xuanzong had built in 728 on the very spot where Gaozong originally had placed a temple for Laozi). Instead, the texts concern different measures taken by the emperor in favor of Taoism. The second of these texts, which orders that statues of the dynastic ancestor Laozi are placed in all temples of the empire, is also found in the *Quan Tang wen* 31.9a–10b, albeit with a different title.

Next, the present work has the text of an inscription (dated 743) commemorating the celebration of a Golden Register Retreat (*jinlu zhai* 金籙齋) in the Qingtang guan by Cui Mingyun 崔明允. The same text has been reproduced in the *Jinshi cuibian* 86.6b.

The “Note on Auspicious Omens” (13a–14a) by Li Huan 李寰 recalls the periodical resurrection—following the rise and decline of Taoism—of the cypress that grew on the spot where Laozi appeared. This note was probably written at the time that such a miracle happened in the year 881 (see 593 *Lidai chongdao ji* 15a; Verellen, “A forgotten Tang restoration”).

The “Stele of the Qingtang guan” (14a–18b) by Han Wang 翰望 is dated 1008. It commemorates the restoration of the temple undertaken by the daoshi Liang Zhizhen 梁志真 in 1005. In harmony with this pious undertaking, miraculous rains fell and the old cypress revived. Next (18b) there is an inscription for the restoration of the Sanqing dian 三清殿, the Three Pure Ones Hall of the Tiansheng guan 天聖觀. This text is from 1111.

The “Chongxiu Jia Jun hou dian ji 重修嘉潤侯殿記” (19b–20b) dates from 1133 and was written by Wang Jianzhong 王建中, a *jinsshi* 進士 of the Northern Song (960–1127) who lived in retirement under the Jurchen Jin (1115–1234; see *Song Yuan*

xuean buyi 宋元學案補遺 6.93). This Jia Jun hou 嘉潤侯 was a local deity to whom memorials could be addressed for obtaining rain. The canonization title is of the Song period. Having been destroyed by lightning in 1148, the Qingtang temple was reconstructed once more. A second inscription ("Chongxiu Huachi Jia Jun hou dian ji 重修華池嘉潤侯殿記") is signed by Tian Wei 田蔚 and dated 1157. This text is followed by six memorials that were presented to the deity, petitions and prayers of thanks for rain and snow. One of these memorials contains the date of 1172. The above-mentioned *Fushan xianzhi* indicates (40.26a) that this temple and its worship still existed in modern times.

Denis Allistone

Gongguan beiji 宮觀碑記

34 fols.

Ming (1368–1644)

972 (fasc. 610)

"Stele Inscriptions of Temples and Monasteries." All texts except one in this collection date from the Jurchen Jin (1115–1234) and Yuan (1279–1368) dynasties. The name of the compiler is unknown. The majority of inscriptions concern the Quanzhen 全真 order. The last date mentioned is 1256, but the explicit mention of the Yuan dynasty as such (page 13a) shows that this compilation dates from after the end of that period.

The first inscription is by Tao Gu 陶穀 (903–970). It was written in commemoration of the restoration of a sanctuary for Xi wang mu 西王母 at Huishan 回山, also called Huizhong shan 回中山 or Gongshan 宮山, in Gansu. According to the legend preserved in 291 *Mu tianzi zhuan*, King Mu of the Zhou gave a banquet in honor of the goddess on the banks of Yao 瑤 Lake; tradition has it that this lake was on Huishan (see *Jingzhou zhi* 9b). The inscription is dated 968 and has also been recorded in the *Jinshi cun* 5.11a.

The next inscription is the *Chongyang Chengdao gong beiji* 重陽成道宮碑記. The temple in question was built on the very spot where the founder of the Quanzhen order, WANG CHONGYANG, had his "tomb of the living dead" (*Huosi ren mu* 活死人墓). The temple was built on the initiative of Zhou Quanyang 周全陽 (1145–1288), and its name was changed to the present one in 1252. It is likely that the inscription dates to that period.

On page 8a begins the text of the *Chijian Putian Huanglu dajiao bei* 敕建普天黃籙大醮碑, in commemoration of the Great Offering service of the Yellow Register that was celebrated by the Quanzhen patriarch LI ZHICHANG (1193–1256) on the occasion of the death of the Mongol Khan Möngke in 1254.

The *Yuan chongxiu Bozhou Taiqing gong Taiji dian bei* 元重修亳州太清宮太極殿碑, an inscription on the restoration of the Taiqing gong 太清宮 in Bozhou, Laozi's

birthplace, is by Wang E 王鶚 (1190–1273) and must have been written around 1256. The temple was originally built in 586 and later rebuilt by the Quanzhen patriarch Zhang Zhijing 張志敬, who served in this office from 1256 to 1270.

The inscription for the restoration of the Great Universal Tianqing guan at Zhongdu (*Zhongdu shifang Da Tianchang guan chongxiu beiji* 中都十方大天長觀重修碑記; 18a–21b) gives a description of this prestigious Taoist center, which was founded in the Kaiyuan era (713–741). Zhongdu was the capital of the Jin, on the site of today's Peking. The restoration took place from 1167 to 1174. The author, Zheng Zidan 鄭子聃 (1126–1180), was a scholar of the Hanlin Academy.

Next (26a–28b) there is the important inscription commemorating the completion and printing of the Taoist canon of the Jin dynasty, the *Da Jin Xuandu baozang* 大金玄都寶藏. The inscription, by Wei Boxiao 魏博霄, a Hanlin academician (see *Zhongzhou ji* 4.15b), must have been written around 1193. The work of compilation and engraving, done on the basis of the printing blocks of the *Zhenghe Wanshou daoang* 政和萬壽道藏 that the Jin had brought to their capital from Kaifeng, was undertaken around 1190 by the abbot Sun Mingdao 孫明道 (see VDL 45–46), who also celebrated two Great Offering (*jiao* 醮) services in 1190 and obtained the recovery of the mother of the emperor. Two inscriptions, one by Zhu Lan 朱瀾 (*jinshe* 進士 in 1187; see *Zhongzhou ji* 7.4b) and one by Dang Huaiying 党懷英 (1134–1211), commemorate these events. A last document, the *Zhongjing chongxiu shifang Shangqing gong ji* 中京重修十方上清宮記, is an undated inscription by Yunsun Chunfu 雲孫純甫 (i.e., Yu Jiabin 余嘉賓) for the restoration of the Shangqing temple in Luoyang.

Denis Allistone

Daishi 岱史

18 juan

By Zha Zhilong 查志隆, *zi* Mingzhi 鳴治, *hao* Shaoting 紹庭 or 亭 (*jinshe* 進士 1558); 1586

1472 (fasc. 1092–1096)

"History of Dai." This is a book devoted to Taishan 泰山, the mountain where the Feng 封 and Shan 禪 sacrifices had been celebrated by Chinese sovereigns since high antiquity. Zha Zhilong (see *Zhejiang tongzhi* 167.8b) compiled this monograph at the behest of his superior Tan Yao 譚耀 when Zha was an official in Shandong in 1586.

The work had been completed during several months between the summer and winter of that year (see the "Gongyi 公移," the compiler's official statement; 1a, 3b). In fact, Zha Zhilong had merely supplemented an earlier *Taishan zhi* 泰山誌 (Description of Taishan), whose author is not indicated. It was probably a work of Wang Ziqing 汪子卿 from the Jiajing era (1522–1566) before 1554 (see "Gongyi," 1a), to which

had been added new items, such as the *Xiangshui zhi* 香稅志 (Incense Tax Register) and some literary works written after 1554 (see the “Gongyi,” 1a, 17.1a).

Zha explains that he adopted the appellation Daizong 岱宗 for the sacred mountain because of the antiquity of its traditions going back to the Yellow Emperor. The meaning of the character Dai 岱 has given rise to various speculations, discussed in Kroll, “Verses from on high,” 229–30. The substitution of *shi* 史 for *zhi* 志 may be explained by an intended analogy with dynastic histories (see the “Fanli,” or compilation rules, 1a).

The book’s contents are divided into fourteen subjects: maps (the sidereal sectors, *xingye* 星野); topography; the mountain’s rivers; its administrative circumscription; the ritual hunting sacrifices; the Feng and Shan ceremonies; nature sacrifices; historical sites and monuments; religious or commemorative constructions; edifices; natural resources; the incense tax; good and bad omens; and, finally, literary works relating to ascensions. Altogether the book covers more than 600 items.

In his *Gongyi*, as well as at the end of the general table of contents, Zha Zhilong states that the book was composed of eighteen chapters in seven volumes, and that each volume bore one of the seven characters edited, respectively, by a phrase of *Zhong-yong* 中庸 to mark their sequence.

The book’s edition in the *Daozang* corresponds roughly to this description, but certain texts mentioned are dated later than the *Gongyi* (11.10b, 17.58a; 18.78b). This *Daozang* edition, the only one available to us, does not seem to be the original edition of Zha Zhilong.

Kwong Hing Foon

3.A.7 Collectanea

3.A.7.a Logia (Yulu)

The Taoists and Confucians, from the Song (960–1279) period on, adopted the Buddhist *Yulu* 語錄 form to transmit teachings of great patriarchs and sages and adapted it to their own needs. Indeed, until the advent of the monastic organization of the Quanzhen 全真 order, there seems to have been no counterpart to the collective teaching sessions that took place in the Chan monasteries and from which most of the famous Chan logia derived their materials.

The subject matter of the logia included in this section varies greatly. Most collections contain not only spoken words of the patriarchs, but also poetry and writ-

ten prose. These works are thus in fact rather similar to the collected works that are presented below in part 3.A.7.b. Much of Taoist teaching concerned the performance of ritual, and this topic takes up an important part of almost all Taoist *yulu* brought together here.

The Quanzhen *yulu*, which are closer to the Buddhist model, have not been included here, but are presented in the relevant section within the context of the Quanzhen school.

Chongxu tongmiao sichen Wang xiansheng jiahua 沖虛通妙侍宸王先生家話
16 fols.

By Yuan Tingzhi 袁庭植 (fl. 1153) et al.
1250 (fasc. 996)

“School Conversations of Palace Attendant Wang, Master of Mystery Penetration Vacuity.” Master Wang is Wang Jun 王俊, alias Wang Wenqing 王文卿 (1093–1153), the founder of the the Five Thunder rites (*wuleifa* 五雷法) of the Shenxiao 神霄 school (see part 3.B.6). Wang obtained his arts from the fire master (*huoshi* 火師) Wang Zihua 汪子華 (who supposedly lived in the Tang dynasty). Master Wang’s biography is recorded in LZTT 53.16a–21a and in a long inscription by Yu Ji 虞集 (1271–1348), preserved in his *Daoyuan xuegu lu* 25.10a–13b. Master Wang’s title of Chongxu tongmiao xiansheng 沖虛通妙先生 was conferred by Song Huizhong in 1125. The present logia were noted down by his disciples, notably by Yuan Tingzhi (see page 1b). The conversations concern the rituals of calling up rain and exorcising demon possession (*sui* 祟) by the practice of “sublimating generals” (divine helpers) out of the life energies of the adept’s own body (*lianjiang* 鍊將). Wang recalls his own initiation. Later he tells how he was once called upon to produce rain by the emperor but warned by his divine master, Wang Zihua, that his task would be difficult, since the drought that year had been ordered by Heaven itself. Only the Yellow River would retain plentiful water, and only the dragon-king of that river would be able to produce rain. Wang therefore ordered his generals to summon rain from the Yellow River, and indeed the rain that fell was full of yellow mud (10b–11a). The *jiahua* 家話 were intended for transmission to his own disciples and descendants.

The present work is comparable to Wang’s “Qidao baduan jin 祈禱八段錦” in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 69 and constitutes a record of the practice and thought of a great exorcist.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Xujing chonghe xiansheng Xu shenweng yulu 虛靜沖和先生徐神翁語錄

2 juan

Compiled by Miao Xiyi 苗希頤 in 1131; edited by Zhu Yi 朱翌 in 1158; revised by Zhu Songqing 朱宋卿 in 1187

1251 (fasc. 997)

“Recorded Sayings of Xu Shouxin.” Xu Shouxin 徐守信, alias Xu *shenweng* 徐神翁 (1033–1108), was a daoshi of the Tianqing guan 天慶觀 temple in Hailing 海陵, Taizhou 泰州 (Yangzhou, Jiangsu). Having entered the monastery as a servant for sweeping the grounds, he memorized 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing*, and told people’s fortune by quoting one or several words from this scripture; he gave people the quotation written on a slip of paper. Those who turned to him to “ask for characters” (*qiuzi* 求字) included Emperor Zhizong, who in 1099 questioned Xu about his succession (2.12b), and Lin Ling’e 林靈噩 (LIN LINGSU), who asked about his career, prior to his appointment at court (2.5a). Even Lǚ DONGBIN is said to have visited Xu (305 *Chunyang dijun shenhua miaotong ji* 4.4a–b). So great was Xu’s fame that shrines were erected in his lifetime to worship him (1.8b; 1.17a). In 1103, Huizong conferred on him the honorific title of Xujing chonghe xiansheng 虛靜沖和先生, mentioned in the title of the present work. Invited to court in 1107, together with the Maoshan patriarch LIU HUNKANG and Heavenly Master Zhang Jixian 張繼先 (1092–1126), Xu died the following year at the capital’s Shangqing zhuxiang gong 上清儲祥宮 temple and received a state funeral.

After his death, his disciple Miao Xiyi compiled a record of Xu’s remarkable deeds. The manuscript was edited and printed by Zhu Yi (preface dated 1158). Later, Zhu Songqing, a kinsman of Zhu Yi, revised and reprinted the book while serving at the Taizhou prefecture administration (second preface, dated 1187). The work seems to have been widely read in Southern Song times; it is recorded as having entered the library of You Mao 尤袤 (1124–1193), the Suichu tang 遂初堂 (VDL 127).

The book starts with a short biographical sketch (1.1a–b). The remainder of the two juan is taken up entirely by short anecdotes, arranged in a roughly chronological order, about Xu’s prophecies by means of quotations from the *Duren jing*. Many times the characters he wrote had to be analyzed in a rebus-like way before yielding their message. Sometimes Xu altered the quotations slightly in order to convey added meanings. Xu’s behavior is depicted as thoroughly eccentric, but the donations by his visitors were used to rebuild the entire monastery and temple complex. The anecdotes often contain interesting insights in the Taoist establishment of the times.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing Taixuan jianjie lun 上清太玄鑑誠論

11 fols.

By Hou Shanyuan 侯善淵, *hao* Taixuan zi 太玄子; Jurchen Jin (1115–1234)

1137 (fasc. 767)

“Discourse Criticizing Past Errors, by the Shangqing [Master] Taixuan.” This work contains a series of seven speeches to an assembly of monks on the fundamentals of religious practice, with accompanying hymns (*song* 頌). The text is in pure vernacular and in style as well as vocabulary is close to Chan *yulu* 語錄. A quotation from ZHANG ZIYANG (Pingshu 平叔) on 2a confirms the fact that Hou belonged to the Southern school, although he lived in Shanxi.

Kristofer Schipper

Haiqiong Bo zhenren yulu 海瓊白真人語錄

4 juan

By BO YUCHAN 白玉蟾 (fl. 1194–1229); edited by PENG SI 彭耜 in 1251;

printed by Fang Congyi 方從義 in 1302

1307 (fasc. 1016)

“Sayings of Bo, the Zhenren from Qiongzhou [on Hainan].” In spite of the title, the work contains not only the logia of the famous Taoist patriarch of the Southern school, but also all kinds of writings and poems by him and others. This medley collection has, moreover, a number of different compilers. At the end of the book (4.21b) there is a colophon by PENG SI, dated 1251, in which he states that he took notes assiduously whenever he met the patriarch and also collected his poems. Peng edited all his materials into a collection in four juan and had it printed as a supplement to the *Haiqiong ji* 海瓊集, BO YUCHAN’s collected works. Peng’s indications are at variance with the work as we have it, as most of its contents were apparently not collected by him, but by other disciples. However, his reference to the meditation hall sessions, the poems of the patriarch (“*shengtang*, *xiaocan* 升堂小參”), and the number of juan all tally with the present work’s contents, and the presence of a number of personal letters from Bo to Peng reinforce the case that PENG SI edited the collection.

Juan 1 carries the signature of one of Bo’s other disciples, Xie Xiandao 謝顯道. It starts out with the sayings of the patriarch, in discussion with his foremost disciples, PENG SI and Liu Yuanchang 留元長 (1a–16a). These sayings are followed by the text of the memorial written and presented on the occasion of the transmission and ordination BO YUCHAN conferred to seven of his disciples in 1218; these disciples include Peng, Liu, and Xie, the editor of this chapter. The remainder of the juan contains poems.

Juan 2 was compiled by another disciple, Lin Boqian 林伯謙, who signs as head of the Tianqing guan 天慶觀 temple. The entire chapter deals with questions and

answers on the subject of liturgy. Lin refers to BO YUCHAN as the patriarch (*zushi* 祖師) and to PENG SI as his initiator (*dushi* 度師). The discussions he noted down took place in 1222.

Juan 3 carries different signatures. It contains the transcripts of a number of sessions in the meditation halls of temples at Wuyi shan 武夷山 and other places, noted down by Ye Guxi 葉古熙 as well as by Zhao Shoufu 趙收夫 and others (3.1a). One of the sessions is dated 1221 (13b).

Juan 4 is unsigned. It begins with a poem by Bo's master, the Nanzong patriarch CHEN NAN, *hao* Niwan zi 泥丸子. It ends with a number of letters written by Bo to PENG SI, two of them dated 1217 and 1218, respectively.

The colophon by Fang Congyi (4.12a) raises several questions. He tells us that he obtained a copy of the work from the Tianqing guan, where it was in the possession of a daoshi named Jiang 蔣 (?), and had it printed in 1302. With it came the above-mentioned colophon by Peng, which Fang Congyi copied and appended. He refers to the work as containing the "Jingxiao dafa 景霄大法," a highly secret text. Although this ritual is more than once discussed in the present *yulu* 語錄, Fang's exact reference cannot be found.

The life and works of Bo are not well known. It is generally said that his original name was Ge Changgeng 葛長庚 and that he was born in 1194 and died in 1229. There are no reliable corroborations, however, of these indications. It is true that no texts written by Bo bear dates later than 1229. The birth date, however, is certainly mistaken. A letter to PENG SI dated 1218 (4.16b) is signed by Bo with the appellation Qiongshan laoren 瓊山老人 (the old man of Qiongshan [Hainan]), not a suitable name for a young man of twenty-four. Elsewhere, in a poem, BO YUCHAN declares that he had reached the age of nine times ten (263.37 *Shangqing ji* 上清集 [Xiuwen shishu 41.3a]). Other instances show beyond doubt that BO YUCHAN lived to a ripe old age before he died around 1230.

The contents of the *yulu*, especially in these parts in which his spoken words are reproduced, show a lively, at times humorous and caustic, spirit. Many of his remarks and criticisms are useful for understanding Taoism in his time. BO YUCHAN had far-reaching interests, and his logia cover a wide number of topics. He castigates the ever popular 622–623 *Beidou jing* as a forgery (1.2a–3b). There is a long passage about the Manichaeans of Fujian (1.11b–12a). In another passage, dealing with the shamanic cults of Fujian, he affirms that these cults originated with Suotan wang 娑坦王 (King Satan?). He also mentions the Lüshan 閩山 school of Fujian in this respect (1.8b–9a).

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Jingyu xuanwen 靜餘玄問

5 fols.

1252 (fasc. 997)

"Questions of Mystery at Times of Serenity." This is a short collection of logia by the patriarch BO YUCHAN in answer to questions by his foremost disciple, PENG SI. The style and subject matter are similar to the first chapter of 1307 *Haiqiong Bo zhenren yulu*; indeed some passages of the present work can also be found there (5a.7 to 5b.8 correspond to 1307 *Bo zhenren yulu* 1.13b.5 to 1.14a.4). This overlap is all the more remarkable because the *Bo zhenren yulu* was published by Peng in 1251. It is not clear why all the logia of the present volume were not included in that text.

Kristofer Schipper

Haiqiong wendao ji 海瓊問道集

23 fols.

Attributed to BO YUCHAN 白玉蟾 (fl. 1194–1229); preface by Liu Yuanchang 留元長 (fl. 1192–1217)

1308 (fasc. 1016)

"Enquiring of the Tao to the [the Patriarch] from Qiongzhou on Hainan." According to the undated preface by BO YUCHAN's disciple Liu Yuanchang, the contents of this small collection of eight doctrinal texts (including one rhapsody and one didactic poem) reflect the instructions he received from the master and later had printed. Among these pieces, six concern Inner Alchemy and two—titled, respectively, "Haiqiong jun yinshan wen 海瓊君隱山文" and "Changqi guangguo ji 常寂光國記"—are written in imitation of the *Zhuangzi* but with a distinct Buddhist Chan slant.

The most remarkable text in this work is the preface. Here Liu gives a highly unconventional portrait of Bo. Although he knows that the patriarch was generally thought to hail from Hainan, Liu suspects that Bo came from Hubei (Xiangmian 襄沔). When Liu first met Bo in 1217, the latter claimed to be only twenty-one years old. In spite of this young age, Bo had a vast command of the literature of the Three Teachings and could quote and use it profusely in literary allusions. He also was an renowned master of calligraphy, in the cursive, seal, and official *lishu* 隸書 styles. His accomplishments in checkers, the lute, and in painting were also remarkable, and he was much admired for them. His writings were eagerly collected, and famous scholars vied with each other to befriend him. He never carried any money on him. When he was drunk, he would call on the thunder, and even in his sleep he dispatched petitions to Heaven. Unwashed and dressed in rags, he was truly eccentric. He was also able to foretell the future accurately.

Liu says that aside from Bo's alchemical secrets, he also obtained instructions con-

cerning the marshaling of thunder. These instructions are not found, however, in the present work.

Yuan Bingling

Haiqiong chuandao ji 海瓊傳道集

18 fols.

Ascribed to BO YUCHAN 白玉蟾, *hao* Haiqiong zi 海瓊子; after 1218
1309 (fasc. 1017)

“Collected Works on the Transmission of the Tao.” The texts in this work were collected and printed by two Taoists of Lushan 廬山 (Jiangxi): Chen Shoumo 陳守默 and Zhan Jirui 詹繼瑞. Chen and Zhan, who are also coauthors of the preface, write that BO YUCHAN had transmitted the texts to a Taoist of the Taiping xingguo gong temple, Hong Zhichang 洪知常, during a visit to Lushan in 1218. Hong Zhichang thereupon retired to practice the Tao, but Chen and Yan, fearing that BO YUCHAN’s teaching would be lost, collected the texts and published the work under the title of *Chuandao ji* 傳道集. BO YUCHAN’s stay in the Taiping xingguo gong in 1218 is attested in 1286 *Lushan Taiping xingguo gong Caifang zhenjun shishi* 6.19b. According to the *Siku quanshu zongmu* 28.3077, however, Hong Zhichang was himself the compiler.

The collection consists of three different works (preface, 2b), the first of which is the “Jindan jieing 金丹捷徑” (Shortcut to the Elixir), which comprises esoteric diagrams explaining the *neidan* 內丹 alchemical process. These diagrams are the same as those of 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 1.2a–5b, but the order is different, and three diagrams are missing in our text. On the other hand, some pages of the present text are absent in the *Xiuzhen shishu* version. The latter version divides the diagrams into two categories under the headings *Bo xiansheng jindan huohou tu* 白先生金丹火候圖 and *Jindan juejing zhixuan tu* 金丹捷徑指玄圖; a discussion on these diagrams in the same work (dated 1244), however, gives yet another title: *Hainan Bo xiansheng Xiuzhen yangming zhi tu* 修真養命之圖 (1.10a). The first work ends with a list of the patriarchs of the school, beginning with ZHONGLI QUAN.

The second work comprises the paragraph titled “Gousou lianhuan jing 鉤鎖連環經” (Scripture of the [Unending] Circle of the Hook and the Lock) and some poems. The hook and lock form part of a Buddhist expression that alludes to the all-pervading compassion of the Buddha. The title “Gousuo lianhuan” seems to allude to a poem by ZHANG BODUAN quoted on 11b. The text describes the underlying unity of all substances, using the Elixir as an example of a catalyst for a process that begins and ends in an unending cycle. Finally, the “Kuaihuo ge 快活歌” (Song of Joy) is a poem dedicated to Chen Zhibo 陳知白, a daoshi of the Taiping xingguo gong. This poem also figures in BO YUCHAN’s *Shangqing ji* (263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 39.7b).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

3.A.7.b Collected Works

Taixuan langran zi jindao shi 太玄朗然子進道詩

7 fols.

By Liu Xiyue 劉希岳, *zi* Xiufeng 秀峰, *hao* Taixuan langran zi 太玄朗然子; 988
271 (fasc. 133)

“Advancing in the Tao: Poems by Master Taixuan Langran.” According to the preface, Liu Xiyue wrote these thirty poems in the Tongxuan guan 通玄觀 temple in Luoyang. A colophon (7a) adds that Liu was in charge of the temple, and that, in 988, the name of the latter was changed in his honor to Jizhen guan 集真觀 by Emperor Zhenzong, following Liu Xiyue’s transfiguration (see also 1100 *Minghe yuyin* 8.20a). This information, however, does not correspond to that found in Liu’s biographies in the *Jixian zhuan* by ZENG ZAO (43.25b) and in LZTT 50.1b, according to which Liu became a Taoist in 988–989, at the age of sixty-four.

The work was famous in the twelfth century. It was inscribed on stone during the Song in 1111 and again in 1150, under the Jin dynasty, when it was also printed (see *Baqiong shi jinshi buzhen* 八瓊室金石補正 123.18a–24a). The text in the *Daozang* and the Jin inscription show few differences, but the colophon by Wang Can 王燦 is missing in the *Daozang* edition, which does not mention Wang.

The *Jindao shi* was also known under different titles, such as *Shenxian wudao shi* 神仙悟道詩 (according to the colophon) and *Langran zi shi* 朗然子詩 (according to the *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” 4.5196).

The preface and the thirty poems that comprise the work contain many allusions to qi techniques practiced in Inner Alchemy, as well as autobiographical information.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Yichuan jirang ji 伊川擊壤集

20 juan

By SHAO YONG 邵雍, *zi* Yaofu 堯夫, *hao* Kangjie 康節 (1012–1077)
1042 (fasc. 720–723)

“Collection of [Poems Made While] Beating the Ground, by [a Man from] Yichuan.” Yichuan (present Yiyang 伊陽) is the name of SHAO YONG’s native place in Henan. Beating the ground was the way in which, according to tradition, the subjects of the great sage King Yao gave expression to their contentment. SHAO YONG styled himself as “subject of Yao” (Yaofu 堯夫), and the reference in the title of his collection points to the fundamental optimism that pervades all his work.

The collection comprises some 1,500 poems, which are, with the exception of those placed at the beginning, classified in a roughly chronological order. The author’s preface suggests that the compilation of this work had already begun in 1066. Nevertheless,

the present book must have been completed and published by his son, Shao Bowen 邵伯溫 (1057–1134), because certain poems appearing in this collection are later than 1066, some as late as the year of the author's death (see 19.1b and also the funeral inscription written by Cheng Hao 程顥 (1032–1085); cf. the postface of Xing Shu 邢恕, dated 1091, in the *Siku quanshu* 四庫全書 edition).

The two other main editions of this work, in *Sibu congkan* 四部叢刊 (1475) and *Siku quanshu*, contain elements that cannot be found in the *Daozang* edition: the postface by Xing Shu mentioned above (the complement to the present collection of thirteen additional poems titled *Shiwai ji* 詩外集); and several tens of poems addressed to SHAO YONG by his friends, including Cheng Hao, Fu Bi 富弼 (1004–1083), and Sima Guang 司馬光 (1019–1086).

A large number of poems written by the author in response to poems offered by his friends reveal the close relations between Shao and prominent figures of his period.

The last juan is taken up entirely by a series of 135 poems titled *Shouwei yin* 首尾吟 (Chants of Head and Tail). These poems all begin and end with the same phrase: *Yaofu feishi ai yinshi* 堯夫非是愛吟詩, which can be translated roughly as “Yaofu does not make poems merely for fun.” Indeed, in this long series the author addresses many serious subjects with deep insight and feeling, but without abandoning his optimism and sense of humor.

The simplicity of style and colloquial expressions contribute to the charm of this collection. According to his preface, the author intended to make his poems exemplars of the classical lyric traditions of antiquity. His poetry praises the happiness of the simple and free life of a recluse, combining the moral virtues of Confucianism with Taoist aspirations of union with Nature.

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Kwong Hing Foon

Sanshi dai tianshi Xujing zhenjun yulu 三十代天師虛靖真君語錄

7 juan

By Zhang Jixian 張繼先 (1092–1126); compiled by ZHANG YUCHU 張宇初 (1361–1410); preface dated 1395

1249 (fasc. 996)

“Recorded Sayings of the True Lord Empty Peace, the Thirtieth Heavenly Master.” This is a late compilation of the famous Heavenly Master Zhang Jixian, who lived under the reign of Song Huizong. Zhang Yuchu states in his preface that he collected all of Jixian's works that he could find in the various monasteries he visited. However, some of these works might well be later fabrications. A few pieces are reliable and

known elsewhere, such as the “Xinshuo 心說” (Discourse on the Mind; 1.1a–2b) and the “Dadao ge 大道歌” (Song of the Great Tao; 3.1a–b) mentioned in his biographies (see LZTT 19.12). Both works are extant in the Yuan anthology 1257 *Qunxian yaoyu zuanji* 2, and “Dadao ge” is also included in 579 *Yangsheng bilu* 18a. On the other hand, the poem given posthumously to the immortal Sa Shoujian 薩守堅 (6.13b; his encounter with Zhang Jixian is often included in later hagiography) and other pieces related to the Qingcheng shan 青城山 seem apocryphal. A large number of poems are linked to a certain Shi Yuanguai 石元規 (or Zifang 自方; see 1463 *Han Tianshi shijia* 3.4b). Archives connected to this unknown Mr. Shi might be one of the sources of Zhang Yuchu's work.

Although termed *Yulu* 語錄 (recorded sayings), the compilation includes only letters and short prose essays (juan 1) and poetry in various meters (juan 2 to 7). The poetry includes occasional verses, allusions to Zhengyi ritual, *daoqing* 道情 poetry, mystical songs of a distinctive style (3.1a–3a), and more elaborate compositions on alchemy (see “Forty-eight *Jindan* Poems”; 5.8b–18b).

Vincent Goossaert

Shangqing Taixuan ji 上清太玄集

10 juan

By Hou Shanyuan 侯善淵, *hao* Taixuan zi 太玄子; Jurchen Jin (1115–1234)

1061 (fasc. 730–731)

“Collected Works of the Shangqing (Master) Taixuan.” The author was from Gusheshan 姑射山 in Shanxi. Although a contemporary of the early Quanzhen 全真 masters, with whom he was acquainted (see 758 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu*), Hou defines his doctrine as the Way of Shangqing (*Shangqing zhi dao* 上清之道; 1.6a) or the Great School of Shangqing (*Shangqing dajiao* 上清大教; 1.17a). YANG XI is alluded to on 6.4b, and the work does not contain a single reference to the Quanzhen school. Hou's work, whether in prose or poetry, is distinctly didactic in nature. References to persons, places, or books are few and far between. From a poem (8.10b), we may guess that he visited the Jiangsheng guan 降聖觀 on Hengshan 衡山 (cf. 606 *Nanyue zhongsheng ji* 20a). In a sermon, he quotes a now lost commentary by Xu Shouxin 徐守信 alias Xu shenweng 徐神翁 (1033–1108) on a text by LÜ DONGBIN (4.12a).

The first four juan are devoted to prose works, mostly sermons (*lun* 論). The fifth chapter contains classical poems, a great number of which are written by disciples in reply to doctrinal questions. Usually only the surname of these disciples is given. One poem mentions the joint celebration by Buddhists and Taoists of a Retreat (*zhai* 齋) service (5.25b). Later chapters contain *ci*-lyrics, sometimes using the vernacular.

Kristofer Schipper

Yulong ji 玉隆集

6 juan

By BO YUCHAN 白玉蟾; after 1225

263.31 *Xiuzhen shishu* 31–36 (fasc. 127–128)

“Collected Works Written in the Yulong Temple.” The Yulong gong 玉隆宮 on the Xishan 西山 in Jiangxi, a temple dedicated to XU XUN, received the title of Yulong guan during the period 1008–1060; in 1116, it was promoted to *gong* 宮 (34.1b, 3a). This collection concerns events on the Xishan and its environment, mainly the Gezao shan 閣阜山.

According to an inscription (31.2b), BO YUCHAN had visited the Xishan three times since 1218. The latest date in the collection is 1220 (31.3b). In a note on 33.3a, however, Yunzhou 筠州 is rendered Ruizhou 瑞州. The change was made officially in 1225 to avoid Lizong’s 理宗 personal name. The date of the present collection is therefore later than 1225.

The collection begins with inscriptions on various halls and temples. Only the first inscription was written in the Yulong gong; the remaining inscriptions concern mainly the Gezao shan. The next chapter comprises four poems, of which three are addressed to friends. The rest of the work consists of biographies of the Xishan saints. These are the earliest extant biographies of XU XUN, his eleven disciples, and the teachers of the Xiaodao 孝道 school.

All of XU XUN’s subsequent biographies are based on the biography in the present text. BO YUCHAN provides these biographies with a wealth of critical notes.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Shangqing ji 上清集

8 juan

By BO YUCHAN 白玉蟾; ca. 1218

263.13 *Xiuzhen shishu* 37–44 (fasc. 128–129)

“Collected Works Written at the Shangqing Temple.” Although this collection of BO YUCHAN’s writings is named for the Shangqing gong 上清宮 temple on Longhu shan 龍虎山, it is only in the first text, “Youxian yan ji 遊仙巖記” (37.1a–2a), that we find the Shangqing gong mentioned specifically. The texts of this collection were either written or addressed to friends on Wuyi shan 武夷山 (Fujian), with two exceptions: the third text, “Zhuyun tang ji 駐雲堂記” (37.4a–7b), written on the occasion of Bo’s visit to the Zhuyun 駐雲 hall on Qianshan 鉛山, and the poem written on Lushan 廬山 (39.7b); both mountains are in Jiangxi.

Only four of the texts give any indication as to their dates (37.4a, 7a; 39.3a, 10b), the latest of which is 1216. The collection must therefore have been compiled after that

date. There is, moreover, evidence that the “Kuaihuo ge 快活歌” (39.4b) was written for the Taoist Chen Zhibo 陳知白 on Lushan in 1218 (see 1309 *Haigiong chuandao ji* 12b and preface, 1a). The *Shangqing ji* as a collection was well known in early Yuan times, as can be seen from the numerous quotations in 1005 *Zhouyi cantong qi fahui* 5.5a and elsewhere.

The collection includes notes or inscriptions (*ji* 記) recording Bo’s visits to the retreats of friends in various temples (juan 37), and poems dedicated to friends and artists or to specific places—mountain peaks or halls and pavilions (juan 38). Juan 39 comprises seven songs (*ge* 歌), some of which are rich in biographical details of Bo’s life (see especially “Yunyou ge 雲遊歌” and “Kuaihuo ge 快活歌”; for the latter, see also 1309 *Chuandao ji* 12b–16a). In “Bijing rendi ge 必竟恁地歌,” Bo claims to have received instruction from CHEN NIWAN in 1205. Juan 40 is mostly composed of *jueju* 絕句 verse in seven-character lines on the scenic beauty and the temples and retreats of the Wuyi shan; the rest of the chapter comprises poems dedicated to friends. Juan 41 contains *ci*-lyrics.

Juan 42 contains a *fu*-rhapsody on the name of a friend’s hermitage, a preface to a medical book, and three essays dealing mainly with the problems of sleep and the difficulties involved in the practice of the Tao. Juan 43 contains inscriptions and eulogies, and juan 44 comprises several short memorials (*ci* 詞, *shuyu* 疏語).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Wuyi ji 武夷集

8 juan

By BO YUCHAN 白玉蟾; ca. 1216

263.45 *Xiuzhen shishu* 45–52 (fasc. 129)

“Collected Works Written on the Wuyi Shan.” Of the three collections of Bo’s works in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu*, the *Wuyi ji* contains the earliest material: none of the internal dates are later than 1216. The collection is also different from the other two in that it contains ritual material such as requests and memorials written by the author at the Chongyou guan 沖祐觀 (juan 47). The titles used by Bo in referring to himself are the same as those in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 76.3a.

The collection also contains allusions to other religious activities, such as praying for rain (46.6b–12a, text with commentary). Three quarters of the collection, however, is composed of poems in various styles, dedicated to friends or to temples. Juan 46 includes eulogies on thirty-two Heavenly Masters, from Zhang Daoling 張道陵 (second century A.D.) to Zhang Shouzhen 張守真 (1136–1176). Autobiographical details are found in the inscription describing the rebuilding of the Zhizhi an 止止庵 (45.1a–5a).

The importance of this collection lies in the wealth of its information on temples, monasteries, and persons.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Chunyang zhenren huncheng ji 純陽真人渾成集

2 juan

Compiled by He Zhiyuan 何志淵, *hao* Qingzhen daoren 清真道人; 1251

1055 (fasc. 727)

“Collected Poems of Lü Dongbin.” The term *huncheng* 渾成 in the title alludes to an expression by Han Yu 韓愈 (768–824), *hunran tian cheng* 渾然天成 (in entire accord with heaven). This phrase was chosen to exemplify the qualities of the immortal Chunyang 純陽, that is, LÜ DONGBIN, whose poems constitute the present work. The compiler, He Zhiyuan, resided in a temple dedicated to LÜ DONGBIN, the Chunyang gong 純陽宮 (preface, 2a). He was one of the Taoists in charge of editing the *Yuan Daozang* (see VDL 52).

There were several collections of LÜ DONGBIN's poetry toward the end of the Song dynasty and the beginning of the Yuan. The *Song shi*, “Yiwen zhi,” 4.5197 mentions a *Chunyang ji* 純陽集 in one juan. Another collection, the *Jindan shijue* 金丹詩訣 in two juan (q.v.), was compiled by Xia Yuanding 夏元鼎 around 1220. The latter includes not only LÜ DONGBIN's poems but also his *ci* 詞-lyrics, whereas our text is solely a collection of *jueju* 絕句 and *liushi* 律詩 poems in five- and seven-word verses. Most of the poems in juan 2 of the present work figure also in the *Jindan shijue*, and the last two poems in juan 1 are clearly compositions of Quanzhen 全真 origin (see 1.1a). This is to be expected since the Chunyang gong was a Quanzhen temple and He Zhiyuan a daoshi of the Quanzhen school. Moreover, one of the poems in juan 2 (number 41, missing in the *Jindan shijue*) even criticizes the methods described in 1191 *Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa*—one of the most important texts attributed to ZHONGLI QUAN and LÜ DONGBIN during the Song—as inferior (*xiao xianfeng* 小仙方). Criticism of Northern Song Zhong-Lü 鍾呂 texts was common among the Quanzhen adepts of the Yuan dynasty (see, e.g., 305 *Chunyang dijun shenhua miaotong ji* 2.9a).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Lüzu zhi 呂祖志

6 juan

1484 (fasc. III2–III3)

“Monograph of the Patriarch Lü.” This book is a collection of hagiographical materials on LÜ DONGBIN. Certain miracles worked by the saint occurred in the second half of the sixteenth century (2.21b and 2.15a). This present monograph was



FIGURE 39. Lü Dongbin with his birth and ascension dates (1484 1.1b)

From the second chapter on, short miracle tales and anecdotes (*hua* 化) are grouped by themes. They comprise eighty-six episodes, of which fifty-five are already found in 305 *Chunyang dijun shenhua miaotong ji*.

The “Yiwen zhi” contains 249 poems, all of them apocryphal, in various styles and prosodies. Some of these poems are known from other sources: most of the regular poems are found in 1055 *Chunyang zhenren huncheng ji*; one of the verses of *Qinyuan chun* 沁園春 (6.21a–b) is edited and provided with a commentary in 136 *Lü Chunyang zhenren Qinyuan chun danci zhujie*. More complete and edited better than the late collections *Liudi shengji jiyao* 呂帝聖蹟紀要 (in *Daozang jiyao*) and *Lüzu quanshu* 呂祖全書 (editions in sixty-four juan of 1775 and in thirty-three juan of 1868), the present book nevertheless has the characteristics of a popular compilation, especially compared with 305 *Miaotong ji*.

Kwong Hing Foon

Wuzhai xiansheng wenji 勿齋先生文集

2 juan

Yang Zhizhi 楊至質, *zi* Xiuwen 休文, *hao* Wuzhai 勿齋 (fl. 1228–1252)

1148 (fasc. 788)

“Literary Collection of Master Wuzhai.” Yang Zhizhi, a native of Fengcheng 豐城 (Jiangxi), was first a Confucian and later became a daoshi. He retired on the mountain Gezao 閣皂山 and there built the Monastery of Clouds and Springs (see the *Yunquan jingshe ji* 雲泉精舍記 of Liu Kezhuang 劉克莊, in *Houcun xiansheng daquan ji*

88.1a–2a). *Wuzhai* was both Yang's *hao* and the name of his library. The word *wu* 勿 comes from the *Lunyu* 論語 12, where Confucius teaches Yan Yuan 顏淵 a method to attain supreme virtue: "See nothing contrary to the rites, hear nothing contrary to the rites" (*fèi li wu shi, fèi li wu ting* 非禮勿視, 非禮勿聽). Around the year 1228, Yang was a lecturer (*jiangshi* 講師) in the Gezao shan, but his *hao* suggests that he had not completely abandoned his earlier education (cf. the "Wuzhai ji 勿齋集" of Zhen Dexiu 真德秀, 1178–1235). In the years Zhunyou (1241–1252), he was honored, by imperial decree, with the title of *gaoshi* 高士 (eminent master) and appointed a Taoist official in the capital and superintendent of religious affairs (*youjie jianyi zhu-guan jiaomen gongshi* 右街鑒義主管教門公事; 1.1a; 1.18b–19b; see also *Songshi jishi* 90.2149).

Yang was responsible for the affairs of the Taiyi Palace 太乙宮 (1.1a–2a; 1.19b–20b; cf. the remarks of Zhao Xibian 趙希弁 on the Zhugong biaozi 竹宮表制) and of the Jingde guan 旌德觀 temple of the capital (1.4a–5a).

The present book also appears in *Siku quanshu* 四庫全書 ("Bieji lei 別集類"), and its author is considered a stylist worthy to succeed the famous Li Shangyin 李商隱 (813–858). In fact, the whole book, composed of sixty-eight articles with two identical entries (the last of each chapter), is written in a style of parallel prose (*pianwen* 駢文), using phrases of four or six characters. The collection consists mostly of occasional writings thanking officials for their kindness (1.7b–9b), for an appointment (2.8b–9b), congratulating them on a promotion (1.3a–4a), wishing them many happy returns (2.6b–8b), making apologies (1.2a–3b), and so on.

Kwong Hing Foon

Xuanzong zhizhi wanfa tonggui 玄宗直指萬法同歸

7 juan

By Mu Changzhao 牧常晁; compiled by Huang Benren 黃本仁 after 1294

1066 (fasc. 734–735)

"Reintegration of the Thousand Dharma, Being a Straightforward Explanation of the Taoist Tradition." This text contains the collected works of Mu Changzhao, a Taoist of the Southern (Nanzong 南宗) tradition. Little is known about Mu: he says himself that he entered Buddhism and studied Chan as a youth and that later he turned to Inner Alchemy, when he encountered an otherworldly man who instructed him (3.7a). He refers to war (6.17a–b) and foreign monks (3.26b), seemingly alluding to the painful experience of the Mongol conquest of southern China. The only date mentioned is 1294 (6.20a). The author must therefore have lived under the Southern Song and the Yuan. Nothing is known about his disciple Huang Benren. According to the subtitles, Mu hailed from the Yangshan daoyuan 仰山道院 in Jian'an [xian] 建安縣 (northern Fujian), which is not documented either in gazetteers or other sources.

圖元同教三



FIGURE 40. Diagram illustrating the fundamental unity of the Three Teachings (1066 1.7a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1052)



FIGURE 41. The buffalo and its Precious Chariot: An allegorical representation of the relationship between body and soul (1066 1.10a–b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1052)

Mu does not quote many authors but refers repeatedly to the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇; he also mentions BO YUCHAN and several major works of the Nanzong (3.1b, 21b). It can therefore be assumed that he belonged to that tradition, yet he discusses favorably the Quanzhen 全真 school (3.7b) and the Way of Loyalty and Filial Piety (*zhongxiao dao* 忠孝道) of Xishan (3.16a–b, 20b). His own approach is to equate the Three Teachings (and especially Buddhism and Taoism) in the cultivation of *xing* 性 and *ming* 命 and in their union with the Great Ultimate 太極. His main endeavor is to systematically compare the concepts of Buddhist and Taoist theology and cosmology.

Although containing little historical information, this work is a rare and valuable example of a complete corpus of writings by a single *neidan* 內丹 master. It includes theoretical essays (1.1a–2.18b), dialogues (2.18b–4.16b), and poems (4.16b–7.11a) that vary greatly with respect to their tone and vocabulary. The thirty-four essays, some of them accompanied by charts, are mostly about cosmology and do not dwell on alchemical processes (figs. 40–41). The dialogues are divided between alchemical questions ("Huowen jindan xingming lei 或問金丹性命類," in all 109 exchanges,

2.18b–3.28b) and those of a more cosmological and philosophical order (“Huowen taiji lei 或問太極類,” fifty-three exchanges, 4.1a–16b). The dialogues do not exhibit the extemporaneous creativity of the livelier Recorded Sayings (*yulu* 語錄) of that period, but they, too, focus on practical questions and demonstrate the master’s pedagogy. The poems are mostly in regulated verse (*shi* 詩) with a few lyrics (*ci* 詞); they include both sets of systematic *neidan* dialectics and occasional pieces dedicated to friends or commemorating an event. Together, these pieces document the wide array of styles and media available to a *neidan* teacher of that time.

The work closes with two ethical poems (7.7a–11a), commented by a certain Lin Daozhao 林道晁, possibly a fellow disciple of Mu. These poems refer explicitly to the Zhongxiao school.

Vincent Goossaert

Daofa xinchuan 道法心傳

33 fols.

By Wang Weiyi 王惟一, *hao* Jingyang zi 景陽子 (d. 1326)

1253 (fasc. 997)

“Spiritual Tradition of Taoist Rites.” This is a collection of didactic poetry and discourses explaining cosmology in terms of mental representations. The title of the present book does not correspond to that of any work known to have been written by Wang, as listed in his biography in the *Wuzhong renwu zhi* 11.12a. Indeed, the work appears to be a *refacimento* composed of fragments of two different books, the *Xinglei xinchuan* 行雷心傳 and the *Daofa jingwei* 道法精微.

The first part (1a–16b), devoted to poetry, has a preface dated 1294 and signed “the disciple from Songjiang 松江 [Jiangsu], petty officer of the Thunder [Board] [*Leiting sanli* 雷霆散吏], Jingyang [zi], Wang Weiyi,” in which the book is named *xinchuan* 心傳 (preface 2b).

The second part (17a–33a) is identified on 20b as the *Daofa jingwei*. It has a separate preface (19a–19a), also dated 1294, that must be spurious. Indeed, this second part quotes (22b) another work by Wang, namely, 273 *Mingdao pian* 9a (dated 1304). The *Daofa jingwei* must, therefore, be later than this work, a fact that can also be deduced from a remark by the author on 20b, stating that he is “already advanced in age” (余今老矣). This second part must also be later than the first part, since on 30b the text quotes “my *Xinchuan lu* 余心傳錄,” and this quote corresponds to a poem in the first part of the present work (10b). Other similar quotations on 26b and 29b can no longer be found in the first part, which therefore must be incomplete.

The *Daofa jingwei* is entirely devoted to spiritual glosses of the Thunder rites (*leifa* 雷法) in the tradition of BO YUCHAN and Mo Yueding 莫月鼎 (1226–1294). A quotation of a text by the latter on 19b–20a can be traced to Mo’s “Tuoyue shuji

shuo 橐籥樞機說,” in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 77.8a–9b. Among the many other masters quoted, we may note the presence of the Qingwei patriarch Huang Leiyuan 黃雷淵 (fl. 1253–1287).

Kristofer Schipper

Yuanyang zi fayu 原陽子法語

2 juan

By ZHAO YIZHEN 趙宜真 (d. 1382); edited by LIU YUANRAN 劉淵然 (1351–

1432)

1071 (fasc. 738)

“Religious Discourses by Master Original Yang.” These are the collected works of ZHAO YIZHEN, who was active in the beginning of the Ming dynasty and one of the patriarchs of the Qingwei school. He is also known as the teacher of the prominent court Taoist LIU YUANRAN, who edited the present work. Zhao’s main biography is by Zhang Yuchu (1361–1410), the Forty-third Heavenly Master, and can be found in the latter’s 1311 *Xianquan ji* 4.11a–12b (a more complete version is in the *Siku quanshu* 四庫全書 edition, 3.38a–40b). Zhao was canonized as Chongwen guangdao chunde yuanyang zhenren 崇文廣道純德原陽真人 in 1455.

The collection contains mostly literary works, some of which are of an autobiographical nature, such as the poem “Jixue 紀學” (1.11a), in which Zhao recalls his own apprenticeship under Master Jin Pengtou 金蓬頭 (1276–1336).

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Kristofer Schipper

Xianquan ji 峴泉集

12 juan

By ZHANG YUCHU 張宇初, *hao* Qishan wuwei tianshi 耆山無爲天師; 1407

1311 (fasc. 1018–1021)

“Collected Works from Xianquan.” This literary collection is named after the Xianquan retreat of the Forty-third Heavenly Master, ZHANG YUCHU (1361–1410), which was established on Mount Longhu in 1391. The collection bears witness to the remarkable scope of the Heavenly Master’s literary activities. There are three prefaces, one of which is by ZHANG YUCHU himself. The third preface, by Cheng Tong 程通, is dated 1407. The *Siku quanshu zhenben* 四庫全書珍本 contains an edition of this work in four juan. Both this edition and the present one derive from earlier versions that are no longer extant. However, these lost versions were most likely already incomplete. The editors of the text in the *Siku quanshu* apparently did not make use of the version in the

Daozang, which contains, among other things, poems not found in the *Siku quanshu* edition. On the other hand, the *Daozang* edition does not contain the tomb epitaphs included in the *Siku quanshu* edition. The arrangement of the material in twelve juan is probably due to the editors of the Ming *Daozang*, whereas the *Siku quanshu* edition still preserves the original arrangement in four juan.

This collection contains essays about philosophical and historical themes. There are many poems and dedications that show that ZHANG YUCHU was rightly admired for his literary erudition. His preface on the lineage of the Heavenly Masters (2.6a–8a) served as a postface for 1463 *Han tianshi shijia* 4.17b–19b. His “postface” for the discourses of the thirtieth Zhengyi patriarch (2.11a–12b) is a preface in 1249 *Sanshi dai tianshi Xujing zhenjun yulu*. The texts compiled in this collection were written before the revision of the Taoist canon started in 1406 (cf. 1232 *Daomen shigui*). Sun Kekuan compares the contents of the two extant editions in “Mingchu tianshi,” 315–20.

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Florian C. Reiter

3.A.8 Handbooks and Anthologies

Most of the texts included in this section are well known outside the *Daozang*. The great imperial encyclopedia, the *Taiping yulan* 太平御覽, is present here in an abstracted form, listing only the entries related to Taoism. The famous 1032 *Yunji qiqian*, although a private compilation, has been widely read in all literary circles. The collection of texts 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* reflects the great popularity and influence of the so-called Southern school of Inner Alchemy Taoism, as represented by BO YUCHAN and his disciples.

Remarkably, none of these anthologies, with the notable exception of 1483 *Tianhuang zhidao taiqing yuce*, deal with liturgical practice, which is all the more significant since in the first great Taoist encyclopedia, 1138 *Wushang biyao*, and even more so in the Tang collectanea, liturgy occupied a central place. Song and later works, except 1483 *Taiqing yuce*, deal almost exclusively with Tending Life techniques, which does not mean, as part 3.B shows, that liturgical Taoism suffered a decline. A shift in emphasis is, however, undeniable and announces the advent of new forms of Taoist practice, such as those propagated by the Quanzhen 全真 school, where self-cultivation becomes the central issue, and liturgy, although not absent, plays a lesser role in the life of the daoshi.

Taiping yulan 太平御覽

3 juan

Compiled by Li Fang 李昉 et al.; 983

1230 (fasc. 988)

This text corresponds to juan 674–676 of the imperial encyclopedia TPYL, comprising the section on holy sites (*lisuo* 理所), vestments (*guan* 冠, etc.), and insignia (*jianzhang* 簡章).

Kristofer Schipper

Yunji qiqian 雲笈七籤

122 juan

Compiled by ZHANG JUNFANG 張君房 (fl. 1008–1025)

1032 (fasc. 677–702)

“Cloudy Bookcase with Seven Labels.” This work is one of the major Taoist anthologies, and also a major source for otherwise lost works, especially from the Tang dynasty (618–907). This vast compilation was praised by the authors of the *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* (146.12a) as “an anthology of the [*Daozang*] that, with its clear classification, its concise yet complete examples, its rational organization in which nothing is omitted, remains valid until the present day.” The intention of the author, as expressed in the undated preface to the anthology, seems indeed to have been to compile a compendium from the Taoist canon that he himself had, or claimed to have, edited. ZHANG JUNFANG became a *jinshi* 進士 during the period 1004–1008 and served as an official in different capacities in the capital, his hometown. Author of a few collections of “remarkable stories,” one of which survives in its original form, he became editor of the *Daozang* in 1013, thanks to the patronage of WANG QINRUO. This edition of the *Daozang* was the *Da Song tiangong baozang* 大宋天宮寶藏, compiled under imperial auspices during the reigns of emperors Taizong (976–997) and Zhenzong (997–1022). It comprised 4,565 juan and was presented to the throne in 1019. Zhang correctly stresses the fact that the system of classification adopted for this edition of the *Daozang* followed the Tang usage of grouping the texts into seven categories (*qibu* 七部): the Three Caverns (*sandong* 三洞) and the Four Auxiliaries (*sifu* 四輔). The expression *qiqian* 七籤 (seven [book] labels) in the title refers to this division into seven parts.

The anthology in its present form, however, does not show such an arrangement. It is not divided into seven parts and the organization of the subject matter is, despite the praise of the authors of the *Siku tiyao*, rather confused. There appears to be a division into sections (*bu*), but these are not always clearly indicated. John Lagerwey, in his study of the sources of the *Yunji qiqian* (in Schipper, *Index du Yunji qiqian*, xix–lxxi) has identified thirty-seven sections. The first section is devoted to the philosophical

definitions of Tao and *de*. Then follow a number of sections on cosmology and the revelation of sacred scriptures. Sections 7 to 11 deal with Heaven and Earth, the stars, and holy places. Sections 12 to 26, covering juan 29 to 86 (that is, almost half of the entire anthology), deal with Tending Life (*yangsheng* 養生) techniques, including alchemy. Sections 27 to 32 contain doctrinal and philosophical treatises; sections 33 to 35 contains poetry. The last two sections concern hagiography.

These topics do not, however, exhaust all the aspects of Taoism represented in the canon. Most remarkable is the total absence of liturgy. The *Yunji qiqian* does not contain any ritual for Retreats (*zhai* 齋) or Offerings (*jiao* 醮). It has no petitions (*zhang* 章) or memorials (*shu* 疏), nor any other kind of ritual documents. It contains only a handful of talismans, charts, and diagrams. We can be certain, however, that works concerning ritual occupied a large place in the canon that ZHANG JUNFANG edited. The inevitable conclusion must, therefore, be that the *Yunji qiqian* as we have it cannot be considered a representative anthology of the Song canon.

It seems likely that the present version of the *Yunji qiqian* has not descended from the original work, but that the text has undergone changes. The original *Yunji qiqian* had 120 juan, whereas the present version has 122. Moreover, several juan are divided into two parts—A (*shang* 上) and B (*xia* 下)—for no apparent reason, which further increases the total count of juan. Apart from the present version in the Ming Canon, there is a later Ming edition by Zhang Xuan 張萱 (1558–1641), reprinted in the *Siku quanshu* 四庫全書. Despite a number of textual variants and some differences in the arrangement into juan, this edition is on the whole identical to the present text. The *Yunji qiqian* was already included in the *Xuandu baozang* 玄都寶藏 compiled by the Quanzhen masters in 1244. A single fascicle of this edition survives in the Palace Museum in Taipei. Here also, the text contained in this fascicle is the same as the corresponding part of the version in the Ming canon.

At present, it is impossible to explain the considerable discrepancies between ZHANG JUNFANG's preface to the *Yunji qiqian* and the actual anthology. In addition to the above-mentioned structural inconsistencies, there are other problems, such as the fact that Zhang states that Manichaean texts were included in the compilation of the Song canon. This reference has attracted the interest of historians of Manichaeism, but the *Yunji qiqian* does not contain any identifiable Manichaean material. Then there is the overall account Zhang gives regarding his involvement with the compilation of the *Da Song tiangong baozang*. Van der Loon has concluded that this account is untrustworthy (VDL 31–34). Zhang had nothing to do with the arrangement of the canon, which was strictly supervised by the government. It may well be, then, that the ordering of materials which Zhang adopted for his anthology, while not corresponding to that in the actual canon, translated his own views about how the work should have been organized.

The *Dongxiao tuzhi*, a monograph of the Taoist temples on Dadi shan 大滌山 (Jiangsu, near Hangzhou), reports that one of the copies of the new *Daozang* made under the auspices of Emperor Zhenzong (the *Tiangong baozang*) was bestowed on this center. From that copy, after revision by an eminent Taoist scholar named Feng Dezhi 馮德之, new copies were made under the title of *Yunji qiqian*. Significantly, the title “Cloudy Bookcase with Seven Labels,” here referring explicitly to the sevenfold division of the canon, was a fitting name for a *Daozang*, whereas Zhang's handbook did not follow that arrangement. If the *Dongxiao tuzhi* account is accurate, and there are no reasons to suppose it is not, then, after the copies of the imperial *Daozang* became available in Hangzhou and were distributed under the title *Yunji qiqian*, ZHANG JUNFANG, or possibly someone else borrowing his name, may have compiled the present anthology using the same title.

Whatever the case, there is no reason to suppose that the actual *Yunji qiqian* is not a work of the beginning of the Song period. The encyclopedia does not contain texts later than Zhenzong's reign. The source material comes almost exclusively from Six Dynasties (220–589) and Tang works. Many texts are quoted in extenso, whereas others are abridged or, in some cases, reworked into new compositions. A few Five Dynasties (907–960) texts are included. From the Song, we find a few prefaces by the emperor Zhenzong. There is also a complete account of the manifestations of the divine protector of the Song dynasty, Yisheng baode zhenjun 翊聖寶德真君, by WANG QINRUO. ZHANG JUNFANG evokes Wang's memory in the preface, saying: “The late . . . WANG QINRUO considered that your servant was capable of accomplishing this task.” The *Yunji qiqian* must, therefore, have been presented to the throne after Wang's death in 1025. The emperor to whom the work was presented was therefore Renzong (r. 1023–1064). Renzong was a lesser patron of Taoism than Zhenzong had been, and it may be that Zhang took this fact into account. While presenting his work as the emperor's “bedside companion,” he presumably left out all that was neither timely nor of interest to the ruler, which may explain why the *Yunji qiqian* has the specific character of a handbook on mystical and Tending Life Techniques, and not that of a Taoist encyclopedia.

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Kristofer Schipper

Xiuzhen shishu 修真十書

60 juan

Compiled ca. 1340

263 (fasc. 122–131)

“Ten Books on the Cultivation of the True Nature.” This is a collection of texts compiled by adherents of the BO YUCHAN school. Although the latest date in the work is 1244 (1.10a), the collection itself was completed only during the Yuan (1279–1368): the *Zazhu jiejing* (juan 17–25; see below) was probably compiled by the Yuan author Yu Juehua 余覺華 during the Zhiyuan period (1335–1340).

Collections with the term *xiuzhen* 修真 in their titles were common during the Yuan dynasty: YU YAN, for instance, mentions a *Xiuzhen sishu* 修真四書 of 1270 (cf. *Xishang futan* 2.12a).

The *Xiuzhen shishu* contains excellent editions of Taoist texts and, in some cases, of works that are not available as separate entities in the *Daozang*. In view of this fact, its contents, listed below, are discussed individually in the relevant sections:

1. *Zazhu zhixuan pian* 雜著指玄篇 (treatises of BO YUCHAN et al.)
2. *Jindan dacheng ji* 金丹大成集 (collected works of Xiao Tingzhi 蕭廷芝, fl. 1260)
3. *Zhong-Lü chuandao ji* 鍾呂傳道集 (unique edition in *Daozang*)
4. *Zazhu jiejing* 雜著捷徑 (Yuan, unique edition)
5. *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 (oldest edition of this text; unique in the *Daozang*)
6. *Yulong ji* 玉隆集 (collected works of BO YUCHAN unique edition)
7. *Shangqing ji* 上清集
8. *Wuyi ji* 武夷集
9. *Panshan yulu* 盤山語錄 (cf. 1059 *Panshan Qiyun Wang zhenren yulu*)
10. *Huangting neijing wuzang liufu tu* 黃庭內景五臟六腑圖 (cf. 432 *Huangting neijing wuzang liufu buxie tu*)
11. *Huangting neijing yujing zhu* 黃庭內景玉經注 (commentary by Liangqiu zi 梁丘子; cf. 402 *Huangting neijing yujing zhu*)
12. *Huangting waijing yujing zhu* 黃庭外景玉經注 (commentary by Liangqiu zi; unique edition)

Texts 10–12, all of which deal with the *Huangting jing*, together form the last of the ten books. Possibly, texts 11–12 constitute later additions.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Qunxian yaoyu zuanji 群仙要語纂集

2 juan

Compiled by Dong Jinchun 董滢醇, hao Huanchu daoren 還初道人; late Yuan (1279–1368) or early Ming (1368–1644)

1257 (fasc. 998–999)

“Fundamental Sayings by the Host of Immortals.” This is a collection of texts from different times and schools on the practice of the Tao and spiritual attainment, by an otherwise unknown author. There are passages (1.1b–11b) taken from the *Guanyin zi* 關尹子 (667 *Wushang miaodao wenshi zhenjing*), a work that regains importance under the Yuan, as well as texts by WANG ZHE, MA DANYANG (1123–1183), and BO YUCHAN. The author quotes (2.7a–8a) WANG JIE’s 1074 *Huanzhen ji*. The present work should therefore be of the late Yuan or early Ming period.

One of the interesting texts preserved in this collection is the Song of the Great Way (“Dadao ge 大道歌”) by Cao Wenyi 曹文逸. According to a *Luofu shan zhi* 羅浮山志, quoted in *Gujin tushu jicheng*, “Shenyi dian 神異典,” Cao wrote this song during the Xuanhe era (1119–1125). Cao Wenyi, alias Cao Daochong 曹道沖, was canonized by Emperor Huizong as Wenyi zhenren 文逸真人. She also wrote a commentary to the *Daode jing* (see 707 *Daode zhenjing jizhu*, preface). The “Dadao ge” is quoted in an abridged form in 1017 *Daoshu* 16.1a–3a. There it is attributed to the female immortal He Xiang 何仙姑. It is reproduced in the *Daozang jiyao*, “Kui 奎,” under the title Song of the Supreme Truth (“Zhizhen ge 至真歌”), in this case it is attributed to LIU HAICHAN.

Other works cited are 1044 *Huashu* (1.11–16a), 1052 *Zongxuan xiansheng xuanguang lun* (1.16a–24), 1249 *Sanshi dai tianshi Xujing zhenjun yulu* 1.1a–2 (2.1a–2b), 1233 *Chunyang lijiao shiwu lun* 3b–4a and 5a (2.3a–3b), and 1308 *Haiqiong wendao ji* 4b–10a (2.9b–15a). In 2.15a–16a, the present collection quotes the sayings of MA DANYANG, but these cannot be found in 1234 *Danyang zhenren zhiyan*.

Catherine Despeux

Tianhuang zhidao taiqing yuce 天皇至道太清玉冊

8 juan

By Zhu Quan 朱權, hao Quxian 臞仙, Xialing laoren 遐齡老人, alias Nanji chongxu miaodao zhenjun 南極沖虛妙道真君 (1378–1448); preface dated 1444–1483 (fasc. 1109–1111)

“Most Pure and Precious Books on the Supreme Tao of August Heaven.” This is an encyclopedic work on the Taoist faith and liturgy, written by Prince Zhu Quan, the seventeenth son of Ming Taizu (r. 1368–1398). In this work the author identifies himself only by his pseudonym, Quxian (Lean Immortal). After his brother Zhu Di 朱棣 had won the throne and established his capital at Peking under the reign name of

Yongle (r. 1403–1424), Zhu Quan moved to the south of China, at Nanchang (Jiangxi). Although Zhu Quan is known for his work as a dramaturge, his literary oeuvre bears constant testimony to his Taoist convictions, which are fully expressed in the present work.

In his preface and introductory essay (“Yuandao 原道”), the author explains his own destiny as a divine being, which was revealed to him at an early age by an old woman, who told him never to forget his previous lives. After having been a minister of Shaohao, and again under Wuding of the Shang, he rose up to Heaven to be appointed as Nanji chongxu miaodao zhenjun 南極沖虛妙道真君. After 2,699 years he again reincarnated on Earth. The old lady recommended that he not reveal his true identity before the age of sixty. Thus the present work dates to the year he was sixty-four.

The work deals in an encyclopedic way with Taoist cosmology and revelation. It presents the Taoist canon in all its aspects, as well as the main outlines of the initiatory rules and institutions linked to it. The Zhengyi 正一 as well as the Quanzhen 全真 institutions are fully documented, as are the main aspects of the liturgy. Topics such as Taoist music, ritual vestments, and religious regulations are all duly recorded.

Remarkable for its absence is any in-depth discussion or documentation of Tending Life techniques, including Inner Alchemy and laboratory alchemy. Immortality practices are introduced only briefly in 6.13a–18a. This fact contradicts the tradition that the Lean Immortal was above all interested in longevity practices.

Among the many ideas, personal and general, expressed in the work, the claim that Taoism is the true faith of China and that the Chinese should all practice it figures prominently. The anti-Taoist measures by the Mongols, especially the burning of the *Daozang* by Kublai, are vehemently denounced as assaults on Chinese culture (2.3a and 5b–6b). A list of pernicious (Buddhist) works slandering Taoism is given. On the whole, China and its culture are glorified, and foreigners criticized. Among the latter, only the Koreans have the honor to possess the Taoist tradition, which they obtained from several great Chinese emperors (6.25a–27a). The *Daozang* edition contains a misprint between 6.13b2 and 14b6, where a discussion of the Way of the immortals is interrupted by a fragment of encyclopedic entries.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

3.B Texts in Internal Circulation

See the general introduction to part 3 for an overview of the development of liturgical Taoism in the early modern era.

3.B.1 Zhengyi

As shown in the introduction to part 3 above, the medieval ecclesia of the Heavenly Master was greatly transformed during the late Tang (618–907) and the following centuries. Perhaps the most visible and immediate sign of this transformation is the way the First Heavenly Master, Zhang Daoling 張道陵, came to be considered during this period. In the middle ages, Zhang Daoling was seen as a recluse, as an alchemist, and as the founder of the Heavenly Master ecclesia. Now he came to be represented as a powerful exorcist, as a popular saint commanding the powers of the thunder, and as the patriarch of exorcists, to whom he revealed secrets of Thunder magic that had never been disclosed before. As the following articles will show, the founders of the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 in the Five Dynasties period (907–960) were said to have received such revelations, and the same claim was made by the Yutang fa 玉堂法 in the early Southern Song (1127–1279) period.

During the Song dynasty, the Heavenly Masters of the Longhu shan 龍虎山 became one of the great and officially recognized religious institutions of modern China (see the general introduction and the introduction to part 3 above). The exorcist lineages of TAN ZIXIAO (Tianxin zhengfa) and LU SHIZHONG (Yutang fa) emerged without any direct relationship to the Longhu shan establishment. Toward the end of the Northern Song (960–1127), the link between the Heavenly Masters and the Tianxin zhengfa was established, according to legendary accounts, through the Thirtieth Heavenly Master, Zhang Jixian 張繼先 (1092–1126; see 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* 上清天心正法).

Despite this assimilation, it should be remembered that the Zhengyi tradition, even in its new form as institutionalized in the Longhu shan patriarchy, was heir to the ancient liturgical organization of the Tang and therefore dispensed the official ordination grades that empowered officiants to perform the classical rites of the Heavenly

Master and Lingbao canons. These ties to tradition did not hold for the new exorcist lineages. The latter developed their own initiation grades and titles, as in the case of the Tianxin zhengfa and Shenxiao fa 神霄法. However, instead of replacing the classical system, these grades and titles were simply added to it, with the result that officiants could now hold qualifications from both lineages. In fact, the specialists of the new exorcistic rites, called *fashi* 法師 or *faguan* 法官, always remained at a lower religious and social level than the daoshi who had received the traditional ordination. It is therefore inappropriate, in spite of the manifold interactions between the regular liturgy (*ke* 科) and the rites (*fa* 法), to discuss them together. Thus we will first present the materials related to the traditional Zhengyi, Sanhuang, Lingbao, and Shangqing scriptures, and then discuss the new exorcistic lineages and their texts separately.

The Zhengyi order itself created classical liturgical texts in the form of rituals and scriptures that were to be performed to avert disasters such as epidemics, fires, drought, and so on. These rituals took the form of Offerings (*jiao* 醮). Earlier, *jiao* were mostly performed at the conclusion of a long Retreat (*zhai* 齋) service for the benefit of the deceased, whereas now they became the main element of the ritual. It is this evolution that, in time, would bring about the separation between a liturgy for the benefit of the living, dominated by the Offering and called *jiao*, and one for the dead, in which the merit (*gongde* 功德) of the Retreat would be the most important element, and which, accordingly, was commonly referred to as *zhai*. Also contributing to this evolution was the appearance of the Great Offering to the Entire Firmament (*luotian dajiao* 羅天大醮). This service, although preceded by the classical *huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋, was essentially a large-scale offering to all the stars and constellations in the Chinese heavens (see the complete list of the stellar deities and the offerings presented to them in 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 3).

The worship of stars, and especially of the stars of Fate in Ursa Major (Beidou 北斗), became a specialty of the new Zhengyi school, and scriptures as well as rituals related to the practice of venerating the Dipper (*baidou* 拜斗) are numerous in this section. Among these scriptures, the *Taishang xuanling beidou yansheng zhenjing* is the most famous; revealed by the Most High Lord Lao to Zhang Daoling, it became one of the most popular religious scriptures of China during the Ming (1368–1644) and Qing (1644–1911) periods.

3.B.1.a Scriptures

Shangqing zhenyuan rongling jing 上清鎮元榮靈經

17 fols.

Northern Song (960–1127)?

860 (fasc. 577)

“Scripture of Stabilizing the Creative Forces and Making the Numinous Powers Shine Brightly, of the Shangqing Tradition.” The book is listed in the *Bishu sheng xubian dao siku qieshu mu* (VDL 76) and seems most likely to be of a Northern Song date. The method of the book is said to have been revealed to a duke of immortals (*xiangong* 仙公) and practiced by him at Tianmu shan 天目山, reputed to be the birthplace of Zhang Daoling 張道陵 (1a). The affiliation of the text with the Zhengyi order is further indicated by the title of the practitioner, Da xuandu zhengyi dizi 大玄都正一弟子 (7a).

The LZTT 41.17a to 42.4a gives the biographies of four daoshi of the Tang dynasty (618–907), beginning with Zhai Fayan 翟法言, *zi* Qianyou 乾祐, who in 755 received, by supernatural means, the transmission of a *Taishang zhengyi mengwei bifa* 太上正一盟威秘法. He also transmitted to his disciples a *Zhenyuan celing shu* 鎮元策靈書, which, according to the description given on 42.3a–b, accords with the present work. The last disciple to receive the text was Ren Keju 任可居 (fl. 890–892), and after him, the biography says, the transmission was interrupted. Although the present version has *rong* 榮 instead of *ce* 策 in the title, and although here the details of the account of the revelation (1a) are different, the similarities are too close to be ignored. Zhai was also the recipient of 389 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao suling zhenfu* (q.v.).

The book describes a method of summoning the spirits of the stars of the Dipper by means of fu and offerings. The method is presented as serving primarily the purpose of divinatory questioning, and secondarily that of obtaining various kinds of blessings through the help of the spirits. It includes the construction of an altar on which the fu of the seven stars are placed in the form of the constellation and in accordance with its immediate position in the sky, with the fu of Ziwei dijun 紫微帝君 in the center (6b–7a). Similar methods are found in the texts of the Dongshen tradition, in which, however, the spirits summoned are those of the Eight Trigrams (compare 589 *Taishang chiwen dongshen sanlu* and 1202 *Dongshen badi yuanbian jing*). Indeed, the groups of fu concluding the present book, and subsumed as “Taishang sanjia yuce 太上三甲玉策” (9a–17b), are closely related to those that are central to the method described in the third part of 589 *Dongshen sanlu*. Note, for instance, the correspondence between the appearance and text of the “Tiance fu 天策符” of the present book (10a–b) and the “Dice fu 地策符” in 589 *Dongshen sanlu* 23a–b.

Taishang qixing shenzhou jing 太上七星神咒經

2 fols.

383 (fasc. 182)

"Scripture of the Divine Formula of the Seven Stars of the Most High." What is the origin of misfortune? Huang-Lao yuandi 黃老元帝 asks Tianlao 天老. It comes from the stars, replies the latter. But a Taoist knows how to expel baleful qi and lengthen his years. The best way to accomplish this task is to perform the Paces of Yu while pronouncing the "divine formula of the seven stars" of the Northern Dipper. This formula is given at the end of the present text, but it does not mention the stars of the Dipper.

John Lagerwey

Taishang xuanling doumu dasheng yuanjun benming yansheng xinjing

太上玄靈斗姆大聖元君本命延生心經

3 fols.

Southern Song (1127–1279)?

621 (fasc. 341)

"Book of the Heart for Prolonging Life of the Most Sacred Goddess Mother of the Dipper of Mysterious Power." This short scripture, listed second in the category of fundamental scriptures (*benwen* 本文) of the Dongshen division, is related to the group of liturgical scriptures for the cult of the Dipper stars 622–629. It is more particularly cognate to 622 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing* and 623 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming changsheng miaojing*, with which it shares the epithet of *xuanling*. The Mother of the Dipper is the Taoist adaptation of Marīci, the personification of light whose cult, introduced through Tantric Buddhism, became popular in Taoism from Southern Song times on. She is depicted here as the mother of the gods of the stars of the Beidou 北斗, which are represented as emanations from her body. The text describes her icon and provides the formulas for invoking her presence.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing

太上玄靈北斗本命延生真經

9 fols.

622 (fasc. 341)

Taishang xuanling beidou benming changsheng miaojing

太上玄靈北斗本命長生妙經

3 fols.

623 (fasc. 341)

"Book of the Northern Dipper of Mysterious Power Prolonging the Original Life Span." This most revered of all modern Taoist scriptures is mentioned in passing in

the *Junzhai dushu zhi* 16.765–66: "Books like the *Beidou jing*, which pretends to have been revealed by Laozi in the year 155 (Yongshou 1), and moreover is vile and ridiculous, even if it is much in circulation nowadays, must nevertheless be omitted." BO YUCHAN (1307 *Haiqiong Bo zhenren yulu* 1.2b, 3a) praises the book, and 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 5.19a prescribes its recitation in a liturgical service. It probably appeared in Song times. However, many elements of this scripture date from earlier periods. Compare, for example, 1265 *Beidi qiyan ziting yansheng bijue*.

The setting of the revelation, as related by the scripture itself, is Chengdu in 155 A.D., where Laojun appears to Zhang Daoling 張道陵 on a jade throne (*yuju* 玉局, since then the name of the Chengdu diocese). A similar setting is found in the cognate scriptures 624–627.

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Taishang shuo nandou liusi yanshou duren miaojing

太上說南斗六司延壽度人妙經

6 fols.

624 (fasc. 341)

Taishang shuo dongdou zhusuan huming miaojing

太上說東斗主算護命妙經

3 fols.

625 (fasc. 341)

Taishang shuo xidou jiming hushen miaojing 太上說西斗記名護身妙經

4 fols.

626 (fasc. 341)

Taishang shuo zhongdou dakui baoming miaojing 太上說中斗大魁保命妙經

4 fols.

627 (fasc. 341)

"Books of the Southern, the Eastern, the Western, and the Center Dippers." These four books concerning the imaginary Dipper Constellations complementing the Northern Dipper belong to the same group as 622 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing*, of which they are directional sequels. This relationship is explained in a preface to 624 *Taishang shuo nandou liusi yanshou duren miaojing*; this preface is attributed to Zhang Daoling's 張道陵 disciple Zhao Sheng 趙昇. The emphasis on the legendary and historical elements in the cult of the First Heavenly Master suggests

that these scriptures of the Five Bushels were produced by the Zhengyi school of the Southern Song period (1127–1279).

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Taishang shuo zhongdou dakui zhangsuan fumo shenzhou jing

太上說中斗大魁掌箒伏魔神咒經

2 fols.

628 (fasc. 628)

“Divine Spell Scripture of the Central Dipper, the Great Chief Supervising Fate and Subduing Demons.” This is a short apotropaic text to be recited by individuals, and that has the function of a spell. A kind of exorcistic imitation of 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing*, the present text never mentions the Central Dipper and appears to have no link with the Dipper cult, in spite of the title.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang beidou ershiba zhang jing 太上北斗二十八章經

28 fols.

629 (fasc. 341)

“Northern Dipper Scripture in Twenty-eight Chapters.” This is a long scripture in twenty-eight sections (*zhang* 章) of uneven length concerning the cult of the Dipper. The introduction (1a–b) relates that Emperor Ming of the Han Dynasty, when taking a walk in the Zhongshan Mountains, met a young girl who refused to salute him, saying: “I am the star that governs the constellation of the Dipper. Who are you (compared to me)?” She then explains that she is in fact seven persons at the same time and proceeds to reveal all there is to know about the Dipper and the stars of Fate.

This rambling text borrows from 622 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing* (27a–b). In the first chapters, the goddess, Doumu 斗姆 (Marīci), who is never named, addresses herself to a certain Shengming 聖明, while later (5a ff.) she engages in a dialogue with the emperor. There are no precise indications as to the date of this comparatively late and popular text.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang jinhua tianzun jiuji huming miaojing

太上金華天尊救劫護命妙經

3 fols.

1196 (fasc. 875)

“Scripture by the Most High Heavenly Worthy Jinhua That Saves from the Apocalypse and Protects Life.” This is a popular text of uncertain date, written mostly in five-syllable verse, for the invocation of the stars of the Dipper and other cosmic deities, to obtain redemption from the kalpa (*jie* 劫).

Kristofer Schipper

Zhongtian ziwei xingzhen baochan 中天紫微星真寶懺

7 fols.

1450 (fasc. 1063)

“Precious Litany of the Stellar Gods of Ziwei.” This litany of repentance and salutation centers on Ziwei dadi 紫微大帝 and the astral deities governed by him. We also find here the parents of the Northern Dipper (Doufu 斗父 and Doumu 斗母; cf. 45 *Yuqing wushang lingbao ziran beidou bensheng zhenjing*), the imperial couple of sun and moon (Rigong yanguang taiyang dijun 日宮炎光太陽帝君 and Yuefu suyao taiyin huangjun 月府素曜太陰皇君), the traditional divinities of the stellar constellations, and the popular Three Stars of Good Luck (Shangqing fu lu shou sanlao xingjun 上清福祿壽三老星君), who became prominent in Taoist liturgy only during Ming (1368–1644) times (cf., e.g., 492 *Jinlu qishou zao, wu, wanchao yi* 1.2b). The litany is still in use today in Taiwan (see Ōfuchi Ninji, *Chūgokujin no shūkyō girei*, 698–701).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang yuanshi tianzun shuo xiaotian chonghuang jing

太上元始天尊說消殄蟲蝗經

2 fols.

67 (fasc. 32)

“Scripture for Dispelling Plagues of Insects and Locusts, Pronounced by the Most High Heavenly Worthy of the Primordial Beginning.” In response to a question by Taiji zhenren 太極真人 as to why there had recently been crop failures due to untimely weather and plagues of locusts, the Heavenly Worthy of the Primordial Beginning explains that this was the punishment for a farming population that wasted their crops and was ungrateful for their plentiful harvests. The Heavenly Worthy was now about to dispatch various divinities to extinguish the afflictions. In return, the people should improve their conduct, establish a sacred area, offer sacrifices, and invoke the divinities.

The recitation of this scripture was probably part of a minor *jiao* 醮-Offering, held when a rural community was threatened by locusts. Various rituals for the same purpose are found, for example, in 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 259 or 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 7.28a–30a.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang anzhen jiulei longshen miaojing 太上安鎮九壘龍神妙經

2 fols.

68 (fasc. 32)

“Marvelous Scripture of the Most High for the Settling in Place of the Dragon-Spirits of the Nine Layers of the Earth.” Taishang yuanshi tianzun 太上元始天尊 is holding court in the Dongyang heaven when a zhenren, “holding upright his court tablet,” asks the Tianzun for an expedient method (*fangbian* 方便) that will help inhabitants of the Yanfu 閻浮 world overcome the ill fortune caused by their building projects. The Tianzun responds with a text describing the origin in Chaos (*hundong* 混沌) of the thirty-six sovereigns of the Earth. Although the present text does not say so, these are the same sovereigns who, according to 1373 *Shangqing waiguo fangpin Qingtong neiwén*, rule over the Nine Layers (*jiulei* 九壘) of the Earth (there are four sovereigns per layer, one for each direction). These sovereigns alone have “received their position from the emperor,” and all other spirits (listed by the Tianzun at the end of his hymn) who might take offense at the various types of construction must, upon recitation of this text, “hide themselves, return whence they came, secure [*zhen* 鎮] their corner or their direction, and cause no ill.” The function of the text is thus to “settle in place the dragon-spirits of the Nine Layers” and to “thank and dismiss” (*rangxie* 禳謝) all other Earth spirits.

John Lagerwey

Yuanshi tianzun shuo shiyi yao da xiaozai shenzhou jing

元始天尊說十一曜大消災神咒經

6 fols.

43 (fasc. 29)

“The Yuanshi Tianzun Proffers the Scripture of the Divine Incantations of the Eleven Great Luminaries for the Elimination of Calamities.” As the translation of the title suggests, *yao* 曜 and *da* 大 in the title should be inverted, as in 198 *Shangqing shiyi dayao dengyi*. This lamp ritual contains the same formulas as the latter text for the Eleven Luminaries—the sun, the moon, the five planets, and four stars—that provoke disasters. The same list is found in a Buddhist sūtra that Hou Ching-lang dates to the fourteenth century (*Monnaies d’offrandes*, 87, and “The Chinese belief in baleful stars,”

206). The recitation of the present text is already mentioned at the end of the twelfth century in 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* 33.5b and 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 5.5b. The latter also mentions a form of Hetu Offering 河圖醮 that is presided over by the same eleven heavenly bodies (6.2b; cf. also 3.11a and 8.10b–14b). The attribution of this text to Taishang (*sic*) is criticized by BO YUCHAN (1307 *Haiqiong Bo zhenren yulu* 1.13b).

In addition to the incantations addressed to the eleven luminaries, this text contains two more general formulas, one for the nine stars of the Big Dipper, the other for the five planets (the latter formula is used as a *weiling zhou* 衛靈咒 in 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 11.5b). All of the incantations are revealed by Yuanshi tianzun in response to a question of Qingluo zhenren 青羅真人 on the cause of and appropriate response to calamities, especially natural catastrophes. The Tianzun’s explanation is essentially mechanistic. The calamities consequently strike good and evil, rich and poor alike. The victims should fabricate earthen images of the eleven divinities and recite the incantations in the present text, or have them recited by a Taoist for a period of seven to twenty-one days.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongzhen anzao jing 太上洞真安竈經

2 fols.

69 (fasc. 32)

“Scripture of the Most High for the Placation of the Stove God, from the Dongzhen Canon.” Robert Chard (“Master of the family,” 217–23) gives a complete résumé of this text and considers it to be the oldest—possibly of Song date (960–1279)—of the three works in the *Daozang* concerning the Stove God cult.

During an “audience before the Origin” (*chaoyuan* 朝元) of all the gods of the Three Worlds, the Mother of the Flames (*Chuimu* 炊母) presents herself before the cinnabar throne; in her quality as petty officer of the Emperor of the North (*Beidi* 北帝) she is a Director of Destiny (*Siming* 司命) and Commissioned Officer of the Heavenly Offices (*zhifu* 直符), whose duty it is to supervise all the transformations between the raw and the cooked and to note down all infractions of the taboos. Each day of the new moon, she ascends to Heaven to make a report and to “wait for the saintly instructions.”

These instructions are given here, in *gāthā* form, at the end of the scripture: to love oneself means to love the Tao, because the Tao loves life; to worship the Director of Destiny assures peace in the home, because thus “the thousand evil forces have no means of returning.”

Before this *gāthā*, the Most High describes briefly the taboos to be observed in

front of the hearth and the monthly offerings that should be made to the goddess and to the divine maidens of the Six Gui 六癸 periods. After the *gāthā*, all those present promise “to follow forever the instructions of the Saint.”

The term *dongzhen* 洞真 in the title of this scripture is no doubt a result of its inclusion in that section of the Ming *Daozang*.

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John Lagerwey

Taishang lingbao buxie zaowang jing 太上靈寶補謝竈王經

3 fols.

364 (fasc. 180)

“Scripture for Asking Pardon of the Stove Queen.” Robert Chard considers this text later than 69 *Taishang dongxuan anzaio jing* (see his translation and comments in “Master of the family,” 223–32). In particular, the myth of the cosmic deity the Old Mother is here far more developed than in the *Anzaio jing*. The scripture opens with a zhenren asking the Tianzun who the Old Mother living alone on Kunlun was. The Tianzun replies that it was the Mother of the Flames (Chumu 炊母). In Heaven she was called Celestial Empress (Tianhou 天后) and on Earth Director of Destiny (Siming 司命). She is the emissary of the Seven Principles of the Northern Dipper and also plays the roles of the five directional lords of the stove. She controls a family’s destiny by reporting to Heaven on its members’ behavior on the day of the new moon at midnight. People should, therefore, most scrupulously respect the taboos associated with the stove, and whenever they break them, they should “make amends and excuse themselves” (*buxie* 補謝) to the goddess of the stove and all her family. “I myself will ask the Old Mother to forgive them,” concludes the Tianzun.

The zhenren then composes a short summary of the text in the form of a hymn, and the Tianzun finishes by recommending that the faithful invite a Taoist to make an offering to the goddess of the stove whenever they encounter difficulties.

John Lagerwey

Taishang yuanshi tianzun shuo jin guangming jing

太上元始天尊說金光明經

2 fols.

70 (fasc. 32)

“Scripture of the Golden Light, Pronounced by the Most High Heavenly Worthy of the Primordial Beginning.” In this short text, the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning promises to cure to all those who have lost their eyesight as a result of epidemic diseases, or whose eyes have been damaged by other unlucky circumstances. If

the devotee establishes a sacred area (*daochang* 道場) and recites this scripture, twelve Divine Lads named Goldlight, Moonlight, Sunlight, and so on, will appear and put an end to all calamities and restore the eyesight of the believer.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Yuanshi tianzun shuo sanguan baobao jing 元始天尊說三官寶號經

2 fols.

71 (fasc. 32)

“The Heavenly Worthy of the Primordial Beginning Utters the Precious Titles of the Three Officials.” While the Heavenly Worthy is preaching in Daluo Heaven 大羅天, the Barefoot Immortal (Chijiao daxian 赤腳大仙) asks him how to dispell the misfortunes that plague human beings. Let them recite “the precious titles of the Three Officers,” responds the Heavenly Worthy, and proceeds to utter them himself.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo yangcan yingzhong jing

太上洞玄靈寶天尊說養蠶營種經

9 fols.

360 (fasc. 179)

“Lingbao Tianzun Preaches the Scripture on Silkworm Cultivation.” Lingbao tianzun 靈寶天尊 begins by explaining to Taishang laojun 太上老君 the importance in the lives of the people of silkworm cultivation and the care of silkworm eggs. Laojun confirms that silkworm cultivation goes back to the saints of antiquity and that people need only to worship in front of the statues of the Tianzun in order to ensure a good harvest (of worms). Because the people are sinful, however, punishment is inevitable. Every year in spring they should burn incense and set out silkworm eggs in the four directions and in the middle of the fields and then invoke the gods who protect silkworms. They should also burn incense, prepare an offering to the gods in a Taoist sacred area (*daochang* 道場), and invite a Taoist priest to recite the present text.

Lingbao tianzun then utters a “formula for commanding demons” and tells the faithful to show the silkworms they have placed in the fields to the priest. The priest is to pronounce the demon-quelling formula over the silkworms, and then another formula for the multiplication of the worms. No sooner has the priest entered the house, adds the Tianzun, than the demons will flee.

In the rest of the text, the Tianzun further explains to the faithful the nature of ritual efficacy and of the system of retribution, and he menaces the demons with death if they do not leave a house where such rituals are performed. Exorcism of this sort, concludes the text, had been entrusted to priests of the Heavenly Master order.

John Lagerwey

Taishang shuo liyi canwang miaojing 太上說利益蠶王妙經

2 fols.

365 (fasc. 180)

"Scripture for the Multiplication of the Silkworm King." In the Land of Pure Luminosity, in the Palace of Red Luminosity, the zhenren of Lunar Purity describes for Lingbao tianzun the sufferings of the people on Earth due to their want of clothing. The Tianzun then sends the zhenren of the Mysterious Name to Earth to turn himself into a silkworm and teach people how to make fabrics from the silken threads spun by the worms. The zhenren explains that one must take good care of the silkworms, for they are his body. In order to help "the king of the silkworms to multiply," the text supplies a "divine fu" that will keep all demons away from the king.

John Lagerwey

Taishang zhao zhu shenlong anzhen fenmu jing 太上召諸神龍安鎮墳墓經

3 fols.

363 (fasc. 180)

"Scripture of the Most High Summoning the Various Divine Dragons to Guard Tombs." This text is an elaboration of 335 *Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing* 17 (see Mollier, *Une apocalypse taoïste*, 64). The Most High Lord of the Way goes "before dawn" (*kaiguang* 開光) to find Yuanshi tianzun in the Yanggu wilds 陽谷墟 and to tell him that people bury their dead in the hopes of having a multitude of wealthy descendants. If poverty is the rule nowadays, responds the Tianzun, it is because "the generations of the past did not believe in the methods of the Tao and did not plant good karma." People should find a Superior Taoist (*gaoshang daoshi* 高上道士) to perform a ritual in which they confess their sins and invite the dragon-kings to guard their tombs.

The Tianzun himself then summons the divine dragon-kings and tells them to do what is asked of them in the future. The scripture ends with a "word of the Tao" that enjoins the people to invite a Zhengyi Taoist to perform the ritual.

John Lagerwey

Taishang shuo niubuang miaojing 太上說牛癘妙經

2 fols.

366 (fasc. 180)

"Scripture for Healing Cattle Plague." This scripture was for use in a ritual of exorcism of the said cattle disease. The date is uncertain.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang xubuang baosheng shenzhou jing 太上虛皇保生神咒經

1 fol.

384 (fasc. 182)

"Scripture of the Divine Formula for Protecting Life, [Taught] by the Most High Sovereign of the Void." The formula is in rhymed verse of four characters per line; it ends with an invocation of the spirits of the Five Directions. The text refers to the Zhengyi order of Taoism.

John Lagerwey

Taishang sansheng jieyuan miaojing 太上三生解冤妙經

6 fols.

387 (fasc. 182)

"Marvelous Book for Dispelling Hereditary Enmity through Three Generations." This modern popular scripture tells the story of Jiuku tianzun 救苦天尊, who comes from the east to preach the Law in a small kingdom of the west. The queen is barren, and the Tianzun explains that this is because in her former life, when she lived in China, she had lost an unborn child. The latter, reborn as a *yaksa*, is called up and appears to his former mother. Then the god gives to the queen the present book, which he himself has formerly obtained from the Zhengyi tianzun 正一天尊. The god instructs her to recite the book and to invite Zhengyi masters to perform a service at the moment of childbirth. Three talismans for the protection of the mother and the speeding of delivery are added.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang zhengyi chaotian sanba xiezui fachen 太上正一朝天三八謝罪法懺

11 fols.

Yuan (1279–1368) or early Ming (1368–1644)

813 (fasc. 567)

"Litany of Twenty-four Supplications for Forgiveness in the Zhengyi Audience to Heaven." Instead of twenty-four, the formulas for repentance in this ritual number only eleven. Each time, the Jade Proclamation (*yugao* 玉誥)—that is, the solemn title of Yuhuang shangdi 玉皇上帝 in sixty-two characters (4a)—is recited ten times.

The canonization title of the First Heavenly Master as given on 1a corresponds to that conferred in the year 1295 (see 1463 *Han tianshi shijia* 1.8a). This ritual is therefore a litany for the pure liturgy by the Longhu shan 龍虎山 Heavenly Master order.

Kristofer Schipper

Zhushi shengdan chongju zhuoxian yi 諸師聖誕沖舉酌獻儀

13 fols.

482 (fasc. 265)

“Ritual for the Presentation of Offerings on the Anniversaries of the Birthdays and the Ascensions of the Various Masters.” The anniversaries thus celebrated are those of Yuhuang 玉皇 (1/9), Laojun (2/15), and Xuantian shangdi 玄天上帝 (3/3 and 9/9). Zhang Daoling 張道陵 shares in the offering performed on 9/9. The titles of the various gods are of Ming date.

John Lagerwey

3.B.1.b Lamp Rituals

Lamp rituals (*dengyi* 燈儀) were known already in the fifth century. The 1411 *Dongxuan lingbao changye zhi fu jinyou yugui mingzhen ke* gives details for two types: one designed to save the souls of the dead from the “darkness of the Long Night,” the other to prevent natural disasters, epidemics, and any unlucky event. These early rituals, which consist in the successive lighting of a symbolic number of lamps, already include a confession of sins and expression of wishes.

In 507 *Taishang huanglu zhayiyi* 56, DU GUANGTING gives the classical form to and definition of this method for worshipping with lamps (*lideng zhi fa* 禮燈之法). He attributes the method to the *Jinlu jianwen* 金籙簡文, a text of the fifth century that is no longer extant. According to Du, “the most important matters in a *zhai*-ritual are the burning of incense and the lighting of lamps” (56.1a). The incense is the means for communicating with Heaven; the lamps dissipate the obscurity of the hells. Du indicates various times for “praying over the lamps” (*zhoudeng* 咒燈), but the most important time is at the end of the day, after the evening Audience ritual. The rite begins at the Gate of Earth and ends in front of the Master in the Beyond (*xuanshi* 玄師). The adept is then to leave the lamps burning until dawn. Du still follows the order given in the above-mentioned 1411 *Mingzhen ke* (E, S, W, N; NE, SE, SW, NW); the final prayer, for the lamp of the underworld, is missing in Du’s text.

The various liturgical manuals of the Southern Song (1127–1279) and the Yuan (1279–1368) make clear that there was a proliferation of lamp rituals. The 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 34 gives diagrams for nine, and 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* gives texts for ten such rituals (juan 15, 25, 34, 35, 127, 174, 199, 200, 236). The lighting of lamps at the end of the day continues to be recommended (466 *Jidu jinshu* 2.6a), but it is also to be done at the start of a full-scale Retreat (*zhengzhai* 正齋), so as to light the path to the sacred area and thereby enable the souls of the deceased to be present during the Retreat (1221 *Lingbao dafa* 34.14b). In general, the function of the lamps is to “dispel the obscurity” (*poan* 破暗) of the hells.

With one exception—475 *Hongen lingji zhenjun qizheng xing dengyi*—all lamp rituals that do not form part of, or are not closely related to, the large liturgical manuals are placed together in the *Daozang*. Although the present group of rituals hardly constitutes a coherent ensemble, the rituals do seem to have been reworked by a single editor: with two exceptions (199 *Nandou yanshou dengyi*, and 200 *Beidou qiyuan xing dengyi*), the recitation of a sacred text is required at the end of the ritual (cf. 466 *Jidu jinshu* 35.8b); the reading of a memorial (*shu* 疏) is also required in nine of the nineteen rituals. The same formula of homage (*zhixin guiming* 志心歸命) is used in thirteen texts (cf. 466 *Jidu jinshu* 199), and the same manner of expressing wishes in front of the lamps (*fuyuan* 伏願) in fourteen texts (cf. 466 *Jidu jinshu* 25).

The fact that these lamp rituals almost always precede the recitation of a sacred text is a fairly good indication that each of the nineteen liturgies originally constituted the core of a full, albeit short, ritual. The larger ritual context is that of an Offering (*jiao* 醮 or *gong* 供) in twelve cases (texts 198–203, 205–210) and of a Retreat (*zhai* 齋) in four (211–214). Most of these rituals were performed for individuals (called “disciples” [*dizi* 弟子] in texts 199, 201, 204, 207; “believers” [*xinshi* 信士] in 209–210; “so-and-so” [*mou* 某] in 200, 202, 203, 205–207) or for heads of families or neighborhoods (*jiaozhai guanshi* 醮齋官士; 198, 208, 211–214). In some cases, the priest’s invitation from the faithful is described: “having chosen a member of the One and Orthodox sect” (198); “having invited a True Friend” (200); “with the help of a feathered gentleman” (204, 210).

Yuhuang shiqi ciguang dengyi 玉皇十七慈光燈儀

20 fols.

197 (fasc. 83)

“Seventeen Lights of the Compassion of the Jade Emperor.” The title refers to the seventeen aspects of the Jade Emperor’s salvific light, enumerated in 10 *Gaoshang yuhuang benxing jijing* 1.9b–10a. He who “meditates on these aspects of the Worthy One and praises his names will be enabled to see the face of the Compassionate One [*ciyan* 慈顏] and will be saved” (1.11a). The present text, which begins with a hymn taken from the *Yuhuang jing* (1.8b–9a) and ends with the recitation of 13 *Gaoshang yuhuang xinyin jing*, uses the same term for “to praise” (*chengyang* 稱揚) as does the *yuhuang jing* before each of its seventeen hymns to the Jade Emperor.

John Lagerwey

Shangqing shiyi dayao dengyi 上清十一大曜燈儀

8 fols.

198 (fasc. 83)

“Lamp Ritual of the Eleven Great Luminaries.” The main body of this text is composed of the same eleven hymns found in 43 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo shiyi yao da xiaozai*

shenzhou jing. The rite is part of a Pure Offering (*qinggong* 淨供) performed by a Zhengyi 正一 priest in order to avert catastrophes linked to the “eleven greater heavenly bodies.” A *jiao* 醮 dedicated to these eleven bodies is mentioned in 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 8.10a.

John Lagerwey

***Nandou yanshou dengyi* 南斗延壽燈儀**

6 fols.

199 (fasc. 183)

“Southern Dipper Lamp Ritual for Prolonging Life.” The Southern Dipper of the title of this text is the Heavenly seat of longevity, object of the Offering (*jiaoli* 醮禮) of which the present rite forms a part. In order to perform this Offering, which identifies itself as belonging to both the Lingbao tradition and the *Hetu jiao* 河圖醮, one must first establish an astral sacred area (*xingtian* 星壇) and invite all the divinities whose names are given at the beginning of the text. The list of divinities is the same as for 198 *Shangqing shiyi dayao dengyi*.

The work 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* mentions (6.3a) an Offering made simultaneously to the divinities of the Northern and Southern Dippers in order to obtain longevity; this work treats the Offering as a kind of *Hetu jiao*. The prayers given in 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* (8.14b–17b), however, correspond not to those given here but to those in 624 *Taishang shuo nandou liusi yanshou duren miaojing*.

John Lagerwey

***Beidou qiyuan xing dengyi* 北斗七元星燈儀**

7 fols.

200 (fasc. 83)

“Lamp Ritual for the Seven Principles of the Northern Dipper.” The wishes expressed in this ritual addressed to the seven stars of the Northern Dipper ask for the forgiveness of sins, success for mandarins and merchants, conjugal harmony, and happy descendants.

The work 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* mentions (6.3a) an Offering addressed “exclusively to the Seven Principles” of the Northern Dipper. The name of this ritual recalls the title of 622 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing*, but the prayers given in the *Daomen dingzhi* (8.17b–21a) are those of 753 *Beidou qiyuan jinxuan yuzhang*, not those of the present text.

John Lagerwey

***Beidou benming yanshou dengyi* 北斗本命延壽燈儀**

4 fols.

201 (fasc. 83)

“Lamp Ritual of Northern Dipper Individual Destiny for Extending Longevity.” The destiny of every human being is determined by the lord of the seven stars of the Northern Dipper associated with his or her birth date. People should “invite a True Friend” to celebrate the present ritual of confession and wishes on their birthday.

Contrary to 199 *Nandou yanshou dengyi* and 200 *Beidou qiyuan xing dengyi*, each of which is composed of a number of prose and verse sections equal to the number of stars in the Southern or Northern Dippers, this text contains only five such sections—one for each of the five directions, no doubt—each of which is addressed to an astral lord of Fundamental Destiny (*benming* 本命).

John Lagerwey

***Sanguan dengyi* 三官燈儀**

4 fols.

202 (fasc. 83)

“Lamp Ritual of the Three Officials.” This lamp ritual belongs to a Pure Offering performed for an individual on the days of the Three Principles, on which days “the Three Officials correct the accounts and the Nine Heavens grant happiness.”

John Lagerwey

***Xuandi dengyi* 玄帝燈儀**

5 fols.

203 (fasc. 83)

“Lamp Ritual for the Emperor of the North.” The Pure Offering into which this lamp ritual is to be inserted is in honor of Xuantian shangdi 玄天上帝. The title given to him in the text, *Lingying yousheng zhenjun* 靈應佑聖真君, was first accorded this god in 1108.

The first of the wishes expressed in the present ritual asks for the forgiveness of the sins of “so-and-so” and for eternal life; the second wish asks the same thing for all the deceased of the family; and the third wish requests happiness for all members, living and dead, of the family.

1224 *Daomen dingzhi* mentions (6.4b) a *Beiji zhenwu jiao* 北極真武醮.

John Lagerwey

Jiutian San Mao siming xian dengyi 九天三茅司命仙燈儀

5 fols.

204 (fasc. 83)

"Lamp Ritual in Honor of the Director of Destiny of the Nine Heavens and His Brothers." This ritual was to be held on the festival days of the immortalized Mao brothers: in the third month and on the second day of the twelfth month. The deities, whose presence is symbolically indicated by the unrolling of their images, are invoked one after another, offered incense and flowers, and praised in hymns. The text of these hymns comes, with slight modifications, from a famous inscription in honor of the brothers that was engraved on a stele on Maoshan 茅山 in 522 (see "Tianhuang taidi shou Maojun jiuxi yuce wen 天皇太帝授茅君九錫玉冊文," 304 *Maoshan zhi* 1.1a–2b).

Since the honorary titles of the patron saints contain the expansions *zhenying* 真應, *miaoying* 妙應, and *shenying* 神應, bestowed upon them in 1316 (see "Yanyou jiahao sanjun liguan sanfeng gao 延祐加號三君立觀三峰誥," 304 *Maoshan zhi* 4.19a–21a), the date "forty-second year of the holy government" (2a9) could refer to the year 1321. However, if we take into account the other texts of this group (197–203) some of which seem to date to the Ming, the reference could also be to the year 1409.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Wanling dengyi 萬靈燈儀

4 fols.

205 (fasc. 83)

"Lamp Ritual for the Myriad Spirits." This text forms part of a Pure Offering addressed to the divinity of one's choice, rather than to all divinities, as the title would seem to suggest. The intentions are general in character: for the prosperity of the country, the family, and all beings.

John Lagerwey

Wuxian lingguan dadi dengyi 五顯靈觀大帝燈儀

5 fols.

206 (fasc. 83)

"Lamp Ritual in Honor of the Great Emperors Five Manifestations of Divine Contemplation." The five deities invoked in this brief ritual have their origin in the widespread southern Chinese cult of the Five Supernatural Powers (Wutong 五通), a class of ancient, one-legged nature demons. In 1109 a Wutong sanctuary in Wuyuan (Jiangxi), which—obviously under Buddhist influence—had successfully cleaned up the images of its gods, was officially recognized, while in 1111 the Wutong spirits in general were declared objects of an illicit cult (*Song huiyao jigao* 1:771–72 and 843).

Over the following centuries, the cult of the five deities of Wuyuan—who, after an official change of their names in 1174, came to be called Wuxian 五顯 (Five Manifestations)—established numerous branch temples and became enormously popular throughout southern China. In the early Ming dynasty (1368–1644), the Wuxian were elevated to national rank. Ming Taizu ordered state offerings to be performed for the gods at an official temple (completed in 1389) near his capital (see *Xiyin ji* 5.30a–32a).

Taoists categorically opposed both the illicit worship of the Wutong spirits and the officially sanctioned cult of the Wuxian until well into the thirteenth century (cf. 780 *Diqi shangjiang Wen taibao zhuan* 1b–2b). During the same period, however, Marshal Ma 馬元帥, a Taoist deity developed to fight especially the Wutong, began to take on the features and qualities of his victims. This process eventually resulted in a complete fusion of Marshal Ma with the Wutong/Wuxian and in the integration of the latter into the Taoist pantheon (cf. also 1192 *Dahui jingci miaole tianzun shuo fude wusheng jing*).

The lantern ritual presents the five gods as five heavenly marshals with new Taoist names in addition to the titles officially granted to them in 1213. Although there is evidence that, in the thirteenth century, local Taoists, despite the objection of higher Taoist authorities, participated in the worship of the Wuxian, it is unlikely that the present text was adopted into this standardized collection of lantern rituals before the high imperial honors bestowed on the cult during the early Ming.

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Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Tusi dengyi 土司燈儀

8 fols.

207 (fasc. 83)

"Lamp Ritual for the Soil God." The Pure Offering of which this rite forms a part is performed in order to expiate the faults committed against the god of the soil in the course of a recent building or moving project. The text is divided into nine parts, addressed to the stellar divinities in charge of the Eight Trigrams and the center. The titles given these divinities are close to those used in 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 199.

John Lagerwey

Dongchu siming dengyi 東厨司命燈儀

5 fols.

208 (fasc. 83)

“Lamp Ritual for the Director of Destiny of the Eastern Kitchen.” After the invocation, addressed to the divine lords of a new and an old stove, a prose introduction explains that “the Stove [God] is the head of the household: he inquires into errors and judges sin. Given the importance of his position, one does well to show him the greatest respect.” This display of respect is what the “officer of the *jiao* 醮” accomplishes by lighting five lamps, each of which is linked to the invocation both of the Director of Destiny of the Eastern Kitchen (cf. the title) and of the Stove God of one of the Five Directions. The Eastern Kitchen is probably related to the Eastern Peak. Robert Chard (“Master of the family,” 232–43) gives a nearly complete translation of this text, which he considers to be later than 69 *Taishang dongzhen anzaio jing*.

John Lagerwey

Zhengyi wensi bidu shendeng yi 正一瘟司辟毒神燈儀

5 fols.

209 (fasc. 84)

“Ritual of the Divine Lamps for Averting Disease, from the Zhengyi Offices of Epidemics.” This ritual belongs to a Pure Offering performed for the faithful in order to expel the emissaries who spread epidemics in each of the Five Directions. “The Great Way produces epidemics,” we read, “but people bring them upon themselves. When the gods look into wrongdoing, one has only one’s virtue to rely on.”

Fortunately, the “path of prayer” is wide, and all gods—whether Taoist or Buddhist, great warriors or sages of antiquity, painted or sculpted—give their protection to any region that presents them with an offering.

John Lagerwey

Liming ruixiang dengyi 離明瑞象燈儀

7 fols.

210 (fasc. 84)

“Lamp Ritual for Auspicious Signs from the South.” This ritual of “auspicious fu” belongs to an “Offering to pray for peace.” The latter serves especially to protect the region whose faithful have it performed from the fires sent by the gods of the Palace of Southern Clarity to punish sin (*li* 離 refers to the trigram of that name, a trigram that occupies the south and corresponds to fire). Six groups of gods, all associated with the south, are asked to forgive the sins of the faithful and grant them their favors.

The work 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* (6.5a) mentions an Offering to Conjure the Flames and Drive off Catastrophe (*Shihuo rangzai jiao* 誓火禳災醮).

John Lagerwey

Huanglu jiuyang fanqi dengyi 黃籙九陽梵炁燈儀

11 fols.

211 (fasc. 84)

“Yellow Register Lamp Ritual for the Brahman Energies of the Nine Yang.” The “Brahman Energies of the Nine Yang” are the qi of the Nine Heavens; they illumine the underworld and enable the souls of the deceased to ascend to Heaven. The ritual consists in invoking the Jiuku tianzun 救苦天尊 of each direction in turn and then, having lit a lamp, of singing the appropriate hymn from 318 *Daoxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhangjing*.

In this version, the ritual begins in the east; the version in 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 25 begins in the northeast.

John Lagerwey

Huanglu jiuzhi dengyi 黃籙九炁燈儀

4 fols.

212 (fasc. 84)

“Yellow Register Lamp Ritual of Nine Goblets.” This is an abbreviated version of the traditional Jiuyou 九幽 Retreat described in 1411 *Dongxuan lingbao changye zhi fu jiuyou yugui mingzhen ke*. There are also a number of terminological borrowings from 507 *Taishang huanglu zhayiyi* 56.10a–13a and 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 24.1a ff.

John Lagerwey

Huanglu poyu dengyi 黃籙破獄燈儀

8 fols.

213 (fasc. 84)

“Yellow Register Lamp Ritual for Destroying Hell.” As in the traditional Jiuyou 九幽 Retreat, each section of this ritual is addressed to one of the ten Lingbao, as opposed to the Jiuku tianzun. At the end of each prose paragraph, the celebrant is to make an act of contrition so that the soul of the deceased may escape from the difficulties associated with the hell of the respective direction (*channan* 懺難; cf. 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 35.2b, *chan shendeng* 懺神燈; and 174.3a, *chan moufang diyou* 懺某方地獄). As in 466 *Jidu jinshu* 35, the celebrant then burns a “fu order” and, finally, recites a verse.

The three rituals in 211 *Huanglu jiuyang fanqi dengyi*, 212 *Huanglu jiuzhi dengyi*, and the present text all follow the same order, starting in the east, continuing clockwise around to the northeast, and finishing in the center. In this ritual alone, the center is associated with the “lower direction,” thus accentuating the dramatic character of this ritual for the “destruction of hells.”

John Lagerwey

Huanglu wuku lundeng yi 黃籙五苦輪燈儀

5 fols.

214 (fasc. 84)

“Yellow Register Revolving Lamp Ritual for [Release from] The Five Sufferings.” This ritual of “wheel-lamps” designed to “turn the light around” (and cause it to shine in the underworld) associates all souls in distress with the soul of a recently deceased person and aims to save them from the Five Sufferings and the three forms of filth. It may be an abbreviated version of 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 24.19a–24a.

John Lagerwey

Taiqing daode xianhua yi 太清道德顯化儀

20 fols.

Ming (1318–1644)

793 (fasc. 564)

“Ritual for the Epiphany of [the Heavenly Worthy] of the Way and Its Power of the Taiqing [Heaven].” This is a service to be celebrated on the occasion of Laozi’s birthday, on the fifteenth day of the second moon (1b). Laozi’s canonical title here is Taiqing xuanyuan wushang santian wuji dadao taishang laojun daode tianzun 太清玄元無上三天無極大道太上老君道德天尊: the third of the Sanqing triad and thus, according to modern cosmology, the ruler of the Taiqing Heaven.

The latest manifestation (*xianhua* 顯化) to be mentioned (2a) is Laozi’s appearance on Maoshan (in 1109, to Liang Wuzhen 梁悟真, revealing to the latter the *Jiaqu Tiantong huming miaojing* 加句天童護命妙經; see 632 *Taishang taiqing tiantong huming miaojing* 5a).

The service is composed of three parts. The first ritual is an offering for the birthday (*shangshou gongxian* 上壽供獻; 1a–7b). Incense, flowers, candles, tea, wine, and fruits are offered in succession. The second ritual is an homage to the epiphany (*xianhua liven* 顯化禮文; 7b–15a), which celebrates with hymns and recitations nine stages in the manifestations of Laozi in this world, the fourth one corresponding to the revelation of the doctrine of the Zhengyi order (*zhengyi zhi zongjiao* 正一之宗教; 10b).

The final ritual is the *jiao* 醮 (*xianhua shejiao yi* 顯化設醮儀; 15a–20a). It is of a simple *daochang* 道場 type and is structured around three libations of wine.

The hymns throughout are in seven-character lines and distinctly vernacular in character.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing dongxuan mingdeng shangjing 上清洞玄明燈上經

7 fols.

367 (fasc. 180)

“Scripture of Lighting Lamps, of the Shangqing Dongxuan Canon.” The classificatory title *Shangqing dongxuan* indicates that this text is cognate with the *Shangqing lingbao dafa* liturgy. The text does not follow the usual scriptural model and provides no clues for dating. It expounds in highly ornate classical language the importance of the ritual of lighting lamps and singing hymns while they burn, and of the celebration of Retreats for the atonement of sins (1b). The more lamps are lit the better, and those who practice this ritual during three years will rise up to Heaven in broad daylight. One of the lights is the Prince of Lamps (*dengwang* 燈王), and in his honor four stanzas of a classical hymn are chanted. Then follow nineteen other stanzas. The work closes with a formula for the Feeding of the Hungry Ghosts (*shishi zhongsheng chow* 施食衆生咒).

Kristofer Schipper

3.B.1.c Registers and Talismans

Taishang sanwu zhengyi mengwei lu 太上三五正一盟威籙

6 juan

1208 (fasc. 877)

“Register of the Sworn Alliance with the Powers of the Orthodox One.” According to many early sources, such as 1205 *Santian neijie jing* 1.6a, the registers of the Sworn Alliance were originally bestowed on Zhang Daoling 張道陵 by Laozi in 142. It is, however, doubtful that the present version of twenty-four apotropaic talismans represents the original revelation.

The same series is quoted in 615 *Chisong zi zhangli* 4.22a–b under the general title “Ritual Registers in Twenty-four Degrees.” It can again be found in 1212 *Jiao sandong zhenwen wufa zhengyi mengwei lu licheng yi* by ZHANG WANFU, and in 796 *Taishang sanwu zhengyi mengwei yuelu jiaoyi* by DU GUANGTING.

In the present version, the twenty-four talismans are connected to the Twenty-four Dioceses (*zhi* 治) and to the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions (*xu* 宿). Among the locations given for the different *zhi*, we find the name of Huai’an jun 淮安軍 for the

Changli zhi 昌利治. Huai'an jun is a military district created in 997. The present version of this register must, therefore, date from the Song period (960–1279).

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang zhengyi yansheng baoming lu 太上正一延生保命錄

10 fols.

1216 (fasc. 880)

“Life-Prolonging and Destiny-Protecting Register, of the Zhengyi School.” This is a protective talismanic register for lay people, issued in print by the Longhu shan 龍虎山, and signed by Zhang Yuqing 張宇清, the Forty-fourth Heavenly Master (d. 1427). The attestation of transmission and the introduction to the register, in the form of a short scripture, give the impression that this register belongs to an earlier stratum and can be compared to similar documents from the Tang and early Song dynasties (compare 1209 *Taishan zhengyi mengwei falu yibu*).

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang zhengyi jie wuyin zhouzu bilu 太上正一解五音咒詛祕錄

8 fols.

1217 (fasc. 880)

“Secret Register of the Most High for Obtaining Release from Incantations and Spells from All Quarters.” Like the 1216 *Yansheng baoming lu*, this register was issued, originally in printed form, by the Heavenly Masters of the Longhu shan 龍虎山 and

signed by the master of the forty-fourth generation, Zhang Yuqing 張宇清 (d. 1427). The register is accompanied by the image of an exorcist with a sword and a bowl of charm water (fig. 42). The divine agents of the register are the lords of the five kinds of barbarians (Yi 夷, Man 蠻, Rong 戎, Di 狄, and Qin 秦), widely invoked in Zhengyi rites since the early middle ages.

As examples of black magic, the text offers: “having one’s portrait drawn by an evil person who then pierces the heart

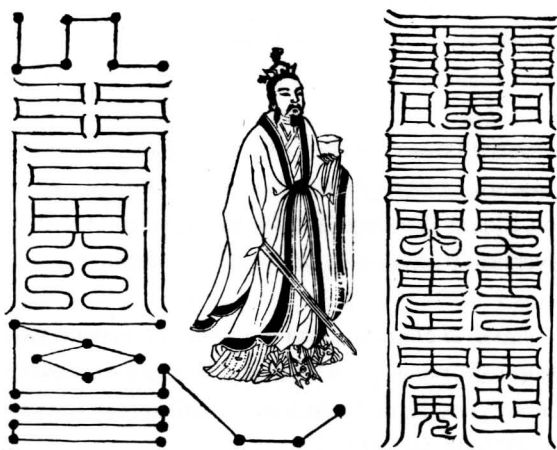


FIGURE 42. Exorcist with a sword and a bowl of charm water (1217 2a–b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1200)

with a knife”; “having been possessed by the spirits of earth altars, sacred areas, forests, brooks, wells, and stoves”; “having been the victim of incantations and spells by the devious masters of the vulgar cults of the River God [Hebo 河伯].”

Kristofer Schipper

Sidou ershiba xiu tiandi dalu 四斗二十八宿天帝大錄

21 fols.

1397 (fasc. 1048)

“Register of the Heavenly Sovereigns of the Four Dippers and the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions.” This work is in fact a collection of registers, presumably for lay people, as there is no clearly correlated initiation or ordination ritual. Following the Register of the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions mentioned in the title, we find the Register of the Divine Immortals of the Five Sovereigns, Planets, and Peaks (*Wudi wuxing wuyue shenxian luwen* 五帝五星五嶽神仙籙文; 16b–17a), the Register of the Seal of Yue of the Most High Three-and-Five Yellow Deity (*Taishang sanwu huangshen yuezhang lu* 太上三五黃神越章籙), and the Register of the Most High Three-and-Five Dance of Pacing the Mainstay in Exchange with Heaven (*Taishan sanwu jiaoqian bugang lu* 太上三五交乾步綱籙). The latter register consists of an outline of a choreography, unlike the others, which contain talismans and a list of deities. According to the formulary for the document of transmission, the recipient was ill as a result of demon possession.

The Register of the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions is, as usual, divided into four parts, one part for the constellations of each of the four directions. The Register of the Seal of Yue is placed under the command of the generals of the Three Officials, and is also largely exorcistic in nature.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

3.B.1.d Miscellanea

Sandong xiudao yi 三洞修道儀

11 fols.

By Sun Yizhong 孫夷中, hao Baoguang zi 葆光子; 1003

1237 (fasc. 989)

“Protocol for the Practice of the Tao of the Three Caverns.” This is a remarkable little handbook on the liturgical organization of Taoism after the troubled period of the Five Dynasties (907–960). The author writes in his preface that he obtained the information contained in this handbook from Liu Ruozhuo 劉若拙, hao Huagai xiansheng 華蓋先生, a daoshi from the Beimang 北邙 diocese in Sichuan. Liu has a biography in the LZTT 47.12a; it states that Liu served as Taoist registrar (*zuojie daolu*

左街道錄) in the capital during the Kaibao era (968–975) and that he collaborated in the reestablishment of the Taoist examination system.

Sun worked as an official in Jingzhou 荊州 (Hunan). He met Liu Ruozhuo and received his teachings when the latter traveled through the region in 1003 (year *guimao* 癸卯). Sun wrote this work the same year.

The introduction gives a summary of the development of liturgical Taoism until Sun's times. The description he gives of the liturgical organization is much the same as that of the Tang (618–907) period (see the introduction to part 2.B.1). In addition to the traditional ordination grid, we find a superior group of hermits (*shanju daoshi* 山居道士) as well as the first mention of an exorcistic order that practiced the Thunder magic (*leifa* 雷法) of the Emperor of the North (*Beidi leigong fa* 北帝雷公法; 9a). Also remarkable are the separate ordination grades for women, at all levels, except for the Beidi 北帝 exorcistic order.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Cuishan lu 萃善錄

2 juan

Ming (1368–1644)

983 (fasc. 617)

“Anthology of Good [Deeds].” This is a collection of written memorials for Retreats and Offerings. The texts here are the Intentions (*yi* 意) specially written by prominent persons for inclusion into the written prayers presented in such rituals. Among the rituals we find those that celebrate the emperor's birthday, that give thanks for rain (1.1a) and for the integrity of the territory of the Song empire (1.6b), and many others. Many Intentions come from Hangzhou in the Southern Song period (1127–1279) and refer to Taoist sanctuaries there. A series of memorials (2.2b–4b) presented at the death of the Thirty-seventh Heavenly Master, Zhang Yudi 張與棣, *hao* Xiwei zi 希微子, should date from 1294 (see 1463 *Han Tianshi shijia* 3.12b). The patriarch was called to the capital in that year and died there suddenly. The memorials were presented (and perhaps written) by his mother, who recalls the conditions of his travels to the capital and laments that they would never meet again. Many other Heavenly Masters are mentioned, as well as various dignitaries of the Song. This collection must have been compiled at the Longhu shan 龍虎山 headquarters of the Zhengyi 正一 Heavenly Master order on the basis of documents preserved there. It is therefore an important source for the history of the Heavenly Masters. None of the documents seem to date from the Ming, but the nature of some of the texts that date from the Song period and are highly nationalistic in tone or that date to the Yuan (1279–1368) and contain, like those mentioned above, barely hidden criticisms of the Mongol government make it unlikely that it was compiled under the Yuan.

Yuan Bingling

Daomen shigui 道門十規

20 fols.

By Zhang Yuchu 張宇初; 1406

1232 (fasc. 988)

“Ten Rules for the Taoist.” This work was compiled by the forty-third Zhengyi patriarch. Zhang Yuchu had received the imperial order to revise the books of Taoism and responded by writing a dedication to the emperor that set out the foundations of Taoism, as well as its subsequent development, successive schools, and filiations. The author combines these presentations with his rules of demeanor for professional practice, which the Taoist priest (*daoshi*) should observe. This work signals the beginning of the editorial efforts that culminated in the production of the *Da Ming Daozang jing* 大明道藏經, decades after the death of Zhang Yuchu in 1410.

Zhang Yuchu reveals his perception of the history of Taoism, dividing the historic schools and filiations into two groups: the “teachings” of Quanzhen 全真 and Zhengyi 正一 are contrasted with the “methods” of, for example, the Qingwei 清微 Taoists. Zhang Yuchu explains the “interior” and “exterior” aspects of Taoism—that is, self-cultivation and liturgy, which serve the individual practitioner and the community, respectively. Self-cultivation and liturgy complement each other. The rules also deal with the proper operation of cloisters: with the administration of their staff and economic facilities. Zhang Yuchu emphasizes that the teachings of Laozi and his inauguration of Taoism were the basis for the above teachings and methods.

Florian C. Reiter

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3.B.2 Sanhuang

Sanhuang (Dongshen 洞神) texts were already predominantly concerned with divination and prophylactic rites in medieval times; the few markedly Sanhuang texts of this later period continue this tradition. The *Wuyue zhenxing tu* 五嶽真形圖 is, together with the *Sanhuang wen* 三皇文, the fundamental document of the Dongshen division. It is found here in 856 *Sanhuang neiwén yibi* in a late rendition that became popular in modern China and that was frequently reproduced on exorcistic objects such as door screens, entrance stones, talismans, and so on. The two texts related to the white monkey (*boyuan* 白猿) concern popular magic and divination.

Taishang dongshen sanyuan miaoben fushou zhenjing

太上洞神三元妙本福壽真經

9 fols.

Edited by Miao Shanshi 苗善時, *zi* Taisu 太素, *hao* Shian 實庵; 1324

651 (fasc. 343)

“Real Scripture of Blessings and Longevity, Revealing the Marvelous Root of the Three Principles, from the Dongshen Canon.” In his colophon (dated 1324), the editor of the present version, the famous Taoist scholar and Quanzhen 全真 master Miao Shanshi, relates that he obtained this ancient scripture, corrected it, and divided it in (six) paragraphs (*zhang* 章), whereupon a laymen by the name of Wang (Wang jushi 王居士, *hao* Zhongan 仲庵) had it printed and distributed.

The claim that this was an “old scripture” carries some weight because the text shows clearly that before its division into paragraphs, this was a liturgical scripture in the classical form. Spoken by the Dasheng zu xuanyuan daode tianzun 大聖祖玄元道德天尊, a title that makes us think of the Tang canonization of Laozi, this scripture was placed in the Dongshen section of the canon, probably by the Ming editors.

Kristofer Schipper

Taiqing jinque yuhua xianshu baji shenzhang sanhuang neibi wen

太清金闕玉華仙書八極神章三皇內祕文

3 juan

855 (fasc. 575)

“Inner Secret Writs of the Three Sovereigns, [Constituting] the Divine Chapters of the Eight Poles of the Lustrous Writings of Immortality of the Gold Portal of Taiqing.” The book is a compilation of the methods of the Sanhuang tradition. It is not likely to be earlier than the Southern Song dynasty (1127–1279); note, for instance, the legend of Zhenwu 真武 (1.7a), the reference to the Four Saints (*sisheng* 四聖; 1.5b), and the designation of the altar as *Zhengyi tianhuang tan* 正一天皇壇 (1.26b), reflecting the supremacy of the Zhengyi organization.

Each juan of the book pertains to one of the Three Sovereigns, referring each sovereign to one of the three cosmic levels of Heaven, Earth, and Humanity. Juan 1 describes the different sections of the Taoist pantheon, as well as some methods of summoning the celestial spirits for exorcistic purposes. The fourth paragraph (1.11a–25b) constitutes a complete demonology, comprising seventy-two categories of “selfish spirits” or “spiritual outlaws” (*sishen* 私神) that may nevertheless be made subservient. Juan 2 deals with methods of living in the mountains (*jushan zhi fa* 居山之法). It describes, for instance, the method of “inviting [the support of] the god of the mountain by means of offerings” (*jiaoqing shanzhu* 醮請山主; 2.4a–b), and it contains comprehensive lists to be used for the identification of herbs and minerals

(2.7a–10b). Juan 3 deals with methods of avoiding danger and cultivating immortality, such as the method of the five simulations (*wujia fa* 五假法; 3.7b–8a, 11b–13a), by means of which one may obtain invisibility to evil influences (see 864 *Yuanyang zi wujia lun*).

Poul Andersen

Sanhuang neiwen yibi 三皇內文遺祕

14 fols.

856 (fasc. 575)

“Transmitted Secrets of the Inner Writs of the Three Sovereigns.” The book is not earlier than the Southern Song dynasty (1127–1279), since the *Zhengyi yuantan* 正一元壇 of Longhu shan 龍虎山 is mentioned (9b). There is a postface 后序 to the book (though it precedes the text) signed by a Ziwei daoren 紫微道人 and dated to a *bingwu* 丙午 year. Fukui Kōjun suggests that the year in question may be 1306 (*Dōkyō no kisoteki kenkyū*, 190).

The book contains incantations—referred to as inner writs (*neiwen* 內文)—of each of the Three Sovereigns, comprising 315, 264, and 216 characters, respectively. Those who study this Way (and who are initiated) should wear these *neiwen* on their body (5b). The book also contains three seals, mainly for protection when entering mountains (5b–7a). The work 1185 *Baopu zi neipian* 17.19b–20b is quoted for the stories related to the first two of these seals: *Huangshen* 黃神 and *Yuezhang* 越章 (9b–10a). The book concludes with a version of the fu representing the true forms of the Five Peaks (*Wuyue zhenxing tu* 五嶽真形圖; 11a–13b).

Poul Andersen

Taishang tongxuan lingyin jing 太上通玄靈印經

11 fols.

859 (fasc. 576)

“Book of Efficacious Seals for Penetrating Mystery.” This text deals with several seals, of which the most important—that for “communicating with the powers” (*tongling* 通靈)—probably constitutes the basis of the book’s title. Without this seal, says Laozi, “no technique of the Tao can succeed.” The present text, therefore, describes how to make, transmit, and use this seal, to which it also gives the names “Lingbao seal” and “fu-seal of the Eight Archivists” (*bashi* 八史) for communicating with the spirits.” These Eight Archivists are genies in the service of the owner of the seal.

The text says that an Offering to these Eight Archivists was composed at their behest in 155 by the Master of the Spirits (*shenshi* 神師; i.e., Zhang Daoling 張道陵?). The method was later transmitted to Master Zhuge 諸葛 [Liang?] in 347, but “since then very few people have received it” (6b–7a).

The same Master Zhuge explains how to “communicate with the powers and put demons to work.” If one wishes, for example, to order the demons to rob a person, one must “first sacrifice to them.” Using the “fu for summoning demons,” an adept could oblige the “demon soldiers” to go forth and take revenge on an enemy. Or an adept could change red beans into soldiers by pronouncing a formula over them after first wiping them with a mixture of sheep’s blood, cow’s bile, and mud.

Texts such as this clearly derive from an archaic stratum of Taoism. The *Xuandong tongling fu* 玄洞通靈符, for example, are mentioned together with the *Sanhuang wen* 三皇文 in 671 *Taishang wuji dadao ziran zhenyi wucheng fu shang jing* 2.11b, an early Lingbao scripture of about 400 A.D. It may also be noted that here (3a), as in 767 *Taishang tongling bashi shengwen zhenxing tu* 13a, Laozi is called the Master of Old (*xianshi* 先師).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongshen xuanmiao boyuan zhenjing 太上洞神玄妙白猿真經

19 fols.

858 (fasc. 576)

“Veritable Scripture of the White Monkey.” This scripture is said to have been revealed by a white monkey. An account of its transmission is found in 861 *Taishang liuren mingjian fuyin jing* 1.1a–b. The latter text and the present one derive from the same source, which itself underwent major modifications (see 13b in the present work and the article on 861 *Fuyin jing*).

This text comprises in all five diagrams (*shi* 式), which differ from those found in 861 *Fuyin jing*. The performance of the rituals attached to each diagram is regulated by instructions concerning the diagram of Primordial Chaos. The most important place is assigned to a ritual accompanying the concoction and absorption of alchemical substances (second diagram, 3b–10b).

The problem of dating this work is analogous to that concerning 861 *Fuyin jing*. The latter’s tentative Northern Song (960–1127) date is based on indications in its juan 4, which does not derive from the revelation of the white monkey (see the article on 861 *Fuyin jing*). With respect to the present work, such a date can be regarded only as a *terminus post quem*.

Marc Kalinowski

Taishang liuren mingjian fuyin jing 太上六壬明鑑符陰經

4 juan

861 (fasc. 577)

“Book of the Most High Luminous Mirror of the Six Ren Tallying with Yin.” The title of this work bears little relation to its contents. The reference to the mantic

method of the six *ren* 六壬 is out of place here, even though instances of this method are described in 3.9b–15b. The title “Writ of the Monkey” (*Yuanshu* 猿書) is more apt (see 3.28a, indicating a work in four juan, and 1.1b, three juan).

The latter appellation confirms the account of the book’s transmission at the head of the first juan. The author affirms that the work was transmitted, without title and in fragmentary form, by a white monkey to the preimperial strategist Sun Bin 孫臏. The present edition was copied from an earlier version (3.25b, 4.16b). Another fragment of the original is represented by 858 *Taishang dongshen xuanmiao boyuan zhenjing*.

Of uncertain date, this work may have been composed under the Northern Song (960–1127). Most of the methods described in juan 4, especially the “concealed return of the Jade Maiden” (4.2a), correspond to the versions given in *Dunjia fuying jing*, compiled between 1034–1038 (cf. the article on 587 *Huangdi taiyi bamen rushi bijue*).

The first three juan form a coherent set of small nocturnal rites constructed around a series of symbolic diagrams in increasing order of complexity. The instructions given for the first one, the Diagram of Primordial Chaos (*hunyuan shi* 混元式; 1.1b), apply to the others as well. A sketch of the altar area is included in 3.29a–b.

Marc Kalinowski

Taishang chiwen dongshen sanlu 太上赤文洞神三籙

24 fols.

Attributed to TAO HONGJING (456–536); Song (960–1279)?

589 (fasc. 324)

“Three Dongshen Registers of Red Writs of the Most High.” The term *chiwen* 赤文 is explained in the preface, on the basis of a quotation from TAO HONGJING, as the original term for “register” (*lu* 籙; 1a).

The compilation of the book is attributed to TAO HONGJING and the preface (1a–b) to Li Chunfeng 李淳風 (602–670). The preface describes the content of the book as “formulas [for the registers] of the Dongshen canon [dongshen shi 洞神式]” and states that these formulas were transmitted in three volumes, separate from the main corpus of Dongshen texts, and included in the section of untitled works in the version transmitted by GE HONG and BAO JING (see 640 *Dongshen badi miaojing jing*). The undated manuscript from which the present book was copied is said by the preface writer to have been executed in the calligraphy of the Qi and Liang dynasties (fifth and sixth centuries). It is claimed to have been transmitted to a daoshi of old, Zhang Qiao 張喬, who used it to great effect. The date of the preface itself is Zhen-guan 貞觀 6 (632), but the added cyclical characters *renzi* 壬子 do not correspond to this year.

To all appearances the preface is a forgery. The assertion of an early transmission of the book during the Six Dynasties (220–589) clearly is unfounded. The contents

suggest, rather, that it belongs to the Song dynasty. More specifically, the mention of the Black Killer (Heisha 黑殺; 13a) suggests a date later than the 930s, when this deity came to the fore with the foundation of the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 (see 1285 *Yisheng baode zhuan*). The use of hand mudras (*qiayin* 掐印) and of pseudo-Sanskrit words (14b–15a) point in the same direction.

The preface is followed by an introduction to the book (1b–2b). It places the totality of the work in the context of systems of divination based on direct communication with the spirits, referring to the “inner writ of the Book of Changes” (*Zhouyi neiwen* 周易內文) and to the “decisive speech of the Three Jia spirits” (*sanjia chutan* 三甲處談), while stating that these systems represent the most exalted part of the Book of Three Registers (*Sanlu pian* 三籙篇; 1b). The *Zhouyi neiwen* corresponds to the method described in the first of the registers contained in the book “Bagua nei jixiong yinglu 八卦內吉凶應籙” (3a–8a), which relies on fu representing the spirits of the Eight Trigrams. The expression *sanjia chutan* apparently refers to the method of the third register (“Taishang xuanmiao qianjin lu 太上玄妙千金籙”; 16b–24b), in which the fu of the Three Jia spirits play a prominent part. Both methods center on the summoning of spirits by means of fu and serve mainly for predicting the future. Both methods also include offerings (*ji* 祭; 3b) to the spirits. These methods may be compared to the similar but more complex method described in an earlier text of the Dongshen tradition, 1202 *Dongshen badi yuanbian jing*.

The second register, “Taishang xuanmiao tongshen lu 太上玄妙通神籙” (8b–16b), describes a number of minor methods for protection, such as the method of five simulations (*wujia fa* 五假法; 10a–11a), by which the adept may identify his body with one of the Five Elements in order to obtain invisibility or protection from the dangers associated with the element in question. This register also contains a series of methods connected with agricultural work for sowing crops, praying for rain, etc. (11b–12b).

Poul Andersen

Taishang dongshen wuxing zhusu riyue hunchang jing

太上洞神五星諸宿日月混常經

7 fols.

657 (fasc. 343)

“Book of the Five Stars, Sundry Mansions, and the Sun and the Moon.” Incorporated in the Dongshen canon, this small popular book on the planets, the mansions, and the sun and the moon that mix with the everyday world (*hunchang* 混常) tells us about the moments and the ways of incarnation of these stellar powers on Earth. Those who are able, thanks to this book, to recognize these powers and meet them will greatly benefit. Many great men of the past, the latest mentioned being Li Chunfeng

李淳風 (602–670), owed their power to their knowledge of the whereabouts of the stars.

Kristofer Schipper

3.B.3 Lingbao

In the period of transition during the Five Dynasties (907–960), many new forms of ritual were created. Next to the Lingbao 靈寶 services for the salvation of the deceased, we see the appearance of solemn Offering (*jiao* 醮) rituals for the benefit of the living. These Offerings centered on the worship of star deities. They were called Great Offerings to the Entire Firmament (*luotian da jiao* 羅天大醮) and were performed within the context of state ritual (see also part 3.B.1). Already present in the kingdom of Shu, where DU GUANGTING performed them for the rulers of the Former Shu (907–925) kingdom (see Verellen, “Liturgy and sovereignty,” 70), these rituals were also adopted by the Song (960–1279) emperors. The eminent statesman WANG QINRUO was commissioned to present an official version of the *Luotian jian* (see 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 3, by Lü Yuansu 呂元素). Over time, smaller *jiao* rituals of a more specialized nature, presented to the stars and cosmic forces responsible for phenomena such as fires or epidemics, also appeared.

The most important form of liturgy, however, remained that for the salvation of the dead. The already quite extensive rituals were now enlarged with meditation practices and rites for the “salvation through sublimation” (*liandu* 鍊度) of the souls of the deceased. *Liandu* rites were adaptations from a great number of different sources, such as Shangqing meditation techniques, Inner Alchemy, Tantric Buddhist methods, and shamanistic practices. These new rites blended into the ancient Lingbao liturgy to form the “Great Shangqing Lingbao Rites” (*Shangqing lingbao dafa* 上清靈寶大法) of the Southern Song (1127–1279).

For the study of this eclectic form of Taoist ritual, the great manuals are the most complete and informative material we have, whereas the individual scriptures and litanies do not yield much new material. The hymnbooks that appear here, some of which were authored by emperors of the Song and Ming (1368–1644) dynasties, form a special group of texts.

In keeping with the arrangement of corresponding parts in this work, we first list the scriptures, then the litanies, and finally the liturgical manuals and hymns. The reader is, however, advised to first consult the great manuals for a general overview of what had become a complex and highly elaborate form of solemn ritual.

At the same time, this section features a large number of rites that were meant to be performed on a more modest scale, and even as an individual practice. For instance, the *liandu* rites presented, explained, and commentated by Zheng Sixiao 鄭思肖 in 548 *Taiji jilian neifa* could be performed by a single adept, as well as in the framework of a large service. Other rites, for which we have scriptures as well as rituals, concern personal or family welfare and are linked to anniversaries and funerals.

The *jinlu zhai* 金籙齋 (484–494, 495–497) and *yulu zhai* 玉籙齋 (499–504) appear to have been performed at the Ming court.

3.B.3.a Scriptures

Taishang xuhuang tianzun sishijiu zhang jing 太上虛皇天尊四十九章經

14 fols.

18 (fasc. 25)

“Scripture of the Most High Heavenly Worthy of Vacuity in Forty-nine Sections.” This text should be seen, according to its title, in the context of the rites for the salvation of the soul. The forty-nine paragraphs of the text evoke the forty-nine days of mourning, as well as the forty-nine letters of jade (*yuzha* 玉札) used in the *Lingbao dafa* 靈寶大法 to release the deceased’s soul from the hells (see, for example, 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 6.1a). If Xuhuang tianzun 虛皇天尊 seems identical, in our text, to Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊, the revealer of the *Duren jing* (cf. CHENG XUAN-YING’s commentary, 87 *Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing sizhu* 1.2b), he is also, during the Song period, a divinity who received the *Lingbao dafa* from the Tianzhen huangren 天真皇人 (see 147 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing futu* 2.3a). The ritual tradition to which JIN YUNZHONG claims to belong is called “Xuhuang’s teaching” (1223 *Lingbao dafa* 16.1a). We also find Song (960–1279) references to “Xuhuang’s marvelous way” (1219 *Gaoshang shenxiao yuqing zhenwang zishu dafa* 12.1b) and to “Xuhuang’s spirit altar” (566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa*, preface, 2a). Xu Xuan already mentions a “Xuhuang’s terrace,” which seems to be a permanent altar relating to the Sanqing guan 三清觀 in the district of Qingjiang 清江 in Jiangxi province (*Xugong wenji* 20).

The text consists essentially in moral maxims pronounced by the Tianzun. These maxims are sometimes given in response to the questions of a certain Miaoxing zhenren 妙行真人. Human beings must turn away from all that embroils them in this world—money, prestige, pleasure—before it is too late.

John Lagerwey

Yuanshi tianzun jidu xuehu zhenjing 元始天尊濟度血湖真經

3 juan

72 (fasc. 32)

“True Scripture for Salvation from the Lake of Blood, [Revealed] by Yuanshi Tianzun.” This text describes the creation and the unfolding of a ritual in Heaven for the salvation of the souls of women who have died in childbirth. The ritual includes the singing of the name of Jiuku tianzun 救苦天尊 (who made the vow to save all souls from the hell named Lake of Blood), the promulgation of a writ of pardon, the destruction of the hell, an ablution, a sermon, and the *pudu* 普度 (Universal Salvation ritual). At the end of the book, Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊 states that the ritual is to be revealed on Earth.

Several elements make it possible to situate this text in the school of the Great Lingbao Method (*Lingbao dafa* 靈寶大法): references to that method (1.2b, 3.2a); reference to the “grand circulation of Brahman energies” (*daxing fanqi* 大行梵炁, 1.3a; cf. 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 116.2b); mention of Yuanhuang 元皇 (2.3a; cf. 466 *Jidu jinshu* 115.7a); and so on. The “secret language of Brahman qi” (*fanqi yinyu* 梵炁隱語, 1.51–b) first appears in the *Duren jing* 度人經 in the latter half of the thirteenth century (e.g., 91 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing zhujie* 3.22b–23a).

John Lagerwey

Taishang shuo jiuyou bazui xinyin miaojing 太上說九幽拔罪心印妙經

2 fols.

74 (fasc. 32)

“Marvelous Heart-Seal Scripture in which Taishang Explains the Nine Hells and Release from Sin.” Taishang is here identified with Yuanshi tianzun; he explains to the Jiuku zhenren that people “drown in the Sea of Suffering” because of their evil thoughts, for “all comes from the heart.” In order “not to give rise to the ‘heart of this world,’” one need only recite the present text and thereby save one’s ancestors from hell.

The recitation of this text is required in the context of a *huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋 Retreat, according to 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 5.8a: it is the recitation to be used at the “sixth hour,” the hour of the hungry souls (cf. 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 308.20a and 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing dafa* 71.8b, both of which mention the recitation of a *Jiuyou bazui miaojing* 九幽拔罪妙經).

John Lagerwey

Yuanshi tianzun shuo ganlu shengtian shenzhou miaojing

元始天尊說甘露昇天神咒妙經

3 fols.

75 (fasc. 32)

"Marvelous Scripture of the Divine Formulas for Sweet Dew and Ascension to Heaven, Preached by Yuanshi Tianzun." At the request of Prince Moonlight (Yueguang tongzi 月光童子), the Tianzun reveals how to save the unfortunate dead: one must first take a handful of dirt from the place where the person died and place it in a clean container. One then spreads a feast-offering for the soul of the dead person and pronounces two formulas, one to give the soul sweet dew and the other to enable it to ascend to heaven. These two formulas may be found in the text of the Universal Salvation ritual (*pudu* 普度) given by JIANG SHUYU (508 *Wushang huan-glu dazhai licheng yi* 30.8b–9b), and JIN YUNZHONG (1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 38.28b–29a).

The recitation of this text, mentioned in the *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku quesu mu* catalogue (VDL 14), is required in 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* 71.8b. The question of a possible relationship to the Buddhist apocrypha regarding Prince Moonlight remains to be studied.

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John Lagerwey

Yuanshi shuo gongde fashi wangsheng jing 元始說功德法食往生經

3 fols.

76 (fasc. 32)

"Scripture on the Merit of Effecting Rebirth by Ritual Distribution of Food, Spoken by [the Heavenly Worthy of] Primordial Beginning." This text propagates the importance of donating food for the souls of the deceased, enabling them to leave hell.

The Zhenren of Great Compassion and Great Wisdom (Daci dahui zhenren 大慈大慧真人) asks by what means the souls suffering in hell can be saved. The Heavenly Worthy of the Primordial Beginning replies in form of *gāthās*, saying that the dead who are ritually nourished will be reborn in Heaven, and emphasizing the merits of such a distribution of food.

The *gāthās* of our text are found in 547 *Lingbao yujian*, both as invocations with associated magic characters and secret formulas in pseudo-Sanskrit (36.8a, 36.10a–b [modified]), and in the context of the rite for the transformation of ritual food (*bianhua fashi* 變化法食; 17a).

The present scripture is also part of today's Universal Salvation ritual (*pudu* 普度) in Taiwan (cf. Schipper, "Taiwan zhi dao-jiao wenxian," 178).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang yuhua dongzhang bawang dushi shengxian miaojing

太上玉華洞章拔亡度世昇仙妙經

12 fols.

Postface dated 1143

77 (fasc. 32)

"Marvelous Scripture of the Cavern-Stanzas of the Jade Flower of the Most High for Saving Souls from Hell, Saving the World, and Ascension to Heaven." The text is composed of nine stanzas. The term *Yuhua* 玉華 (Jade Flower) appears in the text (10b), but its meaning is not explicit. The text contains many allusions to alchemical practice, and this term is probably also to be understood in that context.

A postface to the book recounts its origin in the following manner: a herdsboy from Xiaoyi 孝義 (Fenyang, Shanxi) by the name of Du Changchun 杜長春 encounters an immortal and is "suddenly enlightened" (*dunwu* 頓悟). He begins to talk of abstruse matters, to produce inspired poetry, and to heal people with fu writings and charm-water. As his renown spreads, the monks of Wanshou gong 萬壽宮 in Tianning 天寧 (Fenzhou) decide to invite him to "carry out transformations" (*xinghua* 行化) in a sanctuary (*an* 庵) built especially for him behind their monastery. Their aim is to earn enough money to be able to repair the monastery, severely damaged by the wars at the end of the Northern Song. The monks invite him to a first *jiao* 醮-Offering (in which more than a thousand persons participate) on the day of the Superior Principle in 1143. It is at this time that Du proposes to transmit to them "a perfect text of the Most High, in one juan, that does not yet circulate in the world." It requires two further *jiao*, in the second and third months, to complete the transmission of the present text.

The scripture begins in the Heaven of Jade Purity on the Xuandu Mountain, where Yuanshi tianzun, having ascended his throne, "causes the gongs to resound" in order to summon all the spirits of the universe to an "assembly of the Law." The zhenren Tongxuan takes advantage of the occasion to ask what to do so that the people "in the inferior world" stop sinning and return to the Orthodox Way: "It is difficult to follow the [way of] human heaven, easy to go down the path of demons. Not seeing the light, men fall into the yin fortress [hell]." Even those who, in fear of death, practice the techniques of longevity end nonetheless in the Bureau of Earth. What should be done?

Yuanshi tianzun explains to Tongxuan that all the problems occur because people do not obey the Ten Commandments. "It is not the hells that [visit punishment]

on people; people bring punishment on themselves." The Tianzun then describes a "golden book of the Jade Gate, hidden in the upper library of Xuandu," whose recitation will save people from all the ills of the three spheres of the universe.

John Lagerwey

Lingbao tianzun shuo luku shousheng jing 靈寶天尊說祿庫受生經

5 fols.

Twelfth or thirteenth century

333 (fasc. 167)

"Scripture of the Treasury of Reimbursements for the Gift of Life." This scripture has been translated and studied by Hou Ching-lang, who dates it to the twelfth or thirteenth century (*Monnaies d'offrandes*, 35–36). It begins with an assembly in the Land of Clarity (Jingming 淨明), at which the zhenren Guangmiaoyin 光妙音 asks the Lingbao tianzun 靈寶天尊 why people's fortunes differ. The Tianzun responds that everyone depends for his or her life on a celestial bureau, and on a terrestrial court for his or her body. The debts thus contracted with respect to Heaven and Earth can be calculated precisely in accordance with the year of one's birth—a table is provided—and these sums must be reimbursed. Failure to do so, or failure to recite the present text while reimbursing the treasury, means the deceased must pay their debts by suffering first in hell and then in the next life. The Tianzun also provides a list of the names of the officers to whom the money should be sent during rituals addressed to the Three Treasures.

In conclusion, the zhenren takes it upon himself to "spread this teaching in order to save the living and the dead."

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John Lagerwey

Taishang laojun shuo wudou jinzhang shousheng jing

太上老君說五斗金章受生經

8 fols.

653 (fasc. 343)

"Book of the Golden Emblems of the Five Bushels Conferring Life, Spoken by the Most High Laojun." This small liturgical scripture is still recited today for the rites of replenishing the Heavenly Treasury (*tianku* 填庫) for the living. It probably dates from the Song dynasty (see Hou Ching-lang, *Monnaies d'offrandes*, 41).

The first part of the text explains the relationship between the date of birth and one of the Five Bushel constellations. Five talismans, here called *zhang* 章 (emblems), are revealed to heal diseases related to the Five Viscera and, hence, the Five Bushels.

The second part of the text introduces the relationship between a person's Fundamental Destiny and the sum of money (*benming yingqian* 本命銀錢 or *kucai* 庫財) to be refunded to the Heavenly Treasury. The rate of reimbursement for each Destiny is indicated (6b–7a). Hou Ching-lang has translated and studied the present text.

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Hou Ching-lang, *Monnaies d'offrandes*, 40–49.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhuan Shen duming jing

太上洞玄靈寶轉神度命經

10 fols.

340 (fasc. 176)

"Scripture of Salvation and Translation of the Soul." In this text, the Most High Lord of the Way explains to the True Person of the South Pole Who Saves Lives (Nanji duming zhenren 南極度命真人) how to save a dying person: one must invite a Taoist to recite a confession for the person and transmit to him or her the commandments. Money must also be given for the production of religious images and the copying of sacred books. When the dying person shall have received the commandments, "his spirit will be translated into the Mystery" (*zhuan Shen rumiao* 轉神入妙) and he or she will be reborn in the Land of Purity and Peace.

This introduction is followed by a confession addressed to each of the ten directional Jiuku tianzun 救苦天尊 in turn. Following this confession, the Most High completes his explanations concerning the function of the ritual: the Taoist should continue recitations for 100 days after the person's death. A Taoist should also stand and burn incense to the left of the path along which the coffin is carried for burial. Then the Taoist should do the same beside the tomb so that the god of the soil may welcome kindly the soul of the deceased person.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao shishi duren miaojing

太上洞玄靈寶十師度人妙經

11 fols.

341 (fasc. 176)

"Ten Masters who Save the People." The title refers to ten rules of behavior laid down by Lingbao tianzun 靈寶天尊 after he had witnessed the tragic results of human sin. The story that precedes the promulgation of these rules is complicated: in a land some 600,000 *li* 里 to the west of Kunlun there reigns a king who, having been converted to the Great Way by his wife, gives to a zhenren by the name of Gaishi 蓋世 the title Master of the Land (*guoshi* 國師). Gaishi explains the nature of good

government to the vassals of the king (he recommends a mixture of Confucian ethics and Legalist administrative principles). Once they have returned to their respective lands, these vassals dispatch tribute to the king in sufficient quantity to enable him to celebrate a seven-day Retreat, during which the scriptures of the Greater Vehicle are to be explained.

At this juncture the Tianzun himself appears: having taken on the form of the Master of the Land, he descends into the sanctuary. The king, the queen, and the vassals are greatly confused, but Lingbao tianzun soon establishes his identity by performing a series of miracles inspired by the opening text of 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing*. Once he has, in this manner, gathered around him all the spirits of Heaven and hell, he recites the scriptures of the Greater Vehicle and then creates a “pure pool” in which his audience bathes. After having then defined the Great Way for these purified beings—it is neither life nor death, neither empty nor full—he surfeits them with seven days of explanation of “the essence of the Law” (*fayao* 法要): this is “the first ritual of the Grand Distribution” (*diyi dashi fashi* 第一大施法事), another name for the *pudu* 普度.

This text, in other words, is designed both to serve as an ideological guide to church-state relations, and to identify a specific form of the *pudu* ritual as the ultimate expression of the worship of the Great Way.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao taixuan puci quanshi jing

太上洞玄靈寶太玄普慈勸世經

11 fols.

342 (fasc. 176)

“Scripture of the Exhortations of Puci.” Puci 普慈, or Universal Compassion, is the name of a zhenren who, while in “the world of the various recompenses,” asks Jiuku tianzun 救苦天尊 about the origin of human suffering and how to avoid it. The Tianzun responds point by point and each time enjoins Puci to transmit the answer to Earth in the form of an “exhortation.” Each exhortation is linked to the description of an associated failing that leads to one of eighteen hells.

The best way to escape these hells is the practice of deep meditation (*ruding* 入定). Lay people who haven’t the time for such meditation should “listen to the Greater Vehicle, be initiated in its commandments, and confess their faults.” To give money for preaching, for copying the scriptures, and for making religious images is also a source of great merit. One can also “pay” for the sins of the dead by having monks (*fazhong* 法衆) recite confessions for them. Whatever contributes to the propagation and the exegesis of the Law is meritorious.

The text contains (8b) a reference to 9 *Taishang yicheng haikong zhizang jing* 1.6a ff.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao jiuku miaojing 太上洞玄靈寶救苦妙經

4 fols.

374 (fasc. 181)

“Scripture for Salvation from Distress.” This scripture was among those printed at imperial behest in 1017 (VDL 47). Its title refers to the Heavenly Worthy Who Saves All Souls in Hell from Distress. The scripture, composed for the most part in five-character rhymed verse, was—and still is—recited during rituals for the salvation of the souls of the deceased (see 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 207.1a and 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 55.28a). The work 399 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo jiuku miaojing zhujie* is a commentated edition of this text.

The present edition contains a postface by Zhao Ziqiu 趙子猷, dated 1124. Zhao recounts the transmission of the text from Officer Tian 田功曹, a master of the Celestial Pivot Rites (*Tianshu fa* 天樞法), to a Buddhist monk. The recitation of the text having been urged on the monk by his deceased mother during a mediumistic seance conducted by Tian, Tian transmitted the book to the monk and thus enabled him to save his mother from hell.

John Lagerwey

Taishang jiuku tianzun shuo xiaoqian miezui jing

太上救苦天尊說消愆滅罪經

3 fols.

378 (fasc. 182)

“The Tianzun Who Saves from Distress Explains how to Extirpate Guilt.” The Tianzun offers this explanation to an assembly of celestial dragons, Kings of Hells, and Directors of Destiny summoned to hear his sermon. The sequence of rituals he recommends and the names given the kings of the ten hells are essentially the same as those in 215 *Difu shiwang badu yi*. Once these rituals have been completed, the Tianzun orders that the merit obtained be assessed and that all “solitary souls” be released from hell. The scribes of the twenty-four hells of Fengdu direct these souls to the Smelting Pool, which they enter carrying “a powerful fu of the cinnabar world for transforming the body.” The passage through the pool enables them “to return to the banks of the Tao.”

The fu is probably related to the *Danyang fu* 丹陽符, which first appears in the Southern Song (1127–1279; cf. 548 *Taiji jilian neifa*).

John Lagerwey

Taishang shuo Fengdu baku yule miaojing 太上說酆都拔苦愈樂妙經

1 fol.

379 (fasc. 182)

“Scripture of the [Tianzun of the] Joy That Saves from the Distress of Fengdu, Preached by the Most High.” Dwelling in the Palace of the Far East—normally associated with Jiuku tianzun 救苦天尊, in the upper regions of Fengdu—the Tianzun of the Joy That Saves from Distress radiates a light of five colors that reveals the innumerable sufferings of the souls in hell. Moved by what he sees, the Tianzun preaches this “marvelous scripture that saves all the denizens of Fengdu” in order to “save all those poor souls who are guilty of sins.”

John Lagerwey

Taishang shuo shilian shengshen jiubu jing 太上說十鍊生神救護經

2 fols.

636 (fasc. 341)

“The Most High Proffers the Scripture of Salvation and of the Birth of the Spirits by the Ten Sublimations.” The use of the term *lian* 鍊 (sublimation) in the title and the reference to 318 *Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhangjing*, one of the basic texts of sublimation rites from the Southern Song (1127–1279) on, suggest that this brief scripture is an adaptation of these rites meant for popular use. In the scripture, the Most High Lord Lao assumes all forms and roams the universe in order to “promote the religion and save the living and the dead.” To that end he urges the “concentrated and sustained recitation” of the names of the Tianzun Who Save from Distress in the Ten Directions. Mention of this practice of reciting the name(s) of Jiuku tianzun 救苦天尊 may be found in the postface (dated 1124) of 374 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao jiuku miaojing*.

John Lagerwey

Taishang lingbao tianzun shuo yanshou miaojing 太上靈寶天尊說延壽妙經

2 fols.

382 (fasc. 182)

“Marvelous Scripture on Longevity, Preached by the Most High Lingbao Tianzun.” The light that radiates from the body of Lingbao yanshou tianzun 靈寶延壽天尊 as he preaches the present text on the Mountain of Golden Light in the far south attracts all the celestial dragons and demon kings of the universe. They implore the Tianzun to put an end to the cycle of rebirth. When the dragons and demons have returned to their places, five zhenren and four young lads—representing, perhaps, the Five Peaks and the Four Seas—begin to perform a ritual that ends with hymns to the name of the Tianzun. In response to this ritual, the Tianzun emits a light from the crown of his

head. This light penetrates the hearts of this audience, but it does not bring spiritual awakening.

A fifth lad asks the reason for this lack of enlightenment. They do not understand the True Tao, replies the Tianzun. To know the True Tao is to know that “all appearances [*faxiang* 法相] are empty and vain.” If the people of the world wish to prolong their lives, they should, therefore, invite a Taoist to celebrate an “Offering and Retreat of Destiny” (*Benming zhajiao* 本命齋醮; cf. the *Baoming zhai* 保命齋, a ritual also composed of a retreat and an offering, in 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 201–3).

It may be noted further that the terms *shengguang* 神光 and *jinguang* 金光 are characteristic of the Lingbao dafa school (e.g., 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* 8.1a, 41.7b).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao xiaorang huozai jing 太上洞玄靈寶消禳火災經

3 fols.

Song (960–1279) or later

359 (fasc. 179)

“Lingbao Scripture for Warding off Fires.” Judging from the celestial administration that figures in this short scripture, it probably dates from the Song or later (cf. *Song shi* 103.2513–15 on cults devoted to fire divinities from the eleventh century on).

During a visit of inspection in the Ministry of Fire (*huobu* 火部), Lingbao tianzun 靈寶天尊 bestows Chiling shenjun 赤靈神君, the highest divinity there, with a formula of invocation (*zhou* 咒) and exhorts him to promulgate it in the world (2a, 5; read *shi* 世 for *shi* 是). Through this invocation, repentant sinners may obtain remission from their offenses and are spared the fires that are normally sent as a punishment by the celestial ministry. Moreover, the deities offer their protection should nonauthorized fire demons (*huojing* 火精, *huoguai* 火怪) attempt to harm the house of these sinners.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo luotian dajiao shangpin miaojing

太上洞玄靈寶天尊說羅天大醮上品妙經

3 fols.

1194 (fasc. 875)

“Wondrous Superior Scripture of the Great Offering to the Entire Firmament, Set Forth by Lingbao Tianzun.” This short scripture to be recited for general protection is not likely to be earlier than the Southern Song. The text begins with the expression *ershi* 爾時 (at that time) and continues with a list of deities similar to those used in

the invitation of standard rituals. This list does not correspond to the list of deities in any of the preserved rituals of the *luotian dajiao* 羅天大醮 (cf. texts 477–479).

Poul Andersen

Taishang lingbao tianzun shuo rangzai due jing

太上靈寶天尊說禳災度厄經

2 fols.

357 (fasc. 179)

“Scripture for Averting Disaster and Escaping from Difficulty, Preached by Lingbao Tianzun.” The Tianzun preaches this text to an assembly of the gods gathered in the Land of Chanli 禪黎國土. In it he explains how lay people can avert any pending disaster by making confession before [a statue of] the Jade Emperor and reciting the present text.

John Lagerwey

3.B.3.b Litanies

Taishang lingbao shangyuan tianguan xiaoqian miezui chan

太上靈寶上元天官消愆滅罪懺

11 fols.

533 (fasc. 295)

Taishang lingbao zhongyuan diguan xiaoqian miezui chan

太上靈寶中元地官消愆滅罪懺

9 fols.

534 (fasc. 295)

Taishang lingbao xiayuan shuiguan xiaoqian miezui chan

太上靈寶下元水官消愆滅罪懺

9 fols.

535 (fasc. 295)

“Litany of the Three Officials of the Three Principles for the Abolition of Faults and Remission of Sins, a Lingbao Scripture.” This modern liturgical canon, invoking 120 Heavenly Worthies for each of the Three Principles, is currently recited on the occasion of *jiao* 醮 services.

Kristofer Schipper

Taiyi jiuku tianzun shuo badu xuehu baochan

太一救苦天尊說拔度血湖寶懺

15 fols.

538 (fasc. 296)

“Litany for Deliverance from the Lake of Blood, Preached by Taiyi Jiuku Tianzun.”

After having listened to the True Person of Marvelous Transport (Miaoxing zhenren 妙行真人) describe the horrors of the Lake of Blood hell and of the kinds of sins and deaths that lead to it, the Heavenly Worthy Who Saves from Distress (Jiuku tianzun 救苦天尊), promulgates several fu that illumine the hell in question and dry it up. The Tianzun then utters a number of wishes for the souls in the Lake of Blood: women who have died in childbirth, soldiers who have died in battle, people who have died of illnesses that disfigured them or caused them to give off a stench, and criminals. At last the Tianzun floods the lake with his own light, and all the souls thus liberated burn incense and recite the present litany “of homage to the Three Pure Ones and all the saints.” The litany that follows is indeed addressed first to the Three Pure Ones and then to the entire spiritual hierarchy. The latter’s middle ranks are occupied by a number of zhenren and Heavenly Masters, and its lower ranks by the officers in charge of the underworld.

John Lagerwey

Qingxuan jiuku baochan 青玄救苦寶懺

11 fols.

539 (fasc. 296)

“Litany of the Savior from Distress.” This litany is addressed to the Father of Great Mercy (*daci dabeizhi fu* 大慈大悲之父), the Great Monad who dwells in the blue heaven (*qingxuan* 青玄) in the east. The litany is divided into nine sections, each of which supplicates the Great Monad to pardon the sins of “so-and-so, who has died,” and to “issue the fu orders that will save the soul of the deceased person” from the Nine Realms of Darkness. This prayer for pardon and salvation is followed by the expression of homage to the nine aspects of the Great Monad (cf. the “nine times nine” bowings [*bai* 拜] mentioned on page 1b).

The mention of a “master of the Great Way of the Yellow Register” and of “writs of pardon” suggests a modern date for this text.

John Lagerwey

Cizun shengdu baochan 慈尊昇度寶懺

9 fols.

540 (fasc. 296)

“Litany of the Merciful Worthy for Ascension to Heaven.” This litany is to be recited in the context of a Yellow Register Retreat performed by “companions of the

Tao” on behalf of a deceased person. It is divided into three sections, each of which is composed of bows, confessions, and a Pacing the Void (*buxu* 步虛). The bows are associated with expressions of homage to the Three Pure Ones, the Great Monad (the Merciful Worthy of the title), the Tianzun Who Saves from the Nine Realms of Darkness, and the Jiuku tianzun 救苦天尊 of the Ten Directions. The three confessions are for the sins of the body, the heart, and the mouth (*sanye* 三業). The end of the text states that the priest should go on to chant the Precious Titles” (*baohao* 寶號) of Jiuku tianzun and to recite his scripture. As in 539 *Qingxuan jiuku baochan*, mention is made here of the issuance of indulgences called “golden writs” (*jinsu* 金書).

John Lagerwey

***Dongyue dasheng baochan* 東嶽大生寶懺**

20 fols.

541 (fasc. 296)

“Litany of Abundant Life of the Eastern Peak.” This litany is addressed in the first place to the emperor of Abundant Life (*dasheng* 大生), who reigns over the Eastern Peak, and secondarily to the many subordinate divinities in his infernal administration. That this is a Ming (1368–1644) text may be inferred from references to the “present dynasty” (4a) and to the guilt incurred by those who criticize Confucians or Buddhists (13a). The text contains three sequences of confessions: for the sins of the body, the heart, and the mouth. Each sequence is preceded by nine expressions of homage to the emperor of the Eastern Peak. The priests who recite this book for the faithful are called *fazhong* 法衆 (8a).

John Lagerwey

***Taishang yaotai yisuan baoji yannian chan* 太上瑤臺益算寶籍延年懺**

10 fols.

812 (fasc. 566)

“Litany for Prolonging Life by Increasing the Years in the Precious Books of the Most High Jade Terrace.” The invocation of the names of 150 Tianzun creates the possibility of finding a receptive ear in the numberless palaces of the Milky Way. Prominence is given to the deities in that realm who have ultimate responsibility for requests for longevity: the High August of the Purple Department (Zifu gaohuang 紫府高皇) and the Most Holy of the Pure Metropolis (Qingdu zhisheng 清都至聖; cf. 536 *Taishang xuansi miezui zifu xiaozai fachen* 1b).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

3.B.3.c Rituals

***Taishang chujia chuandu yi* 太上出家傳度儀**

14 fols.

By JIA SHANXIANG 賈善翔 (fl. 1061)

1236 (fasc. 989)

“Ordination Ceremony for Those Who Leave the Family.” This ceremony for disciples entering monastic life is by the author of 774 *Youlong zhuan*. The present work is listed in the *Bishu sheng xubiandao siku qieshu mu* (VDL 85).

After having invoked the pantheon of patriarchs, the ordination ceremony starts (with a reading from the *Benji jing* 本際經). Then follow the rites of clothing and capping. The final act is the fixing of the crown with the pin (*zanguan* 簪冠), which is done by the ordinand’s master (*dushi* 度師). The order in which the different vestments are presented and the hymns (*zan* 贊) that accompany them correspond to today’s practice. The *dushi* then expounds the Ten Precepts (*shijie* 十戒). These commandments correspond to the set of such interdictions in 177 *Taishang dongzhen zhihui shangpin dajie* 1b–2b, an ancient Lingbao scripture.

Kristofer Schipper

***Jinlu zhai toujian yi* 金籙齋投簡儀**

11 fols.

Edited by ZHANG SHANGYING 張商英 (1043–1121)

498 (fasc. 267)

“Ritual of Casting Tablets, of the Golden Register Retreat.” The casting of tablets containing messages, together with images of dragons, into ravines and mountain crevasses was a usual practice performed at the conclusion of a solemn service comprising a Golden Register Retreat and a Great Universal Heavenly Offering (*putian dajiao* 普天大醮) presented to 3,600 deities, defined here in terms of “share positions” (*fenwei* 分位). The purpose of the ritual is to announce the merits obtained by the foregoing service to Heaven and Earth.

The author was a high court official who received the order from Emperor Huizong 徽宗 (1101–1125) to revise the liturgy of the Golden Register Retreat. According to the colophon (*houxu* 後序; 9a–11a), which appears to be the presentation of the entire revision of the *jinlu zhai* 金籙齋 of which the present text must have been the last chapter, Zhang recalls that the emperor had expressed his dissatisfaction with a new liturgy that had been recently elaborated by “some daoshi” at court. ZHANG SHANGYING studied the earlier liturgies by LU XIUJING, DU GUANGTING, and Yang Jie 楊傑 (fl. 1080) and revised the liturgy of the Retreat according to nine principles aimed

at weeding out inconsistencies and conforming to ancient usage. Zhang also found that the liturgy should have fewer names for the deities of the Tao and should be, in a general way, less adorned.

The present ritual was performed on the sacred area of the Golden Register Retreat and Universal Offering service. The tablets were subsequently dispatched to their final destination. In spring and summer, this destination was the holy Mount Wangwu 王屋山 for the mountain tablets (*shanjian* 山簡) and the Jishui 濟水 River, which has its source at the foot of Mount Wangwu, for the water tablets (*shuijian* 水簡). In autumn and winter, the tablets were addressed, respectively, to Mount Qian 潛山 and the Yangzi River at Caishi 采石, both in Anhwei province. This ritual amounted to a considerable simplification with respect to the ceremonial for the *toujian* 投簡 rites under earlier Song (960–1279) emperors (see *Dongzhai jishi* 1.4–5, and Chavannes, “Le jet des dragons”). The text edited by Zhang here is also much shorter than that of the same ritual by DU GUANGTING (see 507 *Taishang huanglu zhaiyi* 55). The present version, moreover, presents some particulars: for instance, the Opening of the Incense Burner (*falü* 發爐; 3a–b) is archaic and appears to be based on the early Tianshi dao 天師道 tradition.

Kristofer Schipper

***Luotian dajiao zaochao ke* 羅天大醮早朝科**

7 fols.

477 (fasc. 265)

***Luotian dajiao wuchao ke* 羅天大醮午朝科**

7 fols.

478 (fasc. 265)

***Luotian dajiao wanchao ke* 羅天大醮晚朝科**

8 fols.

479 (fasc. 265)

“Morning, Noon, and Evening Audiences of the Great Offering to the Entire Firmament.” WANG QINRUO mentions the name *luotian dajiao* 羅天大醮 in 1285 *Yisheng baode zhuan* (dated 1016), where it forms part of the ritual code—that is, the nomenclature and regulations for the different kinds of *jiao* 醮-services—revealed by the divine protector of the dynasty in 960. The highest level of the ritual is said to include three types of services, all of which were performed for the benefit of the country: the *putian dajiao* 普天大醮, the *zhoutian dajiao* 周天大醮, and the *luotian dajiao*. It is said that the *luotian jiao* may also be sponsored by commoners on behalf of the ruler (1285 *Yisheng baode zhuan* 1.3a–4a). The *zhoutian* and *luotian jiao* Offerings

are well known already from the ritual documents of DU GUANGTING (see, e.g., the *ci* 詞 supplication of a *luotian jiao* for the king of Shu, in 616 *Guangcheng ji* 9.5b–6b; cf. Verellen, “Liturgy and sovereignty,” 70).

On 6 February 1015, WANG QINRUO was instructed by the emperor to edit the *luotian jiaoyi* in ten juan (*Xu Zizhi tongjian changbian* 86.10a). Having completed the work, he submitted it, accompanied by the memorial preserved in 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 3.1a–3a. According to this memorial, the work consisted of nine juan with the lists of deities (*shengwei* 聖位), and one juan with the actual ritual. It seems possible that the present group of rituals (perhaps together with the following 480 *Luotian dajiao shejiao yi*) represents a part of, or even the totality of this one juan (the three rituals here formed a single juan originally, as stated explicitly in 477 *Luotian dajiao zaochao ke* 1a). Note, however, that on one point, at least, the rituals differ from the Song standard received from DU GUANGTING: in the three offerings of incense (*san nianxiang* 三捻香) that follow immediately after the reading of the supplication. In the present liturgy the presentations of the incense end with an expression of allegiance to the Worthy of the Way (Daozun 道尊), the Worthy of the Scriptures (Jingzun 經尊), and the Worthy of the Masters (Shizun 師尊), respectively. While this practice accords with present-day liturgy (see, for instance, Ōfuchi Ninji, *Chūgokujin no shūkyō girei*, 274–76), the norm in Song dynasty rituals was to end in all three cases with an expression of allegiance to the Worthy of the Masters. Compare 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 22.2a–10b, where JIN YUNZHONG criticizes the new custom—adopted, for instance, by JIANG SHUYU in 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi*—of dividing the group of the Supreme Three Worthies (Taishang sanzun 太上三尊, i.e., the Three Pure Ones), to whom the incense is offered, and associating each with one of the Three Treasures (*sanbao* 三寶).

Poul Andersen

***Luotian dajiao shejiao yi* 羅天大醮設醮儀**

9 fols.

480 (fasc. 265)

“Ritual for the Display of Offerings of the Great Offering to the Entire Firmament.” This ritual belongs with the preceding three Audiences (477–479) and like these may derive from the *luotian jiaoyi* 羅天醮儀 established by WANG QINRUO.

Poul Andersen

Jinlu dazhai suqi yi 金籙大齋宿啓儀

6 fols.

484 (fasc. 266)

Jinlu dazhai qimeng yi 金籙大齋啓盟儀

4 fols.

485 (fasc. 266)

Jinlu dazhai buzhi shuojie yi 金籙大齋補職說誠儀

9 fols.

486 (fasc. 266)

Jinlu zaobao yi, Jinlu wuchao yi, Jinlu wanchao yi 金籙早朝儀 金籙午朝儀 金籙晚朝儀

7 fols., 6 fols., 7 fols.

487 (fasc. 266)

Jinlu zhai chanfang yi 金籙齋懺方儀

10 fols.

Attributed to DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933)

488 (fasc. 266)

Jinlu jietan yi 金籙解壇儀

6 fols.

489 (fasc. 266)

Jinlu shejiao yi 金籙設醮儀

7 fols.

490 (fasc. 266)

Jinlu fangsheng yi 金籙放生儀

4 fols.

491 (fasc. 266)

“Golden Register Retreat.” A complete liturgical service, intended to obtain blessings for the imperial family. Although the rituals have been catalogued as separate texts, they form a complete set, presented in the order in which they are to be performed. The rite of the Opening of the Incense Burner (*falü* 發爐) is the same throughout and corresponds to the version revised by Yang Jie 楊傑, a high official at the court of Emperor Shenzong (r. 1068–1085). Yang revised DU GUANGTING’s liturgical texts (see 498 *Jinlu zhai toujian yi* 9b). One of the changes Yang made was to alter the title of the supreme Taoist deity, from Most True Jade Emperor on High of the Great Infinite Supreme Tao (Taishang wuji dadao zhizhen yuhuang shangdi 太上

無極大道至真玉皇上帝; see 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 16.3b–5a) to Jade Emperor on High in the August Sky of the Most Sacred Three Pure Ones (Sanqing shangsheng haotian yuhuang shangdi 三清上聖昊天玉皇上帝). The present set of rituals dates, however, from a later period, because the offering ritual 490 *Jinlu shejiao yi* mentions, on page 3a, among the host of saints to be invited to the banquet, the Heavenly Master of the thirtieth generation, Zhang Jixian 張繼先 (1092–1126; here called Xujing zhenjun 虛靖真君). The same text mentions, on page 5a, the fact that the present liturgy had been composed on imperial orders.

The ritual 483 *Jinlu zhai qitan yi*, which the Ming editors of the canon placed just before the present set, is not part of this modern liturgy.

The Nocturnal Announcement (484 *Jinlu dazhai suqi yi*) ritual is very simple. Many rites that normally are part of a *suqi* 宿啓 are missing, such as the installation of the Five True Writs (*an wu zhenwen* 安五真文; cf. 483 *Jinlu qitan yi* 8b–9b and 1411 *Dongxuan lingbao changye zhi fu juyou yugui mingzhen ke* 35b–37a). The rites of confirmation of the officiants (*buzhi* 補職) and the subsequent promulgation of the rules to be observed during the service (*shuojie* 說誠) are normally also part of the *suqi* ritual. Here they form a distinct ritual (486 *Jinlu dazhai puzhi shuojie yi*; see below).

The next ritual in the present service is a sermon to the participants in the retreat. Called *qimeng* 啓盟 (address to the sworn [brothers and sisters]), this is a speech by the grand master (*gaogong* 高功) at the beginning of the service, on the significance of the Retreat (for similar sermons by LU XIUJING, see 349 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao fazhu jing* 2b).

The sermon enumerates twenty-seven kinds of Retreat: the “interior” ones, such as the Fast of the Heart (*xinzhai* 心齋) of Zhuangzi, as well as those of the “exterior.” There are four interior *zhai* 齋 related to the mystical practices of the *Shangqing jing* 上清經 and to other traditions, and twenty-three (the number twenty-two on page 3a is a mistake) exterior retreats, including the *jinlu zhai* 金籙齋 itself. The latter, together with four other kinds of Retreat, is to be accomplished by the emperor; the remaining eighteen types of liturgical service are for commoners. Among these “popular” rites, we find the well-known Yellow Register Retreat (*huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋), as well as less-known forms such as the *tianbao zhai* 天保齋 and the *beidi zhai* 北帝齋. The last ritual to be listed is the Retreat for the Conversion of Barbarians (*huahu zhai* 化胡齋). The text emphasizes that retreat rituals originated in the Lingbao tradition.

The next item, 486 *Jinlu dazhai puzhi shuojie yi*, concerns the confirmation of the officiants (*buzhi*) and the subsequent promulgation of the rules to be observed during the service (*shuojie*), which here form a distinct ritual. According to Yang Jie’s version of the Golden Register Retreat, these rites had to take place separately in front of the Master in the Netherworld (*xuanshi* 玄師; see 1226 *Daomen tongjiao biyong ji* 6.3a–b). The same text can be found in 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 16.

The three audiences (487 *Jinlu zaochao yi*, *Jinlu wuchao yi*, *Jinlu wanchao yi*) are again simple. There is no indication that there was a presentation of written memorials (*ci* 詞) was part of the proceedings. The spells to invoke protective deities (*weiling zhu* 衛靈祝) are similar to those found in modern texts (compare 466 *Jidu jinshu* 11.2b–4b).

The text of 488 *Jinlu zhai chanfang yi* is attributed to DU GUANGTING. The *chanfang* 懺方 were rites of penitence and remorse confessed toward the Ten Directions of the universe as part of the Audiences. Here not only do they form a separate item, but the idea of the confession of sins appears to be lacking in the text. This singular form of *chanfang* cannot be found in any of the liturgies written by DU GUANGTING, and the attribution we have here is therefore highly doubtful.

The work 489 *Jinlu jietan yi* contains the ritual of the dispersion of the altar, which is the symmetrical opposite of the *sugui* ritual. Here the rite of removing the Five True Writs is mentioned on page 4a, whereas, as we have seen, the initial installation of these writs is absent from 484 *Jinlu dazhai sugui yi*.

The offering ritual in 490 *Jinlu shejiao yi* is again simple. The rites for the liberation of living beings (491 *Jinlu fangsheng yi*) show, as is to be expected, marked Buddhist influence. Here, too, the complete text can be found in 466 *Jidu jinshu* 21.4a–7b, the sole difference being that where our text refers to the patron of the ritual as *shengzhu* 聖主 (sage patron), implying the emperor, the ritual manual substitutes *zhaizhu* 齋主 (Retreat patron).

Kristofer Schipper

***Yulu sanri jiuchao yi* 玉籙三日九朝儀**

3 juan

505 (fasc. 269)

“Morning, Noon, and Evening Audience Rituals for Three Successive Days of a Jade Register Retreat.” The final Evening Audience is lacking. The rituals are entirely classical in their articulation and wording. The introit hymns are taken from the Pacing the Void hymns (*buxu* 步虛) by the Song emperor Huizong (r. 1100–1125; cf. 607 *Tuyin fashi*). These Audiences could apparently be used in any kind of service, as there is no specific reference to either the repose of the dead or blessings for the living. The vows for the welfare of the ruling dynasty are common to all Audience rituals.

Kristofer Schipper

***Yulu jiyou panhu yi* 玉籙濟幽判斛儀**

9 fols.

506 (fasc. 269)

“Tending the [Food] Measure to Save [the Souls] in Darkness, a Ritual for the Jade Register Retreat.” This is a Taoist *pudu* 普度 ritual for the feeding of the hungry ghosts

and the saving of the abandoned souls (*gubun* 孤魂). The final hymn (8b–9a) in this comparatively short ritual has a distinctly popular quality.

Kristofer Schipper

***Huanglu shinian yi* 黃籙十念儀**

7 fols.

510 (fasc. 291)

***Huanglu wulao daowang yi* 黃籙五老悼亡儀**

4 fols.

511 (fasc. 291)

***Huanglu zhai shi tianzun yi* 黃籙齋十天尊儀**

8 fols.

512 (fasc. 291)

***Huanglu zhai shizhou sandao badu yi* 黃籙齋十洲三島拔度儀**

11 fols.

513 (fasc. 291)

“Yellow Register Retreat.” These four rituals for requiem services belong to a single modern and popular liturgy. The first ritual, 510 *Shinian yi*, centers around the rite of the Ten Devotions (*shinian* 十念), doing obeisance to the gods of the Ten Directions. Each invocation is followed by a short hymn. The ritual begins with the recitation of the Taoist version of the Buddhist Three Refuges (*sangui* 三歸).

The 511 *Wulao daowang yi* is a mourning rite paying homage to the Five Elders (*wulao* 五老): the Heavenly Lords (*tianjun* 天君) of the five cardinal points. Here each invocation is followed by a long hymn in seven-syllable verse in vernacular narrative. The third ritual, 512 *Shi tianzun yi*, pays respect to the Heavenly Worthies of the Ten Directions, while 513 *Shizhou sandao yi* describes in prose and in vernacular poetry the blessings of the paradises of the Ten Islands and the Three Isles of the Immortals, the hopeful destination of the deceased on whose behalf the rituals were celebrated.

Kristofer Schipper

***Huanglu jiuyou jiao wuai yezhai cidi yi* 黃籙九幽醮無礙夜齋次第儀**

29 fols.

Southern Song (1127–1279)?

514 (fasc. 291)

“Outline of the Ritual for the Unobstructed Night Retreat and the Offering to [the Souls in] the Nine Realms of Darkness of the Yellow Register.” These are the complete instructions for the performance of a ritual for universal salvation (*pudu* 普度) of

Orphan Souls (*guhun* 孤魂), to be performed as a deed of merit following a major Yellow Register requiem service for a deceased person.

The text is enhanced by a detailed map of the layout of the sacred area (*daochang* 道場) for the *pudu* ritual (26a–27b). The presentation of different documents is accompanied by the offering of “money and horses” (*qianma* 錢馬) for their transmission (2a). The indications concerning the administrative divisions of the empire into prefectures (*fu* 府) followed by districts (*xian* 縣) indicate a Song date for this text. This kind of *pudu* rite became a general feature of requiem services during the Southern Song.

Kristofer Schipper

Huanglu jiuku shizhai zhuanjing yi 黃籙救苦十齋轉經儀

19 fols.

Southern Song (1127–1279)

509 (fasc. 291)

“Ritual of the Tenfold Scripture Recitation for the Yellow Register Retreat That Saves from Distress.” The scripture to be recited ten times in succession is 374 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao jiuku miaojing*. The aim of the ritual is the salvation of the souls of the ancestors of the patron of the Retreat (*zhaizhu* 齋主). A similar ritual, which constitutes in fact a small service, is described in the colophon written by Zhao Ziqiu 趙子球 at the end of 374 *Jiuku miaojing*.

Each successive recitation is addressed to one of the ten Tianzun enumerated in 374 *Jiuku miaojing*, and each Tianzun corresponds to a given direction. Thus, the present ritual is in fact composed of ten smaller rituals, each having its own rites of invocation (*qingshen* 請聖), danced Procession (*sanhua* 散花), Ascending the chair (*shengzuo* 陞座), Scripture recitation (*yanjing* 演經), and presentation of a memorial, complete with talisman and other documents for its transmission (*xuanfu* 宣符 and *shuguan* 疏關). Finally, the deities are sent back (*songsheng* 送聖). At the conclusion of the ritual, there is a sermon (*tanjing* 嘆經).

Kristofer Schipper

Difu shiwan badu yi 地府十王拔度儀

12 fols.

Song (960–1279)

215 (fasc. 84)

“Ritual of the Ten Kings of Hell for Salvation from Sin.” The aim of this ritual is to deliver the souls of the deceased from the ten hells situated under Mount Fengdu. The priest presents incense to each of the Ten Kings in turn and then sings two hymns for them, so that they will allow the deceased to leave hell for “the land of happiness.” Each week after a person’s death his or her soul leaves one of the ten hells; by the end of

the forty-nine day mourning period the soul has thus traversed seven hells. The eighth hell corresponds to the merit service of the hundredth day after death, the ninth to the first anniversary of the death, and the last to “the greatly auspicious event” of the definitive departure from hell.

A Ritual of the Ten Kings to be chanted is mentioned in 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* 71.11a. The present ritual may be compared with the Thanksgiving to the Ten Kings (*Xie shiwan* 謝十王) in 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 172.5b–13a.

John Lagerwey

Taiji jilian neifa 太極祭鍊內法

3 juan

By Zheng Sixiao 鄭思肖, *hao* Suonan 所南 (1241–1318)

548 (fasc. 312)

“Inner Method of Taiji for Sacrificing to and Sublimating [the Souls of the Deceased].” The present edition of this text, linked by its title to GE XUAN (*Taiji zuoxian weng* 太極左仙翁), dates to 1406 (see the preface of the Forty-third Heavenly Master, ZHANG YUCHU). Zheng Sixiao, a Southern Song scholar, poet, and painter from Fuzhou, lived in retirement in Suzhou after the fall of the Song in 1279. In a postface, Zheng states that he completed a *Jilian yilie* 祭鍊議略 in 1270 (3.41a). A second postface by Zheng, dated 1276, mentions his transmission of this book to a disciple and notes that he had written a similar work on the Buddhist Universal Salvation ritual (*pudu* 普度). A third postface, by Zheng’s disciple Shen Zhiwo 沈之我 and dated 1291, states that Zheng produced an “augmented and corrected” version of the book in response to Shen’s request for “more complete” explanations. Three further prefaces, all dated 1347, attribute to one Wang Daogui 王道珪 (var. 圭) of the Xuanming daoyuan 玄明道院 of Suzhou the edition of that year (the woodblocks of the original edition had burned in a fire). A fifth preface, undated and by Zheng Sixiao, was written at the same time as the postface by his disciple Shen Zhiwo.

The present book is divided into two sections: the ritual as such, called *neifa* 內法 (juan 1), and explanations of the ritual, titled *neifa yilie* 內法議略 (juan 2 and 3; cf. the title given by Zheng in his postface of 1270). A ritual of this kind can be included in an ordinary Yellow Register Retreat, but it is in reality a Taoist *pudu* 普度 (see 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 2.10b and juan 114). JIN YUNZHONG criticized the attribution of what he called this “now current” rite to GE XUAN (see 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 13.1a–b). Jin states (13.24a) that the use of the *Danyang fu* 丹陽符 (see the present book, 1.6a) in the ritual was characteristic of the *jilian* 祭鍊 as performed in Zhedong (cf. 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 27.16b).

In his preface, Zhang Yuchu mentions five schools of sublimation rites and places Zheng’s work in the Danyang school. This attribution is confirmed by the title of

Wang Xuanzhen's 王玄真 version of this ritual in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 210. Wang says in his preface, dated 1356, that his chief model had been the ritual of Zheng Sixiao.

Zheng is noteworthy for his insistence on the interior character of this rite. Even the recitation of scriptures is to be done "in the heart" and not with the lips (2.4b). "He who is not in a state of profound trance [*shending* 深定] cannot perform it. He who has not cut himself off forever from all sexual desire cannot enter into trance" (3.38a). The officiant, or rather the adept, performs the ritual seated (*dazuo* 打坐) alone in his or her oratory. To practice it, the adept must "have transcended entirely the 'Great Offering of the Yellow Register'" (3.38b).

For the correct dates of Zheng Sixiao, who lived to the age of seventy-eight years (*sui* 歲), see 3.42a.

John Lagerwey

Chaozhen fayuan chanhui wen 朝真發願懺悔文

3 fols.

1453 (fasc. 1064)

Lingbao shishi fa 靈寶施食法

5 fols.

Thirteenth century or later

1454 (fasc. 1064)

"Text of the Audience with the Zhenren, for Making the Vows and Confessing the Sins"; "Lingbao Method of Distributing Food." These two minor rituals belong together, as the latter prescribes (1a) the recitation of the "same formulas of invocation for absolution from the Three Deeds [*sanye* 三業; Skt. *trividha-dvāra*] as in the preceding *Chaozhen chan*." Since a few lines farther on, the deified Sa Shoujian 薩守堅 (fl. 1141) is invoked under the title Yiyuan wushang jiuku Sajun zhenren 一元無上救苦薩君真人, the texts are unlikely to have existed before the thirteenth century.

The first ritual has a simple structure: formulas of invocation; addresses to the divinities; confessions of sin; vows; and requests for forgiveness.

Of the method of distributing food that follows, it is said that it can be practiced daily. A spoonful of rice set aside from the morning meal forms the basis of the ritual held in the evening. After the divinity of the location (*tudi zhengshen* 土地正神) has been visualized and the *Jiuku jing* 救苦經 has been recited, the various divinities are addressed. Then the hungry ghosts and destitute souls are invited to feast. With the food that has been transformed into an unlimited quantity (*bianhua fashi* 變化法食) by meditative techniques and formulas, all souls in the ten directions of space can be fed.

A similar method can be found in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 207 under the name "Taiji Ge xianweng shishi fa 太極葛仙翁施食法," which again is closely related to the practice named "[Taiji Ge 太極葛] xianweng jilian 仙翁祭鍊" in 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa*

13. A survey of numerous variants of this method is contained in 548 *Taiji jilian neifa* 2.7b–12b, 3.26b–28a.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Lingbao wujing tigang 靈寶五經提綱

10 fols.

Twelfth or thirteenth century

529 (fasc. 295)

"Summary of Five Lingbao Scriptures." This summary probably dates from the twelfth or thirteenth century. It cites (7a) Zhou Dunyi's 周敦頤 (1017–1073) *Taiji tu shuo* 太極圖說 and is cited in 399 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo jiuku miaojing zhujie* 17b–18b. The five scriptures are 318 *Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhangjing*, 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing*, 13 *Gaoshang yuhuang xinyin jing*, 374 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao jiuku miaojing*, and 24 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo shengtian dedao jing*.

Our text is a minor liturgy for the souls of the deceased. In the frame of this ritual a brief exegesis of each of the five scriptures is given before the whole scripture is recited. Liturgical instructions mark, among other things, the cues for the mourners to join in.

For the use of these scriptures during the *huanglu* 黃籙 ritual in Song times, see, for example, 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 29.15a (listing 318 *Jiutian shengshen zhangjing* and 620 *Qingjing miaojing*), 1226 *Daomen tongjiao biyong ji* 8.7a–8a (listing 620 *Qingjing miaojing*, 374 *Jiuku miaojing*, and 24 *Shengtian dedao jing*), and 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 12.2b (listing 318 *Jiutian shengshen zhangjing*, 374 *Jiuku miaojing*, and 24 *Shengtian dedao jing*). The recitation of 13 *Gaoshang yuhuang xinyin jing* is not attested in those works. Most likely it is also the latest of the five scriptures.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Daomen kefan daquan ji 道門科範大全集

86 juan

Partially attributed to DU GUANGTING 杜光庭 (850–933); edited by Zhong Li 仲勵 (early fifteenth century)

1225 (fasc. 976–983)

"Complete Collection of Taoist Liturgy." Part of this handbook appears under the name of DU GUANGTING, whereas juan 25–47—as well as 63, 65, 66, and 67—are attributed to Zhong Li. The final juan are not signed. The ascriptions to Du can be only an evocation of the latter's reputation as a liturgist, because there are many indications that the handbook is of a much later date and that many different sources were used by the editor.

Juan 63, which contains a Ritual for the Great Offering for the Marvelous Response of the True Warrior (*Zhenwu lingying dajiao yi* 真武靈應大醮儀), has a note stating that Zhong Li made use of three versions: a ritual for a Retreat of the Emperor of the North (*Beidi zhaiyi* 北帝齋儀) by DU GUANGTING, a second and similar ritual by Shi Hao 史浩 (1106–1194; see 297 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian xubian* 4.17b), and yet another ritual by Chao Guan 巢觀 (fl. 1127–1130; cf. 63.5a in the present text). In Juan 25, which is signed by Zhong Li, we find the honorary title of Jiutian jinque lingji honggen zhenjun 九天金闕靈濟洪恩真君 for the Fujian saints Xu Zhizheng 徐知證 and Xu Zhi'e 徐知諤 (25.4b). The saints received this title in 1418 (see 1470 *Xuxian zhenlu* 1.6a), which implies that Zhong Li lived in the early fifteenth century, and as the style of the handbook is homogeneous throughout, it is most likely that Zhong edited the entire work.

The handbook contains the rituals for some twenty different liturgical services. Each service comprises a ritual for the inauguration of the altar (*qitan* 啓壇 or *suqi* 宿啓), three Audiences (*chao* 朝), and an Offering (*jiao* 醮). The majority of the services are in honor of the stars that govern destiny. There is a service for obtaining rain (Juan 10–18) and for posterity (Juan 25–29). A ritual for presenting offerings to popular saints closes the handbook.

Kristofer Schipper

Jinlu qishou zao, wu, wanchao yi 金錄祈壽早午晚朝儀

7 + 7 + 6 fols.

492 (fasc. 266)

Jinlu shangshou sanxian yi 金錄上壽三獻儀

4 fols.

493 (fasc. 267)

Jinlu yanshou shejiao yi 金錄延壽設醮儀

7 fols.

Ming

494 (fasc. 267)

“Golden Register Rituals for the Celebration of the Emperor’s Anniversary.” The text of this service is close, at times identical, to that of 484–491 *Jinlu zhai yi*. The present corpus should therefore belong to the same group of rituals.

In their present version, the rites must have been performed for the Ming emperors (see, e.g., 493 *Jinlu shangshou sanxian yi* 3a). The service was celebrated at the request of the emperor (see 492 *Jinlu qishou zao, wu, wanchao yi* 3a). The latter was represented by an officer titled *liguan* 禮官 (see 493 *Sanxian yi* 1a). The officiants were masters of the Zhengyi 正一 order (493 *Sanxian yi* 2b).

The principal deity of the service is Xuandu wanshou tianzun 玄都萬壽天尊 (see 493 *Sanxian yi* 4a and *passim*). Among the other deities invoked are the Old Man of the South Pole (Nanji laoren 南極老人) and the three stellar deities of the Three Blessings (Fu Lu Shou xing zhenjun 福祿壽星真君). The ritual of the Three Offerings (*sanxian yi* 三獻儀) is especially devoted to these three popular deities, and includes the recitation of 620 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing*.

Kristofer Schipper

Jinlu xuanling zhuanjing zao, wu, wanchao xingdao yi

金錄玄靈轉經早午晚朝行道儀

10 + 9 + 9 fols.

Ming (1368–1644)

495 (fasc. 267)

“Rituals for the Morning, Noon, and Evening Audiences, with Scripture Recitation.” The scripture to be “revolved” here is 622 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing*. The triple Audience service is intended for the blessing of the Ming dynasty and the longevity of the emperor; it is to be performed on the latter’s birthday.

The rituals are part of a Golden Register Retreat (*jinlu zhai* 金錄齋). The texts are similar to 484–494 *Jinlu zhai yi*. Recitations of sacred scriptures are part of the *jinlu zhai* performance; thus the present liturgies probably belong to the same set of court rituals.

At each of the Audiences, 622 *Beidou jing* is recited three times, thus nine times in all. At the conclusion of each of the recitations, an incense offering is made to a given direction (*fang* 方). The fifth offering is directed to the center (*zhonggong* 中宮; see “Wuchao yi”; 7a, where *shengong* 申宮 is an error for *zhonggong*).

Kristofer Schipper

Jinlu shibui duren zao, wu, wanchao kaishou yi

金錄十迴度人早午晚朝開收儀

11 + 10 + 7 fols.

Ming (1368–1644)

496 (fasc. 267)

“Rituals for the Morning, Noon, and Evening Audiences of the Golden Register [Retreat], with Tenfold Recitation of the [Scripture on the] Salvation of Humanity.” The scripture in question is 1 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* 1. Ten times this scripture is solemnly opened (*kai* 開) and recited: four times at the Morning Audience, four times at the Noon Audience, and two times at the Evening Audience. After each recitation, a memorial (*biao* 表) is presented in order to

announce the merit obtained. At the conclusion of the ten recitations, the scripture is stored (*shou* 收), that is, closed and shelved.

The present rituals form part of a service of the Golden Register Retreat (*jinlu zhai* 金錄齋) for the celebration of the anniversaries of the emperors of the Ming dynasty. They belong to the same set of protocols as 492–494 *Jinlu zhai yi*.

This kind of tenfold recitation is prescribed in the text of the Scripture on the Salvation of Humanity itself. An analogous ritual can be found in 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinslu* 132–34.

Kristofer Schipper

Jinlu shihui duren zao, wu, wanchao zhuanjing yi
金錄十迴度人早午晚朝轉經儀

12 + 8 + 9 fols.

Ming (1368–1644)

497 (fasc. 267)

“Rituals for the Morning, Noon, and Evening Audiences of the Golden Register [Retreat], with Tenfold Recitation of the [Scripture on the] Salvation of Humanity.” The scripture to be recited is 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* 1. Like the preceding 496 *Jinlu shihui duren zao, wu, wanchao kaishou yi*, these rituals were intended for the celebration of the emperor’s birthday as part of a larger Golden Register Retreat.

The present rituals are more elaborate than the preceding ones. They include, at the beginning and the end of each Audience, distinct rites for the invocation and thanksgiving to the patriarchs (*qishi* 啓師 and *xieshi* 謝師). These rites are conducted at a special altar, the *shitang* 師堂 or *shimu* 師幕.

The rituals here also mention explicitly the performance of a number of secret rites (*jingnian* 靜念; literally, “silent recitations”) which should be accompanied by the chief officiant (see “Zaochao,” 5b, 6b, and 11a). These secret meditation rites, especially those invoking the Thirty-two Heavens of the Scripture on the Salvation of Humanity, are of the same type as those found in 1223 *Shangjing lingbao dafa* 5.15a–b.

Kristofer Schipper

Yulu zidu suqi yi 玉錄資度宿啓儀

7 fols.

499 (fasc. 268)

Yulu zidu jietan yi 玉錄資度解壇儀

8 fols.

500 (fasc. 268)

Yulu zidu shejiao yi 玉錄資度設醮儀

7 fols.

501 (fasc. 268)

Yulu zidu zao, wu, wanchao yi 玉錄資度早午晚朝儀

6 + 6 + 6 fols.

502 (fasc. 268)

Yulu shengshen zidu zhuanjing yi 玉錄生神資度轉經儀

27 fols.

503 (fasc. 268)

Yulu shengshen zidu kaishou yi 玉錄生神資度開收儀

17 fols.

Ming (1368–1644)

504 (fasc. 269)

“Rituals for the [Retreat] of the Jade Register for Assistance in Salvation.” This is a complete service, to be conducted at court, under the auspices of the emperor. The text is close, and at places even identical, with that of the Golden Register Retreat of 484–491 *Jinlu zhai yi*. The rituals of 503 *Yulu shengshen zidu zhuanjing yi* and 504 *Yulu shengshen zidu kaishou yi* concern the recitation of 318 *Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhangjing* (cf. 497 *Jinlu shihui duren zao, wu, wanchao zhuanjing yi* and 496 *Jinlu shihui duren zao, wu, wanchao kaishou yi*).

Several elements in the present texts, such as the canonization title of Rentian jiaozhu huagai fuqiu zhenjun 人天教主華蓋浮丘眞君 (503 *Zhuanjing yi* 7a) and the list of patriarchs of the Qingwei 清微 school of Taoism (503 *Zhuanjing yi* 1a), confirm that they date from the Ming dynasty.

The history and function of the Jade Register Retreat remains problematic. Although the three registers (*sanlu* 三錄)—that is, the Yellow, Golden and Jade Registers—constitute the foundation of the Lingbao liturgy (see 530 *Dongxuan lingbao yulu jianwen sanyuan weiyi ziran zhenjing*), only rituals for the *huanglu zhai* and the *jinlu zhai* seem to have been current during the Six Dynasties (220–589) period (the affirmation of CGF 43 that LU XIUJING composed a *yulu zhai* 玉錄齋 is not confirmed elsewhere). During the Tang (618–907), one encounters the name of the *yulu zhai* but nothing more. The work 1124 *Dongxuan lingbao xuanmen dayi* 14b–15a quotes a *Dongshen jing* 洞神經, saying: “The *jinlu zhai* abolishes the disasters sent from Heaven and confirms the supremacy of the emperor . . . , whereas the *yulu zhai* brings blessing to those who confess their faults and ask for benedictions.” However, 464 *Zhaijie lu* 5a quotes this very passage from 1124 *Xuan daomen dayi*, with an addition stating that the *yulu zhai* “has not yet been revealed in this world.”

For DU GUANGTING, the *yulu zhai* was, together with the *jinlu zhai*, one of the retreats to be performed in the imperial palace, and the *yulu zhai* especially concerned the health and graces of the imperial spouses and consorts (see Du's preface to the *huanglu zhai* service, quoted in 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 6.1b). Following Du, many authors expressed the opinion that the *yulu zhai* was the retreat service for the benefit of the imperial spouses. The Forty-third Heavenly Master, Zhang Yuchu 張宇初 (1361–1410), even confirms that only the empresses and imperial consorts have the right to celebrate the service (1232 *Daomen shigui* 10a). In 1407, the Yongle emperor called upon Zhang Yuchu to celebrate a great *yulu zhai* at the court (see 1463 *Han Tian-shi shijia* 3.28b).

Kristofer Schipper

3.B.3.d Manuals

Daomen dingzhi 道門定制

1 folio + 10 juan

Compiled by Lü Yuansu 呂元素; edited by Hu Xianglong 胡湘龍; preface dated 1188

1224 (fasc. 973–975)

“Established Order of Taoism.” According to *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* 147, this text was composed of a first collection (*qianji* 前集) in five juan, compiled in 1188 by Lü Yuansu, and a later collection (*houji* 后集) in six juan, compiled in 1201 by Lü's disciple, Lü Taihuan 呂太煥. Marks of subsequent additions to the text led the editors of the *Siku tiyao* to suggest that their recension of the “Established Order” was printed during the Yuan dynasty (1279–1368).

The text in the *Daozang*, although it comprises only ten juan, is indeed divided into two such collections, but only the personal preface (*zixu* 自序) of the first collection is signed and dated (1188). The personal preface to the second collection is neither signed nor dated, but two notes in the text, at 6.15b and 7.36b, are signed by Lü Yuansu and dated to the year 1201. Nowhere is Lü Taihuan mentioned. The role of Hu Xianglong—was his the Yuan edition referred to above?—is difficult to ascertain, inasmuch as only one note, at 4.31b–32b, can be ascribed to him with any degree of probability.

Lü Yuansu, *zi* Puan 樸庵, identifies himself in the first preface as a native of Tang'an 唐安 (modern Chongqing 崇慶 in Sichuan). In his preface to 1226 *Daomen tongjiao biyong ji*, dated 1201, Lü identifies himself as a native of Jiangyuan 江原 (west of Chengdu) and says that he was in charge of the Yellow Register in the area of the “two rivers” (the Chengdu basin). Wei Liaoweng 魏了翁, in his *Heshan xiansheng daquan wenji* 42.3b–6a, tells how Lü, “Taoist Master of the Tianqing 天慶 Abbey,”

built a special terrace in 1207 in order to pray for the protection of the local population against bandits. In his prefaces to the present work and to the 1226 *Tongjiao ji*, Lü describes himself as an avid collector of Taoist books whose aim was to produce and print standardized texts of Taoist rituals that would avoid the excessive complexity of many contemporary manuals and eliminate the textual errors typical of privately transmitted liturgical manuscripts.

The first collection, which Lü refers to as the *Dingzhi ji* 定制集 (1.12a, 6.1a), begins with a discussion of the correct way of writing Taoist documents and then gives seven model petitions. Lü's tradition in this area is close to that of JIANG SHUYU (1.15a–16a and 1.22a–25a correspond to 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 11.1a–b and 11.1b–5b, respectively) and to that of the older 615 *Chisong zi zhangli* (cf. 1.28b–38b and 615 *Chisong zi zhangli* 5.26a–34b).

Documents of announcement to the spiritual powers of the Three Realms are supplied in juan 2. Composed essentially of documents of invitation for the Offering, juan 3 begins with a memorial addressed to the emperor Zhenzong (r. 997–1022). WANG QINRUO (962–1025) wrote the memorial in 1009, on the subject of the official definition of the hierarchy of gods for the Offering to the Entire Firmament (*Luotian jiao* 羅天醮). This memorial is followed by the emperor's response. A second text, by Sun Xubo 孫虛白, a Taoist master at Huizong's (r. 1100–1125) court, discusses the number of emplacements (*wei* 位) to be prepared with offerings of paper money and horses (*qianma* 錢馬) for the various types of offering and retreat. The bulk of the juan is taken up by a list of the 1,200 divinities to be invited, using 100 separate documents of invitation, to the *huanglu luotian jiao* 黃籙羅天醮. Lü says in a note (3.46a) that he prepared the list, after consulting with Li Zhongda 李中大, by comparing an imperially promulgated text—presumably that of Sun Xubo 孫虛白—with the “rituals of old.” Lü gives the canonical source of each group of divinities included in the list, and he states emphatically that any divinity that cannot be traced to such a source should not be invited, especially those gods who had not received an investiture (*fenghao* 封號) from the court or whose names had been revealed by mediumistic writing (*jiangbi* 降筆; 3.49a).

Juan 4 furnishes the few fu that Lü recognizes as legitimate. Juan 5 provides model memorials (*shu* 疏) containing full ritual programs for the retreats of the Yellow Register, and of the Alliance with the zhenren, and for the Prevention of Catastrophes.

The aim of the later collection, according to its personal preface, is to “fill the lacunae” left by the first one. Juan 6 begins with a general survey of the different types of retreat. Notes here reveal that Lü relied in the first place on the authority of DU GUANGTING, but also on the “head of the immortals” (*weixian* 尉僊), Chao Guan 巢觀, author of a *Huanglu yi* 黃籙儀 (6.4b, 15b). Juan 6 also contains model *cimen* 詞文 memorials, three of which are by Ouyang Xiu 歐陽修 (1007–1072; 6.9a–10a; cf.

Ouyang Wenzhong gong ji 82.3b–4a, 83.15b–16a, 84.1a). A note at the end of the juan also mentions the *Jinlu yi* 金籙儀 of ZHANG SHANGYING.

Juan 7 gives texts of petitions for twelve different rituals (7.8a–10a corresponds to 617 *Taishang xuanci zhuhua zhang* 3.5a–6b; 7.19a–22a to 617 *Zhuhua zhang* 1.1a–8a, passim). At the end of the juan, Lü states that he consulted the *Tianshi qian erbai guanzhang jing* 天師千二百官章經 to verify all the names of the Celestial Officers (*tianguan* 天官) used in his petitions.

Juan 8 provides the symbolic characters and incantations necessary for the creation of the altar in the various rituals. One passage (8.22b–23b), attributed to the Master in the Beyond, is identical to 547 *Lingbao yujian* 24.3b–5a (cf. 147 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing futu* 2.3a–4b).

Juan 9 contains further documents of invitation, such as for the Wenchang liturgy, which includes a seat and offering for Confucius (9.6a). The tenth and last juan is composed primarily of documents for a ritual of initiation.

John Lagerwey

Song Zhenzong yuzhi yujing ji 宋真宗御製玉京集

6 juan

By Emperor Zhenzong of the Song dynasty (Zhao Dechang 趙德昌; r. 997–1022)
315 (fasc. 163)

“Collectanea of the Jade Capital.” A collection of Intentions (*yi* 意), presumably written by the emperor himself, for memorials presented during Taoist rituals. The present work is mentioned in *Yuhai* 28.10b as having twenty juan. The *Daozang* version must, therefore, be incomplete.

Nevertheless, this is a most important document for the study of religious events during Zhenzong’s reign. It contains a text (“Xie jiang Tianshu biao 謝降天書表”) expressing thanks for the bestowal of the Heavenly Writs (4.9a), for the conclusion of the *feng* 封 sacrifice on Taishan (4.9b), for the supernatural apparition of the imperial ancestor (95.3a), and for other important occasions.

Kristofer Schipper

Daomen tongjiao biyong ji 道門通教必用集

3 + 5 fols. + 9 juan.

Compiled by Lü Taigu 呂太古; preface dated 1201
1226 (fasc. 984–985)

“Comprehensive and Requisite Manuals of Taoism.” This manual is preceded by two prefaces and a table of contents. The first preface, by Lü Yuansu 呂元素, author of 1224 *Daomen dingzhi*, is dated to the year 1201; the second, by Han Huncheng 韓混成, is dated to the Yuanzhen reign era (1295–1296). Lü’s preface describes how he entrusted

to the “young master” Lü Taigu—Lü Yuansu’s disciple, according to Wei Liaoweng 魏了翁 (*Heshan xiansheng daquan wenji* 42.4a)—the task of comparing the various ritual texts brought back from the capital by Li Zhongda 李中大 at Lü Yuansu’s request with those in the abbey’s own library, in order to prepare a standard version of the rituals composing the Yellow Register Retreat. Han Huncheng, *hao* Wuzhen dashi 悟真大師, of the Ren’an guan 仁安觀 temple, says that the present compilation was in reality the work of Ma Daoyi 馬道逸, a Taoist of the Sanjing guan 三井觀 temple in Chengdu, who combined Lü Taigu’s *Tongjiao ji* 通教集 and a *Lianjiao ji* 鏈教集 by a Mr. He 何 of Yuntai 雲臺 (presumably the mountain of that name southeast of Cangxi 滄溪縣 county) and printed the result. A close reading of the text, however, would seem to indicate that Ma made few changes (see table of contents, 2a; 3.4b, 5a; 7.18b) and that the work remains largely that of Lü Taigu.

Lü divides his work into eight sections that correspond, as he explains in the table of contents, to the progressive apprenticeship of a Taoist priest. The first section, based on JIA SHANXIANG’s *Gaodao zhuan* 高道傳 (written between 1086–1101), is composed of sixteen biographies of grand masters, who were to serve as models. The following sections provide the texts, hymns, prayers, introductions, and conclusions of the various rituals, including those of the “exterior altar” (*waitan fashi* 外壇法事; 6.2a). The latter ritual seems to derive from Chao Guan 巢觀 (5.8a; cf. 2.23a). The rituals for bathing and nourishing the souls of the deceased (5.19a–32b) are close to those of JIANG SHUYU (508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 26.8a–17b), though Lü’s text prescribes a series of offerings—of incense, flowers, etc. (5.25a–28a)—that Jiang ascribes to “vulgar rituals” (26.17b).

The last three sections concern the work of the chief cantor (*dujiang* 都講) and the grand master (*gaogong fashi* 高功法師). Comparison of the text with the table of contents leads to the conclusion that of the first of these three sections only the introduction has survived. It is an abridged and annotated quotation of DU GUANGTING’s *Zandao yi* 讚道儀 (see 507 *Taishang huanglu zhaiyi* 53.1a–3a). Lü Taigu’s discussion of the opening rites (6.3a–4a) is based on works by DU GUANGTING, Yang Jie 楊傑 (*jinshe* 進士 1059), and “Sun the teacher,” that is, Sun Xubo 孫虛白. For his Consecration of the Altar (*chitan* 敕壇), Lü uses works by Du, Yang, and ZHANG SHANGYING.

Juan 8 gives the texts of introduction for the nine recitations of sacred texts during a three-day Yellow Register Retreat (the cycle of recitations is the same as that in 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 5.1a–10a). The explanation of the visualizations performed by the *gaogong fashi* during the various rites is close to that of JIANG SHUYU (juan 32 and 34), but it is far less complete. Of particular interest is the acknowledgment of the role of the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 movement in the development of the new ritual of Announcement (*fazou* 發奏; 9.1a). The authority of the Taoist master Zhao Mingju 趙明舉 is invoked on two occasions (9.7b, 13a; cf. 3.4a). The reader is referred to Sun

Xubo 孫虛白 for further information regarding the expedition of petitions to Heaven (9.16a).

John Lagerwey

Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi 無上黃籙大齋立成儀

57 juan

By JIANG SHUYU 蔣叔興; postfaces by Jiang Xi 蔣熤 and Jiang Yan 蔣焱 (dated 1223), and by Gao Wenhui 高文虎

508 (fasc. 278–290)

“Standardized Rituals of the Supreme Yellow Register Retreat.” The term *huanglu* 黃籙 (Yellow Register) in the title refers essentially, in JIANG SHUYU’s book, to the ritual for the salvation of the dead (3.1b). The postfaces provide biographies of the author by his two sons (57.1a–4b; dated 1223) and of the author’s master, LIU YONGGUANG by Gao Wenhui (*jinshe* 進士 1160; 57.4b–9a). In addition to other administrative titles, Gao signs his text as the intendant (*tiju* 提舉) of the Taiping xingguo gong 太平興國宮 on Lushan 廬山.

Although the author of the manual as a whole is clearly JIANG SHUYU, each chapter carries an individual signature that must be taken into account. Thus juan 19 and 20 are attributed to DU GUANGTING alone; juan 25–31 (all the rituals of the Great Method) and 41–43 (the majority of the fu used in the rituals) are signed only by Jiang himself; juan 16, the *suqi* 宿啓 ritual, is described as “written by Lu Xiujing, augmented and corrected by Zhang Wanfu, collated and fixed by Li Jingqi, transmitted by Liu Yongguang, and compiled by Jiang Shuyu.” Almost all other chapters are said to have been “transmitted by Liu Yongguang and written by Jiang Shuyu.” Juan 51–56 are not signed separately.

Of the above-mentioned masters, Li Jingqi 李景祈 alone is unknown elsewhere (he is mentioned three times in the manual: 16.12b, 17.28b, 18.5a). LIU YONGGUANG (1134–1206; see 32.5b), a disciple of Cai Yuanjiu 蔡元久 on Longhu shan 龍虎山, studied primarily Zhengyi ritual and the methods of the Five Thunders of the Office of Jade (*Yufu wulei fa* 玉府五雷法). Summoned to the capital by the emperor Xiaozong (r. 1163–1189), he was appointed head of the Taoists of the capital (*zuoyou jie daolu* 左右街道錄) in 1203. He celebrated many a retreat of the Yellow Register in the Jiangzhe 江浙 area, and he is even said to have compiled a *Huanglu keyi* 黃籙科儀 (see *Longhu shan zhi*, by Lou Jinyuan, 7.6a–7a, and 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* 55.25a). According to the *Longhu shan zhi*, Liu was also an adept of the Tianxin methods 天心法, which he is said to have received at the same time as those of the Five Thunders from a mysterious Taoist named Zhang Fuyuan 張輔元. Some people identified the latter as Zhang Daoling 張道陵. The monograph also makes Liu the founder of a Ziwei sect 紫微派 on Longhu shan.

JIANG SHUYU (1162–1223; for Jiading 10, 57.2b, read Jiading 16: see “Cunzhai Jiang Yiyang muzhi ming 存齋蔣弋陽墓誌銘,” in *Huanchuan ji* 10.11b, and “Jiang zhixian muzhi ming 蔣知縣墓誌銘,” in *Helin ji* 35.12a) was a local mandarin whose highest office was prefect of Yiyang xian 弋陽縣 in Xinzhou 信州, near Longhu shan. He was also a Taoist initiate, and the names of his three masters—Zhan Qigu 詹齊古, Tian Jushi 田居實 (b. 1074), and LIU YONGGUANG—are given in the manual (35.12a). He is said to have met his initiating master (*dushi* 度師), Liu, for the first time in 1195 in Guancang 括蒼; he later visited Liu on Longhu shan in 1199 and again in 1202. During this last encounter, Liu is said to have transmitted to Jiang all that he had himself received from the *fangshi* 方士 of Jing 荆 and Shu 蜀 and to have encouraged him to “emend” the work of Tian Jushi (57.3a–b). Jiang’s sacerdotal title, Taishang zhifa xianshi 太上執法仙士, is mentioned in 219 *Shangjing dafa* 28.3a.

According to his sons, JIANG SHUYU worked on his manual for some twenty years. The result of his labors was a *Huanglu zhaiyi* 黃籙齋儀 in thirty-six juan, a *Ziran zhaiyi* 自然齋儀 in fifteen, and a *Duren xiuzhai xingxiang songjing yi* 度人修齋行香誦經儀 in twenty-four. Together, these seventy-five juan were titled *Lingbao yujian* 靈寶玉檢 (57.4a). The present manual would appear to represent only the first of these three works (cf. 1.3b). While the manual seems to be complete, it is likely that juan 51–57 consist of additions to the original.

Remarkable for the clarity of its organization, Jiang’s manual provides all the texts, drawings, and explanations necessary for the performance of a three-day retreat of the Yellow Register. Frequent, in-depth discussions of individual rites and their correct form (*zhengfa* 正法; 26.3a) also add much to the interest of Jiang’s text. (See figs. 43–45)

For Jiang, the retreat of the Yellow Register is, in the first place, the scriptural and liturgical tradition defined by LU XIUJING: the list of thirty-six canonical works given at 1.5a–7a contains only one title—*Dongxuan lingbao daoyin sanguang miaojing* 洞玄靈寶導引三光妙經 (cf. 39 *Taishang daoyin sanguang jiubian miaojing*)—that does not derive from the “old Lingbao” canon associated with Lu’s name (note, however, that in the body of the manual [12.2a–b] recitation of the following texts is envisaged: 19 *Taishang shengxuan xiaozai huming miaojing*, 374 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao jiuku miaojing*, 181 *Taishang jiuzhen miaojie jinlu duming bazui miaojing*, and 24 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo shengtian dedao jing*).

After LU XIUJING, Jiang recognizes ZHANG WANFU and DU GUANGTING—especially the latter (see 21.13b–17b, 33.2a–b, 7b–10b)—as the chief representatives of the orthodox tradition. In the Meditation Hall (Jingmo tang 靜默堂), these three patriarchs are therefore remembered by means of special “masters’ emplacements” (*shiwei* 師位; 38.20b).

If for Jiang the Lingbao scriptures and rituals are the main focus of the tradition,

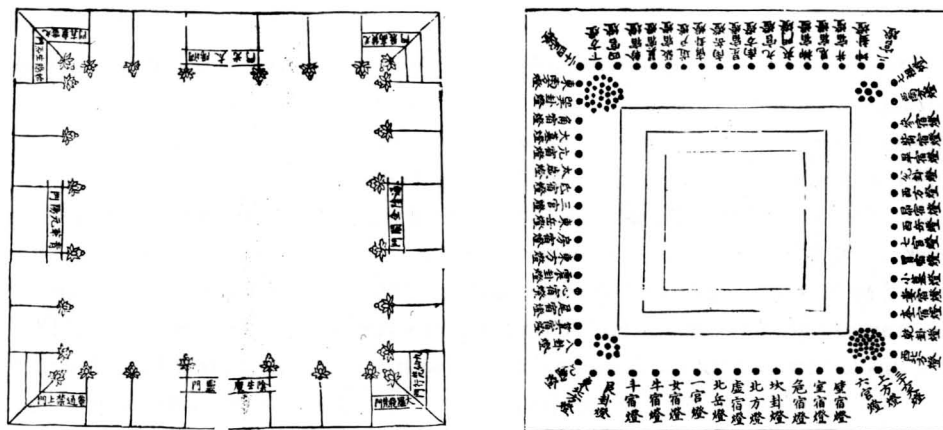


FIGURE 43. Diagrams for the construction of the altar (508 2.2a, 4a-b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/504)



FIGURE 44. Emissaries conveying memorials to Heaven, with spirit guides (508 39.16b-17a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/504)



FIGURE 45. True map of the Fengdu underworld, for use in the rites of salvation (508 40.5b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/504)

the method of dispatching petitions (*zhang* 章) to Heaven is Zhengyi (9.5b, 10.9b, etc.). The Zhengyi initiation—the *Sanwu dugong lu* 三五都功錄 and the *Zhengyi mengwei lu* 正一盟威錄—is also a prerequisite for the “exteriorization of the officials” (*chuguan* 出官) performed during the first of the nine Audience rituals (*xingdao* 行道; cf. 17.3b–8a and 49.9a). In order to qualify for celebrating a Retreat of the Yellow Register, a grand master (*gaogong* 高功) must have received the two Zhengyi registers and the Lingbao canon and register (*Lingbao zhongmeng wufa lu* 靈寶中盟五法錄), and he or she must have already participated in a ritual of the Great Lingbao Method (*Lingbao dafa* 靈寶大法).

Champion of an orthodoxy, Jiang is extremely critical of those who, like Zhang Ruohai 張若海, author of 1280 *Xuantan kanwu lun*, do not respect the old ways (*gufa* 古法; see especially juan 16). He also addresses the proliferation of fu, contracts, *mudrā*, and rituals that had occurred “ever since the Great Lingbao Method was revealed” (33.11a). Jiang reduces the use of fu to the strict minimum. He frequently complains of contemporary practices (*shike* 世科; 28.14a–15a, 39.16a) and texts (43.12b). In one case, however—that of two fu representing dragon-messengers—he feels obliged to accept such practices in spite of his reservations concerning their legitimacy: “Masters of the world (*shishi* 世師) have been transmitting and using them for so long that I should not venture to reject them” (40.1b).

Among contemporary forms of Taoism that do find favor in Jiang’s eyes are the Shenxiao 神霄 and Zhongxiao 忠孝 movements: the chief divinity of the former Changsheng dijun 長生帝君 and the legendary founder of the latter Shengong miaoji zhenjun 神功妙濟真君 are both invited to the Offering (38.13a, 8b). LU SHI-ZHONG and his *yutang* 玉堂 methods are mentioned several times without reprobation (15.5b, 39.13a), as is the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 (14.16a, 49.5b). The seals of authority whose use Jiang condones reflect the same diversity, for they represent heavenly offices of Lingbao, Zhengyi, Tianxin, Shenxiao, and Zhongxiao origin (see 43.10b–12b).

Beyond these references it is not easy to identify the sources of Jiang’s ritual practice. For the two fu mentioned above, he relies on a certain Lin Huiling 林慧靈; for the Yellow Register of Immortality (*Changsheng duming huanglu* 長生度命黃籙), he prefers Cai Zhixu’s 蔡致虛 version, deeming it more precise than the Yutang texts and more complete than the *Ziying lingshu* 紫英靈書 (41.10a–16a; cf. 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 260). But for the construction of the altar for the wheel-lanterns (*lundeng* 輪燈), he prefers his “own method” to that proposed by Cai Zhixu and LU SHI-ZHONG (39.12b–13b).

Jiang subscribes to the Tiantai 天台 theory of the Five Translations (47.9a; cf. article on 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa*). Some of his fu seem to be of Shenxiao provenance (cf. 41.18b–19a and 42.2a–3b to 1219 *Gaoshang shenxiao yuqing zhenwang zishu dafa*

11.38b–39a and 11.11a–15a, respectively; also 40.11a–19a and to 147 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing futu* 2.9b–17b). The rite of the Five Offices (*Wufu shi* 五府事), the core rite in the ritual of the same name (29.5b–16a, especially 12a; cf. 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* 40.16a), corresponds to the method of the Five Offices described by JIN YUNZHONG in his postface (dated 1225) to the Tongchu 童初 revelations (1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 178.3a–6a). The postface of Lu Yuanlao 盧元老, which follows that of Jin (178.6a–8a), provides a discussion of seals very much like that of Jiang.

The Tongchu revelations are followed in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* by nine juan (179–187) concerning the Flying Walk on the Nine Powers (*jiuling feibu* 九靈飛步) used in presenting petitions. The 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* provides a more complete version of the *Zhengyi shuzhang pin menxia keling* 正一書章品門下科令 cited by JIANG SHUYU in the present text (the passage 10.6a–9a corresponds to 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 180.1a–3b). The beginning of the relevant ritual is identical in both texts (22.1b–2a corresponds to 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 184.1a–2a).

In conclusion, we may note that Jiang seems to call for the use of 407 *Lingbao dalian neizhi xingchi jiyao* (24.11a) and that two paragraphs attributed to the Master in the Beyond (*xuanshi* 玄師) are taken from 219 *Shangjing dafa* (39.11a–13b corresponds to 219 *Shangjing dafa* 50.8b–9b, 51.1a–2a).

John Lagerwey

Lingbao yujian mulu 靈寶玉鑑目錄

31 fols.

Table of contents for 547 *Lingbao yujian*

546 (fasc. 302)

Lingbao yujian 靈寶玉鑑

43 juan

547 (fasc. 302–311)

“Jade Mirror of the Numinous Treasure.” The title of this manual may originally have designated a practice of the Great Lingbao Method whose aim was to cause spirits to appear in a mirror (see 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* 14.13a–b). BO YUCHAN mentions a text of this name, but it is not clear whether he is referring to the present manual (cf. 1307 *Haigiong Bo zhenren yulu* 2.6b with 4.12a–b of the present work). Yet another text of this name, in ten juan, is attributed to WU QUANJIE (see *Longhu shan zhi*, by Lou Jinyuan, 7.15b).

In its present form, this manual is incomplete: a section on rituals (“Kefan men 科節門”), mentioned twice in the text (33.4b, 34.17b), is missing. It is also extremely difficult to determine the manual’s date: it has many passages in common with other

Great Lingbao Method texts, but only rarely is it possible to demonstrate that borrowing has occurred. Two cases, however, seem fairly clear. First, 30.15b–18a is parallel to 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 34.3a–7a (two notes, at 30.16a and 34.3b, respectively, seem to refer to other sections in the text, but those sections are actually in 1221 *Lingbao dafa*, not in the *Lingbao yujian*). Second, 14.9b would appear to be an abbreviation of 1221 *Lingbao dafa* 32.3b–4a: the author of the latter text leaves to a “future erudite” the task of deciding between his version (*benfa* 本法) of the lamp altars (*dengtan* 燈壇) and that of the Golden Register (*jinlu* 金錄); the author of the *Lingbao yujian* eliminates the variant version. He seems also to have deleted the name of JIANG SHUYU’s master, Tian Jushi 田居實, mentioned in the *Lingbao dafa* text. Despite these two cases, however, in the vast majority of parallel passages the variants are so numerous as to suggest two different textual traditions (cf., e.g., 547 *Lingbao yujian* 9.18a–21a, 13.20a–22b, and 36.17b–21b, with 1221 *Lingbao dafa* 37.15a–18a, 33.1a–2a, 13.7a–8a, and 43.17b–20a).

The relationship of the *Lingbao yujian* with other Great Lingbao Method texts is equally difficult to determine. For example, 18.5b–6b is parallel to 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 10.9b–10b and to 219 *Shangjing dafa* 41.8a. However, 219 *Shangjing dafa*, though older than 508 *Licheng yi*, gives a shortened version of what is to be found in the latter text and in 547 *Lingbao yujian*. Moreover, the lines at 18.6b–10 are unique to the present text, and for *zhupo* 折破 at 18.6a3, 219 *Shangjing dafa* 41.8a6 and 508 *Licheng yi* 10.9b10 have *choupo* 抽破. Also, 508 *Licheng yi* mentions—in notes at 10.10a, 10b—a Taoist at Huizong’s (r. 1100–1125) court by the name of Cai Zhixu 蔡致虛 and JIANG SHUYU’s own master, Liu Chongjing 留冲靖. The first note may be found in 547 *Lingbao yujian* 18.6a, but the second note is lacking there.

Other examples of the difficulties abound. The text at 18.9a–b seems to be more complete than the parallel version in 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 25.5a–6a, as does 18.9b–10a by comparison with 508 *Licheng yi* 11.6a. The passage at 18.12b–16a is parallel to 508 *Licheng yi* 10.6a–9a and to 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 180.1a–4b: 547 *Lingbao yujian* and 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* both have forty-five rules, in contrast with the thirty-six of 508 *Licheng yi*, but the thirty-six rules that are common to all three texts show clearly that 508 *Licheng yi* and 547 *Lingbao yujian* derive from the same textual tradition, while 219 *Shangjing dafa* follows a different source.

As a final example, we may compare 547 *Lingbao yujian* 7.6a–7a with 219 *Shangqing dafa* 53.18a–19a and 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 266.7a–8a. The fu in 547 *Lingbao yujian* are closer to those in 466 *Jidu jinshu* than to those in 219 *Shangqing dafa*, but for the accompanying prayers (7.7a, 53.19a–b, 278.13a, respectively), the texts of 466 *Jidu jinshu* and 219 *Shangqing dafa* are identical, with the exception of the first two words and the last line. The first two words in 219 *Shangqing dafa* are the same as those in 547 *Lingbao yujian*, but for the rest of the prayer the latter text is quite different.

In short, if the first two cases treated above seemed to show that the present text was compiled after the 1221 *Lingbao dafa* of Wang Qizhen 王契真, all the other cases show that the present version not infrequently represents a textual tradition that is even older than that of 219 *Shangqing dafa*. In that regard, we may note that 547 *Lingbao yujian* uses the title *Lingbao duren shangjing dafa* 靈寶度人上經大法 to refer not to 219 *Shangqing dafa* but to the Great Method of Salvation in general. It is also worth noting that the only Great Lingbao Method master mentioned in 547 *Lingbao yujian* is Tian Ziji 田紫極 (Tian Lingxu 田靈虛; see 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 244.2a), whom it refers to as the ancestral master (*zushi* 祖師; 1.11a).

The present manual also draws on the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 and Yutang dafa 玉堂大法 traditions. LU SHIZHONG is mentioned beside GE XUAN, Sa zhenren 薩真人 (probably referring to Sa Shouzhen 薩守真; see 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 242.1a and *Longhu shan zhi* 7.3b), and “all the ancestral founders through the generations” (1.6b). The register of immortality used in this manual (547 *Lingbao yujian* 27.1a–5b), although it resembles those in the other texts (e.g., 466 *Jidu jinshu* 290.10a–13a, 1221 *Lingbao dafa* 4.8.15a–19b; cf. 508 *Licheng yi* 41.10a–15b), is the only one that belongs to the Golden rather than to the Yellow Register. According to 508 *Licheng yi* 41.16a, the Golden Register version is of Yutang dafa origin.

The author of 547 *Lingbao yujian* distinguishes, as is customary, the Lingbao ritual tradition that he follows from what he calls the Zhengyi tianxin 正一天心 tradition (1.11a). At the same time, however, he proposes a method for sending petitions to Heaven that is common to *sandong daoshi* 三洞道士 and *jijiu xuezi* 祭酒學子 (18.1b). In juan 17–18 he cites Zhengyi texts frequently (much of the content of juan 17–18 and 21 is also in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 179–87), and in juan 7 he uses Tianxin 天心 methods of exorcism (cf. 7.15a–23b and 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* 1.2a–4a, 2.3b, 5.2b–3a, 6.6b–7a, 11b–12a).

The final fu in this last Tianxin sequence, as well as the accompanying prayer, is attributed in both 547 *Lingbao yujian* and 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* to the Shenxiao 神霄 Method. The fu and a part of the prayer are indeed to be found in 1219 *Gaoshang shenxiao yuqing zhenwang zishu dafa* 10.36a. Among the many traces of Shenxiao influence in the manual (3.11b, 8.8b, 13.38a, 41.16a), one of the most interesting is the poem at 43.17b–18a, which is parallel to 147 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing futu* 3.18b–19b: although the variants are too numerous to suggest borrowing, the poem is important in that it is a veritable summary of *liandu* 鍊度 rites.

In short, the present work, when compared with other manuals of the same school, provides unique, sometimes original versions of Great Lingbao Method practices. It is for that reason a most precious work, all the more so in that it contains—especially in juan 1 and at the beginning of each section, but also scattered throughout the text—short essays and explanatory notes of admirable concision and clarity. As

an example, we may take the following sentence at 29.8a: “The five spirits are all like the Fangxiang shi 方相氏: they have the appearance of spirits who open the way (to souls imprisoned in hell), and each wears clothing the color of which corresponds to a direction.”

John Lagerwey

Shangqing lingbao dafa 上清靈寶大法

1 + 66 juan

Compiled by Wang Qizhen 王契真; transmitted by Ning Quanzhen 寧全真 (1101–1181)

1221 (fasc. 942–962)

“Great Rites of the Shangqing Lingbao.” This manual may owe its title to the desire of its compiler to challenge the preeminence of a rival, JIN YUNZHONG, author of 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa*. Of Wang Qizhen, unfortunately, we know nothing, except that his name, ending with the character for “truth” (*zhen* 真), is typical of the lineage founded by Ning Quanzhen (see the list in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 244.1a–2b). Perhaps he can be identified with the Wang Qizhen mentioned in *Chongding Tiantai shan fangwai zhiyao* 7.10a and called there “Little Lingbao,” to distinguish him from his elder brother, Wang Maoduan 王茂端, known as “Big Lingbao.” This Wang Qizhen is said to have been the author of a *Lingbao jiaofa bilu* 靈寶教法秘錄 in ten juan that was kept at the Tongbo guan 桐柏觀 temple on Mount Tiantai 天台. The *Fangwai zhiyao* states that both brothers were adepts of the *Shangqing dadong fa* 上清大洞法. However, another reference to Wang Maoduan (4.1a) places him in the time of the emperor Huizong (r. 1100–1125), which would make him a contemporary of Ning Quanzhen and render the attribution of the present manual to his younger brother unlikely. Nevertheless, this manual clearly represents the Lingbao tradition of Tiantai, and it may be that its compiler was, or considered himself to be, an heir to the tradition of the Tongbo guan master.

An extensive list of the “masters of the sect” may be found at 54.3a. It includes the names of such famous masters of antiquity as GE XUAN, GE HONG, and LU XIUJING, as well as those of many Shangqing masters of the Tang and Song dynasties (PAN SHIZHENG, SIMA CHENGZHEN, LI HANGUANG, ZHU ZIYING, Mao Fengrou 毛奉柔, LIU HUNKANG). Several of the masters in the same register with, and presumably of the same generation as, LIU HUNKANG have names ending with *zhen*: Zhao Qizhen 趙啓真, Zhang Dazhen 張達真, Hu Shouzhen 胡守真. Nothing is known about these three masters or those in the last two registers. The list, however, does give an indication of how the Lingbao school of Mount Tiantai perceived its own lineage.

Internal evidence suggests a relatively late date for Wang Qizhen’s manual. In the first place, Wang cites explicitly the 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* of JIANG

SHUYU (56.4a, paraphrasing a note at 508 *Licheng yi* 32.2a). In fact, the phrase in question is embedded in a passage that is common to both *Shangqing lingbao dafa* (1221 *Dafa* 56.3b–4b and 1223 *Dafa* 21.4a–5b) and poses, thereby, the problem of the relationship between the two manuals. Parallel or identical passages are found in twenty-six of the forty-four juan of Jin's text and in thirty-one of the sixty-six juan of Wang's.

Some of these passages give the impression that Jin abridges Wang (cf. 1223 *Dafa* 1.1a–b, 2b–3b, 4a–b with 1221 *Dafa* 8.10b–12a, 1.2a–6b, 7a–8b, respectively). This impression is reinforced by the fact that virtually every one of JIN YUNZHONG's tirades against the Lingbao tradition of Tiantai corresponds to a passage in Wang's manual: for example, the names of the *bawei* 八緯 that Jin ascribes to the Tiantai tradition (4.1a–b) correspond to techniques described in 1221 *Dafa* 3.22a–25b. Jin's citation of the twenty-fifth section of the Tiantai manual (8.2b–3a) is found at 1221 *Dafa* 4.2b5, 3b6, 8, 7, 9–4a2. Jin criticizes (43.18b) the use—prescribed in 1221 *Dafa* 29.16b–19b—of ten yellow flags for announcing the Oath of Transmission to the Heavenly Worthy of the Ten Directions.

Such examples could be multiplied. Jin's juan 8 alone contains a dozen instances. Of the forty-nine sections of the original Tiantai manual (see the article on 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu*), Jin mentions explicitly twenty-one, most of which he cites, and of these there are only two of which 1221 *Dafa* contains no trace. There can, therefore, be no doubt concerning the links of Wang's manual with the Tiantai tradition.

That said, Jin's citations and references are not based on Wang's text, as can be seen from the following analysis of the first three common passages mentioned above, also found in 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangqing dafa*:

1. 1221 *Dafa* 8.10b–12a corresponds to 219 *Dafa*, 8.5b–7b; Jin (1.2a–b) states that he abridges an “old version.”
2. 1221 *Dafa* 1.2a–7a corresponds to 219 *Dafa* 1.1a–6a; Jin eliminates the eighth “elucidation,” common to 219 *Dafa* and 1221 *Dafa*.
3. 1221 *Dafa* 1.7a–9a corresponds to 219 *Dafa*, 2.1a–2b; Jin eliminates the fourth “translation,” common to 219 *Dafa* and 1221 *Dafa*.

At the same time, however, a scribal error common to 219 *Dafa* and 1223 *Dafa* (*nei* 內 at 2.1b6 and 1.4a6, respectively) is read correctly (*xi* 西) at 1221 *Dafa* 1.7b10.

Close examination of other passages shared by the three manuals shows that the two *Shangqing lingbao dafa* rely, albeit independently, on 219 *Dafa* or its source (cf., especially, 219 *Dafa* 54.15b, 1221 *Dafa* 45.24a–b, and 1223 *Dafa* 32.4b–5a) and that they also have direct links to each other (cf. 219 *Dafa* 55.1b8–2a6, 1221 *Dafa* 45.9b7–10a2, and 1223 *Dafa* 32.6a7–b3). In the latter passages, 1221 *Dafa* agrees seven times with 219 *Dafa* against 1223 *Dafa*; 1223 *Dafa* agrees two times with 219 *Dafa* against 1221 *Dafa*, and 1221 *Dafa* agrees six times with 1223 *Dafa* against 219 *Dafa*.

What, then, is the relationship between the manuals of JIN YUNZHONG and Wang Qizhen? The response is to be found in the attitude of the latter toward the Tiantai tradition criticized by Jin: Wang uses that tradition but never mentions its origin. Each time Jin refers explicitly to the practices of Tiantai in a passage shared by the two manuals, that part of the phrase is either lacking altogether in Wang's text or replaced by “it is said that . . .” (cf. 1223 *Dafa* 4.13a4–7, 14a2–4, 9; 5.3a2, 4b1, with 1221 *Dafa* 10.3b8–10, 5b5–7, 4a7, 44b1, 45a2). In one long parallel passage (1223 *Dafa* 10.5b–10b; 1221 *Dafa* 27.17a–20a) the following lines are missing in 1221 *Dafa*: 6a10–b3 (mentions Tiantai); 6b5–6 (mentions Tiantai); 7a8–10 (*deng* 等 [*et cetera*] replaces, in 1221 *Dafa*; a list of seals in 1223 *Dafa*); 7b4–8a7 (criticizes Shenxiao elements adopted in the Tiantai movement); 9a6–b6 (criticizes the vulgar practices of Tiantai). The most striking of these examples concerns the use of seals: before abridging the list of criticized seals with the word *deng*, Wang mentions three of them (27.18b1–2), the use of which he had earlier condoned (27.14a–b). Such incoherences allow us to conclude that Wang's manual is posterior to Jin's.

That being the case, the suppression of all reference to the very Tiantai school from which so much of his text derives must be attributed to the compiler's desire to distance himself from a discredited local tradition, which is no doubt also the explanation for his replacement of the phrase “the Master in the Beyond says” with “the Master says,” in passages taken from the 219 *Dafa* or its source: JIN YUNZHONG criticizes the former phrase as yet one more instance of Tiantai inanity (5.3a). The author of 1221 *Dafa* repeats Jin's criticism, but eliminates Jin's name at the beginning of the note (10.44a–b).

The list of passages common to 219 *Dafa* and Wang's manual involves one of two prefaces and forty-six of the first fifty-three juan of 1221 *Dafa*. The content of these chapters, divided into twenty-four sections (*men* 門), may be summarized as follows:

- Juan 1: theoretical introduction to the Great Method
- Juan 2–4: basic practices of the Tiantai tradition (ten of the twenty-one sections of the Tiantai *sishijiu pin* 天台四十九品 mentioned by Jin are found in these three juan)
- Juan 5: recitation of scripture and the audience rites performed inside the body
- Juan 6–7: exorcistic practices and rites of healing using fu
- Juan 8: liturgical calendar, rules, and taboos
- Juan 9: rules for entering and leaving the oratory; ritual of confession
- Juan 10: description of the pantheon and the structure of the universe of the stars, the heavens, and the earths
- Juan 11: fu and incantations for summoning beneficent powers

- Juan 12–26: exorcistic practices and the accumulation of merit, mostly based on the use of the *Duren jing* 度人經
- Juan 27: the sacerdotal hierarchy; seals of authority
- Juan 28–30: documents and ritual of transmission
- Juan 31–34: full description of the preparations for a Retreat (altar, flags, lamps, fu, etc.)
- Juan 35–38: fu, incantations, and techniques used for summoning souls of the deceased (the ritual of the Divine Tiger)
- Juan 39–48: fu and incantations used in the various rituals of the Yellow Register Retreat
- Juan 49–53: description of the altar, fu and incantations for the Sublimation ritual.

The preface shared by *219 Dafa* and *1221 Dafa*—called “celestial preface” in the latter (preface, 3b–6b), attributed to Tianzhen huangren 天真皇人 in the former—describes the ritual practice of the Taoist in alchemical terms. In Wang’s manual it is preceded by an “old preface” that situates the revelation of the many techniques of salvation in the context of the increasing decadence of the universe since the end of the Longhan era. Its author vaunts the merits of the Yellow Register Retreat, which he says can be celebrated for both the living and the dead, for both ordinary people and the emperor, and by either male or female Taoists.

Juan 54–59 give the “traditional explanation” of the rituals of the retreat. These juan contain many parallel passages with JIN YUNZHONG’s work and with that of JIANG SHUYU. The latter is also the sole source of parallels for the seven juan of documents at the end of the present text.

John Lagerwey

Shangqing lingbao dafa mulu 上清靈寶大法目錄

11+22 fols.

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1222 (fasc. 963)

Shangqing lingbao dafa 上清靈寶大法

44 juan

By JIN YUNZHONG 金允中 (fl. 1225)

1223 (fasc. 963–972)

“Great Lingbao Method of the Shangqing Heaven.” The title designates the textual and ritual traditions that JIN YUNZHONG set out to synthesize and for which he wished to provide the orthodox definition (see the documents of transmission, 42.15b; cf. *219 Lingbao wuliang duren shangqing dafa* 71.32b). The term *Lingbao dafa* 靈寶大法

is a reminder that the methods of the school of that name were developed on the basis of the Lingbao canon (see preface, 2a); Shangqing is the heaven from which this canon derives in the traditional scheme of the Three Caverns. The fundamental importance of the *Duren jing* in this movement explains why the name *Duren dafa* 度人大法, (Great Method of Salvation) is sometimes used to refer to its practices (preface, 3a).

According to JIN YUNZHONG’s introduction to the Tongchu 童初 revelations (*1220 Daofa huiyuan* 178.3a–6a), the names of his masters were Gao Jingxiu 高景修; Tang Keshou 唐克壽, *zi* Daomin 道憫; and Liu Hunpu 劉混朴, *zi* Fuguan 副觀. As with the author, we know of these three generations of masters only what Jin tells us. At the beginning of the Shaoxing era (1131), Gao Jingxiu, who had fled the northern capital and sought refuge in the south, began to work (*huaxing* 化行) in the region between the rivers Jiang 江 and Huai 淮 (17.22b). His version of the *Shangqing lingbao dafa*, according to Jin, was based on “ancient books” transmitted without interruption since the end of the Tang. In the petitions Gao sent to Heaven, he identified himself as “Gao, of the Ziyuan an 紫元庵, in the county of Qimen 祈門, Huizhou 徽州” (in Shexian 歙縣, Anhui; 23.15b). He spent his last years in the same county, at Xinan 新安 (17.22b).

Of Tang Keshou, Jin says that he was a Taoist from Chuzhou 處州, Zhejiang, and that he practiced exclusively the method of the Five Offices (*wufu fa* 五府法), that is, the method of Tongchu (*1220 Daofa huiyuan* 178.3b). Tang transmitted the Tongchu material to Liu Hunpu, who also received initiation in the method of the Retreat (*zhai fa* 齋法) of JIANG SHUYU, whom Jin places in the Zhengyi tradition, and in the method of the nine visualizations for presenting petitions (*jiusi zoufa* 九思奏法) of Tian Jushi 田居實 (17.23b).

JIN YUNZHONG signs the undated preface of this manual with a title that derives in part from the Lingbao dafa tradition (cf. *219 Dafa* 28.3b), but that also refers to his Tongchu attachments. His introduction to the Tongchu revelations is dated 1225. The present manual may well date from approximately the same period, as Jin states in the preface (8b) that “nearly 100 years have passed since the emigration to the south.” On the other hand, Jin states that JIANG SHUYU’s book, which in its present form dates to 1223, was already widely known (22.7a) and that four centuries had elapsed since DU GUANGTING compiled his *Huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋 in forty juan (cf. *507 Taishang huanglu zhaiyi*). These remarks imply a much later date, between 1250 and 1300 (40.25b; cf. 21.21b). Jin had already been a Taoist for two decades when he compiled his manual (21.20b). We may note here, too, that three passages, at 5.6b, 6.5b, and 28.3a, seem to have been added to the manual by another hand, probably a disciple.

Jin explains his motivation in writing as follows: “I had the good fortune of not becoming a member of the sect of the heterodox and the counterfeiter, and I cannot bear the thought that future generations be deceived by them. I have followed with

reverence what my masters transmitted to me, adding only from my studies of other manuals that which was in harmony with the rituals of old. . . . I am not one who has received a revelation from Heaven, it is true, but I take my responsibilities here below" (preface, 9a).

Thus does Jin set the tone and reveal his intentions in the preface: in the name of the traditions of his masters he will denounce all latter-day inventions by those who, "in order to steal fame" (21.16a), go so far as to "truncate and alter the books of old and suppress traditional methods on the pretext that they are incomplete, but in reality in order that they may then produce novelties and sell their secrets for money to their disciples" (preface, 10a). Jin intends above all to use the "venerable books of the Central Plain" (12.5b) to halt the progress of the so-called "revelations of Tiantai" (preface, 3a–b) and the "customs of Zhe 浙" (40.27b), referring to the regions of Zhexi 浙西 (10.17a, 37.47b) and Zhedong 浙東 (13.24a, 20.8a, 21.9b, 22.7b), especially Tiantai 天台 itself (preface, 8b, 14.12a, 43.18a). Ever since the appearance of the *Tiantai sishijiu pin* 天台四十九品 during the Shaoxing period (1131–1162; see preface, 3a), the partisans of this method, writes Jin, have been busily inventing seals, grades, and new rites (preface, 4b–5b, 6b–7a, juan 10, 12.6a). They even go so far as to don red turbans and thereby confound the exorcistic rites of vulgar sorcerers with rites based on the *Duren jing* 度人經 (6.13a–14b, 11.14a). Worse still, their esoteric explanations of Taoist ritual, and of the ritual for the presentation of petitions to Heaven in particular, represent a subjectivist, interiorist, and altogether dangerous interpretation of Taoist ritual (preface, 4a, 4.4b, 11a, 7.8a, 11a, 8.3a).

It is fair to describe Jin's manual as a manifesto against the Lingbao dafa of Tiantai, but in fact Jin's criticism spares none. He deplores the egoism and individualism of the contemporary practice of the rites for the salvation of the dead, on the grounds that rituals of this kind were in reality *pudu* 普度, rituals of universal salvation (16.13a, 17.22a, 23.8a, 24a, 35.10b). He attacks the vulgar verses used during the ritual for crossing the bridge (37.39a). Even the ritual masters for whom Jin says he has the highest esteem do not escape: LIN LINGSU was a "master of considerable accomplishments," but he confused the Emperors of the Five Peaks with the Five Celestial Emperors who are the "roots of the Five Energies" (40.3b); Wang Shengqing 王升卿 wrote the best *Lingbao dafa* manual (preface, 2b–3a), but he did not know enough to eliminate all the heavenly offices added by the Tiantai school (5.4a), nor to differentiate the traditional Lingbao seal of authority from its Shenxiao 神霄 version of the Xuanhe reign era (1119–1125; 10.3b–4a); LU SHIZHONG was "a man of great talent and vast erudition," but that did not prevent him from elevating the Heavenly Master to the same rank as Shangdi 上帝 (43.17b) nor, holding only a Zhengyi investiture, from jumping a rank and performing Lingbao rituals (10.19b); JIANG SHUYU, who went "even farther than DU GUANGTING in his research into the canonical rules" and who, therefore,

"far surpasses his predecessors" (21.10b), nonetheless allowed himself to be influenced by the practices of Zhedong and so recommended visualizing a red rather than a yellow vapor during the Noon Audience (21.9b–11a; cf. 22.7b, 40.27b).

In this manner, Jin campaigns against modern decadence and its "latter-day techniques" (*moshu* 末術; 4.4b). Jin recognizes only the three imperially sanctioned ordination centers: Longhu shan 龍虎山 (Zhengyi), Gezao shan 閣皂山 (Lingbao), and Sanmao shan 三茅山 (Dadong; 10.8a). These three centers correspond to the literature of the Three Caverns revealed in the distant past, for Jin identifies the Zhengyi movement with the Dongshen canon (25.1a–b; cf. 1.5a, 22.16a, 40.24a–b). Contrary to what the adepts of the Tiantai school affirm, writes Jin, only Zhengyi and Lingbao priests have the right to convey petitions to Heaven. He also criticizes JIANG SHUYU for writing that "the method of the retreat is of Lingbao origin, that of presenting petitions Zhengyi" (25.19b–20a). The true Zhengyi method, says Jin, was lost over the centuries, and the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 movement that grew out of it goes back only to TAN ZIXIAO and RAO DONGTIAN (43.16b–17a). Only the Lingbao dafa has a tradition that goes back without interruption to the time of GE XUAN and Xu Jingyang 許旌陽 (XU XUN; 43.18a). "The Lingbao way belongs specifically to the Dongxuan canon, but it is the synthesis of all that is essential in the Three Caverns and includes the mysteries of all the sacred books" (42.1a).

The Lingbao ritual tradition, after having been revealed to Ge and Xu, was codified by LU XIUJING, ZHANG WANFU, and DU GUANGTING (19.3a). But it is DU GUANGTING's rituals that, to Jin, represent the ultimate authority, for Du had access to the *Daozang* in the two national capitals when he compiled his *Huanglu zhai* in forty juan (40.25a–26a; Jin gives the table of contents of Du's work in 39.1b–2b; cf. 507 *Taishang huanglu zhaiyi*). The Taoist canons compiled since Du, writes Jin—that of the end of the Five Dynasties (907–960) kept at the Tongbo guan 桐柏觀 temple on Mount Tiantai 天台山 (24.11a), that compiled by WANG QINRUO (962–1025; 40.25b), or that compiled under the emperor Huizong (r. 1100–1125; 40.26a)—are all partial and contain extracanonical works. For all basic rituals—the Suqi 宿啓, the nine Audience rituals, and so on—Jin therefore refers the reader to DU GUANGTING's work (40.28a). He also borrows from Du's manual the major portion of his rituals for the Offering (*jiao* 醮) and for Casting Dragons (*toulong* 投龍; juan 40–41). Since the time of DU GUANGTING, however, there has been such a proliferation of rituals that it is "difficult to abolish them all in a single day" (19.1a). For example, neither the ritual of prior announcement (*yugao* 預告; 16.6b, 19.11a) nor that of sublimation (*liandu* 煉度; 17.19a) existed in DU GUANGTING's time (Jin states, however, that the *liandu* already existed as a form of individual practice in antiquity, and he cites LIU HUNKANG as an authority; 37.1a). In a general way, the ritual texts of DU GUANGTING contained neither incantations nor documents of announcement (19.1b), for fu, documents,

incantations, and mudra were in the past all transmitted directly from master to disciple (preface, 1b–2a).

JIN YUNZHONG's purpose, then, was to select such prescriptions from the many manuals of the Great Lingbao Method as were in conformity with the teaching of his masters (17.19b, 35.9b) and with "our method" (*benfa* 本法; 19.1b, 43.20a). As mentioned, Jin traces the *Shangqing lingbao dafa* of Gao Jingxiu to the end of the Tang: "For his methods he based himself on the *Duren jing*, and for the retreat he followed the rituals of Du Guangting" (17.22b–23a). For certain novelties, nonetheless, Jin bent his own rules and recommended that which is "easy to practice" or "widely used" (13.22a).

JIN YUNZHONG's arguments are often accurate and always fascinating, but the violence of his attacks on the Tiantai school are troubling: did he really borrow nothing from that school? "It is not the case that I did not originally receive the texts from my master and that I borrowed from the Tiantai method to make my book" (12.6a). Even if the *Shangqing lingbao dafa* of Wang Qizhen "borrowed" from JIN YUNZHONG in a manner that may be described as dishonest (see 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa*), what was the origin of the "old texts" that Jin claims to have abridged when dealing with the "rules and commandments" (1.2a)? Was the theory of the Four Translations that Jin champions against the Five Translations of the Tiantai school as old as he asserts (1.4b)?

Similar questions could be asked of Jin's positions with respect to the Zhengyi movement. He states that the ritual for sending petitions and going before the emperor originated with GE XUAN and that the Lingbao methods of exorcism derive from the teachings that Xiaodao mingwang 孝道明王 transmitted to Xu Jingyang (XU XUN; 25.1b). Yet the history of Taoist ritual suggests, rather, that both aspects of the Southern Song Lingbao synthesis owed a great deal to the Tianxin zhengfa movement that Jin dismisses as "recent."

John Lagerwey

Lingbao wuliang duren shangqing dafa 靈寶無量度人上經大法

1 + 72 juan

Ca. 1200

219 (fasc. 85–99)

"Great Rites of the Book of Universal Salvation." The Book of Universal Salvation (*Wuliang duren jing* 無量度人經) is the central scripture of the Lingbao canon. The *Lingbao dafa* 靈寶大法 (Great Lingbao Method) is here described as the "way for saving souls from hell" (53.1a). More precisely, the very "heart of the Great Method" is composed of incantations, fu, and techniques (36.1a), the most important of which derive from an esoteric reading of the *Duren jing* 度人經 (see 3.13b–9.7b, especially

juan 5–7, where the *Duren jing* is divided into four-character phrases in order to form fu capable of healing any illness and protecting the bearer in all circumstances).

The preface is attributed to Tianzhen huangren 天真皇人, who is said, according to the theory of the Five Translations (*wuyi* 五譯), to have transcribed the huge, primordial characters of jade of which the *Duren jing* was originally composed into characters of human size and at the same time to have given them their "correct sound" (2.1b; cf. 97 *Taishang lingbao zhutian neiyin ziran yuzi* 3.1b–2a). Still later, the Tianzhen explained the basic Lingbao fu to the Yellow Emperor (2.1b, 72.8b; this story derives from 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 3.17a–23b).

The *Duren dafa* has also received the careful attention of a human editor: the text is divided into ninety sections (*pin* 品), and all cross-references from one section to another (5.13b, 14.12b, 49.10b, etc.) seem to be accurate. The text also contains commentaries, some of which are attributed to [Tianzhen] Huangren (64.1a, 65.32a, 69.26a), some to "the master" (53.1a, 63.1a, 65.7b), but most to the Master in the Beyond (*xuanshi* 玄師). This Master in the Beyond is at one point identified with a Tianzun (Xuanzhong da fashi Jinglao tianzun 玄中大法師靜老天尊; 72.8b–9a), but he is also clearly designated as "my master" in a "note of the editor based on the instructions of the master" (*jin'an shizhi* 謹按師旨; 55.13a–b; cf. 43.2b, 8a, 55.1b, 63.2a). In short, this manual is the work of a disciple, perhaps a disciple of Ning Quanzhen 寧全真 (1101–1181).

Our text is in any case closely linked to, but older than, 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa*, a manual "transmitted by Ning Quanzhen and compiled by Wang Qizhen 王契真." Most of the passages attributed here to the Master in the Beyond are also to be found in Wang's manual (see the article on 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa*). Whether or not the *Duren dafa* is the source of these passages in the Wang text, both manuals clearly belong to the Tiantai tradition of the Great Method, for both subscribe to the above-mentioned theory of the Five Translations.

The date of the *Duren dafa* may be set around 1200, for it contrasts the Lingbao method for writing two important fu with that of Liu Chongjing 留冲靖 (1134–1206), the master of JIANG SHUYU (1162–1223). Jiang seems, moreover, to cite this text (cf. the article on 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi*). The *Duren dafa*, finally, contains (juan 64) a ritual attributed to "Master Tian 田先生," who is in all probability Tian Jushi 田居實 (b. 1074), the *jishi*-master of JIANG SHUYU.

The anonymous compiler of the *Duren dafa* clearly intended his manual to be a complete description of the Great Method. After first defining the cosmic foundations of the method (1.1a–2.2b), he describes its main practices (2.2b–25.9a), which prepare the adept to receive the Great Method directly from the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning (juan 26). The remaining chapters are largely given over to the ritual practice of the Taoist master.

During the preparatory phase, adepts learn to write and to use in their oratory the various fu of the school (juan 4–21); they also learn to absorb the essences of the primeval powers and to send petitions to Heaven (22.1a–25.3b). In addition to the *Duren jing*, two other early Lingbao texts play a major role in this period of apprenticeship: 17.2b–18.16b corresponds to 97 *Taishang lingbao zhutian neiyin ziran yuzi* 1.1b–12b, 15b–2.18b and 19.1a–11a, 22.1a–6b corresponds to 352 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaojing* 2.4b–20a. Juan 21 is taken almost entirely from 1281 *Wuyue zhenxing xulun*. Several Shangqing texts concerning the absorption of the essences of the sun and the moon are also used, especially 639 *Huangtian shangqing jinque dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing* (4b–9b, 2a–3b correspond to 23.1a–6b in the *Duren jing*), but also 33 *Shangqing huangqi yangjing sandao shunxing jing* (1a–b is the same as 22.6b–7a in the *Duren jing*). Next to these traditional elements we find much more recent ones: the letters of jade of the womb (*hunyuanyuzha* 混元玉劄; juan 11–15), the grand methods of the Four Saints and of the Central Bushel (20.2b–11b), and Shenxiao divinities (10.8b–12b; cf. 16.3a–8a and 147 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing futu* 2.30a–32b). The new techniques have a single aim, namely, “to cause the pure yin to leave the body and the pure yang to fill it,” for “that which is entirely yang is immortal, and that which is entirely yin is demonic” (9.8b, 8a).

When apprenticeship is complete, adepts express their “great desire” for universal salvation: it is their intention to save all souls in hell, their own ancestors, and all the “living powers” of the heavens by a spiritual journey through the heavens to the dwelling place of the emperor (25.9a–b). The regular practice of this heavenly voyage gradually enables adepts’ yang-spirit to leave this “dusty world” permanently (25.10b) and so prepares them to receive the Great Method directly from the “ancestral master,” the Yuanshi tianzun (26.1a–3b). Having been thus initiated, adepts may practice rites of confession and petition before the Three Pure Ones (26.3b–8a), and then rites of absorption of the powerful qi that correspond to the “letters of jade” (26.8a–10a). Adepts who have achieved mastery over the divinities of Heaven and Earth are henceforth capable of “communicating with the zhenren and the spirits [*ling* 靈], of inhaling clouds and thunder and exhaling rain and lightning” (26.10a).

Juan 27, which provides a complete ritual of confession, begins with the phrase, “to have few faults is the very essence of the practice of perfection.” Adepts must achieve merit in this world if they would become immortal, and even the method for the use of fu (*fufa* 符法), not to mention the petitions that adepts will present to Heaven “in order to save the living and the dead,” will not be efficacious unless adepts first repent of their sins (27.1a). Juan 28.1a–9b gives the hierarchy of the immortals, that is, the various degrees of priestly rank; 28.9b–15a gives the secret names of the Thirty-two Heavens, the Five Peaks, and so on; 29.1a–8b explains the structure of the heavens; 29.8b–15b describes the spirits who are in the service of the priest—including those of

the rite of Opening the Incense Burner (*falü* 發爐)—and explains that the contract of immortality (*shengtian quan* 昇天券) is a passport to Heaven that enables both the Taoist master to present his petitions and the “afflicted souls” to proceed to the Palace of the South.

Once the master is thus assured of his power over all the forces of the universe, he undertakes his public ritual activity, for the living, in the first place, for whom he is essentially an exorcist (juan 30–45), but also for the dead (juan 47–71). He learns to perform the following ritual actions:

- To end natural or political calamities (30–34.12a; juan 31–32 are based primarily on 22 *Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing*, 97 *Taishang lingbao zhutian neiyin ziran yuzi*, and 352 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miaojing*)
- To refine (*lian* 鍊) his own self in order to be able to distinguish good spirits from evil (juan 35): “If one is incapable of refining oneself, how will he be able to refine demons, who live in the obscurity of hell?” (35.6b–7a)
- To control demons (juan 36 and 45; note here the elements from the Shenxiao literature: compare 36.29b–35a, to 1219 *Gaoshang shenxiao yuqing zhenwang zishu dafa* 8.11a–b, 14a–b, 11.3b–4a, and 45.12a–20a to 147 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing futu* 2.22a–30a)
- To save the life of others at the gates of death (37.1a–11b)
- To pray for the birth of a son, for rain, or for sunshine (38.1a–10a)
- To send petitions to Heaven (34.12a–19b, juan 41–44; note that it is the Petition of the Nine Powers [*jiuling zhangbiao* 九靈章表], 43.1b)

Juan 46–71 describe the *huanglu dazhai* 黃籙大齋 (48.3a), as follows: the visualizations to be accomplished in the various rites and rituals (juan 46); the construction of the altar (juan 47); the host’s triple request of the master that he perform a given ritual (juan 48); the invitation of the gods (juan 49); the various lamp-lighting rituals (juan 50–51); the banners (juan 52); the fu (juan 53–56); the various methods for recreating the body of the deceased and refining his or her souls (juan 57–65); the ritual of the Divine Tiger for fetching the soul out of hell (juan 66–67); the fu for the sublimation of the souls (juan 68–69; note that 69.18a–25a corresponds to 147 *Duren futu* 3.12b–15b, and 69.25b–27b to 147 *Duren futu* 1.2a–4b); the fu linked to the incense (juan 70); the preparations for the ritual, the overall program, the offerings, and the ritual vestments (juan 71). The book ends with the ritual and the documents for the transmission of the Great Method (71.21b–72.8a) and with a presentation of the master’s seals of authority (72.8a–14a).

The *Duren dafa* thus represents a formidable synthesis of a vast range of literature, ancient and recent: in addition to the books and persons already mentioned, the *Duren*

dafa cites or mentions 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing*, 1016 *Zhen'gao*, 1052 *Zongxuan xiansheng xuangang lun*, 666 *Xisheng jing*, 65 *Taishang zhenyi bao fumu enzhong jing*, 215 *Difu shiwang badu yi*, and others (see the two lists: 33.5b and 71.8b). The author makes explicit use of CHEN JINGYUAN and LIU HUNKANG, and he refers to LU SHIZHONG and Cai Zhixu 蔡致虛. He mentions, and on occasion uses, works of Jingming 淨明 or Tongchu 童初 origin (45.4a, 71.10b). Among contemporary movements, only the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 goes unmentioned.

The Tianxin zhengfa would seem, nonetheless, to have been well known to the author of the *Duren dafa*, for such techniques as *bugang* 步罡, *quqi* 取氣 and *chuiqi* 吹氣, *bianshen* 變神, and *juemu* 訣目, all fundamental to the rituals described in this manual, are probably of Tianxin zhengfa origin. There are also more specific links: the cup and cover method (*gonggai* 匱蓋; 33.1a; cf. 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* 9.12b); the invitation of the King of Demons (Guangming 廣明) when using the Register for Eliminating Malediction (*posui lu* 破祟錄; 36.20b–21a; cf. 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 7.35a). Also worth mention is the use of Heisha 黑煞 and other generals of the north in juan 20, as well as the role of fu and the ways of writing and animating them (cf. 13.6b–10a, 15.16a–b, and 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 2.17a–20b).

Of final note is a common outlook rooted, no doubt, in a common socioliturgic matrix. The aim of Tianxin zhengfa texts is to exorcise the demons that haunt the living, an aim that sometimes necessitates “saving” a troublesome ancestor. If the primary function of the rituals in the *Duren dafa* is to save the dead, that is, ancestors, the manual also insists that a Taoist must first learn to control demons (45.1a), and it supplies an exorcistic method for rescuing the souls of the dead from hell. It is significant that the Book of the Divine Tiger (*Shenhu yinshu* 神虎隱書) on which this method is based is said (66.1a) to have been hidden in a cave on Longhu shan 龍虎山 by the same YE FASHAN who is the source of the *Gusui lingwen* 骨髓靈文, one of the basic Tianxin zhengfa texts (see 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 4.1a).

The Tianxin zhengfa priest “accomplishes transformations on behalf of Heaven” (*daitian xinghua* 代天行化; 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 1.8b); the *Duren dafa* master does the same, but “on behalf of the [Heavenly Worthy of the] Primordial Beginning” (*dai yuanshi yi xinghua* 代元始以行化; 66.5b). The latter phrase is an adaptation of the former and represents the liturgical transfer of the above-mentioned techniques into the context of Lingbao rituals for the salvation of the dead. To these exorcistic techniques the author of the *Duren dafa* adds the ritual of sublimation (*liandu* 煉度), derived in all probability from the Zhongxiao 忠孝 movement associated with the name of XU JINGYANG (48.5a; cf. 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 43.18a).

John Lagerwey

Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinsbu mulu 靈寶領教濟度金書目錄

48 fols.

Table of contents for 466 *Jidu jinsbu*

465 (fasc. 208)

Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinsbu 靈寶領教濟度金書

10 fols. + 320 juan

Transmitted by Ning Quanzhen 寧全真 (1101–1181); compilation attributed to Lin Lingzhen 林靈真 (1239–1302)

466 (fasc. 208–263)

“Golden Book of Salvation according to the Lingbao Tradition.” The term *jidu* 濟度 in the title is short for *dusheng jisi* 度生濟死 (to save the living and the dead; cf. the prefatory *Sijiao lu* 嗣教錄 [Annals of Transmission], 7b). The term *lingjiao* 領教 seems to refer to the “head of the sect,” as in the phrase, “Ever since I became head of the sect . . .” (319.20a). In combination with *sishi* 嗣師 (hereditary master), this term was considered by JIN YUNZHONG to be a usurpation of a Zhengyi title by the Tiantai sect (cf. 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 10.14a–16b). Elsewhere it is said that LU SHIZHONG was the first to usurp this title (see the article on 220 *Wushang xuanyuan santian yutang dafa*).

Although this work is presented as “transmitted by Ning Quanzhen and compiled by Lin Lingzhen,” the “Annals,” written in 1303 by Lin Tianren 林天任 (d. 1324, disciple and successor of Lin Lingzhen), make it clear that the present text in 320 juan is not the text compiled by Lin Lingzhen. The *Daozang shumu xiangzhu* erroneously attributes the present text to LIN LINGSU. This error, in turn, seems to have led to the confusion of our text with the forty-juan *Shangqing lingbao jidu dacheng jinsbu* 上清靈寶濟度大成金書 compiled in 1432 by Zhou Side 周思得 (1359–1451), disciple of the Forty-third Heavenly Master, ZHANG YUCHU. The latter text is attributed to LIN LINGSU in the *Tianyi ge shumu* and to Lin Lingzhen in the *Tianyi ge xiancun shumu*, 3.14698.

The real author of the *Lingjiao jidu jinsbu* is perhaps Lin Tianren himself: we learn from his biography in 602 *Xiandu zhi* (2.2a) that he wandered among the sacred mountains of China in order to “collect Taoist books and emend the rituals.” According to his biographies in *Wenzhou fu zhi* 26.14b and *Pingyang xian zhi* 7.3a—where he is called Lin Renzhen 林任真, *zi* Qizhi 器之—Lin became a Taoist at the end of the Song. He took refuge at Sunshui 蓀水 (near Wenzhou), where he “followed the teaching of Shuinan” (Lin Lingzhen). Like his master, he became famous for his performance of the Universal Salvation ritual (*pudu* 普度). One such performance is commemorated in a poem by Lin Jingxi 林景熙 (1242–1310; see *Jishan xiansheng ji* 5.6a). Lin died in 1324.

Lin Tianren describes his master—Lin Weifu 林偉夫, *fahui* 法諱, Lingzhen 靈真—as an erudite who “abandoned the Confucian for the Taoist” life after the “troubles of the *ding*-year” (1277?). He converted his house into an abbey, assumed the *hao* Shuinan 水南, and called his abbey the Blessed Plot (*fudi* 福地) of Shuinan. After studying Taoism with Dai Wei 戴煇 (biography in *Wenzhou fu zhi* 26.7a), Lin Xuyi 林虛一 (biography in *Pingyang xian zhi* 26.6b), and Xue Donghua 薛東華 (cf. 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 244.2b), Lin Tianren became heir to the teaching of Donghua 東華. Some time later, a visit to the Heavenly Master at Longhu shan led to Lin’s being named Daolu 道錄 of Wenzhou, but he preferred to go into retirement and compile a complete manual of the rituals of the Three Caverns (*Sandong lingjiao zhuke* 三洞領教諸科), which he strove to “bring into conformity with the methods of the Zhengyi sect” (“Annals,” 8b). Lin presented his compilation, a *jidu zhi shu* 濟度之書 in twelve juan, to the Heavenly Master, who ordered it printed, and Lin himself was named head of the Tianqing guan 天清觀 temple (清 is probably an error for 慶). In the list of masters given in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 244.2a–b, Lin Lingzhen is followed by his disciple, Dong Chuqian 董處謙 (cf. “Annals,” 9a), and Dong is followed by the Thirty-ninth Heavenly Master, Zhang Sicheng 張嗣成 (d. 1344). The *Pingyang xian zhi* recounts an incident that occurred in 1431 and involved the “eighteenth hereditary master of the Shuinan sect,” one Lin Shizhen 林仕貞.

Ning Benli 寧本立, *hui* Quanzhen 全真, is known as an exorcist from the *Yijian zhi* (22.1a–2a). We learn from the “Annals” that Ning transmitted to Lin Lingzhen a teaching that represented the synthesis of Northern and Southern Taoist traditions. The former tradition, Ning had received from Tian Lingxu 田靈虛, sometime before 1126 in Kaifeng; he received the latter tradition from Shi Zixian 仕子仙, sometime after 1126 and in the south (cf. the 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* list, where Tian, but not Shi, is mentioned).

Tian Lingxu’s teaching seems itself to have been a synthesis of the canonical tradition of the Three Caverns (*Sandong jingjiao* 三洞經教)—which Tian is said to have received directly from LU XIUJING—and a form of alchemical practice called *Donghua danyuan xuanzhi* 東華丹元玄旨. Shi Zixian was the spiritual heir of Yang Siming 楊司命, that is, Yang Xizhen 楊希真, recipient of the Tongchu revelations. In the “Annals” it says (2a) that Yang transmitted to Shi both the “fu, seals, and mudra of the Jade Slips from the Five Offices” (*Wufu yuce fuwen yinjue* 五府玉冊符文印訣), that is, the Tongchu 童初 texts and methods (cf. *Daofa huiyuan* 171.2b), and the Lingbao ritual tradition (*Lingbao xuanfan sishijiu pin* 靈寶玄範四十九品).

The 320 juan of this manual are preceded not only by the “Annals,” but also by a table of contents. This table shows a number of discrepancies with the text, primarily in the order of the nineteen sections (*pin* 品) into which both the table and the text divide the ritual materials. There are also discrepancies between the twenty-two ritual

programs given in section 3 (2.2a–35a) and the ritual texts supplied for twenty-three programs in section 7 (juan 12–259). These rituals are of two basic kinds: those for the salvation (*kaidu* 開度) of the dead (juan 42–135) and those of prayer and exorcism (*qirang* 祈禳) for the living (juan 136–259). Juan 12–41 are composed of ritual texts that can be used in both kinds of program. There follows a list of the contents of the manual, section by section:

1. *Tanmu zhidu* 壇幕制度品 (juan 1): instructions for the construction of the altar for the various ritual programs
2. *Tanxin jinglie* 壇信經例品 (2.1a–2a): list of the gifts to be supplied by those who request a given ritual
3. *Xiufeng jiemu* 修奉節目品 (2.2a–35a): details of the ritual programs of fourteen Retreats (*zhai* 齋) and eight Taoist rituals (*daochang* 道場)
4. *Shengzhen banwei* 聖真班位品 (juan 3–7): list of the divinities for whom emplacements (*wei* 位) must be provided on the altar areas for the different ritual programs
5. *Chaozou cixu* 朝奏次序品 (juan 8–9): precise description of the Nocturnal Announcement (*sugi* 宿啓) and the Audience (*chaoye* 朝謁) rituals
6. *Zansong jingyong* 讚頌應用品 (juan 10–11): texts of the main hymns used in the various rituals
7. *Keyi licheng* 科儀立成品 (juan 12–259): texts of the rituals
8. *Ziying lingshu* 紫英靈書品 (juan 260): description of the method of the young lads of Tianshu (*Tianshu tongzi fa* 天樞童子法) for summoning the souls of the deceased
9. *Lianshi shengxian* 鍊尸生仙品 (juan 261): funeral ritual for a high-ranking Taoist
10. *Fujian kuifan* 符簡軌範品 (juan 262–64, 266–67, 271–74): fu for use in various rituals
11. *Kaidu zhushu* 開度追攝品 (juan 265): fu for use in summoning the souls of the deceased
12. *Liandu* 煉度品 (juan 268–70): fu for use in the rituals of sublimation
13. *Shuzhuan juemu* 書篆訣目品 (juan 275–81): incantations, mudra, and visualizations that must accompany the use of the fu in the preceding sections
14. *Cunshen xuanmiao* 存神玄妙品 (juan 282–86): mudra, visualizations, dance steps, et cetera, that constitute the “secret” part of the rituals
15. *Gaoming dengji* 誥命等記品 (juan 287–91): texts of the “orders” that must accompany certain fu
16. *Fangai chenshe* 旛蓋陳設品 (juan 292): illustrations and descriptions of the banners to be used in the various rituals (see fig. 46)

17. *Biaobang guizhi* 表榜規制品 (juan 293–303): texts of the memorials and placards used in the different rituals, as well as the rules for writing them
18. *Wenxi fafang* 文檄發放品 (juan 304–18): texts of the other documents used in the rituals
19. *Zhaijiao xuzhi* 齋醮須知品 (juan 319–20): instructions concerning the times for and the conduct of rituals

Sections 8, 9, and 19 are clearly composed of preexistent material. Section 8 has a preface that seems to indicate that the chapter concerns a form of *Lingbao dafa* current in the twelfth century and similar to the *Yutang dafa* 玉堂大法 (the author of the preface refers to a line of transmission including LU SHIZHONG). Section 9 is certainly, section 19 probably, by Lin Lingzhen: the former has a signed preface dated 1295; the latter is partially in the first person singular (319.20a, 320.3a, 23b) and refers to Lin Lingshen's master, Lin Xuyi (320.7a).

The work 316 *Taishang jidu zhangshe* was in all likelihood originally a part of this manual.

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John Lagerwey

Taishang jidu zhangshe 太上濟度章赦

3 juan
316 (fasc. 164)

"Writs of Pardon and Memorials, from the Book of Salvation of the Most-High." This work provides, as the title indicates, the *zhang* 章 (memorials) and the *she* 赦 (writs of pardon) lacking in 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu*. Almost all documents contained in the present collection are mentioned by their titles in the programs of the rituals as given in juan 2 of 466 *Jidu jinshu*, but the documents themselves are not given there.

Conceivably, the present collection was formerly part of the 466 *Jidu jinshu* manual. The names of the rituals and the manner of indicating them in small characters beneath the titles are identical in both works. The memorials and the documents are presented in a similar—but reversed—order in the present text.

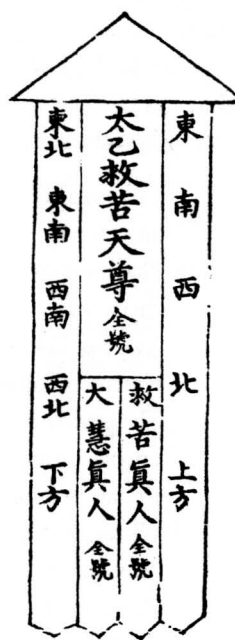


FIGURE 46. Funerary banner for summoning and guiding the soul (466 292.14b)

A small number of documents in the first juan (13a–29a), specifically intended for the worship of saints or for healing and exorcism, are not mentioned in the 466 *Jidu jinshu* manual, as these rites are not included there. Juan 2 contains a "memorial for the translation into the heavens of the souls of an immortal" (*Shengdu xianhun zhang* 昇度仙魂章; 23b–24b), to be used at the occasion of the funeral of a clerical colleague (*shiyou* 師友). In 466 *Jidu jinshu* 2.18b, this memorial is mentioned as part of the program of a requiem service for the remission of sins (*duxing miezui zhai* 度星滅罪齋).

John Lagerwey

Taishang sandong biaowen 太上三洞表文

3 juan
Ming (1368–1644)?
982 (fasc. 616–617)

"Memorials of the Three Caverns of the Most High." This is a collection of formularies for a complete requiem service of an unspecified kind. It contains a complete set for the *liandu* 鍊度 (salvation through sublimation) rituals but offers no indications as to the composition of the service, the kind of officiants, or the books to be recited.

Kristofer Schipper

Lingbao dalian neizhi xingchi jiyao 靈寶大鍊內旨行持機要

3 fols.
407 (fasc. 191)

"Summary for the Practice of the Esoteric Instructions of the Great Lingbao Sublimation Rite." This summary is also found in 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa*. A *Neilian dazhi* 內鍊大旨 is mentioned by JIANG SHUYU (508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 24.11a), who incorporates this internal sublimation rite into the ritual for the destruction of hell (24.9b–11a). Translations of the two versions of the text are found in Boltz ("Opening the gates of purgatory") and Lagerwey (*Taoist ritual*). Boltz (*A survey of Taoist literature*, 29) suggests a Shenxiao origin for the text but provides no evidence for this attribution.

The *Dalian neizhi* describes the salvation of souls from the point of view of the transformations performed by the Taoist master within his body (this performance is called "transformation in a gourd"; 1a). Beginning with a *mise en scène* of the celestial assembly described in the first phrases of the *Duren jing* 度人經, the rite consists in the transformation of hell—the region below the navel—into a Pure Land by two Jiuku tianzun 救苦天尊 wrapped in the light of the eyes, followed by the ascension of the souls in hell via the spinal column to the heart and then up the twelve stories of the trachea to enter into audience before the Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊. Along the way,

as in the external version of these rites, the souls receive a “writ of pardon,” are bathed, cleanly dressed, and nourished with “sweet dew.” The audience concludes with the fusion of the souls with Yuanshi tianzun in “the double forgetting of self and things.”

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John Lagerwey

Da Ming xuanjiao licheng zhajiao yi 大明玄教立成齋醮儀

20 fols.

Compiled by Song Zongzhen 宋宗真 et al.; prefaces dated 1374

467 (fasc. 264)

“Standard Ritual of the Great Ming for Taoist Retreats and Offerings.” This work is preceded by two prefaces. The first preface—dated Hongwu 7, eleventh month—is by the emperor Taizu; the second, dated to the twenty-third day of the same month (26 December 1374), is by the compilers Song Zongzhen, Zhao Yunzhong 趙允中, Fu Tongxu 傅同虛, Deng Zhongxiu 鄧仲修, and Zhou Xuanzhen 周玄真. Deng and Zhou are known from biographies written by Song Lian 宋濂 (*Song xueshi wenji* 63.7a–8b and 13.6b–8a). Deng’s biography mentions that he and Song Zongzhen, abbot of the Chaotian gong 朝天宮 in the capital (Nanking), were ordered by the emperor to compile “a ritual of prayers and sacrifices.”

The preface by the emperor Taizu seems to suggest that he wished to reduce Taoist liturgy to this single three-day ritual of salvation. He would have dispensed with Taoism and Buddhism altogether, but Confucian texts alone were not enough to lead people to virtuous behavior, and even literati needed priests for funerals. Nonetheless, Taizu attempted to discontinue the *gongde* 功德 rites, which lasted seven days and forbade the recitation of scriptures for obtaining the pardon of the sins of the deceased. The emperor therefore ordered the Office of Rites to have both Buddhists and Taoists prepare a text for universal use, in conformity with his wishes.

The compilers’ preface praises the wisdom of the emperor, who, in “cutting away excess in order to return to simplicity,” renewed the way of the immortals.

The text, which is for an “offering of three days for the salvation of the dead,” is preceded by the programs of that ritual and of reduced forms that lasted only a day or a day and a night.

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Taishang sandong shenzhou 太上三洞神咒

12 juan

Ming (1386–1644)

78 (fasc. 33–35)

“Divine Spells from the Most High Three Caverns.” A vast, unsigned, undated collection of invocations, incantations, spells, magic formulas, and prayers for ritual purposes. The spells, loosely classified under vague headings placed at the beginning of each juan, are mainly exorcistic in nature. Only juan 6 and juan 12 have formulas that accompany rituals for the salvation of souls and the repose of the dead. The collection opens with a version of the famous Divine Spell of Golden Light (*Jinguang shenzhou* 金光神咒), in which the text is interspersed with pseudo-Sanskrit (*dhāraṇī*). Exactly the same esoteric version can be found in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 89.2a. Many other formulas are those of today’s popular practice, for example, the Spell for Pacifying the Earth God (*an tudi zhou* 安土地咒; 9.5a). The same juan has a popular spell to be pronounced when burning sacrificial money (*huaqian zhou* 化錢咒; 9.3b). It seems safe, therefore, to date this collection to the Ming dynasty.

Kristofer Schipper

3.B.3.e Hymnology

Jinlu zhai sandong zanyong yi 金籙齋三洞讚詠儀

3 juan

Compiled by ZHANG SHANGYING 張商英; between 1100–1125

310 (fasc. 161)

“Hymns for Golden Register Retreats of the Three Caverns.” This collection of hymns was compiled by imperial order when ZHANG SHANGYING was minister under Huizong (r. 1100–1125), perhaps in conjunction with the publication of the Lingbao Ritual of the Golden Register (*Jinlu lingbao daochang yifan* 金籙靈寶道場儀範) in 1108 (see *Song shi* 20.380). The collection includes hymns written by the emperors Taizong (r. 976–997), Zhenzong (r. 997–1022), and Huizong. It is probable that Zhang did no more than add the hymns of his imperial patron, for a collection of the hymns of Taizong and Zhenzong in two juan existed already (VDL 91). The hymns of Huizong are also found in 607 *Yuyin fashi* 3.16b–23b.

John Lagerwey

Yuyin fashi 玉音法事

3 juan

Ming (1368–1644)?

607 (fasc. 333)

“Precious Tones of Liturgy.” This is the most annotated hymnal in the *Daozang*. It contains the major hymns chanted in the Lingbao liturgy. The first two juan list these hymns, in abridged versions, more or less in the order in which they occur in major rituals. The hymns are accompanied by elaborate neumatic notations. No other full examples of these notations have been preserved in China, and therefore, these juan provide important materials for the history of Chinese music (see Demiéville, “Bombai”). The last juan contains the complete ritual for the recitation of sacred scriptures (*qi jingwen* 啓經文), followed by the complete texts of some major hymns (3.16b ff.) and psalmodies.

The *qi jingwen* gives indications differentiating between the ritual texts to be used for Pure Offerings (*qingjiao* 清醮) for the living, on the one hand, and “Yellow Register (*huanglu* 黃籙) Retreats (requiem services) for the deceased, on the other. Although it is not yet exactly known at what moment this distinction became current, it is definitely a development of Southern Song or later Taoism. Since Emperor Hui-zong, as author of a number of important hymns, is indicated as the Lord of the Tao of the Song Dynasty (Song Daojun 宋道君), it is obvious that the present hymnology is from a later dynasty, probably the Ming.

The neumatic notations indicate the voice modulations for each word, specifying the vocalizations and, probably, the emphasis to be given. It is impossible to interpret these neumes today. They do suggest, however, that some hymns, like the Pacing the Void (*buxu* 步虛) stanzas (1.1a–6b), were chanted in a slow tempo, whereas others, such as the Hymn of the Three Sufferings (*santu song* 三塗頌; 2.12a–b) appear to have had a faster rhythm.

Prominent among the hymns are the *buxu* stanzas of the canonical 1439 *Dongxuan lingbao yujing shan buxu jing*, which had been part of the solemn Lingbao rituals since the early Six Dynasties (see 1439 *Buxu jing*). Next come the *buxu* hymns for the imperial Golden Register Retreat (1.5a–6b and 3.23b); these hymns were written by Song Hui-zong. All other pieces—like the Triple Opening (*sanqi* 三啓) hymns by LU XIUJING, originally composed to be chanted before the reading of the 1 *Lingbao Wu-liang duren shangpin miaojing* 1 (1.9b–12b), or the magnificent psalms Joy of the Three (3.16b–19b)—are easily identified.

At the end of the work we find the poems that accompany the solemn clothing of the Great Master; they have to be pronounced for each piece of his attire, beginning with the shoes, then the crown, the skirt, and so on. These poems were apparently

chanted by acolytes, although nowadays they are pronounced by the master himself while he puts on his robes.

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Kristofer Schipper

Zhu shizhen gao 諸師真誥

17 fols.

Yuan (1279–1368) or Ming (1368–1644)

309 (fasc. 161)

“Invocation of Masters and Zhenren.” This is a collection of forty-one Laudatory Invocations (*gao* 誥) and Precious Titles (*baobao* 寶號) of the major gods, patriarchs, and matriarchs of the pantheon, for liturgical purposes. The Precious Titles are arranged in a loose hierarchical order, beginning with the Three Pure Ones, Yuhuang 玉皇 (*Miluo hao* 彌羅號; 2a), Tianhuang 天皇 (the Gouchen 勾陳 star), and Beiji 北極 (Ziwei 紫微). Then follow the patron saint Zitong dijun 梓潼帝君 (10b) and the patriarchs of the Quanzhen 全真 order (12a and 13a), the Qingwei school 清微 (13a), the Southern school 南宗 (14a), the different Thunder magic schools, and others.

Kristofer Schipper

Sandong zansong lingzhang 三洞讚頌靈章

3 juan

Yuan (1279–1368)?

314 (fasc. 162)

“Supernatural Stanzas, Hymns, and Lauds of the Three Grottoes.” The hymns (*song* 頌) and stanzas (*zhang* 章) are usually in seven-word verse; the songs (*ge* 歌) and lauds (*zan* 讚) in five-word verse.

The text could have been compiled during the Yuan dynasty in the milieu of the Maoshan 茅山 movement. In 3.11b–13a, there is a Laud to the Heaven of the Lord of Pervading Mystery, Chongmiao xiansheng 沖妙先生.” This title is probably the *hao* of Jiang Zongying 蔣宗瑛 (d. 1281), thirty-eighth patriarch of the Shangqing lineage, author of a commentary to the *Dadong jing* 大洞經 (according to the 304 *Maoshan zhi* 12.9b), a text that recurs frequently in the third chapter as the object of lauds.

But the same *hao* could also refer to Li Sicong 李思聰, a Taoist of the Xiangfu gong 祥符宮 (Kaifeng area, founded between 1008 and 1016), author of 1063 *Dongyuan ji* in nine juan, the preface of which is dated 1050.

Giovanni Vitiello

Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui lizan 太上洞玄靈寶智慧禮讚

7 fols.

Ming (1368–1644)?

609 (fasc. 334)

“Hymns of Wisdom from the Lingbao Liturgical Canon.” The present text borrows its title from the first item in this small collection of hymns and recitations for the Lingbao Retreat: the “Taishang zhihui lizan 太上智慧禮讚” in eight stanzas, from 425 *Shangqing taiji yinzhū yujing baojue* 18a–20a and given here in its complete form. The remaining hymns, with the titles “tujian song 土簡頌,” “jiangzhen 降真,” and “xiezhēn 謝真,” are of unidentified and apparently modern origin. The last part of the text has an elaborate version of the Homage to the Ten Directions (“li shifang 禮十方”) and the *chanhui* 懺悔 recitations.

It is uncertain whether the term *mingdai* 明代 (5b) should be read as a reference to the dynasty of that name.

Kristofer Schipper

Da Ming yuzhi xuanjiao yuezhang 大明御製玄教樂章

10 fols.

First half of the fifteenth century

981 (fasc. 616)

“Collection of Imperial Hymns of the Ming Dynasty.” This work is composed of hymns for Offerings and for the cults of the Xu brothers and of Xuantian shangdi. All hymns are accompanied by *gongchi* musical notation. Since the emperor Chengzu (r. 1403–1424) was intimately associated with both of the above cults, undoubtedly these hymns must be attributed to him. The hymns for the Xu brothers’ cult are perhaps those mentioned in the table of contents of, but no longer extant in, 1470 *Xuxian zhenlu* 4; all the documents in that juan of 1470 *Xuxian zhenlu* date to the years 1417–1419.

John Lagerwey

3.B.4 Shangqing

In the late Tang (618–907) and early Song (960–1279), the Shangqing lineage became identified with Maoshan 茅山, the holy mountain of Jiangsu. This center enjoyed the patronage of many emperors, and the great Song Huizong (r. 1100–1125) even became a close friend of one of the abbots, LIU HUNKANG, whom the emperor

presented with many paintings from his own hand. The most conspicuous monument to the glory of the Maoshan center was, however, the magnificent chronicle 304 *Maoshan zhi*, published around 1330 under the auspices of the Xuanjiao patriarch WU QUANJIE. The most celebrated writers and artists of the period contributed to this prestigious publication.

The Maoshan patriarchs did much to preserve their literary heritage, and they edited many texts, including the important *Dadong zhenjing* 大洞真經, which, in spite of its high status among the Shangqing scriptures, apparently had never been fully edited before.

Like the other great centers, the Maoshan was touched by the wave of newly revealed esoteric, mostly exorcistic, rites. Among many such rites, we may quote the revelation by the Most High Lord Lao of 632 *Taishang taizhong tiantong huming miaojing* (full of pseudo-Sanskrit *dhāraṇī*) to the illiterate leper Liang Guangying 梁光映, who worked as a servant at the Yuchen guan.

Also influential and perhaps related is the Tongchu fu 童初府 exorcist lineage that originated on Maoshan in the early thirteenth century. The rites of this lineage are preserved in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan*. Here we find a *Shangqing tongchu wuyuan sufu yuce zhengfa* 上清童初五元素府玉冊正法 (juan 171–178), with a colophon of the liturgist JIN YUNZHONG, author of 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa*. Along with the other great exorcistic rites from Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 and Shenxiao 神霄, the Tongchu fu methods were adopted into the great liturgical synthesis of the Southern Song.

3.B.4.a Scriptures

Shangqing dadong zhenjing 上清大洞真經

6 juan

Preface by ZHU ZIYING 朱自英 (974–1029); edited by Jiang Zongying 蔣宗瑛 (d. 1281); colophons by Cheng Gongduan 程公端 (dated 1272) and Zhang Yuchu 張宇初 (1361–1410)

6 (fasc. 16–17)

“True Scripture of the Great Cavern of Shangqing.” The present edition of the *Dadong zhenjing* 大洞真經 is the closest of all the extant versions to the Shangqing original, which was a collection of stanzas that described the wanderings of the deities in the heavens, their manifestations in the human body, and their intercession for the salvation of the adepts and their ancestors. The recitation of the stanzas was accompanied by visualizations of these deities in the body. For these reasons, the *Dadong zhenjing* is considered the text that established the link between the domains of the body and those of the heavens. The stanzas, which abound with names of deities and of their

heavenly abodes, cannot be understood without the revealed commentary as given in YJQQ 8.1a–14a and without a full understanding of Shangqing terminology.

The present version was edited by the thirty-eighth Maoshan patriarch, Jiang Zongying. His biography in 304 *Maoshan zhi* states that he wrote a commentary to the *Dadong yujing* 大洞玉經. Jiang's edition was printed by his disciple Cheng Gongduan, who states that this *Dadong jing* was transmitted at the main sanctuary of the Shangqing tradition on Maoshan "for more than 1,000 years" (see the Cheng's colophon). The text we have here is from a later printing by a daoshi from Fujian named Xiong Changyi 熊常一 (see ZHANG YUCHU's colophon).

The preface is signed by the twenty-third Maoshan patriarch, ZHU ZIYING. The work 103 *Yuqing wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing zhu* 1.7a mentions ZHU ZIYING as the author of a commentary on the *Dadong jing*. The preface is, for the greater part, composed by excerpts from 1313 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing* (11a and 7b) and from 1314 *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* (3a–b). There are colophons by Cheng Gongduan (dated 1272) and by the Forty-third Heavenly Master, ZHANG YUCHU.

Comparison of the present version with the annotations on the variant readings of the *Dadong jing* given in 104 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing yujue yinyi* by CHEN JINGYUAN and in 103 *Xianjing zhu* by Wei Qi 衛琪 shows that this text is not what these scholars called "the Maoshan version" (*Maoshan ben* 茅山本; cf., for instance, 104 *Yujue yinyi* 3a7 with 7a9 of our text; or 103 *Xianjing zhu* 4.20a with 3.2b of our text). Also, the first part of 104 *Yujue yinyi* (1a–b9) is lacking in the present text; this passage can be found instead in 1355 *Shangqing taishang yuqing yinshu miemo shenhui gaoxuan zhenjing* 1a. Nevertheless, the present version is close to the *Maoshan ben* quoted by Chen and Wei. Our text might well correspond to the "Zhu Ziyong version," which CHEN JINGYUAN called the *Sandong fashi Guanmiao xiansheng ben* 三洞法師觀妙先生本 (Guanmiao was ZHU ZIYING's hao). Indeed, 104 *Yujue yinyi* 11a5 corresponds to our text 6.7a. We have seen that Zhu is also credited with a commentary to the *Dadong jing*. It is therefore likely that the glosses in this edition are his.

The first juan is devoted to the meditation rites to be performed in relation with the recitation of the text. Here again, most of the formulas and instructions come from other Shangqing texts, such as 1352 *Dongzhen taishang taixiao langshu* 3.5b–6a, 1355 *Gaoxuan zhenjing* 5b–6a, 1314 *Dayou miaojing* 41b–42b, and 1330 *Dongzhen Taiyi dijun taidan yinshu dongzhen xuan jing* 11b, 12a, 13a–b. Parts of these rites are similar to rituals used for the practice of the Shangqing version of the Book of the Yellow Court (*Shangqing huangting neijing jing* 上清黃庭內景經; see YJQQ 12.57a–60a).

The text of the *Dadong jing* proper begins with juan 2 and ends on 6.15b. It is divided into thirty-nine sections, a division that corresponds to the traditional version of the Shangqing school. A comparison between the original text and the revealed

commentary (as given in YJQQ 8.1a–14a; see Robinet, "Le *Ta-tung chen-ching*") allows us to distinguish the original parts and the later additions. These additions are (1) certain stanzas entitled "Dadong yujing 大洞玉經" (e.g., 2.2a); (2) the stanzas dedicated to the kings of the Yuqing 玉清 heaven; and (3) the esoteric names of the heavens and the exoteric names of the earths.

Two strata can be distinguished in the added materials. First there are the passages that originated from 1355 *Gaoxuan zhenjing* and that provide indications for the visualization of the deities of the body and the formulas to call them up. Next there are later additions that are probably due to Jiang Zongying. These are the prescriptions for visualization given just before the "Dadong yujing" stanzas and also, most probably, those that accompany the fu at the end of each section.

The present work ends with a Secret Formula of the Whirlwind and of the Fusion with the One-Ancestor (*Huafeng hunhe diyi bijue* 徊風混合帝一秘訣; 6.16a–18a), which can also be found in 254 *Dadong jinhua yujing* 10b–11b and in 1405 *Changsheng taiyuan shenyong jing* 8a–9a. This is probably an apocryphal Shangqing text that existed already at the times of TAO HONGJING (see the quotation of 421 *Dongzhen yinjue* in 104 *Yujue yinyi* 12a).

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Isabelle Robinet

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侍帝晨東華上佐司命楊君傳記

15 fols.

Song dynasty (960–1279)

1428 (fasc. 1055)

"Biography of Mr. Yang, Imperial Chamberlain, Senior Assistant of the Donghua [Palace], and Director of Destinies [of Wu 吳 and Yue 越]." This is a later work that—though based on original material in 1016 *Zhen'gao*—is not mentioned bibliographically before the twelfth century (VDL 95).

In this text, YANG XI (b. 330), who received the Shangqing revelations between 364 and 370, bears the name Yang Xihe 楊羲和, unknown in earlier times, but that reappears in some texts of the Qingwei 清微 tradition (e.g., 171 *Qingwei xianpu* 7a). According to 304 *Maoshan zhi* 10.6b, Xihe was Yang's adult name (*zi* 字). YANG XI's year of death is given as 388, slightly later than that given by TAO HONGJING (1016 *Zhen'gao* 20.11b: 386 or earlier).

Despite its later date, the present biography is almost entirely composed of passages taken verbatim from the *Zhen'gao*, that is, YANG XI's own recordings of his visionary

encounters with his celestial bride and other immortals from the Shangqing heaven. The immortals also dedicated a number of poems to him (cf. 1016 *Zhen'gao* 1.11a–18a, 2.1a–2b, 2.5b–10b, 3.10b–11a).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Dadong yujing 大洞玉經

2 juan

Colophon by Gong Detong 龔德同; early Ming (1368–1644)

7 (fasc. 18)

“True Scripture of the Great Cavern.” This is an abbreviated version of the *Dadong zhenjing*, and is generally close to the original Shangqing version. Gong Detong states that the present text is based on an annotated edition by the zhenren Zhao Taixuan 趙太玄. This edition was found in 1365 at Longhu shan (here called Hantan 漢壇 [Altar of the Han]) by Xiong Taigu 熊太古, *zi* Linchu 鄰初, an official who became a Taoist recluse at the end of the Yuan. This edition was then copied by a teacher (*lianshi* 鍊師) at Longhu shan named Zhou Lanxue 周蘭雪, who gave it to Gong.

The beginning of the text (1a–7b) is devoted to preparatory invocations and fu. One of the fu, the *Chenling fu* 震靈符 on page 2b, is linked traditionally to the *Dadong zhenjing* (see 1313 *Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing* 16a and 413 *Shangqing pei fuwen boquan jue* 4a), although it is lacking in the edition by Jiang Zongying (6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing*), whereas the long invocation on pages 4a–5b can be found in Jiang's edition on pages 1.9a–10b. This invocation comes originally from 1355 *Shangqing taishang yuqing yinshu miemo shenhui gaoxuan zhenjing* 5a–6a. The preparatory practices as they are given here are thus within the Shangqing tradition.

The text of the stanzas is virtually the same as in Jiang's edition (where the stanzas are quoted as *Dadong yujing*), but the present version is more complete. For instance, the commentary on the expression *yuming* 羽明 in 1.8a is also given in the revealed commentary quoted in YJQQ 8.3b, but it is lacking in Jiang's edition. The same revealed commentary gives a number of additional hymns and “sounds” of the heavens that are lacking here but that are quoted in Jiang's edition. To conclude: the text of the *Dadong yujing* is more complete here, but other elements that belonged to the *Dadong zhenjing* are absent.

The glosses are placed after the stanzas. They are of a textual nature and follow the revealed commentary as quoted in YJQQ 8.1a–14a.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing dadong zhenjing yujue yinyi 上清大洞真經玉訣音義

16 fols.

By CHEN JINGYUAN 陳景元 (1025–1094)

104 (fasc. 54)

“Jade Instructions and Phonetic Explanations on the Scripture of the Great Cavern.” This is a collection of philological notes on the *Dadong zhenjing* and related texts. The author uses and compares a number of different versions of the *Dadong zhenjing*, the most important of which are the versions by ZHU ZIYING (6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing*) and Huangfu Xi 皇甫希, both of the period 1023–1031. For variant readings Chen also consulted the *Yiqie daojing yinyi* 一切道經音義 by SHI CHONG—now lost (see 1123 *Yiqie daojing yinyi miaomen youqi*)—and an unknown “old manuscript” (*guben* 古本).

Other related texts treated here:

- The Hidden Texts of the Inner Invocations (*neizhu yinwen* 內祝隱文) of the *Miemo shenhui yujing yinshu* (see 1355 *Shangqing taishang yuqing yinshu miemo shenhui gaoxuan zhenjing*)
- The Precious Glosses of the Old Lord (*daojun yuzhu* 道君玉注) which corresponds to the revealed commentary partially preserved in YJQQ 8.1a–18b
- The Method of the Return to the Origin (*huiyuan fa* 迴元法) as given in 1377 *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue* 4b–11a
- The Cinnabar Stanzas in Purple Writing (*ziwen danzhang* 紫文丹章), which come from 1355 *Gaoxuan zhenjing* 37b–42b
- The Superior Method of the Hundred Gods (*baishen shangfa* 百神上法) from the beginning of 1360 *Shangqing jiutian shangdi zhu baishen neiming jing*. This text gives the names of the heavens and the earths that are placed at the end of each section of 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing*.

Isabelle Robinet

Shangqing taishang kaitian longqiao jing 上清太上開天龍蹻經

5 juan

Song (960–1279)?

1354 (fasc. 1037)

“Book of the Dragon Stilts That Open up Heaven, a Supreme Purity Scripture of the Most High.” A book called *longqiao* 龍蹻 (Dragon Stilts) is mentioned in the library of GE HONG, as well as in the books that the Queen Mother of the West gave to Han Wudi (r. 140–87 B.C.; see 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan*). No early work with this title has survived.

The present scripture belongs to a later stage. In spite of its title, there seems to be no direct relationship with the Shangqing scriptures. The work is presented as the

teachings received from the immortal Ning Fengzi 寧封子 (see 294 *Liexian zhuan* 1.1b), which is not part of the Maoshan revelations. A *Shangqing taishang longqiao jing* 上清太上龍蹻經 is mentioned in 304 *Maoshan zhi* 9.4a as part of the holdings of the Maoshan library in the Yuan period. It is difficult to say whether this was the same work we have here. A *Shangqing taishang longqiao jingtu* 上清太上龍蹻經圖 with talismans is mentioned as lost in 1430 *Daozang quejing mulu* 1.2a.

A *Lingbao longqiao zhi jing* 靈寶龍蹻之經 is quoted in the *Daomen dalun* 道門大論 (in YJQQ 6.4b): “Long ago, Huangdi . . . at the Qingcheng shan 青城山 met Lord Ning Feng and received from him the *Lingbao longqiao zhi jing*.” This could be a reference to our book, except that the meeting between these two figures in our text does not take place on Qingcheng shan but on Yuntai shan 雲臺山. Later in the *Daomen dalun*, the twelve categories of texts in the Taoist canon are presented with slight differences from those listed in the presented text. Moreover, whenever the revelation is presented by Ning Fengzi, he mentions the book as *Taishang kaitian yuanzhi pinjing* 太上開天元置品經. Only on the last page is a *longqiao* 龍蹻 talisman mentioned. The scripture is divided into thirteen chapters (*pin* 品), and many of these carry the epithet *yuanzhi* 元置 (originally established). The present book is indeed quoted as *Kaitian yuanzhi pinjing* in 723 *Daode zhenjing jiyi dazhi*, by Liu Weiyong 劉惟永 and Ding Yidong 丁易東 (dated 1299; 1.4a), and this long quotation is consistent with 3.5b in the present work. We may therefore consider that *Kaitian yuanzhi pinjing* is the correct title of the scripture.

There is a consistent logical structure to the whole work that develops a complete Taoist cosmology. This framework starts out from the well-known Three Qi of the Tianshi dao 天師道 theology: *xuan* 玄, *yuán* 元, and *shi* 始. These pneumata created the Three Caverns (*sandong* 三洞) and their scriptures. The scriptural body of the Sandong canon is subdivided into thirty-six parts, and three times twelve categories is the very model of the structure of the universe and the human body. There are, however, numerous repetitions and unnecessary elaborations, suggesting that the present work is an expansion and a rewriting of an ancient text.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Shangqing danyuan yuzhen dibuang feixian shangjing

上清丹元玉真帝皇飛仙上經

5 fols.

404 (fasc. 191)

“Superior Book of the Flying Immortals by the Sovereign of Precious Truth Cinnabar Origin, a Shangqing Scripture.” This book contains a series of exercises for the absorption of stellar effluvia. The exercises are from the Shangqing tradition but are not linked explicitly to any of its canons. The postface declares that this text was re-

vealed by Lord Wang, superintendent of the Zhenren (Xicheng zongzhen wangjun 西城總真王君), who transmitted it not only to the Lord Mao 茅君 but also to a Lord Cai 蔡君, zhenren of Wenshui 汶水真人 (a river in Shandong). The same saint is also mentioned in 994 *Shangqing taiyuan shenlong qiongtai chengjing shangxuan yuzhang*.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang yuchen yuyi jielin ben riyue tu 太上玉晨鬱儀結璘奔日月圖

17 fols.

Southern Song dynasty (1127–1279)?

435 (fasc. 196)

“Illustrated Version of the Flight to the Sun and the Moon of Yuyi and Jielin, of the Supreme Heaven of Jade Aurora.” The book describes the method of flying to the sun and the moon (*ben riyue zhi dao* 奔日月之道) (fig. 47), which according to the texts of the Shangqing tradition was transmitted originally by Taisu zhenren 太素真人

to Pei Xuanren 裴玄仁 (see *Qingling zhenren Pei jun zhuan* 清靈真人裴君傳, in YJQQ 105). Parts of the method are included in Pei’s biography in YJQQ 105, and it is elaborated further in several of the early Shangqing scriptures, notably, 639 *Huangtian shangqing jingque dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing* and 1376 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiuze zhongjing* 2. A new version of the method was invented within the Yutang dafa 玉堂大法 tradition founded by LU SHIZHONG in the 1120s (see 220 *Wushang xuanyuan santian yutang dafa*).

The present book combines elements from all of the above-mentioned sources, opening with a series of excerpts from the biography of Lord Pei (1a; cf. YJQQ 105.16a and 17a; 2a–b; cf. YJQQ 105.20b, 21b, 20a, 19a; 2b–3b; cf. YJQQ 105.19b–20a, 22b, 18b,

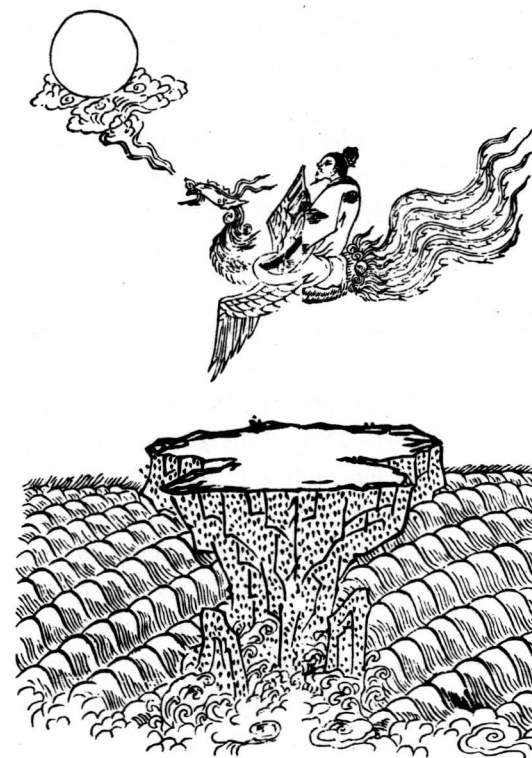


FIGURE 47. Flying to the moon on a phoenix (435 12a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/432)

21a–b). The book continues with quotations from a *Yutang zongzhi* 玉堂宗旨 (i.e., 221 *Wushang santian yutang zhengzong gaoben neijing yushu*) and from the *Lingshu ziwen* 靈書紫文 (6a–b; cf. 639 *Lingshu ziwen* 4a–b, 6b–7a, passim). The prominent position of the Yutang dafa elements in the exposition of the method would seem to indicate that the book was compiled within the framework of this tradition, and thus most likely during the Southern Song.

Poul Andersen

Taishang taiqing tiantong huming miaojing 太上太清天童護命妙經

5 fols.

632 (fasc. 321)

Taishang taiqing huanglao dijun yunlei tiantong yinfan xianjing

太上泰清皇老帝君運雷天童隱梵仙經

3 fols.

633 (fasc. 321)

The *Taishang taiqing tiantong huming miaojing* (“Life Protecting Book of the Heavenly Lads of Utmost Purity, [Spoken] by the Most High) is a short spell of less than 300 characters and is attributed here to Liang Guangying 梁光映, alias Liang Wuzhen 梁悟真, who received it from Laojun in 1109 or 1112. This work 633 *Taishang taiqing huanglao dijun yunlei tiantong yinfan xianjing* (Immortal Scripture of the Heavenly Lads in the Secret Language of Brahman) is the same text, enriched with added phrases in pseudo-Sanskrit. The dating and attribution of both texts are problematic.

The *Junzhai dushu zhi* lists a *Tiantong huming miaojing* 天童護命妙經 and says that the *Handan tushu zhi* 邯鄲圖書志 has a similar entry, which may mean that our text was already extant in the middle of the eleventh century (VDL 84). The YJQQ 122.16a–b has a preface by Song Zhenzong (r. 997–1022) to the *Tiantong huming miaojing*, appended to DU GUANGTING’s 590 *Daojiao lingyan ji* 道教靈驗記. This preface is followed by an anecdote relating a miracle that occurred in 892, occasioned by reciting the text; the anecdote is not found in other versions of the *Daojiao lingyan ji*. Both texts (preface and anecdote) are put at the end of the YJQQ. They may well be a later addition. This preface is also reproduced in 770 *Hunyuan shengji* 9.39b–40a.

According to 770 *Hunyuan shengji* 9.45b–46a, Liang Guangying, a leper, entered the Yuchen guan 玉晨觀 on Maoshan as a serf in 1112. His duty was to fetch water from the pond in front of the monastery. After several years, Laojun appeared to him, saying: “Do you know my *Tiantong huming miaojing*? It has been in circulation in this world since a long time.” When Liang avowed that he did not know it, Laojun taught it to him and told him to recite it over water that would heal him and others of leprosy. A note appended to this story states that the text revealed on this occasion was

the *Tiantong huming miaojing* “current today.” The *Hunyuan shengji* was presented to the throne in 1191. Our text has a long colophon (dated 1144) attributed to Fu Xiao 傅霄, the author of 1050 *Huayang Tao yinju ji*. Fu (or the anonymous author) states that he was inspired to write this colophon by the *Hunyuan shengji*, an obvious contradiction. However, the colophon gives 1109 as the date of the revelation and calls the text revealed to Liang a version, “with added phrases” (Yuchen guan shiben 玉晨觀石本), of the *Jiaju Tiantong huming miaojing* 加句天童護命妙經.

The work 304 *Maoshan zhi* 9.9a mentions a stele of this very text in the Yuchen guan, saying that it was “revealed in 1109 to Liang Wuzhen.” The same source mentions (18.1b) that this stele was located in the Ruixiang dian 瑞像殿, dedicated to a Tang statue of Laojun, a fact that concurs with the contents of the colophon. The discrepancy in the date of the revelation—vis-à-vis that given in the *Hunyuan shengji*—may well be explained by the fact that the latter text tries to link this event to political developments of the times. The epithet “with added phrases,” used for the version revealed to Liang, would seem to indicate that Liang’s version was not the present text.

On the other hand, 633 *Yinfan xianjing* is a version to which phrases of pseudo-Sanskrit (*dhāraṇī*) were added between the sentences of the original text, corresponding to the description “with added phrases.” Such additions are in keeping with the vogue for pseudo-Sanskrit in Taoist texts of the Huizong (r. 1100–1125) and early Southern Song (1127–1279) periods. If 633 *Yinfan xianjing* corresponds to the revelation to Liang, then 632 *Tiantong huming miaojing* could be the older version mentioned in the *Junzhai dushu zhi*. This version has been, and is still today, used widely for liturgical purposes (see 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 5.9b).

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing wuying zhentong heyong neibian yujing

上清無英真童合遊內變玉經

3 fols.

988 (fasc. 618)

“Precious Book of Inner Transformation, of the Harmonious Voyage of the True Lad of Void Luminosity, a Shangqing Canon.” This is a small treatise on a meditation technique, wherein the god Wuying is visualized, and then seen roaming through the body, according to (*he* 合) a cyclical sequence. The method was revealed to the Green Lad, Jade Keeper King (Yubao wang Qingtong daojun 玉保王青童道君). Wuying is first mentioned in 303 *Ziyang zhenren neizhuan* (see Porkert, *Biographie d’un taoïste légendaire*, 101 ff.) as one of the triad of great gods of the body. Of minor importance in the Shangqing pantheon, this deity, assimilated to the immortal embryo, was largely adopted by Lingbao scriptures.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing shenbao dongfang zhenhui shangjing 上清神寶洞房真諱上經

7 fols.

989 (fasc. 618)

“Superior Book [Revealing] the True Secret Names of the Arcane Chambers, a Divine Treasure of the Shangqing Canon.” The present text, which is cognate with 988 *Shangqing wuying zhentong heyou neipian yujing*, presents itself as a sūtra-like revelation by the Green Lad, Jade Keeper King (Yubao wang Qingtong daojun 玉保王青童道君) of the esoteric names of the spirits of the body. The practices of visualizing the latter and “gathering the florescence” of the cosmic bodies are also described.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang dongzhen wuxing bishou jing 太上洞真五星秘授經

5 fols.

44 (fasc. 29)

“Revealed Scripture on the Five Planets of the Most High Dongzhen.” If this text is linked by its title (Dongzhen 洞真) to the Shangqing literature on the Five Planets, and by its form to the revealed scriptures of the Lingbao canon, it resembles in conception and content two Dongzhen texts with the term *wuxing* 五星 (Five Planets) in their titles: 976 *Taishang dongzhen wuxing zan* 五星譜 and 657 *Taishang dongzhen wuxing zhusu ri Yue hunchang jing*. A *Lingbao wuxing bishou jing* 靈寶五星秘授經 is mentioned in the list of the *Bishu sheng xubian dao siku queshu mu* (VDL 99).

Whenever certain astral divinities—nine of the eleven lords of 43 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo shiyi yao da xiaozai shenzhou jing* are mentioned here—shine upon a given region of Earth, a natural catastrophe occurs. The severity of the disaster is a result of the sins that are reported to Heaven by the spiritual officers of the nine provinces on the days of the Three Principles. Therefore, Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊 not only reveals the appropriate incantations for each of the divinities mentioned, but also describes their clothing so that people can make images of them and worship them, especially on the days of the Three Principles.

As in the case of 43 *Shenzhou jing*, the recitation of the present text is mentioned in 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* 33.5b. The two texts are also mentioned together in 1225 *Daomen kefan daquan ji* 45.1b.

John Lagerwey

Shangqing bidao jiu jing huiyao heshen shangzhen yujing

上清祕道九精回曜合神上真玉經

4 fols.

993 (fasc. 619)

“Precious Book of the Superior Zhenren for Harmonizing the Spirit with the Returned Efflorescences of the Nine Stars, a Secret Way of the Shangqing.” This book

contains a late and popular method describing how to meditate on the stars of the Dipper and absorb their rays, which are assimilated in the adept's body. In addition, the text gives a simple recipe for abstaining from grains (*pigu* 辟穀; 4b).

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing taiyuan shenlong qiongtai chengjing shangxuan yuzhang

上清太淵神龍瓊胎乘景上玄玉章

5 fols.

994 (fasc. 619)

“Precious Text of the Carnelian Embryo of the Divine Dragon from the Great Abyss, for Riding the Rays to the Mysterious on High, a Shangqing Canon.” Revealed by the Zhenren of Wenshui 汶水真人, this text contains an unusual method of visualizing and absorbing a mystic dragon pearl (*shenlong zhi zhu* 神龍之珠; 1a). The text is cognate with 404 *Shangqing danyuan yuzhen dihuang feixian shangjing*.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangqing daobao jing 上清道寶經

5 juan

Song (960–1279)?

1353 (fasc. 1036–1037)

“Shangqing Book of Treasures of the Tao.” This is an encyclopedia of Taoism, based mostly but not exclusively on the Shangqing scriptures. The materials are classified according to topic; topics range from the scriptures and the pantheon to practice and dietetics. The method consists of quoting phrases and expressions from different unidentified sources (sometimes in duplication, see the entry on the *Dadong zhenjing* on 1.5b and 4.2b) followed by detailed explanations, some of which are quite lengthy.

The present work is quoted several times in 397 *Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen yuzhang jing jie* by Wang Xichao 王希巢, *zi* Yinxian 隱賢, and dated 1205. The citations can be traced in this work; see, for instance, 1.23a and 3.14a.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

3.B.4.b Registers**Shangqing dantian sanqi yuhuang liuchen feigang siming dalu**

上清丹天三氣玉皇六辰飛綱司命大籙

14 fols.

675 (fasc. 353)

“Shangqing Register of Flying Steps of the Six Stars That Govern Fate of the Jade Sovereign of the Three Pneumata of the Cinnabar Heaven.” This long and unstructured title, with its Shangqing epithet, designates a modern talismanic register of the



FIGURE 48. Meditating Taoist (675 3a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/670)

six stars of the (fictitious) Southern Dipper (Nandou 南斗), the constellation of Long Life. The text explains and illustrates how to meditate on these deities, as well as on their ladies (see figs. 48–51).

The dance steps (*feibu* 飛步 or *fei-gang* 飛綱) on the Southern Dipper pattern to which the title of this text refers are mentioned only in two talismans (2a–b). They were to be drawn on the soles of the adept's feet. The dance pattern itself is not mentioned further. It is described in some detail in 638 *Taishang feibu nandou taiwei yujing*.

Kristofer Schipper



FIGURE 49. Vestments (675 3b–4a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/670)

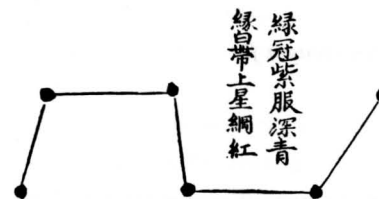


FIGURE 50. Meditation on the Dipper while reclining (675 4b–5a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/670)



FIGURE 51. Jade Maidens (675 7b–8a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/670)

3.B.4.c Rituals

Dongxuan lingbao zhenren xiuxing yannian yisuan fa

洞玄靈寶真人修行延年益算法

12 fols.

1271 (fasc. 1003)

“Longevity Methods of the Zhenren.” This collection of minor rites and rules is placed under the aegis of the Dongxuan Lingbao canon. It is a patchwork of quotations from different sources. Both 1016 *Zhen’gao* and 421 *Dengzhen yinjue* are quoted twice. Further implicit citations from the *Zhen’gao* include 8a, 9a–b, 10b, and 11a.

Isabelle Robinet

3.B.5 Tianxin Zhengfa and Related Rites

The Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 (Correct Method of the Heart of Heaven) was founded at the beginning of the Song period (960–1279) by the scholars TAN ZIXIAO and RAO DONGTIAN. In 994, on Mount Huagai 華蓋 in central Jiangxi, Rao discovered a set of “the secret formulas of the Heart of Heaven” (*tianxin bishi* 天心秘式). These formulas were considered to have belonged originally to Zhang Daoling 張道陵, in his capacity of chief of the Department of Exorcism (Quxie yuan 驅邪院). They concerned a form of exorcism, especially for illnesses caused by possession (*sui* 祟), known as *kaozhao fa* 考召法 (the method of inspecting [demons] and summoning [spirits]). Four saints (*sisheng* 四聖) identified with a constellation around the Pole Star—Tianpeng 天蓬, Tianyou 天猷, Yisheng 翊聖 (previously Heisha 黑殺; see 1285 *Yisheng baode zhuan*), and Zhenwu 真武—were at the center of these exorcisms. One of the characteristics of the method is that the talismans used to expel demons are made in the likeness of the four saints. During the Song period, shrines were erected for the worship of these deities (see 958 *Xuantian shangdi qisheng lu* 2.13a–b). Moreover, the great popularity of the rites in Song times can be seen from works such as 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* by Yuan Miaozong 元妙宗—which was compiled, according to its preface of 1116, for inclusion in the new Taoist canon of Song Huizong (r. 1100–1125)—as well as from stories in the *Yijian zhi* by Hong Mai 洪邁 (1123–1203). See also the cognate scripture 1412 *Taishang yuanshi tianzun shuo beidi fumo shenzhou miaojing*, discussed under the cult of Beidi.

Although it does not seem that the Tianxin zhengfa became institutionalized in the form of a special Taoist order, it did promulgate its own rules—for both its officiants and the deities involved—with its exorcistic practices (see, for instance, 461 *Shangqing*

gusui lingwen guiliu). It also established initiation grades and titles, which later merged with those of the Shenxiao rites (see *Taishang tiantan yuge* 太上天壇玉格 and *Taishang hundong chiwen nüqing zhaoshu tianlü* 太上混洞赤文女青詔書天律 in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 249–52).

In the early Southern Song period (1127–1279), a local official named LU SHI-ZHONG developed the Yutang dafa 玉堂大法 after he had had a vision of Zhao Sheng 趙昇, Zhang Daoling’s foremost disciple, who showed him where to find secret texts on Maoshan 茅山. Thus we have here exorcistic rituals of the Tianxin zhengfa type that also make extensive use of traditional meditation techniques of the Shangqing tradition; they are, moreover, adapted to the performance of the Yellow Register Retreat (*huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋) for the salvation of the deceased.

A final important document of this tradition is 1015 *Jinsuo liuzhu yin* (Guide to the Golden Lock and the Moving Pearls), a vast manual of *kaozhao* 考召 rites that was developed from the Tianxin zhengfa (see 4.6a). Attributed to the Tang worthy Li Chunfeng 李淳風 (602–670) and, moreover, to Zhang Daoling, Zhao Sheng, Mao Ying 茅盈, and many other saints, the work also mentions Yuhuang shangdi 玉皇上帝 (26.4b, 23.13a). The title of Yuhuang was conferred by Zhenzong in 1015, and the epithet *shangdi* was added by Huizong in 1115. Thus while the book may contain some old material, it appears to belong to the period under consideration here.

Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao 太上助國救民總真祕要

2 fols. + 10 juan

By Yuan Miaozong 元妙宗; preface 1116

1227 (fasc. 986–987)

“Secret Essentials of the Most High Principal Zhenren Assisting the Country and Saving the People.” The preface by Yuan Miaozong is dated 1 March 1116. It mentions the establishment of the Shangqing baolu gong 上清寶籙宮 temple in the capital; the construction of the temple began in 1113, and in 1115 it was placed in charge of the promotion of priests in the capital (see *Song huiyao jigao* 1.466). The preface also mentions ongoing work on the compilation and editing of a new Taoist canon (1a). Yuan Miaozong relates that for more than thirty years he traveled all over the empire, asking Taoist masters about their methods and thus obtaining a complete repertoire of Taoist methods. For several years he lived in Nanyang 南陽, healing people by means of lustral water. Finally he was summoned to the capital, and in 1115 he set to work on the collation of the texts of the new canon (preface, 1b). He thus had an opportunity to examine the entire collection and found that it was deficient in the methods of exorcism and healing by means of fu. Thus he compiled these “oral instructions of secret practices [connected with] the writing of fu” (*fufa biyong koujue* 符法祕用口訣; preface, 1b–2a).

The book gives a complete and systematic presentation of the methods of the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法. The first part of the book (juan 1–2) is presented under the heading “Shangqing beiji tianxin zhengfa 上清北極天心正法.” It contains the most essential elements of the tradition, that is, the fundamental talismans and seals (see below, on juan 2). A preface to this part explains the basis and origin of the tradition, stating that the methods of the Tianxin zhengfa have their root in the Central Dipper at the Northern Pole (Beiji zhongdou 北極中斗, i.e., the Big Dipper that is the Heart of Heaven [*tianxin*]) and that they issue from the Zhengyi tradition. The founding of the Tianxin zhengfa as a separate tradition is ascribed to TAN ZIXIAO and RAO DONGTIAN (1.1a; see 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa*); both figures are included in the comprehensive list of the pantheon as “transmitters of the teaching” (*chuanjiao* 傳教), and they are preceded only by Zhang Daoling 張道陵 (2.6a–b). This attribution may be compared to 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 43.16b–17a, where JIN YUNZHONG discusses the Tianxin zhengfa in relation to the form of Zhengyi propagated by Zhang Daoling. Jin states that Tan and Rao continued the basic fu-tradition—while adapting the nomenclature for priestly titles and the wordings of texts to the worldly models (*suge* 俗格) of their time—and that Yuan Miaozong followed their example in editing the present book.

The preface is followed by a section entitled “Quxie yuan qingzhi xingyong ge 驅邪院請治行用格” (Models for the Practices of Appealing for Restoration, of the Department of Exorcism; 1.2a–8b). This section contains the programs for the larger services of exorcism that may be constructed from the individual rites described in the rest of the book, including services for curing illness, for saving deceased ancestors, for obtaining succession, and for the destruction of temples for unorthodox deities. The Department of Exorcism (Quxie yuan 驅邪院) is the celestial department to which the priests of the Tianxin zhengfa are assigned, and in which the ultimate patriarch, Zhang Daoling, is instated as commissioner ([Beiji 北極] *Quxie yuan shi* 驅邪院使; 1.2b, 2.6a). It should be noted that 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* (preface, 1b) uses the same title to refer to RAO DONGTIAN. The department is presided over by the Emperor of the North (Beidi 北帝), who is also referred to as the ancestral master (*zushi* 祖師 Shangqing dadi 上清大帝; 2.11a; see also 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa*). He is assisted by the “great generals” of the Department of Exorcism, notably, the group of thirty-six generals headed by Tianpeng 天蓬, that is, the deity corresponding to the ninth star of the Dipper (2.11a; 21a–b; 3.15b). Further down in the hierarchy are the generals of the Eastern Peak (Dongyue 東嶽), who lead the ranks of spirit-soldiers (*yinbing* 陰兵) assisting the priest (2.6b–9b; see 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa*, preface, 1b, where it is said that RAO DONGTIAN obtained his spirit-soldiers from the Lord of the Eastern Peak).

Juan 2 is presented as the “Douxia lingwen fuzhou 斗下靈文符咒” (Numinous Writ and Talismanic Spells of the Jurisdiction of the Dipper), of the *Shangqing beiji tianxin zhengfa*. It includes the basic instructions for the writing of fu (2.10a–13a, 18b–21a), along with the descriptions of the three fundamental fu—“Tiangang fu 天罡符,” “Sanguang fu 三光符,” and “Zhenwu or Heisha zhenxing fu 真武/黑煞真形符” (2.13a–17a)—and two seals: *Beiji quxie yuan yin* 北極驅邪院印 and *Dutian da fazhu yin* 都天大法主印 (2.17a–18b). It is noteworthy that in a document for a ceremony of ordination, BO YUCHAN placed the Thunder methods (*wulei fa* 五雷法) of the Shenxiao tradition and the Tianxin zhengfa on the same level, and he said of the latter, “Tianxin transmits three talismans and two seals” (*Song Bo zhenren Yuchan quanji* 5.411).

Juan 3 contains a series of fu methods for curing consumption and other kinds of illness (3.1a–15a), followed by a section entitled “Tianpeng jiuzhi fa 天蓬救治法” (Method of Tianpeng for Saving People and Restoring Order; 3.15a–28b). This section describes a method of exorcism related to the group of thirty-six generals headed by Tianpeng and based on the recitation of the ancient Tianpeng spell (see 1016 *Zhen'gao* 10.10b–11a). Each general is associated with four of the characters of the spell and summoned by means of a pair of fu.

Juan 4–6 contain a separate corpus entitled *Shangqing yinshu gusui lingwen* 上清隱書骨髓靈文 (Spinal Numinous Writ of the Hidden Writing of Shangqing). It is said to have originated with Zhang Daoling and to have been transmitted by YE FASHAN (616–720; see 779 *Tang Ye zhenren zhuan* 29a–b). Juan 4 contains the nine ancient “Gusui lingwen fu 骨髓靈文符,” also found in 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* 3.9b–21a. They constitute the basic text (*benwen* 本文) of the *Gusui lingwen* and are followed in the present book by an additional set of ten fu (juan 5), said to have been obtained separately by the author (4.1a). The latter set of fu is connected specifically with the method of building prisons in order to capture demons (*wuyu fa* 五獄法; 5.1a–6a) and with the practice of submitting a document through meditative ascent to Heaven (*fuzhang* 伏章; 5.7b–10b). The final part of the *Gusui lingwen* is the demon code (*guilü* 鬼律; juan 6), said to be a faithful copy of the original (*jiuben* 舊本; 4.1a). In fact, apart from being shorter, the text of this code corresponds to the version of 461 *Shangqing gusui lingwen guilü*, which is presented there as the form of the code established by DENG YOUGONG (see 461 *Gusui lingwen guilü*).

Juan 7 describes the *kaozhao fa* 考召法 (method of inspecting [demons] and summoning [spirits]). This is an ancient Zhengyi method that is related particularly to the generals of the Three Origins (*sanyuan jiangjun* 三元將軍) and that relies on a *sanwu kaozhao zhi lu* 三五考召之錄 (register of the Three and the Five for inspecting and summoning; 7.1a). The version of this method in the present book quotes a *Jinsuo liuzhu* 金鎖流珠, and in fact most of the material in juan 7 is found, although in a slightly

different presentation, in 1015 *Jinsuo liuzhu yin* (see, for instance, the passage citing a *Zhengyi kaozhao yi* 正一考召儀, 7.3a–5a, which corresponds to 1015 *Jinsuo liuzhu yin* 4.5a–7b). Note that according to the *Song huiyao jigao* 1.466, the Taoists living in the Shangqing baolu gong were expected to practice the *Zhengyi lingwen yusi kaozhao fa* 正一靈文玉笥考召法. See also 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 10.9a–b, where it is stated that the seal of the Quxie yuan is an essential element of the Zhengyi tradition and of the Tianxin zhengfa, and that the *kaozhao* 考召 techniques of the manifold different traditions all pertain to the Quxie yuan.

Juan 8 deals with practices of Pacing the Mainstay (*bugang* 步綱). It quotes a number of passages found in 1015 *Jinsuo liuzhu yin*, identifying the source simply as “the scripture” (*jing* 經; 8.2b–3a, 4a–b, corresponding to 1015 *Jinsuo liuzhu yin* 2.1a–b, 17.7b–8a, 8.11b–12a). Other parts of this juan comprise standard elements of Zhengyi forms of *bugang*, found in Tang dynasty texts (cf., e.g., 8.5b–6a with 800 *Zhengyi chitan yi* 3b–4a).

Juan 9–10 contain the models for ritual documents, as well as descriptions of some characteristic individual rites of the Tianxin zhengfa, such as, for instance, the *li tianyu fa* 立天獄法 (method of erecting a celestial prison; 9.7b–10b); the *shengtian tai* 生天臺 (method of the platform for being born in Heaven; 9.10b–12b), a ritual for saving members of the family who have died under unfortunate circumstances and who, therefore, linger in hell, causing problems to the living; and the *xia gan'gai fa* 下贛蓋法, a method of obtaining protection for a family for the duration of a year by depositing the souls of its members in the Dipper, represented by a fu placed in a jar and buried in the earth (9.12b–14b). These three methods are all featured as elements of the programs for larger services of exorcism, found in the opening part of the book (1.2a–8b).

Poul Andersen

Shangqing gusui lingwen guiliu 上清骨髓靈文鬼律

3 juan

By RAO DONGTIAN 饒洞天 (fl. 994), edited by DENG YOUGONG 鄧有功 (before 1116)

461 (fasc. 203)

“Demon Code of the Spinal Numinous Writ of the Shangqing Tradition.” The *guiliu* 鬼律 is the penal code applied in the exorcistic ritual of the Tianxin zhengfa. The title *Gusui lingwen* 骨髓靈文 is used to designate a special set of nine fu, transmitted within the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 and said to originate with Zhang Daoling 張道陵 (see 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* 3.9a–21a and 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* 4). In the latter work (juan 4–6), the code and the fu are edited together, and the whole is presented under the heading *Shangqing yinshu gusui lingwen*

上清隱書骨髓靈文 (Spinal Numinous Writ of the Hidden Writing of Shangqing). The names of five of the nine fu begin with the term *Shangqing* (see 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* 3.13b–19b). In the present book (preface, 3a), the penal code is said to have been edited on the basis of a collation of five versions of the Shangqing code (*Shangqing guiliu* 上清鬼律). Both the texts of the Tianxin zhengfa itself and independent Song dynasty sources concur, however, that the tradition is Zhengyi, and this characterization is substantiated by the provenance of a major part of the methods (see 1227 *Zongzhen biyao*). Yet in all the texts of the Tianxin zhengfa (and particularly in the parts gathered under the heading *Gusui lingwen*), we find expressions of a nominal affiliation to the Shangqing tradition. Most likely these expressions were occasioned by a simultaneous devotion to Shangqing practices on the part of the early organizers of the Tianxin zhengfa, and in fact the editor of the present book, DENG YOUGONG, presents himself under the chapter headings as “having received the Dadong registers of Shangqing and practiced the Tianxin zhengfa 受上清大洞籙行天心正法.” It should also be noted that the apparently somewhat later 567 *Shangqing beiji tianxin zhengfa* actually includes a certain number of Shangqing practices, quoted from 639 *Huangtian shangqing jinque dijun lingshu ziwen shangqing*.

DENG YOUGONG appears to have lived on Huagai shan 華蓋山 in central Jiangxi, which he refers to as his personal mountain (*benshan* 本山) in 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* (preface, 2b). He seems not to be identical with the man of the same name who lived in the same area in 1210–1279 and is mentioned in *Quan Song ci* 4.2977. In 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* (preface, 1b–2a), Deng describes the transmission of the texts revealed to RAO DONGTIAN in 994. He traces the transmission through four masters, the last of them, Fu Tianxin 符天信, being his own master (*benshi* 本師). It seems impossible to make this line of transmission stretch over a period of more than 200 years. Furthermore, the information contained in his preface to the present book seems, rather, to indicate that he was active before 1116.

In the preface, Deng attributes the creation of the code to RAO DONGTIAN, the founding immortal (*zuxian* 祖仙), identifying its method with the “secret text” (*biwen* 秘文) unearthed by Rao on Huagai shan. Deng states that Rao, who formerly served as a prefectural official, elaborated the code by consulting laws and regulations of the worldly administration (preface, 2b; see also 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 43.17a, where JIN YUNZHONG advances a similar view). It appears that the text was widely diffused among the Taoists of northern Jiangxi, because Deng reports that he searched for copies in monasteries in Hongzhou 洪州 (Nanchang), Nankang 南康 (Xingzi), on Lushan 廬山, and in Shuzhou 舒州 (southwestern corner of Anhui). He says that in this way he obtained “five versions of the Shangqing code” (*Shangqing guiliu wubu* 五部), and that he edited the present version on the basis of a collation of these five versions, arranging the entries in accordance with the original form (preface, 3a).

Having completed the text he burned it and sent it to the Gold Portal (Jinque 金闕) of Heaven, whence it was forwarded to the Department of Exorcism (Quxie yuan 驅邪院; the celestial department to which the priests of the Tianxin zhengfa were assigned) and to other places in Heaven. Through the response from Heaven it was established that the text did not lack in any respect but was indeed a complete volume (preface, 3b).

Another version of the code is included in 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 6 (edited by Yuan Miaocong 元妙宗 in 1116), where it is said to be a faithful copy of the original (*jiuben* 舊本; see 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 4.1a). In fact, though lacking certain paragraphs (especially the concluding models for ritual documents, some of which are included in 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 9.1a–7a), the text of this version corresponds exactly to that of the present book. The account given by Deng concerning his own procedure implies a certain amount of editing and excludes the possibility that he simply extracted the work from 1227 *Zongzhen biyao*. If we believe his account, it follows that the version in 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 6 was derived from the form of the code established through his editing, which must therefore have taken place before 1116. It should also be stressed that, in connection with the group of fu attached to the “Beidi fu 北帝符” (1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 2.21a–b), Yuan Miaocong states that in the original (*jiuben*) these fu were transmitted along with—and not as part of—the Tianxin zhengfa. This statement may be compared to 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* (preface, 3a), where Deng states that in fact he edited the “Beidi fuwen 北帝符文” separately.

It appears that the present book was intended for general circulation. The preface has the form of an address to the emperor and ends with a plea that the book be promulgated in all parts of the empire. If the majority of the priests practiced ritual according to this code, it is explained, evil influences from distant lands and remote districts would be averted, and such protection could also be considered a contribution to the establishment of imperial rule (preface, 4a). The book is divided into three parts, of which only the first, the “Guilü,” is in fact a demon code. The second part, called “Yuge 玉格” (Precious Models), contains some regulations for the initiation of priests, while the third part, named “Yishi 儀式” (Rituals and Formulas), includes both the list of priestly titles (3.6a–7b) and formulas for ritual documents (3.8a–19b). According to the editor, the material of all three parts, as it was possessed by the common priests (*sushi* 俗師) of the time, was highly inadequate. While these priests often preserved some sort of *guilü* in written form, the *yuge* were commonly transmitted only orally and the *yishi* were kept in concealment, with the result that many priests lacked especially the material of the two latter categories (preface, 1b). The consequent low quality of the rituals performed by these priests certainly could not correspond to the “intentions of heaven” (*tianyi* 天意), according to the editor (preface, 2a).

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Tianxin zhengfa xiuzhen daochang shejiao yi 天心正法修真道場設醮儀
12 fols.

807 (fasc. 566)

“Ritual for the Display of Offerings, of the Area of the Way for the Cultivation of the True [Tao] of the Tianxin Zhengfa.” This work contains, among other things, a list of deities that includes the title of Laozi bestowed in 1013—Hunyuan shangde huangdi 混元上德皇帝 (see *Xu Zizhi tongjian changbian* 81.713 and 770 *Hunyuan shengji* 9.34b–35a)—and the title of the Jade Emperor bestowed in 1014 (4b; see *Xu Zizhi tongjian changbian* 83.731), the latter apparently in the expanded form bestowed by Huizong in 1116 (see *Xu Zizhi tongjian* 92.2382). A date no earlier than the twelfth century seems indicated also, both by the use of the term *Tianxin zhengfa* 天心正法 in the title, apparently referring to an established tradition, and by the juxtaposition in the list of deities of the two departments: Tianshu yuan 天樞院 and Beiji quxie yuan 北極驅邪院 (5a, 6a; compare 549 *Shangqing tianshu yuan huiju bidao zhengfa*).

A possible context of the ritual lies in the programs for services of exorcism given in the main compilations of the methods of the Tianxin zhengfa, for instance, in 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* 1. Generally these services conclude with a “rewarding of the soldiers” (*shangbing* 賞兵) and, in addition, with a “great offering of thanksgiving” (*jiaoxie* 醮謝 or *dajiao yi xie* 大醮以謝), on the day the exorcism has worked and calamity has been dispersed (1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 1.2b). Both this offering and the present ritual are said to come at the end of a Retreat (*zhai* 齋) of a given number of days (2b). This ritual thus fulfills the traditional function of a *jiao* 醮, which is to accomplish the presentation of offerings at the end of a *zhai*. An innovation of the present ritual that became customary during Song times is that it lacks the initial invitation of the host of assisting deities (*qingguan* 請官) and addresses itself to the entire pantheon, from the supreme deities downward. For the earlier type of ritual, compare 1212 *Jiao sandong zhenwen wufa zhengyi mengwei lu licheng yi* by ZHANG WANFU.

It may be noted that the present ritual opens with the extended form of the *weiling zhou* 衛靈咒—derived originally from 330 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhenwen yaojie shangjing* 6a–7a—in which the Five Directions are addressed separately. While apparently absent from the liturgy of DU GUANGTING, the extended *weiling zhou* is widely current in rituals of the Song dynasty (960–1279); see, for instance, 480 *Luotian dajiao shejiao yi* 1a–2b and 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 17.1b–2b and 32.8b–10a.

Poul Andersen

Shangqing tianxin zhengfa 上清天心正法

7 juan

By DENG YOUGONG 鄧有功; not earlier than the mid-twelfth century

566 (fasc. 318–319)

“Correct Method of the Heart of Heaven, of the Shangqing Tradition.” The book is a compilation of the methods of the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法, which is referred to also simply as *zhengfa*, with the additional meaning of “method of correcting,” that is, of impersonating the Way and thereby imposing the correct order on situations created by evil influences (cf. 461 *Shangqing gusui lingwen guilü*, preface, 2a).

The author appears to have been active around the end of the eleventh century (see 461 *Gusui lingwen guilü*). In the preface, he gives a brief account of the history of the Tianxin zhengfa, beginning with RAO DONGTIAN, a scholar in retirement (*chushi* 處士) living on Huagai shan 華蓋山 in central Jiangxi. Rao’s biography in 778 *Huagai shan Fuqiu Wang Guo san zhenjun shishi* (5.4b–5b) states that he was a minor official in the county of Linchuan 臨川. The work 461 *Gusui lingwen guilü* (preface, 2b) confirms his status as an official. It is reported that one night in 994, Rao saw a multicolored light reaching Heaven from one of the summits; the following morning when he dug into the ground at the spot from which the light had shone, he found a bookcase containing a set of “the secret formulas of the Heart of Heaven” (*tianxin bishi* 天心秘式). Not yet knowing how to put the rubrical instructions (*juemu* 訣目) and the Precious Models (*yuge* 玉格), into practice (i.e., lacking the qualification of a priest), he met a divine person who advised him to become a disciple of TAN ZIXIAO. Tan transmitted his teaching to Rao and referred him to the Lord of the Eastern Peak (Taishan tianqi rensheng di 泰山天齊仁聖帝), from whom Rao obtained soldiers for his army of spirits (*yinbing* 陰兵). Thus equipped with a complete tradition, Rao became the founder of the Tianxin zhengfa (*Tianxin chuzu* 天心初祖; preface, 1a–b).

On TAN ZIXIAO, see especially *Xin Wudai shi* 68.851, Ma Ling’s 馬令 *Nan Tang shu* 24.162–63, *Lushi Nan Tang shu* 17.388–89, and LZTT 43.8a–11a. A Taoist from Quanzhou, he served the fourth ruler of Min, Wang Chang 王昶 (r. 935–939), from whom he received the title Zhengyi xiansheng 正一先生. Tan collaborated with the medium Chen Shouyuan 陳守元, who at the court of Wang Chang was raised to the status of Heavenly Master and acquired virtual control of the government (see also *Zizhi tongjian* 279.9137). According to Lu You 陸游, Chen Shouyuan had found a set of fu written on several tens of wooden slips buried in the ground in a bronze bowl. Not knowing how to use them, he passed them on to TAN ZIXIAO, who penetrated their mysteries and thereafter declared that he had obtained the Tianxin zhengfa of Zhang Daoling 張道陵. Lu ends the account by stating that all those who today refer themselves to the Tianxin zhengfa consider TAN ZIXIAO to be the founder of the tradition.

The sources agree that after the fall of Min, Tan went into hiding on Lushan 廬山 (northern Jiangxi), where, according to Lu You, he acquired a following of more than 100 students (see also Yu Jiaxi, *Siku tiyao bianzheng*, 846–47). Presumably this is the situation underlying the statement in the preface of the present book to the effect that RAO DONGTIAN was initiated into the priesthood by TAN ZIXIAO. The preface, however, gives prominence to Huagai shan as the place of origin of the Tianxin zhengfa and states that the movement did not appear in the world until the ascendancy of the Song dynasty (preface, 2b). Deng refers to Huagai as his personal mountain (*benshan* 本山) and gives a line of transmission of the methods from Rao through four otherwise unknown masters to himself (preface, 1b–2a). He further mentions the three immortals—Fuqiu Liang 浮丘良 and his two disciples, Wang Daoxiang 王道想 and Guo Daoyi 郭道意—who were supposed to have lived on the mountain toward the end of the third or in the beginning of the fourth century A.D. Deng finally refers to the Qiaoxian guan 橋仙觀 monastery, the residence of the two disciples (see 778 *San zhenjun shishi* 1–2). The name of the monastery was changed to Chongxian guan 崇仙觀 by imperial decree in 1075 (778 *San zhenjun shishi* 2.11b–13a).

The implication of DENG YOUGONG’s use of the earlier name for the monastery, namely, that the preface dates before 1075, is consistent with the line of transmission described by the author. Yet the text of the book itself shows evidence of a later date. The book incorporates material adopted from the Shenxiao tradition, which did not emerge until about 1117 (5.8a–9a). Furthermore, the description of a set of fu (3.9b–20a) is said to be copied verbatim from the text edited by the Thirtieth Heavenly Master, Zhang Jixian 張繼先 (1092–1126). It seems likely that the preface originally belonged to an earlier version of the book. Note also that both in the preface (3a) the author states that he had divided the work into two juan, and that a book of the same title, but comprising three juan, is listed in the *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lüe” (VDL 75). It would appear that the present seven-juan book is an expanded version, no earlier than the middle of the twelfth century, of a work compiled by DENG YOUGONG toward the end of the eleventh century.

The content of the book is referred to in the preface as “the secret and essential fu writs for the four degrees of scriptures and registers” (*sijie jinglu biyao fuwen* 四階經籙秘要符文; preface, 3a). The four degrees represent the totality of the early Taoist scriptural and liturgical traditions, described in the preface in a short historical survey ending with the Shangqing revelations. The preface states that only through these revelations were the ritual categories (*kepin* 科品) established. Deng also credits YANG XI with the transmission of the basic fu-tradition to the world (preface, 2a–b). He continues by stating that the tradition of the present book is the only one of the major Taoist traditions to have appeared as late as the Song dynasty. Its appearance is ascribed to the presence of the Qiaoxian guan on the mountain, a relic of the three

immortals (cf. the claim in 778 *San zhenjun shishi* 2.7b that the present book in fact represents the teaching transmitted by Fuqiu Liang to his two disciples). The preface makes clear that the book was intended for the use of priests initiated into the Tianxin zhengfa, and the author states that he had compiled a separate synopsis in three juan of the common talismanic usages of contemporary priests: the *Beidi fuwen* 北帝符文, meant to be transmitted outside the “correct method,” reaching those who practice “the precious registers and secret repertoires of the four degrees of the three caverns” (*sandong sijie baolu bipu* 三洞四階寶籙秘譜; preface, 2b–3a).

The core of the present book are the fu described in juan 3, the most important of which are the three fundamental fu of the Tianxin zhengfa: “Sanguang fu 三光符,” “Heisha fu 黑煞符,” and “Tiangang fu 天罡符” (3.1a–9a; cf. 567 *Shangqing beiji tianxin zhengfa* 1a, 6a–13a, and 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* 2.10a–17a, where these fu are described in their characteristic combination with the two seals of the Tianxin zhengfa). Next in importance come the nine fu referred to as “the spinal numi-

nous writ” (*Gusui lingwen* 骨髓靈文) and said to be transmitted separately by Zhang Daoling 張道陵 (3.9b–21a; cf. 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 4–6, which includes a variant version of the above-mentioned nine fu in a more comprehensive *Gusui lingwen* corpus).

The central deity, acting through the fu, is the Emperor of the North (Beidi 北帝), also called the Great Emperor of the Northern Pole (Beiji dadi 北極大帝) or the Great Emperor of Supreme Purity (Shangqing dadi 上清大帝), and commonly referred to as the ancestral master (*zushi* 祖師; 3.17a, 19a, 5.1a; cf. 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 2.11a, 14b, 21a–b). The Emperor of the North presides over the Department of Exorcism (Quxie yuan 驅邪院), that is, the celestial department to which the priests of the Tianxin zhengfa are assigned (see 461 *Shangqing gusui lingwen guilii*, preface, 1b). He is the supreme commander of the host of “great generals” of the department and is often described as being guarded by the thirty-six generals headed by the “great marshal Tianpeng” (Tianpeng da yuanshuai 天蓬大元帥; 2.3a–b, 3.1a, 8b; see 1227 *Zongzhen biyao*). A characteristic agent



FIGURE 52. Talisman of Heisha
(566 3.6b)

of the Emperor of the North is the Black Killer (Heisha 黑煞). He is referred to as the Pledged Envoy of the Dark Warrior (*Xuanwu fushi* 玄武符使), and he is depicted in the Black Killer talisman (“Heisha fu”) as carrying the command (*chi* 敕) of the Emperor of the North (3.5a–7a [fig. 52]; see 220 *Wushang xuanyuan santian yutang dafa* 8.13a–16a, 27.6b–9b). Note that in the *Nan Tang shu* 24.162 by Ma Ling, the Black Killer is singled out as the deity worshipped by TAN ZIXIAO (see also 1285 *Yisheng baode zhuan*, and Liu Zhiwan, *Zhongguo minjian xinyang lunji*, 318–20).

Besides the fu, the book contains a large variety of individual rites that may be used either independently for curing illnesses and such, or as parts of larger exorcistic services (outlines of such services are given in juan 4–5). A large number of these rites are identical with those described in 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* (q.v.).

Poul Andersen

Shangqing beiji tianxin zhengfa 上清北極天心正法

37 fols.

Probably Southern Song (1127–1279)

567 (fasc. 319)

“Correct Method of the Heart of Heaven of the Northern Pole, of the Shangqing Tradition.” The book belongs to the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 and thus is related to 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa*. The inclusion of the term *beiji* 北極 (Northern Pole) in the title, makes it identical with the title used as the heading of the first section of 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* (juan 1–2). Like the present book, this section centers on the three fundamental fu of the Tianxin zhengfa.

The book quotes the Thirtieth Heavenly Master, Zhang Jixian 張繼先 (1092–1126; 1a and 28b–29a; “Zhimige 指迷歌”), and thus should not be earlier than the Southern Song dynasty. One of its parts, the “Huoyao tiangang zhi fa 活曜天罡之法” (Method of the Celestial Mainstay of Animating Brilliance; 23a–26b), is said to have been stored in the library of the Taiping guan 太平觀 temple on Maoshan 茅山 and to have been transmitted into the world up to the present by the Black Emperor Immortal (Heidi xianren 黑帝仙人; probably Beidi 北帝, the Emperor of the North and ancestral master of the Tianxin zhengfa; see 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa*).

The book contains a condensed version of the methods of the Tianxin zhengfa. From the repertoire of fu it includes only the three most fundamental ones, namely, “Tiangang fu 天罡符,” “Sanguang fu 三光符,” and “Heisha fu 黑煞符” (6a–13a). The introduction states that formerly the tradition disposed only of these three fu (1a; cf. 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 174.12b–13a, where only the practices related to the writing of the “Sanguang fu” are recognized as representing the Tianxin zhengfa transmitted from Zhang Daoling 張道陵).

On the other hand, the book greatly develops the system of inner practices accompanying the writing of fu. It is emphasized that the efficacy of the fu depends on the “collection of qi” (*quqi* 取氣) and that the breaths on which the fu of the Tianxin zhengfa rely are those of the Three Luminaries (*sanguang* 三光), that is, the sun, the moon, and the Big Dipper (13a; cf. 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 6.11a–b). The later part of the book is taken up mainly by descriptions of methods for the inhalation and inner circulation of these qi, beginning with a recasting (13b–19b) of material found in 639 *Huangtian shangqing jinque dijun lingshu ziwen shangqing* 4a–8b. The following three sections—“Taiyang lun 太陽論” (20b–21b), “Taiyin lun 太陰論” (22a–23a), and “Tiangang lun 天罡論” (23a–29b)—describe techniques related to the *liuren* 六壬 and *dunjia* 遁甲 methods for calculating the times and directions for the collection of the qi. The final section, “Tianxin sanguang zonglun 天心三光總論” (29b–37a), includes, among other things, a list of factors that may cause the fu to be ineffective (30b–31a), as well as a list of occasions at which lustral water prepared with the “Sanguang fu” may be used (33b–35a).

Poul Andersen

Shangqing tianshu yuan huiju bidao zhengfa 上清天樞院回車畢道正法

3 juan

Probably late Song (960–1279)

549 (fasc. 313)

“True Shangqing Method of Returning by Chariot and Completing the Way According to the Department of the Celestial Pivot.” The expression *huiju bidao* 回車畢道 (returning by chariot and completing the way) is the name of a Shangqing register and of a corresponding immortal’s contract (*quan* 券; cf. 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi* 5.2b and 1239 *Zhengyi xiuzhen lueyi* 18a). These documents are related to the final stages in the life of a priest, when he stops performing public ritual and retires to the mountains in order to practice the methods of completion (*bifa* 畢法), that is, the Shangqing techniques for the attainment of immortality. According to the section “Huiju zhi dao” (The Way of Returning by Chariot) in 1237 *Sandong xiudao yi* 7b–8a, the chariot brings the master to the foot of the mountain and is burned there. The master wanders off into the mountain, never to return again. It is said that from then on he will practice “the ways of flying ascent of the Latter Saint of the Gold Portal.” The whole process is referred to as a departure from the manifest world (*chu sanjie* 出三界). The *huiju bidao* register is mentioned in 777 *Zhangxian mingsu huanghou shou shangqing bifa lu ji* 2b (dated 1024), which commemorates the full ordination of the empress dowager in the Shangqing tradition, and in 304 *Maoshan zhi* 9.8a. According to JIN YUNZHONG, it was a general register of the Dongzhen section (1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 10.10b).

Surprisingly, the present book, in spite of its title and its purported relation to the Shangqing tradition, bears no relation to the above-mentioned practices. It is a manual of exorcistic methods, brought together probably around the end of the Song dynasty and closely related to the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法. The book is distinguished from the early texts of this tradition by being affiliated with the Department of the Celestial Pivot (Tianshu yuan 天樞院) instead of the usual Department of Exorcism of the Northern Pole (Beiji quxie yuan 北極驅邪院). The tradition of the book is defined in one place as the Tianxin zhengfa of the Department of the Celestial Pivot (2.1a). The distribution of the civil grades (*wenjie* 文階) in these two departments (corresponding to the celestial South Pole and the North Pole, respectively) is noted in *Taishang tiantan yuge* 太上天壇玉格 (in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 249–50), which also mentions the direct connection between the method of the Celestial Pivot (Tianshu fa 天樞法) and the “Shangqing register of returning by chariot and completing the way” (249.20a).

The book contains many elements that confirm its relation to the Tianxin zhengfa. Thus, for instance, one of the seals is the “Dutian da fazhu yin 都天大法主印” (1.4a–5b), which is one of the two basic seals of the Tianxin zhengfa, and the titles of two of the fu—“Heisha shenfu 黑殺神符” (1.17a–18b) and “Tiangang shenfu 天罡神符” (1.20a–21b)—are identical to the titles of two of the three fundamental fu of the Tianxin zhengfa (see 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao*). However, the methods of the book generally are much simpler than those of the early texts of the Tianxin zhengfa, the only large-scale service included being the one for curing insanity (2.7b–17b). The divine forces called upon in this service are predominantly those of the south—for instance, the deities of the celestial South Pole (Nanji 南極)—and the rite of Pacing the Mainstay (*bugang* 步綱) is performed along the stars of the Southern Dipper (*Nandou* 南斗). The actual warfare against the demons is carried out by soldiers sent by the local gods of the territory—Siming tudi 司命土地 and Chenghuang 城隍—and there is no appeal to the generals of the Eastern Peak (as in the early texts of the Tianxin zhengfa), nor any memorial presented to the supreme Taoist pantheon.

All of juan 3 is taken up by a description of the practice of presenting a statement or a complaint (*touzhuang* 投狀). This practice is to be performed at the beginning of the cure for insanity and is found also in the great services of exorcism described in the early texts of the Tianxin zhengfa (see, for instance, 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 1.2b, 3b–4a). It is explained in the present book as a method of graphological diagnosis. The *zhuang* 狀 is a document written by a representative of the sick person or family. It is addressed to the Shangqing tianshu yuan and contains a prayer for help. In answer to this prayer, the local Stove God (Zaojun 灶君) is ordered from above to carry out an investigation concerning the category of the evil influences causing illness and to disclose this category in the form of the characters as written in the document. The priest interprets the document (*yanzhuang* 驗狀) by means of a code, which gives

several ways in which each character may be wrong. For instance, a character may be stained (*dianwu* 點汙) or may be missing a stroke for lack of ink (*zhushi* 注失). In each case, a different kind of evil influence is indicated.

Poul Andersen

Wushang xuanyuan santian yutang dafa 無上玄元三天玉堂大法

30 juan

By LU SHIZHONG 路時中 et al.; after 1158

220 (fasc. 100–104)

“Great Method of the Jade Hall of the Three Heavens, of the Supreme Mysterious Origin.” As explained in the text, the Jade Hall (Yutang 玉堂) is formed out of the qi at Yujing shan 玉京山 and contains the Nine Ancients (*jiulao* 九老; 1.2b).

The book is a collection of the ritual handbooks that constitute the Yutang dafa 玉堂大法 tradition. The tradition was founded by LU SHIZHONG (*zi* Dangke 當可), who is known from many liturgical texts of the Southern Song dynasty (1127–1279) as the True Official Lu (Lu zhenguan 路真官; see, e.g., 1307 *Haigiong Bo zhenren yulu* 2.7b, 8b). According to an anecdote in the *Yijian zhi* (“Bingzhi 丙志,” 13.12.479), based on the account of a former schoolmate, Lu came from the county of Shangshui 商水 in Chenzhou 陳州 (Henan), where his father, Lu Guan 路瓘, was the county magistrate. He was seventeen years old in the Zhenghe period (1131–1137). Another anecdote from the same source (“Dingzhi 丁志,” 18.1.684), based on the account of a nephew of LU SHIZHONG, states that Lu Guan was a great-uncle of LU SHIZHONG and adds that the latter probably obtained his methods in the area of Shu 蜀. The episodes in the adult life of LU SHIZHONG, related in the *Yijian zhi* and carrying dates, all take place in the period 1125–1130 (see “Yizhi 乙志,” 6.4.232, 7.1.237–39; and “Bingzhi,” 5.5.403–4). He is shown to have been active in widely separated parts of China (from Xuzhou 徐州 in the north to Jinling 金陵 in the south) and to have been called upon by members of the official class to perform large ceremonies on their behalf. In 1125, Lu performed a Yellow Register Offering (*huanglu jiao* 黃籙醮) in Jinling for the repose of the soul of a former vice president of the Board of Finance (*hubu shilang* 戶部侍郎) named Cai Juhou 蔡居厚 (see *Yijian zhi*, “Yizhi,” 6.4.232).

The present book contains a colophon by LU SHIZHONG himself (1.7a–8a). It relates specifically to the first part of the book (1–23), “the unsurpassed doctrine in twenty-four sections” (*wushang zongzhi ershi pin* 無上宗旨二十四品), which corresponds to the third and highest degree of initiation within the tradition (see 2.6a, 26.1b–2a, and 28.7a–b). In this colophon, Lu relates that in 1120 he had a nightly vision of Zhao Sheng 趙昇 (a disciple of Zhang Daoling 張道陵), who descended into his room and told him about the secret writing (*bishu* 秘書) he had left behind, buried in

the ground at Maoshan 茅山. When Lu served later as assistant prefect (*tongshou* 通守; it should be noted that in fact this title was not officially in use during the Song dynasty) in Jinling, he visited the mountain and dug up the scroll. He arranged the text in twenty-four sections; in 1126, while staying in Piling 毗陵 (Jiangsu), he transmitted it to the world.

Another colophon is found at the end of the part of the book (juan 26–28) referred to as “the seven sections for the initial degree” (*chujie qipin* 初階七品; 26.1b). This colophon states that the discursive parts in these seven sections—the so-called “model sayings” (*geyan* 格言), which are interspersed between the passages of ritual formulas and usually begin with the phrase “the master said” (*shiyue* 師曰)—were revealed one by one during the first half of 1107, in the form of oral instructions from Heavenly Lord Great Master of the Teaching (Da jiaozhu tianjun 大教主天君). After this initial revelation and up to the year 1119, the actual ritual formulas were transmitted through spirit-writing (*jiangbi* 降筆); the totality was then copied in 1158. The speech of the Heavenly Lord sounded like that of a baby and was audible only to LU SHIZHONG and his disciple Zhai Ruwen 翟汝文, both of whom noted it down (28.7b–8a). Zhai Ruwen (*zi* Gongxun 公巽, 1076–1141) was a noted scholar-official, calligrapher, and painter (see *Song shi* 372.11543–45 and the text of his epitaph in his collected writings, *Zhonghui ji*, “fulu 附錄”). He edited a ritual compendium for the *huanglu daijiao* 黃籙大醮, entitled *Mengzhen yujian* 盟真玉檢, in ten juan and a *Jinggong puji yi* 淨供普濟儀 for the *Mingyang zhai* 冥陽齋 in three juan (*Zhonghui ji*, “fulu,” 17a); he also made several paintings of Taoist deities (*Zhonghui ji*, “fulu,” 21a–b). The preface of the first work has survived in *Zhonghui ji* 8.8b–10a and is also quoted in 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 17.29a. It refers to a liturgical style comparable to that of the present book.

The Yutang dafa tradition is defined in the book as the inner secrets (*neibi* 內秘) of the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 (26.1a) and is said to represent the essential method of Zhang Daoling: “the fundamental oath between Xuanyuan [i.e., Taishang laojun 太上老君] and the Saintly Master 玄元與聖師本誓” (1.7b). The Tianxin zhengfa is referred to as the “ancestral teaching” (*zujiào* 祖教; 2.6a); the oral instructions from the Da jiaozhu tianjun (cf. the second colophon, 28.7b–8a) are said to have been obtained as elucidations of the teachings of the Tianxin zhengfa (1.5b–6a). The Yutang dafa is held to be more fundamental and more meditative, and it is said to have been discovered, as a result of the above-mentioned oral instructions, that the Tianxin zhengfa represented the exorcistic—that is, the “outer”—practices (*quxie zhi shi* 驅邪之事) of the Yutang dafa (1.6a). The link to the ancestral teaching is preserved accordingly, as it appears from the book’s exposition of progressive initiation within the tradition (2.6a, 26.1b–2a). It is stated there that the novice may receive a work entitled *Tianxin zhengfa* in ten juan (“in order to support the correct teaching”; 2.6a), and only after having

practiced it for three years may he or she ascend to the initial degree of the Yutang dafa (26.1b). It is specified in a note that only the edition of the present order (*bentan* 本壇) may be used (26.1b). This edition is discussed by JIN YUNZHONG in his 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 43.17a–b, where he describes it as a revised version, edited by LU SHIZHONG in the beginning of the Shaoxing period (1131–1162), of the earlier compilation by Yuan Miaozong 元妙宗, that is, 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* (dated 1116).

The connection with the Tianxin zhengfa is borne out by the contents of the present book. The two traditions agree in emphasizing the use of the forces of the Three Luminaries (*sanguang* 三光; i.e., the sun, the moon, and the Dipper), for instance, in the writing of fu; and indeed the three basic fu of the Tianxin zhengfa (“Sanguang fu 三光符,” “Heisha fu 黑煞符,” “Tiangang fu 天罡符”; cf. 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 2.10a–17a and 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* 3.1a–9a) are included, with certain variations, in the present book. The first of these fu is designated here as “Sanguang zufu 三光祖符” (Ancestral Talisman of the Three Luminaries), and it is described as “the cornerstone of the myriad methods” (*wanfa zhi zong* 萬法之宗; 8.11a–13b, 28.1a–2b). A large proportion of the exorcistic rites described in the present book are closely related to those found in the texts of the Tianxin zhengfa (compare, e.g., the cures for consumption in 23.7b–8b and 24.18a–28a with those given in 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 3.1a–4a; compare also the method of obtaining protection for a whole year by depositing one’s soul in the Dipper [*gan’gai fa* 贛蓋法] in 24.7b–11a with 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 9.12b–14b). The major differences are the inclusion of elements of the funeral liturgy and the greater emphasis on individual, meditative practice within the Yutang dafa.

The funeral rites (juan 14–18) constitute elements of the Lingbao dafa 靈寶大法 liturgy, which emerged toward the end of the Northern Song dynasty (960–1127). The work 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 260.1a reports that LU SHIZHONG transmitted the Lingbao dafa in Jiankang 建康 during the Zhenghe period (1111–1117). JIN YUNZHONG criticizes the masters of the Yutang dafa school for performing the funeral liturgy of the Lingbao categories while holding only Zhengyi titles and registers (see 1223 *Lingbao dafa* 10.19b). Jin notes the incorporation of Yutang dafa practices within the funeral liturgy of many Dongxuan priests, but opposes this tendency (1223 *Lingbao dafa* 20.7b). Regarding the rite of “salvation by sublimation” (*liandu* 煉度), he considers the method of LU SHIZHONG to be somewhat superficial (though not entirely worthless), since it relies on the qi of the sun and the moon, instead of those of the trigrams *li* 離 and *kan* 坎, for obtaining the True Fire and True Water (1223 *Lingbao dafa* 37.2b–3a). In the present book, however, it is stated (18.1b) that the *liandu* rite of the Lingbao tradition depends on the Yutang dafa tradition for the methods of collecting fire and water from the sun and the moon, and that this dependency demonstrates the superiority of the tradition of the present book.

The Yutang dafa is said to be “based on flying high to the sun and the moon” (*Yutang yi gaoben riyue wei zongzu* 玉堂以高奔日月爲宗祖; 27.1a). This description refers to “the way of flying high” (*gaoben zhi dao* 高奔之道), that is, the meditative technique of ascent to, and internalization of, the qi from the sun and the moon (sometimes the Dipper as well). The technique is described in varying degrees of detail in juan 4 and 5 and in 27.1a–3a, and again more fully in the separate work 221 *Wushang santian yutang zhengzong gaoben neijing yushu*. It is associated with the “Gaoben zhang 高奔章” chapter (26) of the *Huangting neijing jing* 黃庭內景經, quoted in the present book (4.1b). The commentary of the *Huangting jing* by Liangqiu Zi 梁丘子 (fl. 722), however, identifies the method underlying the *Huangting jing* as that described in 639 *Huangtian shangqing jinqie dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing* (see *Huangting neijing yujing zhu* 黃庭內景玉經註 in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 57.1a–b). This method is similar to, but clearly distinct from, the one described in the texts of the Yutang dafa. The latter method is not found in any of the extant, early Shangqing material and is apparently an authentic creation of the Yutang dafa (cf. 435 *Taishang yuchen yuyi jielin ben riyue tu*).

Poul Andersen

Wushang santian yutang zhengzong gaoben neijing yushu

無上三天玉堂正宗高奔內景玉書

2 juan

First half of the twelfth century

221 (fasc. 104–105)

“Precious Text of Flying High in the Inner Landscape, from the Correct Tradition of the Jade Hall of the Supreme Three Heavens.” This text is linked closely with 220 *Wushang xuan yuan santian yutang dafa*. The method of flying high is described twice in the latter handbook (220 *Yutang dafa* 4–5 and 27.1a–3a), with a varying amount of detail for different degrees of initiation. The 220 *Yutang dafa* 26.1b, moreover, speaks of a more complete description of this method in a book entitled *Gaoben yujing* 高奔玉經, clearly referring to the present book. We may therefore ascribe the present work to LU SHIZHONG, the founder of the Yutang dafa 玉堂大法, to whom the central texts of the tradition were revealed in the 1120s.

The book describes the inner practices on which the Yutang dafa was founded, the “way of flying high” (*gaoben zhi dao* 高奔之道; see 220 *Yutang dafa*). These practices consist in methods of meditative ascent to, and internalization of, the qi of the sun, the moon, and the Dipper. The purpose of these practices is the individual attainment of immortality, and they are also requirements for the performance of the public rituals of the Yutang dafa. Juan 1 describes the method of flying high to the sun and the moon (*gaoben riyue zhi dao* 高奔日月之道). It is related to the immortals of the sun

and the moon (Yuyi 鬱儀 and Jieli 結璘) and associated with the “Gaoben zhang 高奔章” chapter (26) of the *Huangting neijing jing* 黃庭內景經, which is quoted here on 1.1b. The method is similar to, though clearly distinct from, the methods of flying high described in early Shangqing texts (cf. 639 *Huangtian shangqing jinque dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing* and 1376 *Shangqing taishang dijun jiuzhen zhongjing* 2.1a–8b).

Juan 2, which deals with the Dipper, consists almost entirely of excerpts from early Shangqing texts, especially 1351 *Dongzhen taishang feixing yujing jiuzhen shengxuan shangji* 4b–8b, 879 *Shangqing jinshu yuzi shangjing* 5a–7a, and 1377 *Shangqing taishang jiuzhen zhongjing jiangsheng shendan jue* 4b–11a. All these quotations appear to have been culled from the YJQQ.

Poul Andersen

Taishang sanyuan feixing guanjin jinshu yulu tu

太上三元飛星冠禁金書玉籙圖

8 fols.

764 (fasc. 534)

“Illustrated Jade Register of the Most High in Golden Writing of the Three Origins for Flying to the Stars and for Wearing [the Stars] and Controlling [the Demons].” On Mount Heming 鶴鳴山, Lord Lao transmitted to Zhang Daoling 張道陵 the Jade Register written in gold, and he revealed a method, said to be part of the Zhengyi teachings, that protected against all calamities.

This method consists in the adept’s visualization—in several variations and with recitation of invocative formulas—of the Five Planets, the seven stars of the Northern Dipper, and those of the Three Terraces (*santai* 三台). He or she then “dons” (*guan* 冠) these heavenly bodies. After that, the adept should practice the Paces of Yu (*yubu* 禹步) or the pace of the Nine Traces (*jiuji bu* 九跡步) every night. The appropriate positions of the feet for these paces are illustrated.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Guandou zhongxiao wulei wuhou bifa 貫斗忠孝五雷武侯祕法

15 fols.

By Wu Sheng 吳昇; late fourteenth century

585 (fasc. 323)

“Secret Method of the Martial Prince, of the Loyal and Filial Five Thunders Traversing [the Stars of] the Dipper.” The Martial Prince is Zhuge Liang 諸葛亮 (181–234), the general of the Three Kingdoms period. The term *guandou* 貫斗 (traversing the Dipper) refers both to the presence of the forces of thunder in the stars of the Big Dipper, and to the movement of the priest along the stars (as coordinated with the

Luoshu 洛書 arrangement of the Eight Trigrams), whereby the forces of thunder are called forth.

The author, Wu Sheng from Xuyang 旭陽 (in northern Jiangxi), defines the tradition of the book as the secrets left behind by Zhuge Liang (see postscript, 12b). According to the preface, the secrets were transmitted to the world in the period Zhiyuan 至元 (1264–1295), when they were revealed to Zhang Huizhai 張暉齋 from Jingmen 荊門 (Hubei). The latter had acquired a round stone that emitted a bright light at night. When he split open the stone, he found a square slab inside with inscriptions on both faces. Having made several hundred rubbings of the inscriptions and burnt some of them, Zhang fell asleep. In his dream, Zhuge Liang appeared to him, told him that the inscriptions were the divine seals for calling to arms his loyal and filial thunder-soldiers (*zhongxiao leibing* 忠孝雷兵), and gave him the present book.

Zhang thereupon retired to Wudang shan 武當山, where he studied the Tianxin zhengfa. He achieved fame for the efficacy of his ritual, and in the period Dade 大德 (1297–1308) the emperor granted him the title Yinzhen xuanyang zhenren 隱真玄陽真人. A sanctuary in his honor, established by his disciples after his death, was accorded an official tablet with the name Shengzhen guan 昇真觀. Two years later the stone with the inscriptions disappeared into the air with a burst of lightning. The seals were recreated by Zhao Quanyang 趙全陽 (i.e., Zhao Daoyi 趙道一, the author of LZTT), who carved them on date wood and transmitted the method to Huang Guyang 黃谷陽. In 1351, the latter retired to the Western Mountains of Hongdu 洪都 (present-day Nanchang), where he instructed Wu Sheng. Huang died there in 1369.

The work is a manual describing a form of Five Thunder practices (*wulei fa* 五雷法). The purpose of these practices was “to cure sickness and exorcise demons, to preserve oneself, and bring peace to one’s household” (治病除邪, 保己寧家; 12b). An important element of the *wulei fa* is the block for commanding thunder (*leiting hao ling* 雷霆號令), which corresponds to the stone slab and its reconstruction in date wood mentioned in the preface. The block is used for summoning the thunder-soldiers, headed by Zhuge Liang and his assistant generals, who descend to the altar from the west (5b). The pantheon is characterized by the color white and the forces of metal (corresponding to the west). The thunder-block is said to have featured representations of the planet Venus on both sides (9a).

Another important element is the rite of Pacing the Mainstay (*bugang* 步綱) through the positions of the Eight Trigrams, following the sequence of the numbers of the magic square by which the thunder-soldiers are called forth and disposed at the eight gates of the ritual area, thus forming the eight battle formations (*bazhen* 八陣; 3a–4a; see also preface, 1a–2b). The incantations are not the same as those accompanying this pattern in the texts of the Tianxin zhengfa (cf. 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* 5.3a), with the exception of one that opens with the line “The white qi flows diffusely

through my body” (*Boqi hundun guan woxing* 白氣混沌灌我形). This incantation is widespread in Song dynasty texts and even in present-day manuals (see, e.g., Ōfuchi Ninji, *Chūgokujin no shūkyō girei*, 242) and more typically accompanies the walk across the Dipper, following the arrangement of the stars of the constellation (see, e.g., 587 *Huangdi taiyi bamen rushi bijue* 10b).

Poul Andersen

Jinsuo liuzhu yin 金鎖流珠引

29 juan

Attributed to Li Chunfeng 李淳風 (602–670)

1015 (fasc. 631–636)

“Guide to the Golden Lock and the Moving Pearls.” The present book defines itself as an “introductory guide to the practices of Pacing the Mainstay [*bugang* 步綱].” The comprehensive scripture on *bugang* was the now lost *Jinsuo liuzhu jing* 金鎖流珠經. The present work both introduces the reader to these practices and demonstrates the patterns that should be followed in the performance of the paces (preface, 2a–b, 1.1b–3b, 4.1a). It states that one may receive the present guide only after having possessed the scripture for a period of three years (28.6b–7a), and indeed the performance of the practices described in the book frequently requires the reference to the scripture. Several parts of the practices are either omitted or given in an abridged form (the latter is the case for most of the incantations), the reader being referred to the relevant section of the scripture. The phrase *jinsuo liuzhu* 金鎖流珠 (golden lock and moving pearls) is explained as an adaptation by the Latter Saint (Housheng 後聖) of the earlier title for practices of *bugang*: “the methods of walking of the Golden Register” (*jinlu xingfa* 金錄行法). The term *jinsuo* 金鎖 (replacing *jinlu* 金錄) is said to refer specifically to the methods by which one strengthens one’s own body, locking the souls into their places, whereas the term *liuzhu* 流珠 (designating the nine stars of the Dipper) is associated with the forms of walking performed to assist the country and save others (preface, 7a–b).

Both compilation of the book and the commentaries are attributed to Li Chunfeng, the famous astronomer with Taoist leanings who held the office of Grand Astrologer (*taishi ling* 太史令) during the Zhenguan period (627–649; biographies in *Jiu Tang shu* 79.2717–19 and *Xin Tang shu* 204.5798). The content of the book, however, affords grounds for doubting this attribution. In 21.4a–b, the author relates that in 617 the Latter Saint (i.e., Laozi) descended on Zhongnan shan 終南山, announced to Li Chunfeng that the Li family would presently establish the Tang dynasty, and directed Li in writing a synopsis of the *Ershiba xiu jing* 二十八宿經 (in the celestial version consisting of twelve juan), that is, the divination technique occupying the rest of juan 21 (see *Song shi* 206.5232, where a *Shangxiang ershiba xiu*

zuanyao jue 上像二十八宿纂要訣 in one juan is included in the list of works by Li Chunfeng).

This version of the announcement of the mandate is related to various other accounts, occurring in texts dating from the late Tang dynasty (618–907) to the Northern Song (960–1127), none of which make any mention of Li Chunfeng. See, for instance, *Tang huiyao* 50.865, 591 *Luyi ji* 5.5b–6a and 593 *Lidai chongdao ji* 4a–5b (both by DU GUANGTING), and 774 *Youlong zhuan* 5.11a–14b (dated between 1086 and 1101). The account of the announcement of the mandate found in the latter text is said to be culled from a national history *Guoshi* 國史, and it is repeated, with variations, in 770 *Hunyuan shengji* 8.4b–8a (dated 1191) by XIE SHOUHAO, who gives a *Tang shu* 唐書 as his source. Xie, however, adds the story concerning Li Chunfeng, giving a *Jinsuo liuzhu* as his source (770 *Hunyuan shengji* 8.2b; cf. 1.37a, where the title is rendered as *Jinsuo liuzhu ji* 記). Thus it would appear that the association of Li Chunfeng with the announcement of the mandate of the Tang dynasty derives from the present work. If the book existed earlier, it did not come to the attention of the hagiographers before the twelfth century.

The *Jinsuo liuzhu* is cited in several Song dynasty (960–1279) texts (e.g., 1226 *Daomen tongjiao biyong ji* 7.11b–12a; note that the citation in the Tang 464 *Zhaijie lu* 7a, though corresponding to a commentary in the present book [24.5b] is identified as deriving from the original classic, *Jinsuo liuzhu jing*). It appears to have circulated particularly among the followers of the Zhengyi tradition, and it was clearly used as a source for the compilation of the books of the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法. Thus the description of the *kaozhao fa* 考召法 (method of inspecting [demons] and summoning [spirits]) included in 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* 7.1a–6b (dated 1116) is quoted from a *Jinsuo liuzhu* and appears as a reworking of passages found in the present book (cf. 28.6b, 7.2b–3a, 28.5b, 4.7b–8b, 5a–7b, and 7.3b–4b). Likewise, the passages on *bugang* found in 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 8.2b–4b correspond to 2.1a–b, 17.6a–b, 7b–8a, and 8.11b–12a of the present book. An important difference between the two versions of the *kaozhao fa* is found in a passage defining the tradition practiced. The 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 7.4a states simply that the priest “practices according to the celestial code” (*yi tianke xingfa* 依天科行法), while the present book adds that in so doing he practices the *Tianxin zhengyi zhi fa* 天心正一之法 (4.6a). The occurrence of this phrase suggests that it was composed after the origin of the Tianxin zhengfa movement in the 930s (see 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* and 1227 *Zongzhen biyao*). However, the phrase does not seem to be part of the original version of the *Jinsuo liuzhu*, from which 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* quotes. It seems unlikely that Yuan Miaozong 元妙宗, who compiled and edited 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* in an effort to promote the methods of the Tianxin zhengfa, would have suppressed the mention of this tradition had it been found in his source. It may be suspected that the phrase is a late addition to the existing copy of the book

(so much the more since it is the only reference to the Tianxin zhengfa; the *kaozhao fa* is defined throughout the book simply as a Zhengyi method).

It may be added that the content of the present book clearly seems to represent a layer of the Zhengyi tradition that is prior to the origin of the Tianxin zhengfa. The book contains a large amount of material related to the methods mentioned in early Zhengyi texts. Note, for instance, the visualization practices and forms of *bugang* associated with the generals of the Three Origins (*sanyuan jiangjun* 三元將軍) and described in juan 5–9 (cf. 1208 *Taishang sanwu zhengyi mengwei lu* 1.12b–15a). Also the tradition of the book is referred to as the method of the Three and the Five (*sanwu zhi fa* 三五之法; preface, 2a; 3.1a–5b), and note that a characteristic title of a Zhengyi priest, widely used in early texts, defines him as a zhenren of Primordial Destiny Pacing the Mainstay of the Three and the Five of the Red Heaven (*chitian sanwu bugang yuanming zhenren* 赤天三五步綱元命真人; see 615 *Chisong zi zhangli* 2.22b). Moreover, nowhere in this material do we find any reflection of the typical Tianxin zhengfa reforms of the Zhengyi tradition. Thus, for instance, the Department of Exorcism (*Quxie yuan* 驅邪院) and the title of the first Heavenly Master (Zhang Daoling 張道陵) as commissioner of that department (*Quxie yuan shi* 使; see 1227 *Zongzhen biyao* 2.6a) are absent from the present book, as are the army of spirit-soldiers (*yinbing* 陰兵) of the Eastern Peak (see 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa*).

In a note on the dating of the book, T. H. Barrett points to a possible reference to the An Lushan Rebellion (25.16a–b), as well as to the mention of the Tibetan threat, which was a major concern especially during the reign of Daizong (763–779) and which lasted until the middle of the ninth century (15.1b; see Barrett, “Towards a date”). This would suggest a date some time in the late Tang (618–907) or the Five Dynasties (907–960). [Editorial note: On the placement of this article in the present section, see the introduction to part 3.B.5 above.]

The preface, attributed to Li Chunfeng, describes the transmission of the book into the world. The main revelatory deity is the Latter Saint, who is defined as a separate manifestation (*fenshen* 分身) of Lord Lao. He is said to have been incarnated as Laozi, later to be instated as the Jade Emperor (1a–2b). The Latter Saint transmitted the tradition to Yin Xi 尹喜, Zhang Daoling, and Wang Yuan 王遠, among others (2b–3a). Wang Yuan was ordered to transmit it further to Mao Ying 茅盈, who instructed the founders of the Shangqing tradition—including YANG XI and the two Xu—in its use (5b–6a). The preface adds that the present book transmits the teachings of the Former Saint (Qiansheng 前聖; i.e., Taishang daojun), as well as those of the Latter Saint. The book is said to result from a combination and codification of the sayings of both figures, distinguished in the original version by writing in black and red ink, respectively, with the addition of oral instructions received from the Latter Saint by Zhang Daoling and Wang Yuan (6a–b).

In juan 3 the revelation of the tradition from the Latter Saint to Zhang Daoling is described, and it is said that in this connection the Latter Saint introduced the term *Zhengyi* for the totality of the methods (3.2b, 4b, 5b). The tradition is said to be divided into three levels: Shangqing (in some places conceived as the teachings of the Former Saint, Taishang daojun, see 3.6b); Zhengyi proper; and the Five Methods (*wufa* 五法), which are related to the five fu of the Lingbao tradition (3.4b–5a; cf. 1240 *Dongxuan lingbao daoshi shou sandong jingjie falu zeri li* 5a–b). These statements (as well as those of the preface) accord with the attempt manifested in the book to create a synthesis of the methods of *bugang* of the Shangqing and Zhengyi traditions.

Generally, *bugang* is described here as being performed in a series of variations (see, e.g., 22.7a–b): (1) “treading along the Terrestrial Sequence” (*nie diji* 躡地紀; here the Dipper, Beidou 北斗, is conceived as consisting of seven stars); (2) “flying along the Celestial Mainstay” (*fei tiangang* 飛天綱; here the Dipper is referred to as the Central Dipper, Zhongdou 中斗, and conceived as consisting of nine stars); (3) the Paces of Yu (*Yubu* 禹步); (4) the practice of covering one’s body with the stars of the Dipper (*peiyi* 配衣); and (5) the sending forth of the forces of the Dipper by means of the twirling method (*nianjue* 捻訣). A frequent term for the latter practice is *zhuan tianguan* 轉天關 (revolving the Gate of Heaven, i.e., pointing the seventh star of the Dipper in the direction of the evil influences).

This system clearly reflects the concepts and terminology of the early Shangqing scriptures on *bugang* (see 1316 *Dongzhen shangqing taiwei dijun bu tiangang fei diji jinjian yuzi shangjing*). In fact, the present book incorporates a good deal of material derived from these scriptures. Thus a central passage from 1316 *Bu tiangang jing* (8a–b), describing the effects of performing the practice, is constantly repeated and elaborated upon (1.2b, 9b–10a, 15.4a). Yet the tenor of the book, with its emphasis on exorcistic and other ritual applications of *bugang*, is representative of the later Zhengyi rites. It may be noted in this connection that the author strongly criticizes the practice of retiring to the mountains in order to seek exclusively personal salvation (3.6a, 7.1a, 12.8b). This practice is connected with Buddhism and with the concrete and overt accumulation of merit (*yanggong* 陽功) through, for instance, the construction of temples, the fabrication of images, and the work of charity (19.8b–10b). Though positive in its own way, *yanggong* is said to be infinitely inferior to the intangible and hidden accumulation of merit (*yingong* 陰功) practiced by Taoist priests, whose ritual activity benefits all human beings and—while it relies on secret, inner practice—must be carried out among human beings (17.1a–19.8b).

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混元化身之圖

FIGURE 53. Portrait of Laozi as Undifferentiated Beginning (1277 1.4a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1259)

Three Origins (*sanyuan jiangjun* 三元將軍), and it continues with some references to the legend of Zhao Rui 趙芮, the patriarch of the *kaozhao fa* (cf. 1015 *Jinsuo liuzhu yin* 11.2a–b and 23.8a–b). It may be noted that a *Sanyuan zhouhou lingshu* 三元肘後靈書 is quoted in 1015 *Jinsuo liuzhu yin* 6.5b for some information on the externalization of the *sanyuan jiangjun*.

Daofa zongzhi tu yanyi 道法宗旨圖衍義

2 juan

By Deng Nan 鄧栴, *zi* Yizheng 以正, *hao* Tiejai zi 鐵崖子, and Zhang Xixian 章希賢, *hao* Yangwu 養吾; preface dated 1299

1277 (fasc. 1004)

“Fundamental Principles of Taoist Rites Illustrated and Explained.” This text offers a lay person’s introduction the underlying philosophy of Thunder rites (*leifa* 雷法).

Of the authors, only Zhang Xixian is mentioned. He is referred to as a *canxue* 參學 (administrator) of the prefectural academy of Linchuan 臨川 in Jiangxi. He is the author of the explanations. Deng Nan drew the illustrations and may have been a daoshi (see fig. 53).

Lingshu zhouhou chao 靈書肘後鈔

6 fols.

Song (960–1279)?

1279 (fasc. 1004)

“Breviary of the Numinous Writings.” This work is a collection of summary descriptions of various exorcistic techniques, probably of the Song dynasty. The term *lingshu* 靈書 is commonly used to designate fu traditions such as the True Writs (*zhenwen* 真文) of the Lingbao tradition and the “method of attracting and summoning” (*shezhao fa* 攝召法) used within the funeral liturgy of the *Lingbao dafa* 靈寶大法 for summoning the soul of the deceased (see 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 260.1a–28b). The present work, however, contains only methods for the living (some of which are designed to form part of *jiao* 醮 services), and at least the initial section is clearly related to the Zhengyi method of inspecting and summoning (*kaozhao fa* 考召法; 1a–2a; cf. 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao*). The work begins with a description of practices of externalization of the Generals of the

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Among the prefatory matter, the first text, dated 1308, is by the Thirty-eighth Heavenly Master, Zhang Yucai 張與材 (d. 1316). It expresses the patriarch’s admiration for the fact that Zhang Xixian managed to unite the teachings of the Three Teachings into a coherent discourse. Next comes Zhang’s own preface, dated 1299, followed by a shorter one by Wang Wanqing 汪萬頃 (*hao* Kongxuan zi 空玄子), dated 1304. A concluding note by the author gives an account of the miraculous feats attributed to Kongxuan zi. It relates that one of Wang’s student made his teacher’s portrait shortly after his death in 1308. This act moved the sage to return to life. He thereupon wrote a last poem of farewell, burst out laughing, threw the brush away, and then died again. He was, however, seen about in Fujian until 1330.

The first juan of the work is devoted to cosmology in the Three Teachings discourse; this juan considers the works of Han Yu 韓愈 (768–824) and other Confucian worthies and evolves toward the theory of *leifa*, quoting Wang Wenqing 王文卿 (1093–1153; 2.11b).

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3.B.6 Shenxiao Fa and Related Thunder Rites

The name of Shenxiao 神霄 (Divine Empyrean) for the supreme Heaven situated above the traditional pantheon is supposed to have been introduced by LIN LINGSU, a court Taoist in the later period of the reign of Song Zhenzong (997–1022). Both the official histories (*Song shi* 462) and Taoist hagiography (LZTT 53.1a–16a) report that Lin was invited to court in the beginning of the Zhenghe period (1111–1118), at which time he had said: “In Heaven there are nine supreme [spheres], of which the Jade Purity Divine Empyrean [Shenxiao yuqing 神霄玉清] is the highest. . . . The sovereign there is the eldest son of the Highest Ancestor [Shangdi 上帝]. He presides over the South, and his name is the Great Sovereign of Long Life [Changsheng dadi 長生大帝]. Your majesty is he.” Following Lin’s visit, the emperor assumed the title Lord of the Tao (Daojun 道君), and all over the empire temples were erected in his honor. They were called Palaces for the Longevity of the Divine Empyrean (Shenxiao wanshou gong 神霄萬壽宮). Many other members of the imperial family were also identified as divine beings, and received Shenxiao registers (*Shenxiao bilu* 神霄秘籙) in confirmation. LIN LINGSU is credited with having been versed in the Five Thunder rites (*wulei fa* 五雷法) that enabled him to summon rain. At the capital, he also conducted *zhai* 齋 services on a grand scale for the salvation of the dead.

Among the many texts on Shenxiao rites and the Shenxiao pantheon preserved in

the *Daozang*, none can be attributed directly to LIN LINGSU himself or dated to the time when he was active (until 1116). The only work that bears his name is a song titled “Jinhua tianding shenxiao sanqi huoling ge 金火天丁神霄三氣火鈴歌” in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 199.1a–5b, which is certainly spurious. Even the creation of an additional Shenxiao pantheon on top of the traditional one cannot with certainty be ascribed to him. Yet the fact that this addition occurred during the Song period (960–1279) is significant. The deities of the Shenxiao pantheon, which got its final form much later, all preside over, or play a role in, different kinds of rites (*fa* 法), in contrast to the more abstract and general pantheon headed by the Three Pure Ones. Great numbers of popular deities were enrolled as agents of the exorcist Thunder rites and were assigned to the new organizations of the heavenly government, such as the Ministry of North Apex of the Expulsion of Evil Forces (*Beiji quxie yuan* 北極驅邪院).

The Shenxiao rites also became part of the services for the salvation of the souls of the dead, especially the Orphan Souls (*gubun* 孤魂) of those who died an unnatural or violent death. The ritual of feeding these suffering souls followed the Buddhist practice of the Avalambana ritual, but Taoism added extensive rites for healing the dead of their diseases and injuries and then refining their substance in order to transform them into immortals (*liandu* 鍊度). This ritual became the prominent form of liturgy.

LIN LINGSU's successor at Huizong's court was Wang Jun 王俊 (or Wang Wenqing 王文卿; 1093–1153). Although it is said that Wang was recommended by Lin, there is no proof that the two men were connected or that Wang was Lin's disciple. Wang was also famous for his Five Thunder rites (*wulei fa* 五雷法) of the Shenxiao pantheon. Several texts state that Wang obtained his art from the fire master (*huoshi* 火師) Wang Zihua 汪子華 of the Tang dynasty (618–907). Wang Wenqing is the author of a number of treatises on *leifa* 雷法. Some of his disciples are also known. The lineage extended well into the Southern Song (1127–1279) period, especially in South China, the native region of both LIN LINGSU and Wang Wenqing.

The Shenxiao rites as we know them from the *Daozang*, however, all seem to have passed through the hands of BO YUCHAN. Bo also greatly enhanced and enlarged the Shenxiao legacy. He called himself the Little Clerk of the Divine Empyrean (*shenxiao sanli* 神霄散吏) as a sign of his devotion to this tradition. Under his direct or posthumous patronage, the Five Thunder rites thrived, and in the commentary of the Jade Pillar scripture (see below), more than 200 kinds of thunder are enumerated (see 16 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing*).

It was probably BO YUCHAN who introduced Jiutian yingyuan leishen puhua tianzun 九天應元雷聲普化天尊 as an addition to the Shenxiao pantheon. This deity was the revealer of the Scripture of the Jade Pivot (16 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing*), a work that became the canon of the Thunder rites. Formed after the model of the Buddhist Samantabhadra, the Puhua tianzun represents the

esoteric practice of the thunder (*vajra*) in all its aspects; he represents life, and thus the life-giving rites, in contrast to the Taiyi jiuku tianzun 太乙救苦天尊, the master of death. The Puhua tianzun, the Jiuku tianzun, and the Nanji Changsheng dadi 南極長生大帝 introduced by LIN LINGSU are the three major deities of the Shenxiao pantheon of the Nine Sovereigns (*jiuchen* 九宸), in complement, but not superior, to the traditional Nine Majesties (*jiuyu* 九御) headed by the Three Pure Ones. In this way, the new exorcistic rites became fully integrated into the Taoist liturgy. The dual pantheon, moreover, gave a theological foundation to the separation of the liturgy into rituals for the living and rituals for the dead. Both forms of ritual are represented in the Shenxiao fa, which enlarged substantially the importance of 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* by creating the sixty-chapter version that now stands at the beginning of the *Daozang*. The dual pantheon also integrated a vast number of popular demon-quelling spirits, the rites of whom have been preserved in 1166 *Fahai yizhu* and 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* (the article concerning this large collection of texts has been placed in part 3.B.7, on the Qingwei 清微 school).

Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing 靈寶無量度人上品妙經

61 juan

After 1112

I (fasc. 1–13)

“Wonderful Superior Book of Immeasurable Salvation from [the Canon of] the Marvelous Jewel.” This version of the *Duren jing* includes the original fourth-century text (juan 1, pages 15a–16a and 18a–20b, however, do not belong to the original work; see section 1.B.3.a) plus sixty juan that were added after 1112, probably by LIN LINGSU. This date is provided by 1282 *Gaoshang shenxiao zongshi shoujing shi* 1b, where the revelation of the *Lingbao zhenjing* 靈寶真經 is announced “after the year *renchen* of the Zhenghe era [1112].” The same text then gives (2b–4b) the content of a *Gaoshang shenxiao taishang dongxhuan lingbao duren jing* in sixty-one juan, which corresponds indeed to the content of the present work. The new *Duren jing* that consequently belonged to the Shenxiao scriptures (the term *shenxiao* is found all through the text on pages 22.12a, 40.17b, etc.) was to be considered on the same level with the Tongzhen 通真 scriptures (1282 *Shoujing shi* 4b), which may be the reason this *Duren jing* is placed at the head of the Taoist canon.

The title Changsheng dadi jun 長生大帝君 in juan 31 refers to Emperor Huizong (r. 1100–1125). The arrangement of the sixty additional juan could well correspond to a sixty-day cycle of recitations. At the same time, these sixty juan represent a journey descending from the Great Tao to the hells, and ending with “the eternal cessation of reincarnation.”

The form of each juan is identical and is patterned upon the ancient *Duren jing*,

but each *juan* also presents itself as a statement on a distinct practice, sometimes including symbols (*fu* 符). Occasionally, interesting ritual (3.13a–b) or cosmological (40.4b–5a) indications are found. The frequent use of the alchemical term *zhentu* 真土 (True Earth; 13.3b, 31.6b, 52.3b, etc.) is noteworthy, as is the occurrence of phrases that were to become key expressions in the *Lingbao dafa*: “causing *zhenren* to descend and marshaling the spirits” (*jiangzhen zhaoling* 降真召靈; title of *juan* 23) and “silent audience of the supreme god” (*mochao shangdi* 默朝上帝; 31.6a). It may be noted that *Beiji dadi* 北極大帝 is said to have taught *Mingwei* 明威 (i.e., *Mengwei* 盟威) *zhenren* an exorcistic method linked to the *Beidou* 北斗 seven stars (37.13b).

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Yuanshi wuliang duren shangpin miaojing zhiyin

元始無量度人上品妙經直音

23 fols.

2 (fasc. 13)

“True Sounds of the Wonderful Scripture of the Primordial Beginning on Universal Salvation.” This text contains the phonetic glosses—the correct sounds (*zhiyin* 直音) of the title—for the recitation of the sixty-one *juan* of 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* (cf. Strickmann, “The longest Taoist scripture,” 341).

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Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing futu

靈寶無量度人上品妙經符圖

3 *juan*

Preface attributed to Emperor Huizong of the Song (r. 1100–1125)

147 (fasc. 67)

“Fu and Charts of the Book of Salvation.” This text, a kind of commentary on the *Duren jing*, is one of the *Shenxiao* 神霄 writings (Strickmann, “The longest Taoist scripture,” 344–46). Strickmann suggests that the reference in the preface attributed to Huizong (2b) to the “elimination of heterodox methods and the flourishing of the True Way” in the years *renchen* 壬辰 and *gengzi* 庚子 (1112 and 1120) may refer to the persecution of Buddhism under Huizong. It should be pointed out, however, that the attribution of the preface is open to question: it is neither signed nor dated, and the author refers to himself by using not the imperial *zhen* 朕 but the ordinary *wo* 我.

Strickmann also mentions the cosmic charts found both in this text (2.5b, 3.4b–5b) and in 1219 *Gaoshang shenxiao yuqing zhenwang zishu dafa* (2.18b, 2b–3a). These and other elements of the *Shenxiao* movement were to become standard features of the later *Lingbao dafa* method: all its basic *fu*, and such key practices as the *liandu* 鍊度 (3.6a–b; 1219 *Zishu dafa* 11.30b) and the *yuangang liuyan* 元綱流演 (3.16a; 1219 *Zishu dafa* 1.19b) are already found, or at least mentioned, in these *Shenxiao* texts.

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Gaoshang shenxiao zongshi shoujing shi 高上神霄宗師受經式

7 fols.

Southern Song (1127–1279)?

1282 (fasc. 1005)

“Protocol of the Reception of the Scriptures of the Patriarch of the Highest Divine Empyrean.” This work is an introduction to the revelation of 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing*, that is, the Song version of the Book of Salvation in sixty-one *juan* (see part 3.B.1). The present work tells the story of the revelation of the text by the Worthy of the Primordial Beginning (*Yuanshi zhi zun* 元始之尊) and of its transmission, first to *Yuchen taishang daojun* 玉宸太上道君 and then from the latter to the True King (*Shenxiao Yuqing zhenwang* 神霄玉清真王), divine patriarch of the *Shenxiao* 神霄 order. The latter figure—after having entrusted his younger brother, the *Qinghua dijun* 青華帝君, with his functions in Heaven—descended to Earth in order to become the ruler of humankind, that is to say, Emperor Song Huizong (r. 1100–1125). In conjunction with this divine reign, in the year *renchen* of the Zhenghe era (1012), the great Book of Salvation was revealed, and with it the register that empowered its possession, the *Gaoshan shenxiao yuqing milu* 高上神霄玉清秘籙 in three *juan*.

The present work contains the complete list of titles of the sixty-one chapters of this version of the Book of Salvation (2b–4a); then it presents the register and other divine works revealed by the divine redeemer Emperor Huizong, or compiled under his auspices: the imperial commentaries on the *Daode jing* 道德經 and the *Zhuangzi*, the hymns and hagiographies written by him or under his direction, and finally the editing of the Taoist canon (5a–6b). The work ends with a short presentation of the ordination regulations and degrees pertaining to the *Shenxiao* order.

Although there is some historical foundation for a relation between certain elements of the Taoist theocracy of Huizong and the *Shenxiao* revelations, it is obvious that the present work is an attempt to muster the emperor’s patronage for the order as it developed in later times. The simple reference throughout the text to “Song Hui-

zong” indicates that it could not have been written during the emperor’s reign. The Shenxiao rituals became popular in Southern Song times, and the present work must have been written in connection with this late development.

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Taishang sanshiliu bu zunjing 太上三十六部尊經

6 juan

8 (fasc. 18–19)

“Venerable Scripture of the Most High in Thirty-six Sections.” According to the author of 4 *Wushang neibi zhenzang jing* (4.1b), a scripture of this title had been written to demonstrate that the Taoist books of the Six Dynasties (220–589), divided into Three Caverns of twelve sections each, had been superseded by a new literature. The present book is the summary of that literature. Just before giving a list of the thirty-six sections, 4 *Zhenzang jing* attacks the “ignorant” who divide Taoist books into such sections without realizing that “all beings alike constitute the matter of scripture” (cf. 1221 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 54.5b–7a). In similar fashion, 9 *Taishang yicheng haikong zhizang jing* criticizes those “poor Taoists who, failing to understand my meaning, preach the scriptures of the Three Caverns in thirty-six sections and, on the basis of these texts, develop a spirit of certitude” (10.8b–9a).

A certain number of passages in the present text are virtually identical to passages in 9 *Haikong jing* (for example, 1.12a–b and 6.15a–b here correspond to 7.14a–b and 7.11b–12a, respectively, in the latter). In another parallel passage, the two texts refer in complementary fashion to the early Heavenly Master movement: according to 9 *Haikong jing* (7.16b–17a), the “powerful spirits [*guishen* 鬼神] of the five roads” lost the Way because of four demons (*mo* 魔); here (2.6b–7b) they are said to have lost the Way because they had recourse to libationers (*jijiu* 祭酒). The number and the nature of such parallel passages suggest that these two texts were written, if not by the same author(s), at least at the same time and in the same place.

Other elements, however, suggest a much later date. Most notably, a certain number of probably Northern Song (960–1127) practices are mentioned: the methods of the Four Saints (*sisheng* 四聖) and of the Heart of Heaven (*tianxin* 天心; 6.6b); a ritual of the Eleven Luminaries (*yao* 曜, 3.12a); and a series of thirty-six fu to be used in conjunction with 318 *Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhangjing* in rituals for the salvation of the souls of the dead. The notion that the practice of returning the elixir can harm both nature and life (*xingming* 性命; 5.12a) also seems to point to the Song period.

The presence of these elements in the text suggests that it was written in the Northern Song and made to correspond to the table of contents of 4 *Zhenzang jing*. Ideologically, it is, nonetheless, close to the scriptures of early Tang Taoist monasticism.

John Lagerwey

Mingzhen powang zhangsong 明真破妄章頌

7 fols.

By Zhang Jixian 張繼先, *hao* Xujing zhenren 續靜真人, the Thirtieth Heavenly Master (1092–1126)

979 (fasc. 615)

“Stanzas of Understanding Truth and Refuting Error.” This text contains a series of forty-three didactic, four-line, seven-syllable poems on ritual, mainly *liandu* 鍊度 and Thunder rites. For the expression *mingzhen* 明真 in the title, compare the poem on page 6a: “Dang mingzhen yao 當明真要.” The 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 71 reproduces the present text under the title *Xujing tianshi powang zhang* 虛靖天師破妄章. This version has one additional poem (on 7a), entitled “Sanjiao yili 三教一理,” and several variant titles.

The work is not mentioned in Zhang Jixian’s extant biographies, nor is it included in 1249 *Sanshi dai tianshi Xujing zhenjun yulu*. It appears to have been considered spurious already at an early date.

Kristofer Schipper

Taiqing yusi zuoyuan biyao shangfa 太清玉司左院祕要上法

12 fols.

By Xiaying 霞映, *hao* Dongshan zhenren 洞山真人

1247 (fasc. 991)

“Secret, Essential, and Superior Methods from the Left Hall of the Highest Purity Jade Office.” This is a short manual for exorcism (*kaozhao fa* 考召法; see page 8b). As the name of the author does not appear to be complete, he may be tentatively identified as Li Yingxin 李應新, *hao* Dongxuan zhenren, a patriarch of the *hundun xuanmen dafa* 混沌玄門大法, a Thunder magic (*leifa* 雷法) in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 110.1b (also 109.12b).

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

Leifa yixuan pian 雷法議玄篇

15 fols.

By Patriarch Wan zongshi 萬宗師, hao Yuanxu zhenren 元虛真人

1254 (fasc. 997)

“Explanations on the Mysteries of Thunder Magic.” This is collection of short essays on *leifa* 雷法. Only the first piece is by Patriarch Wan. He claims to be a disciple of Wang Jun 王俊, alias Wang Wenqing 王文卿 (1093–1153), the founder of the Five Thunder rites (*wulei fa* 五雷法) of the Shenziao 神霄 school (3a) who is otherwise unknown. Wan relates in his introduction that he first studied the *leifa* from books but failed to understand it. After having been properly initiated, however, he obtained the essentials of the art, and the present work is intended to share these with other adepts. His essay contains a number of more theoretical considerations on the exorcistic practices of Thunder magic.

A second essay is titled “*Leifa yuanhai zhengyanshu* 雷法淵海正演數” (Correct Explanations on the Arts [reading 術 for 數] from the Ocean of Thunder Magic). The anonymous author wrote a long didactic poem that he had printed in 1248. Probably the poem “Yuxiao yin, zeng Shi'an xiansheng 玉霄吟贈識庵先生” (Song of the Jade Emyrean, presented to Master Shi'an) is by the same author. From the context, we can suppose that the recipient of the poem was surnamed He 何; beside He, the poem mentions a Master Kuang 鄺. Neither person has been indentified.

The work continues with a short treatise on the “*Chuahuo zhenxing* 欸火真形” (True Form of the Violent Fire), the talisman of the God of Thunder. The author explains that during the years 1078–1085 this efficacious talisman belonged to Patriarch Zeng 曾宗師. The author obtained it in 1133 in Jinling 金陵 (Nanking). Now, as he is advancing in age, he proposes to print it.

The work ends with a note on the sacrifice to the spirits of the Four Directions on the Thunder Altar (“*Taiji leitan ji siweishen fa* 太極雷壇祭四維神法”). It contains a number of theriomorphic talismans.

*Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling**Taiji huofu zougao qirang yi* 太乙火府奏告祈禳儀

17 fols.

217 (fasc. 84)

“Ritual of Announcement for an Exorcism, from the Fire Court of the Great Monad.” This text gives in succinct form the ritual found in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 188–94 (cf. van der Loon, “A Taoist collection”). According to the introduction to these juan, written in 1271 by Huang Yixuan 黃一炫, “the thunder of the Fire court of the Great Monad . . . is a manifestation [*huashen* 化身] of the true qi of the Northern Dipper.” The Great Monad is the “master of the methods” that are linked to the heavenly body

known as Yuebo 月孛. Huang also recounts the story of the first six of the seven ancestral masters of the lineage invoked in the present text (1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 188.3b).

In addition to an invocation, a triple offering, and the presentation of a memorial, the present text contains a litany on the redemptive powers of the lords of the Seven Principles of the Northern Dipper. The Fire Court is the residence of the Celestial Emperor of the Great Redness. We learn from 1166 *Fahai yizhu* 3–5 that this emperor is none other than the Great Monad.

*John Lagerwey**Taishang shuo chaotian xielei zhenjing* 太上說朝天謝雷真經

18 fols.

17 (fasc. 25)

“Scripture on Petitioning Heaven for the Propitiation of Thunder.” The thirty-six Thunder Gods are in charge of the punishment of evil. The present book tells how to avert their wrath, especially for deceased persons. A number of talismans “in seal script,” should be put in the coffin. After closing it, a hole should be made in the wood, enabling the talismans to communicate with the powers of the Thunder.

This scripture, of a popular idiom, is otherwise unknown. A few formal parallels loosely link it to the two Thunder books preceding it in the *Daozang* (15 *Wushang jiuxiao yuqing dafan ziwei xuandu leiting yujing* and 16 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing*). It prescribes the incantation of the name of the Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun 九天應元雷聲普化天尊, and speaks of the great power of Marshal Deng 鄧元帥, one of the major exorcist gods of the Thunder rites (12a).

An appendix (15b–18a) contains four laudatory hymns by different divine worthies, each one having apposed his seal as a guarantee for the divine transmission of these texts, which appear to be of mediumistic origin; the “canonical titles” given to these worthies are spurious. A final paragraph, dictated by Qingdi tianjun 青帝天君, calls upon the faithful to distribute this scripture in print.

*Kristofer Schipper**Deng tianjun xuanling bamen baoying neizhi* 鄧天君玄靈八門報應內旨

14 fols.

1266 (fasc. 1002)

“Esoteric Meaning of Retribution through the Eight Gates of Dark Transcendence, [Transmitted by] the Heavenly Lord Deng.” The eight gates of dark transcendence refer to the disposition of the nine palaces in the Hidden Days (*dunjia* 遁甲) method. The Heavenly Lord Deng is a deity of the Five Thunders ritual (1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 80, “Yanhua liling Deng tianjun dafa 焱火律令鄧天君大法”). He was worshipped on the Wudang shan (962 *Wudang fudi zongzhen ji* 1.7a). Our text also mentions the

divine marshal Wen yuanshuai 溫元帥 (14a, on Wen, see 780 *Diqi shangjiang Wen tai-bao zhuan*).

The author claims to be inspired, among others, by theories developed by Xu Shouxin 徐守信 (1033–1108) under the name *Damen chui ge jue* 打門槌歌訣 (1a and 7a). The text itself is a collection of magical recipes, short circumambulatory rites, and mantic formulas of various origins. It seems to have been conceived primarily for therapeutic rituals.

Marc Kalinowski

Fahai yizhu 法海遺珠

46 juan

Ming (1368–1644)

1166 (fasc. 825–833)

“Pearls Retrieved from the Sea of Rites.” This is a loose collection of various methods of Five Thunder magic (*wulei fa* 五雷法). Many of the rites are close to those given in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan*, albeit in a less complete form (compare, for instance, the rites of Marshal Deng 鄧元帥 in juan 23 to 26 of the present work with those in juan 80 in the *Daofa huiyuan*).

This compilation dates to the Ming, as among the deities we find Xuantian shangdi 玄天上帝, an appellation for Xuanwu 玄武 only used beginning in Ming times. A preface (45.7b) by Zhang Shunlie 章舜烈, a master of the Tianpeng 天蓬 exorcism and healing tradition gives the year 1344. This is the only explicit date in the entire work.

Among the methods that stand out prominently are those related to the Shenxiao 神霄 tradition of the *Yushu jing* (see 16 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing*). Juan 1, 2, and 11 of the present work contain the Inner Sublimation (*neilian* 內煉) rites of this tradition. In 11.12b, the ritual calls for the recitation of the *Taishang huanglao dijun shuo yunlei tiantong zhenjing* 太上黃老帝君說運雷天童真經. The text, as it is given, is a version combining 632 *Taishang taiqing tiantong huming miao-jing* and of 633 *Taishang taiqing huanglao dijun yunlei tiantong yinfan xianjing*. These texts were revealed to Liang Guangying 梁光映, alias Liang Wuzhen 梁悟真, on Maoshan, in 1109 or 1112.

From juan 12 on, the *Fahai yizhu* gives all kinds of rituals related to the worship of the Dipper stars (*doufa* 斗法), such as the methods using the divine help of the goddess Jiutian xiannu 九天玄女 (preface signed by Li Xisheng 李希聖). Another highly popular deity is Guandi 關帝 (here rendered Guan yuanshuai 關元帥), who has rituals in juan 39 and again in juan 43.

Juan 14 also contains rites of the Beidou 北斗, but this time of the Southern school (Nanzong 南宗) of BO YUCHAN. In juan 14 we find the interesting method of calling

cranes (*zhaohe* 召鶴), whether a single bird as a means of transportation upon achieving immortality or a whole flock for enlivening a successfully concluded liturgical service.

Juan 15 has a ritual for the transmission of the *wulei fa*. The rites of purification and Pacing the Mainstay (*bugang* 步綱) are in general very close to the southern Taiwanese practice that still exists today.

Also close to today's practice are certain aspects of the exorcist “lifting the earth” (*qitu* 起土) rites in juan 30 and, equally linked to the Great Year stellar deity (Taisui 太歲), the rites of Marshal Yin 殷元帥 in juan 44. In our text we find (5b–8b) the names and talismans corresponding to the twelve generals who assist Marshal Yin in his duties. The names are those of the Twelve Royal Lords (*wangye* 王爺) venerated on the occasion of the Royal Offerings (*wangjiao* 王醮) prevalent today in southern Taiwan and southern Fujian.

Kristofer Schipper

Wushang jiuxiao yuqing dafan ziwei xuandu leiting yujing

無上九霄玉清大梵紫微玄都雷霆玉經

28 fols.

15 (fasc. 24)

“Precious Book of the Thunder [Rites] from the Nine Empyrian Jade Purity Great Brahma Pole Star Dark Capital.” This undated modern scripture of the Shangqing Lingbao liturgy contains a rather systematic presentation of the Shenxiao 神霄 pantheon and the rituals connected with it. Most of the major deities from this pantheon, or assimilated with it, are presented here, as well as some cosmological theories related to the Thunder rites. Uppermost are the Nine Sovereigns (Jiuchen 九宸) of the Nine Stellar Palaces, to whom memorials (*zou* 奏) are addressed. Then come the Nine Offices (*jiusi* 九司), in charge of receiving the reports (*shen* 申; 11a–b).

BO YUCHAN in one of his letters to his disciple Peng Helin 彭鶴林, dated 1217, mentions the printing of the present scripture by Peng and its distribution in the Jiangxi area (see 1307 *Haiqiong Bo zhenren yulu* 4.19b).

Among the titles of gods mentioned we find the Jiuzhou duxian taishi gaoming dashi 九州都仙太史高明大使 [XU XUN] and the Jiutian yingyuan leishen puhua tianzun 九天應元雷聲普化天尊, the principal deity of 16 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing*. These titles are not known before the thirteenth century.

Kristofer Schipper

Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing

九天應元雷聲普化天尊玉樞寶經

11 fols.

16 (fasc. 25)

“Precious Book of the Jade Pivot, Spoken by the Heavenly Worthy of Universal Transformation of the Sound of the Thunder of Responding Origin in the Nine Heavens.” This undated work is quoted in the commentary dated 1103 by Zhu Weiyi 朱惟一 of the *Leiting aozhi* 雷霆奧旨 (1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 76.13b), attributed to BO YUCHAN. This suggests that the present work on Five Thunder ritual belongs to the early years of the Shenxiao 神霄 tradition. An edition with a colophon dated 1333 is preserved in the British Library (see Little, *Taoism and the arts of China*, 237–39). Bo’s involvement in the diffusion of the Shenxiao *leiting* rites is confirmed in many places. His 1307 *Haiqiong Bo zhenren yulu* 4.19b mentions the printing and diffusion by his disciple Peng Helin 彭鶴林 of a *Leiting yujing*. This mention may refer to 15 *Wushang jiuxiao yuqing dafan ziwei xuandu leiting yujing* as well as to the present work, which in the colophon of 99 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun baojing jizhu* by Thirty-ninth Heavenly Master Zhang Sicheng 張嗣成 is also called *Leiting yujing* and dated 1333.

The Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun is the Taoist form of the Bodhisattva Samantabhadra (Puxian 普賢). His presence in the Taoist pantheon is closely linked to the present scripture.

The 16 *Yushu baojing* is one of the most prominent scriptures in modern liturgy and an important treatise on the Shenxiao Thunder rites. The style, the frequent occurrence of abstruse characters, as well as the fact that the commentary 99 *Baojing jizhu* is attributed to Bo, makes the latter a likely candidate for its authorship.

Kristofer Schipper

Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing jizhu

九天應元雷聲普化天尊玉樞寶經集註

2 juan

By Xu Daoling 徐道齡, hao Xuanyang zi 玄陽子; colophon dated 1333

99 (fasc. 50)

“Collected Glosses on the Precious Book of the Jade Pivot,” referring to 16 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing*. The main glosses (*zhu* 註) are attributed to the patriarch BO YUCHAN whose relationship to the Jade Pivot scripture is well known, whereas the first Heavenly Master is credited with explaining the general meaning (*yi* 義), the Thunder deity Zhang tianjun 張天君 with the interpretation (*shi* 釋), and LÜ DONGBIN with the hymns (*zan* 贊). The text quotes no other source.

According to a colophon by the Thirty-ninth Heavenly Master Zhang Sicheng 張嗣成, hao Taixuan zi 太玄子 (d. 1344), the present work was “found” and printed by Xuanyang zi, i.e., Xu Daoling. In 1334, the same scholar published a commentary on the *Beidou jing* 北斗經 (750 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing zhu*) that in many respects resembles the present. Like these glosses on the Jade Pivot, the commentary on the *Beidou jing* also appears to be based on divine inspiration, in the latter case by Zitong dijun 梓童帝君.

Kristofer Schipper

Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baochan

九天應元雷聲普化天尊玉樞寶懺

11 fols.

195 (fasc. 82)

“Precious Litany of the Heavenly Worthy of Universal Transformation on the Sound of Thunder.” This Heavenly Worthy is the Taoist Samantabhadra, the revealer of 16 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing* (see the present text, 5a), of which this ritual is a cognate. It does not follow the usual litany style of reciting long lists of Tianzun, but is more in the style of a homage (*liwen* 禮文). Pages 8a–9b list the deities of the Shenxiao pantheon, including the Jiuchen 九宸.

Kristofer Schipper

Leiting yushu youzui fachen 雷霆玉樞宥罪法懺

9 fols.

196 (fasc. 82)

“Ritual Litany for the Forgiving of Sins from the Jade Pillar of Thunder.” The 196 *Youzui fachen* short ritual, cognate to 16 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing*. The Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun 九天應元雷聲普化天尊 is invoked as the Lord of the Thirty-six Heavens.

A hymn in seven-character verses on 4a–b has a distinctly popular flavor.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang xuansi miezui zifu xiaozai fachen 太上玄司滅罪紫府消災法懺

10 fols.

536 (fasc. 295)

“Litany of the Most High for Blotting out Sins in the Dark Tribunal and Averting Disaster in the Purple Office.” Recited by a priest on behalf of a lay believer, this ritual enables one to avoid any star-fated catastrophe and to appear innocent in the courts of the underworld.

The high rank in the celestial hierarchy accorded Leisheng puhua tianzun 雷聲普化天尊 marks this text as modern.

John Lagerwey

Gaoshang shenxiao yuqing zhenwang zishu dafa 高上神霄玉清真王紫書大法

12 juan

Ming dynasty (1368–1644)?

1219 (fasc. 881–883)

“Great Magic from the Purple Book of the True King of the Highest Divine Empyrean Jade Purity.” This is a complete manual of exorcism in the tradition of the Five Thunder magic. By a number of elements, notably diagrams (juan 1) and initiation titles (5.6a), it is indeed linked to other Shenxiao manuals, but without the “salvation by refining” (*liandu* 鍊度) component. The undated and unsigned preface explains that the True King, who is the patron deity of this form of exorcism, is the eldest of eight sons of the Yuanshi tianwang 元始天王 and his spouse, the Jiutian shangxuan yuqing shenmu 九天上玄玉清神母. The True King is also known as Nanji changshen dadi 南極長生大帝. By his own volition, he descended to Earth to save mankind. This account is slightly altered in the book itself, as on page 1.3b, the Yuanshi tianwang declares: “I have ordered the Taihuang wanfu zhenjun 太皇萬福真君 to open the

book cases of the Purple Empyrean and give them to the eldest son of the Jade Emperor [Yudi] so that the teachings of Heaven be promulgated and mankind may be saved and return to the correct Tao.” In the genealogical chart given on 1.14b, it is also shown that Yuhuang descends from Yuanshi tianwang, and that the Shenxiao yuqing wang is the oldest of the eight sons of Yuhuang. On page 1.15b, the deity is again identified as the son of the Yuanshi tianwang. Probably, Yuhuang is considered here as the hypostasis of the Yuanshi tianwang.

At the beginning of juan 1, it is specified that the True King was ordered by Yuhuang shangdi 玉皇上帝 to become the ruler of all men (that is, the emperor of China; 1.1a). This is spelled out in greater detail on page 3a, where the revelation of the *Shenxiao fa* is linked to the crucial year *jiachen* 甲辰 of the Lord of the Tao’s (Daojun 道君) ascendancy. As in other texts in this part, these are references to the reign of Song Huizong (1100–1125) as a Taoist

太
一
保
命
延
生
呪



FIGURE 54. Female deity holding the register (1219 11.35a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1202)

redeemer. Similar prophecies are found in the preface of 147 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing futu* attributed to Song Huizong concerning the year *renchen* 壬辰. These years could then correspond to the years 1124 and 1112 respectively.

In fact, however, nothing in the present work allows us to consider it as a product of the reign of Huizong and the liturgy of LIN LINGSU. The latter part of the work contains the documents for the transmission of the present ritual tradition, and there the True King is already the patron saint (*zushi* 祖師) of the order (12.9b). A passage beginning on 5.6a gives the full range of ordination titles and their correspondence with the ordinary degrees of the Taoist clergy. These grades appear to be those of the modern Zhengyi order, such as Zhengyi mengwei 正一盟威, Sanwu dugong 三五都功, Shangqing dadong 上清大洞, (5.2a–b) and this is confirmed for the offices (*zhi* 職) the masters receive (see 5.6b). The present work was therefore compiled at a time the Shenxiao revelation was already fully institutionalized and coupled with the liturgical organization of the Zhengyi order.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

3.B.7 The Qingwei School

Among the modern lineages of Thunder rites for exorcism and salvation, the Qingwei 清微 school has a special importance. As the latest of the different ritual currents, it appears as a successor to most others, extending its patriarchy well into the Ming dynasty (1368–1644). It endeavors to encompass the different traditions, such as Zhengyi 正一, Lingbao 靈寶, and Daode 道德, and reveres the Shangqing 上清 female patriarch WEI HUACUN as one of its founders. The school was officially recognized and adopted by the Zhengyi order. Its patriarchs are mentioned among those of the various schools in the prayers of 503 *Yulu shengshen zidu zhuanjing yi*, a ritual performed at the Ming court. In the ordination tables of the Qing (1644–1911) period of the Baiyun guan 白雲觀 temple in Peking, the Qingwei school ranks second in importance to the Quanzhen 全真 order (see Oyanagi Shigeta, *Hakuunkan shi*, 103–8). Indeed, during the Qing, the daoshi of the Zhengyi order were often defined, in terms of their liturgical capacity, as “Lingbao qingwei 靈寶清微” practitioners.

The Qingwei school claims its descent from the legendary female ancestor Zu Shu 祖舒, who is said to have lived during the Five Dynasties (907–960) period in the southern region of Guangxi. She had many women disciples. HUANG SHUNSHEN, a local official in Guangxi during the thirteenth century, is named in the extensive genealogies of the Qingwei school as one of the founders. The multiple references

of the scholar Zheng Sixiao 鄭思肖 (1241–1318) to Qingwei rites in South China suggest their popularity at that time (see his 548 *Taiji jilian neifa*, preface and *passim*). Other daoshi whose relationship with the Qingwei school is indicated by independent sources include Ye Xizhen 葉希真, also known as Ye Yunlai 葉雲萊, who was active in the late thirteenth century (see 962 *Wudang fudi zongzhen ji* 3.27b), and his disciple ZHANG SHOUQING. The patriarch ZHAO YIZHEN (d. 1382) also contributed to the dissemination of the Qingwei methods. After their deaths, these patriarchs were enshrined as members of the pantheon of the Qingwei school, for this movement practiced the deification of human beings even more extensively than had the preceding Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 and the Shenxiao fa 神霄法.

The Qingwei school developed a distinctive style of talismanic writing, which is found in all their scriptures and rituals (see, for instance, the rendition of the text of 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* in 80 *Yunzhuang duren miaojing*). Considering itself a successor to the Shenxiao school, the movement was mainly concerned with Thunder methods (*leifa* 雷法) for the purpose of saving the souls of the dead. However, the extensive manual of Qingwei rites included at the beginning of 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* (juan 1–55) also contains rites for obtaining offspring (juan 42) and protection against epidemics, war, locusts, tigers, and other calamities. The last chapter of the manual (juan 55) is devoted to the treatment of mental illness.

The relationship between the Qingwei school and the *Yuhuang benxing jijing* 玉皇本行集經 (10–11 *Gaoshang yuhuang benxing* and 1440 *Huangjing jizhu*) deserves attention. Although it is the fundamental scripture (*benwen* 本文) of the daoshi of the Lingbao qingwei school, the texts of the *Yuhuang jing* do not explicitly mention this relationship. Yet other closely related scriptures, such as 194 *Gaoshang yuhuang man-yuan baozhan*, clearly indicate that they belong to the Qingwei school by invoking its patriarchs and saints (see, e.g., 1.1b–2a and 2.1b). The *Yuhuang jing* did not appear before the late Southern Song (1127–1279) period. It seems safe to assume that it was a scripture of the Qingwei school.

Gaoshang yuhuang benxing jijing 高上玉皇本行集經

3 juan

10 (fasc. 23)

“Combined Scriptures of the Founding Acts of the Jade Emperor on High.” This text comprises three scrolls (*juan*) and five chapters (*pin*). Since the late middle ages, Yuhuang 玉皇 has been an epithet given to the chief deity of the pantheon. In this most sacred scripture of modern Taoism, he is pictured as the leader of the host of gods assembling before the throne of the Heavenly Worthy of the Primordial Beginning in the Qingwei 清微 heaven. There he multiplies his body in order to speak to all parts of the universe the Pure Doctrine of Salvation. Then he becomes one again and tells

the story of his birth as an avatar of the Most High Daojun and his subsequent cultivation of sainthood during 3,200 kalpas, before attaining the status of Golden Immortal with the title of Tathāgata (*rulai* 如來), King of Pure and Spontaneous Awakening, in order to teach all bodhisattva the true doctrine of Mahāyāna.

The scriptures making up 10 *Yuhuang benxing jijing* are not mentioned before the thirteenth century. The appendix of the *Junzhai dushu zhi* of 1249 (“Fuzhi 附志,” 1161) gives a reference to an edition printed in 1240 by the Chengtian lingying guan 承天靈應觀 in Hangzhou, which was based on a version from Sichuan (*Shu ben* 蜀本), with a preface by Cheng Gongxu 程公許 (*jinsbi* 1211; VDL 99). The Chengtian lingying guan is mentioned in *Xianchun Lin'an zhi* 75.8a. It was dedicated to the cult of Zitong dijun 梓潼帝君 and received its present name in 1236.

Quotations from the 10 *Yuhuang benxing jijing* can be found in a number of Yuan (1279–1368) works, such as 103 *Yueqing wuji zongzhen zhenwen Wenchang dadong xian-jing zhu* 5.17a, 25b. The second *pin* contains the revelation, by Yuanshi tianzun, of the True Writs in Vermilion Writing on Jade Tablets (*Lingbao chishu yupian zhenwen* 靈寶赤書玉篇真文) from 22 *Yuanshi wulao chishu yupian zhenwen tianshu jing*.

The extent to which the present work may be a reconstitution based on the lost early Lingbao scripture *Lingbao zhenwen duren benxing miaojing* 靈寶真文度人本行妙經 (see Lagerwey, *Wu-shang pi-yao*, 265) is difficult to determine.

Kristofer Schipper

Gaoshang yuhuang benxing jijing 高上玉皇本行集經

3 juan, 6 fols. + 3 fols.; appendix (Songjing ganying 誦經感應), 4 fols.

Attributed to Zhang Liang 張良 (d. 187 B.C.)

11 (fasc. 23–24)

“Combined Scriptures of the Founding Acts by the Jade Emperor on High.” This undated commentary, spuriously attributed to Zhang Liang in his function as supreme minister of the Heavenly Pivot (Tianshu shangxiang 天樞上相), is placed directly after the “fundamental scriptures” (*benwen* 本文) text of the corresponding scripture of the same title in the Ming canon, 10 *Yuhuang benxing jijing*. It is difficult to say whether this placement is the result of an oversight by the compilers or whether this commentary was equally considered to be a *benwen*. The text yields no clues as to the date of its compilation. The commentary is preceded and followed by a number of equally spurious documents pertaining to the collation and transmission of the text by two unknown saints named Lin Shaohua 林少華 and Cang Rujia 蒼汝嘉.

The appendix contains seven anecdotes illustrating the miraculous powers of the text, all dating from the Sui (581–618) and Tang (618–907) periods. The sources of these anecdotes are unknown.

Kristofer Schipper

Gaoshang yuhuang benxing jingsui 高上玉皇本行經髓

6 fols. + 3 fols. appendix, "Chuanjing yuanliu 傳經源流"

Transmitted by Liu Chuyuan 劉處源 (fl. 1344)

12 (fasc. 24)

"Essentials of the Combined Scriptures of the Founding Acts of the Jade Emperor on High." This is an abbreviated version of 10 *Gaoshang yuhuang benxing jijing*. According to the appended account, this abstract was passed on to Liu Chuyuan by an immortal in the year 1344. Liu was a Qingwei 清微 master of the twenty-fourth generation after the founding goddess Qingzhen Zixu yuanjun 清真紫虛元君 (WEI HUACUN).

Kristofer Schipper

Gaoshang yuhuang xinyin jing 高上玉皇心印經

1 fol.

13 (fasc. 24)

"Scripture of the Seal of the Heart of the Jade Emperor." This text is a didactic poem in four-word verses, without any indication as to authorship or date. The mention of the practice of the Silent Audience before the Emperor-on-High (*mochao shangdi* 默朝上帝) refers to an important meditative and liturgical practice of the Southern Song (1127–1279) period.

The present text is included in the liturgy of 529 *Lingbao wujing tigang*, which is also probably a Southern Song work.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang lingbao chaotian xiezui dachan 太上靈寶朝天謝罪大懺

10 juan

189 (fasc. 79–80)

"Great Litany of Atonement, for the Audience in Heaven of the Lingbao Liturgy." This longest of all Taoist litanies, listing no less than 1,200 Heavenly Worthies *tianzun* (天尊), is of a late date. Among the great Heavenly Worthies invoked at the beginning of each litany, we find, for instance, the Zhenming dasheng jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun, the Taoist Samantabhadra, introduced by 16 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing*. Its recitation is mentioned in 467 *Da Ming xuanjiao licheng zhajiao yi* 10b (dated 1374).

Kristofer Schipper

Yuhuang youzui xifu baochan 玉皇宥罪錫福寶懺

24 fols.

By Xin Hanchen 辛漢臣; fourteenth century (?)

193 (fasc. 81)

"Precious Litany of Repentance That Moves the Jade Emperor to Grant Absolution from Guilt and the Allotment of Good Fortune." This writing is attributed to Xin Hanchen, who was "commander-in-chief of the fierce messengers of Thunder and Lightening" (*Leiting mengli dudu* 雷霆猛吏都督; see also 1307 *Haiqiong Bo zhenren yulu* 2.14a and 1220 *Daofu huiyuan* 61.2b). The work opens with a reference to 10 *Gaoshang yuhuang benxing jijing* and gives the great invocation of Yuhuang (*baohao* 寶號) from that scripture (5a).

Eulogies of the might and glory of the gods introduce this work, featuring the guilt of man and his desire to do penance. Repentance can be realized by reciting this litany. At the end of each phrase, the honorary title of a deity was to be added. These prayers had to be spoken together with a Taoist priest. Eight paragraphs follow this part of the work. They present texts were used by Taoist priests as petitions to specific deities. The priest introduces the lay person on whose behalf he is acting to these deities. He also explains the distress of his client. Litanies appropriate to each case are provided. The first and second part (1a–5b) of this work, however, do not feature such litanies.

Florian C. Reiter

Gaoshang yuhuang manyuan baochan 高上玉皇滿願寶懺

10 juan

Fourteenth century

194 (fasc. 81–82)

"Precious Litany That Moves the Jade Emperor on High to Fulfill Wishes." This work contains ten litanies conveying requests or prayers addressed to the Jade Emperor. The text also introduces the names of the ancestors of the Qingwei 清微 school and representatives of the other Taoist groups. They are all members of the pantheon to which the envisaged religious performance is to be directed. This internal evidence points to the fourteenth century as the most likely period for the composition of the text.

A presentation of the relevant pantheon can be found at the very beginning of the text. It is headed by the deity Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊, who is labeled "Leader of the Doctrine, who preaches the scriptures." There are some practical instructions for the performance of the recitations. Participants kneel and concentrate their minds. The priest sends a petition to the deities including the names of all participants present. Then the litanies are recited, addressing Yuhuang da tianzun xuan qionggao shangdi 玉皇大天尊玄穹高上帝. The various wishes and vows are stated in the titles of the

ten chapters of this work, for example, “Chuzui 除罪” (The Elimination of Guilt; juan 4). The pious intentions formulated in this text and the very name of the main deity seem to connect this text with 193 *Yuhuang youzui xifu baochan*.

Florian C. Reiter

***Qingwei xianpu* 清微仙譜**

17 fols.

Transmitted by HUANG SHUNSHEN 黃舜申, *hao* Leiyuan 雷淵 (fl. 1224–1287); preface by Chen Cai 陳采 dated 1293

171 (fasc. 75)

“Chronology of the Immortals of the Qingwei Heaven.” This work was transmitted by the founder of the Qingwei 清微 school, HUANG SHUNSHEN (15b). His follower Chen Cai wrote the preface, which states that the tradition featured in the chronology had always been in existence under various names: Shangqing, Lingbao, Daode, and Zhengyi. These currents had been united during the Tang (618–907) and Song (960–1279) periods by Zhaoning zu yuanjun 昭凝祖元君 and Hunyin zhenren Nangong 混隱真人南公, respectively. The contacts between Nan Bidao 南畢道 (Nangong) and HUANG SHUNSHEN resulted in the continuation of the tradition. HUANG SHUNSHEN lived in Fujian, whence he disseminated the teachings of Qingwei. Thanks to the Qingwei Taoists’ knowledge, they were able to enlist the help of the heavenly powers to produce rain or thunder. They were also able to call forth spirits and gods to heal the sick and come to the assistance of others generally (preface, 15a). The name Qingwei stands for the highest heaven, see 1128 *Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu* 3.1a.

This text has six paragraphs, beginning with the Qingwei lineage, followed by the other names of the tradition mentioned above. The names of deities are cited, as well as their heavenly residences and their human avatars. The text also points to the scriptures or credentials that these deities or saints have passed to their successors as tokens of legitimation. HUANG SHUNSHEN is the last name in the sixth paragraph (11b–15b), which describes the unification of all the traditions, again called “Qingwei.”

The chronology of the present work can be compared with 223 *Qingwei yuanjiang dafa* 25.8b–12b, in which the titles of the deities, however, show many variants (cf. also 224 *Qingwei zhafa* 1.1a–13b).

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Florian C. Reiter

***Qingwei yuanjiang dafa* 清微元降大法**

25 juan

Fourteenth century

223 (fasc. 106–110)

“Great Rituals of the Manifestation of the Original Forces of the Qingwei Heaven.”

The writings comprised by the present text were collected after the time of HUANG SHUNSHEN (thirteenth century; 25.8b–12b; see 171 *Qingwei xianpu*).

This work includes scriptures, petitions, and fu, which are partly written in magical characters. It includes as well instructions on how to read them. They were designed for use in specific rituals. There are numerous explanations concerning the handling of such fu as well as the (visionary) appearances of the deities involved. This work also contains some theoretical essays, such as “On the Origin of Taoism” (Daoyuan 道原; 1.8b–9b) and “The Inner Basis for Taoist Rituals” (Daofa shuniu 道法樞紐; 25.3b–8b; cf. also 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 1.2b–8a). The present work is the most comprehensive title in the Taoist canon dealing with the ritual methods of the Qingwei Taoists.

Florian C. Reiter

***Sandong shenfu ji* 三洞神符記**

23 fols.

79 (fasc. 36)

“Notes on the Divine Talisman of the Three Caverns.” This is a late compilation made from two different sources.

The first part (pages 1a to 14a), taken without any changes from YJQQ 7, is a small treatise on divine writings quoting many sources from the Six Dynasties (220–589) and Tang (618–907) periods. It presumably was part of a larger work known as the *Daomen dalun* 道門大論.

The second part, beginning on 14a, contains instructions for writing fu-talismans of the modern Qingwei 清微 school, followed by the reproduction of five cosmic writs called *Taishang fuluo wupian* 天上敷落五篇 of that same school.

Kristofer Schipper

***Yunzhuan duren miaojing* 雲篆度人妙經**

35 fols.

80 (fasc. 36)

“Marvelous Book of Salvation in Seal Script.” The transcription of the *Duren jing* using “cloud seal” characters was very popular during the Southern Song (1127–1279). JIN YUNZHONG criticizes it thus: “In this fashion, people make a seal out of eight characters in the text. Thus, there is extant a ‘celestial seal character’ [*tianzhuan* 天篆] *Duren jing*, and it would be possible to transcribe the entire text into innumerable

seals" (1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa* 10.7b). Indeed, the Tiantai Lingbao dafa 天台靈寶大法 school did precisely that (see 219 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa* 5–7).

One of the chief functions of the seal in Taoism is to summon spiritual beings. In 563 *Taishang lingbao jingming feixian duren jingfa* 1.6a, for example, this type of writ in "celestial seal characters" is said to be a kind of "true writ for summoning [the spirits] of the Ten Directions." The characters that most closely resemble those in the present text are found in 223 *Qingwei yuanjiang dafa*, (Grand Method of the Descent from the Primordium of the Supreme Heaven), and the latter title may reveal something of the origin of this kind of text: the term "descent" (*jiang* 降) is often used with "brush" (*bi* 筆) to refer to mediumnistic writing.

John Lagerwey

Qingwei xuanshu zougao yi 清微玄樞奏告儀

13 fols.

School of Ye Yunlai 葉雲萊; Yuan (1279–1368)

218 (fasc. 84)

"Qingwei Ritual for Memorializing to the Mysterious Pillar [i.e., the Heavenly Chancellery]." This is a hybrid liturgy composed by the disciples of Ye Yunlai (fl. late thirteenth century), one of the successors to HUANG SHUNSHEN (fl. 1224–1286; see 1311 *Xianquan ji* 1.19a) and a senior member of the branch to which the well-known Yuan Taoist ZHANG SHOUQING (fl. 1315–1332) belonged (see 222 *Qingwei shenlie bifa* 1.3b).

In the present work, the lineage of patriarchs ends with Ye Yunlai (1b and 2b). This ordering, in the context of the Qingwei 清微 school, means that this ritual was composed by Ye's direct disciples.

The ritual opens with a long invocation of the masters (1a–3b), followed by the invitation to the emissaries to be charged with the transmission of the memorial. After these preliminary rites follows the presentation, a mixture of a *daochang* 道場 ritual and a lamp rite for the cult of the Dipper stars.

Kristofer Schipper

Qingwei shenlie bifa 清微神烈祕法

2 juan

Fourteenth century

222 (fasc. 105)

"Secret Methods of the Divine Fire of the Qingwei Heaven." This text is a collection of Qingwei 清微 methods. The words "Divine Fire" also form part of the titles of the two Heavenly Marshals Gou Liuji 苟留吉 and Bi Zongyuan 畢宗遠, who together with the Master of the Teachings, Zihuang taiyi tianjun 紫皇太乙天君, constitute

the highest triad of the Thunder Gods (1.3b–4a). The introductory passages explain the revelation of the "Thunder methods of the Qingwei heaven," which are identified with the Shenxiao 神霄 methods. The subsequent line of transmission begins with WEI HUACUN, but names like ZHANG SHOUQING from Mount Wudang extend the lineage well beyond the time of HUANG SHUNSHEN (see 171 *Qingwei xianpu*; cf. 961 *Xuantian shangdi qisheng lingyi lu* 11b–12b).

The text contains fu, magical writings, and petitions that can be used to address the respective deities and the many assisting generals and messengers. They all may help to expel demons or to rescue people from distress. The text also gives practical instructions about the ways of writing out these fu and how to present them.

Florian C. Reiter

Qingwei zhaifa 清微齋法

2 juan

Fourteenth century

224 (fasc. III)

"Qingwei Liturgies of Purification." This title describes practical procedures for presenting petitions to the Qingwei 清微 pantheon. It is a collection of texts and instructions.

The "Line of Transmission" introduces these presentations. It resembles 171 *Qingwei xianpu*, but does not contain a section on the Shangqing tradition. The names of the saints are not entirely the same as those in 171 *Qingwei xianpu*, and they occupy different sections. This transmission is followed by the "Exposition Concerning the Elimination of Doubts with Regard to the Performance of Taoist Rituals," in which the nature of Taoist ways is compared with the Neo-Confucian ideal of the "investigation of things." This concept is also mentioned in 222 *Qingwei shenlie bifa* 1.2a and suggests a common background of Neo-Confucian inspiration and diction. After this exposition, the text presents "The Great Rituals of Purification and Celebration of the Lingbao Tradition." Explanations are offered concerning the divine hierarchies, the divinities, and their spheres of dominion. Finally, some explanations deal with the "nine feasts of purification" and their divine patrons. The remaining parts of this work contain mostly literary formulas, "registers," "petitions," "letters," and fu. The texts describe the purposes for which they may be used (e.g., the salvation of the souls of the ancestors, help for the country). There are also some instructions about the actual composition and the presentation of such religious formulas, which include the names of the divine addressees and the transmitting messengers.

Florian C. Reiter

樓
丸泥

FIGURE 55. The Inner Structure, showing the Cinnabar Field and the spinal column, with the caption "Downstream makes a human being, upstream an immortal is born" (278 8b)

Qingwei danjue 清微丹訣

10 fols.

278 (fasc. 134)

"Instructions for the Practice of Inner Alchemy of the Qingwei School." HUANG SHUNSHEN, *hao* Leiyuan 雷淵 (fl. 1224–1287), the founder of the Qingwei 清微 school, is quoted on page 3b of this work. The title constitutes a short guide to meditative practice of a very general and simple nature, in particular as a preparation for officiants before ascending the altar in liturgical services (*lintan* 臨壇). The text clearly explains the main points in the body, and a diagram of the Inner Structure is given on page 8b (fig. 55).

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang lingbao hongfu miezui xiangming jing 太上靈寶洪福滅罪像名經

40 fols.

377 (fasc. 182)

"Scripture of the Metaphoric Names for Eliminating Guilt and Increasing Good Fortune." Seeing that his son Haikong 海空, heir to the throne of the kingdom of Anren 安忍國, is determined to become a monk, the king summons to court the zhenren Peerless. Peerless transmits the *Lingbao zhenwen* 靈寶真文 and the *Sanyuan pinjie* 三元品戒 to Haikong "in accordance with the ritual code." Thus prepared, Haikong sets off to study on the Mount of the Man-Bird. After twelve years of pure fasting, the Five Old Imperial Lords transform him into a zhenren by transmitting a book to him.

Returning to the throne, Haikong prepares and distributes "a mountain of food" on the Day of the Median Principle. The incense mounts to the Nine Heavens, where Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊, seeing that Haikong is ready to be "transformed" (*huadu* 化度), sends a celestial cortege to bring him to Heaven. At the same time, the celestial assembly gathers around the Tianzun, who radiates a light of five colors. The zhenren of Immortal Powers sees that the people of "the world below" are all in trouble with the Three Officials because of their sinfulness, and he asks the Tianzun what they should do to obtain pardon.

The present text is the response of Yuanshi tianzun to this query. It consists in a triple sequence of homage to the Three Treasures, followed each time by a confession of sins and an expression of wishes. The homages take the form of the recitation of

"metaphoric names." In the first sequence, for example, homage is paid to 120 Tianzun, to "the venerable scripture in twelve sections," and to twenty-two Taoists of legend, such as WEI BOYANG and Li Babai 李八百. Recitation of these names procures "immense good fortune and the elimination of guilt."

In the first sequence, homage is paid to a series of books whose titles are the same as those in the table of contents of 8 *Taishang sanshiliu bu zunjing*; in the second sequence, several of these titles recur, but mention is also made of 1138 *Wushang biyao* and 10 *Gaoshang yuhuang benxing jijing*. The text cannot, therefore, be earlier than the Song (960–1279) period.

John Lagerwey

Zihuang liandu xuanke 紫皇鍊度玄科

30 fols.

1451 (fasc. 1064)

"Sublimation Ritual of the Purple Sovereign." This text provides a ritual of sublimation (first by fire, then by water) and passage to the other world (reconstitution and dressing of the deceased person's body, transmission of the commandments). The Purple Sovereign is identified with "the unique qi of Heaven" in the *fulu* 發爐 and with the Emperor of the North by his title, which includes the more usual name of Xuantian shangdi 玄天上帝. The Qingwei 清微 school is the first mentioned in an enumeration (3a) of various lineages, and so it seems likely that the text belongs to that school. We may note as well that some of these lineages, such as that of "the method of Fengdu," are known only from texts in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan*.

Three things distinguish this ritual from other *liandu* 鍊度 rituals: the massive use of generals and marshals, the ascension of the ritual master onto a throne to perform the ritual in a seated position, and the transformation of the reconstituted body into a cosmic one.

John Lagerwey

Daofa huiyuan 道法會元

268 juan

Ming (1368–1644)

1220 (fasc. 884–941)

"Taoist Methods, United in Principle." This title constitutes a vast, undated, and unsigned, collection of rites (*fa* 法) related to many forms of modern practices and cults. The table of contents of this *congshu* 叢書 lists a great number of such *fa*, but in fact many belong to larger entities constituting manuals in their own right, predominantly of "salvation through sublimation" (*liandu* 鍊度) rituals combined with the methods of Thunder magic (*leifa* 雷法). A number of the prefaces and

colophons of these manuals have been preserved, thus giving us some indication as to their dates and the origins. These elements do not, however, readily resolve the problem of the compiler's identity and the date of the work's compilation. As we have not found any editions of the *Daofa huiyuan* outside the *Daozang*, it may be that the collection was especially compiled for the Ming canon, possibly by the *Daozang* editors themselves. This hypothesis may be reinforced by the fact that the *Daofa huiyuan* begins with a long section (juan 1–55) devoted to the rites of the Qingwei 清微 school that contains a certain number of texts edited by ZHAO YIZHEN (d. 1382), together with his prefaces and colophons (see, e.g., 5.39a, 7.8b, 8.3b, 14.3b, 14.15a, and 17.17b). However, in other places, and especially in the latter parts in that section (from juan 19 onward), Zhao's name and title are given in the ritual invocations addressed to deified patriarchs summoned to descend to the altar and receive homage and offerings (see 19.3b, 20.4b, 21.2b, 23.6b, 25.2b–3a, 26.9a, 32.4b, 33.2a, 34.4a, 46.2a, and 49.18b). These invocations imply that at the time this manual was compiled and included in the *Daofa huiyuan*, ZHAO YIZHEN had been dead long enough to be deified by his successors. In other words, it had to have been completed well after 1382 by a direct or indirect disciple of Zhao (cf. Schipper, "Master Chao I-ch'en"). The name that comes most readily to mind is that of Shao Yizheng 邵以正 (fl. 1427–1454), the successor to Zhao's disciple LIU YUANRAN (1351–1432). Liu and Shao were both patriarchs of the Qingwei school. Shao became the final compiler of the Ming *Daozang* (see the general introduction). All this points to a date somewhere during the first half of the fifteenth century for the compilation of the *Daofa huiyuan*.

The real founder of the Qingwei school was HUANG SHUNSHEN, who was born in 1224 in Fujian and was received at the court of Kublai in 1286. Most of Huang's followers, and many other masters of Thunder magic as well, also came from Fujian, especially from the northern parts of the province, or else from the adjoining districts of southeastern Zhejiang. This region seems therefore to have played a major role in the origin and diffusion of the Five Thunder rites (*wulei fa* 五雷法).

It would be beyond the scope of this summary to give a detailed account of the contents of the collection. We shall present here only its major components.

The Qingwei rituals that occupy the first fifty-five juan open with a description of the well-known background of this school: the lineage of patriarchs, beginning with the two female saints WEI HUACUN and Zu Shu 祖舒, as well as the mysterious writings they received and from which the Qingwei fu derived. (See fig. 56.) Central to the Qingwei ritual is the *liandu* practice by which the souls of the deceased are saved through the meditation (i.e., Inner Alchemy) of the officiant. Some minor rituals concern the pacification of domestic deities, those of the hearth, the doors, the well, the



FIGURE 56. Primordial Revelation and the Secret Sounds of the Qingwei (1220 4.1a–b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1203)

privy, etc. (*antu* 安土; juan 7), the protection of candidates to the official examinations (*shijin* 仕進), protection against locusts (*qubuang* 驅蝗). Later in the *Daofa huiyuan* (juan 249 and 250), we find the complete set of initiation and ordination rules for the Qingwei school.

The next part of the collection (juan 56–71) is more heterogeneous. Here a great number of different rituals have as sole common denominator a more or less explicit relation to the Five Thunder rites of the Shenxiao 神霄 school (see part 3.B.1). The Thunder ritual reputedly founded by Wang Jun 王俊, alias Wang Wenqing 王文卿 (1093–1153; see 67.25a), who obtained it from a divine immortal, the “fire master” (*huoshi* 火師) Wang Zihua 汪子華 (supposedly of the Tang dynasty, 618–907). It was later transmitted to many masters, some of whom put their signatures to the practices assembled here. First we find BO YUCHAN (fl. 1194–1229), who contributed a commentary to the *Xuanzhu ge* 玄珠歌 in juan 70. Then there are Zhang Shanyuan 張善淵 (fl. 1280–1294) and Sa Shoujian 薩守堅 (fl. early twelfth century). Both authors offer explanations on the nature of thunder in juan 67. Finally, we find the names of Pan Songnian 潘松年, Yang Gengchang 楊耕常, and Mo Yueding 莫月鼎 (1226–1293). Some of the contributions are of a doctrinal nature, for instance the “Qidao baduan jin 祈禱八段錦” by Wang Wenqing, in which the patriarch explains a method of prayer combined with the practice of Inner Alchemy. There is also a commentary by a certain Yufeng 御風, mentioned by the Heavenly Master Zhang Yuchu in his 1311

Xianquan ji 2.31b–33b. Another interesting treatise is the above-mentioned *Xuanzhu ge*, also by Wang Wenqing (juan 70). Finally there is the “Powang zhang 破妄章,” a rhymed treatise by the Thirtieth Heavenly Master Zhang Jixian 張繼先 (1092–1126). This text is also found in the *Daozang* as 979 *Mingzhen powang zhangsong* 明真破妄章頌.

The following three juan (73–75), titled “Tianshu leizhuan 天書雷篆,” belong to the Maoshan tradition of *leifa* 雷法. They claim to hail from GE XUAN and the Tang (sic) Heavenly Master Zheng Siyuan 鄭思遠 (i.e., ZHENG YIN). Many other “historical” patriarchs are also mentioned as revealers of these texts.

From juan 76 through 108, the rituals again belong to the Shenxiao school of Wang Wenqing and others. The “Leiting miaoqi 雷霆妙契” of juan 77 is also found in 1253 *Daofa xinchuan*. Among these many texts, a separate group is formed by juan 83–87, under the title of “Xiantian leijing yinshu 先天雷晶隱書.” This work is attributed to Wang, and contains important indications concerning the tradition of the *wulei fa* (see 84.1a–5b). The final five juan (104–108) of this part of the *congshu* stand also out as a single book called “Gaoshang jingxiao sanwu hunhe dutian dalei langshu 高上景霄三五混合都天大雷琅書,” abbreviated as “Dutian dalei fa.” It was purportedly written by BO YUCHAN, who had received it from his master CHEN NAN 陳楠 (fl. 1111–1118). In a postface dated 1212, Bo provides a biography of Chen and describes how the latter received this Thunder magic (108.15b–16b). At the end of Bo’s postface, there is an undated colophon by the great Yuan scholar Yu Ji 虞集 (1272–1348). Yu Ji explains that this *Jingxiao leishu* was in fact in the possession of a daoshi called Wu 吳, hao Puyun 浦雲, who obtained it in the north of China but was unable to understand it. Upon returning to Hangzhou, the daoshi meditated and prayed, until BO YUCHAN himself descended into the meditation room and gave him the necessary explanations. Yu Ji writes about Wu as a friend and contemporary. This story is at variance with a text by BO YUCHAN himself, the Inscription for the Pavilion of the Meeting of Immortals of the Yulong Gong (“Yulong gong huixian ge ji 玉隆宮會仙閣記”) in *Yulong ji* 玉隆集 (in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 31.1a–5b). There Bo describes his meeting with Wu Puyun at the Yulong gong at Xishan 西山 near Nanchang (Jiangxi) in the years around 1218. One of the texts must therefore be spurious, and given that the *Daofa huiyuan* contains many texts apocryphally attributed to BO YUCHAN, it seems likely that Yu Ji’s colophon here is a forgery. It does not occur in Yu Ji’s collected works.

Juan 109 and 110 contain the “Hunyuan xuanshu 混元玄書,” an exorcistic ritual, under the aegis of a certain Li Mingzheng 李明正. Juan 111–13 correspond to the *Diling baozhu wulei qidao dafa* 帝令寶珠五雷祈禱大法 transmitted by Zhu Meijing 朱梅靖 of the Jixian yuan academy to Li Xianyun 李閑雲, a high court official, the Thirty-sixth Heavenly Master Zhang Zongyan 張宗演 (d. 1292), and others. The entire method appears to be based on the system of the *Yijing* 易經.

Juan 114–20 contain the “Taiji dulei yinshu 太極都雷隱書,” again a form of Shenxiao fa by Wang Wenqing, whereas with the following “Taishang sanwu Shaoyang tiemian huochewulei dafa 太上三五邵陽鐵面火車五雷大法” (juan 122–24), we are back to the subject of exorcism, this time under the auspices of XU XUN and Wu Meng 吳猛. Shaoyang is a place in Hunan, and the deity at the origin of the magic is a certain Lü Bujian 閻不漸. The work is prefaced by CHEN NAN (122.1a–2b). Juan 125–28 contain the “Jiuzhou sheling yanglei dafa 九州社令陽雷大法,” again under the aegis of XU XUN and his friends. Here the Earth Gods of the Nine Districts are to be appealed to in times of drought.

After a number of smaller texts, we come to the “Taiyi zhenlei pili dafa 太乙真雷霹靂大法” (juan 133–45). Here the forces of thunder and lightning are marshaled against heterodox cults and temples, great demons and perverse dragons, baleful stars, and other powers. There is no clear indication of authorship, but the end of juan 139 mentions that it was transmitted by the Thirtieth Heavenly Master. Juan 146 contains a single text, the “Zhengyi zhongxiao jiaoshu baizhuo wulei dafa 正一忠孝家書白捉五雷大法,” which, at the end, has an interesting story about its origins. While in mourning for his father, a daoshi named Zhao Lü 趙履 from Pingyang in Zhejiang obtains Thunder magic from the deity Fumo shangxiang Li zhenjun 伏魔上相李真君. By means of a seal, the daoshi is enabled to call on the help of two heavenly marshals at will. More original is the work “Dongxuan yushu leiting dafa 洞玄玉樞雷霆大法” (juan 147–53). An account of its origins written by a certain Xue Shichun 薛師淳 and dated 1296 tells us that BO YUCHAN (who here, curiously, is said to have originally been named Zhuge Meng 諸葛猛) reveals himself to the daughter of a certain Ma of the Maritime Transportation Bureau of Quanzhou. His revelation enables her to produce rain at the request of the famous merchant Pu Shougeng 蒲壽庚 (here identified as executive director, *zuocheng* 左丞, of this agency). Later, a servant of Pu named Weng Leishi 翁雷室 learned the rain-producing skills and put them to practice in her master’s home region of Jianning 建寧 in the north of Fujian. Weng had more than one hundred disciples, including the author of this narrative. As van der Loon (“A Taoist collection”) points out, the merchants Ma and Pu from Quanzhou must both have been Muslims.

Juan 154 and 155 contain the “Hunyuan liutian miaodao yiqi ruyi dafa 混元六天妙道一氣如意大法,” a method that claims its origin from Lei Shizhong 雷時中, hao Mo’an 默庵, alias Old Man Twinbridge 雙橋老人 (1221–1295). The present rites were revealed to him by the True Lord Lu 路真君 (see 297 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian xubian* 5.11b–14a). The True Lord Lu appears to be none other than LU SHIZHONG (fl. 1120), the creator of the Yutang 玉堂 rites (see 220 *Wushang xuanyuan santian yutang dafa*). The practice of these rites were meditative and close to those of Inner Alchemy, although their function was mainly exorcistic.

Equally exorcistic is the far larger “Shangqing tianpeng fumo dafa 上清天蓬伏魔大法” (juan 156–68). The method, for once, does not originate in Fujian, but is said to have come from Sichuan’s Ximing shan 西明山. The author does indicate, however, that he has studied with specialists in northern Fujian and southern Zhejiang (see the beginning of juan 166). The great Tianpeng deity, whose secret spell is first given in 1016 *Zhen’gao*, here becomes the chief marshal of a vast number of exorcistic spirits that combat all kinds of evils.

The next part of the *Daofa huiyuan* contains rites of the modern Maoshan tradition. Here we find a “Shangqing tongchu wuyuan sufu yuce zhengfa 上清童初五元素府玉冊正法” (juan 171–78). This form of magic is also derived from the great exorcistic tradition of Tianpeng, and it is reported to have been revealed to a daoshi named Yang Xizhen 楊希真 (mentioned already in relation to the *Tianpeng fa* in 156.14a). The Tongchu fu on Maoshan was a center for exorcistic ritual practices and in the early thirteenth century, the liturgist JIN YUNZHONG, author of 1223 *Shangqing lingbao dafa*, appears to have been its chief. He is the editor of this ritual manual. There is an undated note signed by him on 173.14a and a colophon dated 1224 at the end of the work (178.3a–6a). It is followed by another colophon by a certain Lu Yuanlao 盧元老. The next manual, named “Shangqing wuyuan yuce jiuling feibu zhangzou bifa 上清五元玉冊九靈飛步章奏秘法” (juan 179–87) is a sequel to the preceding one. According to van der Loon (“A Taoist collection”), it may also have been produced by JIN YUNZHONG.

The “Taiyi huofu wulei dafa 太乙火府五雷大法” (juan 188–94) was edited by Huang Yixuan 黃一炫 and begins with his story (dated 1271) of the origin of the ritual tradition *fayuan shiji* 法源事跡: During the Tianbao era of Emperor Xuanzong of the Tang, a local official in Mianzhou obtained a *leifa* from a Holy Mother of Northern Yin 北陰聖母. Thereupon the official became a daoshi on Qingcheng shan 青城山 in Sichuan. The Thunder magic was lost during the troubled period of the Five Dynasties (907–960), but was rediscovered later on Mount Hua. It returned to Sichuan before being brought to Yanping 延平 in Fujian. In 1225 Yang Defang brought it from Fujian to the Maoshan, where it flourished. Later Huan Xixuan obtained the method and reintroduced it to Chengdu (Sichuan). Many of the rites are related to nature, marshaling winds and rain, exorcising goblins, and healing the mental disorders caused by them.

Juan 195 to 197 contain the “Dongshen tianyi wulei dafa 洞神天一五雷大法.” The ritual is placed under the patronage of the Thirtieth Heavenly Master Zhang Jixian and is concerned with healing practices. Van der Loon (“A Taoist collection”) notes the instructions for the use of a spirit medium in 196.13b–15a.

The next manuals are related to the Shenxiao tradition: “Shenxiao jinhua tianding

dafa 神霄金火天丁大法” (juan 198–206). The first chapter contains both an undated preface by Chen Daoyi 陳道一 stating the connection between these rites and the *liandu* methods and a colophon giving the detailed account of the transmission by his disciple Liu Yu 劉玉, hao Qingqing 清卿 (fl. 1258) of this form of magic (198.28b–27a). Liu obtained the complete rites, not from Chen, who died in Jianjiang 劍江 in northern Fujian, but from Chen’s disciple Lu Ye 盧埜 (see also 253.10b–11a). The next chapters are attributed to LIN LINGSU himself (see, e.g., the poem signed by him in 199.1b–5b). The rites in this section mainly aim at curing possession by demon spirits. A special feature is the use of female spirit soldiers.

Juan 210 contains the “Danyang jilian neizhi 丹陽祭鍊內旨,” introducing a special *liandu* method from Danyang, the heartland of Shangqing Taoism. In his preface dated 1356, the compiler Wang Xuanzhen 王玄真, a daoshi of the Quanzhen 全真 order, tells how he collected the materials of the specific Danyang tradition of the *pudu* 普度 ritual from a number of teachers and combined them into the present method. Explaining its title, he states (page 1a) that *jilian* 祭鍊 means (1) to sacrifice (*ji*) to the souls of the deceased and (2) to sublimate (*lian*) oneself. Only if one undergoes this sublimation can the souls of the dead be saved (*du* 度). At the end of the text, there is a colophon by Zhang Yu 張雨 dated 1356. Zhang Yu, author of 781 *Xuanpin lu*, lived from 1276 to 1342, so either the colophon is misdated or it is a forgery. Zhang, who himself was a student of Yu Ji, states that Wang Xuanzhen was a disciple of the great painter and Quanzhen master Huang Gongwang 黃公望 (1269–1354), whom Wang met in Hangzhou.

Juan 216 has a popular ritual of the Mysterious Woman of the Nine Heavens (Jiutian xuannü 九天玄女), so famous in epic literature. She is worshiped at the kitchen stove and has the power to protect children and heal their diseases. Equally popular are the rites for the expulsion of pestilence demons (*wenshen* 瘟神; juan 119–121). The present work offers the sole instance in the Taoist canon of the famous sending off of the boat with *wenshen*, a ritual still celebrated frequently in southern Taiwan.

Juan 232–40 contain the rites of the great exorcistic deity and patron of wealth Zhao yuanshuai 趙元帥, known as Black Altar (Xuan Tan 玄壇). His specific method consists in harmonizing (*hehe* 和合), uniting beings in joy, for prosperity and healing. Among his helpers we find the great theater deity of Fujian, Tian duyuanshuai 田都元帥, chief of many other saints of the theater stage (see Schipper, “The Divine Jester”).

Many of these modern exorcistic rites and cults were not easily integrated within the traditional liturgical framework. This essential problem is addressed in the next four chapters (juan 249–52), which form a separate small manual of rules and precepts called “Precious Rules” (*Taishang tiantan yuge* 太上天壇玉格 and *Taishang hundong*

chiwen nüqing zhaoshu tianlü 太上混洞赤文女青詔書天律). The “Precious Rules” first lists the different ordination grades and titles for the most important *fa* of the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 and Shenxiao 神霄 schools. It then explains in detail the conditions on which these grades are to be given and how they have to match previous ordination grades of the traditional liturgical framework. As the text states clearly (249.13b), the *fa* has to follow the Register (*lu* 籙), and there can be no discrepancy between the two. Juan 250 gives detailed instruction as to how the new ritual traditions should be combined with the ancient ones. The text repeatedly quotes the *Nüqing tianlü* 女青天律 as being the fundamental law book on this and other questions. As their titles suggest, the next two chapters also refer to the precepts of Nüqing, so fundamental in the Way of the Heavenly Master (see part 1.B.A). The proscriptions of the “Precious Rules” concern not only the clergy but also the laity, and even gods and demons related to the different ritual practices. This unique book of law is thus a continuation and development of earlier similar codes, especially the 461 *Shangqing gusui lingwen guilü* and 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* (especially the first juan). Both of the latter works were produced by the Tianxin zhengfa school. This is probably also the case for the present work, as it states that the Tianxin tradition is at the origin of all *fa*. As known, the Tianxin zhengfa was considered in Song times (960–1279) and later to represent the esoteric tradition transmitted by the First Heavenly Master.

Liu Yu 劉玉, the editor of the above-mentioned “Tianding fa,” appears again in “*Diqi Wen yuanshuai dafa* 地祇溫元帥大法” (juan 253–56). Wen yuanshuai is the great Taoist saint and tutelary deity from Pingyang 平陽 county near present-day Wenzhou. Liu was the author of the hagiography of the saint, preserved in the *Daozang* as 780 *Diqi shangjiang Wen taibao zhuan*, and the preface at the beginning of juan 253, dated 1258, is in fact the preface to this hagiography (see van der Loon, “Taoist collection,” 404). The hagiography was originally included in the *Diqi fa* we have here, which contains a number of different materials concerning the *diqi* deities in general and Wen yuanshuai in particular. The *Diqi fa* was compiled by Huang Gongjin 黃公瑾, who is also the author of a *Diqi xuyi lun* 地祇緒餘論 dated 1274 (253.3b–10a). Huang also wrote a biography of Liu Yu (253.10a–12a), which does not, however, contain any date.

As an officer of the guard of the Emperor of the Eastern Peak (Yuedi 嶽帝), Wen yuanshuai had all the troops of Inferno (Fengdu 酆都) under his command and was therefore a most powerful exorcistic deity. A similar position in the underworld was at that time occupied by the saint Lord Guan 關公, who in later times would rise to great eminence in Chinese religion (juan 259–60). The final chapters of the *Daofa huiyuan* (261–68) are entirely devoted to the rites of Fengdu and the administration of the

underworld. Juan 264, 265, and 267 are signed by Zheng Zhiwei 鄭知微 as compiler and by Lu Ye as commentator.

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Huangjing jizhu (*Gaoshang yuhuang benxing jijing zhu*)

皇經集註 (高上玉皇本行集經註)

10 juan

Compiled by Zhou Xuanzhen 周玄貞; preface dated 1585

1440 (fasc.1060–1062)

“Collected Commentaries to the Noble Scripture.” This is a profusely annotated and punctuated edition of 10 *Gaoshang yuhuang benxing jijing* 高上玉皇本行集經 (q.v.). It combines glosses of divine as well as human origin, at least for part of the work. The edition was made by Zhou Xuanzhen, a Quanzhen daoshi from Shandong, for Bo Yunji 白雲霽 (*Daozang mulu xiangzhu*). The editorship of Zhou is undeniable, but in his preface he states that he received the text from Luo Hongxian 羅洪先 (1504–1564). In 1585, Zhou served as compiler of the Wanli (1573–1620) supplement of the Taoist canon (his complete title was *Da Ming jiang daojing xiu Xuanzang si Quanzhen dizi Shandong Zhou Xuanzhen 大明講道經修玄藏嗣全真弟子山東周玄貞*; see 1.17a). Work on the Wanli supplement of the Ming *Daozang* had begun in the same year.

Luo Hongxian, *zi* Nianan 念庵, a *zhuangyuan* 狀元-laureate of 1529, was dismissed from public office in 1541 after a difference with the Jiajing emperor. Luo is known as an ardent admirer of Wang Shouren 王守仁, *zi* Yangming 陽明 (1472–1529). After his dismissal, Luo embraced a semireligious career as an instructor of the Three Teachings at his school Shilian dong 石蓮洞 temple in Jiangxi. Among his disciples we find the founder of the Sanyi jiao 三一教, Lin Zhaoen 林兆恩 (1517–1598). In his preface, also dated 1585 and titled “preface to the original edition” (*chuzuan qianxu* 初纂前序), Luo states that only after he had left government could he turn to the writings of the Three Teachings. He then found that Taoism was the highest of all, and the *Huangjing* (i.e., the *Yuhuang jing*) was its most profound expression. Having written a commentary, which included the glosses “by various immortals” he had no means of publishing it. He therefore presented his work to Zhou Xuanzhen, who accepted it on behalf of the Fiftieth Heavenly Master, Zhang Guoxiang 張國祥. The inclusion of this commentary in the present work explains why, following the titles of juan 3, 4, and 5, we find

the signatures of Zhang Guoxiang as editor, Luo Hongxian as supervisor, and Zhou Xuanzhen as compiler.

A third, brief preface by Wang Jingcui 王靜粹 (dated 1588) gives some more details. Wang, who calls himself a disciple of Zhou Yunqing 周雲清 (an alias of Wang Xuanzhen?) was charged with the copying out of texts to be included in the Wanli supplement. He also must have had a hand in arranging the different texts that went into the present edition.

The three prefaces discussed here are preceded by other prefatory matter, which came from the brushes of such eminent saints as Zitong dijun 梓潼帝君 (Wenchang 文昌), LÜ DONGBIN, QIU CHUJI, and the Heavenly Marshal Deng. As these deities are also authors of parts of the commentary, they must be the “various immortals” mentioned in Zhou’s preface. The supernatural character of their writing may well be extended to the preface and the commentary by Luo Hongxian, as it is dated 1585, a full eight years after the scholars had been reported to have died, according to *Ming shi* 383. However, Luo’s death date has not been conclusively determined. For other reasons as well, it is uncertain whether this might be a falsification or a product of planchette writing. It is possible, for instance, that part or all of the commentaries were indeed provided by Luo or his disciples, and that the preface was added with a later date. In any event, the signature of Zhang Guoxiang would not appear alongside Luo’s if the latter’s involvement had been completely fictitious.

Chapter 1, besides the three prefaces, also contains the text of the “Original Tao” (*Yuandao* 原道) essay by the “Lean Immortal” (Quxian 臞仙) Zhu Quan 朱權 (1378–1448; see 1483 *Tianhuang zhidaoyao taiping yuce*). There are, moreover, numerous short notes by Zhou Xuanzhen elucidating a number of terms and also a presentation of the work in his hand.

From juan 2 on, the combined commentaries begin. As we can see from the table of contents on page 2, the different chapters are arranged under the original three juan division of the *Yuhuang jing*. In spite of this and other efforts to streamline the work, it remains very heterogeneous. Although the entire work is called *Huangjing jizhu*, from juan 2 on the title changes to *Huangjing zhujie* 皇經註解. It reverts to *Huangjing jizhu* from juan 5 onward.

The juan 2 to 4, which are the commentary to the first juan of the *Yuhuang jing*, truly stand apart. They combine the “glosses” by numerous immortals, saints and deities with the commentary of Luo Hongxian. There is a note, presumably by Zhou Xuanzhen, that explains the way this part had been edited (4.29b–30b). Luo’s commentary comes after that of the others and is introduced by the words *yu’an* 愚按 (“in my benighted opinion”) or *guanjian* 管見 (“according to my limited views”). His ideas are expressed most clearly and show the influence of Wang Yangming’s think-

ing (see, for instance, 3.3a, the quote of “someone from former times” on “applied knowledge,” *zhizhi* 致知).

The remainder of the work is less clear. From juan 5 on, the glosses by the transcendent beings disappear, as well as the indications marking Luo’s commentary. Although following the title of juan 5 we still find the three signatures of Zhang, Luo, and Zhou, it is unclear who the author and editor of this and the following parts are. The tone of the commentary, sometimes followed by a subcommentary, is very different from that of the preceding part. For the time being, the question of the authorship of these later juan has to remain open.

Kristofer Schipper and Yuan Bingling

3.B.8 The Jingming Zhongxiao School

In the history of the saints of Taoism, none is better documented than XU XUN 許遜. According to legend, he lived during the Jin dynasty (265–420) and was at one time the local administrator of Jingyang 旌陽 in Sichuan, hence his name XU JING-YANG. The center of his legends and worship, however, is the region of the Boyang lake and the mountains west of Nanchang 南昌西山. It is there that the veneration of the saint and the holy places related to his legend grew to become an important Taoist school (see Akizuki Kan’ei, *Chūgoku kinsei dōkyō no keisei*). In the *Daozang*, the earliest complete source for this tradition is 449 *Xiaodao Wu Xu er zhenjun zhuan*, which is believed to date from the late Tang (618–907) period (see part 2.A.6.b). The Way of Piety (*xiaodao* 孝道) of XU XUN and Wu Meng 吳猛 of the Tang period is represented by an important scripture that has been preserved in no less than three different versions (66 *Yuanshi dongzhen cishan xiaozi baoen chengdao jing*, 380 *Dongxuan lingbao daoyao jing*, and 1112 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao baxian wang jiaojie jing*). The “piety” here is not only filial devotion, but a form of dedication to nature in general.

In Song times (1112), XU XUN was canonized by Emperor Huizong as True Lord of Divine Merit and Marvelous Succor (Shengong miaoji chenjun 神功妙濟真君). BO YUCHAN wrote an extensive hagiography, preserved in his *Yulong ji* 玉隆集 (see 263.31 *Xiuzhen shishu*), on which all lives of the saint are based. Xu’s worship developed into a full-fledged school known as the Pure and Clear Way of Loyalty and Piety (Jingming zhongxiao dao 淨明忠孝道) only in the late Southern Song (1127–1279) period. As many sources attest, the school was considered to be part of the Lingbao liturgical tradition, and XU XUN, together with GE XUAN, is named as its founder.

The *Daozang* contains a large number of texts produced by the Jingming zhongxiao

dao. A remarkable feature of these texts is that, instead of being scattered in different parts of the canon, most of them are presented in two blocs of scriptures and rituals, numbers 550 to 565 in the *fangfa* 方法 section of the Dongxuan bu (with 618 and 619 in the *biaozou* 表奏 section of the same), and 1103 to 1110 (and 1112) in the beginning of the Taiping bu. Among these texts, 1110 *Jingming zhongxiao quanshu* is of particular interest.

Xuanmen baoxiao zhuijian yi 玄門報孝追薦儀

15 fols.

Ming (1368–1644)

481 (fasc. 265)

“Taoist Ritual for Expressing Filial Piety and Seeking Blessings for the Deceased.” This short requiem liturgy belongs to the Jingming zhongxiao dao 淨明忠孝道, as shown by the evocation of the founders of the school (3b): Lan gong 蘭公, Chen mu 諶母, and Xu XUN (Taishi 太史).

The first ritual is a *daochang* 道場 (1a–11a), the second a *jiao* 醮. Although certainly modern (both start with a *buxu* 步虛 hymn), they are of the regular Lingbao type.

Kristofer Schipper

Shengong miaoji zhenjun liwen 神功妙濟真君禮文

10 fols.

518 (fasc. 293)

“Ritual of Homage to the True Lord of Wonderful Succor and Divine Merit [Xu XUN].” The canonization title given on page 1a, Jiuzhou duxian taishi gaoming dashi zhidao xuanying shengong miaoji zhenjun 九州都仙太史高明大使至道玄應神功妙濟真君, corresponds to that awarded by Yuan Chengzong in 1295.

The text recited for lauding the saint alternates with seven-character verses of a narrative nature, similar to those found in later Precious Scrolls (*baojuan* 寶卷).

Kristofer Schipper

Xu zhenjun shou lian xingshen Shangqing bidao fayao jiewen

許真君受鍊形神上清畢道法要節文

2 fols.

550 (fasc. 313)

“Rubrics of the Essential Method of the Ultimate Shangqing Way, Received by the True Lord Xu [Xun] for the Refining of Body and Soul.” This is a small guide to meditation and exorcism in a liturgical context, in three paragraphs with a commentary. The preface stresses the Lingbao filiation of this text, and some verses quote the 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* (for instance, 2b, lines 2 and 4). This filiation

is in keeping with the tradition of the Jingming zhongxiao school to which the text belongs.

Kristofer Schipper

Tianshu yuan dusi xuzhi ling 天樞院都司須知令

4 fols.

551 (fasc. 313)

Tianshu yuan dusi xuzhi ge 天樞院都司須知格

6 fols.

552 (fasc. 313)

Lingbao jingming tianshu yuan dusi fayuan xuzhi fawen

靈寶淨明天樞院都司法院須知法文

4 fols.

553 (fasc. 313)

“Heavenly Chancellery Documents of the Pure and Clear Way.” These three liturgical documents of the Qingming zhongxiao school address the Heavenly Chancellery (*Tianshu yuan*). The first text, 551 *Tianshu yuan dusi xuzhi ling*, provides the nominative list of the officials in the different departments as well as their titles and assignments; 552 *Tianshu yuan dusi xuzhi ge* contains the regulations for the transmission of documents and the grid for promotion, according to merit, in the different offices (this is called the *qiangge* 黔格; the black, or popular, code). The black code is followed by rules, given in a discursive form (6a–b). Finally, 553 *Lingbao jingming tianshu yuan dusi fayuan xuzhi fawen* gives a number of simple directions for meditation, for verification of the identity of spirits (*jiucha* 糾察), for transmitting messages, with a spell in the vernacular (3b).

Kristofer Schipper

Lingbao jingming yuan jiaoshi Zhou zhengong qiqing huayi

靈寶淨明院教師周眞公起請畫一

9 fols.

By Zhou Fangwen 周方文

554 (fasc. 313)

“Questions for Unification by the Instructor from the Pure and Clear Hall, the Perfected Master Zhou.” Zhou Fangwen is also the author of 556 *Lingbao jingming huangsu shou shiyi bijue* and is thought to have lived in Southern Song (1127–1279) times. The questions presented here concern aspects of Taoist practice, liturgical as well as self-cultivation.

Kristofer Schipper

Gaoshang yuegong taiyin yuanjun xiaodao xianwang lingbao jingming huangsu shu 高上月官太陰元君孝道仙王靈寶淨明黃素書

10 juan

Commentary by Fu Feiqing 傅飛卿

555 (fasc. 314)

“Yellow and White Book of the Pure and Clear School, Revealed by the Immortal King of the Way of Filial Piety, Original Lord of the Supreme Yin of the Moon Palace on High.” This is a theoretical and practical treatise for daily hygiene for laymen, with explicit sexual overtones (see, for instance, 8.1b and 9.1a–b).

The author of the commentary, himself a master of the Jingming zhongxiao 淨明忠孝 school, is otherwise unknown.

Kristofer Schipper

Lingbao jingming huangsu shu shiyi bijue 靈寶淨明黃素書釋義祕訣

13 fols.

By Zhou Fangwen 周方文

556 (fasc. 314)

“Secret Formulas and Glosses of the Yellow and White Book of the Pure and Clear School.” The author of this work requests the founder of the school, XU XUN (here titled *zhenshi* 真師), to clarify certain points of 555 *Gaoshang yuegong taiyin yuanjun xiaodao xianwang lingbao jingming huangsu shu*, in relation to the theories of such well-known treatises as the *Zhong-Lü chuandao ji* (see 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 14–16). On 10b, Zhou relates the different methods of Inner Alchemy he has obtained. None of the dates and persons mentioned have been identified.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang lingbao jingming rudao pin 太上靈寶淨明入道品

5 fols.

557 (fasc. 315)

“Instructions for Novices in the Pure and Clear School.” The instructions contain indications regarding the first ordination into the Jingming zhongxiao 淨明忠孝 school.

Kristofer Schipper

Lingbao jingming yuan zhenshi migao 靈寶淨明院真師密誥

3 fols.

558 (fasc. 315)

“Secret Instructions by the Perfected Master of the Pure and Clear Hall.” These instructions, all transmitted by the patriarch XU XUN to Zhou Fangwen 周方文,

comprise an updated list of dignitaries in the different departments and sanctuaries of the Jingming yuan, a talisman given to the medium Yang Wenqing 楊文卿 in the year *jiyou* 己酉 (1129?), for the healing of possession and plague, and finally a recipe for pine needles in a diet of abstention from cereals.

Kristofer Schipper

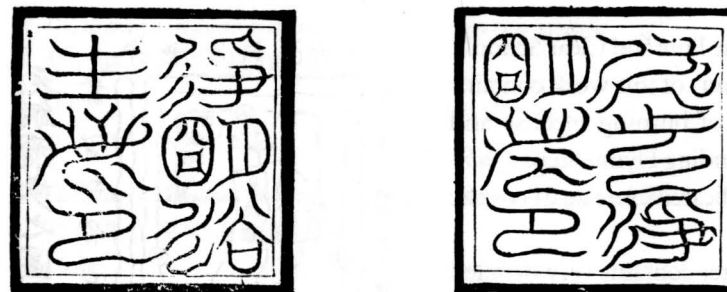


FIGURE 57. “Seal of the Most High Pure and Clear [Jingming] Order” and “Seal of the Master of Rites of the Jingming School” (559 2a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/454)

Taishang lingbao jingming fa yinshi 太上靈寶淨明法印式

2 fols.

559 (fasc. 315)

“Model for the Ritual Seals of the Pure and Clear School.” This very short text contains the drawings for two liturgical seals, to be used on memorials (fig. 57). There is a long preface by XU XUN, the legendary founder of the Jingming 淨明 school, in which he claims to have written a Taoist scripture in thirty-five chapters. This “Preface to the Jingming Ritual” (*Taishang lingba jingming fa xu* 太上靈寶淨明法序), which does not mention the seals, probably belongs to another text.

Kristofer Schipper

Lingbao jingming dafa wandao yuzhang bijue 靈寶淨明大法萬道玉章祕訣

38 fols.

560 (fasc. 315)

“Secret Instructions for Precious Stanzas of the Myriad Ways, of the Great Ritual of the Pure and Clear School.” In this collection, a large number of esoteric names and correspondances are given for the gods and the cosmogony of the Lingbao liturgy. On 9b–14a, for example the Thirty-two Heavens are placed in relationship with the stances of the *Zhutian neiyin* 諸天內音 of 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing*, and each verse is in turn related to one of the Sixty-four Hexagrams of the *Yijing*.

The second part of the text gives instructions about the meditational practices related to these esoteric formulas.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang lingbao jingming bifa pian 太上靈寶淨明祕法篇

2 juan

561 (fasc. 315)

“Secret Rites of the Pure and Clear School.”

The first chapter (*pian*) of this work contains the preparatory rites of burning incense and invoking the gods, ending Flying Steps (*feibu* 飛步), with a complicated exercise in cosmic dancing (fig. 58).

The second chapter contains very detailed instructions on a *dhāraṇī*-based meditation called, respectively, the *Lingshu shangpian* 靈書上篇 (1a–8a) and *Lingshu xiapian* 靈書下篇 (8b–14a). This text is mentioned in 1103 *Taishang lingbao jingming dongshen shangpin jing* 2.10a. The pseudo-Sanskrit formulas correspond to the names of the gods of the body. The practice, which appears to be intended for the laity, is highly esoteric and complex.

Kristofer Schipper

Lingbao jingming xinxiu jiulao shenyin fumo bifa

靈寶淨明新修九老神印伏魔祕法

9 fols.

By He Shouzheng 何守證; 1131

562 (fasc. 315)

“New Version from the Pure and Clear School of the Secret Rites for the Quelling of Demons by Means of the Divine Seal of the Nine Ancients.” He Shouzheng, in his preface, gives an account of the origin of the Jingming 淨明 school. It proceeded from Mother Chen 譙母, who transmitted her healing rites to XU XUN.

After many generations, the original texts had become full of errors, and therefore, in the year 1129, the Six True Patriarchs revealed again the secret rites of the Jingming school and appointed the Immortal Minister Dongshen 洞神仙卿 as Training Scholar. A few years later, at the request of their disciples, the Patriarchs revealed this



FIGURE 58. Choreography of the Flying Steps, for performance in the sacred area (561 8b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/556)

new version of the old practice. (On He Shouzheng, see Akizuki Kan'ei, *Chūgoku kinsei dōkyō no keisei*, 120 ff.)

The first part of the text concerns the divine seals and gives instructions for exorcism. The second part deals with simple breathing techniques for private practice.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang lingbao jingming feixian duren jingfa

太上靈寶淨明飛仙度人經法

5 juan

563 (fasc. 316)

Taishang lingbao jingming feixian duren jingfa shili

太上靈寶淨明飛仙度人經法釋例

7 fols.

Commentary attributed to XU JINGYANG 許旌陽 (XU XUN 許遜)

564 (fasc. 317)

“Liturgical Exegesis of the Book of Salvation, by the Flying Immortals of the Pure and Clear School of the Most High Lingbao Tradition.” This esoteric commentary on 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing* was revealed to He Shouzheng 何守證 in 1131 on the Xishan 西山, at the height of the crisis at the end of the Northern Song (960–1127) dynasty (see the preface to 562 *Lingbao jingming xinxiu jiulao shenyin fumo bifa*; 1110 *Jingming zhongxiao quanshu* 1.19b; and Akizuki Kan'ei, *Chūgoku kinsei dōkyō no keisei*, 122 ff.). However, as Akizuki remarks, early on in the work (1.3a) XU XUN is given the title Jiuzhou duxian taishi gaoming dashi zhidao xuanying shengong miaoji zhenjun 九州都仙太史高明大使至道玄應神功妙濟真君, a form that corresponds to his canonization in 1295. The work therefore must have been revised at a later date.

The exegesis offers detailed comments, not only on the esoteric meanings of each paragraph, but also on the stages of initiation and ordination associated with each part of the scripture. The text therefore gives some insight into the liturgical organization of the school.

Among its ritual uses, we find instructions in the fifth chapter on which parts of the text should be eaten, on specific days.

The 564 *Shili* is of a philosophical nature and addresses such topics as the cosmic meaning of writing.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang jingming yuan buzou zhiju taixuan dusheng xuzhi

太上淨明院補奏職局太玄都省須知

18 fols.

Commentary attributed to XU JINGYANG 許旌陽 (XU XUN 許遜)

565 (fasc. 317)

“Vade Mecum of the Chancellery of Highest Mystery for Promotion and Assignments of Office in the Pure and Clear Hall.” This almanac of the bureaucratic organization of the Jingming yuan, with its lists of officials and grids for promotion is an appendix to the 563–564 *Taishang lingbao jingming feixian duren jingfa (shili)*, which refers to the present work on 1.22b–22a, and 1.24a. Folios 9b–14b are also reproduced in 551 *Tianshu yuan dusi xuzhi ling*.

Kristofer Schipper

Lingbao jingming yuan xingqian shi 靈寶淨明院行遣式

18 fols.

Attributed to Zhou Fangwen 周方文; Southern Song (1127–1279)

618 (fasc. 340)

Tianshu yuan dusi xuzhi xingqian shi 天樞院都司須知行遣式

4 fols.

619 (fasc. 340)

“Models for the Dispatching [of Documents] of the Pure and Clear School in the Lingbao tradition.” This work bears the signature of the hereditary instructor of the Hall of Pure Light, Zhou zhenren. Zhou, probably a divine being, is also indicated as author of 554 *Lingbao jingming yuan jiaoshi Zhou zhengong qiqing huayi* and 556 *Lingbao jingming huangsu shu shiyi bijue*. As stated by Akizuki Kan’ei (*Chūgoku kinsei dōkyō no keisei*, 201), the canonization title of XU XUN given on page 11b suggests that this text was written between the years 1112 and 1295. It therefore belongs to the Jingming 淨明 school revelations of the Southern Song period.

The text contains a number of models for liturgical documents: tallies for the armies of the Tianshu yuan, marching orders for transporting sums of money to the Heavenly Treasure House (*tianku* 天庫), mandates for arrest of demons in the case of possession-caused illness, lists of rewards (*xianzhuang* 獻狀) given to the heavenly soldiers in thanks for their assistance, an attestation of ordination for disciples (followed by the Ten Precepts they have to observe), an additional attestation for the transmission of certain holy scriptures, several secret spells, and other texts linked to initiation.

Among the scriptures mentioned in the attestation for ordination (12a) are 563–564 *Taishang lingbao jingming feixian duren jingfa (shili)* and 556 *Lingbao jingming huangsu*

shu shiyi bijue, as well as an unidentified *Lingbao dafa* 靈寶大法 in four juan. 619 *Tianshu yuan dusi xuzhi xingqian shi* is a short vade mecum giving a few practical indications for the writing and handling of liturgical documents.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang lingbao jingming dongshen shangpin jing

太上靈寶淨明洞神上品經

2 juan

1103 (fasc. 756)

“Superior Scripture of Pervading Divinity, of the Pure and Clear School of the Lingbao Tradition.” Akizuki Kan’ei regards this work as “the fundamental scripture of the XU XUN movement of the Song [960–1279]” and identifies it as one of the revelations made to He Shouzheng 何守證 (*Chūgoku kinsei dōkyō no keisei*, 241, 125).

The text, divided into thirty-five paragraphs, is of a doctrinal nature. Paragraph 29 indicates that the Jingming scriptures 淨明 number forty chapters in all, and praises the efficacy of the recitation of the *Lingshu erpian* 靈書二篇, probably a reference to the text of the second chapter of 561 *Taishang lingbao jingming fa (Lingshu shangpian* 2.1a–8a and *Lingshu xiapian* 2.8b–14a).

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3 fols.

1104 (fasc. 756)

“True Scripture of the Pillar of Precious Truth, from the Pure and Clear School of the Lingbao Tradition.” This is a short didactic poem in seven-character verse, with an introduction presenting its author, “the immortal Danyang zi 丹陽子.” Danyang is also quoted in 562 *Lingbao jingming xinxiu jiulao shenying fumo bifa* (1a ff.), by He Shouzheng 何守證. The poem describes a meditation practice on the Hall of Pure Light, accompanied by the dance of Flying Steps (*feibu* 飛步).

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang lingbao jingming daoyuan zhengyin jing

太上靈寶淨明道元正印經

2 fols.

1105 (fasc. 756)

“Scripture of the Orthodox Seal of the Foundation of the Tao, from the Pure and Clear School.” This is a short doctrinal treatise, in rhymed, four-character verses, of

a philosophical nature. The text breaks off in the middle of a verse at the end of page 1b, and a section corresponding to part of the printing block numbered *feng* 奉 (3.3) appears to be missing.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang lingbao jingming tianzun shuo yuwen jing

太上靈寶淨明天尊說禦瘟經

4 fols.

1106 (fasc. 756)

“Scripture for the Control of Plagues, spoken by the Pure and Clear Heavenly Worthy, in the Lingbao Tradition.” This short scripture is modeled on the traditional Lingbao texts. Instead of placing the revelation in some remote cosmic era, the text says that it took place in the year *jiyou* 己酉, corresponding to 1129, the year in which He Shouzheng 何守證 received the Jingming scriptures on Xishan (see the preface to 562 *Lingbao jingming xinxiu jiulao shenying fumo bifa*).

At the request of the “new disciple” Huiwen zhenren 惠文真人, the Tianzun explains why even the faithful are not spared the plague that rages on Earth. However, a new spell and talisman, obligingly copied out by XU XUN, is given to the disciple as a means of protection.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang lingbao shouru jingming sigui mingjian jing

太上靈寶首入淨明四規明鑑經

5 fols.

1107 (fasc. 756)

“Book of the Fourfold Mirror: An Introduction to the Pure and Clear School, in the Lingbao Tradition.” Four mirrors arranged in a square around the adept (*sigui mingjian* 四規明鑑) are a common aid to the practice of ecstatic meditation (see, e.g., 1207 *Shangqing mingjian zhenjing* 1a ff.). In the title of the present work, *jian* 鑑 stands for *jing* 鏡, in avoidance of a Song (960–1279) taboo.

This is a short philosophical and moral treatise in the classical style, comprising four paragraphs (hence the title). It was intended as an introduction to the thought of the Jingming zhongxiao 淨明忠孝 school.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang lingbao jingming jiuxian shuijing 太上靈寶淨明九仙水經

6 fols.

1108 (fasc. 765)

“Book of Water, from the Nine Immortals of the Pure and Clear School.” This is a short essay on the element water and its cosmological role, compared to that of blood in the human body. The reference to Nine Immortals in the title is not explained.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang lingbao jingming zhonghuang bazhu jing

太上靈寶淨明中黃八柱經

6 fols.

1109 (fasc. 756)

“Scripture on the Eight Pillars of the Yellow Center of the Pure and Clear School.” This essay on the theory of Tending Life techniques comprises eight paragraphs, hence the title. The Yellow Center is seen as the rectifying norm, the nexus of the structure of the energies of the universe and the body.

According to his biography, Jingming 淨明 patriarch LIU YU (1257–1308) transmitted the *Zhonghuang dadao baji zhenquan* 中黃大道八極真詮 to his disciple Huang Yuanji 黃元吉 (see 1110 *Jingming zhongxiao quanshu* 1.22b). This revelation may well have been the present work, as the sayings of LIU YU (*Yuzhen xiansheng yulu* 玉真先生語錄 in 1110 *Jingming zhongxiao quanshu* 3–5) contains a paragraph devoted to the *zhonghuang baji* that shows similarities to the present work. Moreover, the text uses *xuanwu* 玄武 for the emblem of the North, in the place of *zhenwu* 真武 in Song (960–1279) texts.

Kristofer Schipper

Jingming zhongxiao quanshu 淨明忠孝全書

6 juan

By Huang Yuanji 黃元吉, *hao* Zhonghuang xiansheng 中黃先生 (1271–1325); edited by Xu Hui 徐慧, *hao* Danjiong daoren 丹肩道人; introduction dated 1327 1110 (fasc. 757)

“Complete Works of the Pure and Clear School.” Xu Hui (1291–1350) was a disciple of Huang Yuanji, the successor of LIU YU (1257–1308), author of the renewal of the Jingming zhongxiao 淨明忠孝 school in Yuan (1279–1368) times. In his introduction (dated 1327), Xu tells how he collected the sayings of his master, as well as those of LIU YU. Xu added a number of documents revealed by planchette or other writings in Yuan times, edited them, and had the whole collection printed. The present edition, however, must have been reedited later, as Xu Hui’s own biography has been added to those of his masters (1.27b–31a).

Xu's preface is preceded by no less than six prefaces by different scholars of the Yuan period: Zhang Gui 張珪 (1264–1327), Zhao Shiyan 趙世延 (1260–1336), Yu Ji 虞集 (1272–1348), Teng Bin 滕賓 (also written 滕斌, a Hanlin academician of the years 1308–1313, who later became a daoshi), Zeng Xunshen 曾巽申 (1282–1330), and finally a certain Peng Ye 彭堃, a local academician. These prefaces have been studied by Akizuki Kan'ei (*Chūgoku kinsei dōkyō no keisei*, 148–55). The first juan contains a number of biographies of the patriarchs of the school, and juan two has a number of planchette revelations. Juans 3–5 have the sayings of LIU YU (*Yuzhen xiansheng yulu* 玉真先生語錄), devoted to a wide range of topics, from self-cultivation to liturgy and exorcism. The last juan contains the sayings of Huang Yuanji (*Zhonghuang xiansheng wenda* 中黃先生問答), compiled by his disciple Chen Tianhe 陳天和.

This collection constitutes an important source for the history of the school in Yuan times.

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Taiwei xianjun gongguo ge 太微仙君功過格

14 fols.

By Youxuan zi 又玄子; 1171

186 (fasc. 78)

"Table of Merits and Offences [Revealed] by Taiwei Xianjun." In his preface, Youxuan zi states that in the year 1171, under the Jin dynasty (1115–1234), he ascended in a dream to the Purple Palace (*zifu* 紫府), where he received from Taiwei xianjun the standards for merits and offences and was admonished to pass them on to believers. After waking up, he noted them down—without adding any ideas of his own. The preface is signed "Youxuan zi from the Wuyou studio of the Huizhen Hall on Xishan 西山會真堂無憂軒又玄子." Since the Xishan in Jiangxi was not under Jin rule, the author's reference to the Huizhen Hall may point to his affiliation with the Jingming 淨明 tradition there (cf. Akizuki Kan'ei, *Chūgoku kinsei dōkyō no keisei*, 197 ff.).

Thirty-six kinds of meritorious and thirty-nine kinds of impious deeds (divided into four categories each) are listed in the text, ranging on a scale of less than 1 to more than 100 points. The author recommends recording one's good and bad deeds in separate columns in a ledger every night, establishing a provisional balance once a month and an accumulative balance once a year. The aim of such bookkeeping is to become aware of one's actions and to change one's conduct accordingly.

The present text is the earliest preserved of its kind and served as a model for the various tables of merits and offences that were popular, especially in Ming (1368–1644) and Qing (1644–1912) times.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

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3.B.9 The Quanzhen Order

The founder of the Quanzhen school, WANG ZHE 王嘉, *hao* Chongyang zi (1113–1170), decided after a failed career in both the military and the civil service under the Jin dynasty (1115–1234) to lead a hermetic life in the Zhongnan shan 終南山 mountains (southern Shaanxi). In 1159 he had two encounters with immortals (usually understood to be LÜ DONGBIN and ZHONGLI QUAN), adopted a severe asceticism, and obtained the Tao. In 1167 Wang went to the tip of Shandong peninsula to preach. There he converted a wealthy notable, MA DANYANG (1123–1184), who became his prominent disciple under the surname Danyang zi. Wang converted others as well. Among these disciples, hagiography singles out the Qizhen 七真 (Seven Zhenren). In 1170, WANG ZHE took his four core disciples on a journey back to Shaanxi, but he died in modern Kaifeng en route. While in Shandong, WANG ZHE established the Quanzhen (Complete Truth) school, named after his hermitage, and founded lay congregations (*hui* 會) based on the Three Teachings. Although well corroborated, the sources for Wang's biography are rather late; we have no funerary stele before 1232, and the first hagiographic work in the canon concerning him is 1173 *Jinlian zhengzong ji*, written in 1241. Although he seems to have been a very impressive personality, Wang seems to have become famous largely through the teachings of his disciples. The main work related to him is 1153 *Chongyang quanzhen ji*, a large collection of his poems, possibly compiled while he was still alive. Other works deal with Wang's special relationship with MA DANYANG and were edited by Ma's circle: 1154 *Chongyang jiaohua ji*, 1155 *Chongyang fenli shihua ji*, and the probably apocryphal 1158 *Chongyang zhenren shou Danyang ershi si jue*. Two other works are also attributed to Wang; 1156 *Chongyang zhenren jinguan yusuo jue*, concerned with *neidan* 內丹 techniques, and the programmatic 1233 *Chongyang lijiao shimu lun*. He is, furthermore, credited with other books in later hagiographies. It is possible that, in the course of time, some of these lost anthologies were merged in larger anthologies such as 1153 *Chongyang quanzhen*

ji. The unsystematic nature of these compilations is indicated by the duplication of numerous poems in different texts, for example in both 1153 *Chongyang quanzhen ji* and 1154 *Chongyang jiaohua ji*.

MA DANYANG is, after WANG ZHE, the most prolific author in this corpus. His poems are collected in 1142 *Jianwu ji*, 1149 *Dongxuan jinyu ji*, and 1150 *Danyang shengguang can*, and his speeches in 1057 *Danyang zhenren yulu* and 1234 *Danyang zhenren zhiyan*. We know little about the editorial history of Ma's works since none of them except 1150 *Danyang shengguang can* has a preface. Ma's funerary steles mention his poetic skills but quote no title. On the other hand, 174 *Jinlian zhengzong xianyuan xiangzhuan* quotes quite a few titles we can no longer trace. In contrast, the other male apostles of Quanzhen all have literary collections: Wang Chuyi 王處一 (1152 *Yunguang ji*), LIU CHUXUAN (1141 *Xianle ji*, as well as the didactic treatise 1058 *Wuwei qingjing Changsheng zhenren zhizhen yulu*), TAN CHUDUAN (1160 *Shuiyun ji*), HAO DATONG (1161 *Taigu ji*), and QIU CHUJI (1148–1227; 1159 *Panxi ji*). Sun Buer 孫不二, the only female disciple, is absent from the corpus, together with the entire, and considerable, feminine part of the Quanzhen school. We have Sun's poems only in 1100 *Minghe yuyin*, but some of these compositions seem to have originated in planchette writing. A problem of attribution is raised by 1056 *Jin zhenren yulu*, which is quoted in WANG ZHE's works and also quotes him: it may be a compilation of texts by different authors contemporary to Wang.

At first a spiritual movement outside established Taoist institutions, the Quanzhen, under the leadership of preachers such as MA DANYANG and Wang Chuyi 王處一, soon attracted many converts and became an independent order. After some conflict in the 1190s, the Jin state eventually recognised the Quanzhen order, permitting it to develop its monastic foundations in the open. Under the leadership of QIU CHUJI, the movement expanded widely and was given a strong and centralized structure. In 1220, the Mongol emperor Genghis Khan, having already invaded part of northern China, called on Qiu to visit him. This he did, with eighteen of his prominent disciples. They met near Samarkand, after a long and difficult journey. Genghis was pleased to grant him privileges and comprehensive authority over China's monks (*chujia* 出家), an edict that was to raise much controversy. The whole journey is recorded in 1429 *Changchun zhenren xiyu ji*, the dialogues with Genghis Khan in 176 *Xuanfeng qinghui lu*. After these momentous events, a second generation of disciples oversaw the greatest expansion of the order.

This second generation is represented in the canon by a number of texts. From Yin Zhiping 尹志平 (1169–1251), QIU CHUJI's heir to the patriarch's seat, we have an anthology (1146 *Baoguang ji*) and a collection of sayings (1310 *Qinghe zhenren beiyu yulu*). A disciple of MA DANYANG composed 1143 *Caotang ji*, and a disciple of Liu Chuxuan wrote 1264 *Lifeng laoren ji*. WANG ZHIJIN, another disciple of QIU CHUJI, who also

studied with HAO DATONG, is the subject of 1059 *Panshan Qiyun Wang zhenren yulu*. A disciple of WANG ZHIJIN authored the 1140 *Yunshan ji*. From later generations come 267 *Shangsheng xiuzhen sanyao* and two works by Quanzhen patriarchs of the late thirteenth century, 1147 *Xiyun ji* and 1073 *Daochan ji*.

Apart from these works by well-known masters, the canon also contains other texts from the same period (1220–1280) whose authors are clearly identified with the Quanzhen order but not well documented historically. They are 247 *Huizhen ji*, 248 *Qizhen ji*, 1064 *Dongyuan ji*, 1144 *Ziran ji*, 1145 *Xuanxu zi mingzhen ji*, and 1151 *Wuzhen ji*. These second-generation authors were not all mere imitators. If they drew on the same sources of inspiration as the patriarchs, their poetry shows an evolution in style and doctrine, especially concerning the life of the hermit. As Quanzhen enlarged its audience and gained control of the large ordination monasteries, emphasis shifted from hermetic withdrawal to community life. Selfless striving for merit is the essential theme of works of this period, and Quanzhen's social action was initially rewarded with unprecedented political autonomy. This privilege started to be restricted in the 1250s, in reponse to the Quanzhen courtship of Buddhists. The movement was severely curtailed in the early 1280s when, in a fit of rage and sudden reversal of policy, the emperor Kublai ordered its canon burned. These changes in court politics, however, did not affect Quanzhen entrenchment in the countryside. Indeed, in the early fourteenth century, the order would recover its official patronage. Meanwhile, the establishment and administration of large ordination monasteries called for monastic rules. It was during the period of consolidation in the early fourteenth century that 1235 *Quanzhen qinggui*, a compendium of rules, and 1229 *Quanzhen zuobo jiefu*, a technical manual explaining the use of a method for collective meditation, were compiled.

Although political support for the Quanzhen declined in the late thirteenth century, the reunification of China in 1279 brought it into full contact with the southern schools, among which it immediately gained considerable prestige. The various orders had in fact been acquainted for some time. As early as 1260 and 1264, masters of the Quanzhen and Southern school (Nanzong 南宗) traditions, along with other eminent Taoists, were included in comprehensive lineage charts. Travels of Taoist masters across the border are not well documented, but books did make the journey. Van der Loon points to a Southern Song (1127–1279) work, the *Taishang shilu* 太上實錄 (see the article on 770 *Hunyuan shengji*) included in the Quanzhen-sponsored canon of 1244 (VDL 56). The inclusion of 1059 *Panshan Qiyun Wang zhenren yulu* (an eminently Quanzhen text) in the Nanzong anthology 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* must also have come shortly after the reunification of China (1279), if not before. Quanzhen did spread to southern China, but it never managed to establish large networks of communities there. Instead, it mostly operated small but renowned cloisters attached to large Zhengyi centers in the south.

Not many post-reunification Quanzhen texts are clearly dateable. There is 276 *Xiyi zhimi lun* whose author, Niu Daochun, also wrote a commentary (727 *Wenshi zhenjing zhu*) and the hagiographic account 174 *Jinlian zhengzong xianyuan xiangzhu*. The major legacy of that period is identified with the more speculative works of southern authors such as LI DAOCHUN, Miao Shanshi 苗善時, CHEN ZHIXU, WANG JIE (mid-fourteenth century), and Jin Zhiyang 金志陽 (1276–1336), who was raised in the Nanzong tradition and also initiated into Quanzhen pedagogy, thus claiming double affiliation. Although not a priori Quanzhen Taoists, these authors produced some of the most remarkable premodern Taoist literature, and eventually became regarded as authorities in modern Quanzhen. Beside this syncretic tradition, the continuity of the classical early Quanzhen tradition, at least during the early Ming (1368–1644), is documented in 1076 *Suiji yinghua lu*, a *yulu* by He Daoquan 何道全 (1319?–1399). Encyclopedic works from the Ming such as 1232 *Daomen shigui* and 1483 *Tianhuang zhidao taiping yuce* also attest to the broad acceptance of Quanzhen practice and texts among all Taoist circles.

The comparatively small number of Quanzhen texts, amounting to less than 4 percent of the canon's volume, does not reflect the historical importance of the order that since the late twelfth century has come to be regarded as a vital element of the Taoist tradition. And yet the sixty-odd texts discussed here, casually scattered in various compilations, provide a huge wealth of historical and doctrinal information that to this day has scarcely begun to be explored by scholars. The major problem with Quanzhen writings lies in their unsystematic nature. Quanzhen is not a revelation, and there is no founding scripture on which the whole tradition can be said to rest. The fact that the school produced no classic was considered a blemish by the early Ming theoretician ZHAO YIZHEN. For a school with a deep sense of its unity and mission, the corpus left by Quanzhen is dispersed and heterogeneous.

It is not easy to define a Quanzhen text. No common formal criteria seem to link the corpus together. Reference to the patriarchs (most often WANG ZHE and QIU CHUJI) is frequent but not systematic. Neither is the word Quanzhen a reliable indicator: on one hand it is claimed by authors primarily affiliated with other schools, and on the other, it is absent from many core Quanzhen texts. Its synonyms include Golden Lotus (Jinlian 金蓮) and, more frequently, Mysterious Movement (Xuanfeng 玄風). It is indeed a rather vague term, and as Hachiya Kunio points out, its use by WANG ZHE himself is not very consistent (*Kindai dōkyō*, 15). To indicate “becoming a Quanzhen Taoist,” one employed the usual terms for entering the religious life or monastic orders (*chujia* 出家 or *rudao* 入道). For the doctrine of the Quanzhen masters, the nonsectarian *wuwei qingjing* 無爲清靜 was most commonly used. It is, moreover, hazardous to identify a Quanzhen text on the basis of doctrine. Their prominent features, *neidan* and Three Teachings “syncretism,” are common to many

writings of that period, including the Nanzong. The patriarch of this southern lineage, ZHANG BODUAN, is often quoted in Quanzhen works (although more often in second generation texts), and the two schools share the same theoretical foundations. Some scholars have tried to distinguish between the “Northern” (original Quanzhen) and “Southern” schools on the basis of their different emphases regarding *xing* 性 and *ming* 命 (mind and body) cultivation; this has been put into perspective by more recent research (see especially Chen Bing, “Jin Yuan Quanzhen dao,” 538–40).

The early Quanzhen placed great emphasis on morals. Their scriptures hold forth about karma and the necessity of accumulating merit over many generations to attain truth and dismiss all practices but the purification of the mind. This has led some contemporaries to identify Quanzhen with Chan (see 1066 *Xuanzong zhizhi wanfa tonggui* 3.7b: “Quanzhen practices the Sudden Way, it is therefore a sort of Buddhism”). This image of early Quanzhen as pure moral asceticism might primarily reflect a sociological distinction rather than a doctrinal choice. The Quanzhen order was at that time addressing very large lay congregations, and the “recorded sayings” (*yulu*) bear witness to their popular audiences. Most extant non-Quanzhen *yulu*, by contrast, are esoteric discussions between advanced adepts. The same differences can be observed among the audiences of Quanzhen and non-Quanzhen poetry. A few theoretical texts by Quanzhen authors (e.g., 1161 *Taigu ji*, 247 *Huizhen ji* 1, 248 *Qizhen ji* 3), however, show that the school's propagators were not averse to the kind of speculative writings for which the Southern school (Nanzong) is justly famous. The most sensible way to identify a Quanzhen text, then, would be by affiliation of the author with the Quanzhen organization, with the help of historical sources, notably epigraphy. Unfortunately, many texts in the canon have either authors who are otherwise unknown, or no indication of authorship at all. Thus we have a number of texts that seem related to the Quanzhen movement, but that cannot be incorporated into a strictly defined corpus. The present set of some sixty well-identified texts, however, is large enough to allow for a description of the major genres. These are (1) hagiography, (2) recorded saying (*yulu*) and collected works, and (3) didactic writings, covering both precepts and practices.

One of the most remarkable achievements of the early Quanzhen was the edition of the 1244 canon, almost without state support, in a very short period of time and under troubled conditions. It is difficult to have a clear idea of the contents of this canon, but available evidence suggests that the compilers did not interfere with the traditional Three Caverns and Four Auxiliaries (*sandong sifu* 三洞四輔) partition, nor did they attempt to fill the canon with their own literature. At most, they added a few hagiographic works at the end. This process was completely in line with the nature of the Quanzhen movement: the masters respected the canon and strove to enlarge its diffusion, but they considered their own writings to be extracanonial. The Quanzhen

order, however, did not completely abstain from manipulating the potent symbols of the canonical tradition. There are a few cases where it tried to find a place for itself in this tradition. The first such case was the rediscovery of the *Wenshi zhenjing* 文始真經 in 1233. This scripture authored by Yin Xi 尹喜, Laozi's disciple, had been lost for centuries. When it was found in a cache of documents and presented to the patriarch Yin Zhiping 尹志平, it was considered to be an omen of the new propagation of Taoism. The coincidence of the Yin name was reinforced by the fact that Yin's master, QIU CHUJI, was himself widely considered, owing to his western travels, to be a new Laozi. The *Wenshi zhenjing* was not a real rediscovery, however, since the text (probably a tenth-century apocryphal work) had actually been in circulation for some time already.

A different kind of scriptural manipulation was the forging of new *jing*. Although this can never be proved definitely, it does seem that at least two (and probably more) "Lingbao scriptures," the *Datong jing* 大通經 and the *Chiwen donggu jing* 赤文洞古經 were written in Quanzhen circles. This authorship would explain why these two works almost always appear with commentaries by Quanzhen masters, and also why to this day they are included in almost all Quanzhen collections. Other possible cases include 646 *Taishang laojun wai riyong miaojing* and 25 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo dedao li-aoshen jing*. On the other hand, neither the *Wenshi zhenjing* nor the various "Quanzhen scriptures" ever commanded special authority among the adepts.

The history of Quanzhen texts should be understood in the framework of the Quanzhen organization, a monastic order based on a dense network of small monasteries and temples, supported by lay congregations (*hui* 會). For instance, the 1309 reprint of 176 *Xuanfeng qinghui tu* was due to fundraising organized by a number of lay members of Taoist associations spread from Hangzhou to Peking. We can therefore understand the existence of many "association members" (*huishou*) among the dedicatees of Quanzhen poetry. Most prefaces were written by lay believers who were not, properly speaking, Taoists, but whose deep faith and admiration went well beyond the polite deference of a scholar pen-friend. Du Dekang 杜德康, the sponsor of Yin Zhiping, is a telling example; Wang E 王鶚 (1190–1273), sponsor of WANG ZHIJIN and his disciple Ji Zhizhen, is another. These men were Confucians engaged in political careers; they were clearly not free to follow the ascetic path of celibacy and poverty of a Quanzhen monk but were nonetheless engaged, in a personal and not merely intellectual sense, in the Quanzhen movement.

The complete reorganization of the Quanzhen after the fall of the Yuan entailed a loss of the best part of such support. Literary output dropped dramatically and never recovered the intensity of the thirteenth century. It is likely that many works were also lost around that time. The compilers of the Zhengtong canon, who held Quanzhen in high esteem, included all the scriptures they could find (possibly in the libraries of

large monasteries), but much more was lost. It is unlikely that the 1281 condemnation played a role in this, since Quanzhen writings were not especially targeted. The burning of many temples during the Yuan-Ming transition is a more likely culprit. Moreover, although Taoist-inclined literati enjoyed Quanzhen poetry, it never caught the fancy of mainstream literary criticism, which, with some reason, found it too forceful and ideological. The Quanzhen anthologies were therefore rarely to be found in large private libraries. Quanzhen poetry is rarely included in imperial anthologies of classical poetry; it has been rediscovered by literary historians only in recent decades.

This picture is confirmed by two observations. First, very few Yuan and Ming editions of Quanzhen works in the canon survive separately. We have only a Jin edition of 1159 *Panxi ji* and Yuan editions of 1140 *Yunshan ji* and 1059 *Panshan Qiyun Wang zhenren yulu*, all in the Peking Library. The 1059 *Wang zhenren yulu* is often quoted, has been included in several Ming collectanea (*congshu*), and commanded the respect of luminaries like Jiao Hong 焦竑 (1541–1620). Jiao's attitude might be typical of the many scholars who, without considering the Quanzhen masters as first-class poets or essayists, were impressed by the depth of insight and spirituality conveyed by their words. The second observation concerns the listing of Quanzhen works in the bibliographic catalogues of the Ming and Qing. Thirty-six titles are mentioned, some of them since lost, belonging to all categories (see Goossaert, "La création du taoïsme moderne," 436–38). The anthologies, however, are underrepresented: it is remarkable, for instance, that WANG ZHE's works are completely absent from these catalogues. The most salient information is that hagiographic works account for almost half of the references. It seems that mainstream Chinese scholars chose to remember early Quanzhen for its historical significance rather than for its contribution to Chinese thought and literature. It is also noteworthy that, of the five early Quanzhen works that have been transmitted outside the canon (*Xuanfeng qinghui tu*, *Laozi bashiyi hua tu*, *Qizhen xianzhuan*, *Quanzhen zongyan fangwai xuanyan*, and *Daode jing zhu* by He Daoquan, all mentioned above), three are of a hagiographic nature.

Quanzhen works mentioned in epigraphy, hagiographic texts, and quotations from Ming texts, as well as their prefaces in literary collections, resuscitate titles of books now lost. A comprehensive check provided a list of eighty-one such titles. As far as we can tell from mere titles, these books seem to have been similar in format to those that are extant; mainly poetry, *yulu*, and a number of commentaries on the Taoist classics. This suggests that the selection of Quanzhen texts now extant, largely thanks to the Zhengtong canon, is representative of the larger production of early Quanzhen.

3.B.9.a Hagiography and Biography

A large collection of hagiographic works, inside and outside the canon, is concerned with the Quanzhen movement. In the canon, the oldest text is 173 *Jinlian zhengzong ji*, composed by Qin Zhian 秦志安 (1188–1244), coeditor of the Taoist canon of the Jin, the *Xuandu baozang* 玄都寶藏 of 1244, for inclusion in that collection. Then come three works by the greatest Quanzhen historiographer, Li Daoqian (1219–1296): a chronology (175 *Qizhen nianpu*), a collection of biographies (955 *Zhongnan shan zuting xianzhen neizhuan*), and an anthology of stele inscriptions (973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu*). From a later date are 174 *Jinlian zhengzong xianyuan xiangzhuan*, which probably aimed at the same public as 173 *Jinlian zhengzong ji*: both are breviaries of the origins and early history of the Quanzhen. Also written in the fourteenth century, 1069 *Shangyang zi jindan dayao liexian zhi* adopts the same format as the two works above: the Five Ancestors, *wuzu* 五祖 (Laozi, Donghua dijun 東華帝君, ZHONGLI QUAN, LÜ DONGBIN, and LIU HAICHAN; WANG ZHE may replace Laozi), and the Seven Zhenren; it also adds his own subbranch of the lineage. There existed further narratives about the Quanzhen patriarchs, as their celebrity made them public figures. For instance, one of the sources of 175 *Qizhen nianpu* is a book by the Jin literary figure turned Quanzhen monk Wang Cui 王粹 (d. 1243), a work later expanded into the *Qizhen xianzhuan* 七真仙傳, still extant in a 1417 edition. These narratives in turn inspired full-fledged novels called “stories of the Seven Zhenren,” of which several examples date from the Qing. Novelists were not the only ones interested in these tales. Playwrights also plumbed them. MA DANYANG was the hero of plays written at the end of the thirteenth century (see Hawkes, “Quanzhen plays”). A variety of works from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries together provide as many as six different versions of the history of WANG ZHE and his seven apostles, not to mention some 500 extant stone inscriptions.

Although usually treated as a group, the early Quanzhen masters also have individual hagiographies in anecdotal style. 594 *Tixuan zhenren xianyi lu* is concerned with one of the Seven Zhenren, Wang Chuyi 王處一; 305 *Chunyang dijun shenhua miaotong ji* is the standard hagiography of LÜ DONGBIN, as well as providing the framework of the murals of the Chunyang dian 純陽殿 in the renowned Quanzhen monastery Yongle gong 永樂宮, built on Lü’s presumed birthplace (Ang, “Le culte de Lü Dongbin”). In the same monastery, the murals of the Chongyang dian 重陽殿, devoted to WANG ZHE, are in a poor state and little studied, but they were certainly based on a similar hagiographic work. The murals can be identified with an illustrated biography of Wang, *Chongyang zhenjun minhua tu*, quoted in the still partially extant 1309 edition of *Xuanfeng qinghui tu* 玄風慶會圖 (reprint Shanghai: Hanfen lou, 1925). This work by the Quanzhen monk Shi Zhijing 石志經 (1202–1275) is an illustrated biography of

QIU CHUJI. This beautifully edited work matches a full-page illustration with each anecdote. Shi Zhijing, a friend of Li Daoqian, also composed the *Laojun bashiyi hua tu* 老君八十一化圖, an illustrated narration of the various apparitions of Laozi on Earth, which elicited much furor from the Buddhists since it included the old *huahu* 化胡 story. All of these works, whether written or pictorial, belong to the same genre, to which one can also add 170 *Zitong dijun huashu*.

Most of these works appeared during the half century 1230–1280, when Quanzhen identity was being elaborated in a very competitive setting. In particular, Li Daoqian and Shi Zhijing were active around the time of the famous Buddho-Taoist controversies of the 1250s, and their works might very well be an answer to them, although they do not show any prejudice against other religions (see Miura Suichi, “Gendai shisō”). The 1429 *Changchun zhenren xiyou ji* is also relevant to this problem. The literary, artistic, and historiographic qualities of the Quanzhen accounts of this period contrast with the offensiveness of their detractors (cf. Rachewiltz, “The *Hsi-yu lu*,” and Kubo Noritada, “Prolegomena”). The Quanzhen compilers usually mention their sources and rarely take recourse to spurious evidence (the first four ancestors being an exception). All authors mainly rely on stele inscriptions. This underlines the role of lay patrons in fashioning Quanzhen’s identity, for most steles were written by scholars, even if they used the memoranda provided by the Quanzhen monks.

Quanzhen lore is centred on lineages, not on places. The order nonetheless regarded the Zhongnan shan 終南山 (Shaanxi) as its holy land, and it is in Quanzhen circles that 956 *Zhongnan shan shuoqing tai lidai zhenxian beiji* (also available in rubbing) and 957 *Gu Louguan ziyun jingjing ji* were compiled, thus acknowledging the local traditions to which the Quanzhen movement was heir.

Jinlian zhengzong ji 金蓮正宗記

5 juan

By Qin Zhian 秦志安, *hao* Changchun hutian 長春壺天, Linjian yuke 林間羽客, Shuli daoren 樗櫟道人; preface dated 1241

173 (fasc. 75–76)

“Record of the True Line of Transmission of the Golden Lotus School.” This scripture has a preface by the author, dated 1241. In Henan, Qin Zhian joined SONG DEFANG. Both Taoists assumed responsibility for the edition of the *Xuandu baozang* 玄都寶藏. Qin Zhian incorporated “The Time Line of Transmission” into this collection of Taoist literature (see Yuan Haowen 元好問, “Tongzhen zi mubei ming 通真子墓碑銘,” in *Yishan xiansheng wenjing* 31.314b–315b).

The “True Line of Transmission” comprises fourteen Taoist names. The respective biographies have been arranged according with the historical development of the lineage as understood by the author. The first patriarch of the Golden Lotus (Quanzhen)

school is Donghua dijun 東華帝君 (Wang Xuanfu 王玄甫), who was initiated into the Taoist order by the deity Boyun shangzhen 白雲上真. Donghua dijun passed his knowledge to ZHONGLI QUAN. The biographies of LÜ YAN and LIU HAICHAN follow. These two Taoists were also spiritual ancestors of the Quanzhen school. Then the text gives the biographies of WANG CHONGYANG and his two friends from Shaanxi, He Yuchan 和玉蟾 and Li Lingyang 李靈陽, preceding the presentation of the Seven Zhenren (Qizhen 七真), who are connected with WANG CHONGYANG's activities in Shandong. The two friends from Shaanxi constitute a link with the village of Liujiang (see 955 *Zhongnan shan zuting xianzhen neizhuan* 1.1a–4a). WANG CHONGYANG is featured as a successor to LIN LINGSU. However, WANG CHONGYANG's specialty was Taoist teachings dealing with human nature and existence (*xingming* 性命).

The biographies contain a descriptive text and one or several eulogies. They also mention the honors that had been bestowed on these Taoists by emperors of the Jurchen Jin (1115–1234) and Yuan (1279–1368) dynasties. Finally they list the literary works written by these masters. Each biography concludes with a mediumistic poem. The "The Time Line of Transmission" aims to legitimize the Quanzhen school in the first half of the thirteenth century.

Florian C. Reiter

Jinlian zhengzong xianyuan xiangzhuàn 金蓮正宗仙源像傳

45 fols.

Compiled by Liu Zhixuan 劉志玄, *hao* Lushan qingxi daoren 廬山清溪道人, and Xie Xichan 謝西蟾; preface dated 1326

174 (fasc. 76)

"Portraits and Biographies Concerning the Origin of the Masters of the True Line of Transmission of the Golden Lotus [School]." Two prefaces introduce this work. The first was written by the Thirty-ninth Heavenly Master, Zhang Sicheng 張嗣成, *hao* Taixuan zi 太玄子, and is dated 1327. The second preface is by Liu Zhixuan and is dated 1326. This work, like 173 *Jinlian zhengzong ji*, deals with the history of the Quanzhen school.

The short biographies, each of which is preceded by a portrait of its subject (figs. 59–61), also indicate the literary works of the master. Reference is made to the temples or cloisters, which were founded after the death of the respective master in places where he had lived, taught, and finally died. At the end of each text, the honorary titles decreed by the court of the Yuan dynasty (1279–1368) are listed. A short eulogy concludes the text of each biography. An independent collection of historical documents precedes the portraits and biographies. This collection was printed in 1324. The documents comprise Genghis Khan's statements inviting QIU CHUJI, the decree bestowing honorary titles on the founders of the Quanzhen school, issued in 1269 by

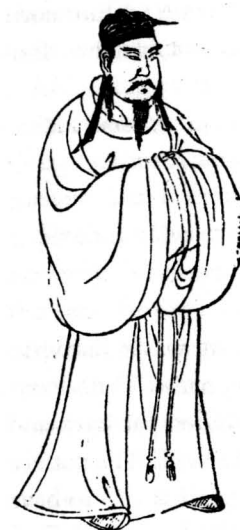


FIGURE 59. Portrait of the immortal Lü Dongbin (174 15b)



FIGURE 60. Wang Zhe, the founder of the Quanzhen order (174 18a)



FIGURE 61. Qiu Chuji, Taoist ambassador to Genghis Khan (174 32a)

Kublai, and finally four similar documents issued in 1310 by Wuzong. All these documents had been copied by Liu Zhixuan when he was serving the Quanzhen master Sun Deyu 孫德彥 (1243–1321) at the Changchun temple in the capital.

Florian C. Reiter

Qizhen nianpu 七真年譜

22 fols.

Compiled by Li Daoqian 李道謙; 1271

175 (fasc. 76)

"Chronological Biographies of the Seven Zhenren." Li Daoqian is said to have compiled these biographies in the Ancestral Hall at Liujiang village, Shaanxi. This was the western center of the Quanzhen school. The Seven Zhenren are the seven masters of the first generation, the followers of WANG ZHE (Chongyang). At the beginning of the text, biographical data concerning WANG ZHE are given. They are taken from a biography written by Wang Cui 王粹. The chronology covers the period between the birth of the historical founder of the school, WANG ZHE (1112), and the death of QIU CHUJI (1227). QIU CHUJI (Changchun) was the last of the Seven Zhenren to die. The chronology compiles the most remarkable events and data referring to the Qizhen's contacts with WANG ZHE and their careers as Quanzhen Taoists.

The biographies attempt to reconcile some contradictory information, which could have been drawn from older (not specified) biographies. Li Daoqian bases his correc-

tions on the literary collections of the Seven Zhenren, which are treated as authentic and reliable documents. The text also points to some other works by Quanzhen Taoists that are said to be reliable.

Florian C. Reiter

Xuanfeng qinghui lu 玄風慶會錄

9 fols.

By Yila Chucai 移刺楚才; preface 1232

176 (fasc. 76)

"Record of the Celebrated Encounter with Taoism." This account was in fact written by Yelü Chucai 耶律楚材. Yila Chucai is a distortion of that name. The anonymous preface is dated 1232. It speaks about the visit of the Quanzhen patriarch and preceptor of state, QIU CHUJI, to the temporary residence of the Khan. The preface compares this event with the famous journey to the West that Laozi is said to have undertaken. It is stated that the "Celebrated Encounter" had been written at the behest of the Khan.

The text records the encounters between QIU CHUJI and Genghis Khan in 1222. It features the Taoist's answers to the Khan in response to his request for medicine to prolong his life. QIU CHUJI expounds his philosophy and discusses the conditions that shape a human life. He pays special attention to the conditions of the ruler. There is an intimate relationship between the external affairs of state and the human qualities of a ruler. The Khan is advised to restrain his old habits. QIU CHUJI points to the pacifying effects of the Way, which the teachings and deeds of Taoists (Zhengyi and Quanzhen) had brought to China. He also suggests imitating the example of the Jurchen Jin (1115–1234) rulers, who had employed Liu Yu 劉豫 to enforce Chinese ways of government. The most interesting parts of the "Celebrated Encounter" are translated in Waley, *The travels of an alchemist*, 21–25.

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Florian C. Reiter

Chunyang dijun shenhua miaotong ji 純陽帝君神化妙通紀

By Miao Shanshi 苗善時 (fl. 1324)

7 juan

305 (fasc. 159)

"Records of the Miraculous Manifestation of the Transcendence of the Imperial Lord Pure Yang." Chunyang dijun is the official title LÜ YAN received in 1310 by decree of the emperor Wuzong. The author of this account, a native of Nanking, was a

disciple of LI DAOCHUN (see 1060 *Qing'an Yingchan zi yulu* 3) and the editor of 651 *Taishang dongshen sanyuan miaoben fushou zhenjing* (postface dated 1324).

According to the preface, the records consisted of 120 tales of miraculous manifestations (*hua*) in six juan. The present edition only reaches the *hua* 108. The episodes 20–24 and 26–33 are missing; the remaining *hua* number ninety-five and are arranged in seven juan. They trace the life of the saint, from his birth in 790 at Yongle (Hezhong fu, Shanxi) to his death at the end of the Tang (*hua* 1 to 8). Next in the narrative come the many post-mortem appearances of the saints, continuing into the late thirteenth century. Many of these tales feature anecdotes known through later compilations (see 1484 *Lüzū zhi*) as well as Yuan (1279–1368) and Ming (1368–1644) plays and vernacular literature. The author adds his comments to the tales, either as a "judgment" (*tuan* 象) or as a poem (*shi* 詩). The first *hua* are all followed by *tuan*, whereas later *hua* are mostly followed by poems. Comments on the last stories (after number 101) are missing.

The author freely declares his views through the comments. He represents the texts of 1191 *Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa* and of *Zhong-Lü chuandao ji* (in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* juan 14–15) as forgeries. On the other hand, the saint is said to have received 19 *Taishang shengxuan xiaozai huming miaojing*, a holy book collecting the essence of the Three Teachings, during his initiation (2.5b). At the beginning of the present work, the author reproduces two imperial decrees canonizing the Five Patriarchs of Quanzhen, LÜ YAN being one of them. These decrees, dated 1269 and 1310, also feature in 174 *Jinlian zhengzong xianyuan xiangzhuàn*.

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Kwong Hing Foon

Tixuan zhenren xianyi lu 體玄真人顯異錄

15 fols.

Thirteenth century

594 (fasc. 329)

"Report on the Wondrous Events [in the Life of] the Adept who is United with the Mystery." This account concerns the Quanzhen patriarch Wang Chuyi 王處一 (first generation of the Seven Zhenren), on whom Emperor Zhangzong in 1198 bestowed the title of Tixuan dashi 體玄大師. This work was compiled by his followers. It contains nineteen accounts of the wondrous deeds of the patriarch. Wang Chuyi appears to have effected the miracles in order to convert people.

In 1287, Yao Sui 姚燧 based his inscription "Yuyang tixuan guangdu zhenren Wang zongshi daoxing beiming 玉陽體玄廣度真人王宗師道行碑銘," in 973 *Ganshui xian-*

yuan lu 2.13a, on this work. The expanded honorary title of the Taoist, which was used in the title of Yao Sui's inscription, had been conferred on Wang Chuyi in 1269 by Emperor Shizu. It is possible that the present text already existed before 1269.

Wang Chuyi is featured as a Taoist priest and healer who was well versed in magical methods. No mention is made of his affiliation with the Quanzhen school. This work describes events that are reported in part in 1152 *Yunguang ji*, such as the magic that Wang performed in order to procure rain in Peking in 1209 (4a–4b). The present work provides important information about the way of life of this Taoist who traveled widely in Shandong and Hebei, not having the habit of staying long in one place. This work and 1152 *Yunguang ji* complement one another.

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Florian C. Reiter

***Zhongnan shan zuting xianzhen neizhuan* 終南山祖庭仙真內傳**

3 juan

By Li Daoqian 李道謙; preface by Wang Daoming 王道明 dated 1284
955 (fasc. 605)

"Biographies of the Immortal Zhenren of the Ancestral Hall at Mount Zhongnan."

These biographies describe the activities of Quanzhen Taoists of the first, second, and third generations. The Ancestral Hall (Liujiang village, Shaanxi) was around the end of the thirteenth century a major center of the Quanzhen school (compare 175 *Qizhen nianpu* 5b–9b). The author of the preface, Wang Daoming, was in charge of the Yuxian gong 遇仙宮 temple in Ganhe zhen 甘河鎮 (Zhongnan).

The immortals and zhenren in question were the friends and followers of WANG CHONGYANG, MA DANYANG, QIU CHUJI, and other patriarchs of the Quanzhen school, who had lived for some time in the Ancestral Hall. The biographies feature the affiliations of these Taoists. They show clearly how the Quanzhen school increasingly gained influence in society. The biographies list their subjects' literary works and sometimes officially decreed posthumous titles. Numerous biographies concern persons for whom no inscriptions had been written. This work preserves important supplements to the collection of inscriptions later compiled by the same author (see 973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu*).

Florian C. Reiter

***Ganshui xianyuan lu* 甘水仙源錄**

10 juan

By Li Daoqian 李道謙, *hao* Hefu 和甫; postface by Zhang Haogu 張好古; 1289
973 (fasc. 611–613)

"Record of the Immortals from the Sweet Water [River]." This collection of inscriptions concerns the history of the Quanzhen school. The Sweet Water River (Ganhe) flows through Ganhe county in Shaanxi where WANG CHONGYANG (1112–1170) met with zhenren and received Taoist instructions. The immortals constitute the historical and orthodox line of transmission in the Quanzhen school, from the first to the third generation. Li Daoqian hailed from Kaifeng. In 1281 he was the abbot of the Chongyang wanshou gong temple (Liujiang village, Shaanxi). Li Daoqian, who is also the author of 175 *Qizhen nianpu* and 955 *Zhongnan shan zuting xianzhen neizhuan*, was a student and follower of Yu Dongzhen 余洞真 (1166–1250). He was a major author and compiler of the history of the Quanzhen school. His student Zhang Haogu says in his postface (10.32a–33a) that Li collated all texts of this collection.

Li Daoqian places at the very beginning of this work the edict of Emperor Shizu (1269), which decrees religious titles for the spiritual ancestors of the Quanzhen school and for WANG CHONGYANG and his seven followers. The compilation of inscriptions that follow this edict deal with life within the Quanzhen order and with Quanzhen temples. This work also contains official and scholarly poems that refer to Quanzhen Taoists.

Some inscriptions were composed by well-known literati like Yuan Haowen 元好問 (1190–1257), Yao Sui 姚燧 (1238–1313), and Wang E 王鶚 (1190–1273). There are several different types of texts: tomb inscriptions, steles, and biographies. Comparisons with other editions show that Li Daoqian did not always transcribe his texts accurately and completely. However, most of the inscriptions in this edition cannot be found elsewhere; for this reason, the compilation remains the most important source for the history of the Quanzhen school.

Florian C. Reiter

***Changchun zhenren xiyu ji* 長春真人西遊記**

2 juan

By LI ZHICHANG 李志常, *hao* Zhenchang zi 真常子; preface by Sun Xi 孫錫 dated 1228

1429 (fasc. 1056)

"Report on the Journey of the Adept Changchun to the West." This account was written by the Quanzhen Taoist LI ZHICHANG, who accompanied the leader of the school, QIU CHUJI, on his journey in 1221–1224 from Peking via Central Asia to the temporary residence of Genghis Khan near Kabul.

The present text describes the travelers, itinerary, and people the two zhenren met along the way. The author observes the activities of the patriarch, who had numerous contacts with local officials and participated in religious festivities. There is only scant information about the discussions with the Khan (on that subject, see 176 *Xuanfeng qinghui lu*). This work also covers the period between QIU CHUJI's return to Peking and his death in 1227. It includes information about the arrangements for nominating a successor in the leadership of the Quanzhen school (Yin Qinghe 尹清和). The appendix (2.27b–32a) contains seven documents. Most of these had been sent either by the Khan or the administration of Peking concerning QIU CHUJI. Large portions of this report are translated by A. Waley (*The travels of an alchemist*).

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Florian C. Reiter

3.B.9.b Logia and Collected Works

Many Quanzhen masters had their own literary anthology, usually composed only of *shi* 詩- and *ci* 詞-poems, and various songs. Besides individual anthologies, selected collective anthologies of Quanzhen poetry were compiled to help spread the gospel of Quanzhen predication. Although it is not limited to Quanzhen authors, 1100 *Minghe yuyin* contributed to the diffusion of Quanzhen poetry. A Quanzhen monk edited the authoritative collection of LÜ DONGBIN's poetry, 1055 *Chunyang zhenren hun-cheng ji*.

The prevalence of poetry in Quanzhen literature seems quite natural; poetry was a part of the curriculum in Quanzhen schools. Quanzhen poems range between the didactic and lyric styles. The variety of subjects is matched by the variety of styles. Unlike the clearly structured poetical works of southern *neidan*, Quanzhen poetry is experimental. For instance, verses exchanged between WANG ZHE and MA DANYANG leave the first character of a verse for the recipient of the poem to guess (*cangtou* 藏頭). MA DANYANG also offers verse experiments in the repetitive style. The most common mode is the *ci* and, more generally, poetry to be sung. Beside their use as "cases for reflection" (*gongan* 公案), these songs were also chanted during meditation or ritual and more generally on collective occasions. The Quanzhen rules specify, "During the *hai* hour [9 to 11 P.M.] we sing and chant, read religious discourses, lyric and regular poetry to dispel the temptations of sleep" (1235 *Quanzhen qinggui* 6a.).

Why did Quanzhen masters prefer to communicate through poetry? Quite simply, their poetry appealed to the emotions; its aim was to convert as much as to explain. It was intended to induce a religious experience that would cause one to "enter the Tao,"

not to understand it. Quanzhen was a missionary institution, and poetry its language of conversion. A large number of Quanzhen poems were composed upon solicitation by an adept, or given to prospective adepts with a performative intent. Many verses begin with words such as "I enjoin you to . . . (*quan jun* 勸君)." In order to increase their audience, poems were engraved on stone in temples. This is why hagiographic accounts, when quoting a book, always insist on its being "spread in the world" (*xing yushi* 行于世), the very opposite of an esoteric book. The performative aspect of Quanzhen poetry is borne out by its links with Yuan theater (*zaju* 雜劇), which is replete with "Taoist aspirations" (*daoqing* 道情) lyrics and allusions to the cult of the immortals. The canon contains a set of *daoqing* songs, 1144 *Ziran ji*, that might have been sung during festivals at Quanzhen temples and monasteries, possibly to accompany the life stories of the immortals and Quanzhen saints, not unlike the Buddhist *bianwen* 變文.

Just as Quanzhen poetry was anthologized, its *yulu* (sayings) were also edited in "selections," such as 1256 *Zhenxian zhizhi yulu*. The most remarkable examples of Quanzhen logia, however, are four longer independent works: 1057 *Danyang zhenren yulu*, 1310 *Qinghe zhenren beiyong yulu*, 1059 *Panshan Qiyun Wang zhenren yulu*, and 1076 *Suiji yinghua lu*. Many more Quanzhen *yulu* were compiled during the Ming and Qing periods, some of which are in the present corpus, but few match the missionary spirit of these four works. The prevalence of colloquial *baihua* now make them difficult to read, but their humor (sometimes in the tradition of Linji Chan) and the predominance of autobiographical narratives contribute to their appeal. They exhibit a pedagogy based on imitation of the lives of the saints and collective emulation of asceticism, in a exalted atmosphere. The continued relevance of these older *yulu* is documented by their edition by a Quanzhen monk at the beginning of the twentieth century (see *Liezhen yulu jiyao* 列真語錄輯要, *Daozang jinghua*, ser. 3, vol. 8) and by excerpts posted in monasteries today.

Yunguang ji 雲光集

4 juan

By Wang Chuyi 王處一; between 1213–1217

1152 (fasc. 792)

"Radiance of the Clouds." This literary collection presents lyrical works of various genres. Originally the collection had a preface by the author, now lost (see 175 *Qizhen nianpu* 4a). There is a reference to the death of HAO DATONG (1213). Wang Chuyi died in 1217. These dates suggest that the collection was compiled between 1213 and 1217. Radiance of the Clouds is the name of a cave in Wendeng 文登 (Shandong), where Wang Chuyi was living when he joined WANG CHONGYANG in 1168.

The collection contains dedications written for friends and acquaintances, instructions for students or disciples (see, e.g., 4.28a–28b), and also many texts that deal with specific events in the life of the author. Wang Chuyi, who had received attention from the imperial court, was a renowned Taoist priest and practitioner of exorcistic and liturgical services. His activities, which were commented upon by himself and eventually by his followers, connect this work with 594 *Tixuan zhenren xianyi lu*.

Florian C. Reiter

Jin zhenren yulu 晉真人語錄

14 fols.

Thirteenth century

1056 (fasc. 728)

“Recorded Discourses by the Zhenren Jin.” This work comprises five extended sections of quite different texts. Only the first part (1a–4b) corresponds to the title and contains discourses concerning physiological and meditative self-cultivation. These discourses have been attributed to Jin Daocheng 晉道成 (cf., e.g., “Chongzhen pian 崇真篇,” in 1017 *Daoshu* 19.3b–4b). Considering the many quotations of “Adept Jin” in early Quanzhen materials, like 1153 *Chongyang quanzhen ji* 10.21a, this part of the work suggests that at an early stage some concepts of the Song (960–1279) *neidan* 內丹 school had made their way into Quanzhen teachings. However, the true author or compiler of the five sections of this work is unknown. The four subsequent texts indicate that this work could not have been compiled before the thirteenth century.

The work includes, in addition, the following texts: “Chongyang zushi xiuxian liaoxing bijue 重陽祖師修仙了性秘訣,” which deals with the way of life recommended by WANG CHONGYANG (4b–6b); “Da Ma shifu shisi wen 答馬師父十四問,” containing definitions of terms and concepts by MA DANYANG (6b–8b); and “Xuanmen zabao shiba wenda 玄門雜寶十八問答,” with poems concerning basic concepts of the Quanzhen school (8b–11b), for example, “to leave the family behind and practice self-cultivation.” At the end of the work, Quanzhen themes are again addressed in the form of odes (11b–14b).

Florian C. Reiter

Danyang zhenren yulu 丹陽真人語錄

16 fols.

By Wang Yizhong 王頤中, hao Lingyin zi 靈隱子; twelfth century

1057 (fasc. 728)

“Recorded Discourses of the Adept Danyang.” These discourses contain statements made by MA DANYANG along with accounts of his lectures, which were compiled

after his death in 1183 by his follower Wang Yizhong (4b). This work illustrates how MA DANYANG’s way of life was in harmony with his teachings.

Wang Yizhong starts his compilation with a short account of his first contacts with MA DANYANG in 1183 in Shandong. He presents precepts for living in accordance with the Quanzhen teachings, as expressed by MA DANYANG. “Purity and Tranquility,” the absence of any distractions by the profane world, is more important than progress achieved by reading and studying books (10a). As evidence for the claim that the “elixir emerges by itself, and the immortal becomes immortal of himself,” this text introduces Liu Gaoshang 劉高尚 (fl. 1100; 8b; cf. 781 *Xuanpin lu* 5.22a–22b). Many statements made in this text can be found, with variants, in related texts (see, e.g., 1234 *Danyang zhenren zhiyan* 1b [14b, “The Tao of Heaven”]). Some parallels are found in 1256 *Zhenxian zhizhi yulu* 1.1a–9b.

Florian C. Reiter

Wuwei qingjing Changsheng zhenren zhizhen yulu

無爲清靜長生真人至真語錄

35 fols.

By LIU CHUXUAN 劉處玄; preface dated 1202

1058 (fasc. 728)

“Record of the Most True Words [of LIU CHUXUAN].” This is a well structured series of eighty didactic expositions about theories and concepts pertaining to the Quanzhen teachings of the Taoist LIU CHUXUAN, one of the Seven Zhenren (Qizhen 七真). The systematically arranged expositions present definitions of terms or concepts in the form of replies to the questions of a fictitious interrogator. The text is preceded by an index of the eighty terms or concepts. They are arranged in sets of two complementary items. Han Shiqian 韓士倩 (zi Yanguang 彥廣) was asked by LIU CHUXUAN to write the preface (dated 1202). Han Shiqian called himself “Taoist Xubo, from the city of Duan in Huozhe [Shanxi],” Huozhe Duancheng Shuangxi Xubo daoren 濩澤端城雙溪虛白道人. Han Shiqian had received the text of the “Most True Words” through the intermediary of two disciples of LIU CHUXUAN who also transmitted the request for a preface. Han Shiqian points in particular to the literary activities of LIU CHUXUAN. He emphasizes that this work was based on the explanations provided by the Huang-Lao 黃老 school, and that it presents the knowledge of life and death. It also shows, he says, the way of leaving behind the “ocean of misery.”

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Florian C. Reiter

Qing'an Yingchan zi yulu 清庵瑩蟾子語錄

6 juan

By Chai Yuangao 柴元皋, *zi* Heian 嘿庵, *hao* Guangchan *zi* 廣蟾子, and others; preface dated 1288

1060 (fasc. 729)

"Sayings of Master Yingchan." This collection contains the teachings of LI DAOCHUN (d. 1306), compiled by his main disciples, each of whom edited one juan. They are, in addition to Chai Yuangao, a Maoshan Taoist who also signed the preface, Zhao Daoke 趙道可, *zi* Ding'an 定庵; Miao Shanshi 苗善時, *zi* Shian 實庵; Deng Decheng 鄧德成, *zi* Ning'an 寧庵; Zhang Yingtan 張應坦, *zi* Meng'an 蒙庵; Cai Zhiyi 蔡志頤, *zi* Sun'an 損庵. There is a colophon by WANG JIE, who printed the text, after having obtained the manuscript from Cai Zhiyi.

According to the preface of 1065 *Xuanjiao da gongan* (1b), LI DAOCHUN, native of Duliang 都梁 in Hunan province, was the disciple of Wang Jinchan 王金蟾, who in turn was a pupil of BO YUCHAN. Li's teaching is considered to be a synthesis between the Northern school (i.e., the Quanzhen order) and the Southern school (Nanzong 南宗). Himself a southerner, he must have lived for a time at the Changsheng guan 長生觀 temple in Henan province (see *Gujin tushu jicheng* 396, "Lixing bu" 李姓部). According the preface of the present work, Li stayed for a period on Maoshan. It was, however, at Nanking, in the Zhonghe jingshe 中和精舍, that his teaching took place (see 249 *Zhonghe ji* 4.11a).

LI DAOCHUN's logia concern a variety of subjects: Chan Buddhism, Inner Alchemy, explanations on the *Daode jing*, and so forth. Juan 2, especially, concerns the eighty-one chapters of the *Daode jing*, which the master quotes in "case" fashion (*gongan* 公案); these explanations are called "the spiritual understanding of the *Daode jing*." Additional explanations were provided when LI DAOCHUN transmitted the 699 *Daode huiyuan* to Zhao Daoke, a passage of which is quoted here.

The last juan contains a series of twenty-five poems on alchemical themes, with the title "Essentials of Alchemy" ("Jindan biyao 金丹秘要"; 6.14b-18b). The introduction refers to thirty-five themes, but this must be an error. At the end of this juan, there is an annotated hymn in praise of the Three Teachings.

Catherine Despeux

Panshan Qiyun Wang zhenren yulu 盤山棲雲王真人語錄

44 fols.

Compiled by Lun Zhihuan 論志煥; preface dated 1247

1059 (fasc. 728)

"Record of the Discourses by the Adept Wang Qiyun from Mount Pan." This title contains reminiscences and instructions concerning the teaching activities of the Quan-

zhen Taoist WANG QIYUN. Wang was active as lecturer and preacher between the years 1219 and 1227 at Mount Pan 盤山 in Shaanxi, the period this work focuses upon. The preface (dated 1247) was written by Lun Zhihuan, a disciple of WANG QIYUN. Lun calls this work a "compass" for the beginner in Taoist studies. The work, he says, is based on materials collected by Mr. Liu 劉, who had served as Wang's companion for a considerable period of time.

By means of Wang's replies to questions about the religious life and its specific demands, the work presents practical instructions that appear to be typical of the Quanzhen school (e.g., see 16a-17a, "the ascetic self-cultivation"). Certain statements by WANG QIYUN about the words or deeds of MA DANYANG and QIU CHUJI clearly link this work (and Wang himself) directly to the generation of the founders of the Quanzhen school (20a, 22a).

This work has been incorporated, with many abridgments and variants, into 263.53 *Xiuzhen shishu* 1a-41b.

Florian C. Reiter

Panshan yulu 盤山語錄

41 fols.

263.53 *Xiuzhen shishu* 53 (fasc. 130)

"Record of the Discourses from Mount Pan." This is a different arrangement of the sayings of WANG QIYUN (1178-1263), the Quanzhen master from Mount Pan (cf. 1059 *Panshan Qiyun Wang zhenren yulu*).

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Dongyuan ji 洞淵集

5 juan

By Changquan *zi* 長筌子 (fl. 1231)

1064 (fasc. 732-733)

"Collected Works of the Abyssal Cavern." This collection is signed by Master Fish Trap, from Guishan 龜山 (Shandong). The identity of the author concealed behind this peculiar penname is unknown. In the present work (4.1a), he declares that in 1231 he fled the war with the Mongols and settled as a recluse in the district of Biyang 泌陽 (Henan). To judge from his writings, he must have been a scholar who sought refuge in Quanzhen Taoism during the great upheavals of that period. Other works signed by him in the *Daozang* are 101 *Taishang shengxuan xiaozai huming miaojing zhu* and 106 *Taishang chiwen donggu jing zhu*. They do not yield any additional information as to his identity.

Juan 1 and 2 contain the first and second parts of a philosophical and mystical treatise entitled "Zhiyi shu 至一書," comprising seventy-two short chapters. Juan 3

contains thirty poems (plus an additional one) written under the inspiration of the thirty famous poems by Liu Xiyue 劉希岳, alias Langran zi 朗然子 (see 271 *Taixuan langran zi jindao shi*). These poems were very popular in Jurchen Jin (1115–1234) times.

The remainder of the contents are either rhapsodies (*wenfu* 文賦) or songs (*ci* 詞). Some are inspired by the author's religious career, such as the piece in commemoration of his religious training as a Quanzhen monk at the Changchun guan 長春觀 temple in Tangzhou 唐州, Shanxi ("Tangzhou Changchun guan jinlian hui 金蓮會"; 4.11a–12a) or of his preaching to the multitude ("Shengtang shizong 昇堂示衆"; 4.9a–10b).

Kristofer Schipper

Daochan ji 道禪集

9 fols.

By Wang Zhitan 王志坦, zi Gongping 公平, hao Chunhe zhenren 淳和真人 (1200–1272)

1073 (fasc. 739)

"Collected Works on the Tao and Chan." The author of this collection was the successor of Zhang Chengming 張誠明 at the Changchun gong 長春宮 temple in Peking. He was promoted by Empress Regent Nimaocar (Naimazhen) to fifth patriarch of the Quanzhen order and for six years lived at the imperial palace (see 973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu* 7.1a–5b). Among his actions, it is recorded that he distributed to the entire court copies of the *Illustrated Eighty-one Transformations of Laozi* (*Bashi yi hua tu* 八十一化圖), published by LI ZHICHANG (see *Bianwei lu* 3.768a).

The present work consists of an introduction and seventy-three poems (instead of the seventy-four announced in the title on page 2b). The poetry takes as its subject Chan Buddhist themes, such as the taming of the buffalo (poems 22, 32, and 38), although there are also references to Inner Alchemy (22, 13, 47, 60) and to the Quanzhen order (5, 27, 41, 47).

Catherine Despeux

Huanzhen ji 還真集

3 juan

By WANG JIE 王玠, zi Daoyuan 道淵, hao Hunran zi 混然子; preface by the Forty-third Heavenly Master, Zhang Yuchu 張宇初, dated 1392.

1074 (fasc. 739)

"Collected Works on the Return to the True." WANG JIE, the author of this collection, was acquainted with the disciples of LI DAOCHUN (see his colophon to 1060 *Qing'an Yingchan zi yulu*). Heavenly Master Zhang Yuchu states in his preface that

Wang came from the region of Nanchang 南昌 (Jiangxi). Zhang obtained the manuscript from his disciple Yuan Wenyi 袁文逸, who brought it back from a visit to the Wu 吳 region in the spring of 1392.

Juan 1 is devoted to Inner Alchemy and expounds the three stages in which the immortal embryo is formed and nourished so as to become the *yangshen* 陽神. The text is illustrated by diagrams. At the end of this juan, there are lists of the different terms used for the cauldron, the elixir, and the fire phases of this process. (See fig. 62.)

The next two juan contain songs and poems often dedicated to disciples. Each is concerned with a particular alchemical issue. A short treatise on dreams (*mengshuo* 夢說) is found in 2.8a–9a, and a longer one



FIGURE 62. Mind and Mystery, as the foundations of the alchemical process (1074 1.1a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1060)

on fundamental nature (*xingshuo* 性說) in 2.9a–10b. A poem entitled "Hunran ge 混然歌" describes the author's delight in meditation (2.14b–15b). A liturgical "Buxu ci 步虛詞" in five stanzas seems to have been written for ritual performance in the author's temple (2.18b–19a).

Catherine Despeux

Daoxuan pian 道玄篇

15 fols.

By WANG JIE 王玠, zi Daoyuan 道淵, hao Hunran zi 混然子; fourteenth century

1075 (fasc. 740)

"Volume on the Tao and Its Mystery." This volume is a collection of fifty-five poems on Taoist and Confucian themes, such as the Great Way (*dadao* 大道), the Mysterious Ultimate (*xuanji* 玄極), rites and music (*liyue* 禮樂), and the Doctrine of the Mean (*zhongyong* 中庸). On the author, see 1074 *Huanzhen ji*.

Catherine Despeux

Suiji yinghua lu 隨機應化錄

2 juan

By He Daoquan 何道全, hao Wugou zi 無垢子 (d. 1399); edited by Jia Daoxuan 賈道玄; preface by Lingtong zi 靈通子 dated 1401

1076 (fasc. 740)

“Record of Conversions Made according to Circumstances.” This is a collection of logia of the early Ming Quanzhen master He Daoquan, consisting of dialogues and poems recorded during his numerous travels.

He Daoquan, alias Songxi daoren 松溪道人, was born in Qiantang 錢塘 (Hangzhou). He later traveled through Jiangsu and Henan, and most of the pieces in this collection are set in these two provinces. In 1386 he sojourned at the Temple of the Eastern Peak (Dongyue miao 東嶽廟) at Huayang 華陽 in Jiangsu (1.16b). A few days later, on the fifteenth day of the ninth month, he conducted the traditional Quanzhen Retreat of the Alms-Bowl Clepsydra (*zuobo* 坐鉢) at the Danyang Wanshou gong 丹陽萬壽宮 temple in Chang'an 長安 (1.16b–17a). Two years later, in 1388, he was at the temple called Wangxiang tai 望鄉台 (“The tower for Gazing Homeward,” one of the places in the Inferno, and thus linked to a Temple of the Eastern Peak in the “valley of Huayang”). There he entered into a Retreat of one hundred days (2.9a). It is not known at what time he retired to the Guifeng 桂峰 on Mount Zhongnan (Shaanxi), where he “accomplished the Tao.” A stele was erected to commemorate the event (preface, 1a). He died in 1399 in an infirmary at Chang'an (preface, 1a). Two years later, his grandson, a daoshi named Shoutong zi 壽通子, asked the author of the preface to publish the teachings of He, edited by his disciple Jia Daoxuan.

The topics of these logia are very general. Only in one instance is Inner Alchemy discussed. The answers given by He Daoquan are strongly influenced by Chan Buddhism. A third of his partners are Buddhists. He quotes the great classics of Buddhism and of Quanzhen Taoism, as well as LI DAOCHUN.

Catherine Despeux

Minghe yuyin 鳴鶴餘音

9 juan

Edited by Peng Zhizhong 彭致中 in 1347; preface by Yu Ji 虞集 (1272–1348)

1100 (fasc. 744–745)

“Echoes of the Call of Cranes.” This is a collection of the poetry of major Taoist figures of the Song (960–1279). It contains approximately 500 items, for the most part *ci*-詞 lyrics, written to more than 150 tunes, by forty different authors.

According to Yu Ji's preface, the Taoist master Feng from Guiji 會稽 composed twenty *ci*-poems to the well-known tune “Su Wu man 蘇武慢” on the study of the Tao and the cultivation of immortality (see 2.1a–8b). Encouraged by a friend named

Fei Wuyin 費無隱, Yu Ji composed eleven poems to the same tune (2.8b–13a), mostly during the years 1343 and 1344. Three years later, in 1347, Peng Zhizhong, a Taoist from Mount Xianyou 仙游 in the Huagai range in Zhejiang (see 778 *Huagai shan Fuqiu Wang Guo san zhenjun shishi* 6.12b–13a), joined these poems to his anthology of Taoist poetry and had the entire collection printed.

The collection is composed for the most part of works by the Quanzhen patriarchs, although there are also poems by Taoists from other schools, such as BO YUCHAN (3.7a–11a). Some of the poems of the Quanzhen patriarchs have been separately transmitted in the *Daozang*. Among the poetry uniquely preserved here, there are seventy-one pieces by SONG DEFANG. His biography in 955 *Zhongnan shan zuting xianzhen neizhuan* 3.23b mentions his collected works under the title *Lequan ji* 樂全集, a work that is no longer extant. Our collection (8.18a–20a) also includes eight poems by Langran zi (d. 989), corresponding to poems 1, 2, 3, 4, 27, 28, 29, and 30 in 271 *Taixuan langran zi jindao shi*. In the present collection, these poems are followed by a biographical colophon signed Fanghu Zhizu 方壺知足 and dated 1131.

Juan 8 contains mostly poems on alchemy, such as a “Qinyuan chun 沁園春” similar to 136 *Lü Chunyang zhenren Qinyuan chun danci zhujie*. There is also “Chunyang zhenren baizi tu 純陽真人百字圖” (8.17b–18a), which has a number of variant readings with respect to 1055 *Chunyang zhenren huncheng ji* 1.13a–b. Among the poems ascribed to semilegendary persons, those by LÜ DONGBIN are the most numerous, totaling 115. Some poems were revealed by spirit writing, like those by legendary immortals such as Han Xiangzi 韓湘子 (8.17a–b), or by the Taoist deity Xin tianjun 辛天君, revealed on Mount Wudang 武當 (3.11a).

The poems of master Feng and of Yu Ji have been edited separately, under the same title as the present collection, in a single juan, by Jin Tianrui 金天瑞 (preface dated 1364). That version quotes a *Minghe yuyin* in eight juan.

Catherine Despeux

Addendum

In the early Ming (1368–1644), another edition of this anthology was printed under the title *Quanzhen zongyan fangwai xuanyan* 全真宗眼方外玄言 (see Boltz, *A survey of Taoist literature*, 188–90). This later edition, preserved in the Taiwan National Library and the Naikaku bunko 內閣文庫, is shorter but includes some additional prose texts. It features the same preface by Yu Ji 虞集 (see Guoli zhongyang tushuguan, *Guoli zhongyang tushuguan shanben xuba jilu*, vol. 子.4, 414). This preface, along with Yu's and Feng's original poems are also found in Yu's anthology, *Daoyuan yigao* 6.3a–4a (cf. Chen Yuan, *Daojia jinshi lue*, 798). A note appended to this text by Jin Tianrui 金天瑞, dated 1364, mentions that Master Feng's works were also included in a collection titled *Dongyuan ji* (*Daoyuan yigao* 6.18a–b). Indeed, almost all of Feng's poems found

in 1100 *Minghe yuyin* are also extant in 1064 *Dongyuan ji*, the work of an author known as Master Fish Trap (Changquan zi 長筌子), who took refuge in the Quanzhen community after the final onslaught of the Mongols on the Jin in 1232. The *Minghe yuyin* was to become the main vehicle by which Quanzhen literature spread in Southern China.

Vincent Goossaert

Yunshan ji 雲山集

8 juan

By Ji Zhizhen 姬志真; prefaces by Pei Xian 裴憲, *zi* Zifa 子法, dated 1250, and by Wang E 王鶚; dated 1265

1140 (fasc. 783–784)

“Clouds and Mountains.” The author of this literary collection was one of the followers of the Quanzhen master WANG ZHIJIN. Pei Xian states that his friend Lun Boyu 論伯瑜 presented him with this collection, which Lun wished to have printed and distributed. Pei’s preface was presumably commissioned for that occasion. In 1265 Wang E wrote his preface as a favor for LI ZHICHANG, with whom he had long been acquainted. LI ZHICHANG was in turn acquainted with Pei Xian. This collection of Ji Zhizhen’s literary works was printed in the author’s lifetime.

The collection is arranged according to literary categories. It contains prose, songs, and poems of various meters. Most texts deal with themes typical of the Quanzhen school, e.g. “Traveling like Clouds” (3.3b) or “The Three Teachings” (4.15a). Many of the texts are dedicated by the author to his friends and acquaintances. Juan 7–8 contain inscriptions concerning temples and rituals, among other things, some of which describe Ji Zhizhen’s life as a Taoist and follower of the Quanzhen school.

Florian C. Reiter

Xianle ji 仙樂集

5 juan

By LIU CHUXUAN 劉處玄, *hao* Changsheng zi 長生子 (after 1201)

1141 (fasc. 785)

“Pleasure of the Immortals.” The author of this literary collection is the Quanzhen patriarch LIU CHUXUAN. To his Taoist name “Changsheng zi” are added the words “Shenxian wuwei yingyuan 神仙無爲應緣.”

The “Discourses on Guilt and Good fortune [in the Light of the] Heavenly Tao,” which introduces the collection (1.1a–3b), consists of 102 sentences. The discourses contain antithetical descriptions of human actions with their ensuing retributions. The lyrical texts that follow the discourses present didactic instructions, for example, describing the way of life that will lead to the experience of the “pleasures of the im-

mortals.” LIU CHUXUAN, who had met with WANG CHONGYANG in 1169, lived and taught as a Quanzhen Taoist in Shaanxi and Shandong. He also performed Taoist liturgies. In 1201 he acted as master of ordinations for the order (3.9b). LIU CHUXUAN combines the way of life of the Quanzhen school with the profession of the Taoist priest.

Florian C. Reiter

Jianwu ji 漸悟集

2 juan

By MA DANYANG 馬丹陽 (1123–1184)

1142 (fasc. 786)

“Gradual Enlightenment.” This literary collection contains lyrical works by MA DANYANG from Mount Kunyu 崑嶺山 (Shandong). Their inclusion suggests that the collection was compiled during the years 1182 and 1183.

The lyrical texts describe MA DANYANG’s personal development. Some of the texts are dedicated to friends, like LIU CHUXUAN (1.34b), QIU CHUJI (1.19a), and HAO DATONG (1.35b). A few names, for example, Quan Zhiwei 權知微 (2.7b) and Wang Zhixuan 王知玄 (1.2b), connect this collection with other works written by MA DANYANG (see 1150 *Danyang shengguang can* 5a, 6a). In accordance with the title, MA DANYANG presents several linked poems (e.g., 2.26a–28a) featuring the gradual cultivation of self that a Quanzhen Taoist should strive toward (1.26a, 27b).

Florian C. Reiter

Caotang ji 草堂集

41 fols.

By Wang Dangui 王丹桂, *zi* Changling 昌齡, *hao* Boyun zi 白雲子; late twelfth century

1143 (fasc. 786)

“Grass-Hall.” This literary collection is the work of Wang Dangui, a follower of MA DANYANG. The two men probably met in 1183, when Wang was living at Mount Kunyu in Shandong (18a–b).

The collection includes “Instructions for Novices” (e.g., 40a–b). One text features the bestowal of a Taoist name on a student or new follower named Yang Deyuan 楊德遠 (11b). However, most texts in this collection have descriptive and poetic contents referring to the life of the Quanzhen Taoist. This way of life, which was free of all social restraints and obligations, is represented by the terms “Grass-Hall (Moon and Wind).” Attention should be drawn to the section entitled “Building Activities” (1233 *Chongyang lijiao shiwu lun* 2b), where it is said that the hut built of reeds or “grasses” constitutes the ideal surroundings within which to practice the Quanzhen way. The

collection also contains many dedications written for disciples, friends, and acquaintances.

Florian C. Reiter

Ziran ji 自然集

11 fols.

Jurchen Jin (1115–1234) or Yuan (1279–1368)

1144 (fasc. 787)

“Spontaneity.” The author of this literary collection is unknown. The texts make some references to the founders of the Quanzhen school. This fact as well as the work’s terminology connect the collection with the movement. The texts must have been written and compiled either during the late Jin or the Yuan period (10b–11a).

The “Ci-詞 lyrics on the Tao” is concerned with physiological and meditative self-cultivation. It refers to ZHONGLI QUAN and LÜ DONGBIN as the patriarchs of those methods of self-cultivation (4b, 11a). “Sudden enlightenment” is emphasized over book-learning as the way to ascend as an immortal (8a). The state of Wuwei zhenren 無爲真人 will spontaneously result from the prescribed methods.

Florian C. Reiter

Xuanxu zi mingzhen ji 玄虛子鳴真集

12 fols.

By Xuanchong shi 玄沖師; preface by Zhang Zhiming 張志明; dated 1251

1145 (fasc. 787)

“Heralding Truth.” The preface to this literary collection was composed in 1251 on the occasion of the title’s printing. The preface suggests that the name Xuanxu zi was missing from the original title. It is likely that the title of this work was extended by later editors. The honorary name Xuanchong shi may refer to the Taoist Liu Zhiyuan 劉志淵 (fl. at the end of the Jin), an identification strengthened by indications in the preface. Liu Zhiyuan and his disciple Zhang Zhiming lived for a short while at the Longxing guan 龍興觀 temple in Fenyin 汾陰 (Shanxi). Liu Zhiyuan was an admirer of QIU CHUJI.

Most poems in this collection are dedicated to friends and acquaintances. There are some descriptive and contemplative texts like “Admonishing Contemporaries” (4b–5b). Themes found in texts such as “Sudden Enlightenment” (2a) and “The Way of Life” (4b, 6a) are typical of the Quanzhen school.

Florian C. Reiter

Baoguang ji 葆光集

3 juan

By Yin Zhiping 尹志平, *zi* Dahe or Taihe, *hao* Qinghe zi (1169–1251); preface by Yanxia yiren 煙霞逸人, dated 1299

1146 (fasc. 787)

“Anthology of Concealed Lights.” Yin Zhiping was heir to QIU CHUJI (1148–1227) as leader of the Quanzhen school. The present work is a poetic anthology. Its title, derived from the *Zhuangzi* (“Qiwu lun 齊物論”) alludes to the name of a pavilion in the Baoxuan 寶玄堂 temple in the Da Changchun gong 大長春宮 in the capital. Yin enjoyed spending time in this pavilion, hence the name for his book.

The first chapter contains 258 poems and two prose texts: the first, a discourse (“Yulu 語錄,” 42b–44a) composed on demand for a Tianzhen daoren 天真道人 (also named Longxi gong 隴西公), explaining the basic tenets of the Quanzhen school, and the second, “straightforward words” (“Zhiyan 直言,” 44a–45a) aimed at the Taoists of the Youde temple 祐德觀 of the Chongyang gong 重陽宮 monastery, to remind them of their privileges and obligations to those fortunate enough to dwell at the cradle of their teaching, the Zuting 祖庭. The two remaining chapters include 169 lyric poems (*ci* 詞). The poems and lyrics describe Yin’s travels, thoughts, religious life, and contacts with Taoists and Confucian scholars.

Some pieces are dated. One of them confirms an event frequently mentioned by Yin’s biographers: when QIU CHUJI returned to the capital after his travels to the West, he settled at the Taiji gong 太極宮 temple. Yin stayed for a while with his master, but afterward renounced life in the town and withdrew to the Longyang guan 龍陽觀 temple in Dexing county 德興縣. These events have been dated to the years *guiwei* (1223) or *jiashen* (1224; see 175 *Qizhen nianpu* 18b–19a; 955 *Zhongnan shan zuting xianzhen neizhuan* 3.2b–3a), or again to the year *yiyou* (1225; see 973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu* 3.4b; 957 *Gu Louguan ziyun yanqing ji* 2.4b). The poem here pertaining to these events gives the date Yin took leave of his master as the twenty-fourth day of the eleventh month of the year *jiashen* 甲申 (1224; 1.9b–10a).

According to the preface by Yanxia yiren, the anthology was published by Du Dekang 杜德康, prefect of Qinzhou 沁州, who was acquainted with Yin Zhiping. Du once invited Yin to perform a large *jiao* 醮 in the Qinzhou area. Our anthology features a lyric poem composed as a farewell gift to Du Dekang (3.8b–9a).

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Kwong Hing Foon

Xiyun ji 西雲集

3 juan

By Guo Zhicheng 郭志誠, *hao* Dongming zi 洞明子 (1219–1293)

1147 (fasc. 788)

“Anthology of Western Clouds.” Guo Zhicheng was the disciple of and heir to SONG DEFANG. Before becoming leader of the Quanzhen school in 1272, he stayed in the Lequan an 樂全庵 temple and then in the Yunxi guan 雲溪觀 temple on Mount Jin’ge 金閣山 (Yunzhou 雲州) outside the capital. The burning of the *Daozang* in 1281 took place during his mandate as Taoist leader. He retired four years later to the Pengshan 蓬山道院 monastery (see the inscription “Xuanmen zhangjiao da zongshi cunshen yinghua dongming zhenren Qigong daoqing zhi bei 玄門章教大宗師存神應化洞明真人祁公道行之碑” in Chen Yuan, *Daojia jinshi lie*, 699–700).

The present anthology collects 238 poems, all of them quatrains (*qiyuan jueju* 七言絕句). They do not come in chronological sequence, but are ordered according to the themes of a Taoist life. The first chapter is completely devoted to the author himself, dealing with six topics; 13 poems focus on his life in the mountains (“Shanju 山居”), 50 on his states of mind (“Shuhuai 述懷”), 5 detail his pleasures (“Qianxing 遣興”), 7 are occasional pieces (“Ouzuo 偶作”), 2 are on leisure (“Xianyong 閑詠”), and 2 others were written for amusement (“Xizuo 戲作”). Throughout, the concern is with the poet’s enjoyment of the contemplative life and his dislike for the agitation of everyday life. Some poems are more specific. For instance, the first poem must have been written after 1285, for Guo mentions his retirement (1.1a). The thirtieth and forty-fifth poems of the “Shuhai” set were written when he was in his forties (1.5a–b, 6b); the thirty-second and thirty-sixth in the same set may allude to the conflicts between Taoists and Buddhists (1.5b, 6a).

The second chapter is less homogenous. Poems were written for various purposes, such as public speeches (2.2a–4a), advice (2.4a–b), answers to questions on Taoist practice or other topics (2.5a–6a), homages (2.6a–8b), birthday wishes (2.9b), and condolences (2.9b–10a).

The events mentioned in the third chapter are just as varied as in the second but more decisive for the author’s official life: his missions at the imperial behest to Ji’nan 濟南 (1273), Taishan, Tiantan, Lake Dongting 洞庭湖, Zhurong feng 祝融峰, Jiyuan 濟源, and Mount Song 嵩山 to present offerings to mountains and rivers (3.6a–8a). There are, moreover, a number of poems composed to match others’ rhymes (“Ciyun 次韻,” 3.1a–3a), poems on traditional celebrations (3.3b), as well as on the weather (3.4a–b), on temples (3.5b, 8.a–b, 9b, 10a), on geographical sites (3.7b–9a, 10b), on Guo’s health in 1293 (3.11a), and others. Finally, there are two poems bidding farewell to the world (“Yishi 遺世,” 3.11b–12a).

Kwong Hing Foon

Dongxuan jinyu ji 洞玄金玉集

10 juan

By MA DANYANG 馬丹陽, *hao* Wuwei qingjing 無為清靜 (1123–1184)

1149 (fasc. 789–790)

“Gold and Jade of the Cavern Heaven.” This literary collection contains works written by MA DANYANG from Mount Kunyu 崑崙 (Shandong) arranged according to genre. Some of the texts were written in Shandong as late as 1183. The collection was edited after the death of MA DANYANG in that year (6.8b). The key words in the title of this collection are derived from Ma’s Taoist name, Yu 鉦, which symbolizes the essence of his refined and sublimated body, in accordance with Quanzhen teachings (e.g., 7.11a, 10.13b). In 1183, MA DANYANG lived for some time in a Gold and Jade Hermitage (1.23a).

MA DANYANG himself is the theme of the literary presentations in this collection. The work gives many insights into his way of life. It speaks about friends and acquaintances and displays his methods, like the “burning of nets and boats,” which would effect the miracle of the Fata Morgana (9.9b). MA DANYANG affirms his position within the ranks of the Quanzhen Taoists, referring to the legacy of WANG CHONGYANG, which he had received shortly before Wang died in 1170. Part of this legacy was the instruction to spread the teachings of the Quanzhen school (1.2a–3b).

Florian C. Reiter

Danyang shengguang can 丹陽神光燦

37 fols.

By Ma Jue 馬玕; preface by Ning Shichang 甯師常, dated 1175

1150 (fasc. 791)

“Radiance of the Spiritual Force of Danyang.” This literary collection consists of one hundred *ci*-詞 lyrics written to the tune “Manting fang 滿庭芳.” This number is also indicated in Ning Shichang’s preface, which says that the texts were composed in Shaanxi after the death of WANG CHONGYANG in 1170 (2a).

There are verses dedicated to friends and acquaintances, some of whom are mentioned in 1149 *Dongxuan jinyu ji*. Certain texts display concepts or ideas then current in the Quanzhen school. Quietude and purity of mind were the most desirable state. The achievement of such a favorable state is referred to in the title expression “radiance of the spiritual force” (*shengguang can* 神光燦), a formula that was said to allow one’s “original face” to emerge. This formula links the present work with other works of the early Quanzhen school, notably 1152 *Yunguang ji* 4.9a and 1141 *Xianle ji* 4.5b.

Florian C. Reiter

Wuzhen ji 悟真集

2 juan

By Master Li xiansheng 李先生, *hao* Tongxuan zi 通玄子; thirteenth century
1151 (fasc. 791)

“Awakening to Truth” This literary collection was written by a Mr. Li (or Taoist Li), who hailed from Mount Jinping 錦屏 (in Henan). The author says that WANG CHONGYANG was his patriarch (1.26a), and thus he affiliates himself with the Quanzhen school. Taoist Li most likely lived in the thirteenth century, as the quotation of SONG DEFANG (1183–1247) suggests (1.19b).

The collection comprises songs and poems of various meters, some with dedications to acquaintances and friends. It also includes didactic texts admonishing disciples (e.g., 1.23b–24a, 2.9b–10a) or encouraging “persons, who have not yet realized the Tao” (1.9a–9b). Some of the demands clearly refer to tenets of the Quanzhen school, such as deliberate detachment from one’s social background (2.1a) or retirement to a hermitage (1.25b). Some texts express the sentiments of the author and describe his way of life.

Florian C. Reiter

Chongyang quanzhen ji 重陽全真集

13 juan

By WANG ZHE 王嘉, *hao* Chongyang zi 重陽子; preface by Fan Yi 范懔, dated 1188

1153 (fasc. 793–795)

“Complete Perfection according to Chongyang.” This literary collection presents lyrical works by WANG ZHE. The poems are arranged by genre. When WANG ZHE was still alive, a collection of his works entitled *Quanzhen ji* already existed (see 1149 *Dongxuan jinyu ji* 1.2b). “Zhongnan shan Chongyang zushi xianji ji 終南山重陽祖師仙跡記” (a title dated 1232 in 973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu* 1.12b–13a) cites the work *Quanzhen qianhou ji* 全真前後集. The preface by WANG ZHE himself is not extant (see 175 *Qizhen nianpu* 5b–6a). The preface by Fan Yi 范懔, dated 1188, explains that the poems had circulated in Shaanxi and that LIU CHUXUAN had them reprinted in order to make them available in Shandong as well. That Shaanxi edition comprised nine juan. Presumably, the editors of the Ming *Daozang* of 1445 rearranged the materials into thirteen juan. The quotations of the *Wang Chongyan quanzhen ji* in 1005 *Zhouyi cantong qi fahui* 2.18b–19a are not found in the present edition, which is incomplete.

This collection contains a great number of dedications, for example, to local administrators. The texts are often designed to instruct and encourage. WANG ZHE (Chongyang) also speaks about self-cultivation, about the conversion of MA DANYANG, and about the line of transmission in the Quanzhen school. Wang also gives

autobiographic information. The materials gathered here thus accurately reflect the teachings and personality of WANG ZHE.

Florian C. Reiter

Chongyang jiaohua ji 重陽教化集

3 juan

By WANG ZHE 王嘉, *hao* Chongyang zi 重陽子; prefaces dated 1183
1154 (fasc. 795–796)

“Instruction and Conversion according to Chongyang.” This literary collection originally had the title *Jiaohua xiashou chi* 教化下手遲 (see preface, 6a). Both this title and 1155 *Chongyang fenli shihua ji* are the remains of a larger compilation in three parts, dated 1183. The title of the third part, now lost, was “Hao lixiang 好離鄉 [ji 集]” (Content to Leave Home). There are six prefaces, written by followers of MA DANYANG and dated 1183. The prefaces on 1a–10a refer to the original edition. Each of its three parts originally had individual prefaces attached to them. The preface by Liang Dong 梁棟 (10a–11b) refers to the present work, and the preface on 11b–13b refers to the now lost “Hao lixiang.” The appendix of our collection contains a text erroneously labeled “postface” that also refers to the “Hao lixiang.” Among the authors of the prefaces, Fan Yi 范懔 (2b–4a) is a good example of MA DANYANG’s local connections in Shandong (cf. 1153 *Chongyang quanzhen ji*).

This collection contains lyrical works by MA DANYANG and WANG ZHE. It was originally printed in Shaanxi between the years 1170 and 1182. Because of the great geographical distance between Shaanxi and Shandong, a new edition had to be printed in Shandong in 1183. This happened before the death of MA DANYANG that year (preface, 9a–9b). The texts in this collection focus on the initiation of MA DANYANG by WANG ZHE into the Quanzhen teachings. They also feature the development of the relationship between the two men.

Florian C. Reiter

Chongyan fenli shihua ji 重陽分梨十化集

2 juan

By WANG ZHE 王嘉, *hao* Chongyang zi 重陽子; preface by Ma Dabian 馬大辨, dated 1183

1155 (fasc. 796)

“Dividing the Pear in Periods of Ten [Days].” In this title, the expression *fenli* 分梨, “dividing the pear,” can be understood literally and metaphorically. It stands for the phrase *fufu fenli* 夫婦分離, “husband and wife separate” (see 1149 *Dongxuan jinyu ji* 7.6b). “Periods of ten days” refers to the time schedule according to which WANG ZHE distributed fifty-five pieces of pear to MA DANYANG. When the number 55

had been reached, WANG ZHE had achieved his purpose: MA DANYANG and his wife separated, and each of them retired to live a celibate life as befitted Quanzhen Taoists.

This collection contains lyrics featuring the conversion of MA DANYANG and his wife, who both joined the Quanzhen school and made their way as members of the Seven Zhenren. Each time WANG ZHE distributed the pieces of pear, he also composed lyrics of various meters, to which MA DANYANG responded. On the compilation of this literary collection, compare the article on 1154 *Chongyang jiaohua ji*.

Florian C. Reiter

Chongyang zhenren shou Danyang ershi si jue 重陽真人授丹陽二十四訣

4 fols.

Twelfth century

1158 (fasc. 796)

"Twenty-four Instructions of the Zhenren Chongyang to Danyang." This collection was compiled by followers of MA DANYANG, who is called "Master Danyang" (4b). The text presents definitions of concepts and terms phrased in the manner of didactic dialogues. The number 24 signifies completeness.

This work aims to demonstrate that the Quanzhen teachings did justice to the key concepts of the Three Teachings (Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism). The Quanzhen Taoist and practitioner wishing to live up to their standard had to abandon all profane pursuits.

Florian C. Reiter

Panxi ji 磻溪集

6 juan

By QIU CHUJI 丘處機, hao Changchun zi 長春子; prefaces dated 1186–1208

1159 (fasc. 797)

"Panxi Collection." The title of this literary collection derives from a place name in Shaanxi, where QIU CHUJI "from Qixia 棲霞" (Shandong) resided between 1174 and 1180. The collection contains lyrical works, some of which must have been composed after his departure from Panxi (see, e.g., 1.9a, the poem dated 1194). There are four prefaces. The first, by Hu Guangqian 胡光謙, is dated 1186, and the last, by Chen Daren 陳大任, is dated 1208. They give no indication as to the editing and printing history of this collection. The Peking National Library holds a printed edition that is believed to date from 1209. The Peking edition shows that the work originally comprised three juan. There are conspicuous omissions and distortions in the present version (cf. the descriptions by Wang Yuliang and Reiter cited below).

Most of the texts convey autobiographical details and contemplative reflections, which mirror the attitude of the Quanzhen Taoist. Mention is made of the later sojourns of the Taoist in Longmen shan 龍門山 and Zhongnan shan 終南山. The texts also speak about QIU CHUJI's contacts with LIU CHUXUAN, TAN CHUDUAN, and MA DANYANG. This work antedates QIU CHUJI's visit to the temporary residence of the Mongol Khan in 1222, but it mentions the author's contacts with the Jin emperor Shizong in 1188 (3.6a–7a). The text Song of Azure Sky ("Qingtian ge 青天歌") (3.1a–1b) is the basis for 137 *Qingtian ge zhushi*.

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Florian C. Reiter

Taigu ji 太古集

4 juan

By HAO DATONG 郝大通, hao Guangning zi 廣寧子 and Taigu daoren 太古道人; prefaces by Fan Yuanxi 范圓曦 and others, dated 1178–1236

1161 (fasc. 798)

"Works of [Master] High Antiquity." This work contains the few remains of a larger collection comprising fifteen juan in three books. The extant texts deal with the cosmic elements and forces represented in ancient documents like the *Hetu* 河圖 and *Luoshu* 洛書. Such documents preserved the guidelines for "the seeker of the Way." HAO DATONG explains the title in that sense (see his preface, dated 1178, 6b–8a). The preface by Feng Bi 馮璧 (1a–3b) introduces the title *Kunyu wenji* 崑嶮文集, which is said to stem from the time of "the Zhenren [HAO DATONG]." However, it is not clear what relationship between this work and the *Taigu ji* may have existed. Most important for the revision and new edition of HAO DATONG's literary works were the efforts of his disciple Fan Yuanxi (see prefaces, 5a–6a). Judging by the indications concerning the contents and titles of HAO DATONG's literary works in the different prefaces, it appears that substantial materials were lost after 1236.

This work still contains the "Zhouyi cantong qi jian Yao shiyi 周易參同契簡要釋義" (1.1a–8b), Explanations about the Essential Contents of the *Zhouyi cantong qi* (the preface of this text is dated 1178). Thirty-three charts and expositions deal with topics taken from the *Yijing*. There are also thirty poems on the Gold Elixir (4.1a–8b), using the terminology of *neidan*.

Florian C. Reiter

Danyang zhenren zhiyan 丹陽真人直言

3 fols.

Twelfth century

1234 (fasc. 989)

"Forthright Words of the Zhenren Danyang." As its subtitle ("Instructions for the Disciples") indicates, this text presents a practical and theoretical program for Taoists. Compiled by an unknown follower of MA DANYANG, these instructions were probably transmitted around 1178 to followers in Longmen shan 龍門山 (Shaanxi). They correspond with parts of 1057 *Danyang zhenren yulu*. Although there are parallels, this work has to be regarded as an independent edition. Its introductory passages can be found in 1256 *Zhenxian zhizhi yulu* 1.1a ff. The text "Ma Danyang zhenren zhiyan 馬丹陽真人直言" in 1257 *Qunxian yaoyu zuanji* 2.15a–16a is not identical with this work.

Florian C. Reiter

Zhenxian zhizhi yulu 真仙直指語錄

2 juan

Compiled by Xuanquan zi 玄全子, hao Haitian qiuyue daoren 海天秋月道人;

Yuan (1279–1368)

1256 (fasc. 998)

"Recorded Discourses and Forthright Instructions of the Zhenren and Immortals." The author, an unknown follower of Quanzhen Taoism, compiled these texts after the death of Yin Qinghe 尹清和 in 1251 (Yin's Discourses are presented in juan 2).

Juan 1 of this work contains discourses of MA DANYANG, which correspond in part (1.1a–2a) to passages in 1234 *Danyang zhenren zhiyan* 1a–2a and in 1057 *Danyang zhenren yulu*. The "Recorded Discourses [of TAN CHUDUAN]" is the same as 1160 *Shuiyun ji* 1.20b–21a. The present work also preserves some records that otherwise would have been lost: see the texts concerning Liu Changsheng 劉長生 [LIU CHUXUAN] (1.10b–12a) and HAO DATONG (1.19a–22b). Although the contents of these texts fit well with earlier Quanzhen materials, their origins are unknown. There is one short description of a dream referring to the theme "rebirth and retribution," which seems to be somewhat out of place within the frame of this work (1.18a–19a).

Florian C. Reiter

Lifeng laoren ji 離峰老人集

By Yu Daoxian 于道顯, hao Lifeng zi 離峰子 (1168–1232)

1264 (fasc. 1001)

"Collected Works of the Old Man of Lifeng." This title comprises 319 poems, of which 225 are four-line poems, and 94 eight-line poems. The author was a follower of LIU CHUXUAN (1147–1203), one of the direct disciples of WANG ZHI, whom he

served for several years at the Changsheng guan 長生觀 temple (see 2.29b and 297 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian xubian* 2.7a). After this service, Liu went to southern China, where his reputation spread rapidly. During the Zhengda era (1224–1231), he was made superintendent of the Taiqing gong 太清宮 temple at Bozhou 亳州 (Henan), the birthplace of Laozi. In 1232 he went to Lushi 廬氏 in the south of Henan, where he died the same year. The main source for Yu's life is the tomb inscription by Yuan Haowen 元好問 (1190–1257) in 973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu* 4.2b–5b.

One third of the poems in the present collection are intended as "teachings" (*shi* 示 or *gao* 告). Another third are dedicated to friends, and a final third are written in answer to queries from disciples or in honor of certain occasions. Most of the recipients were at that time living in Henan, not far from Luoyang. Many were of Jurchen origin and were high officials such as censors, astronomers, and prefects. Forty-four poems are addressed to women, either Taoist nuns (*gu* 姑) or high-born ladies (*furen* 婦人).

The general themes of the poems are mysticism, peace, and emptiness of the mind, the joys of hermetic life. Only a few poems refer to Inner Alchemy.

Catherine Despeux

Qinghe zhenren beiyu yulu 清和真人北游語錄

4 juan

By Yin Zhiping 尹志平, hao Qinghe 清和 (1169–1251); compiled by Duan

Zhijian 段志堅 in 1237

1310 (fasc. 1017)

"Recorded Sayings of the Northern Journey of the Zhenren Pure Harmony." This is one of the richest pieces of the Quanzhen literature. Yin Zhiping had been head of the Quanzhen order for six years when he made his journey to south Liaoning in the autumn 1233. Two of his four epitaphs detail this voyage: those by Li Zhiquan 李志全 (1191–1261; in Chen Yuan, *Daojia jinshi lue*, 538–41) and by Wang Yun 王惲 (1227–1304; in *Qiujuan xiansheng daquan wenji* 56.8a–13b). All four epitaphs, as well as Yin's biography in 955 *Zhongnan shan zuting xianzhen neizhuan* (3.1a–6a), mention the present text, pointing to its popularity. It is a major source for Yin's (somewhat standardized) hagiography, for example, his dramatic first encounter with LIU CHUXUAN (2.16), which he says he has never disclosed before and which is narrated in all the above-mentioned texts.

In the course of his journey, Yin gave general instructions to the assemblies of seven different monasteries, apparently all within a small area north of today's Jinzhou 錦州. The text was assembled by disciples, among whom the otherwise unknown Duan Zhijian is mentioned as the compiler. Of the three prefaces, the first two were written by local literati in 1237, and the last in 1240 by Yin's successor to the seat of Quanzhen

patriarch, LI ZHICHANG (1193–1256). The prefaces indicate that the edition was commissioned and financed by Du Dekang 杜德康, also responsible for the edition of 1146 *Baoguang ji*. Back from his northern journey, Yin moved to the East, where he engaged actively in temple repairing and building. He met Prefect Du in Shanxi in 1235 and performed rainmaking feats at his request, earning Du's gratitude. Actually, Du was already a convert of QIU CHUJI's, and his wife a fervent follower of Quanzhen (cf. Chen Yuan, *Daojia jinshi lue*, 480–81).

Most of the master's fifty-eight discourses were not written in response to a specific question, but when there is an introduction, evoking a place, date, name, or question, it is by an editorial oddity attached to the previous paragraph. The last two juan form a separate entity; they record the master's comments on *Daode jing* at the Tongxian guan 通仙觀 temple. The chapters of the *Daode jing* 道德經 are commented upon in their usual order. They are named before the exegesis and range from the first to the seventy-third; they do not all receive individual attention. It may be that the series is incomplete. The style, however, is consistent from the opening chapters to the last, and the master freely uses narrative discourse throughout.

Although this text, like Yin Zhiping's other *yulu* 語錄 (juan 2 of 1256 *Zhenxian zhizhi yulu*), uses fewer vernacular expressions than, for instance, 1059 *Panshan Qiyun Wang zhenren yulu* (which suggests some rewriting before publication), it is nonetheless highly narrative and exoteric. The audience comprises an entire assembly, no doubt including the local Taoists, residents of the monasteries, lay patrons and association members. One of the protagonists is an artisan of religious sculpture (2.4a). Yin stresses that given the low spiritual level of most newcomers to Taoism, certain subtle teachings are better left aside. He even shuns the discussion of chapter 42 of *Daode jing*, arguing that this should not be aired in public. All the same, he repeatedly dismisses the usefulness of secret teachings, or oral transmissions. To prove his point, Yin makes extensive use of stories concerning himself and the Quanzhen patriarchs. Thus, though he never met him, Yin evokes WANG CHONGYANG, most of all through the striking narrative of Wang's last moments (2.9b–11a). Yin's own masters, MA DANYANG and QIU CHUJI (*shifu*, "my master"), are invoked on almost every page; Wang Chuyi 王處一 and LIU CHUXUAN are mentioned frequently; HAO DATONG and TAN CHUDUAN, several times. Only Sun Buer is completely absent.

Of particular importance to Yin's rhetoric is the notion of merit. It is endlessly repeated that without merit no achievement is possible. The patriarchs themselves had reached the Tao only because of their store of merit from previous existences. The actual acquisition of merit is not clearly detailed, but it is connected to cultivation of mind as well as service to the community. In this context, monastic life is essential (see 3.11b), and several examples of independent-minded Taoists gone astray prove this further. This is again a theme developed in a section of Yin's anthology 1146 *Baoguang*

ji (1.42b), also called *yulu*: solitude and subtle metaphysics are of no benefit to young Taoists.

The problem of language and transmission of the Tao is at the heart of the Quanzhen masters' discourse. Yin Zhiping is nowhere as radical on this point as the Chan masters he is so keen on quoting. Whereas oral exchanges with the master are prominent in his pedagogy, reading the classics is equally necessary. He is also ready to allude to Quanzhen poetry (cf. 2.17b). On the other hand, the Tao is ineffable, and the words of the saints can only be understood by an accomplished adept. The authors of the prefaces also try to deal with the tension between the urge to educate, the distrust for all techniques and recipes, and the wordlessness of the Tao. Therefore, Yin's approach to the *Daode jing* is very practical, and he praises the HESHANG GONG commentary. His interpretation, though, is not an alchemical reading, but points to ways of life and relations to society. Song Huizong's (r. 1100–1125) commentary is discussed; Su Zhe's commentary (691 *Daode zhenjing zhu*) is also used, despite its Buddho-Confucian approach.

Given this ecumenical stance, persons and texts quoted cover a large range: from the Confucian classics (*Lunyu* 論語, *Mengzi* 孟子, *Yijing* 易經); Taoist scriptures (*Zhuangzi* 莊子, *Liezi* 列子, *Yinfu jing* 陰符經, *Qingjing jing* 清靜經, and works by ZHANG BODUAN); Buddhist sūtra (the Lotus sūtra, the *Avatamsaka sūtra*); Chan masters (his favorite is Yongjia 永嘉 [665–713], whose *Yongjia ji* circulated widely outside the Buddhist canon); to poets (in particular, Du Fu 杜甫 [712–770]).

Vincent Goossaert

Huizhen ji 會真集

5 juan

By Wang Jichang 王吉昌, *hao* Chaoran zi 超然子 (active early thirteenth century) 247 (fasc. 116–117)

"Anthology on Gathering Truth." This title represents the collected works of Wang Jichang, who also authored a short exegetical work, 313 *Shengtian jing songjie*. Wang was active around 1220–1240, as we know from the funerary steles of two of his pupils, the Quanzhen masters Li Zhiming 李志明 (1200–1266) and Shen Zhizhen 申志貞 (1210–1284; see 973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu* 6.22a and 8.26a). A short undated preface by his disciple Yang Zhipu 楊志朴 suggests that Wang's skills in *neidan* 內丹 were so great as to attract immortals. The first juan introduces the basic cosmological notions through charts and comments, and the principle of reversal that was central to *neidan*. Wang then goes on to alchemical procedures. Juan 2 through 5 are lyric poems (*ci* 詞) on various tunes: those in juan 2 and 3 are topically arranged, while those in juan 4 and 5 are independent, freer lyrical compositions.

In contrast to his pupil Liu Zhiyuan's anthology (248 *Qizhen ji*), the present work

introduces a rather systematic method based on *wuxing* 五行 (Five Phases), trigrams, ordinal, and cyclical numbers. In the more theoretical first juan, Wang only occasionally uses the physiological imagery that is prevalent in the last four juan. Throughout the whole work, the author rarely insists on moral training. He frequently quotes ZHANG BODUAN and only once alludes to WANG CHONGYANG (3.16a). However technical the work might seem, the lyrical voice is not absent, as in the first *ci* of juan 4, which is very much in the style of mainstream “Taoist feelings” (*daqing* 道情) poetry that focused on the misery of this world and the bliss of immortality.

Vincent Goossaert

Qizhen ji 啓真集

3 juan

By Liu Zhiyuan 劉志淵, *hao* Tongxuan zi 通玄子 (1186–1244)

248 (fasc. 117)

“Anthology of Expounding Truth.” A preface by the otherwise unknown Dong Shiyuan 董師言, dated 1244, indicates that the author was a disciple of the Quanzhen master Wang Jichang 王吉昌, author of 247 *Huizhen ji*. An obituary notice (3.13b–14b), which largely repeats the preface, specifies that Liu Zhiyuan died aged fifty-nine. His works were collected and arranged by Li Zhiquan 李志全 (1191–1261), who at that time was helping the celebrated Quanzhen leader SONG DEFANG (1183–1247) with the compilation of the 1244 canon (see 973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu* 8.1). The first juan collects the master’s regular verses (seventy-one quatrains and four octaves). The second is made of fifty-six lyrics (*ci* 詞) for twenty-seven tunes, fifteen of which are also used in 247 *Huichen ji*; the first tune used is “Manting fang 滿庭芳,” a favorite among Quanzhen masters. The third juan contains thirteen essays (*zhang* 章) that obscurely describe the progression of the *neidan* 內丹 process. They are followed by the obituary notice and a few eulogies. The dedicatees are all unknown locals, but we may note two “association members” (*huishou* 會首) and a Confucian teacher. Place names point to Shaanxi and Shanxi provinces.

Although he never uses the term *quanzhen*, Liu quotes QIU CHUJI (3.4a) and MA DANYANG along with BO YUCHAN (3.7a). He seems little involved in the institutional and liturgical aspects of religion. His instructions are less didactic than other Quanzhen writings, touching on many techniques without apparent system.

Vincent Goossaert

Shuiyun ji 水雲集

3 juan

By TAN CHUDUAN 譚處端, *hao* Changzhen zi 長真子; 1229

1160 (fasc. 798)

“Water and Clouds.” This literary collection contains lyrical works of different genres, which the author, a native of Mount Kunyu 崑嶺 (Shandong), composed after 1170 in Shaanxi. TAN CHUDUAN preached his Quanzhen teachings in Shaanxi. Originally Wang Lihui 王琚輝 had this collection printed in Junzhou 濬州, but in 1186 the printing blocks were lost. In Shandong, LIU CHUXUAN arranged for new printing blocks to be cut (see the preface by Fan Yi 范懌, dated 1187). Because of the impact of military actions in the area, there soon was no complete edition available. Later, Lu Qian’gao 路鈐高 and others found a complete edition, which had been owned by disciples of TAN CHUDUAN. That edition was then reprinted, and a postface by a son of Fan Yi attached to it (3.18b–19a). A second edition of this printed version was issued in 1229 due to the efforts of the Quanzhen Taoist Zhang Zhiquan 張志全 (see the second postface by the son of Fan Yi, dated 1229, 3.19b–20a).

The expression “Water and Clouds” refers to TAN CHUDUAN’s admonition to his disciples to discard all emotional and social bonds and lead the way of life known as Quanzhen.

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Florian C. Reiter

3.B.9.c Rules and Organization

Although less important than poetry, recorded sayings, and hagiography, didactic works also feature in Quanzhen literature. Several masters wrote commentaries on the classics, such as the *Laozi* 老子 and *Zhuangzi* 莊子 or major scriptures of the Lingbao 靈寶 tradition. Examples are 122 *Huangdi Yinfu jing zhu* and 401 *Huangting neijing yujing zhu*, both by the patriarch LIU CHUXUAN; 974 *Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing songzhu* by Liu Tongwei 劉通微 (d. 1196); and 313 *Shengtian jing songjie* by Wang Jichang. On the other hand, no liturgical work is ascribed to a Quanzhen author, a surprising fact given the dominant place of ritual activities for Quanzhen masters in North China over a long period of time. Chapter 210 of the ritual compendium 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* is a stand-alone *liandu* 鍊度 ritual compiled in the late Yuan (1279–1368) by a “Quanzhen daoshi” (postface dated 1354), but the connection with Quanzhen doctrine and practice seems tenuous. All in all, it is likely that the conservative outlook of the Quanzhen order pushed the daoshi to use established scriptural

traditions rather than create a new one. An analysis of the ordination registers mentioned in Quanzhen historiography suggest that they had by the mid-thirteenth century incorporated all the major current liturgical traditions. The didactic works other than commentaries authored by Quanzhen masters can be grouped into two unequal categories: (1) rules and organizations and (2) individual practice. The first category only accounts for three texts, a trifle compared to the amount of Vinaya literature in the Buddhist canon. This paucity of material in the canon may come as a surprise, since the real innovation of the Quanzhen school lay in its creation of a monastic order with very specific institutions and a strong hierarchy. The organization is actually documented in much more detail in the epigraphic sources. Of the three canonical texts, the 1235 *Quanzhen qinggui* is a compendium of short rules attributed to the patriarchs; it may have been used as a model collection for monasteries to design their own rules. The 1229 *Quanzhen zuobo jiefu* is a technical manual explaining the use of the sinking clepsydra, a device used for collective meditation in Taoist monasteries from the last decade of the thirteenth century onward. The 1233 *Chongyang lijiao shiwu lun*, although often translated and quoted in the secondary literature, is simply a short programmatic description of the Quanzhen lifestyle of uncertain date and authorship.

The majority of the didactic works are concerned with individual practice. It should be noted that none was written during the early stage of the Quanzhen order. Although early masters such as HAO DATONG, and later ones such as Wang Jichang (247 *Huizhen ji*), Liu Zhiyuan (248 *Qizhen ji*), or Ji Zhizhen (1140 *Yunshan ji*) wrote theoretical essays (included in their anthologies), one has to wait until the late thirteenth century to see the appearance of complete prose works devoted to self-cultivation, specifically Inner Alchemy (*neidan* 內丹): these works are 276 *Xiyi zhimi lun*, still half-way between logia and treatise and 267 *Shangsheng xiuzhen sanyao*. All the others texts were authored by masters from southern China, who were affiliated with Quanzhen but mostly heir to the Nanzong pedagogy. Their syncretic approach was to become the Taoist orthodoxy of the late imperial period. LI DAOCHUN, who taught in Nanking, and his disciple Miao Shanshi 苗善時, as well as CHEN ZHIXU seem to have been independent masters, whereas WANG JIE (mid-fourteenth century) and Jin Zhiyang 金志陽 (1276–1336), the supposed master of the famous painter Huang Gongwang 黃公望 (1269–1354), were very close to Zhengyi circles. These authors wrote theoretical *neidan* essays and poetry as well as commentaries on the Taoist classics. Li's works are 249 *Zhonghe ji*, 250 *Santian yisui*, 251 *Quanzhen ji xuan biyao*, and 1060 *Qing'an Yingchan zi yulu*. His disciple Miao Shanshi authored 1065 *Xuanjiao da gongan* as well as the hagiographic work 305 *Chunyang dijun shenhua miaotong ji*. CHEN ZHIXU composed 1067 *Shangyang zi jindan dayao* and its sequels 1068 *Jindan dayao tu*, 1069 *Jindan dayao liexian zi*, 1070 *Jindan dayao xianpai*; the anonymous 1077 *Xiulian xuzhi* belongs to the

same milieu. WANG JIE wrote 137 *Qingtian ge zhushi*, 1074 *Huanzhen ji*, and 1075 *Daoxuan pian*. Huang Gongwang wrote or transmitted 242 *Zhichou xiansheng quanzhen zhizhi*, 281 *Baoyi zi sanfeng laoren danjue*, and 576 *Baoyi hansan bijue*.

The central importance of *neidan* in Quanzhen identity makes the absence of early Quanzhen patriarchs in this realm even more surprising. Although 1156 *Chongyang zhenren jinguan yusuo jue* and 244 *Dadan zhizhi* are systematic texts on *neidan* attributed to WANG ZHE and QIU CHUJI, respectively, these attributions are highly doubtful. The explanation for this lack of purely Quanzhen reference work is likely the same as for liturgy: Quanzhen masters were happy to use the classics at their disposal. Although detailed information on the Quanzhen curriculum is lacking, it seems that classics (*Daode jing*, *Qingjing jing*, *Yinfu jing*, and others), along with major *neidan* writings (ZHANG BODUAN's in particular), were often used. Buddhist and Confucian classics were also taught to adepts: WANG ZHE's oft-quoted advice to study the *Daode jing* 道德經, *Xiao jing* 孝經, and the Heart sūtra is a case in point. Indeed, Quanzhen writings are rarely polemical. One of QIU CHUJI's most prominent disciples, Feng Zhiheng 馮志亨 (1180–1254), instructed his disciples in the Four Books, and was probably one of the earliest of Zhu Xi's 朱熹 (1130–1200) followers in northern China. Feng even directed the academy of the Confucius temple in Peking, providing a model for the nonsectarian educational role of the Quanzhen.

Quanzhen zuobo jiefu 全真坐鉢捷法

4 fols.

Yuan (1279–1368)

1229 (fasc. 988)

"Practical Method of Meditation Using the Clepsydra." The clepsydra was used in cloisters of the Quanzhen school to measure the time of sessions of meditation. On the context of Quanzhen monasticism, especially during the Yuan period, see also 1235 *Quanzhen qinggui* 5a–b.

The present work describes the clepsydra, the principles of its construction, and its use. It concludes with precise instructions for the handling and appropriate setting of the clepsydra in combination with the calendar. On page 4a, the text gives a chart representing the cosmic phases according to which the envisaged meditation should be practiced. The two sentences that express the guiding principles are taken from the *Yinfu jing* 陰符經, "To observe the Tao of Heaven," and "To behold the Movements of Heaven" (see 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing* 1a).

Florian C. Reiter

Chongyang lijiao shiwu lun 重陽立教十五論

6 fols.

By WANG ZHE 王嘉, *hao* Chongyang zi 重陽子 (1113–1170)

1233 (fasc. 989)

“Fifteen Lessons for the Establishment of the Doctrine.” This work comprises short essays on the basic tenets of the Quanzhen school. The fifteen titles are “Living in Retreat” (1a), “Wandering” (1a–b), “Learning from Books” (1b–2a), “Proper Blending of Medicines” (2a–b), “On Dwelling” (2b–3a), “Spiritual Companionship” (3a), “Active Meditation” (3b), “Disciplining the Mind” (3b–4a), “To Nurture One’s Being” (4a), “Matching the Five Vital Energies” (4b), “Union of Being and Existence” (4b), “Way of the Sages” (5a), “Escaping the Three Realms” (5a–b), “Body of the Law” (5b), and “Leaving the World of Men” (5b–6a). Each of these texts discusses an aspect of self-cultivation or the Quanzhen way of life. A poem by MA DANYANG in 1149 *Dongxuan jinyu ji* 2.13a–13b shows that Ma knew an exposition by WANG ZHE concerning the theme of “Wandering” and indeed imitates the structure and the contents of that essay in the present work. The “Fifteen Lessons” has been widely studied and repeatedly translated as a manifesto of Quanzhen teaching (see the bibliographical references below).

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Florian C. Reiter

Quanzhen qinggui 全真清規

16 fols.

Compiled by Lu Daohe 陸道和, *hao* Tongxuan zi 通玄子; fourteenth century

1235 (fasc. 989)

“Pure Rules of the Quanzhen School.” This title consists of a collection of twelve texts on the conditions of celibate life in a cloister. The work begins with the admission of youths to the community (inquiries into family background; 1a–2b), their investiture as Taoists, and the search for an appropriate master (2b–4b). The author describes the rules for maintaining order within the monastic community (e.g., compliance with the laws of the country; 12a) and stipulates the need for well-organized meditation sessions in which the entire community participates. The texts on pages 11b–16a are attributed to WANG CHONGYANG, QIU CHUJI, Zhao Wuxuan 趙悟玄 (1148–1211), and Liu Zhenyi 劉真一. The title of Dijun 帝君 for WANG CHONGYANG points to a date after 1310 for the compilation of this work (11b).

The text documents an advanced phase in the history of the Quanzhen school,

which was characterized by well-organized forms of monastic activity (cf. 1229 *Quanzhen zuobo jiefu*).

Florian C. Reiter

3.B.9.d Individual Practice

Dadan shizhi 大丹直指

2 juan

Attributed to QIU CHUJI 丘處機, *hao* Changchun 長春; early Yuan (1279–1368)

244 (fasc. 115)

“Clear Directions on the Great Elixir.” This is a *neidan* 內丹 (see fig. 63.) work attributed to the Quanzhen patriarch QIU CHUJI (cf. 1159 *Panxi ji*). The techniques described in the text are based on the theory and methods of 1191 *Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa* and 246 *Xishan qunxian huizhen ji*. The former divides its procedure into ten steps, as does the present text, with some differences in headings and order.

Our work quotes SHI JIANWU at length, but a comparison with 246 *Xishan qunxian hui zhen ji* shows that it is not exactly the same text (cf., e.g., 1.11b, 4.4a, 9b, 1.12a, and 5.6a with 1.6a, 8a, and 12a of our text). The passage on the ten demonic manifestations (2.2a–6b) is an excerpt from 263.14 *Zhong-Lü chuandao ji* (263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 16.25a–26a). QIU CHUJI appends his own explanations to these techniques, which he illustrates with diagrams.

In his preface (1a–3a), Qiu explains the working of the macrocosm and the microcosm: the qi of the Great Void 太極一氣, having reached extreme stillness, gave rise to movement, separated into yin and yang, and formed Heaven and Earth. But the qi, having once acquired motion, could not remain still, hence the qi of yin and yang began their cyclical rotation. The alternation of yin and yang, sun and moon, day and night is made possible through a central axis (*zhongqi* 中氣), which resides in the handle of the Dipper (1a–b). The embryo develops similarly; after birth, the Primordial Qi (*yuanqi* 元氣) is found in the center, that is, the navel. Through breathing exercises, this center is activated, leading to an unhampered natural circulation of the body fluids. Through the practice of these exercises, the adept acquires long life and eventually sainthood.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein



FIGURE 63. Essence, Energy, Spirit: The three elements of Inner Alchemy (244 2.13a)

Baoyi hansan bijue 抱一函三秘訣

28 fols.

Compiled by Jin Yueyan 金月巖, transmitted by Huang Gongwang 黃公望
(1269–1354)

576 (fasc. 321)

“Secret Instructions on Holding the One and Encasing the Three.” This work is a pedagogical *neidan* 內丹 manual of the late Yuan period (1279–1368) and contains no internal indication of authorship. However, the term *baoyi* in the title might refer to the Liu xiansheng 劉先生 of 281 *Baoyi zi sanfeng laoren danjue*, and the text is rather consistent with both that work and 242 *Zhizhou xiansheng quanzhen zhizhi*.

The text is divided into some fifteen explanations (*ming* 明), treatises (*lun* 論), and discourses (*shuo* 說), most of them accompanied by a chart, like the sketch of a meditation room on 25b. Each section begins with the inception of the embryo and ends with its divine apotheosis, offering detailed explanations on physiology and time cycles. Some parts are written in dialogue style (5b). The need for oral instructions (*koujue* 口訣) is repeatedly indicated.

Vincent Goossaert

Baoyi zi sanfeng laoren danjue 抱一子三峰老人丹訣

18 fols.

Compiled by Jin Yueyan 金月巖, transmitted by Huang Gongwang 黃公望
(1269–1354)

281 (fasc. 134)

“Alchemical Instructions of the Old Man Three Peaks, the Master Holding the One.” This work raises problems of identification, both with regard to the compiler and the author (see 242 *Zhizhou xiansheng quanzhen zhizhi*). The work is attributed to a Liu xiansheng 劉先生, bearing the appellation “Old Man Three Peaks, Master Holding the One,” but it is not clear if he is a historical figure.

The first lines list the contents of the work, which are Liu’s Oral Instructions on the Celestial Immortals’ Chart (“Tianxian tu koujue 天仙圖口訣”), Oral Instructions on False *Xingming* (“Jia xingming koujue 假性命口訣”), Oral Instructions on True *Xingming* (“Zhen xingming koujue 真性命口訣”), and sixteen poems on the lowest pass of the spine (“weilü xue 尾閭穴”). The text then proceeds with an introduction (1a–6b). Its general tone is comparable to that of 242 *Quanzhen zhizhi*, being quite polemical against heterodox practices. The term *quanzhen* is absent here.

The work does not in fact follow this precis exactly. The first section comprises oral instructions on both the false *xingming* (6b–9a), the small achievement of those who fix their mind only on the lower *dantian* 丹田 (which should be practiced only

initially; see 13a), and the true *xingming* (9a–15a), the great achievement of those who effect the reversal of the true yin and yang to have them circulate throughout the body. The “celestial immortals’ chart” (15a–16b) is actually composed of four trigrams. The chart of the *weilü* 尾閭 and its accompanying sixteen poems come last (16b–18b). All textual references are to Quanzhen patriarchs (ZHONGLI QUAN, LÜ DONGBIN, LIU HAICHAN, WANG CHONGYANG, and SONG DEFANG), but the idea that the state of *zhenren* can be attained in three hundred days (like gestation; see 15a–b) is uncommon in Quanzhen texts. This method seems to be intended solely for male adepts. The term *sanfeng* 三峰 (Three Peaks) sometimes refers to sexual techniques in other contexts, mostly in later works like the *Sanfeng caizhan fangzhong miaoshu bijue* 三峰采戰房中妙術秘訣 in the *Shesheng zongyao* 攝生總要 (Ming [1368–1644]) and the *Sanfeng danjue* 三峰丹訣 in the *Zhengdao bishu* 證道秘書 (Qing [1644–1911]). But that is probably not the case here.

Vincent Goossaert

Yuanshi tianzun shuo dedao liaoshen jing 元始天尊說得道了身經

4 fols.

25 (fasc. 27)

“Pronouncement of the Heavenly Worthy of the Primordial Beginning on Obtaining the Tao and Understanding the Body.” Despite the title, the rhythm of this text suggests that it was not likely used for recitation. At the beginning, the Heavenly Worthy illustrates (*xian* 現) the Tao and discourses upon the Tao of Complete Truth (*quanzhen dadao* 全真大道). Then, after incorporating the first sentence of 24 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo shengtian dedao jing*, the text says that the Heavenly Worthy “pronounced” the *Shengtian dedao quanzhen liaoshen jing*.

An explanation of the Quanzhen Way follows. This explanation begins precisely with “the ban of the mouth” (*jinkou* 禁口). When “the heart has been washed clean” of all thoughts and when “one has forgotten the environment,” the practice of the circulation of the qi is recommended. This will lead to the “exhaustion of the yin, the purification of the yang, and the formation of the saint’s embryo” (2a). Thus, the adept unites with Spontaneous Emptiness, that is, with the True One of the Primordial Beginning (*Yuanshi zhenyi* 元始真一), who is the adept’s “real body.” The remainder of the text explains this process in greater detail, using alchemical terminology. One learns, in particular, that “to understand the body” means to understand how to combine nature, *xing* 性 (mercury, produced by wood and fire, which is linked to expiration and heart) and life, *ming* 命 (lead, produced by metal and water, which is linked to inspiration and kidneys).

John Lagerwey

Qingtian ge zhushi 青天歌註釋

8 fols.

Commentary by WANG JIE 王玠 (fl. 1331–1380)

137 (fasc. 60)

“Glosses on *Song of the Azure Sky*.” This text is also found in QIU CHUJI’s collected works (see 1159 *Panxi ji* 3.1a–b), in an identical version. According to WANG JIE’s preface, Qiu wrote this song in thirty-two verses with reference to the Thirty-two Heavens of 1 *Lingbao wuliang duren shangpin miaojing*.

WANG JIE divides the song in three parts, with eight verses on innate nature (*xing* 性), eight on vitality (*ming* 命), and eight on the fusion of *xing* and *ming* that enables the spirit (*shen* 神) of the adept to be delivered from the body. His commentary draws on sources of the Three Teachings. For Taoism, he uses principally 1 *Duren jing*.

The text of the “Song of the Azure Sky” was engraved on stone in 1273.

Catherine Despeux

Zhonghe ji 中和集

6 juan

By LI DAOCHUN 李道純 (fl. 1288–1306); edited by Cai Zhiyi 蔡志頤, *zi* Sun’an 損菴, hao Baochan zi 寶蟾子 (late thirteenth century); preface by DU DAOJIAN 杜道堅 (1237–1318); printed in 1306

249 (fasc. 118)

“Collection of Central Harmony.” According to the preface written in 1306 by DU DAOJIAN, Cai Zhiyi of Weiyang (Yangzhou), disciple of LI DAOCHUN, collected the fragmented manuscripts of his master and edited them into the present collection. It is named after LI DAOCHUN’s meditation room, the Hermitage of Central Harmony (*Zhonghe jingshe* 中和精舍) in Nanking (see 4.11a). Du Daoqian had the work printed in 1306. His preface was written in the Xuanyuan zhenguan 玄元真館 temple at Qiantang 錢塘 (Hangzhou).

An earlier edition of the work, dating from Yuan (1279–1368) times, is mentioned in *Bisong lou cangshu zhi* 66.29a under the title *Qing’an xiansheng zhonghe [ji]* 清庵先生中和[集] in six juan, divided into two parts (*qianji* 前集 and *houji* 後集). A copy of this edition is preserved in the Seikadō bunkō (see Seikadō bunkō, *Seikadō bunkō kanseki bunrui mokuroku*, 612).

After an explanation of the Taiji 太極 and the *Taiji tu* 太極圖 of Zhou Dunyi 周敦頤 (1017–1073), the work is mainly composed of regular and *ci* 詞-poetry, songs, short prose texts, and dialogues between master and disciples. The subjects concern spiritual exercises, alchemy, and so on. The author refers to the Quanzhen school, and he gives a definition of its name (3.28b). The second juan is devoted to Inner Alchemy. It contains numerous illustrations and diagrams concerning the ingredients, the fur-

nace, the three fundamental stages of the alchemical process, fire-phasing, the inner and outer remedies. The author lists nine heretical schools of alchemy and explains the different techniques associated with the technical terms used by those schools. Above these schools there are the Three Superior Vehicles (in ascending order) and the Supreme Vehicle, which corresponds to the stage in which LI DAOCHUN situates himself (2.12b–17a).

Catherine Despeux

Santian yisui 三天易髓

12 fols.

By LI DAOCHUN 李道純 (d. 1306); revised by WANG JIE 王玠, hao Hunran zi 混然子 (fl. mid-fourteenth century)

250 (fasc. 119)

“Quintessence of the Changes of the Three Heavens.” The author mentions this work in his preface, dated 1290, to 699 *Daode huiyuan*. The *Santian yisui* must consequently be earlier than that date.

The title comprises three distinct texts. To begin with, there is an alchemical treatise, which is again subdivided into two parts. The first part is a collection of sayings from the Book of Changes (*Zhouyi* 周易) with a rhymed commentary. This part deals, according to the sayings, with what the Confucians call the Great Ultimate (Taiji 太極). The second part of the treatise lists the nine phases of transformation, also with a rhymed commentary. The text adds: “This is what Taoists call cinnabar [*dan* 丹].”

The two other texts are (1) a commentary to the *Xinjing* 心經 (The *Hṛdaya-sūtra* or Sūtra of the Heart of Prajñā-pāramitā 般若波羅蜜多心經), which LI DAOCHUN wrote at the request of his disciple Ji’an 濟庵, and (2) a commentary to 31 *Huangdi yinfu jing*.

Catherine Despeux

Quanzhen ji xuan biyao 全真集玄祕要

18 fols.

By LI DAOCHUN 李道純, hao Qing’an 清菴 (d. 1306)

251 (fasc. 119)

“Secret Principles of the Collected Quanzhen Writings.” There are two parts to this work. The first (1a–6a) is a commentary to one of the sections of the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 called While Reading the *Cantong qi* (“Zhudu *Zhouyi cantong qi* 註讀周易參同契”; see 141 *Ziyang zhenren Wuzhen pian zhushu*, 8.1 and 145 *Wuzhen pian zhushi* 3.3b). According to LI DAOCHUN, this text concerns the principles of the art of fire-phasing (*huohou* 火候). The second part (6a–18b) is a commentary on the “Explications

on the Diagram of the Great Ultimate" (*Taiji tuijie* 太極圖解) by Zhou Dunyi 周敦頤 (1017–1073).

The author draws on different sources, such as the Book of Changes (*Yijing* 易經), the *Laozi* 老子, the Neo-Confucian thinkers Zhou Dunyi and SHAO YONG, the *Wuzhen pian*, and the *Cantong qi* 參同契.

Catherine Despeux

Shangsheng xiuzhen sanyao 上乘修真三要

2 juan

By Gao Daokuan 高道寬, hao Yuanming laoren 圓明老人 (1195–1277)

267 (fasc. 132)

"Three Essentials for the Cultivation of the True according to the Superior Vehicle."

The author, a hermit on Mount Zhongnan 終南山, was a disciple of the Quanzhen patriarchs MA DANYANG and Li Chongxu 李冲虛.

The first juan contains an illustrated didactic poem titled "Sanfa song 三法頌" (Song of the Three Methods), which describes the spiritual discipline of the heart (*xin* 心) and of fundamental human nature (*xing* 性) by means of the allegory of the training of a horse. The song comprises twelve verses in an irregular *daoqing* 道情 meter of seven- and three-character lines with accompanying illustrations.

In addition, there is a commentary in small print, also rhymed and in five-character verses.

The metaphor of the training of the horse, current in Quanzhen Taoism, seems to have been inspired by the analogous allegory of the training of the buffalo of Chan Buddhism in four, six, eight, ten, or twelve scenes. We have here the sole fully illustrated version of the training of the horse of the mind in the *Daozang* (see figs. 64 and 65). The ten illustrations of the horse training are similar to those of the training of the buffalo in ten scenes by the Chan master Puming 普明 (end of the eleventh century).

The second juan is devoted to the life force (*ming* 命). It is composed of twelve sections, each with its own title and illustrated by a diagram, with one or two lyrical *ci*-詞 poems and a rhymed formula (*jue* 訣). Following the tradition of the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 (q.v.),



FIGURE 64. Practitioner preparing to eradicate the Roots of Impermanence (267 1.1b)



FIGURE 65. Steps in Taming the Horse of the Mind (267 1.2a–9a) (continued)

the author exposes the essential phases of Inner Alchemy: the choice of the cauldron and the furnace, fire-phasing, the transmutation of cinnabar, the deliverance of the body, the return to the true origin and to nonaction. At the end the Song of the Pure Awakening of Heart and Nature ("Chunjue xinxing ge 純覺心性歌"; 2.15a–16a) describes the *xing* as a white buffalo and the *xin* as the shepherd. This metaphor may be compared to the phrase "the Superior Vehicle of the great buffalo is the method of true cultivation and inner refinement" (*da niuju shangsheng zhe, xiuzhen neilian zhi fa ye* 大牛車上乘者, 修真內鍊之法也) in 275 *Sanji zhiming quanti* (9a) by Wang Qingsheng.

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Catherine Despeux

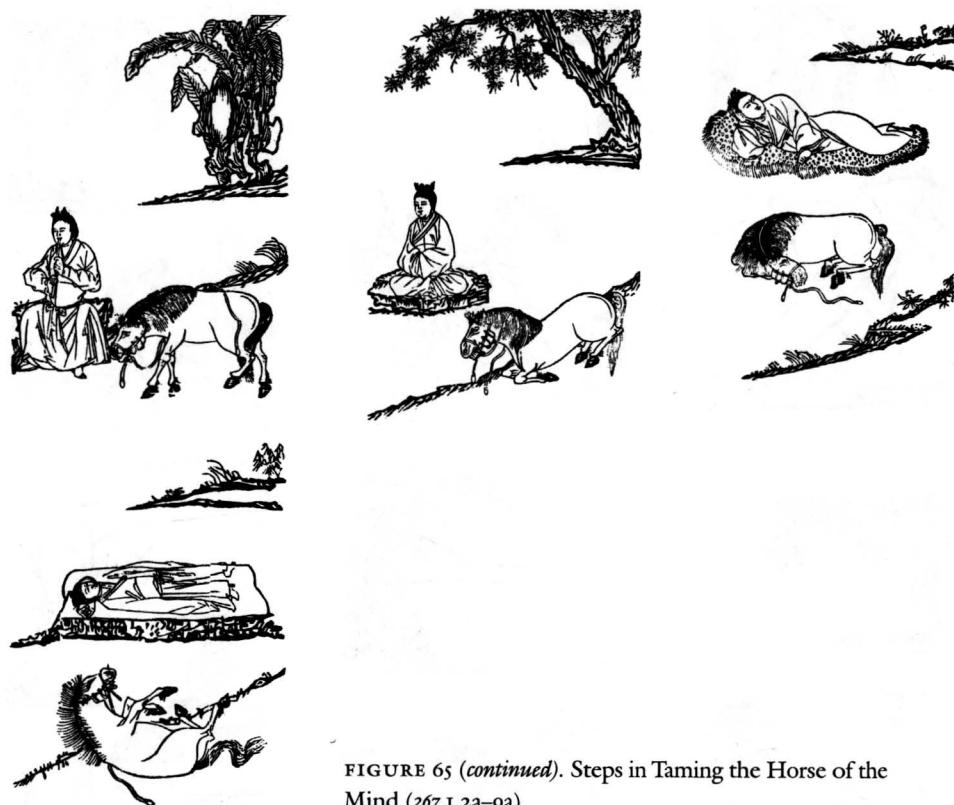


FIGURE 65 (continued). Steps in Taming the Horse of the Mind (267 1.2a–9a)

Xiyi zhimi lun 析疑指迷論

16 fols.

By Niu Daochun 牛道淳, *hao* Shenfeng xiaoyao dashi 神峰逍遙大師; 1299
276 (fasc. 134)

“Discussions for Resolving Doubts and Pointing out Errors.” These discussions were composed by Niu Daochun, according to his own preface, dated 1296. There is a colophon by Liu Daozhen 劉道真 dated 1298, which together with a preface by Wang Daoheng 王道亨 dated 1299, precedes the preface by Niu Daochun. Wang Daoheng explains that Niu Daochun continues the (Quanzhen) tradition of MA DANYANG, TAN CHUDUAN, LIU CHUXUAN, and QIU CHUJI.

Niu Daochun answers the questions of his disciple Li Zhiheng 李志恆, who inquires about the principles of the Quanzhen school, the “Secrets of the True Tao,” the meaning of *xingming* 性命, and especially the methods of self-cultivation. The discussions in the second part of this work (8a ff.) are conducted between two probably fictitious persons, Guangmo xiansheng 廣漠先生 and Zhaoran zi 昭然子. These dialogues deal with definitions of technical terms and practices. They also list specific

means of self-cultivation, which Niu Daochun rejects (12b–13a). Niu Daochun emphasizes the “sudden enlightenment” and the recovery of the “original face.” However, his fundamental attitude seems to be that “actually there is nothing to say and nothing to transmit” (15b). This type of statement is characteristic of the Quanzhen school.

Florian C. Reiter

Xuanjiao da gongan 玄教大公案

2 juan

By Miao Shanshi 苗善時, *zi* Taisu 太素, *zi* Shian 實菴 (fl. fourteenth century);
edited by Wang Zhidao 王志道, *zi* Cheng'an 誠庵; preface dated 1324
1065 (fasc. 734)

“Great Cases in the Teaching of Mystery.” This book is composed of sixty-four paragraphs called “rules” (*ze* 則) in harmony with the hexagrams of the *Yijing* 易經 (see prefaces, 1b and 5b), and three additional paragraphs on the “three poles” (*sanji* 三極), which contain the quintessence of the Teaching. Wang Zhidao was a disciple of Miao Shanshi. In addition to Wang’s preface, there are three others: one by Ke Daochong 柯道沖, *hao* Yuanhei daoren 淵嘿道人; one by Tang Daolin 唐道麟, *hao* Jiuqu yimin 九曲逸民, who apparently had the work printed; and one by Wang Congyi 王從義, investigating censor of the Branch Censorate (*Xingtai jiancha yushi* 行台監察御史).

Miao Shanshi was a disciple of LI DAOCHUN. At his master’s temple, the Zhonghe jingshe 中和精舍 in Nanking, he occupied the function of *zhitang* 知堂 (see 1060 *Qing’an Yingchan zi yulu* 3.1a). According to the preface by Wang Congyi (3b–4a), he wrote supplementary notes in order to complement the *Yizhuan* 易傳, the great commentary on the *Yijing* by Cheng Yi 程頤 (1033–1107), as well as a *Yiwang jiehuo* 易網解惑.

Each paragraph is composed of quotations of different Taoist scriptures, such as the *Daode jing* 道德經, the *Wenshi* 文始, the *Liezi* 列子, the *Zhuangzi* 莊子, the *Yijing* 易經, or of sayings of great Taoists such as LÜ YAN, WANG ZHI, BO YUCHAN, and the three Mao brothers. These texts are followed by judgments and interpretations as to the true meaning of those texts (see prefaces, 5b), hence the title “Great [Judicial] Cases.” At the end of each case, there is a hymn (*song* 頌).

Catherine Despeux

Shangyang zi jindan dayao 上陽子金丹大要

16 juan

By CHEN ZHIXU 陳致虛, *zi* Guanwu 觀吾, *hao* Shangyang zi 上陽子; ca. 1331
1067 (fasc. 736–738)

“Master Shangyang’s Essentials of the Elixir.” This work includes an introduction (2.1a–7b) by CHEN ZHIXU (dated 1331) and two prefaces written by his disciples (ca. 1335). The text must therefore have been compiled between these two dates.

CHEN ZHIXU, a Taoist of the Zixiao jiang gong 紫霄降宮 temple, lived in the Hunan and Hubei region: he met his master in Hengyang 衡陽 (Hunan), and in the course of his peregrinations gathered many disciples in the Jiugong shan 九宮山, mountains in Hubei (11.8a, 12.1a). Chen belonged to an offshoot of the Quanzhen school tracing its lineage to MA DANYANG (12.5b, 14.8b; see also 1069 *Shangyang zi jindan dayao liexian zhi* 7a–9a). Although CHEN ZHIXU claims to adhere to the syncretist movement uniting the Three Teachings (*sanjiao wei yi* 三教爲一; see especially 14.3b ff.), Taoist and Chan teachings predominate. On the Taoist side, he is strongly influenced by ZHANG BODUAN and BO YUCHAN. CHEN ZHIXU was familiar with most of the texts in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu*, as is evident from his quotations (see, e.g., the quotation from the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 in 5.9a).

On the Buddhist side, he greatly admired the teachings of the master Nanquan 南泉 (748–834) and his disciple Zhaozhou 趙州 (777–896). Chen's work alludes throughout to Chan *gongan* 公案 riddles (see especially 15.6a ff. and 16.4b ff.). Also of interest is his frequent use of Chan technical terms, such as *jianxing cheng fo* 見性成佛 (14.13a, 16.1a), that is, the attainment of buddhahood upon beholding the buddha-nature within oneself. Among the standard Buddhist sūtra, the Diamond Sūtra, the scripture most revered by the Sixth Patriarch Huineng 惠能 of the Southern school of Chan, is most frequently quoted in the text.

CHEN ZHIXU's work represents a harmonious concord between *xing* 性 (Chan) and *ming* 命 (Taoism). The entire work is theoretical, cryptic, and allusive—as Chen himself says, the text alone, without indications from a master, was of no use (5.9b). The elixir *jindan* 金丹, is for him the ineffable, all-embracing, immanent, and transcendental qi of “Former Heaven” (1.4a; 5.1b–2a). CHEN ZHIXU nevertheless, in keeping with the *Wuzhen pian* tradition, shows a close familiarity with alchemical terminology that may be applied to both *neidan* 內丹 and *waidan* 外丹 (see juan 5–8). The way to attain the elixir consists first in acquiring a thorough understanding of social rules, then in meditation resulting in wisdom (2.7a).

Juan 1 of this text is in fact the introduction to the work (cf. the *Daozang jinghua* edition, where it is featured separately as a preface). According to this introduction (1.11a–11b), the composition of the *Jindan dayao* is as follows:

1. “Xuwu 虛無,” three *zhang* 章
2. “Shangyao 上藥,” one *zhang*
3. “Miaoyong 妙用,” nine *zhang* (only seven *zhang* in the present text; for the missing two, cf. the *Daozang jinghua* edition)
4. “Xuzhi 須知,” seven *zhang*
5. “Jigong shige 積功詩歌”
6. “Leixing 累行”

7. “Fazhen wenda 發真問答”
8. “Xiuzhen tu xiang 修真圖象”
9. “Yuege nigu 越格擬古”
10. “Chaozong 超宗”

The entire work should comprise ten juan, but the present version follows a different division.

Juan 2, titled “Void,” comprises a preface and commentary on the first section of the *Daode jing* 道德經.

Juan 3 and 4, titled the “True Medicine,” include a discussion of preserving the original *jing* 精 (essence), *qi* 氣 and *shen* 神 (spirits, divinities), also called the “*jing*, *qi*, *shen* existing before the formation of Heaven and Earth” (3.1a).

Juan 5 and 6 comprise seven of the nine discussions on the “subtle” use of certain ingredients (*miaoyong* 妙用). These deal with the elixir *jindan*, ingredients, alchemical vessels, the best moment for collecting the ingredients, the true catalyst (*zhentu* 真土), fire-phasing, and divine transformation. The *Daozang jinghua* edition includes the last two discussions concerning *huandan* 還丹 (cyclically transformed elixir) and *diandao* 顛倒 (reversal of the natural order).

Juan 7 and 8 offer additional explanations of alchemical terms, from fire-phasing to transfiguration. These are entitled “Requisite Knowledge.” The additional explanations mainly concern the problem of transmission. Chen advocates the Chan idea of *xinshou* 心授 (mental transmission, which enables the adept to behold the buddha-nature within himself intuitively; 8.3b–5b).

The juan that follows (9), under the heading “Accumulation of Merit,” consists of a collection of poems.

Juan 10 comprises eighty-one couplets on the *Daode jing*.

Juan 11 and 12 are entitled “Accumulation of Pious Acts” (“Leixing 累行”) and are epistles addressed to the author's disciples. This section is incomplete (cf. the *Daozang jiyao* edition).

Juan 13 and 14 are entitled “Fazhen 發真” (from a term meaning to manifest the truth or exhibit the innate buddha-nature). Both are in the form of “recorded conversations” (*yulu* 語錄) and concern universal problems such as life, death, the origin of the universe, realization of one's innate buddha-nature, and others.

The titles of the last two juan (15 and 16), “Yuege 越格” and “Chaozong 超宗,” are taken from a Buddhist expression meaning to surpass the origin of the great dharma and go beyond rules and norms. Juan 15 examines *gongan* 公案 riddles. Juan 16 is an exposition concerning the phrase “to attain buddhahood upon beholding one's own innate nature” (*jianxing cheng fo* 見性成佛).

圖象體氣元 圖逆順極太

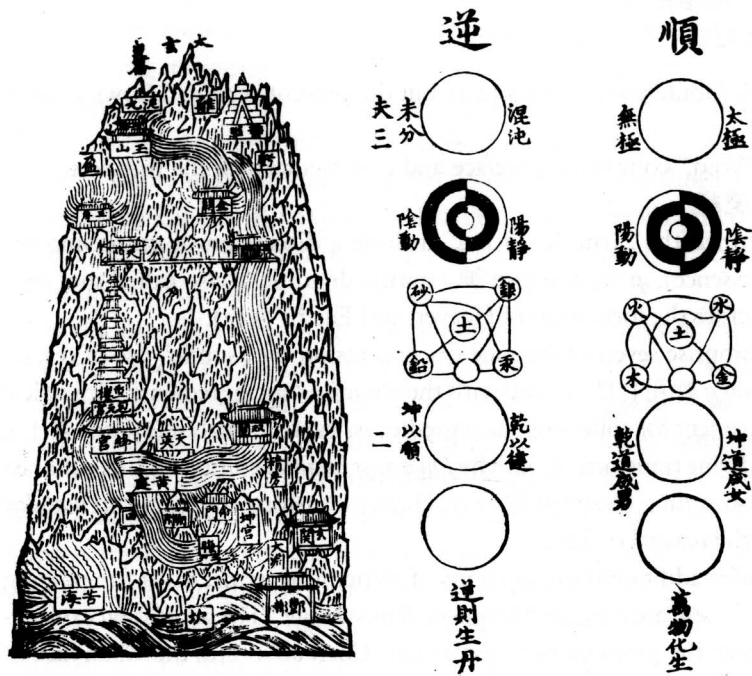


FIGURE 66. The progressive and regressive dynamics of the Great Ultimate and the materialization of the Primordial Qi as a landscape (1068 3a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1054)

Shangyang zi jindan dayao tu 上陽子金丹大要圖

12 fols.

By CHEN ZHIXU 陳致虛, *zi* Guanwu 觀吾, *hao* Shangyang zi 上陽子; ca. 1331 1068 (fasc. 738)

"Alchemical Diagrams to Master Shangyang's Essentials of the Elixir." This collection is in fact juan 8 of the *Jindan dayao* 金丹大要, where it appears under the heading "Xiuzhen tuxiang 修真圖像" (see 1067 *Shangyang zi jindan dayao* 1.11b). The diagrams depict various symbols and utensils used in alchemy, both *neidan* 內丹 and *waidan* 外丹: Taiji, Five Elements, Eight Trigrams, as well as the phases of the moon, dragon, tiger, cauldron, furnace, and others. (See figs. 66 and 67.)

Some of the diagrams were copied from other works; see, for instance, 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 1.1a, 26.5a-b, and 1003 *Zhouyi cantong qi dingqi ge mingjing tu* 8a-b for the diagrams on 7b, 8a, and 10b of the present text. The sequence of the diagrams is slightly different in the *Daozang jiyao* edition.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

圖之鑑寶房丹陽紫



FIGURE 67. Dragon and tiger as alchemical symbols (1068 8a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1054)

Shangyang zi jindan dayao liexian zhi 上陽子金丹大要列仙誌

9 fols.

By CHEN ZHIXU 陳致虛, *zi* Guanwu 觀吾, *hao* Shangyang zi 上陽子; ca. 1331 1069 (fasc. 738)

"Record of Famous Immortals Pertaining to Master Shangyang's Essentials of the Elixir." This is a collection of sixteen biographies of CHEN ZHIXU's school, starting with Wang Xuanfu 王玄甫 and ending with Chen himself. Chen traces the direct lineage of his school back to MA DANYANG: from Ma to Song Youdao 宋有道, Li Jue 李珣, Zhang Mu 張模, Zhao Youqin 趙有欽, and finally CHEN ZHIXU.

CHEN ZHIXU received instruction from Zhao Youqin in a year *jisi* 己巳 (1269 or 1329) at Hengyang 衡陽.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Shangyang zi jindan dayao xianpai 上陽子金丹大要仙派

10 fols.

By CHEN ZHIXU 陳致虛, *zi* Guanwu 觀吾, *hao* Shangyang zi 上陽子; ca. 1331
1070 (fasc. 738)

"Lineage Pertaining to Master Shangyang's Essentials of the Elixir." This short work details the "lineage of the immortals" (*xianpai* 仙派) of CHEN ZHIXU's school (1a-2b), and includes as well a description of the ritual ceremony on the occasion of ZHONGLI QUAN's and LÜ DONGBIN's birthdays ("Zhong Lü erxian qingdan yi 鍾呂二仙慶誕儀"). Since LÜ DONGBIN and ZHONGLI QUAN were born on the fourteenth and fifteenth days of the fourth month, respectively, the offerings in their honor were presented together.

Farzeen Baldrian-Hussein

Xiulian xuzhi 修鍊須知

20 fols.

Yuan (1279-1368)

1077 (fasc. 740)

"Essential Knowledge about the Practice [of Inner Alchemy]." This text is a short *neidan* 內丹 treatise by an unknown author, although he latter must have belonged to the Quanzhen order. He refers to the instructions given by Quanzhen teachers in the practice of Inner Alchemy (page 5a) and speaks of LÜ DONGBIN as the Pure Yang Patriarch (Chunyang zushi 純陽祖師), also referring to him as the Imperial Lord Pure Yang (Chunyang dijun 純陽帝君). The latter title was granted LÜ DONGBIN in 1310.

The work draws on a great variety of sources, not only quoting classical Confucian texts, but also referring to the Taoist activities of Zhu Xi 朱熹 (Zhu Huian 朱晦庵; 1130-1200). Buddhists scriptures are also drawn upon. Reference to Taoist works mostly concern the Southern school (Nanzong 南宗). Of BO YUCHAN (Ziqing Bo zhenren 紫清白真人) it is said that he met his master CHEN NAN (Niwan weng 泥丸翁) when he was already sixty-four years old (6a). Among the later masters, special reference is made to LI DAOCHUN (Yingchan zi 瑩蟾子; 1b), Zhao Youqin 趙友欽 (Yuandu zi 緣督子; fl. 1329) and CHEN ZHIXU (Shangyang zi 上陽子). Chen is quoted more than ten times, and the entire last part of the treatise, the "Seven Steps in the Cultivation of True Nature" (*Xiuzhen qishi* 修真七事) is entirely his work. The present work is therefore likely to belong to his school.

Kristofer Schipper

Chongyang zhenren jinguan yusuo jue 重陽真人金關玉鎖訣

23 fols.

By WANG ZHE 王嘉, *hao* Chongyang zi 重陽子 (1113-1170)

1156 (fasc. 796)

"Instructions concerning the Golden Bar and the Jade Lock." This title has been attributed to WANG ZHE. The character *zhe* 嘉 used here could point to the years between 1159 and 1167, when WANG ZHE was still living in Shaanxi, for the approximate date of the compilation of this work (see 1154 *Chongyang jiaohua ji* 1.15b). It should be noted that the contents and predominant terminology of this work differ greatly from other writings that can be confidently attributed to WANG ZHE. Those works, however, were written later, when WANG ZHE was preaching in Shandong.

This work contains didactic dialogues dealing with methods to preserve and sublimate the Three Treasures (essences, breath, blood). The Golden Bar and the Jade Lock also represent procedures, "the guiding of the gold-essences up to the brain and their fixation in the brain" and "the clenching of the teeth" (6b, 11b). Both procedures represent a great number of meditative and physiological methods, which are all said to effect self-cultivation. These methods are not introduced or mentioned in other works connected with WANG ZHE's activities in Shandong, where he founded the Quanzhen school. Yet some of the tenets set forth here can be regarded as typical of his later Quanzhen teachings, for example, concerning the three schools of Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism.

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Florian C. Reiter

Zhuzhen neidan jiyao 諸真內丹集要

3 juan

Compiled by Xuanquan zi 玄全子, *hao* Haitian qiuyue daoren 海天秋月道人;

Yuan (1279-1368)

1258 (fasc. 999)

"Collection of Essentials concerning the Inner Alchemy of the Zhenren." This title was compiled by Xuanquan zi (see also 1256 *Zhenxian zhizhi yulu*), either after 1264 or 1274. The date Song Xianchun jiazi 宋咸淳甲子 (3.10b) is erroneous.

This work contains a few short texts concerning *neidan* self-cultivation attributed to the Zhong-Lü school (e.g., 1.1b-4b). In most cases, the author is not indicated, and the literary sources are never named. The majority of the texts are "songs" or "instructions" that can be attributed to the later Quanzhen school, for example, the "Twelve Sentences with Secret Instructions concerning Fire-phasing in Inner Alchemy" (2.6b-

8a), which this work attributes to Chunyang 純陽. The texts “True Proofs of the Inner Alchemy” (2.9a ff.) and “Discourse on the Eight Joints” (3.10b ff.) are identical. The list of terminologies concerning the Gold-Elixir (2.13a–14b) clearly documents the didactic purpose of this work.

Florian C. Reiter

Zhizhou xiansheng quanzhen zhizhi 紙舟先生全真直指

7 fols.

Compiled by Jin Yueyan 金月巖, transmitted by Huang Gongwang 黃公望, *hao* Dachi 大癡 (1269–1354)

242 (fasc. 114)

“Straightforward Directions on Quanzhen by Master Paper Boat.” This text purports to reproduce the teaching of Jin Yueyan, transmitted by Huang Gongwang, both heirs to the Quanzhen lineage (*si* Quanzhen 嗣全真). Master Jin must be Jin Zhiyang 金志陽 (1276–1336), surnamed Pengtou 蓬頭, whose biography by Zhang Yuchu can be read in 1311 *Xianquan ji* (4.9a–11a). Jin, who lived on Mounts Longhu 龍虎山 (Jiangxi) and Wuyi 武夷山 (Fujian), attained a considerable reputation for his mastery of *neidan* 內丹.

This identification is from Rao Zongyi, *Huang Gongwang*. The renowned painter Huang Gongwang indeed seems to have been the disciple of Jin Pengtou. However, his association with the present work must remain a hypothesis since the name Yueyan is absent from all extant biographical material concerning Jin Pengtou. The two other works similarly ascribed to Jin Yueyan or Jin Pengtou (281 *Baoyi zi sanfeng laoren danjue* and 576 *Baoyi hansan bijue*) do not shed further light on this question. The identity of Master Paper Boat is not known.

The text is divided into four parts: an introduction (1a–2b), followed by a theoretical outline of the Quanzhen teachings (2b–3b), a description of the seven phases of Truth (3b–4b), and ten practical instructions for meditation (5a–7b; fig. 68). The introduction is a eulogy to Quanzhen, and a criticism of both secret longevity techniques and pure metaphysics. Becoming an immortal is indeed possible, but it requires serious individual efforts and accumulation of merit. These are standard Quanzhen themes. The theoretical outline is merely a symmetrical presentation of form (*xing* 形) and spirit (*shen* 神), with charts, poems, and prose developments.

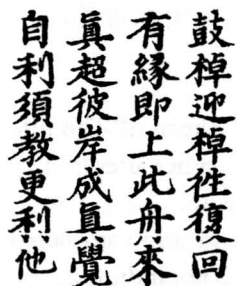
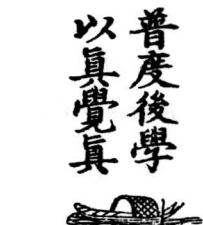


FIGURE 68. The Skiff of Salvation, for crossing to immortality (242 5a)

The seven phases of Truth (*zhen* 真), which are the result of the interaction of spirit and form, are each introduced by a small drawing and a quatrain. The final ten instructions on meditation are of a more practical nature; they deal with body control (instructions 1 to 3) and the supranormal effects of meditation (instructions 4 to 10).

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Vincent Goossaert

Taishang laojun nei riyong miaojing 太上老君內日用妙經

2 fols.

645 (fasc. 342)

“Taishang Laojun’s Wonderful Scripture for Daily Inner Practice.” This is a short work containing rules for the exercises of meditation that are to be practiced every day. The rules mainly consist in preserving the spirit (*cunshen* 存神) and concentrating thought (*dingyi* 定意), while shutting out all external thoughts and sensual perceptions. The purity and tranquility that have to be maintained constantly for twenty-four hours lead, via Inner Alchemical intermediate stages, to the vision of the intracorporeal region (*guan neijing* 觀內境) and from there, after a ninefold cyclical transformation, to the preparation of the Great Elixir (*dadan* 大丹) itself.

The text, which is probably affiliated with the Quanzhen school (cf. 646 *Taishang laojun wai riyong miaojing*), figures in an abridged and slightly different version entitled *Riyong jue* 日用訣 in Dong Jinchun’s 1257 *Qunxian yaoyu zuanji* 1.1a–b.

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Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang laojun wai riyong miaojing 太上老君外日用妙經

1 fol.

646 (fasc. 342)

“Taishang Laojun’s Wonderful Scripture for the External Daily Practice.” The title of this short work suggests that the compilers of the *Daozang* saw a direct relation between it and 645 *Taishang laojun nei riyong miaojing*, the “scripture for the inner daily practice.” The recommendations for the moral conduct of life, which are the message of this mnemonic poem of forty-seven trisyllabic lines, are obviously meant to round off externally the spiritual exercises described in the preceding 645 *Nei riyong miaojing*.

The text of this poem, which is clearly influenced by the Quanzhen tradition, was engraved in stone in 1352 under the title *Taishang laojun riyong miaojing* and erected

by the Mongolian governor of Zhouzhi 盩厔 (Shaanxi), Ding An 定安, at the ancient Louguan 樓觀 temple at Zhongnan shan 終南山 (*Jinshi cuibian weike gao* 金石萃編 未刻稿 3.37a–b). The inscription differs from the *Daozang* version by one omission (verse 4) and three minor textual variants.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

3.B.10 The Beidi and Xuantian Shangdi Cult

The rationale for the present section is somewhat theoretical, as it does not correspond to a historically or bibliographically well-defined school. Beidi, the god of the North, appears at an early stage as the ruler of the dark regions of death, the lord of Fengdu 酆都, the defunct capital of the heroes who founded the kingdom of Zhou, and hence the Chinese city of Hades. As the commander of the legions of the souls of the dead, Beidi is also a powerful exorcist spirit. The early Shangqing revelations contain an exorcist rite of Beidi (*Beidi shagui zhi fa* 北帝煞鬼之法) in which the demon spirit of Tianpeng 天蓬 is invoked (see 1016 *Zhen'gao* 10.10a–11b and 421 *Dengzhen yin-jue* 2.11a–13b). This short text has provided the basis for a number of scriptures, mostly in relation to the Dongyuan 洞淵 tradition (see 53 *Taishang dongyuan beidi tianpeng huming xiaozai shenzhou miaojing*) and also some minor rituals. For a distinct class of Taoist practice under the aegis of Beidi, we have to turn to the early Song (960–1279) work 1237 *Sandong xiudao yi*, which lists, after the well-known orders of the Taoist organization of the Tang period (618–907), an exorcistic order that practiced the Thunder magic (*leifa* 雷法) of the Emperor of the North (*Beidi leigong fa* 北帝雷公法; 9a).

The cult of Beidi flourished in modern times. During the Northern Song (960–1127), the worship of the Yishen baode zhenjun 翊聖保德真君, a powerful protector of the dynasty linked to Beidi and his demon kings, became an officially recognized cult, with which the above-mentioned Tianpeng and other spirits were associated. The new schools of Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法, Shenxiao 神霄, and Qingwei 清微, with their Thunder rites, all incorporated these deities and related spirits of the realm of Beidi. Under the Ming (1368–1644), the god of the North became the High Divine Ancestor of the Dark Heaven, Xuantian shangdi 玄天上帝, the protector of the dynasty (cf. Nikaidō Yoshihiro, “Genten jōtei no henyū”). The present section is therefore far from complete, containing only those scriptures and rites that have not already been discussed within the context of the above-mentioned schools. The reader is therefore invited to consult the corresponding sections for more extensive information.

Taishang yuanshi tianzun shuo beidi fumo shenzhou miaojing

太上元始天尊說北帝伏魔神咒妙經

10 juan

Compiled by Ouyang Wen 歐陽雯; Song (960–1279)

1412 (fasc. 1053–1054)

“Wondrous Scripture of Divine Incantations for Subduing Demons of the Emperor of the North, Set Forth by Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning.” This book is a compilation of exorcistic methods associated with the god Beidi, Emperor of the North. A list of texts containing such methods is found in 1237 *Sandong xiudao yi* 8b–9a, where they are said to be practiced by the Taoists of the Great Obscurity of the Emperor of the North (Beidi taixuan daoshi 北帝太玄道士). The Taoists of this group are said to have specialized in exorcising evil influences and averting calamity by regulating the demons and spirits of the Six Heavens, that is, Fengdu shan 酆都山, the underworld below the northern sky. They wear the Seals of Fengdu (*Fengdu yin* 酆都印) and their books include a *Fumo jing* 伏魔經 in three juan; a *Tianpeng jing* 天蓬經 in ten juan, and a *Beidi jinzhou jing* 北帝禁咒經 in three juan.

There can be little doubt that the present book forms part of these practices and materials. It includes, for instance, the Twelve Seals of Fengdu (5.2b–5b), the “Tianpeng zhou 天蓬咒” (1.15b–17b and passim), and the list of the names of the palaces of the Six Heavens (1.13a–15a and passim). However, the date of its compilation remains uncertain. It is clear that a book with the title *Beidi jing* 北帝經, containing some of the material of our text, had already been transmitted during the Tang dynasty (618–907). This is borne out by quotations in YJQQ 47.1a and 6a, of which the first is also found in the present book (1.15a–b), and by the “incantation of the Emperor of the North for killing demons” (*Beidi shagui zhou* 北帝殺鬼咒), found both in YJQQ 46.19a–b and 47.6b and in the present book (4.7a). Note also the quotation from a *Beidi jing* concerning the Seals of Fengdu, found in TPYL 676.9b. But the present redaction of the material cannot be earlier than the end of the tenth century. It includes a postscript that mentions the Four Saints (Sisheng 四聖), and gives the name Yisheng 翊聖 to the divine protector of the Song dynasty (10.8a; see 1285 *Yisheng baode zhuan*).

A probable *terminus ante quem* may be fixed by the reference to a *Beidi da fumo shenzhou jing* 北帝大伏魔神咒經 in the commentary of 1167 *Taishang ganying pian* 1.4b (dating from around 1233). The work is quoted there as one of the sources for an account of the underworld—an account that relies heavily on the notions presented in the present book (see, for instance, 1.3a–4a). See also the mention in the early Yuan dynasty (1279–1368) work 466 *Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu* 320.19a of the *Jiuzhen jie* 九真戒 and two fu said to be described in the *Beidi fumo jing* and in fact included in the present book (6.5b–7a). It may be noted, finally, that a book in ten juan with the title *Beidi shenzhou jing* and possibly identical with the present work, is listed in the

Chongwen zongmu (1042) and mentioned in the *Quejing mulu* as lost (VDL 95). Recent archaeological evidence has been interpreted as suggesting a late Northern or early Southern Song date, that is, roughly twelfth century (see Zhang Xunliao, “Jiangxi Gao’an chutu”).

A good deal of the book may well be derived from early Shangqing texts. Thus, for instance, some of the key elements are found also in 1317 *Dongzhen shangqing kaitian santu qixing yidu jing* 2.5a–6b, under the heading “Beidi fengdu liugong dushi fa,” and in 1016 *Zhen’gao* 10.9b–11b. Both texts include versions of ritual recitation of the names of the Six Heavens of Fengdu 酆都六天宮名. In the *Zhen’gao* this incantation is followed by the “Tianpeng zhou.” The passage from the *Zhen’gao* is quoted in YJQQ 45.16a–18a, where it is stated that the two incantations derive from the Shangqing tradition, and that the Zhengyi corpus also includes them. The relationship with the Zhengyi tradition is confirmed in the present book by the fact that the transmission of a series of fu is described as taking place within the tradition of the Heavenly Masters 天師門下 (8.1b; see also 1413 *Beidi fumo jing fa jiantan yi* on the list of Heavenly Masters invited in this ritual).

The Shangqing 上清 texts quoted by title include 1356 *Shangqing gaoshang miemo yudi shenhui yuqing yinshu* (1.19b) and 1366 *Shangqing tianguan santu jing* (1.13a). Both texts contain versions of the names of the Six Heavens of Fengdu and appear to be the sources for the first version of this incantation in the present book (1.13a–15a). Our book, however, also incorporates a good deal of material from Lingbao 靈寶 rituals of the Tang or Song dynasties, for instance, 181 *Taishang jiuzhen miaojie jinlu duming bazui miaojing* and 75 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo ganlu shengtian shenzhou miaojing*, which are combined to make up most of juan 6. Note also the occasional references to elements of the Dongyuan tradition, for instance the *Sanmei jiangjun* 三昧將軍 (9.1a), as well as the correspondence between 4.1a–2b and 53 *Taishang dongyuan beidi tianpeng huming xiaozai shenzhou miaojing* 1a–2b. The syncretic character of the book is reflected in the series of legends concerning the early practitioners of the tradition found in 1.18b–20b. It begins with TAO HONGJING, continues with Zhang Daoling 張道陵 and Wang Yuan 王遠, and ends with Zheng Siyuan 鄭思遠 (ZHENG YIN) and GE XUAN.

The book takes the form of a scripture set forth by the supreme deity, in the setting of an assembly of the gods before Yuanshi tianzun. Questioned by the Zhenren of Wondrous Actions (Miaoxing zhenren 妙行真人), the deity describes the topology of the northern sky presided over by Beidi, and of the underworld situated below, that is, Mount Fengdu with its six palaces governed by the demon kings of the Six Heavens (Liutian mowang 六天魔王). Further asked about the ways of avoiding the harmful influences from this underworld, Yuanshi tianzun orders Beidi to descend with his army into the world in order to deal with the matter. As a result, the present book is

transmitted into the world, and the majority of its methods are presented as the sayings of Beidi. The six harmful effects caused by the demon kings of the Six Heavens are described (1.12a–b), but it is understood that by means of the methods of the book these forces can be turned to a protective use (see for instance 10.2a).

The purpose of the methods is mainly exorcistic and for the benefit of the living, from the healing of sickness and protection against the dangers of childbirth to the control of insect pests (1.9a–12a). In addition, a series of elements of the funeral liturgy makes up juan 6. It is explained that the incantations of the book should be accomplished as part of larger services, notably comprising the construction of an altar for the seven stars of the Dipper (*qiyuan tan* 七元壇) and an Offering (*jiaoji* 醮祭) to the lords of the stars (see, e.g., 1.9b–10b). Descriptions of methods of the *jiao* (including the *jiao* that accompanies the transmission of this book) are found in juan 9 and 10. Note also the ritual framework for the recitation of this scripture, described in two separate texts, 1413 *Beidi fumo jing fa jiantan yi* and 1414 *Fumo jing tan xieen jiaoyi*.

The present work is in several respects close to the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法. See, for instance, the first version of the “Tianpeng zhou 天蓬咒” found in the book, in which each four characters of the incantation is associated with a particular deity or group of deities (1.16a–17b). This interpretation of the spell is also found in 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* 3.18b–28b, where the deities are further represented by fu. It would appear that the tradition of the present book served as a source for the Tianxin zhengfa, and it may be significant that the preface to 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* (1a) states that Mount Huagai 華蓋山, the place of origin of a part of the Tianxin zhengfa, was earlier the site of the appearance into the world of the *Fumo jing*.

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Poul Andersen

Beidi fumo jing fa jiantan yi 北帝伏魔經法建壇儀

19 fols.

By Lu Zhongling 盧中苓; Ming (1368–1644)?

1413 (fasc. 1054)

“Ritual for the Construction of the Altar [according to the] Method of the Scripture for Subduing Demons of the Emperor of the North.” Both this and the following ritual (1414 *Fumo jing tan xieen jiaoyi*) belong together with the preceding scripture, 1412 *Taishang yuanshi tianzun shuo beidi fumo shenzhou miaojing*. The scripture has a postscript entitled “Arcane Instructions for the Recitation of the Scripture” (Songjing xuanjue 誦經玄訣), which states that in addition to the rite of Announcement (*fu*

wenzi 發文字) in the early morning and the subsequent optional recitation, the main recitation ceremony includes two major rituals: the construction of the altar (*jiantan* 建壇), performed after midday and comprising the actual recitation, and the concluding presentation of offerings to the deities (*shejiao* 設醮), performed in the evening.

It is clear that the present ritual and the presentation of offerings were created especially to fulfill these functions. The two texts are presumably contemporary, and on the evidence found in the presentation of offerings, they may be dated as later than 1377. Both rituals contain invitations of the divine masters (5a–b and 1414 *Jiaoyi* 1b–2a), opening with the two zhenren Sun 孫 and Min 閔, who are referred to as the founders of the tradition (*qijiao* 啓教), and continuing with the Thirtieth Heavenly Master, Zhang Jixian 張繼先 (1092–1126). In the offering ritual he is followed by a whole series of Heavenly Masters, up to the Forty-second, Zhang Zhengchang 張正常 (1335–1377).

The present book contains descriptions of many visualization practices used in connection with the construction of the altar and during the recitation of the *Fumo jing* (10a, 11a–b, 15b–18a). The altar has three levels (*sanji tan* 三級壇), corresponding to the three levels of Heaven, and a special seat is reserved on it for Beidi, who is identified as the Patriarch of the Subduing of Demons (Fumo zushi 伏魔祖師; 3a, 11a). During his recitation, the priest is seated in the way of Yuanshi tianzun, who lectures the host of deities inside the precious pearl, like the Most High upon the Jade Throne (*yuju* 玉局; 15a). The whole ceremony of recitation is termed a Retreat (*zhai* 齋), and it includes the announcement of the purpose of the *zhai* (*xuanyi* 宣意; 8b).

Poul Andersen

Fumo jing tan xieen jiaoyi 伏魔經壇謝恩醮儀

10 fols.

Ming (1368–1644)?

1414 (fasc. 1054)

“Offering Ritual of Thanksgiving, of the Altar for [the Recitation of] the Scripture for Subduing Demons.” See 1413 *Beidi fumo jing fa jiantan yi*.

Poul Andersen

Beidi shuo huoluo qiyuan jing 北帝說豁落七元經

10 fols.

Ming (1368–1644)?

1415

Qiyuan zhen jueyu quyi bijing 七元真訣語驅疫祕經

5 fols.

1416

Qiyuan xuanji zhaomo pinjing 七元璇璣召魔品經

3 fols.

1417

Yuanshi shuo du Fengdu jing 元始說度酆都經

5 fols.

1418

Qiyuan zhaomo fu liutian shenzhou jing 七元召魔伏六天神咒經

12 fols.

1419

Qiyuan zhenren shuo shenzhen lingfu jing 七元真人說神真靈符經

9 fols.

1420 (fasc. 1055)

These six texts deal with the war waged by the Emperor of the North against the demonic forces of Fengdu 酆都, or the Six Heavens. His strategy, transmitted by the Heavenly Worthy in the first year of the mythical Longhan era—a *jiawu* 甲午 year (1417 *Qiyuan xuanji zhaomo pinjing* 1b)—and subsequently transmitted to the Heavenly Master, consists essentially in the use of the spirits of the seven stars of the Big Dipper. These spirits, called the Seven Zhenren, or the Zhenren of the Seven Principles, could be summoned by means of fu such as the *huoluo fu* 豁落符 of the Shangqing 上清 tradition and then dispatched to drive away the “demon officers” (*guiguan* 鬼官; the term is used in all but 1420 *Qiyuan zhenren shuo shenzhen lingfu jing*) who cause epidemics (cf. 1416 *Qiyuan zhen jueyu quyi bijing*) and other disorders.

Reference is frequently made to the establishment of the Altar of the Seven Principles, or of the Northern Bushel (1415 *Beidi shuo huoluo qiyuan jing* 5a; 1418 *Yuanshi shuo du Fengdu jing* 2b; 1419 *Qiyuan zhaomo fu liutian shenzhou jing* 1b; 1420 *Lingfu jing* 5b). At the altar, officiants “Pace the Mainstay” (*bugang* 步綱), recite “divine formulas” (*shenzhou* 神咒), dispatch “red memorials” (*zhuzhang/biao* 朱章表), and make offerings (*jiaoji/xie* 醮祭謝). The officiants are known variously as “Taoist master of the Three Caverns,” “Taoist master of the latter days,” “male/female officer,” or “libationer.” The “Shangqing Taoist,” who lives as a hermit in the mountains, seems to form a separate category (1420 *Lingfu jing* 1a). The preeminent role accorded to the lords and the qi of the Three and the Five (which appear in all but 1420 *Lingfu jing*) confirms the close relationship of these texts to the Heavenly Master movement.

Yoshioka Yoshitoyo (“*Sandō hōdō kakai gihan*,” 52–53) rightly draws attention to the similarity between these texts and those in 335 *Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing*, but since the latter work did not assume its present form before the early ninth century, the similarity is hardly a reason for dating these texts to the late Six Dynasties (220–589).

Yoshioka's other argument for a Six Dynasties date is even less acceptable, for though it is true that the Seven Zhenren appear in 1125 *Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi*, there is nothing else to link the exorcistic Taoism of these texts to the monastic Taoism of that work.

Other features suggesting a late Tang (618–907) or even a Northern Song (960–1127) date are the role of the Emperor of the North himself and the references to “destiny-money” (*mingcai* 命財; 1416 3a), to “money and horses” (1415 6b; 1418 4a), and to the Black Killer, Heisha 黑殺 (1418 3a; 1420 2b).

John Lagerwey

Zhenwu lingying hushi xiaozai miezui baochan 真武靈應護世消災滅罪寶懺
6 fols.

Song dynasty (960–1279)

814 (fasc. 567)

“Litany of the Spirit of the North, for the Extirpation of Sins.” This ritual is cognate with 1412 *Taishang yuanshi tianzun shuo beidi fumo shenzhou miaojing* and the following liturgies (1413–1414) since in the present text (1a), the Heavenly Worthy says: “Therefore I revealed the *Fumo jingfa* 伏魔經法.” However, there are no textual correspondences. The present ritual prescribes abstinence and acts of devotion (*chizhai* 持齋) on specific days of the year and the month (2a).

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang shuo ziwei shenbing huguo xiaomo jing

太上說紫微神兵護國消魔經

3 fols.

Song dynasty (960–1279)

655 (fasc. 343)

“Scripture of Quelling Demons, by the Divine Soldiers for the Protection of the State, spoken by the Most High.” This is a short text in honor of Zhenwu 真武, the great exorcist spirit of the North (Ziwei 紫微), and divine protector (*huguo* 護國) of the Song empire. The text writes *zhen* 真 for *xuan* 玄, not only for the name of the god, but in such instances as the names of the three primordial pneumata *xuan* 玄, *yuan* 元, and *shi* 始, here named *zhen*. (1b.8). It is therefore a Song text, notwithstanding the title of the god given on 3a, which dates to the Yuan (1279–1368).

The present scripture relates the story of Zhenwu, his merits as an exorcist, and his appointment as protector of the state.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang shuo Xuantian dasheng zhenwu benchuan shenzhou miaojing

太上說玄天大聖真武本傳神咒妙經

11 fols.

775 (fasc. 556)

“Scripture of the Divine Spell Personally Transmitted by Zhenwu, Great Saint of the Dark Heaven, and Spoken by the Most High.” The compilers of the Ming canon of 1445 placed this work in the *pulu* 譜錄 section of the Dongshen 洞神 division, assuming no doubt that it was a biography (*benzhuan* 本傳). The text, however, only mentions the Zhenwu 真武 legend in passing and focuses on his worship. The commentary of the present text by Chen Zhong 陳公 (754 *Taishang shuo Xuantian dasheng*) explains that the divine spell (6a–b) was transmitted by the god personally; hence the title. Chen also seems to indicate that this text was revealed by planchette in 1184, to be recited by the Taoists of the age, according to an equally revealed text titled *Xuandi shilu* 玄帝實錄 (1.4b–5a). The *Xuandi shilu*, qualified by Chen as “recent” (4b), must indeed be of a later date, as it features the Yuan title for Xuandi (see 961 *Xuantian shangdi qisheng lingyi lu* 9a).

The present work does not observe the Song (960–1279) taboo on the character *xuan* 玄 and in every respect appears to be a modern popular book. It begins with a hymn in seven-character verses and is in general narrative in nature.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang shuo Xuantian dasheng zhenwu benchuan shenzhou miaojing

太上說玄天大聖真武本傳神咒妙經

6 juan

By Chen Zhong 陳公, *hao* Tianfang zi 田方子; Yuan (1279–1368)?

754 (fasc. 530–531)

“Commentary on the Scriptures of the Divine Spell.” This text bears the same title as the scripture it takes as its subject. The author is unknown beyond this work. The mention of the ordination title of Shengxuan neijiao dizi 昇玄內教弟子 is surprising for someone who certainly lived after the Song (960–1279) period (see 3a), and who calls himself “a man from the market,” *chanren* 塵人, to indicate his place of origin.

It is equally surprising to find such a thorough and long commentary on what was certainly a popular text. Chen eclectically quotes a wide range of works, from the classics to modern Taoist scriptures.

Kristofer Schipper

Beiji zhenwu puci dushi fachan 北極真武普慈度世法懺

10 juan

Ming (1368–1644)

815 (fasc. 567)

“Litany of Salvation by the True Warrior of the North Pole of Universal Compassion.” In this text, the canonization title of Zhenwu is given on page 1.3b as Beiji zhentian yousheng zhushun zhenwu lingying fude zhenjun 北極鎮天佑聖助順真武靈應福德真君, followed by the Taoist title, Yuxu shixiang Xuantian shangdi 玉虛師相玄天上帝. On the same page, the legend of the recluse of the Wudang shan 武當山 is recalled: during forty-two years Xuantian shangdi underwent eighty-one transformations, and it is stated that the god became united with the constellations of Xuanwu 玄武. Therefore, although the canonization title is of Song (960–1279) date (see 962 *Wudang fudi zongzhen ji* 3.1a), the remainder of the titles are Yuan (1279–1368) or Ming, with a greater likelihood for the latter dating.

Kristofer Schipper

Beiji zhenwu yousheng zhenjun liwen 北極真武佑聖真君禮文

12 fols.

Ming (1368–1644)

816 (fasc. 567)

“Rite of Homage to the True Warrior of the North Pole, True Lord of Saintly Succor.” This text is cognate with the previous 815 *Beiji zhenwu puci dushi fachan*. It gives the god the title of Yuxu shixiang Xuantian shangdi 玉虛師相玄天上帝 (1a). The various acts of grace are intermingled with descriptive poems in seven-character verse of a distinctly vernacular flavor. In this the text resembles a Precious Scroll (*baojuan* 寶卷).

Kristofer Schipper

Yuanshi tianzun shuo beifang zhenwu miaojing 元始天尊說北方真武妙經

7 fols.

Ming (1368–1644)

27 (fasc. 27)

“Marvelous Book of the Perfected Warrior of the North.” This title is a popular scripture, otherwise unknown, for the cult of Xuantian shangdi 玄天上帝, the divine protector of the Ming dynasty. The legend of his forty-two years of ascetic practice on the Wudang shan 武當山 is mentioned on 3a.

The text opens with a hymn in seven-character verse in the style of the vernacular incantations of modern popular ritual.

Kristofer Schipper



FIGURE 69. The Emperor of the Pole Star (1215 8b–9a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1198)

Taishang beiji fumo shenzhou shagui lu 太上北極伏魔神咒殺鬼錄

20 fols.

Ming (1368–1644)

1215 (fasc. 879)

“Register of the Lord of the North Pole [Star] Who Subdues Demons and Whose Divine Spells Kill Ghosts.” Like 1214 *Gaoshang dadong Wenchang silu ziyang baolu*, which precedes this work in the Ming *Daozang* of 1445, the present register was issued by the Longhu shan 龍虎山 headquarters of the Heavenly Masters and is signed by Zhang Yuqing 張宇清 (d. 1427), Heavenly Master of the forty-fourth generation (19b).

The register is followed by an illustration representing the Emperor of the Pole Star as ruler of the Fengdu 酆都 hells in the North (8b; fig. 69) with the seven stars of the Dipper (7b–8a). The text also gives the secret names of the residences of the devils in Fengdu (Fengdu liugong 酆都六宮), as a requisite for subduing them.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang xuantian zhenwu wushang jiangjun lu 太上玄天真武無上將軍錄

9 fols.

1213 (fasc. 879)

“Register of the Supreme General, the Real Warrior of the Most High Black Heaven.” This is a protective talismanic *lu*, issued for a fee to lay believers by the Heavenly Masters of the Longhu shan 龍虎山. The present version is reproduced from a printed copy (8a) distributed under the Forty-fourth Heavenly Master, Zhang Yuqing 張宇清 (d. 1427).



FIGURE 70. Xuantian zhenwu (1213 1b). Ming reprint of 1398. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1196)

concerning the cult of the Seven Primordial Shiners (*huoluo qiyan* 豁落七元), the present work could well be connected with these ritual texts.

The attestation of transmission is illustrated by an image of Zhenwu 真武 (fig. 70). The register itself is coupled with a large talisman and accompanied by several exorcistic spells. A number of other documents linked to the transmission are appended.

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Taishang ziwei zhongtian qiyuan zhenjing

太上紫微中天七元真經

4 fols.

1421 (fasc. 1055)

“True Scripture of the Seven Primordial [Luminaries] at the Center of Heaven.” A short text with spells to invoke the seven stars of the Dipper constellation, which governs the universe. This text was doubtlessly intended for the rituals of the Dipper Lamp (*doudeng* 斗燈) for the preservation of life and the avoidance of calamities. Coming right after the series 1415 *Beidi shou huoluo qiyan jing*, 1416 *Qiyuan zhen jueyu quyi bijing*, 1417 *Qiyuan xuanji zhaomo pinjing*, 1418 *Yuanshi shuo du Fengdu jing*, 1419 *Qiyuan zhaomo fu liutian shenzhou jing*, and 1420 *Qiyuan zhenren shuo shenzhen lingfu jing*,

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Taishang jiutian yanxiang di'e sisheng miaojing

太上九天延祥滌厄四聖妙經

14 fols.

Fourteenth century (?)

26 (fasc. 27)

“Most High Miraculous Scripture of the Four Saints in the Nine Heavens Who Grant Good Fortune and Dispel Distress.” The Four Saints (*sisheng* 四聖), Tianpeng 天蓬, Tianyou 天猷, Yisheng 翊聖 (previously Heisha 黑殺), and Zhenwu 真武, signify a constellation around the North Pole, to which special exorcistic powers are ascribed. Their significance is attested by the role that the *sisheng* acquire in the modern exorcistic Taoist schools of the Song (960–1279) period (see, e.g., 1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* 7.34b–35a). At least as early as the tenth century, there

existed officially maintained places of worship to this constellation of four (see, e.g., 958 *Xuantian shangdi qisheng lu* 2.13a–b).

Judging by the honorary titles that the deities bear in this work, meant for recitation, the text in its present form could not have been written prior to 1306 (cf. Zhenwu's title on page 2b with 961 *Xuantian shangdi qisheng lingyi lu* 10b).

The work comprises several talismans that were to be hung in the house to obtain the deities' assistance, as well as instructions for the ritual recitation of the scripture, for which up to forty-nine Zhengyi daoshi 正一道士 could be invited.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Xuantian shangdi baizi shengbao 玄天上帝百字聖號

56 fols.

1482 (fasc. 1108)

“Holy Appellations in One Hundred Characters of the Emperor of the Dark Heaven.” This title constitutes the introduction to the main work, the “All-Responding Oracle Slips of the Emperor of the Dark Heaven” (*Xuantian shangdi ganying lingqian* 玄天上帝感應靈籤; 2b).

The oracles collected here are of the kind commonly used in temples for divination through oracle slips (*lingqian* 靈籤). Besides the hundred-characters appellation, the introduction also includes a eulogy of the True Warrior, Zhenwu 真武 (1a–b), identified from the Yuan (1279–1368) onward with the Emperor of the Dark Heaven. The eulogy, which the present work attributes to the Song emperor Renzong (r. 1023–1063), is also included in 958 *Xuantian shangdi qisheng lu* 8.24b, which names 1184 as the date of the first apparition of the Emperor of the Dark Heaven (1.21a).

If the present collection was indeed written in connection with the cult of this deity, it is not likely that it was compiled before the late Song (960–1279). The existence of a slightly different version in 1298 *Sisheng zhenjun lingqian* suggests, however, that some of its elements may date from an earlier period. The present edition was revised in 1607 by Zhang Guoxiang 張國祥 for the publication of the supplement to the canon, the *Xu Daozang* 續道藏.

The work contains forty-nine numbered oracles, allowing the user seeking divination to select the oracle corresponding to the number on the slip previously drawn. The oracles then indicate their auspicious or inauspicious nature, a holy counsel (*shengyi* 聖意) in four verses of seven characters, a set of prognostics in verse ordered by categories, and finally, a comment (*jie* 解) in prose.

Marc Kalinowski

Xuantian shangdi shuo bao fumu enzhong jing 玄天上帝說報父母恩重經

3 fols.

By ZHAO YIZHEN 趙宜真 (d. 1382)

663 (fasc. 345)

“Scripture on the Recompense for Parental Kindness, Spoken by Xuantian Shangdi.” The present text consists of the actual scripture (*jing* 經), an invocatory formula with the canonical titles (*shenghao* 聖號) for Zhenwu 真武, and an explanatory postface by ZHAO YIZHEN (for biographical details on Zhao, see 1071 *Yuanyang zi fayu* and Schipper, “Master Chao I-chen”). It is stated in this work that Taiqing dadi 泰清大帝 after his eighty-second physical transformation proclaimed this scripture as Xuantian shangdi 玄天上帝 to express gratitude to his parents. The 1224 *Daomen dingzhi* 5.9b prescribes the recitation of a *Zhenwu lingying zhenjun bao fumu ende jing* 真武靈應真君報父母恩德經 in one juan within the *huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋 Retreat, probably referring to the text of the present *jing*.

Concerning the *shenghao*, Zhao explains a practice by pious sons and daughters, who during a three-year period of fasting (corresponding to the feeding period for infants) recite the litany of these titles 18,000 times (corresponding to the number of sections, *pianmu* 篇目, in the complete canon of Taoist scriptures).

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Xuantian shangdi qisheng lu 玄天上帝啓聖錄

8 juan

Yuan (1279–1368)?

958 (fasc. 606–608)

“Record of the Epiphany of the Supreme Ancestor of the Dark Heaven.” This title represents a comprehensive hagiography of the God of the North. The appellation “Xuantian shangdi 玄天上帝” is part of the imperial canonization bestowed on the saint under the Yuan in 1303, “Yuansheng renwei xuantian shangdi 元聖仁威玄天上帝.” The present work has neither preface nor colophon, but on page 1.5a there is a commentary, dated 1291, quoting the 962 *Wudang fudi zongzhen ji* (2.14b) by Liu Daoming 劉道明. In a general manner, the present hagiography appears to be inspired by the *Zongzhen ji*. Some episodes seem to have been taken from other sources, such as the one signed by Dong Suhuang 董素皇, *hao* Feixia lingguang zhenren 飛霞靈光真人, dated 1184 (1.20b–21b). The work contains no datable materials from the Ming (1368–1644); it probably belongs to the Yuan period (1279–1368).

The narratives concern the deeds of the saint, his life on earth, and his posthumous miracles. The bulk of the stories date from the Tang, Five Dynasties, and both Song periods (seventh through thirteenth centuries). The beginning of the work retraces the saint’s life, from his birth, his youth, through awakening, to his ascent to Heaven



FIGURE 71. Apparition of Xuantian shangdi above the summit of Wudang shan in 1413 (959 16a–b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/952)

(1.10a). The stories of his later manifestations all are highly moral in tone but set in a distinctly Taoist context.

Kristofer Schipper

Da Ming xuantian shengdi ruiying tulu 大明玄天上帝瑞應圖錄

25 fols.

959 (fasc. 608)

“Illustrated Album on the Auspicious Miracles Performed by the Supreme Emperor of the Dark Heaven.” Xuantian shangdi 玄天上帝 (Xuanwu 玄武) was reputed to have assisted the founder of the Ming dynasty (1368–1644) in his rise to power and therefore became the patron saint of the empire. The present hagiography reproduces a series of decrees by the Yongle emperor (r. 1403–1424), attesting to his devotion to the deity and to his support of the great complex of sanctuaries on Wudang shan 武當山.

The richly illustrated text further features a series of apparitions of Xuantian shangdi at Wudang shan between 1412 and 1413 (see fig. 71). The manifestations are again in response to Yongle’s devotion and temple-building activities and give evidence of the tutelary god’s active support of the dynasty.

Caroline Gyss-Vermande

Xuantian shangdi qisheng lingyi lu 玄天上帝啓聖靈異錄

18 fols.

Ming dynasty (1368–1644)

961 (fasc. 608)

“Records of the Miraculous Manifestations that Occurred in Response to the Worship of the Supreme Emperor of the Dark Heaven.” This title is a collection of Yuan (1279–1368) inscriptions, petitions, decrees, and prefaces written between 1270 and 1326. The author is unknown. The first two texts, inscriptions for the founding of the Zhenwu miao 真武廟 and the Zhaoying gong 昭應宮 temples in Peking, both dedicated to the saint, are dated 1270 and written by the Hanlin academician Xu Shilong 徐世隆 (1206–1285). The temples were founded by order of Kublai Khan in response to the miraculous appearances, in 1268 and 1269 respectively, of a turtle and a snake in the vicinity of the town. This was regarded as an auspicious omen for the Yuan dynasty.

An inscription by Cheng Jufu 程鉅夫 (1249–1346), dated 1315, concerns the founding of the great Tianyi zhenqing wanhou gong 天一眞慶萬壽宮 temple on Mount Wudang by Emperor Renzong (r. 1312–1320), on the initiative of the daoshi ZHANG SHOUQING. Cheng relates the beginning of the cult on Mount Wudang 武當山 during the Zhenguang era (627–649) and the stages of its development.

Next come the decrees for canonization: in 1304 for the saint himself, with the title Xuantian yuansheng renwei shangdi 玄天元聖仁威上帝 (10b); in 1314, for his parents and for ZHANG SHOUQING; in 1325 for the turtle and the snake.

The present work also retains a certain number of prefaces of illustrated tracts published by ZHANG SHOUQING. The authors are the Thirty-eighth Heavenly Master, Zhang Yucai 張與材 (1312); WU QUANJIE, patriarch of the Xuanjiao school (1314); the academician Zhang Zhongshou 張仲壽 (1322); ZHAO MENGFU (1312); the academician Zhao Bian 趙抃 (1312); Yu Ji 虞集 (1312); and Bao Siyi 鮑思義 (1311).

Caroline Gyss-Vermande

Zhenwu lingying zhenjun zengshang yousheng zunhao cewen

真武靈應眞君增上佑聖尊號冊文

2 fols.

By Emperor Huizong 徽宗 of the Song; 1108

776 (fasc. 556)

“Imperial Order Upgrading the [Canonical] Title of Zhenwu Lingying Zhenjun with [the Epithet] Yousheng.” This canonization by Song Huizong (r. 1100–1125) was granted in 1108 in response to a memorial presented by Yu Shen 余深 (d. 1132). In the same month, a Lingbao Golden Register Liturgy (*Jinlu lingbao daochang yifan* 金錄靈寶道場儀範) was also published (see *Song shi* 20.380).

Kristofer Schipper

Yuzhi Zhenwu miao bei 御製真武廟碑

3 fols.

By Emperor Ming Chengzu 明成祖; 1415

960 (fasc. 608)

“Imperial Stele Inscription for the Zhenwu Temple.” This commemorative inscription by the Yongle emperor for the foundation of the Zhenwu miao 真武廟 temple in Peking is dedicated to the Supreme Emperor of the Dark Heaven (Xuantian shangdi 玄天上帝). The text is appended to 959 *Da Ming xuantian shangdi ruiying tulu*.

Kristofer Schipper

Wudang fudi zongzhen ji 武當福地總眞集

3 juan

By Liu Daoming 劉道明; hao Dongyang zi 洞陽子; 1291

962 (fasc. 609)

“Comprehensive Collection of True [Facts] concerning the Land of Bliss of Wudang.” This work is a gazetteer of the holy mountain Wudang 武當山 and its cult of Zhenwu 真武, or Xuandi 玄帝. There is a preface by the author, dated 1291, and a postface, dated 1301, by Lü Shishun 呂師順, a retired official.

Liu was named superintendent (*tidian* 提點) of the imperial foundations of the Wudang shan in 1286 (1b). His monograph covers the geography (juan 1 and 2), as well as the history of the cult (juan 3). It contains much valuable information, and quotes a number of sources that are lost today, such as the *Xuandi zhuanji* 玄帝傳記 (3.2b–12b).

Kristofer Schipper

3.B.11 The Wenchang Cult

The worship of Wenchang 文昌, patron of students, literati, and officials, originated as a local nature cult in the mountains of Zitong 梓潼 in northern Sichuan. An ancient god of Zitong appears in the fourth-century *Huayang guozhi* (91) as a serpentine Thunder deity. Situated on the road to Shu 蜀, the cult received imperial recognition by the two Tang emperors exiled to Sichuan, Xuanzong (r. 712–756) and Xizong (r. 873–888). The Divine Lord of Zitong’s 梓潼帝君 transformation into Wenchang and the spread of the cult throughout China were stimulated by a series of apparitions and manifestations under the Northern Song (960–1127). In 1181, the medium Liu

Ansheng 劉安勝 recorded the god's revelations by means of spirit writing (*fujī* 扶乩). The text thus obtained is an early specimen of the morality book (*shanshu* 善書) genre, in the guise of the god's autobiography, or "Book of Transformations" (*Huashu* 化書; see Kleeman, *A god's own tale*).

This twelfth-century *Huashu* is at the foundation of the small scriptural corpus associated with the Wenchang cult as transmitted in the *Daozang*. The *Daozang* version, 170 *Zitong dijun huashu*, a Yuan (1279–1368) recension, is followed here by a Ming (1368–1644) compilation of related hagiographic material, 169 *Qinghe neizhuan*. Two scriptures, 28 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo Zitong dijun yingyan jing* and 29 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo Zitong dijun benyuan jing*, probably dating to the thirteenth century, feature the Lord of Zitong in audience with Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning, discussing his mission as savior and keeper of the Cinnamon Record, in which the names and careers of scholar-officials were inscribed. The section concludes with an illustrated *lu*-籙 register for Wenchang adepts.

Zitong dijun huashu 梓潼帝君化書

4 juan

Presented in 1316

170 (fasc. 74)

"Book of Transformations of the Divine Lord of Zitong." This title constitutes a first person account, revealed through planchette, of the avatars and divine offices of the god eventually appointed Wenchang, god of literature and patron of examination candidates.

The "Book of Transformations" survives in two recensions, one from the Southern Song entitled *Wendi huashu* 文帝化書, reprinted in *Daozang jiyao* ("Xing 星"), and the present *Daozang* text from the Yuan (1279–1368). Prefaces to the *Wendi huashu* record that the first seventy-three episodes (*hua* 化) were revealed to a medium named Liu Ansheng 劉安勝 and three of his kinsmen in a temple on the otherwise unknown Baoping shan 寶屏山 near Chengdu, Sichuan, in 1181, and that the next twenty-one episodes were revealed in 1194. Internal evidence shows that the last three episodes date from around 1267. The preface to the *Daozang* edition states that at the beginning of the fourteenth century there were northern and southern editions in circulation. The recension presented to the Yuan emperor in 1316, at the time of the ennoblement of the Divine Lord of Zitong as Wenchang, was based on the northern edition, but had been revised by the Divine Lord. Comparison of the two recensions reveals that this revision primarily involved emending or deleting passages unfavorable to non-Chinese peoples and rearranging the text to fill the gaps. All other editions of the work, including those in Wenchang collectanea like *Wendi quanshu* 文帝全書 (preface 1775; edited by Liu Tishu 劉體恕) seem to be of the Southern Song (1127–1279) version

(e.g., Pelliot B1374, British Library 15113.b.4 and 5113.b.8). The earliest extant edition seems to be the one from 1645 in the Naikaku Bunkō 內閣文庫 and at Harvard (discussed in Sakai Tadao, *Chūgoku zensho*, 412).

A number of other texts were revealed to Liu Ansheng 劉安勝 during these spirit-writing sessions in the latter half of the twelfth century, including an earlier recension of 5 *Taishang wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing* (1168), 169 *Qinghe neizhuan* (1168–1181), and 1214 *Gaoshang dadong Wenchang silu ziyang baolu* (1181).

The *Huashu* is an early example of the morality book genre. Through concrete examples drawn from his many temporal and divine incarnations, the Divine Lord teaches basic virtues such as filial piety, loyalty to the state, honesty, and compassion. Many, but not all, episodes center on appropriate behavior for officials, reflecting the important role of aspiring officials in the cult. The work is unique in its first-person viewpoint and its emphasis on the Sichuan region.

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Terry Kleeman

Qinghe neizhuan 清河內傳

18 fols.

Ming (1368–1644) compilation; original revelation between 1168 and 1177

169 (fasc. 73)

"Secret Biography of Qinghe." This short autobiography, revealed by planchette, of one of the incarnations of the Divine Lord of Zitong (*Zitong dijun* 梓潼帝君), is followed by documents concerning the god and his cult and several ethical treatises. During the Western Jin (265–316), the god is born to the Old Man of Qinghe 清河 (i.e., Zhang Daoling 張道陵, see 1463 *Han tianshi shijia* 2.5b) and awakens to his divine family in a Cavern-Heaven.

The "Secret Biography" itself was revealed between 1168 and 1177, and was inscribed on a stele in the god's temple in the capital Lin'an 臨安 (modern Hangzhou) in 1177 (see *Liang Zhe jinshi zhi* 9.55b–57a). This text provided the nucleus for the first seventy-three chapters of the *Huashu* 化書, predecessor of 170 *Zitong dijun huashu* (see *Wendi huashu* 文帝化書 15a–b and 86b–87a, in *Daozang jiyao*, "Xing 星"). The preface to 1299 *Xuanzhen lingying baoqian* states that the "Secret Biography" was revealed at Shuang-song 雙松, a place otherwise unknown but probably to be identified with Baoping shan, where most of the Wenchang 文昌 scriptures were revealed (see the abstract for 170 *Huashu*). The "Secret Biography" is followed by an ennoblement of the god dated 1265 and ennoblements of members of his family dated 1269. These appointments are different from the twelfth-century ennoblements recorded in *Song huiyao jigao* 1:792.

Next is a Yuan (1279–1368) enfeoffment and a text bestowing a temple placard, dated 1316. The “Exhortation to the Twenty-one Officers” (“Gaoyu ershiyi si wen 告諭二十一司文”) in which the god instructs subordinate officials on the performance of their duties, is also of Yuan date (cf. the reference to Dadu 大都, the Yuan capital). The “Subsidiary Shrine Record” (“Xingci ji 行祠記”) commemorates the construction of a new shrine to the god in Chengdu in 1341. The work concludes with two moral essays that seem to be of early Ming date, the “Tract Encouraging Reverence for Writing Paper” (“Quan jing zizhi wen 勸敬字紙文”) and the “Tract Cautioning Scholars” (“Jie shizi wen 戒士子文”).

Terry Kleeman

Yuanshi tianzun shuo Zitong dijun yingyan jing

元始天尊說梓潼帝君應驗經

4 fols.

Thirteenth century (?)

28 (fasc. 27)

“Scripture of the Responses and Proofs of the Divine Lord of Zitong, expounded by Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning.” At an audience before the Heavenly Worthy, the Divine Lord of Zitong (Zitong dijun 梓潼帝君) vows to save all living creatures from the impending kalpa disasters. The scripture concludes with the divine appellation (*hao* 號) of the Lord of Zitong.

This scripture derives from the Zitong dijun, that is, the Wenchang 文昌 cult, which arose during the Southern Song (1127–1279). A reference to ninety-four transformations (3b) dates the work no earlier than 1194, the date of composition of the last fourteen episodes of the Book of Transformations (170 *Zitong dijun huashu*). Episodes 95–97 of this work date to around 1267; therefore the reference to ninety-four transformations can probably date the present text to the period 1191–1267, but it is possible that the ninety-four chapter recension remained in circulation into the Yuan period (1279–1368). Identification of the Divine Lord with Fenghuang shan 鳳凰山 rather than, as is more common, Qiqu shan 七曲山 may indicate that this text derives from a rival cult center in the Zitong 梓潼 area in northern Sichuan.

The Heavenly Worthy praises the Divine Lord’s repeated incarnations and refers to the Divine Lord’s role as keeper of the Cinnamon Record, which determines one’s fate as an official, as patron of literature, and as savior. He is to save the world by preaching moral transformation through the planchette.

Terry Kleeman

Yuanshi tianzun shuo Zitong dijun benyuan jing

元始天尊說梓潼帝君本願經

12 fols.

After 1194

29 (fasc. 27)

“Scripture of the Original Vow of the Divine Lord of Zitong, as Expounded by the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning.” In his Buddhist-inspired writ, the Divine Lord of Zitong (Zitong dijun 梓潼帝君), better known as Wenchang 文昌, the patron deity of the literati and the examination system (see 170 *Zitong dijun huashu*), is selected by the Heavenly Worthy to save men before the arrival of the impending kalpa disasters.

Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊 presides over an audience at which the declining state of world morality and the impending disasters are discussed. When the Zhenren of Compassionate Salvation (Ciji zhenren 慈濟真人) asks that someone be sent to relieve men in their misery, Yuanshi tianzun suggests a great god of Sichuan named Zitong, who controlled the fate of officials through his Cinnamon Record, had manifested himself in more than ninety transformations, had been entrusted by the Jade Emperor with a *ruyi* 如意 scepter, and had been assigned to convert the populace through the “flying phoenix,” or spirit-writing (2a). The reference to “ninety-odd transformations 九十餘化” dates the text to the period after 1194 (see 170 *Zitong dijun huashu*). Although it most probably was produced during the thirteenth century, before the cult was suppressed at the beginning of the Yuan (1279–1368), it is also possible that the text appeared only after the cult’s revival in the later Yuan. Unlike 28 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo Zitong dijun yingyan jing*, which links the god to an alternate cult-site on Fenghuang shan 鳳凰山 (also near Zitong 梓潼), this scripture clearly links the god to the traditional cult center on Sevenfold Mountain (Qiqu shan 七曲山).

Terry Kleeman

Taishang wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing

太上無極總真文昌大洞仙經

5 juan

Attributed to Wenchang dijun 文昌帝君; revealed in 1168, revised in 1264, with an addition dated 1302

5 (fasc. 16)

“Great Cavern Scripture according to Wenchang.” This text is a ritualized version of the *Dadong jing* (see 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing* and 7 *Dadong yujing*) attributed to the popular saint Wenchang 文昌. The preface is attributed to the saint himself under his canonical name Gengsheng yongming tianzun 更生永命天尊. The saint tells how he once received the visit of three spirits who gave him the *Dadong jing*, together with

an accompanying register (*lu* 錄) and a ritual (*fa* 法). This same preface is given in the commentary to the work: 103 *Yuqing wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing zhu* 2.17a–21a. The commentary version has a few variant readings. The preface in our text here quotes, in an abridged form, a number of passages from 170 *Zitong dijun huashu* (especially from juan 1.3a–b and 1.8a–9a of this hagiography).

In an additional note, beginning on 1.5a5 of the preface, it is written that the saint presented a certain Liu Ansheng 劉安勝 with this version through spirit writing (“jiangbi yu luntai 降筆於鸞臺”) in 1168 and that almost a hundred years later, in 1264, a certain Luoyi zi 羅懿子 received a revised version, presumably also by planchette, at the Mowei dong 摩維洞 grotto on Aotou shan 龍頭山 (southern Sichuan, near Chongqing). The author of the revision was, according to the signature at the beginning of the book, a saint named Taixuan wushang shangde zhenjun 太玄無上上德真君, otherwise unknown. An additional revelation of hymns (*song* 頌) related to the scripture was made in 1302. The saint says, on this occasion: “The *Duren jing* 度人經 and the *Dadong shu* 大同書 are the ancestors of all scriptures. . . . Previously I have written hymns to the *Duren jing*. I have now made those for the *Dadong jing* and order all disciples to print this version and distribute it.”

The major differences of the present version with those of 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing* and 7 *Dadong yujing* can be summarized as follows:

1. There are only thirty-eight stanzas, instead of the traditional thirty-nine, as numbers 10 and 11 have been combined to form a single stanza.
2. The text of the stanzas is given here without additional notes or commentary mentioning the names of the deities of the body and giving their description. From this we may conclude that the stanzas are simply meant to be recited here and were not intended to be accompanied by visualizations.
3. There is an introductory ritual (juan 1 and 2), attributed to the saint Wenchang. This ritual is very similar to that given in 103 *Wenchang dadong xianjing zhu*.
4. Among the textual variations from other versions, stanza number 4 (3.3a) here reads “likan 離坎” instead of “lizi 離子,” and stanza number 26 (5.3b) refers to “canghu jie 倉胡韻,” the name of a pearl (similar to that mentioned in the *Duren jing*).

The stanzas that here occupy juan 3, 4, and 5 are in general closer to those found in the version of 7 *Dadong yujing* than to the version of 6 *Shangqing dadong zhenjing*. It is not clear whether the present text is the “old version” mentioned in 103 *Wenchang dadong xianjing zhu*, as there appear to be many discrepancies with that text, notably in the sequence of the stanzas (in 103 *Dadong xianjing zhu*, 3.13a begins with stanza number 11).

Isabelle Robinet



FIGURE 72. Wenchang dijun and his acolytes (1214 1.1b–2a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1197)



FIGURE 73. Stellar guardian (1214 2.13b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1197)

Gaoshang dadong Wenchang silu ziyang baolu 高上大洞文昌司祿紫陽寶錄

3 juan

Fifteenth century (?)

1214 (fasc. 879)

“Precious Register of Purple Yang of the Career Controller Wenchang of the Highest Category.” The present *lu* is said to have been issued by the Heavenly Masters of the Longhu shan, reproduced from a copy delivered by the Forty-fourth Heavenly Master, Zhang Yuqing 張宇清 (d. 1427; see 3.18a). The certificate of transmission is illustrated with a portrait of Wenchang dijun and his acolytes. The register itself is divided into twenty-four chapters (*pin* 品), and the table of contents is given on 3.17b.

The accompanying images for visualization are of a great variety: generals, scholars, officials, goddesses, and even, in the last chapter (3.11b–12b), eight visions of animals, monsters, and strange situations, which, when seen in a dream, announce great felicity (*yingmeng* 應夢). (See figs. 72–74.) The illustrations of the dream visions are

應虎五斬法



應鬼大



應鹿白



應貓玉



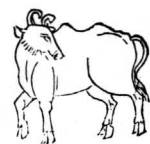
應人三擊怒



應犬黑



應牛黃



應馬白

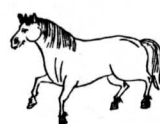


FIGURE 74. Auspicious dream images (1214 3.11b–12b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/1197)

followed by a number of examples of famous men of different periods in history who have owed their successes to this practice.

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3.B.12 The Hongen Lingji Zhenjun Cult

The writings in this section all come from the same temple cult located in central Fujian, in the vicinity of the city of Fuzhou. There, in the Lingji gong 靈濟宮 temple of Aofeng 鰲峰, two historical persons, Xu Zhizheng 徐知證 and Xu Zhi'e 徐知諤, the fourth and fifth sons of Xu Wen 徐溫 (862–927), a statesman under the last emperor of the ephemeral Wu 吳 dynasty (902–937), are still honored today. During the troubled times of the Five Dynasties (907–960), the two brothers settled in Fujian, and some time after their death, they manifested themselves as the True Lords of Vast Mercy and Marvelous Succor (*Hongen lingji zhenjun* 洪恩靈濟真君) through spirit-writing of a very high quality. Fujian during the Song (960–1279) and until the late Ming (1368–1644) was a region of great wealth and high cultural standards. Fuzhou especially was a center of literature and book printing. The fact that this local cult was highly literate was no doubt related to this cultural context. Imperial patronage was

extended to the cult, and subsidiary temples were founded in Nanking and Peking. The acclaim of the writings of the Xu brothers was such that many of them were included in the Taoist canon of 1445 and again in the supplement of 1607.

Xuxian hanzao 徐仙翰藻

14 juan

1468 (fasc. 1083–1085)

“Literary Writings of the Immortal Xu [Brothers].” In the province of Fujian, at Aofeng 鰲峰 near Fuzhou, a spirit-medium cult devoted to two local saints arose in the Northern Song period (960–1279) (see 1.6b in the present text and *Fuzhou fu zhi* 14.24b), continuing until modern times (see *Minhou xian zhi* 17.2a). These two saints are identified with two historical persons of the Five Dynasties period (907–960): Xu Zhizheng 徐知證 and Xu Zhi'e 徐知諤, the fourth and fifth sons of Xu Wen 徐溫 (862–927), a statesman under the last emperor of the Wu 吳 dynasty (902–937) and also the adoptive father of Li Bian 李昉 (alias Xu Zhigao 徐知誥), the first emperor of the equally short-lived Southern Tang dynasty (r. 937–945). When the Southern Tang dynasty was founded, the two brothers received the titles of Jiangwang 江王 and Raowang 饒王.

Among the many books that were produced by the cult of the Xu brothers and included in the Ming *Daozang* of 1445, the present collection is doubtless the earliest. In the edition seen by the authors of the *Siku tiyao* (147.37b–38a), these “literary writings” were originally prefaced, in 1295, by an educational intendant named Zhou Zhuangweng 周莊翁. This preface is lacking in the *Daozang* edition. Indeed, the information in the *Siku tiyao* appears to be problematic, for an essay dedicated to the same Zhou Zhuangweng and dated 1299 is included in the collection (6.5b–7a). The colophon, by a certain Chen Menggen 陳夢根 (14.6b), is dated 1305, and this is also the latest date to be found in the book. It therefore seems probable that the present work was edited during the Yuan (1279–1368) dynasty. It was probably printed only under the Ming (1368–1644), at the same time as the other collection produced by the cult (see the prefaces to 1470 *Xuxian zhenlu*).

All the pieces contained in this collection were “written” by the immortal Xu brothers themselves, by spirit-writing (*luanji* 鸞箕 or *jibi* 箕筆; see 3.13a). The technique made use of a winnow basket.

The collection is classified according to genre: commemorative inscriptions, poems, petitions, letters, and so forth. There are a few discrepancies between the table of contents and the actual text. Certain pieces are missing (e.g., “Shudu 書讀” and “Changming deng shuo 長明燈說” at the end of juan 6). Some pieces of juan 7 are now to be found in juan 9 and vice versa.

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Xuxian zhenlu 徐仙真錄

4 juan

Initially compiled by Huang Heng 黃恒, *hao* Linqiu sanren 林丘散人 (1424); printed by Sun Jingkan 孫景康 (1443); with later additions 1470 (fasc. 1086–1088)

“True Records of the Immortal Xu [Brothers].” As the title makes clear, this is a collection of materials related to the temple and worship of the immortal Xu brothers. The initial editor appears to have been Huang Heng, an old gentlemen from the locality who had been associated with the temple for a long time. He explains this in his own words on 1.8b. There are three prefaces. The earliest is that of Ma Mian 麻勉, member of the Fujian provincial administration commission, dated 1424. Ma visited the temple and met Huang Heng, who showed him his manuscript and asked him to write a preface. At that time, the text had not yet been printed. The second preface, by Zhu Wei 朱徽, dated 1441, relates that the printing in that year was sponsored by Sun Jingkan, the military commander of Fujian. Sun also financed a reprinting two years later, in 1443, and this time asked Wang Yongsheng 王用盛, professor at the Confucius temple in Fuzhou (Minxian ruxue 閩縣儒學) to write a preface. The work does, however, contain much later material, such as a the text of a long imperial inscription for the restoration of the Peking temple (“Yuchi chongxiu Hongen lingji gongbei 御製重修洪恩靈濟宮碑”; 3.6a–13b), dated 1485.

Ma’s preface reports that the first temple was built at Zhiyu 芝嶼 (Aofeng?) in 983. Juan 1 contains the most complete record available on the history of the cult and the different canonizations that were bestowed on the Xu brothers and their temple from Song times onward. Juan 2 contains the rituals that are also found separately in 468–475 *Hongen lingji zhenjun*. Added to these are the oracle slips of the temple, “Hong-en lingji gong zhenjun lingqian 洪恩靈濟宮真君靈籤” (2.76a–95b). Juan 3 and 4 contain materials on the construction of the temples at Aofeng and in Peking under the Yongle emperor (r. 1403–1424), as well as on their disposition and the consecration rituals. Juan 5 contains various records on the temple, including land deeds.

Yuan Bingling and Kristofer Schipper

Zanling ji 贊靈集

4 juan

Ming dynasty (1368–1644)
1469 (fasc. 1085)

“In Praise of the Spirit.” This is a collection of different writings in honor of the immortal Xu 徐 brothers, this time not by the gods themselves, but by various human authors. Juan 1 contains inscriptions (*beiji* 碑記); juan 2, ritual documents; juan 3, prefaces and other literary compositions; and juan 4, poems. The earliest inscriptions

are most informative with regard to the history of the Lingji temple 靈濟宮. In the undated “Lingji gong ji 靈濟宮記” (1.1a1), we learn that the sanctuary was founded on the site of an earlier temple. The Lingji wang ci 靈濟王祠 had been the center of a local cult to an unidentified deity who made use of spirit writing. When the old temple was restored under its new name, divination ascertained the identity of the writing deity, revealed as a spirit by the name of Xu. Later, believers learned that in fact two spirits were involved, the souls of two well-known historical figures, the Xu brothers. Once their identity had been established, written documents poured forth at an astonishing rate. These events are more fully described in the stele inscriptions (dated 1293) that follow the history (“Chongxiu Lingji gong ji 重修靈濟宮記”; 1.9a–12b). The text that was written to accompany a map of the place (“Aofeng shenxiu tu 鰲峰神秀圖”), by Wang Bao 王褒, a local scholar who had been a secretary of the Hanlin academy, is dated 1411. At this time the gods had not yet received the great imperial honors they were to obtain a few years later in 1417.

Among the prefaces there are two unsigned colophons for 1468 *Xuxian hanzao* 徐仙翰藻.

Yuan Bingling

Hongen lingji zhenjun shishi 洪恩靈濟真君實事

9 fols.

Ming dynasty (1368–1644)
476 (fasc. 265)

“Veritable Account of the True Lords of Vast Mercy and Marvelous Succor.” The saints of this title are two historical persons, Xu Zhizheng 徐知證 and Xu Zhi’e 徐知諤, the fourth and fifth sons of the statesman Xu Wen 徐溫 (862–927). On the history of their cult, see also 1468 *Xuxian hanzao*.

The Yongle emperor (r. 1403–1424) was cured from a serious illness thanks to the talismans and remedies emanating from the temple of the Xu brothers. As a token of his gratitude, the emperor had a new temple built for the saints at Aofeng 鰲峰, near present-day Fuzhou (Fujian). The name of the new temple was Lingji gong 靈濟宮, and the two saints received new honorary titles preceded by the epithet “Vast Mercy” (*hongen*). The temple was inaugurated by the Forty-fourth Heavenly Master, Zhang Yuqing 張宇清 (d. 1427). Similar temples were built in the two capitals of Nanking and Peking. Zhang Yuqing conducted a service of universal salvation (*pudu* 普度) with thousands of daoshi at the temple in Nanking (see 1463 *Han tianshi shijia* 3.30a–b).

The present work contains the text of the commemorative stone inscription for the founding of the Lingji gong temple by the Yongle emperor (1a–3a). Next is found a short account of the lives of the immortal Xu brothers and some poetry. Finally, there

is a memorial presented by a certain Master Wang, ordained in the Five Thunder magic Order of the Heavenly Pillar (Tianshu yuan 天樞院; see 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 249). The memorial concerns the performance of certain rituals written by the saints themselves, some of which have been preserved in the *Daozang*, such as 468–473 *Hongen lingji zhenjun yi*, 474 *Hongen lingji zhenjun liyuan wen*, and 475 *Hongen lingji zhenjun qizheng xing dengyi*.

Kristofer Schipper

Lingbao tianzun shuo Hongen lingji zhenjun miaojing

靈寶天尊說洪恩靈濟真君妙經

2 fols. + 3 fasc.

Preface by the Yongle 永樂 emperor; 1420

317 (fasc. 165)

“Book of the True Lords of Vast Mercy and Marvelous Succor, Spoken by the Heavenly Worthy Lingbao.” This small scripture for the cult of the immortal brothers Xu 徐 in northern Fujian recalls through its title and in the text the canonization obtained from the imperial court in 1417 (see 1470 *Xuxian zhenlu* 1.5b). In his preface, the emperor recommends the recitation of this scripture, and its distribution in print. The exalted position given to the present work as first scripture of the Dongxuan 洞玄 division of the Ming *Daozang* of 1445 may well be linked to this imperial patronage. The book is reproduced in 1470 *Xuxian zhenlu* 1.34a–38a. The story of its revelation in Heaven is told in the same work (1.12a).

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Kristofer Schipper

Hongen lingji zhenjun ziran xingdao yi 洪恩靈濟真君自然行道儀

7 fols.

468 (fasc. 264)

Hongen lingji zhenjun jifu suqi yi 洪恩靈濟真君集福宿啓儀

6 fols.

469 (fasc. 264)

Hongen lingji zhenjun jifu zaochao yi 洪恩靈濟真君集福早朝儀

8 fols.

470 (fasc. 264)

Hongen lingji zhenjun jifu wuchao yi 洪恩靈濟真君集福午朝儀

9 fols.

471 (fasc. 264)

Hongen lingji zhenjun jifu wanchao yi 洪恩靈濟真君集福晚朝儀

9 fols.

472 (fasc. 264)

Hongen lingji zhenjun qixie shejiao ke 洪恩靈濟真君祈謝設醮科

9 fols.

473 (fasc. 264)

Hongen lingji zhenjun liyuan wen 洪恩靈濟真君禮願文

Preface 1 fol. + 43 fols.

474 (fasc. 264)

Hongen lingji zhenjun qizheng xing dengyi 洪恩靈濟真君七政星燈儀

16 fols.

Published in 1397

475 (fasc. 265)

“Rituals for the True Lords of Vast Mercy and Marvelous Succor.” This title represents a collection of liturgical rites for the cult of the Hongen lingji zhenjun 洪恩靈濟真君, the two immortal Xu brothers of northern Fujian (see also the article on 1468 *Xuxian hanzao*). According to the “Preface to the Rituals of Zhenjun,” written in 1397 by Ouyang Zhufang 歐陽柱芳 (1469 *Zanling ji* 3.1a–2a), these eight texts were dictated by the immortal brothers themselves.

The first six rituals are for a *jiao* 醮 liturgy. They are in a traditional format, the only remarkable feature being that the two zhenjun occupy the place of the highest gods, and thus replace the Jade Emperor (Yuhuang shangdi 玉皇上帝) at the head of the pantheon at the end of the consecration formula of the incense burner (*fulu* 發爐; see 468 1b).

The votive ritual 474 *Hongen lingji zhenjun liyuan wen* is also reproduced in 1470 *Hongen lingji zhenjun qizheng xing dengyi* (2.16b–45b), as is 475 *Hongen lingji qizheng xing dengyi* (2.45b–60b).

Kristofer Schipper

Hongen lingji zhenjun lingqian 洪恩靈濟真君靈籤

8 fols.

1301 (fasc. 1011)

“Oracle Slips of the True Lords of Vast Mercy and Marvelous Succor.” This is a collection of oracles used for divination through oracle slips (*lingqian* 靈籤). Hongen

lingji zhenjun 洪恩靈濟真君 is the title given to the euhemerized figures of the two Xu 徐 brothers. They were model officials of the Southern Tang dynasty (937–975). Their cult appeared in Fujian, where it flourished under the Southern Song (1127–1279). It was later given imperial support during the Ming (1368–1644) dynasty (see 476 *Hongen lingji zhenjun shishi* 1a–6a).

The divination through oracle slips is intimately linked to the cult of the gods governing the oracle, in this case the Lingji zhenjun. The present collection must therefore have originated in one of their temples. Its date is uncertain; it may be as early as the Song (960–1279), or as late as the Ming, when the old temple in Fujian was restored and a new one built in the capital (476 *Hongen lingji zhenjun shishi* 2a, 6a).

Each of the fifty-three oracles has a number that allows one to match it with the number of the slip previously drawn by the believer seeking a divination. Every oracle also indicates its auspicious or inauspicious nature, and provides a poem in four verses of seven characters in a literary style. This style, also used in 1302 *Lingji zhenjun Zhusheng tang lingqian*, distinguishes these two collections from other oracles preserved in the *Daozang*.

Marc Kalinowski

Lingji zhenjun Zhusheng tang lingqian 靈濟真君注生堂靈籤

10 fols.

1302 (fasc. 1012)

“Oracle Slips of the Hall of Recording Births of the True Lords of Marvelous Succor.” This is a collection of oracles used for divination through oracular slips (*lingqian* 靈籤). Its origin and dating are similar to those of 1301 *Hongen lingji zhenjun lingqian*. The present work differs from that text only by the number of oracles, sixty-four in the place of fifty-three. The title indicates that the divination through the slips took place in the Zhusheng tang, or Hall of Recording Births, probably a part of the temple devoted to the Lingji True Lords.

Marc Kalinowski

3.B.13 The Zhenyuan Scriptures

The ten texts that make up this section, scattered in different parts of the Zhengtong canon, share a number of significant characteristics and clearly belong to the same movement. This movement refers to itself as the “True Origin” (Zhenyuan 真元) school. Many of its texts feature this term. Another recurring expression is “Shang-

fang 上方,” the highest sphere among the ten cardinal points: the eight points of the compass, the zenith, and the nadir. Prominent among the practices of the school is the meditation on the ten deities of these ten directions of space. These are the Ten Heavenly Worthies (*tianzun* 天尊), or Ten Buddhas. They constitute the origin of the cosmos. At the same time, the deity of the uppermost direction (*shangfang*) is given the name of “Minghuang 明皇,” and this Minghuang tianzun 明皇天尊 is identified with the Taoist Tang emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756), whose posthumous name was Minghuang (see 436 *Shangfang dadong zhenyuan miaojing pin* 上方大洞真元妙經品). Tang Minghuang thus becomes the supreme deity, the great ancestor, and the revealing spirit of the school.

This mixture of theology and history is characteristic of the Zhenyuan movement. An appendix to 57 *Shangfang tianzun shuo zhenyuan tongxian daoqing* (16a–21a) contains liturgical instructions attributed to a certain Master Shi of the Highest Purity (Taiqing Shi gong 太清時公). This Master Shi may well be Shi Yong 時雍 (fl. 1159), *zi* Yaomin 堯民, the editor of the commentary in 696 *Daode zhenjing quanjie* who is mentioned at the beginning of 437 *Shangfang dadong zhenyuan miaojing tu*. On the other hand, in the appendix to 57 *Zhenyuan tongxian daoqing*, Shi addresses himself to a certain “Ziming 子明,” the *zi*-字 style of the Tang master CHEN SHAOWEI (fl. between 712 and 734). Such anachronisms are plentiful. For instance, both the preface and the text of 696 *Daode zhenjing quanjie* are signed “Shi Yong Xiaoyao 時雍逍遙,” which seems to indicate that Shi Yong’s *hao* was Xiaoyao. A person named Xiaoyao is also one of the patriarchs of the movement that produced the Shangfang texts. The colophon of 436 *Shangfang dadong zhenyuan miaojing pin* cites a Master Shi Xiaoyao speaking to an unidentified Taiqing yuke 太清羽客, and the author calls himself a disciple of Xiaoyao (Xiaoyao menxia 逍遙門下). But 439 *Shangfang dadong zhenyuan tushu jishuo zhongpian* begins with Ziming (CHEN SHAOWEI) saying to Li Fang 李昉, the minister of Song Taizong (r. 976–997): “I once heard Xiaoyao say . . . when I met Master Sima Boyun 司馬白雲 [i.e., SIMA CHENGZHEN (647–735)] on [Mount] Wangwu. . . .” It is clear, then, that the Shangfang movement took great liberties with history, freely mixing historical and divine figures. These features suggest that the Zhenyuan or Shangfang scriptures emanated from a highly syncretistic lay movement within the realm of modern popular Taoism.

Although few in number, some of the texts of this school have been noticed by scholars in modern times and singled out as important documents. For example, the diagrams of 437 *Zhenyuan miaojing tu* have drawn the attention of students of Neo-Confucianism. Feng Yu-lan, in his *History of Chinese Philosophy* (2:438), considers that Zhou Dunyi 周敦頤 (1017–1073) may have been inspired by the schema in 437 *Zhenyuan miaojing tu* for the design of his own Diagram of the Supreme Ultimate (*Taiji tu* 太極圖), since the *Daozang* text, prefaced by the Tang emperor Xuanzong, was of

a much earlier date. As we shall see below, however, that preface cannot be authentic, nor can the Zhenyuan texts be of such an early date.

On the basis of internal evidence, we must conclude that the works under consideration here belong to the Ming dynasty (1368–1644). Some of the indications are specific, such as the use of the title Xuantian shangdi 玄天上帝, the Ming canonical name for Xuanwu 玄武, in 995 *Tuanyuan daomiao dongzhen jipian* 7a. Others are more circumstantial, such as the use of spirit money for an offering to the same deity, or the insistence on female self-immolation. The anachronistic conflation of history and theology in these texts evoke the intellectual and devotional world of the religious novels of the Ming period.

Shangfang tianzun shuo zhenyuan tongxian daojing

上方天尊說真元通仙道經

22 fols.

57 (fasc. 30)

“Scripture of the Tao on the [Deity of the] True Origin Who Attained Immortality, Spoken by the Heavenly Worthy of the High Regions.” The text is divided into three chapters (*pian* 篇). The first, under the title Revelation of the Virtue of the Highest Ultimate (“Taiji jiangde shangpian 太極降德上篇”) describes the hierophany of the Heavenly Worthy of the High Regions as born from the Very Great One Pneuma of the True Origin (*zhenyuan haohao yiqi* 真元浩浩一氣). In the beginning, he pronounced the Ten Names (*shihao* 十號) of the supreme deities of the universe. The second chapter (5a) is titled Virtue’s Return to Simplicity and the Void (“Degui suwu 德歸素無”). It advocates the union of all Taoist scriptures of the canon with the classics of Confucianism (*sanfen zhi dian* 三墳之典). The last chapter, The [God of] True Origin’s Attainment of Immortality (“Zhenyuan tongxian 真元通仙”), tells about the revelation of cosmic texts (*zhang* 章) written in “cloud seal” (*yunzhuān* 雲篆) characters, as instruments for salvation.

An appendix (16a–21a) contains instructions for the ritual practices related to the foregoing revelations. These instructions are attributed to a Master Shi of the Highest Purity (Taiqing Shigong 太清詩公), referring perhaps to Shi Yong 時雍, *zi* Yaomin 堯民, *hao* Xiaoyao 逍遙 (see the introduction to this section).

The ritual practices are (1) the recitation of the Ten Names and (2) the invocation of protective deities by writing on given days the “cloud seal” characters on paper and making “charm water” (*fushui* 符水) with them.

Kristofer Schipper

Shangfang dadong zhenyuan miaojing pin 上方大洞真元妙經品

8 fols.

Preface attributed to Tang Minghuang 明皇 (Emperor Xuanzong, r. 712–756)
436 (fasc. 196)

“Chapters from the Marvelous Scripture of True Origin, the Great Cavern, and the Highest Direction.” In the preface, fictitiously attributed to Tang Minghuang, the emperor relates his awakening to the Tao and its esoteric traditions. It stresses the need to be initiated and to receive the registers and charts (*lu* 籙 and *tu* 圖), as revealed by the Divine Ancestor of the True Origin (Zhenyuan shengzu 真元聖祖) and Heavenly Worthy of the Highest Direction (Shangfang tianzun 上方天尊). The preface quotes from 987 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianguan jing*, a short Tang-period Lingbao scripture. The citation is taken from 5b–6a, but is largely emended and altered to suit the purposes of the present work. The author of the present scripture may have been inspired by the fact that 987 *Lingbao tianguan jing* introduced the Heavenly Worthy of the Ten Directions and gave the Shangfang tianzun the name of Minghuang. From this, he appears to have concluded that this Heavenly Worthy was the same person as the historical Tang Xuanzong, whose posthumous name was Minghuang.

There is an undated colophon (6a–b) by an anonymous disciple of the Liberty school (*xiaoyao menxia* 逍遙門下), reporting a discussion by his master Shi Xiaoyao 時逍遙 (Shi Yong 時雍; fl. 1159), who explained that there were three grades of scriptures: the *Shangfang kaihua jing* 上方開化經 and the *Yanfan jing* 演範經 constituted the lowest degree; the *Zhenyuan jing* 真元經 the middle class, and the *Dadong [zhen]jing* 大洞真經 the highest attainment.

The text is composed of three sections (*pin* 品), the first of which (1a–2b) has the same title as the book. It describes the revelation of the Zhenyuan scriptures. The second section presents itself as spoken by an unidentified Shenfeng xiansheng 神峰先生. The third, spoken by an equally unknown Qingyun jushi 青雲居士, deals with the divine efficacy of the scripture. It recommends that each year, on the festival day of the Immortal of the True Origin (Zhenyuan xianjie 真元仙節), the third day of the third lunar month, one should recite the *Zhenyuan jing* one hundred times and present an offering of “life-bestowing spirit money” (*shousheng mingqian* 受生冥錢) equivalent to ten thousand strings of cash. Adepts are also told to wear a special talisman, represented on page 5a, which should be renewed every year on the festival of the Immortal Holy Prince (Shengwang xianjie 聖王仙節), that is, the saint Zhenyuan.

Yuan Bingling



FIGURE 75. Cultivating immortality through the sublimation of the True Person (437 10b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/435)



FIGURE 76. Official going to audience at the Gold Portal (437 12b). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/435)

Shangfang dadong zhenyuan miaojing tu 上方大洞真元妙經圖
9 fols.
437 (fasc. 196)

Shangfang dadong zhenyuan yinyang zhijiang tushu houjie
上方大洞真元陰陽陟降圖書後解
13 fols.
438 (fasc. 197)

“Diagrams of the Marvelous Scripture of True Origin, the Great Cavern, and the Highest Direction,” and “Additional Explanations on the Diagrams and Texts on Ascent and Descent.” These two titles in fact refer to a single work. The second title appears to be a subtitle to the first. Presumably, the editors of the *Daozang* divided the original work into two.

The present work is in all respects a sequel and an enlargement of the preceding 436 *Shangfang dadong zhenyuan miaojing pin*. It starts out with Shi Yaomin 時堯民, that is, Shi Yong 時雍 (fl. 1159), questioning the Immortal Lord (*xianjun* 仙君) on the True Origin of the Great Cavern. The text then introduces twelve diagrams to illustrate Taoist cosmogony, beginning with a chart of the Void Spontaneous (*xuwu ziran* 虛無自然). Next come diagrams, for example, on Primordial Chaos (*hunyu* 混元) and the Supreme Ultimate (*taiji* 太極). The long text that follows the diagram on the energy cycle (*qiyun* 氣運; 5a–9a) is very similar to that of 995 *Yuanyuan daomiao dongzhen jipian*.

As in 436 *Zhenyuan miaojing pin*, the worship of the great saint of the North Xuanwu 玄武 (here called Zhenjun 真君) figures prominently, and the legend of his forty-two years of ascetic retreat on Wudang shan is mentioned on page 3a.

The “Diagrams of the Marvelous Scripture” has only five diagrams, and the “Additional Explanations” contains the remaining seven. The first drawing illustrates the phases of yin and yang, and hence fire-phasing in alchemy. The text quotes the Song of Alchemy (“Jindan ge 金丹歌”) by Gao Xiangxian 高象先 (fl. 990–1013; see 1079 *Zhenren Gao Xiangxian jindan ge*). Minhuang 明皇, the Tang emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756), is mentioned on page 10b. (See figs. 75 and 76.)

Yuan Bingling

Shangfang dadong zhenyuan tushu jishuo zhongpian
上方大洞真元圖書繼說終篇
6ff.

439 (fasc. 197)

“Final Chapter of the Continued Explanations of the [Marvelous Scripture of] True Origin, the Great Cave, and the Highest Direction.” In spite of its title, this fragment of the Zhenyuan scriptures appears to be distinct from the preceding texts. The work begins with a discussion between “Ziming 子明” (the *zi* of CHEN SHAOWEI, fl. 712–734) and the early Song statesman Li Fang 李昉 (924–995), a glaring anachronism. “Xiaoyao 逍遙,” that is, Shi Yong 時雍 (fl. 1159), is also present, as is Sima lianshi 司馬鍊師, probably referring to SIMA CHENGZHEN. The subject of the discussion is the origin of the Zhenyuan scriptures and their distribution: These books should be printed and given away by all those blessed with good health and fortune. The highest merit would accrue from this action. The text continues by explaining the origins and the development of the Taoist canon and the Three Caverns from the three original pneumata. The final lines of the text resemble those in 995 *Yuanyuan daomiao dongzhen jipian*.

Yuan Bingling

Taishang qingjing yuandong zhenwen yuzi miaojing
太上清靜元洞真文玉字妙經
6 fols.

986 (fasc. 618)

“Marvelous Scripture of True Writs and Jade Characters.” This book consists of a collection and explanation of secret names that may have been linked to certain Shangqing 上清 and Lingbao 靈寶 registers. The names of the five Lingbao emperors, for example, are those of 388 *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 3.6a. These names are the “true writs and jade characters” of the title, but the present scripture gives their “translation” into characters of this world from their original form as “cloud characters.” Without these

“cloud characters,” the present text makes little sense. Moreover, the relation between the text and the first part of its title is not clear.

John Lagerwey

Yuanyuan daomiao dongzhen jipian 淵源道妙洞真繼篇

3 juan

Attributed to Li Jingyuan 李景元

995 (fasc. 619)

“Sequel to the Dongzhen [Scriptures], Marvels of the Tao of Abyssal Origins.” This is a short medical handbook, concerning in particular the energy cycles (*qiyun* 氣運) and other cosmological factors. The author signs it as “disciple of the Zhenyuan [school]” (*zhenyuan menren* 真元門人). The main text comes with a commentary, most likely by the same author. Juan 3 is devoted to miscellaneous matters. It quotes the *waidan* 外丹 of Langran zi 朗然子, said to have been head of the Tongxuan guan 通玄觀 temple in Tang times (618–907) and of the Jizhen guan 集真觀 temple under the Song Duangong era (988–989), during which period he rose up to Heaven. The citation in question (3.3a, line 3) can be found in the preface to 291 *Taixuan Langranzi jindao shi*. In a final commentary, the author introduces Minghuang tianzun 明皇天尊 and Minghuang jiaozhu 明皇教主 of the Zhenyuan school and its scriptures. He also mentions the worship of Xuantian shangdi 玄天上帝, the Ming canonical name for Xuanwu 玄武 (3.7a, line 1). At the end of the book, there is a note advocating lay Buddhism (3.6a), as well as a memorial by the author presenting the book to an unidentified emperor.

Yuan Bingling

Shangfang lingbao wuji zhidao kaihua zhenjing 上方靈寶無極至道開化真經

3 juan

1133 (facs. 766)

“True Scripture of the Transformation through the Infinite and Supreme Tao, of the Highest Direction Lingbao Canon.” According to the colophon of 436 *Shangfang dadong zhenyuan miaojing pin* 上方大洞真元妙經品 (6a), a work called the *Shangfang kaihua jing* 上方開化經 corresponded to the initial phase of attainment within this school. This must be the present work, which is manifestly intended for a lay audience.

The three juan are subdivided into twenty-four chapters (*zhang* 章). The first eight, in juan 1, are dedicated to Confucian instructions concerning the correct moral behavior of rulers, subjects, fathers, mothers, elder and younger brothers, and sons and daughters. The last chapter emphatically stresses female chastity, not only of daugh-

ters, but also of wives, and advocates their self-sacrifice as “female martyrs” (*lienü* 列女). This section also has a long “commentary” explaining Inner Alchemy theory, particularly for women.

Juan 2 and 3 are related more to the practice of the Tao, not only by the individual, but also liturgically. For instance, the first *zhang* of juan 2 gives instructions about how to conduct funeral and requiem services for deceased family members. The text is very syncretistic, constantly mixing Confucian, Taoist, and Buddhist precepts and concepts. For instance, in 2.9a, the study of the *Shujing* 書經 and the *Yijing* 易經, of the *Daode jing* 道德經 and the *Yinfu jing* 陰符經, as well as the Nirvāṇa sūtra is recommended in a single sentence. The theory of the unity of the Three Teachings is expounded in 3.19b.

Yuan Bingling

Shangfang juntian yanfan zhenjing 上方鉤天演範真經

2 fols.

1134 (fasc. 767)

“True Scripture Expounding the Model of High Heaven of the Highest Direction.”

As with 1133 *Shangfang lingbao wuji zhidao kaihua zhenjing*, this is a doctrinal treatise for beginners in the Zhenyuan school (see 436 *Shangfang dadong zhenyuan miaojing pin* 上方大洞真元妙經品 6a). Divided into three chapters (*zhang*), this short text rehearses a number of Confucian, Taoist, and Buddhist commonplaces. The text ends with a poem by BO YUCHAN.

Yuan Bingling

3.B.14 Other Popular Cults

The emancipation of lay communities and their temple organizations is the foremost characteristic of Chinese religion in modern times. Whereas Taoism during the medieval period was opposed to temple cults devoted to one’s ancestors (that is, mortals), as against the worship of the “pure” immortals, this changed, as we have seen, with the development of the great merchant centers, especially in the Jiangnan era, from the Five Dynasties (907–960) and the Song (960–1279) period onward. It should be noted that this development of urban society and the growing importance of temple organizations occurred during a period of Confucian renewal and, as many texts in the Taoist canon show, of a close association between Confucianism and Tao-

ism. The worship of local saints was common to both traditions. Yet in the Zhengtong *Daozang*, scriptures devoted to the worship of a given saint are few. Tianfei 天妃 (Mazu 媽祖) is honored through the 649 *Taishang laojun shuo Tianfei jiuku lingyan jing*, and Wenchang dijun 文昌帝君 with several works, such as 29 *Yuanshi tianzun shuo Zitong dijun benyuan jing*. The Xu 徐 brothers from Fuzhou's Hongen lingji gong 洪恩靈濟宮 temple produced the 317 *Lingbao tianzun shuo Hongen lingji zhenjun miaojing*, which was placed, with a preface by the Yongle emperor (r. 1403–1424), at the very beginning of the Dongxuan 洞玄 division. Many other saints were not represented at all. This situation changed dramatically with the 1607 supplement to the *Daozang*, which contains the holy books of numerous popular saints such as Guandi 關帝 and Bixia yuanjun 碧霞元君, as well as whole collections of the divination slips to be used in their temples. During the Ming period (1368–1644) as well, widely distributed religious literature in the form of popular handbooks for astrology, everyday magic, home remedies, and simple exercises in meditation and recitation flourished, and these also found their way into the canon. The present section groups such texts under the common heading “popular cults.”

3.B.14.a Scriptures of Popular Cults

Taishang laojun shuo Tianfei jiuku lingyan jing

太上老君說天妃救苦靈驗經

7 fols.

Between 1409–1413

649 (fasc. 342)

“Scripture of the Miracles [Worked] by the Celestial Consort for Saving from Distress, Pronounced by Taishang Laojun.” This work documents the inclusion of Mazu 媽祖, the popular protector of seafarers, into the Taoist pantheon. The cult to the goddess, which originated on Meizhou 湄州, a small island off the Fujian coast, had since the twelfth century gained an increasing popularity, reflected in successive bestowals of official honorary titles. Some of these titles are mentioned in the present text, the latest among them being the one conferred in 1409 (1b, 3b). A printed edition of the work with illustrations, kept in the Tenri Library, has a colophon dated 1414 in which the donor declares that by its publication he had fulfilled a vow made in the previous year (Sawada Mizuho, “Tenri-toshokan shoken dōsho shiroku,” 90; the text of that edition is reproduced in Li Xianzhang, *Baso shrinkō no kenkyū*, 34–38).

In the present work, the former local deity becomes the incarnation of a Jade Maiden dwelling in the Northern Dipper 北斗. After a short meritorious life on Earth, she vows to act as a protector in difficult situations (seafaring, commerce, childbirth). Thereupon she is appointed “Support of the Dipper” (Fudou 輔斗) and

“Saint Empress of the Gold Portal” (Jinque shenghou 金闕聖后) in the Taoist pantheon. A fu, together with a formula of invocation, concludes the short work.

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Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Dahui jingci miaole tianzun shuo fude wusheng jing

大惠靜慈妙樂天尊說福德五聖經

8 fols.

1192 (fasc. 875)

“Scripture of the Five Saints of Good Fortune, Pronounced by the Heavenly Worthy Dahui Jingci Miaole.” This text is presented in the framework of the ritual of canonization that confirmed fusion of the Taoist deity Zhengyi lingguan [Ma] yuanshuai 正一靈觀[馬]元帥 with Wuxian lingguan dadi 五顯靈觀大帝, that is, the Wuxian deities who had descended from the illegitimate cult of the Wutong 五通 spirits. Although the fusion of Ma yuanshuai's Wutong into their orthodox alter ego had been under way for some time (see, e.g., 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 222.4a; 250.15b), a direct identification would hardly have been acceptable to Taoists prior to the national recognition of the Wuxian by Ming Taizu (r. 1368–1398; see the article on 206 *Wuxian lingguan dadi dengyi*).

Our text, which also alludes to the association of the Wuxian with Huaguang 華光 (cf. 1448 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao Wuxian guan Huaguang benxing miaojing*), already contains numerous elements that reappear in a narrative form in the popular Ming novel *Nanyou ji* 南遊記. Besides fu-talismans and specifically Taoist titles for the five deities, we also find the official honorary titles granted to the deities in 1257.

The popular character of this work is underlined by the recommendation to promote the scripture through printing.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang shuo Qingxuan leiling faxing yindi miaojing

太上說青玄雷令法行因地妙經

5 fols.

1198 (fasc. 875)

“On the Origin of the Religious Practice of the Green-Black Thunder Commander, a Scripture Spoken by the Most High.” This holy book is a hagiographic product of the cult of the god Wen Qiong 溫瓊, from Pingyang 平陽 (Wenzhou 溫州, Zhejiang). The presentation of the god and his powers as an exorcist corresponds in general

to his biography given in the Ming (1638–1644) *Sanjiao yuanliu shengdi fozu sushen daquan*, and is different from his story in 780 *Diqi shangjiang Wen taibao zhuan*. From internal evidence (1b), we can deduce that this scripture was produced in northern Sichuan (*Shujing zhi zhong* 蜀境之中), whereas the cult originated in Zhejiang. This discrepancy may be explained by the fact that the cult was very active in Sichuan. Wen Qiong's hagiography narrates, for example, how the god liberated the Shu 蜀 region (Sichuan) from a plague demon (see 780 *Wen taibao zhuan* 4b–5b).

The invocation of the god in seven-syllable verse that stands at the beginning of the present work is still in use today.

Kristofer Schipper

Yuanshi tianzun shuo dongyue huashen jisheng dusi bazui jieyuan baoming xuanfan gaozhou miaojing 元始天尊說東嶽化身濟生度死拔罪解冤保命玄範誥咒妙經

12 fols.

1441 (fasc. 1063)

“Marvelous Scripture of Redemption by the Emperor of the Eastern Peak.” During a séance in the Daluo heaven, four zhenren ask the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning to save the living and the dead from all their miseries. The Heavenly Worthy responds by telling them of the divine origin of the Emperor of the Eastern Peak. He then gives them a series of invocations addressed to that emperor and a number of his underlings. It is the recitation of this text, and in particular of “the invocations of the Celestial Chart” it contains, that will “save the living and the dead” from the sins and grievances mentioned in the title of the text. The illiterate may ask a Zhengyi priest to perform the recitation for them.

John Lagerwey

Taishang sanyuan cifu shezui jie'e xiaozai yansheng baoming miaojing 太上三元賜福赦罪解厄消災延生保命妙經

11 fols.

Southern Song (1127–1279)?

1442 (fasc. 1063)

“Most High Marvelous Life-Protecting Scripture of the Three Principles Granting Happiness, Forgiving Sins, and Averting Disasters.” This work is also known as the Book of the Three Officials (*Sanguan jing* 三官經). The Three Officials of Heaven, Earth, and Water have been important deities in liturgical Taoism since Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) times. At a later stage, their cosmological function earned them the title “Three Principles,” that is, the primordial cosmic forces.

The scripture, one of the most popular texts for recitation in modern Chinese reli-

gion, is referred to in the commentary by Wei Qi 衛琪, dated 1309, in 103 *Yuging wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing zhu*. It should therefore have existed at least since Yuan times (1279–1368) and possibly even during the Southern Song (1127–1279).

Its vast popularity made this text one of the most widely printed scriptures in Ming times. The edition in the 1607 supplement to the canon, the *Xu Daozang* 續道藏 reproduces one such printing, intended for lay readers, giving all the indications and introductory formulas usually known to a daoshi as applicable to all scriptures of this kind. See also the edition of 1470 in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston (detail in Little, *Taoism and the arts of China*, 236).

The present text does not begin with the scripture proper. What we have first are the usual formulas for the purification of the mind and the mouth, followed by those for the body, for the pacification of the God of the Earth (who might be frightened by the sudden outburst of cosmic responses caused by the recitation), for the purification of the sacred area, and so on. Then there are the solemn Precious Announcements (*baogao* 寶誥), also known as Precious Titles (*baohao* 寶號), one for each of the Three Officials. These onomastic formulations contain not only the canonical titles of the gods, but also list their many attributes, as well as, in some cases, elements of their hagiography.

The actual scripture opens on page 5a. It describes in sequence the divine powers and functions of the Three Officials, and the merits to be gained from their veneration.

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Kristofer Schipper

Taishang yuanyang shangdi wushi tianzun shuo huochewang lingguan zhengjing 太上元陽上帝無始天尊說火車王靈官真經

12 fols.

Ming dynasty (1368–1644)?

1443 (fasc. 1063)

“True Book Spoken by the Supreme Ancestor Most High Original Yang, the Heavenly Worthy without Beginning, on the Divine Officer Wang of Chariots of Fire.” Wang lingguan 王靈官 is a powerful exorcist deity of modern Taoism (see 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 141–43), being the incarnation of one of the fiery stars of the Southern Dipper (Nandou 南斗). Fire chariots were an offensive weapon in traditional Chinese warfare. Wang lingguan hurls these burning vehicles at malevolent spirits that have incurred his wrath. He also is the guardian spirit of Taoist monasteries.

The legend of Wang lingguan's conversion to Taoism by the zhenren Sa Shoujian 薩守堅 (see 297 *Lishi zhenxian tidaotongjian xubian* 4.1a–3a) is well known in popular

literature and drama. The legend is here referred to on pages 2a–3b. Most of the subsequent scripture is in five-syllable verse, in the style of Ming popular “precious scrolls” (*baojuan* 寶卷).

Kristofer Schipper

Yuanshi tianzun shuo yaowang jiu bashiyi nan zhenjing

元始天尊說藥王救八十一難真經

8 fols.

1444 (fasc. 1063)

“True Scripture on Deliverance from the Eighty-one Difficulties by the King of Medicine.” Revealed by the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning in the Daluo 大羅 heaven, this text consists primarily of a litany of the Eighty-one Difficulties from which the King of Medicine, Bian Que 扁鵲, can save the reciter. The faithful may also ask a Taoist to recite the text for them. It is further recommended that one keep the book at home or even carry it on one’s person.

The Eighty-one Difficulties of the title have nothing in common with the medical work of that name (see 1024 *Huangdi bashiyi nan jing zuantu jujie*).

John Lagerwey

Bixia yuanjun huguo bimin puji baosheng miaojing

碧霞元君護國庇民普濟保生妙經

8 fols.

1445 (fasc. 1063)

“Scripture of the Lady of the Clouds of Dawn, for the Protection of the State and the Succor of the People, and for the Salvation of All Creatures.” In response to the question of one Yuluo 鬱羅, the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning explains how the Lady of the Clouds of Dawn came “to transform herself into a woman in order to save all creatures.” Born on the eighteenth day of the fourth month, she “revealed her compassionate face on Taishan.” Her merits on Earth were such that the Jade Emperor set her at the head of the soldiers of the Eastern Peak and charged her with the inspection of human behavior.

A lengthy discussion of the system of moral causality follows this account, ending with a “divine formula” of the tale of the Lady that frees people from the consequences of their sins in previous lives. Yuluo urges believers to invite a Taoist who keeps “the pure commandments” (*qingjie daoshi* 清戒道士) to recite this book for them.

The Precious Title (*baogao* 寶誥) of the Lady is given at the end of the text.

John Lagerwey

Taishang dasheng langling shangjiang buguo miaojing

太上天聖朗靈上將護國妙經

2 fols.

1446 (fasc. 1065)

“Marvelous Scripture on the Saintly General Protector of the Nation.” The “great saint and commander-in-chief” of the title is Guan Yu 關羽, called here Chongning zhenjun 沖寧真君. He “protects the country” and “promotes peace” with the soldiers entrusted to his charge by the Jade Emperor. The enumeration of his military forces in an incantation forms the core of the present text. One of the opening enumerations ends with the mention of “those who obtained the Tao on Mount Yuquan 玉泉山.”

John Lagerwey

Taishang laojun shuo chenghuang ganying xiaozai jifu miaojing

太上老君說城隍感應消災集福妙經

5 fols.

1447 (fasc. 1063)

“Scripture Proffered by the Most High Lord Lao concerning the City God’s Efficacy in Averting Catastrophes and Increasing Good Fortune.” The administrative system described in this punctuated text is that of the Ming (1368–1644). The scripture begins with Taishang laojun 太上老君 vaunting the powers of the god of the capital city. Then a zhenren pays homage to the city gods of all levels, as well as to their assistants, the “censors” (*panguan* 判官). Moved, the god of the capital promises his assistance to whoever recites this book. Laojun provides a calendar for such recitations.

This work is also known by the title 1447b *Huguo baoning yousheng wang weiling gong ganying chenghuang jing*, based on the declaration of the capital god in the appendix (5b).

John Lagerwey

Taishang dongxuan lingbao Wuxian guan Huaguang benxing miaojing

太上洞玄靈寶五顯觀華光本行妙經

9 fols.

1448 (fasc. 1063)

“Wonderful Lingbao Scripture on the Origin of the Wuxian [Ling] Guan and [the Bodhisattva] Huaguang.” This title is, after 206 *Wuxian lingguan dadi dengyi* and 1192 *Dahui jingci miaoluo tianzun shuo fude Wusheng jing* (q.v.), the third document for the integration of the Wuxian into the Taoist pantheon. Unlike its companion texts, the work shows a distinct Buddhist tinge. It mentions various manifestations of the five heavenly marshals (among others, as Jixiang rulai 吉祥如來, cf. the Ming novel *Nanyou ji* 南遊記 1), but expressly confirms their identity with Huaguang pusa, who,

like the Wuxian, was still vehemently opposed by the Taoists as late as the thirteenth century (see “Wen taibao zhuan buyi,” 780 *Diqi shangjiang Wen taibao zhuan* 1b–2b).

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Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

3.B.14.b The Cult of the Northern Dipper

Beidou zhifa wuwei jing 北斗治法武威經

8 fols.

870 (fasc. 579)

“Scripture of Martial Power, of the Method of Government of the Northern Dipper.” This book is said to have been transmitted by the Mysterious Woman of the Nine Heavens (Jiutian xuannü 九天玄女) to a man named Yuan Qing 遠清, who served as an official in Luoyang in the first years of the Tang dynasty (618–907). Yuan helped pacify the empire by means of the method described here and was granted the title of left chancellor of the Mobile Administration (*xingtai zuo puye* 行臺左僕射; 1a–b). The story is reminiscent of that of the famous diviner of the same period, Yuan Tiangang 袁天綱, to whom it may allude (see *Siku quanshu zongmu tiyao* III.2298, *Jiu Tang shu* 191.5092–94, *Taiping guangji* 221.1694–97).

The first part of the book (2a–5b) contains astrological information related to the nine stars of the Dipper and to the Twenty-eight Stellar Mansions. The second part (5b–8a) describes a method of warfare (*bingfa* 兵法), in particular a rite of “Pacing the Mainstay” (*bugang* 步綱) by means of which the seventh star of the Dipper, Tiangang pojun 天綱破軍, is pointed in the direction of threatening dangers. The rite is accompanied by an incantation entitled “Tiangang shenzhou 天罡神咒,” which is closely related to the “Beidou zhou 北斗咒” of the Book of the Dipper, the *Beidou jing* 北斗經 (see 622 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing* 6a). According to the commentary of Fu Dongzhen 傅洞真, this incantation derives from the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 (752 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng jing zhu* 2.23a), and in fact we find in 566 *Shangqing tianxin zhengfa* both a version identical to that of the *Beidou jing* (4.18b–19a), and a version closer to that of the present book (7.2b).

Poul Andersen

Yuqing wushang lingbao ziran beidou bensheng zhenjing

玉清無上靈寶自然北斗本生真經

4 fols.

45 (fasc. 29)

“True and Unsurpassed Lingbao Scripture from the Yuqing Heaven on the Spontaneous Origin of the Northern Dipper.” This work was transmitted, according to its subtitle, by Baoming da tiandi 保命大天帝. It deals with the origin of the stellar deities of the Beidou in the frame of a revelation to Baoshang zhenren 寶上真人 by Yuanshi dadi 元始大帝 (also called Taiji zhenzun 太極真尊). While the goddess Ziguang furen 紫光夫人 is bathing, nine lotus blossoms unfold, from which Tianhuang dadi 天皇大帝, Ziwei dadi 紫微大帝, and the other seven stars of the constellation are born.

The recitation of the text, alternatively named Scripture of the Nine Luminaries (*Jiuguang zhenjing* 九光真經), is recommended for the first day of the New Year, in connection with an Offering to the Nine Luminaries (*Jiuguang jiao* 九光醮).

This work is cited in 1167 *Taishang ganying pian* 29.3b (commentary of Li Changling 李昌齡) and 752 *Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng jing zhu* 2.19a–20a (commentary of Fu Dongzhen 傅洞真).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Yuqing taiyuan neiyang zhenjing 玉清胎元內養真經

3 fols.

63 (fasc. 32)

“True Scripture of the Yuqing Heaven on Internally Nourishing the Original Embryonic State.” This scripture was transmitted, as it is said, by Yuantai zhenjun 元臺真君 (a name mentioned in 42 *Yuqing yuanshi xuanhuang jiuguang zhenjing* 2b). It contains Yuanshi shangdi’s instruction to propagate methods for restoring one’s original vital forces, which consist in enriching one’s immanent qi with the cosmic “true spirit.” In terms of individual practice, this means concentration of the mind (*dingxin* 定心), shutting out external distractions (like alcohol, sex), as well as restriction of the inner ambitions and thoughts. By observing first the small and eventually the great precepts (*xiaojie, dajie* 小戒大戒), the adept finally attains the state of nonacting. By multiplying their persons (*fenshen* 分身), Taishang laojun and Ziguang tianmu 紫光天母 ensure the diffusion of the scripture and the salvation of innumerable beings, who, for their part, promise in a hymn to continue the work of salvation (see also 64 *Yuqing wushang neijing zhenjing*).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Yuqing yuanshi xuanhuang jiuguang zhenjing 玉清元始玄黃九光真經

4 fols.

Ming dynasty (1368–1644)?

42 (fasc. 29)

“True Scripture of the Yuqing Heaven on the Nine Luminaries of Primordial Black and Yellow.” Although the term “Nine Luminaries” is not used in this text, it undoubtedly refers to the Nine Heavens and to the saints of these heavens who recite this scripture (2a). The text itself is referred to as a “sacred text [made by the mixture] of yellow and black [*xuanhuang yuwen* 玄黃玉文; 1a].” Its recitation leads “to the union of vital breath and the spirits.”

The brief but dense text appears to be the product of mediumistic writing, for in the Taoist ritual described at the end—reference is even made to the “lighting of the incense burner [*falu* 發爐]”—the revealing divinity descends to add (*jiangyue* 降曰) to “my sacred text” (*wo yujing* 我玉經) a “secret formula,” which the Heavenly Worthy of Primordial Beginning is said to have used of old in order “to save all the Powers.” The recitation of the text in “300-odd characters” replaces the recitation of the “great books in more than 260 juan,” and that of the final formula enables one “to live forever in Jade Purity.” This formula is said to be an order of the Primordial Beginning himself and of the Saintly Lord of Pulu zhen 毘盧遮那大聖主: it “orders the unification of the two religions.”

John Lagerwey

Yuqing wushang neijing zhenjing 玉清無上內景真經

2 fols.

64 (fasc. 32)

“True Scripture from the Yuqing Heaven on the Supreme Inner Landscape.” This scripture was transmitted, like 644 *Taishang neidan shouyi zhending jing*, by the goddess Ziguang tianmu 紫光天母 (on whom see 45 *Yuqing wushang lingbao ziran beidou bensheng zhenjing*). The scripture treats the creation by Yuanshi zhizhen dasheng 元始至真大聖 of the external images in the Brahma heaven as symbols of the Inner Landscape and the differentiation of the pneumata of the Five Directions and their divinities in correspondence to the five organs of the human body. As a result, the Inner Alchemical process can be started and completed. The restriction of the senses (*jie* 戒) and mental concentration (*ding* 定) lead to wisdom (*zhi* 智), or in other words, “inner illumination through reversed contemplation” (*fanguan neizhao* 反觀內照).

At the same time, the revelation of the scripture symbolizes the enlightenment resulting from the completion of the process. Yuanshi’s rays of light evoke the awakening of the original mind (*benxin* 本心). In the empty darkness of the Yuqing heaven,

the moon (symbol of Ziguang mu) appears, and in it, in the midst of a purple pneuma, the newborn, who praises the teaching once more in a *gāthā*.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang neidan shouyi zhending jing 太上內丹守一真定經

1 fol.

644 (fasc. 342)

“Supreme *Neidan* Scripture on True Concentration and Holding the One.” This scripture was transmitted by the Celestial Empress Purple Radiance (Ziguang tianhou 紫光天后; cf. 45 *Yuqing wushang lingbao ziran beidou bensheng zhen jing*). The brief work resembles 64 *Yuqing wushang neijing zhenjing* transmitted by the same goddess. It recommends and expounds spiritual concentration (*dingshen* 定神), which along with respiratory regulations (*yuqi* 御氣), enables the adept to Hold the One (*shouyi* 守一), thus forming the basis for the Inner Alchemical process (*neidan* 內丹).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Taishang yuanshi tianzun shuo Bao yueguang huanghou shengmu tianzun kongque mingwang jing 太上元始天尊說寶月光皇后聖母天尊孔雀明王經

34 fols.

1433 (fasc. 1058)

Shengmu kongque mingwang zunjing qibo yi 聖母孔雀明王尊經啓白儀

23 fols.

1434 (fasc. 1058)

Taishang yuanshi tianzun shuo kongque jing bowen 太上元始天尊說孔雀經白文

21 fols.

1435 (fasc. 1058)

The three titles “Scripture of the Empress of Precious Moonlight, Heavenly Worthy Holy Mother and Luminous Peacock Queen, Pronounced by Taishang Yuanshi Tianzun,” “Ritual of Invocation of the Venerable Scripture of the Holy Mother and Luminous Peacock Queen,” and “Text of Invocation of the Peacock Scripture, Pronounced by Taishang Yuanshi Tianzun” represent the headings of three juan of a single work: a scripture to be recited within a complete ritual including invocations, litanies, and an offering.

According to a colophon preceding Zhang Guoxiang’s 張國祥 imprimatur of 1607, this Buddho-Taoist text was found by the superintendant Li tidian 李提點 of the Zixiao gong 紫霄宮 temple on Wudang shan 武當山. Recovered from a nearby grotto and kept in the temple since, the scripture was appended to a copy of the *Duren*

jing 度人經 in eighty-five juan. Possibly its discoverer was Li Youyan 李幽巖, who, together with Hu Guya 胡古崖, was appointed to the office of the superintendent in 1413 (959 *Da Ming xuantian shangdi ruiying tulu* 5a–b).

In its present form, the work certainly dates no earlier than the Ming dynasty (1368–1644), as is suggested by the folk tunes (“Caicha ge 採茶歌” or “Qingjiang yin 清江引”) prescribed for the ritual, and especially the name of a dragon deity, *Da Mingguo zhongping da longwang* 大明國中平大龍王 (1435 *Kongque jing baiwen* 6b). A reference to the dragon deities of a *Kongque jing* 孔雀經 is also found in the commentary to 754 *Taishang shuo Xuantian dasheng zhenwu benzhuo shenzhou miaojing* 2.14b.

The goddess at the center of this ritual for controlling *gu* 蠱 magic and bewitchments is a fusion of Mahāmāyūrī-vidyārājñī, mother of the Buddha, who plays a significant role in Buddhism and especially in Tantrism, with the Taoist Bao yueguang huanghou 寶月光皇后, mother of the Jade Emperor (see 10 *Gaoshang yuhuang benxing jijing* 1.5a–6b). Among the other deities invoked are the hosts of female *rākṣasas* (*luocha nü* 羅叉女), *nagas* (*longwang* 龍王, *longnü* 龍女), and daughters of Māyā (*moye nü* 魔耶女), the traditional divinities of the thirty-two heavens and twenty-eight stellar constellations invoked. Thus the equivalence of Buddhism and Taoism is consciously emphasized (see, e.g., 1435 *Kongque jing bowen* 2a).

A 1551 edition of a comparable Buddhist work entitled *Kongque zunjing keyi* 孔雀尊經科儀 is found in *Dai Nihon Zokuzōkyō* 2.

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Xiantian doumu zougao xuanke 先天斗母奏告玄科

18 fols.

1452 (fasc. 1064)

“Prayer Mystery Ritual of the Mother of the Bushel of Former Heaven.” The deity invoked in this scripture, the Mother of the Bushel, is Marīci (Molizhi 摩利支), Queen of Heaven of Purple Glow (*Ziguang tianhou* 紫光天后), a goddess of Tantric origin who has been popular in China since late Tang times (618–907). She acquired a Taoist form as Dasheng yuanming daomu tianzun 大聖圓明道母天尊 (on these titles, see pages 2b and 12b). In the present ritual, she is visualized in meditation and worshiped.

Accompanying the meditation, a number of pseudo-Sanskrit mantra are pronounced (10b–12a). A general invocation of gods, saints, and patriarchs precedes the worship of Marīci. Among the patriarchs invoked, we find on page 3b the name of Mo Yueding 莫月鼎 (1226–1293), which suggests that the ritual is of Yuan (1279–1368) or, more probably, Ming (1368–1644) date.

Kristofer Schipper

Sanguang zhuling zifu yanshou miaojing 三光注齡資福延壽妙經

1 fol.

20 (fasc. 25)

“Scripture on the Improvement of Fate and Prolongation of Life [Thanks to] the Influence of the Three Luminaries.” This very brief text encourages adepts to live on a sacred mountain in order to avoid the diversions of the senses. Thus, one may devote oneself to the absorption of the Liquified Gold (*jinyi* 金液) and the cyclically transformed elixir (*huandan* 還丹). By so doing, one benefits from the nourishment of the spontaneous qi of the Three Luminaries and from the protection of the Seven Mechanisms (*ji* 機) of the Northern Dipper.

John Lagerwey

3.B.14.c Popular Rites

Taishang xiaozai qifu jiaoyi 太上消災祈福醮儀

11 fols.

810 (fasc. 566)

“Ritual of the Offering of the Most High for Dispersing Calamity and Praying for Blessing.” This ritual may be dated after 1117, as it refers to Taihuang wanfu zhenjun 太皇萬福真君 (5a–b), the deity who transmitted the secrets of the Shenxiao 神霄 tradition to LIN LINGSU (cf. 1219 *Gaoshang shenxiao yuqing zhenwang zishu dafa* 1b). Indeed, the names of the other deities cited are reminiscent of those of the nine Shenxiao masters (cf. 1219 *Zishu dafa* 1.18a–b), and the ritual may belong to that tradition. However, the text is also quite similar to 807 *Tianxin zhengfa xiuzhen daochang shejiao yi*. The initial “Weiling zhou 衛靈咒” of both texts is the extensive version, derived originally from 330 *Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhenwen yaojie shangjing* 6a–7a, and the “exteriorization of the officials” (*chuguan* 出官) of the present ritual (3a–4a) is identical with the first part of the *chuguan* in 807 *Daochang shejiao yi*. A difference between the two rituals is in the form of the consecration of the incense-burner (*falü* 發爐), where the present ritual has a short version with no reference to the local earth-deities (2b–3a).

Poul Andersen

Taishang bifa zhenzhai lingfu 太上祕法鎮宅靈符

21 fols.

Ming (1318–1644)?

86 (fasc. 37)

“Powerful Talismans for Stabilizing the Home.” This is a popular book with charms for domestic use: to avert harmful happenings such as pigs eating their litter, money

fleeing the house, poltergeists, neighborly slander, baleful stars, hobgoblins, and so on. There are no accompanying spells or documents.

A short text at the beginning relates an anecdote about Emperor Wen of the Han dynasty, who, when taking a walk in the district of Hongnong 弘農縣 (Lingbao hsien 靈寶縣), discovered an ill-sited house that should have brought great distress upon its inhabitants. The latter, however, were prosperous, thanks to the present book, given to them by two young boys, who in fact were the gods of the Northern and Southern Dippers.

Kristofer Schipper

Dongxuan lingbao wuyue guben zhenxing tu 洞玄靈寶五嶽古本真形圖

27 fols.

Attributed to Dongfang Shuo 東方朔 (145–93 B.C.). Ming dynasty (1368–1644)? 441 (fasc. 197)

“Old Version of the Chart of the True Form of the Five Peaks.” This is a modern version of the ancient protective talismans mentioned by GE HONG and found in 292 *Han Wudi neizhuan*. The legends and rituals connected to the ancient versions are all assembled in 1281 *Wuyue zhenxing xulun* (q.v.). As the “old version,” this text presents itself as a register (*lu* 錄) of the lords of the Five Peaks and the four accessory holy mountains (Qingcheng shan 青城山, Lushan 廬山, Huoshan 霍山, and Qianshan 潛山) and their subalterns. (See fig. 77.)

After a preface attributed, in the tradition of the *Han Wudi neizhuan* and 598 *Shizhou ji*, to Dongfang Shuo, the text presents the rulers of the holy mountains, their servants, and their outward appearance (e.g., clothes, attributes). The documents for the ritual for the transmission of the register are also given (4b–5b), imitating the old models. The talismans themselves are partly of the well-known “archaic sealscript” kind, and partly of the “geological map” type. The latter were studied for the first time by Inoue (“Gogaku shinkei zu ni tsuite”), in comparison with modern geographical maps. In fact, these drawings correspond to outlines for so-called lamp maps (*dengtu* 燈圖). These outlines were used in requiem services of the modern *liandu* 鍊度 kind. They were copied on a flat surface, and lamps were placed at given spots. Then the officiants would walk on these diagrams according to a ritual pattern, thus “inspecting” the holy mountains and retrieving the souls imprisoned in them (see Schipper, “Gogaku shinkei zu no shinkō”). These liturgical diagrams are used here for antiquarian purposes.

Kristofer Schipper

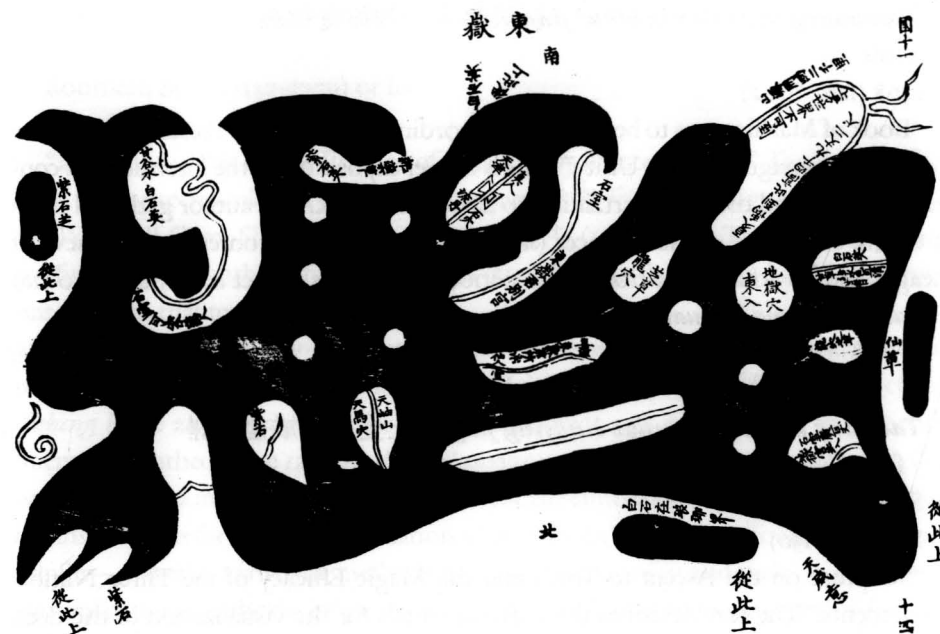


FIGURE 77. Mount Taishan (441 17b–18a). Ming reprint of 1598. Courtesy of the Bibliothèque nationale de France. (Chinois 9546/438)

Jiutian shangsheng bizhuan jinfu jing 九天上聖秘傳金符經

14 fols.

1267 (fasc. 1002)

“Book of the Golden Talisman Secretly Transmitted by the Supreme Saint of the Nine Heavens.” This work is a short hemerological treatise for popular use. It belongs to the “Three Origins and Nine Stars” (*sanyuan jiuxing* 三元九星) tradition and probably dates from a period no earlier than the late Song (960–1279). The first part of the title refers to an earlier work repeatedly quoted in the text as *Jinfu jing* (7b) or *Jinjing* (1a, 1b).

The present text can be divided into a short introduction devoid of factual elements (1a–b) and three main parts. The first part (1b–7b) deals with the mantic values of the nine stars and their distribution among the sexagesimal binoms of the days. The names of the stars are totally different from those in common use. The second part (7b–11a) discusses the mantic values of the generals of the Three Origins (*sanyuan jiangjun* 三元將軍) and their distribution among the days of each month. The system is placed under the aegis of Zhuge Liang 諸葛亮. The text ends with more general notions of calendrology (11b–14a).

Marc Kalinowski

Tianhuang taiyi shenlü bihui jing 天皇太一神律避穢經

2 fols.

1268 (fasc. 1002)

"Book of Malefices to be Avoided, According to the Divine Prescriptions of the Celestial Sovereign of Great Unity." This is a brief exposition of the interdictions concerning space and time and pertaining to alchemical work. The author gathered them in twelve categories of malefices (*shier hui* 十二穢). The contents are somewhat meager and obviously date from a late period. The text is in fact an appendix to 1267 *Jiutian shangsheng bizhuan jinfu jing*.

Marc Kalinowski

Taishang dengzhen sanjiao lingying jing 太上登真三矯靈應經

7 fols.

Song dynasty (960–1279)?

286 (fasc. 136)

"Scripture on the Ascent to Truth and the Magic Efficacy of the Three Nimble Movements." The text describes three minor rituals for the visualization of the deer, tiger, and dragon, of which the adept can avail himself in order to move at will across the earth and through the air. These techniques depend on the use of the Jade Emperor's seal (*Yudi yin* 玉帝印). The text concludes by explaining in detail how to make this seal.

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Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Taishang laojun shuo jiusheng zhenjing 太上老君說救生真經

2 fols.

630 (fasc. 341)

"True Scripture for Saving Life, Spoken by Taishang Laojun." In this brief scripture the provenance of which is unknown, but which was probably intended for lay-believers, Taishang laojun 太上老君 orders the divinities of the six cyclical *jia* 甲 and *ding* 丁 combinations (*liujia* 六甲, *liuding* 六丁) to keep devotees from harm and to ensure their well-being. It is recommended that believers recite the text seven times to thirty-seven and to copy it by hand.

Hans-Hermann Schmidt

Guigu zi tiansui lingwen 鬼谷子天髓靈文

2 juan

Southern Song (1127–1279) or later

867 (fasc. 579)

"Numinous Writ of the Essence of Heaven, by Master Guigu." The book defines itself as "the secret celestial writ" (*bimi tianwen* 秘密天文) of Guigu zi, the master of the Waterfall Cave, Shuilian dong zhu 水瀛洞主 (1.1a–b, 6b). The opening passage confirms that the author of 1025 *Guigu zi* is intended, but the present book is otherwise unrelated to that text.

The book is not likely to be earlier than the Southern Song dynasty. Note, for instance, the mention of the Black Killer, Heisha jiangjun 黑殺將軍 (2.16a; cf. 1285 *Yisheng baode zhuan*), and the list of deities on page 1.5a, which seems to reflect the Shenxiao pantheon (see 1219 *Gaoshang shenxiao yuqing zhenwang zishu dafa* 1.18a). The work contains a mixture of minor methods for the cultivation of immortality—including instructions for the inner circulation of qi (1.5b–6a) and recipes for the preparation of pills—as well as exorcistic methods based on the use of fu and seals. In an effort to legitimize these methods, references are made to a line of transmission that includes several of the immortals of the Shangqing tradition (1.11b–13a). However, the book is intended for the use of people living in the world, and of both sexes (*zaishi nannü* 在世男女; 1.2a), and the practitioner is described in several places as having the appearance of a popular exorcist, performing barefooted and with loosened hair, and using techniques such as biting the tongue and spurring the blood out (see, e.g., 2.1a–b). Note also the inclusion of a version of the divinatory technique based on the use of the *Sanjia fu* 三甲符 and the *Tongmu fu* 通目符 (cf. the versions in 589 *Taishang chiyen dongshen sanlu* 17b–22a and 860 *Shangqing zhenyuan rongling jing* 16a–17a), here opening with the summoning of the judges and guards of hell, who are called upon to protect the altar (1.17b–21b).

Poul Andersen

Yuanyang zi wujia lun 元陽子五假論

5 fols.

864 (fasc. 578)

"Treatise on the Five Simulations, by Master Yuanyang." A postscript to this book (5a–b) attributes its methods to Yuanyang zi from Changbo shan 長白山真人. Several alchemical works in the *Daozang*, including a commentary to the *Cantong qi* 參同契 found in 1017 *Daoshu* 34, are attributed to this figure (see CGF 287–88 and VDL 72, 118, 119, 163). The contents of the present book, however, are unrelated to these alchemical writings.

The method of Five Simulations (*wujia fa* 五假法) is here described as a way of avoiding danger by separating oneself from the body (*fenshen* 分身). In the presence of evil influences, one may grasp an object and make one's body enter it, or one may unite the body with one of the elements. In both cases, one becomes invisible and is at liberty to leave on a spiritual journey. Other, and generally simpler, versions of the method are found in several Song dynasty (960–1279) texts (see, e.g., 589 *Taishang chiuwen dongshen sanlu* 10a–11b, 855 *Taiqing jinque yuhua xianshu baji shenzhang sanhuang neibi wen* 3.7a–13a, 858 *Taishang dongshen xuanmiao boyuan zhenjing* 10b–13a, and 867 *Guigu zi tiansui lingwen* 1.8b–11b). In style and content, the present version is similar to that found in 867 *Tiansui lingwen*, and it seems likely that they belong to the same period.

Poul Andersen

***Kuigang liusuo bifa* 魁罡六鎖祕法**

8 fols.

582 (fasc. 323)

“Secret Methods of the Six Locks of the Dipper Constellation.” This is a short text with instructions on how to provoke cosmic changes, by abolishing day and night, provoking black gales and yellow sandstorms and other apocalyptic phenomena. These cataclysms are obtained through the use of a Spell of the Heavenly Chaos (“*Huntian zhou* 混天咒”) and other magic means. There is a list of the Thirty-two Heavens, which appears with pseudo-Buddhist names. Some of the spells are in pseudo-Sanskrit. The text is undatable.

Kristofer Schipper

***Taishang sanbi wujie bifa* 太上三辟五解祕法**

13 fols.

583 (fasc. 323)

“Secret Methods for the Three Evasions and Five Liberations.” Following the title, a subtitle in small characters reads: “A Correct Way to Reach Immortality, Consisting of Eight Methods to Hide in the Earth, by the Great Official of Chu 楚大夫隱地八術 通仙正道.” The methods of evading this world cause the spirits to leave the body, and enable one to liberate oneself through feigned death, leaving behind a substitute body (*shijie* 尸解). The simulacrum may look like a corpse, but it is in fact a substitute object. Alternatively, one may practice the “hidden period” (*dunjia* 遁甲) magic to vanish or travel to other places. One of the other ways to make oneself invisible is to make use of a “heavenly garment” (*tianyi* 天衣) made of the placenta of a male baby. This “garment” has been dried and then inscribed with a talisman, and it will enable

its wearer to be invisible at will. This text could be of almost any period, except for some modern colloquialisms (e.g., “*yige yue* 一個月; 2b1).

Kristofer Schipper

***Dadong jing jixiang shenzhou fa* 大洞經吉祥神咒法**

6 fols.

1461 (fasc. 1064)

“Method of the Auspicious Divine Spell of the Great Cavern Scripture.” This is a magical formula aiming at conjuring auspicious forces. The formula for their manifestation is constructed around the phrase “*Jixiang tanchijun* 吉祥檀熾鈞,” repeated one hundred times. The expression *tanchijun* corresponds to a sound originally produced by the Yuanshi tianwang 元始天王 that contains the entire True Great Cavern Scripture (*Dadong zhenjing* 大洞真經). The formula is explained in a commentary and illustration by Wei Qi 衛琪, in his 103 *Yuqing wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing zhu* 1.22b (dated 1309). The image depicts various kinds of musical instruments, and the surrounding commentary explains the meaning of the three syllables of the spell.

Kristofer Schipper

***Shangqing liujia qidao bifa* 上清六甲祈禱祕法**

10 fols.

584 (fasc. 323)

“Secret Shangqing Method for Invoking the Six Jia.” This is a small ritual centered on the cult of the decade spirits of the sexagesimal cycle, the six *jia* 甲, and the six spirits of the fourth day (*ding* 丁).

The account of the work's transmission (1a–b) relates that the *Liujia tianshu* 六甲天書 in three juan that constitutes the basis of this ritual was instituted upon the return of Xuanyuan laojun 玄元老君 to the Taiqing gong 太清宮 temple. It may be assumed that the arrangement of the present work is not earlier than the Tang. It differs from other compilations of the same type in that the decade spirits here are associated with unusual female deities: the five Nayan tiannü 那延天女 and the twelve Xinü 溪女.

Marc Kalinowski

***Taiyi yuanzhen baoming changsheng jing* 太乙元真保命長生經**

2 fols.

46 (fasc. 29)

“Scripture on Guarding Vitality and Extending Life.” The core of this text revealed by Taiyi yuanzhen 太乙元真 is an incantation, the recitation of which, followed by visualizations and the circulation of the vital qi and the spirit, ensures “the protection of your original life force” (*baoming* 保命) and even “eternal life” (*changsheng* 長生).

The core scripture is enclosed in cosmological and liturgical wrappings. At the end of the text, mention is made of a *Taiyi shengzhen jing* 太乙聖真經, which is said to contain the instructions for the use of this book in a ritual setting in which statues are cast of Taiyi and sixteen zhenren. The book must only be transmitted to serious adepts, on “an altar of the covenant” (*mengtian* 盟壇).

John Lagerwey

Yuqing shanggong ke taizhen wen 玉清上宮科太真文

25 fols.

Ming dynasty (1368–1644)?

1408 (fasc. 1052)

“Writs of the Most True Ones, [according to] the Standard of High Palaces in the Jade Pure [Heaven].” This text combines a set of rules for conduct in the mode of the Standards for Merit and Demerit (*gongguo ge* 功過格) with a “register” of gods and saints.

The *Taizhen ke* 太真科 is an important ancient code of the early Heavenly Master church (see 615 *Chisongzi zhangli*). It was adapted by the Shangqing 上清 scriptures into a code for the transmission of texts (see 184 *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* 太真玉帝四極明科經). The present code is entirely different and clearly intended for the laity.

Although since medieval times there had been a strong connection between rules of conduct and registers—the observance of the former conditioning the authority to utilize the latter—this is not truly an ordination document. The register lists the names of the lords of the Thirty-two Heavens, together with their “taboo names” written in “cloud sealscript” (*yunzhuān* 雲篆). Next come eighteen of the highest Heavenly Worthies, all hypostases of the Tao, among which in the first place was the Yuanshi tianzun 元始天尊, but also Guanshiyin 觀世音 (Avalokiteśvara; see 11b and 12a). Later names of heavenly rulers also have distinct Buddhist connotations.

Kristofer Schipper

Xuanpu shan lingjin bilu 玄圃山靈金祕錄

3 juan

Preface by Huangfu Peng 皇甫朋; traditionally dated to the Tang period (618–907)

580 (fasc. 322)

“Secret Register of the Golden Casket from the Mysterious Garden Mountain.” This is a small compendium of magical arts, based on talismans and pseudo-Sanskrit spells. Mudrās (*xuanyin* 玄印) and *vajrapāṇi* 金剛, called “Brahma gods” (*fanshen* 梵神) are also mentioned. The introduction gives a detailed but fantastic account

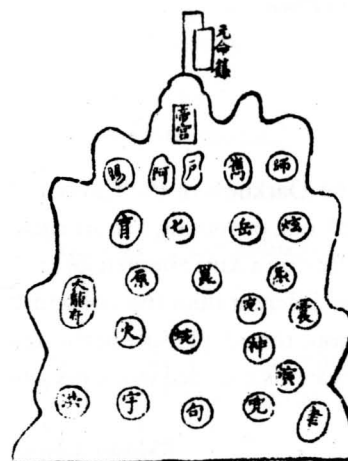


FIGURE 78. Map of Mount Xuanpu (580 3.16a)

玄圃山圖

of the transmission of the work. A certain Xiapi xiansheng 下邳先生, “obtained it on Taishan.” This must be Laozi, inasmuch as the Great Sage appeared during the reign of Qin Shi huangdi of Xiapi shan (see 1483 *Tianhuang zhidao taiping yuci* 1.28b). The sage transmitted it to Zhang Liang 張良 (d. 187 B.C.), the celebrated Han general. From here it passed through many other semihistorical or legendary persons up to a certain Zhang Jing 張晶, said to be a descendant of the Heavenly Masters on Longhu shan 龍虎山. The methods explained here should therefore be seen as belonging to the Heavenly Master tradition. The author of the preface, Huangfu Peng, retired from his post as prefect of

Xunyang 潯陽, Jiangxi, and returned to Chang’an. There he met one day a stranger by the name of Lin Ziyao 林自遙, who was able to walk on water and who gave him these ancient methods. Both Huangfu and Lin loved wine, and many of the magical arts call for the use of this ingredient. The preface is dated from the first year of the “Zhoutong 周通” era. This may be a graphic error for Xiantong 咸通 (860–874). In any case, the date must be considered fictitious. The work is mentioned under the title *Xuanpu shan lingjin dafa* 玄圃山靈金大法 in 1483 *Taiping yuci* 3.29b–30a, together with a table of contents that makes the identification certain.

The Mysterious Garden mountain is another name for the holy Kunlun mountain, Xuanpu, the dwelling place of a god named Xutuo dijun 虛陀帝君. Under this deity are twenty-four generals, corresponding to the twenty-four energy nodes (*jieqi* 節氣). The methods of invoking and employing these deities are given on pages 1.5a–17a. Next follow twenty-four magical methods, eight in each juan. Those of juan 1 concern the mastery of the elements (wind, rain, and so forth). Juan 2 is devoted to warfare. Juan 3 has different magical arts, like becoming invisible or transmitting messages to others through dreams. At the end of the work there is a supplement (*bieji* 別集) that includes a drawing of the Xuanpu shan for ritual use (fig. 78).

Yuan Bingling

Taishang jingui yujing yansheng dongxuan zhuyou chan

太上金櫃玉鏡延生洞玄燭幽懺

12 fols.

Song dynasty (960–1279)?

811 (fasc. 566)

“Jade Mirror in the Golden Casket and Torch in the Darkness of the Cavern of Mystery.” This litany is a hybrid text of uncertain antecedents, proposing a short ritual of purification and atonement for individual use. A preface by a Xuyi zhenren 虛一真人 reveals that this is a scripture in three juan with three different titles (two of which are incorporated in the present title). Before its recitation, the adept must bathe and fast. A ritual for this bathing (*muwu* 沐浴) in perfumed water is included in the present text (9a–10b).

Kristofer Schipper

Tianlao shengguang jing 天老神光經

15 fols.

Attributed to Li Jing 李靖 (571–649)

866 (fasc. 578)

“Scripture of the Divine Light of the Celestial Elder.” The Celestial Elder, Tianlao 天老, is a minister of the Yellow Emperor, who according to legend was particularly knowledgeable about omens, divination, and the arts of war (see *Xuanyuan benji* in YJQQ 100.4b, 6b, 7a–b, 10b, 15a–b; see also Zhu Yueli, “Tianlao kao”). The divine light is described in the present book as a spark seen behind the eyelids and representing the ability to discern the star Fuxing 輔星 (Alcor, 80 Ursae Majoris), the small companion of the sixth star of the Big Dipper (preface, 1a–b). The loss of this ability is said to be an omen of misfortune and—when concomitant with illness—a presaging of imminent death (1a–b).

The book is attributed to Li Jing, the famous general of the Sui (581–618) and early Tang (618–907) periods (biographies in *Jiu Tang shu* 67.2475–83 and *Xin Tang shu* 93.3811–17). It is prefaced by a memorial (dated 633), in which Li Jing presents the book to Emperor Taizong (r. 626–649). However, the attribution seems to be spurious and is absent from the listings of the title in Song bibliographies. The *Tongzhi*, “Yiwen lue,” mentions a Cai Deng 蔡登 as author, while the *Song shi* has a Su Deng 蘇登 (VDL 83).

The first part of the present book (1a–5b) describes the technique of divination based on visualization of the Fuxing. Good or bad fortune is determined both according to whether the star is actually seen and according to the color of the light that appears. The remainder of the book is entitled “Image of Addressing the Mystery” (“Gaoxuan tu 告玄圖”; 5b–13b). It contains a method of praying to various stars,

comprising the presentation of offerings and written petitions, as well as forms of “Pacing the Mainstay” (*bugang* 步綱).

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Poul Andersen

Taishang laojun taisu jing 太上老君太素經

2 fols.

1424 (fasc. 1055)

“Book of the Great Simplicity, by the Most High Lord Lao.” This is a short philosophical text of uncertain date and authorship. The term *taisu* 太素 refers to the origin of the world and relates to the the phase of the beginning of matter. It is an ancient term, already present in many early texts, such as the *Huainan zi* 淮南子 and the *Yijing* 易經 apocrypha *Qianzu du* 乾鑿度. A *Taisu jing* 太素經 is listed in the bibliographical chapter of the BPZ (19.96).

The present short text offers itself as an ancient work of philosophy, combining various sources such as the *Laozi* 老子 with excerpts from the appendixes of the *Yijing*. Despite the antiquity of these sources, the text is very likely a modern amalgam.

Kristofer Schipper

Taishang zhongdao miaofa lianhua jing 太上中道妙法蓮華經

10 juan

1432 (fasc. 1058)

“Scripture of the Lotus of the Marvelous Law of the Central Tao of the Most High.” This is a popular pastiche of the Buddhist Lotus sūtra, placed at the very beginning of the 1607 supplement of the Taoist canon. Its ten juan contain seventeen chapters (*pin* 品) of very uneven length, some amounting to a single page, others covering a full juan. The pastiche superficially borrows a number of chapter titles, terms, and concepts from its Buddhist model. The text itself is, however, poorly written, with little or no development either in logic or in narrative. The work is probably the result of crude planchette writing.

Kristofer Schipper

3.B.14.d Divination Slips

Sisheng zhenjun lingqian 四聖真君靈籤

49 fols.

1298 (fasc. 1010)

“Oracle Slips of the Four Saintly True Lords.” This is a collection of oracles used for divination by means of oracular slips (*baqian* 寶籤). The names of the True Lords are mentioned in the introduction (1a). The oracles all issued from Northern Song religious movements, notably the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 (1227 *Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* 3.10a). A temple was devoted to the True Lords in Luoyang (958 *Xuantian shangdi qisheng lu* 2.11b–13b). Divination through oracular stems was very common in the milieu that propagated their cult, and Zhenwu 真武 in particular usually presided over requests for oracles (1227 *Zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao* 2.14b–15a, 7.13a–14b).

The present work can be considered as representative of the *lingqian* collections of the Song (960–1279) period. It is possible that it was the source of 1482 *Xuantian shangdi baizi shenghao*, clearly a later work, as it uses the Yuan (1279–1368) title *Xuantian shangdi* 玄天上帝. In any case, both collections spring from the same tradition, as is apparent in their introductions (compare 1a–b in the present text with 1482 *Baizi shenghao* 1b–2a) as well as in the number of oracles (forty-nine in both cases) and the text of some oracles.

Each oracle provides its number, name, and auspicious or inauspicious nature; 1482 *Baizi shenghao* also adds the names of two of the seven stars of the Northern Dipper, according to an order that explains their total number of forty-nine. Each oracle then provides an oracular poem in twelve verses of seven characters, a Holy Advice (*shengyi* 聖意) in prose (in 1482 *Baizi shenghao* the Holy Advice is in four verses and included in the oracular poem), a prognostic passage (*zhan* 占) in rhythmic prose, and a final poem in four verses of five characters.

Marc Kalinowski

Xuanzhen lingying baoqian 玄真靈應寶籤

3 juan

1299 (fasc. 1010–1011)

“All-Powerful Oracle Slips of the True Mystery.” This is a collection of oracles used in divination by oracular slips (*baqian* 寶籤). The preface is attributed to the god who governed the oracle or who dwelled in the temple where the divination took place (*wumiao* 吾廟; preface 1a). His name, *Xuanzhen* 玄真, refers to the Wenchang 文昌 cult and the tradition of the Dadong xianjing 大洞仙經 as it appeared in Sichuan under the Southern Song (1127–1279; CGF 18). He is also said to have authored the

preface to 5 *Taishang wuji zongzhen Wenchang dadong xianjing* (1.1a). The title appended to our preface as an edict (*gao* 詔; 1b–2a) is also included in that work, with some variants (2.8a–b, 2.15b–16a).

The factual preface explains that this collection was compiled in answer to the growing popularity of divination by oracle slips in the area (Sichuan). It mentions several titles of oracle sets that were used for the present compilation. Divination must have started to supplant the oniromancy tradition linked to the 169 *Qinghe neizhuan* (1a). Indeed, the Yuan edition of that work in the *Daozang* opens with the interpretation of a dream (169 *Qinghe neizhuan* 1b–2a). It also reproduce the title appended to the preface of the present work (2b–3a), with more variants than in *Dadong xianjing*. The dating of the present work is thus linked to that of the *Qinghe neizhuan*. A Yuan (1279–1368) date can be considered as likely.

The 365 oracles all conform to the same pattern: number, name, and auspicious or inauspicious verdict, an oracular poem in four verses of five characters, and finally a prose comment on the poem.

Marc Kalinowski

Daci haosheng jiutian weifang shengmu yuanjun lingying baoqian

大慈好生九天衛房聖母元君靈應寶籤

23 fols.

1300 (fasc. 1011)

“All-Responding Oracle Slips of the Holy Mother Protecting the Bedchamber, from the Nine Heavens, Loving Life, and Greatly Compassionate.” This is a collection of oracles used in divination by oracle slips (*baqian* 寶籤). The Holy Mother protecting the bedchamber belongs to the pantheon of the Yushu baojing 玉樞寶經. This text is mentioned in several places, in the introduction quoting the passage (99 *Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baojing jizhu* 2.2a–b) pertaining to the goddess as well as in the oracles (21a, 22a, 22b). The date of the present text must therefore be later than that of the *Yushu baojing*, pointing to the Southern Song (1127–1279) or Yuan (1279–1368) period.

The Holy Mother is introduced as the deity governing requests for oracles. The collection contains ninety-nine oracles. Each of them has a number to match it with the slip drawn by the person seeking divination, the oracular poem in four verses of seven (sometimes five) characters, and a comment (*jie* 解) in rhythmic prose.

Marc Kalinowski

Futian guangsheng ruyi lingqian 扶天廣聖如意靈籤

61 fols.

1303 (fasc. 1012)

“Oracle Slips of the Assembly of Saints Assisting Heaven.” This is a collection of oracles used in divination by oracle slips (*lingqian* 靈籤). Nothing in the title nor in the contents of the work points to a precise date. Since the other oracle collections preserved in the *Daozang* were compiled between the Southern Song (1127–1279) and the Ming periods (1368–1644), this is likely to be the case also for the present text.

The 120 oracles are all written according to the same model, giving their number and auspicious or inauspicious nature, an oracular text in rhymed prose, and a prognosis (*zhan* 占), including numbers, dates, and directions to be favored.

Marc Kalinowski

Ganzhou Shengji miao lingji li 贛州聖濟廟靈跡理

6 fols.

By Song Lian 宋濂; 1371

1304 (fasc. 1012)

Huguo Jiaji Jiangdong wang lingqian 護國嘉濟江東王靈籤

41 fols.

By Fu Ye 傅燁; var. Fu Yu 傅煜; 1225–1227

1305 (fasc. 1012)

“Miraculous Events at the Shengji Temple in Ganzhou.” Song Lian’s inscription concerning this title, dated 1371 (cf. the more comprehensive version in *Song Wenxian gong quanji* 宋文憲公全集 4), serves here as an introduction to the text of the well-known divination series (*lingqian* 靈籤) of the god Prince East of the River (Jiangdong wang 江東王) and provides details about the historical development of the cult from which the oracle originated.

Tradition had it that the local hero Shi Gu 石固 from Ganzhou 贛州 (southern Jiangxi) manifested his divine power for the first time in 196 B.C. by helping the general Guan Ying 灌嬰 to subdue Zhao Tuo 趙陀 under the Han. In A.D. 847, a certain Wen Liang 聞諒 (Song’s *Quanji* reads “Zhou Liang 周亮”; *Jiajing Ganzhou fuzhi* 6.30 has “Zhou Cheng 周成”) founded the historical temple east of the river Gong 貢江, from which the popular name for the deity, Jiangdong wang, was derived. As the cult grew during the following centuries, it received numerous official honors. Song mentions the renaming of the temple from Jiaji miao 嘉濟廟 to Shengji miao 聖濟廟 under the Song emperors (between 1056 and 1064, according to the *Jiajing Ganzhou fuzhi*) and the bestowal of the epithet *huguo* 護國 under the Yuan dynasty (*Ganzhou fuzhi* gives 1334 as the date). Between 1225 and 1227, a certain Fu Ye (the *Quanji* reads “Fu Yu”)

from Putian 莆田 (Fujian), who held a military post in the subprefecture Gan 贛縣, wrote a series of a hundred divinatory verses (*yaoci* 繇辭), which immensely increased the cult’s popularity. The assumption that the present *lingqian* (one hundred poems of four heptasyllabic lines each) are identical with Fu’s oracles seems justified on the grounds of the corresponding number of verses. The appended explanations (*jie* 解) and exegesis of their “holy meaning” (*shengyi* 聖意)—the latter again being poems of eight lines of three characters each—are possibly of a later date.

Song Lian’s inscription for the temple in Ganzhou was composed a few years after Ming Taizu (r. 1368–1398) had decreed that an official representative should attend the temple festivities on every eighth day of the first month (according to the *Ganzhou fuzhi*, the decree was issued in 1368).

Ursula-Angelika Cedzich

Tables of Contents

Daozang quejing mulu 道藏闕經目錄

2 juan

Compiled by the editors of the *Da Ming Daozang jing*; fifteenth century

1430 (fasc. 1056)

“Catalogue of the Missing Books in the *Daozang*.” When the editors of the Zhengtong canon had finished their work, they drew up a list of titles included in previous Taoist canons but no longer extant. The catalogue comprised 794 titles (VDL 62). The editors made this list, according to a note placed under the title, on the basis of an old catalogue (*yu jiu mulu nei chaochu* 於舊目錄內抄出). Which list or lists they may have used has been the subject of debate. The compilers did not reproduce the material at their disposal, as had been done in previous canons (see the present text 2.21a) and as was also regularly done in Buddhist canons. There is likely to have been a reason for this omission. Whatever it may be, the list of “lost works” is a most important source for the study of Taoist bibliography.

Chen Yuan 陳垣 (*Nan Song chu Hebei xin dao jiao kao*, 28) has argued that the editors of the Ming *Daozang* of 1445 based their listing of lost works solely on the comparison with the catalogue of the very last canon to be compiled before their own, that is, the *Xuandu baozang* 玄都寶藏 of 1244, compiled by the Quanzhen 全真 order under the direction of SONG DEFANG (1183–1247). Chen’s argument is based on the following evidence: In an epitaph for the Quanzhen patriarch Qin Zhian 秦志安 (1188–1247), who, as a disciple of SONG DEFANG had participated actively in the editing, the Yuan

scholar Yuan Haowen 元好問 (1190–1257) wrote that at the very end of the canon, Qin added four historical works written by himself, the 173 *Jinlian zhengzong ji* 金蓮正宗記, the *Yanxia lu* 煙霞錄, the *Yixian zhuan* 繹仙傳, and the *Wuxian zhuan* 婺仙傳 (see *Tongzhen zi muji ming* 31.12a–13b). The present catalogue lists at the very end (2.21a) three of the above-named works that are not in the Ming *Daozang*. In support of Chen Yuan's argument it could be said that on the same last page we have the titles of the lost catalogues of the former Song (960–1279) and Jurchen Jin (1115–1234) canons, while that of the Yuan (1279–1368) canon is not mentioned. Thus the editors of the Ming *Daozang* did have access to it, but did not reproduce it other than through this checklist of missing titles. Against Chen's hypothesis, however, stands the fact that between the three Quanzhen historical works, the *Quejing mulu* inserts an altogether different title, that of a *Wushan Huanglu dazhai jingyao* 無山黃籙大齋精要 (*wushan* 無山 is an error for *wushang* 無上). This title probably does not come from the same Yuan canon catalogue, but must have been taken from another inventory. So the compilers of the *Quejing mulu* must at least have had two catalogues at their disposal.

In his detailed discussion of the compilation of the Yuan canon of 1244 (which he calls a "reprint") and its subsequent destruction by Kublai Khan in 1281, van der Loon argues that the editors had several catalogues, or fragments of catalogues, at their disposal, since the shelflist of the imperial library of 1441 contains a number of "Taoist Catalogues." One of these catalogues was of the Taoist books actually shelved in that library. Another was a single fascicle with "several lists of the Taoist canon." Still another was a work in ten fascicles (VDL 61–62). It therefore is probable that the editors did indeed use several different catalogues, which may explain a number of inconsistencies and errors signaled by van der Loon.

Still, it would seem that the main source used by the compilers of the Ming canon for their verification was the catalogue of the Yuan canon of 1244. We may be certain that they had it at their disposal, and it is tempting to suppose that the one large list in ten fascicles in the imperial library was that. This hypothesis is strengthened by the fact that, as an appendix to the *Quejing mulu*, we find the text of an inscription dated 1275 and named "Short Inventory of the Taoist Canons through the Ages" (*Daozang zun-jing lidai gangmu* 道藏尊經歷代綱目), which must have been placed at the Yongle gong 永樂宮 temple in Shanxi where SONG DEFANG was abbot and from where he directed the compilation of the 1244 canon. The inscription is very much to the glory of his enterprise and of his canon, the printing blocks of which were kept in the Yongle gong temple. It is logical that the text of such an inscription would have been added to the catalogue of the 1244 canon.

The logic of the above hypothesis is important, inasmuch as the *Quejing mulu* does show a pattern in the way it lists the lost Taoist works. Indeed, it clearly follows the classification of the Three Caverns and Four Auxiliaries of the previous canons.

Beginning on page 1a and numbering the titles in sequence, we find the following in *juan* 1:

- Numbers 1 through 32 (1a–2b5) are Dongzhen 洞真 texts.
- Numbers 33 through 45 (2b6–3a9) are Dongxuan 洞玄 texts.
- Numbers 46 through 103 (3a10–6b2) are also Dongzhen texts.
- Numbers 104 through 109, on 6b, are miscellaneous entries (such as the *Xiang'er zhu* 想爾注 of the Laozi and catalogues such as the Sui *Yuwei jingmu* 玉緯經目 and the Tang *Sandong qionggang* 三洞瓊綱; see CGF 112–14).
- Numbers 110 through 229 (6b8–13a7) are again Dongxuan texts.
- Numbers 230 through 234 (13a–b) are miscellaneous texts on divination.
- Numbers 235 through 298 (13b4–16b6) are Dongshen 洞神 texts.
- Numbers 299 through 388 at the end of *juan* 1 (21a) are Taixuan bu 太玄部 texts, many beginning with Laozi's Song-period canonical title Taishang hunyuan shangde huangdi 太上混元上德皇帝 (at the end of this part, we find many doctrinal and polemical works as well as hagiographies).

Coming now to *juan* 2, we see that it continues with the listing of hagiographical texts, the last being a monograph on Qingcheng shan 青城山 (no. 404). This part of the Taixuan bu therefore covers more than a hundred titles (299 to 404).

- Number 405 is the *Yiqie daojing yinyi* 一切道經音義 (see 1123 *Yiqie daojing yinyi miaomen youqi*).
- Numbers 406 and 407 are Taiqing bu 太清部 works, standing wrongly just before 408 and 409.
- Numbers 408 and 409, the Taiping bu 太平部 scriptures. The *Taiping jing* itself is listed as lost (see 1101a *Taiping jing*).
- Numbers 410 through 500 are all Taiqing bu texts, some marked as such, others clearly related to alchemy, Tending Life, and so on, including Inner Alchemy texts inspired by the *Cantong qi* (e.g., 459, on page 4b2).
- Numbers 501 through 557 are texts from the Zhengyi bu 正一部.

The remainder of the list is filled with titles of books that are mostly from later periods, comprising even some Southern Song (1127–1279) works, and listed without any apparent order. These may have been the works that had no direct relationship with the traditional Seven Divisions and were therefore placed at the end of the canons as a supplement.

To conclude, although there are some manifest overlappings and irregularities and the use of at least two and probably more catalogues is evident, the *Quejing mulu* follows in general the subdivision of the Three Caverns and Four Auxiliaries, and large parts are composed of works of a single category. Within these, the Dongxuan division

stands out as the largest, with 127 texts, followed by the Taixuan (105), the Taiqing (90), and the Dongzhen divisions (89). As always, the Dongshen division is small and the Taiping division amounts to almost nothing. As to the size of the Zhengyi division, as in the Ming canon, coming at the very end, it has been enlarged by many later additions.

Although in some instances texts of a certain type are grouped together, such as hagiographies, rules of conduct, and “discussions” (*lun* 論), there is no trace of a sub-division in Twelve Categories (Shi'er lei 十二類) as we find in the Ming canon. The *Quejing mulu* does give us a key to the original organization of the Taoist canons, as they were organized and structured from the times of WANG YAN at the end of the fifth century until the Yuan canon of 1244. It is thus an invaluable and hitherto largely untapped source for the study of Taoist bibliography.

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Da Ming Daozang jing mulu 大明道藏經目錄*Xu Daozang jing mulu* 續道藏經目錄

4 juan

1431 (fasc. 1057)

“Table of Contents of the Taoist Canon of the Great Ming.” This listing stands at the very end of the Zhengtong canon of 1445, whereas that of the Wanli supplement of 1607 stands at the very beginning of the *Xu Daozang* 續道藏. There is no possibility of confusion between the two since the typography is strikingly different, in keeping with the graphic forms of the characters prevalent in the respective parts. The colophon at the end of the two tables of contents by the Fiftieth Heavenly Master, Zhang Guoxiang 張國祥, dated 1607, therefore applies to the contents of the supplement only.

The table of contents of the Zhengtong canon is preceeded by a short text entitled “Origins of Taoism” (*Daojiao zongyuan* 道教宗源), an introduction to the genesis and structure of the Daoist canon. It can therefore be considered as the preface to the *Daozang*. It is followed by even shorter “instructions for use” (*fanli* 凡例).

The introduction makes the origin of the canon coequal with that of the universe:

How remote! The beginning of the Family of the Tao (*Daojia* 道家)! It started from where there was nothing before; it manifested itself in response to stimulus;

it was born from the Marvelous One. From this Marvelous One came the division into Three Principles. These Three Principles transformed into the Three Qi [energies], and these again transformed into the Three Kinds [Heaven, Earth, and Life]. The Three Kinds then began to give birth and the ten-thousand beings attained their fullness.

The Three Principles . . . produced the Lord of Heavenly Treasure, the Lord of Marvelous Treasure, and the Lord of Divine Treasure. . . . They reigned over the Three Pure Regions, which are Jade Purity, Supreme Purity and Most High Purity, also named the Three Heavens. . . . But as the [318] *Jiutian shengshen zhangjing* says: “Although these names are different, their foundation is One. These Three Lords are also the chief teachers of the Three Caverns. They are the Dongzhen, the Dongxuan, and the Dongshen . . . , each containing twelve divisions. From the Three Caverns sprang the Four Auxiliaries, Taixuan, Taiping, Taiqing, and Zhengyi.

And so the canon came into being. The introduction then sets forth explanations of the division, of the works included in each of the Three Caverns, and into Twelve Categories (*shi'er lei* 十二類), going to great lengths to justify the need for each of them. The *fanli* does likewise, adding concrete examples.

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The University of Chicago Press, Chicago 60637

The University of Chicago Press, Ltd., London

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Printed in the United States of America

13 12 11 10 09 08 07 06 05 04 5 4 3 2 1

ISBN (cloth, vol. 2): 0-226-73813-2

ISBN (the set): 0-226-73817-5

Published with the generous assistance of the Chiang Ching-Kuo Foundation for International Scholarly Exchange.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Dao Zang.

The Taoist canon : a historical companion to the Daozang = [Dao zang tong kao]

3 v. ; cm.

Parallel title in Chinese characters.

Includes bibliographical references and index.

Contents: vol. 1. Antiquity through the Middle Ages / edited by Kristofer Schipper and Franciscus Verellen—vol. 2. The modern period / edited by Kristofer Schipper and Franciscus Verellen—vol. 3. Biographies, bibliography, indexes / edited by Kristofer Schipper and Franciscus Verellen.

ISBN 0-226-73817-5 (set : alk. paper) — ISBN 0-226-73811-6 (v. 1 : alk. paper) — ISBN 0-226-73813-2 (v. 2 : alk. paper) — ISBN 0-226-73815-9 (v. 3 : alk. paper)

I. Dao Zang. 2. Taoism. I. Title: Dao zang tong kao. II. Schipper, Kristofer Marinus. III. Verellen, Franciscus. IV. Title

BL1900.A1D359 2004

299.5'1482—dc22

2004047959

This book is printed on acid-free paper.

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The Song, Yuan, and Ming

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The Taoist Canon

A Historical Companion

to the *Daozang*

VOLUME 3

Biographies, Bibliography,
Indexes

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The University of Chicago Press
Chicago & London

Biographical Notices

FREQUENTLY MENTIONED TAOISTS

Bao Jing 鮑靚, *zi* Taixuan 太玄 (260–330?). According to legend, Bao Jing was born in Chenliu 陳留, southeast of Kaifeng in Henan (some sources indicate Shangdang 上黨 or Donghai 東海). He is famous for having announced to his father, at age five, that he was the reincarnation of a son of the Li family of Quyang 曲陽 who had died when he was nine years old after falling into a well. Bao is also said to be a descendant of Bao Xuan 鮑宣 (d. A.D. 3), a well-known scholar at the time of the Han emperor Aidi (r. 7 B.C.–A.D. 1). Bao Jing was versed in Taoism, Confucianism, and astronomy. In 318, he met the immortal Yin Changsheng 陰長生, who recognized his aptitudes and passed on to him his techniques of immortality. Bao rose to be governor of Nanhai 南海 (modern Canton). He was a friend of the Eastern Jin official XU MI and master of the latter's elder brother, the hermit XU MAI. GE HONG married Bao's daughter. On Bao Jing's alleged rediscovery of the *Sanhuang wen* 三皇文 texts, see the general introduction in volume 1, section E, "Lu Xiujing and the Canon of the Three Caverns." Bao was buried in a place named Shizi gang 石子岡. Soon thereafter, his remains disappeared by means of "corpse liberation."

Bo Yuchan 白玉蟾, *zi* Ruhui 如晦, Ziqing 紫清, Bosou 白叟, *hao* Haiqiong 海瓊 (1194–1229; traditional dates 1134–1229). Bo Yuchan was born Ge Changgeng 葛長庚, but he was adopted into the family of his mother's second husband. His lack of family background contributed to his reputation as a genial, independent, freewheeling person: he is said to have spent most of his life roaming, as did his master, CHEN NAN (1171?–1213). Bo's reputation as a provocative Taoist did not preclude his integration within the Taoist establishment. During his formative years (1205–1214), Bo rapidly mastered the traditional Zhengyi 正一 liturgy, various Thunder rites, and *neidan* 內丹 techniques. He later lived in the Wuyi shan 武夷山 range in Fujian, but also settled for some time on Xishan 西山 (modern Jiangxi) where he promoted the Jingming zhongxiao 淨明忠孝 school. Bo had many disciples who formed the nucleus of the Southern school (Nanzong 南宗) and who edited his abundant works (99 *Baojing jizhu*, 757 *Qingjing jing zhu*, 914 *Danjing bizhi*, 1307 *Bo zhenren yulu*, 1308 *Wendao ji*, 1309 *Chuangdao ji*, and parts of 263

Xiuzhen shishu; see also 1220 *Daofa huiyuan*). Several large anthologies of his prose and poetry were compiled during the Ming (1368–1644) and the Qing (1644–1911) periods.

Chen Jingyuan 陳景元, *zi* Taichu 太初, *hao* Zhenjing 真靖, Bixu 碧虛 (1025–1094). Chen was born into a family of literati in Nancheng 南城 (modern Jiangxi). He became a Taoist at age seventeen when he was orphaned. He benefited early from an excellent education and made a rapid ascent in the Taoist administration, mainly through his exceptional scholarly talents. According to his oldest extant biography (*Xuanhe shubu* 6.10a–12a), Chen was a disciple of Zhang Wumeng 張無夢 (952?–1051) at Mount Tiantai 天台山 in Zhejiang. He later came to live in the Liquan guan 醴泉觀 temple at the capital. Historical sources also mention his accomplishments as a painter, and he belonged to a poetic circle that included the most famous politicians of the age. He retired in 1083 to devote himself entirely to recovering and editing ancient scriptures. The list of his works is impressive, and although many did not survive, eight are extant. They are mostly commentaries on Taoist classics. His interest in *neidan* 內丹 is not well reflected in this corpus, although it is possible that the alchemical treatise 241 *Qinchuan zhizhi* can be attributed to him. Chen died on Lushan 廬山 (Jiangxi) at the age of seventy.

Chen Nan 陳楠, *zi* Nanmu 南木, *hao* Cuixu weng 翠虛翁, Niwan xiansheng 泥丸先生 (d. 1213). Chen Nan is recognized as one of the patriarchs of the Southern School (Nanzong 南宗), being the fourth successor to the alleged founder, ZHANG BODUAN. The lineage includes SHI TAI, author of 1091 *Huanyuan pian* and direct disciple of ZHANG BODUAN, and XUE DAOGUANG, the third patriarch in the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 lineage. The tradition seems to have been formulated first by BO YUCHAN (see “Xie Zhang Ziyang shu 謝張紫陽書” in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu* 6.4a). Chen “Niwan” (nirvana) is supposed to have been the master of BO YUCHAN. His spiritual legacy is represented by his collected poems in 1090 *Cuixu pian* 翠虛篇, compiled by Wang Sicheng 王思誠, *zi* Zhenxi zi 真息子 (fl. 1217). Chen is said to have hailed from Huizhou 惠州 (in present Guangdong province) and to have been a cooper by trade. He won fame as a Thunder magic exorcist in the southern regions before he was called to the capital during the Zhenghe period (1111–1118) and appointed Taoist registrar by Emperor Huizong. After the fall of the Northern Song (960–1127), he returned to the south to live on Mount Luofu 羅浮山 near Canton. He traveled a great deal and visited the coastal cities of Chaozhou, Zhangzhou, and Fuzhou and also went inland as far as Changsha in present-day Hunan. He sought deliverance from the body, by drowning himself in Zhangzhou in the year 1213 (or perhaps 1211). He had said of himself that, having waited forty-three years before attaining the Tao, he would see four generations pass before leaving the world.

Chen Niwan 陳泥丸. See CHEN NAN.

Chen Shaowei 陳少衛, *zi* Ziming 子明; *hao* Hengyue zhenren 衡嶽真人 (fl. 712–734). Chen Shaowei was an important Taoist alchemist of the High Tang (618–907) period who can be ascertained to have been active during the early years of Xuanzong’s reign (after 712). The few facts we have concerning his life and work come from two works preserved in the *Daozang* (890 *Xiufu lingsha miaojue*, 891 *Jiuhuan jindan miaojue*) and the few words he devotes to himself in the preface to the first of these texts. He tells us that he left his residence at the sacred mountain of Hengshan 衡山 (in present Hunan) and went to Mount Huanglong (near modern Nanchang in Jiangxi province), where he met a holy person who transmitted to him the alchemical secrets of XU XUN. According to Chen, XU XUN had obtained those secrets from his master, Wu Meng 吳猛, who had received them from his own initiator, Ding Yi 丁義. Mount Huanglong is considered to be the place where XU XUN practiced alchemy. The transmission of alchemical secrets to Wu Meng by a certain Ding Yi is also recorded in other hagiographies (compare 1110 *Jingming zhongxiao quanshu* 1.1b and 1.3b). The relationship between Chen Shaowei and XU XUN’s Way of Filial Piety of the Tang period (618–907) can therefore be assumed. Chen’s presence at Hengshan is also attested. He is said to have initiated Jia Ziran 賈自然 (see LZTT 33.11b) and to have appeared in a dream to SIMA CHENGZHEN (see 606 *Nanyue zongzheng ji* 18a).

Chen Tuan 陳搏, *zi* Tu’nan 圖南, *hao* Fuyao 扶搖, Boyun xiansheng 白雲先生, Xiyi xiansheng 希夷先生 (871?–989). The title Boyun xiansheng was bestowed on Chen Tuan by Emperor Shizong of the Later Zhou (r. 954–959); the title Xiyi xiansheng by the Song emperor Taizong (r. 976–997). Chen, a native of Bozhou, was probably an unsuccessful examination candidate. He spent more than twenty years at Jiushi yan 九室岩, on Wudang shan 武當山, after which he settled for forty years at the Yuntai guan 雲臺觀 temple in the Huashan 華山 range. There he practiced the asceticism of Inner Alchemy. He is said to have been able to sleep a hundred days without waking. This detail is mentioned in his official biography, in the History of the Song (*Song shi* 457.13420). An ascetic Method of the Hibernating Dragon (*Zhelong fa* 螭龍法) is attributed to him. It is said that he received it from LÜ DONGBIN. Chen Tuan’s diagrams had a great influence on the Confucianists of the Northern Song (960–1127). His only surviving work now extant is a book on *neidan* 內丹, the 134 *Huandan ge zhu*. Chen died in 989, allegedly at the age of 118 *sui*.

Chen Xianwei 陳顯微, *zi* Zongdao 宗道, *hao* Baoyi zi 抱一子 (fl. 1223–1254). A native of Yangzhou, Chen Xianwei was active as a Southern school (Nanzong 南宗) daoshi at the Yousheng guan 佑聖觀 temple in Lin’an 臨安 (Hangzhou). In 1223, he is said to have had an encounter with a “superior person” who transmitted

the “true alchemical method” to him. This later enabled him to gain special insights into the *Cantong qi* 參同契. He is best known for his teaching and commentary on that work (1007 *Cantong qi jie*).

Chen Zhixu 陳致虛, *zi* Guanwu 觀吾, *hao* Shangyang 子 上陽子 (b. 1290). Chen Zhixu was a native of Luling 廬陵 (Ji'an 吉安, Jiangxi) but was active in the Hunan and Hubei regions. In 1329, Chen became a disciple of the alchemist Zhao Youqin 趙有欽. In the course of his peregrinations in the Jiugong shan 九宮山 range in Hubei, Chen acquired many followers. The school he founded (see 1070 *Jindan dayao xianpai*) constituted a branch of the Quanzhen 全真 movement that traced its origin to MA DANYANG. Chen Zhixu also linked it to the syncretist movement “uniting the Three Teachings” (*sanjiao wei yi* 三教爲一). In his own writings, Southern school (Nanzong 南宗) Taoism and Chan teachings predominate. Chen is credited with numerous works in the *Daozang* that are mostly concerned with Inner Alchemy and self-cultivation. He is also the author of major commentaries on the Book of Salvation (91 *Shangpin miaojing zhujie*) and the “Essay on the Realization of Perfection” (see 142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu*).

Cheng Xuanying 成玄英, *zi* Zishi 子實. Cheng Xuanying was an eminent philosopher and commentator who lived in the early Tang period (618–907). The little we know of his life comes from a short note in the bibliographical chapter of the *Xin Tang shu* (VDL 106). He hailed from Shanzhou 陝州 (present-day Shanxian 陝縣 in Henan province) and appears to have been trained as a classical scholar, as suggested by his *zi*. His Taoist career began in Donghai (eastern Shandong). In 631, he was invited to the court by Emperor Taizong, who honored him with the title Xihua fashi 西華法師 (Ritual Master of Western Luster), no doubt an allusion to the sacred mountain of Huashan 華山, the Western Peak. When Taizong died (649) and his successor Gaozong (r. 649–683) came to the throne, Cheng was banished to a place called Yuzhou 郁州. It was there that he wrote his famous commentaries to the *Laozi* 老子, the *Zhuangzi* 莊子, and the *Duren jing* 度人經. Of these, his interpretation of the *Zhuangzi* (see 745 *Nanhua zhenjing zhushu*) is the most important. Presented as a subcommentary to GUO XIANG's celebrated glosses, Cheng in fact shows a superior understanding of the text, not only of its grammar and semantics, but also of its philosophical meaning. He therefore often, with great elegance, corrects GUO XIANG's errors and misinterpretations, opening a new age of *Zhuangzi* studies, which flourished under the Song (960–1279). It is sometimes claimed that Cheng belonged to a Chongxuan 重玄 (Double Mystery) school, inspired by Mādhyamika Buddhist thought. In fact there is no historical evidence of such a school. Cheng's thought and his use of the term *chongxuan* are consistent with the epistemology of the Taoist thinkers of the Warring States period (475–221 B.C.) and were defined and defended as such by Cheng himself.

Deng Yougong 鄧有功, *zi* Zida 子大, *hao* Yuechao 月巢 (1210–1279?). Deng Yougong was a scholar official of the Southern Song period (1127–1279) who practiced the Tianxin zhengfa methods of exorcism and edited several works of this school. Poetry attributed to Deng is reproduced from an unidentified source in *Quan Song ci* 4.2977, which is the source of his dates. A native of Nanfeng 南豐 (Jiangxi), he obtained the *jinsshi* 進士 degree at an early age and became a local official, serving at one time at Jinhua 金谿 in the prefecture of Fuzhou 撫州 (Jiangxi). The *Daozang* preserves two works edited by Deng: 566 *Tianxin zhengfa* and 461 *Lingwen guili*, the second work being ascribed to one of the legendary founders of the school, RAO DONGTIAN (fl. 994).

Du Daojian 杜道堅, *zi* Chuyi 處逸, *hao* Nangu 子 南谷子, Fujiao dashi 輔教大師 (1237–1318). A native of Dangtu 當塗 (Anhui), Du Daojian entered Taoist orders at age seventeen. He subsequently lived at Maoshan 茅山, where he received his ordination from the Shangqing patriarch Jiang Zongying 蔣宗瑛 (d. 1281). His initiation at Maoshan was followed by years of wandering in the area of Danyang 丹陽 and Yixing 義興 (also in modern Jiangsu). During the Xianchun period (1265–1274), the Southern Song ruler Duzong bestowed the title Fujiao dashi and other imperial favors on Du and made him abbot of the Shengyuan baode guan 昇元報德觀 temple in Wuxing 吳興 (modern Huzhou 湖州, Zhejiang). After the Mongol conquest of southern China in 1279, Du was granted an audience by Kublai Khan (1215–1294) in Dadu, the Yuan capital. In 1303, Emperor Chengzong appointed Du Taoist registrar (*daolu* 道錄) of Hangzhou 杭州. The succeeding emperor, Renzong, bestowed further honors on him in 1312, including the title Longdao chongzhen chongzheng zhenren 隆道沖真崇正真人. After Du Daojian's death in 1318, his disciple ZHAO MENGFU (1254–1322) composed a stele inscription in his honor: *Longdao chongzhen chongzheng zhenren Du gong bei* 隆道沖真崇正真人杜公碑. It is preserved in Zhao's collected works (*Songxue zhai ji* 松雪齋集 9). Du was the author of several commentaries on Taoist classics. After the fall of the Song dynasty (960–1279), he combined elements of Taoist and Confucian political and moral philosophy in an endeavor to create an ideological basis for a return to order and stability under the new regime.

Du Guangting 杜光庭, *zi* Binsheng 賓聖, *hao* Guangcheng xiansheng 廣成先生, Dongying 子 東瀛子, Huading/Tianmu feng yuren 華頂、天姥峰羽人 (850–933). Du Guangting was born in the region of Chuzhou 處州 in Zhejiang. Around 870, after failing to obtain the *mingjing* 明經 examination degree in the Confucian classics, he received his Taoist training and initiation at Mount Tiantai 天台山 in Zhejiang. Soon after the accession of Emperor Xizong (r. 873–888), Du was summoned to court. He performed various official and Taoist functions in Chang'an until the Huang Chao 黃巢 rebellion (880–885). After the sack of the capital by

Huang in early 881, Du followed the court into exile in Chengdu. As a textual and liturgical scholar, he deplored the loss of sacred Taoist books in the wake of the destruction of Chang'an, and he eventually reconstituted parts of the canon from temple libraries in Sichuan. Du announced the divine restoration of the Tang under the auspices of Lord Lao in the memorial 593 *Lidai chongdao ji*, presented to the emperor on the eve of his return to the capital in 885. When Xizong was obliged to flee his temporary quarters there again, Du Guangting obtained permission to return to Sichuan. Subsequently, many of Du's voluminous works were written during the period of political transition while he was a priest in the Yuju guan 玉局觀 temple in Chengdu and a frequent visitor to nearby Mount Qingcheng 青城山. The next phase in Du's career brought him into contact with Wang Jian 王建 (847–918) and his local staff and allies, who were to proclaim the kingdom of Shu 蜀 after the fall of the Tang in 907. Under the Shu, Du resumed his earlier functions as court Taoist and official, reaching the rank of vice president of finance (*hubu shilang* 戶部侍郎) in 916. Around the time of the fall of the Former Shu kingdom in 925, Du seems to have retired to Qingcheng shan, where he died in 933. Most of Du's surviving works have been transmitted through the *Daozang*.

Ge Chaofu 葛巢甫. Ge Chaofu was the grandnephew of GE HONG (283–343) and lived in Jiangnan at the turn of the fourth and fifth centuries. He was identified by TAO HONGJING (456–536) as the author of the Lingbao scriptures. He is also held to be the creator of the Ge family lineage, which included GE XUAN and served retroactively to document the Lingbao scriptures' revelation and transmission.

Ge Hong 葛洪, *zi* Yichuan 稚川, *hao* Baopu 抱朴 (283–343). The descendant of a learned but poor family of Jurong 句容 county in Jiangsu, Ge Hong was the grandnephew of GE XUAN. Selling wood to pay for his studies, Ge Hong acquired a vast knowledge in literature as well as various sciences and techniques, especially alchemy, medicine, and Taoist methods. He became the disciple of the hermit ZHENG YIN, who taught him a method for transforming cinnabar. Later, Ge served as a high military official. Eventually moving to Guangdong, he led a hermitic life on Mount Luofu 羅浮山. His aspiration was to achieve immortality, and his thought was a synthesis of Confucianism and longevity techniques, based mainly on outer alchemy. His most famous extant works are contained in the two collections 1185 *Baopu zi neipian* and 1187 *Baopu zi waipian*. His Biographies of divine Immortals (*Shenxian zhuan* 神仙傳), often quoted in ancient texts, is now lost but has been partially reconstructed. Other lost works include the *Zhenzhong shu* 枕中書 (cf. 166 *Zhongxian ji*) and the *Yuhan fang* 玉函方. The 917 *Shenxian jinshao jing*, 940 *Jinmu wanling lun*, 842 *Baopu zi yangsheng lun*, 939 *Dadan wenda*, 1306 *Ge xianweng zhouhou beiji fang*, and 915 *Huandan zhouhou jue* are attributed to Ge or are based on his writings.

Ge Xuan 葛玄, *zi* Jiaoxian 教先 (traditional dates 164–244). Also known as Zuo xiangong 左仙公, Zuo xianweng 左仙翁, or Ge xiangong 葛仙公, Ge Xuan was a native of Jurong 句容 county (in Jiangsu). Ge was Zuo Ci's 左慈 disciple and became ZHENG YIN's master. He was Ge Hong's great-uncle. He is said to have practiced asceticism on Gezao shan 閣皂山 in Jiangxi and was an expert in Outer Alchemy. In 1104, he received the title Chongying zhenren 沖應真人, elevated in 1243 to Chongying fuyou zhenjun 沖應孚佑真君. Two works in the *Daozang*, 543 *Xiaozai jiuyou chan* and a commentary to the *Yinfu jing* (111 *Yinfu jing jijie*) are attributed to him.

Gu Huan 顧歡, *zi* Jingyi 景怡, Xuanping 玄平 (420–483). A Taoist thinker under the southern dynasties Liu Song (420–479) and Qi (479–502), Gu Huan was a native of Yanguan 鹽官 (Haining 海寧, Zhejiang). After a Confucian education, he retired to Mount Tiantai 天台山 in Zhejiang. There his interests turned to Huang-Lao philosophy, alchemy, as well as Taoist ritual and techniques, and he acquired a considerable following as a teacher on these subjects. Under the Qi emperor Gaodi (479–482), Gu Huan served as registrar (*zhubu* 主簿) in Yangzhou. Gu is mainly remembered as a commentator on the *Daode jing* 道德經. He died aged sixty-four at Shanshan 剡山 (Shengxian 嵊縣, Zhejiang).

Guo Xiang 郭象, *zi* Zixuan 子玄, 252–312. A celebrated philosopher of the Western Jin period (265–316), Guo was a native of Luoyang. He held several honorific court appointments, including gentleman-in-attendance at the Palace Gate (*huangmen shilang* 黃門侍郎). An expert on the *Laozi* 老子 and the *Zhuangzi* 莊子, and an adept of the art of "pure conversation" (*qingtan* 清談), Guo Xiang expanded upon the work of Xiang Xiu 向秀 (ca. 221–300) to produce the most famous of *Zhuangzi* commentaries. In the *Daozang*, it has been incorporated into 745 *Nanhua zhenjing zhushu*.

Hao Datong 郝大通, *zi* Taigu 太古, *hao* Guangning 廣寧子 (1140–1213). Hao Datong was one of the founding patriarchs of the Quanzhen 全真 order. According to 173 *Jinlian zhenzong ji* 5.6b, he was given his names by the founder of the order, WANG CHONGYANG. Other sources indicate that Hao's personal name was Lin 璘 or Sheng, written 升 or 昇, and his *hao* was Tianran 子恬然 or Taigu zhenren 太古真人. According to the memorial inscription by Xu Yan 徐琰, in 973 *Ganshui xianyuan lu* 2.18a–24b, Hao came from a distinguished family in Ninghai 寧海 (Shandong). He did not choose an official career, but established himself as a fortune-teller in his hometown. When WANG CHONGYANG arrived in Ninghai in 1167, Hao became his follower. However, his precise relationship with the incipient Quanzhen movement under WANG CHONGYANG and MA DANYANG remains unclear. After an unsuccessful bid to join the community that had established itself in Shanxi around the tomb of the founding patriarch, Hao set himself up at

Wozhou 沃州 in Hebei. His asceticism, his teaching based on the *Yijing* 易經, as well as his skill in predicting the future, all set him apart from the main current of the Quanzhen movement. Having succeeded in converting members of the gentry, Hao preached at Zhending 真定 near Wozhou, where the monastery Taigu guan 太古觀 had been established. In his later years, his reputation reached the court and he was awarded a title. Toward the end of his life, Hao returned to Ninghai, where he died. His only surviving work, 1161 *Taigu ji*, has come down to us in a fragmentary state. Hao's studies on the *Yijing* and especially on the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 are partially preserved in this collection.

Heshang gong 河上公. Heshang gong, also known as Heshang zhangren 河上丈人, is an obscure figure in the history of Taoism. His existence itself is doubtful. According to Sima Qian's *Shiji*, he was a venerable of the Warring States period (475–221 B.C.) and the master of the immortal Anqi Sheng 安期生. According to GE HONG's *Shenxian zhuan* 神仙傳, Heshang gong was a hermit living in retirement on the banks of the Yellow River. Emperor Wen (r. 180–157 B.C.) of the Western Han dynasty sought him out there to inquire about the Tao. The influential *Laozi* 老子 commentary 682 *Daode zhenjing zhu* is attributed to this sage.

Heshang zhangren 河上丈人. See HESHANG GONG.

Huang Shunshen 黃舜申, hao Lei yuan 雷淵 Bishui lei yuan zhenren 碧水雷淵真人 (fl. 1224–1286). Huang Shunshen can be considered as the true founder of the modern Qingwei 清微 school of exorcism. His biography in 297 *Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian xubian* 5 states that he hailed from Jianning 建寧, at that time a prosperous county of northwest Fujian. While serving as an official in Guangxi, Huang encountered Nan Bidao 南畢道, who initiated him. The dates of his life are provided by 171 *Qingwei xianpu*, a chronology of which Huang himself is supposed to have been the original author. His biography appended to that work (14b–15b) states that he was born in 1224 and that he was summoned to the Yuan court in 1286. Huang had a great number of disciples, only five of whom obtained his full instruction. The patriarch ZHAO YIZHEN (d. 1382) later unified the teaching and continued the Qingwei lineage into the Ming period (1368–1644). Heavenly Master ZHANG YUCHU wrote a eulogy for the portrait of Huang, which he presumably had in his collection (see 1311 *Xianquan ji* 5.8b).

Jia Shanxiang 賈善翔, zi Hongju 鴻舉, hao Chongde wuzhen dashi 崇德悟真大師 (fl. 1086 [1081–1121?]). Little is known about Jia's life, except for a short and not very factual biography in LZTT 51. He originally hailed from Pengzhou 蓬州 (in modern Sichuan), and he seems to have made a career in the central Taoist administration, to judge by a title given at the head of one of his four works extant in the *Daozang*. He was preaching and conducting rituals at the Taiqing gong 太清宮 (Laozi's 老子 reputed birthplace, at Bozhou 亳州, modern Henan) just before

his death. Jia wrote a compilation of biographies of famous Taoists, the *Gaodao zhuan* 高道傳, now lost but known in part through numerous quotations. The four extant works are: a ritual for entering the celibate clergy (1236 *Chuandu yi*), a hagiography of Laozi (774 *Youlong zhuan*) and two commentaries on the *Zhuangzi* 莊子 (739 *Zhenjing zhiyin* and 740 *Nanhua miao*).

Jiang Shuyu 蔣叔輿, zi Shaohan 少韓, Dezhan 德詹, hao Cunzhai 存齋 (1162–1223).

Jiang Shuyu, born into a family of literati in Yongjia 永嘉 (southern Zhejiang), seems to have had several callings. Two extant epitaphs written by contemporary scholars describe him as a man versed in the Neo-Confucian tradition of the Cheng brothers and as a devoted administrator who, to the loss of the empire, languished in minor postings, never advancing beyond the magistracy of a small county (Yiyang 弋陽, modern Jiangxi). He is described as learned in many technical subjects, including astronomy, strategy, and music, but Taoist ritual is not named among them. Jiang is nevertheless remembered chiefly as the compiler of a major ritual manual (508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi*) and an important authority on Lingbao liturgy, which he studied with LIU YONGGUANG (1134–1206) from 1195 onward. He would appear to be one of the numerous Southern Song magistrates featured in the *Yijian zhi* who were initiated in Zhengyi lineages and Thunder rituals and who made use of this liturgical know-how in the course of their duties.

Jin Yunzhong 金允中 (fl. 1224–1225). Jin Yunzhong is the author of a very influential Lingbao liturgical compendium, 1223 *Lingbao dafa*, but he is not otherwise known in a historical context. He signed his magnum opus with a title that mentions his initiation into the Tongchu 童初 liturgical lineage. This connection is also documented by a preface he wrote for Tongchu documents included in 1220 *Daofa huiyuan* 171–78, where he states that he had been a Confucian before becoming a Taoist, and that his master was a certain Liu Hunpu 劉混朴. The reasons for his polemical posture and controversial position among the various currents of Southern Song (1127–1279) Taoism remain difficult to ascertain.

Kou Qianzhi 寇謙之, zi Fuzhen 輔真 (365–448). Kou Qianzhi was a native of Changping 昌平 in the area of modern Peking, but he spent most of his younger years in seclusion on Mount Hua 華山 in Shaanxi, where he received his Taoist initiation from Chenggong Xing 成公興, and on the Central Peak, Songshan 嵩山. At the latter site, in the year 415, Lord Lao appeared to Kou, conferring on him the title of Heavenly Master. A version of the extant 785 *Laojun yinsong jiejing* was said to have been revealed to him on that occasion. In 423, Kou received the visitation of Laozi's "great-great-grandson" (*xuansun* 玄孫) Li Puwen 李譜文, who enjoined him to serve the northern "True Lord of Great Peace" (*taiping zhenjun* 太平真君). These events set the stage for a sweeping reform of Taoism and, after Kou's

installation at the northern Tuoba Wei capital Pingcheng 平城 (modern Datong, Shanxi), in 424, for the institution of his theocratic school of northern Heavenly Master Taoism (Bei tianshi dao 北天師道). On the recommendation of his chief minister, Cui Hao 崔浩 (381–450), Emperor Taiwu 太武 (r. 424–452) elevated Kou to the role of supreme spiritual leader and eventually adopted the prophesized Taoist reign title Taiping zhenjun (440–451).

Lady Wei 魏夫人. See WEI HUACUN.

Li Daochun 李道純, *zi* Yuansu 元素, *hao* Qing'an 清菴, Yingchan 瑩蟾 (fl. 1288–1306). One of the major Taoist authors of the Yuan period (1277–1368), Li Daochun stands at the junction of all the main trends of this period. His principal affiliation was with the Southern School (Nanzong 南宗), as he was a disciple of one of BO YUCHAN's pupils, but he later became acquainted with Quanzhen 全真 masters, and his own disciples were considered Quanzhen. Li himself came from Duliang 都梁 (modern Hunan) and studied on Maoshan 茅山; he later settled and taught at Nanking, where, in contrast to most of the well-known Taoists of this period, he did not play any institutional role. His extant writings are numerous, including an anthology (249 *Zhonghe ji*), a *yulu* (1060 *Yingchan zi yulu*), two speculative works (250 *Santian yisui*, 251 *Quanzhen ji xuan biyao*) and five commentaries (101 *Xiaozai huming miaojing zhu*, 105 *Datong jingzhu*, 107 *Chiwen donggu zhenjing zhu*, 699 *Daode huiyuan*., and 755 *Chang qingjing jing zhu*).

Li Hanguang 李含光 (683–769). The thirteenth patriarch of the Shangqing lineage, Li Hanguang was the successor of prominent masters and the disciple of SIMA CHENGZHEN. Although held in high esteem by the court, by the emperor Xuanzong (r. 712–756) in particular, Li preferred to spend most of his life on Maoshan 茅山, where he devoted himself to the collation of the textual legacy of his lineage and the construction of many institutions on the mountain. Li was the scion of a prestigious family that maintained both a scholarly and a Taoist tradition. He was ordained a daoshi in 705, then followed his master SIMA CHENGZHEN, and eventually settled on Maoshan in 730. Li attended the court only for the Taoist initiation conferred on Emperor Xuanzong in 748. His numerous writings have not survived separately.

Li Zhichang 李志常, *zi* Haoran 浩然, *hao* Zhenchang zi 真常子, Tongxuan dashi 通玄大師 (1193–1256). Li Zhichang was a native of Guancheng 觀城, Kaizhou 開州, in modern Shandong. After being orphaned at the age of six, Li was raised in the household of his uncle Li Meng 李蒙. He later became a disciple of QIU CHUJI, whom he accompanied on a historic journey to Central Asia for an audience with Genghis Khan, of which Li left a detailed account (1429 *Xiyu ji*). After Qiu's death, Li succeeded him as patriarch of the Quanzhen 全真 movement. As Taoist registrar at the capital (*du daolu* 都道錄) and abbot of the Changchun gong 長春宮

temple, the Yuan (1277–1368) court summoned him repeatedly to perform rituals of state. The imperial court also bestowed on him the title Xuanmen zhengpai sifa yanjiao zhenchang zhenren 玄門正派嗣法演教真常真人 and the posthumous title Zhenchang shangde xuanxiao zhenren 真常上德宣孝真人.

Lin Lingsu 林靈素, *zi* Tongsu 通叟 (1076–1120). As the founder of the Shenxiao 神霄 school, Lin Lingsu is a major figure of Song (960–1279) Taoism, but he is hardly known as a historical personage. Lin appeared at the court of Song Huizong (r. 1101–1125) in 1114 and quickly gained prominence through the emperor's patronage of his Shenxiao cosmology, but he had disappeared again as early as 1119. Lin Lingsu was singled out by contemporary and later Confucianists as the epitome of the evil Taoists who ushered in the demise of the Northern Song (960–1127). The Taoist tradition, however, consistently held him in high esteem. His hagiographies contain a rich lore but few factual details. He was a native of Yongjia 永嘉 in southern Zhejiang. As befits the founder of a new dispensation, Lin had no known master, but was recommended to the court by prominent members of the Taoist hierarchy and appears to have been trained in one of the major Taoist centers in Zhejiang.

Lin Xiyi 林希逸, *zi* Suweng 肅翁, *hao* Juanzhai 麴齋, Zhuxi 竹溪 (fl. 1234–1263). An eminent scholar of the Southern Song (1127–1279) period, Lin Xiyi was born in Yuxi 漁溪, Fuqing 福清 county, south of present Fuzhou in Fujian province. In 1234, Lin became the first laureate in the provincial examinations and entered the Taixue 太學 academy at the capital. The next year, he obtained the *jinsbi* 進士 degree. After a brilliant career as academician, he became governor of Xinghua 興化 (present Putian) near his native region in Fujian. Lin devoted himself to publishing the works of his eminent family members and teachers. Taking an unorthodox stance toward the Confucian scholarship of his times, he immersed himself in the Taoist classics and wrote "oral explanations" of the *Laozi* 老子, the *Zhuangzi* 莊子, and the *Liezi* 列子. These works have been preserved in the *Daozang*. His frequently quoted commentary 735 *Nanhua zhenjing kouyi*, published in 1261, has been especially influential.

Liu Cao 劉操, Xuanying 玄英, *zi* Zongcheng 宗成, Zhaoyuan 昭遠, *hao* Haichan zi 海蟾子. Generally known as Liu Haichan, Liu Cao is one of the *neidan* 內丹 masters of Taoist and popular lore at the beginning of the Song (960–1279) period, appearing in the complex and rarely historical narratives concerning the transmission of *neidan* literature. The first references to Liu in various *biji* 筆記 "jottings" present him as a disciple of CHEN TUAN. In later hagiography, as determined by the Quanzhen 全真 order, he features as a minister of the state of Yan 燕 during the Five Dynasties (907–960) period who was converted by ZHONGLI QUAN. Liu abandoned his political life and eventually became an immortal. From the eleventh

to the thirteenth centuries, he was usually associated with ZHONGLI QUAN and LÜ DONGBIN in a trio that appeared to worthy adepts to guide them through the arcana of self-cultivation. This trio was canonized by both the Quanzhen and the Southern school (Nanzong 南宗) traditions. Although Zhongli and Lü have enjoyed a more durable popularity, Liu plays an eminent role in some stories (e.g., the conversion of MA ZIRAN). No anthology of his alchemical writings has come down to us, but they are quoted in many Song and Yuan (1277–1368) *neidan* works. His autobiographical “Song on Becoming a Taoist” (*Rudao ge* 入道歌, probably a Quanzhen apocryphal work) was carved in stone in several locations.

Liu Chuxuan 劉處玄, *zi* Tongmiao 通妙, *hao* Changsheng 長生 (1147–1203). Liu Chuxuan, the descendant of a family of military officers, was at age twenty-two converted by WANG ZHE, serving as his novice during the final months of Wang’s life. Liu mourned his master and led a hermitic life in the area of Luoyang, exhibiting his austere ways to a large public. He returned in 1176 to Shandong, where he founded several Quanzhen 全真 communities. Liu gained the court’s attention and was invited to the capital in 1197, both as a famed ritualist and as a leader of the Quanzhen order, which had just been recognized by the Jin state. Liu’s contribution to Quanzhen consists mainly in his scholarship and his theoretical writings, which grounded Quanzhen pedagogy in the Taoist speculative tradition. Four extant works in the canon attest this: his poetic anthology (1141 *Xianle ji*), two commentaries—a rare genre among early Quanzhen Taoists, to the *Yinfu jing* (122 *Yinfu jing zhu*) and the *Huangting jing* (401 *Huangting jing zhu*), and a short didactic treatise (1058 *Zhizhen yulu*). The list of his lost works includes seven anthologies and a commentary to the *Daode jing*.

Liu Haichan 劉海蟾. See LIU CAO.

Liu Hunkang 劉混康, *zi* Zhitong 志通 (1036–1108). The twenty-fifth patriarch of the Shangqing 上清 lineage, Liu Hunkang reached his highest honors under the reigns of the Taoist emperors Zhezong (1086–1100) and Huizong (1100–1125). Born in Jinling 晉陵 (modern Jiangsu), Liu had entered a monastery as a novice at the age of twelve and was ordained at twenty-four. Soon thereafter, in 1063, he went to Maoshan 茅山, where he became a disciple of the twenty-fourth patriarch, Mao Fengrou 毛奉柔, whom he was to succeed. Liu became famous through his talismanic therapeutics and was summoned to the court to cure the empress. He therefore held a high position in the official clergy before his return to Maoshan. Indeed, Huizong summoned him to court again in 1101–1102, 1105–1106, and finally in 1108. Liu died that year in Kaifeng. He had made the most of the imperial patronage and friendship to expand the size and fortune of the Taoist institutions on his mountain.

Liu Xuanying 劉玄英. See LIU CAO.

Liu Yu 劉玉, *zi* Yizhen 頤眞, *hao* Yuzhen zi 玉眞子 (1257–1308). Liu Yu was the major architect of the renewal of the cult of XU JINGYANG and the Way of Filial Piety (Xiaodao 孝道), which he transformed into the Jingming zhongxiao 淨明忠孝 school. According to his extensive hagiography in 1110 *Jingming zhongxiao quanshu* 18b–25b, Liu hailed from Nankang 南康 in southern Jiangxi. He became a daoshi on the Huangtang shan 黃堂山 in the Xishan 西山 range near Nanchang 南昌 (Jiangxi). In 1292, he had a spiritual encounter with Hu Huichao 胡慧超, the foremost patriarch of the Xiaodao during the Tang (618–907) dynasty. These visions recurred. According to an ancient prophecy, 1,240 years after the departure of the saint from this world, his teachings would experience a renaissance. An island would appear in the middle of the Yuzhang River 豫章河 near Nanchang as the sign heralding this rebirth. This and similar miracles occurred during the following years, and as a consequence Liu Yu was recognized as the heir to the orthodox tradition, which was reformed as the Jingming zhongxiao dao. The scriptures and rituals of this newly reformed movement were without exception the products of spirit writing (*jiangshou* 降授), dictated by XU JINGYANG and explicitly addressed to Liu Yu.

Liu Yuanran 劉淵然, *hao* Tixuan zi 體玄子 (1351–1432). Liu Yuanran was an eminent court Taoist at the beginning of the Ming (1368–1644) dynasty. A native of Ganzhou 贛州 in southern Jiangxi, Liu entered Taoism as a disciple of the Zhengyi 正一 order at the Xiangfu gong 祥符宮 temple at Tanzhou in Hunan. He was a disciple of ZHAO YIZHEN, the patriarch of the Qingwei 清微 school, who sought to unite all Taoist orders into one liturgical framework and whose works Liu edited as 1071 *Yuanyang zi fayu* and 1165 *Xianchuan waiké bifang*. Summoned to court by the Hongwu emperor in 1393, Liu was attached to the Chaotian gong 朝天宮 residence of the Heavenly Masters. When the capital was moved to Peking by the Yongle emperor, he followed the court and was installed as Taoist registrar. Later Liu apparently fell out of favor and was sent to Mount Longhu 龍虎山 in Jiangxi, and from there to Yunnan. In the south he established many temples and furthered the dissemination of Taoism. This won him great renown, and after the death of Yongle in 1424, he was recalled to the capital and received many honors. As teacher of the Forty-third Heavenly Master, ZHANG YUCHU, Liu’s influence was very important for the development of Taoism under the Ming dynasty. The compiler of the last *Daozang*, Shao Yizheng 邵以正 (d. 1462), was his disciple and successor.

Liu Yongguang 留用光, *zi* Daohui 道輝, *hao* Chongjing xiansheng 冲靖先生 (1134–1206). A native of Guixi 貴溪 (Jiangxi), Liu Yongguang was active at the nearby Shangqing Zhengyi gong 上清正一宮 temple, the Heavenly Master headquarters on Longhu shan 龍虎山. He also held an appointment as Taoist registrar in the capital (*zuoyou jie daolu* 左右街道錄). A specialist of Thunder magic and

rainmaking rituals, Liu edited and transmitted Five Thunder and Zhengyi 正一 liturgies. These were mostly published by his disciple JIANG SHUYU (1162–1223) in the compendium 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi*.

Lu Shizhong 路時中, *zi* Dangke 當可 (fl. first half of the twelfth century). Lu Shizhong is the founder and foremost representative of the Yutang dafa 玉堂大法 school of liturgy, an elaboration of the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 school of the Northern Song (960–1127) period, which was more narrowly concerned with exorcism. Since most information on Lu can be found in the *Yijian zhi* by Hong Mai (1123–1203), Lu must have had some renown in his own time (see the article on 220 *Yutang dafa*). Hong Mai states that Lu hailed from Shangshui 商水 in Chenzhou 陳州 (Henan). In a note in 220 *Yutang dafa* 1.7a–8a, Lu himself tells us that in 1120 he received a vision of Zhao Sheng 趙昇, the foremost disciple of Zhang Daoling 張道陵, who showed him where to find secret texts on Maoshan 茅山. These texts combined the exorcist rituals of the Tianxin zhengfa type with the traditional meditation technique of the Shangqing tradition and the liturgy of the *huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋 retreat for the salvation of the deceased. Lu's teachings are therefore often quoted in the liturgical manuals of the Southern Song (1127–1279) period, such as 466 *Jidu jinsu* and 1223 *Lingbao dafa*.

Lu Xiujing 陸修靜, *zi* Yuande 元德, *shi* Jianji xiansheng 簡寂先生, Danyuan zhenren 丹元真人 (406–477). Lu Xiujing was a native of Wuxing 吳興 in Zhejiang. A Taoist priest, he was also well versed in Confucianism and Buddhism. After first living in seclusion on Mount Yunmeng 雲夢, he traveled through southern and western China. In 453, he settled at the capital Jiankang 建康 (modern Nanking in Jiangsu), where he sold medicines. In 461, he founded a sanctuary on Lushan 廬山 (Jiangxi). Six years later, Emperor Mingdi (r. 465–472) of the Liu Song dynasty recalled him to Jiankang. Lu's fame rests primarily on his compilation of a Taoist canon, in 1,128 juan organized into the three great "receptacles" Dongzhen 洞真, Dongxuan 洞玄, and Dongshen 洞神, which became the traditional divisions for classifying Taoist scriptures. Lu Xiujing also attempted to reform Taoism and its liturgy and is ranked as the seventh patriarch of the Shangqing 上清 lineage. He died at Jiankang but was buried on Lushan. Several of his works, such as 1127 *Daomen kelüe*, 528 *Shoudu yi*, 1278 *Wugan wen*, and 410 *Zhongjian wen* are still extant in the Ming *Daozang*.

Lü Dongbin 呂洞賓. See LÜ YAN.

Lü Huiqing 呂惠卿, *zi* Jifu 吉甫 (1032–1111). A native of Jinjiang 晉江 (Fujian), Lü Huiqing passed the *jinsshi* 進士 examination during the Jiayou period (1056–1063) and became an active participant in the reforms of Wang Anshi 王安石 (1021–1086). Lü eventually reached the rank of councilor for policy deliberations (*canzhi zhengshi* 參知政事). In 1074, he composed a stele inscription in honor of the god Taiyi 太乙 at the behest of Emperor Shenzong (see 967 *Taiyi gong beiming*). His

Daode jing commentary 686 *Daode zhenjing zhuan* was presented to the same emperor in 1078. Later Lü Huiqing distinguished himself as a local administrator and as a military commander in the wars against the Xi Xia 西夏 (1038–1227). Several of his commentaries on Confucian and Taoist classics circulated outside the Taoist canon until the fourteenth century but were subsequently lost. A partial copy of Lü's commentary on the *Zhuangzi* 莊子, however, was recovered in Karakorum in 1909 (see 734 *Yibai zuanwei*), and a Tangut translation of his commentary on the *Xiaojing* 孝經 survives in the Kozlov collection in St. Petersburg.

Lü Yan 呂巖, *zi* Dongbin 洞賓, *hao* Chunyang 純陽. The historicity of the celebrated immortal Lü Dongbin has been debated in many studies, and the issue is likely to remain unresolved. Lü appears toward the end of the tenth century in several *biji* 筆記 "jottings," where he is variously described as a poet, a roaming inkseller, and a wonder-worker. Later more detailed hagiographic accounts tell of his birth in the ninth century into a literati family of southern Shanxi. A major temple, the Yongle gong 永樂宮, was erected at his supposed birthplace. He is considered a patriarch by most of the *neidan* 內丹 schools and was finally canonized in the late thirteenth century thanks to the Quanzhen 全真 order. Very early, alchemical poems were ascribed to him and enjoyed a wide circulation, notably the *Qinyuan chun* 沁園春 lyric. Thanks to planchette writing, this literature constantly increased, from the eleventh century to the present day (see 1055 *Huncheng ji*, 1100 *Minghe yuyin*, and 1484 *Lüzu zhi*).

Lüqiu Fangyuan 閻丘方遠, *zi* Dafang 大方, *hao* Miaoyou dashi 妙有大師, Xuan-dong xiansheng 玄洞先生 (d. 902). Lüqiu Fangyuan was a native of Susong 宿松, Anhui. After studies in the Confucian classics, the Book of Changes, and alchemy, Lüqiu became the disciple of the Zhengyi 正一 master Ye Zangzhi 葉藏質 (fl. 860–874) of the Yuxiao gong 玉霄宮 temple on Mount Tiantai 天台山 in Zhejiang. Ye ordained him a daoshi. In 893, Lüqiu settled at the Dadi dong 大滌洞 grotto on Tianzhu shan 天柱山 (Lin'an 臨安, Zhejiang). In the late Tang period, Emperor Zhaozong (r. 888–904) repeatedly summoned Lüqiu to court, but he declined to leave his mountain retreat. He died and was buried at Dadi dong in 902.

Ma Congyi 馬從義, *zi* Yifu 宜甫, *faming* Yu 鉅, *fazi* Xuanbao 玄寶, *hao* Danyang 丹陽 (1123–1184). Known in later life as Ma Yu and more often as Ma Danyang, Ma Congyi was heir to an affluent family living at the tip of the Shandong peninsula. He seems to have led an idle life, with only a passing interest in Taoist pursuits until 1167, when he received a visit from WANG ZHE, a hermit from Shaanxi. Until Wang's death, the two were never to part again. Ma put his wealth and connections at Wang's disposal for conversions, and he and his wife, Sun Buer 孫不二, accepted separation in order to become celibate disciples of Wang. When Wang died in Kaifeng in 1170, Ma was considered to have completed his spiritual transformation

and was anointed as the successor. He buried his master in the Zhongnan shan 終南山 range (modern Shaanxi) and gathered a community, the first of the Quanzhen 全真 order, in this area. Expelled by a government suspicious of Quanzhen proselytism, he returned in 1182 to his native Shandong, where he was equally active. Ma's abundant poetry was separately anthologized by various groups of disciples (see 1142 *Jianwu ji*, 1149 *Jinyu ji*, and 1150 *Shengguang can*). Many of his poems are also included in WANG ZHE's anthologies. In addition, Ma left the *yulu* 語錄 1057 *Zhenren yulu* and 1234 *Zhenren zhiyan*.

Ma Danyang 馬丹陽. See MA CONGYI.

Ma Xiang 馬湘. See MA ZIRAN.

Ma Yu 馬鈺. See MA CONGYI.

Ma Ziran 馬自然. There are at least two Ma Zirans in Taoist history: Ma Xiang 馬湘 (d. 856), whose *ming* or *zi* (according to different sources) was Ziran, and a tenth- or eleventh-century Ma Ziran. Little is known about the latter, but he himself relates in his short alchemical treatise 1157 *Jindan koujue* that he became the disciple of LIU HAICHAN at the age of sixty-four. This late encounter, as well as the verse exchanged between the two, is frequently quoted in subsequent literature as evidence of the possibility of beginning self-cultivation at a ripe age.

Meng Anpai 孟安排 (fl. 699). Meng Anpai was an important Taoist scholar at the court of the empress Wu Zitian (r. 684–705). Author of a now lost catalogue of the Taoist canon called *Yuwei qibu jing shumu* 玉緯七部經書目, Meng also compiled a number of important doctrinal works, of which only his 1129 *Daojiao yishu* survives in complete form. In this work, Meng is titled Qingxi daoshi 青溪道士, indicating that he came from the mountain of that name in Hubei. Scholars have long been unable to establish the dates of Meng's life. The only precise detail comes from a stele inscription on the establishment of a Taoist temple in honor of Wu Zitian's father, the "Jingzhou da chongfu guan ji 荊州大崇福觀記" (erroneously attributed to Chen Ziang 陳子昂 [636–695] in Chen Yuan et al., *Daojia jinshi lue*, 91). The text of the inscription tells us that Meng lobbied energetically at court to obtain imperial patronage for this temple, and that his efforts were crowned with success in 699. The location of Jingzhou, where the temple was established, is not far from Qingxi.

Pan Shizheng 潘師正, *zi* Zizhen 子真, *hui* Tixuan xiansheng 體玄先生 (584–682). Pan Shizheng was a native of Zanzhuang 贊皇 (modern Zhaoxian 趙縣, near Shijiazhuang) in Hebei. Born into a prominent family—his grandfather and father had served as prefects under the Northern Zhou (557–581) and the Sui (586–618), respectively—Pan was orphaned at an early age. His mother had been a devout follower of Huang-Lao Taoism and is said to have instructed Pan in the *Daode jing* 道德經 as a young child. In the Daye reign (605–618), Pan became the disciple of Wang

Yuanzhi 王遠知 (d. 635) on Maoshan 茅山. Although he would eventually succeed Wang as the eleventh patriarch of the Shangqing 上清 lineage, Wang himself declared that Pan was destined to practice the Way on the Central Peak, Songshan 嵩山, in Henan. Pan consequently spent the remainder of his life in seclusion on that holy mountain, mostly in the Xiaoyao valley 逍遙谷. In 676, the fame of the recluse came to the attention of Emperor Gaozong (650–684), who was traveling to the eastern capital, Luoyang. In 679, Gaozong ordered the construction of the Longtang temple 隆唐觀 in the Xiaoyao valley, with the Jingsi oratory 精思院 as Pan's personal residence. In subsequent years (679–681), the emperor repeatedly made the journey to Songshan from nearby Luoyang to call on Pan Shizheng in person and receive his instruction in the principles of Taoism. Their dialogues are recorded in 1128 *Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu*, a work that also contains important clues to the early structure of the Taoist canon (see "The Seven Parts" and "The Twelve Categories" in the general introduction in volume 1). Pan Shizheng was succeeded as Shangqing patriarch by SIMA CHENGZHEN, who had been his disciple at Songshan.

Pei Xing 裴綱 (825–880). In addition to his Taoist works, Pei Xing is mainly remembered as the author of the literary collection *Chuanqi* 傳奇, which lent its name to the genre of short narrative fiction that flourished under the Tang dynasty. During the Xiantong reign (860–874), Pei served as secretary to the Taoist general Gao Pian 高駢 (d. 887). Gao was at the time military governor of Lingnan province, based in Jiaozhi 交趾 (Hanoi). In 878, Pei Xing was appointed to the post of vice military governor of Chengdu.

Peng Jiye 彭季益. See PENG SI.

Peng Si 彭耜, *hao* Helin zhenyi 鶴林真逸 (1185–after 1251). Born in Changle 長樂 (Fujian), Peng Si, originally named Peng Jiye 季益, came from a wealthy and influential family of the Fuzhou area. In his youth, he successfully passed the entrance selection of the Ministry of Rites and served as an imperial official. At the age of forty-three, however, Peng decided to retire and to return home. At that time, he changed his name from Jiye to Si and adopted a Taoist *hao*. Around 1225, Peng met BO YUCHAN and became his disciple. Bo transmitted his Thunder rites (*leifa* 雷法) to Peng, which Peng applied in the ritual for saving the souls of the deceased. An accomplished scholar, Peng wrote several important studies on the *Daode jing* 道德經 (707 *Zhenjing jizhu*, 708 *Jizhu shiwen*, 709 *Jizhu zashuo*) and published the logia of his master (1307 *Bo zhenren yulu*).

Peng Xiao 彭曉, *zi* Xiuchuan 秀川, *hao* Zhenyi 真一 (d. 955). One of the earliest *neidan* 內丹 authors, Peng Xiao was both an accomplished alchemist and a minister of the kingdom of Shu 蜀 (Sichuan) during the Wudai (907–960) period. He was a native of Yongkang 永康. According to one source (LZTT 43.7b), his

original surname was Cheng 程. He was initiated into the Zhengyi 正一 order, as is indicated by his liturgical title linking him with one of its dioceses (*zhi* 治). Peng is said to have been renowned for his original talismans, which cured many people. His Taoist interests, however, seem to have been mainly concerned with alchemy, as shown by a treatise included in 1032 *Yunji qiqian* 70, and more famously, by his exegeses on the *Zhouyi cantong qi* 周易參同契 (1002 *Fenzhang tongzhen yi*, 1003 *Dingqi ge mingjing tu*).

Qiu Changchun 丘長春. See QIU CHUJI.

Qiu Chuji 丘處機, *zi* Tongmi 通密, *hao* Changchun 長春 (1148–1227). Qiu Chuji is the youngest of the Seven Zhenren, the paradigmatic group of WANG ZHE's disciples and the first generation of Quanzhen 全真 masters. Qiu came to Wang as a twenty-year-old orphan keen on self-cultivation but unable to find proper guidance, and learned from him *neidan* 內丹 techniques. Qiu later spent six years in Panxi 磻溪 (Shaanxi), and seven more in Longmen 龍門 (also in Shaanxi), practicing austerities. Between 1186 and 1191, he taught at the Zuting 祖庭, the first Quanzhen community that was to become the important Chongyang gong 重陽宮 monastery. He was invited to the Jin court in 1188. In 1191, Qiu returned to his native Shandong, where he gathered disciples and gradually assumed the direction of the Quanzhen order. He was already an old man when the Mongol emperor Genghis Khan summoned him in 1219. Qiu undertook the long and arduous journey to central Asia and returned to Peking in 1224 with huge prestige and privileges (see 1429 *Changchun zhenren xiyou ji*). He died shortly afterward, and one of his disciples assumed his position of Quanzhen patriarch. Of Qiu's own writings, only a partial anthology (1159 *Panxi ji*) is extant. More of his poetry is included in 1429 *Xiyou ji* and 1100 *Minghe yuyin*. A *neidan* treatise (244 *Dadan zhizhi*) is ascribed to him, but it is very likely a later attribution.

Quan Deyu 權德輿, *zi* Zaizhi 載之 (759–818). A native of Lüeyang 略陽 in modern Gansu, Quan Deyu was a prominent official, serving as vice president of the Board of Rites (*libu shilang* 禮部侍郎) from 802 to 810. Quan was a well-known author in his time, writing in many genres (see his collected works *Quan Zaizhi wenji* 權載之文集). A disciple of the Taoist master Wu Shanjing 吳善經 (731–814), Quan is remembered by Taoists as the biographer of WU YUN, whose works he was also instrumental in publishing.

Rao Dongtian 饒洞天 (fl. 994). Rao Dongtian was a minor official in Linchuan 臨川 county in the Fuzhou 撫州 prefecture (Jiangxi) during the Five Dynasties period (907–960). He dreamed that a deity announced to him that he had been selected to become an immortal. Subsequently, he went to the holy mountain of Huagai 華蓋山, situated south of Nanchang 南昌 in Jiangxi province, and there he discovered a sacred book containing the Orthodox Rites of the Heart of Heaven

(Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法). These rites were supposed to represent the true tradition of Zhang Daoling 張道陵, who had concealed them to ensure their later revelation. Rao propagated this view, which gained wide acceptance later in the Song period (960–1279). The Tianxin zhengfa rites of exorcism were considered to be a fundamental part of the Zhengyi 正一 liturgy and were integrated into the mainstream of Taoism.

Shao Yong 邵雍, *zi* Yaofu 堯夫, *hao* Kangjie 康節 (1012–1077). Shao Yong was born into a distinguished but uninfluential family in Henan. In 1049, he settled in Luoyang, where he remained until his death. In his own time, Shao was considered a chief exponent of some of the main intellectual preoccupations of Neo-Confucianism: moral philosophy, *Yijing* 易經 studies, ontological and epistemological speculation. A senior figure in the early phase of the movement, he associated with some of the greatest philosophical and political minds of the period, especially Cheng Yi 程頤 (1033–1107) and Sima Guang 司馬光 (1019–1086). The Southern Song systematizer of Neo-Confucianism, Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130–1200), ranked Shao as one of the five leading innovators of the Northern Song (960–1127) period. His praise was somewhat reluctant, however, for Shao Yong's Taoist leanings and steadfast refusal to serve in public office, contravening some of the central ideals of his group, had also earned him a reputation as eccentric and marginal. Shao Yong's importance to the Taoist tradition is borne out by the transmission of his two main works through the *Daozang*: his collected poems 1042 *Yichuan jirang ji* and the symbolic chronology 1040 *Huangji jingshi*, which incorporates Shao's metaphysical writings under the heading "Inner Chapters on Investigating Phenomena" ("Guanwu neipian 觀物內篇").

Shi Chong 史崇, alias Shi Chongxuan 史崇玄 (d. 713). Shi Chong rose from humble origins as a cobbler to become an influential court Taoist under three Tang emperors: Emperor Zhongzong (r. 705–710) made him chancellor of the Directorate of Education (*guozhi jijin* 國子祭酒) with the rank of a duke. Emperor Ruizong (r. 710–712) appointed Shi preceptor of his daughters, the princesses Yuzhen 玉真 and Jinxian 金仙. They received his instruction before being ordained as Taoist priestesses in 711 and 712 (see 1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo*). In 712–713, finally, Shi Chong headed a major Taoist compilation project as abbot of the imperial Taiqing gong 太清宮 temple in Chang'an (see 1123 *Yiqie daoqing yinyi miaomen youqi*). He also obtained the titles of a high-ranking Taoist priest. A protégé of the Taiping 太平 princess, Shi was executed in the wake of the power struggle opposing the future emperor Xuanzong and the princess in 713.

Shi Chongxuan 史崇玄. See SHI CHONG.

Shi Jianwu 施肩吾, *zi* Xisheng 希聖, *Qizhen zi* 栖真子, Qingxu dongtian Huayang zhenren 清虛洞天華陽真人 (*jinshe* 進士 815). Shi Jianwu was a native of Fenshui

分水 (modern Tonglu 桐廬, Zhejiang). A Confucian scholar and poet interested in Taoist practice, Shi went into early retirement soon after the accession of Emperor Muzong in 820. Living in seclusion on Xishan 西山 in Hongzhou 洪州 (modern Xinnan 新建 county, Jiangxi), he devoted himself to Taoist pursuits. To judge by his extant works (see 853 *Yangsheng bianyi jue* and his writings preserved in *Siku quanshu* 四庫全書 and *Quan Tang wen* 全唐文), these included mainly alchemical and Tending Life techniques. See also the entry below.

Shi Jianwu 施肩吾, *hao* Dongzhai 東齋, Huayang zhenren 華陽真人, Huayang zi 華陽子 (late tenth/early eleventh century). A native of Jiujiang 九江 in Jiangxi, Shi Jianwu was an acquaintance of CHEN TUAN (d. 989) and a Taoist master of the early Northern Song (960–1127) period. His works are mainly concerned with Inner Alchemy. See also the entry above (many Taoist and secular sources conflate the two figures).

Shi Tai 石泰, *zi* Dezhi 得之, *hao* Xinglin 杏林, Cuixuan zi 翠玄子 (d. 1158). As the foremost follower of the Inner Alchemy of ZHANG BODUAN, Shi Tai is considered to be the second patriarch of the so-called Southern School (Nanzong 南宗). Particulars about his life are very scarce. The sole factual detail in his biography (in LZTT 49.12b–13b) is that he hailed from Changzhou 常州 (Jiangsu). This and other accounts of his life are primarily concerned with his fortuitous and undated meeting with ZHANG BODUAN, whom he saved on that occasion from an undeserved punishment. The meeting took place at Binzhou 邠州 in Shaanxi, perhaps the reason why another source, the biography of Shi's disciple XUE DAOGUANG (in the same juan of LZTT), states that Shi came from Fufeng 扶風 county in Fengxiang 鳳翔 prefecture, also in Shaanxi. The same source states that Shi was a tailor by profession. He is known as a scholar of *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 exegesis. The collection of his alchemical poems 1091 *Huanyuan pian* appears to have been popular and is often quoted.

Sima Chengzhen 司馬承禎, *zi* Ziwei 子微, *hao* Boyun zi 白雲子, *fahao* Daoyun 道隱, *shi* Zhenyi 貞一 (647–735). One of the foremost Taoists of the mid-Tang period, Sima Chengzhen succeeded PAN SHIZHENG (587–684) as the twelfth patriarch of the Shangqing 上清 lineage. His services as court Taoist were solicited by the empress Wu Zetian (r. 684–704) and especially by the emperors Ruizong (r. 710–712) and Xuanzong (712–756). The Tongbo guan 桐柏觀 temple on Mount Tiantai 天台山 in Zhejiang was founded for Sima Chengzhen by Emperor Ruizong in 711. Emperor Xuanzong, who had been initiated by Sima into the teachings of the Shangqing lineage, commissioned an inscription of the *Daode jing* 道德經 in Sima's calligraphy. Sima Chengzhen also presented Xuanzong with designs for Taoist swords and mirrors, an illustrated description of which survives in the *Daozang* (431 *Hanxiang jianjian tu*). Highly appreciated by leading literati and statesmen

of his time, including Zhang Yue 張說 (667–731), Sima contributed much to the esteem in which Shangqing writings were held in literary circles under the Tang (618–907). Despite this official attention, Sima spent much of his life in seclusion. His best-known works are concerned with Shangqing meditation methods and the hagiography of Wangzi Jin 王子晉, the principle saint of the Tongbo temple (612 *Tongbo zhenren zhen tuzan*). According to the commemorative inscription 970 *Zhengyi xiansheng miaojie*, Sima Chengzhen finally settled in Wangwu shan in 724, where he died in 735.

Sima Ziwei 司馬子微. See SIMA CHENGZHEN.

Song Defang 宋德方, *zi* Guangdao 廣道, *hao* Piyun 披雲 (1183–1247). Song Defang was a native of Yecheng 掖城 in Caizhou 萊州 (Shandong). In Qixia 棲霞 (Shandong), Song joined the entourage of QIU CHUJI, whom he accompanied in 1220, as one of eighteen select disciples, on a historic encounter with Genghis Khan in Central Asia. After their return to Yanjing, Song served as superintendent (*tidian* 提點) of the Changchun gong 長春宮 temple there. A prominent Quanzhen 全真 leader and poet (see 1100 *Minghe yuyin*), Song was later abbot of the great Yongle gong 永樂宮 temple in Shanxi. Among other writings, Song Defang composed a lineage of Quanzhen patriarchs titled *Quanzhen liezu fu* 全真列祖賦, which was engraved on the stele *Chongdao zhaoshu bei* 崇道詔書碑 in 1302. His collected works *Lequan ji* 樂全集 is no longer extant. Beginning in 1234, Song undertook the recompilation of the Taoist canon with the help of his disciple Qin Zhian 秦志安 (1188–1244) and other assistants, traveling widely in search of lost books in dispersed temple collections. The resultant edition of the canon, sponsored by the Quanzhen order, was titled *Xuandu baozang* 玄都寶藏. It was printed in Pingyang 平陽 (Wenchow 溫州) in Zhejiang in 1244. In 1247, Song returned to the Yongle gong. He died and was buried there the same year.

Song Wenming 宋文明 (fl. 549–551). An eminent Taoist scholar of the late Six Dynasties period (220–589), Song Wenming, originally named Wentong 文同, was born in Wujun 吳郡 (today's Suzhou, in Jiangsu province). Song was influential in the establishment of Taoist scriptural and liturgical authority in the southern dynasties. A short biographical note is preserved in the *Daoxue zhuan* 道學傳 (in TPYL 666), stating that during the reign of Emperor Jianwen of the Liang (549–551), Song presented a commentary of the *Lingbao jing* 靈寶經 to the court, which was titled *Tongmen* 通門 (*lun* 論). He is also known as the author of a commentary to the *Daode jing* 道德經 titled *Daode yiyuan* 道德義淵, which still existed in Song times (VDL 74) and is partially preserved in occasional quotations. Ōfuchi Ninji ("On Ku Ling Pao Ching") has identified the Dunhuang manuscript P. 2256 as a fragment of the *Tongmen lun*. It preserves essential information on the formation of the Taoist canon as initiated by LU XIUJING and continued by Song himself.

Sun Simo 孫思邈 (581–682). A celebrated physician of the early Tang period (618–907), Sun Simo was a native of Huayuan 華原 in Shaanxi. According to his own testimony, Sun was born in the year 581. His biography in the official New History of the Tang records his death, at just over a hundred years of age, in 682. Even in his lifetime, however, Sun's perennial youthfulness was remarked upon and he was widely rumored to be an immortal. As a young man, Sun retired to Mount Taibo 太白山 in the Zhongnan shan 終南山 range in Shaanxi, whence he repeatedly declined summonses to serve at court. His prophecy around the year 600 that a sage worthy of his services would arise half a century later seemingly accords with the historical record of his court appointments under Emperor Gaozong (650–684). Among the favors Gaozong bestowed on Sun Simo was a royal mansion for his residence. There is evidence that Sun was in the imperial entourage in 673, but he may have returned to Taibo soon thereafter. In addition to his acclaimed expertise in medicine and the related arts of alchemy, Tending Life (*shesheng* 攝生; see, e.g., 841 *Shenyang lun*), prognostication, and magic, Sun was known for his now lost commentaries on the *Laozi* and the *Zhuangzi*. He was also a noted poet and calligrapher. Sun Simo's main medical and alchemical writings are here represented by the *Daozang* edition of his popular manual "Priceless Prescriptions" (*Qianjin fang* 千金方; see 1162–1163 *Qianjin yaofang*) and the *Taiqing danjing yaofue* 太清丹經要訣 (in YJQQ 71).

Tan Changzhen 譚長真. See TAN YU.

Tan Chuduan 譚處端. See TAN YU.

Tan Qiao 覃峭, *zi* Jingsheng 景昇 (fl. ca. 880–950). Tan Qiao was the son of a ranking official, Tan Zhu 洙. To his father's chagrin, he spent his adult life as a recluse and a drifter. After brilliant classical studies in his youth, instead of heeding his parent's admonitions to prepare for the civil service examinations, Tan turned to the teachings of Huang-Lao 黃老, Taoist hagiography, and mystical pursuits. He first withdrew to Mount Taibo 太白山 in the Zhongnan 終南山 range not far from the Tang capital, Chang'an. CHEN TUAN, who refers to Tan Qiao as his mentor, states that he met him in the Zhongnan mountains and obtained the 1044 *Huashu* from him there. Thereafter Tan roamed the holy mountains of Shaanxi, Henan, and Shandong practicing *yangsheng* 養生 (Tending Life), alchemy, and dietary techniques. At the end of his life, Tan is said to have resided at the Southern Peak, Hengshan 衡山, in Hunan, where he refined an elixir of immortality before leaving the world at Qingcheng shan 青城山 in Sichuan. On the conflation in many sources of Tan Qiao with his contemporary TAN ZIXIAO, see the article on 1044 *Huashu*.

Tan Yu 譚玉, *daoming* Chuduan 處端, *zi* Boyu 伯玉, *daozi* Tongzheng 通正, *hao* Changzhen 長真子 (1123–1185). Tan Yu, who is usually known by his name in religion as Tan Chuduan or by his *hao* as Tan Changzi, is revered as one of the

Seven Zhenren (Qizhen 七真) of Quanzhen 全真 Taoism. He was born into a wealthy family in Ninghai 寧海 (Shandong). Little is known about his life before his conversion. In 1167, Tan fell incurably ill but was miraculously healed by WANG CHONGYANG, who was then engaged in the conversion of MA DANYANG in Ninghai. The next year, having renounced his family and possessions as required of early Quanzhen disciples, Tan followed WANG CHONGYANG in his travels until the latter's death in 1170. Tan Chuduan devoted the following ten years to ascetic practices and preaching his message of radical detachment in Shaanxi and Henan. His hagiographies report numerous miracles performed during this period. In 1181, Tan moved to Luoyang, where he resided in the Chaoyuan gong 朝元宮 temple. During the last two years of his life, 1183–1185, Tan is said to have acted as head of the Quanzhen movement. He had a number of disciples and left a literary collection, including didactic poems, entitled "Water and Clouds" (1160 *Shuiyun ji*).

Tan Zixiao 覃紫霄 (fl. 936–976). Tan Zixiao was a native of Quanzhou 泉州 in Fujian. He served the Ten Kingdoms ruler of Min 閩, Wang Chang 王昶 (r. 935–939), who conferred the title Zhengyi xiansheng 正一先生 on him. Tan befriended the court medium and Heavenly Master Chen Shouyuan 陳守元. Chen's discovery of a set of ancient fu written on wooden slips led to the foundation of the Correct Method of the Heart of Heaven when Tan Zixiao identified their provenance as the Tianxin zhengfa 天心正法 of Zhang Daoling 張道陵 (see the article on 566 *Tianxin zhengfa*). After the fall of the Min kingdom in 945, Tan settled on Mount Lu 廬山 in Jiangxi, where he practiced Tianxin zhengfa magic and rituals and gathered many disciples. The ruler of the Southern Tang, Li Yu 李煜 (r. 961–976), a noted poet and patron of the arts, summoned Tan Zixiao to his capital in Jiankang 建康 (Nanking) and bestowed high honors on him. Following the example of the Shu 蜀 kingdom in the west, Li Yu wished to appoint Tan to the official functions of the court Taoist DU GUANGTING. But Tan declined and left the Southern Tang for regions further south, where he is said to have attained immortality. See also the entry on TAN QIAO.

Tao Hongjing 陶弘景, *zi* Tongming 通明, *hao* Huayang yinju 華陽隱居, *shi* Zhenbo xiansheng 貞白先生 (456–536). A descendant of an aristocratic family of Danyang 丹陽 county (near modern Nanking), Tao Hongjing was interested in immortality from childhood and began a hermitic life at age fifteen. In 480, Emperor Gaodi of the Southern Qi dynasty summoned him to court. At thirty, he moved to Maoshan 茅山 and became the disciple of the eighth Shangqing 上清 patriarch, Sun Youyue 孫游岳, who made him his successor as ninth patriarch of the Shangqing lineage. During several years, Tao traveled among the sacred mountains to encounter hermits and increase his knowledge of Taoism, medicine, and talismans. In 492, he left his service at the court and retired to Maoshan. Tao

recognized the fundamental unity of Taoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism. He declined to serve Emperor Wu (r. 502–549) of the Liang dynasty, although he seems to have maintained some influence at court from his mountain retreat and to have escaped the persecution of Taoism at the time. A scholar of broad and profound learning, Tao left an impressive oeuvre, including both technical works and some of the most inspired writings of Taoist literature: 1016 *Zhen'gao*, 421 *Dengzhen yinjue*, 167 *Zhenling weiye tu*, 838 *Yangxing yanming lu*, 302 *Zhoushi mingtong ji*, 589 *Chiwen dongshen sanlu*, and 1050 *Huayang Tao yinju ji*.

Tao Zhi 陶埴 or 植 (d. 825?). Tao Zhi appears to have been a daoshi of the mid-Tang (618–907) period. He is said to have died in 825 in the Siming shan 四明山 range in Zhejiang. However, some sources place Tao in the Five Dynasties period (907–960). His alchemical treatises, especially “Explanations on Cyclically Transformed Gold” (922 *Huanjin shu*), were very popular and were frequently quoted under the Five Dynasties and the Song (960–1279).

Wang Bi 王弼, *zi* Fusi 輔嗣 (226–249). Wang Bi, whose ancestral home was in Gaoping 高平 (Shanyang 山陽, Shandong), was born in Luoyang in the immediate aftermath of the fall of the Later Han dynasty (25–220). A member of a powerful clan with a distinguished intellectual and literary tradition, Wang Bi moved in influential and fashionable circles associating, for example, with the Wei dynasty (220–265) minister of personnel (*libu shangshu* 吏部尚書) and famed debater He Yan 何晏 (ca. 190–249). One of the most prominent exponents of the Mystery school (Xuanxue 玄學) of philosophy, Wang Bi expressed his highly original ideas in the form of commentaries on the classics. At the end of his short life, he left influential commentaries on the *Laozi* 老子 and the *Yijing* 易經. His exploration of the ontological concepts of *wu* 無 (nonbeing) and *you* 有 (being), in particular, opened new perspectives for cross-fertilization with the Buddhist theory of emptiness (*kong* 空) on the one hand, and the evolving Confucian phenomenology of substance (*ti* 體) and function (*yong* 用), on the other. Giving free rein to his critical and analytical powers, Wang Bi exemplified the ideal of youthful, untrammelled genius that briefly enjoyed a heyday in his time.

Wang Bing 王冰, *hao* Qixuan *zi* 啓玄子 (fl. 762). Wang Bing is famous as the editor and commentator of the great medical classic 1018 *Huangdi neijing suwen*, but apart from this work and his presentation to the throne in 762, nothing is known about him. The Song editor of Wang's work, Lin Yi 林億 (1058–1064), who also corrected the text, introduces Wang with the title *taipu* 太僕 (see Lin's presentation at the head of 1018 *Suwen*, 1b). This title can denote a wide variety of palace servants, from slaves to chamberlains, and accordingly with different ranks and salaries. While the authority of Lin Yi cannot be corroborated from other sources, we have to assume that Wang Bing was employed at the Tang (618–907) court when he edited

and annotated the medical classic. Moreover, in Lin Yi's edition, the suffix “chief” is added to Wang Bing's name as author at the beginning of the work (1.1a). This would imply that he occupied a rather eminent position.

Wang Chongyang 王重陽. See WANG ZHONGFU.

Wang Daoyuan 王道淵. See WANG JIE.

Wang Jie 王玠, *zi* Daoyuan 道淵, *hao* Hunran *zi* 混然子 (fl. 1331–1380). Born in Xiujiang 脩江 near Nanchang 南昌 (Jiangxi), Wang Jie was a prolific author, commentator, and editor of Taoist works during the later part of the Yuan dynasty (1277–1368) and the early Ming (1368–1644). Although generally considered to have belonged to the Quanzhen 全真 order, Wang is not mentioned in the Quanzhen histories we know, and his work does not explicitly mention any Quanzhen affiliation. Generally known as Wang Daoyuan, the only sources for his biography are his own writings and a preface to 1074 *Huanzhen ji*, dated 1392, by the Forty-third Heavenly Master, ZHANG YUCHU (1361–1410). The preface mentions Wang's place of origin, as well as the fact that he was from a distinguished family and enjoyed a certain fame. ZHANG YUCHU also writes that he once met Wang Jie at an inn on his travels, but that they had no time to form a true acquaintance. This means that Wang was still alive when Zhang was of an age to travel the world, a time we may conservatively place around 1360. As Wang also must have known CHEN ZHIXU (fl. 1331–1338), this may serve as the earlier limit for the period of his activities. The work of Wang bears many resemblances to that of CHEN ZHIXU, who certainly belonged to the Quanzhen order. There are eight works in the *Daozang* signed by Wang, mostly on the subject of Inner Alchemy.

Wang Pang 王雱, *zi* Yuanze 元澤 (1044–1076). Son of the eminent statesman Wang Anshi 王安石 (1021–1086), Wang Pang has his biography in the *Song shi* 327, appended to that of his father. He was born in Fuzhou 撫州 (Jiangxi). Wang Pang is described as exceptionally gifted. Having brilliantly obtained the *jinshi* 進士 degree, his interests turned to Buddhism and Taoism, and he authored important works in both fields. His study on the *Zhuangzi* 莊子, 743 *Nanbua zhenjing xin-zhuan*, has been very influential. Its originality lies in Wang's method of explaining Zhuangzi's thought by retrieving the original meaning of the work itself, without imposing extraneous ideas on the author.

Wang Qinruo 王欽若, *zi* Dingguo 定國 (962–1025). The son and grandson of local magistrates, Wang Qinruo was tutored early in his life for a political career and indeed reached the summit of this ambition under the reign of Zhenzong (998–1023), whom he assisted in his centralizing policies. Wang entered the bureaucracy in 991, received his first appointment in the capital in 997, served as vice grand counselor (1001), commissioner for military affairs (1006), and reached the position of chief minister in 1017. He was disgraced in 1019 but reinstated as chief minister

in 1022, a position he held until his death. Wang acquired the somber reputation of a wonder-worker, partly owing to his exceptional influence, and partly to his involvement with religious affairs, especially Taoism. Wang supervised the codification of Taoist imperial liturgy (now lost) and was active in the compilation of the canon (1009–1016). He was also implicated in the controversial “celestial letters” (*tianshu* 天書) affair in 1012, which endowed the dynasty with its primeval ancestor. Wang’s only extant work, 1285 *Yisheng baode zhuan*, is an account of these revelations.

Wang Qiyun 王棲雲. See WANG ZHIJIN.

Wang Yan 王延, *zi* Zixuan 子玄 (529–604). Wang Yan was the foremost Taoist scholar and bibliographer of the late Six Dynasties (220–589) and the Sui (586–618) period. He played an important role in the division of the Taoist canon into seven parts, which laid the groundwork for the Taoist organization of the Tang period (618–907). Wang was born in Shiping 始平 near Fufeng 扶風 (Shaanxi) and at the age of nine became the disciple of Chen Baochi 陳寶熾, *hao* Zhenyi xiansheng 貞一先生 (d. 549), at the important temple Louguan tai 樓觀臺. Later he went to Mount Huashan 華山 to study with Jiao Kuang 焦曠. When Emperor Wu of the Later Zhou (561–578) took the throne, Wang was called to the capital. After a while, he was allowed to retire and was given the sanctuary of Yuntai shan 雲臺山 in Sichuan, one of the major Taoist temples at the time. At the end of Wudi’s reign, Wang was again summoned to the capital in order to assist with the establishment of Taoism as a state religion. Together with eight of his disciples from Yuntai shan, he was installed in the newly built Tongdao guan 通道觀 temple. Here he began his vast enterprise of collecting, copying, and editing texts for inclusion into the Taoist canon. He continued this work under the Sui dynasty. Wang produced a catalogue of the collection he had assembled entitled *Sandong zhunang* 三洞珠囊 in seven juan (now lost; to be distinguished from the encyclopedia SDZN). This catalogue is reputed to have listed all Taoist works, as well as those of the classical philosophers. It is said to have comprised 8,030 juan.

Wang Zhe 王嘉. See WANG ZHONGFU.

Wang Zhijin 王志謹, *zi* Qiyun 棲雲 (1178–1263). Wang was a native of Dongming 東明 in Caozhou 曹州 (Shandong). At the age of nineteen he left his home, escaping from an arranged marriage. At the time, HAO DATONG was preaching in Ninghai, and Wang became his disciple. After Hao’s death in 1212, Wang became a follower of QIU CHUJI. Later Wang Zhijin settled on Panshan 盤山 in Shaanxi, where he became a highly successful Quanzhen 全真 preacher, combining the teaching of the Scripture on Purity and Quietude (620 *Chang qingjing miaojing*) with Chan and karmic doctrines. Wang’s sayings from this period were collected by his numerous disciples and edited by Lun Zhihuan 論志煥 as 1059 *Wang zhenren yulu*.

Wang Zhongfu 王中孚, *zi* Yunqing 允卿, *faming* Zhe 嘉, *fazi* Zhiming 智明, *hao* Chongyang 重陽 (1113–1170). Wang Zhongfu was born into a wealthy family near Xianyang 咸陽, west of Xi’an. When he was a teenager, this area became engulfed in the war between the Jin (1115–1234) and the Southern Song (1127–1279), and Wang’s ambitions for a scholarly and subsequently a military career were thwarted. He is said to have become a drunkard and a local bully until, in 1159 and 1160, he met two extraordinary persons, whom the Quanzhen 全真 tradition identifies as LÜ DONGBIN and ZHONGLI QUAN. Following these encounters, Wang devoted himself entirely to self-cultivation. He lived first in a tomb, symbolizing the death of his former self, and then in a hermitage, which he burned down before setting out for Shandong in 1167. In Shandong, his predications met with great success. Among his disciples the later tradition isolated a paradigmatic group of seven (MA DANYANG, TAN YU, LIU CHUXUAN, QIU CHUJI, Wang Chuyi 王處一, HAO DATONG, and Sun Buer 孫不二). Wang intended to lead this core group back to Shaanxi in order to convert his native area, but he died on the way in Kaifeng (Henan). His disciples then began disseminating Wang’s teachings as the Quanzhen school. The movement transformed into a powerful independent order under the leadership of QIU CHUJI. Wang’s highly original poetry was edited by MA DANYANG (1153 *Quanzhen ji*, 1154 *Jiaohua ji*, and 1155 *Shihua ji*). The canon also includes works of a more doubtful attribution to Wang (1158 *Danyang ershi jue*, 1156 *Yusuo jue*, and 1233 *Lijiao shiwu lun*).

Wei Ao 魏翱, *zi* Boyang 伯陽, *hao* Yunya 雲牙. Wei Ao is a central but historically obscure figure in the Taoist tradition. He is said to have been a native of Shangyu 上虞 (Guiji 會稽 in modern Zhejiang) and to have lived under the Eastern Han dynasty (25–220). Born into a distinguished family, he refused an official career and retired to the mountains in order to practice alchemy. Wei is the supposed author of many works in the *Daozang*, especially on Inner Alchemy (see numbers 899 and 999–1008). On the problems surrounding WEI BOYANG’s identity, see the introduction to 2.A.I.d in vol. 1.

Wei Boyang 魏伯陽. See WEI AO.

Wei furen 魏夫人. See WEI HUACUN.

Wei Huacun 魏華存, *zi* Xian’an 賢安 (251–334). A native of Rencheng 任城 (near modern Jining 濟寧 in Shandong), Wei Huacun was the daughter of Wei Shu 魏舒 (200–290), a minister of the Western Jin dynasty (265–316). Also known as Lady Wei (Wei furen 魏夫人) and Lady of the Southern Peak (Nanyue furen 南岳夫人), she received a thorough classical education. But at the age of twenty-four, despite her wish to lead a life of celibacy in order to practice longevity techniques, she was constrained by her parents to marry Liu Wen 劉文 of Nanyang 南陽, with whom she had two sons, Liu Pu 劉樸 and Liu Xia 劉瑕. Later she received visitations

from four immortals and obtained instruction in the Tao from Wang Bao 王褒 (Wang Zideng 王子登, Qingxu zhenren 清虛真人). Wei Huacun's importance in the history of Taoism history is due to her revelations of Shangqing 上清 scriptures to YANG XI. She was revered as the first of the lineage of Shangqing patriarchs. The 1404 *Zhenren shenxian jing* is specifically attributed to her.

Weng Baoguang 翁葆光, *hao* Wuming zi 無名子. Weng Baoguang was the foremost expert on the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇 during the early stages of the transmission of this major scripture, and his critical editions and commentaries (141 *Wuzhen pian zhushu*, 143 *Sancheng biyao*, 144 *Wuzhen pian shiyi*, 145 *Wuzhen pian zhushi*) seem to have formed the foundation of most later editions. He is not, however, considered a patriarch of the Southern School (Nanzong 南宗), and hardly anything is known of his life. He is said to have been the disciple of Liu Yongnian 劉永年, an equally unknown disciple of ZHANG BODUAN. As he dated one of his prefaces 1173, he must have been a contemporary of XUE DAOGUANG. According to Weng's own testimony, he hailed from Xiangchuan 象川 (corresponding perhaps to Xiangzhou 象州, in modern Guangxi).

Wu Cheng 吳澄, *zi* Youqing 幼請 *hao* Caolu 草廬 (1249–1333). Wu Cheng, whose posthumous name was Wenzheng 文正, was born in Linchuan, Jiangxi. He is the author of a commentary of the *Yijing* 易經 and of a critical edition of the *Zhuangzi* 莊子 (741 *Zhuangzi neipian dingzhen*). Wu was a disciple of Lu Xiangshan 陸象山 (1139–1193) and served as a Hanlin academician.

Wu Quanjie 吳全節, *zi* Chengji 成季, *hao* Xianxian 閑閑 (1269–1346). Wu was a native of Anren 安仁 in Raozhou 饒州 (modern Yujiang 余江, Jiangxi). He took up residence in Peking following his ordination as a daoshi at the age of sixteen. A descendant of a family of noted Confucians, Wu Quanjie became the disciple of the influential court Taoist Zhang Liusun 張留孫 (1248–1322), whom he succeeded as patriarch of the Mongol-sponsored Xuanjiao 玄教 movement in southern China. A highly respected Taoist priest and Confucian scholar, Wu served as court prelate, political counselor, and head of the Jixian yuan 集賢院 Academy of Worthies. The latter oversaw the Taoist clergy as well as Confucian affairs and state-sponsored scholarship. Wu associated widely with prominent literati and artists of his time, including ZHAO MENGFU, whose portrait of Wu Quanjie survives (see Little, *Taoism and the arts of China*, 222). As a liturgist, Wu performed numerous Taoist rituals for the emperor both at court and on his behalf at sacred sites throughout China. Wu Quanjie was also responsible for the restoration and construction of numerous Taoist temples in many parts of the empire. Most notably, he restored the great Shangqing and Zhengyi temples 上清正一宮 on Longhu shan 龍虎山 in Jiangxi and supervised the building of the Temple of the Eastern Peak (Dongyue miao 東嶽廟) in Peking, realizing its completion in 1322, a project originally conceived by

Zhang Liusun. The Chronicle of Maoshan (304 *Maoshan zhi*), was compiled on Wu's initiative, and several important books and collections of the Yuan period bear his prefaces.

Wu Yun 吳筠, *zi* Zhenjie 貞節, *hao* Dongyang zi 洞陽子, Zongxuan xiansheng 宗玄先生 (d. 778). A younger contemporary of Li Bo 李白 (701–762), Wu Yun, the great Taoist poet of the mid-Tang period, was probably born in the early years of the reign of Xuanzong (712–756). The descendant of minor officials, Wu received a Confucian education but lived in seclusion until his summons to the imperial court around 745. Despite his failure to obtain the *jinshi* 進士 degree, his literary reputation earned him an appointment as a Hanlin 翰林 academician. Wu received Taoist instruction and his ordination from a member of the Shangqing 上清 lineage, probably a disciple of PAN SHIZHENG, during the years after his arrival at the capital. Shortly after presenting his *Xuangang lun* 玄綱論, or “Arcane Principles” (see 1052 *Zongxuan xiansheng xuangang lun*), to the emperor in 754, Wu Yun obtained permission to return to the life of a wandering recluse. Whereas his activities had previously been centered on the Shaanxi and Henan region, from the time of the An Lushan 安祿山 rebellion (755–756) onward, Wu moved south and east among the famous Taoist sites of Jiangxi, Jiangsu, and Zhejiang. He died in 778 in Xuancheng 宣城 (Anhui), and under his posthumous title Zongxuan xiansheng left a voluminous oeuvre of Taoist poetry and prose in the form of *fu* 賦-rhapsodies and verse in various fixed meters as well as numerous *lun* 論-discourses (see his collected works, 1051 *Zongxuan xiansheng wenji*). Wu's Taoist writings are characterized by a strong penchant for Confucianism and distaste for Buddhism.

Xie Shouhao 謝守灝, *zi* Huaiying 懷英, *hao* Guanfu dashi 觀復大師 (1134–1212). Xie was a native of Yongjia 永嘉 (modern Wenzhou 溫州, Zhejiang). Initially a Confucian scholar, he became a Taoist after a mystical encounter with the zhenren Huangfu Tan 皇甫坦. A sometime daoshi of Qingxu an 清虛菴 hermitage on Lushan 廬山 (Jiangxi), as abbot of the Yulong wanshou gong 玉隆萬壽宮 temple at Xishan 西山 (also in Jiangxi) and court-appointed Taoist prelate, he became a well-known author and scholar of the Laozi 老子 Annals tradition. The Southern Song (1127–1279) emperor Guangzong bestowed the *hao* Guanfu dashi on Xie at the beginning of the Shaoxi reign (1190–1194), around the time of the presentation of Xie's main work, the 770 *Hunyuanyuan shengji*, to the emperor.

Xu Jingyang 許旌陽. See XU XUN.

Xu Mai 許邁, *zi* Shuxuan 叔玄, Yuanyou 遠遊 (300–349). Xu Mai, also known by the personal names Ying 映 and Xuan 玄, was a Taoist practitioner and hermit of the early Eastern Jin period (317–420). He was born in Jurong 句容, Danyang 丹陽 (Jiangsu), and was supposedly XU MI's elder brother. Xu Mai was acquainted with many famous aristocrats of his time, including the great calligrapher Wang Xizhi 王

羲之 (303–361). In 346, Xu established himself as a hermit on Xishan 西山 at Lin'an 臨安 (near Hangzhou 杭州, Zhejiang), where he attained immortality.

Xu Mi 許謐, *zi* Sixuan 思玄 (305–373). A high official and chief of the palace guard (*zhangshi* 長史) during the Eastern Jin dynasty (317–420), Xu Mi, who also bore the personal name Mu 穆, hailed from Jurong 句容 in Danyang 丹陽 county (Jiangsu). Beginning in the year 364, one of the members of Xu's household, YANG Xi, received visions, messages, and entire scriptures from a number of immortals and deities, all belonging to the traditional southern and locally worshiped Taoist pantheon. At the same time, the Xu family were members of the Heavenly Master ecclesia, and a libationer named Li Dong 李東 officiated as family chaplain. The messages and scriptures were mostly intended for Xu Mi and his youngest son, Yufu 玉釜. Together, they form the core of the Shangqing 上清 revelations.

Xu Rongdi 許榮弟 (d. 435). Xu Rongdi was a great-grandson of XU MI, who played a major role in the transmission, as well as the falsification, of the *Shangqing jing* 上清經 scriptures. The original texts were transmitted to XU MI and his son Xu Hui 翽, alias Yufu 玉釜. Xu Hui's son Huangmin 黃民 (d. 329) kept all the original texts in his possession and later entrusted them to Ma Lang 馬朗. When Xu Huangmin died, his son Xu Rongdi wished to retrieve the scriptures, but Ma Lang would not give them up. Only after a protracted period did he permit Xu Rongdi to copy a few of them. Xu Rongdi then proceeded to divulge these texts, providing them with colophons of his own invention, frequently linking the revelation of the scriptures to his ancestor XU MAI. Xu Rongdi also falsified some of the original revelations (see, for instance, 1378 *Shangqing jinzhen yuguang bajing feijing*).

Xu Xun 許遜 *zi* Jingzhi 敬之, *hao* Xiandu taishi 仙都太使 (239?–292/374). Xu Xun, also known as Xu Jingyang 許旌陽, is an important figure in Taoism, but we know very little about his real life. He has many, but very different, late and historically unreliable biographies in the *Daozang*, for example in 449 *Xiaodao Wu Xu er zhenjun zhuan* or the *Yulong ji* 玉隆集 (1224) of BO YUCHAN, in 263 *Xiuzhen shishu*. The most common story presents him as an official, at one time county magistrate of Jingyang (whence his name Jingyang), who became Wu Meng's 吳猛 disciple. In 280, he gave up serving the decadent Western Jin dynasty (265–316) and entered a retreat in order to practice ascetics. He is famous for having ascended to Heaven with his whole family in 292 or 374, although his cult did not immediately gain prominence. But during the Northern Song dynasty (960–1127), the legend that he had left a stone box containing secret teachings and that he would return in 1,240 years in order to take 800 disciples with him greatly promoted his cult. In the twelfth century, Xu Xun was regarded as a divine person whose imminent return was expected. In 1112, Song Huizong (r. 1100–1125) bestowed on him the title Shengong miaoji zhenjun 神功妙濟真君. Many writings on Inner Alchemy were

attributed to Xu. However, the most significant aspect of his career is his role as the patriarch of the Jingming zhongxiao 淨明忠孝 school. Many writings of this school are also attributed to him (561 *Bifa pian*, 570 *Lingjian zi*, 951 *Shihan ji*, 1480 *Yuxia ji*, and others). See also the introduction to section 3.B.8 in vol. 2.

Xue Daoguang 薛道光, *ming* Shi 式, Daoyuan 道源, *zi* Taiyuan 太原 (1078?–1191). According to the later hagiography of the Southern School (Nanzong 南宗), Xue Daoguang was its third patriarch, being a disciple of CHEN NAN, himself the disciple of ZHANG BODUAN. Xue resembled Zhang in several respects. Like Zhang, Xue is said to have been a Chan 禪 monk in Sichuan before converting to Taoist self-cultivation. His Buddhist enlightenment, the decisive encounter with his master in 1106 in western Shaanxi, and his subsequent conversion occupy the best part of the few sources available on his life. Xue's Buddhist name was Zixian 紫賢, which he later seems to have used as his Taoist *hao*. He is often referred to by this name. Xue's two extant works are his commentary on the 142 *Wuzhen pian sanzhu* (for which he wrote a preface, dated 1169) and the independent *neidan* 內丹 scripture that is closely modeled on it (1088 *Fuming pian*).

Yan Junping 嚴君平. See ZHUANG ZUN.

Yan Zun 嚴遵. See ZHUANG ZUN.

Yang Xi 楊羲, *ming* Xihe 羲和 (330–386/388). A native of Jiangxi, Yang Xi was a scholar who retired at age twenty-nine to Jurong 句容 county near Maoshan 茅山. Beginning in the year 364, he began receiving revelations from LADY WEI's elder son, Liu Pu 劉璞. His disciples were XU MI and Xu Hui 許翽. With LADY WEI, they are the founders of the Shangqing 上清 lineage. Yang was appointed secretary of a ducal establishment (*gongfu sheren* 公府舍人) under the Eastern Jin dynasty (317–420).

Yanluo zi 煙蘿子 (fl. 937–942). Yan Luozi is the *hao* of an important Taoist author of the Later Jin dynasty, which occupied northern China during part of the Five Dynasties period (907–960). Yanluo zi is the author of many works on philosophy and also on Tending Life (*yangsheng* 養生) practices, some of which have been preserved in the *Daozang*. It is known that his family name was Yan 燕, but his personal name has not been transmitted. His residence on Mount Wangwu 王屋山 in southern Shanxi suggests that he was a recluse.

Ye Fashan 葉法善, *zi* Daoyuan 道元 (616?–720). A native of Chuzhou 處州, in Zhejiang, Ye Fashan belonged to a long lineage of Heavenly Master Taoists comprising several recorded generations of both ancestors and descendants. After entering religious life in 622, at the age of seven, Ye became versed in a wide range of Taoist and related arts, including astronomy, divination, and talismanic magic. His long association with the Tang imperial court began under Gaozong (649–684). In 678 he performed a great *jiao* 醮 ritual on Taishan 泰山 at the imperial behest. Gaozong

later granted him a land title on Hengshan 衡山 (Hunan) in 684. In 710, Ye reported a prophecy from Laozi regarding the ascension of Xuanzong (r. 712–756). After the Taoist's death, Emperor Xuanzong composed a eulogy for him. Ye Fashan has biographies in the dynastic histories of the Tang. In the Taoist tradition, he is primarily remembered as a specialist of Zhengyi 正一 ritual, exorcism, and magic. Even in Tang times, however, he had become a popular figure of legend, owing to his exploits as a court magician under Xuanzong. In time, he was revered as an immortal and became the object of a cult.

Yin Wencao 尹文操, *zi* Jingxian 景先 (622–688). Yin Wencao was a native of Tianshui 天水, Longxi 隴西, in modern Gansu. According to his hagiographers, his birth was supernatural. In 636, after an early initiation into Taoism, Yin became a monk at the ancient Louguan 樓觀 temple in the Zhongnan shan 終南山 range of southern Shaanxi. One of Taoism's earliest monastic institutions, the Louguan marked the site of Yin Xi's 尹喜 discipleship of Laozi. Yin Wencao extolled the ancient sage as his spiritual and family ancestor. Later Yin lived in seclusion on nearby Mount Taibo 太白. Moving to the capital Chang'an in 656, he performed the functions of a court Taoist and received many imperial favors under Gaozong (r. 650–684). Yin was believed to have attained immortality in 688, not long after the demise of his great patron. Yin Wencao is remembered as a major bibliographer of the Taoist scriptural tradition and author of the catalog *Yuwei jingmu* 玉緯經目, as well as of an early chronicle of Laozi 老子 manifestations titled *Xuanyuan huangdi shengji* 玄元皇帝聖紀, now lost (see 954 *Hunyuan zhenlu*).

Yu Yan 俞琰, *zi* Yuwu 玉吾, *hao* Quanyang 子全陽子, Linwu shanren 林屋山人, Shidong daoren 石洞道人 (1253–1314). Born in Wujun 吳郡 (modern Suzhou 蘇州 Jiangsu), Yu Yan excelled in poetry and music. When the Song dynasty (960–1279) came to an end during his youth, he did not seek an official career. Yu lived by his brush, as a specialist in the *Yijing* 易經 and Inner Alchemy. He published many works on these subjects, seeking to divest Inner Alchemy of its excessively esoteric language and sexual aspects in order to make it more accessible to scholars with a Confucian background. Being thoroughly versed in both the history of Taoism and contemporary trends, Yu Yan published a book of notes and anecdotes entitled *Xishang futan* 席上腐談, an important source on Taoism of this period.

Zeng Zao 曾慥, *zi* Duanbo 端伯, *hao* Zhiyou 至游, Zhishu 至淑 (1091–1155). Zeng Zao hailed from Jinjiang 晉江 (modern Fujian). He had a long political career, during which he worked as a compiler at the capital and had several postings as prefect. He was also a prolific writer. In addition to his *biji* 筆記 “jottings,” he left several anthologies of various kinds of literature, including poetry, and sayings, most famously the *Leishuo* 類說, as well as the collection of *neidan* 內丹 texts 1017 *Daoshu*. Zeng is also known as Zhiyou 子至游子, after his *hao*.

Zhang Boduan 張伯端, *bieming* Yongcheng 用成, *zi* Pingshu 平叔, *hao* Ziyang 紫陽 (984?–1082). The celebrated author of the *Wuzhen pian* 悟真篇, Zhang was elevated to the status of first patriarch of the Southern School (Nanzong 南宗) almost two centuries after his death. Despite his renown, it is difficult to trace the person behind the book. Hagiography presents him as a scholar from Tiantai 天台 (Zhejiang) who worked for various officials. Some sources consider him to have been a Buddhist monk, and he is said to have been cremated, a story that may be related to the syncretic contents of his writings. Other alchemical works are attributed to him, such as the 1081 *Jindan sibaizi*.

Zhang Guo 張果, *hao* Tongxuan 子通玄子 (d. ca. 742). Zhang Guo, also known as Zhang Guolao 張果老, was a reputed immortal even in his lifetime, his birth date shrouded in mystery from the earliest accounts. Later he would become one of the popular Yuan dynasty (1277–1368) group of Eight Immortals (*baxian* 八仙). Zhang was a native of Hengzhou 恒州, near modern Shijiazhuang (Hebei). He is said to have spent many years in retirement in the Zhongtiao shan 中條山 range in that area, repeatedly refusing or evading the imperial summonses of Taizong (r. 626–649), Gaozong (r. 649–683), and Wu Zetian (r. 684–705). In the year 735, Zhang finally succumbed to the respectful entreaties of Xuanzong (r. 712–756). Henceforth he lived in the imperial palace at Chang'an, where he acquired great fame as one of several Taoist court magicians, including YE FASHAN (d. 722) and Luo Gongyuan 羅公遠. Despite the chronological discrepancy, the body of legends that soon sprang up around their exploits, performed under the admiring gaze of Xuanzong, frequently feature the three divines together. Among the favors bestowed on Zhang Guo by Xuanzong were an imperial decree extolling his supernatural powers, the honorific appointment as grand master of imperial entertainments with Silver Seal and Blue Ribbon (*yingqing guanglu dafu* 銀青光祿大夫), and the religious title Master Penetrating the Mysteries (Tongxuan xiansheng 通玄先生). Zhang, however, haughtily declined the offer of Xuanzong's Taoist sister, the Yuzhen 玉真 princess, in marriage. Finally, Zhang Guo begged leave to return to Hengzhou. When Xuanzong summoned him once again in 742, Zhang feigned death and underwent “corpse liberation.”

Zhang Guolao 張果老. See ZHANG GUO.

Zhang Junfang 張君房, *zi* Yinfang 尹方 (fl. 1005–1028). Zhang Junfang was a native of Anlu 安陸 in modern Hubei. He was active under the reigns of the Northern Song emperors Zhenzong (997–1022) and Renzong (1022–1064) and died, aged eighty, in the 1040s. Zhang entered the civil service after passing an examination in 1005. Around 1009–1010, he seems to have served as adjutant for personnel evaluation in Kaifeng superior prefecture (*Kaifeng fu gongcao canjun* 開封府功曹參軍), later accepting other posts in the central administration and then in Ninghai jun

寧海軍 (Shandong). In 1015 or 1016, Zhang Junfang was appointed to the post of assistant editorial director (*zhuzuo zuolang* 著作左郎) in the imperial palace library. Zhang was the author of several works, but he made his mark as a Taoist bibliographer under the patronage of WANG QINRUO. His main contribution was the important Taoist anthology 1032 *Yunji qiqian*. Zhang's own claims to have been significantly involved in the compilation of the Taoist canon of the Northern Song (960–1127), however, have been discounted by modern scholarship (see the general introduction in volume 1, "The Song and Yuan Canons").

Zhang Shangying 張商英, *zi* Tianjue 天覺, *hao* Wujin jushi 無盡居士 (1043–1121).

A high state official at the time of Wang Anshi 王安石 (1121–1086), Zhang Shangying hailed from Xinjin 新津 (Sichuan). Serving as a magistrate in Nanchuan 南川, he sought to implement a Taoist way of governance. Invited to the court, he was appointed to high positions. He wrote numerous works on Taoist subjects, on theology (see 155–156 *Sancai dingwei tu*), and on philosophy. Zhang was, moreover, requested by Emperor Huizong (r. 1101–1125) to revise the liturgy of the Golden Register Retreat (see 498 *Jinlu zhai toujian yi*), and his work was to have a lasting influence on the evolution of Taoist liturgy.

Zhang Shouqing 張守清, *hao* Yuexia sou 月峽叟, *hui* Dongyuan 洞淵 (1254–1336).

Zhang Shouqing was a native of Yidu 宜都, Xiazhou 峽州 (modern Yichang 宜昌, Hubei). After a Confucian education and the beginning of an official career, Zhang converted to Taoism at the age of thirty-one and was ordained a monk at Wudang shan 武當山. His subsequent activities were divided between that site and the Yuan (1277–1368) court. At Wudang shan, Zhang constructed an important temple named Tianyi zhenqing wanshou gong 天一眞慶萬壽宮 at the behest of the emperor Renzong (r. 1312–1320). In Peking, he celebrated Taoist rituals for the court and acquired a reputation for his ability as a conjurer of rain and snow. Reputedly the heir to the teachings of the elusive Zhang Sanfeng 張三峰, Zhang Shouqing was recognized in his time as a leading master of Qingwei 清微 and Zhengyi 正一 ritual. The Mongol court appointed him prelate in charge of Taoist affairs and in 1314 bestowed upon him the title Tixuan miaoying taihe zhenren 體玄妙應太和真人.

Zhang Wanfu 張萬福 (fl. 711–713). Zhang Wanfu is revered, together with LU XIU-JING and DU GUANGTING, as one of the great medieval patriarchs of the Lingbao liturgical tradition. The *Daozang* contains eight works wholly or partially ascribed to his name, comprising ritual protocols and manuals on liturgical and clerical subjects (ordination documents and pledges, precepts, almanacs for ritual observances, and vestments). His Transmission of the Scriptures, Rules, and Registers (1241 *Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lüeshuo*) contains, in an appendix, Zhang's account of the Taoist ordinations of the imperial princesses Jinxian 金仙 and Yuzhen 玉眞,

daughters of Emperor Ruizong (r. 710–712), at which Zhang officiated in 711 and 712. This appears to have been the high point of Zhang Wanfu's forty-year career as a Taoist priest. At the time, he was serving under the court prelate and abbot SHI CHONG in the imperial Taiqing gong 太清宮 temple in Chang'an.

Zhang Yuchu 張宇初, *zi* Zixuan 子璿, *hao* Qishan 耆山 (1361–1410). The Forty-third Heavenly Master of Longhu shan 龍虎山 in Jiangxi, Zhang Yuchu was a very talented and learned young man when, in 1378, at the age of seventeen, he succeeded his father as patriarch of the Zhengyi 正一 order. He stood in high favor at the court of Zhu Yuanzhang 朱元璋 (1328–1398), the founder of the Ming dynasty, but during the brief reign of Zhu's successor, the Jianwen emperor (r. 1399–1403), Zhang suffered punishment and his title was abolished. When the Yongle emperor (r. 1403–1425) came to power, Zhang Yuchu was reinstated and quickly regained wide esteem. In 1407, he was ordered to proceed with the editing of a new Taoist canon. The next year, the emperor asked him to find the famous but mysterious and elusive Taoist hermit Zhang Sanfeng 張三峰, but his attempts failed. Zhang Yuchu died a few years later. Although he never achieved a new edition of the *Daozang*, he is recognized for many other works, for example, his collected writings, 1311 *Xianquan ji* (published in 1407), and 1232 *Daomen shigui*.

Zhang Ziyang 張紫陽. See ZHANG BODUAN.

Zhao Daosheng 趙道昇, *zi* Shian 實庵, *hao* Chongzhen baoyuan dashi 沖眞寶元大師 (fl. 1152). Zhao Daosheng was an important commentator on the Taoist classics and also an expert in liturgy. He lived at the Yuxu guan 玉虛觀 temple at Fushan 浮山, probably referring to the mountain of that name near Jurong 句容 and part of the Maoshan 茅山 range (Jiangsu). He was known for his practice of the Yellow Register Retreat (*huanglu zhai* 黃籙齋; see 219 *Wuliang duren shengjing dafa* 49.18b; 508 *Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi* 34.4a) and for his commentary on the *Daode jing* (723 *Daode zhenjing jiyi dazhi*).

Zhao Mengfu 趙孟頫, *zi* Ziang 子昂, *hao* Songxue daoren 松雪道人, Shuijing gong daoren 水晶宮道人 (1254–1322). A member of the Song imperial clan, the celebrated painter, calligrapher, and author Zhao Mengfu was an active Taoist devotee and practitioner throughout his life. Following a family tradition, his initiation began in 1260 when he became a disciple of DU DAOJIAN, a leading Taoist master of the Song/Yuan transition period. Zhao drew the portraits for the album 163 *Xuanyuan shizi tu* at the request of Du. Toward the end of his life (after 1311), Zhao received a Shangqing 上清 ordination by the forty-fifth Maoshan patriarch, Liu Dabin 劉大彬. Liu was also the compiler of 304 *Maoshan zhi*, a work to which Zhao had contributed a colophon and a set of illustrated biographies. When the Southern Song were invaded and defeated by the Mongols in 1279, Zhao was living in Hangzhou. Despite his prominence among Song loyalists in the south,

Zhao Mengfu eventually responded to an invitation extended by Kublai Khan to southern literati in 1286 and subsequently accepted a series of appointments from the Mongol court. During his official career, Zhao continued to associate with prominent court Taoists, including Zhang Liusun 張留孫 (1248–1322), WU QUANJIE, and Zhang Yu 張雨 (1276–1342). By 1316, Zhao had risen to the prestigious position of president of the Hanlin 翰林 academy. In the course of official travels in the north, Zhao Mengfu established an important collection of Five Dynasties (907–960) and Northern Song (960–1127) masters. His own paintings were strongly influenced by these works. Zhao's wife, Guan Daosheng 管道昇, was also a noted calligrapher and painter.

Zhao Shian 趙實庵. See ZHAO DAOSHENG.

Zhao Yizhen 趙宜真, hao Yuanyang zi 原陽子 (d. 1382). A scion of the Song imperial family and an important Taoist leader of the late Yuan (1277–1368) and early Ming (1368–1644), Zhao Yizhen elaborated the ecumenical fusion of the main Taoist traditions of his time into one system, the Qingwei 清微 school, named after the highest of the Taoist heavens. Born in Anfu 安福 (southern Jiangxi), Zhao had prepared for the *jinsshi* 進士 examination, but he fell ill at the capital. A religious experience then moved him to relinquish an official career and to enter Taoism. He joined the Longhu shan 龍虎山 center of the Zhengyi 正一 order and studied there and in other centers in the south with different masters. The troubled times at the end of the Yuan made him leave Jiangxi with his disciples and travel to Sichuan to gather historical materials on the early history of the Heavenly Master ecclesia. After the founding of the Ming dynasty in 1368, Zhao continued traveling and collecting materials. At the end of his life, he retired at the Ziyang guan 紫陽觀 temple in Yudu 鄧都 in southern Jiangxi. Zhao left a rich legacy of works on philosophy, medicine, and ritual. His great disciple LIU YUANRAN continued his work.

Zheng Yin 鄭隱, zi Siyuan 鄭思遠. Little is known about Zheng Yin, a scholar who lived during the Western Jin dynasty (265–316). He is said to have retired to Mount Maji 馬跡山 (Lujiang 廬江). Other sources affirm that, seeing the decline of the dynasty, he retired to Mount Huo 霍山 and disappeared there. He is famous for having been GE XUAN's disciple and GE HONG's master. In the "Xialan pian 遐覽篇" (BPZ 19), GE HONG describes the great number of books written by Zheng Yin and extols his extraordinary nature. The 924 *Zhenyuan miaodao yaoliue* has been attributed to Zheng Yin. It should be noted that Zheng Yin was also the name of a hermit on Mount Hua 華山 during the Northern Song dynasty (960–1127).

Zhiyou zi 至游子. See ZENG ZAO.

Zhongli Quan 鍾離權 zi Yunfang 雲房, hao Zhengyang 正陽. Zhongli Quan appears in Taoist lore shortly after LÜ DONGBIN, who was his disciple. It seems that the first reference to their relationship is in the alchemical text 233 *Zhongxian*

lun, dated 1052. Later hagiography arranged by the Quanzhen 全真 order, which made him their second patriarch, claimed that Zhongli lived under the Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) and was the spiritual heir of the mythical Donghua dijun 東華帝君. The first references to Zhongli Quan as an author, under the Song (960–1279), include several short *neidan* 內丹 works, notably 270 *Pomi zhengdao ge*, but more important, the various anthologies of his didactic exchanges with Lü: the "Baiwen pian 百文篇" in 1017 *Daoshu*, the 263.14 *Chuandao ji*, and the 1191 *Lingbao bifa*.

Zhu Ziyang 朱自英, zi Yinshi 隱芝, hao Guanmiao xiansheng 觀妙先生 (976–1029).

Twenty-third patriarch of the Maoshan 茅山 Shangqing 上清 order, Zhu Ziyang was one of the foremost religious leaders of the Northern Song period (960–1127). Born in Juqu 句曲 near the Maoshan in a poor peasant family, he herded the family livestock as a boy. At the age of twelve, Zhu was adopted as a disciple by a Taoist master. As a young adult, he traveled extensively to various Taoist centers, visiting places as far away as Sichuan in search of scriptures. In 1004, he was chosen as patriarch of his order. A few years later, in 1007, he was summoned to court by Emperor Zhenzong (r. 998–1023) and was honored as preceptor of state (*guoshi* 國師). Zhu resided at the Yuqing zhaoying gong 玉清昭應宮 temple in the capital and served under different emperors, ordaining each of them with the highest Taoist registers of the Shangqing 上清 tradition. Along with many other works by his hand, the documents related to the ordination of Empress Zhangxian Mingsu, Zhenzong's widow, in 1024, have been preserved in the *Daozang* (see 777 *Shangqing bifa lu ji*).

Zhuang Zun 莊遵 or 尊, zi Junping 君平 (59–24 B.C.). Also known as Yan Zun 嚴遵 and Yan Junping 嚴君平—"Yan" serving as substitute for the character "Zhuang" after the latter was tabooed in deference to the personal name of Emperor Mingdi (r. A.D. 57–75)—Zhuang Zun was a native of Shu 蜀 (Sichuan). A philosopher and specialist of *Yijing* 易經 divination, he told fortunes and lectured on the *Laozi* 老子 in Chengdu. The influential *Laozi* commentary "Return to the Meaning of the Tao" (693 *Daode zhenjing zhigui*), is attributed to Zhuang. He was the teacher of Yang Xiong 楊雄 (53 B.C.–A.D. 18), a fellow philosopher from Shu and author of the Book of Supreme Mystery (*Taixuan jing* 太玄經).

Zixian 紫賢. See XUE DAOGUANG.

Bibliography

ABBREVIATIONS

BPZ	<i>Baopu zi neipian</i>
CGF	Chen Guofu, <i>Daozang yuanliu kao</i>
DX	Dunhuang Manuscripts in the Institut Narodov Azii (St. Petersburg)
LZTT	296 <i>Lishi zhenxian tidao tongjian</i>
SDZN	1139 <i>Sandong zhunang</i>
T	<i>Taishō shinsū Daizōkyō</i>
TPYL	<i>Taiping yulan</i>
VDL	Van der Loon, <i>Taoist books in the libraries of the Sung</i>
WSBY	1138 <i>Wushang biyao</i>
YJQQ	1032 <i>Yunji qiqian</i>

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83 (1997) and “De l'inconvénient d'être mortel chez les taoïstes de la haute Pureté,” in *De la malemort en quelques pays d'Asie*, edited by Brigitte Baptandier (Paris, 2001). Her recent work focuses on Buddhist-Taoist scriptures and iconography. Following her articles: “Les Cuisines de Laozi et du Buddha,” in *Cahiers d'Extrême-Asie* 11 (2000) and “Talismans,” in *Divination et société dans la Chine ancienne: Etude des manuscrits de Dunhuang de la Bibliothèque nationale de France et de la British Library*, edited by Marc Kalinowski (Paris, 2003), she is now working on a book-length study on this subject. She has held visiting professorships at the Faculté des Lettres of the University of Geneva (1997–98) and at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago (2002). She contributed the articles for the following texts: 53, 54, 335, 525, 527.

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Xin wenfeng: Xin wenfeng chubanshe 新文豐出版公司 edition (Taipei, 1977), in sixty volumes.

Sanjia ben: Beijing wenwu 北京文物, Shanghai shudian 上海書店, and Tianjin guji chubanshe 天津古籍出版社 edition (Peking, Shanghai, and Tianjin, 1988), in thirty-six volumes.

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167	<i>Dongxuan lingbao zhenling weiye tu</i>	5:3316	5:18	3:272
168	<i>Yuanshi gaoshang yujian dalu</i>	5:3332	5:34	3:282
169	<i>Qinghe neizhuan</i>	5:3338	5:40	3:286
170	<i>Zitong dijun huashu</i>	5:3347	5:49	3:292
171	<i>Qingwei xianpu</i>	5:3399	5:101	3:326
172	<i>San Mao zhenjun jiafeng shidian</i>	5:3407	5:110	3:332
173	<i>Jinlian zhengzong ji</i>	3:3424	5:127	3:343
174	<i>Jinlian zhengzong xianyuan xiangzhuan</i>	5:3457	5:160	3:365
175	<i>Qizhen nianpu</i>	5:3479	5:183	3:380
176	<i>Xuanfeng qinghui lu</i>	5:3490	5:194	3:387
177	<i>Taishang dongzhen zhibui shangpin dajie</i>	5:3495	5:199	3:391
178	<i>Sandong zhongjie wen</i>	5:3503	5:208	3:396
179	<i>Taiwei lingshu ziwen xianji zhenji shangjing</i>	5:3512	5:217	3:402
180	<i>Xuhuang tianzun chuzhen shijie wen</i>	5:3514	5:219	3:403
181	<i>Taishang jiuzhen miaojie jinlu duming bazui miaojing</i>	5:3518	5:223	3:406
182	<i>Taishang shier shangpin feitian falun quanjie miaojing</i>	5:3522	5:228	3:409
183	<i>Taiji zhenren shuo ershi men jie jing</i>	5:3527	5:233	3:412
184	<i>Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing</i>	5:3531	5:237	3:415
185	<i>Chisong zi zhongjie jing</i>	5:3537	5:282	3:444
186	<i>Taiwei xianjun gongguo ge</i>	5:3582	5:289	3:449
187	<i>Taiqing wushiba yuanwen</i>	5:3589	5:296	3:453
188	<i>Xuandu liwen</i>	5:3593	5:300	3:456
189	<i>Taishang lingbao chaotian xiezui dachan</i>	5:3604	5:311	3:463
190	<i>Taishang yuqing xiezui dengzhen baochan</i>	5:3674	5:383	3:510
191	<i>Taishang shangqing rangzai yanshou baochan</i>	5:3677	5:387	3:512
192	<i>Taishang taiqing bazui shengtian baochan</i>	5:3680	5:390	3:514
193	<i>Yuhuang youzui xifu baochan</i>	5:3684	5:394	3:516
194	<i>Gaoshang yuhuang manyuan baochan</i>	5:3696	5:406	3:524
195	<i>Jiutian yingyuan leisheng puhua tianzun yushu baochan</i>	5:3732	5:444	3:549
196	<i>Leiting yushu youzui fachen</i>	5:3738	5:450	3:552
197	<i>Yuhuang shiqi ciguang dengyi</i>	5:3742	5:455	3:555
198	<i>Shangqing shiyi dayao dengyi</i>	5:3752	5:466	3:562
199	<i>Nandou yanshou dengyi</i>	5:3756	5:470	3:565
200	<i>Beidou qiyuan xing dengyi</i>	5:3759	5:473	3:567
201	<i>Beidou benming yanshou dengyi</i>	5:3763	5:477	3:569

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202	<i>Sanguan dengyi</i>	5:3765	5:479	3:570
203	<i>Xuandi dengyi</i>	5:3767	5:481	3:572
204	<i>Jiutian San Mao siming xian dengyi</i>	5:3769	5:484	3:573
205	<i>Wanling dengyi</i>	5:3772	5:487	3:575
206	<i>Wuxian lingguan dadi dengyi</i>	5:3774	5:489	3:576
207	<i>Tusi dengyi</i>	5:3776	5:492	3:578
208	<i>Dongchu siming dengyi</i>	5:3780	5:496	3:581
209	<i>Zhengyi wensi bidu shendeng yi</i>	5:3783	5:499	3:582
210	<i>Liming ruixiang dengyi</i>	5:3785	5:502	3:584
211	<i>Huanglu jiuyang fangqi dengyi</i>	5:3789	5:506	3:586
212	<i>Huanglu jiuzhi dengyi</i>	5:3794	5:512	3:590
213	<i>Huanglu poyu dengyi</i>	5:3796	5:514	3:591
214	<i>Huanglu wuku lundeng yi</i>	5:3800	5:518	3:594
215	<i>Difu shiwang badu yi</i>	5:3803	5:521	3:596
216	<i>Shangqing tianbao zhai chuye yi</i>	5:3809	5:527	3:600
217	<i>Taiyi huofu zougao qirang yi</i>	5:3814	5:532	3:603
218	<i>Qingwei xuanshu zougao yi</i>	5:3822	5:541	3:609
219	<i>Lingbao wuliang duren shangjing dafa</i>	5:3829	5:549	3:613
220	<i>Wushang xuanyuan santian yutang dafa</i>	6:4501	6:341	4:1
221	<i>Wushang santian yutang zhengzong gaoben neijing yushu</i>	6:4684	6:529	4:122
222	<i>Qingwei shenlie bifa</i>	6:4703	6:549	4:135
223	<i>Qingwei yuanjiang dafa</i>	6:4729	6:577	4:153
224	<i>Qingwei zhaifa</i>	7:4924	6:779	4:282
225	<i>Taishang jiuyao xinyin miaojing</i>	7:4967	6:823	4:311
226	<i>Zi yuanjun shoudao chuanxin fa</i>	7:4971	6:828	4:314
227	<i>Zhen longhu jiuxian jing</i>	7:4976	6:833	4:317
228	<i>Longhu zhongdan jue</i>	7:4983	6:840	4:321
229	<i>Jiuhuan qifan longhu jindan xili zhenjue</i>	7:4986	6:844	4:324
230	<i>Zhuzhen lun huandan jue</i>	7:4991	6:849	4:327
231	<i>Zhenyi jindan jue</i>	7:4993	6:852	4:328
232	<i>Huandan bijue yang chizi shenfang</i>	7:4998	6:857	4:331
233	<i>Huandan zhongxian lun</i>	7:5001	6:861	4:333
234	<i>Xiudan miaoyong zhili lun</i>	7:5013	6:874	4:342
235	<i>Danjing jilun</i>	7:5018	6:879	4:345
236	<i>Jinjing lun</i>	7:5024	6:885	4:349
237	<i>Huandan xianmiao tongyou ji</i>	7:5027	6:888	4:351
238	<i>Yuanyang zi jinyi ji</i>	7:5032	6:894	4:354
239	<i>Huandan jinyi ge zhu</i>	7:5040	6:902	4:359
240	<i>Yuqing jinsi qinghua biwen jinbao neilian danjue</i>	7:5044	7:1	4:362
241	<i>Bixu zi qinchuan zhizhi</i>	7:5068	7:26	4:378
242	<i>Zhizhou xiansheng quanzhen zhizhi</i>	7:5074	7:32	4:382

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243	Chen Xubo guizhong zhinan	7:5077	7:36	4:384
244	Dadan zhizhi	7:5088	7:47	4:391
245	Yuqi zi danjing zhiyao	7:5107	7:67	4:404
246	Xishan qunxian huizhen ji	7:5133	7:95	4:422
247	Huizhen ji	7:5163	7:126	4:442
248	Qizhen ji	7:5201	7:165	4:467
249	Zhonghe ji	7:5224	7:189	4:482
250	Santian yisui	7:5287	7:254	4:524
251	Quanzhen ji xuan biyao	7:5293	7:260	3:528
252	Gushen pian	7:5302	7:269	4:534
253	Jinjue dijun sanyuan zhenyi jing	7:5323	7:291	4:548
254	Dadong jinhua yujing	7:5327	7:295	4:551
255	Taiwei lingshu ziwen langgan huadan shenzhen shangjing	7:5333	7:301	4:555
256	Yujing jiutian jinxiao weishen wangzhu taiyuan shangjing	7:5337	7:305	4:557
257	Dongzhen taiwei huangshu jiutian balu zhenwen	7:5342	7:310	4:561
258	Taixuan bajing lu	7:5346	7:314	4:563
259	Tao zhenren neidan fu	7:5367	7:337	4:578
260	Qinxuan fu	7:5376	7:347	4:584
261	Jindan fu	7:5381	7:352	4:587
262	Gushen fu	7:5405	7:376	4:603
263	Xiuzhen shishu	7:5409	7:381	4:605
264	Zhenqi huanyuan ming	8:5819	7:801	4:879
265	Huandan gejue	8:5828	7:811	4:885
266	Jinyi huandan baiwen jue	8:5840	7:824	4:893
267	Shangsheng xiuzhen sanyao	8:5856	7:840	4:903
268	Qianyuan zi sanshi lun	8:5869	7:854	4:912
269	Zhizhen zi longhu dadan shi	8:5871	7:856	4:913
270	Pomi zhengdao ge	8:5875	8:1	4:916
271	Taixuan langran zi jindao shi	8:5878	8:5	4:918
272	Liaoming pian	8:5882	8:9	4:921
273	Mingdao pian	8:5890	8:17	4:926
274	Zhenxian bichuan huohou fa	8:5899	8:27	4:932
275	Sanji zhiming quanti	8:5904	8:32	4:935
276	Xiyi zhimi lun	8:5921	8:51	4:947
277	Xiuzhen jingyi zalun	8:5930	8:61	4:953
278	Qingwei danjue	8:5943	8:74	4:961
279	Xiantian jindan dadao xuanao koujue	8:5948	8:79	4:965
280	Jinyi dadan koujue	8:5955	8:86	4:969
281	Baoyi zi sanfeng laoren danjue	8:5960	8:92	4:973
282	Huangdi zhaijing	8:5969	8:101	4:979

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283	Huangdi longshou jing	8:5978	8:110	4:985
284	Huangdi jingui yubeng jing	8:6004	8:137	4:1002
285	Huangdi shou sanzi xuannü jing	8:6016	8:149	5:1
286	Taishang dengzhen sanjiao lingying jing	8:6018	8:152	5:2
287	Tongzhan daxiang li xingjing	8:6021	8:156	5:4
288	Lingtai jing	8:6048	8:183	5:22
289	Chengxing lingtai biyao jing	8:6059	8:194	5:29
290	Guang huangdi benxing ji	8:6062	8:199	5:32
291	Mu tianzi zhuan	8:6068	8:206	5:36
292	Han Wudi neizhuan	8:6086	8:224	5:47
293	Han Wudi waizhuan	8:6101	8:240	5:58
294	Liexian zhuan	8:6111	8:251	5:64
295	Xu xian zhuan	8:6130	8:271	5:77
296	Lishi zhenxian tidaotongjian	8:6163	8:305	5:99
297	Lishi zhenxian tidaotongjian xubian	9:6637	8:789	5:414
298	Lishi zhenxian tidaotongjian houji	9:6687	8:841	5:448
299	Yixian zhuan	9:6749	9:1	5:489
300	Huayang Tao yinju neizhuan	9:6764	9:17	5:499
301	Huan zhenren shengxian ji	9:6785	9:38	5:513
302	Zhoushi mingtong ji	9:6792	9:45	5:518
303	Ziyang zhenren neizhuan	9:6828	9:82	5:542
304	Maoshan zhi	9:6838	9:93	5:548
305	Chunyang dijun shenhua miaotong ji	9:7070	9:333	5:703
306	Taihua Xiyi zhi	9:7116	9:379	5:734
307	Xiyue Huashan zhi	9:7131	9:395	5:744
308	Ningyang Dong zhenren yuxian ji	9:7144	9:409	5:753
309	Zhu shizhen gao	9:7152	9:417	5:758
310	Jinlu zhai sandong zanyong yi	9:7161	9:426	5:764
311	Huangdi yinfu jing song	9:7174	9:439	5:772
312	Taishang shengxuan xiaozai huming miaojing song	9:7177	9:443	5:775
313	Shengtian jing songjie	9:7181	9:447	5:777
314	Sandong zansong lingzhang	9:7184	9:451	5:779
315	Song Zhenzong yuzhi yujing ji	9:7208	9:477	5:795
316	Taishang jidu zhangshe	9:7242	9:513	5:818
317	Lingbao tianzun shuo Hongen lingji zhenjun miaojing	9:7277	10:1	5:841
318	Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhang jing	9:7280	10:4	5:843
319	Dongxuan lingbao benxiang yundu jieqi jing	9:7288	10:13	5:849
320	Dongxuan lingbao danshui feishu yundu xiaojie miaojing	9:7296	10:21	5:854

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321	<i>Dongxuan lingbao zhutian shijie zaohua jing</i>	9:7307	10:32	5:861
322	<i>Taishang lingbao tiandi yundu ziran miaojing</i>	9:7313	10:39	5:865
323	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyuan wuliang shou jing</i>	9:7316	10:43	5:867
324	<i>Shangqing wuchang biantong wanhua yuming jing</i>	9:7323	10:50	5:872
325	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui dingzhi tongwei jing</i>	9:7347	10:75	5:888
326	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao guanmiao jing</i>	9:7359	10:88	5:896
327	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo datong jing</i>	9:7360	10:89	5:897
328	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao hu zhu tongzi jing</i>	9:7361	10:89	5:897
329	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao kaiyan bimì zang jing</i>	9:7362	10:91	5:898
330	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhenwen yaojie shangjing</i>	9:7370	10:99	5:903
331	<i>Taishang huangting neijing yujing</i>	9:7378	10:107	5:908
332	<i>Taishang huangting waijing yujing</i>	9:7384	10:114	5:913
333	<i>Lingbao tianzun shuo luku shousheng jing</i>	9:7387	10:117	5:915
334	<i>Taishang lingbao yuanyang miaojing</i>	10:7389	10:121	5:916
335	<i>Taishang dongyuan shenzhou jing</i>	10:7495	10:229	6:1
336	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao yebao yinyuan jing</i>	10:7615	10:353	6:81
337	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao shihao gongde yin- yuan miaojing</i>	10:7688	10:429	6:129
338	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao suming yinyuan mingjing</i>	10:7693	10:434	6:132
339	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao chujia yinyuan jing</i>	10:7698	10:440	6:136
340	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhuanshen duming jing</i>	10:7708	10:450	6:143
341	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao shishi duren miao- jing</i>	10:7713	10:455	6:146
342	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao taixuan puci quan- shi jing</i>	10:7719	10:461	6:150
343	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao sifang dayuan jing</i>	10:7724	10:467	6:153
344	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhihui benyuan dajie shangpin jing</i>	10:7727	10:471	6:155
345	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao jieye benxing shang- pin miaojing</i>	10:7736	10:481	6:161
346	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhenyi quanjie falun miaojing</i>	10:7750	10:495	6:170
347	<i>Taishang xuanyi zhenren shuo miaotong zhuan- shen ruding jing</i>	10:7753	10:498	6:172

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348	<i>Taishang xuanyi zhenren shuo quanjie falun miaojing</i>	10:7757	10:503	6:175
349	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao fazhu jing</i>	10:7761	10:507	6:178
350	<i>Taishang lingbao zhihui guanshen jing</i>	10:7766	10:512	6:181
351	<i>Taiyi jiuku hushen miaojing</i>	10:7767	10:513	6:182
352	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao chishu yujue miao- jing</i>	10:7770	10:517	6:184
353	<i>Shangqing jingui yujing xiuzhen zhixuan miaojing</i>	10:7802	10:550	6:205
354	<i>Shangqing sanyuan yujian sanyuan bujing</i>	10:7810	10:559	6:211
355	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao furi miaojing</i>	10:7832	10:581	6:226
356	<i>Dongxuan lingbao shangshi shuo jiuhu shenming jing</i>	10:7833	10:583	6:227
357	<i>Taishang lingbao tianzun shuo rangzai due jing</i>	10:7839	10:589	6:231
358	<i>Taishang shenzhou yanshou miaojing</i>	10:7840	10:590	6:232
359	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao xiaorang huozai jing</i>	10:7841	10:591	6:233
360	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo yang- can yingzhong jing</i>	10:7843	10:592	6:234
361	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao bawei zhaolong miaojing</i>	10:7847	10:597	6:237
362	<i>Taishang dongyuan shuo qingyu longwang jing</i>	10:7860	10:611	6:245
363	<i>Taishang zhao zhu shenlong anzhen fenmu jing</i>	10:7862	10:613	6:247
364	<i>Taishang lingbao buxie zaowang jing</i>	10:7864	10:614	6:248
365	<i>Taishang shuo liyi canwang miaojing</i>	10:7865	10:616	6:249
366	<i>Taishang shuo niubuang miaojing</i>	10:7866	10:617	6:249
367	<i>Shangqing dongxuan mingdeng shangjing</i>	10:7867	10:618	6:250
368	<i>Taishang dongxuan baoyuan shangjing</i>	10:7871	10:622	6:252
369	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao miedu wulian sheng- shi miaojing</i>	10:7881	10:633	6:259
370	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyuan yujing xuandu daxian jing</i>	10:7891	10:643	6:266
371	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao santu wuku badu shengsi miaojing</i>	10:7905	10:658	6:275
372	<i>Taishang daojun shuo jieyuan badu miaojing</i>	10:7909	10:662	6:278
373	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao wangsheng jiuku miaojing</i>	10:7910	10:663	6:278
374	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao jiuku miaojing</i>	10:7917	10:670	6:283
375	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo jiku jing</i>	10:7919	10:672	6:284
376	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao jinggong miaojing</i>	10:7920	10:674	6:285
377	<i>Taishang lingbao hongfu miezui xiangming jing</i>	10:7925	10:679	6:289

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378	Taishang jiuku tianzun shuo xiaoqian miezui jing	10:7945	10:700	6:302
379	Taishang shuo Fengdu baku yule miaojing	10:7947	10:702	6:303
380	Dongxuan lingbao daoyao jing	10:7947	10:703	6:303
381	Dongxuan lingbao feixian shangpin miaojing	10:7951	10:707	6:306
382	Taishang lingbao tianzun shuo yanshou miaojing	10:7954	10:710	6:308
383	Taishang qixing shenzhou jing	10:7955	10:711	6:309
384	Taishang xuhuang baosheng shenzhou jing	10:7956	10:712	6:309
385	Taishang dongxuan sandong kaitian fenglei yubu zhimo shenzhou jing	10:7957	10:713	6:310
386	Taishang dongyuan sanmei dixin guangming zhengyin taiji ziwei fumo zhigui zhengjiu edao jifu jixiang shenzhou	10:7959	10:715	6:311
387	Taishang sansheng jieyuan miaojing	10:7961	10:718	6:313
388	Taishang lingbao wufu xu	10:7964	10:721	6:315
389	Taishang dongxuan lingbao suling zhenfu	10:8007	10:765	6:343
390	Taishang dongxuan lingbao wuyue shenfu	10:8034	10:793	6:361
391	Shangqing jinmu qiuxian fa	10:8042	10:801	6:366
392	Shangqing huoluo qiuyan fu	10:8053	10:813	6:374
393	Taishang dongxuan lingbao dagang chao	10:8056	10:816	6:376
394	Shangqing taiyi jinque yuxi jinzen ji	10:8057	10:818	6:377
395	Taishang dongxuan lingbao toujian fuwen yaojue	10:8061	10:822	6:379
396	Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhang jing jieyi	10:8076	11:1	6:389
397	Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen yuzhang jing jie	10:8129	11:55	6:425
398	Dongxuan lingbao ziran jiutian shengshen zhang jing zhu	11:8187	11:114	6:464
399	Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo jiuku miaojing zhujie	11:8222	11:149	6:487
400	Dongxuan lingbao dingguan jing zhu	11:8237	11:164	6:497
401	Huangting neijing yujing zhu	11:8241	11:168	6:499
402	Huangting neijing yujing zhu	11:8264	11:191	6:515
403	Huangting neiwai yujing jingjie	11:8303	11:231	6:541
404	Shangqing danyuan yuzhen dibuang feixian shangjing	11:8308	11:237	6:544
405	Shangqing zijing jun huangchu ziling daojun dongfang shangjing	11:8311	11:240	6:546
406	Shangqing ziwei dijun nanji yuanjun yujing baojue	11:8320	11:250	6:552
407	Lingbao dalian neizhi xingchi jiyao	11:8325	11:255	6:556
408	Shangjing taijing ji jiejie xingshi jue	11:8327	11:257	6:557

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409	Shangqing huachen sanben yujue	11:8334	11:264	6:561
410	Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhongjian wen	11:8336	11:267	6:563
411	Taishang dongxuan lingbao wudi jiaoji zhaozhen yujue	11:8343	11:273	6:567
412	Shangqing pei fuwen qingquan jue	11:8346	11:277	6:570
413	Shangqing pei fuwen boquan jue	11:8351	11:282	6:573
414	Shangqing pei fuwen jiangquan jue	11:8357	11:288	6:577
415	Shangqing pei fuwen heiquan jue	11:8359	11:290	6:578
416	Shangqing pei fuwen huangquan jue	11:8360	11:291	6:579
417	Taishang dadao sanyuan pinjie xiezui shangfa	11:8364	11:295	6:581
418	Guqi huanshen jiuzhuan qiongdan lun	11:8372	11:303	6:587
419	Lingbao zhongzhen danjue	11:8378	11:310	6:591
420	Shenxian fuer danshi xingyao fa	11:8386	11:318	6:596
421	Dengzhen yinjue	11:8399	11:331	6:606
422	Shangqing sanzhen zhiyao yujue	11:8429	11:362	6:626
423	Shangqing dongzhen jieguo jue	11:8439	11:372	6:633
424	Shangqing mingtang yuanzhen jingjue	11:8448	11:381	6:638
425	Shangqing taiji yinzhu yujing baojue	11:8453	11:386	6:642
426	Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing	11:8463	11:396	6:648
427	Shangqing xiuxing jingjue	11:8477	11:410	6:658
428	Taishang feixing jiuchen yujing	11:8491	11:423	6:667
429	Shangqing changsheng baojian tu	11:8508	11:442	6:679
430	Shangqing badao biyan tu	11:8510	11:445	6:680
431	Shangqing hanxiang jianjian tu	11:8515	11:450	6:683
432	Huangting neijing wuzang liufu buxie tu	11:8520	11:455	6:686
433	Qiyu xiuzhen zhengpin tu	11:8530	11:466	6:693
434	Xuanlan renniao shan jingtu	11:8534	11:470	6:696
435	Taishang yuchen yuyi jielin ben riyue tu	11:8537	11:473	6:698
436	Shangfang dadong zhenyuan miaojing pin	11:8546	11:482	6:704
437	Shangfang dadong zhenyuan miaojing tu	11:8550	11:486	6:706
438	Shangfang dadong zhenyuan yinyang zhijiang tushu houjie	11:8554	11:491	6:709
439	Shangfang dadong zhenyuan tushu jishuo zhongpian	11:8561	11:498	6:714
440	Xu taishi zhenjun tuzhuan	11:8564	11:501	6:716
441	Dongxuan lingbao wuyue guben zhenxing tu	11:8593	11:530	6:735
442	Shangqing housheng daojun lieji	11:8606	11:544	6:744
443	Shangqing gaoshang yuzhen zhongdao zongjian baohui	11:8613	11:551	6:748
444	Dongxuan lingbao sanshi ji	11:8616	11:555	6:751
445	Dongxuan lingbao sanshi minghui xingzhuang juguan fangsuo wen	11:8621	11:560	6:754

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446	<i>Shangqing zhongjing zhu zhensheng bi</i>	11:8623	11:563	6:755
447	<i>Xu zhenjun xianzhuan</i>	11:8704	11:645	6:809
448	<i>Xishan Xu zhenren bashiwu hua lu</i>	11:8712	11:654	6:815
449	<i>Xiaodao Wu Xu er zhenjun zhuan</i>	11:8751	11:693	6:841
450	<i>Taiji Ge xiangong zhuan</i>	11:8758	11:700	6:845
451	<i>Yunfu shan Shen xianweng zhuan</i>	11:8772	11:715	6:855
452	<i>Nanyue jiu zhenren zhuan</i>	11:8779	11:722	6:859
453	<i>Nanyue xiaolu</i>	11:8782	11:725	6:861
454	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao shangpin jie jing</i>	11:8790	11:733	6:866
455	<i>Taishang xuanyi zhenren shuo santu wuku quanjie jing</i>	11:8794	11:737	6:869
456	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyuan pinjie gongde qingzhong jing</i>	11:8799	11:743	6:873
457	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhibui zuigen shang- pin dajie jing</i>	11:8818	11:762	6:885
458	<i>Shangqing zhongzhen jiaojie dexing jing</i>	11:8833	11:777	6:895
459	<i>Dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo shijie jing</i>	11:8839	11:784	6:899
460	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao xuanjie shouhui zhongzui baohu jing</i>	11:8840	11:785	6:900
461	<i>Shangqing gusui lingwen guiliu</i>	11:8853	11:798	6:908
462	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao fashen zhilun</i>	11:8871	11:817	6:921
463	<i>Yaoxiu keyi jielu chao</i>	11:8873	11:819	6:922
464	<i>Zhaijie lu</i>	11:8994	11:943	6:1002
465	<i>Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu mulu</i>	12:9003	12:1	7:1
466	<i>Lingbao lingjiao jidu jinshu</i>	12:9027	12:26	7:17
467	<i>Da Ming xuanjiao licheng zhajiao yi</i>	15:11487	15:1	9:1
468	<i>Hongen lingji zhenjun ziran xingdao yi</i>	15:11499	15:13	9:8
469	<i>Hongen lingji zhenjun jifu suqi yi</i>	15:11502	15:17	9:10
470	<i>Hongen lingji zhenjun jifu zaochao yi</i>	15:11505	15:20	9:12
471	<i>Hongen lingji zhenjun jifu wuchao yi</i>	15:11509	15:24	9:15
472	<i>Hongen lingji zhenjun jifu wanchao yi</i>	15:11514	15:29	9:18
473	<i>Hongen lingji zhenjun qixie shejiao ke</i>	15:11518	15:34	9:21
474	<i>Hongen lingji zhenjun liyuan wen</i>	15:11523	15:39	9:24
475	<i>Hongen lingji zhenjun qizheng xing dengyi</i>	15:11545	15:61	9:39
476	<i>Hongen lingji zhenjun shishi</i>	15:11553	15:70	9:44
477	<i>Luotian dajiao zaochao ke</i>	15:11557	15:75	9:47
478	<i>Luotian dajiao wuchao ke</i>	15:11561	15:79	9:49
479	<i>Luotian dajiao wanchao ke</i>	15:11564	15:83	9:52
480	<i>Luotian dajiao shejiao yi</i>	15:11568	15:87	9:54
481	<i>Xuanmen baoxiao zhuijian yi</i>	15:11573	15:92	9:57
482	<i>Zhusi shengdan chongju zhuoxian yi</i>	15:11580	15:100	9:62
483	<i>Jinlu zhai qitan yi</i>	15:11587	15:107	9:67

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484	<i>Jinlu dazhai suqi yi</i>	15:11592	15:113	9:70
485	<i>Jinlu dazhai qimeng yi</i>	15:11595	15:116	9:72
486	<i>Jinlu dazhai puzhi shuojie yi</i>	15:11597	15:118	9:74
487	<i>Jinlu zaochao yi, Jinlu wuchao yi, Jinlu wanchao yi</i>	15:11602	15:123	9:77
488	<i>Jinlu zhai chanfang yi</i>	15:11612	15:134	9:83
489	<i>Jinlu jietan yi</i>	15:11616	15:139	9:86
490	<i>Jinlu shejiao yi</i>	15:11619	15:142	9:88
491	<i>Jinlu fangsheng yi</i>	15:11623	15:146	9:91
492	<i>Jinlu qishou zao, wu, wanchao yi</i>	15:11625	15:148	9:92
493	<i>Jinlu shangshou sanxian yi</i>	15:11635	15:159	9:99
494	<i>Jinlu yanshou shejiao yi</i>	15:11637	15:162	9:100
495	<i>Jinlu xuanling zhuanjing zao, wu, wanchao xingdao yi</i>	15:11640	15:166	9:102
496	<i>Jinlu shibui duren zao, wu, wanchao kaishou yi</i>	15:11654	15:181	9:112
497	<i>Jinlu shibui duren zao, wu, wanchao zhuanjing yi</i>	15:11668	15:196	9:121
498	<i>Jinlu zhai toujian yi</i>	15:11683	15:211	9:131
499	<i>Yulu zidu suqi yi</i>	15:11688	15:217	9:134
500	<i>Yulu zidu jietan yi</i>	15:11692	15:221	9:137
501	<i>Yulu zidu shejiao yi</i>	15:11696	15:225	9:139
502	<i>Yulu zidu zao, wu, wanchao yi</i>	15:11699	15:229	9:142
503	<i>Yulu shengshen zidu zhuanjing yi</i>	15:11708	15:238	9:148
504	<i>Yulu shengshen zidu kaishou yi</i>	15:11722	15:253	9:157
505	<i>Yulu sanri jiuchao yi</i>	15:11730	15:262	9:162
506	<i>Yulu jiyou panku yi</i>	15:11752	15:284	9:178
507	<i>Taishang huanglu zhayyi</i>	15:11757	15:289	9:181
508	<i>Wushang huanglu dazhai licheng yi</i>	15:12052	15:607	9:378
509	<i>Huanglu jiuku shizhai zhuanjing yi</i>	16:12580	16:351	9:730
510	<i>Huanglu shinian yi</i>	16:12589	16:361	9:736
511	<i>Huanglu wulao daowang yi</i>	16:12593	16:365	9:738
512	<i>Huanglu zhai shi tianzun yi</i>	16:12596	16:368	9:740
513	<i>Huanglu zhai shizhou sandao badu yi</i>	16:12600	16:372	9:743
514	<i>Huanglu jinyou jiao wuai yezhai cidi yi</i>	16:12605	16:378	9:747
515	<i>Dongxuan lingbao hetu yangxie sanshiliu tian zhayyi</i>	16:12620	16:393	9:756
516	<i>Dongxuan lingbao hetu yangxie sanshiliu tu- huang zhayyi</i>	16:12650	16:424	9:776
517	<i>Lingbao banjing zhayyi</i>	16:12678	16:453	9:795
518	<i>Shengong miaoji zhenjun liwen</i>	16:12687	16:463	9:801
519	<i>Taishang lingbao yugui mingzhen zhai chanfang yi</i>	16:12692	16:468	9:805
520	<i>Taishang lingbao yugui mingzhen dazhai chan- fang yi</i>	16:12697	16:473	9:808

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521	<i>Taishang lingbao yugui mingzhen dazhai yangong yi</i>	16:12701	16:478	9:811
522	<i>Dongxuan du lingbao ziran quanyi</i>	16:12710	16:487	9:816
523	<i>Dongxuan lingbao ziran zhaiyi</i>	16:12713	16:491	9:819
524	<i>Dongxuan lingbao zhai shuo guang zhu jie fa deng zhuyuan yi</i>	16:12716	16:494	9:821
525	<i>Taishang dongyuan sanmei shenzhou zhai chanxie yi</i>	16:12725	16:503	9:827
526	<i>Taishang dongyuan sanmei shenzhou zhai qingdan yingdao yi</i>	16:12735	16:514	9:833
527	<i>Taishang dongyuan sanmei shenzhou zhai shifang chanyi</i>	16:12739	16:518	9:836
528	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao shoudu yi</i>	16:12744	16:523	9:839
529	<i>Lingbao wujing tigang</i>	16:12772	16:551	9:858
530	<i>Dongxuan lingbao yulu jianwen sanyuan weiyi ziran zhenjing</i>	16:12777	16:557	9:861
531	<i>Dongxuan lingbao zhongqing weiyi jing</i>	16:12782	16:562	9:864
532	<i>Taiji zhenren fu lingbao zhajie weiyi zhujing yaojue</i>	16:12785	16:566	9:867
533	<i>Taishang lingbao shangyuan tianguan xiaoqian miezui chan</i>	16:12797	16:578	9:875
534	<i>Taishang lingbao zhongyuan diguan xiaoqian miezui chan</i>	16:12803	16:583	9:878
535	<i>Taishang lingbao xiayuan shuiguan xiaoqian miezui chan</i>	16:12807	16:588	9:881
536	<i>Taishang xuansi miezui zifu xiaozai fachen</i>	16:12812	16:593	9:884
537	<i>Taishang xiaomie diyu shengzhi tiantang chan</i>	16:12817	16:599	9:892
538	<i>Taiyi jiuku tianzun shuo badu xuehu baochan</i>	16:12823	16:606	9:892
539	<i>Qingxuan jiuku baochan</i>	16:12831	16:614	9:897
540	<i>Cizun shengdu baochan</i>	16:12836	16:620	9:901
541	<i>Dongyue dasheng baochan</i>	16:12841	16:625	10:1
542	<i>Taishang lingbao shifang yinghao tianzun chan</i>	16:12851	16:635	10:7
543	<i>Taishang cibe daochang xiaozai jinyou chan</i>	16:12866	16:651	10:18
544	<i>Taishang cibe jinyou bazui chan</i>	16:12975	16:765	10:90
545	<i>Taishang cibe daochang miezui shuichan</i>	16:13021	16:815	10:121
546	<i>Lingbao yufian mulu</i>	16:13033	17:1	10:129
547	<i>Lingbao yufian</i>	16:13048	17:17	10:139
548	<i>Taiji jilian neifa</i>	17:13499	17:483	10:439
549	<i>Shangqing tianshu yuan huiju bidao zhengfa</i>	17:13549	17:535	10:473
550	<i>Xu zhenjun shou lian xingshen Shangqing bidao fayao jiewen</i>	17:13576	17:562	10:491
551	<i>Tianshu yuan dusi xuzhi ling</i>	17:13577	17:563	10:491

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552	<i>Tianshu yuan dusi xuzhi ge</i>	17:13579	17:565	10:493
553	<i>Lingbao jingming tianshu yuan dusi fayuan xuzhi</i>	17:13582	17:568	10:495
554	<i>Lingbao jingming yuan jiaoshi Zhou zhengong qiqing huayi</i>	17:13584	17:570	10:496
555	<i>Gaoshang yuegong taiyin yuanjun xiaodao xianwang lingbao jingming huangsu shu</i>	17:13588	17:575	10:499
556	<i>Lingbao jingming huangsu shu shiyi bijue</i>	17:13618	17:606	10:519
557	<i>Taishang lingbao jingming rudao pin</i>	17:13625	17:613	10:523
558	<i>Lingbao jingming yuan zhenshi migao</i>	17:13627	17:616	10:525
559	<i>Taishang lingbao jingming fa yinshi</i>	17:13629	17:618	10:526
560	<i>Lingbao jingming dafa wandao yuzhang bijue</i>	17:13630	17:619	10:527
561	<i>Taishang lingbao jingming bifa pian</i>	17:13649	17:638	10:539
562	<i>Lingbao jingming xinxiu jiulao shenyin fumo bifa</i>	17:13660	17:649	10:547
563	<i>Taishang lingbao jingming feixian duren jingfa</i>	17:13665	17:655	10:550
564	<i>Taishang lingbao jingming feixian duren jingfa shili</i>	17:13738	17:730	10:553
565	<i>Taishang jingming yuan buzou zhiju taixuan dusheng xuzhi</i>	17:13742	17:734	10:601
566	<i>Shangqing tianxin zhengfa</i>	17:13751	17:743	10:607
567	<i>Shangqing beiji tianxin zhengfa</i>	17:13807	17:801	10:645
568	<i>Lingbao guikong jue</i>	17:13825	17:820	10:657
569	<i>Shangqing dadong jingong chaoxiu bijue shangdao</i>	17:13829	17:824	10:660
570	<i>Lingjian zi</i>	17:13834	18:1	10:663
571	<i>Lingjian zi yindao ziwu ji</i>	17:13845	18:13	10:670
572	<i>Yangming jiguan jindan zhenjue</i>	17:13852	18:20	10:675
573	<i>Xuanzhu ge</i>	17:13858	18:26	10:679
574	<i>Xuanzhu xinjing zhu</i>	17:13860	18:28	10:680
575	<i>Xuanzhu xinjing zhu</i>	17:13865	18:33	10:683
576	<i>Baoyi hansan bijue</i>	17:13883	18:51	10:695
577	<i>Cunshen guqi lun</i>	17:13897	18:66	10:705
578	<i>Shesheng zuanlu</i>	17:13900	18:70	10:707
579	<i>Yangsheng bilu</i>	17:13914	18:84	10:716
580	<i>Xuanpu shan lingqin bilu</i>	18:13931	18:101	10:727
581	<i>Lingbao liuding bifa</i>	18:13962	18:133	10:748
582	<i>Kuigang liusuo bifa</i>	18:13970	18:141	10:753
583	<i>Taishang sanbi wujie bifa</i>	18:13974	18:146	10:756
584	<i>Shangqing liujia qidao bifa</i>	18:13980	18:153	10:760
585	<i>Guandou zhongxiao wulei wuhou bifa</i>	18:13985	18:158	10:763
586	<i>Huangdi taiyi bamen rushi jue</i>	18:13993	18:166	10:768

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587	<i>Huangdi taiyi bamen rushi bijue</i>	18:14007	18:180	10:778
588	<i>Huangdi taiyi bamen nishun shengsi jue</i>	18:14016	18:190	10:784
589	<i>Taishang chiwen dongshen sanlu</i>	18:14029	18:204	10:793
590	<i>Daojiao lingyan ji</i>	18:14041	18:217	10:801
591	<i>Luyi ji</i>	18:14124	18:301	10:856
592	<i>Shenxian ganyu zhuan</i>	18:14162	18:340	10:881
593	<i>Lidai chongdao ji</i>	18:14201	18:379	11:1
594	<i>Tixuan zhenren xianyi lu</i>	18:14211	18:390	11:7
595	<i>Jiang-Huai yiren lu</i>	18:14218	18:398	11:12
596	<i>Xianyuan bianzhu</i>	18:14231	18:411	11:21
597	<i>Daoji lingxian ji</i>	18:14267	18:448	11:45
598	<i>Shizhou ji</i>	18:14276	18:457	11:51
599	<i>Dongtian fudi yuedu mingshan ji</i>	18:14282	18:465	11:55
600	<i>Meixian guan ji</i>	18:14291	18:474	11:61
601	<i>Jinhua Chisong shan zhi</i>	18:14304	18:487	11:69
602	<i>Xiandu zhi</i>	18:14314	18:498	11:76
603	<i>Tiantai shan zhi</i>	18:14335	18:519	11:90
604	<i>Longrui guan Yuxue Yangming dongtian tuijing</i>	18:14345	18:530	11:97
605	<i>Siming dongtian danshan tu yong ji</i>	18:14347	18:532	11:98
606	<i>Nanyue zongsheng ji</i>	18:14367	18:552	11:111
607	<i>Yuyin fashi</i>	18:14380	18:567	11:120
608	<i>Shangqing zhuzhen zhangsong</i>	18:14418	18:606	11:146
609	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhibui lizan</i>	18:14425	18:614	11:150
610	<i>Lingbao jiuyou changye qishi duwang xuanzhang</i>	18:14429	18:618	11:153
611	<i>Dongxuan lingbao liujia yunü shanggong gezhang</i>	18:14434	18:623	11:156
612	<i>Shangqing shi dichen Tongbo zhenren zhen tuzan</i>	18:14438	18:625	11:157
613	<i>Zhongxian zangsong lingzhang</i>	18:14445	18:635	11:164
614	<i>Dongxuan lingbao shengxuan buxu zhang xushu</i>	18:14452	18:642	11:168
615	<i>Chisong zi zhangli</i>	18:14459	18:649	11:173
616	<i>Guangcheng ji</i>	18:14547	18:739	11:231
617	<i>Taishang xuanqi zhuhua zhang</i>	18:14664	18:860	11:310
618	<i>Lingbao jingming yuan xingqian shi</i>	18:14704	18:901	11:336
619	<i>Tianshu yuan dushi xuzhi xingqian shi</i>	18:14713	18:910	11:342
620	<i>Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing</i>	19:14715	19:1	11:344
621	<i>Taishang xuanling doumu dasheng yuanjun benming yanshen xinjing</i>	19:14717	19:3	11:345
622	<i>Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing</i>	19:14719	19:5	11:346
623	<i>Taishang xuanling beidou benming changsheng miao</i>	19:14723	19:10	11:349
624	<i>Taishang shuo nandou liusi yanshou duren miaojing</i>	19:14725	19:12	11:350

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625	<i>Taishang shuo dongdou zhusuan huming miao- jing</i>	19:14729	19:17	11:353
626	<i>Taishang shuo xidou jiming hushen miaojing</i>	19:14731	19:19	11:354
627	<i>Taishang shuo zhongdou dakui baoming miaojing</i>	19:14733	19:21	11:355
628	<i>Taishang shuo zhongdou dakui zhangsuan fumo shenzhou jing</i>	19:14735	19:23	11:356
629	<i>Taishang beidou ershiba zhang jing</i>	19:14736	19:24	11:357
630	<i>Taishang laojun shuo jiusheng zhenjing</i>	19:14750	19:38	11:366
631	<i>Taishang laojun shuo xiaozai jing</i>	19:14751	19:39	11:367
632	<i>Taishang taiging tiantong huming miaojing</i>	19:14754	19:42	11:369
633	<i>Taishang taiging huanglao dijun yunlei tiantong yinfan xianjing</i>	19:14756	19:45	11:371
634	<i>Taishang laojun shuo anzhai bayang jing</i>	19:14758	19:47	11:372
635	<i>Taishang laojun shuo buxie bayang jing</i>	19:14759	19:48	11:372
636	<i>Taishang shuo shilian shengshen jiuhu jing</i>	19:14760	19:49	11:373
637	<i>Taishang feibu wuxing jing</i>	19:14761	19:50	11:374
638	<i>Taishang feibu nandou taiwei yujing</i>	19:14766	19:55	11:377
639	<i>Huangtian shangqing jinque dijun lingshu ziwen shangjing</i>	19:14770	19:61	11:380
640	<i>Dongshen badi miaojing jing</i>	19:14777	19:69	11:385
641	<i>Taishang laojun neiguan jing</i>	19:14793	19:85	11:396
642	<i>Taishang laojun shuo liaoxin jing</i>	19:14797	19:88	11:398
643	<i>Taishang laojun neidan jing</i>	19:14797	19:89	11:398
644	<i>Taishang neidan shouyi zhending jing</i>	19:14799	19:90	11:399
645	<i>Taishang laojun nei riyong miaojing</i>	19:14799	19:91	11:400
646	<i>Taishang laojun wai riyong miaojing</i>	19:14800	19:92	11:400
647	<i>Taishang shuo zhuanlun wudao suming yinyuan jing</i>	19:14801	19:92	11:401
648	<i>Taishang huadao dushi xianjing</i>	19:14805	19:97	11:403
649	<i>Taishang laojun shuo Tianfei jiuku lingyan jing</i>	19:14812	19:104	11:408
650	<i>Taishang laojun shuo changsheng yisuan miao- jing</i>	19:14815	19:109	11:410
651	<i>Taishang dongshen sanyuan miaoben fushou zhenjing</i>	19:14820	19:115	11:414
652	<i>Taishang laojun shuo jieshi zhouzu jing</i>	19:14825	19:120	11:417
653	<i>Taishang laojun shuo wudou jinzhang shousheng jing</i>	19:14826	19:122	11:418
654	<i>Taishang dongshen tiangong xiaomo huguo jing</i>	19:14830	19:126	11:420
655	<i>Taishang shuo ziwei shenbing huguo xiaomo jing</i>	19:14841	19:137	11:427
656	<i>Taishang riye hunyuan jing</i>	19:14842	19:139	11:428
657	<i>Taishang dongshen wuxing zhusu riye hun- chang jing</i>	19:14843	19:140	11:429

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658	Taishang miaoshi jing	19:14847	19:145	11:431
659	Taishang baoyuan jing	19:14850	19:149	11:434
660	Hunyuan bajing zhenjing	19:14851	19:150	11:434
661	Laozi xiangming jing	19:14878	19:177	11:452
662	Taishang laojun shuo bao fumu enzhong jing	19:14906	19:205	11:470
663	Xuantian shangdi shuo bao fumu enzhong jing	19:14910	19:209	11:473
664	Daode zhenjing	19:14911	19:211	11:474
665	Daode jing guben pian	19:14923	19:223	11:482
666	Xisheng jing	19:14934	19:235	11:489
667	Wushang miaodao wenshi zhenjing	19:14970	19:271	11:513
668	Chongxu zhide zhenjing	19:14989	19:291	11:525
669	Dongling zhenjing	19:15035	19:339	11:556
670	Nanhua zhenjing	19:15050	19:355	11:567
671	Taishang wuji dadao ziran zhenyi wucheng fu shangjing	19:15149	19:457	11:632
672	Taishang laojun shuo yisuan shenfu miaojing	19:15163	19:472	11:642
673	Taishang laojun hunyuan sanbu fu	19:15166	19:475	11:644
674	Wushang sanyuan zhenzhai linglu	19:15214	19:525	11:676
675	Shangqing dantian sangi yuhuang liuchen feigang siming dalu	19:15225	19:537	11:684
676	Da Ming Taizu gao huangdi yuzhu Daode zhenjing	19:15233	19:545	11:689
677	Tang Xuanzong yuzhu Daode zhenjing	19:15273	19:587	11:716
678	Tang Xuanzong yuzhi Daode zhenjing shu	19:15323	19:637	11:749
679	Tang Xuanzong yuzhi Daode zhenjing shu	19:15414	19:731	11:809
680	Song Huizong yujie Daode zhenjing	19:15464	19:783	11:843
681	Song Huizong Daode zhenjing jieyi	20:15527	20:1	11:885
682	Daode zhenjing zhu	20:15644	10:123	12:1
683	Daode zhenjing jie	20:15678	20:159	12:23
684	Daode zhenjing sizi gudao jijie	20:15705	20:187	12:41
685	Daode zhenjing zhuan	20:15815	20:301	12:115
686	Daode zhenjing zhuan	20:15864	20:351	12:147
687	Daode zhenjing san jie	20:15919	20:407	12:184
688	Daode zhenjing zhijie	20:15997	20:487	12:236
689	Daode zhenjing lun	20:16036	20:527	12:262
690	Daode zhenjing zhu	20:16051	20:543	12:272
691	Daode zhenjing zhu	20:16079	20:573	12:291
692	Daode zhenjing xinzhu	20:16126	20:621	12:322
693	Daode zhenjing zhigui	20:16154	20:651	12:341
694	Daode zhenjing shuyi	20:16236	20:735	12:395
695	Daode zhenjing jijie	21:16462	21:119	12:546
696	Daode zhenjing quanjie	21:16518	21:177	12:583

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697	Daode zhenjing cijie	21:16561	21:223	12:612
698	Daode zhenjing zhangju xunsong	21:16582	21:245	12:626
699	Daode huiyuan	21:16606	21:269	12:642
700	Daode zhenjing jie	21:16632	21:295	12:659
701	Daode zhenjing kouyi	21:16687	21:351	12:696
702	Daode xuanjing yuanzhi	21:16730	21:395	12:725
703	Xuanjing yuanzhi fahui	21:16781	21:447	12:758
704	Daode zhenjing zhu	21:16813	21:481	12:780
705	Daode zhenjing jijie	21:16874	21:545	12:821
706	Daode zhenjing jizhu	21:16936	21:607	13:1
707	Daode zhenjing jizhu	21:17093	21:767	13:106
708	Daode zhenjing jizhu shiwen	22:17306	22:149	13:248
709	Daode zhenjing jizhu zashuo	22:17317	22:161	13:255
710	Daode zhenjing zhushu	22:17346	22:191	13:274
711	Daode zhenjing xuande zuanshu	22:17469	22:317	13:357
712	Daode zhenjing jiyi	22:17742	22:597	13:589
713	Daode jing lunbing yaoyi shu	22:17881	22:740	13:631
714	Daode zhenjing cangshi zuanwei pian	22:17913	23:1	13:652
715	Daode zhenjing cangshi zuanwei kaiti kewen shu	23:18024	23:117	13:727
716	Daode zhenjing cangshi zuanwei shouchao	23:18064	23:157	13:753
717	Daode zhenjing yanyi shouchao	23:18086	23:179	13:768
718	Daode zhenjing qushan ji	23:18199	23:295	13:843
719	Daode zhenjing shuyi	23:18348	23:449	13:942
720	Daode zhenjing zhu	23:18383	23:485	14:1
721	Daode zhenjing yijie	23:18399	23:502	14:11
722	Daode zhenjing zhu	23:18437	23:541	14:37
723	Daode zhenjing jiyi dazhi	23:18467	23:571	14:57
724	Daode zhenjing jiyi	23:18508	23:613	14:84
725	Daode zhenjing guangsheng yi	24:18845	24:129	14:309
726	Xisheng jing jizhu	24:19232	24:529	14:566
727	Wenshi zhenjing zhu	24:19287	24:587	14:603
728	Wenshi zhenjing yanwai zhi	24:19418	24:719	14:690
729	Chongxu zhide zhenjing Juanzhai kouyi	24:19482	25:1	14:735
730	Chongxu zhide zhenjing jie	24:19585	25:107	14:802
731	Chongxu zhide zhenjing yijie	25:19735	25:261	14:903
732	Chongxu zhide zhen jing sijie	25:19782	25:309	15:1
733	Liezi chongxu zhide zhenjing shiwen	25:20023	25:558	15:162
734	Nanhua zhenjing yihai zuanwei	25:20042	25:577	15:174
735	Nanhua zhenjing kouyi	26:20811	26:525	15:687
736	Nanhua zhenjing zhangju yinyi	26:21120	27:1	15:894
737	Nanhua zhenjing zhangju yushi	26:21208	27:91	15:952
738	Nanhua zhenjing yushi zalu	26:21218	27:102	15:959

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739	Nanhua zhenjing zhiyin	26:21230	27:114	16:1
740	Nanhua miao	26:21237	27:121	16:5
741	Zhuangzi neipian dingzheng	26:21238	27:123	16:6
742	Nanhua zhenjing xunben	26:21261	27:146	16:21
743	Nanhua zhenjing xinzhuan	27:21460	27:349	16:154
744	Nanhua zhenjing shiyi	27:21634	27:527	16:270
745	Nanhua zhenjing zhushu	27:21639	27:533	16:273
746	Tongxuan zhenjing	28:22240	28:233	16:673
747	Dongling zhenjing	28:22326	28:323	16:731
748	Tongxuan zhenjing zuanyi	28:22360	28:357	16:754
749	Tongxuan zhenjing	28:22461	28:459	16:821
750	Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing zhu	28:22537	28:539	17:1
751	Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng zhenjing zhujie	28:22595	28:600	17:39
752	Taishang xuanling beidou benming yansheng jing zhu	28:22633	28:639	17:65
753	Beidou qiyan jinxuan yuzhang	28:22667	28:673	17:87
754	Taishang shuo Xuantian dasheng zhenwu benchuan shenzhou miaojing	28:22671	28:679	17:90
755	Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu	28:22746	28:755	17:141
756	Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu	28:22781	28:759	17:143
757	Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu	28:22784	28:791	17:164
758	Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu	28:22796	28:807	17:174
759	Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing zhu	28:22808	28:820	17:182
760	Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing miaojing zuantu jiezhu	28:22826	28:838	17:194
761	Taishang laojun yuandao zhenjing zhujie	28:22839	28:853	17:204
762	Taishang taiqing tiantong huming miaojing zhu	28:22849	28:861	17:209
763	Laozi shuo wuchu jing zhu	28:22854	28:866	17:213
764	Taishang sanyuan feixing guanjin jinsu yulu tu	28:22857	29:1	17:215
765	Shangqing jinque dijun wudou sanyi tujue	28:22861	29:6	17:218
766	Siqi shesheng tu	28:22871	29:16	17:224
767	Taishang tongling bashi shengwen zhenxing tu	28:22885	29:30	17:234
768	Tujing yanyi bencao	28:22892	29:37	17:238
769	Tujing yanyi bencao	29:22947	29:93	17:274
770	Hunyuan shengji	30:23705	30:1	17:779
771	Taishang laojun nianpu yaolie	30:23862	30:161	17:884
772	Taishang laojun jinsu neixu	30:23869	30:168	17:888
773	Taishang hunyuan Laozi shilüe	30:23872	30:171	17:890
774	Youlong zhuan	30:23908	30:207	18:1

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775	Taishang shuo Xuantian dasheng zhenwu benchuan shenzhou miaojing	30:23964	30:265	18:38
776	Zhenwu lingying zhenjun zengshang yousheng zunhao cewen	30:23969	30:271	18:42
777	Zhangxian mingsu huanghou shou shangqing bifa lu ji	30:23970	30:272	18:42
778	Huagai shan Fuqiu Wang Guo san zhenjun shishi	30:23973	30:275	18:44
779	Tang Ye zhenren zhuan	30:24024	30:327	18:78
780	Diqi shangjiang Wen taibao zhuan	30:24042	30:347	18:90
781	Xuanpin lu	30:24052	30:355	18:97
782	Dadi dongtian ji	30:24117	30:422	18:140
783	Yongcheng jixian lu	30:24154	30:461	18:165
784	Taishang laojun jiejing	30:24208	30:517	18:201
785	Laojun yinsong jiejing	30:24222	30:532	18:210
786	Taishang laojun jingli	30:24233	30:543	18:218
787	Taishang jingjie	30:24239	30:549	18:222
788	Sandong fufu kejie wen	30:24249	30:559	18:228
789	Zhengyi fawen tianshi jiaojie kejing	30:24254	30:565	18:232
790	Nuqing guili	30:24266	30:577	18:239
791	Zhengyi wei yi jing	30:24285	30:597	18:252
792	Xuanmen shishi wei yi	30:24295	30:608	18:259
793	Taiqing daode xianhua yi	30:24304	30:617	18:265
794	Zhengyi jie jiaoyi	30:24314	30:627	18:271
795	Zhengyi chuguan zhangyi	30:24318	30:631	18:274
796	Taishang sanwu zhengyi mengwei yuelu jiaoyi	30:24328	30:642	18:281
797	Taishang zhengyi yuelu yi	30:24335	30:649	18:286
798	Zhengyi zhijiao zhai yi	30:24343	30:658	18:291
799	Zhengyi zhijiao zhai qingdan xingdao yi	30:24346	30:661	18:293
800	Zhengyi chitan yi	30:24349	30:664	18:295
801	Zhengyi jiaozhai yi	30:24353	30:667	18:297
802	Zhengyi jiaomu yi	30:24356	30:670	18:299
803	Taishang dongshen sanhuang yi	30:24358	30:673	18:301
804	Dongshen sanhuang qishier jun zhai fangchan yi	30:24364	30:680	18:305
805	Taishang dongshen taiyuan hetu sanyuan yangxie yi	30:24368	30:684	18:308
806	Taishang jinsu yudie baozhang yi	30:24385	30:701	18:319
807	Tianxin zhengfa xiuzhen daochang shejiao yi	30:24391	30:708	18:323
808	Taishang sandong chuanshou daode jing zixu lu baibiao yi	30:24397	30:714	18:327
809	Taishang sanwu bangjiu jiao wudi duanwen yi	30:24407	30:724	18:333
810	Taishang xiaozai qifu jiaoyi	30:24413	30:730	18:337

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811	Taishang jingui yujing yansheng dongxuan zhuyou chan	30:24418	30:736	18:341
812	Taishang yaotai yisuan baoji yannian chan	30:24424	30:742	18:345
813	Taishang zhengyi chaotian sanba xiezui fachen	30:24429	30:747	18:348
814	Zhenwu lingying hushi xiaozai miezui baochan	30:24435	30:753	18:352
815	Beiji zhenwu puci dusbi fachen	30:24438	30:756	18:354
816	Beiji zhenwu yousheng zhenjun liwen	30:24475	30:794	18:379
817	Taiqing zhonghuang zhenjing	31:24483	30:801	18:383
818	Taiqing daoyin yangsheng jing	31:24500	30:819	18:394
819	Taishang yangsheng taixi qijing	31:24509	30:829	18:401
820	Taiqing tiaopi jing	31:24514	30:834	18:404
821	Taishang laojun yangsheng jue	31:24525	30:846	18:411
822	Taiqing fuqi koujue	31:24529	30:850	18:414
823	Zhuang Zhou qijue jie	31:24533	30:854	18:416
824	Songshan Taiwu xiansheng qijing	31:24535	30:856	18:418
825	Yanling xiansheng ji xinjiu fuqi jing	31:24544	31:1	18:424
826	Zhuzhen shengtai shenyong jue	31:24558	31:15	18:433
827	Taixi baoyi ge	31:24566	31:23	18:438
828	Youzhen xiansheng funa yuanqi jue	31:24568	31:25	18:440
829	Taixi jingwei lun	31:24575	31:33	18:445
830	Fuqi jingyi lun	31:24579	31:37	18:447
831	Qifa yaoming zhibue	31:24585	31:43	18:451
832	Shangqing siming Mao zhenjun xiuxing zhimi jue	31:24591	31:49	18:455
833	Shenqi yangxing lun	31:24594	31:52	18:457
834	Cunshen lianqi ming	31:24595	31:53	18:458
835	Baosheng ming	31:24597	31:55	18:459
836	Shenxian shiqi jingui miaolu	31:24597	31:56	18:459
837	Zhenzhong ji	31:24606	31:65	18:465
838	Yangxing yanming lu	31:24620	31:79	18:474
839	Sandong shuji zashuo	31:24636	31:96	18:485
840	Pengzu shesheng yangxing lun	31:24643	31:103	18:490
841	Sun zhenren sheyang lun	31:24644	31:104	18:491
842	Baopu zi yangsheng lun	31:24647	31:107	18:492
843	Yangsheng yongxuan ji	31:24648	31:109	18:493
844	Shenxian fushi lingcao changpu wan fangzhuo	31:24662	31:123	18:502
845	Shangqing jing zhendan bijue	31:24664	31:126	18:504
846	Taiqing jing duangu fa	31:24667	31:129	18:506
847	Taishang zhouhou yujing fang	31:24673	31:135	18:510
848	Hunsu yisheng lu	31:24676	31:138	18:512
849	Baosheng yaolu	31:24687	31:149	18:519
850	Xiuzhen bilu	31:24692	31:154	18:522

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851	Sanyuan yanshou canzan shu	31:24697	31:161	18:526
852	Taishang baozhen yangsheng lun	31:24744	31:208	18:557
853	Yangsheng bianyi jue	31:24746	31:211	18:559
854	Taishang sanhuang baozhai shenxian shanglu jing	31:24748	31:213	18:560
855	Taiqing jinque yuhua xianshu baji shenzhang sanhuang neibi wen	31:24751	31:216	18:562
856	Sanhuang neiben yibi	31:24780	31:245	18:581
857	Bizang tongxuan bianhua liuyin dongwei dunjia zhenjing	31:24786	31:258	18:585
858	Taishang dongshen xuanmiao boyuan zhenjing	31:24816	31:284	18:605
859	Taishang tongxuan lingyin jing	31:24826	31:294	18:612
860	Shangqing zhenyuan rongling jing	31:24831	31:300	18:615
861	Taishang liuren mingjian fuyin jing	31:24840	31:309	18:621
862	Xiandao jing	31:24875	31:345	18:644
863	Shenxian liandan dianzhu sanyuan baozhao fa	31:24882	31:353	18:649
864	Yuanyang zi wujia lun	31:24886	31:358	18:652
865	Taiqing yuanji zhimiao shenzhu yuke jing	31:24889	31:361	18:654
866	Tianlao shengguang jing	31:24907	31:380	18:666
867	Guigu zi tiansui lingwen	31:24915	31:388	18:671
868	Xiantian Xuanmiao yunü Taishang shengmu zichuan xiandao	31:24942	31:416	18:689
869	Si yin qi juefa	31:24947	31:421	18:692
870	Beidou zhibu wuwei jing	31:24950	31:424	18:694
871	Taishang chu sanshi jiuchong baosheng jing	31:24954	31:429	18:697
872	Taishang laojun xuanmiao zhenzhong neide shenzhou jing	31:24966	31:442	18:705
873	Huangting dunjia yuanshen jing	31:24968	31:443	18:706
874	Ziting neibi jue xiuxing fa	31:24973	31:449	18:710
875	Taishang laojun da cunsi tu zhujue	31:24981	31:457	18:715
876	Taishang wuxing qi yuan kongchang jue	31:24993	31:470	18:723
877	Shangxuan gaozhen Yanshou chishu	31:25005	31:482	18:731
878	Zituan danjing	31:25014	31:491	18:737
879	Shangqing jinsu yuzi shangjing	31:25023	31:501	18:743
880	Taiqing jinyi shendan jing	31:25028	31:507	18:746
881	Taiqing shibi ji	31:25052	31:532	18:763
882	Taiqing jinyi shenqi jing	31:25073	31:554	18:776
883	Taiqing jing tianshi koujue	31:25089	31:570	18:787
884	Taiqing xiudan bijue	31:25096	31:578	18:792
885	Huangdi jiuding shendan jingjue	31:25100	31:583	18:795
886	Jiuzhuan lingsha dadan zisheng xuanjing	31:25198	31:683	19:1
887	Zhang zhenren jinshi lingsha lun	31:25204	31:690	19:5

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888	<i>Wei Boyang qifan dansha jue</i>	31:25209	31:695	19:8
889	<i>Taiji zhenren jiuzhuan huandan jing yaojue</i>	31:25212	31:699	19:10
890	<i>Dadong lian zhenbao jing xiufu lingsha miaojue</i>	31:25216	31:703	19:13
891	<i>Dadong lian zhenbao jing jiuhuan jindan miaojue</i>	31:25229	31:716	19:22
892	<i>Taishang weiling shenhua jiuzhuan dansha jue</i>	31:25238	31:725	19:27
893	<i>Jiuzhuan lingsha dadan</i>	31:25241	31:729	19:30
894	<i>Jiuzhuan qingjin lingsha dan</i>	31:25247	31:735	19:34
895	<i>Yinyang jiuzhuan cheng zijin dianhua huandan jue</i>	31:25250	31:738	19:35
896	<i>Yudong dashen dansha zhenyao jue</i>	31:25252	31:741	19:37
897	<i>Lingsha dadan bijue</i>	31:25263	31:752	19:44
898	<i>Biyou zhusha hanlin yushu gui</i>	31:25274	31:764	19:52
899	<i>Dadan ji</i>	32:25279	31:769	19:54
900	<i>Danfang xuzhi</i>	32:25282	31:773	19:57
901	<i>Shiyao erya</i>	32:25289	31:780	19:61
902	<i>Jichuan zhenren jiaozheng shu</i>	32:25296	31:787	19:66
903	<i>Chunyang Lü zhenren yaoshi zhi</i>	32:25301	31:792	19:69
904	<i>Jinbi wu xianglei cantong qi</i>	32:25306	31:798	19:73
905	<i>Cantong qi wu xianglei biyao</i>	32:25326	31:819	19:86
906	<i>Yin zhenjun jinshi wu xianglei</i>	32:25329	31:822	19:88
907	<i>Jinshi bu wujin shu jue</i>	32:25350	31:843	19:102
908	<i>Shangqing jiuzhen zhongjing neijue</i>	32:25355	31:848	19:105
909	<i>Longhu huandan jue</i>	32:25358	32:1	19:107
910	<i>Jinhua yuyi dadan</i>	32:25388	32:32	19:127
911	<i>Ganqi shiliu zhuan jindan</i>	32:25398	32:42	19:134
912	<i>Xiulian dadan yaozhi</i>	32:25403	32:48	19:137
913	<i>Tongyou jue</i>	32:25422	32:67	19:150
914	<i>Jinhua chongbi danjing bizhi</i>	32:25436	32:81	19:159
915	<i>Huandan zhouhou jue</i>	32:25451	32:97	19:169
916	<i>Penglai shan xizao huangdan ge</i>	32:25474	32:120	19:185
917	<i>Baopu zi shenxian jinzhao jing</i>	32:25502	32:149	19:204
918	<i>Zhujia shenpin danfa</i>	32:25518	32:165	19:214
919	<i>Qiangong jiageng zhibao jicheng</i>	32:25567	32:214	19:247
920	<i>Danfang aolun</i>	32:25610	32:259	19:275
921	<i>Zhigui ji</i>	32:25618	32:268	19:281
922	<i>Huanjin shu</i>	32:25624	32:274	19:285
923	<i>Dadan qiangong lun</i>	32:25629	32:279	19:288
924	<i>Zhenyuan miaodao yaolüe</i>	32:25633	32:284	19:291
925	<i>Danfang jianyuan</i>	32:25643	32:294	19:298
926	<i>Da huandan zhaojian</i>	32:25652	32:303	19:304
927	<i>Taiqing yubei zi</i>	32:25664	32:315	19:311

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928	<i>Xuanjie lu</i>	32:25670	32:321	19:315
929	<i>Xuanyuan huangdi shuijing yaofu</i>	32:25674	32:326	19:318
930	<i>Sanshiliu shuifu</i>	32:25681	32:333	19:323
931	<i>Jusheng ge</i>	32:25687	32:339	19:327
932	<i>Boyun xianren lingcao ge</i>	32:25689	32:342	19:328
933	<i>Zhong zhicao fu</i>	32:25699	32:352	19:335
934	<i>Taibo jing</i>	32:25702	32:355	19:337
935	<i>Danlun juezhi xinjian</i>	32:25707	32:361	19:340
936	<i>Dahuan xinjian</i>	32:25714	32:368	19:345
937	<i>Da huandan jinbu bolong lun</i>	32:25717	32:371	19:347
938	<i>Dadan pian</i>	32:25720	32:374	19:349
939	<i>Dadan wenda</i>	32:25724	32:379	19:352
940	<i>Jinmu wanling lun</i>	32:25726	32:381	19:353
941	<i>Hongqian ru heiqian jue</i>	32:25728	32:383	19:354
942	<i>Tongxuan bishu</i>	32:25731	32:386	19:356
943	<i>Lingfei san chuanxin lu</i>	32:25742	32:397	19:363
944	<i>Yanmen gong miaojie lu</i>	32:25745	32:401	19:365
945	<i>Xuanshuang zhangshang lu</i>	32:25749	32:405	19:368
946	<i>Taiji zhenren zadan yaofang</i>	32:25750	32:406	19:369
947	<i>Yuqing neishu</i>	32:25757	32:414	19:374
948	<i>Shenxian yangshen bishu</i>	32:25768	32:425	19:381
949	<i>Taigu tudui jing</i>	32:25777	32:435	19:387
950	<i>Shangdong xindan jingjue</i>	32:25790	32:449	19:396
951	<i>Xu zhenjun shihan ji</i>	32:25815	32:474	19:412
952	<i>Jiuzhuan liuzhu shenxian jiudan jing</i>	32:25837	32:497	19:427
953	<i>Gengdao ji</i>	32:25852	32:513	19:437
954	<i>Taishang hunyuan zhenlu</i>	32:25957	32:621	19:507
955	<i>Zhongnan shan zuting xianzhen neizhuan</i>	32:25971	32:636	19:516
956	<i>Zhongnan shan shuojing tai lidai zhenxian beiji</i>	32:26011	32:676	19:543
957	<i>Gu Louguan ziyun yanqing ji</i>	32:26021	32:686	19:549
958	<i>Xuantian shangdi qisheng lu</i>	33:26055	32:719	19:571
959	<i>Da Ming xuantian shengdi ruiying tulu</i>	33:26145	32:812	19:632
960	<i>Yuzhi Zhenwu miao bei</i>	33:26158	32:824	19:640
961	<i>Xuantian shangdi qisheng lingyi lu</i>	33:26159	32:826	19:641
962	<i>Wudang fudi zongzhen ji</i>	33:26168	33:1	19:647
963	<i>Wudang jisheng ji</i>	33:26200	33:34	19:668
964	<i>Xichuan Qingyang gong beiming</i>	33:26216	33:50	19:679
965	<i>Song dong Taiyi gong beiming</i>	33:26228	33:63	19:687
966	<i>Song xi Taiyi gong beiming</i>	33:26231	33:66	19:689
967	<i>Song zhong Taiyi gong beiming</i>	33:26233	33:69	19:690
968	<i>Longjiao shan ji</i>	33:26236	33:72	19:692
969	<i>Tiantan Wangwu shan shengji ji</i>	33:26248	33:85	19:700

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970	Tang Wangwu shan Zhongyan tai Zhengyi xiansheng miaojie	33:26257	33:94	19:706
971	Tang Songgao shan Qimu miao beiming	33:26260	33:96	19:708
972	Gongguan beiji	33:26263	33:100	19:710
973	Ganshui xianyuan lu	33:26280	33:117	19:722
974	Taishang laojun shuo chang qingjing jing song- zhu	33:26420	33:261	19:815
975	Beidou qiyan jinxuan yuzhang	33:26424	33:266	19:818
976	Taishang dongshen wuxing zan	33:26426	33:268	19:819
977	Daode pianzhang xuansong	33:26429	33:272	19:821
978	Daode zhenjing song	33:26464	33:308	19:844
979	Mingzhen powang zhangsong	33:26470	33:315	19:848
980	Zhuzhen gesong	33:26474	33:319	19:851
981	Da Ming yuzhi xuanjiao yuezhang	33:26485	33:331	19:858
982	Taishang sandong biaowen	33:26490	33:337	19:861
983	Cuishan lu	33:26523	33:371	19:883
984	Xuanjing bixia lingbao juxuan jing	33:26547	34:1	19:899
985	Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanyi wuqi zhenjing	33:26579	34:34	19:921
986	Taishang qingjing yuandong zhenwen yuzi miaojing	33:26582	34:38	19:923
987	Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianguan jing	33:26585	34:41	19:925
988	Shangqing wuying zhentong heyong neibian yujing	33:26588	34:44	19:927
989	Shangqing shenbao dongfang zhenhui shangjing	33:26590	34:46	19:928
990	Dongxuan lingbao jiu zhenren wufu sangui xingdao guanmen jing	33:26593	34:50	19:930
991	Taishang changwen dadong lingbao youxuan shangpin miaojing	33:26597	34:55	20:1
992	Taishang changwen dadong lingbao youxuan shangpin miaojing fahui	33:26603	34:62	20:5
993	Shangqing bidao jiuqing huiyao heshen shang- zhen yujing	33:26613	34:72	20:11
994	Shangqing taiyuan shenlong qiongtai chengjing shangxuan yuzhang	33:26615	34:74	20:12
995	Yuanyuan daomiao dongzhen jipian	33:26617	34:77	20:14
996	Guwen longbu jing zhushu	33:26646	34:107	20:33
997	Guwen longbu shangjing zhu	33:26682	34:144	20:57
998	Du longbu jing	33:26690	34:152	20:63
999	Zhouyi cantong qi	33:26691	34:153	20:63
1000	Zhouyi cantong qi zhu	33:26740	34:203	20:96
1001	Zhouyi cantong qi	33:26773	34:237	20:118
1002	Zhouyi cantong qi fen zhang tongzhen yi	33:26793	34:258	20:131

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1003	Zhouyi cantong qi dingqi ge mingjing tu	33:26830	34:297	20:157
1004	Zhouyi cantong qi zhu	33:26838	34:304	20:161
1005	Zhouyi cantong qi fahui	34:26885	34:351	20:192
1006	Zhouyi cantong qi shiyi	34:26989	34:460	20:262
1007	Zhouyi cantong qi jie	34:27003	34:475	20:271
1008	Zhouyi cantong qi	34:27043	34:515	20:297
1009	Yiwai biezhu	34:27065	34:538	20:312
1010	Xuanpin zhi men fu	34:27077	34:550	20:320
1011	Yishi tongbian	34:27079	34:553	20:322
1012	Kongshan xiansheng Yitu tongbian xu	34:27099	34:573	20:335
1013	Hetu	34:27101	34:575	20:336
1014	Yitu tongbian	34:27102	34:576	20:337
1015	Jinsuo liuzhu yin	34:27127	34:603	20:354
1016	Zhen'gao	34:27332	35:1	20:490
1017	Daoshu	34:27512	35:187	20:610
1018	Huangdi neijing suwen buzhu shiwen	35:27868	35:553	21:1
1019	Huangdi neijing lingshu lue	35:28442	36:247	21:383
1020	Huangdi suwen lingshu jizhu	35:28446	36:252	21:386
1021	Huangdi neijing suwen yipian	36:28556	36:365	21:459
1022	Suwen rushi yunqi lun'ao	36:28595	36:406	21:485
1023	Suwen liuguo xuanzhu miyu	36:28630	36:441	21:508
1024	Huangdi bashiyi nan jing zuantu jujie	36:28758	36:571	21:593
1025	Guigu zi	36:28872	36:689	21:669
1026	Tianyin zi	36:28916	36:735	21:699
1027	Sulu zi	36:28919	36:736	21:701
1028	Wuneng zi	36:28928	36:748	21:707
1029	Xuanzhen zi waipian	36:28945	36:765	21:718
1030	Liuzi	36:28957	36:777	21:726
1031	Shanhai jing	36:29041	37:1	21:782
1032	Yunji qiqian	36:29134	37:95	22:1
1033	Zhiyan zong	38:30411	38:551	22:850
1034	Taixuan baodian	38:30442	38:583	22:871
1035	Daoti lun	38:30457	38:599	22:880
1036	Zuowang lun	38:30473	38:616	22:891
1037	Dadao lun	38:30483	38:626	22:898
1038	Xinmu lun	38:30495	38:638	22:906
1039	Sanlun yuanzhi	38:30497	38:640	22:907
1040	Huangji jingshi	38:30508	38:651	23:1
1041	Lingqi benzhang zhengjing	39:31189	39:467	23:455
1042	Yichuan jirang ji	39:31236	39:515	23:486
1043	Taishang xiuzhen xuanzhang	39:31387	39:671	23:587
1044	Huashu	39:31391	39:675	23:589

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1045	<i>Haikē lun</i>	39:31414	39:698	23:605
1046	<i>Wuxuan pian</i>	39:31425	39:711	23:612
1047	<i>Taixu xinyuan pian</i>	39:31431	39:718	23:616
1048	<i>Xuanzhu lu</i>	39:31435	39:722	23:619
1049	<i>Yungong fayū</i>	39:31456	39:743	23:633
1050	<i>Huayang Tao yinju ji</i>	39:31467	39:755	23:640
1051	<i>Zongxuan xiansheng wenji</i>	39:31486	39:774	23:653
1052	<i>Zongxuan xiansheng xuangang lun</i>	39:31517	39:807	23:673
1053	<i>Wu zunshi zhuan</i>	39:31530	39:820	23:682
1054	<i>Nantong dajun neidan jiuzhang jing</i>	39:31531	39:821	23:683
1055	<i>Chunyang zhenren huncheng ji</i>	39:31534	39:824	23:685
1056	<i>Jin zhenren yulu</i>	39:31551	40:1	23:696
1057	<i>Danyang zhenren yulu</i>	39:31558	40:9	23:701
1058	<i>Wuwei qingjing Changsheng zhenren zhibhen yulu</i>	39:31566	40:17	23:706
1059	<i>Panshan Qiyun Wang zhenren yulu</i>	39:31584	40:35	23:718
1060	<i>Qing'an Yingchan zi yulu</i>	39:31616	40:57	23:733
1061	<i>Shangqing Taixuan ji</i>	39:31650	40:102	23:762
1062	<i>Jin dongtian haiyue biao</i>	39:31757	40:211	23:834
1063	<i>Dongyuan ji</i>	39:31760	40:214	23:835
1064	<i>Dongyuan ji</i>	39:31788	40:242	23:854
1065	<i>Xuanjiao da gongan</i>	40:31841	40:295	23:889
1066	<i>Xuanzong zhibhi wanfa tonggui</i>	40:31896	40:329	23:911
1067	<i>Shangyang zi jindan dayao</i>	40:31951	40:406	24:1
1068	<i>Shangyang zi jindan dayao tu</i>	40:32055	40:512	24:70
1069	<i>Shangyang zi jindan dayao liexian zhi</i>	40:32061	40:518	24:74
1070	<i>Shangyang zi jindan dayao xianpai</i>	40:32065	40:523	24:77
1071	<i>Yuanyang zi fayū</i>	40:32070	40:528	24:80
1072	<i>Jindan zhibhi</i>	40:32085	40:542	24:90
1073	<i>Daochan ji</i>	40:32091	40:549	24:94
1074	<i>Huanzhen ji</i>	40:32095	40:554	24:97
1075	<i>Daoxuan pian</i>	40:32134	40:593	24:123
1076	<i>Suiji yinghua lu</i>	40:32142	40:601	24:128
1077	<i>Xiulian xuzhi</i>	40:32163	40:623	24:142
1078	<i>Yushi jing</i>	40:32173	40:633	24:149
1079	<i>Zhenren Gao Xiangxian jindan ge</i>	40:32176	40:636	24:151
1080	<i>Jindan zhenyi lun</i>	40:32179	40:640	24:153
1081	<i>Jindan sibai zi</i>	40:32191	40:652	24:161
1082	<i>Longhu huandan jue song</i>	40:32197	40:658	24:165
1083	<i>Longhu yuanzhi</i>	40:32207	40:668	24:171
1084	<i>Longhu huandan jue</i>	40:32211	40:673	24:174
1085	<i>Neidan bijue</i>	40:32219	40:681	24:180

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1086	<i>Yuzhuang xiehou lu</i>	40:32225	40:687	24:183
1087	<i>Jindan zhengzong</i>	40:32230	40:693	24:187
1088	<i>Huandan fuming pian</i>	40:32236	40:699	24:191
1089	<i>Yuanqing zi zhiming pian</i>	40:32242	40:706	24:195
1090	<i>Cuixu pian</i>	40:32253	40:717	24:202
1091	<i>Huanyuan pian</i>	40:32267	40:731	24:212
1092	<i>Huandan zhiyao pian</i>	40:32272	40:736	24:215
1093	<i>Danjia ji</i>	40:32275	40:739	24:217
1094	<i>Jinyi dadan shi</i>	40:32278	40:743	24:219
1095	<i>Zhengdao ge</i>	40:32285	40:750	24:224
1096	<i>Chen xiansheng neidan jue</i>	40:32288	40:753	24:225
1097	<i>Dongyuan zi neidan jue</i>	40:32301	40:767	24:234
1098	<i>Neidan huanyuan jue</i>	40:32322	40:788	24:248
1099	<i>Changsheng zhiyao pian</i>	40:32324	40:790	24:249
1100	<i>Minghe yuyin</i>	40:32333	40:800	24:256
1101	<i>Taiping jing</i>	40:32417	41:1	24:311
1102	<i>Taiping jing shengjun bizhi</i>	41:32847	41:444	24:598
1103	<i>Taishang lingbao jingming dongshen shangpin jing</i>	41:32852	41:449	24:601
1104	<i>Taishang lingbao jingming yuzhen shu zhenjing</i>	41:32867	41:465	24:611
1105	<i>Taishang lingbao jingming daoyuan zhengyin jing</i>	41:32868	41:467	24:612
1106	<i>Taishang lingbao jingming tianzun shuo yuwen jing</i>	41:32869	41:468	24:613
1107	<i>Taishang lingbao shouru jingming sigui ming-jian jing</i>	41:32871	41:470	24:614
1108	<i>Taishang lingbao jingming jiuxian shuijing</i>	41:32874	41:473	24:616
1109	<i>Taishang lingbao jingming zhonghuang bazhu jing</i>	41:32877	41:476	24:618
1110	<i>Jingming zhongxiao quanshu</i>	41:32880	41:481	24:620
1111	<i>Taixuan zhenyi benji miaojing</i>	41:32930	41:533	24:653
1112	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao baxian wang jiaojie jing</i>	41:32939	41:543	24:659
1113	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao guowang xingdao jing</i>	41:32943	41:547	24:662
1114	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao benxing suyuan jing</i>	41:32949	41:553	24:666
1115	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao benxing yinyuan jing</i>	41:32957	41:561	24:671
1116	<i>Dongxuan lingbao taishang zhenren wenji jing</i>	41:32961	41:565	24:674
1117	<i>Taiji Zuo xiangong shuo shenfu jing</i>	41:32976	41:581	24:684
1118	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao feixing sanjie tong-wei neisi miaojing</i>	41:32980	41:585	24:686

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1119	<i>Dongxuan lingbao xuanyi zhenren shuo shengsi lunzhuan yinyuan jing</i>	41:32988	41:593	24:692
1120	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao zhonghe jing</i>	41:32992	41:597	24:694
1121	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao sanshier tianzun yingbao jing</i>	41:32997	41:602	24:698
1122	<i>Taishang lingbao shengxuan neijiao jing zhonghe pin shuyi shu</i>	41:33009	41:615	24:706
1123	<i>Yiqie daojing yinyi miaomen youqi</i>	41:33031	41:637	24:720
1124	<i>Dongxuan lingbao xuanmen dayi</i>	41:33051	41:658	24:734
1125	<i>Dongxuan lingbao sandong fengdao kejie yingshi</i>	41:33061	41:668	24:741
1126	<i>Dongxuan lingbao daoxue keyi</i>	41:33099	41:708	24:766
1127	<i>Lu xiansheng daomen keliie</i>	41:33119	41:728	24:779
1128	<i>Daomen jingfa xiangcheng cixu</i>	41:33124	41:733	24:782
1129	<i>Daojiao yishu</i>	41:33154	41:764	24:803
1130	<i>Daodian lun</i>	41:33206	42:1	24:837
1131	<i>Taishang miaofa benxiang jing</i>	41:33236	42:32	24:857
1132	<i>Shangqing dao leishi xiang</i>	41:33262	42:59	24:874
1133	<i>Shangfang lingbao wuji zhidao kaibua zhenjing</i>	41:33287	42:85	24:891
1134	<i>Shangfang juntian yanfan zhenjing</i>	41:33318	42:117	24:912
1135	<i>Taiping liangtong shu</i>	41:33319	42:119	24:912
1136	<i>Dongxuan lingbao Zuoxuan lun</i>	41:33330	42:130	24:920
1137	<i>Shangqing Taixuan jianjie lun</i>	41:33353	42:154	24:935
1138	<i>Wushang biyao</i>	41:33359	42:161	25:1
1139	<i>Sandong zhunang</i>	42:33803	42:627	25:296
1140	<i>Yunshan ji</i>	42:33904	42:731	25:364
1141	<i>Xianle ji</i>	42:33993	43:1	25:423
1142	<i>Jianwu ji</i>	42:34040	43:49	25:454
1143	<i>Caotang ji</i>	42:34078	43:88	25:480
1144	<i>Ziran ji</i>	42:34099	43:109	25:494
1145	<i>Xuanxu zi mingzhen ji</i>	42:34104	43:115	25:497
1146	<i>Baoguang ji</i>	42:34110	43:121	25:501
1147	<i>Xiyun ji</i>	42:34156	43:167	25:532
1148	<i>Wuzhai xiansheng wenji</i>	42:34172	43:183	25:542
1149	<i>Dongxuan jinyu ji</i>	41:34197	43:209	25:559
1150	<i>Danyang shengguang can</i>	42:34292	43:307	25:622
1151	<i>Wuzhen ji</i>	42:34310	43:326	25:635
1152	<i>Yunguang ji</i>	42:34330	43:347	25:648
1153	<i>Chongyang quanzhen ji</i>	43:34393	43:411	25:689
1154	<i>Chongyang jiaohua ji</i>	43:34511	43:534	25:768
1155	<i>Chongyan fenli shibua ji</i>	43:34544	43:567	25:790
1156	<i>Chongyang zhenren jinguan yusuo jue</i>	43:34556	43:580	25:798
1157	<i>Ma Ziran jindan koujue</i>	43:34568	43:592	25:806

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1158	<i>Chongyang zhenren shou Danyang ershi jue</i>	43:34569	43:594	25:807
1159	<i>Panxi ji</i>	43:34571	43:597	25:808
1160	<i>Shuiyun ji</i>	43:34626	43:655	25:845
1161	<i>Taigu ji</i>	43:34657	43:687	25:865
1162	<i>Sun zhenren beiji qianjin yaofang mulu</i>	43:34681	44:1	26:1
1163	<i>Sun zhenren beiji qianjin yaofang</i>	43:34718	44:39	26:25
1164	<i>Jijiu xianfang</i>	44:35579	45:185	26:599
1165	<i>Xianchuan waikie bifang</i>	44:35669	45:277	26:659
1166	<i>Fahai yizhu</i>	44:35766	45:377	26:723
1167	<i>Taishang ganying pian</i>	45:36199	46:1	27:1
1168	<i>Taishang laojun zhongjing</i>	45:36411	46:219	27:142
1169	<i>Taishang laojun qingjing xin jing</i>	45:36432	46:241	27:156
1170	<i>Taishang laojun shuo shangqi miezui jifu miao-jing</i>	45:36434	46:243	27:157
1171	<i>Yuzi</i>	45:36436	46:245	27:159
1172	<i>Gongsun Long zi</i>	45:36450	46:260	27:168
1173	<i>Yin Wen zi</i>	45:36460	46:270	27:175
1174	<i>Zibua zi</i>	45:36470	46:281	27:181
1175	<i>Heguan zi</i>	45:36501	46:313	27:202
1176	<i>Mozi</i>	45:36540	46:353	27:228
1177	<i>Han Fei zi</i>	45:36657	46:471	27:306
1178	<i>Huangshi gong sushu</i>	45:36829	46:651	27:421
1179	<i>Huangshi gong sushu</i>	45:36840	46:662	27:428
1180	<i>Sunzi zhujie</i>	46:36853	46:675	27:436
1181	<i>Sunzi yishuo</i>	46:37062	46:892	27:575
1182	<i>Tianyuan fawei</i>	46:37075	47:1	27:584
1183	<i>Jizhu taixuan jing</i>	46:37309	47:243	27:740
1184	<i>Huainan honglie jie</i>	46:37441	47:377	28:1
1185	<i>Baopu zi neipian</i>	46:37696	47:639	28:171
1186	<i>Baopu zi biezh</i>	47:37816	47:761	28:251
1187	<i>Baopu zi waipian</i>	47:37817	47:763	28:252
1188	<i>Tuoyue zi</i>	47:37954	47:903	28:343
1189	<i>Yindan neipian</i>	47:37958	47:907	28:346
1190	<i>Tianji jing</i>	47:37960	47:909	28:347
1191	<i>Bichuan Zhengyang zhenren lingbao bifa</i>	47:37964	47:913	28:349
1192	<i>Dahui jingci miaole tianzun shuo fude wusheng jing</i>	47:37986	48:1	28:364
1193	<i>Taishang zhengyi zhongui jing</i>	47:37990	48:6	28:367
1194	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao tianzun shuo luotian dajiao shangpin miaojing</i>	47:37995	48:11	28:370
1195	<i>Laojun bianhua wuji jing</i>	47:37997	48:13	28:371
1196	<i>Taishang jinhua tianzun jiuji huming miaojing</i>	47:38001	48:17	28:374

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1197	<i>Wushang santian fashi shuo yinyu zhongsheng miaojing</i>	47:38003	48:19	28:375
1198	<i>Taishang shuo Qingxuan leiling faxing yindi miaojing</i>	47:38005	48:22	28:377
1199	<i>Shangqing taixiao yinshu yuanzhen dongfei erjing jing</i>	47:38008	48:25	28:379
1200	<i>Dongxuan lingbao taishang liuzhai shizhi shengji jing</i>	47:38011	48:28	28:381
1201	<i>Daoyao lingqi shengui pin jing</i>	47:38016	48:34	28:384
1202	<i>Dongshen badi yuanbian jing</i>	47:38030	48:49	28:393
1203	<i>Taishang santian zhengfa jing</i>	47:38049	48:69	28:406
1204	<i>Taishang zhengyi fawen jing</i>	47:38055	48:75	28:410
1205	<i>Santian neijie jing</i>	47:38059	48:79	28:413
1206	<i>Shangqing mingjian yaojing</i>	47:38066	48:87	28:418
1207	<i>Taishang mingjian zhenjing</i>	47:38073	48:94	28:422
1208	<i>Taishang sanwu zhengyi mengwei lu</i>	47:38078	48:101	28:426
1209	<i>Taishang zhengyi mengwei falu yibu</i>	47:38139	48:163	28:466
1210	<i>Zhengyi fawen shilu zhaoyi</i>	47:38166	48:186	28:481
1211	<i>Zhengyi fawen chuan dugong ban yi</i>	47:38175	48:200	28:490
1212	<i>Jiao sandong zhenwen wufa zhengyi mengwei lu licheng yi</i>	47:38177	48:203	28:492
1213	<i>Taishang xuantian zhenwu wushang jiangjun lu</i>	47:38190	48:217	28:500
1214	<i>Gaoshang dadong Wenchang silu ziyang baolu</i>	47:38195	48:222	28:503
1215	<i>Taishang beiji fumo shenzhou shagui lu</i>	47:38222	48:250	28:522
1216	<i>Taishang zhengyi yansheng baoming lu</i>	47:38232	48:261	28:528
1217	<i>Taishang zhengyi jie wuyin zhouzu bilu</i>	47:38237	48:267	28:532
1218	<i>Zhengyi fawen jing zhangguan pin</i>	47:38241	48:271	28:534
1219	<i>Gaoshang shenxiao yuqing zhenwang zishu dafa</i>	47:38276	48:307	28:557
1220	<i>Daofa huiyuan</i>	47:38443	48:479	28:669
1221	<i>Shangqing lingbao dafa</i>	51:41023	51:617	30:649
1222	<i>Shangqing lingbao dafa mulu</i>	52:41996	52:767	31:345
1223	<i>Shangqing lingbao dafa</i>	52:42012	52:784	31:356
1224	<i>Daomen dingzhi</i>	52:42459	53:393	31:653
1225	<i>Daomen kefan daquan ji</i>	52:42616	53:555	31:758
1226	<i>Daomen tongjiao biyong ji</i>	53:42929	54:1	32:1
1227	<i>Taishang zhuguo jiumin zongzhen biyao</i>	53:43007	54:81	32:53
1228	<i>Zhengyi lun</i>	53:43115	54:193	32:125
1229	<i>Quanzhen zuobo jiefu</i>	53:43118	54:197	32:127
1230	<i>Taiping yulan</i>	53:43120	54:199	32:128
1231	<i>Daoshu yuanshen qi</i>	53:43143	54:222	32:143
1232	<i>Daomen shigui</i>	53:43147	54:226	32:146
1233	<i>Chongyang lijiao shiwu lun</i>	53:43157	54:237	32:153

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1234	<i>Danyang zhenren zhiyan</i>	53:43160	54:241	32:155
1235	<i>Quanzhen qinggui</i>	53:43161	54:243	32:156
1236	<i>Taishang chujia chuandu yi</i>	53:43169	54:251	32:161
1237	<i>Sandong xiudao yi</i>	53:43176	54:258	32:166
1238	<i>Chuanshou jingjie yi zhujue</i>	53:43182	54:264	32:169
1239	<i>Zhengyi xiuzhen lueyi</i>	53:43190	54:273	32:175
1240	<i>Dongxuan lingbao daoshi shou sandong jingjie falu zeri li</i>	53:43200	54:284	32:182
1241	<i>Chuanshou sandong jingjie falu lueshuo</i>	53:43204	54:288	32:184
1242	<i>Zhengyi fawen falu buyi</i>	53:43224	54:308	32:198
1243	<i>Zhengyi fawen taishang wailu yi</i>	53:43236	54:321	32:206
1244	<i>Shoulu cidi faxin yi</i>	53:43251	54:337	32:216
1245	<i>Dongxuan lingbao daoshi mingjing fa</i>	53:43266	54:352	32:226
1246	<i>Dongxuan lingbao kezong fa</i>	53:43268	54:354	32:227
1247	<i>Taiqing yusi zuoyuan biyao shangfa</i>	53:43272	54:358	32:229
1248	<i>Sandong qunxian lu</i>	53:43278	54:365	32:233
1249	<i>Sanshi dai tianshi Xujing zhenjun yulu</i>	53:43480	54:571	32:368
1250	<i>Chongxu tongmiao sichen Wang xiansheng jiahua</i>	53:43513	54:605	32:390
1251	<i>Xujing chonghe xiansheng Xu shenweng yulu</i>	53:43522	54:613	32:395
1252	<i>Jingyu xuanwen</i>	53:43544	54:637	32:411
1253	<i>Daofa xinchuan</i>	53:43547	54:640	32:413
1254	<i>Leifa yixuan pian</i>	53:43565	54:658	32:424
1255	<i>Laozi weizhi lilie</i>	54:43573	54:667	32:429
1256	<i>Zhenxian zhizhi yulu</i>	54:43577	54:672	32:432
1257	<i>Qunxian yaoyu zuanji</i>	54:43596	54:692	32:445
1258	<i>Zhuzhen neidan jiyao</i>	54:43616	54:714	32:458
1259	<i>Longhu jingwei lun</i>	54:43637	54:735	32:472
1260	<i>Sanyao dadao pian</i>	54:43641	54:739	32:475
1261	<i>Liugen guidao pian</i>	54:43642	54:740	32:476
1262	<i>Yilin</i>	54:43644	54:743	32:477
1263	<i>Zhuang Lie shilun</i>	54:43713	54:814	32:523
1264	<i>Lifeng laoren ji</i>	54:43723	54:825	32:530
1265	<i>Beidi qiyan ziting yansheng bijue</i>	54:43752	55:1	32:549
1266	<i>Deng tianjun xuanling bamen baoying neizhi</i>	54:43757	55:7	32:552
1267	<i>Jiutian shangsheng bizhuan jinfu jing</i>	54:43764	55:14	32:557
1268	<i>Tianhuang taiyi shenlü bihui jing</i>	54:43771	55:21	32:562
1269	<i>Shangqing xiushen yaoshi jing</i>	54:43772	55:22	32:562
1270	<i>Zhengyi fawen xiuzhen zhiyao</i>	54:43787	55:37	32:572
1271	<i>Dongxuan lingbao zhenren xiuxing yannian yisuan fa</i>	54:43797	55:48	32:579
1272	<i>Sandong daoshi jushan xiulian ke</i>	54:43803	55:54	32:583

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1273	<i>Zhengyi tianshi gao Zhao Sheng koujue</i>	54:43818	55:69	32:593
1274	<i>Xuanhe zi shier yue gua jin jue</i>	54:43820	55:72	32:594
1275	<i>Yuyang qihou qinji</i>	54:43824	55:77	32:597
1276	<i>Pantian jing</i>	54:43832	55:86	32:602
1277	<i>Daofa zongzhi tu yanyi</i>	54:43840	55:94	32:607
1278	<i>Dongxuan lingbao wugan wen</i>	54:43856	55:111	32:618
1279	<i>Lingshu zhouhou chao</i>	54:43860	55:115	32:621
1280	<i>Xuantan kanwu lun</i>	54:43863	55:119	32:623
1281	<i>Wuyue zhenxing xulun</i>	54:43871	55:128	32:628
1282	<i>Gaoshang shenxiao zongshi shoujing shi</i>	54:43884	55:141	32:637
1283	<i>Taishang dongshen xingdao shoudu yi</i>	54:43887	55:145	32:639
1284	<i>Taishang dongshen sanhuang chuanshou yi</i>	54:43895	55:153	32:644
1285	<i>Yisheng baode zhuan</i>	54:43903	55:161	32:649
1286	<i>Lushan Taiping xingguo gong Caifang zhenjun shishi</i>	54:43920	55:179	32:661
1287	<i>Zhengyi fawen jing huguo jiaohai pin</i>	54:43982	55:243	32:702
1288	<i>Yuanchen zhangjiao licheng li</i>	54:43988	55:250	32:706
1289	<i>Liushi jiazi benming yuanchen li</i>	54:44004	55:267	32:717
1290	<i>Taishang dongshen dongyuan shenzhou zhibing kouzhang</i>	54:44008	55:271	32:719
1291	<i>Shangqing jing bijue</i>	54:44026	55:289	32:731
1292	<i>Lingbao liandu wuxian anling zhenshen huang-zeng zhangfa</i>	54:44027	55:291	32:732
1293	<i>Shangqing taiwei dijun jiedai zhenwen fa</i>	54:44030	55:295	32:734
1294	<i>Shangqing huangshu guodu yi</i>	54:44031	55:296	32:735
1295	<i>Taishang dongxuan lingbao erbu chuanshou yi</i>	54:44043	55:308	32:743
1296	<i>Dongxuan lingbao bajie zhai sugi yi</i>	54:44048	55:313	32:746
1297	<i>Dongxuan lingbao wulao shezhao beifeng guimo chishu yujue</i>	54:44053	55:318	32:749
1298	<i>Sisheng zhenjun lingqian</i>	54:44056	55:323	32:752
1299	<i>Xuanzhen lingying baoqian</i>	54:44081	55:348	32:768
1300	<i>Daci haosheng juitian weifang shengmu yuanjun lingying baoqian</i>	54:44138	55:407	32:806
1301	<i>Hongen lingji zhenjun lingqian</i>	54:44150	55:420	32:814
1302	<i>Lingji zhenjun Zhusheng tang lingqian</i>	54:44155	55:425	32:817
1303	<i>Futian guangsheng ruyi lingqian</i>	54:44160	55:431	32:821
1304	<i>Ganzhou Shengji miao lingji li</i>	54:44190	55:462	32:841
1305	<i>Huguo Jiaji Jiangdong wang lingqian</i>	54:44193	55:465	32:843
1306	<i>Ge xianweng zhouhou beiji fang</i>	54:44214	55:487	33:1
1307	<i>Haiqiong Bo zhenren yulu</i>	55:44381	55:657	33:111
1308	<i>Haiqiong wendao ji</i>	55:44424	55:701	33:140
1309	<i>Haiqiong chuandao ji</i>	55:44435	55:713	33:147

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1310	<i>Qinghe zhenren beiyu yulu</i>	55:44444	55:723	33:153
1311	<i>Xianquan ji</i>	55:44483	55:763	33:179
1312	<i>Taishang dadao yuqing jing</i>	55:44636	56:1	33:281
1313	<i>Dongzhen gaoshang yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing</i>	55:44785	56:155	33:381
1314	<i>Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing</i>	55:44814	56:185	33:400
1315	<i>Dongzhen shangqing qingyao zishu jin'gen zhongjing</i>	55:44849	56:220	33:423
1316	<i>Dongzhen shangqing taiwei dijun bu tiangang fei diji jinjian yuzi shangjing</i>	55:44871	56:243	33:438
1317	<i>Dongzhen shangqing kaitian santu qixing yidu jing</i>	55:44886	56:258	33:448
1318	<i>Dongzhen taishang sanyuan liuzhu jing</i>	55:44901	56:273	33:458
1319	<i>Dongzhen xi wang mu baoshen qiju jing</i>	55:44904	56:277	33:460
1320	<i>Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing jingyao san-jing miaojue</i>	55:44914	56:287	33:466
1321	<i>Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing xiuxi gongye miaojue</i>	55:44917	56:291	33:468
1322	<i>Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing sanwu xing-hua miaojue</i>	55:44924	56:298	33:473
1323	<i>Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing fushi riyue huanghua jue</i>	55:44929	56:304	33:477
1324	<i>Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing dengtan fuzha miaojue</i>	55:44942	56:317	33:485
1325	<i>Dongzhen taishang basu zhenjing zhanhou rud-ing miaojue</i>	55:44949	56:324	33:490
1326	<i>Dongzhen shangqing longfei jiudao chisu yinjue</i>	55:44954	56:329	33:493
1327	<i>Dongzhen taishang sanjin suyu yujing zhenjue</i>	55:44960	56:335	33:497
1328	<i>Dongzhen taishang badao mingji jing</i>	55:44967	56:343	33:502
1329	<i>Taishang jiuqi banfu wudi neizhen jing</i>	55:44991	56:368	33:518
1330	<i>Dongzhen taiyi dijun taidan yinshu dongzhen xuanjing</i>	55:45007	56:385	33:528
1331	<i>Dongzhen shangqing shenzhou qizhuan qibian wutian jing</i>	55:45030	56:409	33:544
1332	<i>Dongzhen taishang zidu yanguang shenyuan bian jing</i>	55:45044	56:424	33:553
1333	<i>Dongzhen taishang shenbu yujing</i>	55:45061	56:441	33:564
1334	<i>Dongzhen taishang shenbu yinwen</i>	55:45063	56:444	33:566
1335	<i>Dongzhen taishang ziwen danzhang</i>	55:45067	56:448	33:568
1336	<i>Dongzhen taishang jinpian hufu zhenwen jing</i>	55:45069	56:451	33:570
1337	<i>Dongzhen taiwei jinhu zhenfu</i>	55:45072	56:454	33:572

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1338	<i>Dongzhen taishang taisu yulu</i>	55:45081	56:463	33:578
1339	<i>Dongzhen bajing yulu chentu yinfu</i>	55:45085	56:467	33:580
1340	<i>Dongzhen taishang cangyuan shanglu</i>	55:45089	56:471	33:583
1341	<i>Dongzhen taishang shanghuang minji dingzhen yulu</i>	55:45092	56:475	33:585
1342	<i>Dongzhen taishang zishu luzhuan</i>	55:45095	56:478	33:587
1343	<i>Dongzhen huangshu</i>	55:45101	56:484	33:591
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The University of Chicago Press, Chicago 60637

The University of Chicago Press, Ltd., London

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Printed in the United States of America

13 12 11 10 09 08 07 06 05 04 5 4 3 2 1

ISBN (cloth, vol. 3): 0-226-73815-9

ISBN (the set): 0-226-73817-5

Published with the generous assistance of the Chiang Ching-Kuo Foundation for International Scholarly Exchange.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Dao Zang.

The Taoist canon : a historical companion to the Daozang = [Dao zang tong kao]

3 v. ; cm.

Parallel title in Chinese characters.

Includes bibliographical references and index.

Contents: vol. 1. Antiquity through the Middle Ages / edited by Kristofer Schipper and Franciscus Verellen—vol. 2. The modern period / edited by Kristofer Schipper and Franciscus Verellen—vol. 3. Biographies, bibliography, indexes / edited by Kristofer Schipper and Franciscus Verellen.

ISBN 0-226-73817-5 (set : alk. paper) — ISBN 0-226-73811-6 (v. 1 : alk. paper) —

ISBN 0-226-73813-2 (v. 2 : alk. paper) — ISBN 0-226-73815-9 (v. 3 : alk. paper)

I. Dao Zang. 2. Taoism. I. Title: Dao zang tong kao. II. Schipper, Kristofer Marinus. III. Verellen, Franciscus. IV. Title

BL1900.A1D359 2004

299.5'1482—dc22

2004047959

This book is printed on acid-free paper.

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繪圖封神演義

比干 師聞太



繪圖封神演義



虎黃 飛護

繪圖封神演義



楊戩

哪吒

繪圖封神演義

Investiture of the Gods Fengshen Yanyi

Xu Zhonglin

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https://en.m.wikisource.org/wiki/Portal:Investiture_of_the_Gods/Chapter_1. The translation stops at Chapter 76 (plus some battle formation notes,) although I believe the original is 100 chapters. I am unable to find a free English translation of the total work, but this should give readers some idea of the contents.

Chapter 1: King Zhou and Goddess Nu Wa

The beginning of Investiture of the Gods (chapter 1) is titled "King Zhou and Goddess Nu Wa". At one point in time as King Da Yi, of the newly established Shang Dynasty of China, walked through the royal gardens to gaze at the great beauty that layed before him, the Flying Cloud Pavilion would suddenly collapse. As a single beam from the pavilion fell towards the king, Prince Zi Shou would grab hold of the beam and threw it aside. After ministers such as Shan Rong and Mei Bo gazed at the strength that the prince possessed, they would advise the king to name him Crown Prince. Thus following the death of King Da Yi, Prince Zi Shou would take the title of 'King Zhou' and become the new ruler of the Shang Dynasty within its new capital: Morning Song. After seven years of prosperity within the Shang Dynasty, etches of evil tyranny would begin to evolve in the heart of King Zhou. As the first rebellion thus took place on the second month of the seventh year, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, the head of civil affairs, would personally ride out upon his great dragon to subdue them at the North Sea district. The following day prime minister Shang Rong would ask the king to head to the temple of Nu Wa in order to offer their condolences on her birthday. Following the latter's consent, the king and his entourage would thus march from the capital's gates to the temple of Nu Wa's temple. As King Zhou enjoyed the palace's immense scenery after his arrival, he would gaze into the eyes of Goddess Nu Wa - who sat behind a celestial curtain. Overtaken by her unparalleled beauty, King Zhou would use his ink brush to write a poem of her valor upon a neighboring pillar within the temple. Even after being reproached by Shang Rong for what disaster the poem could bring about, the latter would simply brush him aside saying that it is nothing more than a literary representation of her beauty.

After the king and his entourage had returned to the capital, Nu Wa would notice the poem and immediately vow to end the Shang Dynasty due to the former's vile desires. Once she had arrived at Morning Song atop her phoenix, Nu Wa would realize that King Zhou still possessed another twenty years of reign -- and would thus leave with lustful rage. As she arrived at her temple, she would summon forth her three right-hand sprites: Daji, the thousand year-old female

fox, Splendor, the nine-headed female pheasant, and Jade, the female lute. Thus following their summoning, Goddess Nu Wa would tell them to transform themselves into beautiful women in order to distract King Zhou from his state affairs -- so that he would be overthrown in a further justified manner. Back in Morning Song King Zhou would sit in great depression over the incredible unattainable beauty that Nu Wa had possessed—and would thus not wish to perform any action until he could attain her as one of his lovers. After effectively calling minister Fei Zhong to his presence, he would suggest to the king that one-hundred women should be taken from each of the four Grand Dukes so that he may have an opportunity to find a woman that ranked in beauty with Nu Wa. With immense delight at such a grand opportunity, King Zhou would rest for the night and make his preparations the following day.

Chapter 2: The Rebellion of Su Hu

This chapter is titled "The Rebellion of Su Hu". The next morning, King Zhou would prepare one letter for each of the four Grand Dukes stating that one-hundred virgin women that possess at least a moderate level of physical beauty should be presented before the capital as soon as possible. As prime minister Shang Rong reminded the king that such an action would only bring out mass contempt and future rebellion, King Zhou would see his reasoning and withdraw the edict immediately. When the eight-hundred marquises had appeared to offer their allegiance to the Shang Dynasty the following summer, Fei Zhong and You Hun would become extremely influential in court due to the leave of Grand Old Master, and would thus ask for many presents and additional bribes from the former wealthy classmen. However, Su Hu, Marquis of Jizhou, would refute such compliances due to his fiery resolve to stand against such injustices fully. Due to such, Fei Zhong and You Hun would grow rather hateful towards Su Hu throughout the future. As the nation's marquises and dukes had arrived at capital Morning Song to display their obeisances at the end of the year, the four grand dukes would be specifically placed before King Zhou and fully honored for great diligence in their duty. After the four dukes had been well-feasted throughout the day, King Zhou would return to his inner chambers and discuss the current situation with his two favorite ministers: Fei Zhong and You Hun. In a chance to force Su Hu to repent for his defiance, Fei Zhong would declare to the king that the former possesses an exceedingly beautiful daughter that must be attained if the latter's ministers are to continue to trust his decision making.

After Su Hu had thus been summoned to the Dragon Virtue Court, King Zhou would tell the latter that if he were to attain his daughter, Su Hu would be granted great wealth, rank, and recognition within the dynasty of Shang. As Su Hu declined with many words of insult towards the king's lack of virtue, King Zhou would become rageful and order the latter to be arrested. However, Fei Zhong would advise the king that if he were to allow Su Hu to return to Jizhou out of consideration and personal dignity, the people of Shang would look upon the king as a worthy ruler that listens keenly to his people's desires; in such a way, Su Hu's daughter could also be more easily attained. Now settling down to an extent, King Zhou would order Su Hu to be expelled from the court. As Su Hu thus returned to Jizhou, he would consider his choices: If he were to give his

daughter to King Zhou, ministers of the court would think of him as slanderous and immoral; if he refused to hand over his daughter, the king would most likely attack his prefecture with an army in order to ensure that his defiance could not spread further. Carefully analyzing this, he would decide it best to gather his own forces to fight Shang while he wrote a poem that represented hatred towards the Shang Dynasty upon the Meridian Gate inside the capital Morning Song. After King Zhou had taken notice of this immensely defiant poem, he would order a force of six armies to be placed under his command during the newly established attack upon Jizhou. As General Lu Xiong elaborated his suggestions to the king, it would be decided that Grand Duke of the North, Chong Houhu, and Ji Chang, Grand Duke of the West, would lead a joint force against Su Hu's city instead. At the capital hall, where the grand dukes and other high ranking officials were present, Ji Chang would order an investigation as to why a loyal subject such as Su Hu would be deserving of punishment, while Chong Houhu unconditionally accepted the king's words and headed out immediately with his army.

Once Su Hu had attained word of Chong Houhu's movement towards his territory, the former would order his soldiers to be well drilled to defend the city walls against the king's army. As Chong Houhu's army of 50,000 strong arrived before Jizhou, Su Hu grinded his teeth in frustration after hearing from an intelligence officer that Chong Houhu was the enemy commander due to his one-sided reasoning. Amidst the roar of cannons, Su Hu would present himself before Chong Houhu and elaborate the rational behind his defiance. Chong Houhu, who became enraged at his words, sent forth General Mei Wu to dispose of the former in a quick manner. After Mei Wu had been intercepted by Su Quanzhong, the eldest son of Su Hu, the former would be cut down by the latter following twenty rounds of fierce battle. Now that Su Hu's son had won the first victory, an all-out melee would be unleashed between both forces -- resulting in Chong Houhu's eventual retreat. As the Jizhou forces thus returned to the city, it would be decided that a surprise attack should be ushered forth that night upon the latter's stockades as to deal a critical blow to Chong Houhu's morale and attain potential assistance of other neighboring powers--such as the Grand Dukes—after they had heard of Jizhou's strength.

Once such a tactic had been fully employed at dusk, Chong Houhu would flee to a newly established camp and drink his worries away at the thought of Ji Chang's future assistance. While his forces thus ignorantly slept for the night, Su Hu's forces charged forth with the furiosity of a tiger and slaughter countless soldiers

of Shang in mere moments. Now in a state of great fear for his life, Chong Houhu personally clashed his cutless against the resolved Su Hu until the former's generals ran to his assistance. As the Shang forces thus fled in majority, Su Hu would call off their pursuit after twenty li of distance was traveled. While currently fleeing through the stars of night with his generals, Chong Houhu came to the conclusion that strict defense should be employed for the moment while a messenger should be sent to Ji Chang in request for reinforcements.

Unfortunately for Chong however, Su Quanzhong suddenly appeared before the light of the moon with his ambush party -- completely determined to put an end to the former's life. With immense renown and resolve, Su Quanzhong easily defeated three generals of Shang singlehandedly with his great dragon glave. Chong Houhu, who became exceedingly fearful over the former's skill, would flee away immediately from the combat. In a state of distraction over his father's sudden choice, Chong Yingbiao received a deep wound through his left arm from Sun Quanzhong's glave -- and thus fled for his life in addition. As Su Hu held conference the following day, Quanzhong appeared before his father and elaborated his great victory the previous night. With great joy, the former smiled in admiration at his son's prowess and thus made preparations for his next essential movement.

Chapter 3: Daji Enters the Palace

This chapter is titled "Daji Enters the Palace". As Chong Houhu thus regrouped his remaining forces, he'd grieve at their many past losses and what was yet to unfold. After General Huang Yuanji stated to the commander that it would currently be best to ask Ji Chang for reinforcements, Chong Houhu resolutely refused lest the latter would be punished by the king for not already offering his promised assistance. Once word came out that a large military force was heading in their direction at an immense pace, Chong Houhu realized that it was none other than his younger brother, the renowned Black Tiger Chong Heihu, Marquis of Caozhou. With a total of twenty-three thousand soldiers, Chong Heihu declared assistance to his elder brother and thus left to Jizhou. As Su Hu attained report on Black Tiger's arrival, he sat in utter frustration over the former's ability to use magic. Su Quanzhong, however, would express little fear towards Black Tiger's magic renown and thus left the city to due battle with the latter. Even though Black Tiger arrived to simply discuss the situation with his old friend Su Hu, Sun Quanzhong insisted to do nothing more than clash blades with the former after hearing of his physical prowess. Once the former and latter had thus began their duel, Sun Quanzhong would notice a large gourd present on Black Tiger's back—but would continue to lash his dragon slave forward with one resolve in mind: Chong Heihu's capture. With little other choice, Black Tiger opened his gourd which signaled countless heavenly eagles to swoop down and peck their beaks into Su's flesh while black smoke oozed from his gourd profusely.

After hearing of his son's capture, Su Hu flew into unparalleled frustration and thus concluded it best to kill himself by the sword after slaying his wife and daughter—lest they were to be killed once being taken prisoners following his defeat. With such a thought in mind, Su Hu would present himself before his daughter with sword in hand utterly determined to preserve his honor until the very end. Just at this critical point in time, Black Tiger's second arrival was reported to Su Hu -- and the latter thus made defensive preparations for the pass immediately. Black Tiger, who only intended on consulting with Su Hu, had no choice but to return to the Shang camp in frustration. Due to the former's continued obstinance, the supply lines were secretly cut off at set intervals as to prevent Jizhou from attaining their needed provisions. Within this moment of besiegement, Zheng Lun arrived and challenged Black Tiger with due

determination. During their vigorous clash, Zheng Lun became aware of the latter's large gourd atop his back and thus deployed his own magical ability: the soul stealing beams, from his nostrils immediately. As Black Tiger was presented before Su Hu following his capture, he became grateful at the former's courtesy and thus took the place of honor. Once Chong Houhu had attained word of his brother's condition, San Yisheng, supreme minister under Ji Chang, arrived and told the former that a letter of exhortation should be sent to Su Hu stating that he is to give up his daughter on the condition that he reattains the title of Marquis of Jizhou -- which would save the people from further suffering. Following Chong Houhu's consent, San Yisheng appeared before Jizhou and handed Ji Chang's letter to Su Hu immediately. Upon the reading of this letter, Su Hu became instantly enlightened at the West Grand Duke's rationale—and thus consented with great happiness and feasting. After asking San Yisheng to deliver his reply to Ji Chang with gifts of fine gold and satin, Su Hu made preparations to personally escort his daughter to the capital's palace.

Chapter 4: The Fox Sprite Murders

Daji

This chapter is titled "The Fox Sprite Murders Daji". As Su Hu took leave from Jizhou, Black Tiger promised to the former that he would return his son immediately after arriving back at camp. With reciprocated dignity, both Su Hu and Black Tiger headed their separate ways to mark their conflict's true conclusion. Once Black Tiger had arrived back at the Shang camp, he explained the resolution of Su Hu and thoroughly reprimanded his elder brother for his disgraceful incompetence—vowing to never see him again. With Black Tiger now returning to Caozhou, Chong Houhu felt immense shame and embarrassment at his former actions and would thus return to his dukedom immediately after filing a report to King Zhou. After Su Hu met with his newly freed son, Su Quanzhong, and explained to him about leadership over Jizhou while he was away, the former would enter the inner palace to discuss the situation with his wife. The next morning, Su Hu, and his tearful-eyed daughter, Daji, would head out in a carriage with three-thousand soldiers and five-hundred officers to make quick pace to the capital. Following the passage of many days Su Hu and his entourage would arrive at a courier station within Enzhou and stay there for the night. However, there had been a rumor of an evil sprite that was lurking within this station for the past few years, and Su Hu thus constantly exchanged moments of reading his book of military strategy to ensuring his daughter's safety throughout the night -- never daring to sleep for a single moment. Suddenly during the second watch at night, each candle flickered constantly throughout the halls and people screamed at the sight of a supposed ghost flying about.

Immediately with due vigor, Su Hu grabbed his iron staff and rushed to Daji's rear hall room—but his lamp would suddenly burn out forcing him to order a new lamp with due haste. Upon the entering of his daughter's room, he would be overjoyed to hear that she was only recently awoken once her father rushed into her room. As Su Hu thus returned to his room in relief at such a good omen that his daughter remained safe, little did he realize that the thousand-year fox had already seized Daji's body once Su Hu was busy attaining his secondary lamp. After several days following their setting out from Enzhou, Su Hu and his

entourage would finally arrive at Morning Song and present themselves before Prince Yellow Flying Tiger. Once Su Hu had thus stationed his troops outside the city while Daji remained in the Golden Reception House, Fei Zhong and You Hun became angry at their lack of presents from the former following his arrival -- and thus successfully encouraged King Zhou to put him to death the following day. As the following day arrived, Su Hu presented himself before the king in convictual robes stating that he deserves death for his past defiance. With Shang Rong's immediate defense, Fei Zhong declared that if Su Hu's daughter is indeed very beautiful, she would be taken in while the former is freed; but if she lacks eloquentness on the contrary, both of their heads should be displayed before the city's gates. As Daji thus bowed before the king with her full condolences, the latter could barely control his inner lust and amazement at her colossal beauty and elegance. After immediately pardoning Su Hu for his crimes and placing him back at his original rank, King Zhou took Daji's hand and headed back to the Fairy Longevity Palace to fully enjoy his first night with her. With greatly displeased ministers, civil and military affairs were continuously ignored throughout the future as King Zhou enjoyed great pleasure with Daji from time to time. By thus setting aside exceedingly urgent matters, it seemed as if the Shang Dynasty itself was rapidly sinking into chaos...

Chapter 5: Cloud Dweller Presents a Pine Wood Sword

This chapter is dubbed as "Cloud Dweller Presents a Pine Wood Sword". This would be the first chapter in which true chaos began to spread within the Shang Dynasty because of the King's new treasured concubine, Daji. In reality, this girl named Daji was truly killed and possessed by a fox specter, who plans on destroying the dynasty through Nu Wa's orders. When this chapter had begun, the man by the name of Cloud Dweller had currently been searching around Tiger peak for medicinal herbs. After this renowned dweller of the clouds realized that there had been a thousand year old vixen in human form—as Daji—present within the kingdom, the dweller would tell his pupil to prepare for him a wooden sword—a sword that would sicken the vixen to death after a period of time. After officials such as the Number One Grand Counselor Mei Bo had discussed the major issue of the kingdom with his fellow officials, it was soon decided that a large gong would be beaten and all officials of the kingdom would gather before the king as to show their dedication. After the annoyed King Zhou entered from his room to meet his "boring officials", he would not be in any mood to listen and only wished to return to his precious Daji. Both the Prime Minister and the Vice Prime Minister called out to their king, "Sire! Our kingdom is in trouble. There are uncontrolled floods and droughts. The populace is suffering and restless. All the memoranda from the dukes have not been attended to. Your Majesty has not come for months to the morning assembly. Many urgent matters await your decision." The king would generally turn a deaf ear to his officials primarily out of his ignorance. After Cloud Dweller appears present before Zhou and engages in a long conversation, he departs and tells the king to hang his wooden sword over the door of the Longevity Palace. Thus, the chapter then ends following the departure of both the king and all of his officials. At the very end of this chapter however, the sword would be burned through Daji's orders -- it was mysteriously making her deathly ill.

Chapter 6: The Burning Pillar Torture

This chapter is titled "The Burning Pillar Torture". As the wooden sword was thus turned into ashes, Daji recovered in immediate pace. Still secretly remaining at Morning Song in order to inspect the outcome of his wooden sword, Master of the Clouds sighed at his inability to change the Shang Dynasty's destined outcome -- and thus wrote a short poem upon the observatory wall within the market area so that all people could understand what future they were to experience. After thus returning to Mount Zhongnan people noticed the poem immediately and attempted to decipher it's meaning. With no true success, Grand Tutor Du Yuanxian appeared, read the poem with partitioned understanding, and returned to his personal quarters to make up a report on what future the dynasty will experience if this evil specter is not effectively eradicated. Upon the finishing of this report, Du Yuanxian gave it to Prime Minister Shang Rong so that it could be presented personally to the king. Once Shang Rong left to the royal palace to deliver it to King Zhou, he was admitted in with Yuanxian's report in hand. Reading the report fully, the king believed his words to be rather accurate but decided to have Daji's opinion on the issue. Daji told the king that the Taoist earlier was none other than a wicked sorcerer who spread rumors to put the dynasty into a frenzy -- and Du Yuanxian is assisting this sorcerer with full intentions to ensure unrestfulness within the people and should thus be publicly executed. Shang Rong however, immediately retorted, saying that if Du Yuanxian were to be executed, his loyalty would not only be seen as mere rubbish but many ministers would rise up in addition to uphold his innocence.

King Zhou, who told Shang Rong that Yuanxian should be executed as to prevent further unrestful stories from coming about, immediately ordered royal guards to bound Du Yuanxian with thick ropes and chains. As the latter was thus dragged off to the palace gates, Supreme Minister Mei Bo stopped the executioners and immediately asked for an explanation from Prime Minister Shang Rong. After hearing the story fully, Mei Bo flew into a rage at Shang Rong's fear to uphold true justice within the dynasty—and thus grabbed the latter's arm while charging into the Fairy Longevity Palace to talk with King

Zhou. With uncontrolled anger, Mei Bo began to shout violently at the king for his ineptitude and thus was ordered to be executed immediately. Just before Mei Bo was to have his skull smashed, Daji told King Zhou to put the former in the gaols for now while a torture device known as the "Burning Pillar" is to be constructed as his destined punishment. While thus gazing at the king's atrocities and deludness, Shang Rong sincerely asked the king if he could faithfully retire from the dynasty less he were to make any further mistakes in his old age. Following the latter's consent, many ministers gathered at the Changting Pavilion to see their old comrade on his way that evening. Raising their cups to bid their old comrade farewell, Shang Rong wrote one final poem to express his inner grievence before taking leave with tearful eyes. Ignoring his ministers for several more days as usual, tyrant King Zhou obtained a report on the burning pillars completed construction. After Daji had thoroughly inspected the pillar's design, she smiled with happiness and suggested to the king that tomorrow should be Mei Bo's day of punishment. The following day at the Grand Hall, Yellow Flying Tiger gazed at over twenty pillars being lit blood red—and sat in confusion as to why such objects would be in royal grounds. With Mei Bo's entrance into the Grand Hall, King Zhou sat in laughter at what was to soon befall the former. Thus being stripped and chained fully against a burning pillar, a single deathly scream would ring against the royal halls as Mei Bo's flesh and bones were turned to ashes. Now leaving the Grand Hall with his other comrades, Yellow Flying Tiger exclaimed his resolve to do whatever it takes to save the dynasty from it's supposedly destined downfall. With celebrational music and feasting resounding through the walls of King Zhou's inner chambers, Queen Jiang felt personal hatred over the newly heard burning pillar construction and thus ordered her attendants to prepare for her a carriage.

Chapter 7: Fei Zhong Plots to Depose the Queen

This chapter is titled "Fei Zhong Plots to Depose the Queen". Following Queen Jiang's arrival at the Fairy Longevity Palace, she was approached by Daji with a single courteous bow before being escorted into the court. With the king thus fully enjoying the night by his queen's side, Daji began to dance with great eloquence and beauty. Not enjoying this stay by her husband's side, Queen Jiang reprimanded King Zhou for his continued deludeness—and thus left the personal chambers of the court. Being rather angry and depressed over the queen's sudden words, King Zhou asked his precious Daji if she could dance once more to his delight. Falling to the floor with tears in her eyes, Daji exclaimed her worry towards the kingdom if the queen reported her actions to other ministers and nobles -- resulting in her own death. The king, now exceedingly angry, ensured to Daji that he would dispose of the queen shortly to ensure her safety. On the first day of the following month, Queen Jiang received congratulations from the royal concubines as a monthly custom. With Daji prostrating herself before the Queen, she was thoroughly humiliated over the former's words before taking her own leave. For being rebuked by the Queen so wrathfully in front of two other concubines, Daji discussed with Gun Juan, her maidservant, about how Queen Jiang should effectively be killed and replaced. As King Zhou and Daji enjoyed the scenery of the gardens the following day, Fei Zhong attained a report on Daji's lust to kill Queen Jiang and thus pondered through night and day to think of a method—lest he were to be eventually killed for refusing her decree. Gazing outside his window, Fei Zhong noticed a tall bulky man by the name of Jiang Huan of East Lu that had come to repay the former with due respect and gratitude for his past consideration. With a plan now formed in his mind upon the latter's arrival, Fei Zhong immediately told Jiang Huan what to do while informing Daji in addition. After being told to attend state affairs the following day by Daji, King Zhou was suddenly attacked by a disguised Jiang Huan—saying he shall replace his own father as king for the sake of the Shang Dynasty's preservation. As Jiang lashed at the king with his dagger, he was brushed back immediately by royal guards and effectively captured.

Once Fei Zhong volunteered to personally interrogate the captive on the issue

upon the entering of the Grand Hall, he reported to King Zhou shortly that the latter was a general under the Eastern Grand Duke—Queen Jiang's father. This duke had been ordered by Queen Jiang to put the king to death so that he could take the throne. After thus appointing Concubine Huang as Chief Justice for this case, King Zhou angrily charged back into the Fairy Longevity Palace asking about the issue with countless ministers. Not attaining any true knowledge of such a complicated incident, King Zhou passed an oral decree via the court herald onto Queen Jiang stating that she is to appear at the West Palace for trial immediately. Following her arrival at the palace, Queen Jian pleaded her innocence personally to Lady Huang. As the former's words were accurately told to King Zhou himself, Daji came forth from the shadows stating that the queen is simply pushing her own blames upon others with additional falsehood. It was thus decided that if Queen Jiang didn't confess the truth about the matter, one of her eyes would be gauged out as punishment. Lady Huang, who immediately ran to the Queen telling her to confess a false statement, simply gazed forth as a royal guard plucked one of the latter's eyes out after refusing the former's request with due resolve. King Zhou, who became fearful of an attack by the Eastern Grand Duke or great condemnation from his ministers, was told by Daji that Queen should most reassuringly tell the truth after having her hands burnt to ashes by a boiling brass dipper. As such an action was resentfully decreed by the king, Queen Jiang sternly refused once more to confess any such crime -- and thus lost her hands to the dipper in short time. Regaining her strength after watching such a cruel scene, Lady Huang informed the king about her continued reluctance. In the former's great worry, Daji suggested to the king that Queen Jiang should be brought together to be tried with the accused Jiang Huan.

Chapter 8: Princes Take Flight

This chapter is titled "Princes Take Flight". As Jiang Huan and Queen Jiang were thus placed before the West Palace together, the Queen and Lady Huan wrathfully rebuked Huan for his evil treachery. At this same point in time, Crown Prince Yin Jiao and Yin Hong, who were playing chess, were immediately informed by Yang Rong of the current situation—and thus ran to the Western Palace in quick pace to meet with their mother. Gazing at their mother laying forth in a large pool of blood, the queen stated her final words to the crown prince to attain revenge before uttering one last breath before death. In unparalleled blood lust towards his mother's death, Yin Jiao grabbed his sword and sliced the neighboring Jiang Huan into two pieces after being informed of the latter's treachery. Once Yin Jiao had impulsively shouted his additional desire to kill Daji, Chao Tian and Chao Lei—dubbed as the "Chao Twins"—immediately ran to the king at the Fairy Longevity Palace in fear and elaborated the crown prince's intentions. In resoundful rage, King Zhou handed the Chao Twins his Dragon-Phoenix sword to personally put an end to both princes through decapitation. With the twins thus heading to the Eastern Palace, Lady Huang heard the king's newest decree and quickly told the two princes to take shelter with Concubine Yang at the Fragrant Palace for a few days. As the princes thus arrived at Concubine Yang's residence, Chao Tian and Chao Lei arrived shortly for inspection—but were barked away for their rude insolence. After the princes left to a greater area of safety—the Grand Hall with Yellow Flying Tiger—Concubine Yang decided to hang herself lest she were to be found out at a later time that she sheltered the princes. At this same point in time Lady Huang informed King Zhou of Queen Jiang's last saying before death, and the Chao Twins were ordered to head to the Grand Hall after elaborating their past failure. The princes arrived shortly before the Grand Hall and were met by Yellow Flying Tiger and many other ministers who angrily vowed to see His Majesty after hearing the former's unfortunate story.

Once Fang Bi and Fang Xiang—dubbed as the "Fang Brothers"—roared into the Grand Hall stating that King Zhou should be overthrown for his blatant tyranny, Yellow Flying Tiger and others stood silent in great frustration if such an action would truly be right. In justice's name, the two fang brothers each grabbed hold of one prince and charged forth from the palace gates stating boldly that they

would escort the two princes to East Lu before raising their own army to uproot the evil tyrant. As each minister sat in astonishment at what had just taken place, Yellow Flying Tiger solely stood forth in admiration of the Fang Brothers' exceeded loyalty. With the immediate arrival of the Chao Twins, they were informed of the incident with the Fang Brothers; being in a difficult situation, the two headed to see King Zhou in quick pace. After ensuring Yellow Flying Tiger with this task, the former headed out alone atop his divine Rainbow Ox. Following his immediate arrival before the two princes in the wilderness, he pleaded for the two children to put an end to their own lives; for if he were to kill them himself, his conscience would never be the same; but if he were to refuse the king's order, he would receive death. After Prince Yellow Flying Tiger sat in frustration, he told Fang Bi to head to Jiang Huanchu at East Lu with the two princes while Fang Xiang was to see E Chongyu to encourage him to lead a two-directional force against the capital with the former. Handing Fang Bi his jade pendant as an expense, he headed back to the capital to report his failure—to the ministers' delight. Upon his report to King Zhou that evening, Daji suggested to the king that two generals should be sent immediately that night to pursue the two brothers with three-thousand soldiers in assistance. Once these two less generals—Yin and Lei—approached Yellow Flying Tiger that night, the latter ensured their supply of men and horses to be ready at the fifth watch the following morning—less his plans were to be foiled. Being equipped with old and infirmed men the next morning as soldiers, the two generals simply sighed to themselves with the knowledge that they had no other choice but to continue

Traveling for the past two days with the young princes, the four individuals arrived at a fork in the road: one direction leading east, and the other leading south. The Fang Brothers decided it best that the two princes solely traveled either paths while they both traveled to the west; for the precious jade piece given by Yellow Flying Tiger may be a risky expense less anyone in the future realized who it truly belonged to. Thus telling the princes their resolution, they informed them that they will take refuge in any neighboring dukedom along the way and join their vanguard upon it's future advance to Morning Song. Following their tearful farewell, Yin Jiao declared that he will continue to head east until he meets with his grandfather, and Yin Hong should head to the south. Once his grandfather were to begin his troop mobilization upon the capital, Yin Jiao promised to inform his younger brother of his route so that he could additionally join in the attack. Thus parting their separate ways, Yin Hong arrived shortly at a small village and sat down to eat a meal after declaring to the cottagers that he was none other than the younger son of King Zhou. Following

his immediate leave once paying his obeisance, Yin Hong entered the Temple of Emperor Xuanyuan along his way and slept there for the night in comfort. While Yin Jiao meanwhile continued his journey towards East Lu, he found himself in front of a Grand Tutor's mansion -- as displayed from a board hanging from its gate. Being late into the night, the prince decided it best to rest at this mansion for now while he resumes early into the following morning. Knocking continuously without any answer, Yin Jiao decided to open the gates where he heard someone reciting over a poem. Walking closer and elaborating the reason upon his arrival, Yin Jiao entered the mansion and saw none other than former Prime Minister Shang Rong standing before him to his immense surprise. As Shang Rong sat down to listen to the prince's story, he stamped his foot in unparalleled rage—and thus vowed to Yin Jiao that he would return to the capital with the former and directly petition His Majesty to abandon his course of action to save the kingdom. With Shang Rong thus forming his petition, Generals Yin and Lei meanwhile decided to split their forces into two—one halve leaving the east, and the other to the south—after arriving at the original tripe fork road. Thus leaving their separate directions, they decided to meet at this specific fork road as an area of regroup after the princes were captured.

Chapter 9: The Prime Minister's Resolve

This chapter is titled "The Prime Minister's Resolve". As General Lei continued to the south from day to night, the majority of his soldiers fell off their saddles in their tiredness; and a command for rest was thus ensued. With the intention to rest at a village for the night, a section of his soldiers roamed about through the pine forest to eventually find the Temple of Xuanyuan. Upon the entering of this temple, General Lei smiled in immense delight as he saw none other than prince Yin Hong sleeping soundly before him. Awaking the prince immediately, he allowed the former to personally use his horse on their travel back to the three-staked road. Meanwhile after two days of travel, General Yin arrived at a small village by the name of Fengyun where he noticed the residence of Shang Rong nearby. Upon his entering of this residence, it was decided that Yin Jiao would personally ride together with General Yin back to the capital while Shang Rong heads to the former location at a later time lest Yin were to be accused of private dealings with Shang Rong in the future. As Generals Yin and Lei thus regrouped at the three-forked road in due happiness over their success, Yin Hong and Yin Jiao wept together for their unfortunate situation. Following their arrival back to the capital, Yellow Flying Tiger ground his teeth in explosive rage, declaring that he would personally slay Generals Yin and Lei with his sword before they ever were to be recognized for their one-sided merit. Ordering all ministers to quickly gather before the palace gates in defense for the two princes, Yin and Lei meanwhile attained a written report from King Zhou to put them both to death before the gates in quick pace. Seeing such a report, Supreme Minister Zhao Qi grabbed it from their hands and tore it to many pieces in his rage. Continuing in such a manner, Zhao Qi declared to every minister present to go to the Grand Hall and invite His Majesty to attend; for such was the perfect chance to admonish the simple-minded tyrant.

With Yellow Flying Tiger's four right-hand generals protecting the princes with their lives, and ministers banging the bells and beating the drums to attain the king's attendance, King Zhou simply wrote a decree to put an end to the princes for their unfilialness while remaining in his Fairy Longevity Palace. With the executioners thus pacing towards the two bound princes, Superiorman Pure

Essence and Grand Completion meanwhile roamed about through the skies in great boredom. As they thus appeared above Morning Song and saw the two princes ready for execution, a grand gust storm ran across the skies -- putting every official and soldier present in fear. With the sudden disappearance of Yin Hong and Yin Jiao following the end of the storm, this calamity brought great relief and joy in the hearts of each official, while King Zhou sat in wonder at such a happening. Now finally arriving at the capital of Morning Song, Shang Rong rose forth and heard the complete story of current happenings from Yellow Flying Tiger himself. In due resolve to be able to confront the emperors of yore in high honor and loyalty, Shang Rong immediately ordered the beating of bells and drums to force the foul King Zhou into the Grand Hall. As the king thus arrived before his desk, Shang Rong kneeled forward and presented to the former his written report. Upon the reading of this report, King Zhou flew into great rage—immediately ordering Shang Rong to be beaten to death with the golden hammer. Yelling back at the king with words of duty and love towards his past services in the name of the Shang Dynasty, Shang Rong knocked away the guards and jumped head-first into a stone pillar—effectively ending his life in a rather gruesome manner. As many ministers exchanged glances at such a horrific scene, King Zhou ordered for his body to be thrown into an empty field behind the capital in an expression of his dignity towards the former.

Chapter 10: The Discovery of Thunderquaker

This chapter is titled "The Discovery of Thunderquaker". Seeing this tragedy in full form, Supreme Minister Zhao Qi additionally expressed his inner hate towards the king without a single ounce of fear. Upon being bound before a burning pillar as punishment, Zhao Qi became nothing more than ash to the wind in mere moments. Now returning to the Fairy Longevity Palace in great satisfaction over his barbarity, King Zhou personally approached Daji, explained the past incident with Shang Rong, and discussed with her how to get rid of Jiang Huanchu as a threat to the capital. With no true thought-out resolution to such a problem, Daji called forth Fei Zhong for a suggestion. Fei Zhong stated that the four regional grand dukes should effectively be disposed off less any ministers of Morning Song attempted to rise up in rebellion with any neighboring force. Jiang Huanchu would also be effectively destroyed as a threat to the capital if he were to join the other three grand dukes in execution. Following the king's immediate approval of Fei Zhong's suggestion, four royal messengers were personally sent to each grand duke—Jiang Huanchu, E Chongyu, Ji Chang, and Chong Houhu—in quick pace. As one of four messengers arrived before the Western Foothills—Ji Chang's domain—and presented it before Ji Chang himself, the latter offered fine silver and gold to the messenger before ensuring his departure to the capital at a later time. After appointing San Yisheng as commander of internal affairs, Ji Chang went to his son, Bo Yi Kao, told him of his seven-year-prisoner prophecy, and how he should take care of state affairs following his departure. Explaining the situation to many other ministers in attendance throughout the day, Ji Chang took his leave from the Western Foothills the following morning with fifty attendants by his side. As his party arrived before Mount Yan, a sudden rainstorm appeared with giant waves rolling down from each neighboring mountain top; it was as if an ocean was falling from the very skies. After hearing a colossal thunderbolt shake the very earth, Ji Chang gave the order for his soldiers to find "the star of a warrior"—followed from the saying that a gifted warrior is born after the movement of lightning.

Upon the finding of a small newborn child with eyes like that of stars, Ji Chang

told his men to find a local family that could take the child in. However, Master of the Clouds personally presented himself shortly before Ji Chang, stating that he would graciously take the child—newly dubbed as "Thunderquaker"—in as his own, and return him to the former once he had left Morning Song. As Ji Chang thus continued his journey, he arrived at Morning Song one day to be entertained in the company of the other three grand dukes at the Golden Reception House. As the night flew and the four grand dukes enjoyed their wine to the fullest, E Chongyu, the Grand Duke of the East, began to spout words of hatred at Chong Houhu's actions in his drunken state. Being at a loss in judgement due to their state of mind, Chong Houhu and E Chongyu began to physically attack each other before Ji Chang forcefully pulled the two apart and sent them to their respective rooms. At the second watch that night, Ji Chang heard someone present at the reception house mutter that the blood of the grand dukes would stain the market walls the following day. Threatening to put every individual to death if the culprit did not show himself, the accused Yao Fu was thrown before Ji Chang's feet shortly. As Yao Fu, who was a relative of a royal messenger, told Ji Chang and Jiang Huanchu of the unfortunate past within the kingdom, Jiang Huanchu fell to his feet in misery over his daughter's cruel death while Ji Chang offered to create a petition in his behalf. Vowing to personally see King Zhou over the death of his precious daughter, Jiang Huanchu declared to Ji Chang that he should form his own report on the case instead. When Fei Zhong learned of their arrival before the capital, he told King Zhou that he should ignore any report that is to be handed to him the following morning—and the dukes should be publicly executed without condition. As King Zhou arrived within the Grand Hall the following morning, he announced forth the four grand dukes immediately. When Jiang Huanchu handed his report to King Zhou and calmly accused the latter for his barbarity, the former's robes were removed to prepare for his immediate execution. However, the other three grand dukes rushed forth protesting Huanchu's innocence.

Chapter 11: The Ill-Fortunes of the Grand Dukes

This chapter is titled "The Ill-Fortunes of the Grand Dukes". Seeing how King Zhou was to put Jiang Huanchu to death so blatantly, the other three grand dukes knelt before the king in shock and told the latter to reconsider his decision in the name of preserving his king-minister relationship. As Bi Gan spread forth their petition upon King Zhou's desk, he had little choice but to read it. Upon the reading of this petition, which elaborated the king's many wrongs, the latter flew into a great rage while tearing it to many pieces. Once the three dukes had been bounded immediately for such a slanderous petition, Yellow Flying Tiger and other princes knelt down and elaborated the grand duty and loyalty that the dukes fully showed throughout their many merits towards the name of the Shang Dynasty. After hearing their story, King Zhou came to a new conclusion: Ji Chang will be specially pardoned for his exceeded virtue and due loyalty while the other two dukes are to be executed at once as previously stated. Even with Yang Ren's continued plead to have mercy on the two remaining dukes, the king's decree was effectively carried out in efficient form none the less.

Following King Zhou's return to his palace, each minister wept profusely at such a tragedy while the remaining attendants of the two newly deceased dukes fled immediately to their respective dukedoms in a chance to attain a future rebellion. As two grand dukes were thus buried and Ji Chang made preparations to head back to his dukedom, Fei Zhong approached King Zhou and suggested to him that Ji Chang should effectively be destroyed lest he attempts to join forces with either Jiang Wenhuan of the east or E Shun in the south—the sons of the deceased dukes—due to his secret "inner treachery". By observing the former during his farewell feast, Fei Zhong could effectively determine if he was truly loyal to the dynasty; for if he seems the least bit treacherous, he should be disposed of immediately.

As Ji Chang thus presented his farewell to the king and Prime Minister Bi Gan, he rode to the Changting Pavilion where he was warmly welcomed by many high ranked ministers. With happiness and due dignity present within each minister's heart, Ji Chang was merrily treated to volleys of wine in a celebratory feast. Once both Fei Zhong and You Hun arrived shortly, each minister became

displeased and dispersed immediately at the sight of such criminals in their presence. With Ji Chang now alone with Fei Zhong and You Hun, the latter presented forth an especially large jug of wine equipped with extra-large cups for the former to drink from. As Ji Chang thus happily guzzled down several glasses, and became somewhat drunk, Fei Zhong purposely asked the former the fate of the Shang Dynasty. After stating that King Zhou would be the last monarch of the dynasty, and his rule will last for another decade or so, Ji Chang additionally foretold the rather strange death that Fei Zhong and You Hun will experience in the future: they will be frozen to death in ice. With expressive condolences towards Ji Chang's prophecies, Fei Zhong and You Hun shortly returned to the Fairy Longevity Palace to tell the king how truly foul the duke was. As Chao Tian—one of the Chao Twins—was thus deployed to bring back Ji Chang immediately by decree of King Zhou, Chao Tian arrived shortly before Ji Chang and rode back to the capital. Once Ji Chang was presented before King Zhou, and received the death punishment, Bi Gan defended the former, saying that divination is simply meant to predict the success or failure of future events—and was most definitely not invented by Ji Chang or used for the sole purpose to create his own rash predictions whatsoever. After thus being forced to make a divination to see if it will come true, Ji Chang stated that the Ancestral Temple shall burn to ashes at noon the following day. With such a prophecy being reciprocated in real form, King Zhou flew back in astonishment at Ji Chang's sage-like qualities. However, it was concluded that Ji Chang will escape the death punishment—but will be forced to live within Morning Song's Yaoli District as to ensure no future trouble is caused through such divination. Once peace is to be restored in the capital, Ji Chang would be freed from such containment. Bowing in gratitude towards the king's grace, Ji Chang was welcomed merrily into Yaoli as a leader of the people who possessed voidful hate towards King Zhou. One day into the future, Prince Yellow Flying Tiger received a report that Jiang Wenhuan of the south is attacking Youhun Pass, while E Shun is present at Sanshan. Now being fully rational over the rebellion of four-hundred marquises at present, he sighed with discontent before ordering his generals to protect the passes with all due haste.

Chapter 12: The Birth of Nezha

This chapter is titled "The Birth of Nezha". Present at Chentang Pass was none other than the renowned military commander Li Jing, who possessed the rare ability to travel through ground, metal, wood, or fire as taught by Superiorman Woe Evading Sage. Currently with two sons—Muzha and Jinzha--and his wife, Madam Yin, Li Jing was in a strange situation: his wife was seemingly pregnant for over three years and sixth months -- but never progressed into labor. However, as Yin had a strange dream one night, she suddenly gave birth to this strange child the following morning. With maidens rushing about saying that a demon was present in Yin's chambers, Li Jing immediately rushed forth into her room and cleaved in two a strange fleshy ball that rolled to and fro across the floor. Within the ball emerged a small young child with hair as white as snow with a gleaming golden bracelet on his right wrist. Taking the young child into his arms, Li Jing and his wife were both very delighted at the sight of their new son. As Fairy Primordial arrived shortly, and was happily welcomed into their territory, the former took hold of the child and declared his name to be 'Nezha'. After containing consent that Primordial could adopt the child as his own disciple, Li Jing continued to train his soldiers fervently throughout the following seven years of time. As Nezha ventured outside of the pass one day with a guard after his seven-year nurturing under Fairy Primordial, Nezha arrived before the Nine Bed River which sparkled with the light of the sun. Determined to take a bath in this stream as an escape from the great heat of summer, Nezha immediately took his clothes off and used the Sky Buddling Damask around his neck to wipe his body. Little did he know that each time this scarf touched the water the surface turned red; when it swished about, the ground beneath shook violently.

Ao Guang, the dragon king of the East Sea, thus ordered his yaksha scout, Li Gan, to find out the cause to each consistent tremors. After realizing Nezha to be the source of such tremors, Li Gan lashed his axe violently at the former in great rage—but only ended up losing his life shortly by Nezha's Universal Ring. As Ao Guang was informed of his scout's death, Ao Bing eased his father with word that he will find out the reason for such an action. Experiencing great ridicule and arrogance upon the meeting of Nezha, Third Prince Ao Bing lashed his jaden lance forthward with great renown. Using both of his legendary items with

synchronized ability, Nezha managed to strike the former dead—who thus returned to his original form: a silver dragon. Being informed by Ao Bing's soldiers that his third son lost his life in addition, Ao Guang's rage pierced the very skies as he transformed himself into a scholar to immediately see Li Jing on the issue. After angrily elaborating the issue to Li Jing, Ao Guang demanded to see Nezha in person without any moment to waste. When Nezha appeared before Ao Guang and apologetically handed him his third son's tendon that was previously ripped out, the former flew into greater contempt declaring fully that he would personally see the Jade Emperor to ensure their punishment. Feeling fully responsible for the great agony and frustration that his mother and father were now going through, Nezha declared that will see his master, Fairy Primordial, to see how he should deal with Ao Guang to ensure his family's safety. Using a dust cloud to move with great speed through the air, Nezha arrived shortly before his master's residence at Qianyuan Mountain. Knowing fully that the minor actions of the past were destined to occur, and such a matter was not worthy to be placed before the Jade Emperor himself, Fairy Primordial first drew invisibility charms on Nezha and then sent him to the Virtue Gate of the Heavenly Palace with his set instructions. Arriving in moderate time before the Virtue Gate, Nezha gazed in great admiration at the beauty and elegance that revolved around him; such a sight truly was far too great to ever be present within earth. As Ao Guang eventually arrived through the gate, he rode swiftly towards the South Heavenly Gate -- determined indeed to see the Jade Emperor at once. Realizing that such a gate was yet closed, a large pain suddenly erupted forth in his back as Nezha's Universal Ring landed a crucial blow to the former. Falling to the ground with Nezha grabbing hold of his neck, Ao Guang was truly in a difficult situation.

Chapter 13: Combat Between Two Fairies

This chapter is titled "Combat Between Two Fairies". As Nezha toppled about the dragon king and began beating him violently with his fist, the latter became even more infuriated. Determined to force Ao Guang to give up and return with him to the Chentang Pass, Nezha tore apart each individual scale upon his sides—effectively forcing the king to give in to such detriment. After Ao Guang had been ordered to take the form of a small lizard lest he attempted to escape, Nezha returned immediately to Chentang Pass in mere moments. Upon his return before Li Jing, Ao Guang resumed his original form, stamped his foot in unparalleled rage, and vowed to gather the dragon kings of each of the four seas in his next attempt to see the Jade Emperor. With Li Jing in a state of rejuvenated frustration, Nezha effectively calmed his father down by stating that he was decreed existence upon the Red Dust by the Jade Emptiness Palace; and if any trouble were to be presented before the Jade Emperor in the future, his master, Fairy Primordial, would take care of the situation with precise accuracy. As Nezha thus calmly walked off to his parent's garden after placing confidence in his father, he soon became rather bored and decided to climb the neighboring pass's watchtower to enjoy the afternoon breeze. After gazing forth at the great view before him, Nezha picked up a bow equipped with a set of three arrows that sat at the edge of this large tower. Deciding to better his archery technique, he shot one of three arrows—which glistened with brilliant crimson—into the southwest. Little did Nezha truly realize that this bow was wielded by none other than Emperor Xuanyuan within the past—for only one of immortal ability could have the strength to wield it. With even greater misfortune, this arrow happened to pierce the throat of Blue Cloud Lad of White Bone Cave on Skeleton Mountain.

As such an incident was immediately informed to Lady Rock, the mistress of the cave, the latter vowed to attain revenge against the conjectured criminal of such an incident: Li Jing. Following Lady Rock's immediate arrival before Chentang Pass, she wrapped up Li Jing with her yellow-scarved genie without a moment of hesitation. After thus returning to her mountain with the latter, Li Jing told Lady Rock that he would immediately find out who the true murderer was upon

his inspection of the sacred arrow. As Li Jing called for Nezha and shortly realized that he was indeed the criminal behind this new incident, the former led Nezha to Skeleton Mountain atop a dust cloud. Once Pretty Cloud Lad, the secondary disciple under Lady Rock, approached Nezha to call him in to the cavern, Nezha determined this to be the perfect chance to knock the former out cold due to the calamity that shall befall him in very short time anyways. Seeing her disciple near death on the ground, Lady Rock began to lash her sword at the latter in even greater rage. Unfortunately for Nezha, his legendary items were absorbed into the former's sleeves with ease when he attempted to unleash them—and he thus had no choice but to flee immediately to his master at Qianyuan Mountain. Hiding in the peach garden immediately upon his arrival, Fairy Primordial left his domain to confront Lady Rock as she pursued the former. After yelling profusely at Fairy Primordial in her desire to confront Nezha, the latter retorted by saying that Nezha is destined to perform such calamities—and such an incident is only minor and of no real significance compared to his true future performance. Realizing that his words were unfutured, and her only method to get past his resolve would be to approach his master at the Jade Emptiness Palace, the former decided to duel Fairy Primordial to prove her skill as being greater. Even with her magical item--the Dragon Beard Handkerchief—she proved inferior as the latter evaded and negated her every blow like the flow of water. Thus trapping her easily inside his great Nine Dragon Divine Fire Coverlet, Fairy Primordial glanced down at Nezha--who peered outside the cave—to head immediately to his family's residence due to the Jade Emperor's consentation of Ao Guang's request. Thus telling Nezha what he should do during his arrival, Fairy Primordial clapped his hands to put the irrational Lady Rock to her rest in a pit of flames. Approaching the four dragon kings, who arrived shortly at his house, Nezha began to break his bones, gouge out his intestines, and slit his belly as a representation of the punishment that he deserves—and the innocence that is deserving of his parents. Seeing Nezha dead in a large pool of blood, Ao Guang and the other dragon kings consented to his sacrifice—and declared his parent's as innocent and free of any form of punishment.

Chapter 14: Reincarnation with Lotus Flowers

This chapter is titled "Reincarnation with Lotus Flowers". As the soul of Nezha appeared before Fairy Primordial recently after the former's death, the latter told Nezha to approach his mother in a dream and tell her to construct a temple on Jade Screen Mountain that is to be worshiped with incense and candles for over three years of time; following the three years, Nezha will be able to reincarnate into his original human form once again. Thus continuously pleading to his mother for the construction of his temple so that he could rest in peace, she finally ordered her attendants to do as such—resulting in the temple's completion following the passage of ten months. As Li Jing was naturally not informed of such a construction less he attempted to tare it down in the future, many people soon gathered to worship before the beautifully articulated temple due to the seemingly good fortune that resulted in such worship. Descending one day from the Wild Horse Mountain after thoroughly drilling his troops, Li Jing noticed many individuals gathering around a neighboring temple that was supposedly dedicated to "God Nezha". Burning the temple down shortly and calming the people with the truth, Li Jing returned immediately to see his wife and reprimand her for such one-sided thinking. As Nezha heard what happened through his temple secretaries, he headed to see his master at Qianyuan Mountain to explain the current situation. Realizing that Nezha is to be reincarnated as soon as possible without a single moment of delay, Fairy Primordial ordered his attendant, Golden Haze Lad, to retrieve two lotus flowers and three lotus leaves from the lotus pond immediately. Performing a special process with his lotus leaves and flowers shortly after being received, Nezha suddenly lept forth in a new human body without the slightest defect following a puff of smoke. Bowing in unparalleled gratitude before his master, Nezha was trained immediately with the Fire-Tip Lance combined with his new Wind-Fire Wheels, and ended up mastering such an art in very short time.

Before leaving Qianyuan to attain revenge against Li Jing, Fairy Primordial handed the former his original legendary items—after being retrieved off of Lady Rock's corpse—along with a golden brick that could change its mass at the user's will. Riding upon his flaming wheels with quick pace, and arriving before

Li Jing's residence shortly, several guards reported the former's arrival—and Li Jing had little choice but to see if what they said was really true. Appearing before Nezha in great shock due to his miraculous return, Li Jing slashed his lance upon the former—but only ended up fleeing to the southeast after experiencing the celestial renown that Nezha now possessed. Pursueing the latter with great ease with his Wind-Fire Wheels, Li Jing knew that his life was to end shortly and thus fled for his life at the fastest speed he could muster. As Li Jing happened to fortunately run into his second son, Muzha, along the way, he immediately explained the situation with quick words while hiding behind the former. Appearing before Muzha, Nezha soon learned that the person standing before him was his second brother—and he thus told the latter his reason for such an action. Without any hesitation for sympathy on Nezha's part due to unfilialness, Muzha lashed his sword forth at the former—but only ended up being knocked in the stomach by Nezha's golden brick after leaving an opening. Falling to the ground in moderate unconsciousness after receiving such a heavily blow, Nezha seized this chance to pursue Li Jing further in his amusement. Resolved that he would only end up with further calamity if such shamefulness continued, Li Jing prostrated himself on the ground in preparation for his ritual suicide. Just before such could be performed, Master of Outstanding Culture suddenly appeared to stop the former with immediate pace.

With a large revolving lotus within his palm, the Taoist immediately ordered Li Jing to hide in his neighboring cavern while he personally confronts the pursuer. As Nezha thus arrived before Master of Outstanding Culture, and realized that the former was hiding Li Jing in his cave, Nezha boasted that he would slash him to pieces with his lance if he were to continue to shelter his father without understanding the true situation at hand. After telling Master of Outstanding Culure his name, and the respective master that he has trained under, Nezha began to lunge forward at the Taoist master knowing it probably wasn't the best choice. Immediately parrying Nezha's lance with the lotus flower within his palm, Master of Outstand Culture unleashed forth his renowned Dragon Bound Stake -- effectively placing the former's mind into great confusion and thus resulting in easy capture. As Nezha shortly realized that he was completely bound to a golden stake with rings around his arms and legs, Master of Outstanding Culture ordered his disciple, Jinzha, to beat him with his cane as punishment. After they both returned to their cave after giving Nezha a long and severe beating, Fairy Primordial arrived from the skies to meet with Master of Outstanding Culture. Walking into the Taoist's cave while ignoring Nezha's pleas completely, the former declared to Outstanding Culture that he sent him here for

the sole purpose of temperment. With Nezha thus being set free shortly, he kneeled with dignity before his master within the cavern. As Li Jing was reprimanded for the cruelty of burning down Nezha's sacrificial temple, he was soon dismissed but ordered to show no further animosity towards Nezha from this point on—and vice-versa. With Nezha thus being ordered to keep watch of the cave entrance while the two superiormen played a round of chess, the former could not contain himself and left to pursue Li Jing immediately atop his flaming wheels. Believing to be fooled completely by the previous immortal due to Nezha's refreshed pursuit, Li Jing fortunately caught sight of a man sitting on the side of a pine tree—and thus called to the latter for assistance.

Running up to the man and hiding behind him, Nezha arrived shortly and explained the situation to this man, determined to vent his hatred. Giving in to Nezha's furiosity, the man spat on Li Jing and then clapped his hand to the former's back. As Li Jing was ordered by this man to fight back Nezha with little other choice, Nezha soon realized that his father's strength was far greater than originally—and thus the man standing at the pine tree must be none other than a Taoist who is a master at the enhancement arts. Realizing that if he effectively destroyed the Taoist, his father's strength would not be surpassing his own, Nezha lunged forward and slashed his lance into the latter's forehead. As a lotus flower appeared before his face to negate Nezha's blow, the Taoist angrily unleashed forth his great golden pagoda from the skies to trap the former within as punishment. Clapping his hands to additionally signal a great fire to rage within the pagoda, Nezha had no choice but to beg for mercy and declare his acknowledgement to his father -- thus seizing the chance of being set free. Realizing that he possessed not a single burn from the Taoist's great fire, Nezha deduced the former's ability to be none other than genjutsu. Threatening to burn Nezha further in his pagoda if he did not kowtow to his father with needed respect, the former had no choice but to do so in a rageful state. As the Taoist thus declared to Li Jing that he will teach him the burning pagoda art as a resistance against Nezha's potential future assaults, Nezha would be dismissed first—and thus quickly rode back to Qianyuan Mountain in disappointment over his sullied vengeance. Now declaring his name to be Burning Lamp of Mount Divine Hawk, the former told Li Jing to forget about fame and riches under the Shang Dynasty and to live as a hermit in the neighboring mountain valleys until the preordained assault upon the dynasty comes his way; at that time he should assist King Wu in the campaign.

Chapter 15: Jiang Ziya Leaves Mount Kunlun

This chapter is titled "Jiang Ziya Leaves Mount Kunlun". Living within the Jade Emptiness Palace on Mount Kunlun, Heavenly Primogenitor was honored as Grand Master of Chan Taoism. Through a past meeting between the heads of Chan and Jie Taoism, and Confucianism, 365 gods would be chosen in the future as to represent the constellations, stars, sacred mountains, clouds, and the such. Such a creation served as to set each individual who died for their respective cause in the future war between the Shang Dynasty and the coming Zhou, to be reborn as a guardian of the Red Dust to ensure their individual resolve lives throughout the stars. After the Shang Dynasty falls, Jiang Ziya is destined to be the chooser of such an outcome. As Heavenly Primogenitor thus ascended his Eight Treasure and Cloud Radiance Throne one day, and asked for Jiang Ziya to appear before him, the latter knelt with great dignity towards his master for over forty years of valued service. Telling Jiang Ziya immediately his destined assistance to the sage king and his service as commander and prime minister in the name of the future Zhou Dynasty, the latter became rather discomforted over such a sudden statement and desired to stay by his master for eternity instead. With little other choice then to obey his master's declaration, Jiang Ziya received a prophecy from Primogenitor before taking his leave of the mountain with tears flowing from his eyes. Realizing his blatant confusion as to where he should start in his journey, he decided to head immediately to Song Village to see his sworn brother, Song Yiren. Arriving at the latter's residence shortly and offering his condolences, the two sworn brothers sat beside each other with cups of fine wine. After discussing with Jiang Ziya various events and other incidents, Song decided that his old friend is in need of a wife so that his family line could continue on—and thus the latter left to see Ma Hong to set up a future engagement with his daughter. Returning later to tell Jiang Ziya his success, the two prepared for an auspicious day in which such a marriage could take place. Following the shortly arrived marriage with Madame Ma, the two lived for some time under the support of Song Yiren, who was exceedingly rich and possessed high status within the community.

As Jiang Ziya began to make bamboo rakes as a form of business at Capital

Morning Song less anything were to happen with Yiren's support within the future, he unfortunately was not able to even sell a single rake—and thus returned to his original residence with great misery and frustration in short time. After attaining suggestion from Yiren that flour made from ground wheat would result in much better sale within the capital, Jiang Ziya carried the flour to Morning Song the following day in great confidence. However, disaster only became greater as Jiang Ziya was tackled feriously by a horse raging from Morning Song's drilling ground, resulting in flour spilling in every direction. Returning to his residence without a single cent made from the flour, Jiang Ziya began to violently quarrel with his wife over such ill-fortune experienced in the past. As Yiren took his old friend aside to comfort him over his bad luck, the former declared to Jiang Ziya that he could work as an accountant or shopkeeper daily in one of fifty restaurants that he possesses within Morning Song. With immense gratitude over his brother's suggestion, Jiang Ziya assigned himself to a large restaurant that neighbored the southern gate of Morning Song—the busiest section within the city region. Unfortunately however, every individual present within the city remained indoors due to a terrible rainstorm that ran amok throughout the entire day. Without ever attaining a single customer, Jiang Ziya forced his staff to devour all prepared food lest it were to spoil over their terrible luck. As his sworn brother followed by handing Ziya a few taels of silver to buy and sell livestock within the capital, the latter did as he advised and thus spent several days buying sheeps and pigs for further profit. Driving a great number of animals to the market place at Morning Song the next day, Jiang Ziya hardly realized that slaughtering livestock was strictly prohibited lest Heaven became angry and expanded the capital's days of drought. With guards thus running at the former for his intentions to make profit from the slaughterhouses, Jiang Ziya had no choice but to flee for his life while abandoning his animals. Following his return back to Song Yiren, the latter simply smiled while declaring to Jiang Ziya that they should both head to the back garden and drink away their past sorrows.

Chapter 16: Burning the Jade Lute Specter

This chapter is titled "Burning the Jade Lute Specter". Entering the back garden shortly, and gazing forth with keen delight at the beauty around him, Jiang Ziya suggested to Song Yiren that a tower should be constructed within its vacant space as to ensure great fortune with geomancy. After being told by the latter that such an action was constantly performed in the past, but the tower mysteriously burned down each consecutive time, Jiang Ziya realized that spirits must have been at work previously. As the tower's beams were thus risen during the auspicious day ensured of success by Ziya, a rather fiercely expected wind rose about while Song Yiren entertained the guards in the front hall. Gazing forth at five large fiery spirits within the air, Jiang Ziya conjectured that they had evil intentions behind their former actions -- and thus sent a thundercrack throughout the sky to force the spirits to kneel before him. Having mercy on the spirits for originally being animals and not knowing what true trouble that they caused in the past, Jiang Ziya declared that they should each head to the Western Foothills for now until he finds a laborish job for them to perform when he eventually arrives. Following their immediate consent and departure, Madame Ma and Sun gazed at Jiang Ziya from the shadows in wonder as to why he was talking to himself in such a strange manner. Explaining such an action as being incomprehensible to the former, they soon realized that Jiang Ziya is well skilled in the art of fortune-telling. As Madame Sun thus urged her husband to find a shop for Jiang Ziya to use for his fortune-telling, Song Yiren declared shortly that he will tell some of his servants to rent a house neighboring the south gate district of Morning Song for his future use. With the fortune-telling house thus being opened after a short while, Jiang Ziya waited patiently for over four months before finally attaining his first customer: a woodcutter by the name of Liu Qian. Unfortunately for Ziya however, Liu was known for his fierceness and brutality. After declaring that if the former's divination was incorrect, he would close down his shop—and if he was correct, he will reward him with twenty ounces of copper—Jiang Ziya gave the former this prophecy: 'If you are to head south, you will find a man under a willow tree that will give you 120 coppers, four dishes of fresh cake, and two cups of wine. Even though Liu Qian stated his prediction as being far from accurate, he ventured south as told—thus appearing

before an old man under a large willow tree as previously stated. After effectively receiving 100 coppers from the old man following the purchase of his well-fined firewood, Liu was offered wine and refreshments immediately. Once Liu had realized that the wine bowl filled exactly two cups to the very brim, he sat in astonishment at such precise accuracy.

Upon his receiving of 20 coppers in addition due to the old man's gracious mood, Liu Qian ran back to the south-gate district stating that a celestial being was indeed present. Being far too astonished and excited over Jiang Ziya's celestial accuracy to pay him any money, Liu Qian decided to grab hold of a neighboring yamen business manager and force him to have his fortune foretold instead. As the former told this man he will pay if Jiang Ziya's prophecy proved false, the manager had little choice but to go along with such a deal. With precise accuracy in his future prediction as well, Jiang Ziya's fortune-telling shop soared in popularity throughout the capital in rather quick pace. Following the passage of six months, Jiang Ziya's name soared throughout the region—attracting many foreigners from far and wide to experience his grand insight. As Jade, the lute specter under Empress Nu Wa, bade farewell to Daji one morning, she heard many great noises beneath her while soaring through the skies on her spectral cloud. Realizing that the area beneath her was a fortune-telling center by the great clamor around her, she transformed into an exceedingly beautiful woman before moving swiftly through the crowds in order to attain her own prediction. Allowing for her fortune to be immediately read before all others after seeing that she was indeed a specter despite her appearance, Jiang Ziya grabbed hold of her palm and held on tightly for an excruciating period of time. Crying in discomfort at Jiang's action, more people gathered around ordering Jiang to stop his action for further trouble will result. Not letting this chance dare slip away from his grasp, Jiang Ziya seized the moment to crack her skull with his ink slab in one vile thrust while still holding on to her palm lest her true specter form could escape. As Prime Minister Bi Gan attained full word of this, Jiang Ziya appeared shortly before the former, still holding the visibly dead woman's palm, while exclaiming his full reasoning behind such an action. Leaving the southern gate district with Jiang Ziya lest a great riot was to ensue, they both headed to the palace gates while the former presented himself before King Zhou at the Star Picking Mansion to explain the situation. With Jiang Ziya thus being sent before the king, he kneeled with deep respect while declaring to the former that he could essentially prove that this woman is indeed a specter if she is burned in a fierce fire for over four hours with charms stamped on her breasts and back. As such an action was fully performed, Bi Gan and King Zhou sat in utter

astonishment at Jiang Ziya's most extraordinary potential.

Chapter 17: The Serpent Pit

This chapter is titled "The Serpent Pit". As everyone present gazed at Jade's ability to withstand the fierce fire without the slightest burn on her body, Jiang Ziya unleashed divine fire from his mouth by tempering both his vital energies and spirit into breath. Telling Bi Gan and King Zhou to temporarily head inside lest they are harmed, Jiang Ziya summoned forth a large thunderbolt to completely destroy Jade, thus leaving her as nothing more than a large lute on the ground. Daji, who saw her sister meet such a disastrous end, suggested to the king that Ziya should be appointed to a high position—while still harboring evil intentions to kill the former in one way or the other to attain revenge. After thus being appointed as Junior Minister and Director of the Imperial Observatory, Jiang Ziya celebrated for several days with Song Yiren and other relatives in congratulations. While meanwhile placing the attained lute in a position in which it had free access to the spiritual essences of Heaven, earth, the sun, and the moon, Daji could effectively revive Jade after around five years of time. As Daji began to sing and dance in King Zhou's entertainment one day within the Star Picking Belvadere, the former noticed seventy individual maids who only shed tears in silence instead of applauding her beautiful performance. Realizing shortly that these maidens originally served under Queen Jiang, Daji suggested to keep them contained temporarily within the court prison while she supervises the construction of a large pit—240 feet in circumference and 50 in depth—that is to be full of countless lethal snakes collected from each potential household within the capital. Once King Zhou fully unleashed this decree, people from every corner rushed about to find as many serpents as possible—even to the extent of heading to countries beyond Morning Song just to meet the king's demand lest they received punishment in any form. As Supreme Minister Jiao Ge inspected as to why people ran about with baskets in their hands all-day long, without any successful information attained, the former discussed this issue with other high ranking ministers in order to devise a way to uncover the reason. After attaining full consent on his plan, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the Chief of Guards and offered him a grand reward if he uncovers the truth from His Majesty. With the pit being essentially filled completely with snakes following the passage of five days, Daji told the king that the maidens should be stripped completely before being thrown alive into the pit to be devoured. With King Zhou's immediate consent for the maidens to be thrown into the pit shortly

that day, Jiao Ge attained word of the former's atrocity by the Chief of Guards afterwards. Being stunned with horror and anger at such an outrageous decree, Jiao Ge presented himself before the king immediately.

Yelling at the king for his behavior with full words of devotion in the name of the dynasty, Jiao Ge was soon ordered to be thrown into the snake pit in addition for his insolence. Not allowing for such a shameful death to be his end, Jiao Ge smashed his head into the ground instead as an act of suicide. As the maidens were thus shortly thrown into the pit without a moment of hesitation, King Zhou patted Daji on the back in praise of her ingenious methods of torture. After Daji had suggested a 'Meat Forest' to be constructed to the left of the snake pit that possessed thick branches hung with slices of meat all around as a creative punishment game to future disobeying ministers, she additionally suggested the 'Wine Pool': an exceedingly deep pit with wine to drink from for the same playful purpose of the former. Upon the consent of such strange "torture devices", Daji added in later to King Zhou that both the eunuchs and the palace maids should physically wrestle each other for a set period of time; whoever seemed the weaker would have their bodies thrown within the Meat Forest after being beaten to death by golden hammers. Following King Zhou's consent, this became his favored form of entertainment from that point onwards. The true reason behind why Daji suggested such an outrageous method of torture, however, was to secretly feast on the blood and flesh of the deceased within the Meat Forest while in her fox sprite state throughout each night. Sitting down one day and remembering the humiliation she felt at the death of her sister, Daji drew a magnificent building complex on a sheet of paper and brought it before King Zhou at the Star Picking Belvedere as a chance to attain her long-awaited revenge. Telling the former that this building—newly dubbed as the 'Happy Terrace'—should possess jeweled halls and towers and stand forty-nine feet high, she exclaimed that it will be the perfect manifestation of his dignity and prestige as ruler of the Shang Dynasty. Resembling jade as beautifully articulated as a heavenly palace, celestial beings would be bound to appear for feasts and kneel in respect before King Zhou's magnificent glory. Due to additionally adding the appearance of celestial beings within this terrace, Daji could effectively convince the king that Jiang Ziya is the only present official within the kingdom that would be able to perform such an unrealistic task. Following the king's consent, and the order for Jiang Ziya to appear before him immediately, Jiang realized through divination that he was destined to meet one form of disaster shortly. Knowing that he most likely could never attain any chance to repay Prime Minister Bi Gan's kindness within the future, he appeared

before the latter quickly and handed him a set of instructions less the prime minister were to meet some form of calamity at a later point. As Jiang Ziya thus appeared before King Zhou and was handed the project's constructional report, he thought to himself how to effectively put reformation into the king's thinking and excuse such a project with full rationality.

Chapter 18: Flight From Morning Song

This chapter is titled "Flight From Morning Song". As King Zhou asked Jiang Ziya his thoughts on the project, the latter stated that it will take around thirty-five years to produce considering the current labor with the people and the additional lack within the national treasury. Unfortunately however, Jiang Ziya foolishly went too far with his words by additionally stating the king's deluded qualities—and was thus ordered for an immediate execution without even considering his former reasoning. Running for his life lest he were caught by King Zhou's guards, Jiang Ziya soon approached the Nine Dragon Bridge and jumped into the river beneath after confirming to everyone around him that it will be his act of suicide. Gazing into the water and not noticing his body—or any movement at that—the guards were rather confused but reported the case to the king nonetheless. Little did anyone truly understand that Jiang Ziya mounted an underwater cloud and flew away in reality. Being fully resolved to search the waters afterwards lest Ziya was playing any form of trickery, the guards gazed continuously at the waters beneath the Nine Dragon Bridge before having their reasoning checked by Yang Ren. As Daji suggested afterwards to King Zhou that Chong Houhu is the best choice for the Happy Terrace's production, the latter ordered the secretariat to head immediately to Houhu's dukedom. Being stopped by Yang Ren along the way, Yang Ren was shortly informed of the Happy Terrace and thus headed immediately to the Star Picking Mansion to discuss the current circumstances with King Zhou. As Yang Ren placed forth his suggestions in a manner that upset the king as usual, the latter ordered for Yang Ren's eyes to be gouged out as punishment. Once the former sat in agony and disgust as such a cruel action was performed for little reason, Superiorman Virtue of the Pure Void on Mount Green Peak heard his cries of pain and ordered his genie to take action with quick pace. As such an action was effectively carried out with a grand wind-sandstorm, the unconscious Yang Ren was shortly placed before the feet of Pure Void. Placing two celestial elixirs into Yang's eye sockets, and blowing celestial breath into his face, Pure Void immediately awoke the former. Now in possession of two small hands that protruded from his sockets with one eye in each palm, Yang Ren vowed to serve eternally under his new master upon the hearing of the latter's kindness. Meanwhile, Chong Houhu

had begun the construction of the Happy Terrace that not only forced thousands into exceedingly deep labor but additionally killed many out of exhaustion and turmoil. Returning to his original residence shortly, Jiang Ziya approached Madame Ma and explained his desire to head quickly to the Western Foothills and attain the position of prime minister -- as is his destiny; for if she were to stay by his side, she would enjoy endless honor and great fame -- but Madame Ma unfortunately declined such an offer due to her lack of confidence in the former, and thinking of him as no more than an unrealistic failure who simply had luck in the past.

After a note of divorce was officially created so that both could part their ways justifiably, Jiang Ziya was invited by Song Yiren to have one final farewell drink in the name of their eternal friendship. Parting from his old friend with tears flowing from his eyes, Jiang Ziya rode onwards throughout the countryside before coming upon several hundred refugees stationed within Lintong Pass. Unfortunately however, all refugees present intended on voyaging through the five passes but were firmly held off by the garrison commander known as Zhang Feng. With due confidence and reassurance to the people, Jiang Ziya personally went forth to discuss the current circumstances with the commander. Unfortunately however, Zhang Feng strongly declined Jiang Ziya's offer to allow the people passage due to his firmness in upholding the law and will decreed by the king. Jiang Ziya thus had little choice but to inform the people of the commander's words while telling them set instructions: 'At dusk, you are to have your eyes firmly closed. A fierce sound of wind will rush about -- but at no account should you open your eyes unless you wish to fall to your death.'

Kowtowing to Mountain Kunlun while reciting many incantations, every refugee was lifted throughout the air by a fierce wind and soon placed before the Golden Chicken Range--which was beyond the capital's five passes. After expressing their deep gratitude towards Jiang Ziya, each individual stationed themselves thereon within Phoenix City to live out their days in well-deserved peace. As Bo Yi Kao sat discussing current affairs with San Yisheng, the former declared his clear resolve to head to Morning Song immediately in order to prove the faith and love he possesses towards his father by freeing him from his chains as previously ordained. Even with San Yisheng's suggestions not to, such words meant nothing compared to the pain that Bo Yi Kao felt within his heart -- and he thus made preparations for his departure.

Chapter 19: Gifts to the King

This chapter is titled "Gifts to the King". Holding San Yisheng's words very dearly, Bo Yi Kao still believed that his actions would be for the best -- and thus informed his younger brother, Ji Fa, of his ascension as the temporarily ruler of the Western Foothills until he returns from the capital after around two or three months. Thus selecting an auspicious day for his departure, Bo Yi Kao soon departed to Morning Song following his final toast of farewell to the civil and military officials at the Changting Pavilion. Arriving before Morning Song in short time without much effort sacrificed, Bo Yi Kao stationed himself within an official hostel before leaving to the palace gate in mourning robes the following day. Not daring to enter through the gates with his memorial lest his aura of dutifulness and loyalty to the king swayed in any way, Bo Yi Kao was approached by none other than Prime Minister Bi Gan one day. Kowtowing before the latter due to his past kindness, Bo Yi Kao shortly told him the tributes that he shall present to the king: the Seven Fragrance Carriage (which was solely used by Emperor Xuanyuan), a sobriety carpet, a white-faced monkey, and ten maidens of exceeded beauty. Realizing that Bo Yi Kao simply had filial intentions backing his resolve, Bi Gan immediately informed the king of the former's desire for audience. Kneeling with unparalleled respect before King Zhou while elaborating the reason for his appearance, the latter was deeply touched by his filial piety and courtesy and thus ordered for him to stand on his feet. As Daji gazed at Bo Yi Kao with lust over his handsomeness, she informed the king of the boy's great reputation in the art of music. Being promised by King Zhou that if his skills were to exceed his expectations he will allow both him and his father to leave the capital with open arms, the latter reluctantly accepted such a challenge. Playing the zither with keen ability and prowess, Daji and King Zhou alike were very pleased—and thus ordered a banquet at the Star Picking Mansion in his honor. Gazing at Bo Yi Kao from across the table during their banquet, Daji lusted to have sex with him no matter what it would take. Thus desiring the former over a deluded old man like King Zhou, Daji told the king that Bo Yi Kao should stay at the capital not only to teach her lessons with the zither, but to additionally spread such beautiful music throughout the whole capital for the benefit of everyone. Following King Zhou's consent, Daji brought forth many glasses of fine wine for the former as an additional feast until he was essentially intoxicated and put forth to his bed for rest. Now sitting

alone with Bo Yi Kao and her own zither in hand, Daji was thoroughly told of each individual trait possessed within the beautiful instrument. However, she cared little about such; her only desire in mind was to arouse Bo Yi Kao in any way possible—and many amorous smiles, glances, and sweetful words were thus performed. Realizing that her actions were meaningless, as the former never even paid any attention to them, Daji invited Bo Yi Kao to sit by her side at the honor of being her tutor during a newly prepared feast.

Being reluctant to preserve his propriety and righteousness than to sit by the Queen's side due to his lowly position, Daji had little choice but to continue the zither lessons instead. During their continued lessons together Daji declared that if she could sit on his lap, she could effectively make rapid progress as he holds her hand while guiding through the strings. Unfortunately however, Bo Yi Kao irrationally yelled at the former stating that such actions would be great shame to the title of Queen and thus declined immediately. Dismissing him to his quarters, Daji informed King Zhou the following morning in her rage that Kao did little more than seduce her the former night rather than assist with the zither. Being approached the following morning by King Zhou and Daji, Bo Yi Kao was reprimanded for his slow tutoring performance the night before, and was thus ordered to play another tune to redeem himself. After playing his zither with keen ability, he placed forth his white-faced monkey at Daji's request—thus enchanting all around with its superb music and synchronization. However, this monkey's music was used to bring out any neighboring evil spirit to the forefront; as Daji's true form came forth in her enchantment, the monkey seized this chance to lunge forthward and attack her. Falling to the ground dead by a swift blow of King Zhou's hand, Bo Yi Kao would be arrested but freed after convincing the former that it was nothing more than an undomesticated animal of little intelligence—and it most definitely didn't have the capability of plotting to hurt Daji. Thus being ordered by the king to play one more tune with his zither to see if he truly reflects loyalty and sincerity, Bo Yi Kao began playing his instrument with many defiant words as a full expression of his hatred towards those who defy integrity and righteousness. Solely intending to get back at Daji for her unethical manner previously, and preserving his loyalty to the king in every way, Bo Yi Kao attached a long blade to his zither and threw it directly at Daji's face in an attempt to put an end to her life even if it cost his own. Fortunately for Daji however, she managed to leap out of the way while tumbling to the ground in shock. As King Zhou roared with rage at such an unexpected action, he ordered the guards to throw Bo Yi Kao into the snake pit as punishment. Begging the king to do what she wished with him, Daji ordered the executioners to nail Bo Yi

Kao's hands and feet to a board while his flesh was cut from his body piece by piece. Swearing at Daji up until his last dying breath, it was soon be decided that his flesh will be made into small cakes and sent to Ji Chang to determine if he is worthy to be freed. If he eats the cakes, he is ordinary and should thus be freed; but if Ji Chang refuses to eat them out of personal views, he is to be executed as to destroy any potential trouble in the future.

Chapter 20: San Yisheng Bribes the Corrupt Courtiers

This chapter is titled "San Yisheng Bribes the Corrupt Courtiers". Being imprisoned within Youli for seven years of time, Ji Chang studied the theory of the eight diagrams throughout each passing moment while writing a book known as the 'Book of Changes' during his confinement. While sitting in his studies and performing divination with gold coins one day, believing that something unfortunate has taken place in his family, Ji Chang soon realized that his son, Bo Yi Kao, had met a cruel and unfortunate death. Being approached shortly by a palace messenger, and offered three large cakes of deer flesh as a token of King Zhou's respect for the former, Ji Chang happily accepted the cakes and immediately ate all three in his unparalleled show of gratitude. Knowing fully that he had just devoured the flesh of his precious son, Ji Chang sat on the ground and began weeping profusely over what little choice he possessed during the situation. As King Zhou and Fei Zhong were fiercely clashing against each other during a game of chess, the messenger soon arrived and informed the king of Ji Chang's resolution. Deciding that Ji Chang should be excused from Youli after hearing his report, Fei Zhong swiftly retorted by stating that if Ji Chang were to return to his homeland at the current time he would most likely be influenced strongly not only by the bloodlustful people of the Western Foothills due to Bo Yi Kao's death, but the southern and northern dukes in addition because of the strong potential they emanate. Seeing that it would be a more rational resolution to keep Ji Chang detained, no matter how loyal he may seem from the outside, King Zhou consented to the former's suggestion. As the entourage under Bo Yi Kao were soon informed by loyal ministers of their master's death, they fled through the night until arriving within Phoenix City to express their woes before Ji Fa. Bursting into many tears at the hearing of his elder brother's death, Nangong Kuo cried from among the generals present saying that is essential at all costs to deploy an army against the capital in order to wipe out King Zhou and effectively replace him with a true ruler.

Everyone present within the court ground their teeth in rage and glared with great hatred as they agreed with Nangong to destroy the tyrant at all costs possible. With San Yisheng moving forward and reprimanding all around for

their lack of control, the former firmly stated that if such an action were put into motion and reported to the capital, all of Ji Chang's years of loyal service and reputation would be nothing more than roadside chaff. With these words San Yisheng additionally stated that two messengers should be sent with gold, jade, and other valuable items, from their dukedom to the residence of Fei Zhong and You Hun to attain potential support in the future -- and will more than likely result in Ji Chang's well-deserved excusion. After additional letters are also to be sent in secret to these two ministers, the soldiers of the Western Foothills shall be drilled day and night as to prepare for a chance later on to strike at the capital with the other dukes. With two generals--Tai Dian and Hong Yao--effectively chosen for this task, they were ordered to take the guise of merchants traveling to the capital in offering to the suffering people. Not daring to stay at a government hostel following their arrival at the capital less they were found out, the two generals approached their respective supreme minister's lodgings that night. As Tai Dian kneeled before Fei Zhong in great respect, the former placed before him a letter from Supreme Minister San Yisheng stating that he will receive over 10,000 taels of silver and other valuable gifts if he is to free Ji Chang as an expression of his inner virtue and compassion. Ensuring Tai Dian that he will do his utmost to set Ji Chang free at all costs, the latter left shortly with the same results as his ally general. Experiencing two successive wins within chess against both Fei Zhong and You Hun a few days later, King Zhou prepared a feast for the three of them as celebration. Beginning a discussion of Ji Chang, Fei Zhong declared that he had recently sent a few trustworthy men to Youli District with the sole purpose of analyzing Ji Chang's current motives following the death of Bo Yi Kao--for this would effectively prove if he still harbored his supposed loyalty even after the conjectured knowing of his son's death. Hearing reports from these men that Ji Chang was burning incense at every moment in the ensurance of King Zhou's health and never uttered a single word of defiance to the current situation, Fei Zhong knew wholely that the former was indeed not a threat to the capital and was a minister of the highest loyalty. As King Zhou heard such a report from Fei Zhong, he additionally asked You Hun for his take on the situation. With research that reciprocated Fei Zhong's analyzation on Ji Chang, You Hun stated that if Ji Chang were effectively freed, he could be appointed into the position of prince and used to subdue the rebelling Northern and Southern grand dukes through words due to the natural respect that they possess towards the former -- and thus may even be encouraged to stop their rebellion. The fact that Ji Chang is to be freed simply out of consideration, his resolve to uphold the kindness bestowed upon him by the king would naturally increase and thus strengthen such an outcome. King

Zhou thus issued a decree that stated Ji Chang's essential pardon and his freedom from confinement.

As the ministers all around clapped their hands in joy upon the hearing of Ji Chang's well-deserved attainment of freedom, a palace messenger immediately set out for Youli District with written decree in hand. Sitting inside his inner chambers with continued detriment over the death of his unfortunate son, Ji Chang made a divination with golden coins following a sudden ominous windstorm. After realizing that King Zhou will pardon him that day, the palace messenger arrived shortly and officially stated the king's decree. Packing his belongings with both joy and sorrow, the people of Youli crowded before him and offered what they could in return for the former's immense kindness in the past. As they escorted the duke some distance from Youli District, every individual present gave their final farewells in tears. Arriving before high ranking ministers such as Bi Gan and Yellow Flying Tiger at the palace gates, Ji Chang expressed his immense gratitude at their kindness for freeing him from his extended confinement. Being in a state of great happiness in addition, an order was soon put forth that stated Ji Chang's presence before King Zhou. Dressing in convictual garb as he presented himself before the king, Ji Chang kneeled in respect and stated his many vows of gratitude. Being thus authorized to undertake military operations as chief of all dukes and appointed as overseeing prince, King Zhou additionally placed forth a banquet at the Dragon Virtue Court in his honor. With each minister smiling with delight at such good fortune for Ji Chang--now known as Prince Wen--the latter paraded for two days throughout the capital's streets in a demonstration of his glory. Late into the afternoon during his second day of parade, Ji Chang was approached by Prince Yellow Flying Tiger and consented to the former's proposal of a personal drink at his residence. Personally sitting down and accompanying Ji Chang with many drinks, Yellow Flying Tiger firmly told him that he is in need of ceasing his current parading and should leave as quickly as possible lest any other unpredictable occurrence runs about in such a collosally-torn capital like Morning Song. Feeling as if he had been completely awoken to reality, Prince Wen calmly asked the former how he is get through the five passes. Handing him many military tallies and suggesting that he guises himself as a royal patrolmen to easily make his way through the passes, Yellow Flying Tiger gave one final bow to Prince Wen before being dismissed. That same evening, Yellow Flying Tiger ordered two of his generals--Long Huan and Wu Yan--to open the west gate of the capital and secretly escort Ji Chang from within.

Chapter 21: Flight Through the Five Passes

This chapter is titled "Flight Through the Five Passes". With the help of Yellow Flying Tiger, Ji Chang managed to cross the Yellow River in a single night and then make his way towards Lintong Pass -- the first of five passes. As many officials became exceedingly worried as to why Ji Chang failed to return throughout the entire night, Fei Zhong soon attained word of the situation and thus sat down with You Hun to analyze their next move. You Hun immediately placed forth his irrational suggestion: 'after attaining the consent of His Majesty, soldiers should be sent to retrieve Ji Chang immediately. As he is brought back and placed before the king, he should be beheaded as punishment for putting insult over the former's kindness.' With Fei Zhong's consent, both ministers appeared before King Zhou and fully elaborated the situation. After deciding that Generals Yin and Lei are to be sent out to retrieve the runaway prince, they both charged through the west gates with 3,000 soldier strong in immediate pace. Riding leisurely through Lintong Pass when hearing a sudden clamor of men and horses behind him, Ji Chang soon realized that King Zhou must have sent men in pursuit -- and thus galloped wildly atop his horse, not knowing where at all he was heading. As the soldiers of Shang shortly approached the unfortunate Prince Wen with immense speed, Master of the Clouds meanwhile attained sight of the situation from his Green Touring Bed and immediately called Thunder Quaker to his side. Ordering his disciple to quickly find a weapon at the Tiger Cliff, Thunder Quaker met no true success before finding two delicious red apricots which he devoured with great delight.

Just at the moment that he was going to resume his search, a sudden strange transformation took place: two wings sprouted from both shoulder blades while he grew silver tusks and long red hair. Even though he had no desire to see his master again with such an appearance, he had no true choice once Golden Haze Lad, an assistant disciple under Master of the Clouds, called him back to the cavern. With great delight over his disciple's transformation, Master of the Clouds handed Thunder Quaker a golden cudgel and immediately taught him how to wield it with exceeded renown. After the essential mastering of his new weapon, "wind" was written on his left wing while "thunder" on his right -- thus

giving him the ability to soar through the skies with his new wings at will. Before Thunder Quaker was to take his leave, Master of the Clouds thoroughly told his disciple that he is to ensure his father's safe arrival at the Western Foothills; but at no account should any soldier be killed during such an incident. Leaving the mountain in immense pace, Thunder Quaker called continuously from a neighboring peak to see if a certain man below--who was fleeing in great speeds atop his horse--was truly his father, the Grand Duke of the West. Riding to the peak and being told that he is none other than Thunder Quaker, the young child that was saved by his hands seven years in the past, Ji Chang told the former that on no account should any individual of Shang be hurt less his punishment becomes even greater than current. Ensuring his father that he will persuade the generals to retire their pursuit, Thunder Quaker stood resolutely before the entire army shortly, declaring that not a single individual is to pass unless they wish for their own death. As the Shang soldiers reported such a case to Generals Yin and Lei, the latter two ragefully advanced towards Thunder Quaker's position.

Chapter 22: Return of the Duke

This chapter is titled "Return of the Duke". As Generals Yin and Lei thus appeared before Thunderquaker shortly, they charged fiercely at the latter while bursting into laughter at his attempt to protect Ji Chang through vaguely-connected bonds of filialty. Determined to end this incident quickly, Thunderquaker cleaved the crag of a neighboring mountain into two halves in a single strike with his golden cudgel -- thus sending the whole Shang army fleeing in great fear for their lives. Now returning to his father, who layed on the ground in shock, Thunderquaker urged Prince Wen to get on his back so that he could be transported safely to the Western Foothills without any additional delay. Weeping profusely over the void attempt to bring along the horse that has served him faithfully for over seven years of time, Ji Chang had little choice but to calmly tell the horse to run off to a new master while grabbing hold of his son's back and returning immediately to his native land. Arriving beyond the five passes shortly, Thunder Quaker left his father momentarily -- thus forcing Ji Chang to travel day and night on foot with great misery. As Prince Wen eventually approached an inn one day during his travels, he shortly elaborated his identity before being offered a flour grinding donkey from the innkeeper as a mount while personally escorting the former back to his capital. Crossing through the Golden Chicken Range and Mount Shouyang, breezes of late autumn soon filled the skies with great desolateness that touched Ji Chang's longful heart to return to his family of long ago. Tai Jiang, the mother of Ji Chang, soon realized through divination that her son was to return exceedingly soon -- and she thus told everyone present within the capital of such long-awaited news. As each minister rode from the capital with banners and great gifts of offering, they soon caught sight of Ji Chang and presented themselves before him in unparalleled happiness. With Supreme Minister San Yisheng thoroughly elaborating the historical records of King Tang and his revolution to overthrow the Xia Dynasty after being captivated for so many years, he compared this to the Grand Duke's incident and offered him a chance to do the same for the sake of the people. However, Prince Wen retorted by saying that such words shall never be spoken again -- for he could not do anything as disloyal as rebelling against the king after receiving such merciful honor from the former.

As everyone present became somewhat convinced by his speech, Prince Wen returned to the dukedom shortly with people cheering left and right in happiness at their master's safe return. Arriving before Mount Small Dragon and seeing his ninety-nine sons standing before him, Ji Chang fell from his horse with tears of agony upon the remembering of the one son that was not present: Bo Yi Kao. With the help of his sons, Ji Chang suddenly coughed up a large slice of meat that strangely turned into a small white rabbit; such was reciprocated two more times immediately with the same result. As everyone present sat in shock while the three rabbits ran to the west, they placed Ji Chang under the care of a doctor for several days to await his recovery. After the inn keeper was handsomely rewarded for his reported deeds before returning to his home, San Yisheng personally sat down before Prince Wen and stated that an attack upon Morning Song would be a rational choice considering the current circumstances -- despite the loyalty that the prince may possess. With Nangong Kuo suddenly appearing before the prince while stating that an attack upon the capital as essential, Prince Wen reprimanded them both by declaring such an action as disloyal and without virtue to attack your own master despite what qualities that they may possess. After Nangong exclaimed the death of Bo Yi Kao as a clear action of cruelty that is deserving of punishment no matter what the consequence may be, Prince Wen retorted by stating that such an incident was brought about through his son's pride and rashful qualities and isn't to be compared with the larger picture of loyalty. Either way, acting in such a sudden manner would not only stir up the people to make many sacrifices during such a war, but they will additionally lose a level of love and confidence towards their master due to being forced into a situation that they most clearly will not enjoy -- for they love peace in all aspects. As both San Yisheng and Nangong Kuo clearly realized that the land should not be impoverished and provoked into war for the time being, Ji Chang stated that a "Spiritual Terrace" should be constructed in order to foretell any potential disaster within the future. Being afraid that the people will suffer through unnecessary trouble with such a project, San Yisheng reassured his master that the immense dignity and gratitude that the people possess will surely bring him swift victory without a thought of defiance. Prince Wen became delighted at his reassurance, and thus issued forth a decree on the terrace's construction.

Chapter 23: Dream of a Flying Bear

This chapter is titled "Dream of a Flying Bear". As Prince Wen's notices were posted up for the Spiritual Terrace's potential construction, it clearly stated that if any are to go out of their way to assist in the construction, they are to be payed one-tenth of a teal of silver as gratitude while being allowed to discontinue without any form of compulsion whatsoever. Being overjoyed at such a chance to show their love to Prince Wen, every individual was clearly willing to work wholeheartedly on such a project without any regret. Issueing forth the project's start on an auspicious day after hearing such joyous news, the Spiritual Terrace was effectively created under ten months of time. Leading his civil and military officials out to gaze forth at the terrace, Prince Wen was the only individual present that exclaimed a level of depression -- for the terrace was in need of a pool in order to meet the requirements of the yin-yang theory. As such words were passed on to the people, everyone present began its immediate construction in due happiness. Digging profusely in their attempts, human bones were found and placed off to the side due to being a blatant interference towards their work. However, Prince Wen soon attained word of such and ordered for the bones to be placed into small coffins and buried within a neighboring hill instead of being exposed -- as would be a sign of disrespect. After watching the continued work of his fellow people until night, Prince Wen enjoyed a meal with his ministers before retiring to rest within one of the terrace's rooms. Experiencing a strange dream involving a white-faced tiger with large wings, Prince Wen reported this dream to San Yisheng the following morning and was told that a highly talented minister is destined to be a part of the Western Foothills in the near future. Believing the former's words as truth, Prince Wen became determined to make immediate preparations in the finding of this minister. Now returning to Jiang Ziya, he had spent his time near Panxi Stream constantly fishing throughout day to night while studying the way and reciting scriptures. While leaning on his willow tree one day, Jiang Ziya heard a certain man singing a song to himself and soon realized that it was none other than a woodcutter.

As Wu Ji, the woodcutter, sat down by Jiang Ziya's side and realized that he fished with a mere pole without a needle--or any bait at that--he thoroughly mocked the former by stating that he wasn't very smart when it comes to such simple matters. After furthered discussion, Wu Ji was told by Jiang Ziya that he

would kill a man that day within Phoenix City unexpectedly; the former became angry at such sudden words and left with a fury. Heading through the south gate of Phoenix City, Wu Ji swung his carrying pole of firewood from one shoulder to the other which suddenly struck Wang Xiang, a city guard, in the temple, ending his life instantly. Being pushed before Prince Wen immediately, Wu Ji elaborated the case as being nothing more than an accident that possessed rather vague reasoning and more bad luck than anything else. Declaring that the woodcutter will pay for his life nonetheless, Wu Ji was imprisoned inside a small circle near the southern gate to await his set punishment. Tear stricken over what may be befalling his ailed mother back at their home due to his lack of support for over three days, Wu Ji was soon approached by San Yisheng and thoroughly elaborated the situation. Realizing that Wu Ji did not kill Wang Xiang out of any vile intentions whatsoever, he decided that it would be best to discuss the current issue at hand with Prince Wen and effectively suspend his punishment until autumn if at all possible. After reporting such a case with the prince the following day, the latter consented to Wu Ji's proposal for temporary freedom. Wu Ji thus immediately returned to his mother's side and told her the reason for his lengthened disappearance. Additionally elaborating the words of Jiang Ziya as the reason for such an atrocity, Wu Ji set forth to Pianxi Stream to meet the former.

Chapter 24: From Fisherman to Prime Minister

This chapter is titled "From Fisherman to Prime Minister". As Wu Ji ran quickly to the Panxi Stream, he saw Jiang Ziya sitting under his willow tree while fishing more calmly than ever. Kneeling before the latter and asking forgiveness for his past ignorance, Wu Ji pleaded to Jiang Ziya to save his life from a destined death. After declaring himself as his disciple, Jiang Ziya told the former that if he wished to escape death, he must sit in a four-foot hole throughout the night while covered completely with rice and hay; after such is complete, there should be no problems experienced in the future with the prior incident. With Wu Ji following his master's instructions thoroughly throughout that night, Jiang Ziya meanwhile recited charms to cover up the Wu Ji's star and thus save him from potential death. As Wu Ji returned the following day and kneeled respectfully before Jiang Ziya, the latter told him to spend the entire morning selling his usual firewood while returning in the afternoon to hear lessons on military theory/strategems—for Jiang Ziya could feel the expedition upon Morning Song drawing near and thus could use additional assistance if need be. Upon the arrival of late autumn, Supreme Minister San Yisheng recalled the incident of Wu Ji and asked Prince Wen if he could make a divination as to why the convict has not shown himself. After Prince Wen had effectively performed divination, and realized through such that Wu Ji committed suicide out of fear for punishment, the former sighed in distress at such an outcome. As spring arrived in short time with everything around bursting with life, Prince Wen proposed to his ministers that a few days should be spent enjoying nature within the southern outskirts. With San Yisheng's suggestion to search for the "destined minister of the Western Foothills" in addition, their journey soon began shortly. Enjoying fully the colossal beauty layed out before his eyes, Prince Wen became shortly distressed as he saw his troops killing leopards, wolves, and of the such unconditionally—as the area around him was set up as a hunting zone by General Nangong Kuo for the former's pleasure. The prince thus approached San Yisheng and solemnly told him that they are within the wildlife to simply gaze at the beauty around, not to kill innocent animals out of instinct; for the ancients of old would never act in such a manner as to harm their own benevolence. Joyfully continuing through the wilderness and gazing forth at many people enjoying the

beauty of spring, Prince Wen caught ear on a certain song that two fisherman were singing. Believing them to be sages of the sort, Xin Jia was sent shortly to investigate the matter; he returned by stating that the two fisherman simply heard and recited such a song from a mysterious old man near the Panxi Stream. Dismissing the two fisherman in distress, Prince Wen pondered over a single verse of the song that denoted the ignoring of power and wealth—and thus elaborated a story of Sage Emperor Yao and his meeting with a virtuous man to San Yisheng as an example. Continuing on their way while hearing a group of woodcutters spouting a song of similar connotations to the former two fishermen, Prince Wen ordered an immediate investigation of these men. Being told that the same old man near Panxi Stream taught this song to the former in addition, Prince Wen was convinced that this man must be approached at all costs.

Unfortunately for Wu Ji however, he happened to be amongst the crowd and was instantly recognized as the convict who supposedly met death in late autumn. Realizing that he was indeed woodcutter Wu Ji, the former was placed before Prince Wen and thoroughly reprimanded as an immense threat that needs to be dealt with accordingly. Explaining his meeting with a man known as Jiang Ziya, Wu Ji promised to guide Prince Wen and his entourage to the former's location in exchange for freedom. Without any success on finding Jiang Ziya, Prince Wen was led to the sage's cottage—but immediately met failure again due to Jiang Ziya's random departures and unpredictable returns. San Yisheng thus told his master that it would be best for them to return to the palace temporarily while returning on a date that is presumed as more probable for the meeting of the former. Being extremely disappointed but nonetheless cooperative to his minister's suggestion, Prince Wen ordered his men to thoroughly purify themselves daily in wait for their second departure before Jiang Ziya's residence. In a different perspective of mind, General Nangong Kuo stated that there is no definite knowing that this "Jiang Ziya" is the true sage that they are looking for simply due to the songs that he composes and his unnatural abilities—for sages of similar quality would be more than likely present within the neighboring mountains in addition. However, San Yisheng retorted by stating that this man must be the destined minister from Prince Wen's dream due to the traditional manner that is need of being followed and his reputation amongst the neighboring populace as being differential to the majority. Through such discussion, all ministers cleansed their hearts and bodies before taking leave on the fourth day following their original appearance. Arriving at the Panxi Stram shortly, Wu Ji immediately took notice of Jiang Ziya and reported such to Prince

Wen. Approaching the sage steadily, Prince Wen took Jiang Ziya's hand and welcomed him with colossal dignity. As San Yisheng elaborated the reasoning behind their appearance with many fine gifts, Jiang Ziya soon left his cottage and proceeded with Prince Wen on horsetop following many steady refusals to ride in the former's carriage. Arriving shortly before the capital, Jiang Ziya was appointed as prime minister and thus thoroughly assisted the Western Foothills with his knowledge and discipline.

Chapter 25: Banquet for Specters in the Palace

This chapter is titled "Banquet for Specters in the Palace". Once Han Rong, commander of Sishui Pass, obtained word on Jiang Ziya's appointment, he sent an urgent report to Morning Song. As Bi Gan attained such a report, he immediately presented himself before King Zhou and stated that since Jiang Ziya has effectively joined the West Grand Duke, there is a great possibility that the former could dwindle with Ji Chang's loyalty and thus convince him to assist the southern and eastern dukes in their campaign against the capital. Once King Zhou told the prime minister that he will hold court as soon as possible lest any further threat may evolve, Chong Houhu, the Black Tiger, knelt in presence before the king while stating the nearing finish of the Happy Terrace after two years and four months of determined work. As King Zhou quickly asked Chong Houhu's additional take on the appointment of Jiang Ziya, the latter stated that Ji Chang is very peace loving and would never attack the capital unless it was forced upon him by his people; Jiang Ziya is also exceedingly old and isn't a large enough threat to waste an entire army upon due to the scarceness already experienced amongst the populace. King Zhou thus dismissed both Bi Gan and Chong Houhu shortly while taking hold of his beloved Daji and heading out to see the Happy Terrace's progress. Arriving before the Happy Terrace and realizing its current completion, King Zhou happily walked through the terrace with immense joy and satisfaction at the glittering jade and gold spread before him so vividly. As a grand celebration took place inside the terrace, Bi Gan could not help but sigh in great distress at the peoples' suffering simply through the deluded selfishness of a single person. Asking Daji when the immortals and fairies will show themselves before the terrace as she originally stated, Daji had little time to react and immediately stated that a full moon before a cloudless sky would be the only signal for their essential coming. Knowing that the full moon will not show itself until five more days, Daji resumed her specter form three days later and headed immediately to the grave mound of Emperor Xuanyuan while King Zhou was fast asleep. Being welcomed by Splendor, the nine-headed pheasant, Daji elaborated her reasoning before stating that all other specters present at the mound must transform themselves into immortals and come with her to the Happy Terrace within two days of time if they possess such an ability;

if not, they are to remain at their original position. After this detailed discussion, Daji immediately returned to the palace on a gust of wind. As King Zhou asked the following morning about the immortals, Daji suggested to the king that thirty-nine seats should be arranged while a minister—Bi Gan in this case—is chosen to serve them wine at their will. Upon the quick approach of evening the following day, the seats were set forth while King Zhou gazed in great anticipation for the arrival of his immortal guests. Following the king's temporary leave of the terrace while Daji invited forth her honored specter allies, Bi Gan was called shortly to serve the latter.

Poaring them wine at every call, Bi Gan became rather confused as to why they looked like fairy spirits but possessed the most disgusting of odors; indeed, he thought, this was truly a very ill omen for the Shang Dynasty. As everyone present began to drink wildly, Bi Gan noticed that some of the guests had tails sprouting forth upon further intoxication—and was thus dismissed immediately by Daji less he realized that they were specters, not immortals. Charging from the palace gates with great shame and rage as to lower himself to serve vile beasts, he soon approached Yellow Flying Tiger, who was on night patrol, and reported the incident at the Happy Terrace in full details. After ensuring to Bi Gan that he will deal with the issue, Yellow Flying Tiger ordered his four generals--Huang Ming, Zhou Ji, Long Huan, and Wu Qian—to each take twenty-four soldiers and patrol the districts around the east, north, west, and south; when these "immortals" are to leave the palace, they are to be pursued closely and stealthily back to their respective lairs. As each immortal specter took their leave from the palace on foot due to great intoxication preventing any form of natural flight, all thirty-nine that were present immediately returned to the grave mound of Emperor Xuanyuan while being closely followed by General Zhou Ji along the way. Informing Yellow Flying Tiger the following morning, the latter ordered his general to take 300 soldiers individually equipped with firewood and light them on fire while inside the mound hole to ensure destruction and no lack of possible escape for the specters. With Yellow Flying Tiger and Bi Gan calmly sitting by each other's side while drinking tea, Zhou Ji soon reported his success and thus called for them both to inspect the results. Arriving shortly before the grave mound and finding corpses laying about that stinked with burnt fur and flesh, Bi Gan ordered all corpses that possessed unscorched fur to be skinned so that he could present His Majesty with a specialized fur coat as a warning to the evil specter, Queen Daji. The two commanders thus returned to the palace in high spirits with such a grand display of the power and loyalty that they possessed in the name of the Shang Dynasty.

Chapter 26: Daji Plots Revenge

This chapter is titled "Daji Plots Revenge". With the recent arrival of winter, heavy snow fell throughout the capital like pearls of great silver illuminating the sky and earth alike with beauty. Entering before King Zhou at the Happy Terrace, Prime Minister Bi Gan expressed his inner worry over the king's health at such a time of year—and thus presented to the former a specialized fur robe of scarlet satin as a token of such affection and consideration. Once King Zhou had placed the beautiful robe around his body with immediate appreciation towards the prime minister, Daji meanwhile gazed forth from the curtains and noticed the specialized insignias only present on fox specters of her relation. She thus inwardly vowed that her hatred will only be sullied if she is to attain Bi Gan's heart as punishment. Not bearing to see the skin of her relatives any further after the prime minister's leave, Daji convinced the king that the fur robe is below his level of dignity and should be placed elsewhere. Forming a plot to effectively end Bi Gan's life, Daji used her specter powers to reduce her beauty to a great extent one day as she sat drinking with King Zhou within the Happy Terrace. Realizing that the Queen was strangely lacking in beauty, Daji shortly told the king that she possesses a sister known as Splendor, who is far more beautiful and elegant. Continuing with her words, Daji additionally stated that her sister left one day from Jizhou while stating that if she were to ever attain immortal characteristics, she would send Daji incense as a signal for her immediate return. Telling King Zhou that the incense has yet to be burned, it was decided that the following day shall be chosen for her sister's return. As King Zhou thus slept soundly that night, Daji resumed her specter form and met Splendor at the burned grave mound—fully knowing that her sister could not have possibly been touched by the former flames due to her highly evolved specter attributes. With Splendor's immediate informing to Daji that all thirty-nine specter allies had been burnt to death and skinned, the latter wept while telling her sister a specific plan that essentially required her appearance before the palace the following day. Effectively attaining Splendor's consent, Daji happily returned to the palace throughout the remainder of the night while King Zhou lustfully desired to see his queen's elder sister as soon as possible throughout the next day. Once night finally approached, Daji advised King Zhou to conceal himself while the incense is burned—for if she is to notice a man of mortal qualities other than her sister, she may not wish to perform any such task. With the incense being burned at

last, great thunderous winds brewed about throughout the palace while Splendor made her immediate appearance shortly thereafter before Daji. As Daji thus brought her sister to an inner chamber while sipping tea and exchanging conversation, King Zhou meanwhile peeped from the corner and instantly declared that he would give up his very own throne without the least regret if he could have sex with Splendor. Scratching his ears and coughing profusely to attain Daji's attention, the latter asked her sister if she could meet with the king after clearly understanding his many signals.

Being convinced that King Zhou was worthy to sit by her side due to his rank, the king excitedly rushed forth and placed himself before Splendor immediately. Once Daji left the inner chamber for some time to change her clothing, King Zhou became exceedingly aroused after Splendor emitted many seductive glances—and thus invited his honored guest to stroll with him on the terrace. Steadily pacing under the moonlight, King Zhou calmly fondled her breasts and body while declaring that if she were to stay by his side within the palace instead of living the life of an immortal, great wealth, rank, and honor would clearly be bestowed upon her in short time. Realizing that Splendor did not respond or offer any resistance to his many physical attacks, King Zhou carried her to a side court and passionately began unleashing his inner essence upon the latter within a neighboring bed. Upon Daji's return with great laughter over her sister's state, the king enjoyed the remainder of the night with his two lovers. As all ministers outside the palace gates possessed no knowing of King Zhou's new indulgences with Splendor, Yellow Flying Tiger, the highest ranked among ministers, continued to train his 480,000 soldiers daily to ensure an effective protection of the neighboring passes. One day however, Daji suddenly began to profusely spit forth blood while falling to the floor in a feverish state. King Zhou and Splendor immediately ran to her side while the latter stated that her sister possesses a strange heart attack disorder that reappears at random moments of time when intense anxiety and stress is felt. Additionally stating that a doctor by the name of Zhang Yuan cured such attacks with soup made from a highly developed human heart on great occasion back at Jizhou, it was indeed of great need for such a heart to be found among the populace and used at once to free Daji from her potential bonds of death. Acting as if she were performing divination, Splendor told King Zhou that Prime Minister Bi Gan is the only individual present within the capital that possesses such a heart. As King Zhou thus sent out many decrees to ensure Bi Gan's arrival before the palace, the prime minister meanwhile attained word from the sixth royal messenger that Daji possessed a strange illness and was needing of his arrival. Knowing that Daji was indeed an

evil specter, and any such incident that specifically called him forth in her name more than likely meant certain death, Bi Gan approached his wife in tears while stating that she should do her best to observe the rules and take good care of their children while he is gone. Explaining the situation thoroughly, Bi Gan rushed back to his study chambers and hastily followed the instructions that Jiang Ziya had given him earlier. Following his immediate arrival before King Zhou, and the learning of his heart being needed in order to cure Daji's ailment, the former retorted with great anger at the king and Daji's blatant hate towards him. Knowing that he had little choice before the situation, and his time was assuredly soon to end, Bi Gan knelt on the ground and ripped the heart from his chest while throwing it to the ground without a single droplet of blood whatsoever. As the prime minister walked quickly to the palace gates, avoiding each minister that appeared along the way, the former took the reins off his horse and strode towards the capital's northern gate.

Chapter 27: Return of the Grand Old Master

This chapter is titled "Return of the Grand Old Master". Striding through the northern palace gates in a state of complete silence, Yellow Flying Tiger was very worried over the current situation—and thus sent forth Generals Zhou Ji and Huang Ming to follow him immediately. As Bi Gan approached a woman hawker along the way that declared humans as incapable of living without a heart, a sudden pulse surged through the former's veins violently, causing him to fall to the ground with blood surging profusely from his chest. With Zhou Ji and Huang Ming's arrival shortly, they inspected the deceased prime minister's body closely and realized that his heart was strangely nowhere to be found. Unfortunately for Bi Gan however, he still would have remained alive if the woman previously had noted that humans can live even without a heart—for such was the trickery behind Jiang Ziya's magical note. Once the two generals had arrived before the palace gates and immediately reported their resolution on the incident to Yellow Flying Tiger, all ministers present sat heartbroken at such an absurd end to their treasured prime minister. Xia Zhao, a junior minister, could not hold back his emotions as he strode within the Happy Terrace prepared to put a well deserved end to King Zhou's life. Cutting down any guard that dared to oppose his path towards the king, Xia Zhao shortly arrived before the tyrant and charged at him with his flying-cloud sword. As he cleaved at the king's flesh with great renown, King Zhou managed to grab ahold of the blade while swiftly throwing it off to the side. Realizing the situation was rather grim, Xia Zhao ground his teeth until they bled profusely before launching himself off of the terrace to his death. As all ministers around grieved over their second loss, Bi Gan's body was soon returned while a funeral was held immediately for his countless loyal services to the Shang Dynasty. News soon came about during their funeral that none other than Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was finally returning to the capital; all ministers thus made quick preparations to meet the former outside Morning Song's gates. Arriving shortly atop his great dragon unicorn, Wen Zhong gazed towards the capital and realized that a funeral was taking place due to many paper pennants flying about. Inspecting the reason for such, he was astonished to hear that Vice Prime Minister Bi Gan had died—and thus entered immediately to see many gorgeous buildings such as the Happy

Terrace all around him. Dismounting before his fellow colleagues at the palace gate's roadside, the Grand Old Master expressed his greetings while entering the Grand Hall.

Being informed by Yellow Flying Tiger of the many torture devices created and the unjust deaths of countless loyal ministers throughout his years of departure, Wen Zhong's third eye burned red with rage as he ordered King Zhou to ascend his throne at once. With Daji joyfully drinking the soup made from Bi Gan's heart, King Zhou was rather frightened to hear that the Grand Old Master had returned -- but nonetheless left immediately in his royal carriage to see the dignified latter. Sitting before Wen Zhong within the Grand Hall, the latter thoroughly elaborated his complete victory at the North Sea District while inspecting the reason as to why two of the four grand dukes have risen in rebellion. Being told that Jiang Huanchu and E Chongyu were executed for conspiring against the throne—even though the king did not possess any such witness that could prove such a case—Wen Zhong became exceedingly wrathful and reprimanded the king for the blatant unbenevolent qualities that he possesses. Telling the former that he will personally endeavor to set the country in order in the name of King Da Yi, his former master, Wen Zhong told the king to return to his apartments while he plans out his next move for the dynasty's benefit. As King Zhou left without uttering a single word against the Grand Old Master, the latter asked his fellow colleagues to join him at his residence. Arriving shortly before the Silver Peace Hall with each minister present, Yellow Flying Tiger came forth from the crowd to personally elaborate the full happenings from Daji's entry to Bi Gan's death. Now fully knowing the ultimate woes of the Shang Dynasty, Wen Zhong let out a great roar of rage before declaring that he will seal the gates for three days while presenting to King Zhou a memorial upon the fourth. Approaching the king on the fourth day with his written memorial, King Zhou placed it before his desk and was handed by the former an ink slab and writing brush to sign his name on ten individual proposals. King Zhou signed his consent on all but (1) the destruction of the Happy Terrace; (5) the deposition of Daji; and (6) the beheading of Fei Zhong and You Hun to as warning to all flatterers. With Wen Zhong's suggestion to the king that the remaining three proposals essentially need to be fulfilled if he is to prevent the Shang Dynasty from falling to utter ruin, the latter stood forth without uttering a word. Fei Zhong, who did not see the true seriousness of the situation, moved forward to speak with King Zhou before being stopped by the Grand Old Master. As Fei Zhong began to state the former's propositions as a clear insult to His Majesty and violation to the general rites of inferior to

superior, Wen Zhong seethed with rage at his words -- and thus charged his fist into Fei Zhong's skull, causing the latter to tumble violently down the Grand Hall's steps in an injured state. Seeing Fei Zhong lying on the floor with a bruised head and face, You Hun ran before the Grand Old Master while declaring his actions as being the equivalent to beating King Zhou himself. Learning that the man standing before him is none other than You Hun, Wen Zhong ran forward and smashed his fist into the former's face—sending him crashing seven yards past the Grand Hall stairway in a near death state. Grand Old Master Wen Zhong followed by ordering the two ministers to be taken to the palace gate for their awaited execution immediately afterwards. Just as Fei Zhong and You Hun were to have their heads cleaved off, King Zhou ran forthward to Wen Zhong and pleaded for the two ministers to be placed before court and tried according to law for their former actions. Observing the king's frightened manner, and realizing that it is a crime for the former to possess such intense fear towards him, Wen Zhong ordered the two ministers to be placed in gaol and await their trial while the three remaining proposals are carefully discussed within the near future. With such grand resolve to ensure political reform is effectively instilled, news soon reached the capital that King Ping Ling of the East Sea district had unfortunately declared independence. As Wen Zhong attained word of such, he appeared before Yellow Flying Tiger's residence shortly and asked the latter who would be more fitting to take care of the situation. After they both carefully considered their next move, Grand Old Master stated that he will take 200,000 soldiers to the East Sea district while Flying Tiger remains at the palace for internal defense. Additionally stating that he will deal with the state's administration at his best following his return, Wen Zhong appeared before King Zhou the following morning to elaborate the current happenings within the east. Being very delighted internally at Wen Zhong's words of departure, both Yellow Flying Tiger and King Zhou personally escorted the Grand Old Master beyond the eastern gate of Morning Song. As the king handed Wen Zhong a glass of wine, the master handed it instead to Yellow Flying Tiger for the exceeded loyalty and administrative renown that he shall elaborate while he himself is gone. Telling the king to listen well to his ministers and destroy the evil of the capital at all costs possible during his leave, cannons roared in all directions to signal the Grand Old Master's departure.

Chapter 28: Punitive Expedition Against the North Grand Dukedom

This chapter is titled "Punitive Expedition Against the North Grand Dukedom". Greatly delighted at Grand Old Master's leave, King Zhou returned to the palace shortly while ordering Fei Zhong and You Hun to be freed—for the king labeled them as being wrongly accused when they are clearly loyal and undeserving of death. Now that Wen Zhong was effectively gone, King Zhou knew that he could return to his original ways without anyone truly able to criticize his actions. As spring raged forthward spreading great beauty throughout the capital, King Zhou declared to his ministers that a party within the royal garden shall be performed. Finding the garden as beautiful as the Penglai Fairyland, the Peony Pavilion of old along with the Brocade Hall could be seen with great extravagant detail. Holding a banquet within the Peony Pavilion, the king enjoyed his own personal table with Splendor and Daji while other high ranking ministers such as Yellow Flying Tiger and Wei Zi sighed at such a grand celebration taking place even though the land was clearly rampant with deluded chaos and constant rebellion. Thanking the king for their party after midday, King Zhou convinced every former minister present to stay and drink away their woes from dusk till night. As Daji and Splendor became exceedingly intoxicated while sleeping within the royal library, Daji lusted to attain human flesh immediately -- and thus swooped about the midnight sky in her specter form. With attendants shouting about that a specter had been seen in the skies, Yellow Flying Tiger left his seat hurriedly as he thrashed one of the pavilion's railings at the horrible beast. Ordering the hunting hawk with golden eyes to be unleashed immediately due to the lack of his weapon's effectiveness, the hawk soon soared to the specter while clawing violently with its great talons. Being clearly wounded, Daji hid herself underneath some rocks within a neighboring artificial hill. King Zhou thus ordered his attendants to start digging away in hopes of capturing the specter. Unexpectedly finding an incredibly large pile of half-eaten corpses beneath the rock mound, the king became horrified at the reality of the situation: specters were present within the Shang Dynasty and are the evident reason for such disaster. As King Zhou awoke the following morning after unhappily excusing his minister's the former evening, he stared in alarm at Daji, who possessed many scratches across her face. Being told that she happened to scratch her face

upon overhanging branches within the royal garden, King Zhou told her to be very careful of her new surroundings considering the specter incident.

Pondering over what the king had said, Daji vaguely remembered through her intoxication that Yellow Flying Tiger had been the minister who thrashed at her with his pole—and she thus immediately vowed revenge against the former at all costs possible. Meanwhile, Jiang Ziya had shortly obtained report on King Ping Ling's rebellion and Chong Houhu's brutal treating of the people during the Happy Terrace's development. Vying with rage at Chong's qualities, Jiang Ziya approached Prince Wen and suggested to him that if the Grand Duke of the North, Chong Houhu, is effectively destroyed—considering his many acts of tyranny through blatant brutality and impulsiveness--King Zhou would be assisted greatly in the path of becoming a benevolent ruler such as that of Yao or Shun of old. Being delighted at a chance to effectively help King Zhou as he accepted the prime minister's proposal, Jiang Ziya offered himself to be the commander of the army on the prince's behalf. After declaring that he too will assist Jiang Ziya on the battlefield, Prince Wen chose an auspicious date before charging out of the capital with 100,000 soldiers. Many individuals present within the Western Foothills—especially the original Morning Song refugees--rejoiced in great happiness at the prince's departure to destroy Chong Houhu. As the army arrived before Chong City, the north grand dukedom, after a few days of travel, Chong Houhu was meanwhile present within Morning Song while Chong Yinbiao, the duke's son, attained headship over the city. Attaining information shortly that Ji Chang was commander over the forces stationed outside his dukedom, Yingbiao grinned in delight at a chance to do away with the former in order to better the reputation of his father—even if Ji Chang arrived with intentions other than battle. With full resolve to wipe out Chong Houhu at all costs possible, Jiang Ziya ordered General Nangong Kuo to head to the front and unleash the first battle immediately. As Huang Yuanji charged out of the city gates with a contingent of soldiers, the former fiercely clashed blades with Nangong in great vigor and heated rage at Ji Chang's clear intentions to destroy them. Attaining word in short time that Huang Yuanji had lost his life by the enemy general's blade, Yingbiao pounded his desk in rage while ordering a fierce engagement of mortal combat to be unleashed the following day. With both forces aligned before each other the next morning, Jiang Ziya stepped forward from his army while taking the appearance of a honored celestial in the eyes of Chong Yinbiao. Barking at Yinbiao for defending the evil ways of his father, the latter barked back at Jiang Ziya angrily while ordering a general from his side to quickly kill the opposition. As Prince Wen charged before Yinbiao

less Jiang Ziya experienced any harm, the former profusely yelled at Yinbiao, stating that it would be better off for him to simply dismount from his horse and experience death instead of opposing the will of Heaven any further. With both sides feircely clashing blades in great resolve, Chong Yinbiao additionally threw himself into combat in order to take Ji Chang's head if at all possible. Once two generals under the north dukedom had been effectively slain, Yinbiao ordered a full-scale retreat. Urgently setting forth a meeting to discuss how they are to repel the enemy forces, everyone present under Yinbiao had no clue what to do. Seeing this as the perfect chance to strike forth at the city, Prince Wen declined Jiang Ziya's offer to attack their dukedom less the innocent were to be hurt and his benevolence would be known amongst the country as mere folly. A letter was thus immediately sent to Black Tiger Chong Heihu in hopes that he could assist them in taking over Chong City.

Chapter 29: Clash Between Two Grand Dukes

This chapter is titled "Clash Between Two Grand Dukes". As General Nangong Kuo left to Caozhou at immediate pace, he soon took lodgings within an official hotel upon his arrival at Black Tiger Chong Heihu's residence. Leaving his office upon Nangong's reported arrival, Heihu soon obtained a letter from Jiang Ziya on the current situation. Reading the letter over continuously, he decided that it will be for the greater good if he puts an end to his brother in the name of the people; despite the blood that he is to stain on the faces of his ancestors through such an action. Before he departed, 3,000 soldiers were individually chosen to accompany him from Caozhou while his son, Chong Yingluan, ensures the protection of the city during his leave. As Chong Heihu arrived before the north grand dukedom's city gates in short time, Yinbiao emerged forth and earnestly welcomed his fellow uncle—who had arrived with reinforcements after obtaining report on the situation. Sitting within the main hall by his cousin's side, Chong Heihu asked the true reason as to why Ji Chang has suddenly attacked their residence; the latter stated that a man by the name of Jiang Ziya said earlier that they arrived out of some form of malice towards his father and have thus attacked with most probable intentions to kill him. Easily seeing such words as accurate and on the side of rationality, Chong Heihu charged from the city gates to do battle against the opposing forces of Prince Wen at the following dawn. Jiang Ziya was completely rational of Chong Heihu's intentions upon the arrival of Nangong Kuo—and thus sent the latter to do battle with Black Tiger. As both warriors battled with great renown, Chong Heihu silently told Nangong to feign retreat after giving up ground as a pretext to the combat's end. Seeing the enemy general flee while Heihu did not pursue in any form, Yingbiao approached his uncle and inspected the reason for such an action. Being told Jiang Ziya is widely known for his magical renown, there alone arose the chance that the former would use such tactics in order to ensure his victory at all costs possible—considering the additional rashful ways of such pursuit. As Heihu and Yingbiao thus returned to the city, Black Tiger stated that their probability of victory should increase dramatically if Houhu and King Zhou are effectively contacted and informed of the current happenings upon Chong City.

With Sun Rong thus being sent to the capital, he arrived before Chong Houhu's residence first and handed the duke the intended letter. Pounding his desk in utter rage at the ill-gratitude and treacherous motives that Ji Chang possesses towards him--despite the many sacrifices that he has made in order to ensure the safety of the former—Chong Houhu presented himself to King Zhou and elaborated the current case on hand. After the king had ensured his minister that he shall back him with soldiers if the need be, Houhu confidently set out with 3,000 soldiers from the capital in quick pace. As soon as Chong Heihu had obtained word that his brother was heading to Chong City, he told General Gao Ding to await in ambush inside the city gates and only emerge to seize the grand duke when the rattling of a sword is effectively heard. After Shen Gong had been told in addition to arrest the entire Chong family and bring them to the Zhou camp upon Heihu's emerging from the city, both Chong Heihu and Yingbiao set out shortly to await the arrival of Houhu. As the grand duke was thus invited inside of the city gates, all soldiers suddenly seized both Houhu and his son once the sound of rattling had been heard. Being fully rational that if Chong Houhu was effectively seized and destroyed before the eyes of the people, the Chong family would not only live on in an honorable prestige but his own reputation will soar due to reinforcing the greater good despite the blood that is to be shed. After thus placing the duke before Jiang Ziya's feet, and warmly greeting Ji Chang, Prince Wen became displeased at Heihu's actions for being ruthless. Informing the prince that such an action is for the greater good, and well on the side of virtue, Jiang Ziya ordered Chong Houhu and his son to be placed before him while their heads are immediately cut from their bodies. Having no original intention whatsoever to kill the grand duke and his son, Prince Wen blinded his eyes from the sight of their decapitated heads while shrieking with fear and disgust. Ordering Chong Heihu to free all remaining captives, Jiang Ziya and Prince Wen took their leave from Chong City while Heihu remained to govern the people as the new grand duke of the north. Unfortunately however upon their return to the Western Foothills, Prince Wen began to see Chong Houhu's decapitated head at every moment he happened to close his eyes -- and his health thus slowly decreased out of clear disgust and resentment.

Once Wei Zi, the secretariat of Morning Song, obtained word that Chong Houhu had been executed while his younger brother, Chong Heihu, took control over the former's territory, he realized that the threat of Ji Chang would become even more greater due to Heihu's independence from the capital—and thus informed King Zhou immediately lest any further trouble evolved. Seething with rage at the north grand duke's death upon the hearing of such an incident, King Zhou

ordered a contingent of soldiers to bring back both Ji Chang and Chong Heihu for trial. However, Li Ren moved forward from the ministers present and stated that if he were to effectively act in the benefit of Chong Houhu—who was widely despised by the ministers and people alike—then they naturally would feel great malace towards him for supporting one of criminal traits rather than the loyal. Realizing the rationality in his words, King Zhou decided to abandon the idea of attacking Heihu altogether. Unfortunately back at the Western Foothills however, Prince Wen's health worsened day by day forcing constant medical attention from doctors within the capital. As Jiang Ziya knelt before his master one day upon the former's request, Prince Wen calmly told him from his bed to never ally the Western Foothills with the rebelling nobles at any costs whatsoever; due to the many unroyal actions that had been taken earlier that proved a level of disloyalty towards the king's wishes, peace must always remain between the west and Morning Song as atonement for their past defiance.

Gazing at the tear-filled eyes of Prince Wen, and seeing the indomitable spirit of loyalty that surges through the former's heart, Jiang Ziya ensured that he shall eternally obey such instructions. With Ji Fa's sudden entrance, Prince Wen told his son that he shall take his place as governor over the Western Foothills following his death—but at no account should he dare listen to any words that may harm the king during his succession. After telling the prime minister and Ji Fa to instill virtue and true loyalty to both the king and the people so that the future generations can possess eternal happiness, Prince Wen breathed his last, dying at the age of 97 and being given the title of King Wen of Zhou. Following King Wen's funeral, Jiang Ziya proposed to all ministers present that Ji Fa should succeed his father with the title of West Grand Duke and King Wu. As all ministers were risen one rank with additional benefits, the 200 marquises came constantly to offer their obeisance to the new king over the Western Foothills. Once Commander Han Rong of Sishi Pass had obtained word on Ji Fa's succession to the throne, and the unexpected death of Ji Chang, a messenger was immediately sent before the capital's secretariat. With both Yao Zhong and Prince Wei Zi being the first to hear of such urgent news, Yao Zhong declared that he shall see the king on such a matter no matter what the outcome may be.

Chapter 30: Incidents Leading to a Rebellion

This chapter is titled "Incidents Leading to a Rebellion". Ascending the Star Picking Belvadere and kowtowing before the king, Yao Zhao thoroughly declared that now Ji Fa has succeeded the deceased Ji Chang as king over the Western Foothills, Jiang Ziya should easily be able to influence the former through ambitious motives of attacking the capital. However, King Zhou was not the least worried—for he believed that Jiang Ziya was nothing more than a vile trickster that would sow hate and ill-trust in the hearts of any other potential rebel of the capital; Ji Fa in addition was considered a mere child that lacked any disciple in the art of war and should thus not be taken as a serious threat to any extent. After leaving the belvadere in great disappointment over King Zhou's words, Yao Zhao knew that King Wu must be the destined savior that shall put the tyrannical king to his eternal rest. As the new year's day celebrating King Zhou's 21st year of reign over the Shang Dynasty had arrived in rather short time, ministers went about to offer their traditional greetings to the king, while each of their wives payed obeisance to Queen Daji. When the day's natural formalities had drifted by, Lady Jia, the wife of Yellow Flying Tiger, entered the palace to offer her personal greetings to Daji before visiting her sister-in-law, Concubine Huang. At the very moment that Daji had attained word that Lady Jia was none other than Yellow Flying Tiger's wife, she grinned in great delight at such a chance to attain revenge against the prince. As Lady Jia and Daji alike both offered their respective greetings, Daji realized that the former was eight years older than her at the age of forty-one. Asking her fellow lady if they would like to become sworn sisters, Lady Jia refuted at first but freed herself from such modesty after realizing that they were both similar in aristocratic rank. After they had drunken two glasses of wine, Jia quickly hid herself within the Rear Hall upon Daji's suggestion once King Zhou had arrived to see his queen following such a long day of hard work. Clearly seeing that two cups were sitting one across the other in front of Daji, King Zhou inspected who had been present. Being told that Lady Jia, wife of Yellow Flying Tiger, had been present earlier, Daji told the king that he should see her. Rather reluctant at such a suggestion—for it would vile the rights between king and minister—King Zhou was eventually convinced after hearing that she was not only extraordinarily

beautiful, but could be considered his relative out of ties between Yellow Flying Tiger's concubine sister. As Daji thus approached Lady Jia shortly after, and asked for her to walk together at the Star Picking Mansion in order to enjoy the scenery around them, Lady Jia had little choice but to comply—for they can only meet one time a year according to the rights. Walking along the upper balcony and gazing forth at a large pit full of snakes and skeletons, Lady Jia became frightened at the explanation that such a method was in need simply to uphold discipline within the capital. Accepting a few more cups of wine from Daji after sitting down with the latter, Concubine Huang meanwhile became worried at the hearing that her sister-in-law was present at the Star Picking Mansion with Daji—and thus immediately sent one of her maids to carefully observe the queen's motives. With report that King Zhou is currently ascending the Star Picking Mansion, Lady Jia stood outside of the balcony while the king made his approach. Following his arrival, and immediately informing that the woman standing outside the balcony is Yellow Flying Tiger's wife, King Zhou became very lustful over her beautiful looks. Being told by Daji to enter forth and sit by the king's side, she gradually accepted such an order lest she were to attain any such punishment as earlier seen if the slightest defiance were to be shown.

Begging, however, to leave the king's side to show her true loyalty through modesty, King Zhou encouraged her to sit by his side and enjoy a personal glass of wine. Feeling as if her honor would be torn apart if she sat by the side of such a wicked tyrant, Lady Jia took her glass of wine and threw it into King Zhou's face as a showing of her hatred towards his vile ways. Even though she clearly realized that such an action would probably cost her life, and bring about further mayhem within her family, Lady Jia was resolute to preserve her honor at all costs possible. As King Zhou ordered his guards to seize her, Lady Jia ran to the balcony rails and exclaimed a final vow of farewell to her beloved husband and children before leaping forth to her unfortunate death. Attaining word shortly that Lady Jia had lost her life, Concubine Huang seethed with rage while running up the Star Picking Mansion's stairs immediately. Thrusting forth at Daji and physically beating her for conjectured treachery, King Zhou told his honored concubine that Daji is truly innocent—for Lady Jia acted out of her own irrational impulse and died because of it. Not in any mood whatsoever to stop beating Daji—or hear the king's words at that--Huang unthinkingly smacked King Zhou violently in the face. Great rage thus filled the breast of King Zhou while he grabbed the sadistic maiden by the air and lunged her forcefully off the mansion's rails. Grabbing hold of Daji and holding her in his arms in great sadness over his beloved's condition, the attendants under Lady Jia were

meanwhile informed by a palace maiden of the unfortunate events that came about at the Star Picking Mansion. As Yellow Flying Tiger was enjoying the New Year's feast throughout the evening with his right-hand generals and fellow brothers, Lady Jia's attendants ran to his residence immediately and informed him of the disaster incident with his wife and sister-in-law. With everyone in great alarm while Yellow Flying Tiger sat in silence, Huang Ming approached his master and told him that it is clearly evident that they should seek a new ruler to serve under; considering Yellow Flying Tiger is the head of all military affairs and state headship, his reputation would be the first to suffer by the neighboring people who are rising in rebellion—thus by rebelling, he would be looked upon as a hero that strikes at any injustice that may befall his people upon circumstance. Knowing that his reputation would effectively soar with the greater majority if he issued forth his rebellion, Yellow Flying Tiger still considered such an action as being far too risky due to solely rendering the incident with his wife. Running after his four generals and telling them to discuss the issue further before being completely resolved to leave the capital for good, each of the four returned with Yellow Flying Tiger to his residence. Raising his sword unexpectedly before his generals, Yellow Flying Tiger declared that his family has served honorably under the Shang Dynasty for over seven generations—and the death of a single woman who is unknown to the former is most definitely not reason enough to destroy such honor through rebellion. As General Zhou Ji approached his master and declared that all who are unknowing of his glory and rank would only believe that he attained such high rank through his wife's beauty instead of progressive loyalty through generations, Yellow Flying Tiger realized the reality of his reputation and thus ordered a full flight from Morning Song immediately. Being suggested by General Guang Ming to challenge King Zhou to a battle within the capital before leave less his master regretted his decision in the future, Yellow Flying Tiger consented to such a suggestion as he equipped his armor and strode towards the palace gates atop his divine ox. Once General Zhou Ji had declared to the guards that they are rebelling, and if they do not pull King Zhou out of the palace in short time they will be slaughtered in entirety, the guards fearfully fled through the gates and informed the king of such a sudden situation. Bursting with curiosity at such a report, King Zhou personally put on his armor, took his cutlass, and smashed open the gates to do away with the rebelling Yellow Flying Tiger at the crack of dawn.

As King Zhou aligned his royal army before the rebelling forces outside the palace, Yellow Flying Tiger looked into the king's fiery eyes and felt a level of

shame for his actions at hand. Once Generals Huang Ming and Zhou Ji had clearly noticed such hesitation on his part, they both unleashed their cutlasses and clashed with great renown against King Zhou immediately. Originally intending on clarifying the facts with the king before taking any physical action, Yellow Flying Tiger felt greatly displeased but nonetheless strode forth to assist his two generals. Even though King Zhou possessed great skill with the cutlass, he could not handle a three-pronged attack—and was thus forced to flee through the palace gates following thirty-rounds of battle. Grabbing hold of his two generals lest they attempted to chase the fleeing king, Yellow Flying Tiger rode through the capital's western gates while catching up shortly with the rest of his family along the way. As King Zhou meanwhile returned to court and felt a high level of remorse and rage at the former incidents, many people began hearing of the rebellion and thus approached the king to hear the reason for such a sudden turn of events. Informing the ministers present that Lady Jia, Yellow Flying Tiger's sister, impulsively threw herself from the Star Picking Mansion simply out of her own personal dignity, and Madame Huang, the sister-in-law of the former lady, committed suicide after being informed of such news, King Zhou asked what should be done at such a present time of confusion that had little to do with him. As everyone present began pondering in silence, it was soon heard that Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had returned from the East Sea district. Entering the palace gates and being warmly welcomed by each minister, Wen Zhong became worried as to why his old friend Yellow Flying Tiger was not seen—and he thus approached King Zhou to inspect the reason for such. Being informed by the king that Yellow Flying Tiger had rebelled most likely due to the elaborated incident with Concubine Huang and Lady Jia, Wen Zhong clearly realized the reality of the situation -- knowing that his comrade would never rebel unless the circumstances were indeed exceedingly crucial and in need of amendment. Suggesting to King Zhou that he shall return with Yellow Flying Tiger only if his case is personally considered as justified and without punishment on the part of the king, ministers began to shout about, saying that Flying Tiger's actions are deserving of punishment no matter what the case may have been. Excusing such pointless dribble nonetheless, Wen Zhong ordered Generals Li Ji and Yu Qing to send urgent reports to the Good Dream and Green Dragon passes so that Yellow Flying Tiger's route of escape is cut off during his future pursuit.

Chapter 31: Flight and Pursuit

This chapter is entitled "Flight and Pursuit". With the great clamor of drums and cannons resounding about the capital's western gates, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong ascended to the skies atop his great dragon in immediate pursuit of his close comrade, Yellow Flying Tiger. As Yellow Flying Tiger's party had meanwhile arrived near the White Orile Forest of Lintong Pass, they began to see large clouds of dust spinning about from behind and thus realized that an army is most likely approaching their position with quick speed. As soldiers from the Green Dragon and Good Dream Pass suddenly surrounded them from differing directions, Yellow Flying Tiger led out a single yell of frustration that pierced all around after realizing that his situation is exceedingly critical and most improbable of escape. Virture of the Pure Void, who happened to live within a mountainous region neighboring Lintong Pass, heard the loud emanation of immense anger and despair -- and thus parted the clouds beneath to find it to be none other than Prince Yellow Flying Tiger. Ordering his yellow-scarved genie to wrap the prince and his entourage with the Universe Muddling Pennant and place them at a hidden area within the mountains, the genie immediately obeyed its master's command. As such was effectively carried out, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile attained word from a patrolman of the vanguard that neither Zhang Guifang of Green Dragon, nor the four Mo generals of Good Dream, had seen Yellow Flying Tiger to any extent. Ordering the five present before him to return to their respective passes and set up a strict defense, Wen Zhong became rather puzzled as to why Flying Tiger had not been seen whatsoever, considering that he was traveling in the very direction that the former was rumored to have crossed while three additional forces aligned themselves from opposite directions. Peering over the great surroundings before him atop his dragon, soldiers shortly reported that Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage had been seen heading straight towards Morning Song with unknown intentions from the eastern route. Swiftly gliding forth with great speed, Wen Zhong soon caught sight of who he thought to have been Yellow Flying Tiger -- and thus launched forthward with great speed. Approaching Mengjin while not catching up to the entourage in the very least, the forces before him suddenly vanished before a large veil of mist. Using this as trickery to lure Wen Zhong to a far away position, Virture of the Pure Void placed Yellow Flying Tiger and his men back on their original path through Lintong after declaring the situation as

being safe. Approaching the pass's gates, Zhang Feng appeared forth and suggested to Yellow Flying Tiger that he should return to Morning Song with due haste for the sake of his father and treasured ancestors. Politely informing Zhang that despite the many great feats that he has performed as supreme military commander of Morning Song, King Zhou had shown him great insult with little consideration to his true loyalty -- even going to the extent of killing his very own wife and sister out of nothing more than barbaric impulse.

Clearly realizing that Yellow Flying Tiger's resolve was impossible to pierce, Zhang unleashed his cutless and slashed at the latter violently. Trying to calm the former while parrying his every blow, Yellow Flying Tiger knew the situation was hopeless -- and thus fought back with his duel swords with even greater renown. As Zhang knew that he was far less skilled in battle, he had no choice but to flee back to his pass in vain attempt. Deciding it best to make camp in order to discuss the current issue at hand with his fellow generals and family members present, Zhang Feng meanwhile ordered General Xiao Yin to take a contingent of three thousand archers, surround the camp of Yellow Flying Tiger, and unleash a volley of arrows once the beating of bamboo slats is heard at midnight. Leaving immediately upon the hearing of such an order, Xiao Yin knew that such an action would be far too cruel and ungrateful -- for Yellow Flying Tiger had promoted him as deputy commander over Lintong and showed him great kindness through military exercise and discipline within the past. Secretly leaving the pass under the veil of night while approaching Yellow Flying Tiger's camp, Xiao Yin personally placed himself before Yellow Flying Tiger, told him of Zhang Feng's cruel intentions, and declared that he shall open the pass's gates so that the former could attain a quick chance to cut his way through. As soon as great commotion roamed through Lintong Pass once Yellow Flying Tiger made his immediate escape, Zhang Feng sat in regret at previously choosing Xiao Yin for such a task. Striding through the pass gates in immediate pursuit, Zhang Feng was suddenly struck violently in the breast by Xiao Yin, who was hidden like a veil within the darkness. Falling from his horse dead, Xiao Yin told Yellow Flying Tiger in a loud voice that he shall do his utmost to ensure that King Zhou's men are essentially slowed down in their assault. Profusely thanking Xiao Yin for his kind motives, Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage approached Tongguan Pass shortly. Setting up camp temporarily, Chen Tong, the commander of Tongguan Pass, realized that Yellow Flying Tiger's party was not far off -- and this would truly be the only opportunity to attain revenge after the former's original intention to put him to death at one point in time. Flouring his weapon with rage, Chen Tong flew from the pass gates while

confronting Yellow Flying Tiger with great earnest. Knowing that Chen Tong was eager for revenge, Yellow Flying Tiger challenged him by stating that if he could effectively defeat him in three rounds of combat, he will turn himself in to the former for trial back at Morning Song. Seething with rage at his lack of renown that did not even vaguely match up to Flying Tiger's, Chen Tong began to flee while launching his Fire Dragon Javelin --a weapon that never missed its intended mark through magic attributes--at his foe. Being struck beneath the armpit by Chen's deadly weapon, Yellow Flying Tiger fell to the ground in unbearable pain. Seeing their commander severely wounded, General Guang Ming and Zhou Ji wrathfully engaged Chen Tong to the very death, while Huang Feibiao quickly grabbed hold of his brother and pulled him from the battle. As Chen Tong realized that he was thoroughly exhausted, he retreated from the battle after additionally wounding Zhou Ji with his javelin. Laying the motionless Yellow Flying Tiger down before the grass, all around broke into loud sobs at the unexpected death of their treasured commander. Meditating atop his Green Cloud Bed, Virtue of the Pure Void intuitively knew that calamity had befallen someone within Yellow Flying Tiger's entourage -- and thus performed divination immediately. Realizing that his intuition was indeed correct, Huang Tianhua, the fourth son of Yellow Flying Tiger, was summoned before him and ordered to revive his father first before dealing with the current trouble at Tongguan Pass. Being handed a sword and a flower basket with instructions to return to the Purple Sun Cave swiftly after assisting his father through the pass, Huang Tianhua traveled with great speed and unparalleled vigor.

Chapter 32: Meeting Between Father and Son

This chapter is titled "Meeting Between Father and Son". Arriving before Tongguan Pass and entering a neighboring camp that was believed to be his father's, Huang Tianhua moved forward and declared his name and set intention to the guards present before him. As Huang Tianbiao, one of Yellow Flying Tiger's two brothers, approached this stranger from the camp gates, he was surprised to notice that the former had a face quite similar to that of his brother's -- and thus immediately exchanged a polite bow. Being led before Yellow Flying Tiger at the back camp, Huang Tianhua wept internally at the state that his father was currently present within. Seeing another man laying off to the left in a gravely wounded state, Huang Tianhua immediately began the revival process. Obtaining some water from a neighboring stream, Huang Tianhua used the elixer pills from his basket to dissolve the pills and gently pour the medicine down his father's throat. Awaking with a shock after about an hour of time, Yellow Flying Tiger asked hurriedly how long he had been unconscious. Being informed fully of the situation, Yellow Flying Tiger broke into tears at the sight of his fourth son who had not been present before his eyes for over thirteen years. Telling his father that a superiorman by the name of Virtue of the Pure Void had taken him in for discipleship due to being supposedly destined for such a fate, Huang Tianhua greeted his fellow uncles and brothers while restoring the wounded Zhou Ji back to full health. Suddenly realizing that his mother, Lady Jia, had not been present whatsoever, Yellow Flying Tiger had little choice but to inform his son about the incident at Capital Morning Song to the former's detriment. As Huang Tianhua fell to the ground in unparalelled rage and great frustration, he vowed to give his very own life if it meant the death of King Zhou. A messenger shortly arrived before the camp of Yellow Flying Tiger and informed the commander immediately of Chen Tong's second challenge. Leaving with due confidence of his son's promised backing, Yellow Flying Tiger confronted his hated opponent once more with complete vigor to obtain revenge. Being rather stunned at Flying Tiger's keen posture and seemingly good health, Chen Tong raised his halberd and charged the former with great furiosity nonetheless. Suffering defeat after a few rounds, Chen Tong began to flee while Yellow Flying Tiger hesitated less he suffered gravely once more by the enemy

commander's javelin. Knowing that his opponent would most assuredly not pursue a second time after suffering such a calamity within the past, Chen Tong decided to launch his Fire Dragon Javelin despite the great length between both commanders.

As Huang Tianhua unexpectedly leapt forth and absorbed the lance with his flower basket, Chen Tong knew that the boy will more than likely be a great obstacle between his long awaited revenge against Flying Tiger -- and he thus slashed violently at Huang Tianhua in hopes of destroying him with quick speed. With a single swift slash of light from Tianhua's magical Moye Sword, Chen Tong's head suddenly tumbled to the ground as an announcement of Flying Tiger's victory. Smashing the gates open with great speed, Yellow Flying Tiger emerged from Tongguan Pass shortly while Huang Tianhua bade a tearful farewell to his father, vowing to meet again at the Western Foothills sometime into the future. Arriving before Chuanyun Pass, Commander Chen Wu, the brother of Chen Tong, obtained word that Yellow Flying Tiger had broken through Tongguan and destroyed his brother. Being rather furious at such an incident while calling forth his generals to a council, General He Shen moved forward and told the commander of his plan to "take the enemy by cunning, not by force". After accepting the former's plan with delight, Chen Wu appeared before the pass gates to courteously propose a feast for Yellow Flying Tiger due to the unjust suffering that he confronted within the past. Accepting such a proposal with due happiness, the night arrived in quick time during their fellow feast together. Being asked to rest at their lodgings for the night, Yellow Flying Tiger reluctantly declined such an offer less Chen Wu attempted to perform any treacherous deed at such a time; he unwillingly agreed, however, once his generals declared their reassurance that such could not possibly happen considering the former's kind motives. Ordering his men to hide the luggage carts within neighboring corridors, every man fell asleep with true ease, while Yellow Flying Tiger insistently paced about in his room while reminiscing the past calamities that he had suffered and how he can effectively ensure that harm can be escaped within the present situation. Carefully considering such thoughts throughout the night without the slightest will to sleep, he was startled to hear the voice of his beloved wife suddenly emit throughout the walls of his room, stating that a grand fire shall burst about within their sleeping quarters in short time -- as Chen Wu had essentially planned out. Waking everyone present immediately, Yellow Flying Tiger elaborated Lady Jia's words and declared that they should thus break out of their current position in quick pace. As each general smashed the barred doors open with hand axes, they ordered the luggage

carts to be pushed out of the building once heaps of firewood were clearly seen laying in front of them. Rushing out atop their horses with unparalleled speed, Chen Wu quickly attained word of such happenings -- and thus pursued Yellow Flying Tiger's forces in immediate pace. Seeing Chen Wu rushing upon his back, Yellow Flying Tiger yelled at the enemy commander for his insincere kindness while possessing irrational enmity towards him. Charging eachother with great furiosity, Flying Tiger stabbed his sword deeply through Chen Wu's heart before smashing down the gates and destroying all enemy soldiers that dared to oppose his intense resolve. Leaving Chuanyuan in complete victory while approaching Jiepai Pass in quick speed, General Huang Ming commented to Yellow Flying Tiger that Huang Gun, the former's father, is the commander of the following pass -- and most assuredly will listen to his son's reason after the unjust incidents met within the past. As Huang Gun had obtained word of Yellow Flying Tiger's rebellion, and the grand slaughter through such an incident, he opened the camp gates with 3,000 soldiers at his right hand while ten prisoner carts sat to his left in preparation to punish his son despite the filial relations that they may possess towards eachother.

Chapter 33: The Battle at Sishui Pass

This chapter is titled "The Battle at Sishui Pass". As Generals Huang Ming and Long Huan of Yellow Flying Tiger were the first to reach the gates of Jiepai Pass, they clearly noticed Huang Gun's blatant intentions but approached him nonetheless in greeting. With Yellow Flying Tiger's additional approach, Huang Ming suddenly lashed out many cold words of hatred towards his son due to the consequences that shall be personally brought upon him as a latent result. Desiring to be remembered by the king as a loyal subject with the chance to live, Huang Gun demanded that his son dismounts and is taken in as prisoner for him to deliver before the feet of Morning Song. Accepting his father's words as being his only chance left to prove that he is a filial son still possessing loyal attributes towards the Shang Dynasty, Huang Ming immediately stepped forward and convinced his master that such an action would only put great shame to his resolve and is clearly not the will of Heaven to give in to such an injustice without a second thought. Realizing that Huang Ming must have been a large influential figure that incited his son into rebellion, Huang Gun unleashed his blade wrathfully while charging at the former. Attempting to convince Huang Gun that his actions will be void of virtue and filialty if he continues to fight solely for his currently possessed reputation rather than the greater good, Huang Gun's rage became ignited with a tint of even greater infuriation. As the four main generals under Yellow Flying Tiger began to violently clash blades against Huang Gun, Huang Ming immediately suggested to his master to use the time that they keep Guan at bay to escape from the pass gates—which are currently wide open. Seeing his son flee from the pass gates as he continued to clash blades against the enemy generals, and knowing that he will suffer death by the king for such, Huang Gun fell from his horse and attempted immediate suicide as a new resolution. Grabbing hold of Gun's arms to negate such an impulse resolve, Huang Ming calmly stated that he and the other three generals had originally intended on handing Yellow Flying Tiger in to Jiepai Pass after being forced into rebellion less they wanted to be killed. Stating in addition that if Huang Gun could approach Yellow Flying Tiger and state his intention to join them on their journey after carefully considering the situation, Flying Tiger could be lured back to a feast between father and son while being thrown into prisoner carts upon a later surprise. Accepting such a suggestion as his only true opportunity to deal with Flying Tiger even if Huang Ming is simply bluffing in

intention, Huang Gun approached his son shortly and pleaded forgiveness for the earlier rudeness. After inviting the unsuspecting Yellow Flying Tiger into his residence, and drinking with his son in due happiness, Huang Gun began performing the signal to capture the former and his entourage into prisoner carts—beating a gong upon a drum—continuously without any response from Huang Ming whatsoever. Dishonestly stating from the curtains that the soldiers are not ready as of yet, the former meanwhile ordered Long Huan and Wu Qian to fill the prisoner carts with Huang Gun's belongings while setting the barns and warehouses aflame. As soldiers of Shang stormed in to inform their commander of the current happenings while the majority of Flying Tiger's generals had already left the pass a second time, he became convinced by Huang Ming that the only way to preserve his great reputation, avoid death, and shine greatness upon the names of his ancestors, was to essentially join them in their departure to the Western Foothills. Kowtowing to Morning Song eight times while hanging his seal of office within the Silver Security Court, Huang Gun joined his son with 3,000 soldiers and 1,000 guards shortly.

As Huang Gun was riding side by side with Huang Ming, he warned the latter that they are approaching Sishui Pass: a pass that wields a dangerous sorcerer by the name of Yu Hua, the reputed "seven-headed general", who has never lost a single battle in his life. While Yellow Flying Tiger met with Gun and Ming shortly at their neighboring camp of Sishui Pass, Han Rong, the commander of the pass, sighed in great displeasure at being forced to deal with a commander that was once renowned throughout the Shang Dynasty as a hero. Summoning his generals nonetheless to do away with the threat that laid before him, he and his generals decided it best to block the pass's gates with a heavy-armored unit, while the rest of his forces outside prepare for combat with long spears as their attributed weaponry. As the feared Yu Ha exited the gates before the enemy's camp, Yellow Flying Tiger personally declared that he shall meet the former in combat. With Yu Hua's inspection to Flying Tiger for his rationale behind rebellion upon their approach, Yu Hua almost became convinced by the general's words—but nonetheless rode forward to do battle less his own grandly established reputation were to be lost for freeing a widely-accounted rebel of the dynasty. Being utterly exhausted during their duel as Yellow Flying Tiger's swords were used with keen renown and skill, Yu Hua retreated a set interval between the former while unleashing his black-cloud pennant to knock Flying Tiger unconscious. Pushing the commander before the feet of Han Rong, Han Rong placed Yellow Flying Tiger into gaoul while awaiting the additional capture of his assistant rebels. As Huang Gun sat in camp fuming over Han

Rong's chance to attain a high level of rather undeserved merit that night, Yu Ha rode forward to be met by Generals Zhou Ji and Huang Ming the following morning. Unfortunately however, Zhou Ji and Huang Ming had never seen the method used to capture their commander originally, and they thus fell in addition to Yu Hua's magic pennant very shortly. Even though the generals of Flying Tiger were clearly informed of Yu Hua's ability by Huang Gun at a later point, their inner pride blinded their eyes from rationality—and Yu Ha thus managed to capture Huang Feibiao, Huang Feibao, Long Huan, and Wu Qian in a mere two encounters. Being honored by Han Rong for his evidential prowess, Huang Gun meanwhile sat in the camp while gazing into the eyes of his grandsons, knowing that they too will more than likely be forced to suffer the same fate as their comrades. Obtaining report that Yu Ha has appeared once more before Flying Tiger's camp, Huang Tianlu, Huang Ming's grandson, convinced his grandfather that he shall defeat the enemy general with his keenly established renown on the battlefield despite his age. As the bout thus began between Tianlu and Yu Hua, the latter managed to use his magical pennant on Tianlu despite the wounds that he obtained through the former's unexpected skill. Being utterly distressed beyond despair at the hearing of his grandson's additional capture, Huang Gun suggested to his fellow soldiers to display their fine gifts present as a purchasing of their own freedom, while he accepts his seemingly inevitable fate as prisoner. Even though the soldiers tried to console his motives, Huang Gun ignored such words due to the situation's clear conditions—and thus set forth to Sishui's gates to convince Han Rong that his grandchildren should be free of any harm while he gives himself in to preserve what little reputation he shall have. Obtaining report on Huang Gun's arrival, Han Rong set forth with generals side by side, believing that the former either came for negotiation or sympathy.

Chapter 34: Good and Bad Fortune of Yellow Flying Tiger

This chapter is titled "Good and Bad Fortune of Yellow Flying Tiger". Crawling on his knees before Han Rong, while performing a reciprocated salutation, Huang Gun placed forth his remaining grandchild and begged for his life to be spared of any such punishment so that the Huang family would not only live on, but the latter would be remembered as a man of compassion even when under a ruler of contradicting attributes. Responding to such a statement, Han Rong declared that no matter what the circumstances may be, if he dares to violate his set orders through nothing more than personal consideration, others would suspect him as being an ally to the rebels and/or unreliable as a commanding personage of the Shang Dynasty. Retorting nonetheless by stating that his grandson was obviously forced into rebellion through current circumstances, and Han Rong would prove his respect towards the Huang family for reputational benefit if the child is to be freed, the latter dismissed such words as being irrational and out of the question. Knowing that all hope is thus lost, Huang Gun gave in himself and his son to be placed forth in the gaols as prisoners. Being utterly delighted at the capture of Yellow Flying Tiger's entire family and subordinate generals, a feast was performed as congratulations for such a grand feat. Discussing afterwards who should be in command of the Morning Song prisoner escort party, Han Rong sat back in satisfaction at Yu Ha's ensured backing. As Yu Ha and his party began to travel immediately with their eleven prisoners present, Huang Gun couldn't restrain his tears over such a vile conclusion to a clan that was honored as highly as the very dynasty itself. Meanwhile at the Golden Light Cave of Qianyuan Mountain, Fairy Primordial intuitively knew that trouble was running about -- and thus made a divination to find Yellow Flying Tiger and his family in grave danger. Calling for Nezha in immediate pace, Primordial ordered his disciple to rush down the mountain and set free any men who seem to be in a state of crucial need, and then return after assisting them through Sishui Pass. Grasping his Fire-Tip Lance, Nezha sped down the mountain in excitement before seeing an army marching towards his direction with prisoner carts at their side. Assuming that this entourage is the one he is looking for, Nezha took up position on a narrow stretch along the pathway and began to sing a song in order to aggravate the soldiers in some way. Strolling

along to Nezha's position after attaining report on the former's actions, Yu Ha became infuriated at Nezha's insistence to obtain ten ingots of gold as payment for passage -- and thus spurred his mount forward to attack such an annoyance. Being overrun by the enemy immortal's clear renown, Yu Hua unleashed forth his magical pennant; but such was only taken away by Nezha's leopard skin bag without the slightest effort. Knowing that the man standing before him must be that of an immortal, and for surely he would meet disaster if his magical pennant was not attained quickly, Yu Ha rushed at Nezha with great desperation—clearly realizing that he could not do much in such a situation. Unleashing forth his golden brick to gravely wound Yu Ha less the latter attempted to kill the prisoners as a last resort in his desperate situation, Yu Hua galloped away in great speed while blood poured profusely from his head and body. Rationalizing for a moment, Nezha decided it best to allow Yu Hua escape less his mission was delayed any further. Sending all other soldiers to immediate flight, Nezha inspected whether a man by the name of "Yellow Flying Tiger" was present in their party before freeing anyone.

As Yellow Flying Tiger prostrated before Nezha in gratitude while announcing his name, each prisoner reciprocated many kowtows to the man who freed them from certain disaster after receiving freedom from their bonds. Ensuring Flying Tiger and his family that he shall personally hold of the pass for their sake in the time being, the former set off immediately to assist. Once Yu Hua had meanwhile returned to the side of Commander Han Rong and thoroughly elaborated his meeting with a strange immortal that attacked him solely out of greedy intentions for a toll passage, Han Rong became very uneasy over the current circumstances -- but became reassured after a general reminded the commander that Yellow Flying Tiger would have little choice but to return to Sishui even if he happened to be freed. Obtaining report shortly that a man by the name of "Nezha" had arrived before the camp gates for battle, Han Rong strode out of the pass immediately without the slightest patience for further trouble on his part. Being informed by Nezha outside the gates that he had freed Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage while beating back a man by the name of "Yu Hua", Han Rong began to curse the former for the trouble that he has caused—and thus attacked Nezha without any further talk. Not realizing what outstanding immortal qualities Nezha possessed, Han Rong and his soldiers were beaten back quickly with fear equivalent to that of fighting a great dragon. Not allowing such a threat to simply run amok no matter how strong it may be, the four generals and two brothers of Flying Tiger suddenly approached the gates of Sishui in assistance to the furthered detriment of Han Rong. As Yu Hua was

informed of this critical situation, he immediately strode from the gates and became infuriated that the immortal from earlier dared to return simply to sully his great renown. Using his golden brick and Universal Ring with great skill, Nezha forced both Han Rong and Yu Hua into immediate flight, while Yellow Flying Tiger and his father arrived shortly to break through the gates and gather all originally acquired belongings before charging through the pass in success. As Nezha took his leave shortly, Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage eventually arrived to Mount Qi—a region neighboring Phoenix City of the Western Foothills—without any opposition or trouble at that. Ordering his fellow generals and family members to take up camp near Phoenix City following their arrival, Yellow Flying Tiger dressed in plain clothing while heading through the city alone. Walking through the streets, Flying Tiger noticed that the market and household regions were very prosperous compared to that of Morning Song—and thus became quite satisfied over the long hard-won journey that he inevitably performed. After obtaining information from a fellow passer-by where Prime Minister Jiang Ziya's mansion was located, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the mansion shortly while being ushered in before the prime minister. Thoroughly elaborating his rebellion against Morning Song and the rationale behind such an action, Jiang Ziya joyfully allowed his guest to sit by his side while ensuring the former that he shall inform such words to King Wu as soon as possible. As Jiang Ziya thus approached the palace gates shortly, while greeting the king as the usual tradition, the prime minister informed King Wu that Prince Yellow Flying Tiger of Military Prowess has forsaken King Zhou and is now present within Phoenix City to offer his service. Once Yellow Flying Tiger had been called for audience before King Wu, the prince's new title became Prince for National Pacification and Military Prowess in hopes that he shall be one of the destined founders of the future Zhou Dynasty. Performing a banquet feast in Flying Tiger's honor, each of the family members and generals serving under the former were brought within the city while reattaining their original rank and position when originally under Shang.

Chapter 35: The Surrender of Two Generals

This chapter is titled "The Surrender of Two Generals". Returning to the incident at Lintong, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was utterly astounded at being overtaken by such a simple trick even though he had mastered many immortal arts within the past—thus evidently suggesting that he must not have been destined to take Yellow Flying Tiger no matter what action was performed on his part. Returning to Morning Song shortly while elaborating to the ministers his unfortunate failure, Wen Zhong became rather worried over Yellow Flying Tiger's conjectured immortal assistance reoccurring in the future as to increase his probability of escaping through the passes. As reports soon entered the capital, stating Yellow Flying Tiger's individual victory over the five passes, Wen Zhong became infuriated at the countless detrimental occurrences evolving out of King Zhou's incompetence—but nonetheless resolved in his heart that he must uphold the vow to King Da Yi: the eternal preservation of the Shang Dynasty, even if it costs his own life. Knowing that Yellow Flying Tiger's successful arrive at the Western Foothills will be a great factor in Ji Fa's encouragement to rebel against the capital, Wen Zhong formed an audience before many generals to discuss the current issue. As General Lu Xiong stepped forward and recommended to the Grand Old Master that any form of war against the Western Foothills would currently act against their favor--due to the lack of food supplies and generals willing to cooperate through extensive trouble with other rebelling forces such as the dukes—Wen Zhong became convinced that the best course of action would be to obtain information about the Western Foothills set intentions in any means appropriate before taking impulsive courses of action. With consent from the Chao Twins that they shall undertake such a task, they immediately left the frontier with 30,000 soldiers at their backing—less they are forced into a situation that is needing of attack. Haltering near the western gates of Phoenix City following their arrival, Jiang Ziya obtained word of such while becoming rather confused as to why King Zhou would act at such an inappropriate time. Not being rational of the situation to any means, the Chao Twins both agreed to challenge before the gates of Phoenix City in their desire for battle and bloodshed. As Jiang Ziya sat in conference, while being approached by a guard shortly to be informed of the Shang Army's intentions,

General Nangong Kuo volunteered to meet the foe outside the gates. Taking impulsiveness into his own hands, Chao Lei, the elder of the two brothers, approached his challenger, stating that Yellow Flying Tiger is to be bound up as the rebel he is—or the people of Phoenix City shall suffer death for their contradictory manners. Responding to the former's words with his cutless, Chao Lei was taken captive shortly after thirty rounds of battle. Refusing to kneel with hurtful words after being presented before Jiang Ziya, and receiving the order of execution for such, Yellow Flying Tiger moved forward and convinced the prime minister that Chao Lei may be useful to them in the future if he remains alive for now.

Obtaining consent, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the general with convincing words that he shall always remain at the lowest class if his loyalty belongs in the hands of a barbaric ruler like King Zhou, rather than a man of virtue such as that of King Wu. Expressing his immediate apologies to Jiang Ziya while being allowed to convince his brother, Chao Tian, Chao Lei appeared before his astonished brother outside the western gates shortly. After elaborating his rationale behind being freed, and his new intentions under the Western Foothills, Chao Lei became very uneasy at the prospect that their fellow family members would be slaughtered in entirety if they were to both defect from Morning Song. As Chao Lei thus devised a plan so that they can essentially escape disaster, Chao Tian meanwhile returned to the city while informing Jiang Ziya that his brother is indeed willing to defect—but he requests a general to see him as a sign of respect. Once Yellow Flying Tiger had volunteered himself with consent, Jiang Ziya additionally sent Xin Jia, Xin Mian, and Nangong Kuo to set locations less anything were to happen to the prince. As Yellow Flying thus entered the Shang camp in greeting, the two Chao Twins laughed internally at the idiocy of the Western Foothills while binding the former and returning to Morning Song quickly. When they had arrived before Mount Dragon along the way, General Xin Jia suddenly stood before their path, suggesting that they hand over Yellow Flying Tiger if they wish to keep their lives. Knowing that the situation was in their favor, and it would be foolish to give up such a chance so blatantly, the two Chao Twins ragefully thrashed their blades at the enemy general. As Xin Mian additionally fell upon the Shang forces with great force, Chao Lei decided to flee from the Western Foothills district in order to potentially obtain further support while his brother fought off the enemy. As Yellow Flying Tiger had essentially been freed more easily due to the former's departure, the prince wrathfully took Chao Tian prisoner in his vows for revenge. Meanwhile, Chao Lei unfortunately forgot the specific path of exit from the

Western Foothills district—forcing him to run about atop his horse with great frustration over such a ridiculous situation. Being approached shortly by General Nangong Kuo under the light of the moon that midnight, Chao Lei had no intention to feel regret over his previous decision, and thus charged at the enemy general with swift renown. Not realizing that Nangong's furiosity and aggression made him one of the strongest warriors of the Western Foothills, Chao Lei was bound shortly and placed within the Prime Minister's mansion the following dawn. Once Yellow Flying Tiger and Nangong Kuo elaborated their successful capture of Chao Lei and Chao Tian to Jiang Ziya, the prime minister ordered for the brothers to meet an immediate execution through beheading. As Chao Lei quickly elaborated the situation with his fellow family members, and the regret that he possesses by not telling Jiang Ziya of such an issue sooner, Yellow Flying Tiger personally informed the prime minister that Chao Lei's words are indeed truthful. When the two brothers had thus been set free while kneeling before Jiang Ziya, the latter stated that Chao Tian shall remain as a hostage, while Chao Lei returns to the capital with secretly written instructions that will essentially ensure their family's safety. Realizing he had little choice, Chao Lei set out for Morning Song at once.

Chapter 36: First Disaster Within the Western Foothills

This chapter is titled "First Disaster Within the Western Foothills". As Chao Lei arrived before Capital Morning Song a few days following his departure, he presented himself before Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, stating that Commander Han Rong's lack of support with rations and fodder led to his army's decay—thus forcing him to flee back to the capital and plead for reinforcements. Knowing clearly that Han Rong could have easily supplied Chao Lei with full rations with a single lifting of his finger, the commander must have had quite a rational resolution as to not heed such a call—especially considering his reputation could falter through such an action. Assigning Chao Lei 3,000 soldiers and 1,000 piculs of rice nonetheless, the general set out for the Western Foothills shortly while secretly taking along his family in addition. As Wen Zhong still pondered quite some time following Chao Lei's leave, he performed divination to find out that Lei only intended on bringing his family to the Western Foothills during his return. Knowing that Chao Lei was too far away to be harmed, Ji Li and Yu Qing, the disciples of Wen Zhong, approached their master and suggested that Zhang Guifang, Commander of Green Dragon Pass, should be chosen to lead an attack upon the Western Foothills. With Zhang Guifang's immediate departure, with Qiu Yin taking the former's place as commander over the pass, Chao Lei meanwhile arrived within Phoenix City to report his success before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya. Giving an account of his conversation with Wen Zhong, Jiang Ziya clearly realized that war with Shang is very probable, considering the current circumstances with Yellow Flying Tiger's rebellion and his own image of being a man of great trickery and deceit. With Zhang Guifang's arrival before the southern gates of Phoenix City after seven days of march, Jiang Ziya obtained word of such—and thus asked Yellow Flying Tiger for his knowledge on the enemy commander's ability level. Informing the prime minister that Zhang Guifang possesses a strange technique that allows him to control each specific movement of his opponent after calling out their name, Jiang Ziya became rather worried over such an unexpected summary. As many general of the Western Foothills believed Yellow Flying Tiger's words to be nothing more than nonsense, Commander Zhang Guifang meanwhile sent forth General Feng Lin for the first challenge. Placing scorn over rationality, Ji Shuqian charged from

Phoenix City's gates to do battle with the enemy general, no matter what technique he may have possessed. Realizing that the man standing before him is commander of the vanguard under Guifang, Ji Shuqian stabbed his lance at the former with great precision and renown. Unfortunately for Shuqian however, a large red ball of light suddenly shot from Feng Lin's mouth, causing him to be blinded while beaten to death by the enemy general's tooth-fanged clubs at the same time. As Zhang Guifang mounted the fallen warrior's head atop his camp gates in satisfaction over Feng Lin's victory, Jiang Ziya gnashed his teeth in anger at such a report. Once Zhang Guifang had personally led his forces before the enemy gates in high morale, Jiang Ziya wrathfully approached the former with soldiers standing to his right and left. With the forces of Jiang Ziya clashing blades fiercely against their foe, Zhang Guifang could not restrain the great anger that arose within his veins at the very sight of Yellow Flying Tiger fighting against His Majesty in full resolve—and thus yelled the name of the former, sending him crashing to the ground in a state of paralysis.

With the immediate assistance of Yellow Flying Tiger's two brothers, and Zhou Ji, the prince managed to escape any potential capture. Realizing that his true intention has been slipped from his grasp, Zhang Guifang fled, but happened to obtain Zhou Ji in the process of his retreat. In additional ill-fortune, General Nangong Kuo's aggression overcame him during his pursuit of the fleeing Feng Lin—thus resulting in his capture. As Jiang Ziya led his forces back to Phoenix City in great distress and rage over the reality of the situation, Zhang Guifang had meanwhile placed both captured generals within prisoner carts to await their eventual return back to Morning Song following the Western Foothill's fall. Challenging the city the following morning as usual, a board of truce was hung before the gates, convincing Zhang Guifang that a short rest for his soldiers would be the best choice at hand. At this same point in time, Fairy Primordial had personally observed the current happenings at the Western Foothills through divination. Calling forth Nezha at once, Primordial thoroughly elaborated the current and future happenings that shall befall the west, declaring to his disciple that he should thus immediately assist Jiang Ziya as a showing of his celestial renown. Being very delighted at a chance to unleash his prowess upon impulse, Nezha kowtowed to his master before setting off to the Western Foothills, arriving shortly. Once Nezha had approached Jiang Ziya at the Prime Minister's mansion, while elaborating his reason for appearance and obtaining word on Zhang Guifang's strange ability, the former asked the prime minister if he could challenge this foe at once. Being convinced by Nezha's celestial attributes and great vigor, Jiang Ziya ordered the board of truce to be removed at once. With

Feng Lin's immediate departure before the city gates to offer challenge upon the realization of the board's disappearance, Nezha approached the enemy commander while lashing violently with his renowned lance of fire. Clearly realizing that Nezha is more than likely a celestial being due his uncultured manner of battle and strange revolving wheels of fire, Feng Lin retreated a grand distance less he received immediate death, while shooting forth his ball of red flames at the former's face. Being naturally well acquainted with such sorcery, Nezha negated his technique, while forcing Feng Lin into retreat after being gravely injured with the Universal Ring. Following the injured general back to his camp, Nezha anxiously yelled for Zhang Guifang to show his face at once. Appearing before the celestial and attacking him with great renown, Zhang clearly showed signs of severe fatigue—and thus called forth Nezha's name—and set order—without any success whatsoever. Realizing that the situation was inevitably in the enemy's favor, Zhang Guifang resolutely charged his blade at the former with the furiosity of a great dragon.

Chapter 37: Jiang Ziya Visits Mount Kunlun

This chapter is titled "Jiang Ziya Visits Mount Kunlun". As Nezha became determined to put an end to his vigorous enemy, the Universal Ring was used to break Zhang Guifang's arm and effectively send him fleeing. Reporting to Jiang Ziya that his innate celestial qualities saved him from any form of harm—and assisted in a grand victory at that—Zhang Guifang had meanwhile sent an urgent report to Grand Old Master, asking him for additional reinforcements for the front. Realizing that Guifang will try to obtain a far greater militia at his backing due to the unparalleled prowess that Nezha possesses, Jiang Ziya decided to head to Mount Kunlun to pay his master a visit after giving his traditional farewell to King Wu. Informing His Majesty earlier that he will be gone for around three days of time, Jiang Ziya arrived very shortly before Unicorn Mountain of Mount Kunlun, while gazing at the beauty that is still present despite his being gone for over a decade. Entering the Jade Emptiness Palace while prostrating himself before Master Heavenly Primogenitor, the latter offered fellow greetings to his disciple before ordering him to construct a Terrace of Creation upon Mount Western Foothills immediately—as it is his set destiny. Additionally stating that many men of talent shall appear before him once times of emergency present themselves, he dismissed Jiang Ziya, but carefully informed him to ignore any such voice that may call forth his name upon his return to the Western Foothills, lest any disaster comes of it. Holding the "List of Creations" while taking his leave from Primogenitor, Jiang Ziya began to hear someone calling his name from behind; recalling his master's words with clarity, he refused to reply while continuing along the path to Unicorn Cliff. As the man became exceedingly angry over Jiang Ziya's rude behavior—for they had been friends for over forty years back at Mount Kunlun—Ziya turned his back to see Shen Gongbao before him. Expressing immediate retribution for his rudeness, and upon Shen Gongbao's inquiring as to which side the former is assisting, Jiang Ziya replied to his old friend that he is fully resolved to do away with the tyrant ruler King Zhou, as Prime Minister of the Western Foothills. Believing King Zhou's manner of rulership as being for the greater good—due to the supreme military force at his backing through such disciplinary motives—Shen Gongbao became angry at Jiang Ziya's words—and thus declared to his old

friend that King Wu will remain as nothing more than a mere laughing stock if he continues to oppose His Majesty with petty words of morality and virtue. Declaring that he will remain with King Wu eternally, despite the former's words of hate, Shen Gongbao became determined to show Jiang Ziya not only his superior rationality, but his superiority in technique as well. Cutting the head from his body and tossing it into the air, Jiang Ziya gazed in amazement as it simply revolved many times in a single space while Gongbao's body still stood erect with full mobility. Possessing a natural hatred towards Shen Gongbao, and seeing such a chance as being very probable to end in his own intended way, Immortal of the South Pole ordered White Crane Lad to transform himself into a crane and seize Gongbao's revolving head while tossing it into the North Sea. Immediately performing his set instructions, Immortal of the South Pole meanwhile scolded Jiang Ziya for defying Primogenitor's words.

As Shen Gongbao ran about in great confusion as to why he was unable to retract his head whatsoever, Jiang Ziya earnestly pleaded to spare Gongbao's life—for he may be able to convince his old friend that King Wu is the dynasty's savior to negate any potential opposition within the future. Clicking his fingers to allow Gongbao's head to be freed, it immediately returned to its host's body at once. Knowing that he could have died if his head had not returned after three hours of time, Shen Gongbao left the mountain region with the declaration that he shall turn the Western Foothills into a sea of blood in short time. As Jiang Ziya had thus headed quickly to the East Sea while gazing forth at the immense beauty laid before his eyes, the sea suddenly erupted, signaling the arrival of a spirit that had wondered for over 1,000 years. Approaching Jiang Ziya from the skies and stating that he had been a reputed warrior under Emperor Xuanyuan who suffered death at this sea, and has been entrapped ever since, the former let loose a grand show of lightning to free the fallen warrior from his bonds. Kneeling forth in unparalleled gratitude, Jiang Ziya took his hand, while continuing towards the Western Foothills only to find the air being thrashed about with a sudden storm that raged onwards. As the four devils originally present within the Peony Pavilion approached Jiang Ziya from the skies with a fellow greeting, they were immediately ordered to assist in the construction of a "Terrace of Creation", while Bai Jian personally acts as supervisor of the work. Performing the construction with great resolve and keen skill, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile returned to Phoenix City, where he was met warmly by both General Wu Ji and Nezha. Being informed that no such attack was performed by Zhang Guifang throughout the interval of his departure, Jiang Ziya issued specific orders to his generals the following morning in preparation for a specialized

night-raid. As Zhang Guifang stamped his feet impatiently at the confirmed backing of additional reinforcements from the capital, he suddenly began to hear the roaring of cannons and soldiers from within the gates of his camp -- and thus immediately rushed forth with Feng Lin by his side in full armor. Realizing that the Zhou forces had leaked in throughout every direction--for the sounds of clashing swords had been heard from right to left—Zhang Guifang became terrified at the brilliant glow of fire that emitted from Nezha as his soldiers were slaughtered like lowly animals. Knowing that the situation was hopeless without their reinforcements, Zhang Guifang and Feng Lin had little choice but to save their own lives by fleeing amongst the confusion to Mount Western Foothills with their remaining forces following. Smashing the ground with both fists at the sight of his pride being torn apart by such a ridiculous incident, Zhang Guifang ragefully wrote another urgent report for reinforcements at once. Holding a conference back at Capital Morning Song, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was astonished to see an additional request for reinforcements obtained from Commander Zhang Guifang—and thus declared to all around that if victory is ever to be reality, he must personally set forth to the Western Foothills and show the enemy their place. Ji Li, who was very close to Wen Zhong and knew much of his past, informed the Grand Old Master that he should head to the Nine Dragon Island within the West Sea in order to obtain his four Taoist friends as potential backing in his stead. Clapping his hands in delight at such a suggestion, Wen Zhong made immediate preparations to head to the island and invite his old friends with a fellow toast of greeting.

Chapter 38: Baby Tooth Tackles Four Superiormen

This chapter is titled "Baby Tooth Tackles Four Superiormen". Following Grand Old Master Wen Zhong's arrival at Nine Dragon Island, Wen Zhong would see his four superiormen friends idly enjoying a game of chess. In time, it was decided that all four would assist; thus a strategy would be mapped out for their first move against Baby Tooth. Once they had completed their set strategy, Grand Old Master would present the foursome before King Zhou himself in this order: Wang Magus, Yang Forest, High Amiable, and Li Resounding. Once everything had then been set for movement, Zhang Cassia would once again appear before the unwavering Baby Tooth the following day. Suddenly, the foursome of Nine Dragon Island would suddenly appear on the battlefield -- to the dismay of Baby Tooth. Wang Magus would then personally tell Baby Tooth the three-pronged request: to force King Wu to return as a minister under King Zhou; the returning of Yellow Flying Tiger; and the feasting of Cassia's army. Baby Tooth would ask for three days to think over their resolution. Following this, Baby Tooth would once again head out to Mount Kunlun. Upon his arrival, Baby Tooth would receive a Four-not-alike (an illiteral beast that had the body of a dragon, the head of a deer, feet like a cheetah, and hoofs like a qilin. In addition, Baby Tooth would receive an XYZ Flag and a Devil Beating Whip. In short time, Baby Tooth's four-not-alike would bring him to a beautiful island within the North Sea. Following a somewhat short conflict with Good Lob, a fifteen foot tall lobster, Baby Tooth would acquire the beast's consent to assist King Wu.

Once the Foursome of Nine Dragon Island had realized the following day that the granaries were never opened, they knew that Baby Tooth had refuted their request. Immediately after finding Baby Tooth, Wang Magus would personally charge out and give battle. Before Wang Magus was able to even touch Baby Tooth however, Nezha would suddenly appear and duel it out with him. Following a semi-major battle between the other three superiormen, Good Lob, and Yellow Flying Tiger, Baby Tooth would attempt to make his escape through the clouds atop his beast. The determined Wang Magus, however, joined Baby Tooth in the skies. After directly hitting Baby Tooth with his Earth Slashing

Pearl technique, Baby Tooth would fall to the ground beneath in an unconscious state. As Wang got off his animal to go for Baby Tooth's head, he heard a certain individual singing a song. Upon his approach, he would see none other than Superiorman Broad Altruist. Once Broad Altruist had attempted to convince Wang Magus that Baby Tooth should be left alone for the sake of the Investiture of the Gods Register, Wang Magus would become rather annoyed. Without thinking deeply about the situation whatsoever, Wang Magus would blindly charge at Broad Altruist with his sword. Jinzha, Broad Altruist's student, would appear immediately and negate Wang Magus's blade. Broad Altruist would then throw his Seven-trick Lotus around Wang Magus; resulting in complete immobalence. Jinzha would then stand ready to deliver the final blow to Wang Magus.

Chapter 39: Lu Xiong Assists Zhang Guifang

This chapter is titled "Lu Xiong Assists Zhang Guifang". As the infuriated Wang Mo was unable to move in any form while being firmly immobilized by Outstanding Culture's stakes, Jinzha performed one quick slash maneuver of his blade—sending the unfortunate Taoist to his death, while his soul became the first to gather before the Terrace of Creation. Reviving Jiang Ziya momentarily afterwards, Outstanding Culture told the prime minister to return to the Western Foothills with the assistance of Jinzha. Departing after being informed of the prior situation, Outstanding Culture had meanwhile buried the corpse of Wang Mo in a grievous state over his impulsive gestures of the past. Fortunately driving away the Shang forces earlier, without any notable casualties at that, King Wu and the others were greatly delighted to see the prime minister return before the city's northern gates with a stranger by his side later that day. Elaborating the incidents prior in full detail, while introducing Jinzha to all present, Yang Sen meanwhile sat within the Shang camp, being exceedingly worried over Wang Mo's lack of return by dusk. Performing a divination across his fingers at once, Yang Sen flew back in horror at the gruesome end to their fellow brother, Wang Mo. Informing his other two brothers of the situation immediately, all three Taoists slept throughout that night in great agony and despair over the death of Wang Mo—but such only strengthened their resolve to destroy Jiang Ziya even if they must sacrifice everything they possess. Mounting their beasts at the very crack of dawn, the Taoists demanded that Jiang Ziya shows himself at once. Hearing of such a challenge shortly, Jiang Ziya hesitated, due to the various wounds that he still possessed from the incident prior, but was nonetheless encouraged to head to the front once Nezha ensured his essential backing. Appearing outside the eastern gates shortly after, Jinzha and Nezha immediately rushed forward to protect the prime minister from any harm. With a sudden wrathful charge on the part of the three Taoists, Jiang Ziya carefully watched the battle, while determining it time to try out his Staff of Beating Gods. Throwing the staff into the air in a horizontal fashion, a sudden flash of lightning triggered the weapon to fall like a boulder—aiming for the unfortunate Gao Youqian. As Youqian's head splattered instantly at such an impact, Yang Sen was terrified, but nonetheless immensely enraged at the following death of his

brother. Seeing Jiang Ziya toss the staff into the air earlier, and concluding through such a fact that the former killed his brother, Yang Sen let out a piercing cry of despair and lunged at the prime minister like a berserk dragon ready to slaughter at whim. Being distracted by an object—the Universal Ring—being flung straight at him, Jinzha seized such a chance to bind the former with his Invisible Dragon Stake, and then finishing the Taoist off with a vertical blade slash through his abdomen. Seeing the death of two additional brothers, Li Xingba charged at Jinzha and Muzha, while Feng Lin and Zhang Guifang, who could not allow the death of any more allies less their chances of victory became nullified, leapt forthward to assist their Taoist ally. Huang Tianxiang, the fourth son of Yellow Flying Tiger, meanwhile rode forth with his silver spear, even though he was still yet a child. Being overtaken by an obvious advantage over Tianxiang, Feng Lin cockily charged at the young boy while thrashing his clubs about wrathfully, but ended up being killed upon a single thrust of Tianxiang's spear—which pierced the former's chest with great renown. Now knowing that the day had most assuredly been lost, Zhang Guifang retreated to the Shang camp immediately, while Li Xingba followed close behind. Upon their return to the Shang camp, Li Xingba suggested to Zhang Guifang that reinforcements are of great necessity, considering the recent death of four additional generals; Zhang consented at once to such a suggestion by sending an urgent report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong.

As Jiang Ziya returned to Phoenix City, where he profusely praised the young Tianxiang for his renown, Jinzha clearly realized that with the loss of three generals on the opposing side, and their earlier retreat more than likely out of fear of complete annihilation, they most assuredly would be awaiting an immediate backing of some form of reinforcements that ensured their ultimate protection; Jinzha thus approached the prime minister, suggesting to him that the enemy commander should be engaged as soon as possible. Clearly seeing Jinzha's rationale, Jiang Ziya followed his suggestion by leading forth his army the following day, while demanding Zhang Guifang to show himself at once. Ragefully exiting the Shang camp with generals to his right and left, Zhang Guifang knew that the situation was grave, due to the current lack of reinforcements, and capable generals at that, but nonetheless charged forthward to begin a grand battle. As each general unleashed their prowess upon the battlefield, Li Xingba fled through the skies at the very second in which Jiang Ziya had made a threatening gesture with his staff, thus leaving Zhang Guifang surrounded by many generals on each side. With the Chao Twin's attempt to convince the enemy commander that reconciliation is the best choice,

considering the current situation he is within, Zhang Guifang did not for a second consider such a resolution as probable—for his loyalty and honor had been sworn to King Zhou, no matter what obstacle appeared before him. Fighting on like a renowned warrior from dawn to noon, Zhang realized his great exhaustion and the lack of forces remaining on his side, and thus pierced his own belly as a final show of loyal intentions towards the Shang Dynasty. Seeing the enemy commander fall to the ground and emitted his final breath, Jiang Ziya and his men returned to Phoenix City in triumph, after receiving the remaining soldiers of Guifang, who had surrendered. As Li Xingba had meanwhile landed before a neighboring mountain to plan out his next move, he decided it best to return to the capital, while meeting with Wen Zhong to discuss their method of revenge. Ready to take his leave immediately, Li Xingba heard someone singing a song in a very close distance—and thus turned around to see a young man, who stated his name to be "Muzha". Exchanging salutations, while stating his name and set purpose, Muzha smiled in delight at the man who his master sent him far and wide to search for standing right before his very eyes. Informing the former that he has been sent to capture him, and a great reward would be presented through such an action, Li Xingba knew that it would be difficult to escape such a grasp—and thus lashed forth his duel staves at the enemy. Greatly resolved to destroy anything in his path for the sake of revenge, Muzha became clearly overpowered as they clashed weapons violently along the mountainside. Unfortunately for Li Xingba, however, Muzha suddenly unleashed a large blade—dubbed as the male counterpart of the two "Hooks of Wu" atop his back—to slice off the former's head in one quick strike. Riding to the Western Foothills atop his dust cloud, Muzha arrived before a large city, and was unexpectedly admitted in by his elder brother, Jinzha, who which introduced the former to the prime minister at once. As Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile stamped his fist in rage at the report of three of his Taoist allies being killed, he ordered all generals to appear before him to obtain ear on the situation currently at hand. After a lengthened discussion, it was decided that Lu Xiong, a general of old age, but capable in the art of military commandership nonetheless, would be assisted by Fei Zhong and You Hun as advisors, in order to essentially reinforce Zhang Guifang at all costs possible. Being equipped with 50,000 soldiers, and leaving the capital immediately without delay, summer soon approached, forcing the Shang army to perspire under the immense sunlight without the slightest breath of wind whatsoever. Being told by a patrolman along the way that Zhang Guifang had lost his life, and his very head is hanging upon Phoenix City's eastern gate as he spoke, Commander Lu Xiong ordered his soldiers to camp at a neighboring forest within a region known as "Mount

Western Foothills" -- as one of his generals had stated it to be. Immediately sending report to Wen Zhong on the current situation, Jiang Ziya had obtained report on the enemy's camping within Mount Western Foothills -- and thus ordered Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo to block any sort of assault from the former with 5,000 soldiers at their disposal. As both generals camped opposite to the stationary Shang forces, General Xin Jia arrived shortly to move their camp before the mountain's summit—as ordered by Jiang Ziya himself. Following such a ridiculous order without any true choice, the forces of Zhou began to complain profusely as they were forced to remain within the direct heat of summer, while being laughed at below by the Shang soldiers, who knew that they would die of exhaustion if they remained as such for at least three days. As Lu Xiong kept his forces stationed closely by his side without external movement, less an ambush or trap of some sort became unleashed at any noticeable retortion, Jiang Ziya arrived before his own forces with an additional 3,000, and ordered his soldiers to construct a three-foot high terrace at once. With General Xin Mian's additional arrival with padded cotton jackets and warm caps to be worn upon each soldier, everyone present followed such an order at once—knowing fully that they rushed the risk of their own deaths at any moment.

Chapter 40: Phoenix City's Great Siege

This chapter is titled "Phoenix City's Great Siege". With the immediate arrival of dusk, and the essential completion of the terrace, Jiang Ziya began to recite many incantations and spells to stir up the winds for his set intentions. Destroying the deathly heat of summer with a refreshing breeze, the wind gradually became stronger—even to the extent that trees became uprooted, and sand flew about violently. As the wind became etched with a tint of coldness, winter snow suddenly fell from the skies, covering the land beneath with a tint of silver and white. Being exceedingly astonished and enraged at the coldness at the same time, Lu Xiong began making preparations to make an immediate retreat, lest they were frozen to death by such blatant sorcery. Realizing that the enemy army could escape his grasp without death, Jiang Ziya began to recite many charms, effectively summoning the sun before the Shang forces' eyes. Sending large torrents of waves raging about, the prime minister additionally summoned forth a cold wind, freezing all unfortunate soldiers of Shang to ice. Seeing an ocean of ice layed about beneath the summit, Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo broke into the Shang camp as ordered, taking back Lu Xiong, Fei Zhong, and You Hun as prisoners as easily as turning over their very palm. As Lu Xiong stood defiantly before the feet of Jiang Ziya, while Fei Zhong and You Hun fell to the ground, begging for mercy, the prime minister ordered them to be placed within prison for the time being. Reciting incantations immediately after to melt away all ice below the mountain's summit, over 5,000 soldiers of the original 50,000 had been clearly frozen to death, while the remaining 45 managed to escape from the Western Foothills without any notable harm. With Jiang Ziya's decree to receive King Wu before Mount Western Foothills at once, General Nangong Kuo set out to Phoenix City shortly, performing such a task with immediate speed. Being accompanied by his civil and military officials along the way, King Wu noticed many lumps of ice and snow laying about in random areas of the mountain—and was thus informed by the prime minister following his arrival. As the prime minister began to write an elegy of in memory of the warriors who lost their lives for the Zhou cause, King Wu began to burn incense, while Jiang Ziya ordered the three prisoners to be brought forth and beheaded at once. Following the end of their ceremony, Han Rong had received the remnants

of Lu Xiong's army, and at the same time, sent an urgent report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong on the current issue within the Western Foothills. Being determined that his own appearance within the Western Foothills is the only insurance of Shang victory, Wen Zhong was immediately confronted by his two disciples, who suggested the four Diablo brothers—for they possess great magical renown, far exceeding what the original four Taoists could have obtained through their discipline. Being delighted, and well confident, over their summary, Wen Zhong sent an order to the four brothers, appointing them as expeditionary commanders if they are to comply. Realizing that the Grand Old Master must assuredly be rather desperate after receiving report on their appointment, the Diablo brothers nonetheless roared through the Good Dream Pass, 100,000 strong, and arriving before Phoenix City in rather quick pace.

As the prime minister obtained word shortly on the arrival of a Shang army camped near the city, Yellow Flying Tiger carefully spied on their forces from the city wall, and upon the spotting of the renowned Diablo brothers—Mo Lihong, Mo Liqing, Mo Lihai, and Mo Lishou—he returned to Jiang Ziya's side and thoroughly elaborated the situation. Informing Jiang Ziya of their individualized special abilities—in which he knew by fighting by their side during a conflict against the East Sea district—the prime minister sat in great discomfort and distress. After three days without any form of challenge, the four brothers toasted each other that night, while charging forth the following morning to do battle. Not having any preset plan as Jiang Ziya exited from the city gates to confront the four brothers, Mo Liqing started things off by ragefully yelling at the prime minister for his intentions on rebellion, especially after seeing Zhang Guifang's head atop Phoenix City's walls, who he had recognized. Even after being told that they never possessed any intentions to rebel against the dynasty, but were simply defending themselves from King Zhou's constant unbased assaults, the four brothers cared little of his words—for Grand Old Master is a keen man of intellect and competency and would surely not have sent them if the Western Foothills was not planning rebellion—and they thus charged at the Zhou forces, fighting right and left with great renown. Unfortunately for Nezha, and any other generals who had wielded a weapon of magical attributes, Mo Lihong used his Universe Muddling Umbrella to absorb such weapons with a single horizontal spin. With eager to show the opposition his own power, Mo Liqing shook the Green Cloud Sword atop his back, forcing all within a set perimeter to unconditionally kill themselves with their own weapons. As the clouds above turned dark, with flames shooting about from Lihong's umbrella, Lishou used his white elephant to devour all unfortunate soldiers that happened to stand within

its path. Fleeing back to Phoenix City in complete defeat, over 10,000 casualties had been counted, while nine generals had additionally lost their lives. As the Shang forces returned in great happiness over such a feat, Lihong suggested a complete assault upon Phoenix City's walls during their next military conference, in a chance to force both Jiang Ziya and King Wu into effective surrender. Enforcing such a suggestion with open arms, the four Diablo brothers clearly realized that boards of truce had been placed forth the city gates, but they nonetheless assaulted the city with scaling ladders and cannons -- not daring to let up for a single second, less such a grand opportunity were to be negated at some later time. Retorting with flaming arrows, lime bottles, throwing spears, and of the sort for over three days, the Shang forces became even more resolved to break through such a defense, even at their own lack of soldiers through such aggression. Ordering a retreat following the end of their third day of assault, the four brothers decided that they should besiege the city and ensure that external food supplies and reinforcements are essentially cut off. After three months without any true success, Lihong suggested to his brothers a full scale assault upon the city with their legendary weapons; the amount of innocent casualties is of no more concern, for the city's capture is completely essential, less their own personal expenses result in reprimanding from the Grand Old Master. As it was agreed that such an action shall be taken by midnight, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile performed divination after hearing a sudden unpredictable blast of wind blow down many obstacles within Phoenix City. Realizing that such a resolution was rather likely to come about eventually due to their obstinacy, Jiang Ziya summoned forth the North Sea as a large water barrier that stretched over the entire city, negating any potential attack from the opposition's weapons. Being utterly astonished at the uselessness of their weapons against such a formidable crest of water over Phoenix City, the four brothers had little choice but to give up their pre-planned attack for that night. As the barrier remained erect before the city for months, as Jiang Ziya full realized the external actions of besiegement on the part of the Diablo brothers, the four brothers could do nothing more than continue to await food supply conveys in order to obtain a chance to attack the city from within. Eventually obtaining word that their city's supply of food could only last another ten days at the most, Yellow Flying Tiger suggested that the rich citizens of the Western Foothills should be forced to open their granaries for the city's overall use, while being repayed at a later time. Declining such an offer due to the panic and exceedingly poor morale that it would create, Jiang Ziya decided it best to think the matter over. After eight days had passed, two distinguished Taoists—known as Han Dulong of the Poisoned Dragon, and Xue Ehu of the Wicked Tiger--arrived to offer their food supplies after declaring their

discipleship under Superiorman Divine Virtue. Handing a letter from their master as proof of their identities, Han Dulong placed forth his promised provisions: a small bag that possessed two handfuls of rice overall. As the soldiers of the Western Foothills tried their very best to hold back their laughter at such a sight, Jiang Ziya asked the Taoist to place the rice within one of the city's three granaries. Obtaining word after the passage of three hours, stating from a patrolman, that the barns are overflowing with rice, Jiang Ziya smiled with great delight at the good fortune of his king.

Now knowing that he possessed a strengthened resistance that could still easily be crushed by the Diablo brothers with ease, Jiang Ziya reinforced the North Sea water barrier at every moment. Being exceedingly disgusted and utterly wrathful at their lack of ability to take the city in its current impenetrable state, the four brothers sent a report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, stating that Jiang Ziya has defended his city with treacherous methods, resulting in their expedition almost taking over an entire year without a sign of the enemy's decay. As a few more days had passed by, another Taoist arrived before the gates of Phoenix City, and upon his admission, he declared his name to be "Yang Bliss", one of the head disciples under Jade Tripod. Being informed of the current situation against the Diablo brothers upon his asking, Yang Bliss managed to convince the prime minister that he shall be able to deal with the opposition—for he is a man of incredible magic renown, far exceeding that of an ordinary Taoist. As word of the board of truce being removed had reached the ears of the four brothers, they enthusiastically charged from the Shang camp, completely eager to destroy their opposition after such a long period of await. Once Ma Chenglong, commander of food supplies, had arrived from Caozhou before the feet of Phoenix City, Lishou, completely resolved to ensure the Western Foothill's internal decay at all costs, ordered his white elephant to devour the former at once. Seeing such an incident being carried out, Yang Bliss smiled with delight at such a chance, and thus threw himself in front of the elephant, being devoured in addition. As the Zhou forces fled back in fear at such a sight, Nezha informed Jiang Ziya of current happenings, but the latter nonetheless felt reassured that Yang Bliss may still be alive, considering the magical renown that he stated to have possessed. Being delighted at their great success, and obtaining notice on the lack of Phoenix City's water barrier for reasons unknown, Lishou suggested the unleashing of his white elephant as a chance to devour both Jiang Ziya and King Wu in one quick assault. Realizing that the barrier's disappearance is very probable of being a trap, the three brothers nonetheless agreed to such a suggestion. Once the white elephant had thus been sent forth with set intentions

to destroy the king and his prime minister, Yang Bliss, still living within the beast's belly, thrashed its heart into pieces while destroying its body as a means of escape.

Cleaning his body from the blood, Yang Bliss was ushered forth within the city, to Nezha's immense surprise. Jiang Ziya, however, had expected such an outcome to an extent, and nonetheless became informed of the Diablo brother's original intentions before Yang's arrival. As Yang Bliss boastfully elaborated his many transformations, while becoming a small ermine weasel as proof, he left the prime minister's presence after ensuring the capture of the four weapons under the Diablo brothers. Assuming the appearance of Lishou's elephant, and returning to the Shang camp in its place, the four brothers realized that their plan did not go as planned—due to the distinct insignias that would have appeared before the animal's skin if another victim had been consumed—but nonetheless drank away their worries that night. Falling asleep with deep drunken stupor, Yang Bliss managed to grab ahold of Lihong's legendary umbrella, but upon the accidental knocking down of two other weapons within the room, which triggered evidential signs of awakening on the part of the four brothers, Yang had little choice but to flee at once from the Shang camp. Returning to Phoenix City, handing the prime minister Lihong's umbrella, and returning to the side of Lishou that same night, the four Diablo brothers awoke the following morning only to the great yells of fury on the part of Lihong, for his weapon had clearly been missing. Being ensured from the camp guards that no spy, or intruder at that, could ever get close to the camp without thorough inspection, the Diablo brothers unconditionally felt thoroughly unconfident at such a loss. Meanwhile within the Purple Sun Cave, Virtue of the Pure Void called forth Huang Tianhua, his disciple, after carefully watching the former incidents involving the Western Foothill's Phoenix City. Instructing his disciple to head to the Western Foothills and assist Jiang Ziya's cause, Virtue of the Pure Void first taught Tianhua how to use the twin golden-tipped hammers, and followed by giving the former his Fire Dragon Javelin and the jade unicorn as an additional form of assistance. Seeing his disciple off shortly after, Tianhua used his unicorn's unparalleled attribute of speed to arrive before the Western Foothills in mere moments. After being allowed passage within the city, while greeting his fellow father and prime minister upon entry, Tianhua stayed at his family's house for the day, fully enjoying the amount of meat that he effectively received—for he was only allowed to feast on vegetables when originally under Pure Void. Cladding himself full with armor of bright gold the following day, Huang Tianhua obtained consent to face the four Diablo brothers after informing Jiang Ziya of

his set instructions on how to deal with such an opposition.

Chapter 41: Grand Old Master Wen Zhong Attacks the Western Foothills

This chapter is titled "Grand Old Master Wen Zhong Attacks the Western Foothills". Striding swiftly atop his jade-unicorn, Huang Tianhua arrived before the Shang camp shortly, offering battle immediately following. Seeing a young man of around sixteen years of age challenging their gates with seemingly great confidence, Mo Liqing moved forward to do battle immediately after being informed of the former's intentions. Using his White Jade Ring to deliver a brutal blow to the opposition's back, Nezha suddenly intercepted Liqing, fully resolved to protect his fellow ally at all costs. After using his golden Universal Ring to shatter Liqing's jade ring to pieces, Nezha had little choice but to retreat with Tianhua in his arms—for the other three brothers quickly assisted with their respective weapons just following such a happening. Returning to Phoenix City immediately after, Yellow Flying Tiger gasped in astonishment at the report of his son, for Liqing is known for drenching his ring in the most deadly of poisons before use. Gazing forth at Tianhua at once, alas, it was too late: Tianhua was nothing more than a lifeless body shortly. Performing divination to become informed of the recent happenings within the Western Foothills, White Cloud Lad arrived before Phoenix City later on, retrieving the body of Huang Tianhua with reassurance to Yellow Flying Tiger. As Pure Void revived his disciple with dissolved elixirs of legendary origin, he reprimanded Tianhua for impulsiveness, informed him of his former death by the hands of a jade ring, and handed him a special weapon to use against the opposition before giving his farewells. Returning to Phoenix City shortly following, Tianhua was admitted within the Prime Minister's mansion, where he thoroughly elaborated the happenings at his master's cavern. Riding from the city gates the following morning with great determination for revenge, Liqing was astonished to see Tianhua alive, and still fuming over the lack of his ring, he charged at the former with his lance immediately following. Thrashing at the young warrior with exceeded renown, Tianhua unleashed the weapon that his master had given him--the Heart Penetrating Nail—and threw it straight at Liqing's breast. As the nail burrowed into his heart like a drill, resulting in immediate death, Lihong, who was enraged at the lack of power he possessed without his umbrella, fearlessly charged at Tianhua with his great halberd. Maneuvering like a snake in order to avoid any

potential attack from other deadly weapons that the boy may possess, Tianhua launched a secondary nail, and to Lihong's great ill-fortune and surprise, it followed his movement like an enraged beast, piercing his throat in one sudden strike. Piercing through Lihai's heart immediately after passing through the throat of Lihong like a raging bullet of incredible speed, Lishou clearly realized the situation was desperate—and thus ordered his elephant to crush Tianhua before he, included, meets death. As the elephant suddenly reared back to attack its master—for Yang Bliss was still performing his magic disguise—Lishou was thrashed about violently, resulting in his additional unfortunate end. Recollecting his two nails afterwards, Yang Bliss returned to his former state, and upon introduction to Tianhua, they both returned to Phoenix City with the heads of the four Diablo brothers. Mounting the four newly received heads atop Phoenix City's eastern gates, Commander Han Rong had meanwhile received many soldiers under the Diablo brothers, and upon their explanation of such an unfortunate happening, Han Rong sent another urgent report to Wen Zhong, elaborating the recent happenings within the Western Foothills. Fuming with incredible rage upon the receiving of such a report, Wen Zhong was resolved in his heart that only he is truly capable of destroying Jiang Ziya once and for all, despite what the capital may suffer if he is to take leave so suddenly.

Approaching King Zhou the following day with written report, the king gave his immediate approval towards the Grand Old Master's declaration of taking leave. Obtaining a glass of wine from King Zhou as tribute to his departure, Grand Old Master left the palace and ascended his mount. Being idle for so many months, Wen Zhong was reared from the mount immediately, while at the same time being informed from other ministers that such may foretell a bad omen on the part of his future. Dismissing such an incident as solely being the result of his mount's idleness for such a long period, the Grand Old Master set off at once, taking along over 300,000 soldiers as support. Obtaining suggestion to head through the Green Dragon Pass—for it was the shortest route to the Western Foothills—from Commander Zhang Kui of Mianchi Country later on, Wen Zhong did as he suggested, but regretfully met various narrow mountain paths and other such obstacles that resulted in a lengthened march. Arriving before the Yellow Flower Mountain along the way, beautiful flowers of yellow bloomed in every which direction, filling the soldiers of Shang, and Wen Zhong alike, with heightened happiness. Halting his army before the summit of the mountain, the Grand Old Master personally inspected the terrain ahead, and was immensely satisfied at the enchanting view laid out before him. Suddenly hearing the gongs of soldiers behind him, while clearly seeing troops marching along the mountain,

a patrolman reported to the commanding general that a certain man could be seen spying upon their formation—Grand Old Master in this case. As the general charged at the conjectured spy with great fury, Wen Zhong evaded each blow as easily as a leaf blowing through the wind. Baiting the general farther to the east, Wen Zhong encased the pursuing general within four large golden walls, and followed by relaxing upon a rock to see how the situation shall develop. Suddenly being confronted by two additional generals who declared themselves to be the "mountain chiefs"—thus being nothing more than unaligned outlaws—the former two charged at Wen Zhong like raging beasts. Waving his golden staves in a set direction, the first of two chiefs saw before him a grand ocean of sea, while the second felt as if being surrounded by a forest—thus indicating their being trapped within Grand Old Master's art of genjutsu. Relaxing under a tree, Wen Zhong became confronted by a fourth high-ranking chief: a large beast that could fly swiftly through the clouds with its wings, while equipped with two hammers. Grinning with delight at the chance to obtain this individual under the flag of Shang, Grand Old Master used neighboring rocks to break the wings of his foe, leaving him no choice but to beg for mercy. Obtaining consent from the enemy—who's name had been "Xin Huan"—to serve under him as a left arm of the royal army sent to destroy the Western Foothills, Wen Zhong was informed that over 10,000 outlaws are present within the mountain and are under the former's command. As Xin Huan pleaded for the freeing of his three allies, and upon Wen Zhong's inquiring of their strong bond of loyalty and friendship despite being nothing more than outlaws, the Grand Old Master rose his palm to the skies in consent, and upon a sudden clap of thunder, the three bound individuals felt as if they awoke from a dream. However, these three, as expected, still considered Wen Zhong as their enemy—and thus charged at the former, completely resolved to destroy him for assaulting their mountain.

Chapter 42: Surrender of the Bandit Chiefs

This chapter is titled "Surrender of the Bandit Chiefs". As the three outlaws charged at Wen Zhong with great fury, Xin Huan immediately intervened, stating that none other than the renowned Grand Old Master is the man before their very midst. Falling to their feet with both shame and embarrassment, they led Wen Zhong before their head camp at once, offering him a drink as fellow friendship and atonement for their former rudeness. Stating their names--Deng Zhong, Tao Rong, and Zhang Jie--while declaring their original alignment with Morning Song before secluding themselves away from the capital's troubles later on, Wen Zhong promised them high positions as ministers if they are to achieve great success by his side against the Western Foothills. After obtaining a consensual agreement with the other three outlaw leaders, Wen Zhong instructed them to gather all who are willing to stand by his side in exchange for wealth, while the remainder are given money and food as a form of shelter. Performing such a task immediately following, 7,000 of the original 10,000 chose to fight by the Grand Old Master's side after being overjoyed at a chance to obtain heightened wealth and rank -- the very opposite they obtained before fleeing from Morning Song. With immense delight at the expected result of such an offer, Wen Zhong departed with his newly combined forces, arriving before an auspicious stone monument along the way. With the words "Dragon Extinction Peak" inscribed within the monument, Wen Zhong became reminded of his original master, Mother Golden Spirit, informing him that disaster is destined to follow if the character "extinction" is ever to be come across in the future. Telling such to his generals nearby, Deng Zhong reassured the Grand Old Master that with his virtue and great talent, he is sure to win over the Western Foothills without any extreme sacrifices. Silently considering his words along the journey, and obtaining report of their closing in on the southern gate of Phoenix City, Wen Zhong ordered his army to set up camp for the time being. Due to the unparalleled reputation that the Grand Old Master had possessed, many patrolman instantly realized the identity of the man camped before them, and thus approached Jiang Ziya and informed him of such a situation. Hearing of Wen Zhong's great reputation and renowned characteristics, the prime minister decided to mount the city walls and gaze forth at his camp; Jiang Ziya was

indeed immensely pleased at the ingenious layout set before him -- and thus returned to his mansion and summoned the generals for a meeting. As they discussed their next movement carefully, a letter was soon given to the prime minister, being addressed from the Grand Old Master himself. Reading the letter, which stated Wen Zhong's intention to receive Jiang Ziya for capital punishment, or the unconditional destruction of their city, the prime minister instructed the messenger to tell the Grand Old Master his intention: to meet each other on the battlefield in three days. Being informed of such a statement, Grand Old Master fiercely led forth his soldiers before the southern gates three days following, immensely resolved to destroy such defiance with his own two hands. After the firing of five cannons on the side of Zhou, Jiang Ziya appeared with generals right and left, while bowing before the newly arrived Grand Old Master, who layed out his forces before the former. Angrily yelling at Jiang Ziya for enthroning Ji Fa as king without the authorization of King Zhou, and destroying their forces left and right unconditionally throughout the past, Jiang Ziya retorted with more clearer rationality, placing great shame into the face of Wen Zhong. Angrily calling forth Yellow Flying Tiger before him in his great rage, Wen Zhong ordered one of his men to capture the rebel for his blatant violation of rebellion against the capital. With General Deng Zhong's acceptance of such an order, a grand battle began between many generals under both the Zhou and Shang forces.

As Xin Huan roared forth atop his wings to slay Jiang Ziya from the skies, Huang Tianhua became exceedingly frightened at the former's appearance, but nonetheless charged forth atop his unicorn in order to protect the prime minister. Realizing that Xin was currently occupying Jiang Ziya's last line of defense, Wen Zhong thrust about his two golden staves with unparalleled renown, arriving before the rebel commander shortly, and attacking the opposition like a raging beast. To Jiang Ziya's lack of knowledge, Wen Zhong's two staves were created through the scales of legendary dragons of old, and after throwing the leftern staff into the air, it crashed down directly upon the prime minister's right shoulder, shooting blood in every which direction. As such an action immediately triggered the retortion of Nezha and his two brothers, Wen Zhong had little choice but to hold off the celestials layed out before him until he can seize the chance to kill the rebel commander. Upon Tao Rong's release of the Wind Collecting Pearl, which sent sand and dirt flying about profusely, Wen Zhong, and his generals alike, used their weapons in a synchronized manner amongst the confusion, forcing the Zhou forces to flee like helpless animals. As the generals of Shang congratulated the Grand Old Master over his victory

following their return, Yang Bliss had meanwhile suggested to the prime minister that a night raid should be deployed after their potential victory the following day. Approving such a suggestion fully, Jiang Ziya and Wen Zhong fiercely clashed blade against staff the next morning. With generals battling right to left, with Jiang Ziya in a seizable position for reciprocated attack, Wen Zhong seized this chance by launching forth one of his golden staves within the air, aiming for the head of Jiang Ziya. Little did he expect however, the prime minister immediately recognized the staff approaching him, and thus used his Staff of Beating Gods to coil around the weapon, breaking it into golden shards upon the ground. Not believing his eyes, Wen Zhong wrathfully charged his great dragon into the enemy commander with colossal speed and mobility. Being stricken in the back by the sudden movement of Jiang Ziya's multi-jointed weapon, Wen Zhong had little choice but to flee, resulting in the retreat of the Shang army shortly after. As Jiang Ziya began his preparations for the night-raid that afternoon, Wen Zhong sat in his inner quarters, exceedingly resentful over the destruction of one of his golden staffs, and the impact that such would place before the morale of his army. Knowing Jiang Ziya to be a man of treachery, and surely improved of morale after such a lucky victory earlier that day, Wen Zhong ordered his generals to meet any potential assault at set points within the camp, while he directly stands before the central quarters to see if the prime minister would act in such a predictable manner as to attempt a raid or any other form of attack. As such preparations were being made within the Shang camp, Jiang Ziya stealthily moved his forces towards the opposition, and upon the sudden signal of cannon fire, the forces of Zhou attacked the camp from three differing directions.

Chapter 43: The Grand Old Master's Bad Luck

This chapter is titled "The Grand Old Master's Bad Luck". As Nezha and Huang Tianhua smashed down the central gates of the Shang camp, Wen Zhong rushed forth, using his remaining golden staff with renowned force and resolve. Unfortunately however, many of the generals on the side of Zhou possessed strange weapons of unparalleled ability compared to the generals of Shang, thus resulting in disasters evolving within random parts of the camp. Especially due to that of Yang Bliss, who possessed exceedingly rare qualities coming from a Taoist--in this case being fire--the Shang army's store of grain and fodder was turned into ashes in mere moments upon his arrival. As Wen Zhong gazed at flames shooting throughout the air within the direction of his provisional supplies, he immediately realized that the situation has turned very chaotic, and survival will be difficult even if he manages to fight back the enemy in any way possible. With such thought in mind, Grand Old Master soared through the air atop his great dragon, ordering all soldiers present to regroup with him once they are to arrival within Mount Western Foothills. As Xin Huan valiently protected his commander from any potential harm in their escape, Master of the Clouds had meanwhile seen the banners of the Grand Old Master present throughout the Western Foothills region, and thus realizing that Jiang Ziya would find great difficulty against such a foe, he ordered Thunderquaker to appear before him at once. Kowtowing before his master upon arrival, Thunderquaker left with the instructions to assist his elder brother, King Wu, and the prime minister of the Western Foothills at all costs possible. Seeing a great army spread before him in conjectured retreat, Thunderquaker realized that the soldiers before him must be from the Shang Dynasty -- for they are present with the same insignias upon their armor as when he protected Ji Chang originally in the past. Deciding to test the strength of the opposing army due to being idle for such a long period of time, Thunderquaker charged at the enemy from the skies with his two hammers, but was immediately intercepted by Xin Huan, who additionally possessed two hammers as his set weapons. Realizing Xin Huan's skill greatly outmatched his own, Thunderquaker fled at once to what he thought to have been Phoenix City without any pursuing of the enemy afterwards. Holding a conference within the city that morning, the generals had praised their commander profusely for his

ability to wield such an outstanding cast of immortals in such a fortunate manner. As they continued on with their praise, Thunderquaker was invited before the prime minister shortly, immediately following his essential permission to enter. Stating his name, origin, and past service towards his father, Ji Chang, Jiang Ziya was very pleased to see the man who is late master constantly talked about before his very own eyes. Introducing Thunderquaker before King Wu shortly after, the king, who was startled at the strange appearance of his supposed younger brother, and worried over the fear that may be placed over his family if they are to see such a sight, had his brother taken in to Jiang Ziya's family upon volunteer. After Grand Old Master's arrival before Mount Western Foothills, he became extremely angry at the realization that over 20,000 soldiers of his original 307,000 had been wiped out in one single assault the former night. Realizing that it would be difficult to obtain reinforcements from neighboring generals, due to their guarding of local districts and territory from the rebelling dukes and nobles, Wen Zhong decided it would not be best to ask for assistance from the capital either -- for such would damage his reputation and would additionally take too long. Being reminded of the many fellow Taoists that would assuredly assist in his cause, Wen Zhong ordered Deng Zhong and Xin Huan to guard the camp closely while he departs for the time being.

Arriving before Golden Turtle Island at the East Sea, Wen Zhong gazed delightfully at the beauty around him, and feeling great anticipation as to what day he could relax in such beauty without the least worry, he searched the entire circumference of the island, and thus began his leave after finding no one present. Glancing behind at the sudden hearing of his name, Grand Old Master saw Celestial Lotus standing before him. Being informed by her that their Taoist comrades are currently present on White Deer Island, finishing their own individual traps--dubbed wholly as the "Ten Death Traps"--at the moment, Wen Zhong took his appreciative leave to the island she had mentioned. Arriving before White Deer Island momentarily, the nine celestial masters present approached their friend from afar, declaring the near completion of ten traps that shall assist him in his attack upon the rebel leader Jiang Ziya. Mentioning the expected arrival of their tenth ally, Mother Golden Light, Wen Zhong volunteered to await her return while they each head to his camp stationed at Mount Western Foothills. Seeing her arrive shortly following, the two greeted each other with great dignification, and then took their immediate leave to Mount Western Foothills. Regrouping with his other nine Taoist comrades, Grand Old Master directed them to Phoenix City, and followed by setting up camp at a point that seemed to their strategic advantage. As Jiang Ziya had heard the great

commotion of war cries resound outside the city gates from afar, Yang Bliss warned the prime minister that Wen Zhong has more than likely returned with reinforcements of Taoist origin, for by the destruction of his camp mainly due to the assistance of immortal powers, he would naturally have to reciprocate such power if he wished to obtain victory in any form. Ascending the city walls and seeing a mystical cloud of haze solely within the direction of the war cries, Jiang Ziya clearly realized that the situation is going to be difficult. Back in the camp of Shang, it was decided that the ten Taoists--dubbed as the "Welkin Lords"--would personally display their own individual traps to Jiang Ziya and his forces as a showing of their invincibility and intellect behind such creations. Appearing before Phoenix City the following day, Qin Wan, the first of ten lords, appeared before Jiang Ziya and declared his intentions for the latter to inspect ten traps without the slightest physical combat -- for such would violate the compassionate will of Heaven. Consenting with full reassurance of his safety--for Qin Wan was already confident enough that Jiang's life can easily be seized by such weapons any time he desires in the future--Jiang Ziya began to read the name of the ten traps: "Heavenly Destruction", "Earthly Fury", "Roaring Typhoon", "Frigid Ice", "Golden Light", "Bleeding Blood", "Vehement Flame", "Soul Snatching", "Red Water", and "Red Sand". Emerging from the enemy camp after carefully analyzing each trap with a fearful look in his eyes that he tried best to cover, Jiang Ziya proudly stated his ability to overcome such traps to Qin Wan, and then returned to his camp after exchanging a polite bow. Returning to his mansion with intense distress over the complexity of each trap that he most assuredly could not comprehend, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile returned with the rebel commander's set response, and thus began to inspect the specialty of each trap under their possession.

Chapter 44: Jiang Ziya's Souls Float Over Mount Kunlun

This chapter is titled "Jiang Ziya's Souls Float Over Mount Kunlun". As Qin Wan began with the elaboration of his "Heavenly Destruction Trap", he noted its possession of three pennants: Heaven, earth, and humanity, and upon the consent of its creator, the trap reduces any potential intruder into nothing more than ashes -- be it immortal or human. Individually elaborating the other nine traps following, Grand Old Master grinned with delight at such a summary. However, Master Yao declared to Wen Zhong his own intentions of destroying the rebel commander under twenty-one days of time, and upon the latter's consent, Yao ascended the platform within his Soul Snatching Trap and created a straw effigy of Jiang Ziya, which was used to effectively gather his souls into one set region. Performing such an action three times every day, the prime minister clearly showed signs of being consciously dead -- for he never said a word, and appeared as if he were constantly dazed. As days upon days passed by with Jiang Ziya's clear intentions to do nothing other than sleep and complain subconsciously, each general realized that one of the new Taoist foes must possess an ability that is taking control of the prime minister in some form -- for Jiang Ziya was the only individual who carefully analyzed the traits within each trap, so they naturally would not understand the situation fully. Rousing the prime minister as a resolution, and forcing him to appear before his generals within the conference hall, Nezha started by asking the former why he acts the way he does currently. Bending his fingers in a divinational attempt, Jiang Ziya replied by stating that everything is usual and need not worry about. Once twenty-one days had essentially passed, Yang Bliss and the others were surprised to see the prime minister nothing more than a lifeless corpse. Little did Master Yao truly understand, however, is that even after gathering all spirits present within Jiang Ziya, they would unconditionally head to the Terrace of Creation as preordained by Heaven. Being pushed away by Bai Jian upon arrival before the terrace, Jiang Ziya's souls floated onwards towards Mount Kunlun. Being gathered immediately by Master of the Cloud's gourd, and sealed tightly within by a cork, Pure Essence appeared before him, and upon the realization of the situation, the latter took hold of the gourd and headed to the Western Foothills at once, knowing that they must be the souls of Jiang Ziya, for any other soul

would be accepted by the terrace unconditionally. Being allowed entrance within Phoenix City, and essentially realizing that Jiang Ziya is indeed void of his souls, Pure Essence informed the king of the reason behind the prime minister's passing before leaving the city late into the night. Realizing that his gourd shook more violently with each step taken closer before the Soul Snatching Trap, Master Yao had meanwhile performed his incantations, but to his great dismay, the remaining souls of Jiang Ziya refused to gather themselves before his trap.

As Yao continuously began to chant and recite incantations incessantly, Pure Essence, upon his arrival, assumed the man standing before him is attempting the retrieval of the prime minister's remaining souls--due to the souls within his gourd shaking in synchronization to the former's calls--and thus charged down to steal the straw effigy. Managing to grab ahold of the effigy, Yao coincidentally looked up at the very second of the former's theory, and threw forth his black sand needles at Pure Essence, fully realizing his opposing intentions. To the fortunate sacrifice of his lotus flowers as protection, Pure Essence managed to escape the trap while elaborating the prior incidents to Master of South Pole upon his arrival at Mount Kunlun. As such was reported to Heavenly Primogenitor, Pure Essence became instructed to head to the Eight Landscape Palace to visit Lao Tzu -- for he will be able to effectively deal with the issue. Upon his arrival before Lao Tzu's residence at such a palace, he was allowed entry shortly, while thoroughly elaborating the incident with Master Yao in his attempt to steal the souls of Jiang Ziya. As Lao Tzu had personally seen the construction of what had been known as the "Soul Snatching Trap", he naturally understood that the Map of Eight Diagrams is the only way to negate such a trap's effect -- and thus handed such to Pure Essence, who departed just following. Returning to Phoenix City and reassuring King Wu and his generals of a newly obtained method that will result in the prime minister's revival, Pure Essence departed immediately to Master Yao's trap. Unrolling the map to create a large golden bridge descending through the Soul Snatching Trap, Pure Essence managed to retrieve the straw effigy, but at the same moment, Yao fumed with rage at the enemy's second attempt, while unleashing a large volley of his sand upon the former. Dropping the map in his immense terror, Pure Essence managed to escape, but was struck pale at the realization of his new weapon being lost so subtly. Returning at once to Phoenix City, Pure Essence was allowed entry to the Prime Minister's mansion, where he began to pour the souls down Jiang Ziya's throat, including the additional two sub-souls essentially acquired from Yao's effigy. As Jiang Ziya awoke as if from a long night of sleep, and was completely informed of the prior incidents involving his souls, he

banged his fist in rage at such a treacherous act that even he could not prevent. Resting for several more days as a resolution, an immortal by the name of "Yellow Dragon" had arrived before the city gates shortly following, and was allowed entry upon his awakening. Informing the prime minister that many additional immortals shall be expected to arrive before the Western Foothills as a result of the ten traps, he proposed the building of a reed pavilion in addition, which should be constructed far from the capital city not only for potential military conferences, but the ultimate protection of the people as well. Following such a proposal fully, General Wu Ji reported the creation of the pavilion around a day following decree for construction. Immortals gathered shortly following within the pavilion, and each minister of the capital, excluding that of King Wu, gathered to pay their obeisances. Once all expected immortals had effectively arrived, a conflict between who should take the title of commander resounded throughout the pavilion. At such a moment in time, a whistle throughout the air had been heard to announce the arrival of an immortal of exceeded characteristics.

Chapter 45: Confronting the Destructive Forces

This chapter is titled "Confronting the Destructive Forces". As all immortals present left the pavilion to confront the noise from outside, Superiorman Burning Lamp of Prime Consciousness Cave was seen before their eyes. Expressing his apologies over such a late arrival, Burning Lamp was given the seal of commandership upon proposal, and thus elaborated the visible attributes of each of the ten known traps -- as such knowledge could easily be obtained from his magical bull eye, which had the ability to see in distances far unparalleled to that of human vision. Not desiring to wait any longer, less the rebel commander obtains some type of immortal assistance against the traps, a note of challenge involving the ten traps was given to Jiang Ziya via the messengership of Deng Zhong. With reply to meet in three days of time for battle, the ten lords suddenly noticed auspicious clouds and golden lanterns only present within the residence of immortals upon their leave from camp the second night, and each lord thus returned to their respective traps, entirely resolved to destroy the opposition even with such expected assistance. Leaving the camp of Shang the following morning with the ten traps at his left and right hands, Wen Zhong obtained sight of the Zhou forces approaching before him steadily with many individuals of conjectured immortal traits. As Qin Wan's Heavenly Destruction Trap was of the closest distance, Burning Lamp and his forces appeared before the trap at once. Pondering over a method that will lead to the trap's destruction without excessive sacrifice, Deng Hua, a junior disciple of the Jade Emptiness Palace, descended from the skies, immediately declaring his desire to tear the opposition before him to shreds. Qin Wan, who was currently present outside of his trap, knew the man standing before him could be destroyed by his own primitive aggression without any real trouble -- and thus lashed at Deng Hua with his staff. Leading Deng into his trap with a mere faint, Qin Wan grabbed ahold of three representative pennants upon the desk present, and placed them in a triangle formation upon the ground. As a large beam of thunder shot from the gap between the pennants, Qin directed the thunder into the direction of his opponent, burning Deng Hua into ash in a single blinking of the eye. Declaring his easily-won victory upon the exiting of the trap, Burning Lamp felt great grievance at such words, but nonetheless asked Outstanding Culture to have a try

against Qin Wan. Lashing forth his sword at Qin Wan upon full consention, the latter retreated to his trap following a single faint, and to the great fear of entry on the part of Outstanding Culture, he nonetheless entered the trap while floating upon two lotus flowers. Unfortunately for Qin Wan, however, large lotus flowers sprouted in every direction from the very finger tips of Outstanding Culture. Seizing the chance to bind the enemy with his invisible stakes, Qin Wan became terrified for his life, but nonetheless died just following a single cleave from Outstanding Culture's blade. As Outstanding Culture left the trap with Qin Wan's head firmly within the grip of his palm as a display of his prowess, Grand Old Master gazed at such a sight from the skies, and with great rage filled within his breast, charged down upon the former like a dragon seething with bloodlust. Being intercepted, however, by Yellow Dragon, who declared that they are solely competing in magic prowess, not physical conquerorship despite the situation which reinforces such rationale, Master Zhao Jiang had meanwhile rode forth from his Earthly Fury Trap to place forth a challenge. As Han Dulong accepted such a challenge upon the consent of Burning Lamp, Zhao gave up ground shortly starting, while Han pursued with great determination to wipe out the opposition.

Ascending his platform within the trap, Zhao Jiang grabbed ahold of his two pennants, and upon the acquiring of fire and lightning attributes by waving such pennants, the unfortunate Han Dulong became mere dust before the wind in a single second. Exiting his trap with immense confidence, Krakucchanda strode forth from the Zhou forces and offered battle against the former. Upon the entering of the Earthly Fury Trap, Krakucchanda negated any potential harm from the fire and lightning by covering his entire body with mystical clouds acquired from the crust of his skull. Tying Zhao Jiang with his Immortal Binding Rope at such a moment, Krakucchanda felt great mercy for the life of Zhao -- and thus ordered his genie to forcefully drop the heavenly master within the Reed Pavilion, still in a captive state. Spouting with great wrath at the destruction of two of ten traps, and the death of Zhao Jiang and Qin Wan, Wen Zhong called off the competition, and returned to the Shang camp to hold a military conference over the current circumstances. Having intense confidence in the renown of his Roaring Typhoon and its fierce wind attributes, Master Dong ensured the Grand Old Master that he shall obtain revenge in his stead no matter what opponent he is forced to fight. Back at the Reed Pavilion, Zhao Jiang had been hung upon the pavilion gates, still nothing more than a captive, while Burning Lamp and the others discussed how they shall go about with the destruction of the Roaring Typhoon Trap, as it is the third trap standing before

their midst. During their discussion, Superiorman Spiritual Treasure stated that his friend at Cloud Light Cave of Mount Nine Tripods and Iron Forks possesses an item known as the "Wind Stopping Pearl" that is used to negate wind at the user's will. Receiving such a pearl from "Wo Evading Sage" shortly, the two sped to the Western Foothills at high speed, but to their detriment, no ferries operated for over two days following their arrival before the Yellow River. Approaching a fellow passerby and inspecting the reason for such, San Yisheng became informed that two giants--in this case being the Fang Brothers--monopolized the river by demanding great fares if any individual is to pass, and as a result of such a recent incident, only one additional ferry had been open for current use. Approaching such a ferry, Fang Bi and Fang Xiang were indeed seen, and upon Chao Tian's recognition of such men, he declared his intentions and was thus allowed passage. Informing the two brothers of their recent obtainment of the Wind Stopping Pearl as their reason for departure, Fang Bi asked to gaze at it; holding the pearl within his hand, he knew that he could obtain great reputation if such power was wielded effectively, and thus pocketed the pearl, declaring such as being toll for passage. Not having any true courage to act against such a resolution, the two officials had little choice but to accept. As San Yisheng and Chao Tian thus made their way back to the Western Foothills, they luckily ran into Yellow Flying Tiger, who was bringing supplies of grain within the city gates. Elaborating their story immediately upon arrival, Yellow Flying Tiger set out at once, knowing fully that the two giants will heed his call. Luckily catching the two brothers before they returned to the opposite bank at the Yellow River, Yellow Flying Tiger approached Fang Bi and Fang Xiang and essentially retrieved the pearl with a single demand. Being informed of their current position within society after elaborating his disdainment of King Zhou, Yellow Flying Tiger convinced the two brothers to serve under King Wu by his side, and then followed by handing San Yisheng the pearl as he returned. Arriving before the prime minister at the reed pavilion and elaborating the incidents lattering their departure, Jiang Ziya handed the pearl to Burning Lamp without a moment of hesitation.

Chapter 46

As the Shang and Zhou forces arrayed themselves the following morning, Burning Lamp signaled his choosing of the Roaring Typhoon Trap by approaching it with each immortal and disciple by his side. Master Dong of Shang thus stepped forthward from his trap, and upon Burning Lamp's seeing of Fang Bi, a man that is seemingly capable of great strength, he ordered the latter to take the challenge at once. Fleeing into his trap at the very sight of such a giant beast, Dong ascended his platform at once, and upon the waving of his pennant, Fang Bi was stabbed to death by thousands of swords that became multiplied with the power of black wind. As Dong thus exited from the trap, Merciful Navigation, who was handed the Wind Stopping Pearl, entered the Roaring Typhoon Trap shortly following a clash between blades. Negating all black wind with the pearl touching his body in any form, Merciful Navigation used his glazed vase to trap Dong within, in which he exited the trap immediately following such a victory. Just as Grand Old Master seethed with great rage at such a sight, and was determined to obtain some form of revenge at once, Master Yuan ran forth from his Frigid Ice Trap and called forth for battle, vowing to Wen Zhong that he shall become his embodiment of vengeance. With the retortion of Xue Ehu, Yuan retreated into his trap following a meager amount of rounds, and upon the ascension of his terrace, Yuan froze the lower body of Xue Ehu with frozen ice emitting from his purple pennant, and followed by smashing the opposition to literal pieces with a glacier, twenty feet in overall circumference. As Wen Zhong grinned with great delight at such promissful destructive force at his very disposal, Universal Virtue approached Yuan as the secondary challenger. Knowing that he must destroy this foe in order to prove his ascended might to the Grand Old Master no matter what, Yuan immediately rushed forth within his trap and summoned forth multiple glaciers of outstanding size within a single moment. Unfortunately however, no matter how ice that happened to topple upon Universal Virtue, Universal Virtue created many majestical clouds above his head that emitted flames upon the user's will. Realizing the situation to be grim--as the opponent possesses a clearly dominant advantage against his ability--Yuan fled for the sake of his promise to Wen Zhong, but was at the same time wiped away from life as he was beheaded by Virtue's "Hooks of Wu". Immediately following, Mother Golden Light exited from her Golden Light Trap, and at the same moment, was challenged by Xiao

Zhen, another disposable disciple of the Jade Emptiness Palace.

Entering the trap following a few exchanged blows upon Burning Lamp's consent, Golden Light ascended her platform and unleashed myriads of golden light beams emitting from her magic mirrors, burning away the flesh of Xiao Zhen instantaneously. With Grand Completion's approach following such an incident, Golden Light retreated within her trap, while unleashing volleys of light upon the former. To her ill-fortune, however, Grand Completion completely protected himself from any potential harm with his eight-diagrammed robe, and used his Heaven Overturning Stamp to destroy every mirror present within the trap. Finishing off Golden Light with a second round of his stamp, and exiting the trap shortly following, Grand Old Master's rage touched the very heavens, and nothing could stand in his way now that half of his fellow allies had been wiped away so easily. With Master Sun's immediate intrusion, Qiao Kun, a hermit of Mount Wuyi, volunteered to meet the opposition within the Bleeding Blood Trap. Following a clash between blades, Sun ascended the platform within his trap and summoned forth volleys of black sand to pierce Qiao's flesh, who ended up dying shortly through a loss of blood. As usual, an individual of superiorman qualities was sent forth for battle--in this case being Fairy Primordial--and upon the consent of Burning Lamp, the two fought with great renown before venturing within the opposition's trap. Using green lotus flowers to negate any black sand that came near his body, Sun's ability became rather useless, resulting in his own life being ended shortly by the former's Nine Dragon Divine Fire Coverlet. As Yellow Dragon ordered the two sides to return to their respective camps in preparation for the next day of battle, Grand Old Master had meanwhile returned to the side of his fellow comrades, and with tears within his eyes, he pleaded for the four remaining lords to return to their mountain lest any further casualties arise. Solely possessing intentions to assist the Grand Old Master for the sake of the greater good, even if they may lose their lives through such resolve, Wen Zhong's morale rose to an extent, but he clearly realized that more celestial reinforcements are essential if the foul Jiang Ziya is to be eradicated along with his defiant comrades. Recalling Zhao Gongming, his old friend from Mount Emei, Wen Zhong ordered Ji Li and Yu Qing to take command of the camp before taking leave to such a mountain at once. Successfully arriving before the residence of Zhao Gongming and performing his formal greetings, Wen Zhong thoroughly elaborated the current happenings in his clash against the rebel leader Jiang Ziya. Reproving his old friend for not telling him of such earlier, he promised the Grand Old Master to return for the time being while he personally departs to the Western Foothills

after making essential preparations. Arriving before the camp of Shang atop a large black tiger, Zhao was allowed entrance, and upon his greetings before Wen Zhong and the four celestial masters, he inquired as to why a certain man is seen within the distance hanging upon a pavilion gate. Being informed that such is Zhao Jiang, one of their fellow allies, as a simple means for Jiang Ziya to express his contempt towards their cause, Zhao Gongming ragefully mounted his tiger and set forth in the direction of the pavilion in order to show Jiang Ziya his place.

Chapter 47: Zhao Gongming, the Conqueror of Sun and Moon

This chapter is titled "Zhao Gongming, the Conqueror of Sun and Moon". Appearing before the reed pavilion shortly while shouting great words of rage, Jiang Ziya appeared before the former with disciples to his right and left. Commenting on the foul cruelty of Jiang Ziya in his opposition against the greater good, Gongming leaped at the commander with his lightning staff, and as he threw such a staff into the air, it came crashing down upon the prime minister's head with weight exceeding that of a boulder -- killing him instantly. Being distracted by the Zhou forces great fury immediately following, Yang Bliss seized the moment to order his Sky Barking Hound to attack the opposing immortal. Realizing that his precious robes were being torn apart by such a foul beast, Zhao Gongming smacked the dog several times within the head before fleeing temporarily to the Shang camp in dismay. Upon his return before the camp, he informed Grand Old Master Wen Zhong that he managed to kill the rebel commander in a single blow of his staff, but was forced to return upon a furious attack from the Zhou forces as a resolution. Luckily for Jiang Ziya, however, Grand Completion arrived before the prime minister's mansion to analyze his corpse, and upon the mixing of elixir with water to create a medicine that can effectively revive the fallen prime minister, Jiang revived after around two hours of time. As Grand Completion informed Jiang Ziya of the past happenings involving his suffered death by Gongming's hands, he reported the prime minister's revival to Burning Lamp while heading to the camp of Shang in order to secretly inspect their next move. Being informed by Wen Zhong that a man by the name of "Burning Lamp" is more than likely the second in command amongst the immortal party under the deceased rebel commander, and is thus in need of additional elimination to sully the enemy's morale, Zhao Gongming left the Shang camp early the following morning, and called for Burning Lamp to show himself at once. With Burning Lamp departing from the reed pavilion and thoroughly reprimanding Zhao Gongming for his "defiance of Heaven's will", Gongming knew clearly in his heart that his actions are for the greater good--for the dignity of the land will only suffer when Taoists sully their simple nature by running rampant with weapons of destructional qualities, fighting for a cause that is nothing more than ideal. Thus, for the sake of his eternal friendship with

Wen Zhong and reputation as a god amongst Taoists, Gongming lashed forth his staff upon the former, but Yellow Dragon immediately retorted in protection of his leader. Little did Yellow Dragon truly expect, however, Gongming suddenly unleashed a Dragon Binding Rope from the sleeves of his robe, which bound Yellow Dragon instantly. Not taking the chance for Yellow Dragon's life to be cut, Pure Essence lunged forthward at Gongming, but to the great difference of their renown which the former had little knowledge of, Zhao Gongming threw twenty-four Sea Conquering Pearls within the sky, forcing all foes present to their knees in blindness. As each immortal fortunately managed to escape without being taken captive, or being killed at that, Gongming returned to the Shang camp and was welcomly toasted by the Grand Old Master, while their single captive became held on a flagpole within the camp as retortion to the enemy's arrogance. Meanwhile, Burning Lamp was not able to obtain any acknowledgment as to what weapon Gongming had been using to result in such a potential disaster, and nonetheless became even further distressed upon the seeing of Yellow Dragon being treated so contemptuously -- and thus asked who, if even possible, could save the immortal from further humiliation. With the volunteership of Yang Bliss, Yang Bliss transformed himself into a flying ant that evening, and upon his approach before the camp of Shang, he ascended the flag pole and removed a magical charm that bound Yellow Dragon in place, thus returning to the reed pavilion in success. As Wen Zhong obtained word that Yellow Dragon had escaped mysteriously shortly afterwards, he clearly realized that no one could have ascended the flagpole without the obvious notice of royal guards, and Yellow Dragon assuredly could not have removed the charm by himself due to being magically and physically bound, thus concluding that a man who possesses transformational capability had to have been the cause for such an incident. With such an assumption in mind, Wen Zhong sent Zhao Gongming to challenge the reed pavilion early the following morning. As Gongming approached the solo Burning Lamp outside the gates of the reed pavilion, while learning that a man by the name of "Yang Bliss" had been the cause behind Yellow Dragon's freedom, he lashed forth his staff and sea conquering pearls upon the opposition.

Fleeing immediately to the southwest lest he suffers by the hands of Gongming's mysterious weaponry, Zhao Gongming gave chase at the very same moment. Approaching a slope and seeing two distinguished men playing Go underneath the shade of a pine tree, Burning Lamp had no idea who these men were, but knowing that he was in a desperate situation indeed, he began to elaborate the past and current circumstances all at once. As the men--known as Xiao Sheng

and Cao Bao--believed it best to assist this strange man for the sake of their morals and overall mutual cooperation within the future, they suddenly caught sight upon a man Burning Lamp claimed to be "Zhao Gongming", and lashed at the latter as a result. Being infuriated at such unexpected obstinace, Gongming unleashed his Dragon Binding Rope upon Xiao Sheng. As Xiao Sheng flipped his Treasure Catching Golden Coin into the air, which resulted in any weapon standing before him to fall to the ground with the weight of a large rock, such an action reciprocated as Gongming attempted the additional usage of his Sea Conquering Pearls. Becoming even more enraged at such a resolution, he used his staff, which is unaffected by any immortal weapon, to smash Xiao Sheng's head in, killing him instantly. Being devastated over the death of a man that was seemingly innocent and had little to do with the current situation, Burning Lamp protected the remaining Cao Bao by gravely wounding Zhao Gongming from behind with his Universal Ruler. As Gongming thus ragefully fled atop his black tiger, Burning Lamp approached Cao Bao and upon the recieving of the enemy's Sea Conquering Pearls, they both left to Phoenix City shortly following. With the Zhou forces now in possession of Gongming's most powerful weapon, which was to their knowledge, Gongming had little choice but to report the issue to Grand Old Master upon his return, and then leave to the Three Fairy Island in order to obtain an essential backing. Promising his old friend that he shall swiftly return, Zhao Gongming soared across the skies with the greatest of speed atop his mystical black tiger, and upon his arrival before the intended island, he approached the residence of his three younger sisters: High Firmament, Jade Firmament, and Green Firmament, who reciprocated a bow of greeting to their elder brother while inspecting the reason for his arrival. Elaborating the current situation with the loss of his treasured items and the need for either the Golden Dragon Scissors or the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper as an essential replacement, his three sisters declined, stating it best to await until Jiang Ziya has created the gods less they end up losing their lives fighting against the cause stated to be one with Heaven. With continued refusal to assist their brother in any form as a measure of caution rather than unwilling defiance, Gongming left their residence in a great fume of rage, considering he already knew Jiang Ziya had been killed by his hands, and his sisters were resolved to act against his views even with such a reality. Traveling a few miles on foot in search of other comrades that could assist in his cause, Gongming was suddenly met by his old friend Celestial Lotus, who, after being informed of the former's woes, grabbed his hand and returned to the residence of High Firmament and the others immediately. With Celestial Lotus's persistant intentions to obtain at least the Golden Dragon Scissors for the sake of Gongming's cause, High Firmament

agreed to give her brother the scissors upon one condition: Gongming makes constant threats to this "Burning Lamp" until the Sea Conquering Pearls are obtained out of fear. Ensuring his sister that he will do what he can in order to reobtain the pearls at all costs, Zhao Gongming returned to the camp of Shang and was welcomed by Wen Zhong momentarily following. As the next day arrived with immediate departure before the reed pavilion, Burning Lamp met the former and remained obstinant to never hand back the treasure--for such an action would be nothing other than detrimental, even if the opposition declares a supposed level of truce following. Clashing blade against staff as a resolution of such, Zhao Gongming decided to finish matters quickly by casting his Golden Dragon Scissors within the sky at once.

Chapter 48: Lu Ya's Gourd of Supreme Light

This chapter is titled "Lu Ya's Gourd of Supreme Light". As the scissors became two large dragons with tails interlocking as one, Burning Lamp fled for his life atop a cloud made of wood, while his deer was unfortunately cut into two halves in an instant. Not desiring to risk the loss of his newly obtained weapon by pursuing Burning Lamp a second time, Zhao Gongming returned to the camp of Shang intensely annoyed. Returning to the reed pavilion after fleeing for an extended distance, Burning Lamp thoroughly elaborated about Gongming's scissors that can turn into large dragons at will, creating great fear within the hearts of all who happened to be present. At such a point in time, a certain man claiming to be a Taoist had entered; he was a hermit from Mount West Kunlun known as Lu Ya. Declaring that he has come in order to put an end to Zhao Gongming after seeing his magical prowess early on from the clouds, each superiorman present thought little of such words with justifiable rationale as they maintained a doubtful silence. As Zhao Gongming appeared before the reed pavilion the following morning, as easily expected, he began to mock Burning Lamp for his cowardice despite holding such a high rank amongst the immortal populace on the side of Zhou. Being suddenly met by a man who he recognized to be Lu Ya from outside the pavilion's gates, he knew that such a man would be far too dangerous to let live--for even if Lu Ya were to assist the side of Shang, who knows what treachery he could pull with the weapons at his very disposal--and thus Gongming unleashed his Golden Dragon Scissors to destroy the foe in a single shot. Unfortunately transforming into a rainbow and fleeing far to the southeast, Zhao Gongming ground his teeth in rage, fully realizing that he would have no possible method to capture such an annoyance in his current state.

Personally observing Gongming in his previous encounter, Lu Ya returned to the reed pavilion while instructing Jiang Ziya to build a straw effigy of Zhao Gongming on Mount Western Foothills. Additionally instructing the prime minister to worship the effigy three times a day and burn charms at the very same moment--as was the method he taught Master Yao of the Soul Snatching Trap far into the past--Gongming will die on the twenty-first day following. As the prime minister followed such instructions very carefully and secretly for

days upon end, Zhao Gongming clearly began to feel as if his heart were burning like a great fire. Walking to an end as a resolution without the slightest feel of comfort whatsoever, Master Bai became enraged at the sight of his comrade, and knowing that the enemy is the primary cause for such a condition, he challenged the gates of the reed pavilion later that day, completely disregarding the words of Wen Zhong. As Burning Lamp and the other superiormen exited the pavilion gates shortly following, Lu Ya declared his intentions to answer Bai's challenge at once, knowing that he possesses a weapon that will not only destroy the opposition in mere moments, but will ensure his prowess to be known amongst each of his allies in addition. Entering the Vehement Flame Trap after a few rounds of battle, Master Bai ascended his platform and summoned many volleys of fire from all eight directions upon Lu Ya. Standing amongst the flames without a single burn mark present on his body, Lu Ya opened his gourd, and as a slender white beam of light ascended through the clouds and rotated several times throughout the air in a circular fashion, large eyes began to grow upon the light, putting Bai into intense fear exceeding his imagination. As this beam of light fell down upon Bai's head like an enormous blade with intense speed, Bai had little time to evade, and was cut into two halves as an immediate result. Leaving the trap shortly afterwards, Master Yao of the Soul Snatching Trap suddenly appeared, vowing to avenge his fallen comrades and the humiliation he suffered through the hands of Pure Essence.

With the retortion of a warrior known as Fang Xiang, Yao entered his trap momentarily, and not intending to waste any more time with such a nuisance, he smothered the former with his black sand of needles, killing the opposition at once. Exiting the trap and ordering Pure Essence to show himself lest others are killed off as a latent resolution, Pure Essence knew in his heart that he possessed little choice in the matter -- and thus approached the enemy master with sword drawn. Upon the entering of the Soul Snatching Trap, Yao Bin unleashed countless clouds of black sand to not only blind the enemy in all directions, but to additionally ensure an immediate death. Emerging from the sand with white clouds negating any potential harm, Pure Essence flashed the white side of his Yin Yang Mirror into the eyes of Yao Bin, sending him plummeting to the ground in great dismay. Being helplessly paralyzed by the mirror's ability, Yao realized that he could do nothing in such a state, and thus he met an unfortunate death by the edge of Pure Essence's blade. As Pure Essence returned the Map of the Eight Diagrams to Xuandu Cave immediately after retrieving it from Yao's body, Wen Zhong had meanwhile been informed of the death of two additional masters and the strange condition of Zhao Gongming in the camp of Shang. With

fifteen days having passed with Zhao Gongming sleeping daily upon end, Wen Zhong performed divination only to find out that a straw effigy of his old friend would be pierced through the heart by the arrow of Lu Ya upon a set date -- which would result in Gongming's death. As Master Bai conjectured the summit of Mount Western Foothills being the more probable region to which the effigy would be present, Grand Old Master knew that such a region would be heavily guarded nonetheless due to its strategic position, and thus decided to inform Zhao Gongming before taking any action. Zhao Gongming, who happened to be mainly conscious despite the condition of his internal spirits, was informed of his condition entirely, and upon the most careful of consideration that he could muster in such a state, he suggested that his two disciples--Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi--should be sent to seize the effigy -- for they had been trained with extraordinary stealth and are naturally akin to such situations. As Wen Zhong immediately approved such a suggestion, Burning Lamp had already made cautious preparations by protecting the prime minister with Nezha and Yang Bliss lest the enemy were to obtain knowledge of their intentions through rational means. Approaching Mount Western Foothill's summit, and seeing a certain man kowtowing before a straw effigy, Yao Shaosi and Chen Jiugong smiled with great delight as they snatched the effigy with the speed of lightning while fleeing in the direction of the Shang camp. Nezha and Yang Bliss, who were naturally startled to see such an incident take place so suddenly, pursued the two thieves immediately following. As Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi approached the Shang camp, they were immensely startled to find it disappear upon their entry following a burst of lightning -- as Yang Bliss used his genjutsu art to form an illusionary image that seemed as if to be their true camp. Using the lightning signal to appear before the two thieves momentarily, Nezha and Yang Bliss managed to dispose of Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi while successfully retrieving the effigy.

Returning to Jiang Ziya that night with effigy in hand, Xin Huan of Shang had meanwhile been sent to investigate the location of the two disciples, but to his great dismay, he found them both dead at a region neighboring the Shang camp, which he naturally informed the Grand Old Master about immediately following. Pounding his desk in utter rage at such a stunning report, Wen Zhong entered the room of Zhao Gongming and informed him of such unfortunate news after he had awakened. Requesting the Golden Dragon Scissors to be wrapped within his robes while sent to the residence of his three sisters following death, with tears spouting from his eyes, Gongming became exceedingly resentful by not following the words of High Firmament within the past. Seeing his old friend in

such a miserable condition, Wen Zhong began to grind his teeth in unparalleled rage while vowing to destroy the foul Lu Ya even if he must give up the life he possesses to sully such hate. With Wang Bian of the Red Water Trap reciprocating such rage, the former dashed forth before the reed pavilion's gates and shouted for immediate challenge. As Cao Bao, the newly obtained friend of Burning Lamp, stepped forward to challenge the opposition, Wang Bian's rage touched new heights as his old comrade stepped before him, willing to oppose the greater good so unconditionally. Not having any tolerance for treachery in any form, Bian ran within his trap, and upon the approach of Cao Bao, he boiled the latter alive with burning red water. With hatred burning with a steady blaze, Bian exited his trap and was met by none other than Virtue of the Pure Void momentarily.

After Wen Zhong had made the divination, he would realize that Lu Ya was planning on killing Zhao Gongming with charmed arrows. Thus, Chen Juigong and Yao Shaosi would be ordered to seize the straw effigy at the time of night. By feeling a sudden blood rush to his heart, Lamp Lighter would realize that two disciples under Wen Zhong were currently being sent to steal the effigy; and if such an action is not stopped, Lamp Lighter and the others would surely be killed by Gongming's might. Nezha and Yang bliss would thus be sent immediately to the Western Foothills to elaborate such news to Jiang Ziya. By the time that they had arrived to Ziya's location however, Chen Juigong and Yao Shaosi would already get their hands on the effigy and effectively escape. Thus, Nezha and Yang Bliss would head out at full speed in order to retrieve the stolen effigy. When both Cheng and Yao arrived at the Shang camp, they would be admitted by Deng Zhong. After discussing the situation with Grand Old Master, they would both hand the effigy to him. Immediately, the two disciples would head to the back camp and suddenly realize that the whole Shang camp was gone in a mere instant. Before Yang Bliss appeared atop his horse, the two individuals would stand completely puzzled. While within the darkness of the night, both Nezha and Yang Bliss would duel out against the two disciples. Following the passage of a few minutes, Yao Shaosi would be stabbed to death by Nezha, and Yang Bliss would penetrate the breast of Chen Juigong; effectively putting an end to both of Zhao Gongming's disciples.

In short time, both Yang Bliss and Nezha would arrive at Phoenix City and return the effigy to Jiang Ziya. When the Grand Old Master had learned of the death of Chen and Yao, he would pound his desk in immense rage. As Wen Zhong fumed in his anger, he would head to Zhao Gongming's room and order

him to awaken. Once Gongming heard of the news, he would tell Wen Zhong to wrap up his Golden Dragon Scissors with his robe to be given to his three younger sisters when he dies. Zhao Gongming would weep bitterly with tears pouring down from his face -- even to the extent that he could not speak. As Wen Zhong watched the tragic scene, his hair would stand on end, and he would gnash his teeth in eternal hate. At the same moment, Welkin Lord Wang Bian would head out with his Red Water Trap; completely determined to crush Jiang Ziya. After killing Cao Bao easily with his red acid water, Virtue of the Pure Void would be chosen as his second opponent.

Chapter 49: King Wu in the Red Sand Trap

This chapter is titled "King Wu in the Red Sand Trap". As Pure Void lashed at the opposition with exceeded renown, Bian entered his trap shortly while flooding the entire region with burning red water. Floating atop the water on a white lotus flower without any worry of being burned, Pure Void used his Five Fire and Seven Fowl Fan to turn the unfortunate Bian into nothing more than ashes upon the ground. The Red Water Trap now being destroyed, Burning Lamp and the other superiormen returned to the reed pavilion while Grand Old Master was informed of Bai's death shortly following such an incident. As the twentieth day of the month approached soon following, Wen Zhong, who knew clearly in his heart that he is the indirect reason that his old friend will suffer death soon, approached Zhao Gongming, even more furious to wipe out the entire Western Foothills even if such is opposing his very own destiny. With reciprocated rage and inner distress upon the faces of Gongming and Master Zhang in addition, they wept throughout the night in great agony. At eleven o'clock the next morning, Lu Ya approached Jiang Ziya, who was still present before the straw effigy as expected, and instructed the prime minister upon handing him a mulberry bow with three short peach arrows, to shoot the left eye first, his right eye second, and the third through Gongming's heart. Doing as instructed momentarily following, Zhao Gongming roared with great agony as the first two arrows created exceedingly crucial pain within his two eyes. Being held in the arms of Grand Old Master, and looking into the latter's eyes one final time, Gongming suddenly became pure pale without a bloodpulse -- thus signaling his recent passing. With Gongming still held tightly within his arms, tears poured unrestrainedly from Wen Zhong's eyes as he vowed to tear apart Lu Ya's flesh as recompense for such underhanded treachery. Ordering a grandiose ceremony to mark the encoffining of Zhao Gongming's body, all generals alike became frightened at such a happening, and clearly knowing the great treachery at the very disposal of each superiormen rebel, the overall morale of the Shang forces decreased dramatically as a result. As Jiang Ziya and Lu Ya returned to the reed pavilion stealthily upon a rainbow lest any enemies were to await for potential ambush while Master Zhang approached the pavilion with his trap, Burning Lamp suggested to the prime minister upon arrival that King Wu should

be sent into the opposition's Red Sand Trap -- for upon analyzing, only a man of sagely stature would be able to conquer the trap, as possessed to that of any superiorman on their side. Knowing that Burning Lamp more than likely knows what he is talking about, despite the holy grail of detriment that would result if the king were to lose his life, Jiang Ziya sent Wu Ji to fetch King Wu nonetheless. Arriving shortly, and upon the king's unconditional consent, Burning Lamp placed many charms upon King Wu's body, and ordering Nezha and Thunderquaker to thoroughly protect the former from any harm, all three arrayed themselves before Zhang immediately following.

As Zhang ran within his trap while being pursued by the the enemy, he ascended his platform and spread red sand throughout the entire perimeter, completely engulfing the three individuals until they found themselves deep within large pits of sand as a resolution. Gazing into the distance with his magical bull eye, and seeing the king and his protectors deep within a layer of sand, Burning Lamp informed Jiang Ziya that King Wu is destined to remain in such a state for 100 days, and that he will assuredly survive "as according to Heaven's will". Realizing that Burning Lamp had never informed him of such information prior, and he more than likely created such a statement as to ensure his reputation meets no harm if the king were to be found alive by any other superiorman, he immediately suspected the former as plotting the death of King Wu, and thus kept careful watch of his every move lest disaster were to follow. Entering Phoenix City and reporting such an incident to the family members of King Wu and other relatives of the same nature, Zhang had meanwhile returned to the side of Grand Old Master Wen Zhong while boasting about his great victory, who in exchange felt some sense of relief, but was still greatly hurt by the passing of Gongming. Shen Gongbao, who secretly perceived the happenings with Gongming from the time of his arrival to the time of his death, appeared before the residence of High Firmament and informed her of Zhao Gongming's recent passing by the hands of Jiang Ziya. High Firmament, who secretly knew that her name is on the List of Creations and any impulsive action of revenge would surely fulfill such a fate, readily declared to Shen Gongbao that she is indeed grievant over such news, but on no account shall she risk her own life for his sake. Jade Firmament and Green Firmament, who did not share her philosophy on the situation whatsoever, left their residence with Shen Gongbao leading the way to the Western Foothills. As High Firmament joined her two sisters in fear of any potential danger they could suffer within the future, all three were met by Celestial Lotus and Lady Pretty Cloud in addition, who vowed to assist them against the rebel commander Jiang Ziya. Arriving before the camp of Shang

shortly following, Wen Zhong informed them of Gongming's death by the hands of Lu Ya on the twenty-first day of the month. Receiving the Golden Dragon Scissors in tears, the three sisters arrived before their brother's coffin in the back camp and clearly realized that his eyes and body had been bleeding very recently despite him being dead. Knowing that the foul Lu Ya is the cause behind his death, the five ladies and Grand Old Master appeared before the reed pavilion the following day, essentially resolved to do away with Lu Ya for the sake of their vengeance and the morale of their forces. As Lu Ya exited the gates of the pavilion, and upon realization that Gongming's sisters were before him and demanding a rational reason for their brother's murder, Lu Ya, who now realized the opposition must possess either a keen level of spies or divination in order to know such information, responded to the call by declaring Zhao Gongming to be a man that lacked great virtue, and solely acted out of evil intentions to support the tyrant ruler King Zhou -- and such is the reason as to why he deserved death. Jade Firmament, who was naturally quick tempered, rushed at Lu Ya, and with the immediate assistance of her fellow sisters, the opposition was knocked unconscious by the power of their Universe Muddling Dipper. Lu Ya was thus stuck with charms upon his entire body and hanged on a flag pole within the Shang camp -- as like the situation earlier with Yellow Dragon. Hanging upon the flag pole, Jade Firmament could not withhold her hatred to any extent, and upon her order to unleash volleys of arrows at Lu Ya all at once, each arrow suddenly dissolved into nothing more than ash before touching the bounded man's body. Realizing the chance to kill Lu Ya could easily slip from their graps in the current situation, Green Firmament casted forth the Universe Muddling Dipper upon the former, but, to her detriment, Lu Ya turned into a rainbow and fled back to the reed pavilion immediately following, putting even greater bloodlust in the hearts of the three sisters. As Lu Ya had meanwhile departed from the reed pavilion upon Burning Lamp's consention, High Firmament, who knew that she could use the evidential reasoning of Shen Gongbao as being the cause of her brother's death to attack the rebel commander Jiang Ziya, approached the pavilion with her sisters and shouted for him to show his face. Yelling at Jiang Ziya for being the cause behind their brother's death, the three sisters and Pretty Cloud with Celestial Lotus each attacked the commander with full force.

Chapter 50: The Yellow River Trap

This chapter is titled "The Yellow River Trap". As Jiang Ziya was immediately reinforced by Yang Bliss, Huang Tianhua, and Nezha on both sides, High Firmament would suffer a crucial blow from Ziya's Staff of Beating Gods, and Celestial Lotus thus used her black wind art combined with Pretty Cloud's Eye Blinding Pearl to send the forces of Zhou fleeing in fear, while they themselves returned to the Shang camp. High Firmament, who now knew the strength at Jiang Ziya's disposal, realized that with treacherous immortals like Lu Ya on his side, the theory of him reciprocating the qualities of Heaven is truly nothing more than a joke, and the fact that she is destined to be on the List of Creations would thus have to additionally be wrong, considering that the former is the list's "destined creator". Realizing through such rationale that it would be best to avenge her brother with the veil of Shen Gongbao's fake words in a chance to obtain Jiang Ziya's position effectively without risk for her own reputation, High Firmament asked Grand Old Master Wen Zhong to specifically pick out 600 warriors that are seemingly of the greatest strength amongst the majority of the Shang forces. With these warriors, High Firmament created a trap that possessed chalk drawings of windows, exits, and other forms of signals to denote advancement or retreat on the part of the soldiers that are to be placed within. With individual spells placed upon their bodies and other sorts of magical attributes within the trap, anyone of immortal or human characteristics would feel as if confronted against one-thousand soldiers. As High Firmament entirely informed the Grand Old Master of this trap and its traits, Wen Zhong, the five women, and a set number of soldiers discluding the original 600 left the camp of Shang and approached the opposition's reed pavilion shortly following. Seeing Jiang Ziya, Burning Lamp, and others exit the pavilion, Wen Zhong was astounded beyond words at the mysterious survival of the rebel commander, and thus immediately gnashed his teeth in rage at the great magical treachery within the sleeves of the enemy superiormen. As High Firmament rode before Jiang Ziya, she declared the invincibility of her newly established trap while offering the former a chance to inspect such a trap without any sort of harm in the process. Taking her word, Jiang Ziya began a thorough inspection, and upon his leave, Yang Bliss was greatly eager for battle, and lunged forth at Jade Firmament with his Sky Barking Hound. High Firmament, who became disturbed at such rudeness, used her Universe Muddling Dipper to throw Yang

Bliss within her trap. With the retortion of Jinzha and that of Muzha, they in addition were thrown into the Yellow River Trap shortly afterwards. Jiang Ziya, who would have shared the same fate as the former three if he did not possess his Yellow Apricot Flag for essential protection, fled back to the reed pavilion after countering High Firmament's dipper. As Jiang Ziya returned to the pavilion and thoroughly elaborated the special weapon at High Firmament's disposal earlier that day, the five women of Shang had meanwhile decided to spare the lives of the three captured celestials until they personally confront Burning Lamp. Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, who was naturally delighted at six individuals of the Western Foothills being held captive, held a special banquet for Master Zhang and the others.

Approaching before the reed pavilion the following morning as previously promised, Burning Lamp exited the gates, and upon the reprimendation of High Firmament and the others for their vengful intentions despite the risk of death, Jade Firmament lashed forth at the enemy commander atop her swan. Pure Essence, who intercepted Jade with immense speed, was only thrown into the Yellow River Trap in mere moments following his interruption by the muddling dipper. As such an action became reciprocated to every other superiorman present, Burning Lamp realized that the situation was exceedingly dire, and grabbed Jiang Ziya while fleeing back to the reed pavilion once a gust of wind had been created as essential protection. Expressing his deepest of apologies to the prime minister for carelessly allowing such a dilemma to take place, Burning Lamp headed to Mount Kunlun, where he obtained information via from White Crane Lad that Heavenly Primogenitor is currently making his way to the Western Foothills at such a moment. Arriving before the pavilion shortly, and upon the arrival of midnight, an incredibly large cloud appeared above the pavilion with thousands of lamps floating around it in every direction visible -- a process in which Heavenly Primogenitor had summoned for reasons not told. High Firmament, who assumed the arrival of a far greater personage--more than likely the reputed Heavenly Primogenitor of Chan--by seeing such great magic at work that Burning Lamp or any other superiorman seen with her eyes would not have the ability to produce, began to consider whether killing the captives within her trap would be the better choice rather than going about another process. Deciding to wait and see how the enemy reacts further, Heavenly Primogenitor arrived before the enemy's trap the following morning and began to inspect it upon the polite consention of High Firmament, who became quite worried at the arrival of such a trump card to potentially interfere with her plans. Sighing deeply at the sight of his disciples laying about so humiliatedly,

Primogenitor began to take his leave; but at the same time, Pretty Cloud threw one of her Eye Blinding Pearl's at the former only for it to be burned to ashes before touching his body. As the five women became frightful at such a sight, Primogenitor meanwhile returned to the pavilion, stating that his disciples are little more than lowly mortals, and no potential act to save them wasn't considered -- for Lao Tzu is to arrive shortly, and he wishes to discuss the situation with him before taking any such action. With the arrival of Lao Tzu, High Firmament gazed into the direction of the reed pavilion, and upon the realization that the Grand Master of Mount Xuandu, Lao Tzu, is more than likely present due to his specialized jade pagoda floating above the pavilion, the four other women suggested any form of surprise attack if the enemy is to approach their trap the following morning. As the two grand masters solely approached the trap, High Firmament, Jade Firmament, and Green Firmament exited the trap without the slightest of greeting, to the great rage of Lao Tzu, who declared his intentions to fight them in their own field: the Yellow River Trap.

Chapter 51: The Final Resolve of Grand Old Master Wen Zhong

This chapter is titled "The Final Resolve of Grand Old Master Wen Zhong". When Lao Tzu and Heavenly Primogenitor entered the Yellow River Trap as previously intended, Jade Firmament suddenly lashed forth the Golden Dragon Scissors upon Lao Tzu, who was awaiting such a surprise attack from the beginning. As the duel dragons came towards Lao Tzu at the brink of cutting him into two halves horizontally, Lao Tzu simply lifted forth one of his sleeves, sending the scissors back in their original state within his very hands. Obtaining Green Firmament's Universe Muddling Dipper just as easily, Lao ordered his genie to take both weapons before the Jade Emptiness Palace, to the obvious rage of the three sisters. High Firmament, who was determined to defeat the great Lao Tzu in magical renown in order to prove to all celestials that she is deserving of Jiang Ziya's reputation and title amongst the land, lunged forth at the grand master with sword posed. To High Firmament's unparalleled ill-fortune, however, another yellow-scarved genie under Lao Tzu suddenly rushed forth, beat her with its fists, and then toppled the entire Unicorn Cliff upon her body. Jade Firmament, who became enraged beyond imagination at the death of her sister, High Firmament, lunged forth at Lao Tzu only to have her skull smashed by Heavenly Primogenitor's jade sceptor. As Green Firmament now realized the great unjust ways of the Chan Taoists, she ground her teeth in rage while lashing her blade at the two celestials; but alas, it was too late: Primogenitor awakened his magical casket only to trap Green Firmament within, dissolving her flesh in mere moments upon entry. Following such a brutal end to the three sisters, Lao Tzu awakened all celestials present with an immediate teal of thunder, and then guided them back to the reed pavilion at once. Teaching each disciple present back at the pavilion how to travel on golden beams of light at will, less any such unfortunate incident reaccurs in the future as like in the past, the two grand masters took their leave from the pavilion, but ordered Immortal of South Pole to stay and assist until Jiang Ziya has successfully done away with the Red Sand Trap. As Celestial Lotus and Pretty Cloud had meanwhile entered the Yellow River Trap's remnants only to find High Firmament and Jade Firmament dead, to their great horror and rage, they both reported such an incident to Grand Old Master, who, being greatly distressed in

return, ordered a royal messenger to be sent to Morning Song for reinforcements while another messenger is sent to Sanshan Pass's Deng Jiugong with intentions for the latter to assist him at the Western Foothills. With Immortal of the South Pole's appearance before the remaining Red Sand Trap the following morning, Master Zhang charged forth with cutless in hand, fully determined to make up for the loss of so many fellow warriors on the side of Shang. Being effectively reinforced by White Crane Lad upon entering the opposition's trap, Zhang Shao ascended his platform and sprayed volleys of red sand across the entire perimeter, which was easily negated by the Five Fire and Seven Fowl Fan of South Pole. Using the jade scepter to knock celestial master from his platform, Immortal of the South Pole ended Zhang Shao's life with a single stroke of his sword, and then unconvered the three captives who he had been told were present for some time. Nezha and Thunderquaker, who awoke immediately following a sudden bolt of lightning, realized shortly that King Wu was nothing more than a lifeless body that has not been decayed due to the magical charms that protected him from any such resolution. Burning Lamp, who revived the fallen king with elixer pills and water after receiving his body at the reed pavilion, declared that the prior incident with King Wu was of neccesity, and Heaven has now experienced the self-sacrificial ways that the king possesses -- a factor that will assuredly assist them in the future. Now knowing that all ten traps have essentially been destroyed, Burning Lamp declared that all immortals should return to their respective mountains for the time being while Grand Completion and Pure Essence are to guard the five passes and the two neighboring border passes as to ensure no further assistance can come to the Grand Old Master from such means. As Burning Lamp took his additional leave shortly following, with Merciful Navigation being the only remaining superiorman, Jiang Ziya ordered his soldiers and generals to thoroughly prepare for a descisive battle against Grand Old Master the following day. Wen Zhong, who was meanwhile exceedingly depressed over the lack of reinforcements from either that of the capital or Commander Deng Jiugong, held a conference with Pretty Cloud and Celestial Lotus only to obtain word of Jiang Ziya's intentions by an enemy messenger. Approaching the rebel commander on the battlefield the following morning, completely resolved to sacrifice his very own life to do away with Jiang Ziya, Wu Ji, under the immediate order of the prime minister, decapitated the remaining master Zhao Jiang before Wen Zhong's very own eyes as a showing of their defiance. Not allowing his anger to be controlled in any manner, Wen Zhong, combined with Pretty Cloud, Celestial Lotus, and his four personal generals--Deng, Xin, Zhang, and Tao--each lashed forward and clashed their weapons furiously against their respective opponents.

As Celestial Lotus had her sack of wind calmed to nothing by the Wind Conquering Pearl of Merciful Navigation shortly following the start of the battle, Jiang Ziya seized such a chance to brutally smash Lotus's head in with his Staff of Beating Gods. Pretty Cloud, who became horrified and fuming with rage at the sight of her close friend die before her very own eyes so suddenly, was stabbed from the back multiple times by the fire lance of Nezha, putting an additionally unfortunate end to her life. Yellow Flying Tiger, who was greatly encouraged by the heightened morale of the Zhou forces, pierced the heart of Zhang Jie with his dual Dragon-Phoenix blades. Realizing that three of his generals had just recently lost their lives, and it would be evidentially pointless to continue the fight with heightened morale clearly present on the opposite side, Wen Zhong ordered a full-scale retreat in his great distress. As Merciful Navigation returned to his respective mountain that afternoon, Jiang Ziya gave set orders to the majority of his generals, with intentions to not only assault the Shang camp in a raid, but to additionally attempt to draw many into surrender. Wen Zhong, who obviously knew that the prime minister would more than likely attempt such a feat, ordered his generals to protect set regions in especial caution of such a potential happening. As the raid began that night, with Jiang Ziya and other such generals breaking into the Shang forces's camp gates, Wen Zhong personally lunged forward atop his dragon to smight the enemy with exceeded valiance and magical prowess. Being unexpectedly struck once more due the unparalleled speed of Jiang Ziya's Staff of Beating Gods, Wen Zhong, and the majority of the Shang forces, clearly realized that they were simply struggling against an inevitable defeat -- especially after seeing fierce flames and smoke soar above their food supplies and other parts of the camp. As the forces of Shang began to flee as a resolution, around half of the remaining soldiers surrendered to the Western Foothills while another majority fled back to their respective homes in fear of any form of death. Grand Old Master, who knew he had little authority over such an incident, considering the circumstances at hand, fled in the direction of Mount Western Foothills with Deng and Xin protecting their commander's life even if it costed their own. With the eventual retreat of Jiang Ziya's forces in great victory, Wen Zhong camped upon the foot of Mount Western Foothills, became informed of the reported death of Tao Rong within the former conflict, and suggested his forces--currently numbering 30,000--to march through Good Dream Pass to obtain a level of assistance from neighboring generals. As the Grand Old Master continued on his way through Mount Peach Blossom, he suddenly caught sight of a man of Taoist appearance, who he resembled to be one of the superiormen who assisted the rebel commander in breaking his ten traps. Announcing his name to be "Grand Completion", and his

desire to stop the Grand Old Master from obtaining any additional assistance from neighboring passes, Wen Zhong knew that such a simpleton could not be reconciled with, and thus lashed his golden staff at the former with far greater renown. After being in contact with the Heaven Overturning Stamp, Wen Zhong's advance was halted by its great power, and realizing that great casualties could be further suffered by such an opponent of celestial attributes, he ordered his forces to head to the west for now. Heading in the direction of Mount Yan for several nights upon days, Pure Essence appeared before their pathway as they approached Mount Taihua, to the great disgust of Wen Zhong. Recognizing Pure Essence as being the man that was causing Master Yao an extreme amount of trouble far into the past, and combined with his current obstinace of not letting them reach neighboring passes, Wen Zhong vowed to destroy such an opposition not only for revenge, but for the sake of his reputation and great pride in the name of Shang. Charging forth with smoke spouting from his third eye, Pure Essence was obviously overwhelmed beyond imagination -- and thus unleashed his Yin Yang Mirror upon the Grand Old Master following a few rounds of battle.

Chapter 52: Fall of the Legendary Hero

This chapter is titled "Fall of the Legendary Hero". As the Yin Yang Mirror's white side was effectively placed before Wen Zhong's eyes, in a single moment of time he realized that the enemy's weapon attempted to drown away his consciousness. Naturally immune to such magic trickery with the power of genjutsu that he wields within his very own palm, the Grand Old Master nonetheless had little choice but to flee as Pure Essence began to shine the red side in his face—which he knew to be certain death than anything else. Realizing that the only choice he had left was to head through the Yellow Flower Mountain to reach the Green Dragon Pass as opposed to personally heading to Morning Song while abandoning his comrades, Wen Zhong and his soldiers traveled for half a day before seeing a young celestial surrounded by flags and banners that represented the Western Foothills. As this celestial declared himself being none other than Nezha, with intentions to ensure that the enemy is blocked off from any source of assistance, Wen Zhong, who was already furious at the obnoxious opposition prior, began to fume with even greater hatred and resolve to destroy all that stood before him as supreme head of the Shang Dynasty. Nezha, who began to battle with Wen Zhong and every other general of Shang single-handedly, managed to strike down both Ji Li—one of two disciples under Grand Old Master—and that of Deng Zhong, which shattered the morale of the oppositionary forces, forcing Wen Zhong to break through and travel along an additional path towards the Yellow Flower Mountain. As the Grand Old Master camped for the night while realizing that 20,000 of his original 30,000 had supposedly defected to the enemy due to not being present, he was comforted by Xin Huan, who suggested that they both return to Morning Song and gather forces to avenge their suffered humiliation another day. Continuing along the pathway to the Yellow Flower Mountain, and upon their arrival, Huang Tianhua stepped forward to prevent the Grand Old Master and his remaining soldiers from heading any further by order of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya. Annoyed by this fourth blockade with his hair standing on end and his teeth grinded with rage, Wen Zhong sent the young warrior fleeing in fear of his wrath. Unfortunately however, Tianhua seized the moment to not only kill Yu Qing—the secondary disciple of Wen Zhong—with his Fire Dragon Javelin, but to

additionally wound Xin Huan with one of his Heart Penetrating Nails through the leftern wing. Grand Old Master, who was confused and utterly disstressed, ordered his soldiers to rest upon a bleak mountain upon the arrival of dawn, where he sat by himself, devising his next plan of evasion less another army appears before his midst. As everyone within the camp of Shang had slept throughout the end of dusk and into night, Wen Zhong became startled at a sudden hearing of cannon fire, and, to his unparalleled rage, he noticed Jiang Ziya and Ji Fa drinking happily upon the mountain top while at the same time mocking him from below with great laughter. Charging upon them angrily, an intense bolt of lightning shook the sky, and to the Grand Old Master's perplexed amazement, not a single soldier nor that of Jiang Ziya or King Wu could be seen anymore—even when using the power of his divine third eye. Considering what kind of genjutsu user is behind such trickery, and how he wields power exceeding his own in such an art, a large army suddenly surrounded the foot of the mountain below and charged at Wen Zhong immediately following. Falling upon them with exceeded resolve, every soldier disappeared with an additional blinding bolt of lightning; Wen Zhong, in his state of perplexity, prepared to perform divination in order to understand what was truly happening. As Jiang Ziya and King Wu suddenly appeared before the mountaintop, openly mocking the Grand Old Master for losing all honor and dignity in such a humiliating scene, Wen Zhong, who began to perform divination immediately following, was suddenly interrupted by the swift thrust of a monster's hammer through the darkness. Letting out a cry of great dismay while managing to effectively dodge the blow, Wen Zhong's dragon received the hit from below the Grand Old Master, killing it instantly. Tumbling to the ground and fleeing atop a dust cloud in startled fear, Xin Huan roared from the shadows of the mountainside and parried each blow from the pursuing beast—which in this case happened to be Thunderquaker.

Protecting Wen Zhong with all the strength he possessed even if it costed him is very own life, Xin Huan remembered this creature had attacked him previously during a moment of his master's retreat, and knowing that he must prove himself to the Grand Old Master as a warrior of the greater good, Xin Huan nearly killed Thunderquaker with his twin hammers; but at the same, Yang Bliss's Sky Barking Hound bit into the flesh of Xin Huan, effectively opening a chance for Thunderquaker to deal a brutal blow to the opposition's head, killing him instantly. As Wen Zhong returned to his camp feeling intense distress over Heaven's intentions of forsaking the Shang Dynasty despite the many loyal feats that he has performed in the name of the late King Da Yi, he gazed forth at the

fallen body of Xin Huan upon his return, and fell to the ground and wept profusely at the many great warriors that gave their lives for the sake of his name—especially that of Xin, who had seemed to him as being his very own guardian. Gathering the remnants of his soldiers, who had been protected by golden walls throughout the former night—as Wen Zhong knew that the situation would be far too risky to allow any more potential casualties on his side—Wen Zhong marched along secondary pathways through the Yellow Flower Mountain until he arrived before a village, where he and his soldiers were graciously served many meals by a certain old man upon their welcoming. Receiving this old man's name as Li Ji, so that he could record such a name in order to reciprocate such kindness sometime into the future, Wen Zhong and his men continued along the direction of the Green Dragon Pass until being confronted by a certain woodcutter along the way. As soldiers under the Grand Old Master had asked this certain man the closest route to the Green Dragon, they returned to tell Wen Zhong that the southwest is the fastest route to such a destination. Knowing that the Dragon Extinction Peak lays to the southwest, and he will more than likely suffer even greater detriment—possibly his own life—if he arrives in such a region, Wen Zhong wished to prove to Heaven that he shall conquer all that stands in his way for the longevity of the Shang Dynasty, and thus pressed forward with intense resolve. Arriving before the peak shortly, and seeing a man of Taoist appearance—namely in this case being Master of the Clouds—who declared that he shall take the Grand Old Master's life as destined, Wen Zhong began to burst into great laughter, knowing that nothing can stand in the way of his magical prowess and great resolve to uphold the greater good. Pressing forward upon Master of the Clouds with staff firmly gripped in his hands, eight skyscraper pillars of divine fire suddenly sprang out from the ground, completely hemming in Wen Zhong from all sides. These pillars, being thirty-feet in height and ten feet in circumference, suddenly emitted countless great fire dragons which soared about throughout the air upon the signal of Master of the Cloud's thunderbolt. Laughing with great confidence at such a meager ability, fire charms appeared all around Grand Old Master's body as he vanished in a beam of white light to escape the enormous barrier previously trapped within. This barrier, which was unfortunately made of the hardest diamond, was impenetrable, and only resulted in Wen Zhong ramming his own head into the walls of such a barrier, hitting him with such intense force that he fell to the ground dead. As the soul of the unfortunate Wen Zhong flew before King Zhou back at Morning Song, who in return was in an exceedingly drowsy state at the time due to heavy drinking, the Grand Old Master informed the king to employ virtuous qualities as repentance for his vile manner towards the

people, considering that he himself lives no longer, and assuredly cannot perform any more feats for the sake of the Shang Dynasty. As Wen Zhong's soul disappeared within the wind, King Zhou awoke that night with a start, and upon informing Daji of his meeting with Wen Zhong, which he remembered more subconsciously than anything else, the latter suggested that such was nothing more than a dream of his worries, and should thus be forgotten about completely. Meanwhile back at the Western Foothills, Jiang Ziya was delighted to hear of the success on the part of his specific generals, and the death of Wen Zhong; but at this same moment in time, Shen Gongbao had seen the fall of the Grand Old Master with his own eyes, and began to search for powerful immortals as an attempt to wipe out the foul Jiang Ziya no matter what. As Shen approached a certain mountain by the name of "Squeezing Dragon", he happened upon a small man around four-feet in overall height who was running around the mountainside in great joy. Upon inspection that this certain man is a disciple under that of Krakucchanda, but has only studied the Way for 100 years, Shen Gongbao seized such knowledge by offering the lad a chance to wear a great dragon robe and be remembered among the people as a hero if he were to follow his advice. This disciple, who was known as "Earth Traveler Sun", was naturally not fond of his master and more on the side of being carefree; and as Shen had informed Sun that he shall recommend him a post under Deng Jiugong, Commander of Sanshan Pass, and learned that the former had the ability to travel underground at will, he suggested that the Celestial Binding Ropes--which were prized as Krakucchanda's ultimate weapons--should be stolen. Doing as he was told, Shen Gongbao led Earth Traveler Sun towards the location of Deng Jiugong at once.

Chapter 53: Wrath of Commander Deng Jiugong

This chapter is titled "Wrath of Commander Deng Jiugong". As Shen Gongbao successfully led Earth Traveler Sun before Sanshan Pass, he continued along various other regions in desperate search for potential comrades. At this same point in time, the remnants of Wen Zhong's forces had reported the death of their commander to Han Rong of Sishui Pass, which was then transferred in the form of a letter before the eyes of Wei Zi, who was unexpectedly startled beyond his own belief at such news. Appearing before King Zhou within a side court immediately following, the king discussed with his fellow ministers how the Grand Old Master is to be essentially avenged after feeling intense grievance over such an incredible loss. As Supreme Minister Ji Shang suggested that Deng Jiugong, a man that has recently defeated many rebelling forces under Western Duke E Shun and is stationed closest to the Western Foothills for a high rate of potential reinforcement, King Zhou agreed to such a suggestion, issuing forth a royal decree to the residence of Deng Jiugong, granting him the white scepter and yellow axe as a symbolization of his newly attained military authority. As Royal Messenger Wang Zhen rode for days upon end through the beautiful autumn weather, he eventually arrived before Sanshan Pass, and handed the royal decree to Deng Jiugong, who, in exchange, accepted such a decree while ordering Kong Xuan to take over the pass as commander for the time being. Leaving the pass the following day with a great army at his essential backing, a small lad appeared before the gates with a letter of recommendation for Deng Jiugong—who in this case had been none other than Earth Traveler Sun, who happened to run around for quite some time before deciding to confront the commander as intended. Personally opening the letter and realizing that it is from one of his past acquaintances—Shen Gongbao—Deng Jiugong, who was still rather unconfident in the capacity of such a young boy despite his supposed abilities, merely appointed him as assistant supervisor of the food supplies and then continued along his way to the Western Foothills. Arriving before the reported eastern gate of Phoenix City not long after, and camping for the night, a patrolman had meanwhile approached Jiang Ziya at his mansion, reporting the arrival of a man he knew to have been Deng Jiugong, a reputed commander of the Shang Dynasty.

As Deng issued forth a command to challenge the eastern gates the following morning, Tai Luan, his right-hand vanguard, strode forth to the enemy gates with cutless firmly in hand, where he was met momentarily by General Nangong Kuo. Not having any patience for a man of treachery, Tai Luan immediately slashed apart the former's armor plates, leaving a great opening that was not allowed for seizing as Nangong fled the scene in great fear of being killed by the opposition's renown. Praising Tai Luan for demoralizing the enemy forces later that day, Deng Jiugong approached the western gate with his troops placed within five individual square formations, ready to pounce upon the enemy at any moment. As the two sides began to fiercely clash against one other following the arrayment of Jiang Ziya's forces, the forces of Shang eventually retreated back to camp once their commander and vanguard were seriously wounded: the former being struck in the left arm by Nezha's ring, while the latter was burned by the flames of Zhao Sheng. Deng Chanyu, the daughter of Deng Jiugong, who was greatly distressed at the condition of her father, was allowed the right to challenge the gates of Phoenix City later that day. With Nezha retorting against such a challenge shortly, he was startled to see such a beautiful woman on the battlefield, but had little choice but to fight back once she relentlessly lunged forth at him with her long cutless. As Chanyu began to flee in feigned defeat, Nezha pursued; but to his detriment, the former casted forth a golden pebble with her hand at quick speed, wounding Nezha severely in the eyes and nose, forcing him to retreat back to the city immediately. Huang Tianhua, who began to ridicule Nezha for being hurt by a mere pebble despite the celestial attributes that he supposedly possesses, volunteered to meet Chanyu once she had challenged the city the following morning in addition. As the two fought valiently for some time, with Chanyu's feigned retreat, Tianhua ended up suffering a wound to his forehead even more severe than that of Nezha's, and thus fled back to the city only to be ridiculed in return by an avengful Nezha. With the prime minister busy breaking up the fight between that of Tianhua and Nezha, Deng Jiugong was meanwhile exceedingly delighted over the successive victories of his young daughter. Chanyu, who possessed great confidence over her two former victories, presented herself before Phoenix City's gates the next day only to be met by Dragon Beard Tiger, who wields the same general art in battle. As the two began to battle each other with great renown, Dragon Beard Tiger suddenly unleashed a volley of stones and boulder dust from his two hands, and as he violently thrust forth at the opposition within such confusion, Chanyu managed to land two hits on his neck and face, and then followed by lifting her sword to finish the beast through beheading.

Chapter 54: The Master Burrower

Earth Traveler Sun

This chapter is titled "The Master Burrower Earth Traveler Sun". Yang Bliss, who leapt to Dragon Beard Tiger's assistance at the very notice of his comrade's situation, held off Deng Chanyu for a lengthened time, never being hurt in the least even when the latter deployed her golden pebbles at regular intervals.

Using his Sky Barking Hound to tare at Chanyu's neck at such a point of advantage, the unfortunate woman had little choice but to flee back to the Shang camp with tears in her eyes and in a state of tremendous pain. As Deng Jiugong burned with far greater bloodlust at the pitiful sight of his daughter upon her return, Earth Traveler Sun had meanwhile finished his daily supervision and soon obtained word upon the condition of his commander. Feeling regret over not hearing of such information prior, Sun entered the main camp and used his elixer pills to heal Deng Jiugong's wound in mere moments upon entry.

Reciprocating such an action upon Chanyu after being informed of her condition, Jiugong hosted a personal feast in honor of Sun, in which he became determined to allow Sun the position of vanguard at the latter's request. At Tai Luan's consent to his commander's request, knowing that Sun's reputed ability will more than likely bring Shang a swifter victory, Earth Traveler Sun left the camp at once, ordering an enemy celestial to present himself before his feet. As Nezha retorted such a challenge openly, and began to lunge forth in great laughter at the shortness of his opponent, Sun, on the other hand, had little trouble against this foe -- for he could easily jump about nimbly and strike at great speeds with his cudgel. Using such an advantage to his essential benefit, Sun suddenly unleashed his Celestial Binding Rope to bind the unfortunate Nezha while throwing him before the feet of Deng Jiugong upon his return shortly following. Deng Jiugong, who knew that King Zhou and the commanders of neighboring regions would think highly of him if he were to possess evidential proof of his ability to conquer even that of celestials with great ease, decided to throw Nezha in the back camp, where he prepared to send the former to the capital for the benefit of his reputation. As Jiang Ziya had meanwhile displayed great astonishment at the learning of Nezha's capture--which would naturally be impossible considering his celestial renown--Huang Tianhua ensured the prime minister that he would challenge this certain foe the

following day in order to see if such information is true. Confronting Earth Traveler Sun nonetheless the next morning, Tianhua unfortunately had little advantage against the strategic prowess that Sun could pull off simply with his shortness and speed, and was thus captured and thrown into the gaols with his counterpart, Nezha, back at the camp of Shang in short time. Deng Jiugong, who was naturally exceedingly delighted at the simultaneous victories of his vanguard, created another banquet to honor Sun, where they both drank merrily for hours upon end. Carelessly allowing himself to become rather drunk with dulled senses, Deng Jiugong declared that if Sun were able to essentially subdue the Western Foothills through the potential capture of rebel commander Jiang Ziya, he would give him his precious daughter as a token of gratitude. Being overjoyed at the prospect of obtaining Chanyu, Earth Traveler Sun appeared before the gates of Phoenix City at the brink of dawn the next morning; and upon the calling of Jiang Ziya to show himself, the prime minister realized that he would be looked upon as a fool if he were not to confront a mere boy, and thus exited the camp gates with generals to his right and left. Charging upon the rebel commander with heightened confidence, Earth Traveler Sun deployed his Celestial Binding Rope following a few volleys; but to his overpowerment upon immediate retortion of the enemy, the prime minister was carried back to safety while the Zhou forces fought with even greater vigor. Having his Celestial Binding Rope still tightly bound upon the prime minister, and considering the current overpowerment on the side of Zhou, Sun had little choice but to retreat in a state of intense rage at the thought of his rope being taken away from his grasp permanently -- thus increasing the probability of loss rather than an essential victory. As the Zhou forces returned to the Phoenix City, each general realized that the rope around the prime minister only grew tighter around his body whenever an individual attempted its removal. Yang Bliss, who was naturally akin to such situations, placed a single magical charm upon the rope, which caused it to fall to the ground immediately following. Informing the prime minister that such a rope is none other than the 'Celestial Binding Rope', and was used by Krakucchanda within the Vehement Flame Trap, Yang Bliss obtained consent to meet Earth Traveler Sun the following day to ask the reason behind Sun's actions -- and more importantly: how he even obtained the rope. Confronting Sun the next day, the lad had little patience for talk and immediately bound the celestial foe with a secondary rope made of the hardest mineral while returning to the Shang camp in a state of satisfaction over his victory. As Yang Bliss easily slipped from such bonds and sent his Sky Barking Hound upon Earth Traveler Sun in surprise, Sun had little time to react, and immediately burrowed deeply into the ground. Being slightly frightened at such an

unexpected art, Yang Bliss fled back to Phoenix City shortly to elaborate the current situation with Prime Minister Jiang Ziya. Now fully realizing that Sun possesses the ability to travel underground at will, and that he will more than likely seize such an ability to attempt a full-scale assault upon the capital city in unpredictable locations, Jiang Ziya and Yang Bliss thought throughout the day as to how such potential danger could be erased. Taking immediate preparations, the prime minister moved King Wu safely to a neighboring mansion while generals and countless mirrors were hung about the city gates. As Jiang Ziya had thus sheltered King Wu safely away from any potential harm, Earth Traveler Sun burrowed beneath Phoenix City's gates that evening; and upon the realization that Jiang Ziya was heavily guarded by soldiers from every direction, which was close to what he thought to have been the rebel commander's mansion, Sun decided to roam around until he was led in the direction of the palace, which exuded forth music into the air. Seeing a man of kingly appearance who he had assumed to have been King Wu, Earth Traveler Sun emerged from the ground beneath once the great clamor had stopped, and the king was supposedly asleep and easily harmable. Approaching the king's bed and cleaving off the former's head, Sun noticed a woman of exceeded beauty sleeping near his fallen victim. Closing near upon this woman, Yang Bliss suddenly emerged forth from the darkness and forcefully grappled ahold of Sun, while carrying him cautiously in the air lest he manages to flee through the ground. Approaching Jiang Ziya shortly following, the order to execute Earth Traveler Sun was given; but, to their ill-fortune, Sun struggled to such an extent to which he was able to essentially reach the ground and burrow away from trouble. As the young lad had meanwhile returned to the side of Commander Deng Jiugong, while elaborating the unfortunate happenings, Yang Bliss departed to Dragon Squeezing Mountain in order to discuss the current happenings with Krakuchanda, who he assumed to have been Sun's master.

Chapter 55: Submission of Earth Traveler Sun

This chapter is titled "Submission of Earth Traveler Sun". As Yang Bliss continued along to the residence of Krakuchanda of Dragon Squeezing Mountain, he happened upon a neighboring mountain, where he had noticed an extravagant mansion known as "The Green Phoenix Palace". Suddenly noticing a beautiful woman exit the palace's outer gates while he sat behind a pine tree fully observing the situation, he politely bowed before her upon approach, and inquired her knowledge of a boy by the name of "Earth Traveler Sun", who is the current cause of trouble within the Western Foothills. Happening to know the young lad through his constant behavior of roaming about between regions, she informed Yang Bliss that he is indeed a disciple of Krakucchanda -- so the matter should thus be easily subsideable if the latter is elaborated on the current circumstances. Receiving her name as being "Princess Long Ji, daughter of the Jade Emperor"--who had been exiled to this specific mountain after performing many accidents simultaneously--Yang Bliss kowtowed in thanks while continuing along the direction to Krakucchanda's residence. As he approached a large swamp with a storm rising violently throughout the air, a large dragon-like beast with sword-sharp teeth emerged from the water's depths, lunging forth at the former while being thirty-feet in overall height. Using his hands to unleash cracks of lightning upon this beast, which sent it into immediate flight, Yang Bliss pursued it within a large cave without a single moment of hesitation. Shining brilliant rays of light from his eyes as a method to see eternal light even inside a purely dark cave, Yang Bliss happened upon a double-edged cutless with three sharp points laid upon a parcel as he approached the far end of the cave, not finding a single trace of the beast he had clashed with prior. Finding a shining yellow gown inside the parcel, which fortunately fit him perfectly, he took ahold of the cutless and began to stride out of the cave before hearing the unexpected voice of two individuals, who exclaimed him to be a thief.

These individuals, who were none other than the Golden Fleece Lads of Mount Wuyi, noticed that the thief was none other than their master; upon a traditional kowtow of apologies, while allowing their master to receive the gown and sword as a gift, Yang Bliss instructed them to return to the Western Foothills and

inform Prime Minister Jiang Ziya of his past happenings with a woman by the name of Long Ji after elaborating her words in full detail to his two disciples. As the two lads thus used the sword of Yang Bliss as proof of their identities as disciples of the former, they arrived before the Prime Minister's mansion shortly and elaborated their master's words to Jiang Ziya himself. With Yang Bliss's arrival at Krakucchanda's residence, he asked if he knew a certain lad by the name of "Earth Traveler Sun", who happened to be using a Celestial Binding Rope against the Western Foothill cause. Knowing that his rope was missing, and Earth Traveler Sun would be the kind to act against his word to such an extent, Krakucchanda believed Yang's words, and declared that he shall arrive at the Western Foothills in short time. As both Yang Bliss and Krakucchanda had arrived at separate moments to elaborate the situation's truth, Jiang Ziya personally approached the Shang camp and began to inspect it from the shadows. Deng Jiugong, who knew that the situation most obviously suggested a potential trap, ordered Earth Traveler Sun, who is a master at any such predicament, to charge forth at the rebel commander and capture him if at all possible. Strongly resolved to do away with Jiang Ziya for the sake of obtaining the hand of the beautiful Deng Chanyu, Earth Traveler Sun burrowed his way to the enemy's position and immediately lunged from the ground to deploy his Celestial Binding Rope, which he happened upon within the capital city during his former night attack. Realizing that his rope mysteriously stayed afloat in mid-air whenever he attempted to wield it's power, as was the same for his secondary rope, he suddenly caught sight of his master descending from the skies, and thus began to burrow into the ground as a means of escape. Taking immediate action, Krakucchanda slammed his palm upon the ground, turning it into iron and resulting in an easy capture of the unfortunate Earth Traveler Sun, who happened not to flee in time. Presenting his disciple before the feet of Jiang Ziya, Krakucchanda demanded the reason as to why he acted against his authority in such an impulsive manner. Informing his master that a man by the name of "Shen Gongbao" had inticed him to attack the Western Foothills--for he would never have a chance at greatness in any other manner employable--he additionally stated that he was greatly encouraged by Deng Jiugong, his commander, to destroy the Western Foothills for the sake of obtaining the hand of Deng Chanyu, a beautiful woman that is the former's daughter. Taking such statements into consideration, Krakucchanda realized through divination that Sun was supposedly destined to be married to this "Deng Chanyu", and thus suggested to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya that a matchmaker should be found -- who in this case was chosen to be none other than San Yisheng. Consenting to such a suggestion, Jiang Ziya told San Yisheng upon the latter's arrival to see

Commander Deng Jiugong of Shang about a certain matter that involves Earth Traveler Sun's marriage to his daughter, Deng Chanyu. As the supreme minister was elaborated on the issue further before taking any form of leave, Deng Jiugong had obtained word some time before on the capture of his vanguard, and began to fume in frustration as to be expected.

Chapter 56: The Conflict for the sake of Reputation

This chapter is titled "The Conflict for the sake of Reputation". As San Yisheng had approached the Shang camp, he was refused any potential entrance, for Deng Jiugong personally stated that he was not in any position to meet the former, out of fear that any furthered amount of demoralization would come about his soldiers. With San Yisheng's consistent protests, and Tai Luan's suggestion to allow the Supreme Minister entrance for the sake of furthered observation, the two individuals met each other shortly, where they exchanged traditional bows of greeting as respective enemies. As San Yisheng began to elaborate the issue concerning Earth Traveler Sun's supposedly destined marriage to the former's daughter as an unavoidable matter, he asked for Jiugong's decision on the matter. Deng Jiugong, who knew that Earth Traveler Sun must have spout such words in order to ensure his own potential safety, retorted his intentions to never allow any individual the hand of his precious daughter, and that the rebel commander is simply spouting nonsense for the sake of reconciliation. Vaguely recalling his original statement to Sun that involved giving him Chanyu if the Western Foothills were conquered, San Yisheng received such words, and told the commander that such a statement could easily be proven as the resolving figure of Sun's determination, and if it were to be retracted as a mere child's game, Jiugong may lose an extent of reputation amongst the populace and will naturally lose faith amongst the greater whole of Shang. Taking these words into consideration, General Tai Luan secretly whispered a plan into the commander's ear, who in turn lightened with delight, and declared to San Yisheng that he shall do as the latter advises, but is in need of carefully discussing such information to Chanyu before forming any final decision. As San Yisheng was clearly glad to hear such words, he returned to Phoenix City to report the Shang commander's declaration immediately following. Meanwhile, Tai Luan elaborated his plan in great length, suggesting that a capable individual should first tell the prime minister that Chanyu has consented, but, in fear that such words are only involving some form of trap that will end to her detriment, she is in need of seeing Jiang Ziya in order for the information to be confirmed, and without any additional risk adding upon her part. In doing so, a great feast would be prepared for the rebel commander, but,

at a time of advantage, men should be ordered to seize the former at a set signal. Consenting to such a plan has being of great risk to his reputation, but an opportunity to act in the greater good, Deng Jiugong ordered Tai Luan to appear before Phoenix City with such a message in hand. Allowing the individual presence within the city, he appeared before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya and began to elaborate his master's words, declaring that the day after tomorrow shall be chosen for the marriage, with the honor of the prime minister and San Yisheng to personally lead his son-in-law to the ceremonial region. Giving a reply of consent in return, Tai Luan returned to the side of his commander; Jiugong, knowing that such a resolution was the only true rational choice on the part of Ziya, had already made careful preparations in order to ensure that over three-hundred set warriors are placed in regions that would not only allow them secrecy from any potential enemy, but would additionally allow a quick strike when the signal for attack is called. As the second day had thus arrived in quick time, Jiang Ziya, who knew that the possibility for Jiugong to attempt deceitful measures was exceedingly likely, additionally placed his forces in set regions that would ensure his essential safety from the enemy. However, just to ensure that everything ends in his own victory with a personal taste of deceit, Jiang Ziya, still present within Phoenix City that morning, specifically told Earth Traveler Sun to enter the back camp and carry away Deng Chanyu at the first hearing of cannon roar. With the arrival of mid-afternoon, San Yisheng and Jiang Ziya appeared before the camp of Shang, to which they exchanged proper courtesies before taking their seats inside the camp gates.

As Jiang Ziya's generals brought forth many presents of celebration before Deng Jiugong and the soldiers present, Xin Jia of Zhou suddenly ignited the fuse of a large cannon hidden within a box, creating an earth shaking explosion and clouding the air with dirt. With the rebel commander's courtiers unleashing forth their hidden weapons while charging forth at Deng Jiugong, who was startled out of his very imagination, fled from the camp with Tai Luan, but became hemmed in by the forces of Zhou, which had surrounded the camp from strategic points while wiping out any opposition from outside. Managing to flee nonetheless, Jiang Ziya's forces poured forthward, overpowering the great power of Shang with the element of surprise. With Deng Jiugong fleeing to the south amongst such great confusion, Chanyu and other such generals and soldiers went in pursuit of their commander; but Chanyu was unfortunately seized at a sudden moment by the Celestial Binding Rope of Earth Traveler Sun--which was temporarily allowed to him by his master--resulting in the forces of Shang desperately regrouping at Mount Western Foothills after being pursued by the

Zhou forces for a lengthened period of time. Feeling exceedingly deep remorse and fear at the sight of his daughter not being present to any extent, Deng Jiugong felt utterly humiliated at his stupidity for allowing such an incident to come about so easily. Meanwhile back at Phoenix City, Jiang Ziya suggested to Krakucchanda that the marriage between Deng Chanyu and Earth Traveler Sun should not be delayed any further; the latter in return stated his consent. Ordering a maidservant to attend to Chanyu's needs as a resolution, Chanyu, who knew that the situation prior was only a means to seize Jiang Ziya, fell to the ground and began to weep silently at the unfortunate reality of the situation: being married to Earth Traveler Sun. Accepting such circumstances nonetheless as being for the benefit of her father above all else, and for any potential chance at seizing Jiang Ziya's life, Deng Chanyu gave herself in to the lustful Earth Traveler Sun, to which the latter unleashed his "inner essence" with keen anticipation throughout that night upon his lover. As Jiang Ziya had confronted the two individuals the following day, Deng Chanyu declared her intentions to persuade her father into surrender, considering the current circumstances. Knowing that Deng Jiugong more than likely possesses a small remaining force at his disposal, and there is a high chance that Chanyu will defect at a moment of advantage if the time arises, Jiang Ziya allowed her leave with a large army under the flag of Zhou, completely prepared to take any measures for the means of success.

Arriving before the camp of Shang after obtaining report on its specific whereabouts from neighboring scouts along the mountain, Chanyu was allowed entrance before her father, to which she not only exclaimed her forced marriage to Earth Traveler Sun, but declared that an alliance with the Western Foothills would be the best choice at hand -- considering the length of time it would take to obtain any potential reinforcements and the stricken morale it would cause to currently assaulted passes under the flag of Shang, encouraging them to submit to the rebelling nobles. Seeing the rationality of her daughter, Deng Jiugong decided that submission is indeed the best option considering the current circumstances. As soldiers of Zhou reported such a statement to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya shortly following, Jiang Ziya joyfully ordered his attendants to march from the city to meet Commanding Deng. Confronting the commander as he arrived, they both took each other's hand in mutual respect and entered the Silver Security Hall for a banquet of celebration towards their newly confirmed comrade. Many soldiers that escaped from the Western Foothills reported such an incident to Han Rong of Sishui Pass, who in return sent an immediate report to Supreme Minister Zhang Qian of Morning Song. Ascending the Star Picking

Mansion in meeting before King Zhou, the king became very wrathful at such an unexpected report, and thus called a conference before his ministers in order to determine how to make up for Deng Jiugong's defection. Fei Lian, who secretly despised the Shang Dynasty and assisted in any manner that would result in its eventual downfall, suggested that Su Hu, Marquis of Jizhou, should be sent as commander of the expedition -- for he is an imperial relative of the king, and would certainly make every effort to destroy the Western Foothills for the sake of his relation and mutual benefit with the Shang Dynasty. Setting aside Su Hu's original rebellion against the dynasty as simply being a result of bad circumstances, King Zhou sent an imperial decree to Jizhou at once, appointing Su Hu as expeditionary commander against the Western Foothills.

Chapter 57: The Resolve of Su Hu

This chapter is titled "The Resolve of Su Hu". As the royal messenger had been received with customary rites of incense burning while being seen off shortly following, Su Hu announced that evening before his fellow generals and relatives that he has been appointed as expeditionary commander: An opportunity that he could easily seize in order to ally himself with the Western Foothills as he intended for far too long. Obtaining mutual consent amongst the greater whole of his generals with such intentions in mind, Su Hu gathered an army of 100,000 soldiers before leaving Jizhou and marching swiftly to the Western Foothills. Camping immediately upon his arrival, three days passed without any sign of movement on the part of the Shang forces. Obtaining report that Su Hu is the expeditionary commander, and will more than likely submit out of his past dissatisfaction against King Zhou, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the camp of Shang upon Jiang Ziya's consent; and to his surprise, a man by the name of Zhao Bing charged defiantly from the camp, feriously clashing his blade against the former's. As Yellow Flying Tiger easily took Zhao Bing captive that morning, Zheng Lun, who had no intention whatsoever to serve the Western Foothill cause in the name of his honor, informed his commander that Yellow Flying Tiger, the former rebel of the Shang Dynasty, has mercilessly taken Zhao captive without a second thought, to which Su Hu retorted by ordering the former to do battle with the rebel, for it would assist both the Western Foothills and that of his reputation under the Shang Dynasty if such an individual were to be disposed of.

Successfully capturing Yellow Flying Tiger as suggested the following morning, Su Hu was enraged at the rebel's conjectured behavior, and thus ordered him to be thrown into the gaols temporarily. Jiang Ziya, who became alarmed at the report of his comrade's capture, was approached by Huang Tianhua, who possessed the intention to meet this "Zheng Lun" in battle. With the Prime Minister's consent, Tianhua approached the battlefield but only received the same fate as his master by the hands of Zheng Lun, while any other soldiers of Zhou that had the intention of reconciliation on the part of Shang were beheaded, much to the lack of Su Hu's knowledge. Knowing clearly that even if any of his soldiers were to leak such information to his commander, Su Hu would be convinced to destroy Jiang Ziya as a prospect of not only doing away with the

country's "evil" for the sake of saving King Wu, but to prevent any potential attack from neighboring comrades, who would be eager to acquire the title of expeditionary commander as their own while easily being able to kill Su Hu with the former evidence of his deceit. Realizing that Su Hu had no intentions for reconciliation whatsoever, despite Yellow Flying Tiger's words, Jiang Ziya deployed both Earth Traveler Sun and Deng Chanyu to the front, to which they were confronted by Zheng Lun. Laughing heartily at a mere young lad approaching him and boasting many words of overconfidence, Zheng Lun disassociated himself from Chanyu and began to lunge violently upon Earth Traveler Sun. Realizing that the pesky kid had great speed and sank beneath the ground whenever a threatening blow was issued forth, Zheng Lun, who began to perspire in his frustration, unleashed two beams of light that forced Sun into unconsciousness, resulting in easy capture. Unfortunately however, at the very moment he commanded his crow soldiers to take the captive back to their main camp, Chanyu seized the moment to launch a golden pebble into Zheng Lun's forehead at incredible speed, forcing him into retreat with his face covered in blood.

As Earth Traveler Sun was successfully placed before the feet of Su Hu, the latter ordered his immediate execution through beheadment, knowing that it would be far too risky to keep a young boy that supposedly possesses such a rare ability alive. Escaping through the ground as he broke free from his bonds in fear, both Su Hu and Zheng Lun became enraged at such a turn of events, and thus became resolved to attack the city the following morning. Zheng Lun, who adopted such determination, was confronted by Nezha after essentially healing his wound -- even though he intended to see Chanyu, who he greatly hated for humiliating his pride. Realizing very shortly that the man confronting him is a celestial with great renown in the art of spear, Zheng Lun deployed his beams of light consecutively; but alas, for it did not have any effect on Nezha whatsoever. Being stricken with fear at his trump card being of lack, Nezha impatiently thrust forward his Universal Ring, breaking the bones within Zheng Lun's back and forcing his soldiers to assist him into retreat. Su Hu, who became saddened and enraged in entirety at the condition of his general, declared that the ability of Jiang Ziya's generals is evidentially dangerous, and surrender may be the better option in order to ensure that the rebel commander falls internally one way or the other for the benefit of King Wu. Seeing his commander's words as being rational and more potentially profitable than of any detriment, Zheng Lun still embraced the pride and honor within his heart and fully declared that he will find one way or the other in order to ensure that Jiang Ziya and his generals fall

by the resolve wielded in his two hands. Resolved to give in to the Western Foothills only when his head is separated from his body, Su Hu knew the situation could not heed his fellow comrade, and thus approached Yellow Flying Tiger and began to show him great kindness in hopes to eventually seize Jiang Ziya's life in the name of his virtue. Preparing a feast and allowing Yellow Flying Tiger passage back to Phoenix City in open arms, Su Hu began to form a written letter to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya stating mutual cooperation in a pre-set night raid that will end in Zheng Lun's capture on the side of Zhou.

However, at this same point in time, a man by the name of "Lu Yue" was allowed entrance within the Shang camp, to which he declared his intentions to dispose of Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya by order of Shen Gongbao. Allowing this man a seating within the camp, who was of Taoist heritage, he requested to see Zheng Lun upon hearing of the latter's many cries of pain, and thus healed his wounds with a mere droplet of water as a showing of his magical renown being far exceeding that of an ordinary Taoist. Zheng Lun, who was grateful beyond words, declared Lu Yue as "master" while falling to the ground in formal kowtow. Waiting several days following and disallowing Su Hu to send any further "mutual" communication with the Zhou forces--thus disposing of his prior intentions--Lu Yue acquired the assistance of four Taoist men who known as Zhou Xin, Li Qi, Zhu Tianlin, and Yang Wenhui. As Su Hu took notice of these four individuals, he knew that his chances of success against Jiang Ziya were heightened, but due to not being able to enforce his former words to Yellow Flying Tiger, he felt a level of shame and embarrassment. Now that Lu Yue obtained the mutual support of the Shang army, he sent forth one of his four disciples to do battle against the Phoenix City.

Chapter 58: Lu Yue, the God of the Plague

This chapter is titled "Lu Yue, the God of the Plague". This certain man deployed was none other than Zhou Xin, who was met shortly by Jinzha outside the eastern gates of Phoenix City. Fleeing faintly following a few rounds of battle, Zhou Xin struck his pair of chimes three consecutive times, sending Jinzha fleeing into Phoenix City in a great headache, fearing prior that such a factor could have led to his potential death if he had not fled. The day following such an incident, Li Qi appeared before the enemy's gates only to be confronted by Muzha, who in turn was resolved to avenge the humiliation that his elder brother had suffered earlier. To the detriment of Muzha, however, Li Qi waved a large pennant several times, resulting in the former turning exceedingly pale with the feeling of intense fire burning within his flesh. Fleeing back to the capital city in fear at knowing his current vulnerability, he fell to the ground and began to foam at the mouth -- a point to which he was no longer conscious.

Hearing from Li Qi of his two consecutive victories, despite not taking the former foes captives, Lu Yue began to sing in great joy knowing that the magical prowess within the hands of his disciples is truly unrivaled. As like the two days prior, Zhu Tianlin volunteered to meet the opposition the day following, to which he was confronted by Thunderquaker. Experiencing great difficulty in striking at Thunderquaker--as the latter constantly used the vantage of his wings to evade any potential attack--Tianlin retreated a set distance before suddenly landing a blow upon Thunderquaker at an unexpected angle, forcing him to fall to the ground with intense gravitational pull being thrust upon his body. Despite such a disadvantage, Thunderquaker managed to kick about a great measure of sand with the strength left within his wings, resulting in more or less lucky escape. As Thunderquaker returned to Phoenix City with the assistance of neighboring scouts, Jiang Ziya received report that a fourth man had just confronted their territory: A man seemingly different from the three originally confronted. This individual, who was expectedly Yang Wenhui, was met in short measure by Dragon Beard Tiger, a man to which he considered exceedingly strange in appearance. As Dragon Beard began to unleash volleys of stones upon the opposition, Wenhui retorted by negating each attack with the swift movement of

his silver-edged whip; the Zhou general had little choice but to flee, knowing that his technique proved fruitless against such a foe.

The Prime Minister being highly distressed at such continued happenings, obtained report that a fifth Taoist with three eyes had just appeared before the city's gates. Riding forth from the gates with generals at his right and left hands, Jiang Ziya confronted this man--who was known as "Lu Yue"--and immediately realized that he must be the reason as to why Su Hu had not been won over at the beginning - - for he eternally trusted the words of Yellow Flying Tiger and knew that Su Hu must have been controlled due to such assumed intentions. As the generals of Zhou impulsively charged and surrounded Lu Yue from all sides, not intending on giving in to any form of reconciliation that could end with detriment, Zheng Lun immediately assisted his master with immense speed; but at the moment to which he caught sight of Huang Tianhua, he immediately realized that Su Hu must have setten free the former in an eventual attempt at Jiang Ziya's life. Knowing that the situation at hand is of far greater benefit with Lu Yue at his side, Zheng Lun thrusted his club at the youthful warrior, but was met by Nezha in merely an instant. As Lu Yue began to consider the situation with desperation, he transformed himself into an enormous beast with six heads and sword-like fangs. Unfortunately however, Yang Bliss seized such a moment to shoot Lu Yue consecutively with his golden balled bow, forcing the latter into immediate retreat with a wounded Zheng Lun tailing behind him. Grinning with delight nontheless upon his return to the Shang camp, Lu Yue first healed his disciple's wound with an elixer pill before ordering his other four disciples to scatter forth many plague pills within the rivers, streams, creeks, and ponds that were used as provisionary supplies for the benefit of the Zhou forces and fellow civilian of Phoenix City.

The people of Phoenix City, who did not visibly notice any difference in their natural consumable water, fell right and left, torn apart by a hidious plague that spread about as a resolution of their unknowing. As all generals discluding that of Nezha and Yang Bliss were also effected by this plague, Zheng Lun obtained the consention of both of his commanders, and charged at the city gates with high morale and great determination to prove his past defeats as being a mere strick of bad luck. To his immediate surprise however, he took notice of many soldiers gathered before the city wall ready to pounce upon him as if it were an ambush rather than an act of desperation as he would have naturally considered. Cautioning the situation, Zheng Lun decided to return to the side of Lu Yue, where he elaborated the evidence that Phoenix City is seemingly strongly

guarded. Yang Bliss, who had created many false warriors out of grass while molding their figures with the assistance of his magic prowess, began to perspire, knowing that he had little more than a few hours left to preserve such a tactic. At such a critical moment in time, Yellow Dragon and Jade Tripod had originally felt in their minds an unpredictable happening could have taken place, and thus arrived within Phoenix City and greeted Jiang Ziya and King Wu, to which they were enlightened about the situation. With such knowledge, Tripod ordered his disciple, Yang Bliss, to head immediately to Fire Cloud Cave for the sake of obtaining elixers from the the "Three Holy Masters" while he personally continues the original grass-soldier technique in the latter's stead. Obeying his master's command and arriving shortly before the intentioned cavern, Yang was allowed entry after obtaining the consent of a Taoist lad, where he confronted the three masters: Emperor Heaven, Emperor Earth, and Emperor Mankind. Kowtowing before Fu Xi, the Emperor of Heaven, and elaborating the rationale behind his arrival, Fu Xi asked Shen Nong to hand the former three specialized elixers that could negate such a continued tragedy in entirety. As Shen Nong consented, he additionally handed Yang Bliss a magical herb that possessed the ability to cure any infectious disease if boiled in water; Yang thus left shortly afterwards, fully grateful for the kindness recently considered towards the cause he fought for.

Using every such instruction noted with the three elixer pills present, the plague dispersed at a quick pace while the magical herb cured the diseases that had been previously rampant. At this same point in time, Lu Yue, after hearing Zheng Lun's words prior, and concluding that their former stand was only a final desperate movement, besieged the city from all external provisions for an entire week, longing for the people of Zhou to feel great humiliation in the face of the greater power wielded within his palm. As Su Hu was naturally unwilling to accept such a truth after seeing the evidence of Lu Yue's former defeat, he scoped the city from a high position and realized that full activity was present within the capital city -- concluding that such a plague obviously did not have any visible effect. Returning to the camp and scolding Lu Yue for not being aware of the situation, Lu Yue, in his enraged wonder, saw the truth with his own eyes, and thus ordered his five disciples to immediately strike the city from all directions with a combined force of 15,000 soldiers. As the people of Phoenix City had not recovered their strength after such a plague was only recently diminished, Nezha, Yang Bliss, Yellow Dragon, and Jade Tripod all headed to the four gates in order to block the opposition's assault from all sides.

Chapter 59: Awakening of the Left Arm of Successorship

This chapter is titled "Awakening of the Left Arm of Successorship". As the Shang forces charged through the four gates with supreme resolve for victory after such a long period of suspense, Lu Yue himself broke through the northern gate only to nearly crush Yellow Dragon to death in his six-headed, three-armed form. As Yang Bliss had meanwhile held off the enemy forces leaking into the eastern gate while ordering soldiers to find regions of safety for the common civilians to take shelter, he immediately charged forthward, slashing the invading General Zhou Xin into two vertical halves in a single cleaving of his sword. With the Shang forces within the east being effectively beaten back as a result of their leader's death, Yang Bliss seized the moment to assist Jade Tripod at the southern gates against Zhu Tianlin.

As Nezha slashed apart Li Qi at the western gate with the great renown of his fire-tipped lance, he was allowed entry to assist the troubled Yellow Dragon at the northern gate against Yang Wenhui and the overpowering Lu Yue. Unfortunately, at such a moment in time, Tianlin had been killed in addition, resulting in all four celestials charging forth upon Lu Yue, who ground his teeth in great frustration and rage at the prospect of his ambitions being folleyed. Fleeing at the moment to which he realized the situation was dire he managed to reach the neighboring hills with Wenhui, mind the loss of his left arm during such a violent feud. Sitting beside a rock and attending to his crucial wound, Lu Yue greatly considered the visiting of his former collogue, Shen Gongbao, until a strange man with a battle club appeared before the former, declaring his name as being "Wei Hu". Declaring that he had been looking for a man by the name of "Lu Yue" upon order of his master, Divine Virtue, Yang Wenhui became exceedingly fearful for the safety of his master, and out of immediate impulse, began striking violently forth at the opposition with his silver-edged whip -- much to Lu Yue's detriment, who was now put into an even greater situation of danger as he had realized. Unfortunately however, Wei Hu possessed exceeded speed dispite the wielding of his powerful club; and as a resolution, Wenhui was immediately overpowered and smashed directly in the head by the former's weapon, forcing Lu Yue to flee on a beam of light, knowing that the situation

was hopeless even though revenge was strongly boiling within his blood.

Being told the specific route of arrival to Phoenix City by his master at a prior time, Wei Hu shortly arrived before the presence of the Prime Minister, to which he reported his confrontation with a man that was supposedly Lu Yue, while additionally declaring his intentions to serve under the former as a new assistance to their cause. Meanwhile, Su Hu obtained report on the disappearance of Lu Yue, and thus began to counsel his vanguard general, Zheng Lun, on his former plan that he believed to be the best according to the situation. Zheng Lun, who possessed strong intentions of loyalty, declared his commander's form of action would never be able to bear fruit; and if Lu Yue were to obtain knowledge on such a desperate movement that proved to be against his direct intentions, he would naturally feel resentment and great jealousy for missing an opportunity that was handed into the arms of individuals who were truly undeserving of such a chance - - thus strengthening the probability that he will find one way or another to act in impulsive defiance, leading for their eventual intentions to be nullified in one form or the other.

As Pure Essence was meditating in his cave, he shortly obtained report via the hand of White Crane Lad on the invitation to attend his master's banquet in celebration of Jiang Ziya's future position of commander against the Shang Dynasty. Seeing the lad off, Pure Essence believed that considering Ziya will soon obtain the title of Commander against King Zhou, to which he is "destined" to strike the five passes in short measure, Yin Hong, the secondary son of King Zhou, who is now his very own disciple, could be used as a keen figure to act against the morale of the opposition, and prove to the populace that their cause is truly for the greater good -- considering that the matter of Yin Hong's disappearance is widely unknown to the populace, and can thus be used as a great factor for the Shang soldier's of higher morals and will to strike back at their king if the situation is called for. With such a thought clearly in his mind, Yin Hong was called to his side and elaborated about his intentions to send him as an assistant factor with Jiang Ziya; Yin Hong, in return, declared the great hatred he possessed towards his father: A hatred that he was willingly to embrace even if it costed him his own life. Handing the resolute Yin Hong his Purple Fairy Longevity Robe, the Yin Yang Mirror, and his Water Fire Sword, Pure Essence clearly knew that Yin Hong possesses great resolve to dispose of his father, but he still may return to the side of Shang if he were to be treated with reciprocated feelings within the hearts of commanders loyal to the dynasty - -considering that he would indeed do anything for the greater good. Pure

Essence thus commanded his disciple to say an oath in pledge. Realizing that his master's trust is of the utmost importance, Yin Hong declared that his body may be burned to ash if he were to defy the former's wishes. He then set out to the Western Foothills after receiving careful instruction from his master, to which he made his way through a mountain he thought beautiful, before being confronted by a strange brute-like warrior who possessed the immediate impulse to protect his homeland from all intruders.

Being stricken with fear as this brute not only lashed at him with his two ridged staves, but was additionally reinforced by a comrade of similar appearance, Yin Hong unleashed the white side of the Yin Yang Mirror, effectively absorbing the souls of the two warriors and rendering them as nothing more than mere corpses to the soil. As two more men rushed forth from the shadows to attack, with the first falling to the mirror's unparalleled ability, the latter of the two fell to his knees and pleaded forgiveness, to which he soon realized that the young man standing before him was none other than Yin Hong, the second son of King Zhou. Receiving pleas to spare the former three individuals that the fourth had not realized were in truth dead, Yin Hong was naturally compassionate despite the danger of the situation, and thus flashed the red side of the mirror, bringing the three warriors back to life, who additionally prostrated themselves upon realization of the personage before them. These four men--Liu Fu, Gou Zhang, Bi Huan, and the fourth: Pang Hong--explained to the prince that they are four outlaws of the Shang Dynasty who live in their homeland--the Yellow Peak Range on Mount Two Dragons--in order to acquire some means of reputation as protectors of such a region, despite their being nothing more than bandits due to not possessing the ability of becoming government authorized generals. As Yin Hong declared his own intentions to serve under the benevolent King Wu, and such for being the reasoning behind his appearance in their territory, he essentially obtained the mutual support of these three men shortly following, who, in return, vowed to serve under Yin Hong with the 3,000 outlaws under their command out of means to obtain the reputation they have longed for.

As the entourage continued their march towards the Western Foothills, a man of Taoist appearance riding a celestial tiger of silver fur descended before their army from the north. This man was none other than the reputed leading figure against Jiang Ziya, Shen Gongbao, who was shortly allowed presence before Yin Hong, to which he inquired the identity of the leader and where he intended on traveling to. Upon realization that this young man was Prince Yin Hong, and possessed the resolved intentions to act against the will of his father, Shen

Gongbao laughed aloud, stating that a son of royal class should never attack his father no matter how immoral and hated he may be: great political detriment would result from such an action and his ancestral temples and name would be shamed for generations to come, ensuring that the Shang Dynasty is thrown to the mud in disgrace. Yin Hong, who clearly saw the logic in his words, and considered the possibility that his master was truly intending on deceiving him, cast aside his oath upon Gongbao's reassurance and thanked the Taoist for truly enlightening him. As both parted ways in satisfaction, Pang Hong and the other three leaders lost a large amount of confidence in the competence of their leader, but nonetheless decided on following Yin Hong in the name of the Shang, and only defect if the situation does not prove fruitful. Changing the banners to the insignia of the Shang Dynasty, with Pang Hong's instructorship over such a task, they soon recognized flags of similar relation far to the north, to which they were told that Commander Su Hu is stationed at such a region through the helpful ears of Shang scouts along the perimeter. Grinding his teeth in frustration at the prospect of assisting the father of the wicked Daji--who had been the reason behind his mother's cruel death--Yin Hong nonetheless approached Su Hu's camp and sent forth Pang Hong as messenger.

As Su Hu obtained word that a man by the name of "Prince Yin" had arrived and wished to see him, he immediately suspected that this supposed "prince" may in fact be one of the two heirs of the Shang Dynasty who were blown away by the wind seven years into the past, and thus left the camp at once with Zheng Lun by his side. Realizing upon entry that the second crown prince, Yin Hong, had survived and prospered through the help of a certain immortal by the name of "Pure Essence", and has risen an army in the name of his father, Su Hu clearly knew that such a chance would greatly benefit his reputation under the dynasty and certainly heighten his current chances of conquering the enemy, Jiang Ziya. Yin Hong thus left the camp the following day with the four outlaw generals by his side while Yellow Flying Tiger, upon retortion, charged from the city gates with his sons. Not recognizing the man standing before him, Yin Hong drew his halberd and charged at the opposition with full intent to ensure unconditional victory for the sake of his reputation.

Chapter 60: The Three-"handed" Beast Fights under the Veil of Princely Repute

This chapter is titled "The Three-"handed" Beast Fights under the Veil of Princely Repute". Yin Hong, who though being trained continuously in the art of combat by his master, Pure Essence, for the past seven years, could not handle the great prowess that Yellow Flying Tiger possessed, and was thus immediately reinforced by Pang Hong lest he were to suffer any form of crucial harm.

Fearing the condition of his fellow general as he desperately clashed against the veteran warrior, Yin Hong strode forthward between their duel, flashing the white side of the mirror into Yellow Flying Tiger's eyes at a sudden instant, forcing him to the ground as a lifeless corpse. After additionally performing such an action upon Huang Tianhua, the three remaining sons fled back to the city while Yin Hong and his generals--taking ahold of the two victims--returned to the Shang camp in satisfaction over their first victory.

As Yin Hong flashed the red side into the faces of the two prisoners within the camp of Shang later that day, awakening them instantaneously, Yellow Flying began to angrily criticize the "prince" for being an imposter: The true Yin Hong should have easily been able to remember that of his savior, considering he even declared his own name within the process of their feud. Yin Hong, who was startled at the reality that he did not wish to accept, but believed it to be rational for Yellow Flying Tiger to have joined King Wu, freed his old friend from the bonds around him and bowed in respect, allowing the fellow man return to his respective home as a means to return the kindness he had showed him far into the past. Zheng Lun, who protested that such an action will further decrease the confidence and morale of Shang and destroy an opportunity that could prove crucial to the Zhou forces, was retorted by Ying Hong, who stated that the people know he is fighting for the sake of his reputation, and by showing such a form of kindness, the probability that others shall adhere to his call will increase in great fold -- considering that their own rank would be duely enhanced, and filial peity is a far more respected motive than blatant rebellion, so even the common man would bow before such courage and strength of leadership and

humanity. Zheng Lun, seeing the light of his words, fell into silence, while Yellow Flying Tiger and his son set out at once with thanks.

Advancing to the city wall of Phoenix City the following morning with his renewed generals left and right, Jiang Ziya and his own unit exited the gates and began to do battle against the young prince after a feeble attempt to convince Yin Hong to defect. As their conflict arose, Jiang Ziya had attempted to land a crucial blow upon the young prince with his Staff of Beating Gods, but such a hit was nothing more than the landing of a feather before the ability that Yin Hong's magic robe possessed. Advancing forthward to finish the rebel commander off in such a state of vulnerability, he suddenly gazed to his side only to see his head commander, and trustworthy comrade, Pang Hong, pierced through the heart by Nezha's lance in one immediate attack. Bursting with unparalleled hatred and despair, Yin Hong feriously charged his halberd into Nezha's body with many thrusts as he continuously attempted to steal the latter's soul with the Yin Yang Mirror to no avail. With Jiang Ziya's immediate order, Deng Chanyu landed a crucial blow into Yin Hong's face with one of her golden pebbles, forcing him to flee back to the Shang camp in great humiliation. Detesting his master for deceiving him to join the ranks of such barbarians who would attempt to take his life at many moments without the slightest remorse or hesitation, the news of Bi Huan's additional death was heard amongst the camp, putting the young prince in an even greater state of despair and hate.

Yang Bliss, who had taken notice of Yin Hong's mirror, and suspecting the probability that such a mirror is belonging to Pure Essence as the rumors hold, was allowed Jiang Ziya's consent to head before Mount Tainhua in a chance to confront the superiorman on the current situation. Entering the Exalted Cloud Cave upon his arrival, and confronting Pure Essence, Yang Bliss soon acquired knowledge that the former's disciple, Yin Hong, was given the Yin Yang Mirror; in response to such a factor, Yang Bliss declared that the prince is attacking the Western Foothills on the contrary. Distressed at the immortal's statement, Pure Essence commanded Yang to return to Phoenix City while he makes his own preparations before departure, to which he will confront the prime minister on the matter. Arriving at the Western Foothills three days into the future, Pure Essence resentfully declared the truth of the matter to Jiang Ziya before personally confronting Yin Hong later that day within the Shang camp.

As Yin Hong confronted his master outside the Shang camp with Liu Fu and Gou Zhong to his right and left, Pure Essence commanded his disciple to stop

this nonsensical rebellion and defect to the Western Foothills before any crucial form of harm is forced upon him. Yin Hong, in retortion, declared that a son should never cast aside the colossal benefit of his filial piety and go to the extent of killing his very own father: For the people of Zhou are evidentially cruel in their general manner, and by joining such men that cloud their reputation with supposed "virtue", the Shang name would be naturally thrown to the very dirt in time. Pure Essence, who was enraged to hear such words come from his disciple, angrily clashed his sword against the former's halberd, resolved to dispose of anyone--even his own precious disciple--if it meant the enforcement of time's need. Yin Hong, who was overpowered by the strong will of his master, desperately shined the white side of the mirror into the opposition's face; but Pure Essence managed to escape upon a beam of light at that very moment. Frustrated that his master managed to escape his grasp, thus ensuring furthered annoyance in the future, Yin Hong was nonetheless filled with pride at the evidence that he has the potential to overcome whatever stands before him as long as the mirror is at his side.

As Su Hu and the others inquired potential strategems against the Western Foothills that night, a strange man with fire emitting from the sockets of his eyes and mouth, fully surrounded by a form of skeleton-like armor, approached the camp of Shang, asking to see Prince Yin Hong. Upon meeting the prince, this fearsome Taoist-warrior, known as "Ma Yuan" of White Bone Cavern on Skeleton Mountain, declared that he has been recently convinced by his friend, Shen Gongbao, to assist the Shang cause against the Western Foothills. Yin Hong, who was naturally delighted to hear the prospect of another warrior by his side, feasted Ma Yuan full with as much meat as the latter had desired. As Ma Yuan swore to the prince that he would destroy Jiang Ziya for the sake of his friendship with Shen Gongbao and the crucial defeat the former had suffered, he approached Phoenix City that day only to be confronted shortly by the rebel commander and his generals. Declaring his intentions to execute the opposition for the honor of Jie Taoism to which Jiang Ziya has destroyed, Ma Yuan stole his Staff of Beating Gods following a single round of combat while a general by the name of Wu Rong immediately ran to his commander's assistance. Not longing to waste any amount of time on a mere commoner, Ma Yuan shouted many incantations, giving rise to an enormous "third hand" which sprouted from his back; this hand grabbed ahold of the unfortunate general while smashing him to the ground with unparalleled strength. Stomping on his thighs and tearing his body in two horizontal halves, Ma Yuan tore open Wu Rong's heart and began to lavishly devour it to the terror of all others who happened to be present. Earth

Traveler Sun, who was enraged beyond words at such an unexpected sight, wished to seize this moment to potentially acquire great merit, and thus charged at Ma Yuan only to be smashed to the ground in short measure. As Ma Yuan was astonished to see an enormous whole beneath the crater to which he just smashed his new victim, he had little time to consider the situation: Deng Chanyu had unleashed a volley of pebbles upon the beast, forcing him to desperately lunge at the rebel commander. Devouring the heart of a certain individual who happened to get in his way--to which in this case being Yang Bliss--Ma Yuan was still kept at bay by the desperate resolve of the Zhou soldiers. Seeing that he was already crucially suffering from wounds, he openly vowed that Jiang Ziya has one more day to live; the day following, his life shall be torn apart.

As Jiang Ziya shivered in terror within the city at the prospect of such a carnivorous beast taking his life in the same manner as suffered by Wu Rong and Yang Bliss, Yin Hong had meanwhile provided a great feasting between the generals and that of Ma Yuan, who, not feeling very well, began to drink a large majority of hot wine upon Zheng Lun's suggestion. Falling to the floor with an immense stomach ache that seemingly grew stronger in pain, Ma Yuan was escorted to the latrine in the back of Shang camp, to which he began to relieve himself. To his great detriment however, the "heart" of Yang Bliss was in fact a specialized form of matter that was constructed with atoms of magic that reduced the user's vital energy dramatically. As a result of such, Ma Yuan was rendered weak for at least three days of time while Yang Bliss returned to see the Prime Minister, fully elaborating his devious method that should have proved of affect to the beast. Being greatly relieved at such news, Outstanding Culture had reportedly arrived, who, in return, declared to Jiang Ziya that he has arrived solely out of speculation that his disciple, Ma Yuan, may have been assisting the cause of Shang. Enlightened with the current situation, Outstanding Culture told Jiang Ziya a specific plan that should result in Ma Yuan's capture based upon the duration of Yang Bliss's former trick. Taking the superiorman's instructions into heart, Jiang Ziya approached the camp of Shang on the specified date, and upon the pretense that he had intended on spying on their encampment, Ma Yuan lunged from the gates on the prince's consent. With rejuvenated power, Ma Yuan charged at Jiang Ziya, who ran away as fast as he could muster.

Chapter 61: The Left Arm Vanishes Upon a Celestial Bridge of Flame

This chapter is titled "The Left Arm Vanishes Upon a Celestial Bridge of Flame". As Ma Yuan continued to chase the fleeing rebel commander further, he suspected that an ambush or any other form of detriment would arise if he were to act out of impulse, and he thus began to retreat until further provoking words from Jiang Ziya encouraged him to pursue regardless. When dusk had arrived, Jiang Ziya immediately disappeared through the shadows with the help of Outstanding Culture's assistant magic while Ma Yuan, utterly frustrated and full of anxiety as a result of chasing the opposition to such lengths, decided to sit down against a pine tree and camouflage his body as he rests throughout the night. As a sudden roar of cannon fire awakened his eyes only to catch sight of Jiang Ziya and King Wu drinking at the mountain's summit, Ma Yuan, delighted at this potential moment to kill the rebel commander, climbed the mountain only to find a light cloud of mist evaporate in front of his eyes, and the two individuals being no longer. Lunging beneath at a mass of enemy soldiers that intended on attacking him with a volley of arrows latched to their bows, Ma Yuan reached the bottom only to find another mass of mist evaporate before his presence. Having such a factor in mind, Ma Yuan deduced that Jiang Ziya must possess a sum of magical attributes to evade his prior pursuit in entirety, while a man—very likely that of a superiorman—must be assisting him from the shadows as to explain the creation of such magical trickery recently experienced. Realizing the probability that this man may be that of his master as he considered the timing between his former victory and this humiliating resolution, Ma Yuan knew that return to the Shang camp was of essential. As he began to return, he noticed a young woman laying in the grass nearby calling for assistance after the declaration that she was supposedly suffering from a heart attack.

Approaching this woman and receiving immediate plea to return a set amount of hot water so that her life may be saved, Ma Yuan was already exhausted out of hunger, and, not taking another moment, leaped upon the woman and began to drink her blood with both palms. As Ma Yuan tore open her chest with great astonishment at the lack of any internal organs, he gazed off to the south only to

catch sight of a man who he recognized to be his master, Outstanding Culture. Assuming it more probable that his master has arrived out of means that would prove to his detriment, Ma Yuan began to flee at great speeds; but, to his utter astonishment, his arms and legs were stuck within the woman's body--that had mysteriously regenerated its skin--such as that of stone, regardless what he performed in attempt to escape. In a state of despair, Ma Yuan had little choice but to fall to the ground and beg for his life as Outstanding Culture approached with his sword in pose that suggested intentions to behead the former. To the fortune of Ma Yuan, however, a Buddha from the West known as "Candi" suddenly appeared to convince the enraged master that his disciple is "destined" to become a Buddhist under his jurisdiction within the western region. As Outstanding Culture immediately yielded in respect with full acknowledgement to the former's declaration, Candi walked forward, shaved off Ma Yuan's hair, and then took hold of his hand, offering him the chance to acquire great happiness as a Buddhist within the Eight Virtue Pond, as opposed to living a life of barbaric nature. Convinced that no form of retaliation could possibly be executed without any means to success, Ma Yuan obediently obeyed Candi's words, and left to the West after Outstanding Culture had forcibly returned the Staff of Beating Gods belonging to that of Jiang Ziya.

As Outstanding Culture elaborated the threat of Ma Yuan being no longer to Jiang Ziya within Phoenix City the following morning, Yang Bliss momentarily stepped forward with report that "Merciful Navigation has arrived". Being allowed entrance into the Prime Minister's mansion, Merciful Navigation, after traditionally greeting Jiang Ziya with due respect, asked of Pure Essence if he still possesses the magic map to which was handed to him by Lao Tzu some time into the past. Consenting that he is still in possession of such an object, he was informed of a plan by the former that involved the use of Jiang Ziya, and would result in a resolution to which he deemed as unfavorable. Nonetheless, Pure Essence ensured that such a plan will be carried out at best. Meanwhile, Yin Hong was exceedingly worried over the lengthened disappearance of Ma Yuan, and upon sending scouts to search through neighboring regions for the sake of potentially finding their lost trump card, he prepared Zheng Lun and the others for a major battle that would be unleashed the following day. Knowing that Ma Yuan must have fallen into a trap that is currently well concentrated on by the forces of Zhou, and that his soldiers will attain a level of fear as a result of such a prospect, he used such a fear as the primary factor to strengthen the blades of his soldiers as they assaulted Phoenix City's gates the intended morning.

Approaching the enemy's gates only to be confronted by Jiang Ziya, Yin Hong exchanged a few blows with his lance before pursuing the fleeing rebel commander into the neighboring wilderness region with Gou Zhang and Liu Fu at his side, ordering the remainder of his soldiers to strike with even greater valiancy during his departure. Relentlessly charging forth at Jiang Ziya in immense speed, entirely confident of the potential victory laying within his very palm, Pure Essence suddenly lunged from the southeast and unrolled Lao Tzu's map, to which a large golden bridge appeared as a pathway of escape for the prime minister. As the prince boldly pursued Jiang Ziya upon the celestial bridge, regardless of the danger it could have held, he suddenly began to see illusions sprout from every corner of his vision: soldiers of Zhou crawled upon the bridge and attempted to strike him with their swords; Jiang Ziya ran at him with his staff lashing about; and, after these images disappeared with a mere variation of his inner thoughts, he found himself greeting Concubine Huang and Concubine Yang back at Morning Song without any reply whatsoever. Guo Zhong and Liu Fu, seeing their commander walk to and fro in a dazed manner, feared that their chance at greatness would be sullied by this unknown enemy, and they thus lunged across the bridge and pierced their blades into the flesh of Pure Essence. Already being in despair at his required duty "under Heaven's will", Pure Essence, without any form of hesitation, drew his great sword with a horizontal cut, slicing Guo Zhong and Liu Fu into two halves.

Being in a state of utter confusion, the hearing of a gentle voice encouraged Yin Hong to gaze up, to which he was confronted by his mother who informed her son that he is in the enemy's trap and will be momentarily burned to ashes. As he began to yell in great fear at the prospect of such words, he awakened from these illusions with a great level of willpower only to see his master standing mere inches from his body. Pure Essence, who coldly declared that he has "disobeyed Heaven's will" and will be turned to nothing more than ash as his "destined" punishment, Yin Hong realized the intense desperation of the situation, and thus began to plead to his master, stating that he had been threatened with death by Shen Gongbao if he were to oppose his will and fight under Zhou, and if he is to be spared, he will serve under King Wu and help to eradicate all evil within the country as a measure of his gratitude—and the very Heavens will surely rejoice at the former's kindness if such a measure were to be taken. Pure Essence, resolved to accomplish his "duty", was still greatly affected by the words of his disciple, and thus began to roll up the map, causing the bridge to slowly disappear. Unfortunately however, Merciful Navigation, out of retortion to such an action, began to loudly criticize Pure Essence if he were to defy Yin Hong's

"fate" and thus oppose "Heaven's will". As tears began to flow unrestrainedly from his eyes, his disciple clinged to him in despair; but, with a flicking of his fingers upon the map—giving signal for the bridge to become a torrent of flames—Yin Hong let out a single calm cry of betrayal, and disappeared into dust.

With his precious disciple being no longer, Pure Essence violently threw aside Lao Tzu's map and began banging his fists upon the ground in utter despair and frustration, knowing that Yin Hong was truly undeserving of such an end that could have been easily altered. Crying aloud in such a state of mind, Pure Essence cast aside Merciful Navigation's words of comfort and returned to Mount Taihua, already enraged at the probability that no one will wish to study with him in the future after such a cruel incident that he was the cause of. Following such an event, Outstanding Culture and Merciful Navigation reported the happenings to Jiang Ziya—who had returned to Phoenix City shortly following the map's deployment--and followed by taking their own leave shortly afterwards, promising that they would return upon the date of Jiang Ziya's "destined" inauguration.

Su Hu, who saw the enormous torrents of flames shooting to the very skies at the time of Yin Hong's death, soon obtained word from fleeing soldiers that the prince had vanished in the flames by some incredible source of magic. Being greatly fearful at such words, Su Hu frantically ordered scouts to find and return Ma Yuan, Gou Zhang, and Liu Fu as soon as physically possible—that is, if they were in fact alive. Realizing that his original plan is the only method employable after carefully analyzing the circumstances, Su Hu handed his son a message that specifically instructed the Prime Minister to launch an attack upon their encampment the following dusk while the family of Su is safely evacuated into the western gate of Phoenix City—and at the same time forcing the defiant Zheng Lun into surrender. This message was to be latched to an arrow and sent into the enemy city that night. After Su Quanzhong had effectively obeyed the words of his father, Nangong Kuo had found such a missive and immediately handed it to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya, who, upon reading the letter, knew that Su Hu wouldn't be able to pose any form of threat after the death of Yin Hong, and thus made preparations to act without hesitation. Following immediate drilling, Jiang Ziya deployed Generals Nangong Kuo, Yellow Flying Tiger, and Nezha, with set orders of attack. Meanwhile, Zheng Lun, who knew that his master was more than likely plotting the desperate scheme of giving in to the rebel commander, attempted to send many urgent reports of assistance to Morning Song, but was checked by his commander, who stated that such a task

should be considered in the morning as to prevent the messengers from getting lost in the dark of night. As a resolution, Zheng Lun, who had little intention whatsoever to even momentarily work under the hand of Jiang Ziya—even though being a rational course of action, secretly deployed a small messenger unit that night with ultimate intention to acquire reinforcements at all costs possible.

At the very second of sunrise at dusk the following morning, the Zhou army, far overwhelming all external opposition of Shang with sheer number at hand, broke into the main encampment at differing directions. As Zheng Lun engaged the invading Yellow Flying Tiger with great might and firm resolve, reinforcements constantly leaked from the western gate of Phoenix City as Su Hu's family were escorted through such a gate at the same measure. Despite his valiant warrior renown, the remainder of the Shang forces began to flee in fear at the prospect of death, thus causing a larger number of enemy forces to pierce through the encampment with far greater morale and strength at their disposal. Zheng Lun, seeing the situation dire, was suddenly struck from his horse by the reputed Deng Jiugong, and was thus bound shortly and brought to the Silver Security Hall following the conflict's conclusion.

With the sun shining brightly in the skies as a signal of morning, Jiang Ziya took his seat in the Silver Security Hall as Su Hu entered in, knelt before the former, and expressed a level of inner remorse for his past actions against the Zhou cause. As Su Quanzhong reciprocated his father's showing, Zheng Lun was forced into the hall with bonds tightly binding his arms from any form of action as he fiercely glared at Su Hu for the blatant weakness he has shown in the name of military strength and honor. Being criticized for not kneeling as he stood before the rebel commander without uttering a single word, Zheng Lun resolutely declared that he would rather have his head cut from his body than to display affiliation to a man that has a reputation of treachery and shame. Jiang Ziya, being enraged at the defiant warrior's mocking words, and ordering Zheng Lun to be beheaded immediately, was interceded by Su Hu, who pleaded his subordinate to be freed in prospect that he could be won over. Upon obtaining the prime minister's consent, Su Hu, dismissing the personal guards of Zheng Lun, entered a private chamber and began to reconcile with his fellow subordinate. Declaring that they will be looked upon as true heroes if they are to destroy the rebel commander after obtaining his mutual trust following a long period of assistance, Su Hu additionally stated that King Zhou is nothing more than a fool running rampant in desire, and, even if Zheng Lun were to give his

life in the name of such a beast, he will never be considered with the dignity of a hero or be remembered in the hearts of the people to any true measure. Zheng Lun, who became aware of the latent effects of his loyal heart being considered as mere dirt if he were to dismiss such an opportunity and die in honor, saw the rationality of his master's words and thus declared his cooperation. As Zheng Lun, bound in rope, personally approached the prime minister, he fell to his knees and dishonestly apologized for his former behavior, stating that fellow generals of Zhou, as opposed to his commander, Su Hu, had enlightened him of the former's true virtue and ensured him that his loyalty and honor could reach a new beacon of light under the arm of King Wu. Jiang Ziya, being convinced at Zheng Lun's words of conviction, hosted a grand banquet in the rear palace for all the newcomers to enjoy.

Chapter 62: The Golden-Winged Celestial Inherits the Will of Shang

This chapter is titled "The Golden-Winged Celestial Inherits the Will of Shang". The elite messenger unit that had been deployed by General Zheng Lun the former night were intercepted by neighboring Shang scouts along the Western Foothills, and were immediately informed of Su Hu's defection over to Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Bearing such unfortunate news to Han Rong of Sishui Pass as they continued along the path to the capital, the former, being somewhat surprised over such a resolution, wrote a report on the current circumstances and sent it the capital via the hands of royal messenger. Secretariat Fang Jingchun of Morning Song, upon obtaining official report from Han Rong involving Su Hu's defection, ascended the Star Picking Mansion and informed King Zhou of the letter's contents the following morning. As the king became astonished at such unexpected words, Daji, expressing a false level of filial humility, pressed her hands upon King Zhou's body and declared that her own head should be hung upon the capital's eastern gate as atonement for the treachery that her father has shown in the name of Shang. Naturally being far from content with such a resolution to the woman he loves more than anything, King Zhou declared that he would rather sacrifice the entire dynasty than to see his beloved fall before him in such a cruel manner. As Daji thanked him for his kind generosity and consideration, King Zhou dismissed Fang Jingchun and all other secretariats and returned to his private chambers with Daji by his side, casting aside the circumstances involving Su Hu for the entire afternoon.

The following morning, the king ascended his throne and called forth all head ministers to a meeting, to which they would discuss whether a new commander should be deployed in battle against the Western Foothill cause. Supreme Minister Li Deng, who presently arrived at this meeting, recommended that Commander Zhang Shan of Sanshan Pass should be chosen as expeditionary commander: He is well versed in the art of strategy, and should therefore be able to conquer all potential trickery that Jiang Ziya may unleash upon his opposition. King Zhou, long knowing this Zhang Shan fellow as being a man of great ability, immediately accepted this recommendation over all others, and thus sent decree to Sanshan Pass, appointing Zhang Shan to Expeditionary Commander of

Military Renown. Receiving such a decree a mere day following its departure, Zhang Shan handed his seal of commandership over the pass to Hong Jin, and followed by equipping himself with 100,000 soldiers before setting off to the front lines of battle.

With the beauty of summer sprouting about in all directions, the soldiers of Shang soared in morale, knowing that their conviction will surely result in the benefit of their country -- especially under that of Zhang Shan, a man entrusted with the hand of supremacy. As they continuously enjoyed such sights throughout their travel, the Shang forces finally arrived deep within the Western Foothills territory neighboring the northern gate of Phoenix City upon the fifth day. Setting up camp at once, Zhang Shan, knowing his soldiers to be exceedingly exhausted after such a period of travel, ordered the entire army to rest for the night before making any form of attack against the enemy.

Within Phoenix City the day following, Jiang Ziya made the upmost of preparations for his future attack upon King Zhou -- to which he believed to be an ordeal that is very unavoidable under the circumstances involving his "destiny under Heaven". One such form of preparation involved the bearing of specialized red signal flags: These flags would possess random colors within the background while red remains as the dominant; after the soldiers of Zhou are competent in the logic behind this specific flag, the soldiers of Shang, expectedly being confused upon what action the opposition will take when such a flag is risen for command, should succumb to a loss in morale and suffer potential defeat. With such a plan in mind, and effectively implemented into the minds of his people, two reports had arrived before his desk to which he unhesitatingly received: the first elaborating the 800 marquises having gathered within the east of Western Foothills, prepared to meet Jiang Ziya at Mengjin; the second stated that a man by the name of "Zhang Shan" has arrived, and currently neighbors the capital's northern gates under the Shang flag. Realizing the probability that General Deng Jiugong may be well-versed with such a man, Jiang Ziya approached the former commander of Shang and asked his take on the current situation involving Zhang Shan. Jiugong, who gave the seal of commandership over Sanshan Pass to Zhang Shan, his subordinate general, before departing against the Western Foothills at the prior time, was naturally knowledgeable about the man, and declared him as lacking in the fields of strategy and bravery. Just as such a moment in time, report was received that a Shang general rolling on an enormous wheel of fire had arrived. Deng Jiugong departed to the frontlines immediately upon the hearing of such words.

Approaching this general, who he recognized as being none other than the reputed "Qian Bao of The Flaming Wheel", Deng Jiugong, not wishing to deal his former subordinate any harm, told Qian Bao to call out Zhang Shan at once for a discussion. Qian Bao, however, knew that he would unconditionally acquire great benefit under King Zhou and bask in reputation and prestige if he were to end Deng Jiugong's life instead of letting such an opportunity pass itself; and he thus charged at the opposition with immense speed, presently within his flaming wheel. Seeing the danger of the situation as Bao approached him, Deng Jiugong resolutely cleaved his sword through the wheel's flames, cutting apart both Qian Bao and his weapon into two horizontal halves. Taking the head of the fallen warrior in his hands and returning to Phoenix City with a clamor of happiness as resolution to his success, Zhang Shan took ear to such news and, in a state of rage, made immediate preparations to personally meet his former commander on the battlefield the day following.

As Zhang Shan was confronted by both Deng Jiugong and Deng Chanyu at the northern gates of Phoenix City after yelling a volley of abuse the next morning, he had little intention to spare his former commander through the impulsive and demeaning manner he has shown in the name of Shang, and thus charged forward only to be struck several times in the face by Chanyu's stones. Not being able to press onward with such a nuisance, Zhang Shan, spitting blood in his rage, had little choice but to return to the camp of Shang in utter humiliation over such unexpected circumstances. As he was now fully aware of the detriment that will consecutively appear if he is to continue in his attempt to take Deng Jiugong's life, Zhang Shan began to deeply ponder on what move he could make when a Taoist carrying a great-sword requested entry into his residence later that day. Allowing this Taoist--who called himself "Winged Celestial"--entrance into the head camp of Shang, the latter immediately proved his "celestial" characteristics by applying the ordinary magic elixir to Zhang Shan's face, resulting in the original wounds disappearing in mere moments. Obtaining knowledge from the Taoist that he has come from Penglai Island upon request from Shen Gongbao, an agent superiorman of the Shang Dynasty, in order to stay the hands of the evil Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya, Zhang Shan knew that this man could be used as the ultimate weapon to exact revenge upon Deng Jiugong for the benefit of his own reputation, but decided it best to keep neutral such an ambition for the time being less perceived arrogance causes the loss of the former's mutual cooperation.

As Winged Celestial approached the gates of Phoenix City upon Zhang Shan's

consention the following morning, Jiang Ziya took ear to such a demand and set forth with five square formations of soldiers along with Nezha, Yang Bliss, and Huang Tianhua. Confronting the opposition momentarily after his departure from the city, Jiang Ziya was astounded at the appearance of this new foe: Winged Celestial possessed two ten-feet long golden wings and wore a bird mask of gleaming jade, making him appear as if being the fiercest of warriors. As the prime minister approached this man and politely declared his name with a low bow, Winged Celestial began to loudly criticize Jiang Ziya, stating that he has, according to rumor, publicly stated the threat that he shall pluck his bones and pull of his feathers when he conquers the dynasty of Shang. Upon hearing such words, the prime minister immediately retorted, stating that the cooperation within his dynasty would fall apart and his reputation would be put into internal shame if such blatant threats were irrationally created. Winged Celestial, who realized that the rebel commander's words were on the side of reason, decided to pardon the opposition for the time being as he investigates the truth; but at such a moment, Nezha, enraged at the former's boastful demeanor, lunged at Winged Celestial with his fire-tipped spear, thrusting at all sides. Seeing that the Zhou forces clearly lack discipline, Winged Celestial made immediate preparations to defend himself with his great-sword, but was suddenly attacked at from all sides by the enemy generals: Yang Bliss using his dog to pierce into the opposition's neck; Huang Tianhua thrusting both of his Heart Penetrating Nails into his arms; and Earth Traveler Sun striking from the ground with his heavy iron cudgel. Roaring with great pain and enraged beyond words at the rebel commander's clear treachery, Winged Celestial spread his great wings and unleashed an enormous torrent of dust, effectively escaping such a crucial situation at once.

Momentarily returning to the camp of Shang that afternoon, Zhang Shan treated his fellow comrade with a cup of wine after hearing the circumstances involving his former defeat and treachery on the part of Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Accepting this cup of wine after essentially healing his wounds with the magical renown of his elixers, Winged Celestial resolutely declared that he shall turn the entire city of Western Foothills into a great sea of despair as an act of vengeance that night. As Zhang Shan expressed a level of delight at the confidence of his general, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile experienced an intense gust of wind that encouraged him to perform divination presently following, to which he discovered the pretense of Phoenix City's destruction through Winged Celestial's wrath. Being frightened at such a prospect, Jiang Ziya took the usual preparations and followed by performing many summoning chants, causing the north sea to essentially cover all of Phoenix City as like the former incident with

the Diablo Brothers. Heavenly Primogentor, who presently realized such a danger through the same employed means as his disciple, poured the Divine Water of Three Lights over the north sea barrier and ordered four Divine Chanters of Truth to protect the terrestrial region surrounding the city from any potential earthquake that could disrupt the water's formation. As Winged Celestial thus left the camp of Shang at the second watch that night, he was immensely startled to see an enormous sea covering Phoenix City in the shape of a circular barrier, but was nonetheless prepared for even the most unexpected circumstances, and thus fanned his two golden wings with power that uprooted even trees, vying to collapse the barrier so that the enemy city could be drowned. Fanning the wind with even greater strength, the barrier of water--with the ultimate help of the Divine Water of Three Lights--mysteriously expanded to an even greater size at each attempt made -- forcing him to give up the attempt as he was already panting in perspiration. Being ashamed at such a resolution, Winged Celestial believed that he would be humiliated by the soldiers of Shang if he were to return after his consecutive failure, and Zhang Shan will surely lose a high level of trust in his abilities after his former boasting. With such a thought in mind, the immortal took flight from the Western Foothills, vowing to destroy Jiang Ziya with secretion to preserve his pride and reputation as a man of great renown.

Chapter 63: The Right Arm of Supremacy Awakens from the Land of Deceit

This chapter is titled "The Right Arm of Supremacy Awakens from the Land of Deceit". As Winged Celestial had presently fled upon the night of his failed attempt to drown Phoenix City, he arrived the following afternoon upon a fragrant mountain -- to which he would confront a Taoist man cultivating his conduct in front of a cavern suggested to be his homestead. Already being intense with hunger and despair, Winged Celestial was resolved not to feel an ounce of remorse at the prospect of devouring this man whole, and thus lunged from the skies with his claws swooping down upon the "prey" beneath him. Opening his eyes and acquiring realization of the danger before him, the Taoist pointed two fingers at the opposition, sending Winged Celestial crashing to the ground and begging to be pardoned: He was only acting out of the impulse of hunger, and would never wish to harm him if such a factor was not present. This Taoist, who decided to be generous despite the blatant rudeness that the former had just recently displayed, told him to journey 200 li to the east, to which he will arrive at a region known as "Purple Cloud Cliff" that is renowned for having Taoist-men that provide delicious food to any passerby as a token of charity. Winged Celestial, being delighted at such words, thanked the layman before setting off to the east and arriving upon the intended mountain: A time at which he took notice of many Taoists serving fresh food to an entourage of travelers, who took leave shortly after receiving such a token of generosity.

Descending from the skies and arraying himself before the Taoists present, Winged Celestial pleaded his own share for fresh food; but alas! None remained for the poor man to feast upon, forcing him to demand at least the smallest of provision with immense fury. These men, naturally being frightened at the prospect of this celestial taking their lives if his request is not essentially answered, managed to find a large unit of flour cake within their inner reservoir, to which was offered to the hungry celestial shortly following, who ate over 108 cakes before declaring that his stomach was presently full. Kneeling with immense gratitude before his servers, Winged Celestial took flight immediately

following, returning to the Taoist-man's homestead, knowing that he could potentially acquire the mutual support of this individual of great ability as opposed to solely acting against the will of Jiang Ziya, which would prove less fruitful in resolution. As he thus arrived before the layman's residence, his stomach suddenly erupted with immense pain, causing him to collapse upon the ground and beg for some type of medicinal substance that could disperse such a detriment. Suggesting to the former that regurgitation would be best in such a situation, Winged Celestial did as he said; but, to his combined detriment, a string of shining white pearls began to chain from his mouth, causing him to choke with great force. The Taoist, who thus declared that he was a man by the name of "Burning Lamp", gave a signal with his fingers that caused the pearl-string to fall from Winged Celestial's mouth, rendering him safe from death. Burning Lamp, seeing the white pearl string as evidence that the former had eaten food out of the hands of the Taoist-men that he had set as a trap, took the celestial's hands and stated that he has long detested the rebel commander for his cruel behavior and quick rise to suspicion among his subordinates, and would thus like to take him in as disciple for the sake of future retaliation against the "will of Heaven". Winged Celestial, who was in return very rejoicing to hear such intended words, vowed to stay by Burning Lamp's side in the name of "acting in revenge against the name of Jiang Ziya". Both individuals being filled with delight at their intentions being answered, left to Mount Divine Hawk presently following.

At this same measure in time, Master Grand Completion of Nine Immortal Mountain had received word--via the hands of White Crane Lad--informing him to head to the Western Foothills on the specific date that Jiang Ziya is to be inaugurated as commander: A time at which the prime minister will head to the east against the passes held by Shang. Seeing that such circumstances could easily be acted upon for his essential benefit of reputation, Grand Completion called forth the Crown Prince of Shang, Yin Jiao, to his side at once. Informing the latter that Jiang Ziya, a man long renowned as being of celestial attributes and holding the very "will of Heaven" within his fingertips, is to assault the neighboring passes under Shang with ultimate intention to occupy Capital Morning Song in short measure, Yin Jiao became resolved that his ambition to crush King Zhou in the name of his late mother's vengeance could thus be realized if he were to fight under the banner of this man. Seeing Yin Jiao's willingness to assist the prime minister under such a cause, Grand Completion ordered his disciple to head immediately to the Lion Cliff Cavern for the sake of acquiring a special weapon. Leaving the cavern of his master and arriving before

the intended region, Yin Jiao found himself entering a house of princely distinction, to which he came upon seven beans sitting in the stature of sacrifice to a diety statue marked with the insignia of Shang that stood neighboring it. Devouring these beans and pouring the blood from his right hand into the container that originally possessed the food--showing his resolve to give his very own life in the face of his father's humiliation to the name of Shang--Yin Jiao suddenly grew four additional arms and three additional heads presently following his leave from the place of sacrifice. Returning to the side of his master in a state of great perplexion and startled fear, Grand Completion was delighted at the clear conviction of his disciple, and thus began to teach him how to wield a halberd that possessed a blade of golden jade and a hilt of coiling dragons. Learning how to contract and unleash his six-headed, three-armed form at the same moment to which he fervently mastered the art of halberd, Grand Completion clearly realized his disciple's prowess now met the required expectation, and thus handed the former his Heaven Overturning Stamp, the renowned Soul Dropping Bell, and the Yin-Yang Swords as additional items that would prove of assistance. Now bidding farewell to Grand Completion and exiting his place of residence, prepared to leave without a moment of hesitation, Yin Jiao resolutely declared that he shall kill himself with his own blade if he were to betray the entrustment of his master, and took leave immediately following.

Being told the specific route of arrival to his intended destination--Phoenix City--at the time prior to his leave from Nine Immortal Mountain, Yin Jiao navigated himself atop a cloud of dust as he soared through a neighboring mountain that was seemingly lush with beauty. Continuing along his way only to be confronted by a fearsome warrior with duel wolf-tooth iron clubs, Yin Jiao declared his name and title under the dynasty of Shang to the former upon request with his imperial hereditary seal. This warrior, who knew that the individual before him is not doned in any clothing that would reflect princely prominence to any means and surely must be some form of celestial that has taken the crown prince's name--which would explain his ability to use magic--was convinced nonetheless that this man is extraordinary regardless whether his words are backed with evidential truth; besides, being nothing more than a mere bandit in the mountains would naturally call for measures to spring upon any opportunity to mutually assist an individual of high status for his own potential benefit. With such a thought in mind, the rogue graciously led Yin Jiao before his head camp, where he introduced the name of himself and that of his fellow comrade who sat on patrol: The former being "Wen Liang" and the latter "Ma Shan". Seeing that

these two warriors, who were both mighty in appearance, could assist him in his cause to destroy the evil King Zhou, proposed whether they would accept the prospect of assisting King Wu of the Western Foothills against the decaying dynasty of Shang for the sake of future repute under his rulership over the country. Knowing that this man is of great ambition and surely must possess the authority and power to back such words, Wen Liang and Ma Shan knelt in consent, and followed by equipping their new lord with an outlaw army numbering 10,000 in number. With such a resolution firmly in state, both Yin Jiao and his new right and left arms took leave from White Dragon Mountain and continued along their intended path to the west.

Following two days of travel only to receive report that a Taoist known as "Shen Gongbao" had arrived with intentions to meet their commander, Yin Jiao respectfully allowed the former entrance and presently inquired the reasoning behind his appearance. Being more evolved than other Taoists of the same sect, Shen Gongbao knew upon a single glance that this man was Crown Prince Yin Jiao; and after receiving knowledge of the prince's intentions, Shen Gongbao remonstrated with the former, stating that despite King Zhou's blatant dreadedness and hatred in the eyes of the people, he could use such an opportunity to unconditionally and forcefully receive the throne from the hands of his father by fighting under the arms of Shang until he acquires enough mutual cooperation and evidence to destroy the king: In such a situation, he would be looked upon as the country's true hero by wiping away the threat of Jiang Ziya, and proving that he isn't an individual claiming to be that of the prince -- which would be a relatively rejected form of evidence if he were to fight under the cause of Zhou. Seeing that Yin Jiao was still in a state of deep thought over such declared rationality, Shen Gongbao added with the statement that Jiang Ziya is clearly not a man of virtue and righteousness as the "superiormen" may have stated: How can a man that kills the young prince Yin Hong out of mere jealousy and threat of name be considered as any entity of peace? Being greatly startled at Shen Gongbao's new declaration, the latter added that Commander Zhang Shan is currently fighting against Jiang Ziya, and can certain the truth behind such words. Now clearly seeing Yin Jiao flustered with bewilderment, Shen Gongbao took leave from the prince with assurance that he shall recruit a very powerful man to fight by his side in short measure. With such a meeting now over, Yin Jiao and his forces marched to the Western Foothills at even greater speed, determined to tear apart Jiang Ziya if the words of Shen Gongbao are truly evidential.

Arriving within the Western Foothills after the passage of three additional days of travel, Yin Jiao caught sight of the flags of Shang fluttering in the wind to the east; and naturally assuming that this "Zhang Shan" must be present within such a region, commanded Wen Liang to relay a message to the Shang commander, telling him to meet him for an audience in his head camp. As Zhang Shan received such a report not long after, he recalled the dominant conjecture of King Zhou's killing of Crown Prince Yin Jiao and Yin Hong seven years into the past, and was thus very willing to confront such a man in order to testify the truth behind such a rumor. Entering the head tent of his consultant following such a resolution, Zhang Shan approached Yin Jiao and politely demanded to what means he can prove that he is indeed the former crown prince of Shang. Showing the former his hereditary seal as evidence--effectively convincing the commander that the man before him is indeed none other than the crown prince--Yin Jiao presently inquired the fate of his younger brother, Yin Hong. As Zhang Shan relayed that, through the words of soldiers originally under Former Expeditionary Commander Su Hu, Yin Hong had been burned to death in an enormous torrent of flame that shot to the skies like a raging tornado at the result of a celestial man's magic, Yin Jiao fell from his seat in great despair and roared with a strong voice of hatred. Gratifyingly dismissing the head commander presently following, declaring that he shall willingly assist his cause against the Western Foothills after essential preparations are made, Yin Jiao vied in his heart to slay the rebel commander without any means of remorse whatsoever.

As both Yin Jiao and Zhang Shan came to the conclusion that a mutual attack should be unleashed upon Phoenix City's northern gates that same night, they approached the enemy city at the brink of dawn the following morning, and immediately demanded for Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya to show his face without hesitation. Exiting the city gates with his generals standing closely at his right and left hands, Yin Jiao declared to Jiang Ziya his name while demanding the reasoning behind why he killed his younger brother, Yin Hong, in such a cruel manner unbefitting of his social status among "Heaven's will". The prime minister, who simply stated that he brought about his own death by fighting against his master's words to support the Western Foothills, suggested to Yin Jiao that, even if Ziya must not have slain his brother directly, but allowed such an action to be taken simply out of his irrational forms of leadership, resolutely unveiled his three-headed, six-armed form and lunged at the opposition in intense rage. Using his Heaven Overturning Stamp to thrust Nezha to the ground with the feeling of an incredible gravitational pull pressing upon his body, Huang Tianhua intervened in time to save his fellow comrade,

but was stricken from his saddle by the power of the former's Soul Dropping Bell, and became a prisoner under the hands of Zhang Shan as a result. As Yellow Flying Tiger presently attacked Yin Jiao for the sake of saving his eldest son, Yin Jiao took the former captive with a mere turning of his Soul Dropping Bell, forcing Yang Bliss to run between the two forces and create an enormous horizontal ground barrier to allow the prime minister and the other generals of Zhou a safe retreat to Phoenix City. Seeing that he could not continue to conquer the opposition forces in such a state, Yin Jiao resumed his original form and returned to the Shang encampment with Zhang Shan and the two captives by their side.

That night within the camp of Shang, Yin Jiao felt as if he knew the elder of the two prisoners from somewhere into the past, and thus approached Yellow Flying Tiger, who was still presently within bonds, and asked him his name and title under Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Upon realization that the prisoner sitting before him is none other than the man who saved him from King Zhou's clutches seven years prior, Yin Jiao elaborated the full reasoning--including his confrontation with Shen Gongbao--behind why he has chosen to destroy both Jiang Ziya and that of King Zhou in order to claim the throne of Shang for the sake of the people and that of his ancestors. Additionally attempting to convince Yellow Flying Tiger to defect from the Western Hill forces for the sake of a brilliant future, which unfortunately resulted to no avail, Yin Jiao nonetheless freed the bonds from him and his son, allowing them return to their respective city as a token of his former gratitude only at the cost of showing their commander written letter via the hands of his messenger, informing him to surrender in seven days of time; if such an action is refuted, then all of Phoenix City shall be turned to a flaming sea of ash as legions of celestials tear apart their homeland. Promising the prince that he shall ensure the safety of such a missive, the two friends parted from each other's sides with great emotion.

As Yellow Flying Tiger and Huang Tianhua returned to Phoenix City that same night, approaching Prime Minister Jiang Ziya and informing him of their happenings, the messenger of Shang was allowed entrance, to which he handed the prime minister Yin Jiao's written letter presently following. Tearing apart the letter as a showing of his disgust towards such declared arrogance, Jiang Ziya knew that the superiormen under the "will of Heaven" will unconditionally ensure that such a happening shall be negated regardless of the circumstances. With the rise of the sun the following morning, Yang Bliss's earth blockade was no longer, and General Ma Shan seized such an opportunity to stride forthward

to do battle against Phoenix City as soon as Prince Yin Jiao had received word on the rebel commander's unwise response to his former letter. Being immediately confronted by Deng Jiugong of Zhou momentarily following, the two generals clashed their blades with intense fury. But as Ma Shan was nothing more than a bandit in the mountains without excellent training in the art of the sword, as opposed to that of Deng Jiugong, who has served as Commander of Shang for several years, he was naturally bested in mere moments following their engagement, resulting in his immediate capture.

As Ma Shan was brought before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in Phoenix City shortly following capture, he was immediately sentenced to beheading after uttering rude defiant words in his determination to remain standing before the former. General Nangong Kuo, who took up such an order, presently within the executionary grounds, was astonished beyond words as his sword cleaved through Ma Shan's neck only for the neck to retake its original form as if possessing the property of water. Reporting such a matter to Jiang Ziya, who was naturally astonished at such a turn-of-events, ordered samadhi fire to spread throughout the execution grounds in attempt to burn the prisoner into ash. As such an action was carried out momentarily following the declaration of such an order, Ma Shan was clearly not effected even in the smallest of measure; and as the warrior stood among the burning flames, he let out a single loud cry of laughter as he directed the fire to open a pathway at which he was able to escape from Phoenix City. Jiang Ziya, who was, needless to say, distressed at the detrimental report of Ma Shan's escape, was received by Yang Bliss, who proposed whether he could visit Grand Completion at Nine Immortal Mountain concerning the case involving Yin Jiao's use of his Heaven Overturning Stamp, while additionally confronting Master of the Clouds of Mount Zhongnan for the sake of receiving the reputed "Demon Exposing Mirror" to destroy Ma Shan. The Prime Minister, who was naturally willing to destroy the threat of Yin Jiao to save Phoenix City from harm with complete reassurance in its backing, unhesitatingly consented to the former's request.

As Yang Bliss confronted Grand Completion within his Peach Spring Cavern only to receive knowledge that Yin Jiao, the latter's disciple, had been sent to the Western Foothills for the sake of assisting Prime Minister Jiang Ziya against the cause of Shang, Yang Bliss told the superiorman the truth behind such circumstances: The prince had declared the threat to wipe out the entire Phoenix City with unknown rationale backing his intentions. Grand Completion, who was taken aback with confusion as to why his disciple would break his oath with

such an intense showing of resolve against his former words that expressed clear conviction, promised Yang Bliss that he shall head to the Western Foothills very shortly. As Yang took leave with a kowtow of gratitude, he immediately took leave to Mount Zhongnan, his second intended region, and bowed low before Master of the Clouds, who presently exited his cavern to confront the former. Elaborating the characteristics of a certain man by the name of "Ma Shan", along with the incident involving his escape, Master of the Clouds understood the circumstances, and unhesitatingly gave Yang Bliss his Demon Exposing Mirror, who left with a showing of gratitude as he took leave from the mountain and returned to the side of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya back at Phoenix City.

Confronting Ma Shan of Shang in front of the Shang encampment after receiving the consent of Jiang Ziya to take leave to battle, Yang Bliss firmly hid in his grasp the new weapon he had recently received the day prior -- much to the opposition's unknowing. Pulling out the Demon Exposing Mirror and shining it in the direction of Ma Shan as he presently charged forward, he saw nothing more than a mere flick of fire from a lamp emitting within. Immediately contracting the mirror and parrying the enemy's blade with his longsword, Yang Bliss, following a mere few rounds of battle, retreated in expectation that the former would not pursue him after taking realization of the new weapon recently deployed. As Ma Shan acted in such a manner, ordering a full retreat back to the encampment of Shang for the time being in order to elaborate this new potential threat to Crown Prince Yin Jiao, Yang Bliss had meanwhile entered the Prime Minister's mansion and explained to all present that Ma Shan, according to the mirror, was a flick of fire suggesting to be of host to that of a lamp. General Wei Hu, who was well-knowlegable about the world's "Three Magical Lamps" elaborated that there is an equal possibility that either the Eight Landscape Palace, the Jade Emptiness Palace, or that of Mount Divine Hawk are missing their specific lamps of origin, and that Ma Shan is more than likely one of these three when considering his properties of eternal life, to which his "flame" is ever burning such as only present within the magical lamps. Comprehending Wei Hu's logic, Yang Bliss took leave to Mount Kunlun's Jade Emptiness Palace presently following the Prime Minister's consent to his request.

Being received by White Crane Lad upon immediate arrival, Yang Bliss learned shortly that their glazed lamp was still in full flame, and he thus gave a kowtow of acknowledgement before leaving to Mount Divine Hawk, where he confronted Burning Lamp with full inquire involving the condition of the latter's lamp. Burning Lamp, who gave a false display of frustration and surprise at the

realization that the flick of his lamp had disappeared despite unconditional restraint, was enlightened upon the happenings at the Western Foothills involving the probable incarnation of his flame: A man that calls himself by the name of "Ma Shan". Vowing to Yang Bliss that he will settle such circumstances as soon as he is able to attend to the matters presently acting against the "will of Zhou", regardless whether this "Ma Shan" is in truth his lamp's flame, Yang Bliss gratifyingly kowtowed in thanks and took leave just following. As Yang Bliss informed Jiang Ziya about the highly-probable success involving Burning Lamp's declared assistance, Grand Completion arrived as originally promised, and headed to the Shang encampment after explaining to the Prime Minister that he is indeed the master of the defiant prince, Yin Jiao.

Chapter 64: With the Left Arm of Fire, Yin Jiao's Ambition Tears Apart the House of Zhou

This chapter is titled "With the Left Arm of Fire, Yin Jiao's Ambition Tears Apart the House of Zhou". At the immediate report that a man of Taoist appearance had appeared before the Shang encampment and called for the prince to appear at once, Yin Jiao understood the probability that his master may have arrived, and thus took leave from his head camp presently following. Bowing in traditional manner to his master, Grand Completion, as he took leave from his place of residence outside the encampment, the latter immediately demanded the reasoning behind why he has chosen to fight against the "will of Heaven" and stay the hand of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in a manner that defies his former words of conviction. Unhesitatingly replying that he had been enlightened by "Master Shen Gongbao", who had evidentially informed him of the rebel commander's cruel murdering of Yin Hong and his terrible forms of leadership and administration that had only led to the forces of Shang vieing their very lives just to destroy him, declared that it his ultimate "duty" under the footsteps of his ancestors to wipe out the false "will of Heaven" and become the new ruler of the country after he slays Jiang Ziya and King Zhou in the name of the people. Grand Completion, seeing that Yin Jiao was resolute beyond change to slay Jiang Ziya out of mere words declared by the swindler Shen Gongbao, charged his blade at the young prince, declaring that the Prime Minister never possessed the slightest of intention to kill Yin Hong, and that if he does not repent in his general way of thought, he shall be unmercifully slain without a moment of hesitation. Yin Jiao, seeing that his master had no evidence to back his statement involving the rebel commander, realized that Grand Completion is fully determined to destroy their relations of disciple and master through a completely irrational basis, and thus unleashed his legendary halberd, for the sake of living on with his ambitions than to die by the sword of a fool. As the stone dragon present on Yin Jiao's halberd began to wrap itself tightly around Grand Completion's arms as the two individuals clashed their respective weapons, Grand Completion managed to flee upon a beam of light at the very moment at which the prince was suggestively posed to unleash his Heaven Overturning

Stamp.

Relating the incident involving his attempt to win the prince over, and the detrimental resolution that followed, as he returned to the side of Jiang Ziya, Burning Lamp presently appeared before Grand Completion and Prime Minister Jiang Ziya within the head mansion of Phoenix City, with declaration that he has come for the sake of capturing the "lamp flick", and thus easing their current troubles. Following this declaration, Burning Lamp specifically told the Prime Minister a plan that will result in this "Ma Shan"'s capture: A plan that was put into effect the following morning at the immediate brink of dawn. At such a set moment in time during their arranged trap, Ma Shan exited the camp of Shang as Yin Jiao received report on Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya's arrival, to which he allowed the former leave upon the prospect of what will be shown to the populace if a mere bandit in the mountains were to single-handedly wipe out the reputed "receiver of Heaven's will", thus backing his standing with complete evidence of his truth of word. But Yin Jiao decided to additionally send a unit of one-thousand soldiers in order to ensure that the commander does not attempt any trickery that cannot be retorted alone. Returning to the confrontation between both Ma Shan and that of Jiang Ziya, the Prime Minister, according to the original plan, violently lashed about his Staff of Beating Gods in a manner that greatly angered Ma Shan to the point that Jiang Ziya was essentially able to lure the former to the southeast following a sudden retreat. Ma Shan, not intending to allow the rebel commander's blatant intentions of ambush get the best of him during such a pursuit, ordered his 1,000-strong unit to split into two halves, forming a pincer-formation that will crush upon the opposition from both sides, while Ma Shan heads the middle with a handful of spear-armed soldiers. As the pursuers advanced to a region lush with willow trees on all sides, Ma Shan noticed Jiang Ziya escape behind a certain man sitting under one of these trees, who immediately blocked Ma Shan's pathway of pursuit after the Prime Minister had passed. This man, who was known other than that of Burning Lamp, recognized the pursuer as being his lamp wick, following a moment or two of consideration, and thus dropped the glazed container atop Ma Shan, putting the latter into frenziful fear before being physically manipulated by the container's magic -- which forced him to return to his original form, and rendering him methodless to any potential escape. The soldiers of Shang, seeing their commander bested by a man of completely new appearance and ability, fled back to their respective encampment in prospect that they could surely not have any greater of chance to seize the life of the rebel commander with such circumstances in play.

As Burning Lamp had presently taken leave to Mount Divine Hawk after being pleased at the results of the Ma Shan incident and the evidential backing that he will possess in the future by using this happening for the betterment of his reputation, and that of Prince Yin Jiao, the soldiers of Shang had meanwhile returned to the side of their prince, and relayed the unfortunate happenings to that of Ma Shan: A report that filled Yin Jiao's heart with utter remorse and made him resolved more than ever to tear apart Jiang Ziya in a battle that will prove decisive to his name. Burning Lamp, who had safely escorted the Prime Minister within Phoenix City prior to his return to Mount Divine Hawk, arrived before the head mansion and relayed his report on successfully subduing Ma Shan. Receiving written letter via messenger presently following, the message stated that Prince Yin Jiao demands Jiang Ziya to an unconditional battle on the frontlines as vengeance for the stated loss of Ma Shan. the Prime Minister, recalling the ability that he can effectively wield if he were to utilize the power of his Yellow Apricot Flag, unhesitatingly gathered forth a large armada before exiting the gates of Phoenix City at the moment to which the army of Shang was advancing from the east. As the two forces confronted each other in mere moments, Yin Jiao wrathfully lashed his halberd at the rebel commander with an intense showing of skill, while Wen Liang used his Jade Ring to negate the power of Nezha's Universal Ring. Unfortunately however, Yang Bliss mutually assisted Nezha in the form of using magical pellets that were of equal power to that of Chanyu's, resulting in Nezha seizing many opportunities to strike consecutive blows upon Wen Liang's body with his fire-tipped spear; and after several strikes to the chest, the warrior under Shang toppled to the ground, spurting blood in every direction as he let loose his last few breaths in despair. Meanwhile, during the prince's clash with the rebel commander, Yin Jiao unleashed the power of his Heaven Overturning Stamp; but to his immediate dismay, Jiang Ziya unraveled the Yellow Apricot Flag, which caused the stamp to consistently spin in the air without causing any effect to his body in the form of its gravitational pull. Being suddenly charged at by Yang Bliss, who wielded his longsword with great aggravation, Yin Jiao became very flustered at his clear detriment in such a situation, and thus retreated after receiving a critical blow to his back by the rebel commander's staff, retrieving the stamp before departing in unparalleled rage. Zhang Shan and Li Jin, who additionally suffered from similar circumstances at the same present time, followed their prince's lead, retreating back to the camp of Shang after covering their retreat with large clouds of dust that they spread through the air.

As Yin Jiao returned to his inner quarters that evening, he publicly burned

incense within the central camp of Shang, weeping over the death of his head-general, Wen Liang, and the additional passing of his right-hand comrade, Ma Shan, who both assisted him like true warriors beneath the name of the greater good. As Zhang Shan and the soldiers alike began to express inner sorrow at the death of these two leaders, a man of Taoist origin had arrived before the Shang encampment with request to confront Crown Prince Yin Jiao. Being allowed entrance, this man, who declared himself to be "Luo Xuan, the Burning Flame Immortal from Fire Dragon Island", informed the prince that he has arrived after being asked to assist the cause of Shang by none other than Shen Gongbao. Yin Jiao, who immediately realized that the man to which Shen had specifically stated would support his name has finally arrived to uphold the will of the people, entertained Luo Xuan with great generosity, knowing that Phoenix City's declared survival date has expired, and that it shall be burned to ashes by all means with the use of this new subordinate. Unfortunately however, Luo Xuan declared that his comrade, Lu Huan, has yet to arrive; and Yin Jiao was thus forced to wait an additional two days before the latter finally showed, handing Luo Xuan many additional magical weapons as they prepared to attack the city that afternoon.

At the brink of dawn the following morning, the two Taoist warriors were entirely prepared with their set strategy, and thus challenged the gates of Phoenix City only to be confronted by Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in short measure. As the two forces became aligned before their respective opponents, Luo Xuan was already angry at being humiliated to a certain level at his comrade's late showing, and vented such a rage by charging through the Zhou army ranks, violently clanging his dual Flying Smoke Swords against the rebel commander's mere longsword, who was naturally taken aback by such an unexpected display of speed. Being immediately retorted by Yang Bliss, Huang Tianhua, and others, while Liu Huan meanwhile evaded many attacks from Nezha's spear, Luo Xuan realized that the matter needs to be settled with the utmost of swiftness, and thus assumed a form at which he possessed two additional heads and four additional arms, effectively allowing him the control of multiple weapons at one time. Jiang Ziya, seeing a moment at which he could seize to strike upon Luo Xuan in his transformed state, suddenly whipped his staff in combination to Yang's Sky Barking Hound, startling Luo Xuan for a mere instant, and giving way to many consecutive blows from other soldiers within the neighboring terrain: A lucky blow that forced the enraged warrior to retreat in grave pain, as Lu Huan respectively reciprocated his comrade's action after being overpowered by Nezha's new boost in morale. The two Taoists thus made their way within the

encampment of Shang, and naturally fumed in great measure at their carelessness in the former feud, resolute to turn all of Phoenix City into nothing more than flames within death after being told of Yin Jiao's sworn intentions. As Yin Jiao was naturally more than inclined to answer the resolve of his subordinates after being unexpectedly forced to delay his plans for two additional days, the prince equipped the two warriors with countless arrows supplied by Zhang Shan; and by the second watch of night, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan strode from the Shang encampment atop their respective steeds, laughing in confidence at the prospect of their vengeance, and upholding the intentions of their leader at the same time.

Arriving before the gates of Phoenix City under the darkness of night, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan slew every guard on patrol with incredible swiftness before unleashing their Cloud Raising Smoke above the enemy city, sending over ten-thousand flaming arrows spraying down within the terrain beneath, causing countless buildings to be set aflame, while the Zhou soldiers within the first district began to flee in great panic at such a fierce situation. As Luo Xuan thus gave the signal for an all-out attack upon Phoenix City's inner district, he stated that--upon the order of Yin Jiao--all civilians are to be safely escorted temporarily from the city without harm, while any soldier of Zhou that does not express submission to the name of the crown prince is to be slain without hesitation. Upon this order, over 100,000 soldiers of Shang respectively burst forthward, invading the enemy city with immense speed and morale. As the men and women, young and old, began to be safely distributed outside of the city for the time being while the majority of the soldiers sprayed onwards to smite upon the forces of Zhou, who immediately began to retaliate in full force, Luo Xuan resolutely charged like a beam of light across the battlefield, atop his flaming steed, slaying legions of enemy soldiers with a mere few turns of his Flying Smoke Swords and the compounded power of his Five Dragon Wheel. King Wu, who took notice of the disastrous circumstances within his city, fell to the ground and prayed for the Heavens to grant him sympathy, while Jiang Ziya and his superiormen stood with astonishment, deploying many units of archers and swordsmen to reinforce the frontline defense. Luo Xuan, who single-handedly slew over 10,000 soldiers of Zhou, presently advanced before many architectural buildings of great stature, tore them to shreds of rock with the burning grip of his fire dragons, and absorbed the fire within the first district, distributing it before the noble grounds to protect what remained of the civilian homes. Now taking notice of the head palace of Zhou, and the Prime Minister's mansion that neighbored it, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan advanced with greater speed only to be

confronted by a young celestial woman known as "Princess Long Ji", who had arrived at a prior time to assist the regulation of the agriculture within Phoenix City's region of farming. As she began to spread the Mist Dew Universal Net over the city, effectively ceasing any fire that was originally distributed by the two enemy celestials, Luo Xuan angrily turned at the woman, knowing that she will be a nothing more than a nuisance, and must be eliminated if he is to progress upon the Zhou mansions.

Approaching Long Ji's position and hurling his Five Dragon Wheel at the latter, upon approaching her position, Ji unveiled her Four Sea Vase, absorbing the wheel and all other fire arrows that Luo Xuan deployed following this humiliating display of retortion. Liu Huan, who was equally enraged at the effectiveness of this woman's item, charged upon Long Ji only to be smitten in half by her Double Dragon Sword. As Luo Xuan became mixed with emotions of rage, frustration, and fear, at the sight of such crucial circumstances, he hurriedly merged his remaining Sky Shining Stamp into the blades of his dual Flying Smoke Swords, causing the swords to consistently glow with immense light and burst with flaming smoke. Resuming his three-headed, six-armed form, Luo Xuan thrashed his blades at Long Ji like a madman, but was overpowered by her enormous Double Dragon Sword, and was consecutively beaten back at every attempt. Charging her sword into Luo's flesh and then striking dead his steed with a single stroke, Luo Xuan realized the situations as being dire, and thus ordered his soldiers to retreat back to the Shang encampment with every civilian and head of the enemy soldiers slain. Protecting the masses with an enormous barrier of fire to cover their essential retreat, Luo Xuan, with resolute vengeance, charged deeply into the neighboring mountains to detour all pursuers, slaying each and every scout and soldier encountered and healing his wounds for another immediate attempt on the city. Meanwhile the following day, the many soldiers of Zhou reported the great renown displayed by Princess Long Ji to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya, who in return granted her due rank and was well-pleased with her having appeared for his mutual sake. Now that Luo Xuan had his strength re-gathered after devouring a tiger whole and consuming an additional elixir pill, he summed up his energy and began to make his way back to Phoenix City only for a man of old age to appear beside his pathway, singing heartedly with unknown reasoning. Seeing that this man had an aura of great strength as he carried a long halberd, and wore a distinctive cloud-shaped helmet above his brow with the symbol of Zhou placed therein, Luo Xuan knew that, he being alone, it is of the utmost importance that all his strength is reserved for the sake of destroying Phoenix City and the assassination of Jiang Ziya, and thus

gave a bow of respect followed by declaration that he is a new recruit of the Prime Minister and has been ordered to carry a missive to the city of Zhou, relating that a terrible incident involving some form of detriment had taken place within Phoenix City the night before, and he, by the order of his master, has been sent for the sake of its essential protection. Showing the false decree to this man, who was none other than Li Jing, father of Nezha, Luo Xuan began his way to the enemy city without harm or suggested suspicion.

Chapter 65: The Will of a Million is Shattered by Four

This chapter is titled "The Will of a Million is Shattered by Four". As Luo Xuan received the warrior's name as being "Li Jing", a man who is presently heading to the residence of the Prime Minister for employment under the Zhou flag, Luo Xuan carefully strolled side-by-side with the former, until they closely bordered the city walls of Phoenix City. Not allowing for his aspirations to be postponed for any moment longer, Luo Xuan presently gave a signal to himself, causing the Flying Smoke Swords that he planted within the earth to burst from the ground and fiercely impale the unfortunate Li Jing in the back, who in return gave a cry of immense astonishment while, assuming that he had been betrayed by Luo Xuan at such a moment in time, grabbed at the latter's throat in desperation. Beating back the old warrior and setting him aflame with the natural attributes of his duel swords, Li Jing instantaneously formed an enormous golden pagoda in the skies upon will, and smashed it down upon the unwary Luo Xuan's skull, killing the unfortunate celestial in a mere moment in time. Presently diminishing the pagoda and desperately scavenging upon the fallen warrior's body, Li Jing luckily found a large mass of silver elixir pills that possessed the attributes of healing any wound upon swallow--as opposed to pills that need to be dissolved in water--and, formerly being informed of this substance by his master, Burning Lamp, immediately devoured the majority of the pills before making his way to Phoenix City.

Being allowed entrance into Phoenix City after giving evidential proof of his identity, Li Jing was escorted before Jiang Ziya in the Prime Minister's mansion, at which Li Jing presently declared his prior incident with a celestial of fire, who attempted to take his life along the way to Phoenix City. Being forced to prove his case with complete evidence, Zhou soldiers were sent to the specific region at which Luo Xuan had supposedly died. But, to their justified suspicion towards this new warrior, no body remained whatsoever, for Luo Xuan had planted 3,000 Shang soldiers in the neighboring forests to retrieve his body if any incident were to occur that would result in evidence of his passing; and as the Flying Smoke swords were made from his own body, they dissipated into dust at the moment to which Luo Xuan died, destroying all evidence and forcing the rebel

commander and his soldiers to not only distrust the new recruit, but to additionally become wary at every moment in fear of the enemy's return to smite them where they stood. To make matters worse in a display of bad luck towards Li Jing, one of the more seemingly distrusted celestials among others-- Burning Lamp--was his master, and was the only individual other than Muzha, Nezha, and Jinzha, able to justify that Li Jing should be trusted; and Jiang Ziya and the others thus put their time into forming a strategy on how to deal with Yin Jiao's Heaven Overturning Stamp and Soul Dropping Bell above everything else, while stationing a high level of celestials outside of the gates and quickening their reconstruction as to fight against Luo Xuan's probable return. During their strategic discussion, Grand Completion recalled from his memory three additional flags separate from the Yellow Apricot Flag under the Prime Minister, but of the same magical properties: the Soaring Flame Flag within Mount Xuandu, the Green Lotus Flag within the Western Lands, and the White Cloud Bound Flag with whereabouts unknown. Receiving immediate consent to retrieve these three flags, Grand Completion presently left Phoenix City and arrived before Mount Xuandu, at which he received the Soaring Flame from Lao Zi momentarily following his request, before then heading to the Western Lands. Arriving at the intended region and being allowed entrance before Buddha, who was obstinate at first upon hearing the request of Grand Completion and his intentions to use the flag that represents Buddhism and their reputation, but was presently convinced by Candi to allow him the Green Lotus Flag for the sake of their religion's mutual expansion throughout the east: This being an intention of the upmost importance. As Grand Completion was very gratified at their consideration towards his troubled circumstances, he returned back to Phoenix City to report his present success, at which he entered the residence of Princess Long Ji and requested whether she knew anything about the remaining White Cloud Bound Flag's location.

Long Ji, who had not been informed of Grand Completion and his search to obtain this remaining flag at the prior time, informed the former that her mother happens to possess such a flag within the Jade Pond residence; but as only a celestial of great status such as that of Immortal of the South Pole could request it--for the flag is an essential symbol of authority and will within such a region--Grand Completion had little choice but to head first to Mount Kunlun after deeply thanking the princess for her guidance and handing the two acquired flags to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya. Arriving before Mount Kunlun and obtaining the mutual cooperation of Immortal of the South Pole, South Pole immediately strode to the Jade Pond atop his mystical crane, expressing delight and

satisfaction over the unique architecture about him as he presently arrived before the residence of the Golden Mother. Receiving the White Cloud Bound Flag after elaborating the reasoning behind why he had appeared, at which he naturally showed great gratification for the lady's consideration, South Pole entered Phoenix City following this incident, handing the remaining flag to Jiang Ziya, who entertained him in his mansion hall as reward before sending the respected celestial back on his way to Mount Kunlun. As Master Pure Essence and Outstanding Culture presently arrived before the Prime Minister's residence according to their prearranged time of meeting, Jiang Ziya began their set order of attack: Outstanding Culture will wait upon the eastern edge of Mount Western Foothills with the Green Lotus as his tool; Pure Essence will head to the south, equipped with the Soaring Flame; Burning Lamp will head the center perimeter with the Yellow Apricot; and he shall personally take up position in the west with the White Cloud Bound. After setting forth these orders, Jiang Ziya followed with set commands to his generals: Yellow Flying Tiger will assault the frontal encampment of Commander Zhang Shan; Deng Jiugong and Nangong Kuo will simultaneously assault the right and left camps that neighbor the front using Nezha, Yang Bliss, Wei Hu, and Thunderbolt as respective reinforcement; and Li Jing, Nezha, Muzha, and Huang Tianhua will distribute themselves where they are essentially needed from the rear. Each general and celestial thus made immediate preparations throughout the remainder of day, at which they awaited until the time of dusk before pursuing any form of attack.

Meanwhile within the encampment of Shang, Yin Jiao was exceedingly distressed and grieved over the unexpected report of Liu Huan and Luo Xuan having been killed, and thus encoffined the honorable Luo Xuan in a respective coffin, sending a unit of soldiers as escort to bury the warrior upon the mountain's summit. This being done, Yin Jiao, told of Luo Xuan's final employed strategy that would result in the rebel commander's forces being of a despaired state of fear, knew that they would surely attempt an attack upon his encampment to ensure that revenge is not only obtained in the face of their humiliation, but to ensure that they have destroyed any means of threat that could assist the potential return of Luo Xuan: An action that is entirely essential to their future safety, by all means. With this deduction, Yin Jiao sent written decree via messenger, ordering neighboring passes to send reinforcement by order of Crown Prince, while securing a route of retreat to the east at which he would be able to reach the passes and call upon the assistance of the capital and that of his comrade, Shen Gongbao. In addition to these preparations, Yin Jiao ordered his generals and soldiers to sharpen their blades and dominantly practice

the Bull-Horn Formation and Pincer-Formation according to the perimeter surrounding the encampment's respective sides, and priorly distributed many units of royal soldiers to the mountains neighboring the Western Foothills, at which they would search all head residences and temples, burning them to the ground upon princely decree if any tool of magical attributes were to be located: This ruse would allow Yin Jiao to ensure that the rebel commander's unknown sources of assistance in the form of magical items will be cut off to some extent, while they are then supplied to the capital as ensurance that his name and power would gain even greater evidence -- for he obviously would not possess intentions to harm Morning Song if such a display of assistance were to be shown, ensuring his mutual reinforcement from the king. With this being set, Yin Jiao and Zhang Shan took their respective places. And as dusk had approached with report that the rebel army is presently closing in upon their encampment from every employable direction, the soldiers of Shang took up their stations and readied their weapons for a descisive battle.

As Yellow Flying Tiger closed in upon the Shang encampment's frontal center, Yin Jiao and a large batallion of pikemen fiercely clashed against the rebel army, greatly overpowering their advances with waves of arrows and the gravitational power of the Heaven Overturning Stamp. Meanwhile, Zhang Shan, given the Yin-Yang Swords by the prince, was met by Nangong Kuo, Deng Jiugong, and other lesser generals at the right encampment, at which he defended his strategic stronghold with the combined assistance of Li Jin. Unfortunately however, a new foe by the name of Sun Yanhong advanced upon the defenders and spat large quantities of fire from his mouth, setting the soldiers of Shang aflame and resulting in mass confusion, to the detriment of Zhang Shan who had little choice but to fight with even greater valor. But even with his new display of prowess, Deng Jiugong advanced and, seeing that his former subordinate was unwilling to surrender even in such bested circumstances, struck a fatal blow to Zhang Shan's chest and ordered the fallen commander to be buried in Sanshan Pass in honor of his characteristics of zeal. At this present time Yellow Flying Tiger, who did not possess any magical backing, was bested very quickly; but to his benefit, Nezha and Yang Bliss immediately arrived to assist the commander, smiting the oppositionary forces with incredible power, at which Yin Jiao had great difficulty in suppressing even with the ability of his stamp and bell. Knowing that the central camp is of vital importance and that if lost, will result in a prime advantage for the enemy force, Yin Jiao assumed his three-headed, six-armed form, and willfully multiplied his golden halberd until he possessed six, and followed by valiantly striking hundreds of blows into the rebel soldiers,

falling hundreds with every swing of his individual halberds, and making the remaining whole more resolved than ever to press on and smite the crown prince: naturally, if not defeated quickly, he will sully their opportunity to obtain victory. As a result, the thousands of Zhou soldiers created a pincer around Yin Jiao, and the legions of spearmen pressed forward at one sudden instant and impaled the prince with their respective weapons, ceasing the warrior from his rampage. Enraged beyond measure at such a display, Yin Jiao firmly unleashed his Heaven Overturning Stamp, causing the enormous mass of soldiers piled around him to be thrust to the ground, blood gushing from their ears and eyes as the gravitational weight became overwhelmingly strong -- even to the point of crushing their bodies. Nezha and Yang Bliss, who had presently stricken dead the multitude of the Shang forces singlehandedly, causing individual retreat for the majority of their enemy, assaulted the wounded prince with their sword and spear respectively, but were greatly held back by an enormous mass of crossbowmen that laid before the encampment's head gate, allowing Yin Jiao a safe retreat back within the central camp, at which he ordered the vast majority of the defenders to equip themselves with crossbows, while handing them loads of straw hay and the flaming arrows originally received from Liu Huan for the sake of an ultimate defense around the entire perimeter of their encampment. Presently devouring one of Luo Xuan's silver elixir pills and mounting a cloud of dust, the crown prince immediately sped to the east with incredible speed, intending on reaching the capital and receiving a grand majority of magical items to use as backing for his ambitions.

Approaching Sishui Pass as he killed the masses of Zhou soldiers that stood before his way as respective ambush parties, Yin Jiao presently confronted Master of Outstanding Culture along the way, who, without any hesitation, unraveled his Green Lotus Flag, forcing the prince's weapon of destruction--the Heaven Overturning Stamp--to reverse its power as the light from the flag shined upon it. Overwhelmed at such an annoyance, Yin Jiao had little choice but to call back his stamp, blind his opponent with a storm of dust, and spur off to the southeast atop his cloud with even mightier resolve. Slaying the many Zhou soldiers that continued to confront him along the pathway to the southeast, in the form of additional ambush parties, Yin Jiao was met by his master, Pure Essence, who intended more than anything to stop his former disciple from completing his intentions. Showing such an intention by unwisely revealing his Soaring Flame Flag even without the Stamp's release, Yin Jiao predicted that each flag must only possess a variable exterior appearance to confuse their opponent, while it is internally nothing different than its counterparts in the form of its use, and thus

did not attempt to release the Heaven Overturning Stamp, but impaled his master's hands with one of his golden halberds, stole the flag, and thrust Pure Essence from his direction, thus changing his direction to the east and continuing onward to the capital. Jiang Ziya and Burning Lamp, presently hearing of Yin Jiao's movement to the east, abandoned their respective positions of defense and divided themselves before the pathway of the prince -- Burning Lamp being the first to confront Yin Jiao. Exceedingly cautious in all nature and not wishing to be seen as an enemy to the Prime Minister in fear of the detriment of acting against "Heaven's will," until he can eventually seize power for himself over Jie Taoism, Burning Lamp made no effort to prevent Yin Jiao's advance, considerately allowing the prince passage in honor of his resolve, awakening the Yellow Apricot Flag following the former's departure, creating thousands of golden lotus flowers to cloud the pathway of any potential pursuit. As Yin Jiao thus presently charged towards the east, he saw the rebel commander posed before him with dragon banners fluttering about and, seeing Jiang Ziya's follyable behavior in the name of warfare, seized the opportunity to attack from the air, at which he slaughtered the surrounding disorganized parties under Zhou before piercing his six halberds into the commander's flesh. Jiang Ziya, not having a former chance to resist against the prince's spediful assault, immediately released his White Cloud Bound Flag causing fog to dissipate all potential sight and forcing Yin Jiao to charge and thrash about in random directions -- for upon release, the Prime Minister disappeared like nothing more than an illusion. Fearing that more detrimental of circumstances would sully his efforts, even though such an opportunity is rare in seizability, Yin Jiao mounted his dust cloud and charged with unparalleled speed to the east.

As the prince resolutely continued, the circle of fog remained no longer and Yin Jiao began to see the final brim of sunlight across the sky as tals of thunder echoed throughout the air, strenghtening his determination to live on on, no matter what. Presently entering a region at which the terrain closed upon him from left and right and continued with such an expanse, Yin Jiao continued by way of foot, until he had confronted a mountain of incredible span that blocked any potential advancement. Being perplexed as to why such a pathway of essential importance for transportation and travel would remain at such a state up until the present, Yin Jiao was naturally annoyed by such unlucky circumstances and willfully cleaved the entire mountain into two vertical halves, with the secondary ability of his Heaven Overturning Stamp, but draining a greater majority of its remaining magical potential. Now being able to advance once again, the two sides of the mountain suddenly began to cave towards him, as if

with the intention to crush him. Knowing that the mountain's rocks would smash his body if he attempted the use of the Heaven Overturning Stamp, Yin Jiao lunged towards the sky as he used the wind to elevate his body; but as he reached the very surface of the mountain, both ends clamped shut upon his abdomen, causing him to let out a loud shriek of pain as he comprehended the danger of such a situation.

Chapter 66: A Hero Vows Redemption Upon a Moonlighten Night; A Dragon of Justice Rises from a Sea Filled with Shame

This chapter is titled "A Hero Vows Redemption Upon a Moonlighten Night; A Dragon of Justice Rises from a Sea Filled with Shame". As the unfortunate prince experienced unparalleled pain in such drastic circumstances, he wasted little time in using the Heaven Overturning Stamp to free his lower body from the mountain's grip; and as he was thus free, he swallowed another silver elixir pill to heal his broken body, at which he then mounted his cloud and continued to the east. To his continued detriment, however, mist as white as snow suddenly blinded his eyes from the recently experienced dark of night, as he continued, followed by four metal chains, which lunged from the terrain beneath, wrapping around Yin Jiao's heels and throwing him to the ground. As he struggled to break free from this hold, the chains suddenly began to expand from the earth, wrapping themselves around both of his legs as if being that of a snake. Using his Soul Dropping Bell to stall the chains from expanding to even greater lengths--even though still presently remaining tight around his body--Jiang Ziya suddenly appeared before Yin Jiao's face, content with having captured the runaway prince. Unfortunately for the prince, he had trekked upon a mountain that distinctively possessed metal chains beneath the earth that could be effectively controlled by the hands of any member of Jie Taoism; and as Jiang Ziya had specifically constructed this mountain solely for protecting the lands of the Western Foothills from a neighboring distance, he allowed Yin Jiao to continue on his pathway to the east without having to stop him with his own hands -- which was unexpectedly an impossible task otherwise. Presently, King Wu appeared atop his stallion--having been stationed upon a neighboring vicinity for viewing purposes before Yin Jiao's capture--with Grand Completion by his side. Approaching the captive and being told who he was, King Wu forced the Prime Minister aside and knelt before Yin Jiao, stating that he would gladly give his life and suffer for 10,000 years in the face of the latter's humiliating condition, while ordering Jiang Ziya not to harm the prince in any

form. In retortion, Jiang Ziya boldly stated that even though Yin Jiao is a status symbol before the entire country and its inhabitants, he has opposed the "Will of Heaven", and thus must be put to the sword in the name of true justice. Even with consecutive orders to pardon Yin Jiao from such a fate, the malignant Prime Minister refuted every request, handing Grand Completion his sword, to deliver the fatal blow.

With readiful resolve to put an end to his dangerous disciple--who could risk the entire death of the Western Foothills if allowed to live--Grand Completion presently approached the captive with sword in hand, while Yin Jiao, frantic to escape such circumstances, for the sake of his ambitions and the will of the people, suddenly revealed the Heaven Overturning Stamp within his sleeve, striking it before his master's face and causing the latter to flinch with an intense gravitational pull upon his body. As Yin Jiao immediately followed with a slash from his golden halberd, Grand Completion, with tears gushing from his eyes, shattered the former's blade to pieces with his right arm, and extending his fatal blade with the right, piercing Yin Jiao's throat and rendering his body motionless. Remaining upright after such a fatal blow, Yin Jiao eye's gazed resolutely at his master with the final remaining moment of life that he still possessed, while he dropped the activated Heaven Overturning Stamp from his hand, stepping upon it with his feet; and as it hit the ground, the metal within the mountain equally reacted to the immediate change in pressure, causing the terrain to immediately collapse in a large ripple effect as the magical energy transfered through the metal, as if being electricity. As Yin Jiao unleashed one final grin of achievement right before death, the mountain collapsed in all entirety, causing Jiang Ziya and the others to be buried like sand from within. Alas! Yin Jiao thus died, remembered by the people of China as a true hero, sacrificing his every ounce of life energy to destroy the country's evil in the face of the suffering populace and the war-torn hearts of all that inhabit it.

As Yin Jiao's spirit took flight through the skies and gazed down upon the enormous wreckage as a result to the mountain's collapse, the prince was justifiably infuriated that his ambitions have been evidentially sullied, but was still relieved that the rebel commander is indeed dead, allowing him some form of opportunity to easily take the Western Foothills if any new body is to be found. In resolution to this, the first worry that struck Yin Jiao was seeing whether his respectable comrades had succeeded in their initial defense of the Shang encampment; but as he arrived to inspect, corpses laid desolate along the region's perimeter, with his encampment having been breached and desolated in

all entirety. Seeing the evidence that many soldiers of Shang had scattered to variable distances after the dominant use of fire, Yin Jiao wrathfully altered the clouds of the sky and uprooted neighboring trees, as he loudly lamented the death of his fellow allies. Following this incident of lamenting, Yin Jiao realized that some form of gravitational force was pulling him in the direction of the east, and nonetheless resisted such a force, arriving before the grounds of Capital Morning Song and searching widely for his father, who he intended on seeing, as opposed to initially killing him, which would provide a heavy weight of populace support to the side of Zhou, considering that his aspirations to be seen as the country's influence would be harmed by such circumstances, and recovery would be almost impossible. Therefore, Yin Jiao eventually found his father--who was presently dozing off by means of heavy drinking outside the Happy Terrace--and stood before his father, informing him of his identity, the past circumstances taken place within the Western Foothills, and that the able and powerful should be convinced to negotiate and tear apart the Zhou influence -- for by no other means is such a resolution possible. Following this, Yin Jiao created an enormous gust of wind, soared through the skies, and arrived before the Terrace of Creation in which his body was innately drawn towards; at this initial point in time, Yin Jiao allowed himself entry within the terrace, after being elaborated to by the guardian, knowing that even with Jiang Ziya dead, he did not possess any actual body or magical item to reinforce his authority. The crown prince thus took rest, vowing upon the moonlighten night that he would rest for the time being, awaiting the moment in which he will be able to reinforce his eternal ambitions once again.

The following morning, King Zhou sat concentrated on the message that he received from his "deceased" son, but nonetheless grew frenziful when receiving an urgent report that stated that Crown Prince Yin Jiao was indeed present on the battlefield; and as the worst possible circumstances would have it, he and that of Zhang Shan had both been killed while in the ultimate attempt of destroying the Western Foothills. Unhesitant to act in some means of retortion to this detriment, King Zhou immediately held a council within the Royal Hall, where he announced the entire situation before every minister, accordingly asking who should be chosen as the following expeditionary commander to enact vengeance. In response to this, Supreme Minister Li Deng stepped forward from the others, stating that Commander Hong Jin of Sanshan Pass possesses both unparalleled magicaly capability and is additionally successful in military strategy -- someone who should thus be employed and tasked with such an obligation. Initially accepting this recommendation, King Zhou sent a messenger with royal decree

to Sanshan Pass, where Hong Jin accepted the proposal, equipped himself with the Commander's Seal and 100,000 soldiers, and appointed his subordinate--Kong Xuan--as Sanshan's new head guardian. He then took leave of the pass and lead his army towards the direction of the Western Foothills.

At the present time at which Crown Prince Yin Jiao gave his final stand by collapsing the Western Foothill's Guardian Mountain, Grand Completion and the others were initially buried by the rubble that encased upon them, but the former immediately deployed thousands of lotus flowers that protected them from the weight of the rocks' pressure, escaping with both Jiang Ziya and King Wu before any furthered amount of detriment could result. Regardless, both Jiang Ziya and Grand Completion were heavily wounded, and were thus handed by Zhou generals silver elixer pills that were retrieved from the fallen Shang encampment, which were previously identified by the Prime Minister as only being consumable by a man of immortal characteristics. The Zhou soldiers had also located the respective grave of Luo Xuan and freed the citizens that were held by Yin Jiao, so proclamations were immediately spread about the city that appeased the people from their strife, and reconstruction immediately took place within Phoenix City as many days passed by in conviction. Meanwhile, Hong Jin and his army of 100,000 had made their way deeply into the Western Foothills after a straight week of marching, where they presently made themselves an encampment secluded within a forest region that laid to the south. Scouts were then sent to report on the current circumstances present within Phoenix City. After some time, information had been received that many escorts of provisions, silver, and iron were being transported regularly, and many soldiers were being drilled apart from one another in variable regions, suggesting that the Western Foothill's were quick on their feet to ensure that further invasion was well-defended from, and that such an opportunity to strike shouldn't be avoided. Thus, Hong Jin distributed his soldiers to specific strategic positions, drilled the sword, bow, and spear units beneath his command, and ordered General Ji Kang to take the field the following morning. As dawn arrived the next day, Ji Kang marched a grand army of 70,000 soldiers before Phoenix City, ordering his soldiers to pounce upon its western gates and besiege it as quickly as physically employable. At this initial time, General Nangong Kuo charged through the gates that presently suffered from besiegement and furiously ordered his unit of 20,000 to fit arrows to their bows and barrage the Shang soldiers from the city's walls, additionally meeting Ji Kang one-on-one, prepared to fight to the death if the need be.

Ji Kang, relatively being overwhelmed by Nangong Kuo's stand of desperation and rage, presently recited many incantations, causing an enormous cloud of darkness to appear directly above his respective head, at which a wolf of bronze fur lunged from the darkness, piercing its fangs into Nangong's flesh and rendering him screaming in pain. Ji Kang then stabbed his sword relentlessly upon the wounded warrior, causing Sun Yanhong, who gazed at such a sight from the city walls, to spray an enormous torrent of fire down upon Ji Kang, who initially fled in great surprise at such a display, knowing that such a monster may have been the justification as to why the Shang encampment's remnants were found as being mainly nothing more than deeply incinerated ashes. Ordering his soldiers to retreat lest they were to be killed in mass by this incredible beast, Ji Kang and the Shang army fled the day, and Nangong Kuo was immediately carried back into the Zhou encampment, where he was treated. As the circumstances involving Sun Yanhong's appearance was presently reported to Hong Jin after the time at which Ji Kang effectively returned to his commander's encampment, Hong Jin was delighted that the source of the previously seen catastrophe had now been filled in with partial evidence, and he thus chose to send General Bai Xianzhong to due battle the following day with 10,000 pikemen and crossbowmen alike, while meanwhile forming a fixed strategy on how to destroy such a beast and its conspirators.

As the warrior of Shang approached Phoenix City's gates, he aligned his pikemen in a pincer formation, while his respective bowmen formed towers out of mounds of mud in the rear, so as to have a mounted position that would allow them to spray upon the enemy soldiers like rain. With these formations having been aligned, Deng Jiugong alone commanded a frontal army of half the number; and after failing in the controversial attempt to convince Xianzhong that his course of action will only result in death, Deng Jiugong fearlessly charged upon the enemy's pincer formation, ordering his fire-arrow ambush units on his right and left to clear a pathway of fire that would separate the opposing pikemen from his body. As the pincer formation became distorted by this show of unexpected bravery, Deng Jiugong whipped his noble steed until he obtained great agility, at which he closed in upon the enemy commander--who remained at the middle--and felled him in a single cut of his blade, presently fending off volleys of arrows at the same initial time. As Deng Jiugong ordered his soldiers to then begin to spray their flaming arrows upon the mounds of mud, the morale of the Shang soldiers diminished, and they fled back to their encampment while Jiugong took the enemy commander's head and made his return to Phoenix City, much to the praise of Jiang Ziya, who ordered the head to be hung upon a pole

before the city gates as a showing of their conviction. As Hong Jin was naturally distressed to hear of such a detriment upon hearing report, he still relatively harbored a very keen interest in the capable men of the Western Foothill rebel faction, and more than anything desired to visit their city personally, where he would be able to engage in some form of controversy.

The following day, Hong Jin equipped his body with full-plated armor and led an enormous front before the eastern gates of Phoenix City; and as Jiang Ziya and his men exited the city gates to repel this enemy force, Hong Jin took notice of the rebel army being of perfect discipline, consisting of many a general and celestial, who showed such a look of resolve and furiosity that the Shang commander grinned in admiration. Approaching Jiang Ziya and receiving his name with full respect, Hong Jin began by informing the Prime Minister that he has been sent by royal order of King Zhou to cease their rebellion and make ultimate peace between both of their respective factions.

"I am Senior Advisor of the Leftern House, Hong Jin, and I come before you today to put forth an agreement that can settle our differences in a manner differing from lowly barbaricy. As I see that your army is of perfect discipline and formation, yet you carry the name of a rebel, it is obvious that you possess hatred towards the name of King Zhou and intend on his overthrowment. Now would it ultimately benefit your position by using moral influence to strengthen the swords of your soldiers and create a furthered amount of chaos in this country? I see such an action as being nothing less than folly, as you and your people consider yourselves men of peace that await the times, but in reality, you are treacherous snakes that wish to bite back at your master! Have you taken into consideration the consequence in acting in such a manner? You may possess the capacity to overthrow the dynasty and declare yourselves as heroes, but is barbaric violence truly something that you should carry out as if being nothing less than a normality? In the name of justice, I cannot allow someone such as yourself to destroy the Shang Dynasty and bind the people's minds to petty delusions of grandeur and peace. If you value your life and the hearts of your people, I order you to throw down your weapons and speak of submission: for what can animals such as yourself perform against men of my ability, other than using celestials as tools to carry out your own evils?"

Smiling with an aura of great resolve, Jiang Ziya responded: "So, the common class general of the Shang forces declares me as being a rebel of the country and someone who should ultimately be eliminated for the sake of the greater good. I

am nothing more than a simple Taoist-man that has risen up in the name of Heaven, and I will strike down anything that opposes such a will, even if I am forced to destroy every last one of your kind with the sword that rests at my side. The will of Heaven is vast, and I am the figurehead of destiny that has been ordered to strike down the evil Shang Dynasty and its ruler, so that my benevolent ruler King Wu can rise up and rightfully claim the throne as his! You state my intentions as being nothing less than a passing whim held by a barbarian, yet how can you deny the resolve of my blade as being delusions of peace when I possess the full capability to create such peace?! I am a ruler among men, and nothing can deny what I have chosen to do for this country, as my actions will create a future that everyone shall prosper from, no matter what needs to be sacrificed within the process. My people fight as my arms and legs, and I treasure them the same: How can one such as yourself dare talk of justice when my actions are for righteousness and universal happiness!"

Laughing aloud in full determination, Hong Jin boldly stated: "So it seems that you believe yourself to be a hero of the common man, and use your direct followers as evidence to prove that what you are doing is for the best possible resolution to the present circumstances. Is that not nothing less than truly pathetic--eh? You foolish ape for a human! It seems that no reason can diminish that disparity within your breast, and that you are determined more than anything to bring this country to a greater height of chaos, simply due to your own petty views of justice! Righteousness, love, honor, resolve -- are these words that you truly believe will somehow save the people from their consistent despair, and that you will be seen as a hero among men? Listen to reason, you useless old fool! Even if you are able to destroy the Shang Dynasty with the backing of those evil righteous-driven celestials, think that I will simply stand down and allow your actions to pave a pathway of destruction through this country, in face of my ultimate duty and reputation beneath the sword of Shang?! If you refuse to set aside your delusions even in the face of reason, then I have little other choice then to show that my blade has been carved from the blood of thousands of rebels, and you shall simply be another corpse that litters the death-paved ground of shame once my justice tears open your very heart!"

With these words having been spoken, Hong Jin resolutely ordered his pikemen and spear units to charge to his right and left as they advanced to the enemy's position from the front; his bowmen would begin to construct forts to the south and north to use as fortifications; and the mounted cavalry would create a wide pincer formation around the rebel army, expanding the effectiveness of Hong

Jin's forward charge. As Hong Jin neared Jiang Ziya's position, he would be momentarily confronted by the 72nd son of King Wu, known as Wu Shimeng, who was naturally of intense physical ability, and thus subsequently able to beat back Hong Jin's assault with only a small unit of soldiers. Seeing that this new foe possessed a high level of strength to back his resolve, Hong Jin concluded that such a confrontation would not prove fruitful by means of his own martial prowess, and he thus gave a signal with his right hand before stabbing his silver flag into the ground, at which he ran inside of a void door that appeared to his right. With this void door having been opened, Wu Shimeng knew not what fate would befall him if he were to enter; but as such circumstances opened an opportunity for him to potentially seize the head of the enemy commander, he unhesitatingly charged onward through the door. Little could he actually comprehend, however, is that Hong Jin immediately took to hiding as he was present within his void; and by the time at which Shimeng had entered, the Shang commander's cutless fell upon him like a heavy guiotene, slicing the general into two vertical halves and subsequently placing fear into the hearts of Jiang Ziya and each of his subordinates.

As Hong Jin exited his void door and resumed it to its original state as a flag, he began to loudly boast before Jiang Ziya: "You stated earlier that you possess the full capability to create peace within this country, yet how can one deny the power that I wield as being something subtle and easily conquered, even as one of your men have now reached River Sphynx and cry out in resent at their own unknowing! If you wish to take my life and continue with your petty ambitions of grandeur, then call forth those worthless celestials of chaos and use them to your present advantage, otherwise the scent of blood shall echo throughout the countryside as my blade erases your every cell of existence! Don't take me lightly, you barbarian: I have slain thousands of rebels with this resolved sword of justice, and your streaming blood shall simply be another passing page in history, while I shall be looked upon as this country's true hero!" With this having been spoken, Hong Jin re-awakened his void door and disappeared within, concentrating every ounce of his magical energy to sprout from the ground beasts comprised of dark matter, who roamed across the battlefield in enormous number, tearing apart soldiers of the Rebel Army limb by limb. As these beasts were a part of Hong Jin's subconscious, he was forced to remain in a meditative state while within the void; but with Deng Chanyu's immediate and brave showing of agility, she was able to scatter many soldiers of Shang before entering the door that held the commander, barraging him with a multitude of reinforced pebbles and subsequently causing Hong Jin to yell out in thriving pain

and despair. Attempting to grab ahold of her body with his Hands of Darkness, he had already maxed out the majority of his remaining energy and struggled in such an attempt, causing Ji Kang to initially pierce forward like a shadow and purge the entire battlefield in mist. Taking ahold of his wounded master while in the midst of such a showing, Ji Kang ordered a full-scale retreat back to their encampment, thus scoring for Jiang Ziya a moderate but resentful victory.

As Ji Kang and the rest of the Shang forces had returned to their respective encampment, Hong Jin had immediately treated his wounds with advanced medicine and rested for the evening, vowing that he would unconditionally dispose of the woman that had given him such deep wounds, ultimately for the sake of his credibility. Acting upon these words, Hong Jin departed from the encampment the following afternoon, taking with him a 3,000-strong unit of archers to back his assault, determined to solely tear apart Deng Chanyu, the woman who had humiliated him so deeply. As Hong Jin appeared before the eastern gates of Phoenix City shortly following and ordered the appearance of the "rock-throwing whore", Princess Long Ji, who had taken ear to the ability of Hong Jin's flag and had happened to possess a weapon that could counter such a detriment, rode from the city gates and confronted Hong Jin upon Jiang Ziya's consent. As Hong Jin was both enraged at the fact that Deng Chanyu refused to show her face, but satisfied that he could enact his revenge on another respective arm of the rebel commander, he initially awakened his void and ran inside, preparing to unleash the largest amount of dark energy that he could sum forth, tearing his enemy into pieces. To his shock, a large silver portal carrying Princess Long Ji was suddenly awakened from within the void, and she strode outside with incredible speed, smashing Hong Jin's back with such force that his armor shattered to pieces, additionally throwing him a great distance before he had reattained his footing. In a state of great panic, Hong Jin abandoned his flag and fled to the north on his mount, ordering his 3,000 archers in ambush to unleash volleys of arrows at Long Ji, who was presently in pursuit at the rear. Returning to a natural state of mind and fully confident that the woman could never survive such a heavy onslaught, Hong Jin steadied his horse and turned to look at his opponent; but to his intense fear and dismay, the Shang soldiers fell in masses as Long Ji unleashed from her magical vase an enormous sum of fire, which had been originally obtained during Luo Xuan's former attack upon Phoenix City. Gazing all around him and seeing trees falling apart with flames scattered to the very skies, Hong Jin, no matter how bold, wished to live another day, and frantically sped his horse to the north until he had reached the North Sea, at which he dismounted, throwing into the waters an imperial seal that was

granted to him by noble birth, carrying with it the will of ancestors.

As the waters began to part from one another with violent waves churning consistently, an enormous guardian dragon leaped from the depths of the ocean, allowing Hong Jin to mount it as if he were its master. With Long Ji having caught up to him his position, Hong Jin stood atop his beast and loudly proclaimed before his opponent: "You are a mere tiger that has been uncaged by a rebel who wishes to overthrow the country, and you still consider yourself as being superior to I, a man of true noble birth who even the skies proclaim as their equal! Is the present situation not anything less than laughable?! I am a man that has been chosen by the Shang Dynasty to lead the masses to unconditional victory, never severing my path of duty nor giving up in the face of any opposition! You on the otherhand are nothing more than a test-animal who has been granted supreme power at birth, while at the same time you prove yourself as being too incompetent in knowing how to wield such a power, even to the extent that you shamelessly attempt to take the life of one such as I, known by all as a man of justice! If you give in now and show to me that your life is better off saving than to meet a humiliating death in the face of service beneath a deluded man of the common class, then I shall treat you as if you are my own right arm, an individual who deserves respect and gratitude, and someone who is treasured by the people alike as being a hero that has awakened from ignorance.

My ancestors have long been known throughout the land as prodigies, individuals of both great talent and respect, and saviors of nations and kingdoms, never allowing themselves to falter or give in to unfavored circumstance, but living on to fight for their resolve another day, destroying any opposition to the throne and securing themselves as men of true repute! Set your eyes upon reason and become a beacon of light as my ancestors have shown themselves to be: only then shall you make a name for yourself in this pathetic country gutted with every whim of evil and become a figurehead that is deserving of praise and power! My conviction for the people has never decayed even after so many years of service beneath a land dreaded with incompetency: think that I will simply give in to a force driven with nothing else than unconditional barbarity and lose an opportunity at guiding the masses with the power and authority that resides within these very fingertips?! The circumstances are futile for any means of victory, as even the gods have answered my noble call, and together we shall both strike down the evil in this country and blossom the future as a sword of unparalleled conviction and truth!"

In response to this, Princess Long Ji approached the sea that stood before her and casted into it her own hereditary seal, effectively summoning forth an enormous dolphin-like creature that bordered the size of Hong Jin's dragon. Mounting her respective beast, Princess Long Ji began to shout: "As you are indeed a man worthy of my respect and admiration, I shall tell you my name and title. I am none other than the daughter of Golden Mother of Jade Pond, Princess Long Ji, wielder of the 10,000-armed vase! Now that you are competent of my position in this world, by what means could I betray the expectations of my mother and all who serve under my right arm, simply to save my own present life? What you state is not the present way of things, as Jiang Ziya is a man guided by Heaven, destined to allocate freedom to the people and reign forth an era of unparalleled peace! No matter how noble you believe yourself to be, the will of my lord and the aspirations of the people are something that you shall never understand, and the waves of the time shall ensure that a person of greater capability rises up and seizes peace for all, and that man is Jiang Ziya! How dare you speak of delusion when you yourself are the one who is ignorant of the present circumstances! I refuse to give in to your swindler ways of trickery!"

"It is a sad state of affairs to see a woman of your beauty succumb to such a shallow understanding of this country and the figureheads that are essential in running its every ligament. Can you not comprehend that even with such a position of influence, you are nothing more than an animal bound in rope that longs to see the light of freedom, feeling every form of resentment as you are forced to unconditionally follow petty codes of filialty? If you are unable to awaken from your primitive ways of thought and see my absolute reasoning, then you are fated to be regarded within history as a fool who was destroyed out of nothing less than their own blindness and irrationality. Do you intend on such a detrimental resolution as being your fate within this world? I would hardly consider that as being reasonable by any means, as you will thus have tained any reputation you previously possessed with the blood of resent and ignorance, forever looked upon as a mere nobody that was unable to adapt to the times, let alone crushed by a man of unparalleled repute such as myself."

With this having been spoken, Hong Jin leapt to the skies atop his one-mile long golden-scaled dragon and fell upon Long Ji's beast with incredible speed and valor, tearing apart the dolphin's upperbody and etching the sea with a coating of blood. With this having been initiated, Hong Jin's dragon began to bear its heavy fangs into the flesh of Long Ji's dolphin; and taking advantage of this situation, Hong Jin leaped upon his foe and landed a crucial blow to her flesh with his

sword. Taking immediate advantage of this, Long Ji pressed Hong Jin aside with all her might and ordered her Dragon Binding Rope to bind the Shang commander's body and effectively render him immobilized. Struggling to free himself with every ounce of strength as the rope tightly began to bind his ligaments from any form of movement, Long Ji grabbed ahold of Hong Jin and quickly fled back to Phoenix City, the same initial time being forced to evade many consistent attacks by his dragon, which burned with a great flushing of rage over the position of its master. Nonetheless, Long Ji was able to safely return to her respective city, at which she threw Hong Jin before the very feet of Jiang Ziya.

Chapter 67: The Outspoken Warrior is Granted Honors of Lordship; Royalty and Justice Become Twisted to Circumstance

This chapter is titled "The Outspoken Warrior is Granted Honors of Lordship; Royalty and Justice Become Twisted to Circumstance". As Jiang Ziya took the hands of Long Ji and bowed before her in respect and acknowledgement at having captured the enemy commander, he then gazed before the humiliated Hong Jin--who was presently still bound to the Dragon Binding Rope--and stated: "So, this justice of yours seems to have brought about nothing less than failure and defeat at the hands of a superior enemy, while you now stand before me as figure of humiliation that was unable to uphold his bold words. What can you state now, General? I control your life within my very fingertips and possess the complete jurisdiction to end it at this moment if I were to will for it. As your boldness and conviction surpass any other warrior that I have confronted within the past, I indeed express my utmost respect towards your noble cause, even though it is distorted, confused, and all together misled. With this having been stated, I shall allow your life to end honorably, for you have proven to be true to your conviction and dreams -- and that is reason enough to allow for you the death of a hero who believed in his own words, as we both are so little apart in our manner of thought, no matter what another may dare state. Guards, away with him to the grounds of execution!" However, as Hong Jin was brought to the grounds of execution and fully prepared for his life to meet the sword, a Taoist-man by the name of Heavenly Matchmaker arrived in a sweat, ordering the executioner to ready his hand, as Incantations Immortal of Jade Pond has provided written decree stating that Long Ji and Hong Jin are destined by Heaven to join in marriage. With these words having been passed on to Jiang Ziya, he initially went to see Heavenly Matchmaker, forthwith leading him to the residence of Long Ji so as to come to a justified conclusion on how to respond to the mandate involving her marriage.

Upon entry into the princess's residence, Heavenly Matchmaker and Jiang Ziya

approached Long Ji, at which the former began: "My lady! I am humiliated at the fact that I could not approach you with this matter at a sooner time, but our respective master Incantion has only just recently received written decree stating you are to be married to Shang Commander Hong Jin so as to secure peace between both respective factions; and I have consequently arrived with the most immediate of speed, intent on employing the command of our lord. However, your words, my lady, shall determine whether such a resolution is to come about, as I am nothing more than a stone in the riverside in comparison to your nobility and reputation, and will willingly meet the sword if you are to express refusal with this demand." As Long Ji was relatively shocked to hear of such a sudden report and the inappropriate time at which it had been produced, she was nonetheless inclined to accept such a proposal, as she not only began to subtly fall in attraction to the young Hong Jin and his great ambition but also came to the realization that he would be more useful alive than not. As both Jiang Ziya and Matchmaker were elated to hear of Long Ji's consent, Hong Jin was freed from his bonds shortly and escorted to the Shang encampment for the sake of rallying his soldiers into a mutual surrender.

Hong Jin, intense with despair and humiliation in effect to having not only been captured by the rebel forces, but left alive simply to attest his own usefulness to a distorted cause, enraged him internally as he approached the Shang encampment and called his generals to an audience. In a loud voice, Hong Jin began: "To my great disfavor and detriment, my entire contingent had been torn asunder by the hands of a single woman, and even the ancestral dragon that has supported me since my very birth failed to bring me an ultimate victory. Thrown before the feet of Jiang Ziya and taken away for beheadment, my life was saved by a single commanding whim held by one of their barbaric celestials, and now I have succumbed to the humiliation of marrying the one woman who caused my defeat or otherwise meet the sword in death. Who could have ever considered that I would be torn apart by petty magic tricks and forced to my very throat to support the arms and legs of a deluded rebel of the common class! My men, you have all stood by me as true heroes alike that fight for a greater good, but alas, the circumstances have been twisted against any means of our success, and we have no other choice than to lend support to this rebel faction and ultimately throw our names from the path of gods to that of peasants. Nonetheless, my comrades, I will find a way in which we can tear these bonds of animal skin from our bodies and ascend to the glory and fame that we deserve. And no matter what sacrifices need to be made, the head of Jiang Ziya shall one day become an ornament for my ambitions after I show to the entire country that I

am a man who never abandons his justice!" With this having been stated, Ji Kang and the others vowed to unconditionally follow their leader in service beneath Jiang Ziya. The group then proceeded back to Phoenix City, in which both Hong Jin and Princess Long Ji were accordingly wedded on the third day of the third month in the 35th year of King Zhou's reign -- respectively seen as a lucky date for their marriage.

The Western Foothills had now made the necessary preparations to ensure a full production of provisions and weapons for a prospective incursion into capital city Morning Song; and for this very reason Jiang Ziya presented himself before King Wu the following day with the proposition of attacking King Zhou with the support of other nobles who mutually shared the same intent. This nonetheless came across before King Wu as unthinkable, for his father had commanded him never to consider destroying the king even if being a nuisance to the people's prosperity and integrity: It would be nothing less from fully denoting an unfilial and disloyal nature unfettered from traditional values. San Yisheng, however, convinced King Wu that joining the nobles in a united front and forcing the king into a state of repent without conventional attack would be the best course of action, and forthwith suggested that Jiang Ziya should be appointed commander for the sake of managing political affairs from every side of their campaign. Accordingly granting the prime minister the yellow axe and white scepter as an entitlement to authority in respect to Yisheng's request, the minister then suggested that a high terrace should be constructed in compliment to traditional rites of prayer offering before the rivers, mountains, earth, and heavens. This was also consented to with relatively open arms, and after reassuring the king that he can be relied upon for the arrangements of such an imperative task, Yisheng visited Jiang Ziya in a toast of congratulations and forthwith confided to both Nangong Kuo and Xin Jia the responsibility of constructing their terrace. After the passage of ten days the terrace project was complete, and with this San Yisheng approached King Wu and informed him that the 15th day of the third month had been chosen as a date for announcing the prime minister's appointment to commandership.

Chapter 68: Two Hermits Stop the Army

This chapter is titled "Two Hermits Stop the Army". Following the leave of each immortal, Jiang Ziya and his generals would prepare for the expedition in three days. Once Jiang Ziya had presented a memorial to King Wu -and effectively attained his consent- the former would assign Huang Tianhua as the frontal vanguard general, Wu Ji the right, Nezha the rear, and Nangong the left. Each would thus drink a cup of wine, thank Jiang Ziya, and then take their leave. After Jiang Ziya had performed a muster call before all his generals, he would order Yellow Flying Tiger to drill the army as to ensure perfection. The great army of Zhou would thus take off the following day once external and internal affairs were well accounted for. It was the now the 24th day of the third month within the 30th year of King Zhou's reign. As the Zhou army passed between Mount Yan and Mount Shouyang, two Taoists would suddenly block their path. The Taoists known as Bo Yi and Shu Qi would reprimand Jiang Ziya for his unfilial actions -- and that he should thus await for repent on the part of King Zhou without any form of attack. The former would respond by saying that such views were exceedingly short-sided and should be avoided for further hurting of the people's will. After these Taoists had been tied up for their intrusion, they would be set free later to return to their mountain.

Once Jiang Ziya and the army of Zhou had reached the Golden Chicken Range, red flags would suddenly appear before the summit of the mountain. After an enemy camp had been effectively located above the summit, Nangong Kuo would volunteer himself to meet the enemy. Wei Ben, the enemy commander, would defeat the former with moderate ease -- and send him back to tell Jiang Ziya that he would like to see him immediately. Before Nangong was to lose his head, Wei Ben would kneel before Jiang Ziya and ask to fight under the banner of Zhou in order for his name to be recorded in the pages of history one day. Jiang Ziya would accept his service with great delight - and release Nangong due to attaining a general that could take his place. Once King Zhou had gotten word of Jiang Ziya's march to the capital of Morning Song, he would assign Kong Xuan as expeditionary commander of defense. Upon Kong Xuan's meeting with Han Rong at Sishui Pass, he would proudly declare that Jiang Ziya, King Wu,

nor any other Zhou generals would be able to stand against his supreme strength -- and should thus not be feared. With these words, Kong Xuan would march westward from the gates of Sishui Pass to Golden Chicken Range where his army would halt and set up camp for the night.

Chapter 69: Trouble at the Golden Chicken Range

This chapter is titled "Trouble at the Golden Chicken Range". Once Jiang Ziya had attained word of Kong Xuan's movement, he would ponder alone in his tent over this 37th invasion. Vanguard general Chen Geng would present the first challenge before the camp of Zhou; and Huang Tianhua would effectively answer such a call. Following thirty rounds, Tianhua would unleash his Fire Dragon Javelin to put an end to his opponent's life. As Jiang Ziya dipped his pen into his ink slab to record his general's performance, the nib would suddenly drop off. The former would express inner grievance over such an omen -- for he knew that this was the last merit that was to be achieved by Huang Tianhua. Sun He of Shang would meet Wu Ji of Zhou at the battlefield the following day; and thus a great duel was to be unveiled. During their ensuing battle, Wu Ji would manage to stab his cutlass deeply into Su Hu's chest - effectively ending his life. With hatred over the loss of two renowned generals of the kingdom, Gao Jineng would volunteer himself to attain revenge. Once Nezha had intercepted Gao's attack, the great fire lance of the former would fiercely clash with Gao's spear. As he realized the great celestial abilities that Nezha possessed, Gao would quickly flee to the camp of Shang -- but would be severely wounded by the former's Universal Ring in the process. The following day Kong Xuan would appear before the camp of Zhou in fury over his past losses. As the former ran out to clash his great sword against Jiang Ziya's mere cutlass after a short interlude, Hong Jin would run out to meet the former. With immense wrathful rage, Kong Xuan would lash at the rebel. Once Hong Jin had unleashed his portal door ability, the latter would simply laugh as he used his yellow beam to sweep the former in an invisible void. When Jiang Ziya thus lashed at Kong Xuan with his Devil Beating Whip, it would suddenly vanish in a beam of red light. After the forces of Zhou had thus fled in fear, Jiang Ziya would ponder over Kong Xuan's ability to use five different rays of light.

In short time Ziya would order his troops to unleash a surprise attack upon the camp of Shang that night. Kong Xuan, who used divination to deduce the enemy's scheme, would order Gao Jineng of the Swarm to ambush the enemy at the left camp. As Nezha attempted to invade the central camp, he would be

shortly met by an invigorated Kong Xuan. Even though Nezha possessed immense celestial power, he would be unable to defend himself against the most evolved of Xuan's lights: white. Huang Tianhua would meanwhile invade the left camp and battle against Gao Jineng and his bagful of locusts and wasps. After a fierce battle between Huang's Fire Dragon Javelin and Gao's spear, the latter's wasps would manage to seriously wound the former's jade unicorn -- thus sending him smashing to the ground. As Huang Tianhua used his javelin with fierce resolve, he would be unexpectedly pierced violently through the stomach - and would thus fall to the ground with blood pouring from his abdomen. Gao would then deliver the final blow to the warrior of Zhou - thus ending his life. Following the end of the battle deep into the night, Yellow Flying Tiger and Jiang Ziya would hear the report. Once Flying Tiger had learned of his son's death, he would be so thrown into grievence and shock that he would lose all senses. With due resolve for revenge, the former would head immediately to Mount Flying Phoenix in order to attain the assistance of Chong Heihu of the magic hawks. Following his arrival at the mountain, he would gaze at three warriors that stood battleing eachother with variated weapons. Once Flying Tiger had discussed the situation with these distinguished warriors, it would be decided that the former three warriors would bring Flying Tiger to Chong Heihu's presence the following day. Once Chong Heihu had essentially consented to the former's request, he would meet with both Jiang Ziya and King Wu at the camp of Zhou. After Chong Heihu had dined with the former, he would head out to the camp of Shang with his generals the following day and ensue battle with Gao Jineng. As the battle raged on, an intensely invigorated Yellow Flying Tiger would charge forth on his magical ox.

Chapter 70: Subjugation of the Peacock

This chapter is titled "Subjugation of the Peacock". Sensing immediate danger within the situation at hand, Gao Jineng would quickly unleash a swarm of wasps and locusts upon his foes. Unexpectedly for Gao however, Chong Heihu would open the gourd on his back -- effectively creating thousands of hawks that would devour the latter's insects. As Kong Xuan immediately ran to his general's assistance, he would gaze in shock at the blade of Yellow Flying Tiger as it dripped with the blood of the now dead Gao Jineng. With no further delay, Kong Xuan would take all five generals in a single beam of light. After putting his new prisoners into the gaouls, Kong Xuan would decide not to fight and instead act as a blockade to the Zhou forces. After Yang Bliss had arrived and was informed of the situation with Kong Xuan, he would head out the following day to the camp of Shang with Jiang Ziya in order to use his Demon Exposing Mirror upon the latter. When Yang Bliss had shined the mirror at Kong Xuan, all he could see was a piece of agate rolling to and fro. After Kong Xuan had lost his patience and ensued in battle with the former, Yang Bliss and the assisting Wei Hu would have no choice but to flee. Following a fierce battle with the remaining Zhou forces, Kong Xuan would be stabbed in the left shoulder by Princess Long Ji and severely wounded in the face by Deng Chanyu's pebble -- and would thus flee in defeat. Back in the camp of Zhou, Jiang Ziya would be called for a personal discussion with King Wu and would gradually lose his determination to keep up the fight. After Jiang Ziya had issued the order to reduce the cooking stoves, every individual would realize that the commander wished for retreat; and they thus begin to pack up for departure without any idea why. Fortunately, Lu Ya would arrive in short time and convince both Jiang Ziya and King Wu to continue the campaign. Once Lu Ya had physically seen Kong Xuan's renown the following day on the battlefield, he would flee back to the Zhou camp in shock.

Earth Traveler Sun, who had just entered the camp gate with extra food supplies, would yell angrily at Kong Xuan for insulting his commander in the past -- and would thus violently lash out at the latter. After Earth Traveler had effectively tricked Kong Xuan to fight him mountless, the former would be able to swiftly

move through the ground delivering several blows to Kong Xuan's body. Being more annoyed than physically wounded, Kong Xuan would unleash his rays all at once upon the latter. Once Earth Traveler Sun had burrowed through the ground as to avoid the former's technique, Kong Xuan would be severely wounded in the face once again by Deng Chanyu's pebbles - and would thus flee. In seething rage over Deng Chanyu's obnoxious technique, he would demand Chanyu at the Zhou camp early the next morning; but Jiang Ziya would be reluctant to decline such by hanging the board of truce. After Lamp Lighter had arrived the following day to do battle with Kong Xuan, he would use his great eagle in an attempt to see the former's true identity with his magic bull eye. Once he had flown back in defeat, Buddha Candi would arrive in short time and declare that Kong Xuan is predestined to join him. Thus, the former would head out to meet Kong Xuan immediately afterwards.

Chapter 71: The Offensive on Three Routes

This chapter is titled "The Offensive on Three Routes". Following Buddha Candi's arrival at the camp of Shang, Kong Xuan would ask for his reason of appearance. After the latter had learned the reason, he would lash at Candi with his great sword and golden staff - but both weapons would be simply brushed aside by the former's tree twig. Once the Buddha had been caught within Kong Xuan's rays of light, all five beams would suddenly explode. Now being completely defenseless, Kong Xuan would change into his true form: a beautiful peacock. Buddha Candi would thus shortly return to the western region atop Kong Xuan once the Zhou generals had been essentially freed. Following the surrender of Kong Xuan's forces, Jiang Ziya would order his army to march towards Sishui Pass the next day. Upon his arrival at the pass, Jiang Ziya would order Hong Jin to capture the Good Dream Pass while Yellow Flying Tiger was to take Green Dragon. If these passes were to be taken, no enemy attack could be unleashed from the left and right regions of Sishui. Once Hong Jin had arrived at Good Dream, Ji Kang would volunteer to challenge the enemy after they rested from the long march. With cutlass in hand, Shang general Xu Kun would ride out to challenge Ji Kang. Shortly however, Ji Kang would use his black smoke dog to violently lash at Xu Kun's face while he delivered the final blow to his opponent's neck. As like the former day, Zhou general Su Quanzhong would easily be able to take the head of Shang general Hu Yunpeng without breaking a single sweat. Upon seeing the loss of many Shang soldiers due to the enemy's prowess, Hu Sheng, commander of Good Dream Pass, would discuss with his brother, Hu Lei, that the best option would be to surrender for the sake of their people. Hu Lei, however, would neglect such an offer fully and head out to meet the opposition the following day. Once Nangong Kuo had answered the former's call, Hu Lei would be defeated in short time and presented before Hong Jin.

Following Hu Lei's violent remarks against Hong Jin and his betrayal, he would be beheaded. However, a report on Hu Lei's reappearance would soon be issued -- and Nangong Kuo would thus leave the camp of Zhou to see what trickery ran amok. After realizing that Hu Lei was truly alive, he would duel with great might against the former and effectively manage to capture him once again.

Hong Jin would have no clue what to do with Hu Lei until Princess Long Ji arrived to inspect the prisoner. She would soon realize that Hu Lei was performing amateur magic, and that a small ten centimeter long needle should be placed between his hair as to prevent his escape. Once he had been beheaded this time, his reappearance would never be heard -- and his death would thus be confirmed. Hu Sheng would soon attain word of his brother's death, and would thus give a pledge of surrender to the camp of Zhou. Following Hong Jin's consent, Hu Lei would rush to and fro to make preparations for the former's arrival through the pass. However, a woman by the name of Mother Fiery Spirit of Mount Qiuming would arrive shortly - and declare her desire to avenge the death of her disciple, Hu Lei. Seeing this as an opportunity to crush the opposition, Hu Sheng would order the Zhou flags to be stripped. As Hong Jin gazed at the Shang camp flying the flags of Shang once again, the former would grind his teeth and be resolved to show no mercy for their trickery. After Fiery Spirit had a special unit of 3,000 soldiers taken from Hu Sheng's total of 20,000, they would be specifically drilled and effectively equipped with large paper gourds. Fiery Spirit and Hu Sheng would thus appear for challenge before the camp of Zhou with their new "Fire Dragon" troops following the passage of seven days. When Hong Jin came to attack Hu Sheng, Fiery Spirit would use her special golden ray of light technique to blind the former while delivering a crucial blow to his flesh. As Princess Long Ji emerged from the camp to see disastrous flames spouting from every corner, she would begin to recite spells. However, she would be distracted by a sudden ray of light before feeling the blade of Fiery Spirit sink deeply into her body.

Chapter 72: Grand Completion at the Green Touring Palace

This chapter is titled "Grand Completion at the Green Touring Palace". When Princess Long Ji had realized that she had been stabbed, she would flee to the northwest without pursuit. As Hong Jin and the princess regrouped their remaining soldiers, they would immediately send an urgent report to Jiang Ziya. After receiving reprimendation from Jiang Ziya, they would thoroughly explain the arrival of Fiery Spirit -- and the disastrous resolution that resulted. Upon the hearing of Jiang's arrival, Fiery Spirit would emerge from the Shang camp immediately and clash blades with the former. At the same point in time in which Jiang Ziya would be crucially stabbed through the breast by Fiery Spirit, the new Zhou camp would roar with flames once more. As the distance between Jiang and Fiery Spirit drew closer, the latter would manage to hit him with a hammer and thus move forthward to put an end to the rebel leader. Unexpectedly however, Paragon would suddenly appear and use his Haze-Sweeping Shirt and Heaven Overturning Stamp to effectively absorb the latter's light and smash her skull into two. With Fiery Spirit now dead, Paragon would take her golden coronet (the item she had previously used to create light). After healing Jiang Ziya's wounds and bringing him to his feet, Paragon would head to the Green Touring Palace in order to return the former's coronet. While making his way to the Good Dream Pass, Jiang Ziya would suddenly catch sight of his destined enemy from the skies: Shen Gongbao. In the former's attempt to hide himself in a thick neighboring forest along the path, Shen Gongbao would catch sight of Jiang Ziya and effectively order him to come forward. Grimming with delight over this chance to attain revenge, Shen Gongbao would slash continuously at Jiang Ziya with his sword. Due to being old and seriously wounded, Jiang would flee at the greatest of speed atop his horse lest he were to be killed. Using his legendary Sky Breaking Pearl, Shen Gongbao would send Jiang Ziya tumbling to the ground in a state of near death. Under orders from the Jade Emptiness Palace, Krakucchanda would unfortunately appear to sully Shen Gongbao's resolve. Now being fully aware of the situation, the former would flee quickly to the skies atop his pearl-coated tiger.

After effectively capturing Shen Gongbao with his Immortal Binding Rope,

Krakucchanda would order his genii to take the former to the Unicorn Cliff and await his punishment. After Jiang Ziya had been essentially treated with elixer by the former, he would express his inner dignity towards the immortal before heading back on his way. Krakucchanda would thus head quickly to Mount Kunlun to await Master Heavenly Primogenitor's judgement upon Shen Gongbao. Upon Primogenitor's arrival at the Unicorn Cliff, he would order for Shen Gongbao to be placed under the mountain until Jiang Ziya had created the gods. Shen Gongbao, however, would manage to avoid such a fate by vowing that if he were to attack the former again, may his body be thrown into the North Sea. Heavenly Primogenitor, Krakucchanda, and Shen Gongbao would thus head to their own separate paths after such an oath had been created. As Paragon had arrived at the Green Touring Palace, he would wait for a long period of time before the gates had been opened by a lad to hear his request. As the former entered the palace and stood before the Nine Dragon Lignaloe Platform, he would kowtow before Grand Master of Heaven with Fiery Spirit's golden coronet in his hands. With no true resentment over his disciple's death, he would declare to the former that if any of his comrades were to ever act against his word and attack Jiang Ziya, it won't matter to him if they were to also meet their own end. After Paragon had emerged from the palace, he would be forced to flee back to Grand Master of Heaven's residence three separate times due to the unparalleled hatred and vows of revenge that the latter's disciples felt towards Paragon.

Chapter 73: Yellow Flying Tiger Defeated at the Green Dragon Pass

This chapter is titled "Yellow Flying Tiger Defeated at the Green Dragon Pass". As Paragon returned to the annoyed Grand Master of Heaven a third time, the latter would angrily call for his disciples to show their face before him. After the Grand Master had reprimanded his disciples, Paragon would finally be dismissed to head back to Nine Immortal Mountain as he intended. Multi-Precious Immortal, a disciple, would think of a scheme to attain revenge against Paragon and would thus declare to his master that the latter would continuously denote their religion as being heretical and full of hairy foul beasts. As each disciple agreed with the former's words in full unison, and the latter believed their words, the Grand Master of Heaven would tell Multi-Precious to head to Jiepai Pass and set up an Immortal Slaughtering Trap. Before Multi-Precious was to take his leave to the pass, Grand Master would hand him the four Fairy Swords in addition. At this same point in time, Wei Hu would manage to find Jiang Ziya within the forests neighboring the Good Dream Pass -- and he and the other generals would thus rejoice over such news. After Jiang Ziya had effectively reorganized his army following the passage of three days, Hu Sheng, in a state of turmoil and confusion, would submit his second pledge of surrender to the camp of Zhou. Once Jiang Ziya had effectively consented to the pledge and appeared before the pass at dusk, Hu Sheng would kneel to the ground and beg for pardon. The latter, however, would be considered as untrustworthy due to his past obstinance -- and would thus be executed without any true remorse. Following the execution, Jiang Ziya would appoint Qi Gong as garrison commander of Good Dream while he returned to Sishui in order to report everything to King Wu.

Back at Green Dragon Pass, Shang commander Qiu Yin would personally demand to see Yellow Flying Tiger the day after his first general had been slain on the battlefield. Huang Tianxiang, the third son of Yellow Flying Tiger, would gallop forthward and cut down Gao Gui of Shang in a single breath. Astonished by the former's prowess and at the same time seething with rage, Qiu Yin would rapidly thrash his silver lance at Huang Tianxiang with equaled skill. As two other Shang generals immediately drew their swords to defend their commander,

Huang Tianxiang would manage to land two blows upon Qiu Yin's flesh out of distraction; and the latter would thus retreat. With healed wounds and torn pride, Qiu Yin would charge from the pass and clash blades with Huang Tianxiang once again. Huang Tianxiang began to experience great difficulty against the former's spirit that seethed with revenge -- and he would thus quickly land a crucial blow to Qiu Yin's heart mirror which would send him fleeing with blood gushing profusely. As Qiu Yin's hatred was further heightened by Yellow Flying Tiger's three-day attack upon his pass, Chen Qi would finally arrive with food supplies and ensure his commander that he will become the incarnation of his vengeance. When Chen Qi thus approached the Zhou camp the following day, he would be engaged by Deng Juigong -- who was considered no more than a fragile baby compared to the former's prowess. With immense confidence, Chen Qi would summon forth his Flying Tiger soldiers to bind up the latter while his yellow gas forced Deng Juigong into a senseless state. As Chen Qi thus bound Deng Juigong and threw him before the feet of Qiu Yin, he would be executed immediately for saying words of treason to the latter. Once Yellow Flying Tiger had heard of such words, Tai Luan could not control his emotions over the death of his master -- and he would thus violently clash his blade against Chen Qi's the following morning. After the former had been caught with ease, Chen Qi would confidently challenge the three remaining sons of Yellow Flying Tiger the next day.

Chapter 74: Combat Between Two Generals

This chapter is titled "Combat Between Two Generals". As the three sons of Yellow Flying Tiger lashed their swords with refined ability, Chen Qi would have no choice but to immediately spat forth his yellow fog smoke and bind Huang Tianlu, the eldest. The day after Huang Tianlu had been thrown into jail, Qiu Yin would leave his pass in great eagerness to attain his long-awaited revenge against Huang Tianxiang. Upon Qiu Yin's arrival at the Zhou camp, Huang Tianxiang and Qiu Yin would violently clash their blades with rivaled renown. Unfortunately for Tianxiang however, Qiu Yin would wave a mysterious red pearl in his face which would instantly encourage drowsiness. As Huang Tianxiang was thus thrown before the commander's feet in the Shang pass, Qiu Yin would execute the former immediately once being further ridiculed. After Yellow Flying Tiger had heard of Tianxiang's execution, he would faint to the ground in a state of unparalleled grievence. After Yellow Flying Tiger had sent an urgent report of the situation to Jiang Ziya, both Deng Chanyu and Nezha would immediately head to Green Dragon Pass in order to offer their assistance. When Nezha gazed at the corpse of Huang Tianxiang hanging from the pass's wall the following day, the former's rage would burn like fire as he charged his lance at Qiu Yin. Unfortunately for Qiu Yin however, his red pearl would have no effect on Nezha -- and would only result in him fleeing with broken bones. During the latter's retreat, Earth Traveler Sun would arrive shortly to offer what he could. At that same night, Sun would secretly check on the condition of Tai Luan and Huang Tianlu before releasing Huang Tianxiang's corpse from the wall. As Yellow Flying Tiger gazed at Tianxiang's body laying along the pass, he would refuse to see any more of his sons lose their lives -- and would thus order Huang Tianjue to remain at the Western Foothills with his deceased brother. Once the Shang forces had realized the happening of Huang's body, Chen Qi would angrily storm out from their gates the following morning only to be challenged by both Earth Traveler Sun and Deng Chanyu. As Sun lashed violently at Chen Qi, the latter would easily be able to bind the former with his yellow gas ability in short time. With fear in her heart, Deng Chanyu would immediately fling two pebbles at Chen Qi: one to the back and the other to his mouth. Now with a broken spinal column and a mouth gushing with blood,

Chen Qi would have no choice but to return to the pass with his current prisoner.

Unfortunately for Chen Qi and Qiu Yin however, they knew little about Earth Travler Sun's ability to escape underground -- and they thus lost the chance to kill their new prisoner. As Zheng Lun returned that same night with extra food supplies, he would hear of his new rival in ability, Chen Qi, and would thus lust to meet him on the battlefield for the sake of his pride. Once both Chen Qi and Zheng Lun had met eachother the following day, Chen Qi would manage to get the best of the former before they both unleashed their individual beams of gas. At this point in time, the two warriors would fall asleep due to their opposite's technique -- and they would thus be dragged back to their respective camps by their individualized soldiers. When Chen Qi returned to face his destined foe once more the following day, he would declare a personal battle of honor with Zheng Lun that discluded magic attributes. As these two warriors battled from dawn till dusk to determine the superior, Yellow Flying Tiger would consent to Nezha's surprise attack upon Green Dragon Pass's gates. At the time of dinner, Han Rong would write a report to the king on the war situation, asking him to send reinforcements for the sake of their pass. After hearing great commotion roaring about within the pass that night, Qiu Yin would charge from his camp and see many generals of Zhou clashing their cutlasses against the forces of Shang. Unfortunately for Qiu Yin, he would have no choice but to escape from the pass atop his dust cloud at great speed once being surrounded by Yellow Flying Tiger and his generals. At this point in time, Chen Qi would lose his life by the hands of Zheng Lun and the Zhou forces would effectively seize the pass. As Nezha reported their success to Jiang Ziya at Sishui, a grand celebrational feast would take place that night.

Chapter 75: An Attempted Theft Ends in Failure

This chapter is titled "An Attempted Theft Ends in Failure". Once Thunder Quaker was wounded in addition by Yu Hua's dagger, Yang Bliss would arrive shortly and conclude that he suffered from some type of poison. Deciding that he would meet Yu Ha himself, Yang Bliss would purposely allow himself to be hit in the right arm by the former's dagger so that he could flee back to camp and analyze his wound. With no knowledge of what type of poison flowed from his blood, Yang Bliss would immediately see his master, Jade Tripod. After being informed that the dagger had originally been converted by Yu Yuan of Penglai Island, and three pills are needed from him directly in order to nullify the poison, Yang Bliss would disguise himself as Yu Hua and head to the island. By telling Yu Yuan that his dagger had been redirected into his own flesh while fighting against the Zhou forces, the latter would immediately hand his pseudo-disciple his desired pills. Once Yang Bliss had thus left the island, Yu Yuan would conclude that it was relatively impossible for his dagger to be redirected, and Yu Hua's wounds wouldn't have allowed for him to come from such a grand distance due to the dagger's deathly attributes. Now knowing that he had been tricked, he would pursue Yang Bliss through the clouds -- but would only end up fleeing back to Penglai Island after suffering from the former's Sky Barking Hound. Back at the Zhou camp, Yang Bliss would meet Yu Hua on the battlefield once more the next day -- and Thunder Quaker would fight in addition to attain his personal revenge. Unfortunately for Yu Ha however, his beast could not take beating from the two individuals and thus allowed an opening for Yang Bliss to severely wound Yu Ha -- resulting in the latter's death.

As Han Rong sat in desperation at the reported death of Yu Hua and the lack of desired reinforcements, the former would be confronted by a man by the name of Yu Yuan who had arrived in the name of avenging his disciple. With great delight over the turn of his fortune, Han Rong would feast with the latter before he left to challenge Yang Bliss for revenge. After realizing that Yang Bliss was not present at the Zhou camp, Yu Yuan would charge his blade at Jiang Ziya to unveil his rage. Even after unleashing his Golden Light Katana, Yu Yuan would have little choice but to flee back to the Shang pass once he was attacked by

generals Wei Hu and Li Jing in addition. Earth Traveler Sun, who gazed at Yu Yuan fleeing atop his camel, would lust to steal the latter's mount due to its superb attributes. Deciding not to risk this chance by discussing it with Jiang Ziya, Sun would burrow through the ground and effectively arrive within Sishui Pass during the second watch that night. As Yu Yuan sat with his eyes closed, deep in meditation, he would hear an individual stealthily moving about through the pass -- and would thus feign many snores as to ensure that this suspicious individual knew he was asleep. Once Earth Traveler Sun had effectively seen Yu Yuan fast asleep, he would quickly beat him across the head a few dozen times. Confused that his beatings did not budge the former to any extent, he would decide to deal with him later and just take his mount for the moment. Once Sun had thus mounted Yu Yuan's camel, it would at first ride to the skies but would immediately return to its original position on the ground shortly. Not having any time to react over the camel's unexpected defiance, the earth traveler would suddenly find his head being firmly gripped by Yu Yuan's palm. By finding many exceedingly deep burrow holes across the pass, Yu Yuan would confirm that this dwarf must have been traveling underground -- and he would thus present the latter to Han Rong with his hands clutching Sun's head to present escape.

As Yu Yuan thus presented the thief before Han Rong, the former would ask for the Universal Bag that was present beneath his cushion. With the desire in mind to burn Earth Traveler Sun alive within the bag, a large fire would be immediately constructed by the soldiers of Shang. Unfortunately for Yu Yuan however, Krakucchanda would be informed of the situation by White Crane Lad and would thus snatch the Universal Bag that held Sun in short time. As Yu Yuan glared at Krakucchanda from the skies with seethful rage, he would vow his life upon the chance to kill the latter. Following Krakucchanda's arrival at the Zhou camp, Jiang Ziya would have sentenced Earth Traveler Sun to death for his impulsiveness if it wasn't for the former's pursuation. Once Yu Yuan had continuously called for Krakucchanda to show himself the next day, Jiang Ziya would appear instead with the resolve to take him captive. Being thrashed about across the ground in desperation over Yu Yuan's keen renown with his sword, Krakucchanda would immediately appear and bind the latter with his Immortal Binding Rope. Back in the camp of Zhou, Jiang Ziya would order Yu Yuan beheaded; but each attempt to behead the latter would result as a mere scratch to the neck. After the failed attempt of Wei Hu in addition, Krakucchanda would order for Yu Yuan to be locked inside an iron box -- which would be thrown deeply into the North Sea. By combining the elements of metal and water into

one, Yu Yuan would easily break through the iron box and return to the Green Touring Palace.

Even though he escaped from the box, he would still be tightly bounded by Krakucchanda's rope and would thus plead to his master, Mother Golden Spirit, to confront the Grand Master of Heaven so that such an issue could be ammended. Once each disciple had seen Yu Yuan in such a desperate state, their rage would burn even brighter against the immortals of Zhou. After the Grand Master of Heaven had essentially released Yu Yuan from his tight bonds, the latter would leave from the palace with one true desire: to attain the head of Krakucchanda no matter what it would take. As Yu Yuan thus gave challenge the following day, with the retortion of Jiang Ziya, the former would violently charge his blade into the latter's flesh. Without delay less the latter would be killed by Yu Yuan's great prowess, Krakucchanda would immediately bind the immortal with his seconday binding rope. With confusion in his mind over Krakucchanda's subordinate rope, Yu Yuan's fear would be heightened as Lu Ya arrived at the Zhou encampment. With detmination to kill Yu Yuan for his past treachery, no matter how justified it may have been, Lu Ya would remove the lid from his gourd -- thus releasing a brilliant white light that would pierce through the clouds. As the great beam of light revolved in the air several times, it would come crashing down like an enormous blade to clieve the unfortunate Yu Yuan into two halves. With Yu Yuan now dead, Lu Ya would burry his body and then take his leave. Back in Sishui Pass, Han Rong would soon attain a report on Yu Yuan's passing. After holding a military conference to determine their resolution, it would be concluded that each individual soldier should pack their treasured belongings in carts to be transported into the mountainous regions: they're temporary home. Han Sheng and Han Bian, the two sons of Han Rong, would immediately meet with their father to state their personal resolve.

Chapter 76: The Occupation of Sishui Pass

This chapter is titled "The Occupation of Sishui Pass". Once Han Sheng approached his father, Han Rong, he would spout many great words of devotion and loyalty towards his country. Even though Han Rong remained rather hesitant in order to ensure the safety of his subjects, he would smile in admiration at his son's resolve. To boost the confidence of their father, Han Sheng and Han Bian would both go to the drilling grounds and unleash the renown of their Ten Thousand Knife Vehicle. With a mere few chants, this technique had the ability to unleash an unparalleled amount of strong winds across the ground -- effectively allowing any object present to be absorbed and launched at will due to being controlled with magic. Han Rong, who was rather confused at how his two sons could attain such a powerful technique, would be told that it was attained by Fa Jie, an official of Morning Song, who simply wished for this ability to be their entity of resolve. Now in a state of high morale, Han Rong would order 3,000 soldiers of the Shang forces to be dressed in pure black armor and individually equipped and drilled effectively with thousand knife vehicles. As Han Rong and his army thus set out to challenge Jiang Ziya, the latter would immediately present himself with his own army -- determined to defeat his opposition one last time. After Han Sheng had clashed violently against Wei Ben, the former would retreat temporarily while signaling his three-thousand soldiers to unleash their individual vehicles. Caught immensely unsurprised, over eight-thousand soldiers of the Zhou army would be completely slaughtered by their own weapons and other controlled objects that ran amok through the air in a mere few moments. With unparalleled fear, the remnants of Zhou would flee back to camp in quick pace. For the sake of his honor and dignified spirit to the Shang Dynasty, Han Rong would call off the slaughter so that he could personally kill Jiang Ziya in the future. With this resolve set in his mind, Han Rong would order a night surprise attack with his three-thousand soldiers of Shang. Like great waves of blackness hidden under the veil of night, the army of Shang stealthily ran through the camps of Zhou slaughtering soldiers right and left. With corpses littered in every direction, Jiang Ziya would desperately flee atop his horse for miles with his remaining soldiers. After being pursued by the forces of Han Sheng and Han Bian for a great while longer,

Zheng Lun would finally arrive with his crow troops and clash blades against the former. In great personal fear at the sight of the Shang army's destructive vehicles, Zheng Lun would immediately unleash his two white columns of light to place his neighboring enemies in an unconscious state. With immense luck on the side of Zhou, all 3,000 soldiers of Shang would unfortunately lose their superior magical abilities as Han Sheng and Han Bian were seized by Zheng Lun.

As Han Rong and his forces had thus retreated due to their loss of power, and general morale, the Zhou forces would toast each other over their luck-won victory. Once it had been reported that the army of Zhou were calling at the gates of Sishui the following day, Han Rong would personally climb the city wall to hear them out. Jiang Ziya would shortly present himself before the gates with the former's two sons in a captive state. Han Rong, who immediately offered the pass if his two sons were to be spared, would only stand in agony as he saw their heads tumble to the ground after spouting threatening words to Jiang Ziya. With rage and sorrow that was equivalent to the very heavens, Han Rong would jump from the city walls to his death. Following Han Rong's death, Jiang Ziya would thus seize Sishui Pass and pacify the people. At this same point in time Paragon would be approached by White Crane Lad at his green touring bed -- and would thus be asked to assist in the Immortal Slaughtering Trap's destruction. Upon the hearing of such a need, Paragon would call for his disciple, Nezha, and toast him with wine and dates. Just before Nezha was to be dismissed, he suddenly grew three heads and six additional arms. With this transformational ability that could be activated upon the user's will, Nezha would effectively be able to carry six different treasures before departing from his master to assist Jiang Ziya. Just as the Zhou forces were planning their assault upon Jiepai Pass, Yellow Dragon would arrive from the skies and ask Jiang Ziya to create a reed pavilion in preparation for their attack upon the Fairy Immortal Trap. Following the pavilion's construction, each superiorman and disciple would attend to the former location while each general of Zhou protected Sishui Pass and King Wu. As each superiorman had finally arrived, Multi-Precious would clap his hands to completely expose his trap to the competitors that stood before him. A great air of death and cold misty winds would shoot forth from the trap -- thus putting the superiormen into great misery and fright.

Chapter 77: Transformation Into Three Fairies

This chapter is titled "Transformation Into Three Fairies". As each superiorman gazed at the four fairy swords pointing in different directions while entering the trap, Multi-Precious would suddenly rush forth and clash his duel swords against his hated enemy: Grand Completion. After a lengthened battle between these two individuals, Grand Completion would have no choice but to use his Heaven Overturning Stamp against the former lest he were to be killed. While Multi-Precious thus retreated with his newly established wounds, the superiormen would meanwhile flee back to their reed pavilion. Heavenly Primogenitor would arrive from the skies in his Nine Dragon Lignaloe Carriage shortly afterwards -- and would be welcomed with immense gratitude. Once midnight had arrived, Multi-Precious realized that Primogenitor was now present and would thus head out to retrieve the Grand Master of Heaven in order to defeat their new foe. As the following night had approached, Burning Lamp would gaze in the direction of the trap and see the Grand Master of Heaven sitting atop his throne while in attendance with each of his disciples. Heavenly Primogenitor would order his disciples to enter the Fairy Immortal Trap the next day in ten pairs of two. As the Grand Master of Heaven confronted Heavenly Primogenitor and his disciples, the former would reprimand Grand Completion as the reason to his arrival. Even after having the issue elaborated, Primogenitor would relatively agree with Grand Completion's false statement -despite its foulness- thus sending Grand Master of Heaven away with the resolve to prove his superiority. When Primogenitor had thus entered the trap to prove the former's words as mere folly, the Fairy Slaying Sword would fall from the gate atop the latter's head; but lotus flowers would immediately appear to negate all possible harm. With no intention to destroy the trap until his other brothers had arrived, he would exit and await their arrival. Once Lao Zi had arrived in a few moments, he would tell Primogenitor that if the Grand Master of Heaven were to continue in his defiance the latter should be put before the Jade Emperor for trial.

The Ten Crucible Battle Formation

The Ten Crucible Battle Formation is a set of ten fictional--and impractical--battle formations employed by the Welkin lords of Golden Crab Isle. This is truly known as the Grand Old Master's trump card during his campaign against Jiang Ziya.

Heaven Extinguishing Battle Formation

Welkin Lord Qin - - Within Lord Qin's battle formation, the forces of Heaven, Earth, and Man are all combined as one. The straight must be mixed with the foul within this process. Due to the immense intensity of this formation, any mortal that is to enter will be immediately turned into nothing more than ash.

Earth Quaking Battle Formation

Welkin Lord Zhou - - Within Lord Zhou's battle formation, laws of geomancy and physics are employed. All varied forces such as fire, wind, and so forth, are invested into a single flag. Whenever the flag may wave, great fire and wind will spew forth. Any individual that may enter this formation will be burned alive and nothing more.

Howling-Gales Battle Formation

Welkin Lord Teng - - Within Lord Teng's battle formation, the wind plays a major role. Whenever the wind is to howl, thousands of knives and daggers will appear from all directions; not even the thickest of armor could withstand the sharpness.

Frozen-Glacier Battle Formation

Welkin Lord Yuan - - Within Lord Yuan's battle formation, glacial ice is present. On top of this "glacial ice" lays mountains of knives and swords guided by thousands of lightning bolts. Of course, survival is of little probability upon the entering of this formation.

Golden-Light Battle Formation

Welkin Lady Luminous Glo - - Within Lady Luminous Glo's battle formation, many giant mirrors will be fashioned atop poles. The great rays of the sun are harnessed on the surface of these mirrors and can be controlled by turning the poles angles. The heat is greater than imaginable, and thus death is inevitable.

Blood-Curdling Battle Formation

Welkin Lord Sun - - Within Lord Sun's battle formation, fierce wind plays the primary role. While combining fierce winds with black sand, it is utterly impossible for any individual to escape the formation. While inside, their blood will continuously curdle until imminent death.

Blazing-Flame Battle Formation

Welkin Lord White - - Within Lord White's battle formation, the Thunder Fire, Rock Fire, and the Triple Whammy Fire are the three main forces of fire. Killing radiation and heat will be present within this blazing-flame formation, and thus not even the most durable of individuals could survive.

Plummeting-Soul Battle Formation

Welkin Lord Yao - - Within Lord Yao's battle formation, a straw effigy is present -- and truly needed. By bowing before his effigy, any specific individuals soul can be stolen while their spirit is strangled. Certain death is obvious through this formation indeed.

Crimson-Water Battle Formation

Welkin Lord Zhong - - Within Lord Zhong's battle formation, a giant trigram platform is present. Within this platform, there are three magic gourds containing varied deadly fluid to burn away any unfortunate individual that happened to enter the formation.

Scarlet-Sand Battle Formation

Welkin Lord Wang - - Within Lord Wang's battle formation, great illusion is present. While the individual is seemingly walking across blood-red sand, they are truly walking across millions of tiny knives -- as small as each grain of sand.

Investiture of the Gods

Feng Shen Yanyi

by

Xu Zhonglin



Investiture of the Gods

or

Feng Shen Yanyi

by

Xu Zhonglin

The Investiture of the Gods also called *The Creation of the Gods*, or simply by its native name *Feng Shen Yanyi*, meaning “*Inauguration of Doctrines Dramatized by the Gods*,” is an ancient masterpiece. Published around the 16th-century, it has been claimed a “novel” merging mythology, folklore and history. As to its key thematics, *Investiture of the Gods* features a work that mostly personifies myths that narrate the Cosmogony of the World according to the space-time established by the Chinese mythology.

Editor

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1. The text, though partly abridged, amounts the supposedly original one hundred chapters.

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The Investiture Great Wall-Corridor ²



2. In the picture are the Spirit-Stars who assist the Jade Emperor to rule the human world. At the center, the figure spurring the bagua is thought to be Yin Jiao, the overseer. Each one represents one year of the Jovian orbit of 11.86 years. Thus they are called "Highest Years" (Tai Sui), which, like the solar zodiac, determine the destiny. The original painting is probably from 13th century, therefore before this publication of Xu Zhonglin. It is part of Chinese Major Historical and Cultural Site.

Chapter 1

King Zhou and Goddess Nu Wa

At one point in time as King Da Yi, of the newly established Shang Dynasty of China, walked through the royal gardens to gaze at the great beauty that laid before him, the Flying Cloud Pavilion suddenly collapsed. As a single beam from the pavilion fell towards the king, Prince Zi Shou grabbed hold of the beam and threw it aside. After ministers such as Shan Rong and Mei Bo gazed at the strength that the prince possessed, they advised the king to name him Crown Prince. Thus following the death of King Da Yi, Prince Zi Shou took the title of '*King Zhou*' and became the new ruler of the Shang Dynasty within its new capital Morning Song.

After seven years of prosperity within the Shang Dynasty, etches of evil tyranny begin to evolve in the heart of King Zhou. As the first rebellion thus took place on the second month of the seventh year, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, the head of civil affairs, went personally ride out upon his great dragon to subdue them at the North Sea district.

In the following day, the prime minister Shang Rong asked the king to head to the temple of Nu Wa in order to offer their condolences on her birthday. Following the latter's consent, the king and his entourage thus march from the capital's gates to the temple of Nu Wa.

As King Zhou enjoyed the palace's immense scenery after his arrival, he gazed into the eyes of Goddess Nu Wa — who sat behind a celestial curtain. Overtaken by her unparalleled beauty, King Zhou used his ink brush to write a poem of her valor upon a neighboring pillar within the temple. Even after being reproached by Shang Rong for what disaster the poem could bring about, the latter simply brushed him aside saying that it was nothing more than a literary representation of her beauty.

After the king and his entourage had returned to the capital, Nu Wa noticed the poem and immediately vow to end the Shang Dynasty due to the former's vile desires. Once she had arrived at Morning Song atop her phoenix, Nu Wa realized that King Zhou still possessed another twenty years of reign — and would thus live with lustful rage.

As she arrived at her temple, she summoned forth her three right-hand sprites: Daji, the thousand year-old female fox; Splendor, the nine-headed female pheasant; and Jade, the female lute. Thus following their summoning, Goddess Nu Wa told them to transform themselves into beautiful women in order to distract King Zhou from his state affairs — so that he would be overthrown in a further justified manner.

Back in Morning Song King Zhou seated in great depression over the incredible unattainable beauty that Nu Wa had possessed — and thus wished to not perform any action until he could attain her as one of his lovers. After effectively calling minister Fei Zhong to his presence, he suggested to the king that one-hundred women should be taken from each of the four Grand Dukes so that he might have an opportunity to find a woman that ranked in beauty with Nu Wa. With immense delight at such a grand opportunity, King Zhou rested for the night and would make his preparations in the following day.

Chapter 2

The Rebellion of Su Hu

The next morning, King Zhou prepared one letter for each of the four Grand Dukes stating that one hundred virgin women that possess at least a moderate level of physical beauty should be presented before the capital as soon as possible. As prime minister Shang Rong reminded the king that such an action would only bring out mass contempt and future rebellion, King Zhou saw his reasoning and withdraw the edict immediately.

When the eight-hundred marquises had appeared to offer their allegiance to the Shang Dynasty the following summer, Fei Zhong and You Hun became extremely influential in court due to the leave of Grand Old Master, and thus asked for many presents and additional bribes from the former wealthy classmen.

However, Su Hu, Marquis of Jizhou, refuted such compliances due to his fiery resolve to stand against such injustices fully. Due to such, Fei Zhong and You Hun grew rather hateful towards Su Hu throughout the future. As the nation's marquises and dukes had arrived at capital Morning Song to display their obeisance at the end of the year, the four grand dukes would be specifically placed before King Zhou and fully honored for great diligence in their duty.

After the four dukes had been well-feasted throughout the day, King Zhou returned to his inner chambers and discussed the current situation with his two favorite ministers Fei Zhong and You Hun. In a chance to force Su Hu to repent for his defiance, Fei Zhong declared to the king that the former possessed an exceedingly beautiful daughter that must be attained if the letter's ministers were to continue to trust his decision making.

After Su Hu had thus been summoned to the Dragon Virtue Court, King Zhou told the latter that if he was to attain his daughter, Su Hu would be granted great wealth, rank, and recognition within the dynasty of Shang. As Su Hu declined with many words of insult towards the king's lack of virtue, King Zhou became rageful and ordered Su Hu to be arrested. However, Fei Zhong advised the king that if he allowed Su Hu to return to Jizhou out of consideration and personal dignity, the people of Shang would look upon the king as a worthy ruler that listens keenly to his people's desires; in such a way, Su Hu's daughter could also be more easily attained.

Now settling down to an extent, King Zhou ordered Su Hu to be expelled from the court. As Su Hu thus returned to Jizhou, he considered his choices. If he was to give his daughter to King Zhou, ministers of the court would think of him as slanderous and immoral; if he refused to hand over his daughter, the king would most likely attack his prefecture with an army in order to ensure that his defiance could not spread further.

Carefully analyzing this, he decided it best to gather his own forces to fight Shang while he wrote a poem that represented hatred towards the Shang Dynasty upon the Meridian Gate inside the capital Morning Song.

After King Zhou had taken notice of this immensely defiant poem, he ordered a force of six armies to be placed under his command during the newly established attack upon Jizhou. As General Lu Xiong elaborated his suggestions to the king, it was decided that Grand Duke of the North, Chong Houhu, and Ji Chang, Grand Duke of the West, would lead a joint force against Su Hu's city instead.

At the capital hall, where the grand dukes and other high ranking officials were present, Ji Chang ordered an investigation as to why a loyal subject such as Su Hu would be deserving of punishment, while Chong Houhu unconditionally accepted the king's words and headed out immediately with his army.

Once Su Hu had attained word of Chong Houhu's movement towards his territory, the former ordered his soldiers to be well drilled to defend the city walls against the king's army. As Chong Houhu's army of 50,000 strong soldiers arrived before Jizhou, Su Hu grinded his teeth in frustration after hearing from an intelligence officer that Chong Houhu was the enemy commander due to his one-sided reasoning. Amidst the roar of cannons, Su Hu presented himself before Chong Houhu and elaborated the rationale behind his defiance. Chong Houhu became enraged at his words, and sent forth General Mei Wu to dispose of the former in a quick manner.

Su Quanzhong, the eldest son of Su Hu, intercepted Mei Wu, who was cut down by Quanzhong after following twenty rounds of fierce battle. Now that Su Hu's son had won the first victory, an all-out melee was unleashed between both forces resulting in Chong Houhu's eventual retreat. As the Jizhou forces thus returned to the city, it was decided that a surprise attack should be ushered forth that night upon the latter's stockades as to deal a critical blow to Chong Houhu's morale and attain potential assistance of other neighboring powers— such as the Grand Dukes — after they had heard of Jizhou's strength.

Once such a tactic had been fully employed at dusk, Chong Houhu fled to a newly established camp and drink his worries away at the thought of Ji Chang's future assistance. While his forces thus ignorantly slept for the night, Su Hu's forces charged forth with the furiousness of a tiger and slaughtered countless soldiers of Shang in mere moments. Now in a state of great fear for his life, Chong Houhu personally clashed his cutless against the resolved Su Hu until the former's generals ran to his assistance. As the Shang forces thus fled in majority, Su Hu called off their pursuit after twenty li³ of distance was traveled.

While currently fleeing through the stars of night with his generals, Chong Houhu came to the conclusion that strict defense should be employed for the moment while a messenger should be sent to Ji Chang in request for reinforcements. Unfortunately for Chong however, Su Quanzhong suddenly appeared before the light of the moon with his ambush-party completely determined to put an end to the former's life. With his immense renown and resolve, Su Quanzhong easily defeated three generals of Shang singlehandedly with his great dragon glaive.⁴

3. Chinese unit of distance, equal to about 0.6 km (0.4 mile).

4. A sword or a large curve blade fixed on the end of a pole; also, a light lance with a long sharp-pointed head.

Chong Houhu, who became exceedingly fearful over the former's skill, fled away immediately from the combat. In a state of distraction over his father's sudden choice, Chong Yingbiao received a deep wound through his left arm from Su Quanzhong's glaive — and thus fled for his life in addition.

As Su Hu held conference the following day, Quanzhong appeared before his father and elaborated his great victory in the previous night. With great joy, the former smiled in admiration at his son's prowess and thus made preparations for his next essential movement.

Chapter 3

Daji enters the Palace

As Chong Houhu thus regrouped his remaining forces, he'd grieve at their many past losses and what was yet to unfold. After General Huang Yuanji stated to the commander that it was currently best to ask Ji Chang for reinforcements, Chong Houhu resolutely refused lest the latter would be punished by the king for not already offering his promised assistance. Once word came out that a large military force was heading in their direction at an immense pace, Chong Houhu realized that it was none other than his younger brother, the renowned Black Tiger Chong Heihu, Marquis of Caozhou. With a total of twenty-three thousand soldiers, Chong Heihu declared assistance to his elder brother and thus left to Jizhou.

As Su Hu attained report on Black Tiger's arrival, he sat in utter frustration over the former's ability to use magic. Su Quanzhong, however, expressed little fear towards Black Tiger's magic renown and thus left the city to do battle with the latter. Even though Black Tiger arrived to simply discuss the situation with his old friend Su Hu, Su Quanzhong insisted to do nothing more than clash blades with the former after hearing of his physical prowess. Once the former and latter had thus begun their duel, Su Quanzhong noticed a large gourd present on Black Tiger's back — but continued to lash his dragon glaive forward with one resolve in mind, which was Chong Heihu's capture.

With little other choice, then Black Tiger opened his gourd which signaled countless celestial eagles to swoop down and peck their beaks into Su's flesh while black smoke oozed from his gourd profusely. After hearing of his son's capture, Su Hu flew into unparalleled frustration and thus concluded it best to kill himself by the sword after slaying his wife and daughter — lest they were to be killed once being taken prisoners following his defeat.

With such a thought in mind, Su Hu presented himself before his daughter with sword in hand utterly determined to preserve his honor until the very end. Just at this critical point in time, Black Tiger's second arrival was reported to Su Hu — and the latter thus made defensive preparations for the pass immediately. Black Tiger, who only intended on consulting with Su Hu, had no choice but to return to the Shang camp in frustration. Due to the former's continued obstinacy, the supply lines were secretly cut off at set intervals as to prevent Jizhou from attaining there needed provisions.

Within this moment of besiegement, Zheng Lun arrived and challenged Black Tiger with due determination. During their vigorous clash, Zheng Lun became aware of the latter's large gourd atop his back and thus immediately deployed his own magical ability which was the soul stealing beams from his nostrils. As Black Tiger was presented before Su Hu following his capture, he became grateful at the former's courtesy and thus took the place of honor.

Once Chong Houhu had attained word of his brother's condition, San Yisheng, supreme minister under Ji Chang, arrived and told the former that a letter of exhortation should be sent to Su Hu stating that he was to give up his daughter

on the condition that he reattains the title of Marquis of Jizhou — which would save the people from further suffering.

Following Chong Houhu's consenting, San Yisheng appeared before Jizhou and handed Ji Chang's letter to Su Hu immediately. Upon the reading of this letter, Su Hu became instantly enlightened at the West Grand Duke's rationale — and thus consented with great happiness and feasting. After asking San Yisheng to deliver his reply to Ji Chang with gifts of fine gold and satin, Su Hu made preparations to personally escort his daughter to the capital's palace.

Chapter 4

The Fox Sprite murders Daji

As Su Hu took leave from Jizhou, Black Tiger promised to the former that he would return his son immediately after arriving back at camp. With reciprocated dignity, both Su Hu and Black Tiger headed their separate ways to mark their conflict's true conclusion. Once Black Tiger had arrived back at the Shang camp, he explained the resolution of Su Hu and thoroughly reprimanded his elder brother for his disgraceful incompetence — vowing to never see him again.

With Black Tiger now returning to Caozhou, Chong Houhu felt immense shame and embarrassment at his former actions and thus returned to his dukedom immediately after filing a report to King Zhou. After Su Hu met with his newly freed son, Su Quanzhong, and explained to him about leadership over Jizhou while he was away, the former entered the inner palace to discuss the situation with his wife.

The next morning, Su Hu, and his tearful-eyed daughter, Daji, headed out in a carriage with three-thousand soldiers and five-hundred officers to make quick pace to the capital. Following the passage of many days Su Hu and his entourage arrived at a courier station within Enzhou and stay there for the night. However, there had been a rumor of an evil sprite that was lurking within this station for the past few years, and Su Hu thus constantly exchanged moments of reading his book of military strategy to ensuring his daughter's safety throughout the night — never daring to sleep for a single moment. Suddenly during the second watch at night, each candle flickered constantly throughout the halls and people screamed at the sight of a supposed ghost flying about.

Immediately with due vigor, Su Hu grabbed his iron staff and rushed to Daji's rear hall room — but his lamp suddenly burnt out forcing him to order a new lamp with due haste. Upon the entering of his daughter's room, he would be overjoyed to hear that she was only recently awoken once her father rushed into her room. As Su Hu thus returned to his room in relief at such a good omen that his daughter remained safe, little did he realize that the thousand-year fox had already seized Daji's body once Su Hu was busy attaining his secondary lamp. After several days following their setting out from Enzhou, Su Hu and his entourage finally arrived at Morning Song and present themselves before Prince Yellow Flying Tiger.

Once Su Hu had thus stationed his troops outside the city while Daji remained in the Golden Reception House, Fei Zhong and You Hun became angry at their lack of presents from the former following his arrival — and thus successfully encouraged King Zhou to put him to death the following day. As the following day arrived, Su Hu presented himself before the king in convicted robes stating that he deserves death for his past defiance.

With Shang Rong's immediate defense, Fei Zhong declared that if Su Hu's daughter was indeed very beautiful, she would be taken in while the former was freed; but if she lacked eloquence on the contrary, both of their heads should be displayed before the city's gates. As Daji thus bowed before the king with her full

condolences, the latter could barely control his inner lust and amazement at her colossal beauty and elegance. After immediately pardoning Su Hu for his crimes and placing him back at his original rank, King Zhou took Daji's hand and headed back to the Fairy Longevity Palace to fully enjoy his first night with her. With greatly displeased ministers, civil and military affairs were continuously ignored throughout the future as King Zhou enjoyed great pleasure with Daji from time to time. By thus setting aside exceedingly urgent matters, it seemed as if the Shang Dynasty itself was rapidly sinking into chaos...

Chapter 5

Cloud Dweller presents a Pine Wood Sword

This was the first chapter in which true chaos began to spread within the Shang Dynasty because of the King's new treasured concubine, Daji. In reality, this girl named Daji was truly killed and possessed by a fox specter, who plans on destroying the dynasty through Nu Wa's orders. When this chapter began, the man by the name of Cloud Dweller was currently searching around Tiger peak for medicinal herbs. After this renowned dweller of the clouds realized that there had been a thousand year old vixen in human form — as Daji — present within the kingdom, the dweller told his pupil to prepare for him a wooden sword — a sword that would sicken the vixen to death after a period of time.

After officials such as the Number One Grand Counselor Mei Bo had discussed the major issue of the kingdom with his fellow officials, it was soon decided that a large gong would be beaten and all officials of the kingdom would gather before the king as to show their dedication. After the annoyed King Zhou entered from his room to meet his "boring officials", he was not in any mood to listen and only wished to return to his precious Daji.

Both the Prime Minister and the Vice Prime Minister called out to their king, *"Sire! Our kingdom is in trouble. There are uncontrolled floods and droughts. The populace is suffering and restless. All the memoranda from the dukes have not been attended to. Your Majesty has not come for months to the morning assembly. Many urgent matters await your decision."* The king would generally turn a deaf ear to his officials primarily out of his ignorance.

After Cloud Dweller appears present before Zhou and engages in a long conversation, he departs and tells the king to hang his wooden sword over the door of the Longevity Palace. Thus, the chapter then ends following the departure of both the king and all of his officials. At the very end of this chapter however, the sword burnt through Daji's orders — it was mysteriously making her deathly ill.

Chapter 6

The Burning Pillar Torture

As the wooden sword was thus turned into ashes, Daji recovered in immediate pace. Still secretly remaining at Morning Song in order to inspect the outcome of his wooden sword, Master of the Clouds sighed at his inability to change the Shang Dynasty's destined outcome — and thus wrote a short poem upon the observatory wall within the market area so that all people could understand what future they were to experience. After thus returning to Mount Zhongnan people noticed the poem immediately and attempted to decipher its meaning. With no true success, Grand Tutor Du Yuanxian appeared, read the poem with partitioned understanding, and returned to his personal quarters to make up a report on what future the dynasty would experience if this evil specter was not effectively eradicated.

Upon the finishing of this report, Du Yuanxian gave it to Prime Minister Shang Rong so that it could be presented personally to the king. Once Shang Rong left to the royal palace to deliver it to King Zhou, he was admitted in with Yuanxian's report in hand. Reading the report fully, the king believed his words to be rather accurate but decided to have Daji's opinion on the issue. Daji told the king that the Taoist earlier was none other than a wicked sorcerer who spread rumors to put the dynasty into a frenzy, and Du Yuanxian was assisting this sorcerer with full intentions to ensure full unrest within the people and should thus be publicly executed. Shang Rong however, immediately retorted, saying that if Du Yuanxian was to be executed, his loyalty would not only be seen as mere rubbish but many ministers would rise up in addition to uphold his innocence.

King Zhou, who told Shang Rong that Yuanxian should be executed as to prevent further full unrest stories from coming about, immediately ordered royal guards to bound Du Yuanxian with thick ropes and chains. As the latter was thus dragged off to the palace gates, Supreme Minister Mei Bo stopped the executioners and immediately asked for an explanation from Prime Minister Shang Rong. After hearing the story fully, Mei Bo flew into a rage at Shang Rong's fear to uphold true justice within the dynasty — and thus grabbed the latter's arm while charging into the Fairy Longevity Palace to talk with King Zhou.

With uncontrolled anger, Mei Bo began to shout violently at the king for his ineptitude and thus was ordered to be executed immediately. Just before Mei Bo was to have his skull smashed, Daji told King Zhou to put the former in the gaols for now while a torture device known as the "Burning Pillar" was to be constructed as his destined punishment. While thus gazing at the king's atrocities and delusion, Shang Rong sincerely asked the king if he could faithfully retire from the dynasty lest he was to make any further mistakes in his old age.

Following the latter's consent, many ministers gathered at the Changting Pavilion to see their old comrade on his way that evening. Raising their cups to bid their old comrade farewell, Shang Rong wrote one final poem to express his inner grievance before taking leave with tearful eyes. Ignoring his ministers for several more days as usual, tyrant King Zhou obtained a report on the burning pillars completed construction. After Daji had thoroughly inspected the pillar's design,

she smiled with happiness and suggested to the king that tomorrow should be Mei Bo's day of punishment. The following day at the Grand Hall, Yellow Flying Tiger gazed at over twenty pillars being lit blood red — and sat in confusion as to why such objects would be in royal grounds. With Mei Bo's entrance into the Grand Hall, King Zhou sat in laughter at what was to soon befall the former.

Thus being stripped and chained fully against a burning pillar, a single deathly scream rang against the royal halls as Mei Bo's flesh and bones were turned to ashes. Now leaving the Grand Hall with his other comrades, Yellow Flying Tiger exclaimed his resolve to do whatever it takes to save the dynasty from it was supposedly destined downfall. With celebratory music and feasting resounding through the walls of King Zhou's inner chambers, Queen Jiang felt personal hatred over the newly heard burning pillar construction and thus ordered her attendants to prepare for her a carriage.

Chapter 7

Fei Zhong plots to depose the Queen

Following Queen Jiang's arrival at the Fairy Longevity Palace, she was approached by Daji with a single courteous bow before being escorted into the court. With the king thus fully enjoying the night by his queen's side, Daji began to dance with great eloquence and beauty. Not enjoying this stay by her husband's side, Queen Jiang reprimanded King Zhou for his continued delusion — and thus left the personal chambers of the court. Being rather angry and depressed over the queen's sudden words, King Zhou asked his precious Daji if she could dance once more to his delight. Falling to the floor with tears in her eyes, Daji exclaimed her worry towards the kingdom if the queen reported her actions to other ministers and nobles — resulting in her own death.

The king, now exceedingly angry, ensured to Daji that he would dispose of the queen shortly to ensure her safety. On the first day of the following month, Queen Jiang received congratulations from the royal concubines as a monthly custom. With Daji prostrating herself before the Queen, she was thoroughly humiliated over the former's words before taking her own leave. For being rebuked by the Queen so wrathfully in front of two other concubines, Daji discussed with Gun Juan, her maidservant, about how Queen Jiang should effectively be killed and replaced.

As King Zhou and Daji enjoyed the scenery of the gardens the following day, Fei Zhong attained a report on Daji's lust to kill Queen Jiang and thus pondered through night and day to think of a method — lest he was to be eventually killed for refusing her decree. Gazing outside his window, Fei Zhong noticed a tall bulky man by the name of Jiang Huan of East Lu that had come to repay the former with due respect and gratitude for his past consideration. With a plan now formed in his mind upon the latter's arrival, Fei Zhong immediately told Jiang Huan what to do while informing Daji in addition.

After being told to attend state affairs the following day by Daji, King Zhou was suddenly attacked by a disguised Jiang Huan — saying he should replace his own father as king for the sake of the Shang Dynasty's preservation. As Jiang lashed at the king with his dagger, he was brushed back immediately by royal guards and effectively captured.

Once Fei Zhong volunteered to personally interrogate the captive on the issue upon the entering of the Grand Hall, he reported to King Zhou shortly that the latter was a general under the Eastern Grand Duke — Queen Jiang's father. This duke had been ordered by Queen Jiang to put the king to death so that he could take the throne. After thus appointing Concubine Huang as Chief Justice for this case, King Zhou angrily charged back into the Fairy Longevity Palace asking about the issue with countless ministers. Not attaining any true knowledge of such a complicated incident, King Zhou passed an oral decree via the court herald onto Queen Jiang stating that she was to appear at the West Palace for trial immediately.

Following her arrival at the palace, Queen Jian pleaded her innocence personally to Lady Huang. As the former's words were accurately told to King Zhou

himself, Daji came forth from the shadows stating that the queen was simply pushing her own blames upon others with additional falsehood. It was thus decided that if Queen Jiang didn't confess the truth about the matter, one of her eyes would be gauged out as punishment. Lady Huang, who immediately ran to the Queen telling her to confess a false statement, simply gazed forth as a royal guard plucked one of the latter's eyes out after refusing the former's request with due resolve.

King Zhou, who became fearful of an attack by the Eastern Grand Duke or great condemnation from his ministers, was told by Daji that Queen should most reassuringly tell the truth after having her hands burnt to ashes by a boiling brass dipper. As such an action was resentfully decreed by the king, Queen Jiang sternly refused once more to confess any such crime — and thus lost her hands to the dipper in short time.

Regaining her strength after watching such a cruel scene, Lady Huang informed the king about her continued reluctance. In the former's great worry, Daji suggested to the king that Queen Jiang should be brought together to be tried with the accused Jiang Huan.

Chapter 8

Princes take Flight

As Jiang Huan and Queen Jiang was thus placed before the West Palace together, the Queen and Lady Huan wrathfully rebuked Huan for his evil treachery. At this same point in time, Crown Prince Yin Jiao and Yin Hong, who was playing chess, was immediately informed by Yang Rong of the current situation — and thus ran to the Western Palace in quick pace to meet with their mother. Gazing at their mother laying forth in a large pool of blood, the queen stated her final words to the crown prince to attain revenge before uttering one last breath before death. In unparalleled blood lust towards his mother's death, Yin Jiao grabbed his sword and sliced the neighboring Jiang Huan into two pieces after being informed of the latter's treachery.

Once Yin Jiao had impulsively shouted his additional desire to kill Daji, Chao Tian and Chao Lei — dubbed as the "Chao Twins" — immediately ran to the king at the Fairy Longevity Palace in fear and elaborated the crown prince's intentions. In resounding rage, King Zhou handed the Chao Twins his Dragon-Phoenix sword to personally put an end to both princes through decapitation. With the twins thus heading to the Eastern Palace, Lady Huang heard the king's newest decree and quickly told the two princes to take shelter with Concubine Yang at the Fragrant Palace for a few days.

As the princes thus arrived at Concubine Yang's residence, Chao Tiang and Chao Lei arrived shortly for inspection — but were barked away for their rude insolence. After the princes left to a greater area of safety — the Grand Hall with Yellow Flying Tiger — Concubine Yang decided to hang herself lest she was to be found out at a later time that she sheltered the princes. At this same point in time Lady Huang informed King Zhou of Queen Jiang's last saying before death, and the Chao Twins were ordered to head to the Grand Hall after elaborating their past failure. The princes arrived shortly before the Grand Hall and was met by Yellow Flying Tiger and many other ministers who angrily vowed to see His Majesty after hearing the former's unfortunate story.

Once Fang Bi and Fang Xiang — dubbed as the "Fang Brothers" — roared into the Grand Hall stating that King Zhou should be overthrown for his blatant tyranny, Yellow Flying Tiger and others stood silent in great frustration if such an action would truly be right. In justice's name, the two fang brothers each grabbed hold of one prince and charged forth from the palace gates stating boldly that they would escort the two princes to East Lu before raising their own army to uproot the evil tyrant.

As each minister sat in astonishment at what had just taken place, Yellow Flying Tiger solely stood forth in admiration of the Fang Brothers' exceeded loyalty. With the immediate arrival of the Chao Twins, they were informed of the incident with the Fang Brothers; being in a difficult situation, the two headed to see King Zhou in quick pace. After ensuring Yellow Flying Tiger with this task, the former headed out alone atop his divine Rainbow Ox. Following his immediate arrival before the two princes in the wilderness, he pleaded for the two children to put an end to their own lives; for if he was to kill them himself, his conscience

would never be the same; but if he was to refuse the king's order, he would receive death. After Prince Yellow Flying Tiger sat in frustration, he told Fang Bi to head to Jiang Huanchu at East Lu with the two princes while Fang Xiang was to see E Chongyu to encourage him to lead a two directional force against the capital with the former.

Handing Fang Bi his jade pendant as an expense, he headed back to the capital to report his failure — to the ministers' delight. Upon his report to King Zhou that evening, Daji suggested to the king that two generals should be sent immediately that night to pursue the two brothers with three-thousand soldiers in assistance. Once these two lest generals — Yin and Lei — approached Yellow Flying Tiger that night, the latter ensured their supply of men and horses to be ready at the fifth watch the following morning — lest his plans were to be foiled.

Being equipped with old and infirmed men the next morning as soldiers, the two generals simply sighed to themselves with the knowledge that they had no other choice but to continue Traveling for the past two days with the young princes, the four individuals arrived at a fork in the road: one direction leading east, and the other leading south.

The Fang Brothers decided it best that the two princes solely traveled either paths while they both traveled to the west; for the precious jade piece given by Yellow Flying Tiger might be a risky expense lest anyone in the future realized who it truly belonged to.

Thus telling the princes their resolution, they informed them that they would take refuge in any neighboring dukedom along the way and join their vanguard upon it was future advance to Morning Song. Following their tearful farewell, Yin Jiao declared that he would continue to head east until he met with his grandfather, and Yin Hong should head to the south.

Once his grandfather was to begin his troop mobilization upon the capital, Yin Jiao promised to inform his younger brother of his route so that he could additionally join in the attack. Thus parting in their separate ways, Yin Hong arrived shortly at a small village and sat down to eat a meal after declaring to the cottagers that he was none other than the younger son of King Zhou.

Following his immediate leave once paying his obeisance, Yin Hong entered the Temple of Emperor Xuanyuan along his way and slept there for the night in comfort. While Yin Jiao meanwhile continued his journey towards East Lu, he found himself in front of a Grand Tutor's mansion — as displayed from a board hanging from its gate. Being late into the night, the prince decided it best to rest at this mansion for now while he resumes early into the following morning. Knocking continuously without any answer, Yin Jiao decided to open the gates where he heard someone reciting over a poem.

Walking closer and elaborating the reason upon his arrival, Yin Jiao entered the mansion and saw none other than former Prime Minister Shang Rong standing before him to his immense surprise. As Shang Rong sat down to listen to the prince's story, he stamped his foot in unparalleled rage — and thus vowed to Yin Jiao that he would return to the capital with the former and directly petition His Majesty to abandon his course of action to save the kingdom. With Shang Rong thus forming his petition, Generals Yin and Lei meanwhile decided to split their

forces into two—one halve leaving the east, and the other to the south — after arriving at the original tripe fork road. Thus leaving their separate directions, they decided to meet at this specific fork road as an area of regroup after the princes was captured.

Chapter 9

The Prime Minister's Resolve

As General Lei continued to the south from day to night, the majority of his soldiers fell off their saddles in their tiredness; and a command for rest was thus ensued. With the intention to rest at a village for the night, a section of his soldiers roamed about through the pine forest to eventually find the Temple of Xuanyuan. Upon the entering of this temple, General Lei smiled in immense delight as he saw none other than prince Yin Hong sleeping soundly before him. Awaking the prince immediately, he allowed the former to personally use his horse on their travel back to the three staked road.

Meanwhile after two days of travel, General Yin arrived at a small village by the name of Fengyun where he noticed the residence of Shang Rong nearby. Upon his entering of this residence, it was decided that Yin Jiao would personally ride together with General Yin back to the capital while Shang Rong heads to the former location at a later time lest Yin was to be accused of private dealings with Shang Rong in the future. As Generals Yin and Lei thus regrouped at the three-forked road in due happiness over their success, Yin Hong and Yin Jiao wept together for their unfortunate situation.

Following their arrival back to the capital, Yellow Flying Tiger ground his teeth in explosive rage, declaring that he would personally slay Generals Yin and Lei with his sword before they ever were to be recognized for their one-sided merit. Ordering all ministers to quickly gather before the palace gates in defense for the two princes, Yin and Lei meanwhile attained a written report from King Zhou to put them both to death before the gates in quick pace. Seeing such a report, Supreme Minister Zhao Qi grabbed it from their hands and tore it to many pieces in his rage. Continuing in such a manner, Zhao Qi declared to every minister present to go to the Grand Hall and invite His Majesty to attend; for such was the perfect chance to admonish the simple-minded tyrant.

With Yellow Flying Tiger's four right-hand generals protecting the princes with their lives, and ministers banging the bells and beating the drums to attain the king's attendance, King Zhou simply wrote a decree to put an end to the princes for their unfilial behavior while remaining in his Fairy Longevity Palace. With the executioners thus pacing towards the two bound princes, Superior man Pure Essence and Grand Completion meanwhile roamed about through the heavens in great boredom. As they thus appeared above Morning Song and saw the two princes ready for execution, a grand gust storm ran across the heavens — putting every official and soldier present in fear.

With the sudden disappearance of Yin Hong and Yin Jiao following the end of the storm, this calamity brought great relief and joy in the hearts of each official, while King Zhou sat in wonder at such a happening. Now finally arriving at the capital of Morning Song, Shang Rong rose forth and heard the complete story of current happenings from Yellow Flying Tiger himself. In due resolve to be able to confront the emperors of yore in high honor and loyalty, Shang Rong immediately ordered the beating of bells and drums to force the foul King Zhou into the Grand Hall. As the king thus arrived before his desk, Shang Rong kneeled forward and

presented to the former his written report. Upon the reading of this report, King Zhou flew into great rage — immediately ordering Shang Rong to be beaten to death with the golden hammer.

Yelling back at the king with words of duty and love towards his past services in the name of the Shang Dynasty, Shang Rong knocked away the guards and jumped head-first into a stone pillar — effectively ending his life in a rather gruesome manner. As many ministers exchanged glances at such a horrific scene, King Zhou ordered for his body to be thrown into an empty field behind the capital in an expression of his dignity towards the former.

Chapter 10

The Discovery of Thunder-quaker

Seeing this tragedy in full form, Supreme Minister Zhao Qi additionally expressed his inner hate towards the king without a single ounce of fear. Upon being bound before a burning pillar as punishment, Zhao Qi became nothing more than ash to the wind in mere moments. Now returning to the Fairy Longevity Palace in great satisfaction over his barbarity, King Zhou personally approached Daji, explained the past incident with Shang Rong, and discussed with her how to get rid of Jiang Huanchu as a threat to the capital.

With no true thought-out resolution to such a problem, Daji called forth Fei Zhong for a suggestion. Fei Zhong stated that the four regional grand dukes should effectively be disposed of lest any ministers of Morning Song attempted to rise up in rebellion with any neighboring force. Jiang Huanchu would also be effectively destroyed as a threat to the capital if he was to join the other three grand dukes in execution.

Following the king's immediate approval of Fei Zhong's suggestion, four royal messengers were personally sent to each grand duke — Jiang Huanchu, E Chongyu, Ji Chang, and Chong Houhu — in quick pace. As one of four messengers arrived before the Western Foothills — Ji Chang's domain — and presented it before Ji Chang himself, the latter offered fine silver and gold to the messenger before ensuring his departure to the capital at a later time. After appointing San Yisheng as commander of internal affairs, Ji Chang went to his son, Bo Yi Kao, told him of his seven-year-prisoner prophecy, and how he should take care of state affairs following his departure.

Explaining the situation to many other ministers in attendance throughout the day, Ji Chang took his leave from the Western Foothills the following morning with fifty attendants by his side. As his party arrived before Mount Yan, a sudden rainstorm appeared with giant waves rolling down from each neighboring mountain top; it was as if an ocean was falling from the very heavens. After hearing a colossal thunderbolt shake the very earth, Ji Chang gave the order for his soldiers to find "the star of a warrior" — followed from the saying that a gifted warrior was born after the movement of lightning.

Upon the finding of a small newborn child with eyes like that of stars, Ji Chang told his men to find a local family that could take the child in. However, Master of the Clouds personally presented himself shortly before Ji Chang, stating that he would graciously take the child — newly dubbed as "Thunder-quaker⁵" — in as his own, and return him to the former once he had left Morning Song. As Ji Chang thus continued his journey, he arrived at Morning Song one day to be entertained in the company of the other three grand dukes at the Golden Reception House.

5. Sometimes also called as "Thunderbolt".

As the night flew and the four grand dukes enjoyed their wine to the fullest, E Chongyu, the Grand Duke of the East, began to spout words of hatred at Chong Houhu's actions in his drunken state. Being at a loss in judgment due to their state of mind, Chong Houhu and E Chongyu began to physically attack each other before Ji Chang forcefully pulled the two apart and sent them to their respective rooms. At the second watch that night, Ji Chang heard someone present at the reception house mutter that the blood of the grand dukes would stain the market walls the following day. Threatening to put every individual to death if the culprit did not show himself, the accused Yao Fu was thrown before Ji Chang's feet shortly. As Yao Fu, who was a relative of a royal messenger, told Ji Chang and Jiang Huanchu of the unfortunate past within the kingdom, Jiang Huanchu fell to his feet in misery over his daughter's cruel death while Ji Chang offered to create a petition in his behalf.

Vowing to personally see King Zhou over the death of his precious daughter, Jiang Huanchu declared to Ji Chang that he should form his own report on the case instead. When Fei Zhong learned of their arrival before the capital, he told King Zhou that he should ignore any report that was to be handed to him the following morning — and the dukes should be publicly executed without condition. As King Zhou arrived within the Grand Hall the following morning, he announced forth the four grand dukes immediately. When Jiang Huanchu handed his report to King Zhou and calmly accused the latter for his barbarity, the former's robes were removed to prepare for his immediate execution. However, the other three grand dukes rushed forth protesting Huanchu's innocence.

Chapter 11

The III Fortunes of the Grand Dukes

Seeing how King Zhou was to put Jiang Huanchu to death so blatantly, the other three grand dukes knelt before the king in shock and told the latter to reconsider his decision in the name of preserving his king-minister relationship. As Bi Gan spread forth their petition upon King Zhou's desk, he had little choice but to read it. Upon the reading of this petition, which elaborated the king's many wrongs, the latter flew into a great rage while tearing it to many pieces. Once the three dukes had been bounded immediately for such a slanderous petition, Yellow Flying Tiger and other princes knelt down and elaborated the grand duty and loyalty that the dukes fully showed throughout their many merits towards the name of the Shang Dynasty.

After hearing their story, King Zhou came to a new conclusion, *"Ji Chang would be specially pardoned for his exceeded virtue and due loyalty while the other two dukes were to be executed at once as previously stated."* Even with Yang Ren's continued plead to have mercy on the two remaining dukes, the king's decree was effectively carried out in efficient form nonetheless. Following King Zhou's return to his palace, each minister wept profusely at such a tragedy while the remaining attendants of the two newly deceased dukes fled immediately to their respective dukedoms in a chance to attain a future rebellion.

The two grand dukes were buried and Ji Chang made preparations to head back to his dukedom. Then Fei Zhong approached King Zhou and suggested to him that Ji Chang should effectively be destroyed lest he attempts to join forces with either Jiang Wenhuan of the East or E Shun of the South — the sons of the deceased dukes — due to his secret "inner treachery". By observing the former during his farewell feast, Fei Zhong could effectively determine if he was truly loyal to the dynasty. For if he seemed the least bit treacherous, he should be disposed of immediately.

As Ji Chang thus presented his farewell to the king and Prime Minister Bi Gan, he rode to the Changting Pavilion where he was warmly welcomed by many high ranked ministers. With happiness and due dignity present within each minister's heart, Ji Chang was merrily treated to volleys of wine in a celebratory feast. Once both Fei Zhong and You Hun arrived shortly, each minister became displeased and dispersed immediately at the sight of such criminals in their presence. With Ji Chang now alone with Fei Zhong and You Hun, the latter presented forth an especially large jug of wine equipped with extra-large cups for the former to drink from it.

As Ji Chang thus happily guzzled down several glasses, and became somewhat drunk, Fei Zhong purposely asked the former the fate of the Shang Dynasty. After stating that King Zhou would be the last monarch of the dynasty, and his rule would last for another decade or so, Ji Chang additionally foretold the rather strange death that Fei Zhong and You Hun would experience in the future: *"they will be frozen to death in ice."*

With expressive condolences towards Ji Chang's prophecies, Fei Zhong and You Hun shortly returned to the Fairy Longevity Palace to tell the king how truly foul the duke was. As Chao Tian — one of the Chao Twins — was thus deployed to bring back Ji Chang immediately by decree of King Zhou, Chao Tian arrived shortly before Ji Chang and rode back to the capital.

Once Ji Chang was presented before King Zhou, and received the death punishment, Bi Gan defended the former, saying that divination was simply meant to predict the success or failure of future events — and was most definitely not invented by Ji Chang or used for the sole purpose to create his own rash predictions whatsoever. After thus being forced to make a divination to see if it would come true, Ji Chang stated that the Ancestral Temple should burn to ashes at noon the following day.

With such a prophecy being reciprocated in real form, King Zhou flew back in astonishment at Ji Chang's sage-like qualities. However, it was concluded that Ji Chang would escape the death punishment — but would be forced to live within Morning Song's Yaoli District as to ensure no future trouble was caused through such divination. Once peace was to be restored in the capital, Ji Chang would be freed from such containment. Bowing in gratitude towards the king's grace, Ji Chang was welcomed merrily into Yaoli as a leader of the people who possessed void hate towards King Zhou.

One day into the future, Prince Yellow Flying Tiger received a report that Jiang Wenhuan was attacking Youhun Pass, while E Shun of the south was present at Sanshan. Now being fully rational over the rebellion of four-hundred marquises at present, he sighed with discontent before ordering his generals to protect the passes with all due haste.

Chapter 12

The Birth of Nezha

Present at Chentang Pass was none other than the renowned military commander Li Jing, who possessed the rare ability to travel through ground, metal, wood, or fire as taught by Superior man Woe Evading Sage. Currently with two sons — Muzha and Jinzha — and his wife, Madam Yin, Li Jing was in a strange situation: his wife was seemingly pregnant for over three years and sixth months, but never progressed into labor.

However, as Yin had a strange dream one night, she suddenly gave birth to this strange child the following morning. With maidens rushing about saying that a demon was present in Yin's chambers, Li Jing immediately rushed forth into her room and cleaved in two a strange fleshy ball that rolled to and fro across the floor. Within the ball emerged a small young child with hair as white as snow with a gleaming golden bracelet on his right wrist. Taking the young child into his arms, Li Jing and his wife were both very delighted at the sight of their new son.

As Fairy Primordial arrived shortly, and was happily welcomed into their territory, the former took hold of the child and declared his name to be '*Nezha*'. After containing consent that Primordial could adopt the child as his own disciple, Li Jing continued to train his soldiers fervently throughout the following seven years of time. As Nezha ventured outside of the pass one day with a guard after his seven-year nurturing under Fairy Primordial, Nezha arrived before the Nine Bed River which sparkled with the light of the sun. Determined to take a bath in this stream as an escape from the great heat of summer, Nezha immediately took his clothes off and used the Sky Budding Damask around his neck to wipe his body. Little did he know that each time this scarf touched the water the surface turned red when it swished about, and the ground beneath shook violently.

Ao Guang, the dragon king of the East Sea, thus ordered his yaksha⁶ scout, Li Gan, to find out the cause to each consistent tremors. After realizing Nezha to be the source of such tremors, Li Gan lashed his axe violently at the former in great rage — but only ended up losing his life shortly by Nezha's Universal Ring.

As Ao Guang was informed of his scout's death, Ao Bing eased his father Ao Guang with word that he would find out the reason for such an action. Experiencing great ridicule and arrogance upon the meeting of Nezha, Third Prince Ao Bing lashed forward his great renowned lance of jade. However, using both of his legendary items with synchronized ability, Nezha managed to strike the former dead — who thus returned to his original form, a silver dragon.

Being informed by Ao Bing's soldiers that his third son lost his life in addition, Ao Guang's rage pierced the very heavens as he transformed himself into a scholar to immediately see Li Jing on the issue. After angrily elaborating the issue to Li Jing, Ao Guang demanded to see Nezha in person without any moment to waste.

6. *Yaksha* is a nature-spirit-like that usually guards treasures hidden in caves and tree roots. He or she may be a friendly nature-fairy ally, but on the other hand also a dark ghost-like, which haunts in the ways and wilderness, and devours the travelers.

When Nezha appeared before Ao Guang and apologetically handed him his third son's tendon that was previously ripped out, the former flew into greater contempt declaring fully that he would personally see the Jade Emperor to ensure there punishment.

Feeling fully responsible for the great agony and frustration that his mother and father were now going through, Nezha declared that would see his master, Fairy Primordial, to see how he should deal with Ao Guang to ensure his family's safety. Using a dust cloud to move with great speed through the air, Nezha arrived shortly before his master's residence at Qianyuan Mountain.

Knowing fully that the minor actions of the past were destined to occur, and such a matter was not worthy to be placed before the Jade Emperor himself, Fairy Primordial first drew invisibility charms on Nezha and then sent him to the Virtue Gate of the Celestial Palace with his set instructions.

Arriving in moderate time before the Virtue Gate, Nezha gazed in great admiration at the beauty and elegance that revolved around him; such a sight truly was far too great to ever be present within earth. As Ao Guang eventually arrived through the gate, he rode swiftly towards the South Celestial Gate — determined indeed to see the Jade Emperor at once.

Yet realizing that such a gate was closed, a large pain suddenly erupted forth in his back as Nezha's Universal Ring landed a crucial blow to the former. Falling to the ground with Nezha grabbing hold of his neck, Ao Guang was truly in a difficult situation.

Chapter 13

Combat between two Fairies

As Nezha toppled about the dragon king and began beating him violently with his fist, the latter became even more infuriated. Determined to force Ao Guang to give up and return with him to the Chentang Pass, Nezha tore apart each individual scale upon his sides — effectively forcing the king to give in to such detriment. After Ao Guang had been ordered to take the form of a small lizard lest he attempted to escape, Nezha returned immediately to Chentang Pass in mere moments.

Upon his return before Li Jing, Ao Guang resumed his original form, stamped his foot in unparalleled rage, and vowed to gather the dragon kings of each of the four seas in his next attempt to see the Jade Emperor. With Li Jing in a state of rejuvenated frustration, Nezha effectively calmed his father down by stating that he had decreed existence upon the Red Dust by the Jade Emptiness Palace; and if any trouble was to be presented before the Jade Emperor in the future, his master, Fairy Primordial, would take care of the situation with precise accuracy.

As Nezha thus calmly walked off to his parent's garden after placing confidence in his father, he soon became rather bored and decided to climb the neighboring pass's watchtower to enjoy the afternoon breeze. After gazing forth at the great view before him, Nezha picked up a bow equipped with a set of three arrows that sat at the edge of this large tower. Deciding to better his archery technique, he shot one of three arrows — which glistened with brilliant crimson — into the southwest.

Truly Nezha little did realize that this bow was wielded by none other than Emperor Xuanyuan within the past — for only one of immortal ability could have the strength to wield it. With even greater misfortune, this arrow happened to pierce the throat of Blue Cloud Lad of White Bone Cave on Skeleton Mountain.

As such an incident was immediately informed to Lady Rock, the mistress of the cave, the latter vowed to attain revenge against Li Jing, the conjectured criminal of such an incident. Following Lady Rock's immediate arrival before Chentang Pass, she wrapped up Li Jing with her yellow-scarved genie without a moment of hesitation. After thus returning to her mountain with the latter, Li Jing told Lady Rock that he would immediately find out who the true murderer was upon his inspection of the sacred arrow.

As Li Jing called for Nezha and shortly realized that he was indeed the criminal behind this new incident, the former led Nezha to Skeleton Mountain atop a dust cloud. Once Pretty Cloud Lad, the secondary disciple under Lady Rock, approached Nezha to call him in to the cavern, Nezha determined this to be the perfect chance to knock the former out cold due to the calamity that should befall him in very short time anyways. Seeing her disciple near death on the ground, Lady Rock began to lash her sword at the latter in even greater rage.

Unfortunately for Nezha, his legendary items were absorbed into the former's sleeves with ease when he attempted to unleash them — and he thus had no choice but to flee immediately to his master at Qianyuan Mountain. Hiding in the peach garden immediately upon his arrival, Fairy Primordial left his domain to confront Lady Rock as she pursued the former. After yelling profusely at Fairy Primordial in her desire to confront Nezha, the latter retorted by saying that Nezha was destined to perform such calamities — and such an incident was only minor and of no real significance compared to his true future performance.

Realizing that his words were unfeared, and her only method to get past his resolve would be to approach his master at the Jade Emptiness Palace; the former decided to duel Fairy Primordial to prove her skill as being greater. Even with her magical item — the Dragon Beard Handkerchief — she proved inferior as the latter evaded and negated her every blow like the flow of water. Thus trapping her easily inside his great Nine Dragon Divine Fire Coverlet, Fairy Primordial glanced down at Nezha — who peered outside the cave — to head immediately to his family's residence due to the Jade Emperor's consensus of Ao Guang's request.

Thus telling Nezha what he should do during his arrival, Fairy Primordial clapped his hands to put the irrational Lady Rock to her rest in a pit of flames. Approaching the four dragon kings, who arrived shortly at his house, Nezha began to break his bones, gouge out his intestines, and slit his belly as a representation of the punishment that he deserves — and the innocence that was deserving of his parents. Seeing Nezha dead in a large pool of blood, Ao Guang and the other dragon kings consented to his sacrifice — and declared his parent's as innocent and free of any form of punishment.

Chapter 14

Reincarnation with Lotus Flowers

The soul of Nezha appeared before Fairy Primordial recently after his death. The fairy latter told Nezha to approach his mother in a dream and tell her to construct a temple on Jade Screen Mountain that was to be worshiped with incense and candles for over three years of time. Following the three years, Nezha would be able to reincarnate into his original human form once again. Thus continuously pleading to his mother for the construction of his temple so that he could rest in peace, she finally ordered her attendants to do as such — resulting in the temple's completion following the passage of ten months.

As Li Jing was naturally not informed of such a construction lest he attempted to tear it down in the future, many people soon gathered to worship before the beautifully articulated temple due to the seemingly good fortune that resulted in such worship. Descending one day from the Wild Horse Mountain after thoroughly drilling his troops, Li Jing noticed many individuals gathering around a neighboring temple that was supposedly dedicated to "God Nezha". Burning the temple down shortly and calming the people with the truth, Li Jing returned immediately to see his wife and reprimand her for such one-sided thinking.

As Nezha heard what happened through his temple secretaries, he headed to see his master at Qianyuan Mountain to explain the current situation. Realizing that Nezha was to be reincarnated as soon as possible without a single moment of delay, Fairy Primordial ordered his attendant, Golden Haze Lad, to retrieve two lotus flowers and three lotus leaves from the lotus pond immediately. Performing a special process with his lotus leaves and flowers shortly after being received, Nezha suddenly leapt forth in a new human body without the slightest defect following a puff of smoke. Bowing in unparalleled gratitude before his master, Nezha was trained immediately with the Fire-Tip Lance combined with his new Wind-Fire Wheels, and ended up mastering such an art in very short time.

Before leaving Qianyuan to attain revenge against Li Jing, Fairy Primordial handed the former his original legendary items — after being retrieved off of Lady Rock's corpse — along with a golden brick that could change its mass at the user's will. Riding upon his flaming wheels with quick pace, and arriving before Li Jing's residence shortly, several guards reported the former's arrival — and Li Jing had little choice but to see if what they said was really true. Appearing before Nezha in great shock due to his miraculous return, Li Jing slashed his lance upon the former — but only ended up fleeing to the southeast after experiencing the celestial renown that Nezha now possessed.

Pursuing the latter with great ease with his Wind-Fire Wheels, Li Jing knew that his life was to end shortly and thus fled for his life at the fastest speed he could muster. As Li Jing happened to fortunately run into his second son, Muzha, along the way, he immediately explained the situation with quick words while hiding behind the former. Appearing before Muzha, Nezha soon learned that the person standing before him was his second brother — and he thus told the latter his reason for such an action. Without any hesitation for sympathy on Nezha's part due to unfilial behavior, Muzha lashed his sword forth at the former — but only

ended up being knocked in the stomach by Nezha's golden brick after leaving an opening. Falling to the ground in moderate unconsciousness after receiving such a heavy blow, Nezha seized this chance to pursue Li Jing further in his amusement. Resolved that he would only end up with further calamity if such shamefulness continued, Li Jing prostrated himself on the ground in preparation for his ritual suicide. Just before such could be performed, Master of Outstanding Culture⁷ suddenly appeared to stop the former with immediate pace.

With a large revolving lotus within his palm, the Taoist immediately ordered Li Jing to hide in his neighboring cavern while he personally confronts the pursuer. As Nezha thus arrived before Master of Outstanding Culture, and realized that the former was hiding Li Jing in his cave, Nezha boasted that he would slash him to pieces with his lance if he was to continue to shelter his father without understanding the true situation at hand. After telling Master of Outstanding Culture his name, and the respective master that he had trained under, Nezha began to lunge forward at the Taoist master knowing it probably wasn't the best choice.

Immediately parrying Nezha's lance with the lotus flower within his palm, Master of Outstanding Culture unleashed forth his renowned Dragon Bound Stake — effectively placing the former's mind into great confusion and thus resulting in easy capture. As Nezha shortly realized that he was completely bound to a golden stake with rings around his arms and legs, Master of Outstanding Culture ordered his disciple, Jinzha, to beat him with his cane as punishment. After they both returned to their cave after giving Nezha a long and severe beating, Fairy Primordial arrived from the heavens to meet with Master of Outstanding Culture. Walking into the Taoist's cave while ignoring Nezha's pleas completely, the former declared to Outstanding Culture that he sent him here for the sole purpose of temperament. With Nezha thus being set free shortly, he kneeled with dignity before his master within the cavern.

As Li Jing was reprimanded for the cruelty of burning down Nezha's sacrificial temple, he was soon dismissed but ordered to show no further animosity towards Nezha from this point on — and vice-versa. With Nezha thus being ordered to keep watch of the cave entrance while the two superior men plaid a round of chess, the former could not contain himself and left to pursue Li Jing immediately atop his flaming wheels. Believing to be fooled completely by the previous immortal due to Nezha's refreshed pursuit, Li Jing fortunately caught site of a man sitting on the side of a pine tree — and thus called to the latter for assistance.

Running up to the man and hiding behind him, Nezha arrived shortly and explained the situation to this man, determined to vent his hatred. Giving in to Nezha's furiousness, the man spat on Li Jing and then clapped his hand to the former's back.

As Li Jing was ordered by this man to fight back Nezha with little other choice, Nezha soon realized that his father's strength was far greater than originally — and thus the man standing at the pine tree must be none other than a Taoist who was a master at the enhancement arts.

7. "Culture" also may be translated as "Colours."

Realizing that if he effectively destroyed the Taoist, his father's strength would not be surpassing his own, Nezha lunged forward and slashed his lance into the latter's forehead. As a lotus flower appeared before his face to negate Nezha's blow, the Taoist angrily unleashed forth his great golden pagoda from the heavens to trap the former within as punishment.

Clapping his hands to additionally signal a great fire to rage within the pagoda, Nezha had no choice but to beg for mercy and declare his acknowledgement to his father — thus seizing the chance of being set free. Realizing that he possessed not a single burn from the Taoist's great fire, Nezha deduced the former's ability to be none other than Genjutsu.⁸ Threatening to burn Nezha further in his pagoda if he did not kowtow to his father with needed respect, the former had no choice but to do so in a rageful state.

As the Taoist thus declared to Li Jing that he would teach him the burning pagoda art as a resistance against Nezha's potential future assaults, Nezha dismissed it first — and thus quickly rode back to Qianyuan Mountain in disappointment over his sullied vengeance. Now declaring his name to be Burning Lamp of Mount Divine Hawk, the former told Li Jing to forget about fame and riches under the Shang Dynasty and to live as a hermit in the neighboring mountain valleys until the preordained assault upon the dynasty comes his way; at that time he should assist King Wu in the campaign.

8. *Genjutsu* may relate to the *Kenjutsu* that is a general term for swordsmanship said originated with the samurai class of feudal Japan, which means "*the art of the sword*." However, along this book "*Genjutsu*" also adds the use of magical skills.

Chapter 15

Jiang Ziya leaves Mount Kunlun

Living within the Jade Emptiness Palace on Mount Kunlun, Celestial Primogenitor was honored as Grand Master of Chan Taoism. Through a past meeting between the heads of Chan and Jie Taoism, and Confucianism, 365 gods would be chosen in the future as to represent the constellations, stars, sacred mountains, clouds, and the such. Such a creation served as to set each individual who died for their respective cause in the future war between the Shang Dynasty and the coming Zhou, to be reborn as a guardian of the Red Dust to ensure their individual resolve lives throughout the stars. After the Shang Dynasty falls, Jiang Ziya was destined to be the chooser of such an outcome.

As Celestial Primogenitor thus ascended his Eight Treasure and Cloud Radiance Throne one day, and asked for Jiang Ziya to appear before him, the latter knelt with great dignity towards his master for over forty years of valued service. Telling Jiang Ziya immediately his destined assistance to the sage king and his service as commander and prime minister in the name of the future Zhou Dynasty, the latter became rather discomforted over such a sudden statement and desired to stay by his master for eternity instead. With little other choice then to obey his master's declaration, Jiang Ziya received a prophecy from Primogenitor before taking his leave of the mountain with tears flowing from his eyes.

Realizing his blatant confusion as to where he should start in his journey, he decided to head immediately to Song Village to see his sworn brother, Song Yiren. Arriving at the latter's residence shortly and offering his condolences, the two sworn brothers sat beside each other with cups of fine wine. After discussing with Jiang Ziya various events and other incidents, Song decided that his old friend was in need of a wife so that his family line could continue on — and thus the latter left to see Ma Hong to set up a future engagement with his daughter.

Returning later to tell Jiang Ziya his success, the two prepared for an auspicious day in which such a marriage could take place. Following the shortly arrived marriage with Madame Ma, the two lived for some time under the support of Song Yiren, who was exceedingly rich and possessed high status within the community.

As Jiang Ziya began to make bamboo rakes as a form of business at Capital Morning Song lest anything was to happen with Yiren's support within the future, he unfortunately was not able to even sell a single rake — and thus returned to his original residence with great misery and frustration in short time. After attaining suggestion from Yiren that flour made from ground wheat would result in much better sale within the capital, Jiang Ziya carried the flour to Morning Song the following day in great confidence.

However, disaster only became greater as Jiang Ziya was tackled furiously by a horse raging from Morning Song's drilling ground, resulting in flour spilling in every direction. Returning to his residence without a single cent made from the flour, Jiang Ziya began to violently quarrel with his wife over such ill fortune experienced in the past. As Yiren took his old friend aside to comfort him over his

bad luck, the former declared to Jiang Ziya that he could work as an accountant or shopkeeper daily in one of fifty restaurants that he possesses within Morning Song. With immense gratitude over his brother's suggestion, Jiang Ziya assigned himself to a large restaurant that neighbored the southern gate of Morning Song — the busiest section within the city region. Unfortunately, however, every individual present within the city remained indoors due to a terrible rainstorm that ran amok throughout the entire day.

Without ever attaining a single customer, Jiang Ziya forced his staff to devour all prepared food lest it was to spoil over their terrible luck. As his sworn brother followed by handing Ziya a few talents of silver to buy and sell livestock within the capital, the latter did as he advised and thus spent several days buying sheep and pigs for further profit. Driving a great number of animals to the market place at Morning Song the next day, Jiang Ziya hardly realized that slaughtering livestock was strictly prohibited lest Sky became angry and expanded the capital's days of drought.

With guards thus running at the former for his intentions to make profit from the slaughterhouses, Jiang Ziya had no choice but to flee for his life while abandoning his animals. Following his return back to Song Yiren, the latter simply smiled while declaring to Jiang Ziya that they should both head to the back garden and drink away their past sorrows.

Chapter 16

Burning the Jade Lute Specter

Entering the back garden shortly, and gazing forth with keen delight at the beauty around him, Jiang Ziya suggested to Song Yiren that a tower should be constructed within its vacant space as to ensure great fortune with geomancy. After being told by the latter that such an action was constantly performed in the past, but the tower mysteriously burned down each consecutive time, Jiang Ziya realized that spirits must have been at work previously.

As the tower's beams were thus risen during the auspicious day ensured of success by Ziya, a rather fiercely expected wind rose about while Song Yiren entertained the guards in the front hall. Gazing forth at five large fiery spirits within the air, Jiang Ziya conjectured that they had evil intentions behind their former actions — and thus sent a thunder crack throughout the sky to force the spirits to kneel before him. Having mercy on the spirits for originally being animals and not knowing what true trouble that they caused in the past, Jiang Ziya declared that they should each head to the Western Foothills for now until he finds a laboring job for them to perform when he eventually arrives.

Following their immediate consent and departure, Madame Ma and Sun gazed at Jiang Ziya from the shadows wondering as to why he was talking to himself in such a strange manner. Explaining such an action as being incomprehensible to the former, they soon realized that Jiang Ziya was well skilled in the art of fortune-telling. As Madame Sun thus urged her husband to find a shop for Jiang Ziya to use for his fortune-telling, Song Yiren declared shortly that he would tell some of his servants to rent a house neighboring the south gate district of Morning Song for his future use.

With the fortune-telling house thus being opened after a short while, Jiang Ziya waited patiently for over four months before finally attaining his first customer, a woodcutter by the name of Liu Qian. Unfortunately for Ziya however, Liu was known for his fierceness and brutality. After declaring that if the former's divination was incorrect, he would close down his shop. And if he was correct, he would reward him with twenty ounces of copper. Jiang Ziya gave him this prophecy: *"If you are to head south, you will find a man under a willow tree that will give you 120 coppers, four dishes of fresh cake, and two cups of wine."*

Even though Liu Qian stated his prediction as being far from accurate, he ventured south as told — thus appearing before an old man under a large willow tree as previously stated. After effectively receiving 100 coppers from the old man following the purchase of his well-fined firewood, Liu was offered wine and refreshments immediately. Once Liu had realized that the wine bowl filled exactly two cups to the very brim, he sat in astonishment at such precise accuracy.

Upon his receiving of 20 coppers in addition due to the old man's gracious mood, Liu Qian ran back to the south gate district stating that a celestial being was indeed present. Being far too astonished and exited over Jiang Ziya's celestial accuracy to pay him any money, Liu Qian decided to grab hold of a neighboring yamen business manager and force him to have his fortune foretold instead. As the

former told this man he would pay if Jiang Ziya's prophecy proved false, the manager had little choice but to go along with such a deal. With precise accuracy in his future prediction as well, Jiang Ziya's fortune-telling shop soared in popularity throughout the capital in rather quick pace.

Following the passage of six months, Jiang Ziya's name soared throughout the region — attracting many foreigners from far and wide to experience his grand insight. As Jade, the lute specter under Empress Nu Wa, bade farewell to Daji one morning, she heard many great noises beneath her while soaring through the heavens on her spectral cloud. Realizing that the area beneath her was a fortune-telling center by the great clamor around her, she transformed into an exceedingly beautiful woman before moving swiftly through the crowds in order to attain her own prediction.

Allowing for her fortune to be immediately read before all others after seeing that she was indeed a specter despite her appearance, Jiang Ziya grabbed hold of her palm and held on tightly for an excruciating period of time. Crying in discomfort at Jiang's action, more people gathered around ordering Jiang to stop his action for further trouble would result. Not letting this chance dare slip away from his grasp, Jiang Ziya seized the moment to crack her skull with his ink slab in one vile thrust while still holding on to her palm lest her true specter form could escape.

As Prime Minister Bi Gan attained full word of this, Jiang Ziya appeared shortly before the former, still holding the visibly dead woman's palm, while exclaiming his full reasoning behind such an action. Leaving the southern gate district with Jiang Ziya lest a great riot was to ensue, they both headed to the palace gates while the former presented himself before King Zhou at the Star Picking Mansion to explain the situation.

With Jiang Ziya thus being sent before the king, he kneeled with deep respect while declaring to the former that he could essentially prove that this woman was indeed a specter if she was burned in a fierce fire for over four hours with charms stamped on her breasts and back. As such an action was fully performed, Bi Gan and King Zhou sat in utter astonishment at Jiang Ziya's most extraordinary potential.

Chapter 17

The Serpent Pit

As everyone present gazed at Jade's ability to withstand the fierce fire without the slightest burn on her body, Jiang Ziya unleashed divine fire from his mouth by tempering both his vital energies and spirit into breath. Telling Bi Gan and King Zhou to temporarily head inside lest they were harmed, Jiang Ziya summoned forth a large thunderbolt to completely destroy Jade, thus leaving her as nothing more than a large lute on the ground.

Daji, who saw her sister meet such a disastrous end, suggested to the king that Ziya should be appointed to a high position — while still harboring evil intentions to kill the former in one way or the other to attain revenge. After thus being appointed as Junior Minister and Director of the Imperial Observatory, Jiang Ziya celebrated for several days with Song Yiren and other relatives in congratulations.

While meanwhile placing the attained lute in a position in which it had free access to the spiritual essences of Sky, earth, the sun, and the moon, Daji could effectively revive Jade after around five years of time. As Daji began to sing and dance in King Zhou's entertainment one day within the Star Picking Belvedere, the former noticed seventy individual maids who only shed tears in silence instead of applauding her beautiful performance.

Realizing shortly that these maidens originally served under Queen Jiang, Daji suggested to keep them contained temporarily within the court prison while she supervises the construction of a large pit — 240 feet in circumference and 50 in depth — that was to be full of countless lethal snakes collected from each potential household within the capital. Once King Zhou fully unleashed this decree, people from every corner rushed about to find as many serpents as possible — even to the extent of heading to countries beyond Morning Song just to meet the king's demand lest they received punishment in any form. As Supreme Minister Jiao Ge inspected as to why people ran about with baskets in their hands all day long, without any successful information attained, the former discussed this issue with other high-ranking ministers in order to devise a way to uncover the reason.

After attaining full consent on his plan, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the Chief of Guards and offered him a grand reward if he uncovers the truth from His Majesty. With the pit being essentially filled completely with snakes following the passage of five days, Daji told the king that the maidens should be stripped completely before being thrown alive into the pit to be devoured. With King Zhou's immediate consent for the maidens to be thrown into the pit shortly that day, Jiao Ge attained word of the former's atrocity by the Chief of Guards afterwards.

Being stunned with horror and anger at such an outrageous decree, Jiao Ge presented himself before the king immediately. Yelling at the king for his behavior with full words of devotion in the name of the dynasty, Jiao Ge was soon ordered to be thrown into the snake pit in addition for his insolence. Not allowing for such a shameful death to be his end, Jiao Ge smashed his head into the ground instead as an act of suicide. As the maidens were thus shortly thrown into the pit without a

moment of hesitation, King Zhou patted Daji on the back in praise of her ingenious methods of torture. After Daji had suggested a 'Meat Forest' to be constructed to the left of the snake pit that possessed thick branches hung with slices of meat all around as a creative punishment game to future disobeying ministers, she additionally suggested the '*Wine Pool*,' an exceedingly deep pit with wine to drink from for the same playful purpose of the former.

Upon the consenting of such strange "torture devices", Daji added in later to King Zhou that both the eunuchs and the palace maids should physically wrestle each other for a set period of time; whoever seemed the weaker would have their bodies thrown within the Meat Forest after being beaten to death by golden hammers. Following King Zhou's consent, this became his favored form of entertainment from that point onwards.

The true reason behind why Daji suggested such an outrageous method of torture, however, was to secretly feast on the blood and flesh of the deceased within the Meat Forest while in her fox sprite state throughout each night. Sitting down one day and remembering the humiliation she felt at the death of her sister, Daji drew a magnificent building complex on a sheet of paper and brought it before King Zhou at the Star Picking Belvedere as a chance to attain her long awaited revenge.

Telling the former that this building — newly dubbed as the '*Happy Terrace*' — should possess jeweled halls and towers and stand forty-nine feet high. She exclaimed that it was the perfect manifestation of his dignity and prestige as ruler of the Shang Dynasty. Resembling jade as beautifully articulated as a celestial palace, celestial beings would be bound to appear for feasts and kneel in respect before King Zhou's magnificent glory. Due to additionally adding the appearance of celestial beings within this terrace, Daji could effectively convince the king that Jiang Ziya was the only present official within the kingdom that was able to perform such an unrealistic task.

Following the king's consent, and the order for Jiang Ziya to appear before him immediately, Jiang realized through divination that he was destined to meet one form of disaster shortly. Knowing that he most likely could never attain any chance to repay Prime Minister Bi Gan's kindness within the future, he appeared before the latter quickly and handed him a set of instructions lest the prime minister was to meet some form of calamity at a later point. As Jiang Ziya thus appeared before King Zhou and was handed the project's constructional report, he thought to himself how to effectively put reformation into the king's thinking and excuse such a project with full rationality.

Chapter 18

Flight from Morning Song

As King Zhou asked Jiang Ziya his thoughts on the project, the latter stated that it would take around thirty five years to produce considering the current labor with the people and the additional lack within the national treasury. Unfortunately however, Jiang Ziya foolishly went too far with his words by additionally stating the king's deluded qualities. And was thus ordered for an immediate execution without even considering his former reasoning.

Running for his life lest he was caught by King Zhou's guards, Jiang Ziya soon approached the Nine Dragon Bridge and jumped into the river beneath after confirming to everyone around him that it would be his act of suicide. Gazing into the water and not noticing his body — or any movement at that — the guards were rather confused but reported the case to the king nonetheless.

Little did anyone truly understand that Jiang Ziya mounted an underwater cloud and flew away in reality. Being fully resolved to search the waters afterwards lest Ziya was playing any form of trickery, the guards gazed continuously at the waters beneath the Nine Dragon Bridge before having their reasoning checked by Yang Ren. As Daji suggested afterwards to King Zhou that Chong Houhu was the best choice for the Happy Terrace's production, the latter ordered the secretariat to head immediately to Houhu's dukedom. Being stopped by Yang Ren along the way, Yang Ren was shortly informed of the Happy Terrace and thus headed immediately to the Star Picking Mansion to discuss the current circumstances with King Zhou.

As Yang Ren placed forth his suggestions in a manner that upset the king as usual, the latter ordered for Yang Ren's eyes to be gouged out as punishment. Once the former sat in agony and disgust as such a cruel action was performed for little reason, Superior man Virtue of the Pure Void on Mount Green Peak heard his cries of pain and ordered his genie to take action with quick pace. As such an action was effectively carried out with a grand wind-sandstorm, the unconscious Yang Ren was shortly placed before the feet of Pure Void. Placing two celestial elixirs into Yang's eye sockets, and blowing celestial breath into the his face, Pure Void immediately awoke the former.

Now in possession of two small hands that protruded from his sockets with one eye in each palm, Yang Ren vowed to serve eternally under his new master upon the hearing of the latter's kindness. Meanwhile, Chong Houhu had begun the construction of the Happy Terrace that not only forced thousands into exceedingly deep labor but additionally killed many out of exhaustion and turmoil.

Returning to his original residence shortly, Jiang Ziya approached Madame Ma and explained his desire to head quickly to the Western Foothills and attain the position of prime minister — as was his destiny; for if she was to stay by his side, she would enjoy endless honor and great fame — but Madame Ma unfortunately declined such an offer due to her lack of confidence in the former, and thinking of him as no more than an unrealistic failure who simply had luck in the past.

After a note of divorce was officially created so that both could part their ways justifiably, Jiang Ziya was invited by Song Yiren to have one final farewell drink in the name of their eternal friendship. Parting from his old friend with tears flowing from his eyes, Jiang Ziya rode onwards throughout the countryside before coming upon several hundred refugees stationed within Lintong Pass. Unfortunately however, all refugees present intended on voyaging through the five passes but were firmly held off by the garrison commander known as Zhang Feng. With due confidence and reassurance to the people, Jiang Ziya personally went forth to discuss the current circumstances with the commander.

Unfortunately however, Zhang Feng strongly declined Jiang Ziya's offer to allow the people passage due to his firmness in upholding the law and decreed by the king. Jiang Ziya thus had little choice but to inform the people of the commander's words while telling them set instructions: *"At dusk, you are to have your eyes firmly closed. A fierce sound of wind will rush about — but at no account should you open your eyes unless you wish to fall to your death."* Kowtowing to Mountain Kunlun while reciting many incantations, every refugee was lifted throughout the air by a fierce wind and soon placed before the Golden Chicken Range — which was beyond the capital's five passes.

After expressing their deep gratitude towards Jiang Ziya, every individuals stationed themselves thereon within Phoenix City to live out their days in well-deserved peace. As Bo Yi Kao sat discussing current affairs with San Yisheng, the former declared his clear resolve to head to Morning Song immediately in order to prove the faith and love he possesses towards his father by freeing him from his chains as previously ordained. Even with San Yisheng's suggestions not to, such words meant nothing compared to the pain that Bo Yi Kao felt within his heart — and he thus made preparations for his departure.

Chapter 19

Gifts to the King

Holding San Yisheng's words very dearly, Bo Yi Kao still believed that his actions were for the best — and thus informed his younger brother, Ji Fa, of his ascension as the temporarily ruler of the Western Foothills until he returns from the capital after around two or three months. Thus selecting an auspicious day for his departure, Bo Yi Kao soon departed to Morning Song following his final toast of farewell to the civil and military officials at the Changting Pavilion.

Arriving before Morning Song in short time without much effort sacrificed, Bo Yi Kao stationed himself within an official hostel before leaving to the palace gate in mourning robes the following day. Not daring to enter through the gates with his memorial lest his aura of dutifulness and loyalty to the king swayed in any way, Bo Yi Kao was approached by none other than Prime Minister Bi Gan one day. Kowtowing before the latter due to his past kindness, Bo Yi Kao shortly told him the tributes that he should present to the king: the Seven Fragrance Carriage (which was solely used by Emperor Xuanyuan), a sobriety carpet, a white-faced monkey, and ten maidens of exceeded beauty.

Realizing that Bo Yi Kao simply had filial intentions backing his resolve, Bi Gan immediately informed the king of the former's desire for audience. Kneeling with unparalleled respect before King Zhou while elaborating the reason for his appearance, the latter was deeply touched by his filial piety and courtesy and thus ordered for him to stand on his feet. As Daji gazed at Bo Yi Kao with lust over his handsomeness, she informed the king of the boy's great reputation in the art of music.

Being promised by King Zhou that if his skills were to exceed his expectations he would allow both him and his father to leave the capital with open arms, the latter reluctantly accepted such a challenge. Playing the zither with keen ability and prowess, Daji and King Zhou alike were very pleased — and thus ordered a banquet at the Star Picking Mansion in his honor.

Gazing at Bo Yi Kao from across the table during their banquet, Daji lusted to have sex with him no matter what it would take. Thus desiring the former over a deluded old man like King Zhou, Daji told the king that Bo Yi Kao should stay at the capital not only to teach her lessons with the zither, but to additionally spread such beautiful music throughout the whole capital for the benefit of everyone. Following King Zhou's consenting, Daji brought forth many glasses of fine wine for the former as an additional feast until he was essentially intoxicated and put forth to his bed for rest. Now sitting alone with Bo Yi Kao and her own zither in hand, Daji was thoroughly told of each individual trait possessed within the beautiful instrument.

However, she cared little about such; her only desire in mind was to arouse Bo Yi Kao in any way possible — and many amorous smiles, glances, and sweet words were thus performed. Realizing that her actions were meaningless, as the former never even paid any attention to them, Daji invited Bo Yi Kao to sit by her side at the honor of being her tutor during a newly prepared feast.

Being reluctant to preserve his propriety and righteousness than to sit by the Queen's side due to his lowly position, Daji had little choice but to continue the zither lessons instead. During their continued lessons together Daji declared that if she could sit on his lap, she could effectively make rapid progress as he holds her hand while guiding through the strings. Unfortunately however, Bo Yi Kao irrationally yelled at the former stating that such actions would be great shame to the title of Queen and thus declined immediately.

Dismissing him to his quarters, Daji informed King Zhou the following morning in her rage that Kao did little more than seduce her the former night rather than assist with the zither. Being approached the following morning by King Zhou and Daji, Bo Yi Kao was reprimanded for his slow tutoring performance the night before, and was thus ordered to play another tune to redeem himself. After playing his zither with keen ability, he placed forth his white-faced monkey at Daji's request — thus enchanting all around with its superb music and synchronization.

However, this monkey's music was used to bring out any neighboring evil spirit to the forefront; as Daji's true form came forth in her enchantment, the monkey seized this chance to lunge forward and attack her. Falling to the ground dead by a swift blow of King Zhou's hand, Bo Yi Kao was arrested but freed after convincing the former that it was nothing more than an undomesticated animal of little intelligence — and it most definitely didn't have the capability of plotting to hurt Daji.

Thus being ordered by the king to play one more tune with his zither to see if he truly reflects loyalty and sincerity, Bo Yi Kao began playing his instrument with many defiant words as a full expression of his hatred towards those who defy integrity and righteousness. Solely intending to get back at Daji for her unethical manner previously, and preserving his loyalty to the king in every way, Bo Yi Kao attached a long blade to his zither and threw it directly at Daji's face in an attempt to put an end to her life even if it cost his own. Fortunately for Daji however, she managed to leap out of the way while tumbling to the ground in shock.

As King Zhou roared with rage at such an unexpected action, he ordered the guards to throw Bo Yi Kao into the snake pit as punishment. Begging the king to do what she wished with him, Daji ordered the executioners to nail Bo Yi Kao's hands and feet to a board while his flesh was cut from his body piece by piece. Swearing at Daji up until his last dying breath, it was soon decided that his flesh would be made into small cakes and sent to Ji Chang to determine if he was worthy to be freed. If he ate the cakes, he was ordinary and thus should be freed. But if Ji Chang refused to eat them out of personal views, he was to be executed as to destroy any potential trouble in the future.

Chapter 20

San Yisheng bribes the corrupt Courtiers

Being imprisoned within Youli for seven years of time, Ji Chang studied the theory of the eight diagrams throughout each passing moment while writing a book known as the *'Book of Changes'* during his confinement. While sitting in his studies and performing divination with gold coins one day, believing that something unfortunate had taken place in his family, Ji Chang soon realized that his son, Bo Yi Kao, had met a cruel and unfortunate death. Being approached shortly by a palace messenger, and offered three large cakes of deer flesh as a token of King Zhou's respect for the former, Ji Chang happily accepted the cakes and immediately ate all three in his unparalleled show of gratitude. Knowing fully that he had just devoured the flesh of his precious son, Ji Chang sat on the ground and began weeping profusely over what little choice he possessed during the situation.

As King Zhou and Fei Zhong were fiercely clashing against each other during a game of chess, the messenger soon arrived and informed the king of Ji Chang's resolution. Deciding that Ji Chang should be excused from Youli after hearing his report, Fei Zhong swiftly retorted by stating that if Ji Chang was to return to his homeland at the current time he would most likely be influenced strongly not only by the blood lustful people of the Western Foothills due to Bo Yi Kao's death, but the southern and northern dukes in addition because of the strong potential they emanate. Seeing that it was a more rational resolution to keep Ji Chang detained, no matter how loyal he might seem from the outside, King Zhou consented to the former's suggestion.

As the entourage under Bo Yi Kao was soon informed by loyal ministers of their master's death, they fled through the night until arriving within Phoenix City to express their woes before Ji Fa. Bursting into many tears at the hearing of his elder brother's death, Nangong Kuo cried from among the generals present saying that was essential at all costs to deploy an army against the capital in order to wipe out King Zhou and effectively replace him with a true ruler.

Everyone present within the court ground their teeth in rage and glared with great hatred as they agreed with Nangong to destroy the tyrant at all costs possible. With San Yisheng moving forward and reprimanding all around for their lack of control, the former firmly stated that if such an action was put into motion and reported to the capital, all of Ji Chang's years of loyal service and reputation were nothing more than roadside chaff. With these words San Yisheng additionally stated that two messengers should be sent with gold, jade, and other valuable items, from their dukedom to the residence of Fei Zhong and You Hun to attain potential support in the future — and would more than likely result in Ji Chang's well-deserved exclusion.

After additional letters were also to be sent in secret to these two ministers, the soldiers of the Western Foothills should be drilled day and night as to prepare for a chance later on to strike at the capital with the other dukes. With two generals — Tai Dian and Hong Yao — effectively chosen for this task, they were ordered to take the guise of merchants traveling to the capital in offering to the suffering people. Not daring to stay at a government hostel following their arrival at the capital lest they were found out, the two generals approached their

respective supreme minister's lodgings that night. As Tai Dian kneeled before Fei Zhong in great respect, the former placed before him a letter from Supreme Minister San Yisheng stating that he would receive over 10,000 talents of silver and other valuable gifts if he freed Ji Chang as an expression of his inner virtue and compassion.

Fei Zhong ensured Tai Dian that he would do his utmost to set Ji Chang free at all costs. Thus, the latter left shortly with the same results as his ally general. Experiencing two successive wins within chess against both Fei Zhong and You Hun a few days later, King Zhou prepared a feast for the three of them as celebration. Beginning a discussion of Ji Chang, Fei Zhong declared that he had recently sent a few trustworthy men to Youli District with the sole purpose of analyzing Ji Chang's current motives following the death of Bo Yi Kao — for this would effectively prove if he still harbored his supposed loyalty even after the conjectured knowing of his son's death. Hearing reports from these men that Ji Chang was burning incense at every moment in the insurance of King Zhou's health and never uttered a single word of defiance to the current situation, Fei Zhong knew wholly that the former was indeed not a threat to the capital and was a minister of the highest loyalty.

As King Zhou heard such a report from Fei Zhong, he additionally asked You Hun for his take on the situation. With research that reciprocated Fei Zhong's analyze on Ji Chang, You Hun stated that if Ji Chang was effectively freed, he could be appointed into the position of prince and used to subdue the rebelling Northern and Southern grand dukes through words due to the natural respect that they possess towards the former. And thus might even be encouraged to stop their rebellion. The fact was that Ji Chang to be freed simply out of consideration, and his resolve to uphold the kindness bestowed upon him by the king would naturally increase and thus strengthen such an outcome. King Zhou thus issued a decree that stated Ji Chang's essential pardon and his freedom from confinement.

As the ministers all around clapped their hands in joy upon the hearing of Ji Chang's well-deserved attainment of freedom, a palace messenger immediately set out for Youli District with written decree in hand. Sitting inside his inner chambers with continued detriment over the death of his unfortunate son, Ji Chang made a divination with golden coins following a sudden ominous windstorm. After realizing that King Zhou would pardon him that day, the palace messenger arrived shortly and officially stated the king's decree.

Packing his belongings with both joy and sorrow, the people of Youli crowded before him and offered what they could in return for the former's immense kindness in the past. As they escorted the duke some distance from Youli District, every individual present gave their final farewells in tears. Arriving before high ranking ministers such as Bi Gan and Yellow Flying Tiger at the palace gates, Ji Chang expressed his immense gratitude at their kindness for freeing him from his extended confinement. Being in a state of great happiness in addition, an order was soon put forth that stated Ji Chang's presence before King Zhou. Dressing in convicted garb as he presented himself before the king, Ji Chang kneeled in respect and stated his many vows of gratitude. Being thus authorized to undertake military operations as chief of all dukes and appointed as overseeing prince, King Zhou additionally placed forth a banquet at the Dragon Virtue Court in his honor.

With each minister smiling with delight at such good fortune for Ji Chang — now known as Prince Wen — the latter paraded for two days throughout the capital's streets in a demonstration of his glory. Late into the afternoon during his second day of parade, Ji Chang was approached by Prince Yellow Flying Tiger and consented to the former's proposal of a personal drink at his residence. Personally sitting down and accompanying Ji Chang with many drinks, Yellow Flying Tiger firmly told him that he was in need of ceasing his current parading and should leave as quickly as possible lest any other unpredictable occurrence runs about in such a colossal torn capital like Morning Song.

Feeling as if he had been completely awoken to reality, Prince Wen calmly asked the former how he was get through the five passes. Handing him many military tallies and suggesting that he guises himself as a royal patrolmen to easily make his way through the passes, Yellow Flying Tiger gave one final bow to Prince Wen before being dismissed. That same evening, Yellow Flying Tiger ordered two of his generals — Dragon Huan and Wu Yan — to open the west gate of the capital and secretly escort Ji Chang from within.

Chapter 21

Flight through the Five Passes

With the help of Yellow Flying Tiger, Ji Chang managed to cross the Yellow River in a single night and then make his way towards Lintong Pass — the first of five passes. As many officials became exceedingly worried as to why Ji Chang failed to return throughout the entire night, Fei Zhong soon attained word of the situation and thus sat down with You Hun to analyze their next move. You Hun immediately placed forth his irrational suggestion: "After attaining the consent of His Majesty, soldiers should be sent to retrieve Ji Chang immediately. As he was brought back and placed before the king, he should be beheaded as punishment for putting insult over the former's kindness." With Fei Zhong's consenting, both ministers appeared before King Zhou and fully elaborated the situation.

After deciding that Generals Yin and Lei were to be sent out to retrieve the runaway prince, they both charged through the west gates with 3,000 soldier strong in immediate pace. Riding leisurely through Lintong Pass when hearing a sudden clamor of men and horses behind him, Ji Chang soon realized that King Zhou must have sent men in pursuit — and thus galloped wildly atop his horse, not knowing where at all he was heading. As the soldiers of Shang shortly approached the unfortunate Prince Wen with immense speed, Master of the Clouds meanwhile attained sight of the situation from his Green Touring Bed and immediately called Thunder Quaker to his side. Ordering his disciple to quickly find a weapon at the Tiger Cliff, Thunder Quaker met no true success before finding two delicious red apricots which he devoured with great delight.

Just at the moment that he was going to resume his search, a sudden strange transformation took place. Two wings sprouted from both shoulder blades while he grew silver tusks and long red hair. Even though he had no desire to see his master again with such an appearance, he had no true choice once Golden Haze Lad, an assistant disciple under Master of the Clouds, called him back to the cavern. With great delight over his disciple's transformation, Master of the Clouds handed Thunder Quaker a golden cudgel and immediately taught him how to wield it with exceeded renown. After the essential mastering of his new weapon, "wind" was written on his left wing while "thunder" on his right — thus giving him the ability to soar through the heavens with his new wings at will.

Before Thunder Quaker was to take his leave, Master of the Clouds thoroughly told his disciple that he was to ensure his father's safe arrival at the Western Foothills; but at no account should any soldier be killed during such an incident. Leaving the mountain in immense pace, Thunder Quaker called continuously from a neighboring peak to see if a certain man below — who was fleeing in great speeds atop his horse — was truly his father, the Grand Duke of the West.

Riding to the peak and being told that he was none other than Thunder Quaker, the young child that was saved by his hands seven years in the past, Ji Chang told the former that on no account should any individual of Shang be hurt lest his punishment becomes even greater than current. Ensuring his father that he would persuade the generals to retire their pursuit, Thunder Quaker stood

resolutely before the entire army shortly, declaring that not a single individual was to pass unless they wished for their own death. As the Shang soldiers reported such a case to Generals Yin and Lei, the latter two rage fully advanced towards Thunder Quaker's position.

Chapter 22

Return of the Duke

As Generals Yin and Lei thus appeared before Thunder-quaker shortly, they charged fiercely at the latter while bursting into laughter at his attempt to protect Ji Chang through vaguely connected bonds of filially. Determined to end this incident quickly, Thunder-quaker cleaved the crag of a neighboring mountain into two halves in a single strike with his golden cudgel — thus sending the whole Shang army fleeing in great fear for their lives. Now returning to his father, who laid on the ground in shock, Thunder-quaker urged Prince Wen to get on his back so that he could be transported safely to the Western Foothills without any additional delay.

Weeping profusely over the void attempt to bring along the horse that had served him faithfully for over seven years of time, Ji Chang had little choice but to calmly tell the horse to run off to a new master while grabbing hold of his son's back and returning immediately to his native land. Arriving beyond the five passes shortly, Thunder Quaker left his father momentarily — thus forcing Ji Chang to travel day and night on foot with great misery. As Prince Wen eventually approached an inn one day during his travels, he shortly elaborated his identity before being offered a flour-grinding donkey from the innkeeper as a mount while personally escorting the former back to his capital.

Crossing through the Golden Chicken Range and Mount Shouyang, breezes of late autumn soon filled the heavens with great desolateness that touched Ji Chang's longish heart to return to his family of long ago. Tai Jiang, the mother of Ji Chang, soon realized through divination that her son was to return exceedingly soon — and she thus told everyone present within the capital of such long awaited news. As each minister rode from the capital with banners and great gifts of offering, they soon caught sight of Ji Chang and presented themselves before him in unparalleled happiness.

With Supreme Minister San Yisheng thoroughly elaborating the historical records of King Tang and his revolution to overthrow the Xia Dynasty after being captivated for so many years, he compared this to the Grand Duke's incident and offered him a chance to do the same for the sake of the people. However, Prince Wen retorted by saying that such words should never be spoken again — for he could not do anything as disloyal as rebelling against the king after receiving such merciful honor from the former.

As everyone present became somewhat convinced by his speech, Prince Wen returned to the dukedom shortly with people cheering left and right in happiness at their master's safe return. Arriving before Mount Small Dragon and seeing his ninety-nine sons standing before him, Ji Chang fell from his horse with tears of agony upon the remembering of the one son that was not present, Bo Yi Kao. With the help of his sons, Ji Chang suddenly coughed up a large slice of meat that strangely turned into a small white rabbit; such was reciprocated two more times immediately with the same result. As everyone present sat in shock while the three rabbits ran to the west, they placed Ji Chang under the care of a doctor for several days to await his recovery. After the inn keeper was handsomely

rewarded for his reported deeds before returning to his home, San Yisheng personally sat down before Prince Wen and stated that an attack upon Morning Song would be a rational choice considering the current circumstances — despite the loyalty that the prince might possess. With Nangong Kuo suddenly appearing before the prince while stating that an attack upon the capital as essential, Prince Wen reprimanded them both by declaring such an action as disloyal and without virtue to attack your own master despite what qualities that they might possess.

After Nangong exclaimed the death of Bo Yi Kao as a clear action of cruelty that was deserving of punishment no matter what the consequence might be, Prince Wen retorted by stating that such an incident was brought about through his son's pride and rash qualities and isn't to be compared with the larger picture of loyalty. Either way, acting in such a sudden manner would not only stir up the people to make many sacrifices during such a war, but they would additionally lose a level of love and confidence towards their master due to being forced into a situation that they most clearly would not enjoy — for they love peace in all aspects.

As both San Yisheng and Nangong Kuo clearly realized that the land should not be impoverished and provoked into war for the time being, Ji Chang stated that a "Spiritual Terrace" should be constructed in order to foretell any potential disaster within the future. Being afraid that the people would suffer through unnecessary trouble with such a project, San Yisheng reassured his master that the immense dignity and gratitude that the people possess would surely bring him swift victory without a thought of defiance. Prince Wen became delighted at his reassurance, and thus issued forth a decree on the terrace's construction.

Chapter 23

Dream of a Flying Bear

As Prince Wen's notices were posted up for the Spiritual Terrace's potential construction, it clearly stated that if any was to go out of their way to assist in the construction, they were to be paid one-tenth of a teal of silver as gratitude while being allowed to discontinue without any form of compulsion whatsoever. Being overjoyed at such a chance to show their love to Prince Wen, every individual was clearly willing to work wholeheartedly on such a project without any regret. Issuing forth the project's start on an auspicious day after hearing such joyous news, the Spiritual Terrace was effectively created under ten months of time.

Leading his civil and military officials out to gaze forth at the terrace, Prince Wen was the only individual present that exclaimed a level of depression — for the terrace was in need of a pool in order to meet the requirements of the yin-yang theory. As such words were passed on to the people, everyone present began its immediate construction in due happiness. Digging profusely in their attempts, human bones were found and placed off to the side due to being a blatant interference towards their work. However, Prince Wen soon attained word of such and ordered for the bones to be placed into small coffins and buried within a neighboring hill instead of being exposed — as would be a sign of disrespect.

After watching the continued work of his fellow people until night, Prince Wen enjoyed a meal with his ministers before retiring to rest within one of the terrace's rooms. Experiencing a strange dream involving a white-faced tiger with large wings, Prince Wen reported this dream to San Yisheng the following morning and was told that a highly talented minister was destined to be a part of the Western Foothills in the near future. Believing the former's words as truth, Prince Wen became determined to make immediate preparations in the finding of this minister. Now returning to Jiang Ziya, he had spent his time near Panxi Stream constantly fishing throughout day to night while studying the way and reciting scriptures. While leaning on his willow tree one day, Jiang Ziya heard a certain man singing a song to himself and soon realized that it was none other than a woodcutter.

As Wu Ji, the woodcutter, sat down by Jiang Ziya's side and realized that he fished with a mere pole without a needle — or any bait at that — he thoroughly mocked the former by stating that he wasn't very smart when it comes to such simple matters. After furthered discussion, Wu Ji was told by Jiang Ziya that he would kill a man that day within Phoenix City unexpectedly; the former became angry at such sudden words and left with a fury. Heading through the south gate of Phoenix City, Wu Ji swung his carrying pole of firewood from one shoulder to the other which suddenly struck Wang Xiang, a city guard, in the temple, ending his life instantly.

Being pushed before Prince Wen immediately, Wu Ji elaborated the case as being nothing more than an accident that possessed rather vague reasoning and more bad luck than anything else. Declaring that the woodcutter would pay for his life nonetheless, Wu Ji was imprisoned inside a small circle near the southern gate to await his set punishment. Tear stricken over what might be befalling his ailed

mother back at their home due to his lack of support for over three days, Wu Ji was soon approached by San Yisheng and thoroughly elaborated the situation. Realizing that Wu Ji did not kill Wang Xiang out of any vile intentions whatsoever, he decided that it would be best to discuss the current issue at hand with Prince Wen and effectively suspend his punishment until autumn if at all possible.

After reporting such a case with the prince the following day, the latter consented to Wu Ji's proposal for temporary freedom. Wu Ji thus immediately returned to his mother's side and told her the reason for his lengthened disappearance. Additionally elaborating the words of Jiang Ziya as the reason for such an atrocity, Wu Ji set forth to Pianxi Stream to meet the former.

Chapter 24

From Fisherman to Prime Minister

As Wu Ji ran quickly to the Panxi Stream, he saw Jiang Ziya sitting under his willow tree while fishing more calmly than ever. Kneeling before the latter and asking forgiveness for his past ignorance, Wu Ji pleaded to Jiang Ziya to save his life from a destined death. After declaring himself as his disciple, Jiang Ziya told the former that if he wished to escape death, he must sit in a four-foot hole throughout the night while covered completely with rice and hay; after such was completed, there should be no problems experienced in the future with the prior incident.

With Wu Ji following his master's instructions thoroughly throughout that night, Jiang Ziya meanwhile recited charms to cover up the Wu Ji's star and thus save him from potential death. As Wu Ji returned the following day and kneeled respectfully before Jiang Ziya, the latter told him to spend the entire morning selling his usual firewood while returning in the afternoon to hear lessons on military theory/stratagems — for Jiang Ziya could feel the expedition upon Morning Song drawing near and thus could use additional assistance if need be.

Upon the arrival of late autumn, Supreme Minister San Yisheng recalled the incident of Wu Ji and asked Prince Wen if he could make a divination as to why the convict had not shown himself. After Prince Wen had effectively performed divination, and realized through such that Wu Ji committed suicide out of fear for punishment, the former sighed in distress at such an outcome. As spring arrived in short time with everything around bursting with life, Prince Wen proposed to his ministers that a few days should be spent enjoying nature within the southern outskirts. With San Yisheng's suggestion to search for the "destined minister of the Western Foothills" in addition, their journey soon began shortly.

Enjoying fully the colossal beauty laid out before his eyes, Prince Wen became shortly distressed as he saw his troops killing leopards, wolves, and of the such unconditionally — as the area around him was set up as a hunting zone by General Nangong Kuo for the former's pleasure. The prince thus approached San Yisheng and solemnly told him that they were within the wildlife to simply gaze at the beauty around, not to kill innocent animals out of instinct; for the ancients of old would never act in such a manner as to harm their own benevolence. Joyfully continuing through the wilderness and gazing forth at many people enjoying the beauty of spring, Prince Wen caught ear on a certain song that two fishermen were singing.

Believing them to be sages of the sort, Xin Jia was sent shortly to investigate the matter; he returned by stating that the two fisherman simply heard and recited such a song from a mysterious old man near the Panxi Stream. Dismissing the two fisherman in distress, Prince Wen pondered over a single verse of the song that denoted the ignoring of power and wealth — and thus elaborated a story of Sage Emperor Yao and his meeting with a virtuous man to San Yisheng as an example. Continuing on their way while hearing a group of woodcutters spouting a song of similar connotations to the former two fishermen, Prince Wen ordered an immediate investigation of these men. Being told that the same old man near Panxi

Stream taught this song to the former in addition, Prince Wen was convinced that this man must be approached at all costs.

Unfortunately for Wu Ji however, he happened to be amongst the crowd and was instantly recognized as the convict who supposedly met death in late autumn. Realizing that he was indeed woodcutter Wu Ji, the former was placed before Prince Wen and thoroughly reprimanded as an immense threat that needs to be dealt with accordingly. Explaining his meeting with a man known as Jiang Ziya, Wu Ji promised to guide Prince Wen and his entourage to the former's location in exchange for freedom. Without any success on finding Jiang Ziya, Prince Wen was led to the sage's cottage — but immediately met failure again due to Jiang Ziya's random departures and unpredictable returns.

San Yisheng thus told his master that it would be best for them to return to the palace temporarily while returning on a date that was presumed as more probable for the meeting of the former. Being extremely disappointed but nonetheless cooperative to his minister's suggestion, Prince Wen ordered his men to thoroughly purify themselves daily in wait for their second departure before Jiang Ziya's residence. In a different perspective of mind, General Nangong Kuo stated that there was no definite knowing that this "Jiang Ziya" was the true sage that they were looking for simply due to the songs that he composes and his unnatural abilities — for sages of similar quality would be more than likely present within the neighboring mountains in addition.

However, San Yisheng retorted by stating that this man must be the destined minister from Prince Wen's dream due to the traditional manner that was need of being followed and his reputation amongst the neighboring populace as being differential to the majority. Through such discussion, all ministers cleansed their hearts and bodies before taking leave on the fourth day following their original appearance. Arriving at the Panxi Stream shortly, Wu Ji immediately took notice of Jiang Ziya and reported such to Prince Wen. Approaching the sage steadily, Prince Wen took Jiang Ziya's hand and welcomed him with colossal dignity.

As San Yisheng elaborated the reasoning behind their appearance with many fine gifts, Jiang Ziya soon left his cottage and proceeded with Prince Wen on horse top following many steady refusals to ride in the former's carriage. Arriving shortly before the capital, Jiang Ziya was appointed as prime minister and thus thoroughly assisted the Western Foothills with his knowledge and discipline.

Chapter 25

Banquet for Specters in the Palace

Once Han Rong, commander of Sishui Pass, obtained word on Jiang Ziya's appointment, he sent an urgent report to Morning Song. As Bi Gan attained such a report, he immediately presented himself before King Zhou and stated that since Jiang Ziya had effectively joined the West Grand Duke, there was a great possibility that the former could dwindle with Ji Chang's loyalty and thus convince him to assist the southern and eastern dukes in their campaign against the capital.

Once King Zhou told the prime minister that he would hold court as soon as possible lest any furthered threat might evolve, Chong Houhu, the Black Tiger, knelt in presence before the king while stating the nearing finish of the Happy Terrace after two years and four months of determined work. King Zhou quickly asked Chong Houhu's additional take on the appointment of Jiang Ziya. The latter stated that Ji Chang was very peace loving and would never attack the capital unless it was forced upon him by his people. And that Jiang Ziya was also exceedingly old and wasn't a large enough threat to waste an entire army upon due to the scarceness already experienced amongst the populace.

King Zhou thus dismissed both Bi Gan and Chong Houhu shortly while taking hold of his beloved Daji and heading out to see the Happy Terrace's progress. Arriving before the Happy Terrace and realizing its current completion, King Zhou happily walked through the terrace with immense joy and satisfaction at the glittering jade and gold spread before him so vividly. As a grand celebration took place inside the terrace, Bi Gan could not help but sigh in great distress at the peoples' suffering simply through the deluded selfishness of a single person.

Asking Daji when the immortals and fairies would show themselves before the terrace as she originally stated, Daji had little time to react and immediately stated that a full moon before a cloudless sky would be the only signal for their essential coming. Knowing that the full moon would not show itself until five more days, Daji resumed her specter form three days later and headed immediately to the grave mound of Emperor Xuanyuan while King Zhou was fast asleep.

Being welcomed by Splendor, the nine-headed pheasant, Daji elaborated her reasoning before stating that all other specters present at the mound must transform themselves into immortals and come with her to the Happy Terrace within two days of time if they possess such an ability; if not, they were to remain at their original position. After this detailed discussion, Daji immediately returned to the palace on a gust of wind.

As King Zhou asked the following morning about the immortals, Daji suggested to the king that thirty-nine seats should be arranged while a minister — Bi Gan in this case — was chosen to serve them wine at their will. Upon the quick approach of evening the following day, the seats were set forth while King Zhou gazed in great anticipation for the arrival of his immortal guests. Following the king's temporary leave of the terrace while Daji invited forth her honored specter allies, Bi Gan was called shortly to serve the latter.

Pouring them wine at every call, Bi Gan became rather confused as to why they looked like fairy spirits but possessed the most disgusting of odors; indeed, he thought, this was truly a very ill omen for the Shang Dynasty. As everyone present began to drink wildly, Bi Gan noticed that some of the guests had tails sprouting forth upon further intoxication — and was thus dismissed immediately by Daji lest he realized that they were specters, not immortals. Charging from the palace gates with great shame and rage as to lower himself to serve vile beasts, he soon approached Yellow Flying Tiger, who was on night patrol, and reported the incident at the Happy Terrace in full details.

After ensuring to Bi Gan that he would deal with the issue, Yellow Flying Tiger ordered his four generals — Huang Ming, Zhou Ji, Dragon Huan, and Wu Qian — to each take twenty four soldiers and patrol the districts around the east, north, west, and south. When these "immortals" were to leave the palace, they were to be pursued closely and stealthily back to their respective lairs.

As each immortal specter took their leave from the palace on foot due to great intoxication preventing any form of natural flight, all thirty-nine that were present immediately returned to the grave mound of Emperor Xuanyuan while being closely followed by General Zhou Ji along the way. Informing Yellow Flying Tiger the following morning, the latter ordered his general to take 300 soldiers individually equipped with firewood and light them on fire while inside the mound hole to ensure destruction and no lack of possible escape for the specters. With Yellow Flying Tiger and Bi Gan calmly sitting by each other's side while drinking tea, Zhou Ji soon reported his success and thus called for them both to inspect the results.

Arriving shortly before the grave mound and finding corpses lying about that stank with burnt fur and flesh, Bi Gan ordered all corpses that possessed not scorched fur to be skinned so that he could present His Majesty with a specialized fur coat as a warning to the evil specter, Queen Daji. The two commanders thus returned to the palace in high spirits with such a grand display of the power and loyalty that they possessed in the name of the Shang Dynasty.

Chapter 26

Daji plots Revenge

With the recent arrival of winter, heavy snow fell throughout the capital like pearls of great silver illuminating the sky and earth alike with beauty. Entering before King Zhou at the Happy Terrace, Prime Minister Bi Gan expressed his inner worry over the king's health at such a time of year — and thus presented to the former a specialized fur robe of scarlet satin as a token of such affection and consideration.

Once King Zhou had placed the beautiful robe around his body with immediate appreciation towards the prime minister, Daji meanwhile gazed forth from the curtains and noticed the specialized insignias only present on fox specters of her relation. She thus inwardly vowed that her hatred would only be sullied if she was to attain Bi Gan's heart as punishment.

Not bearing to see the skin of her relatives any further after the prime minister's leave, Daji convinced the king that the fur robe was below his level of dignity and should be placed elsewhere. Forming a plot to effectively end Bi Gan's life, Daji used her specter powers to reduce her beauty to a great extent one day as she sat drinking with King Zhou within the Happy Terrace.

Realizing that the Queen was strangely lacking in beauty, Daji shortly told the king that she possesses a sister known as Splendor, who was far more beautiful and elegant. Continuing with her words, Daji additionally stated that her sister left one day from Jizhou while stating that if she was to ever attain immortal characteristics, she would send Daji incense as a signal for her immediate return. Telling King Zhou that the incense had yet to be burned, it was decided that the following day should be chosen for her sister's return.

As King Zhou thus slept soundly that night, Daji resumed her specter form and met Splendor at the burned grave mound — fully knowing that her sister could not have possibly been touched by the former flames due to her highly evolved specter attributes. With Splendor's immediate informing to Daji that all thirty-nine specter allies had been burnt to death and skinned, the latter wept while telling her sister a specific plan that essentially required her appearance before the palace the following day. Effectively attaining Splendor's consent, Daji happily returned to the palace throughout the remainder of the night while King Zhou lustfully desired to see his queen's elder sister as soon as possible throughout the next day.

Once night finally approached, Daji advised King Zhou to conceal himself while the incense was burned — for if she was to notice a man of mortal qualities other than her sister, she might not wish to perform any such task. With the incense being burned at last, great thunderous winds brewed about throughout the palace while Splendor made her immediate appearance shortly thereafter before Daji.

As Daji thus brought her sister to an inner chamber while sipping tea and exchanging conversation, King Zhou meanwhile peeped from the corner and instantly declared that he would give up his very own throne without the least

regret if he could have sex with Splendor. Scratching his ears and coughing profusely to attain Dai's attention, the latter asked her sister if she could meet with the king after clearly understanding his many signals.

Being convinced that King Zhou was worthy to sit by her side due to his rank, the king excitedly rushed forth and placed himself before Splendor immediately. Once Dai left the inner chamber for some time to change her clothing, King Zhou became exceedingly aroused after Splendor emitted many seductive glances — and thus invited his honored guest to stroll with him on the terrace.

Steadily pacing under the moonlight, King Zhou calmly fondled her breasts and body while declaring that was she was to stay by his side within the palace instead of living the life of an immortal, great wealth, rank, and honor would clearly be bestowed upon her in short time.

Realizing that Splendor did not respond or offer any resistance to his many physical attacks, King Zhou carried her to a side court and passionately began unleashing his inner essence upon the latter within a neighboring bed. Upon Dai's return with great laughter over her sister's state, the king enjoyed the remainder of the night with his two lovers. As all ministers outside the palace gates possessed no knowing of King Zhou's new indulgences with Splendor, Yellow Flying Tiger, the highest ranked among ministers, continued to train his 480,000 soldiers daily to ensure an effective protection of the neighboring passes.

One day however, Dai suddenly began to profusely spit forth blood while falling to the floor in a feverish state. King Zhou and Splendor immediately ran to her side while the latter stated that her sister possesses a strange heart attack disorder that reappears at random moments of time when intense anxiety and stress was felt. Additionally stating that a doctor by the name of Zhang Yuan cured such attacks with soup made from a highly developed human heart on great occasion back at Jizhou, it was indeed of great need for such a heart to be found among the populace and used at once to free Dai from her potential bonds of death.

Acting as if she was performing divination, Splendor told King Zhou that Prime Minister Bi Gan was the only individual present within the capital that possesses such a heart. As King Zhou thus sent out many decrees to ensure Bi Gan's arrival before the palace, the prime minister meanwhile attained word from the sixth royal messenger that Dai possessed a strange illness and was needing of his arrival.

Knowing that Dai was indeed an evil specter, and any such incident that specifically called him forth in her name more than likely meant certain death, Bi Gan approached his wife in tears while stating that she should do her best to observe the rules and take good care of their children while he was gone.

Explaining the situation thoroughly, Bi Gan rushed back to his study chambers and hastily followed the instructions that Jiang Ziya had given him earlier. Following his immediate arrival before King Zhou, and the learning of his heart being needed in order to cure Dai's ailment, the former retorted with great anger at the king and Dai's blatant hate towards him. Knowing that he had little choice before the situation, and his time was assuredly soon to end, Bi Gan knelt on

the ground and ripped the heart from his chest while throwing it to the ground without a single droplet of blood whatsoever. As the prime minister walked quickly to the palace gates, avoiding each minister that appeared along the way, the former took the reins off his horse and strode towards the capital's northern gate.

Chapter 27

Return of the Grand Old Master

Striding through the northern palace gates in a state of complete silence, Yellow Flying Tiger was very worried over the current situation — and thus sent forth Generals Zhou Ji and Huang Ming to follow him immediately. As Bi Gan approached a woman hawker along the way that declared humans as incapable of living without a heart, a sudden pulse surged through the former's veins violently, causing him to fall to the ground with blood surging profusely from his chest. With Zhou Ji and Huang Ming's arrival shortly, they inspected the deceased prime minister's body closely and realized that his heart was strangely nowhere to be found.

Unfortunately for Bi Gan however, he still would have remained alive if the woman previously had noted that humans can live even without a heart — for such was the trickery behind Jiang Ziya's magical note. Once the two generals had arrived before the palace gates and immediately reported their resolution on the incident to Yellow Flying Tiger, all ministers present sat heartbroken at such an absurd end to their treasured prime minister. Xia Zhao, a junior minister, could not hold back his emotions as he strode within the Happy Terrace prepared to put a well-deserved end to King Zhou's life.

Cutting down any guard that dared to oppose his path towards the king, Xia Zhao shortly arrived before the tyrant and charged at him with his flying-cloud sword. As he cleaved at the king's flesh with great renown, King Zhou managed to grab ahold of the blade while swiftly throwing it off to the side. Realizing the situation was rather grim, Xia Zhao ground his teeth until they bled profusely before launching himself off of the terrace to his death. As all ministers around grieved over their second loss, Bi Gan's body was soon returned while a funeral was held immediately for his countless loyal services to the Shang Dynasty.

News soon came about during their funeral that none other than Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was finally returning to the capital; all ministers thus made quick preparations to meet the former outside Morning Song's gates. Arriving shortly atop his great dragon unicorn, Wen Zhong gazed towards the capital and realized that a funeral was taking place due to many paper pennants flying about. Inspecting the reason for such, he was astonished to hear that Vice Prime Minister Bi Gan had died — and thus entered immediately to see many gorgeous buildings such as the Happy Terrace all around him. Dismounting before his fellow colleagues at the palace gate's roadside, the Grand Old Master expressed his greetings while entering the Grand Hall.

Being informed by Yellow Flying Tiger of the many torture devices created and the unjust deaths of countless loyal ministers throughout his years of departure, Wen Zhong's third eye burned red with rage as he ordered King Zhou to ascend his throne at once. With Daji joyfully drinking the soup made from Bi Gan's heart, King Zhou was rather frightened to hear that the Grand Old Master had returned — but nonetheless left immediately in his royal carriage to see the dignified latter. Sitting before Wen Zhong within the Grand Hall, the latter thoroughly elaborated his complete victory at the North Sea District while

inspecting the reason as to why two of the four grand dukes have risen in rebellion. Being told that Jiang Huanchu and E Chongyu were executed for conspiring against the throne — even though the king did not possess any such witness that could prove such a case — Wen Zhong became exceedingly wrathful and reprimanded the king for the blatant malevolent qualities that he possesses. Telling the former that he would personally endeavor to set the country in order in the name of King Da Yi, his former master, Wen Zhong told the king to return to his apartments while he plans out his next move for the dynasty's benefit.

As King Zhou left without uttering a single word against the Grand Old Master, the latter asked his fellow colleagues to join him at his residence. Arriving shortly before the Silver Peace Hall with each minister present, Yellow Flying Tiger came forth from the crowd to personally elaborate the full happenings from Daji's entry to Bi Gan's death. Now fully knowing the ultimate woes of the Shang Dynasty, Wen Zhong let out a great roar of rage before declaring that he would seal the gates for three days while presenting to King Zhou a memorial upon the fourth.

Approaching the king on the fourth day with his written memorial, King Zhou placed it before his desk and was handed by the former an ink slab and writing brush to sign his name on ten individual proposals. King Zhou signed his consent on all but the destruction of the Happy Terrace; the deposition of Daji; and the beheading of Fei Zhong and You Hun to as warning to all flatterers. With Wen Zhong's suggestion to the king that the remaining three proposals essentially need to be fulfilled if he was to prevent the Shang Dynasty from falling to utter ruin, the latter stood forth without uttering a word. Fei Zhong, who did not see the true seriousness of the situation, moved forward to speak with King Zhou before being stopped by the Grand Old Master.

As Fei Zhong began to state the former's propositions as a clear insult to His Majesty and violation to the general rites of inferior to superior, Wen Zhong seethed with rage at his words — and thus charged his fist into Fei Zhong's skull, causing the latter to tumble violently down the Grand Hall's steps in an injured state. Seeing Fei Zhong lying on the floor with a bruised head and face, You Hun ran before the Grand Old Master while declaring his actions as being the equivalent to beating King Zhou himself.

Learning that the man standing before him was none other than You Hun, Wen Zhong ran forward and smashed his fist into the former's face — sending him crashing seven yards past the Grand Hall stairway in a near death state. Grand Old Master Wen Zhong followed by ordering the two ministers to be taken to the palace gate for their awaited execution immediately afterwards. Just as Fei Zhong and You Hun were to have their heads cleaved off, King Zhou ran forward to Wen Zhong and pleaded for the two ministers to be placed before court and tried according to law for their former actions.

Observing the king's frightened manner, and realizing that it was a crime for the former to possess such intense fear towards him, Wen Zhong ordered the two ministers to be placed in gaol and await their trial while the three remaining proposals were carefully discussed within the near future. With such grand resolve to ensure political reform was effectively instilled, news soon reached the capital that King Ping Ling of the East Sea district had unfortunately declared independence. As Wen Zhong attained word of such, he appeared before Yellow

Flying Tiger's residence shortly and asked the latter who was more fitting to take care of the situation. After they both carefully considered their next move, Grand Old Master stated that he would take 200,000 soldiers to the East Sea district while Flying Tiger remains at the palace for internal defense.

Additionally stating that he would deal with the state's administration at his best following his return, Wen Zhong appeared before King Zhou the following morning to elaborate the current happenings within the east. Being very delighted internally at Wen Zhong's words of departure, both Yellow Flying Tiger and King Zhou personally escorted the Grand Old Master beyond the eastern gate of Morning Song. As the king handed Wen Zhong a glass of wine, the master handed it instead to Yellow Flying Tiger for the exceeded loyalty and administrative renown that he should elaborate while he himself was gone. Telling the king to listen well to his ministers and destroy the evil of the capital at all costs possible during his leave, cannons roared in all directions to signal the Grand Old Master's departure.

Chapter 28

Punitive Expedition against the North Grand Dukedom

Greatly delighted at Grand Old Master's leave, King Zhou returned to the palace shortly while ordering Fei Zhong and You Hun to be freed — for the king labeled them as being wrongly accused when they were clearly loyal and undeserving of death. Now that Wen Zhong was effectively gone, King Zhou knew that he could return to his original ways without anyone truly able to criticize his actions.

As spring raged forward spreading great beauty throughout the capital, King Zhou declared to his ministers that a party within the royal garden should be performed. Finding the garden as beautiful as the Penglai Fairyland, the Peony Pavilion of old along with the Brocade Hall could be seen with great extravagant detail.

Holding a banquet within the Peony Pavilion, the king enjoyed his own personal table with Splendor and Daji while other high ranking ministers such as Yellow Flying Tiger and Wei Zi sighed at such a grand celebration taking place even though the land was clearly rampant with deluded chaos and constant rebellion. Thanking the king for their party after midday, King Zhou convinced every former minister present to stay and drink away their woes from dusk till night.

As Daji and Splendor became exceedingly intoxicated while sleeping within the royal library, Daji lusted to attain human flesh immediately — and thus swooped about the midnight sky in her specter form. With attendants shouting about that a specter had been seen in the heavens, Yellow Flying Tiger left his seat hurriedly as he thrashed one of the pavilion's railings at the horrible beast. Ordering the hunting hawk with golden eyes to be unleashed immediately due to the lack of his weapon's effectiveness, the hawk soon soared to the specter while clawing violently with its great talons.

Being clearly wounded, Daji hid herself underneath some rocks within a neighboring artificial hill. King Zhou thus ordered his attendants to start digging away in hopes of capturing the specter. Unexpectedly finding an incredibly large pile of half-eaten corpses beneath the rock mound, the king became horrified at the reality of the situation: specters were present within the Shang Dynasty and were the evident reason for such disaster.

As King Zhou awoke the following morning after unhappily excusing his minister's the former evening, he stared in alarm at Daji, who possessed many scratches across her face. Being told that she happened to scratch her face upon overhanging branches within the royal garden, King Zhou told her to be very careful of her new surroundings considering the specter incident.

Pondering over what the king had said, Daji vaguely remembered through her intoxication that Yellow Flying Tiger had been the minister who thrashed at her with his pole — and she thus immediately vowed revenge against the former at all costs possible. Meanwhile, Jiang Ziya had shortly obtained report on King Ping Ling's rebellion and Chong Houhu's brutal treating of the people during the Happy

Terrace's development. Vying with rage at Chong's qualities, Jiang Ziya approached Prince Wen and suggested to him that if the Grand Duke of the North, Chong Houhu, was effectively destroyed — considering his many acts of tyranny through blatant brutality and impulsiveness. King Zhou would be assisted greatly in the path of becoming a benevolent ruler such as that of Yao or Shun of old. Being delighted at a chance to effectively help King Zhou as he accepted the prime minister's proposal, Jiang Ziya offered himself to be the commander of the army on the prince's behalf.

After declaring that he too would assist Jiang Ziya on the battlefield, Prince Wen chose an auspicious date before charging out of the capital with 100,000 soldiers. Many individuals present within the Western Foothills — especially the original Morning Song refugees — rejoiced in great happiness at the prince's departure to destroy Chong Houhu.

As the army arrived before Chong City, the north grand dukedom, after a few days of travel, Chong Houhu was meanwhile present within Morning Song while Chong Yinbiao, the duke's son, attained headship over the city. Attaining information shortly that Ji Chang was commander over the forces stationed outside his dukedom, Yingbiao grinned in delight at a chance to do away with the former in order to better the reputation of his father — even if Ji Chang arrived with intentions other than battle.

With full resolve to wipe out Chong Houhu at all costs possible, Jiang Ziya ordered General Nangong Kuo to head to the front and unleash the first battle immediately. As Huang Yuanji charged out of the city gates with a contingent of soldiers, the former fiercely clashed blades with Nangong in great vigor and heated rage at Ji Chang's clear intentions to destroy them. Attaining word in short time that Huang Yuanji had lost his life by the enemy general's blade, Yingbiao pounded his desk in rage while ordering a fierce engagement of mortal combat to be unleashed the following day. With both forces aligned before each other the next morning, Jiang Ziya stepped forward from his army while taking the appearance of a honored celestial in the eyes of Chong Yinbiao. Barking at Yinbiao for defending the evil ways of his father, the latter barked back at Jiang Ziya angrily while ordering a general from his side to quickly kill the opposition.

As Prince Wen charged before Yinbiao lest Jiang Ziya experienced any harm, the former profusely yelled at Yinbiao, stating that it would be better off for him to simply dismount from his horse and experience death instead of opposing the will of Heaven any further. With both sides fiercely clashing blades in great resolve, Chong Yinbiao additionally threw himself into combat in order to take Ji Chang's head if at all possible. Once two generals under the north dukedom had been effectively slain, Yinbiao ordered a full-scale retreat.

Urgently setting forth a meeting to discuss how they were to repel the enemy forces, everyone present under Yinbiao had no clue what to do. Seeing this as the perfect chance to strike forth at the city, Prince Wen declined Jiang Ziya's offer to attack their dukedom lest the innocent was to be hurt and his benevolence would be known amongst the country as mere folly. A letter was thus immediately sent to Black Tiger Chong Heihu in hopes that he could assist them in taking over Chong City.

Chapter 29

Clash between two Grand Dukes

As General Nangong Kuo left to Caozhou at immediate pace, he soon took lodgings within an official hotel upon his arrival at Black Tiger Chong Heihu's residence. Leaving his office upon Nangong's reported arrival, Heihu soon obtained a letter from Jiang Ziya on the current situation. Reading the letter over continuously, he decided that it would be for the greater good if he put an end to his brother in the name of the people; despite the blood that he was to stain on the faces of his ancestors through such an action.

Before he departed, 3,000 soldiers were individually chosen to accompany him from Caozhou while his son, Chong Yingluan, ensures the protection of the city during his leave. As Chong Heihu arrived before the north grand dukedom's city gates in short time, Yinbiao emerged forth and earnestly welcomed his fellow uncle — who had arrived with reinforcements after obtaining report on the situation.

Sitting within the main hall by his cousin's side, Chong Heihu asked the true reason as to why Ji Chang had suddenly attacked their residence. The latter stated that a man by the name of Jiang Ziya said earlier that they arrived out of some form of malice towards his father and have thus attacked with most probable intentions to kill him. Easily seeing such words as accurate and on the side of rationality, Chong Heihu charged from the city gates to do battle against the opposing forces of Prince Wen at the following dawn. Jiang Ziya was completely rational of Chong Heihu's intentions upon the arrival of Nangong Kuo — and thus sent the latter to do battle with Black Tiger.

As both warriors battled with great renown, Chong Heihu silently told Nangong to feign retreat after giving up ground as a pretext to the combat's end. Seeing the enemy general flee while Heihu did not pursue in any form, Yingbiao approached his uncle and inspected the reason for such an action. Being told Jiang Ziya was widely known for his magical renown, there alone arose the chance that the former would use such tactics in order to ensure his victory at all costs possible — considering the additional rash ways of such pursuit. As Heihu and Yingbiao thus returned to the city, Black Tiger stated that their probability of victory should increase dramatically if Houhu and King Zhou were effectively contacted and informed of the current happenings upon Chong City.

With Sun Rong thus being sent to the capital, he arrived before Chong Houhu's residence and first handed the duke the intended letter. Pounding his desk in utter rage at the ill gratitude and treacherous motives that Ji Chang possesses towards him, — despite the many sacrifices that he had made in order to ensure the safety of the former — Chong Houhu presented himself to King Zhou and elaborated the current case on hand.

After the king had ensured his minister that he should back him with soldiers if the need be, Houhu confidently set out with 3,000 soldiers from the capital in quick pace. As soon as Chong Heihu had obtained word that his brother was heading to Chong City, he told General Gao Ding to await in ambush inside the city gates and only emerge to seize the grand duke when the rattling of a sword

was effectively heard. After Shen Gong had been told in addition to arrest the entire Chong family and bring them to the Zhou camp upon Heihu's emerging from the city, both Chong Heihu and Yingbiao set out shortly to await the arrival of Houhu. As the grand duke was thus invited inside of the city gates, all soldiers suddenly seized both Houhu and his son once the sound of rattling had been heard.

Being fully rational that if Chong Houhu was effectively seized and destroyed before the eyes of the people, the Chong family would not only live on in an honorable prestige but his own reputation would soar due to reinforcing the greater good despite the blood that was to be shed. After thus placing the duke before Jiang Ziya's feet, and warmly greeting Ji Chang, Prince Wen became displeased at Heihu's actions for being ruthless. Informing the prince that such an action was for the greater good, and well on the side of virtue, Jiang Ziya ordered Chong Houhu and his son to be placed before him while their heads were immediately cut from their bodies.

Having no original intention whatsoever to kill the grand duke and his son, Prince Wen blinded his eyes from the sight of their decapitated heads while shrieking with fear and disgust. Ordering Chong Heihu to free all remaining captives, Jiang Ziya and Prince Wen took their leave from Chong City while Heihu remained to govern the people as the new grand duke of the north. Unfortunately however upon their return to the Western Foothills, Prince Wen began to see Chong Houhu's decapitated head at every moment he happened to close his eyes — and his health thus slowly decreased out of clear disgust and resentment.

Once Wei Zi, the secretariat of Morning Song, obtained word that Chong Houhu had been executed while his younger brother, Chong Heihu, took control over the former's territory, he realized that the threat of Ji Chang would become even more greater due to Heihu's independence from the capital — and thus informed King Zhou immediately lest any further trouble evolved. Seething with rage at the north grand duke's death upon the hearing of such an incident, King Zhou ordered a contingent of soldiers to bring back both Ji Chang and Chong Heihu for trial.

However, Li Ren moved forward from the ministers present and stated that if he was to effectively act in the benefit of Chong Houhu — who was widely despised by the ministers and people alike — then they naturally would feel great malice towards him for supporting one of criminal traits rather than the loyal. Realizing the rationality in his words, King Zhou decided to abandon the idea of attacking Heihu altogether.

Unfortunately back at the Western Foothills however, Prince Wen's health worsened day by day forcing constant medical attention from doctors within the capital. As Jiang Ziya knelt before his master one day upon the former's request, Prince Wen calmly told him from his bed to never ally the Western Foothills with the rebelling nobles at any costs whatsoever; due to the many not royal actions that had been taken earlier that proved a level of disloyalty towards the king's wishes, peace must always remain between the west and Morning Song as atonement for their past defiance.

Gazing at the tear-filled eyes of Prince Wen, and seeing the indomitable spirit of loyalty that surges through the former's heart, Jiang Ziya ensured that he

should eternally obey such instructions. With Ji Fa's sudden entrance, Prince Wen told his son that he should take his place as governor over the Western Foothills following his death — but at no account should he dare listen to any words that might harm the king during his succession. After telling the prime minister and Ji Fa to instill virtue and true loyalty to both the king and the people so that the future generations can possess eternal happiness, Prince Wen breathed his last, dying at the age of 97 and being given the title of King Wen of Zhou.

Following King Wen's funeral, Jiang Ziya proposed to all ministers present that Ji Fa should succeed his father with the title of West Grand Duke and King Wu. As all ministers were risen one rank with additional benefits, the 200 marquises came constantly to offer their obeisance to the new king over the Western Foothills. Once Commander Han Rong of Sishi Pass had obtained word on Ji Fa's succession to the throne, and the unexpected death of Ji Chang, a messenger was immediately sent before the capital's secretariat. With both Yao Zhong and Prince Wei Zi being the first to hear of such urgent news, Yao Zhong declared that he should see the king on such a matter no matter what the outcome might be.

Chapter 30

Incidents leading to a Rebellion

Ascending the Star Picking Belvedere and kowtowing before the king, Yao Zhao thoroughly declared that now Ji Fa had succeeded the deceased Ji Chang as king over the Western Foothills, Jiang Ziya should easily be able to influence the former through ambitious motives of attacking the capital. However, King Zhou was not the least worried — for he believed that Jiang Ziya was nothing more than a vile trickster that would sow hate and ill-trust in the hearts of any other potential rebel of the capital; Ji Fa in addition was considered a mere child that lacked any disciple in the art of war and should thus not be taken as a serious threat to any extent.

After leaving the Belvedere in great disappointment over King Zhou's words, Yao Zhao knew that King Wu must be the destined savior that should put the tyrannical king to his eternal rest. As the new year's day celebrating King Zhou's 21st year of reign over the Shang Dynasty had arrived in rather short time, ministers went about to offer their traditional greetings to the king, while each of their wives paid obeisance to Queen Daji. When the day's natural formalities had drifted by, Lady Jia, the wife of Yellow Flying Tiger, entered the palace to offer her personal greetings to Daji before visiting her sister in law, concubine Huang.

At the very moment that Daji had attained word that Lady Jia was none other than Yellow Flying Tiger's wife, she grinned in great delight at such a chance to attain revenge against the prince. As Lady Jia and Daji alike both offered their respective greetings, Daji realized that the former was eight years older than her at the age of forty-one. Asking her fellow lady if they would like to become sworn sisters, Lady Jia refuted at first but freed herself from such modesty after realizing that they were both similar in aristocratic rank.

After they had drunken two glasses of wine, Jia quickly hid herself within the Rear Hall upon Daji's suggestion once King Zhou had arrived to see his queen following such a long day of hard work. Clearly seeing that two cups were sitting one across the other in front of Daji, King Zhou inspected who had been present. Being told that Lady Jia, wife of Yellow Flying Tiger, had been present earlier, Daji told the king that he should see her. Rather reluctant at such a suggestion — for it would vile the rights between king and minister — King Zhou was eventually convinced after hearing that she was not only extraordinarily beautiful, but could be considered his relative out of ties between Yellow Flying Tiger's concubine sister.

As Daji thus approached Lady Jia shortly after, and asked for her to walk together at the Star Picking Mansion in order to enjoy the scenery around them, Lady Jia had little choice but to comply — for they can only meet one time a year according to the rights. Walking along the upper balcony and gazing forth at a large pit full of snakes and skeletons, Lady Jia became frightened at the explanation that such a method was in need simply to uphold discipline within the capital. Accepting a few more cups of wine from Daji after sitting down with the latter, Concubine Huang meanwhile became worried at the hearing that her sister-in-law was present at the Star Picking Mansion with Daji — and thus immediately sent one of

her maids to carefully observe the queen's motives. With report that King Zhou was currently ascending the Star Picking Mansion, Lady Jia stood outside of the balcony while the king made his approach. Following his arrival, and immediate informing that the woman standing outside the balcony was Yellow Flying Tiger's wife, King Zhou became very lustful over her beautiful looks. Being told by Daji to enter forth and sit by the king's side, she gradually accepted such an order lest she was to attain any such punishment as earlier seen if the slightest defiance was to be shown.

Begging, however, to leave the king's side to show her true loyalty through modesty, King Zhou encouraged her to sit by his side and enjoy a personal glass of wine. Feeling as if her honor would be torn apart if she sat by the side of such a wicked tyrant, Lady Jia took her glass of wine and threw it into King Zhou's face as a showing of her hatred towards his vile ways. Even though she clearly realized that such an action would probably cost her life, and bring about further mayhem within her family, Lady Jia was resolute to preserve her honor at all costs possible.

As King Zhou ordered his guards to seize her, Lady Jia ran to the balcony rails and exclaimed a final vow of farewell to her beloved husband and children before leaping forth to her unfortunate death. Attaining word shortly that Lady Jia had lost her life, Concubine Huang seethed with rage while running up the Star Picking Mansion's stairs immediately. Thrusting forth at Daji and physically beating her for conjectured treachery, King Zhou told his honored concubine that Daji was truly innocent — for Lady Jia acted out of her own irrational impulse and died because of it. Not in any mood whatsoever to stop beating Daji — or hear the king's words at that — Huang unthinkingly smacked King Zhou violently in the face.

Great rage thus filled the breast of King Zhou while he grabbed the sadistic maiden by the air and lunged her forcefully off the mansion's rails. Grabbing hold of Daji and holding her in his arms in great sadness over his beloved's condition, the attendants under Lady Jia were meanwhile informed by a palace maiden of the unfortunate events that came about at the Star Picking Mansion. As Yellow Flying Tiger was enjoying the New Year's feast throughout the evening with his right-hand generals and fellow brothers, Lady Jia's attendants ran to his residence immediately and informed him of the disaster incident with his wife and sister in law.

With everyone in great alarm while Yellow Flying Tiger sat in silence, Huang Ming approached his master and told him that it was clearly evident that they should seek a new ruler to serve under; considering Yellow Flying Tiger was the head of all military affairs and state headship, his reputation would be the first to suffer by the neighboring people who was rising in rebellion — thus by rebelling, he would be looked upon as a hero that strikes at any injustice that might befall his people upon circumstance.

Knowing that his reputation would effectively soar with the greater majority if he issued forth his rebellion, Yellow Flying Tiger still considered such an action as being far too risky due to solely rendering the incident with his wife. Running after his four generals and telling them to discuss the issue further before being completely resolved to leave the capital for good, each of the four returned with Yellow Flying Tiger to his residence. Raising his sword unexpectedly before

his generals, Yellow Flying Tiger declared that his family had served honorably under the Shang Dynasty for over seven generations — and the death of a single woman who was unknown to the former was most definitely not reason enough to destroy such honor through rebellion.

General Zhou Ji approached to his master and declared that all who were unknowing of his glory and rank would only believe that he attained such high rank through his wife's beauty instead of progressive loyalty through generations. Yellow Flying Tiger realized the reality of his reputation and thus ordered a full flight from Morning Song immediately. Being suggested by General Guang Ming to challenge King Zhou to a battle within the capital before leave lest his master regretted his decision in the future, Yellow Flying Tiger consented to such a suggestion as he equipped his armor and strode towards the palace gates atop his divine ox.

Once General Zhou Ji had declared to the guards that they were rebelling, and if they do not pull King Zhou out of the palace in short time they would be slaughtered in entirety, the guards fearfully fled through the gates and informed the king of such a sudden situation. Bursting with furiousness at such a report, King Zhou personally put on his armor, took his cutlass, and smashed open the gates to do away with the rebelling Yellow Flying Tiger at the crack of dawn.

As King Zhou aligned his royal army before the rebelling forces outside the palace, Yellow Flying Tiger looked into the king's fiery eyes and felt a level of shame for his actions at hand. Once Generals Huang Ming and Zhou Ji had clearly noticed such hesitation on his part, they both unleashed their cutlasses and clashed with great renown against King Zhou immediately. Originally intending on clarifying the facts with the king before taking any physical action, Yellow Flying Tiger felt greatly displeased but nonetheless strode forth to assist his two generals. Even though King Zhou possessed great skill with the cutlass, he could not handle a three-pronged attack — and was thus forced to flee through the palace gates following thirty-rounds of battle.

Grabbing hold of his two generals lest they attempted to chase the fleeing king, Yellow Flying Tiger rode through the capital's western gates while catching up shortly with the rest of his family along the way. As King Zhou meanwhile returned to court and felt a high level of remorse and rage at the former incidents, many people began hearing of the rebellion and thus approached the king to hear the reason for such a sudden turn of events.

Informing the ministers present that Lady Jia, Yellow Flying Tiger's sister, impulsively threw herself from the Star Picking Mansion simply out of her own personal dignity, and Madame Huang, the sister-in-law of the former lady, committed suicide after being informed of such news, King Zhou asked what should be done at such a present time of confusion that had little to do with him.

As everyone present began pondering in silence, it was soon heard that Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had returned from the East Sea district. Entering the palace gates and being warmly welcomed by each minister, Wen Zhong became worried as to why his old friend Yellow Flying Tiger was not seen — and he thus approached King Zhou to inspected the reason for such. Being informed by the king that Yellow Flying Tiger had rebelled most likely due to the elaborated

incident with Concubine Huang and Lady Jia, Wen Zhong clearly realized the reality of the situation — knowing that his comrade would never rebel unless the circumstances were indeed exceedingly crucial and in need of amendment.

Suggesting to King Zhou that he should return with Yellow Flying Tiger only if his case was personally considered as justified and without punishment on the part of the king, ministers began to shout about, saying that Flying Tiger's actions were deserving of punishment no matter what the case might have been. Excusing such pointless dribble nonetheless, Wen Zhong ordered Generals Li Ji and Yu Qing to send urgent reports to the Good Dream and Green Dragon passes so that Yellow Flying Tiger's route of escape was cut off during his future pursuit.

Chapter 31

Flight and Pursuit

With the great clamor of drums and cannons resounding about the capital's western gates, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong ascended to the sky atop his great dragon in immediate pursuit of his close comrade, Yellow Flying Tiger. As Yellow Flying Tiger's party had meanwhile arrived near the White Orile Forest of Lintong Pass, they began to see large clouds of dust spinning about from behind and thus realized that an army was most likely approaching their position with quick speed. As soldiers from the Green Dragon and Good Dream Pass suddenly surrounded them from differing directions, Yellow Flying Tiger led out a single yell of frustration that pierced all around after realizing that his situation was exceedingly critical and most improbable of escape.

Virtue of the Pure Void, who happened to live within a mountainous region neighboring Lintong Pass, heard the loud emanation of immense anger and despair — and thus parted the clouds beneath to find it to be none other than Prince Yellow Flying Tiger. Ordering his yellow carved genie to wrap the prince and his entourage with the Universe Muddling Pennant and place them at a hidden area within the mountains, the genie immediately obeyed its master's command.

As such was effectively carried out, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile attained word from a patrolman of the vanguard that neither Zhang Guifang of Green Dragon, nor the four Mo generals of Good Dream, had seen Yellow Flying Tiger to any extent. Ordering the five present before him to return to their respective passes and set up a strict defense, Wen Zhong became rather puzzled as to why Flying Tiger had not been seen whatsoever, considering that he was traveling in the very direction that the former was rumored to have crossed while three additional forces aligned themselves from opposite directions.

Peering over the great surroundings before him atop his dragon, soldiers shortly reported that Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage had been seen heading straight towards Morning Song with unknown intentions from the eastern route. Swiftly gliding forth with great speed, Wen Zhong soon caught sight of who he thought to have been Yellow Flying Tiger — and thus launched forward with great speed. Approaching Meng Ford,⁹ while not catching up to the entourage in the very least, the forces before him suddenly vanished before a large veil of mist.

9. Meng Ford here seems to cross the Yellow River near Western Foothills and therefore also nearby White Orile Forest of Lintong Pass. However, other translations associate it with the River Meng, which might be a tributary of the mythical Yellow River.

Moreover, a popular legend on River Meng tells: "*Meng Jiang Nu*" — which means, "Lady of the River Meng" or "Spirit of the River Meng" — *was born from a gourd vine. One day the emperor took her husband to work for the construction the Great Wall, but he died and his body was used into the foundations of the Wall. Meng came sad and screaming, which made a section of the Wall to fall. The angry emperor tried to seize her but she cast herself into the ocean where she was rescued by the Dragon king of the Sea, who then repelled the emperor with an army of crabs.*

Using this as trickery to lure Wen Zhong to a faraway position, Virtue of the Pure Void placed Yellow Flying Tiger and his men back on their original path through Lintong after declaring the situation as being safe. Approaching the pass's gates, Zhang Feng appeared forth and suggested to Yellow Flying Tiger that he should return to Morning Song with due haste for the sake of his father and treasured ancestors.

Politely informing Zhang, despite the many great feats that he had performed as supreme military commander of Morning Song, King Zhou had shown him great insult with little consideration to his true loyalty — even going to the extent of killing his very own wife and sister out of nothing more than barbaric impulse.

Clearly realizing that Yellow Flying Tiger's resolve was impossible to pierce, Zhang unleashed his cutless and slashed at the latter violently. Trying to calm the former while parrying his every blow, Yellow Flying Tiger knew the situation was hopeless — and thus fought back with his duel swords with even greater renown. As Zhang knew that he was far less skilled in battle, he had no choice but to flee back to his pass in vain attempt.

Deciding it best to make camp in order to discuss the current issue at hand with his fellow generals and family members present, Zhang Feng meanwhile ordered General Xiao Yin to take a contingent of three thousand archers, surround the camp of Yellow Flying Tiger, and unleash a volley of arrows once the beating of bamboo slats was heard at midnight. Leaving immediately upon the hearing of such an order, Xiao Yin knew that such an action would be far too cruel and ungrateful — for Yellow Flying Tiger had promoted him as deputy commander over Lintong and showed him great kindness through military exercise and discipline within the past.

Secretly leaving the pass under the veil of night while approaching Yellow Flying Tiger's camp, Xiao Yin personally placed himself before Yellow Flying Tiger, told him of Zhang Feng's cruel intentions, and declared that he should open the pass's gates so that the former could attain a quick chance to cut his way through. As soon as great commotion roamed through Lintong Pass once Yellow Flying Tiger made his immediate escape, Zhang Feng sat in regret at previously choosing Xiao Yin for such a task. Striding through the pass gates in immediate pursuit, Zhang Feng was suddenly struck violently in the breast by Xiao Yin, who was hidden like a veil within the darkness.

Falling from his horse dead, Xiao Yin told Yellow Flying Tiger in a loud voice that he should do his upmost to ensure that King Zhou's men were essentially slowed down in their assault. Profusely thanking Xiao Yin for his kind motives, Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage approached Tongguan Pass shortly. Setting up camp temporarily, Chen Tong, the commander of Tongguan Pass, realized that Yellow Flying Tiger's party was not far off — and this would truly be the only opportunity to attain revenge after the former's original intention to put him to death at one point in time.

Flouring his weapon with rage, Chen Tong flew from the pass gates while confronting Yellow Flying Tiger with great earnest. Knowing that Chen Tong was eager for revenge, Yellow Flying Tiger challenged him by stating that if he could

effectively defeat him in three rounds of combat, he would turn himself in to the former for trial back at Morning Song. Seething with rage at his lack of renown that did not even vaguely match up to Flying Tiger's, Chen Tong began to flee while launching his Fire Dragon Javelin — a weapon that never missed its intended mark through magic attributes — at his foe.

Being struck beneath the armpit by Chen's deadly weapon, Yellow Flying Tiger fell to the ground in unbearable pain. Seeing their commander severely wounded, General Guang Ming and Zhou Ji wrathfully engaged Chen Tong to the very death, while Huang Feibiao quickly grabbed hold of his brother and pulled him from the battle. As Chen Tong realized that he was thoroughly exhausted, he retreated from the battle after additionally wounding Zhou Ji with his javelin. Laying the motionless Yellow Flying Tiger down before the grass, all around broke into loud sobs at the unexpected death of their treasured commander. Meditating atop his Green Cloud Bed, Virtue of the Pure Void intuitively knew that calamity had befallen someone within Yellow Flying Tiger's entourage—and thus performed divination immediately.

Realizing that his intuition was indeed correct, Huang Tianhua, the fourth son of Yellow Flying Tiger, was summoned before him and ordered to revive his father first before dealing with the current trouble at Tongguan Pass. Being handed a sword and a flower basket with instructions to return to the Purple Sun Cave swiftly after assisting his father through the pass, Huang Tianhua traveled with great speed and unparalleled vigor.

Chapter 32

Meeting between Father and Son

Arriving before Tongguan Pass and entering a neighboring camp that was believed to be his father's, Huang Tianhua moved forward and declared his name and set intention to the guards present before him. As Huang Tianbiao, one of Yellow Flying Tiger's two brothers, approached this stranger from the camp gates, he was surprised to notice that the former had a face quite similar to that of his brother's — and thus immediately exchanged a polite bow.

Being led before Yellow Flying Tiger at the back camp, Huang Tianhua wept internally at the state that his father was currently present within. Seeing another man laying off to the left in a gravely wounded state, Huang Tianhua immediately began the revival process. Obtaining some water from a neighboring stream, Huang Tianhua used the elixir pills from his basket to dissolve the pills and gently pour the medicine down his father's throat. Awaking with a shock after about an hour of time, Yellow Flying Tiger asked hurriedly how long he had been unconscious.

Being informed fully of the situation, Yellow Flying Tiger broke into tears at the sight of his fourth son who had not been present before his eyes for over thirteen years. Telling his father that a superior man by the name of Virtue of the Pure Void had taken him in for discipleship due to being supposedly destined for such a fate, Huang Tianhua greeted his fellow uncles and brothers while restoring the wounded Zhou Ji back to full health. Suddenly realizing that his mother, Lady Jia, had not been present whatsoever, Yellow Flying Tiger had little choice but to inform his son about the incident at Capital Morning Song to the former's detriment.

As Huang Tianhua fell to the ground in unparalleled rage and great frustration, he vowed to give his very own life if it meant the death of King Zhou. A messenger shortly arrived before the camp of Yellow Flying Tiger and informed the commander immediately of Chen Tong's second challenge. Leaving with due confidence of his son's promised backing, Yellow Flying Tiger confronted his hated opponent once more with complete vigor to obtain revenge.

Being rather stunned at Flying Tiger's keen posture and seemingly good health, Chen Tong raised his halberd and charged the former with great furiousness nonetheless. Suffering defeat after a few rounds, Chen Tong began to flee while Yellow Flying Tiger hesitated lest he suffered gravely once more by the enemy commander's javelin. Knowing that his opponent would most assuredly not pursue a second time after suffering such a calamity within the past, Chen Tong decided to launch his Fire Dragon Javelin despite the great length between both commanders.

As Huang Tianhua unexpectedly leapt forth and absorbed the lance with his flower basket, Chen Tong knew that the boy would more than likely be a great obstacle between his long awaited revenge against Flying Tiger — and he thus slashed violently at Huang Tianhua in hopes of destroying him with quick speed. With a single swift slash of light from Tianhua's magical Moye Sword, Chen Tong's

head suddenly tumbled to the ground as an announcement of Flying Tiger's victory. Smashing the gates open with great speed, Yellow Flying Tiger emerged from Tongguan Pass shortly while Huang Tianhua bade a tearful farewell to his father, vowing to meet again at the Western Foothills sometime into the future. Arriving before Chuanyun Pass, Commander Chen Wu, the brother of Chen Tong, obtained word that Yellow Flying Tiger had broken through Tongguan and destroyed his brother.

Being rather furious at such an incident while calling forth his generals to a council, General He Shen moved forward and told the commander of his plan to "take the enemy by cunning, not by force". After accepting the former's plan with delight, Chen Wu appeared before the pass gates to courteously propose a feast for Yellow Flying Tiger due to the unjust suffering that he confronted within the past. Accepting such a proposal with due happiness, the night arrived in quick time during their fellow feast together.

Being asked to rest at their lodgings for the night, Yellow Flying Tiger reluctantly declined such an offer lest Chen Wu attempted to perform any treacherous deed at such a time; he unwillingly agreed, however, once his generals declared their reassurance that such could not possibly happen considering the former's kind motives.

Ordering his men to hide the luggage carts within neighboring corridors, every man fell asleep with true ease, while Yellow Flying Tiger insistently paced about in his room while reminiscing the past calamities that he had suffered and how he can effectively ensure that harm can be escaped within the present situation.

Carefully considering such thoughts throughout the night without the slightest would to sleep, he was startled to hear the voice of his beloved wife suddenly emit throughout the walls of his room, stating that a grand fire should burst about within their sleeping quarters in short time — as Chen Wu had essentially planned out. Waking everyone present immediately, Yellow Flying Tiger elaborated Lady Jia's words and declared that they should thus break out of their current position in quick pace.

As each general smashed the barred doors open with hand axes, they ordered the luggage carts to be pushed out of the building once heaps of firewood were clearly seen laying in front of them. Rushing out atop their horses with unparalleled speed, Chen Wu quickly attained word of such happenings — and thus pursued Yellow Flying Tiger's forces in immediate pace. Seeing Chen Wu rushing upon his back, Yellow Flying Tiger yelled at the enemy commander for his insincere kindness while possessing irrational enmity towards him.

Charging each other with great furiousness, Flying Tiger stabbed his sword deeply through Chen Wu's heart before smashing down the gates and destroying all enemy soldiers that dared to oppose his intense resolve.

Leaving Chuanyuan in complete victory while approaching Jiepai Pass in quick speed, General Huang Ming commented to Yellow Flying Tiger that Huang Gun, the former's father, was the commander of the following pass — and most assuredly would listen to his son's reason after the unjust incidents met within the past. As Huang Gun had obtained word of Yellow Flying Tiger's rebellion, and the

grand slaughter through such an incident, he opened the camp gates with 3,000 soldiers at his right hand while ten prisoner carts sat to his left in preparation to punish his son despite the filial relations that they might possess towards each other.

Chapter 33

The Battle at Sishui Pass

As Generals Huang Ming and Dragon Huan of Yellow Flying Tiger were the first to reach the gates of Jiepai Pass, they clearly noticed Huang Gun's blatant intentions but approached him nonetheless in greeting. With Yellow Flying Tiger's additional approach, Huang Ming suddenly lashed out many cold words of hatred towards his son due to the consequences that should be personally brought upon him as a latent result. Desiring to be remembered by the king as a loyal subject with the chance to live, Huang Gun demanded that his son dismounts and was taken in as prisoner for him to deliver before the feet of Morning Song.

He accepted his father's words as being his only chance left to prove that he was a filial son still possessing loyal attributes towards the Shang Dynasty. Huang Ming immediately stepped forward and convinced his master that such an action would only put great shame to his resolve, and clearly was not the Will of Heaven to give in to such an injustice without a second thought. Realizing that Huang Ming must have been a large influential figure that incited his son into rebellion, Huang Gun unleashed his blade wrathfully while charging at the former.

Attempting to convince Huang Guan that his actions would be void of virtue and filially if he continued to fight solely for his currently possessed reputation rather than the greater good, Huang Gun's rage became ignited with a tint of even greater infuriation. As the four main generals under Yellow Flying Tiger began to violently clash blades against Huang Gun, Huang Ming immediately suggested to his master to use the time that they keep Guan at bay to escape from the pass gates — which were currently wide open. Seeing his son flee from the pass gates as he continued to clash blades against the enemy generals, and knowing that he would suffer death by the king for such, Huang Gun fell from his horse and attempted immediate suicide as a new resolution.

Grabbing hold of Gun's arms to negate such an impulse resolve, Huang Ming calmly stated that he and the other three generals had originally intended on handing Yellow Flying Tiger in to Jiepai Pass after being forced into rebellion lest they wanted to be killed. Stating in addition that if Huang Gun could approach Yellow Flying Tiger and state his intention to join them on their journey after carefully considering the situation, Flying Tiger could be lured back to a feast between father and son while being thrown into prisoner carts upon a later surprise.

Accepting such a suggestion as his only true opportunity to deal with Flying Tiger even if Huang Ming was simply bluffing in intention, Huang Gun approached his son shortly and pleaded forgiveness for the earlier rudeness. After inviting the unsuspecting Yellow Flying Tiger into his residence, and drinking with his son in due happiness, Huang Gun began performing the signal to capture the former and his entourage into prisoner carts — beating a gong upon a drum — continuously without any response from Huang Ming whatsoever. Dishonestly stating from the curtains that the soldiers were not ready as of yet, the former meanwhile ordered Dragon Huan and Wu Qian to fill the prisoner carts with Huang Gun's belongings while setting the barns and warehouses aflame. As soldiers of Shang

stormed in to inform their commander of the current happenings while the majority of Flying Tiger's generals had already left the pass a second time, he became convinced by Huang Ming that the only way to preserve his great reputation, avoid death, and shine greatness upon the names of his ancestors, was to essentially join them in their departure to the Western Foothills. Kowtowing to Morning Song eight times while hanging his seal of office within the Silver Security Court, Huang Gun joined his son with 3,000 soldiers and 1,000 guards shortly.

As Huang Gun was riding side by side with Huang Ming, he warned the latter that they were approaching Sishui Pass. A pass that wields a dangerous sorcerer named Yu Hua, the reputed "*Seven-headed General*," who had never lost a single battle in his life. While Yellow Flying Tiger met with Gun and Ming shortly at their neighboring camp of Sishui Pass, Han Rong, the commander of the pass, sighed in great displeasure at being forced to deal with a commander that was once renowned throughout the Shang Dynasty as a hero.

Summoning his generals nonetheless to do away with the threat that laid before him, he and his generals decided it best to block the pass's gates with a heavy-armored unit, while the rest of his forces outside prepare for combat with long spears as their attributed weaponry. As the feared Yu Ha exited the gates before the enemy's camp, Yellow Flying Tiger personally declared that he should meet the former in combat. With Yu Hua's inspection to Flying Tiger for his rationale behind rebellion upon their approach, Yu Hua almost became convinced by the general's words — but nonetheless rode forward to do battle lest his own grandly established reputation was to be lost for freeing a widely-accounted rebel of the dynasty.

Being utterly exhausted during their duel as Yellow Flying Tiger's swords were used with keen renown and skill, Yu Hua retreated a set interval between the former while unleashing his black-cloud pennant to knock Flying Tiger unconscious. Pushing the commander before the feet of Han Rong, Han Rong placed Yellow Flying Tiger into gaol while awaiting the additional capture of his assistant rebels. As Huang Gun sat in camp fuming over Han Rong's chance to attain a high level of rather undeserved merit that night, Yu Ha rode forward to be met by Generals Zhou Ji and Huang Ming the following morning.

Unfortunately however, Zhou Ji and Huang Ming had never seen the method used to capture their commander originally, and they thus fell in addition to Yu Hua's magic pennant very shortly. Even though the generals of Flying Tiger were clearly informed of Yu Hua's ability by Huang Gun at a later point, their inner pride blinded their eyes from rationality — and Yu Ha thus managed to capture Huang Feibiao, Huang Feibao, Dragon Huan, and Wu Qian in a mere two encounters.

Being honored by Han Rong for his evidential prowess, Huang Gun meanwhile sat in the camp while gazing into the eyes of his grandsons, knowing that they too would more than likely be forced to suffer the same fate as their comrades. Obtaining report that Yu Ha had appeared once more before Flying Tiger's camp, Huang Tianlu, Huang Ming's grandson, convinced his grandfather that he should defeat the enemy general with his keenly established renown on the battlefield despite his age.

As the bout thus began between Tianlu and Yu Hua, the latter managed to use his magical pennant on Tianlu despite the wounds that he obtained through the former's unexpected skill. Being utterly distressed beyond despair at the hearing of his grandson's additional capture, Huang Gun suggested to his fellow soldiers to display their fine gifts present as a purchasing of their own freedom, while he accepts his seemingly inevitable fate as prisoner.

Even though the soldiers tried to console his motives, Huang Gun ignored such words due to the situation's clear conditions — and thus set forth to Sishui's gates to convince Han Rong that his grandchildren should be free of any harm while he gives himself in to preserve what little reputation he should have. Obtaining report on Huang Gun's arrival, Han Rong set forth with generals side by side, believing that the former either came for negotiation or sympathy.

Chapter 34

Good and Bad Fortune of Yellow Flying Tiger

Crawling on his knees before Han Rong, while performing a reciprocated salutation, Huang Gun placed forth his remaining grandchild and begged for his life to be spared of any such punishment so that the Huang family would not only live on, but the latter would be remembered as a man of compassion even when under a ruler of contradicting attributes. Responding to such a statement, Han Rong declared that no matter what the circumstances might be, if he dares to violate his set orders through nothing more than personal consideration, others would suspect him as being an ally to the rebels and/or unreliable as a commanding personage of the Shang Dynasty.

Retorting nonetheless by stating that his grandson was obviously forced into rebellion through current circumstances, and Han Rong would prove his respect towards the Huang family for reputational benefit if the child was to be freed, the latter dismissed such words as being irrational and out of the question. Knowing that all hope was thus lost, Huang Gun gave in himself and his son to be placed forth in the gaols as prisoners. Being utterly delighted at the capture of Yellow Flying Tiger's entire family and subordinate generals, a feast was performed as congratulations for such a grand feat.

Discussing afterwards who should be in command of the Morning Song prisoner escort party, Han Rong sat back in satisfaction at Yu Ha's ensured backing. As Yu Ha and his party began to travel immediately with their eleven prisoners present, Huang Gun couldn't restrain his tears over such a vile conclusion to a clan that was honored as highly as the very dynasty itself. Meanwhile at the Golden Light Cave of Qianyuan Mountain, Fairy Primordial intuitively knew that trouble was running about — and thus made a divination to find Yellow Flying Tiger and his family in grave danger.

Calling for Nezha in immediate pace, Primordial ordered his disciple to rush down the mountain and set free any men who seem to be in a state of crucial need, and then return after assisting them through Sishui Pass. Grasping his Fire-Tip Lance, Nezha sped down the mountain in excitement before seeing an army marching towards his direction with prisoner carts at their side. Assuming that this entourage was the one he was looking for, Nezha took up position on a narrow stretch along the pathway and began to sing a song in order to aggravate the soldiers in some way.

Strolling along to Nezha's position after attaining report on the former's actions, Yu Ha became infuriated at Nezha's insistence to obtain ten ingots of gold as payment for passage — and thus spurred his mount forward to attack such an annoyance. Being overrun by the enemy immortal's clear renown, Yu Hua unleashed forth his magical pennant; but such was only taken away by Nezha's leopard skin bag without the slightest effort.

Knowing that the man standing before him must be that of an immortal, and for surely he would meet disaster if his magical pennant was not attained quickly, Yu Ha rushed at Nezha with great desperation — clearly realizing that he could not

do much in such a situation. Unleashing forth his golden brick to gravely wound Yu Hua lest the latter attempted to kill the prisoners as a last resort in his desperate situation, Yu Hua galloped away in great speed while blood poured profusely from his head and body. Rationalizing for a moment, Nezha decided it best to allow Yu Hua escape lest his mission was delayed any further. Sending all other soldiers to immediate flight, Nezha inspected whether a man by the name of "Yellow Flying Tiger" was present in their party before freeing anyone.

As Yellow Flying Tiger prostrated before Nezha in gratitude while announcing his name, each prisoner reciprocated many kowtows to the man who freed them from certain disaster after receiving freedom from their bonds. Ensuring Flying Tiger and his family that he should personally hold of the pass for their sake in the time being, the former set off immediately to assist.

Yu Hua had meanwhile returned to the side of Commander Han Rong and thoroughly elaborated his meeting with a strange immortal that attacked him solely out of greedy intentions for a toll passage. Han Rong became very uneasy over the current circumstances — but became reassured after a general reminder that the commander Yellow Flying Tiger would have little choice but to return to Sishui even if he happened to be freed.

Obtaining report shortly that a man by the name of "Nezha" had arrived before the camp gates for battle, Han Rong strode out of the pass immediately without the slightest patience for further trouble on his part. Being informed by Nezha outside the gates that he had freed Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage while beating back a man by the name of "Yu Hua", Han Rong began to curse the former for the trouble that he had caused — and thus attacked Nezha without any further talk.

Not realizing what outstanding immortal qualities Nezha possessed, Han Rong and his soldiers were beaten back quickly with fear equivalent to that of fighting a great dragon. Not allowing such a threat to simply run amok no matter how strong it might be, the four generals and two brothers of Flying Tiger suddenly approached the gates of Sishui in assistance to the furthered detriment of Han Rong. As Yu Hua was informed of this critical situation, he immediately strode from the gates and became infuriated that the immortal from earlier dared to return simply to sully his great renown.

Using his golden brick and Universal Ring with great skill, Nezha forced both Han Rong and Yu Hua into immediate flight, while Yellow Flying Tiger and his father arrived shortly to break through the gates and gather all originally acquired belongings before charging through the pass in success. As Nezha took his leave shortly, Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage eventually arrived to Mount Qi — a region neighboring Phoenix City of the Western Foothills — without any opposition or trouble at that. Ordering his fellow generals and family members to take up camp near Phoenix City following their arrival, Yellow Flying Tiger dressed in plain clothing while heading through the city alone.

Walking through the streets, Flying Tiger noticed that the market and household regions were very prosperous compared to that of Morning Song — and thus became quite satisfied over the long hard-won journey that he inevitably performed. After obtaining information from a fellow passer-by where Prime

Minister Jiang Ziya's mansion was located, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the mansion shortly while being ushered in before the prime minister. Thoroughly elaborating his rebellion against Morning Song and the rationale behind such an action, Jiang Ziya joyfully allowed his guest to sit by his side while ensuring the former that he should inform such words to King Wu as soon as possible.

As Jiang Ziya thus approached the palace gates shortly, while greeting the king as the usual tradition, the prime minister informed King Wu that Prince Yellow Flying Tiger of Military Prowess had forsaken King Zhou and was now present within Phoenix City to offer his service. Once Yellow Flying Tiger had been called for audience before King Wu, the prince's new title became Prince for National Pacification and Military Prowess in hopes that he should be one of the destined founders of the future Zhou Dynasty.

Performing a banquet feast in Flying Tiger's honor, each of the family members and generals serving under the former were brought within the city while reattaining their original rank and position when originally under Shang.

Chapter 35

The Surrender of two Generals

Returning to the incident at Lintong, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was utterly astounded at being overtaken by such a simple trick even though he had mastered many immortal arts within the past — thus evidently suggesting that he must not have been destined to take Yellow Flying Tiger no matter what action was performed on his part. Returning to Morning Song shortly while elaborating to the ministers his unfortunate failure, Wen Zhong became rather worried over Yellow

Flying Tiger's conjectured immortal assistance reoccurring in the future as to increase his probability of escaping through the passes. As reports soon entered the capital, stating Yellow Flying Tiger's individual victory over the five passes, Wen Zhong became infuriated at the countless detrimental occurrences evolving out of King Zhou's incompetence — but nonetheless resolved in his heart that he must uphold the vow to King Da Yi: the eternal preservation of the Shang Dynasty, even if it costs his own life.

Knowing that Yellow Flying Tiger's successful arrive at the Western Foothills would be a great factor in Ji Fa's encouragement to rebel against the capital, Wen Zhong formed an audience before many generals to discuss the current issue. Then General Lu Xiong stepped forward and recommended to the Grand Old Master that any form of war against the Western Foothills would currently act against their favor — due to the lack of food supplies and generals willing to cooperate through extensive trouble with other rebelling forces such as the dukes. Thus Wen Zhong became convinced that the best course of action would be to obtain information about the Western Foothills set intentions in any means appropriate before taking impulsive courses of action.

With consent from the Chao Twins that they should undertake such a task, they immediately left the frontier with 30,000 soldiers at their backing — lest they were forced into a situation that was needing of attack. Haltering near the western gates of Phoenix City following their arrival, Jiang Ziya obtained word of such while becoming rather confused as to why King Zhou would act at such an inappropriate time. Not being rational of the situation to any means, the Chao Twins both agreed to challenge before the gates of Phoenix City in their desire for battle and bloodshed.

As Jiang Ziya sat in conference, while being approached by a guard shortly to be informed of the Shang Army's intentions, General Nangong Kuo volunteered to meet the foe outside the gates. Taking impulsiveness into his own hands, Chao Lei, the elder of the two brothers, approached his challenger, stating that Yellow Flying Tiger was to be bound up as the rebel he was — or the people of Phoenix City should suffer death for their contradictory manners.

Responding to the former's words with his cutless, Chao Lei was taken captive shortly after thirty rounds of battle. Refusing to kneel with hurtful words after being presented before Jiang Ziya, and receiving the order of execution for

such, Yellow Flying Tiger moved forward and convinced the prime minister that Chao Lei might be useful to them in the future if he remains alive for now.

Obtaining consent, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the general with convincing words that he should always remain at the lowest class if his loyalty belongs in the hands of a barbaric ruler like King Zhou, rather than a man of virtue such as that of King Wu. Expressing his immediate apologies to Jiang Ziya while being allowed to convince his brother, Chao Tian, Chao Lei appeared before his astonished brother outside the western gates shortly.

After elaborating his rationale behind being freed, and his new intentions under the Western Foothills, Chao Lei became very uneasy at the prospect that their fellow family members would be slaughtered in entirety if they were to both defect from Morning Song. As Chao Lei thus devised a plan so that they can essentially escape disaster, Chao Tian meanwhile returned to the city while informing Jiang Ziya that his brother was indeed willing to defect — but he requests a general to see him as a sign of respect. Once Yellow Flying Tiger had volunteered himself with consent, Jiang Ziya additionally sent Xin Jia, Xin Mian, and Nangong Kuo to set locations lest anything was to happen to the prince.

As Yellow Flying thus entered the Shang camp in greeting, the two Chao Twins laughed internally at the idiocy of the Western Foothills while binding the former and returning to Morning Song quickly. When they had arrived before Mount Dragon along the way, General Xin Jia suddenly stood before their path, suggesting that they hand over Yellow Flying Tiger if they wish to keep their lives. Knowing that the situation was in their favor, and it would be foolish to give up such a chance so blatantly, the two Chao Twins rage fully thrashed their blades at the enemy general.

As Xin Mian additionally fell upon the Shang forces with great force, Chao Lei decided to flee from the Western Foothills district in order to potentially obtain further support while his brother fought of the enemy. As Yellow Flying Tiger had essentially been freed more easily due to the former's departure, the prince wrathfully took Chao Tian prisoner in his vows for revenge. Meanwhile, Chao Lei unfortunately forgot the specific path of exit from the Western Foothills district — forcing him to run about atop his horse with great frustration over such a ridiculous situation.

Being approached shortly by General Nangong Kuo under the light of the moon that midnight, Chao Lei had no intention to feel regret over his previous decision, and thus charged at the enemy general with swift renown. Not realizing that Nangong's furiousness and aggression made him one of the strongest warriors of the Western Foothills, Chao Lei was bound shortly and placed within the Prime Minister's mansion the following dawn. Once Yellow Flying Tiger and Nangong Kuo elaborated their successful capture of Chao Lei and Chao Tian to Jiang Ziya, the prime minister ordered for the brothers to meet an immediate execution through beheading.

As Chao Lei quickly elaborated the situation with his fellow family members, and the regret that he possesses by not telling Jiang Ziya of such an issue sooner, Yellow Flying Tiger personally informed the prime minister that Chao Lei's words were indeed truthful. When the two brothers had thus been set free while

kneeling before Jiang Ziya, the latter stated that Chao Tian should remain as a hostage, while Chao Lei returns to the capital with secretly written instructions that would essentially ensure their family's safety. Realizing he had little choice, Chao Lei set out for Morning Song at once.

Chapter 36

First Disaster within the Western Foothills

As Chao Lei arrived before Capital Morning Song a few days following his departure, he presented himself before Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, stating that Commander Han Rong's lack of support with rations and fodder led to his army's decay — thus forcing him to flee back to the capital and plead for reinforcements. Knowing clearly that Han Rong could have easily supplied Chao Lei with full rations with a single lifting of his finger, the commander must have had quite a rational resolution as to not heed such a call — especially considering his reputation could falter through such an action.

Assigning Chao Lei 3,000 soldiers and 1,000 piculs¹⁰ of rice nonetheless, the general set out for the Western Foothills shortly while secretly taking along his family in addition. As Wen Zhong still pondered quite some time following Chao Lei's leave, he performed divination to find out that Lei only intended on bringing his family to the Western Foothills during his return. Knowing that Chao Lei was too far away to be harmed, Ji Li and Yu Qing, the disciples of Wen Zhong, approached their master and suggested that Zhang Guifang, Commander of Green Dragon Pass, should be chosen to lead an attack upon the Western Foothills.

With Zhang Guifang's immediate departure, Qiu Yin took the former's place as commander over the pass. Meanwhile Chao Lei arrived within Phoenix City to report his success before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya. Giving an account of his conversation with Wen Zhong, Jiang Ziya clearly realized that war with Shang was very probable, considering the current circumstances with Yellow Flying Tiger's rebellion and his own image of being a man of great trickery and deceit.

With Zhang Guifang's arrival before the southern gates of Phoenix City after seven days of march, Jiang Ziya obtained word of such — and thus asked Yellow Flying Tiger for his knowledge on the enemy commander's ability level. Informing the prime minister that Zhang Guifang possesses a strange technique that allows him to control each specific movement of his opponent after calling out their name, Jiang Ziya became rather worried over such an unexpected summary.

As many general of the Western Foothills believed Yellow Flying Tiger's words to be nothing more than nonsense, Commander Zhang Guifang meanwhile sent forth General Feng Lin for the first challenge. Placing scorn over rationality, Ji Shu Qian charged from Phoenix City's gates to do battle with the enemy general, no matter what technique he might have possessed. Realizing that the man standing before him was commander of the vanguard under Guifang, Ji Shu Qian stabbed his lance at the former with great precision and renown.

Unfortunately for Shu Qian however, a large red ball of light suddenly shot from Feng Lin's mouth, causing him to be blinded while beaten to death by the enemy general's tooth-fanged clubs at the same time.

10. Commercial unity of weight. In China, Japan, Sumatra, it is usually 133 lbs. (approx. 60 kg). Called also "*tan*" by the Chinese.

As Zhang Guifang mounted the fallen warrior's head atop his camp gates in satisfaction over Feng Lin's victory, Jiang Ziya gnashed his teeth in anger at such a report. Once Zhang Guifang had personally led his forces before the enemy gates in high morale, Jiang Ziya wrathfully approached the former with soldiers standing to his right and left.

With the forces of Jiang Ziya clashing blades fiercely against their foe, Zhang Guifang could not restrain the great anger that arose within his veins at the very sight of Yellow Flying Tiger fighting against His Majesty in full resolve — and thus yelled the name of the former, sending him crashing to the ground in a state of paralysis.

With the immediate assistance of Yellow Flying Tiger's two brothers, and Zhou Ji, the prince managed to escape any potential capture. Realizing that his true intention had slipped from his grasp, Zhang Guifang fled, but happened to obtain Zhou Ji in the process of his retreat. In additional ill-fortune, General Nangong Kuo's aggression overcame him during his pursuit of the fleeing Feng Lin — thus resulting in his capture.

As Jiang Ziya led his forces back to Phoenix City in great distress and rage over the reality of the situation, Zhang Guifang had meanwhile placed both captured generals within prisoner carts to await their eventual return back to Morning Song following the Western Foothill's fall.

Challenging the city the following morning as usual, a board of truce was hung before the gates, convincing Zhang Guifang that a short rest for his soldiers would be the best choice at hand. At this same point in time, Fairy Primordial had personally observed the current happenings at the Western Foothills through divination.

Calling forth Nezha at once, Primordial thoroughly elaborated the current and future happenings that should befall the west, declaring to his disciple that he should thus immediately assist Jiang Ziya as a showing of his celestial renown. Being very delighted at a chance to unleash his prowess upon impulse, Nezha kowtowed to his master before setting off to the Western Foothills, arriving shortly.

Once Nezha had approached Jiang Ziya at the Prime Minister's mansion, while elaborating his reason for appearance and obtaining word on Zhang Guifang's strange ability, the former asked the prime minister if he could challenge this foe at once. Being convinced by Nezha's celestial attributes and great vigor, Jiang Ziya ordered the board of truce to be removed at once. With Feng Lin's immediate departure before the city gates to offer challenge upon the realization of the board's disappearance, Nezha approached the enemy commander while lashing violently with his renowned lance of fire.

Clearly realizing that Nezha was more than likely a celestial being due his uncultured manner of battle and strange revolving wheels of fire, Feng Lin retreated a grand distance lest he received immediate death, while shooting forth his ball of red flames at the former's face. Being naturally well acquainted with such sorcery, Nezha negated his technique, while forcing Feng Lin into retreat after being gravely injured with the Universal Ring.

Following the injured general back to his camp, Nezha anxiously yelled for Zhang Guifang to show his face at once. Appearing before the celestial and attacking him with great renown, Zhang clearly showed signs of severe fatigue — and thus called forth Nezha's name — and set order — without any success whatsoever. Realizing that the situation was inevitably in the enemy's favor, Zhang Guifang resolutely charged his blade at the former with the furiousness of a great dragon.

Chapter 37

Jiang Ziya visits Mount Kunlun

As Nezha became determined to put an end to his vigorous enemy, the Universal Ring was used to break Zhang Guifang's arm and effectively send him fleeing. Reporting to Jiang Ziya that his innate celestial qualities saved him from any form of harm — and assisted in a grand victory at that — Zhang Guifang had meanwhile sent an urgent report to Grand Old Master, asking him for additional reinforcements for the front. Realizing that Guifang would try to obtain a far greater militia at his backing due to the unparalleled prowess that Nezha possesses, Jiang Ziya decided to head to Mount Kunlun to pay his master a visit after giving his traditional farewell to King Wu.

Informing His Majesty earlier that he would be gone for around three days of time, Jiang Ziya arrived very shortly before Unicorn Mountain of Mount Kunlun, while gazing at the beauty that was still present despite his being gone for over a decade. Entering the Jade Emptiness Palace while prostrating himself before Master Celestial Primogenitor, the latter offered fellow greetings to his disciple before ordering him to construct a Terrace of Creation upon Mount Western Foothills immediately — as it was his set destiny.

Additionally stating that many men of talent should appear before him once times of emergency present themselves, he dismissed Jiang Ziya, but carefully informed him to ignore any such voice that might call forth his name upon his return to the Western Foothills, lest any disaster comes of it. Holding the "List of Creations" while taking his leave from Primogenitor, Jiang Ziya began to hear someone calling his name from behind; recalling his master's words with clarity, he refused to reply while continuing along the path to Unicorn Cliff.

As the man became exceedingly angry over Jiang Ziya's rude behavior — for they had been friends for over forty years back at Mount Kunlun — Ziya turned his back to see Shen Gongbao before him. Expressing immediate retribution for his rudeness, and upon Shen Gongbao's inquiring as to which side the former was assisting, Jiang Ziya replied to his old friend that he was fully resolved to do away with the tyrant ruler King Zhou, as Prime Minister of the Western Foothills.

Believing King Zhou's manner of rulership as being for the greater good — due to the supreme military force at his backing through such disciplinary motives — Shen Gongbao became angry at Jiang Ziya's words — and thus declared to his old friend that King Wu would remain as nothing more than a mere laughing stock if he continued to oppose His Majesty with petty words of morality and virtue.

Declaring that he would remain with King Wu eternally, despite the former's words of hate, Shen Gongbao became determined to show Jiang Ziya not only his superior rationality, but his superiority in technique as well. Cutting the head from his body and tossing it into the air, Jiang Ziya gazed in amazement as it simply revolved many times in a single space while Gongbao's body still stood erect with full mobility. Possessing a natural hatred towards Shen Gongbao, and seeing such a chance as being very probable to end in his own intended way, Immortal of the South Pole ordered White Crane Lad to transform himself into a

crane and seize Gongbao's revolving head while tossing it into the North Sea. Immediately performing his set instructions, Immortal of the South Pole meanwhile scolded Jiang Ziya for defying Primogenitor's words.

As Shen Gongbao ran about in great confusion as to why he was unable to retract his head whatsoever, Jiang Ziya earnestly pleaded to spare Gongbao's life — for he might be able to convince his old friend that King Wu was the dynasty's savior to negate any potential opposition within the future. Clicking his fingers to allow Gongbao's head to be freed, it immediately returned to its host's body at once. Knowing that he could have died if his head had not returned after three hours of time, Shen Gongbao left the mountain region with the declaration that he should turn the Western Foothills into a sea of blood in short time.

As Jiang Ziya had thus headed quickly to the East Sea while gazing forth at the immense beauty laid before his eyes, the sea suddenly erupted, signaling the arrival of a spirit that had wondered for over 1,000 years. From the heavens he approached to Jiang Ziya stating that he had been a reputed warrior, under Emperor Xuanyuan, which had suffered death at this sea and had been entrapped ever since. Jiang Ziya let loose a grand show of lightning to free the fallen warrior from his bonds. Kneeling forth in unparalleled gratitude, Jiang Ziya took his hand, while continuing towards the Western Foothills only to find the air being thrashed about with a sudden storm that raged onwards.

As the four devils originally present within the Peony Pavilion approached Jiang Ziya from the heavens with a fellow greeting, they were immediately ordered to assist in the construction of a "Terrace of Creation", while Bai Jian personally acts as supervisor of the work. Performing the construction with great resolve and keen skill, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile returned to Phoenix City, where he was met warmly by both General Wu Ji and Nezha. Being informed that no such attack was performed by Zhang Guifang throughout the interval of his departure, Jiang Ziya issued specific orders to his generals the following morning in preparation for a specialized night-raid.

As Zhang Guifang stamped his feet impatiently at the confirmed backing of additional reinforcements from the capital, he suddenly began to hear the roaring of cannons and soldiers from within the gates of his camp — and thus immediately rushed forth with Feng Lin by his side in full armor. Realizing that the Zhou forces had leaked in throughout every direction — for the sounds of clashing swords had been heard from right to left — Zhang Guifang became terrified at the brilliant glow of fire that emitted from Nezha as his soldiers were slaughtered like lowly animals.

Knowing that the situation was hopeless without their reinforcements, Zhang Guifang and Feng Lin had little choice but to save their own lives by fleeing amongst the confusion to Mount Western Foothills with their remaining forces following. Smashing the ground with both fists at the sight of his pride being torn apart by such a ridiculous incident, Zhang Guifang rage fully wrote another urgent report for reinforcements at once. Holding a conference back at Capital Morning Song, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was astonished to see an additional request for reinforcements obtained from Commander Zhang Guifang — and thus declared to all around that if victory was ever to be reality, he must personally set forth to the Western Foothills and show the enemy their place.

Ji Li, who was very close to Wen Zhong and knew much of his past, informed the Grand Old Master that he should head to the Nine Dragon Island within the West Sea in order to obtain his four Taoist friends as potential backing in his stead. Clapping his hands in delight at such a suggestion, Wen Zhong made immediate preparations to head to the island and invite his old friends with a fellow toast of greeting.

Chapter 38

Baby Tooth tackles Four Superior Men

Following Grand Old Master Wen Zhong's arrival at Nine Dragon Island, Wen Zhong would see his four superior men friends idly enjoying a game of chess. In time, it was decided that all four would assist; thus a strategy would be mapped out for their first move against Baby Tooth. Once they had completed their set strategy, Grand Old Master would present the foursome before King Zhou himself in the order: "Wang Magus, Yang Forest, High Amiable, and Li Resounding."

Once everything had then been set for movement, Zhang Cassia would once again appear before the unwavering Baby Tooth the following day. Suddenly, the foursome of Nine Dragon Island would suddenly appear on the battlefield — to the dismay of Baby Tooth. Wang Magus would then personally tell Baby Tooth the three-pronged request: "to force King Wu to return as a minister under King Zhou; the returning of Yellow Flying Tiger; and the feasting of Cassia's army."

Baby Tooth would ask for three days to think over their resolution. Following this, Baby Tooth would once again head out to Mount Kunlun. Upon his arrival, Baby Tooth would receive a Four-not-alike — a literal beast that had the body of a dragon, the head of a deer, feet like a cheetah, and hoofs like a qilin.¹¹ In addition, Baby Tooth would receive an XYZ Flag and a Devil Beating Whip. In short time, Baby Tooth's four-not-alike would bring him to a beautiful island within the North Sea. Following a somewhat short conflict with Good Lob, a fifteen-foot tall lobster, Baby Tooth would acquire the beast's consent to assist King Wu.

Once the Foursome of Nine Dragon Island had realized the following day that the granaries were never opened, they knew that Baby Tooth had refuted their request. Immediately after finding Baby Tooth, Wang Magus would personally charge out and give battle. Before Wang Magus was able to even touch Baby Tooth however, Nezha would suddenly appear and duel it out with him. Following a semi-major battle between the other three superior men, Good Lob, and Yellow Flying Tiger, Baby Tooth would attempt to make his escape through the clouds atop his beast.

The determined Wang Magus, however, joined Baby Tooth in the heavens. After directly hitting Baby Tooth with his Earth Slashing Pearl technique, Baby Tooth would fall to the ground beneath in an unconscious state. As Wang got off his animal to go for Baby Tooth's head, he heard a certain individual singing a song. Upon his approach, he would see none other than Superior man Broad Altruist. Once Broad Altruist had attempted to convince Wang Magus that Baby Tooth should be left alone for the sake of the Investiture of the Gods Register, Wang Magus would become rather annoyed.

11. The **qilin** is a magical animal with many varieties of descriptions. It can be quadruped, antlered, cloven hooved, with a fur either dull brown, colorful, fire-like, or like a gemstone. It can be either divine, peaceful, or evil. A tale tells that a qilin appeared in the garden of the mythical *Yellow Emperor*. Moreover, is told that the birth of *Confucius* was preceded by the arrival of a qilin.

Without thinking deeply about the situation whatsoever, Wang Magus would blindly charge at Broad Altruist with his sword. Jinzha, Broad Altruist's student, would appear immediately and negate Wang Magus's blade. Broad Altruist would then throw his Seven-trick Lotus around Wang Magus; resulting in complete imbalance. Jinzha would then stand ready to deliver the final blow to Wang Magus.

Chapter 39

Lu Xiong assists Zhang Guifang

As the infuriated Wang Mo was unable to move in any form while being firmly immobilized by Outstanding Culture's stakes, Jinzha performed one quick slash maneuver of his blade — sending the unfortunate Taoist to his death, while his soul became the first to gather before the Terrace of Creation.

Reviving Jiang Ziya momentarily afterwards, Outstanding Culture told the prime minister to return to the Western Foothills with the assistance of Jinzha. Departing after being informed of the prior situation, Outstanding Culture had meanwhile buried the corpse of Wang Mo in a grievous state over his impulsive gestures of the past. Fortunately driving away the Shang forces earlier, without any notable casualties at that, King Wu and the others were greatly delighted to see the prime minister return before the city's northern gates with a stranger by his side later that day.

Elaborating the incidents prior in full detail, while introducing Jinzha to all present, Yang Sen meanwhile sat within the Shang camp, being exceedingly worried over Wang Mo's lack of return by dusk. Performing a divination across his fingers at once, Yang Sen flew back in horror at the gruesome end to their fellow brother, Wang Mo. Informing his other two brothers of the situation immediately, all three Taoists slept throughout that night in great agony and despair over the death of Wang Mo — but such only strengthened their resolve to destroy Jiang Ziya even if they must sacrifice everything they possess.

Mounting their beasts at the very crack of dawn, the Taoists demanded that Jiang Ziya shows himself at once. Hearing of such a challenge shortly, Jiang Ziya hesitated, due to the various wounds that he still possessed from the incident prior, but was nonetheless encouraged to head to the front once Nezha ensured his essential backing. Appearing outside the eastern gates shortly after, Jinzha and Nezha immediately rushed forward to protect the prime minister from any harm. With a sudden wrathful charge on the part of the three Taoists, Jiang Ziya carefully watched the battle, while determining it time to try out his Staff of Beating Gods.

Throwing the staff into the air in a horizontal fashion, a sudden flash of lightning triggered the weapon to fall like a boulder — aiming for the unfortunate Gao Youqian. As Youqian's head splattered instantly at such an impact, Yang Sen was terrified, but nonetheless immensely enraged at the following death of his brother. Seeing Jiang Ziya toss the staff into the air earlier, and concluding through such a fact that the former killed his brother, Yang Sen let out a piercing cry of despair and lunged at the prime minister like a berserk dragon ready to slaughter at whim.

Being distracted by an object — the Universal Ring — being flung straight at him, Jinzha seized such a chance to bind the former with his Invisible Dragon Stake, and then finishing the Taoist off with a vertical blade slash through his abdomen. Seeing the death of two additional brothers, Li Xingba charged at Jinzha and Muzha, while Feng Lin and Zhang Guifang, who could not allow the death of any more allies lest their chances of victory became nullified, leapt forward to

assist their Taoist ally. Huang Tianxiang, the fourth son of Yellow Flying Tiger, meanwhile rode forth with his silver spear, even though he was still yet a child. Being overtaken by an obvious advantage over Tianxiang, Feng Lin cockily charged at the young boy while thrashing his clubs about wrathfully, but ended up being killed upon a single thrust of Tianxiang's spear — which pierced the former's chest with great renown.

Now knowing that the day had most assuredly been lost, Zhang Guifang retreated to the Shang camp immediately, while Li Xingba followed close behind. Upon their return to the Shang camp, Li Xingba suggested to Zhang Guifang that reinforcements were of great necessity, considering the recent death of four additional generals; Zhang consented at once to such a suggestion by sending an urgent report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong.

Jiang Ziya returned to Phoenix City, where he profusely praised the young Tianxiang for his renown. Jinzha clearly realized that with the loss of three generals on the opposing side and their earlier retreat, more than likely out of fear of complete annihilation, they most assuredly would be awaiting an immediate backing of some form of reinforcements that ensured their ultimate protection. Jinzha thus approached the prime minister suggesting to him that the enemy commander should be engaged as soon as possible.

Clearly seeing Jinzha's rationale, Jiang Ziya followed his suggestion by leading forth his army the following day, while demanding Zhang Guifang to show himself at once. Raging exiting the Shang camp with generals to his right and left, Zhang Guifang knew that the situation was grave, due to the current lack of reinforcements, and capable generals at that, but nonetheless charged forward to begin a grand battle.

As each general unleashed their prowess upon the battlefield, Li Xingba fled through the heavens at the very second in which Jiang Ziya had made a threatening gesture with his staff, thus leaving Zhang Guifang surrounded by many generals on each side. With the Chao Twin's attempt to convince the enemy commander that reconciliation was the best choice, considering the current situation he was within, Zhang Guifang did not for a second consider such a resolution as probable — for his loyalty and honor had been sworn to King Zhou, no matter what obstacle appeared before him.

Fighting on like a renowned warrior from dawn to noon, Zhang realized his great exhaustion and the lack of forces remaining on his side, and thus pierced his own belly as a final show of loyal intentions towards the Shang Dynasty. Seeing the enemy commander fall to the ground and emitted his final breath, Jiang Ziya and his men returned to Phoenix City in triumph, after receiving the remaining soldiers of Guifang, who had surrendered.

As Li Xingba had meanwhile landed before a neighboring mountain to plan out his next move, he decided it best to return to the capital, while meeting with Wen Zhong to discuss their method of revenge. Ready to take his leave immediately, Li Xingba heard someone singing a song in a very close distance — and thus turned around to see a young man, who stated his name to be "Muzha". Exchanging salutations, while stating his name and set purpose, Muzha smiled in delight at the man who his master sent him far and wide to search for standing

right before his very eyes. Informing the former that he had been sent to capture him, and a great reward would be presented through such an action, Li Xingba knew that it would be difficult to escape such a grasp — and thus lashed forth his duel staves at the enemy. Greatly resolved to destroy anything in his path for the sake of revenge, Muzha became clearly overpowered as they clashed weapons violently along the mountainside.

Unfortunately for Li Xingba, however, Muzha suddenly unleashed a large blade—dubbed as the male counterpart of the two "Hooks of Wu" atop his back — to slice off the former's head in one quick strike. Riding to the Western Foothills atop his dust cloud, Muzha arrived before a large city, and was unexpectedly admitted in by his elder brother, Jinzha, who which introduced the former to the prime minister at once. As Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile stamped his fist in rage at the report of three of his Taoist allies being killed, he ordered all generals to appear before him to obtain ear on the situation currently at hand.

After a lengthened discussion, it was decided that Lu Xiong, a general of old age, but capable in the art of military commandership nonetheless, would be assisted by Fei Zhong and You Hun as advisors, in order to essentially reinforce Zhang Guifang at all costs possible. Being equipped with 50,000 soldiers, and leaving the capital immediately without delay, summer soon approached, forcing the Shang army to perspire under the immense sunlight without the slightest breath of wind whatsoever. Being told by a patrolman along the way that Zhang Guifang had lost his life, and his very head was hanging upon Phoenix City's eastern gate as he spoke, Commander Lu Xiong ordered his soldiers to camp at a neighboring forest within a region known as "*Mount Western Foothills*" — as one of his generals had stated it to be.

Immediately sending report to Wen Zhong on the current situation, Jiang Ziya had obtained report on the enemy's camping within Mount Western Foothills — and thus ordered Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo to block any sort of assault from the former with 5,000 soldiers at their disposal. As both generals camped opposite to the stationary Shang forces, General Xin Jia arrived shortly to move their camp before the mountain's summit — as ordered by Jiang Ziya himself.

Following such a ridiculous order without any true choice, the forces of Zhou began to complain profusely as they were forced to remain within the direct heat of summer, while being laughed at below by the Shang soldiers, who knew that they would die of exhaustion if they remained as such for at least three days.

As Lu Xiong kept his forces stationed closely by his side without external movement, lest an ambush or trap of some sort became unleashed at any noticeable retortion, Jiang Ziya arrived before his own forces with an additional 3,000, and ordered his soldiers to construct a three-foot high terrace at once. With General Xin Mian's additional arrival with padded cotton jackets and warm caps to be worn upon each soldier, everyone present followed such an order at once — knowing fully that they rushed the risk of their own deaths at any moment.

Chapter 40

Phoenix City's Great Siege

With the immediate arrival of dusk, and the essential completion of the terrace, Jiang Ziya began to recite many incantations and spells to stir up the winds for his set intentions. Destroying the deathly heat of summer with a refreshing breeze, the wind gradually became stronger — even to the extent that trees became uprooted, and sand flew about violently. As the wind became etched with a tint of coldness, winter snow suddenly fell from the heavens, covering the land beneath with a tint of silver and white. Being exceedingly astonished and enraged at the coldness at the same time, Lu Xiong began making preparations to make an immediate retreat, lest they were frozen to death by such blatant sorcery.

Realizing that the enemy army could escape his grasp without death, Jiang Ziya began to recite many charms, effectively summoning the sun before the Shang forces' eyes. Sending large torrents of waves raging about, the prime minister additionally summoned forth a cold wind, freezing all unfortunate soldiers of Shang to ice. Seeing an ocean of ice laid about beneath the summit, Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo broke into the Shang camp as ordered, taking back Lu Xiong, Fei Zhong, and You Hun as prisoners as easily as turning over their very palm. As Lu Xiong stood defiantly before the feet of Jiang Ziya, while Fei Zhong and You Hun fell to the ground, begging for mercy, the prime minister ordered them to be placed within prison for the time being.

Reciting incantations immediately after to melt away all ice below the mountain's summit, over 5,000 soldiers of the original 50,000 had been clearly frozen to death, while the remaining 45 managed to escape from the Western Foothills without any notable harm. With Jiang Ziya's decree to receive King Wu before Mount Western Foothills at once, General Nangong Kuo set out to Phoenix City shortly, performing such a task with immediate speed. Being accompanied by his civil and military officials along the way, King Wu noticed many lumps of ice and snow laying about in random areas of the mountain — and was thus informed by the prime minister following his arrival.

As the prime minister began to write an elegy of in memory of the warriors who lost their lives for the Zhou cause, King Wu began to burn incense, while Jiang Ziya ordered the three prisoners to be brought forth and beheaded at once. Following the end of their ceremony, Han Rong had received the remnants of Lu Xiong's army, and at the same time, sent an urgent report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong on the current issue within the Western Foothills.

Being determined that his own appearance within the Western Foothills was the only insurance of Shang victory, Wen Zhong was immediately confronted by his two disciples, who suggested the four Diablo brothers — for they possess great magical renown, far exceeding what the original four Taoists could have obtained through their discipline. Being delighted, and well confident, over their summary, Wen Zhong sent an order to the four brothers, appointing them as expeditionary commanders if they were to comply. Realizing that the Grand Old Master must assuredly be rather desperate after receiving report on their

appointment, the Diablo brothers nonetheless roared through the Good Dream Pass, 100,000 strong, and arriving before Phoenix City in rather quick pace.

As the prime minister obtained word shortly on the arrival of a Shang army camped near the city, Yellow Flying Tiger carefully spied on their forces from the city wall, and upon the spotting of the renowned Diablo brothers — Mo Lihong, Mo Liqing, Mo Lihai, and Mo Lishou — he returned to Jiang Ziya's side and thoroughly elaborated the situation. Informing Jiang Ziya of their individualized special abilities — in which he knew by fighting by their side during a conflict against the East Sea district — the prime minister sat in great discomfort and distress.

After three days without any form of challenge, the four brothers toasted each other that night, while charging forth the following morning to do battle. Not having any preset plan as Jiang Ziya exited from the city gates to confront the four brothers, Mo Liqing started things off by rage fully yelling at the prime minister for his intentions on rebellion, especially after seeing Zhang Guifang's head atop Phoenix City's walls, who he had recognized.

He said that they never possessed any intentions to rebel against the dynasty, but they were simply defending themselves from King Zhou's constant debased assaults. Even after told that, the four brothers cared little of his words, for Grand Old Master was a keen man of intellect and competency and would surely not have sent them if the Western Foothills were not planning rebellion. And they thus charged at the Zhou forces, fighting right and left with great renown. Unfortunately for Nezha, and any other generals who had wielded a weapon of magical attributes, Mo Lihong used his Universe Muddling Umbrella to absorb such weapons with a single horizontal spin.

With eager to show the opposition his own power, Mo Liqing shook the Green Cloud Sword atop his back, forcing all within a set perimeter to unconditionally kill themselves with their own weapons. As the clouds above turned dark, with flames shooting about from Lihong's umbrella, Lishou used his white elephant to devour all unfortunate soldiers that happened to stand within its path. Fleeing back to Phoenix City in complete defeat, over 10,000 casualties had been counted, while nine generals had additionally lost their lives.

As the Shang forces returned in great happiness over such a feat, Lihong suggested a complete assault upon Phoenix City's walls during their next military conference, in a chance to force both Jiang Ziya and King Wu into effective surrender. Enforcing such a suggestion with open arms, the four Diablo brothers clearly realized that boards of truce had been placed forth the city gates, but they nonetheless assaulted the city with scaling ladders and cannons — not daring to let up for a single second, lest such a grand opportunity was to be negated at some later time.

Retorting with flaming arrows, lime bottles, throwing spears, and of the sort for over three days, the Shang forces became even more resolved to break through such a defense, even at their own lack of soldiers through such aggression. Ordering a retreat following the end of their third day of assault, the four brothers decided that they should besiege the city and ensure that external food supplies and reinforcements were essentially cut off. After three months without any true success, Lihong suggested to his brothers a full scale assault upon the city with

their legendary weapons; the amount of innocent casualties was of no more concern, for the city's capture was completely essential, lest their own personal expenses result in reprimanding from the Grand Old Master.

As it was agreed that such an action should be taken by midnight, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile performed divination after hearing a sudden unpredictable blast of wind blow down many obstacles within Phoenix City. Realizing that such a resolution was rather likely to come about eventually due to their obstinacy, Jiang Ziya summoned forth the North Sea as a large water barrier that stretched over the entire city, negating any potential attack from the opposition's weapons.

Being utterly astonished at the uselessness of their weapons against such a formidable crest of water over Phoenix City, the four brothers had little choice but to give up their pre-planned attack for that night. As the barrier remained erect before the city for months, as Jiang Ziya full realized the external actions of besiegement on the part of the Diablo brothers, the four brothers could do nothing more than continue to await food supply conveys in order to obtain a chance to attack the city from within.

Eventually obtaining word that their city's supply of food could only last another ten days at the most, Yellow Flying Tiger suggested that the rich citizens of the Western Foothills should be forced to open their granaries for the city's overall use, while being repaid at a later time. Declining such an offer due to the panic and exceedingly poor morale that it would create, Jiang Ziya decided it best to think the matter over. After eight days had passed, two distinguished Taoists — known as Han Dulong of the Poisoned Dragon, and Xue Ehu of the Wicked Tiger — arrived to offer their food supplies after declaring their discipleship under Superior man Divine Virtue.

Handing a letter from their master as proof of their identities, Han Dulong placed forth his promised provisions, a small bag that possessed two handfuls of rice overall. As the soldiers of the Western Foothills tried their very best to hold back their laughter at such a sight, Jiang Ziya asked the Taoist to place the rice within one of the city's three granaries. Obtaining word after the passage of three hours, stating from a patrolman, that the barns were overflowing with rice, Jiang Ziya smiled with great delight at the good fortune of his king.

Now knowing that he possessed a strengthened resistance that could still easily be crushed by the Diablo brothers with ease, Jiang Ziya reinforced the North Sea water barrier at every moment. Being exceedingly disgusted and utterly wrathful at their lack of ability to take the city in its current impenetrable state, the four brothers sent a report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, stating that Jiang Ziya had defended his city with treacherous methods, resulting in their expedition almost taking over an entire year without a sign of the enemy's decay.

As a few more days had passed by, another Taoist arrived before the gates of Phoenix City, and upon his admission, he declared his name to be "Yang Bliss", one of the head disciples under Jade Tripod. Being informed of the current situation against the Diablo brothers upon his asking, Yang Bliss managed to convince the prime minister that he should be able to deal with the opposition — for he was a man of incredible magic renown, far exceeding that of an ordinary Taoist.

As word of the board of truce being removed had reached the ears of the four brothers, they enthusiastically charged from the Shang camp, completely eager to destroy their opposition after such a long period of await. Once Ma Chenglong, commander of food supplies, had arrived from Caozhou before the feet of Phoenix City, Lishou, completely resolved to ensure the Western Foothill's internal decay at all costs, ordered his white elephant to devour the former at once. Seeing such an incident being carried out, Yang Bliss smiled with delight at such a chance, and thus threw himself in front of the elephant, being devoured in addition.

As the Zhou forces fled back in fear at such a sight, Nezha informed Jiang Ziya of current happenings, but the latter nonetheless felt reassured that Yang Bliss might still be alive, considering the magical renown that he stated to have possessed. Being delighted at their great success, and obtaining notice on the lack of Phoenix City's water barrier for reasons unknown, Lishou suggested the unleashing of his white elephant as a chance to devour both Jiang Ziya and King Wu in one quick assault. Realizing that the barrier's disappearance was very probable of being a trap, the three brothers nonetheless agreed to such a suggestion.

Once the white elephant had thus been sent forth with set intentions to destroy the king and his prime minister, Yang Bliss, still living within the beast's belly, thrashed its heart into pieces while destroying its body as a means of escape.

Cleaning his body from the blood, Yang Bliss was ushered forth within the city, to Nezha's immense surprise. Jiang Ziya, however, had expected such an outcome to an extent, and nonetheless became informed of the Diablo brother's original intentions before Yang's arrival. As Yang Bliss boastfully elaborated his many transformations, while becoming a small ermine weasel as proof, he left the prime minister's presence after ensuring the capture of the four weapons under the Diablo brothers.

Assuming the appearance of Lishou's elephant, and returning to the Shang camp in its place, the four brothers realized that their plan did not go as planned — due to the distinct insignias that would have appeared before the animal's skin if another victim had been consumed — but nonetheless drank away their worries that night. Falling asleep with deep drunken stupor, Yang Bliss managed to grab ahold of Lihong's legendary umbrella, but upon the accidental knocking down of two other weapons within the room, which triggered evidential signs of awakening on the part of the four brothers, Yang had little choice but to flee at once from the Shang camp.

Returning to Phoenix City, handing the prime minister Lihong's umbrella, and returning to the side of Lishou that same night, the four Diablo brothers awoke the following morning only to the great yells of fury on the part of Lihong, for his weapon had clearly been missing. Being ensured from the camp guards that no spy, or intruder at that, could ever get close to the camp without thorough inspection, the Diablo brothers unconditionally felt thoroughly unconfident at such a loss.

Meanwhile within the Purple Sun Cave, Virtue of the Pure Void called forth Huang Tianhua, his disciple, after carefully watching the former incidents involving the Western Foothill's Phoenix City. Instructing his disciple to head to the Western Foothills and assist Jiang Ziya's cause, Virtue of the Pure Void first taught Tianhua

how to use the twin golden-tipped hammers, and followed by giving the former his Fire Dragon Javelin and the jade unicorn as an additional form of assistance.

Seeing his disciple off shortly after, Tianhua used his unicorn's unparalleled attribute of speed to arrive before the Western Foothills in mere moments. After being allowed passage within the city, while greeting his fellow father and prime minister upon entry, Tianhua stayed at his family's house for the day, fully enjoying the amount of meat that he effectively received — for he was only allowed to feast on vegetables when originally under Pure Void. Cladding himself full with armor of bright gold the following day, Huang Tianhua obtained consent to face the four Diablo brothers after informing Jiang Ziya of his set instructions on how to deal with such an opposition.

Chapter 41

Grand Old Master Wen Zhong attacks the Western Foothills

Striding swiftly atop his jade-unicorn, Huang Tianhua arrived before the Shang camp shortly, offering battle immediately following. Seeing a young man of around sixteen years of age challenging their gates with seemingly great confidence, Mo Liqing moved forward to do battle immediately after being informed of the former's intentions. Using his White Jade Ring to deliver a brutal blow to the opposition's back, Nezha suddenly intercepted Liqing, fully resolved to protect his fellow ally at all costs.

After using his golden Universal Ring to shatter Liqing's jade ring to pieces, Nezha had little choice but to retreat with Tianhua in his arms — for the other three brothers quickly assisted with their respective weapons just following such a happening. Returning to Phoenix City immediately after, Yellow Flying Tiger gasped in astonishment at the report of his son, for Liqing was known for drenching his ring in the most deadly of poisons before use. Gazing forth at Tianhua at once, alas, it was too late. Tianhua was nothing more than a lifeless body shortly. Performing divination to become informed of the recent happenings within the Western Foothills, White Cloud Lad arrived before Phoenix City later on, retrieving the body of Huang Tianhua with reassurance to Yellow Flying Tiger.

As Pure Void revived his disciple with dissolved elixirs of legendary origin, he reprimanded Tianhua for impulsiveness, informed him of his former death by the hands of a jade ring, and handed him a special weapon to use against the opposition before giving his farewells. Returning to Phoenix City shortly following, Tianhua was admitted within the Prime Minister's mansion, where he thoroughly elaborated the happenings at his master's cavern. Riding from the city gates the following morning with great determination for revenge, Liqing was astonished to see Tianhua alive, and still fuming over the lack of his ring, he charged at the former with his lance immediately following.

Thrashing at the young warrior with exceeded renown, Tianhua unleashed the weapon that his master had given him — the Heart Penetrating Nail — and threw it straight at Liqing's breast. As the nail burrowed into his heart like a drill, resulting in immediate death, Lihong, who was enraged at the lack of power he possessed without his umbrella, fearlessly charged at Tianhua with his great halberd. Maneuvering like a snake in order to avoid any potential attack from other deadly weapons that the boy might possess, Tianhua launched a secondary nail, and to Lihong's great ill-fortune and surprise, it followed his movement like an enraged beast, piercing his throat in one sudden strike.

Piercing through Lihai's heart immediately after passing through the throat of Lihong like a raging bullet of incredible speed, Lishou clearly realized the situation was desperate — and thus ordered his elephant to crush Tianhua before he, included, meets death. As the elephant suddenly reared back to attack its master — for Yang Bliss was still performing his magic disguise — Lishou was thrashed about violently, resulting in his additional unfortunate end. Recollecting

his two nails afterwards, Yang Bliss returned to his former state, and upon introduction to Tianhua, they both returned to Phoenix City with the heads of the four Diablo brothers. Mounting the four newly received heads atop Phoenix City's eastern gates, Commander Han Rong had meanwhile received many soldiers under the Diablo brothers, and upon their explanation of such an unfortunate happening, Han Rong sent another urgent report to Wen Zhong, elaborating the recent happenings within the Western Foothills. Fuming with incredible rage upon the receiving of such a report, Wen Zhong was resolved in his heart that only he was truly capable of destroying Jiang Ziya once and for all, despite what the capital might suffer if he was to take leave so suddenly.

Approaching King Zhou the following day with written report, the king gave his immediate approval towards the Grand Old Master's declaration of taking leave. Obtaining a glass of wine from King Zhou as tribute to his departure, Grand Old Master left the palace and ascended his mount. Being idle for so many months, Wen Zhong was reared from the mount immediately, while at the same time being informed from other ministers that such might foretell a bad omen on the part of his future.

Dismissing such an incident as solely being the result of his mount's idleness for such a long period, the Grand Old Master set off at once, taking along over 300,000 soldiers as support. Obtaining suggestion to head through the Green Dragon Pass — for it was the shortest route to the Western Foothills — from Commander Zhang Kui of Mianchi Country later on, Wen Zhong did as he suggested, but regretfully met various narrow mountain paths and other such obstacles that resulted in a lengthened march. Arriving before the Yellow Flower Mountain along the way, beautiful flowers of yellow bloomed in every which direction, filling the soldiers of Shang, and Wen Zhong alike, with heightened happiness.

Halting his army before the summit of the mountain, the Grand Old Master personally inspected the terrain ahead, and was immensely satisfied at the enchanting view laid out before him. Suddenly hearing the gongs of soldiers behind him, while clearly seeing troops marching along the mountain, a patrolman reported to the commanding general that a certain man could be seen spying upon their formation — Grand Old Master in this case. As the general charged at the conjectured spy with great furiousness, Wen Zhong evaded each blow as easily as a leaf blowing through the wind.

Baiting the general farther to the east, Wen Zhong encased the pursuing general within four large golden walls, and followed by relaxing upon a rock to see how the situation should develop. Suddenly being confronted by two additional generals who declared themselves to be the "mountain chiefs" — thus being nothing more than unaligned outlaws — the former two charged at Wen Zhong like raging beasts. Waving his golden staves in a set direction, the first of two chiefs saw before him a grand ocean of sea, while the second felt as if being surrounded by a forest — thus indicating their being trapped within Grand Old Master's art of genjutsu.

Relaxing under a tree, Wen Zhong became confronted by a fourth high-ranking chief: "a large beast that could fly swiftly through the clouds with its wings, while equipped with two hammers." Grinning with delight at the chance to obtain

this individual under the flag of Shang, Grand Old Master used neighboring rocks to break the wings of his foe, leaving him no choice but to beg for mercy. Obtaining consent from the enemy — who's name had been "Xin Huan" — to serve under him as a left arm of the royal army sent to destroy the Western Foothills, Wen Zhong was informed that over 10,000 outlaws were present within the mountain and were under the former's command.

As Xin Huan pleaded for the freeing of his three allies, and upon Wen Zhong's inquiring of their strong bond of loyalty and friendship despite being nothing more than outlaws, the Grand Old Master rose his palm to the heavens in consent, and upon a sudden clap of thunder, the three bound individuals felt as if they awoke from a dream. However, these three, as expected, still considered Wen Zhong as their enemy — and thus charged at the former, completely resolved to destroy him for assaulting their mountain.

Chapter 42

Surrender of the Bandit Chiefs

As the three outlaws charged at Wen Zhong with great furiousness, Xin Huan immediately intervened, stating that none other than the renowned Grand Old Master was the man before their very midst. Falling to their feet with both shame and embarrassment, they led Wen Zhong before their head camp at once, offering him a drink as fellow friendship and atonement for their former rudeness. Stating their names — Deng Zhong, Tao Rong, and Zhang Jie — while declaring their original alignment with Morning Song before secluding themselves away from the capital's troubles later on, Wen Zhong promised them high positions as ministers if they were to achieve great success by his side against the Western Foothills.

After obtaining a consensual agreement with the other three outlaw leaders, Wen Zhong instructed them to gather all who was willing to stand by his side in exchange for wealth, while the remainder was given money and food as a form of shelter. Performing such a task immediately following, 7,000 of the original 10,000 chose to fight by the Grand Old Master's side after being overjoyed at a chance to obtain heightened wealth and rank — the very opposite they obtained before fleeing from Morning Song.

With immense delight at the expected result of such an offer, Wen Zhong departed with his newly combined forces, arriving before an auspicious stone monument along the way. With the words "Dragon Extinction Peak" inscribed within the monument, Wen Zhong became reminded of his original master, Mother Golden Spirit, informing him that disaster was destined to follow if the character "extinction" was ever to be come across in the future.

Telling such to his generals nearby, Deng Zhong reassured the Grand Old Master that with his virtue and great talent, he was sure to win over the Western Foothills without any extreme sacrifices. Silently considering his words along the journey, and obtaining report of their closing in on the southern gate of Phoenix City, Wen Zhong ordered his army to set up camp for the time being. Due to the unparalleled reputation that the Grand Old Master had possessed, many patrolman instantly realized the identity of the man camped before them, and thus approached Jiang Ziya and informed him of such a situation.

Hearing of Wen Zhong's great reputation and renowned characteristics, the prime minister decided to mount the city walls and gaze forth at his camp; Jiang Ziya was indeed immensely pleased at the ingenious layout set before him — and thus returned to his mansion and summoned the generals for a meeting. As they discussed their next movement carefully, a letter was soon given to the prime minister, being addressed from the Grand Old Master himself. Reading the letter, which stated Wen Zhong's intention to receive Jiang Ziya for capital punishment, or the unconditional destruction of their city, the prime minister instructed the messenger to tell the Grand Old Master his intention: "to meet each other on the battlefield in three days."

Being informed of such a statement, Grand Old Master fiercely led forth his soldiers before the southern gates three days following, immensely resolved to destroy such defiance with his own two hands. After the firing of five cannons on the side of Zhou, Jiang Ziya appeared with generals right and left, while bowing before the newly arrived Grand Old Master, who laid out his forces before the former.

Angrily yelling at Jiang Ziya for enthroning Ji Fa as king without the authorization of King Zhou, and destroying their forces left and right unconditionally throughout the past, Jiang Ziya retorted with more clearer rationality, placing great shame into the face of Wen Zhong. Angrily calling forth Yellow Flying Tiger before him in his great rage, Wen Zhong ordered one of his men to capture the rebel for his blatant violation of rebellion against the capital. With General Deng Zhong's acceptance of such an order, a grand battle began between many generals under both the Zhou and Shang forces.

As Xin Huan roared forth atop his wings to slay Jiang Ziya from the heavens, Huang Tianhua became exceedingly frightened at the former's appearance, but nonetheless charged forth atop his unicorn in order to protect the prime minister. Realizing that Xin was currently occupying Jiang Ziya's last line of defense, Wen Zhong thrust about his two golden staves with unparalleled renown, arriving before the rebel commander shortly, and attacking the opposition like a raging beast. To Jiang Ziya's lack of knowledge, Wen Zhong's two staves were created through the scales of legendary dragons of old, and after throwing the leftern staff into the air, it crashed down directly upon the prime minister's right shoulder, shooting blood in every which direction.

As such an action immediately triggered the retortion of Nezha and his two brothers, Wen Zhong had little choice but to hold off the celestials laid out before him until he can seize the chance to kill the rebel commander. Upon Tao Rong's release of the Wind Collecting Pearl, which sent sand and dirt flying about profusely, Wen Zhong, and his generals alike, used their weapons in a synchronized manner amongst the confusion, forcing the Zhou forces to flee like helpless animals.

As the generals of Shang congratulated the Grand Old Master over his victory following their return, Yang Bliss had meanwhile suggested to the prime minister that a night raid should be deployed after their potential victory the following day. Approving such a suggestion fully, Jiang Ziya and Wen Zhong fiercely clashed blade against staff the next morning. With generals battling right to left, with Jiang Ziya in a sizable position for reciprocated attack, Wen Zhong seized this chance by launching forth one of his golden staves within the air, aiming for the head of Jiang Ziya.

Little did he expect however, the prime minister immediately recognized the staff approaching him, and thus used his Staff of Beating Gods to coil around the weapon, breaking it into golden shards upon the ground. Not believing his eyes, Wen Zhong wrathfully charged his great dragon into the enemy commander with colossal speed and mobility. Being stricken in the back by the sudden movement of Jiang Ziya's multi-jointed weapon, Wen Zhong had little choice but to flee, resulting in the retreat of the Shang army shortly after. As Jiang Ziya began his preparations for the night-raid that afternoon, Wen Zhong sat in his inner

quarters, exceedingly resentful over the destruction of one of his golden staffs, and the impact that such would place before the morale of his army.

Knowing Jiang Ziya to be a man of treachery, and surely improved of morale after such a lucky victory earlier that day, Wen Zhong ordered his generals to meet any potential assault at set points within the camp, while he directly stands before the central quarters to see if the prime minister would act in such a predictable manner as to attempt a raid or any other form of attack. As such preparations were being made within the Shang camp, Jiang Ziya stealthily moved his forces towards the opposition, and upon the sudden signal of cannon fire, the forces of Zhou attacked the camp from three differing directions.

Chapter 43

The Grand Old Master's Bad Luck

As Nezha and Huang Tianhua smashed down the central gates of the Shang camp, Wen Zhong rushed forth, using his remaining golden staff with renowned force and resolve. Unfortunately however, many of the generals on the side of Zhou possessed strange weapons of unparalleled ability compared to the generals of Shang, thus resulting in disasters evolving within random parts of the camp. Especially due to that of Yang Bliss, who possessed exceedingly rare qualities coming from a Taoist — in this case being fire — the Shang army's store of grain and fodder was turned into ashes in mere moments upon his arrival.

As Wen Zhong gazed at flames shooting throughout the air within the direction of his provisional supplies, he immediately realized that the situation had turned very chaotic, and survival would be difficult even if he manages to fight back the enemy in any way possible. With such thought in mind, Grand Old Master soared through the air atop his great dragon, ordering all soldiers present to regroup with him once they were to arrival within Mount Western Foothills.

As Xin Huan valiantly protected his commander from any potential harm in their escape, Master of the Clouds had meanwhile seen the banners of the Grand Old Master present throughout the Western Foothills region, and thus realizing that Jiang Ziya would find great difficulty against such a foe, he ordered Thunder-quaker to appear before him at once. Kowtowing before his master upon arrival, Thunder-quaker left with the instructions to assist his elder brother, King Wu, and the prime minister of the Western Foothills at all costs possible.

Seeing a great army spread before him in conjectured retreat, Thunder-quaker realized that the soldiers before him must be from the Shang Dynasty — for they were present with the same insignias upon their armor as when he protected Ji Chang originally in the past. Deciding to test the strength of the opposing army due to being idle for such a long period of time, Thunder-quaker charged at the enemy from the heavens with his two hammers, but was immediately intercepted by Xin Huan, who additionally possessed two hammers as his set weapons.

Realizing Xin Huan's skill greatly outmatched his own, Thunder-quaker fled at once to what he thought to have been Phoenix City without any pursuing of the enemy afterwards. Holding a conference within the city that morning, the generals had praised their commander profusely for his ability to wield such an outstanding cast of immortals in such a fortunate manner.

As they continued on with their praise, Thunder-quaker was invited before the prime minister shortly, immediately following his essential permission to enter. Stating his name, origin, and past service towards his father, Ji Chang, Jiang Ziya was very pleased to see the man who was late master constantly talked about before his very own eyes.

Introducing Thunder-quaker before King Wu shortly after, the king, who was startled at the strange appearance of his supposed younger brother, and worried over the fear that might be placed over his family if they were to see such

a sight, had his brother taken in to Jiang Ziya's family upon volunteer. After Grand Old Master's arrival before Mount Western Foothills, he became extremely angry at the realization that over 20,000 soldiers of his original 307,000 had been wiped out in one single assault the former night.

Realizing that it would be difficult to obtain reinforcements from neighboring generals, due to their guarding of local districts and territory from the rebelling dukes and nobles, Wen Zhong decided it would not be best to ask for assistance from the capital either — for such would damage his reputation and would additionally take too long. Being reminded of the many fellow Taoists that would assuredly assist in his cause, Wen Zhong ordered Deng Zhong and Xin Huan to guard the camp closely while he departs for the time being.

Arriving before Golden Turtle Island at the East Sea, Wen Zhong gazed delightfully at the beauty around him, and feeling great anticipation as to what day he could relax in such beauty without the least worry, he searched the entire circumference of the island, and thus began his leave after finding no one present. Glancing behind at the sudden hearing of his name, Grand Old Master saw Celestial Lotus standing before him.

Being informed by her that their Taoist comrades were currently present on White Deer Island, finishing their own individual traps — dubbed wholly as the "Ten Death Traps" — at the moment, Wen Zhong took his appreciative leave to the island she had mentioned. Arriving before White Deer Island momentarily, the nine celestial masters present approached their friend from afar, declaring the near completion of ten traps that should assist him in his attack upon the rebel leader Jiang Ziya.

Mentioning the expected arrival of their tenth ally, Mother Golden Light, Wen Zhong volunteered to await her return while they each head to his camp stationed at Mount Western Foothills. Seeing her arrive shortly following, the two greeted each other with great dignity, and then took their immediate leave to Mount Western Foothills. Regrouping with his other nine Taoist comrades, Grand Old Master directed them to Phoenix City, and followed by setting up camp at a point that seemed to their strategic advantage.

As Jiang Ziya had heard the great commotion of war-cries resound outside the city gates from afar, Yang Bliss warned the prime minister that Wen Zhong had more than likely returned with reinforcements of Taoist origin for the destruction of his camp by mainly due to the assistance of immortal powers. Thus, he would naturally have to reciprocate such power if he wished to obtain victory in any form.

Ascending the city walls and seeing a mystical cloud of haze solely within the direction of the war cries, Jiang Ziya clearly realized that the situation was going to be difficult. Back in the camp of Shang, it was decided that the ten Taoists — dubbed as the "Sky Lords¹²" — would personally display their own individual traps to Jiang Ziya and his forces as a showing of their invincibility and intellect behind such creations.

12. In the original translation instead of "Sky Lords" is written "**Welkin Lords**," which also can be translated as "*Walking Lords*."

Appearing before Phoenix City the following day, Qin Wan, the first of ten lords, appeared before Jiang Ziya and declared his intentions for the latter to inspect ten traps without the slightest physical combat — for such would violate the compassionate will of Heaven.

Consenting with full reassurance of his safety — for Qin Wan was already confident enough that Jiang's life can easily be seized by such weapons any time he desires in the future — Jiang Ziya began to read the name of the ten traps: *"Celestial Destruction", "Earthly Fury", "Roaring Typhoon", "Frigid Ice", "Golden Light", "Bleeding Blood", "Vehement Flame", "Soul Snatching", "Red Water", and "Red Sand"*.

Emerging from the enemy camp after carefully analyzing each trap with a fearful look in his eyes that he tried best to cover, Jiang Ziya proudly stated his ability to overcome such traps to Qin Wan, and then returned to his camp after exchanging a polite bow. Returning to his mansion with intense distress over the complexity of each trap that he most assuredly could not comprehend, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile returned with the rebel commander's set response, and thus began to inspect the specialty of each trap under their possession.

Chapter 44

Jiang Ziya's Souls float over Mount Kunlun

As Qin Wan began with the elaboration of his "Celestial Destruction Trap", he noted its possession of three pennants, Sky, earth, and humanity, and upon the consent of its creator, the trap reduces any potential intruder into nothing more than ashes — be it immortal or human. Individually elaborating the other nine traps following, Grand Old Master grinned with delight at such a summary.

However, Master Yao declared to Wen Zhong his own intentions of destroying the rebel commander under twenty-one days of time, and upon the latter's consent, Yao ascended the platform within his Soul Snatching Trap and created a straw effigy of Jiang Ziya, which was used to effectively gather his souls into one set region. Performing such an action three times every day, the prime minister clearly showed signs of being consciously dead — for he never said a word, and appeared as if he was constantly dazed.

As days upon days passed by with Jiang Ziya's clear intentions to do nothing other than sleep and complain subconsciously, each general realized that one of the new Taoist foes must possess an ability that was taking control of the prime minister in some form — for Jiang Ziya was the only individual who carefully analyzed the traits within each trap, so they naturally would not understand the situation fully. Rousing the prime minister as a resolution, and forcing him to appear before his generals within the conference hall, Nezha started by asking the former why he acts the way he does currently.

Bending his fingers in a divination attempt, Jiang Ziya replied by stating that everything was usual and need not worry about. Once twenty-one days had essentially passed, Yang Bliss and the others were surprised to see the prime minister nothing more than a lifeless corpse. Little did Master Yao truly understand, however, was that even after gathering all spirits present within Jiang Ziya, they would unconditionally head to the Terrace of Creation as preordained by Sky. Being pushed away by Bai Jian upon arrival before the terrace, Jiang Ziya's souls floated onwards towards Mount Kunlun.

Being gathered immediately by Master of the Cloud's gourd, and sealed tightly within by a cork, Pure Essence appeared before him, and upon the realization of the situation, the latter took hold of the gourd and headed to the Western Foothills at once, knowing that they must be the souls of Jiang Ziya, for any other soul would be accepted by the terrace unconditionally.

Being allowed entrance within Phoenix City, and essentially realizing that Jiang Ziya was indeed void of his souls, Pure Essence informed the king of the reason behind the prime minister's passing before leaving the city late into the night. Realizing that his gourd shook more violently with each step taken closer before the Soul Snatching Trap, Master Yao had meanwhile performed his incantations, but to his great dismay, the remaining souls of Jiang Ziya refused to gather themselves before his trap.

As Yao continuously began to chant and recite incantations incessantly, Pure Essence, upon his arrival, assumed the man standing before him was attempting the retrieval of the prime minister's remaining souls — due to the souls within his gourd shaking in synchronization to the former's calls — and thus charged down to steal the straw effigy. Managing to grab ahold of the effigy, Yao coincidentally looked up at the very second of the former's theory, and threw forth his black sand needles at Pure Essence, fully realizing his opposing intentions.

To the fortunate sacrifice of his lotus flowers as protection, Pure Essence managed to escape the trap while elaborating the prior incidents to Master of South Pole upon his arrival at Mount Kunlun. As such was reported to Celestial Primogenitor, Pure Essence became instructed to head to the Eight Landscape Palace to visit Lao Tzu — for he would be able to effectively deal with the issue. Upon his arrival before Lao Tzu's residence at such a palace, he was allowed entry shortly, while thoroughly elaborating the incident with Master Yao in his attempt to steal the souls of Jiang Ziya.

As Lao Tzu had personally seen the construction of what had been known as the "Soul Snatching Trap", he naturally understood that the Map of Eight Diagrams was the only way to negate such a trap's effect — and thus handed such to Pure Essence, who departed just following. Returning to Phoenix City and reassuring King Wu and his generals of a newly obtained method that would result in the prime minister's revival, Pure Essence departed immediately to Master Yao's trap.

Unrolling the map to create a large golden bridge descending through the Soul Snatching Trap, Pure Essence managed to retrieve the straw effigy, but at the same moment, Yao fumed with rage at the enemy's second attempt, while unleashing a large volley of his sand upon the former. Dropping the map in his immense terror, Pure Essence managed to escape, but was struck pale at the realization of his new weapon being lost so subtly.

Returning at once to Phoenix City, Pure Essence was allowed entry to the Prime Minister's mansion, where he began to pour the souls down Jiang Ziya's throat, including the additional two sub-souls essentially acquired from Yao's effigy. As Jiang Ziya awoke as if from a long night of sleep, and was completely informed of the prior incidents involving his souls, he banged his fist in rage at such a treacherous act that even he could not prevent.

Resting for several more days as a resolution, an immortal by the name of "Yellow Dragon" had arrived before the city gates shortly following, and was allowed entry upon his awakening. Informing the prime minister that many additional immortals should be expected to arrive before the Western Foothills as a result of the ten traps, he proposed the building of a reed pavilion in addition, which should be constructed far from the capital city not only for potential military conferences, but the ultimate protection of the people as well. Following such a proposal fully, General Wu Ji reported the creation of the pavilion around a day following decree for construction.

Immortals gathered shortly following within the pavilion, and each minister of the capital, excluding that of King Wu, gathered to pay their obeisance. Once all expected immortals had effectively arrived, a conflict between who should take the

title of commander resounded throughout the pavilion. At such a moment in time, a whistle throughout the air had been heard to announce the arrival of an immortal of exceeded characteristics.

Chapter 45

Confronting the Destructive Forces

As all immortals present left the pavilion to confront the noise from outside, Superior man Burning Lamp of Prime Consciousness Cave was seen before their eyes. Expressing his apologies over such a late arrival, Burning Lamp was given the seal of commandship upon proposal, and thus elaborated the visible attributes of each of the ten known traps — as such knowledge could easily be obtained from his magical bull eye, which had the ability to see in distances far unparalleled to that of human vision.

Not desiring to wait any longer, lest the rebel commander obtains some type of immortal assistance against the traps, a note of challenge involving the ten traps was given to Jiang Ziya via the messages of Deng Zhong. With reply to meet in three days of time for battle, the ten lords suddenly noticed auspicious clouds and golden lanterns only present within the residence of immortals upon their leave from camp the second night, and each lord thus returned to their respective traps, entirely resolved to destroy the opposition even with such expected assistance.

Leaving the camp of Shang the following morning with the ten traps at his left and right hands, Wen Zhong obtained sight of the Zhou forces approaching before him steadily with many individuals of conjectured immortal traits. As Qin Wan's Celestial Destruction Trap was of the closest distance, Burning Lamp and his forces appeared before the trap at once. Pondering over a method that would lead to the trap's destruction without excessive sacrifice, Deng Hua, a junior disciple of the Jade Emptiness Palace, descended from the heavens, immediately declaring his desire to tear the opposition before him to shreds.

Qin Wan, who was currently present outside of his trap, knew the man standing before him could be destroyed by his own primitive aggression without any real trouble — and thus lashed at Deng Hua with his staff. Leading Deng into his trap with a mere faint, Qin Wan grabbed ahold of three representative pennants upon the desk present, and placed them in a triangle formation upon the ground. As a large beam of thunder shot from the gap between the pennants, Qin directed the thunder into the direction of his opponent, burning Deng Hua into ash in a single blinking of the eye.

Declaring his easy won victory upon the exiting of the trap, Burning Lamp felt great grievance at such words, but nonetheless asked Outstanding Culture to have a try against Qin Wan. Lashing forth his sword at Qin Wan upon full consenting, the latter retreated to his trap following a single faint, and to the great fear of entry on the part of Outstanding Culture, he nonetheless entered the trap while floating upon two lotus flowers. Unfortunately for Qin Wan, however, large lotus flowers sprouted in every direction from the very finger tips of Outstanding Culture.

Seizing the chance to bind the enemy with his invisible stakes, Qin Wan became terrified for his life, but nonetheless died just following a single cleave from Outstanding Culture's blade. As Outstanding Culture left the trap with Qin Wan's head firmly within the grip of his palm as a display of his prowess, Grand

Old Master gazed at such a sight from the heavens, and with great rage filled within his breast, charged down upon the former like a dragon seething with bloodlust. Being intercepted, however, by Yellow Dragon, who declared that they were solely competing in magic prowess, not physical conquest despite the situation which reinforces such rationale, Master Zhao Jiang had meanwhile rode forth from his Earthly Fury Trap to place forth a challenge. As Han Dulong accepted such a challenge upon the consent of Burning Lamp, Zhao gave up ground shortly starting, while Han pursued with great determination to wipe out the opposition.

Ascending his platform within the trap, Zhao Jiang grabbed ahold of his two pennants, and upon the acquiring of fire and lightning attributes by waving such pennants, the unfortunate Han Dulong became mere dust before the wind in a single second. Exiting his trap with immense confidence, Krakucchanda strode forth from the Zhou forces and offered battle against the former. Upon the entering of the Earthly Fury Trap, Krakucchanda negated any potential harm from the fire and lightning by covering his entire body with mystical clouds acquired from the crust of his skull.

Tieing Zhao Jiang with his Immortal Binding Rope at such a moment, Krakucchanda felt great mercy for the life of Zhao — and thus ordered his genie to forcefully drop the celestial master within the Reed Pavilion, still in a captive state. Spouting with great wrath at the destruction of two of ten traps, and the death of Zhao Jiang and Qin Wan, Wen Zhong called off the competition, and returned to the Shang camp to hold a military conference over the current circumstances. Having intense confidence in the renown of his Roaring Typhoon and its fierce wind attributes, Master Dong ensured the Grand Old Master that he should obtain revenge in his stead no matter what opponent he was forced to fight.

Back at the Reed Pavilion, Zhao Jiang had been hung upon the pavilion gates, still nothing more than a captive, while Burning Lamp and the others discussed how they should go about with the destruction of the Roaring Typhoon Trap, as it was the third trap standing before their midst. During their discussion, Superior man Spiritual Treasure stated that his friend at Cloud Light Cave of Mount Nine Tripods and Iron Forks possesses an item known as the "Wind Stopping Pearl" that was used to negate wind at the user's will. Receiving such a pearl from "Wo Evading Sage" shortly, the two sped to the Western Foothills at high speed, but to their detriment, no ferries operated for over two days following their arrival before the Yellow River.

Approaching a fellow passerby and inspecting the reason for such, San Yisheng became informed that two giants — in this case being the Fang Brothers — monopolized the river by demanding great fares if any individual was to pass, and as a result of such a recent incident, only one additional ferry had been open for current use. Approaching such a ferry, Fang Bi and Fang Xiang were indeed seen, and upon Chao Tian's recognition of such men, he declared his intentions and was thus allowed passage.

Informing the two brothers of their recent obtainment of the Wind Stopping Pearl as their reason for departure, Fang Bi asked to gaze at it; holding the pearl within his hand, he knew that he could obtain great reputation if such power was wielded effectively, and thus pocketed the pearl, declaring such as being toll for passage. Not having any true courage to act against such a resolution, the two

officials had little choice but to accept. As San Yisheng and Chao Tian thus made their way back to the Western Foothills, they luckily ran into Yellow Flying Tiger, who was bringing supplies of grain within the city gates. Elaborating their story immediately upon arrival, Yellow Flying Tiger set out at once, knowing fully that the two giants would heed his call.

Luckily catching the two brothers before they returned to the opposite bank at the Yellow River, Yellow Flying Tiger approached Fang Bi and Fang Xiang and essentially retrieved the pearl with a single demand. Being informed of their current position within society after elaborating his disdain of King Zhou, Yellow Flying Tiger convinced the two brothers to serve under King Wu by his side, and then followed by handing San Yisheng the pearl as he returned. Arriving before the prime minister at the reed pavilion and elaborating the incidents lathering their departure, Jiang Ziya handed the pearl to Burning Lamp without a moment of hesitation.

Chapter 46

Breaking the Golden Light Trap

As the Shang and Zhou forces arrayed themselves the following morning, Burning Lamp signaled his choosing of the Roaring Typhoon Trap by approaching it with each immortal and disciple by his side. Master Dong of Shang thus stepped forward from his trap, and upon Burning Lamp's seeing of Fang Bi, a man that was seemingly capable of great strength, he ordered the latter to take the challenge at once.

Fleeing into his trap at the very sight of such a giant beast, Dong ascended his platform at once, and upon the waving of his pennant, Fang Bi was stabbed to death by thousands of swords that became multiplied with the power of black wind. As Dong thus exited from the trap, Merciful Navigation, who was handed the Wind Stopping Pearl, entered the Roaring Typhoon Trap shortly following a clash between blades. Negating all black wind with the pearl touching his body in any form, Merciful Navigation used his glazed vase to trap Dong within, in which he exited the trap immediately following such a victory.

Just as Grand Old Master seethed with great rage at such a sight, and was determined to obtain some form of revenge at once, Master Yuan ran forth from his Frigid Ice Trap and called forth for battle, vowing to Wen Zhong that he should become his embodiment of vengeance. With the retortion of Xue Ehu, Yuan retreated into his trap following a meager amount of rounds, and upon the ascension of his terrace, Yuan froze the lower body of Xue Ehu with frozen ice emitting from his purple pennant, and followed by smashing the opposition to literal pieces with a glacier, twenty feet in overall circumference.

As Wen Zhong grinned with great delight at such promised destructive force at his very disposal, Universal Virtue approached Yuan as the secondary challenger. Knowing that he must destroy this foe in order to prove his ascended might to the Grand Old Master no matter what, Yuan immediately rushed forth within his trap and summoned forth multiple glaciers of outstanding size within a single moment. Unfortunately however, no matter how ice that happened to topple upon Universal Virtue, Universal Virtue created many majestic clouds above his head that emitted flames upon the user's will.

Realizing the situation to be grim — as the opponent possesses a clearly dominant advantage against his ability — Yuan fled for the sake of his promise to Wen Zhong, but was at the same time wiped away from life as he was beheaded by Virtue's "Hooks of Wu". Immediately following, Mother Golden Light exited from her Golden Light Trap, and at the same moment, was challenged by Xiao Zhen, another disposable disciple of the Jade Emptiness Palace.

Entering the trap following a few exchanged blows upon Burning Lamp's consenting, Golden Light ascended her platform and unleashed myriads of golden light beams emitting from her magic mirrors, burning away the flesh of Xiao Zhen instantaneously. With Grand Completion's approach following such an incident, Golden Light retreated within her trap, while unleashing volleys of light upon the former. To her ill-fortune, however, Grand Completion completely protected

himself from any potential harm with his eight-diagramed robe, and used his Sky Overturning Stamp to destroy every mirror present within the trap. Finishing off Golden Light with a second round of his stamp, and exiting the trap shortly following, Grand Old Master's rage touched the very heavens, and nothing could stand in his way now that half of his fellow allies had been wiped away so easily.

With Master Sun's immediate intrusion, Qiao Kun, a hermit of Mount Wuyi, volunteered to meet the opposition within the Bleeding Blood Trap. Following a clash between blades, Sun ascended the platform within his trap and summoned forth volleys of black sand to pierce Qiao's flesh, who ended up dying shortly through a loss of blood. As usual, an individual of superior man qualities was sent forth for battle — in this case being Fairy Primordial — and upon the consenting of Burning Lamp, the two fought with great renown before venturing within the opposition's trap.

Using green lotus flowers to negate any black sand that came near his body, Sun's ability became rather useless, resulting in his own life being ended shortly by the former's Nine Dragon Divine Fire Coverlet. As Yellow Dragon ordered the two sides to return to their respective camps in preparation for the next day of battle, Grand Old Master had meanwhile returned to the side of his fellow comrades, and with tears within his eyes, he pleaded for the four remaining lords to return to their mountain lest any further casualties arise.

Solely possessing intentions to assist the Grand Old Master for the sake of the greater good, even if they might lose their lives through such resolve, Wen Zhong's morale rose to an extent, but he clearly realized that more celestial reinforcements were essential if the foul Jiang Ziya was to be eradicated along with his defiant comrades. Recalling Zhao Gongming, his old friend from Mount Emei, Wen Zhong ordered Ji Li and Yu Qing to take command of the camp before taking leave to such a mountain at once. Successfully arriving before the residence of Zhao Gongming and performing his formal greetings, Wen Zhong thoroughly elaborated the current happenings in his clash against the rebel leader Jiang Ziya.

Reproving his old friend for not telling him of such earlier, he promised the Grand Old Master to return for the time being while he personally departs to the Western Foothills after making essential preparations. Arriving before the camp of Shang atop a large black tiger, Zhao was allowed entrance, and upon his greetings before Wen Zhong and the four celestial masters, he inquired as to why a certain man was seen within the distance hanging upon a pavilion gate. Being informed that such was Zhao Jiang, one of their fellow allies, as a simple means for Jiang Ziya to express his contempt towards their cause, Zhao Gongming rage fully mounted his tiger and set forth in the direction of the pavilion in order to show Jiang Ziya his place.

Chapter 47

Zhao Gongming, the Conqueror of Sun and Moon

Appearing before the reed pavilion shortly while shouting great words of rage, Jiang Ziya appeared before the former with disciples to his right and left. Commenting on the foul cruelty of Jiang Ziya in his opposition against the greater good, Gongming leaped at the commander with his lightning staff, and as he threw such a staff into the air, it came crashing down upon the prime minister's head with weight exceeding that of a boulder — killing him instantly.

Being distracted by the Zhou forces great fury immediately following, Yang Bliss seized the moment to order his Sky Barking Hound to attack the opposing immortal. Realizing that his precious robes were being torn apart by such a foul beast, Zhao Gongming smacked the dog several times within the head before fleeing temporarily to the Shang camp in dismay. Upon his return before the camp, he informed Grand Old Master Wen Zhong that he managed to kill the rebel commander in a single blow of his staff, but was forced to return upon a ferocious attack from the Zhou forces as a resolution.

Luckily for Jiang Ziya, however, Grand Completion arrived before the prime minister's mansion to analyze his corpse, and upon the mixing of elixir with water to create a medicine that can effectively revive the fallen prime minister, Jiang revived after around two hours of time. As Grand Completion informed Jiang Ziya of the past happenings involving his suffered death by Gongming's hands, he reported the prime minister's revival to Burning Lamp while heading to the camp of Shang in order to secretly inspect their next move.

Wen Zhong informed that a man by the name of "Burning Lamp" was more than likely the second in command amongst the immortal party under the deceased rebel commander. And was thus in need of additional elimination to sully the enemy's morale. Zhao Gongming left the Shang camp early the following morning, and called for Burning Lamp to show himself at once. Burning Lamp departed from the reed pavilion and thoroughly reprimanded Zhao Gongming for his "defiance of Heaven's will." Gongming knew clearly in his heart that his actions were for the greater good — for the dignity of the land would only suffer when Taoists sully their simple nature by running rampant with weapons of destructive qualities, fighting for a cause that was nothing more than ideal.

Thus, for the sake of his eternal friendship with Wen Zhong and reputation as a god amongst Taoists, Gongming lashed forth his staff upon the former, but Yellow Dragon immediately retorted in protection of his leader. Little did Yellow Dragon expected truly. However, Gongming suddenly unleashed a Dragon Binding Rope from the sleeves of his robe, which bound Yellow Dragon instantly. Not taking the chance for Yellow Dragon's life to be cut, Pure Essence lunged forward at Gongming, but to the great difference of their renown which the former had little knowledge of, Zhao Gongming threw twenty-four Sea Conquering Pearls within the sky, forcing all foes present to their knees in blindness. As each immortal fortunately managed to escape without being taken captive, or being killed at that, Gongming returned to the Shang camp and was welcomingly toasted by the Grand Old Master, while their single captive became held on a flagpole within

the camp as retortion to the enemy's arrogance. Meanwhile, Burning Lamp was not able to obtain any acknowledgment as to what weapon Gongming had been using to result in such a potential disaster, and nonetheless became even further distressed upon the seeing of Yellow Dragon being treated so contemptuously — and thus asked who, if even possible, could save the immortal from further humiliation.

With the volunteering of Yang Bliss, Yang Bliss transformed himself into a flying ant that evening, and upon his approach before the camp of Shang, he ascended the flag pole and removed a magical charm that bound Yellow Dragon in place, thus returning to the reed pavilion in success. As Wen Zhong obtained word that Yellow Dragon had escaped mysteriously shortly afterwards, he clearly realized that no one could have ascended the flagpole without the obvious notice of royal guards, and Yellow Dragon assuredly could not have removed the charm by himself due to being magically and physically bound, thus concluding that a man who possesses transformational capability had to have been the cause for such an incident.

With such an assumption in mind, Wen Zhong sent Zhao Gongming to challenge the reed pavilion early the following morning. As Gongming approached the solo Burning Lamp outside the gates of the reed pavilion, while learning that a man by the name of "Yang Bliss" had been the cause behind Yellow Dragon's freedom, he lashed forth his staff and sea conquering pearls upon the opposition.

Fleeing immediately to the southwest lest he suffers by the hands of Gongming's mysterious weaponry, Zhao Gongming gave chase at the very same moment. Approaching a slope and seeing two distinguished men playing Go underneath the shade of a pine tree, Burning Lamp had no idea who these men were, but knowing that he was in a desperate situation indeed, he began to elaborate the past and current circumstances all at once.

As the men — known as Xiao Sheng and Cao Bao — believed it best to assist this strange man for the sake of their morals and overall mutual cooperation within the future, they suddenly caught sight upon a man Burning Lamp claimed to be "Zhao Gongming", and lashed at the latter as a result. Being infuriated at such unexpected obstinacy, Gongming unleashed his Dragon Binding Rope upon Xiao Sheng.

As Xiao Sheng flipped his Treasure Catching Golden Coin into the air, which resulted in any weapon standing before him to fall to the ground with the weight of a large rock, such an action reciprocated as Gongming attempted the additional usage of his Sea Conquering Pearls. Becoming even more enraged at such a resolution, he used his staff, which was unaffected by any immortal weapon, to smash Xiao Sheng's head in, killing him instantly. Being devastated over the death of a man that was seemingly innocent and had little to do with the current situation, Burning Lamp protected the remaining Cao Bao by gravely wounding Zhao Gongming from behind with his Universal Ruler.

As Gongming thus rage fully fled atop his black tiger, Burning Lamp approached Cao Bao and upon the receiving of the enemy's Sea Conquering Pearls, they both left to Phoenix City shortly following. With the Zhou forces now in possession of Gongming's most powerful weapon, which was to their knowledge,

Gongming had little choice but to report the issue to Grand Old Master upon his return, and then leave to the Three Fairy Island in order to obtain an essential backing. Promising his old friend that he should swiftly return, Zhao Gongming soared across the heavens with the greatest of speed atop his mystical black tiger. Upon his arrival before the intended island, he approached the residence of his three younger sisters, *High Firmament*, *Jade Firmament*, and *Green Firmament*, who reciprocated a bow of greeting to their elder brother while inspecting the reason for his arrival.

Elaborating the current situation, the loss of his treasure-items and the need for either the Golden Dragon Scissors or the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper as an essential replacement, his three sisters declined stating best to await until Jiang Ziya had created the gods, lest they ended up losing their lives fighting against the cause stated to be one with Sky. With their continued refusal to assist their brother in any form as a measure of caution rather than unwilling defiance, Gongming left their residence in a great fume of rage, considering he already knew Jiang Ziya had been killed by his hands, and his sisters were resolved to act against his views even with such a reality.

Traveling a few miles on foot in search of other comrades that could assist in his cause, Gongming was suddenly met by his old friend Celestial Lotus, who, after being informed of the former's woes, grabbed his hand and returned to the residence of High Firmament and the others immediately. With Celestial Lotus's persistent intentions to obtain at least the Golden Dragon Scissors for the sake of Gongming's cause, High Firmament agreed to give her brother the scissors upon one condition: "Gongming makes constant threats to this 'Burning Lamp' until the Sea Conquering Pearls was obtained out of fear. "

Ensuring his sister that he would do what he can in order to reobtain the pearls at all costs, Zhao Gongming returned to the camp of Shang and was welcomed by Wen Zhong momentarily following. As the next day arrived with immediate departure before the reed pavilion, Burning Lamp met the former and remained obstinate to never hand back the treasure — for such an action would be nothing other than detrimental, even if the opposition declares a supposed level of truce following. Clashing blade against staff as a resolution of such, Zhao Gongming decided to finish matters quickly by casting his Golden Dragon Scissors within the sky at once.

Chapter 48

Lu Ya's Gourd of Supreme Light

As the scissors became two large dragons with tails interlocking as one, Burning Lamp fled for his life atop a cloud made of wood, while his deer was unfortunately cut into two halves in an instant. Not desiring to risk the loss of his newly obtained weapon by pursuing Burning Lamp a second time, Zhao Gongming returned to the camp of Shang intensely annoyed. Returning to the reed pavilion after fleeing for an extended distance, Burning Lamp thoroughly elaborated about Gongming's scissors that can turn into large dragons at will, creating great fear within the hearts of all who happened to be present. At such a point in time, a certain man claiming to be a Taoist had entered; he was a hermit from Mount West Kunlun known as Lu Ya.

Declaring that he had come in order to put an end to Zhao Gongming, and after seeing his magical prowess early on from the clouds, each superior man present thought little of such words with justifiable rationale as they maintained a doubtful silence. As Zhao Gongming appeared before the reed pavilion the following morning, as easily expected, he began to mock Burning Lamp for his cowardice despite holding such a high rank amongst the immortal populace on the side of Zhou.

Suddenly meeting the man who he recognized to be Lu Ya from outside the pavilion's gates, he knew that such a man would be far too dangerous to let live — for even if Lu Ya was to assist the side of Shang, who knows what treachery he could pull with the weapons at his very disposal. Thus, Gongming unleashed his Golden Dragon Scissors to destroy the foe in a single shot, which unfortunately transformed into a rainbow and fled far to the southeast. Zhao Gongming ground his teeth in rage, fully realizing that he would have no possible method to capture such an annoyance in his current state.

Personally observing Gongming in his previous encounter, Lu Ya returned to the reed pavilion while instructing Jiang Ziya to build a straw effigy of Zhao Gongming on Mount Western Foothills. Additionally instructing the prime minister to worship the effigy three times a day and burn charms at the very same moment — as was the method he taught Master Yao of the Soul Snatching Trap far into the past — Gongming would die on the twenty-first day following. As the prime minister followed such instructions very carefully and secretively for days upon end, Zhao Gongming clearly began to feel as if his heart was burning like a great fire.

Walking to and fro as a resolution without the slightest feel of comfort whatsoever, Master Bai became enraged at the sight of his comrade, and knowing that the enemy was the primary cause for such a condition, he challenged the gates of the reed pavilion later that day, completely disregarding the words of Wen Zhong. As Burning Lamp and the other superior men exited the pavilion gates shortly following, Lu Ya declared his intentions to answer Bai's challenge at once, knowing that he possesses a weapon that would not only destroy the opposition in mere moments, but would ensure his prowess to be known amongst each of his allies in addition. Entering the Vehement Flame Trap after a few rounds of battle,

Master Bai ascended his platform and summoned many volleys of fire from all eight directions upon Lu Ya. Standing amongst the flames without a single burn mark present on his body, Lu Ya opened his gourd, and as a slender white beam of light ascended through the clouds and rotated several times throughout the air in a circular fashion, large eyes began to grow upon the light, putting Bai into intense fear exceeding his imagination. As this beam of light fell down upon Bai's head like an enormous blade with intense speed, Bai had little time to evade, and was cut into two halves as an immediate result. Leaving the trap shortly afterwards, Master Yao of the Soul Snatching Trap suddenly appeared, vowing to avenge his fallen comrades and the humiliation he suffered through the hands of Pure Essence.

With the retortion of a warrior known as Fang Xiang, Yao entered his trap momentarily, and not intending to waste any more time with such a nuisance, he smothered the former with his black sand of needles, killing the opposition at once. Exiting the trap and ordering Pure Essence to show himself lest others were killed off as a latent resolution, Pure Essence knew in his heart that he possessed little choice in the matter — and thus approached the enemy master with sword drawn. Upon the entering of the Soul Snatching Trap, Yao Bin unleashed countless clouds of black sand to not only blind the enemy in all directions, but to additionally ensure an immediate death.

Emerging from the sand with white clouds negating any potential harm, Pure Essence flashed the white side of his Yin Yang Mirror into the eyes of Yao Bin, sending him plummeting to the ground in great dismay. Being helplessly paralyzed by the mirror's ability, Yao realized that he could do nothing in such a state, and thus he met an unfortunate death by the edge of Pure Essence's blade. As Pure Essence returned the Map of the Eight Diagrams to Xuandu Cave immediately after retrieving it from Yao's body, Wen Zhong had meanwhile been informed of the death of two additional masters and the strange condition of Zhao Gongming in the camp of Shang.

With fifteen days having passed with Zhao Gongming sleeping daily upon end, Wen Zhong performed divination only to find out that a straw effigy of his old friend would be pierced through the heart by the arrow of Lu Ya upon a set date — which would result in Gongming's death. As Master Bai conjectured the summit of Mount Western Foothills being the more probable region to which the effigy would be present, Grand Old Master knew that such a region would be heavily guarded nonetheless due to its strategic position, and thus decided to inform Zhao Gongming before taking any action.

Zhao Gongming, who happened to be mainly conscious despite the condition of his internal spirits, was informed of his condition entirely. Upon the most careful of consideration that he could muster in such a state, he suggested that his two disciples, Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi, should be sent to seize the effigy — for they had been trained with extraordinary stealth and were naturally akin to such situations.

As Wen Zhong immediately approved such a suggestion, Burning Lamp had already made cautious preparations by protecting the prime minister with Nezha and Yang Bliss lest the enemy was to obtain knowledge of their intentions through rational means. Approaching Mount Western Foothill's summit, and seeing a certain man kowtowing before a straw effigy, Yao Shaosi and Chen Jiugong smiled

with great delight as they snatched the effigy with the speed of lightning while fleeing in the direction of the Shang camp. Nezha and Yang Bliss, who were naturally startled to see such an incident take place so suddenly, pursued the two thieves immediately following.

As Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi approached the Shang camp, they were immensely started to find it disappear upon their entry following a burst of lightning — as Yang Bliss used his genjutsu art to form an illusionary image that seemed as if to be their true camp. Using the lightning signal to appear before the two thieves momentarily, Nezha and Yang Bliss managed to dispose of Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi while successfully retrieving the effigy.

Returning to Jiang Ziya that night with effigy in hand, Xin Huan of Shang had meanwhile been sent to investigate the location of the two disciples, but to his great dismay, he found them both dead at a region neighboring the Shang camp, which he naturally informed the Grand Old Master about immediately following. Pounding his desk in utter rage at such a stunning report, Wen Zhong entered the room of Zhao Gongming and informed him of such unfortunate news after he had awakened.

Requesting the Golden Dragon Scissors to be wrapped within his robes while sent to the residence of his three sisters following death, with tears spouting from his eyes, Gongming became exceedingly resentful by not following the words of High Firmament within the past. Seeing his old friend in such a miserable condition, Wen Zhong began to grind his teeth in unparalleled rage while vowing to destroy the foul Lu Ya even if he must give up the life he possesses to sully such hate. With Wang Bian of the Red Water Trap reciprocating such rage, the former dashed forth before the reed pavilion's gates and shouted for immediate challenge.

As Cao Bao, the newly obtained friend of Burning Lamp, stepped forward to challenge the opposition, Wang Bian's rage touched new heights as his old comrade stepped before him, willing to oppose the greater good so unconditionally. Not having any tolerance for treachery in any form, Bian ran within his trap, and upon the approach of Cao Bao, he boiled the latter alive with burning red water. With hatred burning with a steady blaze, Bian exited his trap and was met by none other than Virtue of the Pure Void momentarily.

After Wen Zhong had made the divination, he would realize that Lu Ya was planning on killing Zhao Gongming with charmed arrows. Thus, Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi would be ordered to seize the straw effigy at the time of night. By feeling a sudden blood rush to his heart, Lamp Lighter would realize that two disciples under Wen Zhong were currently being sent to steal the effigy; and if such an action was not stopped, Lamp Lighter and the others would surely be killed by Gongming's might. Nezha and Yang bliss would thus be sent immediately to the Western Foothills to elaborate such news to Jiang Ziya.

By the time that they had arrived to Ziya's location however, Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi would already get their hands on the effigy and effectively escape. Thus, Nezha and Yang Bliss would head out at full speed in order to retrieve the stolen effigy. When both Cheng and Yao arrived at the Shang camp, they would be admitted by Deng Zhong. After discussing the situation with Grand Old Master, they would both hand the effigy to him. Immediately, the two disciples would head

to the back camp and suddenly realize that the whole Shang camp was gone in a mere instant.

Before Yang Bliss appeared atop his horse, the two individuals would stand completely puzzled. While within the darkness of the night, both Nezha and Yang Bliss would duel out against the two disciples. Following the passage of a few minutes, Yao Shaosi would be stabbed to death by Nezha, and Yang Bliss would penetrate the breast of Chen Juigong; effectively putting an end to both of Zhao Gongming's disciples.

In short time, both Yang Bliss and Nezha would arrive at Phoenix City and return the effigy to Jiang Ziya. When the Grand Old Master had learned of the death of Chen and Yao, he would pound his desk in immense rage. As Wen Zhong fumed in his anger, he would head to Zhao Gongming's room and order him to awaken. Once Gongming heard of the news, he would tell Wen Zhong to wrap up his Golden Dragon Scissors with his robe to be given to his three younger sisters when he dies.

Zhao Gongming would weep bitterly with tears pouring down from his face — even to the extent that he could not speak. As Wen Zhong watched the tragic scene, his hair would stand on end, and he would gnash his teeth in eternal hate. At the same moment, Sky Lord Wang Bian would head out with his Red Water Trap; completely determined to crush Jiang Ziya. After killing Cao Bao easily with his red acid water, Virtue of the Pure Void would be chosen as his second opponent.

Chapter 49

King Wu in the Red Sand Trap

As Pure Void lashed at the opposition with exceeded renown, Bian entered his trap shortly while flooding the entire region with burning red water. Floating atop the water on a white lotus flower without any worry of being burned, Pure Void used was Five Fire and Seven Fowl Fan to turn the unfortunate Bian into nothing more than ashes upon the ground.

The Red Water Trap now being destroyed, Burning Lamp and the other superior men returned to the reed pavilion while Grand Old Master was informed of Bai's death shortly following such an incident. As the twentieth day of the month approached soon following, Wen Zhong, who knew clearly in his heart that he was the indirect reason that his old friend would suffer death soon, approached Zhao Gongming, even more furious to wipe out the entire Western Foothills even if such was opposing his very own destiny. With reciprocated rage and inner distress upon the faces of Gongming and Master Zhang in addition, they wept throughout the night in great agony.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, Lu Ya approached Jiang Ziya, who was still present before the straw effigy as expected, and instructed the prime minister upon handing him a mulberry bow with three short peach arrows, to shoot the left eye first, his right eye second, and the third through Gongming's heart. Doing as instructed momentarily following, Zhao Gongming roared with great agony as the first two arrows created exceedingly crucial pain within his two eyes.

Being held in the arms of Grand Old Master, and looking into the latter's eyes one final time, Gongming suddenly became pure pale without a blood pulse — thus signaling his recent passing. With Gongming still held tightly within his arms, tears poured unrestrainedly from Wen Zhong's eyes as he vowed to tear apart Lu Ya's flesh as reward for such underhanded treachery. Ordering a grandiose ceremony to mark the coffining of Zhao Gongming's body, all generals alike became frightened at such a happening, and clearly knowing the great treachery at the very disposal of each superior men rebel, the overall morale of the Shang forces decreased dramatically as a result.

Jiang Ziya and Lu Ya returned to the reed pavilion stealthily upon a rainbow lest any enemies were to await for potential ambush. Meanwhile Master Zhang approached the pavilion with his trap, and Burning Lamp suggested to the prime minister upon arrival that King Wu should be sent into the opposition's Red Sand Trap — for upon analyzing, only a man of sagely stature would be able to conquer the trap, as possessed to that of any superior man on their side.

Knowing that Burning Lamp more than likely knew what he was talking about, despite the holy grail of detriment that would result if the king was to lose his life, Jiang Ziya sent Wu Ji to fetch King Wu nonetheless. Arriving shortly, and upon the king's unconditional consenting, Burning Lamp placed many charms upon King Wu's body, and ordering Nezha and Thunder-quaker to thoroughly protect the former from any harm, all three arrayed themselves before Zhang immediately following.

As Zhang ran within his trap while being pursued by the enemy, he ascended his platform and spread red sand throughout the entire perimeter, completely engulfing the three individuals until they found themselves deep within large pits of sand as a resolution. Gazing into the distance with his magical bull eye, and seeing the king and his protectors deep within a layer of sand, Burning Lamp informed Jiang Ziya that *King Wu is destined to remain in such a state for 100 days, and that he will assuredly survive "as according to Heaven's will"*.

Realizing that Burning Lamp had never informed him of such information prior, and he more than likely created such a statement as to ensure his reputation meets no harm if the king was to be found alive by any other superior man, he immediately suspected the former as plotting the death of King Wu, and thus kept careful watch of his every move lest disaster was to follow.

Entering Phoenix City and reporting such an incident to the family members of King Wu and other relatives of the same nature, Zhang had meanwhile returned to the side of Grand Old Master Wen Zhong while boasting about his great victory, who in exchange felt some sense of relief, but was still greatly hurt by the passing of Gongming.

Shen Gongbao, who secretly perceived the happenings with Gongming from the time of his arrival to the time of his death, appeared before the residence of High Firmament and informed her of Zhao Gongming's recent passing by the hands of Jiang Ziya. High Firmament, who secretly knew that her name was on the List of Creations and any impulsive action of revenge would surely fulfill such a fate, readily declared to Shen Gongbao that she was indeed grievant over such news, but on no account should she risk her own life for his sake.

Jade Firmament and Green Firmament, who did not share her philosophy on the situation whatsoever, left their residence with Shen Gongbao leading the way to the Western Foothills. As High Firmament joined her two sisters in fear of any potential danger they could suffer within the future, all three were met by Celestial Lotus and Lady Pretty Cloud in addition, who vowed to assist them against the rebel commander Jiang Ziya. Arriving before the camp of Shang shortly following, Wen Zhong informed them of Gongming's death by the hands of Lu Ya on the twenty-first day of the month.

Receiving the Golden Dragon Scissors in tears, the three sisters arrived before their brother's coffin in the back camp and clearly realized that his eyes and body had been bleeding very recently despite him being dead. Knowing that the foul Lu Ya was the cause behind his death, the five ladies and Grand Old Master appeared before the reed pavilion the following day, essentially resolved to do away with Lu Ya for the sake of their vengeance and the morale of their forces.

As Lu Ya exited the gates of the pavilion, and upon realization that Gongming's sisters were before him and demanding a rational reason for their brother's murder, Lu Ya, who now realized the opposition must possess either a keen level of spies or divination in order to know such information, responded to the call by declaring Zhao Gongming to be a man that lacked great virtue, and solely acted out of evil intentions to support the tyrant ruler King Zhou — and such was the reason as to why he deserved death. Jade Firmament, who was naturally quick tempered, rushed at Lu Ya, and with the immediate assistance of her fellow

sisters, the opposition was knocked unconscious by the power of their Universe Muddling Dipper.

Lu Ya was thus stuck with charms upon his entire body and hanged on a flag pole within the Shang camp — as like the situation earlier with Yellow Dragon. Hanging upon the flag pole, Jade Firmament could not withhold her hatred to any extent, and upon her order to unleash volleys of arrows at Lu Ya all at once, each arrow suddenly dissolved into nothing more than ash before touching the bounded man's body.

Realizing the chance to kill Lu Ya could easily slip from their grasps in the current situation, Green Firmament casted forth the Universe Muddling Dipper upon the former, but, to her detriment, Lu Ya turned into a rainbow and fled back to the reed pavilion immediately following, putting even greater bloodlust in the hearts of the three sisters.

As Lu Ya had meanwhile departed from the reed pavilion upon Burning Lamp's consenting, High Firmament, who knew that she could use the evidential reasoning of Shen Gongbao as being the cause of her brother's death to attack the rebel commander Jiang Ziya, approached the pavilion with her sisters and shouted for him to show his face. Yelling at Jiang Ziya for being the cause behind their brother's death, the three sisters and Pretty Cloud with Celestial Lotus each attacked the commander with full force.

Chapter 50

The Yellow River Trap

As Jiang Ziya was immediately reinforced by Yang Bliss, Huang Tianhua, and Nezha on both sides, High Firmament would suffer a crucial blow from Ziya's Staff of Beating Gods, and Celestial Lotus thus used her black wind art combined with Pretty Cloud's Eye Blinding Pearl to send the forces of Zhou fleeing in fear, while they themselves returned to the Shang camp.

High Firmament, who now knew the strength at Jiang Ziya's disposal, realized that with treacherous immortals like Lu Ya on his side, the theory of him reciprocating the qualities of Sky was truly nothing more than a joke, and the fact that she was destined to be on the List of Creations would thus have to additionally be wrong, considering that the former was the list's "destined creator".

Realizing through such rationale that it would be best to avenge her brother with the avail of Shen Gongbao's fake words in a chance to obtain Jiang Ziya's position effectively without risk for her own reputation, High Firmament asked Grand Old Master Wen Zhong to specifically pick out 600 warriors that were seemingly of the greatest strength amongst the majority of the Shang forces. With these warriors, High Firmament created a trap that possessed chalk drawings of windows, exits, and other forms of signals to denote advancement or retreat on the part of the soldiers that were to be placed within.

With individual spells placed upon their bodies and other sorts of magical attributes within the trap, anyone of immortal or human characteristics would feel as if confronted against one-thousand soldiers. As High Firmament entirely informed the Grand Old Master of this trap and its traits, Wen Zhong, the five women, and a set number of soldiers disclusing the original 600 left the camp of Shang and approached the opposition's reed pavilion shortly following.

Seeing Jiang Ziya, Burning Lamp, and others exit the pavilion, Wen Zhong was astounded beyond words at the mysterious survival of the rebel commander, and thus immediately gnashed his teeth in rage at the great magical treachery within the sleeves of the enemy superior men. As High Firmament rode before Jiang Ziya, she declared the invincibility of her newly established trap while offering the former a chance to inspect such a trap without any sort of harm in the process.

Taking her word, Jiang Ziya began a thorough inspection, and upon his leave, Yang Bliss was greatly eager for battle, and lunged forth at Jade Firmament with his Sky Barking Hound. High Firmament, who became disturbed at such rudeness, used her Universe Muddling Dipper to throw Yang Bliss within her trap. With the retortion of Jinzha and that of Muzha, they in addition were thrown into the Yellow River Trap shortly afterwards. Jiang Ziya, who would have shared the same fate as the former three if he did not possess his Yellow Apricot Flag for essential protection, fled back to the reed pavilion after countering High Firmament's dipper.

As Jiang Ziya returned to the pavilion and thoroughly elaborated the special weapon at High Firmament's disposal earlier that day, the five women of Shang had meanwhile decided to spare the lives of the three captured celestials until they personally confront Burning Lamp. Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, who was naturally delighted at six individuals of the Western Foothills being held captive, held a special banquet for Master Zhang and the others.

Approaching before the reed pavilion the following morning as previously promised, Burning Lamp exited the gates, and upon the reprimand of High Firmament and the others for their vengeful intentions despite the risk of death, Jade Firmament lashed forth at the enemy commander atop her swan. Pure Essence, who intercepted Jade with immense speed, was only thrown into the Yellow River Trap in mere moments following his interruption by the muddling dipper. As such an action became reciprocated to every other superior man present, Burning Lamp realized that the situation was exceedingly dire, and grabbed Jiang Ziya while fleeing back to the reed pavilion once a gust of wind had been created as essential protection.

Expressing his deepest of apologies to the prime minister for carelessly allowing such a dilemma to take place, Burning Lamp headed to Mount Kunlun, where he obtained information via from White Crane Lad that Celestial Primogenitor was currently making his way to the Western Foothills at such a moment. Arriving before the pavilion shortly, and upon the arrival of midnight, an incredibly large cloud appeared above the pavilion with thousands of lamps floating around it in every direction visible — a process in which Celestial Primogenitor had summoned for reasons not told.

High Firmament, who assumed the arrival of a far greater personage — more than likely the reputed Celestial Primogenitor of Chan — by seeing such great magic at work that Burning Lamp or any other superior man seen with her eyes would not have the ability to produce, began to consider whether killing the captives within her trap would be the better choice rather than going about another process.

Deciding to wait and see how the enemy reacts further, Celestial Primogenitor arrived before the enemy's trap the following morning and began to inspect it upon the polite consenting of High Firmament, who became quite worried at the arrival of such a trump card to potentially interfere with her plans.

Sighing deeply at the sight of his disciples laying about so humiliated, Primogenitor began to take his leave; but at the same time, Pretty Cloud threw one of her Eye Blinding Pearl's at the former only for it to be burned to ashes before touching his body. As the five women became frightful at such a sight, Primogenitor meanwhile returned to the pavilion, stating that his disciples were little more than lowly mortals, and no potential act to save them wasn't considered — for Lao Tzu was to arrive shortly, and he wishes to discuss the situation with him before taking any such action.

With the arrival of Lao Tzu, High Firmament gazed into the direction of the reed pavilion, and upon the realization that the Grand Master of Mount Xuandu, Lao Tzu, was more than likely present due to his specialized jade pagoda floating above the pavilion, the four other women suggested any form of surprise attack if

the enemy was to approach their trap the following morning. As the two grand masters solely approached the trap, High Firmament, Jade Firmament, and Green Firmament exited the trap without the slightest of greeting, to the great rage of Lao Tzu, who declared his intentions to fight them in their own field, the Yellow River Trap.

Chapter 51

The Final Resolve of Grand Old Master Wen Zhong

When Lao Tzu and Celestial Primogenitor entered the Yellow River Trap as previously intended, Jade Firmament suddenly lashed forth the Golden Dragon Scissors upon Lao Tzu, who was awaiting such a surprise attack from the beginning. As the duel dragons came towards Lao Tzu at the brink of cutting him into two halves horizontally, Lao Tzu simply lifted forth one of his sleeves, sending the scissors back in their original state within his very hands.

Obtaining Green Firmament's Universe Muddling Dipper just as easily, Lao ordered his genie to take both weapons before the Jade Emptiness Palace, to the obvious rage of the three sisters. High Firmament, who was determined to defeat the great Lao Tzu in magical renown in order to prove to all celestials that she was deserving of Jiang Ziya's reputation and title amongst the land, lunged forth at the grand master with sword posed.

To High Firmament's unparalleled ill fortune, however, another yellow-scarved genie under Lao Tzu suddenly rushed forth, beat her with its fists, and then toppled the entire Unicorn Cliff upon her body. Jade Firmament, who became enraged beyond imagination at the death of her sister, High Firmament, lunged forth at Lao Tzu only to have her skull smashed by Celestial Primogenitor's jade scepter.

As Green Firmament now realized the great unjust ways of the Chan Taoists, she ground her teeth in rage while lashing her blade at the two celestials; but alas, it was too late. Primogenitor had awakened his magical casket only to trap Green Firmament within, dissolving her flesh in mere moments upon entry. Following such a brutal end to the three sisters, Lao Tzu awakened all celestials present with an immediate teal of thunder, and then guided them back to the reed pavilion at once.

Present back at the pavilion, he went teaching each disciple how to travel on golden beams of light at will, lest reoccur in the future any unfortunate incident as such like that in the past. Meanwhile the two grand masters took their leave from the pavilion, but ordered Immortal of South Pole to stay and assist until Jiang Ziya had successfully done away with the Red Sand Trap.

Meanwhile Celestial Lotus and Pretty Cloud entered the Yellow River Trap's remnants only to find High Firmament and Jade Firmament dead. To their great horror and rage, they both reported such an incident to Grand Old Master, who, being greatly distressed in return, ordered a royal messenger to be sent to Morning Song for reinforcements while another messenger was sent to Sanshan Pass's Deng Jiugong with intentions for the latter to assist him at the Western Foothills.

With Immortal of the South Pole's appearance before the remaining Red Sand Trap the following morning, Master Zhang charged forth with cutless in hand, fully determined to make up for the loss of so many fellow warriors on the side of Shang. Being effectively reinforced by White Crane Lad upon entering the opposition's trap, Zhang Shao ascended his platform and sprayed volleys of red

sand across the entire perimeter, which was easily negated by the Five Fire and Seven Fowl Fan of South Pole. Using the jade scepter to knock celestial master from his platform, Immortal of the South Pole ended Zhang Shao's life with a single stroke of his sword, and then uncovered the three captives who he had been told were present for some time. Nezha and Thunder-quaker, who awoke immediately following a sudden bolt of lightning, realized shortly that King Wu was nothing more than a lifeless body that had not been decayed due to the magical charms that protected him from any such resolution.

Burning Lamp, who revived the fallen king with elixir pills and water after receiving his body at the reed pavilion, declared that the prior incident with King Wu was of necessity, and Sky had now experienced the self-sacrificial ways that the king possesses — a factor that would assuredly assist them in the future.

Now knowing that all ten traps essentially had been destroyed, Burning Lamp declared that all immortals should return to their respective mountains for the time being while Grand Completion and Pure Essence were to guard the five passes and the two neighboring border passes as to ensure no further assistance can come to the Grand Old Master from such means.

As Burning Lamp took his additional leave shortly following, with Merciful Navigation being the only remaining superior man, Jiang Ziya ordered his soldiers and generals to prepare thoroughly for a decisive battle against Grand Old Master in the following day. Meanwhile Wen Zhong, who was exceedingly depressed over the lack of reinforcements from either that of the capital or Commander Deng Jiugong, held a conference with Pretty Cloud and Celestial Lotus, only to obtain word of Jiang Ziya's intentions by an enemy messenger.

Approaching the rebel commander on the battlefield the following morning, completely resolved to sacrifice his very own life to do away with Jiang Ziya, Wu Ji, under the immediate order of the prime minister, decapitated the remaining master Zhao Jiang before Wen Zhong's very own eyes as a showing of their defiance. Not allowing his anger to be controlled in any manner, Wen Zhong, combined with Pretty Cloud, Celestial Lotus, and his four personal generals — Deng, Xin, Zhang, and Tao — each lashed forward and clashed their weapons furiously against their respective opponents.

As Celestial Lotus had her sack of wind calmed to nothing by the Wind Conquering Pearl of Merciful Navigation shortly following the start of the battle, Jiang Ziya seized such a chance to brutally smash Lotus's head in with his Staff of Beating Gods.

Pretty Cloud, who became horrified and fuming with rage at the sight of her close friend die before her very own eyes so suddenly, was stabbed from the back multiple times by the fire lance of Nezha, putting an additionally unfortunate end to her life. Yellow Flying Tiger, who was greatly encouraged by the heightened morale of the Zhou forces, pierced the heart of Zhang Jie with his duel Dragon-Phoenix blades.

Realizing that three of his generals had just recently lost their lives, and it would be evidentially pointless to continue the fight with heightened morale clearly present on the opposite side, Wen Zhong ordered a full-scale retreat in his great distress. As Merciful Navigation returned to his respective mountain that

afternoon, Jiang Ziya gave set orders to the majority of his generals, with intentions to not only assault the Shang camp in a raid, but to additionally attempt to draw many into surrender.

Wen Zhong, who obviously knew that the prime minister would more than likely attempt such a feat, ordered his generals to protect set regions in especial caution of such a potential happening. As the raid began that night, with Jiang Ziya and other such generals breaking into the Shang forces' camp gates, Wen Zhong personally lunged forward atop his dragon to smite the enemy with exceeded valiance and magical prowess.

Being unexpectedly struck once more due the unparalleled speed of Jiang Ziya's Staff of Beating Gods, Wen Zhong, and the majority of the Shang forces, clearly realized that they were simply struggling against an inevitable defeat — especially after seeing fierce flames and smoke soar above their food supplies and other parts of the camp. As the forces of Shang began to flee as a resolution, around half of the remaining soldiers surrendered to the Western Foothills while another majority fled back to their respective homes in fear of any form of death. Grand Old Master, who knew he had little authority over such an incident, considering the circumstances at hand, fled in the direction of Mount Western Foothills with Deng and Xin protecting their commander's life even if it cost their own.

With the eventual retreat of Jiang Ziya's forces in great victory, Wen Zhong camped upon the foot of Mount Western Foothills, became informed of the reported death of Tao Rong within the former conflict, and suggested his forces — currently numbering 30,000—to march through Good Dream Pass to obtain a level of assistance from neighboring generals. As the Grand Old Master continued on his way through Mount Peach Blossom, he suddenly caught sight of a man of Taoist appearance, who he resembled to be one of the superior men who assisted the rebel commander in breaking his ten traps.

Announcing his name to be "Grand Completion", and his desire to stop the Grand Old Master from obtaining any additional assistance from neighboring passes, Wen Zhong knew that such a simpleton could not be reconciled with, and thus lashed his golden staff at the former with far greater renown. After being in contact with the Sky Overturning Stamp, Wen Zhong's advance was halted by its great power, and realizing that great casualties could be further suffered by such an opponent of celestial attributes, he ordered his forces to head to the west for now. Heading in the direction of Mount Yan for several nights upon days, Pure Essence appeared before their pathway as they approached Mount Taihua, to the great disgust of Wen Zhong.

Recognizing Pure Essence as being the man that was causing Master Yao an extreme amount of trouble far into the past, and combined with his current obstinacy of not letting them reach neighboring passes, Wen Zhong vowed to destroy such an opposition not only for revenge, but for the sake of his reputation and great pride in the name of Shang. Charging forth with smoke spouting from his third eye, Pure Essence was obviously overwhelmed beyond imagination — and thus unleashed his Yin Yang Mirror upon the Grand Old Master following a few rounds of battle.

Chapter 52

Fall of the Legendary Hero

As the Yin Yang Mirror's white side was effectively placed before Wen Zhong's eyes, in a single moment of time he realized that the enemy's weapon attempted to drown away his consciousness. Naturally immune to such magic trickery with the power of genjutsu that he wields within his very own palm, the Grand Old Master nonetheless had little choice but to flee as Pure Essence began to shine the red side in his face — which he knew to be certain death than anything else. Realizing that the only choice he had left was to head through the Yellow Flower Mountain to reach the Green Dragon Pass as opposed to personally heading to Morning Song while abandoning his comrades, Wen Zhong and his soldiers traveled for half a day before seeing a young celestial surrounded by flags and banners that represented the Western Foothills.

As this celestial declared himself being none other than Nezha, with intentions to ensure that the enemy was blocked off from any source of assistance, Wen Zhong, who was already furious at the obnoxious opposition prior, began to fume with even greater hatred and resolve to destroy all that stood before him as supreme head of the Shang Dynasty. Nezha, who began to battle with Wen Zhong and every other general of Shang singlehandedly, managed to strike down both Ji Li — one of two disciples under Grand Old Master — and that of Deng Zhong, which shattered the morale of the opposite forces, forcing Wen Zhong to break through and travel along an additional path towards the Yellow Flower Mountain.

As the Grand Old Master camped for the night while realizing that 20,000 of his original 30,000 had supposedly defected to the enemy due to not being present, he was comforted by Xin Huan, who suggested that they both return to Morning Song and gather forces to avenge their suffered humiliation another day. Continuing along the pathway to the Yellow Flower Mountain, and upon their arrival, Huang Tianhua stepped forward to prevent the Grand Old Master and his remaining soldiers from heading any further by order of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya.

Annoyed by this fourth blockade with his hair standing on end and his teeth grinded with rage, Wen Zhong sent the young warrior fleeing in fear of his wrath. Unfortunately however, Tianhua seized the moment to not only kill Yu Qing — the secondary disciple of Wen Zhong — with his Fire Dragon Javelin, but to additionally wound Xin Huan with one of his Heart Penetrating Nails through the leftern wing. Grand Old Master, who was confused and utterly distressed, ordered his soldiers to rest upon a bleak mountain upon the arrival of dawn, where he sat by himself, devising his next plan of evasion lest another army appears before his midst.

As everyone within the camp of Shang had slept throughout the end of dusk and into night, Wen Zhong became startled at a sudden hearing of cannon fire, and, to his unparalleled rage, he noticed Jiang Ziya and Ji Fa drinking happily upon the mountain top while at the same time mocking him from below with great laughter. Charging upon them angrily, an intense bolt of lightning shook the sky, and to the Grand Old Master's perplexed amazement, not a single soldier nor that of Jiang Ziya or King Wu could be seen anymore — even when using the power of his

divine third eye. Considering what kind of genjutsu user was behind such trickery, and how he wields power exceeding his own in such an art, a large army suddenly surrounded the foot of the mountain below and charged at Wen Zhong immediately following. Falling upon them with exceeded resolve, every soldier disappeared with an additional blinding bolt of lightning; Wen Zhong, in his state of perplexity, prepared to perform divination in order to understand what was truly happening.

As Jiang Ziya and King Wu suddenly appeared before the mountaintop, openly mocking the Grand Old Master for losing all honor and dignity in such a humiliating scene, Wen Zhong, who began to perform divination immediately following, was suddenly interrupted by the swift thrust of a monster's hammer through the darkness. Letting out a cry of great dismay while managing to effectively dodge the blow, Wen Zhong's dragon received the hit from below the Grand Old Master, killing it instantly. Tumbling to the ground and fleeing atop a dust cloud in startled fear, Xin Huan roared from the shadows of the mountainside and parried each blow from the pursuing beast — which in this case happened to be Thunder-quaker.

Protecting Wen Zhong with all the strength he possessed, even if it cost him was very own life, Xin Huan remembered this creature previously had attacked him during a moment of his master's retreat. And knowing that he must prove himself to the Grand Old Master as a warrior of the greater good, Xin Huan nearly killed Thunder-quaker with his twin hammers. But at the same [time], Yang Bliss's Sky Barking Hound bit into the flesh of Xin Huan, effectively opening a chance for Thunder-quaker to deal a brutal blow to the opposition's head, killing him instantly.

As Wen Zhong returned to his camp, he felt intense distress over Heaven's intentions of forsaking the Shang Dynasty despite the many loyal feats that he had performed in the name of the late King Da Yi. He gazed forth at the fallen body of Xin Huan, upon his return, fell to the ground and wept profusely at the many great warriors that gave their lives for the sake of his name — especially that of Xin, who had seemed to him as being his very own guardian.

Wen Zhong gathered the remnants of his soldiers, who had been protected by golden walls throughout the former night — as Wen Zhong knew that the situation would be far too risky to allow more any potential casualties on his side. Then he marched along secondary pathways through the Yellow Flower Mountain until he arrived before a village, where he and his soldiers were graciously served many meals by a certain old man upon their welcoming.

Receiving this old man's name as Li Ji, so that he could record such a name in order to reciprocate such kindness sometime into the future, Wen Zhong and his men continued along the direction of the Green Dragon Pass until being confronted by a certain woodcutter along the way.

As soldiers under the Grand Old Master had asked this certain man the closest route to the Green Dragon, they returned to tell Wen Zhong that the southwest was the fastest route to such a destination. Knowing that the Dragon Extinction Peak lays to the southwest, and he would more than likely suffer even greater detriment — possibly his own life — if he arrived in such a region, Wen

Zhong wished to prove to Heaven that he should conquer all that stands in his way for the longevity of the Shang Dynasty, and thus pressed forward with intense resolve. Arriving before the peak shortly, and seeing a man of Taoist appearance — namely in this case being Master of the Clouds — who declared that he should take the Grand Old Master's life as destined, Wen Zhong began to burst into great laughter, knowing that nothing can stand in the way of his magical prowess and great resolve to uphold the greater good.

Pressing forward upon Master of the Clouds with staff firmly gripped in his hands, eight skyscraper pillars of divine fire suddenly sprang out from the ground, completely hemming in Wen Zhong from all sides. These pillars, being thirty-feet in height and ten feet in circumference, suddenly emitted countless great fire dragons which soared about throughout the air upon the signal of Master of the Cloud's thunderbolt.

Laughing with great confidence at such a meager ability, fire charms appeared all around Grand Old Master's body as he vanished in a beam of white light to escape the enormous barrier previously trapped within. This barrier, which was unfortunately made of the hardest diamond, was impenetrable, and only resulted in Wen Zhong ramming his own head into the walls of such a barrier, hitting him with such intense force that he fell to the ground dead.

As the soul of the unfortunate Wen Zhong flew back at Morning Song before King Zhou, who in return was in an exceedingly drowsy state at the time due to heavy drinking, the Grand Old Master informed the king to employ virtuous qualities as repentance for his vile manner towards the people, considering that he himself lives no longer, and assuredly cannot perform any more feats for the sake of the Shang Dynasty.

As Wen Zhong's soul disappeared within the wind, King Zhou awoke that night with a start, and upon informing Daji of his meeting with Wen Zhong, which he remembered more subconsciously than anything else, the latter suggested that such was nothing more than a dream of his worries, and should thus be forgotten about completely.

Meanwhile back at the Western Foothills, Jiang Ziya was delighted to hear of the success on the part of his specific generals, and the death of Wen Zhong. But at this same moment in time, Shen Gongbao had seen the fall of the Grand Old Master with his own eyes, and began to search for powerful immortals as an attempt to wipe out the foul Jiang Ziya no matter what.

As Shen approached a certain mountain by the name of *"Squeezing Dragon"*, he happened upon a small man around four-feet in overall height who was running around the mountainside in great joy. Upon inspection that this certain man was a disciple under that of Krakucchanda, but had only studied the Way for 100 years, Shen Gongbao seized such knowledge by offering the lad a chance to wear a great dragon robe and be remembered among the people as a hero if he was to follow his advice.

This disciple, who was known as *"Earth Traveler Sun"*, was naturally not fond of his master and more on the side of being carefree. And as Shen had informed Sun that he should recommend him a post under Deng Jiugong, Commander of Sanshan Pass, and learned that the former had the ability to travel

underground at will, he suggested that the Celestial Binding Ropes — which were prized as Krakucchanda's ultimate weapons — should be stolen. Doing as he was told, Shen Gongbao led Earth Traveler Sun towards the location of Deng Jiugong at once.

Chapter 53

Wrath of Commander Deng Jiugong

As Shen Gongbao successfully led Earth Traveler Sun before Sanshan Pass, he continued along various other regions in desperate search for potential comrades. At this same point in time, the remnants of Wen Zhong's forces had reported the death of their commander to Han Rong of Sishui Pass, which was then transferred in the form of a letter before the eyes of Wei Zi, who was unexpectedly startled beyond his own belief at such news.

Appearing before King Zhou within a side court immediately following, the king discussed with his fellow ministers how the Grand Old Master was to be essentially avenged after feeling intense grievance over such an incredible loss. Supreme Minister Ji Shang suggested Deng Jiugong for a high rate of potential reinforcement, a man that had recently defeated many rebelling forces under Western Duke E Shun and was stationed closest to the Western Foothills. King Zhou agreed to such a suggestion, and issued forth a royal decree to the residence of Deng Jiugong, granting him the white scepter and yellow axe as a symbolization of his newly attained military authority.

As Royal Messenger Wang Zhen rode for days upon end through the beautiful autumn weather, he eventually arrived before Sanshan Pass, and handed the royal decree to Deng Jiugong, who, in exchange, accepted such a decree while ordering Kong Xuan to take over the pass as commander for the time being. Leaving the pass the following day with a great army at his essential backing, a small lad appeared before the gates with a letter of recommendation for Deng Jiugong — who in this case had been none other than Earth Traveler Sun, who happened to run around for quite some time before deciding to confront the commander as intended.

Personally opening the letter and realizing that it was from one of his past acquaintances — Shen Gongbao — Deng Jiugong, who was still rather unconfident in the capacity of such a young boy despite his supposed abilities, merely appointed him as assistant supervisor of the food supplies and then continued along his way to the Western Foothills. Arriving before the reported eastern gate of Phoenix City not long after, and camping for the night, a patrolman had meanwhile approached Jiang Ziya at his mansion, reporting the arrival of a man he knew to have been Deng Jiugong, a reputed commander of the Shang Dynasty.

As Deng issued forth a command to challenge the eastern gates the following morning, Tai Luan, his right-hand vanguard, strode forth to the enemy gates with cutless firmly in hand, where he was met momentarily by General Nangong Kuo. Not having any patience for a man of treachery, Tai Luan immediately slashed apart the former's armor plates, leaving a great opening that was not allowed for seizing as Nangong fled the scene in great fear of being killed by the opposition's renown.

Praising Tai Luan for demoralizing the enemy forces later that day, Deng Jiugong approached the western gate with his troops placed within five individual square formations, ready to pounce upon the enemy at any moment. As the two

sides began to fiercely clash against one other following the array of Jiang Ziya's forces, the forces of Shang eventually retreated back to camp once their commander and vanguard were seriously wounded. The former struck in the left arm by Nezha's ring, while the latter was burned by the flames of Zhao Sheng. Deng Chanyu, the daughter of Deng Jiugong, who was greatly distressed at the condition of her father, was allowed the right to challenge the gates of Phoenix City later that day.

With Nezha retorting against such a challenge shortly, he was startled to see such a beautiful woman on the battlefield, but had little choice but to fight back once she relentlessly lunged forth at him with her long cutless. As Chanyu began to flee in feigned defeat, Nezha pursued; but to his detriment, the former casted forth a golden pebble with her hand at quick speed, wounding Nezha severely in the eyes and nose, forcing him to retreat back to the city immediately.

Huang Tianhua, who began to ridicule Nezha for being hurt by a mere pebble despite the celestial attributes that he supposedly possesses, volunteered to meet Chanyu once she had challenged the city the following morning in addition. As the two fought valiantly for some time, with Chanyu's feigned retreat, Tianhua ended up suffering a wound to his forehead even more severe than that of Nezha's, and thus fled back to the city only to be ridiculed in return by an vengeful Nezha. With the prime minister busy breaking up the fight between that of Tianhua and Nezha, Deng Jiugong was meanwhile exceedingly delighted over the successive victories of his young daughter.

Chanyu, who possessed great confidence over her two former victories, presented herself before Phoenix City's gates the next day only to be met by Dragon Beard Tiger, who wields the same general art in battle. As the two began to battle each other with great renown, Dragon Beard Tiger suddenly unleashed a volley of stones and boulder dust from his two hands, and as he violently thrust forth at the opposition within such confusion, Chanyu managed to land two hits on his neck and face, and then followed by lifting her sword to finish the beast through beheading.

Chapter 54

The Master Burrower Earth Traveler Sun

Yang Bliss, who leapt to Dragon Beard Tiger's assistance at the very notice of his comrade's situation, held off Deng Chanyu for a lengthened time, never being hurt in the least even when the latter deployed her golden pebbles at regular intervals. Using his Sky Barking Hound to tear at Chanyu's neck at such a point of advantage, the unfortunate woman had little choice but to flee back to the Shang camp with tears in her eyes and in a state of tremendous pain.

As Deng Jiugong burned with far greater bloodlust at the pitiful sight of his daughter upon her return, Earth Traveler Sun had meanwhile finished his daily supervision and soon obtained word upon the condition of his commander. Feeling regret over not hearing of such information prior, Sun entered the main camp and used his elixir pills to heal Deng Jiugong's wound in mere moments upon entry. Reciprocating such an action upon Chanyu after being informed of her condition, Jiugong hosted a personal feast in honor of Sun, in which he became determined to allow Sun the position of vanguard at the latter's request.

At Tai Luan's consenting to his commander's request, knowing that Sun's reputed ability would more than likely bring Shang a swifter victory, Earth Traveler Sun left the camp at once, ordering an enemy celestial to present himself before his feet. As Nezha retorted such a challenge openly, and began to lunge forth in great laughter at the shortness of his opponent, Sun, on the other hand, had little trouble against this foe — for he could easily jump about nimbly and strike at great speeds with his cudgel. Using such an advantage to his essential benefit, Sun suddenly unleashed his Celestial Binding Rope to bind the unfortunate Nezha while throwing him before the feet of Deng Jiugong upon his return shortly following.

Deng Jiugong, who knew that King Zhou and the commanders of neighboring regions would think highly of him if he was to possess evidential proof of his ability to conquer even that of celestials with great ease, decided to throw Nezha in the back camp, where he prepared to send the former to the capital for the benefit of his reputation. As Jiang Ziya had meanwhile displayed great astonishment at the learning of Nezha's capture — which would naturally be impossible considering his celestial renown Huang Tianhua ensured the prime minister that he would challenge this certain foe the following day in order to see if such information was true.

Confronting Earth Traveler Sun nonetheless the next morning, Tianhua unfortunately had little advantage against the strategic prowess that Sun could pull off simply with his shortness and speed, and was thus captured and thrown into the gaols with his counterpart, Nezha, back at the camp of Shang in short time. Deng Jiugong, who was naturally exceedingly delighted at the simultaneous victories of his vanguard, created another banquet to honor Sun, where they both drank merrily for hours upon end. Carelessly allowing himself to become rather drunk with dulled senses, Deng Jiugong declared that if Sun was able to essentially subdue the Western Foothills through the potential capture of rebel commander Jiang Ziya, he would give him his precious daughter as a token of gratitude. Being

overjoyed at the prospect of obtaining Chanyu, Earth Traveler Sun appeared before the gates of Phoenix City at the brink of dawn the next morning; and upon the calling of Jiang Ziya to show himself, the prime minister realized that he would be looked upon as a fool if he was not to confront a mere boy, and thus exited the camp gates with generals to his right and left. Charging upon the rebel commander with heightened confidence, Earth Traveler Sun deployed his Celestial Binding Rope following a few volleys; but to his overpower upon immediate retort of the enemy, the prime minister was carried back to safety while the Zhou forces fought with even greater vigor.

Having his Celestial Binding Rope still tightly bound upon the prime minister, and considering the current overpower on the side of Zhou, Sun had little choice but to retreat in a state of intense rage at the thought of his rope being taken away from his grasp permanently — thus increasing the probability of loss rather than an essential victory. As the Zhou forces returned to the Phoenix City, each general realized that the rope around the prime minister only grew tighter around his body whenever an individual attempted its removal.

Yang Bliss, who was naturally akin to such situations, placed a single magical charm upon the rope, which caused it to fall to the ground immediately following. Informing the prime minister that such a rope was none other than the 'Celestial Binding Rope', and was used by Krakucchanda within the Vehement Flame Trap, Yang Bliss obtained consenting to meet Earth Traveler Sun the following day to ask the reason behind Sun's actions — and more importantly, how he even obtained the rope.

Confronting Sun the next day, the lad had little patience for talk and immediately bound the celestial foe with a secondary rope made of the hardest mineral while returning to the Shang camp in a state of satisfaction over his victory. As Yang Bliss easily slipped from such bonds and sent his Sky Barking Hound upon Earth Traveler Sun in surprise, Sun had little time to react, and immediately burrowed deeply into the ground.

Being slightly frightened at such an unexpected art, Yang Bliss fled back to Phoenix City shortly to elaborate the current situation with Prime Minister Jiang Ziya. Now fully realizing that Sun possesses the ability to travel underground at will, and that he would more than likely seize such an ability to attempt a full-scale assault upon the capital city in unpredictable locations, Jiang Ziya and Yang Bliss thought throughout the day as to how such potential danger could be erased.

Taking immediate preparations, the prime minister moved King Wu safely to a neighboring mansion while generals and countless mirrors were hung about the city gates. As Jiang Ziya had thus sheltered King Wu safely away from any potential harm, that evening Earth Traveler Sun burrowed beneath Phoenix City's gates.

And upon the realization that Jiang Ziya was heavily guarded by soldiers from every direction, which was close to what he thought to have been the rebel commander's mansion, Sun decided to roam around until he was led in the direction of the palace, which exude forth music into the air. Seeing a man of kingly appearance who he had assumed to have been King Wu, Earth Traveler Sun emerged from the ground beneath once the great clamor had stopped, and the king

was supposedly asleep and easily harmful. Approaching the king's bed and cleaving off the former's head, Sun noticed a woman of exceeded beauty sleeping near his fallen victim. Closing near upon this woman, Yang Bliss suddenly emerged forth from the darkness and forcefully grappled ahold of Sun, while carrying him cautiously in the air lest he manages to flee through the ground.

Approaching Jiang Ziya shortly following, the order to execute Earth Traveler Sun was given; but, to their ill-fortune, Sun struggled to such an extent to which he was able to essentially reach the ground and burrow away from trouble. As the young lad had meanwhile returned to the side of Commander Deng Jiugong, while elaborating the unfortunate happenings, Yang Bliss departed to Dragon Squeezing Mountain in order to discuss the current happenings with Krakucchanda, who he assumed to have been Sun's master.

Chapter 55

Submission of Earth Traveler Sun

As Yang Bliss continued along to the residence of Krakuchanda of Dragon Squeezing Mountain, he happened upon a neighboring mountain, where he had noticed an extravagant mansion known as "The Green Phoenix Palace". Suddenly noticing a beautiful woman exit the palace's outer gates while he sat behind a pine tree fully observing the situation, he politely bowed before her upon approach, and inquired her knowledge of a boy by the name of "Earth Traveler Sun", who was the current cause of trouble within the Western Foothills. Happening to know the young lad through his constant behavior of roaming about between regions, she informed Yang Bliss that he was indeed a disciple of Krakucchanda — so the matter should thus be easily subdued if the latter was elaborated on the current circumstances.

Receiving her name as being "*Princess Dragon Ji, daughter of the Jade Emperor*" — who had been exiled to this specific mountain after performing many accidents simultaneously — Yang Bliss kowtowed in thanks while continuing along the direction to Krakucchanda's residence. As he approached a large swamp with a storm rising violently throughout the air, a large dragon-like beast with sword-sharp teeth emerged from the water's depths, lunging forth at the former while being thirty-feet in overall heights.

Using his hands to unleash cracks of lightning upon this beast, which sent it into immediate flight, Yang Bliss pursued it within a large cave without a single moment of hesitation. Shining brilliant rays of light from his eyes as a method to see eternal light even inside a purely dark cave, Yang Bliss happened upon a double-edged cutless with three sharp points laid upon a parcel as he approached the far end of the cave, not finding a single trace of the beast he had clashed with prior.

Finding a shining yellow gown inside the parcel, which fortunately fit him perfectly, he took ahold of the cutless and began to stride out of the cave before hearing the unexpected voice of two individuals, who exclaimed him to be a thief. These individuals, who were none other than the Golden Fleece Lads of Mount Wuyi, noticed that the thief was none other than their master. Upon a traditional kowtow of apologies, while allowing their master to receive the gown and sword as a gift, Yang Bliss instructed them to return to the Western Foothills and inform Prime Minister Jiang Ziya of his past happenings with a woman by the name of Dragon Ji after elaborating her words in full detail to his two disciples.

As the two lads thus used the sword of Yang Bliss as proof of their identities as disciples of the former, they arrived before the Prime Minister's mansion shortly and elaborated their master's words to Jiang Ziya himself.

With Yang Bliss's arrival at Krakucchanda's residence, he asked if he knew a certain lad by the name of "Earth Traveler Sun", who happened to be using a Celestial Binding Rope against the Western Foothill cause. Knowing that his rope was missing, and Earth Traveler Sun would be the kind to act against his word to such an extent, Krakucchanda believed Yang's words, and declared that he should

arrive at the Western Foothills in short time. As both Yang Bliss and Krakucchanda had arrived at separate moments to elaborate the situation's truth, Jiang Ziya personally approached the Shang camp and began to inspect it from the shadows. Deng Jiugong, who knew that the situation most obviously suggested a potential trap, ordered Earth Traveler Sun, who was a master at any such predicament, to charge forth at the rebel commander and capture him if at all possible.

Strongly resolved to do away with Jiang Ziya for the sake of obtaining the hand of the beautiful Deng Chanyu, Earth Traveler Sun burrowed his way to the enemy's position and immediately lunged from the ground to deploy his Celestial Binding Rope, which he happened upon within the capital city during his former night attack.

Realizing that his rope mysteriously stayed afloat in mid-air whenever he attempted to wield it's power, as was the same for his secondary rope, he suddenly caught sight of his master descending from the heavens, and thus began to burrow into the ground as a means of escape. Taking immediate action, Krakucchanda slammed his palm upon the ground, turning it into iron and resulting in an easy capture of the unfortunate Earth Traveler Sun, who happened not to flee in time. Presenting his disciple before the feet of Jiang Ziya, Krakucchanda demanded the reason as to why he acted against his authority in such an impulsive manner.

He informed his master that a man by the name of "Shen Gongbao" had enticed him to attack the Western Foothills, for he would never have a chance at greatness in any other manner employable. Additionally he stated that he was greatly encouraged by Deng Jiugong, his commander, to destroy the Western Foothills for the sake of obtaining the hand of Deng Chanyu, a beautiful woman that was the former's daughter.

Taking such statements into consideration, Krakucchanda realized through divination that Sun was supposedly destined to be married to this "Deng Chanyu", and thus suggested to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya that a matchmaker should be found — who in this case was chosen to be none other than San Yisheng.

Consenting to such a suggestion, Jiang Ziya told San Yisheng upon the latter's arrival to see Commander Deng Jiugong of Shang about a certain matter that involves Earth Traveler Sun's marriage to his daughter, Deng Chanyu. As the supreme minister was elaborated on the issue further before taking any form of leave, Deng Jiugong had obtained word some time before on the capture of his vanguard, and began to fume in frustration as to be expected.

Chapter 56

The Conflict for the sake of Reputation

As San Yisheng had approached the Shang camp, he was refused any potential entrance, for Deng Jiugong personally stated that he was not in any position to meet the former, out of fear that any furthered amount of demoralization would come about his soldiers. With San Yisheng's consistent protests, and Tai Luan's suggestion to allow the Supreme Minister entrance for the sake of furthered observation, the two individuals met each other shortly, where they exchanged traditional bows of greeting as respective enemies. As San Yisheng began to elaborate the issue concerning Earth Traveler Sun's supposedly destined marriage to the former's daughter as an unavoidable matter, he asked for Jiugong's decision on the matter.

Deng Jiugong, who knew that Earth Traveler Sun must have spout such words in order to ensure his own potential safety, retorted his intentions to never allow any individual the hand of his precious daughter, and that the rebel commander was simply spouting nonsense for the sake of reconciliation. San Yisheng vaguely recalled his original statement to Sun that involved giving him Chanyu if the Western Foothills were conquered. He received such words, and told the commander that such a statement could easily be proven as the resolving figure of Sun's determination, and if it was to be retracted as a mere child's game, Jiugong might lose an extent of reputation amongst the populace and would naturally lose faith amongst the greater whole of Shang.

Taking these words into consideration, General Tai Luan secretly whispered a plan into the commander's ear, who in turn lightened with delight, and declared to San Yisheng that he should do as the latter advises, but was in need of carefully discussing such information to Chanyu before forming any final decision. As San Yisheng was clearly glad to hear such words, he returned to Phoenix City to report the Shang commander's declaration immediately following.

Meanwhile, Tai Luan elaborated his plan in great length, suggesting that a capable individual should first tell the prime minister that Chanyu had consented but in fear that such words were only involving some form of trap that would end to her detriment. And she was in need of seeing Jiang Ziya in order for the information to be confirmed, and without any additional risk adding upon her part.

In doing so, a great feast would be prepared for the rebel commander, but, at a time of advantage, men should be ordered to seize the former at a set signal. Consenting to such a plan would be of great risk to his reputation, but an opportunity to act in the greater good, Deng Jiugong ordered Tai Luan to appear before Phoenix City with such a message in hand. Allowing the individual presence within the city, he appeared before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya and began to elaborate his master's words, declaring that the day after tomorrow should be chosen for the marriage, with the honor of the prime minister and San Yisheng to personally lead his son-in-law to the ceremonial region.

In return giving a reply of consent, Tai Luan returned to the side of his commander. Jiugong, knowing that such a resolution was the only true rational

choice on the part of Ziya, had already made careful preparations in order to ensure that over three-hundred set warriors were placed in regions that would not only allow them secrecy from any potential enemy, but would additionally allow a quick strike when the signal for attack was called. As the second day had thus arrived in quick time, Jiang Ziya, who knew that the possibility for Jiugong to attempt deceitful measures was exceedingly likely, additionally placed his forces in set regions that would ensure his essential safety from the enemy.

However, just to ensure that everything ends in his own victory with a personal taste of deceit, Jiang Ziya, still present within Phoenix City that morning, specifically told Earth Traveler Sun to enter the back camp and carry away Deng Chanyu at the first hearing of cannon roar. With the arrival of mid-afternoon, San Yisheng and Jiang Ziya appeared before the camp of Shang, to which they exchanged proper courtesies before taking their seats inside the camp gates.

As Jiang Ziya's generals brought forth many presents of the celebration before Deng Jiugong and the soldiers present, Xin Jia of Zhou suddenly ignited the fuse of a large cannon hidden within a box, creating an earth shaking explosion and clouding the air with dirt. With the rebel commander's courtiers unleashing forth their hidden weapons while charging forth at Deng Jiugong, who was startled out of his very imagination, fled from the camp with Tai Luan, but became hemmed in by the forces of Zhou, which had surrounded the camp from strategic points while wiping out any opposition from outside.

Managing to flee nonetheless, Jiang Ziya's forces poured forward, overpowering the great power of Shang with the element of surprise. With Deng Jiugong fleeing to the south amongst such great confusion, Chanyu and other such generals and soldiers went in pursuit of their commander. But Chanyu was unfortunately seized at a sudden moment by the Celestial Binding Rope of Earth Traveler Sun — which was temporarily allowed to him by his master — resulting in the forces of Shang desperately regrouping at Mount Western Foothills after being pursued by the Zhou forces for a lengthened period of time. Feeling exceedingly deep remorse and fear at the sight of his daughter not being present to any extent, Deng Jiugong felt utterly humiliated at his stupidity for allowing such an incident to come about so easily.

Meanwhile back at Phoenix City, Jiang Ziya suggested to Krakucchanda that the marriage between Deng Chanyu and Earth Traveler Sun should not be delayed any further. The latter in return stated his consenting. Ordering a maidservant to attend to Chanyu's needs as a resolution, Chanyu knew that the situation prior was only meant to seize Jiang Ziya, she fell to the ground and began to weep silently at the unfortunate reality of her situation, which was being married to Earth Traveler Sun.

Accepting such circumstances nonetheless as being for the benefit of her father above all else, and for any potential chance at seizing Jiang Ziya's life, Deng Chanyu gave herself in to the lustful Earth Traveler Sun, to which the latter unleashed his "inner essence" with keen anticipation throughout that night upon his lover.

As Jiang Ziya had confronted the two individuals the following day, Deng Chanyu declared her intentions to persuade her father into surrender, considering

the current circumstances. Knowing that Deng Jiugong more than likely possesses a small remaining force at his disposal, and there was a high chance that Chanyu would defect at a moment of advantage if the time arises, Jiang Ziya allowed her leave with a large army under the flag of Zhou, completely prepared to take any measures for the means of success.

Arriving before the camp of Shang, after obtaining report on its specific whereabouts from neighboring scouts along the mountain, Chanyu was allowed entrance before her father. She not only exclaimed to him her forced marriage to Earth Traveler Sun, but declared that an alliance with the Western Foothills would be the best choice at hand considering the length of time it would take to obtain any potential reinforcements and the stricken morale it would cause to currently assaulted passes under the flag of Shang. Thus encouraging them to submit to the rebelling nobles.

Seeing the rationality of her daughter, Deng Jiugong decided that submission was indeed the best option considering the current circumstances. As soldiers of Zhou reported such a statement to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya shortly following, Jiang Ziya joyfully ordered his attendants to march from the city to meet Commandeering Deng. Confronting the commander as he arrived, they both took each other's hand in mutual respect and entered the Silver Security Hall for a banquet of celebration towards their newly confirmed comrade.

Many soldiers that escaped from the Western Foothills reported such an incident to Han Rong of Sishui Pass, who in return sent an immediate report to Supreme Minister Zhang Qian of Morning Song. Ascending the Star Picking Mansion in meeting before King Zhou, the king became very wrathful at such an unexpected report, and thus called a conference before his ministers in order to determine how to make up for Deng Jiugong's defection.

Fei Lian, who secretly despised the Shang Dynasty and assisted in any manner that would result in its eventual downfall, suggested that Su Hu, Marquis of Jizhou, should be sent as commander of the expedition. For he was an imperial relative of the king, and would certainly make every effort to destroy the Western Foothills for the sake of his relation and mutual benefit with the Shang Dynasty. Setting aside Su Hu's original rebellion against the dynasty as simply being a result of bad circumstances, King Zhou sent an imperial decree to Jizhou at once, appointing Su Hu as expeditionary commander against the Western Foothills.

Chapter 57

The Resolve of Su Hu

As the royal messenger was received with customary rites of incense burning while being seen off shortly following, Su Hu announced that evening before his fellow generals and relatives that he had been appointed as expeditionary commander. An opportunity that he could easily seize in order to ally himself with the Western Foothills as he intended for far too long. Obtaining mutual consent amongst the greater whole of his generals with such intentions in mind, Su Hu gathered an army of 100,000 soldiers before leaving Jizhou and marching swiftly to the Western Foothills. Camping immediately upon his arrival, three days passed without any sign of movement on the part of the Shang forces.

Obtaining report that Su Hu was the expeditionary commander, and would more than likely submit out of his past dissatisfaction against King Zhou, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the camp of Shang upon Jiang Ziya's consenting; and to his surprise, a man by the name of Zhao Bing charged defiantly from the camp, furiously clashing his blade against the former's.

As Yellow Flying Tiger easily took Zhao Bing captive that morning, Zheng Lun, who had no intention whatsoever to serve the Western Foothill cause in the name of his honor, informed his commander that Yellow Flying Tiger, the former rebel of the Shang Dynasty, had mercilessly taken Zhao captive without a second thought. To which Su Hu retorted by ordering the former to do battle with the rebel, for it would assist both the Western Foothills and that of his reputation under the Shang Dynasty if such an individual was to be disposed of.

Successfully capturing Yellow Flying Tiger as suggested the following morning, Su Hu was enraged at the rebel's conjectured behavior, and thus ordered him to be thrown into the gaols temporarily. Jiang Ziya, who became alarmed at the report of his comrade's capture, was approached by Huang Tianhua, who possessed the intention to meet this "Zheng Lun" in battle. With the Prime Minister's consent, Tianhua approached the battlefield but only received the same fate as his master by the hands of Zheng Lun, while any other soldiers of Zhou that had the intention of reconciliation on the part of Shang got beheaded, much to the lack of Su Hu's knowledge.

Knowing clearly that even if any of his soldiers was to leak such information to his commander, Su Hu would be convinced to destroy Jiang Ziya as a prospect of not only doing away with the country's "evil" for the sake of saving King Wu, but to prevent any potential attack from neighboring comrades, who would be eager to acquire the title of expeditionary commander as their own while easily being able to kill Su Hu with the former evidence of his deceit.

Realizing that Su Hu had no intentions for reconciliation whatsoever, despite Yellow Flying Tiger's words, Jiang Ziya deployed both Earth Traveler Sun and Deng Chanyu to the front, to which they were confronted by Zheng Lun. Laughing heartily at a mere young lad approaching him and boasting many words of overconfidence, Zheng Lun disassociated himself from Chanyu and began to lunge violently upon Earth Traveler Sun. Realizing that the pesky kid had great

speed and sank beneath the ground whenever a threatening blow was issued forth, Zheng Lun, who began to perspire in his frustration, unleashed two beams of light that forced Sun into unconsciousness, resulting in easy capture. Unfortunately however, at the very moment he commanded his crow soldiers to take the captive back to their main camp, Chanyu seized the moment to launch a golden pebble into Zheng Lun's forehead at incredible speed, forcing him into retreat with his face covered in blood.

As Earth Traveler Sun was successfully placed before the feet of Su Hu, the latter ordered his immediate execution through beheading, knowing that it would be far too risky to keep a young boy that supposedly possesses such a rare ability alive. Escaping through the ground as he broke free from his bonds in fear, both Su Hu and Zheng Lun became enraged at such a turn of events, and thus became resolved to attack the city the following morning. Zheng Lun, who adopted such determination, was confronted by Nezha after essentially healing his wound — even though he intended to see Chanyu, who he greatly hated for humiliating his pride.

Realizing very shortly that the man confronting him was a celestial with great renown in the art of spear, Zheng Lun deployed his beams of light consecutively; but alas, for it did not have any effect on Nezha whatsoever. Being stricken with fear at his trump card being of lack, Nezha impatiently thrust forward his Universal Ring, breaking the bones within Zheng Lun's back and forcing his soldiers to assist him into retreat.

Su Hu, who became saddened and enraged in entirety at the condition of his general, declared that the ability of Jiang Ziya's generals was evidentially dangerous, and surrender might be the better option in order to ensure that the rebel commander falls internally one way or the other for the benefit of King Wu. Seeing his commander's words as being rational and more potentially profitable than of any detriment, Zheng Lun still embraced the pride and honor within his heart and fully declared that he would find one way or the other in order to ensure that Jiang Ziya and his generals fall by the resolve wielded in his two hands.

Resolved to give in to the Western Foothills only when his head was separated from his body, Su Hu knew the situation could not heed his fellow comrade, and thus approached Yellow Flying Tiger and began to show him great kindness in hopes to eventually seize Jiang Ziya's life in the name of his virtue. Preparing a feast and allowing Yellow Flying Tiger passage back to Phoenix City in open arms, Su Hu began to form a written letter to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya stating mutual cooperation in a pre-set night raid that would end in Zheng Lun's capture on the side of Zhou.

However, at this same point in time, a man by the name of "Lu Yue" was allowed entrance within the Shang camp, to which he declared his intentions to dispose of Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya by order of Shen Gongbao. Allowing this man a seating within the camp, who was of Taoist heritage, he requested to see Zheng Lun upon hearing of the latter's many cries of pain, and thus healed his wounds with a mere droplet of water as a showing of his magical renown being far exceeding that of an ordinary Taoist. Zheng Lun, who was grateful beyond words, declared Lu Yue as "master" while falling to the ground in formal kowtow. Waiting several days following and disallowing Su Hu to send any further "mutual"

communication with the Zhou forces — thus disposing of his prior intentions — Lu Yue acquired the assistance of four Taoist men who known as Zhou Xin, Li Qi, Zhu Tianlin, and Yang Wenhui. As Su Hu took notice of these four individuals, he knew that his chances of success against Jiang Ziya was heightened, but due to not being able to enforce his former words to Yellow Flying Tiger, he felt a level of shame and embarrassment. Now that Lu Yue obtained the mutual support of the Shang army, he sent forth one of his four disciples to do battle against the Phoenix City.

Chapter 58

Lu Yue, the God of the Plague

This certain man deployed was none other than Zhou Xin, who was met shortly by Jinzha outside the eastern gates of Phoenix City. Fleeing faintly following a few rounds of battle, Zhou Xin struck his pair of chimes three consecutive times, sending Jinzha fleeing into Phoenix City in a great headache, fearing prior that such a factor could have led to his potential death if he had not fled. The day following such an incident, Li Qi appeared before the enemy's gates only to be confronted by Muzha, who in turn was resolved to avenge the humiliation that his elder brother had suffered earlier. To the detriment of Muzha, however, Li Qi waved a large pennant several times, resulting in the former turning exceedingly pale with the feeling of intense fire burning within his flesh.

Fleeing back to the capital city in fear at knowing his current vulnerability, he fell to the ground and began to foam at the mouth — a point to which he was no longer conscious. Hearing from Li Qi of his two consecutive victories, despite not taking the former foes captives, Lu Yue began to sing in great joy knowing that the magical prowess within the hands of his disciples was truly unrivaled. As like the two days prior, Zhu Tianlin volunteered to meet the opposition the day following, to which he was confronted by Thunder-quaker.

Experiencing great difficulty in striking at Thunder-quaker — as the latter constantly used the vantage of his wings to evade any potential attack — Tianlin retreated a set distance before suddenly landing a blow upon Thunder-quaker at an unexpected angle, forcing him to fall to the ground with intense gravitational pull being thrust upon his body. Despite such a disadvantage, Thunder-quaker managed to kick about a great measure of sand with the strength left within his wings, resulting in more or less lucky escape. As Thunder-quaker returned to Phoenix City with the assistance of neighboring scouts, Jiang Ziya received report that a fourth man had just confronted their territory. A man seemingly different from the three originally confronted.

This individual, who was expectedly Yang Wenhui, was met in short measure by Dragon Beard Tiger, a man to which he considered exceedingly strange in appearance. As Dragon Beard began to unleash volleys of stones upon the opposition, Wenhui retorted by negating each attack with the swift movement of his silver-edged whip; the Zhou general had little choice but to flee, knowing that his technique proved fruitless against such a foe. The Prime Minister being highly distressed at such continued happenings, obtained report that a fifth Taoist with three eyes had just appeared before the city's gates.

Riding forth from the gates with generals at his right and left hands, Jiang Ziya confronted this man — who was known as "Lu Yue" — and immediately realized that he must be the reason as to why Su Hu had not been won over at the beginning — for he eternally trusted the words of Yellow Flying Tiger and knew that Su Hu must have been controlled due to such assumed intentions. As the generals of Zhou impulsively charged and surrounded Lu Yue from all sides, not intending on giving in to any form of reconciliation that could end with detriment, Zheng Lun immediately assisted his master with immense speed; but at the

moment to which he caught sight of Huang Tianhua, he immediately realized that Su Hu must have set free the former in an eventual attempt at Jiang Ziya's life. Knowing that the situation at hand was of far greater benefit with Lu Yue at his side, Zheng Lun thrust his club at the youthful warrior, but was met by Nezha in merely an instant.

As Lu Yue began to consider the situation with desperation, he transformed himself into an enormous beast with six heads and sword-like fangs. Unfortunately however, Yang Bliss seized such a moment to shoot Lu Yue consecutively with his golden balled bow, forcing the latter into immediate retreat with a wounded Zheng Lun tailing behind him. Grinning with delight nonetheless upon his return to the Shang camp, Lu Yue first healed his disciple's wound with an elixir pill before ordering his other four disciples to scatter forth many plague pills within the rivers, streams, creeks, and ponds that were used as provisional supplies for the benefit of the Zhou forces and fellow civilian of Phoenix City.

The people of Phoenix City, who did not visibly notice any difference in their natural consumable water, fell right and left, torn apart by a hideous plague that spread about as a resolution of their unknowing. As all generals disclouing that of Nezha and Yang Bliss were also affected by this plague, Zheng Lun obtained the consenting of both of his commanders, and charged at the city gates with high morale and great determination to prove his past defeats as being a mere strike of bad luck. To his immediate surprise however, he took notice of many soldiers gathered before the city wall ready to pounce upon him as if it was an ambush rather than an act of desperation as he would have naturally considered.

Cautioning the situation, Zheng Lun decided to return to the side of Lu Yue, where he elaborated the evidence that Phoenix City was seemingly strongly guarded. Yang Bliss, who had created many false warriors out of grass while molding their figures with the assistance of his magic prowess, began to perspire, knowing that he had little more than a few hours left to preserve such a tactic. At such a critical moment in time, Yellow Dragon and Jade Tripod had originally felt in their minds an unpredictable happening could have taken place, and thus arrived within Phoenix City and greeted Jiang Ziya and King Wu, to which they were enlightened about the situation.

With such knowledge, Tripod ordered his disciple, Yang Bliss, to head immediately to Fire Cloud Cave for the sake of obtaining elixirs from the "Three Holy Masters" while he personally continues the original grass-soldier technique in the latter's stead. Obeying his master's command and arriving shortly before the intentioned cavern, Yang was allowed entry after obtaining the consenting of a Taoist lad, where he confronted the three masters, *"Emperor Sky, Emperor Earth, and Emperor Mankind."*

Kowtowing before Fu Xi, the Emperor of Sky, and elaborating the rationale behind his arrival, Fu Xi asked Shen Nong to hand the former three specialized elixirs that could negate such a continued tragedy in entirety. As Shen Nong consented, he additionally handed Yang Bliss a magical herb that possessed the ability to cure any infectious disease if boiled in water; Yang thus left shortly afterwards, fully grateful for the kindness recently considered towards the cause he fought for. Using every such instruction noted with the three elixir pills present, the plague dispersed at a quick pace while the magical herb cured the diseases that

had been previously rampant. At this same point in time, Lu Yue, after hearing Zheng Lun's words prior, and concluding that their former stand was only a final desperate movement, besieged the city from all external provisions for an entire week, longing for the people of Zhou to feel great humiliation in the face of the greater power wielded within his palm.

As Su Hu was naturally unwilling to accept such a truth after seeing the evidence of Lu Yue's former defeat, he scoped the city from a high position and realized that full activity was present within the capital city — concluding that such a plague obviously did not have any visible effect. Returning to the camp and scolding Lu Yue for not being aware of the situation, Lu Yue, in his enraged wonder, saw the truth with his own eyes, and thus ordered his five disciples to immediately strike the city from all directions with a combined force of 15,000 soldiers. As the people of Phoenix City had not recovered their strength after such a plague was only recently diminished, Nezha, Yang Bliss, Yellow Dragon, and Jade Tripod all headed to the four gates in order to block the opposition's assault from all sides.

Chapter 59

Awakening of the Left Arm of Succession

As the Shang forces charged through the four gates with supreme resolve for victory after such a long period of suspense, Lu Yue himself broke through the northern gate only to nearly crush Yellow Dragon to death in his six-headed, three-armed form. As Yang Bliss had meanwhile held off the enemy forces leaking into the eastern gate while ordering soldiers to find regions of safety for the common civilians to take shelter, he immediately charged forward, slashing the invading General Zhou Xin into two vertical halves in a single cleaving of his sword. With the Shang forces within the east being effectively beaten back as a result of their leader's death, Yang Bliss seized the moment to assist Jade Tripod at the southern gates against Zhu Tianlin.

As Nezha slashed apart Li Qi at the western gate with the great renown of his fire-tipped lance, he was allowed entry to assist the troubled Yellow Dragon at the northern gate against Yang Wenhui and the overpowering Lu Yue. Unfortunately, at such a moment in time, Tianlin had been killed in addition, resulting in all four celestials charging forth upon Lu Yue, who ground his teeth in great frustration and rage at the prospect of his ambitions being failed.

Fleeing at the moment to which he realized the situation was dire he managed to reach the neighboring hills with Wenhui, mind the loss of his left arm during such a violent feud. Sitting beside a rock and attending to his crucial wound, Lu Yue greatly considered the visiting of his former colleague, Shen Gongbao, until a strange man with a battle club appeared before the former, declaring his name as being "Wei Hu".

Declaring that he had been looking for a man by the name of "Lu Yue" upon order of his master, Divine Virtue, Yang Wenhui became exceedingly fearful for the safety of his master, and out of immediate impulse, began striking violently forth at the opposition with his silver-edged whip — much to Lu Yue's detriment, who was now put into an even greater situation of danger as he had realized.

Unfortunately however, Wei Hu possessed exceeded speed despite the wielding of his powerful club; and as a resolution, Wenhui was immediately overpowered and smashed directly in the head by the former's weapon, forcing Lu Yue to flee on a beam of light, knowing that the situation was hopeless even though revenge was strongly boiling within his blood. Being told the specific route of arrival to Phoenix City by his master at a prior time, Wei Hu shortly arrived before the presence of the Prime Minister, to which he reported his confrontation with a man that was supposedly Lu Yue, while additionally declaring his intentions to serve under the former as a new assistance to their cause.

Meanwhile, Su Hu obtained report on the disappearance of Lu Yue, and thus began to counsel his vanguard general, Zheng Lun, on his former plan that he believed to be the best according to the situation. Zheng Lun, who possessed strong intentions of loyalty, declared his commander's form of action would never be able to bear fruit. And if Lu Yue were to obtain knowledge on such a desperate movement that proved to be against his direct intentions, he would naturally feel

resentment and great jealousy for missing an opportunity that was handed into the arms of individuals who were truly undeserving of such a chance. Therefore strengthening the probability that he would find one way or another to act in impulsive defiance, leading for their eventual intentions to be nullified in one form or the other. As Pure Essence was meditating in his cave, he shortly obtained report via the hand of White Crane Lad on the invitation to attend his master's banquet in celebration of Jiang Ziya's future position of commander against the Shang Dynasty.

Seeing the lad off, Pure Essence believed that considering Ziya would soon obtain the title of Commander against King Zhou, to which he was "destined" to strike the five passes in short measure, Yin Hong, the secondary son of King Zhou, who was now his very own disciple, could be used as a keen figure to act against the morale of the opposition, and prove to the populace that their cause was truly for the greater good — considering that the matter of Yin Hong's disappearance was widely unknown to the populace, and can thus be used as a great factor for the Shang soldiers of higher morals and would to strike back at their king if the situation was called for. With such a thought clearly in his mind, Yin Hong was called to his side and elaborated about his intentions to send him as an assistant factor with Jiang Ziya.

Yin Hong, in return, declared the great hatred he possessed towards his father. A hatred that he was willingly to embrace even if it cost him his own life. Handing the resolute Yin Hong his Purple Fairy Longevity Robe, the Yin Yang Mirror, and his Water Fire Sword, Pure Essence clearly knew that Yin Hong possesses great resolve to dispose of his father, but he still might return to the side of Shang if he was to be treated with reciprocated feelings within the hearts of commanders loyal to the dynasty — considering that he would indeed do anything for the greater good. Pure Essence thus commanded his disciple to say an oath in pledge. Realizing that his master's trust was of the utmost importance, Yin Hong declared that his body might be burned to ash if he was to defy the former's wishes.

He then set out to the Western Foothills after receiving careful instruction from his master, to which he made his way through a mountain he thought beautiful, before being confronted by a strange brute-like warrior who possessed the immediate impulse to protect his homeland from all intruders. Being stricken with fear as this brute not only lashed at him with his two ridged staves, but was additionally reinforced by a comrade of similar appearance, Yin Hong unleashed the white side of the Yin Yang Mirror, effectively absorbing the souls of the two warriors and rendering them as nothing more than mere corpses to the soil.

As two more men rushed forth from the shadows to attack, with the first falling to the mirror's unparalleled ability, the latter of the two fell to his knees and pleaded forgiveness, to which he soon realized that the young man standing before him was none other than Yin Hong, the second son of King Zhou. Receiving pleas to spare the former three individuals that the fourth had not realized were in truth dead, Yin Hong was naturally compassionate despite the danger of the situation, and thus flashed the red side of the mirror, bringing the three warriors back to life, who additionally prostrated themselves upon realization of the personage before them. These four men — Liu Fu, Gou Zhang, Bi Huan, and the fourth, Pang Hong — explained to the prince that they were four outlaws of the Shang Dynasty who live

in their homeland — the Yellow Peak Range on Mount Two Dragons — in order to acquire some means of reputation as protectors of such a region, despite their being nothing more than bandits due to not possessing the ability of becoming government authorized generals. As Yin Hong declared his own intentions to serve under the benevolent King Wu, and such for being the reasoning behind his appearance in their territory, he essentially obtained the mutual support of these three men shortly following, who, in return, vowed to serve under Yin Hong with the 3,000 outlaws under their command out of means to obtain the reputation they have longed for.

As the entourage continued their march towards the Western Foothills, a man of Taoist appearance riding a celestial tiger of silver fur descended before their army from the north. This man was none other than the reputed leading figure against Jiang Ziya, Shen Gongbao, who was shortly allowed presence before Yin Hong, to which he inquired the identity of the leader and where he intended on traveling to.

Upon realization that this young man was Prince Yin Hong, and possessed the resolved intentions to act against the world of his father, Shen Gongbao laughed aloud, stating that a son of royal class should never attack his father no matter how immoral and hated he might be, great political detriment would result from such an action and his ancestral temples and name would be shamed for generations to come, ensuring that the Shang Dynasty was thrown to the mud in disgrace.

Yin Hong, who clearly saw the logic in his words, and considered the possibility that his master was truly intending on deceiving him, cast aside his oath upon Gongbao's reassurance and thanked the Taoist for truly enlightening him. As both parted ways in satisfaction, Pang Hong and the other three leaders lost a large amount of confidence in the competence of their leader, but nonetheless decided on following Yin Hong in the name of the Shang, and only defect if the situation does not prove fruitful. Changing the banners to the insignia of the Shang Dynasty, with Pang Hong's instructorship over such a task, they soon recognized flags of similar relation far to the north, to which they were told that Commander Su Hu was stationed at such a region through the helpful ears of Shang scouts along the perimeter.

Grinding his teeth in frustration at the prospect of assisting the father of the wicked Daji — who had been the reason behind his mother's cruel death — Yin Hong nonetheless approached Su Hu's camp and sent forth Pang Hong as messenger. As Su Hu obtained word that a man by the name of "*Prince Yin*" had arrived and wished to see him. He immediately suspected that this supposed "prince" might in fact be one of the two heirs of the Shang Dynasty, who were blown away by the wind seven years into the past, and thus left the camp at once with Zheng Lun by his side.

Su Hu realized upon entry that the second crown prince, Yin Hong, had survived and prospered through the help of a certain immortal by the name of "Pure Essence", and had risen an army in the name of his father. Su Hu knew clearly that such a chance would greatly benefit his reputation under the dynasty and certainly heighten his current chances of conquering the enemy, Jiang Ziya. Yin Hong thus left the camp the following day with the four outlaw generals by his side

while Yellow Flying Tiger, upon retortion, charged from the city gates with his sons. Not recognizing the man standing before him, Yin Hong drew his halberd and charged at the opposition with full intent to ensure unconditional victory for the sake of his reputation.

Chapter 60

The “Three-handed” Beast fights under the Veil of Princely Repute

Yin Hong, who though being trained continuously in the art of combat by his master, Pure Essence, for the past seven years, could not handle the great prowess that Yellow Flying Tiger possessed, and was thus immediately reinforced by Pang Hong lest he was to suffer any form of crucial harm.

Fearing the condition of his fellow general as he desperately clashed against the veteran warrior, Yin Hong strode forward between their duel, flashing the white side of the mirror into Yellow Flying Tiger's eyes at a sudden instant, forcing him to the ground as a lifeless corpse. After additionally performing such an action upon Huang Tianhua, the three remaining sons fled back to the city while Yin Hong and his generals — taking ahold of the two victims — returned to the Shang camp in satisfaction over their first victory.

As Yin Hong flashed the red side into the faces of the two prisoners within the camp of Shang later that day, awakening them instantaneously, Yellow Flying began to angrily criticize the “prince” for being an imposter: *The true Yin Hong should have easily been able to remember that of his savior, considering he even declared his own name within the process of their feud.* Yin Hong, who was startled at the reality that he did not wish to accept, but believed it to be rational for Yellow Flying Tiger to have joined King Wu, freed his old friend from the bonds around him and bowed in respect, allowing the fellow man return to his respective home as a means to return the kindness he had showed him far into the past.

Zheng Lun, who protested that such an action would further decrease the confidence and morale of Shang and destroy an opportunity that could prove crucial to the Zhou forces, was retorted by Ying Hong, who stated that the people know he was fighting for the sake of his reputation, and by showing such a form of kindness, the probability that others should adhere to his call would increase in great fold — considering that their own rank would be duly enhanced, and filial piety was a far more respected motive than blatant rebellion, so even the common man would bow before such courage and strength of leadership and humanity. Zheng Lun, seeing the light of his words, fell into silence, while Yellow Flying Tiger and his son set out at once with thanks.

Advancing to the city wall of Phoenix City the following morning with his renewed generals left and right, Jiang Ziya and his own unit exited the gates and began to do battle against the young prince after a feeble attempt to convince Yin Hong to defect. As their conflict arose, Jiang Ziya had attempted to land a crucial blow upon the young prince with his Staff of Beating Gods, but such a hit was nothing more than the landing of a feather before the ability that Yin Hong's magic robe possessed.

Advancing forward to finish the rebel commander off in such a state of vulnerability, he suddenly gazed to his side only to see his head commander, and trustworthy comrade, Pang Hong, pierced through the heart by Nezha's lance in one immediate attack. Bursting with unparalleled hatred and despair, Yin Hong

furiously charged his halberd into Nezha's body with many thrusts as he continuously attempted to steal the latter's soul with the Yin Yang Mirror to no avail. With Jiang Ziya's immediate order, Deng Chanyu landed a crucial blow into Yin Hong's face with one of her golden pebbles, forcing him to flee back to the Shang camp in great humiliation. Detesting his master for deceiving him to join the ranks of such barbarians who would attempt to take his life at many moments without the slightest remorse or hesitation, the news of Bi Huan's additional death was heard amongst the camp, putting the young prince in an even greater state of despair and hate.

Yang Bliss, who had taken notice of Yin Hong's mirror, and suspecting the probability that such a mirror was belonging to Pure Essence as the rumors hold, was allowed Jiang Ziya's consenting to head before Mount Tainhua in a chance to confront the superior man on the current situation. Entering the Exalted Cloud Cave upon his arrival, and confronting Pure Essence, Yang Bliss soon acquired knowledge that the former's disciple, Yin Hong, was given the Yin Yang Mirror; in response to such a factor, Yang Bliss declared that the prince was attacking the Western Foothills on the contrary. Distressed at the immortal's statement, Pure Essence commanded Yang to return to Phoenix City while he makes his own preparations before departure, to which he would confront the prime minister on the matter.

Arriving at the Western Foothills three days into the future, Pure Essence resentfully declared the truth of the matter to Jiang Ziya before personally confronting Yin Hong later that day within the Shang camp. As Yin Hong confronted his master outside the Shang camp with Liu Fu and Gou Zhong to his right and left, Pure Essence commanded his disciple to stop this nonsensical rebellion and defect to the Western Foothills before any crucial form of harm was forced upon him.

Yin Hong in retortion declared that a son should never cast aside the colossal benefit of his filial piety, and go to the extent of killing his very own father. *"For the people of Zhou are evidentially cruel in their general manner, and by joining such men that cloud their reputation with supposed 'virtue', the Shang name would be naturally thrown to the very dirt in time."*

Pure Essence, who was enraged to hear such words come from his disciple, angrily clashed his sword against the former's halberd, resolved to dispose of anyone — even his own precious disciple — if it meant the enforcement of time's need. Yin Hong, who was overpowered by the strong will of his master, desperately shined the white side of the mirror into the opposition's face; but Pure Essence managed to escape upon a beam of light at that very moment.

Frustrated that his master managed to escape his grasp, thus ensuring furthered annoyance in the future, Yin Hong was nonetheless filled with pride at the evidence that he had the potential to overcome whatever stands before him as long as the mirror was at his side. As Su Hu and the others inquired potential stratagems against the Western Foothills that night, a strange man with fire emitting from the sockets of his eyes and mouth, fully surrounded by a form of skeleton-like armor, approached the camp of Shang, asking to see Prince Yin Hong.

Upon meeting the prince, this fearsome Taoist-warrior, known as "Ma Yuan" of White Bone Cavern on Skeleton Mountain, declared that he had been recently convinced by his friend, Shen Gongbao, to assist the Shang cause against the Western Foothills. Yin Hong, who was naturally delighted to hear the prospect of another warrior by his side, feasted Ma Yuan full with as much meat as the latter had desired.

As Ma Yuan swore to the prince that he would destroy Jiang Ziya for the sake of his friendship with Shen Gongbao and the crucial defeat the former had suffered, he approached Phoenix City that day only to be confronted shortly by the rebel commander and his generals. Declaring his intentions to execute the opposition for the honor of Jie Taoism to which Jiang Ziya had destroyed, Ma Yuan stole his Staff of Beating Gods following a single round of combat while a general by the name of Wu Rong immediately ran to his commander's assistance.

Not longing to waste any amount of time on a mere commoner, Ma Yuan shouted many incantations, giving rise to an enormous "third hand" which sprouted from his back; this hand grabbed ahold of the unfortunate general while smashing him to the ground with unparalleled strength. Stomping on his thighs and tearing his body in two horizontal halves, Ma Yuan tore open Wu Rong's heart and began to devour it lavishly to the terror of all others who happened to be present. Earth Traveler Sun, who was enraged beyond words at such an unexpected sight, wished to seize this moment to acquire potentially great merit, and thus charged at Ma Yuan only to be smashed to the ground in short measure.

As Ma Yuan was astonished to see an enormous whole beneath the crater to which he just smashed his new victim, he had little time to consider the situation. Deng Chanyu unleashed a volley of pebbles upon the beast, forcing him to lunge desperately at the rebel commander. Devouring the heart of a certain individual who happened to get in his way, —who in this case was Yang Bliss — Ma Yuan was still kept at bay by the desperate resolve of the Zhou soldiers. Seeing that he was already crucially suffering from wounds, he openly vowed that Jiang Ziya had one more day to live, and the day following, his life should be torn apart.

Jiang Ziya shivered in terror within the city at the prospect of such a carnivorous beast taking his life in the same manner as suffered by Wu Rong and Yang Bliss. Meanwhile Yin Hong provided a great feasting between that of the generals and Ma Yuan, who, not feeling very well, began to drink a large majority of hot wine upon Zheng Lun's suggestion.

Falling to the floor with an immense stomachache that seemingly grew stronger in pain, Ma Yuan was escorted to the latrine in the back of Shang camp, to which he began to relieve himself. To his great detriment however, the "heart" of Yang Bliss was in fact a specialized form of matter that was constructed with atoms of magic that reduced the user's vital energy dramatically.

As a result of such, Ma Yuan was rendered weak for at least three days of time while Yang Bliss returned to see the Prime Minister, fully elaborating his devious method that should have proved affect to the beast. Being greatly relieved at such news, arrived reportedly Outstanding Culture, who, in return, declared to Jiang Ziya that he had arrived solely out of speculation that his disciple, Ma Yuan, might have been assisting the cause of Shang.

Enlightened with the current situation, Outstanding Culture told Jiang Ziya a specific plan that should result in Ma Yuan's capture based upon the duration of Yang Bliss's former trick. Taking the superior man's instructions into heart, Jiang Ziya approached the camp of Shang on the specified date, and upon the pretense that he intended spying on their encampment, Ma Yuan lunged from the gates on the prince's consent. With rejuvenated power, Ma Yuan charged at Jiang Ziya, who ran away as fast as he could muster.

Chapter 61

The Left Arm vanishes upon a Celestial Bridge of Flame

As Ma Yuan continued to chase the fleeing rebel commander further, he suspected that an ambush or any other form of detriment would arise if he was to act out of impulse, and he thus began to retreat until further provoking words from Jiang Ziya encouraged him to pursue regardless. When dusk had arrived, Jiang Ziya immediately disappeared through the shadows with the help of Outstanding Culture's assistant magic while Ma Yuan, utterly frustrated and full of anxiety as a result of chasing the opposition to such lengths, decided to sit down against a pine tree and camouflage his body as he rests throughout the night.

As a sudden roar of cannon fire awakened his eyes only to catch sight of Jiang Ziya and King Wu drinking at the mountain's summit. Ma Yuan, delighted at this potential moment to kill the rebel commander, climbed the mountain only to find a light cloud of mist evaporate in front of his eyes. And the two individuals being no longer.

Lunging beneath at a mass of enemy soldiers that intended on attacking him with a volley of arrows latched to their bows, Ma Yuan reached the bottom only to find another mass of mist evaporate before his presence. Having such a factor in mind, Ma Yuan deduced that Jiang Ziya must possess a sum of magical attributes to evade his prior pursuit in entirety, while a man — very likely that of a superior man — must be assisting him from the shadows as to explain the creation of such magical trickery recently experienced.

Ma Yuan realized the probability that this man might be that of his master as he considered the timing between his former victory and this humiliating resolution. Ma Yuan knew that return to the Shang camp was of essential. As he began to return, he noticed a young woman laying in the grass nearby calling for assistance after the declaration that she was supposedly suffering from a heart attack. Approaching this woman and receiving immediate plea to return a set amount of hot water so that her life might be saved, Ma Yuan was already exhausted out of hunger, and, not taking another moment, leaped upon the woman and began to drink her blood with both palms.

As Ma Yuan tore open her chest with great astonishment at the lack of any internal organs, he gazed off to the south only to catch sight of a man who he recognized to be his master, Outstanding Culture. Assuming it more probable that his master had arrived out of means that would prove for his detriment, Ma Yuan began to flee at great speeds.

But to his utter astonishment, his arms and legs were stuck within the woman's body — that had mysteriously regenerated its skin — such as that of stone, regardless what he performed in attempt to escape. In a state of despair, Ma Yuan had little choice but to fall to the ground and beg for his life as Outstanding Culture approached with his sword in pose that suggested intentions to behead the former.

To the fortune of Ma Yuan, however, a Buddha from the West known as "Candi" suddenly appeared to convince the enraged master that his disciple was "destined" to become a Buddhist under his jurisdiction within the western region. As Outstanding Culture immediately yielded in respect with full acknowledgement to the former's declaration, Candi walked forward, shaved off Ma Yuan's hair, and then took hold of his hand, offering him the chance to acquire great happiness as a Buddhist within the Eight Virtue Pond, as opposed to living a life of barbaric nature.

Convinced that no form of retaliation could possibly be executed without any means to success, Ma Yuan obediently obeyed Candi's words, and left to the West after Outstanding Culture had forcibly returned the Staff of Beating Gods belonging to that of Jiang Ziya. As Outstanding Culture elaborated the threat of Ma Yuan being no longer to Jiang Ziya within Phoenix City, in the following morning Yang Bliss momentarily stepped forward with report that "Merciful Navigation had arrived".

Being allowed entrance into the Prime Minister's mansion, Merciful Navigation, after traditionally greeting Jiang Ziya with due respect, asked of Pure Essence if he still possesses the magic map to which was handed to him by Lao Tzu some time into the past. Consenting that he was still in possession of such an object, he was informed of a plan by the former that involved the use of Jiang Ziya, and would result in a resolution to which he deemed as unfavorable.

Nonetheless, Pure Essence ensured that such a plan would be carried out at best. Meanwhile, Yin Hong was exceedingly worried over the lengthened disappearance of Ma Yuan, and upon sending scouts to search through neighboring regions for the sake of potentially finding their lost trump card, he prepared Zheng Lun and the others for a major battle that would be unleashed the following day.

He knew that Ma Yuan must have fallen into a trap that was currently well concentrated on by the forces of Zhou, and that his soldiers attained a level of fear as a result of such a prospect. Thus, he used such a fear as the primary factor to strengthen the blades of his soldiers as they assaulted Phoenix City's gates in the intended morning.

Approaching the enemy's gates only to be confronted by Jiang Ziya, Yin Hong exchanged a few blows with his lance before pursuing the fleeing rebel commander into the neighboring wilderness region with Gou Zhang and Liu Fu at his side, ordering the remainder of his soldiers to strike with even greater valiancy during his departure. Relentlessly charging forth at Jiang Ziya in immense speed, entirely confident of the potential victory laying within his very palm, Pure Essence suddenly lunged from the southeast and unrolled Lao Tzu's map, to which a large golden bridge appeared as a pathway of escape for the prime minister.

As the prince boldly pursued Jiang Ziya upon the celestial bridge, regardless of the danger it could have held, he suddenly began to see illusions sprout from every corner of his vision: "Soldiers of Zhou crawled upon the bridge and attempted to strike him with their swords; Jiang Ziya ran at him with his staff lashing about." And, after these images disappeared with a mere variation of his inner thoughts, he found himself greeting Concubine Huang and Concubine Yang back at Morning Song without any reply whatsoever.

Guo Zhong and Liu Fu, seeing their commander walk to and fro in a dazed manner, feared that their chance at greatness would be sullied by this unknown enemy, and they thus lunged across the bridge and pierced their blades into the flesh of Pure Essence. Already being in despair at his required duty "under Heaven's will", Pure Essence, without any form of hesitation, drew his great sword with a horizontal cut, slicing Guo Zhong and Liu Fu into two halves. Being in a state of utter confusion, the hearing of a gentle voice encouraged Yin Hong to gaze up, to which he was confronted by his mother who informed her son that he was in the enemy's trap and would be momentarily burned to ashes.

As he began to yell in great fear at the prospect of such words, he awakened from these illusions with a great level of willpower only to see his master standing mere inches from his body. Pure Essence coldly declared that he had "disobeyed Heaven's will" and would be turned to nothing more than ash as his "destined" punishment. Yin Hong realized the intense desperation of the situation, and thus began to plead to his master, stating that he had been threatened with death by Shen Gongbao.

If he was to oppose Gongbao will and fight under Zhou, and if he wanted to be spared, he would serve under King Wu and help to eradicate all evil within the country as a measure of his gratitude, and the very Heavens would surely rejoice at the former's kindness if such a measure was to be taken. Pure Essence, resolved to accomplish his "duty", was still greatly affected by the words of his disciple, and thus began to roll up the map, causing the bridge to slowly disappear.

Unfortunately, however, Merciful Navigation, out of retortion to such an action, began loudly to criticize Pure Essence if he was to defy Yin Hong's "fate" and thus oppose "Heaven's will". As tears began to flow unrestrainedly from his eyes, his disciple clung to him in despair; but, with a flicking of his fingers upon the map — giving signal for the bridge to become a torrent of flames — Yin Hong let out a single calm cry of betrayal, and disappeared into dust. With his precious disciple being no longer, Pure Essence violently threw aside Lao Tzu's map and began banging his fists upon the ground in utter despair and frustration, knowing that Yin Hong was truly undeserving of such an end that could have been easily altered.

Crying aloud in such a state of mind, Pure Essence cast aside Merciful Navigation's words of comfort and returned to Mount Taihua, already enraged at the probability that no one would wish to study with him in the future after such a cruel incident that he was the cause of. Following such an event, Outstanding Culture and Merciful Navigation reported the happenings to Jiang Ziya — who had returned to Phoenix City shortly following the map's deployment — and followed by taking their own leave shortly afterwards, promising that they would return upon the date of Jiang Ziya's "destined" inauguration.

Su Hu, who saw the enormous torrents of flames shooting to the very heavens at the time of Yin Hong's death, soon obtained word from fleeing soldiers that the prince had vanished in the flames by some incredible source of magic. Being greatly fearful at such words, Su Hu frantically ordered scouts to find and return Ma Yuan, Gou Zhang, and Liu Fu as soon as physically possible — that was, if they were in fact alive. Realizing that his original plan was the only method employable after carefully analyzing the circumstances, Su Hu handed his son a

message that specifically instructed the Prime Minister to launch an attack upon their encampment the following dusk while the family of Su was safely evacuated into the western gate of Phoenix City — and at the same time forcing the defiant Zheng Lun into surrender.

This message was to be latched to an arrow and sent into the enemy city that night. After Su Quanzhong had effectively obeyed the words of his father, Nangong Kuo had found such a missive and immediately handed it to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya, who, upon reading the letter, knew that Su Hu wouldn't be able to pose any form of threat after the death of Yin Hong, and thus made preparations to act without hesitation. Following immediate drilling, Jiang Ziya deployed Generals Nangong Kuo, Yellow Flying Tiger, and Nezha, with set orders of attack.

Meanwhile, Zheng Lun, who knew that his master was more than likely plotting the desperate scheme of giving in to the rebel commander, attempted to send many urgent reports of assistance to Morning Song, but was checked by his commander, who stated that such a task should be considered in the morning as to prevent the messengers from getting lost in the dark of night.

As a resolution, Zheng Lun, who had little intention whatsoever to even momentarily work under the hand of Jiang Ziya — even though being a rational course of action, secretly deployed a small messenger unit that night with ultimate intention to acquire reinforcements at all costs possible. At the very second of sunrise at dusk the following morning, the Zhou army, far overwhelming all external opposition of Shang with sheer numbers at hand, broke into the main encampment at differing directions.

As Zheng Lun engaged the invading Yellow Flying Tiger with great might and firm resolve, reinforcements constantly leaked from the western gate of Phoenix City as Su Hu's family was escorted through such a gate at the same measure. Despite his valiant warrior renown, the remainder of the Shang forces began to flee in fear at the prospect of death, thus causing a larger number of enemy forces to pierce through the encampment with far greater morale and strength at their disposal.

Zheng Lun, seeing the situation dire, was suddenly struck from his horse by the reputed Deng Jiugong, and was thus bound shortly and brought to the Silver Security Hall following the conflict's conclusion. With the sun shining brightly in the heavens as a signal of morning, Jiang Ziya took his seat in the Silver Security Hall as Su Hu entered in, knelt before the former, and expressed a level of inner remorse for his past actions against the Zhou cause.

As Su Quanzhong reciprocated his father's showing, Zheng Lun was forced into the hall with bonds tightly binding his arms from any form of action as he fiercely glared at Su Hu for the blatant weakness he had shown in the name of military strength and honor. Being criticized for not kneeling as he stood before the rebel commander without uttering a single word, Zheng Lun resolutely declared that he would rather have his head cut from his body than to display affiliation to a man that had a reputation of treachery and shame. Jiang Ziya, being enraged at the defiant warrior's mocking words, and ordering to behead Zheng Lun immediately, was interceded by Su Hu, who pleaded his subordinate to be freed in prospect that he could be won over.

Upon obtaining the prime minister's consent, Su Hu, dismissed the personal guards of Zheng Lun, entered a private chamber and began to reconcile with his fellow subordinate. Declaring that they would be looked upon as true heroes if they went to destroy the rebel commander after obtaining his mutual trust following a long period of assistance. Su Hu additionally stated that King Zhou was nothing more than a fool running rampant in desire, and, even if Zheng Lun was to give his life in the name of such a beast, he would never be considered with the dignity of a hero or be remembered in the hearts of the people to any true measure.

Zheng Lun, who became aware of the latent effects of his loyal heart being considered as mere dirt if he was to dismiss such an opportunity and die in honor, saw the rationality of his master's words and thus declared his cooperation. Bound in rope, Zheng Lun personally approached the prime minister, fell to his knees, and dishonestly apologized for his former behavior. He stated that fellow generals of Zhou, as opposed to his commander, Su Hu, had enlightened him of the former's true virtue and ensured him that his loyalty and honor could reach a new beacon of light under the arm of King Wu. Jiang Ziya, being convinced at Zheng Lun's words of conviction, hosted a grand banquet in the rear palace for all the newcomers to enjoy.

Chapter 62

The Golden-Winged Celestial inherits the Will of Shang

The elite messenger unit that had been deployed by General Zheng Lun the former night was intercepted by neighboring Shang scouts along the Western Foothills, and was immediately informed of Su Hu's defection over to Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Bearing such unfortunate news to Han Rong of Sishui Pass as they continued along the path to the capital, the former, being somewhat surprised over such a resolution, wrote a report on the current circumstances and sent it the capital via the hands of royal messenger.

Secretariat Fang Jingchun of Morning Song, upon obtaining official report from Han Rong involving Su Hu's defection, ascended the Star Picking Mansion and informed King Zhou of the letter's contents the following morning. As the king became astonished at such unexpected words, Daji, expressing a false level of filial humility, pressed her hands upon King Zhou's body and declared that her own head should be hung upon the capital's eastern gate as atonement for the treachery that her father had shown in the name of Shang. Naturally being far from content with such a resolution to the woman he loves more than anything, King Zhou declared that he would rather sacrifice the entire dynasty than to see his beloved fall before him in such a cruel manner.

As Daji thanked him for his kind generosity and consideration, King Zhou dismissed Fang Jingchun and all other secretariats and returned to his private chambers with Daji by his side, casting aside the circumstances involving Su Hu for the entire afternoon. The following morning, the king ascended his throne and called forth all head ministers to a meeting, to which they would discuss whether a new commander should be deployed in battle against the Western Foothill cause. Supreme Minister Li Deng, who presently arrived at this meeting, recommended that Commander Zhang Shan of Sanshan Pass should be chosen as expeditionary commander: *"He is well versed in the art of strategy, and should therefore be able to conquer all potential trickery that Jiang Ziya may unleash upon his opposition."*

King Zhou, long knowing this Zhang Shan fellow as being a man of great ability, immediately accepted this recommendation over all others, and thus sent decree to Sanshan Pass, appointing Zhang Shan to Expeditionary Commander of Military Renown. Receiving such a decree a mere day following its departure, Zhang Shan handed his seal of commandership over the pass to Hong Jin, and followed by equipping himself with 100,000 soldiers before setting off to the front lines of battle.

With the beauty of summer sprouting about in all directions, the soldiers of Shang soared in morale, knowing that their conviction would surely result in the benefit of their country — especially under that of Zhang Shan, a man entrusted with the hand of supremacy. As they continuously enjoyed such sights throughout their travel, the Shang forces finally arrived deep within the Western Foothills territory neighboring the northern gate of Phoenix City upon the fifth day. Setting up camp at once, Zhang Shan, knowing his soldiers to be exceedingly exhausted after such a period of travel, ordered the entire army to rest for the night before making any form of attack against the enemy. Within Phoenix City the day

following, Jiang Ziya made the upmost of preparations for his future attack upon King Zhou — to which he believed to be an ordeal that was very unavoidable under the circumstances involving his "destiny under Sky".

One such form of preparation involved the bearing of specialized red signal flags. These flags would possess random colors within the background while red remained as the dominant after. The soldiers of Zhou were competent in the logic behind this specific flag, and the soldiers of Shang were expectedly to be confused upon what action the opposition would take when such a flag was risen for command, and should succumb to a loss in morale and suffer potential defeat.

With such a plan in mind, and effectively implemented into the minds of his people, two reports had arrived before his desk to which he unhesitatingly received them. The first elaborating the 800 marquises having gathered within the east of Western Foothills prepared to meet Jiang Ziya at Meng Ford. The second stated that a man by the name of "Zhang Shan" had arrived, and currently neighbors the capital's northern gates under the Shang flag. Realizing the probability that General Deng Jiugong might be well-versed with such a man, Jiang Ziya approached the former commander of Shang and asked his take on the current situation involving Zhang Shan.

Jiugong, who gave the seal of commandership over Sanshan Pass to Zhang Shan, his subordinate general, before departing against the Western Foothills at the prior time, was naturally knowledgeable about the man, and declared him as lacking in the fields of strategy and bravery. Just as such a moment in time, report was received that a Shang general rolling on an enormous wheel of fire had arrived. Deng Jiugong departed to the frontlines immediately upon the hearing of such words.

Approaching this general, who he recognized as being none other than the reputed "Qian Bao of The Flaming Wheel", Deng Jiugong, not wishing to deal his former subordinate any harm, told Qian Bao to call out Zhang Shan at once for a discussion. Qian Bao, however, knew that he would unconditionally acquire great benefit under King Zhou and bask in reputation and prestige if he was to end Deng Jiugong's life instead of letting such an opportunity pass itself; and he thus charged at the opposition with immense speed, presently within his flaming wheel. Seeing the danger of the situation as Bao approached him, Deng Jiugong resolutely cleaved his sword through the wheel's flames, cutting apart both Qian Bao and his weapon into two horizontal halves.

Taking the head of the fallen warrior in his hands and returning to Phoenix City with a clamor of happiness as resolution to his success, Zhang Shan took ear to such news and, in a state of rage, made immediate preparations to personally meet his former commander on the battlefield the day following. Zhang Shan confronted by both Deng Jiugong and Deng Chanyu at the northern gates of Phoenix City, after yelling a volley of abuse the next morning, had little intention to spare his former commander through the impulsive and demeaning manner he had shown in the name of Shang.

Thus, he charged forward [but] only to be struck several times in the face by Chanyu's stones. Not being able to press onward with such a nuisance, Zhang Shan, spitting blood in his rage, had little choice but to return to the camp of Shang in

utter humiliation over such unexpected circumstances. As he was now fully aware of the detriment that would consecutively appear if he was to continue in his attempt to take Deng Jiugong's life, Zhang Shan began to ponder deeply on what move he could make when a Taoist carrying a great-sword requested entry into his residence later that day.

Allowing this Taoist — who called himself "*Winged Celestial*" — entrance into the head camp of Shang, the latter immediately proved his "celestial" characteristics by applying the ordinary magic elixir to Zhang Shan's face, resulting in the original wounds disappearing in mere moments. He obtained knowledge from the Taoist that he had come from Penglai Island upon request from Shen Gongbao, an agent superior man of the Shang Dynasty, in order to stay the hands of the evil Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Zhang Shan, for the benefit of his own reputation, knew that this man could be used as the ultimate weapon to exact revenge upon Deng Jiugong. But decided it best to keep neutral such an ambition for the time being lest perceived arrogance caused the loss of the former's mutual cooperation.

As Winged Celestial approached the gates of Phoenix City upon Zhang Shan's consenting the following morning, Jiang Ziya took ear to such a demand and set forth with five square formations of soldiers along with Nezha, Yang Bliss, and Huang Tianhua. Confronting the opposition momentarily after his departure from the city, Jiang Ziya was astounded at the appearance of this new foe. Winged Celestial possessed two ten-feet long golden wings and wore a bird mask of gleaming jade, making him appear as if being the fiercest of warriors.

As the prime minister approached this man and politely declared his name with a low bow, Winged Celestial began to loudly criticize Jiang Ziya, stating that he had, according to rumor, publicly stated the threat that he shall pluck his bones and pull of his feathers when he conquers the dynasty of Shang. Upon hearing such words, the prime minister immediately retorted, stating that the cooperation within his dynasty would fall apart and his reputation would be put into internal shame if such blatant threats were irrationally created.

Winged Celestial, who realized that the rebel commander's words were on the side of reason, decided to pardon the opposition for the time being as he investigates the truth; but at such a moment, Nezha, enraged at the former's boastful demeanor, lunged at Winged Celestial with his fire-tipped spear, thrusting at all sides.

Seeing that the Zhou forces clearly lack discipline, Winged Celestial made immediate preparations to defend himself with his great-sword. But was suddenly attacked at from all sides by the enemy generals: "Yang Bliss using his dog to pierce into the opposition's neck; Huang Tianhua thrusting both of his Heart Penetrating Nails into his arms; and Earth Traveler Sun striking from the ground with his heavy iron cudgel." Roaring with great pain and enraged beyond words at the rebel commander's clear treachery, Winged Celestial spread his great wings and unleashed an enormous torrent of dust, effectively escaping such a crucial situation at once.

Momentarily returning to the camp of Shang that afternoon, Zhang Shan treated his fellow comrade with a cup of wine after hearing the circumstances

involving his former defeat and treachery on the part of Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Accepting this cup of wine after essentially healing his wounds with the magical renown of his elixirs, Winged Celestial resolutely declared that he shall turn the entire city of Western Foothills into a great sea of despair as an act of vengeance that night. As Zhang Shan expressed a level of delight at the confidence of his general, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile experienced an intense gust of wind that encouraged him to perform divination presently following, to which he discovered the pretense of Phoenix City's destruction through Winged Celestial's wrath.

Being frightened at such a prospect, Jiang Ziya took the usual preparations and followed by performing many summoning chants, causing the north sea to essentially cover all of Phoenix City as like the former incident with the Diablo Brothers. Celestial Primogenitor, who presently realized such a danger through the same employed means as his disciple, poured the Divine Water of Three Lights over the north sea barrier and ordered four Divine Chanters of Truth to protect the terrestrial region surrounding the city from any potential earthquake that could disrupt the water's formation.

As Winged Celestial thus left the camp of Shang at the second watch that night, he was immensely startled to see an enormous sea covering Phoenix City in the shape of a circular barrier, but was nonetheless prepared for even the most unexpected circumstances, and thus fanned his two golden wings with power that uprooted even trees, vying to collapse the barrier so that the enemy city could be drowned. Fanning the wind with even greater strength, the barrier of water — with the ultimate help of the Divine Water of Three Lights — mysteriously expanded to an even greater size at each attempt made — forcing him to give up the attempt as he was already panting in perspiration.

Being ashamed at such a resolution, Winged Celestial believed that he would be humiliated by the soldiers of Shang if he was to return after his consecutive failure, and Zhang Shan would surely lose a high level of trust in his abilities after his former boasting. With such a thought in mind, the immortal took flight from the Western Foothills, vowing to destroy Jiang Ziya with secretion to preserve his pride and reputation as a man of great renown.

Chapter 63

The Right Arm of Supremacy awakens from the Land of Deceit

As Winged Celestial had presently fled upon the night of his failed attempt to drown Phoenix City, he arrived the following afternoon upon a fragrant mountain — to which he would confront a Taoist man cultivating his conduct in front of a cavern suggested to be his homestead. Already being intense with hunger and despair, Winged Celestial was resolved not to feel an ounce of remorse at the prospect of devouring this man whole, and thus lunged from the heavens with his claws swooping down upon the "prey" beneath him.

Opening his eyes and acquiring realization of the danger before him, the Taoist pointed two fingers at the opposition, sending Winged Celestial crashing to the ground and begging to be pardoned. He was only acting out of the impulse of hunger, and would never wish to harm him if such a factor was not present. This Taoist, who decided to be generous despite the blatant rudeness that the former had just recently displayed, told him to journey 200 li to the east, to which he would arrive at a region known as "Purple Cloud Cliff" that was renowned for having Taoist men that provide delicious food to any passerby as a token of charity.

Winged Celestial, being delighted at such words, thanked the layman before setting off to the east and arriving upon the intended mountain. A time at which he took notice of many Taoists serving fresh food to an entourage of travelers, who took leave shortly after receiving such a token of generosity. Descending from the heavens and arraying himself before the Taoists present, Winged Celestial pleaded his own share for fresh food.

But alas! None remained for the poor man to feast upon, forcing him to demand at least the smallest of provision with immense furiousness. These men, naturally being frightened at the prospect of this celestial taking their lives if his request was not essentially answered, managed to find a large unit of flour cake within their inner reservoir, to which was offered to the hungry celestial shortly following, who ate over 108 cakes before declaring that his stomach was presently full.

Kneeling with immense gratitude before his servers, Winged Celestial took flight immediately following, returning to the Taoist man's homestead, knowing that he could potentially acquire the mutual support of this individual of great ability as opposed to solely acting against the will of Jiang Ziya, which would prove lest fruitful in resolution. As he thus arrived before the layman's residence, his stomach suddenly erupted with immense pain, causing him to collapse upon the ground and beg for some type of medicinal substance that could disperse such a detriment.

Suggesting to the former that regurgitation would be best in such a situation, Winged Celestial did as he said; but, to his combined detriment, a string of shining white pearls began to chain from his mouth, causing him to choke with great force. The Taoist, who thus declared that he was a man by the name of

"Burning Lamp", gave a signal with his fingers that caused the pearl string to fall from Winged Celestial's mouth, rendering him safe from death. Burning Lamp saw the white pearl string as evidence that the former had eaten food out of the hands of the Taoist men that he had set as a trap. He took the celestial's hands and stated that he had long detested the rebel commander for his cruel behavior and quick rise to suspicion among his subordinates, and would thus like to take him in as disciple for the sake of future retaliation against the *"will of Heaven"*.

Winged Celestial, who was in return very rejoiceful to hear such intended words, vowed to stay by Burning Lamp's side in the name of "acting in revenge against the name of Jiang Ziya". Both individuals being filled with delight at their intentions being answered, left to Mount Divine Hawk presently following.

At this same measure in time, Master Grand Completion of Nine Immortal Mountain had received word — via the hands of White Crane Lad — informing him to head to the Western Foothills on the specific date that Jiang Ziya was to be inaugurated as commander. A time at which the prime minister would head to the east against the passes held by Shang.

Seeing that such circumstances easily could be acted upon for his essential benefit of reputation, Grand Completion called forth the Crown Prince of Shang, Yin Jiao, to his side at once. Yin Jiao was informed that Jiang Ziya, a man long renowned as being of celestial attributes and holding the very "will of Heaven" within his fingertips, was to assault the neighboring passes under Shang with ultimate intention to occupy Capital Morning Song in short measure. Yin Jiao became resolved that his ambition to crush King Zhou, in the name of his late mother's vengeance, could thus be realized if he was to fight under the banner of this man.

Seeing Yin Jiao's willingness to assist the prime minister under such a cause, Grand Completion ordered his disciple to head immediately to the Lion Cliff Cavern for the sake of acquiring a special weapon. Leaving the cavern of his master and arriving before the intended region, Yin Jiao found himself entering a house of princely distinction, to which he came upon seven beans sitting in the stature of sacrifice to a deity statue marked with the insignia of Shang that stood neighboring it. Devouring these beans and pouring the blood from his right hand into the container that originally possessed the food — showing his resolve to give his very own life in the face of his father's humiliation to the name of Shang — Yin Jiao suddenly grew four additional arms and three additional heads presently following his leave from the place of sacrifice.

Returning to the side of his master in a state of great perplexing and startled fear, Grand Completion was delighted at the clear conviction of his disciple, and thus began to teach him how to wield a halberd that possessed a blade of golden jade and a hilt of coiling dragons. Learning how to contract and unleash his six-headed, three-armed form at the same moment to which he fervently mastered the art of halberd, Grand Completion clearly realized his disciple's prowess now met the required expectation, and thus handed the former his Sky Overturning Stamp, the renowned Soul Dropping Bell, and the Yin-Yang Swords as additional items that would prove of assistance.

Now bidding farewell to Grand Completion and exiting his place of residence, prepared to leave without a moment of hesitation, Yin Jiao resolutely declared that he shall kill himself with his own blade if he was to betray the entrustment of his master, and took leave immediately following. Being told the specific route of arrival to his intended destination, Phoenix City — at the time prior to his leave from Nine Immortal Mountain, Yin Jiao navigated himself atop a cloud of dust as he soared through a neighboring mountain that was seemingly lush with beauty. Continuing along his way only to be confronted by a fearsome warrior with duel wolf-tooth iron clubs, Yin Jiao declared his name and title under the dynasty of Shang to the former upon request with his imperial hereditary seal.

This warrior, who knew that the individual before him was not done in any clothing that would reflect princely prominence to any means and surely must be some form of celestial that had taken the crown prince's name — which would explain his ability to use magic. He was convinced nonetheless that this man was extraordinary regardless whether his words were backed with evidential truth. Besides, being nothing more than a mere bandit in the mountains, would naturally call for measures to spring upon any opportunity to assist mutually an individual of high status for his own potential benefit.

With such a thought in mind, the rogue graciously led Yin Jiao before his head camp, where he introduced the name of himself and that of his fellow comrade who sat on patrol, "Wen Liang" and the latter "Ma Shan". Seeing that these two warriors, who were both mighty in appearance, could assist him in his cause to destroy the evil King Zhou, he proposed whether they would accept the prospect of assisting King Wu of the Western Foothills against the decaying dynasty of Shang for the sake of future repute under his rulership over the country. Knowing that this man was of great ambition and surely must possess the authority and power to back such words, Wen Liang and Ma Shan knelt in consent, and followed by equipping their new lord with an outlaw army numbering 10,000 in number. With such a resolution firmly in state, both Yin Jiao and his new right and left arms took leave from White Dragon Mountain and continued along their intended path to the west.

Following two days of travel, it was received report that a Taoist known as "Shen Gongbao" had arrived with intentions to meet their commander. Yin Jiao respectfully allowed the former entrance and presently inquired the reasoning behind his appearance. More evolved than other Taoists of the same sect, Shen Gongbao knew upon a single glance that this man was the Crown Prince Yin Jiao.

After received knowledge of the prince's intentions, Shen Gongbao remonstrated with the former. He stated that despite King Zhou's blatant dread and hatred in the eyes of the people, he could use such an opportunity to unconditionally and forcefully receive the throne from the hands of his father by fighting under the arms of Shang until he acquired enough mutual cooperation and evidence to destroy the king.

In such a situation, he would be looked upon as the country's true hero by wiping away the threat of Jiang Ziya, and proving that he isn't an individual claiming to be that of the prince — which would be a relatively rejected form of evidence if he was to fight under the cause of Zhou.

Shen Gongbao saw that Yin Jiao was still in a state of deep thought over such declared rationality. He stated that Jiang Ziya was clearly not a man of virtue and righteousness as the "superior men" might have stated, *"How can a man that kills the young prince Yin Hong out of mere jealousy and threat of name be considered as any entity of peace?"* Being greatly startled at Shen Gongbao's new declaration, the latter added that Commander Zhang Shan was currently fighting against Jiang Ziya, and could be certain the truth behind such words.

Now clearly seeing Yin Jiao flustered with bewilderment, Shen Gongbao took leave from the prince with assurance that he shall recruit a very powerful man to fight by his side in short measure. With such a meeting now over, Yin Jiao and his forces marched to the Western Foothills at even greater speed, determined to tear apart Jiang Ziya if the words of Shen Gongbao were truly evidential. Arriving within the Western Foothills, after the passage of three additional days of travel, Yin Jiao caught sight of the flags of Shang fluttering in the wind to the east. Naturally assuming that this "Zhang Shan" must be present within such a region, commanded Wen Liang to relay a message to the Shang commander, telling him to meet him for an audience in his head camp.

As Zhang Shan received such a report not long after, he recalled the dominant conjecture of King Zhou's killing of Crown Prince Yin Jiao and Yin Hong seven years into the past, and was thus very willing to confront such a man in order to testify the truth behind such a rumor. Entering the head tent of his consultant following such a resolution, Zhang Shan approached Yin Jiao and politely demanded to what means he can prove that he was indeed the former crown prince of Shang.

Showing the former his hereditary seal as evidence — effectively convincing the commander that the man before him was indeed none other than the crown prince — Yin Jiao presently inquired the fate of his younger brother, Yin Hong. Zhang Shan, through the words of soldiers originally under Former Expeditionary Commander Su Hu, relayed that Yin Hong had been burned to the death in an enormous torrent of flame that shot to the heavens like a raging tornado at the result of a celestial man's magic. Yin Jiao fell from his seat in great despair and roared with a strong voice of hatred.

Gratifyingly dismissing the head commander presently following, declaring that he shall willingly assist his cause against the Western Foothills after essential preparations were made, Yin Jiao vied in his heart to slay the rebel commander without any means of remorse whatsoever. As both Yin Jiao and Zhang Shan came to the conclusion that a mutual attack should be unleashed upon Phoenix City's northern gates that same night, they approached the enemy city at the brink of dawn the following morning, and immediately demanded for Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya to show his face without hesitation.

Exiting the city gates with his generals standing closely at his right and left hands, Yin Jiao declared to Jiang Ziya his name while demanding the reasoning behind why he killed his younger brother, Yin Hong, in such a cruel manner unbefitting of his social status among "Heaven's will". The prime minister, who simply stated that he brought about his own death by fighting against his master's words to support the Western Foothills, suggested to Yin Jiao that, even if Ziya must not have slain his brother directly, but allowed such an action to be

taken simply out of his irrational forms of leadership, resolutely unveiled his three-headed, six-armed form and lunged at the opposition in intense rage.

Using his Sky Overturning Stamp to thrust Nezha to the ground with the feeling of an incredible gravitational pull pressing upon his body, Huang Tianhua intervened in time to save his fellow comrade, but was stricken from his saddle by the power of the former's Soul Dropping Bell, and became a prisoner under the hands of Zhang Shan as a result. As Yellow Flying Tiger presently attacked Yin Jiao for the sake of saving his eldest son, Yin Jiao took the former captive with a mere turning of his Soul Dropping Bell, forcing Yang Bliss to run between the two forces and create an enormous horizontal ground barrier to allow the prime minister and the other generals of Zhou a safe retreat to Phoenix City.

Seeing that he could not continue to conquer the opposition forces in such a state, Yin Jiao resumed his original form and returned to the Shang encampment with Zhang Shan and the two captives by their side. That night within the camp of Shang, Yin Jiao felt as if he knew the elder of the two prisoners from somewhere into the past, and thus approached Yellow Flying Tiger, who was still presently within bonds, and asked him his name and title under Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya.

Yin Jiao realized that the prisoner sitting before him was none other than the man who had saved him from King Zhou's clutches seven years prior. Thus Yin Jiao elaborated the full reasoning — including his confrontation with Shen Gongbao — behind why he had chosen to destroy both Jiang Ziya and that of King Zhou in order to claim the throne of Shang for the sake of the people and that of his ancestors.

Additionally he attempted to convince Yellow Flying Tiger to defect from the Western Hill forces for the sake of a brilliant future, which unfortunately resulted to no avail. Yin Jiao nonetheless freed the bonds from him and his son, allowing them return to their respective city as a token of his former gratitude only at the cost of showing their commander written letter via the hands of his messenger, informing him to surrender in seven days of time. If such an action was refuted, then all of Phoenix City should be turned to a flaming sea of ash as legions of celestials tear apart their homeland. Promising the prince that he would ensure the safety of such a missive, the two friends parted from each other's sides with great emotion.

As Yellow Flying Tiger and Huang Tianhua returned to Phoenix City that same night, approaching Prime Minister Jiang Ziya and informing him of their happenings, the messenger of Shang was allowed entrance, to which he handed the prime minister Yin Jiao's written letter presently following. Tearing apart the letter as a showing of his disgust towards such declared arrogance, Jiang Ziya knew that the superior men under the "will of Heaven" would unconditionally ensure that such a happening would be negated regardless of the circumstances.

With the rise of the sun the following morning, Yang Bliss's earth blockade was no longer, and General Ma Shan seized such an opportunity to stride forward to do battle against Phoenix City as soon as Prince Yin Jiao had received word on the rebel commander's unwise response to his former letter. Being immediately confronted by Deng Jiugong of Zhou momentarily following, the two generals

clashed their blades with intense furiousness. But as Ma Shan was nothing more than a bandit in the mountains without excelled training in the art of the sword, as opposed to that of Deng Jiugong, who had served as Commander of Shang for several years, he was naturally bested in mere moments following their engagement, resulting in his immediate capture. As Ma Shan was brought before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in Phoenix City shortly following capture, he was immediately sentenced to beheading after uttering rude defiant words in his determination to remain standing before the former.

General Nangong Kuo, who took up such an order, presently within the executional grounds, was astonished beyond words as his sword cleaved through Ma Shan's neck only for the neck to retake its original form as if possessing the property of water. Reporting such a matter to Jiang Ziya, who was naturally astonished at such a turn-of-events, ordered Samadhi fire to spread throughout the execution grounds in attempt to burn the prisoner into ash.

[With] such action carried out momentarily following the declaration of such an order, [yet] Ma Shan was clearly not effected even in the smallest of measure. And as the warrior stood among the burning flames, he let out a single loud cry of laughter as he directed the fire to open a pathway at which he was able to escape from Phoenix City. Yang Bliss received Jiang Ziya, needless to say, who was distressed at the detrimental report of Ma Shan's escape. Yang Bliss proposed whether he could visit "*Grand Completion*" at Nine Immortal Mountain concerning the case involving Yin Jiao's use of his Sky Overturning Stamp, while additionally confronting Master of the Clouds of Mount Zhongnan for the sake of receiving the reputed "*Demon Exposing Mirror*" to destroy Ma Shan.

The Prime Minister, who was naturally willing to destroy the threat of Yin Jiao to save Phoenix City from harm with complete reassurance in it was backing, unhesitatingly consented to the former's request. Yang Bliss confronted Grand Completion, within his Peach Spring Cavern, only to receive knowledge that Yin Jiao, the latter's disciple, had been sent to the Western Foothills for the sake of assisting Prime Minister Jiang Ziya against the cause of Shang. Yang Bliss told the superior man as the truth behind such circumstances that the prince had declared as threat, to wipe out the entire Phoenix City, with unknown rationale backing his intentions. Grand Completion was taken aback with confusion as to why his disciple would break his oath with such an intense showing of resolve against his former words that expressed clear conviction. He promised to Yang Bliss that he would head to the Western Foothills very shortly.

As Yang took leave with a kowtow of gratitude, he immediately took leave to Mount Zhongnan, his second intended region, and bowed low before *Master of the Clouds*, who presently had exited his cavern to confront the former. Yang elaborated the characteristics of the certain man known by the name "Ma Shan", along with the incident involving his escape. Master of the Clouds understood the circumstances, and unhesitatingly gave to Yang Bliss his *Demon Exposing Mirror*. He left with a showing of gratitude as he took leave from the mountain and returned to the side of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya back at Phoenix City.

Confronting Ma Shan in front of the Shang encampment after receiving the consent of Jiang Ziya to take leave to battle, Yang Bliss firmly hid in his grasp the new weapon he had recently received the day prior much to the opposition's

unknowing. Pulling out the Demon Exposing Mirror and shining it in the direction of Ma Shan as he presently charged forward, he saw nothing more than a mere flick of fire from a lamp emitting within. Immediately contracting the mirror and parrying the enemy's blade with his long sword, Yang Bliss, following a mere few rounds of battle, retreated in expectation that the former would not pursue him after taking realization of the new weapon recently deployed.

Ma Shan acted in such a manner, ordering a full retreat back to the encampment of Shang for the time being in order to elaborate this new potential threat to Crown Prince Yin Jiao. Meanwhile Yang Bliss had entered the Prime Minister's mansion and explained to all present that Ma Shan, according to the mirror, was a flick of fire suggesting to be a host to that of a lamp. General Wei Hu, who was well-knowledgeable about the "*World's Three Magical Lamps*," elaborated that there was an equal possibility that either the Eight Landscape Palace, the Jade Emptiness Palace, or that of Mount Divine Hawk were missing their specific lamps of origin. And that Ma Shan was more than likely one of these three when considering his properties of eternal life, to which his "flame" was ever burning such as only present within the magical lamps.

Comprehending Wei Hu's logic, Yang Bliss took leave to Mount Kunlun's Jade Emptiness Palace presently following the Prime Minister's consent to his request. Being received by White Crane Lad upon immediate arrival, Yang Bliss learned shortly that their glazed lamp was still in full flame, and he thus gave a kowtow of acknowledgement before leaving to Mount Divine Hawk, where he confronted Burning Lamp with full inquire involving the condition of the latter's lamp. Burning Lamp, who gave a false display of frustration and surprise at the realization that the flick of his lamp had disappeared despite unconditional restraint, was enlightened upon the happenings at the Western Foothills involving the probable incarnation of his flame: *A man that calls himself by the name of "Ma Shan"*.

Vowing to Yang Bliss that he would settle such circumstances as soon as he was able to attend to the matters presently acting against the "will of Zhou", regardless whether this "Ma Shan" was in truth his lamp's flame, Yang Bliss gratifyingly kowtowed in thanks and took leave just following. As Yang Bliss informed Jiang Ziya about the highly probable success involving Burning Lamp's declared assistance, Grand Completion arrived as originally promised, and headed to the Shang encampment after explaining to the Prime Minister that he was indeed the master of the defiant prince, Yin Jiao.

Chapter 64

With the Left Arm of Fire, Yin Jiao's Ambition tears apart the House of Zhou

At the immediate report that a man of Taoist appearance had appeared before the Shang encampment and called for the prince to appear at once, Yin Jiao understood the probability that his master might have arrived, and thus took leave from his head camp presently following. Bowing in traditional manner to his master, Grand Completion, as he took leave from his place of residence outside the encampment, the latter immediately demanded the reasoning behind why he had chosen to fight against the "will of Heaven" and stay the hand of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in a manner that defies his former words of conviction.

Unhesitatingly replied that he had been enlightened by "Master Shen Gongbao", who had evidentially informed him of the rebel commander's cruel murdering of Yin Hong and his terrible forms of leadership and administration that had only led to the forces of Shang, viewing their very lives just to destroy him. Declared that it was his ultimate "duty," under the footsteps of his ancestors, to wipe out the false "will of Heaven" and become the new ruler of the country after he slays Jiang Ziya and King Zhou in the name of the people. Grand Completion, saw that Yin Jiao was resolute beyond change to slay Jiang Ziya. Out of mere words declared by the swindler, Shen Gongbao charged his blade at the young prince, declaring that the Prime Minister never possessed the slightest of intention to kill Yin Hong, and that if he does not repent in his general way of thought, he would be unmercifully slain without a moment of hesitation.

Yin Jiao saw that his master had no evidence to back his statement involving the rebel commander. He realized that Grand Completion was fully determined to destroy their relations of disciple and master through a completely irrational basis, and thus unleashed his legendary halberd, for the sake of living on with his ambitions than to die by the sword of a fool. As the stone dragon present on Yin Jiao's halberd began to wrap itself tightly around Grand Completion's arms as the two individuals clashed their respective weapons, Grand Completion managed to flee upon a beam of light at the very moment at which the prince was suggestively posed to unleash his Sky Overturning Stamp.

Relating the incident involving his attempt to win the prince over, and the detrimental resolution that followed, as he returned to the side of Jiang Ziya, Burning Lamp appeared presently before Grand Completion and Prime Minister Jiang Ziya within the head mansion of Phoenix City. And he declared that he was coming for the sake of capturing the "*lamp flick*", and thus easing their current troubles.

Following this declaration, Burning Lamp specifically told the Prime Minister a plan that would result in this "Ma Shan's" capture. A plan that was put into effect the following morning at the immediate brink of dawn. At such a set moment in time during their arranged trap, Ma Shan exited the camp of Shang as Yin Jiao received report on Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya's arrival. To which he allowed the former leave upon the prospect of what would be shown to the populace if a mere bandit in the mountains were to single-handedly wipe out the

reputed "receiver of Heaven's will", thus backing his standing with complete evidence of his truth of word. But Yin Jiao decided to additionally send a unit of one-thousand soldiers in order to ensure that the commander does not attempt any trickery that cannot be retorted alone. Returning to the confrontation between both Ma Shan and that of Jiang Ziya, the Prime Minister, according to the original plan, violently lashed about his Staff of Beating Gods in a manner that greatly angered Ma Shan to the point that Jiang Ziya was essentially able to lure the former to the southeast following a sudden retreat.

Ma Shan, not intending to allow the rebel commander's blatant intentions of ambush get the best of him during such a pursuit, ordered his 1,000-strong unit to split into two halves, forming a pincer-formation that would crush upon the opposition from both sides, while Ma Shan heads the middle with a handful of spear-armed soldiers. As the pursuers advanced to a region lush with willow trees on all sides, Ma Shan noticed Jiang Ziya escape behind a certain man sitting under one of these trees, who immediately blocked Ma Shan's pathway of pursuit after the Prime Minister had passed. This man, who was known other than that of Burning Lamp, recognized the pursuer as being his lamp wick, following a moment or two of consideration, and thus dropped the glazed container atop Ma Shan, putting the latter into frenzy fear before being physically manipulated by the container's magic — which forced him to return to his original form, and rendering him unmethodical to any potential escape.

The soldiers of Shang, seeing their commander bested by a man of completely new appearance and ability, fled back to their respective encampment in prospect that they could surely not have any greater of chance to seize the life of the rebel commander with such circumstances in play. As Burning Lamp had presently taken leave to Mount Divine Hawk after being pleased at the results of the Ma Shan incident and the evidential backing that he would possess in the future by using this happening for the betterment of his reputation, and that of Prince Yin Jiao, the soldiers of Shang had meanwhile returned to the side of their prince, and relaid the unfortunate happenings to that of Ma Shan.

A report that filled Yin Jiao's heart with utter remorse and made him resolved more than ever to tear apart Jiang Ziya in a battle that would prove decisive to his name. Burning Lamp, who had safely escorted the Prime Minister within Phoenix City prior to his return to Mount Divine Hawk, arrived before the head mansion and relaid his report on successfully subduing Ma Shan.

Receiving written letter via messenger presently following, the message stated that Prince Yin Jiao demands Jiang Ziya to an unconditional battle on the frontlines as vengeance for the stated loss of Ma Shan. the Prime Minister, recalling the ability that he can effectively wield if he was to utilize the power of his Yellow Apricot Flag, unhesitatingly gathered forth a large armada before exiting the gates of Phoenix City at the moment to which the army of Shang was advancing from the east. As the two forces confronted each other in mere moments, Yin Jiao wrathfully lashed his halberd at the rebel commander with an intense showing of skill, while Wen Liang used his Jade Ring to negate the power of Nezha's Universal Ring.

Unfortunately however, Yang Bliss mutually assisted Nezha in the form of using magical pellets that were of equal power to that of Chanyu's, resulting in Nezha seizing many opportunities to strike consecutive blows upon Wen Liang's

body with his fire-tipped spear; and after several strikes to the chest, the warrior under Shang toppled to the ground, spurting blood in every direction as he let loose his last few breaths in despair. Meanwhile, during the prince's clash with the rebel commander, Yin Jiao unleashed the power of his Sky Overturning Stamp; but to his immediate dismay, Jiang Ziya unraveled the Yellow Apricot Flag, which caused the stamp to consistently spin in the air without causing any effect to his body in the form of its gravitational pull.

Being suddenly charged at by Yang Bliss, who wielded his long sword with great aggravation, Yin Jiao became very flustered at his clear detriment in such a situation, and thus retreated after receiving a critical blow to his back by the rebel commander's staff, retrieving the stamp before departing in unparalleled rage. Zhang Shan and Li Jin, who additionally suffered from similar circumstances at the same present time, followed their prince's lead, retreating back to the camp of Shang after covering their retreat with large clouds of dust that they spread through the air.

As Yin Jiao returned to his inner quarters that evening, he publicly burned incense within the central camp of Shang, weeping over the death of his head general, Wen Liang, and the additional passing of his right-hand comrade, Ma Shan, who both assisted him like true warriors beneath the name of the greater good. As Zhang Shan and the soldiers alike began to express inner sorrow at the death of these two leaders, a man of Taoist origin had arrived before the Shang encampment with request to confront Crown Prince Yin Jiao.

Being allowed entrance, this man, who declared himself to be "Luo Xuan, the Burning Flame Immortal from Fire Dragon Island." He informed the prince that he had arrived after being asked to assist the cause of Shang by none other than Shen Gongbao. Yin Jiao immediately realized that the man, to which Shen had specifically stated would support his name, had finally arrived to uphold the will of the people. He entertained Luo Xuan with great generosity, knowing that Phoenix City's declared survival date had expired, and that it should be burned to ashes by all means with the use of this new subordinate. Unfortunately however, Luo Xuan declared that his comrade, Lu Huan, had yet to arrive, and Yin Jiao was thus forced to wait an additional two days before the latter finally showed, handing Luo Xuan many additional magical weapons as they prepared to attack the city that afternoon.

At the brink of dawn the following morning, the two Taoist warriors were entirely prepared with their set strategy, and thus challenged the gates of Phoenix City only to be confronted by Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in short measure. As the two forces became aligned before their respective opponents, Luo Xuan was already angry at being humiliated to a certain level at his comrade's late showing. Thus, he vented such a rage by charging through the Zhou army ranks, violently clanging his duel Flying Smoke Swords against the mere long sword of the rebel commander, who naturally was taken aback by such an unexpected display of speed.

Immediately retorted by Yang Bliss, Huang Tianhua, and others, meanwhile Liu Huan evaded many attacks from Nezha's spear. Luo Xuan realized that the matter needed to be settled with the utmost of swiftness, and thus assumed a form at which he possessed two additional heads and four additional arms, effectively

allowing him the control of multiple weapons at one time. Jiang Ziya, saw this as a moment at which he could seize for striking upon Luo Xuan in his transformed state. He suddenly wiped his staff in combination with Yang's Sky Barking Hound, thus startling Luo Xuan for a mere instant, and giving way to many consecutive blows from other soldiers within the neighboring terrain. A lucky blow that forced the enraged warrior to retreat in grave pain, as Lu Huan respectively reciprocated his comrade's action after being overpowered by Nezha's new boost in morale.

The two Taoists thus made their way within the encampment of Shang, and naturally fumed in great measure at their carelessness in the former feud, resolute to turn all of Phoenix City into nothing more than flames within death after being told of Yin Jiao's sworn intentions. Yin Jiao was naturally more than inclined to answer the resolve of his subordinates after being unexpectedly forced to delay his plans for two additional days. The prince equipped the two warriors with countless arrows supplied by Zhang Shan. And by the second watch of night, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan strode from the Shang encampment atop their respective steeds, laughing in confidence at the prospect of their vengeance, and upholding the intentions of their leader at the same time.

Arriving before the gates of Phoenix City under the darkness of night, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan slew every guard on patrol with incredible swiftness before unleashing their Cloud Raising Smoke above the enemy city, sending over ten thousand flaming arrows spraying down within the terrain beneath, causing countless buildings to be set aflame.

Meanwhile the Zhou soldiers within the first district began to flee in great panic at such a fierce situation. Luo Xuan gave the signal for an all-out attack upon Phoenix City's inner district, and stated that — upon the order of Yin Jiao — all civilians were to be safely escorted temporarily from the city without harm, while any soldier of Zhou that did not express submission to the name of the crown prince was to be slain without hesitation. Upon this order, over 100,000 soldiers of Shang respectively burst forward, invading the enemy city with immense speed and morale.

Men and women, young and old, began to be safely distributed outside of the city for the time, while the majority of the soldiers sprayed onwards to smite upon the forces of Zhou, who immediately began to retaliate in full force. Luo Xuan resolutely charged like a beam of light across the battlefield atop his flaming steed, slaying legions of enemy soldiers with a mere few turns of his Flying Smoke Swords and the compounded power of his Five Dragon Wheel. King Wu, who took notice of the disastrous circumstances within his city, fell to the ground and prayed for the Heavens to grant him sympathy, while Jiang Ziya and his superior men stood with astonishment, deploying many units of archers and swordsmen to reinforce the frontline defense.

Luo Xuan, who single-handedly slew over 10,000 soldiers of Zhou, presently advanced before many architectural buildings of great stature, tore them to shreds of rock with the burning grip of his fire dragons, and absorbed the fire within the first district, distributing it before the noble grounds to protect what remained of the civilian homes. Now taking notice of the head palace of Zhou, and the Prime Minister's mansion that neighbored it, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan advanced with greater speed only to be confronted by a young celestial woman known as

"Princess Dragon Ji", who had arrived at a prior time to assist the regulation of the agriculture within Phoenix City's region of farming. As she began to spread the Mist Dew Universal Net over the city, effectively ceasing any fire that was originally distributed by the two enemy celestials, Luo Xuan angrily turned at the woman, knowing that she would be a nothing more than a nuisance, and must be eliminated if he was to progress upon the Zhou mansions. Approaching Dragon Ji's position and hurling his Five Dragon Wheel at the latter, upon approaching her position, Ji unveiled her Four Sea Vase, absorbing the wheel and all other fire arrows that Luo Xuan deployed following this humiliating display of retortion.

Liu Huan, who was equally enraged at the effectiveness of this woman's item, charged upon Dragon Ji only to be smitten in half by her Double Dragon Sword. As Luo Xuan became mixed with emotions of rage, frustration, and fear, at the sight of such crucial circumstances, he hurriedly merged his remaining Sky Shining Stamp into the blades of his duel Flying Smoke Swords, causing the swords to consistently glow with immense light and burst with flaming smoke. Resuming his three-headed, six-armed form, Luo Xuan thrashed his blades at Dragon Ji like a madman, but was overpowered by her enormous Double Dragon Sword, and was consecutively beaten back at every attempt.

Charging her sword into Luo's flesh and then striking dead his steed with a single stroke, Luo Xuan realized the situations as being dire, and thus ordered his soldiers to retreat back to the Shang encampment with every civilian and head of the enemy soldiers slain. Protecting the masses with an enormous barrier of fire to cover their essential retreat, Luo Xuan, with resolute vengeance, charged deeply into the neighboring mountains to detour all pursuers, slaying each and every scout and soldier encountered and healing his wounds for another immediate attempt on the city.

Meanwhile the following day, the many soldiers of Zhou reported the great renown displayed by Princess Dragon Ji to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya, who in return granted her due rank and was well-pleased with her having appeared for his mutual sake. Now that Luo Xuan had his strength re-gathered after devouring a tiger whole and consuming an additional elixir pill, he summed up his energy and began to make his way back to Phoenix City only for a man of old age to appear beside his pathway, singing heartedly with unknown reasoning.

Luo Xuan saw that this man had an aura of great strength as he carried a long halberd, and wore a distinctive cloud-shaped helmet above his brow with the symbol of Zhou placed therein. Thus, Luo Xuan knew that, he being alone, it was of the upmost importance that all his strength was reserved for the sake of destroying Phoenix City and the assassination of Jiang Ziya. Thus, he gave a bow of respect followed by declaration that he was a new recruit of the Prime Minister and had been ordered to carry a missive to the city of Zhou, relating that a terrible incident involving some form of detriment had taken place within Phoenix City the night before. And, he, by the order of his master, had been sent for the sake of its essential protection. Showing the false decree to this man, who was none other than Li Jing, father of Nezha, Luo Xuan began his way to the enemy city without harm or suggested suspicion.

Chapter 65

The Will of a Million is Shattered by Four

As Luo Xuan received the warrior's name as being "Li Jing", a man who was presently heading to the residence of the Prime Minister for employment under the Zhou flag, Luo Xuan carefully strolled side-by-side with the former, until they closely bordered the city walls of Phoenix City. Not allowing for his aspirations to be postponed for any moment longer, Luo Xuan presently gave a signal to himself, causing the Flying Smoke Swords that he planted within the earth to burst from the ground and fiercely impale the unfortunate Li Jing in the back, who in return gave a cry of immense astonishment while, assuming that he had been betrayed by Luo Xuan at such a moment in time, grabbed at the latter's throat in desperation.

Beating back the old warrior and setting him aflame with the natural attributes of his duel swords, Li Jing instantaneously formed an enormous golden pagoda in the heavens upon will, and smashed it down upon the unwary Luo Xuan's skull, killing the unfortunate celestial in a mere moment in time. Presently diminishing the pagoda and desperately scavenging upon the fallen warrior's body, Li Jing luckily found a large mass of silver elixir pills that possessed the attributes of healing any wound upon swallow — as opposed to pills that need to be dissolved in water — and, formerly being informed of this substance by his master, Burning Lamp, immediately devoured the majority of the pills before making his way to Phoenix City.

Being allowed entrance into Phoenix City after giving evidential proof of his identity, Li Jing was escorted before Jiang Ziya in the Prime Minister's mansion, at which Li Jing presently declared his prior incident with a celestial of fire, who attempted to take his life along the way to Phoenix City. Being forced to prove his case with complete evidence, Zhou soldiers were sent to the specific region at which Luo Xuan had supposedly died.

But, to their justified suspicion towards this new warrior, no body remained whatsoever, for Luo Xuan had planted 3,000 Shang soldiers in the neighboring forests to retrieve his body if any incident was to occur that would result in evidence of his passing. As the Flying Smoke swords were made from his own body, they dissipated into dust at the moment to which Luo Xuan died, destroying all evidence and forcing the rebel commander and his soldiers to not only distrust the new recruit, but to additionally become wary at every moment in fear of the enemy's return to smite them where they stood.

To make matters worse in a display of bad luck towards Li Jing, one of the more seemingly distrusted celestials among others, Burning Lamp, was his master, and was the only individual other than Muzha, Nezha, and Jinzha, able to justify that Li Jing should be trusted. And Jiang Ziya and the others thus put their time into forming a strategy on how to deal with Yin Jiao's Sky Overturning Stamp and Soul Dropping Bell above everything else, while stationing a high level of celestials outside of the gates and quickening their reconstruction as to fight against Luo Xuan's probable return.

During their strategic discussion, Grand Completion recalled from his memory three additional flags separate from the Yellow Apricot Flag under the Prime Minister, but of the same magical properties: “the Soaring Flame Flag within Mount Xuandu, the Green Lotus Flag within the Western Lands, and the White Cloud Bound Flag with whereabouts unknown.” Receiving immediate consenting to retrieve these three flags, Grand Completion presently left Phoenix City and arrived before Mount Xuandu, at which he received the Soaring Flame from Lao Tzu momentarily following his request, before then heading to the Western Lands.

He arrived at the intended region and was allowed entrance before Buddha. Buddha was obstinate at first upon hearing the request of Grand Completion and his intentions to use the flag that represented Buddhism and their reputation, but was presently convinced by Candi to allow him the Green Lotus Flag for the sake of their religion's mutual expansion throughout the east: *“This being an intention of the upmost importance.”*

As Grand Completion was very gratified at their consideration towards his troubled circumstances, he returned back to Phoenix City to report his present success, at which he entered the residence of Princess Dragon Ji and requested whether she knew anything about the remaining White Cloud Bound Flag's location.

Dragon Ji, who had not been informed of Grand Completion and his search to obtain this remaining flag at the prior time, informed the former that her mother happened to possess such a flag within the Jade Pond residence. But, as the flag was an essential symbol of will and authority within such a region, only a celestial of great status such as that of Immortal of the South Pole could request it. For Grand Completion had little choice but to head first to Mount Kunlun after deeply thanking the princess for her guidance and handing the two acquired flags to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya.

Arriving before Mount Kunlun and obtaining the mutual cooperation of Immortal of the South Pole, South Pole immediately strode to the Jade Pond atop his mystical crane, expressing delight and satisfaction over the unique architecture about him as he presently arrived before the residence of the Golden Mother.

Receiving the White Cloud Bound Flag after elaborating the reasoning behind why he had appeared, at which he naturally showed great gratification for the lady's consideration, South Pole entered Phoenix City following this incident, handing the remaining flag to Jiang Ziya. Jiang Ziya entertained him in his mansion hall as reward before sending the respected celestial back on his way to Mount Kunlun.

As Master Pure Essence and Outstanding Culture presently arrived before the Prime Minister's residence according to their prearranged time of meeting, Jiang Ziya began set their order of attack:

“Outstanding Culture will wait upon the eastern edge of Mount Western Foothills with the Green Lotus as his tool. Pure Essence will head to the south, equipped with the Soaring Flame. Burning Lamp will head the center perimeter with the Yellow Apricot. And he shall personally take up position in the west with the White Cloud Bound. “

After setting forth these orders, Jiang Ziya followed to set commands with his generals:

"Yellow Flying Tiger will assault the frontal encampment of Commander Zhang Shan; Deng Jiugong and Nangong Kuo will simultaneously assault the right and left camps that neighbor the front using Nezha, Yang Bliss, Wei Hu, and Thunderbolt as respective reinforcement; and Li Jing, Nezha, Muzha, and Huang Tianhua will distribute themselves where they are essentially needed from the rear."

Each general and celestial thus made immediate preparations throughout the remainder of day, at which they awaited until the time of dusk before pursuing any form of attack. Meanwhile within the encampment of Shang, Yin Jiao was exceedingly distressed and grieved over the unexpected report of Liu Huan and Luo Xuan having been killed, and thus cofined the honorable Luo Xuan in a respective coffin, sending a unit of soldiers as escort to bury the warrior upon the mountain's summit.

This being done, Yin Jiao was told of Luo Xuan's final employed strategy that would result in the rebel commander's forces being of a despaired state of fear. Thus, he knew that they would surely attempt an attack upon his encampment to ensure that revenge was not only obtained in the face of their humiliation, but to ensure that they have destroyed any means of threat that could assist the potential return of Luo Xuan.

"An action that is entirely essential to their future safety, by all means." With this deduction, Yin Jiao sent written decree via messenger, ordering neighboring passes to send reinforcement by order of Crown Prince, while securing a route of retreat to the east at which he would be able to reach the passes and call upon the assistance of the capital and that of his comrade, Shen Gongbao.

In addition to these preparations, Yin Jiao ordered his generals and soldiers to sharpen their blades and dominantly practice the Bull-Horn Formation and Pincer-Formation according to the perimeter surrounding the encampment's respective sides. And priorly distributed many units of royal soldiers to the mountains neighboring the Western Foothills, at which they would search all head residences and temples, burning them to the ground upon princely decree if any tool of magical attributes were to be located.

This ruse would allow Yin Jiao to ensure that the rebel commander's unknown sources of assistance in the form of magical items would be cut off to some extent, while they were then supplied to the capital as insurance to his name and power gain even greater evidence. For ensuring his mutual reinforcement from the king, he obviously would not possess intentions to harm Morning Song if such a display of assistance was to be shown,.

With this being set, Yin Jiao and Zhang Shan took their respective places. And as dusk had approached with report that the rebel army was presently closing in upon their encampment from every employable direction, the soldiers of Shang took up their stations and readied their weapons for a decisive battle. As Yellow Flying Tiger closed in upon the Shang encampment's frontal center, Yin Jiao and a large battalion of pike men fiercely clashed against the rebel army, greatly overpowering their advances with waves of arrows and the gravitational power of the Sky Overturning Stamp. Meanwhile, Zhang Shan, given the Yin-Yang Swords by

the prince, was met by Nangong Kuo, Deng Jiugong, and other lesser generals at the right encampment, at which he defended his strategic stronghold with the combined assistance of Li Jin.

Unfortunately however, a new foe by the name of Sun Yanhong advanced upon the defenders and spat large quantities of fire from his mouth, setting the soldiers of Shang aflame and resulting in mass confusion, to the detriment of Zhang Shan who had little choice but to fight with even greater valor. But even with his new display of prowess, Deng Jiugong advanced and, seeing that his former subordinate was unwilling to surrender even in such bested circumstances, struck a fatal blow to Zhang Shan's chest and ordered the fallen commander to be buried in Sanshan Pass in honor of his characteristics of zeal. At this present time Yellow Flying Tiger, who did not possess any magical backing, was bested very quickly; but to his benefit, Nezha and Yang Bliss immediately arrived to assist the commander, smiting the opposition forces with incredible power, at which Yin Jiao had great difficulty in suppressing even with the ability of his stamp and bell.

Knowing that the central camp was of vital importance and that if lost, would result in a prime advantage for the enemy force, Yin Jiao assumed his three-headed, six-armed form, and willfully multiplied his golden halberd until he possessed six ones. And followed by valiantly striking hundreds of blows into the rebel soldiers, felling hundreds with every swing of his individual halberds, and making the remaining whole more resolved than ever to press on and smite the crown prince. Naturally, if not defeated quickly, he would sully their opportunity to obtain victory.

As a result, the thousands of Zhou soldiers created a pincer around Yin Jiao, and the legions of spearmen pressed forward at one sudden instant and impaled the prince with their respective weapons, ceasing the warrior from his rampage. Enraged beyond measure at such a display, Yin Jiao firmly unleashed his Sky Overturning Stamp, causing the enormous mass of soldiers piled around him to be thrust to the ground, blood gushing from their ears and eyes as the gravitational weight became overwhelmingly strong — even to the point of crushing their bodies.

Nezha and Yang Bliss, who had presently stricken dead the multitude of the Shang forces singlehandedly, causing individual retreat for the majority of their enemy, assaulted the wounded prince with their sword and spear respectively, but were greatly held back by an enormous mass of crossbowmen that laid before the encampment's head gate, allowing Yin Jiao a safe retreat back within the central camp, at which he ordered the vast majority of the defenders to equip themselves with crossbows, while handing them loads of straw hay and the flaming arrows originally received from Liu Huan for the sake of an ultimate defense around the entire perimeter of their encampment.

Presently devouring one of Luo Xuan's silver elixir pills and mounting a cloud of dust, the crown prince immediately sped to the east with incredible speed, intending on reaching the capital and receiving a grand majority of magical items to use as backing for his ambitions. Approaching Sishui Pass as he killed the masses of Zhou soldiers that stood before his way as respective ambush parties, Yin Jiao presently confronted Master of Outstanding Culture along the way, who, without any hesitation, unraveled his Green Lotus Flag, forcing the prince's

weapon of destruction — the Sky Overturning Stamp — to reverse its power as the light from the flag shined upon it.

Overwhelmed at such an annoyance, Yin Jiao had little choice but to call back his stamp, blind his opponent with a storm of dust, and spur off to the southeast atop his cloud with even mightier resolve. Slaying the many Zhou soldiers that continued to confront him along the pathway to the southeast, in the form of additional ambush parties, Yin Jiao was met by his master, Pure Essence, who intended more than anything to stop his former disciple from completing his intentions.

Showing such an intention by unwisely revealing his Soaring Flame Flag even without the Stamp's release, Yin Jiao predicted that each flag must only possesses a variable exterior appearance to confuse their opponent, while it was internally nothing different than its counterparts in the form of its use, and thus did not attempt to release the Sky Overturning Stamp, but impaled his master's hands with one of his golden halberds, stole the flag, and thrust Pure Essence from his direction, thus changing his direction to the east and continuing onward to the capital. Jiang Ziya and Burning Lamp, presently hearing of Yin Jiao's movement to the east, abandoned their respective positions of defense and divided themselves before the pathway of the prince — Burning Lamp being the first to confront Yin Jiao.

Exceedingly cautious in all nature and not wishing to be seen as an enemy to the Prime Minister in fear of the detriment of acting against "Heaven's will," until he can eventually seize power for himself over Jie Taoism, Burning Lamp made no effort to prevent Yin Jiao's advance, considerately allowing the prince passage in honor of his resolve, awakening the Yellow Apricot Flag following the former's departure, creating thousands of golden lotus flowers to cloud the pathway of any potential pursuit.

As Yin Jiao thus presently charged towards the east, he saw the rebel commander posed before him with dragon banners fluttering about and, seeing Jiang Ziya's fool behavior in the name of warfare, seized the opportunity to attack from the air, at which he slaughtered the surrounding disorganized parties under Zhou before piercing his six halberds into the commander's flesh. Jiang Ziya, not having a former chance to resist against the prince's speedy assault, immediately released his White Cloud Bound Flag causing fog to dissipate all potential sight and forcing Yin Jiao to charge and thrash about in random directions — for upon release, the Prime Minister disappeared like nothing more than an illusion.

Fearing that more detrimental of circumstances would sully his efforts, even though such an opportunity was rare in suitability, Yin Jiao mounted his dust cloud and charged with unparalleled speed to the east. As the prince resolutely continued, the circle of fog remained no longer and Yin Jiao began to see the final brim of sunlight across the sky as talents of thunder echoed throughout the air, strengthening his determination to live on, no matter what. Presently entering a region at which the terrain closed upon him from left and right and continued with such an expanse, Yin Jiao continued by way of foot, until he had confronted a mountain of incredible span that blocked any potential advancement.

Being perplexed as to why such a pathway of essential importance for transportation and travel would remain at such a state up until the present, Yin Jiao was naturally annoyed by such unlucky circumstances and willfully cleaved the entire mountain into two vertical halves, with the secondary ability of his Sky Overturning Stamp, but draining a greater majority of its remaining magical potential.

Now being able to advance once again, the two sides of the mountain suddenly began to cave towards him, as if with the intention to crush him. Knowing that the mountain's rocks would smash his body if he attempted the use of the Sky Overturning Stamp, Yin Jiao lunged towards the sky as he used the wind to elevate his body; but as he reached the very surface of the mountain, both ends clamped shut upon his abdomen, causing him to let out a loud shriek of pain as he comprehended the danger of such a situation.

Chapter 66

A Hero Vows Redemption upon a Moonlighting Night; A Dragon of Justice rises from a Sea filled with Shame

A Dragon of Justice Rises from a Sea Filled with Shame". As the unfortunate prince experienced unparalleled pain in such drastic circumstances, he wasted little time in using the Sky Overturning Stamp to free his lower body from the mountain's grip; and as he was thus free, he swallowed another silver elixir pill to heal his broken body, at which he then mounted his cloud and continued to the east. To his continued detriment, however, mist as white as snow suddenly blinded his eyes from the recently experienced dark of night, as he continued, followed by four metal chains, which lunged from the terrain beneath, wrapping around Yin Jiao's heels and throwing him to the ground.

As he struggled to break free from this hold, the chains suddenly began to expand from the earth, wrapping themselves around both of his legs as if being that of a snake. Using his Soul Dropping Bell to stall the chains from expanding to even greater lengths — even though still presently remaining tight around his body — Jiang Ziya suddenly appeared before Yin Jiao's face, content with having captured the runaway prince.

Unfortunately for the prince, he had treaded upon a mountain that distinctively possessed metal chains beneath the earth that could be effectively controlled by the hands of any member of Jie Taoism; and as Jiang Ziya had specifically constructed this mountain solely for protecting the lands of the Western Foothills from a neighboring distance, he allowed Yin Jiao to continue on his pathway to the east without having to stop him with his own hands — which was unexpectedly an impossible task otherwise. Presently, King Wu appeared atop his stallion — having been stationed upon a neighboring vicinity for viewing purposes before Yin Jiao's capture — with Grand Completion by his side.

Approaching the captive and being told who he was, King Wu forced the Prime Minister aside and knelt before Yin Jiao, stating that he would gladly give his life and suffer for 10,000 years in the face of the latter's humiliating condition, while ordering Jiang Ziya not to harm the prince in any form. In retortion, Jiang Ziya boldly stated that even though Yin Jiao was a status symbol before the entire country and its inhabitants, he had opposed the "Will of Heaven", and thus must be put to the sword in the name of true justice. Even with consecutive orders to pardon Yin Jiao from such a fate, the malignant Prime Minister refuted every request, handing Grand Completion his sword, to deliver the fatal blow.

With ready resolve to put an end to his dangerous disciple — who could risk the entire death of the Western Foothills if allowed to live — Grand Completion presently approached the captive with sword in hand. Meanwhile Yin Jiao, frantic to escape such circumstances, for the sake of his ambitions and the will of the people, suddenly revealed the Sky Overturning Stamp within his sleeve, striking it before his master's face and causing the latter to flinch with an intense gravitational pull upon his body. As Yin Jiao immediately followed with a slash from his golden halberd, Grand Completion, with tears gushing from his eyes,

shattered the former's blade to pieces with his right arm, and extending his fatal blade with the right, piercing Yin Jiao's throat and rendering his body motionless. Remaining upright after such a fatal blow, Yin Jiao eye's gazed resolutely at his master with the final remaining moment of life that he still possessed, while he dropped the activated Sky Overturning Stamp from his hand, stepping upon it with his feet; and as it hit the ground, the metal within the mountain equally reacted to the immediate change in pressure, causing the terrain to immediately collapse in a large ripple effect as the magical energy transferred through the metal, as if being electricity.

As Yin Jiao unleashed one final grin of achievement right before death, the mountain collapsed in all entirety, causing Jiang Ziya and the others to be buried like sand from within. Alas! Yin Jiao thus died, remembered by the people of China as a true hero, sacrificing his every ounce of life energy to destroy the country's evil in the face of the suffering populace and the war-torn hearts of all that inhabit it. As Yin Jiao's spirit took flight through the heavens and gazed down upon the enormous wreckage as a result to the mountain's collapse, the prince was justifiably infuriated that his ambitions have been evidentially sullied, but was still relieved that the rebel commander was indeed dead, allowing him some form of opportunity to easily take the Western Foothills if any new body was to be found.

In resolution to this, the first worry that struck Yin Jiao was seeing whether his respectable comrades had succeeded in their initial defense of the Shang encampment; but as he arrived to inspect, corpses laid desolate along the region's perimeter, with his encampment having been breached and desolated in all entirety. Seeing the evidence that many soldiers of Shang had scattered to variable distances after the dominant use of fire, Yin Jiao wrathfully altered the clouds of the sky and uprooted neighboring trees, as he loudly lamented the death of his fellow allies.

Following this incident of lamenting, Yin Jiao realized that some form of gravitational force was pulling him in the direction of the east, and nonetheless resisted such a force, arriving before the grounds of Capital Morning Song and searching widely for his father, who he intended on seeing, as opposed to initially killing him, which would provide a heavy weight of populace support to the side of Zhou, considering that his aspirations to be seen as the country's influence would be harmed by such circumstances, and recovery would be almost impossible.

Therefore, Yin Jiao eventually found his father — who was presently dozing off by means of heavy drinking outside the Happy Terrace — and stood before his father, informing him of his identity, the past circumstances taken place within the Western Foothills, and that the able and powerful should be convinced to negotiate and tear apart the Zhou influence — for by no other means was such a resolution possible.

Following this, Yin Jiao created an enormous gust of wind, soared through the heavens, and arrived before the Terrace of Creation in which his body was innately drawn towards; at this initial point in time, Yin Jiao allowed himself entry within the terrace, after being elaborated to by the guardian, knowing that even with Jiang Ziya dead, he did not possess any actual body or magical item to reinforce his authority. The crown prince thus took rest, vowing upon the

moonlighted night that he would rest for the time being, awaiting the moment in which he would be able to reinforce his eternal ambitions once again. The following morning, King Zhou sat concentrated on the message that he received from his "deceased" son, but nonetheless grew frenzy when receiving an urgent report that stated that Crown Prince Yin Jiao was indeed present on the battlefield; and as the worst possible circumstances would have it, he and that of Zhang Shan had both been killed while in the ultimate attempt of destroying the Western Foothills.

Unhesitant to act in some means of retortion to this detriment, King Zhou immediately held a council within the Royal Hall, where he announced the entire situation before every minister, accordingly asking who should be chosen as the following expeditionary commander to enact vengeance. In response to this, Supreme Minister Li Deng stepped forward from the others, stating that Commander Hong Jin of Sanshan Pass possesses both unparalleled magically capability and was additionally successful in military strategy — someone who should thus be employed and tasked with such an obligation.

Initially accepting this recommendation, King Zhou sent a messenger with royal decree to Sanshan Pass, where Hong Jin accepted the proposal, equipped himself with the Commander's Seal and 100,000 soldiers, and appointed his subordinate — Kong Xuan — as Sanshan's new head guardian. He then took leave of the pass and lead his army towards the direction of the Western Foothills.

At the present time at which Crown Prince Yin Jiao gave his final stand by collapsing the Western Foothill's Guardian Mountain, Grand Completion and the others were initially buried by the rubble that encased upon them, but the former immediately deployed thousands of lotus flowers that protected them from the weight of the rocks' pressure, escaping with both Jiang Ziya and King Wu before any furthered amount of detriment could result. Regardless, both Jiang Ziya and Grand Completion were heavily wounded, and were thus handed by Zhou generals silver elixir pills that were retrieved from the fallen Shang encampment, which were previously identified by the Prime Minister as only being consumable by a man of immortal characteristics.

The Zhou soldiers had also located the respective grave of Luo Xuan and freed the citizens that were held by Yin Jiao, so proclamations were immediately spread about the city that appeased the people from their strife, and reconstruction immediately took place within Phoenix City as many days passed by in conviction. Meanwhile, Hong Jin and his army of 100,000 had made their way deeply into the Western Foothills after a straight week of marching, where they presently made themselves an encampment secluded within a forest region that laid to the south. Scouts were then sent to report on the current circumstances present within Phoenix City.

After some time, information had been received that many escorts of provisions, silver, and iron were being transported regularly, and many soldiers were being drilled apart from one another in variable regions, suggesting that the Western Foothills were quick on their feet to ensure that further invasion was well defended from, and that such an opportunity to strike shouldn't be avoided. Thus, Hong Jin distributed his soldiers to specific strategic positions, drilled the sword,

bow, and spear units beneath his command, and ordered General Ji Kang to take the field the following morning. As dawn arrived the next day, Ji Kang marched a grand army of 70,000 soldiers before Phoenix City, ordering his soldiers to pounce upon its western gates and besiege it as quickly as physically employable. At this initial time, General Nangong Kuo charged through the gates that presently suffered from siege and furiously ordered his unit of 20,000 to fit arrows to their bows and barrage the Shang soldiers from the city's walls, additionally meeting Ji Kang one-on-one, prepared to fight to the death if the need be.

Ji Kang, relatively being overwhelmed by Nangong Kuo's stand of desperation and rage, presently recited many incantations, causing an enormous cloud of darkness to appear directly above his respective head, at which a wolf of bronze fur lunged from the darkness, piercing its fangs into Nangong's flesh and rendering him screaming in pain. Ji Kang then stabbed his sword relentlessly upon the wounded warrior, causing Sun Yanhong, who gazed at such a sight from the city walls, to spray an enormous torrent of fire down upon Ji Kang. Ji Kang initially fled in great surprise at such a display, knowing that such a monster might have been the justification as to why the Shang encampment's remnants were found as being mainly nothing more than deeply incinerated ashes.

Ordering his soldiers to retreat lest they were to be killed in mass by this incredible beast, Ji Kang and the Shang army fled the day, and Nangong Kuo was immediately carried back into the Zhou encampment, where he was treated. The circumstances involving Sun Yanhong's appearance was presently reported to Hong Jin after the time at which Ji Kang effectively returned to his commander's encampment. Hong Jin was delighted that the source of the previously seen catastrophe had now been filled in with partial evidence. He thus chose to send General Bai Xianzhong to do battle the following day with 10,000 pike men and crossbowmen alike, meanwhile forming a fixed strategy on how to destroy such a beast and its conspirators.

As the warrior of Shang approached Phoenix City's gates, he aligned his pike men in a pincer formation, while his respective bowmen formed towers out of mounds of mud in the rear, so as to have a mounted position that would allow them to spray upon the enemy soldiers like rain. With these formations having been aligned, Deng Jiugong alone commanded a frontal army of half the number. And after failing in the controversial attempt to convince Xianzhong that his course of action would only result in death, Deng Jiugong fearlessly charged upon the enemy's pincer formation, ordering his fire-arrow ambush units on his right and left to clear a pathway of fire that would separate the opposing pike men from his body.

As the pincer formation became distorted by this show of unexpected bravery, Deng Jiugong whipped his noble steed until he obtained great agility, at which he closed in upon the enemy commander — who remained at the middle — and felled him in a single cut of his blade, presently fending off volleys of arrows at the same initial time. As Deng Jiugong ordered his soldiers to then begin to spray their flaming arrows upon the mounds of mud, the morale of the Shang soldiers diminished. They fled back to their encampment while Jiugong took the enemy commander's head and made his return to Phoenix City, much to the praise of Jiang Ziya, who ordered the head to be hung upon a pole before the city gates as a

showing of their conviction. As Hong Jin was naturally distressed to hear of such a detriment upon hearing report, he still relatively harbored a very keen interest in the capable men of the Western Foothill rebel faction, and more than anything desired to visit their city personally, where he would be able to engage in some form of controversy.

The following day, Hong Jin equipped his body with full-plated armor and led an enormous front before the eastern gates of Phoenix City. And as Jiang Ziya and his men exited the city gates to repel this enemy force, Hong Jin took notice of the rebel army being of perfect discipline, consisting of many a general and celestial, who showed such a look of resolve and furiousness that the Shang commander grinned in admiration.

Approaching Jiang Ziya and receiving his name with full respect, Hong Jin began by informing the Prime Minister that he had been sent by royal order of King Zhou to cease their rebellion and make ultimate peace between both of their respective factions. *"I am Senior Advisor of the Leftern House, Hong Jin, and I come before you today to put forth an agreement that can settle our differences in a manner differing from lowly barbarity. As I see that your army is of perfect discipline and formation, yet you carry the name of a rebel, it is obvious that you possess hatred towards the name of King Zhou and intend on his overthrow.*

Now would it ultimately benefit your position by using moral influence to strengthen the swords of your soldiers and create a furthered amount of chaos in this country? I see such an action as being nothing less than folly, as you and your people consider yourselves men of peace that await the times, but in reality, you are treacherous snakes that wish to bite back at your master! Have you taken into consideration the consequence in acting in such a manner? You may possess the capacity to overthrow the dynasty and declare yourselves as heroes, but is barbaric violence truly something that you should carry out as if being nothing less than normality?

In the name of justice, I cannot allow someone such as you to destroy the Shang Dynasty and bind the people's minds to petty delusions of grandeur and peace. If you value your life and the hearts of your people, I order you to throw down your weapons and speak of submission. For what can animals such as yourself perform against men of my ability, other than using celestials as tools to carry out your own evils?"

Smiling with an aura of great resolve, Jiang Ziya responded: *"So, the common class general of the Shang forces declares me as being a rebel of the country and someone who should ultimately be eliminated for the sake of the greater good. I am nothing more than a simple Taoist man that has risen up in the name of Sky, and I will strike down anything that opposes such a will, even if I am forced to destroy every last one of your kind with the sword that rests at my side.*

The will of Sky is vast, and I am the figurehead of destiny that has been ordered to strike down the evil Shang Dynasty and its ruler, so that my benevolent ruler King Wu can rise up and rightfully claim the throne as his! You state my intentions as being nothing less than a passing whim held by a barbarian, yet how can you deny the resolve of my blade as being delusions of peace when I possess the full capability to create such peace?! I am a ruler among men, and nothing can deny what I have chosen to do for this country, as my actions will create a future that everyone shall prosper from, no matter what needs to be sacrificed within the

process. My people fight as my arms and legs, and I treasure them the same. How can one such as you dare talk of justice when my actions are for righteousness and universal happiness?"

Laughing aloud in full determination, Hong Jin boldly stated: *"So it seems that you believe yourself to be a hero of the common man, and use your direct followers as evidence to prove that what you are doing is for the best possible resolution to the present circumstances. Is that not nothing less than truly pathetic, eh? You foolish ape for a human! It seems that no reason can diminish that disparity within your breast, and that you are determined more than anything to bring this country to a greater height of chaos, simply due to your own petty views of justice!"*

Righteousness, love, honor, resolve; are these words that you truly believe will somehow save the people from their consistent despair, and that you will be seen as a hero among men? Listen to reason, you useless old fool! Even if you are able to destroy the Shang Dynasty with the backing of those evil righteous-driven celestials, think that I will simply stand down and allow your actions to pave a pathway of destruction through this country, in face of my ultimate duty and reputation beneath the sword of Shang?!

If you refuse to set aside your delusions even in the face of reason, then I have little other choice then to show that my blade has been carved from the blood of thousands of rebels, and you shall simply be another corpse that litters the death-paved ground of shame once my justice tears open your very heart!"

With these words having been spoken, Hong Jin resolutely ordered his pike men and spear units to charge to his right and left as they advanced to the enemy's position from the front. His bowmen would begin to construct forts to the south and north to use as fortifications. And the mounted cavalry would create a wide pincer formation around the rebel army, expanding the effectiveness of Hong Jin's forward charge.

As Hong Jin neared Jiang Ziya's position, he would be momentarily confronted by the 72nd son of King Wu, known as Wu Shimeng, who was naturally of intense physical ability, and thus subsequently able to beat back Hong Jin's assault with only a small unit of soldiers. Seeing that this new foe possessed a high level of strength to back his resolve, Hong Jin concluded that such a confrontation would not prove fruitful by means of his own martial prowess. He thus gave a signal with his right hand before stabbing his silver flag into the ground, at which he ran inside of a void door that appeared to his right.

With this void door having been opened, Wu Shimeng knew not what fate would befall him if he were to enter. But as such circumstances opened an opportunity for him to potentially seize the head of the enemy commander, he unhesitatingly charged onward through the door. Little could he actually comprehend, however, that Hong Jin immediately was took to hiding as he was present within his void. And by the time at which Shimeng had entered, the Shang commander's cutless fell upon him like a heavy guillotine, slicing the general into two vertical halves and subsequently placing fear into the hearts of Jiang Ziya and each of his subordinates.

Hong Jin exited his void door and resumed it to its original state as a flag. Loudly then he began to boast at Jiang Ziya: *"You stated earlier that you possess the full capability to create peace within this country, yet how can one deny the power*

that I wield as being something subtle and easily conquered, even as one of your men have now reached River Sphynx and cry out in resent at their own unknowing!

If you wish to take my life and continue with your petty ambitions of grandeur, then call forth those worthless celestials of chaos and use them to your present advantage, otherwise the scent of blood shall echo throughout the countryside as my blade erases your every cell of existence! Don't take me lightly, you barbarian. I have slain thousands of rebels with this resolved sword of justice, and your streaming blood shall simply be another passing page in history, while I shall be looked upon as this country's true hero!"

With this having been spoken, Hong Jin re-awakened his void door and disappeared within, concentrating every ounce of his magical energy to sprout from the ground beasts comprised of dark matter, who roamed across the battlefield in enormous number, tearing apart soldiers of the Rebel Army limb by limb. As these beasts were a part of Hong Jin's subconscious, he was forced to remain in a meditative state while within the void; but with Deng Chanyu's immediate and brave showing of agility, she was able to scatter many soldiers of Shang before entering the door that held the commander, barraging him with a multitude of reinforced pebbles and subsequently causing Hong Jin to yell out in thriving pain and despair.

Attempting to grab ahold of her body with his Hands of Darkness, he had already maxed out the majority of his remaining energy and struggled in such an attempt, causing Ji Kang to initially pierce forward like a shadow and purge the entire battlefield in mist. Taking ahold of his wounded master while in the midst of such a showing, Ji Kang ordered a full-scale retreat back to their encampment, thus scoring for Jiang Ziya a moderate but resentful victory. As Ji Kang and the rest of the Shang forces had returned to their respective encampment, Hong Jin had immediately treated his wounds with advanced medicine and rested for the evening, vowing that he would unconditionally dispose of the woman that had given him such deep wounds, ultimately for the sake of his credibility.

Acting upon these words, Hong Jin departed from the encampment the following afternoon, taking with him a 3,000-strong unit of archers to back his assault, determined to solely tear apart Deng Chanyu, the woman who had humiliated him so deeply. Hong Jin appeared before the eastern gates of Phoenix City shortly following and ordered the appearance of the "rock-throwing whore", Princess Dragon Ji. The princess had taken ear to the ability of Hong Jin's flag and had happened to possess a weapon that could counter such a detriment, rode from the city gates and confronted Hong Jin upon Jiang Ziya's consent.

As Hong Jin was both enraged at the fact that Deng Chanyu refused to show her face, but satisfied that he could enact his revenge on another respective arm of the rebel commander, he initially awakened his void and ran inside, preparing to unleash the largest amount of dark energy that he could sum forth, tearing his enemy into pieces.

To his shock, a large silver portal carrying Princess Dragon Ji was suddenly awakened from within the void, and she strode outside with incredible speed, smashing Hong Jin's back with such force that his armor shattered to pieces, additionally throwing him a great distance before he had reattained his footing. In

a state of great panic, Hong Jin abandoned his flag and fled to the north on his mount, ordering his 3,000 archers in ambush to unleash volleys of arrows at Dragon Ji, who was presently in pursuit at the rear.

Returning to a natural state of mind and fully confident that the woman could never survive such a heavy onslaught, Hong Jin steadied his horse and turned to look at his opponent. But to his intense fear and dismay, the Shang soldiers fell in masses as Dragon Ji unleashed from her magical vase an enormous sum of fire, which had been originally obtained during Luo Xuan's former attack upon Phoenix City.

Hong Jin gazed all around him and saw trees falling apart with flames scattered to the very heavens. Hong Jin, no matter how bold he wished to live another day, frantically sped his horse to the north until he reached the North Sea, at which he dismounted, throwing into the waters an imperial seal that was granted to him by noble birth, carrying with it the will of ancestors.

As the waters began to part from one another with violent waves churning consistently, an enormous guardian dragon leaped from the depths of the ocean, allowing Hong Jin to mount it as if he was its master. Dragon Ji had caught up to him his position. Thus Hong Jin stood atop his beast and loudly proclaimed before his opponent: *"You are a mere tiger that has been uncaged by a rebel who wishes to overthrow the country, and you still consider yourself as being superior to I, a man of true noble birth who even the heavens proclaim as their equal! Is the present situation not anything less than laughable?! I am a man that has been chosen by the Shang Dynasty to lead the masses to unconditional victory, never severing my path of duty nor giving up in the face of any opposition!*

You on the other hand are nothing more than a test-animal, who has been granted supreme power at birth. While at the same time you prove yourself as being too incompetent in knowing how to wield such a power, even to the extent that you shamelessly attempt to take the life of one such as I, known by all as a man of justice! If you give in now and show to me that your life is better off saving than to meet a humiliating death in the face of service beneath a deluded man of the common class, then I shall treat you as if you are my own right arm. An individual who deserves respect and gratitude, and someone who is treasured by the people alike as being a hero that has awakened from ignorance.

My ancestors have long been known throughout the land as prodigies, individuals of both great talent and respect, and saviors of nations and kingdoms, never allowing themselves to falter or give in to unfavorable circumstance, but living on to fight for their resolve another day, destroying any opposition to the throne and securing themselves as men of true repute! Set your eyes upon reason and become a beacon of light as my ancestors have shown themselves to be. Only then shall you make a name for yourself in this pathetic country gutted with every whim of evil and become a figurehead that is deserving of praise and power!

My conviction for the people has never decayed even after so many years of service beneath a land dreaded with incompetency. Think that I will simply give in to a force driven with nothing else than unconditional barbarity and lose an opportunity at guiding the masses with the power and authority that resides within these very fingertips?! The circumstances are futile for any means of victory, as even the gods have answered my noble call, and together we shall both strike down the

evil in this country and blossom the future as a sword of unparalleled conviction and truth!"

In response to this, Princess Dragon Ji approached the sea that stood before her and casted into it her own hereditary seal, effectively summoning forth an enormous dolphin-like creature that bordered the size of Hong Jin's dragon. Mounting her respective beast, Princess Dragon Ji began to shout: *"As you are indeed a man worthy of my respect and admiration, I shall tell you my name and title. I am none other than the daughter of Golden Mother of Jade Pond, Princess Dragon Ji, wielder of the 10,000-armed vase! Now that you are competent of my position in this world, by what means could I betray the expectations of my mother and all who serve under my right arm, simply to save my own present life? What you state is not the present way of things, as Jiang Ziya is a man guided by Heaven, destined to allocate freedom to the people and reign forth an era of unparalleled peace!"*

No matter how noble you believe yourself to be, the will of my lord and the aspirations of the people are something that you shall never understand, and the waves of the time shall ensure that a person of greater capability rises up and seizes peace for all, and that man is Jiang Ziya! How dare you speak of delusion when you yourself are the one who is ignorant of the present circumstances! I refuse to give in to your swindler ways of trickery!" "It is a sad state of affairs to see a woman of your beauty succumb to such a shallow understanding of this country and the figureheads that are essential in running its every ligament.

Can you not comprehend that even with such a position of influence, you are nothing more than an animal bound in rope that longs to see the light of freedom, feeling every form of resentment as you are forced to unconditionally follow petty codes of filially? If you are unable to awaken from your primitive ways of thought and see my absolute reasoning, than you are fated to be regarded within history as a fool who was destroyed out of nothing less than their own blindness and irrationality. Do you intend on such a detrimental resolution as being your fate within this world? I would hardly consider that as being reasonable by any means, as you will thus have stained any reputation you previously possessed with the blood of resent and ignorance, forever looked upon as a mere nobody that was unable to adapt to the times, let alone crushed by a man of unparalleled repute such as myself."

With this having been spoken, Hong Jin leapt to the heavens atop his one-mile long golden-scaled dragon and fell upon Dragon Ji's beast with incredible speed and valor, tearing apart the dolphin's upper body and etching the sea with a coating of blood. With this having been initiated, Hong Jin's dragon began to bear its heavy fangs into the flesh of Dragon Ji's dolphin; and taking advantage of this situation, Hong Jin leaped upon his foe and landed a crucial blow to her flesh with his sword.

Taking immediate advantage of this, Dragon Ji pressed Hong Jin aside with all her might and ordered her Dragon Binding Rope to bind the Shang commander's body and effectively render him immobilized. Struggling to free himself with every ounce of strength as the rope tightly began to bind his ligaments from any form of movement, Dragon Ji grabbed ahold of Hong Jin and quickly fled back to Phoenix City, the same initial time being forced to evade many consistent attacks by his dragon, which burned with a great flushing of rage over

the position of its master. Nonetheless, Dragon Ji was able to safely return to her respective city, at which she threw Hong Jin before the very feet of Jiang Ziya.

Chapter 67

The Outspoken Warrior is Granted Honors of Lordship; Royalty and Justice become twisted to Circumstance

Jiang Ziya took the hands of Dragon Ji and bowed before her in respect and acknowledgement at having captured the enemy commander. He then gazed before the humiliated Hong Jin — who presently was still bound to the Dragon Binding Rope. And stated: *"So, this justice of yours seems to have brought about nothing less than failure and defeat at the hands of a superior enemy, while you now stand before me as figure of humiliation that was unable to uphold his bold words. What can you state now, General?"*

I control your life within my very fingertips and possess the complete jurisdiction to end it at this moment if I was to will for it. As your boldness and conviction surpass any other warrior that I have confronted within the past, I indeed express my utmost respect towards your noble cause, even though it is distorted, confused, and all together misled.

With this having been stated, I shall allow your life to end honorably, for you have proven to be true to your conviction and dreams. And that is reason enough to allow for you the death of a hero who believed in his own words, as we both are so little apart in our manner of thought, no matter what another may dare state. Guards, away with him to the grounds of execution!"

Thus, Hong Jin was brought to the grounds of execution and was fully prepared for his life to meet the sword. However, a Taoist man by the name of *Celestial Matchmaker* arrived in a sweat ordering the executioner to [hold] his hand, as *Incantations Immortal of Jade Pond* had provided written decree stating that Dragon Ji and Hong Jin were destined by Heaven to join in marriage.

With these words having been passed on to Jiang Ziya, he initially went to see Celestial Matchmaker, forthwith leading him to the residence of Dragon Ji so as to come to a justified conclusion on how to respond to the mandate involving her marriage. Upon entry into the princess's residence, Celestial Matchmaker and Jiang Ziya approached Dragon Ji, at which the former began:

"My lady! I am humiliated at the fact that I could not approach you with this matter at a sooner time, but our respective master Incantation has only just recently received written decree stating you are to be married to Shang Commander Hong Jin, so as to secure peace between both respective factions. And I have consequently arrived with the most immediate of speed, intent on employing the command of our lord.

However, your words, my lady, shall determine whether such a resolution is to come about, as I am nothing more than a stone in the riverside in comparison to your nobility and reputation, and will willingly meet the sword if you are to express refusal with this demand."

As Dragon Ji was relatively shocked to hear of such a sudden report and the inappropriate time at which it had been produced, she was nonetheless inclined to accept such a proposal. She not only began to subtly fall in attraction to the young Hong Jin and his great ambition but also came to the realization that he would be more useful alive than not. Both Jiang Ziya and Matchmaker were elated to hear of Dragon Ji's consenting that Hong Jin was freed from his bonds shortly and escorted

to the Shang encampment, for the sake of rallying his soldiers into a mutual surrender. Hong Jin, intense with despair and humiliation in effect to having not only been captured by the rebel forces, but left alive simply to attest his own usefulness to a distorted cause, enraged him internally as he approached the Shang encampment and called his generals to an audience. In a loud voice, Hong Jin began:

"To my great disfavor and detriment, my entire contingent had been torn asunder by the hands of a single woman, and even the ancestral dragon that has supported me since my very birth failed to bring me an ultimate victory. Thrown before the feet of Jiang Ziya and taken away for beheading, my life was saved by a single commanding whim held by one of their barbaric celestials, and now I have succumbed to the humiliation of marrying the one woman who caused my defeat or otherwise meet the sword in death.

Who could have ever considered that I would be torn apart by petty magic tricks and forced, to my very throat, to support the arms and legs of a deluded rebel of the common class! My men, you have all stood by me as true heroes alike that fight for a greater good, but alas, the circumstances have been twisted against any means of our success, and we have no other choice than to lend support to this rebel faction and ultimately throw our names from the path of gods to that of peasants.

Nonetheless, my comrades, I will find a way in which we can tear these bonds of animal skin from our bodies and ascend to the glory and fame that we deserve. And no matter what sacrifices need to be made, the head of Jiang Ziya shall one day become an ornament for my ambitions after I show to the entire country that I am a man who never abandons his justice!"

With this having been stated, Ji Kang and the others vowed to unconditionally follow their leader in service beneath Jiang Ziya. The group then proceeded back to Phoenix City, in which both Hong Jin and Princess Dragon Ji accordingly were wedded on the third day of the third month in the 35th year of King Zhou's reign — respectively seen as a lucky date for their marriage.

The Western Foothills had now made the necessary preparations to ensure a full production of provisions and weapons for a prospective incursion into capital city Morning Song. And for this very reason Jiang Ziya presented himself before King Wu the following day with the proposition of attacking King Zhou with the support of other nobles who mutually shared the same intent.

This nonetheless came across before King Wu as unthinkable, for his father had commanded him never to consider destroying the king even if being a nuisance to the people's prosperity and integrity. It would be nothing less from fully denoting an unfilial and disloyal nature unfettered from traditional values. San Yisheng, however, convinced King Wu that joining the nobles in a united front and forcing the king into a state of repent without conventional attack would be the best course of action, and forthwith suggested that Jiang Ziya should be appointed commander for the sake of managing political affairs from every side of their campaign.

Accordingly granting the prime minister the yellow axe and white scepter as an entitlement to authority in respect to Yisheng's request, the minister then suggested that a high terrace should be constructed in compliment to traditional rites of prayer offering before the rivers, mountains, earth, and heavens.

This was also consented to with relatively open arms, and after reassuring the king that he can be relied upon for the arrangements of such an imperative task, Yisheng visited Jiang Ziya in a toast of congratulations and forthwith confided to both Nangong Kuo and Xin Jia the responsibility of constructing their terrace.

After the passage of ten days the terrace project was complete, and with this San Yisheng approached King Wu and informed him that the 15th day of the third month had been chosen as a date for announcing the prime minister's appointment to commandership.

Chapter 68

Two Hermits Stop the Army

Following the leave of each immortal, Jiang Ziya and his generals would be prepared for the expedition in three days. Once Jiang Ziya had presented a memorial to King Wu — and effectively attained his consent — the former assigned Huang Tianhua as the frontal vanguard general, Wu Ji the right, Nezha the rear, and Nangong the left. Each would thus drink a cup of wine, thank Jiang Ziya, and then take their leave. After Jiang Ziya had performed a muster call before all his generals, he would order Yellow Flying Tiger to drill the army as to ensure perfection.

The great army of Zhou would thus take off the following day once external and internal affairs were well accounted for. It was the now the 24th day of the third month within the 30th year of King Zhou's reign. As the Zhou army passed between Mount Yan and Mount Shouyang, two Taoists would suddenly block their path. The Taoists known as Bo Yi and Shu Qi would reprimand Jiang Ziya for his unfilial actions — and that he should thus await for repent on the part of King Zhou without any form of attack.

The former would respond by saying that such views were exceedingly short-sided and should be avoided for further hurting of the people's will. After these Taoists had been tied up for their intrusion, they would be set free later to return to their mountain. Once Jiang Ziya and the army of Zhou had reached the Golden Chicken Range, red flags would suddenly appear before the summit of the mountain. After an enemy camp had been effectively located above the summit, Nangong Kuo would volunteer himself to meet the enemy. Wei Ben, the enemy commander, would defeat the former with moderate ease — and send him back to tell Jiang Ziya that he would like to see him immediately.

Before Nangong was to lose his head, Wei Ben would kneel before Jiang Ziya and ask to fight under the banner of Zhou in order for his name to be recorded in the pages of history one day. Jiang Ziya would accept his service with great delight — and release Nangong due to attaining a general that could take his place.

Once King Zhou had gotten word of Jiang Ziya's march to the capital of Morning Song, he would assign Kong Xuan as expeditionary commander of defense. Upon Kong Xuan's meeting with Han Rong at Sishui Pass, he would proudly declare that Jiang Ziya, King Wu, nor any other Zhou generals would be able to stand against his supreme strength — and should thus not be feared. With these words, Kong Xuan would march westward from the gates of Sishui Pass to Golden Chicken Range where his army would halt and set up camp for the night.

Chapter 69

Trouble at the Golden Chicken Range

Once Jiang Ziya had attained word of Kong Xuan's movement, he would ponder alone in his tent over this 37th invasion. Vanguard general Chen Geng would present the first challenge before the camp of Zhou; and Huang Tianhua would effectively answer such a call. Following thirty rounds, Tianhua would unleash his Fire Dragon Javelin to put an end to his opponent's life. As Jiang Ziya dipped his pen into his ink slab to record his general's performance, the nib would suddenly drop off. The former would express inner grievance over such an omen — for he knew that this was the last merit that was to be achieved by Huang Tianhua.

Sun He of Shang would meet Wu Ji of Zhou at the battlefield the following day; and thus a great duel was to be unveiled. During their ensuing battle, Wu Ji would manage to stab his cutlass deeply into Su Hu's chest — effectively ending his life. With hatred over the loss of two renowned generals of the kingdom, Gao Jineng would volunteer himself to attain revenge. Once Nezha had intercepted Gao's attack, the great fire lance of the former would fiercely clash with Gao's spear. As he realized the great celestial abilities that Nezha possessed, Gao would quickly flee to the camp of Shang — but would be severely wounded by the former's Universal Ring in the process.

The following day Kong Xuan would appear before the camp of Zhou in furiousness over his past losses. As the former ran out to clash his great sword against Jiang Ziya's mere cutlass after a short interlude, Hong Jin would run out to meet the former. With immense wrathful rage, Kong Xuan would lash at the rebel. Once Hong Jin had unleashed his portal door ability, the latter would simply laugh as he used his yellow beam to sweep the former in an invisible void.

When Jiang Ziya thus lashed at Kong Xuan with his Devil Beating Whip, it would suddenly vanish in a beam of red light. After the forces of Zhou had thus fled in fear, Jiang Ziya would ponder over Kong Xuan's ability to use five different rays of light. In short time Ziya would order his troops to unleash a surprise attack upon the camp of Shang that night. Kong Xuan, who used divination to deduce the enemy's scheme, would order Gao Jineng of the Swarm to ambush the enemy at the left camp.

As Nezha attempted to invade the central camp, he would be shortly met by an invigorated Kong Xuan. Even though Nezha possessed immense celestial power, he would be unable to defend himself against white light, the most evolved of Xuan's lights. Huang Tianhua would meanwhile invade the left camp and battle against Gao Jineng and his bagful of locusts and wasps. After a fierce battle between Huang's Fire Dragon Javelin and Gao's spear, the latter's wasps would manage to seriously wound the former's jade unicorn — thus sending him smashing to the ground.

As Huang Tianhua used his javelin with fierce resolve, he would be unexpectedly pierced violently through the stomach — and would thus fall to the ground with blood pouring from his abdomen. Gao would then deliver the final

blow to the warrior of Zhou — thus ending his life. Following the end of the battle deep into the night, Yellow Flying Tiger and Jiang Ziya would hear the report. Once Flying Tiger had learned of his son's death, he would be so thrown into grievance and shock that he would lose all senses. With due resolve for revenge, the former would head immediately to Mount Flying Phoenix in order to attain the assistance of Chong Heihu of the magic hawks. Following his arrival at the mountain, he would gaze at three warriors that stood battling each other with varied weapons.

Once Flying Tiger had discussed the situation with these distinguished warriors, it would be decided that the former three warriors would bring Flying Tiger to Chong Heihu's presence the following day. Once Chong Heihu had essentially consented to the former's request, he would meet with both Jiang Ziya and King Wu at the camp of Zhou. After Chong Heihu had dined with the former, he would head out to the camp of Shang with his generals the following day and ensue battle with Gao Jineng. As the battle raged on, an intensely invigorated Yellow Flying Tiger would charge forth on his magical ox.

Chapter 70

Subjugation of the Peacock

Sensing immediate danger within the situation at hand, Gao Jineng would quickly unleash a swarm of wasps and locusts upon his foes. Unexpectedly for Gao however, Chong Heihu would open the gourd on his back — effectively creating thousands of hawks that would devour the latter's insects.

As Kong Xuan immediately ran to his general's assistance, he would gaze in shock at the blade of Yellow Flying Tiger as it dripped with the blood of the now dead Gao Jineng. With no further delay, Kong Xuan would take all five generals in a single beam of light. After putting his new prisoners into the gaols, Kong Xuan would decide not to fight and instead act as a blockade to the Zhou forces.

After Yang Bliss had arrived and was informed of the situation with Kong Xuan, he would head out the following day to the camp of Shang with Jiang Ziya in order to use his Demon Exposing Mirror upon the latter. When Yang Bliss had shined the mirror at Kong Xuan, all he could see was a piece of agate rolling to and fro. After Kong Xuan had lost his patience and ensued in battle with the former, Yang Bliss and the assisting Wei Hu would have no choice but to flee.

Following a fierce battle with the remaining Zhou forces, Kong Xuan would be stabbed in the left shoulder by Princess Dragon Ji and severely wounded in the face by Deng Chanyu's pebble — and would thus flee in defeat. Back in the camp of Zhou, Jiang Ziya would be called for a personal discussion with King Wu and would gradually lose his determination to keep up the fight.

After Jiang Ziya had issued the order to reduce the cooking stoves, every individual would realize that the commander wished for retreat; and they thus begin to pack up for departure without any idea why. Fortunately, Lu Ya would arrive in short time and convince both Jiang Ziya and King Wu to continue the campaign. Once Lu Ya had physically seen Kong Xuan's renown the following day on the battlefield, he would flee back to the Zhou camp in shock. Earth Traveler Sun, who had just entered the camp gate with extra food supplies, would yell angrily at Kong Xuan for insulting his commander in the past — and would thus violently lash out at the latter.

After Earth Traveler had effectively tricked Kong Xuan to fight him dismounted, the former would be able to swiftly move through the ground delivering several blows to Kong Xuan's body. Being more annoyed than physically wounded, Kong Xuan would unleash his rays all at once upon the latter.

Once Earth Traveler Sun had burrowed through the ground as to avoid the former's technique, Kong Xuan would be severely wounded in the face once again by Deng Chanyu's pebbles — and would thus flee. In seething rage over Deng Chanyu's obnoxious technique, he would demand Chanyu at the Zhou camp early the next morning; but Jiang Ziya would be reluctant to decline such by hanging the board of truce.

After Lamp Lighter had arrived the following day to do battle with Kong Xuan, he would use his great eagle in an attempt to see the former's true identity

with his magic bull eye. Once he had flown back in defeat, Buddha Candi would arrive in short time and declare that Kong Xuan was predestined to join him. Thus, the former would head out to meet Kong Xuan immediately afterwards.

Chapter 71

The Offensive on Three Routes

Following Buddha Candi's arrival at the camp of Shang, Kong Xuan would ask for his reason of appearance. After the latter had learned the reason, he would lash at Candi with his great sword and golden staff — but both weapons would be simply brushed aside by the former's tree twig. Once the Buddha had been caught within Kong Xuan's rays of light, all five beams would suddenly explode.

Now being completely defenseless, Kong Xuan would change into his true form, a beautiful peacock. Buddha Candi would thus shortly return to the western region atop Kong Xuan once the Zhou generals had been essentially freed. Following the surrender of Kong Xuan's forces, Jiang Ziya would order his army to march towards Sishui Pass the next day. Upon his arrival at the pass, Jiang Ziya would order Hong Jin to capture the Good Dream Pass while Yellow Flying Tiger was to take Green Dragon. If these passes were to be taken, no enemy attack could be unleashed from the left and right regions of Sishui. Once Hong Jin had arrived at Good Dream, Ji Kang would volunteer to challenge the enemy after they rested from the long march.

With cutlass in hand, Shang general Xu Kun would ride out to challenge Ji Kang. Shortly however, Ji Kang would use his black smoke dog to violently lash at Xu Kun's face while he delivered the final blow to his opponent's neck. As like the former day, Zhou general Su Quanzhong would easily be able to take the head of Shang general Hu Yunpeng without breaking a single sweat. Upon seeing the loss of many Shang soldiers due to the enemy's prowess, Hu Sheng, commander of Good Dream Pass, would discuss with his brother, Hu Lei, that the best option would be to surrender for the sake of their people. Hu Lei, however, would neglect such an offer fully and head out to meet the opposition the following day.

Once Nangong Kuo had answered the former's call, Hu Lei would be defeated in short time and presented before Hong Jin. Following Hu Lei's violent remarks against Hong Jin and his betrayal, he would be beheaded. However, a report on Hu Lei's reappearance would soon be issued — and Nangong Kuo would thus leave the camp of Zhou to see what trickery ran amok. After realizing that Hu Lei was truly alive, he would duel with great might against the former and effectively manage to capture him once again. Hong Jin would have no clue what to do with Hu Lei until Princess Dragon Ji arrived to inspect the prisoner. She would soon realize that Hu Lei was performing amateur magic, and that a small ten centimeter long needle should be placed between his hair as to prevent his escape.

Once he had been beheaded this time, his reappearance would never be heard — and his death would thus be confirmed. Hu Sheng would soon attain word of his brother's death, and would thus give a pledge of surrender to the camp of Zhou. Following Hong Jin's consent, Hu Lei would rush to and fro to make preparations for the former's arrival through the pass. However, a woman by the name of Mother Fiery Spirit of Mount Qiuming would arrive shortly — and declare her desire to avenge the death of her disciple, Hu Lei. Seeing this as an opportunity to crush the opposition, Hu Sheng would order the Zhou flags to be stripped. As Hong Jin gazed at the Shang camp flying the flags of Shang once again, the former would grind his teeth and be resolved to show no mercy for their trickery. After

Fiery Spirit had a special unit of 3,000 soldiers taken from Hu Sheng's total of 20,000, they would be specifically drilled and effectively equipped with large paper gourds.

Fiery Spirit and Hu Sheng would thus appear for challenge before the camp of Zhou with their new "Fire Dragon" troops following the passage of seven days. When Hong Jin came to attack Hu Sheng, Fiery Spirit would use her special golden ray of light technique to blind the former while delivering a crucial blow to his flesh. As Princess Dragon Ji emerged from the camp to see disastrous flames spouting from every corner, she would begin to recite spells. However, she would be distracted by a sudden ray of light before feeling the blade of Fiery Spirit sink deeply into her body.

Chapter 72

Grand Completion at the Green Touring Palace

When Princess Dragon Ji had realized that she had been stabbed, she would flee to the northwest without pursuit. As Hong Jin and the princess regrouped their remaining soldiers, they would immediately send an urgent report to Jiang Ziya. After receiving reprimand from Jiang Ziya, they would thoroughly explain the arrival of Fiery Spirit — and the disastrous resolution that resulted. Upon the hearing of Jiang's arrival, Fiery Spirit would emerge from the Shang camp immediately and clash blades with the former.

At the same point in time in which Jiang Ziya was crucially stabbed through the breast by Fiery Spirit, the new Zhou camp roared with flames once more. As the distance between Jiang and Fiery Spirit drew closer, the latter managed to hit him with a hammer and thus move forward to put an end to the rebel leader. Unexpectedly however, Paragon suddenly appeared and used his Haze-Sweeping Shirt and Sky Overturning Stamp to effectively absorb the latter's light and smash her skull into two. With Fiery Spirit now dead, Paragon took her golden coronet (the item she had previously used to create light). After healing Jiang Ziya's wounds and bringing him to his feet, Paragon headed to the Green Touring Palace in order to return the former's coronet.

While making his way to the Good Dream Pass, Jiang Ziya suddenly caught sight of his destined enemy from the heavens, Shen Gongbao. In the former's attempt to hide himself in a thick neighboring forest along the path, Shen Gongbao caught sight of Jiang Ziya and effectively ordered him to come forward. Grimacing with delight over this chance to attain revenge, Shen Gongbao would slash continuously at Jiang Ziya with his sword. Due to being old and seriously wounded, Jiang Ziya fled at the greatest of speed atop his horse lest he was to be killed. Using his legendary Sky Breaking Pearl, Shen Gongbao sent Jiang Ziya tumbling to the ground in a state of near death. Under orders from the Jade Emptiness Palace, Krakucchanda would unfortunately appear to sully Shen Gongbao's resolve.

Now being fully aware of the situation, the former fled quickly to the heavens atop his pearl-coated tiger. After effectively capturing Shen Gongbao with his Immortal Binding Rope, Krakucchanda would order his genii to take the former to the Unicorn Cliff and await his punishment. After Jiang Ziya had been essentially treated with elixir by the former, he would express his inner dignity towards the immortal before heading back on his way. Krakucchanda would thus head quickly to Mount Kunlun to await Master Celestial Primogenitor's judgment upon Shen Gongbao.

Upon Primogenitor's arrival at the Unicorn Cliff, he ordered for Shen Gongbao to be placed under the mountain until Jiang Ziya had created the gods. Shen Gongbao, however, would manage to avoid such a fate by vowing that if he was to attack the former again, might his body be thrown into the North Sea. Celestial Primogenitor, Krakucchanda, and Shen Gongbao would thus head to their own separate paths after such an oath had been created. As Paragon had arrived at the Green Touring Palace, he waited for a long period of time before the gates had been opened by a lad to hear his request. As the former entered the palace and

stood before the Nine Dragon Lignaloe Platform, he kowtowed before Grand Master of Sky with Fiery Spirit's golden coronet in his hands.

With no true resentment over his disciple's death, he declared to the former that if any of his comrades were to ever act against his word and attack Jiang Ziya, it won't matter to him if they were to also meet their own end. After Paragon had emerged from the palace, he would be forced to flee back to Grand Master of Sky's residence three separate times due to the unparalleled hatred and vows of revenge that the latter's disciples felt towards Paragon.

Chapter 73

Yellow Flying Tiger defeated at the Green Dragon Pass

As Paragon returned to the annoyed Grand Master of Sky a third time, the latter would angrily call for his disciples to show their face before him. After the Grand Master had reprimanded his disciples, Paragon would finally be dismissed to head back to Nine Immortal Mountain as he intended. Multi-Precious Immortal, a disciple, would think of a scheme to attain revenge against Paragon and would thus declare to his master that the latter would continuously denote their religion as being heretical and full of hairy foul beasts.

As each disciple agreed with the former's words in full unison, and the latter believed their words, the Grand Master of Sky would tell Multi-Precious to head to Jiepai Pass and set up an Immortal Slaughtering Trap. Before Multi-Precious was to take his leave to the pass, Grand Master would hand him the four Fairy Swords in addition. At this same point in time, Wei Hu would manage to find Jiang Ziya within the forests neighboring the Good Dream Pass — and he and the other generals would thus rejoice over such news. After Jiang Ziya had effectively reorganized his army following the passage of three days, Hu Sheng, in a state of turmoil and confusion, would submit his second pledge of surrender to the camp of Zhou.

Once Jiang Ziya had effectively consented to the pledge and appeared before the pass at dusk, Hu Sheng would kneel to the ground and beg for pardon. The latter, however, would be considered as untrustworthy due to his past obstinacy — and would thus be executed without any true remorse. Following the execution, Jiang Ziya would appoint Qi Gong as garrison commander of Good Dream while he returned to Sishui in order to report everything to King Wu. Back at Green Dragon Pass, Shang commander Qiu Yin would personally demand to see Yellow Flying Tiger the day after his first general had been slain on the battlefield. Huang Tianxiang, the third son of Yellow Flying Tiger, would gallop forward and cut down Gao Gui of Shang in a single breath.

Astonished by the former's prowess and at the same time seething with rage, Qiu Yin would rapidly thrash his silver lance at Huang Tianxiang with equaled skill. As two other Shang generals immediately drew their swords to defend their commander, Huang Tianxiang would manage to land two blows upon Qiu Yin's flesh out of distraction; and the latter would thus retreat. With healed wounds and torn pride, Qiu Yin would charge from the pass and clash blades with Huang Tianxiang once again. Huang Tianxiang began to experience great difficulty against the former's spirit that seethed with revenge — and he would thus quickly land a crucial blow to Qiu Yin's heart mirror which would send him fleeing with blood gushing profusely.

As Qiu Yin's hatred was further heightened by Yellow Flying Tiger's three-day attack upon his pass, Chen Qi would finally arrive with food supplies and ensure his commander that he would become the incarnation of his vengeance. When Chen Qi thus approached the Zhou camp the following day, he would be engaged by Deng Juigong — who was considered no more than a fragile baby compared to the former's prowess. With immense confidence, Chen Qi would

summon forth his Flying Tiger soldiers to bind up the latter while his yellow gas forced Deng Juigong into a senseless state. As Chen Qi thus bound Deng Juigong and threw him before the feet of Qiu Yin, he would be executed immediately for saying words of treason to the latter.

Once Yellow Flying Tiger had heard of such words, Tai Luan could not control his emotions over the death of his master — and he would thus violently clash his blade against Chen Qi's the following morning. After the former had been caught with ease, Chen Qi would confidently challenge the three remaining sons of Yellow Flying Tiger the next day.

Chapter 74

Combat between two Generals

As the three sons of Yellow Flying Tiger lashed their swords with refined ability, Chen Qi would have no choice but to immediately spat forth his yellow fog smoke and bind Huang Tianlu, the eldest. The day after Huang Tianlu had been thrown into jail, Qiu Yin would leave his pass in great eagerness to attain his long-awaited revenge against Huang Tianxiang.

Upon Qiu Yin's arrival at the Zhou camp, Huang Tianxiang and Qiu Yin would violently clash their blades with rivaled renown. Unfortunately for Tianxiang however, Qiu Yin would wave a mysterious red pearl in his face which would instantly encourage drowsiness. As Huang Tianxiang was thus thrown before the commander's feet in the Shang pass, Qiu Yin would execute the former immediately once being further ridiculed. After Yellow Flying Tiger had heard of Tianxiang's execution, he would faint to the ground in a state of unparalleled grievance. After Yellow Flying Tiger had sent an urgent report of the situation to Jiang Ziya, both Deng Chanyu and Nezha would immediately head to Green Dragon Pass in order to offer their assistance.

When Nezha gazed at the corpse of Huang Tianxiang hanging from the pass's wall the following day, the former's rage would burn like fire as he charged his lance at Qiu Yin. Unfortunately for Qiu Yin however, his red pearl would have no effect on Nezha — and would only result in him fleeing with broken bones. During the latter's retreat, Earth Traveler Sun would arrive shortly to offer what he could. At that same night, Sun would secretly check on the condition of Tai Luan and Huang Tianlu before releasing Huang Tianxiang's corpse from the wall. As Yellow Flying Tiger gazed at Tianxiang's body laying along the pass, he would refuse to see any more of his sons lose their lives — and would thus order Huang Tianjue to remain at the Western Foothills with his deceased brother.

Once the Shang forces had realized the happening of Huang's body, Chen Qi would angrily storm out from their gates the following morning only to be challenged by both Earth Traveler Sun and Deng Chanyu. As Sun lashed violently at Chen Qi, the latter would easily be able to bind the former with his yellow gas ability in short time. With fear in her heart, Deng Chanyu would immediately fling two pebbles at Chen Qi, one to the back and the other to his mouth. Now with a broken spinal column and a mouth gushing with blood, Chen Qi would have no choice but to return to the pass with his current prisoner.

Unfortunately for Chen Qi and Qiu Yin however, they knew little about Earth Traveler Sun's ability to escape underground — and they thus lost the chance to kill their new prisoner. As Zheng Lun returned that same night with extra food supplies, he would hear of his new rival in ability, Chen Qi, and would thus lust to meet him on the battlefield for the sake of his pride. Once both Chen Qi and Zheng Lun had met each other the following day, Chen Qi would manage to get the best of the former before they both unleashed their individual beams of gas.

At this point in time, the two warriors would fall asleep due to their opposite's technique — and they would thus be dragged back to their respective

camps by their individualized soldiers. When Chen Qi returned to face his destined foe once more the following day, he would declare a personal battle of honor with Zheng Lun that discloused magic attributes. As these two warriors battled from dawn till dusk to determine the superior, Yellow Flying Tiger would consent to Nezha's surprise attack upon Green Dragon Pass's gates. At the time of dinner, Han Rong would write a report to the king on the war situation, asking him to send reinforcements for the sake of their pass.

After hearing great commotion roaring about within the pass that night, Qiu Yin would charge from his camp and see many generals of Zhou clashing their cutlasses against the forces of Shang. Unfortunately for Qiu Yin, he would have no choice but to escape from the pass atop his dust cloud at great speed once being surrounded by Yellow Flying Tiger and his generals. At this point in time, Chen Qi would lose his life by the hands of Zheng Lun and the Zhou forces would effectively seize the pass. As Nezha reported their success to Jiang Ziya at Sishui, a grand celebratory feast would take place that night.

Chapter 75

An attempted Theft ends in Failure

Once Thunder Quaker was wounded in addition by Yu Hua's dagger, Yang Bliss would arrive shortly and conclude that he suffered from some type of poison. Deciding that he would meet Yu Ha himself, Yang Bliss would purposely allow himself to be hit in the right arm by the former's dagger so that he could flee back to camp and analyze his wound. With no knowledge of what type of poison flowed from his blood, Yang Bliss would immediately see his master, Jade Tripod.

After being informed that the dagger had originally been converted by Yu Yuan of Penglai Island, and three pills were needed from him directly in order to nullify the poison, Yang Bliss would disguise himself as Yu Hua and head to the island. By telling Yu Yuan that his dagger had been redirected into his own flesh while fighting against the Zhou forces, the latter would immediately hand his pseudo-disciple his desired pills. Once Yang Bliss had thus left the island, Yu Yuan would conclude that was relatively impossible for his dagger to be redirected, and Yu Hua's wounds wouldn't have allowed for him to come from such a grand distance due to the dagger's deathly attributes.

Now knowing that he had been tricked, he would pursue Yang Bliss through the clouds — but would only end up fleeing back to Penglai Island after suffering from the former's Sky Barking Hound. Back at the Zhou camp, Yang Bliss would meet Yu Hua on the battlefield once more the next day — and Thunder Quaker would fight in addition to attain his personal revenge. Unfortunately for Yu Ha however, his beast could not take beating from the two individuals and thus allowed an opening for Yang Bliss to severely wound Yu Ha — resulting in the latter's death.

As Han Rong sat in desperation at the reported death of Yu Hua and the lack of desired reinforcements, the former would be confronted by a man by the name of Yu Yuan who had arrived in the name of avenging his disciple. With great delight over the turn of his fortune, Han Rong would feast with the latter before he left to challenge Yang Bliss for revenge. After realizing that Yang Bliss was not present at the Zhou camp, Yu Yuan would charge his blade at Jiang Ziya to unveil his rage. Even after unleashing his Golden Light Katana, Yu Yuan would have little choice but to flee back to the Shang pass once he was attacked by generals Wei Hu and Li Jing in addition.

Earth Traveler Sun, who gazed at Yu Yuan fleeing atop his camel, would lust to steal the latter's mount due to its superb attributes. Deciding not to risk this chance by discussing it with Jiang Ziya, Sun would burrow through the ground and effectively arrive within Sishui Pass during the second watch that night. As Yu Yuan sat with his eyes closed, deep in meditation, he would hear an individual stealthily moving about through the pass — and would thus feign many snores as to ensure that this suspicious individual knew he was asleep.

Once Earth Traveler Sun had effectively seen Yu Yuan fast asleep, he would quickly beat him across the head a few dozen times. Confused that his beatings did not budge the former to any extent, he would decide to deal with him later and just

take his mount for the moment. Once Sun had thus mounted Yu Yuan's camel, it would at first ride to the heavens but would immediately return to its original position on the ground shortly. Not having any time to react over the camel's unexpected defiance, the earth traveler would suddenly find his head being firmly gripped by Yu Yuan's palm.

By finding many exceedingly deep burrow holes across the pass, Yu Yuan would confirm that this dwarf must have been traveling underground — and he would thus present the latter to Han Rong with his hands clutching Sun's head to present escape. As Yu Yuan thus presented the thief before Han Rong, the former would ask for the Universal Bag that was present beneath his cushion. With the desire in mind to burn Earth Traveler Sun alive within the bag, a large fire would be immediately constructed by the soldiers of Shang.

Unfortunately for Yu Yuan however, Krakucchanda would be informed of the situation by White Crane Lad and would thus snatch the Universal Bag that held Sun in short time. As Yu Yuan glared at Krakucchanda from the heavens with seething rage, he would vow his life upon the chance to kill the latter. Following Krakucchanda's arrival at the Zhou camp, Jiang Ziya would have sentenced Earth Traveler Sun to death for his impulsiveness if it wasn't for the former's persuasion. Once Yu Yuan had continuously called for Krakucchanda to show himself the next day, Jiang Ziya would appear instead with the resolve to take him captive.

Being thrashed about across the ground in desperation over Yu Yuan's keen renown with his sword, Krakucchanda would immediately appear and bind the latter with his Immortal Binding Rope. Back in the camp of Zhou, Jiang Ziya would order Yu Yuan beheaded; but each attempt to behead the latter would result as a mere scratch to the neck. After the failed attempt of Wei Hu in addition, Krakucchanda would order for Yu Yuan to be locked inside an iron box — which would be thrown deeply into the North Sea. By combining the elements of metal and water into one, Yu Yuan would easily break through the iron box and return to the Green Touring Palace.

Even though he escaped from the box, he would still be tightly bounded by Krakucchanda's rope and would thus plead to his master, Mother Golden Spirit, to confront the Grand Master of Sky so that such an issue could be amended. Once each disciple had seen Yu Yuan in such a desperate state, their rage would burn even brighter against the immortals of Zhou. After the Grand Master of Sky had essentially released Yu Yuan from his tight bonds, the latter would leave from the palace with one true desire, "to attain the head of Krakucchanda no matter what it would take." As Yu Yuan thus gave challenge the following day, with the retortion of Jiang Ziya, the former would violently charge his blade into the latter's flesh.

Without delay lest the latter would be killed by Yu Yuan's great prowess, Krakucchanda would immediately bind the immortal with his secondary binding rope. With confusion in his mind over Krakucchanda's subordinate rope, Yu Yuan's fear would be heightened as Lu Ya arrived at the Zhou encampment. With determination to kill Yu Yuan for his past treachery, no matter how justified it might have been, Lu Ya would remove the lid from his gourd — thus releasing a brilliant white light that would pierce through the clouds. As the great beam of light revolved in the air several times, it would come crashing down like an enormous blade to cleave the unfortunate Yu Yuan into two halves. With Yu Yuan

now dead, Lu Ya would bury his body and then take his leave. Back in Sishui Pass, Han Rong would soon attain a report on Yu Yuan's passing.

After holding a military conference to determine their resolution, it would be concluded that each individual soldier should pack their treasured belongings in carts to be transported into the mountainous regions, their temporary home. Han Sheng and Han Bian, the two sons of Han Rong, would immediately meet with their father to state their personal resolve.

Chapter 76

The Occupation of Sishui Pass

Once Han Sheng approached his father, Han Rong, he would spout many great words of devotion and loyalty towards his country. Even though Han Rong remained rather hesitant in order to ensure the safety of his subjects, he would smile in admiration at his son's resolve. To boost the confidence of their father, Han Sheng and Han Bian would both go to the drilling grounds and unleash the renown of their Ten Thousand Knife Vehicle.

With a mere few chants, this technique had the ability to unleash an unparalleled amount of strong winds across the ground — effectively allowing any object present to be absorbed and launched at will due to being controlled with magic. Han Rong, who was rather confused at how his two sons could attain such a powerful technique, would be told that it was attained by Fa Jie, an official of Morning Song, who simply wished for this ability to be their entity of resolve. Now in a state of high morale, Han Rong would order 3,000 soldiers of the Shang forces to be dressed in pure black armor and individually equipped and drilled effectively with thousand knife vehicles.

As Han Rong and his army thus set out to challenge Jiang Ziya, the latter would immediately present himself with his own army — determined to defeat his opposition one last time. After Han Sheng had clashed violently against Wei Ben, the former would retreat temporarily while signaling his three thousand soldiers to unleash their individual vehicles. Caught immensely unsurprised, over eight-thousand soldiers of the Zhou army would be completely slaughtered by their own weapons and other controlled objects that ran amok through the air in a mere few moments. With unparalleled fear, the remnants of Zhou would flee back to camp in quick pace.

For the sake of his honor and dignified spirit to the Shang Dynasty, Han Rong would call off the slaughter so that he could personally kill Jiang Ziya in the future. With this resolve set in his mind, Han Rong would order a night surprise attack with his three-thousand soldiers of Shang. Like great waves of blackness hidden under the veil of night, the army of Shang stealthily ran through the camps of Zhou slaughtering soldiers right and left. With corpses littered in every direction, Jiang Ziya would desperately flee atop his horse for miles with his remaining soldiers.

After being pursued by the forces of Han Sheng and Han Bian for a great while longer, Zheng Lun would finally arrive with his crow troops and clash blades against the former. In great personal fear at the sight of the Shang army's destructive vehicles, Zheng Lun would immediately unleash his two white columns of light to place his neighboring enemies in an unconscious state. With immense luck on the side of Zhou, all 3,000 soldiers of Shang would unfortunately lose their superior magical abilities as Han Sheng and Han Bian were seized by Zheng Lun.

As Han Rong and his forces had thus retreated due to their loss of power, and general morale, the Zhou forces would toast each other over their luck won victory. Once it had been reported that the army of Zhou was calling at the gates of

Sishui the following day, Han Rong would personally climb the city wall to hear them out. Jiang Ziya would shortly present himself before the gates with the former's two sons in a captive state. Han Rong, who immediately offered the pass if his two sons were to be spared, would only stand in agony as he saw their heads tumble to the ground after spouting threatening words to Jiang Ziya.

With rage and sorrow that was equivalent to the very heavens, Han Rong would jump from the city walls to his death. Following Han Rong's death, Jiang Ziya would thus seize Sishui Pass and pacify the people. At this same point in time Paragon would be approached by White Crane Lad at his green touring bed — and would thus be asked to assist in the Immortal Slaughtering Trap's destruction. Upon the hearing of such a need, Paragon would call for his disciple, Nezha, and toast him with wine and dates. Just before Nezha was to be dismissed, he suddenly grew three heads and six additional arms.

With this transformational ability that could be activated upon the user's will, Nezha would effectively be able to carry six different treasures before departing from his master to assist Jiang Ziya. Just as the Zhou forces were planning their assault upon Jiepai Pass, Yellow Dragon would arrive from the heavens and ask Jiang Ziya to create a reed pavilion in preparation for their attack upon the Fairy Immortal Trap.

Following the pavilion's construction, each superior man and disciple would attend to the former location while each general of Zhou protected Sishui Pass and King Wu. As each superior man had finally arrived, Multi-Precious would clap his hands to completely expose his trap to the competitors that stood before him. A great air of death and cold misty winds would shoot forth from the trap — thus putting the superior men into great misery and fright.

Chapter 77

Transformation into Three Fairies

As each superior man gazed at the four fairy swords pointing in different directions while entering the trap, Multi-Precious would suddenly rush forth and clash his duel swords against his hated enemy Grand Completion. After a lengthened battle between these two individuals, Grand Completion would have no choice but to use his Sky Overturning Stamp against the former lest he was to be killed. While Multi-Precious thus retreated with his newly established wounds, the superior men would meanwhile flee back to their reed pavilion. Celestial Primogenitor would arrive from the heavens in his Nine Dragon Lignaloe Carriage shortly afterwards — and would be welcomed with immense gratitude.

Once midnight had arrived, Multi-Precious realized that Primogenitor was now present and would thus head out to retrieve the Grand Master of Sky in order to defeat their new foe. As the following night had approached, Burning Lamp would gaze in the direction of the trap and see the Grand Master of Sky sitting atop his throne while in attendance with each of his disciples. Celestial Primogenitor would order his disciples to enter the Fairy Immortal Trap the next day in ten pairs of two.

As the Grand Master of Sky confronted Celestial Primogenitor and his disciples, the former reprimanded Grand Completion as the reason to his arrival. Even after having the issue elaborated, Primogenitor would relatively agree with Grand Completion's false statement — despite its foulness — thus sending Grand Master of Sky away with the resolve to prove his superiority. When Primogenitor had thus entered the trap to prove the former's words as mere folly, the Fairy Slaying Sword fell from the gate atop the latter's head. However lotus flowers immediately appeared to negate all possible harm.

With no intention to destroy the trap until his other brothers had arrived, he exited and awaited their coming. Once Lao Tzu had arrived in a few moments, he would tell Primogenitor that if the Grand Master of Sky was to continue in his defiance the latter should be put before the Jade Emperor for trial.

In the next day, Lao Tzu arrived, and he explained the set of circumstances to Grand Master of Sky and advised him to withdraw. But Grand Master of Sky felt humiliated for been criticized. Thus he yelled at Lao Tzu and Primogenitor to come in the trap if they were able. Lao Tzu entered, but the sword and magic weapons could not impair Lao Tzu. Thus, Grand Master of Sky raised his sword to strike Lao Tzu, but Lao Tzu then intoned a spell, touched his cape, and three streams of wind gushed out and transformed into three fairies. The three entities aligned with Lao Tzu in the fight, so Grand Master of Sky could not resist their pressure over him.

Chapter 78

Three ways try the Fairy Immortal Trap

Even though the three fairies, transmuted from Lao Tzu's vital force, had physical form, they could not injury Grand Master of Sky. To overcome the Immortal-Slaying Trap, they needed four people with very potent magic arts, so Celestial Primogenitor of Kunlun Mountain and Lao Tzu called upon Buddha Candi and Taoist Jieyin from the west.

In addition, Primogenitor, wrote spells on his four eldest disciples' palms and instructed them that in the next day's battle, if they were to see flames, they should hastily hold the four magic swords and take them away from the trap.

The four Archpriests applied magic arts to protect themselves when they entered the trap. Each of them attacked from one direction. The magic swords of Grand Master of Sky could not damage the four Archpriests. Thus he was besieged and struck several times. After the four swords had been taken away by Primogenitor's four disciples, Grand Master of Sky knew the trap was broken through. He then fled out of it and headed for his temple to perform another powerful magic weapon.

When Xu Gai, the chief officer of the Pass Jiepai, sent a messenger to King Zhou urging for help, King Zhou became apprehensive. But Daji convinced King Zhou that the generals at the borders were making up fake reports in order to gain more financial support from the court. She impelled King Zhou to cut off the head of the messenger.

Jizi, a relative of King Zhou, went to caution him, but the king would not listen to him. Under this situation Xu Gai intended to surrender, but his deputy generals firmly requested to persist in they fight. Then Thunder-quaker killed one of the two deputy generals.

Chapter 79

Four generals in Captivity at Chuanyun Pass

The following day, after his second deputy general was killed, Xu Gai at last resolved to surrender. However a monk called Fajie came to see him and said he had come to revenge his disciple Pen Zhun.

Fajie tried his Soul-snatching Banner to capture Thunder-quaker, but when he waved it on Nezha. Nezha not only was not affected but also he struck the back of Fajie.

The next day Zheng Lun, Earth Traveler Sun and Yang Bliss attacked Fajie. Zheng Lun applied his white flash from his nostrils to strike Fajie before he could use his banner. They captured Fajie, but when the soldier was to cut down his head, the Buddha Candi came to take him back to the west.

Ziya moved his troops to Chuanyun Pass, which was guarded by Xu Fang, Xu Gai's brother. Xu Gai went to persuade Xu Fang to surrender but Xu Fang imprisoned him. Dragon Anji, Xu Fang's assistant, had a pair of magic circles which could make noise to confuse the enemy and then bind his hands. Because Feihu was captured on the first day, Nezha asked Ziya to let him fight with Dragon Anji.

Chapter 80

Collapse of the Pestilence Trap

Nezha was insusceptible to the magic noise. He struck the head of the dragon and killed him.

In the meantime while Xu Fang was distressing that no one could repel Ziya, a Taoist arrived, he was Lu Yue. When Ziya's followers saw Lu Yue, they all clenched their teeth, because Lu Yue had caused them to suffer a great deal. They attacked Lu from different directions and wounded him badly. After several days Lu's friend Chen Geng came to join him. They had trained a deployment called Plague Trap.

Ziya remembered the poem that Primogenitor had written for him. A line in the poem was "*At the Chuanyun Pass, you will suffer from Plague Trap.*" He was very apprehensive. Master Cloud Dweller came to take Ziya's place for one hundred days. Lu Yue and Chen Geng arranged twenty one plague umbrellas in the trap and asked Ziya to attack. Master Cloud Dweller put spells on Ziya's back, chest and cape, then put a pill in his pocket. After Ziya came in, Lu Yue deployed the Plague Trap. While he became unconscious, a black mist surrounded him and black sands fell and covered him. Every day, Lu Yue intoned spells and spread sands on him.

Lu Yue recommended that Xu Fang send Feihu and the other three captured generals to King Zhou. Fang Yizhen was the one chosen as chaperon. Yang Ren was sent down with his freshly completed magic fan called Five-spiritual-fire Fan. He met Fang Yizhen and, with just one fan, Fang was burnt into ashes and blown away.

Yang released Feihu and the others. He told them to stay within the pass until came help at some time. Then he went to see King Wu and Master Cloud Dweller.

Chapter 81

Chickenpox Spirit at Tongguan Pass

Yang Ren entered into the Plague Trap with his spiritual fan. In the occasion Lu Yue tossed the umbrella at Yang, Yang fanned several times, and all the umbrellas were gone. When Lu Yue waved his sword at Yang, Yang fanned another several times and Lu and all his altars were burnt into ashes and were blown away.

When Ziya was released and his life restored, he propelled a final attack. Yellow Flying Tiger and the other generals inside the pass slaughtered the guards and opened the gate and the pass was taken over by Ziya's troops.

After the conquest, Ziya's troops marched toward Tongguan Pass, which was under the commander of Yu Hualong and his five sons. The first battle was savage as were five pairs fighting against a multitude. Yu Hualong was bitten by Yang Bliss's dog, and his sons Yu De and Yu Xian were wounded by Nezha. That night, Yu De took out five cloth coverings in five colors and five pecks to give one to each of his brothers.

After midnight, Yu De told his four brothers to stand on the wrapper and hold the peck. As he chanted the spell, the five men were lifted to fly in the air. Then they spread the poison in the peck to every well and water source.

The next day all the soldiers and generals had chicken pox on their body. Three days later, they all were lying in bed. Nezha and Yang were the only two not affected. Yang flew to Shen Nong, who gave him three pills and one plant. Yang used the pills to save the people and gave the plant to them to cultivate.

Chapter 82

At the Ten Thousand Immortal Trap

Yu Hualong and his five sons were very confident with their magic. Every day they drank, waiting for the death of Ziya and his soldiers. But on the eighth day, when Yu's eldest son Yu Guang went out to check, he saw that the camps of Ziya were just like before.

Thus Yu Hualong led his sons to attack. But during the brutal battle his five sons were killed and he committed suicide. Ziya and his generals took over the Tongguan Pass.

Ziya assigned his generals to encamp at Tongguan Pass to safeguard King Wu. He and his adherents moved ahead to meet the Myriad Immortals Trap. Lao Tzu, Primogenitor and the twelve disciples all came to encounter Ziya. When Lao Tzu and Primogenitor met Grand Master of Sky in front of the trap, they advised Grand Master of Sky to surrender. But Grand Master of Sky had a deep bitterness against them, so he would not listen.

Master Grand Completion took the first combat with Wuyunxian. When Wuyunxian threw his hammer to strike Master Grand Completion, Grand Completion was hurt and ran westward. Grand Master of Sky commanded Wuyunxian to capture Grand Completion, dead or alive.

When Wuyunxian had almost reached Grand Completion, the Buddha Candi appeared and advised Wuyunxian to become a Buddhist disciple. But Wuyunxian refused, and then Candi called a neophyte to bring a magic bamboo pole.

Chapter 83

Subjugation of the Lion, Elephant, and Jaguar

The bamboo pole was a Buddhist magic weapon. It emitted a flash which was able of encasing Wuyunxian so that he could not run away but had to exhibit his genuine archetype form, a huge sea-tortoise. The neophyte jumped on to its back and took it to the Eight Virtues Lake —Bade chi.

When Master of Outstanding Culture entered the Eight Diagrams Map of Lao Tze¹³, his Pangu Banner protected him from injury. When Qiushouxian came to counterattack, Master of Outstanding Culture used a magic rope to bond him and bring him to see Primogenitor. At that time the Immortal of the South Pole intoned a spell, and Qiushouxian changed into his original form, a green-haired lion. Then Primogenitor granted it to Master of Outstanding Culture as his horse.

Lingyaxian was the next one to make a challenge. But Universal Virtue revealed his true form —dharmakaya¹⁴— to subdue him. When Lingyaxian was overpowered, he became pressed backwards to his original form, a white elephant, which Lao Tzu gave to Universal Virtue to ride. Next was Jinguangxian who was subdued by Cihang. Jinguangxian was a golden-hair leopard which Cihang took for a horse.

The Turtle Spirit Divine Mother fought with Krakucchanda. When Krakucchanda was defeated severely by her, Jieyin came to block her and advise her to go to the west. But the Turtle spirit refused to go and struck Jieyin.

When the divine Turtle was finally subdued, she changed into a huge turtle. When the novice came to take her to the west, he unintentionally opened a bag and spiritual mosquitoes flew out to suck the turtle. In a very short time, the turtle was dead. But that was a predestinated occurrence, over which Lao Tzu gave orders to his disciples to enter the Myriad Immortals Trap. Thus each one faced his or her own fate, which was to kill or to be killed.

Grand Master of Sky convoked all his followers to form a deployment. These were twenty eight spirits which formed the twenty eight constellation spirits. In the battle that ensued, Hong Jin and Princess Dragon Ji were slaughtered.

13. The map also is entitled "*Tai Ji Painting*," as a reference to Tai Ji, mother of Wu.

14. Sanskrit: *body-carrier*.

Chapter 84

Occupation of Lintong Pass

Grand Master of Sky was enraged at Lao Tzu and Primogenitor. He ordered his followers to attack them. The battle was ferocious and bloody. All the spirits, demons or immortals whose names were on the Investiture Roster were slayed.

Thus Grand Master of Sky called Dingguangxian to bring the Six Souls Banner, but Dingguangxian fled to beneath the altar. Without his magic banner, Grand Master of Sky became desolate, lost his confidence and intended to escape. Lao Tzu and Primogenitor wounded him but did not kill him. Ziya's troops already had achieved a thorough victory.

When Lao Tzu, Primogenitor and all immortals returned to the altar, Dingguangxian came out and delivered the Six Soul Banner to Lao Tzu. Lao Tzu ordered him to remove the names of Ziya and King Wu, and then to wave the banner on him and the other three archpriests. Thus when the banner was waved, it did not harm Lao Tzu and the others whatsoever.

Later when Grand Master of Sky and his surviving followers were resting, the Chief archpriest, Hongjun, who was the master of Lao Tzu, Primogenitor and Grand Master of Sky, appeared. Hongjun rebuked Grand Master of Sky for transgressing the agreement and next also scolded Lao Tzu and Primogenitor for causing unnecessary butchery just because of their wrath and bitterness.

Hongjun ordered Grand Master of Sky to summon Lao Tzu and Primogenitor. Lao Tzu and Primogenitor rapidly went over and bowed down. Hongjun told the three archpriests that he had come to mediate their disagreements. He lectured them a lesson and gave a pill to each of them. After they ate the pills, Hongjun revealed to them that they had just ingested venomous herbs. If ever any one of them should have any intention of attacking the other, he would die from the poison, but if they retained peace, the pills would be innocuous. With all the matters discoursed, Hongjun and the other archpriests departed.

For future advantage, Lu Ya presented his magic flying blade to Ziya. While Primogenitor was flying back to his cave, his crane-spirit saw Shen Gongbao who was fleeing in front of them. Primogenitor held Shen and ordered the heron spirit to tie Shen and stuff him into the hole at the bottom of the North Sea.

Ziya led his troops to the Lintong Pass. There specifically the four generals Ouyang Chun, Bian Jinlong, Gui Tianlu, and Gongsun Duo were guarding the pass. The generals had committed to fight until the last one. If they could not win, they would defend the city and wait for help.

However as soon as the first day, Bian Jinlong was slayed by Yellow Flying Tiger. Thus his son Bian Ji counter measured a Ten-thousand Skeletons Banner before the gate. If his rivals hunted him and passed under it, they would lose their consciousness. So Bian Ji employed it and captured Nangong Kuo, Yellow Flying Tiger, Huang Ming and Thunder-quaker. But Nezha was not affected by it and was able to strike Bian.

Chapter 85

Betrayal of two Dukes

With the injury of Bian Ji, Ouyang Chun directed a messenger to King Zhou asking for assistance. King Zhou appointed the dukes Deng Kun and Rui Ji as commanders.

Earth Traveler Sun attempted to rescue the captured generals by Bian Ji, but when he approached the gate, he fell under a state of loss of consciousness and so was taken to the execution ground. But as soon the soldiers put him on the ground he managed to escape.

When Ouyang Chun reported to Deng and Rui that he had captured Yellow Flying Tiger and others, Deng at once intended to rescue the life of Yellow Flying Tiger, since Yellow Flying Tiger was his relative. Deng conceived a plan to join King Wu while at the same time the Rui's mind was cogitating of surrendering to Ziya. Thus that night they both intended to talk each other out.

Thus during the night, after several drinks, they at last expressed their deep thoughts to each other. Suddenly, while they were talking, Earth Traveler Sun projected out his head from the ground. Sun suggested to the two to write a message to King Wu and Ziya.

The next day, Deng and Rui just pretended to go out for battle. When they sighted the skeleton banner, they ordered Bian Ji to remove it, saying that it looked ugly. Obediently Bian wrote three charms for them so that they could pass under it safely.

Then Deng and Rui forwarded the sorcerous device to Earth Traveler Sun, who carried it to Ziya. Imitating its design, Ziya made copies of the magical trap and distributed them to all his followers and generals.

Chapter 86

Five mountain spirits return to Sky

With the witchery in their hair, Ziya's generals crushed Bian Ji and chased him under the banner.

Bian fled into the city and closed the gate. Deng and Rui staged a criticism over Bian Ji for him letting the Zhou troops to approach the city. Before Bian could argue, they executed him. They also killed Ouyang Chun because he would not betray Zhou or surrender to Ziya.

Once they had pacified the people in the city, Ziya resumed his incursion. Near the White Orile Forest of Lintong Pass, the troops of Ziya reached Mianchi Country, which was located at the opposite side of the capital Morning Song, separated by a river. The shielding general of Mianchi was Zhang Kui whose wife was Gao Lanying. Zhang Kui had a Black-Mist Unicorn as a mount, which could gallop like the wind. Zhang Kui by means of it had been able of killing two brothers of King Wu.

The following day, Chong Heihu, with his generals Wen Pin, Chui Ying, and Jiang Xiong arrived at Mianchi. King Wu went out to welcome them. While they were talking, Zhang Kui shouted a challenge to the camp, and they, with Yellow Flying Tiger, rushed out to confront him. Chong Heihu planned to allure Zhang Kui to chase him, so that he could release his spirit-crows to kill him. Thus all five of them, pretending to be withdrawing, galloped back. However the unicorn of Zhang ran extremely fast. Zhang caught Wen Pin and Chong Heihu and chopped them into two pieces. And Gao, the wife of Zhang, shot her spirit-needles into the eyes of the others, which allowed Zhang to gallop over and finish them too. Five chief invaders were slaughtered.

At certain moment Yang Bliss went out to face Zhang. Yang Bliss pretending to be weaker than Zhang, allowed that Zhang seized him and carried him to Zhang's ground. Put to immediate extermination, the executioner beheaded Yang. However a groom reported to Zhang that at the same moment, instead Yang had disappeared and was his unicorn's head which had suddenly dropped down and the mount had died. Zhang became furious. This time he rode a horse and captured Yang again.

Once more Yang was put to execution, but before, as a preventive measure, his wife Gao ordered soldiers to take chicken blood and dung to dump over that head of Yang. Additionally, she drew a spell to put in Yang's hair and then ordered soldiers to cut off his head. When the head of Yang apparently fell to the ground, a maid reported to Zhang that suddenly dung had fallen down on his mother and that her head had fallen off. Then Zhang became so depressed that he lost all sense of cautiousness.

Chapter 87

Earth traveler Sun and his wife

The hate of Zhang at Yang Bliss now was boiling out. Without any preparation he left out to challenge Yang to fight. It was the opportunity to Nezha, who reached him and used his Nine-dragon Fire Shade to wrap Zhang and burn him. However, Zhang owned the ability for travelling underground into the earth, and so he escaped out of the shade. As a result of the death of his mother, the mind of Zhang Kui remained in a state of confusion, but his wife oriented him to travel through the inner earth to the camp of Ziya and kill King Wu. Zhang became very satisfied with the plan.

Nevertheless, that night, Yang Ren was in charge over making the security of the camp and Yang Ren had three eyes, one of which could see through the earth. Thus, by his eye, Yang Ren traced Zhang and kept spying on him and reporting to Ziya. Thus Zhang did not have an opportunity to get near to King Wu.

When Earth Traveler Sun convoyed the supplies back to camp, he was communicated of the death of his friend Yellow Flying Tiger. Thus in that night Sun took the moment to go out to avenge at Zhang. Although Earth Traveler Sun was a dwarf, he stroke the leg of Zhang so much that Zhang could not chase him. Hence, Zhang entered into the earth and retreat away. Sun implemented the same magic to pursue Zhang, but he was not as fast as Zhang, so he failed to chase him. Thus, to be able of trapping Zhang Kui, first Sun took a route to meet his master Krakucchanda, who could teach him how to transform earth substance into iron. But Zhang used his magic cunning and learned of Sun's plan and his route to his master. So, Zhang travelled into the earth and ambushed Earth Traveler Sun at Fierce Beast Cliff, where he sliced off his head.

When Deng Chanyu saw her husband's head hanging from a pole, she could not avoid to go and challenge Zhang Kui's wife Gao Lanying to a battle. But Gao Lanying fired her needles to hurt Deng's eyes and killed her.

Meanwhile Ziya commanded his army to lay siege to the city and strike from four directions, but after two days and two nights, there was not successful, so Ziya ordered the soldiers to retreat for a period.

From that time Zhang Kui sent a messenger to Morning Song asking for reinforcements. King Zhou issued an edict to recruit people having the ability necessary to serve the court. Then three men, who were actually sprites from a nearby mountain, presented themselves to the royal house. They were Yuan Hong, —a monkey sprite, Wu Dragon —a centipede-dragon sprite, and Chang Hao —a snake sprite. King Zhou designated them as chief commanders. Yuan Hong then led the armies to encamp at Meng Ford.

Chapter 88

A White Fish from the Yellow River to the Dragon boat

Zhang Kui became frustrated when he knew that Chang Hao had marched his troops to Meng Ford. Thus Gao, his wife, proposed that they should just stay within the city defending it resolutely, and so not go outside to open fight. Gao wondered that in the case of Ziya's troop running short of supplies, their only option would be a withdrawal.

Meanwhile Krakucchanda,¹⁵ the master of Earth Traveler Sun, sent a messenger bringing an incantation and a letter to Ziya, explaining to him how to use the spell and how to trap Zhang Kui and take the city. Thus in the following day, Ziya and King Wu trotted strong horses to look around the city. When Zhang saw them scouting in the surroundings, he dashed out the gate to hunt King Wu. Nezha and Thunder-quaker waited until Zhang had galloped far away, and then flew into the city to kill Gao Lanying, and opened the gate. Then, Ziya's troop attacked. At that time, Nezha returned flying to rescue King Wu from Zhang.

When Zhang Kui realized that he could not win, he ran for reinforcements diving into the earth and returning to the city. When he perceived that the city had been taken, he decided to rush to Meng Ford to confront Chang Hao. But Yang Ren used his eyes to track down Zhang's route and directed Yang Bliss and Wei Hu to follow Zhang.

When Zhang reached the bank of the Yellow River, Yang was waiting there, and burning the enchantment. Without any warning the earth became iron hard and Zhang could not move at all through it. That being so he had to come out and try to escape on the ground. But when his head just projected out of the earth, the club of Wei Hu fell down on his head smashing down it.

In the aftermath, Ziya bought boats from some anglers to cross the Yellow River. With the King Wu's boat already in the middle of the river, a white fish jumped into the boat. King Wu wanted to return the fish to the water but Ziya explained to him that this was an auspicious omen pointing out —someone from the boat— that the Zhou lineage would be established as the ruling family. Then Ziya provided to himself to first step down the boat and then went tell ahead all the feudal lords not to address King Wu as king. But when still some feudal lords wanted to set up a new king, Ziya without delay dodged the subject of conversation in order to avoid any suspicion of King Wu.

15. In some accounts the master of Earth Traveler Sun is called **Ju Liusun**.

Chapter 89

Cutting open the Bellies of Pregnant Women

Then Yao Shuliang and Peng Zushou arrived to face a battle with Chang Hao and Dragon Wu. During the fight, Chang and Wu shift-shaped to their original forms, respectively a huge snake and a centipede dragon, to gush out venomous air to kill the challengers. Also Nezha and Yang Bliss, using their magic weapons, tried to slay them, but just failed.

Yuan Hong sent a messenger to inform to King Zhou the preliminary success. News of this success prompted King Zhou to celebrate. King Zhou ordered Fei Lian to bring his reward. During the banquet of celebration, Daji bragged to King Zhou about her divination abilities. As he and Daji stood in their tower, they saw an old man and a young man fording a small river in bare feet. The old man seemed unconcerned to the cold water and walked fast, while the young man vacillated under the fear of cold water. King Zhou consulted Daji about the different behaviors and Daji told that the old man was born when his parents were young, so his bone marrow was well formed. She claimed that to the case of the young man, for him having been born to aged parents, resulted the opposite.

King Zhou ordered his guards to take the two men to the court and break their calves to check if it was so and indeed was entirely as Daji had alleged. Next Daji bragged also that she had learned magic arts, so she could predict the gender and position of a baby within a woman's womb. King Zhou again ordered the guards to bring in several pregnant women, to cut open their wombs and examine the sex of the babies. Daji had been accurate in all instances.

When King Zhou's relatives, Wei Zi and Jizi came to reproach King Zhou, the king felt offended and declassified Jizi to be a slave. Wei Zi took the ancestral tablets and fled the capital to become a recluse.

One day Gao Ming and Gao Jue, who were two people with ugly and disturbing appearance, came to look for Fei Lian. They claimed they intended to assist King Zhou to defeat Ziya. Fei Lian took them to see King Zhou, who designated them generals and sent them to Meng Ford.

Chapter 90

Subjugation of two Sprites

With the battle before then, Gao Ming and Gao Jue met Yuan Hong and the sprites promptly recognized each other. Yuan Hong knew that Gao Ming and Gao Jue were actually the peach spirit and the willow spirit. And the two Gao brothers realized that Yuan was the monkey sprite. They were satisfied to be together in the battle.

Throughout the fight, Nezha, Yang Bliss, and Yan Ren made use of their powerful magic weapons to strike the two Gao brothers and Yuan Hong, but none of the weapons proved effective against them. They just disappeared like the wind. Yang Bliss informed Ziya that the brothers Gaos had not seemed like other men. This way Ziya commanded the soldiers to prepare peach wood and blood in order to halt their witchcraft. But the following day, the two Gaos mocked at Ziya, saying that none of his traps would be operative against them. Ziya conceived that there were spies in the camp, but Yang Bliss did not share the idea. So, Yang flew to consult his master, the Immortal Jade Tripod.

Jade Tripod revealed to Yang that the brothers were a peach-scout spirit and a willow-scout spirit and that their roots extended to a temple, which transferred its soul to the two gate guards QianLiYan —thousand li eyes— and ShunFengEr (movable wind ears). That was why they could see things from a thousand li and hear Ziya's plans from far away. Jade Tripod recommended Yang Bliss to pluck their roots from earth and burn the statues, only then could they be defeated. Yang Bliss returned and wrote down the instructions on a piece of paper so that Ziya should follow. Ziya ordered soldiers to beat on thousands of gongs and use red cloth to build a wall. He then assigned each general a task.

With such measures Gao Ming and Gao Jue did not see or hear what was happening. A wind blew over the banner and Ziya using his magic calculation discovered that the Gaos and Yuan Hong had planned a night raid. As a result, he assigned a strategic position to each general, and still in that night, Ziya ascended the altar to put into effect his concealed trap.

Chapter 91

Fire attack on Mount Coiling Dragon

Nezha and Yang Bliss were waiting when the two Gaos tried to assault the camp of Ziya. As soon as the two sprites fell into the trap, they were slaughtered, but still Yuan Hong managed to slay Yang Ren.

Next Yang Bliss flew to consult Master Cloud Dweller, who lent him the Demon-reflecting Mirror. By means of the mirror, Yang could learn what kind of entities they were. Thus when during the battle Chang Hao shape-shifted into a white snake, Yang turned into a huge centipede dragon that cut the snake into two pieces. When Dragon Wu revealed his original form, a centipede dragon, Yang then shape-shifted into a giant rooster to peck Wu to death.

Wu Wenhua, a giant, appeared to assist Yuan Hong. During the hours of the daylight Wu Wenhua battled the Dragon Beard-Tiger. Beard-Tiger had a short height, thus Wu Wenhua could not reach him and ended wounded on his feet. But still in that evening Wu advanced into the camps of Ziya at last killing Dragon Beard-Tiger, and using his huge arrow and bow he also struck and killed many soldiers of Ziya. Yuan Hong too launched an attack, so Ziya's troops were severely devastated.

Yang Bliss remained alone to fight and take care of the storage of supplies. Thus he took a straw and blew it to transform it into a giant taller than Wu Wenhua, who became very frightened and fled back to his camp.

In the next day was reported to Ziya that their casualties numbered two hundred thousand. On top of that, thirty-four generals had been killed. The tributary Meng River was crammed with bodies. On the other side, King Zhou became exultant when he was informed about the events. Zhou fell even more in wine and sex. However, some generals in Yuan Hong's army were ashamed to see sprites serving in the army. Knowing that sprites augured the end of the dynasty, the generals under Yuan Hong began to look for ways out of the army.

Yang Bliss and Ziya planned to get rid of Wu Wenhua first. Gun powder, dry wood and charcoal they buried under the ground in a valley which had no exit and only one way to go in. Ziya and King Wu rode horses to lure Wu Wenhua to pursue them, and then they led him to that ravine.

Chapter 92

Subjugation of seven Sprites

Firstly Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo allowed King Wu and Ziya go through the pass as a bait. Next they ordered to the army roll logs and rocks down to block Wu Wenhua's way out of the ravine. As soon Wu chased them, he became trapped in the valley and then the soldiers ignited the fire scorching the giant Wu Wenhua to death.

A pig sprite shape-shifted as human arrived to join Yuan Hong, the monkey sprite. He was called Zhu Zizhen, who was also a monk. When Yang Bliss confronted Zhu Zizhen, Yang Bliss, suspecting the monk, took his Demon-Reflecting Mirror to see Zhu's original form, but then pig sprite promptly swallow Yang Bliss.

Later when Yuan Hong and the pig-monk Zhu Zizhen were having a banquet to celebrate the victory over Yang Bliss, another entity, came in. He was Yang Xian, a goat sprite in human form. But then Yang Bliss, who was within Zhu Zizhen's stomach, rebuked the pig for eating too many people, and gripped tightly and sharply his liver and heart. Zhu Zizhen, under extreme pain, pleaded for mercy. Yang demanded him to shape-shift to his original form and reveal himself to Ziya. Inflicted by the pangs Zhu Zizhen walked to Ziya. Once there at Ziya's camp, when Nangong Kuo saw the huge pig coming in, he promptly beheaded the sprite.

Then another entity joined Yuan Hong. This time he was a dog sprite called Dai Li. The three sprites raided out to revenge Zhu Zizhen's death, but Yang Bliss and Nezha killed the dog Dai Li and the goat Yang Xian.

Next, the ox sprite called Dasheng, who had slayed Zheng Lun in a battle, came to help Yuan Hong. Once Yang Bliss came to wrestle the ox sprite, Nu Wa appeared from the air to fasten the sprite. Her maid-attendant used a rope to tie Dasheng's nose and to beat on his back. Thus the sprite Dasheng shape-shifted back into a giant ox and Nu Wa delivered the ox to Yang Bliss, who brought it to Ziya to cut his head off.

That night, Ziya propelled an attack that smashed the defense of the monkey-sprite Yuan Hong. But Yuan Hong's fight resisted fiercely against Yang Bliss. All the time Yuan shape-shifted into something new. As counterpart Yang Bliss also shape-shifted into a rival of each form, so he stalled Yuan. Yuan withdrew to a mountain and convoked his little monkeys to help. Yang could not match the thousand monkeys, and only could scape using his magic. Nu Wa appeared up and delivered to Yang a map of the Mount-river Plum. Then she taught him the spell to make it to work. Thus as soon as Yang hanged the map on a tree, it changed into a mountain. Seeing the mountain, the seventh and final sprite, the monkey Yuan thought the mountain as any other and went to climb it up.

Chapter 93

Occupation of Youhun Pass

Within a short time after Yuan Hong rose up the mountain, his mind became obsessed by hallucinations. He returned into his monkey form without realizing the shape-shifting. Whatever he wondered in his mind would become solid before his eyes. When he saw what looked like a big, ripe peach on a tree, he ate the peach and went to rest on a stone. Promptly Yang dashed to the lethargic Yuan, who could not even stand up to fight. Yang bound him and brought him to Ziya.

Ziya commanded Yang to behead Yuan Hong. Thus Yang Bliss cut off Yuan's head, but then another head grew from his body. Yang repeatedly cut the monkey's head only to see it grow again. Then came to Ziya the remembrance of Lu Ya's flying blade which he removed from a gourd. That blade had two eyes radiating two flashes. With the blade fastened against Yuan's head, it was turned a few times around the head. Afterwards the Yuan's head finally was chopped down on the ground.

Jinzha and Muzha were assigned to get past Dou Rong, the local commander, and so take over Youhun Pass. Thus they masqueraded themselves as Taoist cultivators from Penglai Island offering their services to Dou Rong.

But Dou and his generals got suspicions on them even when they told Dou that their masters were killed by Ziya, and that they had come to revenge their masters' death and pacify the rebellion of Ziya.

As a result Jinzha and Muzha surfaced a plot. In the next day they staged the capture of one of generals of Ziya, which then brought the trust of Dou on them.

In the second fight, they along with the East Keeper, the Grand Duke Jiang Wenhuan, launched a raid that night. Taking the opportunity, Ziya's troops attacked the pass during the night. Thus Jinzha and Muzha opened the gate unsettling Dou Rong.

Chapter 94

The Siege of the Capital

As the fighting went into eruption, Dou Rong ended slayed. Breaking into the city, Muzha slaughtered the wife of Dou. Those still alive surrendered to the forces of Ziya.

Then Jiang Wenhuan, the Duke of the East, led his men to join Ziya. Ziya gathered all the allied troops and commanded a march toward Morning Song. The combined army of the four grand dukes numbered 1,600,000. It surrounded Morning Song and stretched out as far as the eye could see.

Meanwhile at the court, King Zhou was apprehensive. He inquired his generals and officials what measures they could perform then. They concluded that the best to do was to shield the capital as well as to enlist skilled men to fortify the army.

Three sworn brothers presented themselves to see King Zhou. King Zhou designated them as commanders, but in their first battle they were slaughtered. Next Yin Pobai offered himself to go to dialogue with Ziya, because he was acquainted with Ziya before the conflict, so he wondered that he could persuade him to halt the hostilities.

Thus Yin Pobai tried at length to convince Ziya to peacefully withdraw, but Ziya did not pay attention to him. Yin then became exasperated and started to reproach the conduct of Ziya. Seeing this Jiang Wenhuan raised his sword and chopped Yin Pobai into two pieces.

Chapter 95

The Ten Accusations

Yin Chengxiu, the son of Yin Pobai, hasted out from the city to take vengeance on his father's death, but ended killed by Jiang Wenhuan. The capital city was under a siege by the army of Ziya. However when his troops stormed from four gates, they failed since the strong defense firmly resisted their assault. Then the allies of Ziya came up with a plan to Ziya that so they could perform a spell to move in and open the gate. But Ziya did not intend to cause too many civilians killed, thus as an alternative he wrote many copies of an announcement inciting the residents of Morning Song to rebellion, and threw them into the city.

At midnight indeed the locals, persuaded by Ziya's announcements, opened the gate. At such event Ziya aroused from sleep and straightway commanded that only ten thousand soldiers should break in and that they must not kill the common people nor steal their possessions.

While King Zhou was drinking wine with Daji his guards arrived with the terrible news. The Chief Commander of the royal guards warned Zhou to be prepared to imminent fight since in other way they would be seized. King Zhou assembled the royal guard, but along the palace wall Ziya's troops were already had positioned. On his horse King Zhou rode to meet Ziya, who then told to King Zhou that because he was a despot, the Ziya's alliance had come to execute him on behalf of Sky. King Zhou questioned Ziya what faults he had caused. Ziya then alleged ten serious crimes proclaiming them as:

1. King Zhou was the most wicked king in the dynasty.
2. King Zhou killed his queen.
3. King Zhou attempted to kill the crown prince.
4. King Zhou killed many loyal ministers.
5. King Zhou assaulted the East and South Grand Dukes.
6. King Zhou allowed cruel tortures invented by Daji to be used on the innocent.
7. King Zhou depleted the national resources and wealth.
8. King Zhou was unchaste and killed Yellow Flying Tiger's wife in pursuit of his lust.
9. King Zhou cut off legs and cut open pregnant women for leisure.
10. King Zhou spent all his time in pleasure with Daji and Hu Ximei.

When King Zhou heard Ziya's accusations, he became exasperated. Then especially the Duke of the East, whose father and sister had been brutally assassinated by King Zhou, but also the feudal lords, called for the decapitation of King Zhou. Then they jumped in to fight at King Zhou.

King Wu seeing the scene, disapproved the vassals conflicting with their ruler, and so he directed Ziya to halt them. But Ziya tricked King Wu asking him to beat the drum. King Wu beat the drum unaware that the sound produced by him was a summoning which promoted the advance of the troops, and not a withdrawal as he thought. At the sound of the drum, all lords and soldiers dashed to fall upon King Zhou.

Chapter 96

Daji under Siege

With King Zhou under attack and already wounded in his back, Lu Renjie, Lei Kun and Lei Peng wrestled to rescue him from the assault, but the three defenders were all murdered. Nevertheless it was enough to King Zhou to flee back into the palace.

Meanwhile the two evil traitors, the officials Fei Lian and E Lai, sneaked into the core of the palace and stole the royal seal. They reckoned that presenting the seal to King Wu, who they regarded a benevolent person, doubtlessly would favor them and spare their lives.

Already in the palace King Zhou received consolation from his three favorite concubines, the sprites Daji, Hu Ximei, and Wang Guiren. They were telling him that they could square up to the distresses of King Zhou, since they had powerful magic skills, and so could fly out during the night and kill King Wu.

Ziya was confident and so did not expect any raid more from the enemy. However in that night the three sprites, Daji, Hu Ximei and Wang Guiren, promoted the chaos on his troops slaying many soldiers. But the sprites failed in their attempt to eliminate Ziya's forces and kill King Wu since the many followers of Ziya carried magic skills and these thwarted the three sprites.

Finally when the sprites returned to the palace and reported to King Zhou, he ordered them to flee for their own lives. Then alone, Zhou walked to the Star-Plucking Tower.

When the three sprites were then preparing to the flight, Ziya through his magic reckoning discovered their intentions. He ordered the three generals Yang Bliss, Wei Hu and Thunderbolt to capture them. The generals waited in the air until they saw the three sprites floating out of the palace to the sky. The generals chased after them but Nu Wa unexpectedly appeared to block the way of the three sprites.

Chapter 97

The King Burns

Using a magic rope Nu Wa bound the three sprites and delivered them to Yang Bliss.

Thus the three sprites were conveyed to the executional grounds. Ziya scolded them for eating the servants of the palace and for creating the plots to execute virtuous officials. Daji pleaded to Ziya saying that she was only an ordinary girl from the Su house, so she could not have persuaded King Zhou to perpetrate any evil acts. But Ziya, facing the feudal lords, described to them that she was not Su's daughter but a fox sprite.

Without delaying, the executioners cut off the heads of the Zither sprite and the Pearl Chicken Sprite. However Daji employed her bewitching and charming seduction at the executioner. He became so infatuated that he could not raise the sword. Two more other executioners came to the task but also failed. Thunder-quaker went to report the situation to Ziya who then cast his flying blade to behead Daji.

From the palace King Zhou witnessed when the execution fell upon them and felt sadness. Still on his way to the Star-plucking Tower, many ghosts came there to haunt Zhou but he just opened his eyes wide to terrify them instead, who ran away. When he reached at the Tower, he was dressed with the royal robe with pearls and jade covering it. Then King Zhou ordered the soldier Zhu Sheng to put on fire the Tower. When King Zhou was burnt to death, Zhu joined the king jumping into the fire to commit suicide.

As King Wu and the other feudal lords entered into the palace, Ziya promptly ordered to extinguish the fire.

Chapter 98

Jewels and Relief supplies distributed

King Wu granted clemency to the maids and servants of the palace, and thus he ordered his soldiers to not mistreat the palatial staff or spoil their personal belongings. However King Wu took the numerous jewels, jade and gems spread in Deer Tower of the palace, and distributed them to the feudal lords and relief to the subject people.

Ziya provided a due royal ceremony for a king's funeral when he ordered the burial of King Zhou. Then, to the presence of King Wu, was brought Wu Geng, the son of King Zhou, who by then was suffering the hostilities from the feudal lords, who in turn meant to execute Wu Geng. But King Wu frustrated their intentions granting a piece of land to Wu Geng, and so titling him as the Lord of Shang, which would succeed the Yin family lineage.

The feudal lords in unanimity expected King Wu to take the throne, however King Wu considered it not appropriate since he was originally a subordinate to the king deposed. Still Ziya reasoned to King Wu that for stabilizing the moment, King Wu could seat in the throne as a temporary king until, later and at last, appeared a sage man. Then King Wu could transfer definitely the throne to this coming wise man. King Wu accepted such condition.

After ten months in Morning Song, King Wu took the road of return to his home. However the Taoists, Bo Yi and Shu Qi, once again blocked King Wu's way, which was back to Xiqi. They cried and sang a song to mock King Wu. Later they refused to eat the granted millet of Zhou and starved to death.

Meanwhile taking the opportune moment the former Zhou officials, Fei Lian and E Lai, presented the royal seal to Ziya. Ziya was satisfied and bestowed positions to them.

As to Ziya himself, he had become the Prime Minister of King Wu. Having learned these news, the ex-wife of Ziya, lady Ma, felt so unsettled for what she had reacted to Ziya, that she committed suicide.

With all in stabilized places, Ziya went look for Primogenitor, so he flew to Kunlun Mountain.

Chapter 99

Deification of the Spirits

Archpriest Primogenitor told Jiang Ziya to return to the capital Morning Song and that he would send a decree to him later.

At last after the decree arrived, Ziya proceeded to Mount Qi, the Investiture Altar. There, to all the souls and spirits, he proclaimed the decree. He canonized three hundred and sixty five gods in eight departments. To each one of the gods was given a name and determined a position: ¹⁶

1. Bai Jian - God of Pure Happiness
2. Huang Tianhua - Bing Ling Gong - God of the Three Sacred Mountains
3. Huang Feihu - God of Taishan, the East Mountain
4. Chong Heihu - God of Hengshan, the South Mountain
5. Wen Ping - God of Songshan, the Middle Mountain
6. Cui Ying - God of Hengshan, the North Mountain
7. Jiang Xiong - God of Huashan, the West Mountain
8. Wen Zhong - Chief of the Thunder Gods
9. Dong Zhong - Thunder God
10. Xin Huan - Thunder God
11. Zhang Jie - Thunder God
12. Tao Rong - Thunder God
13. Pang Hong - Thunder God
14. Liu Fu - Thunder God
15. Gou Zhang - Thunder God
16. Bi Huan - Thunder God
17. Qin Wan - Thunder God
18. Zhao Jiang - Thunder God
19. Dong Quan - Thunder God
20. Yuan Jue - Thunder God
21. Li De - Thunder God
22. Sun Liang - Thunder God
23. Bai Li - Thunder God
24. Wang Bian - Thunder God
25. Yao Bin - Thunder God
26. Zhang Shao - Thunder God
27. Huang Gen - Thunder God
28. Jin Su - Thunder God
29. Ji Li - Thunder God
30. Yu Qing - Thunder God
31. Mother Golden Light (Goddess of Lightning) - Thunder God
32. Fair Lotus (Goddess of the Wind) - Thunder God
33. Luo Xuan - Chief of the Fire Gods

16. Although it was decreed 365 gods, the list presents only 337 names wherein some of these do not appear during the tale, whereas other characters from the tale are absent in it. Moreover in the list are named 71 Earthy stars and 35 Sky stars. All this suggests that the list may be a long after accretion to the original narration.

34. Zhu Zhao - Fire God
35. Gao Zheng - Fire God
36. Fang Gui - Fire God
37. Wang Jiao - Fire God
38. Liu Huan - Fire God
39. Lu Yue - Chief of the Plague Gods
40. Zhou Xin - God of Plague in the East
41. Li Qi - God of Plague in the South
42. Zhu Tianlin - God of Plague in the West
43. Yang Wenhui - God of Plague in the North
44. Chen Geng - Grand Instructor for Goodness
45. Li Ping - God of Destroying the Plague
46. Mother Golden Spirit - Honorable Goddess of the North Pole Dippers
47. Su Hu - God of the Eastern Constellations
48. Jin Kui - God of the Eastern Constellations
49. Zhao Bing - God of the Eastern Constellations
50. Ji Shuming - God of the Eastern Constellations
51. Huang Tianlu - God of the Western Constellations
52. Long Huan - God of the Western Constellations
53. Sun Ziyu - God of the Western Constellations
54. Hu Sheng - God of the Western Constellations
55. Hu Yunpeng - God of the Western Constellations
56. Lu Renjie - God of the Central Constellations
57. Chao Lei - God of the Central Constellations
58. Ji Shusheng - God of the Central Constellations
59. Bo Yikao - God of the North Pole
60. Zhou Ji - God of the Southern Constellations
61. Hu Lei - God of the Southern Constellations
62. Gao Gui - God of the Southern Constellations
63. Yu Cheng - God of the Southern Constellations
64. Sun Bao - God of the Southern Constellations
65. Lei Kun - God of the Southern Constellations
66. Huang Tianxiang - God of the Northern Constellations
67. Bi Gan (God of Culture) - God of the Northern Constellations
68. Dou Rong (God of Military Affairs) - God of the Northern Constellations
69. Han Sheng - God of the Northern Constellations
70. Han Bian - God of the Northern Constellations
71. Su Quanzhong - God of the Northern Constellations
72. E Shun - God of the Northern Constellations
73. Guo Cheng - God of the Northern Constellations
74. Dong Zhong - God of the Northern Constellations
75. Deng Jiugong - God of the Green Dragon Star
76. Yin Chengxiu - God of the White Tiger Star
77. Ma Fang - God of the Red Sparrow Star
78. Xu Kun - God of the Mysterious Martial Star
79. Lei Peng God of the Gone-with-the-Old Star
80. Zhang Shan - God of the Snake Star
81. Xu Gai - God of the Solar Star
82. Queen Jiang - Goddess of the Lunar Star
83. Shang Rong - God of the Jade Hall Star
84. Ji Shuqian - God of the Heavenly Precious Star

85. Hong Jin - God of the Dragon Virtue Star
86. Princess Long Ji - Goddess of the Red Phoenix Star
87. King Zhou - God of the Heavenly Happy Star
88. Mei Bo - God of the Heavenly Virtue Star
89. Xia Zhao - God of the Lunar Virtue Star
90. Zhao Qi - God of the Heavenly Amnesty Star
91. Lady Jia - Goddess of the Upright Behavior Star
92. Xiao Zheng - God of the Metal Mansion Star
93. Deng Hua - God of the Wooden Mansion Star
94. Yu Yuan - God of the Water Mansion Star
95. Mother Fiery Spirit - God of the Fire Mansion Star
96. Earth Traveler Sun - God of the Earth Mansion Star
97. Deng Chanyu - Goddess of the Six Combinations Star
98. Du Yuanxian - God of the Doctorate Star
99. Wu Wenhua - God of the Power Star
100. Jiao Ge - God of the Admonishment Star
101. Huang Feibiao - God of the River Leading Star
102. Madam Chedi - Goddess of the Moon Leading Star
103. Jiang Huanchu - God of the Imperial Coach Star
104. Huang Feibao - God of the Heavenly Inheritance Star
105. Ding Ce - God of the Imperial Chariot Star
106. E Chongyu - God of the Heavenly Horse Star
107. Li Jin - God of the Imperial Grade Star
108. Qian Bao - God of the Heavenly Medical Star
109. Concubine Huang - Goddess of the Earthly Queen Star
110. Ji Shude - God of the Domestic Dragon Star
111. Huang Ming - God of the Dragon Taming Star
112. Lei Kai - God of the Station Horse Star
113. Wei Ben - God of the Yellow Pennant Star
114. Wu Qian - God of the Leopard Tail Star
115. Zhang Guifang - God of the Mourning House Star
116. Feng Lin - God of the Lamenting Visitor Star
117. Fei Zhong - God of the Pulling-Twisting Star
118. You Hun - God of the Rolled Tongue Star
119. Peng Zun - God of the Throat Control Star
120. Wang Bao - God of the City Planning Star
121. Ji Shukun - God of the Flying Curtain Star
122. Chong Houhu - God of the Great Spending Star
123. Yin Pobai - God of the Minor Spending Star
124. Qiu Yin - God of the Linked String Star
125. Long Anji - God of the Railing Star
126. Tai Luan - God of the Head Spreading Star
127. Deng Xiu - God of the Five Devils Star
128. Zhao Sheng - God of the Goat Cutlass Star
129. Sun Yanhong - God of the Bloody Light Star
130. Fang Yizhen - God of the Official Seal Star
131. Yu Hua - God of the Single Morning Star
132. Ji Kang - God of the Heavenly Dog Star
133. Wang Zuo - God of the Sickness Spell Star
134. Zhang Feng - God of the Bone Boring Star
135. Bin Jinlong - God of the Death Spell Star

136. Bai Zianshong - God of the Heavenly Defeat Star
137. Zheng Chun - God of the Floating-Submerging Star
138. Bian Ji - God of the Heavenly Slaying Star
139. Chen Geng - God of the Yearly Killing Star
140. Xu Fang - God of the Yearly Punishment Star
141. Chao Tian - God of the Yearly Breaking Star
142. Ji Shuyi - God of the Lonely Fire Star
143. Ouyang Chun - God of the Lost Spirit Star
144. Wang Hu - God of the Monthly Breaking Star
145. Lady Rock - Goddess of the Monthly Touring Star
146. Chen Jizhen - God of the Dead Air Star
147. Xu Zhong - God of the Salty Pond Star
148. Yao Zhong - God of the Monthly Disgusted Star
149. Chen Wu - God of the Monthly Punishment Star
150. Gao Jineng - God of the Black Killing Star
151. Zhang Kui - God of the Seven Murders Star
152. Yin Hong - God of the Five Grains Star
153. Yu Zhong - God of the Avoiding Murder Star
154. Ouyang Tianlu - God of the Heavenly Punishment Star
155. Chen Tong - God of the Heavenly Net Star
156. Ji Shuji - God of the Earthly Net Star
157. Mei Wu - God of the Heavenly Space Star
158. Ao Bing - God of the Parasol Star
159. Zhou Xin - God of the Ten Evils Star
160. Huang Yuanji - Goddess of the Silkworm Breeding Star
161. Gao Lanying - Goddess of the Peach Blossom Star
162. Lady Ma - Goddess of the Broom Star
163. Li Gen - God of the Great Calamity Star
164. Han Rong - God of the Scattering About Star
165. Lin Shan - God of the Mourning Dress Star
166. Dragon Beard Tiger - God of the Nine Ugliness Star
167. Sa Jian - God of the Three Corpse Stars
168. Sa Qiang - God of the Three Corpse Stars
169. Sa Yong - God of the Three Corpse Stars
170. Jin Cheng - God of the Yin Mistake Star
171. Ma Chenglong - God of the Yang Error Star
172. Gongsun Duo - God of the Cutlass Slaying Star
173. Yuan Hong - God of the Four Waste Star
174. Sun He - God of the Five Poverties Star
175. Mei De - God of the Earthly Space Empty Star
176. Concubine Yang - Goddess of the Red Lovely Star
177. Hou Taiyi - God of the Danger Moon Swallow Constellation
178. Su Yuan - God of the Moon Fox Constellation
179. Xue Ding - God of the Moon Deer Constellation
180. Gao Yan - God of the Heavenly Leading Star
181. Huang Zhen - God of the Heavenly Gallant Star
182. Lu Chang - God of the Heavenly Planning Star
183. Ji Bing - God of the Heavenly Leisure Star
184. Yao Gongxiao - God of the Heavenly Courageous Star
185. Shi Kuai - God of the Heavenly Heroic Star
186. Sun Yi - God of the Heavenly Fierce Star

187. Li Bao - God of the Heavenly Mighty Star
188. Zhu Yi - God of the Heavenly Courageous Star
189. Chen Kan - God of the Heavenly Honorable Star
190. Li Xian - God of the Heavenly Rich Star
191. Fang Bao - God of the Heavenly Full Star
192. Zhang Xiu - God of the Heavenly Lonely Star
193. Li Hongren - God of the Heavenly Injured Star
194. Wang Longmao - God of the Heavenly Mystic Star
195. Deng Yu - God of the Heavenly Healthy Star
196. Li Xin - God of the Heavenly Dark Star
197. Xu Zhengdao - God of the Heavenly Safety Star
198. Dian Tong - God of the Heavenly Empty Star
199. Wu Xu - God of the Heavenly Swift Star
200. Ren Laiping - God of the Heavenly Different Star
201. Gong Qing - God of the Heavenly Demon Star
202. Shan Baizhao - God of the Heavenly Minute Star
203. Gao Ke - God of the Heavenly Retreating Star
204. Qi Chen - God of the Heavenly Longevity Star
205. Wang Hu - God of the Heavenly Sword Star
206. Bo Tong - God of the Heavenly Level Star
207. Yao Gong - God of the Heavenly Criminal Star
208. Tang Tianzheng - God of the Heavenly Damage Star
209. She Li - God of the Heavenly Defeat Star
210. Wen Jie - God of the Heavenly Imprisonment Star
211. Zhang Zhixiong - God of the Heavenly Clever Star
212. Bi De - God of the Heavenly Violent Star
213. Liu Da - God of the Heavenly Weeping Star
214. Chen Sanyi - God of the Heavenly Skillful Star
215. Chen Jizheng - God of the Earthly Leading Star
216. Huang Jingyuan - God of the Earthly Evil Star
217. Jia Cheng - God of the Earthly Courageous Star
218. Hu Baiyan - God of the Earthly Heroic Star
219. Lu Xiude - God of the Earthly Gallant Star
220. Sun Xiang - God of the Earthly Mighty Star
221. Wang Ping - God of the Earthly Strange Star
222. Bai Youhuan - God of the Earthly Fierce Star
223. Ge Gao - God of the Earthly Literature Star
224. Kao Ge - God of the Earthly Upright Star
225. Li Sui - God of the Earthly Secluded Star
226. Liu Hen - God of the Earthly Closing Star
227. Xia Xiang - God of the Earthly Strong Star
228. Yu Hui - God of the Earthly Dark Star
229. Bao Long - God of the Earthly Helping Star
230. Lu Zhi - God of the Earthly Gathering Star
231. Huang Bingqing - God of the Earthly Assisting Star
232. Zhang Qi - God of the Earthly Safety Star
233. Guo Yi - God of the Earthly Spirit Star
234. Jin Nandao - God of the Earthly Beast Star
235. Chen Yuan - God of the Earthly Minute Star
236. Che Kun - God of the Earthly Clever Star
237. Shang Chengdao - God of the Earthly Violent Star

238. Zhou Geng - God of the Earthly Silent Star
239. Qi Gong - God of the Earthly Mad Star
240. Huo Zhiyuan - God of the Earthly Rampant Star
241. Ye Zhong - God of the Earthly Flying Star
242. Gu Zong - God of the Earthly Walking Star
243. Li Chang - God of the Earthly Skillful Star
244. Fang Ji - God of the Earthly Bright Star
245. Xu Ji - God of the Earthly Progressive Star
246. Fan Huan - God of the Earthly Retreating Star
247. Zhuo Gong - God of the Earthly Full star
248. Kong Cheng - God of the Earthly Successful Star
249. Yao Jinxiu - God of the Earthly Round Star
250. Ning Sanyi - God of the Earthly Disappearing Star
251. Yu Zhi - God of the Earthly Different Star
252. Tong Zhen - God of the Theory Star
253. Yuan Dingxian - God of the Earthly Gallant Star
254. Wang Xiang - God of the Earthly Happy Star
255. Geng Yan - God of the Earthly Adroit Star
256. Xing Sanluan - God of the Earthly Swift Star
257. Jiang Zhong - God of the Earthly Suppressing Star
258. Kong Tianzhao - God of the Earthly Detaining Star
259. Li Yao - God of the Earthly Devil Star
260. Gong Qian - God of the Earthly Sprite Star
261. Duan Qing - God of the Earthly Tranquil Star
262. Men Daozheng - God of the Earthly Submitting Star
263. Zu Lin - God of the Earthly Secluded Star
264. Xiao Dian - God of the Earthly Space Star
265. Wu Siyu - God of the Earthly Lonely Star
266. Kuang Yu - God of the Earthly Complete Star
267. Cai Gong - God of the Earthly Short Star
268. Lan Hu - God of the Earthly Corner Star
269. Song Lu - God of the Earthly Imprisonment Star
270. Guan Bin - God of the Earthly Treasure Star
271. Long Cheng - God of the Earthly Level Star
272. Huang Wu - God of the Earthly Damage Star
273. Kong Daoling - God of the Earthly Slave Star
274. Zhang Huan - God of the Earthly Examining Star
275. Li Xin - God of the Earthly Wicked Star
276. Xu Shan - God of the Earthly Soul Star
277. Ge Fang - God of the Earthly Counting Star
278. Jiao Long - God of the Earthly Punishment Star
279. Qin Xiang - God of the Earthly Torture Star
280. Wu Yangong - God of the Earthly Strong Star
281. Fan Bin - God of the Earthly Inefficient Star
282. Ye Jingchang - God of the Earthly Healthy Star
283. Yao Ye - God of the Earthly Spending Star
284. Sun Ji - God of the Earthly Theft Star
285. Cheng Menggeng - God of the Earthly Dog Star
286. Chong Yingbiao - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
287. Gao Ping - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
288. Han Peng - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars

289. Li Ji - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
290. Wang Feng - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
291. Liu Jin - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
292. Wang Chu - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
293. Peng Jiuyuan - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
294. Li Sanyi - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
295. Lu Xiong - God of the Water Virtue Star
296. Yang Zhen - God of the Water Leopard Star
297. Fang Jiqing - God of the Water Beaver Star
298. Sun Xiang - God of the Water Ape Star
299. Hu Daoyuan - God of the Water Earthworm Star
300. Yin Jiao - God of the Year
301. Yang Ren - God of the Sixty-Year Cycle
302. Wen Liang - God on Day Patrol
303. Qiao Kuan - God On Night Patrol
304. Han Dulong - God for Increasing Happiness
305. Xue Ehu - God for Decreasing Happiness
306. Fang Bi - God of Doctrine Preaching
307. Fang Xiang - God of the Vanguard
308. Li Bing - God on Yearly Duty
309. Huang Chengyi - God on Monthly Duty
310. Zhou Deng - God on Daily Duty
311. Liu Hong - God on Hourly Duty
312. Wang Mo - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
313. Yang Sen - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
314. Gao Youqian - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
315. Li Xingba - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
316. Zhao Gongming - Genuine God of the Profound Dragon Tiger Altar
317. Xiao Sheng - God of Welcoming Treasures
318. Cao Bao - God of Storing Valuables
319. Chen Jiugong - Envoy of Welcoming Wealth
320. Yao Shaosi - Fairy Officer of Good Market
321. Mo Liqing - Developing Heavenly King
322. Mo Lihong - Wide-eyed Heavenly King
323. Mo Lihai - Literature Heavenly King
324. Mo Lishou - National Protection Heavenly King
325. Zheng Lun - God of "heng"
326. Chen Qi - God of "ha"
327. Yu Hualong - Green Haze Prime King Controller of Smallpox
328. Lady Jin - Saint Queen to Protect Sickrooms
329. Yu Da - God of Smallpox in the East
330. Yu Zhao - God of Smallpox in the West
331. Yu Guang - God of Smallpox in the South
332. Yu Xian - God of Smallpox in the North
333. Yu De - God of Smallpox in the Center
334. High Firmament - Goddesses of the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper
335. Jade Firmament - Goddesses of the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper
336. Green Firmament - Goddesses of the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper
337. Shen Gongbao - Water-Dividing General

Every department was responsible for supervising one aspect of the human world.

When Ziya returned from the Investiture Altar, Fei Lian and E Lai were brought to him and Ziya ordered the soldiers to carry them to immediate execution.

Chapter 100

King Wu creates the States

The evil spirits, Fei Lian and E Lai, were canonized as gods that invariably bring about unsuccess and misfortune.

Ziya recommended to King Wu to reward subjected lands to his generals, officials, and relatives. However Li Jing along with his three sons, Thunder-quaker, Wei Hu and Yang Bliss, came to court to inform that they did not desire positions and wealth. They, for preference, asked to be liberated from service. Later the four ones also became gods. Also Jinzha, Muzha, and Nezha resolved to leave King Wu. All the seven ones gave priority to return to a life as in meditative seclusion. But before they left, King Wu feasted them.

To reach a decision about the enfeoffment, King Wu talked about with Ziya and a Duke of Zhou. In the following day King Wu enfeoffed many nobles, including Jiang Ziya. All the leaders of the individual states were named. King Wu designated seventy-two lords, each one received a title and feoff. They showed their gratitude and proceeded to their states.

At Mount Western Foothills Ziya was enfeoffed. In addition, he was conferred on the symbols of authority for his supervision over the other lords, which were a white banner and a yellow hatchet.

Five years later, Mount Western Foothills had become a strong, flourishing and passive state.

The Ten Crux Battle Formation

The Ten Crux¹⁷ Battle Formation is a set of ten fictional and unpractical battle formations employed by the Sky Lords of Golden Crab Isle. This is truly known as the Grand Old Master's trump card during his campaign against Jiang Ziya.

Sky Extinguishing Battle Formation

Sky Lord Qin — Within Lord Qin's battle formation, the forces of Sky, Earth, and Man are all combined as one. The straight must be mixed with the foul within this process. Due to the immense intensity of this formation, any mortal that is to enter will be immediately turned into nothing more than ash.

Earth Quaking Battle Formation

Sky Lord Zhou — Within Lord Zhou's battle formation, laws of geomancy and physics are employed. All varied forces such as fire, wind, and so forth, are invested into a single flag. Whenever the flag may wave, great fire and wind will spew forth. Any individual that may enter this formation will be burned alive and nothing more.

Howling-Gales Battle Formation

Sky Lord Teng — Within Lord Teng's battle formation, the wind plays a major role. Whenever the wind is to howl, thousands of knives and daggers will appear from all directions; not even the thickest of armor could withstand the sharpness.

Frozen-Glacier Battle Formation

Sky Lord Yuan — Within Lord Yuan's battle formation, glacial ice is present. On top of this "glacial ice" lays mountains of knives and swords guided by thousands of lightning bolts. Of course, survival is of little probability upon the entering of this formation.

Golden-Light Battle Formation

Sky Lady Luminous Glow — Within Lady Luminous Glow's battle formation, many giant mirrors will be fashioned atop poles. The great rays of the sun are harnessed on the surface of these mirrors and can be controlled by turning the poles angles. The heat is greater than imaginable, and thus death is inevitable.

17. The original translation writes "*crucible*" instead of "*crux*."

Blood–Curdling Battle Formation

Sky Lord Sun — Within Lord Sun's battle formation, fierce wind plays the primary role. While combining fierce winds with black sand, it is utterly impossible for any individual to escape the formation. While inside, their blood will continuously curdle until imminent death.

Blazing–Flame Battle Formation

Sky Lord White — Within Lord White's battle formation, the Thunder Fire, Rock Fire, and the Triple Whammy Fire are the three main forces of fire. Killing radiation and heat will be present within this blazing–fame formation, and thus not even the most durable of individuals could survive.

Plummeting–Soul Battle Formation

Sky Lord Yao — Within Lord Yao's battle formation, a straw effigy is present and truly needed. By bowing before his effigy, any specific individuals' soul can be stolen while their spirit is strangled. Certain death is obvious through this formation indeed.

Crimson–Water Battle Formation

Sky Lord Zhong — Within Lord Zhong's battle formation, a giant trigram platform is present. Within this platform, there are three magic gourds containing varied deadly fluid to burn away any unfortunate individual that happened to enter the formation.

Scarlet–Sand Battle Formation

Sky Lord Wang — Within Lord Wang's battle formation, great illusion is present. While the individual is seemingly walking across blood–red sand, they are truly walking across millions of tiny knives — as small as each grain of sand.

Investiture of the Gods

Feng Shen Yanyi

by

Xu Zhonglin



Investiture of the Gods

or

Feng Shen Yanyi

by

Xu Zhonglin

The Investiture of the Gods also called *The Creation of the Gods*, or simply by its native name *Feng Shen Yanyi*, meaning “Inauguration of Doctrines Dramatized by the Gods,” is an ancient masterpiece. Published around the 16th-century, it has been claimed a “novel” merging mythology, folklore and history. As to its key thematics, *Investiture of the Gods* features a work that mostly personifies myths that narrate the Cosmogony of the World according to the space-time established by the Chinese mythology.

Editor

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1. The text, though partly abridged, amounts the supposedly original one hundred chapters.

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The Investiture Great Wall-Corridor ²



2. In the picture are the Spirit-Stars who assist the Jade Emperor to rule the human world. At the center, the figure spurring the bagua is thought to be Yin Jiao, the overseer. Each one represents one year of the Jovian orbit of 11.86 years. Thus they are called "Highest Years" (Tai Sui), which, like the solar zodiac, determine the destiny. The original painting is probably from 13th century, therefore before this publication of Xu Zhonglin. It is part of Chinese Major Historical and Cultural Site.

Chapter 1

King Zhou and Goddess Nu Wa

At one point in time as King Da Yi, of the newly established Shang Dynasty of China, walked through the royal gardens to gaze at the great beauty that laid before him, the Flying Cloud Pavilion suddenly collapsed. As a single beam from the pavilion fell towards the king, Prince Zi Shou grabbed hold of the beam and threw it aside. After ministers such as Shan Rong and Mei Bo gazed at the strength that the prince possessed, they advised the king to name him Crown Prince. Thus following the death of King Da Yi, Prince Zi Shou took the title of '*King Zhou*' and became the new ruler of the Shang Dynasty within its new capital Morning Song.

After seven years of prosperity within the Shang Dynasty, etches of evil tyranny begin to evolve in the heart of King Zhou. As the first rebellion thus took place on the second month of the seventh year, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, the head of civil affairs, went personally ride out upon his great dragon to subdue them at the North Sea district.

In the following day, the prime minister Shang Rong asked the king to head to the temple of Nu Wa in order to offer their condolences on her birthday. Following the latter's consent, the king and his entourage thus march from the capital's gates to the temple of Nu Wa.

As King Zhou enjoyed the palace's immense scenery after his arrival, he gazed into the eyes of Goddess Nu Wa — who sat behind a celestial curtain. Overtaken by her unparalleled beauty, King Zhou used his ink brush to write a poem of her valor upon a neighboring pillar within the temple. Even after being reproached by Shang Rong for what disaster the poem could bring about, the latter simply brushed him aside saying that it was nothing more than a literary representation of her beauty.

After the king and his entourage had returned to the capital, Nu Wa noticed the poem and immediately vow to end the Shang Dynasty due to the former's vile desires. Once she had arrived at Morning Song atop her phoenix, Nu Wa realized that King Zhou still possessed another twenty years of reign — and would thus live with lustful rage.

As she arrived at her temple, she summoned forth her three right-hand sprites: Daji, the thousand year-old female fox; Splendor, the nine-headed female pheasant; and Jade, the female lute. Thus following their summoning, Goddess Nu Wa told them to transform themselves into beautiful women in order to distract King Zhou from his state affairs — so that he would be overthrown in a further justified manner.

Back in Morning Song King Zhou seated in great depression over the incredible unattainable beauty that Nu Wa had possessed — and thus wished to not perform any action until he could attain her as one of his lovers. After effectively calling minister Fei Zhong to his presence, he suggested to the king that one-hundred women should be taken from each of the four Grand Dukes so that he might have an opportunity to find a woman that ranked in beauty with Nu Wa. With immense delight at such a grand opportunity, King Zhou rested for the night and would make his preparations in the following day.

Chapter 2

The Rebellion of Su Hu

The next morning, King Zhou prepared one letter for each of the four Grand Dukes stating that one hundred virgin women that possess at least a moderate level of physical beauty should be presented before the capital as soon as possible. As prime minister Shang Rong reminded the king that such an action would only bring out mass contempt and future rebellion, King Zhou saw his reasoning and withdraw the edict immediately.

When the eight-hundred marquises had appeared to offer their allegiance to the Shang Dynasty the following summer, Fei Zhong and You Hun became extremely influential in court due to the leave of Grand Old Master, and thus asked for many presents and additional bribes from the former wealthy classmen.

However, Su Hu, Marquis of Jizhou, refuted such compliances due to his fiery resolve to stand against such injustices fully. Due to such, Fei Zhong and You Hun grew rather hateful towards Su Hu throughout the future. As the nation's marquises and dukes had arrived at capital Morning Song to display their obeisance at the end of the year, the four grand dukes would be specifically placed before King Zhou and fully honored for great diligence in their duty.

After the four dukes had been well-feasted throughout the day, King Zhou returned to his inner chambers and discussed the current situation with his two favorite ministers Fei Zhong and You Hun. In a chance to force Su Hu to repent for his defiance, Fei Zhong declared to the king that the former possessed an exceedingly beautiful daughter that must be attained if the letter's ministers were to continue to trust his decision making.

After Su Hu had thus been summoned to the Dragon Virtue Court, King Zhou told the latter that if he was to attain his daughter, Su Hu would be granted great wealth, rank, and recognition within the dynasty of Shang. As Su Hu declined with many words of insult towards the king's lack of virtue, King Zhou became rageful and ordered Su Hu to be arrested. However, Fei Zhong advised the king that if he allowed Su Hu to return to Jizhou out of consideration and personal dignity, the people of Shang would look upon the king as a worthy ruler that listens keenly to his people's desires; in such a way, Su Hu's daughter could also be more easily attained.

Now settling down to an extent, King Zhou ordered Su Hu to be expelled from the court. As Su Hu thus returned to Jizhou, he considered his choices. If he was to give his daughter to King Zhou, ministers of the court would think of him as slanderous and immoral; if he refused to hand over his daughter, the king would most likely attack his prefecture with an army in order to ensure that his defiance could not spread further.

Carefully analyzing this, he decided it best to gather his own forces to fight Shang while he wrote a poem that represented hatred towards the Shang Dynasty upon the Meridian Gate inside the capital Morning Song.

After King Zhou had taken notice of this immensely defiant poem, he ordered a force of six armies to be placed under his command during the newly established attack upon Jizhou. As General Lu Xiong elaborated his suggestions to the king, it was decided that Grand Duke of the North, Chong Houhu, and Ji Chang, Grand Duke of the West, would lead a joint force against Su Hu's city instead.

At the capital hall, where the grand dukes and other high ranking officials were present, Ji Chang ordered an investigation as to why a loyal subject such as Su Hu would be deserving of punishment, while Chong Houhu unconditionally accepted the king's words and headed out immediately with his army.

Once Su Hu had attained word of Chong Houhu's movement towards his territory, the former ordered his soldiers to be well drilled to defend the city walls against the king's army. As Chong Houhu's army of 50,000 strong soldiers arrived before Jizhou, Su Hu grinded his teeth in frustration after hearing from an intelligence officer that Chong Houhu was the enemy commander due to his one-sided reasoning. Amidst the roar of cannons, Su Hu presented himself before Chong Houhu and elaborated the rationale behind his defiance. Chong Houhu became enraged at his words, and sent forth General Mei Wu to dispose of the former in a quick manner.

Su Quanzhong, the eldest son of Su Hu, intercepted Mei Wu, who was cut down by Quanzhong after following twenty rounds of fierce battle. Now that Su Hu's son had won the first victory, an all-out melee was unleashed between both forces resulting in Chong Houhu's eventual retreat. As the Jizhou forces thus returned to the city, it was decided that a surprise attack should be ushered forth that night upon the latter's stockades as to deal a critical blow to Chong Houhu's morale and attain potential assistance of other neighboring powers— such as the Grand Dukes — after they had heard of Jizhou's strength.

Once such a tactic had been fully employed at dusk, Chong Houhu fled to a newly established camp and drink his worries away at the thought of Ji Chang's future assistance. While his forces thus ignorantly slept for the night, Su Hu's forces charged forth with the furiousness of a tiger and slaughtered countless soldiers of Shang in mere moments. Now in a state of great fear for his life, Chong Houhu personally clashed his cutless against the resolved Su Hu until the former's generals ran to his assistance. As the Shang forces thus fled in majority, Su Hu called off their pursuit after twenty li³ of distance was traveled.

While currently fleeing through the stars of night with his generals, Chong Houhu came to the conclusion that strict defense should be employed for the moment while a messenger should be sent to Ji Chang in request for reinforcements. Unfortunately for Chong however, Su Quanzhong suddenly appeared before the light of the moon with his ambush-party completely determined to put an end to the former's life. With his immense renown and resolve, Su Quanzhong easily defeated three generals of Shang singlehandedly with his great dragon glaive.⁴

3. Chinese unit of distance, equal to about 0.6 km (0.4 mile).

4. A sword or a large curve blade fixed on the end of a pole; also, a light lance with a long sharp-pointed head.

Chong Houhu, who became exceedingly fearful over the former's skill, fled away immediately from the combat. In a state of distraction over his father's sudden choice, Chong Yingbiao received a deep wound through his left arm from Su Quanzhong's glaive — and thus fled for his life in addition.

As Su Hu held conference the following day, Quanzhong appeared before his father and elaborated his great victory in the previous night. With great joy, the former smiled in admiration at his son's prowess and thus made preparations for his next essential movement.

Chapter 3

Daji enters the Palace

As Chong Houhu thus regrouped his remaining forces, he'd grieve at their many past losses and what was yet to unfold. After General Huang Yuanji stated to the commander that it was currently best to ask Ji Chang for reinforcements, Chong Houhu resolutely refused lest the latter would be punished by the king for not already offering his promised assistance. Once word came out that a large military force was heading in their direction at an immense pace, Chong Houhu realized that it was none other than his younger brother, the renowned Black Tiger Chong Heihu, Marquis of Caozhou. With a total of twenty-three thousand soldiers, Chong Heihu declared assistance to his elder brother and thus left to Jizhou.

As Su Hu attained report on Black Tiger's arrival, he sat in utter frustration over the former's ability to use magic. Su Quanzhong, however, expressed little fear towards Black Tiger's magic renown and thus left the city to do battle with the latter. Even though Black Tiger arrived to simply discuss the situation with his old friend Su Hu, Su Quanzhong insisted to do nothing more than clash blades with the former after hearing of his physical prowess. Once the former and latter had thus begun their duel, Su Quanzhong noticed a large gourd present on Black Tiger's back — but continued to lash his dragon glaive forward with one resolve in mind, which was Chong Heihu's capture.

With little other choice, then Black Tiger opened his gourd which signaled countless celestial eagles to swoop down and peck their beaks into Su's flesh while black smoke oozed from his gourd profusely. After hearing of his son's capture, Su Hu flew into unparalleled frustration and thus concluded it best to kill himself by the sword after slaying his wife and daughter — lest they were to be killed once being taken prisoners following his defeat.

With such a thought in mind, Su Hu presented himself before his daughter with sword in hand utterly determined to preserve his honor until the very end. Just at this critical point in time, Black Tiger's second arrival was reported to Su Hu — and the latter thus made defensive preparations for the pass immediately. Black Tiger, who only intended on consulting with Su Hu, had no choice but to return to the Shang camp in frustration. Due to the former's continued obstinacy, the supply lines were secretly cut off at set intervals as to prevent Jizhou from attaining there needed provisions.

Within this moment of besiegement, Zheng Lun arrived and challenged Black Tiger with due determination. During their vigorous clash, Zheng Lun became aware of the latter's large gourd atop his back and thus immediately deployed his own magical ability which was the soul stealing beams from his nostrils. As Black Tiger was presented before Su Hu following his capture, he became grateful at the former's courtesy and thus took the place of honor.

Once Chong Houhu had attained word of his brother's condition, San Yisheng, supreme minister under Ji Chang, arrived and told the former that a letter of exhortation should be sent to Su Hu stating that he was to give up his daughter

on the condition that he reattains the title of Marquis of Jizhou — which would save the people from further suffering.

Following Chong Houhu's consenting, San Yisheng appeared before Jizhou and handed Ji Chang's letter to Su Hu immediately. Upon the reading of this letter, Su Hu became instantly enlightened at the West Grand Duke's rationale — and thus consented with great happiness and feasting. After asking San Yisheng to deliver his reply to Ji Chang with gifts of fine gold and satin, Su Hu made preparations to personally escort his daughter to the capital's palace.

Chapter 4

The Fox Sprite murders Daji

As Su Hu took leave from Jizhou, Black Tiger promised to the former that he would return his son immediately after arriving back at camp. With reciprocated dignity, both Su Hu and Black Tiger headed their separate ways to mark their conflict's true conclusion. Once Black Tiger had arrived back at the Shang camp, he explained the resolution of Su Hu and thoroughly reprimanded his elder brother for his disgraceful incompetence — vowing to never see him again.

With Black Tiger now returning to Caozhou, Chong Houhu felt immense shame and embarrassment at his former actions and thus returned to his dukedom immediately after filing a report to King Zhou. After Su Hu met with his newly freed son, Su Quanzhong, and explained to him about leadership over Jizhou while he was away, the former entered the inner palace to discuss the situation with his wife.

The next morning, Su Hu, and his tearful-eyed daughter, Daji, headed out in a carriage with three-thousand soldiers and five-hundred officers to make quick pace to the capital. Following the passage of many days Su Hu and his entourage arrived at a courier station within Enzhou and stay there for the night. However, there had been a rumor of an evil sprite that was lurking within this station for the past few years, and Su Hu thus constantly exchanged moments of reading his book of military strategy to ensuring his daughter's safety throughout the night — never daring to sleep for a single moment. Suddenly during the second watch at night, each candle flickered constantly throughout the halls and people screamed at the sight of a supposed ghost flying about.

Immediately with due vigor, Su Hu grabbed his iron staff and rushed to Daji's rear hall room — but his lamp suddenly burnt out forcing him to order a new lamp with due haste. Upon the entering of his daughter's room, he would be overjoyed to hear that she was only recently awoken once her father rushed into her room. As Su Hu thus returned to his room in relief at such a good omen that his daughter remained safe, little did he realize that the thousand-year fox had already seized Daji's body once Su Hu was busy attaining his secondary lamp. After several days following their setting out from Enzhou, Su Hu and his entourage finally arrived at Morning Song and present themselves before Prince Yellow Flying Tiger.

Once Su Hu had thus stationed his troops outside the city while Daji remained in the Golden Reception House, Fei Zhong and You Hun became angry at their lack of presents from the former following his arrival — and thus successfully encouraged King Zhou to put him to death the following day. As the following day arrived, Su Hu presented himself before the king in convicted robes stating that he deserves death for his past defiance.

With Shang Rong's immediate defense, Fei Zhong declared that if Su Hu's daughter was indeed very beautiful, she would be taken in while the former was freed; but if she lacked eloquence on the contrary, both of their heads should be displayed before the city's gates. As Daji thus bowed before the king with her full

condolences, the latter could barely control his inner lust and amazement at her colossal beauty and elegance. After immediately pardoning Su Hu for his crimes and placing him back at his original rank, King Zhou took Daji's hand and headed back to the Fairy Longevity Palace to fully enjoy his first night with her. With greatly displeased ministers, civil and military affairs were continuously ignored throughout the future as King Zhou enjoyed great pleasure with Daji from time to time. By thus setting aside exceedingly urgent matters, it seemed as if the Shang Dynasty itself was rapidly sinking into chaos...

Chapter 5

Cloud Dweller presents a Pine Wood Sword

This was the first chapter in which true chaos began to spread within the Shang Dynasty because of the King's new treasured concubine, Daji. In reality, this girl named Daji was truly killed and possessed by a fox specter, who plans on destroying the dynasty through Nu Wa's orders. When this chapter began, the man by the name of Cloud Dweller was currently searching around Tiger peak for medicinal herbs. After this renowned dweller of the clouds realized that there had been a thousand year old vixen in human form — as Daji — present within the kingdom, the dweller told his pupil to prepare for him a wooden sword — a sword that would sicken the vixen to death after a period of time.

After officials such as the Number One Grand Counselor Mei Bo had discussed the major issue of the kingdom with his fellow officials, it was soon decided that a large gong would be beaten and all officials of the kingdom would gather before the king as to show their dedication. After the annoyed King Zhou entered from his room to meet his "boring officials", he was not in any mood to listen and only wished to return to his precious Daji.

Both the Prime Minister and the Vice Prime Minister called out to their king, *"Sire! Our kingdom is in trouble. There are uncontrolled floods and droughts. The populace is suffering and restless. All the memoranda from the dukes have not been attended to. Your Majesty has not come for months to the morning assembly. Many urgent matters await your decision."* The king would generally turn a deaf ear to his officials primarily out of his ignorance.

After Cloud Dweller appears present before Zhou and engages in a long conversation, he departs and tells the king to hang his wooden sword over the door of the Longevity Palace. Thus, the chapter then ends following the departure of both the king and all of his officials. At the very end of this chapter however, the sword burnt through Daji's orders — it was mysteriously making her deathly ill.

Chapter 6

The Burning Pillar Torture

As the wooden sword was thus turned into ashes, Daji recovered in immediate pace. Still secretly remaining at Morning Song in order to inspect the outcome of his wooden sword, Master of the Clouds sighed at his inability to change the Shang Dynasty's destined outcome — and thus wrote a short poem upon the observatory wall within the market area so that all people could understand what future they were to experience. After thus returning to Mount Zhongnan people noticed the poem immediately and attempted to decipher its meaning. With no true success, Grand Tutor Du Yuanxian appeared, read the poem with partitioned understanding, and returned to his personal quarters to make up a report on what future the dynasty would experience if this evil specter was not effectively eradicated.

Upon the finishing of this report, Du Yuanxian gave it to Prime Minister Shang Rong so that it could be presented personally to the king. Once Shang Rong left to the royal palace to deliver it to King Zhou, he was admitted in with Yuanxian's report in hand. Reading the report fully, the king believed his words to be rather accurate but decided to have Daji's opinion on the issue. Daji told the king that the Taoist earlier was none other than a wicked sorcerer who spread rumors to put the dynasty into a frenzy, and Du Yuanxian was assisting this sorcerer with full intentions to ensure full unrest within the people and should thus be publicly executed. Shang Rong however, immediately retorted, saying that if Du Yuanxian was to be executed, his loyalty would not only be seen as mere rubbish but many ministers would rise up in addition to uphold his innocence.

King Zhou, who told Shang Rong that Yuanxian should be executed as to prevent further full unrest stories from coming about, immediately ordered royal guards to bound Du Yuanxian with thick ropes and chains. As the latter was thus dragged off to the palace gates, Supreme Minister Mei Bo stopped the executioners and immediately asked for an explanation from Prime Minister Shang Rong. After hearing the story fully, Mei Bo flew into a rage at Shang Rong's fear to uphold true justice within the dynasty — and thus grabbed the latter's arm while charging into the Fairy Longevity Palace to talk with King Zhou.

With uncontrolled anger, Mei Bo began to shout violently at the king for his ineptitude and thus was ordered to be executed immediately. Just before Mei Bo was to have his skull smashed, Daji told King Zhou to put the former in the gaols for now while a torture device known as the "Burning Pillar" was to be constructed as his destined punishment. While thus gazing at the king's atrocities and delusion, Shang Rong sincerely asked the king if he could faithfully retire from the dynasty lest he was to make any further mistakes in his old age.

Following the latter's consent, many ministers gathered at the Changting Pavilion to see their old comrade on his way that evening. Raising their cups to bid their old comrade farewell, Shang Rong wrote one final poem to express his inner grievance before taking leave with tearful eyes. Ignoring his ministers for several more days as usual, tyrant King Zhou obtained a report on the burning pillars completed construction. After Daji had thoroughly inspected the pillar's design,

she smiled with happiness and suggested to the king that tomorrow should be Mei Bo's day of punishment. The following day at the Grand Hall, Yellow Flying Tiger gazed at over twenty pillars being lit blood red — and sat in confusion as to why such objects would be in royal grounds. With Mei Bo's entrance into the Grand Hall, King Zhou sat in laughter at what was to soon befall the former.

Thus being stripped and chained fully against a burning pillar, a single deathly scream rang against the royal halls as Mei Bo's flesh and bones were turned to ashes. Now leaving the Grand Hall with his other comrades, Yellow Flying Tiger exclaimed his resolve to do whatever it takes to save the dynasty from it was supposedly destined downfall. With celebratory music and feasting resounding through the walls of King Zhou's inner chambers, Queen Jiang felt personal hatred over the newly heard burning pillar construction and thus ordered her attendants to prepare for her a carriage.

Chapter 7

Fei Zhong plots to depose the Queen

Following Queen Jiang's arrival at the Fairy Longevity Palace, she was approached by Daji with a single courteous bow before being escorted into the court. With the king thus fully enjoying the night by his queen's side, Daji began to dance with great eloquence and beauty. Not enjoying this stay by her husband's side, Queen Jiang reprimanded King Zhou for his continued delusion — and thus left the personal chambers of the court. Being rather angry and depressed over the queen's sudden words, King Zhou asked his precious Daji if she could dance once more to his delight. Falling to the floor with tears in her eyes, Daji exclaimed her worry towards the kingdom if the queen reported her actions to other ministers and nobles — resulting in her own death.

The king, now exceedingly angry, ensured to Daji that he would dispose of the queen shortly to ensure her safety. On the first day of the following month, Queen Jiang received congratulations from the royal concubines as a monthly custom. With Daji prostrating herself before the Queen, she was thoroughly humiliated over the former's words before taking her own leave. For being rebuked by the Queen so wrathfully in front of two other concubines, Daji discussed with Gun Juan, her maidservant, about how Queen Jiang should effectively be killed and replaced.

As King Zhou and Daji enjoyed the scenery of the gardens the following day, Fei Zhong attained a report on Daji's lust to kill Queen Jiang and thus pondered through night and day to think of a method — lest he was to be eventually killed for refusing her decree. Gazing outside his window, Fei Zhong noticed a tall bulky man by the name of Jiang Huan of East Lu that had come to repay the former with due respect and gratitude for his past consideration. With a plan now formed in his mind upon the latter's arrival, Fei Zhong immediately told Jiang Huan what to do while informing Daji in addition.

After being told to attend state affairs the following day by Daji, King Zhou was suddenly attacked by a disguised Jiang Huan — saying he should replace his own father as king for the sake of the Shang Dynasty's preservation. As Jiang lashed at the king with his dagger, he was brushed back immediately by royal guards and effectively captured.

Once Fei Zhong volunteered to personally interrogate the captive on the issue upon the entering of the Grand Hall, he reported to King Zhou shortly that the latter was a general under the Eastern Grand Duke — Queen Jiang's father. This duke had been ordered by Queen Jiang to put the king to death so that he could take the throne. After thus appointing Concubine Huang as Chief Justice for this case, King Zhou angrily charged back into the Fairy Longevity Palace asking about the issue with countless ministers. Not attaining any true knowledge of such a complicated incident, King Zhou passed an oral decree via the court herald onto Queen Jiang stating that she was to appear at the West Palace for trial immediately.

Following her arrival at the palace, Queen Jian pleaded her innocence personally to Lady Huang. As the former's words were accurately told to King Zhou

himself, Daji came forth from the shadows stating that the queen was simply pushing her own blames upon others with additional falsehood. It was thus decided that if Queen Jiang didn't confess the truth about the matter, one of her eyes would be gauged out as punishment. Lady Huang, who immediately ran to the Queen telling her to confess a false statement, simply gazed forth as a royal guard plucked one of the latter's eyes out after refusing the former's request with due resolve.

King Zhou, who became fearful of an attack by the Eastern Grand Duke or great condemnation from his ministers, was told by Daji that Queen should most reassuringly tell the truth after having her hands burnt to ashes by a boiling brass dipper. As such an action was resentfully decreed by the king, Queen Jiang sternly refused once more to confess any such crime — and thus lost her hands to the dipper in short time.

Regaining her strength after watching such a cruel scene, Lady Huang informed the king about her continued reluctance. In the former's great worry, Daji suggested to the king that Queen Jiang should be brought together to be tried with the accused Jiang Huan.

Chapter 8

Princes take Flight

As Jiang Huan and Queen Jiang was thus placed before the West Palace together, the Queen and Lady Huan wrathfully rebuked Huan for his evil treachery. At this same point in time, Crown Prince Yin Jiao and Yin Hong, who was playing chess, was immediately informed by Yang Rong of the current situation — and thus ran to the Western Palace in quick pace to meet with their mother. Gazing at their mother laying forth in a large pool of blood, the queen stated her final words to the crown prince to attain revenge before uttering one last breath before death. In unparalleled blood lust towards his mother's death, Yin Jiao grabbed his sword and sliced the neighboring Jiang Huan into two pieces after being informed of the latter's treachery.

Once Yin Jiao had impulsively shouted his additional desire to kill Daji, Chao Tian and Chao Lei — dubbed as the "Chao Twins" — immediately ran to the king at the Fairy Longevity Palace in fear and elaborated the crown prince's intentions. In resounding rage, King Zhou handed the Chao Twins his Dragon-Phoenix sword to personally put an end to both princes through decapitation. With the twins thus heading to the Eastern Palace, Lady Huang heard the king's newest decree and quickly told the two princes to take shelter with Concubine Yang at the Fragrant Palace for a few days.

As the princes thus arrived at Concubine Yang's residence, Chao Tiang and Chao Lei arrived shortly for inspection — but were barked away for their rude insolence. After the princes left to a greater area of safety — the Grand Hall with Yellow Flying Tiger — Concubine Yang decided to hang herself lest she was to be found out at a later time that she sheltered the princes. At this same point in time Lady Huang informed King Zhou of Queen Jiang's last saying before death, and the Chao Twins were ordered to head to the Grand Hall after elaborating their past failure. The princes arrived shortly before the Grand Hall and was met by Yellow Flying Tiger and many other ministers who angrily vowed to see His Majesty after hearing the former's unfortunate story.

Once Fang Bi and Fang Xiang — dubbed as the "Fang Brothers" — roared into the Grand Hall stating that King Zhou should be overthrown for his blatant tyranny, Yellow Flying Tiger and others stood silent in great frustration if such an action would truly be right. In justice's name, the two fang brothers each grabbed hold of one prince and charged forth from the palace gates stating boldly that they would escort the two princes to East Lu before raising their own army to uproot the evil tyrant.

As each minister sat in astonishment at what had just taken place, Yellow Flying Tiger solely stood forth in admiration of the Fang Brothers' exceeded loyalty. With the immediate arrival of the Chao Twins, they were informed of the incident with the Fang Brothers; being in a difficult situation, the two headed to see King Zhou in quick pace. After ensuring Yellow Flying Tiger with this task, the former headed out alone atop his divine Rainbow Ox. Following his immediate arrival before the two princes in the wilderness, he pleaded for the two children to put an end to their own lives; for if he was to kill them himself, his conscience

would never be the same; but if he was to refuse the king's order, he would receive death. After Prince Yellow Flying Tiger sat in frustration, he told Fang Bi to head to Jiang Huanchu at East Lu with the two princes while Fang Xiang was to see E Chongyu to encourage him to lead a two directional force against the capital with the former.

Handing Fang Bi his jade pendant as an expense, he headed back to the capital to report his failure — to the ministers' delight. Upon his report to King Zhou that evening, Daji suggested to the king that two generals should be sent immediately that night to pursue the two brothers with three-thousand soldiers in assistance. Once these two best generals — Yin and Lei — approached Yellow Flying Tiger that night, the latter ensured their supply of men and horses to be ready at the fifth watch the following morning — lest his plans were to be foiled.

Being equipped with old and infirmed men the next morning as soldiers, the two generals simply sighed to themselves with the knowledge that they had no other choice but to continue Traveling for the past two days with the young princes, the four individuals arrived at a fork in the road: one direction leading east, and the other leading south.

The Fang Brothers decided it best that the two princes solely traveled either paths while they both traveled to the west; for the precious jade piece given by Yellow Flying Tiger might be a risky expense lest anyone in the future realized who it truly belonged to.

Thus telling the princes their resolution, they informed them that they would take refuge in any neighboring dukedom along the way and join their vanguard upon it was future advance to Morning Song. Following their tearful farewell, Yin Jiao declared that he would continue to head east until he met with his grandfather, and Yin Hong should head to the south.

Once his grandfather was to begin his troop mobilization upon the capital, Yin Jiao promised to inform his younger brother of his route so that he could additionally join in the attack. Thus parting in their separate ways, Yin Hong arrived shortly at a small village and sat down to eat a meal after declaring to the cottagers that he was none other than the younger son of King Zhou.

Following his immediate leave once paying his obeisance, Yin Hong entered the Temple of Emperor Xuanyuan along his way and slept there for the night in comfort. While Yin Jiao meanwhile continued his journey towards East Lu, he found himself in front of a Grand Tutor's mansion — as displayed from a board hanging from its gate. Being late into the night, the prince decided it best to rest at this mansion for now while he resumes early into the following morning. Knocking continuously without any answer, Yin Jiao decided to open the gates where he heard someone reciting over a poem.

Walking closer and elaborating the reason upon his arrival, Yin Jiao entered the mansion and saw none other than former Prime Minister Shang Rong standing before him to his immense surprise. As Shang Rong sat down to listen to the prince's story, he stamped his foot in unparalleled rage — and thus vowed to Yin Jiao that he would return to the capital with the former and directly petition His Majesty to abandon his course of action to save the kingdom. With Shang Rong thus forming his petition, Generals Yin and Lei meanwhile decided to split their

forces into two—one halve leaving the east, and the other to the south — after arriving at the original tripe fork road. Thus leaving their separate directions, they decided to meet at this specific fork road as an area of regroup after the princes was captured.

Chapter 9

The Prime Minister's Resolve

As General Lei continued to the south from day to night, the majority of his soldiers fell off their saddles in their tiredness; and a command for rest was thus ensued. With the intention to rest at a village for the night, a section of his soldiers roamed about through the pine forest to eventually find the Temple of Xuanyuan. Upon the entering of this temple, General Lei smiled in immense delight as he saw none other than prince Yin Hong sleeping soundly before him. Awaking the prince immediately, he allowed the former to personally use his horse on their travel back to the three staked road.

Meanwhile after two days of travel, General Yin arrived at a small village by the name of Fengyun where he noticed the residence of Shang Rong nearby. Upon his entering of this residence, it was decided that Yin Jiao would personally ride together with General Yin back to the capital while Shang Rong heads to the former location at a later time lest Yin was to be accused of private dealings with Shang Rong in the future. As Generals Yin and Lei thus regrouped at the three-forked road in due happiness over their success, Yin Hong and Yin Jiao wept together for their unfortunate situation.

Following their arrival back to the capital, Yellow Flying Tiger ground his teeth in explosive rage, declaring that he would personally slay Generals Yin and Lei with his sword before they ever were to be recognized for their one-sided merit. Ordering all ministers to quickly gather before the palace gates in defense for the two princes, Yin and Lei meanwhile attained a written report from King Zhou to put them both to death before the gates in quick pace. Seeing such a report, Supreme Minister Zhao Qi grabbed it from their hands and tore it to many pieces in his rage. Continuing in such a manner, Zhao Qi declared to every minister present to go to the Grand Hall and invite His Majesty to attend; for such was the perfect chance to admonish the simple-minded tyrant.

With Yellow Flying Tiger's four right-hand generals protecting the princes with their lives, and ministers banging the bells and beating the drums to attain the king's attendance, King Zhou simply wrote a decree to put an end to the princes for their unfilial behavior while remaining in his Fairy Longevity Palace. With the executioners thus pacing towards the two bound princes, Superior man Pure Essence and Grand Completion meanwhile roamed about through the heavens in great boredom. As they thus appeared above Morning Song and saw the two princes ready for execution, a grand gust storm ran across the heavens — putting every official and soldier present in fear.

With the sudden disappearance of Yin Hong and Yin Jiao following the end of the storm, this calamity brought great relief and joy in the hearts of each official, while King Zhou sat in wonder at such a happening. Now finally arriving at the capital of Morning Song, Shang Rong rose forth and heard the complete story of current happenings from Yellow Flying Tiger himself. In due resolve to be able to confront the emperors of yore in high honor and loyalty, Shang Rong immediately ordered the beating of bells and drums to force the foul King Zhou into the Grand Hall. As the king thus arrived before his desk, Shang Rong kneeled forward and

presented to the former his written report. Upon the reading of this report, King Zhou flew into great rage — immediately ordering Shang Rong to be beaten to death with the golden hammer.

Yelling back at the king with words of duty and love towards his past services in the name of the Shang Dynasty, Shang Rong knocked away the guards and jumped head-first into a stone pillar — effectively ending his life in a rather gruesome manner. As many ministers exchanged glances at such a horrific scene, King Zhou ordered for his body to be thrown into an empty field behind the capital in an expression of his dignity towards the former.

Chapter 10

The Discovery of Thunder-quaker

Seeing this tragedy in full form, Supreme Minister Zhao Qi additionally expressed his inner hate towards the king without a single ounce of fear. Upon being bound before a burning pillar as punishment, Zhao Qi became nothing more than ash to the wind in mere moments. Now returning to the Fairy Longevity Palace in great satisfaction over his barbarity, King Zhou personally approached Daji, explained the past incident with Shang Rong, and discussed with her how to get rid of Jiang Huanchu as a threat to the capital.

With no true thought-out resolution to such a problem, Daji called forth Fei Zhong for a suggestion. Fei Zhong stated that the four regional grand dukes should effectively be disposed of lest any ministers of Morning Song attempted to rise up in rebellion with any neighboring force. Jiang Huanchu would also be effectively destroyed as a threat to the capital if he was to join the other three grand dukes in execution.

Following the king's immediate approval of Fei Zhong's suggestion, four royal messengers were personally sent to each grand duke — Jiang Huanchu, E Chongyu, Ji Chang, and Chong Houhu — in quick pace. As one of four messengers arrived before the Western Foothills — Ji Chang's domain — and presented it before Ji Chang himself, the latter offered fine silver and gold to the messenger before ensuring his departure to the capital at a later time. After appointing San Yisheng as commander of internal affairs, Ji Chang went to his son, Bo Yi Kao, told him of his seven-year-prisoner prophecy, and how he should take care of state affairs following his departure.

Explaining the situation to many other ministers in attendance throughout the day, Ji Chang took his leave from the Western Foothills the following morning with fifty attendants by his side. As his party arrived before Mount Yan, a sudden rainstorm appeared with giant waves rolling down from each neighboring mountain top; it was as if an ocean was falling from the very heavens. After hearing a colossal thunderbolt shake the very earth, Ji Chang gave the order for his soldiers to find "the star of a warrior" — followed from the saying that a gifted warrior was born after the movement of lightning.

Upon the finding of a small newborn child with eyes like that of stars, Ji Chang told his men to find a local family that could take the child in. However, Master of the Clouds personally presented himself shortly before Ji Chang, stating that he would graciously take the child — newly dubbed as "Thunder-quaker⁵" — in as his own, and return him to the former once he had left Morning Song. As Ji Chang thus continued his journey, he arrived at Morning Song one day to be entertained in the company of the other three grand dukes at the Golden Reception House.

5. Sometimes also called as "Thunderbolt".

As the night flew and the four grand dukes enjoyed their wine to the fullest, E Chongyu, the Grand Duke of the East, began to spout words of hatred at Chong Houhu's actions in his drunken state. Being at a loss in judgment due to their state of mind, Chong Houhu and E Chongyu began to physically attack each other before Ji Chang forcefully pulled the two apart and sent them to their respective rooms. At the second watch that night, Ji Chang heard someone present at the reception house mutter that the blood of the grand dukes would stain the market walls the following day. Threatening to put every individual to death if the culprit did not show himself, the accused Yao Fu was thrown before Ji Chang's feet shortly. As Yao Fu, who was a relative of a royal messenger, told Ji Chang and Jiang Huanchu of the unfortunate past within the kingdom, Jiang Huanchu fell to his feet in misery over his daughter's cruel death while Ji Chang offered to create a petition in his behalf.

Vowing to personally see King Zhou over the death of his precious daughter, Jiang Huanchu declared to Ji Chang that he should form his own report on the case instead. When Fei Zhong learned of their arrival before the capital, he told King Zhou that he should ignore any report that was to be handed to him the following morning — and the dukes should be publicly executed without condition. As King Zhou arrived within the Grand Hall the following morning, he announced forth the four grand dukes immediately. When Jiang Huanchu handed his report to King Zhou and calmly accused the latter for his barbarity, the former's robes were removed to prepare for his immediate execution. However, the other three grand dukes rushed forth protesting Huanchu's innocence.

Chapter 11

The III Fortunes of the Grand Dukes

Seeing how King Zhou was to put Jiang Huanchu to death so blatantly, the other three grand dukes knelt before the king in shock and told the latter to reconsider his decision in the name of preserving his king-minister relationship. As Bi Gan spread forth their petition upon King Zhou's desk, he had little choice but to read it. Upon the reading of this petition, which elaborated the king's many wrongs, the latter flew into a great rage while tearing it to many pieces. Once the three dukes had been bounded immediately for such a slanderous petition, Yellow Flying Tiger and other princes knelt down and elaborated the grand duty and loyalty that the dukes fully showed throughout their many merits towards the name of the Shang Dynasty.

After hearing their story, King Zhou came to a new conclusion, *"Ji Chang would be specially pardoned for his exceeded virtue and due loyalty while the other two dukes were to be executed at once as previously stated."* Even with Yang Ren's continued plead to have mercy on the two remaining dukes, the king's decree was effectively carried out in efficient form nonetheless. Following King Zhou's return to his palace, each minister wept profusely at such a tragedy while the remaining attendants of the two newly deceased dukes fled immediately to their respective dukedoms in a chance to attain a future rebellion.

The two grand dukes were buried and Ji Chang made preparations to head back to his dukedom. Then Fei Zhong approached King Zhou and suggested to him that Ji Chang should effectively be destroyed lest he attempts to join forces with either Jiang Wenhuan of the East or E Shun of the South — the sons of the deceased dukes — due to his secret "inner treachery". By observing the former during his farewell feast, Fei Zhong could effectively determine if he was truly loyal to the dynasty. For if he seemed the least bit treacherous, he should be disposed of immediately.

As Ji Chang thus presented his farewell to the king and Prime Minister Bi Gan, he rode to the Changting Pavilion where he was warmly welcomed by many high ranked ministers. With happiness and due dignity present within each minister's heart, Ji Chang was merrily treated to volleys of wine in a celebratory feast. Once both Fei Zhong and You Hun arrived shortly, each minister became displeased and dispersed immediately at the sight of such criminals in their presence. With Ji Chang now alone with Fei Zhong and You Hun, the latter presented forth an especially large jug of wine equipped with extra-large cups for the former to drink from it.

As Ji Chang thus happily guzzled down several glasses, and became somewhat drunk, Fei Zhong purposely asked the former the fate of the Shang Dynasty. After stating that King Zhou would be the last monarch of the dynasty, and his rule would last for another decade or so, Ji Chang additionally foretold the rather strange death that Fei Zhong and You Hun would experience in the future: *"they will be frozen to death in ice."*

With expressive condolences towards Ji Chang's prophecies, Fei Zhong and You Hun shortly returned to the Fairy Longevity Palace to tell the king how truly foul the duke was. As Chao Tian — one of the Chao Twins — was thus deployed to bring back Ji Chang immediately by decree of King Zhou, Chao Tian arrived shortly before Ji Chang and rode back to the capital.

Once Ji Chang was presented before King Zhou, and received the death punishment, Bi Gan defended the former, saying that divination was simply meant to predict the success or failure of future events — and was most definitely not invented by Ji Chang or used for the sole purpose to create his own rash predictions whatsoever. After thus being forced to make a divination to see if it would come true, Ji Chang stated that the Ancestral Temple should burn to ashes at noon the following day.

With such a prophecy being reciprocated in real form, King Zhou flew back in astonishment at Ji Chang's sage-like qualities. However, it was concluded that Ji Chang would escape the death punishment — but would be forced to live within Morning Song's Yaoli District as to ensure no future trouble was caused through such divination. Once peace was to be restored in the capital, Ji Chang would be freed from such containment. Bowing in gratitude towards the king's grace, Ji Chang was welcomed merrily into Yaoli as a leader of the people who possessed void hate towards King Zhou.

One day into the future, Prince Yellow Flying Tiger received a report that Jiang Wenhuan was attacking Youhun Pass, while E Shun of the south was present at Sanshan. Now being fully rational over the rebellion of four-hundred marquises at present, he sighed with discontent before ordering his generals to protect the passes with all due haste.

Chapter 12

The Birth of Nezha

Present at Chentang Pass was none other than the renowned military commander Li Jing, who possessed the rare ability to travel through ground, metal, wood, or fire as taught by Superior man Woe Evading Sage. Currently with two sons — Muzha and Jinzha — and his wife, Madam Yin, Li Jing was in a strange situation: his wife was seemingly pregnant for over three years and sixth months, but never progressed into labor.

However, as Yin had a strange dream one night, she suddenly gave birth to this strange child the following morning. With maidens rushing about saying that a demon was present in Yin's chambers, Li Jing immediately rushed forth into her room and cleaved in two a strange fleshy ball that rolled to and fro across the floor. Within the ball emerged a small young child with hair as white as snow with a gleaming golden bracelet on his right wrist. Taking the young child into his arms, Li Jing and his wife were both very delighted at the sight of their new son.

As Fairy Primordial arrived shortly, and was happily welcomed into their territory, the former took hold of the child and declared his name to be '*Nezha*'. After containing consent that Primordial could adopt the child as his own disciple, Li Jing continued to train his soldiers fervently throughout the following seven years of time. As Nezha ventured outside of the pass one day with a guard after his seven-year nurturing under Fairy Primordial, Nezha arrived before the Nine Bed River which sparkled with the light of the sun. Determined to take a bath in this stream as an escape from the great heat of summer, Nezha immediately took his clothes off and used the Sky Budding Damask around his neck to wipe his body. Little did he know that each time this scarf touched the water the surface turned red when it swished about, and the ground beneath shook violently.

Ao Guang, the dragon king of the East Sea, thus ordered his yaksha⁶ scout, Li Gan, to find out the cause to each consistent tremors. After realizing Nezha to be the source of such tremors, Li Gan lashed his axe violently at the former in great rage — but only ended up losing his life shortly by Nezha's Universal Ring.

As Ao Guang was informed of his scout's death, Ao Bing eased his father Ao Guang with word that he would find out the reason for such an action. Experiencing great ridicule and arrogance upon the meeting of Nezha, Third Prince Ao Bing lashed forward his great renowned lance of jade. However, using both of his legendary items with synchronized ability, Nezha managed to strike the former dead — who thus returned to his original form, a silver dragon.

Being informed by Ao Bing's soldiers that his third son lost his life in addition, Ao Guang's rage pierced the very heavens as he transformed himself into a scholar to immediately see Li Jing on the issue. After angrily elaborating the issue to Li Jing, Ao Guang demanded to see Nezha in person without any moment to waste.

6. *Yaksha* is a nature-spirit-like that usually guards treasures hidden in caves and tree roots. He or she may be a friendly nature-fairy ally, but on the other hand also a dark ghost-like, which haunts in the ways and wilderness, and devours the travelers.

When Nezha appeared before Ao Guang and apologetically handed him his third son's tendon that was previously ripped out, the former flew into greater contempt declaring fully that he would personally see the Jade Emperor to ensure there punishment.

Feeling fully responsible for the great agony and frustration that his mother and father were now going through, Nezha declared that would see his master, Fairy Primordial, to see how he should deal with Ao Guang to ensure his family's safety. Using a dust cloud to move with great speed through the air, Nezha arrived shortly before his master's residence at Qianyuan Mountain.

Knowing fully that the minor actions of the past were destined to occur, and such a matter was not worthy to be placed before the Jade Emperor himself, Fairy Primordial first drew invisibility charms on Nezha and then sent him to the Virtue Gate of the Celestial Palace with his set instructions.

Arriving in moderate time before the Virtue Gate, Nezha gazed in great admiration at the beauty and elegance that revolved around him; such a sight truly was far too great to ever be present within earth. As Ao Guang eventually arrived through the gate, he rode swiftly towards the South Celestial Gate — determined indeed to see the Jade Emperor at once.

Yet realizing that such a gate was closed, a large pain suddenly erupted forth in his back as Nezha's Universal Ring landed a crucial blow to the former. Falling to the ground with Nezha grabbing hold of his neck, Ao Guang was truly in a difficult situation.

Chapter 13

Combat between two Fairies

As Nezha toppled about the dragon king and began beating him violently with his fist, the latter became even more infuriated. Determined to force Ao Guang to give up and return with him to the Chentang Pass, Nezha tore apart each individual scale upon his sides — effectively forcing the king to give in to such detriment. After Ao Guang had been ordered to take the form of a small lizard lest he attempted to escape, Nezha returned immediately to Chentang Pass in mere moments.

Upon his return before Li Jing, Ao Guang resumed his original form, stamped his foot in unparalleled rage, and vowed to gather the dragon kings of each of the four seas in his next attempt to see the Jade Emperor. With Li Jing in a state of rejuvenated frustration, Nezha effectively calmed his father down by stating that he had decreed existence upon the Red Dust by the Jade Emptiness Palace; and if any trouble was to be presented before the Jade Emperor in the future, his master, Fairy Primordial, would take care of the situation with precise accuracy.

As Nezha thus calmly walked off to his parent's garden after placing confidence in his father, he soon became rather bored and decided to climb the neighboring pass's watchtower to enjoy the afternoon breeze. After gazing forth at the great view before him, Nezha picked up a bow equipped with a set of three arrows that sat at the edge of this large tower. Deciding to better his archery technique, he shot one of three arrows — which glistened with brilliant crimson — into the southwest.

Truly Nezha little did realize that this bow was wielded by none other than Emperor Xuanyuan within the past — for only one of immortal ability could have the strength to wield it. With even greater misfortune, this arrow happened to pierce the throat of Blue Cloud Lad of White Bone Cave on Skeleton Mountain.

As such an incident was immediately informed to Lady Rock, the mistress of the cave, the latter vowed to attain revenge against Li Jing, the conjectured criminal of such an incident. Following Lady Rock's immediate arrival before Chentang Pass, she wrapped up Li Jing with her yellow-scarved genie without a moment of hesitation. After thus returning to her mountain with the latter, Li Jing told Lady Rock that he would immediately find out who the true murderer was upon his inspection of the sacred arrow.

As Li Jing called for Nezha and shortly realized that he was indeed the criminal behind this new incident, the former led Nezha to Skeleton Mountain atop a dust cloud. Once Pretty Cloud Lad, the secondary disciple under Lady Rock, approached Nezha to call him in to the cavern, Nezha determined this to be the perfect chance to knock the former out cold due to the calamity that should befall him in very short time anyways. Seeing her disciple near death on the ground, Lady Rock began to lash her sword at the latter in even greater rage.

Unfortunately for Nezha, his legendary items were absorbed into the former's sleeves with ease when he attempted to unleash them — and he thus had no choice but to flee immediately to his master at Qianyuan Mountain. Hiding in the peach garden immediately upon his arrival, Fairy Primordial left his domain to confront Lady Rock as she pursued the former. After yelling profusely at Fairy Primordial in her desire to confront Nezha, the latter retorted by saying that Nezha was destined to perform such calamities — and such an incident was only minor and of no real significance compared to his true future performance.

Realizing that his words were unfeared, and her only method to get past his resolve would be to approach his master at the Jade Emptiness Palace; the former decided to duel Fairy Primordial to prove her skill as being greater. Even with her magical item — the Dragon Beard Handkerchief — she proved inferior as the latter evaded and negated her every blow like the flow of water. Thus trapping her easily inside his great Nine Dragon Divine Fire Coverlet, Fairy Primordial glanced down at Nezha — who peered outside the cave — to head immediately to his family's residence due to the Jade Emperor's consensus of Ao Guang's request.

Thus telling Nezha what he should do during his arrival, Fairy Primordial clapped his hands to put the irrational Lady Rock to her rest in a pit of flames. Approaching the four dragon kings, who arrived shortly at his house, Nezha began to break his bones, gouge out his intestines, and slit his belly as a representation of the punishment that he deserves — and the innocence that was deserving of his parents. Seeing Nezha dead in a large pool of blood, Ao Guang and the other dragon kings consented to his sacrifice — and declared his parent's as innocent and free of any form of punishment.

Chapter 14

Reincarnation with Lotus Flowers

The soul of Nezha appeared before Fairy Primordial recently after his death. The fairy latter told Nezha to approach his mother in a dream and tell her to construct a temple on Jade Screen Mountain that was to be worshiped with incense and candles for over three years of time. Following the three years, Nezha would be able to reincarnate into his original human form once again. Thus continuously pleading to his mother for the construction of his temple so that he could rest in peace, she finally ordered her attendants to do as such — resulting in the temple's completion following the passage of ten months.

As Li Jing was naturally not informed of such a construction lest he attempted to tear it down in the future, many people soon gathered to worship before the beautifully articulated temple due to the seemingly good fortune that resulted in such worship. Descending one day from the Wild Horse Mountain after thoroughly drilling his troops, Li Jing noticed many individuals gathering around a neighboring temple that was supposedly dedicated to "God Nezha". Burning the temple down shortly and calming the people with the truth, Li Jing returned immediately to see his wife and reprimand her for such one-sided thinking.

As Nezha heard what happened through his temple secretaries, he headed to see his master at Qianyuan Mountain to explain the current situation. Realizing that Nezha was to be reincarnated as soon as possible without a single moment of delay, Fairy Primordial ordered his attendant, Golden Haze Lad, to retrieve two lotus flowers and three lotus leaves from the lotus pond immediately. Performing a special process with his lotus leaves and flowers shortly after being received, Nezha suddenly leapt forth in a new human body without the slightest defect following a puff of smoke. Bowing in unparalleled gratitude before his master, Nezha was trained immediately with the Fire-Tip Lance combined with his new Wind-Fire Wheels, and ended up mastering such an art in very short time.

Before leaving Qianyuan to attain revenge against Li Jing, Fairy Primordial handed the former his original legendary items — after being retrieved off of Lady Rock's corpse — along with a golden brick that could change its mass at the user's will. Riding upon his flaming wheels with quick pace, and arriving before Li Jing's residence shortly, several guards reported the former's arrival — and Li Jing had little choice but to see if what they said was really true. Appearing before Nezha in great shock due to his miraculous return, Li Jing slashed his lance upon the former — but only ended up fleeing to the southeast after experiencing the celestial renown that Nezha now possessed.

Pursuing the latter with great ease with his Wind-Fire Wheels, Li Jing knew that his life was to end shortly and thus fled for his life at the fastest speed he could muster. As Li Jing happened to fortunately run into his second son, Muzha, along the way, he immediately explained the situation with quick words while hiding behind the former. Appearing before Muzha, Nezha soon learned that the person standing before him was his second brother — and he thus told the latter his reason for such an action. Without any hesitation for sympathy on Nezha's part due to unfilial behavior, Muzha lashed his sword forth at the former — but only

ended up being knocked in the stomach by Nezha's golden brick after leaving an opening. Falling to the ground in moderate unconsciousness after receiving such a heavy blow, Nezha seized this chance to pursue Li Jing further in his amusement. Resolved that he would only end up with further calamity if such shamefulness continued, Li Jing prostrated himself on the ground in preparation for his ritual suicide. Just before such could be performed, Master of Outstanding Culture⁷ suddenly appeared to stop the former with immediate pace.

With a large revolving lotus within his palm, the Taoist immediately ordered Li Jing to hide in his neighboring cavern while he personally confronts the pursuer. As Nezha thus arrived before Master of Outstanding Culture, and realized that the former was hiding Li Jing in his cave, Nezha boasted that he would slash him to pieces with his lance if he was to continue to shelter his father without understanding the true situation at hand. After telling Master of Outstanding Culture his name, and the respective master that he had trained under, Nezha began to lunge forward at the Taoist master knowing it probably wasn't the best choice.

Immediately parrying Nezha's lance with the lotus flower within his palm, Master of Outstanding Culture unleashed forth his renowned Dragon Bound Stake — effectively placing the former's mind into great confusion and thus resulting in easy capture. As Nezha shortly realized that he was completely bound to a golden stake with rings around his arms and legs, Master of Outstanding Culture ordered his disciple, Jinzha, to beat him with his cane as punishment. After they both returned to their cave after giving Nezha a long and severe beating, Fairy Primordial arrived from the heavens to meet with Master of Outstanding Culture. Walking into the Taoist's cave while ignoring Nezha's pleas completely, the former declared to Outstanding Culture that he sent him here for the sole purpose of temperament. With Nezha thus being set free shortly, he kneeled with dignity before his master within the cavern.

As Li Jing was reprimanded for the cruelty of burning down Nezha's sacrificial temple, he was soon dismissed but ordered to show no further animosity towards Nezha from this point on — and vice-versa. With Nezha thus being ordered to keep watch of the cave entrance while the two superior men plaid a round of chess, the former could not contain himself and left to pursue Li Jing immediately atop his flaming wheels. Believing to be fooled completely by the previous immortal due to Nezha's refreshed pursuit, Li Jing fortunately caught sight of a man sitting on the side of a pine tree — and thus called to the latter for assistance.

Running up to the man and hiding behind him, Nezha arrived shortly and explained the situation to this man, determined to vent his hatred. Giving in to Nezha's furiousness, the man spat on Li Jing and then clapped his hand to the former's back.

As Li Jing was ordered by this man to fight back Nezha with little other choice, Nezha soon realized that his father's strength was far greater than originally — and thus the man standing at the pine tree must be none other than a Taoist who was a master at the enhancement arts.

7. "Culture" also may be translated as "Colours."

Realizing that if he effectively destroyed the Taoist, his father's strength would not be surpassing his own, Nezha lunged forward and slashed his lance into the latter's forehead. As a lotus flower appeared before his face to negate Nezha's blow, the Taoist angrily unleashed forth his great golden pagoda from the heavens to trap the former within as punishment.

Clapping his hands to additionally signal a great fire to rage within the pagoda, Nezha had no choice but to beg for mercy and declare his acknowledgement to his father — thus seizing the chance of being set free. Realizing that he possessed not a single burn from the Taoist's great fire, Nezha deduced the former's ability to be none other than Genjutsu.⁸ Threatening to burn Nezha further in his pagoda if he did not kowtow to his father with needed respect, the former had no choice but to do so in a rageful state.

As the Taoist thus declared to Li Jing that he would teach him the burning pagoda art as a resistance against Nezha's potential future assaults, Nezha dismissed it first — and thus quickly rode back to Qianyuan Mountain in disappointment over his sullied vengeance. Now declaring his name to be Burning Lamp of Mount Divine Hawk, the former told Li Jing to forget about fame and riches under the Shang Dynasty and to live as a hermit in the neighboring mountain valleys until the preordained assault upon the dynasty comes his way; at that time he should assist King Wu in the campaign.

8. *Genjutsu* may relate to the *Kenjutsu* that is a general term for swordsmanship said originated with the samurai class of feudal Japan, which means "*the art of the sword*." However, along this book "*Genjutsu*" also adds the use of magical skills.

Chapter 15

Jiang Ziya leaves Mount Kunlun

Living within the Jade Emptiness Palace on Mount Kunlun, Celestial Primogenitor was honored as Grand Master of Chan Taoism. Through a past meeting between the heads of Chan and Jie Taoism, and Confucianism, 365 gods would be chosen in the future as to represent the constellations, stars, sacred mountains, clouds, and the such. Such a creation served as to set each individual who died for their respective cause in the future war between the Shang Dynasty and the coming Zhou, to be reborn as a guardian of the Red Dust to ensure their individual resolve lives throughout the stars. After the Shang Dynasty falls, Jiang Ziya was destined to be the chooser of such an outcome.

As Celestial Primogenitor thus ascended his Eight Treasure and Cloud Radiance Throne one day, and asked for Jiang Ziya to appear before him, the latter knelt with great dignity towards his master for over forty years of valued service. Telling Jiang Ziya immediately his destined assistance to the sage king and his service as commander and prime minister in the name of the future Zhou Dynasty, the latter became rather discomforted over such a sudden statement and desired to stay by his master for eternity instead. With little other choice then to obey his master's declaration, Jiang Ziya received a prophecy from Primogenitor before taking his leave of the mountain with tears flowing from his eyes.

Realizing his blatant confusion as to where he should start in his journey, he decided to head immediately to Song Village to see his sworn brother, Song Yiren. Arriving at the latter's residence shortly and offering his condolences, the two sworn brothers sat beside each other with cups of fine wine. After discussing with Jiang Ziya various events and other incidents, Song decided that his old friend was in need of a wife so that his family line could continue on — and thus the latter left to see Ma Hong to set up a future engagement with his daughter.

Returning later to tell Jiang Ziya his success, the two prepared for an auspicious day in which such a marriage could take place. Following the shortly arrived marriage with Madame Ma, the two lived for some time under the support of Song Yiren, who was exceedingly rich and possessed high status within the community.

As Jiang Ziya began to make bamboo rakes as a form of business at Capital Morning Song lest anything was to happen with Yiren's support within the future, he unfortunately was not able to even sell a single rake — and thus returned to his original residence with great misery and frustration in short time. After attaining suggestion from Yiren that flour made from ground wheat would result in much better sale within the capital, Jiang Ziya carried the flour to Morning Song the following day in great confidence.

However, disaster only became greater as Jiang Ziya was tackled furiously by a horse raging from Morning Song's drilling ground, resulting in flour spilling in every direction. Returning to his residence without a single cent made from the flour, Jiang Ziya began to violently quarrel with his wife over such ill fortune experienced in the past. As Yiren took his old friend aside to comfort him over his

bad luck, the former declared to Jiang Ziya that he could work as an accountant or shopkeeper daily in one of fifty restaurants that he possesses within Morning Song. With immense gratitude over his brother's suggestion, Jiang Ziya assigned himself to a large restaurant that neighbored the southern gate of Morning Song — the busiest section within the city region. Unfortunately, however, every individual present within the city remained indoors due to a terrible rainstorm that ran amok throughout the entire day.

Without ever attaining a single customer, Jiang Ziya forced his staff to devour all prepared food lest it was to spoil over their terrible luck. As his sworn brother followed by handing Ziya a few talents of silver to buy and sell livestock within the capital, the latter did as he advised and thus spent several days buying sheep and pigs for further profit. Driving a great number of animals to the market place at Morning Song the next day, Jiang Ziya hardly realized that slaughtering livestock was strictly prohibited lest Sky became angry and expanded the capital's days of drought.

With guards thus running at the former for his intentions to make profit from the slaughterhouses, Jiang Ziya had no choice but to flee for his life while abandoning his animals. Following his return back to Song Yiren, the latter simply smiled while declaring to Jiang Ziya that they should both head to the back garden and drink away their past sorrows.

Chapter 16

Burning the Jade Lute Specter

Entering the back garden shortly, and gazing forth with keen delight at the beauty around him, Jiang Ziya suggested to Song Yiren that a tower should be constructed within its vacant space as to ensure great fortune with geomancy. After being told by the latter that such an action was constantly performed in the past, but the tower mysteriously burned down each consecutive time, Jiang Ziya realized that spirits must have been at work previously.

As the tower's beams were thus risen during the auspicious day ensured of success by Ziya, a rather fiercely expected wind rose about while Song Yiren entertained the guards in the front hall. Gazing forth at five large fiery spirits within the air, Jiang Ziya conjectured that they had evil intentions behind their former actions — and thus sent a thunder crack throughout the sky to force the spirits to kneel before him. Having mercy on the spirits for originally being animals and not knowing what true trouble that they caused in the past, Jiang Ziya declared that they should each head to the Western Foothills for now until he finds a laboring job for them to perform when he eventually arrives.

Following their immediate consent and departure, Madame Ma and Sun gazed at Jiang Ziya from the shadows wondering as to why he was talking to himself in such a strange manner. Explaining such an action as being incomprehensible to the former, they soon realized that Jiang Ziya was well skilled in the art of fortune-telling. As Madame Sun thus urged her husband to find a shop for Jiang Ziya to use for his fortune-telling, Song Yiren declared shortly that he would tell some of his servants to rent a house neighboring the south gate district of Morning Song for his future use.

With the fortune-telling house thus being opened after a short while, Jiang Ziya waited patiently for over four months before finally attaining his first customer, a woodcutter by the name of Liu Qian. Unfortunately for Ziya however, Liu was known for his fierceness and brutality. After declaring that if the former's divination was incorrect, he would close down his shop. And if he was correct, he would reward him with twenty ounces of copper. Jiang Ziya gave him this prophecy: *"If you are to head south, you will find a man under a willow tree that will give you 120 coppers, four dishes of fresh cake, and two cups of wine."*

Even though Liu Qian stated his prediction as being far from accurate, he ventured south as told — thus appearing before an old man under a large willow tree as previously stated. After effectively receiving 100 coppers from the old man following the purchase of his well-fined firewood, Liu was offered wine and refreshments immediately. Once Liu had realized that the wine bowl filled exactly two cups to the very brim, he sat in astonishment at such precise accuracy.

Upon his receiving of 20 coppers in addition due to the old man's gracious mood, Liu Qian ran back to the south gate district stating that a celestial being was indeed present. Being far too astonished and exited over Jiang Ziya's celestial accuracy to pay him any money, Liu Qian decided to grab hold of a neighboring yamen business manager and force him to have his fortune foretold instead. As the

former told this man he would pay if Jiang Ziya's prophecy proved false, the manager had little choice but to go along with such a deal. With precise accuracy in his future prediction as well, Jiang Ziya's fortune-telling shop soared in popularity throughout the capital in rather quick pace.

Following the passage of six months, Jiang Ziya's name soared throughout the region — attracting many foreigners from far and wide to experience his grand insight. As Jade, the lute specter under Empress Nu Wa, bade farewell to Daji one morning, she heard many great noises beneath her while soaring through the heavens on her spectral cloud. Realizing that the area beneath her was a fortune-telling center by the great clamor around her, she transformed into an exceedingly beautiful woman before moving swiftly through the crowds in order to attain her own prediction.

Allowing for her fortune to be immediately read before all others after seeing that she was indeed a specter despite her appearance, Jiang Ziya grabbed hold of her palm and held on tightly for an excruciating period of time. Crying in discomfort at Jiang's action, more people gathered around ordering Jiang to stop his action for further trouble would result. Not letting this chance dare slip away from his grasp, Jiang Ziya seized the moment to crack her skull with his ink slab in one vile thrust while still holding on to her palm lest her true specter form could escape.

As Prime Minister Bi Gan attained full word of this, Jiang Ziya appeared shortly before the former, still holding the visibly dead woman's palm, while exclaiming his full reasoning behind such an action. Leaving the southern gate district with Jiang Ziya lest a great riot was to ensue, they both headed to the palace gates while the former presented himself before King Zhou at the Star Picking Mansion to explain the situation.

With Jiang Ziya thus being sent before the king, he kneeled with deep respect while declaring to the former that he could essentially prove that this woman was indeed a specter if she was burned in a fierce fire for over four hours with charms stamped on her breasts and back. As such an action was fully performed, Bi Gan and King Zhou sat in utter astonishment at Jiang Ziya's most extraordinary potential.

Chapter 17

The Serpent Pit

As everyone present gazed at Jade's ability to withstand the fierce fire without the slightest burn on her body, Jiang Ziya unleashed divine fire from his mouth by tempering both his vital energies and spirit into breath. Telling Bi Gan and King Zhou to temporarily head inside lest they were harmed, Jiang Ziya summoned forth a large thunderbolt to completely destroy Jade, thus leaving her as nothing more than a large lute on the ground.

Daji, who saw her sister meet such a disastrous end, suggested to the king that Ziya should be appointed to a high position — while still harboring evil intentions to kill the former in one way or the other to attain revenge. After thus being appointed as Junior Minister and Director of the Imperial Observatory, Jiang Ziya celebrated for several days with Song Yiren and other relatives in congratulations.

While meanwhile placing the attained lute in a position in which it had free access to the spiritual essences of Sky, earth, the sun, and the moon, Daji could effectively revive Jade after around five years of time. As Daji began to sing and dance in King Zhou's entertainment one day within the Star Picking Belvedere, the former noticed seventy individual maids who only shed tears in silence instead of applauding her beautiful performance.

Realizing shortly that these maidens originally served under Queen Jiang, Daji suggested to keep them contained temporarily within the court prison while she supervises the construction of a large pit — 240 feet in circumference and 50 in depth — that was to be full of countless lethal snakes collected from each potential household within the capital. Once King Zhou fully unleashed this decree, people from every corner rushed about to find as many serpents as possible — even to the extent of heading to countries beyond Morning Song just to meet the king's demand lest they received punishment in any form. As Supreme Minister Jiao Ge inspected as to why people ran about with baskets in their hands all day long, without any successful information attained, the former discussed this issue with other high-ranking ministers in order to devise a way to uncover the reason.

After attaining full consent on his plan, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the Chief of Guards and offered him a grand reward if he uncovers the truth from His Majesty. With the pit being essentially filled completely with snakes following the passage of five days, Daji told the king that the maidens should be stripped completely before being thrown alive into the pit to be devoured. With King Zhou's immediate consent for the maidens to be thrown into the pit shortly that day, Jiao Ge attained word of the former's atrocity by the Chief of Guards afterwards.

Being stunned with horror and anger at such an outrageous decree, Jiao Ge presented himself before the king immediately. Yelling at the king for his behavior with full words of devotion in the name of the dynasty, Jiao Ge was soon ordered to be thrown into the snake pit in addition for his insolence. Not allowing for such a shameful death to be his end, Jiao Ge smashed his head into the ground instead as an act of suicide. As the maidens were thus shortly thrown into the pit without a

moment of hesitation, King Zhou patted Daji on the back in praise of her ingenious methods of torture. After Daji had suggested a 'Meat Forest' to be constructed to the left of the snake pit that possessed thick branches hung with slices of meat all around as a creative punishment game to future disobeying ministers, she additionally suggested the '*Wine Pool*,' an exceedingly deep pit with wine to drink from for the same playful purpose of the former.

Upon the consenting of such strange "torture devices", Daji added in later to King Zhou that both the eunuchs and the palace maids should physically wrestle each other for a set period of time; whoever seemed the weaker would have their bodies thrown within the Meat Forest after being beaten to death by golden hammers. Following King Zhou's consent, this became his favored form of entertainment from that point onwards.

The true reason behind why Daji suggested such an outrageous method of torture, however, was to secretly feast on the blood and flesh of the deceased within the Meat Forest while in her fox sprite state throughout each night. Sitting down one day and remembering the humiliation she felt at the death of her sister, Daji drew a magnificent building complex on a sheet of paper and brought it before King Zhou at the Star Picking Belvedere as a chance to attain her long awaited revenge.

Telling the former that this building — newly dubbed as the '*Happy Terrace*' — should possess jeweled halls and towers and stand forty-nine feet high. She exclaimed that it was the perfect manifestation of his dignity and prestige as ruler of the Shang Dynasty. Resembling jade as beautifully articulated as a celestial palace, celestial beings would be bound to appear for feasts and kneel in respect before King Zhou's magnificent glory. Due to additionally adding the appearance of celestial beings within this terrace, Daji could effectively convince the king that Jiang Ziya was the only present official within the kingdom that was able to perform such an unrealistic task.

Following the king's consent, and the order for Jiang Ziya to appear before him immediately, Jiang realized through divination that he was destined to meet one form of disaster shortly. Knowing that he most likely could never attain any chance to repay Prime Minister Bi Gan's kindness within the future, he appeared before the latter quickly and handed him a set of instructions lest the prime minister was to meet some form of calamity at a later point. As Jiang Ziya thus appeared before King Zhou and was handed the project's constructional report, he thought to himself how to effectively put reformation into the king's thinking and excuse such a project with full rationality.

Chapter 18

Flight from Morning Song

As King Zhou asked Jiang Ziya his thoughts on the project, the latter stated that it would take around thirty five years to produce considering the current labor with the people and the additional lack within the national treasury. Unfortunately however, Jiang Ziya foolishly went too far with his words by additionally stating the king's deluded qualities. And was thus ordered for an immediate execution without even considering his former reasoning.

Running for his life lest he was caught by King Zhou's guards, Jiang Ziya soon approached the Nine Dragon Bridge and jumped into the river beneath after confirming to everyone around him that it would be his act of suicide. Gazing into the water and not noticing his body — or any movement at that — the guards were rather confused but reported the case to the king nonetheless.

Little did anyone truly understand that Jiang Ziya mounted an underwater cloud and flew away in reality. Being fully resolved to search the waters afterwards lest Ziya was playing any form of trickery, the guards gazed continuously at the waters beneath the Nine Dragon Bridge before having their reasoning checked by Yang Ren. As Daji suggested afterwards to King Zhou that Chong Houhu was the best choice for the Happy Terrace's production, the latter ordered the secretariat to head immediately to Houhu's dukedom. Being stopped by Yang Ren along the way, Yang Ren was shortly informed of the Happy Terrace and thus headed immediately to the Star Picking Mansion to discuss the current circumstances with King Zhou.

As Yang Ren placed forth his suggestions in a manner that upset the king as usual, the latter ordered for Yang Ren's eyes to be gouged out as punishment. Once the former sat in agony and disgust as such a cruel action was performed for little reason, Superior man Virtue of the Pure Void on Mount Green Peak heard his cries of pain and ordered his genie to take action with quick pace. As such an action was effectively carried out with a grand wind-sandstorm, the unconscious Yang Ren was shortly placed before the feet of Pure Void. Placing two celestial elixirs into Yang's eye sockets, and blowing celestial breath into the his face, Pure Void immediately awoke the former.

Now in possession of two small hands that protruded from his sockets with one eye in each palm, Yang Ren vowed to serve eternally under his new master upon the hearing of the latter's kindness. Meanwhile, Chong Houhu had begun the construction of the Happy Terrace that not only forced thousands into exceedingly deep labor but additionally killed many out of exhaustion and turmoil.

Returning to his original residence shortly, Jiang Ziya approached Madame Ma and explained his desire to head quickly to the Western Foothills and attain the position of prime minister — as was his destiny; for if she was to stay by his side, she would enjoy endless honor and great fame — but Madame Ma unfortunately declined such an offer due to her lack of confidence in the former, and thinking of him as no more than an unrealistic failure who simply had luck in the past.

After a note of divorce was officially created so that both could part their ways justifiably, Jiang Ziya was invited by Song Yiren to have one final farewell drink in the name of their eternal friendship. Parting from his old friend with tears flowing from his eyes, Jiang Ziya rode onwards throughout the countryside before coming upon several hundred refugees stationed within Lintong Pass. Unfortunately however, all refugees present intended on voyaging through the five passes but were firmly held off by the garrison commander known as Zhang Feng. With due confidence and reassurance to the people, Jiang Ziya personally went forth to discuss the current circumstances with the commander.

Unfortunately however, Zhang Feng strongly declined Jiang Ziya's offer to allow the people passage due to his firmness in upholding the law and decreed by the king. Jiang Ziya thus had little choice but to inform the people of the commander's words while telling them set instructions: *"At dusk, you are to have your eyes firmly closed. A fierce sound of wind will rush about — but at no account should you open your eyes unless you wish to fall to your death."* Kowtowing to Mountain Kunlun while reciting many incantations, every refugee was lifted throughout the air by a fierce wind and soon placed before the Golden Chicken Range — which was beyond the capital's five passes.

After expressing their deep gratitude towards Jiang Ziya, every individuals stationed themselves thereon within Phoenix City to live out their days in well-deserved peace. As Bo Yi Kao sat discussing current affairs with San Yisheng, the former declared his clear resolve to head to Morning Song immediately in order to prove the faith and love he possesses towards his father by freeing him from his chains as previously ordained. Even with San Yisheng's suggestions not to, such words meant nothing compared to the pain that Bo Yi Kao felt within his heart — and he thus made preparations for his departure.

Chapter 19

Gifts to the King

Holding San Yisheng's words very dearly, Bo Yi Kao still believed that his actions were for the best — and thus informed his younger brother, Ji Fa, of his ascension as the temporarily ruler of the Western Foothills until he returns from the capital after around two or three months. Thus selecting an auspicious day for his departure, Bo Yi Kao soon departed to Morning Song following his final toast of farewell to the civil and military officials at the Changting Pavilion.

Arriving before Morning Song in short time without much effort sacrificed, Bo Yi Kao stationed himself within an official hostel before leaving to the palace gate in mourning robes the following day. Not daring to enter through the gates with his memorial lest his aura of dutifulness and loyalty to the king swayed in any way, Bo Yi Kao was approached by none other than Prime Minister Bi Gan one day. Kowtowing before the latter due to his past kindness, Bo Yi Kao shortly told him the tributes that he should present to the king: the Seven Fragrance Carriage (which was solely used by Emperor Xuanyuan), a sobriety carpet, a white-faced monkey, and ten maidens of exceeded beauty.

Realizing that Bo Yi Kao simply had filial intentions backing his resolve, Bi Gan immediately informed the king of the former's desire for audience. Kneeling with unparalleled respect before King Zhou while elaborating the reason for his appearance, the latter was deeply touched by his filial piety and courtesy and thus ordered for him to stand on his feet. As Daji gazed at Bo Yi Kao with lust over his handsomeness, she informed the king of the boy's great reputation in the art of music.

Being promised by King Zhou that if his skills were to exceed his expectations he would allow both him and his father to leave the capital with open arms, the latter reluctantly accepted such a challenge. Playing the zither with keen ability and prowess, Daji and King Zhou alike were very pleased — and thus ordered a banquet at the Star Picking Mansion in his honor.

Gazing at Bo Yi Kao from across the table during their banquet, Daji lusted to have sex with him no matter what it would take. Thus desiring the former over a deluded old man like King Zhou, Daji told the king that Bo Yi Kao should stay at the capital not only to teach her lessons with the zither, but to additionally spread such beautiful music throughout the whole capital for the benefit of everyone. Following King Zhou's consenting, Daji brought forth many glasses of fine wine for the former as an additional feast until he was essentially intoxicated and put forth to his bed for rest. Now sitting alone with Bo Yi Kao and her own zither in hand, Daji was thoroughly told of each individual trait possessed within the beautiful instrument.

However, she cared little about such; her only desire in mind was to arouse Bo Yi Kao in any way possible — and many amorous smiles, glances, and sweet words were thus performed. Realizing that her actions were meaningless, as the former never even paid any attention to them, Daji invited Bo Yi Kao to sit by her side at the honor of being her tutor during a newly prepared feast.

Being reluctant to preserve his propriety and righteousness than to sit by the Queen's side due to his lowly position, Daji had little choice but to continue the zither lessons instead. During their continued lessons together Daji declared that if she could sit on his lap, she could effectively make rapid progress as he holds her hand while guiding through the strings. Unfortunately however, Bo Yi Kao irrationally yelled at the former stating that such actions would be great shame to the title of Queen and thus declined immediately.

Dismissing him to his quarters, Daji informed King Zhou the following morning in her rage that Kao did little more than seduce her the former night rather than assist with the zither. Being approached the following morning by King Zhou and Daji, Bo Yi Kao was reprimanded for his slow tutoring performance the night before, and was thus ordered to play another tune to redeem himself. After playing his zither with keen ability, he placed forth his white-faced monkey at Daji's request — thus enchanting all around with its superb music and synchronization.

However, this monkey's music was used to bring out any neighboring evil spirit to the forefront; as Daji's true form came forth in her enchantment, the monkey seized this chance to lunge forward and attack her. Falling to the ground dead by a swift blow of King Zhou's hand, Bo Yi Kao was arrested but freed after convincing the former that it was nothing more than an undomesticated animal of little intelligence — and it most definitely didn't have the capability of plotting to hurt Daji.

Thus being ordered by the king to play one more tune with his zither to see if he truly reflects loyalty and sincerity, Bo Yi Kao began playing his instrument with many defiant words as a full expression of his hatred towards those who defy integrity and righteousness. Solely intending to get back at Daji for her unethical manner previously, and preserving his loyalty to the king in every way, Bo Yi Kao attached a long blade to his zither and threw it directly at Daji's face in an attempt to put an end to her life even if it cost his own. Fortunately for Daji however, she managed to leap out of the way while tumbling to the ground in shock.

As King Zhou roared with rage at such an unexpected action, he ordered the guards to throw Bo Yi Kao into the snake pit as punishment. Begging the king to do what she wished with him, Daji ordered the executioners to nail Bo Yi Kao's hands and feet to a board while his flesh was cut from his body piece by piece. Swearing at Daji up until his last dying breath, it was soon decided that his flesh would be made into small cakes and sent to Ji Chang to determine if he was worthy to be freed. If he ate the cakes, he was ordinary and thus should be freed. But if Ji Chang refused to eat them out of personal views, he was to be executed as to destroy any potential trouble in the future.

Chapter 20

San Yisheng bribes the corrupt Courtiers

Being imprisoned within Youli for seven years of time, Ji Chang studied the theory of the eight diagrams throughout each passing moment while writing a book known as the *'Book of Changes'* during his confinement. While sitting in his studies and performing divination with gold coins one day, believing that something unfortunate had taken place in his family, Ji Chang soon realized that his son, Bo Yi Kao, had met a cruel and unfortunate death. Being approached shortly by a palace messenger, and offered three large cakes of deer flesh as a token of King Zhou's respect for the former, Ji Chang happily accepted the cakes and immediately ate all three in his unparalleled show of gratitude. Knowing fully that he had just devoured the flesh of his precious son, Ji Chang sat on the ground and began weeping profusely over what little choice he possessed during the situation.

As King Zhou and Fei Zhong were fiercely clashing against each other during a game of chess, the messenger soon arrived and informed the king of Ji Chang's resolution. Deciding that Ji Chang should be excused from Youli after hearing his report, Fei Zhong swiftly retorted by stating that if Ji Chang was to return to his homeland at the current time he would most likely be influenced strongly not only by the blood lustful people of the Western Foothills due to Bo Yi Kao's death, but the southern and northern dukes in addition because of the strong potential they emanate. Seeing that it was a more rational resolution to keep Ji Chang detained, no matter how loyal he might seem from the outside, King Zhou consented to the former's suggestion.

As the entourage under Bo Yi Kao was soon informed by loyal ministers of their master's death, they fled through the night until arriving within Phoenix City to express their woes before Ji Fa. Bursting into many tears at the hearing of his elder brother's death, Nangong Kuo cried from among the generals present saying that was essential at all costs to deploy an army against the capital in order to wipe out King Zhou and effectively replace him with a true ruler.

Everyone present within the court ground their teeth in rage and glared with great hatred as they agreed with Nangong to destroy the tyrant at all costs possible. With San Yisheng moving forward and reprimanding all around for their lack of control, the former firmly stated that if such an action was put into motion and reported to the capital, all of Ji Chang's years of loyal service and reputation were nothing more than roadside chaff. With these words San Yisheng additionally stated that two messengers should be sent with gold, jade, and other valuable items, from their dukedom to the residence of Fei Zhong and You Hun to attain potential support in the future — and would more than likely result in Ji Chang's well-deserved exclusion.

After additional letters were also to be sent in secret to these two ministers, the soldiers of the Western Foothills should be drilled day and night as to prepare for a chance later on to strike at the capital with the other dukes. With two generals — Tai Dian and Hong Yao — effectively chosen for this task, they were ordered to take the guise of merchants traveling to the capital in offering to the suffering people. Not daring to stay at a government hostel following their arrival at the capital lest they were found out, the two generals approached their

respective supreme minister's lodgings that night. As Tai Dian kneeled before Fei Zhong in great respect, the former placed before him a letter from Supreme Minister San Yisheng stating that he would receive over 10,000 talents of silver and other valuable gifts if he freed Ji Chang as an expression of his inner virtue and compassion.

Fei Zhong ensured Tai Dian that he would do his upmost to set Ji Chang free at all costs. Thus, the latter left shortly with the same results as his ally general. Experiencing two successive wins within chess against both Fei Zhong and You Hun a few days later, King Zhou prepared a feast for the three of them as celebration. Beginning a discussion of Ji Chang, Fei Zhong declared that he had recently sent a few trustworthy men to Youli District with the sole purpose of analyzing Ji Chang's current motives following the death of Bo Yi Kao — for this would effectively prove if he still harbored his supposed loyalty even after the conjectured knowing of his son's death. Hearing reports from these men that Ji Chang was burning incense at every moment in the insurance of King Zhou's health and never uttered a single word of defiance to the current situation, Fei Zhong knew wholly that the former was indeed not a threat to the capital and was a minister of the highest loyalty.

As King Zhou heard such a report from Fei Zhong, he additionally asked You Hun for his take on the situation. With research that reciprocated Fei Zhong's analyze on Ji Chang, You Hun stated that if Ji Chang was effectively freed, he could be appointed into the position of prince and used to subdue the rebelling Northern and Southern grand dukes through words due to the natural respect that they possess towards the former. And thus might even be encouraged to stop their rebellion. The fact was that Ji Chang to be freed simply out of consideration, and his resolve to uphold the kindness bestowed upon him by the king would naturally increase and thus strengthen such an outcome. King Zhou thus issued a decree that stated Ji Chang's essential pardon and his freedom from confinement.

As the ministers all around clapped their hands in joy upon the hearing of Ji Chang's well-deserved attainment of freedom, a palace messenger immediately set out for Youli District with written decree in hand. Sitting inside his inner chambers with continued detriment over the death of his unfortunate son, Ji Chang made a divination with golden coins following a sudden ominous windstorm. After realizing that King Zhou would pardon him that day, the palace messenger arrived shortly and officially stated the king's decree.

Packing his belongings with both joy and sorrow, the people of Youli crowded before him and offered what they could in return for the former's immense kindness in the past. As they escorted the duke some distance from Youli District, every individual present gave their final farewells in tears. Arriving before high ranking ministers such as Bi Gan and Yellow Flying Tiger at the palace gates, Ji Chang expressed his immense gratitude at their kindness for freeing him from his extended confinement. Being in a state of great happiness in addition, an order was soon put forth that stated Ji Chang's presence before King Zhou. Dressing in convicted garb as he presented himself before the king, Ji Chang kneeled in respect and stated his many vows of gratitude. Being thus authorized to undertake military operations as chief of all dukes and appointed as overseeing prince, King Zhou additionally placed forth a banquet at the Dragon Virtue Court in his honor.

With each minister smiling with delight at such good fortune for Ji Chang — now known as Prince Wen — the latter paraded for two days throughout the capital's streets in a demonstration of his glory. Late into the afternoon during his second day of parade, Ji Chang was approached by Prince Yellow Flying Tiger and consented to the former's proposal of a personal drink at his residence. Personally sitting down and accompanying Ji Chang with many drinks, Yellow Flying Tiger firmly told him that he was in need of ceasing his current parading and should leave as quickly as possible lest any other unpredictable occurrence runs about in such a colossal torn capital like Morning Song.

Feeling as if he had been completely awoken to reality, Prince Wen calmly asked the former how he was get through the five passes. Handing him many military tallies and suggesting that he guises himself as a royal patrolmen to easily make his way through the passes, Yellow Flying Tiger gave one final bow to Prince Wen before being dismissed. That same evening, Yellow Flying Tiger ordered two of his generals — Dragon Huan and Wu Yan — to open the west gate of the capital and secretly escort Ji Chang from within.

Chapter 21

Flight through the Five Passes

With the help of Yellow Flying Tiger, Ji Chang managed to cross the Yellow River in a single night and then make his way towards Lintong Pass — the first of five passes. As many officials became exceedingly worried as to why Ji Chang failed to return throughout the entire night, Fei Zhong soon attained word of the situation and thus sat down with You Hun to analyze their next move. You Hun immediately placed forth his irrational suggestion: "After attaining the consent of His Majesty, soldiers should be sent to retrieve Ji Chang immediately. As he was brought back and placed before the king, he should be beheaded as punishment for putting insult over the former's kindness." With Fei Zhong's consenting, both ministers appeared before King Zhou and fully elaborated the situation.

After deciding that Generals Yin and Lei were to be sent out to retrieve the runaway prince, they both charged through the west gates with 3,000 soldier strong in immediate pace. Riding leisurely through Lintong Pass when hearing a sudden clamor of men and horses behind him, Ji Chang soon realized that King Zhou must have sent men in pursuit — and thus galloped wildly atop his horse, not knowing where at all he was heading. As the soldiers of Shang shortly approached the unfortunate Prince Wen with immense speed, Master of the Clouds meanwhile attained sight of the situation from his Green Touring Bed and immediately called Thunder Quaker to his side. Ordering his disciple to quickly find a weapon at the Tiger Cliff, Thunder Quaker met no true success before finding two delicious red apricots which he devoured with great delight.

Just at the moment that he was going to resume his search, a sudden strange transformation took place. Two wings sprouted from both shoulder blades while he grew silver tusks and long red hair. Even though he had no desire to see his master again with such an appearance, he had no true choice once Golden Haze Lad, an assistant disciple under Master of the Clouds, called him back to the cavern. With great delight over his disciple's transformation, Master of the Clouds handed Thunder Quaker a golden cudgel and immediately taught him how to wield it with exceeded renown. After the essential mastering of his new weapon, "wind" was written on his left wing while "thunder" on his right — thus giving him the ability to soar through the heavens with his new wings at will.

Before Thunder Quaker was to take his leave, Master of the Clouds thoroughly told his disciple that he was to ensure his father's safe arrival at the Western Foothills; but at no account should any soldier be killed during such an incident. Leaving the mountain in immense pace, Thunder Quaker called continuously from a neighboring peak to see if a certain man below — who was fleeing in great speeds atop his horse — was truly his father, the Grand Duke of the West.

Riding to the peak and being told that he was none other than Thunder Quaker, the young child that was saved by his hands seven years in the past, Ji Chang told the former that on no account should any individual of Shang be hurt lest his punishment becomes even greater than current. Ensuring his father that he would persuade the generals to retire their pursuit, Thunder Quaker stood

resolutely before the entire army shortly, declaring that not a single individual was to pass unless they wished for their own death. As the Shang soldiers reported such a case to Generals Yin and Lei, the latter two rage fully advanced towards Thunder Quaker's position.

Chapter 22

Return of the Duke

As Generals Yin and Lei thus appeared before Thunder-quaker shortly, they charged fiercely at the latter while bursting into laughter at his attempt to protect Ji Chang through vaguely connected bonds of filially. Determined to end this incident quickly, Thunder-quaker cleaved the crag of a neighboring mountain into two halves in a single strike with his golden cudgel — thus sending the whole Shang army fleeing in great fear for their lives. Now returning to his father, who laid on the ground in shock, Thunder-quaker urged Prince Wen to get on his back so that he could be transported safely to the Western Foothills without any additional delay.

Weeping profusely over the void attempt to bring along the horse that had served him faithfully for over seven years of time, Ji Chang had little choice but to calmly tell the horse to run off to a new master while grabbing hold of his son's back and returning immediately to his native land. Arriving beyond the five passes shortly, Thunder Quaker left his father momentarily — thus forcing Ji Chang to travel day and night on foot with great misery. As Prince Wen eventually approached an inn one day during his travels, he shortly elaborated his identity before being offered a flour-grinding donkey from the innkeeper as a mount while personally escorting the former back to his capital.

Crossing through the Golden Chicken Range and Mount Shouyang, breezes of late autumn soon filled the heavens with great desolateness that touched Ji Chang's longish heart to return to his family of long ago. Tai Jiang, the mother of Ji Chang, soon realized through divination that her son was to return exceedingly soon — and she thus told everyone present within the capital of such long awaited news. As each minister rode from the capital with banners and great gifts of offering, they soon caught sight of Ji Chang and presented themselves before him in unparalleled happiness.

With Supreme Minister San Yisheng thoroughly elaborating the historical records of King Tang and his revolution to overthrow the Xia Dynasty after being captivated for so many years, he compared this to the Grand Duke's incident and offered him a chance to do the same for the sake of the people. However, Prince Wen retorted by saying that such words should never be spoken again — for he could not do anything as disloyal as rebelling against the king after receiving such merciful honor from the former.

As everyone present became somewhat convinced by his speech, Prince Wen returned to the dukedom shortly with people cheering left and right in happiness at their master's safe return. Arriving before Mount Small Dragon and seeing his ninety-nine sons standing before him, Ji Chang fell from his horse with tears of agony upon the remembering of the one son that was not present, Bo Yi Kao. With the help of his sons, Ji Chang suddenly coughed up a large slice of meat that strangely turned into a small white rabbit; such was reciprocated two more times immediately with the same result. As everyone present sat in shock while the three rabbits ran to the west, they placed Ji Chang under the care of a doctor for several days to await his recovery. After the inn keeper was handsomely

rewarded for his reported deeds before returning to his home, San Yisheng personally sat down before Prince Wen and stated that an attack upon Morning Song would be a rational choice considering the current circumstances — despite the loyalty that the prince might possess. With Nangong Kuo suddenly appearing before the prince while stating that an attack upon the capital as essential, Prince Wen reprimanded them both by declaring such an action as disloyal and without virtue to attack your own master despite what qualities that they might possess.

After Nangong exclaimed the death of Bo Yi Kao as a clear action of cruelty that was deserving of punishment no matter what the consequence might be, Prince Wen retorted by stating that such an incident was brought about through his son's pride and rash qualities and isn't to be compared with the larger picture of loyalty. Either way, acting in such a sudden manner would not only stir up the people to make many sacrifices during such a war, but they would additionally lose a level of love and confidence towards their master due to being forced into a situation that they most clearly would not enjoy — for they love peace in all aspects.

As both San Yisheng and Nangong Kuo clearly realized that the land should not be impoverished and provoked into war for the time being, Ji Chang stated that a "Spiritual Terrace" should be constructed in order to foretell any potential disaster within the future. Being afraid that the people would suffer through unnecessary trouble with such a project, San Yisheng reassured his master that the immense dignity and gratitude that the people possess would surely bring him swift victory without a thought of defiance. Prince Wen became delighted at his reassurance, and thus issued forth a decree on the terrace's construction.

Chapter 23

Dream of a Flying Bear

As Prince Wen's notices were posted up for the Spiritual Terrace's potential construction, it clearly stated that if any was to go out of their way to assist in the construction, they were to be paid one-tenth of a teal of silver as gratitude while being allowed to discontinue without any form of compulsion whatsoever. Being overjoyed at such a chance to show their love to Prince Wen, every individual was clearly willing to work wholeheartedly on such a project without any regret. Issuing forth the project's start on an auspicious day after hearing such joyous news, the Spiritual Terrace was effectively created under ten months of time.

Leading his civil and military officials out to gaze forth at the terrace, Prince Wen was the only individual present that exclaimed a level of depression — for the terrace was in need of a pool in order to meet the requirements of the yin-yang theory. As such words were passed on to the people, everyone present began its immediate construction in due happiness. Digging profusely in their attempts, human bones were found and placed off to the side due to being a blatant interference towards their work. However, Prince Wen soon attained word of such and ordered for the bones to be placed into small coffins and buried within a neighboring hill instead of being exposed — as would be a sign of disrespect.

After watching the continued work of his fellow people until night, Prince Wen enjoyed a meal with his ministers before retiring to rest within one of the terrace's rooms. Experiencing a strange dream involving a white-faced tiger with large wings, Prince Wen reported this dream to San Yisheng the following morning and was told that a highly talented minister was destined to be a part of the Western Foothills in the near future. Believing the former's words as truth, Prince Wen became determined to make immediate preparations in the finding of this minister. Now returning to Jiang Ziya, he had spent his time near Panxi Stream constantly fishing throughout day to night while studying the way and reciting scriptures. While leaning on his willow tree one day, Jiang Ziya heard a certain man singing a song to himself and soon realized that it was none other than a woodcutter.

As Wu Ji, the woodcutter, sat down by Jiang Ziya's side and realized that he fished with a mere pole without a needle — or any bait at that — he thoroughly mocked the former by stating that he wasn't very smart when it comes to such simple matters. After furthered discussion, Wu Ji was told by Jiang Ziya that he would kill a man that day within Phoenix City unexpectedly; the former became angry at such sudden words and left with a fury. Heading through the south gate of Phoenix City, Wu Ji swung his carrying pole of firewood from one shoulder to the other which suddenly struck Wang Xiang, a city guard, in the temple, ending his life instantly.

Being pushed before Prince Wen immediately, Wu Ji elaborated the case as being nothing more than an accident that possessed rather vague reasoning and more bad luck than anything else. Declaring that the woodcutter would pay for his life nonetheless, Wu Ji was imprisoned inside a small circle near the southern gate to await his set punishment. Tear stricken over what might be befalling his ailed

mother back at their home due to his lack of support for over three days, Wu Ji was soon approached by San Yisheng and thoroughly elaborated the situation. Realizing that Wu Ji did not kill Wang Xiang out of any vile intentions whatsoever, he decided that it would be best to discuss the current issue at hand with Prince Wen and effectively suspend his punishment until autumn if at all possible.

After reporting such a case with the prince the following day, the latter consented to Wu Ji's proposal for temporary freedom. Wu Ji thus immediately returned to his mother's side and told her the reason for his lengthened disappearance. Additionally elaborating the words of Jiang Ziya as the reason for such an atrocity, Wu Ji set forth to Pianxi Stream to meet the former.

Chapter 24

From Fisherman to Prime Minister

As Wu Ji ran quickly to the Panxi Stream, he saw Jiang Ziya sitting under his willow tree while fishing more calmly than ever. Kneeling before the latter and asking forgiveness for his past ignorance, Wu Ji pleaded to Jiang Ziya to save his life from a destined death. After declaring himself as his disciple, Jiang Ziya told the former that if he wished to escape death, he must sit in a four-foot hole throughout the night while covered completely with rice and hay; after such was completed, there should be no problems experienced in the future with the prior incident.

With Wu Ji following his master's instructions thoroughly throughout that night, Jiang Ziya meanwhile recited charms to cover up the Wu Ji's star and thus save him from potential death. As Wu Ji returned the following day and kneeled respectfully before Jiang Ziya, the latter told him to spend the entire morning selling his usual firewood while returning in the afternoon to hear lessons on military theory/stratagems — for Jiang Ziya could feel the expedition upon Morning Song drawing near and thus could use additional assistance if need be.

Upon the arrival of late autumn, Supreme Minister San Yisheng recalled the incident of Wu Ji and asked Prince Wen if he could make a divination as to why the convict had not shown himself. After Prince Wen had effectively performed divination, and realized through such that Wu Ji committed suicide out of fear for punishment, the former sighed in distress at such an outcome. As spring arrived in short time with everything around bursting with life, Prince Wen proposed to his ministers that a few days should be spent enjoying nature within the southern outskirts. With San Yisheng's suggestion to search for the "destined minister of the Western Foothills" in addition, their journey soon began shortly.

Enjoying fully the colossal beauty laid out before his eyes, Prince Wen became shortly distressed as he saw his troops killing leopards, wolves, and of the such unconditionally — as the area around him was set up as a hunting zone by General Nangong Kuo for the former's pleasure. The prince thus approached San Yisheng and solemnly told him that they were within the wildlife to simply gaze at the beauty around, not to kill innocent animals out of instinct; for the ancients of old would never act in such a manner as to harm their own benevolence. Joyfully continuing through the wilderness and gazing forth at many people enjoying the beauty of spring, Prince Wen caught ear on a certain song that two fishermen were singing.

Believing them to be sages of the sort, Xin Jia was sent shortly to investigate the matter; he returned by stating that the two fisherman simply heard and recited such a song from a mysterious old man near the Panxi Stream. Dismissing the two fisherman in distress, Prince Wen pondered over a single verse of the song that denoted the ignoring of power and wealth — and thus elaborated a story of Sage Emperor Yao and his meeting with a virtuous man to San Yisheng as an example. Continuing on their way while hearing a group of woodcutters spouting a song of similar connotations to the former two fishermen, Prince Wen ordered an immediate investigation of these men. Being told that the same old man near Panxi

Stream taught this song to the former in addition, Prince Wen was convinced that this man must be approached at all costs.

Unfortunately for Wu Ji however, he happened to be amongst the crowd and was instantly recognized as the convict who supposedly met death in late autumn. Realizing that he was indeed woodcutter Wu Ji, the former was placed before Prince Wen and thoroughly reprimanded as an immense threat that needs to be dealt with accordingly. Explaining his meeting with a man known as Jiang Ziya, Wu Ji promised to guide Prince Wen and his entourage to the former's location in exchange for freedom. Without any success on finding Jiang Ziya, Prince Wen was led to the sage's cottage — but immediately met failure again due to Jiang Ziya's random departures and unpredictable returns.

San Yisheng thus told his master that it would be best for them to return to the palace temporarily while returning on a date that was presumed as more probable for the meeting of the former. Being extremely disappointed but nonetheless cooperative to his minister's suggestion, Prince Wen ordered his men to thoroughly purify themselves daily in wait for their second departure before Jiang Ziya's residence. In a different perspective of mind, General Nangong Kuo stated that there was no definite knowing that this "Jiang Ziya" was the true sage that they were looking for simply due to the songs that he composes and his unnatural abilities — for sages of similar quality would be more than likely present within the neighboring mountains in addition.

However, San Yisheng retorted by stating that this man must be the destined minister from Prince Wen's dream due to the traditional manner that was need of being followed and his reputation amongst the neighboring populace as being differential to the majority. Through such discussion, all ministers cleansed their hearts and bodies before taking leave on the fourth day following their original appearance. Arriving at the Panxi Stream shortly, Wu Ji immediately took notice of Jiang Ziya and reported such to Prince Wen. Approaching the sage steadily, Prince Wen took Jiang Ziya's hand and welcomed him with colossal dignity.

As San Yisheng elaborated the reasoning behind their appearance with many fine gifts, Jiang Ziya soon left his cottage and proceeded with Prince Wen on horse top following many steady refusals to ride in the former's carriage. Arriving shortly before the capital, Jiang Ziya was appointed as prime minister and thus thoroughly assisted the Western Foothills with his knowledge and discipline.

Chapter 25

Banquet for Specters in the Palace

Once Han Rong, commander of Sishui Pass, obtained word on Jiang Ziya's appointment, he sent an urgent report to Morning Song. As Bi Gan attained such a report, he immediately presented himself before King Zhou and stated that since Jiang Ziya had effectively joined the West Grand Duke, there was a great possibility that the former could dwindle with Ji Chang's loyalty and thus convince him to assist the southern and eastern dukes in their campaign against the capital.

Once King Zhou told the prime minister that he would hold court as soon as possible lest any furthered threat might evolve, Chong Houhu, the Black Tiger, kneeled in presence before the king while stating the nearing finish of the Happy Terrace after two years and four months of determined work. King Zhou quickly asked Chong Houhu's additional take on the appointment of Jiang Ziya. The latter stated that Ji Chang was very peace loving and would never attack the capital unless it was forced upon him by his people. And that Jiang Ziya was also exceedingly old and wasn't a large enough threat to waste an entire army upon due to the scarceness already experienced amongst the populace.

King Zhou thus dismissed both Bi Gan and Chong Houhu shortly while taking hold of his beloved Daji and heading out to see the Happy Terrace's progress. Arriving before the Happy Terrace and realizing its current completion, King Zhou happily walked through the terrace with immense joy and satisfaction at the glittering jade and gold spread before him so vividly. As a grand celebration took place inside the terrace, Bi Gan could not help but sigh in great distress at the peoples' suffering simply through the deluded selfishness of a single person.

Asking Daji when the immortals and fairies would show themselves before the terrace as she originally stated, Daji had little time to react and immediately stated that a full moon before a cloudless sky would be the only signal for their essential coming. Knowing that the full moon would not show itself until five more days, Daji resumed her specter form three days later and headed immediately to the grave mound of Emperor Xuanyuan while King Zhou was fast asleep.

Being welcomed by Splendor, the nine-headed pheasant, Daji elaborated her reasoning before stating that all other specters present at the mound must transform themselves into immortals and come with her to the Happy Terrace within two days of time if they possess such an ability; if not, they were to remain at their original position. After this detailed discussion, Daji immediately returned to the palace on a gust of wind.

As King Zhou asked the following morning about the immortals, Daji suggested to the king that thirty-nine seats should be arranged while a minister — Bi Gan in this case — was chosen to serve them wine at their will. Upon the quick approach of evening the following day, the seats were set forth while King Zhou gazed in great anticipation for the arrival of his immortal guests. Following the king's temporary leave of the terrace while Daji invited forth her honored specter allies, Bi Gan was called shortly to serve the latter.

Pouring them wine at every call, Bi Gan became rather confused as to why they looked like fairy spirits but possessed the most disgusting of odors; indeed, he thought, this was truly a very ill omen for the Shang Dynasty. As everyone present began to drink wildly, Bi Gan noticed that some of the guests had tails sprouting forth upon further intoxication — and was thus dismissed immediately by Daji lest he realized that they were specters, not immortals. Charging from the palace gates with great shame and rage as to lower himself to serve vile beasts, he soon approached Yellow Flying Tiger, who was on night patrol, and reported the incident at the Happy Terrace in full details.

After ensuring to Bi Gan that he would deal with the issue, Yellow Flying Tiger ordered his four generals — Huang Ming, Zhou Ji, Dragon Huan, and Wu Qian — to each take twenty four soldiers and patrol the districts around the east, north, west, and south. When these "immortals" were to leave the palace, they were to be pursued closely and stealthily back to their respective lairs.

As each immortal specter took their leave from the palace on foot due to great intoxication preventing any form of natural flight, all thirty-nine that were present immediately returned to the grave mound of Emperor Xuanyuan while being closely followed by General Zhou Ji along the way. Informing Yellow Flying Tiger the following morning, the latter ordered his general to take 300 soldiers individually equipped with firewood and light them on fire while inside the mound hole to ensure destruction and no lack of possible escape for the specters. With Yellow Flying Tiger and Bi Gan calmly sitting by each other's side while drinking tea, Zhou Ji soon reported his success and thus called for them both to inspect the results.

Arriving shortly before the grave mound and finding corpses lying about that stank with burnt fur and flesh, Bi Gan ordered all corpses that possessed not scorched fur to be skinned so that he could present His Majesty with a specialized fur coat as a warning to the evil specter, Queen Daji. The two commanders thus returned to the palace in high spirits with such a grand display of the power and loyalty that they possessed in the name of the Shang Dynasty.

Chapter 26

Daji plots Revenge

With the recent arrival of winter, heavy snow fell throughout the capital like pearls of great silver illuminating the sky and earth alike with beauty. Entering before King Zhou at the Happy Terrace, Prime Minister Bi Gan expressed his inner worry over the king's health at such a time of year — and thus presented to the former a specialized fur robe of scarlet satin as a token of such affection and consideration.

Once King Zhou had placed the beautiful robe around his body with immediate appreciation towards the prime minister, Daji meanwhile gazed forth from the curtains and noticed the specialized insignias only present on fox specters of her relation. She thus inwardly vowed that her hatred would only be sullied if she was to attain Bi Gan's heart as punishment.

Not bearing to see the skin of her relatives any further after the prime minister's leave, Daji convinced the king that the fur robe was below his level of dignity and should be placed elsewhere. Forming a plot to effectively end Bi Gan's life, Daji used her specter powers to reduce her beauty to a great extent one day as she sat drinking with King Zhou within the Happy Terrace.

Realizing that the Queen was strangely lacking in beauty, Daji shortly told the king that she possesses a sister known as Splendor, who was far more beautiful and elegant. Continuing with her words, Daji additionally stated that her sister left one day from Jizhou while stating that if she was to ever attain immortal characteristics, she would send Daji incense as a signal for her immediate return. Telling King Zhou that the incense had yet to be burned, it was decided that the following day should be chosen for her sister's return.

As King Zhou thus slept soundly that night, Daji resumed her specter form and met Splendor at the burned grave mound — fully knowing that her sister could not have possibly been touched by the former flames due to her highly evolved specter attributes. With Splendor's immediate informing to Daji that all thirty-nine specter allies had been burnt to death and skinned, the latter wept while telling her sister a specific plan that essentially required her appearance before the palace the following day. Effectively attaining Splendor's consent, Daji happily returned to the palace throughout the remainder of the night while King Zhou lustfully desired to see his queen's elder sister as soon as possible throughout the next day.

Once night finally approached, Daji advised King Zhou to conceal himself while the incense was burned — for if she was to notice a man of mortal qualities other than her sister, she might not wish to perform any such task. With the incense being burned at last, great thunderous winds brewed about throughout the palace while Splendor made her immediate appearance shortly thereafter before Daji.

As Daji thus brought her sister to an inner chamber while sipping tea and exchanging conversation, King Zhou meanwhile peeped from the corner and instantly declared that he would give up his very own throne without the least

regret if he could have sex with Splendor. Scratching his ears and coughing profusely to attain Dai's attention, the latter asked her sister if she could meet with the king after clearly understanding his many signals.

Being convinced that King Zhou was worthy to sit by her side due to his rank, the king excitedly rushed forth and placed himself before Splendor immediately. Once Dai left the inner chamber for some time to change her clothing, King Zhou became exceedingly aroused after Splendor emitted many seductive glances — and thus invited his honored guest to stroll with him on the terrace.

Steadily pacing under the moonlight, King Zhou calmly fondled her breasts and body while declaring that was she was to stay by his side within the palace instead of living the life of an immortal, great wealth, rank, and honor would clearly be bestowed upon her in short time.

Realizing that Splendor did not respond or offer any resistance to his many physical attacks, King Zhou carried her to a side court and passionately began unleashing his inner essence upon the latter within a neighboring bed. Upon Dai's return with great laughter over her sister's state, the king enjoyed the remainder of the night with his two lovers. As all ministers outside the palace gates possessed no knowing of King Zhou's new indulgences with Splendor, Yellow Flying Tiger, the highest ranked among ministers, continued to train his 480,000 soldiers daily to ensure an effective protection of the neighboring passes.

One day however, Dai suddenly began to profusely spit forth blood while falling to the floor in a feverish state. King Zhou and Splendor immediately ran to her side while the latter stated that her sister possesses a strange heart attack disorder that reappears at random moments of time when intense anxiety and stress was felt. Additionally stating that a doctor by the name of Zhang Yuan cured such attacks with soup made from a highly developed human heart on great occasion back at Jizhou, it was indeed of great need for such a heart to be found among the populace and used at once to free Dai from her potential bonds of death.

Acting as if she was performing divination, Splendor told King Zhou that Prime Minister Bi Gan was the only individual present within the capital that possesses such a heart. As King Zhou thus sent out many decrees to ensure Bi Gan's arrival before the palace, the prime minister meanwhile attained word from the sixth royal messenger that Dai possessed a strange illness and was needing of his arrival.

Knowing that Dai was indeed an evil specter, and any such incident that specifically called him forth in her name more than likely meant certain death, Bi Gan approached his wife in tears while stating that she should do her best to observe the rules and take good care of their children while he was gone.

Explaining the situation thoroughly, Bi Gan rushed back to his study chambers and hastily followed the instructions that Jiang Ziya had given him earlier. Following his immediate arrival before King Zhou, and the learning of his heart being needed in order to cure Dai's ailment, the former retorted with great anger at the king and Dai's blatant hate towards him. Knowing that he had little choice before the situation, and his time was assuredly soon to end, Bi Gan knelt on

the ground and ripped the heart from his chest while throwing it to the ground without a single droplet of blood whatsoever. As the prime minister walked quickly to the palace gates, avoiding each minister that appeared along the way, the former took the reins off his horse and strode towards the capital's northern gate.

Chapter 27

Return of the Grand Old Master

Striding through the northern palace gates in a state of complete silence, Yellow Flying Tiger was very worried over the current situation — and thus sent forth Generals Zhou Ji and Huang Ming to follow him immediately. As Bi Gan approached a woman hawker along the way that declared humans as incapable of living without a heart, a sudden pulse surged through the former's veins violently, causing him to fall to the ground with blood surging profusely from his chest. With Zhou Ji and Huang Ming's arrival shortly, they inspected the deceased prime minister's body closely and realized that his heart was strangely nowhere to be found.

Unfortunately for Bi Gan however, he still would have remained alive if the woman previously had noted that humans can live even without a heart — for such was the trickery behind Jiang Ziya's magical note. Once the two generals had arrived before the palace gates and immediately reported their resolution on the incident to Yellow Flying Tiger, all ministers present sat heartbroken at such an absurd end to their treasured prime minister. Xia Zhao, a junior minister, could not hold back his emotions as he strode within the Happy Terrace prepared to put a well-deserved end to King Zhou's life.

Cutting down any guard that dared to oppose his path towards the king, Xia Zhao shortly arrived before the tyrant and charged at him with his flying-cloud sword. As he cleaved at the king's flesh with great renown, King Zhou managed to grab ahold of the blade while swiftly throwing it off to the side. Realizing the situation was rather grim, Xia Zhao ground his teeth until they bled profusely before launching himself off of the terrace to his death. As all ministers around grieved over their second loss, Bi Gan's body was soon returned while a funeral was held immediately for his countless loyal services to the Shang Dynasty.

News soon came about during their funeral that none other than Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was finally returning to the capital; all ministers thus made quick preparations to meet the former outside Morning Song's gates. Arriving shortly atop his great dragon unicorn, Wen Zhong gazed towards the capital and realized that a funeral was taking place due to many paper pennants flying about. Inspecting the reason for such, he was astonished to hear that Vice Prime Minister Bi Gan had died — and thus entered immediately to see many gorgeous buildings such as the Happy Terrace all around him. Dismounting before his fellow colleagues at the palace gate's roadside, the Grand Old Master expressed his greetings while entering the Grand Hall.

Being informed by Yellow Flying Tiger of the many torture devices created and the unjust deaths of countless loyal ministers throughout his years of departure, Wen Zhong's third eye burned red with rage as he ordered King Zhou to ascend his throne at once. With Daji joyfully drinking the soup made from Bi Gan's heart, King Zhou was rather frightened to hear that the Grand Old Master had returned — but nonetheless left immediately in his royal carriage to see the dignified latter. Sitting before Wen Zhong within the Grand Hall, the latter thoroughly elaborated his complete victory at the North Sea District while

inspecting the reason as to why two of the four grand dukes have risen in rebellion. Being told that Jiang Huanchu and E Chongyu were executed for conspiring against the throne — even though the king did not possess any such witness that could prove such a case — Wen Zhong became exceedingly wrathful and reprimanded the king for the blatant malevolent qualities that he possesses. Telling the former that he would personally endeavor to set the country in order in the name of King Da Yi, his former master, Wen Zhong told the king to return to his apartments while he plans out his next move for the dynasty's benefit.

As King Zhou left without uttering a single word against the Grand Old Master, the latter asked his fellow colleagues to join him at his residence. Arriving shortly before the Silver Peace Hall with each minister present, Yellow Flying Tiger came forth from the crowd to personally elaborate the full happenings from Daji's entry to Bi Gan's death. Now fully knowing the ultimate woes of the Shang Dynasty, Wen Zhong let out a great roar of rage before declaring that he would seal the gates for three days while presenting to King Zhou a memorial upon the fourth.

Approaching the king on the fourth day with his written memorial, King Zhou placed it before his desk and was handed by the former an ink slab and writing brush to sign his name on ten individual proposals. King Zhou signed his consent on all but the destruction of the Happy Terrace; the deposition of Daji; and the beheading of Fei Zhong and You Hun to as warning to all flatterers. With Wen Zhong's suggestion to the king that the remaining three proposals essentially need to be fulfilled if he was to prevent the Shang Dynasty from falling to utter ruin, the latter stood forth without uttering a word. Fei Zhong, who did not see the true seriousness of the situation, moved forward to speak with King Zhou before being stopped by the Grand Old Master.

As Fei Zhong began to state the former's propositions as a clear insult to His Majesty and violation to the general rites of inferior to superior, Wen Zhong seethed with rage at his words — and thus charged his fist into Fei Zhong's skull, causing the latter to tumble violently down the Grand Hall's steps in an injured state. Seeing Fei Zhong lying on the floor with a bruised head and face, You Hun ran before the Grand Old Master while declaring his actions as being the equivalent to beating King Zhou himself.

Learning that the man standing before him was none other than You Hun, Wen Zhong ran forward and smashed his fist into the former's face — sending him crashing seven yards past the Grand Hall stairway in a near death state. Grand Old Master Wen Zhong followed by ordering the two ministers to be taken to the palace gate for their awaited execution immediately afterwards. Just as Fei Zhong and You Hun were to have their heads cleaved off, King Zhou ran forward to Wen Zhong and pleaded for the two ministers to be placed before court and tried according to law for their former actions.

Observing the king's frightened manner, and realizing that it was a crime for the former to possess such intense fear towards him, Wen Zhong ordered the two ministers to be placed in gaol and await their trial while the three remaining proposals were carefully discussed within the near future. With such grand resolve to ensure political reform was effectively instilled, news soon reached the capital that King Ping Ling of the East Sea district had unfortunately declared independence. As Wen Zhong attained word of such, he appeared before Yellow

Flying Tiger's residence shortly and asked the latter who was more fitting to take care of the situation. After they both carefully considered their next move, Grand Old Master stated that he would take 200,000 soldiers to the East Sea district while Flying Tiger remains at the palace for internal defense.

Additionally stating that he would deal with the state's administration at his best following his return, Wen Zhong appeared before King Zhou the following morning to elaborate the current happenings within the east. Being very delighted internally at Wen Zhong's words of departure, both Yellow Flying Tiger and King Zhou personally escorted the Grand Old Master beyond the eastern gate of Morning Song. As the king handed Wen Zhong a glass of wine, the master handed it instead to Yellow Flying Tiger for the exceeded loyalty and administrative renown that he should elaborate while he himself was gone. Telling the king to listen well to his ministers and destroy the evil of the capital at all costs possible during his leave, cannons roared in all directions to signal the Grand Old Master's departure.

Chapter 28

Punitive Expedition against the North Grand Dukedom

Greatly delighted at Grand Old Master's leave, King Zhou returned to the palace shortly while ordering Fei Zhong and You Hun to be freed — for the king labeled them as being wrongly accused when they were clearly loyal and undeserving of death. Now that Wen Zhong was effectively gone, King Zhou knew that he could return to his original ways without anyone truly able to criticize his actions.

As spring raged forward spreading great beauty throughout the capital, King Zhou declared to his ministers that a party within the royal garden should be performed. Finding the garden as beautiful as the Penglai Fairyland, the Peony Pavilion of old along with the Brocade Hall could be seen with great extravagant detail.

Holding a banquet within the Peony Pavilion, the king enjoyed his own personal table with Splendor and Daji while other high ranking ministers such as Yellow Flying Tiger and Wei Zi sighed at such a grand celebration taking place even though the land was clearly rampant with deluded chaos and constant rebellion. Thanking the king for their party after midday, King Zhou convinced every former minister present to stay and drink away their woes from dusk till night.

As Daji and Splendor became exceedingly intoxicated while sleeping within the royal library, Daji lusted to attain human flesh immediately — and thus swooped about the midnight sky in her specter form. With attendants shouting about that a specter had been seen in the heavens, Yellow Flying Tiger left his seat hurriedly as he thrashed one of the pavilion's railings at the horrible beast. Ordering the hunting hawk with golden eyes to be unleashed immediately due to the lack of his weapon's effectiveness, the hawk soon soared to the specter while clawing violently with its great talons.

Being clearly wounded, Daji hid herself underneath some rocks within a neighboring artificial hill. King Zhou thus ordered his attendants to start digging away in hopes of capturing the specter. Unexpectedly finding an incredibly large pile of half-eaten corpses beneath the rock mound, the king became horrified at the reality of the situation: specters were present within the Shang Dynasty and were the evident reason for such disaster.

As King Zhou awoke the following morning after unhappily excusing his minister's the former evening, he stared in alarm at Daji, who possessed many scratches across her face. Being told that she happened to scratch her face upon overhanging branches within the royal garden, King Zhou told her to be very careful of her new surroundings considering the specter incident.

Pondering over what the king had said, Daji vaguely remembered through her intoxication that Yellow Flying Tiger had been the minister who thrashed at her with his pole — and she thus immediately vowed revenge against the former at all costs possible. Meanwhile, Jiang Ziya had shortly obtained report on King Ping Ling's rebellion and Chong Houhu's brutal treating of the people during the Happy

Terrace's development. Vying with rage at Chong's qualities, Jiang Ziya approached Prince Wen and suggested to him that if the Grand Duke of the North, Chong Houhu, was effectively destroyed — considering his many acts of tyranny through blatant brutality and impulsiveness. King Zhou would be assisted greatly in the path of becoming a benevolent ruler such as that of Yao or Shun of old. Being delighted at a chance to effectively help King Zhou as he accepted the prime minister's proposal, Jiang Ziya offered himself to be the commander of the army on the prince's behalf.

After declaring that he too would assist Jiang Ziya on the battlefield, Prince Wen chose an auspicious date before charging out of the capital with 100,000 soldiers. Many individuals present within the Western Foothills — especially the original Morning Song refugees — rejoiced in great happiness at the prince's departure to destroy Chong Houhu.

As the army arrived before Chong City, the north grand dukedom, after a few days of travel, Chong Houhu was meanwhile present within Morning Song while Chong Yinbiao, the duke's son, attained headship over the city. Attaining information shortly that Ji Chang was commander over the forces stationed outside his dukedom, Yingbiao grinned in delight at a chance to do away with the former in order to better the reputation of his father — even if Ji Chang arrived with intentions other than battle.

With full resolve to wipe out Chong Houhu at all costs possible, Jiang Ziya ordered General Nangong Kuo to head to the front and unleash the first battle immediately. As Huang Yuanji charged out of the city gates with a contingent of soldiers, the former fiercely clashed blades with Nangong in great vigor and heated rage at Ji Chang's clear intentions to destroy them. Attaining word in short time that Huang Yuanji had lost his life by the enemy general's blade, Yingbiao pounded his desk in rage while ordering a fierce engagement of mortal combat to be unleashed the following day. With both forces aligned before each other the next morning, Jiang Ziya stepped forward from his army while taking the appearance of a honored celestial in the eyes of Chong Yinbiao. Barking at Yinbiao for defending the evil ways of his father, the latter barked back at Jiang Ziya angrily while ordering a general from his side to quickly kill the opposition.

As Prince Wen charged before Yinbiao lest Jiang Ziya experienced any harm, the former profusely yelled at Yinbiao, stating that it would be better off for him to simply dismount from his horse and experience death instead of opposing the will of Heaven any further. With both sides fiercely clashing blades in great resolve, Chong Yinbiao additionally threw himself into combat in order to take Ji Chang's head if at all possible. Once two generals under the north dukedom had been effectively slain, Yinbiao ordered a full-scale retreat.

Urgently setting forth a meeting to discuss how they were to repel the enemy forces, everyone present under Yinbiao had no clue what to do. Seeing this as the perfect chance to strike forth at the city, Prince Wen declined Jiang Ziya's offer to attack their dukedom lest the innocent was to be hurt and his benevolence would be known amongst the country as mere folly. A letter was thus immediately sent to Black Tiger Chong Heihu in hopes that he could assist them in taking over Chong City.

Chapter 29

Clash between two Grand Dukes

As General Nangong Kuo left to Caozhou at immediate pace, he soon took lodgings within an official hotel upon his arrival at Black Tiger Chong Heihu's residence. Leaving his office upon Nangong's reported arrival, Heihu soon obtained a letter from Jiang Ziya on the current situation. Reading the letter over continuously, he decided that it would be for the greater good if he put an end to his brother in the name of the people; despite the blood that he was to stain on the faces of his ancestors through such an action.

Before he departed, 3,000 soldiers were individually chosen to accompany him from Caozhou while his son, Chong Yingluan, ensures the protection of the city during his leave. As Chong Heihu arrived before the north grand dukedom's city gates in short time, Yinbiao emerged forth and earnestly welcomed his fellow uncle — who had arrived with reinforcements after obtaining report on the situation.

Sitting within the main hall by his cousin's side, Chong Heihu asked the true reason as to why Ji Chang had suddenly attacked their residence. The latter stated that a man by the name of Jiang Ziya said earlier that they arrived out of some form of malice towards his father and have thus attacked with most probable intentions to kill him. Easily seeing such words as accurate and on the side of rationality, Chong Heihu charged from the city gates to do battle against the opposing forces of Prince Wen at the following dawn. Jiang Ziya was completely rational of Chong Heihu's intentions upon the arrival of Nangong Kuo — and thus sent the latter to do battle with Black Tiger.

As both warriors battled with great renown, Chong Heihu silently told Nangong to feign retreat after giving up ground as a pretext to the combat's end. Seeing the enemy general flee while Heihu did not pursue in any form, Yingbiao approached his uncle and inspected the reason for such an action. Being told Jiang Ziya was widely known for his magical renown, there alone arose the chance that the former would use such tactics in order to ensure his victory at all costs possible — considering the additional rash ways of such pursuit. As Heihu and Yingbiao thus returned to the city, Black Tiger stated that their probability of victory should increase dramatically if Houhu and King Zhou were effectively contacted and informed of the current happenings upon Chong City.

With Sun Rong thus being sent to the capital, he arrived before Chong Houhu's residence and first handed the duke the intended letter. Pounding his desk in utter rage at the ill gratitude and treacherous motives that Ji Chang possesses towards him, — despite the many sacrifices that he had made in order to ensure the safety of the former — Chong Houhu presented himself to King Zhou and elaborated the current case on hand.

After the king had ensured his minister that he should back him with soldiers if the need be, Houhu confidently set out with 3,000 soldiers from the capital in quick pace. As soon as Chong Heihu had obtained word that his brother was heading to Chong City, he told General Gao Ding to await in ambush inside the city gates and only emerge to seize the grand duke when the rattling of a sword

was effectively heard. After Shen Gong had been told in addition to arrest the entire Chong family and bring them to the Zhou camp upon Heihu's emerging from the city, both Chong Heihu and Yingbiao set out shortly to await the arrival of Houhu. As the grand duke was thus invited inside of the city gates, all soldiers suddenly seized both Houhu and his son once the sound of rattling had been heard.

Being fully rational that if Chong Houhu was effectively seized and destroyed before the eyes of the people, the Chong family would not only live on in an honorable prestige but his own reputation would soar due to reinforcing the greater good despite the blood that was to be shed. After thus placing the duke before Jiang Ziya's feet, and warmly greeting Ji Chang, Prince Wen became displeased at Heihu's actions for being ruthless. Informing the prince that such an action was for the greater good, and well on the side of virtue, Jiang Ziya ordered Chong Houhu and his son to be placed before him while their heads were immediately cut from their bodies.

Having no original intention whatsoever to kill the grand duke and his son, Prince Wen blinded his eyes from the sight of their decapitated heads while shrieking with fear and disgust. Ordering Chong Heihu to free all remaining captives, Jiang Ziya and Prince Wen took their leave from Chong City while Heihu remained to govern the people as the new grand duke of the north. Unfortunately however upon their return to the Western Foothills, Prince Wen began to see Chong Houhu's decapitated head at every moment he happened to close his eyes — and his health thus slowly decreased out of clear disgust and resentment.

Once Wei Zi, the secretariat of Morning Song, obtained word that Chong Houhu had been executed while his younger brother, Chong Heihu, took control over the former's territory, he realized that the threat of Ji Chang would become even more greater due to Heihu's independence from the capital — and thus informed King Zhou immediately lest any further trouble evolved. Seething with rage at the north grand duke's death upon the hearing of such an incident, King Zhou ordered a contingent of soldiers to bring back both Ji Chang and Chong Heihu for trial.

However, Li Ren moved forward from the ministers present and stated that if he was to effectively act in the benefit of Chong Houhu — who was widely despised by the ministers and people alike — then they naturally would feel great malice towards him for supporting one of criminal traits rather than the loyal. Realizing the rationality in his words, King Zhou decided to abandon the idea of attacking Heihu altogether.

Unfortunately back at the Western Foothills however, Prince Wen's health worsened day by day forcing constant medical attention from doctors within the capital. As Jiang Ziya knelt before his master one day upon the former's request, Prince Wen calmly told him from his bed to never ally the Western Foothills with the rebelling nobles at any costs whatsoever; due to the many not royal actions that had been taken earlier that proved a level of disloyalty towards the king's wishes, peace must always remain between the west and Morning Song as atonement for their past defiance.

Gazing at the tear-filled eyes of Prince Wen, and seeing the indomitable spirit of loyalty that surges through the former's heart, Jiang Ziya ensured that he

should eternally obey such instructions. With Ji Fa's sudden entrance, Prince Wen told his son that he should take his place as governor over the Western Foothills following his death — but at no account should he dare listen to any words that might harm the king during his succession. After telling the prime minister and Ji Fa to instill virtue and true loyalty to both the king and the people so that the future generations can possess eternal happiness, Prince Wen breathed his last, dying at the age of 97 and being given the title of King Wen of Zhou.

Following King Wen's funeral, Jiang Ziya proposed to all ministers present that Ji Fa should succeed his father with the title of West Grand Duke and King Wu. As all ministers were risen one rank with additional benefits, the 200 marquises came constantly to offer their obeisance to the new king over the Western Foothills. Once Commander Han Rong of Sishi Pass had obtained word on Ji Fa's succession to the throne, and the unexpected death of Ji Chang, a messenger was immediately sent before the capital's secretariat. With both Yao Zhong and Prince Wei Zi being the first to hear of such urgent news, Yao Zhong declared that he should see the king on such a matter no matter what the outcome might be.

Chapter 30

Incidents leading to a Rebellion

Ascending the Star Picking Belvedere and kowtowing before the king, Yao Zhao thoroughly declared that now Ji Fa had succeeded the deceased Ji Chang as king over the Western Foothills, Jiang Ziya should easily be able to influence the former through ambitious motives of attacking the capital. However, King Zhou was not the least worried — for he believed that Jiang Ziya was nothing more than a vile trickster that would sow hate and ill-trust in the hearts of any other potential rebel of the capital; Ji Fa in addition was considered a mere child that lacked any disciple in the art of war and should thus not be taken as a serious threat to any extent.

After leaving the Belvedere in great disappointment over King Zhou's words, Yao Zhao knew that King Wu must be the destined savior that should put the tyrannical king to his eternal rest. As the new year's day celebrating King Zhou's 21st year of reign over the Shang Dynasty had arrived in rather short time, ministers went about to offer their traditional greetings to the king, while each of their wives paid obeisance to Queen Daji. When the day's natural formalities had drifted by, Lady Jia, the wife of Yellow Flying Tiger, entered the palace to offer her personal greetings to Daji before visiting her sister in law, concubine Huang.

At the very moment that Daji had attained word that Lady Jia was none other than Yellow Flying Tiger's wife, she grinned in great delight at such a chance to attain revenge against the prince. As Lady Jia and Daji alike both offered their respective greetings, Daji realized that the former was eight years older than her at the age of forty-one. Asking her fellow lady if they would like to become sworn sisters, Lady Jia refuted at first but freed herself from such modesty after realizing that they were both similar in aristocratic rank.

After they had drunken two glasses of wine, Jia quickly hid herself within the Rear Hall upon Daji's suggestion once King Zhou had arrived to see his queen following such a long day of hard work. Clearly seeing that two cups were sitting one across the other in front of Daji, King Zhou inspected who had been present. Being told that Lady Jia, wife of Yellow Flying Tiger, had been present earlier, Daji told the king that he should see her. Rather reluctant at such a suggestion — for it would vile the rights between king and minister — King Zhou was eventually convinced after hearing that she was not only extraordinarily beautiful, but could be considered his relative out of ties between Yellow Flying Tiger's concubine sister.

As Daji thus approached Lady Jia shortly after, and asked for her to walk together at the Star Picking Mansion in order to enjoy the scenery around them, Lady Jia had little choice but to comply — for they can only meet one time a year according to the rights. Walking along the upper balcony and gazing forth at a large pit full of snakes and skeletons, Lady Jia became frightened at the explanation that such a method was in need simply to uphold discipline within the capital. Accepting a few more cups of wine from Daji after sitting down with the latter, Concubine Huang meanwhile became worried at the hearing that her sister-in-law was present at the Star Picking Mansion with Daji — and thus immediately sent one of

her maids to carefully observe the queen's motives. With report that King Zhou was currently ascending the Star Picking Mansion, Lady Jia stood outside of the balcony while the king made his approach. Following his arrival, and immediate informing that the woman standing outside the balcony was Yellow Flying Tiger's wife, King Zhou became very lustful over her beautiful looks. Being told by Daji to enter forth and sit by the king's side, she gradually accepted such an order lest she was to attain any such punishment as earlier seen if the slightest defiance was to be shown.

Begging, however, to leave the king's side to show her true loyalty through modesty, King Zhou encouraged her to sit by his side and enjoy a personal glass of wine. Feeling as if her honor would be torn apart if she sat by the side of such a wicked tyrant, Lady Jia took her glass of wine and threw it into King Zhou's face as a showing of her hatred towards his vile ways. Even though she clearly realized that such an action would probably cost her life, and bring about further mayhem within her family, Lady Jia was resolute to preserve her honor at all costs possible.

As King Zhou ordered his guards to seize her, Lady Jia ran to the balcony rails and exclaimed a final vow of farewell to her beloved husband and children before leaping forth to her unfortunate death. Attaining word shortly that Lady Jia had lost her life, Concubine Huang seethed with rage while running up the Star Picking Mansion's stairs immediately. Thrusting forth at Daji and physically beating her for conjectured treachery, King Zhou told his honored concubine that Daji was truly innocent — for Lady Jia acted out of her own irrational impulse and died because of it. Not in any mood whatsoever to stop beating Daji — or hear the king's words at that — Huang unthinkingly smacked King Zhou violently in the face.

Great rage thus filled the breast of King Zhou while he grabbed the sadistic maiden by the air and lunged her forcefully off the mansion's rails. Grabbing hold of Daji and holding her in his arms in great sadness over his beloved's condition, the attendants under Lady Jia were meanwhile informed by a palace maiden of the unfortunate events that came about at the Star Picking Mansion. As Yellow Flying Tiger was enjoying the New Year's feast throughout the evening with his right-hand generals and fellow brothers, Lady Jia's attendants ran to his residence immediately and informed him of the disaster incident with his wife and sister in law.

With everyone in great alarm while Yellow Flying Tiger sat in silence, Huang Ming approached his master and told him that it was clearly evident that they should seek a new ruler to serve under; considering Yellow Flying Tiger was the head of all military affairs and state headship, his reputation would be the first to suffer by the neighboring people who was rising in rebellion — thus by rebelling, he would be looked upon as a hero that strikes at any injustice that might befall his people upon circumstance.

Knowing that his reputation would effectively soar with the greater majority if he issued forth his rebellion, Yellow Flying Tiger still considered such an action as being far too risky due to solely rendering the incident with his wife. Running after his four generals and telling them to discuss the issue further before being completely resolved to leave the capital for good, each of the four returned with Yellow Flying Tiger to his residence. Raising his sword unexpectedly before

his generals, Yellow Flying Tiger declared that his family had served honorably under the Shang Dynasty for over seven generations — and the death of a single woman who was unknown to the former was most definitely not reason enough to destroy such honor through rebellion.

General Zhou Ji approached to his master and declared that all who were unknowing of his glory and rank would only believe that he attained such high rank through his wife's beauty instead of progressive loyalty through generations. Yellow Flying Tiger realized the reality of his reputation and thus ordered a full flight from Morning Song immediately. Being suggested by General Guang Ming to challenge King Zhou to a battle within the capital before leave lest his master regretted his decision in the future, Yellow Flying Tiger consented to such a suggestion as he equipped his armor and strode towards the palace gates atop his divine ox.

Once General Zhou Ji had declared to the guards that they were rebelling, and if they do not pull King Zhou out of the palace in short time they would be slaughtered in entirety, the guards fearfully fled through the gates and informed the king of such a sudden situation. Bursting with furiousness at such a report, King Zhou personally put on his armor, took his cutlass, and smashed open the gates to do away with the rebelling Yellow Flying Tiger at the crack of dawn.

As King Zhou aligned his royal army before the rebelling forces outside the palace, Yellow Flying Tiger looked into the king's fiery eyes and felt a level of shame for his actions at hand. Once Generals Huang Ming and Zhou Ji had clearly noticed such hesitation on his part, they both unleashed their cutlasses and clashed with great renown against King Zhou immediately. Originally intending on clarifying the facts with the king before taking any physical action, Yellow Flying Tiger felt greatly displeased but nonetheless strode forth to assist his two generals. Even though King Zhou possessed great skill with the cutlass, he could not handle a three-pronged attack — and was thus forced to flee through the palace gates following thirty-rounds of battle.

Grabbing hold of his two generals lest they attempted to chase the fleeing king, Yellow Flying Tiger rode through the capital's western gates while catching up shortly with the rest of his family along the way. As King Zhou meanwhile returned to court and felt a high level of remorse and rage at the former incidents, many people began hearing of the rebellion and thus approached the king to hear the reason for such a sudden turn of events.

Informing the ministers present that Lady Jia, Yellow Flying Tiger's sister, impulsively threw herself from the Star Picking Mansion simply out of her own personal dignity, and Madame Huang, the sister-in-law of the former lady, committed suicide after being informed of such news, King Zhou asked what should be done at such a present time of confusion that had little to do with him.

As everyone present began pondering in silence, it was soon heard that Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had returned from the East Sea district. Entering the palace gates and being warmly welcomed by each minister, Wen Zhong became worried as to why his old friend Yellow Flying Tiger was not seen — and he thus approached King Zhou to inspected the reason for such. Being informed by the king that Yellow Flying Tiger had rebelled most likely due to the elaborated

incident with Concubine Huang and Lady Jia, Wen Zhong clearly realized the reality of the situation — knowing that his comrade would never rebel unless the circumstances were indeed exceedingly crucial and in need of amendment.

Suggesting to King Zhou that he should return with Yellow Flying Tiger only if his case was personally considered as justified and without punishment on the part of the king, ministers began to shout about, saying that Flying Tiger's actions were deserving of punishment no matter what the case might have been. Excusing such pointless dribble nonetheless, Wen Zhong ordered Generals Li Ji and Yu Qing to send urgent reports to the Good Dream and Green Dragon passes so that Yellow Flying Tiger's route of escape was cut off during his future pursuit.

Chapter 31

Flight and Pursuit

With the great clamor of drums and cannons resounding about the capital's western gates, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong ascended to the sky atop his great dragon in immediate pursuit of his close comrade, Yellow Flying Tiger. As Yellow Flying Tiger's party had meanwhile arrived near the White Orile Forest of Lintong Pass, they began to see large clouds of dust spinning about from behind and thus realized that an army was most likely approaching their position with quick speed. As soldiers from the Green Dragon and Good Dream Pass suddenly surrounded them from differing directions, Yellow Flying Tiger led out a single yell of frustration that pierced all around after realizing that his situation was exceedingly critical and most improbable of escape.

Virtue of the Pure Void, who happened to live within a mountainous region neighboring Lintong Pass, heard the loud emanation of immense anger and despair — and thus parted the clouds beneath to find it to be none other than Prince Yellow Flying Tiger. Ordering his yellow carved genie to wrap the prince and his entourage with the Universe Muddling Pennant and place them at a hidden area within the mountains, the genie immediately obeyed its master's command.

As such was effectively carried out, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile attained word from a patrolman of the vanguard that neither Zhang Guifang of Green Dragon, nor the four Mo generals of Good Dream, had seen Yellow Flying Tiger to any extent. Ordering the five present before him to return to their respective passes and set up a strict defense, Wen Zhong became rather puzzled as to why Flying Tiger had not been seen whatsoever, considering that he was traveling in the very direction that the former was rumored to have crossed while three additional forces aligned themselves from opposite directions.

Peering over the great surroundings before him atop his dragon, soldiers shortly reported that Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage had been seen heading straight towards Morning Song with unknown intentions from the eastern route. Swiftly gliding forth with great speed, Wen Zhong soon caught sight of who he thought to have been Yellow Flying Tiger — and thus launched forward with great speed. Approaching Meng Ford,⁹ while not catching up to the entourage in the very least, the forces before him suddenly vanished before a large veil of mist.

9. Meng Ford here seems to cross the Yellow River near Western Foothills and therefore also nearby White Orile Forest of Lintong Pass. However, other translations associate it with the River Meng, which might be a tributary of the mythical Yellow River.

Moreover, a popular legend on River Meng tells: "*Meng Jiang Nu*" — which means, "Lady of the River Meng" or "Spirit of the River Meng" — *was born from a gourd vine. One day the emperor took her husband to work for the construction the Great Wall, but he died and his body was used into the foundations of the Wall. Meng came sad and screaming, which made a section of the Wall to fall. The angry emperor tried to seize her but she cast herself into the ocean where she was rescued by the Dragon king of the Sea, who then repelled the emperor with an army of crabs.*

Using this as trickery to lure Wen Zhong to a faraway position, Virtue of the Pure Void placed Yellow Flying Tiger and his men back on their original path through Lintong after declaring the situation as being safe. Approaching the pass's gates, Zhang Feng appeared forth and suggested to Yellow Flying Tiger that he should return to Morning Song with due haste for the sake of his father and treasured ancestors.

Politely informing Zhang, despite the many great feats that he had performed as supreme military commander of Morning Song, King Zhou had shown him great insult with little consideration to his true loyalty — even going to the extent of killing his very own wife and sister out of nothing more than barbaric impulse.

Clearly realizing that Yellow Flying Tiger's resolve was impossible to pierce, Zhang unleashed his cutless and slashed at the latter violently. Trying to calm the former while parrying his every blow, Yellow Flying Tiger knew the situation was hopeless — and thus fought back with his duel swords with even greater renown. As Zhang knew that he was far less skilled in battle, he had no choice but to flee back to his pass in vain attempt.

Deciding it best to make camp in order to discuss the current issue at hand with his fellow generals and family members present, Zhang Feng meanwhile ordered General Xiao Yin to take a contingent of three thousand archers, surround the camp of Yellow Flying Tiger, and unleash a volley of arrows once the beating of bamboo slats was heard at midnight. Leaving immediately upon the hearing of such an order, Xiao Yin knew that such an action would be far too cruel and ungrateful — for Yellow Flying Tiger had promoted him as deputy commander over Lintong and showed him great kindness through military exercise and discipline within the past.

Secretly leaving the pass under the veil of night while approaching Yellow Flying Tiger's camp, Xiao Yin personally placed himself before Yellow Flying Tiger, told him of Zhang Feng's cruel intentions, and declared that he should open the pass's gates so that the former could attain a quick chance to cut his way through. As soon as great commotion roamed through Lintong Pass once Yellow Flying Tiger made his immediate escape, Zhang Feng sat in regret at previously choosing Xiao Yin for such a task. Striding through the pass gates in immediate pursuit, Zhang Feng was suddenly struck violently in the breast by Xiao Yin, who was hidden like a veil within the darkness.

Falling from his horse dead, Xiao Yin told Yellow Flying Tiger in a loud voice that he should do his upmost to ensure that King Zhou's men were essentially slowed down in their assault. Profusely thanking Xiao Yin for his kind motives, Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage approached Tongguan Pass shortly. Setting up camp temporarily, Chen Tong, the commander of Tongguan Pass, realized that Yellow Flying Tiger's party was not far off — and this would truly be the only opportunity to attain revenge after the former's original intention to put him to death at one point in time.

Flouring his weapon with rage, Chen Tong flew from the pass gates while confronting Yellow Flying Tiger with great earnest. Knowing that Chen Tong was eager for revenge, Yellow Flying Tiger challenged him by stating that if he could

effectively defeat him in three rounds of combat, he would turn himself in to the former for trial back at Morning Song. Seething with rage at his lack of renown that did not even vaguely match up to Flying Tiger's, Chen Tong began to flee while launching his Fire Dragon Javelin — a weapon that never missed its intended mark through magic attributes — at his foe.

Being struck beneath the armpit by Chen's deadly weapon, Yellow Flying Tiger fell to the ground in unbearable pain. Seeing their commander severely wounded, General Guang Ming and Zhou Ji wrathfully engaged Chen Tong to the very death, while Huang Feibiao quickly grabbed hold of his brother and pulled him from the battle. As Chen Tong realized that he was thoroughly exhausted, he retreated from the battle after additionally wounding Zhou Ji with his javelin. Laying the motionless Yellow Flying Tiger down before the grass, all around broke into loud sobs at the unexpected death of their treasured commander. Meditating atop his Green Cloud Bed, Virtue of the Pure Void intuitively knew that calamity had befallen someone within Yellow Flying Tiger's entourage—and thus performed divination immediately.

Realizing that his intuition was indeed correct, Huang Tianhua, the fourth son of Yellow Flying Tiger, was summoned before him and ordered to revive his father first before dealing with the current trouble at Tongguan Pass. Being handed a sword and a flower basket with instructions to return to the Purple Sun Cave swiftly after assisting his father through the pass, Huang Tianhua traveled with great speed and unparalleled vigor.

Chapter 32

Meeting between Father and Son

Arriving before Tongguan Pass and entering a neighboring camp that was believed to be his father's, Huang Tianhua moved forward and declared his name and set intention to the guards present before him. As Huang Tianbiao, one of Yellow Flying Tiger's two brothers, approached this stranger from the camp gates, he was surprised to notice that the former had a face quite similar to that of his brother's — and thus immediately exchanged a polite bow.

Being led before Yellow Flying Tiger at the back camp, Huang Tianhua wept internally at the state that his father was currently present within. Seeing another man laying off to the left in a gravely wounded state, Huang Tianhua immediately began the revival process. Obtaining some water from a neighboring stream, Huang Tianhua used the elixir pills from his basket to dissolve the pills and gently pour the medicine down his father's throat. Awaking with a shock after about an hour of time, Yellow Flying Tiger asked hurriedly how long he had been unconscious.

Being informed fully of the situation, Yellow Flying Tiger broke into tears at the sight of his fourth son who had not been present before his eyes for over thirteen years. Telling his father that a superior man by the name of Virtue of the Pure Void had taken him in for discipleship due to being supposedly destined for such a fate, Huang Tianhua greeted his fellow uncles and brothers while restoring the wounded Zhou Ji back to full health. Suddenly realizing that his mother, Lady Jia, had not been present whatsoever, Yellow Flying Tiger had little choice but to inform his son about the incident at Capital Morning Song to the former's detriment.

As Huang Tianhua fell to the ground in unparalleled rage and great frustration, he vowed to give his very own life if it meant the death of King Zhou. A messenger shortly arrived before the camp of Yellow Flying Tiger and informed the commander immediately of Chen Tong's second challenge. Leaving with due confidence of his son's promised backing, Yellow Flying Tiger confronted his hated opponent once more with complete vigor to obtain revenge.

Being rather stunned at Flying Tiger's keen posture and seemingly good health, Chen Tong raised his halberd and charged the former with great furiousness nonetheless. Suffering defeat after a few rounds, Chen Tong began to flee while Yellow Flying Tiger hesitated lest he suffered gravely once more by the enemy commander's javelin. Knowing that his opponent would most assuredly not pursue a second time after suffering such a calamity within the past, Chen Tong decided to launch his Fire Dragon Javelin despite the great length between both commanders.

As Huang Tianhua unexpectedly leapt forth and absorbed the lance with his flower basket, Chen Tong knew that the boy would more than likely be a great obstacle between his long awaited revenge against Flying Tiger — and he thus slashed violently at Huang Tianhua in hopes of destroying him with quick speed. With a single swift slash of light from Tianhua's magical Moye Sword, Chen Tong's

head suddenly tumbled to the ground as an announcement of Flying Tiger's victory. Smashing the gates open with great speed, Yellow Flying Tiger emerged from Tongguan Pass shortly while Huang Tianhua bade a tearful farewell to his father, vowing to meet again at the Western Foothills sometime into the future. Arriving before Chuanyun Pass, Commander Chen Wu, the brother of Chen Tong, obtained word that Yellow Flying Tiger had broken through Tongguan and destroyed his brother.

Being rather furious at such an incident while calling forth his generals to a council, General He Shen moved forward and told the commander of his plan to "take the enemy by cunning, not by force". After accepting the former's plan with delight, Chen Wu appeared before the pass gates to courteously propose a feast for Yellow Flying Tiger due to the unjust suffering that he confronted within the past. Accepting such a proposal with due happiness, the night arrived in quick time during their fellow feast together.

Being asked to rest at their lodgings for the night, Yellow Flying Tiger reluctantly declined such an offer lest Chen Wu attempted to perform any treacherous deed at such a time; he unwillingly agreed, however, once his generals declared their reassurance that such could not possibly happen considering the former's kind motives.

Ordering his men to hide the luggage carts within neighboring corridors, every man fell asleep with true ease, while Yellow Flying Tiger insistently paced about in his room while reminiscing the past calamities that he had suffered and how he can effectively ensure that harm can be escaped within the present situation.

Carefully considering such thoughts throughout the night without the slightest would to sleep, he was startled to hear the voice of his beloved wife suddenly emit throughout the walls of his room, stating that a grand fire should burst about within their sleeping quarters in short time — as Chen Wu had essentially planned out. Waking everyone present immediately, Yellow Flying Tiger elaborated Lady Jia's words and declared that they should thus break out of their current position in quick pace.

As each general smashed the barred doors open with hand axes, they ordered the luggage carts to be pushed out of the building once heaps of firewood were clearly laying in front of them. Rushing out atop their horses with unparalleled speed, Chen Wu quickly attained word of such happenings — and thus pursued Yellow Flying Tiger's forces in immediate pace. Seeing Chen Wu rushing upon his back, Yellow Flying Tiger yelled at the enemy commander for his insincere kindness while possessing irrational enmity towards him.

Charging each other with great furiousness, Flying Tiger stabbed his sword deeply through Chen Wu's heart before smashing down the gates and destroying all enemy soldiers that dared to oppose his intense resolve.

Leaving Chuanyuan in complete victory while approaching Jiepai Pass in quick speed, General Huang Ming commented to Yellow Flying Tiger that Huang Gun, the former's father, was the commander of the following pass — and most assuredly would listen to his son's reason after the unjust incidents met within the past. As Huang Gun had obtained word of Yellow Flying Tiger's rebellion, and the

grand slaughter through such an incident, he opened the camp gates with 3,000 soldiers at his right hand while ten prisoner carts sat to his left in preparation to punish his son despite the filial relations that they might possess towards each other.

Chapter 33

The Battle at Sishui Pass

As Generals Huang Ming and Dragon Huan of Yellow Flying Tiger were the first to reach the gates of Jiepai Pass, they clearly noticed Huang Gun's blatant intentions but approached him nonetheless in greeting. With Yellow Flying Tiger's additional approach, Huang Ming suddenly lashed out many cold words of hatred towards his son due to the consequences that should be personally brought upon him as a latent result. Desiring to be remembered by the king as a loyal subject with the chance to live, Huang Gun demanded that his son dismounts and was taken in as prisoner for him to deliver before the feet of Morning Song.

He accepted his father's words as being his only chance left to prove that he was a filial son still possessing loyal attributes towards the Shang Dynasty. Huang Ming immediately stepped forward and convinced his master that such an action would only put great shame to his resolve, and clearly was not the Will of Heaven to give in to such an injustice without a second thought. Realizing that Huang Ming must have been a large influential figure that incited his son into rebellion, Huang Gun unleashed his blade wrathfully while charging at the former.

Attempting to convince Huang Guan that his actions would be void of virtue and filially if he continued to fight solely for his currently possessed reputation rather than the greater good, Huang Gun's rage became ignited with a tint of even greater infuriation. As the four main generals under Yellow Flying Tiger began to violently clash blades against Huang Gun, Huang Ming immediately suggested to his master to use the time that they keep Guan at bay to escape from the pass gates — which were currently wide open. Seeing his son flee from the pass gates as he continued to clash blades against the enemy generals, and knowing that he would suffer death by the king for such, Huang Gun fell from his horse and attempted immediate suicide as a new resolution.

Grabbing hold of Gun's arms to negate such an impulse resolve, Huang Ming calmly stated that he and the other three generals had originally intended on handing Yellow Flying Tiger in to Jiepai Pass after being forced into rebellion lest they wanted to be killed. Stating in addition that if Huang Gun could approach Yellow Flying Tiger and state his intention to join them on their journey after carefully considering the situation, Flying Tiger could be lured back to a feast between father and son while being thrown into prisoner carts upon a later surprise.

Accepting such a suggestion as his only true opportunity to deal with Flying Tiger even if Huang Ming was simply bluffing in intention, Huang Gun approached his son shortly and pleaded forgiveness for the earlier rudeness. After inviting the unsuspecting Yellow Flying Tiger into his residence, and drinking with his son in due happiness, Huang Gun began performing the signal to capture the former and his entourage into prisoner carts — beating a gong upon a drum — continuously without any response from Huang Ming whatsoever. Dishonestly stating from the curtains that the soldiers were not ready as of yet, the former meanwhile ordered Dragon Huan and Wu Qian to fill the prisoner carts with Huang Gun's belongings while setting the barns and warehouses aflame. As soldiers of Shang

stormed in to inform their commander of the current happenings while the majority of Flying Tiger's generals had already left the pass a second time, he became convinced by Huang Ming that the only way to preserve his great reputation, avoid death, and shine greatness upon the names of his ancestors, was to essentially join them in their departure to the Western Foothills. Kowtowing to Morning Song eight times while hanging his seal of office within the Silver Security Court, Huang Gun joined his son with 3,000 soldiers and 1,000 guards shortly.

As Huang Gun was riding side by side with Huang Ming, he warned the latter that they were approaching Sishui Pass. A pass that wields a dangerous sorcerer named Yu Hua, the reputed "*Seven-headed General*," who had never lost a single battle in his life. While Yellow Flying Tiger met with Gun and Ming shortly at their neighboring camp of Sishui Pass, Han Rong, the commander of the pass, sighed in great displeasure at being forced to deal with a commander that was once renowned throughout the Shang Dynasty as a hero.

Summoning his generals nonetheless to do away with the threat that laid before him, he and his generals decided it best to block the pass's gates with a heavy-armored unit, while the rest of his forces outside prepare for combat with long spears as their attributed weaponry. As the feared Yu Ha exited the gates before the enemy's camp, Yellow Flying Tiger personally declared that he should meet the former in combat. With Yu Hua's inspection to Flying Tiger for his rationale behind rebellion upon their approach, Yu Hua almost became convinced by the general's words — but nonetheless rode forward to do battle lest his own grandly established reputation was to be lost for freeing a widely-accounted rebel of the dynasty.

Being utterly exhausted during their duel as Yellow Flying Tiger's swords were used with keen renown and skill, Yu Hua retreated a set interval between the former while unleashing his black-cloud pennant to knock Flying Tiger unconscious. Pushing the commander before the feet of Han Rong, Han Rong placed Yellow Flying Tiger into gaol while awaiting the additional capture of his assistant rebels. As Huang Gun sat in camp fuming over Han Rong's chance to attain a high level of rather undeserved merit that night, Yu Ha rode forward to be met by Generals Zhou Ji and Huang Ming the following morning.

Unfortunately however, Zhou Ji and Huang Ming had never seen the method used to capture their commander originally, and they thus fell in addition to Yu Hua's magic pennant very shortly. Even though the generals of Flying Tiger were clearly informed of Yu Hua's ability by Huang Gun at a later point, their inner pride blinded their eyes from rationality — and Yu Ha thus managed to capture Huang Feibiao, Huang Feibao, Dragon Huan, and Wu Qian in a mere two encounters.

Being honored by Han Rong for his evidential prowess, Huang Gun meanwhile sat in the camp while gazing into the eyes of his grandsons, knowing that they too would more than likely be forced to suffer the same fate as their comrades. Obtaining report that Yu Ha had appeared once more before Flying Tiger's camp, Huang Tianlu, Huang Ming's grandson, convinced his grandfather that he should defeat the enemy general with his keenly established renown on the battlefield despite his age.

As the bout thus began between Tianlu and Yu Hua, the latter managed to use his magical pennant on Tianlu despite the wounds that he obtained through the former's unexpected skill. Being utterly distressed beyond despair at the hearing of his grandson's additional capture, Huang Gun suggested to his fellow soldiers to display their fine gifts present as a purchasing of their own freedom, while he accepts his seemingly inevitable fate as prisoner.

Even though the soldiers tried to console his motives, Huang Gun ignored such words due to the situation's clear conditions — and thus set forth to Sishui's gates to convince Han Rong that his grandchildren should be free of any harm while he gives himself in to preserve what little reputation he should have. Obtaining report on Huang Gun's arrival, Han Rong set forth with generals side by side, believing that the former either came for negotiation or sympathy.

Chapter 34

Good and Bad Fortune of Yellow Flying Tiger

Crawling on his knees before Han Rong, while performing a reciprocated salutation, Huang Gun placed forth his remaining grandchild and begged for his life to be spared of any such punishment so that the Huang family would not only live on, but the latter would be remembered as a man of compassion even when under a ruler of contradicting attributes. Responding to such a statement, Han Rong declared that no matter what the circumstances might be, if he dares to violate his set orders through nothing more than personal consideration, others would suspect him as being an ally to the rebels and/or unreliable as a commanding personage of the Shang Dynasty.

Retorting nonetheless by stating that his grandson was obviously forced into rebellion through current circumstances, and Han Rong would prove his respect towards the Huang family for reputational benefit if the child was to be freed, the latter dismissed such words as being irrational and out of the question. Knowing that all hope was thus lost, Huang Gun gave in himself and his son to be placed forth in the gaols as prisoners. Being utterly delighted at the capture of Yellow Flying Tiger's entire family and subordinate generals, a feast was performed as congratulations for such a grand feat.

Discussing afterwards who should be in command of the Morning Song prisoner escort party, Han Rong sat back in satisfaction at Yu Ha's ensured backing. As Yu Ha and his party began to travel immediately with their eleven prisoners present, Huang Gun couldn't restrain his tears over such a vile conclusion to a clan that was honored as highly as the very dynasty itself. Meanwhile at the Golden Light Cave of Qianyuan Mountain, Fairy Primordial intuitively knew that trouble was running about — and thus made a divination to find Yellow Flying Tiger and his family in grave danger.

Calling for Nezha in immediate pace, Primordial ordered his disciple to rush down the mountain and set free any men who seem to be in a state of crucial need, and then return after assisting them through Sishui Pass. Grasping his Fire-Tip Lance, Nezha sped down the mountain in excitement before seeing an army marching towards his direction with prisoner carts at their side. Assuming that this entourage was the one he was looking for, Nezha took up position on a narrow stretch along the pathway and began to sing a song in order to aggravate the soldiers in some way.

Strolling along to Nezha's position after attaining report on the former's actions, Yu Ha became infuriated at Nezha's insistence to obtain ten ingots of gold as payment for passage — and thus spurred his mount forward to attack such an annoyance. Being overrun by the enemy immortal's clear renown, Yu Hua unleashed forth his magical pennant; but such was only taken away by Nezha's leopard skin bag without the slightest effort.

Knowing that the man standing before him must be that of an immortal, and for surely he would meet disaster if his magical pennant was not attained quickly, Yu Ha rushed at Nezha with great desperation — clearly realizing that he could not

do much in such a situation. Unleashing forth his golden brick to gravely wound Yu Hua lest the latter attempted to kill the prisoners as a last resort in his desperate situation, Yu Hua galloped away in great speed while blood poured profusely from his head and body. Rationalizing for a moment, Nezha decided it best to allow Yu Hua escape lest his mission was delayed any further. Sending all other soldiers to immediate flight, Nezha inspected whether a man by the name of "Yellow Flying Tiger" was present in their party before freeing anyone.

As Yellow Flying Tiger prostrated before Nezha in gratitude while announcing his name, each prisoner reciprocated many kowtows to the man who freed them from certain disaster after receiving freedom from their bonds. Ensuring Flying Tiger and his family that he should personally hold of the pass for their sake in the time being, the former set off immediately to assist.

Yu Hua had meanwhile returned to the side of Commander Han Rong and thoroughly elaborated his meeting with a strange immortal that attacked him solely out of greedy intentions for a toll passage. Han Rong became very uneasy over the current circumstances — but became reassured after a general reminder that the commander Yellow Flying Tiger would have little choice but to return to Sishui even if he happened to be freed.

Obtaining report shortly that a man by the name of "Nezha" had arrived before the camp gates for battle, Han Rong strode out of the pass immediately without the slightest patience for further trouble on his part. Being informed by Nezha outside the gates that he had freed Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage while beating back a man by the name of "Yu Hua", Han Rong began to curse the former for the trouble that he had caused — and thus attacked Nezha without any further talk.

Not realizing what outstanding immortal qualities Nezha possessed, Han Rong and his soldiers were beaten back quickly with fear equivalent to that of fighting a great dragon. Not allowing such a threat to simply run amok no matter how strong it might be, the four generals and two brothers of Flying Tiger suddenly approached the gates of Sishui in assistance to the furthered detriment of Han Rong. As Yu Hua was informed of this critical situation, he immediately strode from the gates and became infuriated that the immortal from earlier dared to return simply to sully his great renown.

Using his golden brick and Universal Ring with great skill, Nezha forced both Han Rong and Yu Hua into immediate flight, while Yellow Flying Tiger and his father arrived shortly to break through the gates and gather all originally acquired belongings before charging through the pass in success. As Nezha took his leave shortly, Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage eventually arrived to Mount Qi — a region neighboring Phoenix City of the Western Foothills — without any opposition or trouble at that. Ordering his fellow generals and family members to take up camp near Phoenix City following their arrival, Yellow Flying Tiger dressed in plain clothing while heading through the city alone.

Walking through the streets, Flying Tiger noticed that the market and household regions were very prosperous compared to that of Morning Song — and thus became quite satisfied over the long hard-won journey that he inevitably performed. After obtaining information from a fellow passer-by where Prime

Minister Jiang Ziya's mansion was located, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the mansion shortly while being ushered in before the prime minister. Thoroughly elaborating his rebellion against Morning Song and the rationale behind such an action, Jiang Ziya joyfully allowed his guest to sit by his side while ensuring the former that he should inform such words to King Wu as soon as possible.

As Jiang Ziya thus approached the palace gates shortly, while greeting the king as the usual tradition, the prime minister informed King Wu that Prince Yellow Flying Tiger of Military Prowess had forsaken King Zhou and was now present within Phoenix City to offer his service. Once Yellow Flying Tiger had been called for audience before King Wu, the prince's new title became Prince for National Pacification and Military Prowess in hopes that he should be one of the destined founders of the future Zhou Dynasty.

Performing a banquet feast in Flying Tiger's honor, each of the family members and generals serving under the former were brought within the city while reattaining their original rank and position when originally under Shang.

Chapter 35

The Surrender of two Generals

Returning to the incident at Lintong, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was utterly astounded at being overtaken by such a simple trick even though he had mastered many immortal arts within the past — thus evidently suggesting that he must not have been destined to take Yellow Flying Tiger no matter what action was performed on his part. Returning to Morning Song shortly while elaborating to the ministers his unfortunate failure, Wen Zhong became rather worried over Yellow

Flying Tiger's conjectured immortal assistance reoccurring in the future as to increase his probability of escaping through the passes. As reports soon entered the capital, stating Yellow Flying Tiger's individual victory over the five passes, Wen Zhong became infuriated at the countless detrimental occurrences evolving out of King Zhou's incompetence — but nonetheless resolved in his heart that he must uphold the vow to King Da Yi: the eternal preservation of the Shang Dynasty, even if it costs his own life.

Knowing that Yellow Flying Tiger's successful arrive at the Western Foothills would be a great factor in Ji Fa's encouragement to rebel against the capital, Wen Zhong formed an audience before many generals to discuss the current issue. Then General Lu Xiong stepped forward and recommended to the Grand Old Master that any form of war against the Western Foothills would currently act against their favor — due to the lack of food supplies and generals willing to cooperate through extensive trouble with other rebelling forces such as the dukes. Thus Wen Zhong became convinced that the best course of action would be to obtain information about the Western Foothills set intentions in any means appropriate before taking impulsive courses of action.

With consent from the Chao Twins that they should undertake such a task, they immediately left the frontier with 30,000 soldiers at their backing — lest they were forced into a situation that was needing of attack. Haltering near the western gates of Phoenix City following their arrival, Jiang Ziya obtained word of such while becoming rather confused as to why King Zhou would act at such an inappropriate time. Not being rational of the situation to any means, the Chao Twins both agreed to challenge before the gates of Phoenix City in their desire for battle and bloodshed.

As Jiang Ziya sat in conference, while being approached by a guard shortly to be informed of the Shang Army's intentions, General Nangong Kuo volunteered to meet the foe outside the gates. Taking impulsiveness into his own hands, Chao Lei, the elder of the two brothers, approached his challenger, stating that Yellow Flying Tiger was to be bound up as the rebel he was — or the people of Phoenix City should suffer death for their contradictory manners.

Responding to the former's words with his cutless, Chao Lei was taken captive shortly after thirty rounds of battle. Refusing to kneel with hurtful words after being presented before Jiang Ziya, and receiving the order of execution for

such, Yellow Flying Tiger moved forward and convinced the prime minister that Chao Lei might be useful to them in the future if he remains alive for now.

Obtaining consent, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the general with convincing words that he should always remain at the lowest class if his loyalty belongs in the hands of a barbaric ruler like King Zhou, rather than a man of virtue such as that of King Wu. Expressing his immediate apologies to Jiang Ziya while being allowed to convince his brother, Chao Tian, Chao Lei appeared before his astonished brother outside the western gates shortly.

After elaborating his rationale behind being freed, and his new intentions under the Western Foothills, Chao Lei became very uneasy at the prospect that their fellow family members would be slaughtered in entirety if they were to both defect from Morning Song. As Chao Lei thus devised a plan so that they can essentially escape disaster, Chao Tian meanwhile returned to the city while informing Jiang Ziya that his brother was indeed willing to defect — but he requests a general to see him as a sign of respect. Once Yellow Flying Tiger had volunteered himself with consent, Jiang Ziya additionally sent Xin Jia, Xin Mian, and Nangong Kuo to set locations lest anything was to happen to the prince.

As Yellow Flying thus entered the Shang camp in greeting, the two Chao Twins laughed internally at the idiocy of the Western Foothills while binding the former and returning to Morning Song quickly. When they had arrived before Mount Dragon along the way, General Xin Jia suddenly stood before their path, suggesting that they hand over Yellow Flying Tiger if they wish to keep their lives. Knowing that the situation was in their favor, and it would be foolish to give up such a chance so blatantly, the two Chao Twins rage fully thrashed their blades at the enemy general.

As Xin Mian additionally fell upon the Shang forces with great force, Chao Lei decided to flee from the Western Foothills district in order to potentially obtain further support while his brother fought of the enemy. As Yellow Flying Tiger had essentially been freed more easily due to the former's departure, the prince wrathfully took Chao Tian prisoner in his vows for revenge. Meanwhile, Chao Lei unfortunately forgot the specific path of exit from the Western Foothills district — forcing him to run about atop his horse with great frustration over such a ridiculous situation.

Being approached shortly by General Nangong Kuo under the light of the moon that midnight, Chao Lei had no intention to feel regret over his previous decision, and thus charged at the enemy general with swift renown. Not realizing that Nangong's furiousness and aggression made him one of the strongest warriors of the Western Foothills, Chao Lei was bound shortly and placed within the Prime Minister's mansion the following dawn. Once Yellow Flying Tiger and Nangong Kuo elaborated their successful capture of Chao Lei and Chao Tian to Jiang Ziya, the prime minister ordered for the brothers to meet an immediate execution through beheading.

As Chao Lei quickly elaborated the situation with his fellow family members, and the regret that he possesses by not telling Jiang Ziya of such an issue sooner, Yellow Flying Tiger personally informed the prime minister that Chao Lei's words were indeed truthful. When the two brothers had thus been set free while

kneeling before Jiang Ziya, the latter stated that Chao Tian should remain as a hostage, while Chao Lei returns to the capital with secretly written instructions that would essentially ensure their family's safety. Realizing he had little choice, Chao Lei set out for Morning Song at once.

Chapter 36

First Disaster within the Western Foothills

As Chao Lei arrived before Capital Morning Song a few days following his departure, he presented himself before Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, stating that Commander Han Rong's lack of support with rations and fodder led to his army's decay — thus forcing him to flee back to the capital and plead for reinforcements. Knowing clearly that Han Rong could have easily supplied Chao Lei with full rations with a single lifting of his finger, the commander must have had quite a rational resolution as to not heed such a call — especially considering his reputation could falter through such an action.

Assigning Chao Lei 3,000 soldiers and 1,000 piculs¹⁰ of rice nonetheless, the general set out for the Western Foothills shortly while secretly taking along his family in addition. As Wen Zhong still pondered quite some time following Chao Lei's leave, he performed divination to find out that Lei only intended on bringing his family to the Western Foothills during his return. Knowing that Chao Lei was too far away to be harmed, Ji Li and Yu Qing, the disciples of Wen Zhong, approached their master and suggested that Zhang Guifang, Commander of Green Dragon Pass, should be chosen to lead an attack upon the Western Foothills.

With Zhang Guifang's immediate departure, Qiu Yin took the former's place as commander over the pass. Meanwhile Chao Lei arrived within Phoenix City to report his success before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya. Giving an account of his conversation with Wen Zhong, Jiang Ziya clearly realized that war with Shang was very probable, considering the current circumstances with Yellow Flying Tiger's rebellion and his own image of being a man of great trickery and deceit.

With Zhang Guifang's arrival before the southern gates of Phoenix City after seven days of march, Jiang Ziya obtained word of such — and thus asked Yellow Flying Tiger for his knowledge on the enemy commander's ability level. Informing the prime minister that Zhang Guifang possesses a strange technique that allows him to control each specific movement of his opponent after calling out their name, Jiang Ziya became rather worried over such an unexpected summary.

As many general of the Western Foothills believed Yellow Flying Tiger's words to be nothing more than nonsense, Commander Zhang Guifang meanwhile sent forth General Feng Lin for the first challenge. Placing scorn over rationality, Ji Shu Qian charged from Phoenix City's gates to do battle with the enemy general, no matter what technique he might have possessed. Realizing that the man standing before him was commander of the vanguard under Guifang, Ji Shu Qian stabbed his lance at the former with great precision and renown.

Unfortunately for Shu Qian however, a large red ball of light suddenly shot from Feng Lin's mouth, causing him to be blinded while beaten to death by the enemy general's tooth-fanged clubs at the same time.

10. Commercial unity of weight. In China, Japan, Sumatra, it is usually 133 lbs. (approx. 60 kg). Called also "*tan*" by the Chinese.

As Zhang Guifang mounted the fallen warrior's head atop his camp gates in satisfaction over Feng Lin's victory, Jiang Ziya gnashed his teeth in anger at such a report. Once Zhang Guifang had personally led his forces before the enemy gates in high morale, Jiang Ziya wrathfully approached the former with soldiers standing to his right and left.

With the forces of Jiang Ziya clashing blades fiercely against their foe, Zhang Guifang could not restrain the great anger that arose within his veins at the very sight of Yellow Flying Tiger fighting against His Majesty in full resolve — and thus yelled the name of the former, sending him crashing to the ground in a state of paralysis.

With the immediate assistance of Yellow Flying Tiger's two brothers, and Zhou Ji, the prince managed to escape any potential capture. Realizing that his true intention had slipped from his grasp, Zhang Guifang fled, but happened to obtain Zhou Ji in the process of his retreat. In additional ill-fortune, General Nangong Kuo's aggression overcame him during his pursuit of the fleeing Feng Lin — thus resulting in his capture.

As Jiang Ziya led his forces back to Phoenix City in great distress and rage over the reality of the situation, Zhang Guifang had meanwhile placed both captured generals within prisoner carts to await their eventual return back to Morning Song following the Western Foothill's fall.

Challenging the city the following morning as usual, a board of truce was hung before the gates, convincing Zhang Guifang that a short rest for his soldiers would be the best choice at hand. At this same point in time, Fairy Primordial had personally observed the current happenings at the Western Foothills through divination.

Calling forth Nezha at once, Primordial thoroughly elaborated the current and future happenings that should befall the west, declaring to his disciple that he should thus immediately assist Jiang Ziya as a showing of his celestial renown. Being very delighted at a chance to unleash his prowess upon impulse, Nezha kowtowed to his master before setting off to the Western Foothills, arriving shortly.

Once Nezha had approached Jiang Ziya at the Prime Minister's mansion, while elaborating his reason for appearance and obtaining word on Zhang Guifang's strange ability, the former asked the prime minister if he could challenge this foe at once. Being convinced by Nezha's celestial attributes and great vigor, Jiang Ziya ordered the board of truce to be removed at once. With Feng Lin's immediate departure before the city gates to offer challenge upon the realization of the board's disappearance, Nezha approached the enemy commander while lashing violently with his renowned lance of fire.

Clearly realizing that Nezha was more than likely a celestial being due his uncultured manner of battle and strange revolving wheels of fire, Feng Lin retreated a grand distance lest he received immediate death, while shooting forth his ball of red flames at the former's face. Being naturally well acquainted with such sorcery, Nezha negated his technique, while forcing Feng Lin into retreat after being gravely injured with the Universal Ring.

Following the injured general back to his camp, Nezha anxiously yelled for Zhang Guifang to show his face at once. Appearing before the celestial and attacking him with great renown, Zhang clearly showed signs of severe fatigue — and thus called forth Nezha's name — and set order — without any success whatsoever. Realizing that the situation was inevitably in the enemy's favor, Zhang Guifang resolutely charged his blade at the former with the furiousness of a great dragon.

Chapter 37

Jiang Ziya visits Mount Kunlun

As Nezha became determined to put an end to his vigorous enemy, the Universal Ring was used to break Zhang Guifang's arm and effectively send him fleeing. Reporting to Jiang Ziya that his innate celestial qualities saved him from any form of harm — and assisted in a grand victory at that — Zhang Guifang had meanwhile sent an urgent report to Grand Old Master, asking him for additional reinforcements for the front. Realizing that Guifang would try to obtain a far greater militia at his backing due to the unparalleled prowess that Nezha possesses, Jiang Ziya decided to head to Mount Kunlun to pay his master a visit after giving his traditional farewell to King Wu.

Informing His Majesty earlier that he would be gone for around three days of time, Jiang Ziya arrived very shortly before Unicorn Mountain of Mount Kunlun, while gazing at the beauty that was still present despite his being gone for over a decade. Entering the Jade Emptiness Palace while prostrating himself before Master Celestial Primogenitor, the latter offered fellow greetings to his disciple before ordering him to construct a Terrace of Creation upon Mount Western Foothills immediately — as it was his set destiny.

Additionally stating that many men of talent should appear before him once times of emergency present themselves, he dismissed Jiang Ziya, but carefully informed him to ignore any such voice that might call forth his name upon his return to the Western Foothills, lest any disaster comes of it. Holding the "List of Creations" while taking his leave from Primogenitor, Jiang Ziya began to hear someone calling his name from behind; recalling his master's words with clarity, he refused to reply while continuing along the path to Unicorn Cliff.

As the man became exceedingly angry over Jiang Ziya's rude behavior — for they had been friends for over forty years back at Mount Kunlun — Ziya turned his back to see Shen Gongbao before him. Expressing immediate retribution for his rudeness, and upon Shen Gongbao's inquiring as to which side the former was assisting, Jiang Ziya replied to his old friend that he was fully resolved to do away with the tyrant ruler King Zhou, as Prime Minister of the Western Foothills.

Believing King Zhou's manner of rulership as being for the greater good — due to the supreme military force at his backing through such disciplinary motives — Shen Gongbao became angry at Jiang Ziya's words — and thus declared to his old friend that King Wu would remain as nothing more than a mere laughing stock if he continued to oppose His Majesty with petty words of morality and virtue.

Declaring that he would remain with King Wu eternally, despite the former's words of hate, Shen Gongbao became determined to show Jiang Ziya not only his superior rationality, but his superiority in technique as well. Cutting the head from his body and tossing it into the air, Jiang Ziya gazed in amazement as it simply revolved many times in a single space while Gongbao's body still stood erect with full mobility. Possessing a natural hatred towards Shen Gongbao, and seeing such a chance as being very probable to end in his own intended way, Immortal of the South Pole ordered White Crane Lad to transform himself into a

crane and seize Gongbao's revolving head while tossing it into the North Sea. Immediately performing his set instructions, Immortal of the South Pole meanwhile scolded Jiang Ziya for defying Primogenitor's words.

As Shen Gongbao ran about in great confusion as to why he was unable to retract his head whatsoever, Jiang Ziya earnestly pleaded to spare Gongbao's life — for he might be able to convince his old friend that King Wu was the dynasty's savior to negate any potential opposition within the future. Clicking his fingers to allow Gongbao's head to be freed, it immediately returned to its host's body at once. Knowing that he could have died if his head had not returned after three hours of time, Shen Gongbao left the mountain region with the declaration that he should turn the Western Foothills into a sea of blood in short time.

As Jiang Ziya had thus headed quickly to the East Sea while gazing forth at the immense beauty laid before his eyes, the sea suddenly erupted, signaling the arrival of a spirit that had wondered for over 1,000 years. From the heavens he approached to Jiang Ziya stating that he had been a reputed warrior, under Emperor Xuanyuan, which had suffered death at this sea and had been entrapped ever since. Jiang Ziya let loose a grand show of lightning to free the fallen warrior from his bonds. Kneeling forth in unparalleled gratitude, Jiang Ziya took his hand, while continuing towards the Western Foothills only to find the air being thrashed about with a sudden storm that raged onwards.

As the four devils originally present within the Peony Pavilion approached Jiang Ziya from the heavens with a fellow greeting, they were immediately ordered to assist in the construction of a "Terrace of Creation", while Bai Jian personally acts as supervisor of the work. Performing the construction with great resolve and keen skill, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile returned to Phoenix City, where he was met warmly by both General Wu Ji and Nezha. Being informed that no such attack was performed by Zhang Guifang throughout the interval of his departure, Jiang Ziya issued specific orders to his generals the following morning in preparation for a specialized night-raid.

As Zhang Guifang stamped his feet impatiently at the confirmed backing of additional reinforcements from the capital, he suddenly began to hear the roaring of cannons and soldiers from within the gates of his camp — and thus immediately rushed forth with Feng Lin by his side in full armor. Realizing that the Zhou forces had leaked in throughout every direction — for the sounds of clashing swords had been heard from right to left — Zhang Guifang became terrified at the brilliant glow of fire that emitted from Nezha as his soldiers were slaughtered like lowly animals.

Knowing that the situation was hopeless without their reinforcements, Zhang Guifang and Feng Lin had little choice but to save their own lives by fleeing amongst the confusion to Mount Western Foothills with their remaining forces following. Smashing the ground with both fists at the sight of his pride being torn apart by such a ridiculous incident, Zhang Guifang rage fully wrote another urgent report for reinforcements at once. Holding a conference back at Capital Morning Song, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was astonished to see an additional request for reinforcements obtained from Commander Zhang Guifang — and thus declared to all around that if victory was ever to be reality, he must personally set forth to the Western Foothills and show the enemy their place.

Ji Li, who was very close to Wen Zhong and knew much of his past, informed the Grand Old Master that he should head to the Nine Dragon Island within the West Sea in order to obtain his four Taoist friends as potential backing in his stead. Clapping his hands in delight at such a suggestion, Wen Zhong made immediate preparations to head to the island and invite his old friends with a fellow toast of greeting.

Chapter 38

Baby Tooth tackles Four Superior Men

Following Grand Old Master Wen Zhong's arrival at Nine Dragon Island, Wen Zhong would see his four superior men friends idly enjoying a game of chess. In time, it was decided that all four would assist; thus a strategy would be mapped out for their first move against Baby Tooth. Once they had completed their set strategy, Grand Old Master would present the foursome before King Zhou himself in the order: "Wang Magus, Yang Forest, High Amiable, and Li Resounding."

Once everything had then been set for movement, Zhang Cassia would once again appear before the unwavering Baby Tooth the following day. Suddenly, the foursome of Nine Dragon Island would suddenly appear on the battlefield — to the dismay of Baby Tooth. Wang Magus would then personally tell Baby Tooth the three-pronged request: "to force King Wu to return as a minister under King Zhou; the returning of Yellow Flying Tiger; and the feasting of Cassia's army."

Baby Tooth would ask for three days to think over their resolution. Following this, Baby Tooth would once again head out to Mount Kunlun. Upon his arrival, Baby Tooth would receive a Four-not-alike — a literal beast that had the body of a dragon, the head of a deer, feet like a cheetah, and hoofs like a qilin.¹¹ In addition, Baby Tooth would receive an XYZ Flag and a Devil Beating Whip. In short time, Baby Tooth's four-not-alike would bring him to a beautiful island within the North Sea. Following a somewhat short conflict with Good Lob, a fifteen-foot tall lobster, Baby Tooth would acquire the beast's consent to assist King Wu.

Once the Foursome of Nine Dragon Island had realized the following day that the granaries were never opened, they knew that Baby Tooth had refuted their request. Immediately after finding Baby Tooth, Wang Magus would personally charge out and give battle. Before Wang Magus was able to even touch Baby Tooth however, Nezha would suddenly appear and duel it out with him. Following a semi-major battle between the other three superior men, Good Lob, and Yellow Flying Tiger, Baby Tooth would attempt to make his escape through the clouds atop his beast.

The determined Wang Magus, however, joined Baby Tooth in the heavens. After directly hitting Baby Tooth with his Earth Slashing Pearl technique, Baby Tooth would fall to the ground beneath in an unconscious state. As Wang got off his animal to go for Baby Tooth's head, he heard a certain individual singing a song. Upon his approach, he would see none other than Superior man Broad Altruist. Once Broad Altruist had attempted to convince Wang Magus that Baby Tooth should be left alone for the sake of the Investiture of the Gods Register, Wang Magus would become rather annoyed.

11. The **qilin** is a magical animal with many varieties of descriptions. It can be quadruped, antlered, cloven hooved, with a fur either dull brown, colorful, fire-like, or like a gemstone. It can be either divine, peaceful, or evil. A tale tells that a qilin appeared in the garden of the mythical *Yellow Emperor*. Moreover, is told that the birth of *Confucius* was preceded by the arrival of a qilin.

Without thinking deeply about the situation whatsoever, Wang Magus would blindly charge at Broad Altruist with his sword. Jinzha, Broad Altruist's student, would appear immediately and negate Wang Magus's blade. Broad Altruist would then throw his Seven-trick Lotus around Wang Magus; resulting in complete imbalance. Jinzha would then stand ready to deliver the final blow to Wang Magus.

Chapter 39

Lu Xiong assists Zhang Guifang

As the infuriated Wang Mo was unable to move in any form while being firmly immobilized by Outstanding Culture's stakes, Jinzha performed one quick slash maneuver of his blade — sending the unfortunate Taoist to his death, while his soul became the first to gather before the Terrace of Creation.

Reviving Jiang Ziya momentarily afterwards, Outstanding Culture told the prime minister to return to the Western Foothills with the assistance of Jinzha. Departing after being informed of the prior situation, Outstanding Culture had meanwhile buried the corpse of Wang Mo in a grievous state over his impulsive gestures of the past. Fortunately driving away the Shang forces earlier, without any notable casualties at that, King Wu and the others were greatly delighted to see the prime minister return before the city's northern gates with a stranger by his side later that day.

Elaborating the incidents prior in full detail, while introducing Jinzha to all present, Yang Sen meanwhile sat within the Shang camp, being exceedingly worried over Wang Mo's lack of return by dusk. Performing a divination across his fingers at once, Yang Sen flew back in horror at the gruesome end to their fellow brother, Wang Mo. Informing his other two brothers of the situation immediately, all three Taoists slept throughout that night in great agony and despair over the death of Wang Mo — but such only strengthened their resolve to destroy Jiang Ziya even if they must sacrifice everything they possess.

Mounting their beasts at the very crack of dawn, the Taoists demanded that Jiang Ziya shows himself at once. Hearing of such a challenge shortly, Jiang Ziya hesitated, due to the various wounds that he still possessed from the incident prior, but was nonetheless encouraged to head to the front once Nezha ensured his essential backing. Appearing outside the eastern gates shortly after, Jinzha and Nezha immediately rushed forward to protect the prime minister from any harm. With a sudden wrathful charge on the part of the three Taoists, Jiang Ziya carefully watched the battle, while determining it time to try out his Staff of Beating Gods.

Throwing the staff into the air in a horizontal fashion, a sudden flash of lightning triggered the weapon to fall like a boulder — aiming for the unfortunate Gao Youqian. As Youqian's head splattered instantly at such an impact, Yang Sen was terrified, but nonetheless immensely enraged at the following death of his brother. Seeing Jiang Ziya toss the staff into the air earlier, and concluding through such a fact that the former killed his brother, Yang Sen let out a piercing cry of despair and lunged at the prime minister like a berserk dragon ready to slaughter at whim.

Being distracted by an object — the Universal Ring — being flung straight at him, Jinzha seized such a chance to bind the former with his Invisible Dragon Stake, and then finishing the Taoist off with a vertical blade slash through his abdomen. Seeing the death of two additional brothers, Li Xingba charged at Jinzha and Muzha, while Feng Lin and Zhang Guifang, who could not allow the death of any more allies lest their chances of victory became nullified, leapt forward to

assist their Taoist ally. Huang Tianxiang, the fourth son of Yellow Flying Tiger, meanwhile rode forth with his silver spear, even though he was still yet a child. Being overtaken by an obvious advantage over Tianxiang, Feng Lin cockily charged at the young boy while thrashing his clubs about wrathfully, but ended up being killed upon a single thrust of Tianxiang's spear — which pierced the former's chest with great renown.

Now knowing that the day had most assuredly been lost, Zhang Guifang retreated to the Shang camp immediately, while Li Xingba followed close behind. Upon their return to the Shang camp, Li Xingba suggested to Zhang Guifang that reinforcements were of great necessity, considering the recent death of four additional generals; Zhang consented at once to such a suggestion by sending an urgent report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong.

Jiang Ziya returned to Phoenix City, where he profusely praised the young Tianxiang for his renown. Jinzha clearly realized that with the loss of three generals on the opposing side and their earlier retreat, more than likely out of fear of complete annihilation, they most assuredly would be awaiting an immediate backing of some form of reinforcements that ensured their ultimate protection. Jinzha thus approached the prime minister suggesting to him that the enemy commander should be engaged as soon as possible.

Clearly seeing Jinzha's rationale, Jiang Ziya followed his suggestion by leading forth his army the following day, while demanding Zhang Guifang to show himself at once. Raging exiting the Shang camp with generals to his right and left, Zhang Guifang knew that the situation was grave, due to the current lack of reinforcements, and capable generals at that, but nonetheless charged forward to begin a grand battle.

As each general unleashed their prowess upon the battlefield, Li Xingba fled through the heavens at the very second in which Jiang Ziya had made a threatening gesture with his staff, thus leaving Zhang Guifang surrounded by many generals on each side. With the Chao Twin's attempt to convince the enemy commander that reconciliation was the best choice, considering the current situation he was within, Zhang Guifang did not for a second consider such a resolution as probable — for his loyalty and honor had been sworn to King Zhou, no matter what obstacle appeared before him.

Fighting on like a renowned warrior from dawn to noon, Zhang realized his great exhaustion and the lack of forces remaining on his side, and thus pierced his own belly as a final show of loyal intentions towards the Shang Dynasty. Seeing the enemy commander fall to the ground and emitted his final breath, Jiang Ziya and his men returned to Phoenix City in triumph, after receiving the remaining soldiers of Guifang, who had surrendered.

As Li Xingba had meanwhile landed before a neighboring mountain to plan out his next move, he decided it best to return to the capital, while meeting with Wen Zhong to discuss their method of revenge. Ready to take his leave immediately, Li Xingba heard someone singing a song in a very close distance — and thus turned around to see a young man, who stated his name to be "Muzha". Exchanging salutations, while stating his name and set purpose, Muzha smiled in delight at the man who his master sent him far and wide to search for standing

right before his very eyes. Informing the former that he had been sent to capture him, and a great reward would be presented through such an action, Li Xingba knew that it would be difficult to escape such a grasp — and thus lashed forth his duel staves at the enemy. Greatly resolved to destroy anything in his path for the sake of revenge, Muzha became clearly overpowered as they clashed weapons violently along the mountainside.

Unfortunately for Li Xingba, however, Muzha suddenly unleashed a large blade—dubbed as the male counterpart of the two "Hooks of Wu" atop his back — to slice off the former's head in one quick strike. Riding to the Western Foothills atop his dust cloud, Muzha arrived before a large city, and was unexpectedly admitted in by his elder brother, Jinzha, who which introduced the former to the prime minister at once. As Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile stamped his fist in rage at the report of three of his Taoist allies being killed, he ordered all generals to appear before him to obtain ear on the situation currently at hand.

After a lengthened discussion, it was decided that Lu Xiong, a general of old age, but capable in the art of military commandership nonetheless, would be assisted by Fei Zhong and You Hun as advisors, in order to essentially reinforce Zhang Guifang at all costs possible. Being equipped with 50,000 soldiers, and leaving the capital immediately without delay, summer soon approached, forcing the Shang army to perspire under the immense sunlight without the slightest breath of wind whatsoever. Being told by a patrolman along the way that Zhang Guifang had lost his life, and his very head was hanging upon Phoenix City's eastern gate as he spoke, Commander Lu Xiong ordered his soldiers to camp at a neighboring forest within a region known as "*Mount Western Foothills*" — as one of his generals had stated it to be.

Immediately sending report to Wen Zhong on the current situation, Jiang Ziya had obtained report on the enemy's camping within Mount Western Foothills — and thus ordered Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo to block any sort of assault from the former with 5,000 soldiers at their disposal. As both generals camped opposite to the stationary Shang forces, General Xin Jia arrived shortly to move their camp before the mountain's summit — as ordered by Jiang Ziya himself.

Following such a ridiculous order without any true choice, the forces of Zhou began to complain profusely as they were forced to remain within the direct heat of summer, while being laughed at below by the Shang soldiers, who knew that they would die of exhaustion if they remained as such for at least three days.

As Lu Xiong kept his forces stationed closely by his side without external movement, lest an ambush or trap of some sort became unleashed at any noticeable retortion, Jiang Ziya arrived before his own forces with an additional 3,000, and ordered his soldiers to construct a three-foot high terrace at once. With General Xin Mian's additional arrival with padded cotton jackets and warm caps to be worn upon each soldier, everyone present followed such an order at once — knowing fully that they rushed the risk of their own deaths at any moment.

Chapter 40

Phoenix City's Great Siege

With the immediate arrival of dusk, and the essential completion of the terrace, Jiang Ziya began to recite many incantations and spells to stir up the winds for his set intentions. Destroying the deathly heat of summer with a refreshing breeze, the wind gradually became stronger — even to the extent that trees became uprooted, and sand flew about violently. As the wind became etched with a tint of coldness, winter snow suddenly fell from the heavens, covering the land beneath with a tint of silver and white. Being exceedingly astonished and enraged at the coldness at the same time, Lu Xiong began making preparations to make an immediate retreat, lest they were frozen to death by such blatant sorcery.

Realizing that the enemy army could escape his grasp without death, Jiang Ziya began to recite many charms, effectively summoning the sun before the Shang forces' eyes. Sending large torrents of waves raging about, the prime minister additionally summoned forth a cold wind, freezing all unfortunate soldiers of Shang to ice. Seeing an ocean of ice laid about beneath the summit, Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo broke into the Shang camp as ordered, taking back Lu Xiong, Fei Zhong, and You Hun as prisoners as easily as turning over their very palm. As Lu Xiong stood defiantly before the feet of Jiang Ziya, while Fei Zhong and You Hun fell to the ground, begging for mercy, the prime minister ordered them to be placed within prison for the time being.

Reciting incantations immediately after to melt away all ice below the mountain's summit, over 5,000 soldiers of the original 50,000 had been clearly frozen to death, while the remaining 45 managed to escape from the Western Foothills without any notable harm. With Jiang Ziya's decree to receive King Wu before Mount Western Foothills at once, General Nangong Kuo set out to Phoenix City shortly, performing such a task with immediate speed. Being accompanied by his civil and military officials along the way, King Wu noticed many lumps of ice and snow laying about in random areas of the mountain — and was thus informed by the prime minister following his arrival.

As the prime minister began to write an elegy of in memory of the warriors who lost their lives for the Zhou cause, King Wu began to burn incense, while Jiang Ziya ordered the three prisoners to be brought forth and beheaded at once. Following the end of their ceremony, Han Rong had received the remnants of Lu Xiong's army, and at the same time, sent an urgent report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong on the current issue within the Western Foothills.

Being determined that his own appearance within the Western Foothills was the only insurance of Shang victory, Wen Zhong was immediately confronted by his two disciples, who suggested the four Diablo brothers — for they possess great magical renown, far exceeding what the original four Taoists could have obtained through their discipline. Being delighted, and well confident, over their summary, Wen Zhong sent an order to the four brothers, appointing them as expeditionary commanders if they were to comply. Realizing that the Grand Old Master must assuredly be rather desperate after receiving report on their

appointment, the Diablo brothers nonetheless roared through the Good Dream Pass, 100,000 strong, and arriving before Phoenix City in rather quick pace.

As the prime minister obtained word shortly on the arrival of a Shang army camped near the city, Yellow Flying Tiger carefully spied on their forces from the city wall, and upon the spotting of the renowned Diablo brothers — Mo Lihong, Mo Liqing, Mo Lihai, and Mo Lishou — he returned to Jiang Ziya's side and thoroughly elaborated the situation. Informing Jiang Ziya of their individualized special abilities — in which he knew by fighting by their side during a conflict against the East Sea district — the prime minister sat in great discomfort and distress.

After three days without any form of challenge, the four brothers toasted each other that night, while charging forth the following morning to do battle. Not having any preset plan as Jiang Ziya exited from the city gates to confront the four brothers, Mo Liqing started things off by rage fully yelling at the prime minister for his intentions on rebellion, especially after seeing Zhang Guifang's head atop Phoenix City's walls, who he had recognized.

He said that they never possessed any intentions to rebel against the dynasty, but they were simply defending themselves from King Zhou's constant debased assaults. Even after told that, the four brothers cared little of his words, for Grand Old Master was a keen man of intellect and competency and would surely not have sent them if the Western Foothills were not planning rebellion. And they thus charged at the Zhou forces, fighting right and left with great renown. Unfortunately for Nezha, and any other generals who had wielded a weapon of magical attributes, Mo Lihong used his Universe Muddling Umbrella to absorb such weapons with a single horizontal spin.

With eager to show the opposition his own power, Mo Liqing shook the Green Cloud Sword atop his back, forcing all within a set perimeter to unconditionally kill themselves with their own weapons. As the clouds above turned dark, with flames shooting about from Lihong's umbrella, Lishou used his white elephant to devour all unfortunate soldiers that happened to stand within its path. Fleeing back to Phoenix City in complete defeat, over 10,000 casualties had been counted, while nine generals had additionally lost their lives.

As the Shang forces returned in great happiness over such a feat, Lihong suggested a complete assault upon Phoenix City's walls during their next military conference, in a chance to force both Jiang Ziya and King Wu into effective surrender. Enforcing such a suggestion with open arms, the four Diablo brothers clearly realized that boards of truce had been placed forth the city gates, but they nonetheless assaulted the city with scaling ladders and cannons — not daring to let up for a single second, lest such a grand opportunity was to be negated at some later time.

Retorting with flaming arrows, lime bottles, throwing spears, and of the sort for over three days, the Shang forces became even more resolved to break through such a defense, even at their own lack of soldiers through such aggression. Ordering a retreat following the end of their third day of assault, the four brothers decided that they should besiege the city and ensure that external food supplies and reinforcements were essentially cut off. After three months without any true success, Lihong suggested to his brothers a full scale assault upon the city with

their legendary weapons; the amount of innocent casualties was of no more concern, for the city's capture was completely essential, lest their own personal expenses result in reprimanding from the Grand Old Master.

As it was agreed that such an action should be taken by midnight, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile performed divination after hearing a sudden unpredictable blast of wind blow down many obstacles within Phoenix City. Realizing that such a resolution was rather likely to come about eventually due to their obstinacy, Jiang Ziya summoned forth the North Sea as a large water barrier that stretched over the entire city, negating any potential attack from the opposition's weapons.

Being utterly astonished at the uselessness of their weapons against such a formidable crest of water over Phoenix City, the four brothers had little choice but to give up their pre-planned attack for that night. As the barrier remained erect before the city for months, as Jiang Ziya full realized the external actions of besiegement on the part of the Diablo brothers, the four brothers could do nothing more than continue to await food supply conveys in order to obtain a chance to attack the city from within.

Eventually obtaining word that their city's supply of food could only last another ten days at the most, Yellow Flying Tiger suggested that the rich citizens of the Western Foothills should be forced to open their granaries for the city's overall use, while being repaid at a later time. Declining such an offer due to the panic and exceedingly poor morale that it would create, Jiang Ziya decided it best to think the matter over. After eight days had passed, two distinguished Taoists — known as Han Dulong of the Poisoned Dragon, and Xue Ehu of the Wicked Tiger — arrived to offer their food supplies after declaring their discipleship under Superior man Divine Virtue.

Handing a letter from their master as proof of their identities, Han Dulong placed forth his promised provisions, a small bag that possessed two handfuls of rice overall. As the soldiers of the Western Foothills tried their very best to hold back their laughter at such a sight, Jiang Ziya asked the Taoist to place the rice within one of the city's three granaries. Obtaining word after the passage of three hours, stating from a patrolman, that the barns were overflowing with rice, Jiang Ziya smiled with great delight at the good fortune of his king.

Now knowing that he possessed a strengthened resistance that could still easily be crushed by the Diablo brothers with ease, Jiang Ziya reinforced the North Sea water barrier at every moment. Being exceedingly disgusted and utterly wrathful at their lack of ability to take the city in its current impenetrable state, the four brothers sent a report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, stating that Jiang Ziya had defended his city with treacherous methods, resulting in their expedition almost taking over an entire year without a sign of the enemy's decay.

As a few more days had passed by, another Taoist arrived before the gates of Phoenix City, and upon his admission, he declared his name to be "Yang Bliss", one of the head disciples under Jade Tripod. Being informed of the current situation against the Diablo brothers upon his asking, Yang Bliss managed to convince the prime minister that he should be able to deal with the opposition — for he was a man of incredible magic renown, far exceeding that of an ordinary Taoist.

As word of the board of truce being removed had reached the ears of the four brothers, they enthusiastically charged from the Shang camp, completely eager to destroy their opposition after such a long period of await. Once Ma Chenglong, commander of food supplies, had arrived from Caozhou before the feet of Phoenix City, Lishou, completely resolved to ensure the Western Foothill's internal decay at all costs, ordered his white elephant to devour the former at once. Seeing such an incident being carried out, Yang Bliss smiled with delight at such a chance, and thus threw himself in front of the elephant, being devoured in addition.

As the Zhou forces fled back in fear at such a sight, Nezha informed Jiang Ziya of current happenings, but the latter nonetheless felt reassured that Yang Bliss might still be alive, considering the magical renown that he stated to have possessed. Being delighted at their great success, and obtaining notice on the lack of Phoenix City's water barrier for reasons unknown, Lishou suggested the unleashing of his white elephant as a chance to devour both Jiang Ziya and King Wu in one quick assault. Realizing that the barrier's disappearance was very probable of being a trap, the three brothers nonetheless agreed to such a suggestion.

Once the white elephant had thus been sent forth with set intentions to destroy the king and his prime minister, Yang Bliss, still living within the beast's belly, thrashed its heart into pieces while destroying its body as a means of escape.

Cleaning his body from the blood, Yang Bliss was ushered forth within the city, to Nezha's immense surprise. Jiang Ziya, however, had expected such an outcome to an extent, and nonetheless became informed of the Diablo brother's original intentions before Yang's arrival. As Yang Bliss boastfully elaborated his many transformations, while becoming a small ermine weasel as proof, he left the prime minister's presence after ensuring the capture of the four weapons under the Diablo brothers.

Assuming the appearance of Lishou's elephant, and returning to the Shang camp in its place, the four brothers realized that their plan did not go as planned — due to the distinct insignias that would have appeared before the animal's skin if another victim had been consumed — but nonetheless drank away their worries that night. Falling asleep with deep drunken stupor, Yang Bliss managed to grab ahold of Lihong's legendary umbrella, but upon the accidental knocking down of two other weapons within the room, which triggered evidential signs of awakening on the part of the four brothers, Yang had little choice but to flee at once from the Shang camp.

Returning to Phoenix City, handing the prime minister Lihong's umbrella, and returning to the side of Lishou that same night, the four Diablo brothers awoke the following morning only to the great yells of fury on the part of Lihong, for his weapon had clearly been missing. Being ensured from the camp guards that no spy, or intruder at that, could ever get close to the camp without thorough inspection, the Diablo brothers unconditionally felt thoroughly unconfident at such a loss.

Meanwhile within the Purple Sun Cave, Virtue of the Pure Void called forth Huang Tianhua, his disciple, after carefully watching the former incidents involving the Western Foothill's Phoenix City. Instructing his disciple to head to the Western Foothills and assist Jiang Ziya's cause, Virtue of the Pure Void first taught Tianhua

how to use the twin golden-tipped hammers, and followed by giving the former his Fire Dragon Javelin and the jade unicorn as an additional form of assistance.

Seeing his disciple off shortly after, Tianhua used his unicorn's unparalleled attribute of speed to arrive before the Western Foothills in mere moments. After being allowed passage within the city, while greeting his fellow father and prime minister upon entry, Tianhua stayed at his family's house for the day, fully enjoying the amount of meat that he effectively received — for he was only allowed to feast on vegetables when originally under Pure Void. Cladding himself full with armor of bright gold the following day, Huang Tianhua obtained consent to face the four Diablo brothers after informing Jiang Ziya of his set instructions on how to deal with such an opposition.

Chapter 41

Grand Old Master Wen Zhong attacks the Western Foothills

Striding swiftly atop his jade-unicorn, Huang Tianhua arrived before the Shang camp shortly, offering battle immediately following. Seeing a young man of around sixteen years of age challenging their gates with seemingly great confidence, Mo Liqing moved forward to do battle immediately after being informed of the former's intentions. Using his White Jade Ring to deliver a brutal blow to the opposition's back, Nezha suddenly intercepted Liqing, fully resolved to protect his fellow ally at all costs.

After using his golden Universal Ring to shatter Liqing's jade ring to pieces, Nezha had little choice but to retreat with Tianhua in his arms — for the other three brothers quickly assisted with their respective weapons just following such a happening. Returning to Phoenix City immediately after, Yellow Flying Tiger gasped in astonishment at the report of his son, for Liqing was known for drenching his ring in the most deadly of poisons before use. Gazing forth at Tianhua at once, alas, it was too late. Tianhua was nothing more than a lifeless body shortly. Performing divination to become informed of the recent happenings within the Western Foothills, White Cloud Lad arrived before Phoenix City later on, retrieving the body of Huang Tianhua with reassurance to Yellow Flying Tiger.

As Pure Void revived his disciple with dissolved elixirs of legendary origin, he reprimanded Tianhua for impulsiveness, informed him of his former death by the hands of a jade ring, and handed him a special weapon to use against the opposition before giving his farewells. Returning to Phoenix City shortly following, Tianhua was admitted within the Prime Minister's mansion, where he thoroughly elaborated the happenings at his master's cavern. Riding from the city gates the following morning with great determination for revenge, Liqing was astonished to see Tianhua alive, and still fuming over the lack of his ring, he charged at the former with his lance immediately following.

Thrashing at the young warrior with exceeded renown, Tianhua unleashed the weapon that his master had given him — the Heart Penetrating Nail — and threw it straight at Liqing's breast. As the nail burrowed into his heart like a drill, resulting in immediate death, Lihong, who was enraged at the lack of power he possessed without his umbrella, fearlessly charged at Tianhua with his great halberd. Maneuvering like a snake in order to avoid any potential attack from other deadly weapons that the boy might possess, Tianhua launched a secondary nail, and to Lihong's great ill-fortune and surprise, it followed his movement like an enraged beast, piercing his throat in one sudden strike.

Piercing through Lihai's heart immediately after passing through the throat of Lihong like a raging bullet of incredible speed, Lishou clearly realized the situation was desperate — and thus ordered his elephant to crush Tianhua before he, included, meets death. As the elephant suddenly reared back to attack its master — for Yang Bliss was still performing his magic disguise — Lishou was thrashed about violently, resulting in his additional unfortunate end. Recollecting

his two nails afterwards, Yang Bliss returned to his former state, and upon introduction to Tianhua, they both returned to Phoenix City with the heads of the four Diablo brothers. Mounting the four newly received heads atop Phoenix City's eastern gates, Commander Han Rong had meanwhile received many soldiers under the Diablo brothers, and upon their explanation of such an unfortunate happening, Han Rong sent another urgent report to Wen Zhong, elaborating the recent happenings within the Western Foothills. Fuming with incredible rage upon the receiving of such a report, Wen Zhong was resolved in his heart that only he was truly capable of destroying Jiang Ziya once and for all, despite what the capital might suffer if he was to take leave so suddenly.

Approaching King Zhou the following day with written report, the king gave his immediate approval towards the Grand Old Master's declaration of taking leave. Obtaining a glass of wine from King Zhou as tribute to his departure, Grand Old Master left the palace and ascended his mount. Being idle for so many months, Wen Zhong was reared from the mount immediately, while at the same time being informed from other ministers that such might foretell a bad omen on the part of his future.

Dismissing such an incident as solely being the result of his mount's idleness for such a long period, the Grand Old Master set off at once, taking along over 300,000 soldiers as support. Obtaining suggestion to head through the Green Dragon Pass — for it was the shortest route to the Western Foothills — from Commander Zhang Kui of Mianchi Country later on, Wen Zhong did as he suggested, but regretfully met various narrow mountain paths and other such obstacles that resulted in a lengthened march. Arriving before the Yellow Flower Mountain along the way, beautiful flowers of yellow bloomed in every which direction, filling the soldiers of Shang, and Wen Zhong alike, with heightened happiness.

Halting his army before the summit of the mountain, the Grand Old Master personally inspected the terrain ahead, and was immensely satisfied at the enchanting view laid out before him. Suddenly hearing the gongs of soldiers behind him, while clearly seeing troops marching along the mountain, a patrolman reported to the commanding general that a certain man could be seen spying upon their formation — Grand Old Master in this case. As the general charged at the conjectured spy with great furiousness, Wen Zhong evaded each blow as easily as a leaf blowing through the wind.

Baiting the general farther to the east, Wen Zhong encased the pursuing general within four large golden walls, and followed by relaxing upon a rock to see how the situation should develop. Suddenly being confronted by two additional generals who declared themselves to be the "mountain chiefs" — thus being nothing more than unaligned outlaws — the former two charged at Wen Zhong like raging beasts. Waving his golden staves in a set direction, the first of two chiefs saw before him a grand ocean of sea, while the second felt as if being surrounded by a forest — thus indicating their being trapped within Grand Old Master's art of genjutsu.

Relaxing under a tree, Wen Zhong became confronted by a fourth high-ranking chief: "a large beast that could fly swiftly through the clouds with its wings, while equipped with two hammers." Grinning with delight at the chance to obtain

this individual under the flag of Shang, Grand Old Master used neighboring rocks to break the wings of his foe, leaving him no choice but to beg for mercy. Obtaining consent from the enemy — who's name had been "Xin Huan" — to serve under him as a left arm of the royal army sent to destroy the Western Foothills, Wen Zhong was informed that over 10,000 outlaws were present within the mountain and were under the former's command.

As Xin Huan pleaded for the freeing of his three allies, and upon Wen Zhong's inquiring of their strong bond of loyalty and friendship despite being nothing more than outlaws, the Grand Old Master rose his palm to the heavens in consent, and upon a sudden clap of thunder, the three bound individuals felt as if they awoke from a dream. However, these three, as expected, still considered Wen Zhong as their enemy — and thus charged at the former, completely resolved to destroy him for assaulting their mountain.

Chapter 42

Surrender of the Bandit Chiefs

As the three outlaws charged at Wen Zhong with great furiousness, Xin Huan immediately intervened, stating that none other than the renowned Grand Old Master was the man before their very midst. Falling to their feet with both shame and embarrassment, they led Wen Zhong before their head camp at once, offering him a drink as fellow friendship and atonement for their former rudeness. Stating their names — Deng Zhong, Tao Rong, and Zhang Jie — while declaring their original alignment with Morning Song before secluding themselves away from the capital's troubles later on, Wen Zhong promised them high positions as ministers if they were to achieve great success by his side against the Western Foothills.

After obtaining a consensual agreement with the other three outlaw leaders, Wen Zhong instructed them to gather all who was willing to stand by his side in exchange for wealth, while the remainder was given money and food as a form of shelter. Performing such a task immediately following, 7,000 of the original 10,000 chose to fight by the Grand Old Master's side after being overjoyed at a chance to obtain heightened wealth and rank — the very opposite they obtained before fleeing from Morning Song.

With immense delight at the expected result of such an offer, Wen Zhong departed with his newly combined forces, arriving before an auspicious stone monument along the way. With the words "Dragon Extinction Peak" inscribed within the monument, Wen Zhong became reminded of his original master, Mother Golden Spirit, informing him that disaster was destined to follow if the character "extinction" was ever to be come across in the future.

Telling such to his generals nearby, Deng Zhong reassured the Grand Old Master that with his virtue and great talent, he was sure to win over the Western Foothills without any extreme sacrifices. Silently considering his words along the journey, and obtaining report of their closing in on the southern gate of Phoenix City, Wen Zhong ordered his army to set up camp for the time being. Due to the unparalleled reputation that the Grand Old Master had possessed, many patrolman instantly realized the identity of the man camped before them, and thus approached Jiang Ziya and informed him of such a situation.

Hearing of Wen Zhong's great reputation and renowned characteristics, the prime minister decided to mount the city walls and gaze forth at his camp; Jiang Ziya was indeed immensely pleased at the ingenious layout set before him — and thus returned to his mansion and summoned the generals for a meeting. As they discussed their next movement carefully, a letter was soon given to the prime minister, being addressed from the Grand Old Master himself. Reading the letter, which stated Wen Zhong's intention to receive Jiang Ziya for capital punishment, or the unconditional destruction of their city, the prime minister instructed the messenger to tell the Grand Old Master his intention: "to meet each other on the battlefield in three days."

Being informed of such a statement, Grand Old Master fiercely led forth his soldiers before the southern gates three days following, immensely resolved to destroy such defiance with his own two hands. After the firing of five cannons on the side of Zhou, Jiang Ziya appeared with generals right and left, while bowing before the newly arrived Grand Old Master, who laid out his forces before the former.

Angrily yelling at Jiang Ziya for enthroning Ji Fa as king without the authorization of King Zhou, and destroying their forces left and right unconditionally throughout the past, Jiang Ziya retorted with more clearer rationality, placing great shame into the face of Wen Zhong. Angrily calling forth Yellow Flying Tiger before him in his great rage, Wen Zhong ordered one of his men to capture the rebel for his blatant violation of rebellion against the capital. With General Deng Zhong's acceptance of such an order, a grand battle began between many generals under both the Zhou and Shang forces.

As Xin Huan roared forth atop his wings to slay Jiang Ziya from the heavens, Huang Tianhua became exceedingly frightened at the former's appearance, but nonetheless charged forth atop his unicorn in order to protect the prime minister. Realizing that Xin was currently occupying Jiang Ziya's last line of defense, Wen Zhong thrust about his two golden staves with unparalleled renown, arriving before the rebel commander shortly, and attacking the opposition like a raging beast. To Jiang Ziya's lack of knowledge, Wen Zhong's two staves were created through the scales of legendary dragons of old, and after throwing the leftern staff into the air, it crashed down directly upon the prime minister's right shoulder, shooting blood in every which direction.

As such an action immediately triggered the retortion of Nezha and his two brothers, Wen Zhong had little choice but to hold off the celestials laid out before him until he can seize the chance to kill the rebel commander. Upon Tao Rong's release of the Wind Collecting Pearl, which sent sand and dirt flying about profusely, Wen Zhong, and his generals alike, used their weapons in a synchronized manner amongst the confusion, forcing the Zhou forces to flee like helpless animals.

As the generals of Shang congratulated the Grand Old Master over his victory following their return, Yang Bliss had meanwhile suggested to the prime minister that a night raid should be deployed after their potential victory the following day. Approving such a suggestion fully, Jiang Ziya and Wen Zhong fiercely clashed blade against staff the next morning. With generals battling right to left, with Jiang Ziya in a sizable position for reciprocated attack, Wen Zhong seized this chance by launching forth one of his golden staves within the air, aiming for the head of Jiang Ziya.

Little did he expect however, the prime minister immediately recognized the staff approaching him, and thus used his Staff of Beating Gods to coil around the weapon, breaking it into golden shards upon the ground. Not believing his eyes, Wen Zhong wrathfully charged his great dragon into the enemy commander with colossal speed and mobility. Being stricken in the back by the sudden movement of Jiang Ziya's multi-jointed weapon, Wen Zhong had little choice but to flee, resulting in the retreat of the Shang army shortly after. As Jiang Ziya began his preparations for the night-raid that afternoon, Wen Zhong sat in his inner

quarters, exceedingly resentful over the destruction of one of his golden staffs, and the impact that such would place before the morale of his army.

Knowing Jiang Ziya to be a man of treachery, and surely improved of morale after such a lucky victory earlier that day, Wen Zhong ordered his generals to meet any potential assault at set points within the camp, while he directly stands before the central quarters to see if the prime minister would act in such a predictable manner as to attempt a raid or any other form of attack. As such preparations were being made within the Shang camp, Jiang Ziya stealthily moved his forces towards the opposition, and upon the sudden signal of cannon fire, the forces of Zhou attacked the camp from three differing directions.

Chapter 43

The Grand Old Master's Bad Luck

As Nezha and Huang Tianhua smashed down the central gates of the Shang camp, Wen Zhong rushed forth, using his remaining golden staff with renowned force and resolve. Unfortunately however, many of the generals on the side of Zhou possessed strange weapons of unparalleled ability compared to the generals of Shang, thus resulting in disasters evolving within random parts of the camp. Especially due to that of Yang Bliss, who possessed exceedingly rare qualities coming from a Taoist — in this case being fire — the Shang army's store of grain and fodder was turned into ashes in mere moments upon his arrival.

As Wen Zhong gazed at flames shooting throughout the air within the direction of his provisional supplies, he immediately realized that the situation had turned very chaotic, and survival would be difficult even if he manages to fight back the enemy in any way possible. With such thought in mind, Grand Old Master soared through the air atop his great dragon, ordering all soldiers present to regroup with him once they were to arrival within Mount Western Foothills.

As Xin Huan valiantly protected his commander from any potential harm in their escape, Master of the Clouds had meanwhile seen the banners of the Grand Old Master present throughout the Western Foothills region, and thus realizing that Jiang Ziya would find great difficulty against such a foe, he ordered Thunder-quaker to appear before him at once. Kowtowing before his master upon arrival, Thunder-quaker left with the instructions to assist his elder brother, King Wu, and the prime minister of the Western Foothills at all costs possible.

Seeing a great army spread before him in conjectured retreat, Thunder-quaker realized that the soldiers before him must be from the Shang Dynasty — for they were present with the same insignias upon their armor as when he protected Ji Chang originally in the past. Deciding to test the strength of the opposing army due to being idle for such a long period of time, Thunder-quaker charged at the enemy from the heavens with his two hammers, but was immediately intercepted by Xin Huan, who additionally possessed two hammers as his set weapons.

Realizing Xin Huan's skill greatly outmatched his own, Thunder-quaker fled at once to what he thought to have been Phoenix City without any pursuing of the enemy afterwards. Holding a conference within the city that morning, the generals had praised their commander profusely for his ability to wield such an outstanding cast of immortals in such a fortunate manner.

As they continued on with their praise, Thunder-quaker was invited before the prime minister shortly, immediately following his essential permission to enter. Stating his name, origin, and past service towards his father, Ji Chang, Jiang Ziya was very pleased to see the man who was late master constantly talked about before his very own eyes.

Introducing Thunder-quaker before King Wu shortly after, the king, who was startled at the strange appearance of his supposed younger brother, and worried over the fear that might be placed over his family if they were to see such

a sight, had his brother taken in to Jiang Ziya's family upon volunteer. After Grand Old Master's arrival before Mount Western Foothills, he became extremely angry at the realization that over 20,000 soldiers of his original 307,000 had been wiped out in one single assault the former night.

Realizing that it would be difficult to obtain reinforcements from neighboring generals, due to their guarding of local districts and territory from the rebelling dukes and nobles, Wen Zhong decided it would not be best to ask for assistance from the capital either — for such would damage his reputation and would additionally take too long. Being reminded of the many fellow Taoists that would assuredly assist in his cause, Wen Zhong ordered Deng Zhong and Xin Huan to guard the camp closely while he departs for the time being.

Arriving before Golden Turtle Island at the East Sea, Wen Zhong gazed delightfully at the beauty around him, and feeling great anticipation as to what day he could relax in such beauty without the least worry, he searched the entire circumference of the island, and thus began his leave after finding no one present. Glancing behind at the sudden hearing of his name, Grand Old Master saw Celestial Lotus standing before him.

Being informed by her that their Taoist comrades were currently present on White Deer Island, finishing their own individual traps — dubbed wholly as the "Ten Death Traps" — at the moment, Wen Zhong took his appreciative leave to the island she had mentioned. Arriving before White Deer Island momentarily, the nine celestial masters present approached their friend from afar, declaring the near completion of ten traps that should assist him in his attack upon the rebel leader Jiang Ziya.

Mentioning the expected arrival of their tenth ally, Mother Golden Light, Wen Zhong volunteered to await her return while they each head to his camp stationed at Mount Western Foothills. Seeing her arrive shortly following, the two greeted each other with great dignity, and then took their immediate leave to Mount Western Foothills. Regrouping with his other nine Taoist comrades, Grand Old Master directed them to Phoenix City, and followed by setting up camp at a point that seemed to their strategic advantage.

As Jiang Ziya had heard the great commotion of war-cries resound outside the city gates from afar, Yang Bliss warned the prime minister that Wen Zhong had more than likely returned with reinforcements of Taoist origin for the destruction of his camp by mainly due to the assistance of immortal powers. Thus, he would naturally have to reciprocate such power if he wished to obtain victory in any form.

Ascending the city walls and seeing a mystical cloud of haze solely within the direction of the war cries, Jiang Ziya clearly realized that the situation was going to be difficult. Back in the camp of Shang, it was decided that the ten Taoists — dubbed as the "Sky Lords¹²" — would personally display their own individual traps to Jiang Ziya and his forces as a showing of their invincibility and intellect behind such creations.

12. In the original translation instead of "Sky Lords" is written "**Welkin Lords**," which also can be translated as "Walking Lords."

Appearing before Phoenix City the following day, Qin Wan, the first of ten lords, appeared before Jiang Ziya and declared his intentions for the latter to inspect ten traps without the slightest physical combat — for such would violate the compassionate will of Heaven.

Consenting with full reassurance of his safety — for Qin Wan was already confident enough that Jiang's life can easily be seized by such weapons any time he desires in the future — Jiang Ziya began to read the name of the ten traps: *"Celestial Destruction", "Earthly Fury", "Roaring Typhoon", "Frigid Ice", "Golden Light", "Bleeding Blood", "Vehement Flame", "Soul Snatching", "Red Water", and "Red Sand"*.

Emerging from the enemy camp after carefully analyzing each trap with a fearful look in his eyes that he tried best to cover, Jiang Ziya proudly stated his ability to overcome such traps to Qin Wan, and then returned to his camp after exchanging a polite bow. Returning to his mansion with intense distress over the complexity of each trap that he most assuredly could not comprehend, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile returned with the rebel commander's set response, and thus began to inspect the specialty of each trap under their possession.

Chapter 44

Jiang Ziya's Souls float over Mount Kunlun

As Qin Wan began with the elaboration of his "Celestial Destruction Trap", he noted its possession of three pennants, Sky, earth, and humanity, and upon the consent of its creator, the trap reduces any potential intruder into nothing more than ashes — be it immortal or human. Individually elaborating the other nine traps following, Grand Old Master grinned with delight at such a summary.

However, Master Yao declared to Wen Zhong his own intentions of destroying the rebel commander under twenty-one days of time, and upon the latter's consent, Yao ascended the platform within his Soul Snatching Trap and created a straw effigy of Jiang Ziya, which was used to effectively gather his souls into one set region. Performing such an action three times every day, the prime minister clearly showed signs of being consciously dead — for he never said a word, and appeared as if he was constantly dazed.

As days upon days passed by with Jiang Ziya's clear intentions to do nothing other than sleep and complain subconsciously, each general realized that one of the new Taoist foes must possess an ability that was taking control of the prime minister in some form — for Jiang Ziya was the only individual who carefully analyzed the traits within each trap, so they naturally would not understand the situation fully. Rousing the prime minister as a resolution, and forcing him to appear before his generals within the conference hall, Nezha started by asking the former why he acts the way he does currently.

Bending his fingers in a divination attempt, Jiang Ziya replied by stating that everything was usual and need not worry about. Once twenty-one days had essentially passed, Yang Bliss and the others were surprised to see the prime minister nothing more than a lifeless corpse. Little did Master Yao truly understand, however, was that even after gathering all spirits present within Jiang Ziya, they would unconditionally head to the Terrace of Creation as preordained by Sky. Being pushed away by Bai Jian upon arrival before the terrace, Jiang Ziya's souls floated onwards towards Mount Kunlun.

Being gathered immediately by Master of the Cloud's gourd, and sealed tightly within by a cork, Pure Essence appeared before him, and upon the realization of the situation, the latter took hold of the gourd and headed to the Western Foothills at once, knowing that they must be the souls of Jiang Ziya, for any other soul would be accepted by the terrace unconditionally.

Being allowed entrance within Phoenix City, and essentially realizing that Jiang Ziya was indeed void of his souls, Pure Essence informed the king of the reason behind the prime minister's passing before leaving the city late into the night. Realizing that his gourd shook more violently with each step taken closer before the Soul Snatching Trap, Master Yao had meanwhile performed his incantations, but to his great dismay, the remaining souls of Jiang Ziya refused to gather themselves before his trap.

As Yao continuously began to chant and recite incantations incessantly, Pure Essence, upon his arrival, assumed the man standing before him was attempting the retrieval of the prime minister's remaining souls — due to the souls within his gourd shaking in synchronization to the former's calls — and thus charged down to steal the straw effigy. Managing to grab ahold of the effigy, Yao coincidentally looked up at the very second of the former's theory, and threw forth his black sand needles at Pure Essence, fully realizing his opposing intentions.

To the fortunate sacrifice of his lotus flowers as protection, Pure Essence managed to escape the trap while elaborating the prior incidents to Master of South Pole upon his arrival at Mount Kunlun. As such was reported to Celestial Primogenitor, Pure Essence became instructed to head to the Eight Landscape Palace to visit Lao Tzu — for he would be able to effectively deal with the issue. Upon his arrival before Lao Tzu's residence at such a palace, he was allowed entry shortly, while thoroughly elaborating the incident with Master Yao in his attempt to steal the souls of Jiang Ziya.

As Lao Tzu had personally seen the construction of what had been known as the "Soul Snatching Trap", he naturally understood that the Map of Eight Diagrams was the only way to negate such a trap's effect — and thus handed such to Pure Essence, who departed just following. Returning to Phoenix City and reassuring King Wu and his generals of a newly obtained method that would result in the prime minister's revival, Pure Essence departed immediately to Master Yao's trap.

Unrolling the map to create a large golden bridge descending through the Soul Snatching Trap, Pure Essence managed to retrieve the straw effigy, but at the same moment, Yao fumed with rage at the enemy's second attempt, while unleashing a large volley of his sand upon the former. Dropping the map in his immense terror, Pure Essence managed to escape, but was struck pale at the realization of his new weapon being lost so subtly.

Returning at once to Phoenix City, Pure Essence was allowed entry to the Prime Minister's mansion, where he began to pour the souls down Jiang Ziya's throat, including the additional two sub-souls essentially acquired from Yao's effigy. As Jiang Ziya awoke as if from a long night of sleep, and was completely informed of the prior incidents involving his souls, he banged his fist in rage at such a treacherous act that even he could not prevent.

Resting for several more days as a resolution, an immortal by the name of "Yellow Dragon" had arrived before the city gates shortly following, and was allowed entry upon his awakening. Informing the prime minister that many additional immortals should be expected to arrive before the Western Foothills as a result of the ten traps, he proposed the building of a reed pavilion in addition, which should be constructed far from the capital city not only for potential military conferences, but the ultimate protection of the people as well. Following such a proposal fully, General Wu Ji reported the creation of the pavilion around a day following decree for construction.

Immortals gathered shortly following within the pavilion, and each minister of the capital, excluding that of King Wu, gathered to pay their obeisance. Once all expected immortals had effectively arrived, a conflict between who should take the

title of commander resounded throughout the pavilion. At such a moment in time, a whistle throughout the air had been heard to announce the arrival of an immortal of exceeded characteristics.

Chapter 45

Confronting the Destructive Forces

As all immortals present left the pavilion to confront the noise from outside, Superior man Burning Lamp of Prime Consciousness Cave was seen before their eyes. Expressing his apologies over such a late arrival, Burning Lamp was given the seal of commandship upon proposal, and thus elaborated the visible attributes of each of the ten known traps — as such knowledge could easily be obtained from his magical bull eye, which had the ability to see in distances far unparalleled to that of human vision.

Not desiring to wait any longer, lest the rebel commander obtains some type of immortal assistance against the traps, a note of challenge involving the ten traps was given to Jiang Ziya via the messages of Deng Zhong. With reply to meet in three days of time for battle, the ten lords suddenly noticed auspicious clouds and golden lanterns only present within the residence of immortals upon their leave from camp the second night, and each lord thus returned to their respective traps, entirely resolved to destroy the opposition even with such expected assistance.

Leaving the camp of Shang the following morning with the ten traps at his left and right hands, Wen Zhong obtained sight of the Zhou forces approaching before him steadily with many individuals of conjectured immortal traits. As Qin Wan's Celestial Destruction Trap was of the closest distance, Burning Lamp and his forces appeared before the trap at once. Pondering over a method that would lead to the trap's destruction without excessive sacrifice, Deng Hua, a junior disciple of the Jade Emptiness Palace, descended from the heavens, immediately declaring his desire to tear the opposition before him to shreds.

Qin Wan, who was currently present outside of his trap, knew the man standing before him could be destroyed by his own primitive aggression without any real trouble — and thus lashed at Deng Hua with his staff. Leading Deng into his trap with a mere faint, Qin Wan grabbed ahold of three representative pennants upon the desk present, and placed them in a triangle formation upon the ground. As a large beam of thunder shot from the gap between the pennants, Qin directed the thunder into the direction of his opponent, burning Deng Hua into ash in a single blinking of the eye.

Declaring his easy won victory upon the exiting of the trap, Burning Lamp felt great grievance at such words, but nonetheless asked Outstanding Culture to have a try against Qin Wan. Lashing forth his sword at Qin Wan upon full consenting, the latter retreated to his trap following a single faint, and to the great fear of entry on the part of Outstanding Culture, he nonetheless entered the trap while floating upon two lotus flowers. Unfortunately for Qin Wan, however, large lotus flowers sprouted in every direction from the very finger tips of Outstanding Culture.

Seizing the chance to bind the enemy with his invisible stakes, Qin Wan became terrified for his life, but nonetheless died just following a single cleave from Outstanding Culture's blade. As Outstanding Culture left the trap with Qin Wan's head firmly within the grip of his palm as a display of his prowess, Grand

Old Master gazed at such a sight from the heavens, and with great rage filled within his breast, charged down upon the former like a dragon seething with bloodlust. Being intercepted, however, by Yellow Dragon, who declared that they were solely competing in magic prowess, not physical conquest despite the situation which reinforces such rationale, Master Zhao Jiang had meanwhile rode forth from his Earthly Fury Trap to place forth a challenge. As Han Dulong accepted such a challenge upon the consent of Burning Lamp, Zhao gave up ground shortly starting, while Han pursued with great determination to wipe out the opposition.

Ascending his platform within the trap, Zhao Jiang grabbed ahold of his two pennants, and upon the acquiring of fire and lightning attributes by waving such pennants, the unfortunate Han Dulong became mere dust before the wind in a single second. Exiting his trap with immense confidence, Krakucchanda strode forth from the Zhou forces and offered battle against the former. Upon the entering of the Earthly Fury Trap, Krakucchanda negated any potential harm from the fire and lightning by covering his entire body with mystical clouds acquired from the crust of his skull.

Tieing Zhao Jiang with his Immortal Binding Rope at such a moment, Krakucchanda felt great mercy for the life of Zhao — and thus ordered his genie to forcefully drop the celestial master within the Reed Pavilion, still in a captive state. Spouting with great wrath at the destruction of two of ten traps, and the death of Zhao Jiang and Qin Wan, Wen Zhong called off the competition, and returned to the Shang camp to hold a military conference over the current circumstances. Having intense confidence in the renown of his Roaring Typhoon and its fierce wind attributes, Master Dong ensured the Grand Old Master that he should obtain revenge in his stead no matter what opponent he was forced to fight.

Back at the Reed Pavilion, Zhao Jiang had been hung upon the pavilion gates, still nothing more than a captive, while Burning Lamp and the others discussed how they should go about with the destruction of the Roaring Typhoon Trap, as it was the third trap standing before their midst. During their discussion, Superior man Spiritual Treasure stated that his friend at Cloud Light Cave of Mount Nine Tripods and Iron Forks possesses an item known as the "Wind Stopping Pearl" that was used to negate wind at the user's will. Receiving such a pearl from "Wo Evading Sage" shortly, the two sped to the Western Foothills at high speed, but to their detriment, no ferries operated for over two days following their arrival before the Yellow River.

Approaching a fellow passerby and inspecting the reason for such, San Yisheng became informed that two giants — in this case being the Fang Brothers — monopolized the river by demanding great fares if any individual was to pass, and as a result of such a recent incident, only one additional ferry had been open for current use. Approaching such a ferry, Fang Bi and Fang Xiang were indeed seen, and upon Chao Tian's recognition of such men, he declared his intentions and was thus allowed passage.

Informing the two brothers of their recent obtainment of the Wind Stopping Pearl as their reason for departure, Fang Bi asked to gaze at it; holding the pearl within his hand, he knew that he could obtain great reputation if such power was wielded effectively, and thus pocketed the pearl, declaring such as being toll for passage. Not having any true courage to act against such a resolution, the two

officials had little choice but to accept. As San Yisheng and Chao Tian thus made their way back to the Western Foothills, they luckily ran into Yellow Flying Tiger, who was bringing supplies of grain within the city gates. Elaborating their story immediately upon arrival, Yellow Flying Tiger set out at once, knowing fully that the two giants would heed his call.

Luckily catching the two brothers before they returned to the opposite bank at the Yellow River, Yellow Flying Tiger approached Fang Bi and Fang Xiang and essentially retrieved the pearl with a single demand. Being informed of their current position within society after elaborating his disdain of King Zhou, Yellow Flying Tiger convinced the two brothers to serve under King Wu by his side, and then followed by handing San Yisheng the pearl as he returned. Arriving before the prime minister at the reed pavilion and elaborating the incidents lathering their departure, Jiang Ziya handed the pearl to Burning Lamp without a moment of hesitation.

Chapter 46

Breaking the Golden Light Trap

As the Shang and Zhou forces arrayed themselves the following morning, Burning Lamp signaled his choosing of the Roaring Typhoon Trap by approaching it with each immortal and disciple by his side. Master Dong of Shang thus stepped forward from his trap, and upon Burning Lamp's seeing of Fang Bi, a man that was seemingly capable of great strength, he ordered the latter to take the challenge at once.

Fleeing into his trap at the very sight of such a giant beast, Dong ascended his platform at once, and upon the waving of his pennant, Fang Bi was stabbed to death by thousands of swords that became multiplied with the power of black wind. As Dong thus exited from the trap, Merciful Navigation, who was handed the Wind Stopping Pearl, entered the Roaring Typhoon Trap shortly following a clash between blades. Negating all black wind with the pearl touching his body in any form, Merciful Navigation used his glazed vase to trap Dong within, in which he exited the trap immediately following such a victory.

Just as Grand Old Master seethed with great rage at such a sight, and was determined to obtain some form of revenge at once, Master Yuan ran forth from his Frigid Ice Trap and called forth for battle, vowing to Wen Zhong that he should become his embodiment of vengeance. With the retortion of Xue Ehu, Yuan retreated into his trap following a meager amount of rounds, and upon the ascension of his terrace, Yuan froze the lower body of Xue Ehu with frozen ice emitting from his purple pennant, and followed by smashing the opposition to literal pieces with a glacier, twenty feet in overall circumference.

As Wen Zhong grinned with great delight at such promised destructive force at his very disposal, Universal Virtue approached Yuan as the secondary challenger. Knowing that he must destroy this foe in order to prove his ascended might to the Grand Old Master no matter what, Yuan immediately rushed forth within his trap and summoned forth multiple glaciers of outstanding size within a single moment. Unfortunately however, no matter how ice that happened to topple upon Universal Virtue, Universal Virtue created many majestic clouds above his head that emitted flames upon the user's will.

Realizing the situation to be grim — as the opponent possesses a clearly dominant advantage against his ability — Yuan fled for the sake of his promise to Wen Zhong, but was at the same time wiped away from life as he was beheaded by Virtue's "Hooks of Wu". Immediately following, Mother Golden Light exited from her Golden Light Trap, and at the same moment, was challenged by Xiao Zhen, another disposable disciple of the Jade Emptiness Palace.

Entering the trap following a few exchanged blows upon Burning Lamp's consenting, Golden Light ascended her platform and unleashed myriads of golden light beams emitting from her magic mirrors, burning away the flesh of Xiao Zhen instantaneously. With Grand Completion's approach following such an incident, Golden Light retreated within her trap, while unleashing volleys of light upon the former. To her ill-fortune, however, Grand Completion completely protected

himself from any potential harm with his eight-diagramed robe, and used his Sky Overturning Stamp to destroy every mirror present within the trap. Finishing off Golden Light with a second round of his stamp, and exiting the trap shortly following, Grand Old Master's rage touched the very heavens, and nothing could stand in his way now that half of his fellow allies had been wiped away so easily.

With Master Sun's immediate intrusion, Qiao Kun, a hermit of Mount Wuyi, volunteered to meet the opposition within the Bleeding Blood Trap. Following a clash between blades, Sun ascended the platform within his trap and summoned forth volleys of black sand to pierce Qiao's flesh, who ended up dying shortly through a loss of blood. As usual, an individual of superior man qualities was sent forth for battle — in this case being Fairy Primordial — and upon the consenting of Burning Lamp, the two fought with great renown before venturing within the opposition's trap.

Using green lotus flowers to negate any black sand that came near his body, Sun's ability became rather useless, resulting in his own life being ended shortly by the former's Nine Dragon Divine Fire Coverlet. As Yellow Dragon ordered the two sides to return to their respective camps in preparation for the next day of battle, Grand Old Master had meanwhile returned to the side of his fellow comrades, and with tears within his eyes, he pleaded for the four remaining lords to return to their mountain lest any further casualties arise.

Solely possessing intentions to assist the Grand Old Master for the sake of the greater good, even if they might lose their lives through such resolve, Wen Zhong's morale rose to an extent, but he clearly realized that more celestial reinforcements were essential if the foul Jiang Ziya was to be eradicated along with his defiant comrades. Recalling Zhao Gongming, his old friend from Mount Emei, Wen Zhong ordered Ji Li and Yu Qing to take command of the camp before taking leave to such a mountain at once. Successfully arriving before the residence of Zhao Gongming and performing his formal greetings, Wen Zhong thoroughly elaborated the current happenings in his clash against the rebel leader Jiang Ziya.

Reproving his old friend for not telling him of such earlier, he promised the Grand Old Master to return for the time being while he personally departs to the Western Foothills after making essential preparations. Arriving before the camp of Shang atop a large black tiger, Zhao was allowed entrance, and upon his greetings before Wen Zhong and the four celestial masters, he inquired as to why a certain man was seen within the distance hanging upon a pavilion gate. Being informed that such was Zhao Jiang, one of their fellow allies, as a simple means for Jiang Ziya to express his contempt towards their cause, Zhao Gongming rage fully mounted his tiger and set forth in the direction of the pavilion in order to show Jiang Ziya his place.

Chapter 47

Zhao Gongming, the Conqueror of Sun and Moon

Appearing before the reed pavilion shortly while shouting great words of rage, Jiang Ziya appeared before the former with disciples to his right and left. Commenting on the foul cruelty of Jiang Ziya in his opposition against the greater good, Gongming leaped at the commander with his lightning staff, and as he threw such a staff into the air, it came crashing down upon the prime minister's head with weight exceeding that of a boulder — killing him instantly.

Being distracted by the Zhou forces great fury immediately following, Yang Bliss seized the moment to order his Sky Barking Hound to attack the opposing immortal. Realizing that his precious robes were being torn apart by such a foul beast, Zhao Gongming smacked the dog several times within the head before fleeing temporarily to the Shang camp in dismay. Upon his return before the camp, he informed Grand Old Master Wen Zhong that he managed to kill the rebel commander in a single blow of his staff, but was forced to return upon a ferocious attack from the Zhou forces as a resolution.

Luckily for Jiang Ziya, however, Grand Completion arrived before the prime minister's mansion to analyze his corpse, and upon the mixing of elixir with water to create a medicine that can effectively revive the fallen prime minister, Jiang revived after around two hours of time. As Grand Completion informed Jiang Ziya of the past happenings involving his suffered death by Gongming's hands, he reported the prime minister's revival to Burning Lamp while heading to the camp of Shang in order to secretly inspect their next move.

Wen Zhong informed that a man by the name of "Burning Lamp" was more than likely the second in command amongst the immortal party under the deceased rebel commander. And was thus in need of additional elimination to sully the enemy's morale. Zhao Gongming left the Shang camp early the following morning, and called for Burning Lamp to show himself at once. Burning Lamp departed from the reed pavilion and thoroughly reprimanded Zhao Gongming for his "defiance of Heaven's will." Gongming knew clearly in his heart that his actions were for the greater good — for the dignity of the land would only suffer when Taoists sully their simple nature by running rampant with weapons of destructive qualities, fighting for a cause that was nothing more than ideal.

Thus, for the sake of his eternal friendship with Wen Zhong and reputation as a god amongst Taoists, Gongming lashed forth his staff upon the former, but Yellow Dragon immediately retorted in protection of his leader. Little did Yellow Dragon expected truly. However, Gongming suddenly unleashed a Dragon Binding Rope from the sleeves of his robe, which bound Yellow Dragon instantly. Not taking the chance for Yellow Dragon's life to be cut, Pure Essence lunged forward at Gongming, but to the great difference of their renown which the former had little knowledge of, Zhao Gongming threw twenty-four Sea Conquering Pearls within the sky, forcing all foes present to their knees in blindness. As each immortal fortunately managed to escape without being taken captive, or being killed at that, Gongming returned to the Shang camp and was welcomingly toasted by the Grand Old Master, while their single captive became held on a flagpole within

the camp as retortion to the enemy's arrogance. Meanwhile, Burning Lamp was not able to obtain any acknowledgment as to what weapon Gongming had been using to result in such a potential disaster, and nonetheless became even further distressed upon the seeing of Yellow Dragon being treated so contemptuously — and thus asked who, if even possible, could save the immortal from further humiliation.

With the volunteering of Yang Bliss, Yang Bliss transformed himself into a flying ant that evening, and upon his approach before the camp of Shang, he ascended the flag pole and removed a magical charm that bound Yellow Dragon in place, thus returning to the reed pavilion in success. As Wen Zhong obtained word that Yellow Dragon had escaped mysteriously shortly afterwards, he clearly realized that no one could have ascended the flagpole without the obvious notice of royal guards, and Yellow Dragon assuredly could not have removed the charm by himself due to being magically and physically bound, thus concluding that a man who possesses transformational capability had to have been the cause for such an incident.

With such an assumption in mind, Wen Zhong sent Zhao Gongming to challenge the reed pavilion early the following morning. As Gongming approached the solo Burning Lamp outside the gates of the reed pavilion, while learning that a man by the name of "Yang Bliss" had been the cause behind Yellow Dragon's freedom, he lashed forth his staff and sea conquering pearls upon the opposition.

Fleeing immediately to the southwest lest he suffers by the hands of Gongming's mysterious weaponry, Zhao Gongming gave chase at the very same moment. Approaching a slope and seeing two distinguished men playing Go underneath the shade of a pine tree, Burning Lamp had no idea who these men were, but knowing that he was in a desperate situation indeed, he began to elaborate the past and current circumstances all at once.

As the men — known as Xiao Sheng and Cao Bao — believed it best to assist this strange man for the sake of their morals and overall mutual cooperation within the future, they suddenly caught sight upon a man Burning Lamp claimed to be "Zhao Gongming", and lashed at the latter as a result. Being infuriated at such unexpected obstinacy, Gongming unleashed his Dragon Binding Rope upon Xiao Sheng.

As Xiao Sheng flipped his Treasure Catching Golden Coin into the air, which resulted in any weapon standing before him to fall to the ground with the weight of a large rock, such an action reciprocated as Gongming attempted the additional usage of his Sea Conquering Pearls. Becoming even more enraged at such a resolution, he used his staff, which was unaffected by any immortal weapon, to smash Xiao Sheng's head in, killing him instantly. Being devastated over the death of a man that was seemingly innocent and had little to do with the current situation, Burning Lamp protected the remaining Cao Bao by gravely wounding Zhao Gongming from behind with his Universal Ruler.

As Gongming thus rage fully fled atop his black tiger, Burning Lamp approached Cao Bao and upon the receiving of the enemy's Sea Conquering Pearls, they both left to Phoenix City shortly following. With the Zhou forces now in possession of Gongming's most powerful weapon, which was to their knowledge,

Gongming had little choice but to report the issue to Grand Old Master upon his return, and then leave to the Three Fairy Island in order to obtain an essential backing. Promising his old friend that he should swiftly return, Zhao Gongming soared across the heavens with the greatest of speed atop his mystical black tiger. Upon his arrival before the intended island, he approached the residence of his three younger sisters, *High Firmament*, *Jade Firmament*, and *Green Firmament*, who reciprocated a bow of greeting to their elder brother while inspecting the reason for his arrival.

Elaborating the current situation, the loss of his treasure-items and the need for either the Golden Dragon Scissors or the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper as an essential replacement, his three sisters declined stating best to await until Jiang Ziya had created the gods, lest they ended up losing their lives fighting against the cause stated to be one with Sky. With their continued refusal to assist their brother in any form as a measure of caution rather than unwilling defiance, Gongming left their residence in a great fume of rage, considering he already knew Jiang Ziya had been killed by his hands, and his sisters were resolved to act against his views even with such a reality.

Traveling a few miles on foot in search of other comrades that could assist in his cause, Gongming was suddenly met by his old friend Celestial Lotus, who, after being informed of the former's woes, grabbed his hand and returned to the residence of High Firmament and the others immediately. With Celestial Lotus's persistent intentions to obtain at least the Golden Dragon Scissors for the sake of Gongming's cause, High Firmament agreed to give her brother the scissors upon one condition: "Gongming makes constant threats to this 'Burning Lamp' until the Sea Conquering Pearls was obtained out of fear. "

Ensuring his sister that he would do what he can in order to reobtain the pearls at all costs, Zhao Gongming returned to the camp of Shang and was welcomed by Wen Zhong momentarily following. As the next day arrived with immediate departure before the reed pavilion, Burning Lamp met the former and remained obstinate to never hand back the treasure — for such an action would be nothing other than detrimental, even if the opposition declares a supposed level of truce following. Clashing blade against staff as a resolution of such, Zhao Gongming decided to finish matters quickly by casting his Golden Dragon Scissors within the sky at once.

Chapter 48

Lu Ya's Gourd of Supreme Light

As the scissors became two large dragons with tails interlocking as one, Burning Lamp fled for his life atop a cloud made of wood, while his deer was unfortunately cut into two halves in an instant. Not desiring to risk the loss of his newly obtained weapon by pursuing Burning Lamp a second time, Zhao Gongming returned to the camp of Shang intensely annoyed. Returning to the reed pavilion after fleeing for an extended distance, Burning Lamp thoroughly elaborated about Gongming's scissors that can turn into large dragons at will, creating great fear within the hearts of all who happened to be present. At such a point in time, a certain man claiming to be a Taoist had entered; he was a hermit from Mount West Kunlun known as Lu Ya.

Declaring that he had come in order to put an end to Zhao Gongming, and after seeing his magical prowess early on from the clouds, each superior man present thought little of such words with justifiable rationale as they maintained a doubtful silence. As Zhao Gongming appeared before the reed pavilion the following morning, as easily expected, he began to mock Burning Lamp for his cowardice despite holding such a high rank amongst the immortal populace on the side of Zhou.

Suddenly meeting the man who he recognized to be Lu Ya from outside the pavilion's gates, he knew that such a man would be far too dangerous to let live — for even if Lu Ya was to assist the side of Shang, who knows what treachery he could pull with the weapons at his very disposal. Thus, Gongming unleashed his Golden Dragon Scissors to destroy the foe in a single shot, which unfortunately transformed into a rainbow and fled far to the southeast. Zhao Gongming ground his teeth in rage, fully realizing that he would have no possible method to capture such an annoyance in his current state.

Personally observing Gongming in his previous encounter, Lu Ya returned to the reed pavilion while instructing Jiang Ziya to build a straw effigy of Zhao Gongming on Mount Western Foothills. Additionally instructing the prime minister to worship the effigy three times a day and burn charms at the very same moment — as was the method he taught Master Yao of the Soul Snatching Trap far into the past — Gongming would die on the twenty-first day following. As the prime minister followed such instructions very carefully and secretively for days upon end, Zhao Gongming clearly began to feel as if his heart was burning like a great fire.

Walking to and fro as a resolution without the slightest feel of comfort whatsoever, Master Bai became enraged at the sight of his comrade, and knowing that the enemy was the primary cause for such a condition, he challenged the gates of the reed pavilion later that day, completely disregarding the words of Wen Zhong. As Burning Lamp and the other superior men exited the pavilion gates shortly following, Lu Ya declared his intentions to answer Bai's challenge at once, knowing that he possesses a weapon that would not only destroy the opposition in mere moments, but would ensure his prowess to be known amongst each of his allies in addition. Entering the Vehement Flame Trap after a few rounds of battle,

Master Bai ascended his platform and summoned many volleys of fire from all eight directions upon Lu Ya. Standing amongst the flames without a single burn mark present on his body, Lu Ya opened his gourd, and as a slender white beam of light ascended through the clouds and rotated several times throughout the air in a circular fashion, large eyes began to grow upon the light, putting Bai into intense fear exceeding his imagination. As this beam of light fell down upon Bai's head like an enormous blade with intense speed, Bai had little time to evade, and was cut into two halves as an immediate result. Leaving the trap shortly afterwards, Master Yao of the Soul Snatching Trap suddenly appeared, vowing to avenge his fallen comrades and the humiliation he suffered through the hands of Pure Essence.

With the retortion of a warrior known as Fang Xiang, Yao entered his trap momentarily, and not intending to waste any more time with such a nuisance, he smothered the former with his black sand of needles, killing the opposition at once. Exiting the trap and ordering Pure Essence to show himself lest others were killed off as a latent resolution, Pure Essence knew in his heart that he possessed little choice in the matter — and thus approached the enemy master with sword drawn. Upon the entering of the Soul Snatching Trap, Yao Bin unleashed countless clouds of black sand to not only blind the enemy in all directions, but to additionally ensure an immediate death.

Emerging from the sand with white clouds negating any potential harm, Pure Essence flashed the white side of his Yin Yang Mirror into the eyes of Yao Bin, sending him plummeting to the ground in great dismay. Being helplessly paralyzed by the mirror's ability, Yao realized that he could do nothing in such a state, and thus he met an unfortunate death by the edge of Pure Essence's blade. As Pure Essence returned the Map of the Eight Diagrams to Xuandu Cave immediately after retrieving it from Yao's body, Wen Zhong had meanwhile been informed of the death of two additional masters and the strange condition of Zhao Gongming in the camp of Shang.

With fifteen days having passed with Zhao Gongming sleeping daily upon end, Wen Zhong performed divination only to find out that a straw effigy of his old friend would be pierced through the heart by the arrow of Lu Ya upon a set date — which would result in Gongming's death. As Master Bai conjectured the summit of Mount Western Foothills being the more probable region to which the effigy would be present, Grand Old Master knew that such a region would be heavily guarded nonetheless due to its strategic position, and thus decided to inform Zhao Gongming before taking any action.

Zhao Gongming, who happened to be mainly conscious despite the condition of his internal spirits, was informed of his condition entirely. Upon the most careful of consideration that he could muster in such a state, he suggested that his two disciples, Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi, should be sent to seize the effigy — for they had been trained with extraordinary stealth and were naturally akin to such situations.

As Wen Zhong immediately approved such a suggestion, Burning Lamp had already made cautious preparations by protecting the prime minister with Nezha and Yang Bliss lest the enemy was to obtain knowledge of their intentions through rational means. Approaching Mount Western Foothill's summit, and seeing a certain man kowtowing before a straw effigy, Yao Shaosi and Chen Jiugong smiled

with great delight as they snatched the effigy with the speed of lightning while fleeing in the direction of the Shang camp. Nezha and Yang Bliss, who were naturally startled to see such an incident take place so suddenly, pursued the two thieves immediately following.

As Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi approached the Shang camp, they were immensely started to find it disappear upon their entry following a burst of lightning — as Yang Bliss used his genjutsu art to form an illusionary image that seemed as if to be their true camp. Using the lightning signal to appear before the two thieves momentarily, Nezha and Yang Bliss managed to dispose of Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi while successfully retrieving the effigy.

Returning to Jiang Ziya that night with effigy in hand, Xin Huan of Shang had meanwhile been sent to investigate the location of the two disciples, but to his great dismay, he found them both dead at a region neighboring the Shang camp, which he naturally informed the Grand Old Master about immediately following. Pounding his desk in utter rage at such a stunning report, Wen Zhong entered the room of Zhao Gongming and informed him of such unfortunate news after he had awakened.

Requesting the Golden Dragon Scissors to be wrapped within his robes while sent to the residence of his three sisters following death, with tears spouting from his eyes, Gongming became exceedingly resentful by not following the words of High Firmament within the past. Seeing his old friend in such a miserable condition, Wen Zhong began to grind his teeth in unparalleled rage while vowing to destroy the foul Lu Ya even if he must give up the life he possesses to sully such hate. With Wang Bian of the Red Water Trap reciprocating such rage, the former dashed forth before the reed pavilion's gates and shouted for immediate challenge.

As Cao Bao, the newly obtained friend of Burning Lamp, stepped forward to challenge the opposition, Wang Bian's rage touched new heights as his old comrade stepped before him, willing to oppose the greater good so unconditionally. Not having any tolerance for treachery in any form, Bian ran within his trap, and upon the approach of Cao Bao, he boiled the latter alive with burning red water. With hatred burning with a steady blaze, Bian exited his trap and was met by none other than Virtue of the Pure Void momentarily.

After Wen Zhong had made the divination, he would realize that Lu Ya was planning on killing Zhao Gongming with charmed arrows. Thus, Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi would be ordered to seize the straw effigy at the time of night. By feeling a sudden blood rush to his heart, Lamp Lighter would realize that two disciples under Wen Zhong were currently being sent to steal the effigy; and if such an action was not stopped, Lamp Lighter and the others would surely be killed by Gongming's might. Nezha and Yang bliss would thus be sent immediately to the Western Foothills to elaborate such news to Jiang Ziya.

By the time that they had arrived to Ziya's location however, Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi would already get their hands on the effigy and effectively escape. Thus, Nezha and Yang Bliss would head out at full speed in order to retrieve the stolen effigy. When both Cheng and Yao arrived at the Shang camp, they would be admitted by Deng Zhong. After discussing the situation with Grand Old Master, they would both hand the effigy to him. Immediately, the two disciples would head

to the back camp and suddenly realize that the whole Shang camp was gone in a mere instant.

Before Yang Bliss appeared atop his horse, the two individuals would stand completely puzzled. While within the darkness of the night, both Nezha and Yang Bliss would duel out against the two disciples. Following the passage of a few minutes, Yao Shaosi would be stabbed to death by Nezha, and Yang Bliss would penetrate the breast of Chen Juigong; effectively putting an end to both of Zhao Gongming's disciples.

In short time, both Yang Bliss and Nezha would arrive at Phoenix City and return the effigy to Jiang Ziya. When the Grand Old Master had learned of the death of Chen and Yao, he would pound his desk in immense rage. As Wen Zhong fumed in his anger, he would head to Zhao Gongming's room and order him to awaken. Once Gongming heard of the news, he would tell Wen Zhong to wrap up his Golden Dragon Scissors with his robe to be given to his three younger sisters when he dies.

Zhao Gongming would weep bitterly with tears pouring down from his face — even to the extent that he could not speak. As Wen Zhong watched the tragic scene, his hair would stand on end, and he would gnash his teeth in eternal hate. At the same moment, Sky Lord Wang Bian would head out with his Red Water Trap; completely determined to crush Jiang Ziya. After killing Cao Bao easily with his red acid water, Virtue of the Pure Void would be chosen as his second opponent.

Chapter 49

King Wu in the Red Sand Trap

As Pure Void lashed at the opposition with exceeded renown, Bian entered his trap shortly while flooding the entire region with burning red water. Floating atop the water on a white lotus flower without any worry of being burned, Pure Void used was Five Fire and Seven Fowl Fan to turn the unfortunate Bian into nothing more than ashes upon the ground.

The Red Water Trap now being destroyed, Burning Lamp and the other superior men returned to the reed pavilion while Grand Old Master was informed of Bai's death shortly following such an incident. As the twentieth day of the month approached soon following, Wen Zhong, who knew clearly in his heart that he was the indirect reason that his old friend would suffer death soon, approached Zhao Gongming, even more furious to wipe out the entire Western Foothills even if such was opposing his very own destiny. With reciprocated rage and inner distress upon the faces of Gongming and Master Zhang in addition, they wept throughout the night in great agony.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, Lu Ya approached Jiang Ziya, who was still present before the straw effigy as expected, and instructed the prime minister upon handing him a mulberry bow with three short peach arrows, to shoot the left eye first, his right eye second, and the third through Gongming's heart. Doing as instructed momentarily following, Zhao Gongming roared with great agony as the first two arrows created exceedingly crucial pain within his two eyes.

Being held in the arms of Grand Old Master, and looking into the latter's eyes one final time, Gongming suddenly became pure pale without a blood pulse — thus signaling his recent passing. With Gongming still held tightly within his arms, tears poured unrestrainedly from Wen Zhong's eyes as he vowed to tear apart Lu Ya's flesh as reward for such underhanded treachery. Ordering a grandiose ceremony to mark the coffining of Zhao Gongming's body, all generals alike became frightened at such a happening, and clearly knowing the great treachery at the very disposal of each superior men rebel, the overall morale of the Shang forces decreased dramatically as a result.

Jiang Ziya and Lu Ya returned to the reed pavilion stealthily upon a rainbow lest any enemies were to await for potential ambush. Meanwhile Master Zhang approached the pavilion with his trap, and Burning Lamp suggested to the prime minister upon arrival that King Wu should be sent into the opposition's Red Sand Trap — for upon analyzing, only a man of sagely stature would be able to conquer the trap, as possessed to that of any superior man on their side.

Knowing that Burning Lamp more than likely knew what he was talking about, despite the holy grail of detriment that would result if the king was to lose his life, Jiang Ziya sent Wu Ji to fetch King Wu nonetheless. Arriving shortly, and upon the king's unconditional consenting, Burning Lamp placed many charms upon King Wu's body, and ordering Nezha and Thunder-quaker to thoroughly protect the former from any harm, all three arrayed themselves before Zhang immediately following.

As Zhang ran within his trap while being pursued by the enemy, he ascended his platform and spread red sand throughout the entire perimeter, completely engulfing the three individuals until they found themselves deep within large pits of sand as a resolution. Gazing into the distance with his magical bull eye, and seeing the king and his protectors deep within a layer of sand, Burning Lamp informed Jiang Ziya that *King Wu is destined to remain in such a state for 100 days, and that he will assuredly survive "as according to Heaven's will"*.

Realizing that Burning Lamp had never informed him of such information prior, and he more than likely created such a statement as to ensure his reputation meets no harm if the king was to be found alive by any other superior man, he immediately suspected the former as plotting the death of King Wu, and thus kept careful watch of his every move lest disaster was to follow.

Entering Phoenix City and reporting such an incident to the family members of King Wu and other relatives of the same nature, Zhang had meanwhile returned to the side of Grand Old Master Wen Zhong while boasting about his great victory, who in exchange felt some sense of relief, but was still greatly hurt by the passing of Gongming.

Shen Gongbao, who secretly perceived the happenings with Gongming from the time of his arrival to the time of his death, appeared before the residence of High Firmament and informed her of Zhao Gongming's recent passing by the hands of Jiang Ziya. High Firmament, who secretly knew that her name was on the List of Creations and any impulsive action of revenge would surely fulfill such a fate, readily declared to Shen Gongbao that she was indeed grievant over such news, but on no account should she risk her own life for his sake.

Jade Firmament and Green Firmament, who did not share her philosophy on the situation whatsoever, left their residence with Shen Gongbao leading the way to the Western Foothills. As High Firmament joined her two sisters in fear of any potential danger they could suffer within the future, all three were met by Celestial Lotus and Lady Pretty Cloud in addition, who vowed to assist them against the rebel commander Jiang Ziya. Arriving before the camp of Shang shortly following, Wen Zhong informed them of Gongming's death by the hands of Lu Ya on the twenty-first day of the month.

Receiving the Golden Dragon Scissors in tears, the three sisters arrived before their brother's coffin in the back camp and clearly realized that his eyes and body had been bleeding very recently despite him being dead. Knowing that the foul Lu Ya was the cause behind his death, the five ladies and Grand Old Master appeared before the reed pavilion the following day, essentially resolved to do away with Lu Ya for the sake of their vengeance and the morale of their forces.

As Lu Ya exited the gates of the pavilion, and upon realization that Gongming's sisters were before him and demanding a rational reason for their brother's murder, Lu Ya, who now realized the opposition must possess either a keen level of spies or divination in order to know such information, responded to the call by declaring Zhao Gongming to be a man that lacked great virtue, and solely acted out of evil intentions to support the tyrant ruler King Zhou — and such was the reason as to why he deserved death. Jade Firmament, who was naturally quick tempered, rushed at Lu Ya, and with the immediate assistance of her fellow

sisters, the opposition was knocked unconscious by the power of their Universe Muddling Dipper.

Lu Ya was thus stuck with charms upon his entire body and hanged on a flag pole within the Shang camp — as like the situation earlier with Yellow Dragon. Hanging upon the flag pole, Jade Firmament could not withhold her hatred to any extent, and upon her order to unleash volleys of arrows at Lu Ya all at once, each arrow suddenly dissolved into nothing more than ash before touching the bounded man's body.

Realizing the chance to kill Lu Ya could easily slip from their grasps in the current situation, Green Firmament casted forth the Universe Muddling Dipper upon the former, but, to her detriment, Lu Ya turned into a rainbow and fled back to the reed pavilion immediately following, putting even greater bloodlust in the hearts of the three sisters.

As Lu Ya had meanwhile departed from the reed pavilion upon Burning Lamp's consenting, High Firmament, who knew that she could use the evidential reasoning of Shen Gongbao as being the cause of her brother's death to attack the rebel commander Jiang Ziya, approached the pavilion with her sisters and shouted for him to show his face. Yelling at Jiang Ziya for being the cause behind their brother's death, the three sisters and Pretty Cloud with Celestial Lotus each attacked the commander with full force.

Chapter 50

The Yellow River Trap

As Jiang Ziya was immediately reinforced by Yang Bliss, Huang Tianhua, and Nezha on both sides, High Firmament would suffer a crucial blow from Ziya's Staff of Beating Gods, and Celestial Lotus thus used her black wind art combined with Pretty Cloud's Eye Blinding Pearl to send the forces of Zhou fleeing in fear, while they themselves returned to the Shang camp.

High Firmament, who now knew the strength at Jiang Ziya's disposal, realized that with treacherous immortals like Lu Ya on his side, the theory of him reciprocating the qualities of Sky was truly nothing more than a joke, and the fact that she was destined to be on the List of Creations would thus have to additionally be wrong, considering that the former was the list's "destined creator".

Realizing through such rationale that it would be best to avenge her brother with the avail of Shen Gongbao's fake words in a chance to obtain Jiang Ziya's position effectively without risk for her own reputation, High Firmament asked Grand Old Master Wen Zhong to specifically pick out 600 warriors that were seemingly of the greatest strength amongst the majority of the Shang forces. With these warriors, High Firmament created a trap that possessed chalk drawings of windows, exits, and other forms of signals to denote advancement or retreat on the part of the soldiers that were to be placed within.

With individual spells placed upon their bodies and other sorts of magical attributes within the trap, anyone of immortal or human characteristics would feel as if confronted against one-thousand soldiers. As High Firmament entirely informed the Grand Old Master of this trap and its traits, Wen Zhong, the five women, and a set number of soldiers disclusing the original 600 left the camp of Shang and approached the opposition's reed pavilion shortly following.

Seeing Jiang Ziya, Burning Lamp, and others exit the pavilion, Wen Zhong was astounded beyond words at the mysterious survival of the rebel commander, and thus immediately gnashed his teeth in rage at the great magical treachery within the sleeves of the enemy superior men. As High Firmament rode before Jiang Ziya, she declared the invincibility of her newly established trap while offering the former a chance to inspect such a trap without any sort of harm in the process.

Taking her word, Jiang Ziya began a thorough inspection, and upon his leave, Yang Bliss was greatly eager for battle, and lunged forth at Jade Firmament with his Sky Barking Hound. High Firmament, who became disturbed at such rudeness, used her Universe Muddling Dipper to throw Yang Bliss within her trap. With the retortion of Jinzha and that of Muzha, they in addition were thrown into the Yellow River Trap shortly afterwards. Jiang Ziya, who would have shared the same fate as the former three if he did not possess his Yellow Apricot Flag for essential protection, fled back to the reed pavilion after countering High Firmament's dipper.

As Jiang Ziya returned to the pavilion and thoroughly elaborated the special weapon at High Firmament's disposal earlier that day, the five women of Shang had meanwhile decided to spare the lives of the three captured celestials until they personally confront Burning Lamp. Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, who was naturally delighted at six individuals of the Western Foothills being held captive, held a special banquet for Master Zhang and the others.

Approaching before the reed pavilion the following morning as previously promised, Burning Lamp exited the gates, and upon the reprimand of High Firmament and the others for their vengeful intentions despite the risk of death, Jade Firmament lashed forth at the enemy commander atop her swan. Pure Essence, who intercepted Jade with immense speed, was only thrown into the Yellow River Trap in mere moments following his interruption by the muddling dipper. As such an action became reciprocated to every other superior man present, Burning Lamp realized that the situation was exceedingly dire, and grabbed Jiang Ziya while fleeing back to the reed pavilion once a gust of wind had been created as essential protection.

Expressing his deepest of apologies to the prime minister for carelessly allowing such a dilemma to take place, Burning Lamp headed to Mount Kunlun, where he obtained information via from White Crane Lad that Celestial Primogenitor was currently making his way to the Western Foothills at such a moment. Arriving before the pavilion shortly, and upon the arrival of midnight, an incredibly large cloud appeared above the pavilion with thousands of lamps floating around it in every direction visible — a process in which Celestial Primogenitor had summoned for reasons not told.

High Firmament, who assumed the arrival of a far greater personage — more than likely the reputed Celestial Primogenitor of Chan — by seeing such great magic at work that Burning Lamp or any other superior man seen with her eyes would not have the ability to produce, began to consider whether killing the captives within her trap would be the better choice rather than going about another process.

Deciding to wait and see how the enemy reacts further, Celestial Primogenitor arrived before the enemy's trap the following morning and began to inspect it upon the polite consenting of High Firmament, who became quite worried at the arrival of such a trump card to potentially interfere with her plans.

Sighing deeply at the sight of his disciples laying about so humiliated, Primogenitor began to take his leave; but at the same time, Pretty Cloud threw one of her Eye Blinding Pearl's at the former only for it to be burned to ashes before touching his body. As the five women became frightful at such a sight, Primogenitor meanwhile returned to the pavilion, stating that his disciples were little more than lowly mortals, and no potential act to save them wasn't considered — for Lao Tzu was to arrive shortly, and he wishes to discuss the situation with him before taking any such action.

With the arrival of Lao Tzu, High Firmament gazed into the direction of the reed pavilion, and upon the realization that the Grand Master of Mount Xuandu, Lao Tzu, was more than likely present due to his specialized jade pagoda floating above the pavilion, the four other women suggested any form of surprise attack if

the enemy was to approach their trap the following morning. As the two grand masters solely approached the trap, High Firmament, Jade Firmament, and Green Firmament exited the trap without the slightest of greeting, to the great rage of Lao Tzu, who declared his intentions to fight them in their own field, the Yellow River Trap.

Chapter 51

The Final Resolve of Grand Old Master Wen Zhong

When Lao Tzu and Celestial Primogenitor entered the Yellow River Trap as previously intended, Jade Firmament suddenly lashed forth the Golden Dragon Scissors upon Lao Tzu, who was awaiting such a surprise attack from the beginning. As the duel dragons came towards Lao Tzu at the brink of cutting him into two halves horizontally, Lao Tzu simply lifted forth one of his sleeves, sending the scissors back in their original state within his very hands.

Obtaining Green Firmament's Universe Muddling Dipper just as easily, Lao ordered his genie to take both weapons before the Jade Emptiness Palace, to the obvious rage of the three sisters. High Firmament, who was determined to defeat the great Lao Tzu in magical renown in order to prove to all celestials that she was deserving of Jiang Ziya's reputation and title amongst the land, lunged forth at the grand master with sword posed.

To High Firmament's unparalleled ill fortune, however, another yellow-scarved genie under Lao Tzu suddenly rushed forth, beat her with its fists, and then toppled the entire Unicorn Cliff upon her body. Jade Firmament, who became enraged beyond imagination at the death of her sister, High Firmament, lunged forth at Lao Tzu only to have her skull smashed by Celestial Primogenitor's jade scepter.

As Green Firmament now realized the great unjust ways of the Chan Taoists, she ground her teeth in rage while lashing her blade at the two celestials; but alas, it was too late. Primogenitor had awakened his magical casket only to trap Green Firmament within, dissolving her flesh in mere moments upon entry. Following such a brutal end to the three sisters, Lao Tzu awakened all celestials present with an immediate teal of thunder, and then guided them back to the reed pavilion at once.

Present back at the pavilion, he went teaching each disciple how to travel on golden beams of light at will, lest reoccur in the future any unfortunate incident as such like that in the past. Meanwhile the two grand masters took their leave from the pavilion, but ordered Immortal of South Pole to stay and assist until Jiang Ziya had successfully done away with the Red Sand Trap.

Meanwhile Celestial Lotus and Pretty Cloud entered the Yellow River Trap's remnants only to find High Firmament and Jade Firmament dead. To their great horror and rage, they both reported such an incident to Grand Old Master, who, being greatly distressed in return, ordered a royal messenger to be sent to Morning Song for reinforcements while another messenger was sent to Sanshan Pass's Deng Jiugong with intentions for the latter to assist him at the Western Foothills.

With Immortal of the South Pole's appearance before the remaining Red Sand Trap the following morning, Master Zhang charged forth with cutless in hand, fully determined to make up for the loss of so many fellow warriors on the side of Shang. Being effectively reinforced by White Crane Lad upon entering the opposition's trap, Zhang Shao ascended his platform and sprayed volleys of red

sand across the entire perimeter, which was easily negated by the Five Fire and Seven Fowl Fan of South Pole. Using the jade scepter to knock celestial master from his platform, Immortal of the South Pole ended Zhang Shao's life with a single stroke of his sword, and then uncovered the three captives who he had been told were present for some time. Nezha and Thunder-quaker, who awoke immediately following a sudden bolt of lightning, realized shortly that King Wu was nothing more than a lifeless body that had not been decayed due to the magical charms that protected him from any such resolution.

Burning Lamp, who revived the fallen king with elixir pills and water after receiving his body at the reed pavilion, declared that the prior incident with King Wu was of necessity, and Sky had now experienced the self-sacrificial ways that the king possesses — a factor that would assuredly assist them in the future.

Now knowing that all ten traps essentially had been destroyed, Burning Lamp declared that all immortals should return to their respective mountains for the time being while Grand Completion and Pure Essence were to guard the five passes and the two neighboring border passes as to ensure no further assistance can come to the Grand Old Master from such means.

As Burning Lamp took his additional leave shortly following, with Merciful Navigation being the only remaining superior man, Jiang Ziya ordered his soldiers and generals to prepare thoroughly for a decisive battle against Grand Old Master in the following day. Meanwhile Wen Zhong, who was exceedingly depressed over the lack of reinforcements from either that of the capital or Commander Deng Jiugong, held a conference with Pretty Cloud and Celestial Lotus, only to obtain word of Jiang Ziya's intentions by an enemy messenger.

Approaching the rebel commander on the battlefield the following morning, completely resolved to sacrifice his very own life to do away with Jiang Ziya, Wu Ji, under the immediate order of the prime minister, decapitated the remaining master Zhao Jiang before Wen Zhong's very own eyes as a showing of their defiance. Not allowing his anger to be controlled in any manner, Wen Zhong, combined with Pretty Cloud, Celestial Lotus, and his four personal generals — Deng, Xin, Zhang, and Tao — each lashed forward and clashed their weapons furiously against their respective opponents.

As Celestial Lotus had her sack of wind calmed to nothing by the Wind Conquering Pearl of Merciful Navigation shortly following the start of the battle, Jiang Ziya seized such a chance to brutally smash Lotus's head in with his Staff of Beating Gods.

Pretty Cloud, who became horrified and fuming with rage at the sight of her close friend die before her very own eyes so suddenly, was stabbed from the back multiple times by the fire lance of Nezha, putting an additionally unfortunate end to her life. Yellow Flying Tiger, who was greatly encouraged by the heightened morale of the Zhou forces, pierced the heart of Zhang Jie with his duel Dragon-Phoenix blades.

Realizing that three of his generals had just recently lost their lives, and it would be evidentially pointless to continue the fight with heightened morale clearly present on the opposite side, Wen Zhong ordered a full-scale retreat in his great distress. As Merciful Navigation returned to his respective mountain that

afternoon, Jiang Ziya gave set orders to the majority of his generals, with intentions to not only assault the Shang camp in a raid, but to additionally attempt to draw many into surrender.

Wen Zhong, who obviously knew that the prime minister would more than likely attempt such a feat, ordered his generals to protect set regions in especial caution of such a potential happening. As the raid began that night, with Jiang Ziya and other such generals breaking into the Shang forces' camp gates, Wen Zhong personally lunged forward atop his dragon to smite the enemy with exceeded valiance and magical prowess.

Being unexpectedly struck once more due the unparalleled speed of Jiang Ziya's Staff of Beating Gods, Wen Zhong, and the majority of the Shang forces, clearly realized that they were simply struggling against an inevitable defeat — especially after seeing fierce flames and smoke soar above their food supplies and other parts of the camp. As the forces of Shang began to flee as a resolution, around half of the remaining soldiers surrendered to the Western Foothills while another majority fled back to their respective homes in fear of any form of death. Grand Old Master, who knew he had little authority over such an incident, considering the circumstances at hand, fled in the direction of Mount Western Foothills with Deng and Xin protecting their commander's life even if it cost their own.

With the eventual retreat of Jiang Ziya's forces in great victory, Wen Zhong camped upon the foot of Mount Western Foothills, became informed of the reported death of Tao Rong within the former conflict, and suggested his forces — currently numbering 30,000—to march through Good Dream Pass to obtain a level of assistance from neighboring generals. As the Grand Old Master continued on his way through Mount Peach Blossom, he suddenly caught sight of a man of Taoist appearance, who he resembled to be one of the superior men who assisted the rebel commander in breaking his ten traps.

Announcing his name to be "Grand Completion", and his desire to stop the Grand Old Master from obtaining any additional assistance from neighboring passes, Wen Zhong knew that such a simpleton could not be reconciled with, and thus lashed his golden staff at the former with far greater renown. After being in contact with the Sky Overturning Stamp, Wen Zhong's advance was halted by its great power, and realizing that great casualties could be further suffered by such an opponent of celestial attributes, he ordered his forces to head to the west for now. Heading in the direction of Mount Yan for several nights upon days, Pure Essence appeared before their pathway as they approached Mount Taihua, to the great disgust of Wen Zhong.

Recognizing Pure Essence as being the man that was causing Master Yao an extreme amount of trouble far into the past, and combined with his current obstinacy of not letting them reach neighboring passes, Wen Zhong vowed to destroy such an opposition not only for revenge, but for the sake of his reputation and great pride in the name of Shang. Charging forth with smoke spouting from his third eye, Pure Essence was obviously overwhelmed beyond imagination — and thus unleashed his Yin Yang Mirror upon the Grand Old Master following a few rounds of battle.

Chapter 52

Fall of the Legendary Hero

As the Yin Yang Mirror's white side was effectively placed before Wen Zhong's eyes, in a single moment of time he realized that the enemy's weapon attempted to drown away his consciousness. Naturally immune to such magic trickery with the power of genjutsu that he wields within his very own palm, the Grand Old Master nonetheless had little choice but to flee as Pure Essence began to shine the red side in his face — which he knew to be certain death than anything else. Realizing that the only choice he had left was to head through the Yellow Flower Mountain to reach the Green Dragon Pass as opposed to personally heading to Morning Song while abandoning his comrades, Wen Zhong and his soldiers traveled for half a day before seeing a young celestial surrounded by flags and banners that represented the Western Foothills.

As this celestial declared himself being none other than Nezha, with intentions to ensure that the enemy was blocked off from any source of assistance, Wen Zhong, who was already furious at the obnoxious opposition prior, began to fume with even greater hatred and resolve to destroy all that stood before him as supreme head of the Shang Dynasty. Nezha, who began to battle with Wen Zhong and every other general of Shang singlehandedly, managed to strike down both Ji Li — one of two disciples under Grand Old Master — and that of Deng Zhong, which shattered the morale of the opposite forces, forcing Wen Zhong to break through and travel along an additional path towards the Yellow Flower Mountain.

As the Grand Old Master camped for the night while realizing that 20,000 of his original 30,000 had supposedly defected to the enemy due to not being present, he was comforted by Xin Huan, who suggested that they both return to Morning Song and gather forces to avenge their suffered humiliation another day. Continuing along the pathway to the Yellow Flower Mountain, and upon their arrival, Huang Tianhua stepped forward to prevent the Grand Old Master and his remaining soldiers from heading any further by order of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya.

Annoyed by this fourth blockade with his hair standing on end and his teeth grinded with rage, Wen Zhong sent the young warrior fleeing in fear of his wrath. Unfortunately however, Tianhua seized the moment to not only kill Yu Qing — the secondary disciple of Wen Zhong — with his Fire Dragon Javelin, but to additionally wound Xin Huan with one of his Heart Penetrating Nails through the left wing. Grand Old Master, who was confused and utterly distressed, ordered his soldiers to rest upon a bleak mountain upon the arrival of dawn, where he sat by himself, devising his next plan of evasion lest another army appears before his midst.

As everyone within the camp of Shang had slept throughout the end of dusk and into night, Wen Zhong became startled at a sudden hearing of cannon fire, and, to his unparalleled rage, he noticed Jiang Ziya and Ji Fa drinking happily upon the mountain top while at the same time mocking him from below with great laughter. Charging upon them angrily, an intense bolt of lightning shook the sky, and to the Grand Old Master's perplexed amazement, not a single soldier nor that of Jiang Ziya or King Wu could be seen anymore — even when using the power of his

divine third eye. Considering what kind of genjutsu user was behind such trickery, and how he wields power exceeding his own in such an art, a large army suddenly surrounded the foot of the mountain below and charged at Wen Zhong immediately following. Falling upon them with exceeded resolve, every soldier disappeared with an additional blinding bolt of lightning; Wen Zhong, in his state of perplexity, prepared to perform divination in order to understand what was truly happening.

As Jiang Ziya and King Wu suddenly appeared before the mountaintop, openly mocking the Grand Old Master for losing all honor and dignity in such a humiliating scene, Wen Zhong, who began to perform divination immediately following, was suddenly interrupted by the swift thrust of a monster's hammer through the darkness. Letting out a cry of great dismay while managing to effectively dodge the blow, Wen Zhong's dragon received the hit from below the Grand Old Master, killing it instantly. Tumbling to the ground and fleeing atop a dust cloud in startled fear, Xin Huan roared from the shadows of the mountainside and parried each blow from the pursuing beast — which in this case happened to be Thunder-quaker.

Protecting Wen Zhong with all the strength he possessed, even if it cost him his very own life, Xin Huan remembered this creature previously had attacked him during a moment of his master's retreat. And knowing that he must prove himself to the Grand Old Master as a warrior of the greater good, Xin Huan nearly killed Thunder-quaker with his twin hammers. But at the same [time], Yang Bliss's Sky Barking Hound bit into the flesh of Xin Huan, effectively opening a chance for Thunder-quaker to deal a brutal blow to the opposition's head, killing him instantly.

As Wen Zhong returned to his camp, he felt intense distress over Heaven's intentions of forsaking the Shang Dynasty despite the many loyal feats that he had performed in the name of the late King Da Yi. He gazed forth at the fallen body of Xin Huan, upon his return, fell to the ground and wept profusely at the many great warriors that gave their lives for the sake of his name — especially that of Xin, who had seemed to him as being his very own guardian.

Wen Zhong gathered the remnants of his soldiers, who had been protected by golden walls throughout the former night — as Wen Zhong knew that the situation would be far too risky to allow more any potential casualties on his side. Then he marched along secondary pathways through the Yellow Flower Mountain until he arrived before a village, where he and his soldiers were graciously served many meals by a certain old man upon their welcoming.

Receiving this old man's name as Li Ji, so that he could record such a name in order to reciprocate such kindness sometime into the future, Wen Zhong and his men continued along the direction of the Green Dragon Pass until being confronted by a certain woodcutter along the way.

As soldiers under the Grand Old Master had asked this certain man the closest route to the Green Dragon, they returned to tell Wen Zhong that the southwest was the fastest route to such a destination. Knowing that the Dragon Extinction Peak lays to the southwest, and he would more than likely suffer even greater detriment — possibly his own life — if he arrived in such a region, Wen

Zhong wished to prove to Heaven that he should conquer all that stands in his way for the longevity of the Shang Dynasty, and thus pressed forward with intense resolve. Arriving before the peak shortly, and seeing a man of Taoist appearance — namely in this case being Master of the Clouds — who declared that he should take the Grand Old Master's life as destined, Wen Zhong began to burst into great laughter, knowing that nothing can stand in the way of his magical prowess and great resolve to uphold the greater good.

Pressing forward upon Master of the Clouds with staff firmly gripped in his hands, eight skyscraper pillars of divine fire suddenly sprang out from the ground, completely hemming in Wen Zhong from all sides. These pillars, being thirty-feet in height and ten feet in circumference, suddenly emitted countless great fire dragons which soared about throughout the air upon the signal of Master of the Cloud's thunderbolt.

Laughing with great confidence at such a meager ability, fire charms appeared all around Grand Old Master's body as he vanished in a beam of white light to escape the enormous barrier previously trapped within. This barrier, which was unfortunately made of the hardest diamond, was impenetrable, and only resulted in Wen Zhong ramming his own head into the walls of such a barrier, hitting him with such intense force that he fell to the ground dead.

As the soul of the unfortunate Wen Zhong flew back at Morning Song before King Zhou, who in return was in an exceedingly drowsy state at the time due to heavy drinking, the Grand Old Master informed the king to employ virtuous qualities as repentance for his vile manner towards the people, considering that he himself lives no longer, and assuredly cannot perform any more feats for the sake of the Shang Dynasty.

As Wen Zhong's soul disappeared within the wind, King Zhou awoke that night with a start, and upon informing Daji of his meeting with Wen Zhong, which he remembered more subconsciously than anything else, the latter suggested that such was nothing more than a dream of his worries, and should thus be forgotten about completely.

Meanwhile back at the Western Foothills, Jiang Ziya was delighted to hear of the success on the part of his specific generals, and the death of Wen Zhong. But at this same moment in time, Shen Gongbao had seen the fall of the Grand Old Master with his own eyes, and began to search for powerful immortals as an attempt to wipe out the foul Jiang Ziya no matter what.

As Shen approached a certain mountain by the name of *"Squeezing Dragon"*, he happened upon a small man around four-feet in overall height who was running around the mountainside in great joy. Upon inspection that this certain man was a disciple under that of Krakucchanda, but had only studied the Way for 100 years, Shen Gongbao seized such knowledge by offering the lad a chance to wear a great dragon robe and be remembered among the people as a hero if he was to follow his advice.

This disciple, who was known as *"Earth Traveler Sun"*, was naturally not fond of his master and more on the side of being carefree. And as Shen had informed Sun that he should recommend him a post under Deng Jiugong, Commander of Sanshan Pass, and learned that the former had the ability to travel

underground at will, he suggested that the Celestial Binding Ropes — which were prized as Krakucchanda's ultimate weapons — should be stolen. Doing as he was told, Shen Gongbao led Earth Traveler Sun towards the location of Deng Jiugong at once.

Chapter 53

Wrath of Commander Deng Jiugong

As Shen Gongbao successfully led Earth Traveler Sun before Sanshan Pass, he continued along various other regions in desperate search for potential comrades. At this same point in time, the remnants of Wen Zhong's forces had reported the death of their commander to Han Rong of Sishui Pass, which was then transferred in the form of a letter before the eyes of Wei Zi, who was unexpectedly startled beyond his own belief at such news.

Appearing before King Zhou within a side court immediately following, the king discussed with his fellow ministers how the Grand Old Master was to be essentially avenged after feeling intense grievance over such an incredible loss. Supreme Minister Ji Shang suggested Deng Jiugong for a high rate of potential reinforcement, a man that had recently defeated many rebelling forces under Western Duke E Shun and was stationed closest to the Western Foothills,. King Zhou agreed to such a suggestion, and issued forth a royal decree to the residence of Deng Jiugong, granting him the white scepter and yellow axe as a symbolization of his newly attained military authority.

As Royal Messenger Wang Zhen rode for days upon end through the beautiful autumn weather, he eventually arrived before Sanshan Pass, and handed the royal decree to Deng Jiugong, who, in exchange, accepted such a decree while ordering Kong Xuan to take over the pass as commander for the time being. Leaving the pass the following day with a great army at his essential backing, a small lad appeared before the gates with a letter of recommendation for Deng Jiugong — who in this case had been none other than Earth Traveler Sun, who happened to run around for quite some time before deciding to confront the commander as intended.

Personally opening the letter and realizing that it was from one of his past acquaintances — Shen Gongbao — Deng Jiugong, who was still rather unconfident in the capacity of such a young boy despite his supposed abilities, merely appointed him as assistant supervisor of the food supplies and then continued along his way to the Western Foothills. Arriving before the reported eastern gate of Phoenix City not long after, and camping for the night, a patrolman had meanwhile approached Jiang Ziya at his mansion, reporting the arrival of a man he knew to have been Deng Jiugong, a reputed commander of the Shang Dynasty.

As Deng issued forth a command to challenge the eastern gates the following morning, Tai Luan, his right-hand vanguard, strode forth to the enemy gates with cutless firmly in hand, where he was met momentarily by General Nangong Kuo. Not having any patience for a man of treachery, Tai Luan immediately slashed apart the former's armor plates, leaving a great opening that was not allowed for seizing as Nangong fled the scene in great fear of being killed by the opposition's renown.

Praising Tai Luan for demoralizing the enemy forces later that day, Deng Jiugong approached the western gate with his troops placed within five individual square formations, ready to pounce upon the enemy at any moment. As the two

sides began to fiercely clash against one other following the array of Jiang Ziya's forces, the forces of Shang eventually retreated back to camp once their commander and vanguard were seriously wounded. The former struck in the left arm by Nezha's ring, while the latter was burned by the flames of Zhao Sheng. Deng Chanyu, the daughter of Deng Jiugong, who was greatly distressed at the condition of her father, was allowed the right to challenge the gates of Phoenix City later that day.

With Nezha retorting against such a challenge shortly, he was startled to see such a beautiful woman on the battlefield, but had little choice but to fight back once she relentlessly lunged forth at him with her long cutless. As Chanyu began to flee in feigned defeat, Nezha pursued; but to his detriment, the former casted forth a golden pebble with her hand at quick speed, wounding Nezha severely in the eyes and nose, forcing him to retreat back to the city immediately.

Huang Tianhua, who began to ridicule Nezha for being hurt by a mere pebble despite the celestial attributes that he supposedly possesses, volunteered to meet Chanyu once she had challenged the city the following morning in addition. As the two fought valiantly for some time, with Chanyu's feigned retreat, Tianhua ended up suffering a wound to his forehead even more severe than that of Nezha's, and thus fled back to the city only to be ridiculed in return by an vengeful Nezha. With the prime minister busy breaking up the fight between that of Tianhua and Nezha, Deng Jiugong was meanwhile exceedingly delighted over the successive victories of his young daughter.

Chanyu, who possessed great confidence over her two former victories, presented herself before Phoenix City's gates the next day only to be met by Dragon Beard Tiger, who wields the same general art in battle. As the two began to battle each other with great renown, Dragon Beard Tiger suddenly unleashed a volley of stones and boulder dust from his two hands, and as he violently thrust forth at the opposition within such confusion, Chanyu managed to land two hits on his neck and face, and then followed by lifting her sword to finish the beast through beheading.

Chapter 54

The Master Burrower Earth Traveler Sun

Yang Bliss, who leapt to Dragon Beard Tiger's assistance at the very notice of his comrade's situation, held off Deng Chanyu for a lengthened time, never being hurt in the least even when the latter deployed her golden pebbles at regular intervals. Using his Sky Barking Hound to tear at Chanyu's neck at such a point of advantage, the unfortunate woman had little choice but to flee back to the Shang camp with tears in her eyes and in a state of tremendous pain.

As Deng Jiugong burned with far greater bloodlust at the pitiful sight of his daughter upon her return, Earth Traveler Sun had meanwhile finished his daily supervision and soon obtained word upon the condition of his commander. Feeling regret over not hearing of such information prior, Sun entered the main camp and used his elixir pills to heal Deng Jiugong's wound in mere moments upon entry. Reciprocating such an action upon Chanyu after being informed of her condition, Jiugong hosted a personal feast in honor of Sun, in which he became determined to allow Sun the position of vanguard at the latter's request.

At Tai Luan's consenting to his commander's request, knowing that Sun's reputed ability would more than likely bring Shang a swifter victory, Earth Traveler Sun left the camp at once, ordering an enemy celestial to present himself before his feet. As Nezha retorted such a challenge openly, and began to lunge forth in great laughter at the shortness of his opponent, Sun, on the other hand, had little trouble against this foe — for he could easily jump about nimbly and strike at great speeds with his cudgel. Using such an advantage to his essential benefit, Sun suddenly unleashed his Celestial Binding Rope to bind the unfortunate Nezha while throwing him before the feet of Deng Jiugong upon his return shortly following.

Deng Jiugong, who knew that King Zhou and the commanders of neighboring regions would think highly of him if he was to possess evidential proof of his ability to conquer even that of celestials with great ease, decided to throw Nezha in the back camp, where he prepared to send the former to the capital for the benefit of his reputation. As Jiang Ziya had meanwhile displayed great astonishment at the learning of Nezha's capture — which would naturally be impossible considering his celestial renown Huang Tianhua ensured the prime minister that he would challenge this certain foe the following day in order to see if such information was true.

Confronting Earth Traveler Sun nonetheless the next morning, Tianhua unfortunately had little advantage against the strategic prowess that Sun could pull off simply with his shortness and speed, and was thus captured and thrown into the gaols with his counterpart, Nezha, back at the camp of Shang in short time. Deng Jiugong, who was naturally exceedingly delighted at the simultaneous victories of his vanguard, created another banquet to honor Sun, where they both drank merrily for hours upon end. Carelessly allowing himself to become rather drunk with dulled senses, Deng Jiugong declared that if Sun was able to essentially subdue the Western Foothills through the potential capture of rebel commander Jiang Ziya, he would give him was precious daughter as a token of gratitude. Being

overjoyed at the prospect of obtaining Chanyu, Earth Traveler Sun appeared before the gates of Phoenix City at the brink of dawn the next morning; and upon the calling of Jiang Ziya to show himself, the prime minister realized that he would be looked upon as a fool if he was not to confront a mere boy, and thus exited the camp gates with generals to his right and left. Charging upon the rebel commander with heightened confidence, Earth Traveler Sun deployed his Celestial Binding Rope following a few volleys; but to his overpower upon immediate retort of the enemy, the prime minister was carried back to safety while the Zhou forces fought with even greater vigor.

Having his Celestial Binding Rope still tightly bound upon the prime minister, and considering the current overpower on the side of Zhou, Sun had little choice but to retreat in a state of intense rage at the thought of his rope being taken away from his grasp permanently — thus increasing the probability of loss rather than an essential victory. As the Zhou forces returned to the Phoenix City, each general realized that the rope around the prime minister only grew tighter around his body whenever an individual attempted its removal.

Yang Bliss, who was naturally akin to such situations, placed a single magical charm upon the rope, which caused it to fall to the ground immediately following. Informing the prime minister that such a rope was none other than the 'Celestial Binding Rope', and was used by Krakucchanda within the Vehement Flame Trap, Yang Bliss obtained consenting to meet Earth Traveler Sun the following day to ask the reason behind Sun's actions — and more importantly, how he even obtained the rope.

Confronting Sun the next day, the lad had little patience for talk and immediately bound the celestial foe with a secondary rope made of the hardest mineral while returning to the Shang camp in a state of satisfaction over his victory. As Yang Bliss easily slipped from such bonds and sent his Sky Barking Hound upon Earth Traveler Sun in surprise, Sun had little time to react, and immediately burrowed deeply into the ground.

Being slightly frightened at such an unexpected art, Yang Bliss fled back to Phoenix City shortly to elaborate the current situation with Prime Minister Jiang Ziya. Now fully realizing that Sun possesses the ability to travel underground at will, and that he would more than likely seize such an ability to attempt a full-scale assault upon the capital city in unpredictable locations, Jiang Ziya and Yang Bliss thought throughout the day as to how such potential danger could be erased.

Taking immediate preparations, the prime minister moved King Wu safely to a neighboring mansion while generals and countless mirrors were hung about the city gates. As Jiang Ziya had thus sheltered King Wu safely away from any potential harm, that evening Earth Traveler Sun burrowed beneath Phoenix City's gates.

And upon the realization that Jiang Ziya was heavily guarded by soldiers from every direction, which was close to what he thought to have been the rebel commander's mansion, Sun decided to roam around until he was led in the direction of the palace, which exude forth music into the air. Seeing a man of kingly appearance who he had assumed to have been King Wu, Earth Traveler Sun emerged from the ground beneath once the great clamor had stopped, and the king

was supposedly asleep and easily harmful. Approaching the king's bed and cleaving off the former's head, Sun noticed a woman of exceeded beauty sleeping near his fallen victim. Closing near upon this woman, Yang Bliss suddenly emerged forth from the darkness and forcefully grappled ahold of Sun, while carrying him cautiously in the air lest he manages to flee through the ground.

Approaching Jiang Ziya shortly following, the order to execute Earth Traveler Sun was given; but, to their ill-fortune, Sun struggled to such an extent to which he was able to essentially reach the ground and burrow away from trouble. As the young lad had meanwhile returned to the side of Commander Deng Jiugong, while elaborating the unfortunate happenings, Yang Bliss departed to Dragon Squeezing Mountain in order to discuss the current happenings with Krakucchanda, who he assumed to have been Sun's master.

Chapter 55

Submission of Earth Traveler Sun

As Yang Bliss continued along to the residence of Krakuchanda of Dragon Squeezing Mountain, he happened upon a neighboring mountain, where he had noticed an extravagant mansion known as "The Green Phoenix Palace". Suddenly noticing a beautiful woman exit the palace's outer gates while he sat behind a pine tree fully observing the situation, he politely bowed before her upon approach, and inquired her knowledge of a boy by the name of "Earth Traveler Sun", who was the current cause of trouble within the Western Foothills. Happening to know the young lad through his constant behavior of roaming about between regions, she informed Yang Bliss that he was indeed a disciple of Krakucchanda — so the matter should thus be easily subdued if the latter was elaborated on the current circumstances.

Receiving her name as being "*Princess Dragon Ji, daughter of the Jade Emperor*" — who had been exiled to this specific mountain after performing many accidents simultaneously — Yang Bliss kowtowed in thanks while continuing along the direction to Krakucchanda's residence. As he approached a large swamp with a storm rising violently throughout the air, a large dragon-like beast with sword-sharp teeth emerged from the water's depths, lunging forth at the former while being thirty-feet in overall heights.

Using his hands to unleash cracks of lightning upon this beast, which sent it into immediate flight, Yang Bliss pursued it within a large cave without a single moment of hesitation. Shining brilliant rays of light from his eyes as a method to see eternal light even inside a purely dark cave, Yang Bliss happened upon a double-edged cutless with three sharp points laid upon a parcel as he approached the far end of the cave, not finding a single trace of the beast he had clashed with prior.

Finding a shining yellow gown inside the parcel, which fortunately fit him perfectly, he took ahold of the cutless and began to stride out of the cave before hearing the unexpected voice of two individuals, who exclaimed him to be a thief. These individuals, who were none other than the Golden Fleece Lads of Mount Wuyi, noticed that the thief was none other than their master. Upon a traditional kowtow of apologies, while allowing their master to receive the gown and sword as a gift, Yang Bliss instructed them to return to the Western Foothills and inform Prime Minister Jiang Ziya of his past happenings with a woman by the name of Dragon Ji after elaborating her words in full detail to his two disciples.

As the two lads thus used the sword of Yang Bliss as proof of their identities as disciples of the former, they arrived before the Prime Minister's mansion shortly and elaborated their master's words to Jiang Ziya himself.

With Yang Bliss's arrival at Krakucchanda's residence, he asked if he knew a certain lad by the name of "Earth Traveler Sun", who happened to be using a Celestial Binding Rope against the Western Foothill cause. Knowing that his rope was missing, and Earth Traveler Sun would be the kind to act against his word to such an extent, Krakucchanda believed Yang's words, and declared that he should

arrive at the Western Foothills in short time. As both Yang Bliss and Krakucchanda had arrived at separate moments to elaborate the situation's truth, Jiang Ziya personally approached the Shang camp and began to inspect it from the shadows. Deng Jiugong, who knew that the situation most obviously suggested a potential trap, ordered Earth Traveler Sun, who was a master at any such predicament, to charge forth at the rebel commander and capture him if at all possible.

Strongly resolved to do away with Jiang Ziya for the sake of obtaining the hand of the beautiful Deng Chanyu, Earth Traveler Sun burrowed his way to the enemy's position and immediately lunged from the ground to deploy his Celestial Binding Rope, which he happened upon within the capital city during his former night attack.

Realizing that his rope mysteriously stayed afloat in mid-air whenever he attempted to wield it's power, as was the same for his secondary rope, he suddenly caught sight of his master descending from the heavens, and thus began to burrow into the ground as a means of escape. Taking immediate action, Krakucchanda slammed his palm upon the ground, turning it into iron and resulting in an easy capture of the unfortunate Earth Traveler Sun, who happened not to flee in time. Presenting his disciple before the feet of Jiang Ziya, Krakucchanda demanded the reason as to why he acted against his authority in such an impulsive manner.

He informed his master that a man by the name of "Shen Gongbao" had enticed him to attack the Western Foothills, for he would never have a chance at greatness in any other manner employable. Additionally he stated that he was greatly encouraged by Deng Jiugong, his commander, to destroy the Western Foothills for the sake of obtaining the hand of Deng Chanyu, a beautiful woman that was the former's daughter.

Taking such statements into consideration, Krakucchanda realized through divination that Sun was supposedly destined to be married to this "Deng Chanyu", and thus suggested to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya that a matchmaker should be found — who in this case was chosen to be none other than San Yisheng.

Consenting to such a suggestion, Jiang Ziya told San Yisheng upon the latter's arrival to see Commander Deng Jiugong of Shang about a certain matter that involves Earth Traveler Sun's marriage to his daughter, Deng Chanyu. As the supreme minister was elaborated on the issue further before taking any form of leave, Deng Jiugong had obtained word some time before on the capture of his vanguard, and began to fume in frustration as to be expected.

Chapter 56

The Conflict for the sake of Reputation

As San Yisheng had approached the Shang camp, he was refused any potential entrance, for Deng Jiugong personally stated that he was not in any position to meet the former, out of fear that any furthered amount of demoralization would come about his soldiers. With San Yisheng's consistent protests, and Tai Luan's suggestion to allow the Supreme Minister entrance for the sake of furthered observation, the two individuals met each other shortly, where they exchanged traditional bows of greeting as respective enemies. As San Yisheng began to elaborate the issue concerning Earth Traveler Sun's supposedly destined marriage to the former's daughter as an unavoidable matter, he asked for Jiugong's decision on the matter.

Deng Jiugong, who knew that Earth Traveler Sun must have spout such words in order to ensure his own potential safety, retorted his intentions to never allow any individual the hand of his precious daughter, and that the rebel commander was simply spouting nonsense for the sake of reconciliation. San Yisheng vaguely recalled his original statement to Sun that involved giving him Chanyu if the Western Foothills were conquered. He received such words, and told the commander that such a statement could easily be proven as the resolving figure of Sun's determination, and if it was to be retracted as a mere child's game, Jiugong might lose an extent of reputation amongst the populace and would naturally lose faith amongst the greater whole of Shang.

Taking these words into consideration, General Tai Luan secretly whispered a plan into the commander's ear, who in turn lightened with delight, and declared to San Yisheng that he should do as the latter advises, but was in need of carefully discussing such information to Chanyu before forming any final decision. As San Yisheng was clearly glad to hear such words, he returned to Phoenix City to report the Shang commander's declaration immediately following.

Meanwhile, Tai Luan elaborated his plan in great length, suggesting that a capable individual should first tell the prime minister that Chanyu had consented but in fear that such words were only involving some form of trap that would end to her detriment. And she was in need of seeing Jiang Ziya in order for the information to be confirmed, and without any additional risk adding upon her part.

In doing so, a great feast would be prepared for the rebel commander, but, at a time of advantage, men should be ordered to seize the former at a set signal. Consenting to such a plan would be of great risk to his reputation, but an opportunity to act in the greater good, Deng Jiugong ordered Tai Luan to appear before Phoenix City with such a message in hand. Allowing the individual presence within the city, he appeared before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya and began to elaborate his master's words, declaring that the day after tomorrow should be chosen for the marriage, with the honor of the prime minister and San Yisheng to personally lead his son-in-law to the ceremonial region.

In return giving a reply of consent, Tai Luan returned to the side of his commander. Jiugong, knowing that such a resolution was the only true rational

choice on the part of Ziya, had already made careful preparations in order to ensure that over three-hundred set warriors were placed in regions that would not only allow them secrecy from any potential enemy, but would additionally allow a quick strike when the signal for attack was called. As the second day had thus arrived in quick time, Jiang Ziya, who knew that the possibility for Jiugong to attempt deceitful measures was exceedingly likely, additionally placed his forces in set regions that would ensure his essential safety from the enemy.

However, just to ensure that everything ends in his own victory with a personal taste of deceit, Jiang Ziya, still present within Phoenix City that morning, specifically told Earth Traveler Sun to enter the back camp and carry away Deng Chanyu at the first hearing of cannon roar. With the arrival of mid-afternoon, San Yisheng and Jiang Ziya appeared before the camp of Shang, to which they exchanged proper courtesies before taking their seats inside the camp gates.

As Jiang Ziya's generals brought forth many presents of the celebration before Deng Jiugong and the soldiers present, Xin Jia of Zhou suddenly ignited the fuse of a large cannon hidden within a box, creating an earth shaking explosion and clouding the air with dirt. With the rebel commander's courtiers unleashing forth their hidden weapons while charging forth at Deng Jiugong, who was startled out of his very imagination, fled from the camp with Tai Luan, but became hemmed in by the forces of Zhou, which had surrounded the camp from strategic points while wiping out any opposition from outside.

Managing to flee nonetheless, Jiang Ziya's forces poured forward, overpowering the great power of Shang with the element of surprise. With Deng Jiugong fleeing to the south amongst such great confusion, Chanyu and other such generals and soldiers went in pursuit of their commander. But Chanyu was unfortunately seized at a sudden moment by the Celestial Binding Rope of Earth Traveler Sun — which was temporarily allowed to him by his master — resulting in the forces of Shang desperately regrouping at Mount Western Foothills after being pursued by the Zhou forces for a lengthened period of time. Feeling exceedingly deep remorse and fear at the sight of his daughter not being present to any extent, Deng Jiugong felt utterly humiliated at his stupidity for allowing such an incident to come about so easily.

Meanwhile back at Phoenix City, Jiang Ziya suggested to Krakucchanda that the marriage between Deng Chanyu and Earth Traveler Sun should not be delayed any further. The latter in return stated his consenting. Ordering a maidservant to attend to Chanyu's needs as a resolution, Chanyu knew that the situation prior was only meant to seize Jiang Ziya, she fell to the ground and began to weep silently at the unfortunate reality of her situation, which was being married to Earth Traveler Sun.

Accepting such circumstances nonetheless as being for the benefit of her father above all else, and for any potential chance at seizing Jiang Ziya's life, Deng Chanyu gave herself in to the lustful Earth Traveler Sun, to which the latter unleashed his "inner essence" with keen anticipation throughout that night upon his lover.

As Jiang Ziya had confronted the two individuals the following day, Deng Chanyu declared her intentions to persuade her father into surrender, considering

the current circumstances. Knowing that Deng Jiugong more than likely possesses a small remaining force at his disposal, and there was a high chance that Chanyu would defect at a moment of advantage if the time arises, Jiang Ziya allowed her leave with a large army under the flag of Zhou, completely prepared to take any measures for the means of success.

Arriving before the camp of Shang, after obtaining report on its specific whereabouts from neighboring scouts along the mountain, Chanyu was allowed entrance before her father. She not only exclaimed to him her forced marriage to Earth Traveler Sun, but declared that an alliance with the Western Foothills would be the best choice at hand considering the length of time it would take to obtain any potential reinforcements and the stricken morale it would cause to currently assaulted passes under the flag of Shang. Thus encouraging them to submit to the rebelling nobles.

Seeing the rationality of her daughter, Deng Jiugong decided that submission was indeed the best option considering the current circumstances. As soldiers of Zhou reported such a statement to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya shortly following, Jiang Ziya joyfully ordered his attendants to march from the city to meet Commandeering Deng. Confronting the commander as he arrived, they both took each other's hand in mutual respect and entered the Silver Security Hall for a banquet of celebration towards their newly confirmed comrade.

Many soldiers that escaped from the Western Foothills reported such an incident to Han Rong of Sishui Pass, who in return sent an immediate report to Supreme Minister Zhang Qian of Morning Song. Ascending the Star Picking Mansion in meeting before King Zhou, the king became very wrathful at such an unexpected report, and thus called a conference before his ministers in order to determine how to make up for Deng Jiugong's defection.

Fei Lian, who secretly despised the Shang Dynasty and assisted in any manner that would result in its eventual downfall, suggested that Su Hu, Marquis of Jizhou, should be sent as commander of the expedition. For he was an imperial relative of the king, and would certainly make every effort to destroy the Western Foothills for the sake of his relation and mutual benefit with the Shang Dynasty. Setting aside Su Hu's original rebellion against the dynasty as simply being a result of bad circumstances, King Zhou sent an imperial decree to Jizhou at once, appointing Su Hu as expeditionary commander against the Western Foothills.

Chapter 57

The Resolve of Su Hu

As the royal messenger was received with customary rites of incense burning while being seen off shortly following, Su Hu announced that evening before his fellow generals and relatives that he had been appointed as expeditionary commander. An opportunity that he could easily seize in order to ally himself with the Western Foothills as he intended for far too long. Obtaining mutual consent amongst the greater whole of his generals with such intentions in mind, Su Hu gathered an army of 100,000 soldiers before leaving Jizhou and marching swiftly to the Western Foothills. Camping immediately upon his arrival, three days passed without any sign of movement on the part of the Shang forces.

Obtaining report that Su Hu was the expeditionary commander, and would more than likely submit out of his past dissatisfaction against King Zhou, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the camp of Shang upon Jiang Ziya's consenting; and to his surprise, a man by the name of Zhao Bing charged defiantly from the camp, furiously clashing his blade against the former's.

As Yellow Flying Tiger easily took Zhao Bing captive that morning, Zheng Lun, who had no intention whatsoever to serve the Western Foothill cause in the name of his honor, informed his commander that Yellow Flying Tiger, the former rebel of the Shang Dynasty, had mercilessly taken Zhao captive without a second thought. To which Su Hu retorted by ordering the former to do battle with the rebel, for it would assist both the Western Foothills and that of his reputation under the Shang Dynasty if such an individual was to be disposed of.

Successfully capturing Yellow Flying Tiger as suggested the following morning, Su Hu was enraged at the rebel's conjectured behavior, and thus ordered him to be thrown into the gaols temporarily. Jiang Ziya, who became alarmed at the report of his comrade's capture, was approached by Huang Tianhua, who possessed the intention to meet this "Zheng Lun" in battle. With the Prime Minister's consent, Tianhua approached the battlefield but only received the same fate as his master by the hands of Zheng Lun, while any other soldiers of Zhou that had the intention of reconciliation on the part of Shang got beheaded, much to the lack of Su Hu's knowledge.

Knowing clearly that even if any of his soldiers was to leak such information to his commander, Su Hu would be convinced to destroy Jiang Ziya as a prospect of not only doing away with the country's "evil" for the sake of saving King Wu, but to prevent any potential attack from neighboring comrades, who would be eager to acquire the title of expeditionary commander as their own while easily being able to kill Su Hu with the former evidence of his deceit.

Realizing that Su Hu had no intentions for reconciliation whatsoever, despite Yellow Flying Tiger's words, Jiang Ziya deployed both Earth Traveler Sun and Deng Chanyu to the front, to which they were confronted by Zheng Lun. Laughing heartily at a mere young lad approaching him and boasting many words of overconfidence, Zheng Lun disassociated himself from Chanyu and began to lunge violently upon Earth Traveler Sun. Realizing that the pesky kid had great

speed and sank beneath the ground whenever a threatening blow was issued forth, Zheng Lun, who began to perspire in his frustration, unleashed two beams of light that forced Sun into unconsciousness, resulting in easy capture. Unfortunately however, at the very moment he commanded his crow soldiers to take the captive back to their main camp, Chanyu seized the moment to launch a golden pebble into Zheng Lun's forehead at incredible speed, forcing him into retreat with his face covered in blood.

As Earth Traveler Sun was successfully placed before the feet of Su Hu, the latter ordered his immediate execution through beheading, knowing that it would be far too risky to keep a young boy that supposedly possesses such a rare ability alive. Escaping through the ground as he broke free from his bonds in fear, both Su Hu and Zheng Lun became enraged at such a turn of events, and thus became resolved to attack the city the following morning. Zheng Lun, who adopted such determination, was confronted by Nezha after essentially healing his wound — even though he intended to see Chanyu, who he greatly hated for humiliating his pride.

Realizing very shortly that the man confronting him was a celestial with great renown in the art of spear, Zheng Lun deployed his beams of light consecutively; but alas, for it did not have any effect on Nezha whatsoever. Being stricken with fear at his trump card being of lack, Nezha impatiently thrust forward his Universal Ring, breaking the bones within Zheng Lun's back and forcing his soldiers to assist him into retreat.

Su Hu, who became saddened and enraged in entirety at the condition of his general, declared that the ability of Jiang Ziya's generals was evidentially dangerous, and surrender might be the better option in order to ensure that the rebel commander falls internally one way or the other for the benefit of King Wu. Seeing his commander's words as being rational and more potentially profitable than of any detriment, Zheng Lun still embraced the pride and honor within his heart and fully declared that he would find one way or the other in order to ensure that Jiang Ziya and his generals fall by the resolve wielded in his two hands.

Resolved to give in to the Western Foothills only when his head was separated from his body, Su Hu knew the situation could not heed his fellow comrade, and thus approached Yellow Flying Tiger and began to show him great kindness in hopes to eventually seize Jiang Ziya's life in the name of his virtue. Preparing a feast and allowing Yellow Flying Tiger passage back to Phoenix City in open arms, Su Hu began to form a written letter to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya stating mutual cooperation in a pre-set night raid that would end in Zheng Lun's capture on the side of Zhou.

However, at this same point in time, a man by the name of "Lu Yue" was allowed entrance within the Shang camp, to which he declared his intentions to dispose of Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya by order of Shen Gongbao. Allowing this man a seating within the camp, who was of Taoist heritage, he requested to see Zheng Lun upon hearing of the latter's many cries of pain, and thus healed his wounds with a mere droplet of water as a showing of his magical renown being far exceeding that of an ordinary Taoist. Zheng Lun, who was grateful beyond words, declared Lu Yue as "master" while falling to the ground in formal kowtow. Waiting several days following and disallowing Su Hu to send any further "mutual"

communication with the Zhou forces — thus disposing of his prior intentions — Lu Yue acquired the assistance of four Taoist men who known as Zhou Xin, Li Qi, Zhu Tianlin, and Yang Wenhui. As Su Hu took notice of these four individuals, he knew that his chances of success against Jiang Ziya was heightened, but due to not being able to enforce his former words to Yellow Flying Tiger, he felt a level of shame and embarrassment. Now that Lu Yue obtained the mutual support of the Shang army, he sent forth one of his four disciples to do battle against the Phoenix City.

Chapter 58

Lu Yue, the God of the Plague

This certain man deployed was none other than Zhou Xin, who was met shortly by Jinzha outside the eastern gates of Phoenix City. Fleeing faintly following a few rounds of battle, Zhou Xin struck his pair of chimes three consecutive times, sending Jinzha fleeing into Phoenix City in a great headache, fearing prior that such a factor could have led to his potential death if he had not fled. The day following such an incident, Li Qi appeared before the enemy's gates only to be confronted by Muzha, who in turn was resolved to avenge the humiliation that his elder brother had suffered earlier. To the detriment of Muzha, however, Li Qi waved a large pennant several times, resulting in the former turning exceedingly pale with the feeling of intense fire burning within his flesh.

Fleeing back to the capital city in fear at knowing his current vulnerability, he fell to the ground and began to foam at the mouth — a point to which he was no longer conscious. Hearing from Li Qi of his two consecutive victories, despite not taking the former foes captives, Lu Yue began to sing in great joy knowing that the magical prowess within the hands of his disciples was truly unrivaled. As like the two days prior, Zhu Tianlin volunteered to meet the opposition the day following, to which he was confronted by Thunder-quaker.

Experiencing great difficulty in striking at Thunder-quaker — as the latter constantly used the vantage of his wings to evade any potential attack — Tianlin retreated a set distance before suddenly landing a blow upon Thunder-quaker at an unexpected angle, forcing him to fall to the ground with intense gravitational pull being thrust upon his body. Despite such a disadvantage, Thunder-quaker managed to kick about a great measure of sand with the strength left within his wings, resulting in more or less lucky escape. As Thunder-quaker returned to Phoenix City with the assistance of neighboring scouts, Jiang Ziya received report that a fourth man had just confronted their territory. A man seemingly different from the three originally confronted.

This individual, who was expectedly Yang Wenhui, was met in short measure by Dragon Beard Tiger, a man to which he considered exceedingly strange in appearance. As Dragon Beard began to unleash volleys of stones upon the opposition, Wenhui retorted by negating each attack with the swift movement of his silver-edged whip; the Zhou general had little choice but to flee, knowing that his technique proved fruitless against such a foe. The Prime Minister being highly distressed at such continued happenings, obtained report that a fifth Taoist with three eyes had just appeared before the city's gates.

Riding forth from the gates with generals at his right and left hands, Jiang Ziya confronted this man — who was known as "Lu Yue" — and immediately realized that he must be the reason as to why Su Hu had not been won over at the beginning — for he eternally trusted the words of Yellow Flying Tiger and knew that Su Hu must have been controlled due to such assumed intentions. As the generals of Zhou impulsively charged and surrounded Lu Yue from all sides, not intending on giving in to any form of reconciliation that could end with detriment, Zheng Lun immediately assisted his master with immense speed; but at the

moment to which he caught sight of Huang Tianhua, he immediately realized that Su Hu must have set free the former in an eventual attempt at Jiang Ziya's life. Knowing that the situation at hand was of far greater benefit with Lu Yue at his side, Zheng Lun thrust his club at the youthful warrior, but was met by Nezha in merely an instant.

As Lu Yue began to consider the situation with desperation, he transformed himself into an enormous beast with six heads and sword-like fangs. Unfortunately however, Yang Bliss seized such a moment to shoot Lu Yue consecutively with his golden balled bow, forcing the latter into immediate retreat with a wounded Zheng Lun tailing behind him. Grinning with delight nonetheless upon his return to the Shang camp, Lu Yue first healed his disciple's wound with an elixir pill before ordering his other four disciples to scatter forth many plague pills within the rivers, streams, creeks, and ponds that were used as provisional supplies for the benefit of the Zhou forces and fellow civilian of Phoenix City.

The people of Phoenix City, who did not visibly notice any difference in their natural consumable water, fell right and left, torn apart by a hideous plague that spread about as a resolution of their unknowing. As all generals disclouing that of Nezha and Yang Bliss were also affected by this plague, Zheng Lun obtained the consenting of both of his commanders, and charged at the city gates with high morale and great determination to prove his past defeats as being a mere strike of bad luck. To his immediate surprise however, he took notice of many soldiers gathered before the city wall ready to pounce upon him as if it was an ambush rather than an act of desperation as he would have naturally considered.

Cautioning the situation, Zheng Lun decided to return to the side of Lu Yue, where he elaborated the evidence that Phoenix City was seemingly strongly guarded. Yang Bliss, who had created many false warriors out of grass while molding their figures with the assistance of his magic prowess, began to perspire, knowing that he had little more than a few hours left to preserve such a tactic. At such a critical moment in time, Yellow Dragon and Jade Tripod had originally felt in their minds an unpredictable happening could have taken place, and thus arrived within Phoenix City and greeted Jiang Ziya and King Wu, to which they were enlightened about the situation.

With such knowledge, Tripod ordered his disciple, Yang Bliss, to head immediately to Fire Cloud Cave for the sake of obtaining elixirs from the "Three Holy Masters" while he personally continues the original grass-soldier technique in the latter's stead. Obeying his master's command and arriving shortly before the intentioned cavern, Yang was allowed entry after obtaining the consenting of a Taoist lad, where he confronted the three masters, *"Emperor Sky, Emperor Earth, and Emperor Mankind."*

Kowtowing before Fu Xi, the Emperor of Sky, and elaborating the rationale behind his arrival, Fu Xi asked Shen Nong to hand the former three specialized elixirs that could negate such a continued tragedy in entirety. As Shen Nong consented, he additionally handed Yang Bliss a magical herb that possessed the ability to cure any infectious disease if boiled in water; Yang thus left shortly afterwards, fully grateful for the kindness recently considered towards the cause he fought for. Using every such instruction noted with the three elixir pills present, the plague dispersed at a quick pace while the magical herb cured the diseases that

had been previously rampant. At this same point in time, Lu Yue, after hearing Zheng Lun's words prior, and concluding that their former stand was only a final desperate movement, besieged the city from all external provisions for an entire week, longing for the people of Zhou to feel great humiliation in the face of the greater power wielded within his palm.

As Su Hu was naturally unwilling to accept such a truth after seeing the evidence of Lu Yue's former defeat, he scoped the city from a high position and realized that full activity was present within the capital city — concluding that such a plague obviously did not have any visible effect. Returning to the camp and scolding Lu Yue for not being aware of the situation, Lu Yue, in his enraged wonder, saw the truth with his own eyes, and thus ordered his five disciples to immediately strike the city from all directions with a combined force of 15,000 soldiers. As the people of Phoenix City had not recovered their strength after such a plague was only recently diminished, Nezha, Yang Bliss, Yellow Dragon, and Jade Tripod all headed to the four gates in order to block the opposition's assault from all sides.

Chapter 59

Awakening of the Left Arm of Succession

As the Shang forces charged through the four gates with supreme resolve for victory after such a long period of suspense, Lu Yue himself broke through the northern gate only to nearly crush Yellow Dragon to death in his six-headed, three-armed form. As Yang Bliss had meanwhile held off the enemy forces leaking into the eastern gate while ordering soldiers to find regions of safety for the common civilians to take shelter, he immediately charged forward, slashing the invading General Zhou Xin into two vertical halves in a single cleaving of his sword. With the Shang forces within the east being effectively beaten back as a result of their leader's death, Yang Bliss seized the moment to assist Jade Tripod at the southern gates against Zhu Tianlin.

As Nezha slashed apart Li Qi at the western gate with the great renown of his fire-tipped lance, he was allowed entry to assist the troubled Yellow Dragon at the northern gate against Yang Wenhui and the overpowering Lu Yue. Unfortunately, at such a moment in time, Tianlin had been killed in addition, resulting in all four celestials charging forth upon Lu Yue, who ground his teeth in great frustration and rage at the prospect of his ambitions being failed.

Fleeing at the moment to which he realized the situation was dire he managed to reach the neighboring hills with Wenhui, mind the loss of his left arm during such a violent feud. Sitting beside a rock and attending to his crucial wound, Lu Yue greatly considered the visiting of his former colleague, Shen Gongbao, until a strange man with a battle club appeared before the former, declaring his name as being "Wei Hu".

Declaring that he had been looking for a man by the name of "Lu Yue" upon order of his master, Divine Virtue, Yang Wenhui became exceedingly fearful for the safety of his master, and out of immediate impulse, began striking violently forth at the opposition with his silver-edged whip — much to Lu Yue's detriment, who was now put into an even greater situation of danger as he had realized.

Unfortunately however, Wei Hu possessed exceeded speed despite the wielding of his powerful club; and as a resolution, Wenhui was immediately overpowered and smashed directly in the head by the former's weapon, forcing Lu Yue to flee on a beam of light, knowing that the situation was hopeless even though revenge was strongly boiling within his blood. Being told the specific route of arrival to Phoenix City by his master at a prior time, Wei Hu shortly arrived before the presence of the Prime Minister, to which he reported his confrontation with a man that was supposedly Lu Yue, while additionally declaring his intentions to serve under the former as a new assistance to their cause.

Meanwhile, Su Hu obtained report on the disappearance of Lu Yue, and thus began to counsel his vanguard general, Zheng Lun, on his former plan that he believed to be the best according to the situation. Zheng Lun, who possessed strong intentions of loyalty, declared his commander's form of action would never be able to bear fruit. And if Lu Yue were to obtain knowledge on such a desperate movement that proved to be against his direct intentions, he would naturally feel

resentment and great jealousy for missing an opportunity that was handed into the arms of individuals who were truly undeserving of such a chance. Therefore strengthening the probability that he would find one way or another to act in impulsive defiance, leading for their eventual intentions to be nullified in one form or the other. As Pure Essence was meditating in his cave, he shortly obtained report via the hand of White Crane Lad on the invitation to attend his master's banquet in celebration of Jiang Ziya's future position of commander against the Shang Dynasty.

Seeing the lad off, Pure Essence believed that considering Ziya would soon obtain the title of Commander against King Zhou, to which he was "destined" to strike the five passes in short measure, Yin Hong, the secondary son of King Zhou, who was now his very own disciple, could be used as a keen figure to act against the morale of the opposition, and prove to the populace that their cause was truly for the greater good — considering that the matter of Yin Hong's disappearance was widely unknown to the populace, and can thus be used as a great factor for the Shang soldiers of higher morals and would to strike back at their king if the situation was called for. With such a thought clearly in his mind, Yin Hong was called to his side and elaborated about his intentions to send him as an assistant factor with Jiang Ziya.

Yin Hong, in return, declared the great hatred he possessed towards his father. A hatred that he was willingly to embrace even if it cost him his own life. Handing the resolute Yin Hong his Purple Fairy Longevity Robe, the Yin Yang Mirror, and his Water Fire Sword, Pure Essence clearly knew that Yin Hong possesses great resolve to dispose of his father, but he still might return to the side of Shang if he was to be treated with reciprocated feelings within the hearts of commanders loyal to the dynasty — considering that he would indeed do anything for the greater good. Pure Essence thus commanded his disciple to say an oath in pledge. Realizing that his master's trust was of the utmost importance, Yin Hong declared that his body might be burned to ash if he was to defy the former's wishes.

He then set out to the Western Foothills after receiving careful instruction from his master, to which he made his way through a mountain he thought beautiful, before being confronted by a strange brute-like warrior who possessed the immediate impulse to protect his homeland from all intruders. Being stricken with fear as this brute not only lashed at him with his two ridged staves, but was additionally reinforced by a comrade of similar appearance, Yin Hong unleashed the white side of the Yin Yang Mirror, effectively absorbing the souls of the two warriors and rendering them as nothing more than mere corpses to the soil.

As two more men rushed forth from the shadows to attack, with the first falling to the mirror's unparalleled ability, the latter of the two fell to his knees and pleaded forgiveness, to which he soon realized that the young man standing before him was none other than Yin Hong, the second son of King Zhou. Receiving pleas to spare the former three individuals that the fourth had not realized were in truth dead, Yin Hong was naturally compassionate despite the danger of the situation, and thus flashed the red side of the mirror, bringing the three warriors back to life, who additionally prostrated themselves upon realization of the personage before them. These four men — Liu Fu, Gou Zhang, Bi Huan, and the fourth, Pang Hong — explained to the prince that they were four outlaws of the Shang Dynasty who live

in their homeland — the Yellow Peak Range on Mount Two Dragons — in order to acquire some means of reputation as protectors of such a region, despite their being nothing more than bandits due to not possessing the ability of becoming government authorized generals. As Yin Hong declared his own intentions to serve under the benevolent King Wu, and such for being the reasoning behind his appearance in their territory, he essentially obtained the mutual support of these three men shortly following, who, in return, vowed to serve under Yin Hong with the 3,000 outlaws under their command out of means to obtain the reputation they have longed for.

As the entourage continued their march towards the Western Foothills, a man of Taoist appearance riding a celestial tiger of silver fur descended before their army from the north. This man was none other than the reputed leading figure against Jiang Ziya, Shen Gongbao, who was shortly allowed presence before Yin Hong, to which he inquired the identity of the leader and where he intended on traveling to.

Upon realization that this young man was Prince Yin Hong, and possessed the resolved intentions to act against the world of his father, Shen Gongbao laughed aloud, stating that a son of royal class should never attack his father no matter how immoral and hated he might be, great political detriment would result from such an action and his ancestral temples and name would be shamed for generations to come, ensuring that the Shang Dynasty was thrown to the mud in disgrace.

Yin Hong, who clearly saw the logic in his words, and considered the possibility that his master was truly intending on deceiving him, cast aside his oath upon Gongbao's reassurance and thanked the Taoist for truly enlightening him. As both parted ways in satisfaction, Pang Hong and the other three leaders lost a large amount of confidence in the competence of their leader, but nonetheless decided on following Yin Hong in the name of the Shang, and only defect if the situation does not prove fruitful. Changing the banners to the insignia of the Shang Dynasty, with Pang Hong's instructorship over such a task, they soon recognized flags of similar relation far to the north, to which they were told that Commander Su Hu was stationed at such a region through the helpful ears of Shang scouts along the perimeter.

Grinding his teeth in frustration at the prospect of assisting the father of the wicked Daji — who had been the reason behind his mother's cruel death — Yin Hong nonetheless approached Su Hu's camp and sent forth Pang Hong as messenger. As Su Hu obtained word that a man by the name of "*Prince Yin*" had arrived and wished to see him. He immediately suspected that this supposed "prince" might in fact be one of the two heirs of the Shang Dynasty, who were blown away by the wind seven years into the past, and thus left the camp at once with Zheng Lun by his side.

Su Hu realized upon entry that the second crown prince, Yin Hong, had survived and prospered through the help of a certain immortal by the name of "Pure Essence", and had risen an army in the name of his father. Su Hu knew clearly that such a chance would greatly benefit his reputation under the dynasty and certainly heighten his current chances of conquering the enemy, Jiang Ziya. Yin Hong thus left the camp the following day with the four outlaw generals by his side

while Yellow Flying Tiger, upon retortion, charged from the city gates with his sons. Not recognizing the man standing before him, Yin Hong drew his halberd and charged at the opposition with full intent to ensure unconditional victory for the sake of his reputation.

Chapter 60

The “Three-handed” Beast fights under the Veil of Princely Repute

Yin Hong, who though being trained continuously in the art of combat by his master, Pure Essence, for the past seven years, could not handle the great prowess that Yellow Flying Tiger possessed, and was thus immediately reinforced by Pang Hong lest he was to suffer any form of crucial harm.

Fearing the condition of his fellow general as he desperately clashed against the veteran warrior, Yin Hong strode forward between their duel, flashing the white side of the mirror into Yellow Flying Tiger's eyes at a sudden instant, forcing him to the ground as a lifeless corpse. After additionally performing such an action upon Huang Tianhua, the three remaining sons fled back to the city while Yin Hong and his generals — taking ahold of the two victims — returned to the Shang camp in satisfaction over their first victory.

As Yin Hong flashed the red side into the faces of the two prisoners within the camp of Shang later that day, awakening them instantaneously, Yellow Flying began to angrily criticize the “prince” for being an imposter: *The true Yin Hong should have easily been able to remember that of his savior, considering he even declared his own name within the process of their feud.* Yin Hong, who was startled at the reality that he did not wish to accept, but believed it to be rational for Yellow Flying Tiger to have joined King Wu, freed his old friend from the bonds around him and bowed in respect, allowing the fellow man return to his respective home as a means to return the kindness he had showed him far into the past.

Zheng Lun, who protested that such an action would further decrease the confidence and morale of Shang and destroy an opportunity that could prove crucial to the Zhou forces, was retorted by Ying Hong, who stated that the people know he was fighting for the sake of his reputation, and by showing such a form of kindness, the probability that others should adhere to his call would increase in great fold — considering that their own rank would be duly enhanced, and filial piety was a far more respected motive than blatant rebellion, so even the common man would bow before such courage and strength of leadership and humanity. Zheng Lun, seeing the light of his words, fell into silence, while Yellow Flying Tiger and his son set out at once with thanks.

Advancing to the city wall of Phoenix City the following morning with his renewed generals left and right, Jiang Ziya and his own unit exited the gates and began to do battle against the young prince after a feeble attempt to convince Yin Hong to defect. As their conflict arose, Jiang Ziya had attempted to land a crucial blow upon the young prince with his Staff of Beating Gods, but such a hit was nothing more than the landing of a feather before the ability that Yin Hong's magic robe possessed.

Advancing forward to finish the rebel commander off in such a state of vulnerability, he suddenly gazed to his side only to see his head commander, and trustworthy comrade, Pang Hong, pierced through the heart by Nezha's lance in one immediate attack. Bursting with unparalleled hatred and despair, Yin Hong

furiously charged his halberd into Nezha's body with many thrusts as he continuously attempted to steal the latter's soul with the Yin Yang Mirror to no avail. With Jiang Ziya's immediate order, Deng Chanyu landed a crucial blow into Yin Hong's face with one of her golden pebbles, forcing him to flee back to the Shang camp in great humiliation. Detesting his master for deceiving him to join the ranks of such barbarians who would attempt to take his life at many moments without the slightest remorse or hesitation, the news of Bi Huan's additional death was heard amongst the camp, putting the young prince in an even greater state of despair and hate.

Yang Bliss, who had taken notice of Yin Hong's mirror, and suspecting the probability that such a mirror was belonging to Pure Essence as the rumors hold, was allowed Jiang Ziya's consenting to head before Mount Tainhua in a chance to confront the superior man on the current situation. Entering the Exalted Cloud Cave upon his arrival, and confronting Pure Essence, Yang Bliss soon acquired knowledge that the former's disciple, Yin Hong, was given the Yin Yang Mirror; in response to such a factor, Yang Bliss declared that the prince was attacking the Western Foothills on the contrary. Distressed at the immortal's statement, Pure Essence commanded Yang to return to Phoenix City while he makes his own preparations before departure, to which he would confront the prime minister on the matter.

Arriving at the Western Foothills three days into the future, Pure Essence resentfully declared the truth of the matter to Jiang Ziya before personally confronting Yin Hong later that day within the Shang camp. As Yin Hong confronted his master outside the Shang camp with Liu Fu and Gou Zhong to his right and left, Pure Essence commanded his disciple to stop this nonsensical rebellion and defect to the Western Foothills before any crucial form of harm was forced upon him.

Yin Hong in retortion declared that a son should never cast aside the colossal benefit of his filial piety, and go to the extent of killing his very own father. *"For the people of Zhou are evidentially cruel in their general manner, and by joining such men that cloud their reputation with supposed 'virtue', the Shang name would be naturally thrown to the very dirt in time."*

Pure Essence, who was enraged to hear such words come from his disciple, angrily clashed his sword against the former's halberd, resolved to dispose of anyone — even his own precious disciple — if it meant the enforcement of time's need. Yin Hong, who was overpowered by the strong will of his master, desperately shined the white side of the mirror into the opposition's face; but Pure Essence managed to escape upon a beam of light at that very moment.

Frustrated that his master managed to escape his grasp, thus ensuring furthered annoyance in the future, Yin Hong was nonetheless filled with pride at the evidence that he had the potential to overcome whatever stands before him as long as the mirror was at his side. As Su Hu and the others inquired potential stratagems against the Western Foothills that night, a strange man with fire emitting from the sockets of his eyes and mouth, fully surrounded by a form of skeleton-like armor, approached the camp of Shang, asking to see Prince Yin Hong.

Upon meeting the prince, this fearsome Taoist-warrior, known as "Ma Yuan" of White Bone Cavern on Skeleton Mountain, declared that he had been recently convinced by his friend, Shen Gongbao, to assist the Shang cause against the Western Foothills. Yin Hong, who was naturally delighted to hear the prospect of another warrior by his side, feasted Ma Yuan full with as much meat as the latter had desired.

As Ma Yuan swore to the prince that he would destroy Jiang Ziya for the sake of his friendship with Shen Gongbao and the crucial defeat the former had suffered, he approached Phoenix City that day only to be confronted shortly by the rebel commander and his generals. Declaring his intentions to execute the opposition for the honor of Jie Taoism to which Jiang Ziya had destroyed, Ma Yuan stole his Staff of Beating Gods following a single round of combat while a general by the name of Wu Rong immediately ran to his commander's assistance.

Not longing to waste any amount of time on a mere commoner, Ma Yuan shouted many incantations, giving rise to an enormous "third hand" which sprouted from his back; this hand grabbed ahold of the unfortunate general while smashing him to the ground with unparalleled strength. Stomping on his thighs and tearing his body in two horizontal halves, Ma Yuan tore open Wu Rong's heart and began to devour it lavishly to the terror of all others who happened to be present. Earth Traveler Sun, who was enraged beyond words at such an unexpected sight, wished to seize this moment to acquire potentially great merit, and thus charged at Ma Yuan only to be smashed to the ground in short measure.

As Ma Yuan was astonished to see an enormous whole beneath the crater to which he just smashed his new victim, he had little time to consider the situation. Deng Chanyu unleashed a volley of pebbles upon the beast, forcing him to lunge desperately at the rebel commander. Devouring the heart of a certain individual who happened to get in his way, —who in this case was Yang Bliss — Ma Yuan was still kept at bay by the desperate resolve of the Zhou soldiers. Seeing that he was already crucially suffering from wounds, he openly vowed that Jiang Ziya had one more day to live, and the day following, his life should be torn apart.

Jiang Ziya shivered in terror within the city at the prospect of such a carnivorous beast taking his life in the same manner as suffered by Wu Rong and Yang Bliss. Meanwhile Yin Hong provided a great feasting between that of the generals and Ma Yuan, who, not feeling very well, began to drink a large majority of hot wine upon Zheng Lun's suggestion.

Falling to the floor with an immense stomachache that seemingly grew stronger in pain, Ma Yuan was escorted to the latrine in the back of Shang camp, to which he began to relieve himself. To his great detriment however, the "heart" of Yang Bliss was in fact a specialized form of matter that was constructed with atoms of magic that reduced the user's vital energy dramatically.

As a result of such, Ma Yuan was rendered weak for at least three days of time while Yang Bliss returned to see the Prime Minister, fully elaborating his devious method that should have proved affect to the beast. Being greatly relieved at such news, arrived reportedly Outstanding Culture, who, in return, declared to Jiang Ziya that he had arrived solely out of speculation that his disciple, Ma Yuan, might have been assisting the cause of Shang.

Enlightened with the current situation, Outstanding Culture told Jiang Ziya a specific plan that should result in Ma Yuan's capture based upon the duration of Yang Bliss's former trick. Taking the superior man's instructions into heart, Jiang Ziya approached the camp of Shang on the specified date, and upon the pretense that he intended spying on their encampment, Ma Yuan lunged from the gates on the prince's consent. With rejuvenated power, Ma Yuan charged at Jiang Ziya, who ran away as fast as he could muster.

Chapter 61

The Left Arm vanishes upon a Celestial Bridge of Flame

As Ma Yuan continued to chase the fleeing rebel commander further, he suspected that an ambush or any other form of detriment would arise if he was to act out of impulse, and he thus began to retreat until further provoking words from Jiang Ziya encouraged him to pursue regardless. When dusk had arrived, Jiang Ziya immediately disappeared through the shadows with the help of Outstanding Culture's assistant magic while Ma Yuan, utterly frustrated and full of anxiety as a result of chasing the opposition to such lengths, decided to sit down against a pine tree and camouflage his body as he rests throughout the night.

As a sudden roar of cannon fire awakened his eyes only to catch sight of Jiang Ziya and King Wu drinking at the mountain's summit. Ma Yuan, delighted at this potential moment to kill the rebel commander, climbed the mountain only to find a light cloud of mist evaporate in front of his eyes. And the two individuals being no longer.

Lunging beneath at a mass of enemy soldiers that intended on attacking him with a volley of arrows latched to their bows, Ma Yuan reached the bottom only to find another mass of mist evaporate before his presence. Having such a factor in mind, Ma Yuan deduced that Jiang Ziya must possess a sum of magical attributes to evade his prior pursuit in entirety, while a man — very likely that of a superior man — must be assisting him from the shadows as to explain the creation of such magical trickery recently experienced.

Ma Yuan realized the probability that this man might be that of his master as he considered the timing between his former victory and this humiliating resolution. Ma Yuan knew that return to the Shang camp was of essential. As he began to return, he noticed a young woman laying in the grass nearby calling for assistance after the declaration that she was supposedly suffering from a heart attack. Approaching this woman and receiving immediate plea to return a set amount of hot water so that her life might be saved, Ma Yuan was already exhausted out of hunger, and, not taking another moment, leaped upon the woman and began to drink her blood with both palms.

As Ma Yuan tore open her chest with great astonishment at the lack of any internal organs, he gazed off to the south only to catch sight of a man who he recognized to be his master, Outstanding Culture. Assuming it more probable that his master had arrived out of means that would prove for his detriment, Ma Yuan began to flee at great speeds.

But to his utter astonishment, his arms and legs were stuck within the woman's body — that had mysteriously regenerated its skin — such as that of stone, regardless what he performed in attempt to escape. In a state of despair, Ma Yuan had little choice but to fall to the ground and beg for his life as Outstanding Culture approached with his sword in pose that suggested intentions to behead the former.

To the fortune of Ma Yuan, however, a Buddha from the West known as "Candi" suddenly appeared to convince the enraged master that his disciple was "destined" to become a Buddhist under his jurisdiction within the western region. As Outstanding Culture immediately yielded in respect with full acknowledgement to the former's declaration, Candi walked forward, shaved off Ma Yuan's hair, and then took hold of his hand, offering him the chance to acquire great happiness as a Buddhist within the Eight Virtue Pond, as opposed to living a life of barbaric nature.

Convinced that no form of retaliation could possibly be executed without any means to success, Ma Yuan obediently obeyed Candi's words, and left to the West after Outstanding Culture had forcibly returned the Staff of Beating Gods belonging to that of Jiang Ziya. As Outstanding Culture elaborated the threat of Ma Yuan being no longer to Jiang Ziya within Phoenix City, in the following morning Yang Bliss momentarily stepped forward with report that "Merciful Navigation had arrived".

Being allowed entrance into the Prime Minister's mansion, Merciful Navigation, after traditionally greeting Jiang Ziya with due respect, asked of Pure Essence if he still possesses the magic map to which was handed to him by Lao Tzu some time into the past. Consenting that he was still in possession of such an object, he was informed of a plan by the former that involved the use of Jiang Ziya, and would result in a resolution to which he deemed as unfavorable.

Nonetheless, Pure Essence ensured that such a plan would be carried out at best. Meanwhile, Yin Hong was exceedingly worried over the lengthened disappearance of Ma Yuan, and upon sending scouts to search through neighboring regions for the sake of potentially finding their lost trump card, he prepared Zheng Lun and the others for a major battle that would be unleashed the following day.

He knew that Ma Yuan must have fallen into a trap that was currently well concentrated on by the forces of Zhou, and that his soldiers attained a level of fear as a result of such a prospect. Thus, he used such a fear as the primary factor to strengthen the blades of his soldiers as they assaulted Phoenix City's gates in the intended morning.

Approaching the enemy's gates only to be confronted by Jiang Ziya, Yin Hong exchanged a few blows with his lance before pursuing the fleeing rebel commander into the neighboring wilderness region with Gou Zhang and Liu Fu at his side, ordering the remainder of his soldiers to strike with even greater valiancy during his departure. Relentlessly charging forth at Jiang Ziya in immense speed, entirely confident of the potential victory laying within his very palm, Pure Essence suddenly lunged from the southeast and unrolled Lao Tzu's map, to which a large golden bridge appeared as a pathway of escape for the prime minister.

As the prince boldly pursued Jiang Ziya upon the celestial bridge, regardless of the danger it could have held, he suddenly began to see illusions sprout from every corner of his vision: "Soldiers of Zhou crawled upon the bridge and attempted to strike him with their swords; Jiang Ziya ran at him with his staff lashing about." And, after these images disappeared with a mere variation of his inner thoughts, he found himself greeting Concubine Huang and Concubine Yang back at Morning Song without any reply whatsoever.

Guo Zhong and Liu Fu, seeing their commander walk to and fro in a dazed manner, feared that their chance at greatness would be sullied by this unknown enemy, and they thus lunged across the bridge and pierced their blades into the flesh of Pure Essence. Already being in despair at his required duty "under Heaven's will", Pure Essence, without any form of hesitation, drew his great sword with a horizontal cut, slicing Guo Zhong and Liu Fu into two halves. Being in a state of utter confusion, the hearing of a gentle voice encouraged Yin Hong to gaze up, to which he was confronted by his mother who informed her son that he was in the enemy's trap and would be momentarily burned to ashes.

As he began to yell in great fear at the prospect of such words, he awakened from these illusions with a great level of willpower only to see his master standing mere inches from his body. Pure Essence coldly declared that he had "disobeyed Heaven's will" and would be turned to nothing more than ash as his "destined" punishment. Yin Hong realized the intense desperation of the situation, and thus began to plead to his master, stating that he had been threatened with death by Shen Gongbao.

If he was to oppose Gongbao will and fight under Zhou, and if he wanted to be spared, he would serve under King Wu and help to eradicate all evil within the country as a measure of his gratitude, and the very Heavens would surely rejoice at the former's kindness if such a measure was to be taken. Pure Essence, resolved to accomplish his "duty", was still greatly affected by the words of his disciple, and thus began to roll up the map, causing the bridge to slowly disappear.

Unfortunately, however, Merciful Navigation, out of retortion to such an action, began loudly to criticize Pure Essence if he was to defy Yin Hong's "fate" and thus oppose "Heaven's will". As tears began to flow unrestrainedly from his eyes, his disciple clung to him in despair; but, with a flicking of his fingers upon the map — giving signal for the bridge to become a torrent of flames — Yin Hong let out a single calm cry of betrayal, and disappeared into dust. With his precious disciple being no longer, Pure Essence violently threw aside Lao Tzu's map and began banging his fists upon the ground in utter despair and frustration, knowing that Yin Hong was truly undeserving of such an end that could have been easily altered.

Crying aloud in such a state of mind, Pure Essence cast aside Merciful Navigation's words of comfort and returned to Mount Taihua, already enraged at the probability that no one would wish to study with him in the future after such a cruel incident that he was the cause of. Following such an event, Outstanding Culture and Merciful Navigation reported the happenings to Jiang Ziya — who had returned to Phoenix City shortly following the map's deployment — and followed by taking their own leave shortly afterwards, promising that they would return upon the date of Jiang Ziya's "destined" inauguration.

Su Hu, who saw the enormous torrents of flames shooting to the very heavens at the time of Yin Hong's death, soon obtained word from fleeing soldiers that the prince had vanished in the flames by some incredible source of magic. Being greatly fearful at such words, Su Hu frantically ordered scouts to find and return Ma Yuan, Gou Zhang, and Liu Fu as soon as physically possible — that was, if they were in fact alive. Realizing that his original plan was the only method employable after carefully analyzing the circumstances, Su Hu handed his son a

message that specifically instructed the Prime Minister to launch an attack upon their encampment the following dusk while the family of Su was safely evacuated into the western gate of Phoenix City — and at the same time forcing the defiant Zheng Lun into surrender.

This message was to be latched to an arrow and sent into the enemy city that night. After Su Quanzhong had effectively obeyed the words of his father, Nangong Kuo had found such a missive and immediately handed it to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya, who, upon reading the letter, knew that Su Hu wouldn't be able to pose any form of threat after the death of Yin Hong, and thus made preparations to act without hesitation. Following immediate drilling, Jiang Ziya deployed Generals Nangong Kuo, Yellow Flying Tiger, and Nezha, with set orders of attack.

Meanwhile, Zheng Lun, who knew that his master was more than likely plotting the desperate scheme of giving in to the rebel commander, attempted to send many urgent reports of assistance to Morning Song, but was checked by his commander, who stated that such a task should be considered in the morning as to prevent the messengers from getting lost in the dark of night.

As a resolution, Zheng Lun, who had little intention whatsoever to even momentarily work under the hand of Jiang Ziya — even though being a rational course of action, secretly deployed a small messenger unit that night with ultimate intention to acquire reinforcements at all costs possible. At the very second of sunrise at dusk the following morning, the Zhou army, far overwhelming all external opposition of Shang with sheer numbers at hand, broke into the main encampment at differing directions.

As Zheng Lun engaged the invading Yellow Flying Tiger with great might and firm resolve, reinforcements constantly leaked from the western gate of Phoenix City as Su Hu's family was escorted through such a gate at the same measure. Despite his valiant warrior renown, the remainder of the Shang forces began to flee in fear at the prospect of death, thus causing a larger number of enemy forces to pierce through the encampment with far greater morale and strength at their disposal.

Zheng Lun, seeing the situation dire, was suddenly struck from his horse by the reputed Deng Jiugong, and was thus bound shortly and brought to the Silver Security Hall following the conflict's conclusion. With the sun shining brightly in the heavens as a signal of morning, Jiang Ziya took his seat in the Silver Security Hall as Su Hu entered in, knelt before the former, and expressed a level of inner remorse for his past actions against the Zhou cause.

As Su Quanzhong reciprocated his father's showing, Zheng Lun was forced into the hall with bonds tightly binding his arms from any form of action as he fiercely glared at Su Hu for the blatant weakness he had shown in the name of military strength and honor. Being criticized for not kneeling as he stood before the rebel commander without uttering a single word, Zheng Lun resolutely declared that he would rather have his head cut from his body than to display affiliation to a man that had a reputation of treachery and shame. Jiang Ziya, being enraged at the defiant warrior's mocking words, and ordering to behead Zheng Lun immediately, was interceded by Su Hu, who pleaded his subordinate to be freed in prospect that he could be won over.

Upon obtaining the prime minister's consent, Su Hu, dismissed the personal guards of Zheng Lun, entered a private chamber and began to reconcile with his fellow subordinate. Declaring that they would be looked upon as true heroes if they went to destroy the rebel commander after obtaining his mutual trust following a long period of assistance. Su Hu additionally stated that King Zhou was nothing more than a fool running rampant in desire, and, even if Zheng Lun was to give his life in the name of such a beast, he would never be considered with the dignity of a hero or be remembered in the hearts of the people to any true measure.

Zheng Lun, who became aware of the latent effects of his loyal heart being considered as mere dirt if he was to dismiss such an opportunity and die in honor, saw the rationality of his master's words and thus declared his cooperation. Bound in rope, Zheng Lun personally approached the prime minister, fell to his knees, and dishonestly apologized for his former behavior. He stated that fellow generals of Zhou, as opposed to his commander, Su Hu, had enlightened him of the former's true virtue and ensured him that his loyalty and honor could reach a new beacon of light under the arm of King Wu. Jiang Ziya, being convinced at Zheng Lun's words of conviction, hosted a grand banquet in the rear palace for all the newcomers to enjoy.

Chapter 62

The Golden-Winged Celestial inherits the Will of Shang

The elite messenger unit that had been deployed by General Zheng Lun the former night was intercepted by neighboring Shang scouts along the Western Foothills, and was immediately informed of Su Hu's defection over to Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Bearing such unfortunate news to Han Rong of Sishui Pass as they continued along the path to the capital, the former, being somewhat surprised over such a resolution, wrote a report on the current circumstances and sent it the capital via the hands of royal messenger.

Secretariat Fang Jingchun of Morning Song, upon obtaining official report from Han Rong involving Su Hu's defection, ascended the Star Picking Mansion and informed King Zhou of the letter's contents the following morning. As the king became astonished at such unexpected words, Daji, expressing a false level of filial humility, pressed her hands upon King Zhou's body and declared that her own head should be hung upon the capital's eastern gate as atonement for the treachery that her father had shown in the name of Shang. Naturally being far from content with such a resolution to the woman he loves more than anything, King Zhou declared that he would rather sacrifice the entire dynasty than to see his beloved fall before him in such a cruel manner.

As Daji thanked him for his kind generosity and consideration, King Zhou dismissed Fang Jingchun and all other secretariats and returned to his private chambers with Daji by his side, casting aside the circumstances involving Su Hu for the entire afternoon. The following morning, the king ascended his throne and called forth all head ministers to a meeting, to which they would discuss whether a new commander should be deployed in battle against the Western Foothill cause. Supreme Minister Li Deng, who presently arrived at this meeting, recommended that Commander Zhang Shan of Sanshan Pass should be chosen as expeditionary commander: *"He is well versed in the art of strategy, and should therefore be able to conquer all potential trickery that Jiang Ziya may unleash upon his opposition."*

King Zhou, long knowing this Zhang Shan fellow as being a man of great ability, immediately accepted this recommendation over all others, and thus sent decree to Sanshan Pass, appointing Zhang Shan to Expeditionary Commander of Military Renown. Receiving such a decree a mere day following its departure, Zhang Shan handed his seal of commandership over the pass to Hong Jin, and followed by equipping himself with 100,000 soldiers before setting off to the front lines of battle.

With the beauty of summer sprouting about in all directions, the soldiers of Shang soared in morale, knowing that their conviction would surely result in the benefit of their country — especially under that of Zhang Shan, a man entrusted with the hand of supremacy. As they continuously enjoyed such sights throughout their travel, the Shang forces finally arrived deep within the Western Foothills territory neighboring the northern gate of Phoenix City upon the fifth day. Setting up camp at once, Zhang Shan, knowing his soldiers to be exceedingly exhausted after such a period of travel, ordered the entire army to rest for the night before making any form of attack against the enemy. Within Phoenix City the day

following, Jiang Ziya made the upmost of preparations for his future attack upon King Zhou — to which he believed to be an ordeal that was very unavoidable under the circumstances involving his "destiny under Sky".

One such form of preparation involved the bearing of specialized red signal flags. These flags would possess random colors within the background while red remained as the dominant after. The soldiers of Zhou were competent in the logic behind this specific flag, and the soldiers of Shang were expectedly to be confused upon what action the opposition would take when such a flag was risen for command, and should succumb to a loss in morale and suffer potential defeat.

With such a plan in mind, and effectively implemented into the minds of his people, two reports had arrived before his desk to which he unhesitatingly received them. The first elaborating the 800 marquises having gathered within the east of Western Foothills prepared to meet Jiang Ziya at Meng Ford. The second stated that a man by the name of "Zhang Shan" had arrived, and currently neighbors the capital's northern gates under the Shang flag. Realizing the probability that General Deng Jiugong might be well-versed with such a man, Jiang Ziya approached the former commander of Shang and asked his take on the current situation involving Zhang Shan.

Jiugong, who gave the seal of commandership over Sanshan Pass to Zhang Shan, his subordinate general, before departing against the Western Foothills at the prior time, was naturally knowledgeable about the man, and declared him as lacking in the fields of strategy and bravery. Just as such a moment in time, report was received that a Shang general rolling on an enormous wheel of fire had arrived. Deng Jiugong departed to the frontlines immediately upon the hearing of such words.

Approaching this general, who he recognized as being none other than the reputed "Qian Bao of The Flaming Wheel", Deng Jiugong, not wishing to deal his former subordinate any harm, told Qian Bao to call out Zhang Shan at once for a discussion. Qian Bao, however, knew that he would unconditionally acquire great benefit under King Zhou and bask in reputation and prestige if he was to end Deng Jiugong's life instead of letting such an opportunity pass itself; and he thus charged at the opposition with immense speed, presently within his flaming wheel. Seeing the danger of the situation as Bao approached him, Deng Jiugong resolutely cleaved his sword through the wheel's flames, cutting apart both Qian Bao and his weapon into two horizontal halves.

Taking the head of the fallen warrior in his hands and returning to Phoenix City with a clamor of happiness as resolution to his success, Zhang Shan took ear to such news and, in a state of rage, made immediate preparations to personally meet his former commander on the battlefield the day following. Zhang Shan confronted by both Deng Jiugong and Deng Chanyu at the northern gates of Phoenix City, after yelling a volley of abuse the next morning, had little intention to spare his former commander through the impulsive and demeaning manner he had shown in the name of Shang.

Thus, he charged forward [but] only to be struck several times in the face by Chanyu's stones. Not being able to press onward with such a nuisance, Zhang Shan, spitting blood in his rage, had little choice but to return to the camp of Shang in

utter humiliation over such unexpected circumstances. As he was now fully aware of the detriment that would consecutively appear if he was to continue in his attempt to take Deng Jiugong's life, Zhang Shan began to ponder deeply on what move he could make when a Taoist carrying a great-sword requested entry into his residence later that day.

Allowing this Taoist — who called himself "*Winged Celestial*" — entrance into the head camp of Shang, the latter immediately proved his "celestial" characteristics by applying the ordinary magic elixir to Zhang Shan's face, resulting in the original wounds disappearing in mere moments. He obtained knowledge from the Taoist that he had come from Penglai Island upon request from Shen Gongbao, an agent superior man of the Shang Dynasty, in order to stay the hands of the evil Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Zhang Shan, for the benefit of his own reputation, knew that this man could be used as the ultimate weapon to exact revenge upon Deng Jiugong. But decided it best to keep neutral such an ambition for the time being lest perceived arrogance caused the loss of the former's mutual cooperation.

As Winged Celestial approached the gates of Phoenix City upon Zhang Shan's consenting the following morning, Jiang Ziya took ear to such a demand and set forth with five square formations of soldiers along with Nezha, Yang Bliss, and Huang Tianhua. Confronting the opposition momentarily after his departure from the city, Jiang Ziya was astounded at the appearance of this new foe. Winged Celestial possessed two ten-feet long golden wings and wore a bird mask of gleaming jade, making him appear as if being the fiercest of warriors.

As the prime minister approached this man and politely declared his name with a low bow, Winged Celestial began to loudly criticize Jiang Ziya, stating that he had, according to rumor, publicly stated the threat that he shall pluck his bones and pull of his feathers when he conquers the dynasty of Shang. Upon hearing such words, the prime minister immediately retorted, stating that the cooperation within his dynasty would fall apart and his reputation would be put into internal shame if such blatant threats were irrationally created.

Winged Celestial, who realized that the rebel commander's words were on the side of reason, decided to pardon the opposition for the time being as he investigates the truth; but at such a moment, Nezha, enraged at the former's boastful demeanor, lunged at Winged Celestial with his fire-tipped spear, thrusting at all sides.

Seeing that the Zhou forces clearly lack discipline, Winged Celestial made immediate preparations to defend himself with his great-sword. But was suddenly attacked at from all sides by the enemy generals: "Yang Bliss using his dog to pierce into the opposition's neck; Huang Tianhua thrusting both of his Heart Penetrating Nails into his arms; and Earth Traveler Sun striking from the ground with his heavy iron cudgel." Roaring with great pain and enraged beyond words at the rebel commander's clear treachery, Winged Celestial spread his great wings and unleashed an enormous torrent of dust, effectively escaping such a crucial situation at once.

Momentarily returning to the camp of Shang that afternoon, Zhang Shan treated his fellow comrade with a cup of wine after hearing the circumstances

involving his former defeat and treachery on the part of Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Accepting this cup of wine after essentially healing his wounds with the magical renown of his elixirs, Winged Celestial resolutely declared that he shall turn the entire city of Western Foothills into a great sea of despair as an act of vengeance that night. As Zhang Shan expressed a level of delight at the confidence of his general, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile experienced an intense gust of wind that encouraged him to perform divination presently following, to which he discovered the pretense of Phoenix City's destruction through Winged Celestial's wrath.

Being frightened at such a prospect, Jiang Ziya took the usual preparations and followed by performing many summoning chants, causing the north sea to essentially cover all of Phoenix City as like the former incident with the Diablo Brothers. Celestial Primogenitor, who presently realized such a danger through the same employed means as his disciple, poured the Divine Water of Three Lights over the north sea barrier and ordered four Divine Chanters of Truth to protect the terrestrial region surrounding the city from any potential earthquake that could disrupt the water's formation.

As Winged Celestial thus left the camp of Shang at the second watch that night, he was immensely startled to see an enormous sea covering Phoenix City in the shape of a circular barrier, but was nonetheless prepared for even the most unexpected circumstances, and thus fanned his two golden wings with power that uprooted even trees, vying to collapse the barrier so that the enemy city could be drowned. Fanning the wind with even greater strength, the barrier of water — with the ultimate help of the Divine Water of Three Lights — mysteriously expanded to an even greater size at each attempt made — forcing him to give up the attempt as he was already panting in perspiration.

Being ashamed at such a resolution, Winged Celestial believed that he would be humiliated by the soldiers of Shang if he was to return after his consecutive failure, and Zhang Shan would surely lose a high level of trust in his abilities after his former boasting. With such a thought in mind, the immortal took flight from the Western Foothills, vowing to destroy Jiang Ziya with secretion to preserve his pride and reputation as a man of great renown.

Chapter 63

The Right Arm of Supremacy awakens from the Land of Deceit

As Winged Celestial had presently fled upon the night of his failed attempt to drown Phoenix City, he arrived the following afternoon upon a fragrant mountain — to which he would confront a Taoist man cultivating his conduct in front of a cavern suggested to be his homestead. Already being intense with hunger and despair, Winged Celestial was resolved not to feel an ounce of remorse at the prospect of devouring this man whole, and thus lunged from the heavens with his claws swooping down upon the "prey" beneath him.

Opening his eyes and acquiring realization of the danger before him, the Taoist pointed two fingers at the opposition, sending Winged Celestial crashing to the ground and begging to be pardoned. He was only acting out of the impulse of hunger, and would never wish to harm him if such a factor was not present. This Taoist, who decided to be generous despite the blatant rudeness that the former had just recently displayed, told him to journey 200 li to the east, to which he would arrive at a region known as "Purple Cloud Cliff" that was renowned for having Taoist men that provide delicious food to any passerby as a token of charity.

Winged Celestial, being delighted at such words, thanked the layman before setting off to the east and arriving upon the intended mountain. A time at which he took notice of many Taoists serving fresh food to an entourage of travelers, who took leave shortly after receiving such a token of generosity. Descending from the heavens and arraying himself before the Taoists present, Winged Celestial pleaded his own share for fresh food.

But alas! None remained for the poor man to feast upon, forcing him to demand at least the smallest of provision with immense furiousness. These men, naturally being frightened at the prospect of this celestial taking their lives if his request was not essentially answered, managed to find a large unit of flour cake within their inner reservoir, to which was offered to the hungry celestial shortly following, who ate over 108 cakes before declaring that his stomach was presently full.

Kneeling with immense gratitude before his servers, Winged Celestial took flight immediately following, returning to the Taoist man's homestead, knowing that he could potentially acquire the mutual support of this individual of great ability as opposed to solely acting against the will of Jiang Ziya, which would prove lest fruitful in resolution. As he thus arrived before the layman's residence, his stomach suddenly erupted with immense pain, causing him to collapse upon the ground and beg for some type of medicinal substance that could disperse such a detriment.

Suggesting to the former that regurgitation would be best in such a situation, Winged Celestial did as he said; but, to his combined detriment, a string of shining white pearls began to chain from his mouth, causing him to choke with great force. The Taoist, who thus declared that he was a man by the name of

"Burning Lamp", gave a signal with his fingers that caused the pearl string to fall from Winged Celestial's mouth, rendering him safe from death. Burning Lamp saw the white pearl string as evidence that the former had eaten food out of the hands of the Taoist men that he had set as a trap. He took the celestial's hands and stated that he had long detested the rebel commander for his cruel behavior and quick rise to suspicion among his subordinates, and would thus like to take him in as disciple for the sake of future retaliation against the *"will of Heaven"*.

Winged Celestial, who was in return very rejoiceful to hear such intended words, vowed to stay by Burning Lamp's side in the name of "acting in revenge against the name of Jiang Ziya". Both individuals being filled with delight at their intentions being answered, left to Mount Divine Hawk presently following.

At this same measure in time, Master Grand Completion of Nine Immortal Mountain had received word — via the hands of White Crane Lad — informing him to head to the Western Foothills on the specific date that Jiang Ziya was to be inaugurated as commander. A time at which the prime minister would head to the east against the passes held by Shang.

Seeing that such circumstances easily could be acted upon for his essential benefit of reputation, Grand Completion called forth the Crown Prince of Shang, Yin Jiao, to his side at once. Yin Jiao was informed that Jiang Ziya, a man long renowned as being of celestial attributes and holding the very "will of Heaven" within his fingertips, was to assault the neighboring passes under Shang with ultimate intention to occupy Capital Morning Song in short measure. Yin Jiao became resolved that his ambition to crush King Zhou, in the name of his late mother's vengeance, could thus be realized if he was to fight under the banner of this man.

Seeing Yin Jiao's willingness to assist the prime minister under such a cause, Grand Completion ordered his disciple to head immediately to the Lion Cliff Cavern for the sake of acquiring a special weapon. Leaving the cavern of his master and arriving before the intended region, Yin Jiao found himself entering a house of princely distinction, to which he came upon seven beans sitting in the stature of sacrifice to a deity statue marked with the insignia of Shang that stood neighboring it. Devouring these beans and pouring the blood from his right hand into the container that originally possessed the food — showing his resolve to give his very own life in the face of his father's humiliation to the name of Shang — Yin Jiao suddenly grew four additional arms and three additional heads presently following his leave from the place of sacrifice.

Returning to the side of his master in a state of great perplexing and startled fear, Grand Completion was delighted at the clear conviction of his disciple, and thus began to teach him how to wield a halberd that possessed a blade of golden jade and a hilt of coiling dragons. Learning how to contract and unleash his six-headed, three-armed form at the same moment to which he fervently mastered the art of halberd, Grand Completion clearly realized his disciple's prowess now met the required expectation, and thus handed the former his Sky Overturning Stamp, the renowned Soul Dropping Bell, and the Yin-Yang Swords as additional items that would prove of assistance.

Now bidding farewell to Grand Completion and exiting his place of residence, prepared to leave without a moment of hesitation, Yin Jiao resolutely declared that he shall kill himself with his own blade if he was to betray the entrustment of his master, and took leave immediately following. Being told the specific route of arrival to his intended destination, Phoenix City — at the time prior to his leave from Nine Immortal Mountain, Yin Jiao navigated himself atop a cloud of dust as he soared through a neighboring mountain that was seemingly lush with beauty. Continuing along his way only to be confronted by a fearsome warrior with duel wolf-tooth iron clubs, Yin Jiao declared his name and title under the dynasty of Shang to the former upon request with his imperial hereditary seal.

This warrior, who knew that the individual before him was not done in any clothing that would reflect princely prominence to any means and surely must be some form of celestial that had taken the crown prince's name — which would explain his ability to use magic. He was convinced nonetheless that this man was extraordinary regardless whether his words were backed with evidential truth. Besides, being nothing more than a mere bandit in the mountains, would naturally call for measures to spring upon any opportunity to assist mutually an individual of high status for his own potential benefit.

With such a thought in mind, the rogue graciously led Yin Jiao before his head camp, where he introduced the name of himself and that of his fellow comrade who sat on patrol, "Wen Liang" and the latter "Ma Shan". Seeing that these two warriors, who were both mighty in appearance, could assist him in his cause to destroy the evil King Zhou, he proposed whether they would accept the prospect of assisting King Wu of the Western Foothills against the decaying dynasty of Shang for the sake of future repute under his rulership over the country. Knowing that this man was of great ambition and surely must possess the authority and power to back such words, Wen Liang and Ma Shan knelt in consent, and followed by equipping their new lord with an outlaw army numbering 10,000 in number. With such a resolution firmly in state, both Yin Jiao and his new right and left arms took leave from White Dragon Mountain and continued along their intended path to the west.

Following two days of travel, it was received report that a Taoist known as "Shen Gongbao" had arrived with intentions to meet their commander. Yin Jiao respectfully allowed the former entrance and presently inquired the reasoning behind his appearance. More evolved than other Taoists of the same sect, Shen Gongbao knew upon a single glance that this man was the Crown Prince Yin Jiao.

After received knowledge of the prince's intentions, Shen Gongbao remonstrated with the former. He stated that despite King Zhou's blatant dread and hatred in the eyes of the people, he could use such an opportunity to unconditionally and forcefully receive the throne from the hands of his father by fighting under the arms of Shang until he acquired enough mutual cooperation and evidence to destroy the king.

In such a situation, he would be looked upon as the country's true hero by wiping away the threat of Jiang Ziya, and proving that he isn't an individual claiming to be that of the prince — which would be a relatively rejected form of evidence if he was to fight under the cause of Zhou.

Shen Gongbao saw that Yin Jiao was still in a state of deep thought over such declared rationality. He stated that Jiang Ziya was clearly not a man of virtue and righteousness as the "superior men" might have stated, *"How can a man that kills the young prince Yin Hong out of mere jealousy and threat of name be considered as any entity of peace?"* Being greatly startled at Shen Gongbao's new declaration, the latter added that Commander Zhang Shan was currently fighting against Jiang Ziya, and could be certain the truth behind such words.

Now clearly seeing Yin Jiao flustered with bewilderment, Shen Gongbao took leave from the prince with assurance that he shall recruit a very powerful man to fight by his side in short measure. With such a meeting now over, Yin Jiao and his forces marched to the Western Foothills at even greater speed, determined to tear apart Jiang Ziya if the words of Shen Gongbao were truly evidential. Arriving within the Western Foothills, after the passage of three additional days of travel, Yin Jiao caught sight of the flags of Shang fluttering in the wind to the east. Naturally assuming that this "Zhang Shan" must be present within such a region, commanded Wen Liang to relay a message to the Shang commander, telling him to meet him for an audience in his head camp.

As Zhang Shan received such a report not long after, he recalled the dominant conjecture of King Zhou's killing of Crown Prince Yin Jiao and Yin Hong seven years into the past, and was thus very willing to confront such a man in order to testify the truth behind such a rumor. Entering the head tent of his consultant following such a resolution, Zhang Shan approached Yin Jiao and politely demanded to what means he can prove that he was indeed the former crown prince of Shang.

Showing the former his hereditary seal as evidence — effectively convincing the commander that the man before him was indeed none other than the crown prince — Yin Jiao presently inquired the fate of his younger brother, Yin Hong. Zhang Shan, through the words of soldiers originally under Former Expeditionary Commander Su Hu, relayed that Yin Hong had been burned to the death in an enormous torrent of flame that shot to the heavens like a raging tornado at the result of a celestial man's magic. Yin Jiao fell from his seat in great despair and roared with a strong voice of hatred.

Gratifyingly dismissing the head commander presently following, declaring that he shall willingly assist his cause against the Western Foothills after essential preparations were made, Yin Jiao vied in his heart to slay the rebel commander without any means of remorse whatsoever. As both Yin Jiao and Zhang Shan came to the conclusion that a mutual attack should be unleashed upon Phoenix City's northern gates that same night, they approached the enemy city at the brink of dawn the following morning, and immediately demanded for Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya to show his face without hesitation.

Exiting the city gates with his generals standing closely at his right and left hands, Yin Jiao declared to Jiang Ziya his name while demanding the reasoning behind why he killed his younger brother, Yin Hong, in such a cruel manner unbefitting of his social status among "Heaven's will". The prime minister, who simply stated that he brought about his own death by fighting against his master's words to support the Western Foothills, suggested to Yin Jiao that, even if Ziya must not have slain his brother directly, but allowed such an action to be

taken simply out of his irrational forms of leadership, resolutely unveiled his three-headed, six-armed form and lunged at the opposition in intense rage.

Using his Sky Overturning Stamp to thrust Nezha to the ground with the feeling of an incredible gravitational pull pressing upon his body, Huang Tianhua intervened in time to save his fellow comrade, but was stricken from his saddle by the power of the former's Soul Dropping Bell, and became a prisoner under the hands of Zhang Shan as a result. As Yellow Flying Tiger presently attacked Yin Jiao for the sake of saving his eldest son, Yin Jiao took the former captive with a mere turning of his Soul Dropping Bell, forcing Yang Bliss to run between the two forces and create an enormous horizontal ground barrier to allow the prime minister and the other generals of Zhou a safe retreat to Phoenix City.

Seeing that he could not continue to conquer the opposition forces in such a state, Yin Jiao resumed his original form and returned to the Shang encampment with Zhang Shan and the two captives by their side. That night within the camp of Shang, Yin Jiao felt as if he knew the elder of the two prisoners from somewhere into the past, and thus approached Yellow Flying Tiger, who was still presently within bonds, and asked him his name and title under Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya.

Yin Jiao realized that the prisoner sitting before him was none other than the man who had saved him from King Zhou's clutches seven years prior. Thus Yin Jiao elaborated the full reasoning — including his confrontation with Shen Gongbao — behind why he had chosen to destroy both Jiang Ziya and that of King Zhou in order to claim the throne of Shang for the sake of the people and that of his ancestors.

Additionally he attempted to convince Yellow Flying Tiger to defect from the Western Hill forces for the sake of a brilliant future, which unfortunately resulted to no avail. Yin Jiao nonetheless freed the bonds from him and his son, allowing them return to their respective city as a token of his former gratitude only at the cost of showing their commander written letter via the hands of his messenger, informing him to surrender in seven days of time. If such an action was refuted, then all of Phoenix City should be turned to a flaming sea of ash as legions of celestials tear apart their homeland. Promising the prince that he would ensure the safety of such a missive, the two friends parted from each other's sides with great emotion.

As Yellow Flying Tiger and Huang Tianhua returned to Phoenix City that same night, approaching Prime Minister Jiang Ziya and informing him of their happenings, the messenger of Shang was allowed entrance, to which he handed the prime minister Yin Jiao's written letter presently following. Tearing apart the letter as a showing of his disgust towards such declared arrogance, Jiang Ziya knew that the superior men under the "will of Heaven" would unconditionally ensure that such a happening would be negated regardless of the circumstances.

With the rise of the sun the following morning, Yang Bliss's earth blockade was no longer, and General Ma Shan seized such an opportunity to stride forward to do battle against Phoenix City as soon as Prince Yin Jiao had received word on the rebel commander's unwise response to his former letter. Being immediately confronted by Deng Jiugong of Zhou momentarily following, the two generals

clashed their blades with intense furiousness. But as Ma Shan was nothing more than a bandit in the mountains without excelled training in the art of the sword, as opposed to that of Deng Jiugong, who had served as Commander of Shang for several years, he was naturally bested in mere moments following their engagement, resulting in his immediate capture. As Ma Shan was brought before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in Phoenix City shortly following capture, he was immediately sentenced to beheading after uttering rude defiant words in his determination to remain standing before the former.

General Nangong Kuo, who took up such an order, presently within the executional grounds, was astonished beyond words as his sword cleaved through Ma Shan's neck only for the neck to retake its original form as if possessing the property of water. Reporting such a matter to Jiang Ziya, who was naturally astonished at such a turn-of-events, ordered Samadhi fire to spread throughout the execution grounds in attempt to burn the prisoner into ash.

[With] such action carried out momentarily following the declaration of such an order, [yet] Ma Shan was clearly not effected even in the smallest of measure. And as the warrior stood among the burning flames, he let out a single loud cry of laughter as he directed the fire to open a pathway at which he was able to escape from Phoenix City. Yang Bliss received Jiang Ziya, needless to say, who was distressed at the detrimental report of Ma Shan's escape. Yang Bliss proposed whether he could visit "*Grand Completion*" at Nine Immortal Mountain concerning the case involving Yin Jiao's use of his Sky Overturning Stamp, while additionally confronting Master of the Clouds of Mount Zhongnan for the sake of receiving the reputed "*Demon Exposing Mirror*" to destroy Ma Shan.

The Prime Minister, who was naturally willing to destroy the threat of Yin Jiao to save Phoenix City from harm with complete reassurance in it was backing, unhesitatingly consented to the former's request. Yang Bliss confronted Grand Completion, within his Peach Spring Cavern, only to receive knowledge that Yin Jiao, the latter's disciple, had been sent to the Western Foothills for the sake of assisting Prime Minister Jiang Ziya against the cause of Shang. Yang Bliss told the superior man as the truth behind such circumstances that the prince had declared as threat, to wipe out the entire Phoenix City, with unknown rationale backing his intentions. Grand Completion was taken aback with confusion as to why his disciple would break his oath with such an intense showing of resolve against his former words that expressed clear conviction. He promised to Yang Bliss that he would head to the Western Foothills very shortly.

As Yang took leave with a kowtow of gratitude, he immediately took leave to Mount Zhongnan, his second intended region, and bowed low before *Master of the Clouds*, who presently had exited his cavern to confront the former. Yang elaborated the characteristics of the certain man known by the name "Ma Shan", along with the incident involving his escape. Master of the Clouds understood the circumstances, and unhesitatingly gave to Yang Bliss his *Demon Exposing Mirror*. He left with a showing of gratitude as he took leave from the mountain and returned to the side of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya back at Phoenix City.

Confronting Ma Shan in front of the Shang encampment after receiving the consent of Jiang Ziya to take leave to battle, Yang Bliss firmly hid in his grasp the new weapon he had recently received the day prior much to the opposition's

unknowing. Pulling out the Demon Exposing Mirror and shining it in the direction of Ma Shan as he presently charged forward, he saw nothing more than a mere flick of fire from a lamp emitting within. Immediately contracting the mirror and parrying the enemy's blade with his long sword, Yang Bliss, following a mere few rounds of battle, retreated in expectation that the former would not pursue him after taking realization of the new weapon recently deployed.

Ma Shan acted in such a manner, ordering a full retreat back to the encampment of Shang for the time being in order to elaborate this new potential threat to Crown Prince Yin Jiao. Meanwhile Yang Bliss had entered the Prime Minister's mansion and explained to all present that Ma Shan, according to the mirror, was a flick of fire suggesting to be a host to that of a lamp. General Wei Hu, who was well-knowledgeable about the "*World's Three Magical Lamps*," elaborated that there was an equal possibility that either the Eight Landscape Palace, the Jade Emptiness Palace, or that of Mount Divine Hawk were missing their specific lamps of origin. And that Ma Shan was more than likely one of these three when considering his properties of eternal life, to which his "flame" was ever burning such as only present within the magical lamps.

Comprehending Wei Hu's logic, Yang Bliss took leave to Mount Kunlun's Jade Emptiness Palace presently following the Prime Minister's consent to his request. Being received by White Crane Lad upon immediate arrival, Yang Bliss learned shortly that their glazed lamp was still in full flame, and he thus gave a kowtow of acknowledgement before leaving to Mount Divine Hawk, where he confronted Burning Lamp with full inquire involving the condition of the latter's lamp. Burning Lamp, who gave a false display of frustration and surprise at the realization that the flick of his lamp had disappeared despite unconditional restraint, was enlightened upon the happenings at the Western Foothills involving the probable incarnation of his flame: *A man that calls himself by the name of "Ma Shan"*.

Vowing to Yang Bliss that he would settle such circumstances as soon as he was able to attend to the matters presently acting against the "will of Zhou", regardless whether this "Ma Shan" was in truth his lamp's flame, Yang Bliss gratifyingly kowtowed in thanks and took leave just following. As Yang Bliss informed Jiang Ziya about the highly probable success involving Burning Lamp's declared assistance, Grand Completion arrived as originally promised, and headed to the Shang encampment after explaining to the Prime Minister that he was indeed the master of the defiant prince, Yin Jiao.

Chapter 64

With the Left Arm of Fire, Yin Jiao's Ambition tears apart the House of Zhou

At the immediate report that a man of Taoist appearance had appeared before the Shang encampment and called for the prince to appear at once, Yin Jiao understood the probability that his master might have arrived, and thus took leave from his head camp presently following. Bowing in traditional manner to his master, Grand Completion, as he took leave from his place of residence outside the encampment, the latter immediately demanded the reasoning behind why he had chosen to fight against the "will of Heaven" and stay the hand of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in a manner that defies his former words of conviction.

Unhesitatingly replied that he had been enlightened by "Master Shen Gongbao", who had evidentially informed him of the rebel commander's cruel murdering of Yin Hong and his terrible forms of leadership and administration that had only led to the forces of Shang, viewing their very lives just to destroy him. Declared that it was his ultimate "duty," under the footsteps of his ancestors, to wipe out the false "will of Heaven" and become the new ruler of the country after he slays Jiang Ziya and King Zhou in the name of the people. Grand Completion, saw that Yin Jiao was resolute beyond change to slay Jiang Ziya. Out of mere words declared by the swindler, Shen Gongbao charged his blade at the young prince, declaring that the Prime Minister never possessed the slightest of intention to kill Yin Hong, and that if he does not repent in his general way of thought, he would be unmercifully slain without a moment of hesitation.

Yin Jiao saw that his master had no evidence to back his statement involving the rebel commander. He realized that Grand Completion was fully determined to destroy their relations of disciple and master through a completely irrational basis, and thus unleashed his legendary halberd, for the sake of living on with his ambitions than to die by the sword of a fool. As the stone dragon present on Yin Jiao's halberd began to wrap itself tightly around Grand Completion's arms as the two individuals clashed their respective weapons, Grand Completion managed to flee upon a beam of light at the very moment at which the prince was suggestively posed to unleash his Sky Overturning Stamp.

Relating the incident involving his attempt to win the prince over, and the detrimental resolution that followed, as he returned to the side of Jiang Ziya, Burning Lamp appeared presently before Grand Completion and Prime Minister Jiang Ziya within the head mansion of Phoenix City. And he declared that he was coming for the sake of capturing the "*lamp flick*", and thus easing their current troubles.

Following this declaration, Burning Lamp specifically told the Prime Minister a plan that would result in this "Ma Shan's" capture. A plan that was put into effect the following morning at the immediate brink of dawn. At such a set moment in time during their arranged trap, Ma Shan exited the camp of Shang as Yin Jiao received report on Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya's arrival. To which he allowed the former leave upon the prospect of what would be shown to the populace if a mere bandit in the mountains were to single-handedly wipe out the

reputed "receiver of Heaven's will", thus backing his standing with complete evidence of his truth of word. But Yin Jiao decided to additionally send a unit of one-thousand soldiers in order to ensure that the commander does not attempt any trickery that cannot be retorted alone. Returning to the confrontation between both Ma Shan and that of Jiang Ziya, the Prime Minister, according to the original plan, violently lashed about his Staff of Beating Gods in a manner that greatly angered Ma Shan to the point that Jiang Ziya was essentially able to lure the former to the southeast following a sudden retreat.

Ma Shan, not intending to allow the rebel commander's blatant intentions of ambush get the best of him during such a pursuit, ordered his 1,000-strong unit to split into two halves, forming a pincer-formation that would crush upon the opposition from both sides, while Ma Shan heads the middle with a handful of spear-armed soldiers. As the pursuers advanced to a region lush with willow trees on all sides, Ma Shan noticed Jiang Ziya escape behind a certain man sitting under one of these trees, who immediately blocked Ma Shan's pathway of pursuit after the Prime Minister had passed. This man, who was known other than that of Burning Lamp, recognized the pursuer as being his lamp wick, following a moment or two of consideration, and thus dropped the glazed container atop Ma Shan, putting the latter into frenzy fear before being physically manipulated by the container's magic — which forced him to return to his original form, and rendering him unmethodical to any potential escape.

The soldiers of Shang, seeing their commander bested by a man of completely new appearance and ability, fled back to their respective encampment in prospect that they could surely not have any greater of chance to seize the life of the rebel commander with such circumstances in play. As Burning Lamp had presently taken leave to Mount Divine Hawk after being pleased at the results of the Ma Shan incident and the evidential backing that he would possess in the future by using this happening for the betterment of his reputation, and that of Prince Yin Jiao, the soldiers of Shang had meanwhile returned to the side of their prince, and relaid the unfortunate happenings to that of Ma Shan.

A report that filled Yin Jiao's heart with utter remorse and made him resolved more than ever to tear apart Jiang Ziya in a battle that would prove decisive to his name. Burning Lamp, who had safely escorted the Prime Minister within Phoenix City prior to his return to Mount Divine Hawk, arrived before the head mansion and relaid his report on successfully subduing Ma Shan.

Receiving written letter via messenger presently following, the message stated that Prince Yin Jiao demands Jiang Ziya to an unconditional battle on the frontlines as vengeance for the stated loss of Ma Shan. the Prime Minister, recalling the ability that he can effectively wield if he was to utilize the power of his Yellow Apricot Flag, unhesitatingly gathered forth a large armada before exiting the gates of Phoenix City at the moment to which the army of Shang was advancing from the east. As the two forces confronted each other in mere moments, Yin Jiao wrathfully lashed his halberd at the rebel commander with an intense showing of skill, while Wen Liang used his Jade Ring to negate the power of Nezha's Universal Ring.

Unfortunately however, Yang Bliss mutually assisted Nezha in the form of using magical pellets that were of equal power to that of Chanyu's, resulting in Nezha seizing many opportunities to strike consecutive blows upon Wen Liang's

body with his fire-tipped spear; and after several strikes to the chest, the warrior under Shang toppled to the ground, spurting blood in every direction as he let loose his last few breaths in despair. Meanwhile, during the prince's clash with the rebel commander, Yin Jiao unleashed the power of his Sky Overturning Stamp; but to his immediate dismay, Jiang Ziya unraveled the Yellow Apricot Flag, which caused the stamp to consistently spin in the air without causing any effect to his body in the form of its gravitational pull.

Being suddenly charged at by Yang Bliss, who wielded his long sword with great aggravation, Yin Jiao became very flustered at his clear detriment in such a situation, and thus retreated after receiving a critical blow to his back by the rebel commander's staff, retrieving the stamp before departing in unparalleled rage. Zhang Shan and Li Jin, who additionally suffered from similar circumstances at the same present time, followed their prince's lead, retreating back to the camp of Shang after covering their retreat with large clouds of dust that they spread through the air.

As Yin Jiao returned to his inner quarters that evening, he publicly burned incense within the central camp of Shang, weeping over the death of his head general, Wen Liang, and the additional passing of his right-hand comrade, Ma Shan, who both assisted him like true warriors beneath the name of the greater good. As Zhang Shan and the soldiers alike began to express inner sorrow at the death of these two leaders, a man of Taoist origin had arrived before the Shang encampment with request to confront Crown Prince Yin Jiao.

Being allowed entrance, this man, who declared himself to be "Luo Xuan, the Burning Flame Immortal from Fire Dragon Island." He informed the prince that he had arrived after being asked to assist the cause of Shang by none other than Shen Gongbao. Yin Jiao immediately realized that the man, to which Shen had specifically stated would support his name, had finally arrived to uphold the will of the people. He entertained Luo Xuan with great generosity, knowing that Phoenix City's declared survival date had expired, and that it should be burned to ashes by all means with the use of this new subordinate. Unfortunately however, Luo Xuan declared that his comrade, Lu Huan, had yet to arrive, and Yin Jiao was thus forced to wait an additional two days before the latter finally showed, handing Luo Xuan many additional magical weapons as they prepared to attack the city that afternoon.

At the brink of dawn the following morning, the two Taoist warriors were entirely prepared with their set strategy, and thus challenged the gates of Phoenix City only to be confronted by Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in short measure. As the two forces became aligned before their respective opponents, Luo Xuan was already angry at being humiliated to a certain level at his comrade's late showing. Thus, he vented such a rage by charging through the Zhou army ranks, violently clanging his duel Flying Smoke Swords against the mere long sword of the rebel commander, who naturally was taken aback by such an unexpected display of speed.

Immediately retorted by Yang Bliss, Huang Tianhua, and others, meanwhile Liu Huan evaded many attacks from Nezha's spear. Luo Xuan realized that the matter needed to be settled with the utmost of swiftness, and thus assumed a form at which he possessed two additional heads and four additional arms, effectively

allowing him the control of multiple weapons at one time. Jiang Ziya, saw this as a moment at which he could seize for striking upon Luo Xuan in his transformed state. He suddenly wiped his staff in combination with Yang's Sky Barking Hound, thus startling Luo Xuan for a mere instant, and giving way to many consecutive blows from other soldiers within the neighboring terrain. A lucky blow that forced the enraged warrior to retreat in grave pain, as Lu Huan respectively reciprocated his comrade's action after being overpowered by Nezha's new boost in morale.

The two Taoists thus made their way within the encampment of Shang, and naturally fumed in great measure at their carelessness in the former feud, resolute to turn all of Phoenix City into nothing more than flames within death after being told of Yin Jiao's sworn intentions. Yin Jiao was naturally more than inclined to answer the resolve of his subordinates after being unexpectedly forced to delay his plans for two additional days. The prince equipped the two warriors with countless arrows supplied by Zhang Shan. And by the second watch of night, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan strode from the Shang encampment atop their respective steeds, laughing in confidence at the prospect of their vengeance, and upholding the intentions of their leader at the same time.

Arriving before the gates of Phoenix City under the darkness of night, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan slew every guard on patrol with incredible swiftness before unleashing their Cloud Raising Smoke above the enemy city, sending over ten thousand flaming arrows spraying down within the terrain beneath, causing countless buildings to be set aflame.

Meanwhile the Zhou soldiers within the first district began to flee in great panic at such a fierce situation. Luo Xuan gave the signal for an all-out attack upon Phoenix City's inner district, and stated that — upon the order of Yin Jiao — all civilians were to be safely escorted temporarily from the city without harm, while any soldier of Zhou that did not express submission to the name of the crown prince was to be slain without hesitation. Upon this order, over 100,000 soldiers of Shang respectively burst forward, invading the enemy city with immense speed and morale.

Men and women, young and old, began to be safely distributed outside of the city for the time, while the majority of the soldiers sprayed onwards to smite upon the forces of Zhou, who immediately began to retaliate in full force. Luo Xuan resolutely charged like a beam of light across the battlefield atop his flaming steed, slaying legions of enemy soldiers with a mere few turns of his Flying Smoke Swords and the compounded power of his Five Dragon Wheel. King Wu, who took notice of the disastrous circumstances within his city, fell to the ground and prayed for the Heavens to grant him sympathy, while Jiang Ziya and his superior men stood with astonishment, deploying many units of archers and swordsmen to reinforce the frontline defense.

Luo Xuan, who single-handedly slew over 10,000 soldiers of Zhou, presently advanced before many architectural buildings of great stature, tore them to shreds of rock with the burning grip of his fire dragons, and absorbed the fire within the first district, distributing it before the noble grounds to protect what remained of the civilian homes. Now taking notice of the head palace of Zhou, and the Prime Minister's mansion that neighbored it, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan advanced with greater speed only to be confronted by a young celestial woman known as

"Princess Dragon Ji", who had arrived at a prior time to assist the regulation of the agriculture within Phoenix City's region of farming. As she began to spread the Mist Dew Universal Net over the city, effectively ceasing any fire that was originally distributed by the two enemy celestials, Luo Xuan angrily turned at the woman, knowing that she would be a nothing more than a nuisance, and must be eliminated if he was to progress upon the Zhou mansions. Approaching Dragon Ji's position and hurling his Five Dragon Wheel at the latter, upon approaching her position, Ji unveiled her Four Sea Vase, absorbing the wheel and all other fire arrows that Luo Xuan deployed following this humiliating display of retortion.

Liu Huan, who was equally enraged at the effectiveness of this woman's item, charged upon Dragon Ji only to be smitten in half by her Double Dragon Sword. As Luo Xuan became mixed with emotions of rage, frustration, and fear, at the sight of such crucial circumstances, he hurriedly merged his remaining Sky Shining Stamp into the blades of his duel Flying Smoke Swords, causing the swords to consistently glow with immense light and burst with flaming smoke. Resuming his three-headed, six-armed form, Luo Xuan thrashed his blades at Dragon Ji like a madman, but was overpowered by her enormous Double Dragon Sword, and was consecutively beaten back at every attempt.

Charging her sword into Luo's flesh and then striking dead his steed with a single stroke, Luo Xuan realized the situations as being dire, and thus ordered his soldiers to retreat back to the Shang encampment with every civilian and head of the enemy soldiers slain. Protecting the masses with an enormous barrier of fire to cover their essential retreat, Luo Xuan, with resolute vengeance, charged deeply into the neighboring mountains to detour all pursuers, slaying each and every scout and soldier encountered and healing his wounds for another immediate attempt on the city.

Meanwhile the following day, the many soldiers of Zhou reported the great renown displayed by Princess Dragon Ji to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya, who in return granted her due rank and was well-pleased with her having appeared for his mutual sake. Now that Luo Xuan had his strength re-gathered after devouring a tiger whole and consuming an additional elixir pill, he summed up his energy and began to make his way back to Phoenix City only for a man of old age to appear beside his pathway, singing heartedly with unknown reasoning.

Luo Xuan saw that this man had an aura of great strength as he carried a long halberd, and wore a distinctive cloud-shaped helmet above his brow with the symbol of Zhou placed therein. Thus, Luo Xuan knew that, he being alone, it was of the upmost importance that all his strength was reserved for the sake of destroying Phoenix City and the assassination of Jiang Ziya. Thus, he gave a bow of respect followed by declaration that he was a new recruit of the Prime Minister and had been ordered to carry a missive to the city of Zhou, relating that a terrible incident involving some form of detriment had taken place within Phoenix City the night before. And, he, by the order of his master, had been sent for the sake of its essential protection. Showing the false decree to this man, who was none other than Li Jing, father of Nezha, Luo Xuan began his way to the enemy city without harm or suggested suspicion.

Chapter 65

The Will of a Million is Shattered by Four

As Luo Xuan received the warrior's name as being "Li Jing", a man who was presently heading to the residence of the Prime Minister for employment under the Zhou flag, Luo Xuan carefully strolled side-by-side with the former, until they closely bordered the city walls of Phoenix City. Not allowing for his aspirations to be postponed for any moment longer, Luo Xuan presently gave a signal to himself, causing the Flying Smoke Swords that he planted within the earth to burst from the ground and fiercely impale the unfortunate Li Jing in the back, who in return gave a cry of immense astonishment while, assuming that he had been betrayed by Luo Xuan at such a moment in time, grabbed at the latter's throat in desperation.

Beating back the old warrior and setting him aflame with the natural attributes of his duel swords, Li Jing instantaneously formed an enormous golden pagoda in the heavens upon will, and smashed it down upon the unwary Luo Xuan's skull, killing the unfortunate celestial in a mere moment in time. Presently diminishing the pagoda and desperately scavenging upon the fallen warrior's body, Li Jing luckily found a large mass of silver elixir pills that possessed the attributes of healing any wound upon swallow — as opposed to pills that need to be dissolved in water — and, formerly being informed of this substance by his master, Burning Lamp, immediately devoured the majority of the pills before making his way to Phoenix City.

Being allowed entrance into Phoenix City after giving evidential proof of his identity, Li Jing was escorted before Jiang Ziya in the Prime Minister's mansion, at which Li Jing presently declared his prior incident with a celestial of fire, who attempted to take his life along the way to Phoenix City. Being forced to prove his case with complete evidence, Zhou soldiers were sent to the specific region at which Luo Xuan had supposedly died.

But, to their justified suspicion towards this new warrior, no body remained whatsoever, for Luo Xuan had planted 3,000 Shang soldiers in the neighboring forests to retrieve his body if any incident was to occur that would result in evidence of his passing. As the Flying Smoke swords were made from his own body, they dissipated into dust at the moment to which Luo Xuan died, destroying all evidence and forcing the rebel commander and his soldiers to not only distrust the new recruit, but to additionally become wary at every moment in fear of the enemy's return to smite them where they stood.

To make matters worse in a display of bad luck towards Li Jing, one of the more seemingly distrusted celestials among others, Burning Lamp, was his master, and was the only individual other than Muzha, Nezha, and Jinzha, able to justify that Li Jing should be trusted. And Jiang Ziya and the others thus put their time into forming a strategy on how to deal with Yin Jiao's Sky Overturning Stamp and Soul Dropping Bell above everything else, while stationing a high level of celestials outside of the gates and quickening their reconstruction as to fight against Luo Xuan's probable return.

During their strategic discussion, Grand Completion recalled from his memory three additional flags separate from the Yellow Apricot Flag under the Prime Minister, but of the same magical properties: “the Soaring Flame Flag within Mount Xuandu, the Green Lotus Flag within the Western Lands, and the White Cloud Bound Flag with whereabouts unknown.” Receiving immediate consenting to retrieve these three flags, Grand Completion presently left Phoenix City and arrived before Mount Xuandu, at which he received the Soaring Flame from Lao Tzu momentarily following his request, before then heading to the Western Lands.

He arrived at the intended region and was allowed entrance before Buddha. Buddha was obstinate at first upon hearing the request of Grand Completion and his intentions to use the flag that represented Buddhism and their reputation, but was presently convinced by Candi to allow him the Green Lotus Flag for the sake of their religion's mutual expansion throughout the east: *“This being an intention of the upmost importance.”*

As Grand Completion was very gratified at their consideration towards his troubled circumstances, he returned back to Phoenix City to report his present success, at which he entered the residence of Princess Dragon Ji and requested whether she knew anything about the remaining White Cloud Bound Flag's location.

Dragon Ji, who had not been informed of Grand Completion and his search to obtain this remaining flag at the prior time, informed the former that her mother happened to possess such a flag within the Jade Pond residence. But, as the flag was an essential symbol of will and authority within such a region, only a celestial of great status such as that of Immortal of the South Pole could request it. For Grand Completion had little choice but to head first to Mount Kunlun after deeply thanking the princess for her guidance and handing the two acquired flags to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya.

Arriving before Mount Kunlun and obtaining the mutual cooperation of Immortal of the South Pole, South Pole immediately strode to the Jade Pond atop his mystical crane, expressing delight and satisfaction over the unique architecture about him as he presently arrived before the residence of the Golden Mother.

Receiving the White Cloud Bound Flag after elaborating the reasoning behind why he had appeared, at which he naturally showed great gratification for the lady's consideration, South Pole entered Phoenix City following this incident, handing the remaining flag to Jiang Ziya. Jiang Ziya entertained him in his mansion hall as reward before sending the respected celestial back on his way to Mount Kunlun.

As Master Pure Essence and Outstanding Culture presently arrived before the Prime Minister's residence according to their prearranged time of meeting, Jiang Ziya began set their order of attack:

“Outstanding Culture will wait upon the eastern edge of Mount Western Foothills with the Green Lotus as his tool. Pure Essence will head to the south, equipped with the Soaring Flame. Burning Lamp will head the center perimeter with the Yellow Apricot. And he shall personally take up position in the west with the White Cloud Bound. “

After setting forth these orders, Jiang Ziya followed to set commands with his generals:

"Yellow Flying Tiger will assault the frontal encampment of Commander Zhang Shan; Deng Jiugong and Nangong Kuo will simultaneously assault the right and left camps that neighbor the front using Nezha, Yang Bliss, Wei Hu, and Thunderbolt as respective reinforcement; and Li Jing, Nezha, Muzha, and Huang Tianhua will distribute themselves where they are essentially needed from the rear."

Each general and celestial thus made immediate preparations throughout the remainder of day, at which they awaited until the time of dusk before pursuing any form of attack. Meanwhile within the encampment of Shang, Yin Jiao was exceedingly distressed and grieved over the unexpected report of Liu Huan and Luo Xuan having been killed, and thus cofined the honorable Luo Xuan in a respective coffin, sending a unit of soldiers as escort to bury the warrior upon the mountain's summit.

This being done, Yin Jiao was told of Luo Xuan's final employed strategy that would result in the rebel commander's forces being of a despaired state of fear. Thus, he knew that they would surely attempt an attack upon his encampment to ensure that revenge was not only obtained in the face of their humiliation, but to ensure that they have destroyed any means of threat that could assist the potential return of Luo Xuan.

"An action that is entirely essential to their future safety, by all means." With this deduction, Yin Jiao sent written decree via messenger, ordering neighboring passes to send reinforcement by order of Crown Prince, while securing a route of retreat to the east at which he would be able to reach the passes and call upon the assistance of the capital and that of his comrade, Shen Gongbao.

In addition to these preparations, Yin Jiao ordered his generals and soldiers to sharpen their blades and dominantly practice the Bull-Horn Formation and Pincer-Formation according to the perimeter surrounding the encampment's respective sides. And priorly distributed many units of royal soldiers to the mountains neighboring the Western Foothills, at which they would search all head residences and temples, burning them to the ground upon princely decree if any tool of magical attributes were to be located.

This ruse would allow Yin Jiao to ensure that the rebel commander's unknown sources of assistance in the form of magical items would be cut off to some extent, while they were then supplied to the capital as insurance to his name and power gain even greater evidence. For ensuring his mutual reinforcement from the king, he obviously would not possess intentions to harm Morning Song if such a display of assistance was to be shown,.

With this being set, Yin Jiao and Zhang Shan took their respective places. And as dusk had approached with report that the rebel army was presently closing in upon their encampment from every employable direction, the soldiers of Shang took up their stations and readied their weapons for a decisive battle. As Yellow Flying Tiger closed in upon the Shang encampment's frontal center, Yin Jiao and a large battalion of pike men fiercely clashed against the rebel army, greatly overpowering their advances with waves of arrows and the gravitational power of the Sky Overturning Stamp. Meanwhile, Zhang Shan, given the Yin-Yang Swords by

the prince, was met by Nangong Kuo, Deng Jiugong, and other lesser generals at the right encampment, at which he defended his strategic stronghold with the combined assistance of Li Jin.

Unfortunately however, a new foe by the name of Sun Yanhong advanced upon the defenders and spat large quantities of fire from his mouth, setting the soldiers of Shang aflame and resulting in mass confusion, to the detriment of Zhang Shan who had little choice but to fight with even greater valor. But even with his new display of prowess, Deng Jiugong advanced and, seeing that his former subordinate was unwilling to surrender even in such bested circumstances, struck a fatal blow to Zhang Shan's chest and ordered the fallen commander to be buried in Sanshan Pass in honor of his characteristics of zeal. At this present time Yellow Flying Tiger, who did not possess any magical backing, was bested very quickly; but to his benefit, Nezha and Yang Bliss immediately arrived to assist the commander, smiting the opposition forces with incredible power, at which Yin Jiao had great difficulty in suppressing even with the ability of his stamp and bell.

Knowing that the central camp was of vital importance and that if lost, would result in a prime advantage for the enemy force, Yin Jiao assumed his three-headed, six-armed form, and willfully multiplied his golden halberd until he possessed six ones. And followed by valiantly striking hundreds of blows into the rebel soldiers, felling hundreds with every swing of his individual halberds, and making the remaining whole more resolved than ever to press on and smite the crown prince. Naturally, if not defeated quickly, he would sully their opportunity to obtain victory.

As a result, the thousands of Zhou soldiers created a pincer around Yin Jiao, and the legions of spearmen pressed forward at one sudden instant and impaled the prince with their respective weapons, ceasing the warrior from his rampage. Enraged beyond measure at such a display, Yin Jiao firmly unleashed his Sky Overturning Stamp, causing the enormous mass of soldiers piled around him to be thrust to the ground, blood gushing from their ears and eyes as the gravitational weight became overwhelmingly strong — even to the point of crushing their bodies.

Nezha and Yang Bliss, who had presently stricken dead the multitude of the Shang forces singlehandedly, causing individual retreat for the majority of their enemy, assaulted the wounded prince with their sword and spear respectively, but were greatly held back by an enormous mass of crossbowmen that laid before the encampment's head gate, allowing Yin Jiao a safe retreat back within the central camp, at which he ordered the vast majority of the defenders to equip themselves with crossbows, while handing them loads of straw hay and the flaming arrows originally received from Liu Huan for the sake of an ultimate defense around the entire perimeter of their encampment.

Presently devouring one of Luo Xuan's silver elixir pills and mounting a cloud of dust, the crown prince immediately sped to the east with incredible speed, intending on reaching the capital and receiving a grand majority of magical items to use as backing for his ambitions. Approaching Sishui Pass as he killed the masses of Zhou soldiers that stood before his way as respective ambush parties, Yin Jiao presently confronted Master of Outstanding Culture along the way, who, without any hesitation, unraveled his Green Lotus Flag, forcing the prince's

weapon of destruction — the Sky Overturning Stamp — to reverse its power as the light from the flag shined upon it.

Overwhelmed at such an annoyance, Yin Jiao had little choice but to call back his stamp, blind his opponent with a storm of dust, and spur off to the southeast atop his cloud with even mightier resolve. Slaying the many Zhou soldiers that continued to confront him along the pathway to the southeast, in the form of additional ambush parties, Yin Jiao was met by his master, Pure Essence, who intended more than anything to stop his former disciple from completing his intentions.

Showing such an intention by unwisely revealing his Soaring Flame Flag even without the Stamp's release, Yin Jiao predicted that each flag must only possess a variable exterior appearance to confuse their opponent, while it was internally nothing different than its counterparts in the form of its use, and thus did not attempt to release the Sky Overturning Stamp, but impaled his master's hands with one of his golden halberds, stole the flag, and thrust Pure Essence from his direction, thus changing his direction to the east and continuing onward to the capital. Jiang Ziya and Burning Lamp, presently hearing of Yin Jiao's movement to the east, abandoned their respective positions of defense and divided themselves before the pathway of the prince — Burning Lamp being the first to confront Yin Jiao.

Exceedingly cautious in all nature and not wishing to be seen as an enemy to the Prime Minister in fear of the detriment of acting against "Heaven's will," until he can eventually seize power for himself over Jie Taoism, Burning Lamp made no effort to prevent Yin Jiao's advance, considerately allowing the prince passage in honor of his resolve, awakening the Yellow Apricot Flag following the former's departure, creating thousands of golden lotus flowers to cloud the pathway of any potential pursuit.

As Yin Jiao thus presently charged towards the east, he saw the rebel commander posed before him with dragon banners fluttering about and, seeing Jiang Ziya's fool behavior in the name of warfare, seized the opportunity to attack from the air, at which he slaughtered the surrounding disorganized parties under Zhou before piercing his six halberds into the commander's flesh. Jiang Ziya, not having a former chance to resist against the prince's speedy assault, immediately released his White Cloud Bound Flag causing fog to dissipate all potential sight and forcing Yin Jiao to charge and thrash about in random directions — for upon release, the Prime Minister disappeared like nothing more than an illusion.

Fearing that more detrimental of circumstances would sully his efforts, even though such an opportunity was rare in suitability, Yin Jiao mounted his dust cloud and charged with unparalleled speed to the east. As the prince resolutely continued, the circle of fog remained no longer and Yin Jiao began to see the final brim of sunlight across the sky as talents of thunder echoed throughout the air, strengthening his determination to live on, no matter what. Presently entering a region at which the terrain closed upon him from left and right and continued with such an expanse, Yin Jiao continued by way of foot, until he had confronted a mountain of incredible span that blocked any potential advancement.

Being perplexed as to why such a pathway of essential importance for transportation and travel would remain at such a state up until the present, Yin Jiao was naturally annoyed by such unlucky circumstances and willfully cleaved the entire mountain into two vertical halves, with the secondary ability of his Sky Overturning Stamp, but draining a greater majority of its remaining magical potential.

Now being able to advance once again, the two sides of the mountain suddenly began to cave towards him, as if with the intention to crush him. Knowing that the mountain's rocks would smash his body if he attempted the use of the Sky Overturning Stamp, Yin Jiao lunged towards the sky as he used the wind to elevate his body; but as he reached the very surface of the mountain, both ends clamped shut upon his abdomen, causing him to let out a loud shriek of pain as he comprehended the danger of such a situation.

Chapter 66

A Hero Vows Redemption upon a Moonlighting Night; A Dragon of Justice rises from a Sea filled with Shame

A Dragon of Justice Rises from a Sea Filled with Shame". As the unfortunate prince experienced unparalleled pain in such drastic circumstances, he wasted little time in using the Sky Overturning Stamp to free his lower body from the mountain's grip; and as he was thus free, he swallowed another silver elixir pill to heal his broken body, at which he then mounted his cloud and continued to the east. To his continued detriment, however, mist as white as snow suddenly blinded his eyes from the recently experienced dark of night, as he continued, followed by four metal chains, which lunged from the terrain beneath, wrapping around Yin Jiao's heels and throwing him to the ground.

As he struggled to break free from this hold, the chains suddenly began to expand from the earth, wrapping themselves around both of his legs as if being that of a snake. Using his Soul Dropping Bell to stall the chains from expanding to even greater lengths — even though still presently remaining tight around his body — Jiang Ziya suddenly appeared before Yin Jiao's face, content with having captured the runaway prince.

Unfortunately for the prince, he had treaded upon a mountain that distinctively possessed metal chains beneath the earth that could be effectively controlled by the hands of any member of Jie Taoism; and as Jiang Ziya had specifically constructed this mountain solely for protecting the lands of the Western Foothills from a neighboring distance, he allowed Yin Jiao to continue on his pathway to the east without having to stop him with his own hands — which was unexpectedly an impossible task otherwise. Presently, King Wu appeared atop his stallion — having been stationed upon a neighboring vicinity for viewing purposes before Yin Jiao's capture — with Grand Completion by his side.

Approaching the captive and being told who he was, King Wu forced the Prime Minister aside and knelt before Yin Jiao, stating that he would gladly give his life and suffer for 10,000 years in the face of the latter's humiliating condition, while ordering Jiang Ziya not to harm the prince in any form. In retortion, Jiang Ziya boldly stated that even though Yin Jiao was a status symbol before the entire country and its inhabitants, he had opposed the "Will of Heaven", and thus must be put to the sword in the name of true justice. Even with consecutive orders to pardon Yin Jiao from such a fate, the malignant Prime Minister refuted every request, handing Grand Completion his sword, to deliver the fatal blow.

With ready resolve to put an end to his dangerous disciple — who could risk the entire death of the Western Foothills if allowed to live — Grand Completion presently approached the captive with sword in hand. Meanwhile Yin Jiao, frantic to escape such circumstances, for the sake of his ambitions and the will of the people, suddenly revealed the Sky Overturning Stamp within his sleeve, striking it before his master's face and causing the latter to flinch with an intense gravitational pull upon his body. As Yin Jiao immediately followed with a slash from his golden halberd, Grand Completion, with tears gushing from his eyes,

shattered the former's blade to pieces with his right arm, and extending his fatal blade with the right, piercing Yin Jiao's throat and rendering his body motionless. Remaining upright after such a fatal blow, Yin Jiao eye's gazed resolutely at his master with the final remaining moment of life that he still possessed, while he dropped the activated Sky Overturning Stamp from his hand, stepping upon it with his feet; and as it hit the ground, the metal within the mountain equally reacted to the immediate change in pressure, causing the terrain to immediately collapse in a large ripple effect as the magical energy transferred through the metal, as if being electricity.

As Yin Jiao unleashed one final grin of achievement right before death, the mountain collapsed in all entirety, causing Jiang Ziya and the others to be buried like sand from within. Alas! Yin Jiao thus died, remembered by the people of China as a true hero, sacrificing his every ounce of life energy to destroy the country's evil in the face of the suffering populace and the war-torn hearts of all that inhabit it. As Yin Jiao's spirit took flight through the heavens and gazed down upon the enormous wreckage as a result to the mountain's collapse, the prince was justifiably infuriated that his ambitions have been evidentially sullied, but was still relieved that the rebel commander was indeed dead, allowing him some form of opportunity to easily take the Western Foothills if any new body was to be found.

In resolution to this, the first worry that struck Yin Jiao was seeing whether his respectable comrades had succeeded in their initial defense of the Shang encampment; but as he arrived to inspect, corpses laid desolate along the region's perimeter, with his encampment having been breached and desolated in all entirety. Seeing the evidence that many soldiers of Shang had scattered to variable distances after the dominant use of fire, Yin Jiao wrathfully altered the clouds of the sky and uprooted neighboring trees, as he loudly lamented the death of his fellow allies.

Following this incident of lamenting, Yin Jiao realized that some form of gravitational force was pulling him in the direction of the east, and nonetheless resisted such a force, arriving before the grounds of Capital Morning Song and searching widely for his father, who he intended on seeing, as opposed to initially killing him, which would provide a heavy weight of populace support to the side of Zhou, considering that his aspirations to be seen as the country's influence would be harmed by such circumstances, and recovery would be almost impossible.

Therefore, Yin Jiao eventually found his father — who was presently dozing off by means of heavy drinking outside the Happy Terrace — and stood before his father, informing him of his identity, the past circumstances taken place within the Western Foothills, and that the able and powerful should be convinced to negotiate and tear apart the Zhou influence — for by no other means was such a resolution possible.

Following this, Yin Jiao created an enormous gust of wind, soared through the heavens, and arrived before the Terrace of Creation in which his body was innately drawn towards; at this initial point in time, Yin Jiao allowed himself entry within the terrace, after being elaborated to by the guardian, knowing that even with Jiang Ziya dead, he did not possess any actual body or magical item to reinforce his authority. The crown prince thus took rest, vowing upon the

moonlighted night that he would rest for the time being, awaiting the moment in which he would be able to reinforce his eternal ambitions once again. The following morning, King Zhou sat concentrated on the message that he received from his "deceased" son, but nonetheless grew frenzy when receiving an urgent report that stated that Crown Prince Yin Jiao was indeed present on the battlefield; and as the worst possible circumstances would have it, he and that of Zhang Shan had both been killed while in the ultimate attempt of destroying the Western Foothills.

Unhesitant to act in some means of retortion to this detriment, King Zhou immediately held a council within the Royal Hall, where he announced the entire situation before every minister, accordingly asking who should be chosen as the following expeditionary commander to enact vengeance. In response to this, Supreme Minister Li Deng stepped forward from the others, stating that Commander Hong Jin of Sanshan Pass possesses both unparalleled magically capability and was additionally successful in military strategy — someone who should thus be employed and tasked with such an obligation.

Initially accepting this recommendation, King Zhou sent a messenger with royal decree to Sanshan Pass, where Hong Jin accepted the proposal, equipped himself with the Commander's Seal and 100,000 soldiers, and appointed his subordinate — Kong Xuan — as Sanshan's new head guardian. He then took leave of the pass and lead his army towards the direction of the Western Foothills.

At the present time at which Crown Prince Yin Jiao gave his final stand by collapsing the Western Foothill's Guardian Mountain, Grand Completion and the others were initially buried by the rubble that encased upon them, but the former immediately deployed thousands of lotus flowers that protected them from the weight of the rocks' pressure, escaping with both Jiang Ziya and King Wu before any furthered amount of detriment could result. Regardless, both Jiang Ziya and Grand Completion were heavily wounded, and were thus handed by Zhou generals silver elixir pills that were retrieved from the fallen Shang encampment, which were previously identified by the Prime Minister as only being consumable by a man of immortal characteristics.

The Zhou soldiers had also located the respective grave of Luo Xuan and freed the citizens that were held by Yin Jiao, so proclamations were immediately spread about the city that appeased the people from their strife, and reconstruction immediately took place within Phoenix City as many days passed by in conviction. Meanwhile, Hong Jin and his army of 100,000 had made their way deeply into the Western Foothills after a straight week of marching, where they presently made themselves an encampment secluded within a forest region that laid to the south. Scouts were then sent to report on the current circumstances present within Phoenix City.

After some time, information had been received that many escorts of provisions, silver, and iron were being transported regularly, and many soldiers were being drilled apart from one another in variable regions, suggesting that the Western Foothills were quick on their feet to ensure that further invasion was well defended from, and that such an opportunity to strike shouldn't be avoided. Thus, Hong Jin distributed his soldiers to specific strategic positions, drilled the sword,

bow, and spear units beneath his command, and ordered General Ji Kang to take the field the following morning. As dawn arrived the next day, Ji Kang marched a grand army of 70,000 soldiers before Phoenix City, ordering his soldiers to pounce upon its western gates and besiege it as quickly as physically employable. At this initial time, General Nangong Kuo charged through the gates that presently suffered from siege and furiously ordered his unit of 20,000 to fit arrows to their bows and barrage the Shang soldiers from the city's walls, additionally meeting Ji Kang one-on-one, prepared to fight to the death if the need be.

Ji Kang, relatively being overwhelmed by Nangong Kuo's stand of desperation and rage, presently recited many incantations, causing an enormous cloud of darkness to appear directly above his respective head, at which a wolf of bronze fur lunged from the darkness, piercing its fangs into Nangong's flesh and rendering him screaming in pain. Ji Kang then stabbed his sword relentlessly upon the wounded warrior, causing Sun Yanhong, who gazed at such a sight from the city walls, to spray an enormous torrent of fire down upon Ji Kang. Ji Kang initially fled in great surprise at such a display, knowing that such a monster might have been the justification as to why the Shang encampment's remnants were found as being mainly nothing more than deeply incinerated ashes.

Ordering his soldiers to retreat lest they were to be killed in mass by this incredible beast, Ji Kang and the Shang army fled the day, and Nangong Kuo was immediately carried back into the Zhou encampment, where he was treated. The circumstances involving Sun Yanhong's appearance was presently reported to Hong Jin after the time at which Ji Kang effectively returned to his commander's encampment. Hong Jin was delighted that the source of the previously seen catastrophe had now been filled in with partial evidence. He thus chose to send General Bai Xianzhong to do battle the following day with 10,000 pike men and crossbowmen alike, meanwhile forming a fixed strategy on how to destroy such a beast and its conspirators.

As the warrior of Shang approached Phoenix City's gates, he aligned his pike men in a pincer formation, while his respective bowmen formed towers out of mounds of mud in the rear, so as to have a mounted position that would allow them to spray upon the enemy soldiers like rain. With these formations having been aligned, Deng Jiugong alone commanded a frontal army of half the number. And after failing in the controversial attempt to convince Xianzhong that his course of action would only result in death, Deng Jiugong fearlessly charged upon the enemy's pincer formation, ordering his fire-arrow ambush units on his right and left to clear a pathway of fire that would separate the opposing pike men from his body.

As the pincer formation became distorted by this show of unexpected bravery, Deng Jiugong whipped his noble steed until he obtained great agility, at which he closed in upon the enemy commander — who remained at the middle — and felled him in a single cut of his blade, presently fending off volleys of arrows at the same initial time. As Deng Jiugong ordered his soldiers to then begin to spray their flaming arrows upon the mounds of mud, the morale of the Shang soldiers diminished. They fled back to their encampment while Jiugong took the enemy commander's head and made his return to Phoenix City, much to the praise of Jiang Ziya, who ordered the head to be hung upon a pole before the city gates as a

showing of their conviction. As Hong Jin was naturally distressed to hear of such a detriment upon hearing report, he still relatively harbored a very keen interest in the capable men of the Western Foothill rebel faction, and more than anything desired to visit their city personally, where he would be able to engage in some form of controversy.

The following day, Hong Jin equipped his body with full-plated armor and led an enormous front before the eastern gates of Phoenix City. And as Jiang Ziya and his men exited the city gates to repel this enemy force, Hong Jin took notice of the rebel army being of perfect discipline, consisting of many a general and celestial, who showed such a look of resolve and furiousness that the Shang commander grinned in admiration.

Approaching Jiang Ziya and receiving his name with full respect, Hong Jin began by informing the Prime Minister that he had been sent by royal order of King Zhou to cease their rebellion and make ultimate peace between both of their respective factions. *"I am Senior Advisor of the Leftern House, Hong Jin, and I come before you today to put forth an agreement that can settle our differences in a manner differing from lowly barbarity. As I see that your army is of perfect discipline and formation, yet you carry the name of a rebel, it is obvious that you possess hatred towards the name of King Zhou and intend on his overthrow.*

Now would it ultimately benefit your position by using moral influence to strengthen the swords of your soldiers and create a furthered amount of chaos in this country? I see such an action as being nothing less than folly, as you and your people consider yourselves men of peace that await the times, but in reality, you are treacherous snakes that wish to bite back at your master! Have you taken into consideration the consequence in acting in such a manner? You may possess the capacity to overthrow the dynasty and declare yourselves as heroes, but is barbaric violence truly something that you should carry out as if being nothing less than normality?

In the name of justice, I cannot allow someone such as you to destroy the Shang Dynasty and bind the people's minds to petty delusions of grandeur and peace. If you value your life and the hearts of your people, I order you to throw down your weapons and speak of submission. For what can animals such as yourself perform against men of my ability, other than using celestials as tools to carry out your own evils?"

Smiling with an aura of great resolve, Jiang Ziya responded: *"So, the common class general of the Shang forces declares me as being a rebel of the country and someone who should ultimately be eliminated for the sake of the greater good. I am nothing more than a simple Taoist man that has risen up in the name of Sky, and I will strike down anything that opposes such a will, even if I am forced to destroy every last one of your kind with the sword that rests at my side.*

The will of Sky is vast, and I am the figurehead of destiny that has been ordered to strike down the evil Shang Dynasty and its ruler, so that my benevolent ruler King Wu can rise up and rightfully claim the throne as his! You state my intentions as being nothing less than a passing whim held by a barbarian, yet how can you deny the resolve of my blade as being delusions of peace when I possess the full capability to create such peace?! I am a ruler among men, and nothing can deny what I have chosen to do for this country, as my actions will create a future that everyone shall prosper from, no matter what needs to be sacrificed within the

process. My people fight as my arms and legs, and I treasure them the same. How can one such as you dare talk of justice when my actions are for righteousness and universal happiness?"

Laughing aloud in full determination, Hong Jin boldly stated: *"So it seems that you believe yourself to be a hero of the common man, and use your direct followers as evidence to prove that what you are doing is for the best possible resolution to the present circumstances. Is that not nothing less than truly pathetic, eh? You foolish ape for a human! It seems that no reason can diminish that disparity within your breast, and that you are determined more than anything to bring this country to a greater height of chaos, simply due to your own petty views of justice!"*

Righteousness, love, honor, resolve; are these words that you truly believe will somehow save the people from their consistent despair, and that you will be seen as a hero among men? Listen to reason, you useless old fool! Even if you are able to destroy the Shang Dynasty with the backing of those evil righteous-driven celestials, think that I will simply stand down and allow your actions to pave a pathway of destruction through this country, in face of my ultimate duty and reputation beneath the sword of Shang?!

If you refuse to set aside your delusions even in the face of reason, then I have little other choice then to show that my blade has been carved from the blood of thousands of rebels, and you shall simply be another corpse that litters the death-paved ground of shame once my justice tears open your very heart!"

With these words having been spoken, Hong Jin resolutely ordered his pike men and spear units to charge to his right and left as they advanced to the enemy's position from the front. His bowmen would begin to construct forts to the south and north to use as fortifications. And the mounted cavalry would create a wide pincer formation around the rebel army, expanding the effectiveness of Hong Jin's forward charge.

As Hong Jin neared Jiang Ziya's position, he would be momentarily confronted by the 72nd son of King Wu, known as Wu Shimeng, who was naturally of intense physical ability, and thus subsequently able to beat back Hong Jin's assault with only a small unit of soldiers. Seeing that this new foe possessed a high level of strength to back his resolve, Hong Jin concluded that such a confrontation would not prove fruitful by means of his own martial prowess. He thus gave a signal with his right hand before stabbing his silver flag into the ground, at which he ran inside of a void door that appeared to his right.

With this void door having been opened, Wu Shimeng knew not what fate would befall him if he were to enter. But as such circumstances opened an opportunity for him to potentially seize the head of the enemy commander, he unhesitatingly charged onward through the door. Little could he actually comprehend, however, that Hong Jin immediately was took to hiding as he was present within his void. And by the time at which Shimeng had entered, the Shang commander's cutless fell upon him like a heavy guillotine, slicing the general into two vertical halves and subsequently placing fear into the hearts of Jiang Ziya and each of his subordinates.

Hong Jin exited his void door and resumed it to its original state as a flag. Loudly then he began to boast at Jiang Ziya: *"You stated earlier that you possess the full capability to create peace within this country, yet how can one deny the power*

that I wield as being something subtle and easily conquered, even as one of your men have now reached River Sphynx and cry out in resent at their own unknowing!

If you wish to take my life and continue with your petty ambitions of grandeur, then call forth those worthless celestials of chaos and use them to your present advantage, otherwise the scent of blood shall echo throughout the countryside as my blade erases your every cell of existence! Don't take me lightly, you barbarian. I have slain thousands of rebels with this resolved sword of justice, and your streaming blood shall simply be another passing page in history, while I shall be looked upon as this country's true hero!"

With this having been spoken, Hong Jin re-awakened his void door and disappeared within, concentrating every ounce of his magical energy to sprout from the ground beasts comprised of dark matter, who roamed across the battlefield in enormous number, tearing apart soldiers of the Rebel Army limb by limb. As these beasts were a part of Hong Jin's subconscious, he was forced to remain in a meditative state while within the void; but with Deng Chanyu's immediate and brave showing of agility, she was able to scatter many soldiers of Shang before entering the door that held the commander, barraging him with a multitude of reinforced pebbles and subsequently causing Hong Jin to yell out in thriving pain and despair.

Attempting to grab ahold of her body with his Hands of Darkness, he had already maxed out the majority of his remaining energy and struggled in such an attempt, causing Ji Kang to initially pierce forward like a shadow and purge the entire battlefield in mist. Taking ahold of his wounded master while in the midst of such a showing, Ji Kang ordered a full-scale retreat back to their encampment, thus scoring for Jiang Ziya a moderate but resentful victory. As Ji Kang and the rest of the Shang forces had returned to their respective encampment, Hong Jin had immediately treated his wounds with advanced medicine and rested for the evening, vowing that he would unconditionally dispose of the woman that had given him such deep wounds, ultimately for the sake of his credibility.

Acting upon these words, Hong Jin departed from the encampment the following afternoon, taking with him a 3,000-strong unit of archers to back his assault, determined to solely tear apart Deng Chanyu, the woman who had humiliated him so deeply. Hong Jin appeared before the eastern gates of Phoenix City shortly following and ordered the appearance of the "rock-throwing whore", Princess Dragon Ji. The princess had taken ear to the ability of Hong Jin's flag and had happened to possess a weapon that could counter such a detriment, rode from the city gates and confronted Hong Jin upon Jiang Ziya's consent.

As Hong Jin was both enraged at the fact that Deng Chanyu refused to show her face, but satisfied that he could enact his revenge on another respective arm of the rebel commander, he initially awakened his void and ran inside, preparing to unleash the largest amount of dark energy that he could sum forth, tearing his enemy into pieces.

To his shock, a large silver portal carrying Princess Dragon Ji was suddenly awakened from within the void, and she strode outside with incredible speed, smashing Hong Jin's back with such force that his armor shattered to pieces, additionally throwing him a great distance before he had reattained his footing. In

a state of great panic, Hong Jin abandoned his flag and fled to the north on his mount, ordering his 3,000 archers in ambush to unleash volleys of arrows at Dragon Ji, who was presently in pursuit at the rear.

Returning to a natural state of mind and fully confident that the woman could never survive such a heavy onslaught, Hong Jin steadied his horse and turned to look at his opponent. But to his intense fear and dismay, the Shang soldiers fell in masses as Dragon Ji unleashed from her magical vase an enormous sum of fire, which had been originally obtained during Luo Xuan's former attack upon Phoenix City.

Hong Jin gazed all around him and saw trees falling apart with flames scattered to the very heavens. Hong Jin, no matter how bold he wished to live another day, frantically sped his horse to the north until he reached the North Sea, at which he dismounted, throwing into the waters an imperial seal that was granted to him by noble birth, carrying with it the will of ancestors.

As the waters began to part from one another with violent waves churning consistently, an enormous guardian dragon leaped from the depths of the ocean, allowing Hong Jin to mount it as if he was its master. Dragon Ji had caught up to him his position. Thus Hong Jin stood atop his beast and loudly proclaimed before his opponent: *"You are a mere tiger that has been uncaged by a rebel who wishes to overthrow the country, and you still consider yourself as being superior to I, a man of true noble birth who even the heavens proclaim as their equal! Is the present situation not anything less than laughable?! I am a man that has been chosen by the Shang Dynasty to lead the masses to unconditional victory, never severing my path of duty nor giving up in the face of any opposition!*

You on the other hand are nothing more than a test-animal, who has been granted supreme power at birth. While at the same time you prove yourself as being too incompetent in knowing how to wield such a power, even to the extent that you shamelessly attempt to take the life of one such as I, known by all as a man of justice! If you give in now and show to me that your life is better off saving than to meet a humiliating death in the face of service beneath a deluded man of the common class, then I shall treat you as if you are my own right arm. An individual who deserves respect and gratitude, and someone who is treasured by the people alike as being a hero that has awakened from ignorance.

My ancestors have long been known throughout the land as prodigies, individuals of both great talent and respect, and saviors of nations and kingdoms, never allowing themselves to falter or give in to unfavorable circumstance, but living on to fight for their resolve another day, destroying any opposition to the throne and securing themselves as men of true repute! Set your eyes upon reason and become a beacon of light as my ancestors have shown themselves to be. Only then shall you make a name for yourself in this pathetic country gutted with every whim of evil and become a figurehead that is deserving of praise and power!

My conviction for the people has never decayed even after so many years of service beneath a land dreaded with incompetency. Think that I will simply give in to a force driven with nothing else than unconditional barbarity and lose an opportunity at guiding the masses with the power and authority that resides within these very fingertips?! The circumstances are futile for any means of victory, as even the gods have answered my noble call, and together we shall both strike down the

evil in this country and blossom the future as a sword of unparalleled conviction and truth!"

In response to this, Princess Dragon Ji approached the sea that stood before her and casted into it her own hereditary seal, effectively summoning forth an enormous dolphin-like creature that bordered the size of Hong Jin's dragon. Mounting her respective beast, Princess Dragon Ji began to shout: *"As you are indeed a man worthy of my respect and admiration, I shall tell you my name and title. I am none other than the daughter of Golden Mother of Jade Pond, Princess Dragon Ji, wielder of the 10,000-armed vase! Now that you are competent of my position in this world, by what means could I betray the expectations of my mother and all who serve under my right arm, simply to save my own present life? What you state is not the present way of things, as Jiang Ziya is a man guided by Heaven, destined to allocate freedom to the people and reign forth an era of unparalleled peace!"*

No matter how noble you believe yourself to be, the will of my lord and the aspirations of the people are something that you shall never understand, and the waves of the time shall ensure that a person of greater capability rises up and seizes peace for all, and that man is Jiang Ziya! How dare you speak of delusion when you yourself are the one who is ignorant of the present circumstances! I refuse to give in to your swindler ways of trickery!" "It is a sad state of affairs to see a woman of your beauty succumb to such a shallow understanding of this country and the figureheads that are essential in running its every ligament.

Can you not comprehend that even with such a position of influence, you are nothing more than an animal bound in rope that longs to see the light of freedom, feeling every form of resentment as you are forced to unconditionally follow petty codes of filially? If you are unable to awaken from your primitive ways of thought and see my absolute reasoning, than you are fated to be regarded within history as a fool who was destroyed out of nothing less than their own blindness and irrationality. Do you intend on such a detrimental resolution as being your fate within this world? I would hardly consider that as being reasonable by any means, as you will thus have stained any reputation you previously possessed with the blood of resent and ignorance, forever looked upon as a mere nobody that was unable to adapt to the times, let alone crushed by a man of unparalleled repute such as myself."

With this having been spoken, Hong Jin leapt to the heavens atop his one-mile long golden-scaled dragon and fell upon Dragon Ji's beast with incredible speed and valor, tearing apart the dolphin's upper body and etching the sea with a coating of blood. With this having been initiated, Hong Jin's dragon began to bear its heavy fangs into the flesh of Dragon Ji's dolphin; and taking advantage of this situation, Hong Jin leaped upon his foe and landed a crucial blow to her flesh with his sword.

Taking immediate advantage of this, Dragon Ji pressed Hong Jin aside with all her might and ordered her Dragon Binding Rope to bind the Shang commander's body and effectively render him immobilized. Struggling to free himself with every ounce of strength as the rope tightly began to bind his ligaments from any form of movement, Dragon Ji grabbed ahold of Hong Jin and quickly fled back to Phoenix City, the same initial time being forced to evade many consistent attacks by his dragon, which burned with a great flushing of rage over

the position of its master. Nonetheless, Dragon Ji was able to safely return to her respective city, at which she threw Hong Jin before the very feet of Jiang Ziya.

Chapter 67

The Outspoken Warrior is Granted Honors of Lordship; Royalty and Justice become twisted to Circumstance

Jiang Ziya took the hands of Dragon Ji and bowed before her in respect and acknowledgement at having captured the enemy commander. He then gazed before the humiliated Hong Jin — who presently was still bound to the Dragon Binding Rope. And stated: *"So, this justice of yours seems to have brought about nothing less than failure and defeat at the hands of a superior enemy, while you now stand before me as figure of humiliation that was unable to uphold his bold words. What can you state now, General?"*

I control your life within my very fingertips and possess the complete jurisdiction to end it at this moment if I was to will for it. As your boldness and conviction surpass any other warrior that I have confronted within the past, I indeed express my utmost respect towards your noble cause, even though it is distorted, confused, and all together misled.

With this having been stated, I shall allow your life to end honorably, for you have proven to be true to your conviction and dreams. And that is reason enough to allow for you the death of a hero who believed in his own words, as we both are so little apart in our manner of thought, no matter what another may dare state. Guards, away with him to the grounds of execution!"

Thus, Hong Jin was brought to the grounds of execution and was fully prepared for his life to meet the sword. However, a Taoist man by the name of *Celestial Matchmaker* arrived in a sweat ordering the executioner to [hold] his hand, as *Incantations Immortal of Jade Pond* had provided written decree stating that Dragon Ji and Hong Jin were destined by Heaven to join in marriage.

With these words having been passed on to Jiang Ziya, he initially went to see Celestial Matchmaker, forthwith leading him to the residence of Dragon Ji so as to come to a justified conclusion on how to respond to the mandate involving her marriage. Upon entry into the princess's residence, Celestial Matchmaker and Jiang Ziya approached Dragon Ji, at which the former began:

"My lady! I am humiliated at the fact that I could not approach you with this matter at a sooner time, but our respective master Incantation has only just recently received written decree stating you are to be married to Shang Commander Hong Jin, so as to secure peace between both respective factions. And I have consequently arrived with the most immediate of speed, intent on employing the command of our lord.

However, your words, my lady, shall determine whether such a resolution is to come about, as I am nothing more than a stone in the riverside in comparison to your nobility and reputation, and will willingly meet the sword if you are to express refusal with this demand."

As Dragon Ji was relatively shocked to hear of such a sudden report and the inappropriate time at which it had been produced, she was nonetheless inclined to accept such a proposal. She not only began to subtly fall in attraction to the young Hong Jin and his great ambition but also came to the realization that he would be more useful alive than not. Both Jiang Ziya and Matchmaker were elated to hear of Dragon Ji's consenting that Hong Jin was freed from his bonds shortly and escorted

to the Shang encampment, for the sake of rallying his soldiers into a mutual surrender. Hong Jin, intense with despair and humiliation in effect to having not only been captured by the rebel forces, but left alive simply to attest his own usefulness to a distorted cause, enraged him internally as he approached the Shang encampment and called his generals to an audience. In a loud voice, Hong Jin began:

"To my great disfavor and detriment, my entire contingent had been torn asunder by the hands of a single woman, and even the ancestral dragon that has supported me since my very birth failed to bring me an ultimate victory. Thrown before the feet of Jiang Ziya and taken away for beheading, my life was saved by a single commanding whim held by one of their barbaric celestials, and now I have succumbed to the humiliation of marrying the one woman who caused my defeat or otherwise meet the sword in death.

Who could have ever considered that I would be torn apart by petty magic tricks and forced, to my very throat, to support the arms and legs of a deluded rebel of the common class! My men, you have all stood by me as true heroes alike that fight for a greater good, but alas, the circumstances have been twisted against any means of our success, and we have no other choice than to lend support to this rebel faction and ultimately throw our names from the path of gods to that of peasants.

Nonetheless, my comrades, I will find a way in which we can tear these bonds of animal skin from our bodies and ascend to the glory and fame that we deserve. And no matter what sacrifices need to be made, the head of Jiang Ziya shall one day become an ornament for my ambitions after I show to the entire country that I am a man who never abandons his justice!"

With this having been stated, Ji Kang and the others vowed to unconditionally follow their leader in service beneath Jiang Ziya. The group then proceeded back to Phoenix City, in which both Hong Jin and Princess Dragon Ji accordingly were wedded on the third day of the third month in the 35th year of King Zhou's reign — respectively seen as a lucky date for their marriage.

The Western Foothills had now made the necessary preparations to ensure a full production of provisions and weapons for a prospective incursion into capital city Morning Song. And for this very reason Jiang Ziya presented himself before King Wu the following day with the proposition of attacking King Zhou with the support of other nobles who mutually shared the same intent.

This nonetheless came across before King Wu as unthinkable, for his father had commanded him never to consider destroying the king even if being a nuisance to the people's prosperity and integrity. It would be nothing less from fully denoting an unfilial and disloyal nature unfettered from traditional values. San Yisheng, however, convinced King Wu that joining the nobles in a united front and forcing the king into a state of repent without conventional attack would be the best course of action, and forthwith suggested that Jiang Ziya should be appointed commander for the sake of managing political affairs from every side of their campaign.

Accordingly granting the prime minister the yellow axe and white scepter as an entitlement to authority in respect to Yisheng's request, the minister then suggested that a high terrace should be constructed in compliment to traditional rites of prayer offering before the rivers, mountains, earth, and heavens.

This was also consented to with relatively open arms, and after reassuring the king that he can be relied upon for the arrangements of such an imperative task, Yisheng visited Jiang Ziya in a toast of congratulations and forthwith confided to both Nangong Kuo and Xin Jia the responsibility of constructing their terrace.

After the passage of ten days the terrace project was complete, and with this San Yisheng approached King Wu and informed him that the 15th day of the third month had been chosen as a date for announcing the prime minister's appointment to commandership.

Chapter 68

Two Hermits Stop the Army

Following the leave of each immortal, Jiang Ziya and his generals would be prepared for the expedition in three days. Once Jiang Ziya had presented a memorial to King Wu — and effectively attained his consent — the former assigned Huang Tianhua as the frontal vanguard general, Wu Ji the right, Nezha the rear, and Nangong the left. Each would thus drink a cup of wine, thank Jiang Ziya, and then take their leave. After Jiang Ziya had performed a muster call before all his generals, he would order Yellow Flying Tiger to drill the army as to ensure perfection.

The great army of Zhou would thus take off the following day once external and internal affairs were well accounted for. It was the now the 24th day of the third month within the 30th year of King Zhou's reign. As the Zhou army passed between Mount Yan and Mount Shouyang, two Taoists would suddenly block their path. The Taoists known as Bo Yi and Shu Qi would reprimand Jiang Ziya for his unfilial actions — and that he should thus await for repent on the part of King Zhou without any form of attack.

The former would respond by saying that such views were exceedingly short-sided and should be avoided for further hurting of the people's will. After these Taoists had been tied up for their intrusion, they would be set free later to return to their mountain. Once Jiang Ziya and the army of Zhou had reached the Golden Chicken Range, red flags would suddenly appear before the summit of the mountain. After an enemy camp had been effectively located above the summit, Nangong Kuo would volunteer himself to meet the enemy. Wei Ben, the enemy commander, would defeat the former with moderate ease — and send him back to tell Jiang Ziya that he would like to see him immediately.

Before Nangong was to lose his head, Wei Ben would kneel before Jiang Ziya and ask to fight under the banner of Zhou in order for his name to be recorded in the pages of history one day. Jiang Ziya would accept his service with great delight — and release Nangong due to attaining a general that could take his place.

Once King Zhou had gotten word of Jiang Ziya's march to the capital of Morning Song, he would assign Kong Xuan as expeditionary commander of defense. Upon Kong Xuan's meeting with Han Rong at Sishui Pass, he would proudly declare that Jiang Ziya, King Wu, nor any other Zhou generals would be able to stand against his supreme strength — and should thus not be feared. With these words, Kong Xuan would march westward from the gates of Sishui Pass to Golden Chicken Range where his army would halt and set up camp for the night.

Chapter 69

Trouble at the Golden Chicken Range

Once Jiang Ziya had attained word of Kong Xuan's movement, he would ponder alone in his tent over this 37th invasion. Vanguard general Chen Geng would present the first challenge before the camp of Zhou; and Huang Tianhua would effectively answer such a call. Following thirty rounds, Tianhua would unleash his Fire Dragon Javelin to put an end to his opponent's life. As Jiang Ziya dipped his pen into his ink slab to record his general's performance, the nib would suddenly drop off. The former would express inner grievance over such an omen — for he knew that this was the last merit that was to be achieved by Huang Tianhua.

Sun He of Shang would meet Wu Ji of Zhou at the battlefield the following day; and thus a great duel was to be unveiled. During their ensuing battle, Wu Ji would manage to stab his cutlass deeply into Su Hu's chest — effectively ending his life. With hatred over the loss of two renowned generals of the kingdom, Gao Jineng would volunteer himself to attain revenge. Once Nezha had intercepted Gao's attack, the great fire lance of the former would fiercely clash with Gao's spear. As he realized the great celestial abilities that Nezha possessed, Gao would quickly flee to the camp of Shang — but would be severely wounded by the former's Universal Ring in the process.

The following day Kong Xuan would appear before the camp of Zhou in furiousness over his past losses. As the former ran out to clash his great sword against Jiang Ziya's mere cutlass after a short interlude, Hong Jin would run out to meet the former. With immense wrathful rage, Kong Xuan would lash at the rebel. Once Hong Jin had unleashed his portal door ability, the latter would simply laugh as he used his yellow beam to sweep the former in an invisible void.

When Jiang Ziya thus lashed at Kong Xuan with his Devil Beating Whip, it would suddenly vanish in a beam of red light. After the forces of Zhou had thus fled in fear, Jiang Ziya would ponder over Kong Xuan's ability to use five different rays of light. In short time Ziya would order his troops to unleash a surprise attack upon the camp of Shang that night. Kong Xuan, who used divination to deduce the enemy's scheme, would order Gao Jineng of the Swarm to ambush the enemy at the left camp.

As Nezha attempted to invade the central camp, he would be shortly met by an invigorated Kong Xuan. Even though Nezha possessed immense celestial power, he would be unable to defend himself against white light, the most evolved of Xuan's lights. Huang Tianhua would meanwhile invade the left camp and battle against Gao Jineng and his bagful of locusts and wasps. After a fierce battle between Huang's Fire Dragon Javelin and Gao's spear, the latter's wasps would manage to seriously wound the former's jade unicorn — thus sending him smashing to the ground.

As Huang Tianhua used his javelin with fierce resolve, he would be unexpectedly pierced violently through the stomach — and would thus fall to the ground with blood pouring from his abdomen. Gao would then deliver the final

blow to the warrior of Zhou — thus ending his life. Following the end of the battle deep into the night, Yellow Flying Tiger and Jiang Ziya would hear the report. Once Flying Tiger had learned of his son's death, he would be so thrown into grievance and shock that he would lose all senses. With due resolve for revenge, the former would head immediately to Mount Flying Phoenix in order to attain the assistance of Chong Heihu of the magic hawks. Following his arrival at the mountain, he would gaze at three warriors that stood battling each other with varied weapons.

Once Flying Tiger had discussed the situation with these distinguished warriors, it would be decided that the former three warriors would bring Flying Tiger to Chong Heihu's presence the following day. Once Chong Heihu had essentially consented to the former's request, he would meet with both Jiang Ziya and King Wu at the camp of Zhou. After Chong Heihu had dined with the former, he would head out to the camp of Shang with his generals the following day and ensue battle with Gao Jineng. As the battle raged on, an intensely invigorated Yellow Flying Tiger would charge forth on his magical ox.

Chapter 70

Subjugation of the Peacock

Sensing immediate danger within the situation at hand, Gao Jineng would quickly unleash a swarm of wasps and locusts upon his foes. Unexpectedly for Gao however, Chong Heihu would open the gourd on his back — effectively creating thousands of hawks that would devour the latter's insects.

As Kong Xuan immediately ran to his general's assistance, he would gaze in shock at the blade of Yellow Flying Tiger as it dripped with the blood of the now dead Gao Jineng. With no further delay, Kong Xuan would take all five generals in a single beam of light. After putting his new prisoners into the gaols, Kong Xuan would decide not to fight and instead act as a blockade to the Zhou forces.

After Yang Bliss had arrived and was informed of the situation with Kong Xuan, he would head out the following day to the camp of Shang with Jiang Ziya in order to use his Demon Exposing Mirror upon the latter. When Yang Bliss had shined the mirror at Kong Xuan, all he could see was a piece of agate rolling to and fro. After Kong Xuan had lost his patience and ensued in battle with the former, Yang Bliss and the assisting Wei Hu would have no choice but to flee.

Following a fierce battle with the remaining Zhou forces, Kong Xuan would be stabbed in the left shoulder by Princess Dragon Ji and severely wounded in the face by Deng Chanyu's pebble — and would thus flee in defeat. Back in the camp of Zhou, Jiang Ziya would be called for a personal discussion with King Wu and would gradually lose his determination to keep up the fight.

After Jiang Ziya had issued the order to reduce the cooking stoves, every individual would realize that the commander wished for retreat; and they thus begin to pack up for departure without any idea why. Fortunately, Lu Ya would arrive in short time and convince both Jiang Ziya and King Wu to continue the campaign. Once Lu Ya had physically seen Kong Xuan's renown the following day on the battlefield, he would flee back to the Zhou camp in shock. Earth Traveler Sun, who had just entered the camp gate with extra food supplies, would yell angrily at Kong Xuan for insulting his commander in the past — and would thus violently lash out at the latter.

After Earth Traveler had effectively tricked Kong Xuan to fight him dismounted, the former would be able to swiftly move through the ground delivering several blows to Kong Xuan's body. Being more annoyed than physically wounded, Kong Xuan would unleash his rays all at once upon the latter.

Once Earth Traveler Sun had burrowed through the ground as to avoid the former's technique, Kong Xuan would be severely wounded in the face once again by Deng Chanyu's pebbles — and would thus flee. In seething rage over Deng Chanyu's obnoxious technique, he would demand Chanyu at the Zhou camp early the next morning; but Jiang Ziya would be reluctant to decline such by hanging the board of truce.

After Lamp Lighter had arrived the following day to do battle with Kong Xuan, he would use his great eagle in an attempt to see the former's true identity

with his magic bull eye. Once he had flown back in defeat, Buddha Candi would arrive in short time and declare that Kong Xuan was predestined to join him. Thus, the former would head out to meet Kong Xuan immediately afterwards.

Chapter 71

The Offensive on Three Routes

Following Buddha Candi's arrival at the camp of Shang, Kong Xuan would ask for his reason of appearance. After the latter had learned the reason, he would lash at Candi with his great sword and golden staff — but both weapons would be simply brushed aside by the former's tree twig. Once the Buddha had been caught within Kong Xuan's rays of light, all five beams would suddenly explode.

Now being completely defenseless, Kong Xuan would change into his true form, a beautiful peacock. Buddha Candi would thus shortly return to the western region atop Kong Xuan once the Zhou generals had been essentially freed. Following the surrender of Kong Xuan's forces, Jiang Ziya would order his army to march towards Sishui Pass the next day. Upon his arrival at the pass, Jiang Ziya would order Hong Jin to capture the Good Dream Pass while Yellow Flying Tiger was to take Green Dragon. If these passes were to be taken, no enemy attack could be unleashed from the left and right regions of Sishui. Once Hong Jin had arrived at Good Dream, Ji Kang would volunteer to challenge the enemy after they rested from the long march.

With cutlass in hand, Shang general Xu Kun would ride out to challenge Ji Kang. Shortly however, Ji Kang would use his black smoke dog to violently lash at Xu Kun's face while he delivered the final blow to his opponent's neck. As like the former day, Zhou general Su Quanzhong would easily be able to take the head of Shang general Hu Yunpeng without breaking a single sweat. Upon seeing the loss of many Shang soldiers due to the enemy's prowess, Hu Sheng, commander of Good Dream Pass, would discuss with his brother, Hu Lei, that the best option would be to surrender for the sake of their people. Hu Lei, however, would neglect such an offer fully and head out to meet the opposition the following day.

Once Nangong Kuo had answered the former's call, Hu Lei would be defeated in short time and presented before Hong Jin. Following Hu Lei's violent remarks against Hong Jin and his betrayal, he would be beheaded. However, a report on Hu Lei's reappearance would soon be issued — and Nangong Kuo would thus leave the camp of Zhou to see what trickery ran amok. After realizing that Hu Lei was truly alive, he would duel with great might against the former and effectively manage to capture him once again. Hong Jin would have no clue what to do with Hu Lei until Princess Dragon Ji arrived to inspect the prisoner. She would soon realize that Hu Lei was performing amateur magic, and that a small ten centimeter long needle should be placed between his hair as to prevent his escape.

Once he had been beheaded this time, his reappearance would never be heard — and his death would thus be confirmed. Hu Sheng would soon attain word of his brother's death, and would thus give a pledge of surrender to the camp of Zhou. Following Hong Jin's consent, Hu Lei would rush to and fro to make preparations for the former's arrival through the pass. However, a woman by the name of Mother Fiery Spirit of Mount Qiuming would arrive shortly — and declare her desire to avenge the death of her disciple, Hu Lei. Seeing this as an opportunity to crush the opposition, Hu Sheng would order the Zhou flags to be stripped. As Hong Jin gazed at the Shang camp flying the flags of Shang once again, the former would grind his teeth and be resolved to show no mercy for their trickery. After

Fiery Spirit had a special unit of 3,000 soldiers taken from Hu Sheng's total of 20,000, they would be specifically drilled and effectively equipped with large paper gourds.

Fiery Spirit and Hu Sheng would thus appear for challenge before the camp of Zhou with their new "Fire Dragon" troops following the passage of seven days. When Hong Jin came to attack Hu Sheng, Fiery Spirit would use her special golden ray of light technique to blind the former while delivering a crucial blow to his flesh. As Princess Dragon Ji emerged from the camp to see disastrous flames spouting from every corner, she would begin to recite spells. However, she would be distracted by a sudden ray of light before feeling the blade of Fiery Spirit sink deeply into her body.

Chapter 72

Grand Completion at the Green Touring Palace

When Princess Dragon Ji had realized that she had been stabbed, she would flee to the northwest without pursuit. As Hong Jin and the princess regrouped their remaining soldiers, they would immediately send an urgent report to Jiang Ziya. After receiving reprimand from Jiang Ziya, they would thoroughly explain the arrival of Fiery Spirit — and the disastrous resolution that resulted. Upon the hearing of Jiang's arrival, Fiery Spirit would emerge from the Shang camp immediately and clash blades with the former.

At the same point in time in which Jiang Ziya was crucially stabbed through the breast by Fiery Spirit, the new Zhou camp roared with flames once more. As the distance between Jiang and Fiery Spirit drew closer, the latter managed to hit him with a hammer and thus move forward to put an end to the rebel leader. Unexpectedly however, Paragon suddenly appeared and used his Haze-Sweeping Shirt and Sky Overturning Stamp to effectively absorb the latter's light and smash her skull into two. With Fiery Spirit now dead, Paragon took her golden coronet (the item she had previously used to create light). After healing Jiang Ziya's wounds and bringing him to his feet, Paragon headed to the Green Touring Palace in order to return the former's coronet.

While making his way to the Good Dream Pass, Jiang Ziya suddenly caught sight of his destined enemy from the heavens, Shen Gongbao. In the former's attempt to hide himself in a thick neighboring forest along the path, Shen Gongbao caught sight of Jiang Ziya and effectively ordered him to come forward. Grimacing with delight over this chance to attain revenge, Shen Gongbao would slash continuously at Jiang Ziya with his sword. Due to being old and seriously wounded, Jiang Ziya fled at the greatest of speed atop his horse lest he was to be killed. Using his legendary Sky Breaking Pearl, Shen Gongbao sent Jiang Ziya tumbling to the ground in a state of near death. Under orders from the Jade Emptiness Palace, Krakucchanda would unfortunately appear to sully Shen Gongbao's resolve.

Now being fully aware of the situation, the former fled quickly to the heavens atop his pearl-coated tiger. After effectively capturing Shen Gongbao with his Immortal Binding Rope, Krakucchanda would order his genii to take the former to the Unicorn Cliff and await his punishment. After Jiang Ziya had been essentially treated with elixir by the former, he would express his inner dignity towards the immortal before heading back on his way. Krakucchanda would thus head quickly to Mount Kunlun to await Master Celestial Primogenitor's judgment upon Shen Gongbao.

Upon Primogenitor's arrival at the Unicorn Cliff, he ordered for Shen Gongbao to be placed under the mountain until Jiang Ziya had created the gods. Shen Gongbao, however, would manage to avoid such a fate by vowing that if he was to attack the former again, might his body be thrown into the North Sea. Celestial Primogenitor, Krakucchanda, and Shen Gongbao would thus head to their own separate paths after such an oath had been created. As Paragon had arrived at the Green Touring Palace, he waited for a long period of time before the gates had been opened by a lad to hear his request. As the former entered the palace and

stood before the Nine Dragon Lignaloe Platform, he kowtowed before Grand Master of Sky with Fiery Spirit's golden coronet in his hands.

With no true resentment over his disciple's death, he declared to the former that if any of his comrades were to ever act against his word and attack Jiang Ziya, it won't matter to him if they were to also meet their own end. After Paragon had emerged from the palace, he would be forced to flee back to Grand Master of Sky's residence three separate times due to the unparalleled hatred and vows of revenge that the latter's disciples felt towards Paragon.

Chapter 73

Yellow Flying Tiger defeated at the Green Dragon Pass

As Paragon returned to the annoyed Grand Master of Sky a third time, the latter would angrily call for his disciples to show their face before him. After the Grand Master had reprimanded his disciples, Paragon would finally be dismissed to head back to Nine Immortal Mountain as he intended. Multi-Precious Immortal, a disciple, would think of a scheme to attain revenge against Paragon and would thus declare to his master that the latter would continuously denote their religion as being heretical and full of hairy foul beasts.

As each disciple agreed with the former's words in full unison, and the latter believed their words, the Grand Master of Sky would tell Multi-Precious to head to Jiepai Pass and set up an Immortal Slaughtering Trap. Before Multi-Precious was to take his leave to the pass, Grand Master would hand him the four Fairy Swords in addition. At this same point in time, Wei Hu would manage to find Jiang Ziya within the forests neighboring the Good Dream Pass — and he and the other generals would thus rejoice over such news. After Jiang Ziya had effectively reorganized his army following the passage of three days, Hu Sheng, in a state of turmoil and confusion, would submit his second pledge of surrender to the camp of Zhou.

Once Jiang Ziya had effectively consented to the pledge and appeared before the pass at dusk, Hu Sheng would kneel to the ground and beg for pardon. The latter, however, would be considered as untrustworthy due to his past obstinacy — and would thus be executed without any true remorse. Following the execution, Jiang Ziya would appoint Qi Gong as garrison commander of Good Dream while he returned to Sishui in order to report everything to King Wu. Back at Green Dragon Pass, Shang commander Qiu Yin would personally demand to see Yellow Flying Tiger the day after his first general had been slain on the battlefield. Huang Tianxiang, the third son of Yellow Flying Tiger, would gallop forward and cut down Gao Gui of Shang in a single breath.

Astonished by the former's prowess and at the same time seething with rage, Qiu Yin would rapidly thrash his silver lance at Huang Tianxiang with equaled skill. As two other Shang generals immediately drew their swords to defend their commander, Huang Tianxiang would manage to land two blows upon Qiu Yin's flesh out of distraction; and the latter would thus retreat. With healed wounds and torn pride, Qiu Yin would charge from the pass and clash blades with Huang Tianxiang once again. Huang Tianxiang began to experience great difficulty against the former's spirit that seethed with revenge — and he would thus quickly land a crucial blow to Qiu Yin's heart mirror which would send him fleeing with blood gushing profusely.

As Qiu Yin's hatred was further heightened by Yellow Flying Tiger's three-day attack upon his pass, Chen Qi would finally arrive with food supplies and ensure his commander that he would become the incarnation of his vengeance. When Chen Qi thus approached the Zhou camp the following day, he would be engaged by Deng Juigong — who was considered no more than a fragile baby compared to the former's prowess. With immense confidence, Chen Qi would

summon forth his Flying Tiger soldiers to bind up the latter while his yellow gas forced Deng Juigong into a senseless state. As Chen Qi thus bound Deng Juigong and threw him before the feet of Qiu Yin, he would be executed immediately for saying words of treason to the latter.

Once Yellow Flying Tiger had heard of such words, Tai Luan could not control his emotions over the death of his master — and he would thus violently clash his blade against Chen Qi's the following morning. After the former had been caught with ease, Chen Qi would confidently challenge the three remaining sons of Yellow Flying Tiger the next day.

Chapter 74

Combat between two Generals

As the three sons of Yellow Flying Tiger lashed their swords with refined ability, Chen Qi would have no choice but to immediately spat forth his yellow fog smoke and bind Huang Tianlu, the eldest. The day after Huang Tianlu had been thrown into jail, Qiu Yin would leave his pass in great eagerness to attain his long-awaited revenge against Huang Tianxiang.

Upon Qiu Yin's arrival at the Zhou camp, Huang Tianxiang and Qiu Yin would violently clash their blades with rivaled renown. Unfortunately for Tianxiang however, Qiu Yin would wave a mysterious red pearl in his face which would instantly encourage drowsiness. As Huang Tianxiang was thus thrown before the commander's feet in the Shang pass, Qiu Yin would execute the former immediately once being further ridiculed. After Yellow Flying Tiger had heard of Tianxiang's execution, he would faint to the ground in a state of unparalleled grievance. After Yellow Flying Tiger had sent an urgent report of the situation to Jiang Ziya, both Deng Chanyu and Nezha would immediately head to Green Dragon Pass in order to offer their assistance.

When Nezha gazed at the corpse of Huang Tianxiang hanging from the pass's wall the following day, the former's rage would burn like fire as he charged his lance at Qiu Yin. Unfortunately for Qiu Yin however, his red pearl would have no effect on Nezha — and would only result in him fleeing with broken bones. During the latter's retreat, Earth Traveler Sun would arrive shortly to offer what he could. At that same night, Sun would secretly check on the condition of Tai Luan and Huang Tianlu before releasing Huang Tianxiang's corpse from the wall. As Yellow Flying Tiger gazed at Tianxiang's body laying along the pass, he would refuse to see any more of his sons lose their lives — and would thus order Huang Tianjue to remain at the Western Foothills with his deceased brother.

Once the Shang forces had realized the happening of Huang's body, Chen Qi would angrily storm out from their gates the following morning only to be challenged by both Earth Traveler Sun and Deng Chanyu. As Sun lashed violently at Chen Qi, the latter would easily be able to bind the former with his yellow gas ability in short time. With fear in her heart, Deng Chanyu would immediately fling two pebbles at Chen Qi, one to the back and the other to his mouth. Now with a broken spinal column and a mouth gushing with blood, Chen Qi would have no choice but to return to the pass with his current prisoner.

Unfortunately for Chen Qi and Qiu Yin however, they knew little about Earth Traveler Sun's ability to escape underground — and they thus lost the chance to kill their new prisoner. As Zheng Lun returned that same night with extra food supplies, he would hear of his new rival in ability, Chen Qi, and would thus lust to meet him on the battlefield for the sake of his pride. Once both Chen Qi and Zheng Lun had met each other the following day, Chen Qi would manage to get the best of the former before they both unleashed their individual beams of gas.

At this point in time, the two warriors would fall asleep due to their opposite's technique — and they would thus be dragged back to their respective

camps by their individualized soldiers. When Chen Qi returned to face his destined foe once more the following day, he would declare a personal battle of honor with Zheng Lun that discloused magic attributes. As these two warriors battled from dawn till dusk to determine the superior, Yellow Flying Tiger would consent to Nezha's surprise attack upon Green Dragon Pass's gates. At the time of dinner, Han Rong would write a report to the king on the war situation, asking him to send reinforcements for the sake of their pass.

After hearing great commotion roaring about within the pass that night, Qiu Yin would charge from his camp and see many generals of Zhou clashing their cutlasses against the forces of Shang. Unfortunately for Qiu Yin, he would have no choice but to escape from the pass atop his dust cloud at great speed once being surrounded by Yellow Flying Tiger and his generals. At this point in time, Chen Qi would lose his life by the hands of Zheng Lun and the Zhou forces would effectively seize the pass. As Nezha reported their success to Jiang Ziya at Sishui, a grand celebratory feast would take place that night.

Chapter 75

An attempted Theft ends in Failure

Once Thunder Quaker was wounded in addition by Yu Hua's dagger, Yang Bliss would arrive shortly and conclude that he suffered from some type of poison. Deciding that he would meet Yu Ha himself, Yang Bliss would purposely allow himself to be hit in the right arm by the former's dagger so that he could flee back to camp and analyze his wound. With no knowledge of what type of poison flowed from his blood, Yang Bliss would immediately see his master, Jade Tripod.

After being informed that the dagger had originally been converted by Yu Yuan of Penglai Island, and three pills were needed from him directly in order to nullify the poison, Yang Bliss would disguise himself as Yu Hua and head to the island. By telling Yu Yuan that his dagger had been redirected into his own flesh while fighting against the Zhou forces, the latter would immediately hand his pseudo-disciple his desired pills. Once Yang Bliss had thus left the island, Yu Yuan would conclude that was relatively impossible for his dagger to be redirected, and Yu Hua's wounds wouldn't have allowed for him to come from such a grand distance due to the dagger's deathly attributes.

Now knowing that he had been tricked, he would pursue Yang Bliss through the clouds — but would only end up fleeing back to Penglai Island after suffering from the former's Sky Barking Hound. Back at the Zhou camp, Yang Bliss would meet Yu Hua on the battlefield once more the next day — and Thunder Quaker would fight in addition to attain his personal revenge. Unfortunately for Yu Ha however, his beast could not take beating from the two individuals and thus allowed an opening for Yang Bliss to severely wound Yu Ha — resulting in the latter's death.

As Han Rong sat in desperation at the reported death of Yu Hua and the lack of desired reinforcements, the former would be confronted by a man by the name of Yu Yuan who had arrived in the name of avenging his disciple. With great delight over the turn of his fortune, Han Rong would feast with the latter before he left to challenge Yang Bliss for revenge. After realizing that Yang Bliss was not present at the Zhou camp, Yu Yuan would charge his blade at Jiang Ziya to unveil his rage. Even after unleashing his Golden Light Katana, Yu Yuan would have little choice but to flee back to the Shang pass once he was attacked by generals Wei Hu and Li Jing in addition.

Earth Traveler Sun, who gazed at Yu Yuan fleeing atop his camel, would lust to steal the latter's mount due to its superb attributes. Deciding not to risk this chance by discussing it with Jiang Ziya, Sun would burrow through the ground and effectively arrive within Sishui Pass during the second watch that night. As Yu Yuan sat with his eyes closed, deep in meditation, he would hear an individual stealthily moving about through the pass — and would thus feign many snores as to ensure that this suspicious individual knew he was asleep.

Once Earth Traveler Sun had effectively seen Yu Yuan fast asleep, he would quickly beat him across the head a few dozen times. Confused that his beatings did not budge the former to any extent, he would decide to deal with him later and just

take his mount for the moment. Once Sun had thus mounted Yu Yuan's camel, it would at first ride to the heavens but would immediately return to its original position on the ground shortly. Not having any time to react over the camel's unexpected defiance, the earth traveler would suddenly find his head being firmly gripped by Yu Yuan's palm.

By finding many exceedingly deep burrow holes across the pass, Yu Yuan would confirm that this dwarf must have been traveling underground — and he would thus present the latter to Han Rong with his hands clutching Sun's head to present escape. As Yu Yuan thus presented the thief before Han Rong, the former would ask for the Universal Bag that was present beneath his cushion. With the desire in mind to burn Earth Traveler Sun alive within the bag, a large fire would be immediately constructed by the soldiers of Shang.

Unfortunately for Yu Yuan however, Krakucchanda would be informed of the situation by White Crane Lad and would thus snatch the Universal Bag that held Sun in short time. As Yu Yuan glared at Krakucchanda from the heavens with seething rage, he would vow his life upon the chance to kill the latter. Following Krakucchanda's arrival at the Zhou camp, Jiang Ziya would have sentenced Earth Traveler Sun to death for his impulsiveness if it wasn't for the former's persuasion. Once Yu Yuan had continuously called for Krakucchanda to show himself the next day, Jiang Ziya would appear instead with the resolve to take him captive.

Being thrashed about across the ground in desperation over Yu Yuan's keen renown with his sword, Krakucchanda would immediately appear and bind the latter with his Immortal Binding Rope. Back in the camp of Zhou, Jiang Ziya would order Yu Yuan beheaded; but each attempt to behead the latter would result as a mere scratch to the neck. After the failed attempt of Wei Hu in addition, Krakucchanda would order for Yu Yuan to be locked inside an iron box — which would be thrown deeply into the North Sea. By combining the elements of metal and water into one, Yu Yuan would easily break through the iron box and return to the Green Touring Palace.

Even though he escaped from the box, he would still be tightly bounded by Krakucchanda's rope and would thus plead to his master, Mother Golden Spirit, to confront the Grand Master of Sky so that such an issue could be amended. Once each disciple had seen Yu Yuan in such a desperate state, their rage would burn even brighter against the immortals of Zhou. After the Grand Master of Sky had essentially released Yu Yuan from his tight bonds, the latter would leave from the palace with one true desire, "to attain the head of Krakucchanda no matter what it would take." As Yu Yuan thus gave challenge the following day, with the retortion of Jiang Ziya, the former would violently charge his blade into the latter's flesh.

Without delay lest the latter would be killed by Yu Yuan's great prowess, Krakucchanda would immediately bind the immortal with his secondary binding rope. With confusion in his mind over Krakucchanda's subordinate rope, Yu Yuan's fear would be heightened as Lu Ya arrived at the Zhou encampment. With determination to kill Yu Yuan for his past treachery, no matter how justified it might have been, Lu Ya would remove the lid from his gourd — thus releasing a brilliant white light that would pierce through the clouds. As the great beam of light revolved in the air several times, it would come crashing down like an enormous blade to cleave the unfortunate Yu Yuan into two halves. With Yu Yuan

now dead, Lu Ya would bury his body and then take his leave. Back in Sishui Pass, Han Rong would soon attain a report on Yu Yuan's passing.

After holding a military conference to determine their resolution, it would be concluded that each individual soldier should pack their treasured belongings in carts to be transported into the mountainous regions, their temporary home. Han Sheng and Han Bian, the two sons of Han Rong, would immediately meet with their father to state their personal resolve.

Chapter 76

The Occupation of Sishui Pass

Once Han Sheng approached his father, Han Rong, he would spout many great words of devotion and loyalty towards his country. Even though Han Rong remained rather hesitant in order to ensure the safety of his subjects, he would smile in admiration at his son's resolve. To boost the confidence of their father, Han Sheng and Han Bian would both go to the drilling grounds and unleash the renown of their Ten Thousand Knife Vehicle.

With a mere few chants, this technique had the ability to unleash an unparalleled amount of strong winds across the ground — effectively allowing any object present to be absorbed and launched at will due to being controlled with magic. Han Rong, who was rather confused at how his two sons could attain such a powerful technique, would be told that it was attained by Fa Jie, an official of Morning Song, who simply wished for this ability to be their entity of resolve. Now in a state of high morale, Han Rong would order 3,000 soldiers of the Shang forces to be dressed in pure black armor and individually equipped and drilled effectively with thousand knife vehicles.

As Han Rong and his army thus set out to challenge Jiang Ziya, the latter would immediately present himself with his own army — determined to defeat his opposition one last time. After Han Sheng had clashed violently against Wei Ben, the former would retreat temporarily while signaling his three thousand soldiers to unleash their individual vehicles. Caught immensely unsurprised, over eight-thousand soldiers of the Zhou army would be completely slaughtered by their own weapons and other controlled objects that ran amok through the air in a mere few moments. With unparalleled fear, the remnants of Zhou would flee back to camp in quick pace.

For the sake of his honor and dignified spirit to the Shang Dynasty, Han Rong would call off the slaughter so that he could personally kill Jiang Ziya in the future. With this resolve set in his mind, Han Rong would order a night surprise attack with his three-thousand soldiers of Shang. Like great waves of blackness hidden under the veil of night, the army of Shang stealthily ran through the camps of Zhou slaughtering soldiers right and left. With corpses littered in every direction, Jiang Ziya would desperately flee atop his horse for miles with his remaining soldiers.

After being pursued by the forces of Han Sheng and Han Bian for a great while longer, Zheng Lun would finally arrive with his crow troops and clash blades against the former. In great personal fear at the sight of the Shang army's destructive vehicles, Zheng Lun would immediately unleash his two white columns of light to place his neighboring enemies in an unconscious state. With immense luck on the side of Zhou, all 3,000 soldiers of Shang would unfortunately lose their superior magical abilities as Han Sheng and Han Bian were seized by Zheng Lun.

As Han Rong and his forces had thus retreated due to their loss of power, and general morale, the Zhou forces would toast each other over their luck won victory. Once it had been reported that the army of Zhou was calling at the gates of

Sishui the following day, Han Rong would personally climb the city wall to hear them out. Jiang Ziya would shortly present himself before the gates with the former's two sons in a captive state. Han Rong, who immediately offered the pass if his two sons were to be spared, would only stand in agony as he saw their heads tumble to the ground after spouting threatening words to Jiang Ziya.

With rage and sorrow that was equivalent to the very heavens, Han Rong would jump from the city walls to his death. Following Han Rong's death, Jiang Ziya would thus seize Sishui Pass and pacify the people. At this same point in time Paragon would be approached by White Crane Lad at his green touring bed — and would thus be asked to assist in the Immortal Slaughtering Trap's destruction. Upon the hearing of such a need, Paragon would call for his disciple, Nezha, and toast him with wine and dates. Just before Nezha was to be dismissed, he suddenly grew three heads and six additional arms.

With this transformational ability that could be activated upon the user's will, Nezha would effectively be able to carry six different treasures before departing from his master to assist Jiang Ziya. Just as the Zhou forces were planning their assault upon Jiepai Pass, Yellow Dragon would arrive from the heavens and ask Jiang Ziya to create a reed pavilion in preparation for their attack upon the Fairy Immortal Trap.

Following the pavilion's construction, each superior man and disciple would attend to the former location while each general of Zhou protected Sishui Pass and King Wu. As each superior man had finally arrived, Multi-Precious would clap his hands to completely expose his trap to the competitors that stood before him. A great air of death and cold misty winds would shoot forth from the trap — thus putting the superior men into great misery and fright.

Chapter 77

Transformation into Three Fairies

As each superior man gazed at the four fairy swords pointing in different directions while entering the trap, Multi-Precious would suddenly rush forth and clash his duel swords against his hated enemy Grand Completion. After a lengthened battle between these two individuals, Grand Completion would have no choice but to use his Sky Overturning Stamp against the former lest he was to be killed. While Multi-Precious thus retreated with his newly established wounds, the superior men would meanwhile flee back to their reed pavilion. Celestial Primogenitor would arrive from the heavens in his Nine Dragon Lignaloe Carriage shortly afterwards — and would be welcomed with immense gratitude.

Once midnight had arrived, Multi-Precious realized that Primogenitor was now present and would thus head out to retrieve the Grand Master of Sky in order to defeat their new foe. As the following night had approached, Burning Lamp would gaze in the direction of the trap and see the Grand Master of Sky sitting atop his throne while in attendance with each of his disciples. Celestial Primogenitor would order his disciples to enter the Fairy Immortal Trap the next day in ten pairs of two.

As the Grand Master of Sky confronted Celestial Primogenitor and his disciples, the former reprimanded Grand Completion as the reason to his arrival. Even after having the issue elaborated, Primogenitor would relatively agree with Grand Completion's false statement — despite its foulness — thus sending Grand Master of Sky away with the resolve to prove his superiority. When Primogenitor had thus entered the trap to prove the former's words as mere folly, the Fairy Slaying Sword fell from the gate atop the latter's head. However lotus flowers immediately appeared to negate all possible harm.

With no intention to destroy the trap until his other brothers had arrived, he exited and awaited their coming. Once Lao Tzu had arrived in a few moments, he would tell Primogenitor that if the Grand Master of Sky was to continue in his defiance the latter should be put before the Jade Emperor for trial.

In the next day, Lao Tzu arrived, and he explained the set of circumstances to Grand Master of Sky and advised him to withdraw. But Grand Master of Sky felt humiliated for been criticized. Thus he yelled at Lao Tzu and Primogenitor to come in the trap if they were able. Lao Tzu entered, but the sword and magic weapons could not impair Lao Tzu. Thus, Grand Master of Sky raised his sword to strike Lao Tzu, but Lao Tzu then intoned a spell, touched his cape, and three streams of wind gushed out and transformed into three fairies. The three entities aligned with Lao Tzu in the fight, so Grand Master of Sky could not resist their pressure over him.

Chapter 78

Three ways try the Fairy Immortal Trap

Even though the three fairies, transmuted from Lao Tzu's vital force, had physical form, they could not injury Grand Master of Sky. To overcome the Immortal-Slaying Trap, they needed four people with very potent magic arts, so Celestial Primogenitor of Kunlun Mountain and Lao Tzu called upon Buddha Candi and Taoist Jieyin from the west.

In addition, Primogenitor, wrote spells on his four eldest disciples' palms and instructed them that in the next day's battle, if they were to see flames, they should hastily hold the four magic swords and take them away from the trap.

The four Archpriests applied magic arts to protect themselves when they entered the trap. Each of them attacked from one direction. The magic swords of Grand Master of Sky could not damage the four Archpriests. Thus he was besieged and struck several times. After the four swords had been taken away by Primogenitor's four disciples, Grand Master of Sky knew the trap was broken through. He then fled out of it and headed for his temple to perform another powerful magic weapon.

When Xu Gai, the chief officer of the Pass Jiepai, sent a messenger to King Zhou urging for help, King Zhou became apprehensive. But Daji convinced King Zhou that the generals at the borders were making up fake reports in order to gain more financial support from the court. She impelled King Zhou to cut off the head of the messenger.

Jizi, a relative of King Zhou, went to caution him, but the king would not listen to him. Under this situation Xu Gai intended to surrender, but his deputy generals firmly requested to persist in they fight. Then Thunder-quaker killed one of the two deputy generals.

Chapter 79

Four generals in Captivity at Chuanyun Pass

The following day, after his second deputy general was killed, Xu Gai at last resolved to surrender. However a monk called Fajie came to see him and said he had come to revenge his disciple Pen Zhun.

Fajie tried his Soul-snatching Banner to capture Thunder-quaker, but when he waved it on Nezha. Nezha not only was not affected but also he struck the back of Fajie.

The next day Zheng Lun, Earth Traveler Sun and Yang Bliss attacked Fajie. Zheng Lun applied his white flash from his nostrils to strike Fajie before he could use his banner. They captured Fajie, but when the soldier was to cut down his head, the Buddha Candi came to take him back to the west.

Ziya moved his troops to Chuanyun Pass, which was guarded by Xu Fang, Xu Gai's brother. Xu Gai went to persuade Xu Fang to surrender but Xu Fang imprisoned him. Dragon Anji, Xu Fang's assistant, had a pair of magic circles which could make noise to confuse the enemy and then bind his hands. Because Feihu was captured on the first day, Nezha asked Ziya to let him fight with Dragon Anji.

Chapter 80

Collapse of the Pestilence Trap

Nezha was insusceptible to the magic noise. He struck the head of the dragon and killed him.

In the meantime while Xu Fang was distressing that no one could repel Ziya, a Taoist arrived, he was Lu Yue. When Ziya's followers saw Lu Yue, they all clenched their teeth, because Lu Yue had caused them to suffer a great deal. They attacked Lu from different directions and wounded him badly. After several days Lu's friend Chen Geng came to join him. They had trained a deployment called Plague Trap.

Ziya remembered the poem that Primogenitor had written for him. A line in the poem was *"At the Chuanyun Pass, you will suffer from Plague Trap."* He was very apprehensive. Master Cloud Dweller came to take Ziya's place for one hundred days. Lu Yue and Chen Geng arranged twenty one plague umbrellas in the trap and asked Ziya to attack. Master Cloud Dweller put spells on Ziya's back, chest and cape, then put a pill in his pocket. After Ziya came in, Lu Yue deployed the Plague Trap. While he became unconscious, a black mist surrounded him and black sands fell and covered him. Every day, Lu Yue intoned spells and spread sands on him.

Lu Yue recommended that Xu Fang send Feihu and the other three captured generals to King Zhou. Fang Yizhen was the one chosen as chaperon. Yang Ren was sent down with his freshly completed magic fan called Five-spiritual-fire Fan. He met Fang Yizhen and, with just one fan, Fang was burnt into ashes and blown away.

Yang released Feihu and the others. He told them to stay within the pass until came help at some time. Then he went to see King Wu and Master Cloud Dweller.

Chapter 81

Chickenpox Spirit at Tongguan Pass

Yang Ren entered into the Plague Trap with his spiritual fan. In the occasion Lu Yue tossed the umbrella at Yang, Yang fanned several times, and all the umbrellas were gone. When Lu Yue waved his sword at Yang, Yang fanned another several times and Lu and all his altars were burnt into ashes and were blown away.

When Ziya was released and his life restored, he propelled a final attack. Yellow Flying Tiger and the other generals inside the pass slaughtered the guards and opened the gate and the pass was taken over by Ziya's troops.

After the conquest, Ziya's troops marched toward Tongguan Pass, which was under the commander of Yu Hualong and his five sons. The first battle was savage as were five pairs fighting against a multitude. Yu Hualong was bitten by Yang Bliss's dog, and his sons Yu De and Yu Xian were wounded by Nezha. That night, Yu De took out five cloth coverings in five colors and five pecks to give one to each of his brothers.

After midnight, Yu De told his four brothers to stand on the wrapper and hold the peck. As he chanted the spell, the five men were lifted to fly in the air. Then they spread the poison in the peck to every well and water source.

The next day all the soldiers and generals had chicken pox on their body. Three days later, they all were lying in bed. Nezha and Yang were the only two not affected. Yang flew to Shen Nong, who gave him three pills and one plant. Yang used the pills to save the people and gave the plant to them to cultivate.

Chapter 82

At the Ten Thousand Immortal Trap

Yu Hualong and his five sons were very confident with their magic. Every day they drank, waiting for the death of Ziya and his soldiers. But on the eighth day, when Yu's eldest son Yu Guang went out to check, he saw that the camps of Ziya were just like before.

Thus Yu Hualong led his sons to attack. But during the brutal battle his five sons were killed and he committed suicide. Ziya and his generals took over the Tongguan Pass.

Ziya assigned his generals to encamp at Tongguan Pass to safeguard King Wu. He and his adherents moved ahead to meet the Myriad Immortals Trap. Lao Tzu, Primogenitor and the twelve disciples all came to encounter Ziya. When Lao Tzu and Primogenitor met Grand Master of Sky in front of the trap, they advised Grand Master of Sky to surrender. But Grand Master of Sky had a deep bitterness against them, so he would not listen.

Master Grand Completion took the first combat with Wuyunxian. When Wuyunxian threw his hammer to strike Master Grand Completion, Grand Completion was hurt and ran westward. Grand Master of Sky commanded Wuyunxian to capture Grand Completion, dead or alive.

When Wuyunxian had almost reached Grand Completion, the Buddha Candi appeared and advised Wuyunxian to become a Buddhist disciple. But Wuyunxian refused, and then Candi called a neophyte to bring a magic bamboo pole.

Chapter 83

Subjugation of the Lion, Elephant, and Jaguar

The bamboo pole was a Buddhist magic weapon. It emitted a flash which was able of encasing Wuyunxian so that he could not run away but had to exhibit his genuine archetype form, a huge sea-tortoise. The neophyte jumped on to its back and took it to the Eight Virtues Lake —Bade chi.

When Master of Outstanding Culture entered the Eight Diagrams Map of Lao Tze¹³, his Pangu Banner protected him from injury. When Qiushouxian came to counterattack, Master of Outstanding Culture used a magic rope to bond him and bring him to see Primogenitor. At that time the Immortal of the South Pole intoned a spell, and Qiushouxian changed into his original form, a green-haired lion. Then Primogenitor granted it to Master of Outstanding Culture as his horse.

Lingyaxian was the next one to make a challenge. But Universal Virtue revealed his true form —dharmakaya¹⁴— to subdue him. When Lingyaxian was overpowered, he became pressed backwards to his original form, a white elephant, which Lao Tzu gave to Universal Virtue to ride. Next was Jinguangxian who was subdued by Cihang. Jinguangxian was a golden-hair leopard which Cihang took for a horse.

The Turtle Spirit Divine Mother fought with Krakucchanda. When Krakucchanda was defeated severely by her, Jieyin came to block her and advise her to go to the west. But the Turtle spirit refused to go and struck Jieyin.

When the divine Turtle was finally subdued, she changed into a huge turtle. When the novice came to take her to the west, he unintentionally opened a bag and spiritual mosquitoes flew out to suck the turtle. In a very short time, the turtle was dead. But that was a predestinated occurrence, over which Lao Tzu gave orders to his disciples to enter the Myriad Immortals Trap. Thus each one faced his or her own fate, which was to kill or to be killed.

Grand Master of Sky convoked all his followers to form a deployment. These were twenty eight spirits which formed the twenty eight constellation spirits. In the battle that ensued, Hong Jin and Princess Dragon Ji were slaughtered.

13. The map also is entitled "*Tai Ji Painting*," as a reference to Tai Ji, mother of Wu.

14. Sanskrit: *body-carrier*.

Chapter 84

Occupation of Lintong Pass

Grand Master of Sky was enraged at Lao Tzu and Primogenitor. He ordered his followers to attack them. The battle was ferocious and bloody. All the spirits, demons or immortals whose names were on the Investiture Roster were slayed.

Thus Grand Master of Sky called Dingguangxian to bring the Six Souls Banner, but Dingguangxian fled to beneath the altar. Without his magic banner, Grand Master of Sky became desolate, lost his confidence and intended to escape. Lao Tzu and Primogenitor wounded him but did not kill him. Ziya's troops already had achieved a thorough victory.

When Lao Tzu, Primogenitor and all immortals returned to the altar, Dingguangxian came out and delivered the Six Soul Banner to Lao Tzu. Lao Tzu ordered him to remove the names of Ziya and King Wu, and then to wave the banner on him and the other three archpriests. Thus when the banner was waved, it did not harm Lao Tzu and the others whatsoever.

Later when Grand Master of Sky and his surviving followers were resting, the Chief archpriest, Hongjun, who was the master of Lao Tzu, Primogenitor and Grand Master of Sky, appeared. Hongjun rebuked Grand Master of Sky for transgressing the agreement and next also scolded Lao Tzu and Primogenitor for causing unnecessary butchery just because of their wrath and bitterness.

Hongjun ordered Grand Master of Sky to summon Lao Tzu and Primogenitor. Lao Tzu and Primogenitor rapidly went over and bowed down. Hongjun told the three archpriests that he had come to mediate their disagreements. He lectured them a lesson and gave a pill to each of them. After they ate the pills, Hongjun revealed to them that they had just ingested venomous herbs. If ever any one of them should have any intention of attacking the other, he would die from the poison, but if they retained peace, the pills would be innocuous. With all the matters discoursed, Hongjun and the other archpriests departed.

For future advantage, Lu Ya presented his magic flying blade to Ziya. While Primogenitor was flying back to his cave, his crane-spirit saw Shen Gongbao who was fleeing in front of them. Primogenitor held Shen and ordered the heron spirit to tie Shen and stuff him into the hole at the bottom of the North Sea.

Ziya led his troops to the Lintong Pass. There specifically the four generals Ouyang Chun, Bian Jinlong, Gui Tianlu, and Gongsun Duo were guarding the pass. The generals had committed to fight until the last one. If they could not win, they would defend the city and wait for help.

However as soon as the first day, Bian Jinlong was slayed by Yellow Flying Tiger. Thus his son Bian Ji counter measured a Ten-thousand Skeletons Banner before the gate. If his rivals hunted him and passed under it, they would lose their consciousness. So Bian Ji employed it and captured Nangong Kuo, Yellow Flying Tiger, Huang Ming and Thunder-quaker. But Nezha was not affected by it and was able to strike Bian.

Chapter 85

Betrayal of two Dukes

With the injury of Bian Ji, Ouyang Chun directed a messenger to King Zhou asking for assistance. King Zhou appointed the dukes Deng Kun and Rui Ji as commanders.

Earth Traveler Sun attempted to rescue the captured generals by Bian Ji, but when he approached the gate, he fell under a state of loss of consciousness and so was taken to the execution ground. But as soon the soldiers put him on the ground he managed to escape.

When Ouyang Chun reported to Deng and Rui that he had captured Yellow Flying Tiger and others, Deng at once intended to rescue the life of Yellow Flying Tiger, since Yellow Flying Tiger was his relative. Deng conceived a plan to join King Wu while at the same time the Rui's mind was cogitating of surrendering to Ziya. Thus that night they both intended to talk each other out.

Thus during the night, after several drinks, they at last expressed their deep thoughts to each other. Suddenly, while they were talking, Earth Traveler Sun projected out his head from the ground. Sun suggested to the two to write a message to King Wu and Ziya.

The next day, Deng and Rui just pretended to go out for battle. When they sighted the skeleton banner, they ordered Bian Ji to remove it, saying that it looked ugly. Obediently Bian wrote three charms for them so that they could pass under it safely.

Then Deng and Rui forwarded the sorcerous device to Earth Traveler Sun, who carried it to Ziya. Imitating its design, Ziya made copies of the magical trap and distributed them to all his followers and generals.

Chapter 86

Five mountain spirits return to Sky

With the witchery in their hair, Ziya's generals crushed Bian Ji and chased him under the banner.

Bian fled into the city and closed the gate. Deng and Rui staged a criticism over Bian Ji for him letting the Zhou troops to approach the city. Before Bian could argue, they executed him. They also killed Ouyang Chun because he would not betray Zhou or surrender to Ziya.

Once they had pacified the people in the city, Ziya resumed his incursion. Near the White Orile Forest of Lintong Pass, the troops of Ziya reached Mianchi Country, which was located at the opposite side of the capital Morning Song, separated by a river. The shielding general of Mianchi was Zhang Kui whose wife was Gao Lanying. Zhang Kui had a Black-Mist Unicorn as a mount, which could gallop like the wind. Zhang Kui by means of it had been able of killing two brothers of King Wu.

The following day, Chong Heihu, with his generals Wen Pin, Chui Ying, and Jiang Xiong arrived at Mianchi. King Wu went out to welcome them. While they were talking, Zhang Kui shouted a challenge to the camp, and they, with Yellow Flying Tiger, rushed out to confront him. Chong Heihu planned to allure Zhang Kui to chase him, so that he could release his spirit-crows to kill him. Thus all five of them, pretending to be withdrawing, galloped back. However the unicorn of Zhang ran extremely fast. Zhang caught Wen Pin and Chong Heihu and chopped them into two pieces. And Gao, the wife of Zhang, shot her spirit-needles into the eyes of the others, which allowed Zhang to gallop over and finish them too. Five chief invaders were slaughtered.

At certain moment Yang Bliss went out to face Zhang. Yang Bliss pretending to be weaker than Zhang, allowed that Zhang seized him and carried him to Zhang's ground. Put to immediate extermination, the executioner beheaded Yang. However a groom reported to Zhang that at the same moment, instead Yang had disappeared and was his unicorn's head which had suddenly dropped down and the mount had died. Zhang became furious. This time he rode a horse and captured Yang again.

Once more Yang was put to execution, but before, as a preventive measure, his wife Gao ordered soldiers to take chicken blood and dung to dump over that head of Yang. Additionally, she drew a spell to put in Yang's hair and then ordered soldiers to cut off his head. When the head of Yang apparently fell to the ground, a maid reported to Zhang that suddenly dung had fallen down on his mother and that her head had fallen off. Then Zhang became so depressed that he lost all sense of cautiousness.

Chapter 87

Earth traveler Sun and his wife

The hate of Zhang at Yang Bliss now was boiling out. Without any preparation he left out to challenge Yang to fight. It was the opportunity to Nezha, who reached him and used his Nine-dragon Fire Shade to wrap Zhang and burn him. However, Zhang owned the ability for travelling underground into the earth, and so he escaped out of the shade. As a result of the death of his mother, the mind of Zhang Kui remained in a state of confusion, but his wife oriented him to travel through the inner earth to the camp of Ziya and kill King Wu. Zhang became very satisfied with the plan.

Nevertheless, that night, Yang Ren was in charge over making the security of the camp and Yang Ren had three eyes, one of which could see through the earth. Thus, by his eye, Yang Ren traced Zhang and kept spying on him and reporting to Ziya. Thus Zhang did not have an opportunity to get near to King Wu.

When Earth Traveler Sun convoyed the supplies back to camp, he was communicated of the death of his friend Yellow Flying Tiger. Thus in that night Sun took the moment to go out to avenge at Zhang. Although Earth Traveler Sun was a dwarf, he stroke the leg of Zhang so much that Zhang could not chase him. Hence, Zhang entered into the earth and retreat away. Sun implemented the same magic to pursue Zhang, but he was not as fast as Zhang, so he failed to chase him. Thus, to be able of trapping Zhang Kui, first Sun took a route to meet his master Krakucchanda, who could teach him how to transform earth substance into iron. But Zhang used his magic cunning and learned of Sun's plan and his route to his master. So, Zhang travelled into the earth and ambushed Earth Traveler Sun at Fierce Beast Cliff, where he sliced off his head.

When Deng Chanyu saw her husband's head hanging from a pole, she could not avoid to go and challenge Zhang Kui's wife Gao Lanying to a battle. But Gao Lanying fired her needles to hurt Deng's eyes and killed her.

Meanwhile Ziya commanded his army to lay siege to the city and strike from four directions, but after two days and two nights, there was not successful, so Ziya ordered the soldiers to retreat for a period.

From that time Zhang Kui sent a messenger to Morning Song asking for reinforcements. King Zhou issued an edict to recruit people having the ability necessary to serve the court. Then three men, who were actually sprites from a nearby mountain, presented themselves to the royal house. They were Yuan Hong, —a monkey sprite, Wu Dragon —a centipede-dragon sprite, and Chang Hao —a snake sprite. King Zhou designated them as chief commanders. Yuan Hong then led the armies to encamp at Meng Ford.

Chapter 88

A White Fish from the Yellow River to the Dragon boat

Zhang Kui became frustrated when he knew that Chang Hao had marched his troops to Meng Ford. Thus Gao, his wife, proposed that they should just stay within the city defending it resolutely, and so not go outside to open fight. Gao wondered that in the case of Ziya's troop running short of supplies, their only option would be a withdrawal.

Meanwhile Krakucchanda,¹⁵ the master of Earth Traveler Sun, sent a messenger bringing an incantation and a letter to Ziya, explaining to him how to use the spell and how to trap Zhang Kui and take the city. Thus in the following day, Ziya and King Wu trotted strong horses to look around the city. When Zhang saw them scouting in the surroundings, he dashed out the gate to hunt King Wu. Nezha and Thunder-quaker waited until Zhang had galloped far away, and then flew into the city to kill Gao Lanying, and opened the gate. Then, Ziya's troop attacked. At that time, Nezha returned flying to rescue King Wu from Zhang.

When Zhang Kui realized that he could not win, he ran for reinforcements diving dived into the earth and returning to the city. When he perceived that the city had been taken, he decided to rush to Meng Ford to confront Chang Hao. But Yang Ren used his eyes to track down Zhang's route and directed Yang Bliss and Wei Hu to follow Zhang.

When Zhang reached the bank of the Yellow River, Yang was waiting there, and burning the enchantment. Without any warning the earth became iron hard and Zhang could not move at all through it. That being so he had to come out and try to escape on the ground. But when his head just projected out of the earth, the club of Wei Hu fell down on his head smashing down it.

In the aftermath, Ziya bought boats from some anglers to cross the Yellow River. With the King Wu's boat already in the middle of the river, a white fish jumped into the boat. King Wu wanted to return the fish to the water but Ziya explained to him that this was an auspicious omen pointing out —someone from the boat— that the Zhou lineage would be established as the ruling family. Then Ziya provided to himself to first step down the boat and then went tell ahead all the feudal lords not to address King Wu as king. But when still some feudal lords wanted to set up a new king, Ziya without delay dodged the subject of conversation in order to avoid any suspicion of King Wu.

15. In some accounts the master of Earth Traveler Sun is called **Ju Liusun**.

Chapter 89

Cutting open the Bellies of Pregnant Women

Then Yao Shuliang and Peng Zushou arrived to face a battle with Chang Hao and Dragon Wu. During the fight, Chang and Wu shift-shaped to their original forms, respectively a huge snake and a centipede dragon, to gush out venomous air to kill the challengers. Also Nezha and Yang Bliss, using their magic weapons, tried to slay them, but just failed.

Yuan Hong sent a messenger to inform to King Zhou the preliminary success. News of this success prompted King Zhou to celebrate. King Zhou ordered Fei Lian to bring his reward. During the banquet of celebration, Daji bragged to King Zhou about her divination abilities. As he and Daji stood in their tower, they saw an old man and a young man fording a small river in bare feet. The old man seemed unconcerned to the cold water and walked fast, while the young man vacillated under the fear of cold water. King Zhou consulted Daji about the different behaviors and Daji told that the old man was born when his parents were young, so his bone marrow was well formed. She claimed that to the case of the young man, for him having been born to aged parents, resulted the opposite.

King Zhou ordered his guards to take the two men to the court and break their calves to check if it was so and indeed was entirely as Daji had alleged. Next Daji bragged also that she had learned magic arts, so she could predict the gender and position of a baby within a woman's womb. King Zhou again ordered the guards to bring in several pregnant women, to cut open their wombs and examine the sex of the babies. Daji had been accurate in all instances.

When King Zhou's relatives, Wei Zi and Jizi came to reproach King Zhou, the king felt offended and declassified Jizi to be a slave. Wei Zi took the ancestral tablets and fled the capital to become a recluse.

One day Gao Ming and Gao Jue, who were two people with ugly and disturbing appearance, came to look for Fei Lian. They claimed they intended to assist King Zhou to defeat Ziya. Fei Lian took them to see King Zhou, who designated them generals and sent them to Meng Ford.

Chapter 90

Subjugation of two Sprites

With the battle before then, Gao Ming and Gao Jue met Yuan Hong and the sprites promptly recognized each other. Yuan Hong knew that Gao Ming and Gao Jue were actually the peach spirit and the willow spirit. And the two Gao brothers realized that Yuan was the monkey sprite. They were satisfied to be together in the battle.

Throughout the fight, Nezha, Yang Bliss, and Yan Ren made use of their powerful magic weapons to strike the two Gao brothers and Yuan Hong, but none of the weapons proved effective against them. They just disappeared like the wind. Yang Bliss informed Ziya that the brothers Gaos had not seemed like other men. This way Ziya commanded the soldiers to prepare peach wood and blood in order to halt their witchcraft. But the following day, the two Gaos mocked at Ziya, saying that none of his traps would be operative against them. Ziya conceived that there were spies in the camp, but Yang Bliss did not share the idea. So, Yang flew to consult his master, the Immortal Jade Tripod.

Jade Tripod revealed to Yang that the brothers were a peach-scout spirit and a willow-scout spirit and that their roots extended to a temple, which transferred its soul to the two gate guards QianLiYan —thousand li eyes— and ShunFengEr (movable wind ears). That was why they could see things from a thousand li and hear Ziya's plans from far away. Jade Tripod recommended Yang Bliss to pluck their roots from earth and burn the statues, only then could they be defeated. Yang Bliss returned and wrote down the instructions on a piece of paper so that Ziya should follow. Ziya ordered soldiers to beat on thousands of gongs and use red cloth to build a wall. He then assigned each general a task.

With such measures Gao Ming and Gao Jue did not see or hear what was happening. A wind blew over the banner and Ziya using his magic calculation discovered that the Gaos and Yuan Hong had planned a night raid. As a result, he assigned a strategic position to each general, and still in that night, Ziya ascended the altar to put into effect his concealed trap.

Chapter 91

Fire attack on Mount Coiling Dragon

Nezha and Yang Bliss were waiting when the two Gaos tried to assault the camp of Ziya. As soon as the two sprites fell into the trap, they were slaughtered, but still Yuan Hong managed to slay Yang Ren.

Next Yang Bliss flew to consult Master Cloud Dweller, who lent him the Demon-reflecting Mirror. By means of the mirror, Yang could learn what kind of entities they were. Thus when during the battle Chang Hao shape-shifted into a white snake, Yang turned into a huge centipede dragon that cut the snake into two pieces. When Dragon Wu revealed his original form, a centipede dragon, Yang then shape-shifted into a giant rooster to peck Wu to death.

Wu Wenhua, a giant, appeared to assist Yuan Hong. During the hours of the daylight Wu Wenhua battled the Dragon Beard-Tiger. Beard-Tiger had a short height, thus Wu Wenhua could not reach him and ended wounded on his feet. But still in that evening Wu advanced into the camps of Ziya at last killing Dragon Beard-Tiger, and using his huge arrow and bow he also struck and killed many soldiers of Ziya. Yuan Hong too launched an attack, so Ziya's troops were severely devastated.

Yang Bliss remained alone to fight and take care of the storage of supplies. Thus he took a straw and blew it to transform it into a giant taller than Wu Wenhua, who became very frightened and fled back to his camp.

In the next day was reported to Ziya that their casualties numbered two hundred thousand. On top of that, thirty-four generals had been killed. The tributary Meng River was crammed with bodies. On the other side, King Zhou became exultant when he was informed about the events. Zhou fell even more in wine and sex. However, some generals in Yuan Hong's army were ashamed to see sprites serving in the army. Knowing that sprites augured the end of the dynasty, the generals under Yuan Hong began to look for ways out of the army.

Yang Bliss and Ziya planned to get rid of Wu Wenhua first. Gun powder, dry wood and charcoal they buried under the ground in a valley which had no exit and only one way to go in. Ziya and King Wu rode horses to lure Wu Wenhua to pursue them, and then they led him to that ravine.

Chapter 92

Subjugation of seven Sprites

Firstly Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo allowed King Wu and Ziya go through the pass as a bait. Next they ordered to the army roll logs and rocks down to block Wu Wenhua's way out of the ravine. As soon Wu chased them, he became trapped in the valley and then the soldiers ignited the fire scorching the giant Wu Wenhua to death.

A pig sprite shape-shifted as human arrived to join Yuan Hong, the monkey sprite. He was called Zhu Zizhen, who was also a monk. When Yang Bliss confronted Zhu Zizhen, Yang Bliss, suspecting the monk, took his Demon-Reflecting Mirror to see Zhu's original form, but then pig sprite promptly swallow Yang Bliss.

Later when Yuan Hong and the pig-monk Zhu Zizhen were having a banquet to celebrate the victory over Yang Bliss, another entity, came in. He was Yang Xian, a goat sprite in human form. But then Yang Bliss, who was within Zhu Zizhen's stomach, rebuked the pig for eating too many people, and gripped tightly and sharply his liver and heart. Zhu Zizhen, under extreme pain, pleaded for mercy. Yang demanded him to shape-shift to his original form and reveal himself to Ziya. Inflicted by the pangs Zhu Zizhen walked to Ziya. Once there at Ziya's camp, when Nangong Kuo saw the huge pig coming in, he promptly beheaded the sprite.

Then another entity joined Yuan Hong. This time he was a dog sprite called Dai Li. The three sprites raided out to revenge Zhu Zizhen's death, but Yang Bliss and Nezha killed the dog Dai Li and the goat Yang Xian.

Next, the ox sprite called Dasheng, who had slayed Zheng Lun in a battle, came to help Yuan Hong. Once Yang Bliss came to wrestle the ox sprite, Nu Wa appeared from the air to fasten the sprite. Her maid-attendant used a rope to tie Dasheng's nose and to beat on his back. Thus the sprite Dasheng shape-shifted back into a giant ox and Nu Wa delivered the ox to Yang Bliss, who brought it to Ziya to cut his head off.

That night, Ziya propelled an attack that smashed the defense of the monkey-sprite Yuan Hong. But Yuan Hong's fight resisted fiercely against Yang Bliss. All the time Yuan shape-shifted into something new. As counterpart Yang Bliss also shape-shifted into a rival of each form, so he stalled Yuan. Yuan withdrew to a mountain and convoked his little monkeys to help. Yang could not match the thousand monkeys, and only could scape using his magic. Nu Wa appeared up and delivered to Yang a map of the Mount-river Plum. Then she taught him the spell to make it to work. Thus as soon as Yang hanged the map on a tree, it changed into a mountain. Seeing the mountain, the seventh and final sprite, the monkey Yuan thought the mountain as any other and went to climb it up.

Chapter 93

Occupation of Youhun Pass

Within a short time after Yuan Hong rose up the mountain, his mind became obsessed by hallucinations. He returned into his monkey form without realizing the shape-shifting. Whatever he wondered in his mind would become solid before his eyes. When he saw what looked like a big, ripe peach on a tree, he ate the peach and went to rest on a stone. Promptly Yang dashed to the lethargic Yuan, who could not even stand up to fight. Yang bound him and brought him to Ziya.

Ziya commanded Yang to behead Yuan Hong. Thus Yang Bliss cut off Yuan's head, but then another head grew from his body. Yang repeatedly cut the monkey's head only to see it grow again. Then came to Ziya the remembrance of Lu Ya's flying blade which he removed from a gourd. That blade had two eyes radiating two flashes. With the blade fastened against Yuan's head, it was turned a few times around the head. Afterwards the Yuan's head finally was chopped down on the ground.

Jinzha and Muzha were assigned to get past Dou Rong, the local commander, and so take over Youhun Pass. Thus they masqueraded themselves as Taoist cultivators from Penglai Island offering their services to Dou Rong.

But Dou and his generals got suspicions on them even when they told Dou that their masters were killed by Ziya, and that they had come to revenge their masters' death and pacify the rebellion of Ziya.

As a result Jinzha and Muzha surfaced a plot. In the next day they staged the capture of one of generals of Ziya, which then brought the trust of Dou on them.

In the second fight, they along with the East Keeper, the Grand Duke Jiang Wenhuan, launched a raid that night. Taking the opportunity, Ziya's troops attacked the pass during the night. Thus Jinzha and Muzha opened the gate unsettling Dou Rong.

Chapter 94

The Siege of the Capital

As the fighting went into eruption, Dou Rong ended slayed. Breaking into the city, Muzha slaughtered the wife of Dou. Those still alive surrendered to the forces of Ziya.

Then Jiang Wenhuan, the Duke of the East, led his men to join Ziya. Ziya gathered all the allied troops and commanded a march toward Morning Song. The combined army of the four grand dukes numbered 1,600,000. It surrounded Morning Song and stretched out as far as the eye could see.

Meanwhile at the court, King Zhou was apprehensive. He inquired his generals and officials what measures they could perform then. They concluded that the best to do was to shield the capital as well as to enlist skilled men to fortify the army.

Three sworn brothers presented themselves to see King Zhou. King Zhou designated them as commanders, but in their first battle they were slaughtered. Next Yin Pobai offered himself to go to dialogue with Ziya, because he was acquainted with Ziya before the conflict, so he wondered that he could persuade him to halt the hostilities.

Thus Yin Pobai tried at length to convince Ziya to peacefully withdraw, but Ziya did not pay attention to him. Yin then became exasperated and started to reproach the conduct of Ziya. Seeing this Jiang Wenhuan raised his sword and chopped Yin Pobai into two pieces.

Chapter 95

The Ten Accusations

Yin Chengxiu, the son of Yin Pobai, hasted out from the city to take vengeance on his father's death, but ended killed by Jiang Wenhuan. The capital city was under a siege by the army of Ziya. However when his troops stormed from four gates, they failed since the strong defense firmly resisted their assault. Then the allies of Ziya came up with a plan to Ziya that so they could perform a spell to move in and open the gate. But Ziya did not intend to cause too many civilians killed, thus as an alternative he wrote many copies of an announcement inciting the residents of Morning Song to rebellion, and threw them into the city.

At midnight indeed the locals, persuaded by Ziya's announcements, opened the gate. At such event Ziya aroused from sleep and straightway commanded that only ten thousand soldiers should break in and that they must not kill the common people nor steal their possessions.

While King Zhou was drinking wine with Daji his guards arrived with the terrible news. The Chief Commander of the royal guards warned Zhou to be prepared to imminent fight since in other way they would be seized. King Zhou assembled the royal guard, but along the palace wall Ziya's troops were already had positioned. On his horse King Zhou rode to meet Ziya, who then told to King Zhou that because he was a despot, the Ziya's alliance had come to execute him on behalf of Sky. King Zhou questioned Ziya what faults he had caused. Ziya then alleged ten serious crimes proclaiming them as:

1. King Zhou was the most wicked king in the dynasty.
2. King Zhou killed his queen.
3. King Zhou attempted to kill the crown prince.
4. King Zhou killed many loyal ministers.
5. King Zhou assaulted the East and South Grand Dukes.
6. King Zhou allowed cruel tortures invented by Daji to be used on the innocent.
7. King Zhou depleted the national resources and wealth.
8. King Zhou was unchaste and killed Yellow Flying Tiger's wife in pursuit of his lust.
9. King Zhou cut off legs and cut open pregnant women for leisure.
10. King Zhou spent all his time in pleasure with Daji and Hu Ximei.

When King Zhou heard Ziya's accusations, he became exasperated. Then especially the Duke of the East, whose father and sister had been brutally assassinated by King Zhou, but also the feudal lords, called for the decapitation of King Zhou. Then they jumped in to fight at King Zhou.

King Wu seeing the scene, disapproved the vassals conflicting with their ruler, and so he directed Ziya to halt them. But Ziya tricked King Wu asking him to beat the drum. King Wu beat the drum unaware that the sound produced by him was a summoning which promoted the advance of the troops, and not a withdrawal as he thought. At the sound of the drum, all lords and soldiers dashed to fall upon King Zhou.

Chapter 96

Daji under Siege

With King Zhou under attack and already wounded in his back, Lu Renjie, Lei Kun and Lei Peng wrestled to rescue him from the assault, but the three defenders were all murdered. Nevertheless it was enough to King Zhou to flee back into the palace.

Meanwhile the two evil traitors, the officials Fei Lian and E Lai, sneaked into the core of the palace and stole the royal seal. They reckoned that presenting the seal to King Wu, who they regarded a benevolent person, doubtlessly would favor them and spare their lives.

Already in the palace King Zhou received consolation from his three favorite concubines, the sprites Daji, Hu Ximei, and Wang Guiren. They were telling him that they could square up to the distresses of King Zhou, since they had powerful magic skills, and so could fly out during the night and kill King Wu.

Ziya was confident and so did not expect any raid more from the enemy. However in that night the three sprites, Daji, Hu Ximei and Wang Guiren, promoted the chaos on his troops slaying many soldiers. But the sprites failed in their attempt to eliminate Ziya's forces and kill King Wu since the many followers of Ziya carried magic skills and these thwarted the three sprites.

Finally when the sprites returned to the palace and reported to King Zhou, he ordered them to flee for their own lives. Then alone, Zhou walked to the Star-Plucking Tower.

When the three sprites were then preparing to the flight, Ziya through his magic reckoning discovered their intentions. He ordered the three generals Yang Bliss, Wei Hu and Thunderbolt to capture them. The generals waited in the air until they saw the three sprites floating out of the palace to the sky. The generals chased after them but Nu Wa unexpectedly appeared to block the way of the three sprites.

Chapter 97

The King Burns

Using a magic rope Nu Wa bound the three sprites and delivered them to Yang Bliss.

Thus the three sprites were conveyed to the executorial grounds. Ziya scolded them for eating the servants of the palace and for creating the plots to execute virtuous officials. Daji pleaded to Ziya saying that she was only an ordinary girl from the Su house, so she could not have persuaded King Zhou to perpetrate any evil acts. But Ziya, facing the feudal lords, described to them that she was not Su's daughter but a fox sprite.

Without delaying, the executioners cut off the heads of the Zither sprite and the Pearl Chicken Sprite. However Daji employed her bewitching and charming seduction at the executioner. He became so infatuated that he could not raise the sword. Two more other executioners came to the task but also failed. Thunder-quaker went to report the situation to Ziya who then cast his flying blade to behead Daji.

From the palace King Zhou witnessed when the execution fell upon them and felt sadness. Still on his way to the Star-plucking Tower, many ghosts came there to haunt Zhou but he just opened his eyes wide to terrify them instead, who ran away. When he reached at the Tower, he was dressed with the royal robe with pearls and jade covering it. Then King Zhou ordered the soldier Zhu Sheng to put on fire the Tower. When King Zhou was burnt to death, Zhu joined the king jumping into the fire to commit suicide.

As King Wu and the other feudal lords entered into the palace, Ziya promptly ordered to extinguish the fire.

Chapter 98

Jewels and Relief supplies distributed

King Wu granted clemency to the maids and servants of the palace, and thus he ordered his soldiers to not mistreat the palatial staff or spoil their personal belongings. However King Wu took the numerous jewels, jade and gems spread in Deer Tower of the palace, and distributed them to the feudal lords and relief to the subject people.

Ziya provided a due royal ceremony for a king's funeral when he ordered the burial of King Zhou. Then, to the presence of King Wu, was brought Wu Geng, the son of King Zhou, who by then was suffering the hostilities from the feudal lords, who in turn meant to execute Wu Geng. But King Wu frustrated their intentions granting a piece of land to Wu Geng, and so titling him as the Lord of Shang, which would succeed the Yin family lineage.

The feudal lords in unanimity expected King Wu to take the throne, however King Wu considered it not appropriate since he was originally a subordinate to the king deposed. Still Ziya reasoned to King Wu that for stabilizing the moment, King Wu could seat in the throne as a temporary king until, later and at last, appeared a sage man. Then King Wu could transfer definitely the throne to this coming wise man. King Wu accepted such condition.

After ten months in Morning Song, King Wu took the road of return to his home. However the Taoists, Bo Yi and Shu Qi, once again blocked King Wu's way, which was back to Xiqi. They cried and sang a song to mock King Wu. Later they refused to eat the granted millet of Zhou and starved to death.

Meanwhile taking the opportune moment the former Zhou officials, Fei Lian and E Lai, presented the royal seal to Ziya. Ziya was satisfied and bestowed positions to them.

As to Ziya himself, he had become the Prime Minister of King Wu. Having learned these news, the ex-wife of Ziya, lady Ma, felt so unsettled for what she had reacted to Ziya, that she committed suicide.

With all in stabilized places, Ziya went look for Primogenitor, so he flew to Kunlun Mountain.

Chapter 99

Deification of the Spirits

Archpriest Primogenitor told Jiang Ziya to return to the capital Morning Song and that he would send a decree to him later.

At last after the decree arrived, Ziya proceeded to Mount Qi, the Investiture Altar. There, to all the souls and spirits, he proclaimed the decree. He canonized three hundred and sixty five gods in eight departments. To each one of the gods was given a name and determined a position: ¹⁶

1. Bai Jian - God of Pure Happiness
2. Huang Tianhua - Bing Ling Gong - God of the Three Sacred Mountains
3. Huang Feihu - God of Taishan, the East Mountain
4. Chong Heihu - God of Hengshan, the South Mountain
5. Wen Ping - God of Songshan, the Middle Mountain
6. Cui Ying - God of Hengshan, the North Mountain
7. Jiang Xiong - God of Huashan, the West Mountain
8. Wen Zhong - Chief of the Thunder Gods
9. Dong Zhong - Thunder God
10. Xin Huan - Thunder God
11. Zhang Jie - Thunder God
12. Tao Rong - Thunder God
13. Pang Hong - Thunder God
14. Liu Fu - Thunder God
15. Gou Zhang - Thunder God
16. Bi Huan - Thunder God
17. Qin Wan - Thunder God
18. Zhao Jiang - Thunder God
19. Dong Quan - Thunder God
20. Yuan Jue - Thunder God
21. Li De - Thunder God
22. Sun Liang - Thunder God
23. Bai Li - Thunder God
24. Wang Bian - Thunder God
25. Yao Bin - Thunder God
26. Zhang Shao - Thunder God
27. Huang Gen - Thunder God
28. Jin Su - Thunder God
29. Ji Li - Thunder God
30. Yu Qing - Thunder God
31. Mother Golden Light (Goddess of Lightning) - Thunder God
32. Fair Lotus (Goddess of the Wind) - Thunder God
33. Luo Xuan - Chief of the Fire Gods

16. Although it was decreed 365 gods, the list presents only 337 names wherein some of these do not appear during the tale, whereas other characters from the tale are absent in it. Moreover in the list are named 71 Earthy stars and 35 Sky stars. All this suggests that the list may be a long after accretion to the original narration.

34. Zhu Zhao - Fire God
35. Gao Zheng - Fire God
36. Fang Gui - Fire God
37. Wang Jiao - Fire God
38. Liu Huan - Fire God
39. Lu Yue - Chief of the Plague Gods
40. Zhou Xin - God of Plague in the East
41. Li Qi - God of Plague in the South
42. Zhu Tianlin - God of Plague in the West
43. Yang Wenhui - God of Plague in the North
44. Chen Geng - Grand Instructor for Goodness
45. Li Ping - God of Destroying the Plague
46. Mother Golden Spirit - Honorable Goddess of the North Pole Dippers
47. Su Hu - God of the Eastern Constellations
48. Jin Kui - God of the Eastern Constellations
49. Zhao Bing - God of the Eastern Constellations
50. Ji Shuming - God of the Eastern Constellations
51. Huang Tianlu - God of the Western Constellations
52. Long Huan - God of the Western Constellations
53. Sun Ziyu - God of the Western Constellations
54. Hu Sheng - God of the Western Constellations
55. Hu Yunpeng - God of the Western Constellations
56. Lu Renjie - God of the Central Constellations
57. Chao Lei - God of the Central Constellations
58. Ji Shusheng - God of the Central Constellations
59. Bo Yikao - God of the North Pole
60. Zhou Ji - God of the Southern Constellations
61. Hu Lei - God of the Southern Constellations
62. Gao Gui - God of the Southern Constellations
63. Yu Cheng - God of the Southern Constellations
64. Sun Bao - God of the Southern Constellations
65. Lei Kun - God of the Southern Constellations
66. Huang Tianxiang - God of the Northern Constellations
67. Bi Gan (God of Culture) - God of the Northern Constellations
68. Dou Rong (God of Military Affairs) - God of the Northern Constellations
69. Han Sheng - God of the Northern Constellations
70. Han Bian - God of the Northern Constellations
71. Su Quanzhong - God of the Northern Constellations
72. E Shun - God of the Northern Constellations
73. Guo Cheng - God of the Northern Constellations
74. Dong Zhong - God of the Northern Constellations
75. Deng Jiugong - God of the Green Dragon Star
76. Yin Chengxiu - God of the White Tiger Star
77. Ma Fang - God of the Red Sparrow Star
78. Xu Kun - God of the Mysterious Martial Star
79. Lei Peng God of the Gone-with-the-Old Star
80. Zhang Shan - God of the Snake Star
81. Xu Gai - God of the Solar Star
82. Queen Jiang - Goddess of the Lunar Star
83. Shang Rong - God of the Jade Hall Star
84. Ji Shuqian - God of the Heavenly Precious Star

85. Hong Jin - God of the Dragon Virtue Star
86. Princess Long Ji - Goddess of the Red Phoenix Star
87. King Zhou - God of the Heavenly Happy Star
88. Mei Bo - God of the Heavenly Virtue Star
89. Xia Zhao - God of the Lunar Virtue Star
90. Zhao Qi - God of the Heavenly Amnesty Star
91. Lady Jia - Goddess of the Upright Behavior Star
92. Xiao Zheng - God of the Metal Mansion Star
93. Deng Hua - God of the Wooden Mansion Star
94. Yu Yuan - God of the Water Mansion Star
95. Mother Fiery Spirit - God of the Fire Mansion Star
96. Earth Traveler Sun - God of the Earth Mansion Star
97. Deng Chanyu - Goddess of the Six Combinations Star
98. Du Yuanxian - God of the Doctorate Star
99. Wu Wenhua - God of the Power Star
100. Jiao Ge - God of the Admonishment Star
101. Huang Feibiao - God of the River Leading Star
102. Madam Chedi - Goddess of the Moon Leading Star
103. Jiang Huanchu - God of the Imperial Coach Star
104. Huang Feibao - God of the Heavenly Inheritance Star
105. Ding Ce - God of the Imperial Chariot Star
106. E Chongyu - God of the Heavenly Horse Star
107. Li Jin - God of the Imperial Grade Star
108. Qian Bao - God of the Heavenly Medical Star
109. Concubine Huang - Goddess of the Earthly Queen Star
110. Ji Shude - God of the Domestic Dragon Star
111. Huang Ming - God of the Dragon Taming Star
112. Lei Kai - God of the Station Horse Star
113. Wei Ben - God of the Yellow Pennant Star
114. Wu Qian - God of the Leopard Tail Star
115. Zhang Guifang - God of the Mourning House Star
116. Feng Lin - God of the Lamenting Visitor Star
117. Fei Zhong - God of the Pulling-Twisting Star
118. You Hun - God of the Rolled Tongue Star
119. Peng Zun - God of the Throat Control Star
120. Wang Bao - God of the City Planning Star
121. Ji Shukun - God of the Flying Curtain Star
122. Chong Houhu - God of the Great Spending Star
123. Yin Pobai - God of the Minor Spending Star
124. Qiu Yin - God of the Linked String Star
125. Long Anji - God of the Railing Star
126. Tai Luan - God of the Head Spreading Star
127. Deng Xiu - God of the Five Devils Star
128. Zhao Sheng - God of the Goat Cutlass Star
129. Sun Yanhong - God of the Bloody Light Star
130. Fang Yizhen - God of the Official Seal Star
131. Yu Hua - God of the Single Morning Star
132. Ji Kang - God of the Heavenly Dog Star
133. Wang Zuo - God of the Sickness Spell Star
134. Zhang Feng - God of the Bone Boring Star
135. Bin Jinlong - God of the Death Spell Star

136. Bai Zianshong - God of the Heavenly Defeat Star
137. Zheng Chun - God of the Floating-Submerging Star
138. Bian Ji - God of the Heavenly Slaying Star
139. Chen Geng - God of the Yearly Killing Star
140. Xu Fang - God of the Yearly Punishment Star
141. Chao Tian - God of the Yearly Breaking Star
142. Ji Shuyi - God of the Lonely Fire Star
143. Ouyang Chun - God of the Lost Spirit Star
144. Wang Hu - God of the Monthly Breaking Star
145. Lady Rock - Goddess of the Monthly Touring Star
146. Chen Jizhen - God of the Dead Air Star
147. Xu Zhong - God of the Salty Pond Star
148. Yao Zhong - God of the Monthly Disgusted Star
149. Chen Wu - God of the Monthly Punishment Star
150. Gao Jineng - God of the Black Killing Star
151. Zhang Kui - God of the Seven Murders Star
152. Yin Hong - God of the Five Grains Star
153. Yu Zhong - God of the Avoiding Murder Star
154. Ouyang Tianlu - God of the Heavenly Punishment Star
155. Chen Tong - God of the Heavenly Net Star
156. Ji Shuji - God of the Earthly Net Star
157. Mei Wu - God of the Heavenly Space Star
158. Ao Bing - God of the Parasol Star
159. Zhou Xin - God of the Ten Evils Star
160. Huang Yuanji - Goddess of the Silkworm Breeding Star
161. Gao Lanying - Goddess of the Peach Blossom Star
162. Lady Ma - Goddess of the Broom Star
163. Li Gen - God of the Great Calamity Star
164. Han Rong - God of the Scattering About Star
165. Lin Shan - God of the Mourning Dress Star
166. Dragon Beard Tiger - God of the Nine Ugliness Star
167. Sa Jian - God of the Three Corpse Stars
168. Sa Qiang - God of the Three Corpse Stars
169. Sa Yong - God of the Three Corpse Stars
170. Jin Cheng - God of the Yin Mistake Star
171. Ma Chenglong - God of the Yang Error Star
172. Gongsun Duo - God of the Cutlass Slaying Star
173. Yuan Hong - God of the Four Waste Star
174. Sun He - God of the Five Poverties Star
175. Mei De - God of the Earthly Space Empty Star
176. Concubine Yang - Goddess of the Red Lovely Star
177. Hou Taiyi - God of the Danger Moon Swallow Constellation
178. Su Yuan - God of the Moon Fox Constellation
179. Xue Ding - God of the Moon Deer Constellation
180. Gao Yan - God of the Heavenly Leading Star
181. Huang Zhen - God of the Heavenly Gallant Star
182. Lu Chang - God of the Heavenly Planning Star
183. Ji Bing - God of the Heavenly Leisure Star
184. Yao Gongxiao - God of the Heavenly Courageous Star
185. Shi Kuai - God of the Heavenly Heroic Star
186. Sun Yi - God of the Heavenly Fierce Star

187. Li Bao - God of the Heavenly Mighty Star
188. Zhu Yi - God of the Heavenly Courageous Star
189. Chen Kan - God of the Heavenly Honorable Star
190. Li Xian - God of the Heavenly Rich Star
191. Fang Bao - God of the Heavenly Full Star
192. Zhang Xiu - God of the Heavenly Lonely Star
193. Li Hongren - God of the Heavenly Injured Star
194. Wang Longmao - God of the Heavenly Mystic Star
195. Deng Yu - God of the Heavenly Healthy Star
196. Li Xin - God of the Heavenly Dark Star
197. Xu Zhengdao - God of the Heavenly Safety Star
198. Dian Tong - God of the Heavenly Empty Star
199. Wu Xu - God of the Heavenly Swift Star
200. Ren Laiping - God of the Heavenly Different Star
201. Gong Qing - God of the Heavenly Demon Star
202. Shan Baizhao - God of the Heavenly Minute Star
203. Gao Ke - God of the Heavenly Retreating Star
204. Qi Chen - God of the Heavenly Longevity Star
205. Wang Hu - God of the Heavenly Sword Star
206. Bo Tong - God of the Heavenly Level Star
207. Yao Gong - God of the Heavenly Criminal Star
208. Tang Tianzheng - God of the Heavenly Damage Star
209. She Li - God of the Heavenly Defeat Star
210. Wen Jie - God of the Heavenly Imprisonment Star
211. Zhang Zhixiong - God of the Heavenly Clever Star
212. Bi De - God of the Heavenly Violent Star
213. Liu Da - God of the Heavenly Weeping Star
214. Chen Sanyi - God of the Heavenly Skillful Star
215. Chen Jizheng - God of the Earthly Leading Star
216. Huang Jingyuan - God of the Earthly Evil Star
217. Jia Cheng - God of the Earthly Courageous Star
218. Hu Baiyan - God of the Earthly Heroic Star
219. Lu Xiude - God of the Earthly Gallant Star
220. Sun Xiang - God of the Earthly Mighty Star
221. Wang Ping - God of the Earthly Strange Star
222. Bai Youhuan - God of the Earthly Fierce Star
223. Ge Gao - God of the Earthly Literature Star
224. Kao Ge - God of the Earthly Upright Star
225. Li Sui - God of the Earthly Secluded Star
226. Liu Hen - God of the Earthly Closing Star
227. Xia Xiang - God of the Earthly Strong Star
228. Yu Hui - God of the Earthly Dark Star
229. Bao Long - God of the Earthly Helping Star
230. Lu Zhi - God of the Earthly Gathering Star
231. Huang Bingqing - God of the Earthly Assisting Star
232. Zhang Qi - God of the Earthly Safety Star
233. Guo Yi - God of the Earthly Spirit Star
234. Jin Nandao - God of the Earthly Beast Star
235. Chen Yuan - God of the Earthly Minute Star
236. Che Kun - God of the Earthly Clever Star
237. Shang Chengdao - God of the Earthly Violent Star

238. Zhou Geng - God of the Earthly Silent Star
239. Qi Gong - God of the Earthly Mad Star
240. Huo Zhiyuan - God of the Earthly Rampant Star
241. Ye Zhong - God of the Earthly Flying Star
242. Gu Zong - God of the Earthly Walking Star
243. Li Chang - God of the Earthly Skillful Star
244. Fang Ji - God of the Earthly Bright Star
245. Xu Ji - God of the Earthly Progressive Star
246. Fan Huan - God of the Earthly Retreating Star
247. Zhuo Gong - God of the Earthly Full star
248. Kong Cheng - God of the Earthly Successful Star
249. Yao Jinxiu - God of the Earthly Round Star
250. Ning Sanyi - God of the Earthly Disappearing Star
251. Yu Zhi - God of the Earthly Different Star
252. Tong Zhen - God of the Theory Star
253. Yuan Dingxian - God of the Earthly Gallant Star
254. Wang Xiang - God of the Earthly Happy Star
255. Geng Yan - God of the Earthly Adroit Star
256. Xing Sanluan - God of the Earthly Swift Star
257. Jiang Zhong - God of the Earthly Suppressing Star
258. Kong Tianzhao - God of the Earthly Detaining Star
259. Li Yao - God of the Earthly Devil Star
260. Gong Qian - God of the Earthly Sprite Star
261. Duan Qing - God of the Earthly Tranquil Star
262. Men Daozheng - God of the Earthly Submitting Star
263. Zu Lin - God of the Earthly Secluded Star
264. Xiao Dian - God of the Earthly Space Star
265. Wu Siyu - God of the Earthly Lonely Star
266. Kuang Yu - God of the Earthly Complete Star
267. Cai Gong - God of the Earthly Short Star
268. Lan Hu - God of the Earthly Corner Star
269. Song Lu - God of the Earthly Imprisonment Star
270. Guan Bin - God of the Earthly Treasure Star
271. Long Cheng - God of the Earthly Level Star
272. Huang Wu - God of the Earthly Damage Star
273. Kong Daoling - God of the Earthly Slave Star
274. Zhang Huan - God of the Earthly Examining Star
275. Li Xin - God of the Earthly Wicked Star
276. Xu Shan - God of the Earthly Soul Star
277. Ge Fang - God of the Earthly Counting Star
278. Jiao Long - God of the Earthly Punishment Star
279. Qin Xiang - God of the Earthly Torture Star
280. Wu Yangong - God of the Earthly Strong Star
281. Fan Bin - God of the Earthly Inefficient Star
282. Ye Jingchang - God of the Earthly Healthy Star
283. Yao Ye - God of the Earthly Spending Star
284. Sun Ji - God of the Earthly Theft Star
285. Cheng Menggeng - God of the Earthly Dog Star
286. Chong Yingbiao - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
287. Gao Ping - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
288. Han Peng - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars

289. Li Ji - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
290. Wang Feng - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
291. Liu Jin - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
292. Wang Chu - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
293. Peng Jiuyuan - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
294. Li Sanyi - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
295. Lu Xiong - God of the Water Virtue Star
296. Yang Zhen - God of the Water Leopard Star
297. Fang Jiqing - God of the Water Beaver Star
298. Sun Xiang - God of the Water Ape Star
299. Hu Daoyuan - God of the Water Earthworm Star
300. Yin Jiao - God of the Year
301. Yang Ren - God of the Sixty-Year Cycle
302. Wen Liang - God on Day Patrol
303. Qiao Kuan - God On Night Patrol
304. Han Dulong - God for Increasing Happiness
305. Xue Ehu - God for Decreasing Happiness
306. Fang Bi - God of Doctrine Preaching
307. Fang Xiang - God of the Vanguard
308. Li Bing - God on Yearly Duty
309. Huang Chengyi - God on Monthly Duty
310. Zhou Deng - God on Daily Duty
311. Liu Hong - God on Hourly Duty
312. Wang Mo - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
313. Yang Sen - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
314. Gao Youqian - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
315. Li Xingba - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
316. Zhao Gongming - Genuine God of the Profound Dragon Tiger Altar
317. Xiao Sheng - God of Welcoming Treasures
318. Cao Bao - God of Storing Valuables
319. Chen Jiugong - Envoy of Welcoming Wealth
320. Yao Shaosi - Fairy Officer of Good Market
321. Mo Liqing - Developing Heavenly King
322. Mo Lihong - Wide-eyed Heavenly King
323. Mo Lihai - Literature Heavenly King
324. Mo Lishou - National Protection Heavenly King
325. Zheng Lun - God of "heng"
326. Chen Qi - God of "ha"
327. Yu Hualong - Green Haze Prime King Controller of Smallpox
328. Lady Jin - Saint Queen to Protect Sickrooms
329. Yu Da - God of Smallpox in the East
330. Yu Zhao - God of Smallpox in the West
331. Yu Guang - God of Smallpox in the South
332. Yu Xian - God of Smallpox in the North
333. Yu De - God of Smallpox in the Center
334. High Firmament - Goddesses of the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper
335. Jade Firmament - Goddesses of the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper
336. Green Firmament - Goddesses of the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper
337. Shen Gongbao - Water-Dividing General

Every department was responsible for supervising one aspect of the human world.

When Ziya returned from the Investiture Altar, Fei Lian and E Lai were brought to him and Ziya ordered the soldiers to carry them to immediate execution.

Chapter 100

King Wu creates the States

The evil spirits, Fei Lian and E Lai, were canonized as gods that invariably bring about unsuccess and misfortune.

Ziya recommended to King Wu to reward subjected lands to his generals, officials, and relatives. However Li Jing along with his three sons, Thunder-quaker, Wei Hu and Yang Bliss, came to court to inform that they did not desire positions and wealth. They, for preference, asked to be liberated from service. Later the four ones also became gods. Also Jinzha, Muzha, and Nezha resolved to leave King Wu. All the seven ones gave priority to return to a life as in meditative seclusion. But before they left, King Wu feasted them.

To reach a decision about the enfeoffment, King Wu talked about with Ziya and a Duke of Zhou. In the following day King Wu enfeoffed many nobles, including Jiang Ziya. All the leaders of the individual states were named. King Wu designated seventy-two lords, each one received a title and feoff. They showed their gratitude and proceeded to their states.

At Mount Western Foothills Ziya was enfeoffed. In addition, he was conferred on the symbols of authority for his supervision over the other lords, which were a white banner and a yellow hatchet.

Five years later, Mount Western Foothills had become a strong, flourishing and passive state.

The Ten Crux Battle Formation

The Ten Crux¹⁷ Battle Formation is a set of ten fictional and unpractical battle formations employed by the Sky Lords of Golden Crab Isle. This is truly known as the Grand Old Master's trump card during his campaign against Jiang Ziya.

Sky Extinguishing Battle Formation

Sky Lord Qin — Within Lord Qin's battle formation, the forces of Sky, Earth, and Man are all combined as one. The straight must be mixed with the foul within this process. Due to the immense intensity of this formation, any mortal that is to enter will be immediately turned into nothing more than ash.

Earth Quaking Battle Formation

Sky Lord Zhou — Within Lord Zhou's battle formation, laws of geomancy and physics are employed. All varied forces such as fire, wind, and so forth, are invested into a single flag. Whenever the flag may wave, great fire and wind will spew forth. Any individual that may enter this formation will be burned alive and nothing more.

Howling-Gales Battle Formation

Sky Lord Teng — Within Lord Teng's battle formation, the wind plays a major role. Whenever the wind is to howl, thousands of knives and daggers will appear from all directions; not even the thickest of armor could withstand the sharpness.

Frozen-Glacier Battle Formation

Sky Lord Yuan — Within Lord Yuan's battle formation, glacial ice is present. On top of this "glacial ice" lays mountains of knives and swords guided by thousands of lightning bolts. Of course, survival is of little probability upon the entering of this formation.

Golden-Light Battle Formation

Sky Lady Luminous Glow — Within Lady Luminous Glow's battle formation, many giant mirrors will be fashioned atop poles. The great rays of the sun are harnessed on the surface of these mirrors and can be controlled by turning the poles angles. The heat is greater than imaginable, and thus death is inevitable.

17. The original translation writes "*crucible*" instead of "*crux*."

Blood–Curdling Battle Formation

Sky Lord Sun — Within Lord Sun's battle formation, fierce wind plays the primary role. While combining fierce winds with black sand, it is utterly impossible for any individual to escape the formation. While inside, their blood will continuously curdle until imminent death.

Blazing–Flame Battle Formation

Sky Lord White — Within Lord White's battle formation, the Thunder Fire, Rock Fire, and the Triple Whammy Fire are the three main forces of fire. Killing radiation and heat will be present within this blazing–fame formation, and thus not even the most durable of individuals could survive.

Plummeting–Soul Battle Formation

Sky Lord Yao — Within Lord Yao's battle formation, a straw effigy is present and truly needed. By bowing before his effigy, any specific individuals' soul can be stolen while their spirit is strangled. Certain death is obvious through this formation indeed.

Crimson–Water Battle Formation

Sky Lord Zhong — Within Lord Zhong's battle formation, a giant trigram platform is present. Within this platform, there are three magic gourds containing varied deadly fluid to burn away any unfortunate individual that happened to enter the formation.

Scarlet–Sand Battle Formation

Sky Lord Wang — Within Lord Wang's battle formation, great illusion is present. While the individual is seemingly walking across blood–red sand, they are truly walking across millions of tiny knives — as small as each grain of sand.

Investiture of the Gods

Feng Shen Yanyi

by

Xu Zhonglin



Investiture of the Gods

or

Feng Shen Yanyi

by

Xu Zhonglin

The Investiture of the Gods also called *The Creation of the Gods*, or simply by its native name *Feng Shen Yanyi*, meaning “*Inauguration of Doctrines Dramatized by the Gods*,” is an ancient masterpiece. Published around the 16th-century, it has been claimed a “novel” merging mythology, folklore and history. As to its key thematics, *Investiture of the Gods* features a work that mostly personifies myths that narrate the Cosmogony of the World according to the space-time established by the Chinese mythology.

Editor

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1. The text, though partly abridged, amounts the supposedly original one hundred chapters.

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Chapter 76	<i>The Occupation of Sishui Pass</i>
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Chapter 78	<i>Three ways try the Fairy Immortal Trap</i>
Chapter 79	<i>Four generals in Captivity at Chuanyun Pass</i>
Chapter 80	<i>Collapse of the Pestilence Trap</i>
Chapter 81	<i>Chickenpox Spirit at Tongguan Pass</i>
Chapter 82	<i>At the Ten Thousand Immortal Trap</i>
Chapter 83	<i>Subjugation of the Lion, Elephant, and Jaguar</i>
Chapter 84	<i>Occupation of Lintong Pass</i>
Chapter 85	<i>Betrayal of two Dukes</i>
Chapter 86	<i>Five mountain spirits return to Sky</i>
Chapter 87	<i>Earth traveler Sun and his wife</i>
Chapter 88	<i>A White Fish from the Yellow River to the Dragon boat</i>
Chapter 89	<i>Cutting open the Bellies of Pregnant Women</i>

Chapter 90	<i>Subjugation of two Sprites</i>
Chapter 91	<i>Fire attack on Mount Coiling Dragon</i>
Chapter 92	<i>Subjugation of seven Sprites</i>
Chapter 93	<i>Occupation of Youhun Pass</i>
Chapter 94	<i>The Siege of the Capital</i>
Chapter 95	<i>The Ten Accusations</i>
Chapter 96	<i>Daji under Siege</i>
Chapter 97	<i>The King Burns</i>
Chapter 98	<i>Jewels and Relief supplies distributed</i>
Chapter 99	<i>Deification of the Spirits</i>
Chapter 100	<i>King Wu creates the States</i>
Epilogue	<i>The Ten Crux Battle Formation</i>

The Investiture Great Wall-Corridor ²



2. In the picture are the Spirit-Stars who assist the Jade Emperor to rule the human world. At the center, the figure spurting the bagua is thought to be Yin Jiao, the overseer. Each one represents one year of the Jovian orbit of 11.86 years. Thus they are called "Highest Years" (Tai Sui), which, like the solar zodiac, determine the destiny. The original painting is probably from 13th century, therefore before this publication of Xu Zhonglin. It is part of Chinese Major Historical and Cultural Site.

Chapter 1

King Zhou and Goddess Nu Wa

At one point in time as King Da Yi, of the newly established Shang Dynasty of China, walked through the royal gardens to gaze at the great beauty that laid before him, the Flying Cloud Pavilion suddenly collapsed. As a single beam from the pavilion fell towards the king, Prince Zi Shou grabbed hold of the beam and threw it aside. After ministers such as Shan Rong and Mei Bo gazed at the strength that the prince possessed, they advised the king to name him Crown Prince. Thus following the death of King Da Yi, Prince Zi Shou took the title of '*King Zhou*' and became the new ruler of the Shang Dynasty within its new capital Morning Song.

After seven years of prosperity within the Shang Dynasty, etches of evil tyranny begin to evolve in the heart of King Zhou. As the first rebellion thus took place on the second month of the seventh year, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, the head of civil affairs, went personally ride out upon his great dragon to subdue them at the North Sea district.

In the following day, the prime minister Shang Rong asked the king to head to the temple of Nu Wa in order to offer their condolences on her birthday. Following the latter's consent, the king and his entourage thus march from the capital's gates to the temple of Nu Wa.

As King Zhou enjoyed the palace's immense scenery after his arrival, he gazed into the eyes of Goddess Nu Wa — who sat behind a celestial curtain. Overtaken by her unparalleled beauty, King Zhou used his ink brush to write a poem of her valor upon a neighboring pillar within the temple. Even after being reproached by Shang Rong for what disaster the poem could bring about, the latter simply brushed him aside saying that it was nothing more than a literary representation of her beauty.

After the king and his entourage had returned to the capital, Nu Wa noticed the poem and immediately vow to end the Shang Dynasty due to the former's vile desires. Once she had arrived at Morning Song atop her phoenix, Nu Wa realized that King Zhou still possessed another twenty years of reign — and would thus live with lustful rage.

As she arrived at her temple, she summoned forth her three right-hand sprites: Daji, the thousand year-old female fox; Splendor, the nine-headed female pheasant; and Jade, the female lute. Thus following their summoning, Goddess Nu Wa told them to transform themselves into beautiful women in order to distract King Zhou from his state affairs — so that he would be overthrown in a further justified manner.

Back in Morning Song King Zhou seated in great depression over the incredible unattainable beauty that Nu Wa had possessed — and thus wished to not perform any action until he could attain her as one of his lovers. After effectively calling minister Fei Zhong to his presence, he suggested to the king that one-hundred women should be taken from each of the four Grand Dukes so that he might have an opportunity to find a woman that ranked in beauty with Nu Wa. With immense delight at such a grand opportunity, King Zhou rested for the night and would make his preparations in the following day.

Chapter 2

The Rebellion of Su Hu

The next morning, King Zhou prepared one letter for each of the four Grand Dukes stating that one hundred virgin women that possess at least a moderate level of physical beauty should be presented before the capital as soon as possible. As prime minister Shang Rong reminded the king that such an action would only bring out mass contempt and future rebellion, King Zhou saw his reasoning and withdraw the edict immediately.

When the eight-hundred marquises had appeared to offer their allegiance to the Shang Dynasty the following summer, Fei Zhong and You Hun became extremely influential in court due to the leave of Grand Old Master, and thus asked for many presents and additional bribes from the former wealthy classmen.

However, Su Hu, Marquis of Jizhou, refuted such compliances due to his fiery resolve to stand against such injustices fully. Due to such, Fei Zhong and You Hun grew rather hateful towards Su Hu throughout the future. As the nation's marquises and dukes had arrived at capital Morning Song to display their obeisance at the end of the year, the four grand dukes would be specifically placed before King Zhou and fully honored for great diligence in their duty.

After the four dukes had been well-feasted throughout the day, King Zhou returned to his inner chambers and discussed the current situation with his two favorite ministers Fei Zhong and You Hun. In a chance to force Su Hu to repent for his defiance, Fei Zhong declared to the king that the former possessed an exceedingly beautiful daughter that must be attained if the letter's ministers were to continue to trust his decision making.

After Su Hu had thus been summoned to the Dragon Virtue Court, King Zhou told the latter that if he was to attain his daughter, Su Hu would be granted great wealth, rank, and recognition within the dynasty of Shang. As Su Hu declined with many words of insult towards the king's lack of virtue, King Zhou became rageful and ordered Su Hu to be arrested. However, Fei Zhong advised the king that if he allowed Su Hu to return to Jizhou out of consideration and personal dignity, the people of Shang would look upon the king as a worthy ruler that listens keenly to his people's desires; in such a way, Su Hu's daughter could also be more easily attained.

Now settling down to an extent, King Zhou ordered Su Hu to be expelled from the court. As Su Hu thus returned to Jizhou, he considered his choices. If he was to give his daughter to King Zhou, ministers of the court would think of him as slanderous and immoral; if he refused to hand over his daughter, the king would most likely attack his prefecture with an army in order to ensure that his defiance could not spread further.

Carefully analyzing this, he decided it best to gather his own forces to fight Shang while he wrote a poem that represented hatred towards the Shang Dynasty upon the Meridian Gate inside the capital Morning Song.

After King Zhou had taken notice of this immensely defiant poem, he ordered a force of six armies to be placed under his command during the newly established attack upon Jizhou. As General Lu Xiong elaborated his suggestions to the king, it was decided that Grand Duke of the North, Chong Houhu, and Ji Chang, Grand Duke of the West, would lead a joint force against Su Hu's city instead.

At the capital hall, where the grand dukes and other high ranking officials were present, Ji Chang ordered an investigation as to why a loyal subject such as Su Hu would be deserving of punishment, while Chong Houhu unconditionally accepted the king's words and headed out immediately with his army.

Once Su Hu had attained word of Chong Houhu's movement towards his territory, the former ordered his soldiers to be well drilled to defend the city walls against the king's army. As Chong Houhu's army of 50,000 strong soldiers arrived before Jizhou, Su Hu grinded his teeth in frustration after hearing from an intelligence officer that Chong Houhu was the enemy commander due to his one-sided reasoning. Amidst the roar of cannons, Su Hu presented himself before Chong Houhu and elaborated the rationale behind his defiance. Chong Houhu became enraged at his words, and sent forth General Mei Wu to dispose of the former in a quick manner.

Su Quanzhong, the eldest son of Su Hu, intercepted Mei Wu, who was cut down by Quanzhong after following twenty rounds of fierce battle. Now that Su Hu's son had won the first victory, an all-out melee was unleashed between both forces resulting in Chong Houhu's eventual retreat. As the Jizhou forces thus returned to the city, it was decided that a surprise attack should be ushered forth that night upon the latter's stockades as to deal a critical blow to Chong Houhu's morale and attain potential assistance of other neighboring powers— such as the Grand Dukes — after they had heard of Jizhou's strength.

Once such a tactic had been fully employed at dusk, Chong Houhu fled to a newly established camp and drink his worries away at the thought of Ji Chang's future assistance. While his forces thus ignorantly slept for the night, Su Hu's forces charged forth with the furiousness of a tiger and slaughtered countless soldiers of Shang in mere moments. Now in a state of great fear for his life, Chong Houhu personally clashed his cutless against the resolved Su Hu until the former's generals ran to his assistance. As the Shang forces thus fled in majority, Su Hu called off their pursuit after twenty li³ of distance was traveled.

While currently fleeing through the stars of night with his generals, Chong Houhu came to the conclusion that strict defense should be employed for the moment while a messenger should be sent to Ji Chang in request for reinforcements. Unfortunately for Chong however, Su Quanzhong suddenly appeared before the light of the moon with his ambush-party completely determined to put an end to the former's life. With his immense renown and resolve, Su Quanzhong easily defeated three generals of Shang singlehandedly with his great dragon glaive.⁴

3. Chinese unit of distance, equal to about 0.6 km (0.4 mile).

4. A sword or a large curve blade fixed on the end of a pole; also, a light lance with a long sharp-pointed head.

Chong Houhu, who became exceedingly fearful over the former's skill, fled away immediately from the combat. In a state of distraction over his father's sudden choice, Chong Yingbiao received a deep wound through his left arm from Su Quanzhong's glaive — and thus fled for his life in addition.

As Su Hu held conference the following day, Quanzhong appeared before his father and elaborated his great victory in the previous night. With great joy, the former smiled in admiration at his son's prowess and thus made preparations for his next essential movement.

Chapter 3

Daji enters the Palace

As Chong Houhu thus regrouped his remaining forces, he'd grieve at their many past losses and what was yet to unfold. After General Huang Yuanji stated to the commander that it was currently best to ask Ji Chang for reinforcements, Chong Houhu resolutely refused lest the latter would be punished by the king for not already offering his promised assistance. Once word came out that a large military force was heading in their direction at an immense pace, Chong Houhu realized that it was none other than his younger brother, the renowned Black Tiger Chong Heihu, Marquis of Caozhou. With a total of twenty-three thousand soldiers, Chong Heihu declared assistance to his elder brother and thus left to Jizhou.

As Su Hu attained report on Black Tiger's arrival, he sat in utter frustration over the former's ability to use magic. Su Quanzhong, however, expressed little fear towards Black Tiger's magic renown and thus left the city to do battle with the latter. Even though Black Tiger arrived to simply discuss the situation with his old friend Su Hu, Su Quanzhong insisted to do nothing more than clash blades with the former after hearing of his physical prowess. Once the former and latter had thus begun their duel, Su Quanzhong noticed a large gourd present on Black Tiger's back — but continued to lash his dragon glaive forward with one resolve in mind, which was Chong Heihu's capture.

With little other choice, then Black Tiger opened his gourd which signaled countless celestial eagles to swoop down and peck their beaks into Su's flesh while black smoke oozed from his gourd profusely. After hearing of his son's capture, Su Hu flew into unparalleled frustration and thus concluded it best to kill himself by the sword after slaying his wife and daughter — lest they were to be killed once being taken prisoners following his defeat.

With such a thought in mind, Su Hu presented himself before his daughter with sword in hand utterly determined to preserve his honor until the very end. Just at this critical point in time, Black Tiger's second arrival was reported to Su Hu — and the latter thus made defensive preparations for the pass immediately. Black Tiger, who only intended on consulting with Su Hu, had no choice but to return to the Shang camp in frustration. Due to the former's continued obstinacy, the supply lines were secretly cut off at set intervals as to prevent Jizhou from attaining there needed provisions.

Within this moment of besiegement, Zheng Lun arrived and challenged Black Tiger with due determination. During their vigorous clash, Zheng Lun became aware of the latter's large gourd atop his back and thus immediately deployed his own magical ability which was the soul stealing beams from his nostrils. As Black Tiger was presented before Su Hu following his capture, he became grateful at the former's courtesy and thus took the place of honor.

Once Chong Houhu had attained word of his brother's condition, San Yisheng, supreme minister under Ji Chang, arrived and told the former that a letter of exhortation should be sent to Su Hu stating that he was to give up his daughter

on the condition that he reattains the title of Marquis of Jizhou — which would save the people from further suffering.

Following Chong Houhu's consenting, San Yisheng appeared before Jizhou and handed Ji Chang's letter to Su Hu immediately. Upon the reading of this letter, Su Hu became instantly enlightened at the West Grand Duke's rationale — and thus consented with great happiness and feasting. After asking San Yisheng to deliver his reply to Ji Chang with gifts of fine gold and satin, Su Hu made preparations to personally escort his daughter to the capital's palace.

Chapter 4

The Fox Sprite murders Daji

As Su Hu took leave from Jizhou, Black Tiger promised to the former that he would return his son immediately after arriving back at camp. With reciprocated dignity, both Su Hu and Black Tiger headed their separate ways to mark their conflict's true conclusion. Once Black Tiger had arrived back at the Shang camp, he explained the resolution of Su Hu and thoroughly reprimanded his elder brother for his disgraceful incompetence — vowing to never see him again.

With Black Tiger now returning to Caozhou, Chong Houhu felt immense shame and embarrassment at his former actions and thus returned to his dukedom immediately after filing a report to King Zhou. After Su Hu met with his newly freed son, Su Quanzhong, and explained to him about leadership over Jizhou while he was away, the former entered the inner palace to discuss the situation with his wife.

The next morning, Su Hu, and his tearful-eyed daughter, Daji, headed out in a carriage with three-thousand soldiers and five-hundred officers to make quick pace to the capital. Following the passage of many days Su Hu and his entourage arrived at a courier station within Enzhou and stay there for the night. However, there had been a rumor of an evil sprite that was lurking within this station for the past few years, and Su Hu thus constantly exchanged moments of reading his book of military strategy to ensuring his daughter's safety throughout the night — never daring to sleep for a single moment. Suddenly during the second watch at night, each candle flickered constantly throughout the halls and people screamed at the sight of a supposed ghost flying about.

Immediately with due vigor, Su Hu grabbed his iron staff and rushed to Daji's rear hall room — but his lamp suddenly burnt out forcing him to order a new lamp with due haste. Upon the entering of his daughter's room, he would be overjoyed to hear that she was only recently awoken once her father rushed into her room. As Su Hu thus returned to his room in relief at such a good omen that his daughter remained safe, little did he realize that the thousand-year fox had already seized Daji's body once Su Hu was busy attaining his secondary lamp. After several days following their setting out from Enzhou, Su Hu and his entourage finally arrived at Morning Song and present themselves before Prince Yellow Flying Tiger.

Once Su Hu had thus stationed his troops outside the city while Daji remained in the Golden Reception House, Fei Zhong and You Hun became angry at their lack of presents from the former following his arrival — and thus successfully encouraged King Zhou to put him to death the following day. As the following day arrived, Su Hu presented himself before the king in convicted robes stating that he deserves death for his past defiance.

With Shang Rong's immediate defense, Fei Zhong declared that if Su Hu's daughter was indeed very beautiful, she would be taken in while the former was freed; but if she lacked eloquence on the contrary, both of their heads should be displayed before the city's gates. As Daji thus bowed before the king with her full

condolences, the latter could barely control his inner lust and amazement at her colossal beauty and elegance. After immediately pardoning Su Hu for his crimes and placing him back at his original rank, King Zhou took Daji's hand and headed back to the Fairy Longevity Palace to fully enjoy his first night with her. With greatly displeased ministers, civil and military affairs were continuously ignored throughout the future as King Zhou enjoyed great pleasure with Daji from time to time. By thus setting aside exceedingly urgent matters, it seemed as if the Shang Dynasty itself was rapidly sinking into chaos...

Chapter 5

Cloud Dweller presents a Pine Wood Sword

This was the first chapter in which true chaos began to spread within the Shang Dynasty because of the King's new treasured concubine, Daji. In reality, this girl named Daji was truly killed and possessed by a fox specter, who plans on destroying the dynasty through Nu Wa's orders. When this chapter began, the man by the name of Cloud Dweller was currently searching around Tiger peak for medicinal herbs. After this renowned dweller of the clouds realized that there had been a thousand year old vixen in human form — as Daji — present within the kingdom, the dweller told his pupil to prepare for him a wooden sword — a sword that would sicken the vixen to death after a period of time.

After officials such as the Number One Grand Counselor Mei Bo had discussed the major issue of the kingdom with his fellow officials, it was soon decided that a large gong would be beaten and all officials of the kingdom would gather before the king as to show their dedication. After the annoyed King Zhou entered from his room to meet his "boring officials", he was not in any mood to listen and only wished to return to his precious Daji.

Both the Prime Minister and the Vice Prime Minister called out to their king, *"Sire! Our kingdom is in trouble. There are uncontrolled floods and droughts. The populace is suffering and restless. All the memoranda from the dukes have not been attended to. Your Majesty has not come for months to the morning assembly. Many urgent matters await your decision."* The king would generally turn a deaf ear to his officials primarily out of his ignorance.

After Cloud Dweller appears present before Zhou and engages in a long conversation, he departs and tells the king to hang his wooden sword over the door of the Longevity Palace. Thus, the chapter then ends following the departure of both the king and all of his officials. At the very end of this chapter however, the sword burnt through Daji's orders — it was mysteriously making her deathly ill.

Chapter 6

The Burning Pillar Torture

As the wooden sword was thus turned into ashes, Daji recovered in immediate pace. Still secretly remaining at Morning Song in order to inspect the outcome of his wooden sword, Master of the Clouds sighed at his inability to change the Shang Dynasty's destined outcome — and thus wrote a short poem upon the observatory wall within the market area so that all people could understand what future they were to experience. After thus returning to Mount Zhongnan people noticed the poem immediately and attempted to decipher its meaning. With no true success, Grand Tutor Du Yuanxian appeared, read the poem with partitioned understanding, and returned to his personal quarters to make up a report on what future the dynasty would experience if this evil specter was not effectively eradicated.

Upon the finishing of this report, Du Yuanxian gave it to Prime Minister Shang Rong so that it could be presented personally to the king. Once Shang Rong left to the royal palace to deliver it to King Zhou, he was admitted in with Yuanxian's report in hand. Reading the report fully, the king believed his words to be rather accurate but decided to have Daji's opinion on the issue. Daji told the king that the Taoist earlier was none other than a wicked sorcerer who spread rumors to put the dynasty into a frenzy, and Du Yuanxian was assisting this sorcerer with full intentions to ensure full unrest within the people and should thus be publicly executed. Shang Rong however, immediately retorted, saying that if Du Yuanxian was to be executed, his loyalty would not only be seen as mere rubbish but many ministers would rise up in addition to uphold his innocence.

King Zhou, who told Shang Rong that Yuanxian should be executed as to prevent further full unrest stories from coming about, immediately ordered royal guards to bound Du Yuanxian with thick ropes and chains. As the latter was thus dragged off to the palace gates, Supreme Minister Mei Bo stopped the executioners and immediately asked for an explanation from Prime Minister Shang Rong. After hearing the story fully, Mei Bo flew into a rage at Shang Rong's fear to uphold true justice within the dynasty — and thus grabbed the latter's arm while charging into the Fairy Longevity Palace to talk with King Zhou.

With uncontrolled anger, Mei Bo began to shout violently at the king for his ineptitude and thus was ordered to be executed immediately. Just before Mei Bo was to have his skull smashed, Daji told King Zhou to put the former in the gaols for now while a torture device known as the "Burning Pillar" was to be constructed as his destined punishment. While thus gazing at the king's atrocities and delusion, Shang Rong sincerely asked the king if he could faithfully retire from the dynasty lest he was to make any further mistakes in his old age.

Following the latter's consent, many ministers gathered at the Changting Pavilion to see their old comrade on his way that evening. Raising their cups to bid their old comrade farewell, Shang Rong wrote one final poem to express his inner grievance before taking leave with tearful eyes. Ignoring his ministers for several more days as usual, tyrant King Zhou obtained a report on the burning pillars completed construction. After Daji had thoroughly inspected the pillar's design,

she smiled with happiness and suggested to the king that tomorrow should be Mei Bo's day of punishment. The following day at the Grand Hall, Yellow Flying Tiger gazed at over twenty pillars being lit blood red — and sat in confusion as to why such objects would be in royal grounds. With Mei Bo's entrance into the Grand Hall, King Zhou sat in laughter at what was to soon befall the former.

Thus being stripped and chained fully against a burning pillar, a single deathly scream rang against the royal halls as Mei Bo's flesh and bones were turned to ashes. Now leaving the Grand Hall with his other comrades, Yellow Flying Tiger exclaimed his resolve to do whatever it takes to save the dynasty from it was supposedly destined downfall. With celebratory music and feasting resounding through the walls of King Zhou's inner chambers, Queen Jiang felt personal hatred over the newly heard burning pillar construction and thus ordered her attendants to prepare for her a carriage.

Chapter 7

Fei Zhong plots to depose the Queen

Following Queen Jiang's arrival at the Fairy Longevity Palace, she was approached by Daji with a single courteous bow before being escorted into the court. With the king thus fully enjoying the night by his queen's side, Daji began to dance with great eloquence and beauty. Not enjoying this stay by her husband's side, Queen Jiang reprimanded King Zhou for his continued delusion — and thus left the personal chambers of the court. Being rather angry and depressed over the queen's sudden words, King Zhou asked his precious Daji if she could dance once more to his delight. Falling to the floor with tears in her eyes, Daji exclaimed her worry towards the kingdom if the queen reported her actions to other ministers and nobles — resulting in her own death.

The king, now exceedingly angry, ensured to Daji that he would dispose of the queen shortly to ensure her safety. On the first day of the following month, Queen Jiang received congratulations from the royal concubines as a monthly custom. With Daji prostrating herself before the Queen, she was thoroughly humiliated over the former's words before taking her own leave. For being rebuked by the Queen so wrathfully in front of two other concubines, Daji discussed with Gun Juan, her maidservant, about how Queen Jiang should effectively be killed and replaced.

As King Zhou and Daji enjoyed the scenery of the gardens the following day, Fei Zhong attained a report on Daji's lust to kill Queen Jiang and thus pondered through night and day to think of a method — lest he was to be eventually killed for refusing her decree. Gazing outside his window, Fei Zhong noticed a tall bulky man by the name of Jiang Huan of East Lu that had come to repay the former with due respect and gratitude for his past consideration. With a plan now formed in his mind upon the latter's arrival, Fei Zhong immediately told Jiang Huan what to do while informing Daji in addition.

After being told to attend state affairs the following day by Daji, King Zhou was suddenly attacked by a disguised Jiang Huan — saying he should replace his own father as king for the sake of the Shang Dynasty's preservation. As Jiang lashed at the king with his dagger, he was brushed back immediately by royal guards and effectively captured.

Once Fei Zhong volunteered to personally interrogate the captive on the issue upon the entering of the Grand Hall, he reported to King Zhou shortly that the latter was a general under the Eastern Grand Duke — Queen Jiang's father. This duke had been ordered by Queen Jiang to put the king to death so that he could take the throne. After thus appointing Concubine Huang as Chief Justice for this case, King Zhou angrily charged back into the Fairy Longevity Palace asking about the issue with countless ministers. Not attaining any true knowledge of such a complicated incident, King Zhou passed an oral decree via the court herald onto Queen Jiang stating that she was to appear at the West Palace for trial immediately.

Following her arrival at the palace, Queen Jian pleaded her innocence personally to Lady Huang. As the former's words were accurately told to King Zhou

himself, Daji came forth from the shadows stating that the queen was simply pushing her own blames upon others with additional falsehood. It was thus decided that if Queen Jiang didn't confess the truth about the matter, one of her eyes would be gauged out as punishment. Lady Huang, who immediately ran to the Queen telling her to confess a false statement, simply gazed forth as a royal guard plucked one of the latter's eyes out after refusing the former's request with due resolve.

King Zhou, who became fearful of an attack by the Eastern Grand Duke or great condemnation from his ministers, was told by Daji that Queen should most reassuringly tell the truth after having her hands burnt to ashes by a boiling brass dipper. As such an action was resentfully decreed by the king, Queen Jiang sternly refused once more to confess any such crime — and thus lost her hands to the dipper in short time.

Regaining her strength after watching such a cruel scene, Lady Huang informed the king about her continued reluctance. In the former's great worry, Daji suggested to the king that Queen Jiang should be brought together to be tried with the accused Jiang Huan.

Chapter 8

Princes take Flight

As Jiang Huan and Queen Jiang was thus placed before the West Palace together, the Queen and Lady Huan wrathfully rebuked Huan for his evil treachery. At this same point in time, Crown Prince Yin Jiao and Yin Hong, who was playing chess, was immediately informed by Yang Rong of the current situation — and thus ran to the Western Palace in quick pace to meet with their mother. Gazing at their mother laying forth in a large pool of blood, the queen stated her final words to the crown prince to attain revenge before uttering one last breath before death. In unparalleled blood lust towards his mother's death, Yin Jiao grabbed his sword and sliced the neighboring Jiang Huan into two pieces after being informed of the latter's treachery.

Once Yin Jiao had impulsively shouted his additional desire to kill Daji, Chao Tian and Chao Lei — dubbed as the "Chao Twins" — immediately ran to the king at the Fairy Longevity Palace in fear and elaborated the crown prince's intentions. In resounding rage, King Zhou handed the Chao Twins his Dragon-Phoenix sword to personally put an end to both princes through decapitation. With the twins thus heading to the Eastern Palace, Lady Huang heard the king's newest decree and quickly told the two princes to take shelter with Concubine Yang at the Fragrant Palace for a few days.

As the princes thus arrived at Concubine Yang's residence, Chao Tiang and Chao Lei arrived shortly for inspection — but were barked away for their rude insolence. After the princes left to a greater area of safety — the Grand Hall with Yellow Flying Tiger — Concubine Yang decided to hang herself lest she was to be found out at a later time that she sheltered the princes. At this same point in time Lady Huang informed King Zhou of Queen Jiang's last saying before death, and the Chao Twins were ordered to head to the Grand Hall after elaborating their past failure. The princes arrived shortly before the Grand Hall and was met by Yellow Flying Tiger and many other ministers who angrily vowed to see His Majesty after hearing the former's unfortunate story.

Once Fang Bi and Fang Xiang — dubbed as the "Fang Brothers" — roared into the Grand Hall stating that King Zhou should be overthrown for his blatant tyranny, Yellow Flying Tiger and others stood silent in great frustration if such an action would truly be right. In justice's name, the two fang brothers each grabbed hold of one prince and charged forth from the palace gates stating boldly that they would escort the two princes to East Lu before raising their own army to uproot the evil tyrant.

As each minister sat in astonishment at what had just taken place, Yellow Flying Tiger solely stood forth in admiration of the Fang Brothers' exceeded loyalty. With the immediate arrival of the Chao Twins, they were informed of the incident with the Fang Brothers; being in a difficult situation, the two headed to see King Zhou in quick pace. After ensuring Yellow Flying Tiger with this task, the former headed out alone atop his divine Rainbow Ox. Following his immediate arrival before the two princes in the wilderness, he pleaded for the two children to put an end to their own lives; for if he was to kill them himself, his conscience

would never be the same; but if he was to refuse the king's order, he would receive death. After Prince Yellow Flying Tiger sat in frustration, he told Fang Bi to head to Jiang Huanchu at East Lu with the two princes while Fang Xiang was to see E Chongyu to encourage him to lead a two directional force against the capital with the former.

Handing Fang Bi his jade pendant as an expense, he headed back to the capital to report his failure — to the ministers' delight. Upon his report to King Zhou that evening, Daji suggested to the king that two generals should be sent immediately that night to pursue the two brothers with three-thousand soldiers in assistance. Once these two best generals — Yin and Lei — approached Yellow Flying Tiger that night, the latter ensured their supply of men and horses to be ready at the fifth watch the following morning — lest his plans were to be foiled.

Being equipped with old and infirmed men the next morning as soldiers, the two generals simply sighed to themselves with the knowledge that they had no other choice but to continue Traveling for the past two days with the young princes, the four individuals arrived at a fork in the road: one direction leading east, and the other leading south.

The Fang Brothers decided it best that the two princes solely traveled either paths while they both traveled to the west; for the precious jade piece given by Yellow Flying Tiger might be a risky expense lest anyone in the future realized who it truly belonged to.

Thus telling the princes their resolution, they informed them that they would take refuge in any neighboring dukedom along the way and join their vanguard upon it was future advance to Morning Song. Following their tearful farewell, Yin Jiao declared that he would continue to head east until he met with his grandfather, and Yin Hong should head to the south.

Once his grandfather was to begin his troop mobilization upon the capital, Yin Jiao promised to inform his younger brother of his route so that he could additionally join in the attack. Thus parting in their separate ways, Yin Hong arrived shortly at a small village and sat down to eat a meal after declaring to the cottagers that he was none other than the younger son of King Zhou.

Following his immediate leave once paying his obeisance, Yin Hong entered the Temple of Emperor Xuanyuan along his way and slept there for the night in comfort. While Yin Jiao meanwhile continued his journey towards East Lu, he found himself in front of a Grand Tutor's mansion — as displayed from a board hanging from its gate. Being late into the night, the prince decided it best to rest at this mansion for now while he resumes early into the following morning. Knocking continuously without any answer, Yin Jiao decided to open the gates where he heard someone reciting over a poem.

Walking closer and elaborating the reason upon his arrival, Yin Jiao entered the mansion and saw none other than former Prime Minister Shang Rong standing before him to his immense surprise. As Shang Rong sat down to listen to the prince's story, he stamped his foot in unparalleled rage — and thus vowed to Yin Jiao that he would return to the capital with the former and directly petition His Majesty to abandon his course of action to save the kingdom. With Shang Rong thus forming his petition, Generals Yin and Lei meanwhile decided to split their

forces into two—one halve leaving the east, and the other to the south — after arriving at the original tripe fork road. Thus leaving their separate directions, they decided to meet at this specific fork road as an area of regroup after the princes was captured.

Chapter 9

The Prime Minister's Resolve

As General Lei continued to the south from day to night, the majority of his soldiers fell off their saddles in their tiredness; and a command for rest was thus ensued. With the intention to rest at a village for the night, a section of his soldiers roamed about through the pine forest to eventually find the Temple of Xuanyuan. Upon the entering of this temple, General Lei smiled in immense delight as he saw none other than prince Yin Hong sleeping soundly before him. Awaking the prince immediately, he allowed the former to personally use his horse on their travel back to the three staked road.

Meanwhile after two days of travel, General Yin arrived at a small village by the name of Fengyun where he noticed the residence of Shang Rong nearby. Upon his entering of this residence, it was decided that Yin Jiao would personally ride together with General Yin back to the capital while Shang Rong heads to the former location at a later time lest Yin was to be accused of private dealings with Shang Rong in the future. As Generals Yin and Lei thus regrouped at the three-forked road in due happiness over their success, Yin Hong and Yin Jiao wept together for their unfortunate situation.

Following their arrival back to the capital, Yellow Flying Tiger ground his teeth in explosive rage, declaring that he would personally slay Generals Yin and Lei with his sword before they ever were to be recognized for their one-sided merit. Ordering all ministers to quickly gather before the palace gates in defense for the two princes, Yin and Lei meanwhile attained a written report from King Zhou to put them both to death before the gates in quick pace. Seeing such a report, Supreme Minister Zhao Qi grabbed it from their hands and tore it to many pieces in his rage. Continuing in such a manner, Zhao Qi declared to every minister present to go to the Grand Hall and invite His Majesty to attend; for such was the perfect chance to admonish the simple-minded tyrant.

With Yellow Flying Tiger's four right-hand generals protecting the princes with their lives, and ministers banging the bells and beating the drums to attain the king's attendance, King Zhou simply wrote a decree to put an end to the princes for their unfilial behavior while remaining in his Fairy Longevity Palace. With the executioners thus pacing towards the two bound princes, Superior man Pure Essence and Grand Completion meanwhile roamed about through the heavens in great boredom. As they thus appeared above Morning Song and saw the two princes ready for execution, a grand gust storm ran across the heavens — putting every official and soldier present in fear.

With the sudden disappearance of Yin Hong and Yin Jiao following the end of the storm, this calamity brought great relief and joy in the hearts of each official, while King Zhou sat in wonder at such a happening. Now finally arriving at the capital of Morning Song, Shang Rong rose forth and heard the complete story of current happenings from Yellow Flying Tiger himself. In due resolve to be able to confront the emperors of yore in high honor and loyalty, Shang Rong immediately ordered the beating of bells and drums to force the foul King Zhou into the Grand Hall. As the king thus arrived before his desk, Shang Rong kneeled forward and

presented to the former his written report. Upon the reading of this report, King Zhou flew into great rage — immediately ordering Shang Rong to be beaten to death with the golden hammer.

Yelling back at the king with words of duty and love towards his past services in the name of the Shang Dynasty, Shang Rong knocked away the guards and jumped head-first into a stone pillar — effectively ending his life in a rather gruesome manner. As many ministers exchanged glances at such a horrific scene, King Zhou ordered for his body to be thrown into an empty field behind the capital in an expression of his dignity towards the former.

Chapter 10

The Discovery of Thunder-quaker

Seeing this tragedy in full form, Supreme Minister Zhao Qi additionally expressed his inner hate towards the king without a single ounce of fear. Upon being bound before a burning pillar as punishment, Zhao Qi became nothing more than ash to the wind in mere moments. Now returning to the Fairy Longevity Palace in great satisfaction over his barbarity, King Zhou personally approached Daji, explained the past incident with Shang Rong, and discussed with her how to get rid of Jiang Huanchu as a threat to the capital.

With no true thought-out resolution to such a problem, Daji called forth Fei Zhong for a suggestion. Fei Zhong stated that the four regional grand dukes should effectively be disposed of lest any ministers of Morning Song attempted to rise up in rebellion with any neighboring force. Jiang Huanchu would also be effectively destroyed as a threat to the capital if he was to join the other three grand dukes in execution.

Following the king's immediate approval of Fei Zhong's suggestion, four royal messengers were personally sent to each grand duke — Jiang Huanchu, E Chongyu, Ji Chang, and Chong Houhu — in quick pace. As one of four messengers arrived before the Western Foothills — Ji Chang's domain — and presented it before Ji Chang himself, the latter offered fine silver and gold to the messenger before ensuring his departure to the capital at a later time. After appointing San Yisheng as commander of internal affairs, Ji Chang went to his son, Bo Yi Kao, told him of his seven-year-prisoner prophecy, and how he should take care of state affairs following his departure.

Explaining the situation to many other ministers in attendance throughout the day, Ji Chang took his leave from the Western Foothills the following morning with fifty attendants by his side. As his party arrived before Mount Yan, a sudden rainstorm appeared with giant waves rolling down from each neighboring mountain top; it was as if an ocean was falling from the very heavens. After hearing a colossal thunderbolt shake the very earth, Ji Chang gave the order for his soldiers to find "the star of a warrior" — followed from the saying that a gifted warrior was born after the movement of lightning.

Upon the finding of a small newborn child with eyes like that of stars, Ji Chang told his men to find a local family that could take the child in. However, Master of the Clouds personally presented himself shortly before Ji Chang, stating that he would graciously take the child — newly dubbed as "Thunder-quaker⁵" — in as his own, and return him to the former once he had left Morning Song. As Ji Chang thus continued his journey, he arrived at Morning Song one day to be entertained in the company of the other three grand dukes at the Golden Reception House.

5. Sometimes also called as "Thunderbolt".

As the night flew and the four grand dukes enjoyed their wine to the fullest, E Chongyu, the Grand Duke of the East, began to spout words of hatred at Chong Houhu's actions in his drunken state. Being at a loss in judgment due to their state of mind, Chong Houhu and E Chongyu began to physically attack each other before Ji Chang forcefully pulled the two apart and sent them to their respective rooms. At the second watch that night, Ji Chang heard someone present at the reception house mutter that the blood of the grand dukes would stain the market walls the following day. Threatening to put every individual to death if the culprit did not show himself, the accused Yao Fu was thrown before Ji Chang's feet shortly. As Yao Fu, who was a relative of a royal messenger, told Ji Chang and Jiang Huanchu of the unfortunate past within the kingdom, Jiang Huanchu fell to his feet in misery over his daughter's cruel death while Ji Chang offered to create a petition in his behalf.

Vowing to personally see King Zhou over the death of his precious daughter, Jiang Huanchu declared to Ji Chang that he should form his own report on the case instead. When Fei Zhong learned of their arrival before the capital, he told King Zhou that he should ignore any report that was to be handed to him the following morning — and the dukes should be publicly executed without condition. As King Zhou arrived within the Grand Hall the following morning, he announced forth the four grand dukes immediately. When Jiang Huanchu handed his report to King Zhou and calmly accused the latter for his barbarity, the former's robes were removed to prepare for his immediate execution. However, the other three grand dukes rushed forth protesting Huanchu's innocence.

Chapter 11

The III Fortunes of the Grand Dukes

Seeing how King Zhou was to put Jiang Huanchu to death so blatantly, the other three grand dukes knelt before the king in shock and told the latter to reconsider his decision in the name of preserving his king-minister relationship. As Bi Gan spread forth their petition upon King Zhou's desk, he had little choice but to read it. Upon the reading of this petition, which elaborated the king's many wrongs, the latter flew into a great rage while tearing it to many pieces. Once the three dukes had been bounded immediately for such a slanderous petition, Yellow Flying Tiger and other princes knelt down and elaborated the grand duty and loyalty that the dukes fully showed throughout their many merits towards the name of the Shang Dynasty.

After hearing their story, King Zhou came to a new conclusion, *"Ji Chang would be specially pardoned for his exceeded virtue and due loyalty while the other two dukes were to be executed at once as previously stated."* Even with Yang Ren's continued plead to have mercy on the two remaining dukes, the king's decree was effectively carried out in efficient form nonetheless. Following King Zhou's return to his palace, each minister wept profusely at such a tragedy while the remaining attendants of the two newly deceased dukes fled immediately to their respective dukedoms in a chance to attain a future rebellion.

The two grand dukes were buried and Ji Chang made preparations to head back to his dukedom. Then Fei Zhong approached King Zhou and suggested to him that Ji Chang should effectively be destroyed lest he attempts to join forces with either Jiang Wenhuan of the East or E Shun of the South — the sons of the deceased dukes — due to his secret "inner treachery". By observing the former during his farewell feast, Fei Zhong could effectively determine if he was truly loyal to the dynasty. For if he seemed the least bit treacherous, he should be disposed of immediately.

As Ji Chang thus presented his farewell to the king and Prime Minister Bi Gan, he rode to the Changting Pavilion where he was warmly welcomed by many high ranked ministers. With happiness and due dignity present within each minister's heart, Ji Chang was merrily treated to volleys of wine in a celebratory feast. Once both Fei Zhong and You Hun arrived shortly, each minister became displeased and dispersed immediately at the sight of such criminals in their presence. With Ji Chang now alone with Fei Zhong and You Hun, the latter presented forth an especially large jug of wine equipped with extra-large cups for the former to drink from it.

As Ji Chang thus happily guzzled down several glasses, and became somewhat drunk, Fei Zhong purposely asked the former the fate of the Shang Dynasty. After stating that King Zhou would be the last monarch of the dynasty, and his rule would last for another decade or so, Ji Chang additionally foretold the rather strange death that Fei Zhong and You Hun would experience in the future: *"they will be frozen to death in ice."*

With expressive condolences towards Ji Chang's prophecies, Fei Zhong and You Hun shortly returned to the Fairy Longevity Palace to tell the king how truly foul the duke was. As Chao Tian — one of the Chao Twins — was thus deployed to bring back Ji Chang immediately by decree of King Zhou, Chao Tian arrived shortly before Ji Chang and rode back to the capital.

Once Ji Chang was presented before King Zhou, and received the death punishment, Bi Gan defended the former, saying that divination was simply meant to predict the success or failure of future events — and was most definitely not invented by Ji Chang or used for the sole purpose to create his own rash predictions whatsoever. After thus being forced to make a divination to see if it would come true, Ji Chang stated that the Ancestral Temple should burn to ashes at noon the following day.

With such a prophecy being reciprocated in real form, King Zhou flew back in astonishment at Ji Chang's sage-like qualities. However, it was concluded that Ji Chang would escape the death punishment — but would be forced to live within Morning Song's Yaoli District as to ensure no future trouble was caused through such divination. Once peace was to be restored in the capital, Ji Chang would be freed from such containment. Bowing in gratitude towards the king's grace, Ji Chang was welcomed merrily into Yaoli as a leader of the people who possessed void hate towards King Zhou.

One day into the future, Prince Yellow Flying Tiger received a report that Jiang Wenhuan was attacking Youhun Pass, while E Shun of the south was present at Sanshan. Now being fully rational over the rebellion of four-hundred marquises at present, he sighed with discontent before ordering his generals to protect the passes with all due haste.

Chapter 12

The Birth of Nezha

Present at Chentang Pass was none other than the renowned military commander Li Jing, who possessed the rare ability to travel through ground, metal, wood, or fire as taught by Superior man Woe Evading Sage. Currently with two sons — Muzha and Jinzha — and his wife, Madam Yin, Li Jing was in a strange situation: his wife was seemingly pregnant for over three years and sixth months, but never progressed into labor.

However, as Yin had a strange dream one night, she suddenly gave birth to this strange child the following morning. With maidens rushing about saying that a demon was present in Yin's chambers, Li Jing immediately rushed forth into her room and cleaved in two a strange fleshy ball that rolled to and fro across the floor. Within the ball emerged a small young child with hair as white as snow with a gleaming golden bracelet on his right wrist. Taking the young child into his arms, Li Jing and his wife were both very delighted at the sight of their new son.

As Fairy Primordial arrived shortly, and was happily welcomed into their territory, the former took hold of the child and declared his name to be '*Nezha*'. After containing consent that Primordial could adopt the child as his own disciple, Li Jing continued to train his soldiers fervently throughout the following seven years of time. As Nezha ventured outside of the pass one day with a guard after his seven-year nurturing under Fairy Primordial, Nezha arrived before the Nine Bed River which sparkled with the light of the sun. Determined to take a bath in this stream as an escape from the great heat of summer, Nezha immediately took his clothes off and used the Sky Budding Damask around his neck to wipe his body. Little did he know that each time this scarf touched the water the surface turned red when it swished about, and the ground beneath shook violently.

Ao Guang, the dragon king of the East Sea, thus ordered his yaksha⁶ scout, Li Gan, to find out the cause to each consistent tremors. After realizing Nezha to be the source of such tremors, Li Gan lashed his axe violently at the former in great rage — but only ended up losing his life shortly by Nezha's Universal Ring.

As Ao Guang was informed of his scout's death, Ao Bing eased his father Ao Guang with word that he would find out the reason for such an action. Experiencing great ridicule and arrogance upon the meeting of Nezha, Third Prince Ao Bing lashed forward his great renowned lance of jade. However, using both of his legendary items with synchronized ability, Nezha managed to strike the former dead — who thus returned to his original form, a silver dragon.

Being informed by Ao Bing's soldiers that his third son lost his life in addition, Ao Guang's rage pierced the very heavens as he transformed himself into a scholar to immediately see Li Jing on the issue. After angrily elaborating the issue to Li Jing, Ao Guang demanded to see Nezha in person without any moment to waste.

6. *Yaksha* is a nature-spirit-like that usually guards treasures hidden in caves and tree roots. He or she may be a friendly nature-fairy ally, but on the other hand also a dark ghost-like, which haunts in the ways and wilderness, and devours the travelers.

When Nezha appeared before Ao Guang and apologetically handed him his third son's tendon that was previously ripped out, the former flew into greater contempt declaring fully that he would personally see the Jade Emperor to ensure there punishment.

Feeling fully responsible for the great agony and frustration that his mother and father were now going through, Nezha declared that would see his master, Fairy Primordial, to see how he should deal with Ao Guang to ensure his family's safety. Using a dust cloud to move with great speed through the air, Nezha arrived shortly before his master's residence at Qianyuan Mountain.

Knowing fully that the minor actions of the past were destined to occur, and such a matter was not worthy to be placed before the Jade Emperor himself, Fairy Primordial first drew invisibility charms on Nezha and then sent him to the Virtue Gate of the Celestial Palace with his set instructions.

Arriving in moderate time before the Virtue Gate, Nezha gazed in great admiration at the beauty and elegance that revolved around him; such a sight truly was far too great to ever be present within earth. As Ao Guang eventually arrived through the gate, he rode swiftly towards the South Celestial Gate — determined indeed to see the Jade Emperor at once.

Yet realizing that such a gate was closed, a large pain suddenly erupted forth in his back as Nezha's Universal Ring landed a crucial blow to the former. Falling to the ground with Nezha grabbing hold of his neck, Ao Guang was truly in a difficult situation.

Chapter 13

Combat between two Fairies

As Nezha toppled about the dragon king and began beating him violently with his fist, the latter became even more infuriated. Determined to force Ao Guang to give up and return with him to the Chentang Pass, Nezha tore apart each individual scale upon his sides — effectively forcing the king to give in to such detriment. After Ao Guang had been ordered to take the form of a small lizard lest he attempted to escape, Nezha returned immediately to Chentang Pass in mere moments.

Upon his return before Li Jing, Ao Guang resumed his original form, stamped his foot in unparalleled rage, and vowed to gather the dragon kings of each of the four seas in his next attempt to see the Jade Emperor. With Li Jing in a state of rejuvenated frustration, Nezha effectively calmed his father down by stating that he had decreed existence upon the Red Dust by the Jade Emptiness Palace; and if any trouble was to be presented before the Jade Emperor in the future, his master, Fairy Primordial, would take care of the situation with precise accuracy.

As Nezha thus calmly walked off to his parent's garden after placing confidence in his father, he soon became rather bored and decided to climb the neighboring pass's watchtower to enjoy the afternoon breeze. After gazing forth at the great view before him, Nezha picked up a bow equipped with a set of three arrows that sat at the edge of this large tower. Deciding to better his archery technique, he shot one of three arrows — which glistened with brilliant crimson — into the southwest.

Truly Nezha little did realize that this bow was wielded by none other than Emperor Xuanyuan within the past — for only one of immortal ability could have the strength to wield it. With even greater misfortune, this arrow happened to pierce the throat of Blue Cloud Lad of White Bone Cave on Skeleton Mountain.

As such an incident was immediately informed to Lady Rock, the mistress of the cave, the latter vowed to attain revenge against Li Jing, the conjectured criminal of such an incident. Following Lady Rock's immediate arrival before Chentang Pass, she wrapped up Li Jing with her yellow-scarved genie without a moment of hesitation. After thus returning to her mountain with the latter, Li Jing told Lady Rock that he would immediately find out who the true murderer was upon his inspection of the sacred arrow.

As Li Jing called for Nezha and shortly realized that he was indeed the criminal behind this new incident, the former led Nezha to Skeleton Mountain atop a dust cloud. Once Pretty Cloud Lad, the secondary disciple under Lady Rock, approached Nezha to call him in to the cavern, Nezha determined this to be the perfect chance to knock the former out cold due to the calamity that should befall him in very short time anyways. Seeing her disciple near death on the ground, Lady Rock began to lash her sword at the latter in even greater rage.

Unfortunately for Nezha, his legendary items were absorbed into the former's sleeves with ease when he attempted to unleash them — and he thus had no choice but to flee immediately to his master at Qianyuan Mountain. Hiding in the peach garden immediately upon his arrival, Fairy Primordial left his domain to confront Lady Rock as she pursued the former. After yelling profusely at Fairy Primordial in her desire to confront Nezha, the latter retorted by saying that Nezha was destined to perform such calamities — and such an incident was only minor and of no real significance compared to his true future performance.

Realizing that his words were unfeared, and her only method to get past his resolve would be to approach his master at the Jade Emptiness Palace; the former decided to duel Fairy Primordial to prove her skill as being greater. Even with her magical item — the Dragon Beard Handkerchief — she proved inferior as the latter evaded and negated her every blow like the flow of water. Thus trapping her easily inside his great Nine Dragon Divine Fire Coverlet, Fairy Primordial glanced down at Nezha — who peered outside the cave — to head immediately to his family's residence due to the Jade Emperor's consensus of Ao Guang's request.

Thus telling Nezha what he should do during his arrival, Fairy Primordial clapped his hands to put the irrational Lady Rock to her rest in a pit of flames. Approaching the four dragon kings, who arrived shortly at his house, Nezha began to break his bones, gouge out his intestines, and slit his belly as a representation of the punishment that he deserves — and the innocence that was deserving of his parents. Seeing Nezha dead in a large pool of blood, Ao Guang and the other dragon kings consented to his sacrifice — and declared his parent's as innocent and free of any form of punishment.

Chapter 14

Reincarnation with Lotus Flowers

The soul of Nezha appeared before Fairy Primordial recently after his death. The fairy latter told Nezha to approach his mother in a dream and tell her to construct a temple on Jade Screen Mountain that was to be worshiped with incense and candles for over three years of time. Following the three years, Nezha would be able to reincarnate into his original human form once again. Thus continuously pleading to his mother for the construction of his temple so that he could rest in peace, she finally ordered her attendants to do as such — resulting in the temple's completion following the passage of ten months.

As Li Jing was naturally not informed of such a construction lest he attempted to tear it down in the future, many people soon gathered to worship before the beautifully articulated temple due to the seemingly good fortune that resulted in such worship. Descending one day from the Wild Horse Mountain after thoroughly drilling his troops, Li Jing noticed many individuals gathering around a neighboring temple that was supposedly dedicated to "God Nezha". Burning the temple down shortly and calming the people with the truth, Li Jing returned immediately to see his wife and reprimand her for such one-sided thinking.

As Nezha heard what happened through his temple secretaries, he headed to see his master at Qianyuan Mountain to explain the current situation. Realizing that Nezha was to be reincarnated as soon as possible without a single moment of delay, Fairy Primordial ordered his attendant, Golden Haze Lad, to retrieve two lotus flowers and three lotus leaves from the lotus pond immediately. Performing a special process with his lotus leaves and flowers shortly after being received, Nezha suddenly leapt forth in a new human body without the slightest defect following a puff of smoke. Bowing in unparalleled gratitude before his master, Nezha was trained immediately with the Fire-Tip Lance combined with his new Wind-Fire Wheels, and ended up mastering such an art in very short time.

Before leaving Qianyuan to attain revenge against Li Jing, Fairy Primordial handed the former his original legendary items — after being retrieved off of Lady Rock's corpse — along with a golden brick that could change its mass at the user's will. Riding upon his flaming wheels with quick pace, and arriving before Li Jing's residence shortly, several guards reported the former's arrival — and Li Jing had little choice but to see if what they said was really true. Appearing before Nezha in great shock due to his miraculous return, Li Jing slashed his lance upon the former — but only ended up fleeing to the southeast after experiencing the celestial renown that Nezha now possessed.

Pursuing the latter with great ease with his Wind-Fire Wheels, Li Jing knew that his life was to end shortly and thus fled for his life at the fastest speed he could muster. As Li Jing happened to fortunately run into his second son, Muzha, along the way, he immediately explained the situation with quick words while hiding behind the former. Appearing before Muzha, Nezha soon learned that the person standing before him was his second brother — and he thus told the latter his reason for such an action. Without any hesitation for sympathy on Nezha's part due to unfilial behavior, Muzha lashed his sword forth at the former — but only

ended up being knocked in the stomach by Nezha's golden brick after leaving an opening. Falling to the ground in moderate unconsciousness after receiving such a heavy blow, Nezha seized this chance to pursue Li Jing further in his amusement. Resolved that he would only end up with further calamity if such shamefulness continued, Li Jing prostrated himself on the ground in preparation for his ritual suicide. Just before such could be performed, Master of Outstanding Culture⁷ suddenly appeared to stop the former with immediate pace.

With a large revolving lotus within his palm, the Taoist immediately ordered Li Jing to hide in his neighboring cavern while he personally confronts the pursuer. As Nezha thus arrived before Master of Outstanding Culture, and realized that the former was hiding Li Jing in his cave, Nezha boasted that he would slash him to pieces with his lance if he was to continue to shelter his father without understanding the true situation at hand. After telling Master of Outstanding Culture his name, and the respective master that he had trained under, Nezha began to lunge forward at the Taoist master knowing it probably wasn't the best choice.

Immediately parrying Nezha's lance with the lotus flower within his palm, Master of Outstanding Culture unleashed forth his renowned Dragon Bound Stake — effectively placing the former's mind into great confusion and thus resulting in easy capture. As Nezha shortly realized that he was completely bound to a golden stake with rings around his arms and legs, Master of Outstanding Culture ordered his disciple, Jinzha, to beat him with his cane as punishment. After they both returned to their cave after giving Nezha a long and severe beating, Fairy Primordial arrived from the heavens to meet with Master of Outstanding Culture. Walking into the Taoist's cave while ignoring Nezha's pleas completely, the former declared to Outstanding Culture that he sent him here for the sole purpose of temperament. With Nezha thus being set free shortly, he kneeled with dignity before his master within the cavern.

As Li Jing was reprimanded for the cruelty of burning down Nezha's sacrificial temple, he was soon dismissed but ordered to show no further animosity towards Nezha from this point on — and vice-versa. With Nezha thus being ordered to keep watch of the cave entrance while the two superior men plaid a round of chess, the former could not contain himself and left to pursue Li Jing immediately atop his flaming wheels. Believing to be fooled completely by the previous immortal due to Nezha's refreshed pursuit, Li Jing fortunately caught sight of a man sitting on the side of a pine tree — and thus called to the latter for assistance.

Running up to the man and hiding behind him, Nezha arrived shortly and explained the situation to this man, determined to vent his hatred. Giving in to Nezha's furiousness, the man spat on Li Jing and then clapped his hand to the former's back.

As Li Jing was ordered by this man to fight back Nezha with little other choice, Nezha soon realized that his father's strength was far greater than originally — and thus the man standing at the pine tree must be none other than a Taoist who was a master at the enhancement arts.

7. "Culture" also may be translated as "Colours."

Realizing that if he effectively destroyed the Taoist, his father's strength would not be surpassing his own, Nezha lunged forward and slashed his lance into the latter's forehead. As a lotus flower appeared before his face to negate Nezha's blow, the Taoist angrily unleashed forth his great golden pagoda from the heavens to trap the former within as punishment.

Clapping his hands to additionally signal a great fire to rage within the pagoda, Nezha had no choice but to beg for mercy and declare his acknowledgement to his father — thus seizing the chance of being set free. Realizing that he possessed not a single burn from the Taoist's great fire, Nezha deduced the former's ability to be none other than Genjutsu.⁸ Threatening to burn Nezha further in his pagoda if he did not kowtow to his father with needed respect, the former had no choice but to do so in a rageful state.

As the Taoist thus declared to Li Jing that he would teach him the burning pagoda art as a resistance against Nezha's potential future assaults, Nezha dismissed it first — and thus quickly rode back to Qianyuan Mountain in disappointment over his sullied vengeance. Now declaring his name to be Burning Lamp of Mount Divine Hawk, the former told Li Jing to forget about fame and riches under the Shang Dynasty and to live as a hermit in the neighboring mountain valleys until the preordained assault upon the dynasty comes his way; at that time he should assist King Wu in the campaign.

8. *Genjutsu* may relate to the *Kenjutsu* that is a general term for swordsmanship said originated with the samurai class of feudal Japan, which means "*the art of the sword*." However, along this book "*Genjutsu*" also adds the use of magical skills.

Chapter 15

Jiang Ziya leaves Mount Kunlun

Living within the Jade Emptiness Palace on Mount Kunlun, Celestial Primogenitor was honored as Grand Master of Chan Taoism. Through a past meeting between the heads of Chan and Jie Taoism, and Confucianism, 365 gods would be chosen in the future as to represent the constellations, stars, sacred mountains, clouds, and the such. Such a creation served as to set each individual who died for their respective cause in the future war between the Shang Dynasty and the coming Zhou, to be reborn as a guardian of the Red Dust to ensure their individual resolve lives throughout the stars. After the Shang Dynasty falls, Jiang Ziya was destined to be the chooser of such an outcome.

As Celestial Primogenitor thus ascended his Eight Treasure and Cloud Radiance Throne one day, and asked for Jiang Ziya to appear before him, the latter knelt with great dignity towards his master for over forty years of valued service. Telling Jiang Ziya immediately his destined assistance to the sage king and his service as commander and prime minister in the name of the future Zhou Dynasty, the latter became rather discomforted over such a sudden statement and desired to stay by his master for eternity instead. With little other choice then to obey his master's declaration, Jiang Ziya received a prophecy from Primogenitor before taking his leave of the mountain with tears flowing from his eyes.

Realizing his blatant confusion as to where he should start in his journey, he decided to head immediately to Song Village to see his sworn brother, Song Yiren. Arriving at the latter's residence shortly and offering his condolences, the two sworn brothers sat beside each other with cups of fine wine. After discussing with Jiang Ziya various events and other incidents, Song decided that his old friend was in need of a wife so that his family line could continue on — and thus the latter left to see Ma Hong to set up a future engagement with his daughter.

Returning later to tell Jiang Ziya his success, the two prepared for an auspicious day in which such a marriage could take place. Following the shortly arrived marriage with Madame Ma, the two lived for some time under the support of Song Yiren, who was exceedingly rich and possessed high status within the community.

As Jiang Ziya began to make bamboo rakes as a form of business at Capital Morning Song lest anything was to happen with Yiren's support within the future, he unfortunately was not able to even sell a single rake — and thus returned to his original residence with great misery and frustration in short time. After attaining suggestion from Yiren that flour made from ground wheat would result in much better sale within the capital, Jiang Ziya carried the flour to Morning Song the following day in great confidence.

However, disaster only became greater as Jiang Ziya was tackled furiously by a horse raging from Morning Song's drilling ground, resulting in flour spilling in every direction. Returning to his residence without a single cent made from the flour, Jiang Ziya began to violently quarrel with his wife over such ill fortune experienced in the past. As Yiren took his old friend aside to comfort him over his

bad luck, the former declared to Jiang Ziya that he could work as an accountant or shopkeeper daily in one of fifty restaurants that he possesses within Morning Song. With immense gratitude over his brother's suggestion, Jiang Ziya assigned himself to a large restaurant that neighbored the southern gate of Morning Song — the busiest section within the city region. Unfortunately, however, every individual present within the city remained indoors due to a terrible rainstorm that ran amok throughout the entire day.

Without ever attaining a single customer, Jiang Ziya forced his staff to devour all prepared food lest it was to spoil over their terrible luck. As his sworn brother followed by handing Ziya a few talents of silver to buy and sell livestock within the capital, the latter did as he advised and thus spent several days buying sheep and pigs for further profit. Driving a great number of animals to the market place at Morning Song the next day, Jiang Ziya hardly realized that slaughtering livestock was strictly prohibited lest Sky became angry and expanded the capital's days of drought.

With guards thus running at the former for his intentions to make profit from the slaughterhouses, Jiang Ziya had no choice but to flee for his life while abandoning his animals. Following his return back to Song Yiren, the latter simply smiled while declaring to Jiang Ziya that they should both head to the back garden and drink away their past sorrows.

Chapter 16

Burning the Jade Lute Specter

Entering the back garden shortly, and gazing forth with keen delight at the beauty around him, Jiang Ziya suggested to Song Yiren that a tower should be constructed within its vacant space as to ensure great fortune with geomancy. After being told by the latter that such an action was constantly performed in the past, but the tower mysteriously burned down each consecutive time, Jiang Ziya realized that spirits must have been at work previously.

As the tower's beams were thus risen during the auspicious day ensured of success by Ziya, a rather fiercely expected wind rose about while Song Yiren entertained the guards in the front hall. Gazing forth at five large fiery spirits within the air, Jiang Ziya conjectured that they had evil intentions behind their former actions — and thus sent a thunder crack throughout the sky to force the spirits to kneel before him. Having mercy on the spirits for originally being animals and not knowing what true trouble that they caused in the past, Jiang Ziya declared that they should each head to the Western Foothills for now until he finds a laboring job for them to perform when he eventually arrives.

Following their immediate consent and departure, Madame Ma and Sun gazed at Jiang Ziya from the shadows wondering as to why he was talking to himself in such a strange manner. Explaining such an action as being incomprehensible to the former, they soon realized that Jiang Ziya was well skilled in the art of fortune-telling. As Madame Sun thus urged her husband to find a shop for Jiang Ziya to use for his fortune-telling, Song Yiren declared shortly that he would tell some of his servants to rent a house neighboring the south gate district of Morning Song for his future use.

With the fortune-telling house thus being opened after a short while, Jiang Ziya waited patiently for over four months before finally attaining his first customer, a woodcutter by the name of Liu Qian. Unfortunately for Ziya however, Liu was known for his fierceness and brutality. After declaring that if the former's divination was incorrect, he would close down his shop. And if he was correct, he would reward him with twenty ounces of copper. Jiang Ziya gave him this prophecy: *"If you are to head south, you will find a man under a willow tree that will give you 120 coppers, four dishes of fresh cake, and two cups of wine."*

Even though Liu Qian stated his prediction as being far from accurate, he ventured south as told — thus appearing before an old man under a large willow tree as previously stated. After effectively receiving 100 coppers from the old man following the purchase of his well-fined firewood, Liu was offered wine and refreshments immediately. Once Liu had realized that the wine bowl filled exactly two cups to the very brim, he sat in astonishment at such precise accuracy.

Upon his receiving of 20 coppers in addition due to the old man's gracious mood, Liu Qian ran back to the south gate district stating that a celestial being was indeed present. Being far too astonished and exited over Jiang Ziya's celestial accuracy to pay him any money, Liu Qian decided to grab hold of a neighboring yamen business manager and force him to have his fortune foretold instead. As the

former told this man he would pay if Jiang Ziya's prophecy proved false, the manager had little choice but to go along with such a deal. With precise accuracy in his future prediction as well, Jiang Ziya's fortune-telling shop soared in popularity throughout the capital in rather quick pace.

Following the passage of six months, Jiang Ziya's name soared throughout the region — attracting many foreigners from far and wide to experience his grand insight. As Jade, the lute specter under Empress Nu Wa, bade farewell to Daji one morning, she heard many great noises beneath her while soaring through the heavens on her spectral cloud. Realizing that the area beneath her was a fortune-telling center by the great clamor around her, she transformed into an exceedingly beautiful woman before moving swiftly through the crowds in order to attain her own prediction.

Allowing for her fortune to be immediately read before all others after seeing that she was indeed a specter despite her appearance, Jiang Ziya grabbed hold of her palm and held on tightly for an excruciating period of time. Crying in discomfort at Jiang's action, more people gathered around ordering Jiang to stop his action for further trouble would result. Not letting this chance dare slip away from his grasp, Jiang Ziya seized the moment to crack her skull with his ink slab in one vile thrust while still holding on to her palm lest her true specter form could escape.

As Prime Minister Bi Gan attained full word of this, Jiang Ziya appeared shortly before the former, still holding the visibly dead woman's palm, while exclaiming his full reasoning behind such an action. Leaving the southern gate district with Jiang Ziya lest a great riot was to ensue, they both headed to the palace gates while the former presented himself before King Zhou at the Star Picking Mansion to explain the situation.

With Jiang Ziya thus being sent before the king, he kneeled with deep respect while declaring to the former that he could essentially prove that this woman was indeed a specter if she was burned in a fierce fire for over four hours with charms stamped on her breasts and back. As such an action was fully performed, Bi Gan and King Zhou sat in utter astonishment at Jiang Ziya's most extraordinary potential.

Chapter 17

The Serpent Pit

As everyone present gazed at Jade's ability to withstand the fierce fire without the slightest burn on her body, Jiang Ziya unleashed divine fire from his mouth by tempering both his vital energies and spirit into breath. Telling Bi Gan and King Zhou to temporarily head inside lest they were harmed, Jiang Ziya summoned forth a large thunderbolt to completely destroy Jade, thus leaving her as nothing more than a large lute on the ground.

Daji, who saw her sister meet such a disastrous end, suggested to the king that Ziya should be appointed to a high position — while still harboring evil intentions to kill the former in one way or the other to attain revenge. After thus being appointed as Junior Minister and Director of the Imperial Observatory, Jiang Ziya celebrated for several days with Song Yiren and other relatives in congratulations.

While meanwhile placing the attained lute in a position in which it had free access to the spiritual essences of Sky, earth, the sun, and the moon, Daji could effectively revive Jade after around five years of time. As Daji began to sing and dance in King Zhou's entertainment one day within the Star Picking Belvedere, the former noticed seventy individual maids who only shed tears in silence instead of applauding her beautiful performance.

Realizing shortly that these maidens originally served under Queen Jiang, Daji suggested to keep them contained temporarily within the court prison while she supervises the construction of a large pit — 240 feet in circumference and 50 in depth — that was to be full of countless lethal snakes collected from each potential household within the capital. Once King Zhou fully unleashed this decree, people from every corner rushed about to find as many serpents as possible — even to the extent of heading to countries beyond Morning Song just to meet the king's demand lest they received punishment in any form. As Supreme Minister Jiao Ge inspected as to why people ran about with baskets in their hands all day long, without any successful information attained, the former discussed this issue with other high-ranking ministers in order to devise a way to uncover the reason.

After attaining full consent on his plan, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the Chief of Guards and offered him a grand reward if he uncovers the truth from His Majesty. With the pit being essentially filled completely with snakes following the passage of five days, Daji told the king that the maidens should be stripped completely before being thrown alive into the pit to be devoured. With King Zhou's immediate consent for the maidens to be thrown into the pit shortly that day, Jiao Ge attained word of the former's atrocity by the Chief of Guards afterwards.

Being stunned with horror and anger at such an outrageous decree, Jiao Ge presented himself before the king immediately. Yelling at the king for his behavior with full words of devotion in the name of the dynasty, Jiao Ge was soon ordered to be thrown into the snake pit in addition for his insolence. Not allowing for such a shameful death to be his end, Jiao Ge smashed his head into the ground instead as an act of suicide. As the maidens were thus shortly thrown into the pit without a

moment of hesitation, King Zhou patted Daji on the back in praise of her ingenious methods of torture. After Daji had suggested a 'Meat Forest' to be constructed to the left of the snake pit that possessed thick branches hung with slices of meat all around as a creative punishment game to future disobeying ministers, she additionally suggested the '*Wine Pool*,' an exceedingly deep pit with wine to drink from for the same playful purpose of the former.

Upon the consenting of such strange "torture devices", Daji added in later to King Zhou that both the eunuchs and the palace maids should physically wrestle each other for a set period of time; whoever seemed the weaker would have their bodies thrown within the Meat Forest after being beaten to death by golden hammers. Following King Zhou's consent, this became his favored form of entertainment from that point onwards.

The true reason behind why Daji suggested such an outrageous method of torture, however, was to secretly feast on the blood and flesh of the deceased within the Meat Forest while in her fox sprite state throughout each night. Sitting down one day and remembering the humiliation she felt at the death of her sister, Daji drew a magnificent building complex on a sheet of paper and brought it before King Zhou at the Star Picking Belvedere as a chance to attain her long awaited revenge.

Telling the former that this building — newly dubbed as the '*Happy Terrace*' — should possess jeweled halls and towers and stand forty-nine feet high. She exclaimed that it was the perfect manifestation of his dignity and prestige as ruler of the Shang Dynasty. Resembling jade as beautifully articulated as a celestial palace, celestial beings would be bound to appear for feasts and kneel in respect before King Zhou's magnificent glory. Due to additionally adding the appearance of celestial beings within this terrace, Daji could effectively convince the king that Jiang Ziya was the only present official within the kingdom that was able to perform such an unrealistic task.

Following the king's consent, and the order for Jiang Ziya to appear before him immediately, Jiang realized through divination that he was destined to meet one form of disaster shortly. Knowing that he most likely could never attain any chance to repay Prime Minister Bi Gan's kindness within the future, he appeared before the latter quickly and handed him a set of instructions lest the prime minister was to meet some form of calamity at a later point. As Jiang Ziya thus appeared before King Zhou and was handed the project's constructional report, he thought to himself how to effectively put reformation into the king's thinking and excuse such a project with full rationality.

Chapter 18

Flight from Morning Song

As King Zhou asked Jiang Ziya his thoughts on the project, the latter stated that it would take around thirty five years to produce considering the current labor with the people and the additional lack within the national treasury. Unfortunately however, Jiang Ziya foolishly went too far with his words by additionally stating the king's deluded qualities. And was thus ordered for an immediate execution without even considering his former reasoning.

Running for his life lest he was caught by King Zhou's guards, Jiang Ziya soon approached the Nine Dragon Bridge and jumped into the river beneath after confirming to everyone around him that it would be his act of suicide. Gazing into the water and not noticing his body — or any movement at that — the guards were rather confused but reported the case to the king nonetheless.

Little did anyone truly understand that Jiang Ziya mounted an underwater cloud and flew away in reality. Being fully resolved to search the waters afterwards lest Ziya was playing any form of trickery, the guards gazed continuously at the waters beneath the Nine Dragon Bridge before having their reasoning checked by Yang Ren. As Daji suggested afterwards to King Zhou that Chong Houhu was the best choice for the Happy Terrace's production, the latter ordered the secretariat to head immediately to Houhu's dukedom. Being stopped by Yang Ren along the way, Yang Ren was shortly informed of the Happy Terrace and thus headed immediately to the Star Picking Mansion to discuss the current circumstances with King Zhou.

As Yang Ren placed forth his suggestions in a manner that upset the king as usual, the latter ordered for Yang Ren's eyes to be gouged out as punishment. Once the former sat in agony and disgust as such a cruel action was performed for little reason, Superior man Virtue of the Pure Void on Mount Green Peak heard his cries of pain and ordered his genie to take action with quick pace. As such an action was effectively carried out with a grand wind-sandstorm, the unconscious Yang Ren was shortly placed before the feet of Pure Void. Placing two celestial elixirs into Yang's eye sockets, and blowing celestial breath into the his face, Pure Void immediately awoke the former.

Now in possession of two small hands that protruded from his sockets with one eye in each palm, Yang Ren vowed to serve eternally under his new master upon the hearing of the latter's kindness. Meanwhile, Chong Houhu had begun the construction of the Happy Terrace that not only forced thousands into exceedingly deep labor but additionally killed many out of exhaustion and turmoil.

Returning to his original residence shortly, Jiang Ziya approached Madame Ma and explained his desire to head quickly to the Western Foothills and attain the position of prime minister — as was his destiny; for if she was to stay by his side, she would enjoy endless honor and great fame — but Madame Ma unfortunately declined such an offer due to her lack of confidence in the former, and thinking of him as no more than an unrealistic failure who simply had luck in the past.

After a note of divorce was officially created so that both could part their ways justifiably, Jiang Ziya was invited by Song Yiren to have one final farewell drink in the name of their eternal friendship. Parting from his old friend with tears flowing from his eyes, Jiang Ziya rode onwards throughout the countryside before coming upon several hundred refugees stationed within Lintong Pass. Unfortunately however, all refugees present intended on voyaging through the five passes but were firmly held off by the garrison commander known as Zhang Feng. With due confidence and reassurance to the people, Jiang Ziya personally went forth to discuss the current circumstances with the commander.

Unfortunately however, Zhang Feng strongly declined Jiang Ziya's offer to allow the people passage due to his firmness in upholding the law and decreed by the king. Jiang Ziya thus had little choice but to inform the people of the commander's words while telling them set instructions: *"At dusk, you are to have your eyes firmly closed. A fierce sound of wind will rush about — but at no account should you open your eyes unless you wish to fall to your death."* Kowtowing to Mountain Kunlun while reciting many incantations, every refugee was lifted throughout the air by a fierce wind and soon placed before the Golden Chicken Range — which was beyond the capital's five passes.

After expressing their deep gratitude towards Jiang Ziya, every individuals stationed themselves thereon within Phoenix City to live out their days in well-deserved peace. As Bo Yi Kao sat discussing current affairs with San Yisheng, the former declared his clear resolve to head to Morning Song immediately in order to prove the faith and love he possesses towards his father by freeing him from his chains as previously ordained. Even with San Yisheng's suggestions not to, such words meant nothing compared to the pain that Bo Yi Kao felt within his heart — and he thus made preparations for his departure.

Chapter 19

Gifts to the King

Holding San Yisheng's words very dearly, Bo Yi Kao still believed that his actions were for the best — and thus informed his younger brother, Ji Fa, of his ascension as the temporarily ruler of the Western Foothills until he returns from the capital after around two or three months. Thus selecting an auspicious day for his departure, Bo Yi Kao soon departed to Morning Song following his final toast of farewell to the civil and military officials at the Changting Pavilion.

Arriving before Morning Song in short time without much effort sacrificed, Bo Yi Kao stationed himself within an official hostel before leaving to the palace gate in mourning robes the following day. Not daring to enter through the gates with his memorial lest his aura of dutifulness and loyalty to the king swayed in any way, Bo Yi Kao was approached by none other than Prime Minister Bi Gan one day. Kowtowing before the latter due to his past kindness, Bo Yi Kao shortly told him the tributes that he should present to the king: the Seven Fragrance Carriage (which was solely used by Emperor Xuanyuan), a sobriety carpet, a white-faced monkey, and ten maidens of exceeded beauty.

Realizing that Bo Yi Kao simply had filial intentions backing his resolve, Bi Gan immediately informed the king of the former's desire for audience. Kneeling with unparalleled respect before King Zhou while elaborating the reason for his appearance, the latter was deeply touched by his filial piety and courtesy and thus ordered for him to stand on his feet. As Daji gazed at Bo Yi Kao with lust over his handsomeness, she informed the king of the boy's great reputation in the art of music.

Being promised by King Zhou that if his skills were to exceed his expectations he would allow both him and his father to leave the capital with open arms, the latter reluctantly accepted such a challenge. Playing the zither with keen ability and prowess, Daji and King Zhou alike were very pleased — and thus ordered a banquet at the Star Picking Mansion in his honor.

Gazing at Bo Yi Kao from across the table during their banquet, Daji lusted to have sex with him no matter what it would take. Thus desiring the former over a deluded old man like King Zhou, Daji told the king that Bo Yi Kao should stay at the capital not only to teach her lessons with the zither, but to additionally spread such beautiful music throughout the whole capital for the benefit of everyone. Following King Zhou's consenting, Daji brought forth many glasses of fine wine for the former as an additional feast until he was essentially intoxicated and put forth to his bed for rest. Now sitting alone with Bo Yi Kao and her own zither in hand, Daji was thoroughly told of each individual trait possessed within the beautiful instrument.

However, she cared little about such; her only desire in mind was to arouse Bo Yi Kao in any way possible — and many amorous smiles, glances, and sweet words were thus performed. Realizing that her actions were meaningless, as the former never even paid any attention to them, Daji invited Bo Yi Kao to sit by her side at the honor of being her tutor during a newly prepared feast.

Being reluctant to preserve his propriety and righteousness than to sit by the Queen's side due to his lowly position, Daji had little choice but to continue the zither lessons instead. During their continued lessons together Daji declared that if she could sit on his lap, she could effectively make rapid progress as he holds her hand while guiding through the strings. Unfortunately however, Bo Yi Kao irrationally yelled at the former stating that such actions would be great shame to the title of Queen and thus declined immediately.

Dismissing him to his quarters, Daji informed King Zhou the following morning in her rage that Kao did little more than seduce her the former night rather than assist with the zither. Being approached the following morning by King Zhou and Daji, Bo Yi Kao was reprimanded for his slow tutoring performance the night before, and was thus ordered to play another tune to redeem himself. After playing his zither with keen ability, he placed forth his white-faced monkey at Daji's request — thus enchanting all around with its superb music and synchronization.

However, this monkey's music was used to bring out any neighboring evil spirit to the forefront; as Daji's true form came forth in her enchantment, the monkey seized this chance to lunge forward and attack her. Falling to the ground dead by a swift blow of King Zhou's hand, Bo Yi Kao was arrested but freed after convincing the former that it was nothing more than an undomesticated animal of little intelligence — and it most definitely didn't have the capability of plotting to hurt Daji.

Thus being ordered by the king to play one more tune with his zither to see if he truly reflects loyalty and sincerity, Bo Yi Kao began playing his instrument with many defiant words as a full expression of his hatred towards those who defy integrity and righteousness. Solely intending to get back at Daji for her unethical manner previously, and preserving his loyalty to the king in every way, Bo Yi Kao attached a long blade to his zither and threw it directly at Daji's face in an attempt to put an end to her life even if it cost his own. Fortunately for Daji however, she managed to leap out of the way while tumbling to the ground in shock.

As King Zhou roared with rage at such an unexpected action, he ordered the guards to throw Bo Yi Kao into the snake pit as punishment. Begging the king to do what she wished with him, Daji ordered the executioners to nail Bo Yi Kao's hands and feet to a board while his flesh was cut from his body piece by piece. Swearing at Daji up until his last dying breath, it was soon decided that his flesh would be made into small cakes and sent to Ji Chang to determine if he was worthy to be freed. If he ate the cakes, he was ordinary and thus should be freed. But if Ji Chang refused to eat them out of personal views, he was to be executed as to destroy any potential trouble in the future.

Chapter 20

San Yisheng bribes the corrupt Courtiers

Being imprisoned within Youli for seven years of time, Ji Chang studied the theory of the eight diagrams throughout each passing moment while writing a book known as the *'Book of Changes'* during his confinement. While sitting in his studies and performing divination with gold coins one day, believing that something unfortunate had taken place in his family, Ji Chang soon realized that his son, Bo Yi Kao, had met a cruel and unfortunate death. Being approached shortly by a palace messenger, and offered three large cakes of deer flesh as a token of King Zhou's respect for the former, Ji Chang happily accepted the cakes and immediately ate all three in his unparalleled show of gratitude. Knowing fully that he had just devoured the flesh of his precious son, Ji Chang sat on the ground and began weeping profusely over what little choice he possessed during the situation.

As King Zhou and Fei Zhong were fiercely clashing against each other during a game of chess, the messenger soon arrived and informed the king of Ji Chang's resolution. Deciding that Ji Chang should be excused from Youli after hearing his report, Fei Zhong swiftly retorted by stating that if Ji Chang was to return to his homeland at the current time he would most likely be influenced strongly not only by the blood lustful people of the Western Foothills due to Bo Yi Kao's death, but the southern and northern dukes in addition because of the strong potential they emanate. Seeing that it was a more rational resolution to keep Ji Chang detained, no matter how loyal he might seem from the outside, King Zhou consented to the former's suggestion.

As the entourage under Bo Yi Kao was soon informed by loyal ministers of their master's death, they fled through the night until arriving within Phoenix City to express their woes before Ji Fa. Bursting into many tears at the hearing of his elder brother's death, Nangong Kuo cried from among the generals present saying that was essential at all costs to deploy an army against the capital in order to wipe out King Zhou and effectively replace him with a true ruler.

Everyone present within the court ground their teeth in rage and glared with great hatred as they agreed with Nangong to destroy the tyrant at all costs possible. With San Yisheng moving forward and reprimanding all around for their lack of control, the former firmly stated that if such an action was put into motion and reported to the capital, all of Ji Chang's years of loyal service and reputation were nothing more than roadside chaff. With these words San Yisheng additionally stated that two messengers should be sent with gold, jade, and other valuable items, from their dukedom to the residence of Fei Zhong and You Hun to attain potential support in the future — and would more than likely result in Ji Chang's well-deserved exclusion.

After additional letters were also to be sent in secret to these two ministers, the soldiers of the Western Foothills should be drilled day and night as to prepare for a chance later on to strike at the capital with the other dukes. With two generals — Tai Dian and Hong Yao — effectively chosen for this task, they were ordered to take the guise of merchants traveling to the capital in offering to the suffering people. Not daring to stay at a government hostel following their arrival at the capital lest they were found out, the two generals approached their

respective supreme minister's lodgings that night. As Tai Dian kneeled before Fei Zhong in great respect, the former placed before him a letter from Supreme Minister San Yisheng stating that he would receive over 10,000 talents of silver and other valuable gifts if he freed Ji Chang as an expression of his inner virtue and compassion.

Fei Zhong ensured Tai Dian that he would do his upmost to set Ji Chang free at all costs. Thus, the latter left shortly with the same results as his ally general. Experiencing two successive wins within chess against both Fei Zhong and You Hun a few days later, King Zhou prepared a feast for the three of them as celebration. Beginning a discussion of Ji Chang, Fei Zhong declared that he had recently sent a few trustworthy men to Youli District with the sole purpose of analyzing Ji Chang's current motives following the death of Bo Yi Kao — for this would effectively prove if he still harbored his supposed loyalty even after the conjectured knowing of his son's death. Hearing reports from these men that Ji Chang was burning incense at every moment in the insurance of King Zhou's health and never uttered a single word of defiance to the current situation, Fei Zhong knew wholly that the former was indeed not a threat to the capital and was a minister of the highest loyalty.

As King Zhou heard such a report from Fei Zhong, he additionally asked You Hun for his take on the situation. With research that reciprocated Fei Zhong's analyze on Ji Chang, You Hun stated that if Ji Chang was effectively freed, he could be appointed into the position of prince and used to subdue the rebelling Northern and Southern grand dukes through words due to the natural respect that they possess towards the former. And thus might even be encouraged to stop their rebellion. The fact was that Ji Chang to be freed simply out of consideration, and his resolve to uphold the kindness bestowed upon him by the king would naturally increase and thus strengthen such an outcome. King Zhou thus issued a decree that stated Ji Chang's essential pardon and his freedom from confinement.

As the ministers all around clapped their hands in joy upon the hearing of Ji Chang's well-deserved attainment of freedom, a palace messenger immediately set out for Youli District with written decree in hand. Sitting inside his inner chambers with continued detriment over the death of his unfortunate son, Ji Chang made a divination with golden coins following a sudden ominous windstorm. After realizing that King Zhou would pardon him that day, the palace messenger arrived shortly and officially stated the king's decree.

Packing his belongings with both joy and sorrow, the people of Youli crowded before him and offered what they could in return for the former's immense kindness in the past. As they escorted the duke some distance from Youli District, every individual present gave their final farewells in tears. Arriving before high ranking ministers such as Bi Gan and Yellow Flying Tiger at the palace gates, Ji Chang expressed his immense gratitude at their kindness for freeing him from his extended confinement. Being in a state of great happiness in addition, an order was soon put forth that stated Ji Chang's presence before King Zhou. Dressing in convicted garb as he presented himself before the king, Ji Chang kneeled in respect and stated his many vows of gratitude. Being thus authorized to undertake military operations as chief of all dukes and appointed as overseeing prince, King Zhou additionally placed forth a banquet at the Dragon Virtue Court in his honor.

With each minister smiling with delight at such good fortune for Ji Chang — now known as Prince Wen — the latter paraded for two days throughout the capital's streets in a demonstration of his glory. Late into the afternoon during his second day of parade, Ji Chang was approached by Prince Yellow Flying Tiger and consented to the former's proposal of a personal drink at his residence. Personally sitting down and accompanying Ji Chang with many drinks, Yellow Flying Tiger firmly told him that he was in need of ceasing his current parading and should leave as quickly as possible lest any other unpredictable occurrence runs about in such a colossal torn capital like Morning Song.

Feeling as if he had been completely awoken to reality, Prince Wen calmly asked the former how he was get through the five passes. Handing him many military tallies and suggesting that he guises himself as a royal patrolmen to easily make his way through the passes, Yellow Flying Tiger gave one final bow to Prince Wen before being dismissed. That same evening, Yellow Flying Tiger ordered two of his generals — Dragon Huan and Wu Yan — to open the west gate of the capital and secretly escort Ji Chang from within.

Chapter 21

Flight through the Five Passes

With the help of Yellow Flying Tiger, Ji Chang managed to cross the Yellow River in a single night and then make his way towards Lintong Pass — the first of five passes. As many officials became exceedingly worried as to why Ji Chang failed to return throughout the entire night, Fei Zhong soon attained word of the situation and thus sat down with You Hun to analyze their next move. You Hun immediately placed forth his irrational suggestion: "After attaining the consent of His Majesty, soldiers should be sent to retrieve Ji Chang immediately. As he was brought back and placed before the king, he should be beheaded as punishment for putting insult over the former's kindness." With Fei Zhong's consenting, both ministers appeared before King Zhou and fully elaborated the situation.

After deciding that Generals Yin and Lei were to be sent out to retrieve the runaway prince, they both charged through the west gates with 3,000 soldier strong in immediate pace. Riding leisurely through Lintong Pass when hearing a sudden clamor of men and horses behind him, Ji Chang soon realized that King Zhou must have sent men in pursuit — and thus galloped wildly atop his horse, not knowing where at all he was heading. As the soldiers of Shang shortly approached the unfortunate Prince Wen with immense speed, Master of the Clouds meanwhile attained sight of the situation from his Green Touring Bed and immediately called Thunder Quaker to his side. Ordering his disciple to quickly find a weapon at the Tiger Cliff, Thunder Quaker met no true success before finding two delicious red apricots which he devoured with great delight.

Just at the moment that he was going to resume his search, a sudden strange transformation took place. Two wings sprouted from both shoulder blades while he grew silver tusks and long red hair. Even though he had no desire to see his master again with such an appearance, he had no true choice once Golden Haze Lad, an assistant disciple under Master of the Clouds, called him back to the cavern. With great delight over his disciple's transformation, Master of the Clouds handed Thunder Quaker a golden cudgel and immediately taught him how to wield it with exceeded renown. After the essential mastering of his new weapon, "wind" was written on his left wing while "thunder" on his right — thus giving him the ability to soar through the heavens with his new wings at will.

Before Thunder Quaker was to take his leave, Master of the Clouds thoroughly told his disciple that he was to ensure his father's safe arrival at the Western Foothills; but at no account should any soldier be killed during such an incident. Leaving the mountain in immense pace, Thunder Quaker called continuously from a neighboring peak to see if a certain man below — who was fleeing in great speeds atop his horse — was truly his father, the Grand Duke of the West.

Riding to the peak and being told that he was none other than Thunder Quaker, the young child that was saved by his hands seven years in the past, Ji Chang told the former that on no account should any individual of Shang be hurt lest his punishment becomes even greater than current. Ensuring his father that he would persuade the generals to retire their pursuit, Thunder Quaker stood

resolutely before the entire army shortly, declaring that not a single individual was to pass unless they wished for their own death. As the Shang soldiers reported such a case to Generals Yin and Lei, the latter two rage fully advanced towards Thunder Quaker's position.

Chapter 22

Return of the Duke

As Generals Yin and Lei thus appeared before Thunder-quaker shortly, they charged fiercely at the latter while bursting into laughter at his attempt to protect Ji Chang through vaguely connected bonds of filially. Determined to end this incident quickly, Thunder-quaker cleaved the crag of a neighboring mountain into two halves in a single strike with his golden cudgel — thus sending the whole Shang army fleeing in great fear for their lives. Now returning to his father, who laid on the ground in shock, Thunder-quaker urged Prince Wen to get on his back so that he could be transported safely to the Western Foothills without any additional delay.

Weeping profusely over the void attempt to bring along the horse that had served him faithfully for over seven years of time, Ji Chang had little choice but to calmly tell the horse to run off to a new master while grabbing hold of his son's back and returning immediately to his native land. Arriving beyond the five passes shortly, Thunder Quaker left his father momentarily — thus forcing Ji Chang to travel day and night on foot with great misery. As Prince Wen eventually approached an inn one day during his travels, he shortly elaborated his identity before being offered a flour-grinding donkey from the innkeeper as a mount while personally escorting the former back to his capital.

Crossing through the Golden Chicken Range and Mount Shouyang, breezes of late autumn soon filled the heavens with great desolateness that touched Ji Chang's longish heart to return to his family of long ago. Tai Jiang, the mother of Ji Chang, soon realized through divination that her son was to return exceedingly soon — and she thus told everyone present within the capital of such long awaited news. As each minister rode from the capital with banners and great gifts of offering, they soon caught sight of Ji Chang and presented themselves before him in unparalleled happiness.

With Supreme Minister San Yisheng thoroughly elaborating the historical records of King Tang and his revolution to overthrow the Xia Dynasty after being captivated for so many years, he compared this to the Grand Duke's incident and offered him a chance to do the same for the sake of the people. However, Prince Wen retorted by saying that such words should never be spoken again — for he could not do anything as disloyal as rebelling against the king after receiving such merciful honor from the former.

As everyone present became somewhat convinced by his speech, Prince Wen returned to the dukedom shortly with people cheering left and right in happiness at their master's safe return. Arriving before Mount Small Dragon and seeing his ninety-nine sons standing before him, Ji Chang fell from his horse with tears of agony upon the remembering of the one son that was not present, Bo Yi Kao. With the help of his sons, Ji Chang suddenly coughed up a large slice of meat that strangely turned into a small white rabbit; such was reciprocated two more times immediately with the same result. As everyone present sat in shock while the three rabbits ran to the west, they placed Ji Chang under the care of a doctor for several days to await his recovery. After the inn keeper was handsomely

rewarded for his reported deeds before returning to his home, San Yisheng personally sat down before Prince Wen and stated that an attack upon Morning Song would be a rational choice considering the current circumstances — despite the loyalty that the prince might possess. With Nangong Kuo suddenly appearing before the prince while stating that an attack upon the capital as essential, Prince Wen reprimanded them both by declaring such an action as disloyal and without virtue to attack your own master despite what qualities that they might possess.

After Nangong exclaimed the death of Bo Yi Kao as a clear action of cruelty that was deserving of punishment no matter what the consequence might be, Prince Wen retorted by stating that such an incident was brought about through his son's pride and rash qualities and isn't to be compared with the larger picture of loyalty. Either way, acting in such a sudden manner would not only stir up the people to make many sacrifices during such a war, but they would additionally lose a level of love and confidence towards their master due to being forced into a situation that they most clearly would not enjoy — for they love peace in all aspects.

As both San Yisheng and Nangong Kuo clearly realized that the land should not be impoverished and provoked into war for the time being, Ji Chang stated that a "Spiritual Terrace" should be constructed in order to foretell any potential disaster within the future. Being afraid that the people would suffer through unnecessary trouble with such a project, San Yisheng reassured his master that the immense dignity and gratitude that the people possess would surely bring him swift victory without a thought of defiance. Prince Wen became delighted at his reassurance, and thus issued forth a decree on the terrace's construction.

Chapter 23

Dream of a Flying Bear

As Prince Wen's notices were posted up for the Spiritual Terrace's potential construction, it clearly stated that if any was to go out of their way to assist in the construction, they were to be paid one-tenth of a teal of silver as gratitude while being allowed to discontinue without any form of compulsion whatsoever. Being overjoyed at such a chance to show their love to Prince Wen, every individual was clearly willing to work wholeheartedly on such a project without any regret. Issuing forth the project's start on an auspicious day after hearing such joyous news, the Spiritual Terrace was effectively created under ten months of time.

Leading his civil and military officials out to gaze forth at the terrace, Prince Wen was the only individual present that exclaimed a level of depression — for the terrace was in need of a pool in order to meet the requirements of the yin-yang theory. As such words were passed on to the people, everyone present began its immediate construction in due happiness. Digging profusely in their attempts, human bones were found and placed off to the side due to being a blatant interference towards their work. However, Prince Wen soon attained word of such and ordered for the bones to be placed into small coffins and buried within a neighboring hill instead of being exposed — as would be a sign of disrespect.

After watching the continued work of his fellow people until night, Prince Wen enjoyed a meal with his ministers before retiring to rest within one of the terrace's rooms. Experiencing a strange dream involving a white-faced tiger with large wings, Prince Wen reported this dream to San Yisheng the following morning and was told that a highly talented minister was destined to be a part of the Western Foothills in the near future. Believing the former's words as truth, Prince Wen became determined to make immediate preparations in the finding of this minister. Now returning to Jiang Ziya, he had spent his time near Panxi Stream constantly fishing throughout day to night while studying the way and reciting scriptures. While leaning on his willow tree one day, Jiang Ziya heard a certain man singing a song to himself and soon realized that it was none other than a woodcutter.

As Wu Ji, the woodcutter, sat down by Jiang Ziya's side and realized that he fished with a mere pole without a needle — or any bait at that — he thoroughly mocked the former by stating that he wasn't very smart when it comes to such simple matters. After furthered discussion, Wu Ji was told by Jiang Ziya that he would kill a man that day within Phoenix City unexpectedly; the former became angry at such sudden words and left with a fury. Heading through the south gate of Phoenix City, Wu Ji swung his carrying pole of firewood from one shoulder to the other which suddenly struck Wang Xiang, a city guard, in the temple, ending his life instantly.

Being pushed before Prince Wen immediately, Wu Ji elaborated the case as being nothing more than an accident that possessed rather vague reasoning and more bad luck than anything else. Declaring that the woodcutter would pay for his life nonetheless, Wu Ji was imprisoned inside a small circle near the southern gate to await his set punishment. Tear stricken over what might be befalling his ailed

mother back at their home due to his lack of support for over three days, Wu Ji was soon approached by San Yisheng and thoroughly elaborated the situation. Realizing that Wu Ji did not kill Wang Xiang out of any vile intentions whatsoever, he decided that it would be best to discuss the current issue at hand with Prince Wen and effectively suspend his punishment until autumn if at all possible.

After reporting such a case with the prince the following day, the latter consented to Wu Ji's proposal for temporary freedom. Wu Ji thus immediately returned to his mother's side and told her the reason for his lengthened disappearance. Additionally elaborating the words of Jiang Ziya as the reason for such an atrocity, Wu Ji set forth to Pianxi Stream to meet the former.

Chapter 24

From Fisherman to Prime Minister

As Wu Ji ran quickly to the Panxi Stream, he saw Jiang Ziya sitting under his willow tree while fishing more calmly than ever. Kneeling before the latter and asking forgiveness for his past ignorance, Wu Ji pleaded to Jiang Ziya to save his life from a destined death. After declaring himself as his disciple, Jiang Ziya told the former that if he wished to escape death, he must sit in a four-foot hole throughout the night while covered completely with rice and hay; after such was completed, there should be no problems experienced in the future with the prior incident.

With Wu Ji following his master's instructions thoroughly throughout that night, Jiang Ziya meanwhile recited charms to cover up the Wu Ji's star and thus save him from potential death. As Wu Ji returned the following day and kneeled respectfully before Jiang Ziya, the latter told him to spend the entire morning selling his usual firewood while returning in the afternoon to hear lessons on military theory/stratagems — for Jiang Ziya could feel the expedition upon Morning Song drawing near and thus could use additional assistance if need be.

Upon the arrival of late autumn, Supreme Minister San Yisheng recalled the incident of Wu Ji and asked Prince Wen if he could make a divination as to why the convict had not shown himself. After Prince Wen had effectively performed divination, and realized through such that Wu Ji committed suicide out of fear for punishment, the former sighed in distress at such an outcome. As spring arrived in short time with everything around bursting with life, Prince Wen proposed to his ministers that a few days should be spent enjoying nature within the southern outskirts. With San Yisheng's suggestion to search for the "destined minister of the Western Foothills" in addition, their journey soon began shortly.

Enjoying fully the colossal beauty laid out before his eyes, Prince Wen became shortly distressed as he saw his troops killing leopards, wolves, and of the such unconditionally — as the area around him was set up as a hunting zone by General Nangong Kuo for the former's pleasure. The prince thus approached San Yisheng and solemnly told him that they were within the wildlife to simply gaze at the beauty around, not to kill innocent animals out of instinct; for the ancients of old would never act in such a manner as to harm their own benevolence. Joyfully continuing through the wilderness and gazing forth at many people enjoying the beauty of spring, Prince Wen caught ear on a certain song that two fishermen were singing.

Believing them to be sages of the sort, Xin Jia was sent shortly to investigate the matter; he returned by stating that the two fisherman simply heard and recited such a song from a mysterious old man near the Panxi Stream. Dismissing the two fisherman in distress, Prince Wen pondered over a single verse of the song that denoted the ignoring of power and wealth — and thus elaborated a story of Sage Emperor Yao and his meeting with a virtuous man to San Yisheng as an example. Continuing on their way while hearing a group of woodcutters spouting a song of similar connotations to the former two fishermen, Prince Wen ordered an immediate investigation of these men. Being told that the same old man near Panxi

Stream taught this song to the former in addition, Prince Wen was convinced that this man must be approached at all costs.

Unfortunately for Wu Ji however, he happened to be amongst the crowd and was instantly recognized as the convict who supposedly met death in late autumn. Realizing that he was indeed woodcutter Wu Ji, the former was placed before Prince Wen and thoroughly reprimanded as an immense threat that needs to be dealt with accordingly. Explaining his meeting with a man known as Jiang Ziya, Wu Ji promised to guide Prince Wen and his entourage to the former's location in exchange for freedom. Without any success on finding Jiang Ziya, Prince Wen was led to the sage's cottage — but immediately met failure again due to Jiang Ziya's random departures and unpredictable returns.

San Yisheng thus told his master that it would be best for them to return to the palace temporarily while returning on a date that was presumed as more probable for the meeting of the former. Being extremely disappointed but nonetheless cooperative to his minister's suggestion, Prince Wen ordered his men to thoroughly purify themselves daily in wait for their second departure before Jiang Ziya's residence. In a different perspective of mind, General Nangong Kuo stated that there was no definite knowing that this "Jiang Ziya" was the true sage that they were looking for simply due to the songs that he composes and his unnatural abilities — for sages of similar quality would be more than likely present within the neighboring mountains in addition.

However, San Yisheng retorted by stating that this man must be the destined minister from Prince Wen's dream due to the traditional manner that was need of being followed and his reputation amongst the neighboring populace as being differential to the majority. Through such discussion, all ministers cleansed their hearts and bodies before taking leave on the fourth day following their original appearance. Arriving at the Panxi Stream shortly, Wu Ji immediately took notice of Jiang Ziya and reported such to Prince Wen. Approaching the sage steadily, Prince Wen took Jiang Ziya's hand and welcomed him with colossal dignity.

As San Yisheng elaborated the reasoning behind their appearance with many fine gifts, Jiang Ziya soon left his cottage and proceeded with Prince Wen on horse top following many steady refusals to ride in the former's carriage. Arriving shortly before the capital, Jiang Ziya was appointed as prime minister and thus thoroughly assisted the Western Foothills with his knowledge and discipline.

Chapter 25

Banquet for Specters in the Palace

Once Han Rong, commander of Sishui Pass, obtained word on Jiang Ziya's appointment, he sent an urgent report to Morning Song. As Bi Gan attained such a report, he immediately presented himself before King Zhou and stated that since Jiang Ziya had effectively joined the West Grand Duke, there was a great possibility that the former could dwindle with Ji Chang's loyalty and thus convince him to assist the southern and eastern dukes in their campaign against the capital.

Once King Zhou told the prime minister that he would hold court as soon as possible lest any furthered threat might evolve, Chong Houhu, the Black Tiger, knelt in presence before the king while stating the nearing finish of the Happy Terrace after two years and four months of determined work. King Zhou quickly asked Chong Houhu's additional take on the appointment of Jiang Ziya. The latter stated that Ji Chang was very peace loving and would never attack the capital unless it was forced upon him by his people. And that Jiang Ziya was also exceedingly old and wasn't a large enough threat to waste an entire army upon due to the scarceness already experienced amongst the populace.

King Zhou thus dismissed both Bi Gan and Chong Houhu shortly while taking hold of his beloved Daji and heading out to see the Happy Terrace's progress. Arriving before the Happy Terrace and realizing its current completion, King Zhou happily walked through the terrace with immense joy and satisfaction at the glittering jade and gold spread before him so vividly. As a grand celebration took place inside the terrace, Bi Gan could not help but sigh in great distress at the peoples' suffering simply through the deluded selfishness of a single person.

Asking Daji when the immortals and fairies would show themselves before the terrace as she originally stated, Daji had little time to react and immediately stated that a full moon before a cloudless sky would be the only signal for their essential coming. Knowing that the full moon would not show itself until five more days, Daji resumed her specter form three days later and headed immediately to the grave mound of Emperor Xuanyuan while King Zhou was fast asleep.

Being welcomed by Splendor, the nine-headed pheasant, Daji elaborated her reasoning before stating that all other specters present at the mound must transform themselves into immortals and come with her to the Happy Terrace within two days of time if they possess such an ability; if not, they were to remain at their original position. After this detailed discussion, Daji immediately returned to the palace on a gust of wind.

As King Zhou asked the following morning about the immortals, Daji suggested to the king that thirty-nine seats should be arranged while a minister — Bi Gan in this case — was chosen to serve them wine at their will. Upon the quick approach of evening the following day, the seats were set forth while King Zhou gazed in great anticipation for the arrival of his immortal guests. Following the king's temporary leave of the terrace while Daji invited forth her honored specter allies, Bi Gan was called shortly to serve the latter.

Pouring them wine at every call, Bi Gan became rather confused as to why they looked like fairy spirits but possessed the most disgusting of odors; indeed, he thought, this was truly a very ill omen for the Shang Dynasty. As everyone present began to drink wildly, Bi Gan noticed that some of the guests had tails sprouting forth upon further intoxication — and was thus dismissed immediately by Daji lest he realized that they were specters, not immortals. Charging from the palace gates with great shame and rage as to lower himself to serve vile beasts, he soon approached Yellow Flying Tiger, who was on night patrol, and reported the incident at the Happy Terrace in full details.

After ensuring to Bi Gan that he would deal with the issue, Yellow Flying Tiger ordered his four generals — Huang Ming, Zhou Ji, Dragon Huan, and Wu Qian — to each take twenty four soldiers and patrol the districts around the east, north, west, and south. When these "immortals" were to leave the palace, they were to be pursued closely and stealthily back to their respective lairs.

As each immortal specter took their leave from the palace on foot due to great intoxication preventing any form of natural flight, all thirty-nine that were present immediately returned to the grave mound of Emperor Xuanyuan while being closely followed by General Zhou Ji along the way. Informing Yellow Flying Tiger the following morning, the latter ordered his general to take 300 soldiers individually equipped with firewood and light them on fire while inside the mound hole to ensure destruction and no lack of possible escape for the specters. With Yellow Flying Tiger and Bi Gan calmly sitting by each other's side while drinking tea, Zhou Ji soon reported his success and thus called for them both to inspect the results.

Arriving shortly before the grave mound and finding corpses lying about that stank with burnt fur and flesh, Bi Gan ordered all corpses that possessed not scorched fur to be skinned so that he could present His Majesty with a specialized fur coat as a warning to the evil specter, Queen Daji. The two commanders thus returned to the palace in high spirits with such a grand display of the power and loyalty that they possessed in the name of the Shang Dynasty.

Chapter 26

Daji plots Revenge

With the recent arrival of winter, heavy snow fell throughout the capital like pearls of great silver illuminating the sky and earth alike with beauty. Entering before King Zhou at the Happy Terrace, Prime Minister Bi Gan expressed his inner worry over the king's health at such a time of year — and thus presented to the former a specialized fur robe of scarlet satin as a token of such affection and consideration.

Once King Zhou had placed the beautiful robe around his body with immediate appreciation towards the prime minister, Daji meanwhile gazed forth from the curtains and noticed the specialized insignias only present on fox specters of her relation. She thus inwardly vowed that her hatred would only be sullied if she was to attain Bi Gan's heart as punishment.

Not bearing to see the skin of her relatives any further after the prime minister's leave, Daji convinced the king that the fur robe was below his level of dignity and should be placed elsewhere. Forming a plot to effectively end Bi Gan's life, Daji used her specter powers to reduce her beauty to a great extent one day as she sat drinking with King Zhou within the Happy Terrace.

Realizing that the Queen was strangely lacking in beauty, Daji shortly told the king that she possesses a sister known as Splendor, who was far more beautiful and elegant. Continuing with her words, Daji additionally stated that her sister left one day from Jizhou while stating that if she was to ever attain immortal characteristics, she would send Daji incense as a signal for her immediate return. Telling King Zhou that the incense had yet to be burned, it was decided that the following day should be chosen for her sister's return.

As King Zhou thus slept soundly that night, Daji resumed her specter form and met Splendor at the burned grave mound — fully knowing that her sister could not have possibly been touched by the former flames due to her highly evolved specter attributes. With Splendor's immediate informing to Daji that all thirty-nine specter allies had been burnt to death and skinned, the latter wept while telling her sister a specific plan that essentially required her appearance before the palace the following day. Effectively attaining Splendor's consent, Daji happily returned to the palace throughout the remainder of the night while King Zhou lustfully desired to see his queen's elder sister as soon as possible throughout the next day.

Once night finally approached, Daji advised King Zhou to conceal himself while the incense was burned — for if she was to notice a man of mortal qualities other than her sister, she might not wish to perform any such task. With the incense being burned at last, great thunderous winds brewed about throughout the palace while Splendor made her immediate appearance shortly thereafter before Daji.

As Daji thus brought her sister to an inner chamber while sipping tea and exchanging conversation, King Zhou meanwhile peeped from the corner and instantly declared that he would give up his very own throne without the least

regret if he could have sex with Splendor. Scratching his ears and coughing profusely to attain Dai's attention, the latter asked her sister if she could meet with the king after clearly understanding his many signals.

Being convinced that King Zhou was worthy to sit by her side due to his rank, the king excitedly rushed forth and placed himself before Splendor immediately. Once Dai left the inner chamber for some time to change her clothing, King Zhou became exceedingly aroused after Splendor emitted many seductive glances — and thus invited his honored guest to stroll with him on the terrace.

Steadily pacing under the moonlight, King Zhou calmly fondled her breasts and body while declaring that was she was to stay by his side within the palace instead of living the life of an immortal, great wealth, rank, and honor would clearly be bestowed upon her in short time.

Realizing that Splendor did not respond or offer any resistance to his many physical attacks, King Zhou carried her to a side court and passionately began unleashing his inner essence upon the latter within a neighboring bed. Upon Dai's return with great laughter over her sister's state, the king enjoyed the remainder of the night with his two lovers. As all ministers outside the palace gates possessed no knowing of King Zhou's new indulgences with Splendor, Yellow Flying Tiger, the highest ranked among ministers, continued to train his 480,000 soldiers daily to ensure an effective protection of the neighboring passes.

One day however, Dai suddenly began to profusely spit forth blood while falling to the floor in a feverish state. King Zhou and Splendor immediately ran to her side while the latter stated that her sister possesses a strange heart attack disorder that reappears at random moments of time when intense anxiety and stress was felt. Additionally stating that a doctor by the name of Zhang Yuan cured such attacks with soup made from a highly developed human heart on great occasion back at Jizhou, it was indeed of great need for such a heart to be found among the populace and used at once to free Dai from her potential bonds of death.

Acting as if she was performing divination, Splendor told King Zhou that Prime Minister Bi Gan was the only individual present within the capital that possesses such a heart. As King Zhou thus sent out many decrees to ensure Bi Gan's arrival before the palace, the prime minister meanwhile attained word from the sixth royal messenger that Dai possessed a strange illness and was needing of his arrival.

Knowing that Dai was indeed an evil specter, and any such incident that specifically called him forth in her name more than likely meant certain death, Bi Gan approached his wife in tears while stating that she should do her best to observe the rules and take good care of their children while he was gone.

Explaining the situation thoroughly, Bi Gan rushed back to his study chambers and hastily followed the instructions that Jiang Ziya had given him earlier. Following his immediate arrival before King Zhou, and the learning of his heart being needed in order to cure Dai's ailment, the former retorted with great anger at the king and Dai's blatant hate towards him. Knowing that he had little choice before the situation, and his time was assuredly soon to end, Bi Gan knelt on

the ground and ripped the heart from his chest while throwing it to the ground without a single droplet of blood whatsoever. As the prime minister walked quickly to the palace gates, avoiding each minister that appeared along the way, the former took the reins off his horse and strode towards the capital's northern gate.

Chapter 27

Return of the Grand Old Master

Striding through the northern palace gates in a state of complete silence, Yellow Flying Tiger was very worried over the current situation — and thus sent forth Generals Zhou Ji and Huang Ming to follow him immediately. As Bi Gan approached a woman hawker along the way that declared humans as incapable of living without a heart, a sudden pulse surged through the former's veins violently, causing him to fall to the ground with blood surging profusely from his chest. With Zhou Ji and Huang Ming's arrival shortly, they inspected the deceased prime minister's body closely and realized that his heart was strangely nowhere to be found.

Unfortunately for Bi Gan however, he still would have remained alive if the woman previously had noted that humans can live even without a heart — for such was the trickery behind Jiang Ziya's magical note. Once the two generals had arrived before the palace gates and immediately reported their resolution on the incident to Yellow Flying Tiger, all ministers present sat heartbroken at such an absurd end to their treasured prime minister. Xia Zhao, a junior minister, could not hold back his emotions as he strode within the Happy Terrace prepared to put a well-deserved end to King Zhou's life.

Cutting down any guard that dared to oppose his path towards the king, Xia Zhao shortly arrived before the tyrant and charged at him with his flying-cloud sword. As he cleaved at the king's flesh with great renown, King Zhou managed to grab ahold of the blade while swiftly throwing it off to the side. Realizing the situation was rather grim, Xia Zhao ground his teeth until they bled profusely before launching himself off of the terrace to his death. As all ministers around grieved over their second loss, Bi Gan's body was soon returned while a funeral was held immediately for his countless loyal services to the Shang Dynasty.

News soon came about during their funeral that none other than Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was finally returning to the capital; all ministers thus made quick preparations to meet the former outside Morning Song's gates. Arriving shortly atop his great dragon unicorn, Wen Zhong gazed towards the capital and realized that a funeral was taking place due to many paper pennants flying about. Inspecting the reason for such, he was astonished to hear that Vice Prime Minister Bi Gan had died — and thus entered immediately to see many gorgeous buildings such as the Happy Terrace all around him. Dismounting before his fellow colleagues at the palace gate's roadside, the Grand Old Master expressed his greetings while entering the Grand Hall.

Being informed by Yellow Flying Tiger of the many torture devices created and the unjust deaths of countless loyal ministers throughout his years of departure, Wen Zhong's third eye burned red with rage as he ordered King Zhou to ascend his throne at once. With Daji joyfully drinking the soup made from Bi Gan's heart, King Zhou was rather frightened to hear that the Grand Old Master had returned — but nonetheless left immediately in his royal carriage to see the dignified latter. Sitting before Wen Zhong within the Grand Hall, the latter thoroughly elaborated his complete victory at the North Sea District while

inspecting the reason as to why two of the four grand dukes have risen in rebellion. Being told that Jiang Huanchu and E Chongyu were executed for conspiring against the throne — even though the king did not possess any such witness that could prove such a case — Wen Zhong became exceedingly wrathful and reprimanded the king for the blatant malevolent qualities that he possesses. Telling the former that he would personally endeavor to set the country in order in the name of King Da Yi, his former master, Wen Zhong told the king to return to his apartments while he plans out his next move for the dynasty's benefit.

As King Zhou left without uttering a single word against the Grand Old Master, the latter asked his fellow colleagues to join him at his residence. Arriving shortly before the Silver Peace Hall with each minister present, Yellow Flying Tiger came forth from the crowd to personally elaborate the full happenings from Daji's entry to Bi Gan's death. Now fully knowing the ultimate woes of the Shang Dynasty, Wen Zhong let out a great roar of rage before declaring that he would seal the gates for three days while presenting to King Zhou a memorial upon the fourth.

Approaching the king on the fourth day with his written memorial, King Zhou placed it before his desk and was handed by the former an ink slab and writing brush to sign his name on ten individual proposals. King Zhou signed his consent on all but the destruction of the Happy Terrace; the deposition of Daji; and the beheading of Fei Zhong and You Hun to as warning to all flatterers. With Wen Zhong's suggestion to the king that the remaining three proposals essentially need to be fulfilled if he was to prevent the Shang Dynasty from falling to utter ruin, the latter stood forth without uttering a word. Fei Zhong, who did not see the true seriousness of the situation, moved forward to speak with King Zhou before being stopped by the Grand Old Master.

As Fei Zhong began to state the former's propositions as a clear insult to His Majesty and violation to the general rites of inferior to superior, Wen Zhong seethed with rage at his words — and thus charged his fist into Fei Zhong's skull, causing the latter to tumble violently down the Grand Hall's steps in an injured state. Seeing Fei Zhong lying on the floor with a bruised head and face, You Hun ran before the Grand Old Master while declaring his actions as being the equivalent to beating King Zhou himself.

Learning that the man standing before him was none other than You Hun, Wen Zhong ran forward and smashed his fist into the former's face — sending him crashing seven yards past the Grand Hall stairway in a near death state. Grand Old Master Wen Zhong followed by ordering the two ministers to be taken to the palace gate for their awaited execution immediately afterwards. Just as Fei Zhong and You Hun were to have their heads cleaved off, King Zhou ran forward to Wen Zhong and pleaded for the two ministers to be placed before court and tried according to law for their former actions.

Observing the king's frightened manner, and realizing that it was a crime for the former to possess such intense fear towards him, Wen Zhong ordered the two ministers to be placed in gaol and await their trial while the three remaining proposals were carefully discussed within the near future. With such grand resolve to ensure political reform was effectively instilled, news soon reached the capital that King Ping Ling of the East Sea district had unfortunately declared independence. As Wen Zhong attained word of such, he appeared before Yellow

Flying Tiger's residence shortly and asked the latter who was more fitting to take care of the situation. After they both carefully considered their next move, Grand Old Master stated that he would take 200,000 soldiers to the East Sea district while Flying Tiger remains at the palace for internal defense.

Additionally stating that he would deal with the state's administration at his best following his return, Wen Zhong appeared before King Zhou the following morning to elaborate the current happenings within the east. Being very delighted internally at Wen Zhong's words of departure, both Yellow Flying Tiger and King Zhou personally escorted the Grand Old Master beyond the eastern gate of Morning Song. As the king handed Wen Zhong a glass of wine, the master handed it instead to Yellow Flying Tiger for the exceeded loyalty and administrative renown that he should elaborate while he himself was gone. Telling the king to listen well to his ministers and destroy the evil of the capital at all costs possible during his leave, cannons roared in all directions to signal the Grand Old Master's departure.

Chapter 28

Punitive Expedition against the North Grand Dukedom

Greatly delighted at Grand Old Master's leave, King Zhou returned to the palace shortly while ordering Fei Zhong and You Hun to be freed — for the king labeled them as being wrongly accused when they were clearly loyal and undeserving of death. Now that Wen Zhong was effectively gone, King Zhou knew that he could return to his original ways without anyone truly able to criticize his actions.

As spring raged forward spreading great beauty throughout the capital, King Zhou declared to his ministers that a party within the royal garden should be performed. Finding the garden as beautiful as the Penglai Fairyland, the Peony Pavilion of old along with the Brocade Hall could be seen with great extravagant detail.

Holding a banquet within the Peony Pavilion, the king enjoyed his own personal table with Splendor and Daji while other high ranking ministers such as Yellow Flying Tiger and Wei Zi sighed at such a grand celebration taking place even though the land was clearly rampant with deluded chaos and constant rebellion. Thanking the king for their party after midday, King Zhou convinced every former minister present to stay and drink away their woes from dusk till night.

As Daji and Splendor became exceedingly intoxicated while sleeping within the royal library, Daji lusted to attain human flesh immediately — and thus swooped about the midnight sky in her specter form. With attendants shouting about that a specter had been seen in the heavens, Yellow Flying Tiger left his seat hurriedly as he thrashed one of the pavilion's railings at the horrible beast. Ordering the hunting hawk with golden eyes to be unleashed immediately due to the lack of his weapon's effectiveness, the hawk soon soared to the specter while clawing violently with its great talons.

Being clearly wounded, Daji hid herself underneath some rocks within a neighboring artificial hill. King Zhou thus ordered his attendants to start digging away in hopes of capturing the specter. Unexpectedly finding an incredibly large pile of half-eaten corpses beneath the rock mound, the king became horrified at the reality of the situation: specters were present within the Shang Dynasty and were the evident reason for such disaster.

As King Zhou awoke the following morning after unhappily excusing his minister's the former evening, he stared in alarm at Daji, who possessed many scratches across her face. Being told that she happened to scratch her face upon overhanging branches within the royal garden, King Zhou told her to be very careful of her new surroundings considering the specter incident.

Pondering over what the king had said, Daji vaguely remembered through her intoxication that Yellow Flying Tiger had been the minister who thrashed at her with his pole — and she thus immediately vowed revenge against the former at all costs possible. Meanwhile, Jiang Ziya had shortly obtained report on King Ping Ling's rebellion and Chong Houhu's brutal treating of the people during the Happy

Terrace's development. Vying with rage at Chong's qualities, Jiang Ziya approached Prince Wen and suggested to him that if the Grand Duke of the North, Chong Houhu, was effectively destroyed — considering his many acts of tyranny through blatant brutality and impulsiveness. King Zhou would be assisted greatly in the path of becoming a benevolent ruler such as that of Yao or Shun of old. Being delighted at a chance to effectively help King Zhou as he accepted the prime minister's proposal, Jiang Ziya offered himself to be the commander of the army on the prince's behalf.

After declaring that he too would assist Jiang Ziya on the battlefield, Prince Wen chose an auspicious date before charging out of the capital with 100,000 soldiers. Many individuals present within the Western Foothills — especially the original Morning Song refugees — rejoiced in great happiness at the prince's departure to destroy Chong Houhu.

As the army arrived before Chong City, the north grand dukedom, after a few days of travel, Chong Houhu was meanwhile present within Morning Song while Chong Yinbiao, the duke's son, attained headship over the city. Attaining information shortly that Ji Chang was commander over the forces stationed outside his dukedom, Yingbiao grinned in delight at a chance to do away with the former in order to better the reputation of his father — even if Ji Chang arrived with intentions other than battle.

With full resolve to wipe out Chong Houhu at all costs possible, Jiang Ziya ordered General Nangong Kuo to head to the front and unleash the first battle immediately. As Huang Yuanji charged out of the city gates with a contingent of soldiers, the former fiercely clashed blades with Nangong in great vigor and heated rage at Ji Chang's clear intentions to destroy them. Attaining word in short time that Huang Yuanji had lost his life by the enemy general's blade, Yingbiao pounded his desk in rage while ordering a fierce engagement of mortal combat to be unleashed the following day. With both forces aligned before each other the next morning, Jiang Ziya stepped forward from his army while taking the appearance of a honored celestial in the eyes of Chong Yinbiao. Barking at Yinbiao for defending the evil ways of his father, the latter barked back at Jiang Ziya angrily while ordering a general from his side to quickly kill the opposition.

As Prince Wen charged before Yinbiao lest Jiang Ziya experienced any harm, the former profusely yelled at Yinbiao, stating that it would be better off for him to simply dismount from his horse and experience death instead of opposing the will of Heaven any further. With both sides fiercely clashing blades in great resolve, Chong Yinbiao additionally threw himself into combat in order to take Ji Chang's head if at all possible. Once two generals under the north dukedom had been effectively slain, Yinbiao ordered a full-scale retreat.

Urgently setting forth a meeting to discuss how they were to repel the enemy forces, everyone present under Yinbiao had no clue what to do. Seeing this as the perfect chance to strike forth at the city, Prince Wen declined Jiang Ziya's offer to attack their dukedom lest the innocent was to be hurt and his benevolence would be known amongst the country as mere folly. A letter was thus immediately sent to Black Tiger Chong Heihu in hopes that he could assist them in taking over Chong City.

Chapter 29

Clash between two Grand Dukes

As General Nangong Kuo left to Caozhou at immediate pace, he soon took lodgings within an official hotel upon his arrival at Black Tiger Chong Heihu's residence. Leaving his office upon Nangong's reported arrival, Heihu soon obtained a letter from Jiang Ziya on the current situation. Reading the letter over continuously, he decided that it would be for the greater good if he put an end to his brother in the name of the people; despite the blood that he was to stain on the faces of his ancestors through such an action.

Before he departed, 3,000 soldiers were individually chosen to accompany him from Caozhou while his son, Chong Yingluan, ensures the protection of the city during his leave. As Chong Heihu arrived before the north grand dukedom's city gates in short time, Yinbiao emerged forth and earnestly welcomed his fellow uncle — who had arrived with reinforcements after obtaining report on the situation.

Sitting within the main hall by his cousin's side, Chong Heihu asked the true reason as to why Ji Chang had suddenly attacked their residence. The latter stated that a man by the name of Jiang Ziya said earlier that they arrived out of some form of malice towards his father and have thus attacked with most probable intentions to kill him. Easily seeing such words as accurate and on the side of rationality, Chong Heihu charged from the city gates to do battle against the opposing forces of Prince Wen at the following dawn. Jiang Ziya was completely rational of Chong Heihu's intentions upon the arrival of Nangong Kuo — and thus sent the latter to do battle with Black Tiger.

As both warriors battled with great renown, Chong Heihu silently told Nangong to feign retreat after giving up ground as a pretext to the combat's end. Seeing the enemy general flee while Heihu did not pursue in any form, Yingbiao approached his uncle and inspected the reason for such an action. Being told Jiang Ziya was widely known for his magical renown, there alone arose the chance that the former would use such tactics in order to ensure his victory at all costs possible — considering the additional rash ways of such pursuit. As Heihu and Yingbiao thus returned to the city, Black Tiger stated that their probability of victory should increase dramatically if Houhu and King Zhou were effectively contacted and informed of the current happenings upon Chong City.

With Sun Rong thus being sent to the capital, he arrived before Chong Houhu's residence and first handed the duke the intended letter. Pounding his desk in utter rage at the ill gratitude and treacherous motives that Ji Chang possesses towards him, — despite the many sacrifices that he had made in order to ensure the safety of the former — Chong Houhu presented himself to King Zhou and elaborated the current case on hand.

After the king had ensured his minister that he should back him with soldiers if the need be, Houhu confidently set out with 3,000 soldiers from the capital in quick pace. As soon as Chong Heihu had obtained word that his brother was heading to Chong City, he told General Gao Ding to await in ambush inside the city gates and only emerge to seize the grand duke when the rattling of a sword

was effectively heard. After Shen Gong had been told in addition to arrest the entire Chong family and bring them to the Zhou camp upon Heihu's emerging from the city, both Chong Heihu and Yingbiao set out shortly to await the arrival of Houhu. As the grand duke was thus invited inside of the city gates, all soldiers suddenly seized both Houhu and his son once the sound of rattling had been heard.

Being fully rational that if Chong Houhu was effectively seized and destroyed before the eyes of the people, the Chong family would not only live on in an honorable prestige but his own reputation would soar due to reinforcing the greater good despite the blood that was to be shed. After thus placing the duke before Jiang Ziya's feet, and warmly greeting Ji Chang, Prince Wen became displeased at Heihu's actions for being ruthless. Informing the prince that such an action was for the greater good, and well on the side of virtue, Jiang Ziya ordered Chong Houhu and his son to be placed before him while their heads were immediately cut from their bodies.

Having no original intention whatsoever to kill the grand duke and his son, Prince Wen blinded his eyes from the sight of their decapitated heads while shrieking with fear and disgust. Ordering Chong Heihu to free all remaining captives, Jiang Ziya and Prince Wen took their leave from Chong City while Heihu remained to govern the people as the new grand duke of the north. Unfortunately however upon their return to the Western Foothills, Prince Wen began to see Chong Houhu's decapitated head at every moment he happened to close his eyes — and his health thus slowly decreased out of clear disgust and resentment.

Once Wei Zi, the secretariat of Morning Song, obtained word that Chong Houhu had been executed while his younger brother, Chong Heihu, took control over the former's territory, he realized that the threat of Ji Chang would become even more greater due to Heihu's independence from the capital — and thus informed King Zhou immediately lest any further trouble evolved. Seething with rage at the north grand duke's death upon the hearing of such an incident, King Zhou ordered a contingent of soldiers to bring back both Ji Chang and Chong Heihu for trial.

However, Li Ren moved forward from the ministers present and stated that if he was to effectively act in the benefit of Chong Houhu — who was widely despised by the ministers and people alike — then they naturally would feel great malice towards him for supporting one of criminal traits rather than the loyal. Realizing the rationality in his words, King Zhou decided to abandon the idea of attacking Heihu altogether.

Unfortunately back at the Western Foothills however, Prince Wen's health worsened day by day forcing constant medical attention from doctors within the capital. As Jiang Ziya knelt before his master one day upon the former's request, Prince Wen calmly told him from his bed to never ally the Western Foothills with the rebelling nobles at any costs whatsoever; due to the many not royal actions that had been taken earlier that proved a level of disloyalty towards the king's wishes, peace must always remain between the west and Morning Song as atonement for their past defiance.

Gazing at the tear-filled eyes of Prince Wen, and seeing the indomitable spirit of loyalty that surges through the former's heart, Jiang Ziya ensured that he

should eternally obey such instructions. With Ji Fa's sudden entrance, Prince Wen told his son that he should take his place as governor over the Western Foothills following his death — but at no account should he dare listen to any words that might harm the king during his succession. After telling the prime minister and Ji Fa to instill virtue and true loyalty to both the king and the people so that the future generations can possess eternal happiness, Prince Wen breathed his last, dying at the age of 97 and being given the title of King Wen of Zhou.

Following King Wen's funeral, Jiang Ziya proposed to all ministers present that Ji Fa should succeed his father with the title of West Grand Duke and King Wu. As all ministers were risen one rank with additional benefits, the 200 marquises came constantly to offer their obeisance to the new king over the Western Foothills. Once Commander Han Rong of Sishi Pass had obtained word on Ji Fa's succession to the throne, and the unexpected death of Ji Chang, a messenger was immediately sent before the capital's secretariat. With both Yao Zhong and Prince Wei Zi being the first to hear of such urgent news, Yao Zhong declared that he should see the king on such a matter no matter what the outcome might be.

Chapter 30

Incidents leading to a Rebellion

Ascending the Star Picking Belvedere and kowtowing before the king, Yao Zhao thoroughly declared that now Ji Fa had succeeded the deceased Ji Chang as king over the Western Foothills, Jiang Ziya should easily be able to influence the former through ambitious motives of attacking the capital. However, King Zhou was not the least worried — for he believed that Jiang Ziya was nothing more than a vile trickster that would sow hate and ill-trust in the hearts of any other potential rebel of the capital; Ji Fa in addition was considered a mere child that lacked any disciple in the art of war and should thus not be taken as a serious threat to any extent.

After leaving the Belvedere in great disappointment over King Zhou's words, Yao Zhao knew that King Wu must be the destined savior that should put the tyrannical king to his eternal rest. As the new year's day celebrating King Zhou's 21st year of reign over the Shang Dynasty had arrived in rather short time, ministers went about to offer their traditional greetings to the king, while each of their wives paid obeisance to Queen Daji. When the day's natural formalities had drifted by, Lady Jia, the wife of Yellow Flying Tiger, entered the palace to offer her personal greetings to Daji before visiting her sister in law, concubine Huang.

At the very moment that Daji had attained word that Lady Jia was none other than Yellow Flying Tiger's wife, she grinned in great delight at such a chance to attain revenge against the prince. As Lady Jia and Daji alike both offered their respective greetings, Daji realized that the former was eight years older than her at the age of forty-one. Asking her fellow lady if they would like to become sworn sisters, Lady Jia refuted at first but freed herself from such modesty after realizing that they were both similar in aristocratic rank.

After they had drunken two glasses of wine, Jia quickly hid herself within the Rear Hall upon Daji's suggestion once King Zhou had arrived to see his queen following such a long day of hard work. Clearly seeing that two cups were sitting one across the other in front of Daji, King Zhou inspected who had been present. Being told that Lady Jia, wife of Yellow Flying Tiger, had been present earlier, Daji told the king that he should see her. Rather reluctant at such a suggestion — for it would vile the rights between king and minister — King Zhou was eventually convinced after hearing that she was not only extraordinarily beautiful, but could be considered his relative out of ties between Yellow Flying Tiger's concubine sister.

As Daji thus approached Lady Jia shortly after, and asked for her to walk together at the Star Picking Mansion in order to enjoy the scenery around them, Lady Jia had little choice but to comply — for they can only meet one time a year according to the rights. Walking along the upper balcony and gazing forth at a large pit full of snakes and skeletons, Lady Jia became frightened at the explanation that such a method was in need simply to uphold discipline within the capital. Accepting a few more cups of wine from Daji after sitting down with the latter, Concubine Huang meanwhile became worried at the hearing that her sister-in-law was present at the Star Picking Mansion with Daji — and thus immediately sent one of

her maids to carefully observe the queen's motives. With report that King Zhou was currently ascending the Star Picking Mansion, Lady Jia stood outside of the balcony while the king made his approach. Following his arrival, and immediate informing that the woman standing outside the balcony was Yellow Flying Tiger's wife, King Zhou became very lustful over her beautiful looks. Being told by Daji to enter forth and sit by the king's side, she gradually accepted such an order lest she was to attain any such punishment as earlier seen if the slightest defiance was to be shown.

Begging, however, to leave the king's side to show her true loyalty through modesty, King Zhou encouraged her to sit by his side and enjoy a personal glass of wine. Feeling as if her honor would be torn apart if she sat by the side of such a wicked tyrant, Lady Jia took her glass of wine and threw it into King Zhou's face as a showing of her hatred towards his vile ways. Even though she clearly realized that such an action would probably cost her life, and bring about further mayhem within her family, Lady Jia was resolute to preserve her honor at all costs possible.

As King Zhou ordered his guards to seize her, Lady Jia ran to the balcony rails and exclaimed a final vow of farewell to her beloved husband and children before leaping forth to her unfortunate death. Attaining word shortly that Lady Jia had lost her life, Concubine Huang seethed with rage while running up the Star Picking Mansion's stairs immediately. Thrusting forth at Daji and physically beating her for conjectured treachery, King Zhou told his honored concubine that Daji was truly innocent — for Lady Jia acted out of her own irrational impulse and died because of it. Not in any mood whatsoever to stop beating Daji — or hear the king's words at that — Huang unthinkingly smacked King Zhou violently in the face.

Great rage thus filled the breast of King Zhou while he grabbed the sadistic maiden by the air and lunged her forcefully off the mansion's rails. Grabbing hold of Daji and holding her in his arms in great sadness over his beloved's condition, the attendants under Lady Jia were meanwhile informed by a palace maiden of the unfortunate events that came about at the Star Picking Mansion. As Yellow Flying Tiger was enjoying the New Year's feast throughout the evening with his right-hand generals and fellow brothers, Lady Jia's attendants ran to his residence immediately and informed him of the disaster incident with his wife and sister in law.

With everyone in great alarm while Yellow Flying Tiger sat in silence, Huang Ming approached his master and told him that it was clearly evident that they should seek a new ruler to serve under; considering Yellow Flying Tiger was the head of all military affairs and state headship, his reputation would be the first to suffer by the neighboring people who was rising in rebellion — thus by rebelling, he would be looked upon as a hero that strikes at any injustice that might befall his people upon circumstance.

Knowing that his reputation would effectively soar with the greater majority if he issued forth his rebellion, Yellow Flying Tiger still considered such an action as being far too risky due to solely rendering the incident with his wife. Running after his four generals and telling them to discuss the issue further before being completely resolved to leave the capital for good, each of the four returned with Yellow Flying Tiger to his residence. Raising his sword unexpectedly before

his generals, Yellow Flying Tiger declared that his family had served honorably under the Shang Dynasty for over seven generations — and the death of a single woman who was unknown to the former was most definitely not reason enough to destroy such honor through rebellion.

General Zhou Ji approached to his master and declared that all who were unknowing of his glory and rank would only believe that he attained such high rank through his wife's beauty instead of progressive loyalty through generations. Yellow Flying Tiger realized the reality of his reputation and thus ordered a full flight from Morning Song immediately. Being suggested by General Guang Ming to challenge King Zhou to a battle within the capital before leave lest his master regretted his decision in the future, Yellow Flying Tiger consented to such a suggestion as he equipped his armor and strode towards the palace gates atop his divine ox.

Once General Zhou Ji had declared to the guards that they were rebelling, and if they do not pull King Zhou out of the palace in short time they would be slaughtered in entirety, the guards fearfully fled through the gates and informed the king of such a sudden situation. Bursting with furiousness at such a report, King Zhou personally put on his armor, took his cutlass, and smashed open the gates to do away with the rebelling Yellow Flying Tiger at the crack of dawn.

As King Zhou aligned his royal army before the rebelling forces outside the palace, Yellow Flying Tiger looked into the king's fiery eyes and felt a level of shame for his actions at hand. Once Generals Huang Ming and Zhou Ji had clearly noticed such hesitation on his part, they both unleashed their cutlasses and clashed with great renown against King Zhou immediately. Originally intending on clarifying the facts with the king before taking any physical action, Yellow Flying Tiger felt greatly displeased but nonetheless strode forth to assist his two generals. Even though King Zhou possessed great skill with the cutlass, he could not handle a three-pronged attack — and was thus forced to flee through the palace gates following thirty-rounds of battle.

Grabbing hold of his two generals lest they attempted to chase the fleeing king, Yellow Flying Tiger rode through the capital's western gates while catching up shortly with the rest of his family along the way. As King Zhou meanwhile returned to court and felt a high level of remorse and rage at the former incidents, many people began hearing of the rebellion and thus approached the king to hear the reason for such a sudden turn of events.

Informing the ministers present that Lady Jia, Yellow Flying Tiger's sister, impulsively threw herself from the Star Picking Mansion simply out of her own personal dignity, and Madame Huang, the sister-in-law of the former lady, committed suicide after being informed of such news, King Zhou asked what should be done at such a present time of confusion that had little to do with him.

As everyone present began pondering in silence, it was soon heard that Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had returned from the East Sea district. Entering the palace gates and being warmly welcomed by each minister, Wen Zhong became worried as to why his old friend Yellow Flying Tiger was not seen — and he thus approached King Zhou to inspected the reason for such. Being informed by the king that Yellow Flying Tiger had rebelled most likely due to the elaborated

incident with Concubine Huang and Lady Jia, Wen Zhong clearly realized the reality of the situation — knowing that his comrade would never rebel unless the circumstances were indeed exceedingly crucial and in need of amendment.

Suggesting to King Zhou that he should return with Yellow Flying Tiger only if his case was personally considered as justified and without punishment on the part of the king, ministers began to shout about, saying that Flying Tiger's actions were deserving of punishment no matter what the case might have been. Excusing such pointless dribble nonetheless, Wen Zhong ordered Generals Li Ji and Yu Qing to send urgent reports to the Good Dream and Green Dragon passes so that Yellow Flying Tiger's route of escape was cut off during his future pursuit.

Chapter 31

Flight and Pursuit

With the great clamor of drums and cannons resounding about the capital's western gates, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong ascended to the sky atop his great dragon in immediate pursuit of his close comrade, Yellow Flying Tiger. As Yellow Flying Tiger's party had meanwhile arrived near the White Orile Forest of Lintong Pass, they began to see large clouds of dust spinning about from behind and thus realized that an army was most likely approaching their position with quick speed. As soldiers from the Green Dragon and Good Dream Pass suddenly surrounded them from differing directions, Yellow Flying Tiger led out a single yell of frustration that pierced all around after realizing that his situation was exceedingly critical and most improbable of escape.

Virtue of the Pure Void, who happened to live within a mountainous region neighboring Lintong Pass, heard the loud emanation of immense anger and despair — and thus parted the clouds beneath to find it to be none other than Prince Yellow Flying Tiger. Ordering his yellow carved genie to wrap the prince and his entourage with the Universe Muddling Pennant and place them at a hidden area within the mountains, the genie immediately obeyed its master's command.

As such was effectively carried out, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile attained word from a patrolman of the vanguard that neither Zhang Guifang of Green Dragon, nor the four Mo generals of Good Dream, had seen Yellow Flying Tiger to any extent. Ordering the five present before him to return to their respective passes and set up a strict defense, Wen Zhong became rather puzzled as to why Flying Tiger had not been seen whatsoever, considering that he was traveling in the very direction that the former was rumored to have crossed while three additional forces aligned themselves from opposite directions.

Peering over the great surroundings before him atop his dragon, soldiers shortly reported that Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage had been seen heading straight towards Morning Song with unknown intentions from the eastern route. Swiftly gliding forth with great speed, Wen Zhong soon caught sight of who he thought to have been Yellow Flying Tiger — and thus launched forward with great speed. Approaching Meng Ford,⁹ while not catching up to the entourage in the very least, the forces before him suddenly vanished before a large veil of mist.

9. Meng Ford here seems to cross the Yellow River near Western Foothills and therefore also nearby White Orile Forest of Lintong Pass. However, other translations associate it with the River Meng, which might be a tributary of the mythical Yellow River.

Moreover, a popular legend on River Meng tells: "*Meng Jiang Nu*" — which means, "Lady of the River Meng" or "Spirit of the River Meng" — *was born from a gourd vine. One day the emperor took her husband to work for the construction the Great Wall, but he died and his body was used into the foundations of the Wall. Meng came sad and screaming, which made a section of the Wall to fall. The angry emperor tried to seize her but she cast herself into the ocean where she was rescued by the Dragon king of the Sea, who then repelled the emperor with an army of crabs.*

Using this as trickery to lure Wen Zhong to a faraway position, Virtue of the Pure Void placed Yellow Flying Tiger and his men back on their original path through Lintong after declaring the situation as being safe. Approaching the pass's gates, Zhang Feng appeared forth and suggested to Yellow Flying Tiger that he should return to Morning Song with due haste for the sake of his father and treasured ancestors.

Politely informing Zhang, despite the many great feats that he had performed as supreme military commander of Morning Song, King Zhou had shown him great insult with little consideration to his true loyalty — even going to the extent of killing his very own wife and sister out of nothing more than barbaric impulse.

Clearly realizing that Yellow Flying Tiger's resolve was impossible to pierce, Zhang unleashed his cutless and slashed at the latter violently. Trying to calm the former while parrying his every blow, Yellow Flying Tiger knew the situation was hopeless — and thus fought back with his duel swords with even greater renown. As Zhang knew that he was far less skilled in battle, he had no choice but to flee back to his pass in vain attempt.

Deciding it best to make camp in order to discuss the current issue at hand with his fellow generals and family members present, Zhang Feng meanwhile ordered General Xiao Yin to take a contingent of three thousand archers, surround the camp of Yellow Flying Tiger, and unleash a volley of arrows once the beating of bamboo slats was heard at midnight. Leaving immediately upon the hearing of such an order, Xiao Yin knew that such an action would be far too cruel and ungrateful — for Yellow Flying Tiger had promoted him as deputy commander over Lintong and showed him great kindness through military exercise and discipline within the past.

Secretly leaving the pass under the veil of night while approaching Yellow Flying Tiger's camp, Xiao Yin personally placed himself before Yellow Flying Tiger, told him of Zhang Feng's cruel intentions, and declared that he should open the pass's gates so that the former could attain a quick chance to cut his way through. As soon as great commotion roamed through Lintong Pass once Yellow Flying Tiger made his immediate escape, Zhang Feng sat in regret at previously choosing Xiao Yin for such a task. Striding through the pass gates in immediate pursuit, Zhang Feng was suddenly struck violently in the breast by Xiao Yin, who was hidden like a veil within the darkness.

Falling from his horse dead, Xiao Yin told Yellow Flying Tiger in a loud voice that he should do his upmost to ensure that King Zhou's men were essentially slowed down in their assault. Profusely thanking Xiao Yin for his kind motives, Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage approached Tongguan Pass shortly. Setting up camp temporarily, Chen Tong, the commander of Tongguan Pass, realized that Yellow Flying Tiger's party was not far off — and this would truly be the only opportunity to attain revenge after the former's original intention to put him to death at one point in time.

Flouring his weapon with rage, Chen Tong flew from the pass gates while confronting Yellow Flying Tiger with great earnest. Knowing that Chen Tong was eager for revenge, Yellow Flying Tiger challenged him by stating that if he could

effectively defeat him in three rounds of combat, he would turn himself in to the former for trial back at Morning Song. Seething with rage at his lack of renown that did not even vaguely match up to Flying Tiger's, Chen Tong began to flee while launching his Fire Dragon Javelin — a weapon that never missed its intended mark through magic attributes — at his foe.

Being struck beneath the armpit by Chen's deadly weapon, Yellow Flying Tiger fell to the ground in unbearable pain. Seeing their commander severely wounded, General Guang Ming and Zhou Ji wrathfully engaged Chen Tong to the very death, while Huang Feibiao quickly grabbed hold of his brother and pulled him from the battle. As Chen Tong realized that he was thoroughly exhausted, he retreated from the battle after additionally wounding Zhou Ji with his javelin. Laying the motionless Yellow Flying Tiger down before the grass, all around broke into loud sobs at the unexpected death of their treasured commander. Meditating atop his Green Cloud Bed, Virtue of the Pure Void intuitively knew that calamity had befallen someone within Yellow Flying Tiger's entourage—and thus performed divination immediately.

Realizing that his intuition was indeed correct, Huang Tianhua, the fourth son of Yellow Flying Tiger, was summoned before him and ordered to revive his father first before dealing with the current trouble at Tongguan Pass. Being handed a sword and a flower basket with instructions to return to the Purple Sun Cave swiftly after assisting his father through the pass, Huang Tianhua traveled with great speed and unparalleled vigor.

Chapter 32

Meeting between Father and Son

Arriving before Tongguan Pass and entering a neighboring camp that was believed to be his father's, Huang Tianhua moved forward and declared his name and set intention to the guards present before him. As Huang Tianbiao, one of Yellow Flying Tiger's two brothers, approached this stranger from the camp gates, he was surprised to notice that the former had a face quite similar to that of his brother's — and thus immediately exchanged a polite bow.

Being led before Yellow Flying Tiger at the back camp, Huang Tianhua wept internally at the state that his father was currently present within. Seeing another man laying off to the left in a gravely wounded state, Huang Tianhua immediately began the revival process. Obtaining some water from a neighboring stream, Huang Tianhua used the elixir pills from his basket to dissolve the pills and gently pour the medicine down his father's throat. Awaking with a shock after about an hour of time, Yellow Flying Tiger asked hurriedly how long he had been unconscious.

Being informed fully of the situation, Yellow Flying Tiger broke into tears at the sight of his fourth son who had not been present before his eyes for over thirteen years. Telling his father that a superior man by the name of Virtue of the Pure Void had taken him in for discipleship due to being supposedly destined for such a fate, Huang Tianhua greeted his fellow uncles and brothers while restoring the wounded Zhou Ji back to full health. Suddenly realizing that his mother, Lady Jia, had not been present whatsoever, Yellow Flying Tiger had little choice but to inform his son about the incident at Capital Morning Song to the former's detriment.

As Huang Tianhua fell to the ground in unparalleled rage and great frustration, he vowed to give his very own life if it meant the death of King Zhou. A messenger shortly arrived before the camp of Yellow Flying Tiger and informed the commander immediately of Chen Tong's second challenge. Leaving with due confidence of his son's promised backing, Yellow Flying Tiger confronted his hated opponent once more with complete vigor to obtain revenge.

Being rather stunned at Flying Tiger's keen posture and seemingly good health, Chen Tong raised his halberd and charged the former with great furiousness nonetheless. Suffering defeat after a few rounds, Chen Tong began to flee while Yellow Flying Tiger hesitated lest he suffered gravely once more by the enemy commander's javelin. Knowing that his opponent would most assuredly not pursue a second time after suffering such a calamity within the past, Chen Tong decided to launch his Fire Dragon Javelin despite the great length between both commanders.

As Huang Tianhua unexpectedly leapt forth and absorbed the lance with his flower basket, Chen Tong knew that the boy would more than likely be a great obstacle between his long awaited revenge against Flying Tiger — and he thus slashed violently at Huang Tianhua in hopes of destroying him with quick speed. With a single swift slash of light from Tianhua's magical Moye Sword, Chen Tong's

head suddenly tumbled to the ground as an announcement of Flying Tiger's victory. Smashing the gates open with great speed, Yellow Flying Tiger emerged from Tongguan Pass shortly while Huang Tianhua bade a tearful farewell to his father, vowing to meet again at the Western Foothills sometime into the future. Arriving before Chuanyun Pass, Commander Chen Wu, the brother of Chen Tong, obtained word that Yellow Flying Tiger had broken through Tongguan and destroyed his brother.

Being rather furious at such an incident while calling forth his generals to a council, General He Shen moved forward and told the commander of his plan to "take the enemy by cunning, not by force". After accepting the former's plan with delight, Chen Wu appeared before the pass gates to courteously propose a feast for Yellow Flying Tiger due to the unjust suffering that he confronted within the past. Accepting such a proposal with due happiness, the night arrived in quick time during their fellow feast together.

Being asked to rest at their lodgings for the night, Yellow Flying Tiger reluctantly declined such an offer lest Chen Wu attempted to perform any treacherous deed at such a time; he unwillingly agreed, however, once his generals declared their reassurance that such could not possibly happen considering the former's kind motives.

Ordering his men to hide the luggage carts within neighboring corridors, every man fell asleep with true ease, while Yellow Flying Tiger insistently paced about in his room while reminiscing the past calamities that he had suffered and how he can effectively ensure that harm can be escaped within the present situation.

Carefully considering such thoughts throughout the night without the slightest would to sleep, he was startled to hear the voice of his beloved wife suddenly emit throughout the walls of his room, stating that a grand fire should burst about within their sleeping quarters in short time — as Chen Wu had essentially planned out. Waking everyone present immediately, Yellow Flying Tiger elaborated Lady Jia's words and declared that they should thus break out of their current position in quick pace.

As each general smashed the barred doors open with hand axes, they ordered the luggage carts to be pushed out of the building once heaps of firewood were clearly seen laying in front of them. Rushing out atop their horses with unparalleled speed, Chen Wu quickly attained word of such happenings — and thus pursued Yellow Flying Tiger's forces in immediate pace. Seeing Chen Wu rushing upon his back, Yellow Flying Tiger yelled at the enemy commander for his insincere kindness while possessing irrational enmity towards him.

Charging each other with great furiousness, Flying Tiger stabbed his sword deeply through Chen Wu's heart before smashing down the gates and destroying all enemy soldiers that dared to oppose his intense resolve.

Leaving Chuanyuan in complete victory while approaching Jiepai Pass in quick speed, General Huang Ming commented to Yellow Flying Tiger that Huang Gun, the former's father, was the commander of the following pass — and most assuredly would listen to his son's reason after the unjust incidents met within the past. As Huang Gun had obtained word of Yellow Flying Tiger's rebellion, and the

grand slaughter through such an incident, he opened the camp gates with 3,000 soldiers at his right hand while ten prisoner carts sat to his left in preparation to punish his son despite the filial relations that they might possess towards each other.

Chapter 33

The Battle at Sishui Pass

As Generals Huang Ming and Dragon Huan of Yellow Flying Tiger were the first to reach the gates of Jiepai Pass, they clearly noticed Huang Gun's blatant intentions but approached him nonetheless in greeting. With Yellow Flying Tiger's additional approach, Huang Ming suddenly lashed out many cold words of hatred towards his son due to the consequences that should be personally brought upon him as a latent result. Desiring to be remembered by the king as a loyal subject with the chance to live, Huang Gun demanded that his son dismounts and was taken in as prisoner for him to deliver before the feet of Morning Song.

He accepted his father's words as being his only chance left to prove that he was a filial son still possessing loyal attributes towards the Shang Dynasty. Huang Ming immediately stepped forward and convinced his master that such an action would only put great shame to his resolve, and clearly was not the Will of Heaven to give in to such an injustice without a second thought. Realizing that Huang Ming must have been a large influential figure that incited his son into rebellion, Huang Gun unleashed his blade wrathfully while charging at the former.

Attempting to convince Huang Guan that his actions would be void of virtue and filially if he continued to fight solely for his currently possessed reputation rather than the greater good, Huang Gun's rage became ignited with a tint of even greater infuriation. As the four main generals under Yellow Flying Tiger began to violently clash blades against Huang Gun, Huang Ming immediately suggested to his master to use the time that they keep Guan at bay to escape from the pass gates — which were currently wide open. Seeing his son flee from the pass gates as he continued to clash blades against the enemy generals, and knowing that he would suffer death by the king for such, Huang Gun fell from his horse and attempted immediate suicide as a new resolution.

Grabbing hold of Gun's arms to negate such an impulse resolve, Huang Ming calmly stated that he and the other three generals had originally intended on handing Yellow Flying Tiger in to Jiepai Pass after being forced into rebellion lest they wanted to be killed. Stating in addition that if Huang Gun could approach Yellow Flying Tiger and state his intention to join them on their journey after carefully considering the situation, Flying Tiger could be lured back to a feast between father and son while being thrown into prisoner carts upon a later surprise.

Accepting such a suggestion as his only true opportunity to deal with Flying Tiger even if Huang Ming was simply bluffing in intention, Huang Gun approached his son shortly and pleaded forgiveness for the earlier rudeness. After inviting the unsuspecting Yellow Flying Tiger into his residence, and drinking with his son in due happiness, Huang Gun began performing the signal to capture the former and his entourage into prisoner carts — beating a gong upon a drum — continuously without any response from Huang Ming whatsoever. Dishonestly stating from the curtains that that the soldiers were not ready as of yet, the former meanwhile ordered Dragon Huan and Wu Qian to fill the prisoner carts with Huang Gun's belongings while setting the barns and warehouses aflame. As soldiers of Shang

stormed in to inform their commander of the current happenings while the majority of Flying Tiger's generals had already left the pass a second time, he became convinced by Huang Ming that the only way to preserve his great reputation, avoid death, and shine greatness upon the names of his ancestors, was to essentially join them in their departure to the Western Foothills. Kowtowing to Morning Song eight times while hanging his seal of office within the Silver Security Court, Huang Gun joined his son with 3,000 soldiers and 1,000 guards shortly.

As Huang Gun was riding side by side with Huang Ming, he warned the latter that they were approaching Sishui Pass. A pass that wields a dangerous sorcerer named Yu Hua, the reputed "*Seven-headed General*," who had never lost a single battle in his life. While Yellow Flying Tiger met with Gun and Ming shortly at their neighboring camp of Sishui Pass, Han Rong, the commander of the pass, sighed in great displeasure at being forced to deal with a commander that was once renowned throughout the Shang Dynasty as a hero.

Summoning his generals nonetheless to do away with the threat that laid before him, he and his generals decided it best to block the pass's gates with a heavy-armored unit, while the rest of his forces outside prepare for combat with long spears as their attributed weaponry. As the feared Yu Ha exited the gates before the enemy's camp, Yellow Flying Tiger personally declared that he should meet the former in combat. With Yu Hua's inspection to Flying Tiger for his rationale behind rebellion upon their approach, Yu Hua almost became convinced by the general's words — but nonetheless rode forward to do battle lest his own grandly established reputation was to be lost for freeing a widely-accounted rebel of the dynasty.

Being utterly exhausted during their duel as Yellow Flying Tiger's swords were used with keen renown and skill, Yu Hua retreated a set interval between the former while unleashing his black-cloud pennant to knock Flying Tiger unconscious. Pushing the commander before the feet of Han Rong, Han Rong placed Yellow Flying Tiger into gaol while awaiting the additional capture of his assistant rebels. As Huang Gun sat in camp fuming over Han Rong's chance to attain a high level of rather undeserved merit that night, Yu Ha rode forward to be met by Generals Zhou Ji and Huang Ming the following morning.

Unfortunately however, Zhou Ji and Huang Ming had never seen the method used to capture their commander originally, and they thus fell in addition to Yu Hua's magic pennant very shortly. Even though the generals of Flying Tiger were clearly informed of Yu Hua's ability by Huang Gun at a later point, their inner pride blinded their eyes from rationality — and Yu Ha thus managed to capture Huang Feibiao, Huang Feibao, Dragon Huan, and Wu Qian in a mere two encounters.

Being honored by Han Rong for his evidential prowess, Huang Gun meanwhile sat in the camp while gazing into the eyes of his grandsons, knowing that they too would more than likely be forced to suffer the same fate as their comrades. Obtaining report that Yu Ha had appeared once more before Flying Tiger's camp, Huang Tianlu, Huang Ming's grandson, convinced his grandfather that he should defeat the enemy general with his keenly established renown on the battlefield despite his age.

As the bout thus began between Tianlu and Yu Hua, the latter managed to use his magical pennant on Tianlu despite the wounds that he obtained through the former's unexpected skill. Being utterly distressed beyond despair at the hearing of his grandson's additional capture, Huang Gun suggested to his fellow soldiers to display their fine gifts present as a purchasing of their own freedom, while he accepts his seemingly inevitable fate as prisoner.

Even though the soldiers tried to console his motives, Huang Gun ignored such words due to the situation's clear conditions — and thus set forth to Sishui's gates to convince Han Rong that his grandchildren should be free of any harm while he gives himself in to preserve what little reputation he should have. Obtaining report on Huang Gun's arrival, Han Rong set forth with generals side by side, believing that the former either came for negotiation or sympathy.

Chapter 34

Good and Bad Fortune of Yellow Flying Tiger

Crawling on his knees before Han Rong, while performing a reciprocated salutation, Huang Gun placed forth his remaining grandchild and begged for his life to be spared of any such punishment so that the Huang family would not only live on, but the latter would be remembered as a man of compassion even when under a ruler of contradicting attributes. Responding to such a statement, Han Rong declared that no matter what the circumstances might be, if he dares to violate his set orders through nothing more than personal consideration, others would suspect him as being an ally to the rebels and/or unreliable as a commanding personage of the Shang Dynasty.

Retorting nonetheless by stating that his grandson was obviously forced into rebellion through current circumstances, and Han Rong would prove his respect towards the Huang family for reputational benefit if the child was to be freed, the latter dismissed such words as being irrational and out of the question. Knowing that all hope was thus lost, Huang Gun gave in himself and his son to be placed forth in the gaols as prisoners. Being utterly delighted at the capture of Yellow Flying Tiger's entire family and subordinate generals, a feast was performed as congratulations for such a grand feat.

Discussing afterwards who should be in command of the Morning Song prisoner escort party, Han Rong sat back in satisfaction at Yu Ha's ensured backing. As Yu Ha and his party began to travel immediately with their eleven prisoners present, Huang Gun couldn't restrain his tears over such a vile conclusion to a clan that was honored as highly as the very dynasty itself. Meanwhile at the Golden Light Cave of Qianyuan Mountain, Fairy Primordial intuitively knew that trouble was running about — and thus made a divination to find Yellow Flying Tiger and his family in grave danger.

Calling for Nezha in immediate pace, Primordial ordered his disciple to rush down the mountain and set free any men who seem to be in a state of crucial need, and then return after assisting them through Sishui Pass. Grasping his Fire-Tip Lance, Nezha sped down the mountain in excitement before seeing an army marching towards his direction with prisoner carts at their side. Assuming that this entourage was the one he was looking for, Nezha took up position on a narrow stretch along the pathway and began to sing a song in order to aggravate the soldiers in some way.

Strolling along to Nezha's position after attaining report on the former's actions, Yu Ha became infuriated at Nezha's insistence to obtain ten ingots of gold as payment for passage — and thus spurred his mount forward to attack such an annoyance. Being overrun by the enemy immortal's clear renown, Yu Hua unleashed forth his magical pennant; but such was only taken away by Nezha's leopard skin bag without the slightest effort.

Knowing that the man standing before him must be that of an immortal, and for surely he would meet disaster if his magical pennant was not attained quickly, Yu Ha rushed at Nezha with great desperation — clearly realizing that he could not

do much in such a situation. Unleashing forth his golden brick to gravely wound Yu Hua lest the latter attempted to kill the prisoners as a last resort in his desperate situation, Yu Hua galloped away in great speed while blood poured profusely from his head and body. Rationalizing for a moment, Nezha decided it best to allow Yu Hua escape lest his mission was delayed any further. Sending all other soldiers to immediate flight, Nezha inspected whether a man by the name of "Yellow Flying Tiger" was present in their party before freeing anyone.

As Yellow Flying Tiger prostrated before Nezha in gratitude while announcing his name, each prisoner reciprocated many kowtows to the man who freed them from certain disaster after receiving freedom from their bonds. Ensuring Flying Tiger and his family that he should personally hold of the pass for their sake in the time being, the former set off immediately to assist.

Yu Hua had meanwhile returned to the side of Commander Han Rong and thoroughly elaborated his meeting with a strange immortal that attacked him solely out of greedy intentions for a toll passage. Han Rong became very uneasy over the current circumstances — but became reassured after a general reminder that the commander Yellow Flying Tiger would have little choice but to return to Sishui even if he happened to be freed.

Obtaining report shortly that a man by the name of "Nezha" had arrived before the camp gates for battle, Han Rong strode out of the pass immediately without the slightest patience for further trouble on his part. Being informed by Nezha outside the gates that he had freed Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage while beating back a man by the name of "Yu Hua", Han Rong began to curse the former for the trouble that he had caused — and thus attacked Nezha without any further talk.

Not realizing what outstanding immortal qualities Nezha possessed, Han Rong and his soldiers were beaten back quickly with fear equivalent to that of fighting a great dragon. Not allowing such a threat to simply run amok no matter how strong it might be, the four generals and two brothers of Flying Tiger suddenly approached the gates of Sishui in assistance to the furthered detriment of Han Rong. As Yu Hua was informed of this critical situation, he immediately strode from the gates and became infuriated that the immortal from earlier dared to return simply to sully his great renown.

Using his golden brick and Universal Ring with great skill, Nezha forced both Han Rong and Yu Hua into immediate flight, while Yellow Flying Tiger and his father arrived shortly to break through the gates and gather all originally acquired belongings before charging through the pass in success. As Nezha took his leave shortly, Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage eventually arrived to Mount Qi — a region neighboring Phoenix City of the Western Foothills — without any opposition or trouble at that. Ordering his fellow generals and family members to take up camp near Phoenix City following their arrival, Yellow Flying Tiger dressed in plain clothing while heading through the city alone.

Walking through the streets, Flying Tiger noticed that the market and household regions were very prosperous compared to that of Morning Song — and thus became quite satisfied over the long hard-won journey that he inevitably performed. After obtaining information from a fellow passer-by where Prime

Minister Jiang Ziya's mansion was located, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the mansion shortly while being ushered in before the prime minister. Thoroughly elaborating his rebellion against Morning Song and the rationale behind such an action, Jiang Ziya joyfully allowed his guest to sit by his side while ensuring the former that he should inform such words to King Wu as soon as possible.

As Jiang Ziya thus approached the palace gates shortly, while greeting the king as the usual tradition, the prime minister informed King Wu that Prince Yellow Flying Tiger of Military Prowess had forsaken King Zhou and was now present within Phoenix City to offer his service. Once Yellow Flying Tiger had been called for audience before King Wu, the prince's new title became Prince for National Pacification and Military Prowess in hopes that he should be one of the destined founders of the future Zhou Dynasty.

Performing a banquet feast in Flying Tiger's honor, each of the family members and generals serving under the former were brought within the city while reattaining their original rank and position when originally under Shang.

Chapter 35

The Surrender of two Generals

Returning to the incident at Lintong, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was utterly astounded at being overtaken by such a simple trick even though he had mastered many immortal arts within the past — thus evidently suggesting that he must not have been destined to take Yellow Flying Tiger no matter what action was performed on his part. Returning to Morning Song shortly while elaborating to the ministers his unfortunate failure, Wen Zhong became rather worried over Yellow

Flying Tiger's conjectured immortal assistance reoccurring in the future as to increase his probability of escaping through the passes. As reports soon entered the capital, stating Yellow Flying Tiger's individual victory over the five passes, Wen Zhong became infuriated at the countless detrimental occurrences evolving out of King Zhou's incompetence — but nonetheless resolved in his heart that he must uphold the vow to King Da Yi: the eternal preservation of the Shang Dynasty, even if it costs his own life.

Knowing that Yellow Flying Tiger's successful arrive at the Western Foothills would be a great factor in Ji Fa's encouragement to rebel against the capital, Wen Zhong formed an audience before many generals to discuss the current issue. Then General Lu Xiong stepped forward and recommended to the Grand Old Master that any form of war against the Western Foothills would currently act against their favor — due to the lack of food supplies and generals willing to cooperate through extensive trouble with other rebelling forces such as the dukes. Thus Wen Zhong became convinced that the best course of action would be to obtain information about the Western Foothills set intentions in any means appropriate before taking impulsive courses of action.

With consent from the Chao Twins that they should undertake such a task, they immediately left the frontier with 30,000 soldiers at their backing — lest they were forced into a situation that was needing of attack. Haltering near the western gates of Phoenix City following their arrival, Jiang Ziya obtained word of such while becoming rather confused as to why King Zhou would act at such an inappropriate time. Not being rational of the situation to any means, the Chao Twins both agreed to challenge before the gates of Phoenix City in their desire for battle and bloodshed.

As Jiang Ziya sat in conference, while being approached by a guard shortly to be informed of the Shang Army's intentions, General Nangong Kuo volunteered to meet the foe outside the gates. Taking impulsiveness into his own hands, Chao Lei, the elder of the two brothers, approached his challenger, stating that Yellow Flying Tiger was to be bound up as the rebel he was — or the people of Phoenix City should suffer death for their contradictory manners.

Responding to the former's words with his cutless, Chao Lei was taken captive shortly after thirty rounds of battle. Refusing to kneel with hurtful words after being presented before Jiang Ziya, and receiving the order of execution for

such, Yellow Flying Tiger moved forward and convinced the prime minister that Chao Lei might be useful to them in the future if he remains alive for now.

Obtaining consent, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the general with convincing words that he should always remain at the lowest class if his loyalty belongs in the hands of a barbaric ruler like King Zhou, rather than a man of virtue such as that of King Wu. Expressing his immediate apologies to Jiang Ziya while being allowed to convince his brother, Chao Tian, Chao Lei appeared before his astonished brother outside the western gates shortly.

After elaborating his rationale behind being freed, and his new intentions under the Western Foothills, Chao Lei became very uneasy at the prospect that their fellow family members would be slaughtered in entirety if they were to both defect from Morning Song. As Chao Lei thus devised a plan so that they can essentially escape disaster, Chao Tian meanwhile returned to the city while informing Jiang Ziya that his brother was indeed willing to defect — but he requests a general to see him as a sign of respect. Once Yellow Flying Tiger had volunteered himself with consent, Jiang Ziya additionally sent Xin Jia, Xin Mian, and Nangong Kuo to set locations lest anything was to happen to the prince.

As Yellow Flying thus entered the Shang camp in greeting, the two Chao Twins laughed internally at the idiocy of the Western Foothills while binding the former and returning to Morning Song quickly. When they had arrived before Mount Dragon along the way, General Xin Jia suddenly stood before their path, suggesting that they hand over Yellow Flying Tiger if they wish to keep their lives. Knowing that the situation was in their favor, and it would be foolish to give up such a chance so blatantly, the two Chao Twins rage fully thrashed their blades at the enemy general.

As Xin Mian additionally fell upon the Shang forces with great force, Chao Lei decided to flee from the Western Foothills district in order to potentially obtain further support while his brother fought of the enemy. As Yellow Flying Tiger had essentially been freed more easily due to the former's departure, the prince wrathfully took Chao Tian prisoner in his vows for revenge. Meanwhile, Chao Lei unfortunately forgot the specific path of exit from the Western Foothills district — forcing him to run about atop his horse with great frustration over such a ridiculous situation.

Being approached shortly by General Nangong Kuo under the light of the moon that midnight, Chao Lei had no intention to feel regret over his previous decision, and thus charged at the enemy general with swift renown. Not realizing that Nangong's furiousness and aggression made him one of the strongest warriors of the Western Foothills, Chao Lei was bound shortly and placed within the Prime Minister's mansion the following dawn. Once Yellow Flying Tiger and Nangong Kuo elaborated their successful capture of Chao Lei and Chao Tian to Jiang Ziya, the prime minister ordered for the brothers to meet an immediate execution through beheading.

As Chao Lei quickly elaborated the situation with his fellow family members, and the regret that he possesses by not telling Jiang Ziya of such an issue sooner, Yellow Flying Tiger personally informed the prime minister that Chao Lei's words were indeed truthful. When the two brothers had thus been set free while

kneeling before Jiang Ziya, the latter stated that Chao Tian should remain as a hostage, while Chao Lei returns to the capital with secretly written instructions that would essentially ensure their family's safety. Realizing he had little choice, Chao Lei set out for Morning Song at once.

Chapter 36

First Disaster within the Western Foothills

As Chao Lei arrived before Capital Morning Song a few days following his departure, he presented himself before Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, stating that Commander Han Rong's lack of support with rations and fodder led to his army's decay — thus forcing him to flee back to the capital and plead for reinforcements. Knowing clearly that Han Rong could have easily supplied Chao Lei with full rations with a single lifting of his finger, the commander must have had quite a rational resolution as to not heed such a call — especially considering his reputation could falter through such an action.

Assigning Chao Lei 3,000 soldiers and 1,000 piculs¹⁰ of rice nonetheless, the general set out for the Western Foothills shortly while secretly taking along his family in addition. As Wen Zhong still pondered quite some time following Chao Lei's leave, he performed divination to find out that Lei only intended on bringing his family to the Western Foothills during his return. Knowing that Chao Lei was too far away to be harmed, Ji Li and Yu Qing, the disciples of Wen Zhong, approached their master and suggested that Zhang Guifang, Commander of Green Dragon Pass, should be chosen to lead an attack upon the Western Foothills.

With Zhang Guifang's immediate departure, Qiu Yin took the former's place as commander over the pass. Meanwhile Chao Lei arrived within Phoenix City to report his success before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya. Giving an account of his conversation with Wen Zhong, Jiang Ziya clearly realized that war with Shang was very probable, considering the current circumstances with Yellow Flying Tiger's rebellion and his own image of being a man of great trickery and deceit.

With Zhang Guifang's arrival before the southern gates of Phoenix City after seven days of march, Jiang Ziya obtained word of such — and thus asked Yellow Flying Tiger for his knowledge on the enemy commander's ability level. Informing the prime minister that Zhang Guifang possesses a strange technique that allows him to control each specific movement of his opponent after calling out their name, Jiang Ziya became rather worried over such an unexpected summary.

As many general of the Western Foothills believed Yellow Flying Tiger's words to be nothing more than nonsense, Commander Zhang Guifang meanwhile sent forth General Feng Lin for the first challenge. Placing scorn over rationality, Ji Shu Qian charged from Phoenix City's gates to do battle with the enemy general, no matter what technique he might have possessed. Realizing that the man standing before him was commander of the vanguard under Guifang, Ji Shu Qian stabbed his lance at the former with great precision and renown.

Unfortunately for Shu Qian however, a large red ball of light suddenly shot from Feng Lin's mouth, causing him to be blinded while beaten to death by the enemy general's tooth-fanged clubs at the same time.

10. Commercial unity of weight. In China, Japan, Sumatra, it is usually 133 lbs. (approx. 60 kg). Called also "*tan*" by the Chinese.

As Zhang Guifang mounted the fallen warrior's head atop his camp gates in satisfaction over Feng Lin's victory, Jiang Ziya gnashed his teeth in anger at such a report. Once Zhang Guifang had personally led his forces before the enemy gates in high morale, Jiang Ziya wrathfully approached the former with soldiers standing to his right and left.

With the forces of Jiang Ziya clashing blades fiercely against their foe, Zhang Guifang could not restrain the great anger that arose within his veins at the very sight of Yellow Flying Tiger fighting against His Majesty in full resolve — and thus yelled the name of the former, sending him crashing to the ground in a state of paralysis.

With the immediate assistance of Yellow Flying Tiger's two brothers, and Zhou Ji, the prince managed to escape any potential capture. Realizing that his true intention had slipped from his grasp, Zhang Guifang fled, but happened to obtain Zhou Ji in the process of his retreat. In additional ill-fortune, General Nangong Kuo's aggression overcame him during his pursuit of the fleeing Feng Lin — thus resulting in his capture.

As Jiang Ziya led his forces back to Phoenix City in great distress and rage over the reality of the situation, Zhang Guifang had meanwhile placed both captured generals within prisoner carts to await their eventual return back to Morning Song following the Western Foothill's fall.

Challenging the city the following morning as usual, a board of truce was hung before the gates, convincing Zhang Guifang that a short rest for his soldiers would be the best choice at hand. At this same point in time, Fairy Primordial had personally observed the current happenings at the Western Foothills through divination.

Calling forth Nezha at once, Primordial thoroughly elaborated the current and future happenings that should befall the west, declaring to his disciple that he should thus immediately assist Jiang Ziya as a showing of his celestial renown. Being very delighted at a chance to unleash his prowess upon impulse, Nezha kowtowed to his master before setting off to the Western Foothills, arriving shortly.

Once Nezha had approached Jiang Ziya at the Prime Minister's mansion, while elaborating his reason for appearance and obtaining word on Zhang Guifang's strange ability, the former asked the prime minister if he could challenge this foe at once. Being convinced by Nezha's celestial attributes and great vigor, Jiang Ziya ordered the board of truce to be removed at once. With Feng Lin's immediate departure before the city gates to offer challenge upon the realization of the board's disappearance, Nezha approached the enemy commander while lashing violently with his renowned lance of fire.

Clearly realizing that Nezha was more than likely a celestial being due his uncultured manner of battle and strange revolving wheels of fire, Feng Lin retreated a grand distance lest he received immediate death, while shooting forth his ball of red flames at the former's face. Being naturally well acquainted with such sorcery, Nezha negated his technique, while forcing Feng Lin into retreat after being gravely injured with the Universal Ring.

Following the injured general back to his camp, Nezha anxiously yelled for Zhang Guifang to show his face at once. Appearing before the celestial and attacking him with great renown, Zhang clearly showed signs of severe fatigue — and thus called forth Nezha's name — and set order — without any success whatsoever. Realizing that the situation was inevitably in the enemy's favor, Zhang Guifang resolutely charged his blade at the former with the furiousness of a great dragon.

Chapter 37

Jiang Ziya visits Mount Kunlun

As Nezha became determined to put an end to his vigorous enemy, the Universal Ring was used to break Zhang Guifang's arm and effectively send him fleeing. Reporting to Jiang Ziya that his innate celestial qualities saved him from any form of harm — and assisted in a grand victory at that — Zhang Guifang had meanwhile sent an urgent report to Grand Old Master, asking him for additional reinforcements for the front. Realizing that Guifang would try to obtain a far greater militia at his backing due to the unparalleled prowess that Nezha possesses, Jiang Ziya decided to head to Mount Kunlun to pay his master a visit after giving his traditional farewell to King Wu.

Informing His Majesty earlier that he would be gone for around three days of time, Jiang Ziya arrived very shortly before Unicorn Mountain of Mount Kunlun, while gazing at the beauty that was still present despite his being gone for over a decade. Entering the Jade Emptiness Palace while prostrating himself before Master Celestial Primogenitor, the latter offered fellow greetings to his disciple before ordering him to construct a Terrace of Creation upon Mount Western Foothills immediately — as it was his set destiny.

Additionally stating that many men of talent should appear before him once times of emergency present themselves, he dismissed Jiang Ziya, but carefully informed him to ignore any such voice that might call forth his name upon his return to the Western Foothills, lest any disaster comes of it. Holding the "List of Creations" while taking his leave from Primogenitor, Jiang Ziya began to hear someone calling his name from behind; recalling his master's words with clarity, he refused to reply while continuing along the path to Unicorn Cliff.

As the man became exceedingly angry over Jiang Ziya's rude behavior — for they had been friends for over forty years back at Mount Kunlun — Ziya turned his back to see Shen Gongbao before him. Expressing immediate retribution for his rudeness, and upon Shen Gongbao's inquiring as to which side the former was assisting, Jiang Ziya replied to his old friend that he was fully resolved to do away with the tyrant ruler King Zhou, as Prime Minister of the Western Foothills.

Believing King Zhou's manner of rulership as being for the greater good — due to the supreme military force at his backing through such disciplinary motives — Shen Gongbao became angry at Jiang Ziya's words — and thus declared to his old friend that King Wu would remain as nothing more than a mere laughing stock if he continued to oppose His Majesty with petty words of morality and virtue.

Declaring that he would remain with King Wu eternally, despite the former's words of hate, Shen Gongbao became determined to show Jiang Ziya not only his superior rationality, but his superiority in technique as well. Cutting the head from his body and tossing it into the air, Jiang Ziya gazed in amazement as it simply revolved many times in a single space while Gongbao's body still stood erect with full mobility. Possessing a natural hatred towards Shen Gongbao, and seeing such a chance as being very probable to end in his own intended way, Immortal of the South Pole ordered White Crane Lad to transform himself into a

crane and seize Gongbao's revolving head while tossing it into the North Sea. Immediately performing his set instructions, Immortal of the South Pole meanwhile scolded Jiang Ziya for defying Primogenitor's words.

As Shen Gongbao ran about in great confusion as to why he was unable to retract his head whatsoever, Jiang Ziya earnestly pleaded to spare Gongbao's life — for he might be able to convince his old friend that King Wu was the dynasty's savior to negate any potential opposition within the future. Clicking his fingers to allow Gongbao's head to be freed, it immediately returned to its host's body at once. Knowing that he could have died if his head had not returned after three hours of time, Shen Gongbao left the mountain region with the declaration that he should turn the Western Foothills into a sea of blood in short time.

As Jiang Ziya had thus headed quickly to the East Sea while gazing forth at the immense beauty laid before his eyes, the sea suddenly erupted, signaling the arrival of a spirit that had wondered for over 1,000 years. From the heavens he approached to Jiang Ziya stating that he had been a reputed warrior, under Emperor Xuanyuan, which had suffered death at this sea and had been entrapped ever since. Jiang Ziya let loose a grand show of lightning to free the fallen warrior from his bonds. Kneeling forth in unparalleled gratitude, Jiang Ziya took his hand, while continuing towards the Western Foothills only to find the air being thrashed about with a sudden storm that raged onwards.

As the four devils originally present within the Peony Pavilion approached Jiang Ziya from the heavens with a fellow greeting, they were immediately ordered to assist in the construction of a "Terrace of Creation", while Bai Jian personally acts as supervisor of the work. Performing the construction with great resolve and keen skill, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile returned to Phoenix City, where he was met warmly by both General Wu Ji and Nezha. Being informed that no such attack was performed by Zhang Guifang throughout the interval of his departure, Jiang Ziya issued specific orders to his generals the following morning in preparation for a specialized night-raid.

As Zhang Guifang stamped his feet impatiently at the confirmed backing of additional reinforcements from the capital, he suddenly began to hear the roaring of cannons and soldiers from within the gates of his camp — and thus immediately rushed forth with Feng Lin by his side in full armor. Realizing that the Zhou forces had leaked in throughout every direction — for the sounds of clashing swords had been heard from right to left — Zhang Guifang became terrified at the brilliant glow of fire that emitted from Nezha as his soldiers were slaughtered like lowly animals.

Knowing that the situation was hopeless without their reinforcements, Zhang Guifang and Feng Lin had little choice but to save their own lives by fleeing amongst the confusion to Mount Western Foothills with their remaining forces following. Smashing the ground with both fists at the sight of his pride being torn apart by such a ridiculous incident, Zhang Guifang rage fully wrote another urgent report for reinforcements at once. Holding a conference back at Capital Morning Song, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was astonished to see an additional request for reinforcements obtained from Commander Zhang Guifang — and thus declared to all around that if victory was ever to be reality, he must personally set forth to the Western Foothills and show the enemy their place.

Ji Li, who was very close to Wen Zhong and knew much of his past, informed the Grand Old Master that he should head to the Nine Dragon Island within the West Sea in order to obtain his four Taoist friends as potential backing in his stead. Clapping his hands in delight at such a suggestion, Wen Zhong made immediate preparations to head to the island and invite his old friends with a fellow toast of greeting.

Chapter 38

Baby Tooth tackles Four Superior Men

Following Grand Old Master Wen Zhong's arrival at Nine Dragon Island, Wen Zhong would see his four superior men friends idly enjoying a game of chess. In time, it was decided that all four would assist; thus a strategy would be mapped out for their first move against Baby Tooth. Once they had completed their set strategy, Grand Old Master would present the foursome before King Zhou himself in the order: "Wang Magus, Yang Forest, High Amiable, and Li Resounding."

Once everything had then been set for movement, Zhang Cassia would once again appear before the unwavering Baby Tooth the following day. Suddenly, the foursome of Nine Dragon Island would suddenly appear on the battlefield — to the dismay of Baby Tooth. Wang Magus would then personally tell Baby Tooth the three-pronged request: "to force King Wu to return as a minister under King Zhou; the returning of Yellow Flying Tiger; and the feasting of Cassia's army."

Baby Tooth would ask for three days to think over their resolution. Following this, Baby Tooth would once again head out to Mount Kunlun. Upon his arrival, Baby Tooth would receive a Four-not-alike — a literal beast that had the body of a dragon, the head of a deer, feet like a cheetah, and hoofs like a qilin.¹¹ In addition, Baby Tooth would receive an XYZ Flag and a Devil Beating Whip. In short time, Baby Tooth's four-not-alike would bring him to a beautiful island within the North Sea. Following a somewhat short conflict with Good Lob, a fifteen-foot tall lobster, Baby Tooth would acquire the beast's consent to assist King Wu.

Once the Foursome of Nine Dragon Island had realized the following day that the granaries were never opened, they knew that Baby Tooth had refuted their request. Immediately after finding Baby Tooth, Wang Magus would personally charge out and give battle. Before Wang Magus was able to even touch Baby Tooth however, Nezha would suddenly appear and duel it out with him. Following a semi-major battle between the other three superior men, Good Lob, and Yellow Flying Tiger, Baby Tooth would attempt to make his escape through the clouds atop his beast.

The determined Wang Magus, however, joined Baby Tooth in the heavens. After directly hitting Baby Tooth with his Earth Slashing Pearl technique, Baby Tooth would fall to the ground beneath in an unconscious state. As Wang got off his animal to go for Baby Tooth's head, he heard a certain individual singing a song. Upon his approach, he would see none other than Superior man Broad Altruist. Once Broad Altruist had attempted to convince Wang Magus that Baby Tooth should be left alone for the sake of the Investiture of the Gods Register, Wang Magus would become rather annoyed.

11. The **qilin** is a magical animal with many varieties of descriptions. It can be quadruped, antlered, cloven hooved, with a fur either dull brown, colorful, fire-like, or like a gemstone. It can be either divine, peaceful, or evil. A tale tells that a qilin appeared in the garden of the mythical *Yellow Emperor*. Moreover, is told that the birth of *Confucius* was preceded by the arrival of a qilin.

Without thinking deeply about the situation whatsoever, Wang Magus would blindly charge at Broad Altruist with his sword. Jinzha, Broad Altruist's student, would appear immediately and negate Wang Magus's blade. Broad Altruist would then throw his Seven-trick Lotus around Wang Magus; resulting in complete imbalance. Jinzha would then stand ready to deliver the final blow to Wang Magus.

Chapter 39

Lu Xiong assists Zhang Guifang

As the infuriated Wang Mo was unable to move in any form while being firmly immobilized by Outstanding Culture's stakes, Jinzha performed one quick slash maneuver of his blade — sending the unfortunate Taoist to his death, while his soul became the first to gather before the Terrace of Creation.

Reviving Jiang Ziya momentarily afterwards, Outstanding Culture told the prime minister to return to the Western Foothills with the assistance of Jinzha. Departing after being informed of the prior situation, Outstanding Culture had meanwhile buried the corpse of Wang Mo in a grievous state over his impulsive gestures of the past. Fortunately driving away the Shang forces earlier, without any notable casualties at that, King Wu and the others were greatly delighted to see the prime minister return before the city's northern gates with a stranger by his side later that day.

Elaborating the incidents prior in full detail, while introducing Jinzha to all present, Yang Sen meanwhile sat within the Shang camp, being exceedingly worried over Wang Mo's lack of return by dusk. Performing a divination across his fingers at once, Yang Sen flew back in horror at the gruesome end to their fellow brother, Wang Mo. Informing his other two brothers of the situation immediately, all three Taoists slept throughout that night in great agony and despair over the death of Wang Mo — but such only strengthened their resolve to destroy Jiang Ziya even if they must sacrifice everything they possess.

Mounting their beasts at the very crack of dawn, the Taoists demanded that Jiang Ziya shows himself at once. Hearing of such a challenge shortly, Jiang Ziya hesitated, due to the various wounds that he still possessed from the incident prior, but was nonetheless encouraged to head to the front once Nezha ensured his essential backing. Appearing outside the eastern gates shortly after, Jinzha and Nezha immediately rushed forward to protect the prime minister from any harm. With a sudden wrathful charge on the part of the three Taoists, Jiang Ziya carefully watched the battle, while determining it time to try out his Staff of Beating Gods.

Throwing the staff into the air in a horizontal fashion, a sudden flash of lightning triggered the weapon to fall like a boulder — aiming for the unfortunate Gao Youqian. As Youqian's head splattered instantly at such an impact, Yang Sen was terrified, but nonetheless immensely enraged at the following death of his brother. Seeing Jiang Ziya toss the staff into the air earlier, and concluding through such a fact that the former killed his brother, Yang Sen let out a piercing cry of despair and lunged at the prime minister like a berserk dragon ready to slaughter at whim.

Being distracted by an object — the Universal Ring — being flung straight at him, Jinzha seized such a chance to bind the former with his Invisible Dragon Stake, and then finishing the Taoist off with a vertical blade slash through his abdomen. Seeing the death of two additional brothers, Li Xingba charged at Jinzha and Muzha, while Feng Lin and Zhang Guifang, who could not allow the death of any more allies lest their chances of victory became nullified, leapt forward to

assist their Taoist ally. Huang Tianxiang, the fourth son of Yellow Flying Tiger, meanwhile rode forth with his silver spear, even though he was still yet a child. Being overtaken by an obvious advantage over Tianxiang, Feng Lin cockily charged at the young boy while thrashing his clubs about wrathfully, but ended up being killed upon a single thrust of Tianxiang's spear — which pierced the former's chest with great renown.

Now knowing that the day had most assuredly been lost, Zhang Guifang retreated to the Shang camp immediately, while Li Xingba followed close behind. Upon their return to the Shang camp, Li Xingba suggested to Zhang Guifang that reinforcements were of great necessity, considering the recent death of four additional generals; Zhang consented at once to such a suggestion by sending an urgent report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong.

Jiang Ziya returned to Phoenix City, where he profusely praised the young Tianxiang for his renown. Jinzha clearly realized that with the loss of three generals on the opposing side and their earlier retreat, more than likely out of fear of complete annihilation, they most assuredly would be awaiting an immediate backing of some form of reinforcements that ensured their ultimate protection. Jinzha thus approached the prime minister suggesting to him that the enemy commander should be engaged as soon as possible.

Clearly seeing Jinzha's rationale, Jiang Ziya followed his suggestion by leading forth his army the following day, while demanding Zhang Guifang to show himself at once. Raging exiting the Shang camp with generals to his right and left, Zhang Guifang knew that the situation was grave, due to the current lack of reinforcements, and capable generals at that, but nonetheless charged forward to begin a grand battle.

As each general unleashed their prowess upon the battlefield, Li Xingba fled through the heavens at the very second in which Jiang Ziya had made a threatening gesture with his staff, thus leaving Zhang Guifang surrounded by many generals on each side. With the Chao Twin's attempt to convince the enemy commander that reconciliation was the best choice, considering the current situation he was within, Zhang Guifang did not for a second consider such a resolution as probable — for his loyalty and honor had been sworn to King Zhou, no matter what obstacle appeared before him.

Fighting on like a renowned warrior from dawn to noon, Zhang realized his great exhaustion and the lack of forces remaining on his side, and thus pierced his own belly as a final show of loyal intentions towards the Shang Dynasty. Seeing the enemy commander fall to the ground and emitted his final breath, Jiang Ziya and his men returned to Phoenix City in triumph, after receiving the remaining soldiers of Guifang, who had surrendered.

As Li Xingba had meanwhile landed before a neighboring mountain to plan out his next move, he decided it best to return to the capital, while meeting with Wen Zhong to discuss their method of revenge. Ready to take his leave immediately, Li Xingba heard someone singing a song in a very close distance — and thus turned around to see a young man, who stated his name to be "Muzha". Exchanging salutations, while stating his name and set purpose, Muzha smiled in delight at the man who his master sent him far and wide to search for standing

right before his very eyes. Informing the former that he had been sent to capture him, and a great reward would be presented through such an action, Li Xingba knew that it would be difficult to escape such a grasp — and thus lashed forth his duel staves at the enemy. Greatly resolved to destroy anything in his path for the sake of revenge, Muzha became clearly overpowered as they clashed weapons violently along the mountainside.

Unfortunately for Li Xingba, however, Muzha suddenly unleashed a large blade—dubbed as the male counterpart of the two "Hooks of Wu" atop his back — to slice off the former's head in one quick strike. Riding to the Western Foothills atop his dust cloud, Muzha arrived before a large city, and was unexpectedly admitted in by his elder brother, Jinzha, who which introduced the former to the prime minister at once. As Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile stamped his fist in rage at the report of three of his Taoist allies being killed, he ordered all generals to appear before him to obtain ear on the situation currently at hand.

After a lengthened discussion, it was decided that Lu Xiong, a general of old age, but capable in the art of military commandership nonetheless, would be assisted by Fei Zhong and You Hun as advisors, in order to essentially reinforce Zhang Guifang at all costs possible. Being equipped with 50,000 soldiers, and leaving the capital immediately without delay, summer soon approached, forcing the Shang army to perspire under the immense sunlight without the slightest breath of wind whatsoever. Being told by a patrolman along the way that Zhang Guifang had lost his life, and his very head was hanging upon Phoenix City's eastern gate as he spoke, Commander Lu Xiong ordered his soldiers to camp at a neighboring forest within a region known as "*Mount Western Foothills*" — as one of his generals had stated it to be.

Immediately sending report to Wen Zhong on the current situation, Jiang Ziya had obtained report on the enemy's camping within Mount Western Foothills — and thus ordered Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo to block any sort of assault from the former with 5,000 soldiers at their disposal. As both generals camped opposite to the stationary Shang forces, General Xin Jia arrived shortly to move their camp before the mountain's summit — as ordered by Jiang Ziya himself.

Following such a ridiculous order without any true choice, the forces of Zhou began to complain profusely as they were forced to remain within the direct heat of summer, while being laughed at below by the Shang soldiers, who knew that they would die of exhaustion if they remained as such for at least three days.

As Lu Xiong kept his forces stationed closely by his side without external movement, lest an ambush or trap of some sort became unleashed at any noticeable retortion, Jiang Ziya arrived before his own forces with an additional 3,000, and ordered his soldiers to construct a three-foot high terrace at once. With General Xin Mian's additional arrival with padded cotton jackets and warm caps to be worn upon each soldier, everyone present followed such an order at once — knowing fully that they rushed the risk of their own deaths at any moment.

Chapter 40

Phoenix City's Great Siege

With the immediate arrival of dusk, and the essential completion of the terrace, Jiang Ziya began to recite many incantations and spells to stir up the winds for his set intentions. Destroying the deathly heat of summer with a refreshing breeze, the wind gradually became stronger — even to the extent that trees became uprooted, and sand flew about violently. As the wind became etched with a tint of coldness, winter snow suddenly fell from the heavens, covering the land beneath with a tint of silver and white. Being exceedingly astonished and enraged at the coldness at the same time, Lu Xiong began making preparations to make an immediate retreat, lest they were frozen to death by such blatant sorcery.

Realizing that the enemy army could escape his grasp without death, Jiang Ziya began to recite many charms, effectively summoning the sun before the Shang forces' eyes. Sending large torrents of waves raging about, the prime minister additionally summoned forth a cold wind, freezing all unfortunate soldiers of Shang to ice. Seeing an ocean of ice laid about beneath the summit, Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo broke into the Shang camp as ordered, taking back Lu Xiong, Fei Zhong, and You Hun as prisoners as easily as turning over their very palm. As Lu Xiong stood defiantly before the feet of Jiang Ziya, while Fei Zhong and You Hun fell to the ground, begging for mercy, the prime minister ordered them to be placed within prison for the time being.

Reciting incantations immediately after to melt away all ice below the mountain's summit, over 5,000 soldiers of the original 50,000 had been clearly frozen to death, while the remaining 45 managed to escape from the Western Foothills without any notable harm. With Jiang Ziya's decree to receive King Wu before Mount Western Foothills at once, General Nangong Kuo set out to Phoenix City shortly, performing such a task with immediate speed. Being accompanied by his civil and military officials along the way, King Wu noticed many lumps of ice and snow laying about in random areas of the mountain — and was thus informed by the prime minister following his arrival.

As the prime minister began to write an elegy of in memory of the warriors who lost their lives for the Zhou cause, King Wu began to burn incense, while Jiang Ziya ordered the three prisoners to be brought forth and beheaded at once. Following the end of their ceremony, Han Rong had received the remnants of Lu Xiong's army, and at the same time, sent an urgent report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong on the current issue within the Western Foothills.

Being determined that his own appearance within the Western Foothills was the only insurance of Shang victory, Wen Zhong was immediately confronted by his two disciples, who suggested the four Diablo brothers — for they possess great magical renown, far exceeding what the original four Taoists could have obtained through their discipline. Being delighted, and well confident, over their summary, Wen Zhong sent an order to the four brothers, appointing them as expeditionary commanders if they were to comply. Realizing that the Grand Old Master must assuredly be rather desperate after receiving report on their

appointment, the Diablo brothers nonetheless roared through the Good Dream Pass, 100,000 strong, and arriving before Phoenix City in rather quick pace.

As the prime minister obtained word shortly on the arrival of a Shang army camped near the city, Yellow Flying Tiger carefully spied on their forces from the city wall, and upon the spotting of the renowned Diablo brothers — Mo Lihong, Mo Liqing, Mo Lihai, and Mo Lishou — he returned to Jiang Ziya's side and thoroughly elaborated the situation. Informing Jiang Ziya of their individualized special abilities — in which he knew by fighting by their side during a conflict against the East Sea district — the prime minister sat in great discomfort and distress.

After three days without any form of challenge, the four brothers toasted each other that night, while charging forth the following morning to do battle. Not having any preset plan as Jiang Ziya exited from the city gates to confront the four brothers, Mo Liqing started things off by rage fully yelling at the prime minister for his intentions on rebellion, especially after seeing Zhang Guifang's head atop Phoenix City's walls, who he had recognized.

He said that they never possessed any intentions to rebel against the dynasty, but they were simply defending themselves from King Zhou's constant debased assaults. Even after told that, the four brothers cared little of his words, for Grand Old Master was a keen man of intellect and competency and would surely not have sent them if the Western Foothills were not planning rebellion. And they thus charged at the Zhou forces, fighting right and left with great renown. Unfortunately for Nezha, and any other generals who had wielded a weapon of magical attributes, Mo Lihong used his Universe Muddling Umbrella to absorb such weapons with a single horizontal spin.

With eager to show the opposition his own power, Mo Liqing shook the Green Cloud Sword atop his back, forcing all within a set perimeter to unconditionally kill themselves with their own weapons. As the clouds above turned dark, with flames shooting about from Lihong's umbrella, Lishou used his white elephant to devour all unfortunate soldiers that happened to stand within its path. Fleeing back to Phoenix City in complete defeat, over 10,000 casualties had been counted, while nine generals had additionally lost their lives.

As the Shang forces returned in great happiness over such a feat, Lihong suggested a complete assault upon Phoenix City's walls during their next military conference, in a chance to force both Jiang Ziya and King Wu into effective surrender. Enforcing such a suggestion with open arms, the four Diablo brothers clearly realized that boards of truce had been placed forth the city gates, but they nonetheless assaulted the city with scaling ladders and cannons — not daring to let up for a single second, lest such a grand opportunity was to be negated at some later time.

Retorting with flaming arrows, lime bottles, throwing spears, and of the sort for over three days, the Shang forces became even more resolved to break through such a defense, even at their own lack of soldiers through such aggression. Ordering a retreat following the end of their third day of assault, the four brothers decided that they should besiege the city and ensure that external food supplies and reinforcements were essentially cut off. After three months without any true success, Lihong suggested to his brothers a full scale assault upon the city with

their legendary weapons; the amount of innocent casualties was of no more concern, for the city's capture was completely essential, lest their own personal expenses result in reprimanding from the Grand Old Master.

As it was agreed that such an action should be taken by midnight, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile performed divination after hearing a sudden unpredictable blast of wind blow down many obstacles within Phoenix City. Realizing that such a resolution was rather likely to come about eventually due to their obstinacy, Jiang Ziya summoned forth the North Sea as a large water barrier that stretched over the entire city, negating any potential attack from the opposition's weapons.

Being utterly astonished at the uselessness of their weapons against such a formidable crest of water over Phoenix City, the four brothers had little choice but to give up their pre-planned attack for that night. As the barrier remained erect before the city for months, as Jiang Ziya full realized the external actions of besiegement on the part of the Diablo brothers, the four brothers could do nothing more than continue to await food supply conveys in order to obtain a chance to attack the city from within.

Eventually obtaining word that their city's supply of food could only last another ten days at the most, Yellow Flying Tiger suggested that the rich citizens of the Western Foothills should be forced to open their granaries for the city's overall use, while being repaid at a later time. Declining such an offer due to the panic and exceedingly poor morale that it would create, Jiang Ziya decided it best to think the matter over. After eight days had passed, two distinguished Taoists — known as Han Dulong of the Poisoned Dragon, and Xue Ehu of the Wicked Tiger — arrived to offer their food supplies after declaring their discipleship under Superior man Divine Virtue.

Handing a letter from their master as proof of their identities, Han Dulong placed forth his promised provisions, a small bag that possessed two handfuls of rice overall. As the soldiers of the Western Foothills tried their very best to hold back their laughter at such a sight, Jiang Ziya asked the Taoist to place the rice within one of the city's three granaries. Obtaining word after the passage of three hours, stating from a patrolman, that the barns were overflowing with rice, Jiang Ziya smiled with great delight at the good fortune of his king.

Now knowing that he possessed a strengthened resistance that could still easily be crushed by the Diablo brothers with ease, Jiang Ziya reinforced the North Sea water barrier at every moment. Being exceedingly disgusted and utterly wrathful at their lack of ability to take the city in its current impenetrable state, the four brothers sent a report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, stating that Jiang Ziya had defended his city with treacherous methods, resulting in their expedition almost taking over an entire year without a sign of the enemy's decay.

As a few more days had passed by, another Taoist arrived before the gates of Phoenix City, and upon his admission, he declared his name to be "Yang Bliss", one of the head disciples under Jade Tripod. Being informed of the current situation against the Diablo brothers upon his asking, Yang Bliss managed to convince the prime minister that he should be able to deal with the opposition — for he was a man of incredible magic renown, far exceeding that of an ordinary Taoist.

As word of the board of truce being removed had reached the ears of the four brothers, they enthusiastically charged from the Shang camp, completely eager to destroy their opposition after such a long period of await. Once Ma Chenglong, commander of food supplies, had arrived from Caozhou before the feet of Phoenix City, Lishou, completely resolved to ensure the Western Foothill's internal decay at all costs, ordered his white elephant to devour the former at once. Seeing such an incident being carried out, Yang Bliss smiled with delight at such a chance, and thus threw himself in front of the elephant, being devoured in addition.

As the Zhou forces fled back in fear at such a sight, Nezha informed Jiang Ziya of current happenings, but the latter nonetheless felt reassured that Yang Bliss might still be alive, considering the magical renown that he stated to have possessed. Being delighted at their great success, and obtaining notice on the lack of Phoenix City's water barrier for reasons unknown, Lishou suggested the unleashing of his white elephant as a chance to devour both Jiang Ziya and King Wu in one quick assault. Realizing that the barrier's disappearance was very probable of being a trap, the three brothers nonetheless agreed to such a suggestion.

Once the white elephant had thus been sent forth with set intentions to destroy the king and his prime minister, Yang Bliss, still living within the beast's belly, thrashed its heart into pieces while destroying its body as a means of escape.

Cleaning his body from the blood, Yang Bliss was ushered forth within the city, to Nezha's immense surprise. Jiang Ziya, however, had expected such an outcome to an extent, and nonetheless became informed of the Diablo brother's original intentions before Yang's arrival. As Yang Bliss boastfully elaborated his many transformations, while becoming a small ermine weasel as proof, he left the prime minister's presence after ensuring the capture of the four weapons under the Diablo brothers.

Assuming the appearance of Lishou's elephant, and returning to the Shang camp in its place, the four brothers realized that their plan did not go as planned — due to the distinct insignias that would have appeared before the animal's skin if another victim had been consumed — but nonetheless drank away their worries that night. Falling asleep with deep drunken stupor, Yang Bliss managed to grab ahold of Lihong's legendary umbrella, but upon the accidental knocking down of two other weapons within the room, which triggered evidential signs of awakening on the part of the four brothers, Yang had little choice but to flee at once from the Shang camp.

Returning to Phoenix City, handing the prime minister Lihong's umbrella, and returning to the side of Lishou that same night, the four Diablo brothers awoke the following morning only to the great yells of fury on the part of Lihong, for his weapon had clearly been missing. Being ensured from the camp guards that no spy, or intruder at that, could ever get close to the camp without thorough inspection, the Diablo brothers unconditionally felt thoroughly unconfident at such a loss.

Meanwhile within the Purple Sun Cave, Virtue of the Pure Void called forth Huang Tianhua, his disciple, after carefully watching the former incidents involving the Western Foothill's Phoenix City. Instructing his disciple to head to the Western Foothills and assist Jiang Ziya's cause, Virtue of the Pure Void first taught Tianhua

how to use the twin golden-tipped hammers, and followed by giving the former his Fire Dragon Javelin and the jade unicorn as an additional form of assistance.

Seeing his disciple off shortly after, Tianhua used his unicorn's unparalleled attribute of speed to arrive before the Western Foothills in mere moments. After being allowed passage within the city, while greeting his fellow father and prime minister upon entry, Tianhua stayed at his family's house for the day, fully enjoying the amount of meat that he effectively received — for he was only allowed to feast on vegetables when originally under Pure Void. Cladding himself full with armor of bright gold the following day, Huang Tianhua obtained consent to face the four Diablo brothers after informing Jiang Ziya of his set instructions on how to deal with such an opposition.

Chapter 41

Grand Old Master Wen Zhong attacks the Western Foothills

Striding swiftly atop his jade-unicorn, Huang Tianhua arrived before the Shang camp shortly, offering battle immediately following. Seeing a young man of around sixteen years of age challenging their gates with seemingly great confidence, Mo Liqing moved forward to do battle immediately after being informed of the former's intentions. Using his White Jade Ring to deliver a brutal blow to the opposition's back, Nezha suddenly intercepted Liqing, fully resolved to protect his fellow ally at all costs.

After using his golden Universal Ring to shatter Liqing's jade ring to pieces, Nezha had little choice but to retreat with Tianhua in his arms — for the other three brothers quickly assisted with their respective weapons just following such a happening. Returning to Phoenix City immediately after, Yellow Flying Tiger gasped in astonishment at the report of his son, for Liqing was known for drenching his ring in the most deadly of poisons before use. Gazing forth at Tianhua at once, alas, it was too late. Tianhua was nothing more than a lifeless body shortly. Performing divination to become informed of the recent happenings within the Western Foothills, White Cloud Lad arrived before Phoenix City later on, retrieving the body of Huang Tianhua with reassurance to Yellow Flying Tiger.

As Pure Void revived his disciple with dissolved elixirs of legendary origin, he reprimanded Tianhua for impulsiveness, informed him of his former death by the hands of a jade ring, and handed him a special weapon to use against the opposition before giving his farewells. Returning to Phoenix City shortly following, Tianhua was admitted within the Prime Minister's mansion, where he thoroughly elaborated the happenings at his master's cavern. Riding from the city gates the following morning with great determination for revenge, Liqing was astonished to see Tianhua alive, and still fuming over the lack of his ring, he charged at the former with his lance immediately following.

Thrashing at the young warrior with exceeded renown, Tianhua unleashed the weapon that his master had given him — the Heart Penetrating Nail — and threw it straight at Liqing's breast. As the nail burrowed into his heart like a drill, resulting in immediate death, Lihong, who was enraged at the lack of power he possessed without his umbrella, fearlessly charged at Tianhua with his great halberd. Maneuvering like a snake in order to avoid any potential attack from other deadly weapons that the boy might possess, Tianhua launched a secondary nail, and to Lihong's great ill-fortune and surprise, it followed his movement like an enraged beast, piercing his throat in one sudden strike.

Piercing through Lihai's heart immediately after passing through the throat of Lihong like a raging bullet of incredible speed, Lishou clearly realized the situation was desperate — and thus ordered his elephant to crush Tianhua before he, included, meets death. As the elephant suddenly reared back to attack its master — for Yang Bliss was still performing his magic disguise — Lishou was thrashed about violently, resulting in his additional unfortunate end. Recollecting

his two nails afterwards, Yang Bliss returned to his former state, and upon introduction to Tianhua, they both returned to Phoenix City with the heads of the four Diablo brothers. Mounting the four newly received heads atop Phoenix City's eastern gates, Commander Han Rong had meanwhile received many soldiers under the Diablo brothers, and upon their explanation of such an unfortunate happening, Han Rong sent another urgent report to Wen Zhong, elaborating the recent happenings within the Western Foothills. Fuming with incredible rage upon the receiving of such a report, Wen Zhong was resolved in his heart that only he was truly capable of destroying Jiang Ziya once and for all, despite what the capital might suffer if he was to take leave so suddenly.

Approaching King Zhou the following day with written report, the king gave his immediate approval towards the Grand Old Master's declaration of taking leave. Obtaining a glass of wine from King Zhou as tribute to his departure, Grand Old Master left the palace and ascended his mount. Being idle for so many months, Wen Zhong was reared from the mount immediately, while at the same time being informed from other ministers that such might foretell a bad omen on the part of his future.

Dismissing such an incident as solely being the result of his mount's idleness for such a long period, the Grand Old Master set off at once, taking along over 300,000 soldiers as support. Obtaining suggestion to head through the Green Dragon Pass — for it was the shortest route to the Western Foothills — from Commander Zhang Kui of Mianchi Country later on, Wen Zhong did as he suggested, but regretfully met various narrow mountain paths and other such obstacles that resulted in a lengthened march. Arriving before the Yellow Flower Mountain along the way, beautiful flowers of yellow bloomed in every which direction, filling the soldiers of Shang, and Wen Zhong alike, with heightened happiness.

Halting his army before the summit of the mountain, the Grand Old Master personally inspected the terrain ahead, and was immensely satisfied at the enchanting view laid out before him. Suddenly hearing the gongs of soldiers behind him, while clearly seeing troops marching along the mountain, a patrolman reported to the commanding general that a certain man could be seen spying upon their formation — Grand Old Master in this case. As the general charged at the conjectured spy with great furiousness, Wen Zhong evaded each blow as easily as a leaf blowing through the wind.

Baiting the general farther to the east, Wen Zhong encased the pursuing general within four large golden walls, and followed by relaxing upon a rock to see how the situation should develop. Suddenly being confronted by two additional generals who declared themselves to be the "mountain chiefs" — thus being nothing more than unaligned outlaws — the former two charged at Wen Zhong like raging beasts. Waving his golden staves in a set direction, the first of two chiefs saw before him a grand ocean of sea, while the second felt as if being surrounded by a forest — thus indicating their being trapped within Grand Old Master's art of genjutsu.

Relaxing under a tree, Wen Zhong became confronted by a fourth high-ranking chief: "a large beast that could fly swiftly through the clouds with its wings, while equipped with two hammers." Grinning with delight at the chance to obtain

this individual under the flag of Shang, Grand Old Master used neighboring rocks to break the wings of his foe, leaving him no choice but to beg for mercy. Obtaining consent from the enemy — who's name had been "Xin Huan" — to serve under him as a left arm of the royal army sent to destroy the Western Foothills, Wen Zhong was informed that over 10,000 outlaws were present within the mountain and were under the former's command.

As Xin Huan pleaded for the freeing of his three allies, and upon Wen Zhong's inquiring of their strong bond of loyalty and friendship despite being nothing more than outlaws, the Grand Old Master rose his palm to the heavens in consent, and upon a sudden clap of thunder, the three bound individuals felt as if they awoke from a dream. However, these three, as expected, still considered Wen Zhong as their enemy — and thus charged at the former, completely resolved to destroy him for assaulting their mountain.

Chapter 42

Surrender of the Bandit Chiefs

As the three outlaws charged at Wen Zhong with great furiousness, Xin Huan immediately intervened, stating that none other than the renowned Grand Old Master was the man before their very midst. Falling to their feet with both shame and embarrassment, they led Wen Zhong before their head camp at once, offering him a drink as fellow friendship and atonement for their former rudeness. Stating their names — Deng Zhong, Tao Rong, and Zhang Jie — while declaring their original alignment with Morning Song before secluding themselves away from the capital's troubles later on, Wen Zhong promised them high positions as ministers if they were to achieve great success by his side against the Western Foothills.

After obtaining a consensual agreement with the other three outlaw leaders, Wen Zhong instructed them to gather all who was willing to stand by his side in exchange for wealth, while the remainder was given money and food as a form of shelter. Performing such a task immediately following, 7,000 of the original 10,000 chose to fight by the Grand Old Master's side after being overjoyed at a chance to obtain heightened wealth and rank — the very opposite they obtained before fleeing from Morning Song.

With immense delight at the expected result of such an offer, Wen Zhong departed with his newly combined forces, arriving before an auspicious stone monument along the way. With the words "Dragon Extinction Peak" inscribed within the monument, Wen Zhong became reminded of his original master, Mother Golden Spirit, informing him that disaster was destined to follow if the character "extinction" was ever to be come across in the future.

Telling such to his generals nearby, Deng Zhong reassured the Grand Old Master that with his virtue and great talent, he was sure to win over the Western Foothills without any extreme sacrifices. Silently considering his words along the journey, and obtaining report of their closing in on the southern gate of Phoenix City, Wen Zhong ordered his army to set up camp for the time being. Due to the unparalleled reputation that the Grand Old Master had possessed, many patrolman instantly realized the identity of the man camped before them, and thus approached Jiang Ziya and informed him of such a situation.

Hearing of Wen Zhong's great reputation and renowned characteristics, the prime minister decided to mount the city walls and gaze forth at his camp; Jiang Ziya was indeed immensely pleased at the ingenious layout set before him — and thus returned to his mansion and summoned the generals for a meeting. As they discussed their next movement carefully, a letter was soon given to the prime minister, being addressed from the Grand Old Master himself. Reading the letter, which stated Wen Zhong's intention to receive Jiang Ziya for capital punishment, or the unconditional destruction of their city, the prime minister instructed the messenger to tell the Grand Old Master his intention: "to meet each other on the battlefield in three days."

Being informed of such a statement, Grand Old Master fiercely led forth his soldiers before the southern gates three days following, immensely resolved to destroy such defiance with his own two hands. After the firing of five cannons on the side of Zhou, Jiang Ziya appeared with generals right and left, while bowing before the newly arrived Grand Old Master, who laid out his forces before the former.

Angrily yelling at Jiang Ziya for enthroning Ji Fa as king without the authorization of King Zhou, and destroying their forces left and right unconditionally throughout the past, Jiang Ziya retorted with more clearer rationality, placing great shame into the face of Wen Zhong. Angrily calling forth Yellow Flying Tiger before him in his great rage, Wen Zhong ordered one of his men to capture the rebel for his blatant violation of rebellion against the capital. With General Deng Zhong's acceptance of such an order, a grand battle began between many generals under both the Zhou and Shang forces.

As Xin Huan roared forth atop his wings to slay Jiang Ziya from the heavens, Huang Tianhua became exceedingly frightened at the former's appearance, but nonetheless charged forth atop his unicorn in order to protect the prime minister. Realizing that Xin was currently occupying Jiang Ziya's last line of defense, Wen Zhong thrust about his two golden staves with unparalleled renown, arriving before the rebel commander shortly, and attacking the opposition like a raging beast. To Jiang Ziya's lack of knowledge, Wen Zhong's two staves were created through the scales of legendary dragons of old, and after throwing the leftern staff into the air, it crashed down directly upon the prime minister's right shoulder, shooting blood in every which direction.

As such an action immediately triggered the retortion of Nezha and his two brothers, Wen Zhong had little choice but to hold off the celestials laid out before him until he can seize the chance to kill the rebel commander. Upon Tao Rong's release of the Wind Collecting Pearl, which sent sand and dirt flying about profusely, Wen Zhong, and his generals alike, used their weapons in a synchronized manner amongst the confusion, forcing the Zhou forces to flee like helpless animals.

As the generals of Shang congratulated the Grand Old Master over his victory following their return, Yang Bliss had meanwhile suggested to the prime minister that a night raid should be deployed after their potential victory the following day. Approving such a suggestion fully, Jiang Ziya and Wen Zhong fiercely clashed blade against staff the next morning. With generals battling right to left, with Jiang Ziya in a sizable position for reciprocated attack, Wen Zhong seized this chance by launching forth one of his golden staves within the air, aiming for the head of Jiang Ziya.

Little did he expect however, the prime minister immediately recognized the staff approaching him, and thus used his Staff of Beating Gods to coil around the weapon, breaking it into golden shards upon the ground. Not believing his eyes, Wen Zhong wrathfully charged his great dragon into the enemy commander with colossal speed and mobility. Being stricken in the back by the sudden movement of Jiang Ziya's multi-jointed weapon, Wen Zhong had little choice but to flee, resulting in the retreat of the Shang army shortly after. As Jiang Ziya began his preparations for the night-raid that afternoon, Wen Zhong sat in his inner

quarters, exceedingly resentful over the destruction of one of his golden staffs, and the impact that such would place before the morale of his army.

Knowing Jiang Ziya to be a man of treachery, and surely improved of morale after such a lucky victory earlier that day, Wen Zhong ordered his generals to meet any potential assault at set points within the camp, while he directly stands before the central quarters to see if the prime minister would act in such a predictable manner as to attempt a raid or any other form of attack. As such preparations were being made within the Shang camp, Jiang Ziya stealthily moved his forces towards the opposition, and upon the sudden signal of cannon fire, the forces of Zhou attacked the camp from three differing directions.

Chapter 43

The Grand Old Master's Bad Luck

As Nezha and Huang Tianhua smashed down the central gates of the Shang camp, Wen Zhong rushed forth, using his remaining golden staff with renowned force and resolve. Unfortunately however, many of the generals on the side of Zhou possessed strange weapons of unparalleled ability compared to the generals of Shang, thus resulting in disasters evolving within random parts of the camp. Especially due to that of Yang Bliss, who possessed exceedingly rare qualities coming from a Taoist — in this case being fire — the Shang army's store of grain and fodder was turned into ashes in mere moments upon his arrival.

As Wen Zhong gazed at flames shooting throughout the air within the direction of his provisional supplies, he immediately realized that the situation had turned very chaotic, and survival would be difficult even if he manages to fight back the enemy in any way possible. With such thought in mind, Grand Old Master soared through the air atop his great dragon, ordering all soldiers present to regroup with him once they were to arrival within Mount Western Foothills.

As Xin Huan valiantly protected his commander from any potential harm in their escape, Master of the Clouds had meanwhile seen the banners of the Grand Old Master present throughout the Western Foothills region, and thus realizing that Jiang Ziya would find great difficulty against such a foe, he ordered Thunder-quaker to appear before him at once. Kowtowing before his master upon arrival, Thunder-quaker left with the instructions to assist his elder brother, King Wu, and the prime minister of the Western Foothills at all costs possible.

Seeing a great army spread before him in conjectured retreat, Thunder-quaker realized that the soldiers before him must be from the Shang Dynasty — for they were present with the same insignias upon their armor as when he protected Ji Chang originally in the past. Deciding to test the strength of the opposing army due to being idle for such a long period of time, Thunder-quaker charged at the enemy from the heavens with his two hammers, but was immediately intercepted by Xin Huan, who additionally possessed two hammers as his set weapons.

Realizing Xin Huan's skill greatly outmatched his own, Thunder-quaker fled at once to what he thought to have been Phoenix City without any pursuing of the enemy afterwards. Holding a conference within the city that morning, the generals had praised their commander profusely for his ability to wield such an outstanding cast of immortals in such a fortunate manner.

As they continued on with their praise, Thunder-quaker was invited before the prime minister shortly, immediately following his essential permission to enter. Stating his name, origin, and past service towards his father, Ji Chang, Jiang Ziya was very pleased to see the man who was late master constantly talked about before his very own eyes.

Introducing Thunder-quaker before King Wu shortly after, the king, who was startled at the strange appearance of his supposed younger brother, and worried over the fear that might be placed over his family if they were to see such

a sight, had his brother taken in to Jiang Ziya's family upon volunteer. After Grand Old Master's arrival before Mount Western Foothills, he became extremely angry at the realization that over 20,000 soldiers of his original 307,000 had been wiped out in one single assault the former night.

Realizing that it would be difficult to obtain reinforcements from neighboring generals, due to their guarding of local districts and territory from the rebelling dukes and nobles, Wen Zhong decided it would not be best to ask for assistance from the capital either — for such would damage his reputation and would additionally take too long. Being reminded of the many fellow Taoists that would assuredly assist in his cause, Wen Zhong ordered Deng Zhong and Xin Huan to guard the camp closely while he departs for the time being.

Arriving before Golden Turtle Island at the East Sea, Wen Zhong gazed delightfully at the beauty around him, and feeling great anticipation as to what day he could relax in such beauty without the least worry, he searched the entire circumference of the island, and thus began his leave after finding no one present. Glancing behind at the sudden hearing of his name, Grand Old Master saw Celestial Lotus standing before him.

Being informed by her that their Taoist comrades were currently present on White Deer Island, finishing their own individual traps — dubbed wholly as the "Ten Death Traps" — at the moment, Wen Zhong took his appreciative leave to the island she had mentioned. Arriving before White Deer Island momentarily, the nine celestial masters present approached their friend from afar, declaring the near completion of ten traps that should assist him in his attack upon the rebel leader Jiang Ziya.

Mentioning the expected arrival of their tenth ally, Mother Golden Light, Wen Zhong volunteered to await her return while they each head to his camp stationed at Mount Western Foothills. Seeing her arrive shortly following, the two greeted each other with great dignity, and then took their immediate leave to Mount Western Foothills. Regrouping with his other nine Taoist comrades, Grand Old Master directed them to Phoenix City, and followed by setting up camp at a point that seemed to their strategic advantage.

As Jiang Ziya had heard the great commotion of war-cries resound outside the city gates from afar, Yang Bliss warned the prime minister that Wen Zhong had more than likely returned with reinforcements of Taoist origin for the destruction of his camp by mainly due to the assistance of immortal powers. Thus, he would naturally have to reciprocate such power if he wished to obtain victory in any form.

Ascending the city walls and seeing a mystical cloud of haze solely within the direction of the war cries, Jiang Ziya clearly realized that the situation was going to be difficult. Back in the camp of Shang, it was decided that the ten Taoists — dubbed as the "Sky Lords¹²" — would personally display their own individual traps to Jiang Ziya and his forces as a showing of their invincibility and intellect behind such creations.

12. In the original translation instead of "Sky Lords" is written "**Welkin Lords**," which also can be translated as "Walking Lords."

Appearing before Phoenix City the following day, Qin Wan, the first of ten lords, appeared before Jiang Ziya and declared his intentions for the latter to inspect ten traps without the slightest physical combat — for such would violate the compassionate will of Heaven.

Consenting with full reassurance of his safety — for Qin Wan was already confident enough that Jiang's life can easily be seized by such weapons any time he desires in the future — Jiang Ziya began to read the name of the ten traps: *"Celestial Destruction", "Earthly Fury", "Roaring Typhoon", "Frigid Ice", "Golden Light", "Bleeding Blood", "Vehement Flame", "Soul Snatching", "Red Water", and "Red Sand"*.

Emerging from the enemy camp after carefully analyzing each trap with a fearful look in his eyes that he tried best to cover, Jiang Ziya proudly stated his ability to overcome such traps to Qin Wan, and then returned to his camp after exchanging a polite bow. Returning to his mansion with intense distress over the complexity of each trap that he most assuredly could not comprehend, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile returned with the rebel commander's set response, and thus began to inspect the specialty of each trap under their possession.

Chapter 44

Jiang Ziya's Souls float over Mount Kunlun

As Qin Wan began with the elaboration of his "Celestial Destruction Trap", he noted its possession of three pennants, Sky, earth, and humanity, and upon the consent of its creator, the trap reduces any potential intruder into nothing more than ashes — be it immortal or human. Individually elaborating the other nine traps following, Grand Old Master grinned with delight at such a summary.

However, Master Yao declared to Wen Zhong his own intentions of destroying the rebel commander under twenty-one days of time, and upon the latter's consent, Yao ascended the platform within his Soul Snatching Trap and created a straw effigy of Jiang Ziya, which was used to effectively gather his souls into one set region. Performing such an action three times every day, the prime minister clearly showed signs of being consciously dead — for he never said a word, and appeared as if he was constantly dazed.

As days upon days passed by with Jiang Ziya's clear intentions to do nothing other than sleep and complain subconsciously, each general realized that one of the new Taoist foes must possess an ability that was taking control of the prime minister in some form — for Jiang Ziya was the only individual who carefully analyzed the traits within each trap, so they naturally would not understand the situation fully. Rousing the prime minister as a resolution, and forcing him to appear before his generals within the conference hall, Nezha started by asking the former why he acts the way he does currently.

Bending his fingers in a divination attempt, Jiang Ziya replied by stating that everything was usual and need not worry about. Once twenty-one days had essentially passed, Yang Bliss and the others were surprised to see the prime minister nothing more than a lifeless corpse. Little did Master Yao truly understand, however, was that even after gathering all spirits present within Jiang Ziya, they would unconditionally head to the Terrace of Creation as preordained by Sky. Being pushed away by Bai Jian upon arrival before the terrace, Jiang Ziya's souls floated onwards towards Mount Kunlun.

Being gathered immediately by Master of the Cloud's gourd, and sealed tightly within by a cork, Pure Essence appeared before him, and upon the realization of the situation, the latter took hold of the gourd and headed to the Western Foothills at once, knowing that they must be the souls of Jiang Ziya, for any other soul would be accepted by the terrace unconditionally.

Being allowed entrance within Phoenix City, and essentially realizing that Jiang Ziya was indeed void of his souls, Pure Essence informed the king of the reason behind the prime minister's passing before leaving the city late into the night. Realizing that his gourd shook more violently with each step taken closer before the Soul Snatching Trap, Master Yao had meanwhile performed his incantations, but to his great dismay, the remaining souls of Jiang Ziya refused to gather themselves before his trap.

As Yao continuously began to chant and recite incantations incessantly, Pure Essence, upon his arrival, assumed the man standing before him was attempting the retrieval of the prime minister's remaining souls — due to the souls within his gourd shaking in synchronization to the former's calls — and thus charged down to steal the straw effigy. Managing to grab ahold of the effigy, Yao coincidentally looked up at the very second of the former's theory, and threw forth his black sand needles at Pure Essence, fully realizing his opposing intentions.

To the fortunate sacrifice of his lotus flowers as protection, Pure Essence managed to escape the trap while elaborating the prior incidents to Master of South Pole upon his arrival at Mount Kunlun. As such was reported to Celestial Primogenitor, Pure Essence became instructed to head to the Eight Landscape Palace to visit Lao Tzu — for he would be able to effectively deal with the issue. Upon his arrival before Lao Tzu's residence at such a palace, he was allowed entry shortly, while thoroughly elaborating the incident with Master Yao in his attempt to steal the souls of Jiang Ziya.

As Lao Tzu had personally seen the construction of what had been known as the "Soul Snatching Trap", he naturally understood that the Map of Eight Diagrams was the only way to negate such a trap's effect — and thus handed such to Pure Essence, who departed just following. Returning to Phoenix City and reassuring King Wu and his generals of a newly obtained method that would result in the prime minister's revival, Pure Essence departed immediately to Master Yao's trap.

Unrolling the map to create a large golden bridge descending through the Soul Snatching Trap, Pure Essence managed to retrieve the straw effigy, but at the same moment, Yao fumed with rage at the enemy's second attempt, while unleashing a large volley of his sand upon the former. Dropping the map in his immense terror, Pure Essence managed to escape, but was struck pale at the realization of his new weapon being lost so subtly.

Returning at once to Phoenix City, Pure Essence was allowed entry to the Prime Minister's mansion, where he began to pour the souls down Jiang Ziya's throat, including the additional two sub-souls essentially acquired from Yao's effigy. As Jiang Ziya awoke as if from a long night of sleep, and was completely informed of the prior incidents involving his souls, he banged his fist in rage at such a treacherous act that even he could not prevent.

Resting for several more days as a resolution, an immortal by the name of "Yellow Dragon" had arrived before the city gates shortly following, and was allowed entry upon his awakening. Informing the prime minister that many additional immortals should be expected to arrive before the Western Foothills as a result of the ten traps, he proposed the building of a reed pavilion in addition, which should be constructed far from the capital city not only for potential military conferences, but the ultimate protection of the people as well. Following such a proposal fully, General Wu Ji reported the creation of the pavilion around a day following decree for construction.

Immortals gathered shortly following within the pavilion, and each minister of the capital, excluding that of King Wu, gathered to pay their obeisance. Once all expected immortals had effectively arrived, a conflict between who should take the

title of commander resounded throughout the pavilion. At such a moment in time, a whistle throughout the air had been heard to announce the arrival of an immortal of exceeded characteristics.

Chapter 45

Confronting the Destructive Forces

As all immortals present left the pavilion to confront the noise from outside, Superior man Burning Lamp of Prime Consciousness Cave was seen before their eyes. Expressing his apologies over such a late arrival, Burning Lamp was given the seal of commandship upon proposal, and thus elaborated the visible attributes of each of the ten known traps — as such knowledge could easily be obtained from his magical bull eye, which had the ability to see in distances far unparalleled to that of human vision.

Not desiring to wait any longer, lest the rebel commander obtains some type of immortal assistance against the traps, a note of challenge involving the ten traps was given to Jiang Ziya via the messages of Deng Zhong. With reply to meet in three days of time for battle, the ten lords suddenly noticed auspicious clouds and golden lanterns only present within the residence of immortals upon their leave from camp the second night, and each lord thus returned to their respective traps, entirely resolved to destroy the opposition even with such expected assistance.

Leaving the camp of Shang the following morning with the ten traps at his left and right hands, Wen Zhong obtained sight of the Zhou forces approaching before him steadily with many individuals of conjectured immortal traits. As Qin Wan's Celestial Destruction Trap was of the closest distance, Burning Lamp and his forces appeared before the trap at once. Pondering over a method that would lead to the trap's destruction without excessive sacrifice, Deng Hua, a junior disciple of the Jade Emptiness Palace, descended from the heavens, immediately declaring his desire to tear the opposition before him to shreds.

Qin Wan, who was currently present outside of his trap, knew the man standing before him could be destroyed by his own primitive aggression without any real trouble — and thus lashed at Deng Hua with his staff. Leading Deng into his trap with a mere faint, Qin Wan grabbed ahold of three representative pennants upon the desk present, and placed them in a triangle formation upon the ground. As a large beam of thunder shot from the gap between the pennants, Qin directed the thunder into the direction of his opponent, burning Deng Hua into ash in a single blinking of the eye.

Declaring his easy won victory upon the exiting of the trap, Burning Lamp felt great grievance at such words, but nonetheless asked Outstanding Culture to have a try against Qin Wan. Lashing forth his sword at Qin Wan upon full consenting, the latter retreated to his trap following a single faint, and to the great fear of entry on the part of Outstanding Culture, he nonetheless entered the trap while floating upon two lotus flowers. Unfortunately for Qin Wan, however, large lotus flowers sprouted in every direction from the very finger tips of Outstanding Culture.

Seizing the chance to bind the enemy with his invisible stakes, Qin Wan became terrified for his life, but nonetheless died just following a single cleave from Outstanding Culture's blade. As Outstanding Culture left the trap with Qin Wan's head firmly within the grip of his palm as a display of his prowess, Grand

Old Master gazed at such a sight from the heavens, and with great rage filled within his breast, charged down upon the former like a dragon seething with bloodlust. Being intercepted, however, by Yellow Dragon, who declared that they were solely competing in magic prowess, not physical conquest despite the situation which reinforces such rationale, Master Zhao Jiang had meanwhile rode forth from his Earthly Fury Trap to place forth a challenge. As Han Dulong accepted such a challenge upon the consent of Burning Lamp, Zhao gave up ground shortly starting, while Han pursued with great determination to wipe out the opposition.

Ascending his platform within the trap, Zhao Jiang grabbed ahold of his two pennants, and upon the acquiring of fire and lightning attributes by waving such pennants, the unfortunate Han Dulong became mere dust before the wind in a single second. Exiting his trap with immense confidence, Krakucchanda strode forth from the Zhou forces and offered battle against the former. Upon the entering of the Earthly Fury Trap, Krakucchanda negated any potential harm from the fire and lightning by covering his entire body with mystical clouds acquired from the crust of his skull.

Tieing Zhao Jiang with his Immortal Binding Rope at such a moment, Krakucchanda felt great mercy for the life of Zhao — and thus ordered his genie to forcefully drop the celestial master within the Reed Pavilion, still in a captive state. Spouting with great wrath at the destruction of two of ten traps, and the death of Zhao Jiang and Qin Wan, Wen Zhong called off the competition, and returned to the Shang camp to hold a military conference over the current circumstances. Having intense confidence in the renown of his Roaring Typhoon and its fierce wind attributes, Master Dong ensured the Grand Old Master that he should obtain revenge in his stead no matter what opponent he was forced to fight.

Back at the Reed Pavilion, Zhao Jiang had been hung upon the pavilion gates, still nothing more than a captive, while Burning Lamp and the others discussed how they should go about with the destruction of the Roaring Typhoon Trap, as it was the third trap standing before their midst. During their discussion, Superior man Spiritual Treasure stated that his friend at Cloud Light Cave of Mount Nine Tripods and Iron Forks possesses an item known as the "Wind Stopping Pearl" that was used to negate wind at the user's will. Receiving such a pearl from "Wo Evading Sage" shortly, the two sped to the Western Foothills at high speed, but to their detriment, no ferries operated for over two days following their arrival before the Yellow River.

Approaching a fellow passerby and inspecting the reason for such, San Yisheng became informed that two giants — in this case being the Fang Brothers — monopolized the river by demanding great fares if any individual was to pass, and as a result of such a recent incident, only one additional ferry had been open for current use. Approaching such a ferry, Fang Bi and Fang Xiang were indeed seen, and upon Chao Tian's recognition of such men, he declared his intentions and was thus allowed passage.

Informing the two brothers of their recent obtainment of the Wind Stopping Pearl as their reason for departure, Fang Bi asked to gaze at it; holding the pearl within his hand, he knew that he could obtain great reputation if such power was wielded effectively, and thus pocketed the pearl, declaring such as being toll for passage. Not having any true courage to act against such a resolution, the two

officials had little choice but to accept. As San Yisheng and Chao Tian thus made their way back to the Western Foothills, they luckily ran into Yellow Flying Tiger, who was bringing supplies of grain within the city gates. Elaborating their story immediately upon arrival, Yellow Flying Tiger set out at once, knowing fully that the two giants would heed his call.

Luckily catching the two brothers before they returned to the opposite bank at the Yellow River, Yellow Flying Tiger approached Fang Bi and Fang Xiang and essentially retrieved the pearl with a single demand. Being informed of their current position within society after elaborating his disdain of King Zhou, Yellow Flying Tiger convinced the two brothers to serve under King Wu by his side, and then followed by handing San Yisheng the pearl as he returned. Arriving before the prime minister at the reed pavilion and elaborating the incidents lathering their departure, Jiang Ziya handed the pearl to Burning Lamp without a moment of hesitation.

Chapter 46

Breaking the Golden Light Trap

As the Shang and Zhou forces arrayed themselves the following morning, Burning Lamp signaled his choosing of the Roaring Typhoon Trap by approaching it with each immortal and disciple by his side. Master Dong of Shang thus stepped forward from his trap, and upon Burning Lamp's seeing of Fang Bi, a man that was seemingly capable of great strength, he ordered the latter to take the challenge at once.

Fleeing into his trap at the very sight of such a giant beast, Dong ascended his platform at once, and upon the waving of his pennant, Fang Bi was stabbed to death by thousands of swords that became multiplied with the power of black wind. As Dong thus exited from the trap, Merciful Navigation, who was handed the Wind Stopping Pearl, entered the Roaring Typhoon Trap shortly following a clash between blades. Negating all black wind with the pearl touching his body in any form, Merciful Navigation used his glazed vase to trap Dong within, in which he exited the trap immediately following such a victory.

Just as Grand Old Master seethed with great rage at such a sight, and was determined to obtain some form of revenge at once, Master Yuan ran forth from his Frigid Ice Trap and called forth for battle, vowing to Wen Zhong that he should become his embodiment of vengeance. With the retortion of Xue Ehu, Yuan retreated into his trap following a meager amount of rounds, and upon the ascension of his terrace, Yuan froze the lower body of Xue Ehu with frozen ice emitting from his purple pennant, and followed by smashing the opposition to literal pieces with a glacier, twenty feet in overall circumference.

As Wen Zhong grinned with great delight at such promised destructive force at his very disposal, Universal Virtue approached Yuan as the secondary challenger. Knowing that he must destroy this foe in order to prove his ascended might to the Grand Old Master no matter what, Yuan immediately rushed forth within his trap and summoned forth multiple glaciers of outstanding size within a single moment. Unfortunately however, no matter how ice that happened to topple upon Universal Virtue, Universal Virtue created many majestic clouds above his head that emitted flames upon the user's will.

Realizing the situation to be grim — as the opponent possesses a clearly dominant advantage against his ability — Yuan fled for the sake of his promise to Wen Zhong, but was at the same time wiped away from life as he was beheaded by Virtue's "Hooks of Wu". Immediately following, Mother Golden Light exited from her Golden Light Trap, and at the same moment, was challenged by Xiao Zhen, another disposable disciple of the Jade Emptiness Palace.

Entering the trap following a few exchanged blows upon Burning Lamp's consenting, Golden Light ascended her platform and unleashed myriads of golden light beams emitting from her magic mirrors, burning away the flesh of Xiao Zhen instantaneously. With Grand Completion's approach following such an incident, Golden Light retreated within her trap, while unleashing volleys of light upon the former. To her ill-fortune, however, Grand Completion completely protected

himself from any potential harm with his eight-diagramed robe, and used his Sky Overturning Stamp to destroy every mirror present within the trap. Finishing off Golden Light with a second round of his stamp, and exiting the trap shortly following, Grand Old Master's rage touched the very heavens, and nothing could stand in his way now that half of his fellow allies had been wiped away so easily.

With Master Sun's immediate intrusion, Qiao Kun, a hermit of Mount Wuyi, volunteered to meet the opposition within the Bleeding Blood Trap. Following a clash between blades, Sun ascended the platform within his trap and summoned forth volleys of black sand to pierce Qiao's flesh, who ended up dying shortly through a loss of blood. As usual, an individual of superior man qualities was sent forth for battle — in this case being Fairy Primordial — and upon the consenting of Burning Lamp, the two fought with great renown before venturing within the opposition's trap.

Using green lotus flowers to negate any black sand that came near his body, Sun's ability became rather useless, resulting in his own life being ended shortly by the former's Nine Dragon Divine Fire Coverlet. As Yellow Dragon ordered the two sides to return to their respective camps in preparation for the next day of battle, Grand Old Master had meanwhile returned to the side of his fellow comrades, and with tears within his eyes, he pleaded for the four remaining lords to return to their mountain lest any further casualties arise.

Solely possessing intentions to assist the Grand Old Master for the sake of the greater good, even if they might lose their lives through such resolve, Wen Zhong's morale rose to an extent, but he clearly realized that more celestial reinforcements were essential if the foul Jiang Ziya was to be eradicated along with his defiant comrades. Recalling Zhao Gongming, his old friend from Mount Emei, Wen Zhong ordered Ji Li and Yu Qing to take command of the camp before taking leave to such a mountain at once. Successfully arriving before the residence of Zhao Gongming and performing his formal greetings, Wen Zhong thoroughly elaborated the current happenings in his clash against the rebel leader Jiang Ziya.

Reproving his old friend for not telling him of such earlier, he promised the Grand Old Master to return for the time being while he personally departs to the Western Foothills after making essential preparations. Arriving before the camp of Shang atop a large black tiger, Zhao was allowed entrance, and upon his greetings before Wen Zhong and the four celestial masters, he inquired as to why a certain man was seen within the distance hanging upon a pavilion gate. Being informed that such was Zhao Jiang, one of their fellow allies, as a simple means for Jiang Ziya to express his contempt towards their cause, Zhao Gongming rage fully mounted his tiger and set forth in the direction of the pavilion in order to show Jiang Ziya his place.

Chapter 47

Zhao Gongming, the Conqueror of Sun and Moon

Appearing before the reed pavilion shortly while shouting great words of rage, Jiang Ziya appeared before the former with disciples to his right and left. Commenting on the foul cruelty of Jiang Ziya in his opposition against the greater good, Gongming leaped at the commander with his lightning staff, and as he threw such a staff into the air, it came crashing down upon the prime minister's head with weight exceeding that of a boulder — killing him instantly.

Being distracted by the Zhou forces great fury immediately following, Yang Bliss seized the moment to order his Sky Barking Hound to attack the opposing immortal. Realizing that his precious robes were being torn apart by such a foul beast, Zhao Gongming smacked the dog several times within the head before fleeing temporarily to the Shang camp in dismay. Upon his return before the camp, he informed Grand Old Master Wen Zhong that he managed to kill the rebel commander in a single blow of his staff, but was forced to return upon a ferocious attack from the Zhou forces as a resolution.

Luckily for Jiang Ziya, however, Grand Completion arrived before the prime minister's mansion to analyze his corpse, and upon the mixing of elixir with water to create a medicine that can effectively revive the fallen prime minister, Jiang revived after around two hours of time. As Grand Completion informed Jiang Ziya of the past happenings involving his suffered death by Gongming's hands, he reported the prime minister's revival to Burning Lamp while heading to the camp of Shang in order to secretly inspect their next move.

Wen Zhong informed that a man by the name of "Burning Lamp" was more than likely the second in command amongst the immortal party under the deceased rebel commander. And was thus in need of additional elimination to sully the enemy's morale. Zhao Gongming left the Shang camp early the following morning, and called for Burning Lamp to show himself at once. Burning Lamp departed from the reed pavilion and thoroughly reprimanded Zhao Gongming for his "defiance of Heaven's will." Gongming knew clearly in his heart that his actions were for the greater good — for the dignity of the land would only suffer when Taoists sully their simple nature by running rampant with weapons of destructive qualities, fighting for a cause that was nothing more than ideal.

Thus, for the sake of his eternal friendship with Wen Zhong and reputation as a god amongst Taoists, Gongming lashed forth his staff upon the former, but Yellow Dragon immediately retorted in protection of his leader. Little did Yellow Dragon expected truly. However, Gongming suddenly unleashed a Dragon Binding Rope from the sleeves of his robe, which bound Yellow Dragon instantly. Not taking the chance for Yellow Dragon's life to be cut, Pure Essence lunged forward at Gongming, but to the great difference of their renown which the former had little knowledge of, Zhao Gongming threw twenty-four Sea Conquering Pearls within the sky, forcing all foes present to their knees in blindness. As each immortal fortunately managed to escape without being taken captive, or being killed at that, Gongming returned to the Shang camp and was welcomingly toasted by the Grand Old Master, while their single captive became held on a flagpole within

the camp as retortion to the enemy's arrogance. Meanwhile, Burning Lamp was not able to obtain any acknowledgment as to what weapon Gongming had been using to result in such a potential disaster, and nonetheless became even further distressed upon the seeing of Yellow Dragon being treated so contemptuously — and thus asked who, if even possible, could save the immortal from further humiliation.

With the volunteering of Yang Bliss, Yang Bliss transformed himself into a flying ant that evening, and upon his approach before the camp of Shang, he ascended the flag pole and removed a magical charm that bound Yellow Dragon in place, thus returning to the reed pavilion in success. As Wen Zhong obtained word that Yellow Dragon had escaped mysteriously shortly afterwards, he clearly realized that no one could have ascended the flagpole without the obvious notice of royal guards, and Yellow Dragon assuredly could not have removed the charm by himself due to being magically and physically bound, thus concluding that a man who possesses transformational capability had to have been the cause for such an incident.

With such an assumption in mind, Wen Zhong sent Zhao Gongming to challenge the reed pavilion early the following morning. As Gongming approached the solo Burning Lamp outside the gates of the reed pavilion, while learning that a man by the name of "Yang Bliss" had been the cause behind Yellow Dragon's freedom, he lashed forth his staff and sea conquering pearls upon the opposition.

Fleeing immediately to the southwest lest he suffers by the hands of Gongming's mysterious weaponry, Zhao Gongming gave chase at the very same moment. Approaching a slope and seeing two distinguished men playing Go underneath the shade of a pine tree, Burning Lamp had no idea who these men were, but knowing that he was in a desperate situation indeed, he began to elaborate the past and current circumstances all at once.

As the men — known as Xiao Sheng and Cao Bao — believed it best to assist this strange man for the sake of their morals and overall mutual cooperation within the future, they suddenly caught sight upon a man Burning Lamp claimed to be "Zhao Gongming", and lashed at the latter as a result. Being infuriated at such unexpected obstinacy, Gongming unleashed his Dragon Binding Rope upon Xiao Sheng.

As Xiao Sheng flipped his Treasure Catching Golden Coin into the air, which resulted in any weapon standing before him to fall to the ground with the weight of a large rock, such an action reciprocated as Gongming attempted the additional usage of his Sea Conquering Pearls. Becoming even more enraged at such a resolution, he used his staff, which was unaffected by any immortal weapon, to smash Xiao Sheng's head in, killing him instantly. Being devastated over the death of a man that was seemingly innocent and had little to do with the current situation, Burning Lamp protected the remaining Cao Bao by gravely wounding Zhao Gongming from behind with his Universal Ruler.

As Gongming thus rage fully fled atop his black tiger, Burning Lamp approached Cao Bao and upon the receiving of the enemy's Sea Conquering Pearls, they both left to Phoenix City shortly following. With the Zhou forces now in possession of Gongming's most powerful weapon, which was to their knowledge,

Gongming had little choice but to report the issue to Grand Old Master upon his return, and then leave to the Three Fairy Island in order to obtain an essential backing. Promising his old friend that he should swiftly return, Zhao Gongming soared across the heavens with the greatest of speed atop his mystical black tiger. Upon his arrival before the intended island, he approached the residence of his three younger sisters, *High Firmament*, *Jade Firmament*, and *Green Firmament*, who reciprocated a bow of greeting to their elder brother while inspecting the reason for his arrival.

Elaborating the current situation, the loss of his treasure-items and the need for either the Golden Dragon Scissors or the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper as an essential replacement, his three sisters declined stating best to await until Jiang Ziya had created the gods, lest they ended up losing their lives fighting against the cause stated to be one with Sky. With their continued refusal to assist their brother in any form as a measure of caution rather than unwilling defiance, Gongming left their residence in a great fume of rage, considering he already knew Jiang Ziya had been killed by his hands, and his sisters were resolved to act against his views even with such a reality.

Traveling a few miles on foot in search of other comrades that could assist in his cause, Gongming was suddenly met by his old friend Celestial Lotus, who, after being informed of the former's woes, grabbed his hand and returned to the residence of High Firmament and the others immediately. With Celestial Lotus's persistent intentions to obtain at least the Golden Dragon Scissors for the sake of Gongming's cause, High Firmament agreed to give her brother the scissors upon one condition: "Gongming makes constant threats to this 'Burning Lamp' until the Sea Conquering Pearls was obtained out of fear. "

Ensuring his sister that he would do what he can in order to reobtain the pearls at all costs, Zhao Gongming returned to the camp of Shang and was welcomed by Wen Zhong momentarily following. As the next day arrived with immediate departure before the reed pavilion, Burning Lamp met the former and remained obstinate to never hand back the treasure — for such an action would be nothing other than detrimental, even if the opposition declares a supposed level of truce following. Clashing blade against staff as a resolution of such, Zhao Gongming decided to finish matters quickly by casting his Golden Dragon Scissors within the sky at once.

Chapter 48

Lu Ya's Gourd of Supreme Light

As the scissors became two large dragons with tails interlocking as one, Burning Lamp fled for his life atop a cloud made of wood, while his deer was unfortunately cut into two halves in an instant. Not desiring to risk the loss of his newly obtained weapon by pursuing Burning Lamp a second time, Zhao Gongming returned to the camp of Shang intensely annoyed. Returning to the reed pavilion after fleeing for an extended distance, Burning Lamp thoroughly elaborated about Gongming's scissors that can turn into large dragons at will, creating great fear within the hearts of all who happened to be present. At such a point in time, a certain man claiming to be a Taoist had entered; he was a hermit from Mount West Kunlun known as Lu Ya.

Declaring that he had come in order to put an end to Zhao Gongming, and after seeing his magical prowess early on from the clouds, each superior man present thought little of such words with justifiable rationale as they maintained a doubtful silence. As Zhao Gongming appeared before the reed pavilion the following morning, as easily expected, he began to mock Burning Lamp for his cowardice despite holding such a high rank amongst the immortal populace on the side of Zhou.

Suddenly meeting the man who he recognized to be Lu Ya from outside the pavilion's gates, he knew that such a man would be far too dangerous to let live — for even if Lu Ya was to assist the side of Shang, who knows what treachery he could pull with the weapons at his very disposal. Thus, Gongming unleashed his Golden Dragon Scissors to destroy the foe in a single shot, which unfortunately transformed into a rainbow and fled far to the southeast. Zhao Gongming ground his teeth in rage, fully realizing that he would have no possible method to capture such an annoyance in his current state.

Personally observing Gongming in his previous encounter, Lu Ya returned to the reed pavilion while instructing Jiang Ziya to build a straw effigy of Zhao Gongming on Mount Western Foothills. Additionally instructing the prime minister to worship the effigy three times a day and burn charms at the very same moment — as was the method he taught Master Yao of the Soul Snatching Trap far into the past — Gongming would die on the twenty-first day following. As the prime minister followed such instructions very carefully and secretively for days upon end, Zhao Gongming clearly began to feel as if his heart was burning like a great fire.

Walking to and fro as a resolution without the slightest feel of comfort whatsoever, Master Bai became enraged at the sight of his comrade, and knowing that the enemy was the primary cause for such a condition, he challenged the gates of the reed pavilion later that day, completely disregarding the words of Wen Zhong. As Burning Lamp and the other superior men exited the pavilion gates shortly following, Lu Ya declared his intentions to answer Bai's challenge at once, knowing that he possesses a weapon that would not only destroy the opposition in mere moments, but would ensure his prowess to be known amongst each of his allies in addition. Entering the Vehement Flame Trap after a few rounds of battle,

Master Bai ascended his platform and summoned many volleys of fire from all eight directions upon Lu Ya. Standing amongst the flames without a single burn mark present on his body, Lu Ya opened his gourd, and as a slender white beam of light ascended through the clouds and rotated several times throughout the air in a circular fashion, large eyes began to grow upon the light, putting Bai into intense fear exceeding his imagination. As this beam of light fell down upon Bai's head like an enormous blade with intense speed, Bai had little time to evade, and was cut into two halves as an immediate result. Leaving the trap shortly afterwards, Master Yao of the Soul Snatching Trap suddenly appeared, vowing to avenge his fallen comrades and the humiliation he suffered through the hands of Pure Essence.

With the retortion of a warrior known as Fang Xiang, Yao entered his trap momentarily, and not intending to waste any more time with such a nuisance, he smothered the former with his black sand of needles, killing the opposition at once. Exiting the trap and ordering Pure Essence to show himself lest others were killed off as a latent resolution, Pure Essence knew in his heart that he possessed little choice in the matter — and thus approached the enemy master with sword drawn. Upon the entering of the Soul Snatching Trap, Yao Bin unleashed countless clouds of black sand to not only blind the enemy in all directions, but to additionally ensure an immediate death.

Emerging from the sand with white clouds negating any potential harm, Pure Essence flashed the white side of his Yin Yang Mirror into the eyes of Yao Bin, sending him plummeting to the ground in great dismay. Being helplessly paralyzed by the mirror's ability, Yao realized that he could do nothing in such a state, and thus he met an unfortunate death by the edge of Pure Essence's blade. As Pure Essence returned the Map of the Eight Diagrams to Xuandu Cave immediately after retrieving it from Yao's body, Wen Zhong had meanwhile been informed of the death of two additional masters and the strange condition of Zhao Gongming in the camp of Shang.

With fifteen days having passed with Zhao Gongming sleeping daily upon end, Wen Zhong performed divination only to find out that a straw effigy of his old friend would be pierced through the heart by the arrow of Lu Ya upon a set date — which would result in Gongming's death. As Master Bai conjectured the summit of Mount Western Foothills being the more probable region to which the effigy would be present, Grand Old Master knew that such a region would be heavily guarded nonetheless due to its strategic position, and thus decided to inform Zhao Gongming before taking any action.

Zhao Gongming, who happened to be mainly conscious despite the condition of his internal spirits, was informed of his condition entirely. Upon the most careful of consideration that he could muster in such a state, he suggested that his two disciples, Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi, should be sent to seize the effigy — for they had been trained with extraordinary stealth and were naturally akin to such situations.

As Wen Zhong immediately approved such a suggestion, Burning Lamp had already made cautious preparations by protecting the prime minister with Nezha and Yang Bliss lest the enemy was to obtain knowledge of their intentions through rational means. Approaching Mount Western Foothill's summit, and seeing a certain man kowtowing before a straw effigy, Yao Shaosi and Chen Jiugong smiled

with great delight as they snatched the effigy with the speed of lightning while fleeing in the direction of the Shang camp. Nezha and Yang Bliss, who were naturally startled to see such an incident take place so suddenly, pursued the two thieves immediately following.

As Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi approached the Shang camp, they were immensely started to find it disappear upon their entry following a burst of lightning — as Yang Bliss used his genjutsu art to form an illusionary image that seemed as if to be their true camp. Using the lightning signal to appear before the two thieves momentarily, Nezha and Yang Bliss managed to dispose of Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi while successfully retrieving the effigy.

Returning to Jiang Ziya that night with effigy in hand, Xin Huan of Shang had meanwhile been sent to investigate the location of the two disciples, but to his great dismay, he found them both dead at a region neighboring the Shang camp, which he naturally informed the Grand Old Master about immediately following. Pounding his desk in utter rage at such a stunning report, Wen Zhong entered the room of Zhao Gongming and informed him of such unfortunate news after he had awakened.

Requesting the Golden Dragon Scissors to be wrapped within his robes while sent to the residence of his three sisters following death, with tears spouting from his eyes, Gongming became exceedingly resentful by not following the words of High Firmament within the past. Seeing his old friend in such a miserable condition, Wen Zhong began to grind his teeth in unparalleled rage while vowing to destroy the foul Lu Ya even if he must give up the life he possesses to sully such hate. With Wang Bian of the Red Water Trap reciprocating such rage, the former dashed forth before the reed pavilion's gates and shouted for immediate challenge.

As Cao Bao, the newly obtained friend of Burning Lamp, stepped forward to challenge the opposition, Wang Bian's rage touched new heights as his old comrade stepped before him, willing to oppose the greater good so unconditionally. Not having any tolerance for treachery in any form, Bian ran within his trap, and upon the approach of Cao Bao, he boiled the latter alive with burning red water. With hatred burning with a steady blaze, Bian exited his trap and was met by none other than Virtue of the Pure Void momentarily.

After Wen Zhong had made the divination, he would realize that Lu Ya was planning on killing Zhao Gongming with charmed arrows. Thus, Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi would be ordered to seize the straw effigy at the time of night. By feeling a sudden blood rush to his heart, Lamp Lighter would realize that two disciples under Wen Zhong were currently being sent to steal the effigy; and if such an action was not stopped, Lamp Lighter and the others would surely be killed by Gongming's might. Nezha and Yang bliss would thus be sent immediately to the Western Foothills to elaborate such news to Jiang Ziya.

By the time that they had arrived to Ziya's location however, Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi would already get their hands on the effigy and effectively escape. Thus, Nezha and Yang Bliss would head out at full speed in order to retrieve the stolen effigy. When both Cheng and Yao arrived at the Shang camp, they would be admitted by Deng Zhong. After discussing the situation with Grand Old Master, they would both hand the effigy to him. Immediately, the two disciples would head

to the back camp and suddenly realize that the whole Shang camp was gone in a mere instant.

Before Yang Bliss appeared atop his horse, the two individuals would stand completely puzzled. While within the darkness of the night, both Nezha and Yang Bliss would duel out against the two disciples. Following the passage of a few minutes, Yao Shaosi would be stabbed to death by Nezha, and Yang Bliss would penetrate the breast of Chen Juigong; effectively putting an end to both of Zhao Gongming's disciples.

In short time, both Yang Bliss and Nezha would arrive at Phoenix City and return the effigy to Jiang Ziya. When the Grand Old Master had learned of the death of Chen and Yao, he would pound his desk in immense rage. As Wen Zhong fumed in his anger, he would head to Zhao Gongming's room and order him to awaken. Once Gongming heard of the news, he would tell Wen Zhong to wrap up his Golden Dragon Scissors with his robe to be given to his three younger sisters when he dies.

Zhao Gongming would weep bitterly with tears pouring down from his face — even to the extent that he could not speak. As Wen Zhong watched the tragic scene, his hair would stand on end, and he would gnash his teeth in eternal hate. At the same moment, Sky Lord Wang Bian would head out with his Red Water Trap; completely determined to crush Jiang Ziya. After killing Cao Bao easily with his red acid water, Virtue of the Pure Void would be chosen as his second opponent.

Chapter 49

King Wu in the Red Sand Trap

As Pure Void lashed at the opposition with exceeded renown, Bian entered his trap shortly while flooding the entire region with burning red water. Floating atop the water on a white lotus flower without any worry of being burned, Pure Void used was Five Fire and Seven Fowl Fan to turn the unfortunate Bian into nothing more than ashes upon the ground.

The Red Water Trap now being destroyed, Burning Lamp and the other superior men returned to the reed pavilion while Grand Old Master was informed of Bai's death shortly following such an incident. As the twentieth day of the month approached soon following, Wen Zhong, who knew clearly in his heart that he was the indirect reason that his old friend would suffer death soon, approached Zhao Gongming, even more furious to wipe out the entire Western Foothills even if such was opposing his very own destiny. With reciprocated rage and inner distress upon the faces of Gongming and Master Zhang in addition, they wept throughout the night in great agony.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, Lu Ya approached Jiang Ziya, who was still present before the straw effigy as expected, and instructed the prime minister upon handing him a mulberry bow with three short peach arrows, to shoot the left eye first, his right eye second, and the third through Gongming's heart. Doing as instructed momentarily following, Zhao Gongming roared with great agony as the first two arrows created exceedingly crucial pain within his two eyes.

Being held in the arms of Grand Old Master, and looking into the latter's eyes one final time, Gongming suddenly became pure pale without a blood pulse — thus signaling his recent passing. With Gongming still held tightly within his arms, tears poured unrestrainedly from Wen Zhong's eyes as he vowed to tear apart Lu Ya's flesh as reward for such underhanded treachery. Ordering a grandiose ceremony to mark the coffining of Zhao Gongming's body, all generals alike became frightened at such a happening, and clearly knowing the great treachery at the very disposal of each superior men rebel, the overall morale of the Shang forces decreased dramatically as a result.

Jiang Ziya and Lu Ya returned to the reed pavilion stealthily upon a rainbow lest any enemies were to await for potential ambush. Meanwhile Master Zhang approached the pavilion with his trap, and Burning Lamp suggested to the prime minister upon arrival that King Wu should be sent into the opposition's Red Sand Trap — for upon analyzing, only a man of sagely stature would be able to conquer the trap, as possessed to that of any superior man on their side.

Knowing that Burning Lamp more than likely knew what he was talking about, despite the holy grail of detriment that would result if the king was to lose his life, Jiang Ziya sent Wu Ji to fetch King Wu nonetheless. Arriving shortly, and upon the king's unconditional consenting, Burning Lamp placed many charms upon King Wu's body, and ordering Nezha and Thunder-quaker to thoroughly protect the former from any harm, all three arrayed themselves before Zhang immediately following.

As Zhang ran within his trap while being pursued by the enemy, he ascended his platform and spread red sand throughout the entire perimeter, completely engulfing the three individuals until they found themselves deep within large pits of sand as a resolution. Gazing into the distance with his magical bull eye, and seeing the king and his protectors deep within a layer of sand, Burning Lamp informed Jiang Ziya that *King Wu is destined to remain in such a state for 100 days, and that he will assuredly survive "as according to Heaven's will"*.

Realizing that Burning Lamp had never informed him of such information prior, and he more than likely created such a statement as to ensure his reputation meets no harm if the king was to be found alive by any other superior man, he immediately suspected the former as plotting the death of King Wu, and thus kept careful watch of his every move lest disaster was to follow.

Entering Phoenix City and reporting such an incident to the family members of King Wu and other relatives of the same nature, Zhang had meanwhile returned to the side of Grand Old Master Wen Zhong while boasting about his great victory, who in exchange felt some sense of relief, but was still greatly hurt by the passing of Gongming.

Shen Gongbao, who secretly perceived the happenings with Gongming from the time of his arrival to the time of his death, appeared before the residence of High Firmament and informed her of Zhao Gongming's recent passing by the hands of Jiang Ziya. High Firmament, who secretly knew that her name was on the List of Creations and any impulsive action of revenge would surely fulfill such a fate, readily declared to Shen Gongbao that she was indeed grievant over such news, but on no account should she risk her own life for his sake.

Jade Firmament and Green Firmament, who did not share her philosophy on the situation whatsoever, left their residence with Shen Gongbao leading the way to the Western Foothills. As High Firmament joined her two sisters in fear of any potential danger they could suffer within the future, all three were met by Celestial Lotus and Lady Pretty Cloud in addition, who vowed to assist them against the rebel commander Jiang Ziya. Arriving before the camp of Shang shortly following, Wen Zhong informed them of Gongming's death by the hands of Lu Ya on the twenty-first day of the month.

Receiving the Golden Dragon Scissors in tears, the three sisters arrived before their brother's coffin in the back camp and clearly realized that his eyes and body had been bleeding very recently despite him being dead. Knowing that the foul Lu Ya was the cause behind his death, the five ladies and Grand Old Master appeared before the reed pavilion the following day, essentially resolved to do away with Lu Ya for the sake of their vengeance and the morale of their forces.

As Lu Ya exited the gates of the pavilion, and upon realization that Gongming's sisters were before him and demanding a rational reason for their brother's murder, Lu Ya, who now realized the opposition must possess either a keen level of spies or divination in order to know such information, responded to the call by declaring Zhao Gongming to be a man that lacked great virtue, and solely acted out of evil intentions to support the tyrant ruler King Zhou — and such was the reason as to why he deserved death. Jade Firmament, who was naturally quick tempered, rushed at Lu Ya, and with the immediate assistance of her fellow

sisters, the opposition was knocked unconscious by the power of their Universe Muddling Dipper.

Lu Ya was thus stuck with charms upon his entire body and hanged on a flag pole within the Shang camp — as like the situation earlier with Yellow Dragon. Hanging upon the flag pole, Jade Firmament could not withhold her hatred to any extent, and upon her order to unleash volleys of arrows at Lu Ya all at once, each arrow suddenly dissolved into nothing more than ash before touching the bounded man's body.

Realizing the chance to kill Lu Ya could easily slip from their grasps in the current situation, Green Firmament casted forth the Universe Muddling Dipper upon the former, but, to her detriment, Lu Ya turned into a rainbow and fled back to the reed pavilion immediately following, putting even greater bloodlust in the hearts of the three sisters.

As Lu Ya had meanwhile departed from the reed pavilion upon Burning Lamp's consenting, High Firmament, who knew that she could use the evidential reasoning of Shen Gongbao as being the cause of her brother's death to attack the rebel commander Jiang Ziya, approached the pavilion with her sisters and shouted for him to show his face. Yelling at Jiang Ziya for being the cause behind their brother's death, the three sisters and Pretty Cloud with Celestial Lotus each attacked the commander with full force.

Chapter 50

The Yellow River Trap

As Jiang Ziya was immediately reinforced by Yang Bliss, Huang Tianhua, and Nezha on both sides, High Firmament would suffer a crucial blow from Ziya's Staff of Beating Gods, and Celestial Lotus thus used her black wind art combined with Pretty Cloud's Eye Blinding Pearl to send the forces of Zhou fleeing in fear, while they themselves returned to the Shang camp.

High Firmament, who now knew the strength at Jiang Ziya's disposal, realized that with treacherous immortals like Lu Ya on his side, the theory of him reciprocating the qualities of Sky was truly nothing more than a joke, and the fact that she was destined to be on the List of Creations would thus have to additionally be wrong, considering that the former was the list's "destined creator".

Realizing through such rationale that it would be best to avenge her brother with the avail of Shen Gongbao's fake words in a chance to obtain Jiang Ziya's position effectively without risk for her own reputation, High Firmament asked Grand Old Master Wen Zhong to specifically pick out 600 warriors that were seemingly of the greatest strength amongst the majority of the Shang forces. With these warriors, High Firmament created a trap that possessed chalk drawings of windows, exits, and other forms of signals to denote advancement or retreat on the part of the soldiers that were to be placed within.

With individual spells placed upon their bodies and other sorts of magical attributes within the trap, anyone of immortal or human characteristics would feel as if confronted against one-thousand soldiers. As High Firmament entirely informed the Grand Old Master of this trap and its traits, Wen Zhong, the five women, and a set number of soldiers disclusing the original 600 left the camp of Shang and approached the opposition's reed pavilion shortly following.

Seeing Jiang Ziya, Burning Lamp, and others exit the pavilion, Wen Zhong was astounded beyond words at the mysterious survival of the rebel commander, and thus immediately gnashed his teeth in rage at the great magical treachery within the sleeves of the enemy superior men. As High Firmament rode before Jiang Ziya, she declared the invincibility of her newly established trap while offering the former a chance to inspect such a trap without any sort of harm in the process.

Taking her word, Jiang Ziya began a thorough inspection, and upon his leave, Yang Bliss was greatly eager for battle, and lunged forth at Jade Firmament with his Sky Barking Hound. High Firmament, who became disturbed at such rudeness, used her Universe Muddling Dipper to throw Yang Bliss within her trap. With the retortion of Jinzha and that of Muzha, they in addition were thrown into the Yellow River Trap shortly afterwards. Jiang Ziya, who would have shared the same fate as the former three if he did not possess his Yellow Apricot Flag for essential protection, fled back to the reed pavilion after countering High Firmament's dipper.

As Jiang Ziya returned to the pavilion and thoroughly elaborated the special weapon at High Firmament's disposal earlier that day, the five women of Shang had meanwhile decided to spare the lives of the three captured celestials until they personally confront Burning Lamp. Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, who was naturally delighted at six individuals of the Western Foothills being held captive, held a special banquet for Master Zhang and the others.

Approaching before the reed pavilion the following morning as previously promised, Burning Lamp exited the gates, and upon the reprimand of High Firmament and the others for their vengeful intentions despite the risk of death, Jade Firmament lashed forth at the enemy commander atop her swan. Pure Essence, who intercepted Jade with immense speed, was only thrown into the Yellow River Trap in mere moments following his interruption by the muddling dipper. As such an action became reciprocated to every other superior man present, Burning Lamp realized that the situation was exceedingly dire, and grabbed Jiang Ziya while fleeing back to the reed pavilion once a gust of wind had been created as essential protection.

Expressing his deepest of apologies to the prime minister for carelessly allowing such a dilemma to take place, Burning Lamp headed to Mount Kunlun, where he obtained information via from White Crane Lad that Celestial Primogenitor was currently making his way to the Western Foothills at such a moment. Arriving before the pavilion shortly, and upon the arrival of midnight, an incredibly large cloud appeared above the pavilion with thousands of lamps floating around it in every direction visible — a process in which Celestial Primogenitor had summoned for reasons not told.

High Firmament, who assumed the arrival of a far greater personage — more than likely the reputed Celestial Primogenitor of Chan — by seeing such great magic at work that Burning Lamp or any other superior man seen with her eyes would not have the ability to produce, began to consider whether killing the captives within her trap would be the better choice rather than going about another process.

Deciding to wait and see how the enemy reacts further, Celestial Primogenitor arrived before the enemy's trap the following morning and began to inspect it upon the polite consenting of High Firmament, who became quite worried at the arrival of such a trump card to potentially interfere with her plans.

Sighing deeply at the sight of his disciples laying about so humiliated, Primogenitor began to take his leave; but at the same time, Pretty Cloud threw one of her Eye Blinding Pearl's at the former only for it to be burned to ashes before touching his body. As the five women became frightful at such a sight, Primogenitor meanwhile returned to the pavilion, stating that his disciples were little more than lowly mortals, and no potential act to save them wasn't considered — for Lao Tzu was to arrive shortly, and he wishes to discuss the situation with him before taking any such action.

With the arrival of Lao Tzu, High Firmament gazed into the direction of the reed pavilion, and upon the realization that the Grand Master of Mount Xuandu, Lao Tzu, was more than likely present due to his specialized jade pagoda floating above the pavilion, the four other women suggested any form of surprise attack if

the enemy was to approach their trap the following morning. As the two grand masters solely approached the trap, High Firmament, Jade Firmament, and Green Firmament exited the trap without the slightest of greeting, to the great rage of Lao Tzu, who declared his intentions to fight them in their own field, the Yellow River Trap.

Chapter 51

The Final Resolve of Grand Old Master Wen Zhong

When Lao Tzu and Celestial Primogenitor entered the Yellow River Trap as previously intended, Jade Firmament suddenly lashed forth the Golden Dragon Scissors upon Lao Tzu, who was awaiting such a surprise attack from the beginning. As the duel dragons came towards Lao Tzu at the brink of cutting him into two halves horizontally, Lao Tzu simply lifted forth one of his sleeves, sending the scissors back in their original state within his very hands.

Obtaining Green Firmament's Universe Muddling Dipper just as easily, Lao ordered his genie to take both weapons before the Jade Emptiness Palace, to the obvious rage of the three sisters. High Firmament, who was determined to defeat the great Lao Tzu in magical renown in order to prove to all celestials that she was deserving of Jiang Ziya's reputation and title amongst the land, lunged forth at the grand master with sword posed.

To High Firmament's unparalleled ill fortune, however, another yellow-scarved genie under Lao Tzu suddenly rushed forth, beat her with its fists, and then toppled the entire Unicorn Cliff upon her body. Jade Firmament, who became enraged beyond imagination at the death of her sister, High Firmament, lunged forth at Lao Tzu only to have her skull smashed by Celestial Primogenitor's jade scepter.

As Green Firmament now realized the great unjust ways of the Chan Taoists, she ground her teeth in rage while lashing her blade at the two celestials; but alas, it was too late. Primogenitor had awakened his magical casket only to trap Green Firmament within, dissolving her flesh in mere moments upon entry. Following such a brutal end to the three sisters, Lao Tzu awakened all celestials present with an immediate teal of thunder, and then guided them back to the reed pavilion at once.

Present back at the pavilion, he went teaching each disciple how to travel on golden beams of light at will, lest reoccur in the future any unfortunate incident as such like that in the past. Meanwhile the two grand masters took their leave from the pavilion, but ordered Immortal of South Pole to stay and assist until Jiang Ziya had successfully done away with the Red Sand Trap.

Meanwhile Celestial Lotus and Pretty Cloud entered the Yellow River Trap's remnants only to find High Firmament and Jade Firmament dead. To their great horror and rage, they both reported such an incident to Grand Old Master, who, being greatly distressed in return, ordered a royal messenger to be sent to Morning Song for reinforcements while another messenger was sent to Sanshan Pass's Deng Jiugong with intentions for the latter to assist him at the Western Foothills.

With Immortal of the South Pole's appearance before the remaining Red Sand Trap the following morning, Master Zhang charged forth with cutless in hand, fully determined to make up for the loss of so many fellow warriors on the side of Shang. Being effectively reinforced by White Crane Lad upon entering the opposition's trap, Zhang Shao ascended his platform and sprayed volleys of red

sand across the entire perimeter, which was easily negated by the Five Fire and Seven Fowl Fan of South Pole. Using the jade scepter to knock celestial master from his platform, Immortal of the South Pole ended Zhang Shao's life with a single stroke of his sword, and then uncovered the three captives who he had been told were present for some time. Nezha and Thunder-quaker, who awoke immediately following a sudden bolt of lightning, realized shortly that King Wu was nothing more than a lifeless body that had not been decayed due to the magical charms that protected him from any such resolution.

Burning Lamp, who revived the fallen king with elixir pills and water after receiving his body at the reed pavilion, declared that the prior incident with King Wu was of necessity, and Sky had now experienced the self-sacrificial ways that the king possesses — a factor that would assuredly assist them in the future.

Now knowing that all ten traps essentially had been destroyed, Burning Lamp declared that all immortals should return to their respective mountains for the time being while Grand Completion and Pure Essence were to guard the five passes and the two neighboring border passes as to ensure no further assistance can come to the Grand Old Master from such means.

As Burning Lamp took his additional leave shortly following, with Merciful Navigation being the only remaining superior man, Jiang Ziya ordered his soldiers and generals to prepare thoroughly for a decisive battle against Grand Old Master in the following day. Meanwhile Wen Zhong, who was exceedingly depressed over the lack of reinforcements from either that of the capital or Commander Deng Jiugong, held a conference with Pretty Cloud and Celestial Lotus, only to obtain word of Jiang Ziya's intentions by an enemy messenger.

Approaching the rebel commander on the battlefield the following morning, completely resolved to sacrifice his very own life to do away with Jiang Ziya, Wu Ji, under the immediate order of the prime minister, decapitated the remaining master Zhao Jiang before Wen Zhong's very own eyes as a showing of their defiance. Not allowing his anger to be controlled in any manner, Wen Zhong, combined with Pretty Cloud, Celestial Lotus, and his four personal generals — Deng, Xin, Zhang, and Tao — each lashed forward and clashed their weapons furiously against their respective opponents.

As Celestial Lotus had her sack of wind calmed to nothing by the Wind Conquering Pearl of Merciful Navigation shortly following the start of the battle, Jiang Ziya seized such a chance to brutally smash Lotus's head in with his Staff of Beating Gods.

Pretty Cloud, who became horrified and fuming with rage at the sight of her close friend die before her very own eyes so suddenly, was stabbed from the back multiple times by the fire lance of Nezha, putting an additionally unfortunate end to her life. Yellow Flying Tiger, who was greatly encouraged by the heightened morale of the Zhou forces, pierced the heart of Zhang Jie with his duel Dragon-Phoenix blades.

Realizing that three of his generals had just recently lost their lives, and it would be evidentially pointless to continue the fight with heightened morale clearly present on the opposite side, Wen Zhong ordered a full-scale retreat in his great distress. As Merciful Navigation returned to his respective mountain that

afternoon, Jiang Ziya gave set orders to the majority of his generals, with intentions to not only assault the Shang camp in a raid, but to additionally attempt to draw many into surrender.

Wen Zhong, who obviously knew that the prime minister would more than likely attempt such a feat, ordered his generals to protect set regions in especial caution of such a potential happening. As the raid began that night, with Jiang Ziya and other such generals breaking into the Shang forces' camp gates, Wen Zhong personally lunged forward atop his dragon to smite the enemy with exceeded valiance and magical prowess.

Being unexpectedly struck once more due the unparalleled speed of Jiang Ziya's Staff of Beating Gods, Wen Zhong, and the majority of the Shang forces, clearly realized that they were simply struggling against an inevitable defeat — especially after seeing fierce flames and smoke soar above their food supplies and other parts of the camp. As the forces of Shang began to flee as a resolution, around half of the remaining soldiers surrendered to the Western Foothills while another majority fled back to their respective homes in fear of any form of death. Grand Old Master, who knew he had little authority over such an incident, considering the circumstances at hand, fled in the direction of Mount Western Foothills with Deng and Xin protecting their commander's life even if it cost their own.

With the eventual retreat of Jiang Ziya's forces in great victory, Wen Zhong camped upon the foot of Mount Western Foothills, became informed of the reported death of Tao Rong within the former conflict, and suggested his forces — currently numbering 30,000—to march through Good Dream Pass to obtain a level of assistance from neighboring generals. As the Grand Old Master continued on his way through Mount Peach Blossom, he suddenly caught sight of a man of Taoist appearance, who he resembled to be one of the superior men who assisted the rebel commander in breaking his ten traps.

Announcing his name to be "Grand Completion", and his desire to stop the Grand Old Master from obtaining any additional assistance from neighboring passes, Wen Zhong knew that such a simpleton could not be reconciled with, and thus lashed his golden staff at the former with far greater renown. After being in contact with the Sky Overturning Stamp, Wen Zhong's advance was halted by its great power, and realizing that great casualties could be further suffered by such an opponent of celestial attributes, he ordered his forces to head to the west for now. Heading in the direction of Mount Yan for several nights upon days, Pure Essence appeared before their pathway as they approached Mount Taihua, to the great disgust of Wen Zhong.

Recognizing Pure Essence as being the man that was causing Master Yao an extreme amount of trouble far into the past, and combined with his current obstinacy of not letting them reach neighboring passes, Wen Zhong vowed to destroy such an opposition not only for revenge, but for the sake of his reputation and great pride in the name of Shang. Charging forth with smoke spouting from his third eye, Pure Essence was obviously overwhelmed beyond imagination — and thus unleashed his Yin Yang Mirror upon the Grand Old Master following a few rounds of battle.

Chapter 52

Fall of the Legendary Hero

As the Yin Yang Mirror's white side was effectively placed before Wen Zhong's eyes, in a single moment of time he realized that the enemy's weapon attempted to drown away his consciousness. Naturally immune to such magic trickery with the power of genjutsu that he wields within his very own palm, the Grand Old Master nonetheless had little choice but to flee as Pure Essence began to shine the red side in his face — which he knew to be certain death than anything else. Realizing that the only choice he had left was to head through the Yellow Flower Mountain to reach the Green Dragon Pass as opposed to personally heading to Morning Song while abandoning his comrades, Wen Zhong and his soldiers traveled for half a day before seeing a young celestial surrounded by flags and banners that represented the Western Foothills.

As this celestial declared himself being none other than Nezha, with intentions to ensure that the enemy was blocked off from any source of assistance, Wen Zhong, who was already furious at the obnoxious opposition prior, began to fume with even greater hatred and resolve to destroy all that stood before him as supreme head of the Shang Dynasty. Nezha, who began to battle with Wen Zhong and every other general of Shang singlehandedly, managed to strike down both Ji Li — one of two disciples under Grand Old Master — and that of Deng Zhong, which shattered the morale of the opposite forces, forcing Wen Zhong to break through and travel along an additional path towards the Yellow Flower Mountain.

As the Grand Old Master camped for the night while realizing that 20,000 of his original 30,000 had supposedly defected to the enemy due to not being present, he was comforted by Xin Huan, who suggested that they both return to Morning Song and gather forces to avenge their suffered humiliation another day. Continuing along the pathway to the Yellow Flower Mountain, and upon their arrival, Huang Tianhua stepped forward to prevent the Grand Old Master and his remaining soldiers from heading any further by order of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya.

Annoyed by this fourth blockade with his hair standing on end and his teeth grinded with rage, Wen Zhong sent the young warrior fleeing in fear of his wrath. Unfortunately however, Tianhua seized the moment to not only kill Yu Qing — the secondary disciple of Wen Zhong — with his Fire Dragon Javelin, but to additionally wound Xin Huan with one of his Heart Penetrating Nails through the left wing. Grand Old Master, who was confused and utterly distressed, ordered his soldiers to rest upon a bleak mountain upon the arrival of dawn, where he sat by himself, devising his next plan of evasion lest another army appears before his midst.

As everyone within the camp of Shang had slept throughout the end of dusk and into night, Wen Zhong became startled at a sudden hearing of cannon fire, and, to his unparalleled rage, he noticed Jiang Ziya and Ji Fa drinking happily upon the mountain top while at the same time mocking him from below with great laughter. Charging upon them angrily, an intense bolt of lightning shook the sky, and to the Grand Old Master's perplexed amazement, not a single soldier nor that of Jiang Ziya or King Wu could be seen anymore — even when using the power of his

divine third eye. Considering what kind of genjutsu user was behind such trickery, and how he wields power exceeding his own in such an art, a large army suddenly surrounded the foot of the mountain below and charged at Wen Zhong immediately following. Falling upon them with exceeded resolve, every soldier disappeared with an additional blinding bolt of lightning; Wen Zhong, in his state of perplexity, prepared to perform divination in order to understand what was truly happening.

As Jiang Ziya and King Wu suddenly appeared before the mountaintop, openly mocking the Grand Old Master for losing all honor and dignity in such a humiliating scene, Wen Zhong, who began to perform divination immediately following, was suddenly interrupted by the swift thrust of a monster's hammer through the darkness. Letting out a cry of great dismay while managing to effectively dodge the blow, Wen Zhong's dragon received the hit from below the Grand Old Master, killing it instantly. Tumbling to the ground and fleeing atop a dust cloud in startled fear, Xin Huan roared from the shadows of the mountainside and parried each blow from the pursuing beast — which in this case happened to be Thunder-quaker.

Protecting Wen Zhong with all the strength he possessed, even if it cost him was very own life, Xin Huan remembered this creature previously had attacked him during a moment of his master's retreat. And knowing that he must prove himself to the Grand Old Master as a warrior of the greater good, Xin Huan nearly killed Thunder-quaker with his twin hammers. But at the same [time], Yang Bliss's Sky Barking Hound bit into the flesh of Xin Huan, effectively opening a chance for Thunder-quaker to deal a brutal blow to the opposition's head, killing him instantly.

As Wen Zhong returned to his camp, he felt intense distress over Heaven's intentions of forsaking the Shang Dynasty despite the many loyal feats that he had performed in the name of the late King Da Yi. He gazed forth at the fallen body of Xin Huan, upon his return, fell to the ground and wept profusely at the many great warriors that gave their lives for the sake of his name — especially that of Xin, who had seemed to him as being his very own guardian.

Wen Zhong gathered the remnants of his soldiers, who had been protected by golden walls throughout the former night — as Wen Zhong knew that the situation would be far too risky to allow more any potential casualties on his side. Then he marched along secondary pathways through the Yellow Flower Mountain until he arrived before a village, where he and his soldiers were graciously served many meals by a certain old man upon their welcoming.

Receiving this old man's name as Li Ji, so that he could record such a name in order to reciprocate such kindness sometime into the future, Wen Zhong and his men continued along the direction of the Green Dragon Pass until being confronted by a certain woodcutter along the way.

As soldiers under the Grand Old Master had asked this certain man the closest route to the Green Dragon, they returned to tell Wen Zhong that the southwest was the fastest route to such a destination. Knowing that the Dragon Extinction Peak lays to the southwest, and he would more than likely suffer even greater detriment — possibly his own life — if he arrived in such a region, Wen

Zhong wished to prove to Heaven that he should conquer all that stands in his way for the longevity of the Shang Dynasty, and thus pressed forward with intense resolve. Arriving before the peak shortly, and seeing a man of Taoist appearance — namely in this case being Master of the Clouds — who declared that he should take the Grand Old Master's life as destined, Wen Zhong began to burst into great laughter, knowing that nothing can stand in the way of his magical prowess and great resolve to uphold the greater good.

Pressing forward upon Master of the Clouds with staff firmly gripped in his hands, eight skyscraper pillars of divine fire suddenly sprang out from the ground, completely hemming in Wen Zhong from all sides. These pillars, being thirty-feet in height and ten feet in circumference, suddenly emitted countless great fire dragons which soared about throughout the air upon the signal of Master of the Cloud's thunderbolt.

Laughing with great confidence at such a meager ability, fire charms appeared all around Grand Old Master's body as he vanished in a beam of white light to escape the enormous barrier previously trapped within. This barrier, which was unfortunately made of the hardest diamond, was impenetrable, and only resulted in Wen Zhong ramming his own head into the walls of such a barrier, hitting him with such intense force that he fell to the ground dead.

As the soul of the unfortunate Wen Zhong flew back at Morning Song before King Zhou, who in return was in an exceedingly drowsy state at the time due to heavy drinking, the Grand Old Master informed the king to employ virtuous qualities as repentance for his vile manner towards the people, considering that he himself lives no longer, and assuredly cannot perform any more feats for the sake of the Shang Dynasty.

As Wen Zhong's soul disappeared within the wind, King Zhou awoke that night with a start, and upon informing Daji of his meeting with Wen Zhong, which he remembered more subconsciously than anything else, the latter suggested that such was nothing more than a dream of his worries, and should thus be forgotten about completely.

Meanwhile back at the Western Foothills, Jiang Ziya was delighted to hear of the success on the part of his specific generals, and the death of Wen Zhong. But at this same moment in time, Shen Gongbao had seen the fall of the Grand Old Master with his own eyes, and began to search for powerful immortals as an attempt to wipe out the foul Jiang Ziya no matter what.

As Shen approached a certain mountain by the name of *"Squeezing Dragon"*, he happened upon a small man around four-feet in overall height who was running around the mountainside in great joy. Upon inspection that this certain man was a disciple under that of Krakucchanda, but had only studied the Way for 100 years, Shen Gongbao seized such knowledge by offering the lad a chance to wear a great dragon robe and be remembered among the people as a hero if he was to follow his advice.

This disciple, who was known as *"Earth Traveler Sun"*, was naturally not fond of his master and more on the side of being carefree. And as Shen had informed Sun that he should recommend him a post under Deng Jiugong, Commander of Sanshan Pass, and learned that the former had the ability to travel

underground at will, he suggested that the Celestial Binding Ropes — which were prized as Krakucchanda's ultimate weapons — should be stolen. Doing as he was told, Shen Gongbao led Earth Traveler Sun towards the location of Deng Jiugong at once.

Chapter 53

Wrath of Commander Deng Jiugong

As Shen Gongbao successfully led Earth Traveler Sun before Sanshan Pass, he continued along various other regions in desperate search for potential comrades. At this same point in time, the remnants of Wen Zhong's forces had reported the death of their commander to Han Rong of Sishui Pass, which was then transferred in the form of a letter before the eyes of Wei Zi, who was unexpectedly startled beyond his own belief at such news.

Appearing before King Zhou within a side court immediately following, the king discussed with his fellow ministers how the Grand Old Master was to be essentially avenged after feeling intense grievance over such an incredible loss. Supreme Minister Ji Shang suggested Deng Jiugong for a high rate of potential reinforcement, a man that had recently defeated many rebelling forces under Western Duke E Shun and was stationed closest to the Western Foothills. King Zhou agreed to such a suggestion, and issued forth a royal decree to the residence of Deng Jiugong, granting him the white scepter and yellow axe as a symbolization of his newly attained military authority.

As Royal Messenger Wang Zhen rode for days upon end through the beautiful autumn weather, he eventually arrived before Sanshan Pass, and handed the royal decree to Deng Jiugong, who, in exchange, accepted such a decree while ordering Kong Xuan to take over the pass as commander for the time being. Leaving the pass the following day with a great army at his essential backing, a small lad appeared before the gates with a letter of recommendation for Deng Jiugong — who in this case had been none other than Earth Traveler Sun, who happened to run around for quite some time before deciding to confront the commander as intended.

Personally opening the letter and realizing that it was from one of his past acquaintances — Shen Gongbao — Deng Jiugong, who was still rather unconfident in the capacity of such a young boy despite his supposed abilities, merely appointed him as assistant supervisor of the food supplies and then continued along his way to the Western Foothills. Arriving before the reported eastern gate of Phoenix City not long after, and camping for the night, a patrolman had meanwhile approached Jiang Ziya at his mansion, reporting the arrival of a man he knew to have been Deng Jiugong, a reputed commander of the Shang Dynasty.

As Deng issued forth a command to challenge the eastern gates the following morning, Tai Luan, his right-hand vanguard, strode forth to the enemy gates with cutless firmly in hand, where he was met momentarily by General Nangong Kuo. Not having any patience for a man of treachery, Tai Luan immediately slashed apart the former's armor plates, leaving a great opening that was not allowed for seizing as Nangong fled the scene in great fear of being killed by the opposition's renown.

Praising Tai Luan for demoralizing the enemy forces later that day, Deng Jiugong approached the western gate with his troops placed within five individual square formations, ready to pounce upon the enemy at any moment. As the two

sides began to fiercely clash against one other following the array of Jiang Ziya's forces, the forces of Shang eventually retreated back to camp once their commander and vanguard were seriously wounded. The former struck in the left arm by Nezha's ring, while the latter was burned by the flames of Zhao Sheng. Deng Chanyu, the daughter of Deng Jiugong, who was greatly distressed at the condition of her father, was allowed the right to challenge the gates of Phoenix City later that day.

With Nezha retorting against such a challenge shortly, he was startled to see such a beautiful woman on the battlefield, but had little choice but to fight back once she relentlessly lunged forth at him with her long cutless. As Chanyu began to flee in feigned defeat, Nezha pursued; but to his detriment, the former casted forth a golden pebble with her hand at quick speed, wounding Nezha severely in the eyes and nose, forcing him to retreat back to the city immediately.

Huang Tianhua, who began to ridicule Nezha for being hurt by a mere pebble despite the celestial attributes that he supposedly possesses, volunteered to meet Chanyu once she had challenged the city the following morning in addition. As the two fought valiantly for some time, with Chanyu's feigned retreat, Tianhua ended up suffering a wound to his forehead even more severe than that of Nezha's, and thus fled back to the city only to be ridiculed in return by an vengeful Nezha. With the prime minister busy breaking up the fight between that of Tianhua and Nezha, Deng Jiugong was meanwhile exceedingly delighted over the successive victories of his young daughter.

Chanyu, who possessed great confidence over her two former victories, presented herself before Phoenix City's gates the next day only to be met by Dragon Beard Tiger, who wields the same general art in battle. As the two began to battle each other with great renown, Dragon Beard Tiger suddenly unleashed a volley of stones and boulder dust from his two hands, and as he violently thrust forth at the opposition within such confusion, Chanyu managed to land two hits on his neck and face, and then followed by lifting her sword to finish the beast through beheading.

Chapter 54

The Master Burrower Earth Traveler Sun

Yang Bliss, who leapt to Dragon Beard Tiger's assistance at the very notice of his comrade's situation, held off Deng Chanyu for a lengthened time, never being hurt in the least even when the latter deployed her golden pebbles at regular intervals. Using his Sky Barking Hound to tear at Chanyu's neck at such a point of advantage, the unfortunate woman had little choice but to flee back to the Shang camp with tears in her eyes and in a state of tremendous pain.

As Deng Jiugong burned with far greater bloodlust at the pitiful sight of his daughter upon her return, Earth Traveler Sun had meanwhile finished his daily supervision and soon obtained word upon the condition of his commander. Feeling regret over not hearing of such information prior, Sun entered the main camp and used his elixir pills to heal Deng Jiugong's wound in mere moments upon entry. Reciprocating such an action upon Chanyu after being informed of her condition, Jiugong hosted a personal feast in honor of Sun, in which he became determined to allow Sun the position of vanguard at the latter's request.

At Tai Luan's consenting to his commander's request, knowing that Sun's reputed ability would more than likely bring Shang a swifter victory, Earth Traveler Sun left the camp at once, ordering an enemy celestial to present himself before his feet. As Nezha retorted such a challenge openly, and began to lunge forth in great laughter at the shortness of his opponent, Sun, on the other hand, had little trouble against this foe — for he could easily jump about nimbly and strike at great speeds with his cudgel. Using such an advantage to his essential benefit, Sun suddenly unleashed his Celestial Binding Rope to bind the unfortunate Nezha while throwing him before the feet of Deng Jiugong upon his return shortly following.

Deng Jiugong, who knew that King Zhou and the commanders of neighboring regions would think highly of him if he was to possess evidential proof of his ability to conquer even that of celestials with great ease, decided to throw Nezha in the back camp, where he prepared to send the former to the capital for the benefit of his reputation. As Jiang Ziya had meanwhile displayed great astonishment at the learning of Nezha's capture — which would naturally be impossible considering his celestial renown Huang Tianhua ensured the prime minister that he would challenge this certain foe the following day in order to see if such information was true.

Confronting Earth Traveler Sun nonetheless the next morning, Tianhua unfortunately had little advantage against the strategic prowess that Sun could pull off simply with his shortness and speed, and was thus captured and thrown into the gaols with his counterpart, Nezha, back at the camp of Shang in short time. Deng Jiugong, who was naturally exceedingly delighted at the simultaneous victories of his vanguard, created another banquet to honor Sun, where they both drank merrily for hours upon end. Carelessly allowing himself to become rather drunk with dulled senses, Deng Jiugong declared that if Sun was able to essentially subdue the Western Foothills through the potential capture of rebel commander Jiang Ziya, he would give him his precious daughter as a token of gratitude. Being

overjoyed at the prospect of obtaining Chanyu, Earth Traveler Sun appeared before the gates of Phoenix City at the brink of dawn the next morning; and upon the calling of Jiang Ziya to show himself, the prime minister realized that he would be looked upon as a fool if he was not to confront a mere boy, and thus exited the camp gates with generals to his right and left. Charging upon the rebel commander with heightened confidence, Earth Traveler Sun deployed his Celestial Binding Rope following a few volleys; but to his overpower upon immediate retort of the enemy, the prime minister was carried back to safety while the Zhou forces fought with even greater vigor.

Having his Celestial Binding Rope still tightly bound upon the prime minister, and considering the current overpower on the side of Zhou, Sun had little choice but to retreat in a state of intense rage at the thought of his rope being taken away from his grasp permanently — thus increasing the probability of loss rather than an essential victory. As the Zhou forces returned to the Phoenix City, each general realized that the rope around the prime minister only grew tighter around his body whenever an individual attempted its removal.

Yang Bliss, who was naturally akin to such situations, placed a single magical charm upon the rope, which caused it to fall to the ground immediately following. Informing the prime minister that such a rope was none other than the 'Celestial Binding Rope', and was used by Krakucchanda within the Vehement Flame Trap, Yang Bliss obtained consenting to meet Earth Traveler Sun the following day to ask the reason behind Sun's actions — and more importantly, how he even obtained the rope.

Confronting Sun the next day, the lad had little patience for talk and immediately bound the celestial foe with a secondary rope made of the hardest mineral while returning to the Shang camp in a state of satisfaction over his victory. As Yang Bliss easily slipped from such bonds and sent his Sky Barking Hound upon Earth Traveler Sun in surprise, Sun had little time to react, and immediately burrowed deeply into the ground.

Being slightly frightened at such an unexpected art, Yang Bliss fled back to Phoenix City shortly to elaborate the current situation with Prime Minister Jiang Ziya. Now fully realizing that Sun possesses the ability to travel underground at will, and that he would more than likely seize such an ability to attempt a full-scale assault upon the capital city in unpredictable locations, Jiang Ziya and Yang Bliss thought throughout the day as to how such potential danger could be erased.

Taking immediate preparations, the prime minister moved King Wu safely to a neighboring mansion while generals and countless mirrors were hung about the city gates. As Jiang Ziya had thus sheltered King Wu safely away from any potential harm, that evening Earth Traveler Sun burrowed beneath Phoenix City's gates.

And upon the realization that Jiang Ziya was heavily guarded by soldiers from every direction, which was close to what he thought to have been the rebel commander's mansion, Sun decided to roam around until he was led in the direction of the palace, which exude forth music into the air. Seeing a man of kingly appearance who he had assumed to have been King Wu, Earth Traveler Sun emerged from the ground beneath once the great clamor had stopped, and the king

was supposedly asleep and easily harmful. Approaching the king's bed and cleaving off the former's head, Sun noticed a woman of exceeded beauty sleeping near his fallen victim. Closing near upon this woman, Yang Bliss suddenly emerged forth from the darkness and forcefully grappled ahold of Sun, while carrying him cautiously in the air lest he manages to flee through the ground.

Approaching Jiang Ziya shortly following, the order to execute Earth Traveler Sun was given; but, to their ill-fortune, Sun struggled to such an extent to which he was able to essentially reach the ground and burrow away from trouble. As the young lad had meanwhile returned to the side of Commander Deng Jiugong, while elaborating the unfortunate happenings, Yang Bliss departed to Dragon Squeezing Mountain in order to discuss the current happenings with Krakucchanda, who he assumed to have been Sun's master.

Chapter 55

Submission of Earth Traveler Sun

As Yang Bliss continued along to the residence of Krakuchanda of Dragon Squeezing Mountain, he happened upon a neighboring mountain, where he had noticed an extravagant mansion known as "The Green Phoenix Palace". Suddenly noticing a beautiful woman exit the palace's outer gates while he sat behind a pine tree fully observing the situation, he politely bowed before her upon approach, and inquired her knowledge of a boy by the name of "Earth Traveler Sun", who was the current cause of trouble within the Western Foothills. Happening to know the young lad through his constant behavior of roaming about between regions, she informed Yang Bliss that he was indeed a disciple of Krakucchanda — so the matter should thus be easily subdued if the latter was elaborated on the current circumstances.

Receiving her name as being "*Princess Dragon Ji, daughter of the Jade Emperor*" — who had been exiled to this specific mountain after performing many accidents simultaneously — Yang Bliss kowtowed in thanks while continuing along the direction to Krakucchanda's residence. As he approached a large swamp with a storm rising violently throughout the air, a large dragon-like beast with sword-sharp teeth emerged from the water's depths, lunging forth at the former while being thirty-feet in overall heights.

Using his hands to unleash cracks of lightning upon this beast, which sent it into immediate flight, Yang Bliss pursued it within a large cave without a single moment of hesitation. Shining brilliant rays of light from his eyes as a method to see eternal light even inside a purely dark cave, Yang Bliss happened upon a double-edged cutless with three sharp points laid upon a parcel as he approached the far end of the cave, not finding a single trace of the beast he had clashed with prior.

Finding a shining yellow gown inside the parcel, which fortunately fit him perfectly, he took ahold of the cutless and began to stride out of the cave before hearing the unexpected voice of two individuals, who exclaimed him to be a thief. These individuals, who were none other than the Golden Fleece Lads of Mount Wuyi, noticed that the thief was none other than their master. Upon a traditional kowtow of apologies, while allowing their master to receive the gown and sword as a gift, Yang Bliss instructed them to return to the Western Foothills and inform Prime Minister Jiang Ziya of his past happenings with a woman by the name of Dragon Ji after elaborating her words in full detail to his two disciples.

As the two lads thus used the sword of Yang Bliss as proof of their identities as disciples of the former, they arrived before the Prime Minister's mansion shortly and elaborated their master's words to Jiang Ziya himself.

With Yang Bliss's arrival at Krakucchanda's residence, he asked if he knew a certain lad by the name of "Earth Traveler Sun", who happened to be using a Celestial Binding Rope against the Western Foothill cause. Knowing that his rope was missing, and Earth Traveler Sun would be the kind to act against his word to such an extent, Krakucchanda believed Yang's words, and declared that he should

arrive at the Western Foothills in short time. As both Yang Bliss and Krakucchanda had arrived at separate moments to elaborate the situation's truth, Jiang Ziya personally approached the Shang camp and began to inspect it from the shadows. Deng Jiugong, who knew that the situation most obviously suggested a potential trap, ordered Earth Traveler Sun, who was a master at any such predicament, to charge forth at the rebel commander and capture him if at all possible.

Strongly resolved to do away with Jiang Ziya for the sake of obtaining the hand of the beautiful Deng Chanyu, Earth Traveler Sun burrowed his way to the enemy's position and immediately lunged from the ground to deploy his Celestial Binding Rope, which he happened upon within the capital city during his former night attack.

Realizing that his rope mysteriously stayed afloat in mid-air whenever he attempted to wield it's power, as was the same for his secondary rope, he suddenly caught sight of his master descending from the heavens, and thus began to burrow into the ground as a means of escape. Taking immediate action, Krakucchanda slammed his palm upon the ground, turning it into iron and resulting in an easy capture of the unfortunate Earth Traveler Sun, who happened not to flee in time. Presenting his disciple before the feet of Jiang Ziya, Krakucchanda demanded the reason as to why he acted against his authority in such an impulsive manner.

He informed his master that a man by the name of "Shen Gongbao" had enticed him to attack the Western Foothills, for he would never have a chance at greatness in any other manner employable. Additionally he stated that he was greatly encouraged by Deng Jiugong, his commander, to destroy the Western Foothills for the sake of obtaining the hand of Deng Chanyu, a beautiful woman that was the former's daughter.

Taking such statements into consideration, Krakucchanda realized through divination that Sun was supposedly destined to be married to this "Deng Chanyu", and thus suggested to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya that a matchmaker should be found — who in this case was chosen to be none other than San Yisheng.

Consenting to such a suggestion, Jiang Ziya told San Yisheng upon the latter's arrival to see Commander Deng Jiugong of Shang about a certain matter that involves Earth Traveler Sun's marriage to his daughter, Deng Chanyu. As the supreme minister was elaborated on the issue further before taking any form of leave, Deng Jiugong had obtained word some time before on the capture of his vanguard, and began to fume in frustration as to be expected.

Chapter 56

The Conflict for the sake of Reputation

As San Yisheng had approached the Shang camp, he was refused any potential entrance, for Deng Jiugong personally stated that he was not in any position to meet the former, out of fear that any furthered amount of demoralization would come about his soldiers. With San Yisheng's consistent protests, and Tai Luan's suggestion to allow the Supreme Minister entrance for the sake of furthered observation, the two individuals met each other shortly, where they exchanged traditional bows of greeting as respective enemies. As San Yisheng began to elaborate the issue concerning Earth Traveler Sun's supposedly destined marriage to the former's daughter as an unavoidable matter, he asked for Jiugong's decision on the matter.

Deng Jiugong, who knew that Earth Traveler Sun must have spout such words in order to ensure his own potential safety, retorted his intentions to never allow any individual the hand of his precious daughter, and that the rebel commander was simply spouting nonsense for the sake of reconciliation. San Yisheng vaguely recalled his original statement to Sun that involved giving him Chanyu if the Western Foothills were conquered. He received such words, and told the commander that such a statement could easily be proven as the resolving figure of Sun's determination, and if it was to be retracted as a mere child's game, Jiugong might lose an extent of reputation amongst the populace and would naturally lose faith amongst the greater whole of Shang.

Taking these words into consideration, General Tai Luan secretly whispered a plan into the commander's ear, who in turn lightened with delight, and declared to San Yisheng that he should do as the latter advises, but was in need of carefully discussing such information to Chanyu before forming any final decision. As San Yisheng was clearly glad to hear such words, he returned to Phoenix City to report the Shang commander's declaration immediately following.

Meanwhile, Tai Luan elaborated his plan in great length, suggesting that a capable individual should first tell the prime minister that Chanyu had consented but in fear that such words were only involving some form of trap that would end to her detriment. And she was in need of seeing Jiang Ziya in order for the information to be confirmed, and without any additional risk adding upon her part.

In doing so, a great feast would be prepared for the rebel commander, but, at a time of advantage, men should be ordered to seize the former at a set signal. Consenting to such a plan would be of great risk to his reputation, but an opportunity to act in the greater good, Deng Jiugong ordered Tai Luan to appear before Phoenix City with such a message in hand. Allowing the individual presence within the city, he appeared before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya and began to elaborate his master's words, declaring that the day after tomorrow should be chosen for the marriage, with the honor of the prime minister and San Yisheng to personally lead his son-in-law to the ceremonial region.

In return giving a reply of consent, Tai Luan returned to the side of his commander. Jiugong, knowing that such a resolution was the only true rational

choice on the part of Ziya, had already made careful preparations in order to ensure that over three-hundred set warriors were placed in regions that would not only allow them secrecy from any potential enemy, but would additionally allow a quick strike when the signal for attack was called. As the second day had thus arrived in quick time, Jiang Ziya, who knew that the possibility for Jiugong to attempt deceitful measures was exceedingly likely, additionally placed his forces in set regions that would ensure his essential safety from the enemy.

However, just to ensure that everything ends in his own victory with a personal taste of deceit, Jiang Ziya, still present within Phoenix City that morning, specifically told Earth Traveler Sun to enter the back camp and carry away Deng Chanyu at the first hearing of cannon roar. With the arrival of mid-afternoon, San Yisheng and Jiang Ziya appeared before the camp of Shang, to which they exchanged proper courtesies before taking their seats inside the camp gates.

As Jiang Ziya's generals brought forth many presents of the celebration before Deng Jiugong and the soldiers present, Xin Jia of Zhou suddenly ignited the fuse of a large cannon hidden within a box, creating an earth shaking explosion and clouding the air with dirt. With the rebel commander's courtiers unleashing forth their hidden weapons while charging forth at Deng Jiugong, who was startled out of his very imagination, fled from the camp with Tai Luan, but became hemmed in by the forces of Zhou, which had surrounded the camp from strategic points while wiping out any opposition from outside.

Managing to flee nonetheless, Jiang Ziya's forces poured forward, overpowering the great power of Shang with the element of surprise. With Deng Jiugong fleeing to the south amongst such great confusion, Chanyu and other such generals and soldiers went in pursuit of their commander. But Chanyu was unfortunately seized at a sudden moment by the Celestial Binding Rope of Earth Traveler Sun — which was temporarily allowed to him by his master — resulting in the forces of Shang desperately regrouping at Mount Western Foothills after being pursued by the Zhou forces for a lengthened period of time. Feeling exceedingly deep remorse and fear at the sight of his daughter not being present to any extent, Deng Jiugong felt utterly humiliated at his stupidity for allowing such an incident to come about so easily.

Meanwhile back at Phoenix City, Jiang Ziya suggested to Krakucchanda that the marriage between Deng Chanyu and Earth Traveler Sun should not be delayed any further. The latter in return stated his consenting. Ordering a maidservant to attend to Chanyu's needs as a resolution, Chanyu knew that the situation prior was only meant to seize Jiang Ziya, she fell to the ground and began to weep silently at the unfortunate reality of her situation, which was being married to Earth Traveler Sun.

Accepting such circumstances nonetheless as being for the benefit of her father above all else, and for any potential chance at seizing Jiang Ziya's life, Deng Chanyu gave herself in to the lustful Earth Traveler Sun, to which the latter unleashed his "inner essence" with keen anticipation throughout that night upon his lover.

As Jiang Ziya had confronted the two individuals the following day, Deng Chanyu declared her intentions to persuade her father into surrender, considering

the current circumstances. Knowing that Deng Jiugong more than likely possesses a small remaining force at his disposal, and there was a high chance that Chanyu would defect at a moment of advantage if the time arises, Jiang Ziya allowed her leave with a large army under the flag of Zhou, completely prepared to take any measures for the means of success.

Arriving before the camp of Shang, after obtaining report on its specific whereabouts from neighboring scouts along the mountain, Chanyu was allowed entrance before her father. She not only exclaimed to him her forced marriage to Earth Traveler Sun, but declared that an alliance with the Western Foothills would be the best choice at hand considering the length of time it would take to obtain any potential reinforcements and the stricken morale it would cause to currently assaulted passes under the flag of Shang. Thus encouraging them to submit to the rebelling nobles.

Seeing the rationality of her daughter, Deng Jiugong decided that submission was indeed the best option considering the current circumstances. As soldiers of Zhou reported such a statement to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya shortly following, Jiang Ziya joyfully ordered his attendants to march from the city to meet Commandeering Deng. Confronting the commander as he arrived, they both took each other's hand in mutual respect and entered the Silver Security Hall for a banquet of celebration towards their newly confirmed comrade.

Many soldiers that escaped from the Western Foothills reported such an incident to Han Rong of Sishui Pass, who in return sent an immediate report to Supreme Minister Zhang Qian of Morning Song. Ascending the Star Picking Mansion in meeting before King Zhou, the king became very wrathful at such an unexpected report, and thus called a conference before his ministers in order to determine how to make up for Deng Jiugong's defection.

Fei Lian, who secretly despised the Shang Dynasty and assisted in any manner that would result in its eventual downfall, suggested that Su Hu, Marquis of Jizhou, should be sent as commander of the expedition. For he was an imperial relative of the king, and would certainly make every effort to destroy the Western Foothills for the sake of his relation and mutual benefit with the Shang Dynasty. Setting aside Su Hu's original rebellion against the dynasty as simply being a result of bad circumstances, King Zhou sent an imperial decree to Jizhou at once, appointing Su Hu as expeditionary commander against the Western Foothills.

Chapter 57

The Resolve of Su Hu

As the royal messenger was received with customary rites of incense burning while being seen off shortly following, Su Hu announced that evening before his fellow generals and relatives that he had been appointed as expeditionary commander. An opportunity that he could easily seize in order to ally himself with the Western Foothills as he intended for far too long. Obtaining mutual consent amongst the greater whole of his generals with such intentions in mind, Su Hu gathered an army of 100,000 soldiers before leaving Jizhou and marching swiftly to the Western Foothills. Camping immediately upon his arrival, three days passed without any sign of movement on the part of the Shang forces.

Obtaining report that Su Hu was the expeditionary commander, and would more than likely submit out of his past dissatisfaction against King Zhou, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the camp of Shang upon Jiang Ziya's consenting; and to his surprise, a man by the name of Zhao Bing charged defiantly from the camp, furiously clashing his blade against the former's.

As Yellow Flying Tiger easily took Zhao Bing captive that morning, Zheng Lun, who had no intention whatsoever to serve the Western Foothill cause in the name of his honor, informed his commander that Yellow Flying Tiger, the former rebel of the Shang Dynasty, had mercilessly taken Zhao captive without a second thought. To which Su Hu retorted by ordering the former to do battle with the rebel, for it would assist both the Western Foothills and that of his reputation under the Shang Dynasty if such an individual was to be disposed of.

Successfully capturing Yellow Flying Tiger as suggested the following morning, Su Hu was enraged at the rebel's conjectured behavior, and thus ordered him to be thrown into the gaols temporarily. Jiang Ziya, who became alarmed at the report of his comrade's capture, was approached by Huang Tianhua, who possessed the intention to meet this "Zheng Lun" in battle. With the Prime Minister's consent, Tianhua approached the battlefield but only received the same fate as his master by the hands of Zheng Lun, while any other soldiers of Zhou that had the intention of reconciliation on the part of Shang got beheaded, much to the lack of Su Hu's knowledge.

Knowing clearly that even if any of his soldiers was to leak such information to his commander, Su Hu would be convinced to destroy Jiang Ziya as a prospect of not only doing away with the country's "evil" for the sake of saving King Wu, but to prevent any potential attack from neighboring comrades, who would be eager to acquire the title of expeditionary commander as their own while easily being able to kill Su Hu with the former evidence of his deceit.

Realizing that Su Hu had no intentions for reconciliation whatsoever, despite Yellow Flying Tiger's words, Jiang Ziya deployed both Earth Traveler Sun and Deng Chanyu to the front, to which they were confronted by Zheng Lun. Laughing heartily at a mere young lad approaching him and boasting many words of overconfidence, Zheng Lun disassociated himself from Chanyu and began to lunge violently upon Earth Traveler Sun. Realizing that the pesky kid had great

speed and sank beneath the ground whenever a threatening blow was issued forth, Zheng Lun, who began to perspire in his frustration, unleashed two beams of light that forced Sun into unconsciousness, resulting in easy capture. Unfortunately however, at the very moment he commanded his crow soldiers to take the captive back to their main camp, Chanyu seized the moment to launch a golden pebble into Zheng Lun's forehead at incredible speed, forcing him into retreat with his face covered in blood.

As Earth Traveler Sun was successfully placed before the feet of Su Hu, the latter ordered his immediate execution through beheading, knowing that it would be far too risky to keep a young boy that supposedly possesses such a rare ability alive. Escaping through the ground as he broke free from his bonds in fear, both Su Hu and Zheng Lun became enraged at such a turn of events, and thus became resolved to attack the city the following morning. Zheng Lun, who adopted such determination, was confronted by Nezha after essentially healing his wound — even though he intended to see Chanyu, who he greatly hated for humiliating his pride.

Realizing very shortly that the man confronting him was a celestial with great renown in the art of spear, Zheng Lun deployed his beams of light consecutively; but alas, for it did not have any effect on Nezha whatsoever. Being stricken with fear at his trump card being of lack, Nezha impatiently thrust forward his Universal Ring, breaking the bones within Zheng Lun's back and forcing his soldiers to assist him into retreat.

Su Hu, who became saddened and enraged in entirety at the condition of his general, declared that the ability of Jiang Ziya's generals was evidentially dangerous, and surrender might be the better option in order to ensure that the rebel commander falls internally one way or the other for the benefit of King Wu. Seeing his commander's words as being rational and more potentially profitable than of any detriment, Zheng Lun still embraced the pride and honor within his heart and fully declared that he would find one way or the other in order to ensure that Jiang Ziya and his generals fall by the resolve wielded in his two hands.

Resolved to give in to the Western Foothills only when his head was separated from his body, Su Hu knew the situation could not heed his fellow comrade, and thus approached Yellow Flying Tiger and began to show him great kindness in hopes to eventually seize Jiang Ziya's life in the name of his virtue. Preparing a feast and allowing Yellow Flying Tiger passage back to Phoenix City in open arms, Su Hu began to form a written letter to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya stating mutual cooperation in a pre-set night raid that would end in Zheng Lun's capture on the side of Zhou.

However, at this same point in time, a man by the name of "Lu Yue" was allowed entrance within the Shang camp, to which he declared his intentions to dispose of Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya by order of Shen Gongbao. Allowing this man a seating within the camp, who was of Taoist heritage, he requested to see Zheng Lun upon hearing of the latter's many cries of pain, and thus healed his wounds with a mere droplet of water as a showing of his magical renown being far exceeding that of an ordinary Taoist. Zheng Lun, who was grateful beyond words, declared Lu Yue as "master" while falling to the ground in formal kowtow. Waiting several days following and disallowing Su Hu to send any further "mutual"

communication with the Zhou forces — thus disposing of his prior intentions — Lu Yue acquired the assistance of four Taoist men who known as Zhou Xin, Li Qi, Zhu Tianlin, and Yang Wenhui. As Su Hu took notice of these four individuals, he knew that his chances of success against Jiang Ziya was heightened, but due to not being able to enforce his former words to Yellow Flying Tiger, he felt a level of shame and embarrassment. Now that Lu Yue obtained the mutual support of the Shang army, he sent forth one of his four disciples to do battle against the Phoenix City.

Chapter 58

Lu Yue, the God of the Plague

This certain man deployed was none other than Zhou Xin, who was met shortly by Jinzha outside the eastern gates of Phoenix City. Fleeing faintly following a few rounds of battle, Zhou Xin struck his pair of chimes three consecutive times, sending Jinzha fleeing into Phoenix City in a great headache, fearing prior that such a factor could have led to his potential death if he had not fled. The day following such an incident, Li Qi appeared before the enemy's gates only to be confronted by Muzha, who in turn was resolved to avenge the humiliation that his elder brother had suffered earlier. To the detriment of Muzha, however, Li Qi waved a large pennant several times, resulting in the former turning exceedingly pale with the feeling of intense fire burning within his flesh.

Fleeing back to the capital city in fear at knowing his current vulnerability, he fell to the ground and began to foam at the mouth — a point to which he was no longer conscious. Hearing from Li Qi of his two consecutive victories, despite not taking the former foes captives, Lu Yue began to sing in great joy knowing that the magical prowess within the hands of his disciples was truly unrivaled. As like the two days prior, Zhu Tianlin volunteered to meet the opposition the day following, to which he was confronted by Thunder-quaker.

Experiencing great difficulty in striking at Thunder-quaker — as the latter constantly used the vantage of his wings to evade any potential attack — Tianlin retreated a set distance before suddenly landing a blow upon Thunder-quaker at an unexpected angle, forcing him to fall to the ground with intense gravitational pull being thrust upon his body. Despite such a disadvantage, Thunder-quaker managed to kick about a great measure of sand with the strength left within his wings, resulting in more or less lucky escape. As Thunder-quaker returned to Phoenix City with the assistance of neighboring scouts, Jiang Ziya received report that a fourth man had just confronted their territory. A man seemingly different from the three originally confronted.

This individual, who was expectedly Yang Wenhui, was met in short measure by Dragon Beard Tiger, a man to which he considered exceedingly strange in appearance. As Dragon Beard began to unleash volleys of stones upon the opposition, Wenhui retorted by negating each attack with the swift movement of his silver-edged whip; the Zhou general had little choice but to flee, knowing that his technique proved fruitless against such a foe. The Prime Minister being highly distressed at such continued happenings, obtained report that a fifth Taoist with three eyes had just appeared before the city's gates.

Riding forth from the gates with generals at his right and left hands, Jiang Ziya confronted this man — who was known as "Lu Yue" — and immediately realized that he must be the reason as to why Su Hu had not been won over at the beginning — for he eternally trusted the words of Yellow Flying Tiger and knew that Su Hu must have been controlled due to such assumed intentions. As the generals of Zhou impulsively charged and surrounded Lu Yue from all sides, not intending on giving in to any form of reconciliation that could end with detriment, Zheng Lun immediately assisted his master with immense speed; but at the

moment to which he caught sight of Huang Tianhua, he immediately realized that Su Hu must have set free the former in an eventual attempt at Jiang Ziya's life. Knowing that the situation at hand was of far greater benefit with Lu Yue at his side, Zheng Lun thrust his club at the youthful warrior, but was met by Nezha in merely an instant.

As Lu Yue began to consider the situation with desperation, he transformed himself into an enormous beast with six heads and sword-like fangs. Unfortunately however, Yang Bliss seized such a moment to shoot Lu Yue consecutively with his golden balled bow, forcing the latter into immediate retreat with a wounded Zheng Lun tailing behind him. Grinning with delight nonetheless upon his return to the Shang camp, Lu Yue first healed his disciple's wound with an elixir pill before ordering his other four disciples to scatter forth many plague pills within the rivers, streams, creeks, and ponds that were used as provisional supplies for the benefit of the Zhou forces and fellow civilian of Phoenix City.

The people of Phoenix City, who did not visibly notice any difference in their natural consumable water, fell right and left, torn apart by a hideous plague that spread about as a resolution of their unknowing. As all generals disclouing that of Nezha and Yang Bliss were also affected by this plague, Zheng Lun obtained the consenting of both of his commanders, and charged at the city gates with high morale and great determination to prove his past defeats as being a mere strike of bad luck. To his immediate surprise however, he took notice of many soldiers gathered before the city wall ready to pounce upon him as if it was an ambush rather than an act of desperation as he would have naturally considered.

Cautioning the situation, Zheng Lun decided to return to the side of Lu Yue, where he elaborated the evidence that Phoenix City was seemingly strongly guarded. Yang Bliss, who had created many false warriors out of grass while molding their figures with the assistance of his magic prowess, began to perspire, knowing that he had little more than a few hours left to preserve such a tactic. At such a critical moment in time, Yellow Dragon and Jade Tripod had originally felt in their minds an unpredictable happening could have taken place, and thus arrived within Phoenix City and greeted Jiang Ziya and King Wu, to which they were enlightened about the situation.

With such knowledge, Tripod ordered his disciple, Yang Bliss, to head immediately to Fire Cloud Cave for the sake of obtaining elixirs from the "Three Holy Masters" while he personally continues the original grass-soldier technique in the latter's stead. Obeying his master's command and arriving shortly before the intentioned cavern, Yang was allowed entry after obtaining the consenting of a Taoist lad, where he confronted the three masters, *"Emperor Sky, Emperor Earth, and Emperor Mankind."*

Kowtowing before Fu Xi, the Emperor of Sky, and elaborating the rationale behind his arrival, Fu Xi asked Shen Nong to hand the former three specialized elixirs that could negate such a continued tragedy in entirety. As Shen Nong consented, he additionally handed Yang Bliss a magical herb that possessed the ability to cure any infectious disease if boiled in water; Yang thus left shortly afterwards, fully grateful for the kindness recently considered towards the cause he fought for. Using every such instruction noted with the three elixir pills present, the plague dispersed at a quick pace while the magical herb cured the diseases that

had been previously rampant. At this same point in time, Lu Yue, after hearing Zheng Lun's words prior, and concluding that their former stand was only a final desperate movement, besieged the city from all external provisions for an entire week, longing for the people of Zhou to feel great humiliation in the face of the greater power wielded within his palm.

As Su Hu was naturally unwilling to accept such a truth after seeing the evidence of Lu Yue's former defeat, he scoped the city from a high position and realized that full activity was present within the capital city — concluding that such a plague obviously did not have any visible effect. Returning to the camp and scolding Lu Yue for not being aware of the situation, Lu Yue, in his enraged wonder, saw the truth with his own eyes, and thus ordered his five disciples to immediately strike the city from all directions with a combined force of 15,000 soldiers. As the people of Phoenix City had not recovered their strength after such a plague was only recently diminished, Nezha, Yang Bliss, Yellow Dragon, and Jade Tripod all headed to the four gates in order to block the opposition's assault from all sides.

Chapter 59

Awakening of the Left Arm of Succession

As the Shang forces charged through the four gates with supreme resolve for victory after such a long period of suspense, Lu Yue himself broke through the northern gate only to nearly crush Yellow Dragon to death in his six-headed, three-armed form. As Yang Bliss had meanwhile held off the enemy forces leaking into the eastern gate while ordering soldiers to find regions of safety for the common civilians to take shelter, he immediately charged forward, slashing the invading General Zhou Xin into two vertical halves in a single cleaving of his sword. With the Shang forces within the east being effectively beaten back as a result of their leader's death, Yang Bliss seized the moment to assist Jade Tripod at the southern gates against Zhu Tianlin.

As Nezha slashed apart Li Qi at the western gate with the great renown of his fire-tipped lance, he was allowed entry to assist the troubled Yellow Dragon at the northern gate against Yang Wenhui and the overpowering Lu Yue. Unfortunately, at such a moment in time, Tianlin had been killed in addition, resulting in all four celestials charging forth upon Lu Yue, who ground his teeth in great frustration and rage at the prospect of his ambitions being failed.

Fleeing at the moment to which he realized the situation was dire he managed to reach the neighboring hills with Wenhui, mind the loss of his left arm during such a violent feud. Sitting beside a rock and attending to his crucial wound, Lu Yue greatly considered the visiting of his former colleague, Shen Gongbao, until a strange man with a battle club appeared before the former, declaring his name as being "Wei Hu".

Declaring that he had been looking for a man by the name of "Lu Yue" upon order of his master, Divine Virtue, Yang Wenhui became exceedingly fearful for the safety of his master, and out of immediate impulse, began striking violently forth at the opposition with his silver-edged whip — much to Lu Yue's detriment, who was now put into an even greater situation of danger as he had realized.

Unfortunately however, Wei Hu possessed exceeded speed despite the wielding of his powerful club; and as a resolution, Wenhui was immediately overpowered and smashed directly in the head by the former's weapon, forcing Lu Yue to flee on a beam of light, knowing that the situation was hopeless even though revenge was strongly boiling within his blood. Being told the specific route of arrival to Phoenix City by his master at a prior time, Wei Hu shortly arrived before the presence of the Prime Minister, to which he reported his confrontation with a man that was supposedly Lu Yue, while additionally declaring his intentions to serve under the former as a new assistance to their cause.

Meanwhile, Su Hu obtained report on the disappearance of Lu Yue, and thus began to counsel his vanguard general, Zheng Lun, on his former plan that he believed to be the best according to the situation. Zheng Lun, who possessed strong intentions of loyalty, declared his commander's form of action would never be able to bear fruit. And if Lu Yue were to obtain knowledge on such a desperate movement that proved to be against his direct intentions, he would naturally feel

resentment and great jealousy for missing an opportunity that was handed into the arms of individuals who were truly undeserving of such a chance. Therefore strengthening the probability that he would find one way or another to act in impulsive defiance, leading for their eventual intentions to be nullified in one form or the other. As Pure Essence was meditating in his cave, he shortly obtained report via the hand of White Crane Lad on the invitation to attend his master's banquet in celebration of Jiang Ziya's future position of commander against the Shang Dynasty.

Seeing the lad off, Pure Essence believed that considering Ziya would soon obtain the title of Commander against King Zhou, to which he was "destined" to strike the five passes in short measure, Yin Hong, the secondary son of King Zhou, who was now his very own disciple, could be used as a keen figure to act against the morale of the opposition, and prove to the populace that their cause was truly for the greater good — considering that the matter of Yin Hong's disappearance was widely unknown to the populace, and can thus be used as a great factor for the Shang soldiers of higher morals and would to strike back at their king if the situation was called for. With such a thought clearly in his mind, Yin Hong was called to his side and elaborated about his intentions to send him as an assistant factor with Jiang Ziya.

Yin Hong, in return, declared the great hatred he possessed towards his father. A hatred that he was willingly to embrace even if it cost him his own life. Handing the resolute Yin Hong his Purple Fairy Longevity Robe, the Yin Yang Mirror, and his Water Fire Sword, Pure Essence clearly knew that Yin Hong possesses great resolve to dispose of his father, but he still might return to the side of Shang if he was to be treated with reciprocated feelings within the hearts of commanders loyal to the dynasty — considering that he would indeed do anything for the greater good. Pure Essence thus commanded his disciple to say an oath in pledge. Realizing that his master's trust was of the utmost importance, Yin Hong declared that his body might be burned to ash if he was to defy the former's wishes.

He then set out to the Western Foothills after receiving careful instruction from his master, to which he made his way through a mountain he thought beautiful, before being confronted by a strange brute-like warrior who possessed the immediate impulse to protect his homeland from all intruders. Being stricken with fear as this brute not only lashed at him with his two ridged staves, but was additionally reinforced by a comrade of similar appearance, Yin Hong unleashed the white side of the Yin Yang Mirror, effectively absorbing the souls of the two warriors and rendering them as nothing more than mere corpses to the soil.

As two more men rushed forth from the shadows to attack, with the first falling to the mirror's unparalleled ability, the latter of the two fell to his knees and pleaded forgiveness, to which he soon realized that the young man standing before him was none other than Yin Hong, the second son of King Zhou. Receiving pleas to spare the former three individuals that the fourth had not realized were in truth dead, Yin Hong was naturally compassionate despite the danger of the situation, and thus flashed the red side of the mirror, bringing the three warriors back to life, who additionally prostrated themselves upon realization of the personage before them. These four men — Liu Fu, Gou Zhang, Bi Huan, and the fourth, Pang Hong — explained to the prince that they were four outlaws of the Shang Dynasty who live

in their homeland — the Yellow Peak Range on Mount Two Dragons — in order to acquire some means of reputation as protectors of such a region, despite their being nothing more than bandits due to not possessing the ability of becoming government authorized generals. As Yin Hong declared his own intentions to serve under the benevolent King Wu, and such for being the reasoning behind his appearance in their territory, he essentially obtained the mutual support of these three men shortly following, who, in return, vowed to serve under Yin Hong with the 3,000 outlaws under their command out of means to obtain the reputation they have longed for.

As the entourage continued their march towards the Western Foothills, a man of Taoist appearance riding a celestial tiger of silver fur descended before their army from the north. This man was none other than the reputed leading figure against Jiang Ziya, Shen Gongbao, who was shortly allowed presence before Yin Hong, to which he inquired the identity of the leader and where he intended on traveling to.

Upon realization that this young man was Prince Yin Hong, and possessed the resolved intentions to act against the world of his father, Shen Gongbao laughed aloud, stating that a son of royal class should never attack his father no matter how immoral and hated he might be, great political detriment would result from such an action and his ancestral temples and name would be shamed for generations to come, ensuring that the Shang Dynasty was thrown to the mud in disgrace.

Yin Hong, who clearly saw the logic in his words, and considered the possibility that his master was truly intending on deceiving him, cast aside his oath upon Gongbao's reassurance and thanked the Taoist for truly enlightening him. As both parted ways in satisfaction, Pang Hong and the other three leaders lost a large amount of confidence in the competence of their leader, but nonetheless decided on following Yin Hong in the name of the Shang, and only defect if the situation does not prove fruitful. Changing the banners to the insignia of the Shang Dynasty, with Pang Hong's instructorship over such a task, they soon recognized flags of similar relation far to the north, to which they were told that Commander Su Hu was stationed at such a region through the helpful ears of Shang scouts along the perimeter.

Grinding his teeth in frustration at the prospect of assisting the father of the wicked Daji — who had been the reason behind his mother's cruel death — Yin Hong nonetheless approached Su Hu's camp and sent forth Pang Hong as messenger. As Su Hu obtained word that a man by the name of "*Prince Yin*" had arrived and wished to see him. He immediately suspected that this supposed "prince" might in fact be one of the two heirs of the Shang Dynasty, who were blown away by the wind seven years into the past, and thus left the camp at once with Zheng Lun by his side.

Su Hu realized upon entry that the second crown prince, Yin Hong, had survived and prospered through the help of a certain immortal by the name of "Pure Essence", and had risen an army in the name of his father. Su Hu knew clearly that such a chance would greatly benefit his reputation under the dynasty and certainly heighten his current chances of conquering the enemy, Jiang Ziya. Yin Hong thus left the camp the following day with the four outlaw generals by his side

while Yellow Flying Tiger, upon retortion, charged from the city gates with his sons. Not recognizing the man standing before him, Yin Hong drew his halberd and charged at the opposition with full intent to ensure unconditional victory for the sake of his reputation.

Chapter 60

The “Three-handed” Beast fights under the Veil of Princely Repute

Yin Hong, who though being trained continuously in the art of combat by his master, Pure Essence, for the past seven years, could not handle the great prowess that Yellow Flying Tiger possessed, and was thus immediately reinforced by Pang Hong lest he was to suffer any form of crucial harm.

Fearing the condition of his fellow general as he desperately clashed against the veteran warrior, Yin Hong strode forward between their duel, flashing the white side of the mirror into Yellow Flying Tiger's eyes at a sudden instant, forcing him to the ground as a lifeless corpse. After additionally performing such an action upon Huang Tianhua, the three remaining sons fled back to the city while Yin Hong and his generals — taking ahold of the two victims — returned to the Shang camp in satisfaction over their first victory.

As Yin Hong flashed the red side into the faces of the two prisoners within the camp of Shang later that day, awakening them instantaneously, Yellow Flying began to angrily criticize the “prince” for being an imposter: *The true Yin Hong should have easily been able to remember that of his savior, considering he even declared his own name within the process of their feud.* Yin Hong, who was startled at the reality that he did not wish to accept, but believed it to be rational for Yellow Flying Tiger to have joined King Wu, freed his old friend from the bonds around him and bowed in respect, allowing the fellow man return to his respective home as a means to return the kindness he had showed him far into the past.

Zheng Lun, who protested that such an action would further decrease the confidence and morale of Shang and destroy an opportunity that could prove crucial to the Zhou forces, was retorted by Ying Hong, who stated that the people know he was fighting for the sake of his reputation, and by showing such a form of kindness, the probability that others should adhere to his call would increase in great fold — considering that their own rank would be duly enhanced, and filial piety was a far more respected motive than blatant rebellion, so even the common man would bow before such courage and strength of leadership and humanity. Zheng Lun, seeing the light of his words, fell into silence, while Yellow Flying Tiger and his son set out at once with thanks.

Advancing to the city wall of Phoenix City the following morning with his renewed generals left and right, Jiang Ziya and his own unit exited the gates and began to do battle against the young prince after a feeble attempt to convince Yin Hong to defect. As their conflict arose, Jiang Ziya had attempted to land a crucial blow upon the young prince with his Staff of Beating Gods, but such a hit was nothing more than the landing of a feather before the ability that Yin Hong's magic robe possessed.

Advancing forward to finish the rebel commander off in such a state of vulnerability, he suddenly gazed to his side only to see his head commander, and trustworthy comrade, Pang Hong, pierced through the heart by Nezha's lance in one immediate attack. Bursting with unparalleled hatred and despair, Yin Hong

furiously charged his halberd into Nezha's body with many thrusts as he continuously attempted to steal the latter's soul with the Yin Yang Mirror to no avail. With Jiang Ziya's immediate order, Deng Chanyu landed a crucial blow into Yin Hong's face with one of her golden pebbles, forcing him to flee back to the Shang camp in great humiliation. Detesting his master for deceiving him to join the ranks of such barbarians who would attempt to take his life at many moments without the slightest remorse or hesitation, the news of Bi Huan's additional death was heard amongst the camp, putting the young prince in an even greater state of despair and hate.

Yang Bliss, who had taken notice of Yin Hong's mirror, and suspecting the probability that such a mirror was belonging to Pure Essence as the rumors hold, was allowed Jiang Ziya's consenting to head before Mount Tainhua in a chance to confront the superior man on the current situation. Entering the Exalted Cloud Cave upon his arrival, and confronting Pure Essence, Yang Bliss soon acquired knowledge that the former's disciple, Yin Hong, was given the Yin Yang Mirror; in response to such a factor, Yang Bliss declared that the prince was attacking the Western Foothills on the contrary. Distressed at the immortal's statement, Pure Essence commanded Yang to return to Phoenix City while he makes his own preparations before departure, to which he would confront the prime minister on the matter.

Arriving at the Western Foothills three days into the future, Pure Essence resentfully declared the truth of the matter to Jiang Ziya before personally confronting Yin Hong later that day within the Shang camp. As Yin Hong confronted his master outside the Shang camp with Liu Fu and Gou Zhong to his right and left, Pure Essence commanded his disciple to stop this nonsensical rebellion and defect to the Western Foothills before any crucial form of harm was forced upon him.

Yin Hong in retortion declared that a son should never cast aside the colossal benefit of his filial piety, and go to the extent of killing his very own father. *"For the people of Zhou are evidentially cruel in their general manner, and by joining such men that cloud their reputation with supposed 'virtue', the Shang name would be naturally thrown to the very dirt in time."*

Pure Essence, who was enraged to hear such words come from his disciple, angrily clashed his sword against the former's halberd, resolved to dispose of anyone — even his own precious disciple — if it meant the enforcement of time's need. Yin Hong, who was overpowered by the strong will of his master, desperately shined the white side of the mirror into the opposition's face; but Pure Essence managed to escape upon a beam of light at that very moment.

Frustrated that his master managed to escape his grasp, thus ensuring furthered annoyance in the future, Yin Hong was nonetheless filled with pride at the evidence that he had the potential to overcome whatever stands before him as long as the mirror was at his side. As Su Hu and the others inquired potential stratagems against the Western Foothills that night, a strange man with fire emitting from the sockets of his eyes and mouth, fully surrounded by a form of skeleton-like armor, approached the camp of Shang, asking to see Prince Yin Hong.

Upon meeting the prince, this fearsome Taoist-warrior, known as "Ma Yuan" of White Bone Cavern on Skeleton Mountain, declared that he had been recently convinced by his friend, Shen Gongbao, to assist the Shang cause against the Western Foothills. Yin Hong, who was naturally delighted to hear the prospect of another warrior by his side, feasted Ma Yuan full with as much meat as the latter had desired.

As Ma Yuan swore to the prince that he would destroy Jiang Ziya for the sake of his friendship with Shen Gongbao and the crucial defeat the former had suffered, he approached Phoenix City that day only to be confronted shortly by the rebel commander and his generals. Declaring his intentions to execute the opposition for the honor of Jie Taoism to which Jiang Ziya had destroyed, Ma Yuan stole his Staff of Beating Gods following a single round of combat while a general by the name of Wu Rong immediately ran to his commander's assistance.

Not longing to waste any amount of time on a mere commoner, Ma Yuan shouted many incantations, giving rise to an enormous "third hand" which sprouted from his back; this hand grabbed ahold of the unfortunate general while smashing him to the ground with unparalleled strength. Stomping on his thighs and tearing his body in two horizontal halves, Ma Yuan tore open Wu Rong's heart and began to devour it lavishly to the terror of all others who happened to be present. Earth Traveler Sun, who was enraged beyond words at such an unexpected sight, wished to seize this moment to acquire potentially great merit, and thus charged at Ma Yuan only to be smashed to the ground in short measure.

As Ma Yuan was astonished to see an enormous whole beneath the crater to which he just smashed his new victim, he had little time to consider the situation. Deng Chanyu unleashed a volley of pebbles upon the beast, forcing him to lunge desperately at the rebel commander. Devouring the heart of a certain individual who happened to get in his way, —who in this case was Yang Bliss — Ma Yuan was still kept at bay by the desperate resolve of the Zhou soldiers. Seeing that he was already crucially suffering from wounds, he openly vowed that Jiang Ziya had one more day to live, and the day following, his life should be torn apart.

Jiang Ziya shivered in terror within the city at the prospect of such a carnivorous beast taking his life in the same manner as suffered by Wu Rong and Yang Bliss. Meanwhile Yin Hong provided a great feasting between that of the generals and Ma Yuan, who, not feeling very well, began to drink a large majority of hot wine upon Zheng Lun's suggestion.

Falling to the floor with an immense stomachache that seemingly grew stronger in pain, Ma Yuan was escorted to the latrine in the back of Shang camp, to which he began to relieve himself. To his great detriment however, the "heart" of Yang Bliss was in fact a specialized form of matter that was constructed with atoms of magic that reduced the user's vital energy dramatically.

As a result of such, Ma Yuan was rendered weak for at least three days of time while Yang Bliss returned to see the Prime Minister, fully elaborating his devious method that should have proved affect to the beast. Being greatly relieved at such news, arrived reportedly Outstanding Culture, who, in return, declared to Jiang Ziya that he had arrived solely out of speculation that his disciple, Ma Yuan, might have been assisting the cause of Shang.

Enlightened with the current situation, Outstanding Culture told Jiang Ziya a specific plan that should result in Ma Yuan's capture based upon the duration of Yang Bliss's former trick. Taking the superior man's instructions into heart, Jiang Ziya approached the camp of Shang on the specified date, and upon the pretense that he intended spying on their encampment, Ma Yuan lunged from the gates on the prince's consent. With rejuvenated power, Ma Yuan charged at Jiang Ziya, who ran away as fast as he could muster.

Chapter 61

The Left Arm vanishes upon a Celestial Bridge of Flame

As Ma Yuan continued to chase the fleeing rebel commander further, he suspected that an ambush or any other form of detriment would arise if he was to act out of impulse, and he thus began to retreat until further provoking words from Jiang Ziya encouraged him to pursue regardless. When dusk had arrived, Jiang Ziya immediately disappeared through the shadows with the help of Outstanding Culture's assistant magic while Ma Yuan, utterly frustrated and full of anxiety as a result of chasing the opposition to such lengths, decided to sit down against a pine tree and camouflage his body as he rests throughout the night.

As a sudden roar of cannon fire awakened his eyes only to catch sight of Jiang Ziya and King Wu drinking at the mountain's summit. Ma Yuan, delighted at this potential moment to kill the rebel commander, climbed the mountain only to find a light cloud of mist evaporate in front of his eyes. And the two individuals being no longer.

Lunging beneath at a mass of enemy soldiers that intended on attacking him with a volley of arrows latched to their bows, Ma Yuan reached the bottom only to find another mass of mist evaporate before his presence. Having such a factor in mind, Ma Yuan deduced that Jiang Ziya must possess a sum of magical attributes to evade his prior pursuit in entirety, while a man — very likely that of a superior man — must be assisting him from the shadows as to explain the creation of such magical trickery recently experienced.

Ma Yuan realized the probability that this man might be that of his master as he considered the timing between his former victory and this humiliating resolution. Ma Yuan knew that return to the Shang camp was of essential. As he began to return, he noticed a young woman laying in the grass nearby calling for assistance after the declaration that she was supposedly suffering from a heart attack. Approaching this woman and receiving immediate plea to return a set amount of hot water so that her life might be saved, Ma Yuan was already exhausted out of hunger, and, not taking another moment, leaped upon the woman and began to drink her blood with both palms.

As Ma Yuan tore open her chest with great astonishment at the lack of any internal organs, he gazed off to the south only to catch sight of a man who he recognized to be his master, Outstanding Culture. Assuming it more probable that his master had arrived out of means that would prove for his detriment, Ma Yuan began to flee at great speeds.

But to his utter astonishment, his arms and legs were stuck within the woman's body — that had mysteriously regenerated its skin — such as that of stone, regardless what he performed in attempt to escape. In a state of despair, Ma Yuan had little choice but to fall to the ground and beg for his life as Outstanding Culture approached with his sword in pose that suggested intentions to behead the former.

To the fortune of Ma Yuan, however, a Buddha from the West known as "Candi" suddenly appeared to convince the enraged master that his disciple was "destined" to become a Buddhist under his jurisdiction within the western region. As Outstanding Culture immediately yielded in respect with full acknowledgement to the former's declaration, Candi walked forward, shaved off Ma Yuan's hair, and then took hold of his hand, offering him the chance to acquire great happiness as a Buddhist within the Eight Virtue Pond, as opposed to living a life of barbaric nature.

Convinced that no form of retaliation could possibly be executed without any means to success, Ma Yuan obediently obeyed Candi's words, and left to the West after Outstanding Culture had forcibly returned the Staff of Beating Gods belonging to that of Jiang Ziya. As Outstanding Culture elaborated the threat of Ma Yuan being no longer to Jiang Ziya within Phoenix City, in the following morning Yang Bliss momentarily stepped forward with report that "Merciful Navigation had arrived".

Being allowed entrance into the Prime Minister's mansion, Merciful Navigation, after traditionally greeting Jiang Ziya with due respect, asked of Pure Essence if he still possesses the magic map to which was handed to him by Lao Tzu some time into the past. Consenting that he was still in possession of such an object, he was informed of a plan by the former that involved the use of Jiang Ziya, and would result in a resolution to which he deemed as unfavorable.

Nonetheless, Pure Essence ensured that such a plan would be carried out at best. Meanwhile, Yin Hong was exceedingly worried over the lengthened disappearance of Ma Yuan, and upon sending scouts to search through neighboring regions for the sake of potentially finding their lost trump card, he prepared Zheng Lun and the others for a major battle that would be unleashed the following day.

He knew that Ma Yuan must have fallen into a trap that was currently well concentrated on by the forces of Zhou, and that his soldiers attained a level of fear as a result of such a prospect. Thus, he used such a fear as the primary factor to strengthen the blades of his soldiers as they assaulted Phoenix City's gates in the intended morning.

Approaching the enemy's gates only to be confronted by Jiang Ziya, Yin Hong exchanged a few blows with his lance before pursuing the fleeing rebel commander into the neighboring wilderness region with Gou Zhang and Liu Fu at his side, ordering the remainder of his soldiers to strike with even greater valiancy during his departure. Relentlessly charging forth at Jiang Ziya in immense speed, entirely confident of the potential victory laying within his very palm, Pure Essence suddenly lunged from the southeast and unrolled Lao Tzu's map, to which a large golden bridge appeared as a pathway of escape for the prime minister.

As the prince boldly pursued Jiang Ziya upon the celestial bridge, regardless of the danger it could have held, he suddenly began to see illusions sprout from every corner of his vision: "Soldiers of Zhou crawled upon the bridge and attempted to strike him with their swords; Jiang Ziya ran at him with his staff lashing about." And, after these images disappeared with a mere variation of his inner thoughts, he found himself greeting Concubine Huang and Concubine Yang back at Morning Song without any reply whatsoever.

Guo Zhong and Liu Fu, seeing their commander walk to and fro in a dazed manner, feared that their chance at greatness would be sullied by this unknown enemy, and they thus lunged across the bridge and pierced their blades into the flesh of Pure Essence. Already being in despair at his required duty "under Heaven's will", Pure Essence, without any form of hesitation, drew his great sword with a horizontal cut, slicing Guo Zhong and Liu Fu into two halves. Being in a state of utter confusion, the hearing of a gentle voice encouraged Yin Hong to gaze up, to which he was confronted by his mother who informed her son that he was in the enemy's trap and would be momentarily burned to ashes.

As he began to yell in great fear at the prospect of such words, he awakened from these illusions with a great level of willpower only to see his master standing mere inches from his body. Pure Essence coldly declared that he had "disobeyed Heaven's will" and would be turned to nothing more than ash as his "destined" punishment. Yin Hong realized the intense desperation of the situation, and thus began to plead to his master, stating that he had been threatened with death by Shen Gongbao.

If he was to oppose Gongbao will and fight under Zhou, and if he wanted to be spared, he would serve under King Wu and help to eradicate all evil within the country as a measure of his gratitude, and the very Heavens would surely rejoice at the former's kindness if such a measure was to be taken. Pure Essence, resolved to accomplish his "duty", was still greatly affected by the words of his disciple, and thus began to roll up the map, causing the bridge to slowly disappear.

Unfortunately, however, Merciful Navigation, out of retortion to such an action, began loudly to criticize Pure Essence if he was to defy Yin Hong's "fate" and thus oppose "Heaven's will". As tears began to flow unrestrainedly from his eyes, his disciple clung to him in despair; but, with a flicking of his fingers upon the map — giving signal for the bridge to become a torrent of flames — Yin Hong let out a single calm cry of betrayal, and disappeared into dust. With his precious disciple being no longer, Pure Essence violently threw aside Lao Tzu's map and began banging his fists upon the ground in utter despair and frustration, knowing that Yin Hong was truly undeserving of such an end that could have been easily altered.

Crying aloud in such a state of mind, Pure Essence cast aside Merciful Navigation's words of comfort and returned to Mount Taihua, already enraged at the probability that no one would wish to study with him in the future after such a cruel incident that he was the cause of. Following such an event, Outstanding Culture and Merciful Navigation reported the happenings to Jiang Ziya — who had returned to Phoenix City shortly following the map's deployment — and followed by taking their own leave shortly afterwards, promising that they would return upon the date of Jiang Ziya's "destined" inauguration.

Su Hu, who saw the enormous torrents of flames shooting to the very heavens at the time of Yin Hong's death, soon obtained word from fleeing soldiers that the prince had vanished in the flames by some incredible source of magic. Being greatly fearful at such words, Su Hu frantically ordered scouts to find and return Ma Yuan, Gou Zhang, and Liu Fu as soon as physically possible — that was, if they were in fact alive. Realizing that his original plan was the only method employable after carefully analyzing the circumstances, Su Hu handed his son a

message that specifically instructed the Prime Minister to launch an attack upon their encampment the following dusk while the family of Su was safely evacuated into the western gate of Phoenix City — and at the same time forcing the defiant Zheng Lun into surrender.

This message was to be latched to an arrow and sent into the enemy city that night. After Su Quanzhong had effectively obeyed the words of his father, Nangong Kuo had found such a missive and immediately handed it to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya, who, upon reading the letter, knew that Su Hu wouldn't be able to pose any form of threat after the death of Yin Hong, and thus made preparations to act without hesitation. Following immediate drilling, Jiang Ziya deployed Generals Nangong Kuo, Yellow Flying Tiger, and Nezha, with set orders of attack.

Meanwhile, Zheng Lun, who knew that his master was more than likely plotting the desperate scheme of giving in to the rebel commander, attempted to send many urgent reports of assistance to Morning Song, but was checked by his commander, who stated that such a task should be considered in the morning as to prevent the messengers from getting lost in the dark of night.

As a resolution, Zheng Lun, who had little intention whatsoever to even momentarily work under the hand of Jiang Ziya — even though being a rational course of action, secretly deployed a small messenger unit that night with ultimate intention to acquire reinforcements at all costs possible. At the very second of sunrise at dusk the following morning, the Zhou army, far overwhelming all external opposition of Shang with sheer numbers at hand, broke into the main encampment at differing directions.

As Zheng Lun engaged the invading Yellow Flying Tiger with great might and firm resolve, reinforcements constantly leaked from the western gate of Phoenix City as Su Hu's family was escorted through such a gate at the same measure. Despite his valiant warrior renown, the remainder of the Shang forces began to flee in fear at the prospect of death, thus causing a larger number of enemy forces to pierce through the encampment with far greater morale and strength at their disposal.

Zheng Lun, seeing the situation dire, was suddenly struck from his horse by the reputed Deng Jiugong, and was thus bound shortly and brought to the Silver Security Hall following the conflict's conclusion. With the sun shining brightly in the heavens as a signal of morning, Jiang Ziya took his seat in the Silver Security Hall as Su Hu entered in, knelt before the former, and expressed a level of inner remorse for his past actions against the Zhou cause.

As Su Quanzhong reciprocated his father's showing, Zheng Lun was forced into the hall with bonds tightly binding his arms from any form of action as he fiercely glared at Su Hu for the blatant weakness he had shown in the name of military strength and honor. Being criticized for not kneeling as he stood before the rebel commander without uttering a single word, Zheng Lun resolutely declared that he would rather have his head cut from his body than to display affiliation to a man that had a reputation of treachery and shame. Jiang Ziya, being enraged at the defiant warrior's mocking words, and ordering to behead Zheng Lun immediately, was interceded by Su Hu, who pleaded his subordinate to be freed in prospect that he could be won over.

Upon obtaining the prime minister's consent, Su Hu, dismissed the personal guards of Zheng Lun, entered a private chamber and began to reconcile with his fellow subordinate. Declaring that they would be looked upon as true heroes if they went to destroy the rebel commander after obtaining his mutual trust following a long period of assistance. Su Hu additionally stated that King Zhou was nothing more than a fool running rampant in desire, and, even if Zheng Lun was to give his life in the name of such a beast, he would never be considered with the dignity of a hero or be remembered in the hearts of the people to any true measure.

Zheng Lun, who became aware of the latent effects of his loyal heart being considered as mere dirt if he was to dismiss such an opportunity and die in honor, saw the rationality of his master's words and thus declared his cooperation. Bound in rope, Zheng Lun personally approached the prime minister, fell to his knees, and dishonestly apologized for his former behavior. He stated that fellow generals of Zhou, as opposed to his commander, Su Hu, had enlightened him of the former's true virtue and ensured him that his loyalty and honor could reach a new beacon of light under the arm of King Wu. Jiang Ziya, being convinced at Zheng Lun's words of conviction, hosted a grand banquet in the rear palace for all the newcomers to enjoy.

Chapter 62

The Golden-Winged Celestial inherits the Will of Shang

The elite messenger unit that had been deployed by General Zheng Lun the former night was intercepted by neighboring Shang scouts along the Western Foothills, and was immediately informed of Su Hu's defection over to Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Bearing such unfortunate news to Han Rong of Sishui Pass as they continued along the path to the capital, the former, being somewhat surprised over such a resolution, wrote a report on the current circumstances and sent it the capital via the hands of royal messenger.

Secretariat Fang Jingchun of Morning Song, upon obtaining official report from Han Rong involving Su Hu's defection, ascended the Star Picking Mansion and informed King Zhou of the letter's contents the following morning. As the king became astonished at such unexpected words, Daji, expressing a false level of filial humility, pressed her hands upon King Zhou's body and declared that her own head should be hung upon the capital's eastern gate as atonement for the treachery that her father had shown in the name of Shang. Naturally being far from content with such a resolution to the woman he loves more than anything, King Zhou declared that he would rather sacrifice the entire dynasty than to see his beloved fall before him in such a cruel manner.

As Daji thanked him for his kind generosity and consideration, King Zhou dismissed Fang Jingchun and all other secretariats and returned to his private chambers with Daji by his side, casting aside the circumstances involving Su Hu for the entire afternoon. The following morning, the king ascended his throne and called forth all head ministers to a meeting, to which they would discuss whether a new commander should be deployed in battle against the Western Foothill cause. Supreme Minister Li Deng, who presently arrived at this meeting, recommended that Commander Zhang Shan of Sanshan Pass should be chosen as expeditionary commander: *"He is well versed in the art of strategy, and should therefore be able to conquer all potential trickery that Jiang Ziya may unleash upon his opposition."*

King Zhou, long knowing this Zhang Shan fellow as being a man of great ability, immediately accepted this recommendation over all others, and thus sent decree to Sanshan Pass, appointing Zhang Shan to Expeditionary Commander of Military Renown. Receiving such a decree a mere day following its departure, Zhang Shan handed his seal of commandership over the pass to Hong Jin, and followed by equipping himself with 100,000 soldiers before setting off to the front lines of battle.

With the beauty of summer sprouting about in all directions, the soldiers of Shang soared in morale, knowing that their conviction would surely result in the benefit of their country — especially under that of Zhang Shan, a man entrusted with the hand of supremacy. As they continuously enjoyed such sights throughout their travel, the Shang forces finally arrived deep within the Western Foothills territory neighboring the northern gate of Phoenix City upon the fifth day. Setting up camp at once, Zhang Shan, knowing his soldiers to be exceedingly exhausted after such a period of travel, ordered the entire army to rest for the night before making any form of attack against the enemy. Within Phoenix City the day

following, Jiang Ziya made the upmost of preparations for his future attack upon King Zhou — to which he believed to be an ordeal that was very unavoidable under the circumstances involving his "destiny under Sky".

One such form of preparation involved the bearing of specialized red signal flags. These flags would possess random colors within the background while red remained as the dominant after. The soldiers of Zhou were competent in the logic behind this specific flag, and the soldiers of Shang were expectedly to be confused upon what action the opposition would take when such a flag was risen for command, and should succumb to a loss in morale and suffer potential defeat.

With such a plan in mind, and effectively implemented into the minds of his people, two reports had arrived before his desk to which he unhesitatingly received them. The first elaborating the 800 marquises having gathered within the east of Western Foothills prepared to meet Jiang Ziya at Meng Ford. The second stated that a man by the name of "Zhang Shan" had arrived, and currently neighbors the capital's northern gates under the Shang flag. Realizing the probability that General Deng Jiugong might be well-versed with such a man, Jiang Ziya approached the former commander of Shang and asked his take on the current situation involving Zhang Shan.

Jiugong, who gave the seal of commandership over Sanshan Pass to Zhang Shan, his subordinate general, before departing against the Western Foothills at the prior time, was naturally knowledgeable about the man, and declared him as lacking in the fields of strategy and bravery. Just as such a moment in time, report was received that a Shang general rolling on an enormous wheel of fire had arrived. Deng Jiugong departed to the frontlines immediately upon the hearing of such words.

Approaching this general, who he recognized as being none other than the reputed "Qian Bao of The Flaming Wheel", Deng Jiugong, not wishing to deal his former subordinate any harm, told Qian Bao to call out Zhang Shan at once for a discussion. Qian Bao, however, knew that he would unconditionally acquire great benefit under King Zhou and bask in reputation and prestige if he was to end Deng Jiugong's life instead of letting such an opportunity pass itself; and he thus charged at the opposition with immense speed, presently within his flaming wheel. Seeing the danger of the situation as Bao approached him, Deng Jiugong resolutely cleaved his sword through the wheel's flames, cutting apart both Qian Bao and his weapon into two horizontal halves.

Taking the head of the fallen warrior in his hands and returning to Phoenix City with a clamor of happiness as resolution to his success, Zhang Shan took ear to such news and, in a state of rage, made immediate preparations to personally meet his former commander on the battlefield the day following. Zhang Shan confronted by both Deng Jiugong and Deng Chanyu at the northern gates of Phoenix City, after yelling a volley of abuse the next morning, had little intention to spare his former commander through the impulsive and demeaning manner he had shown in the name of Shang.

Thus, he charged forward [but] only to be struck several times in the face by Chanyu's stones. Not being able to press onward with such a nuisance, Zhang Shan, spitting blood in his rage, had little choice but to return to the camp of Shang in

utter humiliation over such unexpected circumstances. As he was now fully aware of the detriment that would consecutively appear if he was to continue in his attempt to take Deng Jiugong's life, Zhang Shan began to ponder deeply on what move he could make when a Taoist carrying a great-sword requested entry into his residence later that day.

Allowing this Taoist — who called himself "*Winged Celestial*" — entrance into the head camp of Shang, the latter immediately proved his "celestial" characteristics by applying the ordinary magic elixir to Zhang Shan's face, resulting in the original wounds disappearing in mere moments. He obtained knowledge from the Taoist that he had come from Penglai Island upon request from Shen Gongbao, an agent superior man of the Shang Dynasty, in order to stay the hands of the evil Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Zhang Shan, for the benefit of his own reputation, knew that this man could be used as the ultimate weapon to exact revenge upon Deng Jiugong. But decided it best to keep neutral such an ambition for the time being lest perceived arrogance caused the loss of the former's mutual cooperation.

As Winged Celestial approached the gates of Phoenix City upon Zhang Shan's consenting the following morning, Jiang Ziya took ear to such a demand and set forth with five square formations of soldiers along with Nezha, Yang Bliss, and Huang Tianhua. Confronting the opposition momentarily after his departure from the city, Jiang Ziya was astounded at the appearance of this new foe. Winged Celestial possessed two ten-feet long golden wings and wore a bird mask of gleaming jade, making him appear as if being the fiercest of warriors.

As the prime minister approached this man and politely declared his name with a low bow, Winged Celestial began to loudly criticize Jiang Ziya, stating that he had, according to rumor, publicly stated the threat that he shall pluck his bones and pull of his feathers when he conquers the dynasty of Shang. Upon hearing such words, the prime minister immediately retorted, stating that the cooperation within his dynasty would fall apart and his reputation would be put into internal shame if such blatant threats were irrationally created.

Winged Celestial, who realized that the rebel commander's words were on the side of reason, decided to pardon the opposition for the time being as he investigates the truth; but at such a moment, Nezha, enraged at the former's boastful demeanor, lunged at Winged Celestial with his fire-tipped spear, thrusting at all sides.

Seeing that the Zhou forces clearly lack discipline, Winged Celestial made immediate preparations to defend himself with his great-sword. But was suddenly attacked at from all sides by the enemy generals: "Yang Bliss using his dog to pierce into the opposition's neck; Huang Tianhua thrusting both of his Heart Penetrating Nails into his arms; and Earth Traveler Sun striking from the ground with his heavy iron cudgel." Roaring with great pain and enraged beyond words at the rebel commander's clear treachery, Winged Celestial spread his great wings and unleashed an enormous torrent of dust, effectively escaping such a crucial situation at once.

Momentarily returning to the camp of Shang that afternoon, Zhang Shan treated his fellow comrade with a cup of wine after hearing the circumstances

involving his former defeat and treachery on the part of Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Accepting this cup of wine after essentially healing his wounds with the magical renown of his elixirs, Winged Celestial resolutely declared that he shall turn the entire city of Western Foothills into a great sea of despair as an act of vengeance that night. As Zhang Shan expressed a level of delight at the confidence of his general, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile experienced an intense gust of wind that encouraged him to perform divination presently following, to which he discovered the pretense of Phoenix City's destruction through Winged Celestial's wrath.

Being frightened at such a prospect, Jiang Ziya took the usual preparations and followed by performing many summoning chants, causing the north sea to essentially cover all of Phoenix City as like the former incident with the Diablo Brothers. Celestial Primogenitor, who presently realized such a danger through the same employed means as his disciple, poured the Divine Water of Three Lights over the north sea barrier and ordered four Divine Chanters of Truth to protect the terrestrial region surrounding the city from any potential earthquake that could disrupt the water's formation.

As Winged Celestial thus left the camp of Shang at the second watch that night, he was immensely startled to see an enormous sea covering Phoenix City in the shape of a circular barrier, but was nonetheless prepared for even the most unexpected circumstances, and thus fanned his two golden wings with power that uprooted even trees, vying to collapse the barrier so that the enemy city could be drowned. Fanning the wind with even greater strength, the barrier of water — with the ultimate help of the Divine Water of Three Lights — mysteriously expanded to an even greater size at each attempt made — forcing him to give up the attempt as he was already panting in perspiration.

Being ashamed at such a resolution, Winged Celestial believed that he would be humiliated by the soldiers of Shang if he was to return after his consecutive failure, and Zhang Shan would surely lose a high level of trust in his abilities after his former boasting. With such a thought in mind, the immortal took flight from the Western Foothills, vowing to destroy Jiang Ziya with secretion to preserve his pride and reputation as a man of great renown.

Chapter 63

The Right Arm of Supremacy awakens from the Land of Deceit

As Winged Celestial had presently fled upon the night of his failed attempt to drown Phoenix City, he arrived the following afternoon upon a fragrant mountain — to which he would confront a Taoist man cultivating his conduct in front of a cavern suggested to be his homestead. Already being intense with hunger and despair, Winged Celestial was resolved not to feel an ounce of remorse at the prospect of devouring this man whole, and thus lunged from the heavens with his claws swooping down upon the "prey" beneath him.

Opening his eyes and acquiring realization of the danger before him, the Taoist pointed two fingers at the opposition, sending Winged Celestial crashing to the ground and begging to be pardoned. He was only acting out of the impulse of hunger, and would never wish to harm him if such a factor was not present. This Taoist, who decided to be generous despite the blatant rudeness that the former had just recently displayed, told him to journey 200 li to the east, to which he would arrive at a region known as "Purple Cloud Cliff" that was renowned for having Taoist men that provide delicious food to any passerby as a token of charity.

Winged Celestial, being delighted at such words, thanked the layman before setting off to the east and arriving upon the intended mountain. A time at which he took notice of many Taoists serving fresh food to an entourage of travelers, who took leave shortly after receiving such a token of generosity. Descending from the heavens and arraying himself before the Taoists present, Winged Celestial pleaded his own share for fresh food.

But alas! None remained for the poor man to feast upon, forcing him to demand at least the smallest of provision with immense furiousness. These men, naturally being frightened at the prospect of this celestial taking their lives if his request was not essentially answered, managed to find a large unit of flour cake within their inner reservoir, to which was offered to the hungry celestial shortly following, who ate over 108 cakes before declaring that his stomach was presently full.

Kneeling with immense gratitude before his servers, Winged Celestial took flight immediately following, returning to the Taoist man's homestead, knowing that he could potentially acquire the mutual support of this individual of great ability as opposed to solely acting against the will of Jiang Ziya, which would prove lest fruitful in resolution. As he thus arrived before the layman's residence, his stomach suddenly erupted with immense pain, causing him to collapse upon the ground and beg for some type of medicinal substance that could disperse such a detriment.

Suggesting to the former that regurgitation would be best in such a situation, Winged Celestial did as he said; but, to his combined detriment, a string of shining white pearls began to chain from his mouth, causing him to choke with great force. The Taoist, who thus declared that he was a man by the name of

"Burning Lamp", gave a signal with his fingers that caused the pearl string to fall from Winged Celestial's mouth, rendering him safe from death. Burning Lamp saw the white pearl string as evidence that the former had eaten food out of the hands of the Taoist men that he had set as a trap. He took the celestial's hands and stated that he had long detested the rebel commander for his cruel behavior and quick rise to suspicion among his subordinates, and would thus like to take him in as disciple for the sake of future retaliation against the *"will of Heaven"*.

Winged Celestial, who was in return very rejoiceful to hear such intended words, vowed to stay by Burning Lamp's side in the name of "acting in revenge against the name of Jiang Ziya". Both individuals being filled with delight at their intentions being answered, left to Mount Divine Hawk presently following.

At this same measure in time, Master Grand Completion of Nine Immortal Mountain had received word — via the hands of White Crane Lad — informing him to head to the Western Foothills on the specific date that Jiang Ziya was to be inaugurated as commander. A time at which the prime minister would head to the east against the passes held by Shang.

Seeing that such circumstances easily could be acted upon for his essential benefit of reputation, Grand Completion called forth the Crown Prince of Shang, Yin Jiao, to his side at once. Yin Jiao was informed that Jiang Ziya, a man long renowned as being of celestial attributes and holding the very "will of Heaven" within his fingertips, was to assault the neighboring passes under Shang with ultimate intention to occupy Capital Morning Song in short measure. Yin Jiao became resolved that his ambition to crush King Zhou, in the name of his late mother's vengeance, could thus be realized if he was to fight under the banner of this man.

Seeing Yin Jiao's willingness to assist the prime minister under such a cause, Grand Completion ordered his disciple to head immediately to the Lion Cliff Cavern for the sake of acquiring a special weapon. Leaving the cavern of his master and arriving before the intended region, Yin Jiao found himself entering a house of princely distinction, to which he came upon seven beans sitting in the stature of sacrifice to a deity statue marked with the insignia of Shang that stood neighboring it. Devouring these beans and pouring the blood from his right hand into the container that originally possessed the food — showing his resolve to give his very own life in the face of his father's humiliation to the name of Shang — Yin Jiao suddenly grew four additional arms and three additional heads presently following his leave from the place of sacrifice.

Returning to the side of his master in a state of great perplexing and startled fear, Grand Completion was delighted at the clear conviction of his disciple, and thus began to teach him how to wield a halberd that possessed a blade of golden jade and a hilt of coiling dragons. Learning how to contract and unleash his six-headed, three-armed form at the same moment to which he fervently mastered the art of halberd, Grand Completion clearly realized his disciple's prowess now met the required expectation, and thus handed the former his Sky Overturning Stamp, the renowned Soul Dropping Bell, and the Yin-Yang Swords as additional items that would prove of assistance.

Now bidding farewell to Grand Completion and exiting his place of residence, prepared to leave without a moment of hesitation, Yin Jiao resolutely declared that he shall kill himself with his own blade if he was to betray the entrustment of his master, and took leave immediately following. Being told the specific route of arrival to his intended destination, Phoenix City — at the time prior to his leave from Nine Immortal Mountain, Yin Jiao navigated himself atop a cloud of dust as he soared through a neighboring mountain that was seemingly lush with beauty. Continuing along his way only to be confronted by a fearsome warrior with duel wolf-tooth iron clubs, Yin Jiao declared his name and title under the dynasty of Shang to the former upon request with his imperial hereditary seal.

This warrior, who knew that the individual before him was not done in any clothing that would reflect princely prominence to any means and surely must be some form of celestial that had taken the crown prince's name — which would explain his ability to use magic. He was convinced nonetheless that this man was extraordinary regardless whether his words were backed with evidential truth. Besides, being nothing more than a mere bandit in the mountains, would naturally call for measures to spring upon any opportunity to assist mutually an individual of high status for his own potential benefit.

With such a thought in mind, the rogue graciously led Yin Jiao before his head camp, where he introduced the name of himself and that of his fellow comrade who sat on patrol, "Wen Liang" and the latter "Ma Shan". Seeing that these two warriors, who were both mighty in appearance, could assist him in his cause to destroy the evil King Zhou, he proposed whether they would accept the prospect of assisting King Wu of the Western Foothills against the decaying dynasty of Shang for the sake of future repute under his rulership over the country. Knowing that this man was of great ambition and surely must possess the authority and power to back such words, Wen Liang and Ma Shan knelt in consent, and followed by equipping their new lord with an outlaw army numbering 10,000 in number. With such a resolution firmly in state, both Yin Jiao and his new right and left arms took leave from White Dragon Mountain and continued along their intended path to the west.

Following two days of travel, it was received report that a Taoist known as "Shen Gongbao" had arrived with intentions to meet their commander. Yin Jiao respectfully allowed the former entrance and presently inquired the reasoning behind his appearance. More evolved than other Taoists of the same sect, Shen Gongbao knew upon a single glance that this man was the Crown Prince Yin Jiao.

After received knowledge of the prince's intentions, Shen Gongbao remonstrated with the former. He stated that despite King Zhou's blatant dread and hatred in the eyes of the people, he could use such an opportunity to unconditionally and forcefully receive the throne from the hands of his father by fighting under the arms of Shang until he acquired enough mutual cooperation and evidence to destroy the king.

In such a situation, he would be looked upon as the country's true hero by wiping away the threat of Jiang Ziya, and proving that he isn't an individual claiming to be that of the prince — which would be a relatively rejected form of evidence if he was to fight under the cause of Zhou.

Shen Gongbao saw that Yin Jiao was still in a state of deep thought over such declared rationality. He stated that Jiang Ziya was clearly not a man of virtue and righteousness as the "superior men" might have stated, *"How can a man that kills the young prince Yin Hong out of mere jealousy and threat of name be considered as any entity of peace?"* Being greatly startled at Shen Gongbao's new declaration, the latter added that Commander Zhang Shan was currently fighting against Jiang Ziya, and could be certain the truth behind such words.

Now clearly seeing Yin Jiao flustered with bewilderment, Shen Gongbao took leave from the prince with assurance that he shall recruit a very powerful man to fight by his side in short measure. With such a meeting now over, Yin Jiao and his forces marched to the Western Foothills at even greater speed, determined to tear apart Jiang Ziya if the words of Shen Gongbao were truly evidential. Arriving within the Western Foothills, after the passage of three additional days of travel, Yin Jiao caught sight of the flags of Shang fluttering in the wind to the east. Naturally assuming that this "Zhang Shan" must be present within such a region, commanded Wen Liang to relay a message to the Shang commander, telling him to meet him for an audience in his head camp.

As Zhang Shan received such a report not long after, he recalled the dominant conjecture of King Zhou's killing of Crown Prince Yin Jiao and Yin Hong seven years into the past, and was thus very willing to confront such a man in order to testify the truth behind such a rumor. Entering the head tent of his consultant following such a resolution, Zhang Shan approached Yin Jiao and politely demanded to what means he can prove that he was indeed the former crown prince of Shang.

Showing the former his hereditary seal as evidence — effectively convincing the commander that the man before him was indeed none other than the crown prince — Yin Jiao presently inquired the fate of his younger brother, Yin Hong. Zhang Shan, through the words of soldiers originally under Former Expeditionary Commander Su Hu, relayed that Yin Hong had been burned to the death in an enormous torrent of flame that shot to the heavens like a raging tornado at the result of a celestial man's magic. Yin Jiao fell from his seat in great despair and roared with a strong voice of hatred.

Gratifyingly dismissing the head commander presently following, declaring that he shall willingly assist his cause against the Western Foothills after essential preparations were made, Yin Jiao vied in his heart to slay the rebel commander without any means of remorse whatsoever. As both Yin Jiao and Zhang Shan came to the conclusion that a mutual attack should be unleashed upon Phoenix City's northern gates that same night, they approached the enemy city at the brink of dawn the following morning, and immediately demanded for Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya to show his face without hesitation.

Exiting the city gates with his generals standing closely at his right and left hands, Yin Jiao declared to Jiang Ziya his name while demanding the reasoning behind why he killed his younger brother, Yin Hong, in such a cruel manner unbefitting of his social status among "Heaven's will". The prime minister, who simply stated that he brought about his own death by fighting against his master's words to support the Western Foothills, suggested to Yin Jiao that, even if Ziya must not have slain his brother directly, but allowed such an action to be

taken simply out of his irrational forms of leadership, resolutely unveiled his three-headed, six-armed form and lunged at the opposition in intense rage.

Using his Sky Overturning Stamp to thrust Nezha to the ground with the feeling of an incredible gravitational pull pressing upon his body, Huang Tianhua intervened in time to save his fellow comrade, but was stricken from his saddle by the power of the former's Soul Dropping Bell, and became a prisoner under the hands of Zhang Shan as a result. As Yellow Flying Tiger presently attacked Yin Jiao for the sake of saving his eldest son, Yin Jiao took the former captive with a mere turning of his Soul Dropping Bell, forcing Yang Bliss to run between the two forces and create an enormous horizontal ground barrier to allow the prime minister and the other generals of Zhou a safe retreat to Phoenix City.

Seeing that he could not continue to conquer the opposition forces in such a state, Yin Jiao resumed his original form and returned to the Shang encampment with Zhang Shan and the two captives by their side. That night within the camp of Shang, Yin Jiao felt as if he knew the elder of the two prisoners from somewhere into the past, and thus approached Yellow Flying Tiger, who was still presently within bonds, and asked him his name and title under Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya.

Yin Jiao realized that the prisoner sitting before him was none other than the man who had saved him from King Zhou's clutches seven years prior. Thus Yin Jiao elaborated the full reasoning — including his confrontation with Shen Gongbao — behind why he had chosen to destroy both Jiang Ziya and that of King Zhou in order to claim the throne of Shang for the sake of the people and that of his ancestors.

Additionally he attempted to convince Yellow Flying Tiger to defect from the Western Hill forces for the sake of a brilliant future, which unfortunately resulted to no avail. Yin Jiao nonetheless freed the bonds from him and his son, allowing them return to their respective city as a token of his former gratitude only at the cost of showing their commander written letter via the hands of his messenger, informing him to surrender in seven days of time. If such an action was refuted, then all of Phoenix City should be turned to a flaming sea of ash as legions of celestials tear apart their homeland. Promising the prince that he would ensure the safety of such a missive, the two friends parted from each other's sides with great emotion.

As Yellow Flying Tiger and Huang Tianhua returned to Phoenix City that same night, approaching Prime Minister Jiang Ziya and informing him of their happenings, the messenger of Shang was allowed entrance, to which he handed the prime minister Yin Jiao's written letter presently following. Tearing apart the letter as a showing of his disgust towards such declared arrogance, Jiang Ziya knew that the superior men under the "will of Heaven" would unconditionally ensure that such a happening would be negated regardless of the circumstances.

With the rise of the sun the following morning, Yang Bliss's earth blockade was no longer, and General Ma Shan seized such an opportunity to stride forward to do battle against Phoenix City as soon as Prince Yin Jiao had received word on the rebel commander's unwise response to his former letter. Being immediately confronted by Deng Jiugong of Zhou momentarily following, the two generals

clashed their blades with intense furiousness. But as Ma Shan was nothing more than a bandit in the mountains without excelled training in the art of the sword, as opposed to that of Deng Jiugong, who had served as Commander of Shang for several years, he was naturally bested in mere moments following their engagement, resulting in his immediate capture. As Ma Shan was brought before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in Phoenix City shortly following capture, he was immediately sentenced to beheading after uttering rude defiant words in his determination to remain standing before the former.

General Nangong Kuo, who took up such an order, presently within the executional grounds, was astonished beyond words as his sword cleaved through Ma Shan's neck only for the neck to retake its original form as if possessing the property of water. Reporting such a matter to Jiang Ziya, who was naturally astonished at such a turn-of-events, ordered Samadhi fire to spread throughout the execution grounds in attempt to burn the prisoner into ash.

[With] such action carried out momentarily following the declaration of such an order, [yet] Ma Shan was clearly not effected even in the smallest of measure. And as the warrior stood among the burning flames, he let out a single loud cry of laughter as he directed the fire to open a pathway at which he was able to escape from Phoenix City. Yang Bliss received Jiang Ziya, needless to say, who was distressed at the detrimental report of Ma Shan's escape. Yang Bliss proposed whether he could visit "*Grand Completion*" at Nine Immortal Mountain concerning the case involving Yin Jiao's use of his Sky Overturning Stamp, while additionally confronting Master of the Clouds of Mount Zhongnan for the sake of receiving the reputed "*Demon Exposing Mirror*" to destroy Ma Shan.

The Prime Minister, who was naturally willing to destroy the threat of Yin Jiao to save Phoenix City from harm with complete reassurance in it was backing, unhesitatingly consented to the former's request. Yang Bliss confronted Grand Completion, within his Peach Spring Cavern, only to receive knowledge that Yin Jiao, the latter's disciple, had been sent to the Western Foothills for the sake of assisting Prime Minister Jiang Ziya against the cause of Shang. Yang Bliss told the superior man as the truth behind such circumstances that the prince had declared as threat, to wipe out the entire Phoenix City, with unknown rationale backing his intentions. Grand Completion was taken aback with confusion as to why his disciple would break his oath with such an intense showing of resolve against his former words that expressed clear conviction. He promised to Yang Bliss that he would head to the Western Foothills very shortly.

As Yang took leave with a kowtow of gratitude, he immediately took leave to Mount Zhongnan, his second intended region, and bowed low before *Master of the Clouds*, who presently had exited his cavern to confront the former. Yang elaborated the characteristics of the certain man known by the name "Ma Shan", along with the incident involving his escape. Master of the Clouds understood the circumstances, and unhesitatingly gave to Yang Bliss his *Demon Exposing Mirror*. He left with a showing of gratitude as he took leave from the mountain and returned to the side of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya back at Phoenix City.

Confronting Ma Shan in front of the Shang encampment after receiving the consent of Jiang Ziya to take leave to battle, Yang Bliss firmly hid in his grasp the new weapon he had recently received the day prior much to the opposition's

unknowing. Pulling out the Demon Exposing Mirror and shining it in the direction of Ma Shan as he presently charged forward, he saw nothing more than a mere flick of fire from a lamp emitting within. Immediately contracting the mirror and parrying the enemy's blade with his long sword, Yang Bliss, following a mere few rounds of battle, retreated in expectation that the former would not pursue him after taking realization of the new weapon recently deployed.

Ma Shan acted in such a manner, ordering a full retreat back to the encampment of Shang for the time being in order to elaborate this new potential threat to Crown Prince Yin Jiao. Meanwhile Yang Bliss had entered the Prime Minister's mansion and explained to all present that Ma Shan, according to the mirror, was a flick of fire suggesting to be a host to that of a lamp. General Wei Hu, who was well-knowledgeable about the "*World's Three Magical Lamps*," elaborated that there was an equal possibility that either the Eight Landscape Palace, the Jade Emptiness Palace, or that of Mount Divine Hawk were missing their specific lamps of origin. And that Ma Shan was more than likely one of these three when considering his properties of eternal life, to which his "flame" was ever burning such as only present within the magical lamps.

Comprehending Wei Hu's logic, Yang Bliss took leave to Mount Kunlun's Jade Emptiness Palace presently following the Prime Minister's consent to his request. Being received by White Crane Lad upon immediate arrival, Yang Bliss learned shortly that their glazed lamp was still in full flame, and he thus gave a kowtow of acknowledgement before leaving to Mount Divine Hawk, where he confronted Burning Lamp with full inquire involving the condition of the latter's lamp. Burning Lamp, who gave a false display of frustration and surprise at the realization that the flick of his lamp had disappeared despite unconditional restraint, was enlightened upon the happenings at the Western Foothills involving the probable incarnation of his flame: *A man that calls himself by the name of "Ma Shan"*.

Vowing to Yang Bliss that he would settle such circumstances as soon as he was able to attend to the matters presently acting against the "will of Zhou", regardless whether this "Ma Shan" was in truth his lamp's flame, Yang Bliss gratifyingly kowtowed in thanks and took leave just following. As Yang Bliss informed Jiang Ziya about the highly probable success involving Burning Lamp's declared assistance, Grand Completion arrived as originally promised, and headed to the Shang encampment after explaining to the Prime Minister that he was indeed the master of the defiant prince, Yin Jiao.

Chapter 64

With the Left Arm of Fire, Yin Jiao's Ambition tears apart the House of Zhou

At the immediate report that a man of Taoist appearance had appeared before the Shang encampment and called for the prince to appear at once, Yin Jiao understood the probability that his master might have arrived, and thus took leave from his head camp presently following. Bowing in traditional manner to his master, Grand Completion, as he took leave from his place of residence outside the encampment, the latter immediately demanded the reasoning behind why he had chosen to fight against the "will of Heaven" and stay the hand of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in a manner that defies his former words of conviction.

Unhesitatingly replied that he had been enlightened by "Master Shen Gongbao", who had evidentially informed him of the rebel commander's cruel murdering of Yin Hong and his terrible forms of leadership and administration that had only led to the forces of Shang, viewing their very lives just to destroy him. Declared that it was his ultimate "duty," under the footsteps of his ancestors, to wipe out the false "will of Heaven" and become the new ruler of the country after he slays Jiang Ziya and King Zhou in the name of the people. Grand Completion, saw that Yin Jiao was resolute beyond change to slay Jiang Ziya. Out of mere words declared by the swindler, Shen Gongbao charged his blade at the young prince, declaring that the Prime Minister never possessed the slightest of intention to kill Yin Hong, and that if he does not repent in his general way of thought, he would be unmercifully slain without a moment of hesitation.

Yin Jiao saw that his master had no evidence to back his statement involving the rebel commander. He realized that Grand Completion was fully determined to destroy their relations of disciple and master through a completely irrational basis, and thus unleashed his legendary halberd, for the sake of living on with his ambitions than to die by the sword of a fool. As the stone dragon present on Yin Jiao's halberd began to wrap itself tightly around Grand Completion's arms as the two individuals clashed their respective weapons, Grand Completion managed to flee upon a beam of light at the very moment at which the prince was suggestively posed to unleash his Sky Overturning Stamp.

Relating the incident involving his attempt to win the prince over, and the detrimental resolution that followed, as he returned to the side of Jiang Ziya, Burning Lamp appeared presently before Grand Completion and Prime Minister Jiang Ziya within the head mansion of Phoenix City. And he declared that he was coming for the sake of capturing the "*lamp flick*", and thus easing their current troubles.

Following this declaration, Burning Lamp specifically told the Prime Minister a plan that would result in this "Ma Shan's" capture. A plan that was put into effect the following morning at the immediate brink of dawn. At such a set moment in time during their arranged trap, Ma Shan exited the camp of Shang as Yin Jiao received report on Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya's arrival. To which he allowed the former leave upon the prospect of what would be shown to the populace if a mere bandit in the mountains were to single-handedly wipe out the

reputed "receiver of Heaven's will", thus backing his standing with complete evidence of his truth of word. But Yin Jiao decided to additionally send a unit of one-thousand soldiers in order to ensure that the commander does not attempt any trickery that cannot be retorted alone. Returning to the confrontation between both Ma Shan and that of Jiang Ziya, the Prime Minister, according to the original plan, violently lashed about his Staff of Beating Gods in a manner that greatly angered Ma Shan to the point that Jiang Ziya was essentially able to lure the former to the southeast following a sudden retreat.

Ma Shan, not intending to allow the rebel commander's blatant intentions of ambush get the best of him during such a pursuit, ordered his 1,000-strong unit to split into two halves, forming a pincer-formation that would crush upon the opposition from both sides, while Ma Shan heads the middle with a handful of spear-armed soldiers. As the pursuers advanced to a region lush with willow trees on all sides, Ma Shan noticed Jiang Ziya escape behind a certain man sitting under one of these trees, who immediately blocked Ma Shan's pathway of pursuit after the Prime Minister had passed. This man, who was known other than that of Burning Lamp, recognized the pursuer as being his lamp wick, following a moment or two of consideration, and thus dropped the glazed container atop Ma Shan, putting the latter into frenzy fear before being physically manipulated by the container's magic — which forced him to return to his original form, and rendering him unmethodical to any potential escape.

The soldiers of Shang, seeing their commander bested by a man of completely new appearance and ability, fled back to their respective encampment in prospect that they could surely not have any greater of chance to seize the life of the rebel commander with such circumstances in play. As Burning Lamp had presently taken leave to Mount Divine Hawk after being pleased at the results of the Ma Shan incident and the evidential backing that he would possess in the future by using this happening for the betterment of his reputation, and that of Prince Yin Jiao, the soldiers of Shang had meanwhile returned to the side of their prince, and relaid the unfortunate happenings to that of Ma Shan.

A report that filled Yin Jiao's heart with utter remorse and made him resolved more than ever to tear apart Jiang Ziya in a battle that would prove decisive to his name. Burning Lamp, who had safely escorted the Prime Minister within Phoenix City prior to his return to Mount Divine Hawk, arrived before the head mansion and relaid his report on successfully subduing Ma Shan.

Receiving written letter via messenger presently following, the message stated that Prince Yin Jiao demands Jiang Ziya to an unconditional battle on the frontlines as vengeance for the stated loss of Ma Shan. the Prime Minister, recalling the ability that he can effectively wield if he was to utilize the power of his Yellow Apricot Flag, unhesitatingly gathered forth a large armada before exiting the gates of Phoenix City at the moment to which the army of Shang was advancing from the east. As the two forces confronted each other in mere moments, Yin Jiao wrathfully lashed his halberd at the rebel commander with an intense showing of skill, while Wen Liang used his Jade Ring to negate the power of Nezha's Universal Ring.

Unfortunately however, Yang Bliss mutually assisted Nezha in the form of using magical pellets that were of equal power to that of Chanyu's, resulting in Nezha seizing many opportunities to strike consecutive blows upon Wen Liang's

body with his fire-tipped spear; and after several strikes to the chest, the warrior under Shang toppled to the ground, spurting blood in every direction as he let loose his last few breaths in despair. Meanwhile, during the prince's clash with the rebel commander, Yin Jiao unleashed the power of his Sky Overturning Stamp; but to his immediate dismay, Jiang Ziya unraveled the Yellow Apricot Flag, which caused the stamp to consistently spin in the air without causing any effect to his body in the form of its gravitational pull.

Being suddenly charged at by Yang Bliss, who wielded his long sword with great aggravation, Yin Jiao became very flustered at his clear detriment in such a situation, and thus retreated after receiving a critical blow to his back by the rebel commander's staff, retrieving the stamp before departing in unparalleled rage. Zhang Shan and Li Jin, who additionally suffered from similar circumstances at the same present time, followed their prince's lead, retreating back to the camp of Shang after covering their retreat with large clouds of dust that they spread through the air.

As Yin Jiao returned to his inner quarters that evening, he publicly burned incense within the central camp of Shang, weeping over the death of his head general, Wen Liang, and the additional passing of his right-hand comrade, Ma Shan, who both assisted him like true warriors beneath the name of the greater good. As Zhang Shan and the soldiers alike began to express inner sorrow at the death of these two leaders, a man of Taoist origin had arrived before the Shang encampment with request to confront Crown Prince Yin Jiao.

Being allowed entrance, this man, who declared himself to be "Luo Xuan, the Burning Flame Immortal from Fire Dragon Island." He informed the prince that he had arrived after being asked to assist the cause of Shang by none other than Shen Gongbao. Yin Jiao immediately realized that the man, to which Shen had specifically stated would support his name, had finally arrived to uphold the will of the people. He entertained Luo Xuan with great generosity, knowing that Phoenix City's declared survival date had expired, and that it should be burned to ashes by all means with the use of this new subordinate. Unfortunately however, Luo Xuan declared that his comrade, Lu Huan, had yet to arrive, and Yin Jiao was thus forced to wait an additional two days before the latter finally showed, handing Luo Xuan many additional magical weapons as they prepared to attack the city that afternoon.

At the brink of dawn the following morning, the two Taoist warriors were entirely prepared with their set strategy, and thus challenged the gates of Phoenix City only to be confronted by Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in short measure. As the two forces became aligned before their respective opponents, Luo Xuan was already angry at being humiliated to a certain level at his comrade's late showing. Thus, he vented such a rage by charging through the Zhou army ranks, violently clanging his duel Flying Smoke Swords against the mere long sword of the rebel commander, who naturally was taken aback by such an unexpected display of speed.

Immediately retorted by Yang Bliss, Huang Tianhua, and others, meanwhile Liu Huan evaded many attacks from Nezha's spear. Luo Xuan realized that the matter needed to be settled with the utmost of swiftness, and thus assumed a form at which he possessed two additional heads and four additional arms, effectively

allowing him the control of multiple weapons at one time. Jiang Ziya, saw this as a moment at which he could seize for striking upon Luo Xuan in his transformed state. He suddenly wiped his staff in combination with Yang's Sky Barking Hound, thus startling Luo Xuan for a mere instant, and giving way to many consecutive blows from other soldiers within the neighboring terrain. A lucky blow that forced the enraged warrior to retreat in grave pain, as Lu Huan respectively reciprocated his comrade's action after being overpowered by Nezha's new boost in morale.

The two Taoists thus made their way within the encampment of Shang, and naturally fumed in great measure at their carelessness in the former feud, resolute to turn all of Phoenix City into nothing more than flames within death after being told of Yin Jiao's sworn intentions. Yin Jiao was naturally more than inclined to answer the resolve of his subordinates after being unexpectedly forced to delay his plans for two additional days. The prince equipped the two warriors with countless arrows supplied by Zhang Shan. And by the second watch of night, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan strode from the Shang encampment atop their respective steeds, laughing in confidence at the prospect of their vengeance, and upholding the intentions of their leader at the same time.

Arriving before the gates of Phoenix City under the darkness of night, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan slew every guard on patrol with incredible swiftness before unleashing their Cloud Raising Smoke above the enemy city, sending over ten thousand flaming arrows spraying down within the terrain beneath, causing countless buildings to be set aflame.

Meanwhile the Zhou soldiers within the first district began to flee in great panic at such a fierce situation. Luo Xuan gave the signal for an all-out attack upon Phoenix City's inner district, and stated that — upon the order of Yin Jiao — all civilians were to be safely escorted temporarily from the city without harm, while any soldier of Zhou that did not express submission to the name of the crown prince was to be slain without hesitation. Upon this order, over 100,000 soldiers of Shang respectively burst forward, invading the enemy city with immense speed and morale.

Men and women, young and old, began to be safely distributed outside of the city for the time, while the majority of the soldiers sprayed onwards to smite upon the forces of Zhou, who immediately began to retaliate in full force. Luo Xuan resolutely charged like a beam of light across the battlefield atop his flaming steed, slaying legions of enemy soldiers with a mere few turns of his Flying Smoke Swords and the compounded power of his Five Dragon Wheel. King Wu, who took notice of the disastrous circumstances within his city, fell to the ground and prayed for the Heavens to grant him sympathy, while Jiang Ziya and his superior men stood with astonishment, deploying many units of archers and swordsmen to reinforce the frontline defense.

Luo Xuan, who single-handedly slew over 10,000 soldiers of Zhou, presently advanced before many architectural buildings of great stature, tore them to shreds of rock with the burning grip of his fire dragons, and absorbed the fire within the first district, distributing it before the noble grounds to protect what remained of the civilian homes. Now taking notice of the head palace of Zhou, and the Prime Minister's mansion that neighbored it, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan advanced with greater speed only to be confronted by a young celestial woman known as

"Princess Dragon Ji", who had arrived at a prior time to assist the regulation of the agriculture within Phoenix City's region of farming. As she began to spread the Mist Dew Universal Net over the city, effectively ceasing any fire that was originally distributed by the two enemy celestials, Luo Xuan angrily turned at the woman, knowing that she would be a nothing more than a nuisance, and must be eliminated if he was to progress upon the Zhou mansions. Approaching Dragon Ji's position and hurling his Five Dragon Wheel at the latter, upon approaching her position, Ji unveiled her Four Sea Vase, absorbing the wheel and all other fire arrows that Luo Xuan deployed following this humiliating display of retortion.

Liu Huan, who was equally enraged at the effectiveness of this woman's item, charged upon Dragon Ji only to be smitten in half by her Double Dragon Sword. As Luo Xuan became mixed with emotions of rage, frustration, and fear, at the sight of such crucial circumstances, he hurriedly merged his remaining Sky Shining Stamp into the blades of his dual Flying Smoke Swords, causing the swords to consistently glow with immense light and burst with flaming smoke. Resuming his three-headed, six-armed form, Luo Xuan thrashed his blades at Dragon Ji like a madman, but was overpowered by her enormous Double Dragon Sword, and was consecutively beaten back at every attempt.

Charging her sword into Luo's flesh and then striking dead his steed with a single stroke, Luo Xuan realized the situations as being dire, and thus ordered his soldiers to retreat back to the Shang encampment with every civilian and head of the enemy soldiers slain. Protecting the masses with an enormous barrier of fire to cover their essential retreat, Luo Xuan, with resolute vengeance, charged deeply into the neighboring mountains to detour all pursuers, slaying each and every scout and soldier encountered and healing his wounds for another immediate attempt on the city.

Meanwhile the following day, the many soldiers of Zhou reported the great renown displayed by Princess Dragon Ji to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya, who in return granted her due rank and was well-pleased with her having appeared for his mutual sake. Now that Luo Xuan had his strength re-gathered after devouring a tiger whole and consuming an additional elixir pill, he summed up his energy and began to make his way back to Phoenix City only for a man of old age to appear beside his pathway, singing heartedly with unknown reasoning.

Luo Xuan saw that this man had an aura of great strength as he carried a long halberd, and wore a distinctive cloud-shaped helmet above his brow with the symbol of Zhou placed therein. Thus, Luo Xuan knew that, he being alone, it was of the upmost importance that all his strength was reserved for the sake of destroying Phoenix City and the assassination of Jiang Ziya. Thus, he gave a bow of respect followed by declaration that he was a new recruit of the Prime Minister and had been ordered to carry a missive to the city of Zhou, relating that a terrible incident involving some form of detriment had taken place within Phoenix City the night before. And, he, by the order of his master, had been sent for the sake of its essential protection. Showing the false decree to this man, who was none other than Li Jing, father of Nezha, Luo Xuan began his way to the enemy city without harm or suggested suspicion.

Chapter 65

The Will of a Million is Shattered by Four

As Luo Xuan received the warrior's name as being "Li Jing", a man who was presently heading to the residence of the Prime Minister for employment under the Zhou flag, Luo Xuan carefully strolled side-by-side with the former, until they closely bordered the city walls of Phoenix City. Not allowing for his aspirations to be postponed for any moment longer, Luo Xuan presently gave a signal to himself, causing the Flying Smoke Swords that he planted within the earth to burst from the ground and fiercely impale the unfortunate Li Jing in the back, who in return gave a cry of immense astonishment while, assuming that he had been betrayed by Luo Xuan at such a moment in time, grabbed at the latter's throat in desperation.

Beating back the old warrior and setting him aflame with the natural attributes of his duel swords, Li Jing instantaneously formed an enormous golden pagoda in the heavens upon will, and smashed it down upon the unwary Luo Xuan's skull, killing the unfortunate celestial in a mere moment in time. Presently diminishing the pagoda and desperately scavenging upon the fallen warrior's body, Li Jing luckily found a large mass of silver elixir pills that possessed the attributes of healing any wound upon swallow — as opposed to pills that need to be dissolved in water — and, formerly being informed of this substance by his master, Burning Lamp, immediately devoured the majority of the pills before making his way to Phoenix City.

Being allowed entrance into Phoenix City after giving evidential proof of his identity, Li Jing was escorted before Jiang Ziya in the Prime Minister's mansion, at which Li Jing presently declared his prior incident with a celestial of fire, who attempted to take his life along the way to Phoenix City. Being forced to prove his case with complete evidence, Zhou soldiers were sent to the specific region at which Luo Xuan had supposedly died.

But, to their justified suspicion towards this new warrior, no body remained whatsoever, for Luo Xuan had planted 3,000 Shang soldiers in the neighboring forests to retrieve his body if any incident was to occur that would result in evidence of his passing. As the Flying Smoke swords were made from his own body, they dissipated into dust at the moment to which Luo Xuan died, destroying all evidence and forcing the rebel commander and his soldiers to not only distrust the new recruit, but to additionally become wary at every moment in fear of the enemy's return to smite them where they stood.

To make matters worse in a display of bad luck towards Li Jing, one of the more seemingly distrusted celestials among others, Burning Lamp, was his master, and was the only individual other than Muzha, Nezha, and Jinzha, able to justify that Li Jing should be trusted. And Jiang Ziya and the others thus put their time into forming a strategy on how to deal with Yin Jiao's Sky Overturning Stamp and Soul Dropping Bell above everything else, while stationing a high level of celestials outside of the gates and quickening their reconstruction as to fight against Luo Xuan's probable return.

During their strategic discussion, Grand Completion recalled from his memory three additional flags separate from the Yellow Apricot Flag under the Prime Minister, but of the same magical properties: “the Soaring Flame Flag within Mount Xuandu, the Green Lotus Flag within the Western Lands, and the White Cloud Bound Flag with whereabouts unknown.” Receiving immediate consenting to retrieve these three flags, Grand Completion presently left Phoenix City and arrived before Mount Xuandu, at which he received the Soaring Flame from Lao Tzu momentarily following his request, before then heading to the Western Lands.

He arrived at the intended region and was allowed entrance before Buddha. Buddha was obstinate at first upon hearing the request of Grand Completion and his intentions to use the flag that represented Buddhism and their reputation, but was presently convinced by Candi to allow him the Green Lotus Flag for the sake of their religion's mutual expansion throughout the east: *“This being an intention of the upmost importance.”*

As Grand Completion was very gratified at their consideration towards his troubled circumstances, he returned back to Phoenix City to report his present success, at which he entered the residence of Princess Dragon Ji and requested whether she knew anything about the remaining White Cloud Bound Flag's location.

Dragon Ji, who had not been informed of Grand Completion and his search to obtain this remaining flag at the prior time, informed the former that her mother happened to possess such a flag within the Jade Pond residence. But, as the flag was an essential symbol of will and authority within such a region, only a celestial of great status such as that of Immortal of the South Pole could request it. For Grand Completion had little choice but to head first to Mount Kunlun after deeply thanking the princess for her guidance and handing the two acquired flags to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya.

Arriving before Mount Kunlun and obtaining the mutual cooperation of Immortal of the South Pole, South Pole immediately strode to the Jade Pond atop his mystical crane, expressing delight and satisfaction over the unique architecture about him as he presently arrived before the residence of the Golden Mother.

Receiving the White Cloud Bound Flag after elaborating the reasoning behind why he had appeared, at which he naturally showed great gratification for the lady's consideration, South Pole entered Phoenix City following this incident, handing the remaining flag to Jiang Ziya. Jiang Ziya entertained him in his mansion hall as reward before sending the respected celestial back on his way to Mount Kunlun.

As Master Pure Essence and Outstanding Culture presently arrived before the Prime Minister's residence according to their prearranged time of meeting, Jiang Ziya began set their order of attack:

“Outstanding Culture will wait upon the eastern edge of Mount Western Foothills with the Green Lotus as his tool. Pure Essence will head to the south, equipped with the Soaring Flame. Burning Lamp will head the center perimeter with the Yellow Apricot. And he shall personally take up position in the west with the White Cloud Bound. “

After setting forth these orders, Jiang Ziya followed to set commands with his generals:

"Yellow Flying Tiger will assault the frontal encampment of Commander Zhang Shan; Deng Jiugong and Nangong Kuo will simultaneously assault the right and left camps that neighbor the front using Nezha, Yang Bliss, Wei Hu, and Thunderbolt as respective reinforcement; and Li Jing, Nezha, Muzha, and Huang Tianhua will distribute themselves where they are essentially needed from the rear."

Each general and celestial thus made immediate preparations throughout the remainder of day, at which they awaited until the time of dusk before pursuing any form of attack. Meanwhile within the encampment of Shang, Yin Jiao was exceedingly distressed and grieved over the unexpected report of Liu Huan and Luo Xuan having been killed, and thus cofined the honorable Luo Xuan in a respective coffin, sending a unit of soldiers as escort to bury the warrior upon the mountain's summit.

This being done, Yin Jiao was told of Luo Xuan's final employed strategy that would result in the rebel commander's forces being of a despaired state of fear. Thus, he knew that they would surely attempt an attack upon his encampment to ensure that revenge was not only obtained in the face of their humiliation, but to ensure that they have destroyed any means of threat that could assist the potential return of Luo Xuan.

"An action that is entirely essential to their future safety, by all means." With this deduction, Yin Jiao sent written decree via messenger, ordering neighboring passes to send reinforcement by order of Crown Prince, while securing a route of retreat to the east at which he would be able to reach the passes and call upon the assistance of the capital and that of his comrade, Shen Gongbao.

In addition to these preparations, Yin Jiao ordered his generals and soldiers to sharpen their blades and dominantly practice the Bull-Horn Formation and Pincer-Formation according to the perimeter surrounding the encampment's respective sides. And priorly distributed many units of royal soldiers to the mountains neighboring the Western Foothills, at which they would search all head residences and temples, burning them to the ground upon princely decree if any tool of magical attributes were to be located.

This ruse would allow Yin Jiao to ensure that the rebel commander's unknown sources of assistance in the form of magical items would be cut off to some extent, while they were then supplied to the capital as insurance to his name and power gain even greater evidence. For ensuring his mutual reinforcement from the king, he obviously would not possess intentions to harm Morning Song if such a display of assistance was to be shown,.

With this being set, Yin Jiao and Zhang Shan took their respective places. And as dusk had approached with report that the rebel army was presently closing in upon their encampment from every employable direction, the soldiers of Shang took up their stations and readied their weapons for a decisive battle. As Yellow Flying Tiger closed in upon the Shang encampment's frontal center, Yin Jiao and a large battalion of pike men fiercely clashed against the rebel army, greatly overpowering their advances with waves of arrows and the gravitational power of the Sky Overturning Stamp. Meanwhile, Zhang Shan, given the Yin-Yang Swords by

the prince, was met by Nangong Kuo, Deng Jiugong, and other lesser generals at the right encampment, at which he defended his strategic stronghold with the combined assistance of Li Jin.

Unfortunately however, a new foe by the name of Sun Yanhong advanced upon the defenders and spat large quantities of fire from his mouth, setting the soldiers of Shang aflame and resulting in mass confusion, to the detriment of Zhang Shan who had little choice but to fight with even greater valor. But even with his new display of prowess, Deng Jiugong advanced and, seeing that his former subordinate was unwilling to surrender even in such bested circumstances, struck a fatal blow to Zhang Shan's chest and ordered the fallen commander to be buried in Sanshan Pass in honor of his characteristics of zeal. At this present time Yellow Flying Tiger, who did not possess any magical backing, was bested very quickly; but to his benefit, Nezha and Yang Bliss immediately arrived to assist the commander, smiting the opposition forces with incredible power, at which Yin Jiao had great difficulty in suppressing even with the ability of his stamp and bell.

Knowing that the central camp was of vital importance and that if lost, would result in a prime advantage for the enemy force, Yin Jiao assumed his three-headed, six-armed form, and willfully multiplied his golden halberd until he possessed six ones. And followed by valiantly striking hundreds of blows into the rebel soldiers, felling hundreds with every swing of his individual halberds, and making the remaining whole more resolved than ever to press on and smite the crown prince. Naturally, if not defeated quickly, he would sully their opportunity to obtain victory.

As a result, the thousands of Zhou soldiers created a pincer around Yin Jiao, and the legions of spearmen pressed forward at one sudden instant and impaled the prince with their respective weapons, ceasing the warrior from his rampage. Enraged beyond measure at such a display, Yin Jiao firmly unleashed his Sky Overturning Stamp, causing the enormous mass of soldiers piled around him to be thrust to the ground, blood gushing from their ears and eyes as the gravitational weight became overwhelmingly strong — even to the point of crushing their bodies.

Nezha and Yang Bliss, who had presently stricken dead the multitude of the Shang forces singlehandedly, causing individual retreat for the majority of their enemy, assaulted the wounded prince with their sword and spear respectively, but were greatly held back by an enormous mass of crossbowmen that laid before the encampment's head gate, allowing Yin Jiao a safe retreat back within the central camp, at which he ordered the vast majority of the defenders to equip themselves with crossbows, while handing them loads of straw hay and the flaming arrows originally received from Liu Huan for the sake of an ultimate defense around the entire perimeter of their encampment.

Presently devouring one of Luo Xuan's silver elixir pills and mounting a cloud of dust, the crown prince immediately sped to the east with incredible speed, intending on reaching the capital and receiving a grand majority of magical items to use as backing for his ambitions. Approaching Sishui Pass as he killed the masses of Zhou soldiers that stood before his way as respective ambush parties, Yin Jiao presently confronted Master of Outstanding Culture along the way, who, without any hesitation, unraveled his Green Lotus Flag, forcing the prince's

weapon of destruction — the Sky Overturning Stamp — to reverse its power as the light from the flag shined upon it.

Overwhelmed at such an annoyance, Yin Jiao had little choice but to call back his stamp, blind his opponent with a storm of dust, and spur off to the southeast atop his cloud with even mightier resolve. Slaying the many Zhou soldiers that continued to confront him along the pathway to the southeast, in the form of additional ambush parties, Yin Jiao was met by his master, Pure Essence, who intended more than anything to stop his former disciple from completing his intentions.

Showing such an intention by unwisely revealing his Soaring Flame Flag even without the Stamp's release, Yin Jiao predicted that each flag must only possesses a variable exterior appearance to confuse their opponent, while it was internally nothing different than its counterparts in the form of its use, and thus did not attempt to release the Sky Overturning Stamp, but impaled his master's hands with one of his golden halberds, stole the flag, and thrust Pure Essence from his direction, thus changing his direction to the east and continuing onward to the capital. Jiang Ziya and Burning Lamp, presently hearing of Yin Jiao's movement to the east, abandoned their respective positions of defense and divided themselves before the pathway of the prince — Burning Lamp being the first to confront Yin Jiao.

Exceedingly cautious in all nature and not wishing to be seen as an enemy to the Prime Minister in fear of the detriment of acting against "Heaven's will," until he can eventually seize power for himself over Jie Taoism, Burning Lamp made no effort to prevent Yin Jiao's advance, considerately allowing the prince passage in honor of his resolve, awakening the Yellow Apricot Flag following the former's departure, creating thousands of golden lotus flowers to cloud the pathway of any potential pursuit.

As Yin Jiao thus presently charged towards the east, he saw the rebel commander posed before him with dragon banners fluttering about and, seeing Jiang Ziya's fool behavior in the name of warfare, seized the opportunity to attack from the air, at which he slaughtered the surrounding disorganized parties under Zhou before piercing his six halberds into the commander's flesh. Jiang Ziya, not having a former chance to resist against the prince's speedy assault, immediately released his White Cloud Bound Flag causing fog to dissipate all potential sight and forcing Yin Jiao to charge and thrash about in random directions — for upon release, the Prime Minister disappeared like nothing more than an illusion.

Fearing that more detrimental of circumstances would sully his efforts, even though such an opportunity was rare in suitability, Yin Jiao mounted his dust cloud and charged with unparalleled speed to the east. As the prince resolutely continued, the circle of fog remained no longer and Yin Jiao began to see the final brim of sunlight across the sky as talents of thunder echoed throughout the air, strengthening his determination to live on, no matter what. Presently entering a region at which the terrain closed upon him from left and right and continued with such an expanse, Yin Jiao continued by way of foot, until he had confronted a mountain of incredible span that blocked any potential advancement.

Being perplexed as to why such a pathway of essential importance for transportation and travel would remain at such a state up until the present, Yin Jiao was naturally annoyed by such unlucky circumstances and willfully cleaved the entire mountain into two vertical halves, with the secondary ability of his Sky Overturning Stamp, but draining a greater majority of its remaining magical potential.

Now being able to advance once again, the two sides of the mountain suddenly began to cave towards him, as if with the intention to crush him. Knowing that the mountain's rocks would smash his body if he attempted the use of the Sky Overturning Stamp, Yin Jiao lunged towards the sky as he used the wind to elevate his body; but as he reached the very surface of the mountain, both ends clamped shut upon his abdomen, causing him to let out a loud shriek of pain as he comprehended the danger of such a situation.

Chapter 66

A Hero Vows Redemption upon a Moonlighting Night; A Dragon of Justice rises from a Sea filled with Shame

A Dragon of Justice Rises from a Sea Filled with Shame". As the unfortunate prince experienced unparalleled pain in such drastic circumstances, he wasted little time in using the Sky Overturning Stamp to free his lower body from the mountain's grip; and as he was thus free, he swallowed another silver elixir pill to heal his broken body, at which he then mounted his cloud and continued to the east. To his continued detriment, however, mist as white as snow suddenly blinded his eyes from the recently experienced dark of night, as he continued, followed by four metal chains, which lunged from the terrain beneath, wrapping around Yin Jiao's heels and throwing him to the ground.

As he struggled to break free from this hold, the chains suddenly began to expand from the earth, wrapping themselves around both of his legs as if being that of a snake. Using his Soul Dropping Bell to stall the chains from expanding to even greater lengths — even though still presently remaining tight around his body — Jiang Ziya suddenly appeared before Yin Jiao's face, content with having captured the runaway prince.

Unfortunately for the prince, he had treaded upon a mountain that distinctively possessed metal chains beneath the earth that could be effectively controlled by the hands of any member of Jie Taoism; and as Jiang Ziya had specifically constructed this mountain solely for protecting the lands of the Western Foothills from a neighboring distance, he allowed Yin Jiao to continue on his pathway to the east without having to stop him with his own hands — which was unexpectedly an impossible task otherwise. Presently, King Wu appeared atop his stallion — having been stationed upon a neighboring vicinity for viewing purposes before Yin Jiao's capture — with Grand Completion by his side.

Approaching the captive and being told who he was, King Wu forced the Prime Minister aside and knelt before Yin Jiao, stating that he would gladly give his life and suffer for 10,000 years in the face of the latter's humiliating condition, while ordering Jiang Ziya not to harm the prince in any form. In retortion, Jiang Ziya boldly stated that even though Yin Jiao was a status symbol before the entire country and its inhabitants, he had opposed the "Will of Heaven", and thus must be put to the sword in the name of true justice. Even with consecutive orders to pardon Yin Jiao from such a fate, the malignant Prime Minister refuted every request, handing Grand Completion his sword, to deliver the fatal blow.

With ready resolve to put an end to his dangerous disciple — who could risk the entire death of the Western Foothills if allowed to live — Grand Completion presently approached the captive with sword in hand. Meanwhile Yin Jiao, frantic to escape such circumstances, for the sake of his ambitions and the will of the people, suddenly revealed the Sky Overturning Stamp within his sleeve, striking it before his master's face and causing the latter to flinch with an intense gravitational pull upon his body. As Yin Jiao immediately followed with a slash from his golden halberd, Grand Completion, with tears gushing from his eyes,

shattered the former's blade to pieces with his right arm, and extending his fatal blade with the right, piercing Yin Jiao's throat and rendering his body motionless. Remaining upright after such a fatal blow, Yin Jiao eye's gazed resolutely at his master with the final remaining moment of life that he still possessed, while he dropped the activated Sky Overturning Stamp from his hand, stepping upon it with his feet; and as it hit the ground, the metal within the mountain equally reacted to the immediate change in pressure, causing the terrain to immediately collapse in a large ripple effect as the magical energy transferred through the metal, as if being electricity.

As Yin Jiao unleashed one final grin of achievement right before death, the mountain collapsed in all entirety, causing Jiang Ziya and the others to be buried like sand from within. Alas! Yin Jiao thus died, remembered by the people of China as a true hero, sacrificing his every ounce of life energy to destroy the country's evil in the face of the suffering populace and the war-torn hearts of all that inhabit it. As Yin Jiao's spirit took flight through the heavens and gazed down upon the enormous wreckage as a result to the mountain's collapse, the prince was justifiably infuriated that his ambitions have been evidentially sullied, but was still relieved that the rebel commander was indeed dead, allowing him some form of opportunity to easily take the Western Foothills if any new body was to be found.

In resolution to this, the first worry that struck Yin Jiao was seeing whether his respectable comrades had succeeded in their initial defense of the Shang encampment; but as he arrived to inspect, corpses laid desolate along the region's perimeter, with his encampment having been breached and desolated in all entirety. Seeing the evidence that many soldiers of Shang had scattered to variable distances after the dominant use of fire, Yin Jiao wrathfully altered the clouds of the sky and uprooted neighboring trees, as he loudly lamented the death of his fellow allies.

Following this incident of lamenting, Yin Jiao realized that some form of gravitational force was pulling him in the direction of the east, and nonetheless resisted such a force, arriving before the grounds of Capital Morning Song and searching widely for his father, who he intended on seeing, as opposed to initially killing him, which would provide a heavy weight of populace support to the side of Zhou, considering that his aspirations to be seen as the country's influence would be harmed by such circumstances, and recovery would be almost impossible.

Therefore, Yin Jiao eventually found his father — who was presently dozing off by means of heavy drinking outside the Happy Terrace — and stood before his father, informing him of his identity, the past circumstances taken place within the Western Foothills, and that the able and powerful should be convinced to negotiate and tear apart the Zhou influence — for by no other means was such a resolution possible.

Following this, Yin Jiao created an enormous gust of wind, soared through the heavens, and arrived before the Terrace of Creation in which his body was innately drawn towards; at this initial point in time, Yin Jiao allowed himself entry within the terrace, after being elaborated to by the guardian, knowing that even with Jiang Ziya dead, he did not possess any actual body or magical item to reinforce his authority. The crown prince thus took rest, vowing upon the

moonlighted night that he would rest for the time being, awaiting the moment in which he would be able to reinforce his eternal ambitions once again. The following morning, King Zhou sat concentrated on the message that he received from his "deceased" son, but nonetheless grew frenzy when receiving an urgent report that stated that Crown Prince Yin Jiao was indeed present on the battlefield; and as the worst possible circumstances would have it, he and that of Zhang Shan had both been killed while in the ultimate attempt of destroying the Western Foothills.

Unhesitant to act in some means of retortion to this detriment, King Zhou immediately held a council within the Royal Hall, where he announced the entire situation before every minister, accordingly asking who should be chosen as the following expeditionary commander to enact vengeance. In response to this, Supreme Minister Li Deng stepped forward from the others, stating that Commander Hong Jin of Sanshan Pass possesses both unparalleled magically capability and was additionally successful in military strategy — someone who should thus be employed and tasked with such an obligation.

Initially accepting this recommendation, King Zhou sent a messenger with royal decree to Sanshan Pass, where Hong Jin accepted the proposal, equipped himself with the Commander's Seal and 100,000 soldiers, and appointed his subordinate — Kong Xuan — as Sanshan's new head guardian. He then took leave of the pass and lead his army towards the direction of the Western Foothills.

At the present time at which Crown Prince Yin Jiao gave his final stand by collapsing the Western Foothill's Guardian Mountain, Grand Completion and the others were initially buried by the rubble that encased upon them, but the former immediately deployed thousands of lotus flowers that protected them from the weight of the rocks' pressure, escaping with both Jiang Ziya and King Wu before any furthered amount of detriment could result. Regardless, both Jiang Ziya and Grand Completion were heavily wounded, and were thus handed by Zhou generals silver elixir pills that were retrieved from the fallen Shang encampment, which were previously identified by the Prime Minister as only being consumable by a man of immortal characteristics.

The Zhou soldiers had also located the respective grave of Luo Xuan and freed the citizens that were held by Yin Jiao, so proclamations were immediately spread about the city that appeased the people from their strife, and reconstruction immediately took place within Phoenix City as many days passed by in conviction. Meanwhile, Hong Jin and his army of 100,000 had made their way deeply into the Western Foothills after a straight week of marching, where they presently made themselves an encampment secluded within a forest region that laid to the south. Scouts were then sent to report on the current circumstances present within Phoenix City.

After some time, information had been received that many escorts of provisions, silver, and iron were being transported regularly, and many soldiers were being drilled apart from one another in variable regions, suggesting that the Western Foothills were quick on their feet to ensure that further invasion was well defended from, and that such an opportunity to strike shouldn't be avoided. Thus, Hong Jin distributed his soldiers to specific strategic positions, drilled the sword,

bow, and spear units beneath his command, and ordered General Ji Kang to take the field the following morning. As dawn arrived the next day, Ji Kang marched a grand army of 70,000 soldiers before Phoenix City, ordering his soldiers to pounce upon its western gates and besiege it as quickly as physically employable. At this initial time, General Nangong Kuo charged through the gates that presently suffered from siege and furiously ordered his unit of 20,000 to fit arrows to their bows and barrage the Shang soldiers from the city's walls, additionally meeting Ji Kang one-on-one, prepared to fight to the death if the need be.

Ji Kang, relatively being overwhelmed by Nangong Kuo's stand of desperation and rage, presently recited many incantations, causing an enormous cloud of darkness to appear directly above his respective head, at which a wolf of bronze fur lunged from the darkness, piercing its fangs into Nangong's flesh and rendering him screaming in pain. Ji Kang then stabbed his sword relentlessly upon the wounded warrior, causing Sun Yanhong, who gazed at such a sight from the city walls, to spray an enormous torrent of fire down upon Ji Kang. Ji Kang initially fled in great surprise at such a display, knowing that such a monster might have been the justification as to why the Shang encampment's remnants were found as being mainly nothing more than deeply incinerated ashes.

Ordering his soldiers to retreat lest they were to be killed in mass by this incredible beast, Ji Kang and the Shang army fled the day, and Nangong Kuo was immediately carried back into the Zhou encampment, where he was treated. The circumstances involving Sun Yanhong's appearance was presently reported to Hong Jin after the time at which Ji Kang effectively returned to his commander's encampment. Hong Jin was delighted that the source of the previously seen catastrophe had now been filled in with partial evidence. He thus chose to send General Bai Xianzhong to do battle the following day with 10,000 pike men and crossbowmen alike, meanwhile forming a fixed strategy on how to destroy such a beast and its conspirators.

As the warrior of Shang approached Phoenix City's gates, he aligned his pike men in a pincer formation, while his respective bowmen formed towers out of mounds of mud in the rear, so as to have a mounted position that would allow them to spray upon the enemy soldiers like rain. With these formations having been aligned, Deng Jiugong alone commanded a frontal army of half the number. And after failing in the controversial attempt to convince Xianzhong that his course of action would only result in death, Deng Jiugong fearlessly charged upon the enemy's pincer formation, ordering his fire-arrow ambush units on his right and left to clear a pathway of fire that would separate the opposing pike men from his body.

As the pincer formation became distorted by this show of unexpected bravery, Deng Jiugong whipped his noble steed until he obtained great agility, at which he closed in upon the enemy commander — who remained at the middle — and felled him in a single cut of his blade, presently fending off volleys of arrows at the same initial time. As Deng Jiugong ordered his soldiers to then begin to spray their flaming arrows upon the mounds of mud, the morale of the Shang soldiers diminished. They fled back to their encampment while Jiugong took the enemy commander's head and made his return to Phoenix City, much to the praise of Jiang Ziya, who ordered the head to be hung upon a pole before the city gates as a

showing of their conviction. As Hong Jin was naturally distressed to hear of such a detriment upon hearing report, he still relatively harbored a very keen interest in the capable men of the Western Foothill rebel faction, and more than anything desired to visit their city personally, where he would be able to engage in some form of controversy.

The following day, Hong Jin equipped his body with full-plated armor and led an enormous front before the eastern gates of Phoenix City. And as Jiang Ziya and his men exited the city gates to repel this enemy force, Hong Jin took notice of the rebel army being of perfect discipline, consisting of many a general and celestial, who showed such a look of resolve and furiousness that the Shang commander grinned in admiration.

Approaching Jiang Ziya and receiving his name with full respect, Hong Jin began by informing the Prime Minister that he had been sent by royal order of King Zhou to cease their rebellion and make ultimate peace between both of their respective factions. *"I am Senior Advisor of the Leftern House, Hong Jin, and I come before you today to put forth an agreement that can settle our differences in a manner differing from lowly barbarity. As I see that your army is of perfect discipline and formation, yet you carry the name of a rebel, it is obvious that you possess hatred towards the name of King Zhou and intend on his overthrow.*

Now would it ultimately benefit your position by using moral influence to strengthen the swords of your soldiers and create a furthered amount of chaos in this country? I see such an action as being nothing less than folly, as you and your people consider yourselves men of peace that await the times, but in reality, you are treacherous snakes that wish to bite back at your master! Have you taken into consideration the consequence in acting in such a manner? You may possess the capacity to overthrow the dynasty and declare yourselves as heroes, but is barbaric violence truly something that you should carry out as if being nothing less than normality?

In the name of justice, I cannot allow someone such as you to destroy the Shang Dynasty and bind the people's minds to petty delusions of grandeur and peace. If you value your life and the hearts of your people, I order you to throw down your weapons and speak of submission. For what can animals such as yourself perform against men of my ability, other than using celestials as tools to carry out your own evils?"

Smiling with an aura of great resolve, Jiang Ziya responded: *"So, the common class general of the Shang forces declares me as being a rebel of the country and someone who should ultimately be eliminated for the sake of the greater good. I am nothing more than a simple Taoist man that has risen up in the name of Sky, and I will strike down anything that opposes such a will, even if I am forced to destroy every last one of your kind with the sword that rests at my side.*

The will of Sky is vast, and I am the figurehead of destiny that has been ordered to strike down the evil Shang Dynasty and its ruler, so that my benevolent ruler King Wu can rise up and rightfully claim the throne as his! You state my intentions as being nothing less than a passing whim held by a barbarian, yet how can you deny the resolve of my blade as being delusions of peace when I possess the full capability to create such peace?! I am a ruler among men, and nothing can deny what I have chosen to do for this country, as my actions will create a future that everyone shall prosper from, no matter what needs to be sacrificed within the

process. My people fight as my arms and legs, and I treasure them the same. How can one such as you dare talk of justice when my actions are for righteousness and universal happiness?"

Laughing aloud in full determination, Hong Jin boldly stated: *"So it seems that you believe yourself to be a hero of the common man, and use your direct followers as evidence to prove that what you are doing is for the best possible resolution to the present circumstances. Is that not nothing less than truly pathetic, eh? You foolish ape for a human! It seems that no reason can diminish that disparity within your breast, and that you are determined more than anything to bring this country to a greater height of chaos, simply due to your own petty views of justice!"*

Righteousness, love, honor, resolve; are these words that you truly believe will somehow save the people from their consistent despair, and that you will be seen as a hero among men? Listen to reason, you useless old fool! Even if you are able to destroy the Shang Dynasty with the backing of those evil righteous-driven celestials, think that I will simply stand down and allow your actions to pave a pathway of destruction through this country, in face of my ultimate duty and reputation beneath the sword of Shang?!

If you refuse to set aside your delusions even in the face of reason, then I have little other choice then to show that my blade has been carved from the blood of thousands of rebels, and you shall simply be another corpse that litters the death-paved ground of shame once my justice tears open your very heart!"

With these words having been spoken, Hong Jin resolutely ordered his pike men and spear units to charge to his right and left as they advanced to the enemy's position from the front. His bowmen would begin to construct forts to the south and north to use as fortifications. And the mounted cavalry would create a wide pincer formation around the rebel army, expanding the effectiveness of Hong Jin's forward charge.

As Hong Jin neared Jiang Ziya's position, he would be momentarily confronted by the 72nd son of King Wu, known as Wu Shimeng, who was naturally of intense physical ability, and thus subsequently able to beat back Hong Jin's assault with only a small unit of soldiers. Seeing that this new foe possessed a high level of strength to back his resolve, Hong Jin concluded that such a confrontation would not prove fruitful by means of his own martial prowess. He thus gave a signal with his right hand before stabbing his silver flag into the ground, at which he ran inside of a void door that appeared to his right.

With this void door having been opened, Wu Shimeng knew not what fate would befall him if he were to enter. But as such circumstances opened an opportunity for him to potentially seize the head of the enemy commander, he unhesitatingly charged onward through the door. Little could he actually comprehend, however, that Hong Jin immediately was took to hiding as he was present within his void. And by the time at which Shimeng had entered, the Shang commander's cutless fell upon him like a heavy guillotine, slicing the general into two vertical halves and subsequently placing fear into the hearts of Jiang Ziya and each of his subordinates.

Hong Jin exited his void door and resumed it to its original state as a flag. Loudly then he began to boast at Jiang Ziya: *"You stated earlier that you possess the full capability to create peace within this country, yet how can one deny the power*

that I wield as being something subtle and easily conquered, even as one of your men have now reached River Sphynx and cry out in resent at their own unknowing!

If you wish to take my life and continue with your petty ambitions of grandeur, then call forth those worthless celestials of chaos and use them to your present advantage, otherwise the scent of blood shall echo throughout the countryside as my blade erases your every cell of existence! Don't take me lightly, you barbarian. I have slain thousands of rebels with this resolved sword of justice, and your streaming blood shall simply be another passing page in history, while I shall be looked upon as this country's true hero!"

With this having been spoken, Hong Jin re-awakened his void door and disappeared within, concentrating every ounce of his magical energy to sprout from the ground beasts comprised of dark matter, who roamed across the battlefield in enormous number, tearing apart soldiers of the Rebel Army limb by limb. As these beasts were a part of Hong Jin's subconscious, he was forced to remain in a meditative state while within the void; but with Deng Chanyu's immediate and brave showing of agility, she was able to scatter many soldiers of Shang before entering the door that held the commander, barraging him with a multitude of reinforced pebbles and subsequently causing Hong Jin to yell out in thriving pain and despair.

Attempting to grab ahold of her body with his Hands of Darkness, he had already maxed out the majority of his remaining energy and struggled in such an attempt, causing Ji Kang to initially pierce forward like a shadow and purge the entire battlefield in mist. Taking ahold of his wounded master while in the midst of such a showing, Ji Kang ordered a full-scale retreat back to their encampment, thus scoring for Jiang Ziya a moderate but resentful victory. As Ji Kang and the rest of the Shang forces had returned to their respective encampment, Hong Jin had immediately treated his wounds with advanced medicine and rested for the evening, vowing that he would unconditionally dispose of the woman that had given him such deep wounds, ultimately for the sake of his credibility.

Acting upon these words, Hong Jin departed from the encampment the following afternoon, taking with him a 3,000-strong unit of archers to back his assault, determined to solely tear apart Deng Chanyu, the woman who had humiliated him so deeply. Hong Jin appeared before the eastern gates of Phoenix City shortly following and ordered the appearance of the "rock-throwing whore", Princess Dragon Ji. The princess had taken ear to the ability of Hong Jin's flag and had happened to possess a weapon that could counter such a detriment, rode from the city gates and confronted Hong Jin upon Jiang Ziya's consent.

As Hong Jin was both enraged at the fact that Deng Chanyu refused to show her face, but satisfied that he could enact his revenge on another respective arm of the rebel commander, he initially awakened his void and ran inside, preparing to unleash the largest amount of dark energy that he could sum forth, tearing his enemy into pieces.

To his shock, a large silver portal carrying Princess Dragon Ji was suddenly awakened from within the void, and she strode outside with incredible speed, smashing Hong Jin's back with such force that his armor shattered to pieces, additionally throwing him a great distance before he had reattained his footing. In

a state of great panic, Hong Jin abandoned his flag and fled to the north on his mount, ordering his 3,000 archers in ambush to unleash volleys of arrows at Dragon Ji, who was presently in pursuit at the rear.

Returning to a natural state of mind and fully confident that the woman could never survive such a heavy onslaught, Hong Jin steadied his horse and turned to look at his opponent. But to his intense fear and dismay, the Shang soldiers fell in masses as Dragon Ji unleashed from her magical vase an enormous sum of fire, which had been originally obtained during Luo Xuan's former attack upon Phoenix City.

Hong Jin gazed all around him and saw trees falling apart with flames scattered to the very heavens. Hong Jin, no matter how bold he wished to live another day, frantically sped his horse to the north until he reached the North Sea, at which he dismounted, throwing into the waters an imperial seal that was granted to him by noble birth, carrying with it the will of ancestors.

As the waters began to part from one another with violent waves churning consistently, an enormous guardian dragon leaped from the depths of the ocean, allowing Hong Jin to mount it as if he was its master. Dragon Ji had caught up to him his position. Thus Hong Jin stood atop his beast and loudly proclaimed before his opponent: *"You are a mere tiger that has been uncaged by a rebel who wishes to overthrow the country, and you still consider yourself as being superior to I, a man of true noble birth who even the heavens proclaim as their equal! Is the present situation not anything less than laughable?! I am a man that has been chosen by the Shang Dynasty to lead the masses to unconditional victory, never severing my path of duty nor giving up in the face of any opposition!*

You on the other hand are nothing more than a test-animal, who has been granted supreme power at birth. While at the same time you prove yourself as being too incompetent in knowing how to wield such a power, even to the extent that you shamelessly attempt to take the life of one such as I, known by all as a man of justice! If you give in now and show to me that your life is better off saving than to meet a humiliating death in the face of service beneath a deluded man of the common class, then I shall treat you as if you are my own right arm. An individual who deserves respect and gratitude, and someone who is treasured by the people alike as being a hero that has awakened from ignorance.

My ancestors have long been known throughout the land as prodigies, individuals of both great talent and respect, and saviors of nations and kingdoms, never allowing themselves to falter or give in to unfavorable circumstance, but living on to fight for their resolve another day, destroying any opposition to the throne and securing themselves as men of true repute! Set your eyes upon reason and become a beacon of light as my ancestors have shown themselves to be. Only then shall you make a name for yourself in this pathetic country gutted with every whim of evil and become a figurehead that is deserving of praise and power!

My conviction for the people has never decayed even after so many years of service beneath a land dreaded with incompetency. Think that I will simply give in to a force driven with nothing else than unconditional barbarity and lose an opportunity at guiding the masses with the power and authority that resides within these very fingertips?! The circumstances are futile for any means of victory, as even the gods have answered my noble call, and together we shall both strike down the

evil in this country and blossom the future as a sword of unparalleled conviction and truth!"

In response to this, Princess Dragon Ji approached the sea that stood before her and casted into it her own hereditary seal, effectively summoning forth an enormous dolphin-like creature that bordered the size of Hong Jin's dragon. Mounting her respective beast, Princess Dragon Ji began to shout: *"As you are indeed a man worthy of my respect and admiration, I shall tell you my name and title. I am none other than the daughter of Golden Mother of Jade Pond, Princess Dragon Ji, wielder of the 10,000-armed vase! Now that you are competent of my position in this world, by what means could I betray the expectations of my mother and all who serve under my right arm, simply to save my own present life? What you state is not the present way of things, as Jiang Ziya is a man guided by Heaven, destined to allocate freedom to the people and reign forth an era of unparalleled peace!"*

No matter how noble you believe yourself to be, the will of my lord and the aspirations of the people are something that you shall never understand, and the waves of the time shall ensure that a person of greater capability rises up and seizes peace for all, and that man is Jiang Ziya! How dare you speak of delusion when you yourself are the one who is ignorant of the present circumstances! I refuse to give in to your swindler ways of trickery!" "It is a sad state of affairs to see a woman of your beauty succumb to such a shallow understanding of this country and the figureheads that are essential in running its every ligament.

Can you not comprehend that even with such a position of influence, you are nothing more than an animal bound in rope that longs to see the light of freedom, feeling every form of resentment as you are forced to unconditionally follow petty codes of filially? If you are unable to awaken from your primitive ways of thought and see my absolute reasoning, than you are fated to be regarded within history as a fool who was destroyed out of nothing less than their own blindness and irrationality. Do you intend on such a detrimental resolution as being your fate within this world? I would hardly consider that as being reasonable by any means, as you will thus have stained any reputation you previously possessed with the blood of resent and ignorance, forever looked upon as a mere nobody that was unable to adapt to the times, let alone crushed by a man of unparalleled repute such as myself."

With this having been spoken, Hong Jin leapt to the heavens atop his one-mile long golden-scaled dragon and fell upon Dragon Ji's beast with incredible speed and valor, tearing apart the dolphin's upper body and etching the sea with a coating of blood. With this having been initiated, Hong Jin's dragon began to bear its heavy fangs into the flesh of Dragon Ji's dolphin; and taking advantage of this situation, Hong Jin leaped upon his foe and landed a crucial blow to her flesh with his sword.

Taking immediate advantage of this, Dragon Ji pressed Hong Jin aside with all her might and ordered her Dragon Binding Rope to bind the Shang commander's body and effectively render him immobilized. Struggling to free himself with every ounce of strength as the rope tightly began to bind his ligaments from any form of movement, Dragon Ji grabbed ahold of Hong Jin and quickly fled back to Phoenix City, the same initial time being forced to evade many consistent attacks by his dragon, which burned with a great flushing of rage over

the position of its master. Nonetheless, Dragon Ji was able to safely return to her respective city, at which she threw Hong Jin before the very feet of Jiang Ziya.

Chapter 67

The Outspoken Warrior is Granted Honors of Lordship; Royalty and Justice become twisted to Circumstance

Jiang Ziya took the hands of Dragon Ji and bowed before her in respect and acknowledgement at having captured the enemy commander. He then gazed before the humiliated Hong Jin — who presently was still bound to the Dragon Binding Rope. And stated: *"So, this justice of yours seems to have brought about nothing less than failure and defeat at the hands of a superior enemy, while you now stand before me as figure of humiliation that was unable to uphold his bold words. What can you state now, General?"*

I control your life within my very fingertips and possess the complete jurisdiction to end it at this moment if I was to will for it. As your boldness and conviction surpass any other warrior that I have confronted within the past, I indeed express my utmost respect towards your noble cause, even though it is distorted, confused, and all together misled.

With this having been stated, I shall allow your life to end honorably, for you have proven to be true to your conviction and dreams. And that is reason enough to allow for you the death of a hero who believed in his own words, as we both are so little apart in our manner of thought, no matter what another may dare state. Guards, away with him to the grounds of execution!"

Thus, Hong Jin was brought to the grounds of execution and was fully prepared for his life to meet the sword. However, a Taoist man by the name of *Celestial Matchmaker* arrived in a sweat ordering the executioner to [hold] his hand, as *Incantations Immortal of Jade Pond* had provided written decree stating that Dragon Ji and Hong Jin were destined by Heaven to join in marriage.

With these words having been passed on to Jiang Ziya, he initially went to see Celestial Matchmaker, forthwith leading him to the residence of Dragon Ji so as to come to a justified conclusion on how to respond to the mandate involving her marriage. Upon entry into the princess's residence, Celestial Matchmaker and Jiang Ziya approached Dragon Ji, at which the former began:

"My lady! I am humiliated at the fact that I could not approach you with this matter at a sooner time, but our respective master Incantation has only just recently received written decree stating you are to be married to Shang Commander Hong Jin, so as to secure peace between both respective factions. And I have consequently arrived with the most immediate of speed, intent on employing the command of our lord.

However, your words, my lady, shall determine whether such a resolution is to come about, as I am nothing more than a stone in the riverside in comparison to your nobility and reputation, and will willingly meet the sword if you are to express refusal with this demand."

As Dragon Ji was relatively shocked to hear of such a sudden report and the inappropriate time at which it had been produced, she was nonetheless inclined to accept such a proposal. She not only began to subtly fall in attraction to the young Hong Jin and his great ambition but also came to the realization that he would be more useful alive than not. Both Jiang Ziya and Matchmaker were elated to hear of Dragon Ji's consenting that Hong Jin was freed from his bonds shortly and escorted

to the Shang encampment, for the sake of rallying his soldiers into a mutual surrender. Hong Jin, intense with despair and humiliation in effect to having not only been captured by the rebel forces, but left alive simply to attest his own usefulness to a distorted cause, enraged him internally as he approached the Shang encampment and called his generals to an audience. In a loud voice, Hong Jin began:

"To my great disfavor and detriment, my entire contingent had been torn asunder by the hands of a single woman, and even the ancestral dragon that has supported me since my very birth failed to bring me an ultimate victory. Thrown before the feet of Jiang Ziya and taken away for beheading, my life was saved by a single commanding whim held by one of their barbaric celestials, and now I have succumbed to the humiliation of marrying the one woman who caused my defeat or otherwise meet the sword in death.

Who could have ever considered that I would be torn apart by petty magic tricks and forced, to my very throat, to support the arms and legs of a deluded rebel of the common class! My men, you have all stood by me as true heroes alike that fight for a greater good, but alas, the circumstances have been twisted against any means of our success, and we have no other choice than to lend support to this rebel faction and ultimately throw our names from the path of gods to that of peasants.

Nonetheless, my comrades, I will find a way in which we can tear these bonds of animal skin from our bodies and ascend to the glory and fame that we deserve. And no matter what sacrifices need to be made, the head of Jiang Ziya shall one day become an ornament for my ambitions after I show to the entire country that I am a man who never abandons his justice!"

With this having been stated, Ji Kang and the others vowed to unconditionally follow their leader in service beneath Jiang Ziya. The group then proceeded back to Phoenix City, in which both Hong Jin and Princess Dragon Ji accordingly were wedded on the third day of the third month in the 35th year of King Zhou's reign — respectively seen as a lucky date for their marriage.

The Western Foothills had now made the necessary preparations to ensure a full production of provisions and weapons for a prospective incursion into capital city Morning Song. And for this very reason Jiang Ziya presented himself before King Wu the following day with the proposition of attacking King Zhou with the support of other nobles who mutually shared the same intent.

This nonetheless came across before King Wu as unthinkable, for his father had commanded him never to consider destroying the king even if being a nuisance to the people's prosperity and integrity. It would be nothing less from fully denoting an unfilial and disloyal nature unfettered from traditional values. San Yisheng, however, convinced King Wu that joining the nobles in a united front and forcing the king into a state of repent without conventional attack would be the best course of action, and forthwith suggested that Jiang Ziya should be appointed commander for the sake of managing political affairs from every side of their campaign.

Accordingly granting the prime minister the yellow axe and white scepter as an entitlement to authority in respect to Yisheng's request, the minister then suggested that a high terrace should be constructed in compliment to traditional rites of prayer offering before the rivers, mountains, earth, and heavens.

This was also consented to with relatively open arms, and after reassuring the king that he can be relied upon for the arrangements of such an imperative task, Yisheng visited Jiang Ziya in a toast of congratulations and forthwith confided to both Nangong Kuo and Xin Jia the responsibility of constructing their terrace.

After the passage of ten days the terrace project was complete, and with this San Yisheng approached King Wu and informed him that the 15th day of the third month had been chosen as a date for announcing the prime minister's appointment to commandership.

Chapter 68

Two Hermits Stop the Army

Following the leave of each immortal, Jiang Ziya and his generals would be prepared for the expedition in three days. Once Jiang Ziya had presented a memorial to King Wu — and effectively attained his consent — the former assigned Huang Tianhua as the frontal vanguard general, Wu Ji the right, Nezha the rear, and Nangong the left. Each would thus drink a cup of wine, thank Jiang Ziya, and then take their leave. After Jiang Ziya had performed a muster call before all his generals, he would order Yellow Flying Tiger to drill the army as to ensure perfection.

The great army of Zhou would thus take off the following day once external and internal affairs were well accounted for. It was the now the 24th day of the third month within the 30th year of King Zhou's reign. As the Zhou army passed between Mount Yan and Mount Shouyang, two Taoists would suddenly block their path. The Taoists known as Bo Yi and Shu Qi would reprimand Jiang Ziya for his unfilial actions — and that he should thus await for repent on the part of King Zhou without any form of attack.

The former would respond by saying that such views were exceedingly short-sided and should be avoided for further hurting of the people's will. After these Taoists had been tied up for their intrusion, they would be set free later to return to their mountain. Once Jiang Ziya and the army of Zhou had reached the Golden Chicken Range, red flags would suddenly appear before the summit of the mountain. After an enemy camp had been effectively located above the summit, Nangong Kuo would volunteer himself to meet the enemy. Wei Ben, the enemy commander, would defeat the former with moderate ease — and send him back to tell Jiang Ziya that he would like to see him immediately.

Before Nangong was to lose his head, Wei Ben would kneel before Jiang Ziya and ask to fight under the banner of Zhou in order for his name to be recorded in the pages of history one day. Jiang Ziya would accept his service with great delight — and release Nangong due to attaining a general that could take his place.

Once King Zhou had gotten word of Jiang Ziya's march to the capital of Morning Song, he would assign Kong Xuan as expeditionary commander of defense. Upon Kong Xuan's meeting with Han Rong at Sishui Pass, he would proudly declare that Jiang Ziya, King Wu, nor any other Zhou generals would be able to stand against his supreme strength — and should thus not be feared. With these words, Kong Xuan would march westward from the gates of Sishui Pass to Golden Chicken Range where his army would halt and set up camp for the night.

Chapter 69

Trouble at the Golden Chicken Range

Once Jiang Ziya had attained word of Kong Xuan's movement, he would ponder alone in his tent over this 37th invasion. Vanguard general Chen Geng would present the first challenge before the camp of Zhou; and Huang Tianhua would effectively answer such a call. Following thirty rounds, Tianhua would unleash his Fire Dragon Javelin to put an end to his opponent's life. As Jiang Ziya dipped his pen into his ink slab to record his general's performance, the nib would suddenly drop off. The former would express inner grievance over such an omen — for he knew that this was the last merit that was to be achieved by Huang Tianhua.

Sun He of Shang would meet Wu Ji of Zhou at the battlefield the following day; and thus a great duel was to be unveiled. During their ensuing battle, Wu Ji would manage to stab his cutlass deeply into Su Hu's chest — effectively ending his life. With hatred over the loss of two renowned generals of the kingdom, Gao Jineng would volunteer himself to attain revenge. Once Nezha had intercepted Gao's attack, the great fire lance of the former would fiercely clash with Gao's spear. As he realized the great celestial abilities that Nezha possessed, Gao would quickly flee to the camp of Shang — but would be severely wounded by the former's Universal Ring in the process.

The following day Kong Xuan would appear before the camp of Zhou in furiousness over his past losses. As the former ran out to clash his great sword against Jiang Ziya's mere cutlass after a short interlude, Hong Jin would run out to meet the former. With immense wrathful rage, Kong Xuan would lash at the rebel. Once Hong Jin had unleashed his portal door ability, the latter would simply laugh as he used his yellow beam to sweep the former in an invisible void.

When Jiang Ziya thus lashed at Kong Xuan with his Devil Beating Whip, it would suddenly vanish in a beam of red light. After the forces of Zhou had thus fled in fear, Jiang Ziya would ponder over Kong Xuan's ability to use five different rays of light. In short time Ziya would order his troops to unleash a surprise attack upon the camp of Shang that night. Kong Xuan, who used divination to deduce the enemy's scheme, would order Gao Jineng of the Swarm to ambush the enemy at the left camp.

As Nezha attempted to invade the central camp, he would be shortly met by an invigorated Kong Xuan. Even though Nezha possessed immense celestial power, he would be unable to defend himself against white light, the most evolved of Xuan's lights. Huang Tianhua would meanwhile invade the left camp and battle against Gao Jineng and his bagful of locusts and wasps. After a fierce battle between Huang's Fire Dragon Javelin and Gao's spear, the latter's wasps would manage to seriously wound the former's jade unicorn — thus sending him smashing to the ground.

As Huang Tianhua used his javelin with fierce resolve, he would be unexpectedly pierced violently through the stomach — and would thus fall to the ground with blood pouring from his abdomen. Gao would then deliver the final

blow to the warrior of Zhou — thus ending his life. Following the end of the battle deep into the night, Yellow Flying Tiger and Jiang Ziya would hear the report. Once Flying Tiger had learned of his son's death, he would be so thrown into grievance and shock that he would lose all senses. With due resolve for revenge, the former would head immediately to Mount Flying Phoenix in order to attain the assistance of Chong Heihu of the magic hawks. Following his arrival at the mountain, he would gaze at three warriors that stood battling each other with varied weapons.

Once Flying Tiger had discussed the situation with these distinguished warriors, it would be decided that the former three warriors would bring Flying Tiger to Chong Heihu's presence the following day. Once Chong Heihu had essentially consented to the former's request, he would meet with both Jiang Ziya and King Wu at the camp of Zhou. After Chong Heihu had dined with the former, he would head out to the camp of Shang with his generals the following day and ensue battle with Gao Jineng. As the battle raged on, an intensely invigorated Yellow Flying Tiger would charge forth on his magical ox.

Chapter 70

Subjugation of the Peacock

Sensing immediate danger within the situation at hand, Gao Jineng would quickly unleash a swarm of wasps and locusts upon his foes. Unexpectedly for Gao however, Chong Heihu would open the gourd on his back — effectively creating thousands of hawks that would devour the latter's insects.

As Kong Xuan immediately ran to his general's assistance, he would gaze in shock at the blade of Yellow Flying Tiger as it dripped with the blood of the now dead Gao Jineng. With no further delay, Kong Xuan would take all five generals in a single beam of light. After putting his new prisoners into the gaols, Kong Xuan would decide not to fight and instead act as a blockade to the Zhou forces.

After Yang Bliss had arrived and was informed of the situation with Kong Xuan, he would head out the following day to the camp of Shang with Jiang Ziya in order to use his Demon Exposing Mirror upon the latter. When Yang Bliss had shined the mirror at Kong Xuan, all he could see was a piece of agate rolling to and fro. After Kong Xuan had lost his patience and ensued in battle with the former, Yang Bliss and the assisting Wei Hu would have no choice but to flee.

Following a fierce battle with the remaining Zhou forces, Kong Xuan would be stabbed in the left shoulder by Princess Dragon Ji and severely wounded in the face by Deng Chanyu's pebble — and would thus flee in defeat. Back in the camp of Zhou, Jiang Ziya would be called for a personal discussion with King Wu and would gradually lose his determination to keep up the fight.

After Jiang Ziya had issued the order to reduce the cooking stoves, every individual would realize that the commander wished for retreat; and they thus begin to pack up for departure without any idea why. Fortunately, Lu Ya would arrive in short time and convince both Jiang Ziya and King Wu to continue the campaign. Once Lu Ya had physically seen Kong Xuan's renown the following day on the battlefield, he would flee back to the Zhou camp in shock. Earth Traveler Sun, who had just entered the camp gate with extra food supplies, would yell angrily at Kong Xuan for insulting his commander in the past — and would thus violently lash out at the latter.

After Earth Traveler had effectively tricked Kong Xuan to fight him dismounted, the former would be able to swiftly move through the ground delivering several blows to Kong Xuan's body. Being more annoyed than physically wounded, Kong Xuan would unleash his rays all at once upon the latter.

Once Earth Traveler Sun had burrowed through the ground as to avoid the former's technique, Kong Xuan would be severely wounded in the face once again by Deng Chanyu's pebbles — and would thus flee. In seething rage over Deng Chanyu's obnoxious technique, he would demand Chanyu at the Zhou camp early the next morning; but Jiang Ziya would be reluctant to decline such by hanging the board of truce.

After Lamp Lighter had arrived the following day to do battle with Kong Xuan, he would use his great eagle in an attempt to see the former's true identity

with his magic bull eye. Once he had flown back in defeat, Buddha Candi would arrive in short time and declare that Kong Xuan was predestined to join him. Thus, the former would head out to meet Kong Xuan immediately afterwards.

Chapter 71

The Offensive on Three Routes

Following Buddha Candi's arrival at the camp of Shang, Kong Xuan would ask for his reason of appearance. After the latter had learned the reason, he would lash at Candi with his great sword and golden staff — but both weapons would be simply brushed aside by the former's tree twig. Once the Buddha had been caught within Kong Xuan's rays of light, all five beams would suddenly explode.

Now being completely defenseless, Kong Xuan would change into his true form, a beautiful peacock. Buddha Candi would thus shortly return to the western region atop Kong Xuan once the Zhou generals had been essentially freed. Following the surrender of Kong Xuan's forces, Jiang Ziya would order his army to march towards Sishui Pass the next day. Upon his arrival at the pass, Jiang Ziya would order Hong Jin to capture the Good Dream Pass while Yellow Flying Tiger was to take Green Dragon. If these passes were to be taken, no enemy attack could be unleashed from the left and right regions of Sishui. Once Hong Jin had arrived at Good Dream, Ji Kang would volunteer to challenge the enemy after they rested from the long march.

With cutlass in hand, Shang general Xu Kun would ride out to challenge Ji Kang. Shortly however, Ji Kang would use his black smoke dog to violently lash at Xu Kun's face while he delivered the final blow to his opponent's neck. As like the former day, Zhou general Su Quanzhong would easily be able to take the head of Shang general Hu Yunpeng without breaking a single sweat. Upon seeing the loss of many Shang soldiers due to the enemy's prowess, Hu Sheng, commander of Good Dream Pass, would discuss with his brother, Hu Lei, that the best option would be to surrender for the sake of their people. Hu Lei, however, would neglect such an offer fully and head out to meet the opposition the following day.

Once Nangong Kuo had answered the former's call, Hu Lei would be defeated in short time and presented before Hong Jin. Following Hu Lei's violent remarks against Hong Jin and his betrayal, he would be beheaded. However, a report on Hu Lei's reappearance would soon be issued — and Nangong Kuo would thus leave the camp of Zhou to see what trickery ran amok. After realizing that Hu Lei was truly alive, he would duel with great might against the former and effectively manage to capture him once again. Hong Jin would have no clue what to do with Hu Lei until Princess Dragon Ji arrived to inspect the prisoner. She would soon realize that Hu Lei was performing amateur magic, and that a small ten centimeter long needle should be placed between his hair as to prevent his escape.

Once he had been beheaded this time, his reappearance would never be heard — and his death would thus be confirmed. Hu Sheng would soon attain word of his brother's death, and would thus give a pledge of surrender to the camp of Zhou. Following Hong Jin's consent, Hu Lei would rush to and fro to make preparations for the former's arrival through the pass. However, a woman by the name of Mother Fiery Spirit of Mount Qiuming would arrive shortly — and declare her desire to avenge the death of her disciple, Hu Lei. Seeing this as an opportunity to crush the opposition, Hu Sheng would order the Zhou flags to be stripped. As Hong Jin gazed at the Shang camp flying the flags of Shang once again, the former would grind his teeth and be resolved to show no mercy for their trickery. After

Fiery Spirit had a special unit of 3,000 soldiers taken from Hu Sheng's total of 20,000, they would be specifically drilled and effectively equipped with large paper gourds.

Fiery Spirit and Hu Sheng would thus appear for challenge before the camp of Zhou with their new "Fire Dragon" troops following the passage of seven days. When Hong Jin came to attack Hu Sheng, Fiery Spirit would use her special golden ray of light technique to blind the former while delivering a crucial blow to his flesh. As Princess Dragon Ji emerged from the camp to see disastrous flames spouting from every corner, she would begin to recite spells. However, she would be distracted by a sudden ray of light before feeling the blade of Fiery Spirit sink deeply into her body.

Chapter 72

Grand Completion at the Green Touring Palace

When Princess Dragon Ji had realized that she had been stabbed, she would flee to the northwest without pursuit. As Hong Jin and the princess regrouped their remaining soldiers, they would immediately send an urgent report to Jiang Ziya. After receiving reprimand from Jiang Ziya, they would thoroughly explain the arrival of Fiery Spirit — and the disastrous resolution that resulted. Upon the hearing of Jiang's arrival, Fiery Spirit would emerge from the Shang camp immediately and clash blades with the former.

At the same point in time in which Jiang Ziya was crucially stabbed through the breast by Fiery Spirit, the new Zhou camp roared with flames once more. As the distance between Jiang and Fiery Spirit drew closer, the latter managed to hit him with a hammer and thus move forward to put an end to the rebel leader. Unexpectedly however, Paragon suddenly appeared and used his Haze-Sweeping Shirt and Sky Overturning Stamp to effectively absorb the latter's light and smash her skull into two. With Fiery Spirit now dead, Paragon took her golden coronet (the item she had previously used to create light). After healing Jiang Ziya's wounds and bringing him to his feet, Paragon headed to the Green Touring Palace in order to return the former's coronet.

While making his way to the Good Dream Pass, Jiang Ziya suddenly caught sight of his destined enemy from the heavens, Shen Gongbao. In the former's attempt to hide himself in a thick neighboring forest along the path, Shen Gongbao caught sight of Jiang Ziya and effectively ordered him to come forward. Grimacing with delight over this chance to attain revenge, Shen Gongbao would slash continuously at Jiang Ziya with his sword. Due to being old and seriously wounded, Jiang Ziya fled at the greatest of speed atop his horse lest he was to be killed. Using his legendary Sky Breaking Pearl, Shen Gongbao sent Jiang Ziya tumbling to the ground in a state of near death. Under orders from the Jade Emptiness Palace, Krakucchanda would unfortunately appear to sully Shen Gongbao's resolve.

Now being fully aware of the situation, the former fled quickly to the heavens atop his pearl-coated tiger. After effectively capturing Shen Gongbao with his Immortal Binding Rope, Krakucchanda would order his genii to take the former to the Unicorn Cliff and await his punishment. After Jiang Ziya had been essentially treated with elixir by the former, he would express his inner dignity towards the immortal before heading back on his way. Krakucchanda would thus head quickly to Mount Kunlun to await Master Celestial Primogenitor's judgment upon Shen Gongbao.

Upon Primogenitor's arrival at the Unicorn Cliff, he ordered for Shen Gongbao to be placed under the mountain until Jiang Ziya had created the gods. Shen Gongbao, however, would manage to avoid such a fate by vowing that if he was to attack the former again, might his body be thrown into the North Sea. Celestial Primogenitor, Krakucchanda, and Shen Gongbao would thus head to their own separate paths after such an oath had been created. As Paragon had arrived at the Green Touring Palace, he waited for a long period of time before the gates had been opened by a lad to hear his request. As the former entered the palace and

stood before the Nine Dragon Lignaloe Platform, he kowtowed before Grand Master of Sky with Fiery Spirit's golden coronet in his hands.

With no true resentment over his disciple's death, he declared to the former that if any of his comrades were to ever act against his word and attack Jiang Ziya, it won't matter to him if they were to also meet their own end. After Paragon had emerged from the palace, he would be forced to flee back to Grand Master of Sky's residence three separate times due to the unparalleled hatred and vows of revenge that the latter's disciples felt towards Paragon.

Chapter 73

Yellow Flying Tiger defeated at the Green Dragon Pass

As Paragon returned to the annoyed Grand Master of Sky a third time, the latter would angrily call for his disciples to show their face before him. After the Grand Master had reprimanded his disciples, Paragon would finally be dismissed to head back to Nine Immortal Mountain as he intended. Multi-Precious Immortal, a disciple, would think of a scheme to attain revenge against Paragon and would thus declare to his master that the latter would continuously denote their religion as being heretical and full of hairy foul beasts.

As each disciple agreed with the former's words in full unison, and the latter believed their words, the Grand Master of Sky would tell Multi-Precious to head to Jiepai Pass and set up an Immortal Slaughtering Trap. Before Multi-Precious was to take his leave to the pass, Grand Master would hand him the four Fairy Swords in addition. At this same point in time, Wei Hu would manage to find Jiang Ziya within the forests neighboring the Good Dream Pass — and he and the other generals would thus rejoice over such news. After Jiang Ziya had effectively reorganized his army following the passage of three days, Hu Sheng, in a state of turmoil and confusion, would submit his second pledge of surrender to the camp of Zhou.

Once Jiang Ziya had effectively consented to the pledge and appeared before the pass at dusk, Hu Sheng would kneel to the ground and beg for pardon. The latter, however, would be considered as untrustworthy due to his past obstinacy — and would thus be executed without any true remorse. Following the execution, Jiang Ziya would appoint Qi Gong as garrison commander of Good Dream while he returned to Sishui in order to report everything to King Wu. Back at Green Dragon Pass, Shang commander Qiu Yin would personally demand to see Yellow Flying Tiger the day after his first general had been slain on the battlefield. Huang Tianxiang, the third son of Yellow Flying Tiger, would gallop forward and cut down Gao Gui of Shang in a single breath.

Astonished by the former's prowess and at the same time seething with rage, Qiu Yin would rapidly thrash his silver lance at Huang Tianxiang with equaled skill. As two other Shang generals immediately drew their swords to defend their commander, Huang Tianxiang would manage to land two blows upon Qiu Yin's flesh out of distraction; and the latter would thus retreat. With healed wounds and torn pride, Qiu Yin would charge from the pass and clash blades with Huang Tianxiang once again. Huang Tianxiang began to experience great difficulty against the former's spirit that seethed with revenge — and he would thus quickly land a crucial blow to Qiu Yin's heart mirror which would send him fleeing with blood gushing profusely.

As Qiu Yin's hatred was further heightened by Yellow Flying Tiger's three-day attack upon his pass, Chen Qi would finally arrive with food supplies and ensure his commander that he would become the incarnation of his vengeance. When Chen Qi thus approached the Zhou camp the following day, he would be engaged by Deng Juigong — who was considered no more than a fragile baby compared to the former's prowess. With immense confidence, Chen Qi would

summon forth his Flying Tiger soldiers to bind up the latter while his yellow gas forced Deng Juigong into a senseless state. As Chen Qi thus bound Deng Juigong and threw him before the feet of Qiu Yin, he would be executed immediately for saying words of treason to the latter.

Once Yellow Flying Tiger had heard of such words, Tai Luan could not control his emotions over the death of his master — and he would thus violently clash his blade against Chen Qi's the following morning. After the former had been caught with ease, Chen Qi would confidently challenge the three remaining sons of Yellow Flying Tiger the next day.

Chapter 74

Combat between two Generals

As the three sons of Yellow Flying Tiger lashed their swords with refined ability, Chen Qi would have no choice but to immediately spat forth his yellow fog smoke and bind Huang Tianlu, the eldest. The day after Huang Tianlu had been thrown into jail, Qiu Yin would leave his pass in great eagerness to attain his long-awaited revenge against Huang Tianxiang.

Upon Qiu Yin's arrival at the Zhou camp, Huang Tianxiang and Qiu Yin would violently clash their blades with rivaled renown. Unfortunately for Tianxiang however, Qiu Yin would wave a mysterious red pearl in his face which would instantly encourage drowsiness. As Huang Tianxiang was thus thrown before the commander's feet in the Shang pass, Qiu Yin would execute the former immediately once being further ridiculed. After Yellow Flying Tiger had heard of Tianxiang's execution, he would faint to the ground in a state of unparalleled grievance. After Yellow Flying Tiger had sent an urgent report of the situation to Jiang Ziya, both Deng Chanyu and Nezha would immediately head to Green Dragon Pass in order to offer their assistance.

When Nezha gazed at the corpse of Huang Tianxiang hanging from the pass's wall the following day, the former's rage would burn like fire as he charged his lance at Qiu Yin. Unfortunately for Qiu Yin however, his red pearl would have no effect on Nezha — and would only result in him fleeing with broken bones. During the latter's retreat, Earth Traveler Sun would arrive shortly to offer what he could. At that same night, Sun would secretly check on the condition of Tai Luan and Huang Tianlu before releasing Huang Tianxiang's corpse from the wall. As Yellow Flying Tiger gazed at Tianxiang's body laying along the pass, he would refuse to see any more of his sons lose their lives — and would thus order Huang Tianjue to remain at the Western Foothills with his deceased brother.

Once the Shang forces had realized the happening of Huang's body, Chen Qi would angrily storm out from their gates the following morning only to be challenged by both Earth Traveler Sun and Deng Chanyu. As Sun lashed violently at Chen Qi, the latter would easily be able to bind the former with his yellow gas ability in short time. With fear in her heart, Deng Chanyu would immediately fling two pebbles at Chen Qi, one to the back and the other to his mouth. Now with a broken spinal column and a mouth gushing with blood, Chen Qi would have no choice but to return to the pass with his current prisoner.

Unfortunately for Chen Qi and Qiu Yin however, they knew little about Earth Traveler Sun's ability to escape underground — and they thus lost the chance to kill their new prisoner. As Zheng Lun returned that same night with extra food supplies, he would hear of his new rival in ability, Chen Qi, and would thus lust to meet him on the battlefield for the sake of his pride. Once both Chen Qi and Zheng Lun had met each other the following day, Chen Qi would manage to get the best of the former before they both unleashed their individual beams of gas.

At this point in time, the two warriors would fall asleep due to their opposite's technique — and they would thus be dragged back to their respective

camps by their individualized soldiers. When Chen Qi returned to face his destined foe once more the following day, he would declare a personal battle of honor with Zheng Lun that discloused magic attributes. As these two warriors battled from dawn till dusk to determine the superior, Yellow Flying Tiger would consent to Nezha's surprise attack upon Green Dragon Pass's gates. At the time of dinner, Han Rong would write a report to the king on the war situation, asking him to send reinforcements for the sake of their pass.

After hearing great commotion roaring about within the pass that night, Qiu Yin would charge from his camp and see many generals of Zhou clashing their cutlasses against the forces of Shang. Unfortunately for Qiu Yin, he would have no choice but to escape from the pass atop his dust cloud at great speed once being surrounded by Yellow Flying Tiger and his generals. At this point in time, Chen Qi would lose his life by the hands of Zheng Lun and the Zhou forces would effectively seize the pass. As Nezha reported their success to Jiang Ziya at Sishui, a grand celebratory feast would take place that night.

Chapter 75

An attempted Theft ends in Failure

Once Thunder Quaker was wounded in addition by Yu Hua's dagger, Yang Bliss would arrive shortly and conclude that he suffered from some type of poison. Deciding that he would meet Yu Ha himself, Yang Bliss would purposely allow himself to be hit in the right arm by the former's dagger so that he could flee back to camp and analyze his wound. With no knowledge of what type of poison flowed from his blood, Yang Bliss would immediately see his master, Jade Tripod.

After being informed that the dagger had originally been converted by Yu Yuan of Penglai Island, and three pills were needed from him directly in order to nullify the poison, Yang Bliss would disguise himself as Yu Hua and head to the island. By telling Yu Yuan that his dagger had been redirected into his own flesh while fighting against the Zhou forces, the latter would immediately hand his pseudo-disciple his desired pills. Once Yang Bliss had thus left the island, Yu Yuan would conclude that was relatively impossible for his dagger to be redirected, and Yu Hua's wounds wouldn't have allowed for him to come from such a grand distance due to the dagger's deathly attributes.

Now knowing that he had been tricked, he would pursue Yang Bliss through the clouds — but would only end up fleeing back to Penglai Island after suffering from the former's Sky Barking Hound. Back at the Zhou camp, Yang Bliss would meet Yu Hua on the battlefield once more the next day — and Thunder Quaker would fight in addition to attain his personal revenge. Unfortunately for Yu Ha however, his beast could not take beating from the two individuals and thus allowed an opening for Yang Bliss to severely wound Yu Ha — resulting in the latter's death.

As Han Rong sat in desperation at the reported death of Yu Hua and the lack of desired reinforcements, the former would be confronted by a man by the name of Yu Yuan who had arrived in the name of avenging his disciple. With great delight over the turn of his fortune, Han Rong would feast with the latter before he left to challenge Yang Bliss for revenge. After realizing that Yang Bliss was not present at the Zhou camp, Yu Yuan would charge his blade at Jiang Ziya to unveil his rage. Even after unleashing his Golden Light Katana, Yu Yuan would have little choice but to flee back to the Shang pass once he was attacked by generals Wei Hu and Li Jing in addition.

Earth Traveler Sun, who gazed at Yu Yuan fleeing atop his camel, would lust to steal the latter's mount due to its superb attributes. Deciding not to risk this chance by discussing it with Jiang Ziya, Sun would burrow through the ground and effectively arrive within Sishui Pass during the second watch that night. As Yu Yuan sat with his eyes closed, deep in meditation, he would hear an individual stealthily moving about through the pass — and would thus feign many snores as to ensure that this suspicious individual knew he was asleep.

Once Earth Traveler Sun had effectively seen Yu Yuan fast asleep, he would quickly beat him across the head a few dozen times. Confused that his beatings did not budge the former to any extent, he would decide to deal with him later and just

take his mount for the moment. Once Sun had thus mounted Yu Yuan's camel, it would at first ride to the heavens but would immediately return to its original position on the ground shortly. Not having any time to react over the camel's unexpected defiance, the earth traveler would suddenly find his head being firmly gripped by Yu Yuan's palm.

By finding many exceedingly deep burrow holes across the pass, Yu Yuan would confirm that this dwarf must have been traveling underground — and he would thus present the latter to Han Rong with his hands clutching Sun's head to present escape. As Yu Yuan thus presented the thief before Han Rong, the former would ask for the Universal Bag that was present beneath his cushion. With the desire in mind to burn Earth Traveler Sun alive within the bag, a large fire would be immediately constructed by the soldiers of Shang.

Unfortunately for Yu Yuan however, Krakucchanda would be informed of the situation by White Crane Lad and would thus snatch the Universal Bag that held Sun in short time. As Yu Yuan glared at Krakucchanda from the heavens with seething rage, he would vow his life upon the chance to kill the latter. Following Krakucchanda's arrival at the Zhou camp, Jiang Ziya would have sentenced Earth Traveler Sun to death for his impulsiveness if it wasn't for the former's persuasion. Once Yu Yuan had continuously called for Krakucchanda to show himself the next day, Jiang Ziya would appear instead with the resolve to take him captive.

Being thrashed about across the ground in desperation over Yu Yuan's keen renown with his sword, Krakucchanda would immediately appear and bind the latter with his Immortal Binding Rope. Back in the camp of Zhou, Jiang Ziya would order Yu Yuan beheaded; but each attempt to behead the latter would result as a mere scratch to the neck. After the failed attempt of Wei Hu in addition, Krakucchanda would order for Yu Yuan to be locked inside an iron box — which would be thrown deeply into the North Sea. By combining the elements of metal and water into one, Yu Yuan would easily break through the iron box and return to the Green Touring Palace.

Even though he escaped from the box, he would still be tightly bounded by Krakucchanda's rope and would thus plead to his master, Mother Golden Spirit, to confront the Grand Master of Sky so that such an issue could be amended. Once each disciple had seen Yu Yuan in such a desperate state, their rage would burn even brighter against the immortals of Zhou. After the Grand Master of Sky had essentially released Yu Yuan from his tight bonds, the latter would leave from the palace with one true desire, "to attain the head of Krakucchanda no matter what it would take." As Yu Yuan thus gave challenge the following day, with the retortion of Jiang Ziya, the former would violently charge his blade into the latter's flesh.

Without delay lest the latter would be killed by Yu Yuan's great prowess, Krakucchanda would immediately bind the immortal with his secondary binding rope. With confusion in his mind over Krakucchanda's subordinate rope, Yu Yuan's fear would be heightened as Lu Ya arrived at the Zhou encampment. With determination to kill Yu Yuan for his past treachery, no matter how justified it might have been, Lu Ya would remove the lid from his gourd — thus releasing a brilliant white light that would pierce through the clouds. As the great beam of light revolved in the air several times, it would come crashing down like an enormous blade to cleave the unfortunate Yu Yuan into two halves. With Yu Yuan

now dead, Lu Ya would bury his body and then take his leave. Back in Sishui Pass, Han Rong would soon attain a report on Yu Yuan's passing.

After holding a military conference to determine their resolution, it would be concluded that each individual soldier should pack their treasured belongings in carts to be transported into the mountainous regions, their temporary home. Han Sheng and Han Bian, the two sons of Han Rong, would immediately meet with their father to state their personal resolve.

Chapter 76

The Occupation of Sishui Pass

Once Han Sheng approached his father, Han Rong, he would spout many great words of devotion and loyalty towards his country. Even though Han Rong remained rather hesitant in order to ensure the safety of his subjects, he would smile in admiration at his son's resolve. To boost the confidence of their father, Han Sheng and Han Bian would both go to the drilling grounds and unleash the renown of their Ten Thousand Knife Vehicle.

With a mere few chants, this technique had the ability to unleash an unparalleled amount of strong winds across the ground — effectively allowing any object present to be absorbed and launched at will due to being controlled with magic. Han Rong, who was rather confused at how his two sons could attain such a powerful technique, would be told that it was attained by Fa Jie, an official of Morning Song, who simply wished for this ability to be their entity of resolve. Now in a state of high morale, Han Rong would order 3,000 soldiers of the Shang forces to be dressed in pure black armor and individually equipped and drilled effectively with thousand knife vehicles.

As Han Rong and his army thus set out to challenge Jiang Ziya, the latter would immediately present himself with his own army — determined to defeat his opposition one last time. After Han Sheng had clashed violently against Wei Ben, the former would retreat temporarily while signaling his three thousand soldiers to unleash their individual vehicles. Caught immensely unsurprised, over eight-thousand soldiers of the Zhou army would be completely slaughtered by their own weapons and other controlled objects that ran amok through the air in a mere few moments. With unparalleled fear, the remnants of Zhou would flee back to camp in quick pace.

For the sake of his honor and dignified spirit to the Shang Dynasty, Han Rong would call off the slaughter so that he could personally kill Jiang Ziya in the future. With this resolve set in his mind, Han Rong would order a night surprise attack with his three-thousand soldiers of Shang. Like great waves of blackness hidden under the veil of night, the army of Shang stealthily ran through the camps of Zhou slaughtering soldiers right and left. With corpses littered in every direction, Jiang Ziya would desperately flee atop his horse for miles with his remaining soldiers.

After being pursued by the forces of Han Sheng and Han Bian for a great while longer, Zheng Lun would finally arrive with his crow troops and clash blades against the former. In great personal fear at the sight of the Shang army's destructive vehicles, Zheng Lun would immediately unleash his two white columns of light to place his neighboring enemies in an unconscious state. With immense luck on the side of Zhou, all 3,000 soldiers of Shang would unfortunately lose their superior magical abilities as Han Sheng and Han Bian were seized by Zheng Lun.

As Han Rong and his forces had thus retreated due to their loss of power, and general morale, the Zhou forces would toast each other over their luck won victory. Once it had been reported that the army of Zhou was calling at the gates of

Sishui the following day, Han Rong would personally climb the city wall to hear them out. Jiang Ziya would shortly present himself before the gates with the former's two sons in a captive state. Han Rong, who immediately offered the pass if his two sons were to be spared, would only stand in agony as he saw their heads tumble to the ground after spouting threatening words to Jiang Ziya.

With rage and sorrow that was equivalent to the very heavens, Han Rong would jump from the city walls to his death. Following Han Rong's death, Jiang Ziya would thus seize Sishui Pass and pacify the people. At this same point in time Paragon would be approached by White Crane Lad at his green touring bed — and would thus be asked to assist in the Immortal Slaughtering Trap's destruction. Upon the hearing of such a need, Paragon would call for his disciple, Nezha, and toast him with wine and dates. Just before Nezha was to be dismissed, he suddenly grew three heads and six additional arms.

With this transformational ability that could be activated upon the user's will, Nezha would effectively be able to carry six different treasures before departing from his master to assist Jiang Ziya. Just as the Zhou forces were planning their assault upon Jiepai Pass, Yellow Dragon would arrive from the heavens and ask Jiang Ziya to create a reed pavilion in preparation for their attack upon the Fairy Immortal Trap.

Following the pavilion's construction, each superior man and disciple would attend to the former location while each general of Zhou protected Sishui Pass and King Wu. As each superior man had finally arrived, Multi-Precious would clap his hands to completely expose his trap to the competitors that stood before him. A great air of death and cold misty winds would shoot forth from the trap — thus putting the superior men into great misery and fright.

Chapter 77

Transformation into Three Fairies

As each superior man gazed at the four fairy swords pointing in different directions while entering the trap, Multi-Precious would suddenly rush forth and clash his duel swords against his hated enemy Grand Completion. After a lengthened battle between these two individuals, Grand Completion would have no choice but to use his Sky Overturning Stamp against the former lest he was to be killed. While Multi-Precious thus retreated with his newly established wounds, the superior men would meanwhile flee back to their reed pavilion. Celestial Primogenitor would arrive from the heavens in his Nine Dragon Lignaloe Carriage shortly afterwards — and would be welcomed with immense gratitude.

Once midnight had arrived, Multi-Precious realized that Primogenitor was now present and would thus head out to retrieve the Grand Master of Sky in order to defeat their new foe. As the following night had approached, Burning Lamp would gaze in the direction of the trap and see the Grand Master of Sky sitting atop his throne while in attendance with each of his disciples. Celestial Primogenitor would order his disciples to enter the Fairy Immortal Trap the next day in ten pairs of two.

As the Grand Master of Sky confronted Celestial Primogenitor and his disciples, the former reprimanded Grand Completion as the reason to his arrival. Even after having the issue elaborated, Primogenitor would relatively agree with Grand Completion's false statement — despite its foulness — thus sending Grand Master of Sky away with the resolve to prove his superiority. When Primogenitor had thus entered the trap to prove the former's words as mere folly, the Fairy Slaying Sword fell from the gate atop the latter's head. However lotus flowers immediately appeared to negate all possible harm.

With no intention to destroy the trap until his other brothers had arrived, he exited and awaited their coming. Once Lao Tzu had arrived in a few moments, he would tell Primogenitor that if the Grand Master of Sky was to continue in his defiance the latter should be put before the Jade Emperor for trial.

In the next day, Lao Tzu arrived, and he explained the set of circumstances to Grand Master of Sky and advised him to withdraw. But Grand Master of Sky felt humiliated for been criticized. Thus he yelled at Lao Tzu and Primogenitor to come in the trap if they were able. Lao Tzu entered, but the sword and magic weapons could not impair Lao Tzu. Thus, Grand Master of Sky raised his sword to strike Lao Tzu, but Lao Tzu then intoned a spell, touched his cape, and three streams of wind gushed out and transformed into three fairies. The three entities aligned with Lao Tzu in the fight, so Grand Master of Sky could not resist their pressure over him.

Chapter 78

Three ways try the Fairy Immortal Trap

Even though the three fairies, transmuted from Lao Tzu's vital force, had physical form, they could not injury Grand Master of Sky. To overcome the Immortal-Slaying Trap, they needed four people with very potent magic arts, so Celestial Primogenitor of Kunlun Mountain and Lao Tzu called upon Buddha Candi and Taoist Jieyin from the west.

In addition, Primogenitor, wrote spells on his four eldest disciples' palms and instructed them that in the next day's battle, if they were to see flames, they should hastily hold the four magic swords and take them away from the trap.

The four Archpriests applied magic arts to protect themselves when they entered the trap. Each of them attacked from one direction. The magic swords of Grand Master of Sky could not damage the four Archpriests. Thus he was besieged and struck several times. After the four swords had been taken away by Primogenitor's four disciples, Grand Master of Sky knew the trap was broken through. He then fled out of it and headed for his temple to perform another powerful magic weapon.

When Xu Gai, the chief officer of the Pass Jiepai, sent a messenger to King Zhou urging for help, King Zhou became apprehensive. But Daji convinced King Zhou that the generals at the borders were making up fake reports in order to gain more financial support from the court. She impelled King Zhou to cut off the head of the messenger.

Jizi, a relative of King Zhou, went to caution him, but the king would not listen to him. Under this situation Xu Gai intended to surrender, but his deputy generals firmly requested to persist in they fight. Then Thunder-quaker killed one of the two deputy generals.

Chapter 79

Four generals in Captivity at Chuanyun Pass

The following day, after his second deputy general was killed, Xu Gai at last resolved to surrender. However a monk called Fajie came to see him and said he had come to revenge his disciple Pen Zhun.

Fajie tried his Soul-snatching Banner to capture Thunder-quaker, but when he waved it on Nezha. Nezha not only was not affected but also he struck the back of Fajie.

The next day Zheng Lun, Earth Traveler Sun and Yang Bliss attacked Fajie. Zheng Lun applied his white flash from his nostrils to strike Fajie before he could use his banner. They captured Fajie, but when the soldier was to cut down his head, the Buddha Candi came to take him back to the west.

Ziya moved his troops to Chuanyun Pass, which was guarded by Xu Fang, Xu Gai's brother. Xu Gai went to persuade Xu Fang to surrender but Xu Fang imprisoned him. Dragon Anji, Xu Fang's assistant, had a pair of magic circles which could make noise to confuse the enemy and then bind his hands. Because Feihu was captured on the first day, Nezha asked Ziya to let him fight with Dragon Anji.

Chapter 80

Collapse of the Pestilence Trap

Nezha was insusceptible to the magic noise. He struck the head of the dragon and killed him.

In the meantime while Xu Fang was distressing that no one could repel Ziya, a Taoist arrived, he was Lu Yue. When Ziya's followers saw Lu Yue, they all clenched their teeth, because Lu Yue had caused them to suffer a great deal. They attacked Lu from different directions and wounded him badly. After several days Lu's friend Chen Geng came to join him. They had trained a deployment called Plague Trap.

Ziya remembered the poem that Primogenitor had written for him. A line in the poem was *"At the Chuanyun Pass, you will suffer from Plague Trap."* He was very apprehensive. Master Cloud Dweller came to take Ziya's place for one hundred days. Lu Yue and Chen Geng arranged twenty one plague umbrellas in the trap and asked Ziya to attack. Master Cloud Dweller put spells on Ziya's back, chest and cape, then put a pill in his pocket. After Ziya came in, Lu Yue deployed the Plague Trap. While he became unconscious, a black mist surrounded him and black sands fell and covered him. Every day, Lu Yue intoned spells and spread sands on him.

Lu Yue recommended that Xu Fang send Feihu and the other three captured generals to King Zhou. Fang Yizhen was the one chosen as chaperon. Yang Ren was sent down with his freshly completed magic fan called Five-spiritual-fire Fan. He met Fang Yizhen and, with just one fan, Fang was burnt into ashes and blown away.

Yang released Feihu and the others. He told them to stay within the pass until came help at some time. Then he went to see King Wu and Master Cloud Dweller.

Chapter 81

Chickenpox Spirit at Tongguan Pass

Yang Ren entered into the Plague Trap with his spiritual fan. In the occasion Lu Yue tossed the umbrella at Yang, Yang fanned several times, and all the umbrellas were gone. When Lu Yue waved his sword at Yang, Yang fanned another several times and Lu and all his altars were burnt into ashes and were blown away.

When Ziya was released and his life restored, he propelled a final attack. Yellow Flying Tiger and the other generals inside the pass slaughtered the guards and opened the gate and the pass was taken over by Ziya's troops.

After the conquest, Ziya's troops marched toward Tongguan Pass, which was under the commander of Yu Hualong and his five sons. The first battle was savage as were five pairs fighting against a multitude. Yu Hualong was bitten by Yang Bliss's dog, and his sons Yu De and Yu Xian were wounded by Nezha. That night, Yu De took out five cloth coverings in five colors and five pecks to give one to each of his brothers.

After midnight, Yu De told his four brothers to stand on the wrapper and hold the peck. As he chanted the spell, the five men were lifted to fly in the air. Then they spread the poison in the peck to every well and water source.

The next day all the soldiers and generals had chicken pox on their body. Three days later, they all were lying in bed. Nezha and Yang were the only two not affected. Yang flew to Shen Nong, who gave him three pills and one plant. Yang used the pills to save the people and gave the plant to them to cultivate.

Chapter 82

At the Ten Thousand Immortal Trap

Yu Hualong and his five sons were very confident with their magic. Every day they drank, waiting for the death of Ziya and his soldiers. But on the eighth day, when Yu's eldest son Yu Guang went out to check, he saw that the camps of Ziya were just like before.

Thus Yu Hualong led his sons to attack. But during the brutal battle his five sons were killed and he committed suicide. Ziya and his generals took over the Tongguan Pass.

Ziya assigned his generals to encamp at Tongguan Pass to safeguard King Wu. He and his adherents moved ahead to meet the Myriad Immortals Trap. Lao Tzu, Primogenitor and the twelve disciples all came to encounter Ziya. When Lao Tzu and Primogenitor met Grand Master of Sky in front of the trap, they advised Grand Master of Sky to surrender. But Grand Master of Sky had a deep bitterness against them, so he would not listen.

Master Grand Completion took the first combat with Wuyunxian. When Wuyunxian threw his hammer to strike Master Grand Completion, Grand Completion was hurt and ran westward. Grand Master of Sky commanded Wuyunxian to capture Grand Completion, dead or alive.

When Wuyunxian had almost reached Grand Completion, the Buddha Candi appeared and advised Wuyunxian to become a Buddhist disciple. But Wuyunxian refused, and then Candi called a neophyte to bring a magic bamboo pole.

Chapter 83

Subjugation of the Lion, Elephant, and Jaguar

The bamboo pole was a Buddhist magic weapon. It emitted a flash which was able of encasing Wuyunxian so that he could not run away but had to exhibit his genuine archetype form, a huge sea-tortoise. The neophyte jumped on to its back and took it to the Eight Virtues Lake —Bade chi.

When Master of Outstanding Culture entered the Eight Diagrams Map of Lao Tze¹³, his Pangu Banner protected him from injury. When Qiushouxian came to counterattack, Master of Outstanding Culture used a magic rope to bond him and bring him to see Primogenitor. At that time the Immortal of the South Pole intoned a spell, and Qiushouxian changed into his original form, a green-haired lion. Then Primogenitor granted it to Master of Outstanding Culture as his horse.

Lingyaxian was the next one to make a challenge. But Universal Virtue revealed his true form —dharmakaya¹⁴— to subdue him. When Lingyaxian was overpowered, he became pressed backwards to his original form, a white elephant, which Lao Tzu gave to Universal Virtue to ride. Next was Jinguangxian who was subdued by Cihang. Jinguangxian was a golden-hair leopard which Cihang took for a horse.

The Turtle Spirit Divine Mother fought with Krakucchanda. When Krakucchanda was defeated severely by her, Jieyin came to block her and advise her to go to the west. But the Turtle spirit refused to go and struck Jieyin.

When the divine Turtle was finally subdued, she changed into a huge turtle. When the novice came to take her to the west, he unintentionally opened a bag and spiritual mosquitoes flew out to suck the turtle. In a very short time, the turtle was dead. But that was a predestinated occurrence, over which Lao Tzu gave orders to his disciples to enter the Myriad Immortals Trap. Thus each one faced his or her own fate, which was to kill or to be killed.

Grand Master of Sky convoked all his followers to form a deployment. These were twenty eight spirits which formed the twenty eight constellation spirits. In the battle that ensued, Hong Jin and Princess Dragon Ji were slaughtered.

13. The map also is entitled "*Tai Ji Painting*," as a reference to Tai Ji, mother of Wu.

14. Sanskrit: *body-carrier*.

Chapter 84

Occupation of Lintong Pass

Grand Master of Sky was enraged at Lao Tzu and Primogenitor. He ordered his followers to attack them. The battle was ferocious and bloody. All the spirits, demons or immortals whose names were on the Investiture Roster were slayed.

Thus Grand Master of Sky called Dingguangxian to bring the Six Souls Banner, but Dingguangxian fled to beneath the altar. Without his magic banner, Grand Master of Sky became desolate, lost his confidence and intended to escape. Lao Tzu and Primogenitor wounded him but did not kill him. Ziya's troops already had achieved a thorough victory.

When Lao Tzu, Primogenitor and all immortals returned to the altar, Dingguangxian came out and delivered the Six Soul Banner to Lao Tzu. Lao Tzu ordered him to remove the names of Ziya and King Wu, and then to wave the banner on him and the other three archpriests. Thus when the banner was waved, it did not harm Lao Tzu and the others whatsoever.

Later when Grand Master of Sky and his surviving followers were resting, the Chief archpriest, Hongjun, who was the master of Lao Tzu, Primogenitor and Grand Master of Sky, appeared. Hongjun rebuked Grand Master of Sky for transgressing the agreement and next also scolded Lao Tzu and Primogenitor for causing unnecessary butchery just because of their wrath and bitterness.

Hongjun ordered Grand Master of Sky to summon Lao Tzu and Primogenitor. Lao Tzu and Primogenitor rapidly went over and bowed down. Hongjun told the three archpriests that he had come to mediate their disagreements. He lectured them a lesson and gave a pill to each of them. After they ate the pills, Hongjun revealed to them that they had just ingested venomous herbs. If ever any one of them should have any intention of attacking the other, he would die from the poison, but if they retained peace, the pills would be innocuous. With all the matters discoursed, Hongjun and the other archpriests departed.

For future advantage, Lu Ya presented his magic flying blade to Ziya. While Primogenitor was flying back to his cave, his crane-spirit saw Shen Gongbao who was fleeing in front of them. Primogenitor held Shen and ordered the heron spirit to tie Shen and stuff him into the hole at the bottom of the North Sea.

Ziya led his troops to the Lintong Pass. There specifically the four generals Ouyang Chun, Bian Jinlong, Gui Tianlu, and Gongsun Duo were guarding the pass. The generals had committed to fight until the last one. If they could not win, they would defend the city and wait for help.

However as soon as the first day, Bian Jinlong was slayed by Yellow Flying Tiger. Thus his son Bian Ji counter measured a Ten-thousand Skeletons Banner before the gate. If his rivals hunted him and passed under it, they would lose their consciousness. So Bian Ji employed it and captured Nangong Kuo, Yellow Flying Tiger, Huang Ming and Thunder-quaker. But Nezha was not affected by it and was able to strike Bian.

Chapter 85

Betrayal of two Dukes

With the injury of Bian Ji, Ouyang Chun directed a messenger to King Zhou asking for assistance. King Zhou appointed the dukes Deng Kun and Rui Ji as commanders.

Earth Traveler Sun attempted to rescue the captured generals by Bian Ji, but when he approached the gate, he fell under a state of loss of consciousness and so was taken to the execution ground. But as soon the soldiers put him on the ground he managed to escape.

When Ouyang Chun reported to Deng and Rui that he had captured Yellow Flying Tiger and others, Deng at once intended to rescue the life of Yellow Flying Tiger, since Yellow Flying Tiger was his relative. Deng conceived a plan to join King Wu while at the same time the Rui's mind was cogitating of surrendering to Ziya. Thus that night they both intended to talk each other out.

Thus during the night, after several drinks, they at last expressed their deep thoughts to each other. Suddenly, while they were talking, Earth Traveler Sun projected out his head from the ground. Sun suggested to the two to write a message to King Wu and Ziya.

The next day, Deng and Rui just pretended to go out for battle. When they sighted the skeleton banner, they ordered Bian Ji to remove it, saying that it looked ugly. Obediently Bian wrote three charms for them so that they could pass under it safely.

Then Deng and Rui forwarded the sorcerous device to Earth Traveler Sun, who carried it to Ziya. Imitating its design, Ziya made copies of the magical trap and distributed them to all his followers and generals.

Chapter 86

Five mountain spirits return to Sky

With the witchery in their hair, Ziya's generals crushed Bian Ji and chased him under the banner.

Bian fled into the city and closed the gate. Deng and Rui staged a criticism over Bian Ji for him letting the Zhou troops to approach the city. Before Bian could argue, they executed him. They also killed Ouyang Chun because he would not betray Zhou or surrender to Ziya.

Once they had pacified the people in the city, Ziya resumed his incursion. Near the White Orile Forest of Lintong Pass, the troops of Ziya reached Mianchi Country, which was located at the opposite side of the capital Morning Song, separated by a river. The shielding general of Mianchi was Zhang Kui whose wife was Gao Lanying. Zhang Kui had a Black-Mist Unicorn as a mount, which could gallop like the wind. Zhang Kui by means of it had been able of killing two brothers of King Wu.

The following day, Chong Heihu, with his generals Wen Pin, Chui Ying, and Jiang Xiong arrived at Mianchi. King Wu went out to welcome them. While they were talking, Zhang Kui shouted a challenge to the camp, and they, with Yellow Flying Tiger, rushed out to confront him. Chong Heihu planned to allure Zhang Kui to chase him, so that he could release his spirit-crows to kill him. Thus all five of them, pretending to be withdrawing, galloped back. However the unicorn of Zhang ran extremely fast. Zhang caught Wen Pin and Chong Heihu and chopped them into two pieces. And Gao, the wife of Zhang, shot her spirit-needles into the eyes of the others, which allowed Zhang to gallop over and finish them too. Five chief invaders were slaughtered.

At certain moment Yang Bliss went out to face Zhang. Yang Bliss pretending to be weaker than Zhang, allowed that Zhang seized him and carried him to Zhang's ground. Put to immediate extermination, the executioner beheaded Yang. However a groom reported to Zhang that at the same moment, instead Yang had disappeared and was his unicorn's head which had suddenly dropped down and the mount had died. Zhang became furious. This time he rode a horse and captured Yang again.

Once more Yang was put to execution, but before, as a preventive measure, his wife Gao ordered soldiers to take chicken blood and dung to dump over that head of Yang. Additionally, she drew a spell to put in Yang's hair and then ordered soldiers to cut off his head. When the head of Yang apparently fell to the ground, a maid reported to Zhang that suddenly dung had fallen down on his mother and that her head had fallen off. Then Zhang became so depressed that he lost all sense of cautiousness.

Chapter 87

Earth traveler Sun and his wife

The hate of Zhang at Yang Bliss now was boiling out. Without any preparation he left out to challenge Yang to fight. It was the opportunity to Nezha, who reached him and used his Nine-dragon Fire Shade to wrap Zhang and burn him. However, Zhang owned the ability for travelling underground into the earth, and so he escaped out of the shade. As a result of the death of his mother, the mind of Zhang Kui remained in a state of confusion, but his wife oriented him to travel through the inner earth to the camp of Ziya and kill King Wu. Zhang became very satisfied with the plan.

Nevertheless, that night, Yang Ren was in charge over making the security of the camp and Yang Ren had three eyes, one of which could see through the earth. Thus, by his eye, Yang Ren traced Zhang and kept spying on him and reporting to Ziya. Thus Zhang did not have an opportunity to get near to King Wu.

When Earth Traveler Sun convoyed the supplies back to camp, he was communicated of the death of his friend Yellow Flying Tiger. Thus in that night Sun took the moment to go out to avenge at Zhang. Although Earth Traveler Sun was a dwarf, he stroke the leg of Zhang so much that Zhang could not chase him. Hence, Zhang entered into the earth and retreat away. Sun implemented the same magic to pursue Zhang, but he was not as fast as Zhang, so he failed to chase him. Thus, to be able of trapping Zhang Kui, first Sun took a route to meet his master Krakucchanda, who could teach him how to transform earth substance into iron. But Zhang used his magic cunning and learned of Sun's plan and his route to his master. So, Zhang travelled into the earth and ambushed Earth Traveler Sun at Fierce Beast Cliff, where he sliced off his head.

When Deng Chanyu saw her husband's head hanging from a pole, she could not avoid to go and challenge Zhang Kui's wife Gao Lanying to a battle. But Gao Lanying fired her needles to hurt Deng's eyes and killed her.

Meanwhile Ziya commanded his army to lay siege to the city and strike from four directions, but after two days and two nights, there was not successful, so Ziya ordered the soldiers to retreat for a period.

From that time Zhang Kui sent a messenger to Morning Song asking for reinforcements. King Zhou issued an edict to recruit people having the ability necessary to serve the court. Then three men, who were actually sprites from a nearby mountain, presented themselves to the royal house. They were Yuan Hong, —a monkey sprite, Wu Dragon —a centipede-dragon sprite, and Chang Hao —a snake sprite. King Zhou designated them as chief commanders. Yuan Hong then led the armies to encamp at Meng Ford.

Chapter 88

A White Fish from the Yellow River to the Dragon boat

Zhang Kui became frustrated when he knew that Chang Hao had marched his troops to Meng Ford. Thus Gao, his wife, proposed that they should just stay within the city defending it resolutely, and so not go outside to open fight. Gao wondered that in the case of Ziya's troop running short of supplies, their only option would be a withdrawal.

Meanwhile Krakucchanda,¹⁵ the master of Earth Traveler Sun, sent a messenger bringing an incantation and a letter to Ziya, explaining to him how to use the spell and how to trap Zhang Kui and take the city. Thus in the following day, Ziya and King Wu trotted strong horses to look around the city. When Zhang saw them scouting in the surroundings, he dashed out the gate to hunt King Wu. Nezha and Thunder-quaker waited until Zhang had galloped far away, and then flew into the city to kill Gao Lanying, and opened the gate. Then, Ziya's troop attacked. At that time, Nezha returned flying to rescue King Wu from Zhang.

When Zhang Kui realized that he could not win, he ran for reinforcements diving into the earth and returning to the city. When he perceived that the city had been taken, he decided to rush to Meng Ford to confront Chang Hao. But Yang Ren used his eyes to track down Zhang's route and directed Yang Bliss and Wei Hu to follow Zhang.

When Zhang reached the bank of the Yellow River, Yang was waiting there, and burning the enchantment. Without any warning the earth became iron hard and Zhang could not move at all through it. That being so he had to come out and try to escape on the ground. But when his head just projected out of the earth, the club of Wei Hu fell down on his head smashing down it.

In the aftermath, Ziya bought boats from some anglers to cross the Yellow River. With the King Wu's boat already in the middle of the river, a white fish jumped into the boat. King Wu wanted to return the fish to the water but Ziya explained to him that this was an auspicious omen pointing out —someone from the boat— that the Zhou lineage would be established as the ruling family. Then Ziya provided to himself to first step down the boat and then went tell ahead all the feudal lords not to address King Wu as king. But when still some feudal lords wanted to set up a new king, Ziya without delay dodged the subject of conversation in order to avoid any suspicion of King Wu.

15. In some accounts the master of Earth Traveler Sun is called **Ju Liusun**.

Chapter 89

Cutting open the Bellies of Pregnant Women

Then Yao Shuliang and Peng Zushou arrived to face a battle with Chang Hao and Dragon Wu. During the fight, Chang and Wu shift-shaped to their original forms, respectively a huge snake and a centipede dragon, to gush out venomous air to kill the challengers. Also Nezha and Yang Bliss, using their magic weapons, tried to slay them, but just failed.

Yuan Hong sent a messenger to inform to King Zhou the preliminary success. News of this success prompted King Zhou to celebrate. King Zhou ordered Fei Lian to bring his reward. During the banquet of celebration, Daji bragged to King Zhou about her divination abilities. As he and Daji stood in their tower, they saw an old man and a young man fording a small river in bare feet. The old man seemed unconcerned to the cold water and walked fast, while the young man vacillated under the fear of cold water. King Zhou consulted Daji about the different behaviors and Daji told that the old man was born when his parents were young, so his bone marrow was well formed. She claimed that to the case of the young man, for him having been born to aged parents, resulted the opposite.

King Zhou ordered his guards to take the two men to the court and break their calves to check if it was so and indeed was entirely as Daji had alleged. Next Daji bragged also that she had learned magic arts, so she could predict the gender and position of a baby within a woman's womb. King Zhou again ordered the guards to bring in several pregnant women, to cut open their wombs and examine the sex of the babies. Daji had been accurate in all instances.

When King Zhou's relatives, Wei Zi and Jizi came to reproach King Zhou, the king felt offended and declassified Jizi to be a slave. Wei Zi took the ancestral tablets and fled the capital to become a recluse.

One day Gao Ming and Gao Jue, who were two people with ugly and disturbing appearance, came to look for Fei Lian. They claimed they intended to assist King Zhou to defeat Ziya. Fei Lian took them to see King Zhou, who designated them generals and sent them to Meng Ford.

Chapter 90

Subjugation of two Sprites

With the battle before then, Gao Ming and Gao Jue met Yuan Hong and the sprites promptly recognized each other. Yuan Hong knew that Gao Ming and Gao Jue were actually the peach spirit and the willow spirit. And the two Gao brothers realized that Yuan was the monkey sprite. They were satisfied to be together in the battle.

Throughout the fight, Nezha, Yang Bliss, and Yan Ren made use of their powerful magic weapons to strike the two Gao brothers and Yuan Hong, but none of the weapons proved effective against them. They just disappeared like the wind. Yang Bliss informed Ziya that the brothers Gaos had not seemed like other men. This way Ziya commanded the soldiers to prepare peach wood and blood in order to halt their witchcraft. But the following day, the two Gaos mocked at Ziya, saying that none of his traps would be operative against them. Ziya conceived that there were spies in the camp, but Yang Bliss did not share the idea. So, Yang flew to consult his master, the Immortal Jade Tripod.

Jade Tripod revealed to Yang that the brothers were a peach-scout spirit and a willow-scout spirit and that their roots extended to a temple, which transferred its soul to the two gate guards QianLiYan —thousand li eyes— and ShunFengEr (movable wind ears). That was why they could see things from a thousand li and hear Ziya's plans from far away. Jade Tripod recommended Yang Bliss to pluck their roots from earth and burn the statues, only then could they be defeated. Yang Bliss returned and wrote down the instructions on a piece of paper so that Ziya should follow. Ziya ordered soldiers to beat on thousands of gongs and use red cloth to build a wall. He then assigned each general a task.

With such measures Gao Ming and Gao Jue did not see or hear what was happening. A wind blew over the banner and Ziya using his magic calculation discovered that the Gaos and Yuan Hong had planned a night raid. As a result, he assigned a strategic position to each general, and still in that night, Ziya ascended the altar to put into effect his concealed trap.

Chapter 91

Fire attack on Mount Coiling Dragon

Nezha and Yang Bliss were waiting when the two Gaos tried to assault the camp of Ziya. As soon as the two sprites fell into the trap, they were slaughtered, but still Yuan Hong managed to slay Yang Ren.

Next Yang Bliss flew to consult Master Cloud Dweller, who lent him the Demon-reflecting Mirror. By means of the mirror, Yang could learn what kind of entities they were. Thus when during the battle Chang Hao shape-shifted into a white snake, Yang turned into a huge centipede dragon that cut the snake into two pieces. When Dragon Wu revealed his original form, a centipede dragon, Yang then shape-shifted into a giant rooster to peck Wu to death.

Wu Wenhua, a giant, appeared to assist Yuan Hong. During the hours of the daylight Wu Wenhua battled the Dragon Beard-Tiger. Beard-Tiger had a short height, thus Wu Wenhua could not reach him and ended wounded on his feet. But still in that evening Wu advanced into the camps of Ziya at last killing Dragon Beard-Tiger, and using his huge arrow and bow he also struck and killed many soldiers of Ziya. Yuan Hong too launched an attack, so Ziya's troops were severely devastated.

Yang Bliss remained alone to fight and take care of the storage of supplies. Thus he took a straw and blew it to transform it into a giant taller than Wu Wenhua, who became very frightened and fled back to his camp.

In the next day was reported to Ziya that their casualties numbered two hundred thousand. On top of that, thirty-four generals had been killed. The tributary Meng River was crammed with bodies. On the other side, King Zhou became exultant when he was informed about the events. Zhou fell even more in wine and sex. However, some generals in Yuan Hong's army were ashamed to see sprites serving in the army. Knowing that sprites augured the end of the dynasty, the generals under Yuan Hong began to look for ways out of the army.

Yang Bliss and Ziya planned to get rid of Wu Wenhua first. Gun powder, dry wood and charcoal they buried under the ground in a valley which had no exit and only one way to go in. Ziya and King Wu rode horses to lure Wu Wenhua to pursue them, and then they led him to that ravine.

Chapter 92

Subjugation of seven Sprites

Firstly Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo allowed King Wu and Ziya go through the pass as a bait. Next they ordered to the army roll logs and rocks down to block Wu Wenhua's way out of the ravine. As soon Wu chased them, he became trapped in the valley and then the soldiers ignited the fire scorching the giant Wu Wenhua to death.

A pig sprite shape-shifted as human arrived to join Yuan Hong, the monkey sprite. He was called Zhu Zizhen, who was also a monk. When Yang Bliss confronted Zhu Zizhen, Yang Bliss, suspecting the monk, took his Demon-Reflecting Mirror to see Zhu's original form, but then pig sprite promptly swallow Yang Bliss.

Later when Yuan Hong and the pig-monk Zhu Zizhen were having a banquet to celebrate the victory over Yang Bliss, another entity, came in. He was Yang Xian, a goat sprite in human form. But then Yang Bliss, who was within Zhu Zizhen's stomach, rebuked the pig for eating too many people, and gripped tightly and sharply his liver and heart. Zhu Zizhen, under extreme pain, pleaded for mercy. Yang demanded him to shape-shift to his original form and reveal himself to Ziya. Inflicted by the pangs Zhu Zizhen walked to Ziya. Once there at Ziya's camp, when Nangong Kuo saw the huge pig coming in, he promptly beheaded the sprite.

Then another entity joined Yuan Hong. This time he was a dog sprite called Dai Li. The three sprites raided out to revenge Zhu Zizhen's death, but Yang Bliss and Nezha killed the dog Dai Li and the goat Yang Xian.

Next, the ox sprite called Dasheng, who had slayed Zheng Lun in a battle, came to help Yuan Hong. Once Yang Bliss came to wrestle the ox sprite, Nu Wa appeared from the air to fasten the sprite. Her maid-attendant used a rope to tie Dasheng's nose and to beat on his back. Thus the sprite Dasheng shape-shifted back into a giant ox and Nu Wa delivered the ox to Yang Bliss, who brought it to Ziya to cut his head off.

That night, Ziya propelled an attack that smashed the defense of the monkey-sprite Yuan Hong. But Yuan Hong's fight resisted fiercely against Yang Bliss. All the time Yuan shape-shifted into something new. As counterpart Yang Bliss also shape-shifted into a rival of each form, so he stalled Yuan. Yuan withdrew to a mountain and convoked his little monkeys to help. Yang could not match the thousand monkeys, and only could scape using his magic. Nu Wa appeared up and delivered to Yang a map of the Mount-river Plum. Then she taught him the spell to make it to work. Thus as soon as Yang hanged the map on a tree, it changed into a mountain. Seeing the mountain, the seventh and final sprite, the monkey Yuan thought the mountain as any other and went to climb it up.

Chapter 93

Occupation of Youhun Pass

Within a short time after Yuan Hong rose up the mountain, his mind became obsessed by hallucinations. He returned into his monkey form without realizing the shape-shifting. Whatever he wondered in his mind would become solid before his eyes. When he saw what looked like a big, ripe peach on a tree, he ate the peach and went to rest on a stone. Promptly Yang dashed to the lethargic Yuan, who could not even stand up to fight. Yang bound him and brought him to Ziya.

Ziya commanded Yang to behead Yuan Hong. Thus Yang Bliss cut off Yuan's head, but then another head grew from his body. Yang repeatedly cut the monkey's head only to see it grow again. Then came to Ziya the remembrance of Lu Ya's flying blade which he removed from a gourd. That blade had two eyes radiating two flashes. With the blade fastened against Yuan's head, it was turned a few times around the head. Afterwards the Yuan's head finally was chopped down on the ground.

Jinzha and Muzha were assigned to get past Dou Rong, the local commander, and so take over Youhun Pass. Thus they masqueraded themselves as Taoist cultivators from Penglai Island offering their services to Dou Rong.

But Dou and his generals got suspicions on them even when they told Dou that their masters were killed by Ziya, and that they had come to revenge their masters' death and pacify the rebellion of Ziya.

As a result Jinzha and Muzha surfaced a plot. In the next day they staged the capture of one of generals of Ziya, which then brought the trust of Dou on them.

In the second fight, they along with the East Keeper, the Grand Duke Jiang Wenhuan, launched a raid that night. Taking the opportunity, Ziya's troops attacked the pass during the night. Thus Jinzha and Muzha opened the gate unsettling Dou Rong.

Chapter 94

The Siege of the Capital

As the fighting went into eruption, Dou Rong ended slayed. Breaking into the city, Muzha slaughtered the wife of Dou. Those still alive surrendered to the forces of Ziya.

Then Jiang Wenhuan, the Duke of the East, led his men to join Ziya. Ziya gathered all the allied troops and commanded a march toward Morning Song. The combined army of the four grand dukes numbered 1,600,000. It surrounded Morning Song and stretched out as far as the eye could see.

Meanwhile at the court, King Zhou was apprehensive. He inquired his generals and officials what measures they could perform then. They concluded that the best to do was to shield the capital as well as to enlist skilled men to fortify the army.

Three sworn brothers presented themselves to see King Zhou. King Zhou designated them as commanders, but in their first battle they were slaughtered. Next Yin Pobai offered himself to go to dialogue with Ziya, because he was acquainted with Ziya before the conflict, so he wondered that he could persuade him to halt the hostilities.

Thus Yin Pobai tried at length to convince Ziya to peacefully withdraw, but Ziya did not pay attention to him. Yin then became exasperated and started to reproach the conduct of Ziya. Seeing this Jiang Wenhuan raised his sword and chopped Yin Pobai into two pieces.

Chapter 95

The Ten Accusations

Yin Chengxiu, the son of Yin Pobai, hasted out from the city to take vengeance on his father's death, but ended killed by Jiang Wenhuan. The capital city was under a siege by the army of Ziya. However when his troops stormed from four gates, they failed since the strong defense firmly resisted their assault. Then the allies of Ziya came up with a plan to Ziya that so they could perform a spell to move in and open the gate. But Ziya did not intend to cause too many civilians killed, thus as an alternative he wrote many copies of an announcement inciting the residents of Morning Song to rebellion, and threw them into the city.

At midnight indeed the locals, persuaded by Ziya's announcements, opened the gate. At such event Ziya aroused from sleep and straightway commanded that only ten thousand soldiers should break in and that they must not kill the common people nor steal their possessions.

While King Zhou was drinking wine with Daji his guards arrived with the terrible news. The Chief Commander of the royal guards warned Zhou to be prepared to imminent fight since in other way they would be seized. King Zhou assembled the royal guard, but along the palace wall Ziya's troops were already had positioned. On his horse King Zhou rode to meet Ziya, who then told to King Zhou that because he was a despot, the Ziya's alliance had come to execute him on behalf of Sky. King Zhou questioned Ziya what faults he had caused. Ziya then alleged ten serious crimes proclaiming them as:

1. King Zhou was the most wicked king in the dynasty.
2. King Zhou killed his queen.
3. King Zhou attempted to kill the crown prince.
4. King Zhou killed many loyal ministers.
5. King Zhou assaulted the East and South Grand Dukes.
6. King Zhou allowed cruel tortures invented by Daji to be used on the innocent.
7. King Zhou depleted the national resources and wealth.
8. King Zhou was unchaste and killed Yellow Flying Tiger's wife in pursuit of his lust.
9. King Zhou cut off legs and cut open pregnant women for leisure.
10. King Zhou spent all his time in pleasure with Daji and Hu Ximei.

When King Zhou heard Ziya's accusations, he became exasperated. Then especially the Duke of the East, whose father and sister had been brutally assassinated by King Zhou, but also the feudal lords, called for the decapitation of King Zhou. Then they jumped in to fight at King Zhou.

King Wu seeing the scene, disapproved the vassals conflicting with their ruler, and so he directed Ziya to halt them. But Ziya tricked King Wu asking him to beat the drum. King Wu beat the drum unaware that the sound produced by him was a summoning which promoted the advance of the troops, and not a withdrawal as he thought. At the sound of the drum, all lords and soldiers dashed to fall upon King Zhou.

Chapter 96

Daji under Siege

With King Zhou under attack and already wounded in his back, Lu Renjie, Lei Kun and Lei Peng wrestled to rescue him from the assault, but the three defenders were all murdered. Nevertheless it was enough to King Zhou to flee back into the palace.

Meanwhile the two evil traitors, the officials Fei Lian and E Lai, sneaked into the core of the palace and stole the royal seal. They reckoned that presenting the seal to King Wu, who they regarded a benevolent person, doubtlessly would favor them and spare their lives.

Already in the palace King Zhou received consolation from his three favorite concubines, the sprites Daji, Hu Ximei, and Wang Guiren. They were telling him that they could square up to the distresses of King Zhou, since they had powerful magic skills, and so could fly out during the night and kill King Wu.

Ziya was confident and so did not expected any raid more from the enemy. However in that night the three sprites, Daji, Hu Ximei and Wang Guiren, promoted the chaos on his troops slaying many soldiers. But the sprites failed in their attempt to eliminate Ziya's forces and kill King Wu since the many followers of Ziya carried magic skills and these thwarted the three sprites.

Finally when the sprites returned to the palace and reported to King Zhou, he ordered them to flee for their own lives. Then alone, Zhou walked to the Star-Plucking Tower.

When the three sprites were then preparing to the flight, Ziya through his magic reckoning discovered their intentions. He ordered the three generals Yang Bliss, Wei Hu and Thunderbolt to capture them. The generals waited in the air until they saw the three sprites floating out of the palace to the sky. The generals chased after them but Nu Wa unexpectedly appeared to block the way of the three sprites.

Chapter 97

The King Burns

Using a magic rope Nu Wa bound the three sprites and delivered them to Yang Bliss.

Thus the three sprites were conveyed to the executorial grounds. Ziya scolded them for eating the servants of the palace and for creating the plots to execute virtuous officials. Daji pleaded to Ziya saying that she was only an ordinary girl from the Su house, so she could not have persuaded King Zhou to perpetrate any evil acts. But Ziya, facing the feudal lords, described to them that she was not Su's daughter but a fox sprite.

Without delaying, the executioners cut off the heads of the Zither sprite and the Pearl Chicken Sprite. However Daji employed her bewitching and charming seduction at the executioner. He became so infatuated that he could not raise the sword. Two more other executioners came to the task but also failed. Thunder-quaker went to report the situation to Ziya who then cast his flying blade to behead Daji.

From the palace King Zhou witnessed when the execution fell upon them and felt sadness. Still on his way to the Star-plucking Tower, many ghosts came there to haunt Zhou but he just opened his eyes wide to terrify them instead, who ran away. When he reached at the Tower, he was dressed with the royal robe with pearls and jade covering it. Then King Zhou ordered the soldier Zhu Sheng to put on fire the Tower. When King Zhou was burnt to death, Zhu joined the king jumping into the fire to commit suicide.

As King Wu and the other feudal lords entered into the palace, Ziya promptly ordered to extinguish the fire.

Chapter 98

Jewels and Relief supplies distributed

King Wu granted clemency to the maids and servants of the palace, and thus he ordered his soldiers to not mistreat the palatial staff or spoil their personal belongings. However King Wu took the numerous jewels, jade and gems spread in Deer Tower of the palace, and distributed them to the feudal lords and relief to the subject people.

Ziya provided a due royal ceremony for a king's funeral when he ordered the burial of King Zhou. Then, to the presence of King Wu, was brought Wu Geng, the son of King Zhou, who by then was suffering the hostilities from the feudal lords, who in turn meant to execute Wu Geng. But King Wu frustrated their intentions granting a piece of land to Wu Geng, and so titling him as the Lord of Shang, which would succeed the Yin family lineage.

The feudal lords in unanimity expected King Wu to take the throne, however King Wu considered it not appropriate since he was originally a subordinate to the king deposed. Still Ziya reasoned to King Wu that for stabilizing the moment, King Wu could seat in the throne as a temporary king until, later and at last, appeared a sage man. Then King Wu could transfer definitely the throne to this coming wise man. King Wu accepted such condition.

After ten months in Morning Song, King Wu took the road of return to his home. However the Taoists, Bo Yi and Shu Qi, once again blocked King Wu's way, which was back to Xiqi. They cried and sang a song to mock King Wu. Later they refused to eat the granted millet of Zhou and starved to death.

Meanwhile taking the opportune moment the former Zhou officials, Fei Lian and E Lai, presented the royal seal to Ziya. Ziya was satisfied and bestowed positions to them.

As to Ziya himself, he had become the Prime Minister of King Wu. Having learned these news, the ex-wife of Ziya, lady Ma, felt so unsettled for what she had reacted to Ziya, that she committed suicide.

With all in stabilized places, Ziya went look for Primogenitor, so he flew to Kunlun Mountain.

Chapter 99

Deification of the Spirits

Archpriest Primogenitor told Jiang Ziya to return to the capital Morning Song and that he would send a decree to him later.

At last after the decree arrived, Ziya proceeded to Mount Qi, the Investiture Altar. There, to all the souls and spirits, he proclaimed the decree. He canonized three hundred and sixty five gods in eight departments. To each one of the gods was given a name and determined a position: ¹⁶

1. Bai Jian - God of Pure Happiness
2. Huang Tianhua - Bing Ling Gong - God of the Three Sacred Mountains
3. Huang Feihu - God of Taishan, the East Mountain
4. Chong Heihu - God of Hengshan, the South Mountain
5. Wen Ping - God of Songshan, the Middle Mountain
6. Cui Ying - God of Hengshan, the North Mountain
7. Jiang Xiong - God of Huashan, the West Mountain
8. Wen Zhong - Chief of the Thunder Gods
9. Dong Zhong - Thunder God
10. Xin Huan - Thunder God
11. Zhang Jie - Thunder God
12. Tao Rong - Thunder God
13. Pang Hong - Thunder God
14. Liu Fu - Thunder God
15. Gou Zhang - Thunder God
16. Bi Huan - Thunder God
17. Qin Wan - Thunder God
18. Zhao Jiang - Thunder God
19. Dong Quan - Thunder God
20. Yuan Jue - Thunder God
21. Li De - Thunder God
22. Sun Liang - Thunder God
23. Bai Li - Thunder God
24. Wang Bian - Thunder God
25. Yao Bin - Thunder God
26. Zhang Shao - Thunder God
27. Huang Gen - Thunder God
28. Jin Su - Thunder God
29. Ji Li - Thunder God
30. Yu Qing - Thunder God
31. Mother Golden Light (Goddess of Lightning) - Thunder God
32. Fair Lotus (Goddess of the Wind) - Thunder God
33. Luo Xuan - Chief of the Fire Gods

16. Although it was decreed 365 gods, the list presents only 337 names wherein some of these do not appear during the tale, whereas other characters from the tale are absent in it. Moreover in the list are named 71 Earthy stars and 35 Sky stars. All this suggests that the list may be a long after accretion to the original narration.

34. Zhu Zhao - Fire God
35. Gao Zheng - Fire God
36. Fang Gui - Fire God
37. Wang Jiao - Fire God
38. Liu Huan - Fire God
39. Lu Yue - Chief of the Plague Gods
40. Zhou Xin - God of Plague in the East
41. Li Qi - God of Plague in the South
42. Zhu Tianlin - God of Plague in the West
43. Yang Wenhui - God of Plague in the North
44. Chen Geng - Grand Instructor for Goodness
45. Li Ping - God of Destroying the Plague
46. Mother Golden Spirit - Honorable Goddess of the North Pole Dippers
47. Su Hu - God of the Eastern Constellations
48. Jin Kui - God of the Eastern Constellations
49. Zhao Bing - God of the Eastern Constellations
50. Ji Shuming - God of the Eastern Constellations
51. Huang Tianlu - God of the Western Constellations
52. Long Huan - God of the Western Constellations
53. Sun Ziyu - God of the Western Constellations
54. Hu Sheng - God of the Western Constellations
55. Hu Yunpeng - God of the Western Constellations
56. Lu Renjie - God of the Central Constellations
57. Chao Lei - God of the Central Constellations
58. Ji Shusheng - God of the Central Constellations
59. Bo Yikao - God of the North Pole
60. Zhou Ji - God of the Southern Constellations
61. Hu Lei - God of the Southern Constellations
62. Gao Gui - God of the Southern Constellations
63. Yu Cheng - God of the Southern Constellations
64. Sun Bao - God of the Southern Constellations
65. Lei Kun - God of the Southern Constellations
66. Huang Tianxiang - God of the Northern Constellations
67. Bi Gan (God of Culture) - God of the Northern Constellations
68. Dou Rong (God of Military Affairs) - God of the Northern Constellations
69. Han Sheng - God of the Northern Constellations
70. Han Bian - God of the Northern Constellations
71. Su Quanzhong - God of the Northern Constellations
72. E Shun - God of the Northern Constellations
73. Guo Cheng - God of the Northern Constellations
74. Dong Zhong - God of the Northern Constellations
75. Deng Jiugong - God of the Green Dragon Star
76. Yin Chengxiu - God of the White Tiger Star
77. Ma Fang - God of the Red Sparrow Star
78. Xu Kun - God of the Mysterious Martial Star
79. Lei Peng God of the Gone-with-the-Old Star
80. Zhang Shan - God of the Snake Star
81. Xu Gai - God of the Solar Star
82. Queen Jiang - Goddess of the Lunar Star
83. Shang Rong - God of the Jade Hall Star
84. Ji Shuqian - God of the Heavenly Precious Star

85. Hong Jin - God of the Dragon Virtue Star
86. Princess Long Ji - Goddess of the Red Phoenix Star
87. King Zhou - God of the Heavenly Happy Star
88. Mei Bo - God of the Heavenly Virtue Star
89. Xia Zhao - God of the Lunar Virtue Star
90. Zhao Qi - God of the Heavenly Amnesty Star
91. Lady Jia - Goddess of the Upright Behavior Star
92. Xiao Zheng - God of the Metal Mansion Star
93. Deng Hua - God of the Wooden Mansion Star
94. Yu Yuan - God of the Water Mansion Star
95. Mother Fiery Spirit - God of the Fire Mansion Star
96. Earth Traveler Sun - God of the Earth Mansion Star
97. Deng Chanyu - Goddess of the Six Combinations Star
98. Du Yuanxian - God of the Doctorate Star
99. Wu Wenhua - God of the Power Star
100. Jiao Ge - God of the Admonishment Star
101. Huang Feibiao - God of the River Leading Star
102. Madam Chedi - Goddess of the Moon Leading Star
103. Jiang Huanchu - God of the Imperial Coach Star
104. Huang Feibao - God of the Heavenly Inheritance Star
105. Ding Ce - God of the Imperial Chariot Star
106. E Chongyu - God of the Heavenly Horse Star
107. Li Jin - God of the Imperial Grade Star
108. Qian Bao - God of the Heavenly Medical Star
109. Concubine Huang - Goddess of the Earthly Queen Star
110. Ji Shude - God of the Domestic Dragon Star
111. Huang Ming - God of the Dragon Taming Star
112. Lei Kai - God of the Station Horse Star
113. Wei Ben - God of the Yellow Pennant Star
114. Wu Qian - God of the Leopard Tail Star
115. Zhang Guifang - God of the Mourning House Star
116. Feng Lin - God of the Lamenting Visitor Star
117. Fei Zhong - God of the Pulling-Twisting Star
118. You Hun - God of the Rolled Tongue Star
119. Peng Zun - God of the Throat Control Star
120. Wang Bao - God of the City Planning Star
121. Ji Shukun - God of the Flying Curtain Star
122. Chong Houhu - God of the Great Spending Star
123. Yin Pobai - God of the Minor Spending Star
124. Qiu Yin - God of the Linked String Star
125. Long Anji - God of the Railing Star
126. Tai Luan - God of the Head Spreading Star
127. Deng Xiu - God of the Five Devils Star
128. Zhao Sheng - God of the Goat Cutlass Star
129. Sun Yanhong - God of the Bloody Light Star
130. Fang Yizhen - God of the Official Seal Star
131. Yu Hua - God of the Single Morning Star
132. Ji Kang - God of the Heavenly Dog Star
133. Wang Zuo - God of the Sickness Spell Star
134. Zhang Feng - God of the Bone Boring Star
135. Bin Jinlong - God of the Death Spell Star

136. Bai Zianshong - God of the Heavenly Defeat Star
137. Zheng Chun - God of the Floating-Submerging Star
138. Bian Ji - God of the Heavenly Slaying Star
139. Chen Geng - God of the Yearly Killing Star
140. Xu Fang - God of the Yearly Punishment Star
141. Chao Tian - God of the Yearly Breaking Star
142. Ji Shuyi - God of the Lonely Fire Star
143. Ouyang Chun - God of the Lost Spirit Star
144. Wang Hu - God of the Monthly Breaking Star
145. Lady Rock - Goddess of the Monthly Touring Star
146. Chen Jizhen - God of the Dead Air Star
147. Xu Zhong - God of the Salty Pond Star
148. Yao Zhong - God of the Monthly Disgusted Star
149. Chen Wu - God of the Monthly Punishment Star
150. Gao Jineng - God of the Black Killing Star
151. Zhang Kui - God of the Seven Murders Star
152. Yin Hong - God of the Five Grains Star
153. Yu Zhong - God of the Avoiding Murder Star
154. Ouyang Tianlu - God of the Heavenly Punishment Star
155. Chen Tong - God of the Heavenly Net Star
156. Ji Shuji - God of the Earthly Net Star
157. Mei Wu - God of the Heavenly Space Star
158. Ao Bing - God of the Parasol Star
159. Zhou Xin - God of the Ten Evils Star
160. Huang Yuanji - Goddess of the Silkworm Breeding Star
161. Gao Lanying - Goddess of the Peach Blossom Star
162. Lady Ma - Goddess of the Broom Star
163. Li Gen - God of the Great Calamity Star
164. Han Rong - God of the Scattering About Star
165. Lin Shan - God of the Mourning Dress Star
166. Dragon Beard Tiger - God of the Nine Ugliness Star
167. Sa Jian - God of the Three Corpse Stars
168. Sa Qiang - God of the Three Corpse Stars
169. Sa Yong - God of the Three Corpse Stars
170. Jin Cheng - God of the Yin Mistake Star
171. Ma Chenglong - God of the Yang Error Star
172. Gongsun Duo - God of the Cutlass Slaying Star
173. Yuan Hong - God of the Four Waste Star
174. Sun He - God of the Five Poverties Star
175. Mei De - God of the Earthly Space Empty Star
176. Concubine Yang - Goddess of the Red Lovely Star
177. Hou Taiyi - God of the Danger Moon Swallow Constellation
178. Su Yuan - God of the Moon Fox Constellation
179. Xue Ding - God of the Moon Deer Constellation
180. Gao Yan - God of the Heavenly Leading Star
181. Huang Zhen - God of the Heavenly Gallant Star
182. Lu Chang - God of the Heavenly Planning Star
183. Ji Bing - God of the Heavenly Leisure Star
184. Yao Gongxiao - God of the Heavenly Courageous Star
185. Shi Kuai - God of the Heavenly Heroic Star
186. Sun Yi - God of the Heavenly Fierce Star

187. Li Bao - God of the Heavenly Mighty Star
188. Zhu Yi - God of the Heavenly Courageous Star
189. Chen Kan - God of the Heavenly Honorable Star
190. Li Xian - God of the Heavenly Rich Star
191. Fang Bao - God of the Heavenly Full Star
192. Zhang Xiu - God of the Heavenly Lonely Star
193. Li Hongren - God of the Heavenly Injured Star
194. Wang Longmao - God of the Heavenly Mystic Star
195. Deng Yu - God of the Heavenly Healthy Star
196. Li Xin - God of the Heavenly Dark Star
197. Xu Zhengdao - God of the Heavenly Safety Star
198. Dian Tong - God of the Heavenly Empty Star
199. Wu Xu - God of the Heavenly Swift Star
200. Ren Laiping - God of the Heavenly Different Star
201. Gong Qing - God of the Heavenly Demon Star
202. Shan Baizhao - God of the Heavenly Minute Star
203. Gao Ke - God of the Heavenly Retreating Star
204. Qi Chen - God of the Heavenly Longevity Star
205. Wang Hu - God of the Heavenly Sword Star
206. Bo Tong - God of the Heavenly Level Star
207. Yao Gong - God of the Heavenly Criminal Star
208. Tang Tianzheng - God of the Heavenly Damage Star
209. She Li - God of the Heavenly Defeat Star
210. Wen Jie - God of the Heavenly Imprisonment Star
211. Zhang Zhixiong - God of the Heavenly Clever Star
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213. Liu Da - God of the Heavenly Weeping Star
214. Chen Sanyi - God of the Heavenly Skillful Star
215. Chen Jizheng - God of the Earthly Leading Star
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217. Jia Cheng - God of the Earthly Courageous Star
218. Hu Baiyan - God of the Earthly Heroic Star
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222. Bai Youhuan - God of the Earthly Fierce Star
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224. Kao Ge - God of the Earthly Upright Star
225. Li Sui - God of the Earthly Secluded Star
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236. Che Kun - God of the Earthly Clever Star
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238. Zhou Geng - God of the Earthly Silent Star
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241. Ye Zhong - God of the Earthly Flying Star
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247. Zhuo Gong - God of the Earthly Full star
248. Kong Cheng - God of the Earthly Successful Star
249. Yao Jinxiu - God of the Earthly Round Star
250. Ning Sanyi - God of the Earthly Disappearing Star
251. Yu Zhi - God of the Earthly Different Star
252. Tong Zhen - God of the Theory Star
253. Yuan Dingxian - God of the Earthly Gallant Star
254. Wang Xiang - God of the Earthly Happy Star
255. Geng Yan - God of the Earthly Adroit Star
256. Xing Sanluan - God of the Earthly Swift Star
257. Jiang Zhong - God of the Earthly Suppressing Star
258. Kong Tianzhao - God of the Earthly Detaining Star
259. Li Yao - God of the Earthly Devil Star
260. Gong Qian - God of the Earthly Sprite Star
261. Duan Qing - God of the Earthly Tranquil Star
262. Men Daozheng - God of the Earthly Submitting Star
263. Zu Lin - God of the Earthly Secluded Star
264. Xiao Dian - God of the Earthly Space Star
265. Wu Siyu - God of the Earthly Lonely Star
266. Kuang Yu - God of the Earthly Complete Star
267. Cai Gong - God of the Earthly Short Star
268. Lan Hu - God of the Earthly Corner Star
269. Song Lu - God of the Earthly Imprisonment Star
270. Guan Bin - God of the Earthly Treasure Star
271. Long Cheng - God of the Earthly Level Star
272. Huang Wu - God of the Earthly Damage Star
273. Kong Daoling - God of the Earthly Slave Star
274. Zhang Huan - God of the Earthly Examining Star
275. Li Xin - God of the Earthly Wicked Star
276. Xu Shan - God of the Earthly Soul Star
277. Ge Fang - God of the Earthly Counting Star
278. Jiao Long - God of the Earthly Punishment Star
279. Qin Xiang - God of the Earthly Torture Star
280. Wu Yangong - God of the Earthly Strong Star
281. Fan Bin - God of the Earthly Inefficient Star
282. Ye Jingchang - God of the Earthly Healthy Star
283. Yao Ye - God of the Earthly Spending Star
284. Sun Ji - God of the Earthly Theft Star
285. Cheng Menggeng - God of the Earthly Dog Star
286. Chong Yingbiao - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
287. Gao Ping - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
288. Han Peng - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars

289. Li Ji - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
290. Wang Feng - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
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292. Wang Chu - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
293. Peng Jiuyuan - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
294. Li Sanyi - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
295. Lu Xiong - God of the Water Virtue Star
296. Yang Zhen - God of the Water Leopard Star
297. Fang Jiqing - God of the Water Beaver Star
298. Sun Xiang - God of the Water Ape Star
299. Hu Daoyuan - God of the Water Earthworm Star
300. Yin Jiao - God of the Year
301. Yang Ren - God of the Sixty-Year Cycle
302. Wen Liang - God on Day Patrol
303. Qiao Kuan - God On Night Patrol
304. Han Dulong - God for Increasing Happiness
305. Xue Ehu - God for Decreasing Happiness
306. Fang Bi - God of Doctrine Preaching
307. Fang Xiang - God of the Vanguard
308. Li Bing - God on Yearly Duty
309. Huang Chengyi - God on Monthly Duty
310. Zhou Deng - God on Daily Duty
311. Liu Hong - God on Hourly Duty
312. Wang Mo - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
313. Yang Sen - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
314. Gao Youqian - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
315. Li Xingba - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
316. Zhao Gongming - Genuine God of the Profound Dragon Tiger Altar
317. Xiao Sheng - God of Welcoming Treasures
318. Cao Bao - God of Storing Valuables
319. Chen Jiugong - Envoy of Welcoming Wealth
320. Yao Shaosi - Fairy Officer of Good Market
321. Mo Liqing - Developing Heavenly King
322. Mo Lihong - Wide-eyed Heavenly King
323. Mo Lihai - Literature Heavenly King
324. Mo Lishou - National Protection Heavenly King
325. Zheng Lun - God of "heng"
326. Chen Qi - God of "ha"
327. Yu Hualong - Green Haze Prime King Controller of Smallpox
328. Lady Jin - Saint Queen to Protect Sickrooms
329. Yu Da - God of Smallpox in the East
330. Yu Zhao - God of Smallpox in the West
331. Yu Guang - God of Smallpox in the South
332. Yu Xian - God of Smallpox in the North
333. Yu De - God of Smallpox in the Center
334. High Firmament - Goddesses of the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper
335. Jade Firmament - Goddesses of the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper
336. Green Firmament - Goddesses of the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper
337. Shen Gongbao - Water-Dividing General

Every department was responsible for supervising one aspect of the human world.

When Ziya returned from the Investiture Altar, Fei Lian and E Lai were brought to him and Ziya ordered the soldiers to carry them to immediate execution.

Chapter 100

King Wu creates the States

The evil spirits, Fei Lian and E Lai, were canonized as gods that invariably bring about unsuccess and misfortune.

Ziya recommended to King Wu to reward subjected lands to his generals, officials, and relatives. However Li Jing along with his three sons, Thunder-quaker, Wei Hu and Yang Bliss, came to court to inform that they did not desire positions and wealth. They, for preference, asked to be liberated from service. Later the four ones also became gods. Also Jinzha, Muzha, and Nezha resolved to leave King Wu. All the seven ones gave priority to return to a life as in meditative seclusion. But before they left, King Wu feasted them.

To reach a decision about the enfeoffment, King Wu talked about with Ziya and a Duke of Zhou. In the following day King Wu enfeoffed many nobles, including Jiang Ziya. All the leaders of the individual states were named. King Wu designated seventy-two lords, each one received a title and feoff. They showed their gratitude and proceeded to their states.

At Mount Western Foothills Ziya was enfeoffed. In addition, he was conferred on the symbols of authority for his supervision over the other lords, which were a white banner and a yellow hatchet.

Five years later, Mount Western Foothills had become a strong, flourishing and passive state.

The Ten Crux Battle Formation

The Ten Crux¹⁷ Battle Formation is a set of ten fictional and unpractical battle formations employed by the Sky Lords of Golden Crab Isle. This is truly known as the Grand Old Master's trump card during his campaign against Jiang Ziya.

Sky Extinguishing Battle Formation

Sky Lord Qin — Within Lord Qin's battle formation, the forces of Sky, Earth, and Man are all combined as one. The straight must be mixed with the foul within this process. Due to the immense intensity of this formation, any mortal that is to enter will be immediately turned into nothing more than ash.

Earth Quaking Battle Formation

Sky Lord Zhou — Within Lord Zhou's battle formation, laws of geomancy and physics are employed. All varied forces such as fire, wind, and so forth, are invested into a single flag. Whenever the flag may wave, great fire and wind will spew forth. Any individual that may enter this formation will be burned alive and nothing more.

Howling-Gales Battle Formation

Sky Lord Teng — Within Lord Teng's battle formation, the wind plays a major role. Whenever the wind is to howl, thousands of knives and daggers will appear from all directions; not even the thickest of armor could withstand the sharpness.

Frozen-Glacier Battle Formation

Sky Lord Yuan — Within Lord Yuan's battle formation, glacial ice is present. On top of this "glacial ice" lays mountains of knives and swords guided by thousands of lightning bolts. Of course, survival is of little probability upon the entering of this formation.

Golden-Light Battle Formation

Sky Lady Luminous Glow — Within Lady Luminous Glow's battle formation, many giant mirrors will be fashioned atop poles. The great rays of the sun are harnessed on the surface of these mirrors and can be controlled by turning the poles angles. The heat is greater than imaginable, and thus death is inevitable.

17. The original translation writes "*crucible*" instead of "*crux*."

Blood–Curdling Battle Formation

Sky Lord Sun — Within Lord Sun's battle formation, fierce wind plays the primary role. While combining fierce winds with black sand, it is utterly impossible for any individual to escape the formation. While inside, their blood will continuously curdle until imminent death.

Blazing–Flame Battle Formation

Sky Lord White — Within Lord White's battle formation, the Thunder Fire, Rock Fire, and the Triple Whammy Fire are the three main forces of fire. Killing radiation and heat will be present within this blazing–fame formation, and thus not even the most durable of individuals could survive.

Plummeting–Soul Battle Formation

Sky Lord Yao — Within Lord Yao's battle formation, a straw effigy is present and truly needed. By bowing before his effigy, any specific individuals' soul can be stolen while their spirit is strangled. Certain death is obvious through this formation indeed.

Crimson–Water Battle Formation

Sky Lord Zhong — Within Lord Zhong's battle formation, a giant trigram platform is present. Within this platform, there are three magic gourds containing varied deadly fluid to burn away any unfortunate individual that happened to enter the formation.

Scarlet–Sand Battle Formation

Sky Lord Wang — Within Lord Wang's battle formation, great illusion is present. While the individual is seemingly walking across blood–red sand, they are truly walking across millions of tiny knives — as small as each grain of sand.

Investiture of the Gods

Feng Shen Yanyi

by

Xu Zhonglin



Investiture of the Gods

or

Feng Shen Yanyi

by

Xu Zhonglin

The Investiture of the Gods also called *The Creation of the Gods*, or simply by its native name *Feng Shen Yanyi*, meaning “*Inauguration of Doctrines Dramatized by the Gods*,” is an ancient masterpiece. Published around the 16th-century, it has been claimed a “novel” merging mythology, folklore and history. As to its key thematics, *Investiture of the Gods* features a work that mostly personifies myths that narrate the Cosmogony of the World according to the space-time established by the Chinese mythology.

Editor

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1. The text, though partly abridged, amounts the supposedly original one hundred chapters.

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The Investiture Great Wall-Corridor ²



2. In the picture are the Spirit-Stars who assist the Jade Emperor to rule the human world. At the center, the figure spurring the bagua is thought to be Yin Jiao, the overseer. Each one represents one year of the Jovian orbit of 11.86 years. Thus they are called "Highest Years" (Tai Sui), which, like the solar zodiac, determine the destiny. The original painting is probably from 13th century, therefore before this publication of Xu Zhonglin. It is part of Chinese Major Historical and Cultural Site.

Chapter 1

King Zhou and Goddess Nu Wa

At one point in time as King Da Yi, of the newly established Shang Dynasty of China, walked through the royal gardens to gaze at the great beauty that laid before him, the Flying Cloud Pavilion suddenly collapsed. As a single beam from the pavilion fell towards the king, Prince Zi Shou grabbed hold of the beam and threw it aside. After ministers such as Shan Rong and Mei Bo gazed at the strength that the prince possessed, they advised the king to name him Crown Prince. Thus following the death of King Da Yi, Prince Zi Shou took the title of '*King Zhou*' and became the new ruler of the Shang Dynasty within its new capital Morning Song.

After seven years of prosperity within the Shang Dynasty, etches of evil tyranny begin to evolve in the heart of King Zhou. As the first rebellion thus took place on the second month of the seventh year, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, the head of civil affairs, went personally ride out upon his great dragon to subdue them at the North Sea district.

In the following day, the prime minister Shang Rong asked the king to head to the temple of Nu Wa in order to offer their condolences on her birthday. Following the latter's consent, the king and his entourage thus march from the capital's gates to the temple of Nu Wa.

As King Zhou enjoyed the palace's immense scenery after his arrival, he gazed into the eyes of Goddess Nu Wa — who sat behind a celestial curtain. Overtaken by her unparalleled beauty, King Zhou used his ink brush to write a poem of her valor upon a neighboring pillar within the temple. Even after being reproached by Shang Rong for what disaster the poem could bring about, the latter simply brushed him aside saying that it was nothing more than a literary representation of her beauty.

After the king and his entourage had returned to the capital, Nu Wa noticed the poem and immediately vow to end the Shang Dynasty due to the former's vile desires. Once she had arrived at Morning Song atop her phoenix, Nu Wa realized that King Zhou still possessed another twenty years of reign — and would thus live with lustful rage.

As she arrived at her temple, she summoned forth her three right-hand sprites: Daji, the thousand year-old female fox; Splendor, the nine-headed female pheasant; and Jade, the female lute. Thus following their summoning, Goddess Nu Wa told them to transform themselves into beautiful women in order to distract King Zhou from his state affairs — so that he would be overthrown in a further justified manner.

Back in Morning Song King Zhou seated in great depression over the incredible unattainable beauty that Nu Wa had possessed — and thus wished to not perform any action until he could attain her as one of his lovers. After effectively calling minister Fei Zhong to his presence, he suggested to the king that one-hundred women should be taken from each of the four Grand Dukes so that he might have an opportunity to find a woman that ranked in beauty with Nu Wa. With immense delight at such a grand opportunity, King Zhou rested for the night and would make his preparations in the following day.

Chapter 2

The Rebellion of Su Hu

The next morning, King Zhou prepared one letter for each of the four Grand Dukes stating that one hundred virgin women that possess at least a moderate level of physical beauty should be presented before the capital as soon as possible. As prime minister Shang Rong reminded the king that such an action would only bring out mass contempt and future rebellion, King Zhou saw his reasoning and withdraw the edict immediately.

When the eight-hundred marquises had appeared to offer their allegiance to the Shang Dynasty the following summer, Fei Zhong and You Hun became extremely influential in court due to the leave of Grand Old Master, and thus asked for many presents and additional bribes from the former wealthy classmen.

However, Su Hu, Marquis of Jizhou, refuted such compliances due to his fiery resolve to stand against such injustices fully. Due to such, Fei Zhong and You Hun grew rather hateful towards Su Hu throughout the future. As the nation's marquises and dukes had arrived at capital Morning Song to display their obeisance at the end of the year, the four grand dukes would be specifically placed before King Zhou and fully honored for great diligence in their duty.

After the four dukes had been well-feasted throughout the day, King Zhou returned to his inner chambers and discussed the current situation with his two favorite ministers Fei Zhong and You Hun. In a chance to force Su Hu to repent for his defiance, Fei Zhong declared to the king that the former possessed an exceedingly beautiful daughter that must be attained if the letter's ministers were to continue to trust his decision making.

After Su Hu had thus been summoned to the Dragon Virtue Court, King Zhou told the latter that if he was to attain his daughter, Su Hu would be granted great wealth, rank, and recognition within the dynasty of Shang. As Su Hu declined with many words of insult towards the king's lack of virtue, King Zhou became rageful and ordered Su Hu to be arrested. However, Fei Zhong advised the king that if he allowed Su Hu to return to Jizhou out of consideration and personal dignity, the people of Shang would look upon the king as a worthy ruler that listens keenly to his people's desires; in such a way, Su Hu's daughter could also be more easily attained.

Now settling down to an extent, King Zhou ordered Su Hu to be expelled from the court. As Su Hu thus returned to Jizhou, he considered his choices. If he was to give his daughter to King Zhou, ministers of the court would think of him as slanderous and immoral; if he refused to hand over his daughter, the king would most likely attack his prefecture with an army in order to ensure that his defiance could not spread further.

Carefully analyzing this, he decided it best to gather his own forces to fight Shang while he wrote a poem that represented hatred towards the Shang Dynasty upon the Meridian Gate inside the capital Morning Song.

After King Zhou had taken notice of this immensely defiant poem, he ordered a force of six armies to be placed under his command during the newly established attack upon Jizhou. As General Lu Xiong elaborated his suggestions to the king, it was decided that Grand Duke of the North, Chong Houhu, and Ji Chang, Grand Duke of the West, would lead a joint force against Su Hu's city instead.

At the capital hall, where the grand dukes and other high ranking officials were present, Ji Chang ordered an investigation as to why a loyal subject such as Su Hu would be deserving of punishment, while Chong Houhu unconditionally accepted the king's words and headed out immediately with his army.

Once Su Hu had attained word of Chong Houhu's movement towards his territory, the former ordered his soldiers to be well drilled to defend the city walls against the king's army. As Chong Houhu's army of 50,000 strong soldiers arrived before Jizhou, Su Hu grinded his teeth in frustration after hearing from an intelligence officer that Chong Houhu was the enemy commander due to his one-sided reasoning. Amidst the roar of cannons, Su Hu presented himself before Chong Houhu and elaborated the rationale behind his defiance. Chong Houhu became enraged at his words, and sent forth General Mei Wu to dispose of the former in a quick manner.

Su Quanzhong, the eldest son of Su Hu, intercepted Mei Wu, who was cut down by Quanzhong after following twenty rounds of fierce battle. Now that Su Hu's son had won the first victory, an all-out melee was unleashed between both forces resulting in Chong Houhu's eventual retreat. As the Jizhou forces thus returned to the city, it was decided that a surprise attack should be ushered forth that night upon the latter's stockades as to deal a critical blow to Chong Houhu's morale and attain potential assistance of other neighboring powers— such as the Grand Dukes — after they had heard of Jizhou's strength.

Once such a tactic had been fully employed at dusk, Chong Houhu fled to a newly established camp and drink his worries away at the thought of Ji Chang's future assistance. While his forces thus ignorantly slept for the night, Su Hu's forces charged forth with the furiousness of a tiger and slaughtered countless soldiers of Shang in mere moments. Now in a state of great fear for his life, Chong Houhu personally clashed his cutless against the resolved Su Hu until the former's generals ran to his assistance. As the Shang forces thus fled in majority, Su Hu called off their pursuit after twenty li³ of distance was traveled.

While currently fleeing through the stars of night with his generals, Chong Houhu came to the conclusion that strict defense should be employed for the moment while a messenger should be sent to Ji Chang in request for reinforcements. Unfortunately for Chong however, Su Quanzhong suddenly appeared before the light of the moon with his ambush-party completely determined to put an end to the former's life. With his immense renown and resolve, Su Quanzhong easily defeated three generals of Shang singlehandedly with his great dragon glaive.⁴

3. Chinese unit of distance, equal to about 0.6 km (0.4 mile).

4. A sword or a large curve blade fixed on the end of a pole; also, a light lance with a long sharp-pointed head.

Chong Houhu, who became exceedingly fearful over the former's skill, fled away immediately from the combat. In a state of distraction over his father's sudden choice, Chong Yingbiao received a deep wound through his left arm from Su Quanzhong's glaive — and thus fled for his life in addition.

As Su Hu held conference the following day, Quanzhong appeared before his father and elaborated his great victory in the previous night. With great joy, the former smiled in admiration at his son's prowess and thus made preparations for his next essential movement.

Chapter 3

Daji enters the Palace

As Chong Houhu thus regrouped his remaining forces, he'd grieve at their many past losses and what was yet to unfold. After General Huang Yuanji stated to the commander that it was currently best to ask Ji Chang for reinforcements, Chong Houhu resolutely refused lest the latter would be punished by the king for not already offering his promised assistance. Once word came out that a large military force was heading in their direction at an immense pace, Chong Houhu realized that it was none other than his younger brother, the renowned Black Tiger Chong Heihu, Marquis of Caozhou. With a total of twenty-three thousand soldiers, Chong Heihu declared assistance to his elder brother and thus left to Jizhou.

As Su Hu attained report on Black Tiger's arrival, he sat in utter frustration over the former's ability to use magic. Su Quanzhong, however, expressed little fear towards Black Tiger's magic renown and thus left the city to do battle with the latter. Even though Black Tiger arrived to simply discuss the situation with his old friend Su Hu, Su Quanzhong insisted to do nothing more than clash blades with the former after hearing of his physical prowess. Once the former and latter had thus begun their duel, Su Quanzhong noticed a large gourd present on Black Tiger's back — but continued to lash his dragon glaive forward with one resolve in mind, which was Chong Heihu's capture.

With little other choice, then Black Tiger opened his gourd which signaled countless celestial eagles to swoop down and peck their beaks into Su's flesh while black smoke oozed from his gourd profusely. After hearing of his son's capture, Su Hu flew into unparalleled frustration and thus concluded it best to kill himself by the sword after slaying his wife and daughter — lest they were to be killed once being taken prisoners following his defeat.

With such a thought in mind, Su Hu presented himself before his daughter with sword in hand utterly determined to preserve his honor until the very end. Just at this critical point in time, Black Tiger's second arrival was reported to Su Hu — and the latter thus made defensive preparations for the pass immediately. Black Tiger, who only intended on consulting with Su Hu, had no choice but to return to the Shang camp in frustration. Due to the former's continued obstinacy, the supply lines were secretly cut off at set intervals as to prevent Jizhou from attaining there needed provisions.

Within this moment of besiegement, Zheng Lun arrived and challenged Black Tiger with due determination. During their vigorous clash, Zheng Lun became aware of the latter's large gourd atop his back and thus immediately deployed his own magical ability which was the soul stealing beams from his nostrils. As Black Tiger was presented before Su Hu following his capture, he became grateful at the former's courtesy and thus took the place of honor.

Once Chong Houhu had attained word of his brother's condition, San Yisheng, supreme minister under Ji Chang, arrived and told the former that a letter of exhortation should be sent to Su Hu stating that he was to give up his daughter

on the condition that he reattains the title of Marquis of Jizhou — which would save the people from further suffering.

Following Chong Houhu's consenting, San Yisheng appeared before Jizhou and handed Ji Chang's letter to Su Hu immediately. Upon the reading of this letter, Su Hu became instantly enlightened at the West Grand Duke's rationale — and thus consented with great happiness and feasting. After asking San Yisheng to deliver his reply to Ji Chang with gifts of fine gold and satin, Su Hu made preparations to personally escort his daughter to the capital's palace.

Chapter 4

The Fox Sprite murders Daji

As Su Hu took leave from Jizhou, Black Tiger promised to the former that he would return his son immediately after arriving back at camp. With reciprocated dignity, both Su Hu and Black Tiger headed their separate ways to mark their conflict's true conclusion. Once Black Tiger had arrived back at the Shang camp, he explained the resolution of Su Hu and thoroughly reprimanded his elder brother for his disgraceful incompetence — vowing to never see him again.

With Black Tiger now returning to Caozhou, Chong Houhu felt immense shame and embarrassment at his former actions and thus returned to his dukedom immediately after filing a report to King Zhou. After Su Hu met with his newly freed son, Su Quanzhong, and explained to him about leadership over Jizhou while he was away, the former entered the inner palace to discuss the situation with his wife.

The next morning, Su Hu, and his tearful-eyed daughter, Daji, headed out in a carriage with three-thousand soldiers and five-hundred officers to make quick pace to the capital. Following the passage of many days Su Hu and his entourage arrived at a courier station within Enzhou and stay there for the night. However, there had been a rumor of an evil sprite that was lurking within this station for the past few years, and Su Hu thus constantly exchanged moments of reading his book of military strategy to ensuring his daughter's safety throughout the night — never daring to sleep for a single moment. Suddenly during the second watch at night, each candle flickered constantly throughout the halls and people screamed at the sight of a supposed ghost flying about.

Immediately with due vigor, Su Hu grabbed his iron staff and rushed to Daji's rear hall room — but his lamp suddenly burnt out forcing him to order a new lamp with due haste. Upon the entering of his daughter's room, he would be overjoyed to hear that she was only recently awoken once her father rushed into her room. As Su Hu thus returned to his room in relief at such a good omen that his daughter remained safe, little did he realize that the thousand-year fox had already seized Daji's body once Su Hu was busy attaining his secondary lamp. After several days following their setting out from Enzhou, Su Hu and his entourage finally arrived at Morning Song and present themselves before Prince Yellow Flying Tiger.

Once Su Hu had thus stationed his troops outside the city while Daji remained in the Golden Reception House, Fei Zhong and You Hun became angry at their lack of presents from the former following his arrival — and thus successfully encouraged King Zhou to put him to death the following day. As the following day arrived, Su Hu presented himself before the king in convicted robes stating that he deserves death for his past defiance.

With Shang Rong's immediate defense, Fei Zhong declared that if Su Hu's daughter was indeed very beautiful, she would be taken in while the former was freed; but if she lacked eloquence on the contrary, both of their heads should be displayed before the city's gates. As Daji thus bowed before the king with her full

condolences, the latter could barely control his inner lust and amazement at her colossal beauty and elegance. After immediately pardoning Su Hu for his crimes and placing him back at his original rank, King Zhou took Daji's hand and headed back to the Fairy Longevity Palace to fully enjoy his first night with her. With greatly displeased ministers, civil and military affairs were continuously ignored throughout the future as King Zhou enjoyed great pleasure with Daji from time to time. By thus setting aside exceedingly urgent matters, it seemed as if the Shang Dynasty itself was rapidly sinking into chaos...

Chapter 5

Cloud Dweller presents a Pine Wood Sword

This was the first chapter in which true chaos began to spread within the Shang Dynasty because of the King's new treasured concubine, Daji. In reality, this girl named Daji was truly killed and possessed by a fox specter, who plans on destroying the dynasty through Nu Wa's orders. When this chapter began, the man by the name of Cloud Dweller was currently searching around Tiger peak for medicinal herbs. After this renowned dweller of the clouds realized that there had been a thousand year old vixen in human form — as Daji — present within the kingdom, the dweller told his pupil to prepare for him a wooden sword — a sword that would sicken the vixen to death after a period of time.

After officials such as the Number One Grand Counselor Mei Bo had discussed the major issue of the kingdom with his fellow officials, it was soon decided that a large gong would be beaten and all officials of the kingdom would gather before the king as to show their dedication. After the annoyed King Zhou entered from his room to meet his "boring officials", he was not in any mood to listen and only wished to return to his precious Daji.

Both the Prime Minister and the Vice Prime Minister called out to their king, *"Sire! Our kingdom is in trouble. There are uncontrolled floods and droughts. The populace is suffering and restless. All the memoranda from the dukes have not been attended to. Your Majesty has not come for months to the morning assembly. Many urgent matters await your decision."* The king would generally turn a deaf ear to his officials primarily out of his ignorance.

After Cloud Dweller appears present before Zhou and engages in a long conversation, he departs and tells the king to hang his wooden sword over the door of the Longevity Palace. Thus, the chapter then ends following the departure of both the king and all of his officials. At the very end of this chapter however, the sword burnt through Daji's orders — it was mysteriously making her deathly ill.

Chapter 6

The Burning Pillar Torture

As the wooden sword was thus turned into ashes, Daji recovered in immediate pace. Still secretly remaining at Morning Song in order to inspect the outcome of his wooden sword, Master of the Clouds sighed at his inability to change the Shang Dynasty's destined outcome — and thus wrote a short poem upon the observatory wall within the market area so that all people could understand what future they were to experience. After thus returning to Mount Zhongnan people noticed the poem immediately and attempted to decipher its meaning. With no true success, Grand Tutor Du Yuanxian appeared, read the poem with partitioned understanding, and returned to his personal quarters to make up a report on what future the dynasty would experience if this evil specter was not effectively eradicated.

Upon the finishing of this report, Du Yuanxian gave it to Prime Minister Shang Rong so that it could be presented personally to the king. Once Shang Rong left to the royal palace to deliver it to King Zhou, he was admitted in with Yuanxian's report in hand. Reading the report fully, the king believed his words to be rather accurate but decided to have Daji's opinion on the issue. Daji told the king that the Taoist earlier was none other than a wicked sorcerer who spread rumors to put the dynasty into a frenzy, and Du Yuanxian was assisting this sorcerer with full intentions to ensure full unrest within the people and should thus be publicly executed. Shang Rong however, immediately retorted, saying that if Du Yuanxian was to be executed, his loyalty would not only be seen as mere rubbish but many ministers would rise up in addition to uphold his innocence.

King Zhou, who told Shang Rong that Yuanxian should be executed as to prevent further full unrest stories from coming about, immediately ordered royal guards to bound Du Yuanxian with thick ropes and chains. As the latter was thus dragged off to the palace gates, Supreme Minister Mei Bo stopped the executioners and immediately asked for an explanation from Prime Minister Shang Rong. After hearing the story fully, Mei Bo flew into a rage at Shang Rong's fear to uphold true justice within the dynasty — and thus grabbed the latter's arm while charging into the Fairy Longevity Palace to talk with King Zhou.

With uncontrolled anger, Mei Bo began to shout violently at the king for his ineptitude and thus was ordered to be executed immediately. Just before Mei Bo was to have his skull smashed, Daji told King Zhou to put the former in the gaols for now while a torture device known as the "Burning Pillar" was to be constructed as his destined punishment. While thus gazing at the king's atrocities and delusion, Shang Rong sincerely asked the king if he could faithfully retire from the dynasty lest he was to make any further mistakes in his old age.

Following the latter's consent, many ministers gathered at the Changting Pavilion to see their old comrade on his way that evening. Raising their cups to bid their old comrade farewell, Shang Rong wrote one final poem to express his inner grievance before taking leave with tearful eyes. Ignoring his ministers for several more days as usual, tyrant King Zhou obtained a report on the burning pillars completed construction. After Daji had thoroughly inspected the pillar's design,

she smiled with happiness and suggested to the king that tomorrow should be Mei Bo's day of punishment. The following day at the Grand Hall, Yellow Flying Tiger gazed at over twenty pillars being lit blood red — and sat in confusion as to why such objects would be in royal grounds. With Mei Bo's entrance into the Grand Hall, King Zhou sat in laughter at what was to soon befall the former.

Thus being stripped and chained fully against a burning pillar, a single deathly scream rang against the royal halls as Mei Bo's flesh and bones were turned to ashes. Now leaving the Grand Hall with his other comrades, Yellow Flying Tiger exclaimed his resolve to do whatever it takes to save the dynasty from it was supposedly destined downfall. With celebratory music and feasting resounding through the walls of King Zhou's inner chambers, Queen Jiang felt personal hatred over the newly heard burning pillar construction and thus ordered her attendants to prepare for her a carriage.

Chapter 7

Fei Zhong plots to depose the Queen

Following Queen Jiang's arrival at the Fairy Longevity Palace, she was approached by Daji with a single courteous bow before being escorted into the court. With the king thus fully enjoying the night by his queen's side, Daji began to dance with great eloquence and beauty. Not enjoying this stay by her husband's side, Queen Jiang reprimanded King Zhou for his continued delusion — and thus left the personal chambers of the court. Being rather angry and depressed over the queen's sudden words, King Zhou asked his precious Daji if she could dance once more to his delight. Falling to the floor with tears in her eyes, Daji exclaimed her worry towards the kingdom if the queen reported her actions to other ministers and nobles — resulting in her own death.

The king, now exceedingly angry, ensured to Daji that he would dispose of the queen shortly to ensure her safety. On the first day of the following month, Queen Jiang received congratulations from the royal concubines as a monthly custom. With Daji prostrating herself before the Queen, she was thoroughly humiliated over the former's words before taking her own leave. For being rebuked by the Queen so wrathfully in front of two other concubines, Daji discussed with Gun Juan, her maidservant, about how Queen Jiang should effectively be killed and replaced.

As King Zhou and Daji enjoyed the scenery of the gardens the following day, Fei Zhong attained a report on Daji's lust to kill Queen Jiang and thus pondered through night and day to think of a method — lest he was to be eventually killed for refusing her decree. Gazing outside his window, Fei Zhong noticed a tall bulky man by the name of Jiang Huan of East Lu that had come to repay the former with due respect and gratitude for his past consideration. With a plan now formed in his mind upon the latter's arrival, Fei Zhong immediately told Jiang Huan what to do while informing Daji in addition.

After being told to attend state affairs the following day by Daji, King Zhou was suddenly attacked by a disguised Jiang Huan — saying he should replace his own father as king for the sake of the Shang Dynasty's preservation. As Jiang lashed at the king with his dagger, he was brushed back immediately by royal guards and effectively captured.

Once Fei Zhong volunteered to personally interrogate the captive on the issue upon the entering of the Grand Hall, he reported to King Zhou shortly that the latter was a general under the Eastern Grand Duke — Queen Jiang's father. This duke had been ordered by Queen Jiang to put the king to death so that he could take the throne. After thus appointing Concubine Huang as Chief Justice for this case, King Zhou angrily charged back into the Fairy Longevity Palace asking about the issue with countless ministers. Not attaining any true knowledge of such a complicated incident, King Zhou passed an oral decree via the court herald onto Queen Jiang stating that she was to appear at the West Palace for trial immediately.

Following her arrival at the palace, Queen Jian pleaded her innocence personally to Lady Huang. As the former's words were accurately told to King Zhou

himself, Daji came forth from the shadows stating that the queen was simply pushing her own blames upon others with additional falsehood. It was thus decided that if Queen Jiang didn't confess the truth about the matter, one of her eyes would be gauged out as punishment. Lady Huang, who immediately ran to the Queen telling her to confess a false statement, simply gazed forth as a royal guard plucked one of the latter's eyes out after refusing the former's request with due resolve.

King Zhou, who became fearful of an attack by the Eastern Grand Duke or great condemnation from his ministers, was told by Daji that Queen should most reassuringly tell the truth after having her hands burnt to ashes by a boiling brass dipper. As such an action was resentfully decreed by the king, Queen Jiang sternly refused once more to confess any such crime — and thus lost her hands to the dipper in short time.

Regaining her strength after watching such a cruel scene, Lady Huang informed the king about her continued reluctance. In the former's great worry, Daji suggested to the king that Queen Jiang should be brought together to be tried with the accused Jiang Huan.

Chapter 8

Princes take Flight

As Jiang Huan and Queen Jiang was thus placed before the West Palace together, the Queen and Lady Huan wrathfully rebuked Huan for his evil treachery. At this same point in time, Crown Prince Yin Jiao and Yin Hong, who was playing chess, was immediately informed by Yang Rong of the current situation — and thus ran to the Western Palace in quick pace to meet with their mother. Gazing at their mother laying forth in a large pool of blood, the queen stated her final words to the crown prince to attain revenge before uttering one last breath before death. In unparalleled blood lust towards his mother's death, Yin Jiao grabbed his sword and sliced the neighboring Jiang Huan into two pieces after being informed of the latter's treachery.

Once Yin Jiao had impulsively shouted his additional desire to kill Daji, Chao Tian and Chao Lei — dubbed as the "Chao Twins" — immediately ran to the king at the Fairy Longevity Palace in fear and elaborated the crown prince's intentions. In resounding rage, King Zhou handed the Chao Twins his Dragon-Phoenix sword to personally put an end to both princes through decapitation. With the twins thus heading to the Eastern Palace, Lady Huang heard the king's newest decree and quickly told the two princes to take shelter with Concubine Yang at the Fragrant Palace for a few days.

As the princes thus arrived at Concubine Yang's residence, Chao Tiang and Chao Lei arrived shortly for inspection — but were barked away for their rude insolence. After the princes left to a greater area of safety — the Grand Hall with Yellow Flying Tiger — Concubine Yang decided to hang herself lest she was to be found out at a later time that she sheltered the princes. At this same point in time Lady Huang informed King Zhou of Queen Jiang's last saying before death, and the Chao Twins were ordered to head to the Grand Hall after elaborating their past failure. The princes arrived shortly before the Grand Hall and was met by Yellow Flying Tiger and many other ministers who angrily vowed to see His Majesty after hearing the former's unfortunate story.

Once Fang Bi and Fang Xiang — dubbed as the "Fang Brothers" — roared into the Grand Hall stating that King Zhou should be overthrown for his blatant tyranny, Yellow Flying Tiger and others stood silent in great frustration if such an action would truly be right. In justice's name, the two fang brothers each grabbed hold of one prince and charged forth from the palace gates stating boldly that they would escort the two princes to East Lu before raising their own army to uproot the evil tyrant.

As each minister sat in astonishment at what had just taken place, Yellow Flying Tiger solely stood forth in admiration of the Fang Brothers' exceeded loyalty. With the immediate arrival of the Chao Twins, they were informed of the incident with the Fang Brothers; being in a difficult situation, the two headed to see King Zhou in quick pace. After ensuring Yellow Flying Tiger with this task, the former headed out alone atop his divine Rainbow Ox. Following his immediate arrival before the two princes in the wilderness, he pleaded for the two children to put an end to their own lives; for if he was to kill them himself, his conscience

would never be the same; but if he was to refuse the king's order, he would receive death. After Prince Yellow Flying Tiger sat in frustration, he told Fang Bi to head to Jiang Huanchu at East Lu with the two princes while Fang Xiang was to see E Chongyu to encourage him to lead a two directional force against the capital with the former.

Handing Fang Bi his jade pendant as an expense, he headed back to the capital to report his failure — to the ministers' delight. Upon his report to King Zhou that evening, Daji suggested to the king that two generals should be sent immediately that night to pursue the two brothers with three-thousand soldiers in assistance. Once these two best generals — Yin and Lei — approached Yellow Flying Tiger that night, the latter ensured their supply of men and horses to be ready at the fifth watch the following morning — lest his plans were to be foiled.

Being equipped with old and infirmed men the next morning as soldiers, the two generals simply sighed to themselves with the knowledge that they had no other choice but to continue Traveling for the past two days with the young princes, the four individuals arrived at a fork in the road: one direction leading east, and the other leading south.

The Fang Brothers decided it best that the two princes solely traveled either paths while they both traveled to the west; for the precious jade piece given by Yellow Flying Tiger might be a risky expense lest anyone in the future realized who it truly belonged to.

Thus telling the princes their resolution, they informed them that they would take refuge in any neighboring dukedom along the way and join their vanguard upon it was future advance to Morning Song. Following their tearful farewell, Yin Jiao declared that he would continue to head east until he met with his grandfather, and Yin Hong should head to the south.

Once his grandfather was to begin his troop mobilization upon the capital, Yin Jiao promised to inform his younger brother of his route so that he could additionally join in the attack. Thus parting in their separate ways, Yin Hong arrived shortly at a small village and sat down to eat a meal after declaring to the cottagers that he was none other than the younger son of King Zhou.

Following his immediate leave once paying his obeisance, Yin Hong entered the Temple of Emperor Xuanyuan along his way and slept there for the night in comfort. While Yin Jiao meanwhile continued his journey towards East Lu, he found himself in front of a Grand Tutor's mansion — as displayed from a board hanging from its gate. Being late into the night, the prince decided it best to rest at this mansion for now while he resumes early into the following morning. Knocking continuously without any answer, Yin Jiao decided to open the gates where he heard someone reciting over a poem.

Walking closer and elaborating the reason upon his arrival, Yin Jiao entered the mansion and saw none other than former Prime Minister Shang Rong standing before him to his immense surprise. As Shang Rong sat down to listen to the prince's story, he stamped his foot in unparalleled rage — and thus vowed to Yin Jiao that he would return to the capital with the former and directly petition His Majesty to abandon his course of action to save the kingdom. With Shang Rong thus forming his petition, Generals Yin and Lei meanwhile decided to split their

forces into two—one halve leaving the east, and the other to the south — after arriving at the original tripe fork road. Thus leaving their separate directions, they decided to meet at this specific fork road as an area of regroup after the princes was captured.

Chapter 9

The Prime Minister's Resolve

As General Lei continued to the south from day to night, the majority of his soldiers fell off their saddles in their tiredness; and a command for rest was thus ensued. With the intention to rest at a village for the night, a section of his soldiers roamed about through the pine forest to eventually find the Temple of Xuanyuan. Upon the entering of this temple, General Lei smiled in immense delight as he saw none other than prince Yin Hong sleeping soundly before him. Awaking the prince immediately, he allowed the former to personally use his horse on their travel back to the three staked road.

Meanwhile after two days of travel, General Yin arrived at a small village by the name of Fengyun where he noticed the residence of Shang Rong nearby. Upon his entering of this residence, it was decided that Yin Jiao would personally ride together with General Yin back to the capital while Shang Rong heads to the former location at a later time lest Yin was to be accused of private dealings with Shang Rong in the future. As Generals Yin and Lei thus regrouped at the three-forked road in due happiness over their success, Yin Hong and Yin Jiao wept together for their unfortunate situation.

Following their arrival back to the capital, Yellow Flying Tiger ground his teeth in explosive rage, declaring that he would personally slay Generals Yin and Lei with his sword before they ever were to be recognized for their one-sided merit. Ordering all ministers to quickly gather before the palace gates in defense for the two princes, Yin and Lei meanwhile attained a written report from King Zhou to put them both to death before the gates in quick pace. Seeing such a report, Supreme Minister Zhao Qi grabbed it from their hands and tore it to many pieces in his rage. Continuing in such a manner, Zhao Qi declared to every minister present to go to the Grand Hall and invite His Majesty to attend; for such was the perfect chance to admonish the simple-minded tyrant.

With Yellow Flying Tiger's four right-hand generals protecting the princes with their lives, and ministers banging the bells and beating the drums to attain the king's attendance, King Zhou simply wrote a decree to put an end to the princes for their unfilial behavior while remaining in his Fairy Longevity Palace. With the executioners thus pacing towards the two bound princes, Superior man Pure Essence and Grand Completion meanwhile roamed about through the heavens in great boredom. As they thus appeared above Morning Song and saw the two princes ready for execution, a grand gust storm ran across the heavens — putting every official and soldier present in fear.

With the sudden disappearance of Yin Hong and Yin Jiao following the end of the storm, this calamity brought great relief and joy in the hearts of each official, while King Zhou sat in wonder at such a happening. Now finally arriving at the capital of Morning Song, Shang Rong rose forth and heard the complete story of current happenings from Yellow Flying Tiger himself. In due resolve to be able to confront the emperors of yore in high honor and loyalty, Shang Rong immediately ordered the beating of bells and drums to force the foul King Zhou into the Grand Hall. As the king thus arrived before his desk, Shang Rong kneeled forward and

presented to the former his written report. Upon the reading of this report, King Zhou flew into great rage — immediately ordering Shang Rong to be beaten to death with the golden hammer.

Yelling back at the king with words of duty and love towards his past services in the name of the Shang Dynasty, Shang Rong knocked away the guards and jumped head-first into a stone pillar — effectively ending his life in a rather gruesome manner. As many ministers exchanged glances at such a horrific scene, King Zhou ordered for his body to be thrown into an empty field behind the capital in an expression of his dignity towards the former.

Chapter 10

The Discovery of Thunder-quaker

Seeing this tragedy in full form, Supreme Minister Zhao Qi additionally expressed his inner hate towards the king without a single ounce of fear. Upon being bound before a burning pillar as punishment, Zhao Qi became nothing more than ash to the wind in mere moments. Now returning to the Fairy Longevity Palace in great satisfaction over his barbarity, King Zhou personally approached Daji, explained the past incident with Shang Rong, and discussed with her how to get rid of Jiang Huanchu as a threat to the capital.

With no true thought-out resolution to such a problem, Daji called forth Fei Zhong for a suggestion. Fei Zhong stated that the four regional grand dukes should effectively be disposed of lest any ministers of Morning Song attempted to rise up in rebellion with any neighboring force. Jiang Huanchu would also be effectively destroyed as a threat to the capital if he was to join the other three grand dukes in execution.

Following the king's immediate approval of Fei Zhong's suggestion, four royal messengers were personally sent to each grand duke — Jiang Huanchu, E Chongyu, Ji Chang, and Chong Houhu — in quick pace. As one of four messengers arrived before the Western Foothills — Ji Chang's domain — and presented it before Ji Chang himself, the latter offered fine silver and gold to the messenger before ensuring his departure to the capital at a later time. After appointing San Yisheng as commander of internal affairs, Ji Chang went to his son, Bo Yi Kao, told him of his seven-year-prisoner prophecy, and how he should take care of state affairs following his departure.

Explaining the situation to many other ministers in attendance throughout the day, Ji Chang took his leave from the Western Foothills the following morning with fifty attendants by his side. As his party arrived before Mount Yan, a sudden rainstorm appeared with giant waves rolling down from each neighboring mountain top; it was as if an ocean was falling from the very heavens. After hearing a colossal thunderbolt shake the very earth, Ji Chang gave the order for his soldiers to find "the star of a warrior" — followed from the saying that a gifted warrior was born after the movement of lightning.

Upon the finding of a small newborn child with eyes like that of stars, Ji Chang told his men to find a local family that could take the child in. However, Master of the Clouds personally presented himself shortly before Ji Chang, stating that he would graciously take the child — newly dubbed as "Thunder-quaker⁵" — in as his own, and return him to the former once he had left Morning Song. As Ji Chang thus continued his journey, he arrived at Morning Song one day to be entertained in the company of the other three grand dukes at the Golden Reception House.

5. Sometimes also called as "Thunderbolt".

As the night flew and the four grand dukes enjoyed their wine to the fullest, E Chongyu, the Grand Duke of the East, began to spout words of hatred at Chong Houhu's actions in his drunken state. Being at a loss in judgment due to their state of mind, Chong Houhu and E Chongyu began to physically attack each other before Ji Chang forcefully pulled the two apart and sent them to their respective rooms. At the second watch that night, Ji Chang heard someone present at the reception house mutter that the blood of the grand dukes would stain the market walls the following day. Threatening to put every individual to death if the culprit did not show himself, the accused Yao Fu was thrown before Ji Chang's feet shortly. As Yao Fu, who was a relative of a royal messenger, told Ji Chang and Jiang Huanchu of the unfortunate past within the kingdom, Jiang Huanchu fell to his feet in misery over his daughter's cruel death while Ji Chang offered to create a petition in his behalf.

Vowing to personally see King Zhou over the death of his precious daughter, Jiang Huanchu declared to Ji Chang that he should form his own report on the case instead. When Fei Zhong learned of their arrival before the capital, he told King Zhou that he should ignore any report that was to be handed to him the following morning — and the dukes should be publicly executed without condition. As King Zhou arrived within the Grand Hall the following morning, he announced forth the four grand dukes immediately. When Jiang Huanchu handed his report to King Zhou and calmly accused the latter for his barbarity, the former's robes were removed to prepare for his immediate execution. However, the other three grand dukes rushed forth protesting Huanchu's innocence.

Chapter 11

The III Fortunes of the Grand Dukes

Seeing how King Zhou was to put Jiang Huanchu to death so blatantly, the other three grand dukes knelt before the king in shock and told the latter to reconsider his decision in the name of preserving his king-minister relationship. As Bi Gan spread forth their petition upon King Zhou's desk, he had little choice but to read it. Upon the reading of this petition, which elaborated the king's many wrongs, the latter flew into a great rage while tearing it to many pieces. Once the three dukes had been bounded immediately for such a slanderous petition, Yellow Flying Tiger and other princes knelt down and elaborated the grand duty and loyalty that the dukes fully showed throughout their many merits towards the name of the Shang Dynasty.

After hearing their story, King Zhou came to a new conclusion, *"Ji Chang would be specially pardoned for his exceeded virtue and due loyalty while the other two dukes were to be executed at once as previously stated."* Even with Yang Ren's continued plead to have mercy on the two remaining dukes, the king's decree was effectively carried out in efficient form nonetheless. Following King Zhou's return to his palace, each minister wept profusely at such a tragedy while the remaining attendants of the two newly deceased dukes fled immediately to their respective dukedoms in a chance to attain a future rebellion.

The two grand dukes were buried and Ji Chang made preparations to head back to his dukedom. Then Fei Zhong approached King Zhou and suggested to him that Ji Chang should effectively be destroyed lest he attempts to join forces with either Jiang Wenhuan of the East or E Shun of the South — the sons of the deceased dukes — due to his secret "inner treachery". By observing the former during his farewell feast, Fei Zhong could effectively determine if he was truly loyal to the dynasty. For if he seemed the least bit treacherous, he should be disposed of immediately.

As Ji Chang thus presented his farewell to the king and Prime Minister Bi Gan, he rode to the Changting Pavilion where he was warmly welcomed by many high ranked ministers. With happiness and due dignity present within each minister's heart, Ji Chang was merrily treated to volleys of wine in a celebratory feast. Once both Fei Zhong and You Hun arrived shortly, each minister became displeased and dispersed immediately at the sight of such criminals in their presence. With Ji Chang now alone with Fei Zhong and You Hun, the latter presented forth an especially large jug of wine equipped with extra-large cups for the former to drink from it.

As Ji Chang thus happily guzzled down several glasses, and became somewhat drunk, Fei Zhong purposely asked the former the fate of the Shang Dynasty. After stating that King Zhou would be the last monarch of the dynasty, and his rule would last for another decade or so, Ji Chang additionally foretold the rather strange death that Fei Zhong and You Hun would experience in the future: *"they will be frozen to death in ice."*

With expressive condolences towards Ji Chang's prophecies, Fei Zhong and You Hun shortly returned to the Fairy Longevity Palace to tell the king how truly foul the duke was. As Chao Tian — one of the Chao Twins — was thus deployed to bring back Ji Chang immediately by decree of King Zhou, Chao Tian arrived shortly before Ji Chang and rode back to the capital.

Once Ji Chang was presented before King Zhou, and received the death punishment, Bi Gan defended the former, saying that divination was simply meant to predict the success or failure of future events — and was most definitely not invented by Ji Chang or used for the sole purpose to create his own rash predictions whatsoever. After thus being forced to make a divination to see if it would come true, Ji Chang stated that the Ancestral Temple should burn to ashes at noon the following day.

With such a prophecy being reciprocated in real form, King Zhou flew back in astonishment at Ji Chang's sage-like qualities. However, it was concluded that Ji Chang would escape the death punishment — but would be forced to live within Morning Song's Yaoli District as to ensure no future trouble was caused through such divination. Once peace was to be restored in the capital, Ji Chang would be freed from such containment. Bowing in gratitude towards the king's grace, Ji Chang was welcomed merrily into Yaoli as a leader of the people who possessed void hate towards King Zhou.

One day into the future, Prince Yellow Flying Tiger received a report that Jiang Wenhuan was attacking Youhun Pass, while E Shun of the south was present at Sanshan. Now being fully rational over the rebellion of four-hundred marquises at present, he sighed with discontent before ordering his generals to protect the passes with all due haste.

Chapter 12

The Birth of Nezha

Present at Chentang Pass was none other than the renowned military commander Li Jing, who possessed the rare ability to travel through ground, metal, wood, or fire as taught by Superior man Woe Evading Sage. Currently with two sons — Muzha and Jinzha — and his wife, Madam Yin, Li Jing was in a strange situation: his wife was seemingly pregnant for over three years and sixth months, but never progressed into labor.

However, as Yin had a strange dream one night, she suddenly gave birth to this strange child the following morning. With maidens rushing about saying that a demon was present in Yin's chambers, Li Jing immediately rushed forth into her room and cleaved in two a strange fleshy ball that rolled to and fro across the floor. Within the ball emerged a small young child with hair as white as snow with a gleaming golden bracelet on his right wrist. Taking the young child into his arms, Li Jing and his wife were both very delighted at the sight of their new son.

As Fairy Primordial arrived shortly, and was happily welcomed into their territory, the former took hold of the child and declared his name to be '*Nezha*'. After containing consent that Primordial could adopt the child as his own disciple, Li Jing continued to train his soldiers fervently throughout the following seven years of time. As Nezha ventured outside of the pass one day with a guard after his seven-year nurturing under Fairy Primordial, Nezha arrived before the Nine Bed River which sparkled with the light of the sun. Determined to take a bath in this stream as an escape from the great heat of summer, Nezha immediately took his clothes off and used the Sky Budding Damask around his neck to wipe his body. Little did he know that each time this scarf touched the water the surface turned red when it swished about, and the ground beneath shook violently.

Ao Guang, the dragon king of the East Sea, thus ordered his yaksha⁶ scout, Li Gan, to find out the cause to each consistent tremors. After realizing Nezha to be the source of such tremors, Li Gan lashed his axe violently at the former in great rage — but only ended up losing his life shortly by Nezha's Universal Ring.

As Ao Guang was informed of his scout's death, Ao Bing eased his father Ao Guang with word that he would find out the reason for such an action. Experiencing great ridicule and arrogance upon the meeting of Nezha, Third Prince Ao Bing lashed forward his great renowned lance of jade. However, using both of his legendary items with synchronized ability, Nezha managed to strike the former dead — who thus returned to his original form, a silver dragon.

Being informed by Ao Bing's soldiers that his third son lost his life in addition, Ao Guang's rage pierced the very heavens as he transformed himself into a scholar to immediately see Li Jing on the issue. After angrily elaborating the issue to Li Jing, Ao Guang demanded to see Nezha in person without any moment to waste.

6. *Yaksha* is a nature-spirit-like that usually guards treasures hidden in caves and tree roots. He or she may be a friendly nature-fairy ally, but on the other hand also a dark ghost-like, which haunts in the ways and wilderness, and devours the travelers.

When Nezha appeared before Ao Guang and apologetically handed him his third son's tendon that was previously ripped out, the former flew into greater contempt declaring fully that he would personally see the Jade Emperor to ensure there punishment.

Feeling fully responsible for the great agony and frustration that his mother and father were now going through, Nezha declared that would see his master, Fairy Primordial, to see how he should deal with Ao Guang to ensure his family's safety. Using a dust cloud to move with great speed through the air, Nezha arrived shortly before his master's residence at Qianyuan Mountain.

Knowing fully that the minor actions of the past were destined to occur, and such a matter was not worthy to be placed before the Jade Emperor himself, Fairy Primordial first drew invisibility charms on Nezha and then sent him to the Virtue Gate of the Celestial Palace with his set instructions.

Arriving in moderate time before the Virtue Gate, Nezha gazed in great admiration at the beauty and elegance that revolved around him; such a sight truly was far too great to ever be present within earth. As Ao Guang eventually arrived through the gate, he rode swiftly towards the South Celestial Gate — determined indeed to see the Jade Emperor at once.

Yet realizing that such a gate was closed, a large pain suddenly erupted forth in his back as Nezha's Universal Ring landed a crucial blow to the former. Falling to the ground with Nezha grabbing hold of his neck, Ao Guang was truly in a difficult situation.

Chapter 13

Combat between two Fairies

As Nezha toppled about the dragon king and began beating him violently with his fist, the latter became even more infuriated. Determined to force Ao Guang to give up and return with him to the Chentang Pass, Nezha tore apart each individual scale upon his sides — effectively forcing the king to give in to such detriment. After Ao Guang had been ordered to take the form of a small lizard lest he attempted to escape, Nezha returned immediately to Chentang Pass in mere moments.

Upon his return before Li Jing, Ao Guang resumed his original form, stamped his foot in unparalleled rage, and vowed to gather the dragon kings of each of the four seas in his next attempt to see the Jade Emperor. With Li Jing in a state of rejuvenated frustration, Nezha effectively calmed his father down by stating that he had decreed existence upon the Red Dust by the Jade Emptiness Palace; and if any trouble was to be presented before the Jade Emperor in the future, his master, Fairy Primordial, would take care of the situation with precise accuracy.

As Nezha thus calmly walked off to his parent's garden after placing confidence in his father, he soon became rather bored and decided to climb the neighboring pass's watchtower to enjoy the afternoon breeze. After gazing forth at the great view before him, Nezha picked up a bow equipped with a set of three arrows that sat at the edge of this large tower. Deciding to better his archery technique, he shot one of three arrows — which glistened with brilliant crimson — into the southwest.

Truly Nezha little did realize that this bow was wielded by none other than Emperor Xuanyuan within the past — for only one of immortal ability could have the strength to wield it. With even greater misfortune, this arrow happened to pierce the throat of Blue Cloud Lad of White Bone Cave on Skeleton Mountain.

As such an incident was immediately informed to Lady Rock, the mistress of the cave, the latter vowed to attain revenge against Li Jing, the conjectured criminal of such an incident. Following Lady Rock's immediate arrival before Chentang Pass, she wrapped up Li Jing with her yellow-scarved genie without a moment of hesitation. After thus returning to her mountain with the latter, Li Jing told Lady Rock that he would immediately find out who the true murderer was upon his inspection of the sacred arrow.

As Li Jing called for Nezha and shortly realized that he was indeed the criminal behind this new incident, the former led Nezha to Skeleton Mountain atop a dust cloud. Once Pretty Cloud Lad, the secondary disciple under Lady Rock, approached Nezha to call him in to the cavern, Nezha determined this to be the perfect chance to knock the former out cold due to the calamity that should befall him in very short time anyways. Seeing her disciple near death on the ground, Lady Rock began to lash her sword at the latter in even greater rage.

Unfortunately for Nezha, his legendary items were absorbed into the former's sleeves with ease when he attempted to unleash them — and he thus had no choice but to flee immediately to his master at Qianyuan Mountain. Hiding in the peach garden immediately upon his arrival, Fairy Primordial left his domain to confront Lady Rock as she pursued the former. After yelling profusely at Fairy Primordial in her desire to confront Nezha, the latter retorted by saying that Nezha was destined to perform such calamities — and such an incident was only minor and of no real significance compared to his true future performance.

Realizing that his words were unfeared, and her only method to get past his resolve would be to approach his master at the Jade Emptiness Palace; the former decided to duel Fairy Primordial to prove her skill as being greater. Even with her magical item — the Dragon Beard Handkerchief — she proved inferior as the latter evaded and negated her every blow like the flow of water. Thus trapping her easily inside his great Nine Dragon Divine Fire Coverlet, Fairy Primordial glanced down at Nezha — who peered outside the cave — to head immediately to his family's residence due to the Jade Emperor's consensus of Ao Guang's request.

Thus telling Nezha what he should do during his arrival, Fairy Primordial clapped his hands to put the irrational Lady Rock to her rest in a pit of flames. Approaching the four dragon kings, who arrived shortly at his house, Nezha began to break his bones, gouge out his intestines, and slit his belly as a representation of the punishment that he deserves — and the innocence that was deserving of his parents. Seeing Nezha dead in a large pool of blood, Ao Guang and the other dragon kings consented to his sacrifice — and declared his parent's as innocent and free of any form of punishment.

Chapter 14

Reincarnation with Lotus Flowers

The soul of Nezha appeared before Fairy Primordial recently after his death. The fairy latter told Nezha to approach his mother in a dream and tell her to construct a temple on Jade Screen Mountain that was to be worshiped with incense and candles for over three years of time. Following the three years, Nezha would be able to reincarnate into his original human form once again. Thus continuously pleading to his mother for the construction of his temple so that he could rest in peace, she finally ordered her attendants to do as such — resulting in the temple's completion following the passage of ten months.

As Li Jing was naturally not informed of such a construction lest he attempted to tear it down in the future, many people soon gathered to worship before the beautifully articulated temple due to the seemingly good fortune that resulted in such worship. Descending one day from the Wild Horse Mountain after thoroughly drilling his troops, Li Jing noticed many individuals gathering around a neighboring temple that was supposedly dedicated to "God Nezha". Burning the temple down shortly and calming the people with the truth, Li Jing returned immediately to see his wife and reprimand her for such one-sided thinking.

As Nezha heard what happened through his temple secretaries, he headed to see his master at Qianyuan Mountain to explain the current situation. Realizing that Nezha was to be reincarnated as soon as possible without a single moment of delay, Fairy Primordial ordered his attendant, Golden Haze Lad, to retrieve two lotus flowers and three lotus leaves from the lotus pond immediately. Performing a special process with his lotus leaves and flowers shortly after being received, Nezha suddenly leapt forth in a new human body without the slightest defect following a puff of smoke. Bowing in unparalleled gratitude before his master, Nezha was trained immediately with the Fire-Tip Lance combined with his new Wind-Fire Wheels, and ended up mastering such an art in very short time.

Before leaving Qianyuan to attain revenge against Li Jing, Fairy Primordial handed the former his original legendary items — after being retrieved off of Lady Rock's corpse — along with a golden brick that could change its mass at the user's will. Riding upon his flaming wheels with quick pace, and arriving before Li Jing's residence shortly, several guards reported the former's arrival — and Li Jing had little choice but to see if what they said was really true. Appearing before Nezha in great shock due to his miraculous return, Li Jing slashed his lance upon the former — but only ended up fleeing to the southeast after experiencing the celestial renown that Nezha now possessed.

Pursuing the latter with great ease with his Wind-Fire Wheels, Li Jing knew that his life was to end shortly and thus fled for his life at the fastest speed he could muster. As Li Jing happened to fortunately run into his second son, Muzha, along the way, he immediately explained the situation with quick words while hiding behind the former. Appearing before Muzha, Nezha soon learned that the person standing before him was his second brother — and he thus told the latter his reason for such an action. Without any hesitation for sympathy on Nezha's part due to unfilial behavior, Muzha lashed his sword forth at the former — but only

ended up being knocked in the stomach by Nezha's golden brick after leaving an opening. Falling to the ground in moderate unconsciousness after receiving such a heavy blow, Nezha seized this chance to pursue Li Jing further in his amusement. Resolved that he would only end up with further calamity if such shamefulness continued, Li Jing prostrated himself on the ground in preparation for his ritual suicide. Just before such could be performed, Master of Outstanding Culture⁷ suddenly appeared to stop the former with immediate pace.

With a large revolving lotus within his palm, the Taoist immediately ordered Li Jing to hide in his neighboring cavern while he personally confronts the pursuer. As Nezha thus arrived before Master of Outstanding Culture, and realized that the former was hiding Li Jing in his cave, Nezha boasted that he would slash him to pieces with his lance if he was to continue to shelter his father without understanding the true situation at hand. After telling Master of Outstanding Culture his name, and the respective master that he had trained under, Nezha began to lunge forward at the Taoist master knowing it probably wasn't the best choice.

Immediately parrying Nezha's lance with the lotus flower within his palm, Master of Outstanding Culture unleashed forth his renowned Dragon Bound Stake — effectively placing the former's mind into great confusion and thus resulting in easy capture. As Nezha shortly realized that he was completely bound to a golden stake with rings around his arms and legs, Master of Outstanding Culture ordered his disciple, Jinzha, to beat him with his cane as punishment. After they both returned to their cave after giving Nezha a long and severe beating, Fairy Primordial arrived from the heavens to meet with Master of Outstanding Culture. Walking into the Taoist's cave while ignoring Nezha's pleas completely, the former declared to Outstanding Culture that he sent him here for the sole purpose of temperament. With Nezha thus being set free shortly, he kneeled with dignity before his master within the cavern.

As Li Jing was reprimanded for the cruelty of burning down Nezha's sacrificial temple, he was soon dismissed but ordered to show no further animosity towards Nezha from this point on — and vice-versa. With Nezha thus being ordered to keep watch of the cave entrance while the two superior men plaid a round of chess, the former could not contain himself and left to pursue Li Jing immediately atop his flaming wheels. Believing to be fooled completely by the previous immortal due to Nezha's refreshed pursuit, Li Jing fortunately caught sight of a man sitting on the side of a pine tree — and thus called to the latter for assistance.

Running up to the man and hiding behind him, Nezha arrived shortly and explained the situation to this man, determined to vent his hatred. Giving in to Nezha's furiousness, the man spat on Li Jing and then clapped his hand to the former's back.

As Li Jing was ordered by this man to fight back Nezha with little other choice, Nezha soon realized that his father's strength was far greater than originally — and thus the man standing at the pine tree must be none other than a Taoist who was a master at the enhancement arts.

7. "Culture" also may be translated as "Colours."

Realizing that if he effectively destroyed the Taoist, his father's strength would not be surpassing his own, Nezha lunged forward and slashed his lance into the latter's forehead. As a lotus flower appeared before his face to negate Nezha's blow, the Taoist angrily unleashed forth his great golden pagoda from the heavens to trap the former within as punishment.

Clapping his hands to additionally signal a great fire to rage within the pagoda, Nezha had no choice but to beg for mercy and declare his acknowledgement to his father — thus seizing the chance of being set free. Realizing that he possessed not a single burn from the Taoist's great fire, Nezha deduced the former's ability to be none other than Genjutsu.⁸ Threatening to burn Nezha further in his pagoda if he did not kowtow to his father with needed respect, the former had no choice but to do so in a rageful state.

As the Taoist thus declared to Li Jing that he would teach him the burning pagoda art as a resistance against Nezha's potential future assaults, Nezha dismissed it first — and thus quickly rode back to Qianyuan Mountain in disappointment over his sullied vengeance. Now declaring his name to be Burning Lamp of Mount Divine Hawk, the former told Li Jing to forget about fame and riches under the Shang Dynasty and to live as a hermit in the neighboring mountain valleys until the preordained assault upon the dynasty comes his way; at that time he should assist King Wu in the campaign.

8. *Genjutsu* may relate to the *Kenjutsu* that is a general term for swordsmanship said originated with the samurai class of feudal Japan, which means "*the art of the sword*." However, along this book "*Genjutsu*" also adds the use of magical skills.

Chapter 15

Jiang Ziya leaves Mount Kunlun

Living within the Jade Emptiness Palace on Mount Kunlun, Celestial Primogenitor was honored as Grand Master of Chan Taoism. Through a past meeting between the heads of Chan and Jie Taoism, and Confucianism, 365 gods would be chosen in the future as to represent the constellations, stars, sacred mountains, clouds, and the such. Such a creation served as to set each individual who died for their respective cause in the future war between the Shang Dynasty and the coming Zhou, to be reborn as a guardian of the Red Dust to ensure their individual resolve lives throughout the stars. After the Shang Dynasty falls, Jiang Ziya was destined to be the chooser of such an outcome.

As Celestial Primogenitor thus ascended his Eight Treasure and Cloud Radiance Throne one day, and asked for Jiang Ziya to appear before him, the latter knelt with great dignity towards his master for over forty years of valued service. Telling Jiang Ziya immediately his destined assistance to the sage king and his service as commander and prime minister in the name of the future Zhou Dynasty, the latter became rather discomforted over such a sudden statement and desired to stay by his master for eternity instead. With little other choice then to obey his master's declaration, Jiang Ziya received a prophecy from Primogenitor before taking his leave of the mountain with tears flowing from his eyes.

Realizing his blatant confusion as to where he should start in his journey, he decided to head immediately to Song Village to see his sworn brother, Song Yiren. Arriving at the latter's residence shortly and offering his condolences, the two sworn brothers sat beside each other with cups of fine wine. After discussing with Jiang Ziya various events and other incidents, Song decided that his old friend was in need of a wife so that his family line could continue on — and thus the latter left to see Ma Hong to set up a future engagement with his daughter.

Returning later to tell Jiang Ziya his success, the two prepared for an auspicious day in which such a marriage could take place. Following the shortly arrived marriage with Madame Ma, the two lived for some time under the support of Song Yiren, who was exceedingly rich and possessed high status within the community.

As Jiang Ziya began to make bamboo rakes as a form of business at Capital Morning Song lest anything was to happen with Yiren's support within the future, he unfortunately was not able to even sell a single rake — and thus returned to his original residence with great misery and frustration in short time. After attaining suggestion from Yiren that flour made from ground wheat would result in much better sale within the capital, Jiang Ziya carried the flour to Morning Song the following day in great confidence.

However, disaster only became greater as Jiang Ziya was tackled furiously by a horse raging from Morning Song's drilling ground, resulting in flour spilling in every direction. Returning to his residence without a single cent made from the flour, Jiang Ziya began to violently quarrel with his wife over such ill fortune experienced in the past. As Yiren took his old friend aside to comfort him over his

bad luck, the former declared to Jiang Ziya that he could work as an accountant or shopkeeper daily in one of fifty restaurants that he possesses within Morning Song. With immense gratitude over his brother's suggestion, Jiang Ziya assigned himself to a large restaurant that neighbored the southern gate of Morning Song — the busiest section within the city region. Unfortunately, however, every individual present within the city remained indoors due to a terrible rainstorm that ran amok throughout the entire day.

Without ever attaining a single customer, Jiang Ziya forced his staff to devour all prepared food lest it was to spoil over their terrible luck. As his sworn brother followed by handing Ziya a few talents of silver to buy and sell livestock within the capital, the latter did as he advised and thus spent several days buying sheep and pigs for further profit. Driving a great number of animals to the market place at Morning Song the next day, Jiang Ziya hardly realized that slaughtering livestock was strictly prohibited lest Sky became angry and expanded the capital's days of drought.

With guards thus running at the former for his intentions to make profit from the slaughterhouses, Jiang Ziya had no choice but to flee for his life while abandoning his animals. Following his return back to Song Yiren, the latter simply smiled while declaring to Jiang Ziya that they should both head to the back garden and drink away their past sorrows.

Chapter 16

Burning the Jade Lute Specter

Entering the back garden shortly, and gazing forth with keen delight at the beauty around him, Jiang Ziya suggested to Song Yiren that a tower should be constructed within its vacant space as to ensure great fortune with geomancy. After being told by the latter that such an action was constantly performed in the past, but the tower mysteriously burned down each consecutive time, Jiang Ziya realized that spirits must have been at work previously.

As the tower's beams were thus risen during the auspicious day ensured of success by Ziya, a rather fiercely expected wind rose about while Song Yiren entertained the guards in the front hall. Gazing forth at five large fiery spirits within the air, Jiang Ziya conjectured that they had evil intentions behind their former actions — and thus sent a thunder crack throughout the sky to force the spirits to kneel before him. Having mercy on the spirits for originally being animals and not knowing what true trouble that they caused in the past, Jiang Ziya declared that they should each head to the Western Foothills for now until he finds a laboring job for them to perform when he eventually arrives.

Following their immediate consent and departure, Madame Ma and Sun gazed at Jiang Ziya from the shadows wondering as to why he was talking to himself in such a strange manner. Explaining such an action as being incomprehensible to the former, they soon realized that Jiang Ziya was well skilled in the art of fortune-telling. As Madame Sun thus urged her husband to find a shop for Jiang Ziya to use for his fortune-telling, Song Yiren declared shortly that he would tell some of his servants to rent a house neighboring the south gate district of Morning Song for his future use.

With the fortune-telling house thus being opened after a short while, Jiang Ziya waited patiently for over four months before finally attaining his first customer, a woodcutter by the name of Liu Qian. Unfortunately for Ziya however, Liu was known for his fierceness and brutality. After declaring that if the former's divination was incorrect, he would close down his shop. And if he was correct, he would reward him with twenty ounces of copper. Jiang Ziya gave him this prophecy: *"If you are to head south, you will find a man under a willow tree that will give you 120 coppers, four dishes of fresh cake, and two cups of wine."*

Even though Liu Qian stated his prediction as being far from accurate, he ventured south as told — thus appearing before an old man under a large willow tree as previously stated. After effectively receiving 100 coppers from the old man following the purchase of his well-fined firewood, Liu was offered wine and refreshments immediately. Once Liu had realized that the wine bowl filled exactly two cups to the very brim, he sat in astonishment at such precise accuracy.

Upon his receiving of 20 coppers in addition due to the old man's gracious mood, Liu Qian ran back to the south gate district stating that a celestial being was indeed present. Being far too astonished and exited over Jiang Ziya's celestial accuracy to pay him any money, Liu Qian decided to grab hold of a neighboring yamen business manager and force him to have his fortune foretold instead. As the

former told this man he would pay if Jiang Ziya's prophecy proved false, the manager had little choice but to go along with such a deal. With precise accuracy in his future prediction as well, Jiang Ziya's fortune-telling shop soared in popularity throughout the capital in rather quick pace.

Following the passage of six months, Jiang Ziya's name soared throughout the region — attracting many foreigners from far and wide to experience his grand insight. As Jade, the lute specter under Empress Nu Wa, bade farewell to Daji one morning, she heard many great noises beneath her while soaring through the heavens on her spectral cloud. Realizing that the area beneath her was a fortune-telling center by the great clamor around her, she transformed into an exceedingly beautiful woman before moving swiftly through the crowds in order to attain her own prediction.

Allowing for her fortune to be immediately read before all others after seeing that she was indeed a specter despite her appearance, Jiang Ziya grabbed hold of her palm and held on tightly for an excruciating period of time. Crying in discomfort at Jiang's action, more people gathered around ordering Jiang to stop his action for further trouble would result. Not letting this chance dare slip away from his grasp, Jiang Ziya seized the moment to crack her skull with his ink slab in one vile thrust while still holding on to her palm lest her true specter form could escape.

As Prime Minister Bi Gan attained full word of this, Jiang Ziya appeared shortly before the former, still holding the visibly dead woman's palm, while exclaiming his full reasoning behind such an action. Leaving the southern gate district with Jiang Ziya lest a great riot was to ensue, they both headed to the palace gates while the former presented himself before King Zhou at the Star Picking Mansion to explain the situation.

With Jiang Ziya thus being sent before the king, he kneeled with deep respect while declaring to the former that he could essentially prove that this woman was indeed a specter if she was burned in a fierce fire for over four hours with charms stamped on her breasts and back. As such an action was fully performed, Bi Gan and King Zhou sat in utter astonishment at Jiang Ziya's most extraordinary potential.

Chapter 17

The Serpent Pit

As everyone present gazed at Jade's ability to withstand the fierce fire without the slightest burn on her body, Jiang Ziya unleashed divine fire from his mouth by tempering both his vital energies and spirit into breath. Telling Bi Gan and King Zhou to temporarily head inside lest they were harmed, Jiang Ziya summoned forth a large thunderbolt to completely destroy Jade, thus leaving her as nothing more than a large lute on the ground.

Daji, who saw her sister meet such a disastrous end, suggested to the king that Ziya should be appointed to a high position — while still harboring evil intentions to kill the former in one way or the other to attain revenge. After thus being appointed as Junior Minister and Director of the Imperial Observatory, Jiang Ziya celebrated for several days with Song Yiren and other relatives in congratulations.

While meanwhile placing the attained lute in a position in which it had free access to the spiritual essences of Sky, earth, the sun, and the moon, Daji could effectively revive Jade after around five years of time. As Daji began to sing and dance in King Zhou's entertainment one day within the Star Picking Belvedere, the former noticed seventy individual maids who only shed tears in silence instead of applauding her beautiful performance.

Realizing shortly that these maidens originally served under Queen Jiang, Daji suggested to keep them contained temporarily within the court prison while she supervises the construction of a large pit — 240 feet in circumference and 50 in depth — that was to be full of countless lethal snakes collected from each potential household within the capital. Once King Zhou fully unleashed this decree, people from every corner rushed about to find as many serpents as possible — even to the extent of heading to countries beyond Morning Song just to meet the king's demand lest they received punishment in any form. As Supreme Minister Jiao Ge inspected as to why people ran about with baskets in their hands all day long, without any successful information attained, the former discussed this issue with other high-ranking ministers in order to devise a way to uncover the reason.

After attaining full consent on his plan, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the Chief of Guards and offered him a grand reward if he uncovers the truth from His Majesty. With the pit being essentially filled completely with snakes following the passage of five days, Daji told the king that the maidens should be stripped completely before being thrown alive into the pit to be devoured. With King Zhou's immediate consent for the maidens to be thrown into the pit shortly that day, Jiao Ge attained word of the former's atrocity by the Chief of Guards afterwards.

Being stunned with horror and anger at such an outrageous decree, Jiao Ge presented himself before the king immediately. Yelling at the king for his behavior with full words of devotion in the name of the dynasty, Jiao Ge was soon ordered to be thrown into the snake pit in addition for his insolence. Not allowing for such a shameful death to be his end, Jiao Ge smashed his head into the ground instead as an act of suicide. As the maidens were thus shortly thrown into the pit without a

moment of hesitation, King Zhou patted Daji on the back in praise of her ingenious methods of torture. After Daji had suggested a 'Meat Forest' to be constructed to the left of the snake pit that possessed thick branches hung with slices of meat all around as a creative punishment game to future disobeying ministers, she additionally suggested the '*Wine Pool*,' an exceedingly deep pit with wine to drink from for the same playful purpose of the former.

Upon the consenting of such strange "torture devices", Daji added in later to King Zhou that both the eunuchs and the palace maids should physically wrestle each other for a set period of time; whoever seemed the weaker would have their bodies thrown within the Meat Forest after being beaten to death by golden hammers. Following King Zhou's consent, this became his favored form of entertainment from that point onwards.

The true reason behind why Daji suggested such an outrageous method of torture, however, was to secretly feast on the blood and flesh of the deceased within the Meat Forest while in her fox sprite state throughout each night. Sitting down one day and remembering the humiliation she felt at the death of her sister, Daji drew a magnificent building complex on a sheet of paper and brought it before King Zhou at the Star Picking Belvedere as a chance to attain her long awaited revenge.

Telling the former that this building — newly dubbed as the '*Happy Terrace*' — should possess jeweled halls and towers and stand forty-nine feet high. She exclaimed that it was the perfect manifestation of his dignity and prestige as ruler of the Shang Dynasty. Resembling jade as beautifully articulated as a celestial palace, celestial beings would be bound to appear for feasts and kneel in respect before King Zhou's magnificent glory. Due to additionally adding the appearance of celestial beings within this terrace, Daji could effectively convince the king that Jiang Ziya was the only present official within the kingdom that was able to perform such an unrealistic task.

Following the king's consent, and the order for Jiang Ziya to appear before him immediately, Jiang realized through divination that he was destined to meet one form of disaster shortly. Knowing that he most likely could never attain any chance to repay Prime Minister Bi Gan's kindness within the future, he appeared before the latter quickly and handed him a set of instructions lest the prime minister was to meet some form of calamity at a later point. As Jiang Ziya thus appeared before King Zhou and was handed the project's constructional report, he thought to himself how to effectively put reformation into the king's thinking and excuse such a project with full rationality.

Chapter 18

Flight from Morning Song

As King Zhou asked Jiang Ziya his thoughts on the project, the latter stated that it would take around thirty five years to produce considering the current labor with the people and the additional lack within the national treasury. Unfortunately however, Jiang Ziya foolishly went too far with his words by additionally stating the king's deluded qualities. And was thus ordered for an immediate execution without even considering his former reasoning.

Running for his life lest he was caught by King Zhou's guards, Jiang Ziya soon approached the Nine Dragon Bridge and jumped into the river beneath after confirming to everyone around him that it would be his act of suicide. Gazing into the water and not noticing his body — or any movement at that — the guards were rather confused but reported the case to the king nonetheless.

Little did anyone truly understand that Jiang Ziya mounted an underwater cloud and flew away in reality. Being fully resolved to search the waters afterwards lest Ziya was playing any form of trickery, the guards gazed continuously at the waters beneath the Nine Dragon Bridge before having their reasoning checked by Yang Ren. As Daji suggested afterwards to King Zhou that Chong Houhu was the best choice for the Happy Terrace's production, the latter ordered the secretariat to head immediately to Houhu's dukedom. Being stopped by Yang Ren along the way, Yang Ren was shortly informed of the Happy Terrace and thus headed immediately to the Star Picking Mansion to discuss the current circumstances with King Zhou.

As Yang Ren placed forth his suggestions in a manner that upset the king as usual, the latter ordered for Yang Ren's eyes to be gouged out as punishment. Once the former sat in agony and disgust as such a cruel action was performed for little reason, Superior man Virtue of the Pure Void on Mount Green Peak heard his cries of pain and ordered his genie to take action with quick pace. As such an action was effectively carried out with a grand wind-sandstorm, the unconscious Yang Ren was shortly placed before the feet of Pure Void. Placing two celestial elixirs into Yang's eye sockets, and blowing celestial breath into the his face, Pure Void immediately awoke the former.

Now in possession of two small hands that protruded from his sockets with one eye in each palm, Yang Ren vowed to serve eternally under his new master upon the hearing of the latter's kindness. Meanwhile, Chong Houhu had begun the construction of the Happy Terrace that not only forced thousands into exceedingly deep labor but additionally killed many out of exhaustion and turmoil.

Returning to his original residence shortly, Jiang Ziya approached Madame Ma and explained his desire to head quickly to the Western Foothills and attain the position of prime minister — as was his destiny; for if she was to stay by his side, she would enjoy endless honor and great fame — but Madame Ma unfortunately declined such an offer due to her lack of confidence in the former, and thinking of him as no more than an unrealistic failure who simply had luck in the past.

After a note of divorce was officially created so that both could part their ways justifiably, Jiang Ziya was invited by Song Yiren to have one final farewell drink in the name of their eternal friendship. Parting from his old friend with tears flowing from his eyes, Jiang Ziya rode onwards throughout the countryside before coming upon several hundred refugees stationed within Lintong Pass. Unfortunately however, all refugees present intended on voyaging through the five passes but were firmly held off by the garrison commander known as Zhang Feng. With due confidence and reassurance to the people, Jiang Ziya personally went forth to discuss the current circumstances with the commander.

Unfortunately however, Zhang Feng strongly declined Jiang Ziya's offer to allow the people passage due to his firmness in upholding the law and decreed by the king. Jiang Ziya thus had little choice but to inform the people of the commander's words while telling them set instructions: *"At dusk, you are to have your eyes firmly closed. A fierce sound of wind will rush about — but at no account should you open your eyes unless you wish to fall to your death."* Kowtowing to Mountain Kunlun while reciting many incantations, every refugee was lifted throughout the air by a fierce wind and soon placed before the Golden Chicken Range — which was beyond the capital's five passes.

After expressing their deep gratitude towards Jiang Ziya, every individuals stationed themselves thereon within Phoenix City to live out their days in well-deserved peace. As Bo Yi Kao sat discussing current affairs with San Yisheng, the former declared his clear resolve to head to Morning Song immediately in order to prove the faith and love he possesses towards his father by freeing him from his chains as previously ordained. Even with San Yisheng's suggestions not to, such words meant nothing compared to the pain that Bo Yi Kao felt within his heart — and he thus made preparations for his departure.

Chapter 19

Gifts to the King

Holding San Yisheng's words very dearly, Bo Yi Kao still believed that his actions were for the best — and thus informed his younger brother, Ji Fa, of his ascension as the temporarily ruler of the Western Foothills until he returns from the capital after around two or three months. Thus selecting an auspicious day for his departure, Bo Yi Kao soon departed to Morning Song following his final toast of farewell to the civil and military officials at the Changting Pavilion.

Arriving before Morning Song in short time without much effort sacrificed, Bo Yi Kao stationed himself within an official hostel before leaving to the palace gate in mourning robes the following day. Not daring to enter through the gates with his memorial lest his aura of dutifulness and loyalty to the king swayed in any way, Bo Yi Kao was approached by none other than Prime Minister Bi Gan one day. Kowtowing before the latter due to his past kindness, Bo Yi Kao shortly told him the tributes that he should present to the king: the Seven Fragrance Carriage (which was solely used by Emperor Xuanyuan), a sobriety carpet, a white-faced monkey, and ten maidens of exceeded beauty.

Realizing that Bo Yi Kao simply had filial intentions backing his resolve, Bi Gan immediately informed the king of the former's desire for audience. Kneeling with unparalleled respect before King Zhou while elaborating the reason for his appearance, the latter was deeply touched by his filial piety and courtesy and thus ordered for him to stand on his feet. As Daji gazed at Bo Yi Kao with lust over his handsomeness, she informed the king of the boy's great reputation in the art of music.

Being promised by King Zhou that if his skills were to exceed his expectations he would allow both him and his father to leave the capital with open arms, the latter reluctantly accepted such a challenge. Playing the zither with keen ability and prowess, Daji and King Zhou alike were very pleased — and thus ordered a banquet at the Star Picking Mansion in his honor.

Gazing at Bo Yi Kao from across the table during their banquet, Daji lusted to have sex with him no matter what it would take. Thus desiring the former over a deluded old man like King Zhou, Daji told the king that Bo Yi Kao should stay at the capital not only to teach her lessons with the zither, but to additionally spread such beautiful music throughout the whole capital for the benefit of everyone. Following King Zhou's consenting, Daji brought forth many glasses of fine wine for the former as an additional feast until he was essentially intoxicated and put forth to his bed for rest. Now sitting alone with Bo Yi Kao and her own zither in hand, Daji was thoroughly told of each individual trait possessed within the beautiful instrument.

However, she cared little about such; her only desire in mind was to arouse Bo Yi Kao in any way possible — and many amorous smiles, glances, and sweet words were thus performed. Realizing that her actions were meaningless, as the former never even paid any attention to them, Daji invited Bo Yi Kao to sit by her side at the honor of being her tutor during a newly prepared feast.

Being reluctant to preserve his propriety and righteousness than to sit by the Queen's side due to his lowly position, Daji had little choice but to continue the zither lessons instead. During their continued lessons together Daji declared that if she could sit on his lap, she could effectively make rapid progress as he holds her hand while guiding through the strings. Unfortunately however, Bo Yi Kao irrationally yelled at the former stating that such actions would be great shame to the title of Queen and thus declined immediately.

Dismissing him to his quarters, Daji informed King Zhou the following morning in her rage that Kao did little more than seduce her the former night rather than assist with the zither. Being approached the following morning by King Zhou and Daji, Bo Yi Kao was reprimanded for his slow tutoring performance the night before, and was thus ordered to play another tune to redeem himself. After playing his zither with keen ability, he placed forth his white-faced monkey at Daji's request — thus enchanting all around with its superb music and synchronization.

However, this monkey's music was used to bring out any neighboring evil spirit to the forefront; as Daji's true form came forth in her enchantment, the monkey seized this chance to lunge forward and attack her. Falling to the ground dead by a swift blow of King Zhou's hand, Bo Yi Kao was arrested but freed after convincing the former that it was nothing more than an undomesticated animal of little intelligence — and it most definitely didn't have the capability of plotting to hurt Daji.

Thus being ordered by the king to play one more tune with his zither to see if he truly reflects loyalty and sincerity, Bo Yi Kao began playing his instrument with many defiant words as a full expression of his hatred towards those who defy integrity and righteousness. Solely intending to get back at Daji for her unethical manner previously, and preserving his loyalty to the king in every way, Bo Yi Kao attached a long blade to his zither and threw it directly at Daji's face in an attempt to put an end to her life even if it cost his own. Fortunately for Daji however, she managed to leap out of the way while tumbling to the ground in shock.

As King Zhou roared with rage at such an unexpected action, he ordered the guards to throw Bo Yi Kao into the snake pit as punishment. Begging the king to do what she wished with him, Daji ordered the executioners to nail Bo Yi Kao's hands and feet to a board while his flesh was cut from his body piece by piece. Swearing at Daji up until his last dying breath, it was soon decided that his flesh would be made into small cakes and sent to Ji Chang to determine if he was worthy to be freed. If he ate the cakes, he was ordinary and thus should be freed. But if Ji Chang refused to eat them out of personal views, he was to be executed as to destroy any potential trouble in the future.

Chapter 20

San Yisheng bribes the corrupt Courtiers

Being imprisoned within Youli for seven years of time, Ji Chang studied the theory of the eight diagrams throughout each passing moment while writing a book known as the *'Book of Changes'* during his confinement. While sitting in his studies and performing divination with gold coins one day, believing that something unfortunate had taken place in his family, Ji Chang soon realized that his son, Bo Yi Kao, had met a cruel and unfortunate death. Being approached shortly by a palace messenger, and offered three large cakes of deer flesh as a token of King Zhou's respect for the former, Ji Chang happily accepted the cakes and immediately ate all three in his unparalleled show of gratitude. Knowing fully that he had just devoured the flesh of his precious son, Ji Chang sat on the ground and began weeping profusely over what little choice he possessed during the situation.

As King Zhou and Fei Zhong were fiercely clashing against each other during a game of chess, the messenger soon arrived and informed the king of Ji Chang's resolution. Deciding that Ji Chang should be excused from Youli after hearing his report, Fei Zhong swiftly retorted by stating that if Ji Chang was to return to his homeland at the current time he would most likely be influenced strongly not only by the blood lustful people of the Western Foothills due to Bo Yi Kao's death, but the southern and northern dukes in addition because of the strong potential they emanate. Seeing that it was a more rational resolution to keep Ji Chang detained, no matter how loyal he might seem from the outside, King Zhou consented to the former's suggestion.

As the entourage under Bo Yi Kao was soon informed by loyal ministers of their master's death, they fled through the night until arriving within Phoenix City to express their woes before Ji Fa. Bursting into many tears at the hearing of his elder brother's death, Nangong Kuo cried from among the generals present saying that was essential at all costs to deploy an army against the capital in order to wipe out King Zhou and effectively replace him with a true ruler.

Everyone present within the court ground their teeth in rage and glared with great hatred as they agreed with Nangong to destroy the tyrant at all costs possible. With San Yisheng moving forward and reprimanding all around for their lack of control, the former firmly stated that if such an action was put into motion and reported to the capital, all of Ji Chang's years of loyal service and reputation were nothing more than roadside chaff. With these words San Yisheng additionally stated that two messengers should be sent with gold, jade, and other valuable items, from their dukedom to the residence of Fei Zhong and You Hun to attain potential support in the future — and would more than likely result in Ji Chang's well-deserved exclusion.

After additional letters were also to be sent in secret to these two ministers, the soldiers of the Western Foothills should be drilled day and night as to prepare for a chance later on to strike at the capital with the other dukes. With two generals — Tai Dian and Hong Yao — effectively chosen for this task, they were ordered to take the guise of merchants traveling to the capital in offering to the suffering people. Not daring to stay at a government hostel following their arrival at the capital lest they were found out, the two generals approached their

respective supreme minister's lodgings that night. As Tai Dian kneeled before Fei Zhong in great respect, the former placed before him a letter from Supreme Minister San Yisheng stating that he would receive over 10,000 talents of silver and other valuable gifts if he freed Ji Chang as an expression of his inner virtue and compassion.

Fei Zhong ensured Tai Dian that he would do his upmost to set Ji Chang free at all costs. Thus, the latter left shortly with the same results as his ally general. Experiencing two successive wins within chess against both Fei Zhong and You Hun a few days later, King Zhou prepared a feast for the three of them as celebration. Beginning a discussion of Ji Chang, Fei Zhong declared that he had recently sent a few trustworthy men to Youli District with the sole purpose of analyzing Ji Chang's current motives following the death of Bo Yi Kao — for this would effectively prove if he still harbored his supposed loyalty even after the conjectured knowing of his son's death. Hearing reports from these men that Ji Chang was burning incense at every moment in the insurance of King Zhou's health and never uttered a single word of defiance to the current situation, Fei Zhong knew wholly that the former was indeed not a threat to the capital and was a minister of the highest loyalty.

As King Zhou heard such a report from Fei Zhong, he additionally asked You Hun for his take on the situation. With research that reciprocated Fei Zhong's analyze on Ji Chang, You Hun stated that if Ji Chang was effectively freed, he could be appointed into the position of prince and used to subdue the rebelling Northern and Southern grand dukes through words due to the natural respect that they possess towards the former. And thus might even be encouraged to stop their rebellion. The fact was that Ji Chang to be freed simply out of consideration, and his resolve to uphold the kindness bestowed upon him by the king would naturally increase and thus strengthen such an outcome. King Zhou thus issued a decree that stated Ji Chang's essential pardon and his freedom from confinement.

As the ministers all around clapped their hands in joy upon the hearing of Ji Chang's well-deserved attainment of freedom, a palace messenger immediately set out for Youli District with written decree in hand. Sitting inside his inner chambers with continued detriment over the death of his unfortunate son, Ji Chang made a divination with golden coins following a sudden ominous windstorm. After realizing that King Zhou would pardon him that day, the palace messenger arrived shortly and officially stated the king's decree.

Packing his belongings with both joy and sorrow, the people of Youli crowded before him and offered what they could in return for the former's immense kindness in the past. As they escorted the duke some distance from Youli District, every individual present gave their final farewells in tears. Arriving before high ranking ministers such as Bi Gan and Yellow Flying Tiger at the palace gates, Ji Chang expressed his immense gratitude at their kindness for freeing him from his extended confinement. Being in a state of great happiness in addition, an order was soon put forth that stated Ji Chang's presence before King Zhou. Dressing in convicted garb as he presented himself before the king, Ji Chang kneeled in respect and stated his many vows of gratitude. Being thus authorized to undertake military operations as chief of all dukes and appointed as overseeing prince, King Zhou additionally placed forth a banquet at the Dragon Virtue Court in his honor.

With each minister smiling with delight at such good fortune for Ji Chang — now known as Prince Wen — the latter paraded for two days throughout the capital's streets in a demonstration of his glory. Late into the afternoon during his second day of parade, Ji Chang was approached by Prince Yellow Flying Tiger and consented to the former's proposal of a personal drink at his residence. Personally sitting down and accompanying Ji Chang with many drinks, Yellow Flying Tiger firmly told him that he was in need of ceasing his current parading and should leave as quickly as possible lest any other unpredictable occurrence runs about in such a colossal torn capital like Morning Song.

Feeling as if he had been completely awoken to reality, Prince Wen calmly asked the former how he was get through the five passes. Handing him many military tallies and suggesting that he guises himself as a royal patrolmen to easily make his way through the passes, Yellow Flying Tiger gave one final bow to Prince Wen before being dismissed. That same evening, Yellow Flying Tiger ordered two of his generals — Dragon Huan and Wu Yan — to open the west gate of the capital and secretly escort Ji Chang from within.

Chapter 21

Flight through the Five Passes

With the help of Yellow Flying Tiger, Ji Chang managed to cross the Yellow River in a single night and then make his way towards Lintong Pass — the first of five passes. As many officials became exceedingly worried as to why Ji Chang failed to return throughout the entire night, Fei Zhong soon attained word of the situation and thus sat down with You Hun to analyze their next move. You Hun immediately placed forth his irrational suggestion: "After attaining the consent of His Majesty, soldiers should be sent to retrieve Ji Chang immediately. As he was brought back and placed before the king, he should be beheaded as punishment for putting insult over the former's kindness." With Fei Zhong's consenting, both ministers appeared before King Zhou and fully elaborated the situation.

After deciding that Generals Yin and Lei were to be sent out to retrieve the runaway prince, they both charged through the west gates with 3,000 soldier strong in immediate pace. Riding leisurely through Lintong Pass when hearing a sudden clamor of men and horses behind him, Ji Chang soon realized that King Zhou must have sent men in pursuit — and thus galloped wildly atop his horse, not knowing where at all he was heading. As the soldiers of Shang shortly approached the unfortunate Prince Wen with immense speed, Master of the Clouds meanwhile attained sight of the situation from his Green Touring Bed and immediately called Thunder Quaker to his side. Ordering his disciple to quickly find a weapon at the Tiger Cliff, Thunder Quaker met no true success before finding two delicious red apricots which he devoured with great delight.

Just at the moment that he was going to resume his search, a sudden strange transformation took place. Two wings sprouted from both shoulder blades while he grew silver tusks and long red hair. Even though he had no desire to see his master again with such an appearance, he had no true choice once Golden Haze Lad, an assistant disciple under Master of the Clouds, called him back to the cavern. With great delight over his disciple's transformation, Master of the Clouds handed Thunder Quaker a golden cudgel and immediately taught him how to wield it with exceeded renown. After the essential mastering of his new weapon, "wind" was written on his left wing while "thunder" on his right — thus giving him the ability to soar through the heavens with his new wings at will.

Before Thunder Quaker was to take his leave, Master of the Clouds thoroughly told his disciple that he was to ensure his father's safe arrival at the Western Foothills; but at no account should any soldier be killed during such an incident. Leaving the mountain in immense pace, Thunder Quaker called continuously from a neighboring peak to see if a certain man below — who was fleeing in great speeds atop his horse — was truly his father, the Grand Duke of the West.

Riding to the peak and being told that he was none other than Thunder Quaker, the young child that was saved by his hands seven years in the past, Ji Chang told the former that on no account should any individual of Shang be hurt lest his punishment becomes even greater than current. Ensuring his father that he would persuade the generals to retire their pursuit, Thunder Quaker stood

resolutely before the entire army shortly, declaring that not a single individual was to pass unless they wished for their own death. As the Shang soldiers reported such a case to Generals Yin and Lei, the latter two rage fully advanced towards Thunder Quaker's position.

Chapter 22

Return of the Duke

As Generals Yin and Lei thus appeared before Thunder-quaker shortly, they charged fiercely at the latter while bursting into laughter at his attempt to protect Ji Chang through vaguely connected bonds of filially. Determined to end this incident quickly, Thunder-quaker cleaved the crag of a neighboring mountain into two halves in a single strike with his golden cudgel — thus sending the whole Shang army fleeing in great fear for their lives. Now returning to his father, who laid on the ground in shock, Thunder-quaker urged Prince Wen to get on his back so that he could be transported safely to the Western Foothills without any additional delay.

Weeping profusely over the void attempt to bring along the horse that had served him faithfully for over seven years of time, Ji Chang had little choice but to calmly tell the horse to run off to a new master while grabbing hold of his son's back and returning immediately to his native land. Arriving beyond the five passes shortly, Thunder Quaker left his father momentarily — thus forcing Ji Chang to travel day and night on foot with great misery. As Prince Wen eventually approached an inn one day during his travels, he shortly elaborated his identity before being offered a flour-grinding donkey from the innkeeper as a mount while personally escorting the former back to his capital.

Crossing through the Golden Chicken Range and Mount Shouyang, breezes of late autumn soon filled the heavens with great desolateness that touched Ji Chang's longish heart to return to his family of long ago. Tai Jiang, the mother of Ji Chang, soon realized through divination that her son was to return exceedingly soon — and she thus told everyone present within the capital of such long awaited news. As each minister rode from the capital with banners and great gifts of offering, they soon caught sight of Ji Chang and presented themselves before him in unparalleled happiness.

With Supreme Minister San Yisheng thoroughly elaborating the historical records of King Tang and his revolution to overthrow the Xia Dynasty after being captivated for so many years, he compared this to the Grand Duke's incident and offered him a chance to do the same for the sake of the people. However, Prince Wen retorted by saying that such words should never be spoken again — for he could not do anything as disloyal as rebelling against the king after receiving such merciful honor from the former.

As everyone present became somewhat convinced by his speech, Prince Wen returned to the dukedom shortly with people cheering left and right in happiness at their master's safe return. Arriving before Mount Small Dragon and seeing his ninety-nine sons standing before him, Ji Chang fell from his horse with tears of agony upon the remembering of the one son that was not present, Bo Yi Kao. With the help of his sons, Ji Chang suddenly coughed up a large slice of meat that strangely turned into a small white rabbit; such was reciprocated two more times immediately with the same result. As everyone present sat in shock while the three rabbits ran to the west, they placed Ji Chang under the care of a doctor for several days to await his recovery. After the inn keeper was handsomely

rewarded for his reported deeds before returning to his home, San Yisheng personally sat down before Prince Wen and stated that an attack upon Morning Song would be a rational choice considering the current circumstances — despite the loyalty that the prince might possess. With Nangong Kuo suddenly appearing before the prince while stating that an attack upon the capital as essential, Prince Wen reprimanded them both by declaring such an action as disloyal and without virtue to attack your own master despite what qualities that they might possess.

After Nangong exclaimed the death of Bo Yi Kao as a clear action of cruelty that was deserving of punishment no matter what the consequence might be, Prince Wen retorted by stating that such an incident was brought about through his son's pride and rash qualities and isn't to be compared with the larger picture of loyalty. Either way, acting in such a sudden manner would not only stir up the people to make many sacrifices during such a war, but they would additionally lose a level of love and confidence towards their master due to being forced into a situation that they most clearly would not enjoy — for they love peace in all aspects.

As both San Yisheng and Nangong Kuo clearly realized that the land should not be impoverished and provoked into war for the time being, Ji Chang stated that a "Spiritual Terrace" should be constructed in order to foretell any potential disaster within the future. Being afraid that the people would suffer through unnecessary trouble with such a project, San Yisheng reassured his master that the immense dignity and gratitude that the people possess would surely bring him swift victory without a thought of defiance. Prince Wen became delighted at his reassurance, and thus issued forth a decree on the terrace's construction.

Chapter 23

Dream of a Flying Bear

As Prince Wen's notices were posted up for the Spiritual Terrace's potential construction, it clearly stated that if any was to go out of their way to assist in the construction, they were to be paid one-tenth of a teal of silver as gratitude while being allowed to discontinue without any form of compulsion whatsoever. Being overjoyed at such a chance to show their love to Prince Wen, every individual was clearly willing to work wholeheartedly on such a project without any regret. Issuing forth the project's start on an auspicious day after hearing such joyous news, the Spiritual Terrace was effectively created under ten months of time.

Leading his civil and military officials out to gaze forth at the terrace, Prince Wen was the only individual present that exclaimed a level of depression — for the terrace was in need of a pool in order to meet the requirements of the yin-yang theory. As such words were passed on to the people, everyone present began its immediate construction in due happiness. Digging profusely in their attempts, human bones were found and placed off to the side due to being a blatant interference towards their work. However, Prince Wen soon attained word of such and ordered for the bones to be placed into small coffins and buried within a neighboring hill instead of being exposed — as would be a sign of disrespect.

After watching the continued work of his fellow people until night, Prince Wen enjoyed a meal with his ministers before retiring to rest within one of the terrace's rooms. Experiencing a strange dream involving a white-faced tiger with large wings, Prince Wen reported this dream to San Yisheng the following morning and was told that a highly talented minister was destined to be a part of the Western Foothills in the near future. Believing the former's words as truth, Prince Wen became determined to make immediate preparations in the finding of this minister. Now returning to Jiang Ziya, he had spent his time near Panxi Stream constantly fishing throughout day to night while studying the way and reciting scriptures. While leaning on his willow tree one day, Jiang Ziya heard a certain man singing a song to himself and soon realized that it was none other than a woodcutter.

As Wu Ji, the woodcutter, sat down by Jiang Ziya's side and realized that he fished with a mere pole without a needle — or any bait at that — he thoroughly mocked the former by stating that he wasn't very smart when it comes to such simple matters. After furthered discussion, Wu Ji was told by Jiang Ziya that he would kill a man that day within Phoenix City unexpectedly; the former became angry at such sudden words and left with a fury. Heading through the south gate of Phoenix City, Wu Ji swung his carrying pole of firewood from one shoulder to the other which suddenly struck Wang Xiang, a city guard, in the temple, ending his life instantly.

Being pushed before Prince Wen immediately, Wu Ji elaborated the case as being nothing more than an accident that possessed rather vague reasoning and more bad luck than anything else. Declaring that the woodcutter would pay for his life nonetheless, Wu Ji was imprisoned inside a small circle near the southern gate to await his set punishment. Tear stricken over what might be befalling his ailed

mother back at their home due to his lack of support for over three days, Wu Ji was soon approached by San Yisheng and thoroughly elaborated the situation. Realizing that Wu Ji did not kill Wang Xiang out of any vile intentions whatsoever, he decided that it would be best to discuss the current issue at hand with Prince Wen and effectively suspend his punishment until autumn if at all possible.

After reporting such a case with the prince the following day, the latter consented to Wu Ji's proposal for temporary freedom. Wu Ji thus immediately returned to his mother's side and told her the reason for his lengthened disappearance. Additionally elaborating the words of Jiang Ziya as the reason for such an atrocity, Wu Ji set forth to Pianxi Stream to meet the former.

Chapter 24

From Fisherman to Prime Minister

As Wu Ji ran quickly to the Panxi Stream, he saw Jiang Ziya sitting under his willow tree while fishing more calmly than ever. Kneeling before the latter and asking forgiveness for his past ignorance, Wu Ji pleaded to Jiang Ziya to save his life from a destined death. After declaring himself as his disciple, Jiang Ziya told the former that if he wished to escape death, he must sit in a four-foot hole throughout the night while covered completely with rice and hay; after such was completed, there should be no problems experienced in the future with the prior incident.

With Wu Ji following his master's instructions thoroughly throughout that night, Jiang Ziya meanwhile recited charms to cover up the Wu Ji's star and thus save him from potential death. As Wu Ji returned the following day and kneeled respectfully before Jiang Ziya, the latter told him to spend the entire morning selling his usual firewood while returning in the afternoon to hear lessons on military theory/stratagems — for Jiang Ziya could feel the expedition upon Morning Song drawing near and thus could use additional assistance if need be.

Upon the arrival of late autumn, Supreme Minister San Yisheng recalled the incident of Wu Ji and asked Prince Wen if he could make a divination as to why the convict had not shown himself. After Prince Wen had effectively performed divination, and realized through such that Wu Ji committed suicide out of fear for punishment, the former sighed in distress at such an outcome. As spring arrived in short time with everything around bursting with life, Prince Wen proposed to his ministers that a few days should be spent enjoying nature within the southern outskirts. With San Yisheng's suggestion to search for the "destined minister of the Western Foothills" in addition, their journey soon began shortly.

Enjoying fully the colossal beauty laid out before his eyes, Prince Wen became shortly distressed as he saw his troops killing leopards, wolves, and of the such unconditionally — as the area around him was set up as a hunting zone by General Nangong Kuo for the former's pleasure. The prince thus approached San Yisheng and solemnly told him that they were within the wildlife to simply gaze at the beauty around, not to kill innocent animals out of instinct; for the ancients of old would never act in such a manner as to harm their own benevolence. Joyfully continuing through the wilderness and gazing forth at many people enjoying the beauty of spring, Prince Wen caught ear on a certain song that two fishermen were singing.

Believing them to be sages of the sort, Xin Jia was sent shortly to investigate the matter; he returned by stating that the two fisherman simply heard and recited such a song from a mysterious old man near the Panxi Stream. Dismissing the two fisherman in distress, Prince Wen pondered over a single verse of the song that denoted the ignoring of power and wealth — and thus elaborated a story of Sage Emperor Yao and his meeting with a virtuous man to San Yisheng as an example. Continuing on their way while hearing a group of woodcutters spouting a song of similar connotations to the former two fishermen, Prince Wen ordered an immediate investigation of these men. Being told that the same old man near Panxi

Stream taught this song to the former in addition, Prince Wen was convinced that this man must be approached at all costs.

Unfortunately for Wu Ji however, he happened to be amongst the crowd and was instantly recognized as the convict who supposedly met death in late autumn. Realizing that he was indeed woodcutter Wu Ji, the former was placed before Prince Wen and thoroughly reprimanded as an immense threat that needs to be dealt with accordingly. Explaining his meeting with a man known as Jiang Ziya, Wu Ji promised to guide Prince Wen and his entourage to the former's location in exchange for freedom. Without any success on finding Jiang Ziya, Prince Wen was led to the sage's cottage — but immediately met failure again due to Jiang Ziya's random departures and unpredictable returns.

San Yisheng thus told his master that it would be best for them to return to the palace temporarily while returning on a date that was presumed as more probable for the meeting of the former. Being extremely disappointed but nonetheless cooperative to his minister's suggestion, Prince Wen ordered his men to thoroughly purify themselves daily in wait for their second departure before Jiang Ziya's residence. In a different perspective of mind, General Nangong Kuo stated that there was no definite knowing that this "Jiang Ziya" was the true sage that they were looking for simply due to the songs that he composes and his unnatural abilities — for sages of similar quality would be more than likely present within the neighboring mountains in addition.

However, San Yisheng retorted by stating that this man must be the destined minister from Prince Wen's dream due to the traditional manner that was need of being followed and his reputation amongst the neighboring populace as being differential to the majority. Through such discussion, all ministers cleansed their hearts and bodies before taking leave on the fourth day following their original appearance. Arriving at the Panxi Stream shortly, Wu Ji immediately took notice of Jiang Ziya and reported such to Prince Wen. Approaching the sage steadily, Prince Wen took Jiang Ziya's hand and welcomed him with colossal dignity.

As San Yisheng elaborated the reasoning behind their appearance with many fine gifts, Jiang Ziya soon left his cottage and proceeded with Prince Wen on horse top following many steady refusals to ride in the former's carriage. Arriving shortly before the capital, Jiang Ziya was appointed as prime minister and thus thoroughly assisted the Western Foothills with his knowledge and discipline.

Chapter 25

Banquet for Specters in the Palace

Once Han Rong, commander of Sishui Pass, obtained word on Jiang Ziya's appointment, he sent an urgent report to Morning Song. As Bi Gan attained such a report, he immediately presented himself before King Zhou and stated that since Jiang Ziya had effectively joined the West Grand Duke, there was a great possibility that the former could dwindle with Ji Chang's loyalty and thus convince him to assist the southern and eastern dukes in their campaign against the capital.

Once King Zhou told the prime minister that he would hold court as soon as possible lest any furthered threat might evolve, Chong Houhu, the Black Tiger, knelt in presence before the king while stating the nearing finish of the Happy Terrace after two years and four months of determined work. King Zhou quickly asked Chong Houhu's additional take on the appointment of Jiang Ziya. The latter stated that Ji Chang was very peace loving and would never attack the capital unless it was forced upon him by his people. And that Jiang Ziya was also exceedingly old and wasn't a large enough threat to waste an entire army upon due to the scarceness already experienced amongst the populace.

King Zhou thus dismissed both Bi Gan and Chong Houhu shortly while taking hold of his beloved Daji and heading out to see the Happy Terrace's progress. Arriving before the Happy Terrace and realizing its current completion, King Zhou happily walked through the terrace with immense joy and satisfaction at the glittering jade and gold spread before him so vividly. As a grand celebration took place inside the terrace, Bi Gan could not help but sigh in great distress at the peoples' suffering simply through the deluded selfishness of a single person.

Asking Daji when the immortals and fairies would show themselves before the terrace as she originally stated, Daji had little time to react and immediately stated that a full moon before a cloudless sky would be the only signal for their essential coming. Knowing that the full moon would not show itself until five more days, Daji resumed her specter form three days later and headed immediately to the grave mound of Emperor Xuanyuan while King Zhou was fast asleep.

Being welcomed by Splendor, the nine-headed pheasant, Daji elaborated her reasoning before stating that all other specters present at the mound must transform themselves into immortals and come with her to the Happy Terrace within two days of time if they possess such an ability; if not, they were to remain at their original position. After this detailed discussion, Daji immediately returned to the palace on a gust of wind.

As King Zhou asked the following morning about the immortals, Daji suggested to the king that thirty-nine seats should be arranged while a minister — Bi Gan in this case — was chosen to serve them wine at their will. Upon the quick approach of evening the following day, the seats were set forth while King Zhou gazed in great anticipation for the arrival of his immortal guests. Following the king's temporary leave of the terrace while Daji invited forth her honored specter allies, Bi Gan was called shortly to serve the latter.

Pouring them wine at every call, Bi Gan became rather confused as to why they looked like fairy spirits but possessed the most disgusting of odors; indeed, he thought, this was truly a very ill omen for the Shang Dynasty. As everyone present began to drink wildly, Bi Gan noticed that some of the guests had tails sprouting forth upon further intoxication — and was thus dismissed immediately by Daji lest he realized that they were specters, not immortals. Charging from the palace gates with great shame and rage as to lower himself to serve vile beasts, he soon approached Yellow Flying Tiger, who was on night patrol, and reported the incident at the Happy Terrace in full details.

After ensuring to Bi Gan that he would deal with the issue, Yellow Flying Tiger ordered his four generals — Huang Ming, Zhou Ji, Dragon Huan, and Wu Qian — to each take twenty four soldiers and patrol the districts around the east, north, west, and south. When these "immortals" were to leave the palace, they were to be pursued closely and stealthily back to their respective lairs.

As each immortal specter took their leave from the palace on foot due to great intoxication preventing any form of natural flight, all thirty-nine that were present immediately returned to the grave mound of Emperor Xuanyuan while being closely followed by General Zhou Ji along the way. Informing Yellow Flying Tiger the following morning, the latter ordered his general to take 300 soldiers individually equipped with firewood and light them on fire while inside the mound hole to ensure destruction and no lack of possible escape for the specters. With Yellow Flying Tiger and Bi Gan calmly sitting by each other's side while drinking tea, Zhou Ji soon reported his success and thus called for them both to inspect the results.

Arriving shortly before the grave mound and finding corpses lying about that stank with burnt fur and flesh, Bi Gan ordered all corpses that possessed not scorched fur to be skinned so that he could present His Majesty with a specialized fur coat as a warning to the evil specter, Queen Daji. The two commanders thus returned to the palace in high spirits with such a grand display of the power and loyalty that they possessed in the name of the Shang Dynasty.

Chapter 26

Daji plots Revenge

With the recent arrival of winter, heavy snow fell throughout the capital like pearls of great silver illuminating the sky and earth alike with beauty. Entering before King Zhou at the Happy Terrace, Prime Minister Bi Gan expressed his inner worry over the king's health at such a time of year — and thus presented to the former a specialized fur robe of scarlet satin as a token of such affection and consideration.

Once King Zhou had placed the beautiful robe around his body with immediate appreciation towards the prime minister, Daji meanwhile gazed forth from the curtains and noticed the specialized insignias only present on fox specters of her relation. She thus inwardly vowed that her hatred would only be sullied if she was to attain Bi Gan's heart as punishment.

Not bearing to see the skin of her relatives any further after the prime minister's leave, Daji convinced the king that the fur robe was below his level of dignity and should be placed elsewhere. Forming a plot to effectively end Bi Gan's life, Daji used her specter powers to reduce her beauty to a great extent one day as she sat drinking with King Zhou within the Happy Terrace.

Realizing that the Queen was strangely lacking in beauty, Daji shortly told the king that she possesses a sister known as Splendor, who was far more beautiful and elegant. Continuing with her words, Daji additionally stated that her sister left one day from Jizhou while stating that if she was to ever attain immortal characteristics, she would send Daji incense as a signal for her immediate return. Telling King Zhou that the incense had yet to be burned, it was decided that the following day should be chosen for her sister's return.

As King Zhou thus slept soundly that night, Daji resumed her specter form and met Splendor at the burned grave mound — fully knowing that her sister could not have possibly been touched by the former flames due to her highly evolved specter attributes. With Splendor's immediate informing to Daji that all thirty-nine specter allies had been burnt to death and skinned, the latter wept while telling her sister a specific plan that essentially required her appearance before the palace the following day. Effectively attaining Splendor's consent, Daji happily returned to the palace throughout the remainder of the night while King Zhou lustfully desired to see his queen's elder sister as soon as possible throughout the next day.

Once night finally approached, Daji advised King Zhou to conceal himself while the incense was burned — for if she was to notice a man of mortal qualities other than her sister, she might not wish to perform any such task. With the incense being burned at last, great thunderous winds brewed about throughout the palace while Splendor made her immediate appearance shortly thereafter before Daji.

As Daji thus brought her sister to an inner chamber while sipping tea and exchanging conversation, King Zhou meanwhile peeped from the corner and instantly declared that he would give up his very own throne without the least

regret if he could have sex with Splendor. Scratching his ears and coughing profusely to attain Dai's attention, the latter asked her sister if she could meet with the king after clearly understanding his many signals.

Being convinced that King Zhou was worthy to sit by her side due to his rank, the king excitedly rushed forth and placed himself before Splendor immediately. Once Dai left the inner chamber for some time to change her clothing, King Zhou became exceedingly aroused after Splendor emitted many seductive glances — and thus invited his honored guest to stroll with him on the terrace.

Steadily pacing under the moonlight, King Zhou calmly fondled her breasts and body while declaring that was she was to stay by his side within the palace instead of living the life of an immortal, great wealth, rank, and honor would clearly be bestowed upon her in short time.

Realizing that Splendor did not respond or offer any resistance to his many physical attacks, King Zhou carried her to a side court and passionately began unleashing his inner essence upon the latter within a neighboring bed. Upon Dai's return with great laughter over her sister's state, the king enjoyed the remainder of the night with his two lovers. As all ministers outside the palace gates possessed no knowing of King Zhou's new indulgences with Splendor, Yellow Flying Tiger, the highest ranked among ministers, continued to train his 480,000 soldiers daily to ensure an effective protection of the neighboring passes.

One day however, Dai suddenly began to profusely spit forth blood while falling to the floor in a feverish state. King Zhou and Splendor immediately ran to her side while the latter stated that her sister possesses a strange heart attack disorder that reappears at random moments of time when intense anxiety and stress was felt. Additionally stating that a doctor by the name of Zhang Yuan cured such attacks with soup made from a highly developed human heart on great occasion back at Jizhou, it was indeed of great need for such a heart to be found among the populace and used at once to free Dai from her potential bonds of death.

Acting as if she was performing divination, Splendor told King Zhou that Prime Minister Bi Gan was the only individual present within the capital that possesses such a heart. As King Zhou thus sent out many decrees to ensure Bi Gan's arrival before the palace, the prime minister meanwhile attained word from the sixth royal messenger that Dai possessed a strange illness and was needing of his arrival.

Knowing that Dai was indeed an evil specter, and any such incident that specifically called him forth in her name more than likely meant certain death, Bi Gan approached his wife in tears while stating that she should do her best to observe the rules and take good care of their children while he was gone.

Explaining the situation thoroughly, Bi Gan rushed back to his study chambers and hastily followed the instructions that Jiang Ziya had given him earlier. Following his immediate arrival before King Zhou, and the learning of his heart being needed in order to cure Dai's ailment, the former retorted with great anger at the king and Dai's blatant hate towards him. Knowing that he had little choice before the situation, and his time was assuredly soon to end, Bi Gan knelt on

the ground and ripped the heart from his chest while throwing it to the ground without a single droplet of blood whatsoever. As the prime minister walked quickly to the palace gates, avoiding each minister that appeared along the way, the former took the reins off his horse and strode towards the capital's northern gate.

Chapter 27

Return of the Grand Old Master

Striding through the northern palace gates in a state of complete silence, Yellow Flying Tiger was very worried over the current situation — and thus sent forth Generals Zhou Ji and Huang Ming to follow him immediately. As Bi Gan approached a woman hawker along the way that declared humans as incapable of living without a heart, a sudden pulse surged through the former's veins violently, causing him to fall to the ground with blood surging profusely from his chest. With Zhou Ji and Huang Ming's arrival shortly, they inspected the deceased prime minister's body closely and realized that his heart was strangely nowhere to be found.

Unfortunately for Bi Gan however, he still would have remained alive if the woman previously had noted that humans can live even without a heart — for such was the trickery behind Jiang Ziya's magical note. Once the two generals had arrived before the palace gates and immediately reported their resolution on the incident to Yellow Flying Tiger, all ministers present sat heartbroken at such an absurd end to their treasured prime minister. Xia Zhao, a junior minister, could not hold back his emotions as he strode within the Happy Terrace prepared to put a well-deserved end to King Zhou's life.

Cutting down any guard that dared to oppose his path towards the king, Xia Zhao shortly arrived before the tyrant and charged at him with his flying-cloud sword. As he cleaved at the king's flesh with great renown, King Zhou managed to grab ahold of the blade while swiftly throwing it off to the side. Realizing the situation was rather grim, Xia Zhao ground his teeth until they bled profusely before launching himself off of the terrace to his death. As all ministers around grieved over their second loss, Bi Gan's body was soon returned while a funeral was held immediately for his countless loyal services to the Shang Dynasty.

News soon came about during their funeral that none other than Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was finally returning to the capital; all ministers thus made quick preparations to meet the former outside Morning Song's gates. Arriving shortly atop his great dragon unicorn, Wen Zhong gazed towards the capital and realized that a funeral was taking place due to many paper pennants flying about. Inspecting the reason for such, he was astonished to hear that Vice Prime Minister Bi Gan had died — and thus entered immediately to see many gorgeous buildings such as the Happy Terrace all around him. Dismounting before his fellow colleagues at the palace gate's roadside, the Grand Old Master expressed his greetings while entering the Grand Hall.

Being informed by Yellow Flying Tiger of the many torture devices created and the unjust deaths of countless loyal ministers throughout his years of departure, Wen Zhong's third eye burned red with rage as he ordered King Zhou to ascend his throne at once. With Daji joyfully drinking the soup made from Bi Gan's heart, King Zhou was rather frightened to hear that the Grand Old Master had returned — but nonetheless left immediately in his royal carriage to see the dignified latter. Sitting before Wen Zhong within the Grand Hall, the latter thoroughly elaborated his complete victory at the North Sea District while

inspecting the reason as to why two of the four grand dukes have risen in rebellion. Being told that Jiang Huanchu and E Chongyu were executed for conspiring against the throne — even though the king did not possess any such witness that could prove such a case — Wen Zhong became exceedingly wrathful and reprimanded the king for the blatant malevolent qualities that he possesses. Telling the former that he would personally endeavor to set the country in order in the name of King Da Yi, his former master, Wen Zhong told the king to return to his apartments while he plans out his next move for the dynasty's benefit.

As King Zhou left without uttering a single word against the Grand Old Master, the latter asked his fellow colleagues to join him at his residence. Arriving shortly before the Silver Peace Hall with each minister present, Yellow Flying Tiger came forth from the crowd to personally elaborate the full happenings from Daji's entry to Bi Gan's death. Now fully knowing the ultimate woes of the Shang Dynasty, Wen Zhong let out a great roar of rage before declaring that he would seal the gates for three days while presenting to King Zhou a memorial upon the fourth.

Approaching the king on the fourth day with his written memorial, King Zhou placed it before his desk and was handed by the former an ink slab and writing brush to sign his name on ten individual proposals. King Zhou signed his consent on all but the destruction of the Happy Terrace; the deposition of Daji; and the beheading of Fei Zhong and You Hun to as warning to all flatterers. With Wen Zhong's suggestion to the king that the remaining three proposals essentially need to be fulfilled if he was to prevent the Shang Dynasty from falling to utter ruin, the latter stood forth without uttering a word. Fei Zhong, who did not see the true seriousness of the situation, moved forward to speak with King Zhou before being stopped by the Grand Old Master.

As Fei Zhong began to state the former's propositions as a clear insult to His Majesty and violation to the general rites of inferior to superior, Wen Zhong seethed with rage at his words — and thus charged his fist into Fei Zhong's skull, causing the latter to tumble violently down the Grand Hall's steps in an injured state. Seeing Fei Zhong lying on the floor with a bruised head and face, You Hun ran before the Grand Old Master while declaring his actions as being the equivalent to beating King Zhou himself.

Learning that the man standing before him was none other than You Hun, Wen Zhong ran forward and smashed his fist into the former's face — sending him crashing seven yards past the Grand Hall stairway in a near death state. Grand Old Master Wen Zhong followed by ordering the two ministers to be taken to the palace gate for their awaited execution immediately afterwards. Just as Fei Zhong and You Hun were to have their heads cleaved off, King Zhou ran forward to Wen Zhong and pleaded for the two ministers to be placed before court and tried according to law for their former actions.

Observing the king's frightened manner, and realizing that it was a crime for the former to possess such intense fear towards him, Wen Zhong ordered the two ministers to be placed in gaol and await their trial while the three remaining proposals were carefully discussed within the near future. With such grand resolve to ensure political reform was effectively instilled, news soon reached the capital that King Ping Ling of the East Sea district had unfortunately declared independence. As Wen Zhong attained word of such, he appeared before Yellow

Flying Tiger's residence shortly and asked the latter who was more fitting to take care of the situation. After they both carefully considered their next move, Grand Old Master stated that he would take 200,000 soldiers to the East Sea district while Flying Tiger remains at the palace for internal defense.

Additionally stating that he would deal with the state's administration at his best following his return, Wen Zhong appeared before King Zhou the following morning to elaborate the current happenings within the east. Being very delighted internally at Wen Zhong's words of departure, both Yellow Flying Tiger and King Zhou personally escorted the Grand Old Master beyond the eastern gate of Morning Song. As the king handed Wen Zhong a glass of wine, the master handed it instead to Yellow Flying Tiger for the exceeded loyalty and administrative renown that he should elaborate while he himself was gone. Telling the king to listen well to his ministers and destroy the evil of the capital at all costs possible during his leave, cannons roared in all directions to signal the Grand Old Master's departure.

Chapter 28

Punitive Expedition against the North Grand Dukedom

Greatly delighted at Grand Old Master's leave, King Zhou returned to the palace shortly while ordering Fei Zhong and You Hun to be freed — for the king labeled them as being wrongly accused when they were clearly loyal and undeserving of death. Now that Wen Zhong was effectively gone, King Zhou knew that he could return to his original ways without anyone truly able to criticize his actions.

As spring raged forward spreading great beauty throughout the capital, King Zhou declared to his ministers that a party within the royal garden should be performed. Finding the garden as beautiful as the Penglai Fairyland, the Peony Pavilion of old along with the Brocade Hall could be seen with great extravagant detail.

Holding a banquet within the Peony Pavilion, the king enjoyed his own personal table with Splendor and Daji while other high ranking ministers such as Yellow Flying Tiger and Wei Zi sighed at such a grand celebration taking place even though the land was clearly rampant with deluded chaos and constant rebellion. Thanking the king for their party after midday, King Zhou convinced every former minister present to stay and drink away their woes from dusk till night.

As Daji and Splendor became exceedingly intoxicated while sleeping within the royal library, Daji lusted to attain human flesh immediately — and thus swooped about the midnight sky in her specter form. With attendants shouting about that a specter had been seen in the heavens, Yellow Flying Tiger left his seat hurriedly as he thrashed one of the pavilion's railings at the horrible beast. Ordering the hunting hawk with golden eyes to be unleashed immediately due to the lack of his weapon's effectiveness, the hawk soon soared to the specter while clawing violently with its great talons.

Being clearly wounded, Daji hid herself underneath some rocks within a neighboring artificial hill. King Zhou thus ordered his attendants to start digging away in hopes of capturing the specter. Unexpectedly finding an incredibly large pile of half-eaten corpses beneath the rock mound, the king became horrified at the reality of the situation: specters were present within the Shang Dynasty and were the evident reason for such disaster.

As King Zhou awoke the following morning after unhappily excusing his minister's the former evening, he stared in alarm at Daji, who possessed many scratches across her face. Being told that she happened to scratch her face upon overhanging branches within the royal garden, King Zhou told her to be very careful of her new surroundings considering the specter incident.

Pondering over what the king had said, Daji vaguely remembered through her intoxication that Yellow Flying Tiger had been the minister who thrashed at her with his pole — and she thus immediately vowed revenge against the former at all costs possible. Meanwhile, Jiang Ziya had shortly obtained report on King Ping Ling's rebellion and Chong Houhu's brutal treating of the people during the Happy

Terrace's development. Vying with rage at Chong's qualities, Jiang Ziya approached Prince Wen and suggested to him that if the Grand Duke of the North, Chong Houhu, was effectively destroyed — considering his many acts of tyranny through blatant brutality and impulsiveness. King Zhou would be assisted greatly in the path of becoming a benevolent ruler such as that of Yao or Shun of old. Being delighted at a chance to effectively help King Zhou as he accepted the prime minister's proposal, Jiang Ziya offered himself to be the commander of the army on the prince's behalf.

After declaring that he too would assist Jiang Ziya on the battlefield, Prince Wen chose an auspicious date before charging out of the capital with 100,000 soldiers. Many individuals present within the Western Foothills — especially the original Morning Song refugees — rejoiced in great happiness at the prince's departure to destroy Chong Houhu.

As the army arrived before Chong City, the north grand dukedom, after a few days of travel, Chong Houhu was meanwhile present within Morning Song while Chong Yinbiao, the duke's son, attained headship over the city. Attaining information shortly that Ji Chang was commander over the forces stationed outside his dukedom, Yingbiao grinned in delight at a chance to do away with the former in order to better the reputation of his father — even if Ji Chang arrived with intentions other than battle.

With full resolve to wipe out Chong Houhu at all costs possible, Jiang Ziya ordered General Nangong Kuo to head to the front and unleash the first battle immediately. As Huang Yuanji charged out of the city gates with a contingent of soldiers, the former fiercely clashed blades with Nangong in great vigor and heated rage at Ji Chang's clear intentions to destroy them. Attaining word in short time that Huang Yuanji had lost his life by the enemy general's blade, Yingbiao pounded his desk in rage while ordering a fierce engagement of mortal combat to be unleashed the following day. With both forces aligned before each other the next morning, Jiang Ziya stepped forward from his army while taking the appearance of a honored celestial in the eyes of Chong Yinbiao. Barking at Yinbiao for defending the evil ways of his father, the latter barked back at Jiang Ziya angrily while ordering a general from his side to quickly kill the opposition.

As Prince Wen charged before Yinbiao lest Jiang Ziya experienced any harm, the former profusely yelled at Yinbiao, stating that it would be better off for him to simply dismount from his horse and experience death instead of opposing the will of Heaven any further. With both sides fiercely clashing blades in great resolve, Chong Yinbiao additionally threw himself into combat in order to take Ji Chang's head if at all possible. Once two generals under the north dukedom had been effectively slain, Yinbiao ordered a full-scale retreat.

Urgently setting forth a meeting to discuss how they were to repel the enemy forces, everyone present under Yinbiao had no clue what to do. Seeing this as the perfect chance to strike forth at the city, Prince Wen declined Jiang Ziya's offer to attack their dukedom lest the innocent was to be hurt and his benevolence would be known amongst the country as mere folly. A letter was thus immediately sent to Black Tiger Chong Heihu in hopes that he could assist them in taking over Chong City.

Chapter 29

Clash between two Grand Dukes

As General Nangong Kuo left to Caozhou at immediate pace, he soon took lodgings within an official hotel upon his arrival at Black Tiger Chong Heihu's residence. Leaving his office upon Nangong's reported arrival, Heihu soon obtained a letter from Jiang Ziya on the current situation. Reading the letter over continuously, he decided that it would be for the greater good if he put an end to his brother in the name of the people; despite the blood that he was to stain on the faces of his ancestors through such an action.

Before he departed, 3,000 soldiers were individually chosen to accompany him from Caozhou while his son, Chong Yingluan, ensures the protection of the city during his leave. As Chong Heihu arrived before the north grand dukedom's city gates in short time, Yinbiao emerged forth and earnestly welcomed his fellow uncle — who had arrived with reinforcements after obtaining report on the situation.

Sitting within the main hall by his cousin's side, Chong Heihu asked the true reason as to why Ji Chang had suddenly attacked their residence. The latter stated that a man by the name of Jiang Ziya said earlier that they arrived out of some form of malice towards his father and have thus attacked with most probable intentions to kill him. Easily seeing such words as accurate and on the side of rationality, Chong Heihu charged from the city gates to do battle against the opposing forces of Prince Wen at the following dawn. Jiang Ziya was completely rational of Chong Heihu's intentions upon the arrival of Nangong Kuo — and thus sent the latter to do battle with Black Tiger.

As both warriors battled with great renown, Chong Heihu silently told Nangong to feign retreat after giving up ground as a pretext to the combat's end. Seeing the enemy general flee while Heihu did not pursue in any form, Yingbiao approached his uncle and inspected the reason for such an action. Being told Jiang Ziya was widely known for his magical renown, there alone arose the chance that the former would use such tactics in order to ensure his victory at all costs possible — considering the additional rash ways of such pursuit. As Heihu and Yingbiao thus returned to the city, Black Tiger stated that their probability of victory should increase dramatically if Houhu and King Zhou were effectively contacted and informed of the current happenings upon Chong City.

With Sun Rong thus being sent to the capital, he arrived before Chong Houhu's residence and first handed the duke the intended letter. Pounding his desk in utter rage at the ill gratitude and treacherous motives that Ji Chang possesses towards him, — despite the many sacrifices that he had made in order to ensure the safety of the former — Chong Houhu presented himself to King Zhou and elaborated the current case on hand.

After the king had ensured his minister that he should back him with soldiers if the need be, Houhu confidently set out with 3,000 soldiers from the capital in quick pace. As soon as Chong Heihu had obtained word that his brother was heading to Chong City, he told General Gao Ding to await in ambush inside the city gates and only emerge to seize the grand duke when the rattling of a sword

was effectively heard. After Shen Gong had been told in addition to arrest the entire Chong family and bring them to the Zhou camp upon Heihu's emerging from the city, both Chong Heihu and Yingbiao set out shortly to await the arrival of Houhu. As the grand duke was thus invited inside of the city gates, all soldiers suddenly seized both Houhu and his son once the sound of rattling had been heard.

Being fully rational that if Chong Houhu was effectively seized and destroyed before the eyes of the people, the Chong family would not only live on in an honorable prestige but his own reputation would soar due to reinforcing the greater good despite the blood that was to be shed. After thus placing the duke before Jiang Ziya's feet, and warmly greeting Ji Chang, Prince Wen became displeased at Heihu's actions for being ruthless. Informing the prince that such an action was for the greater good, and well on the side of virtue, Jiang Ziya ordered Chong Houhu and his son to be placed before him while their heads were immediately cut from their bodies.

Having no original intention whatsoever to kill the grand duke and his son, Prince Wen blinded his eyes from the sight of their decapitated heads while shrieking with fear and disgust. Ordering Chong Heihu to free all remaining captives, Jiang Ziya and Prince Wen took their leave from Chong City while Heihu remained to govern the people as the new grand duke of the north. Unfortunately however upon their return to the Western Foothills, Prince Wen began to see Chong Houhu's decapitated head at every moment he happened to close his eyes — and his health thus slowly decreased out of clear disgust and resentment.

Once Wei Zi, the secretariat of Morning Song, obtained word that Chong Houhu had been executed while his younger brother, Chong Heihu, took control over the former's territory, he realized that the threat of Ji Chang would become even more greater due to Heihu's independence from the capital — and thus informed King Zhou immediately lest any further trouble evolved. Seething with rage at the north grand duke's death upon the hearing of such an incident, King Zhou ordered a contingent of soldiers to bring back both Ji Chang and Chong Heihu for trial.

However, Li Ren moved forward from the ministers present and stated that if he was to effectively act in the benefit of Chong Houhu — who was widely despised by the ministers and people alike — then they naturally would feel great malice towards him for supporting one of criminal traits rather than the loyal. Realizing the rationality in his words, King Zhou decided to abandon the idea of attacking Heihu altogether.

Unfortunately back at the Western Foothills however, Prince Wen's health worsened day by day forcing constant medical attention from doctors within the capital. As Jiang Ziya knelt before his master one day upon the former's request, Prince Wen calmly told him from his bed to never ally the Western Foothills with the rebelling nobles at any costs whatsoever; due to the many not royal actions that had been taken earlier that proved a level of disloyalty towards the king's wishes, peace must always remain between the west and Morning Song as atonement for their past defiance.

Gazing at the tear-filled eyes of Prince Wen, and seeing the indomitable spirit of loyalty that surges through the former's heart, Jiang Ziya ensured that he

should eternally obey such instructions. With Ji Fa's sudden entrance, Prince Wen told his son that he should take his place as governor over the Western Foothills following his death — but at no account should he dare listen to any words that might harm the king during his succession. After telling the prime minister and Ji Fa to instill virtue and true loyalty to both the king and the people so that the future generations can possess eternal happiness, Prince Wen breathed his last, dying at the age of 97 and being given the title of King Wen of Zhou.

Following King Wen's funeral, Jiang Ziya proposed to all ministers present that Ji Fa should succeed his father with the title of West Grand Duke and King Wu. As all ministers were risen one rank with additional benefits, the 200 marquises came constantly to offer their obeisance to the new king over the Western Foothills. Once Commander Han Rong of Sishi Pass had obtained word on Ji Fa's succession to the throne, and the unexpected death of Ji Chang, a messenger was immediately sent before the capital's secretariat. With both Yao Zhong and Prince Wei Zi being the first to hear of such urgent news, Yao Zhong declared that he should see the king on such a matter no matter what the outcome might be.

Chapter 30

Incidents leading to a Rebellion

Ascending the Star Picking Belvedere and kowtowing before the king, Yao Zhao thoroughly declared that now Ji Fa had succeeded the deceased Ji Chang as king over the Western Foothills, Jiang Ziya should easily be able to influence the former through ambitious motives of attacking the capital. However, King Zhou was not the least worried — for he believed that Jiang Ziya was nothing more than a vile trickster that would sow hate and ill-trust in the hearts of any other potential rebel of the capital; Ji Fa in addition was considered a mere child that lacked any disciple in the art of war and should thus not be taken as a serious threat to any extent.

After leaving the Belvedere in great disappointment over King Zhou's words, Yao Zhao knew that King Wu must be the destined savior that should put the tyrannical king to his eternal rest. As the new year's day celebrating King Zhou's 21st year of reign over the Shang Dynasty had arrived in rather short time, ministers went about to offer their traditional greetings to the king, while each of their wives paid obeisance to Queen Daji. When the day's natural formalities had drifted by, Lady Jia, the wife of Yellow Flying Tiger, entered the palace to offer her personal greetings to Daji before visiting her sister in law, concubine Huang.

At the very moment that Daji had attained word that Lady Jia was none other than Yellow Flying Tiger's wife, she grinned in great delight at such a chance to attain revenge against the prince. As Lady Jia and Daji alike both offered their respective greetings, Daji realized that the former was eight years older than her at the age of forty-one. Asking her fellow lady if they would like to become sworn sisters, Lady Jia refuted at first but freed herself from such modesty after realizing that they were both similar in aristocratic rank.

After they had drunken two glasses of wine, Jia quickly hid herself within the Rear Hall upon Daji's suggestion once King Zhou had arrived to see his queen following such a long day of hard work. Clearly seeing that two cups were sitting one across the other in front of Daji, King Zhou inspected who had been present. Being told that Lady Jia, wife of Yellow Flying Tiger, had been present earlier, Daji told the king that he should see her. Rather reluctant at such a suggestion — for it would vile the rights between king and minister — King Zhou was eventually convinced after hearing that she was not only extraordinarily beautiful, but could be considered his relative out of ties between Yellow Flying Tiger's concubine sister.

As Daji thus approached Lady Jia shortly after, and asked for her to walk together at the Star Picking Mansion in order to enjoy the scenery around them, Lady Jia had little choice but to comply — for they can only meet one time a year according to the rights. Walking along the upper balcony and gazing forth at a large pit full of snakes and skeletons, Lady Jia became frightened at the explanation that such a method was in need simply to uphold discipline within the capital. Accepting a few more cups of wine from Daji after sitting down with the latter, Concubine Huang meanwhile became worried at the hearing that her sister-in-law was present at the Star Picking Mansion with Daji — and thus immediately sent one of

her maids to carefully observe the queen's motives. With report that King Zhou was currently ascending the Star Picking Mansion, Lady Jia stood outside of the balcony while the king made his approach. Following his arrival, and immediate informing that the woman standing outside the balcony was Yellow Flying Tiger's wife, King Zhou became very lustful over her beautiful looks. Being told by Daji to enter forth and sit by the king's side, she gradually accepted such an order lest she was to attain any such punishment as earlier seen if the slightest defiance was to be shown.

Begging, however, to leave the king's side to show her true loyalty through modesty, King Zhou encouraged her to sit by his side and enjoy a personal glass of wine. Feeling as if her honor would be torn apart if she sat by the side of such a wicked tyrant, Lady Jia took her glass of wine and threw it into King Zhou's face as a showing of her hatred towards his vile ways. Even though she clearly realized that such an action would probably cost her life, and bring about further mayhem within her family, Lady Jia was resolute to preserve her honor at all costs possible.

As King Zhou ordered his guards to seize her, Lady Jia ran to the balcony rails and exclaimed a final vow of farewell to her beloved husband and children before leaping forth to her unfortunate death. Attaining word shortly that Lady Jia had lost her life, Concubine Huang seethed with rage while running up the Star Picking Mansion's stairs immediately. Thrusting forth at Daji and physically beating her for conjectured treachery, King Zhou told his honored concubine that Daji was truly innocent — for Lady Jia acted out of her own irrational impulse and died because of it. Not in any mood whatsoever to stop beating Daji — or hear the king's words at that — Huang unthinkingly smacked King Zhou violently in the face.

Great rage thus filled the breast of King Zhou while he grabbed the sadistic maiden by the air and lunged her forcefully off the mansion's rails. Grabbing hold of Daji and holding her in his arms in great sadness over his beloved's condition, the attendants under Lady Jia were meanwhile informed by a palace maiden of the unfortunate events that came about at the Star Picking Mansion. As Yellow Flying Tiger was enjoying the New Year's feast throughout the evening with his right-hand generals and fellow brothers, Lady Jia's attendants ran to his residence immediately and informed him of the disaster incident with his wife and sister in law.

With everyone in great alarm while Yellow Flying Tiger sat in silence, Huang Ming approached his master and told him that it was clearly evident that they should seek a new ruler to serve under; considering Yellow Flying Tiger was the head of all military affairs and state headship, his reputation would be the first to suffer by the neighboring people who was rising in rebellion — thus by rebelling, he would be looked upon as a hero that strikes at any injustice that might befall his people upon circumstance.

Knowing that his reputation would effectively soar with the greater majority if he issued forth his rebellion, Yellow Flying Tiger still considered such an action as being far too risky due to solely rendering the incident with his wife. Running after his four generals and telling them to discuss the issue further before being completely resolved to leave the capital for good, each of the four returned with Yellow Flying Tiger to his residence. Raising his sword unexpectedly before

his generals, Yellow Flying Tiger declared that his family had served honorably under the Shang Dynasty for over seven generations — and the death of a single woman who was unknown to the former was most definitely not reason enough to destroy such honor through rebellion.

General Zhou Ji approached to his master and declared that all who were unknowing of his glory and rank would only believe that he attained such high rank through his wife's beauty instead of progressive loyalty through generations. Yellow Flying Tiger realized the reality of his reputation and thus ordered a full flight from Morning Song immediately. Being suggested by General Guang Ming to challenge King Zhou to a battle within the capital before leave lest his master regretted his decision in the future, Yellow Flying Tiger consented to such a suggestion as he equipped his armor and strode towards the palace gates atop his divine ox.

Once General Zhou Ji had declared to the guards that they were rebelling, and if they do not pull King Zhou out of the palace in short time they would be slaughtered in entirety, the guards fearfully fled through the gates and informed the king of such a sudden situation. Bursting with furiousness at such a report, King Zhou personally put on his armor, took his cutlass, and smashed open the gates to do away with the rebelling Yellow Flying Tiger at the crack of dawn.

As King Zhou aligned his royal army before the rebelling forces outside the palace, Yellow Flying Tiger looked into the king's fiery eyes and felt a level of shame for his actions at hand. Once Generals Huang Ming and Zhou Ji had clearly noticed such hesitation on his part, they both unleashed their cutlasses and clashed with great renown against King Zhou immediately. Originally intending on clarifying the facts with the king before taking any physical action, Yellow Flying Tiger felt greatly displeased but nonetheless strode forth to assist his two generals. Even though King Zhou possessed great skill with the cutlass, he could not handle a three-pronged attack — and was thus forced to flee through the palace gates following thirty-rounds of battle.

Grabbing hold of his two generals lest they attempted to chase the fleeing king, Yellow Flying Tiger rode through the capital's western gates while catching up shortly with the rest of his family along the way. As King Zhou meanwhile returned to court and felt a high level of remorse and rage at the former incidents, many people began hearing of the rebellion and thus approached the king to hear the reason for such a sudden turn of events.

Informing the ministers present that Lady Jia, Yellow Flying Tiger's sister, impulsively threw herself from the Star Picking Mansion simply out of her own personal dignity, and Madame Huang, the sister-in-law of the former lady, committed suicide after being informed of such news, King Zhou asked what should be done at such a present time of confusion that had little to do with him.

As everyone present began pondering in silence, it was soon heard that Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had returned from the East Sea district. Entering the palace gates and being warmly welcomed by each minister, Wen Zhong became worried as to why his old friend Yellow Flying Tiger was not seen — and he thus approached King Zhou to inspected the reason for such. Being informed by the king that Yellow Flying Tiger had rebelled most likely due to the elaborated

incident with Concubine Huang and Lady Jia, Wen Zhong clearly realized the reality of the situation — knowing that his comrade would never rebel unless the circumstances were indeed exceedingly crucial and in need of amendment.

Suggesting to King Zhou that he should return with Yellow Flying Tiger only if his case was personally considered as justified and without punishment on the part of the king, ministers began to shout about, saying that Flying Tiger's actions were deserving of punishment no matter what the case might have been. Excusing such pointless dribble nonetheless, Wen Zhong ordered Generals Li Ji and Yu Qing to send urgent reports to the Good Dream and Green Dragon passes so that Yellow Flying Tiger's route of escape was cut off during his future pursuit.

Chapter 31

Flight and Pursuit

With the great clamor of drums and cannons resounding about the capital's western gates, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong ascended to the sky atop his great dragon in immediate pursuit of his close comrade, Yellow Flying Tiger. As Yellow Flying Tiger's party had meanwhile arrived near the White Orile Forest of Lintong Pass, they began to see large clouds of dust spinning about from behind and thus realized that an army was most likely approaching their position with quick speed. As soldiers from the Green Dragon and Good Dream Pass suddenly surrounded them from differing directions, Yellow Flying Tiger led out a single yell of frustration that pierced all around after realizing that his situation was exceedingly critical and most improbable of escape.

Virtue of the Pure Void, who happened to live within a mountainous region neighboring Lintong Pass, heard the loud emanation of immense anger and despair — and thus parted the clouds beneath to find it to be none other than Prince Yellow Flying Tiger. Ordering his yellow carved genie to wrap the prince and his entourage with the Universe Muddling Pennant and place them at a hidden area within the mountains, the genie immediately obeyed its master's command.

As such was effectively carried out, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile attained word from a patrolman of the vanguard that neither Zhang Guifang of Green Dragon, nor the four Mo generals of Good Dream, had seen Yellow Flying Tiger to any extent. Ordering the five present before him to return to their respective passes and set up a strict defense, Wen Zhong became rather puzzled as to why Flying Tiger had not been seen whatsoever, considering that he was traveling in the very direction that the former was rumored to have crossed while three additional forces aligned themselves from opposite directions.

Peering over the great surroundings before him atop his dragon, soldiers shortly reported that Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage had been seen heading straight towards Morning Song with unknown intentions from the eastern route. Swiftly gliding forth with great speed, Wen Zhong soon caught sight of who he thought to have been Yellow Flying Tiger — and thus launched forward with great speed. Approaching Meng Ford,⁹ while not catching up to the entourage in the very least, the forces before him suddenly vanished before a large veil of mist.

9. Meng Ford here seems to cross the Yellow River near Western Foothills and therefore also nearby White Orile Forest of Lintong Pass. However, other translations associate it with the River Meng, which might be a tributary of the mythical Yellow River.

Moreover, a popular legend on River Meng tells: "*Meng Jiang Nu*" — which means, "Lady of the River Meng" or "Spirit of the River Meng" — *was born from a gourd vine. One day the emperor took her husband to work for the construction the Great Wall, but he died and his body was used into the foundations of the Wall. Meng came sad and screaming, which made a section of the Wall to fall. The angry emperor tried to seize her but she cast herself into the ocean where she was rescued by the Dragon king of the Sea, who then repelled the emperor with an army of crabs.*

Using this as trickery to lure Wen Zhong to a faraway position, Virtue of the Pure Void placed Yellow Flying Tiger and his men back on their original path through Lintong after declaring the situation as being safe. Approaching the pass's gates, Zhang Feng appeared forth and suggested to Yellow Flying Tiger that he should return to Morning Song with due haste for the sake of his father and treasured ancestors.

Politely informing Zhang, despite the many great feats that he had performed as supreme military commander of Morning Song, King Zhou had shown him great insult with little consideration to his true loyalty — even going to the extent of killing his very own wife and sister out of nothing more than barbaric impulse.

Clearly realizing that Yellow Flying Tiger's resolve was impossible to pierce, Zhang unleashed his cutless and slashed at the latter violently. Trying to calm the former while parrying his every blow, Yellow Flying Tiger knew the situation was hopeless — and thus fought back with his duel swords with even greater renown. As Zhang knew that he was far less skilled in battle, he had no choice but to flee back to his pass in vain attempt.

Deciding it best to make camp in order to discuss the current issue at hand with his fellow generals and family members present, Zhang Feng meanwhile ordered General Xiao Yin to take a contingent of three thousand archers, surround the camp of Yellow Flying Tiger, and unleash a volley of arrows once the beating of bamboo slats was heard at midnight. Leaving immediately upon the hearing of such an order, Xiao Yin knew that such an action would be far too cruel and ungrateful — for Yellow Flying Tiger had promoted him as deputy commander over Lintong and showed him great kindness through military exercise and discipline within the past.

Secretly leaving the pass under the veil of night while approaching Yellow Flying Tiger's camp, Xiao Yin personally placed himself before Yellow Flying Tiger, told him of Zhang Feng's cruel intentions, and declared that he should open the pass's gates so that the former could attain a quick chance to cut his way through. As soon as great commotion roamed through Lintong Pass once Yellow Flying Tiger made his immediate escape, Zhang Feng sat in regret at previously choosing Xiao Yin for such a task. Striding through the pass gates in immediate pursuit, Zhang Feng was suddenly struck violently in the breast by Xiao Yin, who was hidden like a veil within the darkness.

Falling from his horse dead, Xiao Yin told Yellow Flying Tiger in a loud voice that he should do his upmost to ensure that King Zhou's men were essentially slowed down in their assault. Profusely thanking Xiao Yin for his kind motives, Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage approached Tongguan Pass shortly. Setting up camp temporarily, Chen Tong, the commander of Tongguan Pass, realized that Yellow Flying Tiger's party was not far off — and this would truly be the only opportunity to attain revenge after the former's original intention to put him to death at one point in time.

Flouring his weapon with rage, Chen Tong flew from the pass gates while confronting Yellow Flying Tiger with great earnest. Knowing that Chen Tong was eager for revenge, Yellow Flying Tiger challenged him by stating that if he could

effectively defeat him in three rounds of combat, he would turn himself in to the former for trial back at Morning Song. Seething with rage at his lack of renown that did not even vaguely match up to Flying Tiger's, Chen Tong began to flee while launching his Fire Dragon Javelin — a weapon that never missed its intended mark through magic attributes — at his foe.

Being struck beneath the armpit by Chen's deadly weapon, Yellow Flying Tiger fell to the ground in unbearable pain. Seeing their commander severely wounded, General Guang Ming and Zhou Ji wrathfully engaged Chen Tong to the very death, while Huang Feibiao quickly grabbed hold of his brother and pulled him from the battle. As Chen Tong realized that he was thoroughly exhausted, he retreated from the battle after additionally wounding Zhou Ji with his javelin. Laying the motionless Yellow Flying Tiger down before the grass, all around broke into loud sobs at the unexpected death of their treasured commander. Meditating atop his Green Cloud Bed, Virtue of the Pure Void intuitively knew that calamity had befallen someone within Yellow Flying Tiger's entourage—and thus performed divination immediately.

Realizing that his intuition was indeed correct, Huang Tianhua, the fourth son of Yellow Flying Tiger, was summoned before him and ordered to revive his father first before dealing with the current trouble at Tongguan Pass. Being handed a sword and a flower basket with instructions to return to the Purple Sun Cave swiftly after assisting his father through the pass, Huang Tianhua traveled with great speed and unparalleled vigor.

Chapter 32

Meeting between Father and Son

Arriving before Tongguan Pass and entering a neighboring camp that was believed to be his father's, Huang Tianhua moved forward and declared his name and set intention to the guards present before him. As Huang Tianbiao, one of Yellow Flying Tiger's two brothers, approached this stranger from the camp gates, he was surprised to notice that the former had a face quite similar to that of his brother's — and thus immediately exchanged a polite bow.

Being led before Yellow Flying Tiger at the back camp, Huang Tianhua wept internally at the state that his father was currently present within. Seeing another man laying off to the left in a gravely wounded state, Huang Tianhua immediately began the revival process. Obtaining some water from a neighboring stream, Huang Tianhua used the elixir pills from his basket to dissolve the pills and gently pour the medicine down his father's throat. Awaking with a shock after about an hour of time, Yellow Flying Tiger asked hurriedly how long he had been unconscious.

Being informed fully of the situation, Yellow Flying Tiger broke into tears at the sight of his fourth son who had not been present before his eyes for over thirteen years. Telling his father that a superior man by the name of Virtue of the Pure Void had taken him in for discipleship due to being supposedly destined for such a fate, Huang Tianhua greeted his fellow uncles and brothers while restoring the wounded Zhou Ji back to full health. Suddenly realizing that his mother, Lady Jia, had not been present whatsoever, Yellow Flying Tiger had little choice but to inform his son about the incident at Capital Morning Song to the former's detriment.

As Huang Tianhua fell to the ground in unparalleled rage and great frustration, he vowed to give his very own life if it meant the death of King Zhou. A messenger shortly arrived before the camp of Yellow Flying Tiger and informed the commander immediately of Chen Tong's second challenge. Leaving with due confidence of his son's promised backing, Yellow Flying Tiger confronted his hated opponent once more with complete vigor to obtain revenge.

Being rather stunned at Flying Tiger's keen posture and seemingly good health, Chen Tong raised his halberd and charged the former with great furiousness nonetheless. Suffering defeat after a few rounds, Chen Tong began to flee while Yellow Flying Tiger hesitated lest he suffered gravely once more by the enemy commander's javelin. Knowing that his opponent would most assuredly not pursue a second time after suffering such a calamity within the past, Chen Tong decided to launch his Fire Dragon Javelin despite the great length between both commanders.

As Huang Tianhua unexpectedly leapt forth and absorbed the lance with his flower basket, Chen Tong knew that the boy would more than likely be a great obstacle between his long awaited revenge against Flying Tiger — and he thus slashed violently at Huang Tianhua in hopes of destroying him with quick speed. With a single swift slash of light from Tianhua's magical Moye Sword, Chen Tong's

head suddenly tumbled to the ground as an announcement of Flying Tiger's victory. Smashing the gates open with great speed, Yellow Flying Tiger emerged from Tongguan Pass shortly while Huang Tianhua bade a tearful farewell to his father, vowing to meet again at the Western Foothills sometime into the future. Arriving before Chuanyun Pass, Commander Chen Wu, the brother of Chen Tong, obtained word that Yellow Flying Tiger had broken through Tongguan and destroyed his brother.

Being rather furious at such an incident while calling forth his generals to a council, General He Shen moved forward and told the commander of his plan to "take the enemy by cunning, not by force". After accepting the former's plan with delight, Chen Wu appeared before the pass gates to courteously propose a feast for Yellow Flying Tiger due to the unjust suffering that he confronted within the past. Accepting such a proposal with due happiness, the night arrived in quick time during their fellow feast together.

Being asked to rest at their lodgings for the night, Yellow Flying Tiger reluctantly declined such an offer lest Chen Wu attempted to perform any treacherous deed at such a time; he unwillingly agreed, however, once his generals declared their reassurance that such could not possibly happen considering the former's kind motives.

Ordering his men to hide the luggage carts within neighboring corridors, every man fell asleep with true ease, while Yellow Flying Tiger insistently paced about in his room while reminiscing the past calamities that he had suffered and how he can effectively ensure that harm can be escaped within the present situation.

Carefully considering such thoughts throughout the night without the slightest would to sleep, he was startled to hear the voice of his beloved wife suddenly emit throughout the walls of his room, stating that a grand fire should burst about within their sleeping quarters in short time — as Chen Wu had essentially planned out. Waking everyone present immediately, Yellow Flying Tiger elaborated Lady Jia's words and declared that they should thus break out of their current position in quick pace.

As each general smashed the barred doors open with hand axes, they ordered the luggage carts to be pushed out of the building once heaps of firewood were clearly laying in front of them. Rushing out atop their horses with unparalleled speed, Chen Wu quickly attained word of such happenings — and thus pursued Yellow Flying Tiger's forces in immediate pace. Seeing Chen Wu rushing upon his back, Yellow Flying Tiger yelled at the enemy commander for his insincere kindness while possessing irrational enmity towards him.

Charging each other with great furiousness, Flying Tiger stabbed his sword deeply through Chen Wu's heart before smashing down the gates and destroying all enemy soldiers that dared to oppose his intense resolve.

Leaving Chuanyuan in complete victory while approaching Jiepai Pass in quick speed, General Huang Ming commented to Yellow Flying Tiger that Huang Gun, the former's father, was the commander of the following pass — and most assuredly would listen to his son's reason after the unjust incidents met within the past. As Huang Gun had obtained word of Yellow Flying Tiger's rebellion, and the

grand slaughter through such an incident, he opened the camp gates with 3,000 soldiers at his right hand while ten prisoner carts sat to his left in preparation to punish his son despite the filial relations that they might possess towards each other.

Chapter 33

The Battle at Sishui Pass

As Generals Huang Ming and Dragon Huan of Yellow Flying Tiger were the first to reach the gates of Jiepai Pass, they clearly noticed Huang Gun's blatant intentions but approached him nonetheless in greeting. With Yellow Flying Tiger's additional approach, Huang Ming suddenly lashed out many cold words of hatred towards his son due to the consequences that should be personally brought upon him as a latent result. Desiring to be remembered by the king as a loyal subject with the chance to live, Huang Gun demanded that his son dismounts and was taken in as prisoner for him to deliver before the feet of Morning Song.

He accepted his father's words as being his only chance left to prove that he was a filial son still possessing loyal attributes towards the Shang Dynasty. Huang Ming immediately stepped forward and convinced his master that such an action would only put great shame to his resolve, and clearly was not the Will of Heaven to give in to such an injustice without a second thought. Realizing that Huang Ming must have been a large influential figure that incited his son into rebellion, Huang Gun unleashed his blade wrathfully while charging at the former.

Attempting to convince Huang Guan that his actions would be void of virtue and filially if he continued to fight solely for his currently possessed reputation rather than the greater good, Huang Gun's rage became ignited with a tint of even greater infuriation. As the four main generals under Yellow Flying Tiger began to violently clash blades against Huang Gun, Huang Ming immediately suggested to his master to use the time that they keep Guan at bay to escape from the pass gates — which were currently wide open. Seeing his son flee from the pass gates as he continued to clash blades against the enemy generals, and knowing that he would suffer death by the king for such, Huang Gun fell from his horse and attempted immediate suicide as a new resolution.

Grabbing hold of Gun's arms to negate such an impulse resolve, Huang Ming calmly stated that he and the other three generals had originally intended on handing Yellow Flying Tiger in to Jiepai Pass after being forced into rebellion lest they wanted to be killed. Stating in addition that if Huang Gun could approach Yellow Flying Tiger and state his intention to join them on their journey after carefully considering the situation, Flying Tiger could be lured back to a feast between father and son while being thrown into prisoner carts upon a later surprise.

Accepting such a suggestion as his only true opportunity to deal with Flying Tiger even if Huang Ming was simply bluffing in intention, Huang Gun approached his son shortly and pleaded forgiveness for the earlier rudeness. After inviting the unsuspecting Yellow Flying Tiger into his residence, and drinking with his son in due happiness, Huang Gun began performing the signal to capture the former and his entourage into prisoner carts — beating a gong upon a drum — continuously without any response from Huang Ming whatsoever. Dishonestly stating from the curtains that the soldiers were not ready as of yet, the former meanwhile ordered Dragon Huan and Wu Qian to fill the prisoner carts with Huang Gun's belongings while setting the barns and warehouses aflame. As soldiers of Shang

stormed in to inform their commander of the current happenings while the majority of Flying Tiger's generals had already left the pass a second time, he became convinced by Huang Ming that the only way to preserve his great reputation, avoid death, and shine greatness upon the names of his ancestors, was to essentially join them in their departure to the Western Foothills. Kowtowing to Morning Song eight times while hanging his seal of office within the Silver Security Court, Huang Gun joined his son with 3,000 soldiers and 1,000 guards shortly.

As Huang Gun was riding side by side with Huang Ming, he warned the latter that they were approaching Sishui Pass. A pass that wields a dangerous sorcerer named Yu Hua, the reputed "*Seven-headed General*," who had never lost a single battle in his life. While Yellow Flying Tiger met with Gun and Ming shortly at their neighboring camp of Sishui Pass, Han Rong, the commander of the pass, sighed in great displeasure at being forced to deal with a commander that was once renowned throughout the Shang Dynasty as a hero.

Summoning his generals nonetheless to do away with the threat that laid before him, he and his generals decided it best to block the pass's gates with a heavy-armored unit, while the rest of his forces outside prepare for combat with long spears as their attributed weaponry. As the feared Yu Ha exited the gates before the enemy's camp, Yellow Flying Tiger personally declared that he should meet the former in combat. With Yu Hua's inspection to Flying Tiger for his rationale behind rebellion upon their approach, Yu Hua almost became convinced by the general's words — but nonetheless rode forward to do battle lest his own grandly established reputation was to be lost for freeing a widely-accounted rebel of the dynasty.

Being utterly exhausted during their duel as Yellow Flying Tiger's swords were used with keen renown and skill, Yu Hua retreated a set interval between the former while unleashing his black-cloud pennant to knock Flying Tiger unconscious. Pushing the commander before the feet of Han Rong, Han Rong placed Yellow Flying Tiger into gaol while awaiting the additional capture of his assistant rebels. As Huang Gun sat in camp fuming over Han Rong's chance to attain a high level of rather undeserved merit that night, Yu Ha rode forward to be met by Generals Zhou Ji and Huang Ming the following morning.

Unfortunately however, Zhou Ji and Huang Ming had never seen the method used to capture their commander originally, and they thus fell in addition to Yu Hua's magic pennant very shortly. Even though the generals of Flying Tiger were clearly informed of Yu Hua's ability by Huang Gun at a later point, their inner pride blinded their eyes from rationality — and Yu Ha thus managed to capture Huang Feibiao, Huang Feibao, Dragon Huan, and Wu Qian in a mere two encounters.

Being honored by Han Rong for his evidential prowess, Huang Gun meanwhile sat in the camp while gazing into the eyes of his grandsons, knowing that they too would more than likely be forced to suffer the same fate as their comrades. Obtaining report that Yu Ha had appeared once more before Flying Tiger's camp, Huang Tianlu, Huang Ming's grandson, convinced his grandfather that he should defeat the enemy general with his keenly established renown on the battlefield despite his age.

As the bout thus began between Tianlu and Yu Hua, the latter managed to use his magical pennant on Tianlu despite the wounds that he obtained through the former's unexpected skill. Being utterly distressed beyond despair at the hearing of his grandson's additional capture, Huang Gun suggested to his fellow soldiers to display their fine gifts present as a purchasing of their own freedom, while he accepts his seemingly inevitable fate as prisoner.

Even though the soldiers tried to console his motives, Huang Gun ignored such words due to the situation's clear conditions — and thus set forth to Sishui's gates to convince Han Rong that his grandchildren should be free of any harm while he gives himself in to preserve what little reputation he should have. Obtaining report on Huang Gun's arrival, Han Rong set forth with generals side by side, believing that the former either came for negotiation or sympathy.

Chapter 34

Good and Bad Fortune of Yellow Flying Tiger

Crawling on his knees before Han Rong, while performing a reciprocated salutation, Huang Gun placed forth his remaining grandchild and begged for his life to be spared of any such punishment so that the Huang family would not only live on, but the latter would be remembered as a man of compassion even when under a ruler of contradicting attributes. Responding to such a statement, Han Rong declared that no matter what the circumstances might be, if he dares to violate his set orders through nothing more than personal consideration, others would suspect him as being an ally to the rebels and/or unreliable as a commanding personage of the Shang Dynasty.

Retorting nonetheless by stating that his grandson was obviously forced into rebellion through current circumstances, and Han Rong would prove his respect towards the Huang family for reputational benefit if the child was to be freed, the latter dismissed such words as being irrational and out of the question. Knowing that all hope was thus lost, Huang Gun gave in himself and his son to be placed forth in the gaols as prisoners. Being utterly delighted at the capture of Yellow Flying Tiger's entire family and subordinate generals, a feast was performed as congratulations for such a grand feat.

Discussing afterwards who should be in command of the Morning Song prisoner escort party, Han Rong sat back in satisfaction at Yu Ha's ensured backing. As Yu Ha and his party began to travel immediately with their eleven prisoners present, Huang Gun couldn't restrain his tears over such a vile conclusion to a clan that was honored as highly as the very dynasty itself. Meanwhile at the Golden Light Cave of Qianyuan Mountain, Fairy Primordial intuitively knew that trouble was running about — and thus made a divination to find Yellow Flying Tiger and his family in grave danger.

Calling for Nezha in immediate pace, Primordial ordered his disciple to rush down the mountain and set free any men who seem to be in a state of crucial need, and then return after assisting them through Sishui Pass. Grasping his Fire-Tip Lance, Nezha sped down the mountain in excitement before seeing an army marching towards his direction with prisoner carts at their side. Assuming that this entourage was the one he was looking for, Nezha took up position on a narrow stretch along the pathway and began to sing a song in order to aggravate the soldiers in some way.

Strolling along to Nezha's position after attaining report on the former's actions, Yu Ha became infuriated at Nezha's insistence to obtain ten ingots of gold as payment for passage — and thus spurred his mount forward to attack such an annoyance. Being overrun by the enemy immortal's clear renown, Yu Hua unleashed forth his magical pennant; but such was only taken away by Nezha's leopard skin bag without the slightest effort.

Knowing that the man standing before him must be that of an immortal, and for surely he would meet disaster if his magical pennant was not attained quickly, Yu Ha rushed at Nezha with great desperation — clearly realizing that he could not

do much in such a situation. Unleashing forth his golden brick to gravely wound Yu Hua lest the latter attempted to kill the prisoners as a last resort in his desperate situation, Yu Hua galloped away in great speed while blood poured profusely from his head and body. Rationalizing for a moment, Nezha decided it best to allow Yu Hua escape lest his mission was delayed any further. Sending all other soldiers to immediate flight, Nezha inspected whether a man by the name of "Yellow Flying Tiger" was present in their party before freeing anyone.

As Yellow Flying Tiger prostrated before Nezha in gratitude while announcing his name, each prisoner reciprocated many kowtows to the man who freed them from certain disaster after receiving freedom from their bonds. Ensuring Flying Tiger and his family that he should personally hold of the pass for their sake in the time being, the former set off immediately to assist.

Yu Hua had meanwhile returned to the side of Commander Han Rong and thoroughly elaborated his meeting with a strange immortal that attacked him solely out of greedy intentions for a toll passage. Han Rong became very uneasy over the current circumstances — but became reassured after a general reminder that the commander Yellow Flying Tiger would have little choice but to return to Sishui even if he happened to be freed.

Obtaining report shortly that a man by the name of "Nezha" had arrived before the camp gates for battle, Han Rong strode out of the pass immediately without the slightest patience for further trouble on his part. Being informed by Nezha outside the gates that he had freed Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage while beating back a man by the name of "Yu Hua", Han Rong began to curse the former for the trouble that he had caused — and thus attacked Nezha without any further talk.

Not realizing what outstanding immortal qualities Nezha possessed, Han Rong and his soldiers were beaten back quickly with fear equivalent to that of fighting a great dragon. Not allowing such a threat to simply run amok no matter how strong it might be, the four generals and two brothers of Flying Tiger suddenly approached the gates of Sishui in assistance to the furthered detriment of Han Rong. As Yu Hua was informed of this critical situation, he immediately strode from the gates and became infuriated that the immortal from earlier dared to return simply to sully his great renown.

Using his golden brick and Universal Ring with great skill, Nezha forced both Han Rong and Yu Hua into immediate flight, while Yellow Flying Tiger and his father arrived shortly to break through the gates and gather all originally acquired belongings before charging through the pass in success. As Nezha took his leave shortly, Yellow Flying Tiger and his entourage eventually arrived to Mount Qi — a region neighboring Phoenix City of the Western Foothills — without any opposition or trouble at that. Ordering his fellow generals and family members to take up camp near Phoenix City following their arrival, Yellow Flying Tiger dressed in plain clothing while heading through the city alone.

Walking through the streets, Flying Tiger noticed that the market and household regions were very prosperous compared to that of Morning Song — and thus became quite satisfied over the long hard-won journey that he inevitably performed. After obtaining information from a fellow passer-by where Prime

Minister Jiang Ziya's mansion was located, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the mansion shortly while being ushered in before the prime minister. Thoroughly elaborating his rebellion against Morning Song and the rationale behind such an action, Jiang Ziya joyfully allowed his guest to sit by his side while ensuring the former that he should inform such words to King Wu as soon as possible.

As Jiang Ziya thus approached the palace gates shortly, while greeting the king as the usual tradition, the prime minister informed King Wu that Prince Yellow Flying Tiger of Military Prowess had forsaken King Zhou and was now present within Phoenix City to offer his service. Once Yellow Flying Tiger had been called for audience before King Wu, the prince's new title became Prince for National Pacification and Military Prowess in hopes that he should be one of the destined founders of the future Zhou Dynasty.

Performing a banquet feast in Flying Tiger's honor, each of the family members and generals serving under the former were brought within the city while reattaining their original rank and position when originally under Shang.

Chapter 35

The Surrender of two Generals

Returning to the incident at Lintong, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was utterly astounded at being overtaken by such a simple trick even though he had mastered many immortal arts within the past — thus evidently suggesting that he must not have been destined to take Yellow Flying Tiger no matter what action was performed on his part. Returning to Morning Song shortly while elaborating to the ministers his unfortunate failure, Wen Zhong became rather worried over Yellow

Flying Tiger's conjectured immortal assistance reoccurring in the future as to increase his probability of escaping through the passes. As reports soon entered the capital, stating Yellow Flying Tiger's individual victory over the five passes, Wen Zhong became infuriated at the countless detrimental occurrences evolving out of King Zhou's incompetence — but nonetheless resolved in his heart that he must uphold the vow to King Da Yi: the eternal preservation of the Shang Dynasty, even if it costs his own life.

Knowing that Yellow Flying Tiger's successful arrive at the Western Foothills would be a great factor in Ji Fa's encouragement to rebel against the capital, Wen Zhong formed an audience before many generals to discuss the current issue. Then General Lu Xiong stepped forward and recommended to the Grand Old Master that any form of war against the Western Foothills would currently act against their favor — due to the lack of food supplies and generals willing to cooperate through extensive trouble with other rebelling forces such as the dukes. Thus Wen Zhong became convinced that the best course of action would be to obtain information about the Western Foothills set intentions in any means appropriate before taking impulsive courses of action.

With consent from the Chao Twins that they should undertake such a task, they immediately left the frontier with 30,000 soldiers at their backing — lest they were forced into a situation that was needing of attack. Haltering near the western gates of Phoenix City following their arrival, Jiang Ziya obtained word of such while becoming rather confused as to why King Zhou would act at such an inappropriate time. Not being rational of the situation to any means, the Chao Twins both agreed to challenge before the gates of Phoenix City in their desire for battle and bloodshed.

As Jiang Ziya sat in conference, while being approached by a guard shortly to be informed of the Shang Army's intentions, General Nangong Kuo volunteered to meet the foe outside the gates. Taking impulsiveness into his own hands, Chao Lei, the elder of the two brothers, approached his challenger, stating that Yellow Flying Tiger was to be bound up as the rebel he was — or the people of Phoenix City should suffer death for their contradictory manners.

Responding to the former's words with his cutless, Chao Lei was taken captive shortly after thirty rounds of battle. Refusing to kneel with hurtful words after being presented before Jiang Ziya, and receiving the order of execution for

such, Yellow Flying Tiger moved forward and convinced the prime minister that Chao Lei might be useful to them in the future if he remains alive for now.

Obtaining consent, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the general with convincing words that he should always remain at the lowest class if his loyalty belongs in the hands of a barbaric ruler like King Zhou, rather than a man of virtue such as that of King Wu. Expressing his immediate apologies to Jiang Ziya while being allowed to convince his brother, Chao Tian, Chao Lei appeared before his astonished brother outside the western gates shortly.

After elaborating his rationale behind being freed, and his new intentions under the Western Foothills, Chao Lei became very uneasy at the prospect that their fellow family members would be slaughtered in entirety if they were to both defect from Morning Song. As Chao Lei thus devised a plan so that they can essentially escape disaster, Chao Tian meanwhile returned to the city while informing Jiang Ziya that his brother was indeed willing to defect — but he requests a general to see him as a sign of respect. Once Yellow Flying Tiger had volunteered himself with consent, Jiang Ziya additionally sent Xin Jia, Xin Mian, and Nangong Kuo to set locations lest anything was to happen to the prince.

As Yellow Flying thus entered the Shang camp in greeting, the two Chao Twins laughed internally at the idiocy of the Western Foothills while binding the former and returning to Morning Song quickly. When they had arrived before Mount Dragon along the way, General Xin Jia suddenly stood before their path, suggesting that they hand over Yellow Flying Tiger if they wish to keep their lives. Knowing that the situation was in their favor, and it would be foolish to give up such a chance so blatantly, the two Chao Twins rage fully thrashed their blades at the enemy general.

As Xin Mian additionally fell upon the Shang forces with great force, Chao Lei decided to flee from the Western Foothills district in order to potentially obtain further support while his brother fought of the enemy. As Yellow Flying Tiger had essentially been freed more easily due to the former's departure, the prince wrathfully took Chao Tian prisoner in his vows for revenge. Meanwhile, Chao Lei unfortunately forgot the specific path of exit from the Western Foothills district — forcing him to run about atop his horse with great frustration over such a ridiculous situation.

Being approached shortly by General Nangong Kuo under the light of the moon that midnight, Chao Lei had no intention to feel regret over his previous decision, and thus charged at the enemy general with swift renown. Not realizing that Nangong's furiousness and aggression made him one of the strongest warriors of the Western Foothills, Chao Lei was bound shortly and placed within the Prime Minister's mansion the following dawn. Once Yellow Flying Tiger and Nangong Kuo elaborated their successful capture of Chao Lei and Chao Tian to Jiang Ziya, the prime minister ordered for the brothers to meet an immediate execution through beheading.

As Chao Lei quickly elaborated the situation with his fellow family members, and the regret that he possesses by not telling Jiang Ziya of such an issue sooner, Yellow Flying Tiger personally informed the prime minister that Chao Lei's words were indeed truthful. When the two brothers had thus been set free while

kneeling before Jiang Ziya, the latter stated that Chao Tian should remain as a hostage, while Chao Lei returns to the capital with secretly written instructions that would essentially ensure their family's safety. Realizing he had little choice, Chao Lei set out for Morning Song at once.

Chapter 36

First Disaster within the Western Foothills

As Chao Lei arrived before Capital Morning Song a few days following his departure, he presented himself before Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, stating that Commander Han Rong's lack of support with rations and fodder led to his army's decay — thus forcing him to flee back to the capital and plead for reinforcements. Knowing clearly that Han Rong could have easily supplied Chao Lei with full rations with a single lifting of his finger, the commander must have had quite a rational resolution as to not heed such a call — especially considering his reputation could falter through such an action.

Assigning Chao Lei 3,000 soldiers and 1,000 piculs¹⁰ of rice nonetheless, the general set out for the Western Foothills shortly while secretly taking along his family in addition. As Wen Zhong still pondered quite some time following Chao Lei's leave, he performed divination to find out that Lei only intended on bringing his family to the Western Foothills during his return. Knowing that Chao Lei was too far away to be harmed, Ji Li and Yu Qing, the disciples of Wen Zhong, approached their master and suggested that Zhang Guifang, Commander of Green Dragon Pass, should be chosen to lead an attack upon the Western Foothills.

With Zhang Guifang's immediate departure, Qiu Yin took the former's place as commander over the pass. Meanwhile Chao Lei arrived within Phoenix City to report his success before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya. Giving an account of his conversation with Wen Zhong, Jiang Ziya clearly realized that war with Shang was very probable, considering the current circumstances with Yellow Flying Tiger's rebellion and his own image of being a man of great trickery and deceit.

With Zhang Guifang's arrival before the southern gates of Phoenix City after seven days of march, Jiang Ziya obtained word of such — and thus asked Yellow Flying Tiger for his knowledge on the enemy commander's ability level. Informing the prime minister that Zhang Guifang possesses a strange technique that allows him to control each specific movement of his opponent after calling out their name, Jiang Ziya became rather worried over such an unexpected summary.

As many general of the Western Foothills believed Yellow Flying Tiger's words to be nothing more than nonsense, Commander Zhang Guifang meanwhile sent forth General Feng Lin for the first challenge. Placing scorn over rationality, Ji Shu Qian charged from Phoenix City's gates to do battle with the enemy general, no matter what technique he might have possessed. Realizing that the man standing before him was commander of the vanguard under Guifang, Ji Shu Qian stabbed his lance at the former with great precision and renown.

Unfortunately for Shu Qian however, a large red ball of light suddenly shot from Feng Lin's mouth, causing him to be blinded while beaten to death by the enemy general's tooth-fanged clubs at the same time.

10. Commercial unity of weight. In China, Japan, Sumatra, it is usually 133 lbs. (approx. 60 kg). Called also "*tan*" by the Chinese.

As Zhang Guifang mounted the fallen warrior's head atop his camp gates in satisfaction over Feng Lin's victory, Jiang Ziya gnashed his teeth in anger at such a report. Once Zhang Guifang had personally led his forces before the enemy gates in high morale, Jiang Ziya wrathfully approached the former with soldiers standing to his right and left.

With the forces of Jiang Ziya clashing blades fiercely against their foe, Zhang Guifang could not restrain the great anger that arose within his veins at the very sight of Yellow Flying Tiger fighting against His Majesty in full resolve — and thus yelled the name of the former, sending him crashing to the ground in a state of paralysis.

With the immediate assistance of Yellow Flying Tiger's two brothers, and Zhou Ji, the prince managed to escape any potential capture. Realizing that his true intention had slipped from his grasp, Zhang Guifang fled, but happened to obtain Zhou Ji in the process of his retreat. In additional ill-fortune, General Nangong Kuo's aggression overcame him during his pursuit of the fleeing Feng Lin — thus resulting in his capture.

As Jiang Ziya led his forces back to Phoenix City in great distress and rage over the reality of the situation, Zhang Guifang had meanwhile placed both captured generals within prisoner carts to await their eventual return back to Morning Song following the Western Foothill's fall.

Challenging the city the following morning as usual, a board of truce was hung before the gates, convincing Zhang Guifang that a short rest for his soldiers would be the best choice at hand. At this same point in time, Fairy Primordial had personally observed the current happenings at the Western Foothills through divination.

Calling forth Nezha at once, Primordial thoroughly elaborated the current and future happenings that should befall the west, declaring to his disciple that he should thus immediately assist Jiang Ziya as a showing of his celestial renown. Being very delighted at a chance to unleash his prowess upon impulse, Nezha kowtowed to his master before setting off to the Western Foothills, arriving shortly.

Once Nezha had approached Jiang Ziya at the Prime Minister's mansion, while elaborating his reason for appearance and obtaining word on Zhang Guifang's strange ability, the former asked the prime minister if he could challenge this foe at once. Being convinced by Nezha's celestial attributes and great vigor, Jiang Ziya ordered the board of truce to be removed at once. With Feng Lin's immediate departure before the city gates to offer challenge upon the realization of the board's disappearance, Nezha approached the enemy commander while lashing violently with his renowned lance of fire.

Clearly realizing that Nezha was more than likely a celestial being due his uncultured manner of battle and strange revolving wheels of fire, Feng Lin retreated a grand distance lest he received immediate death, while shooting forth his ball of red flames at the former's face. Being naturally well acquainted with such sorcery, Nezha negated his technique, while forcing Feng Lin into retreat after being gravely injured with the Universal Ring.

Following the injured general back to his camp, Nezha anxiously yelled for Zhang Guifang to show his face at once. Appearing before the celestial and attacking him with great renown, Zhang clearly showed signs of severe fatigue — and thus called forth Nezha's name — and set order — without any success whatsoever. Realizing that the situation was inevitably in the enemy's favor, Zhang Guifang resolutely charged his blade at the former with the furiousness of a great dragon.

Chapter 37

Jiang Ziya visits Mount Kunlun

As Nezha became determined to put an end to his vigorous enemy, the Universal Ring was used to break Zhang Guifang's arm and effectively send him fleeing. Reporting to Jiang Ziya that his innate celestial qualities saved him from any form of harm — and assisted in a grand victory at that — Zhang Guifang had meanwhile sent an urgent report to Grand Old Master, asking him for additional reinforcements for the front. Realizing that Guifang would try to obtain a far greater militia at his backing due to the unparalleled prowess that Nezha possesses, Jiang Ziya decided to head to Mount Kunlun to pay his master a visit after giving his traditional farewell to King Wu.

Informing His Majesty earlier that he would be gone for around three days of time, Jiang Ziya arrived very shortly before Unicorn Mountain of Mount Kunlun, while gazing at the beauty that was still present despite his being gone for over a decade. Entering the Jade Emptiness Palace while prostrating himself before Master Celestial Primogenitor, the latter offered fellow greetings to his disciple before ordering him to construct a Terrace of Creation upon Mount Western Foothills immediately — as it was his set destiny.

Additionally stating that many men of talent should appear before him once times of emergency present themselves, he dismissed Jiang Ziya, but carefully informed him to ignore any such voice that might call forth his name upon his return to the Western Foothills, lest any disaster comes of it. Holding the "List of Creations" while taking his leave from Primogenitor, Jiang Ziya began to hear someone calling his name from behind; recalling his master's words with clarity, he refused to reply while continuing along the path to Unicorn Cliff.

As the man became exceedingly angry over Jiang Ziya's rude behavior — for they had been friends for over forty years back at Mount Kunlun — Ziya turned his back to see Shen Gongbao before him. Expressing immediate retribution for his rudeness, and upon Shen Gongbao's inquiring as to which side the former was assisting, Jiang Ziya replied to his old friend that he was fully resolved to do away with the tyrant ruler King Zhou, as Prime Minister of the Western Foothills.

Believing King Zhou's manner of rulership as being for the greater good — due to the supreme military force at his backing through such disciplinary motives — Shen Gongbao became angry at Jiang Ziya's words — and thus declared to his old friend that King Wu would remain as nothing more than a mere laughing stock if he continued to oppose His Majesty with petty words of morality and virtue.

Declaring that he would remain with King Wu eternally, despite the former's words of hate, Shen Gongbao became determined to show Jiang Ziya not only his superior rationality, but his superiority in technique as well. Cutting the head from his body and tossing it into the air, Jiang Ziya gazed in amazement as it simply revolved many times in a single space while Gongbao's body still stood erect with full mobility. Possessing a natural hatred towards Shen Gongbao, and seeing such a chance as being very probable to end in his own intended way, Immortal of the South Pole ordered White Crane Lad to transform himself into a

crane and seize Gongbao's revolving head while tossing it into the North Sea. Immediately performing his set instructions, Immortal of the South Pole meanwhile scolded Jiang Ziya for defying Primogenitor's words.

As Shen Gongbao ran about in great confusion as to why he was unable to retract his head whatsoever, Jiang Ziya earnestly pleaded to spare Gongbao's life — for he might be able to convince his old friend that King Wu was the dynasty's savior to negate any potential opposition within the future. Clicking his fingers to allow Gongbao's head to be freed, it immediately returned to its host's body at once. Knowing that he could have died if his head had not returned after three hours of time, Shen Gongbao left the mountain region with the declaration that he should turn the Western Foothills into a sea of blood in short time.

As Jiang Ziya had thus headed quickly to the East Sea while gazing forth at the immense beauty laid before his eyes, the sea suddenly erupted, signaling the arrival of a spirit that had wondered for over 1,000 years. From the heavens he approached to Jiang Ziya stating that he had been a reputed warrior, under Emperor Xuanyuan, which had suffered death at this sea and had been entrapped ever since. Jiang Ziya let loose a grand show of lightning to free the fallen warrior from his bonds. Kneeling forth in unparalleled gratitude, Jiang Ziya took his hand, while continuing towards the Western Foothills only to find the air being thrashed about with a sudden storm that raged onwards.

As the four devils originally present within the Peony Pavilion approached Jiang Ziya from the heavens with a fellow greeting, they were immediately ordered to assist in the construction of a "Terrace of Creation", while Bai Jian personally acts as supervisor of the work. Performing the construction with great resolve and keen skill, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile returned to Phoenix City, where he was met warmly by both General Wu Ji and Nezha. Being informed that no such attack was performed by Zhang Guifang throughout the interval of his departure, Jiang Ziya issued specific orders to his generals the following morning in preparation for a specialized night-raid.

As Zhang Guifang stamped his feet impatiently at the confirmed backing of additional reinforcements from the capital, he suddenly began to hear the roaring of cannons and soldiers from within the gates of his camp — and thus immediately rushed forth with Feng Lin by his side in full armor. Realizing that the Zhou forces had leaked in throughout every direction — for the sounds of clashing swords had been heard from right to left — Zhang Guifang became terrified at the brilliant glow of fire that emitted from Nezha as his soldiers were slaughtered like lowly animals.

Knowing that the situation was hopeless without their reinforcements, Zhang Guifang and Feng Lin had little choice but to save their own lives by fleeing amongst the confusion to Mount Western Foothills with their remaining forces following. Smashing the ground with both fists at the sight of his pride being torn apart by such a ridiculous incident, Zhang Guifang rage fully wrote another urgent report for reinforcements at once. Holding a conference back at Capital Morning Song, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong was astonished to see an additional request for reinforcements obtained from Commander Zhang Guifang — and thus declared to all around that if victory was ever to be reality, he must personally set forth to the Western Foothills and show the enemy their place.

Ji Li, who was very close to Wen Zhong and knew much of his past, informed the Grand Old Master that he should head to the Nine Dragon Island within the West Sea in order to obtain his four Taoist friends as potential backing in his stead. Clapping his hands in delight at such a suggestion, Wen Zhong made immediate preparations to head to the island and invite his old friends with a fellow toast of greeting.

Chapter 38

Baby Tooth tackles Four Superior Men

Following Grand Old Master Wen Zhong's arrival at Nine Dragon Island, Wen Zhong would see his four superior men friends idly enjoying a game of chess. In time, it was decided that all four would assist; thus a strategy would be mapped out for their first move against Baby Tooth. Once they had completed their set strategy, Grand Old Master would present the foursome before King Zhou himself in the order: "Wang Magus, Yang Forest, High Amiable, and Li Resounding."

Once everything had then been set for movement, Zhang Cassia would once again appear before the unwavering Baby Tooth the following day. Suddenly, the foursome of Nine Dragon Island would suddenly appear on the battlefield — to the dismay of Baby Tooth. Wang Magus would then personally tell Baby Tooth the three-pronged request: "to force King Wu to return as a minister under King Zhou; the returning of Yellow Flying Tiger; and the feasting of Cassia's army."

Baby Tooth would ask for three days to think over their resolution. Following this, Baby Tooth would once again head out to Mount Kunlun. Upon his arrival, Baby Tooth would receive a Four-not-alike — a literal beast that had the body of a dragon, the head of a deer, feet like a cheetah, and hoofs like a qilin.¹¹ In addition, Baby Tooth would receive an XYZ Flag and a Devil Beating Whip. In short time, Baby Tooth's four-not-alike would bring him to a beautiful island within the North Sea. Following a somewhat short conflict with Good Lob, a fifteen-foot tall lobster, Baby Tooth would acquire the beast's consent to assist King Wu.

Once the Foursome of Nine Dragon Island had realized the following day that the granaries were never opened, they knew that Baby Tooth had refuted their request. Immediately after finding Baby Tooth, Wang Magus would personally charge out and give battle. Before Wang Magus was able to even touch Baby Tooth however, Nezha would suddenly appear and duel it out with him. Following a semi-major battle between the other three superior men, Good Lob, and Yellow Flying Tiger, Baby Tooth would attempt to make his escape through the clouds atop his beast.

The determined Wang Magus, however, joined Baby Tooth in the heavens. After directly hitting Baby Tooth with his Earth Slashing Pearl technique, Baby Tooth would fall to the ground beneath in an unconscious state. As Wang got off his animal to go for Baby Tooth's head, he heard a certain individual singing a song. Upon his approach, he would see none other than Superior man Broad Altruist. Once Broad Altruist had attempted to convince Wang Magus that Baby Tooth should be left alone for the sake of the Investiture of the Gods Register, Wang Magus would become rather annoyed.

11. The **qilin** is a magical animal with many varieties of descriptions. It can be quadruped, antlered, cloven hooved, with a fur either dull brown, colorful, fire-like, or like a gemstone. It can be either divine, peaceful, or evil. A tale tells that a qilin appeared in the garden of the mythical *Yellow Emperor*. Moreover, is told that the birth of *Confucius* was preceded by the arrival of a qilin.

Without thinking deeply about the situation whatsoever, Wang Magus would blindly charge at Broad Altruist with his sword. Jinzha, Broad Altruist's student, would appear immediately and negate Wang Magus's blade. Broad Altruist would then throw his Seven-trick Lotus around Wang Magus; resulting in complete imbalance. Jinzha would then stand ready to deliver the final blow to Wang Magus.

Chapter 39

Lu Xiong assists Zhang Guifang

As the infuriated Wang Mo was unable to move in any form while being firmly immobilized by Outstanding Culture's stakes, Jinzha performed one quick slash maneuver of his blade — sending the unfortunate Taoist to his death, while his soul became the first to gather before the Terrace of Creation.

Reviving Jiang Ziya momentarily afterwards, Outstanding Culture told the prime minister to return to the Western Foothills with the assistance of Jinzha. Departing after being informed of the prior situation, Outstanding Culture had meanwhile buried the corpse of Wang Mo in a grievous state over his impulsive gestures of the past. Fortunately driving away the Shang forces earlier, without any notable casualties at that, King Wu and the others were greatly delighted to see the prime minister return before the city's northern gates with a stranger by his side later that day.

Elaborating the incidents prior in full detail, while introducing Jinzha to all present, Yang Sen meanwhile sat within the Shang camp, being exceedingly worried over Wang Mo's lack of return by dusk. Performing a divination across his fingers at once, Yang Sen flew back in horror at the gruesome end to their fellow brother, Wang Mo. Informing his other two brothers of the situation immediately, all three Taoists slept throughout that night in great agony and despair over the death of Wang Mo — but such only strengthened their resolve to destroy Jiang Ziya even if they must sacrifice everything they possess.

Mounting their beasts at the very crack of dawn, the Taoists demanded that Jiang Ziya shows himself at once. Hearing of such a challenge shortly, Jiang Ziya hesitated, due to the various wounds that he still possessed from the incident prior, but was nonetheless encouraged to head to the front once Nezha ensured his essential backing. Appearing outside the eastern gates shortly after, Jinzha and Nezha immediately rushed forward to protect the prime minister from any harm. With a sudden wrathful charge on the part of the three Taoists, Jiang Ziya carefully watched the battle, while determining it time to try out his Staff of Beating Gods.

Throwing the staff into the air in a horizontal fashion, a sudden flash of lightning triggered the weapon to fall like a boulder — aiming for the unfortunate Gao Youqian. As Youqian's head splattered instantly at such an impact, Yang Sen was terrified, but nonetheless immensely enraged at the following death of his brother. Seeing Jiang Ziya toss the staff into the air earlier, and concluding through such a fact that the former killed his brother, Yang Sen let out a piercing cry of despair and lunged at the prime minister like a berserk dragon ready to slaughter at whim.

Being distracted by an object — the Universal Ring — being flung straight at him, Jinzha seized such a chance to bind the former with his Invisible Dragon Stake, and then finishing the Taoist off with a vertical blade slash through his abdomen. Seeing the death of two additional brothers, Li Xingba charged at Jinzha and Muzha, while Feng Lin and Zhang Guifang, who could not allow the death of any more allies lest their chances of victory became nullified, leapt forward to

assist their Taoist ally. Huang Tianxiang, the fourth son of Yellow Flying Tiger, meanwhile rode forth with his silver spear, even though he was still yet a child. Being overtaken by an obvious advantage over Tianxiang, Feng Lin cockily charged at the young boy while thrashing his clubs about wrathfully, but ended up being killed upon a single thrust of Tianxiang's spear — which pierced the former's chest with great renown.

Now knowing that the day had most assuredly been lost, Zhang Guifang retreated to the Shang camp immediately, while Li Xingba followed close behind. Upon their return to the Shang camp, Li Xingba suggested to Zhang Guifang that reinforcements were of great necessity, considering the recent death of four additional generals; Zhang consented at once to such a suggestion by sending an urgent report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong.

Jiang Ziya returned to Phoenix City, where he profusely praised the young Tianxiang for his renown. Jinzha clearly realized that with the loss of three generals on the opposing side and their earlier retreat, more than likely out of fear of complete annihilation, they most assuredly would be awaiting an immediate backing of some form of reinforcements that ensured their ultimate protection. Jinzha thus approached the prime minister suggesting to him that the enemy commander should be engaged as soon as possible.

Clearly seeing Jinzha's rationale, Jiang Ziya followed his suggestion by leading forth his army the following day, while demanding Zhang Guifang to show himself at once. Raging exiting the Shang camp with generals to his right and left, Zhang Guifang knew that the situation was grave, due to the current lack of reinforcements, and capable generals at that, but nonetheless charged forward to begin a grand battle.

As each general unleashed their prowess upon the battlefield, Li Xingba fled through the heavens at the very second in which Jiang Ziya had made a threatening gesture with his staff, thus leaving Zhang Guifang surrounded by many generals on each side. With the Chao Twin's attempt to convince the enemy commander that reconciliation was the best choice, considering the current situation he was within, Zhang Guifang did not for a second consider such a resolution as probable — for his loyalty and honor had been sworn to King Zhou, no matter what obstacle appeared before him.

Fighting on like a renowned warrior from dawn to noon, Zhang realized his great exhaustion and the lack of forces remaining on his side, and thus pierced his own belly as a final show of loyal intentions towards the Shang Dynasty. Seeing the enemy commander fall to the ground and emitted his final breath, Jiang Ziya and his men returned to Phoenix City in triumph, after receiving the remaining soldiers of Guifang, who had surrendered.

As Li Xingba had meanwhile landed before a neighboring mountain to plan out his next move, he decided it best to return to the capital, while meeting with Wen Zhong to discuss their method of revenge. Ready to take his leave immediately, Li Xingba heard someone singing a song in a very close distance — and thus turned around to see a young man, who stated his name to be "Muzha". Exchanging salutations, while stating his name and set purpose, Muzha smiled in delight at the man who his master sent him far and wide to search for standing

right before his very eyes. Informing the former that he had been sent to capture him, and a great reward would be presented through such an action, Li Xingba knew that it would be difficult to escape such a grasp — and thus lashed forth his duel staves at the enemy. Greatly resolved to destroy anything in his path for the sake of revenge, Muzha became clearly overpowered as they clashed weapons violently along the mountainside.

Unfortunately for Li Xingba, however, Muzha suddenly unleashed a large blade—dubbed as the male counterpart of the two "Hooks of Wu" atop his back — to slice off the former's head in one quick strike. Riding to the Western Foothills atop his dust cloud, Muzha arrived before a large city, and was unexpectedly admitted in by his elder brother, Jinzha, who which introduced the former to the prime minister at once. As Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile stamped his fist in rage at the report of three of his Taoist allies being killed, he ordered all generals to appear before him to obtain ear on the situation currently at hand.

After a lengthened discussion, it was decided that Lu Xiong, a general of old age, but capable in the art of military commandership nonetheless, would be assisted by Fei Zhong and You Hun as advisors, in order to essentially reinforce Zhang Guifang at all costs possible. Being equipped with 50,000 soldiers, and leaving the capital immediately without delay, summer soon approached, forcing the Shang army to perspire under the immense sunlight without the slightest breath of wind whatsoever. Being told by a patrolman along the way that Zhang Guifang had lost his life, and his very head was hanging upon Phoenix City's eastern gate as he spoke, Commander Lu Xiong ordered his soldiers to camp at a neighboring forest within a region known as "*Mount Western Foothills*" — as one of his generals had stated it to be.

Immediately sending report to Wen Zhong on the current situation, Jiang Ziya had obtained report on the enemy's camping within Mount Western Foothills — and thus ordered Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo to block any sort of assault from the former with 5,000 soldiers at their disposal. As both generals camped opposite to the stationary Shang forces, General Xin Jia arrived shortly to move their camp before the mountain's summit — as ordered by Jiang Ziya himself.

Following such a ridiculous order without any true choice, the forces of Zhou began to complain profusely as they were forced to remain within the direct heat of summer, while being laughed at below by the Shang soldiers, who knew that they would die of exhaustion if they remained as such for at least three days.

As Lu Xiong kept his forces stationed closely by his side without external movement, lest an ambush or trap of some sort became unleashed at any noticeable retortion, Jiang Ziya arrived before his own forces with an additional 3,000, and ordered his soldiers to construct a three-foot high terrace at once. With General Xin Mian's additional arrival with padded cotton jackets and warm caps to be worn upon each soldier, everyone present followed such an order at once — knowing fully that they rushed the risk of their own deaths at any moment.

Chapter 40

Phoenix City's Great Siege

With the immediate arrival of dusk, and the essential completion of the terrace, Jiang Ziya began to recite many incantations and spells to stir up the winds for his set intentions. Destroying the deathly heat of summer with a refreshing breeze, the wind gradually became stronger — even to the extent that trees became uprooted, and sand flew about violently. As the wind became etched with a tint of coldness, winter snow suddenly fell from the heavens, covering the land beneath with a tint of silver and white. Being exceedingly astonished and enraged at the coldness at the same time, Lu Xiong began making preparations to make an immediate retreat, lest they were frozen to death by such blatant sorcery.

Realizing that the enemy army could escape his grasp without death, Jiang Ziya began to recite many charms, effectively summoning the sun before the Shang forces' eyes. Sending large torrents of waves raging about, the prime minister additionally summoned forth a cold wind, freezing all unfortunate soldiers of Shang to ice. Seeing an ocean of ice laid about beneath the summit, Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo broke into the Shang camp as ordered, taking back Lu Xiong, Fei Zhong, and You Hun as prisoners as easily as turning over their very palm. As Lu Xiong stood defiantly before the feet of Jiang Ziya, while Fei Zhong and You Hun fell to the ground, begging for mercy, the prime minister ordered them to be placed within prison for the time being.

Reciting incantations immediately after to melt away all ice below the mountain's summit, over 5,000 soldiers of the original 50,000 had been clearly frozen to death, while the remaining 45 managed to escape from the Western Foothills without any notable harm. With Jiang Ziya's decree to receive King Wu before Mount Western Foothills at once, General Nangong Kuo set out to Phoenix City shortly, performing such a task with immediate speed. Being accompanied by his civil and military officials along the way, King Wu noticed many lumps of ice and snow laying about in random areas of the mountain — and was thus informed by the prime minister following his arrival.

As the prime minister began to write an elegy of in memory of the warriors who lost their lives for the Zhou cause, King Wu began to burn incense, while Jiang Ziya ordered the three prisoners to be brought forth and beheaded at once. Following the end of their ceremony, Han Rong had received the remnants of Lu Xiong's army, and at the same time, sent an urgent report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong on the current issue within the Western Foothills.

Being determined that his own appearance within the Western Foothills was the only insurance of Shang victory, Wen Zhong was immediately confronted by his two disciples, who suggested the four Diablo brothers — for they possess great magical renown, far exceeding what the original four Taoists could have obtained through their discipline. Being delighted, and well confident, over their summary, Wen Zhong sent an order to the four brothers, appointing them as expeditionary commanders if they were to comply. Realizing that the Grand Old Master must assuredly be rather desperate after receiving report on their

appointment, the Diablo brothers nonetheless roared through the Good Dream Pass, 100,000 strong, and arriving before Phoenix City in rather quick pace.

As the prime minister obtained word shortly on the arrival of a Shang army camped near the city, Yellow Flying Tiger carefully spied on their forces from the city wall, and upon the spotting of the renowned Diablo brothers — Mo Lihong, Mo Liqing, Mo Lihai, and Mo Lishou — he returned to Jiang Ziya's side and thoroughly elaborated the situation. Informing Jiang Ziya of their individualized special abilities — in which he knew by fighting by their side during a conflict against the East Sea district — the prime minister sat in great discomfort and distress.

After three days without any form of challenge, the four brothers toasted each other that night, while charging forth the following morning to do battle. Not having any preset plan as Jiang Ziya exited from the city gates to confront the four brothers, Mo Liqing started things off by rage fully yelling at the prime minister for his intentions on rebellion, especially after seeing Zhang Guifang's head atop Phoenix City's walls, who he had recognized.

He said that they never possessed any intentions to rebel against the dynasty, but they were simply defending themselves from King Zhou's constant debased assaults. Even after told that, the four brothers cared little of his words, for Grand Old Master was a keen man of intellect and competency and would surely not have sent them if the Western Foothills were not planning rebellion. And they thus charged at the Zhou forces, fighting right and left with great renown. Unfortunately for Nezha, and any other generals who had wielded a weapon of magical attributes, Mo Lihong used his Universe Muddling Umbrella to absorb such weapons with a single horizontal spin.

With eager to show the opposition his own power, Mo Liqing shook the Green Cloud Sword atop his back, forcing all within a set perimeter to unconditionally kill themselves with their own weapons. As the clouds above turned dark, with flames shooting about from Lihong's umbrella, Lishou used his white elephant to devour all unfortunate soldiers that happened to stand within its path. Fleeing back to Phoenix City in complete defeat, over 10,000 casualties had been counted, while nine generals had additionally lost their lives.

As the Shang forces returned in great happiness over such a feat, Lihong suggested a complete assault upon Phoenix City's walls during their next military conference, in a chance to force both Jiang Ziya and King Wu into effective surrender. Enforcing such a suggestion with open arms, the four Diablo brothers clearly realized that boards of truce had been placed forth the city gates, but they nonetheless assaulted the city with scaling ladders and cannons — not daring to let up for a single second, lest such a grand opportunity was to be negated at some later time.

Retorting with flaming arrows, lime bottles, throwing spears, and of the sort for over three days, the Shang forces became even more resolved to break through such a defense, even at their own lack of soldiers through such aggression. Ordering a retreat following the end of their third day of assault, the four brothers decided that they should besiege the city and ensure that external food supplies and reinforcements were essentially cut off. After three months without any true success, Lihong suggested to his brothers a full scale assault upon the city with

their legendary weapons; the amount of innocent casualties was of no more concern, for the city's capture was completely essential, lest their own personal expenses result in reprimanding from the Grand Old Master.

As it was agreed that such an action should be taken by midnight, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile performed divination after hearing a sudden unpredictable blast of wind blow down many obstacles within Phoenix City. Realizing that such a resolution was rather likely to come about eventually due to their obstinacy, Jiang Ziya summoned forth the North Sea as a large water barrier that stretched over the entire city, negating any potential attack from the opposition's weapons.

Being utterly astonished at the uselessness of their weapons against such a formidable crest of water over Phoenix City, the four brothers had little choice but to give up their pre-planned attack for that night. As the barrier remained erect before the city for months, as Jiang Ziya full realized the external actions of besiegement on the part of the Diablo brothers, the four brothers could do nothing more than continue to await food supply conveys in order to obtain a chance to attack the city from within.

Eventually obtaining word that their city's supply of food could only last another ten days at the most, Yellow Flying Tiger suggested that the rich citizens of the Western Foothills should be forced to open their granaries for the city's overall use, while being repaid at a later time. Declining such an offer due to the panic and exceedingly poor morale that it would create, Jiang Ziya decided it best to think the matter over. After eight days had passed, two distinguished Taoists — known as Han Dulong of the Poisoned Dragon, and Xue Ehu of the Wicked Tiger — arrived to offer their food supplies after declaring their discipleship under Superior man Divine Virtue.

Handing a letter from their master as proof of their identities, Han Dulong placed forth his promised provisions, a small bag that possessed two handfuls of rice overall. As the soldiers of the Western Foothills tried their very best to hold back their laughter at such a sight, Jiang Ziya asked the Taoist to place the rice within one of the city's three granaries. Obtaining word after the passage of three hours, stating from a patrolman, that the barns were overflowing with rice, Jiang Ziya smiled with great delight at the good fortune of his king.

Now knowing that he possessed a strengthened resistance that could still easily be crushed by the Diablo brothers with ease, Jiang Ziya reinforced the North Sea water barrier at every moment. Being exceedingly disgusted and utterly wrathful at their lack of ability to take the city in its current impenetrable state, the four brothers sent a report to Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, stating that Jiang Ziya had defended his city with treacherous methods, resulting in their expedition almost taking over an entire year without a sign of the enemy's decay.

As a few more days had passed by, another Taoist arrived before the gates of Phoenix City, and upon his admission, he declared his name to be "Yang Bliss", one of the head disciples under Jade Tripod. Being informed of the current situation against the Diablo brothers upon his asking, Yang Bliss managed to convince the prime minister that he should be able to deal with the opposition — for he was a man of incredible magic renown, far exceeding that of an ordinary Taoist.

As word of the board of truce being removed had reached the ears of the four brothers, they enthusiastically charged from the Shang camp, completely eager to destroy their opposition after such a long period of await. Once Ma Chenglong, commander of food supplies, had arrived from Caozhou before the feet of Phoenix City, Lishou, completely resolved to ensure the Western Foothill's internal decay at all costs, ordered his white elephant to devour the former at once. Seeing such an incident being carried out, Yang Bliss smiled with delight at such a chance, and thus threw himself in front of the elephant, being devoured in addition.

As the Zhou forces fled back in fear at such a sight, Nezha informed Jiang Ziya of current happenings, but the latter nonetheless felt reassured that Yang Bliss might still be alive, considering the magical renown that he stated to have possessed. Being delighted at their great success, and obtaining notice on the lack of Phoenix City's water barrier for reasons unknown, Lishou suggested the unleashing of his white elephant as a chance to devour both Jiang Ziya and King Wu in one quick assault. Realizing that the barrier's disappearance was very probable of being a trap, the three brothers nonetheless agreed to such a suggestion.

Once the white elephant had thus been sent forth with set intentions to destroy the king and his prime minister, Yang Bliss, still living within the beast's belly, thrashed its heart into pieces while destroying its body as a means of escape.

Cleaning his body from the blood, Yang Bliss was ushered forth within the city, to Nezha's immense surprise. Jiang Ziya, however, had expected such an outcome to an extent, and nonetheless became informed of the Diablo brother's original intentions before Yang's arrival. As Yang Bliss boastfully elaborated his many transformations, while becoming a small ermine weasel as proof, he left the prime minister's presence after ensuring the capture of the four weapons under the Diablo brothers.

Assuming the appearance of Lishou's elephant, and returning to the Shang camp in its place, the four brothers realized that their plan did not go as planned — due to the distinct insignias that would have appeared before the animal's skin if another victim had been consumed — but nonetheless drank away their worries that night. Falling asleep with deep drunken stupor, Yang Bliss managed to grab ahold of Lihong's legendary umbrella, but upon the accidental knocking down of two other weapons within the room, which triggered evidential signs of awakening on the part of the four brothers, Yang had little choice but to flee at once from the Shang camp.

Returning to Phoenix City, handing the prime minister Lihong's umbrella, and returning to the side of Lishou that same night, the four Diablo brothers awoke the following morning only to the great yells of fury on the part of Lihong, for his weapon had clearly been missing. Being ensured from the camp guards that no spy, or intruder at that, could ever get close to the camp without thorough inspection, the Diablo brothers unconditionally felt thoroughly unconfident at such a loss.

Meanwhile within the Purple Sun Cave, Virtue of the Pure Void called forth Huang Tianhua, his disciple, after carefully watching the former incidents involving the Western Foothill's Phoenix City. Instructing his disciple to head to the Western Foothills and assist Jiang Ziya's cause, Virtue of the Pure Void first taught Tianhua

how to use the twin golden-tipped hammers, and followed by giving the former his Fire Dragon Javelin and the jade unicorn as an additional form of assistance.

Seeing his disciple off shortly after, Tianhua used his unicorn's unparalleled attribute of speed to arrive before the Western Foothills in mere moments. After being allowed passage within the city, while greeting his fellow father and prime minister upon entry, Tianhua stayed at his family's house for the day, fully enjoying the amount of meat that he effectively received — for he was only allowed to feast on vegetables when originally under Pure Void. Cladding himself full with armor of bright gold the following day, Huang Tianhua obtained consent to face the four Diablo brothers after informing Jiang Ziya of his set instructions on how to deal with such an opposition.

Chapter 41

Grand Old Master Wen Zhong attacks the Western Foothills

Striding swiftly atop his jade-unicorn, Huang Tianhua arrived before the Shang camp shortly, offering battle immediately following. Seeing a young man of around sixteen years of age challenging their gates with seemingly great confidence, Mo Liqing moved forward to do battle immediately after being informed of the former's intentions. Using his White Jade Ring to deliver a brutal blow to the opposition's back, Nezha suddenly intercepted Liqing, fully resolved to protect his fellow ally at all costs.

After using his golden Universal Ring to shatter Liqing's jade ring to pieces, Nezha had little choice but to retreat with Tianhua in his arms — for the other three brothers quickly assisted with their respective weapons just following such a happening. Returning to Phoenix City immediately after, Yellow Flying Tiger gasped in astonishment at the report of his son, for Liqing was known for drenching his ring in the most deadly of poisons before use. Gazing forth at Tianhua at once, alas, it was too late. Tianhua was nothing more than a lifeless body shortly. Performing divination to become informed of the recent happenings within the Western Foothills, White Cloud Lad arrived before Phoenix City later on, retrieving the body of Huang Tianhua with reassurance to Yellow Flying Tiger.

As Pure Void revived his disciple with dissolved elixirs of legendary origin, he reprimanded Tianhua for impulsiveness, informed him of his former death by the hands of a jade ring, and handed him a special weapon to use against the opposition before giving his farewells. Returning to Phoenix City shortly following, Tianhua was admitted within the Prime Minister's mansion, where he thoroughly elaborated the happenings at his master's cavern. Riding from the city gates the following morning with great determination for revenge, Liqing was astonished to see Tianhua alive, and still fuming over the lack of his ring, he charged at the former with his lance immediately following.

Thrashing at the young warrior with exceeded renown, Tianhua unleashed the weapon that his master had given him — the Heart Penetrating Nail — and threw it straight at Liqing's breast. As the nail burrowed into his heart like a drill, resulting in immediate death, Lihong, who was enraged at the lack of power he possessed without his umbrella, fearlessly charged at Tianhua with his great halberd. Maneuvering like a snake in order to avoid any potential attack from other deadly weapons that the boy might possess, Tianhua launched a secondary nail, and to Lihong's great ill-fortune and surprise, it followed his movement like an enraged beast, piercing his throat in one sudden strike.

Piercing through Lihai's heart immediately after passing through the throat of Lihong like a raging bullet of incredible speed, Lishou clearly realized the situation was desperate — and thus ordered his elephant to crush Tianhua before he, included, meets death. As the elephant suddenly reared back to attack its master — for Yang Bliss was still performing his magic disguise — Lishou was thrashed about violently, resulting in his additional unfortunate end. Recollecting

his two nails afterwards, Yang Bliss returned to his former state, and upon introduction to Tianhua, they both returned to Phoenix City with the heads of the four Diablo brothers. Mounting the four newly received heads atop Phoenix City's eastern gates, Commander Han Rong had meanwhile received many soldiers under the Diablo brothers, and upon their explanation of such an unfortunate happening, Han Rong sent another urgent report to Wen Zhong, elaborating the recent happenings within the Western Foothills. Fuming with incredible rage upon the receiving of such a report, Wen Zhong was resolved in his heart that only he was truly capable of destroying Jiang Ziya once and for all, despite what the capital might suffer if he was to take leave so suddenly.

Approaching King Zhou the following day with written report, the king gave his immediate approval towards the Grand Old Master's declaration of taking leave. Obtaining a glass of wine from King Zhou as tribute to his departure, Grand Old Master left the palace and ascended his mount. Being idle for so many months, Wen Zhong was reared from the mount immediately, while at the same time being informed from other ministers that such might foretell a bad omen on the part of his future.

Dismissing such an incident as solely being the result of his mount's idleness for such a long period, the Grand Old Master set off at once, taking along over 300,000 soldiers as support. Obtaining suggestion to head through the Green Dragon Pass — for it was the shortest route to the Western Foothills — from Commander Zhang Kui of Mianchi Country later on, Wen Zhong did as he suggested, but regretfully met various narrow mountain paths and other such obstacles that resulted in a lengthened march. Arriving before the Yellow Flower Mountain along the way, beautiful flowers of yellow bloomed in every which direction, filling the soldiers of Shang, and Wen Zhong alike, with heightened happiness.

Halting his army before the summit of the mountain, the Grand Old Master personally inspected the terrain ahead, and was immensely satisfied at the enchanting view laid out before him. Suddenly hearing the gongs of soldiers behind him, while clearly seeing troops marching along the mountain, a patrolman reported to the commanding general that a certain man could be seen spying upon their formation — Grand Old Master in this case. As the general charged at the conjectured spy with great furiousness, Wen Zhong evaded each blow as easily as a leaf blowing through the wind.

Baiting the general farther to the east, Wen Zhong encased the pursuing general within four large golden walls, and followed by relaxing upon a rock to see how the situation should develop. Suddenly being confronted by two additional generals who declared themselves to be the "mountain chiefs" — thus being nothing more than unaligned outlaws — the former two charged at Wen Zhong like raging beasts. Waving his golden staves in a set direction, the first of two chiefs saw before him a grand ocean of sea, while the second felt as if being surrounded by a forest — thus indicating their being trapped within Grand Old Master's art of genjutsu.

Relaxing under a tree, Wen Zhong became confronted by a fourth high-ranking chief: "a large beast that could fly swiftly through the clouds with its wings, while equipped with two hammers." Grinning with delight at the chance to obtain

this individual under the flag of Shang, Grand Old Master used neighboring rocks to break the wings of his foe, leaving him no choice but to beg for mercy. Obtaining consent from the enemy — who's name had been "Xin Huan" — to serve under him as a left arm of the royal army sent to destroy the Western Foothills, Wen Zhong was informed that over 10,000 outlaws were present within the mountain and were under the former's command.

As Xin Huan pleaded for the freeing of his three allies, and upon Wen Zhong's inquiring of their strong bond of loyalty and friendship despite being nothing more than outlaws, the Grand Old Master rose his palm to the heavens in consent, and upon a sudden clap of thunder, the three bound individuals felt as if they awoke from a dream. However, these three, as expected, still considered Wen Zhong as their enemy — and thus charged at the former, completely resolved to destroy him for assaulting their mountain.

Chapter 42

Surrender of the Bandit Chiefs

As the three outlaws charged at Wen Zhong with great furiousness, Xin Huan immediately intervened, stating that none other than the renowned Grand Old Master was the man before their very midst. Falling to their feet with both shame and embarrassment, they led Wen Zhong before their head camp at once, offering him a drink as fellow friendship and atonement for their former rudeness. Stating their names — Deng Zhong, Tao Rong, and Zhang Jie — while declaring their original alignment with Morning Song before secluding themselves away from the capital's troubles later on, Wen Zhong promised them high positions as ministers if they were to achieve great success by his side against the Western Foothills.

After obtaining a consensual agreement with the other three outlaw leaders, Wen Zhong instructed them to gather all who was willing to stand by his side in exchange for wealth, while the remainder was given money and food as a form of shelter. Performing such a task immediately following, 7,000 of the original 10,000 chose to fight by the Grand Old Master's side after being overjoyed at a chance to obtain heightened wealth and rank — the very opposite they obtained before fleeing from Morning Song.

With immense delight at the expected result of such an offer, Wen Zhong departed with his newly combined forces, arriving before an auspicious stone monument along the way. With the words "Dragon Extinction Peak" inscribed within the monument, Wen Zhong became reminded of his original master, Mother Golden Spirit, informing him that disaster was destined to follow if the character "extinction" was ever to be come across in the future.

Telling such to his generals nearby, Deng Zhong reassured the Grand Old Master that with his virtue and great talent, he was sure to win over the Western Foothills without any extreme sacrifices. Silently considering his words along the journey, and obtaining report of their closing in on the southern gate of Phoenix City, Wen Zhong ordered his army to set up camp for the time being. Due to the unparalleled reputation that the Grand Old Master had possessed, many patrolman instantly realized the identity of the man camped before them, and thus approached Jiang Ziya and informed him of such a situation.

Hearing of Wen Zhong's great reputation and renowned characteristics, the prime minister decided to mount the city walls and gaze forth at his camp; Jiang Ziya was indeed immensely pleased at the ingenious layout set before him — and thus returned to his mansion and summoned the generals for a meeting. As they discussed their next movement carefully, a letter was soon given to the prime minister, being addressed from the Grand Old Master himself. Reading the letter, which stated Wen Zhong's intention to receive Jiang Ziya for capital punishment, or the unconditional destruction of their city, the prime minister instructed the messenger to tell the Grand Old Master his intention: "to meet each other on the battlefield in three days."

Being informed of such a statement, Grand Old Master fiercely led forth his soldiers before the southern gates three days following, immensely resolved to destroy such defiance with his own two hands. After the firing of five cannons on the side of Zhou, Jiang Ziya appeared with generals right and left, while bowing before the newly arrived Grand Old Master, who laid out his forces before the former.

Angrily yelling at Jiang Ziya for enthroning Ji Fa as king without the authorization of King Zhou, and destroying their forces left and right unconditionally throughout the past, Jiang Ziya retorted with more clearer rationality, placing great shame into the face of Wen Zhong. Angrily calling forth Yellow Flying Tiger before him in his great rage, Wen Zhong ordered one of his men to capture the rebel for his blatant violation of rebellion against the capital. With General Deng Zhong's acceptance of such an order, a grand battle began between many generals under both the Zhou and Shang forces.

As Xin Huan roared forth atop his wings to slay Jiang Ziya from the heavens, Huang Tianhua became exceedingly frightened at the former's appearance, but nonetheless charged forth atop his unicorn in order to protect the prime minister. Realizing that Xin was currently occupying Jiang Ziya's last line of defense, Wen Zhong thrust about his two golden staves with unparalleled renown, arriving before the rebel commander shortly, and attacking the opposition like a raging beast. To Jiang Ziya's lack of knowledge, Wen Zhong's two staves were created through the scales of legendary dragons of old, and after throwing the leftern staff into the air, it crashed down directly upon the prime minister's right shoulder, shooting blood in every which direction.

As such an action immediately triggered the retortion of Nezha and his two brothers, Wen Zhong had little choice but to hold off the celestials laid out before him until he can seize the chance to kill the rebel commander. Upon Tao Rong's release of the Wind Collecting Pearl, which sent sand and dirt flying about profusely, Wen Zhong, and his generals alike, used their weapons in a synchronized manner amongst the confusion, forcing the Zhou forces to flee like helpless animals.

As the generals of Shang congratulated the Grand Old Master over his victory following their return, Yang Bliss had meanwhile suggested to the prime minister that a night raid should be deployed after their potential victory the following day. Approving such a suggestion fully, Jiang Ziya and Wen Zhong fiercely clashed blade against staff the next morning. With generals battling right to left, with Jiang Ziya in a sizable position for reciprocated attack, Wen Zhong seized this chance by launching forth one of his golden staves within the air, aiming for the head of Jiang Ziya.

Little did he expect however, the prime minister immediately recognized the staff approaching him, and thus used his Staff of Beating Gods to coil around the weapon, breaking it into golden shards upon the ground. Not believing his eyes, Wen Zhong wrathfully charged his great dragon into the enemy commander with colossal speed and mobility. Being stricken in the back by the sudden movement of Jiang Ziya's multi-jointed weapon, Wen Zhong had little choice but to flee, resulting in the retreat of the Shang army shortly after. As Jiang Ziya began his preparations for the night-raid that afternoon, Wen Zhong sat in his inner

quarters, exceedingly resentful over the destruction of one of his golden staffs, and the impact that such would place before the morale of his army.

Knowing Jiang Ziya to be a man of treachery, and surely improved of morale after such a lucky victory earlier that day, Wen Zhong ordered his generals to meet any potential assault at set points within the camp, while he directly stands before the central quarters to see if the prime minister would act in such a predictable manner as to attempt a raid or any other form of attack. As such preparations were being made within the Shang camp, Jiang Ziya stealthily moved his forces towards the opposition, and upon the sudden signal of cannon fire, the forces of Zhou attacked the camp from three differing directions.

Chapter 43

The Grand Old Master's Bad Luck

As Nezha and Huang Tianhua smashed down the central gates of the Shang camp, Wen Zhong rushed forth, using his remaining golden staff with renowned force and resolve. Unfortunately however, many of the generals on the side of Zhou possessed strange weapons of unparalleled ability compared to the generals of Shang, thus resulting in disasters evolving within random parts of the camp. Especially due to that of Yang Bliss, who possessed exceedingly rare qualities coming from a Taoist — in this case being fire — the Shang army's store of grain and fodder was turned into ashes in mere moments upon his arrival.

As Wen Zhong gazed at flames shooting throughout the air within the direction of his provisional supplies, he immediately realized that the situation had turned very chaotic, and survival would be difficult even if he manages to fight back the enemy in any way possible. With such thought in mind, Grand Old Master soared through the air atop his great dragon, ordering all soldiers present to regroup with him once they were to arrival within Mount Western Foothills.

As Xin Huan valiantly protected his commander from any potential harm in their escape, Master of the Clouds had meanwhile seen the banners of the Grand Old Master present throughout the Western Foothills region, and thus realizing that Jiang Ziya would find great difficulty against such a foe, he ordered Thunder-quaker to appear before him at once. Kowtowing before his master upon arrival, Thunder-quaker left with the instructions to assist his elder brother, King Wu, and the prime minister of the Western Foothills at all costs possible.

Seeing a great army spread before him in conjectured retreat, Thunder-quaker realized that the soldiers before him must be from the Shang Dynasty — for they were present with the same insignias upon their armor as when he protected Ji Chang originally in the past. Deciding to test the strength of the opposing army due to being idle for such a long period of time, Thunder-quaker charged at the enemy from the heavens with his two hammers, but was immediately intercepted by Xin Huan, who additionally possessed two hammers as his set weapons.

Realizing Xin Huan's skill greatly outmatched his own, Thunder-quaker fled at once to what he thought to have been Phoenix City without any pursuing of the enemy afterwards. Holding a conference within the city that morning, the generals had praised their commander profusely for his ability to wield such an outstanding cast of immortals in such a fortunate manner.

As they continued on with their praise, Thunder-quaker was invited before the prime minister shortly, immediately following his essential permission to enter. Stating his name, origin, and past service towards his father, Ji Chang, Jiang Ziya was very pleased to see the man who was late master constantly talked about before his very own eyes.

Introducing Thunder-quaker before King Wu shortly after, the king, who was startled at the strange appearance of his supposed younger brother, and worried over the fear that might be placed over his family if they were to see such

a sight, had his brother taken in to Jiang Ziya's family upon volunteer. After Grand Old Master's arrival before Mount Western Foothills, he became extremely angry at the realization that over 20,000 soldiers of his original 307,000 had been wiped out in one single assault the former night.

Realizing that it would be difficult to obtain reinforcements from neighboring generals, due to their guarding of local districts and territory from the rebelling dukes and nobles, Wen Zhong decided it would not be best to ask for assistance from the capital either — for such would damage his reputation and would additionally take too long. Being reminded of the many fellow Taoists that would assuredly assist in his cause, Wen Zhong ordered Deng Zhong and Xin Huan to guard the camp closely while he departs for the time being.

Arriving before Golden Turtle Island at the East Sea, Wen Zhong gazed delightfully at the beauty around him, and feeling great anticipation as to what day he could relax in such beauty without the least worry, he searched the entire circumference of the island, and thus began his leave after finding no one present. Glancing behind at the sudden hearing of his name, Grand Old Master saw Celestial Lotus standing before him.

Being informed by her that their Taoist comrades were currently present on White Deer Island, finishing their own individual traps — dubbed wholly as the "Ten Death Traps" — at the moment, Wen Zhong took his appreciative leave to the island she had mentioned. Arriving before White Deer Island momentarily, the nine celestial masters present approached their friend from afar, declaring the near completion of ten traps that should assist him in his attack upon the rebel leader Jiang Ziya.

Mentioning the expected arrival of their tenth ally, Mother Golden Light, Wen Zhong volunteered to await her return while they each head to his camp stationed at Mount Western Foothills. Seeing her arrive shortly following, the two greeted each other with great dignity, and then took their immediate leave to Mount Western Foothills. Regrouping with his other nine Taoist comrades, Grand Old Master directed them to Phoenix City, and followed by setting up camp at a point that seemed to their strategic advantage.

As Jiang Ziya had heard the great commotion of war-cries resound outside the city gates from afar, Yang Bliss warned the prime minister that Wen Zhong had more than likely returned with reinforcements of Taoist origin for the destruction of his camp by mainly due to the assistance of immortal powers. Thus, he would naturally have to reciprocate such power if he wished to obtain victory in any form.

Ascending the city walls and seeing a mystical cloud of haze solely within the direction of the war cries, Jiang Ziya clearly realized that the situation was going to be difficult. Back in the camp of Shang, it was decided that the ten Taoists — dubbed as the "Sky Lords¹²" — would personally display their own individual traps to Jiang Ziya and his forces as a showing of their invincibility and intellect behind such creations.

12. In the original translation instead of "Sky Lords" is written "**Welkin Lords**," which also can be translated as "Walking Lords."

Appearing before Phoenix City the following day, Qin Wan, the first of ten lords, appeared before Jiang Ziya and declared his intentions for the latter to inspect ten traps without the slightest physical combat — for such would violate the compassionate will of Heaven.

Consenting with full reassurance of his safety — for Qin Wan was already confident enough that Jiang's life can easily be seized by such weapons any time he desires in the future — Jiang Ziya began to read the name of the ten traps: *"Celestial Destruction", "Earthly Fury", "Roaring Typhoon", "Frigid Ice", "Golden Light", "Bleeding Blood", "Vehement Flame", "Soul Snatching", "Red Water", and "Red Sand"*.

Emerging from the enemy camp after carefully analyzing each trap with a fearful look in his eyes that he tried best to cover, Jiang Ziya proudly stated his ability to overcome such traps to Qin Wan, and then returned to his camp after exchanging a polite bow. Returning to his mansion with intense distress over the complexity of each trap that he most assuredly could not comprehend, Grand Old Master Wen Zhong had meanwhile returned with the rebel commander's set response, and thus began to inspect the specialty of each trap under their possession.

Chapter 44

Jiang Ziya's Souls float over Mount Kunlun

As Qin Wan began with the elaboration of his "Celestial Destruction Trap", he noted its possession of three pennants, Sky, earth, and humanity, and upon the consent of its creator, the trap reduces any potential intruder into nothing more than ashes — be it immortal or human. Individually elaborating the other nine traps following, Grand Old Master grinned with delight at such a summary.

However, Master Yao declared to Wen Zhong his own intentions of destroying the rebel commander under twenty-one days of time, and upon the latter's consent, Yao ascended the platform within his Soul Snatching Trap and created a straw effigy of Jiang Ziya, which was used to effectively gather his souls into one set region. Performing such an action three times every day, the prime minister clearly showed signs of being consciously dead — for he never said a word, and appeared as if he was constantly dazed.

As days upon days passed by with Jiang Ziya's clear intentions to do nothing other than sleep and complain subconsciously, each general realized that one of the new Taoist foes must possess an ability that was taking control of the prime minister in some form — for Jiang Ziya was the only individual who carefully analyzed the traits within each trap, so they naturally would not understand the situation fully. Rousing the prime minister as a resolution, and forcing him to appear before his generals within the conference hall, Nezha started by asking the former why he acts the way he does currently.

Bending his fingers in a divination attempt, Jiang Ziya replied by stating that everything was usual and need not worry about. Once twenty-one days had essentially passed, Yang Bliss and the others were surprised to see the prime minister nothing more than a lifeless corpse. Little did Master Yao truly understand, however, was that even after gathering all spirits present within Jiang Ziya, they would unconditionally head to the Terrace of Creation as preordained by Sky. Being pushed away by Bai Jian upon arrival before the terrace, Jiang Ziya's souls floated onwards towards Mount Kunlun.

Being gathered immediately by Master of the Cloud's gourd, and sealed tightly within by a cork, Pure Essence appeared before him, and upon the realization of the situation, the latter took hold of the gourd and headed to the Western Foothills at once, knowing that they must be the souls of Jiang Ziya, for any other soul would be accepted by the terrace unconditionally.

Being allowed entrance within Phoenix City, and essentially realizing that Jiang Ziya was indeed void of his souls, Pure Essence informed the king of the reason behind the prime minister's passing before leaving the city late into the night. Realizing that his gourd shook more violently with each step taken closer before the Soul Snatching Trap, Master Yao had meanwhile performed his incantations, but to his great dismay, the remaining souls of Jiang Ziya refused to gather themselves before his trap.

As Yao continuously began to chant and recite incantations incessantly, Pure Essence, upon his arrival, assumed the man standing before him was attempting the retrieval of the prime minister's remaining souls — due to the souls within his gourd shaking in synchronization to the former's calls — and thus charged down to steal the straw effigy. Managing to grab ahold of the effigy, Yao coincidentally looked up at the very second of the former's theory, and threw forth his black sand needles at Pure Essence, fully realizing his opposing intentions.

To the fortunate sacrifice of his lotus flowers as protection, Pure Essence managed to escape the trap while elaborating the prior incidents to Master of South Pole upon his arrival at Mount Kunlun. As such was reported to Celestial Primogenitor, Pure Essence became instructed to head to the Eight Landscape Palace to visit Lao Tzu — for he would be able to effectively deal with the issue. Upon his arrival before Lao Tzu's residence at such a palace, he was allowed entry shortly, while thoroughly elaborating the incident with Master Yao in his attempt to steal the souls of Jiang Ziya.

As Lao Tzu had personally seen the construction of what had been known as the "Soul Snatching Trap", he naturally understood that the Map of Eight Diagrams was the only way to negate such a trap's effect — and thus handed such to Pure Essence, who departed just following. Returning to Phoenix City and reassuring King Wu and his generals of a newly obtained method that would result in the prime minister's revival, Pure Essence departed immediately to Master Yao's trap.

Unrolling the map to create a large golden bridge descending through the Soul Snatching Trap, Pure Essence managed to retrieve the straw effigy, but at the same moment, Yao fumed with rage at the enemy's second attempt, while unleashing a large volley of his sand upon the former. Dropping the map in his immense terror, Pure Essence managed to escape, but was struck pale at the realization of his new weapon being lost so subtly.

Returning at once to Phoenix City, Pure Essence was allowed entry to the Prime Minister's mansion, where he began to pour the souls down Jiang Ziya's throat, including the additional two sub-souls essentially acquired from Yao's effigy. As Jiang Ziya awoke as if from a long night of sleep, and was completely informed of the prior incidents involving his souls, he banged his fist in rage at such a treacherous act that even he could not prevent.

Resting for several more days as a resolution, an immortal by the name of "Yellow Dragon" had arrived before the city gates shortly following, and was allowed entry upon his awakening. Informing the prime minister that many additional immortals should be expected to arrive before the Western Foothills as a result of the ten traps, he proposed the building of a reed pavilion in addition, which should be constructed far from the capital city not only for potential military conferences, but the ultimate protection of the people as well. Following such a proposal fully, General Wu Ji reported the creation of the pavilion around a day following decree for construction.

Immortals gathered shortly following within the pavilion, and each minister of the capital, excluding that of King Wu, gathered to pay their obeisance. Once all expected immortals had effectively arrived, a conflict between who should take the

title of commander resounded throughout the pavilion. At such a moment in time, a whistle throughout the air had been heard to announce the arrival of an immortal of exceeded characteristics.

Chapter 45

Confronting the Destructive Forces

As all immortals present left the pavilion to confront the noise from outside, Superior man Burning Lamp of Prime Consciousness Cave was seen before their eyes. Expressing his apologies over such a late arrival, Burning Lamp was given the seal of commandship upon proposal, and thus elaborated the visible attributes of each of the ten known traps — as such knowledge could easily be obtained from his magical bull eye, which had the ability to see in distances far unparalleled to that of human vision.

Not desiring to wait any longer, lest the rebel commander obtains some type of immortal assistance against the traps, a note of challenge involving the ten traps was given to Jiang Ziya via the messages of Deng Zhong. With reply to meet in three days of time for battle, the ten lords suddenly noticed auspicious clouds and golden lanterns only present within the residence of immortals upon their leave from camp the second night, and each lord thus returned to their respective traps, entirely resolved to destroy the opposition even with such expected assistance.

Leaving the camp of Shang the following morning with the ten traps at his left and right hands, Wen Zhong obtained sight of the Zhou forces approaching before him steadily with many individuals of conjectured immortal traits. As Qin Wan's Celestial Destruction Trap was of the closest distance, Burning Lamp and his forces appeared before the trap at once. Pondering over a method that would lead to the trap's destruction without excessive sacrifice, Deng Hua, a junior disciple of the Jade Emptiness Palace, descended from the heavens, immediately declaring his desire to tear the opposition before him to shreds.

Qin Wan, who was currently present outside of his trap, knew the man standing before him could be destroyed by his own primitive aggression without any real trouble — and thus lashed at Deng Hua with his staff. Leading Deng into his trap with a mere faint, Qin Wan grabbed ahold of three representative pennants upon the desk present, and placed them in a triangle formation upon the ground. As a large beam of thunder shot from the gap between the pennants, Qin directed the thunder into the direction of his opponent, burning Deng Hua into ash in a single blinking of the eye.

Declaring his easy won victory upon the exiting of the trap, Burning Lamp felt great grievance at such words, but nonetheless asked Outstanding Culture to have a try against Qin Wan. Lashing forth his sword at Qin Wan upon full consenting, the latter retreated to his trap following a single faint, and to the great fear of entry on the part of Outstanding Culture, he nonetheless entered the trap while floating upon two lotus flowers. Unfortunately for Qin Wan, however, large lotus flowers sprouted in every direction from the very finger tips of Outstanding Culture.

Seizing the chance to bind the enemy with his invisible stakes, Qin Wan became terrified for his life, but nonetheless died just following a single cleave from Outstanding Culture's blade. As Outstanding Culture left the trap with Qin Wan's head firmly within the grip of his palm as a display of his prowess, Grand

Old Master gazed at such a sight from the heavens, and with great rage filled within his breast, charged down upon the former like a dragon seething with bloodlust. Being intercepted, however, by Yellow Dragon, who declared that they were solely competing in magic prowess, not physical conquest despite the situation which reinforces such rationale, Master Zhao Jiang had meanwhile rode forth from his Earthly Fury Trap to place forth a challenge. As Han Dulong accepted such a challenge upon the consent of Burning Lamp, Zhao gave up ground shortly starting, while Han pursued with great determination to wipe out the opposition.

Ascending his platform within the trap, Zhao Jiang grabbed ahold of his two pennants, and upon the acquiring of fire and lightning attributes by waving such pennants, the unfortunate Han Dulong became mere dust before the wind in a single second. Exiting his trap with immense confidence, Krakucchanda strode forth from the Zhou forces and offered battle against the former. Upon the entering of the Earthly Fury Trap, Krakucchanda negated any potential harm from the fire and lightning by covering his entire body with mystical clouds acquired from the crust of his skull.

Tieing Zhao Jiang with his Immortal Binding Rope at such a moment, Krakucchanda felt great mercy for the life of Zhao — and thus ordered his genie to forcefully drop the celestial master within the Reed Pavilion, still in a captive state. Spouting with great wrath at the destruction of two of ten traps, and the death of Zhao Jiang and Qin Wan, Wen Zhong called off the competition, and returned to the Shang camp to hold a military conference over the current circumstances. Having intense confidence in the renown of his Roaring Typhoon and its fierce wind attributes, Master Dong ensured the Grand Old Master that he should obtain revenge in his stead no matter what opponent he was forced to fight.

Back at the Reed Pavilion, Zhao Jiang had been hung upon the pavilion gates, still nothing more than a captive, while Burning Lamp and the others discussed how they should go about with the destruction of the Roaring Typhoon Trap, as it was the third trap standing before their midst. During their discussion, Superior man Spiritual Treasure stated that his friend at Cloud Light Cave of Mount Nine Tripods and Iron Forks possesses an item known as the "Wind Stopping Pearl" that was used to negate wind at the user's will. Receiving such a pearl from "Wo Evading Sage" shortly, the two sped to the Western Foothills at high speed, but to their detriment, no ferries operated for over two days following their arrival before the Yellow River.

Approaching a fellow passerby and inspecting the reason for such, San Yisheng became informed that two giants — in this case being the Fang Brothers — monopolized the river by demanding great fares if any individual was to pass, and as a result of such a recent incident, only one additional ferry had been open for current use. Approaching such a ferry, Fang Bi and Fang Xiang were indeed seen, and upon Chao Tian's recognition of such men, he declared his intentions and was thus allowed passage.

Informing the two brothers of their recent obtainment of the Wind Stopping Pearl as their reason for departure, Fang Bi asked to gaze at it; holding the pearl within his hand, he knew that he could obtain great reputation if such power was wielded effectively, and thus pocketed the pearl, declaring such as being toll for passage. Not having any true courage to act against such a resolution, the two

officials had little choice but to accept. As San Yisheng and Chao Tian thus made their way back to the Western Foothills, they luckily ran into Yellow Flying Tiger, who was bringing supplies of grain within the city gates. Elaborating their story immediately upon arrival, Yellow Flying Tiger set out at once, knowing fully that the two giants would heed his call.

Luckily catching the two brothers before they returned to the opposite bank at the Yellow River, Yellow Flying Tiger approached Fang Bi and Fang Xiang and essentially retrieved the pearl with a single demand. Being informed of their current position within society after elaborating his disdain of King Zhou, Yellow Flying Tiger convinced the two brothers to serve under King Wu by his side, and then followed by handing San Yisheng the pearl as he returned. Arriving before the prime minister at the reed pavilion and elaborating the incidents lathering their departure, Jiang Ziya handed the pearl to Burning Lamp without a moment of hesitation.

Chapter 46

Breaking the Golden Light Trap

As the Shang and Zhou forces arrayed themselves the following morning, Burning Lamp signaled his choosing of the Roaring Typhoon Trap by approaching it with each immortal and disciple by his side. Master Dong of Shang thus stepped forward from his trap, and upon Burning Lamp's seeing of Fang Bi, a man that was seemingly capable of great strength, he ordered the latter to take the challenge at once.

Fleeing into his trap at the very sight of such a giant beast, Dong ascended his platform at once, and upon the waving of his pennant, Fang Bi was stabbed to death by thousands of swords that became multiplied with the power of black wind. As Dong thus exited from the trap, Merciful Navigation, who was handed the Wind Stopping Pearl, entered the Roaring Typhoon Trap shortly following a clash between blades. Negating all black wind with the pearl touching his body in any form, Merciful Navigation used his glazed vase to trap Dong within, in which he exited the trap immediately following such a victory.

Just as Grand Old Master seethed with great rage at such a sight, and was determined to obtain some form of revenge at once, Master Yuan ran forth from his Frigid Ice Trap and called forth for battle, vowing to Wen Zhong that he should become his embodiment of vengeance. With the retortion of Xue Ehu, Yuan retreated into his trap following a meager amount of rounds, and upon the ascension of his terrace, Yuan froze the lower body of Xue Ehu with frozen ice emitting from his purple pennant, and followed by smashing the opposition to literal pieces with a glacier, twenty feet in overall circumference.

As Wen Zhong grinned with great delight at such promised destructive force at his very disposal, Universal Virtue approached Yuan as the secondary challenger. Knowing that he must destroy this foe in order to prove his ascended might to the Grand Old Master no matter what, Yuan immediately rushed forth within his trap and summoned forth multiple glaciers of outstanding size within a single moment. Unfortunately however, no matter how ice that happened to topple upon Universal Virtue, Universal Virtue created many majestic clouds above his head that emitted flames upon the user's will.

Realizing the situation to be grim — as the opponent possesses a clearly dominant advantage against his ability — Yuan fled for the sake of his promise to Wen Zhong, but was at the same time wiped away from life as he was beheaded by Virtue's "Hooks of Wu". Immediately following, Mother Golden Light exited from her Golden Light Trap, and at the same moment, was challenged by Xiao Zhen, another disposable disciple of the Jade Emptiness Palace.

Entering the trap following a few exchanged blows upon Burning Lamp's consenting, Golden Light ascended her platform and unleashed myriads of golden light beams emitting from her magic mirrors, burning away the flesh of Xiao Zhen instantaneously. With Grand Completion's approach following such an incident, Golden Light retreated within her trap, while unleashing volleys of light upon the former. To her ill-fortune, however, Grand Completion completely protected

himself from any potential harm with his eight-diagramed robe, and used his Sky Overturning Stamp to destroy every mirror present within the trap. Finishing off Golden Light with a second round of his stamp, and exiting the trap shortly following, Grand Old Master's rage touched the very heavens, and nothing could stand in his way now that half of his fellow allies had been wiped away so easily.

With Master Sun's immediate intrusion, Qiao Kun, a hermit of Mount Wuyi, volunteered to meet the opposition within the Bleeding Blood Trap. Following a clash between blades, Sun ascended the platform within his trap and summoned forth volleys of black sand to pierce Qiao's flesh, who ended up dying shortly through a loss of blood. As usual, an individual of superior man qualities was sent forth for battle — in this case being Fairy Primordial — and upon the consenting of Burning Lamp, the two fought with great renown before venturing within the opposition's trap.

Using green lotus flowers to negate any black sand that came near his body, Sun's ability became rather useless, resulting in his own life being ended shortly by the former's Nine Dragon Divine Fire Coverlet. As Yellow Dragon ordered the two sides to return to their respective camps in preparation for the next day of battle, Grand Old Master had meanwhile returned to the side of his fellow comrades, and with tears within his eyes, he pleaded for the four remaining lords to return to their mountain lest any further casualties arise.

Solely possessing intentions to assist the Grand Old Master for the sake of the greater good, even if they might lose their lives through such resolve, Wen Zhong's morale rose to an extent, but he clearly realized that more celestial reinforcements were essential if the foul Jiang Ziya was to be eradicated along with his defiant comrades. Recalling Zhao Gongming, his old friend from Mount Emei, Wen Zhong ordered Ji Li and Yu Qing to take command of the camp before taking leave to such a mountain at once. Successfully arriving before the residence of Zhao Gongming and performing his formal greetings, Wen Zhong thoroughly elaborated the current happenings in his clash against the rebel leader Jiang Ziya.

Reproving his old friend for not telling him of such earlier, he promised the Grand Old Master to return for the time being while he personally departs to the Western Foothills after making essential preparations. Arriving before the camp of Shang atop a large black tiger, Zhao was allowed entrance, and upon his greetings before Wen Zhong and the four celestial masters, he inquired as to why a certain man was seen within the distance hanging upon a pavilion gate. Being informed that such was Zhao Jiang, one of their fellow allies, as a simple means for Jiang Ziya to express his contempt towards their cause, Zhao Gongming rage fully mounted his tiger and set forth in the direction of the pavilion in order to show Jiang Ziya his place.

Chapter 47

Zhao Gongming, the Conqueror of Sun and Moon

Appearing before the reed pavilion shortly while shouting great words of rage, Jiang Ziya appeared before the former with disciples to his right and left. Commenting on the foul cruelty of Jiang Ziya in his opposition against the greater good, Gongming leaped at the commander with his lightning staff, and as he threw such a staff into the air, it came crashing down upon the prime minister's head with weight exceeding that of a boulder — killing him instantly.

Being distracted by the Zhou forces great fury immediately following, Yang Bliss seized the moment to order his Sky Barking Hound to attack the opposing immortal. Realizing that his precious robes were being torn apart by such a foul beast, Zhao Gongming smacked the dog several times within the head before fleeing temporarily to the Shang camp in dismay. Upon his return before the camp, he informed Grand Old Master Wen Zhong that he managed to kill the rebel commander in a single blow of his staff, but was forced to return upon a ferocious attack from the Zhou forces as a resolution.

Luckily for Jiang Ziya, however, Grand Completion arrived before the prime minister's mansion to analyze his corpse, and upon the mixing of elixir with water to create a medicine that can effectively revive the fallen prime minister, Jiang revived after around two hours of time. As Grand Completion informed Jiang Ziya of the past happenings involving his suffered death by Gongming's hands, he reported the prime minister's revival to Burning Lamp while heading to the camp of Shang in order to secretly inspect their next move.

Wen Zhong informed that a man by the name of "Burning Lamp" was more than likely the second in command amongst the immortal party under the deceased rebel commander. And was thus in need of additional elimination to sully the enemy's morale. Zhao Gongming left the Shang camp early the following morning, and called for Burning Lamp to show himself at once. Burning Lamp departed from the reed pavilion and thoroughly reprimanded Zhao Gongming for his "defiance of Heaven's will." Gongming knew clearly in his heart that his actions were for the greater good — for the dignity of the land would only suffer when Taoists sully their simple nature by running rampant with weapons of destructive qualities, fighting for a cause that was nothing more than ideal.

Thus, for the sake of his eternal friendship with Wen Zhong and reputation as a god amongst Taoists, Gongming lashed forth his staff upon the former, but Yellow Dragon immediately retorted in protection of his leader. Little did Yellow Dragon expected truly. However, Gongming suddenly unleashed a Dragon Binding Rope from the sleeves of his robe, which bound Yellow Dragon instantly. Not taking the chance for Yellow Dragon's life to be cut, Pure Essence lunged forward at Gongming, but to the great difference of their renown which the former had little knowledge of, Zhao Gongming threw twenty-four Sea Conquering Pearls within the sky, forcing all foes present to their knees in blindness. As each immortal fortunately managed to escape without being taken captive, or being killed at that, Gongming returned to the Shang camp and was welcomingly toasted by the Grand Old Master, while their single captive became held on a flagpole within

the camp as retortion to the enemy's arrogance. Meanwhile, Burning Lamp was not able to obtain any acknowledgment as to what weapon Gongming had been using to result in such a potential disaster, and nonetheless became even further distressed upon the seeing of Yellow Dragon being treated so contemptuously — and thus asked who, if even possible, could save the immortal from further humiliation.

With the volunteering of Yang Bliss, Yang Bliss transformed himself into a flying ant that evening, and upon his approach before the camp of Shang, he ascended the flag pole and removed a magical charm that bound Yellow Dragon in place, thus returning to the reed pavilion in success. As Wen Zhong obtained word that Yellow Dragon had escaped mysteriously shortly afterwards, he clearly realized that no one could have ascended the flagpole without the obvious notice of royal guards, and Yellow Dragon assuredly could not have removed the charm by himself due to being magically and physically bound, thus concluding that a man who possesses transformational capability had to have been the cause for such an incident.

With such an assumption in mind, Wen Zhong sent Zhao Gongming to challenge the reed pavilion early the following morning. As Gongming approached the solo Burning Lamp outside the gates of the reed pavilion, while learning that a man by the name of "Yang Bliss" had been the cause behind Yellow Dragon's freedom, he lashed forth his staff and sea conquering pearls upon the opposition.

Fleeing immediately to the southwest lest he suffers by the hands of Gongming's mysterious weaponry, Zhao Gongming gave chase at the very same moment. Approaching a slope and seeing two distinguished men playing Go underneath the shade of a pine tree, Burning Lamp had no idea who these men were, but knowing that he was in a desperate situation indeed, he began to elaborate the past and current circumstances all at once.

As the men — known as Xiao Sheng and Cao Bao — believed it best to assist this strange man for the sake of their morals and overall mutual cooperation within the future, they suddenly caught sight upon a man Burning Lamp claimed to be "Zhao Gongming", and lashed at the latter as a result. Being infuriated at such unexpected obstinacy, Gongming unleashed his Dragon Binding Rope upon Xiao Sheng.

As Xiao Sheng flipped his Treasure Catching Golden Coin into the air, which resulted in any weapon standing before him to fall to the ground with the weight of a large rock, such an action reciprocated as Gongming attempted the additional usage of his Sea Conquering Pearls. Becoming even more enraged at such a resolution, he used his staff, which was unaffected by any immortal weapon, to smash Xiao Sheng's head in, killing him instantly. Being devastated over the death of a man that was seemingly innocent and had little to do with the current situation, Burning Lamp protected the remaining Cao Bao by gravely wounding Zhao Gongming from behind with his Universal Ruler.

As Gongming thus rage fully fled atop his black tiger, Burning Lamp approached Cao Bao and upon the receiving of the enemy's Sea Conquering Pearls, they both left to Phoenix City shortly following. With the Zhou forces now in possession of Gongming's most powerful weapon, which was to their knowledge,

Gongming had little choice but to report the issue to Grand Old Master upon his return, and then leave to the Three Fairy Island in order to obtain an essential backing. Promising his old friend that he should swiftly return, Zhao Gongming soared across the heavens with the greatest of speed atop his mystical black tiger. Upon his arrival before the intended island, he approached the residence of his three younger sisters, *High Firmament*, *Jade Firmament*, and *Green Firmament*, who reciprocated a bow of greeting to their elder brother while inspecting the reason for his arrival.

Elaborating the current situation, the loss of his treasure-items and the need for either the Golden Dragon Scissors or the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper as an essential replacement, his three sisters declined stating best to await until Jiang Ziya had created the gods, lest they ended up losing their lives fighting against the cause stated to be one with Sky. With their continued refusal to assist their brother in any form as a measure of caution rather than unwilling defiance, Gongming left their residence in a great fume of rage, considering he already knew Jiang Ziya had been killed by his hands, and his sisters were resolved to act against his views even with such a reality.

Traveling a few miles on foot in search of other comrades that could assist in his cause, Gongming was suddenly met by his old friend Celestial Lotus, who, after being informed of the former's woes, grabbed his hand and returned to the residence of High Firmament and the others immediately. With Celestial Lotus's persistent intentions to obtain at least the Golden Dragon Scissors for the sake of Gongming's cause, High Firmament agreed to give her brother the scissors upon one condition: "Gongming makes constant threats to this 'Burning Lamp' until the Sea Conquering Pearls was obtained out of fear. "

Ensuring his sister that he would do what he can in order to reobtain the pearls at all costs, Zhao Gongming returned to the camp of Shang and was welcomed by Wen Zhong momentarily following. As the next day arrived with immediate departure before the reed pavilion, Burning Lamp met the former and remained obstinate to never hand back the treasure — for such an action would be nothing other than detrimental, even if the opposition declares a supposed level of truce following. Clashing blade against staff as a resolution of such, Zhao Gongming decided to finish matters quickly by casting his Golden Dragon Scissors within the sky at once.

Chapter 48

Lu Ya's Gourd of Supreme Light

As the scissors became two large dragons with tails interlocking as one, Burning Lamp fled for his life atop a cloud made of wood, while his deer was unfortunately cut into two halves in an instant. Not desiring to risk the loss of his newly obtained weapon by pursuing Burning Lamp a second time, Zhao Gongming returned to the camp of Shang intensely annoyed. Returning to the reed pavilion after fleeing for an extended distance, Burning Lamp thoroughly elaborated about Gongming's scissors that can turn into large dragons at will, creating great fear within the hearts of all who happened to be present. At such a point in time, a certain man claiming to be a Taoist had entered; he was a hermit from Mount West Kunlun known as Lu Ya.

Declaring that he had come in order to put an end to Zhao Gongming, and after seeing his magical prowess early on from the clouds, each superior man present thought little of such words with justifiable rationale as they maintained a doubtful silence. As Zhao Gongming appeared before the reed pavilion the following morning, as easily expected, he began to mock Burning Lamp for his cowardice despite holding such a high rank amongst the immortal populace on the side of Zhou.

Suddenly meeting the man who he recognized to be Lu Ya from outside the pavilion's gates, he knew that such a man would be far too dangerous to let live — for even if Lu Ya was to assist the side of Shang, who knows what treachery he could pull with the weapons at his very disposal. Thus, Gongming unleashed his Golden Dragon Scissors to destroy the foe in a single shot, which unfortunately transformed into a rainbow and fled far to the southeast. Zhao Gongming ground his teeth in rage, fully realizing that he would have no possible method to capture such an annoyance in his current state.

Personally observing Gongming in his previous encounter, Lu Ya returned to the reed pavilion while instructing Jiang Ziya to build a straw effigy of Zhao Gongming on Mount Western Foothills. Additionally instructing the prime minister to worship the effigy three times a day and burn charms at the very same moment — as was the method he taught Master Yao of the Soul Snatching Trap far into the past — Gongming would die on the twenty-first day following. As the prime minister followed such instructions very carefully and secretively for days upon end, Zhao Gongming clearly began to feel as if his heart was burning like a great fire.

Walking to and fro as a resolution without the slightest feel of comfort whatsoever, Master Bai became enraged at the sight of his comrade, and knowing that the enemy was the primary cause for such a condition, he challenged the gates of the reed pavilion later that day, completely disregarding the words of Wen Zhong. As Burning Lamp and the other superior men exited the pavilion gates shortly following, Lu Ya declared his intentions to answer Bai's challenge at once, knowing that he possesses a weapon that would not only destroy the opposition in mere moments, but would ensure his prowess to be known amongst each of his allies in addition. Entering the Vehement Flame Trap after a few rounds of battle,

Master Bai ascended his platform and summoned many volleys of fire from all eight directions upon Lu Ya. Standing amongst the flames without a single burn mark present on his body, Lu Ya opened his gourd, and as a slender white beam of light ascended through the clouds and rotated several times throughout the air in a circular fashion, large eyes began to grow upon the light, putting Bai into intense fear exceeding his imagination. As this beam of light fell down upon Bai's head like an enormous blade with intense speed, Bai had little time to evade, and was cut into two halves as an immediate result. Leaving the trap shortly afterwards, Master Yao of the Soul Snatching Trap suddenly appeared, vowing to avenge his fallen comrades and the humiliation he suffered through the hands of Pure Essence.

With the retortion of a warrior known as Fang Xiang, Yao entered his trap momentarily, and not intending to waste any more time with such a nuisance, he smothered the former with his black sand of needles, killing the opposition at once. Exiting the trap and ordering Pure Essence to show himself lest others were killed off as a latent resolution, Pure Essence knew in his heart that he possessed little choice in the matter — and thus approached the enemy master with sword drawn. Upon the entering of the Soul Snatching Trap, Yao Bin unleashed countless clouds of black sand to not only blind the enemy in all directions, but to additionally ensure an immediate death.

Emerging from the sand with white clouds negating any potential harm, Pure Essence flashed the white side of his Yin Yang Mirror into the eyes of Yao Bin, sending him plummeting to the ground in great dismay. Being helplessly paralyzed by the mirror's ability, Yao realized that he could do nothing in such a state, and thus he met an unfortunate death by the edge of Pure Essence's blade. As Pure Essence returned the Map of the Eight Diagrams to Xuandu Cave immediately after retrieving it from Yao's body, Wen Zhong had meanwhile been informed of the death of two additional masters and the strange condition of Zhao Gongming in the camp of Shang.

With fifteen days having passed with Zhao Gongming sleeping daily upon end, Wen Zhong performed divination only to find out that a straw effigy of his old friend would be pierced through the heart by the arrow of Lu Ya upon a set date — which would result in Gongming's death. As Master Bai conjectured the summit of Mount Western Foothills being the more probable region to which the effigy would be present, Grand Old Master knew that such a region would be heavily guarded nonetheless due to its strategic position, and thus decided to inform Zhao Gongming before taking any action.

Zhao Gongming, who happened to be mainly conscious despite the condition of his internal spirits, was informed of his condition entirely. Upon the most careful of consideration that he could muster in such a state, he suggested that his two disciples, Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi, should be sent to seize the effigy — for they had been trained with extraordinary stealth and were naturally akin to such situations.

As Wen Zhong immediately approved such a suggestion, Burning Lamp had already made cautious preparations by protecting the prime minister with Nezha and Yang Bliss lest the enemy was to obtain knowledge of their intentions through rational means. Approaching Mount Western Foothill's summit, and seeing a certain man kowtowing before a straw effigy, Yao Shaosi and Chen Jiugong smiled

with great delight as they snatched the effigy with the speed of lightning while fleeing in the direction of the Shang camp. Nezha and Yang Bliss, who were naturally startled to see such an incident take place so suddenly, pursued the two thieves immediately following.

As Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi approached the Shang camp, they were immensely started to find it disappear upon their entry following a burst of lightning — as Yang Bliss used his genjutsu art to form an illusionary image that seemed as if to be their true camp. Using the lightning signal to appear before the two thieves momentarily, Nezha and Yang Bliss managed to dispose of Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi while successfully retrieving the effigy.

Returning to Jiang Ziya that night with effigy in hand, Xin Huan of Shang had meanwhile been sent to investigate the location of the two disciples, but to his great dismay, he found them both dead at a region neighboring the Shang camp, which he naturally informed the Grand Old Master about immediately following. Pounding his desk in utter rage at such a stunning report, Wen Zhong entered the room of Zhao Gongming and informed him of such unfortunate news after he had awakened.

Requesting the Golden Dragon Scissors to be wrapped within his robes while sent to the residence of his three sisters following death, with tears spouting from his eyes, Gongming became exceedingly resentful by not following the words of High Firmament within the past. Seeing his old friend in such a miserable condition, Wen Zhong began to grind his teeth in unparalleled rage while vowing to destroy the foul Lu Ya even if he must give up the life he possesses to sully such hate. With Wang Bian of the Red Water Trap reciprocating such rage, the former dashed forth before the reed pavilion's gates and shouted for immediate challenge.

As Cao Bao, the newly obtained friend of Burning Lamp, stepped forward to challenge the opposition, Wang Bian's rage touched new heights as his old comrade stepped before him, willing to oppose the greater good so unconditionally. Not having any tolerance for treachery in any form, Bian ran within his trap, and upon the approach of Cao Bao, he boiled the latter alive with burning red water. With hatred burning with a steady blaze, Bian exited his trap and was met by none other than Virtue of the Pure Void momentarily.

After Wen Zhong had made the divination, he would realize that Lu Ya was planning on killing Zhao Gongming with charmed arrows. Thus, Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi would be ordered to seize the straw effigy at the time of night. By feeling a sudden blood rush to his heart, Lamp Lighter would realize that two disciples under Wen Zhong were currently being sent to steal the effigy; and if such an action was not stopped, Lamp Lighter and the others would surely be killed by Gongming's might. Nezha and Yang bliss would thus be sent immediately to the Western Foothills to elaborate such news to Jiang Ziya.

By the time that they had arrived to Ziya's location however, Chen Jiugong and Yao Shaosi would already get their hands on the effigy and effectively escape. Thus, Nezha and Yang Bliss would head out at full speed in order to retrieve the stolen effigy. When both Cheng and Yao arrived at the Shang camp, they would be admitted by Deng Zhong. After discussing the situation with Grand Old Master, they would both hand the effigy to him. Immediately, the two disciples would head

to the back camp and suddenly realize that the whole Shang camp was gone in a mere instant.

Before Yang Bliss appeared atop his horse, the two individuals would stand completely puzzled. While within the darkness of the night, both Nezha and Yang Bliss would duel out against the two disciples. Following the passage of a few minutes, Yao Shaosi would be stabbed to death by Nezha, and Yang Bliss would penetrate the breast of Chen Juigong; effectively putting an end to both of Zhao Gongming's disciples.

In short time, both Yang Bliss and Nezha would arrive at Phoenix City and return the effigy to Jiang Ziya. When the Grand Old Master had learned of the death of Chen and Yao, he would pound his desk in immense rage. As Wen Zhong fumed in his anger, he would head to Zhao Gongming's room and order him to awaken. Once Gongming heard of the news, he would tell Wen Zhong to wrap up his Golden Dragon Scissors with his robe to be given to his three younger sisters when he dies.

Zhao Gongming would weep bitterly with tears pouring down from his face — even to the extent that he could not speak. As Wen Zhong watched the tragic scene, his hair would stand on end, and he would gnash his teeth in eternal hate. At the same moment, Sky Lord Wang Bian would head out with his Red Water Trap; completely determined to crush Jiang Ziya. After killing Cao Bao easily with his red acid water, Virtue of the Pure Void would be chosen as his second opponent.

Chapter 49

King Wu in the Red Sand Trap

As Pure Void lashed at the opposition with exceeded renown, Bian entered his trap shortly while flooding the entire region with burning red water. Floating atop the water on a white lotus flower without any worry of being burned, Pure Void used was Five Fire and Seven Fowl Fan to turn the unfortunate Bian into nothing more than ashes upon the ground.

The Red Water Trap now being destroyed, Burning Lamp and the other superior men returned to the reed pavilion while Grand Old Master was informed of Bai's death shortly following such an incident. As the twentieth day of the month approached soon following, Wen Zhong, who knew clearly in his heart that he was the indirect reason that his old friend would suffer death soon, approached Zhao Gongming, even more furious to wipe out the entire Western Foothills even if such was opposing his very own destiny. With reciprocated rage and inner distress upon the faces of Gongming and Master Zhang in addition, they wept throughout the night in great agony.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, Lu Ya approached Jiang Ziya, who was still present before the straw effigy as expected, and instructed the prime minister upon handing him a mulberry bow with three short peach arrows, to shoot the left eye first, his right eye second, and the third through Gongming's heart. Doing as instructed momentarily following, Zhao Gongming roared with great agony as the first two arrows created exceedingly crucial pain within his two eyes.

Being held in the arms of Grand Old Master, and looking into the latter's eyes one final time, Gongming suddenly became pure pale without a blood pulse — thus signaling his recent passing. With Gongming still held tightly within his arms, tears poured unrestrainedly from Wen Zhong's eyes as he vowed to tear apart Lu Ya's flesh as reward for such underhanded treachery. Ordering a grandiose ceremony to mark the coffining of Zhao Gongming's body, all generals alike became frightened at such a happening, and clearly knowing the great treachery at the very disposal of each superior men rebel, the overall morale of the Shang forces decreased dramatically as a result.

Jiang Ziya and Lu Ya returned to the reed pavilion stealthily upon a rainbow lest any enemies were to await for potential ambush. Meanwhile Master Zhang approached the pavilion with his trap, and Burning Lamp suggested to the prime minister upon arrival that King Wu should be sent into the opposition's Red Sand Trap — for upon analyzing, only a man of sagely stature would be able to conquer the trap, as possessed to that of any superior man on their side.

Knowing that Burning Lamp more than likely knew what he was talking about, despite the holy grail of detriment that would result if the king was to lose his life, Jiang Ziya sent Wu Ji to fetch King Wu nonetheless. Arriving shortly, and upon the king's unconditional consenting, Burning Lamp placed many charms upon King Wu's body, and ordering Nezha and Thunder-quaker to thoroughly protect the former from any harm, all three arrayed themselves before Zhang immediately following.

As Zhang ran within his trap while being pursued by the enemy, he ascended his platform and spread red sand throughout the entire perimeter, completely engulfing the three individuals until they found themselves deep within large pits of sand as a resolution. Gazing into the distance with his magical bull eye, and seeing the king and his protectors deep within a layer of sand, Burning Lamp informed Jiang Ziya that *King Wu is destined to remain in such a state for 100 days, and that he will assuredly survive "as according to Heaven's will"*.

Realizing that Burning Lamp had never informed him of such information prior, and he more than likely created such a statement as to ensure his reputation meets no harm if the king was to be found alive by any other superior man, he immediately suspected the former as plotting the death of King Wu, and thus kept careful watch of his every move lest disaster was to follow.

Entering Phoenix City and reporting such an incident to the family members of King Wu and other relatives of the same nature, Zhang had meanwhile returned to the side of Grand Old Master Wen Zhong while boasting about his great victory, who in exchange felt some sense of relief, but was still greatly hurt by the passing of Gongming.

Shen Gongbao, who secretly perceived the happenings with Gongming from the time of his arrival to the time of his death, appeared before the residence of High Firmament and informed her of Zhao Gongming's recent passing by the hands of Jiang Ziya. High Firmament, who secretly knew that her name was on the List of Creations and any impulsive action of revenge would surely fulfill such a fate, readily declared to Shen Gongbao that she was indeed grievant over such news, but on no account should she risk her own life for his sake.

Jade Firmament and Green Firmament, who did not share her philosophy on the situation whatsoever, left their residence with Shen Gongbao leading the way to the Western Foothills. As High Firmament joined her two sisters in fear of any potential danger they could suffer within the future, all three were met by Celestial Lotus and Lady Pretty Cloud in addition, who vowed to assist them against the rebel commander Jiang Ziya. Arriving before the camp of Shang shortly following, Wen Zhong informed them of Gongming's death by the hands of Lu Ya on the twenty-first day of the month.

Receiving the Golden Dragon Scissors in tears, the three sisters arrived before their brother's coffin in the back camp and clearly realized that his eyes and body had been bleeding very recently despite him being dead. Knowing that the foul Lu Ya was the cause behind his death, the five ladies and Grand Old Master appeared before the reed pavilion the following day, essentially resolved to do away with Lu Ya for the sake of their vengeance and the morale of their forces.

As Lu Ya exited the gates of the pavilion, and upon realization that Gongming's sisters were before him and demanding a rational reason for their brother's murder, Lu Ya, who now realized the opposition must possess either a keen level of spies or divination in order to know such information, responded to the call by declaring Zhao Gongming to be a man that lacked great virtue, and solely acted out of evil intentions to support the tyrant ruler King Zhou — and such was the reason as to why he deserved death. Jade Firmament, who was naturally quick tempered, rushed at Lu Ya, and with the immediate assistance of her fellow

sisters, the opposition was knocked unconscious by the power of their Universe Muddling Dipper.

Lu Ya was thus stuck with charms upon his entire body and hanged on a flag pole within the Shang camp — as like the situation earlier with Yellow Dragon. Hanging upon the flag pole, Jade Firmament could not withhold her hatred to any extent, and upon her order to unleash volleys of arrows at Lu Ya all at once, each arrow suddenly dissolved into nothing more than ash before touching the bounded man's body.

Realizing the chance to kill Lu Ya could easily slip from their grasps in the current situation, Green Firmament casted forth the Universe Muddling Dipper upon the former, but, to her detriment, Lu Ya turned into a rainbow and fled back to the reed pavilion immediately following, putting even greater bloodlust in the hearts of the three sisters.

As Lu Ya had meanwhile departed from the reed pavilion upon Burning Lamp's consenting, High Firmament, who knew that she could use the evidential reasoning of Shen Gongbao as being the cause of her brother's death to attack the rebel commander Jiang Ziya, approached the pavilion with her sisters and shouted for him to show his face. Yelling at Jiang Ziya for being the cause behind their brother's death, the three sisters and Pretty Cloud with Celestial Lotus each attacked the commander with full force.

Chapter 50

The Yellow River Trap

As Jiang Ziya was immediately reinforced by Yang Bliss, Huang Tianhua, and Nezha on both sides, High Firmament would suffer a crucial blow from Ziya's Staff of Beating Gods, and Celestial Lotus thus used her black wind art combined with Pretty Cloud's Eye Blinding Pearl to send the forces of Zhou fleeing in fear, while they themselves returned to the Shang camp.

High Firmament, who now knew the strength at Jiang Ziya's disposal, realized that with treacherous immortals like Lu Ya on his side, the theory of him reciprocating the qualities of Sky was truly nothing more than a joke, and the fact that she was destined to be on the List of Creations would thus have to additionally be wrong, considering that the former was the list's "destined creator".

Realizing through such rationale that it would be best to avenge her brother with the avail of Shen Gongbao's fake words in a chance to obtain Jiang Ziya's position effectively without risk for her own reputation, High Firmament asked Grand Old Master Wen Zhong to specifically pick out 600 warriors that were seemingly of the greatest strength amongst the majority of the Shang forces. With these warriors, High Firmament created a trap that possessed chalk drawings of windows, exits, and other forms of signals to denote advancement or retreat on the part of the soldiers that were to be placed within.

With individual spells placed upon their bodies and other sorts of magical attributes within the trap, anyone of immortal or human characteristics would feel as if confronted against one-thousand soldiers. As High Firmament entirely informed the Grand Old Master of this trap and its traits, Wen Zhong, the five women, and a set number of soldiers disclusing the original 600 left the camp of Shang and approached the opposition's reed pavilion shortly following.

Seeing Jiang Ziya, Burning Lamp, and others exit the pavilion, Wen Zhong was astounded beyond words at the mysterious survival of the rebel commander, and thus immediately gnashed his teeth in rage at the great magical treachery within the sleeves of the enemy superior men. As High Firmament rode before Jiang Ziya, she declared the invincibility of her newly established trap while offering the former a chance to inspect such a trap without any sort of harm in the process.

Taking her word, Jiang Ziya began a thorough inspection, and upon his leave, Yang Bliss was greatly eager for battle, and lunged forth at Jade Firmament with his Sky Barking Hound. High Firmament, who became disturbed at such rudeness, used her Universe Muddling Dipper to throw Yang Bliss within her trap. With the retortion of Jinzha and that of Muzha, they in addition were thrown into the Yellow River Trap shortly afterwards. Jiang Ziya, who would have shared the same fate as the former three if he did not possess his Yellow Apricot Flag for essential protection, fled back to the reed pavilion after countering High Firmament's dipper.

As Jiang Ziya returned to the pavilion and thoroughly elaborated the special weapon at High Firmament's disposal earlier that day, the five women of Shang had meanwhile decided to spare the lives of the three captured celestials until they personally confront Burning Lamp. Grand Old Master Wen Zhong, who was naturally delighted at six individuals of the Western Foothills being held captive, held a special banquet for Master Zhang and the others.

Approaching before the reed pavilion the following morning as previously promised, Burning Lamp exited the gates, and upon the reprimand of High Firmament and the others for their vengeful intentions despite the risk of death, Jade Firmament lashed forth at the enemy commander atop her swan. Pure Essence, who intercepted Jade with immense speed, was only thrown into the Yellow River Trap in mere moments following his interruption by the muddling dipper. As such an action became reciprocated to every other superior man present, Burning Lamp realized that the situation was exceedingly dire, and grabbed Jiang Ziya while fleeing back to the reed pavilion once a gust of wind had been created as essential protection.

Expressing his deepest of apologies to the prime minister for carelessly allowing such a dilemma to take place, Burning Lamp headed to Mount Kunlun, where he obtained information via from White Crane Lad that Celestial Primogenitor was currently making his way to the Western Foothills at such a moment. Arriving before the pavilion shortly, and upon the arrival of midnight, an incredibly large cloud appeared above the pavilion with thousands of lamps floating around it in every direction visible — a process in which Celestial Primogenitor had summoned for reasons not told.

High Firmament, who assumed the arrival of a far greater personage — more than likely the reputed Celestial Primogenitor of Chan — by seeing such great magic at work that Burning Lamp or any other superior man seen with her eyes would not have the ability to produce, began to consider whether killing the captives within her trap would be the better choice rather than going about another process.

Deciding to wait and see how the enemy reacts further, Celestial Primogenitor arrived before the enemy's trap the following morning and began to inspect it upon the polite consenting of High Firmament, who became quite worried at the arrival of such a trump card to potentially interfere with her plans.

Sighing deeply at the sight of his disciples laying about so humiliated, Primogenitor began to take his leave; but at the same time, Pretty Cloud threw one of her Eye Blinding Pearl's at the former only for it to be burned to ashes before touching his body. As the five women became frightful at such a sight, Primogenitor meanwhile returned to the pavilion, stating that his disciples were little more than lowly mortals, and no potential act to save them wasn't considered — for Lao Tzu was to arrive shortly, and he wishes to discuss the situation with him before taking any such action.

With the arrival of Lao Tzu, High Firmament gazed into the direction of the reed pavilion, and upon the realization that the Grand Master of Mount Xuandu, Lao Tzu, was more than likely present due to his specialized jade pagoda floating above the pavilion, the four other women suggested any form of surprise attack if

the enemy was to approach their trap the following morning. As the two grand masters solely approached the trap, High Firmament, Jade Firmament, and Green Firmament exited the trap without the slightest of greeting, to the great rage of Lao Tzu, who declared his intentions to fight them in their own field, the Yellow River Trap.

Chapter 51

The Final Resolve of Grand Old Master Wen Zhong

When Lao Tzu and Celestial Primogenitor entered the Yellow River Trap as previously intended, Jade Firmament suddenly lashed forth the Golden Dragon Scissors upon Lao Tzu, who was awaiting such a surprise attack from the beginning. As the duel dragons came towards Lao Tzu at the brink of cutting him into two halves horizontally, Lao Tzu simply lifted forth one of his sleeves, sending the scissors back in their original state within his very hands.

Obtaining Green Firmament's Universe Muddling Dipper just as easily, Lao ordered his genie to take both weapons before the Jade Emptiness Palace, to the obvious rage of the three sisters. High Firmament, who was determined to defeat the great Lao Tzu in magical renown in order to prove to all celestials that she was deserving of Jiang Ziya's reputation and title amongst the land, lunged forth at the grand master with sword posed.

To High Firmament's unparalleled ill fortune, however, another yellow-scarved genie under Lao Tzu suddenly rushed forth, beat her with its fists, and then toppled the entire Unicorn Cliff upon her body. Jade Firmament, who became enraged beyond imagination at the death of her sister, High Firmament, lunged forth at Lao Tzu only to have her skull smashed by Celestial Primogenitor's jade scepter.

As Green Firmament now realized the great unjust ways of the Chan Taoists, she ground her teeth in rage while lashing her blade at the two celestials; but alas, it was too late. Primogenitor had awakened his magical casket only to trap Green Firmament within, dissolving her flesh in mere moments upon entry. Following such a brutal end to the three sisters, Lao Tzu awakened all celestials present with an immediate teal of thunder, and then guided them back to the reed pavilion at once.

Present back at the pavilion, he went teaching each disciple how to travel on golden beams of light at will, lest reoccur in the future any unfortunate incident as such like that in the past. Meanwhile the two grand masters took their leave from the pavilion, but ordered Immortal of South Pole to stay and assist until Jiang Ziya had successfully done away with the Red Sand Trap.

Meanwhile Celestial Lotus and Pretty Cloud entered the Yellow River Trap's remnants only to find High Firmament and Jade Firmament dead. To their great horror and rage, they both reported such an incident to Grand Old Master, who, being greatly distressed in return, ordered a royal messenger to be sent to Morning Song for reinforcements while another messenger was sent to Sanshan Pass's Deng Jiugong with intentions for the latter to assist him at the Western Foothills.

With Immortal of the South Pole's appearance before the remaining Red Sand Trap the following morning, Master Zhang charged forth with cutless in hand, fully determined to make up for the loss of so many fellow warriors on the side of Shang. Being effectively reinforced by White Crane Lad upon entering the opposition's trap, Zhang Shao ascended his platform and sprayed volleys of red

sand across the entire perimeter, which was easily negated by the Five Fire and Seven Fowl Fan of South Pole. Using the jade scepter to knock celestial master from his platform, Immortal of the South Pole ended Zhang Shao's life with a single stroke of his sword, and then uncovered the three captives who he had been told were present for some time. Nezha and Thunder-quaker, who awoke immediately following a sudden bolt of lightning, realized shortly that King Wu was nothing more than a lifeless body that had not been decayed due to the magical charms that protected him from any such resolution.

Burning Lamp, who revived the fallen king with elixir pills and water after receiving his body at the reed pavilion, declared that the prior incident with King Wu was of necessity, and Sky had now experienced the self-sacrificial ways that the king possesses — a factor that would assuredly assist them in the future.

Now knowing that all ten traps essentially had been destroyed, Burning Lamp declared that all immortals should return to their respective mountains for the time being while Grand Completion and Pure Essence were to guard the five passes and the two neighboring border passes as to ensure no further assistance can come to the Grand Old Master from such means.

As Burning Lamp took his additional leave shortly following, with Merciful Navigation being the only remaining superior man, Jiang Ziya ordered his soldiers and generals to prepare thoroughly for a decisive battle against Grand Old Master in the following day. Meanwhile Wen Zhong, who was exceedingly depressed over the lack of reinforcements from either that of the capital or Commander Deng Jiugong, held a conference with Pretty Cloud and Celestial Lotus, only to obtain word of Jiang Ziya's intentions by an enemy messenger.

Approaching the rebel commander on the battlefield the following morning, completely resolved to sacrifice his very own life to do away with Jiang Ziya, Wu Ji, under the immediate order of the prime minister, decapitated the remaining master Zhao Jiang before Wen Zhong's very own eyes as a showing of their defiance. Not allowing his anger to be controlled in any manner, Wen Zhong, combined with Pretty Cloud, Celestial Lotus, and his four personal generals — Deng, Xin, Zhang, and Tao — each lashed forward and clashed their weapons furiously against their respective opponents.

As Celestial Lotus had her sack of wind calmed to nothing by the Wind Conquering Pearl of Merciful Navigation shortly following the start of the battle, Jiang Ziya seized such a chance to brutally smash Lotus's head in with his Staff of Beating Gods.

Pretty Cloud, who became horrified and fuming with rage at the sight of her close friend die before her very own eyes so suddenly, was stabbed from the back multiple times by the fire lance of Nezha, putting an additionally unfortunate end to her life. Yellow Flying Tiger, who was greatly encouraged by the heightened morale of the Zhou forces, pierced the heart of Zhang Jie with his duel Dragon-Phoenix blades.

Realizing that three of his generals had just recently lost their lives, and it would be evidentially pointless to continue the fight with heightened morale clearly present on the opposite side, Wen Zhong ordered a full-scale retreat in his great distress. As Merciful Navigation returned to his respective mountain that

afternoon, Jiang Ziya gave set orders to the majority of his generals, with intentions to not only assault the Shang camp in a raid, but to additionally attempt to draw many into surrender.

Wen Zhong, who obviously knew that the prime minister would more than likely attempt such a feat, ordered his generals to protect set regions in especial caution of such a potential happening. As the raid began that night, with Jiang Ziya and other such generals breaking into the Shang forces' camp gates, Wen Zhong personally lunged forward atop his dragon to smite the enemy with exceeded valiance and magical prowess.

Being unexpectedly struck once more due the unparalleled speed of Jiang Ziya's Staff of Beating Gods, Wen Zhong, and the majority of the Shang forces, clearly realized that they were simply struggling against an inevitable defeat — especially after seeing fierce flames and smoke soar above their food supplies and other parts of the camp. As the forces of Shang began to flee as a resolution, around half of the remaining soldiers surrendered to the Western Foothills while another majority fled back to their respective homes in fear of any form of death. Grand Old Master, who knew he had little authority over such an incident, considering the circumstances at hand, fled in the direction of Mount Western Foothills with Deng and Xin protecting their commander's life even if it cost their own.

With the eventual retreat of Jiang Ziya's forces in great victory, Wen Zhong camped upon the foot of Mount Western Foothills, became informed of the reported death of Tao Rong within the former conflict, and suggested his forces — currently numbering 30,000—to march through Good Dream Pass to obtain a level of assistance from neighboring generals. As the Grand Old Master continued on his way through Mount Peach Blossom, he suddenly caught sight of a man of Taoist appearance, who he resembled to be one of the superior men who assisted the rebel commander in breaking his ten traps.

Announcing his name to be "Grand Completion", and his desire to stop the Grand Old Master from obtaining any additional assistance from neighboring passes, Wen Zhong knew that such a simpleton could not be reconciled with, and thus lashed his golden staff at the former with far greater renown. After being in contact with the Sky Overturning Stamp, Wen Zhong's advance was halted by its great power, and realizing that great casualties could be further suffered by such an opponent of celestial attributes, he ordered his forces to head to the west for now. Heading in the direction of Mount Yan for several nights upon days, Pure Essence appeared before their pathway as they approached Mount Taihua, to the great disgust of Wen Zhong.

Recognizing Pure Essence as being the man that was causing Master Yao an extreme amount of trouble far into the past, and combined with his current obstinacy of not letting them reach neighboring passes, Wen Zhong vowed to destroy such an opposition not only for revenge, but for the sake of his reputation and great pride in the name of Shang. Charging forth with smoke spouting from his third eye, Pure Essence was obviously overwhelmed beyond imagination — and thus unleashed his Yin Yang Mirror upon the Grand Old Master following a few rounds of battle.

Chapter 52

Fall of the Legendary Hero

As the Yin Yang Mirror's white side was effectively placed before Wen Zhong's eyes, in a single moment of time he realized that the enemy's weapon attempted to drown away his consciousness. Naturally immune to such magic trickery with the power of genjutsu that he wields within his very own palm, the Grand Old Master nonetheless had little choice but to flee as Pure Essence began to shine the red side in his face — which he knew to be certain death than anything else. Realizing that the only choice he had left was to head through the Yellow Flower Mountain to reach the Green Dragon Pass as opposed to personally heading to Morning Song while abandoning his comrades, Wen Zhong and his soldiers traveled for half a day before seeing a young celestial surrounded by flags and banners that represented the Western Foothills.

As this celestial declared himself being none other than Nezha, with intentions to ensure that the enemy was blocked off from any source of assistance, Wen Zhong, who was already furious at the obnoxious opposition prior, began to fume with even greater hatred and resolve to destroy all that stood before him as supreme head of the Shang Dynasty. Nezha, who began to battle with Wen Zhong and every other general of Shang singlehandedly, managed to strike down both Ji Li — one of two disciples under Grand Old Master — and that of Deng Zhong, which shattered the morale of the opposite forces, forcing Wen Zhong to break through and travel along an additional path towards the Yellow Flower Mountain.

As the Grand Old Master camped for the night while realizing that 20,000 of his original 30,000 had supposedly defected to the enemy due to not being present, he was comforted by Xin Huan, who suggested that they both return to Morning Song and gather forces to avenge their suffered humiliation another day. Continuing along the pathway to the Yellow Flower Mountain, and upon their arrival, Huang Tianhua stepped forward to prevent the Grand Old Master and his remaining soldiers from heading any further by order of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya.

Annoyed by this fourth blockade with his hair standing on end and his teeth grinded with rage, Wen Zhong sent the young warrior fleeing in fear of his wrath. Unfortunately however, Tianhua seized the moment to not only kill Yu Qing — the secondary disciple of Wen Zhong — with his Fire Dragon Javelin, but to additionally wound Xin Huan with one of his Heart Penetrating Nails through the leftern wing. Grand Old Master, who was confused and utterly distressed, ordered his soldiers to rest upon a bleak mountain upon the arrival of dawn, where he sat by himself, devising his next plan of evasion lest another army appears before his midst.

As everyone within the camp of Shang had slept throughout the end of dusk and into night, Wen Zhong became startled at a sudden hearing of cannon fire, and, to his unparalleled rage, he noticed Jiang Ziya and Ji Fa drinking happily upon the mountain top while at the same time mocking him from below with great laughter. Charging upon them angrily, an intense bolt of lightning shook the sky, and to the Grand Old Master's perplexed amazement, not a single soldier nor that of Jiang Ziya or King Wu could be seen anymore — even when using the power of his

divine third eye. Considering what kind of genjutsu user was behind such trickery, and how he wields power exceeding his own in such an art, a large army suddenly surrounded the foot of the mountain below and charged at Wen Zhong immediately following. Falling upon them with exceeded resolve, every soldier disappeared with an additional blinding bolt of lightning; Wen Zhong, in his state of perplexity, prepared to perform divination in order to understand what was truly happening.

As Jiang Ziya and King Wu suddenly appeared before the mountaintop, openly mocking the Grand Old Master for losing all honor and dignity in such a humiliating scene, Wen Zhong, who began to perform divination immediately following, was suddenly interrupted by the swift thrust of a monster's hammer through the darkness. Letting out a cry of great dismay while managing to effectively dodge the blow, Wen Zhong's dragon received the hit from below the Grand Old Master, killing it instantly. Tumbling to the ground and fleeing atop a dust cloud in startled fear, Xin Huan roared from the shadows of the mountainside and parried each blow from the pursuing beast — which in this case happened to be Thunder-quaker.

Protecting Wen Zhong with all the strength he possessed, even if it cost him his very own life, Xin Huan remembered this creature previously had attacked him during a moment of his master's retreat. And knowing that he must prove himself to the Grand Old Master as a warrior of the greater good, Xin Huan nearly killed Thunder-quaker with his twin hammers. But at the same [time], Yang Bliss's Sky Barking Hound bit into the flesh of Xin Huan, effectively opening a chance for Thunder-quaker to deal a brutal blow to the opposition's head, killing him instantly.

As Wen Zhong returned to his camp, he felt intense distress over Heaven's intentions of forsaking the Shang Dynasty despite the many loyal feats that he had performed in the name of the late King Da Yi. He gazed forth at the fallen body of Xin Huan, upon his return, fell to the ground and wept profusely at the many great warriors that gave their lives for the sake of his name — especially that of Xin, who had seemed to him as being his very own guardian.

Wen Zhong gathered the remnants of his soldiers, who had been protected by golden walls throughout the former night — as Wen Zhong knew that the situation would be far too risky to allow more any potential casualties on his side. Then he marched along secondary pathways through the Yellow Flower Mountain until he arrived before a village, where he and his soldiers were graciously served many meals by a certain old man upon their welcoming.

Receiving this old man's name as Li Ji, so that he could record such a name in order to reciprocate such kindness sometime into the future, Wen Zhong and his men continued along the direction of the Green Dragon Pass until being confronted by a certain woodcutter along the way.

As soldiers under the Grand Old Master had asked this certain man the closest route to the Green Dragon, they returned to tell Wen Zhong that the southwest was the fastest route to such a destination. Knowing that the Dragon Extinction Peak lays to the southwest, and he would more than likely suffer even greater detriment — possibly his own life — if he arrived in such a region, Wen

Zhong wished to prove to Heaven that he should conquer all that stands in his way for the longevity of the Shang Dynasty, and thus pressed forward with intense resolve. Arriving before the peak shortly, and seeing a man of Taoist appearance — namely in this case being Master of the Clouds — who declared that he should take the Grand Old Master's life as destined, Wen Zhong began to burst into great laughter, knowing that nothing can stand in the way of his magical prowess and great resolve to uphold the greater good.

Pressing forward upon Master of the Clouds with staff firmly gripped in his hands, eight skyscraper pillars of divine fire suddenly sprang out from the ground, completely hemming in Wen Zhong from all sides. These pillars, being thirty-feet in height and ten feet in circumference, suddenly emitted countless great fire dragons which soared about throughout the air upon the signal of Master of the Cloud's thunderbolt.

Laughing with great confidence at such a meager ability, fire charms appeared all around Grand Old Master's body as he vanished in a beam of white light to escape the enormous barrier previously trapped within. This barrier, which was unfortunately made of the hardest diamond, was impenetrable, and only resulted in Wen Zhong ramming his own head into the walls of such a barrier, hitting him with such intense force that he fell to the ground dead.

As the soul of the unfortunate Wen Zhong flew back at Morning Song before King Zhou, who in return was in an exceedingly drowsy state at the time due to heavy drinking, the Grand Old Master informed the king to employ virtuous qualities as repentance for his vile manner towards the people, considering that he himself lives no longer, and assuredly cannot perform any more feats for the sake of the Shang Dynasty.

As Wen Zhong's soul disappeared within the wind, King Zhou awoke that night with a start, and upon informing Daji of his meeting with Wen Zhong, which he remembered more subconsciously than anything else, the latter suggested that such was nothing more than a dream of his worries, and should thus be forgotten about completely.

Meanwhile back at the Western Foothills, Jiang Ziya was delighted to hear of the success on the part of his specific generals, and the death of Wen Zhong. But at this same moment in time, Shen Gongbao had seen the fall of the Grand Old Master with his own eyes, and began to search for powerful immortals as an attempt to wipe out the foul Jiang Ziya no matter what.

As Shen approached a certain mountain by the name of *"Squeezing Dragon"*, he happened upon a small man around four-feet in overall height who was running around the mountainside in great joy. Upon inspection that this certain man was a disciple under that of Krakucchanda, but had only studied the Way for 100 years, Shen Gongbao seized such knowledge by offering the lad a chance to wear a great dragon robe and be remembered among the people as a hero if he was to follow his advice.

This disciple, who was known as *"Earth Traveler Sun"*, was naturally not fond of his master and more on the side of being carefree. And as Shen had informed Sun that he should recommend him a post under Deng Jiugong, Commander of Sanshan Pass, and learned that the former had the ability to travel

underground at will, he suggested that the Celestial Binding Ropes — which were prized as Krakucchanda's ultimate weapons — should be stolen. Doing as he was told, Shen Gongbao led Earth Traveler Sun towards the location of Deng Jiugong at once.

Chapter 53

Wrath of Commander Deng Jiugong

As Shen Gongbao successfully led Earth Traveler Sun before Sanshan Pass, he continued along various other regions in desperate search for potential comrades. At this same point in time, the remnants of Wen Zhong's forces had reported the death of their commander to Han Rong of Sishui Pass, which was then transferred in the form of a letter before the eyes of Wei Zi, who was unexpectedly startled beyond his own belief at such news.

Appearing before King Zhou within a side court immediately following, the king discussed with his fellow ministers how the Grand Old Master was to be essentially avenged after feeling intense grievance over such an incredible loss. Supreme Minister Ji Shang suggested Deng Jiugong for a high rate of potential reinforcement, a man that had recently defeated many rebelling forces under Western Duke E Shun and was stationed closest to the Western Foothills. King Zhou agreed to such a suggestion, and issued forth a royal decree to the residence of Deng Jiugong, granting him the white scepter and yellow axe as a symbolization of his newly attained military authority.

As Royal Messenger Wang Zhen rode for days upon end through the beautiful autumn weather, he eventually arrived before Sanshan Pass, and handed the royal decree to Deng Jiugong, who, in exchange, accepted such a decree while ordering Kong Xuan to take over the pass as commander for the time being. Leaving the pass the following day with a great army at his essential backing, a small lad appeared before the gates with a letter of recommendation for Deng Jiugong — who in this case had been none other than Earth Traveler Sun, who happened to run around for quite some time before deciding to confront the commander as intended.

Personally opening the letter and realizing that it was from one of his past acquaintances — Shen Gongbao — Deng Jiugong, who was still rather unconfident in the capacity of such a young boy despite his supposed abilities, merely appointed him as assistant supervisor of the food supplies and then continued along his way to the Western Foothills. Arriving before the reported eastern gate of Phoenix City not long after, and camping for the night, a patrolman had meanwhile approached Jiang Ziya at his mansion, reporting the arrival of a man he knew to have been Deng Jiugong, a reputed commander of the Shang Dynasty.

As Deng issued forth a command to challenge the eastern gates the following morning, Tai Luan, his right-hand vanguard, strode forth to the enemy gates with cutless firmly in hand, where he was met momentarily by General Nangong Kuo. Not having any patience for a man of treachery, Tai Luan immediately slashed apart the former's armor plates, leaving a great opening that was not allowed for seizing as Nangong fled the scene in great fear of being killed by the opposition's renown.

Praising Tai Luan for demoralizing the enemy forces later that day, Deng Jiugong approached the western gate with his troops placed within five individual square formations, ready to pounce upon the enemy at any moment. As the two

sides began to fiercely clash against one other following the array of Jiang Ziya's forces, the forces of Shang eventually retreated back to camp once their commander and vanguard were seriously wounded. The former struck in the left arm by Nezha's ring, while the latter was burned by the flames of Zhao Sheng. Deng Chanyu, the daughter of Deng Jiugong, who was greatly distressed at the condition of her father, was allowed the right to challenge the gates of Phoenix City later that day.

With Nezha retorting against such a challenge shortly, he was startled to see such a beautiful woman on the battlefield, but had little choice but to fight back once she relentlessly lunged forth at him with her long cutless. As Chanyu began to flee in feigned defeat, Nezha pursued; but to his detriment, the former casted forth a golden pebble with her hand at quick speed, wounding Nezha severely in the eyes and nose, forcing him to retreat back to the city immediately.

Huang Tianhua, who began to ridicule Nezha for being hurt by a mere pebble despite the celestial attributes that he supposedly possesses, volunteered to meet Chanyu once she had challenged the city the following morning in addition. As the two fought valiantly for some time, with Chanyu's feigned retreat, Tianhua ended up suffering a wound to his forehead even more severe than that of Nezha's, and thus fled back to the city only to be ridiculed in return by an vengeful Nezha. With the prime minister busy breaking up the fight between that of Tianhua and Nezha, Deng Jiugong was meanwhile exceedingly delighted over the successive victories of his young daughter.

Chanyu, who possessed great confidence over her two former victories, presented herself before Phoenix City's gates the next day only to be met by Dragon Beard Tiger, who wields the same general art in battle. As the two began to battle each other with great renown, Dragon Beard Tiger suddenly unleashed a volley of stones and boulder dust from his two hands, and as he violently thrust forth at the opposition within such confusion, Chanyu managed to land two hits on his neck and face, and then followed by lifting her sword to finish the beast through beheading.

Chapter 54

The Master Burrower Earth Traveler Sun

Yang Bliss, who leapt to Dragon Beard Tiger's assistance at the very notice of his comrade's situation, held off Deng Chanyu for a lengthened time, never being hurt in the least even when the latter deployed her golden pebbles at regular intervals. Using his Sky Barking Hound to tear at Chanyu's neck at such a point of advantage, the unfortunate woman had little choice but to flee back to the Shang camp with tears in her eyes and in a state of tremendous pain.

As Deng Jiugong burned with far greater bloodlust at the pitiful sight of his daughter upon her return, Earth Traveler Sun had meanwhile finished his daily supervision and soon obtained word upon the condition of his commander. Feeling regret over not hearing of such information prior, Sun entered the main camp and used his elixir pills to heal Deng Jiugong's wound in mere moments upon entry. Reciprocating such an action upon Chanyu after being informed of her condition, Jiugong hosted a personal feast in honor of Sun, in which he became determined to allow Sun the position of vanguard at the latter's request.

At Tai Luan's consenting to his commander's request, knowing that Sun's reputed ability would more than likely bring Shang a swifter victory, Earth Traveler Sun left the camp at once, ordering an enemy celestial to present himself before his feet. As Nezha retorted such a challenge openly, and began to lunge forth in great laughter at the shortness of his opponent, Sun, on the other hand, had little trouble against this foe — for he could easily jump about nimbly and strike at great speeds with his cudgel. Using such an advantage to his essential benefit, Sun suddenly unleashed his Celestial Binding Rope to bind the unfortunate Nezha while throwing him before the feet of Deng Jiugong upon his return shortly following.

Deng Jiugong, who knew that King Zhou and the commanders of neighboring regions would think highly of him if he was to possess evidential proof of his ability to conquer even that of celestials with great ease, decided to throw Nezha in the back camp, where he prepared to send the former to the capital for the benefit of his reputation. As Jiang Ziya had meanwhile displayed great astonishment at the learning of Nezha's capture — which would naturally be impossible considering his celestial renown Huang Tianhua ensured the prime minister that he would challenge this certain foe the following day in order to see if such information was true.

Confronting Earth Traveler Sun nonetheless the next morning, Tianhua unfortunately had little advantage against the strategic prowess that Sun could pull off simply with his shortness and speed, and was thus captured and thrown into the gaols with his counterpart, Nezha, back at the camp of Shang in short time. Deng Jiugong, who was naturally exceedingly delighted at the simultaneous victories of his vanguard, created another banquet to honor Sun, where they both drank merrily for hours upon end. Carelessly allowing himself to become rather drunk with dulled senses, Deng Jiugong declared that if Sun was able to essentially subdue the Western Foothills through the potential capture of rebel commander Jiang Ziya, he would give him was precious daughter as a token of gratitude. Being

overjoyed at the prospect of obtaining Chanyu, Earth Traveler Sun appeared before the gates of Phoenix City at the brink of dawn the next morning; and upon the calling of Jiang Ziya to show himself, the prime minister realized that he would be looked upon as a fool if he was not to confront a mere boy, and thus exited the camp gates with generals to his right and left. Charging upon the rebel commander with heightened confidence, Earth Traveler Sun deployed his Celestial Binding Rope following a few volleys; but to his overpower upon immediate retort of the enemy, the prime minister was carried back to safety while the Zhou forces fought with even greater vigor.

Having his Celestial Binding Rope still tightly bound upon the prime minister, and considering the current overpower on the side of Zhou, Sun had little choice but to retreat in a state of intense rage at the thought of his rope being taken away from his grasp permanently — thus increasing the probability of loss rather than an essential victory. As the Zhou forces returned to the Phoenix City, each general realized that the rope around the prime minister only grew tighter around his body whenever an individual attempted its removal.

Yang Bliss, who was naturally akin to such situations, placed a single magical charm upon the rope, which caused it to fall to the ground immediately following. Informing the prime minister that such a rope was none other than the 'Celestial Binding Rope', and was used by Krakucchanda within the Vehement Flame Trap, Yang Bliss obtained consenting to meet Earth Traveler Sun the following day to ask the reason behind Sun's actions — and more importantly, how he even obtained the rope.

Confronting Sun the next day, the lad had little patience for talk and immediately bound the celestial foe with a secondary rope made of the hardest mineral while returning to the Shang camp in a state of satisfaction over his victory. As Yang Bliss easily slipped from such bonds and sent his Sky Barking Hound upon Earth Traveler Sun in surprise, Sun had little time to react, and immediately burrowed deeply into the ground.

Being slightly frightened at such an unexpected art, Yang Bliss fled back to Phoenix City shortly to elaborate the current situation with Prime Minister Jiang Ziya. Now fully realizing that Sun possesses the ability to travel underground at will, and that he would more than likely seize such an ability to attempt a full-scale assault upon the capital city in unpredictable locations, Jiang Ziya and Yang Bliss thought throughout the day as to how such potential danger could be erased.

Taking immediate preparations, the prime minister moved King Wu safely to a neighboring mansion while generals and countless mirrors were hung about the city gates. As Jiang Ziya had thus sheltered King Wu safely away from any potential harm, that evening Earth Traveler Sun burrowed beneath Phoenix City's gates.

And upon the realization that Jiang Ziya was heavily guarded by soldiers from every direction, which was close to what he thought to have been the rebel commander's mansion, Sun decided to roam around until he was led in the direction of the palace, which exude forth music into the air. Seeing a man of kingly appearance who he had assumed to have been King Wu, Earth Traveler Sun emerged from the ground beneath once the great clamor had stopped, and the king

was supposedly asleep and easily harmful. Approaching the king's bed and cleaving off the former's head, Sun noticed a woman of exceeded beauty sleeping near his fallen victim. Closing near upon this woman, Yang Bliss suddenly emerged forth from the darkness and forcefully grappled ahold of Sun, while carrying him cautiously in the air lest he manages to flee through the ground.

Approaching Jiang Ziya shortly following, the order to execute Earth Traveler Sun was given; but, to their ill-fortune, Sun struggled to such an extent to which he was able to essentially reach the ground and burrow away from trouble. As the young lad had meanwhile returned to the side of Commander Deng Jiugong, while elaborating the unfortunate happenings, Yang Bliss departed to Dragon Squeezing Mountain in order to discuss the current happenings with Krakucchanda, who he assumed to have been Sun's master.

Chapter 55

Submission of Earth Traveler Sun

As Yang Bliss continued along to the residence of Krakuchanda of Dragon Squeezing Mountain, he happened upon a neighboring mountain, where he had noticed an extravagant mansion known as "The Green Phoenix Palace". Suddenly noticing a beautiful woman exit the palace's outer gates while he sat behind a pine tree fully observing the situation, he politely bowed before her upon approach, and inquired her knowledge of a boy by the name of "Earth Traveler Sun", who was the current cause of trouble within the Western Foothills. Happening to know the young lad through his constant behavior of roaming about between regions, she informed Yang Bliss that he was indeed a disciple of Krakucchanda — so the matter should thus be easily subdued if the latter was elaborated on the current circumstances.

Receiving her name as being "*Princess Dragon Ji, daughter of the Jade Emperor*" — who had been exiled to this specific mountain after performing many accidents simultaneously — Yang Bliss kowtowed in thanks while continuing along the direction to Krakucchanda's residence. As he approached a large swamp with a storm rising violently throughout the air, a large dragon-like beast with sword-sharp teeth emerged from the water's depths, lunging forth at the former while being thirty-feet in overall heights.

Using his hands to unleash cracks of lightning upon this beast, which sent it into immediate flight, Yang Bliss pursued it within a large cave without a single moment of hesitation. Shining brilliant rays of light from his eyes as a method to see eternal light even inside a purely dark cave, Yang Bliss happened upon a double-edged cutless with three sharp points laid upon a parcel as he approached the far end of the cave, not finding a single trace of the beast he had clashed with prior.

Finding a shining yellow gown inside the parcel, which fortunately fit him perfectly, he took ahold of the cutless and began to stride out of the cave before hearing the unexpected voice of two individuals, who exclaimed him to be a thief. These individuals, who were none other than the Golden Fleece Lads of Mount Wuyi, noticed that the thief was none other than their master. Upon a traditional kowtow of apologies, while allowing their master to receive the gown and sword as a gift, Yang Bliss instructed them to return to the Western Foothills and inform Prime Minister Jiang Ziya of his past happenings with a woman by the name of Dragon Ji after elaborating her words in full detail to his two disciples.

As the two lads thus used the sword of Yang Bliss as proof of their identities as disciples of the former, they arrived before the Prime Minister's mansion shortly and elaborated their master's words to Jiang Ziya himself.

With Yang Bliss's arrival at Krakucchanda's residence, he asked if he knew a certain lad by the name of "Earth Traveler Sun", who happened to be using a Celestial Binding Rope against the Western Foothill cause. Knowing that his rope was missing, and Earth Traveler Sun would be the kind to act against his word to such an extent, Krakucchanda believed Yang's words, and declared that he should

arrive at the Western Foothills in short time. As both Yang Bliss and Krakucchanda had arrived at separate moments to elaborate the situation's truth, Jiang Ziya personally approached the Shang camp and began to inspect it from the shadows. Deng Jiugong, who knew that the situation most obviously suggested a potential trap, ordered Earth Traveler Sun, who was a master at any such predicament, to charge forth at the rebel commander and capture him if at all possible.

Strongly resolved to do away with Jiang Ziya for the sake of obtaining the hand of the beautiful Deng Chanyu, Earth Traveler Sun burrowed his way to the enemy's position and immediately lunged from the ground to deploy his Celestial Binding Rope, which he happened upon within the capital city during his former night attack.

Realizing that his rope mysteriously stayed afloat in mid-air whenever he attempted to wield it's power, as was the same for his secondary rope, he suddenly caught sight of his master descending from the heavens, and thus began to burrow into the ground as a means of escape. Taking immediate action, Krakucchanda slammed his palm upon the ground, turning it into iron and resulting in an easy capture of the unfortunate Earth Traveler Sun, who happened not to flee in time. Presenting his disciple before the feet of Jiang Ziya, Krakucchanda demanded the reason as to why he acted against his authority in such an impulsive manner.

He informed his master that a man by the name of "Shen Gongbao" had enticed him to attack the Western Foothills, for he would never have a chance at greatness in any other manner employable. Additionally he stated that he was greatly encouraged by Deng Jiugong, his commander, to destroy the Western Foothills for the sake of obtaining the hand of Deng Chanyu, a beautiful woman that was the former's daughter.

Taking such statements into consideration, Krakucchanda realized through divination that Sun was supposedly destined to be married to this "Deng Chanyu", and thus suggested to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya that a matchmaker should be found — who in this case was chosen to be none other than San Yisheng.

Consenting to such a suggestion, Jiang Ziya told San Yisheng upon the latter's arrival to see Commander Deng Jiugong of Shang about a certain matter that involves Earth Traveler Sun's marriage to his daughter, Deng Chanyu. As the supreme minister was elaborated on the issue further before taking any form of leave, Deng Jiugong had obtained word some time before on the capture of his vanguard, and began to fume in frustration as to be expected.

Chapter 56

The Conflict for the sake of Reputation

As San Yisheng had approached the Shang camp, he was refused any potential entrance, for Deng Jiugong personally stated that he was not in any position to meet the former, out of fear that any furthered amount of demoralization would come about his soldiers. With San Yisheng's consistent protests, and Tai Luan's suggestion to allow the Supreme Minister entrance for the sake of furthered observation, the two individuals met each other shortly, where they exchanged traditional bows of greeting as respective enemies. As San Yisheng began to elaborate the issue concerning Earth Traveler Sun's supposedly destined marriage to the former's daughter as an unavoidable matter, he asked for Jiugong's decision on the matter.

Deng Jiugong, who knew that Earth Traveler Sun must have spout such words in order to ensure his own potential safety, retorted his intentions to never allow any individual the hand of his precious daughter, and that the rebel commander was simply spouting nonsense for the sake of reconciliation. San Yisheng vaguely recalled his original statement to Sun that involved giving him Chanyu if the Western Foothills were conquered. He received such words, and told the commander that such a statement could easily be proven as the resolving figure of Sun's determination, and if it was to be retracted as a mere child's game, Jiugong might lose an extent of reputation amongst the populace and would naturally lose faith amongst the greater whole of Shang.

Taking these words into consideration, General Tai Luan secretly whispered a plan into the commander's ear, who in turn lightened with delight, and declared to San Yisheng that he should do as the latter advises, but was in need of carefully discussing such information to Chanyu before forming any final decision. As San Yisheng was clearly glad to hear such words, he returned to Phoenix City to report the Shang commander's declaration immediately following.

Meanwhile, Tai Luan elaborated his plan in great length, suggesting that a capable individual should first tell the prime minister that Chanyu had consented but in fear that such words were only involving some form of trap that would end to her detriment. And she was in need of seeing Jiang Ziya in order for the information to be confirmed, and without any additional risk adding upon her part.

In doing so, a great feast would be prepared for the rebel commander, but, at a time of advantage, men should be ordered to seize the former at a set signal. Consenting to such a plan would be of great risk to his reputation, but an opportunity to act in the greater good, Deng Jiugong ordered Tai Luan to appear before Phoenix City with such a message in hand. Allowing the individual presence within the city, he appeared before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya and began to elaborate his master's words, declaring that the day after tomorrow should be chosen for the marriage, with the honor of the prime minister and San Yisheng to personally lead his son-in-law to the ceremonial region.

In return giving a reply of consent, Tai Luan returned to the side of his commander. Jiugong, knowing that such a resolution was the only true rational

choice on the part of Ziya, had already made careful preparations in order to ensure that over three-hundred set warriors were placed in regions that would not only allow them secrecy from any potential enemy, but would additionally allow a quick strike when the signal for attack was called. As the second day had thus arrived in quick time, Jiang Ziya, who knew that the possibility for Jiugong to attempt deceitful measures was exceedingly likely, additionally placed his forces in set regions that would ensure his essential safety from the enemy.

However, just to ensure that everything ends in his own victory with a personal taste of deceit, Jiang Ziya, still present within Phoenix City that morning, specifically told Earth Traveler Sun to enter the back camp and carry away Deng Chanyu at the first hearing of cannon roar. With the arrival of mid-afternoon, San Yisheng and Jiang Ziya appeared before the camp of Shang, to which they exchanged proper courtesies before taking their seats inside the camp gates.

As Jiang Ziya's generals brought forth many presents of the celebration before Deng Jiugong and the soldiers present, Xin Jia of Zhou suddenly ignited the fuse of a large cannon hidden within a box, creating an earth shaking explosion and clouding the air with dirt. With the rebel commander's courtiers unleashing forth their hidden weapons while charging forth at Deng Jiugong, who was startled out of his very imagination, fled from the camp with Tai Luan, but became hemmed in by the forces of Zhou, which had surrounded the camp from strategic points while wiping out any opposition from outside.

Managing to flee nonetheless, Jiang Ziya's forces poured forward, overpowering the great power of Shang with the element of surprise. With Deng Jiugong fleeing to the south amongst such great confusion, Chanyu and other such generals and soldiers went in pursuit of their commander. But Chanyu was unfortunately seized at a sudden moment by the Celestial Binding Rope of Earth Traveler Sun — which was temporarily allowed to him by his master — resulting in the forces of Shang desperately regrouping at Mount Western Foothills after being pursued by the Zhou forces for a lengthened period of time. Feeling exceedingly deep remorse and fear at the sight of his daughter not being present to any extent, Deng Jiugong felt utterly humiliated at his stupidity for allowing such an incident to come about so easily.

Meanwhile back at Phoenix City, Jiang Ziya suggested to Krakucchanda that the marriage between Deng Chanyu and Earth Traveler Sun should not be delayed any further. The latter in return stated his consenting. Ordering a maidservant to attend to Chanyu's needs as a resolution, Chanyu knew that the situation prior was only meant to seize Jiang Ziya, she fell to the ground and began to weep silently at the unfortunate reality of her situation, which was being married to Earth Traveler Sun.

Accepting such circumstances nonetheless as being for the benefit of her father above all else, and for any potential chance at seizing Jiang Ziya's life, Deng Chanyu gave herself in to the lustful Earth Traveler Sun, to which the latter unleashed his "inner essence" with keen anticipation throughout that night upon his lover.

As Jiang Ziya had confronted the two individuals the following day, Deng Chanyu declared her intentions to persuade her father into surrender, considering

the current circumstances. Knowing that Deng Jiugong more than likely possesses a small remaining force at his disposal, and there was a high chance that Chanyu would defect at a moment of advantage if the time arises, Jiang Ziya allowed her leave with a large army under the flag of Zhou, completely prepared to take any measures for the means of success.

Arriving before the camp of Shang, after obtaining report on its specific whereabouts from neighboring scouts along the mountain, Chanyu was allowed entrance before her father. She not only exclaimed to him her forced marriage to Earth Traveler Sun, but declared that an alliance with the Western Foothills would be the best choice at hand considering the length of time it would take to obtain any potential reinforcements and the stricken morale it would cause to currently assaulted passes under the flag of Shang. Thus encouraging them to submit to the rebelling nobles.

Seeing the rationality of her daughter, Deng Jiugong decided that submission was indeed the best option considering the current circumstances. As soldiers of Zhou reported such a statement to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya shortly following, Jiang Ziya joyfully ordered his attendants to march from the city to meet Commandeering Deng. Confronting the commander as he arrived, they both took each other's hand in mutual respect and entered the Silver Security Hall for a banquet of celebration towards their newly confirmed comrade.

Many soldiers that escaped from the Western Foothills reported such an incident to Han Rong of Sishui Pass, who in return sent an immediate report to Supreme Minister Zhang Qian of Morning Song. Ascending the Star Picking Mansion in meeting before King Zhou, the king became very wrathful at such an unexpected report, and thus called a conference before his ministers in order to determine how to make up for Deng Jiugong's defection.

Fei Lian, who secretly despised the Shang Dynasty and assisted in any manner that would result in its eventual downfall, suggested that Su Hu, Marquis of Jizhou, should be sent as commander of the expedition. For he was an imperial relative of the king, and would certainly make every effort to destroy the Western Foothills for the sake of his relation and mutual benefit with the Shang Dynasty. Setting aside Su Hu's original rebellion against the dynasty as simply being a result of bad circumstances, King Zhou sent an imperial decree to Jizhou at once, appointing Su Hu as expeditionary commander against the Western Foothills.

Chapter 57

The Resolve of Su Hu

As the royal messenger was received with customary rites of incense burning while being seen off shortly following, Su Hu announced that evening before his fellow generals and relatives that he had been appointed as expeditionary commander. An opportunity that he could easily seize in order to ally himself with the Western Foothills as he intended for far too long. Obtaining mutual consent amongst the greater whole of his generals with such intentions in mind, Su Hu gathered an army of 100,000 soldiers before leaving Jizhou and marching swiftly to the Western Foothills. Camping immediately upon his arrival, three days passed without any sign of movement on the part of the Shang forces.

Obtaining report that Su Hu was the expeditionary commander, and would more than likely submit out of his past dissatisfaction against King Zhou, Yellow Flying Tiger approached the camp of Shang upon Jiang Ziya's consenting; and to his surprise, a man by the name of Zhao Bing charged defiantly from the camp, furiously clashing his blade against the former's.

As Yellow Flying Tiger easily took Zhao Bing captive that morning, Zheng Lun, who had no intention whatsoever to serve the Western Foothill cause in the name of his honor, informed his commander that Yellow Flying Tiger, the former rebel of the Shang Dynasty, had mercilessly taken Zhao captive without a second thought. To which Su Hu retorted by ordering the former to do battle with the rebel, for it would assist both the Western Foothills and that of his reputation under the Shang Dynasty if such an individual was to be disposed of.

Successfully capturing Yellow Flying Tiger as suggested the following morning, Su Hu was enraged at the rebel's conjectured behavior, and thus ordered him to be thrown into the gaols temporarily. Jiang Ziya, who became alarmed at the report of his comrade's capture, was approached by Huang Tianhua, who possessed the intention to meet this "Zheng Lun" in battle. With the Prime Minister's consent, Tianhua approached the battlefield but only received the same fate as his master by the hands of Zheng Lun, while any other soldiers of Zhou that had the intention of reconciliation on the part of Shang got beheaded, much to the lack of Su Hu's knowledge.

Knowing clearly that even if any of his soldiers was to leak such information to his commander, Su Hu would be convinced to destroy Jiang Ziya as a prospect of not only doing away with the country's "evil" for the sake of saving King Wu, but to prevent any potential attack from neighboring comrades, who would be eager to acquire the title of expeditionary commander as their own while easily being able to kill Su Hu with the former evidence of his deceit.

Realizing that Su Hu had no intentions for reconciliation whatsoever, despite Yellow Flying Tiger's words, Jiang Ziya deployed both Earth Traveler Sun and Deng Chanyu to the front, to which they were confronted by Zheng Lun. Laughing heartily at a mere young lad approaching him and boasting many words of overconfidence, Zheng Lun disassociated himself from Chanyu and began to lunge violently upon Earth Traveler Sun. Realizing that the pesky kid had great

speed and sank beneath the ground whenever a threatening blow was issued forth, Zheng Lun, who began to perspire in his frustration, unleashed two beams of light that forced Sun into unconsciousness, resulting in easy capture. Unfortunately however, at the very moment he commanded his crow soldiers to take the captive back to their main camp, Chanyu seized the moment to launch a golden pebble into Zheng Lun's forehead at incredible speed, forcing him into retreat with his face covered in blood.

As Earth Traveler Sun was successfully placed before the feet of Su Hu, the latter ordered his immediate execution through beheading, knowing that it would be far too risky to keep a young boy that supposedly possesses such a rare ability alive. Escaping through the ground as he broke free from his bonds in fear, both Su Hu and Zheng Lun became enraged at such a turn of events, and thus became resolved to attack the city the following morning. Zheng Lun, who adopted such determination, was confronted by Nezha after essentially healing his wound — even though he intended to see Chanyu, who he greatly hated for humiliating his pride.

Realizing very shortly that the man confronting him was a celestial with great renown in the art of spear, Zheng Lun deployed his beams of light consecutively; but alas, for it did not have any effect on Nezha whatsoever. Being stricken with fear at his trump card being of lack, Nezha impatiently thrust forward his Universal Ring, breaking the bones within Zheng Lun's back and forcing his soldiers to assist him into retreat.

Su Hu, who became saddened and enraged in entirety at the condition of his general, declared that the ability of Jiang Ziya's generals was evidentially dangerous, and surrender might be the better option in order to ensure that the rebel commander falls internally one way or the other for the benefit of King Wu. Seeing his commander's words as being rational and more potentially profitable than of any detriment, Zheng Lun still embraced the pride and honor within his heart and fully declared that he would find one way or the other in order to ensure that Jiang Ziya and his generals fall by the resolve wielded in his two hands.

Resolved to give in to the Western Foothills only when his head was separated from his body, Su Hu knew the situation could not heed his fellow comrade, and thus approached Yellow Flying Tiger and began to show him great kindness in hopes to eventually seize Jiang Ziya's life in the name of his virtue. Preparing a feast and allowing Yellow Flying Tiger passage back to Phoenix City in open arms, Su Hu began to form a written letter to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya stating mutual cooperation in a pre-set night raid that would end in Zheng Lun's capture on the side of Zhou.

However, at this same point in time, a man by the name of "Lu Yue" was allowed entrance within the Shang camp, to which he declared his intentions to dispose of Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya by order of Shen Gongbao. Allowing this man a seating within the camp, who was of Taoist heritage, he requested to see Zheng Lun upon hearing of the latter's many cries of pain, and thus healed his wounds with a mere droplet of water as a showing of his magical renown being far exceeding that of an ordinary Taoist. Zheng Lun, who was grateful beyond words, declared Lu Yue as "master" while falling to the ground in formal kowtow. Waiting several days following and disallowing Su Hu to send any further "mutual"

communication with the Zhou forces — thus disposing of his prior intentions — Lu Yue acquired the assistance of four Taoist men who known as Zhou Xin, Li Qi, Zhu Tianlin, and Yang Wenhui. As Su Hu took notice of these four individuals, he knew that his chances of success against Jiang Ziya was heightened, but due to not being able to enforce his former words to Yellow Flying Tiger, he felt a level of shame and embarrassment. Now that Lu Yue obtained the mutual support of the Shang army, he sent forth one of his four disciples to do battle against the Phoenix City.

Chapter 58

Lu Yue, the God of the Plague

This certain man deployed was none other than Zhou Xin, who was met shortly by Jinzha outside the eastern gates of Phoenix City. Fleeing faintly following a few rounds of battle, Zhou Xin struck his pair of chimes three consecutive times, sending Jinzha fleeing into Phoenix City in a great headache, fearing prior that such a factor could have led to his potential death if he had not fled. The day following such an incident, Li Qi appeared before the enemy's gates only to be confronted by Muzha, who in turn was resolved to avenge the humiliation that his elder brother had suffered earlier. To the detriment of Muzha, however, Li Qi waved a large pennant several times, resulting in the former turning exceedingly pale with the feeling of intense fire burning within his flesh.

Fleeing back to the capital city in fear at knowing his current vulnerability, he fell to the ground and began to foam at the mouth — a point to which he was no longer conscious. Hearing from Li Qi of his two consecutive victories, despite not taking the former foes captives, Lu Yue began to sing in great joy knowing that the magical prowess within the hands of his disciples was truly unrivaled. As like the two days prior, Zhu Tianlin volunteered to meet the opposition the day following, to which he was confronted by Thunder-quaker.

Experiencing great difficulty in striking at Thunder-quaker — as the latter constantly used the vantage of his wings to evade any potential attack — Tianlin retreated a set distance before suddenly landing a blow upon Thunder-quaker at an unexpected angle, forcing him to fall to the ground with intense gravitational pull being thrust upon his body. Despite such a disadvantage, Thunder-quaker managed to kick about a great measure of sand with the strength left within his wings, resulting in more or less lucky escape. As Thunder-quaker returned to Phoenix City with the assistance of neighboring scouts, Jiang Ziya received report that a fourth man had just confronted their territory. A man seemingly different from the three originally confronted.

This individual, who was expectedly Yang Wenhui, was met in short measure by Dragon Beard Tiger, a man to which he considered exceedingly strange in appearance. As Dragon Beard began to unleash volleys of stones upon the opposition, Wenhui retorted by negating each attack with the swift movement of his silver-edged whip; the Zhou general had little choice but to flee, knowing that his technique proved fruitless against such a foe. The Prime Minister being highly distressed at such continued happenings, obtained report that a fifth Taoist with three eyes had just appeared before the city's gates.

Riding forth from the gates with generals at his right and left hands, Jiang Ziya confronted this man — who was known as "Lu Yue" — and immediately realized that he must be the reason as to why Su Hu had not been won over at the beginning — for he eternally trusted the words of Yellow Flying Tiger and knew that Su Hu must have been controlled due to such assumed intentions. As the generals of Zhou impulsively charged and surrounded Lu Yue from all sides, not intending on giving in to any form of reconciliation that could end with detriment, Zheng Lun immediately assisted his master with immense speed; but at the

moment to which he caught sight of Huang Tianhua, he immediately realized that Su Hu must have set free the former in an eventual attempt at Jiang Ziya's life. Knowing that the situation at hand was of far greater benefit with Lu Yue at his side, Zheng Lun thrust his club at the youthful warrior, but was met by Nezha in merely an instant.

As Lu Yue began to consider the situation with desperation, he transformed himself into an enormous beast with six heads and sword-like fangs. Unfortunately however, Yang Bliss seized such a moment to shoot Lu Yue consecutively with his golden balled bow, forcing the latter into immediate retreat with a wounded Zheng Lun tailing behind him. Grinning with delight nonetheless upon his return to the Shang camp, Lu Yue first healed his disciple's wound with an elixir pill before ordering his other four disciples to scatter forth many plague pills within the rivers, streams, creeks, and ponds that were used as provisional supplies for the benefit of the Zhou forces and fellow civilian of Phoenix City.

The people of Phoenix City, who did not visibly notice any difference in their natural consumable water, fell right and left, torn apart by a hideous plague that spread about as a resolution of their unknowing. As all generals disclouing that of Nezha and Yang Bliss were also affected by this plague, Zheng Lun obtained the consenting of both of his commanders, and charged at the city gates with high morale and great determination to prove his past defeats as being a mere strike of bad luck. To his immediate surprise however, he took notice of many soldiers gathered before the city wall ready to pounce upon him as if it was an ambush rather than an act of desperation as he would have naturally considered.

Cautioning the situation, Zheng Lun decided to return to the side of Lu Yue, where he elaborated the evidence that Phoenix City was seemingly strongly guarded. Yang Bliss, who had created many false warriors out of grass while molding their figures with the assistance of his magic prowess, began to perspire, knowing that he had little more than a few hours left to preserve such a tactic. At such a critical moment in time, Yellow Dragon and Jade Tripod had originally felt in their minds an unpredictable happening could have taken place, and thus arrived within Phoenix City and greeted Jiang Ziya and King Wu, to which they were enlightened about the situation.

With such knowledge, Tripod ordered his disciple, Yang Bliss, to head immediately to Fire Cloud Cave for the sake of obtaining elixirs from the "Three Holy Masters" while he personally continues the original grass-soldier technique in the latter's stead. Obeying his master's command and arriving shortly before the intentioned cavern, Yang was allowed entry after obtaining the consenting of a Taoist lad, where he confronted the three masters, *"Emperor Sky, Emperor Earth, and Emperor Mankind."*

Kowtowing before Fu Xi, the Emperor of Sky, and elaborating the rationale behind his arrival, Fu Xi asked Shen Nong to hand the former three specialized elixirs that could negate such a continued tragedy in entirety. As Shen Nong consented, he additionally handed Yang Bliss a magical herb that possessed the ability to cure any infectious disease if boiled in water; Yang thus left shortly afterwards, fully grateful for the kindness recently considered towards the cause he fought for. Using every such instruction noted with the three elixir pills present, the plague dispersed at a quick pace while the magical herb cured the diseases that

had been previously rampant. At this same point in time, Lu Yue, after hearing Zheng Lun's words prior, and concluding that their former stand was only a final desperate movement, besieged the city from all external provisions for an entire week, longing for the people of Zhou to feel great humiliation in the face of the greater power wielded within his palm.

As Su Hu was naturally unwilling to accept such a truth after seeing the evidence of Lu Yue's former defeat, he scoped the city from a high position and realized that full activity was present within the capital city — concluding that such a plague obviously did not have any visible effect. Returning to the camp and scolding Lu Yue for not being aware of the situation, Lu Yue, in his enraged wonder, saw the truth with his own eyes, and thus ordered his five disciples to immediately strike the city from all directions with a combined force of 15,000 soldiers. As the people of Phoenix City had not recovered their strength after such a plague was only recently diminished, Nezha, Yang Bliss, Yellow Dragon, and Jade Tripod all headed to the four gates in order to block the opposition's assault from all sides.

Chapter 59

Awakening of the Left Arm of Succession

As the Shang forces charged through the four gates with supreme resolve for victory after such a long period of suspense, Lu Yue himself broke through the northern gate only to nearly crush Yellow Dragon to death in his six-headed, three-armed form. As Yang Bliss had meanwhile held off the enemy forces leaking into the eastern gate while ordering soldiers to find regions of safety for the common civilians to take shelter, he immediately charged forward, slashing the invading General Zhou Xin into two vertical halves in a single cleaving of his sword. With the Shang forces within the east being effectively beaten back as a result of their leader's death, Yang Bliss seized the moment to assist Jade Tripod at the southern gates against Zhu Tianlin.

As Nezha slashed apart Li Qi at the western gate with the great renown of his fire-tipped lance, he was allowed entry to assist the troubled Yellow Dragon at the northern gate against Yang Wenhui and the overpowering Lu Yue. Unfortunately, at such a moment in time, Tianlin had been killed in addition, resulting in all four celestials charging forth upon Lu Yue, who ground his teeth in great frustration and rage at the prospect of his ambitions being failed.

Fleeing at the moment to which he realized the situation was dire he managed to reach the neighboring hills with Wenhui, mind the loss of his left arm during such a violent feud. Sitting beside a rock and attending to his crucial wound, Lu Yue greatly considered the visiting of his former colleague, Shen Gongbao, until a strange man with a battle club appeared before the former, declaring his name as being "Wei Hu".

Declaring that he had been looking for a man by the name of "Lu Yue" upon order of his master, Divine Virtue, Yang Wenhui became exceedingly fearful for the safety of his master, and out of immediate impulse, began striking violently forth at the opposition with his silver-edged whip — much to Lu Yue's detriment, who was now put into an even greater situation of danger as he had realized.

Unfortunately however, Wei Hu possessed exceeded speed despite the wielding of his powerful club; and as a resolution, Wenhui was immediately overpowered and smashed directly in the head by the former's weapon, forcing Lu Yue to flee on a beam of light, knowing that the situation was hopeless even though revenge was strongly boiling within his blood. Being told the specific route of arrival to Phoenix City by his master at a prior time, Wei Hu shortly arrived before the presence of the Prime Minister, to which he reported his confrontation with a man that was supposedly Lu Yue, while additionally declaring his intentions to serve under the former as a new assistance to their cause.

Meanwhile, Su Hu obtained report on the disappearance of Lu Yue, and thus began to counsel his vanguard general, Zheng Lun, on his former plan that he believed to be the best according to the situation. Zheng Lun, who possessed strong intentions of loyalty, declared his commander's form of action would never be able to bear fruit. And if Lu Yue were to obtain knowledge on such a desperate movement that proved to be against his direct intentions, he would naturally feel

resentment and great jealousy for missing an opportunity that was handed into the arms of individuals who were truly undeserving of such a chance. Therefore strengthening the probability that he would find one way or another to act in impulsive defiance, leading for their eventual intentions to be nullified in one form or the other. As Pure Essence was meditating in his cave, he shortly obtained report via the hand of White Crane Lad on the invitation to attend his master's banquet in celebration of Jiang Ziya's future position of commander against the Shang Dynasty.

Seeing the lad off, Pure Essence believed that considering Ziya would soon obtain the title of Commander against King Zhou, to which he was "destined" to strike the five passes in short measure, Yin Hong, the secondary son of King Zhou, who was now his very own disciple, could be used as a keen figure to act against the morale of the opposition, and prove to the populace that their cause was truly for the greater good — considering that the matter of Yin Hong's disappearance was widely unknown to the populace, and can thus be used as a great factor for the Shang soldiers of higher morals and would to strike back at their king if the situation was called for. With such a thought clearly in his mind, Yin Hong was called to his side and elaborated about his intentions to send him as an assistant factor with Jiang Ziya.

Yin Hong, in return, declared the great hatred he possessed towards his father. A hatred that he was willingly to embrace even if it cost him his own life. Handing the resolute Yin Hong his Purple Fairy Longevity Robe, the Yin Yang Mirror, and his Water Fire Sword, Pure Essence clearly knew that Yin Hong possesses great resolve to dispose of his father, but he still might return to the side of Shang if he was to be treated with reciprocated feelings within the hearts of commanders loyal to the dynasty — considering that he would indeed do anything for the greater good. Pure Essence thus commanded his disciple to say an oath in pledge. Realizing that his master's trust was of the utmost importance, Yin Hong declared that his body might be burned to ash if he was to defy the former's wishes.

He then set out to the Western Foothills after receiving careful instruction from his master, to which he made his way through a mountain he thought beautiful, before being confronted by a strange brute-like warrior who possessed the immediate impulse to protect his homeland from all intruders. Being stricken with fear as this brute not only lashed at him with his two ridged staves, but was additionally reinforced by a comrade of similar appearance, Yin Hong unleashed the white side of the Yin Yang Mirror, effectively absorbing the souls of the two warriors and rendering them as nothing more than mere corpses to the soil.

As two more men rushed forth from the shadows to attack, with the first falling to the mirror's unparalleled ability, the latter of the two fell to his knees and pleaded forgiveness, to which he soon realized that the young man standing before him was none other than Yin Hong, the second son of King Zhou. Receiving pleads to spare the former three individuals that the fourth had not realized were in truth dead, Yin Hong was naturally compassionate despite the danger of the situation, and thus flashed the red side of the mirror, bringing the three warriors back to life, who additionally prostrated themselves upon realization of the personage before them. These four men — Liu Fu, Gou Zhang, Bi Huan, and the fourth, Pang Hong — explained to the prince that they were four outlaws of the Shang Dynasty who live

in their homeland — the Yellow Peak Range on Mount Two Dragons — in order to acquire some means of reputation as protectors of such a region, despite their being nothing more than bandits due to not possessing the ability of becoming government authorized generals. As Yin Hong declared his own intentions to serve under the benevolent King Wu, and such for being the reasoning behind his appearance in their territory, he essentially obtained the mutual support of these three men shortly following, who, in return, vowed to serve under Yin Hong with the 3,000 outlaws under their command out of means to obtain the reputation they have longed for.

As the entourage continued their march towards the Western Foothills, a man of Taoist appearance riding a celestial tiger of silver fur descended before their army from the north. This man was none other than the reputed leading figure against Jiang Ziya, Shen Gongbao, who was shortly allowed presence before Yin Hong, to which he inquired the identity of the leader and where he intended on traveling to.

Upon realization that this young man was Prince Yin Hong, and possessed the resolved intentions to act against the world of his father, Shen Gongbao laughed aloud, stating that a son of royal class should never attack his father no matter how immoral and hated he might be, great political detriment would result from such an action and his ancestral temples and name would be shamed for generations to come, ensuring that the Shang Dynasty was thrown to the mud in disgrace.

Yin Hong, who clearly saw the logic in his words, and considered the possibility that his master was truly intending on deceiving him, cast aside his oath upon Gongbao's reassurance and thanked the Taoist for truly enlightening him. As both parted ways in satisfaction, Pang Hong and the other three leaders lost a large amount of confidence in the competence of their leader, but nonetheless decided on following Yin Hong in the name of the Shang, and only defect if the situation does not prove fruitful. Changing the banners to the insignia of the Shang Dynasty, with Pang Hong's instructorship over such a task, they soon recognized flags of similar relation far to the north, to which they were told that Commander Su Hu was stationed at such a region through the helpful ears of Shang scouts along the perimeter.

Grinding his teeth in frustration at the prospect of assisting the father of the wicked Daji — who had been the reason behind his mother's cruel death — Yin Hong nonetheless approached Su Hu's camp and sent forth Pang Hong as messenger. As Su Hu obtained word that a man by the name of "*Prince Yin*" had arrived and wished to see him. He immediately suspected that this supposed "prince" might in fact be one of the two heirs of the Shang Dynasty, who were blown away by the wind seven years into the past, and thus left the camp at once with Zheng Lun by his side.

Su Hu realized upon entry that the second crown prince, Yin Hong, had survived and prospered through the help of a certain immortal by the name of "Pure Essence", and had risen an army in the name of his father. Su Hu knew clearly that such a chance would greatly benefit his reputation under the dynasty and certainly heighten his current chances of conquering the enemy, Jiang Ziya. Yin Hong thus left the camp the following day with the four outlaw generals by his side

while Yellow Flying Tiger, upon retortion, charged from the city gates with his sons. Not recognizing the man standing before him, Yin Hong drew his halberd and charged at the opposition with full intent to ensure unconditional victory for the sake of his reputation.

Chapter 60

The “Three-handed” Beast fights under the Veil of Princely Repute

Yin Hong, who though being trained continuously in the art of combat by his master, Pure Essence, for the past seven years, could not handle the great prowess that Yellow Flying Tiger possessed, and was thus immediately reinforced by Pang Hong lest he was to suffer any form of crucial harm.

Fearing the condition of his fellow general as he desperately clashed against the veteran warrior, Yin Hong strode forward between their duel, flashing the white side of the mirror into Yellow Flying Tiger's eyes at a sudden instant, forcing him to the ground as a lifeless corpse. After additionally performing such an action upon Huang Tianhua, the three remaining sons fled back to the city while Yin Hong and his generals — taking ahold of the two victims — returned to the Shang camp in satisfaction over their first victory.

As Yin Hong flashed the red side into the faces of the two prisoners within the camp of Shang later that day, awakening them instantaneously, Yellow Flying began to angrily criticize the “prince” for being an imposter: *The true Yin Hong should have easily been able to remember that of his savior, considering he even declared his own name within the process of their feud.* Yin Hong, who was startled at the reality that he did not wish to accept, but believed it to be rational for Yellow Flying Tiger to have joined King Wu, freed his old friend from the bonds around him and bowed in respect, allowing the fellow man return to his respective home as a means to return the kindness he had showed him far into the past.

Zheng Lun, who protested that such an action would further decrease the confidence and morale of Shang and destroy an opportunity that could prove crucial to the Zhou forces, was retorted by Ying Hong, who stated that the people know he was fighting for the sake of his reputation, and by showing such a form of kindness, the probability that others should adhere to his call would increase in great fold — considering that their own rank would be duly enhanced, and filial piety was a far more respected motive than blatant rebellion, so even the common man would bow before such courage and strength of leadership and humanity. Zheng Lun, seeing the light of his words, fell into silence, while Yellow Flying Tiger and his son set out at once with thanks.

Advancing to the city wall of Phoenix City the following morning with his renewed generals left and right, Jiang Ziya and his own unit exited the gates and began to do battle against the young prince after a feeble attempt to convince Yin Hong to defect. As their conflict arose, Jiang Ziya had attempted to land a crucial blow upon the young prince with his Staff of Beating Gods, but such a hit was nothing more than the landing of a feather before the ability that Yin Hong's magic robe possessed.

Advancing forward to finish the rebel commander off in such a state of vulnerability, he suddenly gazed to his side only to see his head commander, and trustworthy comrade, Pang Hong, pierced through the heart by Nezha's lance in one immediate attack. Bursting with unparalleled hatred and despair, Yin Hong

furiously charged his halberd into Nezha's body with many thrusts as he continuously attempted to steal the latter's soul with the Yin Yang Mirror to no avail. With Jiang Ziya's immediate order, Deng Chanyu landed a crucial blow into Yin Hong's face with one of her golden pebbles, forcing him to flee back to the Shang camp in great humiliation. Detesting his master for deceiving him to join the ranks of such barbarians who would attempt to take his life at many moments without the slightest remorse or hesitation, the news of Bi Huan's additional death was heard amongst the camp, putting the young prince in an even greater state of despair and hate.

Yang Bliss, who had taken notice of Yin Hong's mirror, and suspecting the probability that such a mirror was belonging to Pure Essence as the rumors hold, was allowed Jiang Ziya's consenting to head before Mount Tainhua in a chance to confront the superior man on the current situation. Entering the Exalted Cloud Cave upon his arrival, and confronting Pure Essence, Yang Bliss soon acquired knowledge that the former's disciple, Yin Hong, was given the Yin Yang Mirror; in response to such a factor, Yang Bliss declared that the prince was attacking the Western Foothills on the contrary. Distressed at the immortal's statement, Pure Essence commanded Yang to return to Phoenix City while he makes his own preparations before departure, to which he would confront the prime minister on the matter.

Arriving at the Western Foothills three days into the future, Pure Essence resentfully declared the truth of the matter to Jiang Ziya before personally confronting Yin Hong later that day within the Shang camp. As Yin Hong confronted his master outside the Shang camp with Liu Fu and Gou Zhong to his right and left, Pure Essence commanded his disciple to stop this nonsensical rebellion and defect to the Western Foothills before any crucial form of harm was forced upon him.

Yin Hong in retortion declared that a son should never cast aside the colossal benefit of his filial piety, and go to the extent of killing his very own father. *"For the people of Zhou are evidentially cruel in their general manner, and by joining such men that cloud their reputation with supposed 'virtue', the Shang name would be naturally thrown to the very dirt in time."*

Pure Essence, who was enraged to hear such words come from his disciple, angrily clashed his sword against the former's halberd, resolved to dispose of anyone — even his own precious disciple — if it meant the enforcement of time's need. Yin Hong, who was overpowered by the strong will of his master, desperately shined the white side of the mirror into the opposition's face; but Pure Essence managed to escape upon a beam of light at that very moment.

Frustrated that his master managed to escape his grasp, thus ensuring furthered annoyance in the future, Yin Hong was nonetheless filled with pride at the evidence that he had the potential to overcome whatever stands before him as long as the mirror was at his side. As Su Hu and the others inquired potential stratagems against the Western Foothills that night, a strange man with fire emitting from the sockets of his eyes and mouth, fully surrounded by a form of skeleton-like armor, approached the camp of Shang, asking to see Prince Yin Hong.

Upon meeting the prince, this fearsome Taoist-warrior, known as "Ma Yuan" of White Bone Cavern on Skeleton Mountain, declared that he had been recently convinced by his friend, Shen Gongbao, to assist the Shang cause against the Western Foothills. Yin Hong, who was naturally delighted to hear the prospect of another warrior by his side, feasted Ma Yuan full with as much meat as the latter had desired.

As Ma Yuan swore to the prince that he would destroy Jiang Ziya for the sake of his friendship with Shen Gongbao and the crucial defeat the former had suffered, he approached Phoenix City that day only to be confronted shortly by the rebel commander and his generals. Declaring his intentions to execute the opposition for the honor of Jie Taoism to which Jiang Ziya had destroyed, Ma Yuan stole his Staff of Beating Gods following a single round of combat while a general by the name of Wu Rong immediately ran to his commander's assistance.

Not longing to waste any amount of time on a mere commoner, Ma Yuan shouted many incantations, giving rise to an enormous "third hand" which sprouted from his back; this hand grabbed ahold of the unfortunate general while smashing him to the ground with unparalleled strength. Stomping on his thighs and tearing his body in two horizontal halves, Ma Yuan tore open Wu Rong's heart and began to devour it lavishly to the terror of all others who happened to be present. Earth Traveler Sun, who was enraged beyond words at such an unexpected sight, wished to seize this moment to acquire potentially great merit, and thus charged at Ma Yuan only to be smashed to the ground in short measure.

As Ma Yuan was astonished to see an enormous whole beneath the crater to which he just smashed his new victim, he had little time to consider the situation. Deng Chanyu unleashed a volley of pebbles upon the beast, forcing him to lunge desperately at the rebel commander. Devouring the heart of a certain individual who happened to get in his way, —who in this case was Yang Bliss — Ma Yuan was still kept at bay by the desperate resolve of the Zhou soldiers. Seeing that he was already crucially suffering from wounds, he openly vowed that Jiang Ziya had one more day to live, and the day following, his life should be torn apart.

Jiang Ziya shivered in terror within the city at the prospect of such a carnivorous beast taking his life in the same manner as suffered by Wu Rong and Yang Bliss. Meanwhile Yin Hong provided a great feasting between that of the generals and Ma Yuan, who, not feeling very well, began to drink a large majority of hot wine upon Zheng Lun's suggestion.

Falling to the floor with an immense stomachache that seemingly grew stronger in pain, Ma Yuan was escorted to the latrine in the back of Shang camp, to which he began to relieve himself. To his great detriment however, the "heart" of Yang Bliss was in fact a specialized form of matter that was constructed with atoms of magic that reduced the user's vital energy dramatically.

As a result of such, Ma Yuan was rendered weak for at least three days of time while Yang Bliss returned to see the Prime Minister, fully elaborating his devious method that should have proved affect to the beast. Being greatly relieved at such news, arrived reportedly Outstanding Culture, who, in return, declared to Jiang Ziya that he had arrived solely out of speculation that his disciple, Ma Yuan, might have been assisting the cause of Shang.

Enlightened with the current situation, Outstanding Culture told Jiang Ziya a specific plan that should result in Ma Yuan's capture based upon the duration of Yang Bliss's former trick. Taking the superior man's instructions into heart, Jiang Ziya approached the camp of Shang on the specified date, and upon the pretense that he intended spying on their encampment, Ma Yuan lunged from the gates on the prince's consent. With rejuvenated power, Ma Yuan charged at Jiang Ziya, who ran away as fast as he could muster.

Chapter 61

The Left Arm vanishes upon a Celestial Bridge of Flame

As Ma Yuan continued to chase the fleeing rebel commander further, he suspected that an ambush or any other form of detriment would arise if he was to act out of impulse, and he thus began to retreat until further provoking words from Jiang Ziya encouraged him to pursue regardless. When dusk had arrived, Jiang Ziya immediately disappeared through the shadows with the help of Outstanding Culture's assistant magic while Ma Yuan, utterly frustrated and full of anxiety as a result of chasing the opposition to such lengths, decided to sit down against a pine tree and camouflage his body as he rests throughout the night.

As a sudden roar of cannon fire awakened his eyes only to catch sight of Jiang Ziya and King Wu drinking at the mountain's summit. Ma Yuan, delighted at this potential moment to kill the rebel commander, climbed the mountain only to find a light cloud of mist evaporate in front of his eyes. And the two individuals being no longer.

Lunging beneath at a mass of enemy soldiers that intended on attacking him with a volley of arrows latched to their bows, Ma Yuan reached the bottom only to find another mass of mist evaporate before his presence. Having such a factor in mind, Ma Yuan deduced that Jiang Ziya must possess a sum of magical attributes to evade his prior pursuit in entirety, while a man — very likely that of a superior man — must be assisting him from the shadows as to explain the creation of such magical trickery recently experienced.

Ma Yuan realized the probability that this man might be that of his master as he considered the timing between his former victory and this humiliating resolution. Ma Yuan knew that return to the Shang camp was of essential. As he began to return, he noticed a young woman laying in the grass nearby calling for assistance after the declaration that she was supposedly suffering from a heart attack. Approaching this woman and receiving immediate plea to return a set amount of hot water so that her life might be saved, Ma Yuan was already exhausted out of hunger, and, not taking another moment, leaped upon the woman and began to drink her blood with both palms.

As Ma Yuan tore open her chest with great astonishment at the lack of any internal organs, he gazed off to the south only to catch sight of a man who he recognized to be his master, Outstanding Culture. Assuming it more probable that his master had arrived out of means that would prove for his detriment, Ma Yuan began to flee at great speeds.

But to his utter astonishment, his arms and legs were stuck within the woman's body — that had mysteriously regenerated its skin — such as that of stone, regardless what he performed in attempt to escape. In a state of despair, Ma Yuan had little choice but to fall to the ground and beg for his life as Outstanding Culture approached with his sword in pose that suggested intentions to behead the former.

To the fortune of Ma Yuan, however, a Buddha from the West known as "Candi" suddenly appeared to convince the enraged master that his disciple was "destined" to become a Buddhist under his jurisdiction within the western region. As Outstanding Culture immediately yielded in respect with full acknowledgement to the former's declaration, Candi walked forward, shaved off Ma Yuan's hair, and then took hold of his hand, offering him the chance to acquire great happiness as a Buddhist within the Eight Virtue Pond, as opposed to living a life of barbaric nature.

Convinced that no form of retaliation could possibly be executed without any means to success, Ma Yuan obediently obeyed Candi's words, and left to the West after Outstanding Culture had forcibly returned the Staff of Beating Gods belonging to that of Jiang Ziya. As Outstanding Culture elaborated the threat of Ma Yuan being no longer to Jiang Ziya within Phoenix City, in the following morning Yang Bliss momentarily stepped forward with report that "Merciful Navigation had arrived".

Being allowed entrance into the Prime Minister's mansion, Merciful Navigation, after traditionally greeting Jiang Ziya with due respect, asked of Pure Essence if he still possesses the magic map to which was handed to him by Lao Tzu some time into the past. Consenting that he was still in possession of such an object, he was informed of a plan by the former that involved the use of Jiang Ziya, and would result in a resolution to which he deemed as unfavorable.

Nonetheless, Pure Essence ensured that such a plan would be carried out at best. Meanwhile, Yin Hong was exceedingly worried over the lengthened disappearance of Ma Yuan, and upon sending scouts to search through neighboring regions for the sake of potentially finding their lost trump card, he prepared Zheng Lun and the others for a major battle that would be unleashed the following day.

He knew that Ma Yuan must have fallen into a trap that was currently well concentrated on by the forces of Zhou, and that his soldiers attained a level of fear as a result of such a prospect. Thus, he used such a fear as the primary factor to strengthen the blades of his soldiers as they assaulted Phoenix City's gates in the intended morning.

Approaching the enemy's gates only to be confronted by Jiang Ziya, Yin Hong exchanged a few blows with his lance before pursuing the fleeing rebel commander into the neighboring wilderness region with Gou Zhang and Liu Fu at his side, ordering the remainder of his soldiers to strike with even greater valiancy during his departure. Relentlessly charging forth at Jiang Ziya in immense speed, entirely confident of the potential victory laying within his very palm, Pure Essence suddenly lunged from the southeast and unrolled Lao Tzu's map, to which a large golden bridge appeared as a pathway of escape for the prime minister.

As the prince boldly pursued Jiang Ziya upon the celestial bridge, regardless of the danger it could have held, he suddenly began to see illusions sprout from every corner of his vision: "Soldiers of Zhou crawled upon the bridge and attempted to strike him with their swords; Jiang Ziya ran at him with his staff lashing about." And, after these images disappeared with a mere variation of his inner thoughts, he found himself greeting Concubine Huang and Concubine Yang back at Morning Song without any reply whatsoever.

Guo Zhong and Liu Fu, seeing their commander walk to and fro in a dazed manner, feared that their chance at greatness would be sullied by this unknown enemy, and they thus lunged across the bridge and pierced their blades into the flesh of Pure Essence. Already being in despair at his required duty "under Heaven's will", Pure Essence, without any form of hesitation, drew his great sword with a horizontal cut, slicing Guo Zhong and Liu Fu into two halves. Being in a state of utter confusion, the hearing of a gentle voice encouraged Yin Hong to gaze up, to which he was confronted by his mother who informed her son that he was in the enemy's trap and would be momentarily burned to ashes.

As he began to yell in great fear at the prospect of such words, he awakened from these illusions with a great level of willpower only to see his master standing mere inches from his body. Pure Essence coldly declared that he had "disobeyed Heaven's will" and would be turned to nothing more than ash as his "destined" punishment. Yin Hong realized the intense desperation of the situation, and thus began to plead to his master, stating that he had been threatened with death by Shen Gongbao.

If he was to oppose Gongbao will and fight under Zhou, and if he wanted to be spared, he would serve under King Wu and help to eradicate all evil within the country as a measure of his gratitude, and the very Heavens would surely rejoice at the former's kindness if such a measure was to be taken. Pure Essence, resolved to accomplish his "duty", was still greatly affected by the words of his disciple, and thus began to roll up the map, causing the bridge to slowly disappear.

Unfortunately, however, Merciful Navigation, out of retortion to such an action, began loudly to criticize Pure Essence if he was to defy Yin Hong's "fate" and thus oppose "Heaven's will". As tears began to flow unrestrainedly from his eyes, his disciple clung to him in despair; but, with a flicking of his fingers upon the map — giving signal for the bridge to become a torrent of flames — Yin Hong let out a single calm cry of betrayal, and disappeared into dust. With his precious disciple being no longer, Pure Essence violently threw aside Lao Tzu's map and began banging his fists upon the ground in utter despair and frustration, knowing that Yin Hong was truly undeserving of such an end that could have been easily altered.

Crying aloud in such a state of mind, Pure Essence cast aside Merciful Navigation's words of comfort and returned to Mount Taihua, already enraged at the probability that no one would wish to study with him in the future after such a cruel incident that he was the cause of. Following such an event, Outstanding Culture and Merciful Navigation reported the happenings to Jiang Ziya — who had returned to Phoenix City shortly following the map's deployment — and followed by taking their own leave shortly afterwards, promising that they would return upon the date of Jiang Ziya's "destined" inauguration.

Su Hu, who saw the enormous torrents of flames shooting to the very heavens at the time of Yin Hong's death, soon obtained word from fleeing soldiers that the prince had vanished in the flames by some incredible source of magic. Being greatly fearful at such words, Su Hu frantically ordered scouts to find and return Ma Yuan, Gou Zhang, and Liu Fu as soon as physically possible — that was, if they were in fact alive. Realizing that his original plan was the only method employable after carefully analyzing the circumstances, Su Hu handed his son a

message that specifically instructed the Prime Minister to launch an attack upon their encampment the following dusk while the family of Su was safely evacuated into the western gate of Phoenix City — and at the same time forcing the defiant Zheng Lun into surrender.

This message was to be latched to an arrow and sent into the enemy city that night. After Su Quanzhong had effectively obeyed the words of his father, Nangong Kuo had found such a missive and immediately handed it to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya, who, upon reading the letter, knew that Su Hu wouldn't be able to pose any form of threat after the death of Yin Hong, and thus made preparations to act without hesitation. Following immediate drilling, Jiang Ziya deployed Generals Nangong Kuo, Yellow Flying Tiger, and Nezha, with set orders of attack.

Meanwhile, Zheng Lun, who knew that his master was more than likely plotting the desperate scheme of giving in to the rebel commander, attempted to send many urgent reports of assistance to Morning Song, but was checked by his commander, who stated that such a task should be considered in the morning as to prevent the messengers from getting lost in the dark of night.

As a resolution, Zheng Lun, who had little intention whatsoever to even momentarily work under the hand of Jiang Ziya — even though being a rational course of action, secretly deployed a small messenger unit that night with ultimate intention to acquire reinforcements at all costs possible. At the very second of sunrise at dusk the following morning, the Zhou army, far overwhelming all external opposition of Shang with sheer numbers at hand, broke into the main encampment at differing directions.

As Zheng Lun engaged the invading Yellow Flying Tiger with great might and firm resolve, reinforcements constantly leaked from the western gate of Phoenix City as Su Hu's family was escorted through such a gate at the same measure. Despite his valiant warrior renown, the remainder of the Shang forces began to flee in fear at the prospect of death, thus causing a larger number of enemy forces to pierce through the encampment with far greater morale and strength at their disposal.

Zheng Lun, seeing the situation dire, was suddenly struck from his horse by the reputed Deng Jiugong, and was thus bound shortly and brought to the Silver Security Hall following the conflict's conclusion. With the sun shining brightly in the heavens as a signal of morning, Jiang Ziya took his seat in the Silver Security Hall as Su Hu entered in, knelt before the former, and expressed a level of inner remorse for his past actions against the Zhou cause.

As Su Quanzhong reciprocated his father's showing, Zheng Lun was forced into the hall with bonds tightly binding his arms from any form of action as he fiercely glared at Su Hu for the blatant weakness he had shown in the name of military strength and honor. Being criticized for not kneeling as he stood before the rebel commander without uttering a single word, Zheng Lun resolutely declared that he would rather have his head cut from his body than to display affiliation to a man that had a reputation of treachery and shame. Jiang Ziya, being enraged at the defiant warrior's mocking words, and ordering to behead Zheng Lun immediately, was interceded by Su Hu, who pleaded his subordinate to be freed in prospect that he could be won over.

Upon obtaining the prime minister's consent, Su Hu, dismissed the personal guards of Zheng Lun, entered a private chamber and began to reconcile with his fellow subordinate. Declaring that they would be looked upon as true heroes if they went to destroy the rebel commander after obtaining his mutual trust following a long period of assistance. Su Hu additionally stated that King Zhou was nothing more than a fool running rampant in desire, and, even if Zheng Lun was to give his life in the name of such a beast, he would never be considered with the dignity of a hero or be remembered in the hearts of the people to any true measure.

Zheng Lun, who became aware of the latent effects of his loyal heart being considered as mere dirt if he was to dismiss such an opportunity and die in honor, saw the rationality of his master's words and thus declared his cooperation. Bound in rope, Zheng Lun personally approached the prime minister, fell to his knees, and dishonestly apologized for his former behavior. He stated that fellow generals of Zhou, as opposed to his commander, Su Hu, had enlightened him of the former's true virtue and ensured him that his loyalty and honor could reach a new beacon of light under the arm of King Wu. Jiang Ziya, being convinced at Zheng Lun's words of conviction, hosted a grand banquet in the rear palace for all the newcomers to enjoy.

Chapter 62

The Golden-Winged Celestial inherits the Will of Shang

The elite messenger unit that had been deployed by General Zheng Lun the former night was intercepted by neighboring Shang scouts along the Western Foothills, and was immediately informed of Su Hu's defection over to Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Bearing such unfortunate news to Han Rong of Sishui Pass as they continued along the path to the capital, the former, being somewhat surprised over such a resolution, wrote a report on the current circumstances and sent it the capital via the hands of royal messenger.

Secretariat Fang Jingchun of Morning Song, upon obtaining official report from Han Rong involving Su Hu's defection, ascended the Star Picking Mansion and informed King Zhou of the letter's contents the following morning. As the king became astonished at such unexpected words, Daji, expressing a false level of filial humility, pressed her hands upon King Zhou's body and declared that her own head should be hung upon the capital's eastern gate as atonement for the treachery that her father had shown in the name of Shang. Naturally being far from content with such a resolution to the woman he loves more than anything, King Zhou declared that he would rather sacrifice the entire dynasty than to see his beloved fall before him in such a cruel manner.

As Daji thanked him for his kind generosity and consideration, King Zhou dismissed Fang Jingchun and all other secretariats and returned to his private chambers with Daji by his side, casting aside the circumstances involving Su Hu for the entire afternoon. The following morning, the king ascended his throne and called forth all head ministers to a meeting, to which they would discuss whether a new commander should be deployed in battle against the Western Foothill cause. Supreme Minister Li Deng, who presently arrived at this meeting, recommended that Commander Zhang Shan of Sanshan Pass should be chosen as expeditionary commander: *"He is well versed in the art of strategy, and should therefore be able to conquer all potential trickery that Jiang Ziya may unleash upon his opposition."*

King Zhou, long knowing this Zhang Shan fellow as being a man of great ability, immediately accepted this recommendation over all others, and thus sent decree to Sanshan Pass, appointing Zhang Shan to Expeditionary Commander of Military Renown. Receiving such a decree a mere day following its departure, Zhang Shan handed his seal of commandership over the pass to Hong Jin, and followed by equipping himself with 100,000 soldiers before setting off to the front lines of battle.

With the beauty of summer sprouting about in all directions, the soldiers of Shang soared in morale, knowing that their conviction would surely result in the benefit of their country — especially under that of Zhang Shan, a man entrusted with the hand of supremacy. As they continuously enjoyed such sights throughout their travel, the Shang forces finally arrived deep within the Western Foothills territory neighboring the northern gate of Phoenix City upon the fifth day. Setting up camp at once, Zhang Shan, knowing his soldiers to be exceedingly exhausted after such a period of travel, ordered the entire army to rest for the night before making any form of attack against the enemy. Within Phoenix City the day

following, Jiang Ziya made the upmost of preparations for his future attack upon King Zhou — to which he believed to be an ordeal that was very unavoidable under the circumstances involving his "destiny under Sky".

One such form of preparation involved the bearing of specialized red signal flags. These flags would possess random colors within the background while red remained as the dominant after. The soldiers of Zhou were competent in the logic behind this specific flag, and the soldiers of Shang were expectedly to be confused upon what action the opposition would take when such a flag was risen for command, and should succumb to a loss in morale and suffer potential defeat.

With such a plan in mind, and effectively implemented into the minds of his people, two reports had arrived before his desk to which he unhesitatingly received them. The first elaborating the 800 marquises having gathered within the east of Western Foothills prepared to meet Jiang Ziya at Meng Ford. The second stated that a man by the name of "Zhang Shan" had arrived, and currently neighbors the capital's northern gates under the Shang flag. Realizing the probability that General Deng Jiugong might be well-versed with such a man, Jiang Ziya approached the former commander of Shang and asked his take on the current situation involving Zhang Shan.

Jiugong, who gave the seal of commandership over Sanshan Pass to Zhang Shan, his subordinate general, before departing against the Western Foothills at the prior time, was naturally knowledgeable about the man, and declared him as lacking in the fields of strategy and bravery. Just as such a moment in time, report was received that a Shang general rolling on an enormous wheel of fire had arrived. Deng Jiugong departed to the frontlines immediately upon the hearing of such words.

Approaching this general, who he recognized as being none other than the reputed "Qian Bao of The Flaming Wheel", Deng Jiugong, not wishing to deal his former subordinate any harm, told Qian Bao to call out Zhang Shan at once for a discussion. Qian Bao, however, knew that he would unconditionally acquire great benefit under King Zhou and bask in reputation and prestige if he was to end Deng Jiugong's life instead of letting such an opportunity pass itself; and he thus charged at the opposition with immense speed, presently within his flaming wheel. Seeing the danger of the situation as Bao approached him, Deng Jiugong resolutely cleaved his sword through the wheel's flames, cutting apart both Qian Bao and his weapon into two horizontal halves.

Taking the head of the fallen warrior in his hands and returning to Phoenix City with a clamor of happiness as resolution to his success, Zhang Shan took ear to such news and, in a state of rage, made immediate preparations to personally meet his former commander on the battlefield the day following. Zhang Shan confronted by both Deng Jiugong and Deng Chanyu at the northern gates of Phoenix City, after yelling a volley of abuse the next morning, had little intention to spare his former commander through the impulsive and demeaning manner he had shown in the name of Shang.

Thus, he charged forward [but] only to be struck several times in the face by Chanyu's stones. Not being able to press onward with such a nuisance, Zhang Shan, spitting blood in his rage, had little choice but to return to the camp of Shang in

utter humiliation over such unexpected circumstances. As he was now fully aware of the detriment that would consecutively appear if he was to continue in his attempt to take Deng Jiugong's life, Zhang Shan began to ponder deeply on what move he could make when a Taoist carrying a great-sword requested entry into his residence later that day.

Allowing this Taoist — who called himself "*Winged Celestial*" — entrance into the head camp of Shang, the latter immediately proved his "celestial" characteristics by applying the ordinary magic elixir to Zhang Shan's face, resulting in the original wounds disappearing in mere moments. He obtained knowledge from the Taoist that he had come from Penglai Island upon request from Shen Gongbao, an agent superior man of the Shang Dynasty, in order to stay the hands of the evil Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Zhang Shan, for the benefit of his own reputation, knew that this man could be used as the ultimate weapon to exact revenge upon Deng Jiugong. But decided it best to keep neutral such an ambition for the time being lest perceived arrogance caused the loss of the former's mutual cooperation.

As Winged Celestial approached the gates of Phoenix City upon Zhang Shan's consenting the following morning, Jiang Ziya took ear to such a demand and set forth with five square formations of soldiers along with Nezha, Yang Bliss, and Huang Tianhua. Confronting the opposition momentarily after his departure from the city, Jiang Ziya was astounded at the appearance of this new foe. Winged Celestial possessed two ten-feet long golden wings and wore a bird mask of gleaming jade, making him appear as if being the fiercest of warriors.

As the prime minister approached this man and politely declared his name with a low bow, Winged Celestial began to loudly criticize Jiang Ziya, stating that he had, according to rumor, publicly stated the threat that he shall pluck his bones and pull of his feathers when he conquers the dynasty of Shang. Upon hearing such words, the prime minister immediately retorted, stating that the cooperation within his dynasty would fall apart and his reputation would be put into internal shame if such blatant threats were irrationally created.

Winged Celestial, who realized that the rebel commander's words were on the side of reason, decided to pardon the opposition for the time being as he investigates the truth; but at such a moment, Nezha, enraged at the former's boastful demeanor, lunged at Winged Celestial with his fire-tipped spear, thrusting at all sides.

Seeing that the Zhou forces clearly lack discipline, Winged Celestial made immediate preparations to defend himself with his great-sword. But was suddenly attacked at from all sides by the enemy generals: "Yang Bliss using his dog to pierce into the opposition's neck; Huang Tianhua thrusting both of his Heart Penetrating Nails into his arms; and Earth Traveler Sun striking from the ground with his heavy iron cudgel." Roaring with great pain and enraged beyond words at the rebel commander's clear treachery, Winged Celestial spread his great wings and unleashed an enormous torrent of dust, effectively escaping such a crucial situation at once.

Momentarily returning to the camp of Shang that afternoon, Zhang Shan treated his fellow comrade with a cup of wine after hearing the circumstances

involving his former defeat and treachery on the part of Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya. Accepting this cup of wine after essentially healing his wounds with the magical renown of his elixirs, Winged Celestial resolutely declared that he shall turn the entire city of Western Foothills into a great sea of despair as an act of vengeance that night. As Zhang Shan expressed a level of delight at the confidence of his general, Jiang Ziya had meanwhile experienced an intense gust of wind that encouraged him to perform divination presently following, to which he discovered the pretense of Phoenix City's destruction through Winged Celestial's wrath.

Being frightened at such a prospect, Jiang Ziya took the usual preparations and followed by performing many summoning chants, causing the north sea to essentially cover all of Phoenix City as like the former incident with the Diablo Brothers. Celestial Primogenitor, who presently realized such a danger through the same employed means as his disciple, poured the Divine Water of Three Lights over the north sea barrier and ordered four Divine Chanters of Truth to protect the terrestrial region surrounding the city from any potential earthquake that could disrupt the water's formation.

As Winged Celestial thus left the camp of Shang at the second watch that night, he was immensely startled to see an enormous sea covering Phoenix City in the shape of a circular barrier, but was nonetheless prepared for even the most unexpected circumstances, and thus fanned his two golden wings with power that uprooted even trees, vying to collapse the barrier so that the enemy city could be drowned. Fanning the wind with even greater strength, the barrier of water — with the ultimate help of the Divine Water of Three Lights — mysteriously expanded to an even greater size at each attempt made — forcing him to give up the attempt as he was already panting in perspiration.

Being ashamed at such a resolution, Winged Celestial believed that he would be humiliated by the soldiers of Shang if he was to return after his consecutive failure, and Zhang Shan would surely lose a high level of trust in his abilities after his former boasting. With such a thought in mind, the immortal took flight from the Western Foothills, vowing to destroy Jiang Ziya with secretion to preserve his pride and reputation as a man of great renown.

Chapter 63

The Right Arm of Supremacy awakens from the Land of Deceit

As Winged Celestial had presently fled upon the night of his failed attempt to drown Phoenix City, he arrived the following afternoon upon a fragrant mountain — to which he would confront a Taoist man cultivating his conduct in front of a cavern suggested to be his homestead. Already being intense with hunger and despair, Winged Celestial was resolved not to feel an ounce of remorse at the prospect of devouring this man whole, and thus lunged from the heavens with his claws swooping down upon the "prey" beneath him.

Opening his eyes and acquiring realization of the danger before him, the Taoist pointed two fingers at the opposition, sending Winged Celestial crashing to the ground and begging to be pardoned. He was only acting out of the impulse of hunger, and would never wish to harm him if such a factor was not present. This Taoist, who decided to be generous despite the blatant rudeness that the former had just recently displayed, told him to journey 200 li to the east, to which he would arrive at a region known as "Purple Cloud Cliff" that was renowned for having Taoist men that provide delicious food to any passerby as a token of charity.

Winged Celestial, being delighted at such words, thanked the layman before setting off to the east and arriving upon the intended mountain. A time at which he took notice of many Taoists serving fresh food to an entourage of travelers, who took leave shortly after receiving such a token of generosity. Descending from the heavens and arraying himself before the Taoists present, Winged Celestial pleaded his own share for fresh food.

But alas! None remained for the poor man to feast upon, forcing him to demand at least the smallest of provision with immense furiousness. These men, naturally being frightened at the prospect of this celestial taking their lives if his request was not essentially answered, managed to find a large unit of flour cake within their inner reservoir, to which was offered to the hungry celestial shortly following, who ate over 108 cakes before declaring that his stomach was presently full.

Kneeling with immense gratitude before his servers, Winged Celestial took flight immediately following, returning to the Taoist man's homestead, knowing that he could potentially acquire the mutual support of this individual of great ability as opposed to solely acting against the will of Jiang Ziya, which would prove lest fruitful in resolution. As he thus arrived before the layman's residence, his stomach suddenly erupted with immense pain, causing him to collapse upon the ground and beg for some type of medicinal substance that could disperse such a detriment.

Suggesting to the former that regurgitation would be best in such a situation, Winged Celestial did as he said; but, to his combined detriment, a string of shining white pearls began to chain from his mouth, causing him to choke with great force. The Taoist, who thus declared that he was a man by the name of

"Burning Lamp", gave a signal with his fingers that caused the pearl string to fall from Winged Celestial's mouth, rendering him safe from death. Burning Lamp saw the white pearl string as evidence that the former had eaten food out of the hands of the Taoist men that he had set as a trap. He took the celestial's hands and stated that he had long detested the rebel commander for his cruel behavior and quick rise to suspicion among his subordinates, and would thus like to take him in as disciple for the sake of future retaliation against the *"will of Heaven"*.

Winged Celestial, who was in return very rejoiceful to hear such intended words, vowed to stay by Burning Lamp's side in the name of "acting in revenge against the name of Jiang Ziya". Both individuals being filled with delight at their intentions being answered, left to Mount Divine Hawk presently following.

At this same measure in time, Master Grand Completion of Nine Immortal Mountain had received word — via the hands of White Crane Lad — informing him to head to the Western Foothills on the specific date that Jiang Ziya was to be inaugurated as commander. A time at which the prime minister would head to the east against the passes held by Shang.

Seeing that such circumstances easily could be acted upon for his essential benefit of reputation, Grand Completion called forth the Crown Prince of Shang, Yin Jiao, to his side at once. Yin Jiao was informed that Jiang Ziya, a man long renowned as being of celestial attributes and holding the very "will of Heaven" within his fingertips, was to assault the neighboring passes under Shang with ultimate intention to occupy Capital Morning Song in short measure. Yin Jiao became resolved that his ambition to crush King Zhou, in the name of his late mother's vengeance, could thus be realized if he was to fight under the banner of this man.

Seeing Yin Jiao's willingness to assist the prime minister under such a cause, Grand Completion ordered his disciple to head immediately to the Lion Cliff Cavern for the sake of acquiring a special weapon. Leaving the cavern of his master and arriving before the intended region, Yin Jiao found himself entering a house of princely distinction, to which he came upon seven beans sitting in the stature of sacrifice to a deity statue marked with the insignia of Shang that stood neighboring it. Devouring these beans and pouring the blood from his right hand into the container that originally possessed the food — showing his resolve to give his very own life in the face of his father's humiliation to the name of Shang — Yin Jiao suddenly grew four additional arms and three additional heads presently following his leave from the place of sacrifice.

Returning to the side of his master in a state of great perplexing and startled fear, Grand Completion was delighted at the clear conviction of his disciple, and thus began to teach him how to wield a halberd that possessed a blade of golden jade and a hilt of coiling dragons. Learning how to contract and unleash his six-headed, three-armed form at the same moment to which he fervently mastered the art of halberd, Grand Completion clearly realized his disciple's prowess now met the required expectation, and thus handed the former his Sky Overturning Stamp, the renowned Soul Dropping Bell, and the Yin-Yang Swords as additional items that would prove of assistance.

Now bidding farewell to Grand Completion and exiting his place of residence, prepared to leave without a moment of hesitation, Yin Jiao resolutely declared that he shall kill himself with his own blade if he was to betray the entrustment of his master, and took leave immediately following. Being told the specific route of arrival to his intended destination, Phoenix City — at the time prior to his leave from Nine Immortal Mountain, Yin Jiao navigated himself atop a cloud of dust as he soared through a neighboring mountain that was seemingly lush with beauty. Continuing along his way only to be confronted by a fearsome warrior with duel wolf-tooth iron clubs, Yin Jiao declared his name and title under the dynasty of Shang to the former upon request with his imperial hereditary seal.

This warrior, who knew that the individual before him was not done in any clothing that would reflect princely prominence to any means and surely must be some form of celestial that had taken the crown prince's name — which would explain his ability to use magic. He was convinced nonetheless that this man was extraordinary regardless whether his words were backed with evidential truth. Besides, being nothing more than a mere bandit in the mountains, would naturally call for measures to spring upon any opportunity to assist mutually an individual of high status for his own potential benefit.

With such a thought in mind, the rogue graciously led Yin Jiao before his head camp, where he introduced the name of himself and that of his fellow comrade who sat on patrol, "Wen Liang" and the latter "Ma Shan". Seeing that these two warriors, who were both mighty in appearance, could assist him in his cause to destroy the evil King Zhou, he proposed whether they would accept the prospect of assisting King Wu of the Western Foothills against the decaying dynasty of Shang for the sake of future repute under his rulership over the country. Knowing that this man was of great ambition and surely must possess the authority and power to back such words, Wen Liang and Ma Shan knelt in consent, and followed by equipping their new lord with an outlaw army numbering 10,000 in number. With such a resolution firmly in state, both Yin Jiao and his new right and left arms took leave from White Dragon Mountain and continued along their intended path to the west.

Following two days of travel, it was received report that a Taoist known as "Shen Gongbao" had arrived with intentions to meet their commander. Yin Jiao respectfully allowed the former entrance and presently inquired the reasoning behind his appearance. More evolved than other Taoists of the same sect, Shen Gongbao knew upon a single glance that this man was the Crown Prince Yin Jiao.

After received knowledge of the prince's intentions, Shen Gongbao remonstrated with the former. He stated that despite King Zhou's blatant dread and hatred in the eyes of the people, he could use such an opportunity to unconditionally and forcefully receive the throne from the hands of his father by fighting under the arms of Shang until he acquired enough mutual cooperation and evidence to destroy the king.

In such a situation, he would be looked upon as the country's true hero by wiping away the threat of Jiang Ziya, and proving that he isn't an individual claiming to be that of the prince — which would be a relatively rejected form of evidence if he was to fight under the cause of Zhou.

Shen Gongbao saw that Yin Jiao was still in a state of deep thought over such declared rationality. He stated that Jiang Ziya was clearly not a man of virtue and righteousness as the "superior men" might have stated, *"How can a man that kills the young prince Yin Hong out of mere jealousy and threat of name be considered as any entity of peace?"* Being greatly startled at Shen Gongbao's new declaration, the latter added that Commander Zhang Shan was currently fighting against Jiang Ziya, and could be certain the truth behind such words.

Now clearly seeing Yin Jiao flustered with bewilderment, Shen Gongbao took leave from the prince with assurance that he shall recruit a very powerful man to fight by his side in short measure. With such a meeting now over, Yin Jiao and his forces marched to the Western Foothills at even greater speed, determined to tear apart Jiang Ziya if the words of Shen Gongbao were truly evidential. Arriving within the Western Foothills, after the passage of three additional days of travel, Yin Jiao caught sight of the flags of Shang fluttering in the wind to the east. Naturally assuming that this "Zhang Shan" must be present within such a region, commanded Wen Liang to relay a message to the Shang commander, telling him to meet him for an audience in his head camp.

As Zhang Shan received such a report not long after, he recalled the dominant conjecture of King Zhou's killing of Crown Prince Yin Jiao and Yin Hong seven years into the past, and was thus very willing to confront such a man in order to testify the truth behind such a rumor. Entering the head tent of his consultant following such a resolution, Zhang Shan approached Yin Jiao and politely demanded to what means he can prove that he was indeed the former crown prince of Shang.

Showing the former his hereditary seal as evidence — effectively convincing the commander that the man before him was indeed none other than the crown prince — Yin Jiao presently inquired the fate of his younger brother, Yin Hong. Zhang Shan, through the words of soldiers originally under Former Expeditionary Commander Su Hu, relayed that Yin Hong had been burned to the death in an enormous torrent of flame that shot to the heavens like a raging tornado at the result of a celestial man's magic. Yin Jiao fell from his seat in great despair and roared with a strong voice of hatred.

Gratifyingly dismissing the head commander presently following, declaring that he shall willingly assist his cause against the Western Foothills after essential preparations were made, Yin Jiao vied in his heart to slay the rebel commander without any means of remorse whatsoever. As both Yin Jiao and Zhang Shan came to the conclusion that a mutual attack should be unleashed upon Phoenix City's northern gates that same night, they approached the enemy city at the brink of dawn the following morning, and immediately demanded for Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya to show his face without hesitation.

Exiting the city gates with his generals standing closely at his right and left hands, Yin Jiao declared to Jiang Ziya his name while demanding the reasoning behind why he killed his younger brother, Yin Hong, in such a cruel manner unbefitting of his social status among "Heaven's will". The prime minister, who simply stated that he brought about his own death by fighting against his master's words to support the Western Foothills, suggested to Yin Jiao that, even if Ziya must not have slain his brother directly, but allowed such an action to be

taken simply out of his irrational forms of leadership, resolutely unveiled his three-headed, six-armed form and lunged at the opposition in intense rage.

Using his Sky Overturning Stamp to thrust Nezha to the ground with the feeling of an incredible gravitational pull pressing upon his body, Huang Tianhua intervened in time to save his fellow comrade, but was stricken from his saddle by the power of the former's Soul Dropping Bell, and became a prisoner under the hands of Zhang Shan as a result. As Yellow Flying Tiger presently attacked Yin Jiao for the sake of saving his eldest son, Yin Jiao took the former captive with a mere turning of his Soul Dropping Bell, forcing Yang Bliss to run between the two forces and create an enormous horizontal ground barrier to allow the prime minister and the other generals of Zhou a safe retreat to Phoenix City.

Seeing that he could not continue to conquer the opposition forces in such a state, Yin Jiao resumed his original form and returned to the Shang encampment with Zhang Shan and the two captives by their side. That night within the camp of Shang, Yin Jiao felt as if he knew the elder of the two prisoners from somewhere into the past, and thus approached Yellow Flying Tiger, who was still presently within bonds, and asked him his name and title under Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya.

Yin Jiao realized that the prisoner sitting before him was none other than the man who had saved him from King Zhou's clutches seven years prior. Thus Yin Jiao elaborated the full reasoning — including his confrontation with Shen Gongbao — behind why he had chosen to destroy both Jiang Ziya and that of King Zhou in order to claim the throne of Shang for the sake of the people and that of his ancestors.

Additionally he attempted to convince Yellow Flying Tiger to defect from the Western Hill forces for the sake of a brilliant future, which unfortunately resulted to no avail. Yin Jiao nonetheless freed the bonds from him and his son, allowing them return to their respective city as a token of his former gratitude only at the cost of showing their commander written letter via the hands of his messenger, informing him to surrender in seven days of time. If such an action was refuted, then all of Phoenix City should be turned to a flaming sea of ash as legions of celestials tear apart their homeland. Promising the prince that he would ensure the safety of such a missive, the two friends parted from each other's sides with great emotion.

As Yellow Flying Tiger and Huang Tianhua returned to Phoenix City that same night, approaching Prime Minister Jiang Ziya and informing him of their happenings, the messenger of Shang was allowed entrance, to which he handed the prime minister Yin Jiao's written letter presently following. Tearing apart the letter as a showing of his disgust towards such declared arrogance, Jiang Ziya knew that the superior men under the "will of Heaven" would unconditionally ensure that such a happening would be negated regardless of the circumstances.

With the rise of the sun the following morning, Yang Bliss's earth blockade was no longer, and General Ma Shan seized such an opportunity to stride forward to do battle against Phoenix City as soon as Prince Yin Jiao had received word on the rebel commander's unwise response to his former letter. Being immediately confronted by Deng Jiugong of Zhou momentarily following, the two generals

clashed their blades with intense furiousness. But as Ma Shan was nothing more than a bandit in the mountains without excelled training in the art of the sword, as opposed to that of Deng Jiugong, who had served as Commander of Shang for several years, he was naturally bested in mere moments following their engagement, resulting in his immediate capture. As Ma Shan was brought before Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in Phoenix City shortly following capture, he was immediately sentenced to beheading after uttering rude defiant words in his determination to remain standing before the former.

General Nangong Kuo, who took up such an order, presently within the executional grounds, was astonished beyond words as his sword cleaved through Ma Shan's neck only for the neck to retake its original form as if possessing the property of water. Reporting such a matter to Jiang Ziya, who was naturally astonished at such a turn-of-events, ordered Samadhi fire to spread throughout the execution grounds in attempt to burn the prisoner into ash.

[With] such action carried out momentarily following the declaration of such an order, [yet] Ma Shan was clearly not effected even in the smallest of measure. And as the warrior stood among the burning flames, he let out a single loud cry of laughter as he directed the fire to open a pathway at which he was able to escape from Phoenix City. Yang Bliss received Jiang Ziya, needless to say, who was distressed at the detrimental report of Ma Shan's escape. Yang Bliss proposed whether he could visit "*Grand Completion*" at Nine Immortal Mountain concerning the case involving Yin Jiao's use of his Sky Overturning Stamp, while additionally confronting Master of the Clouds of Mount Zhongnan for the sake of receiving the reputed "*Demon Exposing Mirror*" to destroy Ma Shan.

The Prime Minister, who was naturally willing to destroy the threat of Yin Jiao to save Phoenix City from harm with complete reassurance in it was backing, unhesitatingly consented to the former's request. Yang Bliss confronted Grand Completion, within his Peach Spring Cavern, only to receive knowledge that Yin Jiao, the latter's disciple, had been sent to the Western Foothills for the sake of assisting Prime Minister Jiang Ziya against the cause of Shang. Yang Bliss told the superior man as the truth behind such circumstances that the prince had declared as threat, to wipe out the entire Phoenix City, with unknown rationale backing his intentions. Grand Completion was taken aback with confusion as to why his disciple would break his oath with such an intense showing of resolve against his former words that expressed clear conviction. He promised to Yang Bliss that he would head to the Western Foothills very shortly.

As Yang took leave with a kowtow of gratitude, he immediately took leave to Mount Zhongnan, his second intended region, and bowed low before *Master of the Clouds*, who presently had exited his cavern to confront the former. Yang elaborated the characteristics of the certain man known by the name "Ma Shan", along with the incident involving his escape. Master of the Clouds understood the circumstances, and unhesitatingly gave to Yang Bliss his *Demon Exposing Mirror*. He left with a showing of gratitude as he took leave from the mountain and returned to the side of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya back at Phoenix City.

Confronting Ma Shan in front of the Shang encampment after receiving the consent of Jiang Ziya to take leave to battle, Yang Bliss firmly hid in his grasp the new weapon he had recently received the day prior much to the opposition's

unknowing. Pulling out the Demon Exposing Mirror and shining it in the direction of Ma Shan as he presently charged forward, he saw nothing more than a mere flick of fire from a lamp emitting within. Immediately contracting the mirror and parrying the enemy's blade with his long sword, Yang Bliss, following a mere few rounds of battle, retreated in expectation that the former would not pursue him after taking realization of the new weapon recently deployed.

Ma Shan acted in such a manner, ordering a full retreat back to the encampment of Shang for the time being in order to elaborate this new potential threat to Crown Prince Yin Jiao. Meanwhile Yang Bliss had entered the Prime Minister's mansion and explained to all present that Ma Shan, according to the mirror, was a flick of fire suggesting to be a host to that of a lamp. General Wei Hu, who was well-knowledgeable about the "*World's Three Magical Lamps*," elaborated that there was an equal possibility that either the Eight Landscape Palace, the Jade Emptiness Palace, or that of Mount Divine Hawk were missing their specific lamps of origin. And that Ma Shan was more than likely one of these three when considering his properties of eternal life, to which his "flame" was ever burning such as only present within the magical lamps.

Comprehending Wei Hu's logic, Yang Bliss took leave to Mount Kunlun's Jade Emptiness Palace presently following the Prime Minister's consent to his request. Being received by White Crane Lad upon immediate arrival, Yang Bliss learned shortly that their glazed lamp was still in full flame, and he thus gave a kowtow of acknowledgement before leaving to Mount Divine Hawk, where he confronted Burning Lamp with full inquire involving the condition of the latter's lamp. Burning Lamp, who gave a false display of frustration and surprise at the realization that the flick of his lamp had disappeared despite unconditional restraint, was enlightened upon the happenings at the Western Foothills involving the probable incarnation of his flame: *A man that calls himself by the name of "Ma Shan"*.

Vowing to Yang Bliss that he would settle such circumstances as soon as he was able to attend to the matters presently acting against the "will of Zhou", regardless whether this "Ma Shan" was in truth his lamp's flame, Yang Bliss gratifyingly kowtowed in thanks and took leave just following. As Yang Bliss informed Jiang Ziya about the highly probable success involving Burning Lamp's declared assistance, Grand Completion arrived as originally promised, and headed to the Shang encampment after explaining to the Prime Minister that he was indeed the master of the defiant prince, Yin Jiao.

Chapter 64

With the Left Arm of Fire, Yin Jiao's Ambition tears apart the House of Zhou

At the immediate report that a man of Taoist appearance had appeared before the Shang encampment and called for the prince to appear at once, Yin Jiao understood the probability that his master might have arrived, and thus took leave from his head camp presently following. Bowing in traditional manner to his master, Grand Completion, as he took leave from his place of residence outside the encampment, the latter immediately demanded the reasoning behind why he had chosen to fight against the "will of Heaven" and stay the hand of Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in a manner that defies his former words of conviction.

Unhesitatingly replied that he had been enlightened by "Master Shen Gongbao", who had evidentially informed him of the rebel commander's cruel murdering of Yin Hong and his terrible forms of leadership and administration that had only led to the forces of Shang, viewing their very lives just to destroy him. Declared that it was his ultimate "duty," under the footsteps of his ancestors, to wipe out the false "will of Heaven" and become the new ruler of the country after he slays Jiang Ziya and King Zhou in the name of the people. Grand Completion, saw that Yin Jiao was resolute beyond change to slay Jiang Ziya. Out of mere words declared by the swindler, Shen Gongbao charged his blade at the young prince, declaring that the Prime Minister never possessed the slightest of intention to kill Yin Hong, and that if he does not repent in his general way of thought, he would be unmercifully slain without a moment of hesitation.

Yin Jiao saw that his master had no evidence to back his statement involving the rebel commander. He realized that Grand Completion was fully determined to destroy their relations of disciple and master through a completely irrational basis, and thus unleashed his legendary halberd, for the sake of living on with his ambitions than to die by the sword of a fool. As the stone dragon present on Yin Jiao's halberd began to wrap itself tightly around Grand Completion's arms as the two individuals clashed their respective weapons, Grand Completion managed to flee upon a beam of light at the very moment at which the prince was suggestively posed to unleash his Sky Overturning Stamp.

Relating the incident involving his attempt to win the prince over, and the detrimental resolution that followed, as he returned to the side of Jiang Ziya, Burning Lamp appeared presently before Grand Completion and Prime Minister Jiang Ziya within the head mansion of Phoenix City. And he declared that he was coming for the sake of capturing the "*lamp flick*", and thus easing their current troubles.

Following this declaration, Burning Lamp specifically told the Prime Minister a plan that would result in this "Ma Shan's" capture. A plan that was put into effect the following morning at the immediate brink of dawn. At such a set moment in time during their arranged trap, Ma Shan exited the camp of Shang as Yin Jiao received report on Rebel Commander Jiang Ziya's arrival. To which he allowed the former leave upon the prospect of what would be shown to the populace if a mere bandit in the mountains were to single-handedly wipe out the

reputed "receiver of Heaven's will", thus backing his standing with complete evidence of his truth of word. But Yin Jiao decided to additionally send a unit of one-thousand soldiers in order to ensure that the commander does not attempt any trickery that cannot be retorted alone. Returning to the confrontation between both Ma Shan and that of Jiang Ziya, the Prime Minister, according to the original plan, violently lashed about his Staff of Beating Gods in a manner that greatly angered Ma Shan to the point that Jiang Ziya was essentially able to lure the former to the southeast following a sudden retreat.

Ma Shan, not intending to allow the rebel commander's blatant intentions of ambush get the best of him during such a pursuit, ordered his 1,000-strong unit to split into two halves, forming a pincer-formation that would crush upon the opposition from both sides, while Ma Shan heads the middle with a handful of spear-armed soldiers. As the pursuers advanced to a region lush with willow trees on all sides, Ma Shan noticed Jiang Ziya escape behind a certain man sitting under one of these trees, who immediately blocked Ma Shan's pathway of pursuit after the Prime Minister had passed. This man, who was known other than that of Burning Lamp, recognized the pursuer as being his lamp wick, following a moment or two of consideration, and thus dropped the glazed container atop Ma Shan, putting the latter into frenzy fear before being physically manipulated by the container's magic — which forced him to return to his original form, and rendering him unmethodical to any potential escape.

The soldiers of Shang, seeing their commander bested by a man of completely new appearance and ability, fled back to their respective encampment in prospect that they could surely not have any greater of chance to seize the life of the rebel commander with such circumstances in play. As Burning Lamp had presently taken leave to Mount Divine Hawk after being pleased at the results of the Ma Shan incident and the evidential backing that he would possess in the future by using this happening for the betterment of his reputation, and that of Prince Yin Jiao, the soldiers of Shang had meanwhile returned to the side of their prince, and relaid the unfortunate happenings to that of Ma Shan.

A report that filled Yin Jiao's heart with utter remorse and made him resolved more than ever to tear apart Jiang Ziya in a battle that would prove decisive to his name. Burning Lamp, who had safely escorted the Prime Minister within Phoenix City prior to his return to Mount Divine Hawk, arrived before the head mansion and relaid his report on successfully subduing Ma Shan.

Receiving written letter via messenger presently following, the message stated that Prince Yin Jiao demands Jiang Ziya to an unconditional battle on the frontlines as vengeance for the stated loss of Ma Shan. the Prime Minister, recalling the ability that he can effectively wield if he was to utilize the power of his Yellow Apricot Flag, unhesitatingly gathered forth a large armada before exiting the gates of Phoenix City at the moment to which the army of Shang was advancing from the east. As the two forces confronted each other in mere moments, Yin Jiao wrathfully lashed his halberd at the rebel commander with an intense showing of skill, while Wen Liang used his Jade Ring to negate the power of Nezha's Universal Ring.

Unfortunately however, Yang Bliss mutually assisted Nezha in the form of using magical pellets that were of equal power to that of Chanyu's, resulting in Nezha seizing many opportunities to strike consecutive blows upon Wen Liang's

body with his fire-tipped spear; and after several strikes to the chest, the warrior under Shang toppled to the ground, spurting blood in every direction as he let loose his last few breaths in despair. Meanwhile, during the prince's clash with the rebel commander, Yin Jiao unleashed the power of his Sky Overturning Stamp; but to his immediate dismay, Jiang Ziya unraveled the Yellow Apricot Flag, which caused the stamp to consistently spin in the air without causing any effect to his body in the form of its gravitational pull.

Being suddenly charged at by Yang Bliss, who wielded his long sword with great aggravation, Yin Jiao became very flustered at his clear detriment in such a situation, and thus retreated after receiving a critical blow to his back by the rebel commander's staff, retrieving the stamp before departing in unparalleled rage. Zhang Shan and Li Jin, who additionally suffered from similar circumstances at the same present time, followed their prince's lead, retreating back to the camp of Shang after covering their retreat with large clouds of dust that they spread through the air.

As Yin Jiao returned to his inner quarters that evening, he publicly burned incense within the central camp of Shang, weeping over the death of his head general, Wen Liang, and the additional passing of his right-hand comrade, Ma Shan, who both assisted him like true warriors beneath the name of the greater good. As Zhang Shan and the soldiers alike began to express inner sorrow at the death of these two leaders, a man of Taoist origin had arrived before the Shang encampment with request to confront Crown Prince Yin Jiao.

Being allowed entrance, this man, who declared himself to be "Luo Xuan, the Burning Flame Immortal from Fire Dragon Island." He informed the prince that he had arrived after being asked to assist the cause of Shang by none other than Shen Gongbao. Yin Jiao immediately realized that the man, to which Shen had specifically stated would support his name, had finally arrived to uphold the will of the people. He entertained Luo Xuan with great generosity, knowing that Phoenix City's declared survival date had expired, and that it should be burned to ashes by all means with the use of this new subordinate. Unfortunately however, Luo Xuan declared that his comrade, Lu Huan, had yet to arrive, and Yin Jiao was thus forced to wait an additional two days before the latter finally showed, handing Luo Xuan many additional magical weapons as they prepared to attack the city that afternoon.

At the brink of dawn the following morning, the two Taoist warriors were entirely prepared with their set strategy, and thus challenged the gates of Phoenix City only to be confronted by Prime Minister Jiang Ziya in short measure. As the two forces became aligned before their respective opponents, Luo Xuan was already angry at being humiliated to a certain level at his comrade's late showing. Thus, he vented such a rage by charging through the Zhou army ranks, violently clanging his duel Flying Smoke Swords against the mere long sword of the rebel commander, who naturally was taken aback by such an unexpected display of speed.

Immediately retorted by Yang Bliss, Huang Tianhua, and others, meanwhile Liu Huan evaded many attacks from Nezha's spear. Luo Xuan realized that the matter needed to be settled with the utmost of swiftness, and thus assumed a form at which he possessed two additional heads and four additional arms, effectively

allowing him the control of multiple weapons at one time. Jiang Ziya, saw this as a moment at which he could seize for striking upon Luo Xuan in his transformed state. He suddenly wiped his staff in combination with Yang's Sky Barking Hound, thus startling Luo Xuan for a mere instant, and giving way to many consecutive blows from other soldiers within the neighboring terrain. A lucky blow that forced the enraged warrior to retreat in grave pain, as Lu Huan respectively reciprocated his comrade's action after being overpowered by Nezha's new boost in morale.

The two Taoists thus made their way within the encampment of Shang, and naturally fumed in great measure at their carelessness in the former feud, resolute to turn all of Phoenix City into nothing more than flames within death after being told of Yin Jiao's sworn intentions. Yin Jiao was naturally more than inclined to answer the resolve of his subordinates after being unexpectedly forced to delay his plans for two additional days. The prince equipped the two warriors with countless arrows supplied by Zhang Shan. And by the second watch of night, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan strode from the Shang encampment atop their respective steeds, laughing in confidence at the prospect of their vengeance, and upholding the intentions of their leader at the same time.

Arriving before the gates of Phoenix City under the darkness of night, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan slew every guard on patrol with incredible swiftness before unleashing their Cloud Raising Smoke above the enemy city, sending over ten thousand flaming arrows spraying down within the terrain beneath, causing countless buildings to be set aflame.

Meanwhile the Zhou soldiers within the first district began to flee in great panic at such a fierce situation. Luo Xuan gave the signal for an all-out attack upon Phoenix City's inner district, and stated that — upon the order of Yin Jiao — all civilians were to be safely escorted temporarily from the city without harm, while any soldier of Zhou that did not express submission to the name of the crown prince was to be slain without hesitation. Upon this order, over 100,000 soldiers of Shang respectively burst forward, invading the enemy city with immense speed and morale.

Men and women, young and old, began to be safely distributed outside of the city for the time, while the majority of the soldiers sprayed onwards to smite upon the forces of Zhou, who immediately began to retaliate in full force. Luo Xuan resolutely charged like a beam of light across the battlefield atop his flaming steed, slaying legions of enemy soldiers with a mere few turns of his Flying Smoke Swords and the compounded power of his Five Dragon Wheel. King Wu, who took notice of the disastrous circumstances within his city, fell to the ground and prayed for the Heavens to grant him sympathy, while Jiang Ziya and his superior men stood with astonishment, deploying many units of archers and swordsmen to reinforce the frontline defense.

Luo Xuan, who single-handedly slew over 10,000 soldiers of Zhou, presently advanced before many architectural buildings of great stature, tore them to shreds of rock with the burning grip of his fire dragons, and absorbed the fire within the first district, distributing it before the noble grounds to protect what remained of the civilian homes. Now taking notice of the head palace of Zhou, and the Prime Minister's mansion that neighbored it, Luo Xuan and Liu Huan advanced with greater speed only to be confronted by a young celestial woman known as

"Princess Dragon Ji", who had arrived at a prior time to assist the regulation of the agriculture within Phoenix City's region of farming. As she began to spread the Mist Dew Universal Net over the city, effectively ceasing any fire that was originally distributed by the two enemy celestials, Luo Xuan angrily turned at the woman, knowing that she would be a nothing more than a nuisance, and must be eliminated if he was to progress upon the Zhou mansions. Approaching Dragon Ji's position and hurling his Five Dragon Wheel at the latter, upon approaching her position, Ji unveiled her Four Sea Vase, absorbing the wheel and all other fire arrows that Luo Xuan deployed following this humiliating display of retortion.

Liu Huan, who was equally enraged at the effectiveness of this woman's item, charged upon Dragon Ji only to be smitten in half by her Double Dragon Sword. As Luo Xuan became mixed with emotions of rage, frustration, and fear, at the sight of such crucial circumstances, he hurriedly merged his remaining Sky Shining Stamp into the blades of his dual Flying Smoke Swords, causing the swords to consistently glow with immense light and burst with flaming smoke. Resuming his three-headed, six-armed form, Luo Xuan thrashed his blades at Dragon Ji like a madman, but was overpowered by her enormous Double Dragon Sword, and was consecutively beaten back at every attempt.

Charging her sword into Luo's flesh and then striking dead his steed with a single stroke, Luo Xuan realized the situations as being dire, and thus ordered his soldiers to retreat back to the Shang encampment with every civilian and head of the enemy soldiers slain. Protecting the masses with an enormous barrier of fire to cover their essential retreat, Luo Xuan, with resolute vengeance, charged deeply into the neighboring mountains to detour all pursuers, slaying each and every scout and soldier encountered and healing his wounds for another immediate attempt on the city.

Meanwhile the following day, the many soldiers of Zhou reported the great renown displayed by Princess Dragon Ji to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya, who in return granted her due rank and was well-pleased with her having appeared for his mutual sake. Now that Luo Xuan had his strength re-gathered after devouring a tiger whole and consuming an additional elixir pill, he summed up his energy and began to make his way back to Phoenix City only for a man of old age to appear beside his pathway, singing heartedly with unknown reasoning.

Luo Xuan saw that this man had an aura of great strength as he carried a long halberd, and wore a distinctive cloud-shaped helmet above his brow with the symbol of Zhou placed therein. Thus, Luo Xuan knew that, he being alone, it was of the upmost importance that all his strength was reserved for the sake of destroying Phoenix City and the assassination of Jiang Ziya. Thus, he gave a bow of respect followed by declaration that he was a new recruit of the Prime Minister and had been ordered to carry a missive to the city of Zhou, relating that a terrible incident involving some form of detriment had taken place within Phoenix City the night before. And, he, by the order of his master, had been sent for the sake of its essential protection. Showing the false decree to this man, who was none other than Li Jing, father of Nezha, Luo Xuan began his way to the enemy city without harm or suggested suspicion.

Chapter 65

The Will of a Million is Shattered by Four

As Luo Xuan received the warrior's name as being "Li Jing", a man who was presently heading to the residence of the Prime Minister for employment under the Zhou flag, Luo Xuan carefully strolled side-by-side with the former, until they closely bordered the city walls of Phoenix City. Not allowing for his aspirations to be postponed for any moment longer, Luo Xuan presently gave a signal to himself, causing the Flying Smoke Swords that he planted within the earth to burst from the ground and fiercely impale the unfortunate Li Jing in the back, who in return gave a cry of immense astonishment while, assuming that he had been betrayed by Luo Xuan at such a moment in time, grabbed at the latter's throat in desperation.

Beating back the old warrior and setting him aflame with the natural attributes of his duel swords, Li Jing instantaneously formed an enormous golden pagoda in the heavens upon will, and smashed it down upon the unwary Luo Xuan's skull, killing the unfortunate celestial in a mere moment in time. Presently diminishing the pagoda and desperately scavenging upon the fallen warrior's body, Li Jing luckily found a large mass of silver elixir pills that possessed the attributes of healing any wound upon swallow — as opposed to pills that need to be dissolved in water — and, formerly being informed of this substance by his master, Burning Lamp, immediately devoured the majority of the pills before making his way to Phoenix City.

Being allowed entrance into Phoenix City after giving evidential proof of his identity, Li Jing was escorted before Jiang Ziya in the Prime Minister's mansion, at which Li Jing presently declared his prior incident with a celestial of fire, who attempted to take his life along the way to Phoenix City. Being forced to prove his case with complete evidence, Zhou soldiers were sent to the specific region at which Luo Xuan had supposedly died.

But, to their justified suspicion towards this new warrior, no body remained whatsoever, for Luo Xuan had planted 3,000 Shang soldiers in the neighboring forests to retrieve his body if any incident was to occur that would result in evidence of his passing. As the Flying Smoke swords were made from his own body, they dissipated into dust at the moment to which Luo Xuan died, destroying all evidence and forcing the rebel commander and his soldiers to not only distrust the new recruit, but to additionally become wary at every moment in fear of the enemy's return to smite them where they stood.

To make matters worse in a display of bad luck towards Li Jing, one of the more seemingly distrusted celestials among others, Burning Lamp, was his master, and was the only individual other than Muzha, Nezha, and Jinzha, able to justify that Li Jing should be trusted. And Jiang Ziya and the others thus put their time into forming a strategy on how to deal with Yin Jiao's Sky Overturning Stamp and Soul Dropping Bell above everything else, while stationing a high level of celestials outside of the gates and quickening their reconstruction as to fight against Luo Xuan's probable return.

During their strategic discussion, Grand Completion recalled from his memory three additional flags separate from the Yellow Apricot Flag under the Prime Minister, but of the same magical properties: “the Soaring Flame Flag within Mount Xuandu, the Green Lotus Flag within the Western Lands, and the White Cloud Bound Flag with whereabouts unknown.” Receiving immediate consenting to retrieve these three flags, Grand Completion presently left Phoenix City and arrived before Mount Xuandu, at which he received the Soaring Flame from Lao Tzu momentarily following his request, before then heading to the Western Lands.

He arrived at the intended region and was allowed entrance before Buddha. Buddha was obstinate at first upon hearing the request of Grand Completion and his intentions to use the flag that represented Buddhism and their reputation, but was presently convinced by Candi to allow him the Green Lotus Flag for the sake of their religion's mutual expansion throughout the east: *“This being an intention of the upmost importance.”*

As Grand Completion was very gratified at their consideration towards his troubled circumstances, he returned back to Phoenix City to report his present success, at which he entered the residence of Princess Dragon Ji and requested whether she knew anything about the remaining White Cloud Bound Flag's location.

Dragon Ji, who had not been informed of Grand Completion and his search to obtain this remaining flag at the prior time, informed the former that her mother happened to possess such a flag within the Jade Pond residence. But, as the flag was an essential symbol of will and authority within such a region, only a celestial of great status such as that of Immortal of the South Pole could request it. For Grand Completion had little choice but to head first to Mount Kunlun after deeply thanking the princess for her guidance and handing the two acquired flags to Prime Minister Jiang Ziya.

Arriving before Mount Kunlun and obtaining the mutual cooperation of Immortal of the South Pole, South Pole immediately strode to the Jade Pond atop his mystical crane, expressing delight and satisfaction over the unique architecture about him as he presently arrived before the residence of the Golden Mother.

Receiving the White Cloud Bound Flag after elaborating the reasoning behind why he had appeared, at which he naturally showed great gratification for the lady's consideration, South Pole entered Phoenix City following this incident, handing the remaining flag to Jiang Ziya. Jiang Ziya entertained him in his mansion hall as reward before sending the respected celestial back on his way to Mount Kunlun.

As Master Pure Essence and Outstanding Culture presently arrived before the Prime Minister's residence according to their prearranged time of meeting, Jiang Ziya began set their order of attack:

“Outstanding Culture will wait upon the eastern edge of Mount Western Foothills with the Green Lotus as his tool. Pure Essence will head to the south, equipped with the Soaring Flame. Burning Lamp will head the center perimeter with the Yellow Apricot. And he shall personally take up position in the west with the White Cloud Bound. ”

After setting forth these orders, Jiang Ziya followed to set commands with his generals:

"Yellow Flying Tiger will assault the frontal encampment of Commander Zhang Shan; Deng Jiugong and Nangong Kuo will simultaneously assault the right and left camps that neighbor the front using Nezha, Yang Bliss, Wei Hu, and Thunderbolt as respective reinforcement; and Li Jing, Nezha, Muzha, and Huang Tianhua will distribute themselves where they are essentially needed from the rear."

Each general and celestial thus made immediate preparations throughout the remainder of day, at which they awaited until the time of dusk before pursuing any form of attack. Meanwhile within the encampment of Shang, Yin Jiao was exceedingly distressed and grieved over the unexpected report of Liu Huan and Luo Xuan having been killed, and thus cofined the honorable Luo Xuan in a respective coffin, sending a unit of soldiers as escort to bury the warrior upon the mountain's summit.

This being done, Yin Jiao was told of Luo Xuan's final employed strategy that would result in the rebel commander's forces being of a despaired state of fear. Thus, he knew that they would surely attempt an attack upon his encampment to ensure that revenge was not only obtained in the face of their humiliation, but to ensure that they have destroyed any means of threat that could assist the potential return of Luo Xuan.

"An action that is entirely essential to their future safety, by all means." With this deduction, Yin Jiao sent written decree via messenger, ordering neighboring passes to send reinforcement by order of Crown Prince, while securing a route of retreat to the east at which he would be able to reach the passes and call upon the assistance of the capital and that of his comrade, Shen Gongbao.

In addition to these preparations, Yin Jiao ordered his generals and soldiers to sharpen their blades and dominantly practice the Bull-Horn Formation and Pincer-Formation according to the perimeter surrounding the encampment's respective sides. And priorly distributed many units of royal soldiers to the mountains neighboring the Western Foothills, at which they would search all head residences and temples, burning them to the ground upon princely decree if any tool of magical attributes were to be located.

This ruse would allow Yin Jiao to ensure that the rebel commander's unknown sources of assistance in the form of magical items would be cut off to some extent, while they were then supplied to the capital as insurance to his name and power gain even greater evidence. For ensuring his mutual reinforcement from the king, he obviously would not possess intentions to harm Morning Song if such a display of assistance was to be shown,.

With this being set, Yin Jiao and Zhang Shan took their respective places. And as dusk had approached with report that the rebel army was presently closing in upon their encampment from every employable direction, the soldiers of Shang took up their stations and readied their weapons for a decisive battle. As Yellow Flying Tiger closed in upon the Shang encampment's frontal center, Yin Jiao and a large battalion of pike men fiercely clashed against the rebel army, greatly overpowering their advances with waves of arrows and the gravitational power of the Sky Overturning Stamp. Meanwhile, Zhang Shan, given the Yin-Yang Swords by

the prince, was met by Nangong Kuo, Deng Jiugong, and other lesser generals at the right encampment, at which he defended his strategic stronghold with the combined assistance of Li Jin.

Unfortunately however, a new foe by the name of Sun Yanhong advanced upon the defenders and spat large quantities of fire from his mouth, setting the soldiers of Shang aflame and resulting in mass confusion, to the detriment of Zhang Shan who had little choice but to fight with even greater valor. But even with his new display of prowess, Deng Jiugong advanced and, seeing that his former subordinate was unwilling to surrender even in such bested circumstances, struck a fatal blow to Zhang Shan's chest and ordered the fallen commander to be buried in Sanshan Pass in honor of his characteristics of zeal. At this present time Yellow Flying Tiger, who did not possess any magical backing, was bested very quickly; but to his benefit, Nezha and Yang Bliss immediately arrived to assist the commander, smiting the opposition forces with incredible power, at which Yin Jiao had great difficulty in suppressing even with the ability of his stamp and bell.

Knowing that the central camp was of vital importance and that if lost, would result in a prime advantage for the enemy force, Yin Jiao assumed his three-headed, six-armed form, and willfully multiplied his golden halberd until he possessed six ones. And followed by valiantly striking hundreds of blows into the rebel soldiers, felling hundreds with every swing of his individual halberds, and making the remaining whole more resolved than ever to press on and smite the crown prince. Naturally, if not defeated quickly, he would sully their opportunity to obtain victory.

As a result, the thousands of Zhou soldiers created a pincer around Yin Jiao, and the legions of spearmen pressed forward at one sudden instant and impaled the prince with their respective weapons, ceasing the warrior from his rampage. Enraged beyond measure at such a display, Yin Jiao firmly unleashed his Sky Overturning Stamp, causing the enormous mass of soldiers piled around him to be thrust to the ground, blood gushing from their ears and eyes as the gravitational weight became overwhelmingly strong — even to the point of crushing their bodies.

Nezha and Yang Bliss, who had presently stricken dead the multitude of the Shang forces singlehandedly, causing individual retreat for the majority of their enemy, assaulted the wounded prince with their sword and spear respectively, but were greatly held back by an enormous mass of crossbowmen that laid before the encampment's head gate, allowing Yin Jiao a safe retreat back within the central camp, at which he ordered the vast majority of the defenders to equip themselves with crossbows, while handing them loads of straw hay and the flaming arrows originally received from Liu Huan for the sake of an ultimate defense around the entire perimeter of their encampment.

Presently devouring one of Luo Xuan's silver elixir pills and mounting a cloud of dust, the crown prince immediately sped to the east with incredible speed, intending on reaching the capital and receiving a grand majority of magical items to use as backing for his ambitions. Approaching Sishui Pass as he killed the masses of Zhou soldiers that stood before his way as respective ambush parties, Yin Jiao presently confronted Master of Outstanding Culture along the way, who, without any hesitation, unraveled his Green Lotus Flag, forcing the prince's

weapon of destruction — the Sky Overturning Stamp — to reverse its power as the light from the flag shined upon it.

Overwhelmed at such an annoyance, Yin Jiao had little choice but to call back his stamp, blind his opponent with a storm of dust, and spur off to the southeast atop his cloud with even mightier resolve. Slaying the many Zhou soldiers that continued to confront him along the pathway to the southeast, in the form of additional ambush parties, Yin Jiao was met by his master, Pure Essence, who intended more than anything to stop his former disciple from completing his intentions.

Showing such an intention by unwisely revealing his Soaring Flame Flag even without the Stamp's release, Yin Jiao predicted that each flag must only possesses a variable exterior appearance to confuse their opponent, while it was internally nothing different than its counterparts in the form of its use, and thus did not attempt to release the Sky Overturning Stamp, but impaled his master's hands with one of his golden halberds, stole the flag, and thrust Pure Essence from his direction, thus changing his direction to the east and continuing onward to the capital. Jiang Ziya and Burning Lamp, presently hearing of Yin Jiao's movement to the east, abandoned their respective positions of defense and divided themselves before the pathway of the prince — Burning Lamp being the first to confront Yin Jiao.

Exceedingly cautious in all nature and not wishing to be seen as an enemy to the Prime Minister in fear of the detriment of acting against "Heaven's will," until he can eventually seize power for himself over Jie Taoism, Burning Lamp made no effort to prevent Yin Jiao's advance, considerately allowing the prince passage in honor of his resolve, awakening the Yellow Apricot Flag following the former's departure, creating thousands of golden lotus flowers to cloud the pathway of any potential pursuit.

As Yin Jiao thus presently charged towards the east, he saw the rebel commander posed before him with dragon banners fluttering about and, seeing Jiang Ziya's fool behavior in the name of warfare, seized the opportunity to attack from the air, at which he slaughtered the surrounding disorganized parties under Zhou before piercing his six halberds into the commander's flesh. Jiang Ziya, not having a former chance to resist against the prince's speedy assault, immediately released his White Cloud Bound Flag causing fog to dissipate all potential sight and forcing Yin Jiao to charge and thrash about in random directions — for upon release, the Prime Minister disappeared like nothing more than an illusion.

Fearing that more detrimental of circumstances would sully his efforts, even though such an opportunity was rare in suitability, Yin Jiao mounted his dust cloud and charged with unparalleled speed to the east. As the prince resolutely continued, the circle of fog remained no longer and Yin Jiao began to see the final brim of sunlight across the sky as talents of thunder echoed throughout the air, strengthening his determination to live on, no matter what. Presently entering a region at which the terrain closed upon him from left and right and continued with such an expanse, Yin Jiao continued by way of foot, until he had confronted a mountain of incredible span that blocked any potential advancement.

Being perplexed as to why such a pathway of essential importance for transportation and travel would remain at such a state up until the present, Yin Jiao was naturally annoyed by such unlucky circumstances and willfully cleaved the entire mountain into two vertical halves, with the secondary ability of his Sky Overturning Stamp, but draining a greater majority of its remaining magical potential.

Now being able to advance once again, the two sides of the mountain suddenly began to cave towards him, as if with the intention to crush him. Knowing that the mountain's rocks would smash his body if he attempted the use of the Sky Overturning Stamp, Yin Jiao lunged towards the sky as he used the wind to elevate his body; but as he reached the very surface of the mountain, both ends clamped shut upon his abdomen, causing him to let out a loud shriek of pain as he comprehended the danger of such a situation.

Chapter 66

A Hero Vows Redemption upon a Moonlighting Night; A Dragon of Justice rises from a Sea filled with Shame

A Dragon of Justice Rises from a Sea Filled with Shame". As the unfortunate prince experienced unparalleled pain in such drastic circumstances, he wasted little time in using the Sky Overturning Stamp to free his lower body from the mountain's grip; and as he was thus free, he swallowed another silver elixir pill to heal his broken body, at which he then mounted his cloud and continued to the east. To his continued detriment, however, mist as white as snow suddenly blinded his eyes from the recently experienced dark of night, as he continued, followed by four metal chains, which lunged from the terrain beneath, wrapping around Yin Jiao's heels and throwing him to the ground.

As he struggled to break free from this hold, the chains suddenly began to expand from the earth, wrapping themselves around both of his legs as if being that of a snake. Using his Soul Dropping Bell to stall the chains from expanding to even greater lengths — even though still presently remaining tight around his body — Jiang Ziya suddenly appeared before Yin Jiao's face, content with having captured the runaway prince.

Unfortunately for the prince, he had treaded upon a mountain that distinctively possessed metal chains beneath the earth that could be effectively controlled by the hands of any member of Jie Taoism; and as Jiang Ziya had specifically constructed this mountain solely for protecting the lands of the Western Foothills from a neighboring distance, he allowed Yin Jiao to continue on his pathway to the east without having to stop him with his own hands — which was unexpectedly an impossible task otherwise. Presently, King Wu appeared atop his stallion — having been stationed upon a neighboring vicinity for viewing purposes before Yin Jiao's capture — with Grand Completion by his side.

Approaching the captive and being told who he was, King Wu forced the Prime Minister aside and knelt before Yin Jiao, stating that he would gladly give his life and suffer for 10,000 years in the face of the latter's humiliating condition, while ordering Jiang Ziya not to harm the prince in any form. In retortion, Jiang Ziya boldly stated that even though Yin Jiao was a status symbol before the entire country and its inhabitants, he had opposed the "Will of Heaven", and thus must be put to the sword in the name of true justice. Even with consecutive orders to pardon Yin Jiao from such a fate, the malignant Prime Minister refuted every request, handing Grand Completion his sword, to deliver the fatal blow.

With ready resolve to put an end to his dangerous disciple — who could risk the entire death of the Western Foothills if allowed to live — Grand Completion presently approached the captive with sword in hand. Meanwhile Yin Jiao, frantic to escape such circumstances, for the sake of his ambitions and the will of the people, suddenly revealed the Sky Overturning Stamp within his sleeve, striking it before his master's face and causing the latter to flinch with an intense gravitational pull upon his body. As Yin Jiao immediately followed with a slash from his golden halberd, Grand Completion, with tears gushing from his eyes,

shattered the former's blade to pieces with his right arm, and extending his fatal blade with the right, piercing Yin Jiao's throat and rendering his body motionless. Remaining upright after such a fatal blow, Yin Jiao eye's gazed resolutely at his master with the final remaining moment of life that he still possessed, while he dropped the activated Sky Overturning Stamp from his hand, stepping upon it with his feet; and as it hit the ground, the metal within the mountain equally reacted to the immediate change in pressure, causing the terrain to immediately collapse in a large ripple effect as the magical energy transferred through the metal, as if being electricity.

As Yin Jiao unleashed one final grin of achievement right before death, the mountain collapsed in all entirety, causing Jiang Ziya and the others to be buried like sand from within. Alas! Yin Jiao thus died, remembered by the people of China as a true hero, sacrificing his every ounce of life energy to destroy the country's evil in the face of the suffering populace and the war-torn hearts of all that inhabit it. As Yin Jiao's spirit took flight through the heavens and gazed down upon the enormous wreckage as a result to the mountain's collapse, the prince was justifiably infuriated that his ambitions have been evidentially sullied, but was still relieved that the rebel commander was indeed dead, allowing him some form of opportunity to easily take the Western Foothills if any new body was to be found.

In resolution to this, the first worry that struck Yin Jiao was seeing whether his respectable comrades had succeeded in their initial defense of the Shang encampment; but as he arrived to inspect, corpses laid desolate along the region's perimeter, with his encampment having been breached and desolated in all entirety. Seeing the evidence that many soldiers of Shang had scattered to variable distances after the dominant use of fire, Yin Jiao wrathfully altered the clouds of the sky and uprooted neighboring trees, as he loudly lamented the death of his fellow allies.

Following this incident of lamenting, Yin Jiao realized that some form of gravitational force was pulling him in the direction of the east, and nonetheless resisted such a force, arriving before the grounds of Capital Morning Song and searching widely for his father, who he intended on seeing, as opposed to initially killing him, which would provide a heavy weight of populace support to the side of Zhou, considering that his aspirations to be seen as the country's influence would be harmed by such circumstances, and recovery would be almost impossible.

Therefore, Yin Jiao eventually found his father — who was presently dozing off by means of heavy drinking outside the Happy Terrace — and stood before his father, informing him of his identity, the past circumstances taken place within the Western Foothills, and that the able and powerful should be convinced to negotiate and tear apart the Zhou influence — for by no other means was such a resolution possible.

Following this, Yin Jiao created an enormous gust of wind, soared through the heavens, and arrived before the Terrace of Creation in which his body was innately drawn towards; at this initial point in time, Yin Jiao allowed himself entry within the terrace, after being elaborated to by the guardian, knowing that even with Jiang Ziya dead, he did not possess any actual body or magical item to reinforce his authority. The crown prince thus took rest, vowing upon the

moonlighted night that he would rest for the time being, awaiting the moment in which he would be able to reinforce his eternal ambitions once again. The following morning, King Zhou sat concentrated on the message that he received from his "deceased" son, but nonetheless grew frenzy when receiving an urgent report that stated that Crown Prince Yin Jiao was indeed present on the battlefield; and as the worst possible circumstances would have it, he and that of Zhang Shan had both been killed while in the ultimate attempt of destroying the Western Foothills.

Unhesitant to act in some means of retortion to this detriment, King Zhou immediately held a council within the Royal Hall, where he announced the entire situation before every minister, accordingly asking who should be chosen as the following expeditionary commander to enact vengeance. In response to this, Supreme Minister Li Deng stepped forward from the others, stating that Commander Hong Jin of Sanshan Pass possesses both unparalleled magically capability and was additionally successful in military strategy — someone who should thus be employed and tasked with such an obligation.

Initially accepting this recommendation, King Zhou sent a messenger with royal decree to Sanshan Pass, where Hong Jin accepted the proposal, equipped himself with the Commander's Seal and 100,000 soldiers, and appointed his subordinate — Kong Xuan — as Sanshan's new head guardian. He then took leave of the pass and lead his army towards the direction of the Western Foothills.

At the present time at which Crown Prince Yin Jiao gave his final stand by collapsing the Western Foothill's Guardian Mountain, Grand Completion and the others were initially buried by the rubble that encased upon them, but the former immediately deployed thousands of lotus flowers that protected them from the weight of the rocks' pressure, escaping with both Jiang Ziya and King Wu before any furthered amount of detriment could result. Regardless, both Jiang Ziya and Grand Completion were heavily wounded, and were thus handed by Zhou generals silver elixir pills that were retrieved from the fallen Shang encampment, which were previously identified by the Prime Minister as only being consumable by a man of immortal characteristics.

The Zhou soldiers had also located the respective grave of Luo Xuan and freed the citizens that were held by Yin Jiao, so proclamations were immediately spread about the city that appeased the people from their strife, and reconstruction immediately took place within Phoenix City as many days passed by in conviction. Meanwhile, Hong Jin and his army of 100,000 had made their way deeply into the Western Foothills after a straight week of marching, where they presently made themselves an encampment secluded within a forest region that laid to the south. Scouts were then sent to report on the current circumstances present within Phoenix City.

After some time, information had been received that many escorts of provisions, silver, and iron were being transported regularly, and many soldiers were being drilled apart from one another in variable regions, suggesting that the Western Foothills were quick on their feet to ensure that further invasion was well defended from, and that such an opportunity to strike shouldn't be avoided. Thus, Hong Jin distributed his soldiers to specific strategic positions, drilled the sword,

bow, and spear units beneath his command, and ordered General Ji Kang to take the field the following morning. As dawn arrived the next day, Ji Kang marched a grand army of 70,000 soldiers before Phoenix City, ordering his soldiers to pounce upon its western gates and besiege it as quickly as physically employable. At this initial time, General Nangong Kuo charged through the gates that presently suffered from siege and furiously ordered his unit of 20,000 to fit arrows to their bows and barrage the Shang soldiers from the city's walls, additionally meeting Ji Kang one-on-one, prepared to fight to the death if the need be.

Ji Kang, relatively being overwhelmed by Nangong Kuo's stand of desperation and rage, presently recited many incantations, causing an enormous cloud of darkness to appear directly above his respective head, at which a wolf of bronze fur lunged from the darkness, piercing its fangs into Nangong's flesh and rendering him screaming in pain. Ji Kang then stabbed his sword relentlessly upon the wounded warrior, causing Sun Yanhong, who gazed at such a sight from the city walls, to spray an enormous torrent of fire down upon Ji Kang. Ji Kang initially fled in great surprise at such a display, knowing that such a monster might have been the justification as to why the Shang encampment's remnants were found as being mainly nothing more than deeply incinerated ashes.

Ordering his soldiers to retreat lest they were to be killed in mass by this incredible beast, Ji Kang and the Shang army fled the day, and Nangong Kuo was immediately carried back into the Zhou encampment, where he was treated. The circumstances involving Sun Yanhong's appearance was presently reported to Hong Jin after the time at which Ji Kang effectively returned to his commander's encampment. Hong Jin was delighted that the source of the previously seen catastrophe had now been filled in with partial evidence. He thus chose to send General Bai Xianzhong to do battle the following day with 10,000 pike men and crossbowmen alike, meanwhile forming a fixed strategy on how to destroy such a beast and its conspirators.

As the warrior of Shang approached Phoenix City's gates, he aligned his pike men in a pincer formation, while his respective bowmen formed towers out of mounds of mud in the rear, so as to have a mounted position that would allow them to spray upon the enemy soldiers like rain. With these formations having been aligned, Deng Jiugong alone commanded a frontal army of half the number. And after failing in the controversial attempt to convince Xianzhong that his course of action would only result in death, Deng Jiugong fearlessly charged upon the enemy's pincer formation, ordering his fire-arrow ambush units on his right and left to clear a pathway of fire that would separate the opposing pike men from his body.

As the pincer formation became distorted by this show of unexpected bravery, Deng Jiugong whipped his noble steed until he obtained great agility, at which he closed in upon the enemy commander — who remained at the middle — and felled him in a single cut of his blade, presently fending off volleys of arrows at the same initial time. As Deng Jiugong ordered his soldiers to then begin to spray their flaming arrows upon the mounds of mud, the morale of the Shang soldiers diminished. They fled back to their encampment while Jiugong took the enemy commander's head and made his return to Phoenix City, much to the praise of Jiang Ziya, who ordered the head to be hung upon a pole before the city gates as a

showing of their conviction. As Hong Jin was naturally distressed to hear of such a detriment upon hearing report, he still relatively harbored a very keen interest in the capable men of the Western Foothill rebel faction, and more than anything desired to visit their city personally, where he would be able to engage in some form of controversy.

The following day, Hong Jin equipped his body with full-plated armor and led an enormous front before the eastern gates of Phoenix City. And as Jiang Ziya and his men exited the city gates to repel this enemy force, Hong Jin took notice of the rebel army being of perfect discipline, consisting of many a general and celestial, who showed such a look of resolve and furiousness that the Shang commander grinned in admiration.

Approaching Jiang Ziya and receiving his name with full respect, Hong Jin began by informing the Prime Minister that he had been sent by royal order of King Zhou to cease their rebellion and make ultimate peace between both of their respective factions. *"I am Senior Advisor of the Leftern House, Hong Jin, and I come before you today to put forth an agreement that can settle our differences in a manner differing from lowly barbarity. As I see that your army is of perfect discipline and formation, yet you carry the name of a rebel, it is obvious that you possess hatred towards the name of King Zhou and intend on his overthrow.*

Now would it ultimately benefit your position by using moral influence to strengthen the swords of your soldiers and create a furthered amount of chaos in this country? I see such an action as being nothing less than folly, as you and your people consider yourselves men of peace that await the times, but in reality, you are treacherous snakes that wish to bite back at your master! Have you taken into consideration the consequence in acting in such a manner? You may possess the capacity to overthrow the dynasty and declare yourselves as heroes, but is barbaric violence truly something that you should carry out as if being nothing less than normality?

In the name of justice, I cannot allow someone such as you to destroy the Shang Dynasty and bind the people's minds to petty delusions of grandeur and peace. If you value your life and the hearts of your people, I order you to throw down your weapons and speak of submission. For what can animals such as yourself perform against men of my ability, other than using celestials as tools to carry out your own evils?"

Smiling with an aura of great resolve, Jiang Ziya responded: *"So, the common class general of the Shang forces declares me as being a rebel of the country and someone who should ultimately be eliminated for the sake of the greater good. I am nothing more than a simple Taoist man that has risen up in the name of Sky, and I will strike down anything that opposes such a will, even if I am forced to destroy every last one of your kind with the sword that rests at my side.*

The will of Sky is vast, and I am the figurehead of destiny that has been ordered to strike down the evil Shang Dynasty and its ruler, so that my benevolent ruler King Wu can rise up and rightfully claim the throne as his! You state my intentions as being nothing less than a passing whim held by a barbarian, yet how can you deny the resolve of my blade as being delusions of peace when I possess the full capability to create such peace?! I am a ruler among men, and nothing can deny what I have chosen to do for this country, as my actions will create a future that everyone shall prosper from, no matter what needs to be sacrificed within the

process. My people fight as my arms and legs, and I treasure them the same. How can one such as you dare talk of justice when my actions are for righteousness and universal happiness?"

Laughing aloud in full determination, Hong Jin boldly stated: *"So it seems that you believe yourself to be a hero of the common man, and use your direct followers as evidence to prove that what you are doing is for the best possible resolution to the present circumstances. Is that not nothing less than truly pathetic, eh? You foolish ape for a human! It seems that no reason can diminish that disparity within your breast, and that you are determined more than anything to bring this country to a greater height of chaos, simply due to your own petty views of justice!"*

Righteousness, love, honor, resolve; are these words that you truly believe will somehow save the people from their consistent despair, and that you will be seen as a hero among men? Listen to reason, you useless old fool! Even if you are able to destroy the Shang Dynasty with the backing of those evil righteous-driven celestials, think that I will simply stand down and allow your actions to pave a pathway of destruction through this country, in face of my ultimate duty and reputation beneath the sword of Shang?!

If you refuse to set aside your delusions even in the face of reason, then I have little other choice then to show that my blade has been carved from the blood of thousands of rebels, and you shall simply be another corpse that litters the death-paved ground of shame once my justice tears open your very heart!"

With these words having been spoken, Hong Jin resolutely ordered his pike men and spear units to charge to his right and left as they advanced to the enemy's position from the front. His bowmen would begin to construct forts to the south and north to use as fortifications. And the mounted cavalry would create a wide pincer formation around the rebel army, expanding the effectiveness of Hong Jin's forward charge.

As Hong Jin neared Jiang Ziya's position, he would be momentarily confronted by the 72nd son of King Wu, known as Wu Shimeng, who was naturally of intense physical ability, and thus subsequently able to beat back Hong Jin's assault with only a small unit of soldiers. Seeing that this new foe possessed a high level of strength to back his resolve, Hong Jin concluded that such a confrontation would not prove fruitful by means of his own martial prowess. He thus gave a signal with his right hand before stabbing his silver flag into the ground, at which he ran inside of a void door that appeared to his right.

With this void door having been opened, Wu Shimeng knew not what fate would befall him if he were to enter. But as such circumstances opened an opportunity for him to potentially seize the head of the enemy commander, he unhesitatingly charged onward through the door. Little could he actually comprehend, however, that Hong Jin immediately was took to hiding as he was present within his void. And by the time at which Shimeng had entered, the Shang commander's cutless fell upon him like a heavy guillotine, slicing the general into two vertical halves and subsequently placing fear into the hearts of Jiang Ziya and each of his subordinates.

Hong Jin exited his void door and resumed it to its original state as a flag. Loudly then he began to boast at Jiang Ziya: *"You stated earlier that you possess the full capability to create peace within this country, yet how can one deny the power*

that I wield as being something subtle and easily conquered, even as one of your men have now reached River Sphynx and cry out in resent at their own unknowing!

If you wish to take my life and continue with your petty ambitions of grandeur, then call forth those worthless celestials of chaos and use them to your present advantage, otherwise the scent of blood shall echo throughout the countryside as my blade erases your every cell of existence! Don't take me lightly, you barbarian. I have slain thousands of rebels with this resolved sword of justice, and your streaming blood shall simply be another passing page in history, while I shall be looked upon as this country's true hero!"

With this having been spoken, Hong Jin re-awakened his void door and disappeared within, concentrating every ounce of his magical energy to sprout from the ground beasts comprised of dark matter, who roamed across the battlefield in enormous number, tearing apart soldiers of the Rebel Army limb by limb. As these beasts were a part of Hong Jin's subconscious, he was forced to remain in a meditative state while within the void; but with Deng Chanyu's immediate and brave showing of agility, she was able to scatter many soldiers of Shang before entering the door that held the commander, barraging him with a multitude of reinforced pebbles and subsequently causing Hong Jin to yell out in thriving pain and despair.

Attempting to grab ahold of her body with his Hands of Darkness, he had already maxed out the majority of his remaining energy and struggled in such an attempt, causing Ji Kang to initially pierce forward like a shadow and purge the entire battlefield in mist. Taking ahold of his wounded master while in the midst of such a showing, Ji Kang ordered a full-scale retreat back to their encampment, thus scoring for Jiang Ziya a moderate but resentful victory. As Ji Kang and the rest of the Shang forces had returned to their respective encampment, Hong Jin had immediately treated his wounds with advanced medicine and rested for the evening, vowing that he would unconditionally dispose of the woman that had given him such deep wounds, ultimately for the sake of his credibility.

Acting upon these words, Hong Jin departed from the encampment the following afternoon, taking with him a 3,000-strong unit of archers to back his assault, determined to solely tear apart Deng Chanyu, the woman who had humiliated him so deeply. Hong Jin appeared before the eastern gates of Phoenix City shortly following and ordered the appearance of the "rock-throwing whore", Princess Dragon Ji. The princess had taken ear to the ability of Hong Jin's flag and had happened to possess a weapon that could counter such a detriment, rode from the city gates and confronted Hong Jin upon Jiang Ziya's consent.

As Hong Jin was both enraged at the fact that Deng Chanyu refused to show her face, but satisfied that he could enact his revenge on another respective arm of the rebel commander, he initially awakened his void and ran inside, preparing to unleash the largest amount of dark energy that he could sum forth, tearing his enemy into pieces.

To his shock, a large silver portal carrying Princess Dragon Ji was suddenly awakened from within the void, and she strode outside with incredible speed, smashing Hong Jin's back with such force that his armor shattered to pieces, additionally throwing him a great distance before he had reattained his footing. In

a state of great panic, Hong Jin abandoned his flag and fled to the north on his mount, ordering his 3,000 archers in ambush to unleash volleys of arrows at Dragon Ji, who was presently in pursuit at the rear.

Returning to a natural state of mind and fully confident that the woman could never survive such a heavy onslaught, Hong Jin steadied his horse and turned to look at his opponent. But to his intense fear and dismay, the Shang soldiers fell in masses as Dragon Ji unleashed from her magical vase an enormous sum of fire, which had been originally obtained during Luo Xuan's former attack upon Phoenix City.

Hong Jin gazed all around him and saw trees falling apart with flames scattered to the very heavens. Hong Jin, no matter how bold he wished to live another day, frantically sped his horse to the north until he reached the North Sea, at which he dismounted, throwing into the waters an imperial seal that was granted to him by noble birth, carrying with it the will of ancestors.

As the waters began to part from one another with violent waves churning consistently, an enormous guardian dragon leaped from the depths of the ocean, allowing Hong Jin to mount it as if he was its master. Dragon Ji had caught up to him his position. Thus Hong Jin stood atop his beast and loudly proclaimed before his opponent: *"You are a mere tiger that has been uncaged by a rebel who wishes to overthrow the country, and you still consider yourself as being superior to I, a man of true noble birth who even the heavens proclaim as their equal! Is the present situation not anything less than laughable?! I am a man that has been chosen by the Shang Dynasty to lead the masses to unconditional victory, never severing my path of duty nor giving up in the face of any opposition!*

You on the other hand are nothing more than a test-animal, who has been granted supreme power at birth. While at the same time you prove yourself as being too incompetent in knowing how to wield such a power, even to the extent that you shamelessly attempt to take the life of one such as I, known by all as a man of justice! If you give in now and show to me that your life is better off saving than to meet a humiliating death in the face of service beneath a deluded man of the common class, then I shall treat you as if you are my own right arm. An individual who deserves respect and gratitude, and someone who is treasured by the people alike as being a hero that has awakened from ignorance.

My ancestors have long been known throughout the land as prodigies, individuals of both great talent and respect, and saviors of nations and kingdoms, never allowing themselves to falter or give in to unfavorable circumstance, but living on to fight for their resolve another day, destroying any opposition to the throne and securing themselves as men of true repute! Set your eyes upon reason and become a beacon of light as my ancestors have shown themselves to be. Only then shall you make a name for yourself in this pathetic country gutted with every whim of evil and become a figurehead that is deserving of praise and power!

My conviction for the people has never decayed even after so many years of service beneath a land dreaded with incompetency. Think that I will simply give in to a force driven with nothing else than unconditional barbarity and lose an opportunity at guiding the masses with the power and authority that resides within these very fingertips?! The circumstances are futile for any means of victory, as even the gods have answered my noble call, and together we shall both strike down the

evil in this country and blossom the future as a sword of unparalleled conviction and truth!"

In response to this, Princess Dragon Ji approached the sea that stood before her and casted into it her own hereditary seal, effectively summoning forth an enormous dolphin-like creature that bordered the size of Hong Jin's dragon. Mounting her respective beast, Princess Dragon Ji began to shout: *"As you are indeed a man worthy of my respect and admiration, I shall tell you my name and title. I am none other than the daughter of Golden Mother of Jade Pond, Princess Dragon Ji, wielder of the 10,000-armed vase! Now that you are competent of my position in this world, by what means could I betray the expectations of my mother and all who serve under my right arm, simply to save my own present life? What you state is not the present way of things, as Jiang Ziya is a man guided by Heaven, destined to allocate freedom to the people and reign forth an era of unparalleled peace!"*

No matter how noble you believe yourself to be, the will of my lord and the aspirations of the people are something that you shall never understand, and the waves of the time shall ensure that a person of greater capability rises up and seizes peace for all, and that man is Jiang Ziya! How dare you speak of delusion when you yourself are the one who is ignorant of the present circumstances! I refuse to give in to your swindler ways of trickery!" "It is a sad state of affairs to see a woman of your beauty succumb to such a shallow understanding of this country and the figureheads that are essential in running its every ligament.

Can you not comprehend that even with such a position of influence, you are nothing more than an animal bound in rope that longs to see the light of freedom, feeling every form of resentment as you are forced to unconditionally follow petty codes of filially? If you are unable to awaken from your primitive ways of thought and see my absolute reasoning, than you are fated to be regarded within history as a fool who was destroyed out of nothing less than their own blindness and irrationality. Do you intend on such a detrimental resolution as being your fate within this world? I would hardly consider that as being reasonable by any means, as you will thus have stained any reputation you previously possessed with the blood of resent and ignorance, forever looked upon as a mere nobody that was unable to adapt to the times, let alone crushed by a man of unparalleled repute such as myself."

With this having been spoken, Hong Jin leapt to the heavens atop his one-mile long golden-scaled dragon and fell upon Dragon Ji's beast with incredible speed and valor, tearing apart the dolphin's upper body and etching the sea with a coating of blood. With this having been initiated, Hong Jin's dragon began to bear its heavy fangs into the flesh of Dragon Ji's dolphin; and taking advantage of this situation, Hong Jin leaped upon his foe and landed a crucial blow to her flesh with his sword.

Taking immediate advantage of this, Dragon Ji pressed Hong Jin aside with all her might and ordered her Dragon Binding Rope to bind the Shang commander's body and effectively render him immobilized. Struggling to free himself with every ounce of strength as the rope tightly began to bind his ligaments from any form of movement, Dragon Ji grabbed ahold of Hong Jin and quickly fled back to Phoenix City, the same initial time being forced to evade many consistent attacks by his dragon, which burned with a great flushing of rage over

the position of its master. Nonetheless, Dragon Ji was able to safely return to her respective city, at which she threw Hong Jin before the very feet of Jiang Ziya.

Chapter 67

The Outspoken Warrior is Granted Honors of Lordship; Royalty and Justice become twisted to Circumstance

Jiang Ziya took the hands of Dragon Ji and bowed before her in respect and acknowledgement at having captured the enemy commander. He then gazed before the humiliated Hong Jin — who presently was still bound to the Dragon Binding Rope. And stated: *"So, this justice of yours seems to have brought about nothing less than failure and defeat at the hands of a superior enemy, while you now stand before me as figure of humiliation that was unable to uphold his bold words. What can you state now, General?"*

I control your life within my very fingertips and possess the complete jurisdiction to end it at this moment if I was to will for it. As your boldness and conviction surpass any other warrior that I have confronted within the past, I indeed express my utmost respect towards your noble cause, even though it is distorted, confused, and all together misled.

With this having been stated, I shall allow your life to end honorably, for you have proven to be true to your conviction and dreams. And that is reason enough to allow for you the death of a hero who believed in his own words, as we both are so little apart in our manner of thought, no matter what another may dare state. Guards, away with him to the grounds of execution!"

Thus, Hong Jin was brought to the grounds of execution and was fully prepared for his life to meet the sword. However, a Taoist man by the name of *Celestial Matchmaker* arrived in a sweat ordering the executioner to [hold] his hand, as *Incantations Immortal of Jade Pond* had provided written decree stating that Dragon Ji and Hong Jin were destined by Heaven to join in marriage.

With these words having been passed on to Jiang Ziya, he initially went to see Celestial Matchmaker, forthwith leading him to the residence of Dragon Ji so as to come to a justified conclusion on how to respond to the mandate involving her marriage. Upon entry into the princess's residence, Celestial Matchmaker and Jiang Ziya approached Dragon Ji, at which the former began:

"My lady! I am humiliated at the fact that I could not approach you with this matter at a sooner time, but our respective master Incantation has only just recently received written decree stating you are to be married to Shang Commander Hong Jin, so as to secure peace between both respective factions. And I have consequently arrived with the most immediate of speed, intent on employing the command of our lord.

However, your words, my lady, shall determine whether such a resolution is to come about, as I am nothing more than a stone in the riverside in comparison to your nobility and reputation, and will willingly meet the sword if you are to express refusal with this demand."

As Dragon Ji was relatively shocked to hear of such a sudden report and the inappropriate time at which it had been produced, she was nonetheless inclined to accept such a proposal. She not only began to subtly fall in attraction to the young Hong Jin and his great ambition but also came to the realization that he would be more useful alive than not. Both Jiang Ziya and Matchmaker were elated to hear of Dragon Ji's consenting that Hong Jin was freed from his bonds shortly and escorted

to the Shang encampment, for the sake of rallying his soldiers into a mutual surrender. Hong Jin, intense with despair and humiliation in effect to having not only been captured by the rebel forces, but left alive simply to attest his own usefulness to a distorted cause, enraged him internally as he approached the Shang encampment and called his generals to an audience. In a loud voice, Hong Jin began:

"To my great disfavor and detriment, my entire contingent had been torn asunder by the hands of a single woman, and even the ancestral dragon that has supported me since my very birth failed to bring me an ultimate victory. Thrown before the feet of Jiang Ziya and taken away for beheading, my life was saved by a single commanding whim held by one of their barbaric celestials, and now I have succumbed to the humiliation of marrying the one woman who caused my defeat or otherwise meet the sword in death.

Who could have ever considered that I would be torn apart by petty magic tricks and forced, to my very throat, to support the arms and legs of a deluded rebel of the common class! My men, you have all stood by me as true heroes alike that fight for a greater good, but alas, the circumstances have been twisted against any means of our success, and we have no other choice than to lend support to this rebel faction and ultimately throw our names from the path of gods to that of peasants.

Nonetheless, my comrades, I will find a way in which we can tear these bonds of animal skin from our bodies and ascend to the glory and fame that we deserve. And no matter what sacrifices need to be made, the head of Jiang Ziya shall one day become an ornament for my ambitions after I show to the entire country that I am a man who never abandons his justice!"

With this having been stated, Ji Kang and the others vowed to unconditionally follow their leader in service beneath Jiang Ziya. The group then proceeded back to Phoenix City, in which both Hong Jin and Princess Dragon Ji accordingly were wedded on the third day of the third month in the 35th year of King Zhou's reign — respectively seen as a lucky date for their marriage.

The Western Foothills had now made the necessary preparations to ensure a full production of provisions and weapons for a prospective incursion into capital city Morning Song. And for this very reason Jiang Ziya presented himself before King Wu the following day with the proposition of attacking King Zhou with the support of other nobles who mutually shared the same intent.

This nonetheless came across before King Wu as unthinkable, for his father had commanded him never to consider destroying the king even if being a nuisance to the people's prosperity and integrity. It would be nothing less from fully denoting an unfilial and disloyal nature unfettered from traditional values. San Yisheng, however, convinced King Wu that joining the nobles in a united front and forcing the king into a state of repent without conventional attack would be the best course of action, and forthwith suggested that Jiang Ziya should be appointed commander for the sake of managing political affairs from every side of their campaign.

Accordingly granting the prime minister the yellow axe and white scepter as an entitlement to authority in respect to Yisheng's request, the minister then suggested that a high terrace should be constructed in compliment to traditional rites of prayer offering before the rivers, mountains, earth, and heavens.

This was also consented to with relatively open arms, and after reassuring the king that he can be relied upon for the arrangements of such an imperative task, Yisheng visited Jiang Ziya in a toast of congratulations and forthwith confided to both Nangong Kuo and Xin Jia the responsibility of constructing their terrace.

After the passage of ten days the terrace project was complete, and with this San Yisheng approached King Wu and informed him that the 15th day of the third month had been chosen as a date for announcing the prime minister's appointment to commandership.

Chapter 68

Two Hermits Stop the Army

Following the leave of each immortal, Jiang Ziya and his generals would be prepared for the expedition in three days. Once Jiang Ziya had presented a memorial to King Wu — and effectively attained his consent — the former assigned Huang Tianhua as the frontal vanguard general, Wu Ji the right, Nezha the rear, and Nangong the left. Each would thus drink a cup of wine, thank Jiang Ziya, and then take their leave. After Jiang Ziya had performed a muster call before all his generals, he would order Yellow Flying Tiger to drill the army as to ensure perfection.

The great army of Zhou would thus take off the following day once external and internal affairs were well accounted for. It was the now the 24th day of the third month within the 30th year of King Zhou's reign. As the Zhou army passed between Mount Yan and Mount Shouyang, two Taoists would suddenly block their path. The Taoists known as Bo Yi and Shu Qi would reprimand Jiang Ziya for his unfilial actions — and that he should thus await for repent on the part of King Zhou without any form of attack.

The former would respond by saying that such views were exceedingly short-sided and should be avoided for further hurting of the people's will. After these Taoists had been tied up for their intrusion, they would be set free later to return to their mountain. Once Jiang Ziya and the army of Zhou had reached the Golden Chicken Range, red flags would suddenly appear before the summit of the mountain. After an enemy camp had been effectively located above the summit, Nangong Kuo would volunteer himself to meet the enemy. Wei Ben, the enemy commander, would defeat the former with moderate ease — and send him back to tell Jiang Ziya that he would like to see him immediately.

Before Nangong was to lose his head, Wei Ben would kneel before Jiang Ziya and ask to fight under the banner of Zhou in order for his name to be recorded in the pages of history one day. Jiang Ziya would accept his service with great delight — and release Nangong due to attaining a general that could take his place.

Once King Zhou had gotten word of Jiang Ziya's march to the capital of Morning Song, he would assign Kong Xuan as expeditionary commander of defense. Upon Kong Xuan's meeting with Han Rong at Sishui Pass, he would proudly declare that Jiang Ziya, King Wu, nor any other Zhou generals would be able to stand against his supreme strength — and should thus not be feared. With these words, Kong Xuan would march westward from the gates of Sishui Pass to Golden Chicken Range where his army would halt and set up camp for the night.

Chapter 69

Trouble at the Golden Chicken Range

Once Jiang Ziya had attained word of Kong Xuan's movement, he would ponder alone in his tent over this 37th invasion. Vanguard general Chen Geng would present the first challenge before the camp of Zhou; and Huang Tianhua would effectively answer such a call. Following thirty rounds, Tianhua would unleash his Fire Dragon Javelin to put an end to his opponent's life. As Jiang Ziya dipped his pen into his ink slab to record his general's performance, the nib would suddenly drop off. The former would express inner grievance over such an omen — for he knew that this was the last merit that was to be achieved by Huang Tianhua.

Sun He of Shang would meet Wu Ji of Zhou at the battlefield the following day; and thus a great duel was to be unveiled. During their ensuing battle, Wu Ji would manage to stab his cutlass deeply into Su Hu's chest — effectively ending his life. With hatred over the loss of two renowned generals of the kingdom, Gao Jineng would volunteer himself to attain revenge. Once Nezha had intercepted Gao's attack, the great fire lance of the former would fiercely clash with Gao's spear. As he realized the great celestial abilities that Nezha possessed, Gao would quickly flee to the camp of Shang — but would be severely wounded by the former's Universal Ring in the process.

The following day Kong Xuan would appear before the camp of Zhou in furiousness over his past losses. As the former ran out to clash his great sword against Jiang Ziya's mere cutlass after a short interlude, Hong Jin would run out to meet the former. With immense wrathful rage, Kong Xuan would lash at the rebel. Once Hong Jin had unleashed his portal door ability, the latter would simply laugh as he used his yellow beam to sweep the former in an invisible void.

When Jiang Ziya thus lashed at Kong Xuan with his Devil Beating Whip, it would suddenly vanish in a beam of red light. After the forces of Zhou had thus fled in fear, Jiang Ziya would ponder over Kong Xuan's ability to use five different rays of light. In short time Ziya would order his troops to unleash a surprise attack upon the camp of Shang that night. Kong Xuan, who used divination to deduce the enemy's scheme, would order Gao Jineng of the Swarm to ambush the enemy at the left camp.

As Nezha attempted to invade the central camp, he would be shortly met by an invigorated Kong Xuan. Even though Nezha possessed immense celestial power, he would be unable to defend himself against white light, the most evolved of Xuan's lights. Huang Tianhua would meanwhile invade the left camp and battle against Gao Jineng and his bagful of locusts and wasps. After a fierce battle between Huang's Fire Dragon Javelin and Gao's spear, the latter's wasps would manage to seriously wound the former's jade unicorn — thus sending him smashing to the ground.

As Huang Tianhua used his javelin with fierce resolve, he would be unexpectedly pierced violently through the stomach — and would thus fall to the ground with blood pouring from his abdomen. Gao would then deliver the final

blow to the warrior of Zhou — thus ending his life. Following the end of the battle deep into the night, Yellow Flying Tiger and Jiang Ziya would hear the report. Once Flying Tiger had learned of his son's death, he would be so thrown into grievance and shock that he would lose all senses. With due resolve for revenge, the former would head immediately to Mount Flying Phoenix in order to attain the assistance of Chong Heihu of the magic hawks. Following his arrival at the mountain, he would gaze at three warriors that stood battling each other with varied weapons.

Once Flying Tiger had discussed the situation with these distinguished warriors, it would be decided that the former three warriors would bring Flying Tiger to Chong Heihu's presence the following day. Once Chong Heihu had essentially consented to the former's request, he would meet with both Jiang Ziya and King Wu at the camp of Zhou. After Chong Heihu had dined with the former, he would head out to the camp of Shang with his generals the following day and ensue battle with Gao Jineng. As the battle raged on, an intensely invigorated Yellow Flying Tiger would charge forth on his magical ox.

Chapter 70

Subjugation of the Peacock

Sensing immediate danger within the situation at hand, Gao Jineng would quickly unleash a swarm of wasps and locusts upon his foes. Unexpectedly for Gao however, Chong Heihu would open the gourd on his back — effectively creating thousands of hawks that would devour the latter's insects.

As Kong Xuan immediately ran to his general's assistance, he would gaze in shock at the blade of Yellow Flying Tiger as it dripped with the blood of the now dead Gao Jineng. With no further delay, Kong Xuan would take all five generals in a single beam of light. After putting his new prisoners into the gaols, Kong Xuan would decide not to fight and instead act as a blockade to the Zhou forces.

After Yang Bliss had arrived and was informed of the situation with Kong Xuan, he would head out the following day to the camp of Shang with Jiang Ziya in order to use his Demon Exposing Mirror upon the latter. When Yang Bliss had shined the mirror at Kong Xuan, all he could see was a piece of agate rolling to and fro. After Kong Xuan had lost his patience and ensued in battle with the former, Yang Bliss and the assisting Wei Hu would have no choice but to flee.

Following a fierce battle with the remaining Zhou forces, Kong Xuan would be stabbed in the left shoulder by Princess Dragon Ji and severely wounded in the face by Deng Chanyu's pebble — and would thus flee in defeat. Back in the camp of Zhou, Jiang Ziya would be called for a personal discussion with King Wu and would gradually lose his determination to keep up the fight.

After Jiang Ziya had issued the order to reduce the cooking stoves, every individual would realize that the commander wished for retreat; and they thus begin to pack up for departure without any idea why. Fortunately, Lu Ya would arrive in short time and convince both Jiang Ziya and King Wu to continue the campaign. Once Lu Ya had physically seen Kong Xuan's renown the following day on the battlefield, he would flee back to the Zhou camp in shock. Earth Traveler Sun, who had just entered the camp gate with extra food supplies, would yell angrily at Kong Xuan for insulting his commander in the past — and would thus violently lash out at the latter.

After Earth Traveler had effectively tricked Kong Xuan to fight him dismounted, the former would be able to swiftly move through the ground delivering several blows to Kong Xuan's body. Being more annoyed than physically wounded, Kong Xuan would unleash his rays all at once upon the latter.

Once Earth Traveler Sun had burrowed through the ground as to avoid the former's technique, Kong Xuan would be severely wounded in the face once again by Deng Chanyu's pebbles — and would thus flee. In seething rage over Deng Chanyu's obnoxious technique, he would demand Chanyu at the Zhou camp early the next morning; but Jiang Ziya would be reluctant to decline such by hanging the board of truce.

After Lamp Lighter had arrived the following day to do battle with Kong Xuan, he would use his great eagle in an attempt to see the former's true identity

with his magic bull eye. Once he had flown back in defeat, Buddha Candi would arrive in short time and declare that Kong Xuan was predestined to join him. Thus, the former would head out to meet Kong Xuan immediately afterwards.

Chapter 71

The Offensive on Three Routes

Following Buddha Candi's arrival at the camp of Shang, Kong Xuan would ask for his reason of appearance. After the latter had learned the reason, he would lash at Candi with his great sword and golden staff — but both weapons would be simply brushed aside by the former's tree twig. Once the Buddha had been caught within Kong Xuan's rays of light, all five beams would suddenly explode.

Now being completely defenseless, Kong Xuan would change into his true form, a beautiful peacock. Buddha Candi would thus shortly return to the western region atop Kong Xuan once the Zhou generals had been essentially freed. Following the surrender of Kong Xuan's forces, Jiang Ziya would order his army to march towards Sishui Pass the next day. Upon his arrival at the pass, Jiang Ziya would order Hong Jin to capture the Good Dream Pass while Yellow Flying Tiger was to take Green Dragon. If these passes were to be taken, no enemy attack could be unleashed from the left and right regions of Sishui. Once Hong Jin had arrived at Good Dream, Ji Kang would volunteer to challenge the enemy after they rested from the long march.

With cutlass in hand, Shang general Xu Kun would ride out to challenge Ji Kang. Shortly however, Ji Kang would use his black smoke dog to violently lash at Xu Kun's face while he delivered the final blow to his opponent's neck. As like the former day, Zhou general Su Quanzhong would easily be able to take the head of Shang general Hu Yunpeng without breaking a single sweat. Upon seeing the loss of many Shang soldiers due to the enemy's prowess, Hu Sheng, commander of Good Dream Pass, would discuss with his brother, Hu Lei, that the best option would be to surrender for the sake of their people. Hu Lei, however, would neglect such an offer fully and head out to meet the opposition the following day.

Once Nangong Kuo had answered the former's call, Hu Lei would be defeated in short time and presented before Hong Jin. Following Hu Lei's violent remarks against Hong Jin and his betrayal, he would be beheaded. However, a report on Hu Lei's reappearance would soon be issued — and Nangong Kuo would thus leave the camp of Zhou to see what trickery ran amok. After realizing that Hu Lei was truly alive, he would duel with great might against the former and effectively manage to capture him once again. Hong Jin would have no clue what to do with Hu Lei until Princess Dragon Ji arrived to inspect the prisoner. She would soon realize that Hu Lei was performing amateur magic, and that a small ten centimeter long needle should be placed between his hair as to prevent his escape.

Once he had been beheaded this time, his reappearance would never be heard — and his death would thus be confirmed. Hu Sheng would soon attain word of his brother's death, and would thus give a pledge of surrender to the camp of Zhou. Following Hong Jin's consent, Hu Lei would rush to and fro to make preparations for the former's arrival through the pass. However, a woman by the name of Mother Fiery Spirit of Mount Qiuming would arrive shortly — and declare her desire to avenge the death of her disciple, Hu Lei. Seeing this as an opportunity to crush the opposition, Hu Sheng would order the Zhou flags to be stripped. As Hong Jin gazed at the Shang camp flying the flags of Shang once again, the former would grind his teeth and be resolved to show no mercy for their trickery. After

Fiery Spirit had a special unit of 3,000 soldiers taken from Hu Sheng's total of 20,000, they would be specifically drilled and effectively equipped with large paper gourds.

Fiery Spirit and Hu Sheng would thus appear for challenge before the camp of Zhou with their new "Fire Dragon" troops following the passage of seven days. When Hong Jin came to attack Hu Sheng, Fiery Spirit would use her special golden ray of light technique to blind the former while delivering a crucial blow to his flesh. As Princess Dragon Ji emerged from the camp to see disastrous flames spouting from every corner, she would begin to recite spells. However, she would be distracted by a sudden ray of light before feeling the blade of Fiery Spirit sink deeply into her body.

Chapter 72

Grand Completion at the Green Touring Palace

When Princess Dragon Ji had realized that she had been stabbed, she would flee to the northwest without pursuit. As Hong Jin and the princess regrouped their remaining soldiers, they would immediately send an urgent report to Jiang Ziya. After receiving reprimand from Jiang Ziya, they would thoroughly explain the arrival of Fiery Spirit — and the disastrous resolution that resulted. Upon the hearing of Jiang's arrival, Fiery Spirit would emerge from the Shang camp immediately and clash blades with the former.

At the same point in time in which Jiang Ziya was crucially stabbed through the breast by Fiery Spirit, the new Zhou camp roared with flames once more. As the distance between Jiang and Fiery Spirit drew closer, the latter managed to hit him with a hammer and thus move forward to put an end to the rebel leader. Unexpectedly however, Paragon suddenly appeared and used his Haze-Sweeping Shirt and Sky Overturning Stamp to effectively absorb the latter's light and smash her skull into two. With Fiery Spirit now dead, Paragon took her golden coronet (the item she had previously used to create light). After healing Jiang Ziya's wounds and bringing him to his feet, Paragon headed to the Green Touring Palace in order to return the former's coronet.

While making his way to the Good Dream Pass, Jiang Ziya suddenly caught sight of his destined enemy from the heavens, Shen Gongbao. In the former's attempt to hide himself in a thick neighboring forest along the path, Shen Gongbao caught sight of Jiang Ziya and effectively ordered him to come forward. Grimacing with delight over this chance to attain revenge, Shen Gongbao would slash continuously at Jiang Ziya with his sword. Due to being old and seriously wounded, Jiang Ziya fled at the greatest of speed atop his horse lest he was to be killed. Using his legendary Sky Breaking Pearl, Shen Gongbao sent Jiang Ziya tumbling to the ground in a state of near death. Under orders from the Jade Emptiness Palace, Krakucchanda would unfortunately appear to sully Shen Gongbao's resolve.

Now being fully aware of the situation, the former fled quickly to the heavens atop his pearl-coated tiger. After effectively capturing Shen Gongbao with his Immortal Binding Rope, Krakucchanda would order his genii to take the former to the Unicorn Cliff and await his punishment. After Jiang Ziya had been essentially treated with elixir by the former, he would express his inner dignity towards the immortal before heading back on his way. Krakucchanda would thus head quickly to Mount Kunlun to await Master Celestial Primogenitor's judgment upon Shen Gongbao.

Upon Primogenitor's arrival at the Unicorn Cliff, he ordered for Shen Gongbao to be placed under the mountain until Jiang Ziya had created the gods. Shen Gongbao, however, would manage to avoid such a fate by vowing that if he was to attack the former again, might his body be thrown into the North Sea. Celestial Primogenitor, Krakucchanda, and Shen Gongbao would thus head to their own separate paths after such an oath had been created. As Paragon had arrived at the Green Touring Palace, he waited for a long period of time before the gates had been opened by a lad to hear his request. As the former entered the palace and

stood before the Nine Dragon Lignaloe Platform, he kowtowed before Grand Master of Sky with Fiery Spirit's golden coronet in his hands.

With no true resentment over his disciple's death, he declared to the former that if any of his comrades were to ever act against his word and attack Jiang Ziya, it won't matter to him if they were to also meet their own end. After Paragon had emerged from the palace, he would be forced to flee back to Grand Master of Sky's residence three separate times due to the unparalleled hatred and vows of revenge that the latter's disciples felt towards Paragon.

Chapter 73

Yellow Flying Tiger defeated at the Green Dragon Pass

As Paragon returned to the annoyed Grand Master of Sky a third time, the latter would angrily call for his disciples to show their face before him. After the Grand Master had reprimanded his disciples, Paragon would finally be dismissed to head back to Nine Immortal Mountain as he intended. Multi-Precious Immortal, a disciple, would think of a scheme to attain revenge against Paragon and would thus declare to his master that the latter would continuously denote their religion as being heretical and full of hairy foul beasts.

As each disciple agreed with the former's words in full unison, and the latter believed their words, the Grand Master of Sky would tell Multi-Precious to head to Jiepai Pass and set up an Immortal Slaughtering Trap. Before Multi-Precious was to take his leave to the pass, Grand Master would hand him the four Fairy Swords in addition. At this same point in time, Wei Hu would manage to find Jiang Ziya within the forests neighboring the Good Dream Pass — and he and the other generals would thus rejoice over such news. After Jiang Ziya had effectively reorganized his army following the passage of three days, Hu Sheng, in a state of turmoil and confusion, would submit his second pledge of surrender to the camp of Zhou.

Once Jiang Ziya had effectively consented to the pledge and appeared before the pass at dusk, Hu Sheng would kneel to the ground and beg for pardon. The latter, however, would be considered as untrustworthy due to his past obstinacy — and would thus be executed without any true remorse. Following the execution, Jiang Ziya would appoint Qi Gong as garrison commander of Good Dream while he returned to Sishui in order to report everything to King Wu. Back at Green Dragon Pass, Shang commander Qiu Yin would personally demand to see Yellow Flying Tiger the day after his first general had been slain on the battlefield. Huang Tianxiang, the third son of Yellow Flying Tiger, would gallop forward and cut down Gao Gui of Shang in a single breath.

Astonished by the former's prowess and at the same time seething with rage, Qiu Yin would rapidly thrash his silver lance at Huang Tianxiang with equaled skill. As two other Shang generals immediately drew their swords to defend their commander, Huang Tianxiang would manage to land two blows upon Qiu Yin's flesh out of distraction; and the latter would thus retreat. With healed wounds and torn pride, Qiu Yin would charge from the pass and clash blades with Huang Tianxiang once again. Huang Tianxiang began to experience great difficulty against the former's spirit that seethed with revenge — and he would thus quickly land a crucial blow to Qiu Yin's heart mirror which would send him fleeing with blood gushing profusely.

As Qiu Yin's hatred was further heightened by Yellow Flying Tiger's three-day attack upon his pass, Chen Qi would finally arrive with food supplies and ensure his commander that he would become the incarnation of his vengeance. When Chen Qi thus approached the Zhou camp the following day, he would be engaged by Deng Juigong — who was considered no more than a fragile baby compared to the former's prowess. With immense confidence, Chen Qi would

summon forth his Flying Tiger soldiers to bind up the latter while his yellow gas forced Deng Juigong into a senseless state. As Chen Qi thus bound Deng Juigong and threw him before the feet of Qiu Yin, he would be executed immediately for saying words of treason to the latter.

Once Yellow Flying Tiger had heard of such words, Tai Luan could not control his emotions over the death of his master — and he would thus violently clash his blade against Chen Qi's the following morning. After the former had been caught with ease, Chen Qi would confidently challenge the three remaining sons of Yellow Flying Tiger the next day.

Chapter 74

Combat between two Generals

As the three sons of Yellow Flying Tiger lashed their swords with refined ability, Chen Qi would have no choice but to immediately spat forth his yellow fog smoke and bind Huang Tianlu, the eldest. The day after Huang Tianlu had been thrown into jail, Qiu Yin would leave his pass in great eagerness to attain his long-awaited revenge against Huang Tianxiang.

Upon Qiu Yin's arrival at the Zhou camp, Huang Tianxiang and Qiu Yin would violently clash their blades with rivaled renown. Unfortunately for Tianxiang however, Qiu Yin would wave a mysterious red pearl in his face which would instantly encourage drowsiness. As Huang Tianxiang was thus thrown before the commander's feet in the Shang pass, Qiu Yin would execute the former immediately once being further ridiculed. After Yellow Flying Tiger had heard of Tianxiang's execution, he would faint to the ground in a state of unparalleled grievance. After Yellow Flying Tiger had sent an urgent report of the situation to Jiang Ziya, both Deng Chanyu and Nezha would immediately head to Green Dragon Pass in order to offer their assistance.

When Nezha gazed at the corpse of Huang Tianxiang hanging from the pass's wall the following day, the former's rage would burn like fire as he charged his lance at Qiu Yin. Unfortunately for Qiu Yin however, his red pearl would have no effect on Nezha — and would only result in him fleeing with broken bones. During the latter's retreat, Earth Traveler Sun would arrive shortly to offer what he could. At that same night, Sun would secretly check on the condition of Tai Luan and Huang Tianlu before releasing Huang Tianxiang's corpse from the wall. As Yellow Flying Tiger gazed at Tianxiang's body laying along the pass, he would refuse to see any more of his sons lose their lives — and would thus order Huang Tianjue to remain at the Western Foothills with his deceased brother.

Once the Shang forces had realized the happening of Huang's body, Chen Qi would angrily storm out from their gates the following morning only to be challenged by both Earth Traveler Sun and Deng Chanyu. As Sun lashed violently at Chen Qi, the latter would easily be able to bind the former with his yellow gas ability in short time. With fear in her heart, Deng Chanyu would immediately fling two pebbles at Chen Qi, one to the back and the other to his mouth. Now with a broken spinal column and a mouth gushing with blood, Chen Qi would have no choice but to return to the pass with his current prisoner.

Unfortunately for Chen Qi and Qiu Yin however, they knew little about Earth Traveler Sun's ability to escape underground — and they thus lost the chance to kill their new prisoner. As Zheng Lun returned that same night with extra food supplies, he would hear of his new rival in ability, Chen Qi, and would thus lust to meet him on the battlefield for the sake of his pride. Once both Chen Qi and Zheng Lun had met each other the following day, Chen Qi would manage to get the best of the former before they both unleashed their individual beams of gas.

At this point in time, the two warriors would fall asleep due to their opposite's technique — and they would thus be dragged back to their respective

camps by their individualized soldiers. When Chen Qi returned to face his destined foe once more the following day, he would declare a personal battle of honor with Zheng Lun that discloused magic attributes. As these two warriors battled from dawn till dusk to determine the superior, Yellow Flying Tiger would consent to Nezha's surprise attack upon Green Dragon Pass's gates. At the time of dinner, Han Rong would write a report to the king on the war situation, asking him to send reinforcements for the sake of their pass.

After hearing great commotion roaring about within the pass that night, Qiu Yin would charge from his camp and see many generals of Zhou clashing their cutlasses against the forces of Shang. Unfortunately for Qiu Yin, he would have no choice but to escape from the pass atop his dust cloud at great speed once being surrounded by Yellow Flying Tiger and his generals. At this point in time, Chen Qi would lose his life by the hands of Zheng Lun and the Zhou forces would effectively seize the pass. As Nezha reported their success to Jiang Ziya at Sishui, a grand celebratory feast would take place that night.

Chapter 75

An attempted Theft ends in Failure

Once Thunder Quaker was wounded in addition by Yu Hua's dagger, Yang Bliss would arrive shortly and conclude that he suffered from some type of poison. Deciding that he would meet Yu Ha himself, Yang Bliss would purposely allow himself to be hit in the right arm by the former's dagger so that he could flee back to camp and analyze his wound. With no knowledge of what type of poison flowed from his blood, Yang Bliss would immediately see his master, Jade Tripod.

After being informed that the dagger had originally been converted by Yu Yuan of Penglai Island, and three pills were needed from him directly in order to nullify the poison, Yang Bliss would disguise himself as Yu Hua and head to the island. By telling Yu Yuan that his dagger had been redirected into his own flesh while fighting against the Zhou forces, the latter would immediately hand his pseudo-disciple his desired pills. Once Yang Bliss had thus left the island, Yu Yuan would conclude that was relatively impossible for his dagger to be redirected, and Yu Hua's wounds wouldn't have allowed for him to come from such a grand distance due to the dagger's deathly attributes.

Now knowing that he had been tricked, he would pursue Yang Bliss through the clouds — but would only end up fleeing back to Penglai Island after suffering from the former's Sky Barking Hound. Back at the Zhou camp, Yang Bliss would meet Yu Hua on the battlefield once more the next day — and Thunder Quaker would fight in addition to attain his personal revenge. Unfortunately for Yu Ha however, his beast could not take beating from the two individuals and thus allowed an opening for Yang Bliss to severely wound Yu Ha — resulting in the latter's death.

As Han Rong sat in desperation at the reported death of Yu Hua and the lack of desired reinforcements, the former would be confronted by a man by the name of Yu Yuan who had arrived in the name of avenging his disciple. With great delight over the turn of his fortune, Han Rong would feast with the latter before he left to challenge Yang Bliss for revenge. After realizing that Yang Bliss was not present at the Zhou camp, Yu Yuan would charge his blade at Jiang Ziya to unveil his rage. Even after unleashing his Golden Light Katana, Yu Yuan would have little choice but to flee back to the Shang pass once he was attacked by generals Wei Hu and Li Jing in addition.

Earth Traveler Sun, who gazed at Yu Yuan fleeing atop his camel, would lust to steal the latter's mount due to its superb attributes. Deciding not to risk this chance by discussing it with Jiang Ziya, Sun would burrow through the ground and effectively arrive within Sishui Pass during the second watch that night. As Yu Yuan sat with his eyes closed, deep in meditation, he would hear an individual stealthily moving about through the pass — and would thus feign many snores as to ensure that this suspicious individual knew he was asleep.

Once Earth Traveler Sun had effectively seen Yu Yuan fast asleep, he would quickly beat him across the head a few dozen times. Confused that his beatings did not budge the former to any extent, he would decide to deal with him later and just

take his mount for the moment. Once Sun had thus mounted Yu Yuan's camel, it would at first ride to the heavens but would immediately return to its original position on the ground shortly. Not having any time to react over the camel's unexpected defiance, the earth traveler would suddenly find his head being firmly gripped by Yu Yuan's palm.

By finding many exceedingly deep burrow holes across the pass, Yu Yuan would confirm that this dwarf must have been traveling underground — and he would thus present the latter to Han Rong with his hands clutching Sun's head to present escape. As Yu Yuan thus presented the thief before Han Rong, the former would ask for the Universal Bag that was present beneath his cushion. With the desire in mind to burn Earth Traveler Sun alive within the bag, a large fire would be immediately constructed by the soldiers of Shang.

Unfortunately for Yu Yuan however, Krakucchanda would be informed of the situation by White Crane Lad and would thus snatch the Universal Bag that held Sun in short time. As Yu Yuan glared at Krakucchanda from the heavens with seething rage, he would vow his life upon the chance to kill the latter. Following Krakucchanda's arrival at the Zhou camp, Jiang Ziya would have sentenced Earth Traveler Sun to death for his impulsiveness if it wasn't for the former's persuasion. Once Yu Yuan had continuously called for Krakucchanda to show himself the next day, Jiang Ziya would appear instead with the resolve to take him captive.

Being thrashed about across the ground in desperation over Yu Yuan's keen renown with his sword, Krakucchanda would immediately appear and bind the latter with his Immortal Binding Rope. Back in the camp of Zhou, Jiang Ziya would order Yu Yuan beheaded; but each attempt to behead the latter would result as a mere scratch to the neck. After the failed attempt of Wei Hu in addition, Krakucchanda would order for Yu Yuan to be locked inside an iron box — which would be thrown deeply into the North Sea. By combining the elements of metal and water into one, Yu Yuan would easily break through the iron box and return to the Green Touring Palace.

Even though he escaped from the box, he would still be tightly bounded by Krakucchanda's rope and would thus plead to his master, Mother Golden Spirit, to confront the Grand Master of Sky so that such an issue could be amended. Once each disciple had seen Yu Yuan in such a desperate state, their rage would burn even brighter against the immortals of Zhou. After the Grand Master of Sky had essentially released Yu Yuan from his tight bonds, the latter would leave from the palace with one true desire, "to attain the head of Krakucchanda no matter what it would take." As Yu Yuan thus gave challenge the following day, with the retortion of Jiang Ziya, the former would violently charge his blade into the latter's flesh.

Without delay lest the latter would be killed by Yu Yuan's great prowess, Krakucchanda would immediately bind the immortal with his secondary binding rope. With confusion in his mind over Krakucchanda's subordinate rope, Yu Yuan's fear would be heightened as Lu Ya arrived at the Zhou encampment. With determination to kill Yu Yuan for his past treachery, no matter how justified it might have been, Lu Ya would remove the lid from his gourd — thus releasing a brilliant white light that would pierce through the clouds. As the great beam of light revolved in the air several times, it would come crashing down like an enormous blade to cleave the unfortunate Yu Yuan into two halves. With Yu Yuan

now dead, Lu Ya would bury his body and then take his leave. Back in Sishui Pass, Han Rong would soon attain a report on Yu Yuan's passing.

After holding a military conference to determine their resolution, it would be concluded that each individual soldier should pack their treasured belongings in carts to be transported into the mountainous regions, their temporary home. Han Sheng and Han Bian, the two sons of Han Rong, would immediately meet with their father to state their personal resolve.

Chapter 76

The Occupation of Sishui Pass

Once Han Sheng approached his father, Han Rong, he would spout many great words of devotion and loyalty towards his country. Even though Han Rong remained rather hesitant in order to ensure the safety of his subjects, he would smile in admiration at his son's resolve. To boost the confidence of their father, Han Sheng and Han Bian would both go to the drilling grounds and unleash the renown of their Ten Thousand Knife Vehicle.

With a mere few chants, this technique had the ability to unleash an unparalleled amount of strong winds across the ground — effectively allowing any object present to be absorbed and launched at will due to being controlled with magic. Han Rong, who was rather confused at how his two sons could attain such a powerful technique, would be told that it was attained by Fa Jie, an official of Morning Song, who simply wished for this ability to be their entity of resolve. Now in a state of high morale, Han Rong would order 3,000 soldiers of the Shang forces to be dressed in pure black armor and individually equipped and drilled effectively with thousand knife vehicles.

As Han Rong and his army thus set out to challenge Jiang Ziya, the latter would immediately present himself with his own army — determined to defeat his opposition one last time. After Han Sheng had clashed violently against Wei Ben, the former would retreat temporarily while signaling his three thousand soldiers to unleash their individual vehicles. Caught immensely unsurprised, over eight-thousand soldiers of the Zhou army would be completely slaughtered by their own weapons and other controlled objects that ran amok through the air in a mere few moments. With unparalleled fear, the remnants of Zhou would flee back to camp in quick pace.

For the sake of his honor and dignified spirit to the Shang Dynasty, Han Rong would call off the slaughter so that he could personally kill Jiang Ziya in the future. With this resolve set in his mind, Han Rong would order a night surprise attack with his three-thousand soldiers of Shang. Like great waves of blackness hidden under the veil of night, the army of Shang stealthily ran through the camps of Zhou slaughtering soldiers right and left. With corpses littered in every direction, Jiang Ziya would desperately flee atop his horse for miles with his remaining soldiers.

After being pursued by the forces of Han Sheng and Han Bian for a great while longer, Zheng Lun would finally arrive with his crow troops and clash blades against the former. In great personal fear at the sight of the Shang army's destructive vehicles, Zheng Lun would immediately unleash his two white columns of light to place his neighboring enemies in an unconscious state. With immense luck on the side of Zhou, all 3,000 soldiers of Shang would unfortunately lose their superior magical abilities as Han Sheng and Han Bian were seized by Zheng Lun.

As Han Rong and his forces had thus retreated due to their loss of power, and general morale, the Zhou forces would toast each other over their luck won victory. Once it had been reported that the army of Zhou was calling at the gates of

Sishui the following day, Han Rong would personally climb the city wall to hear them out. Jiang Ziya would shortly present himself before the gates with the former's two sons in a captive state. Han Rong, who immediately offered the pass if his two sons were to be spared, would only stand in agony as he saw their heads tumble to the ground after spouting threatening words to Jiang Ziya.

With rage and sorrow that was equivalent to the very heavens, Han Rong would jump from the city walls to his death. Following Han Rong's death, Jiang Ziya would thus seize Sishui Pass and pacify the people. At this same point in time Paragon would be approached by White Crane Lad at his green touring bed — and would thus be asked to assist in the Immortal Slaughtering Trap's destruction. Upon the hearing of such a need, Paragon would call for his disciple, Nezha, and toast him with wine and dates. Just before Nezha was to be dismissed, he suddenly grew three heads and six additional arms.

With this transformational ability that could be activated upon the user's will, Nezha would effectively be able to carry six different treasures before departing from his master to assist Jiang Ziya. Just as the Zhou forces were planning their assault upon Jiepai Pass, Yellow Dragon would arrive from the heavens and ask Jiang Ziya to create a reed pavilion in preparation for their attack upon the Fairy Immortal Trap.

Following the pavilion's construction, each superior man and disciple would attend to the former location while each general of Zhou protected Sishui Pass and King Wu. As each superior man had finally arrived, Multi-Precious would clap his hands to completely expose his trap to the competitors that stood before him. A great air of death and cold misty winds would shoot forth from the trap — thus putting the superior men into great misery and fright.

Chapter 77

Transformation into Three Fairies

As each superior man gazed at the four fairy swords pointing in different directions while entering the trap, Multi-Precious would suddenly rush forth and clash his duel swords against his hated enemy Grand Completion. After a lengthened battle between these two individuals, Grand Completion would have no choice but to use his Sky Overturning Stamp against the former lest he was to be killed. While Multi-Precious thus retreated with his newly established wounds, the superior men would meanwhile flee back to their reed pavilion. Celestial Primogenitor would arrive from the heavens in his Nine Dragon Lignaloe Carriage shortly afterwards — and would be welcomed with immense gratitude.

Once midnight had arrived, Multi-Precious realized that Primogenitor was now present and would thus head out to retrieve the Grand Master of Sky in order to defeat their new foe. As the following night had approached, Burning Lamp would gaze in the direction of the trap and see the Grand Master of Sky sitting atop his throne while in attendance with each of his disciples. Celestial Primogenitor would order his disciples to enter the Fairy Immortal Trap the next day in ten pairs of two.

As the Grand Master of Sky confronted Celestial Primogenitor and his disciples, the former reprimanded Grand Completion as the reason to his arrival. Even after having the issue elaborated, Primogenitor would relatively agree with Grand Completion's false statement — despite its foulness — thus sending Grand Master of Sky away with the resolve to prove his superiority. When Primogenitor had thus entered the trap to prove the former's words as mere folly, the Fairy Slaying Sword fell from the gate atop the latter's head. However lotus flowers immediately appeared to negate all possible harm.

With no intention to destroy the trap until his other brothers had arrived, he exited and awaited their coming. Once Lao Tzu had arrived in a few moments, he would tell Primogenitor that if the Grand Master of Sky was to continue in his defiance the latter should be put before the Jade Emperor for trial.

In the next day, Lao Tzu arrived, and he explained the set of circumstances to Grand Master of Sky and advised him to withdraw. But Grand Master of Sky felt humiliated for been criticized. Thus he yelled at Lao Tzu and Primogenitor to come in the trap if they were able. Lao Tzu entered, but the sword and magic weapons could not impair Lao Tzu. Thus, Grand Master of Sky raised his sword to strike Lao Tzu, but Lao Tzu then intoned a spell, touched his cape, and three streams of wind gushed out and transformed into three fairies. The three entities aligned with Lao Tzu in the fight, so Grand Master of Sky could not resist their pressure over him.

Chapter 78

Three ways try the Fairy Immortal Trap

Even though the three fairies, transmuted from Lao Tzu's vital force, had physical form, they could not injury Grand Master of Sky. To overcome the Immortal-Slaying Trap, they needed four people with very potent magic arts, so Celestial Primogenitor of Kunlun Mountain and Lao Tzu called upon Buddha Candi and Taoist Jieyin from the west.

In addition, Primogenitor, wrote spells on his four eldest disciples' palms and instructed them that in the next day's battle, if they were to see flames, they should hastily hold the four magic swords and take them away from the trap.

The four Archpriests applied magic arts to protect themselves when they entered the trap. Each of them attacked from one direction. The magic swords of Grand Master of Sky could not damage the four Archpriests. Thus he was besieged and struck several times. After the four swords had been taken away by Primogenitor's four disciples, Grand Master of Sky knew the trap was broken through. He then fled out of it and headed for his temple to perform another powerful magic weapon.

When Xu Gai, the chief officer of the Pass Jiepai, sent a messenger to King Zhou urging for help, King Zhou became apprehensive. But Daji convinced King Zhou that the generals at the borders were making up fake reports in order to gain more financial support from the court. She impelled King Zhou to cut off the head of the messenger.

Jizi, a relative of King Zhou, went to caution him, but the king would not listen to him. Under this situation Xu Gai intended to surrender, but his deputy generals firmly requested to persist in they fight. Then Thunder-quaker killed one of the two deputy generals.

Chapter 79

Four generals in Captivity at Chuanyun Pass

The following day, after his second deputy general was killed, Xu Gai at last resolved to surrender. However a monk called Fajie came to see him and said he had come to revenge his disciple Pen Zhun.

Fajie tried his Soul-snatching Banner to capture Thunder-quaker, but when he waved it on Nezha. Nezha not only was not affected but also he struck the back of Fajie.

The next day Zheng Lun, Earth Traveler Sun and Yang Bliss attacked Fajie. Zheng Lun applied his white flash from his nostrils to strike Fajie before he could use his banner. They captured Fajie, but when the soldier was to cut down his head, the Buddha Candi came to take him back to the west.

Ziya moved his troops to Chuanyun Pass, which was guarded by Xu Fang, Xu Gai's brother. Xu Gai went to persuade Xu Fang to surrender but Xu Fang imprisoned him. Dragon Anji, Xu Fang's assistant, had a pair of magic circles which could make noise to confuse the enemy and then bind his hands. Because Feihu was captured on the first day, Nezha asked Ziya to let him fight with Dragon Anji.

Chapter 80

Collapse of the Pestilence Trap

Nezha was insusceptible to the magic noise. He struck the head of the dragon and killed him.

In the meantime while Xu Fang was distressing that no one could repel Ziya, a Taoist arrived, he was Lu Yue. When Ziya's followers saw Lu Yue, they all clenched their teeth, because Lu Yue had caused them to suffer a great deal. They attacked Lu from different directions and wounded him badly. After several days Lu's friend Chen Geng came to join him. They had trained a deployment called Plague Trap.

Ziya remembered the poem that Primogenitor had written for him. A line in the poem was "*At the Chuanyun Pass, you will suffer from Plague Trap.*" He was very apprehensive. Master Cloud Dweller came to take Ziya's place for one hundred days. Lu Yue and Chen Geng arranged twenty one plague umbrellas in the trap and asked Ziya to attack. Master Cloud Dweller put spells on Ziya's back, chest and cape, then put a pill in his pocket. After Ziya came in, Lu Yue deployed the Plague Trap. While he became unconscious, a black mist surrounded him and black sands fell and covered him. Every day, Lu Yue intoned spells and spread sands on him.

Lu Yue recommended that Xu Fang send Feihu and the other three captured generals to King Zhou. Fang Yizhen was the one chosen as chaperon. Yang Ren was sent down with his freshly completed magic fan called Five-spiritual-fire Fan. He met Fang Yizhen and, with just one fan, Fang was burnt into ashes and blown away.

Yang released Feihu and the others. He told them to stay within the pass until came help at some time. Then he went to see King Wu and Master Cloud Dweller.

Chapter 81

Chickenpox Spirit at Tongguan Pass

Yang Ren entered into the Plague Trap with his spiritual fan. In the occasion Lu Yue tossed the umbrella at Yang, Yang fanned several times, and all the umbrellas were gone. When Lu Yue waved his sword at Yang, Yang fanned another several times and Lu and all his altars were burnt into ashes and were blown away.

When Ziya was released and his life restored, he propelled a final attack. Yellow Flying Tiger and the other generals inside the pass slaughtered the guards and opened the gate and the pass was taken over by Ziya's troops.

After the conquest, Ziya's troops marched toward Tongguan Pass, which was under the commander of Yu Hualong and his five sons. The first battle was savage as were five pairs fighting against a multitude. Yu Hualong was bitten by Yang Bliss's dog, and his sons Yu De and Yu Xian were wounded by Nezha. That night, Yu De took out five cloth coverings in five colors and five pecks to give one to each of his brothers.

After midnight, Yu De told his four brothers to stand on the wrapper and hold the peck. As he chanted the spell, the five men were lifted to fly in the air. Then they spread the poison in the peck to every well and water source.

The next day all the soldiers and generals had chicken pox on their body. Three days later, they all were lying in bed. Nezha and Yang were the only two not affected. Yang flew to Shen Nong, who gave him three pills and one plant. Yang used the pills to save the people and gave the plant to them to cultivate.

Chapter 82

At the Ten Thousand Immortal Trap

Yu Hualong and his five sons were very confident with their magic. Every day they drank, waiting for the death of Ziya and his soldiers. But on the eighth day, when Yu's eldest son Yu Guang went out to check, he saw that the camps of Ziya were just like before.

Thus Yu Hualong led his sons to attack. But during the brutal battle his five sons were killed and he committed suicide. Ziya and his generals took over the Tongguan Pass.

Ziya assigned his generals to encamp at Tongguan Pass to safeguard King Wu. He and his adherents moved ahead to meet the Myriad Immortals Trap. Lao Tzu, Primogenitor and the twelve disciples all came to encounter Ziya. When Lao Tzu and Primogenitor met Grand Master of Sky in front of the trap, they advised Grand Master of Sky to surrender. But Grand Master of Sky had a deep bitterness against them, so he would not listen.

Master Grand Completion took the first combat with Wuyunxian. When Wuyunxian threw his hammer to strike Master Grand Completion, Grand Completion was hurt and ran westward. Grand Master of Sky commanded Wuyunxian to capture Grand Completion, dead or alive.

When Wuyunxian had almost reached Grand Completion, the Buddha Candi appeared and advised Wuyunxian to become a Buddhist disciple. But Wuyunxian refused, and then Candi called a neophyte to bring a magic bamboo pole.

Chapter 83

Subjugation of the Lion, Elephant, and Jaguar

The bamboo pole was a Buddhist magic weapon. It emitted a flash which was able of encasing Wuyunxian so that he could not run away but had to exhibit his genuine archetype form, a huge sea-tortoise. The neophyte jumped on to its back and took it to the Eight Virtues Lake —Bade chi.

When Master of Outstanding Culture entered the Eight Diagrams Map of Lao Tze¹³, his Pangu Banner protected him from injury. When Qiushouxian came to counterattack, Master of Outstanding Culture used a magic rope to bond him and bring him to see Primogenitor. At that time the Immortal of the South Pole intoned a spell, and Qiushouxian changed into his original form, a green-haired lion. Then Primogenitor granted it to Master of Outstanding Culture as his horse.

Lingyaxian was the next one to make a challenge. But Universal Virtue revealed his true form —dharmakaya¹⁴— to subdue him. When Lingyaxian was overpowered, he became pressed backwards to his original form, a white elephant, which Lao Tzu gave to Universal Virtue to ride. Next was Jinguangxian who was subdued by Cihang. Jinguangxian was a golden-hair leopard which Cihang took for a horse.

The Turtle Spirit Divine Mother fought with Krakucchanda. When Krakucchanda was defeated severely by her, Jieyin came to block her and advise her to go to the west. But the Turtle spirit refused to go and struck Jieyin.

When the divine Turtle was finally subdued, she changed into a huge turtle. When the novice came to take her to the west, he unintentionally opened a bag and spiritual mosquitoes flew out to suck the turtle. In a very short time, the turtle was dead. But that was a predestinated occurrence, over which Lao Tzu gave orders to his disciples to enter the Myriad Immortals Trap. Thus each one faced his or her own fate, which was to kill or to be killed.

Grand Master of Sky convoked all his followers to form a deployment. These were twenty eight spirits which formed the twenty eight constellation spirits. In the battle that ensued, Hong Jin and Princess Dragon Ji were slaughtered.

13. The map also is entitled "*Tai Ji Painting*," as a reference to Tai Ji, mother of Wu.

14. Sanskrit: *body-carrier*.

Chapter 84

Occupation of Lintong Pass

Grand Master of Sky was enraged at Lao Tzu and Primogenitor. He ordered his followers to attack them. The battle was ferocious and bloody. All the spirits, demons or immortals whose names were on the Investiture Roster were slayed.

Thus Grand Master of Sky called Dingguangxian to bring the Six Souls Banner, but Dingguangxian fled to beneath the altar. Without his magic banner, Grand Master of Sky became desolate, lost his confidence and intended to escape. Lao Tzu and Primogenitor wounded him but did not kill him. Ziya's troops already had achieved a thorough victory.

When Lao Tzu, Primogenitor and all immortals returned to the altar, Dingguangxian came out and delivered the Six Soul Banner to Lao Tzu. Lao Tzu ordered him to remove the names of Ziya and King Wu, and then to wave the banner on him and the other three archpriests. Thus when the banner was waved, it did not harm Lao Tzu and the others whatsoever.

Later when Grand Master of Sky and his surviving followers were resting, the Chief archpriest, Hongjun, who was the master of Lao Tzu, Primogenitor and Grand Master of Sky, appeared. Hongjun rebuked Grand Master of Sky for transgressing the agreement and next also scolded Lao Tzu and Primogenitor for causing unnecessary butchery just because of their wrath and bitterness.

Hongjun ordered Grand Master of Sky to summon Lao Tzu and Primogenitor. Lao Tzu and Primogenitor rapidly went over and bowed down. Hongjun told the three archpriests that he had come to mediate their disagreements. He lectured them a lesson and gave a pill to each of them. After they ate the pills, Hongjun revealed to them that they had just ingested venomous herbs. If ever any one of them should have any intention of attacking the other, he would die from the poison, but if they retained peace, the pills would be innocuous. With all the matters discoursed, Hongjun and the other archpriests departed.

For future advantage, Lu Ya presented his magic flying blade to Ziya. While Primogenitor was flying back to his cave, his crane-spirit saw Shen Gongbao who was fleeing in front of them. Primogenitor held Shen and ordered the heron spirit to tie Shen and stuff him into the hole at the bottom of the North Sea.

Ziya led his troops to the Lintong Pass. There specifically the four generals Ouyang Chun, Bian Jinlong, Gui Tianlu, and Gongsun Duo were guarding the pass. The generals had committed to fight until the last one. If they could not win, they would defend the city and wait for help.

However as soon as the first day, Bian Jinlong was slayed by Yellow Flying Tiger. Thus his son Bian Ji counter measured a Ten-thousand Skeletons Banner before the gate. If his rivals hunted him and passed under it, they would lose their consciousness. So Bian Ji employed it and captured Nangong Kuo, Yellow Flying Tiger, Huang Ming and Thunder-quaker. But Nezha was not affected by it and was able to strike Bian.

Chapter 85

Betrayal of two Dukes

With the injury of Bian Ji, Ouyang Chun directed a messenger to King Zhou asking for assistance. King Zhou appointed the dukes Deng Kun and Rui Ji as commanders.

Earth Traveler Sun attempted to rescue the captured generals by Bian Ji, but when he approached the gate, he fell under a state of loss of consciousness and so was taken to the execution ground. But as soon the soldiers put him on the ground he managed to escape.

When Ouyang Chun reported to Deng and Rui that he had captured Yellow Flying Tiger and others, Deng at once intended to rescue the life of Yellow Flying Tiger, since Yellow Flying Tiger was his relative. Deng conceived a plan to join King Wu while at the same time the Rui's mind was cogitating of surrendering to Ziya. Thus that night they both intended to talk each other out.

Thus during the night, after several drinks, they at last expressed their deep thoughts to each other. Suddenly, while they were talking, Earth Traveler Sun projected out his head from the ground. Sun suggested to the two to write a message to King Wu and Ziya.

The next day, Deng and Rui just pretended to go out for battle. When they sighted the skeleton banner, they ordered Bian Ji to remove it, saying that it looked ugly. Obediently Bian wrote three charms for them so that they could pass under it safely.

Then Deng and Rui forwarded the sorcerous device to Earth Traveler Sun, who carried it to Ziya. Imitating its design, Ziya made copies of the magical trap and distributed them to all his followers and generals.

Chapter 86

Five mountain spirits return to Sky

With the witchery in their hair, Ziya's generals crushed Bian Ji and chased him under the banner.

Bian fled into the city and closed the gate. Deng and Rui staged a criticism over Bian Ji for him letting the Zhou troops to approach the city. Before Bian could argue, they executed him. They also killed Ouyang Chun because he would not betray Zhou or surrender to Ziya.

Once they had pacified the people in the city, Ziya resumed his incursion. Near the White Orile Forest of Lintong Pass, the troops of Ziya reached Mianchi Country, which was located at the opposite side of the capital Morning Song, separated by a river. The shielding general of Mianchi was Zhang Kui whose wife was Gao Lanying. Zhang Kui had a Black-Mist Unicorn as a mount, which could gallop like the wind. Zhang Kui by means of it had been able of killing two brothers of King Wu.

The following day, Chong Heihu, with his generals Wen Pin, Chui Ying, and Jiang Xiong arrived at Mianchi. King Wu went out to welcome them. While they were talking, Zhang Kui shouted a challenge to the camp, and they, with Yellow Flying Tiger, rushed out to confront him. Chong Heihu planned to allure Zhang Kui to chase him, so that he could release his spirit-crows to kill him. Thus all five of them, pretending to be withdrawing, galloped back. However the unicorn of Zhang ran extremely fast. Zhang caught Wen Pin and Chong Heihu and chopped them into two pieces. And Gao, the wife of Zhang, shot her spirit-needles into the eyes of the others, which allowed Zhang to gallop over and finish them too. Five chief invaders were slaughtered.

At certain moment Yang Bliss went out to face Zhang. Yang Bliss pretending to be weaker than Zhang, allowed that Zhang seized him and carried him to Zhang's ground. Put to immediate extermination, the executioner beheaded Yang. However a groom reported to Zhang that at the same moment, instead Yang had disappeared and was his unicorn's head which had suddenly dropped down and the mount had died. Zhang became furious. This time he rode a horse and captured Yang again.

Once more Yang was put to execution, but before, as a preventive measure, his wife Gao ordered soldiers to take chicken blood and dung to dump over that head of Yang. Additionally, she drew a spell to put in Yang's hair and then ordered soldiers to cut off his head. When the head of Yang apparently fell to the ground, a maid reported to Zhang that suddenly dung had fallen down on his mother and that her head had fallen off. Then Zhang became so depressed that he lost all sense of cautiousness.

Chapter 87

Earth traveler Sun and his wife

The hate of Zhang at Yang Bliss now was boiling out. Without any preparation he left out to challenge Yang to fight. It was the opportunity to Nezha, who reached him and used his Nine-dragon Fire Shade to wrap Zhang and burn him. However, Zhang owned the ability for travelling underground into the earth, and so he escaped out of the shade. As a result of the death of his mother, the mind of Zhang Kui remained in a state of confusion, but his wife oriented him to travel through the inner earth to the camp of Ziya and kill King Wu. Zhang became very satisfied with the plan.

Nevertheless, that night, Yang Ren was in charge over making the security of the camp and Yang Ren had three eyes, one of which could see through the earth. Thus, by his eye, Yang Ren traced Zhang and kept spying on him and reporting to Ziya. Thus Zhang did not have an opportunity to get near to King Wu.

When Earth Traveler Sun convoyed the supplies back to camp, he was communicated of the death of his friend Yellow Flying Tiger. Thus in that night Sun took the moment to go out to avenge at Zhang. Although Earth Traveler Sun was a dwarf, he stroke the leg of Zhang so much that Zhang could not chase him. Hence, Zhang entered into the earth and retreat away. Sun implemented the same magic to pursue Zhang, but he was not as fast as Zhang, so he failed to chase him. Thus, to be able of trapping Zhang Kui, first Sun took a route to meet his master Krakucchanda, who could teach him how to transform earth substance into iron. But Zhang used his magic cunning and learned of Sun's plan and his route to his master. So, Zhang travelled into the earth and ambushed Earth Traveler Sun at Fierce Beast Cliff, where he sliced off his head.

When Deng Chanyu saw her husband's head hanging from a pole, she could not avoid to go and challenge Zhang Kui's wife Gao Lanying to a battle. But Gao Lanying fired her needles to hurt Deng's eyes and killed her.

Meanwhile Ziya commanded his army to lay siege to the city and strike from four directions, but after two days and two nights, there was not successful, so Ziya ordered the soldiers to retreat for a period.

From that time Zhang Kui sent a messenger to Morning Song asking for reinforcements. King Zhou issued an edict to recruit people having the ability necessary to serve the court. Then three men, who were actually sprites from a nearby mountain, presented themselves to the royal house. They were Yuan Hong, —a monkey sprite, Wu Dragon —a centipede-dragon sprite, and Chang Hao —a snake sprite. King Zhou designated them as chief commanders. Yuan Hong then led the armies to encamp at Meng Ford.

Chapter 88

A White Fish from the Yellow River to the Dragon boat

Zhang Kui became frustrated when he knew that Chang Hao had marched his troops to Meng Ford. Thus Gao, his wife, proposed that they should just stay within the city defending it resolutely, and so not go outside to open fight. Gao wondered that in the case of Ziya's troop running short of supplies, their only option would be a withdrawal.

Meanwhile Krakucchanda,¹⁵ the master of Earth Traveler Sun, sent a messenger bringing an incantation and a letter to Ziya, explaining to him how to use the spell and how to trap Zhang Kui and take the city. Thus in the following day, Ziya and King Wu trotted strong horses to look around the city. When Zhang saw them scouting in the surroundings, he dashed out the gate to hunt King Wu. Nezha and Thunder-quaker waited until Zhang had galloped far away, and then flew into the city to kill Gao Lanying, and opened the gate. Then, Ziya's troop attacked. At that time, Nezha returned flying to rescue King Wu from Zhang.

When Zhang Kui realized that he could not win, he ran for reinforcements diving dived into the earth and returning to the city. When he perceived that the city had been taken, he decided to rush to Meng Ford to confront Chang Hao. But Yang Ren used his eyes to track down Zhang's route and directed Yang Bliss and Wei Hu to follow Zhang.

When Zhang reached the bank of the Yellow River, Yang was waiting there, and burning the enchantment. Without any warning the earth became iron hard and Zhang could not move at all through it. That being so he had to come out and try to escape on the ground. But when his head just projected out of the earth, the club of Wei Hu fell down on his head smashing down it.

In the aftermath, Ziya bought boats from some anglers to cross the Yellow River. With the King Wu's boat already in the middle of the river, a white fish jumped into the boat. King Wu wanted to return the fish to the water but Ziya explained to him that this was an auspicious omen pointing out —someone from the boat— that the Zhou lineage would be established as the ruling family. Then Ziya provided to himself to first step down the boat and then went tell ahead all the feudal lords not to address King Wu as king. But when still some feudal lords wanted to set up a new king, Ziya without delay dodged the subject of conversation in order to avoid any suspicion of King Wu.

15. In some accounts the master of Earth Traveler Sun is called **Ju Liusun**.

Chapter 89

Cutting open the Bellies of Pregnant Women

Then Yao Shuliang and Peng Zushou arrived to face a battle with Chang Hao and Dragon Wu. During the fight, Chang and Wu shift-shaped to their original forms, respectively a huge snake and a centipede dragon, to gush out venomous air to kill the challengers. Also Nezha and Yang Bliss, using their magic weapons, tried to slay them, but just failed.

Yuan Hong sent a messenger to inform to King Zhou the preliminary success. News of this success prompted King Zhou to celebrate. King Zhou ordered Fei Lian to bring his reward. During the banquet of celebration, Daji bragged to King Zhou about her divination abilities. As he and Daji stood in their tower, they saw an old man and a young man fording a small river in bare feet. The old man seemed unconcerned to the cold water and walked fast, while the young man vacillated under the fear of cold water. King Zhou consulted Daji about the different behaviors and Daji told that the old man was born when his parents were young, so his bone marrow was well formed. She claimed that to the case of the young man, for him having been born to aged parents, resulted the opposite.

King Zhou ordered his guards to take the two men to the court and break their calves to check if it was so and indeed was entirely as Daji had alleged. Next Daji bragged also that she had learned magic arts, so she could predict the gender and position of a baby within a woman's womb. King Zhou again ordered the guards to bring in several pregnant women, to cut open their wombs and examine the sex of the babies. Daji had been accurate in all instances.

When King Zhou's relatives, Wei Zi and Jizi came to reproach King Zhou, the king felt offended and declassified Jizi to be a slave. Wei Zi took the ancestral tablets and fled the capital to become a recluse.

One day Gao Ming and Gao Jue, who were two people with ugly and disturbing appearance, came to look for Fei Lian. They claimed they intended to assist King Zhou to defeat Ziya. Fei Lian took them to see King Zhou, who designated them generals and sent them to Meng Ford.

Chapter 90

Subjugation of two Sprites

With the battle before then, Gao Ming and Gao Jue met Yuan Hong and the sprites promptly recognized each other. Yuan Hong knew that Gao Ming and Gao Jue were actually the peach spirit and the willow spirit. And the two Gao brothers realized that Yuan was the monkey sprite. They were satisfied to be together in the battle.

Throughout the fight, Nezha, Yang Bliss, and Yan Ren made use of their powerful magic weapons to strike the two Gao brothers and Yuan Hong, but none of the weapons proved effective against them. They just disappeared like the wind. Yang Bliss informed Ziya that the brothers Gaos had not seemed like other men. This way Ziya commanded the soldiers to prepare peach wood and blood in order to halt their witchcraft. But the following day, the two Gaos mocked at Ziya, saying that none of his traps would be operative against them. Ziya conceived that there were spies in the camp, but Yang Bliss did not share the idea. So, Yang flew to consult his master, the Immortal Jade Tripod.

Jade Tripod revealed to Yang that the brothers were a peach-scout spirit and a willow-scout spirit and that their roots extended to a temple, which transferred its soul to the two gate guards QianLiYan —thousand li eyes— and ShunFengEr (movable wind ears). That was why they could see things from a thousand li and hear Ziya's plans from far away. Jade Tripod recommended Yang Bliss to pluck their roots from earth and burn the statues, only then could they be defeated. Yang Bliss returned and wrote down the instructions on a piece of paper so that Ziya should follow. Ziya ordered soldiers to beat on thousands of gongs and use red cloth to build a wall. He then assigned each general a task.

With such measures Gao Ming and Gao Jue did not see or hear what was happening. A wind blew over the banner and Ziya using his magic calculation discovered that the Gaos and Yuan Hong had planned a night raid. As a result, he assigned a strategic position to each general, and still in that night, Ziya ascended the altar to put into effect his concealed trap.

Chapter 91

Fire attack on Mount Coiling Dragon

Nezha and Yang Bliss were waiting when the two Gaos tried to assault the camp of Ziya. As soon as the two sprites fell into the trap, they were slaughtered, but still Yuan Hong managed to slay Yang Ren.

Next Yang Bliss flew to consult Master Cloud Dweller, who lent him the Demon-reflecting Mirror. By means of the mirror, Yang could learn what kind of entities they were. Thus when during the battle Chang Hao shape-shifted into a white snake, Yang turned into a huge centipede dragon that cut the snake into two pieces. When Dragon Wu revealed his original form, a centipede dragon, Yang then shape-shifted into a giant rooster to peck Wu to death.

Wu Wenhua, a giant, appeared to assist Yuan Hong. During the hours of the daylight Wu Wenhua battled the Dragon Beard-Tiger. Beard-Tiger had a short height, thus Wu Wenhua could not reach him and ended wounded on his feet. But still in that evening Wu advanced into the camps of Ziya at last killing Dragon Beard-Tiger, and using his huge arrow and bow he also struck and killed many soldiers of Ziya. Yuan Hong too launched an attack, so Ziya's troops were severely devastated.

Yang Bliss remained alone to fight and take care of the storage of supplies. Thus he took a straw and blew it to transform it into a giant taller than Wu Wenhua, who became very frightened and fled back to his camp.

In the next day was reported to Ziya that their casualties numbered two hundred thousand. On top of that, thirty-four generals had been killed. The tributary Meng River was crammed with bodies. On the other side, King Zhou became exultant when he was informed about the events. Zhou fell even more in wine and sex. However, some generals in Yuan Hong's army were ashamed to see sprites serving in the army. Knowing that sprites augured the end of the dynasty, the generals under Yuan Hong began to look for ways out of the army.

Yang Bliss and Ziya planned to get rid of Wu Wenhua first. Gun powder, dry wood and charcoal they buried under the ground in a valley which had no exit and only one way to go in. Ziya and King Wu rode horses to lure Wu Wenhua to pursue them, and then they led him to that ravine.

Chapter 92

Subjugation of seven Sprites

Firstly Wu Ji and Nangong Kuo allowed King Wu and Ziya go through the pass as a bait. Next they ordered to the army roll logs and rocks down to block Wu Wenhua's way out of the ravine. As soon Wu chased them, he became trapped in the valley and then the soldiers ignited the fire scorching the giant Wu Wenhua to death.

A pig sprite shape-shifted as human arrived to join Yuan Hong, the monkey sprite. He was called Zhu Zizhen, who was also a monk. When Yang Bliss confronted Zhu Zizhen, Yang Bliss, suspecting the monk, took his Demon-Reflecting Mirror to see Zhu's original form, but then pig sprite promptly swallow Yang Bliss.

Later when Yuan Hong and the pig-monk Zhu Zizhen were having a banquet to celebrate the victory over Yang Bliss, another entity, came in. He was Yang Xian, a goat sprite in human form. But then Yang Bliss, who was within Zhu Zizhen's stomach, rebuked the pig for eating too many people, and gripped tightly and sharply his liver and heart. Zhu Zizhen, under extreme pain, pleaded for mercy. Yang demanded him to shape-shift to his original form and reveal himself to Ziya. Inflicted by the pangs Zhu Zizhen walked to Ziya. Once there at Ziya's camp, when Nangong Kuo saw the huge pig coming in, he promptly beheaded the sprite.

Then another entity joined Yuan Hong. This time he was a dog sprite called Dai Li. The three sprites raided out to revenge Zhu Zizhen's death, but Yang Bliss and Nezha killed the dog Dai Li and the goat Yang Xian.

Next, the ox sprite called Dasheng, who had slayed Zheng Lun in a battle, came to help Yuan Hong. Once Yang Bliss came to wrestle the ox sprite, Nu Wa appeared from the air to fasten the sprite. Her maid-attendant used a rope to tie Dasheng's nose and to beat on his back. Thus the sprite Dasheng shape-shifted back into a giant ox and Nu Wa delivered the ox to Yang Bliss, who brought it to Ziya to cut his head off.

That night, Ziya propelled an attack that smashed the defense of the monkey-sprite Yuan Hong. But Yuan Hong's fight resisted fiercely against Yang Bliss. All the time Yuan shape-shifted into something new. As counterpart Yang Bliss also shape-shifted into a rival of each form, so he stalled Yuan. Yuan withdrew to a mountain and convoked his little monkeys to help. Yang could not match the thousand monkeys, and only could scape using his magic. Nu Wa appeared up and delivered to Yang a map of the Mount-river Plum. Then she taught him the spell to make it to work. Thus as soon as Yang hanged the map on a tree, it changed into a mountain. Seeing the mountain, the seventh and final sprite, the monkey Yuan thought the mountain as any other and went to climb it up.

Chapter 93

Occupation of Youhun Pass

Within a short time after Yuan Hong rose up the mountain, his mind became obsessed by hallucinations. He returned into his monkey form without realizing the shape-shifting. Whatever he wondered in his mind would become solid before his eyes. When he saw what looked like a big, ripe peach on a tree, he ate the peach and went to rest on a stone. Promptly Yang dashed to the lethargic Yuan, who could not even stand up to fight. Yang bound him and brought him to Ziya.

Ziya commanded Yang to behead Yuan Hong. Thus Yang Bliss cut off Yuan's head, but then another head grew from his body. Yang repeatedly cut the monkey's head only to see it grow again. Then came to Ziya the remembrance of Lu Ya's flying blade which he removed from a gourd. That blade had two eyes radiating two flashes. With the blade fastened against Yuan's head, it was turned a few times around the head. Afterwards the Yuan's head finally was chopped down on the ground.

Jinzha and Muzha were assigned to get past Dou Rong, the local commander, and so take over Youhun Pass. Thus they masqueraded themselves as Taoist cultivators from Penglai Island offering their services to Dou Rong.

But Dou and his generals got suspicions on them even when they told Dou that their masters were killed by Ziya, and that they had come to revenge their masters' death and pacify the rebellion of Ziya.

As a result Jinzha and Muzha surfaced a plot. In the next day they staged the capture of one of generals of Ziya, which then brought the trust of Dou on them.

In the second fight, they along with the East Keeper, the Grand Duke Jiang Wenhuan, launched a raid that night. Taking the opportunity, Ziya's troops attacked the pass during the night. Thus Jinzha and Muzha opened the gate unsettling Dou Rong.

Chapter 94

The Siege of the Capital

As the fighting went into eruption, Dou Rong ended slayed. Breaking into the city, Muzha slaughtered the wife of Dou. Those still alive surrendered to the forces of Ziya.

Then Jiang Wenhuan, the Duke of the East, led his men to join Ziya. Ziya gathered all the allied troops and commanded a march toward Morning Song. The combined army of the four grand dukes numbered 1,600,000. It surrounded Morning Song and stretched out as far as the eye could see.

Meanwhile at the court, King Zhou was apprehensive. He inquired his generals and officials what measures they could perform then. They concluded that the best to do was to shield the capital as well as to enlist skilled men to fortify the army.

Three sworn brothers presented themselves to see King Zhou. King Zhou designated them as commanders, but in their first battle they were slaughtered. Next Yin Pobai offered himself to go to dialogue with Ziya, because he was acquainted with Ziya before the conflict, so he wondered that he could persuade him to halt the hostilities.

Thus Yin Pobai tried at length to convince Ziya to peacefully withdraw, but Ziya did not pay attention to him. Yin then became exasperated and started to reproach the conduct of Ziya. Seeing this Jiang Wenhuan raised his sword and chopped Yin Pobai into two pieces.

Chapter 95

The Ten Accusations

Yin Chengxiu, the son of Yin Pobai, hasted out from the city to take vengeance on his father's death, but ended killed by Jiang Wenhuan. The capital city was under a siege by the army of Ziya. However when his troops stormed from four gates, they failed since the strong defense firmly resisted their assault. Then the allies of Ziya came up with a plan to Ziya that so they could perform a spell to move in and open the gate. But Ziya did not intend to cause too many civilians killed, thus as an alternative he wrote many copies of an announcement inciting the residents of Morning Song to rebellion, and threw them into the city.

At midnight indeed the locals, persuaded by Ziya's announcements, opened the gate. At such event Ziya aroused from sleep and straightway commanded that only ten thousand soldiers should break in and that they must not kill the common people nor steal their possessions.

While King Zhou was drinking wine with Daji his guards arrived with the terrible news. The Chief Commander of the royal guards warned Zhou to be prepared to imminent fight since in other way they would be seized. King Zhou assembled the royal guard, but along the palace wall Ziya's troops were already had positioned. On his horse King Zhou rode to meet Ziya, who then told to King Zhou that because he was a despot, the Ziya's alliance had come to execute him on behalf of Sky. King Zhou questioned Ziya what faults he had caused. Ziya then alleged ten serious crimes proclaiming them as:

1. King Zhou was the most wicked king in the dynasty.
2. King Zhou killed his queen.
3. King Zhou attempted to kill the crown prince.
4. King Zhou killed many loyal ministers.
5. King Zhou assaulted the East and South Grand Dukes.
6. King Zhou allowed cruel tortures invented by Daji to be used on the innocent.
7. King Zhou depleted the national resources and wealth.
8. King Zhou was unchaste and killed Yellow Flying Tiger's wife in pursuit of his lust.
9. King Zhou cut off legs and cut open pregnant women for leisure.
10. King Zhou spent all his time in pleasure with Daji and Hu Ximei.

When King Zhou heard Ziya's accusations, he became exasperated. Then especially the Duke of the East, whose father and sister had been brutally assassinated by King Zhou, but also the feudal lords, called for the decapitation of King Zhou. Then they jumped in to fight at King Zhou.

King Wu seeing the scene, disapproved the vassals conflicting with their ruler, and so he directed Ziya to halt them. But Ziya tricked King Wu asking him to beat the drum. King Wu beat the drum unaware that the sound produced by him was a summoning which promoted the advance of the troops, and not a withdrawal as he thought. At the sound of the drum, all lords and soldiers dashed to fall upon King Zhou.

Chapter 96

Daji under Siege

With King Zhou under attack and already wounded in his back, Lu Renjie, Lei Kun and Lei Peng wrestled to rescue him from the assault, but the three defenders were all murdered. Nevertheless it was enough to King Zhou to flee back into the palace.

Meanwhile the two evil traitors, the officials Fei Lian and E Lai, sneaked into the core of the palace and stole the royal seal. They reckoned that presenting the seal to King Wu, who they regarded a benevolent person, doubtlessly would favor them and spare their lives.

Already in the palace King Zhou received consolation from his three favorite concubines, the sprites Daji, Hu Ximei, and Wang Guiren. They were telling him that they could square up to the distresses of King Zhou, since they had powerful magic skills, and so could fly out during the night and kill King Wu.

Ziya was confident and so did not expect any raid more from the enemy. However in that night the three sprites, Daji, Hu Ximei and Wang Guiren, promoted the chaos on his troops slaying many soldiers. But the sprites failed in their attempt to eliminate Ziya's forces and kill King Wu since the many followers of Ziya carried magic skills and these thwarted the three sprites.

Finally when the sprites returned to the palace and reported to King Zhou, he ordered them to flee for their own lives. Then alone, Zhou walked to the Star-Plucking Tower.

When the three sprites were then preparing to the flight, Ziya through his magic reckoning discovered their intentions. He ordered the three generals Yang Bliss, Wei Hu and Thunderbolt to capture them. The generals waited in the air until they saw the three sprites floating out of the palace to the sky. The generals chased after them but Nu Wa unexpectedly appeared to block the way of the three sprites.

Chapter 97

The King Burns

Using a magic rope Nu Wa bound the three sprites and delivered them to Yang Bliss.

Thus the three sprites were conveyed to the executional grounds. Ziya scolded them for eating the servants of the palace and for creating the plots to execute virtuous officials. Daji pleaded to Ziya saying that she was only an ordinary girl from the Su house, so she could not have persuaded King Zhou to perpetrate any evil acts. But Ziya, facing the feudal lords, described to them that she was not Su's daughter but a fox sprite.

Without delaying, the executioners cut off the heads of the Zither sprite and the Pearl Chicken Sprite. However Daji employed her bewitching and charming seduction at the executioner. He became so infatuated that he could not raise the sword. Two more other executioners came to the task but also failed. Thunder-quaker went to report the situation to Ziya who then cast his flying blade to behead Daji.

From the palace King Zhou witnessed when the execution fell upon them and felt sadness. Still on his way to the Star-plucking Tower, many ghosts came there to haunt Zhou but he just opened his eyes wide to terrify them instead, who ran away. When he reached at the Tower, he was dressed with the royal robe with pearls and jade covering it. Then King Zhou ordered the soldier Zhu Sheng to put on fire the Tower. When King Zhou was burnt to death, Zhu joined the king jumping into the fire to commit suicide.

As King Wu and the other feudal lords entered into the palace, Ziya promptly ordered to extinguish the fire.

Chapter 98

Jewels and Relief supplies distributed

King Wu granted clemency to the maids and servants of the palace, and thus he ordered his soldiers to not mistreat the palatial staff or spoil their personal belongings. However King Wu took the numerous jewels, jade and gems spread in Deer Tower of the palace, and distributed them to the feudal lords and relief to the subject people.

Ziya provided a due royal ceremony for a king's funeral when he ordered the burial of King Zhou. Then, to the presence of King Wu, was brought Wu Geng, the son of King Zhou, who by then was suffering the hostilities from the feudal lords, who in turn meant to execute Wu Geng. But King Wu frustrated their intentions granting a piece of land to Wu Geng, and so titling him as the Lord of Shang, which would succeed the Yin family lineage.

The feudal lords in unanimity expected King Wu to take the throne, however King Wu considered it not appropriate since he was originally a subordinate to the king deposed. Still Ziya reasoned to King Wu that for stabilizing the moment, King Wu could seat in the throne as a temporary king until, later and at last, appeared a sage man. Then King Wu could transfer definitely the throne to this coming wise man. King Wu accepted such condition.

After ten months in Morning Song, King Wu took the road of return to his home. However the Taoists, Bo Yi and Shu Qi, once again blocked King Wu's way, which was back to Xiqi. They cried and sang a song to mock King Wu. Later they refused to eat the granted millet of Zhou and starved to death.

Meanwhile taking the opportune moment the former Zhou officials, Fei Lian and E Lai, presented the royal seal to Ziya. Ziya was satisfied and bestowed positions to them.

As to Ziya himself, he had become the Prime Minister of King Wu. Having learned these news, the ex-wife of Ziya, lady Ma, felt so unsettled for what she had reacted to Ziya, that she committed suicide.

With all in stabilized places, Ziya went look for Primogenitor, so he flew to Kunlun Mountain.

Chapter 99

Deification of the Spirits

Archpriest Primogenitor told Jiang Ziya to return to the capital Morning Song and that he would send a decree to him later.

At last after the decree arrived, Ziya proceeded to Mount Qi, the Investiture Altar. There, to all the souls and spirits, he proclaimed the decree. He canonized three hundred and sixty five gods in eight departments. To each one of the gods was given a name and determined a position: ¹⁶

1. Bai Jian - God of Pure Happiness
2. Huang Tianhua - Bing Ling Gong - God of the Three Sacred Mountains
3. Huang Feihu - God of Taishan, the East Mountain
4. Chong Heihu - God of Hengshan, the South Mountain
5. Wen Ping - God of Songshan, the Middle Mountain
6. Cui Ying - God of Hengshan, the North Mountain
7. Jiang Xiong - God of Huashan, the West Mountain
8. Wen Zhong - Chief of the Thunder Gods
9. Dong Zhong - Thunder God
10. Xin Huan - Thunder God
11. Zhang Jie - Thunder God
12. Tao Rong - Thunder God
13. Pang Hong - Thunder God
14. Liu Fu - Thunder God
15. Gou Zhang - Thunder God
16. Bi Huan - Thunder God
17. Qin Wan - Thunder God
18. Zhao Jiang - Thunder God
19. Dong Quan - Thunder God
20. Yuan Jue - Thunder God
21. Li De - Thunder God
22. Sun Liang - Thunder God
23. Bai Li - Thunder God
24. Wang Bian - Thunder God
25. Yao Bin - Thunder God
26. Zhang Shao - Thunder God
27. Huang Gen - Thunder God
28. Jin Su - Thunder God
29. Ji Li - Thunder God
30. Yu Qing - Thunder God
31. Mother Golden Light (Goddess of Lightning) - Thunder God
32. Fair Lotus (Goddess of the Wind) - Thunder God
33. Luo Xuan - Chief of the Fire Gods

16. Although it was decreed 365 gods, the list presents only 337 names wherein some of these do not appear during the tale, whereas other characters from the tale are absent in it. Moreover in the list are named 71 Earthy stars and 35 Sky stars. All this suggests that the list may be a long after accretion to the original narration.

34. Zhu Zhao - Fire God
35. Gao Zheng - Fire God
36. Fang Gui - Fire God
37. Wang Jiao - Fire God
38. Liu Huan - Fire God
39. Lu Yue - Chief of the Plague Gods
40. Zhou Xin - God of Plague in the East
41. Li Qi - God of Plague in the South
42. Zhu Tianlin - God of Plague in the West
43. Yang Wenhui - God of Plague in the North
44. Chen Geng - Grand Instructor for Goodness
45. Li Ping - God of Destroying the Plague
46. Mother Golden Spirit - Honorable Goddess of the North Pole Dippers
47. Su Hu - God of the Eastern Constellations
48. Jin Kui - God of the Eastern Constellations
49. Zhao Bing - God of the Eastern Constellations
50. Ji Shuming - God of the Eastern Constellations
51. Huang Tianlu - God of the Western Constellations
52. Long Huan - God of the Western Constellations
53. Sun Ziyu - God of the Western Constellations
54. Hu Sheng - God of the Western Constellations
55. Hu Yunpeng - God of the Western Constellations
56. Lu Renjie - God of the Central Constellations
57. Chao Lei - God of the Central Constellations
58. Ji Shusheng - God of the Central Constellations
59. Bo Yikao - God of the North Pole
60. Zhou Ji - God of the Southern Constellations
61. Hu Lei - God of the Southern Constellations
62. Gao Gui - God of the Southern Constellations
63. Yu Cheng - God of the Southern Constellations
64. Sun Bao - God of the Southern Constellations
65. Lei Kun - God of the Southern Constellations
66. Huang Tianxiang - God of the Northern Constellations
67. Bi Gan (God of Culture) - God of the Northern Constellations
68. Dou Rong (God of Military Affairs) - God of the Northern Constellations
69. Han Sheng - God of the Northern Constellations
70. Han Bian - God of the Northern Constellations
71. Su Quanzhong - God of the Northern Constellations
72. E Shun - God of the Northern Constellations
73. Guo Cheng - God of the Northern Constellations
74. Dong Zhong - God of the Northern Constellations
75. Deng Jiugong - God of the Green Dragon Star
76. Yin Chengxiu - God of the White Tiger Star
77. Ma Fang - God of the Red Sparrow Star
78. Xu Kun - God of the Mysterious Martial Star
79. Lei Peng God of the Gone-with-the-Old Star
80. Zhang Shan - God of the Snake Star
81. Xu Gai - God of the Solar Star
82. Queen Jiang - Goddess of the Lunar Star
83. Shang Rong - God of the Jade Hall Star
84. Ji Shuqian - God of the Heavenly Precious Star

85. Hong Jin - God of the Dragon Virtue Star
86. Princess Long Ji - Goddess of the Red Phoenix Star
87. King Zhou - God of the Heavenly Happy Star
88. Mei Bo - God of the Heavenly Virtue Star
89. Xia Zhao - God of the Lunar Virtue Star
90. Zhao Qi - God of the Heavenly Amnesty Star
91. Lady Jia - Goddess of the Upright Behavior Star
92. Xiao Zheng - God of the Metal Mansion Star
93. Deng Hua - God of the Wooden Mansion Star
94. Yu Yuan - God of the Water Mansion Star
95. Mother Fiery Spirit - God of the Fire Mansion Star
96. Earth Traveler Sun - God of the Earth Mansion Star
97. Deng Chanyu - Goddess of the Six Combinations Star
98. Du Yuanxian - God of the Doctorate Star
99. Wu Wenhua - God of the Power Star
100. Jiao Ge - God of the Admonishment Star
101. Huang Feibiao - God of the River Leading Star
102. Madam Chedi - Goddess of the Moon Leading Star
103. Jiang Huanchu - God of the Imperial Coach Star
104. Huang Feibao - God of the Heavenly Inheritance Star
105. Ding Ce - God of the Imperial Chariot Star
106. E Chongyu - God of the Heavenly Horse Star
107. Li Jin - God of the Imperial Grade Star
108. Qian Bao - God of the Heavenly Medical Star
109. Concubine Huang - Goddess of the Earthly Queen Star
110. Ji Shude - God of the Domestic Dragon Star
111. Huang Ming - God of the Dragon Taming Star
112. Lei Kai - God of the Station Horse Star
113. Wei Ben - God of the Yellow Pennant Star
114. Wu Qian - God of the Leopard Tail Star
115. Zhang Guifang - God of the Mourning House Star
116. Feng Lin - God of the Lamenting Visitor Star
117. Fei Zhong - God of the Pulling-Twisting Star
118. You Hun - God of the Rolled Tongue Star
119. Peng Zun - God of the Throat Control Star
120. Wang Bao - God of the City Planning Star
121. Ji Shukun - God of the Flying Curtain Star
122. Chong Houhu - God of the Great Spending Star
123. Yin Pobai - God of the Minor Spending Star
124. Qiu Yin - God of the Linked String Star
125. Long Anji - God of the Railing Star
126. Tai Luan - God of the Head Spreading Star
127. Deng Xiu - God of the Five Devils Star
128. Zhao Sheng - God of the Goat Cutlass Star
129. Sun Yanhong - God of the Bloody Light Star
130. Fang Yizhen - God of the Official Seal Star
131. Yu Hua - God of the Single Morning Star
132. Ji Kang - God of the Heavenly Dog Star
133. Wang Zuo - God of the Sickness Spell Star
134. Zhang Feng - God of the Bone Boring Star
135. Bin Jinlong - God of the Death Spell Star

136. Bai Zianshong - God of the Heavenly Defeat Star
137. Zheng Chun - God of the Floating-Submerging Star
138. Bian Ji - God of the Heavenly Slaying Star
139. Chen Geng - God of the Yearly Killing Star
140. Xu Fang - God of the Yearly Punishment Star
141. Chao Tian - God of the Yearly Breaking Star
142. Ji Shuyi - God of the Lonely Fire Star
143. Ouyang Chun - God of the Lost Spirit Star
144. Wang Hu - God of the Monthly Breaking Star
145. Lady Rock - Goddess of the Monthly Touring Star
146. Chen Jizhen - God of the Dead Air Star
147. Xu Zhong - God of the Salty Pond Star
148. Yao Zhong - God of the Monthly Disgusted Star
149. Chen Wu - God of the Monthly Punishment Star
150. Gao Jineng - God of the Black Killing Star
151. Zhang Kui - God of the Seven Murders Star
152. Yin Hong - God of the Five Grains Star
153. Yu Zhong - God of the Avoiding Murder Star
154. Ouyang Tianlu - God of the Heavenly Punishment Star
155. Chen Tong - God of the Heavenly Net Star
156. Ji Shuji - God of the Earthly Net Star
157. Mei Wu - God of the Heavenly Space Star
158. Ao Bing - God of the Parasol Star
159. Zhou Xin - God of the Ten Evils Star
160. Huang Yuanji - Goddess of the Silkworm Breeding Star
161. Gao Lanying - Goddess of the Peach Blossom Star
162. Lady Ma - Goddess of the Broom Star
163. Li Gen - God of the Great Calamity Star
164. Han Rong - God of the Scattering About Star
165. Lin Shan - God of the Mourning Dress Star
166. Dragon Beard Tiger - God of the Nine Ugliness Star
167. Sa Jian - God of the Three Corpse Stars
168. Sa Qiang - God of the Three Corpse Stars
169. Sa Yong - God of the Three Corpse Stars
170. Jin Cheng - God of the Yin Mistake Star
171. Ma Chenglong - God of the Yang Error Star
172. Gongsun Duo - God of the Cutlass Slaying Star
173. Yuan Hong - God of the Four Waste Star
174. Sun He - God of the Five Poverties Star
175. Mei De - God of the Earthly Space Empty Star
176. Concubine Yang - Goddess of the Red Lovely Star
177. Hou Taiyi - God of the Danger Moon Swallow Constellation
178. Su Yuan - God of the Moon Fox Constellation
179. Xue Ding - God of the Moon Deer Constellation
180. Gao Yan - God of the Heavenly Leading Star
181. Huang Zhen - God of the Heavenly Gallant Star
182. Lu Chang - God of the Heavenly Planning Star
183. Ji Bing - God of the Heavenly Leisure Star
184. Yao Gongxiao - God of the Heavenly Courageous Star
185. Shi Kuai - God of the Heavenly Heroic Star
186. Sun Yi - God of the Heavenly Fierce Star

187. Li Bao - God of the Heavenly Mighty Star
188. Zhu Yi - God of the Heavenly Courageous Star
189. Chen Kan - God of the Heavenly Honorable Star
190. Li Xian - God of the Heavenly Rich Star
191. Fang Bao - God of the Heavenly Full Star
192. Zhang Xiu - God of the Heavenly Lonely Star
193. Li Hongren - God of the Heavenly Injured Star
194. Wang Longmao - God of the Heavenly Mystic Star
195. Deng Yu - God of the Heavenly Healthy Star
196. Li Xin - God of the Heavenly Dark Star
197. Xu Zhengdao - God of the Heavenly Safety Star
198. Dian Tong - God of the Heavenly Empty Star
199. Wu Xu - God of the Heavenly Swift Star
200. Ren Laiping - God of the Heavenly Different Star
201. Gong Qing - God of the Heavenly Demon Star
202. Shan Baizhao - God of the Heavenly Minute Star
203. Gao Ke - God of the Heavenly Retreating Star
204. Qi Chen - God of the Heavenly Longevity Star
205. Wang Hu - God of the Heavenly Sword Star
206. Bo Tong - God of the Heavenly Level Star
207. Yao Gong - God of the Heavenly Criminal Star
208. Tang Tianzheng - God of the Heavenly Damage Star
209. She Li - God of the Heavenly Defeat Star
210. Wen Jie - God of the Heavenly Imprisonment Star
211. Zhang Zhixiong - God of the Heavenly Clever Star
212. Bi De - God of the Heavenly Violent Star
213. Liu Da - God of the Heavenly Weeping Star
214. Chen Sanyi - God of the Heavenly Skillful Star
215. Chen Jizheng - God of the Earthly Leading Star
216. Huang Jingyuan - God of the Earthly Evil Star
217. Jia Cheng - God of the Earthly Courageous Star
218. Hu Baiyan - God of the Earthly Heroic Star
219. Lu Xiude - God of the Earthly Gallant Star
220. Sun Xiang - God of the Earthly Mighty Star
221. Wang Ping - God of the Earthly Strange Star
222. Bai Youhuan - God of the Earthly Fierce Star
223. Ge Gao - God of the Earthly Literature Star
224. Kao Ge - God of the Earthly Upright Star
225. Li Sui - God of the Earthly Secluded Star
226. Liu Hen - God of the Earthly Closing Star
227. Xia Xiang - God of the Earthly Strong Star
228. Yu Hui - God of the Earthly Dark Star
229. Bao Long - God of the Earthly Helping Star
230. Lu Zhi - God of the Earthly Gathering Star
231. Huang Bingqing - God of the Earthly Assisting Star
232. Zhang Qi - God of the Earthly Safety Star
233. Guo Yi - God of the Earthly Spirit Star
234. Jin Nandao - God of the Earthly Beast Star
235. Chen Yuan - God of the Earthly Minute Star
236. Che Kun - God of the Earthly Clever Star
237. Shang Chengdao - God of the Earthly Violent Star

238. Zhou Geng - God of the Earthly Silent Star
239. Qi Gong - God of the Earthly Mad Star
240. Huo Zhiyuan - God of the Earthly Rampant Star
241. Ye Zhong - God of the Earthly Flying Star
242. Gu Zong - God of the Earthly Walking Star
243. Li Chang - God of the Earthly Skillful Star
244. Fang Ji - God of the Earthly Bright Star
245. Xu Ji - God of the Earthly Progressive Star
246. Fan Huan - God of the Earthly Retreating Star
247. Zhuo Gong - God of the Earthly Full star
248. Kong Cheng - God of the Earthly Successful Star
249. Yao Jinxiu - God of the Earthly Round Star
250. Ning Sanyi - God of the Earthly Disappearing Star
251. Yu Zhi - God of the Earthly Different Star
252. Tong Zhen - God of the Theory Star
253. Yuan Dingxian - God of the Earthly Gallant Star
254. Wang Xiang - God of the Earthly Happy Star
255. Geng Yan - God of the Earthly Adroit Star
256. Xing Sanluan - God of the Earthly Swift Star
257. Jiang Zhong - God of the Earthly Suppressing Star
258. Kong Tianzhao - God of the Earthly Detaining Star
259. Li Yao - God of the Earthly Devil Star
260. Gong Qian - God of the Earthly Sprite Star
261. Duan Qing - God of the Earthly Tranquil Star
262. Men Daozheng - God of the Earthly Submitting Star
263. Zu Lin - God of the Earthly Secluded Star
264. Xiao Dian - God of the Earthly Space Star
265. Wu Siyu - God of the Earthly Lonely Star
266. Kuang Yu - God of the Earthly Complete Star
267. Cai Gong - God of the Earthly Short Star
268. Lan Hu - God of the Earthly Corner Star
269. Song Lu - God of the Earthly Imprisonment Star
270. Guan Bin - God of the Earthly Treasure Star
271. Long Cheng - God of the Earthly Level Star
272. Huang Wu - God of the Earthly Damage Star
273. Kong Daoling - God of the Earthly Slave Star
274. Zhang Huan - God of the Earthly Examining Star
275. Li Xin - God of the Earthly Wicked Star
276. Xu Shan - God of the Earthly Soul Star
277. Ge Fang - God of the Earthly Counting Star
278. Jiao Long - God of the Earthly Punishment Star
279. Qin Xiang - God of the Earthly Torture Star
280. Wu Yangong - God of the Earthly Strong Star
281. Fan Bin - God of the Earthly Inefficient Star
282. Ye Jingchang - God of the Earthly Healthy Star
283. Yao Ye - God of the Earthly Spending Star
284. Sun Ji - God of the Earthly Theft Star
285. Cheng Menggeng - God of the Earthly Dog Star
286. Chong Yingbiao - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
287. Gao Ping - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
288. Han Peng - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars

289. Li Ji - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
290. Wang Feng - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
291. Liu Jin - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
292. Wang Chu - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
293. Peng Jiuyuan - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
294. Li Sanyi - God of the Nine Brightly Shining Stars
295. Lu Xiong - God of the Water Virtue Star
296. Yang Zhen - God of the Water Leopard Star
297. Fang Jiqing - God of the Water Beaver Star
298. Sun Xiang - God of the Water Ape Star
299. Hu Daoyuan - God of the Water Earthworm Star
300. Yin Jiao - God of the Year
301. Yang Ren - God of the Sixty-Year Cycle
302. Wen Liang - God on Day Patrol
303. Qiao Kuan - God On Night Patrol
304. Han Dulong - God for Increasing Happiness
305. Xue Ehu - God for Decreasing Happiness
306. Fang Bi - God of Doctrine Preaching
307. Fang Xiang - God of the Vanguard
308. Li Bing - God on Yearly Duty
309. Huang Chengyi - God on Monthly Duty
310. Zhou Deng - God on Daily Duty
311. Liu Hong - God on Hourly Duty
312. Wang Mo - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
313. Yang Sen - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
314. Gao Youqian - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
315. Li Xingba - God to Guard the Precious Spiritual Firmament
316. Zhao Gongming - Genuine God of the Profound Dragon Tiger Altar
317. Xiao Sheng - God of Welcoming Treasures
318. Cao Bao - God of Storing Valuables
319. Chen Jiugong - Envoy of Welcoming Wealth
320. Yao Shaosi - Fairy Officer of Good Market
321. Mo Liqing - Developing Heavenly King
322. Mo Lihong - Wide-eyed Heavenly King
323. Mo Lihai - Literature Heavenly King
324. Mo Lishou - National Protection Heavenly King
325. Zheng Lun - God of "heng"
326. Chen Qi - God of "ha"
327. Yu Hualong - Green Haze Prime King Controller of Smallpox
328. Lady Jin - Saint Queen to Protect Sickrooms
329. Yu Da - God of Smallpox in the East
330. Yu Zhao - God of Smallpox in the West
331. Yu Guang - God of Smallpox in the South
332. Yu Xian - God of Smallpox in the North
333. Yu De - God of Smallpox in the Center
334. High Firmament - Goddesses of the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper
335. Jade Firmament - Goddesses of the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper
336. Green Firmament - Goddesses of the Golden Universe Muddling Dipper
337. Shen Gongbao - Water-Dividing General

Every department was responsible for supervising one aspect of the human world.

When Ziya returned from the Investiture Altar, Fei Lian and E Lai were brought to him and Ziya ordered the soldiers to carry them to immediate execution.

Chapter 100

King Wu creates the States

The evil spirits, Fei Lian and E Lai, were canonized as gods that invariably bring about unsuccess and misfortune.

Ziya recommended to King Wu to reward subjected lands to his generals, officials, and relatives. However Li Jing along with his three sons, Thunder-quaker, Wei Hu and Yang Bliss, came to court to inform that they did not desire positions and wealth. They, for preference, asked to be liberated from service. Later the four ones also became gods. Also Jinzha, Muzha, and Nezha resolved to leave King Wu. All the seven ones gave priority to return to a life as in meditative seclusion. But before they left, King Wu feasted them.

To reach a decision about the enfeoffment, King Wu talked about with Ziya and a Duke of Zhou. In the following day King Wu enfeoffed many nobles, including Jiang Ziya. All the leaders of the individual states were named. King Wu designated seventy-two lords, each one received a title and feoff. They showed their gratitude and proceeded to their states.

At Mount Western Foothills Ziya was enfeoffed. In addition, he was conferred on the symbols of authority for his supervision over the other lords, which were a white banner and a yellow hatchet.

Five years later, Mount Western Foothills had become a strong, flourishing and passive state.

The Ten Crux Battle Formation

The Ten Crux¹⁷ Battle Formation is a set of ten fictional and unpractical battle formations employed by the Sky Lords of Golden Crab Isle. This is truly known as the Grand Old Master's trump card during his campaign against Jiang Ziya.

Sky Extinguishing Battle Formation

Sky Lord Qin — Within Lord Qin's battle formation, the forces of Sky, Earth, and Man are all combined as one. The straight must be mixed with the foul within this process. Due to the immense intensity of this formation, any mortal that is to enter will be immediately turned into nothing more than ash.

Earth Quaking Battle Formation

Sky Lord Zhou — Within Lord Zhou's battle formation, laws of geomancy and physics are employed. All varied forces such as fire, wind, and so forth, are invested into a single flag. Whenever the flag may wave, great fire and wind will spew forth. Any individual that may enter this formation will be burned alive and nothing more.

Howling-Gales Battle Formation

Sky Lord Teng — Within Lord Teng's battle formation, the wind plays a major role. Whenever the wind is to howl, thousands of knives and daggers will appear from all directions; not even the thickest of armor could withstand the sharpness.

Frozen-Glacier Battle Formation

Sky Lord Yuan — Within Lord Yuan's battle formation, glacial ice is present. On top of this "glacial ice" lays mountains of knives and swords guided by thousands of lightning bolts. Of course, survival is of little probability upon the entering of this formation.

Golden-Light Battle Formation

Sky Lady Luminous Glow — Within Lady Luminous Glow's battle formation, many giant mirrors will be fashioned atop poles. The great rays of the sun are harnessed on the surface of these mirrors and can be controlled by turning the poles angles. The heat is greater than imaginable, and thus death is inevitable.

17. The original translation writes "*crucible*" instead of "*crux*."

Blood–Curdling Battle Formation

Sky Lord Sun — Within Lord Sun's battle formation, fierce wind plays the primary role. While combining fierce winds with black sand, it is utterly impossible for any individual to escape the formation. While inside, their blood will continuously curdle until imminent death.

Blazing–Flame Battle Formation

Sky Lord White — Within Lord White's battle formation, the Thunder Fire, Rock Fire, and the Triple Whammy Fire are the three main forces of fire. Killing radiation and heat will be present within this blazing–fame formation, and thus not even the most durable of individuals could survive.

Plummeting–Soul Battle Formation

Sky Lord Yao — Within Lord Yao's battle formation, a straw effigy is present and truly needed. By bowing before his effigy, any specific individuals' soul can be stolen while their spirit is strangled. Certain death is obvious through this formation indeed.

Crimson–Water Battle Formation

Sky Lord Zhong — Within Lord Zhong's battle formation, a giant trigram platform is present. Within this platform, there are three magic gourds containing varied deadly fluid to burn away any unfortunate individual that happened to enter the formation.

Scarlet–Sand Battle Formation

Sky Lord Wang — Within Lord Wang's battle formation, great illusion is present. While the individual is seemingly walking across blood–red sand, they are truly walking across millions of tiny knives — as small as each grain of sand.

封神演義

共二十冊

内閣文庫	
番號	漢 17842
冊數	20 (1)
函號	附 1 3

附一
七
八
四
二
十
號

附 1. 3



批評全像武王伐紂外史

封神演義

此書久係傳說。苦無善本。語多俚穢。事半荒唐。
註古愚今。名教之所必斥。茲集乃先生考索。批
評家藏秘冊。余不憚重價。購求錄行。以供海內奇
賞。真可羽翼記傳。為商周一代信史。非徒爽悅
縹緲而已。識者鑒之。
金閨書坊舒坤甫識

封神演義序

古今有可信者。經史綱

鑑之書是也。有不可信

者。齊諧虞初山海之書

是也。若可信。若不可信。者。諸子小說。陰陽方技。術數之書。是也。迨自結繩以後。倉頡成書。宇宙人事。始煥。斯文始鑿。極天蟠地。無竅不開。其中所以爲帝王師相人物。臧否。如經史百家之書。

無不假此定其好醜。若
所稱二帝曰放勳曰重
華。禹曰文命敷于四海。
湯曰顧諟天之明命。文
曰謨。武曰烈。下至曰桀。
曰紂。曰幽。曰厲。何在不
非史臣親承之下。揣摩
則肖之也。孟夫子尚曰

盡信書。不如無書。况三代以來。所謂曰文。曰武。曰孝。曰莊。曰敬。曰神。曰懿。曰徽。曰德。種種美詞。不過皆史臣爲之粉飾。非寫爲一代信史。其中可信。不可信。明甚。又何怪後儒曰。三代之下。

無書嗟嗟。自周禮以小
史掌邦國之志。外史掌
三皇五帝之書。至周末
德衰。不無紊亂。我夫子
爲之憲章祖述。刪繁芟
僞。不可不謂斯文之幸。
孰意秦火一烈。尺籍無
遺矣。雖歷漢魏晉於五

代。以至唐宋。不無除挾
書之令。求天下之遺書
者。有建石室蘭臺東觀
仁壽崇文秘閣。以藏其
典籍者。甚至求錄於民
間者。可謂盛矣。然而有
遭喪亂而焚燬者。有遭
遷徙而遺棄者。又有遺

運而舟覆於砥柱。航海而盡喪於滄茫者。可勝言哉。幸而天啓文明。我國家景運洪開。於斯文獨盛。真駕軼千古。而內府民間。可曰汗牛充棟矣。俗有姜子牙。斬將封神之說。從未有繕本。不過

傳聞於說詞者之口。可
謂之信史哉。余友舒冲
甫。自楚中。重資構有鍾
伯敬先生。批閱封神一
冊。尚未竟其業。乃托余
終其事。余不愧續貂。刪
其荒謬。去其鄙俚。而於
每回之後。或正詞。或反

說。或以嘲謔之語。以寫其忠貞俠烈之品。奸邪頑頓之態。於世道人心。不無喚醒耳。語云。生爲大柱國。死作閻羅王。自古及今。何代無之。而至斬將封神之書。目之爲迂誕耶。書成。其可信不

可信又在閱者作如何
觀余何言哉。

古邗江李雲翔爲霖甫

撰



新刻鍾伯敬先生批評封神演義目錄

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第四回

恩州驛狐狸死妲己

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姜子牙歸國封神

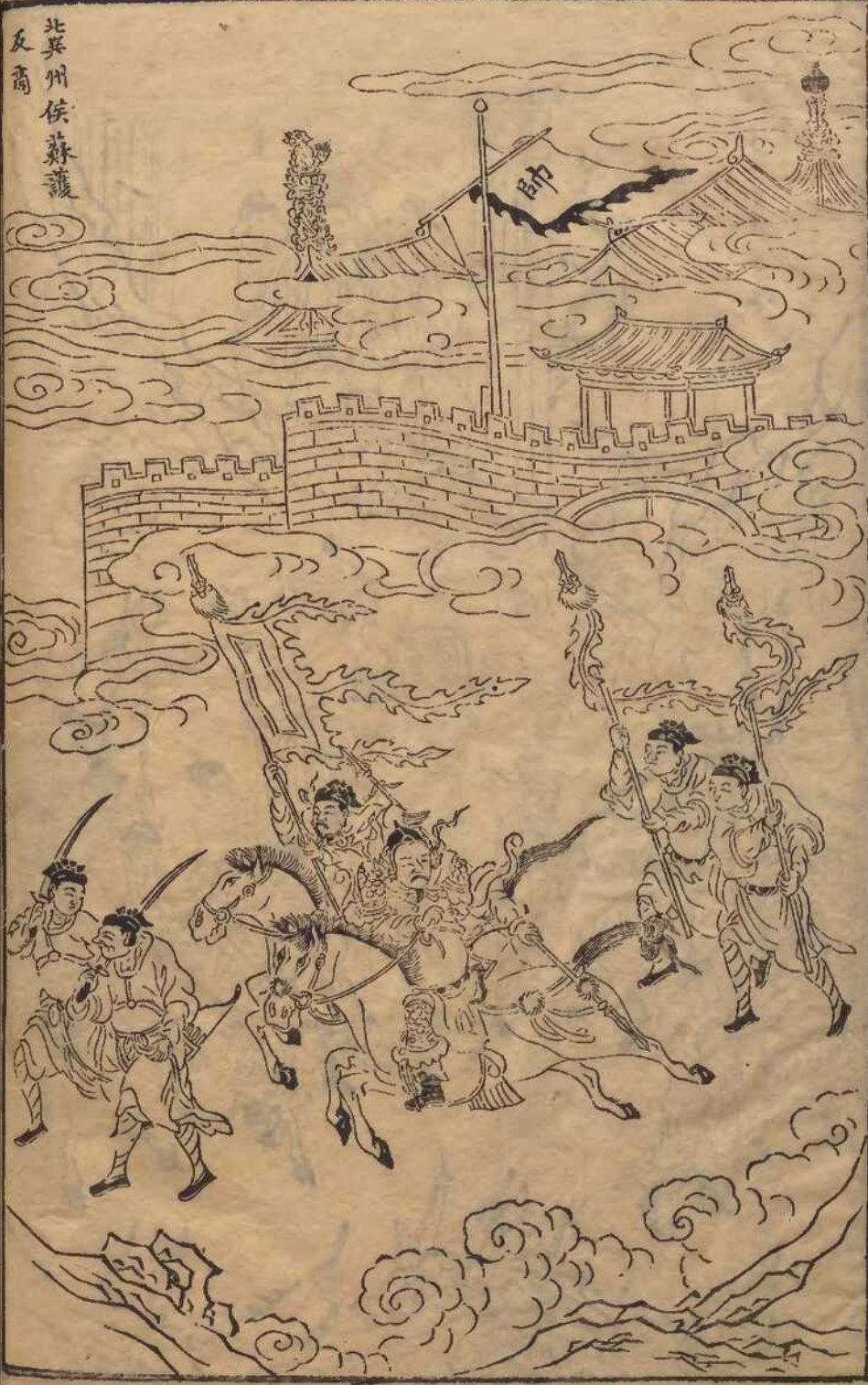
第一百回

周天子分封列國



付王女姓宮進

金象封神演義



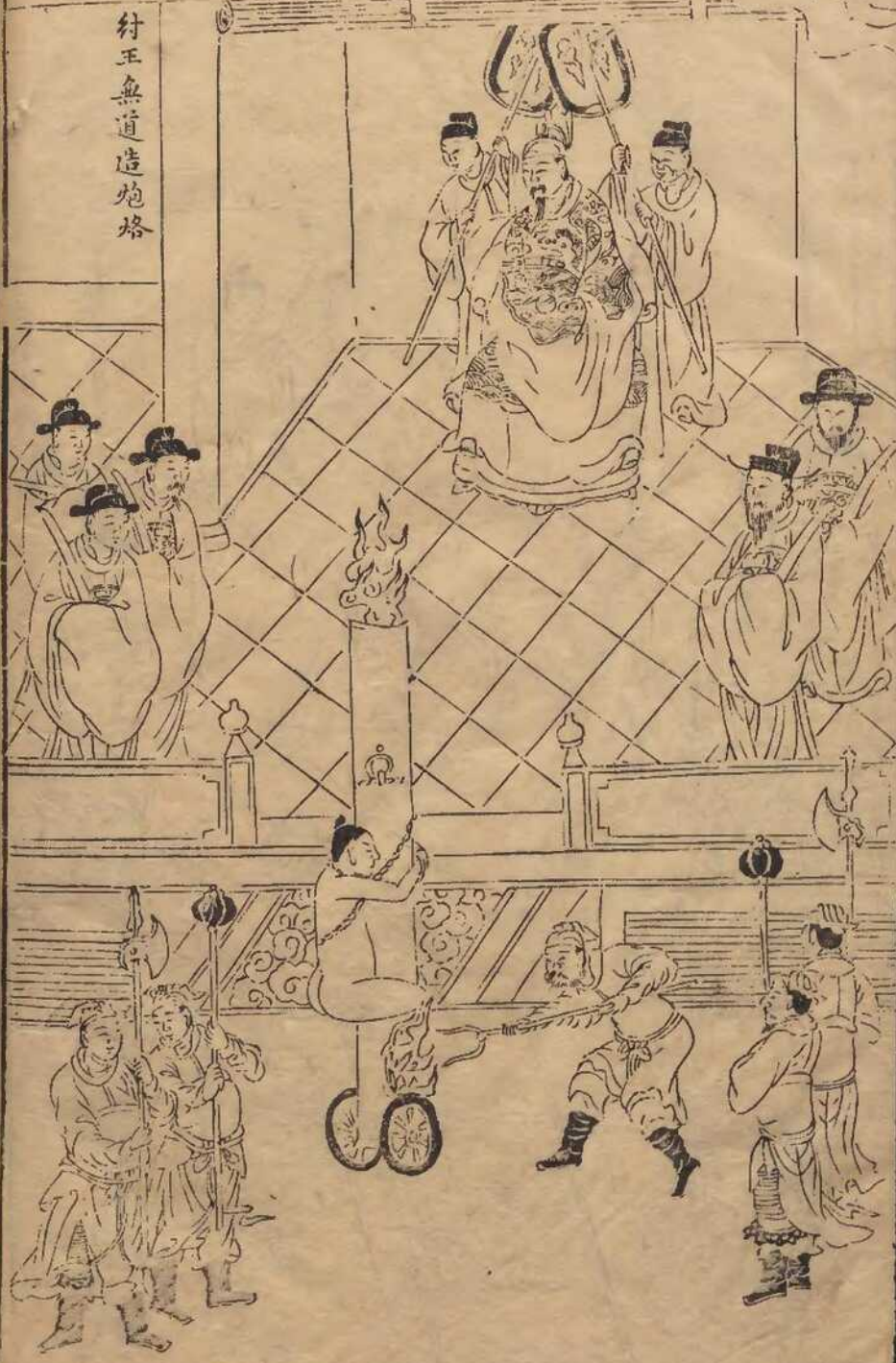


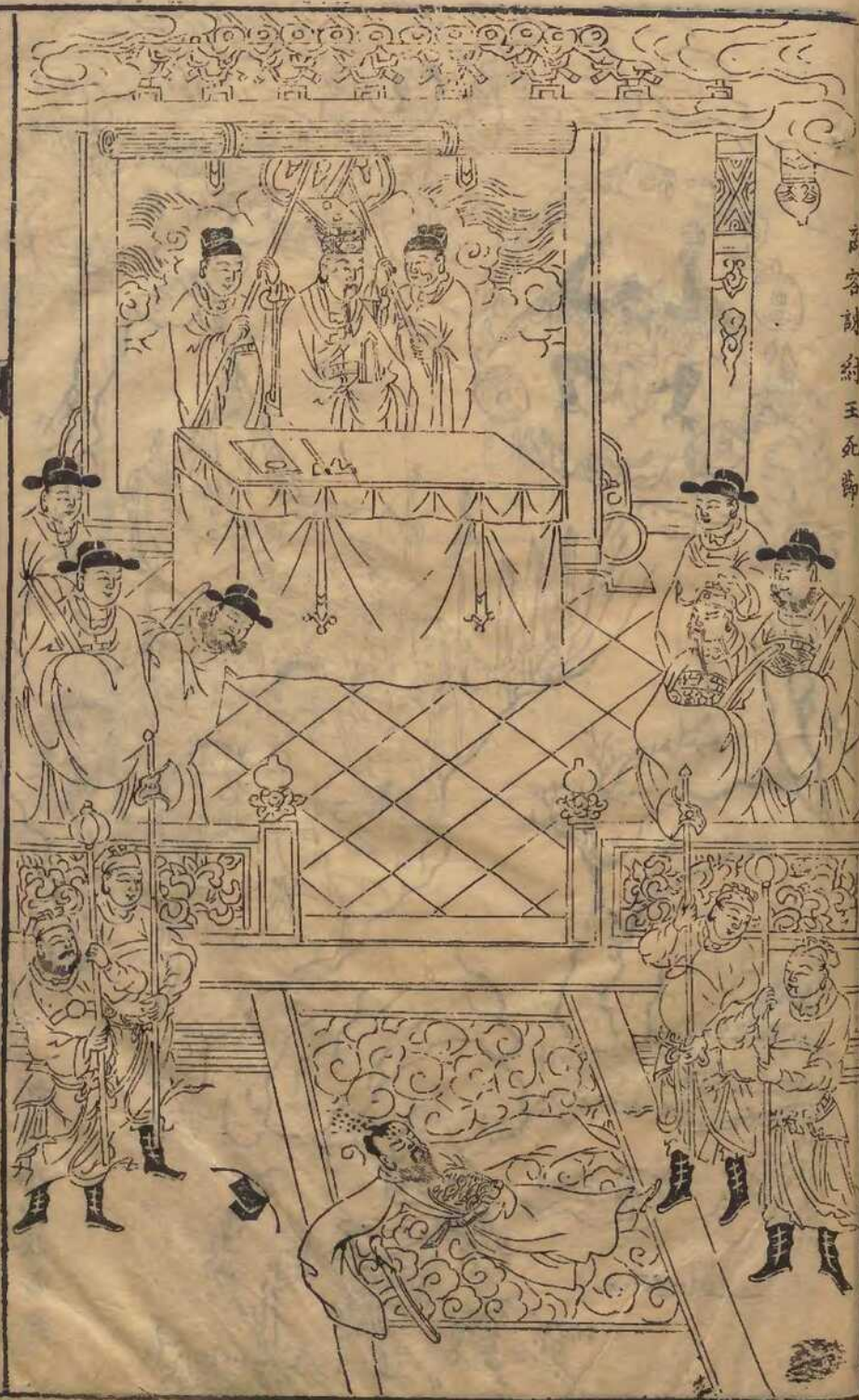
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恩州驛
程死姐已

恩州驛







商容諫紂王死節

方弼方相
友朝歌

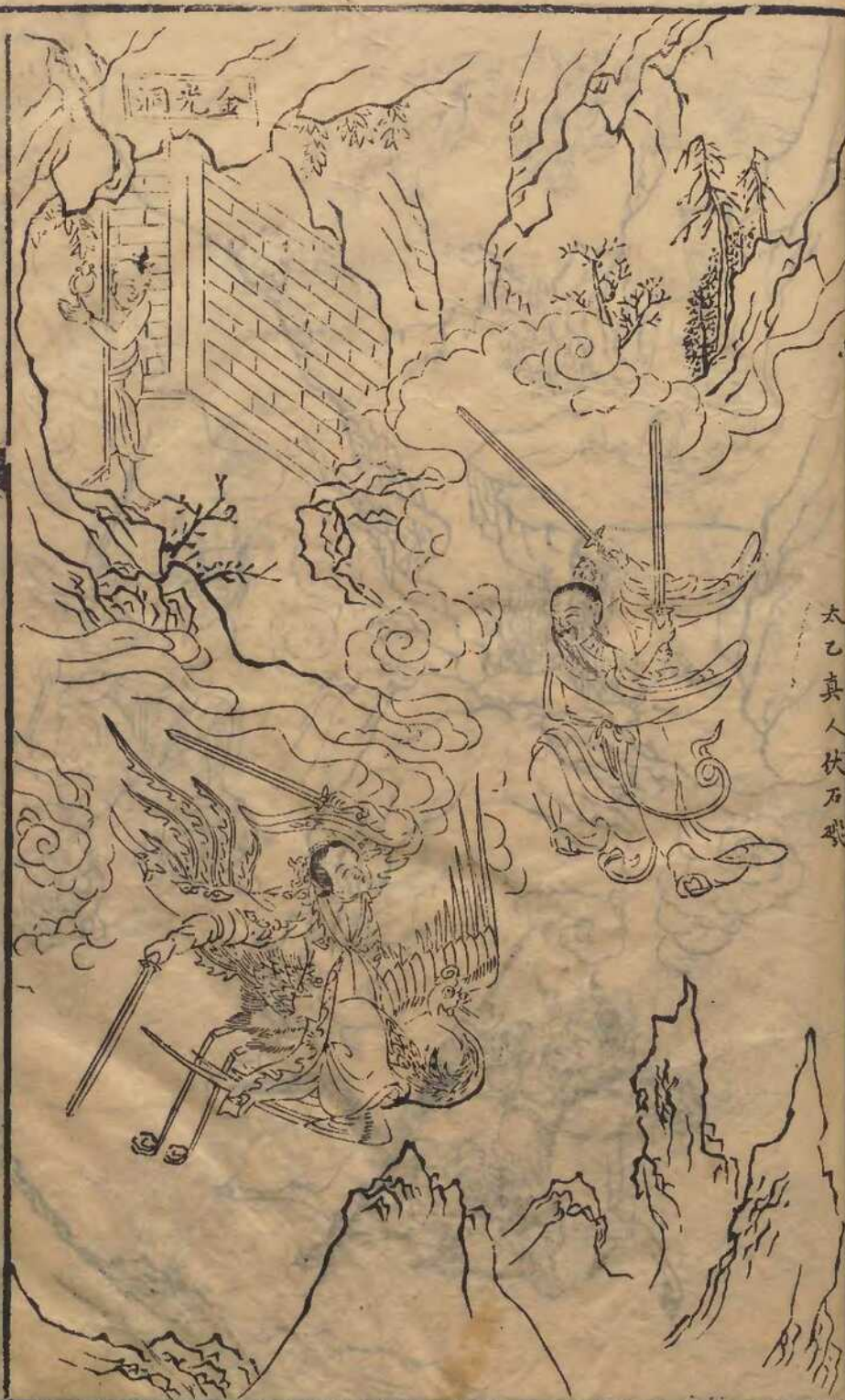




姜里城因西伯侯



姬昌燕山收雷震



太乙真人伏石磯

乾元山哪叱下世







蘇姐已買造
薑盆



子牙火燒琵琶精



子牙出關隱
磻溪

伯邑考進貢贖罪





文王聘官遊五關



散宜生私通
費尤



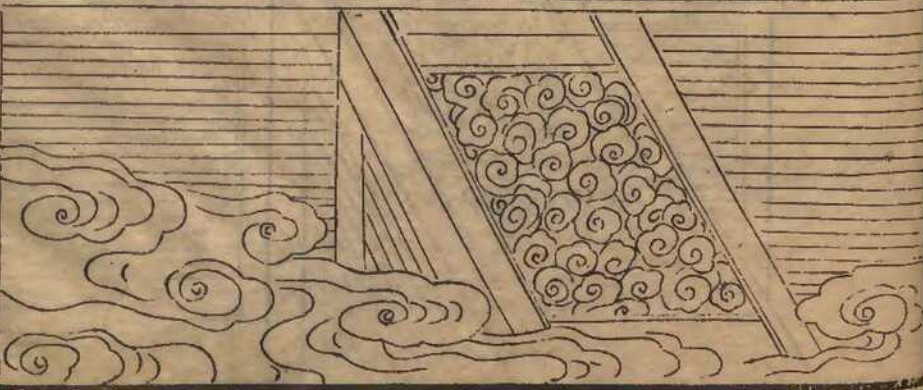
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西伯侯文王
吐子

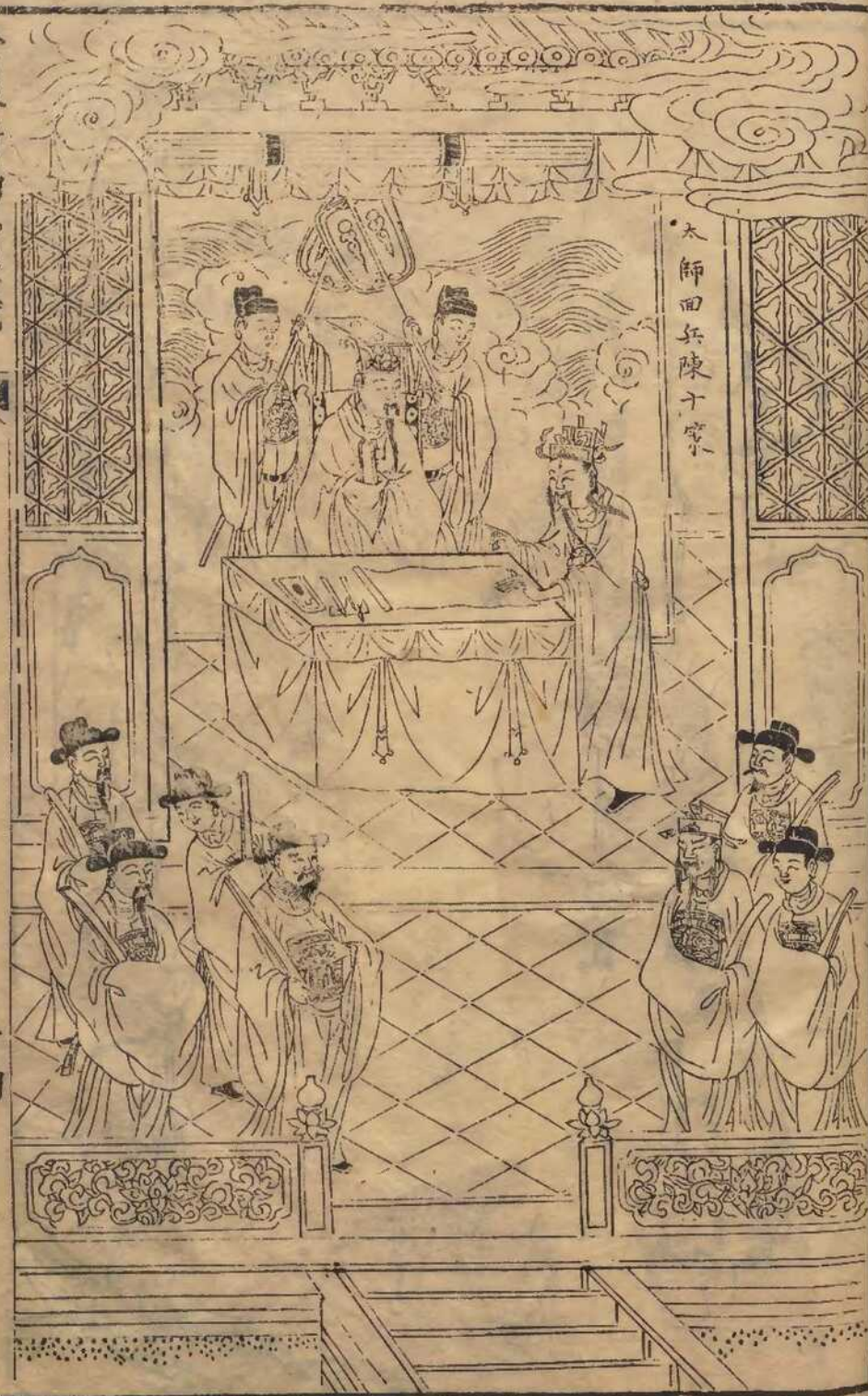




蘇姐已請妖赴宴



渭水文王聘
子牙





文王托孤王武王



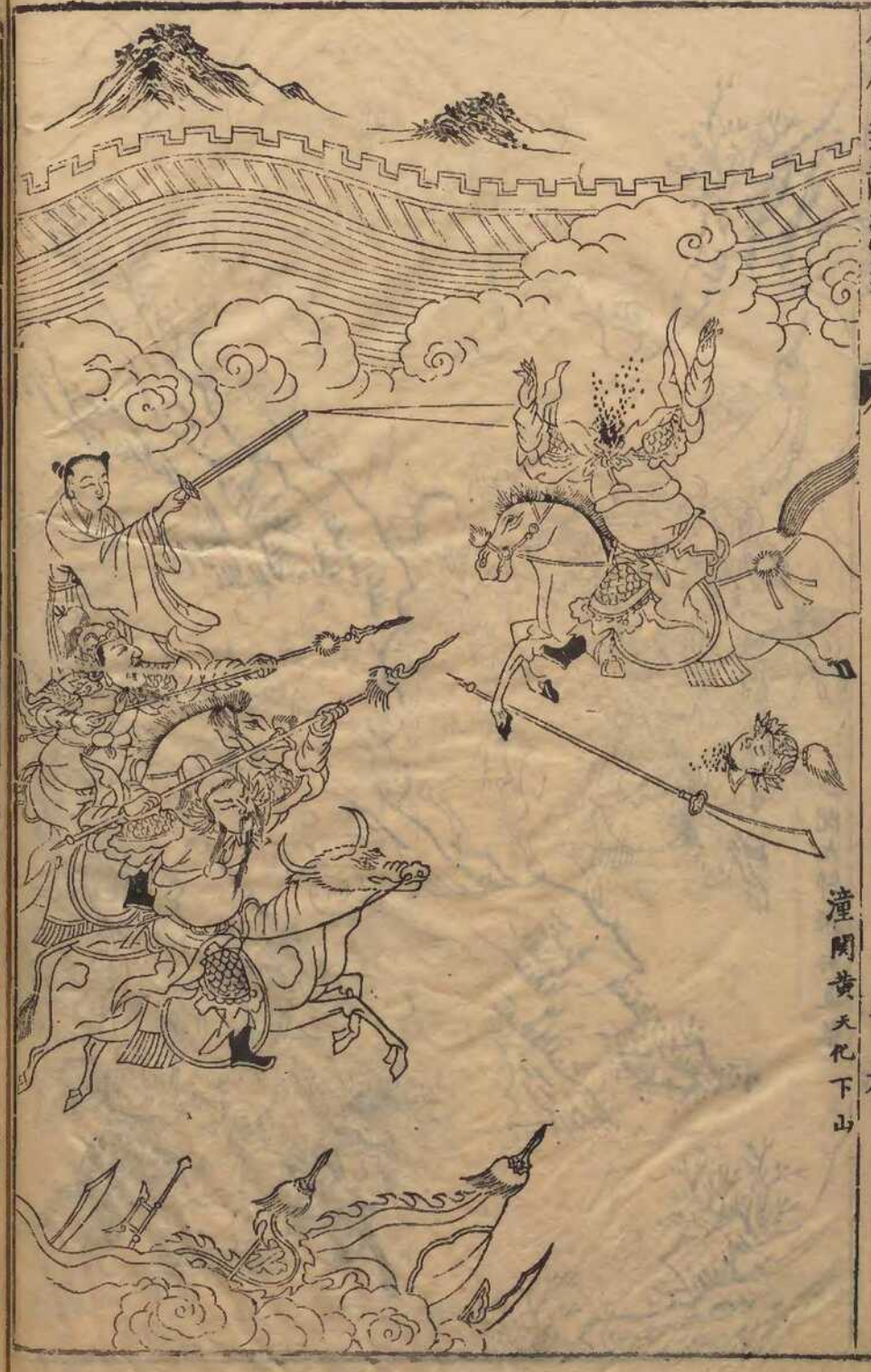
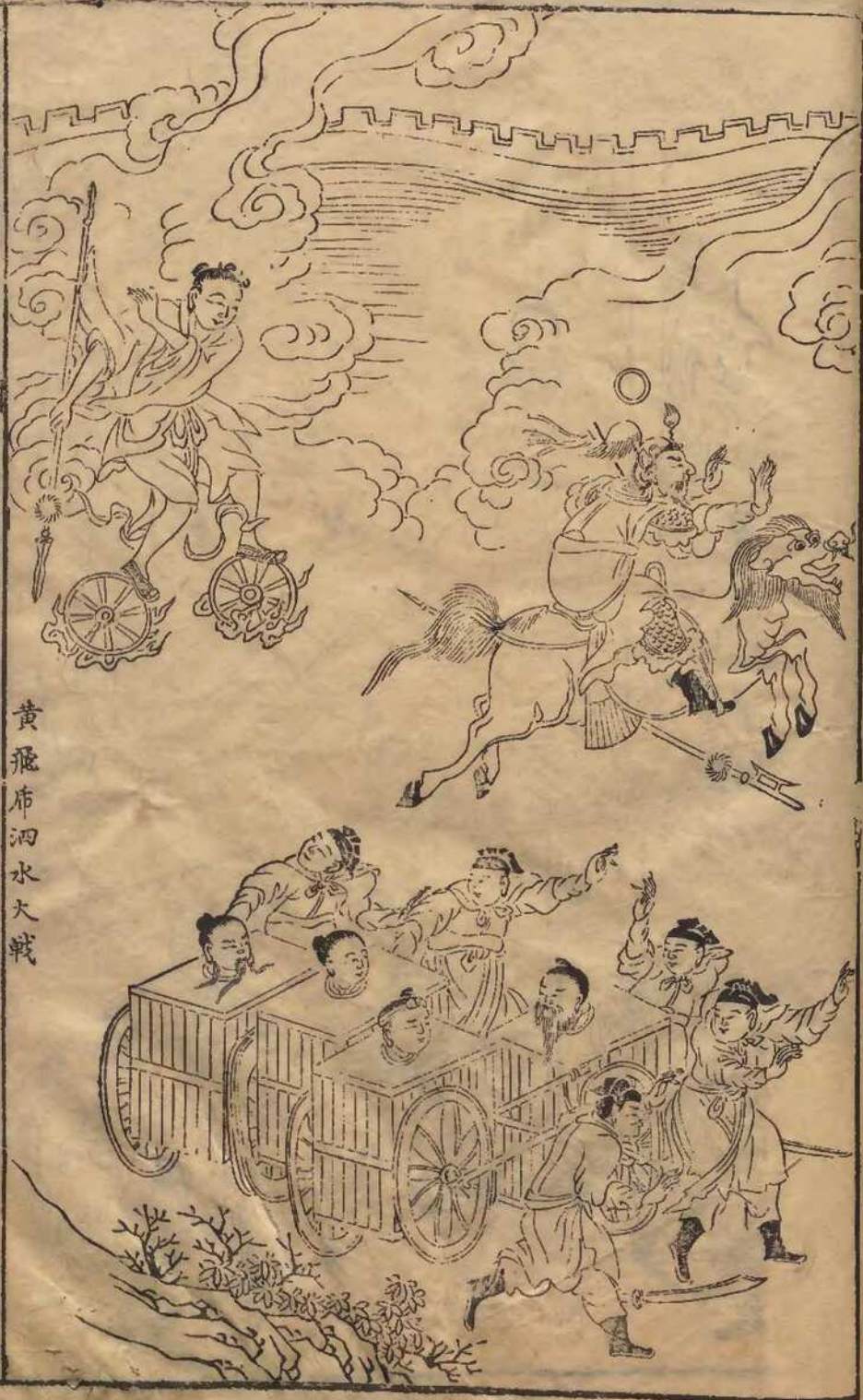
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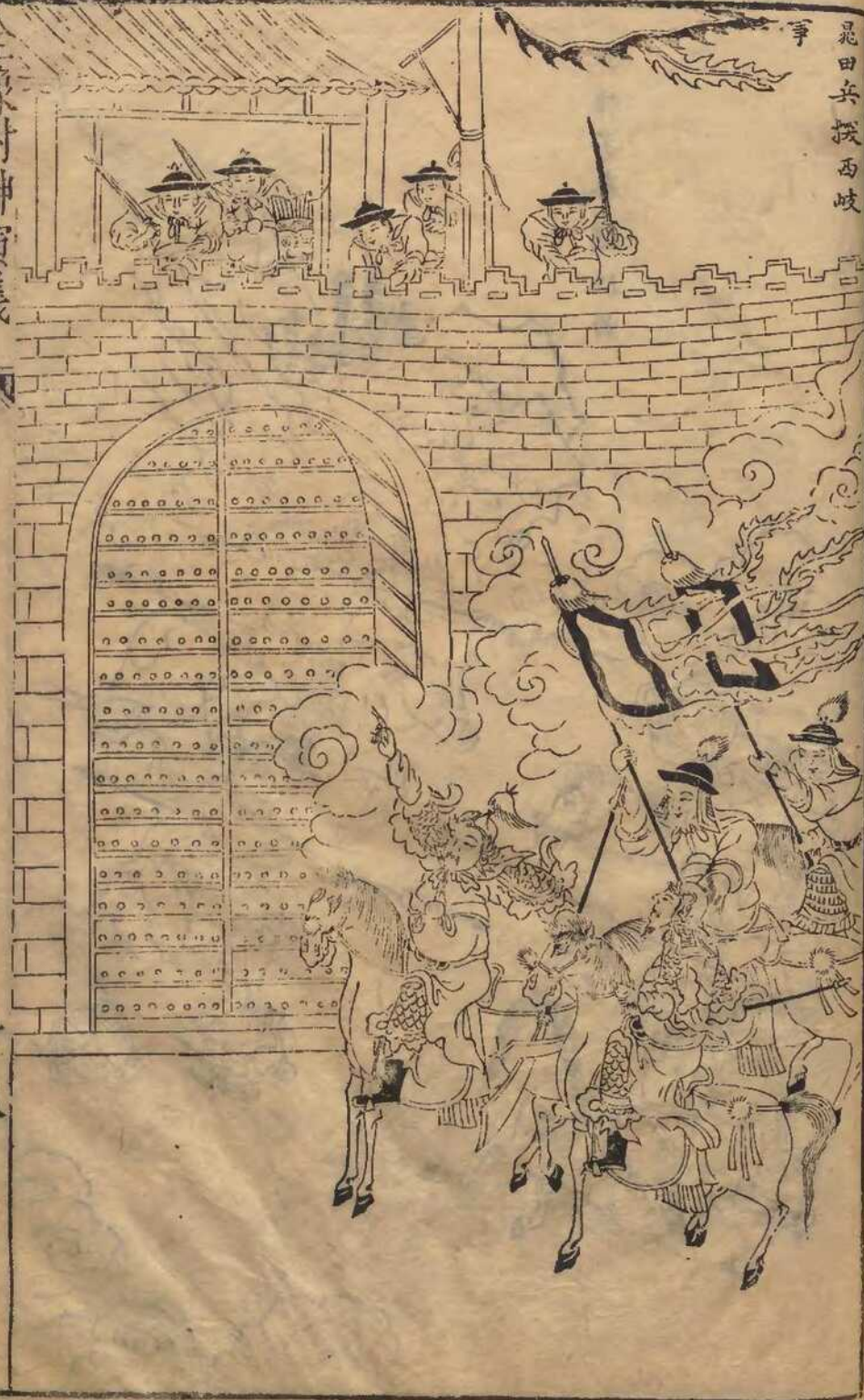


聞太師驅兵追擊



周紀激瓦武
成王





晁田兵援西岐

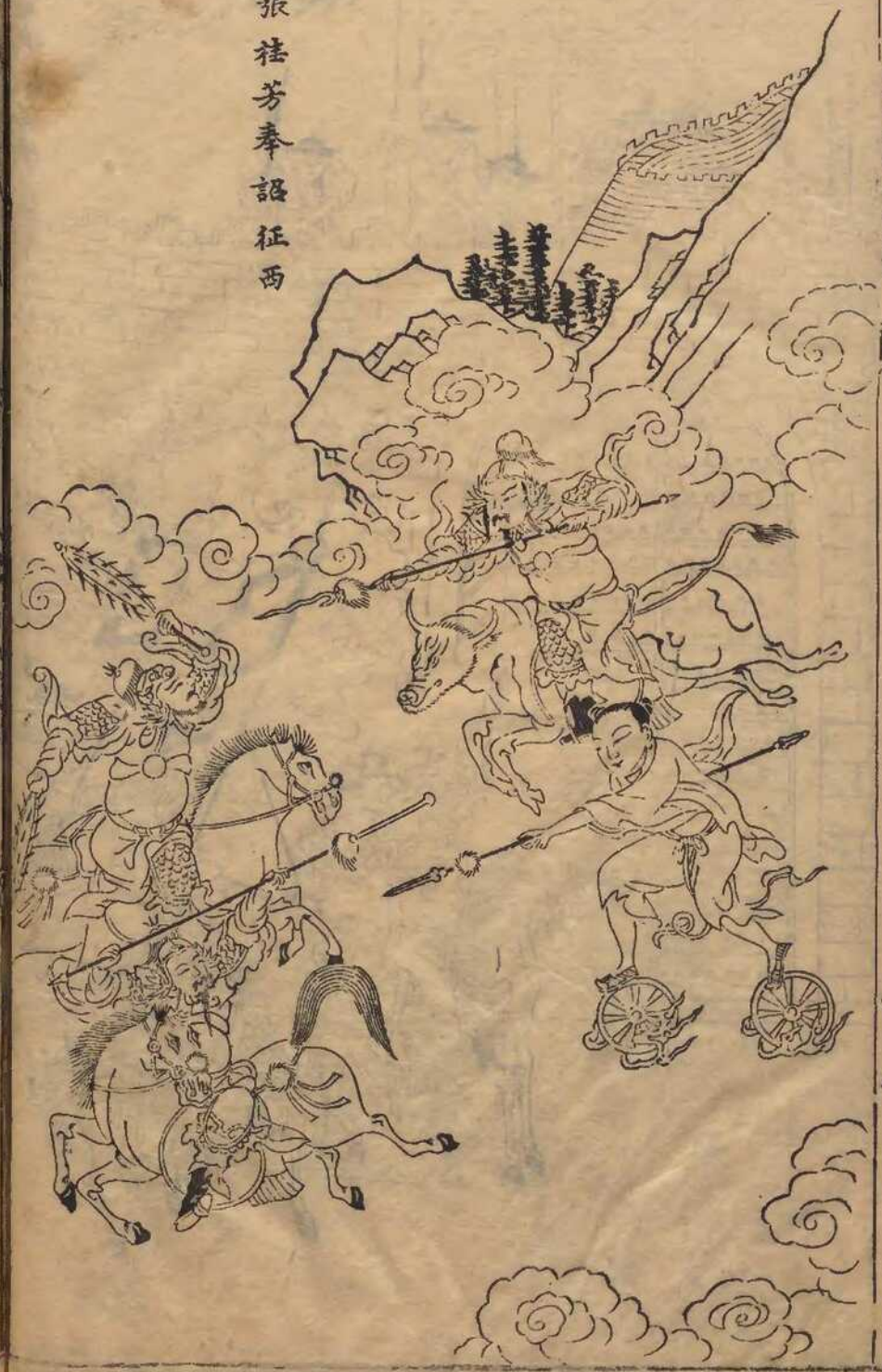


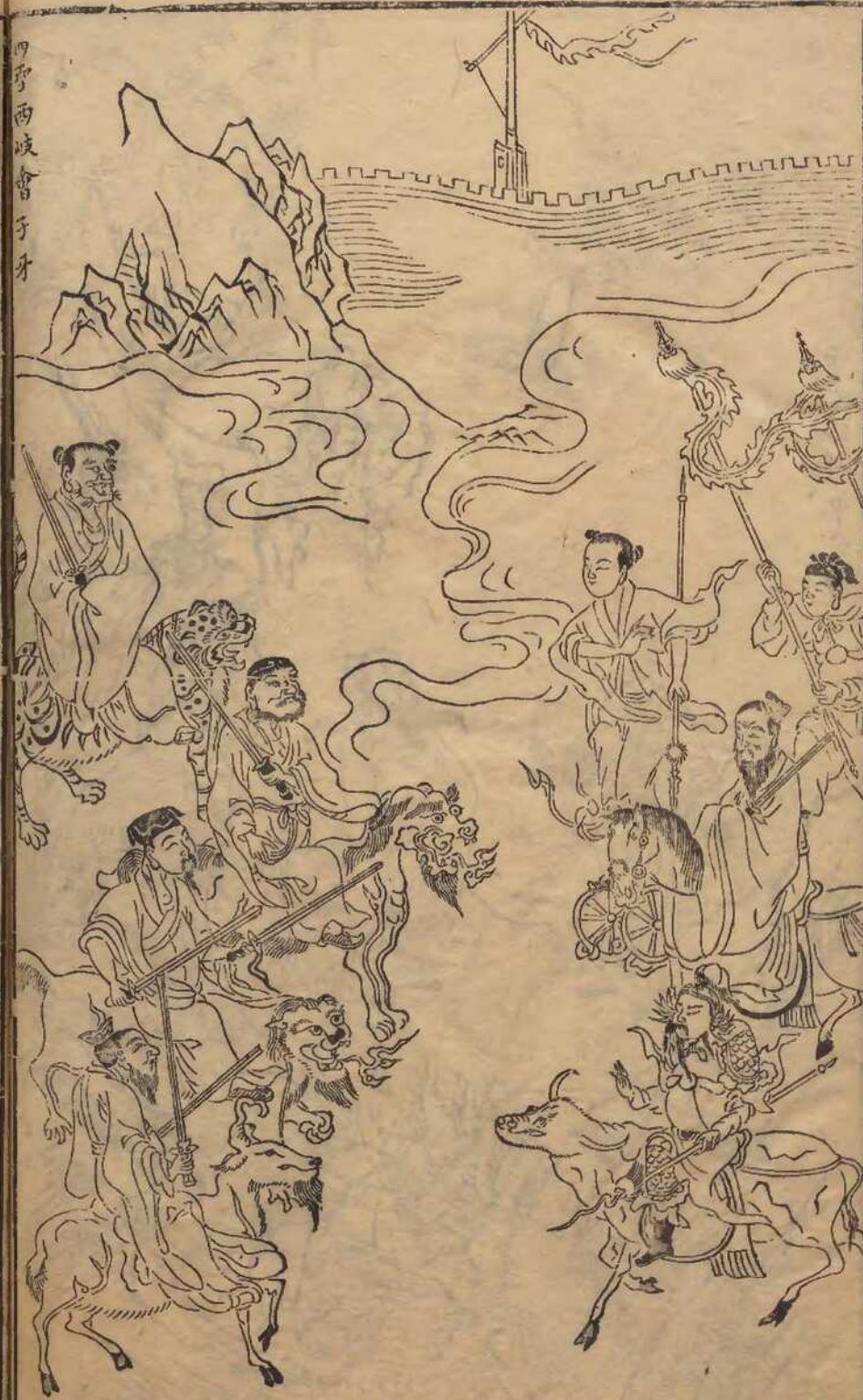
飛虎帶同兒子牙

子牙路過申公豹



張桂芳奉詔征西





四野西岐會子牙
姜子牙求凍岐山





聞太師兵伐西岐



四天王遇兩靈官



聞太師西岐大戰



黃花山收鄧辛張陶



燃燈議破十絕悼



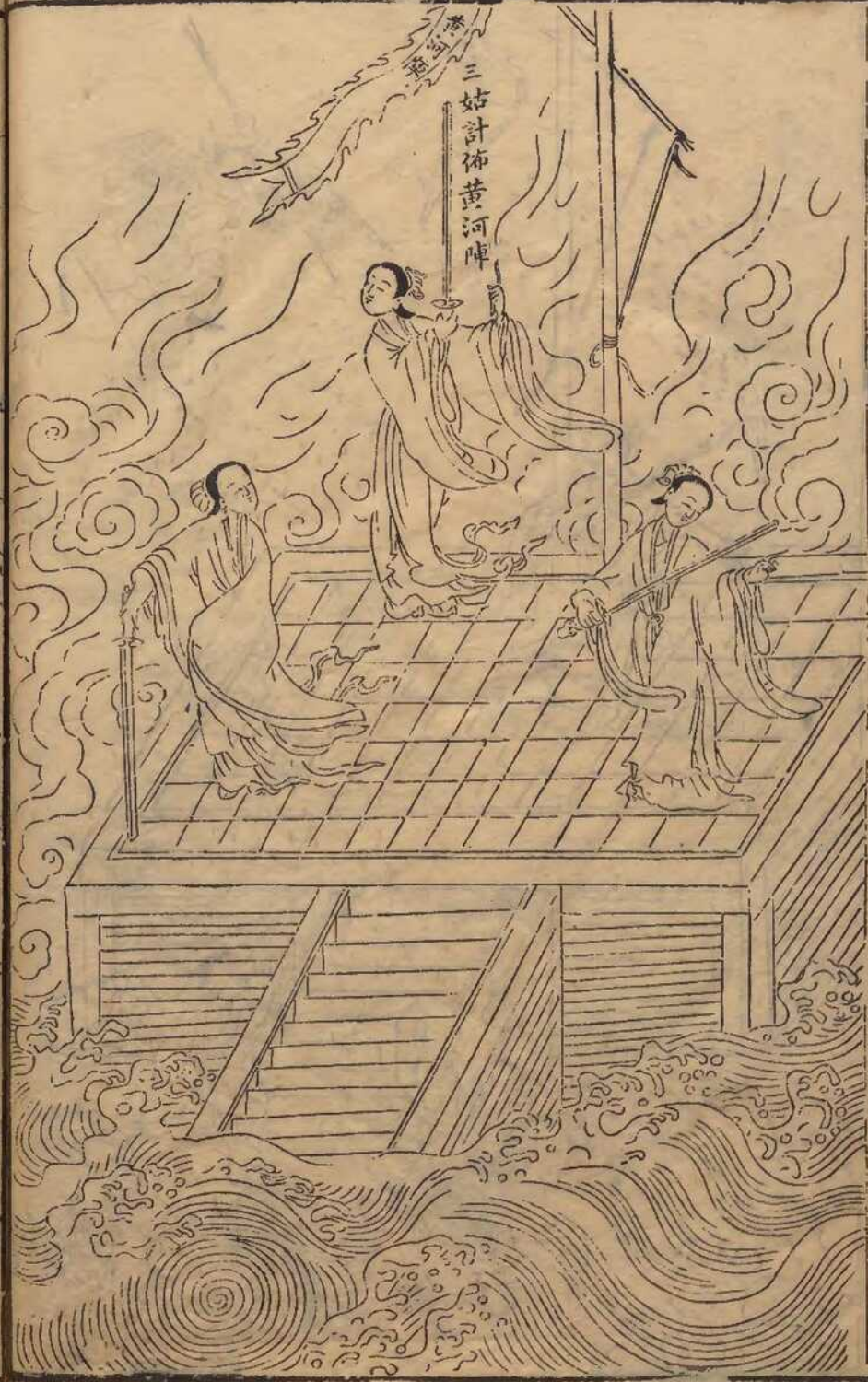


趙公明精佐閻太師



廣成子破金光陣









土行孫歸伏西岐



土行孫立功呈耀

冀州獲獲仁西

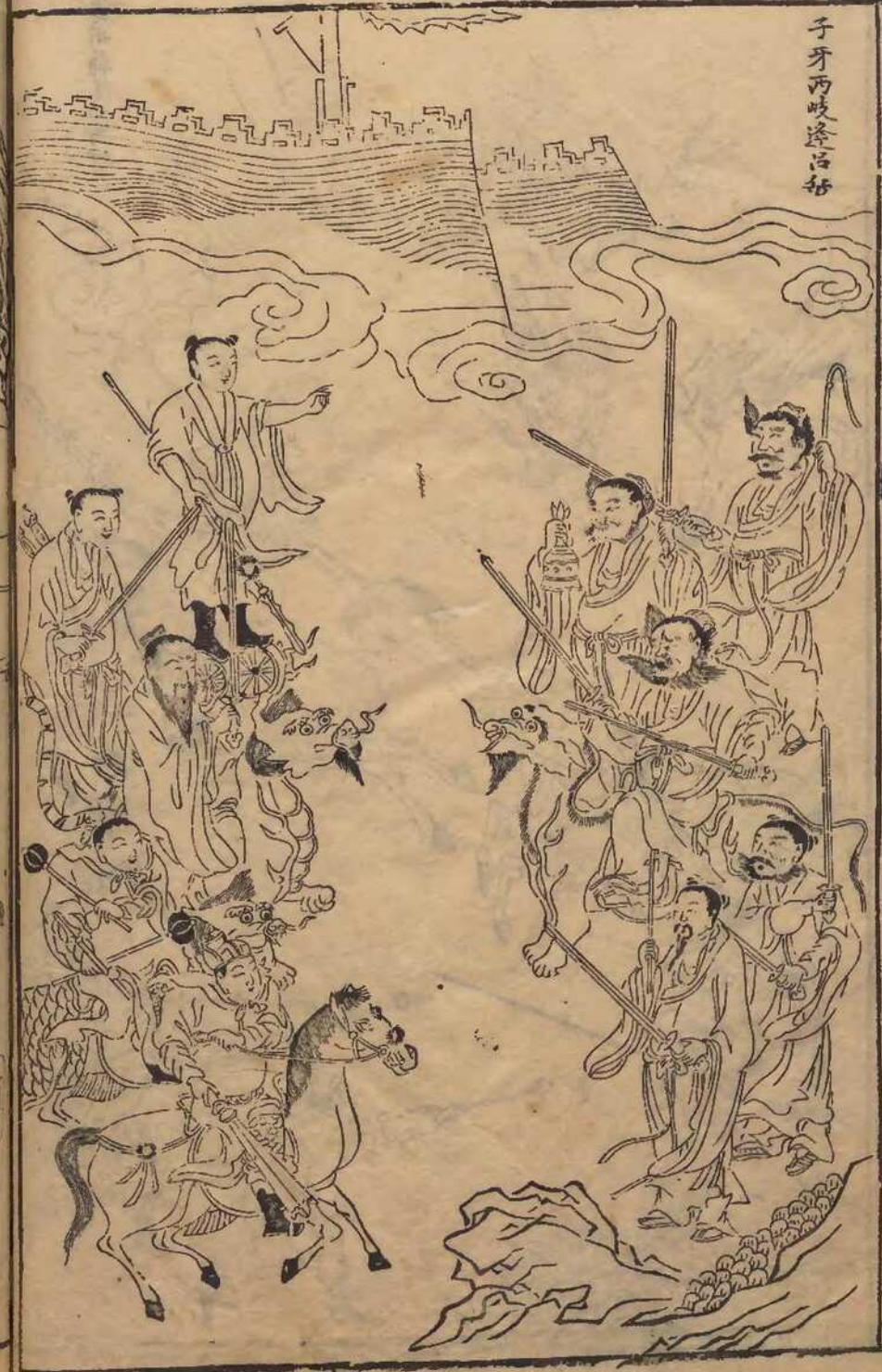


子牙設計收九公

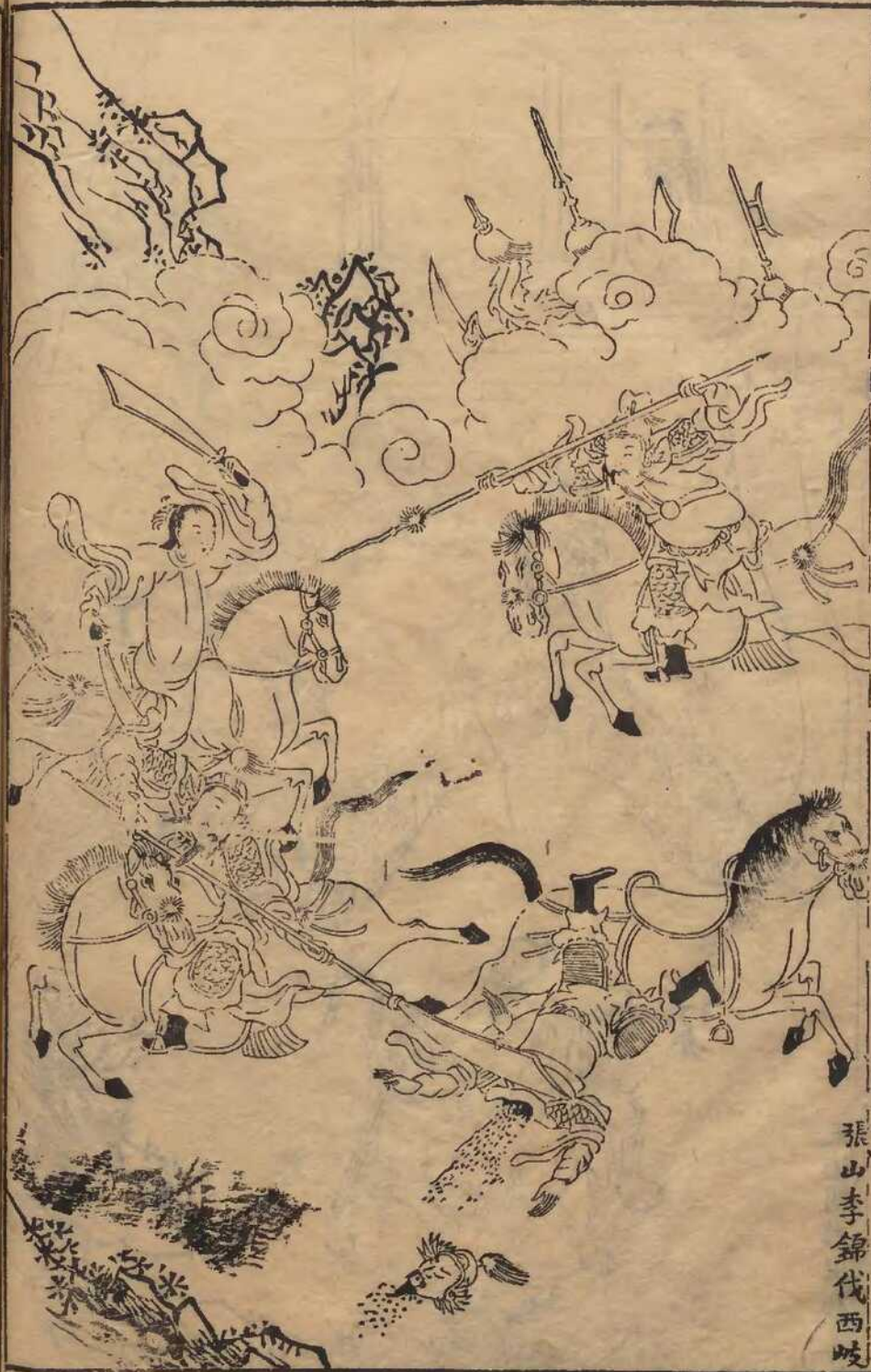




殷洪下山收四將



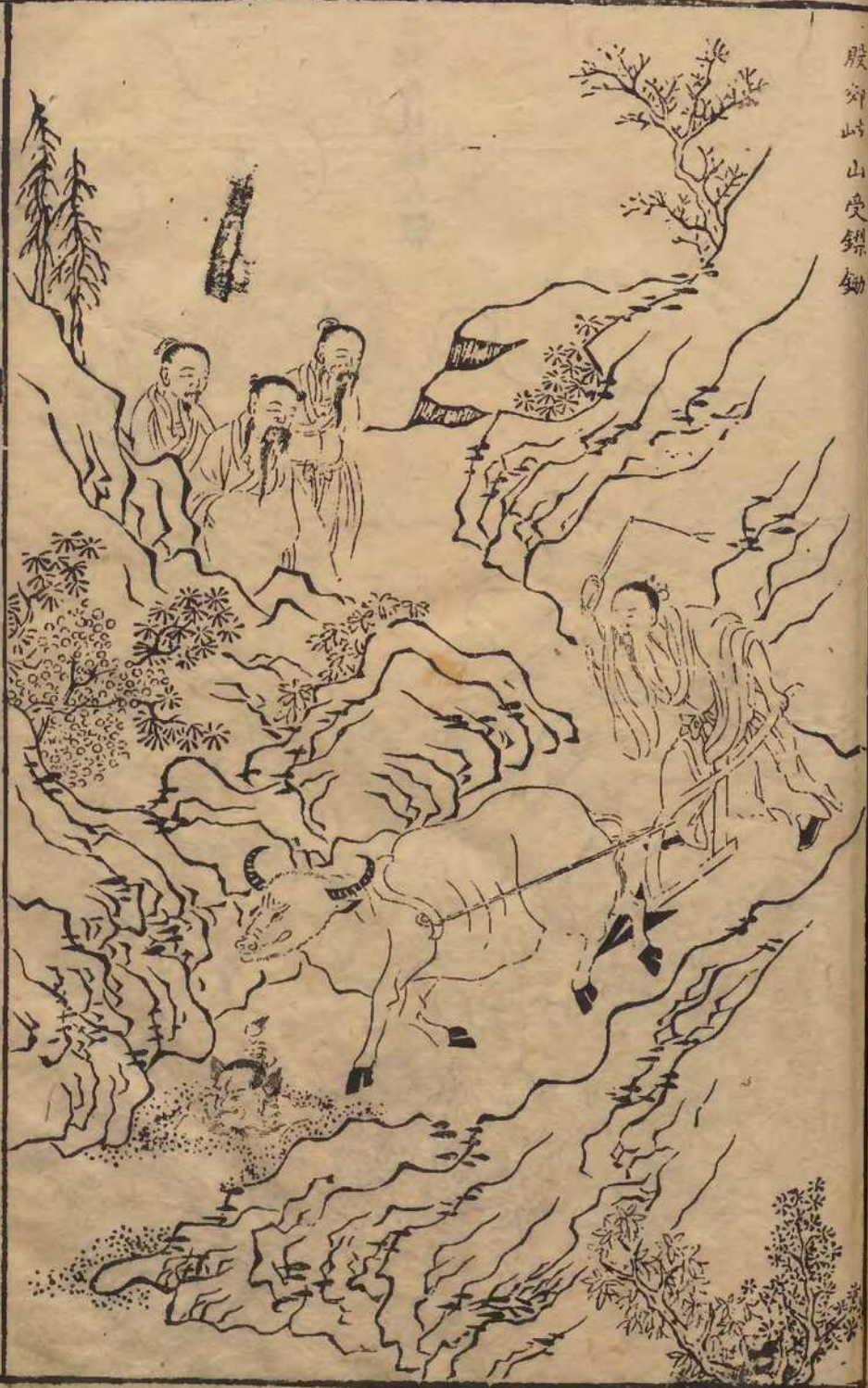




羅宣火焚西岐城



殷郊岐山受鏢



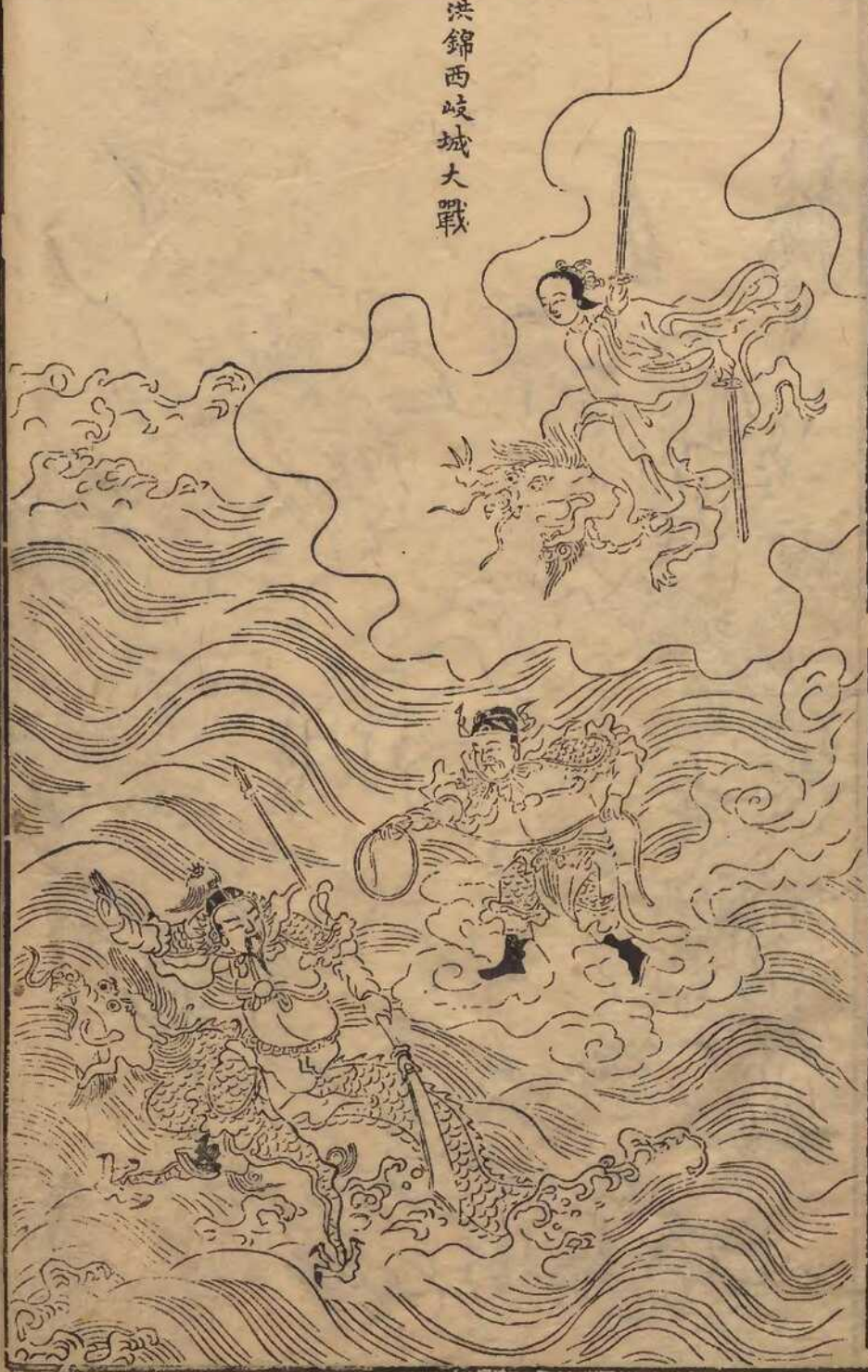
全象封申演義

三十三



姜子牙登台
拜將

洪錦西岐城大戰



首陽山夷齊
阻兵

孔宣兵阻金
雞嶺





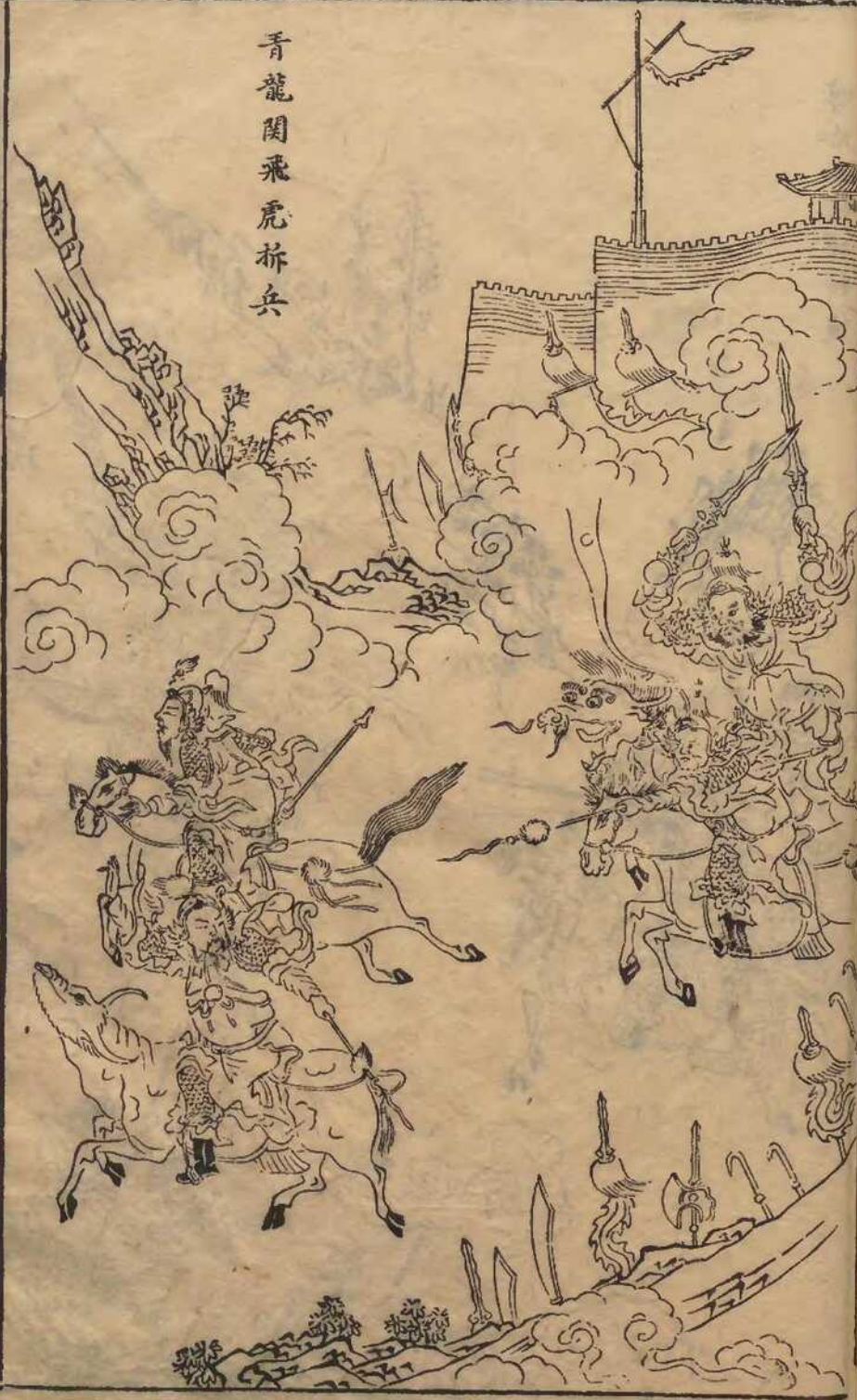
姜子牙三路分兵



準提道人收孔宣



青龍關飛虎拆兵

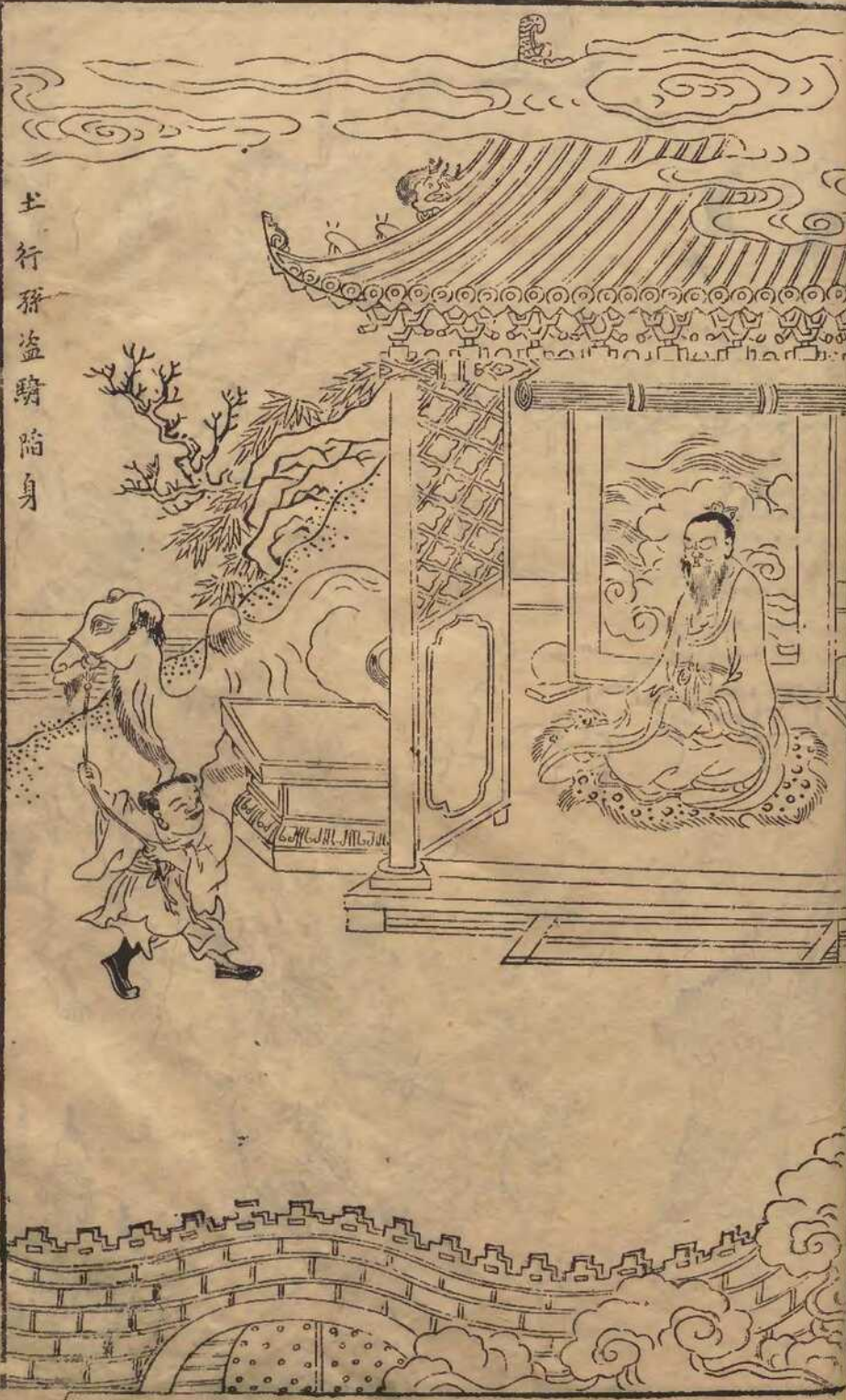


碧遊宮

廣成子三謁碧遊宮



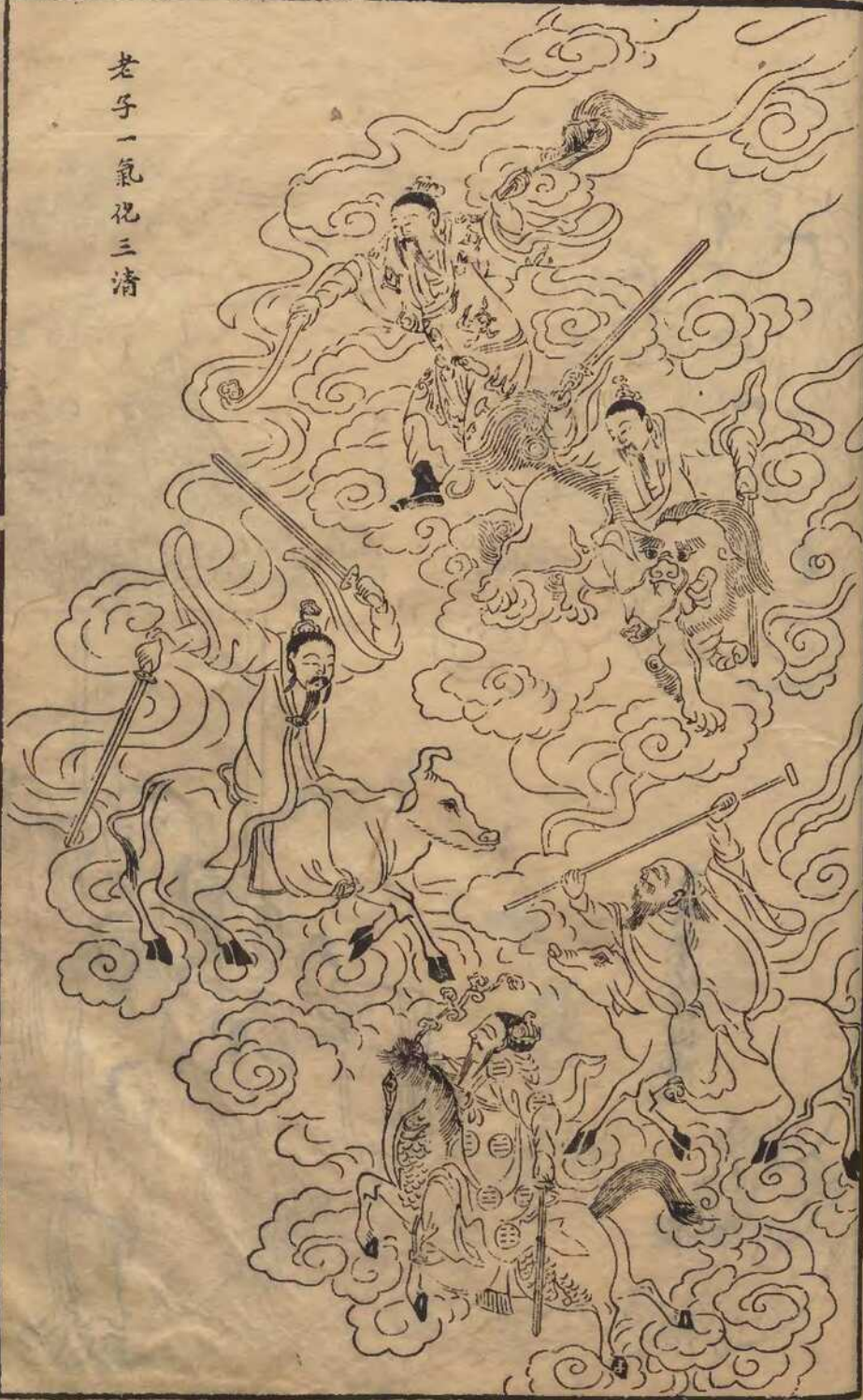
土行孫盜賸陷身



呼路二將顯神通



老子一氣化三清



鄭倫將取汜水



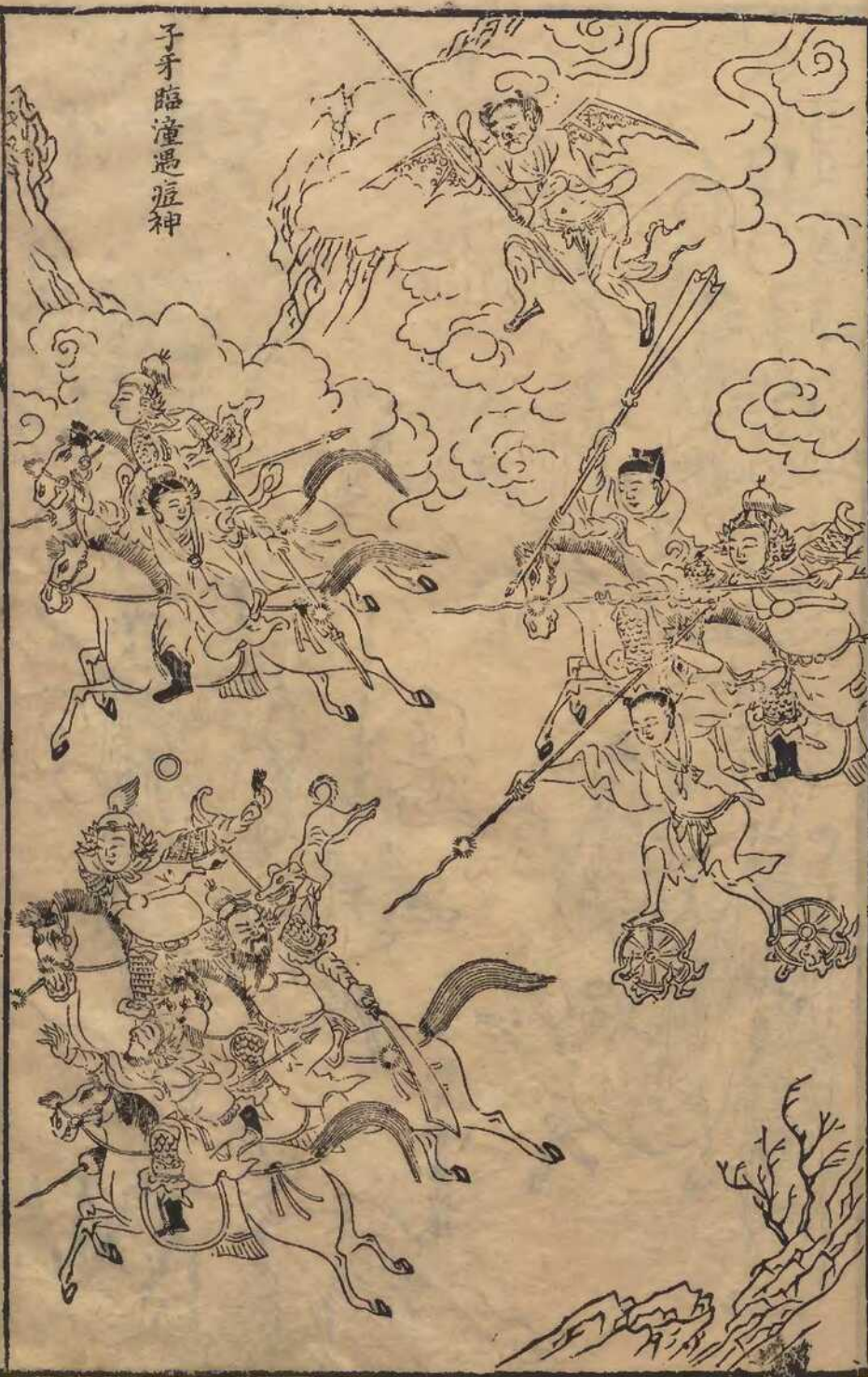


穿雲閣即叱施威



三教會破誅仙陣

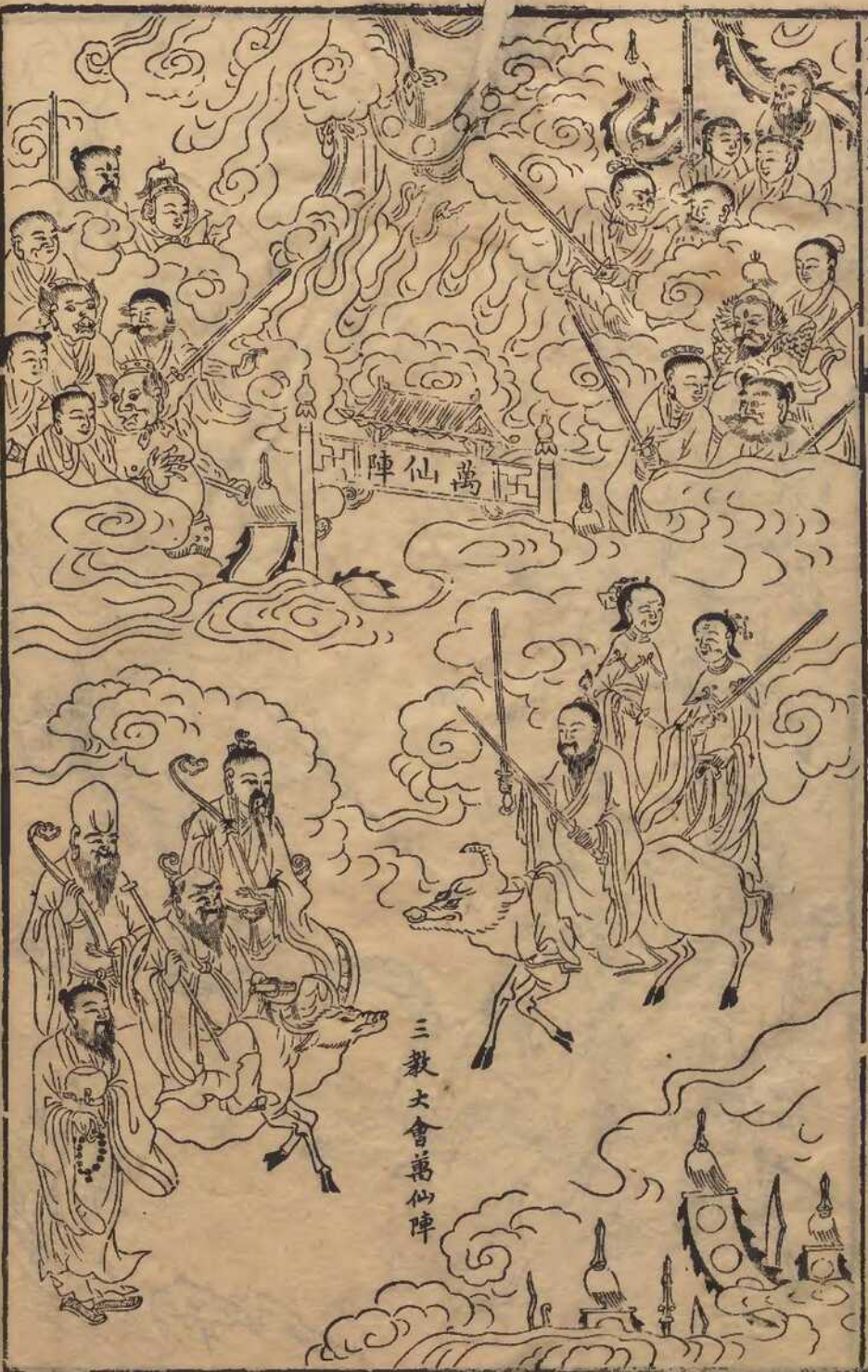
子牙臨潼遇痘神



楊任大破溫黃醢



三大師
獅象吼



三教大會萬仙陣



鄧芮二侯歸周主



溫池縣五岳歸天



王行德夫妻陣亡



武王白魚躍龍舟



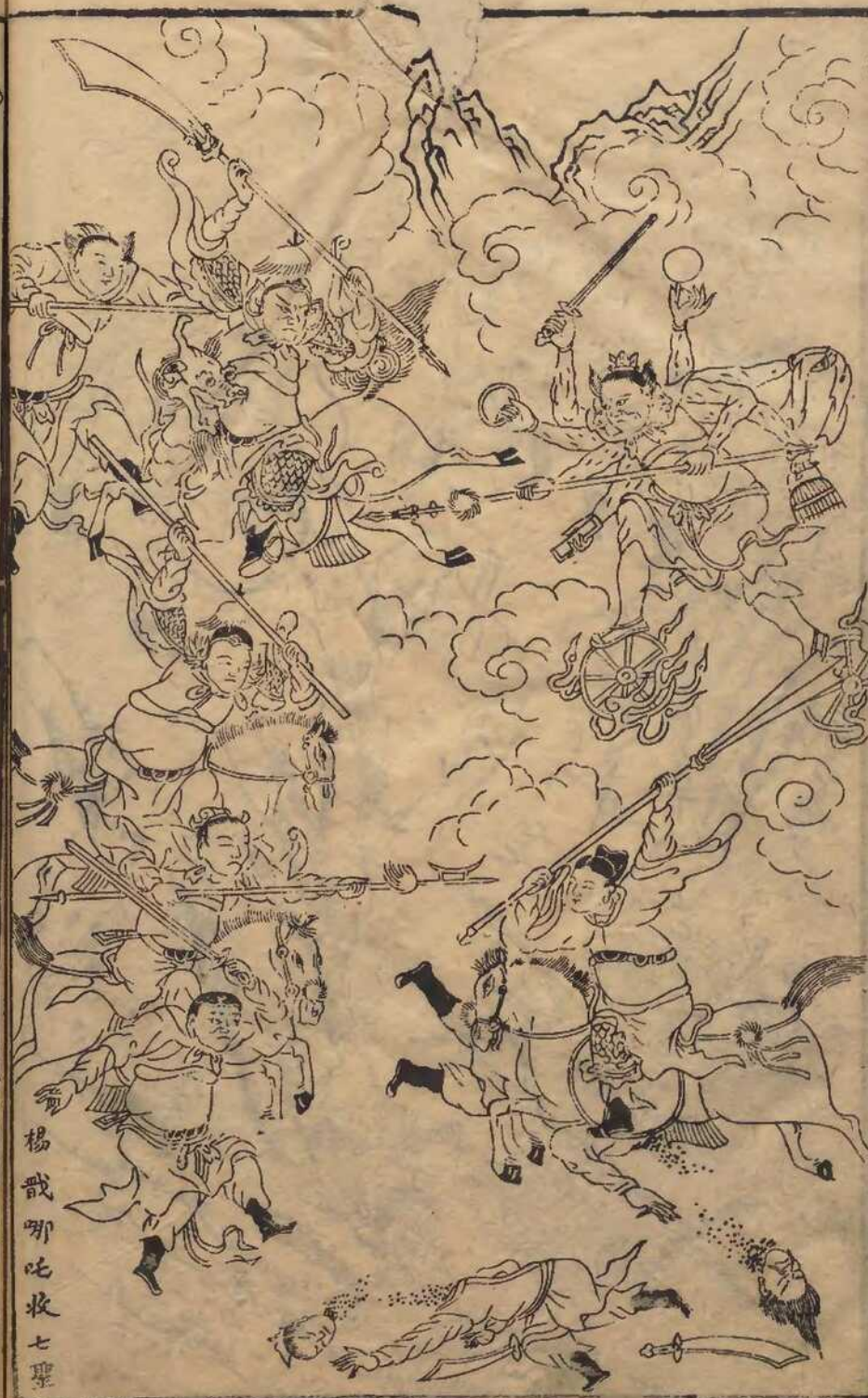
紂王敲骨剝孕婦







金吒智取游魂關



楊戩哪吒收七聖



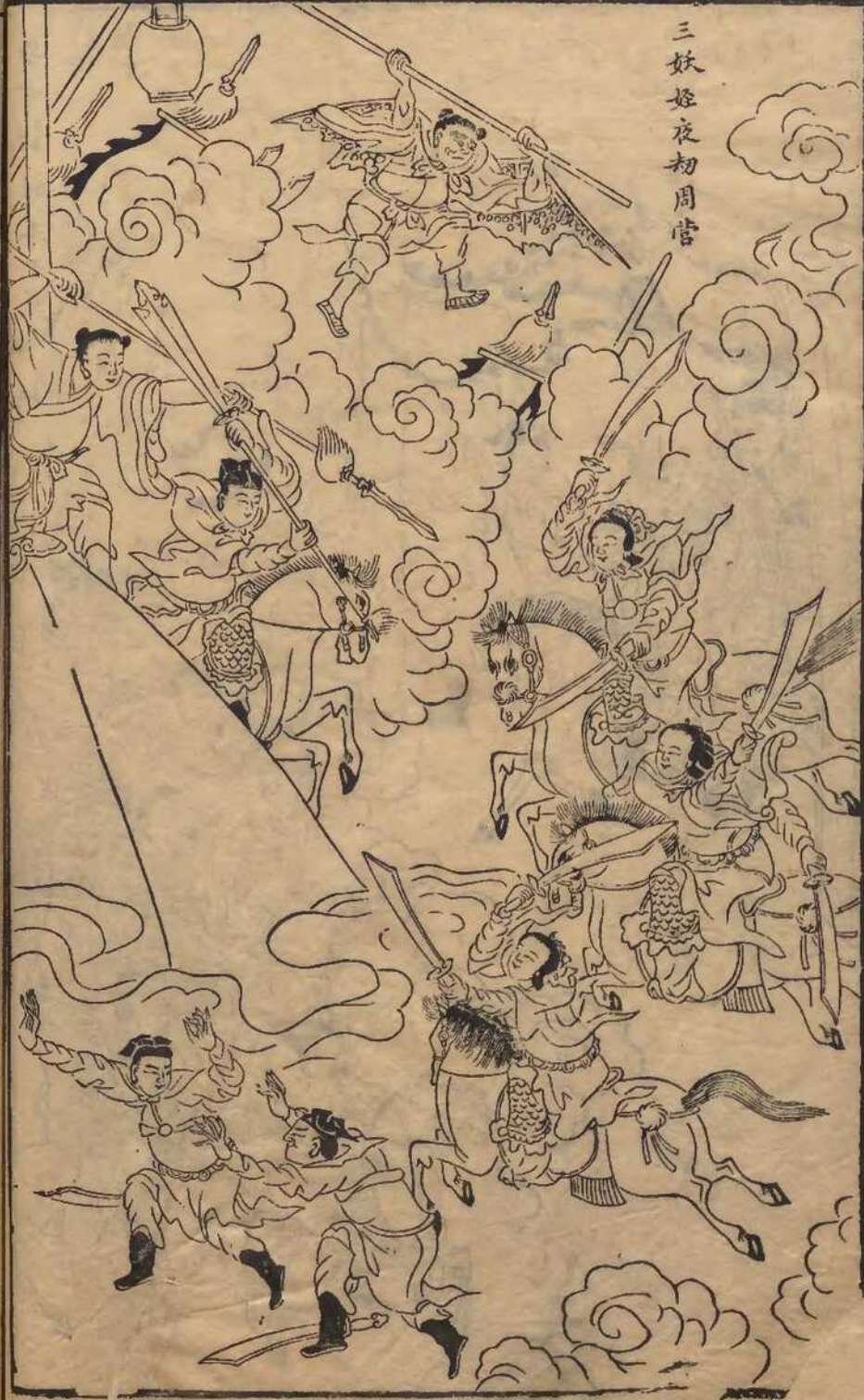
子牙諫紂五十罪

子牙怒斬殷破敗





摘星樓紂王自焚



三妖姬夜初周營



姜子牙歸國
封神

八家封申寅義

五十一



周武王鹿臺散財

四十九



刻鍾伯敬先生批評封神演義卷之一

第一回

紂王女媧宮進香

古風一首

混沌初分盤古先，太極兩儀四象懸。子天丑地人
寅出，避除獸患有巢賢。燧人取火免鮮食，伏羲畫
卦陰陽前。神農治世嘗百艸，軒轅禮樂婚姻聯。少
昊五帝民物阜，禹王治水洪波蠲。承平享國至四
百，桀王無道乾坤顛。日縱妹嬉荒酒色，成湯造亳
洗腥羶。放桀南郊拯暴虐，雲霓如願後蘇全。三十
一世傳殷紂，商家脉絡如斷弦。紂亂朝綱絕倫紀。

殺妻誅子信讒言。穢污宮闈寵姐已。蠶盆炮烙忠
貞冤。鹿臺聚斂萬姓苦。愁聲怨氣應障天。直諫剖
心盡焚炙。孕婦剝剔朝涉殲。崇信姦回棄朝政。屏
逐師保性何偏。郊社不修宗廟費。奇技淫巧盡心
研。昵比罪人乃罔畏。沉酗肆虐如鸛鳶。西伯朝商
囚羑里。微子抱器走風煙。皇天震怒降災毒。若涉
大海無淵邊。天下荒荒萬民怨。子牙出世人中仙。
終日垂絲釣人主。飛熊入夢獵岐田。共載歸周輔
朝政。三分有二日相沿。文考未集大勳沒。武王善
述日乾乾。孟津大會八百國。取彼凶殘伐罪愆。叩
子昧爽會牧野。前徒倒戈反回旋。若崩厥角齊稽
首。血流漂杵脂如泉。戎衣甫着天下定。更于成湯
增光妍。牧馬華山示偃武。開我周家八百年。太白
旗懸獨夫死。戰亡將士幽魂潛。天挺人賢號尚父。
封神壇上列花箋。大小英靈尊位次。商周演義古
今傳。

成湯乃黃帝之後也。姓子氏。初帝嚳次妃簡狄。祈于
高禪有玄鳥之祥。遂生契。契事唐虞爲司徒。教民有
功。封於商。傳十三世生太乙。是爲成湯。聞伊尹耕于
有莘之野。而樂堯舜之道。是箇大賢。卽時以幣帛三

遣使往聘之而不敢用。進之于天子。桀王無道。信讒逐賢。而不能用。復歸之於湯。後桀王日事荒淫。殺直臣關龍逢。衆庶莫敢直言。湯使人哭之。桀王怒。囚湯于夏台。後湯得釋而歸國。出郊見人張網。四面而祝之曰。從天墜者。從地出者。從四方來者。皆罹吾網。湯解其三面。止置一面。更祝曰。欲左者左。欲右者右。欲高者高。欲下者下。不用命者。乃入吾網。漢南聞之曰。湯德至矣。歸之者四十餘國。桀惡日暴。民不聊生。伊尹乃相湯伐桀。放桀于南巢。諸侯大會。湯退而就諸侯之位。諸侯皆推湯爲天子。於是湯始卽位都于亳。元年乙未。湯在亳。除桀虐政。順民所喜。遠近歸之。桀無道。大旱七年。成湯祈禱桑林。天降大雨。又以荊山之金。鑄幣救民之命。作樂大濩。濩者護也。言湯寬仁大德。能救護生民也。在位十三年而崩。壽百歲。享國六百四十年。傳至商受而止。

成湯	太甲	沃丁	太庚	小甲	雍巳
太戊	仲丁	外壬	河囂甲	祖乙	祖辛
沃甲	祖丁	南庚	陽甲	盤庚	小辛
小乙	武丁	祖庚	祖甲	廩辛	庚丁
武乙	太丁	帝乙	紂王		

微子啓
紂王乃帝乙之三子也。帝乙生三子。長曰微子啓。次曰微子衍。三曰壽王。因帝乙興于御園。領衆文武玩賞牡丹。因飛雲閣踢了一樑。壽王托樑換柱。力大無比。因首相商容。上大夫梅伯趙啓等。上本立東宮。乃立季子壽王爲太子。後帝乙在位三十年而崩。托孤與太師聞仲。隨立壽王爲天子。名曰紂王。都朝歌。文有太師聞仲。武有鎮國武成王黃飛虎。文足以安邦。武足以定國中。宮元配皇后姜氏。西宮妃黃氏。馨慶宮妃楊氏。三宮后妃皆德性真靜。柔和賢淑。紂王坐享太平。萬民樂業。風調雨順。國泰民安。四夷拱手。入

插出一
有道之

用一婦
女修國
廢止可
畏哉

方賓服。八百鎮諸侯盡朝於商。有四路大諸侯率領八百小諸侯。東伯侯姜完楚。居於東魯。南伯侯鄂崇禹。西伯侯姬昌。北伯侯崇侯虎。每一鎮諸侯領二百鎮小諸侯。共八百鎮諸侯屬商。紂王七年春二月。忽報到朝歌。反了北海七十二路侯。袁福通等。太師聞仲奉勅征北。不題。一日紂王早朝登殿。設聚文武。但見。

瑞靄紛紜。金鸞殿上坐君王。祥光繚繞。白玉階前列文武。沉檀香。金爐則見那珠簾高捲。蘭麝氤氳。籠寶殿。且看他雉尾低回。

此等孽
始商容
罪不勝
誅

倭其

天子問當駕官。有奏章出班無事朝散言未畢。只見
右班中一人出班俯伏金墀。高擎牙笏。山呼稱臣。臣
商容待罪宰相。執掌朝綱。有事不敢不奏。明日乃三
月十五日。女媧娘娘聖誕之辰。請陛下駕臨女媧宮
降香。王曰。女媧有何功德。朕輕萬乘而往降香。商容
奏曰。女媧娘娘乃上古神女。生有聖德。那時共工氏
頭觸不周山。天傾西北。地陷東南。女媧乃採五色石
煉之以補青天。故有功于百姓。黎庶立禪祀以報之。
今朝歌祀此福神。則四時康泰。國祚綿長。風調雨順。
災害潛消。此福國庇民之正神。陛下當往行香。王曰。

准奏。章紂王還宮。旨意傳出。次日天子乘輦隨帶
兩班文武往女媧宮進香。此一回紂王不來還好。只
因進香惹得四海荒荒。生民失業。正所謂漫江撒下
鈎和線。從前釣出是非來。怎見得。有詩爲証。詩曰。
天子驚輿出鳳城。旌旄瑞色映簪纓。
龍光劍吐風雲色。赤羽幢搖日月精。
堤柳曉分僊掌露。溪花光耀翠裘清。
欲知巡幸瞻天表。萬國衣冠拜聖明。
駕出朝歌南門。家家焚香設火。戶戶結綵鋪氈。三千
鉄騎。八百御林。武成王黃飛虎保駕。滿朝文武隨行。

前至女媧宮。天子離輦。上大殿香焚爐中。文武隨班拜賀畢。紂王觀看殿中華麗。怎見得。

殿前華麗。五彩金粧。金童對對執旛幢。王女雙雙捧如意。玉鈎斜掛。半輪新月懸空。寶帳娉娉萬對彩鸞朝斗。碧落牀邊。俱是舞鶴翔鸞。沉香寶座。造就走龍飛鳳。飄飄奇彩異尋常。金爐瑞靄。裊裊禎祥騰紫霧。銀燭輝煌。君王正看行宮景。一陣狂風透膽寒。

紂王正看此宮殿宇齊整。樓閣豐隆。忽一陣狂風捲起幔帳。現出女媧聖像。容貌端麗。瑞彩翩翩。國色天姿。婉然如生。真是蕊宮仙子。臨凡月殿。嫦娥下世。古語云。國之將興。必有禎祥。國之將亡。必有妖孽。紂王一見神魂飄蕩。陡起淫心。自思朕貴爲天子。富有四海。總有六院三宮。并無有此艷色。王曰。取文方四寶。侍駕官忙取將來。獻與紂王。天子深潤紫毫。在行宮粉壁之上。作詩一首。

鳳鸞寶帳景非常。

盡是泥金巧樣粧。

曲曲遠山飛翠色。

翩翩舞袖映霞裳。

梨花帶雨爭嬌艷。

芍藥籠烟騁媚粧。

但得妖嬈能舉動。

取回長樂侍君王。

女媧
妖嬈
此詞

多言
政其
容之
謂與

天子作畢。只見首相商容啓奏曰。女媧乃上古之正神。朝歌之福主。老臣請駕拈香。祈求福德。使萬民樂業。雨順風調。兵火寧息。今陛下作詩。褻瀆聖明。毫無虔敬之誠。是獲罪與神聖。非天子巡幸祈請之禮。愿主公以水洗之。恐天下百姓觀見。傳言聖上無有德政耳。王曰。朕看女媧之容。有絕世之姿。因作詩以讚美之。豈有他意。卿毋多言。况孤乃萬乘之尊。留與萬姓觀之。可見娘娘美貌絕世。亦見孤之遺筆耳。言罷。回朝。文武百官默默點首。莫敢誰何。俱鉗口而

詩爲証。

詩曰

鳳輦龍車出帝京。

拈香釐祝女中英。

只知祈福黎民樂。

孰料吟詩萬姓驚。

目下狐狸爲太后。

眼前豺虎盡簪纓。

上天垂象皆如此。

徒令英雄嘆不平。

天子駕回。陞龍德殿。百官朝賀而散。時逢望辰。三宮妃后朝君。中宮姜后。西宮黃妃。馨慶宮楊妃。朝畢而退。按下不表。且言女媧娘娘降誕。三月十五日。往火雲宮。朝賀伏羲帝軒轅三聖。而問下得青鸞。坐于寶殿。玉女金童朝禮畢。娘娘猛抬頭。看見粉牆上詩

句大怒罵曰。殷受無道昏君。不想修身立德。以保天下。今反不畏上天。吟詩褻我。甚是可惡。我想成湯伐桀。而王天下。享國六百餘年。氣數已盡。若不與他箇報應。不見我的靈感。卽喚碧霞童子。駕青鸞往朝歌。一回不題。却說二位殿下。殷郊殷洪。來參謁父王。那殷郊後來。是封神榜上。直年太歲。殷洪是五穀神。皆有名神將。正行禮間。頂上兩道紅光冲天。娘娘正行時。被此氣攔住雲路。因墜下一看。知紂王尚有二十年氣運。不可造次。暫回行宮。心中不悅。喚彩雲童兒。把後宮中金葫蘆取來。放在丹墀之下。搗去蘆葢。用手一指。葫蘆中有一道白光。其大如線。高三四丈有餘。白光之上。懸出一首幡來。光分五彩。瑞映千條。名曰招妖幡。怎見得。不一時。悲風颯颯。慘霧迷漫。陰雲四合。但見有詩爲証。

詩曰

善聚亭前草。能開水上萍。
揭簾真有義。滅燭太無情。
隔院聞鍾嚮。高樓送鼓聲。
只知千樹吼。不見半分形。

風過數陣。天下羣妖俱到行宮。聽候法旨。娘娘分付彩雲。着各處妖魔且退。只留軒轅墳中三妖伺候。三

以此報復自是惇惇入惇出常理只是菩薩不當如此小器

妖進宮參謁。口稱娘娘聖壽無疆。這三妖。一個是千年狐狸精。一個是九頭雉雞精。一個是玉石琵琶精。俯伏丹墀。娘娘曰。三妖聽吾密旨。成湯望氣黯然。當失天下。鳳鳴岐山。西周已生聖主。天意以定。氣數使然。你三妖可隱其妖形。托身宮院。惑亂其心。俟武王伐紂。以助成功。不可殘害衆生。事成之後。使你等亦成正果。娘娘分付已畢。三妖叩頭謝恩。化清風而去。正是狐狸聽旨施妖術。斷送成湯六百年。有詩爲証。

詩曰

三月中旬駕進香。

吟詩一首起飛殃。

只知把筆施才學。

不曉今番社稷亡。

按下女媧娘娘。分付三妖不題。且言紂王只因進香之後。看見女媧美貌。朝暮思想。寒暑盡忘。寢食俱費。每見六院三宮。真如塵飯土羹。不堪諦視。終朝將此事不放心懷。鬱鬱不樂。一日駕陞顯慶殿。時有常隨在側。紂王忽然猛省。着奉御宣中諫大夫費仲。仲乃紂王之倖臣。近因聞太師奉勅平北海。大兵遠征。戌外立功。因此上就寵費仲尤渾二人。此二人朝朝壺惑聖聰。讒言獻媚。紂王無有不從。大抵天下將危。佞臣當道。不一時費仲朝見。王曰。朕因女媧官進香。偶

見其顏艷麗。絕世無雙。三宮六院。無當朕意。將如之何。卿有何策。以慰朕懷。費仲奏曰。陛下乃萬乘之尊。富有四海。德配堯舜。天下之所有。皆陛下之所有。何思不得。這有何難。陛下明日傳一旨。頒行四路諸侯。每一鎮選美女百名。以充王庭。何憂天下絕色不入王選乎。紂王大悅。卿所奏甚合朕意。明日早朝發旨。卿且暫回。隨即命駕還宮。畢竟不知此後何如。且聽下回分解。

總批 紂之無道。周書亟稱之。有曰。弗敬上天。降災下民。又曰。惟受罔有悛心。乃夷居弗事上。

神祇弗事。猶可。今竟事而褻之。宜有滅亡之禍。獨恨首相商容。不能譏諫。反逢迎以開此釁端。真該一棒打殺。

又批 好色者。人人皆有是心。獨怪商紂好色。而思及土木偶人。可爲真好。可爲痴好。看來今人還當不起一好字。可發一咲。

第二回

冀州侯蘇護反商

詩曰

丞相金鸞直諫君。

忠肝義膽孰能羣。

早知侯伯來朝覲。

空費傾葵紙上文。

話說紂王聽奏大喜。即時還宮。一宵經過。次日早朝。聚兩班文武朝賀畢。紂王便問當駕官。即傳朕旨意。頒行四鎮諸侯。與朕每一鎮地方。揀選良家美女百名。不論富貴貧賤。只以容貌端莊。情性和婉。禮度閒淑。舉止大方。以充後宮役使。天子傳旨未畢。只見左班中一人。應聲出奏。俯伏言曰。老臣商容。啓奏陛下。

女嬃官
孰爲啓
之今諫
之已晚

君有道則萬民樂業不令而從。況陛下後宮美女不
啻千人嬪御而上。又有妃后。今劈空欲選美女恐失
民望。臣聞樂民之樂者民亦樂其樂。憂民之憂者民
亦憂其憂。此時水旱頻仍。乃事女色。實爲陛下不取
也。故堯舜與民偕樂。以仁德化天下。不事于戈。不行
殺伐。景星耀天。甘露下降。鳳凰止于庭。朱中生于野。
民豐物阜。行人讓路。犬無吠聲。夜雨晝晴。稻生雙穗。
此乃有道興隆之象也。今陛下若取近時之樂。則目
眩多色。耳聽淫聲。沉湎冒色。遊于苑囿。獵于山林。此
乃無道敗亡之象也。老臣待罪首相。位列朝綱。侍君

若始終
容納諫
言又何
仁國敗
家之有

三世。不得不啓陛下。臣愿陛下進賢退不肖。脩行仁
義。通達道德。則和氣貫于天下。自然民富財豐。天下
太平。四海雍熙。與百姓共享無窮之福。況今北海兵
戈未息。正宜脩其德。愛其民。惜其財。費重其使令。雖
堯舜不過如是。又何必區區選侍。然後爲樂哉。臣愚
不識忌諱。望祈容納。紂王沉思良久。卿言甚善。朕卽
免行。言罷。羣臣退朝。聖駕還宮。不題。不意紂王八年。
夏四月。天下四大諸侯。率領八百鎮朝覲於商。那四
鎮諸侯。乃東北侯姜完。楚南伯侯鄂崇禹。西伯侯姬
昌。北伯侯崇侯虎。天下諸侯俱進朝歌。此時太師聞

仲不在都城。紂王寵用費仲尤渾。各諸侯俱知二人把持朝政。擅權作威。少不得先以禮賄送。以結其心。正所謂未去朝天子。先來謁相公。內中有位諸侯。乃冀州侯姓蘇名護。此人生得性如烈火。剛方正直。那裡知道奔競夤緣。平昔見稍有不公不法之事。便執法處分。不少假借。故此與二人俱未曾送有禮物。也是合當有事。那日二人查天下諸侯。俱送有禮物。獨蘇護併無禮單。心中大怒。懷恨於心。不題。其日元日吉晨。天子早朝。設聚兩班文武。衆官拜賀畢。黃門官啓奏陛下。今年乃朝賀之年。天下諸侯皆在午門外朝賀。聽候玉音發落。紂王問首相商容。容曰。陛下止可宣四鎮首領臣面君。採問民風土俗。淳龐澆兢。國治邦安。其餘諸侯俱在午門外朝賀。天子聞言大悅。卿言極善。隨命黃門官傳旨。宣四鎮諸侯見駕。其餘午門朝賀。話說四鎮諸侯。整齊朝服。輕搖玉佩。進午門。行過九龍橋。至丹墀山呼朝拜畢。俯伏。王慰勞曰。卿等與朕宣猷贊化。撫綏黎庶。鎮攝荒服。威遠寧邇。多有勤勞。皆卿等之功耳。朕心嘉悅。東北侯奏曰。臣等荷蒙聖恩。官居總鎮。臣等自叨執掌。日夜兢兢。常恐不克負荷。有辜聖心。縱有犬馬微勞。不過臣子分

封禪書卷之一
內事尚不足報涓涯於萬一耳。又何勞聖心垂念。臣等不勝感激。天子龍顏大喜。命首相商容。亞相比干。與顯慶殿治宴相待。四臣叩頭謝恩。離丹墀。前至顯德殿。相序筵宴。不題。天子退朝至便殿。宣費仲尤渾二人。問曰。前卿奏朕欲令天下四鎮大諸侯進美女。朕欲頒旨。又被商容諫止。今四鎮諸侯在此。明早召入。當面頒行。俟四人回國。以便揀選進獻。且免使臣往返。二卿意下若何。費仲俯伏奏曰。首相諫止。採選美女。陛下當日容納。卽行停旨。此美德也。臣下共知衆庶共知。天下景仰。今一但復行。是陛下不足取信

有一於此未或

於臣民矣。切爲不可。臣近訪得冀州侯蘇護有一女。艷色天姿。幽閒淑性。若選進宮幃。隨侍左右。堪任役使。况選一人之女。又不驚擾天下百姓。自不動人耳目。紂王聽言。不覺大悅。卿言極善。卽命隨侍官傳旨。宣蘇護使命來至館驛。傳旨。宣冀州侯蘇護商議國政。蘇護卽隨使命至龍德殿。朝見禮畢。俯伏聽命。王曰。朕聞卿有一女。德性幽閒。舉止中度。朕欲選侍後宮。卿爲國戚。食其天祿。受其顯位。永鎮冀州。坐享安康。名揚四海。天下莫不欣羨。卿意下如何。蘇護聽言。正色而奏曰。陛下宮中。上有后妃。下至嬪御。不啻數

言其如
主之不
好耶

千妖冶嫵媚何不足以悅王之耳目。乃聽左右諂諛之言。陷陛下於不義。况臣女蒲柳陋質。素不諳禮度。德色俱無足取。乞陛下留心邦本。速斬此進讒言之小。八使天下後世知陛下正心修身。納言聽諫。非好色之君。豈不美哉。紂王大笑曰。卿言甚不諳大體。自古及今。誰不願女作門楣。况女爲后妃。貴敵天子。卿爲皇親貴戚。赫奕顯榮。孰過于此。卿母惑迷。當自裁審。蘇護聞言。不覺勵聲言曰。臣聞人君修德勤政。則萬民悅服。四海景從。天祿永終。昔只有夏失政。淫荒酒色。惟我祖宗。不邇聲色。不殖貨財。德懋懋官。功懋懋賞。克寬克仁。方能割正有夏。彰信兆民。邦乃其昌。永保天命。今陛下不取法祖宗。而效彼夏王。是取敗之道也。况人君愛色。必顛覆社稷。卿大夫愛色。必絕滅宗廟。士庶人愛色。必戕賊其身。且君爲臣之標率。君不向道。臣不將化之。而朋比作仇。天下事尚忍言哉。臣恐商家六百餘年基業。必有陛下紊亂之矣。紂王聽蘇護之言。勃然大怒曰。君命召。不俟駕。君賜死。不敢違。况選汝一女。爲后妃乎。敢以讒言忤旨。面折朕躬。以亡國之君匹朕。大不敬。孰過于此。着隨侍官拿出午門。送法司勘問。正法。左右隨將蘇護拿下。轉

出費仲尤渾二人上殿俯伏奏曰。蘇護忤旨。本該勘問。但陛下因選侍其女。以致得罪。使天下聞之道。陛下輕賢重色。阻塞言路。不若赦之歸國。彼感皇上不殺之恩。自然將其女進貢宮闈。以待皇上。庶百姓知陛下寬仁大度。納諫容流。而保護有功之臣。是一舉兩得之意。願陛下准臣施行。紂王聞言。天顏少霽。依卿所奏。卽降赦。令彼還國。不得久羈朝歌。話說聖旨一下。迅如烽火。卽催逼蘇護出城。不容停止。那蘇護辭朝。回至驛亭。衆家將接見慰問。聖上召將軍進朝。有何商議。蘇護大怒罵曰。無道昏君。不思量祖宗德業。寵信讒臣。諂媚之言。欲選吾女進宮爲妃。此必是費仲尤渾。以酒色迷惑君心。欲專朝政。我聽旨不覺直言諫諍。昏君道我忤旨。拿送法司。二賊子又奏昏君赦我歸國。諒我感昏君不殺之恩。必將吾女送進朝歌。以遂二賊奸計。我想聞大師遠征。二賊弄權。眼見昏君必荒淫酒色。紊亂朝政。天下荒荒。黎民倒懸。可憐成湯社稷。化爲烏有。我自思若不將此女進貢。昏君必興問罪之師。若要送此女進宮。以後昏君失德。使天下人耻笑我不智。諸將必有良策教我。衆將聞言齊曰。吾聞君不正。則臣投外國。今主上輕賢重

色眼見昏亂。不若反出朝歌。自守一國。上可以保宗社。下可保一家。此時蘇護正在盛怒之下。一聞此言。不覺性起。竟不思維。便曰。大丈夫不可做不明白事。叫左右取文方四寶來。題詩在午門牆上。以表我不歸商之意。詩曰。

君壞臣綱。

有敗五常。

冀州蘇護。

永不朝商。

蘇護題了詩。領家將逕出朝歌。奔本國而去。且言紂王見蘇護當面折諍一番。不能遂願。雖准費尤二人所奏。不知彼可能將女進貢深宮。以遂朕于飛之樂。

正躊躇不悅。只見看午門內臣俯伏奏曰。臣在午門見牆上帖有蘇護題有反詩十六字。不敢隱匿。伏乞聖裁。隨侍接詩鋪在御案上。紂王一見大罵賊子。如此無禮。朕體上天好生之德。不殺鼠賊。赦令歸國。反寫詩午門。大辱朝廷。罪在不赦。即命宣殷破敗。是田魯雄。寺統領六師。朕須親征。必滅其國。當駕官隨宣魯雄等見駕。不一時魯雄等朝見禮畢。王曰。蘇護反商。題詩午門。甚辱朝綱。情殊可恨。法紀難容。卿等統人馬廿萬爲先鋒。朕親率六師。以聲其罪。魯雄聽罷。低首暗思。蘇護乃忠良之士。素懷忠義。何事觸忤。

天子自欲親征冀州休矣。魯雄爲蘇護俯伏奏曰：蘇護得罪于陛下，何勞御駕親征？況且四大鎮諸侯俱在都城，尚未歸國。陛下可點一二路征伐，以擒蘇護，明正其罪，自不失撻伐之威。何必聖駕遠事其地？紂王問曰：四侯之內，誰可征伐？費仲在傍出班奏曰：冀州乃北方崇侯虎屬下，可命侯虎征伐。紂王卽准施行。魯雄在側，自思崇侯虎乃貪鄙暴橫之夫，提兵遠征，所徑地方必遭殘害。黎庶何以得安？見有西伯姬昌，仁德四布，信義素著，何不保舉此人。庶幾兩全。紂王方命傳旨。魯雄奏曰：侯虎雖鎮北地，恩信尚未符與人。恐此行未能伸朝廷威德。不如西伯姬昌，仁義素聞，陛下若假以節鉞，自不勞矢石，可擒蘇護，以正其罪。紂王思想良久，俱准奏。特旨令二侯秉節鉞，得專征伐，使命持旨到顯慶殿宣讀。不題。只見四鎮諸侯與二相飲宴未散，忽聽旨意下，不知何事。天使曰：西伯侯、北伯侯接旨。二侯出席接旨，跪聽宣讀。詔曰：朕聞冠履之分，雖嚴事使之道，無兩故。君命召，不候駕。君賜死，不敢逃命。乃所以隆尊卑，崇任使也。茲不道蘇護狂悖無禮，立殿忤君，紀綱已失，被赦歸國，不思自新，徹敢寫詩午門，安心叛上，罪

在不赦。茲爾姬昌等。節鉞便宜行事。往懲其忤母。得寬縱。罪有攸歸。故茲詔示。汝往欽哉。謝恩。

參得精
明

天使讀畢。二侯謝恩。平身。姬昌對二丞相。三侯伯言曰。蘇護朝商未進殿庭。未叅聖上。今詔旨有立殿忤君。不知此語何來。且此人素懷忠義。累有軍功。午門題詩。必有詐僞。天子聽信何人之言。欲伐有功之臣。恐天下諸侯不伏。望二位丞相明日早朝見駕。請察其詳。蘇護所得何罪。果言而正。伐之可也。倘言而不正。企當止之。比干言曰。君侯言之是也。崇侯虎在傍言曰。王言如絲。其出如綸。今詔旨已出。誰敢抗違。况

天佐者
故母

蘇護題詩午門。必然有據。天子豈無故而發此難端。今諸侯八百。俱不遵王命。大肆猖獗。是王命不能行於諸侯。乃取亂之道也。姬昌曰。公言雖善。是執其一端耳。不知蘇護乃忠良君子。素秉丹誠。忠心爲國。教民有方。治兵有法。數年以來。並無過失。今天子不知爲誰人迷惑。興師問罪於善類。此一節恐非國家之祥瑞。只愿當今不事干戈。不行殺法。共樂堯年。况兵乃兇象。所徑地方。必有驚擾之虞。且勞民傷才。窮兵黷武。師出無名。皆非盛世所宜有者也。崇侯虎曰。公言固是有理。獨不思君命所差。槩不由已。且煌煌天

語誰敢有違。以自取欺君之罪。昌曰。既如此。公可領兵前行。我兵隨後便至。當時各散。西伯便對二丞相言。侯虎先去。姬昌暫回西岐。領兵續進。須各辭散不題。次日崇侯虎下教場。整點人馬。辭朝起行。且言蘇護離了朝歌。同衆士卒。不一日回到冀州。護之長子。蘇全忠。率諸侯出廓迎接。其時父子相會。進城帥府下馬。衆將俱到殿前。見畢。護曰。當今天子失政。天下諸侯朝覲。不知那一個奸臣。暗奏吾女姿色。昏君宣吾進殿。欲將吾女選立宮妃。彼時被我當面諫諍。不意昏君大怒。將我拿問。忤旨之罪。當有費仲尤渾二人保奏。將我赦回。欲我送女進獻。彼時心甚不快。偶題詩帖于午門而反商。此回昏君必點諸侯前來問罪。衆將官聽令。且將人馬訓練。城垣多用滾木砲石。以防攻打之虞。諸將聽令。日用防維。不敢稍懈。以待廝殺。話說崇侯虎領五萬人馬。卽日出兵。離了朝歌。望冀州進發。但見

轟天砲響。振地鑼鳴。轟天砲響。汪洋大海起春雷。振地鑼鳴。萬刃山前丟霹靂。幡幢招展。三春楊柳交加。號帶飄揚。七夕彩雲蔽日。刀鎗閃灼。三冬瑞雪重鋪。劍戟森嚴。九月秌霜蓋地。騰騰殺氣鎖天。

台隱隱紅雲遮碧岸。十里汪洋波浪滾。一座兵山出土來。

大兵正行所過州府縣道。非止一日。前哨馬來報。人馬以至冀州。請千歲軍令定奪。侯虎傳令安營。怎見得。

東擺蘆葉點鋼鎗。南擺月樣宣花斧。西擺馬鬃鴈翎刀。北擺黃花硬柄弩。中央戊巳按勾辰。殺氣離營四十五。轅門下按九宮星。大寨暗藏八卦譜。

侯虎安下營寨。早有報馬報進冀州。蘇護問曰。是那路諸侯爲將。探事曰。乃北伯侯崇侯虎。蘇護大怒曰。

若是別鎮諸侯。還有他議。此人素行不道。豈不能以禮解釋。不若剩此大破其兵。以振軍威。且爲萬姓除害。傳令點兵出城廝戰。衆將聽令。各整軍器出城。一聲炮響。殺聲振天。城門開處。將軍馬一字擺開。蘇護大叫曰。傳將進去。請主將轅門答話。探事馬飛報進營。侯虎傳令整點人馬。只見門旗開處。侯虎坐逍遙馬。統領衆將出營。展兩杆龍鳳繡旗。後有長子崇應彪。壓住陣腳。蘇護見侯虎飛鳳盔。金瑣甲。大紅袍。玉束帶。紫驊騮。斬將大刀。擔于鞍轡之上。蘇護一見馬上欠身曰。賢侯別來無恙。不才甲冑在身。不能全禮。

得無
名

今天子無道。輕賢重色。不思量留心邦本。聽讒佞之言。強納臣子之女爲妃。荒淫酒色。不久天下變亂。不才自各守邊疆。賢侯何故興此無名之師。崇侯聽言大怒曰。你忤逆天子詔旨。題反詩於午門。是爲賊臣。罪不容誅。今奉詔問罪。則當肘膝轅門。尚敢巧語支吾。持兵貫甲。以騁其強暴哉。崇侯回顧左右。誰與我擒此逆賊。言未了。左哨下有一將頭帶鳳翅盔。黃金甲。大紅袍。獅蠻帶。青驄馬。嘶聲而言曰。待末將擒此叛賊。連人帶馬滾至軍前。這壁廂有蘇護之子。蘇全忠。見那陣上一將當先。刺斜裡縱馬搖戟曰。慢來。全忠認得是偏將梅武。梅武曰。蘇全忠。你父子反叛。得罪天子。尚不倒戈服罪。而強欲抗天兵。是自取滅族之禍矣。全忠拍馬搖戟。霹靂來刺。梅武手中斧劈面相迎。但見

二將陣前心影。鑼鳴鼓響。人驚。該因世上動刀兵。致使英雄相馳驟。這個那分上下。那個兩眼難睜。你拿我凌烟閣上標名。我捉你丹鳳樓前畫影。

斧來戟架。繞身一點鳳搖頭。戟去斧迎。不離腮邊過項額。兩馬相交。二十回合。早被蘇全忠一戟刺梅武于馬下。蘇護見子得勝。傳令擂鼓。冀州陣上大將趙

丙陳季貞縱馬掄刀殺將來。一聲喊起。只殺的愁雲蕩蕩。旭日輝輝。尸橫遍野。血濺成渠。侯虎麾下。金葵黃元濟。崇應彪。且戰且走。敗至十里之外。蘇護傳令鳴金。收兵回城。到帥府昇殿坐下。賞勞有功諸將。今日雖大破一陣。彼必整兵復讎。不然定請兵益將。冀州必危。如之奈何。言未畢。副將趙丙上前言曰。君侯今日雖勝。而征戰似無已時。前者題反詩。今日斬軍殺將。拒敵王命。此皆不赦之罪。況天下諸侯。非止侯虎一人。倘朝廷盛怒之下。又點幾路兵來。冀州不過彈丸之地。誠所謂以石投水。立見傾危。若依末將愚諫。一不做。二不休。侯虎新敗。不過十里遠近。乘其不備。人啣枚。馬摘轡。暗劫營寨。殺彼片甲不存。彼方知我等利害。然後再尋那一國賢良諸侯。依附于彼。庶可進退。亦可保全宗社。不知君侯尊意何如。護聞此言。大悅曰。公言甚善。正合吾意。卽傳令。命子全忠。領三千人馬。出西門十里五崗鎮埋伏。全忠領命而去。陳季貞統左營。趙丙統右營。護自統中營。時值黃昏之際。捲旛息鼓。人皆卸枚。馬皆摘轡。聽炮爲號。諸將聽令不表。且言崇侯虎恃才妄作。提兵遠伐。孰知今日損軍折將。心甚羞慚。只得將敗殘軍兵收聚。扎下

行軍年
久尚不
知虛實
可謂智

行營納悶中軍鬱鬱不樂對衆將曰吾自行軍征伐
多年未嘗有敗今日折了梅武損了三軍如之奈何
傷有大將黃元濟諫曰君侯豈不知勝敗乃兵家常
事想西伯侯大兵不久卽至破冀州如反掌耳君侯
且省愁煩宜當保重侯虎軍中置酒衆將歡飲不題
有詩爲証詩曰

侯虎提兵事遠征
冀州城外駐行旌

三千鐵騎摧殘後
始信當年浪得名

且言蘇護把人馬暗暗調出城來只待劫營時至初
更已行十里探馬報與蘇護護卽傳令將號炮點起
一聲響亮如天崩地塌三千鐵騎一齊發喊衝殺
營如何抵當好生利害怎見得

黃昏兵到黑夜軍臨黃昏兵到冲開對伍怎拔持
黑夜軍臨撞倒塞門馬可立人聞戰鼓之聲惟知
愴惶奔走馬聽轟天之炮難分東南西北刀鎗亂
刺那明上下交鋒將士相迎豈知自家別個濃睡
軍東冲西走未醒將怎帶頭盔先行官不急鞍馬
中軍帥赤足無鞋圍子手東三西四拐子馬南北
奔逃劫營將驍如猛虎冲塞軍一似歡龍着刀的
連肩拽背着鎗的兩臂流紅逢劍的砍開甲冑遇

斧的劈破天靈人撞人。自相殘踏馬撞馬。遍地尸橫着傷軍。哀哀叫苦。中箭將。咽咽悲聲。棄金鼓。旛幃滿地。燒糧草。四野通紅。只知道奉命征討。誰成望片甲無存。愁雲直上九重天。一派敗兵隨地擁。只見三路雄兵。人人敢勇。個個爭先。一片喊殺之聲。冲開七層圍子。撞倒八面虎狼。單言蘇護一騎馬。一條鎗。直殺入陣來。捉拿崇侯虎。左右營門喊聲振地。崇侯虎正在夢中。聞見殺聲。披袍而起。上馬提刀。冲出帳來。只見燈光影裡。看蘇護金盔金甲。大紅袍。玉束帶。青驄馬。火龍鎗。大呼曰。侯虎休走。速下馬受縛。攔手中鎗。霹心刺來。崇侯落慌。將手中刀對面來迎。兩馬相交。正戰時。只見這崇侯虎長子應彪。帶領金葵。黃元濟。殺將來助戰。崇營左糧道門趙丙殺來。右糧道門陳季貞殺來。兩家混戰。寅夜交兵。怎見得。征雲籠地戶。殺氣鎖天關。天昏地暗。排兵月下星。前布陣。四下裡齊舉火把。八方處亂長燈裘。那營裡數員戰將。廝殺。這營中千足戰馬如龍。燈影戰馬。火映征夫。燈影戰馬。千條烈焰。照貔貅。火映征夫。萬道紅霞。籠獬豸。開弓射箭。星前月下吐寒光。轉背掄刀。燈裏火中生燦爛。鳴金小校。懾懾二目。

竟難睜。搗鼓兒郎漸漸雙手不能舉。刀來鎗架馬蹄下人頭亂滾。劍去戟迎。頭盔上血水淋漓。鎗鞭並舉。燈前小校盡傾生。斧鐮傷人。目下兒郎都喪命。喊天振地。自相殘。哭泣蒼天連叫苦。只殺得滿營炮響。冲霄漢。星月無光。斗府迷。

話言兩家大戰。蘇護有心劫營。崇侯虎不曾防備。冀州人馬以一當十。金葵正戰。早被趙丙一刀砍于馬下。侯虎見勢不能技。且戰且走。有長子應彪保父殺一條路逃走。好似喪家之犬。漏網之魚。冀州人馬兇如猛虎。惡似豺狼。只殺的尸橫遍野。血滿溝渠。急急奔走。夜半更深。不認路途而行。只要保全性命。蘇護趕殺侯虎。敗殘人馬。約二十餘里。傳令鳴金收軍。蘇護得全勝回冀州。單言崇侯虎父子。領敗兵迤邐望前正走。只見黃元濟孫子羽。催後軍趕來。並馬而行。侯虎在馬上叫衆將言曰。吾自提兵以來。未嘗大敗。今被逆賊暗劫吾營。黑夜交兵。未曾準備。以致損折軍將。此恨如何不報。吾想西伯侯姬昌。自討安然。違避旨意。按兵不動。坐觀成敗。真是可恨。長子應彪答曰。軍兵新敗。銳氣已失。不如按兵不動。遣一軍催西伯侯。起兵前來接應。再作區處。侯虎曰。我兒所見甚

目不知
兵且去
怨人

明到天明收住人馬。再作別議。言未畢。一聲炮響。喊殺連天。只聽得叫崇侯虎。快快下馬受死。侯虎父子衆將急向前看時。見一員小將。束髮金冠。金抹額。雙搖兩根雉尾。大紅袍。金鎖甲。銀合馬。盡杆戟。面如滿月。唇若塗硃。嘶聲大罵崇侯虎。吾奉父王之命。在此候爾多時。可速倒戈受死。還不下馬。更待何時。侯虎大罵曰。好賊子。你父子謀反。忤逆朝廷。殺了朝廷命官。傷了天子軍馬。罪業如山。寸磔汝尸。尚不足以贖其辜。偶爾寅夜中賊姦計。徹敢在此躍武揚威。大言不慚。不日天兵一到。汝父子死無葬身之地。誰與吾拿此反賊黃元濟。驪馬舞刀直取蘇全忠。全忠用手

中戟對面相還。兩馬相交一場大戰。

刮地寒風聲似颯。滾滾征塵飛紫霽。駢駢撥撥馬啼鳴。叮叮當當袍甲刮。興心刀砍錦征袍。舉意鎗刺璉環甲。只殺的搖旗小校手連顛。搥鼓兒郎搥亂匪。

二將懋戰。正不分勝負。孫子羽縱馬舞叉。雙戰全忠。全忠大喝一聲。刺子羽于馬下。全忠復奮勇來戰。侯虎侯虎父子雙迎上來。戰住全忠。全忠陡搜神威。好相弄風猛虎。攪海蛟龍。戰住三將。正戰間。全忠賣箇

破綻一戰把崇侯虎護腿金甲挑下了半邊。侯虎大驚。將馬一夾。跳出圍來。往外便走。崇應彪見父親敗走。意急心忙。慌了手脚。不隄防被全忠當心一戟刺來。應彪急閃時。早中左臂。血淋袍甲。幾於落馬。衆將急上前架住。救得性命。望前逃走。全忠欲要追趕。又恐黑夜之間。不當穩便。只得收了人馬進城。此時天色漸明。兩邊來報。蘇護護令長子到前殿問曰。可曾拿了那賊。全忠答曰。奉父親將令。在五岡鎮埋伏至半夜。敗兵方至。孩兒奮勇刺死孫子羽。挑崇侯虎護腿甲。傷崇應彪左臂。幾于落馬。被衆將救逃。奈黑夜。

第三回

姬昌解圍進姐已

詩曰

崇君奉敕伐諸侯

智淺謀慵枉怨尤

白晝調兵輸戰策

黃昏刼塞失前籌

從來女色多亡國

自古權奸不到頭

豈是紂王求姐已

應知天意屬東周

話說崇侯虎父子帶傷奔走一夜。不勝困乏。急收聚敗殘人馬。十停止存一停。俱是帶着重傷。侯虎一見衆軍不勝傷感。黃元濟轉上前曰。君侯何故感嘆。勝負軍家常事。昨夜偶未隄防。誤中奸計。君侯且將殘

無處了
那好條

嚇得好

兵暫行劄住。可發一道催軍文書。往西岐催西伯速
調兵馬前來。以便截戰。一則添兵相助。二則可復今
日之恨耳。不知君侯意下如何。侯虎聞言。沉吟曰。姬
伯按兵不舉。坐觀成敗。我今又去催他。反便宜了他。
一箇違避聖旨罪名。正遲疑間。只聽前邊大勢人馬
而來。崇侯虎不知何處人馬。駭得魂不副體。魄遶空
中。急自上馬望前看時。只見兩杆旗旛開處。見一將
面如鍋底。海下赤髯。兩道白眉。眼如金鑲。帶九雲烈
焰飛獸冠。身穿瑣子璉環甲。大紅袍。腰繫白玉帶。騎
火眼金睛獸。用兩柄湛金斧。此人乃崇侯虎兄弟。崇

黑虎也。官拜曹州侯。侯虎一見是親弟黑虎。其心方
安。黑虎曰。聞長兄兵敗。特來相助。不意此處相逢。實
為萬幸。崇應彪馬上亦欠背。稱謝叔父。有勞遠涉。黑
虎曰。小弟此來與長兄合兵。復往冀州。弟自有處。彼
時大家合兵一處。崇黑虎只有三千飛虎兵在先。後
隨二萬有餘人馬。復到冀州城下安營。曹州兵在先
納喊叫戰。冀州報馬飛報蘇護。今有曹州崇黑虎兵
至城下。請爺軍令定奪。蘇護聞報。低頭默默無語。半
晌言曰。黑虎武藝精通。曉暢玄理。滿城諸將。皆非對
手。如之奈何。左右諸將聽護之言。不知詳細。只見長

百見
年木色

子全忠上前曰。兵來將當。水來土壓。諒一崇黑虎。有何懼哉。護曰。汝年少。不諳事體。自負英勇。不知黑虎曾遇異人。傳授道術。百萬軍中。取上將首級。如探囊中之物。不可輕覷。全忠大叫曰。父親長。他銳氣滅。自己威風。孩兒此去。不生擒黑虎。誓不回來。見父親之面。護曰。汝自取敗。勿生後悔。全忠那裡肯住。奮身上馬。開放城門。一騎當先。勦聲高叫。探馬的。與我報進中軍。叫崇黑虎與我打話。藍旗忙報與二位主帥得知。外有蘇全忠討戰。黑虎暗喜曰。吾此來。一則為長兄兵敗。二則為蘇護解圍。以全吾友誼交情。令左右備坐騎。卽翻身來至軍前。見全忠馬上躍武揚威。黑虎曰。全忠賢侄。你可回去。請你父親出來。我自有說話。全忠乃年幼之人。不暗事體。又聽父親說黑虎梟勇。焉肯善回。乃大言曰。崇黑虎。我與你勢成敵國。我父親又與你論甚交情。可速倒戈退軍。饒你性命。不然悔之晚矣。黑虎大怒曰。小畜生。焉敢無禮。舉湛金斧。霹靂面砍來。全忠將手中戟。急架相還。獸馬相交。一場惡戰。怎見得。

二將陣前尋鬪。兩下交鋒。誰敢阻。這個似搖頭獅子下山崗。那個如擺尾後倪尋猛虎。這一個與

心要定錦乾坤。那一個實意欲把江山補。從來惡戰幾千番。不似將軍真英武。

二將大戰冀州城下。蘇全忠不知崇黑虎。幼拜截教真人爲師。秘授一個葫蘆背。伏在脊背上。有無限神通。全忠只倚平生猛勇。又見黑虎用的是短斧。不把黑虎放在心上。眼底無人。自逞已能。欲要擒獲黑虎。須把平日所習武藝。盡行使出。戟有尖有咎。九九八十一進步。七十二開門。騰挪閃賺。遲速收放。怎見好戰。

能工巧匠費經營。老君爐裡煉成兵。造出一根銀

尖戟。安邦定國正乾坤。黃旛展三軍害怕。豹尾動戰將心驚。冲行營猶如大莽。踏大塞虎蕩羊羣。休言鬼哭與神嚎。多少兒郎輕喪命。全憑此寶安天下。盡戟長旛定太平。

欺敵者

蘇全忠使盡平生精力。把崇黑虎殺了一身冷汗。黑虎嘆曰。蘇護有子如此。可謂佳兒。真是將門有種。黑虎把斧一幌。撥馬便走。就把蘇全忠在馬上。唉了一個腰軟骨酥。若聽俺父親之言。竟爲所誤。誓拿此人。以滅吾父之口。放馬起來。那裡肯捨。緊走緊趕。慢走慢追。全忠定要成功。往前趕有多時。黑虎聞腦後金

鈴嚮處。回頭見全忠趕來不捨。忙把脊梁上紅葫蘆頂揭去。念念有詞。只見葫蘆裡邊一道黑烟冒出。化開如綢羅大小。黑烟中有噫啞之聲。遮天映日。飛來乃是鐵嘴神鷹。張開口霹靂面啖來。全忠只知馬上英雄。那曉的黑虎異術。急展戟護其身面。坐下馬早被神鷹把眼一嘴。傷了那馬跳將起來。把蘇全忠跌了個金冠倒躅。鎧甲離鞍。撞下馬來。黑虎傳令拿了。衆軍一擁向前。把蘇全忠綁縛二背。黑虎長得勝鼓回營。轅門下馬。探馬報崇侯虎。一老爺得勝。生擒反臣蘇全忠。轅門聽令。侯虎傳令請黑虎上帳。見侯虎口

此罵差
強人意
蘇護可
謂有子

稱長兄。小弟擒蘇全忠。已至轅門。侯虎喜不自勝。傳令推來。不一時把全忠推至帳前。蘇全忠立而不跪。侯虎大罵曰。賊子今已被擒。有何理說。尚敢倔強抗禮。前夜五崗鎮那樣英雄。今日惡貫滿盈。推出斬首示衆。全忠嚮聲大罵曰。要殺就殺。何必作此威福。我蘇全忠視死輕如鴻毛。只不忍你一班奸賊。妬惑聖聰。陷害萬民。將成湯基業。被你等斷送了。但恨不能生啖你等之肉耳。侯虎大怒罵曰。黃口孺子。今已被擒。尚敢聳舌。速令推出斬之。方欲行刑。轉過崇黑虎言曰。長兄暫息雷霆。蘇全忠被擒。雖則該斬。奈他父

子皆係朝廷犯官。前聞旨意。拿解朝歌。以正國法。况且護有女姐已。姿貌甚美。倘天子終有憐惜之意。一朝赦其不臣之罪。時不歸罪于我等。是有功而實爲無功也。且姬伯未至。我兄弟何苦任其咎。不若且將全忠囚禁後營。破了冀州。擒獲滿門。解入朝歌。請旨定奪。方是上策。侯虎曰。賢弟之言極善。只是好了這反賊耳。傳令設宴。與你二爺爺賀功。按下不表。且言冀州探馬報與蘇護。長公子出陣被擒。護曰。不必言矣。此子不聽父言。自持已能。今日被擒。禮之當然。但吾爲豪傑一場。今親子被擒。強敵壓境。冀州不久爲

李虎是
有親漢

他人所守。却爲何來。只因生了姐已。昏君聽信讒佞。使我滿門受禍。黎庶遭殃。這都是我生此不肖之女。以遺此無窮之禍耳。倘久後此城一破。使我妻女擒得朝歌。露面拋頭。尸骸殘暴。惹天下諸侯笑我爲無謀之輩。不若先殺其妻女。然後自刎。庶幾不失丈夫之所爲。蘇護帶十分大惱。仗劍走進後廳。只見小姐姐已盈盈笑臉。微吐硃唇。口稱爹爹。爲何提劍進來。蘇護一見姐已。乃親生之女。又非讐敵。此劍焉能舉的起。蘇護不覺含淚點頭。言曰。冤家爲你。兄被他人所擒。城被他人所困。父母被他人所殺。宗廟被他人

正是我
見猶憐

所有生你一人斷送我蘇氏一門。正感嘆間。只見左右擊雲板。請老爺升殿。崇黑虎索戰。護傳令各城門嚴加防守。准備攻打。崇黑虎有異術。誰敢拒敵。急令眾將上城。支起弩座。架起信砲。灰瓶滾木之類。一應完全。黑虎在城下。暗想蘇兄你出來與我謫議。方可退兵。爲何懼哉。反不出戰。這是何說。沒奈何。暫且回兵。報馬報與侯虎。侯虎道。請黑虎進帳坐下。就言蘇護閉門不出。侯虎曰。可架雲梯攻打。黑虎曰。不必攻打。徒費心力。今只困其糧道。使城內百姓不能盡接濟。則此城不攻自破矣。長兄可以逸待勞。俟西伯侯兵來。再作區處。按下不題。且言蘇護在城內。並無一籌可展。一路可投。真爲束手待斃。正憂悶間。忽聽來報。啓君侯督糧官鄭倫候令。護嘆曰。此糧雖來。實爲無益。急叫令來。鄭倫到滴水簷前。欠背行禮畢。倫曰。末將路聞君侯反商。崇侯奉旨征討。因此上末將心懸兩地。星夜奔回。但不知君侯勝負如何。蘇護曰。昨因朝商。昏君聽信讒言。欲納吾女爲妃。吾以正言諫諍。致觸昏君。便欲問罪。不意費尤二人將計就計。赦吾歸國。使吾自進其女。吾因一時暴躁。題詩反商。今天子命崇侯虎伐吾。連羸他二三陣。損軍拆將。大獲

此段已
語亦奇
自是令
人喚醒

全勝不意曹州崇黑虎將吾子全忠拿去。吾想黑虎
身有異術。勇貫三軍。吾非敵手。今天下諸侯八百。我
蘇護不知往何處投托。自思至親。不過四人。長子今
已被擒。不若先殺其妻女。然後自盡。庶不使天下後
世取笑。汝眾將可收拾行裝。投往別處。任諸公自爲
成立耳。蘇護言罷。不勝悲泣。鄭倫聽言。大叫曰。君侯
今日是醉了。迷了痴了。何故說出這等不堪言語。天
下諸侯有名者。西岐姬昌。東魯姜桓楚。南伯鄂崇禹。
總八百鎮諸侯。一齊都到冀州。也不在我鄭倫眼角
之內。何苦自視卑弱如此。末將自幼相從君侯。荷蒙
提挈。玉帶垂腰。末將愿效駑駘。以盡犬馬。蘇護聽倫
之言。對眾將曰。此人催糧路逢邪氣。口裡亂談。且不
但天下八百鎮諸侯。只這崇黑虎。曾拜黑人所傳道
術。神鬼皆驚。腦藏韜畧。萬人莫敵。你如何輕視此人。
只見鄭倫聽罷。按劍大叫曰。君侯在上。末將不生擒
黑虎來見。把項上首級納于眾將之前。言罷。不由軍
令。翻身出府。上了火眼金睛獸。使兩柄降魔杵。放砲
開城。排開三千烏鴉兵。像一塊烏雲捲地。及至營前。
囑聲高叫曰。只教崇黑虎出來見我。崇營探馬報入
中軍。啓二位老爺。冀州有一將。請二爺答話。黑虎欠

身小弟一往調本部三千飛虎兵一對旗幡開處黑虎一馬當先兄冀州城下有一簇人馬按北方壬癸水如一片烏雲相似那一員將面如紫朱鬚似金針帶九雲烈焰冠大紅袍金鎖甲玉束帶騎火眼金睛獸兩根降魔杵鄭倫見崇黑虎裝束稀奇帶九雲四獸冠大紅袍連環鎧玉束帶也是金睛獸兩柄湛金斧黑虎認不得鄭倫黑虎曰冀州來將通名倫曰冀州督糧上將鄭倫也汝莫非曹州崇黑虎擒我主將之子自持強暴可速獻出我主將之子下馬受縛若道半字立爲齏粉崇黑虎大怒罵曰好匹夫蘇護違犯天條有碎骨粉軀之禍你皆是反賊逆黨敢如此大膽妄出浪言催開坐下獸手中斧飛來直取鄭倫鄭倫手中杵急架相還二獸相迎一場大戰但見兩陣咚咚發戰鼓五采幡幢空內舞三軍納喊助神威慣戰兒郎持弓弩二將齊縱金睛獸四背齊舉斧共杵這一個怒發如雷烈焰生那一個自小生來情性鹵這一個面如鍋底赤鬚長那一個臉如紫棗紅霞吐這一個蓬萊海島斬蛟龍那一個萬刃山前誅猛虎這一個崑崙山上拜明師那一個八卦爐邊參老祖這一個學成武藝去整江山

那一個秘授道術把乾坤輔自來也見將軍戰不
似今番杵對斧。

二獸相交只殺的紅雲慘慘白霧霏霏兩家棋逢對
手將遇作家來往有二十四五回合鄭倫見崇黑虎
脊背上背一紅葫蘆鄭倫自思主將言此人有異人
傳授秘術卽此是他法術常言道打人不過先下手
鄭倫也曾拜西崑崙度厄真人爲師真人知道鄭倫
封神榜上有名之士特傳他竅中二炁吸人魂魄凡
與將對敵逢之卽擒故此着他下山投冀州掙一條
玉帶享人間福祿今日會戰黑虎把手中杵在空中

此術又
奇

一晃後邊三千烏鴉兵一聲喊行知長蛇之勢人人
手拿撓勾個個橫拖鐵索飛雲勢電而來黑虎觀之
如擒人之狀黑虎不知其故只見鄭倫鼻竅中一聲
嚮如鍾聲竅中兩道白光噴將出來吸人魂魄崇黑
虎耳聽其聲不覺眼目昏花跌了個金冠倒踢鎧甲
離鞍一對戰靴空中亂舞烏鴉兵生擒拈促繩縛二
背黑虎半晌方甦急睛看時已被綁了黑虎怒曰此
賊好賺眼法如何不明不白將我擒獲只見兩邊長
得勝鼓進城詩曰

海島名師授秘奇

英雄猛烈世應稀

神鷹十萬全無用。

方顯男兒語不移。

且言蘇護正在殿上。忽聽得城外鼓響。嘆曰。鄭倫休矣。心甚遲疑。只見探馬飛報進來。啓老爺。鄭倫生擒崇黑虎。請令定奪。蘇護不知其故。心下暗想。倫非黑虎之敵手。如何反爲所擒。急傳令令來。倫至殿前。將黑虎被擒。訴說一遍。只見衆士卒把黑虎簇擁至階下。護急下殿。叱退左右。親釋其縛。跪下言曰。護今得罪天下。乃無地可容之犯臣。鄭倫不諳事體。觸犯天威。護當死罪。崇黑虎答曰。仁兄與弟一拜之交。未敢忘義。今被步下所擒。愧身無地。又蒙厚禮相看。黑虎

感恩非淺。蘇護尊黑虎上坐。命鄭倫衆將來見。黑虎曰。鄭將軍道術精奇。今遇所擒。使黑虎終身悅服。護今設宴與黑虎二人歡飲。護把天子欲進女之事。一對黑虎訴了一遍。黑虎曰。小弟此來。一則爲兄失利。二則爲仁兄解圍。不期今郎年紀幼小。自持剛強。不肯進城。請仁兄答話。因此被小弟擒回。在後營。此小弟實爲仁兄也。蘇護謝曰。此德此情。何敢有忘。不言。二侯城內飲酒。單言報馬進轅門。來報。啓老爺。二爺被鄭倫擒去。未知凶吉。請令定奪。侯虎自思。吾弟自有道術。爲何被擒。其時畧陣官言。二爺與鄭倫正戰。

只見鄭倫把降魔杵一擺。三千烏鴉兵一齊而至之。倫鼻子裡二道白光出來。如鍾聲響亮。二爺便撞下馬來。故此被擒。侯虎聽說驚曰。世上如何有此異術。再差探馬打聽虛實。言未畢。報西伯侯差官轅門下馬。侯虎心中不悅。分付令來。只見散宜生素服角帶。上帳行禮畢。卑職散宜生拜見君侯。侯虎曰。大夫你主公為何偷守。竟不爲國。按兵不動。違避朝廷旨意。你主公甚非爲人臣之禮。今大夫此來有何說話。宜生答曰。吾主公言兵者凶器也。人君不得已而用之。今因小事。勞民傷才。驚慌萬戶。所過州府。

既老仰
不知不
戰能屈
人之兵

縣道調用一應錢糧。路途跋涉。百姓有征租權稅之擾。軍將有披堅執銳之苦。因此吾主公先使卑職下一紙之書。以息鋒烟。使蘇護進女王廷。各罷兵戈。不失一殿股肱之意。如護不從。大兵一至。勦叛除奸。罪當滅族。那時蘇護死而無悔。侯虎聽言大笑曰。姬伯自知違避朝廷之罪。特用此支吾之辭。以求自釋。吾先到此。損將折兵。惡戰數場。那賊焉肯見一紙之書。而獻女也。我且看大夫往冀州見蘇護如何。如不依允。看你主公如何回答。你且去。宜生出營上馬。逕到城下。叫門。城上的報與你主公。說西伯侯差官下書。

城上士卒急報上殿。啓爺西伯侯差官在城下。口稱下書。蘇護與崇黑虎飲酒未散。護曰。姬伯乃西岐之賢人。速令開城請來相見。不一時宜生到殿前行禮。畢。護曰。大夫今到敝郡。有何見諭。宜生曰。卑職奉西伯侯之命。前月君侯怒題反詩。得罪天子。當卽勅命起兵問罪。吾主公素知君侯忠義。故此按兵未敢侵犯。今有書上達君侯。望君侯詳察施行。宜生錦囊取書。獻與蘇護。護接書開拆。書曰。

西伯侯姬昌百拜。冀州君侯蘇公麾下。昌聞率土之濱。莫非王臣。今天子欲選艷妃。凡公卿士庶之家。豈得隱匿。今足下有女淑艾。子欲選入宮。自是美事。足下竟與天子相抗。是足下忤君。且題詩午門。意欲何爲。足下之罪。已在不赦。足下竟知小節。爲愛一女。而失君臣大義。昌素聞公忠義。不忍坐視。特進一言。可轉禍爲福。幸垂聽焉。且足下若進女王庭。實有三利。女受宮闈之寵。父享椒房之貴。官居國戚。食祿千鍾。一利也。冀州永鎮。滿宅無驚。二利也。百姓無塗炭之苦。三軍無殺戮之慘。三利也。公若執迷。三害目下至矣。冀州失守。宗社無存。一害也。骨肉有族滅之禍。二害也。軍民遭兵燹。

之災三害也大丈夫當捨小節而全大義豈得效
區區無知之輩以自取滅亡哉。昌與足下同爲商
臣不得不直言上。竇幸賢侯留意焉。草草奉聞立
候裁決謹啓。

蘇護看畢半晌不言。只是點頭。宣生見護不言。乃曰。
君侯不必猶豫。如允以一書而罷兵戈。如不從卑職
回覆主公。再調人馬。無非上從君命中。和諸侯下免
三軍之勞苦。此乃主公一段好意。君侯何故緘口無
語。乞速降號令。以便施行。蘇護聞言。對崇黑虎曰。賢
弟。你來看一看。姬伯之書。實是有理。果是真心爲國
爲民。乃仁義君子也。敢不如命。於是命酒管待散宜
生於館舍。次日修書。贈金帛。令先回西岐。我隨便收
拾送女朝商贖罪。宜生拜辭而去。具是一封書抵十
萬之師。有詩爲証。詩曰。

舌辨懸河滙百川。

方知君義與臣賢。

數行書轉蘇侯意。

何用三軍枕戟眠。

蘇護送散宜生回西岐。與崇黑虎同議。姬伯之言甚
善。可速整行裝。以便朝商。毋致遲遲。又生他議。二人
欣喜。不知其女如何。且聽下回分解。

總批

蘇全忠年少之梟勇。崇侯虎與鄭倫之異術。自是宇宙奇觀。故其自召亦不相讓。所以立功。見戰無不取捷。良有以也。

又批

崇侯自恃強橫。致有損兵折將之慘。卽父子幾至不免。孰若西伯以一紙之書。竟挽回蘇侯進女。其所全者多多矣。豈止十萬之師哉。古云。仁人之言。其利甚溥。信然。

第四回

恩州驛狐狸死姐已

詩曰

天下荒荒起戰場。

致生讒佞亂家邦。

忠言不聽商容諫。

逆語惟知費仲良。

色納狐狸友琴瑟。

政由豺虎逐鸞鳳。

甘心亡國爲汚下。

贏得人間一捏香。

話說宜生接了回書。竟往西岐不題。且說崇黑虎上前言曰。仁兄大事已定。可作速收拾行裝。將令愛送進朝歌。遲恐有變。小弟回去放令郎進城。我與家兄收兵歸國。具表先達朝廷。以便仁兄朝商謝罪。不得

又有他議致生禍端。蘇護曰：「蒙賢弟之愛，與西伯之德，吾何愛此一女？而自取滅亡哉？」即時打點無疑。賢弟放心，只是我蘇護止此一子，被令兄囚禁行營。賢弟可速放進城，以慰老妻懸望。舉室感德不淺。黑虎道：「仁兄寬心，小弟出去，即時就放他來，不必掛念。」二人彼此相謝出城。行至崇侯虎行營，兩邊來報。啓老爺：「二老爺已至轅門。」侯虎急傳令請。黑虎進營上帳坐下。侯虎曰：「西伯侯姬昌好生可惡，今按兵不舉，坐觀成敗。昨遣散宜生來下書，說蘇護進女朝商。至今未見回報。賢弟被擒之後，吾日日差人打聽，心甚不安。今得賢弟回來，不勝萬千之喜。」不知蘇護果肯朝

黑虎目
見烈漢

王謝罪。賢弟自彼處來，定知蘇護端的。幸道其詳。黑虎囑聲大叫曰：「長兄，想我兄弟二人，自始祖一脈相傳六世，俺弟兄係同胞一本。古語有言：『一樹之菓有酸有甜，一母之子有愚有賢。』長兄，你聽我說。蘇護反偏你，先領兵征伐，故此損折軍兵。你在朝廷也是一鎮大諸侯，你不與朝廷幹些好事，專謗天子，近于佞臣。故此天下人人怨惡你。五萬之師，總不如一紙之書。蘇護已許進女朝，王謝罪，你折兵損將，愧也不愧。辱我崇門，長兄從今與你一別。我黑虎再不會你。」兩

邊的把蘇公放了。兩邊不敢違令。放了全忠上帳謝。黑虎曰。叔父天恩。赦小侄再生。頂戴不盡。崇黑虎曰。賢侄可與令尊說。叫他速收拾朝王。毋得遲滯。我與他上表轉達天子。以便你父子進朝謝罪。全忠拜謝出營。上馬回冀州。不提崇黑虎怒發如雷。領了三千人馬。上了金精獸。自回曹州去了。且言崇侯虎愧莫敢言。只得收拾人馬。自回本國。具表請罪。不提。單言蘇全忠進了冀州。見了父母。彼此感慰。畢。護曰。姬伯前日來書。其是救我燕氏滅門之禍。此德此恩。何敢有忘。我兒我想君臣之義至重。君叫臣死。不敢不死。我安敢惜一女。自取敗亡哉。今只得將你妹子進往朝歌。面君贖罪。你可暫鎮冀州。不得生事擾民。我不日就回。全忠拜領父言。蘇護隨進內對夫人楊氏。將姬伯來書。勸我朝王一節。細說一遍。夫人放聲大哭。蘇護再三安慰。夫人含淚言曰。此女生來嬌柔。恐不諳侍君之禮。反又惹事。蘇護曰。這也沒奈何。只得聽之而已。夫妻二人。不覺感傷一夜。次日點三千人馬。五百家將。整備輓車。令姐已梳粧起程。姐已聞命。淚下如雨。拜別母親。長兄。婉轉悲啼。百千嬌媚。真如籠煙芍藥。帶雨梨花。子母怎生割捨。只見左右侍兒苦

勸夫人方哭進府中。小姐也含淚上車。兄全忠送至五里而回。蘇護壓後。保妲已前進。只見前面打兩桿貴人旗旛。一路上饑殍渴飲。朝登紫陌。暮踐紅塵。過了些綠楊古道。紅杏園林。見了些啼鴉喚春。杜鵑叫月。在路行程。非止一日。逢州過縣。涉水登山。那日抵暮。已至恩州。只見恩州驛。驛丞接見。護曰。驛丞收拾廳堂。安置貴人。驛丞啓老爺。此驛三年前出一妖精。以後凡有一應過往老爺。俱不在裡面安歇。可請貴人權在行營安歇。庶保無虞。不知老爺尊意如何。蘇護大喝曰。天子貴人。豈懼甚麼邪魅。况有館驛安得暫居行營之禮。快去打掃驛中。廳堂住室。毋得遲悞取罪。驛丞忙把衆人打點廳堂內室。準備鋪陳。炷香洒掃。一色收拾停當。來請貴人。蘇護將妲已安置在後面內堂裡。有五十名侍兒。在左右奉侍。將三千人馬。俱在驛外邊圍繞。五百家將在館驛門首屯劄。蘇護正在廳上坐着。點上畫燭。蘇護暗想方纔驛丞言。此處有妖怪。此乃皇華駐節之所。人烟湊集之處。焉有此事。然亦不可不防。將一根豹尾鞭。放在案桌之傍。剔燈展玩兵書。只聽得恩州城中。戍鼓初敲。已是一更時分。蘇護終是放心不下。乃手提鐵鞭。悄步後

堂於左右室內。點視一番。見諸侍兒。併小姐寂然安寢。方纔心安。復至聽上。再看兵書。不覺又是二更。不

一時將交三鼓。可煞作怪。忽然一陣風响。透人肌膚。將燈滅而復明。怎見得。
非干虎嘯。豈是龍吟。浙凜凜寒風撲面。清冷冷惡氣。侵入。到不能開花。謝柳。多暗藏水怪。山妖。悲風影裡。露雙精。一似金燈在。慘霧之中。黑氣叢中。探四爪。渾如鋼鈎。出紫霞之外。尾擺頭搖。如狴犴。猙獰雄猛。似後貌。

蘇護被這陣怪風。吹得毛骨聳然。心下正惑之間。

忽聽後廳侍兒一聲喊叫。有妖精來了。蘇護聽說。後邊有妖精。急忙提鞭在手。搶進後廳。左手執燈。右手執鞭。將轉大廳背後。手中燈已被妖風撲滅。蘇護急轉身。再邁大廳。急叫家將取進燈火來。時復進後廳。只見眾侍兒慌張無措。蘇護急到姐已寢榻之前。用手揭起幔帳。問曰。我兒方纔妖氣相侵。你曾見否。姐已答曰。孩兒夢中聽得侍兒叫喊。妖精來了。孩兒急待看時。又見燈光。不知是爹爹前來。併不曾看見甚麼妖怪。護曰。這個感謝天地庇佑。不曾驚嚇了你。這也罷了。護復安慰女兒安息。自己巡視不敢安寢。不

如今改頭換面
不止一姐已而

知這箇回話的。乃是千年狐狸。不是姐已。方纔滅燈之時。再出廳堂。取得燈火來。這是多少時候了。姐已魂魄已被狐狸吸去。死之久矣。乃借體成形。迷惑紂王。斷送他錦繡江山。此是天數。非人力所爲。有詩爲証。

詩曰

恩州驛內怪風驚。

蘇護提鞭撲滅燈。

二八驕容今已喪。

錯看妖魅當親生。

蘇護心慌一夜。不曾着枕。幸喜不曾驚了貴人。托賴天地祖宗庇佑。不然又是欺君之罪。如何解釋。等待天明。離了恩州驛。前往朝歌而來。曉行夜住。饑食渴

飲。在路行程。非止一日。渡了黃河。來至朝歌。安下營寨。蘇護先差官進城。用腳色見武成王黃飛虎。飛虎見了蘇護。進女贖罪文書。忙差龍環出城。分付蘇護把人馬劄在城外。令護同女進城。到金亭館驛安置。當時權臣費仲尤渾。見蘇護又不先送禮物。嘆曰。這逆賊。你雖則獻女贖罪。天子之喜怒不測。凡事俱在我二人點綴。其生死存亡。只在我等掌握之中。他全然不理我等。其是可惡。不講二人懷恨。且言紂王在龍德殿有隨侍官啓駕。費仲候旨。天子命傳宣。只見費仲進朝。稱呼禮畢。俯伏奏曰。令蘇護進女已。在都

城候旨定奪。紂王聞奏大怒曰：「這匹夫當日強辭亂政，朕欲置於法，賴卿等諫止，赦歸本國。豈意此賊題詩午門，欺藐朕躬，殊執可恨！」明日朝見，定正國法，以懲欺君之罪。費仲乘機奏曰：「天子之法，原非爲天子而重，乃爲萬姓而立。今叛臣賊子不除，是爲無法，無法之朝，爲天下之所棄。」王曰：「卿言極善。」明日朕自有說。費仲退散已畢。次日天子登殿，鐘聲齊鳴，文武侍立，但見：

銀燭朝天紫陌長，禁城春色曉蒼蒼。
池邊弱柳垂青瑣，百轉流鶯繞建章。
劍佩聲隨鳳池步，衣冠身

惹御爐香。共沐恩波鳳池上，朝朝染翰侍君王。

天子陞殿，百官朝賀畢。王曰：「有奏章者出班。」無事且散。言未畢，午門官啓駕。冀州侯蘇護候旨，午門進女請罪。王命傳旨宣來。蘇護身服犯官之服，不敢冠旒服，冕來至丹墀之下，俯伏，口稱「犯臣蘇護死罪，死罪」。王曰：「冀州蘇護，你題反詩，午門永不朝商，及至崇侯奉勅問罪，你尚拒敵天兵，損壞命官，軍將，你有什么說？」今又朝君着，隨侍官拿出午門梟首，以正國法。言未畢，只見首相商容出班諫曰：「蘇護反商，理當正法，但前日西伯侯姬昌有本，令蘇護進女贖罪，以完君臣。」

天運循環

大義。今蘇護既尊王法。進女朝王。贖罪情有可原。且陛下因不進女而致罪。今已進女而又加罪。甚非陛下本心。乞陛下憐而赦之。紂王猶豫未定。有費仲出班奏曰。丞相所奏。望陛下從之。且宣蘇護女妲己朝見。如果容貌出眾。禮度幽閒。可任役使。陛下便赦蘇護之罪。如不稱聖意。可連女斬于市曹。以正其罪。庶陛下不失信于臣民矣。王曰。卿言有理。看官只因這費仲一語。將成湯六百年基業。送與他人。這且不題。但言紂王命隨侍官宣妲己朝見。妲己進午門。過九龍橋。至九間殿。滴水簷前。高擎牙笏。進禮下拜。口稱萬歲。紂王定睛觀看。見妲己烏雲盤髮。杏臉桃腮。淺淡春山。纖柔腰柳。真似海棠醉日。梨花帶雨。不亞九天仙女下瑤池。月裡嫦娥離玉闕。妲己啓朱唇。似一點嬰桃。舌尖上吐的是。美孜孜一團和氣。轉酥波如雙灣鳳目。眼角裡送的是。嬌滴滴萬種風情。口稱犯臣女妲己。愿陛下萬歲萬歲。萬萬歲。只這幾句。就把紂王叫的魂遊天外。魄散九霄。骨軟筋酥。耳熱眼跳。不知如何是好。當時紂王起立御案之傍。命美人平身。令左右宮妃。挽蘇娘娘進壽仙宮。候朕躬回宮。忙叫當駕官傳旨。赦蘇護滿門無罪。聽朕加封。官還舊職。

美色亂
政從古
賢然

國戚新增每月加俸二千担。顯慶殿筵宴三日。衆百
官首相慶賀皇親。誇官三日。文官二員。武官三員。送
卿榮歸故地。蘇護謝恩。兩班文武見天子這等愛色。
都有不悅之意。奈天子起駕還宮。無可評諫。只得都
到顯慶殿陪宴。不言蘇護進女榮歸。天子同妲己在
壽仙宮筵宴。當夜成就鳳友鸞交。恩愛如同膠漆。紂
王自進妲己之後。朝朝宴樂。夜夜歡娛。朝政隳墮。章
奏混淆。羣臣便有諫章。紂王視同兒戲。日夜荒淫。不
覺光陰瞬息。歲月如流。已是二月。不曾設朝。只在壽
仙宮同妲己宴樂。天下八百鎮諸侯。多少本到朝歌。
文書房本積如山。不能面君。其命焉能得下。眼見天
下大亂。不知後事如何。且聽下回分解。

總批

西伯解蘇護之圍。而責以君臣大義。是尊君
也。原非有迷惑天子之心。孰意紂王寵一妲
己。無所不爲。卒至天下之惡皆歸之。追遠其
始。獨非西伯之遺謀不藏乎。豈知天之新命。
竟爲岐周所。有西伯在。有意無意之間。

又批

妲己天下美色也。能禍人家國。不知先死于

狐狸之手是禍人者實所以自禍信然信然。

第五回 雲中子進劍除妖

詩曰

白雲飛雨過南山。碧落蕭疎春色閒。

樓閣金輝來紫霧。交梨玉液駐朱顏。

花迎瑞鶴歌仙曲。柳拂青鸞舞翠鬟。

正是仙凡多隔世。妖氛一派透天關。

不言紂王貪戀姐已終日荒淫不理朝政。話說終南山有一煉氣士名曰雲中子。乃是千百年得道之仙。那日閑居無事。手携水火花籃。意欲往虎兒崖前採藥。方纔駕雲興霧。忽見東南上一道妖氣直冲透雲。

開雅

今日人
面默
音還是
似是真

雲中子打一看時點首嗟嘆。此畜不過是千年狐狸。今假托人形潛匿朝歌。皇宮之內。若不早除。必為八患。我出家人慈悲為本。方便為門。忙喚金霞童子。你與我將老枯松枝取一段來。待我削一木劍。去除妖邪。童子曰。何不用照妖寶劍。斬斷妖邪。永絕禍根。雲中子咲曰。千年老狐。豈足當吾寶劍。只此足矣。童子取松枝與雲中子。削成木劍。分付童子。好生看守洞門。我去就來。雲中子離了終南山。脚踏祥雲。望朝歌而來。怎見得有詩為証。詩曰。

不用乘騎與駕舟。

五湖四海任遨遊。

大千世界須臾至。

石爛松枯當一秋。

梅栢必
竟有担
階

且不言雲中子。往朝歌來除妖邪。只見紂王日迷酒色。旬月不朝。百姓遑遑。滿朝文武。議論紛紛。內有上大夫梅栢。與首相商容。亞相比干。言曰。天子荒淫。沉湎冒色。不理朝政。本積如山。此大亂之兆也。公等身為大臣。進退自有當盡的大義。况君有諍臣。父有諍子。士有諍友。下官與二位丞相俱有責焉。今日不免鳴鐘擊鼓。齊集文武。請駕臨軒。各陳其事。以力諍之。庶不失君臣大義。商容曰。大夫之言有理。傳執殿官。鳴鐘鼓。請王陞殿。紂王正在摘星樓宴樂。聽見大殿

上鐘聲齊鳴。左右奏請聖駕陞殿。紂王不得已。分付
妲己曰。美人暫且安頓。待朕出殿就回。妲己俯伏送
駕。紂王秉圭坐輦。臨殿登座。文武百官朝賀畢。天子
見二丞相抱本上殿。又見八大夫抱本上殿。與鎮國
武成王黃飛抱本上殿。紂王連日被酒色昏迷。情思
厭倦。又見本多。一時如何看得盡。又有退朝之意。只
見二丞相進前俯伏奏曰。天下諸侯本章候命陛下。
何事旬月不臨大殿。日坐深宮。全不把朝綱整理。此
必有在王左右。迷惑聖聰者。乞陛下當以國事爲重。
無得仍前高坐深宮。費馳國事。大拂臣民之望。臣聞

還不勇
力評終
是紙上
陳言

天位惟難。況今天心未順。水旱不均。降災下民。未嘗
不非政治得失所致。願陛下留心邦本。痛改前愆。去
讒遠色。勤政恤民。則天心效順。國富民豐。天下安康。
四海受無窮之福矣。願陛下幸留意焉。紂王曰。朕聞
四海安康。萬民樂業。止有北海逆命。已令太師聞仲。
勦除奸黨。此不過疥癬之疾。何足掛慮。二位丞相之
言甚善。朕豈不知。但朝廷百事俱有首相與朕代勞。
自是可行。何嘗有壅滯之理。縱朕臨軒。亦不過垂恭
而已。又何必嘵嘵于口舌哉。君臣正言國事。午門官
啓奏。終南山有一煉氣士。雲中子見駕。有機密重情

未敢擅自朝見。請旨定奪。紂王自思衆文武諸臣還抱本伺候。如何得了。不如宣道者見朕閑談。百官自無紛紛議論。且免朕拒諫之名。傳旨宣雲中子進午門。過九龍橋。走大道。寬袍大袖。手執拂塵。飄飄徐步而來。好齊整。但見

頭帶青紗一字巾。腦後兩帶飄雙葉。額前三點按三光。腦後雙圈分日月。道袍翡翠按陰陽。腰下雙絛王母結。脚登一對踏雲鞋。夜晚閑行星斗怯。上山虎伏地埃塵。下海蛟龍行跪接。面如傅粉一般同。唇似丹砂一點血。一心分免帝王憂。好道長兩手

補完天地缺。

道人左手携定花籃。右手執着拂塵。近到滴水簷前。執拂塵打箇稽首。口稱陛下貧道稽首了。紂王看見這道人。如此行禮。心中不悅。自思朕貴爲天子。富有四海。率土之濱。莫非王臣。你雖是方外。却也在朕版圖之中。這等可惡。本當治以慢君之罪。諸臣只說朕不能容物。朕且問他端的。看他如何應我。紂王曰。那道者從何處來。道人答曰。貧道從雲水而至。王曰。何爲雲水。道人曰。心似白雲常自在。意如流水任東西。紂王乃聰明智慧天子。便問曰。雲散水枯。汝歸何處。

紂王酒
色之徒
也會打

識諷難
得難得

道人曰。雲散皓月當空。水枯明珠出現。紂王聞言。轉
怒爲喜曰。方纔道者。見朕稽首而不拜。大有慢君之
心。今所答之言。甚是有理。乃通知通慧之大賢也。命
左右賜坐。雲中子也不謙讓。側坐。雲中子欠背
而言曰。原來如此。天子只知天子貴。三教元來道德
尊。帝曰。何見其尊。雲中子曰。聽納子道來。

但觀三教。惟道至尊。上不朝于天子。下不謁于公
卿。避樊籠而隱跡。脫俗網以修真。樂林泉兮。絕名
絕利。隱岩谷兮。忘辱忘榮。頂星冠而曜日。披布納
以長春。或蓬頭而跣足。或丫髻而幅巾。摘鮮花而

砌笠。折野草以鋪茵。吸甘泉而漱齒。嚼松栢以延
齡。歌之鼓掌。舞罷眠雲。遇仙客兮。則求玄問道。會
道友兮。則詩酒談文。咲奢華而濁富。樂自在之清
貧。無一毫之罣碍。無半點之牽纏。或三三而叅玄
論道。或兩兩而究古談今。究古談今兮。嘆前朝興
廢。叅玄論道兮。究性命之根因。恁寒暑之更變。隨
烏兔之逡巡。蒼顏返少。髮白還青。携單瓢兮。到市
纏而乞化。聊以充饑。捉鋤藍兮。進山林而採藥。臨
難濟人。解安人而利物。或起死以回生。修仙者骨
之堅秀。達道者神之最靈。判凶吉兮。明通爻象。定

禍福今。密察人心。闡道法揚。太上之正教。書符錄。除人世之妖氣。謁飛神于帝闕。步罡氣于雷門。扣玄闕。天昏地暗。擊地戶。鬼泣神欽。奪天地之秀氣。採日月之精華。運陰陽而煉性。養水火以胎凝。二八陰消。今若恍若惚。三九陽長。今如杳如冥。按四時而採取。煉九轉而丹成。跨青鸞直冲紫府。騎白鶴遊遍玉京。參乾坤之妙用。表道德之慇懃。比儒者。今官高職顯。富貴浮雲。比截教。今五刑道術。正果難成。但談三教。惟道獨尊。

紂王聽言大悅。朕聆先生此言。不覺精神爽快。如在塵世之外。真覺富貴如浮雲耳。但不知先生果住何處洞府。因何事而見朕。請道其詳。雲中子曰。貧道住終南山。玉柱洞。雲中子是也。因貧道閑居無事。採藥于高峯。忽見妖氣貫于朝歌。怪氣生于禁闕。道心不。缺善念常隨。貧道特來朝見陛下。除此妖魅耳。紂王咲曰。深宮秘闕。禁闕森嚴。防圍更密。又非塵世山林。妖魅從何而來。先生此來莫非錯了。雲中子咲曰。陛下若知道有妖魅。妖魅自不敢至矣。惟陛下不識這妖魅。他方能乘機蠱惑。久之不除。釀成大害。貧道有詩為証。詩曰。

皆天下
都有這
妖怪豈
只一深
官哉

艷麗妖嬈最惑人。

暗侵肌骨喪元神。

若知此是其妖魅。

世上應多不死身。

紂王曰。宮中既有妖氣。將何物以鎮之。雲中子揭開花籃。取出松樹削的劍來。拿在手中。對紂王曰。陛下不知此劍之妙。聽貧道道來。

松樹削成名巨闕。

其中妙用少人知。

雖無寶氣冲牛斗。

三日成灰妖氣離。

雲中子道罷。將劍奉與紂王。紂王接劍曰。此物鎮于何處。雲中子曰。掛在分宮樓。三日內自有應驗。紂王隨命傳奉官將此劍掛在分宮樓前。傳奉官領命而

去。紂王復對雲中子曰。先生有這等道術。明于陰陽。能察妖魅。何不拚終南山。而保獲朕躬。官居顯爵。揚名于後世。豈不美哉。何苦甘爲淡薄。沒世無聞。雲中子謝曰。蒙陛下不棄幽隱。欲貧道居官。貧道乃山野慵懶之夫。不識治國安邦之術。日上三杆。憨睡足。裸衣跣足。滿山遊。紂王曰。便是這等有什麼好處。何如衣紫腰金。封妻蔭子。有無窮享用。雲中子曰。貧道其中也有好處。

身逍遙。心自在。不揚戈。不弄怪。萬事忙忙付肚外。吾不思理正事而種菰。吾不思取功名如拾芥。吾

不思身服錦袍。吾不思腰懸魚帶。吾不思拂宰相之鬚。吾

思望

下拜。吾不思養我者享祿千鍾。吾不思族

我者。人四被。小小蘆。不嫌窄。舊舊服。不嫌穢。制

芰荷。以爲衣。結秋蘭。以爲佩。不問天皇。地皇。與人

皇。問天籟。地籟。與人籟。雅懷恍如秋水。同興來

由。恐天地碍。閑來一枕山中睡。夢魂要赴蟠桃會。

那裡管玉兔東升。金烏西墜。

紂王聽罷嘆曰。朕聞先生之言。真乃清靜之客。忙命

隨侍官。取金銀各一盤。爲先生前途盤費耳。不一時

可
人接不
到手

隨侍官。將紅漆端盤。捧過金銀。雲中子咲曰。陛下之

恩賜。貧道無用處。貧道有詩爲証。詩曰。

隨緣隨分出塵林。似水如雲一片心。

兩卷道經三尺劍。一條藜杖五弦琴。

囊中有藥逢人度。腹內新詩遇客吟。

一粒能延千載壽。慢誇人世有黃金。

雲中子道罷。離了九間大殿。打一稽首。大袖飄風。揚

長竟出午門去了。兩邊八大夫。正要上前奏事。又被

一個道人來講甚麼妖魅。便耽閣了時候。紂王與雲

中子談講多時。已是厭倦。袖展龍袍。駕起還宮。令百

官暫退百官無可奈何只得退朝話說紂王駕至壽仙宮前不見妲己來接見紂王心甚不安只見侍御官接駕紂王問曰蘇美人爲何不接朕侍駕官啓陛下蘇娘娘一時偶染暴疾人事昏沉臥榻不起紂王聽罷忙下龍輦急進寢宮揭起金龍幔帳見妲己面似金枝唇如白紙昏昏慘慘氣息微茫慄慄若絕紂王便叫美人早辰送朕出宮美貌如花爲何一時有恙便是這等垂危叫朕如何是好看官這是那雲中子寶劍掛在分宮樓鎮壓的這狐狸如此模樣倘若是鎮壓的這妖怪死了可不保得成湯天下也是合

該這紂王江山有敗周室將興故此紂王終被他迷惑了表過不題只見妲己微睜杏眼強啓朱唇作呻吟之狀喘吁吁叫一聲陛下妾身早辰送駕臨軒午時遠迎陛下不知行至分宮樓前候駕猛抬頭見一寶劍高懸不覺驚此一身冷汗竟得此危証想賤妾命薄緣慳不能長侍陛下于左右永效于飛之樂耳乞陛下自愛無以賤妾爲念道罷泪流滿面紂王驚得半晌無言亦含淚對妲己曰朕一時不明幾爲方士所誤分宮樓所掛之劍乃終南山煉氣之士雲中子所進言朕宮中有妖氣將此鎮壓孰意竟於美人

只有色
之一字
如此迷
戀人可
嘆可嘆

作祟。乃此子之妖術。欲害美人。故捏言朕宮中有妖氣。朕思深宮邃密之地。塵跡不到。焉有妖怪之理。大抵方士誤人。朕爲所賣。傳旨急命左右將那方士所進木劍用火作速焚毀。毋得遲悞。幾驚壞美人。紂王再三溫慰一夜無寢。看官紂王不焚此寶劍。還是商家天下。只因焚了此劍。妖氣綿固深宮。把紂王纏得顛倒錯亂。荒費朝政。人雜天怨。白白將天下失于西伯。此也是天意合該如此。不知焚劍如何。且聽下回分解。

總批

雲中子進劍。不知費幾許婆心。幾許言語。方打動紂王。將此劍得掛于深宮。姐已只用聊聊數語。便至焚毀而滅跡。將雲中子幾許慇懃。化爲烏有。邪言易入。忠言難信。然遇此者。須當着眼。

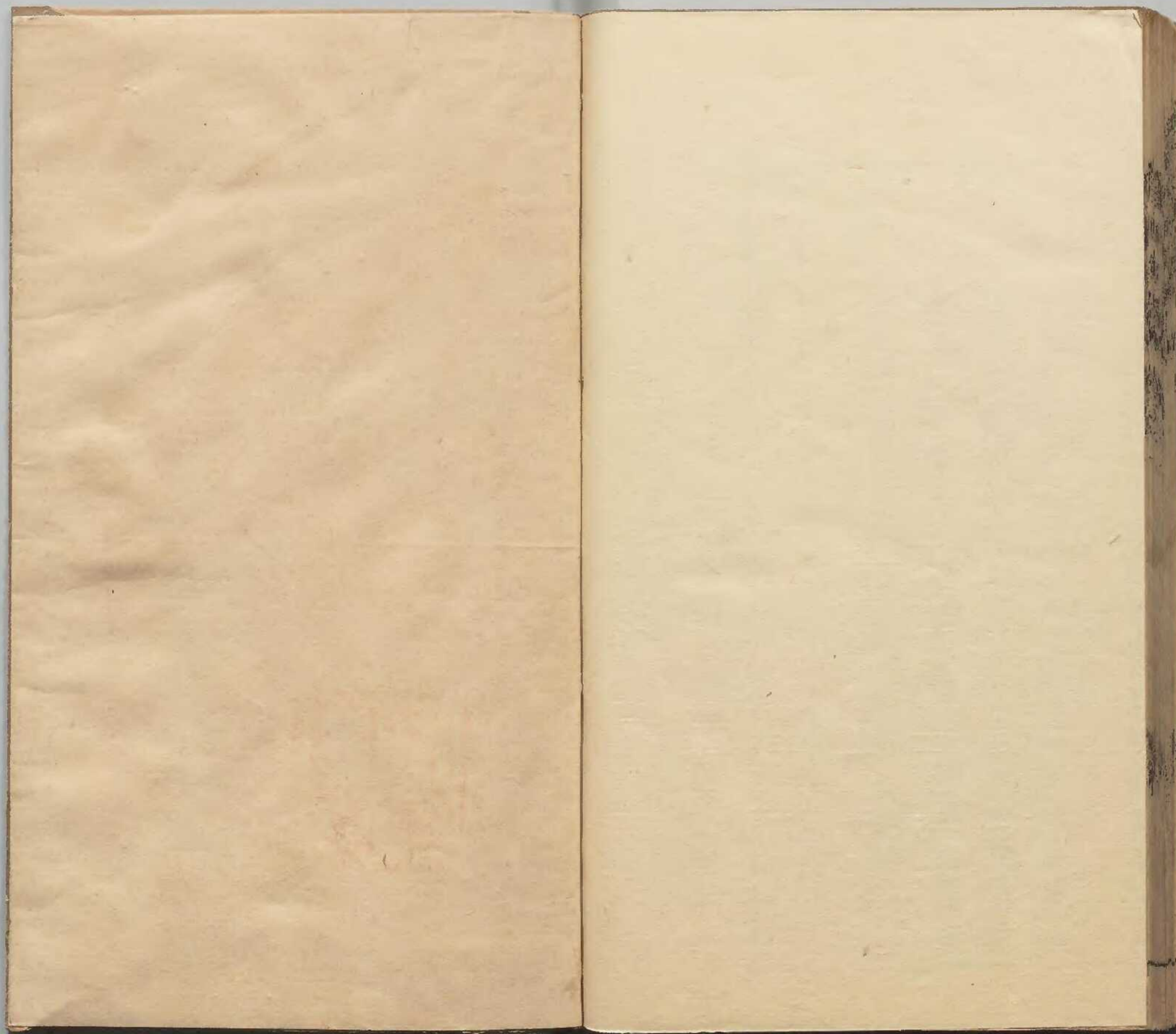
又批

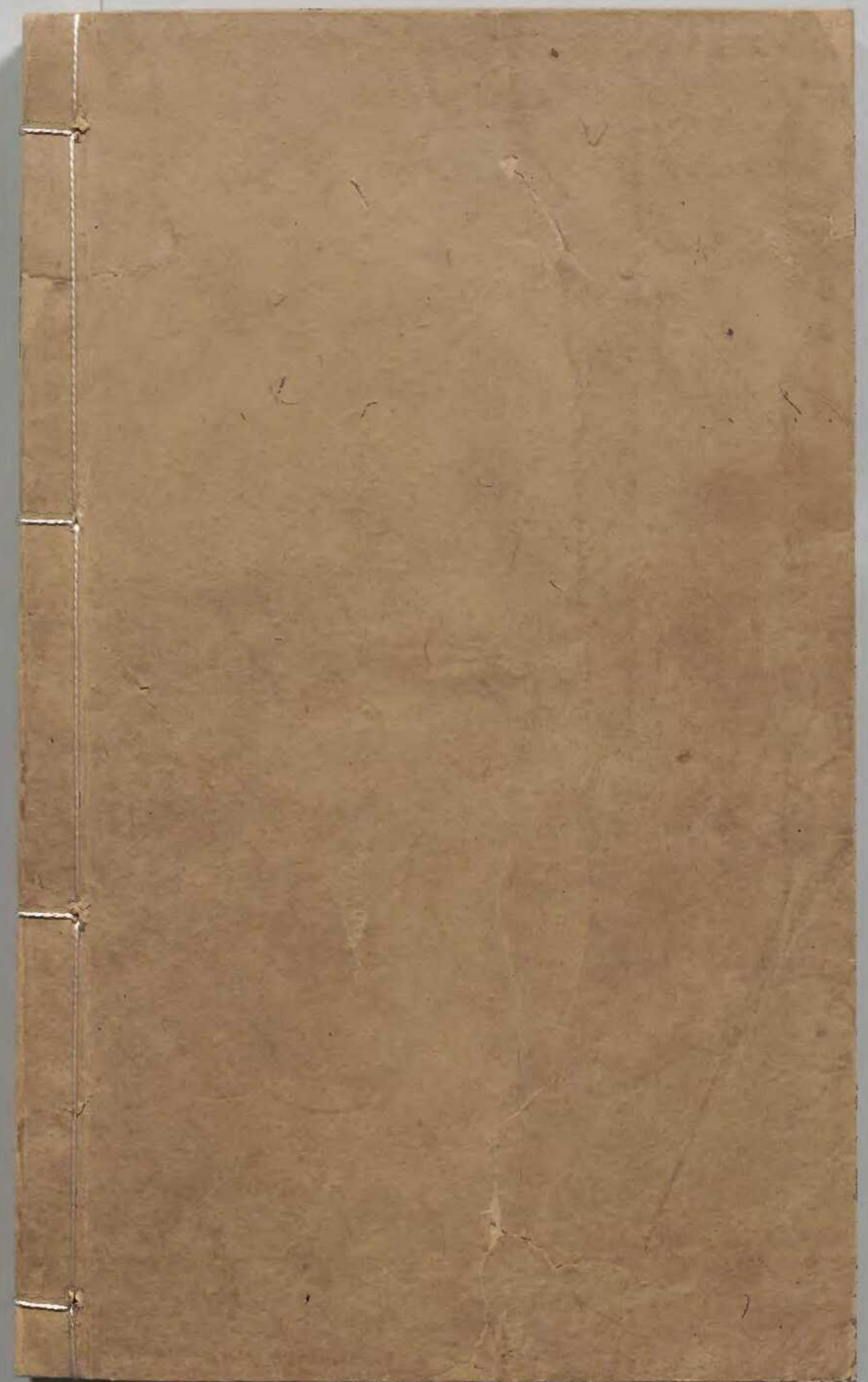
金霞童子。必竟是個快人。幹事自是爽利。彼時只依他。用照妖寶劍去。斬斷禍根。省了許多牽枝帶葉。雲中子必竟學究氣。到底做的不了當。可作腐儒榜樣。

又此

今人見美色。見黃金。見顯官赫奕。何嘗不羨。
慕願得之。亦未嘗不昏夜乞哀。甚至吮癰舐
痔求之。雲中子反欲驅之。絕之。甚至抵死辭
之。其中必另有一番話說。請試一捫心。





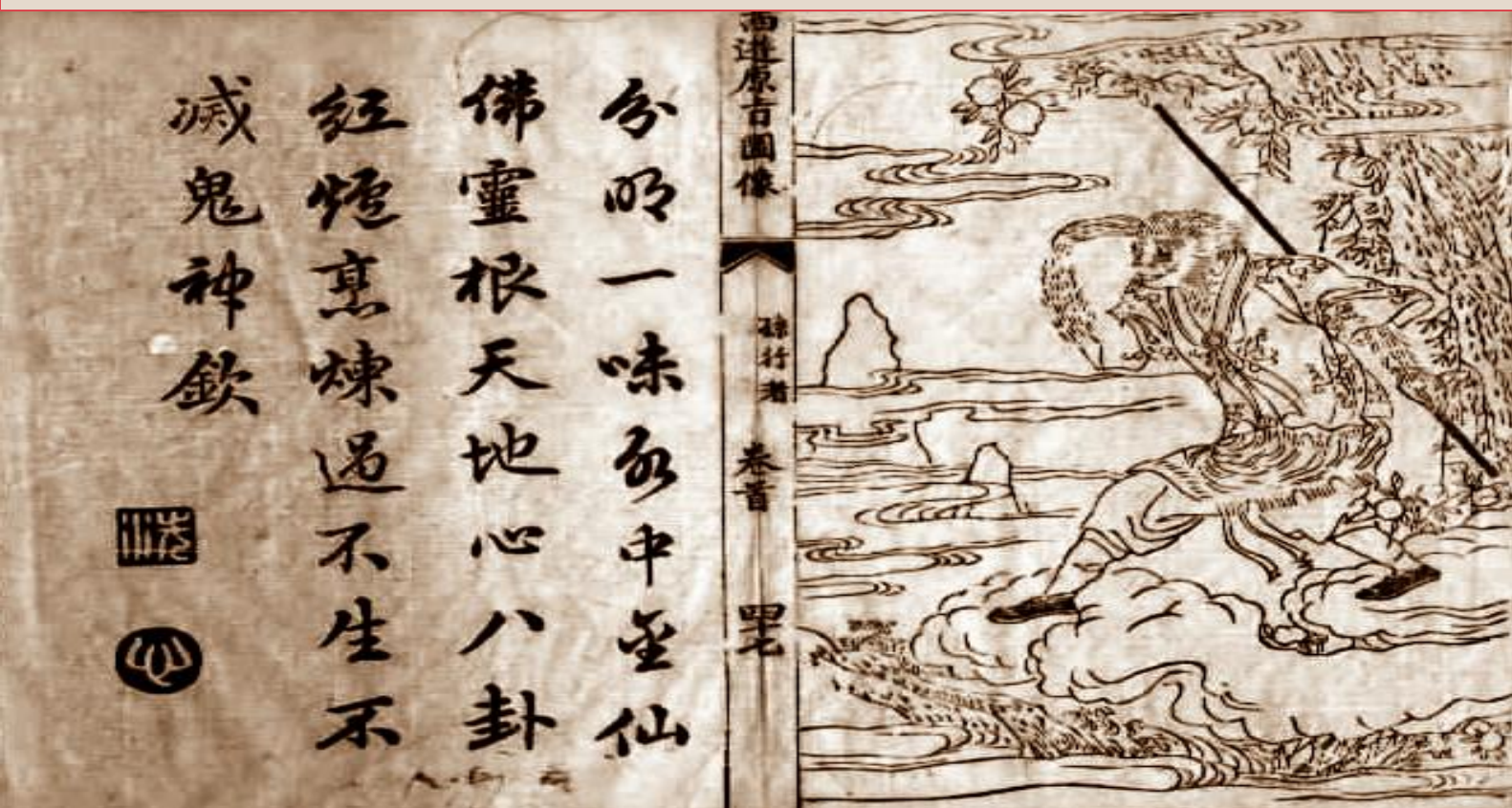




JOURNEY TO THE WEST

Wu Cheng'en

Chinese Mythology



Journey to the West

a tale

by

Wu Cheng'en

Great Classical Novel of the Chinese Mythology

Published in the 16th century

The superior student who hears about the Way practices it diligently.
The middling student who hears about the Way now keeps it and now loses it.
The inferior student who hears about the Way laughs at it loudly;
If he did not laugh, it would have fallen short of the Way.

Tao Te Ching, chapter 41

Chapters

1. The divine root conceives, its source revealed;
Mind and nature nurtured, the Great Dao is born.
2. Fully awoke to Bodhi's wondrous truths;
He cuts off Māra, returns to the root, and joins Primal Spirit.
3. Four Seas and a Thousand Mountains all bow to submit;
From Ninefold Darkness ten species' names are removed.
4. Appointed a Ban-Horse, could he be content?
Named Equal to Heaven, he's still not appeased.
5. Disrupting the Peach Festival, the Great Sage steals elixir;
With revolt in Heaven, many gods would seize the fiend.
6. Guanyin, attending the banquet, inquires into the cause;
The Little Sage, exerting his power, subdues the Great Sage.
7. From the Eight Trigrams Brazier the Great Sage escapes;
Beneath the Five Phases Mountain, Mind Monkey is still.
8. Our Buddha makes scriptures to impart ultimate bliss;
Guanyin receives the decree to go up to Chang'an.
9. Chen Guangrui, going to his post, meets disaster;
Monk River Float, avenging his parents, repays his roots.
10. The Old Dragon King's foolish schemes transgress Heaven's decrees;
Prime Minister Wei's letter seeks help from an official of the dead.
11. Having toured the Underworld, Taizong returns to life;
Having presented melons and fruits, Liu Quan marries again.
12. The Tang emperor, firmly sincere, convenes a Grand Mass;
Guanyin, in epiphany, converts Gold Cicada.
13. In the den of tigers, the Gold Star brings deliverance;
At Double-Fork Ridge, Boqin detains the monk.
14. Mind Monkey returns to the Right;
The Six Robbers vanish from sight.

15. At Serpent Coil Mountain, the gods give secret protection;
At Eagle Grief Stream, the Horse of the Will is reined.
16. At Guanyin Hall the monks plot for the treasure;
At Black Wind Mountain a monster steals the cassock.
17. Pilgrim Sun greatly disturbs the Black Wind Mountain;
Guanshiyin brings to submission the bear monster.
18. At Guanyin Hall the Tang Monk leaves his ordeal;
At Gao Village the Great Sage casts out the monster.
19. At Cloudy Paths Cave, Wukong takes in Eight Rules;
At Pagoda Mountain, Tripitaka receives the Heart Sūtra.
20. At Yellow Wind Ridge the Tang Monk meets adversity;
In mid-mountain, Eight Rules strives to be first.
21. The Vihārapālas prepare lodging for the Great Sage;
Lingji of Sumeru crushes the wind demon.
22. Eight Rules fights fiercely at the Flowing-Sand River;
Mokṣa by order receives Wujing's submission.
23. Tripitaka does not forget his origin;
The Four Sages test the priestly mind.
24. At Long Life Mountain the Great Immortal detains his old friend;
At Five Villages Abbey, Pilgrim steals the ginseng fruit.
25. The Zhenyuan Immortal gives chase to catch the scripture monk;
Pilgrim Sun greatly disturbs Five Villages Abbey.
26. Amid the Three Islands Sun Wukong seeks a cure;
With sweet dew Guanshiyin revives a tree.
27. The cadaver demon three times mocks Tripitaka Tang;
The holy monk in spite banishes Handsome Monkey King.
28. At Flower-Fruit Mountain a pack of fiends hold assembly;
At the Black Pine Forest Tripitaka meets demons.
29. Free of his peril, River Float arrives at the kingdom;
Receiving favor, Eight Rules invades the forest.

30. A deviant demon attacks the true Dharma;
The Horse of the Will recalls Mind Monkey.
31. Zhu Eight Rules provokes the Monkey King to chivalry;
Pilgrim Sun with wisdom defeats the monster.
32. On Level-Top Mountain the sentinel brings a message;
At Lotus-Flower Cave Wood Mother meets disaster.
33. Heresy deludes the True Nature;
Primal Spirit helps the Native Mind.
34. The demon king's plotting entraps Mind Monkey;
The Great Sage, ever adroit, wangles the treasures.
35. Heresy uses power to oppress the proper Nature;
Mind Monkey, bagging treasures, conquers deviate demons.
36. When Mind Monkey is rectified, the nidānas cease;
Smash through the side door to view the bright moon.
37. The ghost king visits Tripitaka Tang at night;
Wukong, through wondrous transformation, leads the child.
38. The child queries his mother to learn of deviancy and truth;
Metal and Wood, reaching the deep, see the false and the real.
39. One pellet of cinnabar elixir found in Heaven;
A king, dead three years, lives again on Earth.
40. The child's playful transformations confuse the Chan Mind;
Ape, Horse, Spatula gone, Wood Mother, too, is lost.
41. Mind Monkey is defeated by fire;
Wood Mother is captured by demons.
42. The Great Sage diligently calls at South Sea;
Guanyin with compassion binds the Red Boy.
43. An evil demon at Black River captures the monk;
The Western Ocean's dragon prince catches the iguana.
44. The dharma-body in primal cycle meets the force of the cart;
The mind, righting monstrous deviates, crosses the spine-ridge pass.

45. At the Three Pure Ones Abbey the Great Sage leaves his name;
At the Cart Slow Kingdom the Monkey King shows his power.
46. Heresy flaunts its strength to mock orthodoxy;
Mind Monkey in epiphany slays the deviates.
47. The holy monk's blocked at night at Heaven-Reaching River;
Metal and Wood, in compassion, rescue little children.
48. The demon, raising a cold wind, sends a great snow fall;
The monk, intent on seeing Buddha, walks on layered ice.
49. Tripitaka meets disaster and sinks to a water home;
To bring salvation, Guanyin reveals a fish basket.
50. Nature follows confused feelings through lust and desire;
Faint spirit and moved mind meet a demon chief.
51. Mind Monkey in vain uses a thousand tricks;
Futile water and fire makes it hard to smelt demons.
52. Wukong greatly disturbed the Golden Helmet Cave;
Tathāgata reveals in secret the true master.
53. Imbibing, the Chan Lord conceives a ghostly child;
Yellow Dame brings water to end the weird fetus.
54. Dharma-nature, going west, reaches the Women State;
Mind Monkey makes a plan to flee the fair sex.
55. Deviant form makes lustful play for Tripitaka Tang;
Upright nature safeguards the untainted self.
56. Wild Spirit slays brutish bandits;
Wayward Way sets loose Mind Monkey.
57. True Pilgrim lays bare his woes at Mount Potalaka;
False Monkey King transcribes texts at Water-Curtain Cave.
58. Two Minds cause disorder in the great cosmos;
It's hard for one body to realize true Nirvāṇa.
59. Tripitaka Tang's path is blocked at Mountain of Flames;
Pilgrim Sun baits for the first time the palm-leaf fan.

60. Bull Demon King stops fighting to attend a lavish feast;
Pilgrim Sun baits for the second time the palm-leaf fan.
61. Zhu Eight Rules assists in defeating the demon king;
Pilgrim Sun baits for the third time the palm-leaf fan.
62. To wash off filth, to bathe the mind, just sweep a pagoda;
To bind demons and return to the lord is self-cultivation.
63. Two monks, quelling fiends, disturb the dragon palace;
The sages, destroying deviates, acquire the treasures.
64. At Bramble Ridge Wuneng exerted great effort;
At Shrine of Sylvan Immortals Tripitaka discusses poetry .
65. Fiends set up falsely the Small Thunderclap;
The four pilgrims all meet a great ordeal.
66. Many gods meet injury;
Maitreya binds a fiend.
67. Having rescued Tuoluo, Chan Nature is secure;
Escaping filthiness, the Mind of Dao is pure.
68. At Scarlet-Purple Kingdom the Tang Monk speaks of past eras;
Pilgrim Sun performs on an arm broken in three places.
69. At night the Lord of the Mind refines medicines;
At a banquet the king speaks of the perverse fiend.
70. The monstrous demon's treasures release smoke, sand, and fire;
Wukong by stratagem steals the purple-gold bells.
71. By a false name Pilgrim defeats the fiendish wolf;
In epiphany Guanyin subdues the monster-king.
72. At Cobweb Cave Seven Passions delude the Origin;
At Purgation Spring Eight Rules forgets all manners.
73. Passions, because of old enmity, beget calamity;
Demon-trapped, the Mind Lord with luck breaks the light.
74. Long Life reports how vicious the demons are;
Pilgrim displays his transformation power.

75. Mind Monkey drills through the yin-yang body;
Demon lords return to the true great Way.
76. Mind-Spirit dwells at home, and demons revert to nature;
Wood Mother together subdues the fiend's true self.
77. A horde of demons affront native Nature;
The One Body bows to True Suchness.
78. At Bhikṣu he pities the infants and summons the night gods;
In the golden hall he knows the demon speaking on the way and virtue.
79. Searching the cave for the fiend he meets Long Life;
The proper lord of the court sees the babies.
80. The fair girl, nursing the yang, seeks a mate;
Mind Monkey, guarding his master, knows a monster.
81. At Sea-Pacifying Monastery Mind Monkey knows the fiend;
In the black pine forest three pupils search for their master.
82. The fair girl seeks the yang;
Primal spirit guards the Way.
83. Mind Monkey knows the elixir source;
Fair girl returns to her true nature.
84. "Priests are hard to destroy" completes great awakening;
The Dharma-king attains the right, his body's naturalized.
85. Mind Monkey envies Wood Mother;
The demon lord plots to devour Chan.
86. Wood Mother, lending power, conquers the fiendish creature;
Metal Squire, using his magic, extirpates the deviates.
87. The Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture offends Heaven and suffers drought;
The Great Sage Sun advocates virtue and provides rain.
88. Reaching Jade-Flower, Chan convenes an assembly;
Mind Monkey, Wood, and Earth instruct disciples.
89. The yellow lion-spirit in vain gives the Muckrake Feast;
Gold, Wood, and Earth disturb with a scheme Mount Leopard's Head.

90. Masters and lions, teachers and pupils, all return to the One;
Thieves and the Dao, snares and Buddhism, quiet Ninefold-Numina.
91. At Gold-Level Prefecture they watch lanterns on the fifteenth night;
In Mysterious Flower Cave the Tang Monk makes a deposition.
92. Three priests fight fiercely at Green Dragon Mountain;
Four Stars help to capture rhinoceros fiends.
93. At Jetavana Park he asks the aged about the cause;
At the Kingdom of India he sees the king and meets his mate.
94. Four priests are feted at the royal garden;
One fiend vainly longs for sensual joys.
95. Falsely assuming true form, the jade hare's caught;
True Yin returns to the right to join Numinous Source.
96. Squire Kou gladly receives a noble priest;
The elder Tang does not covet riches.
97. Gold-dispensing external aid meets demonic harm;
The sage reveals his soul to bring restoration.
98. Only when ape and horse are tamed will shells be cast;
With merit and work perfected, they see the Real.
99. Nine times nine ends the count and Māra's all destroyed;
The work of three times three done, the Dao reverts to its root.
100. They return to the Land of the East;
Five sages become perfected.

ONE

*The divine root conceives, its source revealed
Mind and nature nurtured, the Great Dao is born*

The poem says:

*Ere Chaos's divide, with Heav'n and Earth a mess,
No human appeared in this murkiness.
When Pan Gu broke the nebula apart,
The dense and pure defined, did clearing start.
Enfold all life supreme humaneness would
And teach all things how become good they should.
To know cyclic time's work, if that's your quest,
Read Tale of Woes Dispelled on Journey West.*

We heard that, in the order of Heaven and Earth, a single period consisted of 129,600 years. Dividing this period into twelve epochs were the twelve stems of Zi₁, Chou₂, Yin₃, Mao₄, Chen₅, Si₆, Wu₇, Wei₈, Shen₉, Yu₁₀, Xu₁₁, and Hai₁₂, with each epoch having 10,800 years.

Considered as the horary circle, the sequence would be thus: the first sign of dawn appears in the hour of Zi₁, while at Chou₂ the cock crows; daybreak occurs at Yin₃, and the sun rises at Mao₄; Chen₅ comes after breakfast, and by Si₆ everything is planned; at Wu₇ the sun arrives at its meridian, and it declines westward by Wei₈; the evening meal comes during the hour of Shen₉, and the sun sinks completely at Yu₁₀; twilight sets in at Xu₁₁, and people rest by the hour of Hai₁₂. This sequence may also be understood macrocosmically. At the end of the epoch of Xu₁₁, Heaven and Earth were obscure and all things were indistinct. With the passing of 5,400 years, the beginning of Hai₁₂ was the epoch of darkness. This moment was named Chaos, because there were neither human beings nor the two spheres. After another 5,400 years Hai₁₂ ended, and as the creative force began to work after great perseverance, the epoch of Zi₁ drew near and again brought gradual development. Shao Kangjie said:

*When to the middle of Zi₁ winter moved,
No change by Heaven's mind had been approved.
The male principle had but barely stirred,
But the birth of all things was still deferred.*

At this point, the firmament first acquired its foundation. With another 5,400 years came the Zi₁ epoch; the ethereal and the light rose up to form the four phenomena of the sun, the moon, the stars, and the Heavenly bodies. Hence it is said, the Heaven was created at Zi₁.

This epoch came to its end in another 5,400 years, and the sky began to harden as the Chou₂ epoch approached. The *Classic of Change* said:

*Great was the male principle;
Supreme, the female!
They made all things,
In obedience to Heaven.*

At this point, the Earth became solidified. In another 5,400 years after the arrival of the Chou₂ epoch, the heavy and the turbid condensed below and formed the five elements of water, fire, mountain, stone, and earth. Hence it is said, the Earth was

created at Chou₂. With the passing of another 5,400 years, the Chou₂ epoch came to its end and all things began to grow at the beginning of the Yin₃ epoch. The *Book of Calendar* said:

*The Heavenly aura descended;
The earthly aura rose up.
Heaven and Earth copulated,
And all things were born.*

At this point, Heaven and Earth were bright and fair; the yin had intercourse with the yang. In another 5,400 years, during the Yin₃ epoch, humans, beasts, and fowls came into being, and thus the so-called three forces of Heaven, Earth, and Man were established. Hence it is said, man was born at Yin₃.

Following Pan Gu's construction of the universe, the rule of the Three August Ones, and the ordering of the relations by the Five Thearchs, the world was divided into four great continents. They were: the East Pūrvavideha Continent, the West Aparagodānīya Continent, the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, and the North Uttarakuru Continent. This book is solely concerned with the East Pūrvavideha Continent.

Beyond the ocean there was a country named Aolai. It was near a great ocean, in the midst of which was located the famous Flower-Fruit Mountain. This mountain, which constituted the chief range of the Ten Islets and formed the origin of the Three Islands, came into being after the creation of the world. As a testimonial to its magnificence, there is the following poetic rhapsody:

*Its majesty commands the wide ocean;
Its splendor rules the jasper sea;
Its majesty commands the wide ocean
When, like silver mountains, the tide sweeps fishes into caves;
Its splendor rules the jasper sea
When snow-like billows send forth serpents from the deep.
On the southwest side pile up tall plateaus;
From the Eastern Sea arise soaring peaks.
There are crimson ridges and portentous rocks,
Precipitous cliffs and prodigious peaks.
Atop the crimson ridges
Phoenixes sing in pairs:
Before precipitous cliffs
The unicorn singly rests.
At the summit is heard the cry of golden pheasants;
In and out of stony caves are seen the strides of dragons:
In the forest are long-lived deer and immortal foxes.
On the trees are divine fowls and black cranes.
Strange grass and flowers never wither:
Green pines and cypresses always keep their spring.
Immortal peaches are ever fruit-bearing;
Lofty bamboos often detain the clouds.
Within a single gorge the creeping vines are dense;
The grass color of meadows all around is fresh.
This is indeed the pillar of Heaven, where a hundred rivers meet—
The Earth's great axis, in ten thousand kalpas unchanged.*

There was on top of that very mountain an immortal stone, which measured thirty-six feet and five inches in height and twenty-four feet in circumference. The height of thirty-six feet and five inches corresponded to the three hundred and sixty-five cyclical degrees, while the circumference of twenty-four feet corresponded to the twenty-four solar terms of the calendar.

On the stone were also nine perforations and eight holes, which corresponded to the Palaces of the Nine Constellations and the Eight Trigrams. Though it lacked the shade of trees on all sides, it was set off by epidendrams on the left and right. Since the creation of the world, it had been nourished for a long period by the seeds of Heaven and Earth and by the essences of the sun and the moon, until, quickened by divine inspiration, it became pregnant with a divine embryo. One day, it split open, giving birth to a stone egg about the size of a playing ball. Exposed to the wind, it was transformed into a stone monkey endowed with fully developed features and limbs. Having learned at once to climb and run, this monkey also bowed to the four quarters, while two beams of golden light flashed from his eyes to reach even the Palace of the Polestar. The light disturbed the Great Benevolent Sage of Heaven, the Celestial Jade Emperor of the Most Venerable Deva, who, attended by his divine ministers, was sitting in the Cloud Palace of the Golden Arches, in the Treasure Hall of the Divine Mists.

Upon seeing the glimmer of the golden beams, he ordered Thousand-Mile Eye and Fair-Wind Ear to open the South Heaven Gate and to look out. At this command the two captains went out to the gate, and, having looked intently and listened clearly, they returned presently to report, "Your subjects, obeying your command to locate the beams, discovered that they came from the Flower-Fruit Mountain at the border of the small Aolai Country, which lies to the east of the East Pūrvavideha Continent. On this mountain is an immortal stone that has given birth to an egg. Exposed to the wind, it has been transformed into a monkey, who, when bowing to the four quarters, has flashed from his eyes those golden beams that reached the Palace of the Polestar. Now that he is taking some food and drink, the light is about to grow dim." With compassionate mercy the Jade Emperor declared, "These creatures from the world below are born of the essences of Heaven and Earth, and they need not surprise us."

That monkey in the mountain was able to walk, run, and leap about; he fed on grass and shrubs, drank from the brooks and streams, gathered mountain flowers, and searched out fruits from trees. He made his companions the tiger and the lizard, the wolf and the leopard; he befriended the civet and the deer, and he called the gibbon and the baboon his kin. At night he slept beneath stony ridges, and in the morning he sauntered about the caves and the peaks. Truly,

*In the mountain there is no passing of time;
The cold recedes, but one knows not the year.*

One very hot morning, he was playing with a group of monkeys under the shade of some pine trees to escape the heat. Look at them, each amusing himself in his own way by

*Swinging from branches to branches,
Searching for flowers and fruits;
They played two games or three
With pebbles and with pellets;
They circled sandy pits;
They built rare pagodas;
They chased the dragonflies;*

*They ran down small lizards;
 Bowing low to the sky,
 They worshiped Bodhisattvas;
 They pulled the creeping vines;
 They plaited mats with grass;
 They searched to catch the louse
 That they bit or squeezed to death;
 They dressed their furry coats;
 They scraped their fingernails;
 Those leaning leaned;
 Those rubbing rubbed;
 Those pushing pushed;
 Those pressing pressed;
 Those pulling pulled;
 Those tugging tugged.
 Beneath the pine forest and free to play,
 They washed themselves in the green-water stream.*

So, after the monkeys had frolicked for a while, they went to bathe in the mountain stream and saw that its currents bounced and splashed like tumbling melons. As the old saying goes,

*Fowls have their fowl speech,
 And beasts have their beast language.*

The monkeys said to each other, “We don’t know where this water comes from. Since we have nothing to do today, let us follow the stream up to its source to have some fun.” With a shriek of joy, they dragged along males and females, calling out to brothers and sisters, and scrambled up the mountain alongside the stream. Reaching its source, they found a great waterfall. What they saw was

*A column of white rainbows rising,
 A thousand yards of snow-caps flying.
 The sea wind blows but cannot sever
 What a river moon lights up forever.
 Its cold breath divides the green glades;
 Its branches wet the verdant shades.
 This torrent named a waterfall
 Seems like a curtain hanging tall.*

All the monkeys clapped their hands in acclaim:

“Marvelous water! Marvelous water! So this waterfall is distantly connected with the stream at the base of the mountain, and flows directly out, even to the great ocean.”

They said also, “If any of us had the ability to penetrate the curtain and find out where the water comes from without hurting himself, we would honor him as king.”

They gave the call three times, when suddenly the stone monkey leaped out from the crowd. He answered the challenge with a loud voice, “I’ll go in! I’ll go in!” What a monkey! For

*Today his fame will spread wide.
 His fortune the time does provide.*

*He's fated to live in this place,
Sent by a king to god's palace.*

Look at him! He closed his eyes, crouched low, and with one leap he jumped straight through the waterfall. Opening his eyes at once and raising his head to look around, he saw that there was neither water nor waves inside, only a gleaming, shining bridge. He paused to collect himself and looked more carefully again: it was a bridge made of sheet iron. The water beneath it surged through a hole in the rock to reach the outside, filling in all the space under the arch. With bent body he climbed on the bridge, looking about as he walked, and discovered a beautiful place that seemed to be some kind of residence. Then he saw

*Fresh mosses piling up indigo,
White clouds like jade afloat,
And luminous sheens of mist and smoke;
Empty windows, quiet rooms,
And carved flowers growing smoothly on benches;
Stalactites suspended in milky caves;
Rare blossoms voluminous over the ground.
Pans and stoves near the wall show traces of fire;
Bottles and cups on the table contain left overs.
The stone seats and beds were truly lovable;
The stone pots and bowls were more praiseworthy.
There were, furthermore, a stalk or two of tall bamboos,
And three or five sprigs of plum flowers.
With a few green pines always draped in rain,
This whole place indeed resembled a home.*

After staring at the place for a long time, he jumped across the middle of the bridge and looked left and right. There in the middle was a stone tablet on which was inscribed in regular, large letters:

*The Blessed Land of Flower- Fruit Mountain,
The Cave Heaven of Water-Curtain Cave.*

Beside himself with delight, the stone monkey quickly turned around to go back out and, closing his eyes and crouching again, leaped out of the water. "A great stroke of luck," he exclaimed with two loud guffaws, "a great stroke of luck!"

The other monkeys surrounded him and asked, "How is it inside? How deep is the water?"

The stone monkey replied, "There isn't any water at all. There's a sheet iron bridge, and beyond it is a piece of Heaven-sent property."

"What do you mean that there's property in there?" asked the monkeys.

Laughing, the stone monkey said, "This water splashes through a hole in the rock and fills the space under the bridge. Beside the bridge there is a stone mansion with trees and flowers. Inside are stone ovens and stoves, stone pots and pans, stone beds and benches. A stone tablet in the middle has the inscription,

*The Blessed Land of the Flower- Fruit Mountain,
The Cave Heaven of the Water-Curtain Cave.*

This is truly the place for us to settle in. It is, moreover, very spacious inside and can hold thousands of the young and old. Let's all go live in there, and spare ourselves from being subject to the whims of Heaven. For we have in there

*A retreat from the wind,
A shelter from the rain.
You fear no frost or snow;
You hear no thunderclap.
Mist and smoke are brightened,
Warmed by a holy light—
The pines are evergreen:
Rare flowers, daily new."*

When the monkeys heard that, they were delighted, saying, "You go in first and lead the way."

The stone monkey closed his eyes again, crouched low, and jumped inside. "All of you," he cried, "Follow me in! Follow me in!"

The braver of the monkeys leaped in at once, but the more timid ones stuck out their heads and then drew them back, scratched their ears, rubbed their jaws, and chattered noisily. After milling around for some time, they too bounded inside. Jumping across the bridge, they were all soon snatching dishes, clutching bowls, or fighting for stoves and beds—shoving and pushing things hither and thither. Befitting their stubbornly prankish nature, the monkeys could not keep still for a moment and stopped only when they were utterly exhausted.

The stone monkey then solemnly took a seat above and spoke to them:

"Gentlemen! 'If a man lacks trustworthiness, it is difficult to know what he can accomplish!' You yourselves promised just now that whoever could get in here and leave again without hurting himself would be honored as king. Now that I have come in and gone out, gone out and come in, and have found for all of you this Heavenly grotto in which you may reside securely and enjoy the privilege of raising a family, why don't you honor me as your king?"

When the monkeys heard this, they all folded their hands on their breasts and obediently prostrated themselves. Each one of them then lined up according to rank and age, and, bowing reverently, they intoned, "Long live our great king!"

From that moment, the stone monkey ascended the throne of kingship. He did away with the word "stone" in his name and assumed the title, Handsome Monkey King. There is a testimonial poem that says:

*Triple spring mated to beget all things.
A divine stone quickened by the sun and moon
Changed from egg to ape to reach the Great Way.
Loanname and surname matched elixir made.
Formless inside he yields no image known;
His outward guise coheres in action shown.
In every age all persons will yield to him:
Hailed a king, a sage, he is free to roam.*

The Handsome Monkey King thus led a flock of gibbons and baboons, some of whom were appointed by him as his officers and ministers. They toured the Flower-Fruit Mountain in the morning, and they lived in the Water-Curtain Cave by night.

Living in concord and sympathy, they did not mingle with bird or beast but enjoyed their independence in perfect happiness. For such were their activities:

*In the spring they gathered flowers for food and drink.
In the summer they went in quest of fruits for sustenance.
In the autumn they amassed taros and chestnuts to ward off time.
In the winter they searched for yellow-sperms to live out the year.*

The Handsome Monkey King had enjoyed this insouciant existence for three or four hundred years when one day, while feasting with the rest of the monkeys, he suddenly grew sad and shed a few tears. Alarmed, the monkeys surrounding him bowed down and asked, "What is disturbing the Great King?"

The Monkey King replied, "Though I am very happy at the moment, I am a little concerned about the future. Hence I'm distressed."

The monkeys all laughed and said, "The Great King indeed does not know contentment! Here we daily have a banquet on an immortal mountain in a blessed land, in an ancient cave on a divine continent. We are not subject to the unicorn or the phoenix, nor are we governed by the rulers of mankind. Such independence and comfort are immeasurable blessings. Why, then, does he worry about the future?"

The Monkey King said, "Though we are not subject to the laws of man today, nor need we be threatened by the rule of any bird or beast, old age and physical decay in the future will disclose the secret sovereignty of Yama, King of the Underworld. If we die, shall we not have lived in vain, not being able to rank forever among the Heavenly beings?"

When the monkeys heard this, they all covered their faces and wept mournfully, each one troubled by his own impermanence. But look! From among the ranks a bareback monkey suddenly leaped forth and cried aloud, "If the Great King is so farsighted, it may well indicate the sprouting of his religious inclination. There are, among the five major divisions of all living creatures, only three species that are not subject to Yama, King of the Underworld."

The Monkey King said, "Do you know who they are?"

The monkey said, "They are the Buddhas, the immortals, and the holy sages; these three alone can avoid the Wheel of Transmigration as well as the process of birth and destruction, and live as long as Heaven and Earth, the mountains and the streams."

"Where do they live?" asked the Monkey King. The monkey said, "They do not live beyond the world of the Jambūdvīpa, for they dwell within ancient caves on immortal mountains." When the Monkey King heard this, he was filled with delight, saying, "Tomorrow I shall take leave of you all and go down the mountain. Even if I have to wander with the clouds to the corners of the sea or journey to the distant edges of Heaven, I intend to find these three kinds of people. I will learn from them how to be young forever and escape the calamity inflicted by King Yama.

*Lo, this utterance at once led him
To leap free of the Transmigration Net,
And be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.*

All the monkeys clapped their hands in acclamation, saying, "Wonderful! Wonderful! Tomorrow we shall scour the mountain ranges to gather plenty of fruits, so that we may send the Great King off with a great banquet." Next day the monkeys duly

went to gather immortal peaches, to pick rare fruits, to dig out mountain herbs, and to chop yellowspirms.

They brought in an orderly manner every variety of orchids and epidendrums, exotic plants and strange flowers. They set out the stone chairs and stone tables, covering the tables with immortal wines and food. Look at the

*Golden balls and pearly pellets,
Red ripeness and yellow plumpness.
Golden balls and pearly pellets are the cherries,
Their colors truly luscious.
Red ripeness and yellow plumpness are the plums,
Their taste—a fragrant tartness.
Fresh lungans
Of sweet pulps and thin skins.
Fiery lychees
Of small pits and red sacks.
Green fruits of the Pyrus are presented by the branches.
The loquats yellow with buds are held with their leaves.
Pears like rabbit heads and dates like chicken hearts
Dispel your thirst, your sorrow, and the effects of wine.
Fragrant peaches and soft almonds
Are sweet as the elixir of life:
Crisply fresh plums and strawberries
Are sour like cheese and buttermilk.
Red pulps and black seeds compose the ripe watermelons.
Four cloves of yellow rind enfold the big persimmons.
When the pomegranates are split wide,
Cinnabar grains glisten like specks of ruby:
When the chestnuts are cracked open,
Their tough brawns are hard like cornelian.
Walnut and silver almonds fare well with tea.
Coconuts and grapes may be pressed into wine.
Hazelnuts, yews, and crabapples overfill the dishes.
Kumquats, sugarcane, tangerines, and oranges crowd the tables.
Sweet yams are baked,
Yellow-spirms overboiled,
The tubers minced with seeds of waterlily,
And soup in stone pots simmers on a gentle fire.
Mankind may boast its delicious dainties,
But what can best the pleasure of mountain monkeys.*

The monkeys honored the Monkey King with the seat at the head of the table, while they sat below according to their age and rank.

They drank for a whole day, each of the monkeys taking a turn to go forward and present the Monkey King with wine, flowers, and fruits. The next day the Monkey King rose early and gave the instruction, “Little ones, cut me some pinewood and make me a raft.

Then find me a bamboo for the pole, and gather some fruits and the like. I’m about to leave.” When all was ready, he got onto the raft by himself. Pushing off with

all his might, he drifted out toward the great ocean and, taking advantage of the wind, set sail for the border of South Jambūdvīpa Continent. Here is the consequence of this journey:

*The Heaven-born monkey, strong in magic might,
He left the mount and rode the raft to catch fair wind:
He drifted across the sea to seek immortals' way,
Determined in heart and mind to achieve great things.
It's his lot, his portion, to quit earthly zeals:
Calm and carefree, he'll face a lofty sage.
He'd meet, I think, a true, discerning friend:
The source disclosed, all dharma will be known.*

It was indeed his fortune that, after he boarded the wooden raft, a strong southeast wind (which lasted for days) sent him to the northwestern coast, the border of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. He took the pole to test the water, and, finding it shallow one day, he abandoned the raft and jumped ashore. On the beach there were people fishing, hunting wild geese, digging clams, and draining salt.

He approached them and, making a weird face and some strange antics, he scared them into dropping their baskets and nets and scattering in all directions. One of them could not run and was caught by the Monkey King, who stripped him of his clothes and put them on himself, aping the way humans wore them. With a swagger he walked through counties and prefectures, imitating human speech and human manners in the marketplaces. He rested by night and dined in the morning, but he was bent on finding the way of the Buddhas, immortals, and holy sages, on discovering the formula for eternal youth. He saw, however, that the people of the world were all seekers after profit and fame; there was not one who showed concern for his appointed end. This is their condition:

*When will end this quest for fortune and fame,
This tyrant of early rising and retiring late?
Riding on mules they long for noble steeds;
By now prime ministers, they hope to be kings.
For food and raiment they suffer stress and strain,
Never fearing Yama's call to reckoning.
Seeking wealth and power to give to sons of sons,
There's not one ever willing to turn back.*

The Monkey King searched diligently for the way of immortality, but he had no chance of meeting it. Going through big cities and visiting small towns, he unwittingly spent eight or nine years on the South Jambūdvīpa Continent before he suddenly came upon the Great Western Ocean. He thought that there would certainly be immortals living beyond the ocean; so, having built himself a raft like the previous one, he once again drifted across the Western Ocean until he reached the West Aparagodānīya Continent. After landing, he searched for a long time, when all at once he came upon a tall and beautiful mountain with thick forests at its base. Since he was afraid neither of wolves and lizards nor of tigers and leopards, he went straight to the top to look around. It was indeed a magnificent mountain:

*A thousand peaks stand like rows of spears,
Like ten thousand cubits of screen widespread.
The sun's beams lightly enclose the azure mist;*

*In darkening rain, the mount's color turns cool and green.
 Dry creepers entwine old trees;
 Ancient fords edge secluded paths.
 Rare flowers and luxuriant grass.
 Tall bamboos and lofty pines.
 Tall bamboos and lofty pines
 For ten thousand years grow green in this blessed land.
 Rare flowers and luxuriant grass
 In all seasons bloom as in the Isles of the Blest.
 The calls of birds hidden are near.
 The sounds of streams rushing are clear.
 Deep inside deep canyons the orchids interweave.
 On every ridge and crag sprout lichens and mosses.
 Rising and falling, the ranges show a fine dragon's pulse.
 Here in reclusion must an eminent man reside.*

As he was looking about, he suddenly heard the sound of a man speaking deep within the woods. Hurriedly he dashed into the forest and cocked his ear to listen. It was someone singing, and the song went thus:

*I watch chess games, my ax handle's rotted.
 I chop at wood, zheng zheng the sound.
 I walk slowly by the cloud's fringe at the valley's entrance.
 Selling my firewood to buy some wine,
 I am happy and laugh without restraint.
 When the path is frosted in autumn's height,
 I face the moon, my pillow the pine root.
 Sleeping till dawn
 I find my familiar woods.
 I climb the plateaus and scale the peaks
 To cut dry creepers with my ax.
 When I gather enough to make a load,
 I stroll singing through the marketplace
 And trade it for three pints of rice,
 With nary the slightest bickering
 Over a price so modest.
 Plots and schemes I do not know;
 Without vainglory or attainment
 My life's prolonged in simplicity.
 Those I meet,
 If not immortals, would be Daoists,
 Seated quietly to expound the Yellow Court.*

When the Handsome Monkey King heard this, he was filled with delight, saying, "So the immortals are hiding in this place."

He leaped at once into the forest. Looking again carefully, he found a woodcutter chopping firewood with his ax. The man he saw was very strangely attired.

*On his head he wore a wide splint hat
 Of seed-leaves freshly cast from new bamboos.
 On his body he wore a cloth garment*

*Of gauze woven from the native cotton.
 Around his waist he tied a winding sash
 Of silk spun from an old silkworm.
 On his feet he had a pair of straw sandals,
 With laces rolled from withered sedge.
 In his hands he held a fine steel ax;
 A sturdy rope coiled round and round his load.
 In breaking pines or chopping trees
 Where's the man to equal him?*

The Monkey King drew near and called out:

“Reverend immortal! Your disciple raises his hands.”

The woodcutter was so flustered that he dropped his ax as he turned to return the salutation. “Blasphemy! Blasphemy!” he said. “I, a foolish fellow with hardly enough clothes or food! How can I bear the title of immortal?”

The Monkey King said, “If you are not an immortal, how is it that you speak his language?”

The woodcutter asked, “What did I say that sounded like the language of an immortal?”

The Monkey King explained, “When I came just now to the forest’s edge, I heard you singing, ‘Those I meet, if not immortals, would be Daoists, seated quietly to expound the *Yellow Court*.’ The *Yellow Court* contains the perfected words of the Way and Virtue. What can you be but an immortal?” Laughing, the woodcutter said, “I can tell you this much: the tune of that lyric is named ‘A Court Full of Blossoms,’ and it was taught to me by an immortal, a neighbor of mine. He saw that I had to struggle to make a living and that my days were full of worries, so he told me to recite the poem whenever I was troubled. This, he said, would both comfort me and rid me of my difficulties. It happened that I was anxious about something just now, so I sang the song. It didn’t occur to me that I would be overheard.”

The Monkey King said, “If you are a neighbor of the immortal, why don’t you follow him in the cultivation of the Way? Wouldn’t it be nice to learn from him the formula for eternal youth?”

The woodcutter replied, “My lot has been a hard one all my life. When I was young, I was indebted to my parents’ nurture until I was eight or nine. As soon as I began to have some understanding of human affairs, my father unfortunately died, and my mother remained a widow. I had no brothers or sisters, so there was no alternative but for me alone to support and care for my mother. Now that my mother is growing old, all the more I dare not leave her. Moreover, my fields are rather barren and desolate, and we haven’t enough food or clothing. I can’t do more than chop two bundles of firewood to take to the market in exchange for a few pennies to buy a few pints of rice. I cook that myself, serving it to my mother with the tea that I make. That’s why I can’t practice austerities.”

The Monkey King said, “According to what you have said, you are indeed a gentleman of filial piety, and you will certainly be rewarded in the future. I hope, however, that you will show me the way to the immortal’s abode, so that I may reverently call upon him.”

“It’s not far,” the woodcutter said. “This mountain is called the Mountain of Mind and Heart, and in it is the Cave of Slanting Moon and Three Stars. Inside the cave is an immortal by the name of the Patriarch Subodhi, who has already sent out innumerable disciples. Even now there are thirty or forty persons who are practicing austerities with him. Follow this narrow path and travel south for about seven or eight miles, and you will come to his home.”

Grabbing the woodcutter, the Monkey King said, “Honored brother, go with me. If I receive any benefit, I will not forget the favor of your guidance.”

“What a boneheaded fellow you are!” the woodcutter said. “I have just finished telling you these things, and you still don’t understand. If I go with you, won’t I be neglecting my livelihood? And who will take care of my mother? I must chop my firewood. You go on by yourself!” When the Monkey King heard this, he had to take his leave. Emerging from the deep forest, he found the path and went past the slope of a hill. After he had traveled seven or eight miles, a cave dwelling indeed came into sight. He stood up straight to take a better look at this splendid place, and this was what he saw:

*Mist and smoke in diffusive brilliance,
Flashing lights from the sun and moon,
A thousand stalks of old cypress,
Ten thousand stems of tall bamboo.
A thousand stalks of old cypress
Draped in rain half fill the air with tender green;
Ten thousand stems of tall bamboo
Held in smoke will paint the glen chartreuse.
Strange flowers spread brocades before the door.
Jadelike grass emits fragrance beside the bridge.
On ridges protruding grow moist green lichens;
On hanging cliffs cling the long blue mosses.
The cries of immortal cranes are often heard.
Once in a while a phoenix soars overhead.
When the cranes cry,
Their sounds reach through the marsh to the distant sky.
When the phoenix soars up,
Its plume with five bright colors embroiders the clouds.
Black apes and white deer may come or hide;
Gold lions and jade elephants may leave or bide.
Look with care at this blessed, holy place:
It has the true semblance of Paradise.*

He noticed that the door of the cave was tightly shut; all was quiet, and there was no sign of any human inhabitant. He turned around and suddenly perceived, at the top of the cliff, a stone slab approximately eight feet wide and over thirty feet tall. On it was written in large letters:

*The Mountain of Mind and Heart;
The Cave of Slanting Moon and Three Stars.*

Immensely pleased, the Handsome Monkey King exclaimed, “People here are truly honest. This mountain and this cave really do exist!”

He stared at the place for a long time but dared not knock. Instead, he jumped onto the branch of a pine tree, picked a few pine seeds and ate them, and began to play.

After a moment he heard the door of the cave open with a squeak, and an immortal youth walked out. His bearing was exceedingly graceful; his features were highly refined. This was certainly no ordinary young mortal, for he had

*His hair bound with two cords of silk,
A wide robe with two sleeves of wind.
His body and face seemed most distinct,
For visage and mind were both detached.
Long a stranger to all worldly things
He was the mountain's ageless boy.
Untainted even with a speck of dust,
He feared no havoc by the seasons wrought.*

After coming through the door, the boy shouted, "Who is causing disturbance here?" With a bound the Monkey King leaped down from the tree, and went up to him bowing. "Immortal boy," he said, "I am a seeker of the way of immortality. I would never dare cause any disturbance." With a chuckle, the immortal youth asked, "Are you a seeker of the Way?"

"I am indeed," answered the Monkey King. "My master at the house," the boy said, "has just left his couch to give a lecture on the platform. Before even announcing his theme, however, he told me to go out and open the door, saying, 'There is someone outside who wants to practice austerities. You may go and receive him.' It must be you, I suppose."

The Monkey King said, smiling, "It is I, most assuredly!"

"Follow me in then," said the boy. With solemnity the Monkey King set his clothes in order and followed the boy into the depths of the cave. They passed rows and rows of lofty towers and huge alcoves, of pearly chambers and carved arches. After walking through innumerable quiet chambers and empty studios, they finally reached the base of the green jade platform. Patriarch Subodhi was seen seated solemnly on the platform, with thirty lesser immortals standing below in rows. He was truly

*An immortal of great ken and purest mien,
Master Subodhi, whose wondrous form of the West
Had no end or birth by work of the Double Three.
His whole spirit and breath were with mercy filled.
Empty, spontaneous, it could change at will,
His Buddha-nature able to do all things.
The same age as Heaven had his majestic frame.
Fully tried and enlightened was this grand priest.*

As soon as the Handsome Monkey King saw him, he prostrated himself and kowtowed times without number, saying, "Master! Master! I, your pupil, pay you my sincere homage."

The Patriarch said, "Where do you come from? Let's hear you state clearly your name and country before you kowtow again."

The Monkey King said, "Your pupil came from the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower- Fruit Mountain, in the Aolai Country of the East Pūrvavideha Continent."

“Chase him out of here!” the Patriarch shouted. “He is nothing but a liar and a fabricator of falsehood. How can he possibly be interested in attaining enlightenment?”

The Monkey King hastened to kowtow unceasingly and to say, “Your pupil’s word is an honest one, without any deceit.”

The Patriarch said, “If you are telling the truth, how is it that you mention the East Pūrvavideha Continent? Separating that place and mine are two great oceans and the entire region of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. How could you possibly get here?”

Again kowtowing, the Monkey King said, “Your pupil drifted across the oceans and trudged through many regions for more than ten years before finding this place.”

The Patriarch said, “If you have come on a long journey in many stages, I’ll let that pass.

What is your surname (*xing*)?”

The Monkey King again replied, “I have no temper (*xing*). If a man rebukes me, I am not offended; if he hits me, I am not angered. In fact, I simply repay him with a ceremonial greeting and that’s all. My whole life’s without ill temper.”

“I’m not speaking of your temper,” the Patriarch said. “I’m asking after the name of your parents.”

“I have no parents either,” said the Monkey King. The Patriarch said, “If you have no parents, you must have been born from a tree.”

“Not from a tree,” said the Monkey King, “but from a rock. I recall that there used to be an immortal stone on the Flower-Fruit Mountain. I was born the year the stone split open.” When the Patriarch heard this, he was secretly pleased, and said, “Well, evidently you have been created by Heaven and Earth. Get up and show me how you walk.” Snapping erect, the Monkey King scurried around a couple of times. The Patriarch laughed and said, “Though your features are not the most attractive, you do resemble a pignolia-eating monkey (*husun*). This gives me the idea of taking a surname for you from your appearance. I intended to call you by the name *Hu*. If I drop the animal radical from this word, what’s left is a compound made up of the two characters, *gu* and *yue*. *Gu* means aged and *yue* means female, but an aged female cannot reproduce.

Therefore, it is better to give you the surname of *Sun*. If I drop the animal radical from this word, what we have left is the compound of *zi* and *xi*. *Zi* means a boy and *xi* means a baby, and that name exactly accords with the fundamental Doctrine of the Baby Boy. So your surname will be ‘Sun.’” When the Monkey King heard this, he was filled with delight. “Splendid! Splendid!” he cried, kowtowing, “At last I know my surname. May the master be even more gracious! Since I have received the surname, let me be given also a personal name, so that it may facilitate your calling and commanding me.”

The Patriarch said, “Within my tradition are twelve characters that have been used to name the pupils according to their divisions. You are one who belongs to the tenth generation.”

“Which twelve characters are they?” asked the Monkey King. The Patriarch replied, “They are: wide (*guang*), great (*da*), wise (*zhi*), intelligence (*hui*), true (*zhen*), conforming (*ru*), nature (*xing*), sea (*hai*), sharp (*ying*), wake- to (*wu*), complete (*yuan*),

and awakening (*jue*). Your rank falls precisely on the word ‘wake-to’ (*wu*). You will hence be given the religious name ‘Wake-to-the-Void’ (*wukong*). All right?”

“Splendid! Splendid!” said the Monkey King, laughing. “Henceforth I shall be called Sun Wukong.” So it was that,

At nebula’s parting he had no name.

Smashing stubborn void needs Wake-to-the- Void.

We do not know what fruit of Daoist cultivation he succeeded in attaining afterward; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWO

*Fully awoke to Bodhi's wondrous truths
He cuts off Māra, returns to the root, and joins Primal Spirit*

Now we were speaking of the Handsome Monkey King, who, having received his name, jumped about joyfully and went forward to give Subodhi his grateful salutation. The Patriarch then ordered the congregation to lead Sun Wukong outdoors and to teach him how to sprinkle water on the ground and dust, and how to speak and move with proper courtesy. The company of immortals obediently went outside with Wukong, who then bowed to his fellow students. They prepared thereafter a place in the corridor where he might sleep. Next morning he began to learn from his schoolmates the arts of language and etiquette. He discussed with them the scriptures and the doctrines; he practiced calligraphy and burned incense. Such was his daily routine. In more leisurely moments he would be sweeping the grounds or hoeing the garden, planting flowers or pruning trees, gathering firewood or lighting fires, fetching water or carrying drinks. He did not lack for whatever he needed, and thus he lived in the cave without realizing that six or seven years had slipped by. One day the Patriarch ascended the platform and took his high seat. Calling together all the immortals, he began to lecture on a great doctrine. He spoke

*With words so florid and eloquent
That gold lotus sprang up from the ground.
The doctrine of three vehicles he subtly rehearsed,
Including even the laws' minutest tittle.
The yak's-tail waved slowly and spouted elegance:
His thunderous voice moved e'en the Ninth Heaven.
For a while he lectured on Dao;
For a while he spoke on Chan—
To harmonize the Three Parties is a natural thing.
One word's elucidation filled with truth
Points to the birthless showing nature's mystery.*

Wukong, who was standing there and listening, was so pleased with the talk that he scratched his ear and rubbed his jaw. Grinning from ear to ear, he could not refrain from dancing on all fours! Suddenly the Patriarch saw this and called out to him, “Why are you madly jumping and dancing in the ranks and not listening to my lecture?” Wukong said, “Your pupil was devoutly listening to the lecture. But when I heard such wonderful things from my reverend master, I couldn't contain myself for joy and started to leap and prance about quite unconsciously. May the master forgive my sins!”

“Let me ask you,” said the Patriarch, “if you comprehend these wonderful things, do you know how long you have been in this cave?” Wukong said, “Your pupil is basically feeble-minded and does not know the number of seasons. I only remember that whenever the fire burned out in the stove, I would go to the back of the mountain to gather firewood. Finding a mountainful of fine peach trees there, I have eaten my fill of peaches seven times.”

The Patriarch said, “That mountain is named the Ripe Peach Mountain. If you have eaten your fill seven times, I suppose it must have been seven years. What kind of Daoist art would you like to learn from me?” Wukong said, “I am dependent on the

admonition of my honored teacher. Your pupil would gladly learn whatever has a smidgen of Daoist flavor.”

The Patriarch said, “Within the tradition of Dao, there are three hundred and sixty heteronomous divisions, all the practices of which may result in Illumination. I don’t know which division you would like to follow.”

“I am dependent on the will of my honored teacher,” said Wukong. “Your pupil is wholeheartedly obedient.”

“How would it be,” said the Patriarch, “if I taught you the practice of the Method division?” Wukong asked, “How would you explain the practice of the Method division?”

“The practice of the Method division,” said the Patriarch, “consists of summoning immortals and working the planchette, of divination by manipulating yarrow stalks, and of learning the secrets of pursuing good and avoiding evil.”

“Can this sort of practice lead to immortality?” asked Wukong.

“Impossible! Impossible!” said the Patriarch. “I won’t learn it then,” Wukong said.

“How would it be,” said the Patriarch again, “if I taught you the practice of the Schools division?”

“What is the meaning of the Schools division?” asked Wukong. “The Schools division,” the Patriarch said, “includes the Confucians, the Buddhists, the Daoists, the Dualists, the Mohists, and the Physicians. They read scriptures or recite prayers; they interview priests or conjure up saints and the like.”

“Can this sort of practice lead to immortality?” asked Wukong. The Patriarch said, “If immortality is what you desire, this practice is like setting a pillar inside a wall.” Wukong said, “Master, I’m a simple fellow and I don’t know the idioms of the marketplace. What’s setting a pillar inside a wall?”

The Patriarch said, “When people build houses and want them to be sturdy, they place a pillar as a prop inside the wall. But someday the big mansion will decay, and the pillar too will rot.”

“What you’re saying then,” Wukong said, “is that it is not long-lasting. I’m not going to learn this.”

The Patriarch said, “How would it be if I taught you the practice of the Silence division?”

“What’s the aim of the Silence division?” Wukong asked. “To cultivate fasting and abstinence,” said the Patriarch, “quiescence and inactivity, meditation and the art of crosslegged sitting, restraint of language, and a vegetarian diet. There are also the practices of yoga, exercises standing or prostrate, entrance into complete stillness, contemplation in solitary confinement, and the like.”

“Can these activities,” asked Wukong, “bring about immortality?”

“They are no better than the unfired bricks on the kiln,” said the Patriarch. Wukong laughed and said, “Master indeed loves to beat about the bush! Haven’t I just told you that I don’t know these idioms of the marketplace? What do you mean by the unfired bricks on the kiln?”

The Patriarch replied, "The tiles and the bricks on the kiln may have been molded into shape, but if they have not been refined by water and fire, a heavy rain will one day make them crumble."

"So this too lacks permanence," said Wukong.

"I don't want to learn it."

The Patriarch said, "How would it be if I taught you the practice of the Action division?"

"What's it like in the Action division?" Wukong asked. "Plenty of activities," said the Patriarch, "such as gathering the yin to nourish the yang, bending the bow and treading the arrow, and rubbing the navel to pass breath. There are also experimentation with alchemical formulas, burning rushes and forging cauldrons, taking red lead, making autumn stone, and drinking bride's milk and the like."

"Can such bring about long life?" asked Wukong. "To obtain immortality from such activities," said the Patriarch, "is also like scooping the moon from the water."

"There you go again, Master!" cried Wukong. "What do you mean by scooping the moon from the water?"

The Patriarch said, "When the moon is high in the sky, its reflection is in the water. Although it is visible therein, you cannot scoop it out or catch hold of it, for it is but an illusion."

"I won't learn that either!" said Wukong.

When the Patriarch heard this, he uttered a cry and jumped down from the high platform. He pointed the ruler he held in his hands at Wukong and said to him:

"What a mischievous monkey you are! You won't learn this and you won't learn that! Just what is it that you are waiting for?" Moving forward, he hit Wukong three times on the head. Then he folded his arms behind his back and walked inside, closing the main doors behind him and leaving the congregation stranded outside. Those who were listening to the lecture were so terrified that everyone began to berate Wukong. "You reckless ape!" they cried, "you're utterly without manners! The master was prepared to teach you magic secrets. Why weren't you willing to learn? Why did you have to argue with him instead? Now you have offended him, and who knows when he'll come out again?"

At that moment they all resented him and despised and ridiculed him. But Wukong was not angered in the least and only replied with a broad grin. For the Monkey King, in fact, had already solved secretly, as it were, the riddle in the pot; he therefore did not quarrel with the other people but patiently held his tongue. He reasoned that the master, by hitting him three times, was telling him to prepare himself for the third watch; and by folding his arms behind his back, walking inside, and closing the main doors, was telling him to enter by the back door so that he might receive instruction in secret.

Wukong spent the rest of the day happily with the other pupils in front of the Divine Cave of the Three Stars, eagerly waiting for the night. When evening arrived, he immediately retired with all the others, pretending to be asleep by closing his eyes, breathing evenly, and remaining completely still. Since there was no watchman in the mountain to beat the watch or call the hour, he could not tell what time it was. He could only rely on his own calculations by counting the breaths he inhaled and exhaled.

Approximately at the hour of Zi, he arose very quietly and put on his clothes. Stealthily opening the front door, he slipped away from the crowd and walked outside.

Lifting his head, he saw

*The bright moon and the cool, clear dew,
Though in each corner not one speck of dust.
Sheltered fowls roosted in the woods;
A brook flowed gently from its source.
Darting fireflies dispersed the gloom.
Wild geese spread word columns through the clouds.
Precisely it was the third-watch hour—
Time to seek the Way whole and true.*

You see him following the familiar path back to the rear entrance, where he discovered that the door was, indeed, ajar. Wukong said happily, “The reverend master truly intended to give me instruction. That’s why the door was left open.”

He reached the door in a few large strides and entered sideways. Walking up to the Patriarch’s bed, he found him asleep with his body curled up, facing the wall.

Wukong dared not disturb him; instead, he knelt before his bed. After a little while, the Patriarch awoke. Stretching his legs, he recited to himself:

*“Hard! Hard! Hard!
The Way is most obscure!
Deem not the gold elixir a common thing.
Without a perfect man’s transmitting a subtle rune,
You’d have vain words, worn mouth, and tongue waxed dry!”*

“Master,” Wukong responded at once. “Your pupil has been kneeling here and waiting on you for a long time.” When the Patriarch heard Wukong’s voice, he rose and put on his clothes. “You mischievous monkey!” he exclaimed, sitting down cross-legged, “Why aren’t you sleeping in front? What are you doing back here at my place?” Wukong replied, “Before the platform and the congregation yesterday, the master gave the order that your pupil, at the hour of the third watch, should come here through the rear entrance in order that he might be instructed. I was therefore bold enough to come directly to the master’s bed.” When the Patriarch heard this, he was terribly pleased, thinking to himself, “This fellow is indeed an offspring of Heaven and Earth.

If not, how could he solve so readily the riddle in my pot!”

“There is no third party here save your pupil,” Wukong said. “May the master be exceedingly merciful and impart to me the way of long life. I shall never forget this gracious favor.”

“Since you have solved the riddle in the pot,” said the Patriarch, “it is an indication that you are destined to learn, and I am glad to teach you. Come closer and listen carefully. I will impart to you the wondrous way of long life.” Wukong kowtowed to express his gratitude, washed his ears, and listened most attentively, kneeling before the bed. The Patriarch said:

*“This bold, secret saying that’s wondrous and true:
Spare, nurse nature and life—there’s nothing else.
All power resides in the semen, breath, and spirit;
Store these securely lest there be a leak.*

*Lest there be a leak!
 Keep within the body!
 Heed my teaching and the Way itself will thrive.
 Hold fast oral formulas so useful and keen
 To purge concupiscence, to reach pure cool;
 To pure cool
 Where the light is bright.
 You'll face the elixir platform, enjoying the moon.
 The moon holds the jade rabbit, the sun, the crow;
 The tortoise and snake are now tightly entwined.
 Tightly entwined,
 Nature and life are strong.
 You can plant gold lotus e'en in the midst of flames.
 Squeeze the Five Phases jointly, use them back and forth—
 When that's done, be a Buddha or immortal at will!"*

At that moment, the very origin was disclosed to Wukong, whose mind became spiritualized as blessedness came to him. He carefully committed to memory all the oral formulas. After kowtowing to thank the Patriarch, he left by the rear entrance. As he went out, he saw that

*The eastern sky began to pale with light,
 But golden beams shone on the Westward Way.*

Following the same path, he returned to the front door, pushed it open quietly, and went inside. He sat up in his sleeping place and purposely rustled the bed and the covers, crying, "It's light! It's light! Get up!"

All the other people were still sleeping and did not know that Wukong had received a good thing. He played the fool that day after getting up, but he persisted in what he had learned secretly by doing breathing exercises before the hour of Zi and after the hour of Wu.

Three years went by swiftly, and the Patriarch again mounted his throne to lecture to the multitude. He discussed the scholastic deliberations and parables, and he discoursed on the integument of external conduct. Suddenly he asked, "Where's Wukong?" Wukong drew near and knelt down. "Your pupil's here," he said. "What sort of art have you been practicing lately?" the Patriarch asked.

"Recently," Wukong said, "your pupil has begun to apprehend the nature of all things and my foundational knowledge has become firmly established."

"If you have penetrated to the dharma nature to apprehend the origin," said the Patriarch, "you have, in fact, entered into the divine substance. You need, however, to guard against the danger of three calamities." When Wukong heard this, he thought for a long time and said, "The words of the master must be erroneous. I have frequently heard that when one is learned in the Way and excels in virtue, he will enjoy the same age as Heaven; fire and water cannot harm him and every kind of disease will vanish.

How can there be this danger of three calamities?"

"What you have learned," said the Patriarch, "is no ordinary magic: you have stolen the creative powers of Heaven and Earth and invaded the dark mysteries of the sun and moon. Your success in perfecting the elixir is something that the gods and the demons cannot countenance. Though your appearance will be preserved and your age

lengthened, after five hundred years Heaven will send down the calamity of thunder to strike you. Hence you must be intelligent and wise enough to avoid it ahead of time. If you can escape it, your age will indeed equal that of Heaven; if not, your life will thus be finished. After another five hundred years Heaven will send down the calamity of fire to burn you. That fire is neither natural nor common fire; its name is the Fire of Yin, and it arises from within the soles of your feet to reach even the cavity of your heart, reducing your entrails to ashes and your limbs to utter ruin. The arduous labor of a millennium will then have been made completely superfluous. After another five hundred years the calamity of wind will be sent to blow at you. It is not the wind from the north, south, east, or west; nor is it one of the winds of four seasons; nor is it the wind of flowers, willows, pines, and bamboos. It is called the Mighty Wind, and it enters from the top of the skull into the body, passes through the midriff, and penetrates the nine apertures.

The bones and the flesh will be dissolved and the body itself will disintegrate. You must therefore avoid all three calamities.” When Wukong heard this, his hairs stood on end, and, kowtowing reverently, he said, “I beg the master to be merciful and impart to me the method to avoid the three calamities. To the very end, I shall never forget your gracious favor.”

The Patriarch said, “It is not, in fact, difficult, except that I cannot teach you because you are somewhat different from other people.”

“I have a round head pointing to Heaven,” said Wukong, “and square feet walking on Earth. Similarly, I have nine apertures and four limbs, entrails and cavities. In what way am I different from other people?”

The Patriarch said, “Though you resemble a man, you have much less jowl.”

The monkey, you see, has an angular face with hollow cheeks and a pointed mouth. Stretching his hand to feel himself, Wukong laughed and said, “The master does not know how to balance matters! Though I have much less jowl than human beings, I have my pouch, which may certainly be considered a compensation.”

“Very well, then,” said the Patriarch, “what method of escape would you like to learn? There is the Art of the Heavenly Ladle, which numbers thirty-six transformations, and there is the Art of the Earthly Multitude, which numbers seventy-two transformations.” Wukong said, “Your pupil is always eager to catch more fishes, so I’ll learn the Art of the Earthly Multitude.”

“In that case,” said the Patriarch, “come up here, and I’ll pass on the oral formulas to you.”

He then whispered something into his ear, though we do not know what sort of wondrous secrets he spoke of. But this Monkey King was someone who, knowing one thing, could understand a hundred! He immediately learned the oral formulas and, after working at them and practicing them himself, he mastered all seventy-two transformations.

One day when the Patriarch and the various pupils were admiring the evening view in front of the Three Stars Cave, the master asked, “Wukong, has that matter been perfected?” Wukong said, “Thanks to the profound kindness of the master, your pupil has indeed attained perfection; I now can ascend like mist into the air and fly.”

The Patriarch said, “Let me see you try to fly.” Wishing to display his ability, Wukong leaped fifty or sixty feet into the air, pulling himself up with a somersault. He

trod on the clouds for about the time of a meal and traveled a distance of no more than three miles before dropping down again to stand before the Patriarch. "Master," he said, his hands folded in front of him, "this is flying by cloud-soaring." Laughing, the Patriarch said, "This can't be called cloudsoaring! It's more like cloud-crawling! The old saying goes, 'The immortal tours the North Sea in the morning and reaches Cangwu by night.' If it takes you half a day to go less than three miles, it can't even be considered cloud-crawling."

"What do you mean," asked Wukong, "by saying, 'The immortal tours the North Sea in the morning and reaches Cangwu by night'?"

The Patriarch said, "Those who are capable of cloud-soaring may start from the North Sea in the morning, journey through the East Sea, the West Sea, the South Sea, and return again to Cangwu. Cangwu refers to Lingling in the North Sea. It can be called true cloud-soaring only when you can traverse all four seas in one day."

"That's truly difficult!" said Wukong, "truly difficult!"

"Nothing in the world is difficult," said the Patriarch; "only the mind makes it so." When Wukong heard these words, he kowtowed reverently and implored the Patriarch, "Master, if you do perform a service for someone, you must do it thoroughly. May you be most merciful and impart to me also this technique of cloud-soaring. I would never dare forget your gracious favor."

The Patriarch said, "When the various immortals want to soar on the clouds, they all rise by stamping their feet. But you're not like them. When I saw you leave just now, you had to pull yourself up by jumping. What I'll do now is to teach you the cloud-somersault in accordance with your form." Wukong again prostrated himself and pleaded with him, and the Patriarch gave him an oral formula, saying, "Make the magic sign, recite the spell, clench your fist tightly, shake your body, and when you jump up, one somersault will carry you one hundred and eight thousand miles." When the other people heard this, they all giggled and said, "Lucky Wukong! If he learns this little trick, he can become a dispatcher for someone to deliver documents or carry circulars. He'll be able to make a living anywhere!"

The sky now began to darken, and the master went back to the cave dwelling with his pupils. Throughout the night, however, Wukong practiced ardently and mastered the technique of cloud-somersault. From then on, he had complete freedom, blissfully enjoying his state of long life.

One day early in the summer, the disciples were gathered under the pine trees for fellowship and discussion. They said to him, "Wukong, what sort of merit did you accumulate in another incarnation that led the master to whisper in your ear, the other day, the method of avoiding the three calamities? Have you learned everything?"

"I won't conceal this from my various elder brothers," Wukong said, laughing. "Owing to the master's instruction in the first place and my diligence day and night in the second, I have fully mastered the several matters!"

"Let's take advantage of the moment," one of the pupils said. "You try to put on a performance and we'll watch." When Wukong heard this, his spirit was aroused and he was most eager to display his powers. "I invite the various elder brothers to give me a subject," he said. "What do you want me to change into?"

"Why not a pine tree?" they said. Wukong made the magic sign and recited the spell; with one shake of his body he changed himself into a pine tree. Truly it was

*Thickly held in smoke through all four seasons,
Its chaste fair form soars straight to the clouds.
With not the least likeness to the impish monkey,
It's all frost-tried and snow-tested branches.*

When the multitude saw this, they clapped their hands and roared with laughter, everyone crying, “Marvelous monkey! Marvelous monkey!”

They did not realize that all this uproar had disturbed the Patriarch, who came running out of the door, dragging his staff.

“Who is creating this bedlam here?” he demanded. At his voice the pupils immediately collected themselves, set their clothes in order, and came forward. Wukong also changed back into his true form, and, slipping into the crowd, he said, “For your information, Reverend Master, we are having fellowship and discussion here. There is no one from outside causing any disturbance.”

“You were all yelling and screaming,” said the Patriarch angrily, “and were behaving in a manner totally unbecoming to those practicing cultivation.

Don’t you know that those in the cultivation of Dao resist

*Opening their mouths lest they waste their breath and spirit,
Or moving their tongues lest they provoke arguments?*

Why are you all laughing noisily here?”

“We dare not conceal this from the master,” the crowd said. “Just now we were having fun with Wukong, who was giving us a performance of transformation. We told him to change into a pine tree, and he did indeed become a pine tree! Your pupils were all applauding him and our voices disturbed the reverend teacher. We beg his forgiveness.”

“Go away, all of you,” the Patriarch said. “You, Wukong, come over here! I ask you what sort of exhibition were you putting on, changing into a pine tree? This ability you now possess, is it just for showing off to people? Suppose you saw someone with this ability. Wouldn’t you ask him at once how he acquired it? So when others see that you are in possession of it, they’ll come begging. If you’re afraid to refuse them, you will give away the secret; if you don’t, they may hurt you. You are actually placing your life in grave jeopardy.”

“I beseech the master to forgive me,” Wukong said, kowtowing. “I won’t condemn you,” said the Patriarch, “but you must leave this place.” When Wukong heard this, tears fell from his eyes. “Where am I to go, Teacher?” he asked. “From wherever you came,” the Patriarch said, “you should go back there.”

“I came from the East Pūrvavideha Continent,” Wukong said, his memory jolted by the Patriarch, “from the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain in the Aolai Country.”

“Go back there quickly and save your life,” the Patriarch said. “You cannot possibly remain here!”

“Allow me to inform my esteemed teacher,” said Wukong, properly penitent, “I have been away from home for twenty years, and I certainly long to see my subjects and followers of bygone days again. But I keep thinking that my master’s profound kindness to me has not yet been repaid. I, therefore, dare not leave.”

“There’s nothing to be repaid,” said the Patriarch. “See that you don’t get into trouble and involve me: that’s all I ask.”

Seeing that there was no other alternative, Wukong had to bow to the Patriarch and take leave of the congregation. “Once you leave,” the Patriarch said, “you’re bound to end up evildoing. I don’t care what kind of villainy and violence you engage in, but I forbid you ever to mention that you are my disciple. For if you but utter half the word, I’ll know about it; you can be assured, wretched monkey, that you’ll be skinned alive. I will break all your bones and banish your soul to the Place of Ninefold Darkness, from which you will not be released even after ten thousand afflictions!”

“I will never dare mention my master,” said Wukong. “I’ll say that I’ve learned this all by myself.”

Having thanked the Patriarch, Wukong turned away, made the magic sign, pulled himself up, and performed the cloud-somersault. He headed straight toward the East Pūrvavideha, and in less than an hour he could already see the Flower-Fruit Mountain and the Water-Curtain Cave. Rejoicing secretly, the Handsome Monkey King said to himself:

*“I left weighed down by bones of mortal stock.
The Dao attained makes light both body and frame.
Tis this world’s pity that none firmly resolves
To learn such mystery that by itself is plain.
Twas hard to cross the seas in former time.
Returning this day, I travel with ease.
Words of farewell still echo in my ears.
I ne’er hope to see so soon the eastern depths!”*

Wukong lowered the direction of his cloud and landed squarely on the Flower-Fruit Mountain. He was trying to find his way when he heard the call of cranes and the cry of monkeys; the call of cranes reverberated in the Heavens, and the cry of monkeys moved his spirit with sadness. “Little ones,” he called out, “I have returned!”

From the crannies of the cliff, from the flowers and bushes, and from the woods and trees, monkeys great and small leaped out by the tens of thousands and surrounded the Handsome Monkey King.

They all kowtowed and cried, “Great King! What laxity of mind! Why did you go away for such a long time and leave us here longing for your return like someone hungry and thirsting? Recently, we have been brutally abused by a monster, who wanted to rob us of our Water-Curtain Cave. Out of sheer desperation, we fought hard with him. And yet all this time, that fellow has plundered many of our possessions, kidnapped a number of our young ones, and given us many restless days and nights watching over our property. How fortunate that our great king has returned! If the great king had stayed away another year or so, we and the entire mountain cave would have belonged to someone else!”

Hearing this, Wukong was filled with anger. “What sort of a monster is this,” he cried, “that behaves in such a lawless manner? Tell me in detail and I will find him to exact vengeance.”

“Be informed, Great King,” the monkeys said, kowtowing, “that the fellow calls himself the Monstrous King of Havoc, and he lives north of here.” Wukong asked, “From here to his place, how great is the distance?”

The monkeys replied, "He comes like the cloud and leaves like the mist, like the wind and the rain, like lightning and thunder. We don't know how great the distance is."

"In that case," said Wukong, "go and play for a while and don't be afraid. Let me go and find him."

Dear Monkey King! He leaped up with a bound and somersaulted all the way northward until he saw a tall and rugged mountain.

What a mountain!

*Its penlike peak stands erect;
 Its winding streams flow unfathomed and deep.
 Its penlike peak, standing erect, cuts through the air;
 Its winding streams, unfathomed and deep, reach diverse sites on earth.
 On two ridges flowers rival trees in exotic charm;
 At various spots pines match bamboos in green.
 The dragon on the left
 Seems docile and tame;
 The tiger on the right
 Seems gentle and meek.
 Iron oxen
 On occasion are seen plowing.
 Gold-coin flowers are frequently planted.
 Rare fowls make melodious songs;
 The phoenix stands facing the sun.
 Rocks worn smooth and shiny
 By water placid and bright
 Appear by turns grotesque, bizarre, and fierce.
 In countless numbers are the world's famous mountains
 Where flowers bloom and wither; they flourish and die.
 What place resembles this long-lasting scene
 Wholly untouched by the four seasons and eight epochs?
 This is, in the Three Regions, the Mount of Northern Spring,
 The Water-Belly Cave, nourished by the Five Phases.*

The Handsome Monkey King was silently viewing the scenery when he heard someone speaking. He went down the mountain to find who it was, and he discovered the Water-Belly Cave at the foot of a steep cliff. Several imps who were dancing in front of the cave saw Wukong and began to run away. "Stop!" cried Wukong. "You can use the words of your mouth to communicate the thoughts of my mind. I am the lord of the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain south of here. Your Monstrous King of Havoc, or whatever he's called, has repeatedly bullied my young ones, and I have found my way here with the specific purpose of settling matters with him."

Hearing this, the imps darted into the cave and cried out, "Great King, a disastrous thing has happened!"

"What sort of disaster?" asked the Monstrous King. "Outside the cave," said the imps, "there is a monkey who calls himself the lord of the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain. He says that you have repeatedly bullied his young ones and that he has come to settle matters with you." Laughing, the Monstrous King said, "I have often heard those monkeys say that they have a great king who has left the family

to practice self-cultivation. He must have come back. How is he dressed, and what kind of weapon does he have?"

"He doesn't have any kind of weapon," the imps said. "He is bare-headed, wears a red robe with a yellow sash, and has a pair of black boots on. He looks like neither a monk nor a layman, neither a Daoist nor an immortal. He is out there making demands with naked hands and empty fists." When the Monstrous King heard this, he ordered, "Get me my armor and my weapon."

These were immediately brought out by the imps, and the Monstrous King put on his breastplate and helmet, grasped his scimitar, and walked out of the cave with his followers. "Who is the lord of the Water-Curtain Cave?" he cried with a loud voice. Quickly opening wide his eyes to take a look, Wukong saw that the Monstrous King

*Wore on his head a black gold helmet
Which gleamed in the sun;
And on his body a dark silk robe
Which swayed in the wind;
Lower he had on a black iron vest
Tied tightly with leather straps;
His feet were shod in finely carved boots,
Grand as those of warriors great.
Ten spans—the width of his waist;
Thirty feet—the height of his frame;
He held in his hands a sword;
Its blade was fine and bright.
His name: the Monster of Havoc
Of most fearsome form and look.*

"You have such big eyes, reckless monster, but you can't even see old Monkey!" the Monkey King shouted. When the Monstrous King saw him, he laughed and said, "You're not four feet tall, nor are you thirty years old; you don't even have weapons in your hands.

How dare you be so insolent, looking for me to settle accounts?"

"You reckless monster!" cried Wukong. "You are blind indeed! You think I'm small, not knowing that it's hardly difficult for me to become taller; you think I'm without weapon, but my two hands can drag the moon down from the edge of Heaven. Don't be afraid; just have a taste of old Monkey's fist!"

He leaped into the air and aimed a blow smack at the monster's face. Parrying the blow with his hand, the Monstrous King said, "You are such a midget and I'm so tall; you want to use your fist but I have my scimitar. If I were to kill you with it, I would be a laughingstock. Let me put down my scimitar, and we'll see how well you can box."

"Well said, fine fellow," replied Wukong. "Come on!"

The Monstrous King shifted his position and struck out. Wukong closed in on him, hurtling himself into the engagement. The two of them pummeled and kicked, struggling and colliding with each other. It is easy to miss on a long reach, but a short punch is firm and reliable. Wukong jabbed the Monstrous King in the short ribs, hit him on his chest, and gave him such heavy punishment with a few sharp blows that the

monster stepped aside, picked up his huge scimitar, aimed it straight at Wukong's head, and slashed at him.

Wukong dodged, and the blow narrowly missed him. Seeing that his opponent was growing fiercer, Wukong now used the method called the Body beyond the Body. Plucking a handful of hairs from his own body and throwing them into his mouth, he chewed them to tiny pieces and then spat them into the air. "Change!" he cried, and they changed at once into two or three hundred little monkeys encircling the combatants on all sides. For you see, when someone acquires the body of an immortal, he can project his spirit, change his form, and perform all kinds of wonders. Since the Monkey King had become accomplished in the Way, every one of the eighty-four thousand hairs on his body could change into whatever shape or substance he desired. The little monkeys he had just created were so keen of eye and so swift of movement that they could be wounded by neither sword nor spear. Look at them! Skipping and jumping, they rushed at the Monstrous King and surrounded him, some hugging, some pulling, some crawling in between his legs, some tugging at his feet. They kicked and punched; they yanked at his hair and poked at his eyes; they pinched his nose and tried to sweep him completely off his feet, until they tangled themselves into confusion.

Meanwhile Wukong succeeded in snatching the scimitar, pushed through the throng of little monkeys, and brought the scimitar down squarely onto the monster's skull, cleaving it in two. He and the rest of the monkeys then fought their way into the cave and slaughtered all the imps, young and old. With a shake, he collected his hair back onto his body, but there were some monkeys that did not return to him. They were the little monkeys kidnaped by the Monstrous King from the Water-Curtain Cave.

"Why are you here?" asked Wukong. The thirty or fifty of them all said tearfully, "After the Great King went away to seek the way of immortality, the monster menaced us for two whole years and finally carried us off to this place. Don't these utensils belong to our cave? These stone pots and bowls were all taken by the creature."

"If these are our belongings," said Wukong, "move them out of here."

He then set fire to the Water-Belly Cave and reduced it to ashes. "All of you," he said to them, "follow me home."

"Great King," the monkeys said, "when we came here, all we felt was wind rushing past us, and we seemed to float through the air until we arrived here. We don't know the way. How can we go back to our home?" Wukong said, "That's a magic trick of his. But there's no difficulty! Now I know not only one thing but a hundred! I'm familiar with that trick too. Close your eyes, all of you, and don't be afraid."

Dear Monkey King. He recited a spell, rode for a while on a fierce wind, and then lowered the direction of the cloud. "Little ones," he cried, "open your eyes!"

The monkeys felt solid ground beneath their feet and recognized their home territory. In great delight, every one of them ran back to the cave along the familiar roads and crowded in together with those waiting in the cave. They then lined up according to age and rank and paid tribute to the Monkey King. Wine and fruits were laid out for the welcome banquet. When asked how he had subdued the monster and rescued the young ones, Wukong presented a detailed rehearsal, and the monkeys broke into unending applause. "Where did you go, Great King?" they cried. "We never expected that you would acquire such skills!"

“The year I left you all,” Wukong said, “I drifted with the waves across the Great Eastern Ocean and reached the West Aparagodānīya Continent. I then arrived at the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, where I learned human ways, wearing this garment and these shoes. I swaggered along with the clouds for eight or nine years, but I had yet to learn the Great Art. I then crossed the Great Western Ocean and reached the West Aparagodānīya Continent.

After searching for a long time, I had the good fortune to discover an old Patriarch, who imparted to me the formula for enjoying the same age as Heaven, the secret of immortality.”

“Such luck is hard to meet even after ten thousand afflictions!” the monkeys said, all congratulating him. “Little ones,” Wukong said, laughing again, “another delight is that our entire family now has a name.”

“What is the name of the great king?”

“My surname is Sun,” replied Wukong, “and my religious name is Wukong.” When the monkeys heard this, they all clapped their hands and shouted happily, “If the great king is Elder Sun, then we are all Junior Suns, Suns the Third, small Suns, tiny Suns—the Sun Family, the Sun Nation, and the Sun Cave!” So they all came and honored Elder Sun with large and small bowls of coconut and grape wine, of divine flowers and fruits. It was indeed one big happy family! Lo,

The surname is one, the self's returned to its source.

This glory awaits—a name recorded in Heaven!

We do not know what the result was and how Wukong would fare in this realm; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THREE

*Four Seas and a Thousand Mountains all bow to submit
From Ninefold Darkness ten species' names are removed*

Now we were speaking of the Handsome Monkey King's triumphant return to his home country. After slaying the Monstrous King of Havoc and wresting from him his huge scimitar, he practiced daily with the little monkeys the art of war, teaching them how to sharpen bamboos for making spears, file wood for making swords, arrange flags and banners, go on patrol, advance or retreat, and pitch camp.

For a long time he played thus with them. Suddenly he grew quiet and sat down, thinking out loud to himself, "The game we are playing here may turn out to be something quite serious. Suppose we disturb the rulers of humans or of fowls and beasts, and they become offended; suppose they say that these military exercises of ours are subversive, and raise an army to destroy us. How can we meet them with our bamboo spears and wooden swords? We must have sharp swords and fine halberds. But what can be done at this moment?" When the monkeys heard this, they were all alarmed. "The great king's observation is very sound," they said, "but where can we obtain these things?"

As they were speaking, four older monkeys came forward, two female monkeys with red buttocks and two bareback gibbons. Coming to the front, they said, "Great King, to be furnished with sharp-edged weapons is a very simple matter."

"How is it simple?" asked Wukong. The four monkeys replied, "East of our mountain, across two hundred miles of water, is the boundary of the Aolai Country. In that country there is a king who has numberless men and soldiers in his city, and there are bound to be all kinds of metalworks there. If the great king goes there, he can either buy weapons or have them made. Then you can teach us how to use them for the protection of our mountain, and this will be the stratagem for assuring ourselves of perpetuity." When Wukong heard this, he was filled with delight. "Play here, all of you," he said. "Let me make a trip."

Dear Monkey King! He quickly performed his cloud somersault and crossed the two hundred miles of water in no time. On the other side he did indeed discover a city with broad streets and huge marketplaces, countless houses and numerous arches. Under the clear sky and bright sun, people were coming and going constantly. Wukong thought to himself, "There must be ready-made weapons around here. But going down there to buy a few pieces from them is not as good a bargain as acquiring them by magic."

He therefore made the magic sign and recited a spell. Facing the ground on the southwest, he took a deep breath and then blew it out. At once it became a mighty wind, hurtling pebbles and rocks through the air. It was truly terrifying:

*Thick clouds in vast formation moved o'er the world;
Black fog and dusky vapor darkened the Earth;
Waves churned in seas and rivers, affrighting fishes and crabs;
Boughs broke in mountain forests, wolves and tigers taking flight.
Traders and merchants were gone from stores and shops.
No single man was seen at sundry marts and malls.
The king retreated to his chamber from the royal court.*

*Officials, martial and civil, returned to their homes.
This wind toppled Buddha's throne of a thousand years
And shook to its foundations the Five- Phoenix Tower.*

The wind arose and separated the king from his subjects in the Aolai Country. Throughout the various boulevards and marketplaces, every family bolted the doors and windows and no one dared go outside. Wukong then lowered the direction of his cloud and rushed straight through the imperial gate. He found his way to the armory, knocked open the doors, and saw that there were countless weapons inside. Scimitars, spears, swords, halberds, battle-axes, scythes, whips, rakes, drumsticks, drums, bows, arrows, forks, and lances— every kind was available. Highly pleased, Wukong said to himself, “How many pieces can I possibly carry by myself? I’d better use the magic of body division to transport them.”

Dear Monkey King! He plucked a handful of hairs, chewed them to pieces in his mouth, and spat them out. Reciting the spell, he cried, “Change!”

They changed into thousands of little monkeys, who snatched and grabbed the weapons. Those that were stronger took six or seven pieces, the weaker ones two or three pieces, and together they emptied out the armory. Wukong then mounted the cloud and performed the magic of displacement by calling up a great wind, which carried all the little monkeys back to their home.

We tell you now about the various monkeys, both great and small, who were playing outside the cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain.

They suddenly heard the sound of wind and saw in midair a huge horde of monkeys approaching, the sight of which made them all flee in terror and hide. In a moment, Wukong lowered his cloud and, shaking himself, collected the pieces of hair back onto his body. All the weapons were piled in front of the mountain. “Little ones,” he shouted, “come and receive your weapons!”

The monkeys looked and saw Wukong standing alone on level ground. They came running to kowtow and ask what had happened. Wukong then recounted to them how he had made use of the mighty wind to transport the weapons. After expressing their gratitude, the monkeys all went to grab at the scimitars and snatch at the swords, to wield the axes and scramble for spears, to stretch the bows and mount the arrows.

Shouting and screaming, they played all day long.

The following day, they marched in formation as usual. Assembling the monkeys, Wukong found that there were forty-seven thousand of them. This assembly greatly impressed all the wild beasts of the mountain—wolves, insects, tigers, leopards, mouse deer, fallow deer, river deer, foxes, wild cats, badgers, lions, elephants, apes, bears, antelopes, boars, muskoxen, chamois, green one-horn buffaloes, wild hares, and giant mastiffs. Led by the various demon kings of no fewer than seventy-two caves, they all came to pay homage to the Monkey King. Henceforth they brought annual tributes and answered the roll call made every season. Some of them joined in the maneuvers; others supplied provisions in accordance with their rank. In an orderly fashion, they made the entire Flower- Fruit Mountain as strong as an iron bucket or a city of metal. The various demon kings also presented metal drums, colored banners, and helmets. The hurly-burly of marching and drilling went on day after day.

While the Handsome Monkey King was enjoying all this, he suddenly said to the multitude, “You all have become adept with the bow and arrow and proficient in the

use of weapons. But this scimitar of mine is truly cumbersome, not at all to my liking. What can I do?"

The four elder monkeys came forward and memorialized, "The great king is a divine sage, and therefore it is not fit for him to use an earthly weapon. We do not know, however, whether the great king is able to take a journey through water?"

"Since I have known the Way," said Wukong, "I have the ability of seventy-two transformations. The cloud somersault has unlimited power. I am familiar with the magic of body concealment and the magic of displacement. I can find my way to Heaven or I can enter the Earth. I can walk past the sun and the moon without casting a shadow, and I can penetrate stone and metal without hindrance. Water cannot drown me, nor fire burn me. Is there any place I can't go to?"

"It's a good thing that the great king possesses such powers," said the four monkeys, "for the water below this sheet iron bridge of ours flows directly into the Dragon Palace of the Eastern Ocean. If you are willing to go down there, Great King, you will find the old Dragon King, from whom you may request some kind of weapon. Won't that be to your liking?"

Hearing this, Wukong said with delight, "Let me make the trip!"

Dear Monkey King! He jumped to the bridgehead and employed the magic of water restriction. Making the magic sign with his fingers, he leaped into the waves, which parted for him, and he followed the waterway straight to the bottom of the Eastern Ocean. As he was walking, he suddenly ran into a yakṣa on patrol, who stopped him with the question, "What divine sage is this who comes pushing through the water? Speak plainly so that I can announce your arrival." Wukong said, "I am the Heaven-born sage Sun Wukong of the Flower-Fruit Mountain, a near neighbor of your old Dragon King. How is it that you don't recognize me?" When the yakṣa heard this, he hurried back to the Water-Crystal Palace to report. "Great King," he said, "there is outside a Heaven-born sage of the Flower-Fruit Mountain named Sun Wukong. He claims that he is a near neighbor of yours, and he is about to arrive at the palace."

Aoguang, the Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean, arose immediately; accompanied by dragon sons and grandsons, shrimp soldiers and crab generals, he came out for the reception. "High Immortal," he said, "please come in!"

They went into the palace for proper introduction, and after offering Wukong the honored seat and tea, the king asked, "When did the high immortal become accomplished in the Way, and what kind of divine magic did he receive?" Wukong said, "Since the time of my birth, I have left the family to practice self-cultivation. I have now acquired a birthless and deathless body. Recently I have been teaching my children how to protect our mountain cave, but unfortunately I am without an appropriate weapon. I have heard that my noble neighbor, who has long enjoyed living in this green-jade palace and its shell portals, must have many divine weapons to spare. I came specifically to ask for one of them." When the Dragon King heard this, he could hardly refuse. So he ordered a perch commander to bring out a long-handled scimitar, and presented it to his visitor. "Old Monkey doesn't know how to use a scimitar," said Wukong. "I beg you to give me something else."

The Dragon King then commanded a whiting lieutenant together with an eel porter to carry out a nine-pronged fork. Jumping down from his seat, Wukong took hold of it and tried a few thrusts. He put it down, saying, "Light! Much too light! And it doesn't suit my hand. I beg you to give me another one."

“High Immortal,” said the Dragon King, laughing, “won’t you even take a closer look? This fork weighs three thousand six hundred pounds.”

“It doesn’t suit my hand,” Wukong said, “it doesn’t suit my hand!”

The Dragon King was becoming rather fearful; he ordered a bream admiral and a carp brigadier to carry out a giant halberd, weighing seven thousand two hundred pounds. When he saw this, Wukong ran forward and took hold of it. He tried a few thrusts and parries and then stuck it in the ground, saying, “It’s still light! Much too light!”

The old Dragon King was completely unnerved. “High Immortal,” he said, “there’s no weapon in my palace heavier than this halberd.” Laughing, Wukong said, “As the old saying goes, ‘Who worries about the Dragon King’s lacking treasures!’ Go and look some more, and if you find something I like, I’ll offer you a good price.”

“There really aren’t any more here,” said the Dragon King.

As they were speaking, the dragon mother and her daughter slipped out and said, “Great King, we can see that this is definitely not a sage with meager abilities. Inside our ocean treasury is that piece of rare magic iron by which the depth of the Heavenly River is fixed.

These past few days the iron has been glowing with a strange and lovely light. Could this be a sign that it should be taken out to meet this sage?”

“That,” said the Dragon King, “was the measure with which the Great Yu fixed the depths of rivers and oceans when he conquered the Flood. It’s a piece of magic iron, but of what use could it be to him?”

“Let’s not be concerned with whether he could find any use for it,” said the dragon mother. “Let’s give it to him, and he can do whatever he wants with it. The important thing is to get him out of this palace!”

The old Dragon King agreed and told Wukong the whole story. “Take it out and let me see it,” said Wukong.

Waving his hands, the Dragon King said, “We can’t move it! We can’t even lift it! The high immortal must go there himself to take a look.”

“Where is it?” asked Wukong. “Take me there.”

The Dragon King accordingly led him to the center of the ocean treasury, where all at once they saw a thousand shafts of golden light. Pointing to the spot, the Dragon King said, “That’s it—the thing that is glowing.” Wukong girded up his clothes and went forward to touch it: it was an iron rod more than twenty feet long and as thick as a barrel. Using all his might, he lifted it with both hands, saying, “It’s a little too long and too thick. It would be more serviceable if it were somewhat shorter and thinner.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the treasure shrunk a few feet in length and became a layer thinner. “Smaller still would be even better,” said Wukong, giving it another bounce in his hands. Again the treasure became smaller. Highly pleased, Wukong took it out of the ocean treasury to examine it. He found a golden hoop at each end, with solid black iron in between. Immediately adjacent to one of the hoops was the inscription, “The Compliant Golden-Hooped Rod. Weight: thirteen thousand five hundred pounds.”

He thought to himself in secret delight, "This treasure, I suppose, must be most compliant with one's wishes."

As he walked, he was deliberating in his mind and murmuring to himself, bouncing the rod in his hands, "Shorter and thinner still would be marvelous!"

By the time he took it outside, the rod was no more than twenty feet in length and had the thickness of a rice bowl.

See how he displayed his power now! He wielded the rod to make lunges and passes, engaging in mock combat all the way back to the Water-Crystal Palace. The old Dragon King was so terrified that he shook with fear, and the dragon princes were all panic-stricken.

Sea-turtles and tortoises drew in their necks; fishes, shrimps, and crabs all hid themselves. Wukong held the treasure in his hands and sat in the Water-Crystal Palace. Laughing, he said to the Dragon King, "I am indebted to my good neighbor for his profound kindness."

"Please don't mention it," said the Dragon King. "This piece of iron is very useful," said Wukong, "but I have one further statement to make."

"What sort of statement does the high immortal wish to make?" asked the Dragon King. Wukong said, "Had there been no such iron, I would have let the matter drop. Now that I have it in my hands, I can see that I am wearing the wrong kind of clothes to go with it. What am I to do? If you have any martial apparel, you might as well give me some too. I would thank you most heartily."

"This, I confess, is not in my possession," said the Dragon King. Wukong said, "A solitary guest will not disturb two hosts. Even if you claim that you don't have any, I shall never walk out of this door."

"Let the high immortal take the trouble of going to another ocean," said the Dragon King. "He might turn up something there."

"To visit three homes is not as convenient as sitting in one," said Wukong, "I beg you to give me one outfit."

"I really don't have one," said the Dragon King, "for if I did, I would have presented it to you."

"Is that so?" said Wukong. "Let me try the iron on you!"

"High Immortal," the Dragon King said nervously, "don't ever raise your hand! Don't ever raise your hand! Let me see whether my brothers have any and we'll try to give you one."

"Where are your honored brothers?" asked Wukong. "They are," said the Dragon King, "Aoqin, Dragon King of the Southern Ocean; Aoshun, Dragon King of the Northern Ocean; and Aorun, Dragon King of the Western Ocean."

"Old Monkey is not going to their places," said Wukong. "For as the common saying goes, 'Three in bond can't compete with two in hand.' I'm merely requesting that you find something casual here and give it to me. That's all."

"There's no need for the high immortal to go anywhere," said the Dragon King. "I have in my palace an iron drum and a golden bell. Whenever there is any emergency, we beat the drum and strike the bell and my brothers are here shortly."

“In that case,” said Wukong, “go beat the drum and strike the bell.”

The turtle general went at once to strike the bell, while the tortoise marshal came to beat the drum.

Soon after the drum and the bell had sounded, the Dragon Kings of the Three Oceans got the message and arrived promptly, all congregating in the outer courtyard. “Elder Brother,” said Aoqin, “what emergency made you beat the drum and strike the bell?”

“Good Brother,” answered the old Dragon, “it’s a long story! We have here a certain Heaven-born sage from the Flower-Fruit Mountain, who came here and claimed to be my near neighbor. He subsequently demanded a weapon; the steel fork I presented he deemed too small, and the halberd I offered too light. Finally he himself took that piece of rare, divine iron by which the depth of the Heavenly River was fixed and used it for mock combat. He is now sitting in the palace and also demanding some sort of battle dress.

We have none of that here. So we sounded the drum and the bell to invite you all to come. If you happen to have some such outfit, please give it to him so that I can send him out of this door!” When Aoqin heard this, he was outraged. “Let us brothers call our army together,” he said, “and arrest him. What’s wrong with that?”

“Don’t talk about arresting him!” the old Dragon said, “don’t talk about arresting him! That piece of iron—a small stroke with it is deadly and a light tap is fatal! The slightest touch will crack the skin and a small rap will injure the muscles!”

Aorun, the Dragon King of the Western Ocean, said, “Second elder brother should not raise his hand against him. Let us rather assemble an outfit for him and get him out of this place. We can then present a formal complaint to Heaven, and Heaven will send its own punishment.”

“You are right,” said Aoshun, the Dragon King of the Northern Ocean, “I have here a pair of cloud-treading shoes the color of lotus root.”

Aorun, the Dragon King of the Western Ocean said, “I brought along a cuirass of chain-mail made of yellow gold.”

“And I have a cap with erect phoenix plumes, made of red gold,” said Aoqin, the Dragon King of the Southern Ocean. The old Dragon King was delighted and brought them into the Water-Crystal Palace to present the gifts. Wukong duly put on the gold cap, the gold cuirass, and cloud-treading shoes, and, wielding his compliant rod, he fought his way out in mock combat, yelling to the dragons, “Sorry to have bothered you!”

The Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans were outraged, and they consulted together about filing a formal complaint, of which we make no mention here.

Look at that Monkey King! He opened up the waterway and went straight back to the head of the sheet iron bridge. The four old monkeys were leading the other monkeys and waiting beside the bridge. They suddenly beheld Wukong leaping out of the waves: there was not a drop of water on his body as he walked onto the bridge, all radiant and golden. The various monkeys were so astonished that they all knelt down, crying, “Great King, what marvels! What marvels!”

Beaming broadly, Wukong ascended his high throne and set up the iron rod right in the center. Not knowing any better, the monkeys all came and tried to pick the

treasure up. It was rather like a dragonfly attempting to shake an ironwood tree: they could not budge it an inch! Biting their fingers and sticking out their tongues, every one of them said, "O Father, it's so heavy! How did you ever manage to bring it here?" Wukong walked up to the rod, stretched forth his hands, and picked it up. Laughing, he said to them, "Everything has its owner. This treasure has presided in the ocean treasury for who knows how many thousands of years, and it just happened to glow recently. The Dragon King only recognized it as a piece of black iron, though it is also said to be the divine rarity which fixed the bottom of the Heavenly River. All those fellows together could not lift or move it, and they asked me to take it myself. At first, this treasure was more than twenty feet long and as thick as a barrel.

After I struck it once and expressed my feeling that it was too large, it grew smaller. I wanted it smaller still, and again it grew smaller.

For a third time I commanded it, and it grew smaller still! When I looked at it in the light, it had on it the inscription, 'The Compliant Golden-Hooped Rod. Weight: thirteen thousand five hundred pounds.' Stand aside, all of you. Let me ask it to go through some more transformations."

He held the treasure in his hands and called out, "Smaller, smaller, smaller!" and at once it shrank to the size of a tiny embroidery needle, small enough to be hidden inside the ear. Awestruck, the monkeys cried, "Great King! Take it out and play with it some more."

The Monkey King took it out from his ear and placed it on his palm. "Bigger, bigger, bigger!" he shouted, and again it grew to the thickness of a barrel and more than twenty feet long. He became so delighted playing with it that he jumped onto the bridge and walked out of the cave. Grasping the treasure in his hands, he began to perform the magic of cosmic imitation. Bending over, he cried, "Grow!" and at once grew to be ten thousand feet tall, with a head like the Tai Mountain and a chest like a rugged peak, eyes like lightning and a mouth like a blood bowl, and teeth like swords and halberds. The rod in his hands was of such a size that its top reached the thirty-third Heaven and its bottom the eighteenth layer of Hell. Tigers, leopards, wolves, and crawling creatures, all the monsters of the mountain and the demon kings of the seventy-two caves, were so terrified that they kowtowed and paid homage to the Monkey King in fear and trembling. Presently he revoked his magical appearance and changed the treasure back into a tiny embroidery needle stored in his ear. He returned to the cave dwelling, but the demon kings of the various caves were still frightened, and they continued to come to pay their respects.

At this time, the banners were unfurled, the drums sounded, and the brass gongs struck loudly. A great banquet of a hundred delicacies was given, and the cups were filled to overflowing with the fruit of the vines and the juices of the coconut. They drank and feasted for a long time, and they engaged in military exercises as before. The Monkey King made the four old monkeys mighty commanders of his troops by appointing the two female monkeys with red buttocks as marshals Ma and Liu, and the two bareback gibbons as generals Beng and Ba. The four mighty commanders, moreover, were entrusted with all matters concerning fortification, pitching camps, reward, and punishment. Having settled all this, the Monkey King felt completely at ease to soar on the clouds and ride the mist, to tour the four seas and disport himself in a thousand mountains. Displaying his martial skill, he made extensive visits to various heroes and warriors; performing his magic, he made many good friends. At this time, moreover, he entered into fraternal alliance with six other monarchs: the Bull Monster

King, the Dragon Monster King, the Garuda Monster King, the Giant Lynx King, the Macaque King, and the Orangutan King. Together with the Handsome Monkey King, they formed a fraternal order of seven. Day after day they discussed civil and military arts, exchanged wine cups and goblets, sang and danced to songs and strings. They gathered in the morning and parted in the evening; there was not a single pleasure that they overlooked, covering a distance of ten thousand miles as if it were but the span of their own courtyard. As the saying has it,

*One nod of the head goes farther than three thousand miles;
One twist of the torso covers more than eight hundred.*

One day, the four mighty commanders had been told to prepare a great banquet in their own cave, and the six kings were invited to the feast. They killed cows and slaughtered horses; they sacrificed to Heaven and Earth. The various imps were ordered to dance and sing, and they all drank until they were thoroughly drunk. After sending the six kings off, Wukong also rewarded the leaders great and small with gifts. Reclining in the shade of pine trees near the sheet iron bridge, he fell asleep in a moment. The four mighty commanders led the crowd to form a protective circle around him, not daring to raise their voices. In his sleep the Handsome Monkey King saw two men approach with a summons with the three characters “Sun Wukong” written on it. They walked up to him and, without a word, tied him up with a rope and dragged him off. The soul of the Handsome Monkey King was reeling from side to side.

They reached the edge of a city. The Monkey King was gradually coming to himself, when he lifted up his head and suddenly saw above the city an iron sign bearing in large letters the three words “Region of Darkness.”

The Handsome Monkey King at once became fully conscious. “The Region of Darkness is the abode of Yama, King of Death,” he said. “Why am I here?”

“Your age in the World of Life has come to an end,” the two men said. “The two of us were given this summons to arrest you.” When the Monkey King heard this, he said, “I, old Monkey himself, have transcended the Three Regions and the Five Phases; hence I am no longer under Yama’s jurisdiction. Why is he so confused that he wants to arrest me?”

The two summoners paid scant attention. Yanking and pulling, they were determined to haul him inside. Growing angry, the Monkey King whipped out his treasure. One wave of it turned it into the thickness of a rice bowl; he raised his hands once, and the two summoners were reduced to hash. He untied the rope, freed his hands, and fought his way into the city, wielding the rod. Bull-headed demons hid in terror, and horse-faced demons fled in every direction. A band of ghost soldiers ran up to the Palace of Darkness, crying, “Great Kings! Disaster! Disaster! Outside there’s a hairy-faced thunder god fighting his way in!”

Their report alarmed the Ten Kings of the Underworld so much that they quickly straightened out their attire and went out to see what was happening. Discovering a fierce and angry figure, they lined up according to their ranks and greeted him with loud voices:

“High Immortal, tell us your name. High Immortal, tell us your name.”

“I am the Heaven-born sage Sun Wukong from the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain,” said the Monkey King, “what kind of officials are you?”

“We are the Emperors of Darkness,” answered the Ten Kings, bowing, “the Ten Kings of the Underworld.”

“Tell me each of your names at once,” said Wukong, “or I’ll give you a drubbing.”

The Ten Kings said, “We are:

King Qinguang, King of the Beginning River, King of the Song Emperor, King of Avenging Ministers, King Yama, King of Equal Ranks, King of the Tai Mountain, King of City Markets, King of the Complete Change, and King of the Turning Wheel.”

“Since you have all ascended the thrones of kingship,” said Wukong, “you should be intelligent beings, responsible in rewards and punishments. Why are you so ignorant of good and evil? Old Monkey has acquired the Dao and attained immortality. I enjoy the same age as Heaven, and I have transcended the Three Regions and leapt clear of the Five Phases. Why, then, did you send men to arrest me?”

“High Immortal,” said the Ten Kings, “let your anger subside. There are many people in this world with the same name and surname. Couldn’t the summoners have made a mistake?”

“Nonsense! Nonsense!” said Wukong. “The proverb says, ‘Officials err, clerks err, but the summoner never errs!’ Quick, bring out your register of births and deaths, and let me have a look.” When the Ten Kings heard this, they invited him to go into the palace to see for himself. Holding his compliant rod, Wukong went straight up to the Palace of Darkness and, facing south, sat down in the middle. The Ten Kings immediately had the judge in charge of the records bring out his books for examination. The judge, who did not dare tarry, hastened into a side room and brought out five or six books of documents and the ledgers on the ten species of living beings. He went through them one by one—shorthaired creatures, furry creatures, winged creatures, crawling creatures, and scaly creatures—but he did not find his name. He then proceeded to the file on monkeys. You see, though this monkey resembled a human being, he was not listed under the names of men; though he resembled the short-haired creatures, he did not dwell in their kingdoms; though he resembled other animals, he was not subject to the unicorn; and though he resembled flying creatures, he was not governed by the phoenix. He had, therefore, a separate ledger, which Wukong examined himself. Under the heading “Soul 1350” he found the name Sun Wukong recorded, with the description:

“Heaven-born Stone Monkey. Age: three hundred and forty-two years. A good end.” Wukong said, “I really don’t remember my age. All I want is to erase my name. Bring me a brush.”

The judge hurriedly fetched the brush and soaked it in heavy ink. Wukong took the ledger on monkeys and crossed out all the names he could find in it. Throwing down the ledger, he said, “That ends the account! That ends the account! Now I’m truly not your subject.”

Brandishing his rod, he fought his way out of the Region of Darkness. The Ten Kings did not dare approach him. They went instead to the Green Cloud Palace to consult the Bodhisattva King Kṣitigarbha and made plans to report the incident to Heaven, which does not concern us for the moment.

While our Monkey King was fighting his way out of the city, he was suddenly caught in a clump of grass and stumbled. Waking up with a start, he realized that it was

all a dream. As he was stretching himself, he heard the four mighty commanders and the various monkeys crying with a loud voice, “Great King! How much wine did you imbibe? You’ve slept all night long. Aren’t you awake yet?”

“Sleeping is nothing to get excited about,” said Wukong, “but I dreamed that two men came to arrest me, and I didn’t perceive their intention until they brought me to the outskirts of the Region of Darkness. Showing my power, I protested right up to the Palace of Darkness and argued with the Ten Kings. I went through our ledger of births and deaths and crossed out all our names. Those fellows have no hold over us now.”

The various monkeys all kowtowed to express their gratitude. From that time onward there were many mountain monkeys who did not grow old, for their names were not registered in the Underworld. When the Handsome Monkey King finished his account of what had happened, the four mighty commanders reported the story to the demon kings of various caves, who all came to tender their congratulations. Only a few days had passed when the six sworn brothers also came to congratulate him, all of them delighted about the cancellation of the names. We shall not elaborate here on their joyful gathering.

We shall turn instead to the Great Benevolent Sage of Heaven, the Celestial Jade Emperor of the Most Venerable Deva, who was holding court one day in the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, the Cloud Palace of Golden Arches. The divine ministers, civil and military, were just gathering for the morning session when suddenly the Daoist immortal Qiu Hongzhi announced, “Your Majesty, outside the Translucent Palace, Aoguang, the Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean, is awaiting your command to present a memorial to the Throne.”

The Jade Emperor gave the order to have him brought forth, and Aoguang was led into the Hall of Divine Mists. After he had paid his respects, a divine page boy in charge of documents received the memorial, and the Jade Emperor read it from the beginning. The memorial said:

From the lowly water region of the Eastern Ocean at the East Pūrvavideha Continent, the small dragon subject, Aoguang, humbly informs the Wise Lord of Heaven, the Most Eminent High God and Ruler, that a bogus immortal, Sun Wukong, born of the Flower-Fruit Mountain and resident of the Water-Curtain Cave, has recently abused your small dragon, gaining a seat in his water home by force.

He demanded a weapon, employing power and intimidation; he asked for martial attire, unleashing violence and threats. He terrorized my water kinsmen, and scattered turtles and tortoises. The Dragon of the Southern Ocean trembled; the Dragon of the Western Ocean was filled with horror; the Dragon of the Northern Ocean drew back his head to surrender; and your subject Aoguang flexed his body to do obeisance. We presented him with the divine treasure of an iron rod and the gold cap with phoenix plumes; giving him also a chain-mail cuirass and cloud-treading shoes, we sent him off courteously. But even then he was bent on displaying his martial prowess and magical powers, and all he could say to us was “Sorry to have bothered you!” We are indeed no match for him, nor are we able to subdue him. Your subject therefore presents this petition and humbly begs for imperial justice. We earnestly beseech you to dispatch the Heavenly host and capture this monster, so that tranquility may be restored to the oceans and prosperity to the Lower Region. Thus we present this memorial.

When the Holy Emperor had finished reading, he gave the command:

“Let the Dragon God return to the ocean. We shall send our generals to arrest the culprit.”

The old Dragon King gratefully touched his forehead to the ground and left. From below the Immortal Elder Ge, the Celestial Master, also brought forth the report. “Your Majesty, the Minister of Darkness, King Qinguang, supported by the Bodhisattva King Kṣitigarbha, Pope of the Underworld, has arrived to present his memorial.”

The jade girl in charge of communication came from the side to receive this document, which the Jade Emperor also read from the beginning. The memorial said:

“The Region of Darkness is the nether region proper to Earth. As Heaven is for gods and Earth for ghosts, so life and death proceed in cyclic succession. Fowls are born and animals die; male and female, they multiply. Births and transformations, the male begotten of the procreative female—such is the order of Nature, and it cannot be changed. But now appears Sun Wukong, a Heaven-born baneful monkey from the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain, who practices evil and violence, and resists our proper summons. Exercising magic powers, he utterly defeated the ghostly messengers of Ninefold Darkness; exploiting brute force, he terrorized the Ten Merciful Kings.

He caused great confusion in the Palace of Darkness; he abrogated by force the Register of Names, so that the category of monkeys is now beyond control, and inordinately long life is given to the simian family. The wheel of transmigration is stopped, for birth and death are eliminated in each kind of monkey. Your poor monk therefore risks offending your Heavenly authority in presenting this memorial. We humbly beg you to send forth your divine army and subdue this monster, to the end that life and death may once more be regulated and the Underworld rendered perpetually secure. Respectfully we present this memorial.”

When the Jade Emperor had finished reading, he again gave a command:

“Let the Lord of Darkness return to the Underworld. We shall send our generals to arrest this culprit.” King Qinguang also touched his head to the ground gratefully and left.

The Great Heavenly Deva called together his various immortal subjects, both civil and military, and asked, “When was this baneful monkey born, and in which generation did he begin his career? How is it that he has become so powerfully accomplished in the Way?” Scarcely had he finished speaking when, from the ranks, Thousand-Mile Eye and Fair-Wind Ear stepped forward. “This monkey,” they said, “is the Heaven-born stone monkey of three hundred years ago. At that time he did not seem to amount to much, and we do not know where he acquired the knowledge of self-cultivation these last few years and became an immortal. Now he knows how to subdue dragons and tame tigers, and thus he is able to annul by force the Register of Death.”

“Which one of you divine generals,” asked the Jade Emperor, “wishes to go down there to subdue him?” Scarcely had he finished speaking when the Long-Life Spirit of the Planet Venus came forward from the ranks and prostrated himself. “Highest and Holiest,” he said, “within the three regions, all creatures endowed with the nine apertures can, through exercise, become immortals. It is not surprising that this monkey, with a body nurtured by Heaven and Earth, a frame born of the sun and moon, should achieve immortality, seeing that his head points to Heaven and his feet walk on Earth, and that he feeds on the dew and the mist. Now that he has the power to subdue dragons and tame tigers, how is he different from a human being? Your subject therefore makes so bold as to ask Your Majesty to remember the compassionate grace of Creation and issue a decree of pacification. Let him be summoned to the Upper Region and given some kind of official duties. His name will be recorded in the Register and we can control him here. If he is receptive to the Heavenly decree, he will be rewarded and promoted hereafter; but if he is disobedient to your command, we shall arrest him forthwith. Such an action will spare us a military expedition in the first place, and, in the second, permit us to receive into our midst another immortal in an orderly manner.”

The Jade Emperor was highly pleased with this statement, and he said, “We shall follow the counsel of our minister.”

He then ordered the Star Spirit of Songs and Letters to compose the decree, and delegated the Gold Star of Venus to be the viceroy of peace.

Having received the decree, the Gold Star went out of the South Heaven Gate, lowered the direction of his hallowed cloud, and headed straight for the Flower-Fruit Mountain and the Water-Curtain Cave. He said to the various little monkeys, "I am the Heavenly messenger sent from above. I have with me an imperial decree to invite your great king to go to the Upper Region. Report this to him quickly!"

The monkeys outside the cave passed the word along one by one until it reached the depth of the cave. "Great King," one of the monkeys said, "there's an old man outside bearing a document on his back. He says that he is a messenger sent from Heaven, and he has an imperial decree of invitation for you." Upon hearing this, the Handsome Monkey King was exceedingly pleased. "These last two days," he said, "I was just thinking about taking a little trip to Heaven, and the heavenly messenger has already come to invite me!"

The Monkey King quickly straightened out his attire and went to the door for the reception. The Gold Star came into the center of the cave and stood still with his face toward the south. "I am the Gold Star of Venus from the West," he said. "I came down to Earth, bearing the imperial decree of pacification from the Jade Emperor, and invite you to go to Heaven to receive an immortal appointment." Laughing, Wukong said, "I am most grateful for the Old Star's visit."

He then gave the order:

"Little ones, prepare a banquet to entertain our guest."

The Gold Star said, "As a bearer of imperial decree, I cannot remain here long. I must ask the Great King to go with me at once. After your glorious promotion, we shall have many occasions to converse at our leisure."

"We are honored by your presence," said Wukong; "I am sorry that you have to leave with empty hands!"

He then called the four mighty commanders together for this admonition:

"Be diligent in teaching and drilling the young ones. Let me go up to Heaven to take a look and to see whether I can have you all brought up there too to live with me."

The four mighty commanders indicated their obedience. This Monkey King mounted the cloud with the Gold Star and rose up into the sky. Truly

He ascends the high rank of immortals from the sky;

His name's enrolled in cloud columns and treasure scrolls.

We do not know what sort of rank or appointment he received; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FOUR

*Appointed a BanHorse, could he be content?
Named Equal to Heaven, he's still not appeased*

The Gold Star of Venus left the depths of the cave dwelling with the Handsome Monkey King, and together they rose by mounting the clouds. But the cloud somersault of Wukong, you see, is no common magic; its speed is tremendous. Soon he left the Gold Star far behind and arrived first at the South Heaven Gate. He was about to dismount from the cloud and go in when the Devarāja Virūdhaka leading Pang, Liu, Kou, Bi, Deng, Xin, Zhang, and Tao, the various divine heroes, barred the way with spears, scimitars, swords, and halberds and refused him entrance. The Monkey King said, "What a deceitful fellow that Gold Star is! If old Monkey has been invited here, why have these people been ordered to use their swords and spears to bar my entrance?"

He was protesting loudly when the Gold Star arrived in haste. "Old man," said Wukong angrily to his face, "why did you deceive me? You told me that I was invited by the Jade Emperor's decree of pacification. Why then did you get these people to block the Heaven Gate and prevent my entering?"

"Let the Great King calm down," the Gold Star said, laughing. "Since you have never been to the Hall of Heaven before, nor have you been given a name, you are quite unknown to the various heavenly guardians. How can they let you in on their own authority? Once you have seen the Heavenly Deva, received an appointment, and had your name listed in the Immortal Register, you can go in and out as you please. Who would then obstruct your way?"

"If that's how it is," said Wukong, "it's all right. But I'm not going in by myself."

"Then go in with me," said the Gold Star, pulling him by the hand.

As they approached the gate, the Gold Star called out loudly, "Guardians of the Heaven Gate, lieutenants great and small, make way! This person is an immortal from the Region Below, whom I have summoned by the imperial decree of the Jade Emperor."

The Devarāja Virūdhaka and the various divine heroes immediately lowered their weapons and stepped aside, and the Monkey King finally believed what he had been told. He walked slowly inside with the Gold Star and looked around. For it was truly

*His first ascent to the Region Above,
His sudden entrance into the Hall of Heaven,
Where ten thousand shafts of golden light whirled as a coral rainbow,
And a thousand layers of hallowed air diffused mist of purple.
Look at that South Heaven Gate!
Its deep shades of green
From glazed tiles were made;
Its radiant battlements
Adorned with treasure jade.
On two sides were posted scores of celestial sentinels,
Each of whom, standing tall beside the pillars,*

Carried bows and clutched banners.
 All around were sundry divine beings in golden armor,
 Each of them holding halberds and whips,
 Or wielding scimitars and swords.
 Impressive may be the outer court;
 Overwhelming is the sight within!
 In the inner halls stood several huge pillars
 Circled by red-whiskered dragons whose golden scales gleamed in the sun.
 There were, moreover, a few long bridges;
 Above them crimson-headed phoenixes circled with soaring plumes of many hues.
 Bright mist shimmered in the light of the sky.
 Green fog descending obscured the stars.
 Thirty-three Heavenly mansions were found up here,
 With names like the Scattered Cloud, the Vaiśravaṇa, the Pāncavidyā, the Suyāma,
 the Nirmāṇarati . . .
 On the roof of every mansion the ridge held a stately golden beast.
 There were also the seventy-two treasure halls,
 With names like the Morning Assembly, the Transcendent Void, the Precious Light,
 the Heavenly King, the Divine Minister . . .
 In every hall beneath the pillars stood rows of jade unicorn.
 On the Platform of Canopus,
 There were flowers unfading in a thousand millennia;
 Beside the oven for refining herbs,
 There were exotic grasses growing green for ten thousand years.
 He went before the Tower of Homage to the Sage,
 Where he saw robes of royal purple gauze
 Brilliant as stars refulgent,
 Caps the shape of hibiscus,
 Resplendent with gold and precious stones,
 And pins of jade and shoes of pearl,
 And purple sashes and golden ornaments.
 When the golden bells swayed to their striking,
 The memorial of the Three Judges would cross the vermilion courtyard;
 When the drums of Heaven were sounded,
 Ten thousand sages of the royal audience would honor the Jade Emperor.
 He went, too, to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists
 Where nails of gold penetrated frames of jade,
 And colorful phoenixes danced atop scarlet doors.
 Here were covered bridges and winding corridors
 Displaying every where openwork carvings most elegant;
 And eaves crowding together in layers three and four,
 On each of which reared up phoenixes and dragons.
 There was high above
 A round dome big, bright, and brilliant—
 Its shape, a huge gourd of purple gold,
 Below which guardian goddesses hung out their fans
 And jade maidens held up their immortal veils.
 Ferocious were the sky marshals overseeing the court;

*Dignified, the divine officials protecting the Throne.
 There at the center, on a crystal platter,
 Tablets of the Great Monad Elixir were heaped;
 And rising out of the cornelian vases
 Were several branches of twisting coral.
 So it was that
 Rare goods of every order were found in Heaven's Hall,
 And nothing like them on Earth could ever be seen—
 Those golden arches, silver coaches, and that Heavenly house,
 Those coralline blooms and jasper plants with their buds of jade.
 The jade rabbit passed the platform to adore the king.
 The golden crow flew by to worship the sage.
 Blessed was the Monkey King coming to this Heavenly realm,
 He who was not mired in the filthy soil of man.*

The Gold Star of Venus led the Handsome Monkey King to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, and, without waiting for further announcement, they went into the imperial presence. While the Star prostrated himself, Wukong stood erect by him. Showing no respect, he cocked his ear only to listen to the report of the Gold Star. "According to your decree," said the Gold Star, "your subject has brought the bogus immortal."

"Which one is the bogus immortal?" asked the Jade Emperor graciously. Only then did Wukong bow and reply, "None other than old Monkey!"

Blanching with horror, the various divine officials said, "That wild ape! Already he has failed to prostrate himself before the Throne, and now he dares to come forward with such an insolent reply as 'None other than old Monkey'! He is worthy of death, worthy of death!"

"That fellow Sun Wukong is a bogus immortal from the Region Below," announced the Jade Emperor, "and he has only recently acquired the form of a human being. We shall pardon him this time for his ignorance of court etiquette."

"Thank you, Your Majesty," cried the various divine officials. Only then did the Monkey King bow deeply with folded hands and utter a cry of gratitude. The Jade Emperor then ordered the divine officials, both civil and military, to see what vacant appointment there might be for Sun Wukong to receive. From the side came the Star Spirit of Wuqu, who reported, "In every mansion and hall everywhere in the Palace of Heaven, there is no lack of ministers. Only at the imperial stables is a supervisor needed."

"Let him be made a Ban-Horse-Plague," proclaimed the Jade Emperor. The various subjects again shouted their thanks, but Monkey only bowed deeply and gave a loud whoop of gratitude. The Jade Emperor then sent the Star Spirit of Jupiter to accompany him to the stables.

The Monkey King went happily with the Star Spirit of Jupiter to the stables in order to assume his duties. After the Star Spirit had returned to his own mansion, the new officer gathered together the deputy and assistant supervisors, the accountants and stewards, and other officials both great and small and made thorough investigation of all the affairs of the stables. There were about a thousand celestial horses, and they were all

Hualius and Chizhis
Lu'ers and Xianlis,
Consorts of Dragons and Purple Swallows,
Folded Wings and Suxiangs,
Juetis and Silver Hooves,
Yaoniaos and Flying Yellows.
Chestnuts and Faster-than- Arrows,
Red Hares and Speedier-than- Lights,
Leaping Lights and Vaulting Shadows,
Rising Fogs and Triumphant Yellows,
Wind Chasers and Distance Breakers.
Flying Pinions and Surging Airs,
Rushing Winds and Fiery Lightnings.
Copper Sparrows and Drifting Clouds,
Dragonlike piebalds and Tigerlike pintos,
Dust Quenchers and Purple Scales,
And Ferghanas from the Four Corners.
Like the Eight Steeds and Nine Stallions
They have no rivals within a thousand miles!
Such are these fine horses.
Every one of which
Neighs like the wind and gallops like thunder to show a mighty spirit.
They tread the mist and mount the clouds with unflagging strength.

Our Monkey King went through the lists and made a thorough inspection of the horses. Within the imperial stables, the accountants were in charge of getting supplies; the stewards groomed and washed the horses, chopped hay, watered them, and prepared their food; and the deputies and assistants saw to the overall management. Never resting, the Bima oversaw the care of the horses, fussing with them by day and watching over them diligently by night. Those horses that wanted to sleep were stirred up and fed; those that wanted to gallop were caught and placed in the stalls. When the celestial horses saw him, they all behaved most properly and they were so well cared for that their flanks became swollen with fat.

More than half a month soon went by, and on one leisurely morning, the various department ministers gave a banquet to welcome and congratulate him. While they were drinking happily, the Monkey King suddenly put down his cup and asked:

“What sort of rank is this Ban-Horse-Plague of mine?”

“The rank and the title are the same,” they said.

“But what ministerial grade is it?”

“It does not have a grade,” they said.

“If it does not have a grade,” said the Monkey King, “I suppose it must be the very highest.”

“Not at all,” they replied, “it can only be called ‘the unclassified’!”

The Monkey King said, “What do you mean by ‘the unclassified’?”

“It is really the meanest level,” they said. “This kind of minister is the lowest of the low ranks; hence he can only look after horses. Take the case of Your Honor, who,

since your arrival, have been so diligent in discharging your duties. If the horses are fattened, you will only earn yourself a 'Fairly Good!' If they look at all thin, you will be roundly rebuked. And if they are seriously hurt or wounded, you will be prosecuted and fined." When the Monkey King heard this, fire leaped up from his heart. "So that's the contempt they have for old Monkey!" he cried angrily, gnashing his teeth. "At the Flower-Fruit Mountain I was honored as king and patriarch. How dare they trick me into coming to look after horses for them, if horse tending is such a menial service, reserved only for the young and lowly? Is such treatment worthy of me? I'm quitting! I'm quitting! I'm leaving right now!" With a crash, he kicked over his official desk and took the treasure out of his ear. One wave of his hand and it had the thickness of a rice bowl. Delivering blows in all directions, he fought his way out of the imperial stables and went straight to the South Heaven Gate. The various celestial guardians, knowing that he had been officially appointed a Ban-Horse-Plague, did not dare stop him and allowed him to fight his way out of the Heaven Gate.

In a moment, he lowered the direction of his cloud and returned to the Flower-Fruit Mountain. The four mighty commanders were seen drilling troops with the Monster Kings of various caves. "Little ones," this Monkey King cried in a loud voice, "old Monkey has returned!"

The flock of monkeys all came to kowtow and received him into the depths of the cave dwelling. As the Monkey King ascended his throne, they busily prepared a banquet to welcome him. "Receive our congratulations, Great King," they said. "Having gone to the region above for more than ten years, you must be returning in success and glory."

"I have been away for only half a month," said the Monkey King. "How can it be more than ten years?"

"Great King," said the various monkeys, "you are not aware of time and season when you are in Heaven. One day in Heaven above is equal to a year on Earth. May we ask the Great King what ministerial appointment he received?"

"Don't mention that! Don't mention that!" said the Monkey King, waving his hand. "It embarrasses me to death! That Jade Emperor does not know how to use talent. Seeing the features of old Monkey, he appointed me to something called the Ban-Horse-Plague, which actually means taking care of horses for him. It's a job too low even to be classified! I didn't know this when I first assumed my duties, and so I managed to have some fun at the imperial stables. But when I asked my colleagues today, I discovered what a degraded position it was. I was so furious that I knocked over the banquet they were giving me and rejected the title. That's why I came back down."

"Welcome back!" said the various monkeys, "welcome back! Our Great King can be the sovereign of this blessed cave dwelling with the greatest honor and happiness. Why should he go away to be someone's stable boy?"

"Little ones," they cried, "send up the wine quickly and cheer up our Great King."

As they were drinking wine and conversing happily, someone came to report:

"Great King, there are two one-horned demon kings outside who want to see you."

"Show them in," said the Monkey King. The demon kings straightened out their attire, ran into the cave, and prostrated themselves. "Why did you want to see me?"

asked the Handsome Monkey King. “We have long heard that the Great King is receptive to talents,” said the demon kings, “but we had no reason to request your audience. Now we learn that our Great King has received a divine appointment and has returned in success and glory. We have come, therefore, to present the Great King with a red and yellow robe for his celebration. If you are not disdainful of the uncouth and the lowly and are willing to receive us plebeians, we shall serve you as dogs or as horses.”

Highly pleased, the Monkey King put on the red and yellow robe while the rest of them lined up joyfully and did homage. He then appointed the demon kings to be the Vanguard Commanders, Marshals of the Forward Regiments.

After expressing their thanks, the demon kings asked again, “Since our Great King was in Heaven for a long time, may we ask what kind of appointment he received?”

“The Jade Emperor belittles the talented,” said the Monkey King. “He only made me something called the Ban-Horse-Plague.”

Hearing this, the demon kings said again, “Great King has such divine powers! Why should you take care of horses for him? What is there to stop you from assuming the rank of the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?” When the Monkey King heard these words, he could not conceal his delight, shouting repeatedly, “Bravo! Bravo!”

“Make me a banner immediately,” he ordered the four mighty commanders, “and inscribe on it in large letters, ‘The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.’ Erect a pole to hang it on.

From now on, address me only as the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and the title Great King will no longer be permitted. The Monster Kings of the various caves will also be informed so that it will be known to all.” Of this we shall speak no further.

We now refer to the Jade Emperor, who held court the next day. The Celestial Master Zhang was seen leading the deputy and the assistant of the imperial stables to come before the vermilion courtyard. “Your Majesty,” they said, prostrating themselves, “the newly appointed Ban-Horse-Plague, Sun Wukong, objected to his rank as being too low and left the Heavenly Palace yesterday in rebellion.” Meanwhile, the Devarāja Virūḍhaka, leading the various celestial guardians from the South Heaven Gate, also made the report, “The Ban-Horse-Plague for reasons unknown to us has walked out of the Heaven Gate.” When the Jade Emperor heard this, he made the proclamation:

“Let the two divine commanders and their followers return to their duties. We shall send forth celestial soldiers to capture this monster.”

From among the ranks, Devarāja Li, who was the Pagoda Bearer, and his Third Prince Naṭa came forward and presented their request, saying, “Your Majesty, though your humble subjects are not gifted, we await your authorization to subdue this monster.”

Delighted, the Jade Emperor appointed Pagoda Bearer Devarāja Li Jing to be grand marshal for subduing the monster, and promoted Third Prince Naṭa to be the great deity in charge of the Three-Platform Assembly of the Saints. They were to lead an expeditionary force at once for the Region Below.

Devarāja Li and Naṭa kowtowed to take leave and went back to their own mansion. After reviewing the troops and their captains and lieutenants, they appointed

Mighty-Spirit God to be Vanward Commander, the Fish-Belly General to bring up the rear, and the General of the Yakṣas to urge the troops on. In a moment they left by the South Heaven Gate and went straight to the Flower-Fruit Mountain. A level piece of land was selected for encampment, and the order was then given to the Mighty-Spirit God to provoke battle. Having received his order and having buckled and knotted his armor properly, the Mighty-Spirit God grasped his spreading-flower ax and came to the Water-Curtain Cave. There in front of the cave he saw a great mob of monsters, all of them wolves, insects, tigers, leopards, and the like; they were all jumping and growling, brandishing their swords and waving their spears.

“Damnable beasts!” shouted the Mighty-Spirit God. “Hurry and tell the Ban-Horse-Plague that I, a great general from Heaven, have by the authorization of the Jade Emperor come to subdue him. Tell him to come out quickly and surrender, lest all of you be annihilated!” Running pell-mell into the cave, those monsters shouted the report, “Disaster! Disaster!”

“What sort of disaster?” asked the Monkey King. “There’s a celestial warrior outside,” said the monsters, “who claims the title of an imperial envoy. He says he came by the holy decree of the Jade Emperor to subdue you, and he orders you to go out quickly and surrender, lest we lose our lives.”

Hearing this, the Monkey King commanded, “Get my battle dress!”

He quickly donned his red gold cap, pulled on his yellow gold cuirass, slipped on his cloud-treading shoes, and seized the compliant golden-hooped rod. He led the crowd outside and set them up in battle formation. The Mighty-Spirit God opened wide his eyes and stared at this magnificent Monkey King:

*The gold cuirass worn on his body was brilliant and bright;
The gold cap on his head also glistened in the light.
In his hands was a staff, the golden-hooped rod,
That well became the cloud-treading shoes on his feet.
His eyes glowered strangely like burning stars.
Hanging past his shoulders were two ears, forked and hard.
His remarkable body knew many ways of change,
And his voice resounded like bells and chimes.
This Ban-Horse-Plague with beaked mouth and gaping teeth
Aimed high to be the Equal to Heaven Sage.*

“Lawless ape,” the Mighty-Spirit God roared powerfully, “do you recognize me?” When the Great Sage heard these words, he asked quickly, “What sort of dull-witted deity are you? Old Monkey has yet to meet you! State your name at once!”

“Fraudulent simian,” cried the Mighty-Spirit, “what do you mean, you don’t recognize me? I am the Celestial General of Mighty-Spirit, the Vanward Commander and subordinate to Devarāja Li, the Pagoda Bearer, from the divine empyrean. I have come by the imperial decree of the Jade Emperor to receive your submission. Strip yourself of your apparel immediately and yield to the Heavenly grace, so that this mountainful of creatures can avoid execution. If you dare but utter half a ‘No,’ you will be reduced to powder in seconds!” When the Monkey King heard those words, he was filled with anger. “Reckless simpleton!” he cried. “Stop bragging and wagging your tongue! I would have killed you with one stroke of my rod, but then I would have no one to communicate my message. So, I’ll spare your life for the moment. Go back to Heaven quickly and inform the Jade Emperor that he has no regard for talent. Old

Monkey has unlimited abilities. Why did he ask me to mind horses for him? Take a good look at the words on this banner. If I am promoted according to its title, I will lay down my arms, and the cosmos will then be fair and tranquil. But if he does not agree to my demand, I'll fight my way up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, and he won't even be able to sit on his dragon throne!" When the Mighty-Spirit God heard these words, he opened his eyes wide, facing the wind, and saw indeed a tall pole outside the cave. On the pole hung a banner bearing in large letters the words, "The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven."

The Mighty-Spirit God laughed scornfully three times and jeered, "Lawless ape! How fatuous can you be, and how arrogant! So you want to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven! Be good enough to take a bit of my ax first!"

Aiming at his head, he hacked at him, but, being a knowledgeable fighter, the Monkey King was not unnerved. He met the blow at once with his golden-hooped rod, and this exciting battle was on.

*The rod was named Compliant;
The ax was called Spreading Flower.
The two of them, meeting suddenly,
Did not yet know their weakness or strength;
But ax and rod
Clashed left and right.
One concealed secret powers most wondrous;
The other vaunted openly his vigor and might.
They used magic—
Blowing out cloud and puffing up fog;
They stretched their hands,
Splattering mud and spraying sand.
The might of the celestial battler had its way:
But the Monkey had boundless power of change.
The rod uplifted—a dragon played in water;
The ax arrived—a phoenix sliced through flowers.
Mighty-Spirit, whose name spread through the world,
In prowess truly could not match the other one.
The Great Sage whirling lightly his iron staff
Could numb the body with one blow on the head.*

The Mighty-Spirit God could oppose him no longer and allowed the Monkey King to aim a mighty blow at his head, which he hastily sought to parry with his ax. With a crack the ax handle split in two, and Mighty-Spirit turned swiftly to flee for his life. "Imbecile! Imbecile!" laughed the Monkey King, "I've already spared you. Go and report my message at once!"

Back at the camp, the Mighty-Spirit God went straight to see the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja. Huffing and puffing, he knelt down saying, "The Ban-Horse-Plague indeed has great magic powers! Your unworthy warrior cannot prevail against him. Defeated, I have come to beg your pardon."

"This fellow has blunted our will to fight," said Devarāja Li angrily. "Take him out and have him executed!"

From the side came Prince Naṭa, who said, bowing deeply, “Let your anger subside, Father King, and pardon for the moment the guilt of Mighty-Spirit. Permit your child to go into battle once, and we shall know the long and short of the matter.”

The Devarāja heeded the admonition and ordered Mighty-Spirit to go back to his camp and await trial.

This Prince Naṭa, properly armed, leaped from his camp and dashed to the Water-Curtain Cave. Wukong was just dismissing his troops when he saw Naṭa approaching fiercely. Dear Prince!

*Two boyish tufts barely cover his skull.
His flowing hair has yet to reach the shoulders.
A rare mind, alert and intelligent.
A noble frame, pure and elegant.
He is indeed the unicorn son from Heaven above,
Truly immortal as the phoenix of mist and smoke.
This seed of dragon has by nature uncommon features.
His tender age shows no relation to any worldly kin.
He carries on his body six kinds of magic weapons.
He flies, he leaps; he can change without restriction.
Now by the golden-mouth proclamation of the Jade Emperor
He is appointed to the Assembly: its name, the Three Platforms*

Wukong drew near and asked, “Whose little brother are you, and what do you want, barging through my gate?”

“Lawless monstrous monkey!” shouted Naṭa. “Don’t you recognize me? I am Naṭa, third son of the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja. I am under the imperial commission of the Jade Emperor to come and arrest you.”

“Little prince,” said Wukong laughing, “your baby teeth haven’t even fallen out, and your natal hair is still damp! How dare you talk so big? I’m going to spare your life, and I won’t fight you. Just take a look at the words on my banner and report them to the Jade Emperor above. Grant me this title, and you won’t need to stir your forces. I will submit on my own. If you don’t satisfy my cravings, I will surely fight my way up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists.” Lifting his head to look, Naṭa saw the words, “Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.”

“What great power does this monstrous monkey possess,” said Naṭa, “that he dares claim such a title? Fear not! Swallow my sword.”

“I’ll just stand here quietly,” said Wukong, “and you can take a few hacks at me with your sword.” Young Naṭa grew angry. “Change!” he yelled loudly, and he changed at once into a fearsome person having three heads and six arms. In his hands he held six kinds of weapons: a monster-stabbing sword, a monstercleaving scimitar, a monster-binding rope, a monster-taming club, an embroidered ball, and a fiery wheel. Brandishing these weapons, he mounted a frontal attack. “This little brother does know a few tricks!” said Wukong, somewhat alarmed by what he saw. “But don’t be rash. Watch my magic!”

Dear Great Sage! He shouted, “Change!” and he too transformed himself into a creature with three heads and six arms. One wave of the golden-hooped rod and it became three staffs, which were held with six hands. The conflict was truly earth-shaking and made the very mountains tremble. What a battle!

*The six-armed Prince Naṭa.
 The Heaven-born Handsome Stone Monkey King.
 Meeting, each met his match
 And found each to be from the same source.
 One was consigned to come down to Earth.
 The other in guile disturbed the universe.
 The edge of the monster-stabbing sword was quick;
 The keen, monster-cleaving scimitar alarmed demons and gods;
 The monster-binding rope was like a flying snake;
 The monster-taming club was like the head of a wolf;
 The lightning-propelled fiery wheel was like darting flames;
 Hither and thither the embroidered ball rotated.
 The three compliant rods of the Great Sage
 Protected the front and guarded the rear with care and skill.
 A few rounds of bitter contest revealed no victor,
 But the prince's mind would not so easily rest.
 He ordered the six kinds of weapon to change
 Into hundreds and thousands of millions, aiming for the head.
 The Monkey King, undaunted, roared with laughter loud,
 And wielded his iron rod with artful ease:
 One turned to a thousand, a thousand to ten thousand,
 Filling the sky as a swarm of dancing dragons,
 And shocked the Monster Kings of sundry caves into shutting their doors.
 Demons and monsters all over the mountain hid their heads.
 The angry breath of divine soldiers was like oppressive clouds.
 The golden-hooped iron rod whizzed like the wind.
 On this side,
 The battle cries of celestial fighters appalled every one;
 On that side,
 The banner-waving of monkey monsters startled each person.
 Growing fierce, the two parties both willed a test of strength.
 We know not who was stronger and who weaker.*

Each displaying his divine powers, the Third Prince and Wukong battled for thirty rounds. The six weapons of that prince changed into a thousand and ten thousand pieces; the golden-hooped rod of Sun Wukong into ten thousand and a thousand. They clashed like raindrops and meteors in the air, but victory or defeat was not yet determined. Wukong, however, proved to be the one swifter of eye and hand. Right in the midst of the confusion, he plucked a piece of hair and shouted, "Change!" It changed into a copy of him, also wielding a rod in its hands and deceiving Naṭa. His real person leaped behind Naṭa and struck his left shoulder with the rod. Naṭa, still performing his magic, heard the rod whizzing through the air and tried desperately to dodge it. Unable to move quickly enough, he took the blow and fled in pain. Breaking off his magic and gathering up his six weapons, he returned to his camp in defeat.

Standing in front of his battle line, Devarāja Li saw what was happening and was about to go to his son's assistance. The prince, however, came to him first and gasped, "Father King! The Ban-Horse-Plague is truly powerful. Even your son of such magical strength is no match for him! He has wounded me in the shoulder."

“If this fellow is so powerful,” said the Devarāja, turning pale with fright, “how can we beat him?”

The prince said, “In front of his cave he has set up a banner bearing the words, ‘The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.’ By his own mouth he boastfully asserted that if the Jade Emperor appointed him to such a title, all troubles would cease. If he were not given this name, he would surely fight his way up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists!”

“If that’s the case,” said the Devarāja, “let’s not fight with him for the moment. Let us return to the region above and report these words. There will be time then for us to send for more celestial soldiers and take this fellow on all sides.”

The prince was in such pain that he could not do battle again; he therefore went back to Heaven with the Devarāja to report, of which we speak no further.

Look at that Monkey King returning to his mountain in triumph! The monster kings of seventy-two caves and the six sworn brothers all came to congratulate him, and they feasted jubilantly in the blessed cave dwelling.

He then said to the six brothers, “If little brother is now called the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, why don’t all of you assume the title of Great Sage also?” “Our worthy brother’s words are right!” shouted the Bull Monster King from their midst, “I’m going to be called the Great Sage, Parallel with Heaven.” “I shall be called the Great Sage, Covering the Ocean,” said the Dragon Monster King. “I shall be called the Great Sage, United with Heaven,” said the Garuda Monster King. “I shall be called the Great Sage, Mover of Mountains,” said the Giant Lynx King. “I shall be called the Telltale Great Sage,” said the Macaque King. “And I shall be called the God-Routing Great Sage,” said the Orangutan King. At that moment, the seven Great Sages had complete freedom to do as they pleased and to call themselves whatever titles they liked. They had fun for a whole day and then dispersed.

Now we return to the Devarāja Li and the Third Prince, who, leading the other commanders, went straight to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists to give this report:

“By your holy decree your subjects led the expeditionary force down to the Region Below to subdue the baneful immortal, Sun Wukong. We had no idea of his enormous power, and we could not prevail against him. We beseech Your Majesty to give us reinforcements to wipe him out.”

“How powerful can we expect one baneful monkey to be,” asked the Jade Emperor, “that reinforcements are needed?”

“May Your Majesty pardon us from an offense worthy of death!” said the prince, drawing closer. “That baneful monkey wielded an iron rod; he defeated first the Mighty-Spirit God and then wounded the shoulder of your subject. Outside the door of his cave he set up a banner bearing the words, ‘The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.’ He said that if he were given such a rank, he would lay down his arms and come to declare his allegiance. If not, he would fight his way up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists.”

“How dare this baneful monkey be so insolent!” exclaimed the Jade Emperor, astonished by what he had heard. “We must order the generals to have him executed at once!”

As he said this, the Gold Star of Venus came forward again from the ranks and said, “The baneful monkey knows how to make a speech, but he has no idea what’s

appropriate and what isn't. Even if reinforcements are sent to fight him, I don't think he can be subdued right away without taxing our forces. It would be better if Your Majesty were greatly to extend your mercy and proclaim yet another decree of pacification. Let him indeed be made the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven; he will be given an empty title, in short, rank without compensation."

"What do you mean by rank without compensation?" said the Jade Emperor. The Gold Star said, "His name will be Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, but he will not be given any official duty or salary. We shall keep him here in Heaven so that we may put his perverse mind at rest and make him desist from his madness and arrogance. The universe will then be calm and the oceans tranquil again."

Hearing these words, the Jade Emperor said, "We shall follow the counsels of our minister."

He ordered the mandate to be made up and the Gold Star to bear it hence.

The Gold Star left through the South Heaven Gate once again and headed straight for the Flower-Fruit Mountain. Outside the Water-Curtain Cave things were quite different from the way they had been the previous time. He found the entire region filled with the awesome and bellicose presence of every conceivable kind of monster, each one of them clutching swords and spears, wielding scimitars and staffs. Growling and leaping about, they began to attack the Gold Star the moment they saw him. "You, chieftains, hear me," said the Gold Star, "let me trouble you to report this to your Great Sage. I am the Heavenly messenger sent by the Lord above, and I bear an imperial decree of invitation."

The various monsters ran inside to report, "There is an old man outside who says that he is a Heavenly messenger from the region above, bearing a decree of invitation for you."

"Welcome! Welcome!" said Wukong. "He must be that Gold Star of Venus who came here last time. Although it was a shabby position they gave me when he invited me up to the region above, I nevertheless made it to Heaven once and familiarized myself with the ins and outs of the celestial passages. He has come again this time undoubtedly with good intentions."

He commanded the various chieftains to wave the banners and beat the drums, and to draw up the troops in receiving order. Leading the rest of the monkeys, the Great Sage donned his cap and his cuirass, over which he tossed the red and yellow robe, and slipped on the cloud shoes. He ran to the mouth of the cave, bowed courteously, and said in a loud voice, "Please come in, Old Star! Forgive me for not coming out to meet you."

The Gold Star strode forward and entered the cave. He stood facing south and declared, "Now I inform the Great Sage. Because the Great Sage has objected to the meanness of his previous appointment and removed himself from the imperial stables, the officials of that department, both great and small, reported the matter to the Jade Emperor. The proclamation of the Jade Emperor said at first, 'All appointed officials advance from lowly positions to exalted ones. Why should he object to that arrangement?' This led to the campaign against you by Devarāja Li and Naṭa. They were ignorant of the Great Sage's power and therefore suffered defeat. They reported back to Heaven that you had set up a banner that made known your desire to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. The various martial officials still wanted to deny your request. It was this old man who, risking offense, pleaded the case of the Great Sage, so

that he might be invited to receive a new appointment, and without the use of force. The Jade Emperor accepted my suggestion; hence I am here to invite you.”

“I caused you trouble last time,” said Wukong, laughing, “and now I am again indebted to you for your kindness.

Thank you! Thank you! But is there really such a rank as the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, up there?”

“I made certain that this title was approved,” said the Gold Star, “before I dared come with the decree. If there is any mishap, let this old man be held responsible.” Wukong was highly pleased, but the Gold Star refused his earnest invitation to stay for a banquet. He therefore mounted the hallowed cloud with the Gold Star and went to the South Heaven Gate, where they were welcomed by the celestial generals and guardians with hands folded at their breasts. Going straight into the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, the Gold Star prostrated himself and memorialized, “Your subject, by your decree, has summoned here Ban-Horse-Plague Sun Wukong.”

“Have that Sun Wukong come forward,” said the Jade Emperor. “I now proclaim you to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a position of the highest rank. But you must indulge no more in your preposterous behavior.”

Bowing deeply, the monkey uttered a great whoop of thanks. The Jade Emperor then ordered two building officials, Zhang and Lu, to erect the official residence of the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, to the right of the Garden of Immortal Peaches. Inside the mansion, two departments were established, named “Peace and Quiet” and “Serene Spirit,” both of which were full of attending officials. The Jade Emperor also ordered the Star Spirits of Five Poles to accompany Wukong to assume his post. In addition, two bottles of imperial wine and ten clusters of golden flowers were bestowed on him, with the order that he must keep himself under control and make up his mind to indulge no more in preposterous behavior. The Monkey King obediently accepted the command and went that day with the Star Spirits to assume his post. He opened the bottles of wine and drank them all with his colleagues. After seeing the Star Spirits off to their own palaces, he settled down in complete contentment and delight to enjoy the pleasures of Heaven, without the slightest worry or care. Truly

*His name divine, forever recorded in the Long- Life Book
And kept from falling into saṃsāra, will long be known.*

We do not know what took place hereafter; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIVE

*Disrupting the Peach Festival, the Great Sage steals elixir
With revolt in Heaven, many gods would seize the fiend*

Now we must tell you that the Great Sage, after all, was a monkey monster; in truth, he had no knowledge of his title or rank, nor did he care for the size of his salary. He did nothing but place his name on the Register. At his official residence he was cared for night and day by the attending officials of the two departments. His sole concern was to eat three meals a day and to sleep soundly at night.

Having neither duties nor worries, he was free and content to tour the mansions and meet friends, to make new acquaintances and form new alliances at his leisure. When he met the Three Pure Ones, he addressed them as “Your Reverence”; and when he ran into the Four Thearchs, he would say, “Your Majesty.”

As for the Nine Luminaries, the Generals of the Five Quarters, the Twenty-Eight Constellations, the Four Devarājas, the Twelve Horary Branches, the Five Elders of the Five Regions, the Star Spirits of the entire Heaven, and the numerous gods of the Milky Way, he called them all brother and treated them in a fraternal manner. Today he toured the east, and tomorrow he wandered west. Going and coming on the clouds, he had no specific itinerary.

Early one morning, when the Jade Emperor was holding court, the Daoist immortal Xu Jingyang stepped from the ranks and went forward to memorialize, kowtowing, “The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has no duties at present and merely dawdles away his time.

He has become quite chummy with the various Stars and Constellations of Heaven, calling them his friends regardless of whether they are his superiors or subordinates, and I fear that his idleness may lead to roguery. It would be better to give him some assignment so that he will not grow mischievous.” When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he sent for the Monkey King at once, who came amiably. “Your Majesty,” he said, “what promotion or reward did you have in mind for old Monkey when you called him?”

“We perceive,” said the Jade Emperor, “that your life is quite indolent, since you have nothing to do, and we have decided therefore to give you an assignment. You will temporarily take care of the Garden of Immortal Peaches. Be careful and diligent, morning and evening.”

Delighted, the Great Sage bowed deeply and grunted his gratitude as he withdrew. He could not restrain himself from rushing immediately into the Garden of Immortal Peaches to inspect the place. A local spirit from the garden stopped him and asked, “Where is the Great Sage going?”

“I have been authorized by the Jade Emperor,” said the Great Sage, “to look after the Garden of Immortal Peaches. I have come to conduct an inspection.”

The local spirit hurriedly saluted him and then called together all the stewards in charge of hoeing, watering, tending peaches, and cleaning and sweeping. They all came to kowtow to the Great Sage and led him inside. There he saw

*Radiantly young and lovely,
On every trunk and limb—*

*Radiantly young and lovely blossoms filling the trees,
 And fruits on every trunk and limb weighing down the stems.
 The fruits, weighing down the stems, hang like balls of gilt:
 The blossoms, filling the trees, form tufts of rouge.
 Ever they bloom, and ever fruit-bearing, they ripen in a thousand years;
 Not knowing winter or summer, they lengthen out to ten thousand years.
 Those that first ripen glow like faces reddened with wine,
 While those half-grown ones
 Are stalk-held and green-skinned.
 Encased in smoke their flesh retains their green,
 But sunlight reveals their cinnabar grace.
 Beneath the trees are rare flowers and exotic grass
 Which colors, unfading in four seasons, remain the same.
 The towers, the terraces, and the studios left and right
 Rise so high into the air that often cloud covers are seen.
 Not planted by the vulgar or the worldly of the Dark City,
 They are grown and tended by the Queen Mother of the Jade Pool.*

The Great Sage enjoyed this sight for a long time and then asked the local spirit, “How many trees are there?”

“There are three thousand six hundred,” said the local spirit. “In the front are one thousand two hundred trees with little flowers and small fruits. These ripen once every three thousand years, and after one taste of them a man will become an immortal enlightened in the Way, with healthy limbs and a lightweight body. In the middle are one thousand two hundred trees of layered flowers and sweet fruits. They ripen once every six thousand years. If a man eats them, he will ascend to Heaven with the mist and never grow old. At the back are one thousand two hundred trees with fruits of purple veins and pale yellow pits. These ripen once every nine thousand years and, if eaten, will make a man’s age equal to that of Heaven and Earth, the sun and the moon.”

Highly pleased by these words, the Great Sage that very day made thorough inspection of the trees and a listing of the arbors and pavilions before returning to his residence. From then on, he would go there to enjoy the scenery once every three or four days. He no longer consorted with his friends, nor did he take any more trips.

One day he saw that more than half of the peaches on the branches of the older trees had ripened, and he wanted very much to eat one and sample its novel taste. Closely followed, however, by the local spirit of the garden, the stewards, and the divine attendants of the Equal to Heaven Residence, he found it inconvenient to do so. He therefore devised a plan on the spur of the moment and said to them, “Why don’t you all wait for me outside and let me rest a while in this arbor?”

The various immortals withdrew accordingly. That Monkey King then took off his cap and robe and climbed up onto a big tree. He selected the large peaches that were thoroughly ripened and, plucking many of them, ate to his heart’s content right on the branches. Only after he had his fill did he jump down from the tree. Pinning back his cap and donning his robe, he called for his train of followers to return to the residence. After two or three days, he used the same device to steal peaches to gratify himself once again.

One day the Lady Queen Mother decided to open wide her treasure chamber and to give a banquet for the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches, which was to be held in the Palace of the Jasper Pool. She ordered the various Immortal Maidens—Red Gown, Blue Gown, White Gown, Black Gown, Purple Gown, Yellow Gown, and Green Gown—to go with their flower baskets to the Garden of Immortal Peaches and pick the fruits for the festival. The seven maidens went to the gate of the garden and found it guarded by the local spirit, the stewards, and the ministers from the two departments of the Equal to Heaven Residence. The girls approached them, saying, “We have been ordered by the Queen Mother to pick some peaches for our banquet.”

“Divine maidens,” said the local spirit, “please wait a moment. This year is not quite the same as last year. The Jade Emperor has put in charge here the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and we must report to him before we are allowed to open the gate.”

“Where is the Great Sage?” asked the maidens. “He is in the garden,” said the local spirit. “Because he is tired, he is sleeping alone in the arbor.”

“If that’s the case,” said the maidens, “let us go and find him, for we cannot be late.”

The local spirit went into the garden with them; they found their way to the arbor but saw no one.

Only the cap and the robe were left in the arbor, but there was no person to be seen. The Great Sage, you see, had played for a while and eaten a number of peaches. He had then changed himself into a figure only two inches high and, perching on the branch of a large tree, had fallen asleep under the cover of thick leaves. “Since we came by imperial decree,” said the Seven-Gown Immortal Maidens, “how can we return empty-handed, even though we cannot locate the Great Sage?” One of the divine officials said from the side, “Since the divine maidens have come by decree, they should wait no longer. Our Great Sage has a habit of wandering off somewhere, and he must have left the garden to meet his friends. Go and pick your peaches now, and we shall report the matter for you.”

The Immortal Maidens followed his suggestion and went into the grove to pick their peaches.

They gathered two basketfuls from the trees in front and filled three more baskets from the trees in the middle. When they went to the trees at the back of the grove, they found that the flowers were sparse and the fruits scanty. Only a few peaches with hairy stems and green skins were left, for the fact is that the Monkey King had eaten all the ripe ones. Looking this way and that, the Seven Immortal Maidens found on a branch pointing southward one single peach that was half white and half red. The Blue Gown Maiden pulled the branch down with her hand, and the Red Gown Maiden, after plucking the fruit, let the branch snap back up into its position.

This was the very branch on which the transformed Great Sage was sleeping. Startled by her, the Great Sage revealed his true form and whipped out from his ear the golden-hooped rod. One wave and it had the thickness of a rice bowl. “From what region have you come, monsters,” he cried, “that you have the gall to steal my peaches?”

Terrified, the Seven Immortal Maidens knelt down together and pleaded, “Let the Great Sage calm himself! We are not monsters, but the Seven-Gown Immortal Maidens sent by the Lady Queen Mother to pluck the fruits needed for the Grand

Festival of Immortal Peaches, when the treasure chamber is opened wide. We just came here and first saw the local spirit of the garden, who could not find the Great Sage. Fearing that we might be delayed in fulfilling the command of the Queen Mother, we did not wait for the Great Sage but proceeded to pluck the peaches. We beg you to forgive us.” When the Great Sage heard these words, his anger changed to delight. “Please arise, divine maidens,” he said. “Who is invited to the banquet when the Queen Mother opens wide her treasure chamber?”

“The last festival had its own set of rules,” said the Immortal Maidens, “and those invited were: the Buddha, the Bodhisattvas, the holy monks, and the arhats of the Western Heaven; Kuan-yin from the South Pole; the Holy Emperor of Great Mercy of the East; the Immortals of Ten Continents and Three Islands; the Dark Spirit of the North Pole; the Great Immortal of the Yellow Horn from the Imperial Center. These were the Elders from the Five Quarters. In addition, there were the Star Spirits of the Five Poles, the Three Pure Ones, the Four Deva Kings, the Heavenly Deva of the Great Monad, and the rest from the Upper Eight Caves. From the Middle Eight Caves there were the Jade Emperor, the Nine Heroes, the Immortals of the Seas and Mountains; and from the Lower Eight Caves, there were the Pope of Darkness and the Terrestrial Immortals.

The gods and devas, both great and small, of every palace and mansion, will be attending this happy Festival of the Immortal Peaches.”

“Am I invited?” asked the Great Sage, laughing. “We haven’t heard your name mentioned,” said the Immortal Maidens. “I am the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven,” said the Great Sage. “Why shouldn’t I, old Monkey, be made an honored guest at the party?”

“Well, we told you the rule for the last festival,” said the Immortal Maidens, “but we do not know what will happen this time.”

“You are right,” said the Great Sage, “and I don’t blame you. You all just stand here and let old Monkey go and do a little detection to find out whether he’s invited or not.”

Dear Great Sage! He made a magic sign and recited a spell, saying to the various Immortal Maidens, “Stay! Stay! Stay!”

This was the magic of immobilization, the effect of which was that the Seven-Gown Immortal Maidens all stood wide-eyed and transfixed beneath the peach trees. Leaping out of the garden, the Great Sage mounted his hallowed cloud and headed straight for the Jasper Pool.

As he journeyed, he saw over there

*A skyful of holy mist with sparkling light,
And five-colored clouds passing ceaselessly.
The cries of white cranes pierced the ninefold Heav’n;
Purple fungi bloomed through a thousand leaves.
Right in this midst an immortal appeared
With a natural, fair face and manner distinct.
His spirit glowed like a dancing rainbow;
A list of no birth or death hung from his waist.
His name, the Great Immortal of Naked Feet:
Attending the Peaches Feast he’d lengthen his age.*

That Great Immortal of Naked Feet ran right into the Great Sage, who, his head bowed, was just devising a plan to deceive the real immortal. Since he wanted to go in secret to the festival, he asked, "Where is the Venerable Wisdom going?"

The Great Immortal said, "On the kind invitation of the Queen Mother, I am going to the happy Festival of Immortal Peaches."

"The Venerable Wisdom has not yet learned of what I'm about to say," said the Great Sage. "Because of the speed of my cloud somersault, the Jade Emperor has sent old Monkey out to all five thoroughfares to invite people to go first to the Hall of Perfect Light for a rehearsal of ceremonies before attending the banquet."

Being a sincere and honest man, the Great Immortal took the lie for the truth, though he protested, "In years past we rehearsed right at the Jasper Pool and expressed our gratitude there. Why do we have to go to the Hall of Perfect Light for rehearsal this time before attending the banquet?" Nonetheless, he had no choice but to change the direction of his hallowed cloud and go straight to the hall.

Treading the cloud, the Great Sage recited a spell and, with one shake of his body, changed into the form of the Great Immortal of Naked Feet. It did not take him very long before he reached the treasure chamber. He stopped his cloud and walked softly inside. There he found

*Swirling waves of ambrosial fragrance,
Dense layers of holy mist,
A jade terrace decked with ornaments,
A chamber full of the life force,
Ethereal shapes of the phoenix soaring and the argus rising,
And undulant forms of gold blossoms with stems of jade.
Set upon there were the Screen of Nine Phoenixes in Twilight,
The Beacon Mound of Eight Treasures and Purple Mist,
A table inlaid with five-color gold,
And a green jade pot of a thousand flowers.
On the tables were dragon livers and phoenix marrow,
Bear paws and the lips of apes.
Most tempting was every one of the hundred delicacies,
And most succulent the hue of every kind of fruit and food.*

Everything was laid out in an orderly fashion, but no deity had yet arrived for the feast. Our Great Sage could not make an end of staring at the scene when he suddenly felt the overpowering aroma of wine. Turning his head, he saw, in the long corridor to the right, several wine-making divine officials and grain-mashing stewards. They were giving directions to the few Daoists charged with carrying water and the boys who took care of the fire in washing out the barrels and scrubbing the jugs. For they had already finished making the wine, rich and mellow as the juices of jade. The Great Sage could not prevent the saliva from dripping out of the corner of his mouth, and he wanted to have a taste at once, except that the people were all standing there. He therefore resorted to magic.

Plucking a few hairs, he threw them into his mouth and chewed them to pieces before spitting them out. He recited a spell and cried "Change!"

They changed into many sleep-inducing insects, which landed on the people's faces. Look at them, how their hands grow weak, their heads droop, and their eyelids

sink down. They dropped their activities, and all fell sound asleep. The Great Sage then took some of the rare delicacies and choicest dainties and ran into the corridor. Standing beside the jars and leaning on the barrels, he abandoned himself to drinking. After feasting for a long time, he became thoroughly drunk, but he turned this over in his mind, “Bad! Bad! In a little while, when the invited guests arrive, won’t they be indignant with me? What will happen to me once I’m caught? I’d better go back home now and sleep it off!”

Dear Great Sage! Reeling from side to side, he stumbled along solely on the strength of wine, and in a moment he lost his way. It was not the Equal to Heaven Residence that he went to, but the Tushita Palace. The moment he saw it, he realized his mistake. “The Tushita Palace is at the uppermost of the thirty-three Heavens,” he said, “the Griefless Heaven, which is the home of the Most High Laozi. How did I get here? No matter, I’ve always wanted to see this old man but have never found the opportunity. Now that it’s on my way, I might as well pay him a visit.”

He straightened out his attire and pushed his way in, but Laozi was nowhere to be seen. In fact, there was not a trace of anyone. The fact of the matter was that Laozi, accompanied by the Aged Buddha Dīpaṃkara, was giving a lecture on the tall, three-storied Red Mound Elixir Platform. The various divine youths, commanders, and officials were all attending the lecture, standing on both sides of the platform. Searching around, our Great Sage went all the way to the alchemical room. He found no one but saw fire burning in an oven beside the hearth, and around the oven were five gourds in which finished elixir was stored. “This thing is the greatest treasure of immortals,” said the Great Sage happily. “Since old Monkey has understood the Way and comprehended the mystery of the Internal’s identity with the External, I have also wanted to produce some golden elixir on my own to benefit people. While I have been too busy at other times even to think about going home to enjoy myself, good fortune has met me at the door today and presented me with this! As long as Laozi is not around, I’ll take a few tablets and try the taste of something new.”

He poured out the contents of all the gourds and ate them like fried beans.

In a moment, the effect of the elixir had dispelled that of the wine, and he again thought to himself, “Bad! Bad! I have brought on myself calamity greater than Heaven! If the Jade Emperor has knowledge of this, it’ll be difficult to preserve my life! Go! Go! Go! I’ll go back to the Region Below to be a king.”

He ran out of the Tushita Palace and, avoiding the former way, left by the West Heaven Gate, making himself invisible by the magic of body concealment. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he returned to the Flower-Fruit Mountain. There he was greeted by flashing banners and shining spears, for the four mighty commanders and the monster kings of seventy-two caves were engaging in a military exercise. “Little ones,” the Great Sage called out loudly, “I have returned!”

The monsters dropped their weapons and knelt down, saying, “Great Sage! What laxity of mind! You left us for so long, and did not even once visit us to see how we were doing.”

“It’s not that long!” said the Great Sage. “It’s not that long!”

They walked as they talked, and went deep inside the cave dwelling. After sweeping the place clean and preparing a place for him to rest, and after kowtowing and doing homage, the four mighty commanders said, “The Great Sage has been living for over a century in Heaven. May we ask what appointment he actually received?”

“I recall that it’s been but half a year,” said the Great Sage, laughing. “How can you talk of a century?”

“One day in Heaven,” said the commanders, “is equal to one year on Earth.”

The Great Sage said, “I am glad to say that the Jade Emperor this time was more favorably disposed toward me, and he did indeed appoint me Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. An official residence was built for me, and two departments—Peace and Quiet, and Serene Spirit—were established, with bodyguards and attendants in each department. Later, when it was found that I carried no responsibility, I was asked to take care of the Garden of Immortal Peaches. Recently the Lady Queen Mother gave the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches, but she did not invite me. Without waiting for her invitation, I went first to the Jasper Pool and secretly consumed the food and wine. Leaving that place, I staggered into the palace of Laozi and finished up all the elixir stored in five gourds. I was afraid that the Jade Emperor would be offended, and so I decided to walk out of the Heaven Gate.”

The various monsters were delighted by these words, and they prepared a banquet of fruits and wine to welcome him. A stone bowl was filled with coconut wine and presented to the Great Sage, who took a mouthful and then exclaimed with a grimace, “It tastes awful! Just awful!”

“The Great Sage,” said Beng and Ba, the two commanders, “has grown accustomed to tasting divine wine and food in Heaven. Small wonder that coconut wine now seems hardly delectable. But the proverb says, ‘Tasty or not, it’s water from home!’” “And all of you are, ‘related or not, people from home!’” said the Great Sage. “When I was enjoying myself this morning at the Jasper Pool, I saw many jars and jugs in the corridor full of the juices of jade, which you have never savored. Let me go back and steal a few bottles to bring down here. Just drink half a cup, and each one of you will live long without growing old.”

The various monkeys could not contain their delight. The Great Sage immediately left the cave and, with one somersault, went directly back to the Festival of Immortal Peaches, again using the magic of body concealment. As he entered the doorway of the Palace of the Jasper Pool, he saw that the wine makers, the grain mashers, the water carriers, and the fire tenders were still asleep and snoring. He took two large bottles, one under each arm, and carried two more in his hands. Reversing the direction of his cloud, he returned to the monkeys in the cave. They held their own Festival of Immortal Wine, with each one drinking a few cups, which incident we shall relate no further.

Now we tell you about the Seven-Gown Immortal Maidens, who did not find a release from the Great Sage’s magic of immobilization until a whole day had gone by. Each one of them then took her flower basket and reported to the Queen Mother, saying, “We are delayed because the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, imprisoned us with his magic.”

“How many baskets of immortal peaches have you gathered?” asked the Queen Mother. “Only two baskets of small peaches, and three of medium-sized peaches,” said the Immortal Maidens, “for when we went to the back of the grove, there was not even half a large one left! We think the Great Sage must have eaten them all. As we went looking for him, he unexpectedly made his appearance and threatened us with violence and beating.

He also questioned us about who had been invited to the banquet, and we gave him a thorough account of the last festival. It was then that he bound us with a spell, and we didn't know where he went. It was only a moment ago that we found release and so could come back here." When the Queen Mother heard these words, she went immediately to the Jade Emperor and presented him with a full account of what had taken place. Before she finished speaking, the group of wine makers together with the various divine officials also came to report:

"Someone unknown to us has vandalized the Festival of Immortal Peaches. The juice of jade, the eight dainties, and the hundred delicacies have all been stolen or eaten up."

Four royal preceptors then came up to announce, "The Supreme Patriarch of Dao has arrived."

The Jade Emperor went out with the Queen Mother to greet him. Having paid his respects to them, Laozi said, "There are, in the house of this old Daoist, some finished Golden Elixir of Nine Turns, which are reserved for the use of Your Majesty during the next Grand Festival of Cinnabar. Strange to say, they have been stolen by some thief, and I have come specifically to make this known to Your Majesty."

This report stunned the Jade Emperor. Presently the officials from the Equal to Heaven Residence came to announce, kowtowing, "The Great Sage Sun has not been discharging his duties of late. He went out yesterday and still has not yet returned. Moreover, we do not know where he went."

These words gave the Jade Emperor added anxiety.

Next came the Great Immortal of Naked Feet, who prostrated himself and said, "Yesterday, in response to the Queen Mother's invitation, your subject was on his way to attend the festival when he met by chance the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. The Sage said to your subject that Your Majesty had ordered him to send your subject first to the Hall of Perfect Light for a rehearsal of ceremonies before attending the banquet. Your subject followed his direction and duly went to the hall. But I did not see the dragon chariot and the phoenix carriage of Your Majesty, and therefore hastened to come here to wait upon you." More astounded than ever, the Jade Emperor said, "This fellow now falsifies imperial decrees and deceives my worthy ministers! Let the Divine Minister of Detection quickly locate his whereabouts!"

The minister received his order and left the palace to make a thorough investigation. After obtaining all the details, he returned presently to report, "The person who has so profoundly disturbed Heaven is none other than the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven."

He then gave a repeated account of all the previous incidents, and the Jade Emperor was furious. He at once commanded the Four Great Devarājas to assist Devarāja Li and Prince Naṭa. Together, they called up the Twenty-Eight Constellations, the Nine Luminaries, the Twelve Horary Branches, the Fearless Guards of Five Quarters, the Four Temporal Guardians, the Stars of East and West, the Gods of North and South, the Deities of the Five Mountains and the Four Rivers, the Star Spirits of the entire Heaven, and a hundred thousand celestial soldiers. They were ordered to set up eighteen sets of cosmic net, to journey to the Region Below, to encircle completely the Flower-Fruit Mountain, and to capture the rogue and bring him to justice. All the deities immediately alerted their troops and departed from the Heavenly Palace. As they left, this was the spectacle of the expedition:

Yellow with dust; the churning wind concealed the darkening sky:
 Reddish with clay, the rising fog o'erlaid the dusky world.
 Because an impish monkey insulted the Highest Lord,
 The saints of all Heaven descended to this mortal Earth.
 Those Four Great Devarājas,
 Those Fearless Guards of Five Quarters—
 Those Four Great Deva Kings made up the main command;
 Those Fearless Guards of Five Quarters moved countless troops.
 Li, the Pagoda Bearer, gave orders from the army's center,
 With the fierce Naṭa as the captain of his vanward forces.
 The Star of Rāhu, at the forefront, made the roll call;
 The Star of Ketu, noble and tall, brought up the rear:
 Sōma, the moon, displayed a spirit most eager;
 Āditya, the sun, was all shining and radiant.
 Heroes of special talents were the Stars of Five Phases.
 The Nine Luminaries most relished a good battle.
 The Horary Branches of Zi₁, Wu₇, Mao₄, and Yao₁₀ —
 They were all celestial guardians of titanic strength.
 To the east and west, the Five Plagues and the Five Mountains!
 To the left and right, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light!
 Above and below, the Dragon Gods of the Four Rivers!
 And in tightest formation, the Twenty- Eight Constellations!
 Citrā, Svātī, Viśākhā, and Anurādhā were the captains.
 Revatī, Aśvinī, Apabharaṇī, and Kṛttikā knew combat well.
 Uttara- Aṣādhā, Abhijit, Śravaṇā, Śraviṣṭha, Pūrva- Proṣṭhapada, Uttara-
 Proṣṭhapada,
 Rohiṇī, Mūlabarhaṇī, Pūrva- Aṣādhā—every one an able star!
 Punarvasu, Tiṣya, Aśleṣā, Meghā, Pūrva- Phalgunī, Uttara- Phalgunī, and Hastā—
 All brandished swords and spears to show their power.
 Stopping the cloud and lowering the mist they came to this mortal world
 And pitched their tents before the Mountain of Flower and Fruit.

The poem says:

*The Heav'n-born Monkey King who can change a lot
 Steals wine and elixir to joy in his mountain lair.
 Since he spoiled the Feast of the Immortal Peach,
 A hundred thousand Heaven troops spread the net of God.*

Devarāja Li now gave the order for the celestial soldiers to pitch their tents, and a cordon was drawn so tightly around the Flower- Fruit Mountain that not even water could escape! Moreover, eighteen sets of cosmic net were spread out above and below the region, and the Nine Luminaries were then ordered to go into battle. They led their troops and advanced to the cave, in front of which they found a troop of monkeys, both great and small, prancing about playfully.

“Little monsters over there,” cried one of the Star Spirits in a severe voice, “where is your Great Sage? We are Heavenly deities sent here from the Region Above to subdue your rebellious Great Sage. Tell him to come here quickly and surrender. If he but utters half a ‘No,’ all of you will be executed.” Hastily the little monsters reported inside, “Great Sage, disaster! Disaster! Outside there are nine savage deities

who claim that they are sent from the Region Above to subdue the Great Sage.” Our Great Sage was just sharing the Heavenly wine with the four mighty commanders and the monster kings of seventy-two caves. Hearing this announcement, he said in a most nonchalant manner,

*“If you have wine today, get drunk today;
Mind not the troubles in front of your door!”*

Scarcely had he uttered this proverb when another group of imps came leaping and said, “Those nine savage gods are trying to provoke battle with foul words and nasty language.”

“Don’t listen to them,” said the Great Sage, laughing.

*“Let us seek today’s pleasure in poetry and wine,
And cease asking when we may achieve glory or fame.”*

Hardly had he finished speaking when still another flock of imps arrived to report, “Father, those nine savage gods have broken down the door, and are about to fight their way in!”

“These reckless, witless gods!” said the Great Sage angrily. “They really have no manners! I was not about to quarrel with them. Why are they abusing me to my face?” He gave the order for the One-Horn Demon King to lead the monster kings of seventy-two caves to battle, adding that old Monkey and the four mighty commanders would follow in the rear. The Demon King swiftly led his troops of ogres to go out to fight, but they were ambushed by the Nine Luminaries and pinned down right at the head of the sheet iron bridge.

At the height of the melee, the Great Sage arrived. “Make way!” he yelled, whipping out his iron rod. One wave of it and it was as thick as a rice bowl and about twelve feet long. The Great Sage plunged into battle, and none of the Nine Luminaries dared oppose him. In a moment, they were all beaten back.

When they regrouped themselves again in battle formation, the Nine Luminaries stood still and said, “You senseless Ban-Horse-Plague! You are guilty of the ten evils. You first stole peaches and then wine, utterly disrupting the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches. You also robbed Laozi of his immortal elixir, and then you had the gall to plunder the imperial winery for your personal enjoyment. Don’t you realize that you have piled up sin upon sin?”

“Indeed,” said the Great Sage, “these several incidents did occur! But what do you intend to do now?”

The Nine Luminaries said, “We received the golden decree of the Jade Emperor to lead our troops here to subdue you. Submit at once, and spare these creatures from being slaughtered. If not, we shall level this mountain and overturn this cave!”

“How great is your magical power, silly gods,” retorted the Great Sage angrily, “that you dare to mouth such foolhardy words? Don’t go away! Have a taste of old Monkey’s rod!”

The Nine Luminaries mounted a joint attack, but the Handsome Monkey King was not in the least intimidated. He wielded his golden-hooped rod, parrying left and right, and fought the Nine Luminaries until they were thoroughly exhausted. Every one of them turned around and fled, his weapons trailing behind him. Running into the tent at the center of their army, they said to the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja, “That Monkey

King is indeed an intrepid warrior! We cannot withstand him, and have returned defeated.”

Devarāja Li then ordered the Four Great Devarājas and the Twenty-Eight Constellations to go out together to do battle. Without displaying the slightest panic, the Great Sage also ordered the One-Horn Demon King, the monster kings of seventy-two caves, and the four mighty commanders to range themselves in battle formation in front of the cave. Look at this all-out battle! It was truly terrifying with

*The cold, souging wind,
The dark, dreadful fog.
On one side, the colorful banners fluttered;
On the other, lances and halberds glimmered.
There were row upon row of shining helmets,
And coat upon coat of gleaming armor.
Row upon row of helmets shining in the sunlight
Resembled silver bells whose chimes echoed in the sky;
Coat upon coat of gleaming armor rising clifflike in layers
Seemed like glaciers crushing the earth.
The giant scimitars
Flew and flashed like lightning;
The mulberry-white spears,
Could pierce even mist and cloud!
The crosslike halberds
And tiger-eye lashes
Were arranged like thick rows of hemp;
The green swords of bronze
And four-sided shovels
Crowded together like trees in a dense forest.
Curved bows, crossbows, and stout arrows with eagle plumes,
Short staffs and snakelike lances—all could kill or maim.
That compliant rod, which the Great Sage owned,
Kept tossing and turning in this battle with gods.
They fought till the air was rid of birds flying by;
Wolves and tigers were driven from within the mount;
The planet was darkened by hurtling rocks and stones,
And the cosmos bedimmed by flying dust and dirt.
The clamor and clangor disturbed Heaven and Earth;
The scrap and scuffle alarmed both demons and gods.*

Beginning with the battle formation at dawn, they fought until the sun sank down behind the western hills. The One-Horn Demon King and the monster kings of seventy-two caves were all taken captive by the forces of Heaven. Those who escaped were the four mighty commanders and the troop of monkeys, who hid themselves deep inside the Water-Curtain Cave. With his single rod, the Great Sage withstood in midair the Four Great Devarājas, Li the Pagoda Bearer, and Prince Naṭa, and battled with them for a long time. When he saw that evening was approaching, the Great Sage plucked a handful of hairs, threw them into his mouth, and chewed them to pieces.

He spat them out, crying, “Change!”

They changed at once into many thousands of Great Sages, each employing a golden-hooped rod! They beat back Prince Nāṭa and defeated the Five Devarājas.

In triumph the Great Sage collected back his hairs and hurried back to his cave. Soon, at the head of the sheet iron bridge, he was met by the four mighty commanders leading the rest of the monkeys. As they kowtowed to receive him they cried three times, sobbing aloud, and then they laughed three times, hee-heeing and ho-hoing. The Great Sage said, “Why do you all laugh and cry when you see me?”

“When we fought with the Deva Kings this morning,” said the four mighty commanders, “the monster kings of seventy-two caves and the One-Horn Demon King were all taken captive by the gods. We were the only ones who managed to escape alive, and that is why we cried. Now we see that the Great Sage has returned unharmed and triumphant, and so we laugh as well.”

“Victory and defeat,” said the Great Sage, “are the common experiences of a soldier. The ancient proverb says,

*You may kill ten thousand of your enemies,
But you will lose three thousand of your allies!*

Moreover, those chieftains who have been captured are tigers and leopards, wolves and insects, badgers and foxes, and the like. Not a single member of our own kind has been hurt. Why then should we be disconsolate? Although our adversaries have been beaten back by my magic of body division, they are still encamped at the foot of our mountain. Let us be most vigilant, therefore, in our defense.

Have a good meal, rest well, and conserve your energy. When morning comes, watch me perform a great magic and capture some of these generals from Heaven, so that our comrades may be avenged.”

The four mighty commanders drank a few bowls of coconut wine with the host of monkeys and went to sleep peacefully. We shall speak no more of them.

When those Four Devarājas retired their troops and stopped their fighting, each one of the Heavenly commanders came to report his accomplishment. There were those who had captured lions and elephants and those who had apprehended wolves, crawling creatures, and foxes. Not a single monkey monster, however, had been seized. The camp was then secured, a great tent was pitched, and those commanders with meritorious services were rewarded. The soldiers in charge of the cosmic nets were ordered to carry bells and were given passwords. They encircled the Flower-Fruit Mountain to await the great battle of the next day, and each soldier everywhere diligently kept his watch. So this is the situation:

*The fiendish monkey riots through Heaven and Earth,
But the net spreads open, ready night and day.*

We do not know what took place after the next morning; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*Guanyin, attending the banquet, inquires into the cause
The Little Sage, exerting his power, subdues the Great Sage*

For the moment we shall not tell you about the siege of the gods or the Great Sage at rest. We speak instead of the Great Compassionate Deliverer, the Efficacious Bodhisattva Guanyin from the Potalaka Mountain of the South Sea.

Invited by the Lady Queen Mother to attend the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches, she arrived at the treasure chamber of the Jasper Pool with her senior disciple, Hui'an. There they found the whole place desolate and the banquet tables in utter disarray. Although several members of the Heavenly pantheon were present, none was seated. Instead, they were all engaged in vigorous exchanges and discussions. After the Bodhisattva had greeted the various deities, they told her what had occurred. "Since there will be no festival," said the Bodhisattva, "nor any raising of cups, all of you might as well come with this humble cleric to see the Jade Emperor."

The gods followed her gladly, and they went to the entrance to the Hall of Perfect Light. There the Bodhisattva was met by the Four Celestial Masters and the Immortal of Naked Feet, who recounted how the celestial soldiers, ordered by an enraged Jade Emperor to capture the monster, had not yet returned. The Bodhisattva said, "I would like to have an audience with the Jade Emperor. May I trouble one of you to announce my arrival?"

The Heavenly Preceptor Qiu Hongji went at once into the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists and, having made his report, invited Guanyin to enter. Laozi then took the upper seat with the Emperor, while the Lady Queen Mother was in attendance behind the throne.

The Bodhisattva led the crowd inside. After paying homage to the Jade Emperor, they also saluted Laozi and the Queen Mother.

When each of them was seated, she asked, "How is the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches?"

"Every year when the festival has been given," said the Jade Emperor, "we have thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. This year it has been completely ruined by a baneful monkey, leaving us with nothing but an invitation to disappointment."

"Where did this baneful monkey come from?" asked the Bodhisattva.

"He was born of a stone egg on top of the Flower-Fruit Mountain of the Aolai Country of the East Pūrvavideha Continent," said the Jade Emperor. "At the moment of his birth, two beams of golden light flashed immediately from his eyes, reaching as far as the Palace of the Polestar. We did not think much of that, but he later became a monster, subduing the Dragon and taming the Tiger as well as eradicating his name from the Register of Death. When the Dragon Kings and the Kings of the Underworld brought the matter to our attention, we wanted to capture him. The Star of Long Life, however, observed that all the beings of the three regions that possessed the nine apertures could attain immortality. We therefore decided to educate and nurture the talented monkey and summoned him to the Region Above. He was appointed to the post of Bimawen at the imperial stables, but, taking offense at the lowliness of his position,

he left Heaven in rebellion. We then sent Devarāja Li and Prince Naṭa to ask for his submission by proclaiming a decree of pacification.

He was brought again to the Region Above and was appointed the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven—a rank without compensation. Since he had nothing to do but to wander east and west, we feared that he might cause further trouble. So he was asked to look after the Garden of Immortal Peaches. But he broke the law and ate all the large peaches from the oldest trees. By then, the banquet was about to be given. As a person without salary he was, of course, not invited; nonetheless, he plotted to deceive the Immortal of Naked Feet and managed to sneak into the banquet by assuming the Immortal's appearance. He finished off all the divine wine and food, after which he also stole Laozi's elixir and took away a considerable quantity of imperial wine for the enjoyment of his mountain monkeys.

Our mind has been sorely vexed by this, and we therefore sent a hundred thousand celestial soldiers with cosmic nets to capture him.

We haven't yet received today's report on how the battle is faring." When the Bodhisattva heard this, she said to Disciple Hui'an, "You must leave Heaven at once, go down to the Flower-Fruit Mountain, and inquire into the military situation. If the enemy is engaged, you can lend your assistance; in any event, you must bring back a factual report."

The Disciple Hui'an straightened out his attire and mounted the cloud to leave the palace, an iron rod in his hand. When he arrived at the mountain, he found layers of cosmic net drawn tightly and sentries at every gate holding bells and shouting passwords. The encirclement of the mountain was indeed watertight! Hui'an stood still and called out, "Heavenly sentinels, may I trouble you to announce my arrival? I am Prince Mokṣa, second son of Devarāja Li, and I am also Hui'an, senior disciple of Guanyin of South Sea. I have come to inquire about the military situation."

The divine soldiers of the Five Mountains at once reported this beyond the gate. The constellations Aquarius, Pleiades, Hydra, and Scorpio then conveyed the message to the central tent. Devarāja Li issued a directorial flag, which ordered the cosmic nets to be opened and entrance permitted for the visitor. Day was just dawning in the east as Hui'an followed the flag inside and prostrated himself before the Four Great Devarājas and Devarāja Li.

After he had finished his greetings, Devarāja Li said, "My child, where have you come from?"

"Your untutored son," said Hui'an, "accompanied the Bodhisattva to attend the Festival of Immortal Peaches. Seeing that the festival was desolate and the Jasper Pool laid waste, the Bodhisattva led the various deities and your untutored son to have an audience with the Jade Emperor. The Jade Emperor spoke at length about Father and King's expedition to the Region Below to subdue the baneful monkey. Since no report has returned for a whole day and neither victory nor defeat has been ascertained, the Bodhisattva ordered your untutored son to come here to find out how things stand."

"We came here yesterday to set up the encampment," said Devarāja Li, "and the Nine Luminaries were sent to provoke battle. But this fellow made a grand display of his magical powers, and the Nine Luminaries all returned defeated. After that, I led the troops personally to confront him, and the fellow also brought his forces into formation. Our hundred thousand celestial soldiers fought with him until evening, when he retreated from the battle by using the magic of body division. When we recalled the

troops and made our investigation, we found that we had captured some wolves, crawling creatures, tigers, leopards, and the like. But we did not even catch half a monkey monster! And today we have not yet gone into battle.”

As he was saying all this, someone came from the gate of the camp to report, “That Great Sage, leading his band of monkey monsters, is shouting for battle outside.”

The Four Devarājas, Devarāja Li, and the prince at once made plans to bring out the troops, when Mokṣa said, “Father King, your untutored son was told by the Bodhisattva to come down here to acquire information. She also told me to give you assistance should there be actual combat. Though I am not very talented, I volunteer to go out now and see what kind of a Great Sage this is!”

“Child,” said the Devarāja, “since you have studied with the Bodhisattva for several years, you must, I suppose, have some powers! But do be careful!”

Dear prince! Grasping the iron rod with both hands, he tightened up his embroidered garment and leaped out of the gate. “Who is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?” he cried. Holding high his compliant rod, the Great Sage answered, “None other than old Monkey here! Who are you that you dare question me?”

“I am Mokṣa, the second prince of Devarāja Li,” said Mokṣa. “At present I am also the disciple of Bodhisattva Guanyin, a defender of the faith before her treasure throne. And my religious name is Hui’an.”

“Why have you left your religious training at South Sea and come here to see me?” said the Great Sage. “I was sent by my master to inquire about the military situation,” said Mokṣa. “Seeing what a nuisance you have made of yourself, I have come specifically to capture you.”

“You dare to talk so big?” said the Great Sage. “But don’t run away! Have a taste of old Monkey’s rod!” Mokṣa was not at all frightened and met his opponent squarely with his own iron rod. The two of them stood before the gate of the camp at mid-mountain, and what a magnificent battle they fought!

*Though one rod is pitted against another, the iron’s quite different;
Though this weapon couples with the other, the persons are not the same.
This one’s called the Great Sage, a wayward primordial god;
The other is Guanyin’s disciple, a true hero and proud.
The all-iron rod has been pounded a thousand times,
Made by Six Gods of Darkness and Six Gods of Light.
The compliant rod sets the depth of Heaven’s river,
A thing divine ruling the oceans with magic might.
The two of them in meeting have found their match;
Back and forth they battle in endless rounds.
From this one the rod of stealthy hands,
Savage and fierce,
Around the waist stabs and jabs swiftly as the wind;
From the other the rod, doubling as a spear
Driving and relentless,
Lets up not a moment its parrying left and right.
On this side the banners flare and flutter;
On the other the war drums roll and rattle.
Ten thousand celestial fighters circle round and round.*

*The monkey monsters of a whole cave stand in rows and rows.
 Weird fog and dark cloud spread throughout the earth.
 The fume and smoke of battle reach even Heaven's Home.
 Yesterday's battle was something to behold.
 Still more violent is the contest today.
 Envy the truly able Monkey King:
 Mokṣa's beaten—he is fleeing for life!*

Our Great Sage battled Hui'an for fifty or sixty rounds until the prince's arms and shoulders were sore and numb and he could fight no longer. After one final, futile swing of his weapon, he fled in defeat. The Great Sage then gathered together his monkey troops and stationed them securely outside the entrance of the cave. At the camp of the Devarāja, the celestial soldiers could be seen receiving the prince and making way for him to enter the gate. Panting and puffing, he ran in and gasped out to the Four Devarājas, Pagoda Bearer Li, and Naṭa, "That Great Sage! What an ace! Great indeed is his magical power! Your son cannot overcome him and has returned defeated." Shocked by the sight, Devarāja Li at once wrote a memorial to the Throne to request further assistance. The demon king Mahābāli and Prince Mokṣa were sent to Heaven to present the document.

Not daring to linger, the two of them crashed out of the cosmic nets and mounted the holy mist and hallowed cloud. In a moment they reached the Hall of Perfect Light and met the Four Celestial Masters, who led them into the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists to present their memorial. Hui'an also saluted the Bodhisattva, who asked him, "What have you found out about the situation?"

"When I reached the Flower-Fruit Mountain by your order," said Hui'an, "I opened the cosmic nets by my call. Seeing my father, I told him of my master's intentions in sending me. Father King said, 'We fought a battle yesterday with that Monkey King but managed to take from him only tigers, leopards, lions, elephants, and the like. We did not catch a single one of his monkey monsters.' As we were talking, he again demanded battle. Your disciple used the iron rod to fight him for fifty or sixty rounds, but I could not prevail against him and returned to the camp defeated. Thus father had to send the demon king Mahābāli and your pupil to come here for help."

The Bodhisattva bowed her head and pondered.

We now tell you about the Jade Emperor, who opened the memorial and found a message asking for assistance. "This is rather absurd!" he said laughing. "Is this monkey monster such a wizard that not even a hundred thousand soldiers from Heaven can vanquish him? Devarāja Li is again asking for help. What division of divine warriors can we send to assist him?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Guanyin folded her hands and said to him. "Your Majesty, let not your mind be troubled! This humble cleric will recommend a god who can capture the monkey."

"Which one would you recommend?" said the Jade Emperor. "Your Majesty's nephew," said the Bodhisattva, "the Immortal Master of Illustrious Sagacity Erlang, who is living at the mouth of the River of Libations in the Guan Prefecture and enjoying the incense and oblations offered to him from the Region Below. In former days he himself slew six monsters. Under his command are the Brothers of Plum Mountain and twelve hundred plant-headed deities, all possessing great magical powers. However, he will agree only to special assignments and will not obey any general summons. Your

Majesty may want to send an edict transferring his troops to the scene of the battle and requesting his assistance. Our monster will surely be captured.” When the Jade Emperor heard this, he immediately issued such an edict and ordered the demon king Mahābālī to present it.

Having received the edict, the demon king mounted a cloud and went straight to the mouth of the River of Libations. It took him less than half an hour to reach the temple of the Immortal Master. Immediately the demon magistrates guarding the doors made this report inside:

“There is a messenger from Heaven outside who has arrived with an edict in his hand.”

Erlang and his brothers came out to receive the edict, which was read before burning incense. The edict said:

The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a monstrous monkey from the Flower-Fruit Mountain, is in revolt. At the Palace he stole peaches, wine, and elixir, and disrupted the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches. A hundred thousand Heavenly soldiers with eighteen sets of cosmic nets were dispatched to surround the mountain and capture him, but victory has not yet been secured. We therefore make this special request of our worthy nephew and his sworn brothers to go to the Flower-Fruit Mountain and assist in destroying this monster. Following your success will be lofty elevation and abundant reward.

In great delight the Immortal Master said, “Let the messenger of Heaven go back. I will go at once to offer my assistance with drawn sword.”

The demon king went back to report, but we shall speak no further of that.

This Immortal Master called together the Six Brothers of Plum Mountain: they were Kang, Zhang, Yao, and Li, the four grand marshals, and Guo Shen and Zhi Jian, the two generals. As they congregated before the court, he said to them, “The Jade Emperor just now sent us to the Flower-Fruit Mountain to capture a monstrous monkey. Let’s get going!”

Delighted and willing, the brothers at once called out the divine soldiers under their command. With falcons mounted and dogs on leashes, with arrows ready and bows drawn, they left in a violent magic wind and crossed in a moment the great Eastern Ocean. As they landed on the Flower-Fruit Mountain, they saw their way blocked by dense layers of cosmic net. “Divine commanders guarding the cosmic nets, hear us,” they shouted. “We are specially assigned by the Jade Emperor to capture the monstrous monkey. Open the gate of your camp quickly and let us through.”

The various deities conveyed the message to the inside, level by level. The Four Devarājas and Devarāja Li then came out to the gate of the camp to receive them. After they had exchanged greetings, there were questions about the military situation, and the Devarāja gave them a thorough briefing. “Now that I, the Little Sage, have come,” said the Immortal Master, laughing, “he will have to engage in a contest of transformations with his adversary. You gentlemen make sure that the cosmic nets are tightly drawn on all sides, but leave the top uncovered. Let me try my hand in this contest. If I lose, you gentlemen need not come to my assistance, for my own brothers will be there to support me. If I win, you gentlemen will not be needed in tying him up either; my own brothers will take care of that.

All I need is the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja to stand in midair with his imp-reflecting mirror. If the monster should be defeated, I fear that he may try to flee to a distant locality. Make sure that his image is clearly reflected in the mirror, so that we don’t lose him.”

The Devarājas set themselves up in the four directions, while the heavenly soldiers all lined up according to their planned formations.

With himself as the seventh brother, the Immortal Master led the four grand marshals and the two generals out of the camp to provoke battle. The other warriors were ordered to defend their encampment with vigilance, and the plant-headed deities were ordered to have the falcons and dogs ready for battle. The Immortal Master went to the front of the Water-Curtain Cave, where he saw a troop of monkeys neatly positioned in an array that resembled a coiled dragon. At the center of the array was the banner bearing the words “The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.”

“That audacious monster!” said the Immortal Master. “How dare he assume the rank ‘Equal to Heaven’?”

“There’s no time for praise or blame,” said the Six Brothers of Plum Mountain. “Let’s challenge him at once!” When the little monkeys in front of the camp saw the Immortal Master, they ran quickly to make their report. Seizing his golden-hooped rod, straightening out his golden cuirass, slipping on his cloud-treading shoes, and pressing down his red-gold cap, the Monkey King leaped out of the camp. He opened his eyes wide to stare at the Immortal Master, whose features were remarkably refined and whose attire was most elegant. Truly, he was a man of

*Features most comely and most noble mien,
With shoulder-reaching ears and shining eyes.
His head wore the Three Mountains Phoenix cap,
His body donned a pale yellow goose-down robe.
Gold threaded boots matched coiling dragon socks.
Eight flower-like emblems his jade belt adorned.
From his waist hung the crescent pellet bow.
His hands held a lance of three points and two blades.
Once he cleaved Peach Mountain to save his mother.
His one pellet struck a tall tree’s two phoenixes.
Slaying eight fiends flung far his fame
As bond brother midst Plum Mountain’s Seven Saints.
His lofty mind scorned being high Heaven’s kin;
His pride led him to dwell near Libations Stream.
From Chi City here’s the kind heroic sage:
Of boundless epiphanies, he’s named Erlang.*

When the Great Sage saw him, he lifted high his golden-hooped rod with gales of laughter and called out, “What little warrior are you and where do you come from, that you dare present yourself here to provoke battle?”

“You must have eyes but no pupils,” shouted the Immortal Master, “if you don’t recognize me! I am the maternal nephew of the Jade Emperor, Erlang, the King of Illustrious Grace and Spirit by imperial appointment. I have received my order from above to arrest you, the rebellious Bimawen ape. Don’t you know that your time has come?”

“I remember,” said the Great Sage, “that the sister of the Jade Emperor some years ago became enamored of the Region Below; she married a man by the name of Yang and had a son by him.

Are you that boy who was reputed to have cleaved open the Peach Mountain with his ax? I would like to rebuke you roundly, but I have no grudge against you. I can hit you with this rod of mine too, but I'd like to spare your life! A little boy like you, why don't you hurry back and ask your Four Great Devarājas to come out?" When the Immortal Master heard this, he grew very angry and shouted, "Reckless ape! Don't you dare be so insolent! Take a sample of my blade!" Swerving to dodge the blow, the Great Sage quickly raised his golden-hooped rod to engage his opponent. What a fine fight there was between the two of them:

*Erlang, the God of Illustrious Kindness,
And the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven!
This one, haughty and proud, defied the Handsome Monkey King.
That one, not knowing his man, would crush all stalwart foes.
Suddenly these two met,
And both desired a match—
They had never known which was the better man;
Today they'd learn who's strong and who's weak!
The iron rod seemed a flying dragon,
And the lance divine a dancing phoenix:
Left and right they struck,
Attacking both front and back.
The Plum Mountain Six Brothers' awesome presence filled one side,
While the four generals, like Ma and Liu, took command on the other.
All worked as one to wave flags and roll drums;
All helped the fight by cheers while beating the gong.
Two sharp weapons sought a chance to hurt,
But thrusts and parries did not slack one whit.
The golden-hooped rod, wonder of the sea,
Could change and fly to snare a victory.
A little lag and your life is over!
A tiny error and your luck runs out!*

The Immortal Master fought the Great Sage for more than three hundred rounds, but the result still could not be determined. The Immortal Master, therefore, summoned all his magical powers; with a shake, he made his body a hundred thousand feet tall. Holding with both hands the divine lance of three points and two blades like the peaks that cap the Hua Mountain, this green-faced, sabertoothed figure with scarlet hair aimed a violent blow at the head of the Great Sage. But the Great Sage also exerted his magical power and changed himself into a figure having the features and height of Erlang. He wielded a compliant golden-hooped rod that resembled the Heaven-supporting pillar on top of Mount Kunlun to oppose the god Erlang. This vision so terrified the marshals, Ma and Liu, that they could no longer wave the flags, and so appalled the generals, Beng and Ba, that they could use neither scimitar nor sword. On the side of Erlang, the Brothers Kang, Zhang, Yao, Li, Guo Shen, and Zhi Jian gave the order to the plant-headed deities to let loose the falcons and dogs and to advance upon those monkeys in front of the Water-Curtain Cave with mounted arrows and drawn bows. The charge, alas,

*Dispersed the four mighty commanders of monkey imps
And captured two or three thousand numinous fiends!*

Those monkeys dropped their spears and abandoned their armor, forsook their swords, and threw away their lances. They scattered in all directions—running, screaming, scuttling up the mountain, or scrambling back to the cave. It was as if a cat at night had stolen upon resting birds: they darted up as stars to fill the sky. The Brothers thus gained a complete victory, of which we shall speak no further.

Now we were telling you about the Immortal Master and the Great Sage, who had changed themselves into forms which imitated Heaven and Earth. As they were doing battle, the Great Sage suddenly perceived that the monkeys of his camp were put to rout, and his heart grew faint. He changed out of his magic form, turned around, and fled, dragging his rod behind him. When the Immortal Master saw that he was running away, he chased him with great strides, saying, “Where you going? Surrender now, and your life will be spared!”

The Great Sage did not stop to fight anymore but ran as fast as he could. Near the cave’s entrance, he ran right into Kang, Zhang, Yao, and Li, the four grand marshals, and Guo Shen and Zhi Jian, the two generals, who were at the head of an army blocking his way. “Lawless ape!” they cried, “where do you think you’re going?” Quivering all over, the Great Sage squeezed his goldenhooped rod back into an embroidery needle and hid it in his ear. With a shake of his body, he changed himself into a small sparrow and flew to perch on top of a tree. In great agitation, the six Brothers searched all around but could not find him. “We’ve lost the monkey monster! We’ve lost the monkey monster!” they all cried.

As they were making all that clamor, the Immortal Master arrived and asked, “Brothers, where did you lose him in the chase?”

“We just had him boxed in here,” said the gods, “but he simply vanished.” Scanning the place with his phoenix eye wide open, Erlang at once discovered that the Great Sage had changed into a small sparrow perched on a tree. He changed out of his magic form and took off his pellet bow. With a shake of his body, he changed into a sparrow hawk with outstretched wings, ready to attack its prey. When the Great Sage saw this, he darted up with a flutter of his wings; changing himself into a cormorant, he headed straight for the open sky. When Erlang saw this, he quickly shook his feathers and changed into a huge ocean crane, which could penetrate the clouds to strike with its bill. The Great Sage therefore lowered his direction, changed into a small fish, and dove into a stream with a splash.

Erlang rushed to the edge of the water but could see no trace of him. He thought to himself, “This simian must have gone into the water and changed himself into a fish, a shrimp, or the like. I’ll change again to catch him.”

He duly changed into a fish hawk and skimmed downstream over the waves. After a while, the fish into which the Great Sage had changed was swimming along with the current. Suddenly he saw a bird that looked like a green kite though its feathers were not entirely green, like an egret though it had small feathers, and like an old crane though its feet were not red. “That must be the transformed Erlang waiting for me,” he thought to himself. He swiftly turned around and swam away after releasing a few bubbles. When Erlang saw this, he said, “The fish that released the bubbles looks like a carp though its tail is not red, like a perch though there are no patterns on its scales, like a snake fish though there are no stars on its head, like a bream though its gills have no bristles. Why does it move away the moment it sees me? It must be the transformed monkey himself!”

He swooped toward the fish and snapped at it with his beak. The Great Sage shot out of the water and changed at once into a water snake; he swam toward shore and wriggled into the grass along the bank. When Erlang saw that he had snapped in vain and that a snake had darted away in the water with a splash, he knew that the Great Sage had changed again.

Turning around quickly, he changed into a scarlet-topped gray crane, which extended its beak like sharp iron pincers to devour the snake. With a bounce, the snake changed again into a spotted bustard standing by itself rather stupidly amid the water pepper along the bank. When Erlang saw that the monkey had changed into such a vulgar creature—for the spotted bustard is the basest and most promiscuous of birds, mating indiscriminately with phoenixes, hawks, or crows—he refused to approach him. Changing back into his true form, he went and stretched his bow to the fullest. With one pellet he sent the bird hurtling.

The Great Sage took advantage of this opportunity, nonetheless. Rolling down the mountain slope, he squatted there to change again—this time into a little temple for the local spirit. His wide-open mouth became the entrance, his teeth the doors, his tongue the Bodhisattva, and his eyes the windows. Only his tail he found to be troublesome, so he stuck it up in the back and changed it into a flagpole. The Immortal Master chased him down the slope, but instead of the bustard he had hit he found only a little temple. He opened his phoenix eye quickly and looked at it carefully. Seeing the flagpole behind it, he laughed and said, “It’s the ape! Now he’s trying to deceive me again! I have seen plenty of temples before but never one with a flagpole behind it. This must be another of that animal’s tricks. Why should I let him lure me inside where he can bite me once I’ve entered? First I’ll smash the windows with my fist! Then I’ll kick down the doors!”

The Great Sage heard this and said in dismay, “How vicious! The doors are my teeth and the windows my eyes. What am I going to do with my eyes smashed and my teeth knocked out?” Leaping up like a tiger, he disappeared again into the air. The Immortal Master was looking all around for him when the four grand marshals and the two generals arrived together. “Elder Brother,” they said, “have you caught the Great Sage?”

“A moment ago,” said the Immortal Master laughing, “the monkey changed into a temple to trick me. I was about to smash the windows and kick down the doors when he vanished out of sight with a leap. It’s all very strange! Very strange!”

The Brothers were astonished, but they could find no trace of him in any direction.

“Brothers,” said the Immortal Master, “keep a lookout down here. Let me go up there to find him.”

He swiftly mounted the clouds and rose up into the sky, where he saw Devarāja Li holding high the imp-reflecting mirror and standing on top of the clouds with Naṭa.

“Devarāja,” said the Immortal Master, “have you seen the Monkey King?”

“He hasn’t come up here,” said the Devarāja, “I have been watching him in the mirror.”

After telling them about the duel in magic and transformations and the captivity of the rest of the monkeys, the Immortal Master said, “He finally changed into a temple. Just as I was about to attack him, he got away.” When Devarāja Li heard these words,

he turned the imp-reflecting mirror all the way around once more and looked into it. "Immortal Master," he said, roaring with laughter.

"Go quickly! Quickly! That monkey used his magic of body concealment to escape from the cordon and he's now heading for the mouth of your River of Libations." We now tell you about the Great Sage, who had arrived at the mouth of the River of Libations. With a shake of his body, he changed into the form of Holy Father Erlang. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he went straight into the temple, and the demon magistrates could not tell that he was not the real Erlang. Every one of them, in fact, kowtowed to receive him. He sat down in the middle and began to examine the various offerings; the three kinds of sacrificial meat brought by Li Hu, the votive offering of Zhang Long, the petition for a son by Zhao Jia, and the request for healing by Qian Bing. As he was looking at these, someone made the report, "Another Holy Father has arrived!"

The various demon magistrates went quickly to look and were terror-stricken, one and all. The Immortal Master asked, "Did a so-called Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, come here?"

"We haven't seen any Great Sage," said the demon magistrates. "But another Holy Father is in there examining the offerings."

The Immortal Master crashed through the door; seeing him, the Great Sage revealed his true form and said, "There's no need for the little boy to strive anymore! Sun is now the name of this temple!"

The Immortal Master lifted his divine lance of three points and two blades and struck, but the Monkey King with agile body was quick to move out of the way. He whipped out that embroidery needle of his, and with one wave caused it to take on the thickness of a rice bowl. Rushing forward, he engaged Erlang face to face. Starting at the door of the temple, the two combatants fought all the way back to the Flower-Fruit Mountain, treading on clouds and mists and shouting insults at each other. The Four Devarājas and their followers were so startled by their appearance that they stood guard with even greater vigilance, while the grand marshals joined the Immortal Master to surround the Handsome Monkey King. But we shall speak of them no more.

We tell you instead about the demon king Mahābāli, who, having requested the Immortal Master and his Six Brothers to lead their troops to subdue the monster, returned to the Region Above to make his report. Conversing with the Bodhisattva Guanyin, the Queen Mother, and the various divine officials in the Hall of Divine Mists, the Jade Emperor said, "If Erlang has already gone into battle, why has no further report come back today?"

Folding her hands, Guanyin said, "Permit this humble cleric to invite Your Majesty and the Patriarch of Dao to go outside the South Heaven Gate, so that you may find out personally how things are faring."

"That's a good suggestion," said the Jade Emperor. He at once sent for his imperial carriage and went with the Patriarch, Guanyin, the Queen Mother, and the various divine officials to the South Heaven Gate, where the cortege was met by celestial soldiers and guardians. They opened the gate and peered into the distance; there they saw cosmic nets on every side manned by celestial soldiers, Devarāja Li and Nāṭa in midair holding high the impreflecting mirror, and the Immortal Master and his Brothers encircling the Great Sage in the middle and fighting fiercely. The Bodhisattva opened her mouth and addressed Laozi:

“What do you think of Erlang, whom this humble cleric recommended? He is certainly powerful enough to have the Great Sage surrounded, if not yet captured. I shall now help him to achieve his victory and make certain that the enemy will be taken prisoner.”

“What weapon will the Bodhisattva use,” asked Laozi, “and how will you assist him?”

“I shall throw down my immaculate vase that I use for holding my willow sprig,” said the Bodhisattva. “When it hits that monkey, at least it will knock him over, even if it doesn’t kill him. Erlang, the Little Sage, will then be able to capture him.”

“That vase of yours,” said Laozi, “is made of porcelain. It’s all right if it hits him on the head. But if it crashed on the iron rod instead, won’t it be shattered? You had better not raise your hands; let me help him win.”

The Bodhisattva said, “Do you have any weapon?”

“I do, indeed,” said Laozi. He rolled up his sleeve and took down from his left arm an armlet, saying, “This is a weapon made of red steel, brought into existence during my preparation of elixir and fully charged with theurgical forces. It can be made to transform at will; indestructible by fire or water, it can entrap many things. It’s called the diamond cutter or the diamond snare. The year when I crossed the Hangu Pass, I depended on it a great deal for the conversion of the barbarians, for it was practically my bodyguard night and day. Let me throw it down and hit him.”

After saying this, Laozi hurled the snare down from the Heaven Gate; it went tumbling down into the battlefield at the Flower-Fruit Mountain and landed smack on the Monkey King’s head. The Monkey King was engaged in a bitter struggle with the Seven Sages and was completely unaware of this weapon, which had dropped from the sky and hit him on the crown of his head. No longer able to stand on his feet, he toppled over. He managed to scramble up again and was about to flee, when the Holy Father Erlang’s small hound dashed forward and bit him in the calf. He was pulled down for the second time and lay on the ground cursing, “You brute! Why don’t you go and do your master in, instead of coming to bite old Monkey?” Rolling over quickly, he tried to get up, but the Seven Sages all pounced on him and pinned him down. They bound him with ropes and punctured his breastbone with a knife, so that he could transform no further.

Laozi retrieved his diamond snare and requested the Jade Emperor to return to the Hall of Divine Mists with Guanyin, the Queen Mother, and the rest of the Immortals. Down below the Four Great Deva Kings and Devarāja Li all retired their troops, broke camp, and went forward to congratulate Erlang, saying, “This is indeed a magnificent accomplishment by the Little Sage!”

“This has been the great blessing of the Heavenly Devas,” said the Little Sage, “and the proper exercise of their divine authority. What have I accomplished?”

The Brothers Kang, Zhang, Yao, and Li said, “Elder Brother need have no further discussion. Let us take this fellow up to the Jade Emperor to see what will be done with him.”

“Worthy Brothers,” said the Immortal Master, “you may not have a personal audience with the Jade Emperor because you have not received any divine appointment. Let the celestial guardians take him into custody. I shall go with the Devarāja to the Region Above to make our report, while all of you make a thorough search of the

mountain here. After you have cleaned it out, go back to the River of Libations. When I have our deeds recorded and received our rewards, I shall return to celebrate with you.”

The four grand marshals and the two generals followed his bidding. The Immortal Master then mounted the clouds with the rest of the deities, and they began their triumphal journey back to Heaven, singing songs of victory all the way. In a little while, they reached the outer court of the Hall of Perfect Light, and the Heavenly preceptor went forward to memorialize to the Throne, saying, “The Four Great Devarājas have captured the monstrous monkey, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. They await the command of Your Majesty.”

The Jade Emperor then gave the order that the demon king Mahābāli and the celestial guardians take the prisoner to the monster execution block, where he was to be cut to small pieces. Alas, this is what happens to

*Fraud and impudence, now punished by the Law;
Heroics grand will fade in the briefest time!*

We do not know what will become of the Monkey King; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVEN

*From the Eight Trigrams Brazier the Great Sage escapes
Beneath the Five Phases Mountain, Mind Monkey is still*

*Fame and fortune,
All predestined;
One must ever shun a guileful heart.
Rectitude and truth,
The fruits of virtue grow both long and deep.
A little presumption brings on Heaven's wrath:
Though yet unseen, it will surely come in time.
Ask the Lord of the East for why
Such pains and perils now appear:
Because pride has sought to scale the limits,
Ignoring hierarchy to flout the law.*

We were telling you about the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who was taken by the celestial guardians to the monster execution block, where he was bound to the monster-subduing pillar. They then slashed him with a scimitar, hewed him with an ax, stabbed him with a spear, and hacked him with a sword, but they could not hurt his body in any way. Next, the Star Spirit of the South Pole ordered the various deities of the Fire Department to burn him with fire, but that, too, had little effect. The gods of the Thunder Department were then ordered to strike him with thunderbolts, but not a single one of his hairs was destroyed.

The demon king Mahābālī and the others therefore went back to report to the Throne, saying, “Your Majesty, we don’t know where this Great Sage has acquired such power to protect his body. Your subjects slashed him with a scimitar and hewed him with an ax; we also struck him with thunder and burned him with fire. Not a single one of his hairs was destroyed. What shall we do?” When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he said, “What indeed can we do to a fellow like that, a creature of that sort?”

Laozi then came forward and said, “That monkey ate the immortal peaches and drank the imperial wine. Moreover, he stole the divine elixir and ate five gourdfuls of it, both raw and cooked. All this was probably refined in his stomach by the Samādhi fire to form a single solid mass. The union with his constitution gave him a diamond body, which cannot be quickly destroyed. It would be better, therefore, if this Daoist takes him away and places him in the Brazier of Eight Trigrams, where he will be smelted by high and low heat. When he is finally separated from my elixir, his body will certainly be reduced to ashes.”

When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he told the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light to release the prisoner and hand him over to Laozi, who left in obedience to the divine decree. Meanwhile, the illustrious Sage Erlang was rewarded with a hundred gold blossoms, a hundred bottles of imperial wine, a hundred pellets of elixir, together with rare treasures, lustrous pearls, and brocades, which he was told to share with his brothers. After expressing his gratitude, the Immortal Master returned to the mouth of the River of Libations, and for the time being we shall speak of him no further.

Arriving at the Tushita Palace, Laozi loosened the ropes on the Great Sage, pulled out the weapon from his breastbone, and pushed him into the Brazier of Eight Trigrams. He then ordered the Daoist who watched over the brazier and the page boy in charge of the fire to blow up a strong flame for the smelting process. The brazier, you see, was of eight compartments corresponding to the eight trigrams of Qian, Kan, Gen, Zhen, Xun, Li, Kun, and Dui. The Great Sage crawled into the space beneath the compartment that corresponded to the Xun trigram. Now Xun symbolizes wind; where there is wind, there is no fire. However, wind could churn up smoke, which at that moment reddened his eyes, giving them a permanently inflamed condition. Hence they were sometimes called Fiery Eyes and Diamond Pupils.

Truly time passed swiftly, and the forty-ninth day arrived imperceptibly. The alchemical process of Laozi was perfected, and on that day he came to open the brazier to take out his elixir. The Great Sage at the time was covering his eyes with both hands, rubbing his face and shedding tears. He heard noises on top of the brazier and, opening his eyes, suddenly saw light. Unable to restrain himself, he leaped out of the brazier and kicked it over with a loud crash.

He began to walk straight out of the room, while a group of startled fire tenders and guardians tried desperately to grab hold of him. Every one of them was overthrown; he was as wild as a white brow tiger in a fit, a one-horned dragon with a fever. Laozi rushed up to clutch at him, only to be greeted by such a violent shove that he fell head over heels while the Great Sage escaped. Whipping the compliant rod out from his ear, he waved it once in the wind and it had the thickness of a rice bowl. Holding it in his hands, without regard for good or ill, he once more careened through the Heavenly Palace, fighting so fiercely that the Nine Luminaries all shut themselves in and the Four Devarājas disappeared from sight. Dear Monkey Monster! Here is a testimonial poem for him. The poem says:

*This cosmic being fully fused with nature's gifts
Passes with ease through ten thousand toils and tests.
Vast and motionless like the One Great Void,
Perfect, quiescent, he's named the Primal Depth.
Long refined in the brazier, he's no mercury or lead,
Just the very immortal, living above all things.
Forever transforming, he changes still;
Three refuges and five commandments he all rejects.*

Here is another poem:

*A spirit beam filling the supreme void—
That's how the rod behaves accordingly.
It lengthens or shortens as one would wish;
Upright or prone, it grows or shrinks at will.*

And another:

*An ape's body of Dao weds the human mind.
Mind is a monkey—this meaning's profound.
The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, is no false thought.
How could the post of Ban-Horse justly show his gifts?
"Horse works with Monkey" means both Mind and Will
Need binding firmly. Don't seek them outside.
All things back to Nirvāṇa follow one truth—
To join Tathāgata beneath twin trees.*

This time our Monkey King had no respect for persons great or small; he lashed out this way and that with his iron rod, and not a single deity could withstand him. He fought all the way into the Hall of Perfect Light and was approaching the Hall of Divine Mists, where fortunately Numinous Officer Wang, aide to the Immortal Master of Adjuvant Holiness, was on duty. He saw the Great Sage advancing recklessly and went forward to bar his way, holding high his golden whip. "Wanton monkey," he cried, "where are you going? I am here, so don't you dare be insolent!"

The Great Sage did not wait for further utterance; he raised his rod and struck at once, while Numinous Officer met him also with brandished whip. The two of them charged into each other in front of the Hall of Divine Mists. What a fight that was between

*A red-blooded patriot of ample fame,
And a Heaven's rebel with notorious name!
The saint and sinner gladly tangle close
So that two brave fighters can test their skills.
Though the rod is fierce
And the whip is fleet,
How can the upright and just one forbear?
This one is a supreme god of judgment with thunderous voice;
The other, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a monstrous ape.
The golden whip and the iron rod used by the two
Are both divine weapons from the House of God.
At Divine Mists Treasure Hall they show their might today,
Each displaying his prowess winningly.
This one brashly seeks to take the Big Dipper Palace;
The other with all his strength defends the sacred realm.
In bitter strife relentless they show their power;
Moving back and forth, whip or rod has yet to score.*

The two of them fought for some time, and neither victory nor defeat could yet be determined. The Immortal Master of Adjuvant Holiness, however, had already sent word to the Thunder Department, and thirty-six thunder deities were summoned to the scene. They surrounded the Great Sage and plunged into a fierce battle. The Great Sage was not in the least intimidated; wielding his compliant rod, he parried left and right and met his attackers to the front and to the rear. In a moment he saw that the scimitars, lances, swords, halberds, whips, maces, hammers, axes, gilt bludgeons, sickles, and spades of the thunder deities were coming thick and fast. So with one shake of his body he changed into a creature with six arms and three heads. One wave of the compliant rod and it turned into three; his six arms wielded the three rods like a spinning wheel, whirling and dancing in their midst. The various thunder deities could not approach him at all. Truly his form was

*Tumbling round and round,
Bright and luminous;
A form everlasting, how imitated by men?
He cannot be burned by fire.
Can he ever be drowned in water?
A lustrous pearl of mani he is indeed,
Immune to all the spears and the swords.
He could be good;*

*He could be bad;
 Present good and evil he could do at will.
 He'd be an immortal, a Buddha, if he's good;
 Wickedness would cloak him with hair and horn.
 Endlessly changing he runs amok in Heaven,
 Not to be seized by fighting lords or thunder gods.*

At the time the various deities had the Great Sage surrounded, but they could not close in on him. All the hustle and bustle soon disturbed the Jade Emperor, who at once sent the Wandering Minister of Inspection and the Immortal Master of Blessed Wings to go to the Western Region and invite the aged Buddha to come and subdue the monster.

The two sages received the decree and went straight to the Spirit Mountain. After they had greeted the Four Vajra-Buddhas and the Eight Bodhisattvas in front of the Treasure Temple of Thunderclap, they asked them to announce their arrival. The deities therefore went before the Treasure Lotus Platform and made their report. Tathāgata at once invited them to appear before him, and the two sages made obeisance to the Buddha three times before standing in attendance beneath the platform. Tathāgata asked, "What causes the Jade Emperor to trouble the two sages to come here?"

The two sages explained as follows:

"Some time ago there was born on the Flower-Fruit Mountain a monkey who exercised his magic powers and gathered to himself a troop of monkeys to disturb the world. The Jade Emperor threw down a decree of pacification and appointed him a Bimawen, but he despised the lowliness of that position and left in rebellion. Devarāja Li and Prince Naṭa were sent to capture him, but they were unsuccessful, and another proclamation of amnesty was given to him. He was then made the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a rank without compensation. After a while he was given the temporary job of looking after the Garden of Immortal Peaches, where almost immediately he stole the peaches. He also went to the Jasper Pool and made off with the food and wine, devastating the Grand Festival. Half-drunk, he went secretly into the Tushita Palace, stole the elixir of Laozi, and then left the Celestial Palace in revolt. Again the Jade Emperor sent a hundred thousand Heavenly soldiers, but he was not to be subdued.

Thereafter Guanyin sent for the Immortal Master Erlang and his sworn brothers, who fought and pursued him. Even then he knew many tricks of transformation, and only after he was hit by Laozi's diamond snare could Erlang finally capture him. Taken before the Throne, he was condemned to be executed; but, though slashed by a scimitar and hewn by an ax, burned by fire and struck by thunder, he was not hurt at all. After Laozi had received royal permission to take him away, he was refined by fire, and the brazier was not opened until the forty-ninth day. Immediately he jumped out of the Brazier of Eight Trigrams and beat back the celestial guardians.

He penetrated into the Hall of Perfect Light and was approaching the Hall of Divine Mists when Numinous Officer Wang, aide to the Immortal Master of Adjuvant Holiness, met and fought with him bitterly. Thirty-six thunder generals were ordered to encircle him completely, but they could never get near him. The situation is desperate, and for this reason, the Jade Emperor sent a special request for you to defend the Throne." When Tathāgata heard this, he said to the various bodhisattvas, "All of you remain steadfast here in the chief temple, and let no one relax his meditative posture. I have to go exorcise a demon and defend the Throne."

Tathāgata then called Ānanda and Kāśyapa, his two venerable disciples, to follow him. They left the Thunderclap Temple and arrived at the gate of the Hall of Divine Mists, where they were met by deafening shouts and yells. There the Great Sage was being beset by the thirty-six thunder deities. The Buddhist Patriarch gave the dharma-order:

“Let the thunder deities lower their arms and break up their encirclement. Ask the Great Sage to come out here and let me ask him what sort of divine power he has.”

The various warriors retreated immediately, and the Great Sage also threw off his magical appearance. Changing back into his true form, he approached angrily and shouted with ill humor, “What region are you from, monk, that you dare stop the battle and question me?”

Tathāgata laughed and said, “I am Śākyamuni, the Venerable One from the Western Region of Ultimate Bliss. I have heard just now about your audacity, your wildness, and your repeated acts of rebellion against Heaven. Where were you born, and in which year did you succeed in acquiring the Way? Why are you so violent and unruly?”

The Great Sage said, “I was

*Born of Earth and Heaven, immortal divinely fused,
An old monkey hailing from the Flower- Fruit Mount.
I made my home in the Water-Curtain Cave;
Seeking friend and teacher, I learned the Great Mystery.
Perfected in the many arts of ageless life,
I learned to change in ways boundless and vast.
Too narrow the space I found on that mortal earth:
I set my mind to live in the Green-jade Sky.
In Divine Mists Hall none should long reside,
For king may follow king in the reign of man.
If might is honor, let them yield to me.
He only is hero who dares to fight and win!”*

When the Buddhist Patriarch heard these words, he laughed aloud in scorn. “A fellow like you,” he said, “is only a monkey who happened to become a spirit. How dare you be so presumptuous as to want to seize the honored throne of the Exalted Jade Emperor? He began practicing religion when he was very young, and he has gone through the bitter experience of one thousand seven hundred and fifty kalpas, with each kalpa lasting a hundred and twenty-nine thousand six hundred years. Figure out yourself how many years it took him to rise to the enjoyment of his great and limitless position! You are merely a beast who has just attained human form in this incarnation. How dare you make such a boast? Blasphemy! This is sheer blasphemy, and it will surely shorten your allotted age.

Repent while there’s still time and cease your idle talk! Be wary that you don’t encounter such peril that you will be cut down in an instant, and all your original gifts will be wasted.”

“Even if the Jade Emperor has practiced religion from childhood,” said the Great Sage, “he should not be allowed to remain here forever. The proverb says,

*Many are the turns of kingship:
By next year the turn will be mine!*

Tell him to move out at once and hand over the Celestial Palace to me. That'll be the end of the matter. If not, I shall continue to cause disturbances and there'll never be peace!"

"Besides your immortality and your transformations," said the Buddhist Patriarch, "what other powers do you have that you dare to usurp this hallowed region of Heaven?"

"I've plenty of them!" said the Great Sage. "Indeed, I know seventy-two transformations and a life that does not grow old through ten thousand kalpas. I know also how to cloud somersault, and one leap will take me one hundred and eight thousand miles. Why can't I sit on the Heavenly throne?"

The Buddhist Patriarch said, "Let me make a wager with you. If you have the ability to somersault clear of this right palm of mine, I shall consider you the winner. You need not raise your weapon in battle then, for I shall ask the Jade Emperor to go live with me in the West and let you have the Celestial Palace. If you cannot somersault out of my hand, you can go back to the Region Below and be a monster. Work through a few more kalpas before you return to cause more trouble." When the Great Sage heard this, he said to himself, snickering, "What a fool this Tathāgata is! A single somersault of mine can carry old Monkey one hundred and eight thousand miles, yet his palm is not even one foot across. How could I possibly not jump clear of it?"

He asked quickly, "You're certain that your decision will stand?"

"Certainly it will," said Tathāgata. He stretched out his right hand, which was about the size of a lotus leaf. Our Great Sage put away his compliant rod and, summoning his power, leaped up and stood right in the center of the Patriarch's hand. He said simply, "I'm off!" and he was gone—all but invisible like a streak of light in the clouds. Training the eye of wisdom on him, the Buddhist Patriarch saw that the Monkey King was hurtling along relentlessly like a whirligig.

As the Great Sage advanced, he suddenly saw five flesh-pink pillars supporting a mass of green air. "This must be the end of the road," he said. "When I go back presently, Tathāgata will be my witness and I shall certainly take up residence in the Palace of Divine Mists."

But he thought to himself, "Wait a moment! I'd better leave some kind of memento if I'm going to negotiate with Tathāgata."

He plucked a hair and blew a mouthful of magic breath onto it, crying, "Change!" It changed into a writing brush with extra thick hair soaked in heavy ink. On the middle pillar he then wrote in large letters the following line:

"The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has made a tour of this place." When he had finished writing, he retrieved his hair, and with a total lack of respect he left a bubbling pool of monkey urine at the base of the first pillar. He reversed his cloud somersault and went back to where he had started. Standing on Tathāgata's palm, he said, "I left, and now I'm back. Tell the Jade Emperor to give me the Celestial Palace."

"You pisshead ape!" scolded Tathāgata. "Since when did you ever leave the palm of my hand?"

The Great Sage said, "You are just ignorant! I went to the edge of Heaven, and I found five flesh-pink pillars supporting a mass of green air. I left a memento there. Do you dare go with me to have a look at the place?"

“No need to go there,” said Tathāgata. “Just lower your head and take a look.” When the Great Sage stared down with his fiery eyes and diamond pupils, he found written on the middle finger of the Buddhist Patriarch’s right hand the sentence, “The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has made a tour of this place.”

A pungent whiff of monkey urine came from the fork between the thumb and the first finger. Astonished, the Great Sage said, “Could this really happen? Could this really happen? I wrote those words on the pillars supporting the sky. How is it that they now appear on his finger? Could it be that he is exercising the magic power of foreknowledge without divination? I won’t believe it! I won’t believe it! Let me go there once more!”

Dear Great Sage! Quickly he crouched and was about to jump up again, when the Buddhist Patriarch flipped his hand over and tossed the Monkey King out of the West Heaven Gate. The five fingers were transformed into the Five Phases of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth. They became, in fact, five connected mountains, named Five-Phases Mountain, which pinned him down with just enough pressure to keep him there. The thunder deities, Ānanda, and Kāśyapa all folded their hands and cried in acclamation:

Praise be to virtue! Praise be to virtue!

*He learned to be human, born from an egg that year,
And aimed to reap the authentic Way’s fruit.
He lived in a fine place by kalpas untouched.
One day he changed, expending vim and strength.
Craving high place, he flouted Heaven’s reign,
Mocked saints and stole pills, breaking great relations.
Evil, full to the brim, now meets retribution.
We know not when he may find release.*

After the Buddhist Patriarch Tathāgata had vanquished the monstrous monkey, he at once called Ānanda and Kāśyapa to return with him to the Western Paradise. At that moment, however, Tianpeng and Tianyou, two celestial messengers, came running out of the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists and said, “We beg Tathāgata to wait a moment, please! Our Lord’s grand carriage will arrive momentarily.” When the Buddhist Patriarch heard these words, he turned around and waited with reverence. In a moment he did indeed see a chariot drawn by eight colorful phoenixes and covered by a canopy adorned with nine luminous jewels.

The entire cortege was accompanied by the sound of wondrous songs and melodies, chanted by a vast celestial choir. Scattering precious blossoms and diffusing fragrant incense, it came up to the Buddha, and the Jade Emperor offered his thanks, saying, “We are truly indebted to your mighty dharma for vanquishing that monster. We beseech Tathāgata to remain for one brief day, so that we may invite the immortals to join us in giving you a banquet of thanks.” Not daring to refuse, Tathāgata folded his hands to thank the Jade Emperor, saying, “Your old monk came here at your command, Most Honorable Deva. Of what power may I boast, really? I owe my success entirely to the excellent fortune of Your Majesty and the various deities. How can I be worthy of your thanks?”

The Jade Emperor then ordered the various deities from the Thunder Department to send invitations abroad to the Three Pure Ones, the Four Ministers, the Five Elders, the Six Women Officials, the Seven Stars, the Eight Poles, the Nine Luminaries, and

the Ten Capitals. Together with a thousand immortals and ten thousand sages, they were to come to the thanksgiving banquet given for the Buddhist Patriarch. The Four Great Imperial Preceptors and the Divine Maidens of Nine Heavens were told to open wide the golden gates of the Jade Capital, the Treasure Palace of Primal Secret, and the Five Lodges of Penetrating Brightness. Tathāgata was asked to be seated high on the Numinous Terrace of Seven Treasures, and the rest of the deities were then seated according to rank and age before a banquet of dragon livers, phoenix marrow, juices of jade, and immortal peaches.

In a little while, the Jade-Pure Celestial Worthy of Commencement, the Highest-Pure Celestial Worthy of Numinous Treasure, the Great-Pure Celestial Worthy of Moral Virtue, the Immortal Masters of Five Influences, the Star Spirits of Five Constellations, the Three Ministers, the Four Sages, the Nine Luminaries, the Left and Right Assistants, the Devarāja, and Prince Naṭa all marched in leading a train of flags and canopies in pairs. They were all holding rare treasures and lustrous pearls, fruits of longevity and exotic flowers to be presented to the Buddha. As they bowed before him, they said, “We are most grateful for the unfathomable power of Tathāgata, who has subdued the monstrous monkey. We are grateful, too, to the Most Honorable Deva, who is having this banquet and asked us to come here to offer our thanks. May we beseech Tathāgata to give this banquet a name?” Responding to the petition of the various deities, Tathāgata said, “If a name is desired, let this be called ‘The Great Banquet for Peace in Heaven.’” “What a magnificent name!” the various Immortals cried in unison. “Indeed, it shall be the Great Banquet for Peace in Heaven.” When they finished speaking, they took their seats separately, and there was the pouring of wine and exchanging of cups, pinning of corsages and playing of zithers. It was indeed a magnificent banquet, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*That Immortal Peach Feast the ape disturbed
Is topped by this Banquet for Peace in Heav’n.
Dragon flags and phoenix carts glow in halos bright;
Blazing signs and banners whirl in hallowed light.
The tunes and songs divine are sweet and fair;
Phoenix pipes and jade flutes both loudly play.
Fragrant incense shrouds this assembly of saints.
All the world’s tranquil to praise the Holy Court.*

As all of them were feasting merrily, the Lady Queen Mother also led a host of divine maidens and immortal singing girls to come before the Buddha, dancing with nimble feet. They bowed to him, and she said, “Our Festival of Immortal Peaches was ruined by that monstrous monkey. We are beholden to the mighty power of Tathāgata for the enchainment of this mischievous ape. In the celebration during this Great Banquet for Peace in Heaven, we have little to offer as a token of our thanks. Please accept, however, these few immortal peaches plucked from the large trees by our own hands.” They were truly

*Half red, half green, and spouting aroma sweet,
These luscious divine roots of ten thousand years.
Pity those fruits planted at Wuling Spring!
How could they match the marvels of Heaven’s home:
Those tender ones of purple veins so rare in the world,
And those peerlessly sweet of pale yellow pits?
They lengthen age, prolong life, and change your frame.*

He who's lucky to eat them will ne'er be the same.

After the Buddhist Patriarch had pressed together his hands to thank the Queen Mother, she ordered the immortal singing girls and the divine maidens to sing and dance. All the immortals at the banquet applauded enthusiastically. Truly there were

*Whorls of Heavenly incense filling the seats,
And profuse array of divine petals and stems.
Jade capital and golden arches in what great splendor!
How priceless, too, the strange goods and rare treasures!
Every pair had the same age as Heaven.
Every set increased through ten thousand kalpas.
Mulberry fields or vast oceans, let them shift and change.
He who lives here has neither grief nor fear.*

The Queen Mother commanded the immortal maidens to sing and dance, as wine cups and goblets clinked together steadily. After a little while, suddenly

*A wondrous fragrance came to meet the nose,
Rousing Stars and Planets in that great hall.
The gods and the Buddha put down their cups.
Raising his head, each waited with his eyes.
There in the air appeared an aged man,
Holding a most luxuriant long-life plant.
His gourd had elixir often thousand years.
His book listed names twelve millennia old.
Sky and earth in his cave knew no constraint.
Sun and moon were perfected in his vase.
He roamed the Four Seas in joy serene,
And made the Ten Islets his tranquil home.
Getting drunk often at the Peaches Feast
He woke; the moon shone brightly as of old.
He had a long head, short frame, and large ears.
His name: Star of Long Life from South Pole.*

After the Star of Long Life arrived and greeted the Jade Emperor, he also went up to thank Tathāgata, saying, “When I first heard that the baneful monkey was being led by Laozi to the Tushita Palace to be refined by alchemical fire, I thought peace was surely secured. I never suspected that he could still escape, and it was fortunate that Tathāgata in his goodness had subdued this monster. When I got word of the thanksgiving banquet, I came at once. I have no other gifts to present to you but these purple agaric, jasper plant, jade green lotus root, and golden elixir.”

The poem says:

*Jade-green lotus and golden drug are given to Śākya.
Like the sands of Ganges is the age of Tathāgata.
The brocade of the three wains is calm, eternal bliss.
The nine-grade garland is a wholesome, endless life.
The true master of the Mādhyamika School
Dwells in the Heaven of both form and emptiness.
The great earth and cosmos all call him Lord.
His sixteen-foot diamond frame's great in blessing and age.*

Tathāgata accepted the thanks cheerfully, and the Star of Long Life went to his seat. Again there was pouring of wine and exchanging of cups. The Great Immortal of Naked Feet also arrived. After prostrating himself before the Jade Emperor, he too went to thank the Buddhist Patriarch, saying, “I am profoundly grateful for your dharma, which subdued the baneful monkey. I have no other things to convey my respect but two magic pears and some lire dates, which I now present to you.”

The poem says:

*The Naked- Feet Immortal brought fragrant pears and dates
To give to Amitābha, whose count of years is long.
Firm as a hill is his Lotus Platform of Seven Treasures;
Brocadelike is his Flower Seat of Thousand Gold adorned.
No false speech is this—his age equals Heaven and Earth;
Nor is this a lie—his luck is great as the sea.
Blessing and long life reach in him their fullest scope,
Dwelling in that Western Region of calm, eternal bliss.*

Tathāgata again thanked him and asked Ānanda and Kāśyapa to put away the gifts one by one before approaching the Jade Emperor to express his gratitude for the banquet. By now, everyone was somewhat tipsy. A Spirit Minister of Inspection then arrived to make the report, “The Great Sage is sticking out his head!”

“No need to worry,” said the Buddhist Patriarch. He took from his sleeve a tag on which were written in gold letters the words *Oṃ maṇi padme hūm*. Handing it over to Ānanda, he told him to stick it on the top of the mountain. This deva received the tag, took it out of the Heaven Gate, and stuck it tightly on a square piece of rock at the top of the Mountain of Five Phases. The mountain immediately struck root and grew together at the seams, though there was enough space for breathing and for the prisoner’s hands to crawl out and move around a bit. Ānanda then returned to report, “The tag is tightly attached.”

Tathāgata then took leave of the Jade Emperor and the deities, and went with the two devas out of the Heaven Gate. Moved by compassion, he recited a divine spell and called together a local spirit and the Fearless Guards of Five Quarters to stand watch over the Five-Phases Mountain. They were told to feed the prisoner with iron pellets when he was hungry and to give him melted copper to drink when he was thirsty. When the time of his chastisement was fulfilled, they were told, someone would be coming to deliver him. So it is that

*The brash, baneful monkey in revolt against Heaven
Is brought to submission by Tathāgata.
He drinks melted copper to endure the seasons,
And feeds on iron pellets to pass the time.
Tried by this bitter misfortune sent from the Sky,
He’s glad to be living, though in a piteous lot.
If this hero is allowed to struggle anew,
He’ll serve Buddha in future and go to the West.*

Another poem says:

*Prideful of his power once the time was ripe,
He tamed dragon and tiger, flaunting wily might.
Stealing peaches and wine, he roamed Heaven’s House.*

*He found trust and grace in the City of Jade.
 He's now bound, for his evil's full to the brim.
 By good stock unfailing his breath will rise again.
 If he's indeed to flee Tathāgata's hands,
 He must await from Tang court the holy monk.*

We do not know in what month or year hereafter the days of his penance will be fulfilled; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHT

*Our Buddha makes scriptures to impart ultimate bliss
Guanyin receives the decree to go up to Chang'an*

*Ask at meditation-pass
Why even countless queries
Would lead just to empty old age!
Shine bricks to make mirrors?
Hoard snow for foodstuff?
How many youths are thus deceived;
A feather swallows the great ocean?
A mustard seed holds the Sumeru?
Golden Dhūta is gently smiling.
The enlightened transcends the ten stops and three wains
Sluggards must join the four beasts and six ways.
Who can hear below the Thoughtless Cliff,
Beneath the Shadowless Tree,
The cuckoo's one call for the dawn of spring?
Roads at Caoxi, perilous;
Clouds on Vulture's Peak, dense;
Here an old friend's voice turns mute.
At a ten thousand-foot waterfall
Where a five-petal lotus unfolds,
Incense wraps an old temple's drapes.
In that hour,
Once you break through to the source,
The Dragon King's three jewels you'll see.*

The tune of this lyric is named "Su Wu at Slow Pace."

We shall now tell you about our Sovereign Buddha Tathāgata, who took leave of the Jade Emperor and returned to the Treasure Monastery of Thunderclap. All the three thousand buddhas, the five hundred arhats, the eight diamond kings, and the countless bodhisattvas held temple pennants, embroidered canopies, rare treasures, and immortal flowers, forming an orderly array before the Spirit Mountain and beneath the two Śāla Trees to welcome him. Tathāgata stopped his hallowed cloud and said to them:

*I have
With deepest prajñā
Looked through the three realms.
All fundamental nature
Will end in extinction
Like empty phenomena
Existing as nothing.
The wily ape's extirpation,
This, none can comprehend.
Name, birth, death, and origin
Of all forms appear thus.*

When he had finished speaking, he beamed forth the śārī light, which filled the air with forty-two white rainbows, connected end to end from north to south. Seeing this, the crowd bowed down and worshipped.

In a little while, Tathāgata gathered together the holy clouds and blessed fog, ascended the lotus platform of the highest rank, and sat down solemnly. Those three thousand buddhas, five hundred arhats, eight diamond kings, and four bodhisattvas folded their hands and drew near. After bowing down, they asked, “The one who caused disturbance in Heaven and ruined the Peach Festival, who was he?”

“That fellow,” said Tathāgata, “was a baneful monkey born in the Flower-Fruit Mountain. His wickedness was beyond all bounds and defied description. The divine warriors of the entire Heaven could not bring him to submission. Though Erlang caught him and Laozi tried to refine him with fire, they could not hurt him at all. When I arrived, he was just making an exhibition of his might and prowess in the midst of the thunder deities. When I stopped the fighting and asked about his antecedents, he said that he had magic powers, knowing how to transform himself and how to cloud somersault, which would carry him one hundred and eight thousand miles at a time. I made a wager with him to see whether he could leap clear of my hand. I then grabbed hold of him while my fingers changed into the Mountain of Five Phases, which had him firmly pinned down. The Jade Emperor opened wide the golden doors of the Jade Palace, invited me to sit at the head table, and gave a Banquet for Peace in Heaven to thank me. It was only a short while ago that I took leave of the throne to come back here.”

All were delighted by these words. After they had expressed their highest praise for the Buddha, they withdrew according to their ranks; they went back to their several duties and enjoyed the *bhūtataṭṭhā*. Truly it is the scene of

*Holy mist encompassing Tianzhu,
Rainbow light enclosing the Honored One,
Who is called the First in the West,
The King of the Formlessness School.
Often black apes are seen presenting fruits.
Tailed-deer holding flowers in their mouths,
Blue phoenixes dancing,
Colorful birds singing,
The spirit tortoise boasting of his age,
And the divine crane picking agaric.
They enjoy in peace the Pure Land's Jetavana,
The Dragon Palace, and worlds vast as Ganges' sands.
Every day the flowers bloom;
Every hour the fruits ripen.
They work silence to reach perfection.
They meditate to bear the right fruit.
They do not die nor are they born.
No growth is there, nor any decrease.
Mist and smoke wraithlike may come and go.
No seasons intrude, nor are years recalled.*

The poem says:

To go or come is casual and free;

*Of fear or sorrow there's not one degree.
Fields of Ultimate Bliss are flat and wide.
In this great world no four seasons abide.*

As the Buddhist Patriarch lived in the Treasure Monastery of the Thunderclap in the Spirit Mountain, he called together one day the various buddhas, arhats, guardians, bodhisattvas, diamond kings, and mendicant monks and nuns and said to them, “We do not know how much time has passed here since I subdued the wily monkey and pacified Heaven, but I suppose at least half a millennium has gone by in the worldly realm. As this is the fifteenth day of the first month of autumn, I have prepared a treasure bowl filled with a hundred varieties of exotic flowers and a thousand kinds of rare fruit. I would like to share them with all of you in celebration of the Feast of the Ullambana Bowl. How about it?” Every one of them folded his hands and paid obeisance to the Buddha three times to receive the festival. Tathāgata then ordered Ānanda to take the flowers and fruits from the treasure bowl, and Kāśyapa was asked to distribute them. All were thankful, and they presented poems to express their gratitude.

The poem of blessing says:

*The star of blessing shines before Lokajyeṣṭha,
Who enjoys blessing lasting and immense.
His blessing's boundless virtue endures as Earth.
His blessing's source is gladly linked to Heaven.
His blessing's fields, far planted, prosper each year.
His blessing's sea, huge and deep, is ever strong.
His blessing fills the world and all will be blessed.
May his blessing increase, endless and complete.*

The poem of wealth says:

*His wealth weighs a mountain where the phoenix sings.
His wealth trails the seasons to wish him long life.
He gains wealth in huge sums as his body health.
He joys in wealth abundant as the world in peace.
His wealth's reach equals Heaven is ever safe.
His wealth's name is sealike but even more pure.
His wealth's grace far-reaching is sought by all.
His wealth is boundless, enriching countless lands.*

The poem of long life says:

*The Star of Long Life gives gifts to Tathāgata,
From whom light of long life begins now to shine.
The long life fruits fill the bowls with hues divine.
The long life blooms, newly plucked, deck the lotus throne.
The long life verse, how elegant and finely wrought.
The long life songs are scored by gifted minds.
The long life's length matches the sun and moon's.
Long life, like sea and mountain, is twice as long!*

After the bodhisattvas had presented their poems, they invited Tathāgata to disclose the origin and elucidate the source. Tathāgata gently opened his benevolent mouth to expound the great dharma and to proclaim the truth. He lectured on the wondrous doctrines of the three vehicles, the five skandhas, and the *Śūrangamā Sūtra*.

As he did so, celestial dragons were seen circling above and flowers descended like rain in abundance. It was truly thus:

*The Chan mind shines bright like a thousand rivers' moon;
True nature's pure and great as an unclouded sky.*

When Tathāgata had finished his lecture, he said to the congregation, “I have “watched the Four Great Continents, and the morality of their inhabitants varies from place to place. Those living on the East Pūrvavideha revere Heaven and Earth, and they are straightforward and peaceful. Those on the North Uttarakuru, though they love to destroy life, do so out of the necessity of making a livelihood. Moreover, they are rather dull of mind and lethargic in spirit, and they are not likely to do much harm. Those of our West Aparagodānīya are neither covetous nor prone to kill; they control their humor and temper their spirit. There is, to be sure, no illuminate of the first order, but everyone is certain to attain longevity. Those who reside in the South Jambūdvīpa, however, are prone to practice lechery and delight in evil-doing, indulging in much slaughter and strife. Indeed, they are all caught in the treacherous field of tongue and mouth, in the wicked sea of slander and malice. However, I have three baskets of true scriptures which can persuade man to do good.” Upon hearing these words, the various bodhisattvas folded their hands and bowed down. “What are the three baskets of authentic scriptures,” they asked, “that Tathāgata possesses?”

Tathāgata said, “I have one collection of vinaya, which speaks of Heaven; one collection of śāstras, which tells of the Earth; and one collection of sūtras, which redeems the damned. Altogether the three collections of scriptures contain thirty-five divisions written in fifteen thousand one hundred forty-four scrolls. They are the scriptures for the cultivation of immortality; they are the gate to ultimate virtue. I myself would like to send these to the Land of the East; but the creatures in that region are so stupid and so scornful of the truth that they ignore the weighty elements of our Law and mock the true sect of Yoga. Somehow we need a person with power to go to the Land of the East and find a virtuous believer. He will be asked to experience the bitter travail of passing through a thousand mountains and ten thousand waters to come here in quest of the authentic scriptures, so that they may be forever implanted in the east to enlighten the people. This will provide a source of blessings great as a mountain and deep as the sea. Which one of you is willing to make such a trip?”

At that moment, the Bodhisattva Guanyin came near the lotus platform and paid obeisance three times to the Buddha, saying, “Though your disciple is untalented, she is willing to go to the Land of the East to find a scripture pilgrim.” Lifting their heads to look, the various buddhas saw that the Bodhisattva had

*A mind perfected in the four virtues,
A golden body filled with wisdom,
Fringes of dangling pearls and jade,
Scented bracelets set with lustrous treasures,
Dark hair piled smartly in a coiled-dragon bun,
And brocade sashes fluttering as phoenix quills.
Her green jade buttons
And white silk robe
Bathed in holy light;
Her velvet skirt
And golden cords
Wrapped by hallowed air.*

*With brows of new moon shape
 And eyes like two bright stars,
 Her jadelike face beams natural joy,
 And her ruddy lips seem a flash of red.
 Her immaculate vase overflows with nectar from year to year,
 Holding sprigs of weeping willow green from age to age.
 She disperses the eight woes;
 She redeems the multitude;
 She has great compassion;
 Thus she rules the Tai Mountain
 And lives at the South Sea.
 She saves the poor, searching for their voices,
 Ever heedful and solicitous,
 Ever wise and efficacious.
 Her orchid heart delights in green bamboos;
 Her chaste nature loves the wisteria.
 She is the merciful lord of the Potalaka Mountain,
 The Living Guanyin from the Cave of Tidal Sound.*

When Tathāgata saw her, he was most delighted and said to her, “No other person is qualified to make this journey. It must be the Honorable Guanyin of mighty magic powers—she’s the one to do it!”

“As your disciple departs for the east,” said the Bodhisattva, “do you have any instructions?”

“As you travel,” said Tathāgata, “you are to examine the way carefully. Do not journey high in the air, but remain at an altitude halfway between mist and cloud so that you can see the mountains and waters and remember the exact distance. You will then be able to instruct closely the scripture pilgrim. Since he may still find the journey difficult, I shall also give you five talismans.” Ordering Ānanda and Kāśyapa to bring out an embroidered cassock and a nine-ring priestly staff, he said to the Bodhisattva, “You may give this cassock and this staff to the scripture pilgrim. If he is firm in his intention to come here, he may put on the cassock and it will protect him from falling back into the wheel of transmigration. When he holds the staff, it will keep him from meeting poison or harm.”

The Bodhisattva bowed low to receive the gifts. Tathāgata then took out also three fillets and handed them to the Bodhisattva, saying, “These treasures are called the tightening fillets, and though they are all alike, their uses are not the same. I have a separate spell for each of them: the Golden, the Constrictive, and the Prohibitive Spell. If you encounter on the way any monster who possesses great magic powers, you must persuade him to learn to be good and to follow the scripture pilgrim as his disciple. If he is disobedient, this fillet may be put on his head, and it will strike root the moment it comes into contact with the flesh. Recite the particular spell which belongs to the fillet and it will cause the head to swell and ache so painfully that he will think his brains are bursting. That will persuade him to come within our fold.”

After the Bodhisattva had bowed to the Buddha and taken her leave, she called Disciple Hui’an to follow her. This Hui’an, you see, carried a huge iron rod that weighed a thousand pounds. He followed the Bodhisattva closely and served her as a powerful bodyguard.

The Bodhisattva made the embroidered cassock into a bundle and placed it on his back; she hid the golden fillets, took up the priestly staff, and went down the Spirit Mountain. Lo, this one journey will result in

*A Buddha son returning to keep his primal vow.
The Gold Cicada Elder will clasp the candana.*

The Bodhisattva went to the bottom of the hill, where she was received at the door of the Jade Perfection Daoist Abbey by the Great Immortal of Golden Head. The Bodhisattva was presented with tea, but she did not dare linger long, saying, "I have received the dharma-decree of Tathāgata to look for a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East."

The Great Immortal said, "When do you expect the scripture pilgrim to arrive?"

"I'm not sure," said the Bodhisattva. "Perhaps in two or three years' time he'll be able to get here." So she took leave of the Great Immortal and traveled at an altitude halfway between cloud and mist in order that she might remember the way and the distance. We have a testimonial poem for her that says:

*A search through ten thousand miles—no need to say!
To state who will be found is no easy thing.
Has not seeking someone been just like this?
What's been my whole life, was that a mere chance?
We preach the Dao, our method turns foolish
When saying meets no belief; we preach in vain.
To find some percipient I'd yield liver and gall.
There's affinity, I think, lying straight ahead.*

As the mentor and her disciple journeyed, they suddenly came upon a large body of Weak Water, for this was the region of the Flowing Sand River.

"My disciple," said the Bodhisattva, "this place is difficult to cross. The scripture pilgrim will be of temporal bones and mortal stock. How will he be able to get across?"

"Teacher," said Hui'an, "how wide do you suppose this river is?"

The Bodhisattva stopped her cloud to take a look, and she saw that

*In the east it touches the sandy coast;
In the west it joins the barbaric states;
In the south it reaches even Wuyi;
In the north it comes near the Tartars.
Its width is eight hundred miles,
And its length must measure many thousand more.
The water flows as if Earth is heaving its frame.
The current rises like a mountain rearing its back.
Outspread and immense;
Vast and interminable.
The sound of its towering billows reaches distant ears.
The raft of a god cannot come here,
Nor can a leaf of the lotus stay afloat.
Lifeless grass in the twilight drifts along the crooked banks.
Yellow clouds conceal the sun to darken the long dikes.*

*Where can one find the traffic of merchants?
 Has there been ever a shelter for fishermen?
 On the flat sand no wild geese descend;
 From distant shores comes the crying of apes.
 Only the red smartweed flowers know this scene,
 Basking in the white duckweed's fragile scent.*

The Bodhisattva was looking over the river when suddenly a loud splash was heard, and from the midst of the waves leaped an ugly and ferocious monster. He appeared to have

*A green, though not too green,
 And black, though not too black,
 Face of gloomy complexion;
 A long, though not too long,
 And short, though not too short,
 Sinewy body with naked feet.
 His gleaming eyes
 Shone like two lights beneath the stove.
 His mouth, forked at the corners,
 Was like a butcher's bloody bowl.
 With teeth protruding like swords and knives,
 And red hair all disheveled,
 He bellowed once and it sounded like thunder,
 While his legs sprinted like whirling wind.*

Holding in his hands a priestly staff, that fiendish creature ran up the bank and tried to seize the Bodhisattva. He was opposed, however, by Hui'an, who wielded his iron rod, crying, "Stop!", but the fiendish creature raised his staff to meet him. So the two of them engaged in a fierce battle beside the Flowing Sand River, which was truly terrifying.

*The iron rod of Mokṣa¹
 Displays its power to defend the Law;
 The monster-taming staff of the creature
 Labors to show its heroic might.
 Two silver pythons dance along the river's bank.
 A pair of godlike monks charge each other on the shore.
 This one plies his talents as the forceful lord of Flowing Sand.
 That one, to attain great merit, protects Guanyin by strength.
 This one churns up foam and stirs up waves.
 That one belches fog and spits out wind.
 The stirred-up foams and waves darken Heaven and Earth.
 The spat-out fog and wind make dim both sun and moon.
 The monster-taming staff of this one
 Is like a white tiger emerging from the mountain;
 The iron rod of that one
 Is like a yellow dragon lying on the way.*

1. In Hinduism and Janaism "moksha or moksa" refers to the release from the cycle of rebirth. In Janism also the liberation of the soul from evil and whose symbolism has moksa as situated at the crown of the head of the Cosmic Giant.

*When used by one,
 This weapon spreads open the grass and finds the snake.
 When let loose by the other,
 That weapon knocks down the kite and splits the pine.
 They fight until the darkness thickens
 Save for the glittering stars,
 And the fog looms up
 To obscure both sky and land.
 This one, long a dweller in the Weak Water, is uniquely fierce.
 That one, newly leaving the Spirit Mountain, seeks his first win.*

Back and forth along the river the two of them fought for twenty or thirty rounds without either prevailing, when the fiendish creature stilled the other's iron rod and asked, "What region do you come from, monk, that you dare oppose me?"

"I'm the second son of the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja," said Mokṣa, "Mokṣa, Disciple Hui'an. I am serving as the guardian of my mentor, who is looking for a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. What kind of monster are you that you dare block our way?"

"I remember," said the monster, suddenly recognizing his opponent, "that you used to follow the Guanyin of the South Sea and practice austerities there in the bamboo grove. How did you get to this place?"

"Don't you realize," said Mokṣa, "that she is my mentor—the one over there on the shore?" When the monster heard these words, he apologized repeatedly. Putting away his staff, he allowed Mokṣa to grasp him by the collar and lead him away. He lowered his head and bowed low to Guanyin, saying, "Bodhisattva, please forgive me and let me submit my explanation. I am no monster; rather, I am the Curtain-Raising General who waits upon the phoenix chariot of the Jade Emperor at the Divine Mists Hall. Because I carelessly broke a crystal cup at one of the Festivals of Immortal Peaches, the Jade Emperor gave me eight hundred lashes, banished me to the Region Below, and changed me into my present shape. Every seventh day he sends a flying sword to stab my breast and side more than a hundred times before it leaves me. Hence my present wretchedness! Moreover, the hunger and cold are unbearable, and I am driven every few days to come out of the waves and find a traveler for food. I certainly did not expect that my ignorance would today lead me to offend the great, merciful Bodhisattva."

"Because of your sin in Heaven," said the Bodhisattva, "you were banished. Yet the taking of life in your present manner surely is adding sin to sin. By the decree of Buddha, I am on my way to the Land of the East to find a scripture pilgrim. Why don't you come into my fold, take refuge in good works, and follow the scripture pilgrim as his disciple when he goes to the Western Heaven to ask Buddha for the scriptures? I'll order the flying sword to stop piercing you. At the time when you achieve merit, your sin will be expiated and you will be restored to your former position. How do you feel about that?"

"I'm willing," said the monster, "to seek refuge in right action."

He said also, "Bodhisattva, I have devoured countless human beings at this place. There have even been a number of scripture pilgrims here, and I ate all of them. The heads of those I devoured I threw into the Flowing Sand, and they sank to the bottom, for such is the nature of this water that not even goose down can float on it. But

the skulls of the nine pilgrims floated on the water and would not sink. Regarding them as something unusual, I chained them together with a rope and played with them at my leisure. If this becomes known, I fear that no other scripture pilgrim will want to come this way. Won't it jeopardize my future?"

"Not come this way? How absurd!" said the Bodhisattva. "You may take the skulls and hang them round your neck. When the scripture pilgrim arrives, there will be a use for them."

"If that's the case," said the monster, "I'm now willing to receive your instructions." The Bodhisattva then touched the top of his head and gave him the commandments. The sand was taken to be a sign, and he was given the surname "Sha" and the religious name "Wujing," and that was how he entered the Gate of Sand. After he had seen the Bodhisattva on her way, he washed his heart and purified himself; he never took life again but waited attentively for the arrival of the scripture pilgrim.

So the Bodhisattva parted with him and went with Mokṣa toward the Land of the East. They traveled for a long time and came upon a high mountain, which was covered by miasma so foul that they could not ascend it on foot. They were just about to mount the clouds and pass over it when a sudden blast of violent wind brought into view another monster of most ferocious appearance. Look at his

*Lips curled and twisted like dried lotus leaves;
Ears like rush-leaf fans and hard, gleaming eyes;
Gaping teeth as sharp as a fine steel file's;
A long mouth wide open like a fire pot.
A gold cap is fastened with bands by the cheek.
Straps on his armor seem like scaleless snakes.
He holds a rake—a dragon's outstretched claws;
From his waist hangs a bow of half-moon shape.
His awesome presence and his prideful mien
Defy the deities and daunt the gods.*

He rushed up toward the two travelers and, without regard for good or ill, lifted the rake and brought it down hard on the Bodhisattva. But he was met by Disciple Hui'an, who cried with a loud voice, "Reckless monster! Desist from this insolence! Look out for my rod!"

"This monk," said the monster, "doesn't know any better! Look out for my rake!" The two of them clashed together at the foot of the mountain to discover who was to be the victor. It was a magnificent battle!

*The monster is fierce.
Hui'an is powerful.
The iron rod jabs at the heart;
The muckrake swipes at the face.
Spraying mud and splattering dust darken Heaven and Earth;
Flying sand and hurling rocks scare demons and gods.
The nine-teeth rake,
All burnished,
Loudly jingles with double rings;
The single rod,
Black throughout,
Leaps and flies in both hands.*

*This one is the prince of a Devarāja;
 That one is the spirit of a grand marshal.
 This one defends the faith at Potalaka;
 That one lives in a cave as a monster.
 Meeting this time they rush to fight,
 Not knowing who shall lose and who shall win.*

At the very height of their battle, Guanyin threw down some lotus flowers from midair, separating the rod from the rake. Alarmed by what he saw, the fiendish creature asked, “What region are you from, monk, that you dare to play this ‘flower-in-the-eye’ trick on me?”

“Cursed beast of fleshly eyes and mortal stock!” said Mokṣa. “I am the disciple of the Bodhisattva from South Sea, and these are lotus flowers thrown down by my mentor. Don’t you recognize them?”

“The Bodhisattva from South Sea?” asked the fiend. “Is she Guanyin who sweeps away the three calamities and rescues us from the eight disasters?”

“Who else,” said Mokṣa, “if not she?”

The fiend threw away his muckrake, lowered his head, and bowed, saying, “Venerable brother! Where is the Bodhisattva? Please be so good as to introduce me to her.” Mokṣa raised his head and pointed upward, saying, “Isn’t she up there?”

“Bodhisattva!” the fiend kowtowed toward her and cried with a loud voice, “Pardon my sin! Pardon my sin!”

Guanyin lowered the direction of her cloud and came to ask him, “What region are you from, wild boar who has become a spirit or old sow who has become a fiend, that you dare bar my way?”

“I am neither a wild boar,” said the fiend, “nor am I an old sow! I was originally the Marshal of the Heavenly Reeds in the Heavenly River. Because I got drunk and dallied with the Goddess of the Moon, the Jade Emperor had me beaten with a mallet two thousand times and banished me to the world of dust. My true spirit was seeking the proper home for my next incarnation when I lost my way, passed through the womb of an old sow, and ended up with a shape like this! Having bitten the sow to death and killed the rest of the litter, I took over this mountain ranch and passed my days eating people. Little did I expect to run into the Bodhisattva. Save me, I implore you! Save me!”

“What is the name of this mountain?” asked the Bodhisattva.

“It’s called the Mountain of the Blessed Mound,” said the fiendish creature, “and there is a cave in it by the name of Cloudy Paths. There was a Second Elder Sister Egg originally in the cave. She saw that I knew something of the martial art and therefore asked me to be the head of the family, following the so-called practice of ‘standing backward in the door.’ After less than a year, she died, leaving me to enjoy the possession of her entire cave. I have spent many days and years at this place, but I know no means of supporting myself and I pass the time eating people. I implore the Bodhisattva to pardon my sin.”

The Bodhisattva said, “There is an old saying:

*If you want to have a future,
 Don’t act heedless of the future.*

You have already transgressed in the Region Above, and yet you have not changed your violent ways but indulge in the taking of life. Don't you know that both crimes will be punished?"

"The future! The future!" said the fiend. "If I listen to you, I might as well feed on the wind! The proverb says,

*you follow the law of the court, you'll be beaten to death;
If you follow the law of Buddha, you'll be starved to death!*

Let me go! Let me go! I would much prefer catching a few travelers and munching on the plump and juicy lady of the family. Why should I care about two crimes, three crimes, a thousand crimes, or ten thousand crimes?"

"There is a saying," said the Bodhisattva,

*A man with good intent
Will win Heaven's assent.*

If you are willing to return to the fruits of truth, there will be means to sustain your body. There are five kinds of grain in this world and they all can relieve hunger. Why do you need to pass the time by devouring humans?" When the fiend heard these words, he was like one who woke from a dream, and he said to the Bodhisattva, "I would very much like to follow the truth. But 'since I have offended Heaven, even my prayers are of little avail.'"

"I have received the decree from Buddha to go to the Land of the East to find a scripture pilgrim," said the Bodhisattva. "You can follow him as his disciple and make a trip to the Western Heaven; your merit will cancel out your sins, and you will surely be delivered from your calamities."

"I'm willing. I'm willing," promised the fiend with enthusiasm. The Bodhisattva then touched his head and gave him the instructions. Pointing to his body as a sign, she gave him the surname "Zhu" and the religious name "Wuneng."

From that moment on, he accepted the commandment to return to the real. He fasted and ate only a vegetable diet, abstaining from the five forbidden viands and the three undesirable foods so as to wait single-mindedly for the scripture pilgrim.

The Bodhisattva and Mokṣa took leave of Wuneng and proceeded again halfway between cloud and mist. As they were journeying, they saw in midair a young dragon calling for help. The Bodhisattva drew near and asked, "What dragon are you, and why are you suffering here?"

The dragon said, "I am the son of Aorun, Dragon King of the Western Ocean. Because I inadvertently set fire to the palace and burned some of the pearls therein, my father the king memorialized to the Court of Heaven and charged me with grave disobedience. The Jade Emperor hung me in the sky and gave me three hundred lashes, and I shall be executed in a few days. I beg the Bodhisattva to save me."

When Guanyin heard these words, she rushed with Mokṣa up to the South Heaven Gate. She was received by Qiu and Zhang, the two Celestial Masters, who asked her, "Where are you going?"

"This humble cleric needs to have an audience with the Jade Emperor," said the Bodhisattva. The two Celestial Masters promptly made the report, and the Jade Emperor left the hall to receive her. After presenting her greetings, the Bodhisattva said, "By the decree of Buddha, this humble cleric is journeying to the Land of the East to find a

scripture pilgrim. On the way I met a mischievous dragon hanging in the sky. I have come specially to beg you to spare his life and grant him to me. He can be a good means of transportation for the scripture pilgrim.” When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he at once gave the decree of pardon, ordering the Heavenly sentinels to release the dragon to the Bodhisattva.

The Bodhisattva thanked the Emperor, while the young dragon also kowtowed to the Bodhisattva to thank her for saving his life and pledged obedience to her command. The Bodhisattva then sent him to live in a deep mountain stream with the instruction that when the scripture pilgrim should arrive, he was to change into a white horse and go to the Western Heaven. The young dragon obeyed the order and hid himself, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

The Bodhisattva then led Mokṣa past the mountain, and they headed again toward the Land of the East. They had not traveled long before they suddenly came upon ten thousand shafts of golden light and a thousand layers of radiant vapor. “Teacher,” said Mokṣa, “that luminous place must be the Mountain of Five Phases. I can see the tag of Tathāgata imprinted on it.”

“So, beneath this place,” said the Bodhisattva, “is where the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who disturbed Heaven and the Festival of Immortal Peaches, is being imprisoned.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Mokṣa. The mentor and her disciple ascended the mountain and looked at the tag, on which was inscribed the divine words *Oṃ maṇi padme hūṃ*. When the Bodhisattva saw this, she could not help sighing, and composed the following poem:

*I rue the impish ape not heeding the Law,
Who let loose wild heroics in bygone years.
His mind puffed up, he wrecked the Peach Banquet
And boldly stole in Tushita Palace.
He found no worthy match in ten thousand troops;
Through Ninefold Heaven he displayed his power.
Imprisoned now by Sovereign Tathāgata,
When will he be free to show once more his might?*

As mentor and disciple were speaking, they disturbed the Great Sage, who shouted from the base of the mountain, “Who is up there on the mountain composing verses to expose my faults?” When the Bodhisattva heard those words, she came down the mountain to take a look. There beneath the rocky ledges were the local spirit, the mountain god, and the Heavenly sentinels guarding the Great Sage. They all came and bowed to receive the Bodhisattva, leading her before the Great Sage. She looked and saw that he was pinned down in a kind of stone box: though he could speak, he could not move his body. “You whose name is Sun,” said the Bodhisattva, “do you recognize me?”

The Great Sage opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils and nodded. “How could I not recognize you?” he cried. “You are the Mighty Deliverer, the Great Compassionate Bodhisattva Guanyin from the Potalaka Mountain of the South Sea. Thank you, thank you for coming to see me! At this place every day is like a year, for not a single acquaintance has ever come to visit me. Where did you come from?”

“I have received the decree from Buddha,” said the Bodhisattva, “to go to the Land of the East to find a scripture pilgrim. Since I was passing through here, I rested my steps briefly to see you.”

“Tathāgata deceived me,” said the Great Sage, “and imprisoned me beneath this mountain. For over five hundred years already I have not been able to move. I implore the Bodhisattva to show a little mercy and rescue old Monkey!”

“Your sinful karma is very deep,” said the Bodhisattva. “If I rescue you, I fear that you will again perpetrate violence, and that will be bad indeed.”

“Now I know the meaning of penitence,” said the Great Sage. “So I entreat the Great Compassion to show me the proper path, for I am willing to practice cultivation.”

Truly it is that

*One wish born in the heart of man
Is known throughout Heaven and Earth.
If vice or virtue lacks reward,
Unjust must be the universe.*

When the Bodhisattva heard those words from the prisoner, she was filled with pleasure and said to the Great Sage, “The scripture says,

*When a good word is spoken,
An answer will come from beyond a thousand miles;
When an evil word is spoken,
Opposition will hail from beyond a thousand miles.*

If you have such a purpose, wait until I reach the Great Tang Nation in the Land of the East and find the scripture pilgrim. He will be told to come and rescue you, and you can follow him as a disciple. You shall keep the teachings and hold the rosary to enter our gate of Buddha, so that you may again cultivate the fruits of righteousness. Will you do that?”

“I’m willing, I’m willing,” said the Great Sage repeatedly.

“If you are indeed seeking the fruits of virtue,” said the Bodhisattva, “let me give you a religious name.”

“I have one already,” said the Great Sage, “and I’m called Sun Wukong.”

“There were two persons before you who came into our faith,” said the delighted Bodhisattva, “and their names, too, are built on the word ‘Wu.’ Your name will agree with theirs perfectly, and that is splendid indeed.

I need not give you any more instruction, for I must be going.” So our Great Sage, with manifest nature and enlightened mind, returned to the Buddhist faith, while our Bodhisattva, with attention and diligence, sought the divine monk.

She left the place with Mokṣa and proceeded straight to the east; in a few days they reached Chang’an of the Great Tang Nation.

Forsaking the mist and abandoning the cloud, mentor and disciple changed themselves into two wandering monks covered with scabby sores and went into the city. It was already dusk. As they walked through one of the main streets, they saw a temple of the local spirit.

They both went straight in, alarming the spirit and the demon guards, who recognized the Bodhisattva. They kowtowed to receive her, and the local spirit then ran quickly to report to the city's guardian deity, the god of the soil, and the spirits of various temples of Chang'an. When they learned that it was the Bodhisattva, they all came to pay homage, saying, "Bodhisattva, please pardon us for being tardy in our reception."

"None of you," said the Bodhisattva, "should let a word of this leak out! I came here by the special decree of Buddha to look for a scripture pilgrim. I would like to stay just for a few days in one of your temples, and I shall depart when the true monk is found."

The various deities went back to their own places, but they sent the local spirit off to the residence of the city's guardian deity so that the teacher and the disciple could remain incognito in the spirit's temple. We do not know what sort of scripture pilgrim was found. Let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINE

Chen Guangrui, going to his post, meets disaster
Monk River Float, avenging his parents, repays his roots

We now tell you about the city of Chang'an in the great nation's Shaanxi Province, which was the place that kings and emperors from generation to generation had made their capital. Since the periods of Zhou, Qin, and Han,

*Three counties of flowers bloomed like brocade,
 And eight rivers flowed encircling the city.*

It was truly a land of great scenic beauty. At this time the emperor Taizong of the Great Tang dynasty was on the throne, and the name of his reign was Zhenguan. He had been ruling now for thirteen years, and the cyclical name of the year was Jisi.

The whole land was at peace: people came bearing tributes from eight directions, and the inhabitants of the whole world called themselves his subjects.

One day Taizong ascended his throne and assembled his civil and military officials. After they had paid him homage, the prime minister Wei Zheng left the ranks and came forward to memorialize to the Throne, saying, "Since the world now is at peace and tranquility reigns everywhere, we should follow the ancient custom and establish sites for civil examinations, so that we may invite worthy scholars to come here and select those talents who will best serve the work of administration and government."

"Our worthy subject has voiced a sound principle in his memorial," said Taizong. He therefore issued a summons to be proclaimed throughout the empire: in every prefecture, county, and town, those who were learned in the Confucian classics, who could write with ease and lucidity, and who had passed the three sessions of examination, regardless of whether they were soldiers or peasants, would be invited to go to Chang'an to take the imperial examination.

This summons reached the place Haizhou, where it was seen by a certain man named Chen E (with the courtesy name of Guangrui), who then went straight home to talk to his mother, whose maiden name was Zhang. "The court," he said, "has sent a yellow summons, declaring in these southern provinces that there will be examinations for the selection of the worthy and the talented. Your child wishes to try out at such an examination, for if I manage to acquire an appointment, or even half a post, I would become more of a credit to my parents, magnify our name, give my wife a title, benefit my son, and bring glory to this house of ours. Such is the aspiration of your son:

I wish to tell my mother plainly before I leave."

"My son," said she of the Zhang family, "an educated person 'learns when he is young, but leaves when he is grown.' You should indeed follow this maxim. But as you go to the examination, you must be careful on the way, and, when you have secured a post, come home quickly." So Guangrui gave instructions for his family page to pack his bags, took leave of his mother, and began his journey. When he reached Chang'an, the examination site had just been opened, and he went straight in. He took the preliminary tests, passed them, and went to the court examination, where in three sessions on administrative policy he took first place, receiving the title "zhuangyuan,"

the certificate of which was signed by the Tang emperor's own hand. As was the custom, he was led through the streets on horseback for three days.

The procession at one point passed by the house of the chief minister, Yin Kaishan, who had a daughter named Wenjiao, nicknamed Mantangjiao (A Hall of Loveliness). She was not yet married, and at this time she was just about to throw down an embroidered ball from high up on a festooned tower in order to select her spouse. It happened that Chen Guangrui was passing below the tower. When the young maiden saw Guangrui's outstanding appearance and knew that he was the recent zhuangyuan of the examinations, she was very pleased. She threw down the embroidered ball, which just happened to hit the black gauze hat of Guangrui. Immediately, lively music of pipes and flutes could be heard throughout the area as scores of maids and serving-girls ran down from the tower, took hold of the bridle of Guangrui's horse, and led him into the residence of the chief minister for the wedding. The chief minister and his wife at once came out of their chambers, called together the guests and the master of ceremonies, and gave the girl to Guangrui as his bride.

Together, they bowed to Heaven and Earth; then husband and wife bowed to each other, before bowing to the father- and mother-inlaw.

The chief minister then gave a big banquet and everyone feasted merrily for a whole evening, after which the two of them walked hand in hand into the bridal chamber.

At the fifth watch early next morning, Taizong took his seat in the Treasure Hall of Golden Chimes as civil and military officials attended the court. Taizong asked, "What appointment should the new zhuangyuan receive?"

The prime minister Wei Zheng said, "Your subject has discovered that within our territory there is a vacancy at Jiangzhou. I beg my Lord to grant him this post."

Taizong at once made him governor of Jiangzhou and ordered him to leave without delay. After thanking the emperor and leaving the court, Guangrui went back to the house of the chief minister to inform his wife. He took leave of his father- and mother-in-law and proceeded with his wife to the new post at Jiangzhou.

As they left Chang'an and went on their journey, the season was late spring:

*A soft wind blew to green the willows;
A fine rain spotted to redden the flowers.*

As his home was on the way, Guangrui returned to his house where husband and wife bowed together to his mother, Lady Zhang.

"Congratulations, my son," said she of the Zhang family, "you even came back with a wife!"

"Your child," said Guangrui, "relied on the power of your blessing and was able to attain the undeserved honor of zhuangyuan. By imperial command I was making a tour of the streets when, as I passed by the mansion of Chief Minister Yin, I was hit by an embroidered ball. The chief minister kindly gave his daughter to your child to be his wife, and His Majesty appointed him governor of Jiangzhou. I have returned to take you with me to the post." She of the Zhang family was delighted and packed at once for the journey.

They had been on the road for a few days when they came to stay at the Inn of Ten Thousand Flowers, kept by a certain Liu Xiaor.

She of the Zhang family suddenly became ill and said to Guangrui, "I don't feel well at all. Let's rest here for a day or two before we journey again."

Guangrui obeyed. Next morning there was a man outside the inn holding a golden carp for sale, which Guangrui bought for a string of coins. He was about to have it cooked for his mother when he saw that the carp was blinking its eyes vigorously.

In astonishment, Guangrui said, "I have heard that when a fish or a snake blinks its eyes in this manner, that's the sure sign that it's not an ordinary creature!"

He therefore asked the fisherman, "Where did you catch this fish?"

"I caught it," said the fisherman, "from the river Hong, some fifteen miles from this district."

Accordingly, Guangrui sent the live fish back to the river and returned to the inn to tell his mother about it. "It is a good deed to release living creatures from captivity," said she of the Zhang family. "I am very pleased."

"We have stayed in this inn now for three days," said Guangrui. "The imperial command is an urgent one. Your child intends to leave tomorrow, but he would like to know whether mother has fully recovered." She of the Zhang family said, "I'm still not well, and the heat on the journey at this time of year, I fear, will only add to my illness. Why don't you rent a house for me to stay here temporarily and leave me an allowance? The two of you can proceed to your new post. By autumn, when it's cool, you can come fetch me."

Guangrui discussed the matter with his wife; they duly rented a house for her and left some cash with her, after which they took leave and left.

They felt the fatigue of traveling, journeying by day and resting by night, and they soon came to the crossing of the Hong River, where two boatmen, Liu Hong and Li Biao, took them into their boat. It happened that Guangrui was destined in his previous incarnation to meet this calamity, and so he had to come upon these fated enemies of his. After ordering the houseboy to put the luggage on the boat, Guangrui and his wife were just about to embark when Liu Hong noticed the beauty of Lady Yin, who had a face like a full moon, eyes like autumnal water, a small, cherrylike mouth, and a tiny, willowlike waist. Her features were striking enough to sink fishes and drop wild geese, and her complexion would cause the moon to hide and put the flowers to shame. Stirred at once to cruelty, he plotted with Li Biao; together they punted the boat to an isolated area and waited until the middle of the night. They killed the houseboy first, and then they beat Guangrui to death, pushing both bodies into the water. When the lady saw that they had killed her husband, she made a dive for the water, but Liu Hong threw his arms around her and caught her. "If you consent to my demand," he said, "everything will be all right. If you do not, this knife will cut you in two!" Unable to think of any better plan, the lady had to give her consent for the time being and yielded herself to Liu Hong. The thief took the boat to the south bank, where he turned the boat over to the care of Li Biao. He himself put on Guangrui's cap and robe, took his credentials, and proceeded with the lady to the post at Jiangzhou.

We should now tell you that the body of the houseboy killed by Liu Hong drifted away with the current. The body of Chen Guangrui, however, sank to the bottom of the water and stayed there. A yakṣ on patrol at the mouth of the Hong River saw it and rushed into the Dragon Palace. The Dragon King was just holding court when the yakṣ entered to report, saying, "A scholar has been beaten to death at the mouth of the

Hong River by some unknown person, and his body is now lying at the bottom of the water.”

The Dragon King had the corpse brought in and laid before him. He took a careful look at it and said, “But this man was my benefactor! How could he have been murdered? As the common saying goes, ‘Kindness should be paid by kindness.’ I must save his life today so that I may repay the kindness of yesterday.”

He at once issued an official dispatch, sending a yakṣ to deliver it to the municipal deity and local spirit of Hongzhou, and asked for the soul of the scholar so that his life might be saved. The municipal deity and the local spirit in turn ordered the little demons to hand over the soul of Chen Guangrui to the yakṣ, who led the soul back to the Water Crystal Palace for an audience with the Dragon King.

“Scholar,” asked the Dragon King, “what is your name? Where did you come from? Why did you come here, and for what reason were you beaten to death?”

Guangrui saluted him and said, “This lowly student is named Chen E, and my courtesy name is Guangrui. I am from the Hongnong district of Haizhou. As the unworthy zhuangyuan of the recent session of examination, I was appointed by the court to be governor of Jiangzhou, and I was going to my post with my wife. When I took a boat at the river, I did not expect the boatman, Liu Hong, to covet my wife and plot against me. He beat me to death and tossed out my body. I beg the Great King to save me.”

Hearing these words, the Dragon King said, “So, that’s it! Good sir, the golden carp that you released earlier was myself. You are my benefactor. You may be in dire difficulty at the moment, but is there any reason why I should not come to your assistance?”

He therefore laid the body of Guangrui to one side, and put a preservative pearl in his mouth so that his body would not deteriorate but be reunited with his soul to avenge himself in the future. He also said, “Your true soul may remain temporarily in my Water Bureau as an officer.”

Guangrui kowtowed to thank him, and the Dragon King prepared a banquet to entertain him, but we shall say no more about that. We now tell you that Lady Yin hated the bandit Liu so bitterly that she wished she could devour his flesh and sleep on his skin! But because she was with child and did not know whether it would be a boy or a girl, she had no alternative but to yield reluctantly to her captor. In a little while they arrived at Zhiangzhou; the clerks and the lictors all came to meet them, and all the subordinate officials gave a banquet for them at the governor’s mansion. Liu Hong said, “Having come here, a student like me is utterly dependent on the support and assistance of you gentlemen.”

“Your Honor,” replied the officials, “is first in the examinations and a major talent. You will, of course, regard your people as your children; your public declarations will be as simple as your settlement of litigation is fair. We subordinates are all dependent on your leadership, so why should you be unduly modest?” When the official banquet ended, the people all left.

Time passed by swiftly. One day, Liu Hong went far away on official business, while Lady Yin at the mansion was thinking of her mother-in-law and her husband and sighing in the garden pavilion. Suddenly she was seized by tremendous fatigue and

sharp pains in her belly. Falling unconscious to the ground, she gave birth to a son. Presently she heard someone whispering in her ear:

“Mantangjiao, listen carefully to what I have to say. I am the Star Spirit of South Pole, who sends you this son by the express command of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. One day his name will be known far and wide, for he is not to be compared with an ordinary mortal. But when the bandit Liu returns, he will surely try to harm the child, and you must take care to protect him. Your husband has been rescued by the Dragon King; in the future both of you will meet again even as son and mother will be reunited. A day will come when wrongs will be redressed and crimes punished. Remember my words! Wake up! Wake up!”

The voice ceased and departed. The lady woke up and remembered every word; she clasped her son tightly to her but could devise no plan to protect him. Liu Hong then returned and wanted to have the child killed by drowning the moment he saw him. The lady said, “Today it’s late already. Allow him to live till tomorrow and then have him thrown into the river.” It was fortunate that Liu Hong was called away by urgent business the next morning. The lady thought to herself:

“If this child is here when that bandit returns, his life is finished! I might as well abandon him now to the river, and let life or death take its own course. Perhaps Heaven, taking pity on him, will send someone to his rescue and to have him cared for. Then we may have a chance to meet again.” She was afraid, however, that future recognition would be difficult; so she bit her finger and wrote a letter with her blood, stating in detail the names of the parents, the family history, and the reason for the child’s abandonment. She also bit off a little toe from the child’s left foot to establish a mark of his identity. Taking one of her own inner garments she wrapped the child and took him out of the mansion when no one was watching. Fortunately the mansion was not far from the river. Reaching the bank, the lady burst into tears and wailed long and loud. She was about to toss the child into the river when she caught sight of a plank floating by the river bank. At once she prayed to Heaven, after which she placed the child on the plank and tied him securely to it with some rope. She fastened the letter written in blood to his chest, pushed the plank out into the water, and let it drift away. With tears in her eyes, the lady went back to the mansion, but we shall say no more of that.

Now we shall tell you about the boy on the plank, which floated with the current until it came to a standstill just beneath the Temple of Gold Mountain. The abbot of this temple was called Monk Faming. In the cultivation of perfection and comprehension of truth, he had attained already the wondrous secret of birthlessness. He was sitting in meditation when all at once he heard an infant crying.

Moved by this, he went quickly down to the river to have a look, and discovered the baby lying there on a plank at the edge of the water. The abbot quickly lifted him out of the water. When he read the letter in blood fastened to his chest, he learned of the child’s origin. He then gave him the baby name River Float and arranged for someone to nurse and care for him, while he himself kept the letter written in blood safely hidden. Time passed by like an arrow, and the seasons like a weaver’s shuttle; River Float soon reached his eighteenth year. The abbot had his hair shaved and asked him to join in the practice of austerities, giving him the religious name Xuanzang. Having had his head touched and having received the commandments, Xuanzang pursued the Way with great determination.

One day in late spring, the various monks gathered in the shade of pine trees were discussing the canons of Chan and debating the fine points of the mysteries. One

feckless monk, who happened to have been completely outwitted by Xuanzang's questions, shouted angrily, "You damnable beast! You don't even know your own name, and you are ignorant of your own parents! Why are you still hanging around here playing tricks on people?" When Xuanzang heard such language of rebuke, he went into the temple and knelt before the master, saying with tears flowing from his eyes, "Though a human being born into this world receives his natural endowments from the forces of yin and yang and from the Five Phases, he is always nurtured by his parents. How can there be a person in this world who has no father or mother?" Repeatedly and piteously he begged for the names of his parents. The abbot said, "If you truly wish to seek your parents, you may follow me to my cell." Xuanzang duly followed him to his cell, where, from the top of a heavy crossbeam, the abbot took down a small box. Opening the box, he took out a letter written in blood and an inner garment and gave them to Xuanzang. Only after he had unfolded the letter and read it did Xuanzang learn the names of his parents and understand in detail the wrongs that had been done them.

When Xuanzang finished reading, he fell weeping to the floor, saying, "How can anyone be worthy to bear the name of man if he cannot avenge the wrongs done to his parents? For eighteen years, I have been ignorant of my true parents, and only this day have I learned that I have a mother! And yet, would I have even reached this day if my master had not saved me and cared for me? Permit your disciple to go seek my mother. Thereafter, I will rebuild this temple with an incense bowl on my head, and repay the profound kindness of my teacher."

"If you desire to seek your mother," said the master, "you may take this letter in blood and the inner garment with you. Go as a mendicant monk to the private quarters at the governor's mansion of Jiangzhou. You will then be able to meet your mother." Xuanzang followed the words of his master and went to Jiangzhou as a mendicant monk. It happened that Liu Hong was out on business, for Heaven had planned that mother and child should meet. Xuanzang went straight to the door of the private quarters of the governor's mansion to beg for alms. Lady Yin, you see, had had a dream the night before in which she saw a waning moon become full again. She thought to herself, "I have no news from my mother-in-law; my husband was murdered by this bandit; my son was thrown into the river. If by chance someone rescued him and had him cared for, he must be eighteen by now. Perhaps Heaven wished us to be reunited today. Who can tell?"

As she was pondering the matter in her heart, she suddenly heard someone reciting the scriptures outside her residence and crying repeatedly, "Alms! Alms!"

At a convenient moment, the lady slipped out and asked him, "Where did you come from?"

"Your poor monk," said Xuanzang, "is the disciple of Faming, abbot of the Temple of Gold Mountain."

"So you are the disciple of the abbot of that temple?" she asked and invited him into the mansion and served him some vegetables and rice. Watching him closely, she noticed that in speech and manner he bore a remarkable resemblance to her husband. The lady sent her maid away and then asked, "Young master! Did you leave your family as a child or when you grew up? What are your given name and your surname? Do you have any parents?"

"I did not leave my family when I was young," replied Xuanzang, "nor did I do so when I grew up. To tell you the truth, I have a wrong to avenge great as the sky, an

enmity deep as the sea. My father was a murder victim, and my mother was taken by force.

My master the abbot Faming told me to seek my mother in the governor's mansion of Jiangzhou."

"What is your mother's surname?" asked the lady. "My mother's surname is Yin," said Xuanzang, "and her given name is Wenjiao.

My father's surname is Chen and his given name is Guangrui. My nickname is River Float, but my religious name is Xuanzang."

"I am Wenjiao," said the lady, "but what proof have you of your identity?" When Xuanzang heard that she was his mother, he fell to his knees and wept most grievously. "If my own mother doesn't believe me," he said, "you may see the proof in this letter written in blood and this inner garment." Wenjiao took them in her hands, and one look told her that they were the real things. Mother and child embraced each other and wept.

Lady Yin then cried, "My son, leave at once!"

"For eighteen years I have not known my true parents," said Xuanzang, "and I've seen my mother for the first time only this morning. How could your son bear so swift a separation?"

"My son," said the lady, "leave at once, as if you were on fire! If that bandit Liu returns, he will surely take your life. I shall pretend to be ill tomorrow and say that I must go to your temple and fulfill a vow I made in a previous year to donate a hundred pairs of monk shoes. At that time I shall have more to say to you." Xuanzang followed her bidding and bowed to take leave of her.

We were speaking of Lady Yin, who, having seen her son, was filled with both anxiety and joy. The next day, under the pretext of being sick, she lay on her bed and would take neither tea nor rice. Liu Hong returned to the mansion and questioned her. "When I was young," said Lady Yin, "I vowed to donate a hundred pairs of monk shoes. Five days ago, I dreamed that a monk demanded those shoes of me, holding a knife in his hand. From then on, I did not feel well."

"Such a small matter!" said Liu Hong. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

He at once went up to the governor's hall and gave the order to his stewards Wang and Li that a hundred families of the city were each to bring in a pair of monk shoes within five days. The families obeyed and completed their presentations. "Now that we have the shoes," said Lady Yin to Liu Hong, "what kind of temple do we have nearby that I can go to fulfill my vow?" Liu Hong said, "There is a Temple of Gold Mountain here in Jiangzhou as well as a Temple of Burned Mountain. You may go to whichever one you choose."

"I have long heard," said the lady, "that the Temple of Gold Mountain is a very good one. I shall go there." Liu Hong at once gave the order to his stewards Wang and Li to prepare a boat. Lady Yin took a trusted companion with her and boarded the boat.

The boatmen poled it away from the shore and headed for the Temple of Gold Mountain.

We now tell you about Xuanzang, who returned to the temple and told the abbot Faming what had happened. The next day, a young housemaid arrived to announce that her mistress was coming to the temple to fulfill a vow she had made. All the monks

came out of the temple to receive her. The lady went straight inside to worship the Bodhisattva and to give a great vegetarian banquet. She ordered the housemaid to put the monk shoes and stockings in trays and have them brought into the main ceremonial hall. After the lady had again worshipped with extreme devoutness, she asked the abbot Faming to distribute the gifts to the various monks before they dispersed. When Xuanzang saw that all the monks had left and that there was no one else in the hall, he drew near and knelt down. The lady asked him to remove his shoes and stockings, and she saw that there was, indeed, a small toe missing from his left foot. Once again, the two of them embraced and wept. They also thanked the abbot for his kindness in fostering the youth.

Faming said, "I fear that the present meeting of mother and child may become known to that wily bandit. You must leave speedily so that you may avoid any harm."

"My son," the lady said, "let me give you an incense ring. Go to Hongzhou, about fifteen hundred miles northwest of here, where you will find the Ten Thousand Flowers Inn. Earlier we left an aged woman there whose maiden name is Zhang and who is the true mother of your father. I have also written a letter for you to take to the capital of the Tang emperor. To the left of the Golden Palace is the house of Chief Minister Yin, who is the true father of your mother. Give my letter to your maternal grandfather, and ask him to request the Tang emperor to dispatch men and horses to have this bandit arrested and executed, so that your father may be avenged. Only then will you be able to rescue your old mother. I dare not linger now, for I fear that knave may be offended by my returning late." She went out of the temple, boarded the boat, and left.

Xuanzang returned weeping to the temple. He told his master everything and bowed to take leave of him immediately. Going straight to Hongzhou, he came to the Ten Thousand Flowers Inn and addressed the innkeeper, Liu Xiaoer, saying, "In a previous year there was an honored guest here by the name of Chen whose mother remained at your inn. How is she now?"

"Originally," said Liu Xiaoer, "she stayed in my inn. Afterwards she went blind, and for three or four years did not pay me any rent. She now lives in a dilapidated potter's kiln near the Southern Gate, and every day she goes begging on the streets. Once that honored guest had left, he was gone for a long time, and even now there is no news of him whatever. I can't understand it." When Xuanzang heard this, he went at once to the dilapidated potter's kiln at the Southern Gate and found his grandmother. The grandmother said, "Your voice sounds very much like that of my son Chen Guangrui."

"I'm not Chen Guangrui," said Xuanzang, "but only his son! Lady Wenjiao is my mother."

"Why didn't your father and mother come back?" asked the grandmother. "My father was beaten to death by bandits," said Xuanzang, "and one of them forced my mother to be his wife."

"How did you know where to find me?" asked the grandmother. "It was my mother," answered Xuanzang, "who told me to seek my grandmother. There's a letter from mother here and there's also an incense ring."

The grandmother took the letter and the incense ring and wept without restraint. "For merit and reputation," she said, "my son came to this! I thought that he had turned his back on righteousness and had forgotten parental kindness. How should I know that

he was murdered? Fortunately, Heaven remembered me at least in pity, and this day a grandson has come to seek me out."

"Grandmother," asked Xuanzang, "how did you go blind?"

"Because I thought so often about your father," said the grandmother. "I waited for him daily, but he did not return. I wept until I was blind in both eyes." Xuanzang knelt down and prayed to Heaven, saying, "Have regard of Xuanzang who, at the age of eighteen, has not yet avenged the wrong done to his parents. By the command of my mother, I came this day to find my grandmother. If Heaven would take pity on my sincerity, grant that the eyes of my grandmother regain their sight." When he finished his petition, he licked the eyes of his grandmother with the tip of his tongue. In a moment, both eyes were licked open and they were as of old. When the grandmother saw the youthful monk, she said, "You're indeed my grandson! Why, you are just like my son Guangrui!" She felt both happy and sad. Xuanzang led his grandmother out of the kiln and went back to Liu Xiaor's inn, where he rented a room for her to stay. He also gave her some money, saying, "In a little more than a month's time, I'll be back."

Taking leave of his grandmother, he went straight to the capital and found his way to the house of the chief minister Yin on the eastern street of the imperial city. He said to the porter, "This little monk is a kinsman who has come to visit the chief minister."

The porter made the report to the chief minister, who replied, "I'm not related to any monk!"

But his wife said, "I dreamed last night that my daughter Mantangjiao came home. Could it be that our son-in-law has sent us a letter?"

The chief minister therefore had the little monk shown to the living room. When he saw the chief minister and his wife, he fell weeping to the floor. Taking a letter from within the folds of his robe, he handed it over to the chief minister. The chief minister opened it, read it from beginning to end, and wept without restraint. "Your Excellency, what is the matter?" asked his wife. "This monk," said the chief minister, "is our grandson. Our son-in-law, Chen Guangrui, was murdered by bandits, and Mantangjiao was made the wife of the murderer by force." When the wife heard this, she too wept inconsolably.

"Let our lady restrain her grief," said the chief minister. "Tomorrow morning I shall present a memorial to our Lord. I shall lead the troops myself to avenge our son-in-law."

The next day, the chief minister went into court to present his memorial to the Tang emperor, which read:

The son-in-law of your subject, the zhuangyuan Chen Guangrui, was proceeding to his post at Jiangzhou with members of his family. He was beaten to death by the boatman Liu Hong, who then took our daughter by force to be his wife. He pretended to be the son-in-law of your subject and usurped his post for many years. This is indeed a shocking and tragic incident. I beg Your Majesty to dispatch horses and men at once to exterminate the bandits.

The Tang emperor saw the memorial and became exceedingly angry. He immediately called up sixty thousand imperial soldiers and ordered the chief minister Yin to lead them forth. The chief minister took the decree and left the court to make the roll call for the troops at the barracks. They proceeded immediately toward Jiangzhou, journeying by day and resting by night, and they soon reached the place. Horses and men pitched camps on the north shore, and that very night, the chief minister summoned

with golden tablets the Subprefect and County Judge of Jiangzhou to his camp. He explained to the two of them the reason for the expedition and asked for their military assistance. They then crossed the river and, before the sky was light, had the mansion of Liu Hong completely surrounded. Liu Hong was still in his dreams when at the shot of a single cannon and the unisonous roll of drums, the soldiers broke into the private quarters of the mansion. Liu Hong was seized before he could offer any resistance. The chief minister had him and the rest of the prisoners bound and taken to the field of execution, while the rest of the soldiers pitched camp outside the city.

Taking a seat in the great hall of the mansion, the chief minister invited the lady to come out to meet him. She was about to do so but was overcome by shame at seeing her father again, and wanted to hang herself right there. Xuanzang learned of this and rushed inside to save his mother. Falling to his knees, he said to her, "Your son and his grandfather led the troops here to avenge father. The bandit has already been captured. Why does mother want to die now? If mother were dead, how could your son possibly remain alive?"

The chief minister also went inside to offer his consolation. "I have heard," said the lady, "that a woman follows her spouse to the grave.

My husband was murdered by this bandit, causing me dreadful grief. How could I yield so shamefully to the thief? The child I was carrying—that was my sole lease on life that helped me bear my humiliation! Now that my son is grown and my old father has led troops to avenge our wrong, I who am the daughter have little face left for my reunion. I can only die to repay my husband!"

"My child," said the chief minister, "you did not alter your virtue according to prosperity or adversity. You had no choice! How can this be regarded as shame?"

Father and daughter embraced, weeping; Xuanzang also could not contain his emotion. Wiping away his tears, the chief minister said, "The two of you must sorrow no more. I have already captured the culprit, and I must now dispose of him."

He got up and went to the execution site, and it happened that the Subprefect of Jiangzhou had also apprehended the pirate Li Biao, who was brought by sentinels to the same place. Highly pleased, the chief minister ordered Liu Hong and Li Biao to be flogged a hundred times with large canes. Each signed an affidavit, giving a thorough account of the murder of Chen Guangrui. First Li Biao was nailed to a wooden ass, and after it had been pushed to the marketplace, he was cut to pieces and his head exposed on a pole for all to see. Liu Hong was then taken to the crossing at the Hong River, to the exact spot where he had beaten Chen Guangrui to death. The chief minister, the lady, and Xuanzang all went to the bank of the river, and as libations they offered the heart and liver of Liu Hong, which had been gouged out from him live. Finally, an essay eulogizing the deceased was burned.

Facing the river the three persons wept without restraint, and their sobs were heard down below in the water region. A yakṣa patrolling the waters brought the essay in its spirit form to the Dragon King, who read it and at once sent a turtle marshal to fetch Guangrui. "Sir," said the king, "Congratulations! Congratulations! At this moment, your wife, your son, and your father-in-law are offering sacrifices to you at the bank of the river. I am now letting your soul go so that you may return to life. We are also presenting you with a pearl of wish fulfillment, two rolling-pan pearls, ten bales of mermaid silk, and a jade belt with lustrous pearls. Today you will enjoy the reunion of husband and wife, mother and son."

After Guangrui had given thanks repeatedly, the Dragon King ordered a yakṣa to escort his body to the mouth of the river and there to return his soul. The yakṣa followed the order and left.

We tell you now about Lady Yin, who, having wept for some time for her husband, would have killed herself again by plunging into the water if Xuanzang had not desperately held on to her. They were struggling pitifully when they saw a dead body floating toward the river bank. The lady hurriedly went forward to look at it. Recognizing it as her husband's body, she burst into even louder wailing.

As the other people gathered around to look, they suddenly saw Guangrui unclasping his fists and stretching his legs. The entire body began to stir, and in a moment he clambered up to the bank and sat down, to the infinite amazement of everyone. Guangrui opened his eyes and saw Lady Yin, the chief minister Yin, his father-in-law, and a youthful monk, all weeping around him. "Why are you all here?" said Guangrui.

"It all began," said Lady Yin, "when you were beaten to death by bandits. Afterwards your unworthy wife gave birth to this son, who is fortunate enough to have been brought up by the abbot of the Gold Mountain Temple. The abbot sent him to meet me, and I told him to go seek his maternal grandfather. When father heard this, he made it known to the court and led troops here to arrest the bandits.

Just now we took out the culprit's liver and heart live to offer to you as libations, but I would like to know how my husband's soul is able to return to give him life."

Guangrui said, "That's all on account of our buying the golden carp, when you and I were staying at the Inn of Ten Thousand Flowers. I released that carp, not knowing that it was none other than the Dragon King of this place. When the bandits pushed me into the river afterward, he was the one who came to my rescue. Just now he was also the one who gave me back my soul as well as many precious gifts, which I have here with me. I never even knew that you had given birth to this boy, and I am grateful that my father-in-law has avenged me. Indeed, bitterness has passed and sweetness has come! What unsurpassable joy!" When the various officials heard about this, they all came to tender their congratulations. The chief minister then ordered a great banquet to thank his subordinates, after which the troops and horses on the very same day began their march homeward. When they came to the Inn of Ten Thousand Flowers, the chief minister gave order to pitch camp. Guangrui went with Xuanzang to the Inn of Liu to seek the grandmother, who happened to have dreamed the night before that a withered tree had blossomed. Magpies behind her house were chattering incessantly as well. She thought to herself, "Could it be that my grandson is coming?"

Before she had finished talking to herself, father and son arrived together. The youthful monk pointed to her and said, "Isn't this my grandmother?" When Guangrui saw his aged mother, he bowed in haste; mother and son embraced and wept without restraint for a while. After recounting to each other what had happened, they paid the innkeeper his bill and set out again for the capital. When they reached the chief minister's residence, Guangrui, his wife, and his mother all went to greet the chief minister's wife, who was overjoyed. She ordered her servants to prepare a huge banquet to celebrate the occasion. The chief minister said, "This banquet today may be named the Festival of Reunion, for truly our whole family is rejoicing."

Early the next morning, the Tang emperor held court, during which time the chief minister Yin left the ranks to give a careful report on what had taken place. He

also recommended that a talent like Guangrui's be used in some important capacity. The Tang emperor approved the memorial, and ordered that Chen E be promoted to Subchancellor of the Grand Secretariat so that he could accompany the court and carry out its policies. Xuanzang, determined to follow the way of Zen, was sent to practice austerities at the Temple of Infinite Blessing. Some time after this, Lady Yin calmly committed suicide after all, and Xuanzang went back to the Gold Mountain Temple to repay the kindness of abbot Faming. We do not know how things went thereafter; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*The Old Dragon King's foolish schemes transgress Heaven's decrees
Prime Minister Wei's letter seeks help from an official of the dead*

For the time being, we shall make no mention of Guangrui serving in his post and Xuanzang practicing austerities. We tell you now about two worthies who lived on the banks of the river Jing outside the city of Chang'an: a fisherman by the name of Zhang Shao and a woodman by the name of Li Ding.

The two of them were scholars who had passed no official examination, mountain folks who knew how to read. One day in the city of Chang'an, after they had sold the wood on the one's back and the carp in the other's basket, they went into a small inn and drank until they were slightly tipsy. Each carrying a bottle, they followed the bank of the Jing River and walked slowly back.

"Brother Li," said Zhang Shao, "in my opinion those who strive for fame will lose their lives on account of fame; those who live in quest of fortune will perish because of riches; those who have titles sleep embracing a tiger; and those who receive official favors walk with snakes in their sleeves. When you think of it, their lives cannot compare with our carefree existence, close to the blue mountains and fair waters. We cherish poverty and pass our days without having to quarrel with fate."

"Brother Zhang," said Li Ding, "there's a great deal of truth in what you say. But your fair waters cannot match my blue mountains."

"On the contrary," said Zhang Shao, "your blue mountains cannot match my fair waters, in testimony of which I offer a lyric to the tune of 'Butterflies Enamored of Flowers' that says:

*In a small boat o'er ten thousand miles of misty waves
I lean to the silent, single sail,
Circled by sounds of the mermaid-fish.
My mind cleansed, my care purged, here lacks wealth or fame;
Leisurely I pick stems of bulrushes and reeds.
Counting the seagulls is pleasure to be told!
At willowed banks and reeded bays
My wife and son join my joyous laugh.
I sleep most soundly as wind and wave recede;
No shame, no glory, nor any misery."*

Li Ding said, "Your fair waters are not as good as my blue mountains. I also have as testimony a lyric poem to the tune of 'Butterflies Enamored of Flowers' that says:

*At a dense forest's pine-seeded corner
I hear, wordless, the oriole—
Its deft tongue's a tuneful pipe.
Pale reds and bright greens announce the warmth of spring;
Summer comes abruptly; so passes time.
Then autumn arrives (for it's an easy change)
With fragrant golden flowers
Most worthy of our joy;*

*And cold winter descends, swift as a finger snaps.
Ruled by no one, I'm free in all four climes."*

The fisherman said, "Your blue mountains are not as good as my fair waters, which offer me some fine things to enjoy. As testimony I have here a lyric to the tune of 'The Partridge Sky':"

*The fairy land cloud and water do suffice:
Boat adrift, oars accumbent—this is my home.
I split fishes live and cook green turtles;
I steam purple crabs and boil red shrimps.
Green reed-shoots,
Water-plant sprouts;
Better still the 'chicken heads,' the walter caltrops,
Lotus roots, old or young, the tender celery leaves,
Arrowheads, white caltrops, and niaoying flowers."*

The woodman said, "Your fair waters are not as good as my blue mountains, which offer me some fine things to enjoy. As testimony I too have a lyric to the tune of 'The Partridge Sky':"

*On tall, craggy peaks that touch heaven's edge
A grass house, a straw hut would make up my home.
Cured fowls, smoked geese surpass turtles or crabs;
Hares, antelopes, and deer best fishes or shrimps.
The scented chun leaves;
The yellow lian sprouts;
Bamboo shoots and mountain tea are even better!
Purple plums, red peaches, prunes and apricots ripe,
Sweet pears, sour dates, and cassia flowers."*

The fisherman said, "Your blue mountains are truly not as good as my fair waters. I have another lyric to the tune of 'The Heavenly Immortal':"

*One leaflike skiff goes where'er I choose to stay.
I fear not ten thousand folds of wave or mist.
I drop hooks and cast nets to catch fresh fish:
With no sauce or fat,
It's tastier yet.
Old wife and young son complete my home.
When fishes are plenty, I leave for Chang'an marts
And barter them for wine I drink till drunk.
A coir coat shrouds me, on autumnal stream I lie;
Snoring, asleep,
No fret or care—
I love not the glory or the pomp of man."*

The woodman said, "Your fair waters are still not as good as my blue mountains. I too have a poem to the tune of 'The Heavenly Immortal':"

*A few straw houses built beneath a hill.
Pines, orchids, plums, bamboos—lovable all!
Passing groves, climbing mountains, I seek dried woods.
With none to chide,*

*I sell as I wish:
 How much, how little, depends on my yield.
 I use the cash to buy wine as I please.
 Earthen crocks, clay flagons—both put me at ease.
 Sodden with wine, in the pine shade I lie:
 No anxious thoughts;
 No gain or loss;
 No care for this world's failure or success."*

The fisherman said, "Brother Li, your mountain life is not as pleasing as my livelihood on the waters. As testimony, I have a lyric to the tune of 'Moon Over West River':

*Red smartweeds's thick blooms glow in moonlight;
 Yellow rush-leaves tousled, wind-shaken.
 The blue sky, clean and distant, in empty Chu River:
 Drawing my lines, I stir a deep pool of stars.
 In rank and file big fishes enter the net;
 Teams of tiny perches swallow the hooks.
 Their taste is special when they're caught and cooked.
 My laughter presides over rivers and lakes."*

The woodman says, "Brother Zhang, your life on the waters is not as pleasing as my livelihood in the mountains. As testimony, I also have a lyric to the tune of 'Moon Over West River':

*Dead leaves, parched creepers choking the road;
 Snapped poles, aged bamboos crowding the hill;
 Dried tendrils and sedges in disheveled growth
 I break and take; my ropes truss the load.
 Willow trunks hollowed by insects,
 Pine branches clipped off by wind,
 I gather and stockpile, ready for winter's cold.
 Change them for wine or cash as I wish."*

The fisherman said, "Though your life in the mountains is not bad, it is still not as charming and graceful as mine is on the fair waters. As testimony, I have a lyric to the tune of 'Immortal by the River':

*Falling tide moves my one boat away;
 I rest my oars, my song comes with the night.
 The coir coat, the waning moon—how charming they are!
 No seagull darts up from fright
 As rosy clouds spread through the sky.
 I sleep without care at reeded isles,
 Still snoozing when the sun is high.
 I work after my own plans and desires.
 Vassals in cold nights tending court,
 Could theirs match my pleasure and peace?"*

The woodman said, "The charm and grace of your fair waters cannot be compared with those of my blue mountains. I too have a testimony to the tune of 'Immortal by the River':

*I walk autumn's frosty paths dragging my ax;
 In night's cool I pole back my load,
 Stranger still with temples stuck with flowers.
 I push clouds to find my way out;
 Moon-stuck I call open my gate.
 Rustic wife and young son greet me with smiles;
 On straw bed and wooden pillow I lie.
 Steamed pears and cooked millet are soon prepared.
 The urn's brew newly mellowed
 Will add to my secret joys."*

The fisherman said, "All these things in our poems have to do with our livelihood, the occupations with which we support ourselves.

But your life not as good as those leisurely moments of mine, for which I have as testimony a regulated poem. The poem says:

*Idly I watch the blue sky's white cranes fly.
 My boat stops stream-side, my door's half-closed.
 By the sail my son's taught to knot fishing threads;
 Rowing stops, I join my wife to dry the nets.
 My mind is still: thus I know the water's calm.
 My self's secure: hence I feel the wind is light.
 I freely don my green coir and bamboo hat:
 That beats wearing a robe with purple sash.*

The woodman said, "Your leisurely moments are not as good as mine, for which I also have a regulated poem as a testimony. The poem says:

*Idly I watch billows of white clouds fly,
 Or sit in my thatched hut's closed bamboo gates.
 I open leisurely books to teach my son;
 At times I face guests to play circling chess.
 My cane strolls with my songs through floral paths;
 Aroused, I climb green mountains, lute in hand.
 Straw sandals, hemp sashes, and coarse cloth quilts
 All beat silk garments when your heart is free!"*

Zhang Shao said, "Li Ding, the two of us indeed are

*Lucky to have light songs to amuse us.
 We don't need castanets or flasks of gold.*

But the poems we have recited thus far are occasional pieces, hardly anything unusual. Why don't we attempt a long poem in the linking-verse manner, and see how fares the conversation between the fisherman and the woodman?" Li Ding said, "That's a marvelous proposal, Brother Zhang! Please begin.

*My boat rests on the green water's mist and wave.
 My home's deep in mountains and open plains.
 I love the streams and bridges as spring tide swells;
 care for ridges veiled by the clouds of dawn.
 My fresh carps from Longmen are often cooked;
 My dried woods, worm-rotted, are daily burnt.
 Nets of many kinds will support my age.*

Both pole and rope will see me to the end.
 I lie in a skiff and watch wild geese fly;
 I sprawl on grassy paths when wild swans cry.
 I have no stake in fields of mouth and tongue;
 Through seas of scandal I've not made my way.
 Hung-dried by the stream my net's like brocade;
 Polished new on rocks, my ax shows a fine blade.
 Beneath autumn's moon I oft fish alone;
 In spring hills all quiet I meet no one.
 Fishes are changed for wine for me and wife to drink;
 Firewood is used to buy a bottle for my son.
 I sing and freely pour on my heart's desire;
 In songs and sighs there's none to restrain me.
 I call fellow boatmen to come as brothers;
 With friends we join the codgers of the wilds.
 We make rules, play games, and exchange the cups;
 We break words, remake them, when we pass the mugs.
 Cooked shrimps, boiled crabs are my daily feasts;
 I'm daily fed by smoked fowls and fried ducks.
 My unlettered wife makes tea languidly;
 My mountain wife cooks rice most leisurely.
 When dawn comes, I lift my staff to stir the waves;
 At sunrise I pole my wood to cross big roads.
 I don coir coat after rain to catch live carps;
 Wind-blown I wield my ax to cut dried pines.
 Hiding tracks to flee the world, I'm like a fool;
 Blotting name and surname, I play deaf and dumb.

Zhang Shao said, "Brother Li, just now I presumed to take the lead and began with the first line of the poem. Why don't you begin this time and I shall follow you.

A rustic who feigns to be romantic;
 An oldie taking pride in streams and lakes.
 My lot is leisure, I seek laxity and ease.
 Shunning talk and gossip, I love my peace.
 In moonlit nights I sleep in safe straw huts;
 When sky dims I'm draped with light coir cape.
 I befriend with ardor both pines and plums;
 I'm pleased to mingle with egrets and gulls.
 My mind has no plans for fortune or fame;
 My ears are deaf to the din of spear and drum.
 At any time I'd pour my fragrant wine;
 My day's three meals are soups of leafy greens.
 My living rests on two bundles of wood;
 My trade is my pole fit with hooks and lines.
 I call our young son to sharpen my ax;
 I tell my small rogue he should mend our nets.
 Spring comes, I love to watch the willows green;
 Warm days gladden the sight of rushes and reeds.
 To flee summer's heat I plant new bamboos;

*I pick young lotus to cool myself in June.
When Frost Descends the fatted fowls are slain;
By Double Ninth*

*I'd cook the roe-filled crabs.
I sleep deep in winter though the sun is high;
When the sky's tall and hazy, I'd not fry!
Throughout the year I roam free in the hills;
In all four climes I sail the lakes at will.
Gathering wood I own the immortals' feel;
Dropping my rod, I sport no worldly form.
My door's wild blossoms are fragrant and bright;
My stem's green water flows calm and serene.
Content, I seek not the Three Dukes' seats.
Like a ten-mile city my nature's firm.
Cities, though tall, must resist a siege;
Dukes, though of high rank, must the summon heed.
Delight in hills and streams is truly rare.
Thank Heaven, thank Earth, let's thank the gods!*

The two of them thus recited poems and songs and composed linking-verses. Arriving at the place where their ways parted, they bowed to take leave of each other. "Elder Brother Li," said Zhang Shao, "take care as you go on your way. When you climb the mountains, be wary of the tiger. If you were harmed, I would find, as the saying goes,

one friend missing on the street tomorrow."

When Li Ding heard these words, he grew very angry saying, "What a scoundrel you are! Good friends would even die for each other! But you, why do you say such unlucky things to me? If I'm to be harmed by a tiger, your boat will surely capsize in the river."

"I'll never capsize my boat in the river," said Zhang Shao. Li Ding said, "As

*There are unexpected storms in the sky
So there is sudden weal or woe with man.*

What makes you so sure that you won't have an accident?"

"Elder Brother Li," said Zhang Shao, "you say this because you have no idea what may befall you in your business, whereas I can predict what'll happen in my kind of business. And I assure you that I won't have any accident."

"The kind of living you pick up on the waters," said Li Ding, "is an exceedingly treacherous business. You have to take chances all the time. How can you be so certain about your future?"

"Here's something you don't know about," said Zhang Shao. "In this city of Chang'an, there's a fortune teller who plies his trade on the West Gate Street. Every day I give him a golden carp as a present, and he consults the sticks in his sleeve for me. I follow his instructions when I lower my nets, and I've never missed in a hundred times. Today I went again to buy his prediction; he told me to set my nets at the east bend of the Jing River and to cast my line from the west bank. I know I'll come back with a fine

catch of fishes and shrimps. When I go up to the city tomorrow, I'll sell my catch and buy some wine, and then I'll get together with you again, old brother."

The two men then parted.

There is, however, a proverb:

"What is said on the road is heard in the grass."

For you see, it happened that a yakṣa on patrol in the Jing River overheard the part of the conversation about not having missed a hundred times. He dashed back to the Water Crystal Palace and hastily reported to the Dragon King, shouting, "Disaster! Disaster!"

"What sort of disaster?" asked the Dragon King.

"Your subject," said the yakṣa, "was patrolling the river and overheard a conversation between a woodman and a fisherman. Before they parted, they said something terrible. According to the fisherman, there is a fortune teller on West Gate Street in the city of Chang'an who is most accurate in his calculations. Every day the fisherman gives him a carp, and he then consults the sticks in his sleeve, with the result that the fisherman has not missed once in a hundred times when he casts his line! If such accurate calculations continue, will not all our water kin be exterminated? Where will you find any more inhabitants for the watery region who will toss and leap in the waves to enhance the majesty of the Great King?"

The Dragon King became so angry that he wanted to take the sword and go at once up to Chang'an to slay the fortune teller. But his dragon sons and grandsons, the shrimp and crab ministers, the samli counselor, the perch Subdirector of the Minor Court, and the carp President of the Board of Civil Office all came from the side and said to him, "Let the Great King restrain his anger. The proverb says, 'Don't believe everything you hear.' If the Great King goes forth like this, the clouds will accompany you and the rains will follow you. We fear that the people of Chang'an will be terrified and Heaven will be offended. Since the Great King has the power to appear or disappear suddenly and to transform into many shapes and sizes, let him change into a scholar. Then go to the city of Chang'an and investigate the matter. If there is indeed such a person, you can slay him without delay; but if there is no such person, there is no need to harm innocent people."

The Dragon King accepted their suggestion; he abandoned his sword and dismissed the clouds and the rains.

Reaching the river bank, he shook his body and changed into a white-robed scholar, truly with

*Features most virile,
A stature towering;
A stride most stately—
So orderly and firm.
His speech exalts Kong and Meng;
His manner embodies Zhou and Wen.
He wears a silk robe of the color of jade;
His casual head-wrap's shaped like the letter one.*

Coming out of the water, the Dragon King strode to the West Gate Street in the city of Chang'an. There he found a noisy crowd surrounding someone who was saying

in a lofty and self-assured manner, “Those born under the Dragon will follow their fate; those under the Tiger will collide with their physiognomies. The branches Yin₃, Chen₅, Si₆, and Hai₁₂ may be said to fit into the grand scheme, but I fear your birthday may clash with the Planet Jupiter.”

When the Dragon King heard this, he knew that he had come upon the fortune-teller's place. Walking up to it and pushing the people apart, he peered inside to see

*Four walls of exquisite writings;
A room full of brocaded paintings;
Smoke unending from the treasure duck;
And such pure water in a porcelain vase.
On both sides are mounted Wang Wei's paintings;
High above his seat hangs the Guigu form.
The ink slab from Duanxi,
The golden smoke ink,
Both match the great brush of frostiest hair;
The crystal balls,
Guo Pu's numbers,
Neatly face new classics of soothsaying.
He knows the hexagrams well;
He's mastered the eight trigrams;
He perceives the laws of Heaven and Earth;
He discerns the ways of demons and gods.
One tray before him fixes the cosmic hours;
His mind clearly orders all planets and stars.
Truly those things to come
And those things past
He beholds as in a mirror;
Which house will rise
And which will fall
He foresees like a god.
He knows evil and decrees the good;
He prescribes death and predicts life.
His pronouncements quicken the wind and rain;
His brush alarms both spirits and gods.
His shop sign has letters to declare his name;
This divine diviner, Yuan Shoucheng.*

Who was this man? He was actually the uncle of Yuan Tiankang, president of the Imperial Board of Astronomy in the present dynasty. The gentle man was truly a man of extraordinary appearance and elegant features; his name was known throughout the great country and his art was considered the highest in Chang'an. The Dragon King went inside the door and met the Master; after exchanging greetings, he was invited to take the seat of honor while a boy served him tea. The Master asked, “What would you like to know?”

The Dragon King said, “Please forecast the weather.”

The Master consulted his sticks and made his judgment:

Clouds hide the hilltop

*And fog shrouds the tree.
The rain you'd divine
Tomorrow you'll see.*

"At what hour will it rain tomorrow, and how much rain will there be?" asked the Dragon King. "At the hour of the Dragon the clouds will gather," said the Master, "and thunder will be heard at the hour of the Serpent. Rain will come at the hour of the Horse and reach its limit at the hour of the Sheep.

There will be altogether three feet, three inches, and forty-eight drops of rain."

"You had better not be joking now," said the Dragon King, laughing. "If it rains tomorrow and if it is in accordance with the time and the amount you prophesied, I shall present you with fifty taels of gold as my thanks. But if it does not rain, or if the amount and the hours are incorrect, I tell you truly that I shall come and break your front door to pieces and tear down your shop sign. You will be chased out of Chang'an at once so that you may no longer seduce the multitude."

"You may certainly do that," said the Master amiably. "Good-bye for now. Please come again tomorrow after the rain."

The Dragon King took leave and returned to his water residence. He was received by various aquatic deities, who asked, "How was the Great King's visit to the soothsayer?"

"Yes, yes, yes," said the Dragon King, "there is indeed such a person, but he's a garrulous fortune-teller. I asked him when it would rain, and he said tomorrow; I asked him again about the time and the amount, and he told me that clouds would gather at the hour of the Dragon, thunder would be heard at the hour of the Serpent, and that rain would come at the hour of the Horse and would reach its limit at the hour of the Sheep. Altogether there would be three feet, three inches, and forty-eight drops of water. I made a wager with him: if it is as he said, I'll reward him with fifty taels of gold. If there is the slightest error, I'll break down his shop and chase him away, so that he will not be permitted to seduce the multitude at Chang'an."

"The Great King is the supreme commander of the eight rivers," said the water kin, laughing, "the great Dragon Deity in charge of rain. Whether there is going to be rain or not, only the Great King knows that. How dare he speak so foolishly? That soothsayer is sure to lose!" While the dragon sons and grandsons were laughing at the matter with the fish and crab officials, a voice was heard suddenly in midair announcing, "Dragon King of the Jing River, receive the imperial command."

They raised their heads to look and saw a goldenrobed guardian holding the decree of the Jade Emperor and heading straight for the water residence. The Dragon King hastily straightened out his attire and burned incense to receive the decree. After he made his delivery, the guardian rose into the air and left.

The Dragon King opened the decree, which said:

*We bid the Eight- Rivers Prince
To call up thunder and rain;
Pour out tomorrow your grace
To benefit Chang'an's race.*

The instructions regarding the hours and the amount of rain written on the decree did not even differ in the slightest from the soothsayer's prediction. So overwhelmed was the Dragon King that his spirit left him and his soul fled, and only

after awhile did he regain consciousness. He said to his water kinsmen, "There is indeed an intelligent creature in the world of dust! How well he comprehends the laws of Heaven and Earth! I'm bound to lose to him!"

"Let the Great King calm himself," said the samli counselor. "Is it so difficult to get the better of the fortune-teller? Your subject here has a little plan that will silence that fellow for good." When the Dragon King asked what the plan was, the counselor said, "If the rain tomorrow misses the timing and the amount specified by a mere fraction, it will mean that his prediction is not accurate. Won't you have won? What's there to stop you then from tearing up his shop sign and putting him on the road?"

The Dragon King took his counsel and stopped worrying.

The next day he ordered the Duke of Wind, the Lord of Thunder, the Boy of Clouds, and the Mother of Lightning to go with him to the sky above Chang'an. He waited until the hour of the Serpent before spreading the clouds, the hour of the Horse before letting loose the thunder, the hour of the Sheep before releasing the rain, and only by the hour of the Monkey did the rain stop.

There were only three feet and forty drops of water, since the times were altered by an hour and the amount was changed by three inches and eight drops.

After the rain, the Dragon King dismissed his followers and came down from the clouds, transformed once again into a scholar dressed in white. He went to the West Gate Street and barged into Yuan Shoucheng's shop. Without a word of explanation, he began to smash the shop sign, the brushes, and the ink slab to pieces. The Master, however, sat on his chair and remained unmoved, so the Dragon King unhinged the door and threatened to hit him with it, crying, "You're nothing but a bogus prophet of good and evil, an imposter who deludes the minds of the people! Your predictions are incorrect; your words are patently false! What you told me about the time and quantity of today's rain was utterly inaccurate, and yet you dare sit so smugly and so high on your seat? Leave here at once before you are executed!" Still Yuan Shoucheng was not at all intimidated. He lifted up his head and laughed scornfully. "I'm not afraid!" he said. "Not in the least! I'm not guilty of death, but I fear that you have committed a mortal crime. You can fool other people, but you can't fool me! I recognize you, all right: you are not a white-robed scholar but the Dragon King of the Jing River. By altering the times and holding back the quantity of rain, you have disobeyed the decree of the Jade Emperor and transgressed the law of Heaven. On the dragon execution block you won't escape the knife! And here you are, railing at me!" When the Dragon King heard these words, his heart trembled and his hair stood on end. He dropped the door quickly, tidied his clothes, and knelt before the Master saying, "I beg the Master not to take offense. My previous words were spoken in jest; little did I realize that my prank would turn out to be such a serious crime. Now I have indeed transgressed the law of Heaven. What am I to do? I beseech the Master to save me. If you won't, I'll never let you go!"

"I can't save you," said Shoucheng, "I can only point out to you what may be a way of life."

"I'm willing to be instructed," said the Dragon.

The Master said, "You are to be executed tomorrow by the human judge, Wei Zheng, at the third quarter past the hour of noon. If you want to preserve your life, you must go quickly to plead your case before the present emperor Tang Taizong, for Wei

Zheng is the prime minister before his throne. If you can win the emperor's favor, you'll be spared."

Hearing this, the Dragon took leave with tears in his eyes. Soon the red sun sank down and the moon arose. You see

*Smoke thickens on purple mountains as homing crows tire;
Travelers on distant journeys head for inns;
Young wild geese at fords rest on field and sand.
The silver stream appears
To hasten the time float.
Lights fare in a lone village from dying flames:
Wind sweeps the burner to clear Daoist yard of smoke
As man fades away in the butterfly dream.
The moon moves floral shadows up the garden's rails.
The stars are rife
As water clocks strike;
So swiftly the gloom deepens that it's midnight.*

Our Dragon King of the Jing River did not even return to his water home; he waited in the air until it was about the hour of the Rat, when he descended from the clouds and mists and came to the gate of the palace. At this time the Tang emperor was just having a dream about taking a walk outside the palace in the moonlight, beneath the shades of flowers. The Dragon suddenly assumed the form of a human being and went up to him. Kneeling, he cried out, "Your Majesty, save me, save me!"

"Who are you?" asked Taizong. "We would be glad to save you."

"Your Majesty is the true dragon," said the Dragon King, "but I am an accursed one. Because I have disobeyed the decree of Heaven, I am to be executed by a worthy subject of Your Majesty, the human judge Wei Zheng. I have therefore come here to plead with you to save me."

"If Wei Zheng is to be the executioner," said Taizong, "we can certainly save you. You may leave and not worry."

The Dragon King was delighted and left after expressing his gratitude.

We tell you now about Taizong, who, having awakened, was still turning over in his mind what he had dreamed. Soon it was threefifths past the hour of the fifth watch, and Taizong held court for his ministers, both civil and martial. You see

*Smoke shrouding the phoenix arches;
Incense clouding the dragon domes;
Light shimmering as the silk screens move;
Clouds brushing the feather-trimmed flags;
Rulers and lords harmonious as Yao and Shun;
Rituals and music solemn as Han's and Zhou's.
The attendant lamps,
The court-maiden fans
Show their colors in pairs;
From peacock screens
And unicorn halls
Light radiates every where.*

Three cheers for long life!
A wish for reign everlasting!
When a whip cracks three times,
The caps and robes will bow to the Crown.
Brilliant palatial blooms, endued by Heaven's scent;
Pliant bank willows, sung and praised by court music.
The screens of pearl,
The screens of jade,
Are drawn high by golden hooks:
The dragon-phoenix fan,
The mountain-river fan,
Rest on top of the royal carriage.
The civil lords are noble and refined;
The martial lords, strong and valiant.
The imperial path divides the ranks:
The vermilion court aligns the grades.
The golden seal and purple sashes bearing the three signs
Will last for millions of years as Heaven and Earth.

After the ministers had paid their homage, they all went back to standing in rows according to their rank. The Tang emperor opened his dragon eyes to look at them one by one: among the civil officials were Fang Xuanling, Du Ruhui, Xu Shizhi, Xu Jingzong, and Wang Guei; and among the military officials were Ma Sanbao, Duan Zhixian, Yin Kaishan, Cheng Yaojin, Liu Hongzhi, Hu Jingde, and Qin Shubao. Each one of them was standing there in a most solemn manner, but the prime minister Wei Zheng was not to be seen anywhere. The Tang emperor asked Xu Shizhi to come forward and said to him, "We had a strange dream last night: there was a man who paid homage to us, calling himself the Dragon King of the Jing River. He said that he had disobeyed the command of Heaven and was supposed to be executed by the human judge Wei Zheng. He implored us to save him, and we gave our consent. Today only Wei Zheng is absent from the ranks. Why is that?"

"This dream may indeed come true," answered Shizhi, "and Wei Zheng must be summoned to court immediately. Once he arrives, let Your Majesty keep him here for a whole day and not permit him to leave. After this day, the dragon in the dream will be saved."

The Tang emperor was most delighted: he gave the order at once to have Wei Zheng summoned to court.

We speak now of prime minister Wei Zheng, who studied the movement of the stars and burned incense at his home that evening. He heard the cries of cranes in the air and saw there a Heavenly messenger holding the golden decree of the Jade Emperor, which ordered him to execute in his dream the old dragon of the Jing River at precisely the third quarter past the noon hour. Having thanked the Heavenly grace, our prime minister prepared himself in his residence by bathing himself and abstaining from food; he was also sharpening his magic sword and exercising his spirit, and therefore he did not attend court. He was terribly flustered when he saw the royal officer on duty arriving with the summons. Not daring, however, to disobey the emperor's command, he had to dress quickly and follow the summons into court, kowtowing and asking for pardon before the throne. The Tang emperor said, "We pardoned indeed our worthy subject."

At that time the various ministers had not yet retired from the court, and only after Wei Zheng's arrival was the curtain drawn up for the court's dismissal. Wei Zheng alone was asked to remain; he rode the golden carriage with the emperor to enter the chamber for relaxation, where he discussed with the emperor tactics for making the empire secure and other affairs of state. When it was just about midway between the hour of the Serpent and the hour of the Horse, the emperor asked the royal attendants to bring out a large chess set, saying, "We shall have a game with our worthy subject."

The various concubines took out the chessboard and set it on the imperial table. After expressing his gratitude, Wei Zheng set out to play chess with the Tang emperor, both of them moving the pieces step by step into positions. It was completely in accordance with the instruction of the *Classic of Chess*:

The way of chess exalts discipline and caution; the most powerful pieces should remain in the center, the weakest ones at the flanks, and the less powerful ones at the corners. This is a familiar law of the chess player. The law says: "You should rather lose a piece than an advantage. When you strike on the left, you must guard your right; when you attack in the rear, you must watch your front. Only when you have a secure front will you also have a rear, and only if you have a secure rear will you maintain your front. The two ends cannot be separated, and yet both must remain flexible and not be encumbered. Abroad formation should not be too loose, while a tight position should not be constricted.

Rather than clinging on to save a single piece, it is better to sacrifice it in order to win; rather than moving without purpose, it is better to remain stationary in order to be self-supportive. When your adversary outnumbers you, your first concern is to survive; when you outnumber your adversary, you must strive to exploit your force. He who knows how to win will not prolong his fight; he who is a master of positions will not engage in direct combat; he who knows how to fight will not suffer defeat; and he who knows how to lose will not panic. For chess begins with proper engagement but ends in unexpected victory. If your enemy, even without being threatened, is bringing up his reinforcement, it is a sign of his intention to attack; if he deserts a small piece without trying to save it, he may be stalking a bigger piece. If he moves in a casual manner, he is a man without thoughts; response without thought is the way to defeat. The *Classic of Poetry* says:

Approach with extreme caution

As if facing a deep canyon.

Such is the meaning thereof.

The poem says:

The chessboard's the earth; the pieces are the sky;

The colors are light and dark as the whole universe.

When playing reaches that skillful, subtle stage,

Boast and laugh with the old Immortal of Chess.

The two of them, emperor and subject, played chess until three quarters past the noon hour, but the game was not yet finished. Suddenly Wei Zheng put his head on the table and fell fast asleep. Taizong laughed and said, "Our worthy subject truly has worn himself out for the state and exhausted his strength on behalf of the empire. He has therefore fallen asleep in spite of himself."

Taizong allowed him to sleep on and did not arouse him. In a little while, Wei Zheng awoke and prostrated himself on the ground saying, "Your subject deserves ten thousand deaths! Your subject deserves ten thousand deaths! Just now I lost consciousness for no reason at all. I beg Your Majesty's pardon for such insult against the emperor."

“What insult is there?” said Taizong. “Arise! Let us forget the old game and start a new one instead.” Wei Zheng expressed his gratitude. As he put his hand on a piece, a loud clamor was heard outside the gate. It was occasioned by the ministers Qin Shubao and Xu Mougong, who arrived with a dragon head dripping with blood. Throwing it in front of the emperor, they said, “Your Majesty, we have seen seas turn shallow and rivers run dry, but a thing as strange as this we have never even heard of.”

Taizong arose with Wei Zheng and said, “Where did this thing come from?”

“South of the Thousand-Step Corridor,” replied Shubao and Mougong, “at the crossroads, this dragon head fell from the clouds. Your lowly subjects dare not withhold it from you.” In alarm, the Tang emperor asked Wei Zheng, “What’s the meaning of this?”

Turning to kowtow to him, Wei Zheng said, “This dragon was executed just now by your subject in his dream.” When the Tang emperor heard this, he was seized with fear and said, “When our worthy minister was sleeping, I did not see any movement of body or limb, nor did I perceive any scimitar or sword. How could you have executed this dragon?” Wei Zheng replied, “My lord, although

*My body was before my master,
I left Your Majesty in my dream;
My body before my master faced the unfinished game,
With dim eyes fully closed;
I left Your Majesty in my dream to ride the blessed cloud,
With spirit most eager and alert.
That dragon on the dragon execution block
Was bound up there by celestial hosts.
Your subject said,
For breaking Heaven’s law,
You are worthy of death.
Now by Heaven’s command,
I end your wretched life.’
The dragon listened in grief;
Your subject bestirred his spirit;
The dragon listened in grief,
Retrieving claws and scales to await his death;
Your subject bestirred his spirit,
Lifting robe and taking step to hold high his blade.
With one loud crack the knife descended;
And thus the head of the dragon fell from the sky.”*

When Taizong heard these words, he was filled with both sadness and delight. The delight was caused by his pride in having a minister as good as Wei Zheng. If he had worthies of this kind in his court, he thought, need he worry about the security of his empire? He was saddened, however, by the fact that he had promised in his dream to save the dragon, and he had not anticipated that the creature would be killed in this manner. He had to force himself to give the order to Shubao that the dragon head be hung on display at the market, so that the populace of Chang’an might be informed. Meanwhile, he rewarded Wei Zheng, after which the various ministers dispersed.

That night he returned to his palace in deep depression, for he kept remembering the dragon in the dream crying and begging for his life. Little did he expect that the turn

of events would be such that the dragon still could not escape calamity. Having thought about the matter for a long time, he became physically and mentally drained. At about the hour of the second watch, the sound of weeping was heard outside the door of the palace, and Taizong became even more fearful. He was sleeping fitfully when he saw our Dragon King of the Jing River holding his head dripping with blood in his hand, and crying in a loud voice:

“Tang Taizong! Give me back my life! Give me back my life! Last night you were full of promises to save me. Why did you order a human judge in the daytime to have me executed? Come out, come out! I am going to argue this case with you before the King of the Underworld.”

He seized Taizong and would neither let go nor desist from his protestation. Taizong could not say a word; he could only struggle until perspiration covered his entire body. Just at the moment when it seemed that nothing could separate them, fragrant clouds and colorful mists appeared from the south. A Daoist priestess came forward and waved a willow twig. That headless dragon, still mourning and weeping, left at once toward the northwest. For you see, this was none other than the Bodhisattva Guanyin, who by the decree of Buddha was seeking a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. She was staying in the temple of the local spirit at the city of Chang'an when she heard in the night the weeping of demons and the crying of spirits. So she came specially to drive the accursed dragon away and to rescue the emperor. That dragon went directly to the court of the Underworld to file suit, of which we shall say no more.

We now tell you about Taizong, who, when he awoke, could only yell aloud, “Ghost! Ghost!”

He so terrified the queens of three palaces, the concubines of six chambers, and the attending eunuchs that they remained sleepless for the entire night. Soon it was the fifth watch, and all the officials of the court, both civil and military, were waiting for an audience outside the gate. They waited until dawn, but the emperor did not appear, and every one of them became apprehensive and restless. Only after the sun was high in the sky did a proclamation come out saying, “We are not feeling too well. The ministers are excused from court.”

Five or six days went by swiftly, and the various officials became so anxious that they were about to enter the court without summons and inquire after the throne. Just then the queen mother gave the order to have the physician brought into the palace, and so the multitude waited at the gate of the court for some news. In a little while, the physician came out and he was questioned about the emperor's illness. “The pulse of His Majesty is irregular,” said the physician, “for it is weak as well as rapid. He blabbers about seeing ghosts. I also perceive that there were ten movements and one rest, but there is no breath left in his viscera. I am afraid that he will pass away within seven days.” When the various ministers heard this statement, they paled with fright.

In this state of alarm, they again heard that Taizong had summoned Xu Mougong, Huguo Gong, and Yuchi Gong to appear before him. The three ministers hurried into the auxiliary palace, where they prostrated themselves. Speaking somberly and with great effort, Taizong said, “My worthy subjects, since the age of nineteen I have been leading my army in expeditions to the four corners of the Earth. I have experienced much hardship throughout the years, but I have never encountered any kind of strange or weird thing. This day, however, I have seen ghosts!”

“When you established your empire,” said Yuchi Gong, “you had to kill countless people. Why should you fear ghosts?”

“You may not believe it,” said Taizong, “but outside this bedroom of mine at night, there are bricks thrown and spirits screaming to a degree that is truly unmanageable. In the daytime it’s not too bad, but it’s intolerable at night!”

“Let Your Majesty be relieved,” said Shubao, “for this evening your subject and Jingde will stand guard at the palace gate. We shall see what sort of ghostly business there is.”

Taizong agreed to the proposal, and Mougong and the other ministers retired after expressing their gratitude.

That evening the two ministers, in full battle dress and holding golden bludgeon and battle-ax, stood guard outside the palace gate.

Dear generals! Look how they are attired:

*They wore on their heads bright glimmering golden helmets,
And on their bodies cuirasses of dragon scales.
Their jeweled breastplates glow like hallowed clouds:
With lion knots tightly drawn,
And silk sashes newly spun.
This one had phoenix eyes facing the sky to frighten the stars:
The other had brown eyes glowering like lightning and the shining moon.
They were once warriors of the greatest merit;
But now they’ve become
For all time the guardians of the gates,
In all ages the protectors of the home.*

The two generals stood beside the door for the entire night and did not see the slightest disturbance. That night Taizong rested peacefully in the palace; when morning came he summoned the two generals before him and thanked them profusely, saying, “Since falling ill, I haven’t been able to sleep for days, and only last night did I manage to get some rest because of your presence. Let our worthy ministers retire now for some rest so that we may count on your protection once again at night.”

The two generals left after expressing their gratitude, and for the following two or three nights their standing guard brought continued peace. However, the royal appetite diminished and the illness became more severe. Taizong, moreover, could not bear to see the two generals overworked. So once again he called Shubao, Jingde, the ministers Du and Fang into the palace, saying to them, “Though I got some rest these past two days, I have imposed on the two generals the hardship of staying up all night. I wish to have portraits made of both of them by a skilled painter and have these pasted on the door, so that the two generals will be spared any further labor. How about it?”

The various ministers obeyed; they selected two portrait painters, who made pictures of the two generals in their proper battle attire. The portraits were then mounted near the gate, and no incident occurred during the night.

So it was for two or three days, until the loud rattling of bricks and tiles was again heard at the rear gate of the palace. At dawn the emperor called together the various ministers, saying to them, “For the past few days there have been, happily, no incidents at the front of the palace, but last night the noises at the back door were such that they nearly frightened me to death.” Mougong stepped forward and said, “The

disturbances at the front door were driven off by Jingde and Shubao. If there is disturbance at the rear gate, then Wei Zheng ought to stand guard.”

Taizong approved the suggestion and ordered Wei Zheng to guard the rear door that night. Accepting the charge, Wei donned his full court regalia that evening; holding the sword with which he had slain the dragon, he stood at attention before the rear gate of the palace. What splendid heroic stature! Look how he is attired:

*Green satin turban swaths his brow:
The silk robe's jade belt is waist-hung;
Windblown, craned-down sleeves fly like drifting snow.
He bests Lü and Shu's divine looks.
His feet wear black boots most supple;
His hands hold a blade sharp and fierce.
With glaring eyes he stared at all four sides.
Which deviant god dares approach?*

A whole night went by and no ghost appeared. But though there were no incidents at either the front or the rear gate, the emperor's condition worsened. One day the queen mother sent for all the ministers to discuss funeral arrangements. Taizong himself also summoned Xu Mougong to his bedside to entrust to him the affairs of state, committing the crown prince to the minister's care as Liu Bei did to Zhuge Liang.

When he had finished speaking, he bathed and changed his garments, waiting for his time to come. Wei Zheng then stepped out from the side and tugged the royal garment with his hand, saying, “Let Your Majesty be relieved. Your subject knows something that will guarantee long life for Your Majesty.”

“My illness,” said Taizong, “has reached the irremediable stage; my life is in danger. How can you preserve it?”

“Your subject has a letter here,” said Wei, “which I submit to Your Majesty to take with you to Hell and give to the Judge of the Underworld, Jue.”

“Who is Cui Jue?” asked Taizong.

“Cui Jue,” said Wei, “was the subject of the deceased emperor, your father: at first he was the district magistrate of Cizhou, and subsequently he was promoted to vice president of the Board of Rites. When he was alive, he was an intimate friend and sworn brother of your subject. Now that he is dead, he has become a judge in the capital of the Underworld, having in his charge the chronicles of life and death in the region of darkness. He meets with me frequently, however, in my dreams. If you go there presently and hand this letter to him, he will certainly remember his obligation toward your lowly subject and allow Your Majesty to return here. Surely your soul will return to the human world, and your royal countenance will once more grace the capital.” When Taizong heard these words, he took the letter in his hands and put it in his sleeve; with that, he closed his eyes and died. Those queens and concubines from three palaces and six chambers, the crown prince and the two rows of civil and military officials, all put on their mourning garb to mourn him, as the imperial coffin lay in state at the Hall of the White Tiger, but we shall say no more about that. We do not know how the soul of Taizong came back; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

ELEVEN

*Having toured the Underworld, Taizong returns to life
Having presented melons and fruits, Liu Quan marries again*

The poem says:

*A hundred years pass by like flowing streams;
Like froth and foam a lifetime's work now seems.
Yesterday faces had a peach's glow;
Today the temples float up flakes of snow.
Termites disband—illusion then you'll learn!
Cuckoos call gravely for your early return.
Secret good works will always life prolong.
Virtue's not needy for Heav'n's care is strong.*

We now tell you about Taizong, whose soul drifted out of the Tower of Five Phoenixes. Everything was blurred and indistinct. It seemed to him that a company of imperial guardsmen was inviting him to a hunting party, to which Taizong gladly gave his consent and went off with them. They had journeyed for a long time when suddenly all the men and horses vanished from sight. He was left alone, walking the deserted fields and desolate plains. As he anxiously tried to find his way back, he heard someone from beyond calling in a loud voice:

“Great Tang Emperor, come over here! Come over here!”

Taizong heard this and looked up. He saw that the man had

*A black gauze cap on his head;
Rhinoceros horns around his waist.
His head's black gauze hat dangled pliant bands:
His waist's rhino horns displayed plates of gold.
He held an ivory plaque sheathed in hallowed mist;
He wore a silk robe circled by holy light.
His feet put on a pair of white-soled boots
For treading cloud and climbing fog;
He grasped by his heart a book of life and death,
Which determined one's fate.
His hair, luxuriant, flew above his ears:
His beard fluttered and danced around his jaws.
He was once a prime minister of Tang:
Now he judged cases to serve Yama King.*

Taizong walked toward him, and the man, kneeling at the side of the road, said to him, “Your Majesty, please pardon your subject for neglecting to meet you at a greater distance.”

“Who are you,” asked Taizong, “and for what reason did you come to meet me?”

The man said, “Half a month ago, your lowly subject met in the Halls of Darkness the Dragon Ghost of the Jing River, who was filing suit against Your Majesty for having him executed after promising to save him. So the great king Qinguang of the

first chamber immediately sent demon messengers to arrest you and bring you to trial before the Three Tribunes. Your subject learned of this and therefore came here to receive you. I did not expect to come late today, and I beg you to forgive me.”

“What is your name,” said Taizong, “and what is your rank?”

“When your lowly subject was alive,” said that man, “he served on Earth before the previous emperor as the district magistrate of Cizhou. Afterwards I was appointed vice president of the Board of Rites.

My surname is Cui and my given name is Jue. In the Region of Darkness I hold a judgeship in the Capital of Death.”

Taizong was very glad; he went forward and held out his royal hands to raise the man up, saying, “I am sorry to have inconvenienced you. Wei Zheng, who serves before my throne, has a letter for you. I’m glad that we have a chance to meet here.”

The judge expressed his gratitude and asked where the letter was. Taizong took it out of his sleeve and handed it over to Cui Jue, who received it, bowing, and then opened it and read:

Your unworthily beloved brother Wei Zheng sends with bowed head this letter to the Great Judge, my sworn brother the Honorable Mr. Cui. I recall our former goodly society, and both your voice and your countenance seem to be present with me. Several years have hastened by since I last heard your lofty discourse. I could only prepare a few vegetables and fruits to offer to you as sacrifices during the festive times of the year, though I do not know whether you have enjoyed them or not. I am grateful, however, that you have not forgotten me, and that you have revealed to me in my dreams that you, my elder brother, have ascended to an even higher office. Unfortunately, the worlds of Light and Darkness are separated by a gulf wide as the Heavens, so that we cannot meet face to face. The reason that I am writing you now is the sudden demise of my emperor, the accomplished Taizong, whose case, I suppose, will be reviewed by the Three Tribunes, so that he will certainly be given the opportunity to meet you. I earnestly beseech you to remember our friendship while you were living and grant me the small favor of allowing His Majesty to return to life. This will be a very great favor to me, for which I thank you once more.

After reading the letter, the judge said with great delight, “The execution of the old dragon the other day by the human judge Wei is already known to your subject, who greatly admires him for this deed. I am, moreover, indebted to him for looking after my children.

Since he has written such a letter now, Your Majesty need have no further concern. Your lowly subject will make certain that you will be returned to life, to ascend once more your throne of jade.”

Taizong thanked him.

As the two of them were speaking, they saw in the distance two young boys in blue robes holding banners and flags and calling out, “The King of the Underworld has an invitation for you.”

Taizong went forward with Judge Cui and the two boys. He suddenly saw a huge city, and on a large plaque above the city gate was the inscription in gold letters, “The Region of Darkness, The Gate of Spirits.” Waving the banners, the blue robes led Taizong into the city. As they walked along, they saw at the side of the street the emperor’s predecessor Li Yuan, his elder brother Jiancheng, and his deceased brother Yuanji, who came toward them, shouting, “Here comes Shimin!

Here comes Shimin!”

The brothers clutched at Taizong and began beating him and threatening vengeance. Having no place to dodge, the emperor fell into their clutch; and only when

Judge Cui called a blue-faced, hook-tusked demon to drive them away could he escape and continue his journey.

They had traveled no more than a few miles when they arrived at a towering edifice with green tiles. This building was truly magnificent. You see

*Lightly ten thousand folds of colored mists pile high;
Dimly a thousand strands of crimson brume appear.
Heads of wild beasts rear up from the eaves aglow.
Pairs of lambent roof tiles rise in tiers of five.
Rows of red-gold nails bore deeply into doors;
Crosswise, slabs of white jade make up the rails.
Windows near the lights release morning smoke.
The screens, the curtains, flash like fiery bolts.
High-rising towers reach to the azure sky.
Criss-crossing hallways join the treasure rooms.
Fragrance from beast-shaped tripods line royal robes;
Scarlet silk lanterns brighten the portals' leaves.
On the left, hordes of fierce Bull-heads stand;
On the right, gruesome Horse-faces line up.
Gold placards turn to greet the ghosts of the dead;
White silk descends to lead the deceased souls.
It bears this name: The Central Gate of Hell,
The Darkness Hall of the Princes of Hades.*

As Taizong was looking at the place, there came from within the tinkling of girdle jade, the mysterious fragrance of divine incense, and two pairs of torch candles followed by the Ten Kings of the Underworld coming down the steps. The Ten Kings were:

King Qinguang, King of the Beginning River, King of the Song Emperor, King of Avenging Ministers, King Yama, King of Equal Ranks, King of the Tai Mountain, King of City Markets, King of Complete Change, and King of the Turning Wheel. Coming out of the Treasure Hall of Darkness, they bowed to receive Taizong, who, feigning modesty, declined to lead the way. The Ten Kings said, "Your Majesty is the emperor of men in the World of Light, whereas we are but the kings of spirits in the World of Darkness. Such are indeed our appointed stations, so why should you defer to us?"

"I'm afraid that I have offended all of you," said Taizong, "so how can I dare to speak of observing the etiquette of ghosts and men, of Light and Darkness?" Only after much protestation did Taizong proceed into the Hall of Darkness. After he had greeted the Ten Kings properly, they sat down according to the places assigned to hosts and guests.

After a little while, King Qinguang folded his hands in front of him and came forward, saying, "The Dragon Spirit of the Jing River accuses Your Majesty of having him slain after promising to save him. Why?"

"I did promise him that nothing would happen," said Taizong, "when the old dragon appealed to me in my dream at night. He was guilty, you know, and was condemned to be executed by the human judge Wei Zheng. It was to save him that I invited Wei Zheng to play chess with me, not anticipating that Wei Zheng could have performed the execution in his dream! That was indeed a miraculous stratagem devised

by the human judge, and, after all, the dragon was also guilty of a mortal offense. I fail to see how I am to blame.” When the Ten Kings heard these words, they replied, bowing, “Even before that dragon was born, it was already written on the Book of Death held by the Star of South Pole that he should be slain by a human judge. We have known this all along, but the dragon lodged his complaint here and insisted that Your Majesty be brought down so that his case might be reviewed by the Three Tribunes. We have already sent him on his way to his next incarnation through the Wheel of Transmigration. We regret, however, that we have caused Your Majesty the inconvenience of this journey, and we beg your pardon for pressing you to come here.” When they had finished speaking, they ordered the judge in charge of the Books of Life and Death to bring out the records quickly so that they could ascertain what the allotted time of the emperor was to be. Judge Cui went at once to his chamber and examined, one by one, the ages preordained for all the kings in the world that were inscribed in the books. Startled when he saw that the Great Tang Emperor Taizong of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent was destined to die in the thirteenth year of the period Zhenguan, he quickly dipped his big brush in thick ink and added two strokes before presenting the book. The Ten Kings took one look and saw that “thirtythree years” was written beneath the name Taizong. They asked in alarm, “How long has it been since Your Majesty was enthroned?”

“It has been thirteen years,” said Taizong. “Your Majesty need have no worry,” said King Yama, “for you still have twenty years of life. Now that your case has been clearly reviewed, we can send you back to the World of Light.” When Taizong heard this, he bowed to express his gratitude as the Ten Kings ordered Judge Cui and Grand Marshal Chu to accompany him back to life.

Taizong walked out of the Hall of Darkness and asked, saluting the Ten Kings once again, “What’s going to happen to those living in my palace?”

“Everyone will be safe,” said the Ten Kings, “except your younger sister. It appears that she will not live long.”

“When I return to the World of Light,” said Taizong, bowing again to thank them, “I have very little that I can present you as a token of my gratitude. Perhaps I can send you some melons or other kinds of fruit?” Delighted, the Ten Kings said, “We have eastern and western melons here, but we lack southern melons.” “The moment I get back,” said Taizong, “I shall send you some.” They bowed to each other with hands folded, and parted.

The marshal took the lead, holding a flag for guiding souls, while Judge Cui followed behind to protect Taizong. They walked out of the Region of Darkness, and Taizong saw that it was not the same road. He asked the judge, “Are we going on the wrong way?”

“No,” said the judge, “for this is how it is in the Region of Darkness: there is away for you to come, but there is no way out. Now we must send Your Majesty off from the region of the Wheel of Transmigration, so that you can make a tour of Hell as well as be sent on your way to reincarnation.” Taizong had little alternative but to follow their lead.

They had gone only a few miles when they came upon a tall mountain. Dark clouds touched the ground around it, and black mists shrouded the sky. “Mr. Cui,” said Taizong, “what mountain is this?” The judge said, “It’s the Mountain of Perpetual Shade in the Region of Darkness.”

“How can we go there?” asked Taizong fearfully. “Your Majesty need not worry,” said the judge, “for your subjects are here to guide you.” Shaking and quaking, Taizong followed the two of them and ascended the slope. He raised his head to look around and saw that

*Its shape was both craggy and curvate,
And its form was even more tortuous.
Rugged like the Shu peaks;
Tall like the Lu summits;
It was not a famed mountain in the World of Light,
But a treacherous place in the Region of Darkness.
Thickets of thorns sheltered monsters;
Tiers of stone ridges harbored demons.
No sound of fowl or beast came to one's ears;
Only ghosts or griffins walked before one's eyes.
The howling cold wind;
The endless black mist—
The howling cold wind was the huffing of infernal hosts;
The endless black mist was the puffing of demonic troops.
There was no scenic splendor though one looked high and low;
All was desolation when one stared left and right.
At that place there were mountains
And peaks,
And summits,
And caves,
And streams;
Only no grass grew on the mountains;
No peaks punctured the sky;
No travelers scaled the summits;
No caves ever harbored the clouds;
No water flowed in the streams.
They were all specters on the shores,
And bogies beneath the cliffs.
The phantoms huddled in the caves,
And lost souls hid on stream-floors.
All around the mountain,
Bull-heads and Horse-faces wildly clamored;
Half hidden and half in sight,
Hungry ghosts and needy souls often wept.
The judge in quest of souls,
In haste and fury delivered his summons;
The guard who chased the spirits,
Snorted and shouted to present his papers.
The Swift of Foot:
A boiling cyclone!
The Soul Snatcher:
A spreading dark mist!*

Had he not trusted in the judge's protection, Taizong would have never made it across this Mountain of Perpetual Shade.

As they proceeded, they came to a place where there were many halls and chambers; everywhere they turned, melancholy cries blasted their ears and grotesque sights struck terror in their hearts. "What is this place?" asked Taizong again. "The Eighteenfold Hell behind the Mountain of Perpetual Shade," said the judge. "What is that?" said Taizong. The judge replied, "Listen to what I have to say:

*The Hell of the Rack,
The Hell of Gloomy Guilt,
The Hell of the Fiery Pit:
All such sorrow,
All such desolation,
Are caused by a thousand sins committed in the life before;
They all come to suffer after they die.
The Hell of Hades,
The Hell of Tongue- Pulling,
The Hell of Skin- Shredding:
All those weeping and wailing,
All those pining and mourning,
Await the traitors, the rebels, and the Heaven baiters;
He of Buddha-mouth and serpent-heart will end up here.
The Hell of Grinding,
The Hell of Pounding,
The Hell of Crushing;
With frayed skin and torn flesh,
Gaping mouths and grinding teeth,
These are they who cheat and lie to work injustice,
Who fawn and flatter to deceive.
The Hell of Ice,
The Hell of Mutilation,
The Hell of Evisceration:
With grimy face and matted hair,
Knitted brow and doleful look,
These are they who fleece the simple with weights unjust,
And so bring ruin upon themselves.
The Hell of Boiling Oil,
The Hell of Grim Darkness,
The Hell of the Sword Mountain:
They shake and quake;
They sorrow and pine:
For oppressing the righteous by violence and fraud
They now must cower in their lonely pain.
The Hell of the Pool of Blood,
The Hell of Avīci.
The Hell of Scales and Weights:
All the skins peeled and bones exposed,
The limbs cut and the tendons severed,
Are caused by murder stemming from greed,*

*The taking of life of both humans and beasts.
 Their fall has no reversal in a thousand years—
 Eternal perdition without release.
 Each is firmly bound and tightly tied,
 Shackled by both ropes and cords.
 The slightest move brings on the Red-hair demons,
 The Black-face demons,
 With long spears and sharp swords;
 The Bull-head demons,
 The Horse-face demons,
 With iron spikes and bronze gavels,
 They strike till faces contort and blood flows down,
 But cries to Earth and Heaven find no response.
 So it is that man ought not his own conscience betray,
 For gods have knowledge, who could get away?
 Thus vice and virtue will at last be paid:
 It differs only in coming soon or late."*

When Taizong heard these words, he was terror-stricken. They went on for a little while and came upon a group of demon soldiers, each holding banners and flags and kneeling beside the road. "The Guards of the Bridges have come to receive you," they said. The judge ordered them to make way and proceeded to lead Taizong across a golden bridge. Looking to one side, Taizong saw another silver bridge, on which there were several travelers who seemed to be persons of principle and rectitude, justice and honesty. They too were led by banners and flags. On the other side was another bridge, with icy wind churning around it and bloody waves seething below. The continuous sound of weeping and wailing could be heard. "What is the name of that bridge?" asked Taizong. "Your Majesty," said the judge, "it is the No-Option Bridge. When you reach the World of Light, you must have this recorded for posterity.

For below the bridge there is nothing but

*A vast body of surging water;
 A strait and treacherous path;
 Like bales of raw silk flowing down the Long River,
 Or the Pit of Fire floating up to Earth,
 This cold air, oppressive, this bone-piercing chill;
 This foul stench both irksome and nauseous.
 The waves roll and swirl;
 No boat comes or goes to ferry men across;
 With naked feet and tangled hair
 Those moving here and there are all damned spirits.
 The bridge is a few miles long
 But only three spans wide.
 Its height measures a hundred feet;
 Below, a thousand fathoms deep.
 On top are no railways for hands to hold;
 Beneath you have man-seizing savage fiends
 Who, bound by cangues and locks,
 Fight to flee No-Option's parlous path.
 Look at those ferocious guardians beside the bridge*

*And those damned souls in the river—how truly wretched!
 On branches and twigs
 Clothes of green, red, yellow, and purple silk hang;
 Below the precipice
 Strumpets crouch for having abused their own in-laws.
 Iron dogs and brass serpents will strive to feed on them.
 Their fall's eternal—there is no way out."*

The poem says:

*Ghosts are heard wailing; demons often cry
 As waves of blood rise ten thousand feet high.
 Horse-faces and Bull-heads by countless scores
 This No- Option Bridge grimly fortify.*

While Taizong and his guides were speaking, the several Guardians of the Bridge went back to their station. Terrified by his vision, Taizong could only nod his head in silent horror. He followed the judge and the grand marshal across the malicious water of the No- Option River and the bitter Realm of the Bloody Bowl. Soon they arrived at the City of the Dead, where clamoring voices were heard proclaiming distinctly, "Li Shimin has come! Li Shimin has come!" When Taizong heard all this shouting, his heart shook and his gall quivered. Then he saw a throng of spirits, some with backs broken by the rack, some with severed limbs, and some headless, who barred his way and shouted together, "Give us back our lives! Give us back our lives!" In terror Taizong tried desperately to flee and hide, at the same time crying, "Mr. Cui, save me! Mr. Cui, save me!"

"Your Majesty," said the judge, "these are the spirits of various princes and their underlings, of brigands and robbers from sundry places. Through works of injustice, both theirs and others', they perished and are now cut off from salvation because there is none to receive them or care for them. Since they have no money or belongings, they are ghosts abandoned to hunger and cold. Only if Your Majesty can give them some money will I be able to offer you deliverance."

"I came here," said Taizong, "with empty hands. Where can I get money?"

"Your Majesty," said the judge, "there is in the World of the Living a man who has deposited great sums of gold and silver in our Region of Darkness. You can use your name for a loan, and your lowly judge will serve as your voucher; we shall borrow a roomful of money from him and distribute it among the hungry ghosts. You will then be able to get past them."

"Who is this man?" asked Taizong. "He's a man from the Kaifeng District in Henan Province," said the judge. "His given name is Liang and his surname is Xiang. He has thirteen rooms of gold and silver down here. If Your Majesty borrows from him, you can repay him when you return to the World of Light."

Highly pleased and more than willing to use his name for the loan, Taizong at once signed a note for the judge. He borrowed a roomful of gold and silver, and the grand marshal was asked to distribute the money among the ghosts. The judge also instructed them, saying, "You may divide up these pieces of silver and gold among yourselves and use them accordingly. Let the Great Tang Father pass, for he still has a long time to live. By the solemn word of the Ten Kings I am accompanying him to return to life. When he reaches the world of the living, he has been instructed to hold a Grand Mass of Land and Water for your salvation. So don't start any more trouble."

When the ghosts heard these words and received the silver and gold, they obeyed and turned back. The judge ordered the grand marshal to wave the flag for guiding souls, and led Taizong out of the City of the Dead. They set out again on a broad and level path, leaving quickly with light, airy steps.

They traveled for a long time and arrived at the junction of the Sixfold Path of Transmigration. They saw some people who rode the clouds wearing embroidered capes, and some with Daoist amulets of gold fish dangling from their waists; there were in fact monks, nuns, Daoists, and secular persons, and all varieties of beasts and fowls, ghosts and spirits. In an unending stream they all ran beneath the Wheel of Transmigration to enter each into a predestined path. "What is the meaning of this?" asked the Tang emperor. "Your Majesty," said the judge, "as your mind is enlightened to perceive the pervasive immanence of the Buddha-nature in all things, you must remember this and proclaim it in the World of the Living. This is called the Sixfold Path of Transmigration. Those who perform good works will ascend to the way of the immortals; those who remain patriotic to the end will advance to the way of nobility; those who practice filial piety will be born again into the way of blessing; those who are just and honest will enter once more into the way of humans; those who cherish virtue will proceed to the way of riches; those who are vicious and violent will fall back into the way of demons." When the Tang emperor heard this, he nodded his head and sighed, saying,

*"Ah, how truly good is goodness!
To do good will never bring illness!
In a good heart always abide.
On a good way your door fling wide.
Let no evil thoughts arise,
And all mischief you must despise.
Don't say there's no retribution,
For gods have their disposition."*

The judge accompanied the Tang emperor up to the very entrance to the way of nobility before he prostrated himself and called out, "Your Majesty, this is where you must proceed, and here your humble judge will take leave of you. I am asking Grand Marshal Zhu to accompany you a little further."

The Tang emperor thanked him, saying, "I'm sorry, sir, that you have had to travel such great distance on my account."

"When Your Majesty returns to the World of Light," said the judge, "be very certain that you celebrate the Grand Mass of Land and Water so that those wretched, homeless souls may be delivered. Please do not forget! Only if there is no murmuring for vengeance in the Region of Darkness will there be the prosperity of peace in your World of Light. If there are any wicked ways in your life, you must change them one by one, and you must teach your subjects far and wide to do good. You may be assured then that your empire will be firmly established, and that your fame will go down to posterity."

The Tang emperor promised to grant each one of the judge's requests.

Having parted from Judge Cui, he followed Grand Marshal Zhu and entered the gate. The grand marshal saw inside a black-maned bay horse complete with rein and saddle. Lending the emperor assistance from left and right, he quickly helped him mount it. The horse shot forward like an arrow, and soon they reached the bank of the

Wei River, where a pair of golden carps could be seen frolicking on top of the waves. Pleased by what he saw, the Tang emperor reined in his horse and stopped to watch. “Your Majesty,” said the grand marshal, “let’s hurry and get you back into your city while there is still time.”

But the emperor persisted in his indulgence and refused to go forward. The grand marshal grabbed one of his legs and shouted, “You still won’t move? What are you waiting for?” With a loud splash, he was pushed off his horse into the Wei River, and thus he left the Region of Darkness and returned to the World of Light.

We shall now tell you about those who served before the Throne in the Tang dynasty. Xu Mougong, Qin Shubao, Hu Jingde, Duan Zhixian, Ma Sanbao, Cheng Yaojin, Gao Shilian, Li Shiji, Fang Xuanling, Du Ruhui, Xiao Yu, Fu Yi, Zhang Daoyuan, Zhang Shiheng, and Wang Guei constituted the two groups of civil and military officials. They gathered with the crown prince of the Eastern Palace, the queen, the ladies of the court, and the chief steward in the Hall of the White Tiger for the imperial mourning. At the same time, they discussed issuing the obituary proclamation for the whole empire and crowning the prince as emperor. From one side of the hall, Wei Zheng stepped forward and said, “All of you, please refrain from doing anything hasty. If you alarm the various districts and cities, you may bring about something undesirable and unexpected. Let’s wait here for another day, for our lord will surely come back to life.”

“What nonsense you are talking, Prime Minister Wei,” said Xu Jingzong, coming from below, “for the ancient proverb says, ‘Just as spilled water cannot be retrieved, so a dead man can never return!’ Why do you mouth such empty words to vex our minds? What reason do you have for this?”

“To tell you the truth, Mr. Xu,” said Wei Zheng, “I have been instructed since my youth in the arts of immortality. My calculations are most accurate, and I promise you that His Majesty will not die.”

As they were talking, they suddenly heard a loud voice crying in the coffin, “You’ve drowned me! You’ve drowned me!” It so startled the civil and military officials, and so terrified the queen and the ladies, that every one of them had

*A face brown as autumnal mulberry leaves,
A body limp as the willow of early spring.
The legs of the crown prince buckled,
He could not hold the mourning staff to finish his rites.
The soul of the steward left him,
He could not wear the mourning cap to show his grief
The matrons collapsed;
The ladies pitched sideways;
The matrons collapsed
Like weak hibiscus blasted by savage wind.
The ladies pitched sideways
Like lilies overwhelmed by sudden rain.
The petrified lords—
Their bones and tendons feeble—
Trembled and shook,
All dumb and awestruck.
The whole White Tiger Hall was like a bridge with broken beams;*

The funeral stage resembled a temple wrecked.

Every person attending the court ran away, and no one dared approach the coffin. Only the upright Xu Mougong, the rational Prime Minister Wei, the courageous Qin Qiong, and the impulsive Jingde came forward and took hold of the coffin. “Your Majesty,” they cried, “if there’s something bothering you, tell us about it. Don’t play ghost and terrify your relatives!”

Then, however, Wei Zheng said, “He’s not playing ghost. His Majesty is coming back to life! Get some tools, quick!”

They opened the top of the coffin and saw indeed that Taizong was sitting up inside, still shouting, “You’ve drowned me! Who bailed me out?” Mougong and the rest of them went forward to lift him up, saying, “Don’t be afraid, Your Majesty, and wake up. Your subjects are here to protect you.” Only then did the Tang emperor open his eyes and say, “How I suffered just now! I barely escaped attack by spiteful demons from the Region of Darkness, only to encounter death by drowning!”

“Have no fear, Your Majesty,” said the ministers. “What kind of calamity occurred in the water?”

“I was riding a horse,” the Tang emperor said, “when we came near the Wei River where two fishes were playing. That deceitful Grand Marshal Zhu pushed me off my horse into the river, and I was almost drowned.”

“His Majesty is still not entirely free from the influences of the dead,” said Wei Zheng. He quickly ordered from the imperial dispensary medicinal broth designed to calm his spirit and fortify his soul. They also prepared some rice gruel, and only after taking such nourishments once or twice did he become his old self again, fully regaining his living senses. A quick calculation revealed that the Tang emperor had been dead for three days and nights and then returned to life to rule again. We have thus a testimonial poem:

*From ancient times how oft the world has changed!
History is full of kingdoms that rise and fall.
Countless were the wonders of Zhou, Han, and Jin.
Which could match King Tang’s from death to life recall?*

By then it was dusk; the various ministers withdrew after they had seen the emperor retire. The next day, they took off their mourning garb and changed into their court attire: everyone had on his red robe and black cap, his purple sash and gold medal, waiting outside the gate to be summoned to court. We now tell you about Taizong, who, having received the medicine prescribed for calming his spirit and fortifying his soul, and having taken the rice broth several times, was carried into his bedchamber by his attendants. He slept soundly that whole night, and when he arose at dawn, his spirit was fully revived. Look how he was attired:

*He donned a tall, royal cap;
He wore a dark ocher robe;
He put on a belt of green jade from Blue Mountain;
He trod a pair of empire-building carefree boots.
His stunning looks
Surpassed anyone in court:
With power to spare
He resumed his reign.*

*What a great Tang emperor of justice and truth,
The Majestic Li who rose again from the dead!*

The Tang emperor went up to the Treasure Hall of the Golden Carriage and gathered together the two groups of civil and military officials, who, after shouting "Long live the emperor" three times, stood in attention according to rank and file. Then they heard this loud announcement:

"If there is any business, come forth and make your memorial; if there is no business, you are dismissed from court."

From the east came the row of civil officials and from the west came the row of military officials; they all went forward and prostrated themselves before the steps of white jade. "Your Majesty," they said, "may we inquire how you awoke from your slumber, which lasted so long?"

"On that day, after we had received the letter from Wei Zheng," said Taizong, "we felt that our soul had departed from these halls, having been invited by the imperial guardsmen to join a hunting party. As we were traveling, the men and horses both disappeared, whereupon my father, the former emperor, and my deceased brothers came to hassle us. We would not have been able to escape them had it not been for the arrival of someone in black cap and robe; this man happened to be the judge Cui Yue, who managed to send my deceased brothers away. We handed Wei Zheng's letter over to him, and as he was reading it, some boys in blue came to lead us with flags and banners to the Hall of Darkness, where we were met by the Ten Kings of the Underworld. They told us of the Jing River Dragon, who accused us of having him slain after promising to save him. We in turn explained to them what happened, and they assured us that our case had been jointly reviewed by the Three Tribunes. Then they asked for the Chronicles of Life and Death to examine what was to be our allotted age. Judge Cui presented his books, and King Yama, after checking them, said that Heaven had assigned us a portion of thirty-three years. Since we had ruled for only thirteen years, we were entitled to twenty more years of living.

So Grand Marshal Zhu and Judge Cui were ordered to send us back here. We took leave of the Ten Kings and promised to thank them with gifts of melons and other fruits. After our departure from the Hall of Darkness, we encountered in the Underworld all those who were treasonous to the state and disloyal to their parents, those who practiced neither virtue nor righteousness, those who squandered the five grains, those who cheated openly or in secret, those who indulged in unjust weights and measurements—in sum, the rapists, the thieves, the liars, the hypocrites, the wantons, the deviates, the connivers, and the lawbreakers. They were all suffering from various tortures by grinding, burning, pounding, sawing, frying, boiling, hanging, and skinning. There were tens of thousands of them, and we could not make an end of this ghastly sight.

Thereafter we passed by the City of the Dead, filled with the souls of brigands and bandits from all over the Earth, who came to block our path. Fortunately, Judge Cui was willing to vouch for us, and we could then borrow a roomful of gold and silver from Old Man Xiang of Henan to buy off the spirits before we could proceed once more. We finally parted after Judge Cui had repeatedly instructed us that when we returned to the World of Light we were to celebrate a Grand Mass of Land and Water for the salvation of those orphaned spirits. After leaving the Sixfold Path of Transmigration, Grand Marshal Zhu asked us to mount a horse so swift it seemed to be flying, and brought me to the bank of the Wei River. As we were enjoying the sight of

two fishes playing in the water, he grabbed our legs and pushed us into the river. Only then did we come back to life.” When the various ministers heard these words, they all praised and congratulated the emperor. A notice was also sent out to every town and district in the empire, and all the officials presented gratulatory memorials, which we shall mention no further.

We shall now tell you about Taizong, who proclaimed a general amnesty for the prisoners in the empire. Moreover, he asked for an inventory of those convicted of capital crimes, and the judge from the Board of Justice submitted some four hundred names of those awaiting death by beheading or hanging. Taizong granted them one year’s leave to return to their families, so that they could settle their affairs and put their property in order before going to the marketplace to receive their just deserts. The prisoners all thanked him for such grace before departing. After issuing another edict for the care and welfare of orphans, Taizong also released some three thousand court maidens and concubines from the palace and married them off to worthy military officers. From that time on, his reign was truly a virtuous one, to which we have a testimonial poem:

*Great is the virtue of the Great Tang Ruler!
Surpassing Sage Kings, he makes his people prosper.
Five hundred convicts may now leave the prison;
Three thousand maidens find release from the palace.
The empire’s officials all wish him long life.
The ministers at court all give him high praise.
Such good heart, once stirred, the Heavens should bless,
And pass such weal to seventeen generations.*

After releasing the court maidens and convicts, Taizong also issued another proclamation to be posted throughout the empire. The proclamation read:

*The cosmos, though vast,
Is brightly surveyed by the sun and the moon;
The world, though immense,
Approves not villains in Heaven or on Earth.
If your intent is trickery,
Even this life will bring retribution;
If your giving exceeds receiving,
There’s blessing not only in the life hereafter.
A thousand clever designs
Are not as living according to one’s duties;
Ten thousand men of violence
Cannot compare with one frugal and content.
If you’re bent on good works and mercy,
Need you read the sūtras with diligence?
If you intend to harm others,
Even the learning of Buddha is vain!*

From that time on, there was not a single person in the empire who did not practice virtue.

Meanwhile, another notice was posted asking for a volunteer to take the melons and other fruits to the Region of Darkness. At the same time, a roomful of gold and silver from the treasury was sent with the Imperial Duke of Khotan, Hu Jingde, to the

Kaifeng District of Henan so that the debt to Xiang Liang could be repaid. After the notice had been posted for some days, a worthy came forth to volunteer his life for the mission. He was originally from Zunzhou; his surname was Liu and his given name Quan, and he belonged to a family of great wealth. The reason he came forward was that his wife, Li Cuilian, happened to have given a gold hairpin from her head, by way of alms, to a monk in front of their house.

When Liu Quan chided her for her indiscretion in flaunting herself outside their home, Li became so upset that she promptly hanged herself, leaving behind her a pair of young children, who wept piteously day and night. Liu Quan was so filled with remorse by the sight of them that he was willing to leave life and property to take the melons to hell. He therefore took down the royal notice and came to see the Tang emperor. The emperor ordered him to go to the Lodge of the Golden Pavilion, where a pair of southern melons were put on his head, some money in his sleeve, and some medicine in his mouth.

So Liu Quan died by taking poison. His soul, still bearing the fruits on his head, arrived at the Gate of Spirits. The demon guardian at the door shouted, "Who are you that you dare to come here?"

"By the imperial command of the Great Tang Emperor Taizong," said Liu Quan, "I came here especially to present melons and other fruits for the enjoyment of the Ten Kings of the Underworld."

The demon guardian received him amiably and led him to the Treasure Hall of Darkness. When he saw King Yama, he presented the melons, saying, "By order of the Tang emperor, I came from afar to present these melons as a token of thanks for the gracious hospitality of the Ten Kings."

Highly pleased, King Yama said, "That Emperor Taizong is certainly a man of his word!"

He accepted the melons and proceeded to ask the messenger about his name and his home. "Your humble servant," said Liu Quan, "resided originally in Junzhou; my surname is Liu and my given name is Quan. Because my wife hanged herself, leaving no one to care for our children, I decided to leave home and children and sacrifice my life for the country by helping my emperor to take these melons here as a thank offering." When the Ten Kings heard these words, they asked at once for Li, the wife of Liu Quan; she was brought in by the demon guardian, and wife and husband had a reunion before the Hall of Darkness. They conversed about what had happened and also thanked the Ten Kings for this meeting. King Yama, moreover, examined the Books of Life and Death and found that both husband and wife were supposed to live to a ripe old age. He quickly ordered the demon guardian to take them back to life, but the guardian said, "Since Li Cuilian has been back in the World of Darkness for many days, her body no longer exists. To whom should her soul attach herself?"

"The emperor's sister, Li Yuying," said King Yama, "is destined to die very soon. Borrow her body right away so that this woman can return to life."

The demon guardian obeyed the order and led Liu Quan and his wife out of the Region of Darkness to return to life.

We do not know how the two of them returned to life; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWELVE

*The Tang emperor, firmly sincere, convenes a Grand Mass
Guanyin, in epiphany, converts Gold Cicada*

We were telling you about the demon guardian who was leading Liu Quan and his wife out of the Region of Darkness. Accompanied by a swirling dark wind, they went directly back to Chang'an of the great nation. The demon pushed the soul of Liu Quan into the Golden Court Pavilion Lodge, but the soul of Cuilian was brought into the inner court of the royal palace. Just then the Princess Yuying was walking beneath the shadows of flowers along a path covered with green moss. The demon guardian crashed right into her and pushed her to the ground; her living soul was snatched away and the soul of Cuilian was pushed into Yuying's body instead. The demon guardian then returned to the Region of Darkness, and we shall say no more about that.

We now tell you that the maidservants of the palace, both young and old, when they saw that Yuying had fallen and died, ran quickly to the Hall of the Golden Chimes and reported the incident to the queen, saying, "The princess has fallen and died!"

Horried, the queen reported it to Taizong.

When Taizong heard the news, he nodded, sighing, and said, "So this has come to pass indeed! We did ask the King of Darkness whether the old and young of our family would be safe or not. He said, 'They will all be safe, but I fear that your royal sister will not live long.' Now his word is fulfilled."

All the inhabitants of the palace came to mourn her, but when they reached the spot where she had fallen, they saw that the princess was breathing.

"Stop weeping! Stop weeping!" said the Tang emperor. "Don't startle her!"

He went forward and lifted her head with the royal hand, crying out, "Wake up, royal sister!" Our princess suddenly turned over and cried, "Husband, walk slowly! Wait for me!"

"Sister," said Taizong, "we are all here." Lifting her head and opening her eyes to look around, the princess said, "Who are you that you dare touch me?"

"This is your royal brother," said Taizong, "and your sister-in-law."

"Where do I have any royal brother and sister-in-law?" asked the princess. "My family is Li, and my maiden name is Li Cuilian. My husband's surname is Liu and his given name is Quan. Both of us are from Junzhou. Because I pulled a golden hairpin to give to a monk outside our home as alms three months ago, my husband rebuked me for walking indiscreetly out of our doors and thus violating the etiquette appropriate to a woman. He scolded me, and I became so enraged that I hanged myself with a white silk cord, leaving behind a pair of children who wept night and day. On account of my husband, who was sent by the Tang emperor to the Region of Darkness to present melons, King Yama took pity on us and allowed us both to return to life. He was walking ahead; I could not keep up with him, tripped, and fell. How rude you all are! Not knowing my name, how dare you touch me!" When Taizong heard these words, he said to his attendants, "I suppose my sister was knocked senseless by the fall. She's babbling!"

He ordered that Yuying be helped into the palace and medicine be brought in from the court dispensary.

As the Tang emperor went back to the court, one of his assistants came forward to report, saying, "Your Majesty, the man Liu Quan, who went to present the melons, has returned to life. He is now outside the gate, awaiting your order."

Greatly startled, the Tang emperor at once gave the order for Liu Quan to be brought in, who then prostrated himself before the redlacquered courtyard. Taizong asked him, "How did the presentation of melons come off?"

"Your subject," said Liu Quan, "bore the melons on his head and went straight to the Gate of Spirits. I was led to the Hall of Darkness, where I met the Ten Kings of the Underworld. I presented the melons and spoke at length about the sincere gratitude of my lord. King Yama was most delighted, and he complimented Your Majesty profusely, saying, 'That Taizong emperor is indeed a man of virtue and a man of his word!'" "What did you happen to see in the Region of Darkness?" asked the Tang emperor. "Your subject did not travel far," said Liu Quan, "and I did not see much. I only heard King Yama questioning me on my native village and my name.

Your subject therefore gave him a full account of how I abandoned home and children because of my wife's suicide and volunteered for the mission. He quickly sent for a demon guardian, who brought in my wife, and we were reunited at the Hall of Darkness.

Meanwhile, they also examined the Books of Life and Death and told us that we both should live to a ripe old age. The demon guardian was dispatched to see us back to life. Your subject walked ahead, but my wife fell behind. I am grateful that I am now returned to life, but I do not know where my wife has gone."

Alarmed, the Tang emperor asked, "Did King Yama say anything about your wife?"

"He didn't say much," said Liu Quan. "I only heard the demon guardian's exclamation that Li Cuilian had been dead for so long that her body no longer existed. King Yama said, 'The royal sister, Li Yuying, should die shortly. Let Cuilian borrow the body of Yuying so that she may return to life.' Your subject has no knowledge of who that royal sister is and where she resides, nor has he made any attempt to locate her." When the Tang emperor heard this report, he was filled with delight and said to the many officials around him, "When we took leave of King Yama, we questioned him with regard to the inhabitants of the palace. He said that the old and the young would all be safe, though he feared that our sister would not live long. Just now our sister Yuying fell dying beneath the flowers. When we went to her assistance, she regained her consciousness momentarily, crying, 'Husband, walk slowly! Wait for me!' We thought that her fall had knocked her senseless, as she was babbling like that. But when we questioned her carefully, she said exactly what Liu Quan now tells us."

"If Her Royal Highness passed away momentarily, only to say these things after she regained consciousness," said Wei Zheng, "this means that there is a real possibility that Liu Quan's wife has returned to life by borrowing another person's body. Let us invite the princess to come out, and see what she has to tell us."

"We just asked the court dispensary to send in some medicine," said the Tang emperor, "for we don't know what's happening." Some ladies of the court went to fetch the princess, and they found her inside, screaming, "Why do I need to take any

medicine? How could this be my house? Ours is a clean, cool house of tiles, not like this one, yellow as if it had jaundice, and with such gaudy appointments! Let me out! Let me out!" She was still shouting when four or five ladies and two or three eunuchs took hold of her and led her outside to the court.

The Tang emperor said, "Do you recognize your husband?"

"What are you talking about?" said Yuying. "The two of us were pledged to each other since childhood as husband and wife. I bore him a boy and a girl. How could I not recognize him?"

The Tang emperor asked one of the palatial officials to help her go down from the Treasure Hall. The princess went right before the steps of white jade, and when she saw Liu Quan, she grabbed him, saying, "Husband, where have you been? You didn't even wait for me! I tripped and fell, and then I was surrounded by all these crazy people, talking nonsense! What do you have to say to this?" Liu Quan heard that she was speaking like his wife, but the person he saw certainly did not resemble her, and he dared not acknowledge her to be his own. The Tang emperor said,

"Indeed,

Men have seen mountains cracking, or the gaping of earth;

But none has seen the living exchanged for the dead!"

What a just and kindly ruler! He took his sister's toilet boxes, garments, and jewelry and bestowed them all on Liu Quan; it was as if the man was provided with a dowry. He was, moreover, exempted forever from having to engage in any compulsory service to the Crown, and was told to take the royal sister back to his home. So, husband and wife together expressed their gratitude before the steps and returned happily to their village. We have a testimonial poem:

How long, how short—man has his span of years;

He lives and dies, each foreordained by fate.

Liu Quan presented melons and returned to life;

In someone's body so did Li, his mate.

The two of them took leave of the emperor, went directly back to Junzhou, and saw that both house and children were in good order. They never ceased thereafter to proclaim the rewards of virtue, but we shall speak of them no further.

We now tell you about Yuchi Gong, who took a huge load of gold and silver and went to see Xiang Liang at the Kaifeng District in Henan. It turned out that the man made his living by selling water, while his wife, whose surname was Zhang, sold pottery in front of their home. Whatever money they made, they kept only enough for their subsistence, giving all the rest either as alms to the monks or as gifts to the dead by purchasing paper money and burning it.

They thus built up enormous merit; for though they were poor folks in the World of Light, they were, in fact, leading citizens for whom jade and gold were laid up in the other world. When Yuchi Gong came to their door with the gold and silver, Papa Xiang and Mama Xiang were terror-stricken. And when they also saw the district officials with their horses and carriages assembling outside their thatched hut, the aged couple were dumbfounded. They knelt on the floor and kowtowed without ceasing. "Old folks, please arise," said Yuchi Gong. "Though I am an imperial official, I came here with this gold and silver to repay you by order of my king." Shaking and quaking, the man said, "Your lowly servant has never lent money to others. How dare we accept such inexplicable wealth?"

“I have found out,” said Yuchi Gong, “that you are indeed a poor fellow. But you have also given alms to feed the monks. Whatever exceeds your necessities you have used to purchase paper money, which you burned in dedication to the Region of Darkness. You have thus accumulated a vast fortune down below. Our emperor, Taizong, returned to life after being dead for three days; he borrowed a roomful of gold and silver from you while he was in the Region of Darkness, and we are returning the exact sum to you. Please count your money accordingly so that we may make our report back to the emperor.” Xiang Liang and his wife, however, remained adamant.

They raised their hands to Heaven and cried, “If your lowly servants accepted this gold and silver, we should die quickly. We might have been given credit for burning paper cash, but this is a secret unknown to us. Moreover, what evidence do we have that our Father, His Majesty, borrowed our money in some other world? We simply dare not accept this.”

“His Majesty told us,” said Yuchi Gong, “that he received the loan from you because Judge Cui vouched for him, and he could bear testimony. So please accept this.”

“Even if I were to die,” said Xiang Liang, “I could not accept the gift.” Seeing that they persisted in their refusal, Yuchi Gong had no alternative but to send someone back to report to the Throne. When Taizong saw the report and learned that Xiang Liang had refused to accept the gold and silver, he said, “They are truly virtuous elders!”

He issued a decree at once that Hu Jingde should use the money to erect a temple, to build a shrine, and to support the religious services that would be performed in them. The old couple, in other words, would be repaid in this manner. The decree went out to Jingde, who, having expressed his gratitude, facing the capital, proclaimed its content for all to know. He used the money to purchase a lot of about fifty acres not needed either by the military authorities or the people. A temple was erected on this piece of land and named the Royal Xiangguo Temple.

To the left of it there was also a shrine dedicated to Papa and Mama Xiang, with a stone inscription stating that the buildings were erected under the supervision of Yuchi Gong. This is the Great Xiangguo Temple still standing today.

The work was finished and reported; Taizong was exceedingly pleased. He then gathered many officials together in order that a public notice be issued to invite monks for the celebration of the Grand Mass of Land and Water, so that those orphaned souls in the Region of Darkness might find salvation. The notice went throughout the empire, and officials of all regions were asked to recommend monks illustrious for their holiness to go to Chang'an for the Mass. In less than a month's time, various monks from the empire had arrived. The Tang emperor ordered the court historian, Fu Yi, to select an illustrious priest to take charge of the ceremonies. When Fu Yi received the order, however, he presented a memorial to the Throne that attempted to dispute the worth of Buddha.

The memorial said:

The teachings of the Western Territory deny the relations of ruler and subject, of father and son. With the doctrines of the Three Ways and the Sixfold Path, they beguile and seduce the foolish and the simpleminded. They emphasize the sins of the past in order to ensure the felicities of the future. By chanting in Sanskrit, they seek a way of escape. We submit, however, that birth, death, and the length of one's life are ordered by nature; but the conditions of public disgrace or honor are determined by human volition. These phenomena are not, as some philistines would now maintain, ordained by Buddha. The teachings of Buddha did not exist in the time of the Five Thearchs and the Three Kings, and yet those

rulers were wise, their subjects loyal, and their reigns long-lasting. It was not until the period of Emperor Ming in the Han dynasty that the worship of foreign gods was established, but this meant only that priests of the Western Territory were permitted to propagate their faith. The event, in fact, represented a foreign intrusion in China, and the teachings are hardly worthy to be believed.

When Taizong saw the memorial, he had it distributed among the various officials for discussion. At that time the prime minister Xiao Yu came forward and prostrated himself to address the throne, saying, “The teachings of Buddha, which have flourished in several previous dynasties, seek to exalt the good and to restrain what is evil. In this way they are covertly an aid to the nation, and there is no reason why they should be rejected. For Buddha after all is also a sage, and he who spurns a sage is himself lawless. I urge that the dissenter be severely punished.”

Taking up the debate with Xiao Yu, Fu Yi contended that propriety had its foundation in service to one’s parents and ruler. Yet Buddha forsook his parents and left his family; indeed, he defied the Son of Heaven all by himself, just as he used an inherited body to rebel against his parents. Xiao Yu, Fu Yi went on to say, was not born in the wilds, but by his adherence to this doctrine of parental denial, he confirmed the saying that an unfilial son had in fact no parents. Xiao Yu, however, folded his hands in front of him and declared, “Hell was established precisely for people of this kind.”

Taizong thereupon called on the Lord High Chamberlain, Zhang Daoyuan, and the President of the Grand Secretariat, Zhang Shiheng, and asked how efficacious the Buddhist exercises were in the procurement of blessings. The two officials replied, “The emphasis of Buddha is on purity, benevolence, compassion, the proper fruits, and the unreality of things. It was Emperor Wu of the Northern Zhou dynasty who set the Three Religions in order.

The Chan Master, Da Hui, also had extolled those concepts of the dark and the distant. Generations of people revered such saints as the Fifth Patriarch, who became man, or the Bodhidharma, who appeared in his sacred form; none of them proved to be inconspicuous in grace and power. Moreover, it has been held since antiquity that the Three Religions are most honorable, not to be destroyed or abolished. We beseech, therefore, Your Majesty to exercise your clear and sagacious judgment.”

Highly pleased, Taizong said, “The words of our worthy subjects are not unreasonable. Anyone who disputes them further will be punished.”

He thereupon ordered Wei Zheng, Xiao Yu, and Zhang Daoyuan to invite the various Buddhist priests to prepare the site for the Grand Mass and to select from among them someone of great merit and virtue to serve as the altar master. All the officials then bowed their heads to the ground to thank the emperor before withdrawing. From that time also came the law that any person who denounces a monk or Buddhism will have his arms broken.

The next day the three court officials began the process of selection at the Mountain-River Altar, and from among the priests gathered there they chose an illustrious monk of great merit. “Who is this person?” you ask.

*Gold Cicada was his former divine name,
As heedless he was of the Buddha’s talk,
He had to suffer in this world of dust,
To fall in the net by being born a man.
He met misfortune as he came to Earth,
And evildoers even before his birth.*

His father: Chen, a zhuangyuan from Haizhou.
His mother's sire: chief of this dynasty's court.
Fated by his natal star to fall in the stream,
He followed tide and current, chased by mighty waves.
At Gold Mountain, the island, he had great luck,
For the abbot, Qian'an, raised him up.
He met his true mother at age eighteen,
And called on her father at the capital.
A great army was sent by Chief Kaishan
To stamp out at Hongzhou the vivious crew.
The zhuangyuan Guangrui escaped his doom:
Son rejoined sire—how worthy of praise!
They saw the emperor to receive his grace;
Their names resounded in Lingyan Tower.
Declining office, he chose a monk's life
At Hongfu Temple to seek the true Way,
This old Buddha-child, nicknamed River Float,
With a religious name of Chen Xuanzang.

So that very day the multitude selected the priest Xuanzang, a man who had been a monk since childhood, who maintained a vegetarian diet, and who had received the commandments the moment he left his mother's womb. His maternal grandfather was Yin Kaishan, one of the chief army commanders of the present dynasty. His father, Chen Guangrui, had taken the prize of zhuangyuan and was appointed Grand Secretary of the Wenyuan Chamber. Xuanzang, however, had no love for glory or wealth, being dedicated wholly to the pursuit of Nirvāṇa. Their investigations revealed that he had an excellent family background and the highest moral character. Not one of the thousands of classics and sūtras had he failed to master; none of the Buddhist chants and hymns was unknown to him. The three officials led Xuanzang before the throne. After going through elaborate court ritual, they bowed to report, "Your subjects, in obedience to your holy decree, have selected an illustrious monk by the name of Chen Xuanzang."

Hearing the name, Taizong thought silently for a long time and said, "Can Xuanzang be the son of Grand Secretary Chen Guangrui?"

Child River Float kowtowed and replied, "That is indeed your subject."

"This is a most appropriate choice," said Taizong, delighted. "You are truly a monk of great virtue and possessing the mind of Chan. We therefore appoint you the Grand Expositor of the Faith, Supreme Vicar of Priests." Xuanzang touched his forehead to the ground to express his gratitude and to receive his appointment.

He was given, furthermore, a cassock of knitted gold and five colors, a Vairocana hat, and the instruction diligently to seek out all worthy monks and to rank all these ācāryas in order. They were to follow the imperial decree and proceed to the Temple of Transformation, where they would begin the ritual after selecting a propitious day and hour.

Xuanzang bowed again to receive the decree and left. He went to the Temple of Transformation and gathered many monks together; they made ready the beds, built the platforms, and rehearsed the music. A total of one thousand two hundred worthy monks, young and old, were chosen, who were then further separated into three divisions occupying the rear, middle, and front portions of the hall. All the preparations were

completed and everything was put in order before the Buddhas. The third day of the ninth month of that same year was selected as the lucky day, when a Grand Mass of Land and Water lasting forty-nine days (in accordance with the number seven times seven) would begin. A memorial was presented to Taizong, who went with all his relatives and officials, both civil and military, to the Mass on that day to burn incense and listen to the lecture. We have a poem as testimony. The poem says:

*When the year-star of Zhenguan reached thirteen,
The king called his people to hear the Sacred Books.
The boundless Law was performed at a plot of truth;
Cloud, fog, and light filled the Great Promise Hall.
By grace the king decreed this grand temple's rite;
Shell-shed Gold Cicada sought wealth of the West.
He spread wide the good works to save the damned
And held his faith to preach the Three Modes of Life.*

In the thirteenth year of the Zhenguan period, when the year stood at *jisi* and the ninth month at *jiayu*, on the third day and at the auspicious hour of *gueimao*, Chen Xuanzang, the Great Expositor-Priest, gathered together one thousand two hundred illustrious monks. They met at the Temple of Transformation in the city of Chang'an to expound the various holy sūtras. After holding court early that morning, the emperor led many officials both military and civil and left the Treasure Hall of Golden Chimes by phoenix carriages and dragon chariots. They came to the temple to listen to the lectures and raise incense. How does the imperial cortege appear? Truly it comes with

*A sky full of blessed air,
Countless shafts of hallowed light.
The favorable wind blows gently;
The omnific sun shines brightly.
A thousand lords with girdle-jade walk in front and rear.
The many flags of guardsmen stand both left and right.
Those holding gilt bludgeons,
And halberds and axes,
March in pairs and pairs;
The red silk lanterns,
The royal incense urn,
Move in solemnity.
The dragons fly and the phoenixes dance;
The falcons soar and the eagles take wing.
This Son of Heaven's an upright sage;
The righteous ministers are good.
They increase our bliss by a thousand years, surpassing Yu and Shun;
They secure peace of ten thousand ages, rivaling Yao and Tang.
We also see the curve-handled umbrella,
And robes with rolling dragons—
Their glare lighting up each other;
The jade joined-rings,
The phoenix fans,
Waving through holy mist.
Those caps of pearls and belts of jade;
The purple sashes and medals of gold.*

*A thousand rows of soldiers protect the Throne;
Two lines of marshals uphold the carriage.
This emperor, cleansed and sincere, bows to the Buddha,
Glad to raise incense and seek virtue's fruit.*

The grand cortege of the Tang emperor soon arrived in front of the temple. The emperor ordered a halt to the music, left the carriages, and led many officials in the worship of Buddha by taking up burning incense sticks in their hands. After bowing three times holding the incense, they raised their heads and looked around them. This was indeed a splendid religious hall. You see

*Dancing flags and banners;
Bright, gleaming sunshades.
Dancing flags and banners
Fill the air with strands of flashing colored mists.
Bright, gleaming sunshades
Glow in the sun as fiery bolts.
Imposing, the gold image of Lokājyeṣṭha;
Most awesome, the jade features of the arhats.
Divine flowers fill the vases.
Sandalwood incense burn in the urns.
The divine flowers filling the vases
Adorn the temple with a brilliant forest of brocade.
The sandalwood incense burning in the urns
Covers the clear sky with waves of fragrant clouds.
Piled high on red trays are fruits in season.
On colored counters, mounds of cakes and sweets rest.
Rows of noble priests chant the holy sūtras
To save from their travails those orphaned souls.*

Taizong and his officials each lifted the incense; they also worshipped the golden body of the Buddha and paid homage to the arhats.

Thereafter, the Master of the Law, Chen Xuanzang, the Grand Expositor of the Faith, led the various monks to greet the Tang emperor.

After the ceremony, they went back to their seats according to their rank and station. The priest then presented Taizong with the proclamation for the deliverance of the orphaned souls. It read:

The supreme virtue is vast and endless, for Buddhism is founded upon Nirvāṇa. The spirit of the pure and the clean circulates freely and flows everywhere in the Three Regions. There are a thousand changes and ten thousand transformations, all regulated by the forces of yin and yang. Boundless and vast indeed are the substance, the function, the true nature, and the permanence of such phenomena.

But look at those orphaned souls, how worthy they are of our pity and commiseration! Now by the holy command of Taizong, we have selected and assembled various priests, who will engage in meditation and in the proclamation of the Law. Flinging wide the gates of salvation and setting in motion many vessels of mercy, we would deliver you, the multitudes, from the Sea of Woe and save you from perdition and from the Sixfold Path. You will be led to return to the way of truth and to enjoy the bliss of Heaven. Whether it be by motion, rest, or nonactivity, you will be united with, and become, pure essences. Therefore make use of this noble occasion, for you are invited to the pleasures of the celestial city. Take advantage of our Grand Mass so that you may find release from Hell's confinement, ascend quickly and freely to ultimate bliss, and travel without restraint in the Region of the West.

The poem says:

*An urn of immortal incense.
 Some scrolls of salvific power.
 As we proclaim this boundless Law,
 Receive now Heaven's endless grace.
 All your guilt and crime abolished,
 You lost souls may leave your prison.
 May our nation be firmly blessed
 With peace long and all-embracing.*

Highly pleased by what he read, Taizong said to the monks, "Be firm, all of you, in your devotion, and do not slack in your service to Buddha. After the achievement of merit and after each has received his blessing, we shall reward you handsomely. Be assured that you will not have labored in vain."

The twelve hundred monks all touched their foreheads to the ground to express their gratitude.

After the three vegetarian meals of the day, the Tang emperor returned to the palace to wait for the formal celebration of the mass seven days hence, when he would again be invited to raise incense. As dusk was about to fall, the various officials all retired. What sort of evening was this? Look at

*The long stretch of clear sky as twilight dims,
 As specks of jackdaw drop to their perch late.
 People grow quiet, the city full of lights:
 Now's the time for Chan monks to meditate.*

We have told you about the scenery of the night. The next morning the Master of the Law again ascended his seat and gathered the monks to recite their sūtras, but we shall say no more about that.

We shall now tell you about the Bodhisattva Guanyin of the Potalaka Mountain in the South Sea, who, since receiving the command of Tathāgata, was searching in the city of Chang'an for a worthy person to be the seeker of scriptures. For a long time, however, she did not encounter anyone truly virtuous. Then she learned that Taizong was extolling merit and virtue and selecting illustrious monks to hold the Grand Mass. When she discovered, moreover, that the chief priest and celebrant was the monk Child River Float, who was a child of Buddha born from paradise and who happened also to be the very elder whom she had sent to this incarnation, the Bodhisattva was exceedingly pleased. She immediately took the treasures bestowed by Buddha and carried them out with Mokṣa to sell them on the main streets of the city. "What were these treasures?" you ask. They were the embroidered cassock with rare jewels and the nine-ring priestly staff. But she kept hidden the Golden, the Constrictive, and the Prohibitive Fillets for use in a later time, putting up for sale only the cassock and the priestly staff.

Now in the city of Chang'an there was one of those foolish monks who had not been selected to participate in the Grand Mass but who happened to possess a few strands of pelf. Seeing the Bodhisattva, who had changed herself into a monk covered with scabs and sores, barefooted and bareheaded, dressed in rags, and holding up for sale the glowing cassock, he approached and asked, "You filthy monk, how much do you want for your cassock?"

"The price of the cassock," said the Bodhisattva, "is five thousand taels of silver; for the staff, two thousand."

The foolish monk laughed and said, “This filthy monk is mad! A lunatic! You want seven thousand taels of silver for two such common articles? They are not worth that much even if wearing them would make you immortal or turn you into a buddha. Take them away! You’ll never be able to sell them!”

The Bodhisattva did not bother to argue with him; she walked away and proceeded on her journey with Mokṣa.

After a long while, they came to the Eastern Flower Gate and ran right into the chief minister Xiao Yu, who was just returning from court. His outriders were shouting to clear the streets, but the Bodhisattva boldly refused to step aside. She stood on the street holding the cassock and met the chief minister head on. The chief minister pulled in his reins to look at this bright, luminous cassock, and asked his subordinates to inquire about the price of the garment. “I want five thousand taels for the cassock,” said the Bodhisattva, “and two thousand for the staff.”

“What is so good about them,” asked Xiao Yu, “that they should be so expensive?”

“This cassock,” said the Bodhisattva, “has something good about it, and something bad, too. For some people it may be very expensive, but for others it may cost nothing at all.”

“What’s good about it,” asked Xiao Yu, “and what’s bad about it?”

“He who wears my cassock,” replied the Bodhisattva, “will not fall into perdition, will not suffer in Hell, will not encounter violence, and will not meet tigers and wolves. That’s how good it is! But if the person happens to be a foolish monk who relishes pleasures and rejoices in iniquities, or a priest who obeys neither the dietary laws nor the commandments, or a worldly fellow who attacks the sūtras and slanders the Buddha, he will never even get to see my cassock. That’s what’s bad about it!”

The chief minister asked again, “What do you mean, it will be expensive for some and not expensive for others?”

“He who does not follow the Law of Buddha,” said the Bodhisattva, “or revere the Three Jewels will be required to pay seven thousand taels if he insists on buying my cassock and my staff. That’s how expensive it’ll be! But if he honors the Three Jewels, rejoices in doing good deeds, and obeys our Buddha, he is a person worthy of these things. I shall willingly give him the cassock and the staff to establish an affinity of goodness with him. That’s what I meant when I said that for some it would cost nothing.” When Xiao Yu heard these words, his face could not hide his pleasure, for he knew that this was a good person. He dismounted at once and greeted the Bodhisattva ceremoniously, saying, “Your Holy Eminence, please pardon whatever offense Xiao Yu might have caused. Our Great Tang Emperor is a most religious person, and all the officials of his court are like-minded. In fact, we have just begun a Grand Mass of Land and Water, and this cassock will be most appropriate for the use of Chen Xuanzang, the Grand Expositor of the Faith. Let me go with you to have an audience with the Throne.”

The Bodhisattva was happy to comply with the suggestion. They turned around and went into the Eastern Flower Gate. The Custodian of the Yellow Door went inside to make the report, and they were summoned to the Treasure Hall, where Xiao Yu and the two monks covered with scabs and sores stood below the steps. “What does Xiao Yu want to report to us?” asked the Tang emperor.

Prostrating himself before the steps, Xiao Yu said, “Your subject going out of the Eastern Flower Gate met by chance these two monks, selling a cassock and a priestly staff. I thought of the priest, Xuanzang, who might wear this garment. For this reason, we asked to have an audience with Your Majesty.”

Highly pleased, Taizong asked for the price of the cassock. The Bodhisattva and Mokṣa stood at the foot of the steps but did not bow at all. When asked the price of the cassock, the Bodhisattva replied, “Five thousand taels for the cassock and two thousand for the priestly staff.”

“What’s so good about the cassock,” said Taizong, “that it should cost so much?”

The Bodhisattva said:

*“Of this cassock,
A dragon which wears but one shred
Will miss the woe of being devoured by the great roc;
Or a crane on which one thread is hung
Will transcend this world and reach the place of the gods.
Sit in it:
Ten thousand gods will salute you!
Move with it:
Seven Buddhas will follow you!
This cassock was made of silk drawn from ice silkworm
And threads spun by skilled craftsmen.
Immortal girls did the weaving;
Divine maidens helped at the loom.
Bit by bit, the parts were sewn and embroidered.
Stitch by stitch, it arose—a brocade from the heddle,
Its pellucid weave finer than ornate blooms.
Its colors, brilliant, emit precious light.
Wear it, and crimson mist will surround your frame.
Doff it, and see the colored clouds take flight.
Outside the Three Heavens’ door its primal light was seen;
Before the Five Mountains its magic aura grew.
Inlaid are layers of lotus from the West,
And hanging pearls shine like planets and stars.
On four corners are pearls that glow at night;
On top stays fastened an emerald.
Though lacking the all-seeing primal form,
It’s held by Eight Treasures all aglow.
This cassock
You keep folded at leisure;
You wear it to meet sages.
When it’s kept folded at leisure,
Its rainbowlike hues cut through a thousand wrappings.
When you wear it to meet sages,
All Heaven takes fright—both demons and gods!
On top are the rddhi pearl,
The māṇi pearl,*

*The dust-clearing pearl,
 The wind-stopping pearl.
 There are also the red cornelian,
 The purple coral,
 The luminescent pearl,
 The Śārīputra.
 They rob the moon of its whiteness;
 They match the sun in its redness.
 In waves its divine aura imbues the sky;
 In flashes its brightness lifts up its perfection.
 In waves its divine aura imbues the sky,
 Flooding the Gate of Heaven.
 In flashes its brightness lifts up its perfection,
 Lighting up the whole world.
 Shining upon the mountains and the streams,
 It wakens tigers and leopards;
 Lighting up the isles and the seas,
 It moves dragons and fishes.
 Along its edges hang two chains of melted gold,
 And joins the collars a ring of snow-white jade.*

The poem says:

*The august Three Jewels' most noble truths
 Judge all Four Creatures on the Sixfold Path.
 The mind brightened feeds on God's Law and man's;
 The nature perceived transmits the wisdom lamp.
 Solemn Vajradhātu guards one's body
 When a mind's pure like ice in flasks of jade.
 Since Buddha caused this cassock to be made,
 Which ten thousand kalpas could harm a monk?"*

When the Tang emperor, who was up in the Treasure Hall, heard these words, he was highly pleased. "Tell me, priest," he asked again, "What's so good about the nine-ring priestly staff?"

"My staff," said the Bodhisattva, "has on it

*Nine joined-rings made of iron and set in bronze,
 And nine joints of vine immortal ever young.
 When held, it scorns the sight of aging bones;
 It leaves the mount to return with fleecy clouds.
 It roamed through Heaven with the Fifth Patriarch;
 It broke Hell's gate where Luo Bo sought his Mom.
 Not soiled by the filth of this red-dust world,
 It gladly trails the god-monk up Mount Jade."*

When the Tang emperor heard these words, he gave the order to have the cassock spread open so that he might examine it carefully from top to bottom. It was indeed a marvelous thing! "Venerable Elder of the Great Law," he said, "we shall not deceive you. At this very moment we have exalted the Religion of Mercy and planted abundantly in the fields of blessing. You may see many priests assembled in the Temple

of Transformation to perform the Law and the sūtras. In their midst is a man of great merit and virtue, whose religious name is Xuanzang. We wish, therefore, to purchase these two treasure objects from you to give them to him. How much do you really want for these things?"

Hearing these words, the Bodhisattva and Mokṣa folded their hands and gave praise to the Buddha.

"If he is a man of virtue and merit," she said to the Throne, bowing, "this humble cleric is willing to give them to him. I shall not accept any money." She finished speaking and turned at once to leave. The Tang emperor quickly asked Xiao Yu to hold her back.

Standing up in the Hall, he bowed low before saying, "Previously you claimed that the cassock was worth five thousand taels of silver, and the staff two thousand. Now that you see we want to buy them, you refuse to accept payment. Are you implying that we would bank on our position and take your possession by force? That's absurd! We shall pay you according to the original sum you asked for; please do not refuse it." Raising her hands for a salutation, the Bodhisattva said, "This humble cleric made a vow before, stating that anyone who reveres the Three Treasures, rejoices in virtue, and submits to our Buddha will be given these treasures free. Since it is clear that Your Majesty is eager to magnify virtue, to rest in excellence, and to honor our Buddhist faith by having an illustrious monk proclaim the Great Law, it is my duty to present these gifts to you. I shall take no money for them. They will be left here and this humble cleric will take leave of you." When the Tang emperor saw that she was so insistent, he was very pleased. He ordered the Court of Banquets to prepare a huge vegetarian feast to thank the Bodhisattva, who firmly declined that also. She left amiably and went back to her hiding place at the Temple of the Local Spirit, which we shall mention no further.

We tell you now about Taizong, who held a noon court and asked Wei Zheng to summon Xuanzang to an audience. That Master of the Law was just leading the monks in chanting sūtras and reciting *geyas*.

When he heard the emperor's decree, he left the platform immediately and followed Wei Zheng to come before the Throne. "We have greatly troubled our Master," said Taizong, "to render exemplary good works, for which we have hardly anything to offer you in thanks. This morning Xiao Yu came upon two monks who were willing to present us with a brocaded cassock with rare treasures and a nine-ring priestly staff. We therefore call specially for you so that you may receive them for your enjoyment and use." Xuanzang kowtowed to express his thanks.

"If our Master of the Law is willing," said Taizong, "please put the garment on for us to have a look."

The priest accordingly shook open the cassock and draped it on his body, holding the staff in his hands. As he stood before the steps, ruler and subjects were all delighted. Here was a true child of Tathāgata! Look at him:

*His looks imposing, how elegant and fine!
This robe of Buddha fits him like a glove!
Its most lustrous splendor spills o'er the world;
Its bright colors imbue the universe.
Up and down are set rows of shining pearls;
Back and front thread layers of golden cords.
Brocade gilds the robe's edges all around,*

*With patterns embroidered most varied and rare.
 Shaped like Eight Treasures are the thread-made frogs.
 A gold ring joins the collars with velvet loops.
 It shows on top and bottom Heaven's ranks,
 And stars, great and small, are placed left and right.
 Great is the fortune of Xuanzang, the priest,
 Now most deserving of this precious thing.
 He seems a living arhat from the West,
 Or even better than its true elite.
 He holds his staff and all its nine rings clang,
 Benefic in his Vairocana hat.
 A true Buddha-child, it's no idle tale,
 He matches the Bodhi and that's no lie!*

The various officials, both civil and military, stood before the steps and shouted “Bravo!”

Taizong could not have been more pleased, and he told the Master of the Law to keep his cassock on and the staff in his hands. Two regiments of honor guards were ordered to accompany him along with many other officials. They left the gate of the court and proceeded on the main streets toward the temple, and the whole entourage gave the impression that a zhuangyuan was making a tour of the city. The procession was a stirring sight indeed!

The merchants and tradesmen in the city of Chang'an, the princes and noblemen, the men of ink and letters, the grown men and the little girls—they all vied to get a good view. Everyone exclaimed, “What a priest! He is truly a living arhat descended to Earth, a live bodhisattva coming to the world!” Xuanzang went right to the temple where he was met by all the monks leaving their seats. The moment they saw him wearing that cassock and holding the staff, they all said that King Kṣitigarbha had arrived! Everyone bowed to him and waited on him left and right. Going up to the main hall, Xuanzang lighted incense to honor the Buddha, after which he spoke of the emperor's favor to the multitude. Thereafter, each went back to his assigned seat, and soon the fiery orb sank westward.

So it was

*Sunset: mist hid trees and grasses;
 The capital's first chimes rang out.
 Zheng-zheng they struck thrice, and human traffic ceased;
 Streets back and front soon grew quiet.
 Though lights burned bright at First Temple,
 The lone village was hush and mute.
 The monk focused to tend the sūtras still—
 Time to smelt demons, to nurse his spirit.*

Time went by like the snapping of fingers, and the formal celebration of the Grand Mass on the seventh day was to take place. Xuanzang presented the Tang emperor with a memorial, inviting him to raise the incense. News of these good works was circulating throughout the empire. Upon receiving the notice, Taizong sent for his carriage and led many of his officials, both civil and military, as well as his relatives and the ladies of the court, to the temple. All the people of the city—young and old, nobles and commoners—went along also to hear the preaching. At the same time, the

Bodhisattva said to Mokṣa, “Today is the formal celebration of the Grand Mass, the first seventh of seven such occasions. It’s about time for you and me to join the crowd. First, we want to see how the mass is going; second, we want to find out whether Gold Cicada is worthy of my treasures; and third, we can discover what division of Buddhism he is preaching about.” The two of them thereupon went to the temple; and so it is that

*Affinity will help old comrades meet
As perfection returns to this holy seat.*

As they walked inside the temple to look around, they discovered that such a place in the capital of a great nation indeed surpassed the Ṣaḍ-varṣa, or even the Jetavana Garden of the Śrāvastī. It was truly a lofty temple of Caturdiśgaḥ, resounding with divine music and Buddhist chants. Our Bodhisattva went directly to the side of the platform of many treasures and beheld a form truly resembling the enlightened Gold Cicada. The poem says:

*All things were pure with not a spot of dust.
Xuanzang of the Great Law sat high onstage.
Lost souls, redeemed, approached the place unseen;
The city’s highborn came to hear the Law.
You give when time’s ripe: this intent’s far-reaching.
You die as you please, the Canon door’s open.
As they heard him rehearse the Boundless Law,
Young and old were glad and comforted.*

Another poem says:

*Since she made a tour of this holy site,
She met a friend unlike all other men.
They spoke of the present and of countless things—
Of merit and trial in this world of dust.
The cloud of Law extends to shroud the hills;
The net of Truth spread wide to fill all space.
Asses your lives and return to good thoughts,
For Heaven’s grace is rife as falling blooms.*

On the platform, that Master of the Law recited for a while the *Sūtra of Life and Deliverance for the Dead*; he then lectured for a while on the *Heavenly Treasure Chronicle for Peace in the Nation*, after which he preached for a while on the *Scroll on Merit and Self-Cultivation*.

The Bodhisattva drew near and thumped her hands on the platform, calling out in a loud voice, “Hey, monk! You only know how to talk about the teachings of the Little Vehicle. Don’t you know anything about the Great Vehicle?” When Xuanzang heard this question, he was filled with delight. He turned and leaped down from the platform, raised his hands and saluted the Bodhisattva, saying, “Venerable Teacher, please pardon your pupil for much disrespect. I only know that the priests who came before me all talk about the teachings of the Little Vehicle. I have no idea what the Great Vehicle teaches.”

“The doctrines of your Little Vehicle,” said the Bodhisattva, “cannot save the damned by leading them up to Heaven; they can only mislead and confuse mortals. I have in my possession Tripitaka, three collections of the Great Vehicle Laws of Buddha, which are able to send the lost to Heaven, to deliver the afflicted from their sufferings, to fashion ageless bodies, and to break the cycles of coming and going.”

As they were speaking, the officer in charge of incense and the inspection of halls reported to the emperor, “The Master was just in the process of lecturing on the wondrous Law when he was pulled down by two scabby mendicants, babbling some kind of nonsense.”

The king ordered them to be arrested, and the two monks were taken by many people and pushed into the hall in the rear. When the monk saw Taizong, she neither raised her hands nor made a bow; instead, she lifted her face and said, “What do you want of me, Your Majesty?” Recognizing her, the Tang emperor said, “Aren’t you the monk who brought us the cassock the other day?”

“I am,” said the Bodhisattva. “If you have come to listen to the lecture,” said Taizong, “you may as well take some vegetarian food. Why indulge in this wanton discussion with our Master and disturb the lecture hall, delaying our religious service?”

“What that Master of yours was lecturing on,” said the Bodhisattva, “happens to be the teachings of the Little Vehicle, which cannot lead the lost up to Heaven. In my possession is the Tripitaka, the Great Vehicle Law of Buddha, which is able to save the damned, deliver the afflicted, and fashion the indestructible body.”

Delighted, Taizong asked eagerly, “Where is your Great Vehicle Law of Buddha?”

“At the place of our lord, Tathāgata,” said the Bodhisattva, “in the Great Temple of Thunderclap, located in India of the Great Western Heaven. It can untie the knot of a hundred enmities; it can dispel unexpected misfortunes.”

“Can you remember any of it?” said Taizong. “Certainly,” said the Bodhisattva. Taizong was overjoyed and said, “Let the Master lead this monk to the platform to begin a lecture at once.” Our Bodhisattva led Mokṣa and flew up onto the high platform. She then trod on the hallowed clouds to rise up into the air and revealed her true salvific form, holding the pure vase with the willow branch. At her left stood the virile figure of Mokṣa carrying the rod. The Tang emperor was so overcome that he bowed to the sky and worshipped, as civil and military officials all knelt on the ground and burned incense. Throughout the temple, there was not one of the monks, nuns, Daoists, secular persons, scholars, craftsmen, and merchants, who did not bow down and exclaim, “Dear Bodhisattva! Dear Bodhisattva!” We have a song as a testimony.

They saw only

*Auspicious mist in diffusion
And dharmakāya veiled by holy light.
In the bright air of ninefold Heaven
A lady immortal appeared.
That Bodhisattva
Wore on her head a cap
Fastened by leaves of gold
And set with flowers of jade,
With tassels of dangling pearls,
All aglow with golden light.
On her body she had
A robe of fine blue silk,
Lightly colored
And simply fretted*

*By circling dragons
 And soaring phoenixes.
 Down in front was hung
 A pair of fragrant girdle-jade,
 Which glowed with the moon
 And danced with the wind,
 Overlaid with precious pearls
 And with imperial jade.
 Around her waist was tied
 An embroidered velvet skirt
 Of ice worm silk
 And piped in gold,
 In which she topped the colored clouds
 And crossed the jasper sea.
 Before her she led
 A cockatoo with red beak and yellow plumes,
 Which had roamed the Eastern Ocean
 And throughout the world
 To foster deeds of mercy and filial piety.
 She held in her hands
 A grace-dispensing and world-sustaining precious vase,
 In which was planted
 A twig of pliant willow,
 That could moisten the blue sky,
 And sweep aside all evil—
 All clinging fog and smoke.
 Her jade rings joined embroidered loops;
 Gold lotus grew beneath her feet.
 For three days oft she came and went:
 This very Guanshiyin who saves from pain and woe.*

So pleased by the vision was Tang Taizong that he forgot about his empire; so enthralled were the civil and military officials that they completely ignored court etiquette. Everyone was chanting, “Namo Bodhisattva Guanshiyin!”

Taizong at once gave the order for a skilled painter to sketch the true form of the Bodhisattva. No sooner had he spoken than a certain Wu Daozi was selected, who could portray gods and sages and was a master of the noble perspective and lofty vision. (This man, in fact, was the one who would later paint the portraits of meritorious officials in the Lingyan Tower.) Immediately he opened up his magnificent brush to record the true form. The hallowed clouds of the Bodhisattva gradually drifted away, and in a little while the golden light disappeared. From midair came floating down a slip of paper on which were plainly written several lines in the style of the *gāthā*:

*We greet the great Ruler of Tang
 With scripts most sublime of the West.
 The way: a hundred and eight thousand miles.
 This Mahāyāna seek earnestly.
 These Books, when they reach your fair state,
 Can redeem damned spirits from Hell.*

*If someone is willing to go,
He'll become a Buddha of gold.*

When Taizong saw the *gāthā*, he said to the various monks:

“Let’s stop the Mass. Wait until I have sent someone to bring back the scriptures of the Great Vehicle. We shall then renew our sincere effort to cultivate the fruits of virtue.” Not one of the officials disagreed with the emperor, who then asked in the temple, “Who is willing to accept our commission to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven?”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the Master of the Law stepped from the side and saluted him, saying, “Though your poor monk has no talents, he is ready to perform the service of a dog and a horse. I shall seek these true scriptures on behalf of Your Majesty, that the empire of our king may be firm and everlasting.”

Highly pleased, the Tang emperor went forward to raise up the monk with his royal hands, saying, “If the Master is willing to express his loyalty this way, undaunted by the great distance or by the journey over mountains and streams, we are willing to become bond brothers with you.” Xuanzang touched his forehead to the ground to express his gratitude. Being indeed a righteous man, the Tang emperor went at once before Buddha’s image in the temple and bowed to Xuanzang four times, addressing him as “our brother and holy monk.”

Deeply moved, Xuanzang said, “Your Majesty, what ability and what virtue does your poor monk possess that he should merit such affection from your Heavenly Grace? I shall not spare myself in this journey, but I shall proceed with all diligence until I reach the Western Heaven. If I do not attain my goal, or the true scriptures, I shall not return to our land even if I have to die. I would rather fall into eternal perdition in Hell.”

He thereupon lifted the incense before Buddha and made that his vow. Highly pleased, the Tang emperor ordered his carriage back to the palace to wait for the auspicious day and hour, when official documents could be issued for the journey to begin. And so the Throne withdrew as everyone dispersed.

Xuanzang also went back to the Temple of Great Blessing. The many monks of that temple and his several disciples, who had heard about the quest for the scriptures, all came to see him. They asked, “Is it true that you have vowed to go to the Western Heaven?”

“It is,” said Xuanzang. “O Master,” one of his disciples said, “I have heard people say that the way to the Western Heaven is long, filled with tigers, leopards, and all kinds of monsters. I fear that there will be departure but no return for you, as it will be difficult to safeguard your life.”

“I have already made a great vow and a profound promise,” said Xuanzang, “that if I do not acquire the true scriptures, I shall fall into eternal perdition in Hell. Since I have received such grace and favor from the king, I have no alternative but to serve my country to the utmost of my loyalty. It is true, of course, that I have no knowledge of how I shall fare on this journey or whether good or evil awaits me.”

He said to them again, “My disciples, after I leave, wait for two or three years, or six or seven years. If you see the branches of the pine trees within our gate pointing eastward, you will know that I am about to return. If not, I shall not be coming back.”

The disciples all committed his words firmly to memory.

The next morning Taizong held court and gathered all the officials together. They wrote up the formal rescript stating the intent to acquire scriptures and stamped it with the seal of free passage. The President of the Imperial Board of Astronomy then came with the report, "Today the positions of the planets are especially favorable for men to make a journey of great length."

The Tang emperor was most delighted. Thereafter the Custodian of the Yellow Gate also made a report, saying, "The Master of the Law awaits your pleasure outside the court."

The emperor summoned him up to the treasure hall and said, "Royal Brother, today is an auspicious day for the journey, and your rescript for free passage is ready. We also present you with a bowl made of purple gold for you to collect alms on your way. Two attendants have been selected to accompany you, and a horse will be your means of travel. You may begin your journey at once."

Highly pleased, Xuanzang expressed his gratitude and received his gifts, not displaying the least desire to linger. The Tang emperor called for his carriage and led many officials outside the city gate to see him off. The monks in the Temple of Great Blessing and the disciples were already waiting there with Xuanzang's winter and summer clothing. When the emperor saw them, he ordered the bags to be packed on the horses first, and then asked an officer to bring a pitcher of wine. Taizong lifted his cup to toast the pilgrim, saying, "What is the byname of our Royal Brother?"

"Your poor monk," said Xuanzang, "is a person who has left the family. He dares not assume a byname."

"The Bodhisattva said earlier," said Taizong, "that there were three collections of scriptures in the Western Heaven."

Our Brother can take that as a byname and call himself Tripitaka. How about it?"

Thanking him, Xuanzang accepted the wine and said, "Your Majesty, wine is the first prohibition of priesthood. Your poor monk has practiced abstinence since birth."

"Today's journey," said Taizong, "is not to be compared with any ordinary event. Please drink one cup of this dietary wine, and accept our good wishes that go along with the toast." Xuanzang dared not refuse; he took the wine and was about to drink, when he saw Taizong stoop down to scoop up a handful of dirt with his fingers and sprinkle it in the wine. Tripitaka had no idea what this gesture meant.

"Dear Brother," said Taizong, laughing, "how long will it take you to come back from this trip to the Western Heaven?"

"Probably in three years time," said Tripitaka, "I'll be returning to our noble nation."

"The years are long and the journey is great," said Taizong.

"Drink this, Royal Brother, and remember:

*Treasure a handful of dirt from your home,
But love not ten thousand taels of foreign gold."*

Then Tripitaka understood the meaning of the handful of dirt sprinkled in his cup; he thanked the emperor once more and drained the cup. He went out of the gate

and left, as the Tang emperor returned in his carriage. We do not know what will happen to him on this journey; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTEEN

*In the den of tigers, the Gold Star brings deliverance
At Double-Fork Ridge, Boqin detains the monk*

*The rich Tang ruler issued a decree,
Deputing Xuanzang to seek the source of Chan.
He bent his mind to find the Dragon Den,
With firm resolve to climb the Vulture Peak.
Through how many states did he roam beyond his own?
Through clouds and hills he passed ten thousand times.
He now leaves the throne to go to the West;
He'll keep law and faith to reach the Great Void.*

We shall now tell you about Tripitaka, who, on the third day before the fifteenth of the ninth month in the thirteenth year of the period Zhenguan, was sent off by the Tang emperor and many officials from outside the gate of Chang'an. For a couple of days his horse trotted without ceasing, and soon they reached the Temple of the Law Gate. The abbot of that temple led some five hundred monks on both sides to receive him and took him inside. As they met, tea was served, after which a vegetarian meal was presented.

Soon after the meal, dusk fell, and thus

*Shadows moved to the Star River's nearing pulse;
The moon was bright without a speck of dust.
The wild geese called from the distant sky,
And washing flails beat from nearby homes.
As birds returned to perch on withered trees,
The Chan monks conversed in their Sanskrit tones.
On rush mats placed upon a single bunk,
They sat until halfway through the night.*

Beneath the lamps the various monks discussed Buddhist doctrines and the purpose of seeking scriptures in the Western Heaven.

Some pointed out that the waters were wide and the mountains very high; others mentioned that the roads were crowded with tigers and leopards; still others maintained that the precipitous peaks were difficult to scale; and another group insisted that the vicious monsters were hard to subdue. Tripitaka, however, kept his mouth shut tightly, but he pointed with his finger to his own heart and nodded his head several times. Not perceiving what he meant, the various monks folded their hands and asked, "Why did the Master of the Law point to his heart and nod his head?"

"When the mind is active,"

Tripitaka replied, "all kinds of *māra* come into existence; when the mind is extinguished, all kinds of *māra* will be extinguished. This disciple has already made an important vow before Buddha in the Temple of Transformation, and he has no alternative but to fulfill it with his whole heart. If I go, I shall not turn aside until I have reached the Western Heaven, seen Buddha, and acquired the scriptures so that the Wheel of the Law will be turned to us and the kingdom of our lord will be secured forever." When the various monks heard this statement, everyone congratulated and

commended him, saying, “A loyal and valiant master!” They praised him unceasingly as they escorted him to bed.

Soon

*The bamboos struck down the setting moon
And the cocks crowed to gather the clouds of dawn.*

The various monks arose and prepared some tea and the morning meal. Xuanzang put on his cassock and went to worship Buddha in the main hall. “Your disciple, Chen Xuanzang,” he said, “is on his way to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. But my fleshly eyes are dim and unperceptive and do not recognize the true form of the living Buddha. Now I wish to make a vow: that throughout this journey I shall burn incense whenever I come upon a temple, I shall worship Buddha whenever I meet a Buddha, and I shall sweep a pagoda whenever I reach a pagoda. May our Buddha be merciful and soon reveal to me his Diamond Body sixteen feet tall. May he grant me the true scriptures so that they may be preserved in the Land of the East.”

He finished his prayer and went back to the hall for the vegetarian meal, after which his two attendants made ready the saddle and urged him to begin his journey. Going out of the temple’s gate, Tripitaka took leave of the monks, who grieved to see him go. They accompanied him for ten miles before turning back, tears in their eyes, as Tripitaka proceeded directly toward the West. It was the time of late autumn. You see

*Trees growing bare in hamlets as rush petals break;
From every maple column the red leaves fall.
Trekking through paths of mist and rain are few.
The fair chrysanthemums,
The sharp mountain rocks,
Cold streams and cracked lilies all make one sad.
Snow falls from a frosty sky on rushes and reeds.
One duck at dusk descends in the distant void.
Clouds o’er the wilds move through the gathering gloom.
The swallows depart;
The wild geese appear—
Their cries, though loud, are halting and forlorn.*

After traveling for several days, master and disciples arrived at the city of Gongzhou. They were met at once by the various municipal officials of that city, where they spent the night. The next morning they set off again, taking food and drink along the way, resting by night and journeying by day. In two or three days, they arrived at the District of Hezhou, which formed the border of the Great Tang Empire. When the garrison commander of the border as well as the local monks and priests heard that the Master of the Law, a bond brother of the emperor, was on his way to the Western Heaven to see Buddha by royal commission, they received the travelers with due reverence. Some chief priests then invited them to spend the night at Fuyuan Temple, where every resident cleric came to pay respect to the pilgrims. Dinner was served, after which the two attendants were told to feed the horses well, for the Master wanted to leave before dawn. At the first crowing of the cock, he called for his attendants and aroused the monks of that temple. They hastened to prepare tea and breakfast, after which the pilgrims departed from the border.

Because he was somewhat impatient to get going, the Master arose a trifle too early. The fact is that this was late autumn, when cocks crow rather early—at about the

time of the fourth watch. Facing the clear frost and the bright moon, the three of them (the horse made up the fourth member of the team) journeyed for some twenty or thirty miles, when they came upon a mountain range. It soon became exceedingly difficult for them to find their way. As they had to poke around in the grass to look for a path, they began to worry that they might be heading in the wrong direction. In that very anxious moment, they suddenly tripped; all three of them as well as the horse tumbled into a deep pit. Tripitaka was terrified; his companions all shook with fear. They were still trembling when they heard voices shouting, "Seize them! Seize them!"

A violent wind swept by, and a mob of fifty or sixty ogres appeared, who seized Tripitaka with his companions and hauled them out of the pit. Quivering and shivering, the Master of the Law stole a glance around and saw a ferocious Monster King seated up on high. Truly he had

*A figure most awesomely bold,
A face most distinctly fierce.
Light flashed from his lightninglike eyes;
All quaked at his thunderous voice.
His sawlike teeth jutted outward,
Like fangs they emerged from his jaws.
Brocade wrapped his body around,
And coiling stripes covered his spine.
They saw flesh through sparse, steely whiskers.
Keen-edged were his claws like sharp swords.
Even Huang Gong of East Sea would fear
This white-browed King of Mount South.*

Tripitaka was so frightened that his spirit left him, while the bones of his followers grew weak and their tendons turned numb.

The Monster King shouted for them to be bound, and the various ogres tied up all three of them with ropes. They were being prepared to be eaten when a clamor was heard outside the camp. Someone came in to report:

"The Bear Mountain Lord and the Steer Hermit have arrived."

Hearing this, Tripitaka looked up. The first one to come in was a swarthy fellow. "How did he look?" you ask.

*He seemed valiant and courageous,
With body both tough and brawny.
His great strength could ford the waters.
He prowled the woods, flaunting his power.
Ever a good omen in dreams,
He showed now his forceful features.
He could break or climb the green trees,
And predicted when winter was near.
Truly he was most clever.
Hence Mountain Lord was his name.*

Following behind him was another husky fellow. "How did he look?" you ask.

*A cap of twin horns rugged,
And a humpback most majestic.
His green robe showed his calm nature,*

*He walked with a slumberous gait.
 He came from a father named Bull;
 His mother's proper name was Cow.
 A great boon to people who plowed,
 He was thus called the Steer Hermit.*

The two of them swaggered in, and the Monster King hurried out to receive them. The Bear Mountain Lord said, "You are in top form, General Yin. Congratulations! Congratulations!"

"General Yin looks better than ever," said the Steer Hermit. "It's marvelous! It's marvelous!"

"And you two gentlemen, how have you been these days?" asked the Monster King. "Just maintaining my idleness," said the Mountain Lord. "Just keeping up with the times," said the Hermit. After these exchanges, they sat down to chat some more.

Meanwhile, one of Tripitaka's attendants was bound so tightly that he began to moan pitifully. "How did these three get here?" asked the swarthy fellow. "They practically presented themselves at the door!" said the Monster King. "Can they be used for the guests' dinner?" asked the Hermit, laughing. "By all means!" said the Monster King. "Let's not finish them all up," said the Mountain Lord.

"We'll dine on two of them and leave one over."

The Monster King agreed. He called his subordinates at once to have the attendants eviscerated and their carcasses carved up; their heads, hearts, and livers were to be presented to the guests, the limbs to the host, and the remaining portions of flesh and bone to the rest of the ogres. The moment the order was given, the ogres pounced on the attendants like tigers preying on sheep: munching and crunching, they devoured them in no time at all. The priest nearly died of fear, for this, you see, was his first bitter ordeal since his departure from Chang'an.

As he was nursing his horror, light began to grow in the east. The two monsters did not retire until dawn. Saying, "We're beholden to your generous hospitality today. Permit us to repay in kind in another time," they left together. Soon the sun rose high in the sky, but Tripitaka was still in a stupor, unable to discern which way was north, south, east, or west. In that half-dead condition, he suddenly saw an old man approaching, holding a staff in his hands. Walking up to Tripitaka, the man waved his hands and all the ropes snapped. He then blew on Tripitaka, and the monk began to revive. Falling on the ground, he said, "I thank the aged father for saving the life of this poor monk!"

"Get up," the old man said, returning his salute, "have you lost anything?"

"The followers of your poor monk," said Tripitaka, "have been eaten by the monsters. I have no idea where my horse is or my luggage."

"Isn't that your horse over there with the two bundles?" asked the old man, pointing with his staff. Tripitaka turned around and discovered that his belongings had indeed remained untouched. Somewhat relieved, he asked the old man, "Aged father, what is this place? How do you happen to be here?"

"It is called the Double-Fork Ridge, a place infested with tigers and wolves. How did you manage to get here?"

“At the first crow of the cock,” said Tripitaka, “your poor monk left the District of Hezhou. Little did I realize that we had risen too early, and we lost our way tramping through fog and dew. We came upon this Monster King so exceedingly ferocious that he captured me and my two followers. There was also a swarthy fellow called the Bear Mountain Lord and a husky fellow called the Steer Hermit. They arrived and addressed the Monster King as General Yin. All three of them devoured my two followers and retired only at dawn. I have no idea where I accrued the fortune and merit that caused the aged father to rescue me here.”

“That Steer Hermit,” said the old man, “is a wild bull spirit; the Mountain Lord, a bear spirit; and General Yin, a tiger spirit. The various ogres are all demons of mountains and trees, spirits of strange beasts and wolves. Because of the primal purity of your nature, they cannot devour you. Follow me now, and I shall lead you on your way.”

Tripitaka could not be more thankful. Fastening the bundles on the saddle and leading his horse, he followed the old man out of the pit and walked toward the main road. He tied the horse to the bushes beside the path and turned to thank the aged father. At that moment a gentle breeze swept by, and the old man rose into the air and left, riding on a white crane with a crimson head. As the wind subsided, a slip of paper fluttered down, with four lines of verse written on it:

*I am the Planet Venus from the West,
Who came to save you by special request,
Some pupils divine will come to your aid.
Blame not the scriptures for hardships ahead.*

When Tripitaka read this, he bowed toward the sky saying, “I thank the Gold Star for seeing me through this ordeal.”

After that, he led his horse off again on his lonely and melancholy journey.

On this ridge truly you have

*Cold and souging, the wind of the rainforest;
Purling and gurgling, the water of the brooklets;
Fragrant and musky, wildflowers in bloom;
In clutters and clumps, rough rocks piled high;
Chattering and clattering, the apes and the deer;
In rank and file, the musk and the fallow deer.
Chirping and cooing, birds frequently call.
Silent and still, not one man is in sight.
That master
Shivers and quivers to his anxious mind.
This dear horse,
Scared and nervous, can barely raise his legs.*

Ready to abandon his body and sacrifice his life, Tripitaka started up that rugged mountain. He journeyed for half a day, but not a single human being or dwelling was in sight. He was gnawed by hunger and disheartened by the rough road. In that desperate moment, he saw two fierce tigers growling in front of him and several huge snakes circling behind him; vicious creatures appeared on his left and strange beasts on his right. As he was all by himself, Tripitaka had little alternative but to submit himself to the will of Heaven. As if to complete his helplessness, his horse's back was sagging and

its legs were buckling; it went to its knees and soon lay prostrate on the ground. He could budge it neither by beating nor by tugging. With hardly an inch of space to stand on, our Master of the Law was in the depths of despair, thinking that certain death would be his fate. We can tell you, however, that though he was in danger, help was on its way. For just as he thought he was about to expire, the vicious creatures began to scatter and the monstrous beasts fled; the fierce tigers vanished and the huge snakes disappeared. When Tripitaka looked further ahead, he saw a man coming over the mountain slope with a steel trident in his hands and bow and arrows at his waist. He was indeed a valiant figure! Look at him:

*He had on his head a cap
Of leopard skin, spotted and artemisia white;
He wore on his body a robe
Of lamb's wool with dark silk brocade.
Around his waist was tied a lion king belt,
And on his feet he wore tall boots of suede.
His eyes would bulge like those of someone hung.
His beard curled wildly like a fierce god's!
A bow and poisoned arrows hung on him.
He held a huge trident of finest steel.
His voice like thunder appalled mountain cats,
And wild pheasants quaked at his truculence.*

When Tripitaka saw him draw near, he knelt at the side of the path and called out, his hands clasped in front of him, "Great king, save me! Great king, save me!"

The fellow came up to Tripitaka and put down his trident. Raising up the monk with his hands, he said, "Don't be afraid, Elder, for I'm not a wicked man. I'm a hunter living in this mountain; my surname is Liu and my given name is Boqin. I also go by the nickname of Senior Guardian of the Mountain. I came here to find some animals to eat, not expecting to run into you. I hope I didn't scare you."

"Your poor monk," said Tripitaka, "is a cleric who has been sent by his Majesty, the Tang emperor, to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. When I arrived here a few moments ago, I was surrounded by tigers, wolves, and snakes, so that I could not proceed. But when the creatures saw you coming they all scattered, and you have thus saved my life. Many thanks! Many thanks!"

"Since I live here and my livelihood depends on killing a few tigers and wolves," said Boqin, "or catching a few snakes and reptiles, I usually frighten the wild beasts away. If you have come from the Tang empire, you are actually a native here, for this is still Tang territory and I am a Tang subject. You and I both live off the land belonging to the emperor so that we are in truth citizens of the same nation. Don't be afraid. Follow me. You may rest your horse at my place, and I shall see you off in the morning."

Tripitaka was filled with delight when he heard these words, and he led his horse to follow the hunter.

They passed the slope and again heard the howling of the wind. "Sit here, Elder," said Boqin, "and don't move. The sound of that wind tells me that a mountain cat is approaching. I'll take him home so that I can make a meal of him for you." When Tripitaka heard this, his heart hammered and his gall quivered and he became rooted to the ground. Grasping his trident, that Guardian strode forward and came face to face

with a great striped tiger. Seeing Boqin, he turned and fled. Like a crack of thunder, the Guardian bellowed, “Cursed beast! Where will you flee?” When the tiger saw him pressing near, he turned with flailing claws to spring at him, only to be met by the Guardian with uplifted trident. Tripitaka was so terrified that he lay paralyzed on the grass. Since leaving his mother’s belly, when had he ever witnessed such violent and dangerous goings-on? The Guardian went after that tiger to the foot of the slope, and it was a magnificent battle between man and beast. You see

*Raging resentment,
And churning whirlwind.
In raging resentment
The potent Guardian’s hair pushed up his cap;
Like churning whirlwind
The striped prince belched dust, displaying his might.
This one bared its teeth and wielded its paws;
That one stepped sideways, yet turning to fight.
The trident reached skyward, reflecting the sun.
The striped tail stirred up both fog and cloud.
This one stabbed madly at the breast of his foe;
That one, facing him would swallow him whole.
Stay away and you may live out your years.
Join the fray and you’ll meet Yama, the king!
You hear the roar of the striped prince
And the harsh cries of the Guardian.
The roar of the striped prince
Shook mountains and streams to frighten birds and beasts;
The harsh cries of the Guardian
Unlocked the Heavens to make the stars appear.
The gold eyeballs of this one protruded,
And wrath burst from the bold heart of that one.
Lovable was Liu the Mountain Guardian;
Praiseworthy was this king of the wild beasts.
So tiger and man fought, each craving life—
A little slower, and one forfeits his soul!*

The two of them fought for about an hour, and as the paws of the tiger began to slow and his torso to slacken, he was downed by the Guardian’s trident stabbing him through the chest. A pitiful sight it was! The points of the trident pierced the heart, and at once the ground was covered with blood.

The Guardian then dragged the beast by the ear up the road. What a man! He hardly panted, nor did his face change color. He said to Tripitaka, “We’re lucky! We’re lucky! This mountain cat should be sufficient for a day’s food for the elder.”

Applauding him unceasingly, Tripitaka said, “The Guardian is truly a mountain god!”

“What ability do I have,” said Boqin, “that I merit such acclaim? This is really the good fortune of the father. Let’s go. I’d like to skin him quickly so that I can cook some of his meat to entertain you.”

He held the trident in one hand and dragged the tiger with the other, leading the way while Tripitaka followed him with his horse. They walked together past the slope and all at once came upon a mountain village, in front of which were

*Old trees soaring skyward,
Roads filled with wild creepers.
In countless canyons the wind was cool;
On many ridges came strange sounds and sights.
One path's wild blooms, their scent clung to one's body;
A few poles of bamboo, what enduring green!
The portal of grass,
The wattle-fenced yard—
A picture to paint or sketch.
The stone-slab bridge,
The white-earth walls—
How charming indeed, and rare!
Now in the wistful face of autumn,
The air was cool and brisk,
By the wayside yellow leaves fell;
Over the peaks the white clouds drifted.
In thinly-grown woods the wild fowls twittered,
And young dogs yelped outside the village gate.*

When Boqin reached the door of his house, he threw down the dead tiger and called, "Little ones, where are you?" Out came three or four houseboys, all looking rather unattractive and mean, who hauled the tiger inside. Boqin told them to skin it quickly and prepare it for the guest. He then turned around to welcome Tripitaka into his dwelling, and as they greeted each other, Tripitaka thanked him again for the great favor of saving his life. "We are fellow countrymen," said Boqin, "and there's little need for you to thank me."

After they had sat down and drunk tea, an old woman with someone who appeared to be her daughter-in-law came out to greet Tripitaka.

"This is my mother, and this my wife," said Boqin. "Pray ask your parent to take the honored seat," said Tripitaka, "and let your poor monk pay his respects."

"Father is a guest coming from great distance," said the old woman. "Please relax and don't stand on ceremony."

"Mother," said Boqin, "he has been sent by the Tang emperor to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. He met your son just now at the ridge. Since we are fellow countrymen, I invited him to the house to rest his horse. Tomorrow I shall see him on his way." When she heard these words, the old woman was very pleased. "Good! Good! Good!" she said. "The timing couldn't be better, even if we had planned to invite him. For tomorrow happens to be the anniversary of your late father's death. Let us invite the elder to perform some good deeds and recite an appropriate passage of scripture. We shall see him off day after tomorrow."

Although he was a tiger slayer, a so-called "Guardian of the Mountain," our Liu Boqin had a good deal of filial feeling for his mother. When he heard what she said, he immediately wanted to prepare the incense and the paper money, so that Tripitaka might be asked to stay.

As they talked, the sky began to darken. The servants brought chairs and a table and set out several dishes of well-cooked tiger meat, steaming hot. Boqin invited Tripitaka to begin, telling him that rice would follow. "O dear!" said Tripitaka, his hands folded. "To tell you the truth, I have been a monk since leaving my mother's womb, and I have never eaten any meat."

Hearing this, Boqin reflected awhile. He then said, "Elder, for generations this humble family has never kept a vegetarian diet. We could, I suppose, find some bamboo shoots and wood ears and prepare some dried vegetables and bean cakes, but they would all be cooked with the fat of deer or tigers. Even our pots and pans are grease-soaked! What am I to do? I must ask the elder's pardon."

"Don't fret," said Tripitaka. "Enjoy the food yourself. Even if I were not to eat for three or four days, I could bear the hunger. But I dare not break the dietary commandment."

"Suppose you starve to death," said Boqin, "what then?"

"I am indebted to the Heavenly kindness of the Guardian," said Tripitaka, "for saving me from the packs of tigers and wolves. Starving to death is better than being food for a tiger." When Boqin's mother heard this, she cried, "Son, stop such idle talk with the elder. Let me prepare a vegetarian dish to serve him."

"Where would you get such a dish?" said Boqin. "Never mind. I'll fix it," said his mother. She asked her daughter-in-law to take down a small cooking pan and heat it until much of the grease had burned off. They washed and scrubbed the pan again and again and then put it back on the stove and boiled some water in it. Taking some elm leaves from the mountain, they made soup with it, after which they cooked some rice with yellow millet mixed with Indian corn. They also prepared two bowls of dried vegetables and brought it all out to the table. "Elder," the aged mother said to Tripitaka, "please have some. This is the cleanest and purest food that my daughter-in-law and I have ever prepared."

Tripitaka left his seat to thank her before sitting down again. Boqin removed himself to another place; dishes and bowls full of unsauced and unsalted tiger meat, musk deer meat, serpent meat, fox flesh, rabbit, and strips of cured venison were set before him. To keep Tripitaka company, he sat down and was about to pick up his chopsticks when he saw Tripitaka fold his hands and begin to recite something. Startled, Boqin dared not touch his chopsticks; he jumped up instead and stood to one side.

Having uttered no more than a few phrases, Tripitaka said to him, "Please eat."

"You are a priest who likes to recite short scriptures," said Boqin. "That was not scripture," said Tripitaka, "only a prayer to be said before meals."

"You people who leave your families," said Boqin, "are particular about everything! Even for a meal you have to mumble something!"

They ate their dinner and the dishes and bowls were taken away. Evening was setting in when Boqin led Tripitaka out of the main hall to go for a walk at the back of the dwelling. They passed through a corridor and arrived at a straw shed. Pushing open the door, they walked inside, where they found several heavy bows and some quivers of arrows hanging on the walls. Two pieces of tiger skin, stinking and bloodstained, were draped over the cross beams, and a number of spears, knives, tridents, and rods were stuck into the ground at one corner. There were two seats in the middle of the shed, and Boqin invited Tripitaka to sit for a moment. Seeing that the place was so gruesome and

putrid, Tripitaka dared not linger. They soon left the shed and walked further back to a huge garden, where there seemed to be no end of thick clumps of chrysanthemum piling their gold and stands of maple hoisting their crimson. With a loud rustle, more than a dozen fat deer and a large herd of musk deer jumped out. Calm and mild-mannered, they were not at all frightened at the sight of human beings. Tripitaka said, "You must have tamed these animals."

"Like the people in your city of Chang'an," said Boqin, "where the affluent store up wealth and treasures and the landlords gather rice and grain, so we hunters must keep some of these wild beasts to prepare against dark days. That's all!"

As they walked and conversed, it grew dark, and they returned to the house to rest. As soon as the members of the family, young and old, arose next morning, they went to prepare vegetarian food to serve to the priest, who was then asked to begin his recitations. Having first washed his hands, the priest went to the ancestral hall with the Guardian to burn incense. Only after he had bowed to the house shrine did Tripitaka beat on his wooden fish and recite first the true sentences for the purification of the mouth, and then the divine formula for the purification of mind and body. He went on to the *Sūtra*

for the Salvation of the Dead, after which Boqin requested him to compose in writing a specific prayer for the deliverance of the deceased. He then took up the *Diamond Sūtra* and the *Guanyin Sūtra*, each of which was given a loud and clear recitation. After lunch, he recited several sections from the *Lotus Sūtra* and the *Amitāyus Sūtra*, before finishing with the *Peacock Sūtra* and a brief recounting of the story of Buddha healing a bhikṣu.

Soon it was evening again. All kinds of incense were burned together with the various paper horses, images of the deities, and the prayer for the deliverance of the deceased. The Buddhist service was thus completed, and each person retired.

We shall now tell you about the soul of Boqin's father, verily a ghost redeemed from perdition, who came to his own house and appeared to all the members of his family in a dream. "It was difficult," he said, "for me to escape my bitter ordeals in the Region of Darkness, and for a long time I could not attain salvation. Fortunately, the holy monk's recitations have now expiated my sins. King Yama has ordered someone to send me to the rich land of China, where I may assume my next incarnation in a noble family. All of you, therefore, must take care to thank the elder, and see that you are not negligent in any way. Now I leave you." So it is that

There is, in all things, a solemn purpose:

To save the dead from perdition and pain.

When the whole family awoke from the dream, the sun was already rising in the east. The wife of Boqin said, "Guardian, I dreamed last night that father came to the house. He said that it was difficult for him to escape his bitter ordeals in the Region of Darkness, and that for a long time he could not attain salvation. Fortunately, the holy monk's recitations have now expiated his sins, and King Yama has ordered someone to send him to the rich land of China where he may assume his next incarnation in a noble family. He told us to take care to thank the elder and not be negligent in any way. After he had finished speaking, he drifted away, despite my plea for him to stay. I woke up and it was all a dream!"

"I had a dream also," said Boqin, "one exactly like yours! Let's get up and talk to mother about this."

The two of them were about to do so when they heard the old mother calling, “Boqin, come here. I want to talk to you.”

They went in and found the mother sitting up in bed. “Son,” she said, “I had a happy dream last night. I dreamed that your father came to the house saying that, thanks to the redemptive work of the elder, his sins had been expiated. He is on his way to the rich land of China, where he will assume his next incarnation in a noble family.”

Husband and wife laughed uproariously.

Boqin said, “Your daughter-in-law and I both had this dream, and we were just coming to tell you. Little did we expect that mother’s call also had to do with this dream.”

They therefore called on every member of the family to express their gratitude and prepare the monk’s horse for travel. They came bowing before the priest and said, “We thank the elder for providing life and deliverance for our deceased father, for which we can never repay you sufficiently.”

“What has this poor monk accomplished,” said Tripitaka, “that merits such gratitude?”

Boqin gave a thorough account of the dream that the three of them had, and Tripitaka was also very pleased. A vegetarian meal was again served, and a tael of silver was presented as a token of their gratitude.

Tripitaka refused to accept so much as a penny, though the whole family begged him earnestly. He only said, “If, in compassion, you can escort me on the first part of my way, I shall ever be grateful for such kindness.”

Boqin and his mother and wife had little alternative but hastily to prepare some biscuits from unrefined flour, which Tripitaka was glad to accept. Boqin was told to escort him as far as possible. Obeying his mother’s bidding, the Guardian also ordered several houseboys to join them, each bringing hunting equipment and weapons. They walked to the main road, and there seemed to be no end to the scenic splendor of the mountains and peaks.

When they had traveled for half a day, they came upon a huge mountain so tall and rugged that it truly seemed to touch the blue sky.

In a little while the whole company reached the foot of the mountain, and the Guardian began to ascend it as if he were walking on level ground. Halfway up, Boqin turned around and stood still at the side of the road, saying, “Elder, please go on yourself. I must now take leave of you and turn back.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he rolled down from his saddle and said, “I beg you to escort me a little further.”

“You do not realize, Elder,” said Boqin, “that this mountain is called the Mountain of Two Frontiers; the eastern half belongs to our Great Tang domain, but the western half is the territory of the Tartars. The tigers and wolves over there are not my subjects, nor should I cross the border. You must proceed by yourself.”

Tripitaka became fearful; he stretched out his hands and clutched at the sleeves of the hunter, tears pouring from his eyes.

It was at this tender moment of farewell that there came from beneath the mountain a thunderous voice crying, “My master has come! My master has come!”

Tripitaka was dumbfounded, and Boqin trembled. We do not know who was crying; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FOURTEEN

*Mind Monkey returns to the Right
The Six Robbers vanish from sight*

*Mind is the Buddha and the Buddha is Mind;
Both Mind and Buddha are important things.
If you perceive there's neither Mind nor Thing,
Yours is the dharmakāya of True Mind.
The dharmakāya
Has no shape or form:
One pearl-like radiance holding myriad things.
The bodiless body is the body true,
And real form is that form which has no form.
There's no form, no void, no no-emptiness;
No coming, no leaving, no pariṇāmanā;
No contrast, no sameness, no being or nonbeing:
No giving, no taking, no hopeful craving.
Light efficacious is in and out the same.
Buddha's whole realm is in a grain of sand.
A grain of sand the chiliocosm holds;
One mind or body's like ten thousand things.
To know this you must grasp the No-mind Spell;
Unclogged and taintless is the karma pure.
Don't do the many acts of good or ill:
This is true submission to Śākyamuni.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka and Boqin, who, in fear and alarm, again heard the cry, “My Master has come!” The various houseboys said, “It must be the old ape in that stone box beneath the mountain who is shouting.”

“It's he! It's he!” said the Guardian. Tripitaka asked, “Who is this old ape?”

“The ancient name of this mountain,” said the Guardian, “was the Mountain of Five Phases. It was changed to the Mountain of the Two Frontiers as a result of our Great Tang ruler's western campaigns to secure his empire. A few years ago, I heard from my elders that during the time when Wang Mang usurped the throne of the Han emperor, this mountain fell from Heaven with a divine monkey clamped beneath it. He feared neither heat nor cold, and he took neither food nor drink. He had been watched and guarded by the spirits of the Earth, who fed him iron balls when he was hungry and juices of bronze when he was thirsty. He has lasted from that time until now, surviving both cold and hunger. He must be the one who is making all this noise. Don't be afraid, Elder. Let's go down the mountain to take a look.”

Tripitaka had to agree and led his horse down the mountain. They had traveled only a few miles when they came upon a stone box in which there was indeed a monkey who, with his head sticking out, was waving his hands wildly and crying, “Master, why have you taken so long to get here? Welcome! Welcome! Get me out, and I'll protect you on your way to the Western Heaven!”

The priest went forward to look more closely at him. “How does he look?” you ask.

*A pointed mouth and hollow cheeks;
Two diamond pupils and fiery eyes.
Lichens had piled on his head;
Wisteria grew in his ears.
By his temples was more green grass than hair;
Beneath his chin, moss instead of a beard.
With mud on his brow,
And earth in his nose,
He looked most desperate!
His fingers coarse
And calloused palms
Were caked in filth and dirt!
Luckily, his eyes could still roll about,
And the apish tongue, articulate.
Though in speech he had great ease,
His body he could not move.
He was the Great Sage Sun of five hundred years ago.
Today his ordeal ends, he leaves Heaven's net.*

Undeniably a courageous person, that Guardian Liu went up to the creature and pulled away some of the grass at his temples and some of the moss beneath his chin. He asked, “What do you have to say?”

“Nothing to you,” said the monkey, “but ask that master to come up here. I have a question for him.”

“What's your question?” asked Tripitaka. “Are you someone sent by the great king of the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven?” asked the monkey. “I am,” said Tripitaka. “Why do you ask?”

“I am the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven,” said the monkey, “who greatly disturbed the Heavenly Palace five hundred years ago.

Because of my sin of rebellion and disobedience, I was imprisoned here by the Buddha. Some time ago, a certain Bodhisattva Guanyin had received the decree of Buddha to go to the Land of the East in quest of a scripture pilgrim. I asked her to give me some help, and she persuaded me not to engage again in violence. I was told to believe in the Law of Buddha and faithfully to protect the scripture pilgrim on his way to worship Buddha in the West, for there would be a goodly reward reserved for me when such merit is achieved. I have therefore been maintaining my vigilance night and day, waiting for the Master to come to rescue me. I'm willing to protect you in your quest of scriptures and become your disciple.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he was filled with delight and said, “Though you have this good intention, thanks to the Bodhisattva's instruction, of entering our Buddhist fold, I have neither ax nor drill. How can I free you?”

“No need for ax or drill,” said the monkey. “If you are willing to rescue me, I'll be able to get out.”

Tripitaka said, “I'm willing, but how can you get out?”

“On top of this mountain,” said the monkey, “there is a tag stamped with the golden letters of our Buddha Tathāgata. Go up there and lift up the tag. Then I’ll come out.”

Tripitaka agreed and turned to Boqin, imploring him, “Guardian, come with me up the mountain.”

“Do you think he’s speaking the truth?” asked Boqin. “It’s the truth!” the monkey shouted. “I dare not lie!”

Boqin had no choice but to call his houseboys to lead the horses. He himself supported Tripitaka with his hands, and they again started up the tall mountain. Tugging at creepers and vines, they finally arrived at the highest peak, where they beheld ten thousand shafts of golden light and a thousand folds of hallowed air. There was a huge square slab of stone, on which was taped a seal with the golden letters, *Om maṇi padme hūm*. Tripitaka approached the stone and knelt down; he looked at the golden letters and kowtowed several times to the stone. Then, facing the West, he prayed:

“Your disciple, Chen Xuanzang, was specifically commanded to seek scriptures from you. If it is so ordained that he should be my disciple, let me lift up those golden letters so that the divine monkey may find release and join me at the Spirit Mountain. If he is not predestined to be my disciple, if he is only a cruel monster trying to deceive me and to bring misfortune to our enterprise, let me not lift up this tape.”

He kowtowed again after he had prayed. Going forward, with the greatest of ease he took down the golden letters. A fragrant wind swept by immediately and blew the tag out of his hands into the air as a voice called out, “I am the prison guard of the Great Sage. Today his ordeal is completed, and my colleagues and I are returning this seal to Tathāgata.” Tripitaka, Boqin, and their followers were so terrified that they fell on the ground and bowed toward the sky. They then descended from the tall mountain and came back to the stone box, saying to the monkey, “The tag has been lifted. You may come out.”

Delighted, the monkey said, “Master, you had better walk away from here so that I can come out. I don’t want to frighten you.” When Boqin heard this, he led Tripitaka and the rest of the company to walk back eastward for five or six miles. Again they heard the monkey yelling, “Further still! Further still!” So Tripitaka and the others went still further until they had left the mountain. All at once came a crash so loud that it was as if the mountain was cracking and the earth splitting wide open; everyone was awestruck. The next moment the monkey was already in front of Tripitaka’s horse; completely naked, he knelt down and cried, “Master, I’m out!”

He bowed four times toward Tripitaka, and then, jumping up, he said to Boqin respectfully, “I thank Elder Brother for taking the trouble of escorting my master. I’m grateful also for your shaving the grass from my face.”

Having thanked him, he went at once to put the luggage in order so that it could be tied onto the horse’s back. When the horse saw him, its torso slackened and its legs stiffened. In fear and trembling, it could hardly stand up. For you see, that monkey had been a Ban-Horse-Plague, who used to look after dragon horses in the celestial stables. His authority was such that horses of this world inevitably would fear him when they saw him.

When Tripitaka saw that the monkey was truly a person of good intentions, someone who truly resembled those who had embraced the Buddhist faith, he called to him, “Disciple, what is your surname?”

“My surname is Sun,” said the Monkey King. “Let me give you a religious name,” said Tripitaka, “so that it will be convenient to address you.”

“This noble thought of the master is deeply appreciated,” said the Monkey King, “but I already have a religious name. I’m called Sun Wukong.”

“It exactly fits the emphasis of our denomination,” said Tripitaka, delighted. “But look at you, you look rather like a little *dhūta*. Let me give you a nickname and call you Pilgrim Sun. How’s that?”

“Good! Good!” said Wukong. So from then on, he was also called Pilgrim Sun.

When Boqin saw that Pilgrim Sun was definitely preparing to leave, he turned to speak respectfully to Tripitaka, saying, “Elder, you are fortunate to have made an excellent disciple here. Congratulations! This person should be most fit to accompany you. I must take leave of you now.”

Bowing to thank him, Tripitaka said, “I cannot thank you enough for all your kindness. Please be certain to thank your dear mother and wife when you return to your house. I have caused you all great inconvenience, and I shall thank you again on my way back.”

Boqin returned his salutation, and they parted.

We shall now tell you about Pilgrim Sun, who asked Tripitaka to mount his horse. He himself, stark naked, carried the luggage on his back and led the way. In a little while, as they were passing the Mountain of Two Frontiers, they saw a fierce tiger approaching, growling and waving its tail. Tripitaka, sitting on his horse, became alarmed, but Pilgrim, walking at the side of the road, was delighted. “Don’t be afraid, Master,” he said, “for he’s here to present me with some clothes.”

He put down the luggage and took a tiny needle out of his ears. One wave of it facing the wind, and it became an iron rod with the thickness of a rice bowl. He held it in his hands and laughed, saying, “I haven’t used this treasure for over five hundred years! Today I’m taking it out to bag a little garment for myself.” Look at him! He strode right up to the tiger, crying, “Cursed beast! Where do you think you’re going?”

Crouching low, the tiger lay prone on the dust and dared not move. Pilgrim Sun aimed the rod at its head, and one stroke caused its brain to burst out like ten thousand red petals of peach blossoms, and the teeth to fly out like so many pieces of white jade. So terrified was our Chen Xuanzang that he fell off his horse. “O God! O God!” he cried, biting his fingers. “When Guardian Liu overcame that striped tiger the other day, he had to do battle with him for almost half a day. But without even fighting today, Sun Wukong reduces the tiger to pulp with one blow of his rod. How true is the saying, ‘For the strong, there’s always someone stronger!’” “Master,” said Pilgrim as he returned dragging the tiger, “sit down for awhile, and wait till I have stripped him of his clothes. When I put them on, we’ll start off again.”

“Where does he have any clothes?” asked Tripitaka. “Don’t mind me, Master,” said Pilgrim, “I have my own plan.”

Dear Monkey King! He pulled off one strand of hair and blew a mouthful of magic breath onto it, crying, “Change!” It changed into a sharp, curved knife, with

which he ripped open the tiger's chest. Slitting the skin straight down, he then ripped it off in one piece. He chopped away the paws and the head, cutting the skin into one square piece. He picked it up and tried it for size, and then said, "It's a bit too large; one piece can be made into two."

He took the knife and cut it again into two pieces; he put one of these away and wrapped the other around his waist. Ripping off a strand of rattan from the side of the road, he firmly tied on this covering for the lower part of his body. "Master," he said, "let's go! Let's go! When we reach someone's house, we will have sufficient time to borrow some threads and a needle to sew this up."

He gave his iron rod a squeeze and it changed back into a tiny needle, which he stored in his ear. Throwing the luggage on his back, he asked his Master to mount the horse. As they set off, the monk asked him, "Wukong, how is it that the iron rod you used to slay the tiger has disappeared?"

"Master," said Pilgrim laughing, "you have no idea what that rod of mine really is. It was acquired originally from the Dragon Palace in the Eastern Ocean. It's called the Precious Divine Iron for Guarding the Heavenly River, and another name of it is the Compliant Golden-Hooped Rod. At the time when I revolted against Heaven, I depended on it a great deal; for it could change into any shape or form, great or small, according to my wish. Just now I had it changed into a tiny embroidery needle, and it's stored that way in my ear. When I need it, I'll take it out." Secretly pleased by what he heard, Tripitaka asked another question:

"Why did that tiger become completely motionless when it saw you? How do you explain the fact that it simply let you hit it?"

"To tell you the truth," said Wukong, "even a dragon, let alone this tiger, would behave itself if it had seen me! I, old Monkey, possess the ability to subdue dragons and tame tigers, and the power to overturn rivers and stir up oceans. I can look at a person's countenance and discern his character; I can listen merely to sounds and discover the truth. If I want to be big, I can fill the universe; if I want to be small, I can be smaller than a piece of hair. In sum, I have boundless ways of transformation and incalculable means of becoming visible or invisible. What's so strange, then, about my skinning a tiger? Wait till we come to some real difficulties—you'll see my talents then!" When Tripitaka heard these words, he was more relieved than ever and urged his horse forward. So master and disciple, the two of them, chatted as they journeyed, and soon the sun sank in the west. You see

*Soft glow of the fading twilight,
And distant clouds slowly returning.
On every hill swells the chorus of birds,
Flocking to shelter in the woods.
The wild beasts in couples and pairs,
In packs and groups they trek homeward.
The new moon, hooklike, breaks the spreading gloom
With ten thousand stars luminous.*

Pilgrim said, "Master, let's move along, for it's getting late. There are dense clumps of trees over there, and I suppose there must be a house or village too. Let's hurry over there and ask for lodging." Urging his horse forward, Tripitaka went straight up to a house and dismounted. Pilgrim threw down the bag and went to the door, crying, "Open up! Open up!"

An old man came to the door, leaning on a cane. When he pulled open the creaking door, he was panic-stricken by the hideous appearance of Pilgrim, who had the tiger skin around his waist and looked like a thunder god. He began to shout, "A ghost! A ghost!" and other such foolish words. Tripitaka drew near and took hold of him, saying, "Old Patron, don't be afraid. He is my disciple, not a ghost." Only when he looked up and saw the handsome features of Tripitaka did the old man stand still. "Which temple are you from," he asked, "and why are you bringing such a nasty character to my door?"

"I am a poor monk from the Tang court," said Tripitaka, "on my way to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. We were passing through here and it was getting late; that is why we made so bold as to approach your great mansion and beg you for a night's lodging. We plan to leave tomorrow before it's light, and we beseech you not to deny our request."

"Though you may be a Tang man," the old man said, "that nasty character is certainly no Tang man!"

"Old fellow!" cried Wukong in a loud voice, "you really can't see, can you? The Tang man is my master, and I am his disciple. Of course, I'm no sugar man or honey man! I am the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven! The members of your family should recognize me. Moreover, I have seen you before."

"Where have you seen me before?"

"When you were young," said Wukong, "didn't you gather firewood before my eyes? Didn't you haul vegetables before my face?"

The old man said, "That's nonsense! Where did you live? And where was I, that I should have gathered firewood and hauled vegetables before your eyes?"

"Only my son would talk nonsense!" said Wukong. "You really don't recognize me! Take a closer look! I am the Great Sage in the stone box of this Mountain of Two Frontiers."

"You do look somewhat like him," said the old man, half recognizing the figure before him, "but how did you get out?" Wukong thereupon gave a thorough account of how the Bodhisattva had converted him and how she had asked him to wait for the Tang Monk to lift the tag for his deliverance.

After that, the old man bowed deeply and invited Tripitaka in, calling for his aged wife and his children to come out and meet the guests. When he told them what had happened, everyone was delighted. Tea was then served, after which the old man asked Wukong, "How old are you, Great Sage?"

"And how old are you?" asked Wukong. "I have lived foolishly for one hundred and thirty years!" said the old man. "You are still my great-great-great-great-grandson!" said Pilgrim. "I can't remember when I was born, but I have spent over five hundred years underneath this mountain."

"Yes, yes," said the old man. "I remember my great-grandfather saying that when this mountain dropped from the sky, it had a divine ape clamped underneath it. To think that you should have waited until now for your freedom! When I saw you in my childhood, you had grass on your head and mud on your face, but I wasn't afraid of you then."

Now without mud on your face and grass on your head, you seem a bit thinner. And with that huge piece of tiger skin draped around your waist, what great difference is there between you and a demon?" When the members of his family heard this remark, they all roared with laughter. Being a rather decent fellow, that old man at once ordered a vegetarian meal to be prepared. Afterwards Wukong said, "What is your family name?"

"Our humble family," said the old man, "goes by the name of Chen." When Tripitaka heard this, he left his seat to salute him, saying, "Old Patron, you and I share the same illustrious clan."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "your surname is Tang. How can it be that you and he share the same illustrious ancestors?"

Tripitaka said, "The surname of my secular family is also Chen, and I come from the Juxian Village, in the Hongnong District of Haizhou in the Tang domain. My religious name is Chen Xuanzang. Because our Great Tang Emperor Taizong made me his brother by decree, I took the name Tripitaka and used Tang as my surname. Hence I'm called the Tang Monk."

The old man was very pleased to hear that they had the same surname.

"Old Chen," said Pilgrim, "I must trouble your family some more, for I haven't taken a bath for five hundred years! Please go and boil some water so that my master and I, his disciple, can wash ourselves. We shall thank you all the more when we leave."

The old man at once gave the order for water to be boiled and basins to be brought in with several lamps. As master and disciple sat before the lamps after their baths, Pilgrim said, "Old Chen, I still have one more favor to ask of you. Can you lend me a needle and some thread?"

"Of course, of course," replied the old man. One of the amahs was told to fetch the needle and thread, which were then handed over to Pilgrim. Pilgrim, you see, had the keenest sight; he noticed that Tripitaka had taken off a shirt made of white cloth and had not put it on again after his bath. Pilgrim grabbed it and put it on himself. Taking off his tiger skin, he sewed the hems together using a "horse-face fold" and fastened it round his waist again with the strand of rattan. He paraded in front of his master saying, "How does old Monkey look today compared with the way he looked yesterday?"

"Very good," said Tripitaka, "very good! Now you do look like a pilgrim! If you don't think that the shirt is too worn or old, you may keep it."

"Thanks for the gift!" said Wukong respectfully. He then went out to find some hay to feed the horse, after which master and disciple both retired with the old man and his household.

The next morning Wukong arose and woke up his master to get ready for the journey. Tripitaka dressed himself while Wukong put their luggage in order. They were about to leave when the old man brought in washing water and some vegetarian food, and so they did not set out until after the meal. Tripitaka rode his horse with Pilgrim leading the way; they journeyed by day and rested by night, taking food and drink according to their needs. Soon it was early winter. You see

*Frost-blighted maples and the wizened trees;
Few verdant pine and cypress still on the ridge.
Budding plum blossoms spread their gentle scent.*

*The brief, warm day—
 A Little Spring gift!
 But dying lilies yield to the lush wild tea.
 A cold bridge struggles against an old tree's bough,
 And gurgling water flows in the winding brook.
 Gray clouds, snow-laden, float throughout the sky.
 The strong, cold wind
 Tears at the sleeve!
 How does one bear this chilly might of night?*

Master and disciple had traveled for some time when suddenly six men jumped out from the side of the road with much clamor, all holding long spears and short swords, sharp blades and strong bows. “Stop, monk!” they cried. “Leave your horse and drop your bag at once, and we’ll let you pass on alive!”

Tripitaka was so terrified that his soul left him and his spirit fled; he fell from his horse, unable to utter a word. But Pilgrim lifted him up, saying, “Don’t be alarmed, Master. It’s nothing really, just some people coming to give us clothes and a travel allowance!”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “you must be a little hard of hearing! They told us to leave our bag and our horse, and you want to ask them for clothes and a travel allowance?”

“You just stay here and watch our belongings,” said Pilgrim, “and let old Monkey confront them. We’ll see what happens.”

Tripitaka said, “Even a good punch is no match for a pair of fists, and two fists can’t cope with four hands! There are six big fellows over there, and you are such a tiny person. How can you have the nerve to confront them?”

As he always had been audacious, Pilgrim did not wait for further discussion. He walked forward with arms folded and saluted the six men, saying, “Sirs, for what reason are you blocking the path of this poor monk?”

“We are kings of the highway,” said the men, “philanthropic mountain lords. Our fame has long been known, though you seem to be ignorant of it. Leave your belongings at once, and you will be allowed to pass. If you but utter half a no, you’ll be chopped to pieces!”

“I have been also a great hereditary king and a mountain lord for centuries,” said Pilgrim, “but I have yet to learn of your illustrious names.”

“So you really don’t know!” one of them said. “Let’s tell you then: one of us is named Eye That Sees and Delights; another, Ear That Hears and Rages; another Nose That Smells and Loves; another, Tongue That Tastes and Desires; another, Mind That Perceives and Covets; and another, Body That Bears and Suffers.”

“You are nothing but six hairy brigands,” said Wukong laughing, “who have failed to recognize in me a person who has left the family, your proper master. How dare you bar my way? Bring out the treasures you have stolen so that you and I can divide them into seven portions. I’ll spare you then!”

Hearing this, the robbers all reacted with rage and amusement, covetousness and fear, desire and anxiety. They rushed forward crying, “You reckless monk! You haven’t a thing to offer us, and yet you want us to share our loot with you!” Wielding spears and

swords, they surrounded Pilgrim and hacked away at his head seventy or eighty times. Pilgrim stood in their midst and behaved as if nothing were happening.

“What a monk!” said one of the robbers. “He really does have a hard head!”

“Passably so!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “But your hands must be getting tired from all that exercise; it’s about time for old Monkey to take out his needle for a little entertainment.”

“This monk must be an acupuncture man in disguise,” said the robber. “We’re not sick! What’s all this about using a needle?” Pilgrim reached into his ear and took out a tiny embroidery needle; one wave of it in the wind and it became an iron rod with the thickness of a rice bowl.

He held it in his hands, saying, “Don’t run! Let old Monkey try his hand on you with this rod!”

The six robbers fled in all directions, but with great strides he caught up with them and rounded all of them up. He beat every one of them to death, stripped them of their clothes, and seized their valuables. Then Pilgrim came back smiling broadly and said, “You may proceed now, Master. Those robbers have been exterminated by old Monkey.”

“That’s a terrible thing you have done!” said Tripitaka. “They may have been strong men on the highway, but they would not have been sentenced to death even if they had been caught and tried. If you have such abilities, you should have chased them away. Why did you slay them all? How can you be a monk when you take life without cause? We who have left the family should

*Keep ants out of harm’s way when we sweep the floor,
And put shades on lamps for the love of moths.*

How can you kill them just like that, without regard for black or white? You showed no mercy at all! It’s a good thing that we are here in the mountains, where any further investigation will be unlikely. But suppose someone offends you when we reach a city and you perpetrate violence again, hitting people indiscriminately with that rod of yours—would I be able to remain innocent and get away scot-free?”

“Master,” said Wukong, “if I hadn’t killed them, they would have killed you!”

Tripitaka said, “As a priest, I would rather die than practice violence. If I were killed, there would be only one of me, but you slaughtered six persons. How can you justify that? If this matter were brought before a judge, and even if your old man were the judge, you certainly would not be able to justify your action.”

“To tell you the truth, Master,” said Pilgrim, “when I, old Monkey, was king on the Flower-Fruit Mountain five hundred years ago, I killed I don’t know how many people. I would not have been a Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, if I had lived by what you are saying.”

“It’s precisely because you had neither scruples nor self-control,” said Tripitaka, “unleashing your waywardness on Earth and spreading outrage in Heaven, that you had to undergo this ordeal of five hundred years. Now that you have entered the fold of Buddhism, if you still insist on practicing violence and indulge in the taking of life as before, you are not worthy to be a monk, nor can you go to the Western Heaven. You’re wicked! You’re just too wicked!” Now this monkey had never in all his life been able to tolerate scolding. When he heard Tripitaka’s persistent reprimand, he could not suppress

the flames leaping up in his heart. "If that's what you think," he said. "If you think I'm not worthy to be a monk, nor can I go to the Western Heaven, you needn't bother me further with your nagging! I'll leave and go back!"

Before Tripitaka had time to reply, Pilgrim was already so enraged that he leaped into the air, crying only, "Old Monkey's off!"

Tripitaka quickly raised his head to look, but the monkey had already disappeared, trailed only by a swishing sound fading fast toward the East. Left by himself, the priest could only shake his head and sigh, "That fellow! He's so unwilling to be taught! I only said a few words to him. How could he vanish without a trace and go back just like that? Well, well, well! It must be also that I am destined not to have a disciple or any other companion, for now I couldn't even call him or locate him if I wanted to. I might as well go on by myself!" So, he was prepared to

*Lay down his life and go toward the West,
To be his own master and on none rely.*

The elder had little alternative but to pack up his bag and put it on the horse, which he did not even bother to mount. Holding his staff in one hand and the reins in the other, he set off sadly toward the West. He had not traveled far when he saw an old woman before him on the mountain road, holding a silk garment and a cap with a floral design. When Tripitaka saw her approach, he hastened to pull his horse aside for her to pass. "Elder, where do you come from," asked the old woman, "and why are you walking here all by yourself?"

Tripitaka replied, "Your child was sent by the Great King of the Land of the East to seek true scriptures from the living Buddha in the Western Heaven."

"The Buddha of the West," said the old woman, "lives in the Great Temple of Thunderclap in the territory of India, and the journey there is one hundred and eight thousand miles long. You are all by yourself, with neither a companion nor a disciple. How can you possibly think of going there?"

"A few days ago," said Tripitaka, "I did pick up a disciple, a rather unruly and headstrong character. I scolded him a little, but he refused to be taught, and disappeared."

The old woman said, "I have here a silk shirt and a flower cap inlaid with gold, which used to belong to my son. He had been a monk for only three days when unfortunately he died. I have just finished mourning him at the temple, where I was given these things by his master to be kept in his memory. Father, since you have a disciple, I'll give the shirt and the cap to you."

"I'm most grateful for your lavish gifts," said Tripitaka, "but my disciple has left. I dare not take them."

"Where did he go?" asked the old woman. Tripitaka replied, "I heard a swishing sound heading toward the east."

"My home is not too far away in the east," said the old woman, "and he may be going there."

I have a spell which is called the True Words for Controlling the Mind, or the Tight-Fillet Spell. You must memorize it secretly; commit it firmly to your memory, and don't let anyone learn of it. I'll try to catch up with him and persuade him to come back and follow you. When he returns, give him the shirt and the cap to wear; and if he

again refuses to obey you, recite the spell silently. He will not dare do violence or leave you again.” On hearing these words, Tripitaka bowed his head to thank her. The old woman changed herself into a shaft of golden light and vanished toward the east. Then Tripitaka realized that it was the Bodhisattva Guanyin who had taught him the True Words; he hurriedly picked up a few pinches of earth with his fingers and scattered them like incense, bowing reverently toward the East. He then took the shirt and the cap and hid them in his bag. Sitting beside the road, he began to recite the True Words for Controlling the Mind.

After a few times, he knew it thoroughly by heart, but we shall speak no more of him for the time being.

We now tell you about Wukong, who, having left his master, headed straight toward the Eastern Ocean with a single cloud somersault. He stopped his cloud, opened up a path in the water, and went directly to the Water Crystal Palace. Learning of his arrival, the Dragon King came out to welcome him. After they had exchanged greetings and sat down, the Dragon King said, “I heard recently that the ordeal of the Great Sage had been completed, and I apologize for not having congratulated you yet. I suppose you have again taken occupancy in your immortal mountain and returned to the ancient cave.”

“I was so inclined,” said Wukong, “but I became a monk instead.”

“What sort of a monk?” asked the Dragon King. “I was indebted to the Bodhisattva of South Sea,” said Pilgrim, “who persuaded me to do good and seek the truth. I was to follow the Tang Monk from the Land of the East to go worship Buddha in the West. Since entering the fold of Buddhism, I was given also the name ‘Pilgrim.’” “That is indeed praiseworthy!” said the Dragon King. “You have, as we say, left the wrong and followed the right; you have been created anew by setting your mind on goodness. But if that’s the case, why are you not going toward the West, but are returning eastward instead?” Pilgrim laughed and said, “That Tang Monk knows nothing of human nature! There were a few ruffians who wanted to rob us, and I slew them all. But that Tang Monk couldn’t stop nagging me, telling me over and over how wrong I was. Can you imagine old Monkey putting up with that sort of tedium? I just left him! I was on my way back to my mountain when I decided to come visit you and ask for a cup of tea.”

“Thanks for coming! Thanks for coming!” exclaimed the Dragon King. At that moment, the Dragon sons and grandsons presented them with aromatic tea. When they finished the tea, Pilgrim happened to turn around and saw hanging behind him on the wall a painting on the “Presentation of Shoes at Yi Bridge.”

“What’s this all about?” asked Pilgrim. The Dragon King replied, “The incident depicted in the painting took place some time after you were born, and you may not recognize what it was—the threefold presentation of shoes at Yi Bridge.”

“What do you mean by the threefold presentation of shoes?” asked Pilgrim.

“The immortal in the painting,” said the Dragon King, “was named Huang Shigong, and the young man kneeling in front of him was called Zhang Liang.

Shigong was sitting on the Yi Bridge when suddenly one of his shoes fell off and dropped under the bridge.

He asked Zhang Liang to fetch it, and the young man quickly did so, putting it back on for him as he knelt there. This happened three times. Since Zhang Liang did not

display the slightest sign of pride or impatience, he won the affection of Shigong, who imparted to him that night a celestial manual and told him to support the house of Han. Afterwards, Zhang Liang 'made his plans sitting in a military tent to achieve victories a thousand miles away.'

When the Han dynasty was established, he left his post and went into the mountains, where he followed the Daoist, Master Red Pine, and became enlightened in the way of immortality. Great Sage, if you do not accompany the Tang Monk, if you are unwilling to exercise diligence or to accept instruction, you will remain a bogus immortal after all. Don't think that you'll ever acquire the Fruits of Truth." Wukong listened to these words and fell silent for some time. The Dragon King said, "Great Sage, you must make the decision yourself. It's unwise to allow momentary comfort to jeopardize your future."

"Not another word!" said Wukong. "Old Monkey will go back to accompany him, that's all!"

Delighted, the Dragon King said, "If that's your wish, I dare not detain you. Instead, I ask the Great Sage to show his mercy at once and not permit his master to wait any longer." When Pilgrim heard this exhortation to leave, he bounded right out of the oceanic region; mounting the clouds, he left the Dragon King.

On his way he ran right into the Bodhisattva of South Sea. "Sun Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "why did you not listen to me and accompany the Tang Monk? What are you doing here?" Pilgrim was so taken aback that he saluted her on top of the clouds. "I'm most grateful for the kind words of the Bodhisattva," he said. "A monk from the Tang court did appear, lifted the seal, and saved my life. I became his disciple, but he blamed me for being too violent. I walked out on him for a little while, but I'm going back right now to accompany him."

"Go quickly then," said the Bodhisattva, "before you change your mind again."

They finished speaking and each went on his way. In a moment, our Pilgrim saw the Tang Monk sitting dejectedly at the side of the road. He approached him and said, "Master, why are you not on the road? What are you doing here?"

"Where have you been?" asked Tripitaka, looking up. "Your absence has forced me to sit here and wait for you, not daring to walk or move." Pilgrim replied, "I just went to the home of the old Dragon King at the Eastern Ocean to ask for some tea."

"Disciple," said Tripitaka, "those who have left the family should not lie. It was less than an hour since you left me, and you claim to have had tea at the home of the Dragon King?"

"To tell you the truth," said Pilgrim, laughing, "I know how to cloud somersault, and a single somersault will carry me one hundred and eight thousand miles. That's why I can go and return in no time at all."

Tripitaka said, "Because I spoke to you a little sharply, you were offended and left me in a rage. With your ability, you could go and ask for some tea, but a person like me has no other prospect but to sit here and endure hunger. Do you feel comfortable about that?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "if you're hungry, I'll go beg some food for you."

"There's no need to beg," said Tripitaka, "for I still have in my bag some dried goods given to me by the mother of Guardian Liu. Fetch me some water in that bowl."

"I'll eat some food and we can start out again." Pilgrim went to untie the bag and found some biscuits made of unrefined flour, which he took out and handed over to the master. He then saw light glowing from a silk shirt and a flower cap inlaid with gold. "Did you bring this garment and cap from the Land of the East?" he asked. "I wore these in my childhood," said Tripitaka nonchalantly. "If you wear the hat, you'll know how to recite scriptures without having to learn them; if you put on the garment, you'll know how to perform rituals without having to practice them."

"Dear Master," said Pilgrim, "let me put them on."

"They may not fit you," said Tripitaka, "but if they do, you may wear them." Pilgrim thereupon took off his old shirt made of white cloth and put on the silk shirt, which seemed to have been made especially for him. Then he put on the cap as well. When Tripitaka saw that he had put on the cap, he stopped eating the dried goods and began to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell silently.

"Oh, my head!" cried Pilgrim. "It hurts! It hurts!"

The master went through the recitation several times without ceasing, and the pain was so intense that Pilgrim was rolling on the ground, his hands gripping the flower cap inlaid with gold. Fearing that he might break the gold fillet, Tripitaka stopped reciting and the pain ceased. Pilgrim touched his head with his hand and felt that it was tightly bound by a thin metal band; it could be neither pulled off nor ripped apart, for it had, as it were, taken root on his head. Taking the needle out of his ear, he rammed it inside the fillet and started prying madly. Afraid that he might break the fillet with his prying, Tripitaka started his recitation again, and Pilgrim's head began to hurt once more. It was so painful that he did cartwheels and somersaults. His face and even his ears turned red, his eyes bulged, and his body grew weak. When the master saw his appearance, he was moved to break off his recitation, and the pain stopped as before. "My head," said Pilgrim, "the master has put a spell on it."

"I was just saying the Tight-Fillet Sūtra," said Tripitaka. "Since when did I put a spell on you?"

"Recite it some more and see what happens," said Pilgrim. Tripitaka accordingly began to recite, and the Pilgrim immediately started to hurt. "Stop! Stop!" he cried. "I hurt the moment you begin to recite."

How do you explain that?"

"Will you listen now to my instructions?" asked Tripitaka. "Yes, I will," replied Pilgrim. "And never be unruly again?"

"I dare not," said Pilgrim.

Although he said that with his mouth, Pilgrim's mind was still devising evil. One wave of the needle and it had the thickness of a rice bowl; he aimed it at the Tang Monk and was about to slam it down on him. The priest was so startled that he went through the recitation two or three more times. Falling to the ground, the monkey threw away the iron rod and could not even raise his hands.

"Master," he said, "I've learned my lesson! Stop! Please stop!"

"How dare you be so reckless," said Tripitaka, "that you should want to strike me?"

"I wouldn't dare strike you," said Pilgrim, "but let me ask you something. Who taught you this magic?"

“It was an old woman,” said Tripitaka, “who imparted it to me a few moments ago.”

Growing very angry, Pilgrim said, “You needn’t say anything more! The old woman had to be that Guanshiyin! Why did she want me to suffer like this? I’m going to South Sea to beat her up!”

“If she had taught me this magic,” said Tripitaka, “she had to know it even before I did. If you go looking for her, and she starts her recitation, won’t you be dead?” Pilgrim saw the logic of this and dared not remove himself. Indeed, he had no alternative but to kneel in contrition and plead with Tripitaka, saying, “Master, this is her method of controlling me, allowing me no alternative but to follow you to the West. I’ll not go to bother her, but you must not regard this spell as a plaything for frequent recitation either! I’m willing to accompany you without ever entertaining the thought of leaving again.”

“If that’s so,” said Tripitaka, “help me onto the horse and let’s get going.”

At that point, Pilgrim gave up all thoughts of disobedience or rebellion. Eagerly he tugged at his silk shirt and went to gather the luggage together, and they headed again toward the West. We do not know what is to be told after their departure; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTEEN

*At Serpent Coil Mountain, the gods give secret protection
At Eagle Grief Stream, the Horse of the Will is reined*

We were telling you about Pilgrim, who ministered to the Tang Monk faithfully as they advanced toward the West. They traveled for several days under the frigid sky of midwinter; a cold wind blew fiercely, and slippery icicles hung everywhere. They traversed

*A tortuous path of hanging gorges and cliffs,
A parlous range tiered with summits and peaks.*

As Tripitaka was riding along on his horse, his ears caught the distant sound of a torrent. He turned to ask:

“Wukong, where is that sound coming from?” Pilgrim said, “The name of this place, I recall, is Serpent Coil Mountain, and there is an Eagle Grief Stream in it.

I suppose that’s where it’s coming from.”

Before they had finished their conversation, they arrived at the bank of the stream. Tripitaka reined in his horse and looked around. He saw

*A bubbling cold stream piercing through the clouds,
Its limpid current reddened by the sun.
Its splatter in night rain stirs quiet vales;
Its colors glow at dawn to fill the air.
Wave after wave seems like flying chips of jade,
Their deep roar resonant as the clear wind.
It flows to join one vast stretch of smoke and tide,
Where gulls are lost with egrets but no fishers bide.*

Master and disciple were looking at the stream, when there was a loud splash in midstream and a dragon emerged. Churning the waters, it darted toward the bank and headed straight for the priest. Pilgrim was so startled that he threw away the luggage, hauled the master off his horse, and turned to flee with him at once. The dragon could not catch up with them, but it swallowed the white horse, harness and all, with one gulp before losing itself again in the water. Pilgrim carried his master to high ground and left the priest seated there; then he returned to fetch the horse and the luggage. The load of bags was still there, but the horse was nowhere to be seen.

Placing the luggage in front of his master, he said, “Master, there’s not a trace of that cursed dragon, which has frightened away our horse.”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “how can we find the horse again?”

“Relax! Relax!” said Pilgrim. “Let me go and have a look!”

He whistled once and leaped up into the air. Shading his fiery eyes and diamond pupils with his hand, he peered in all four directions, but there was not the slightest trace of the horse. Dropping down from the clouds, he made his report, saying, “Master, our horse must have been eaten by that dragon. It’s nowhere to be seen!”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “how big a mouth does that creature have that he can swallow a horse, harness and all? It must have been frightened away instead, probably

still running loose somewhere in the valley. Please take another look.” Pilgrim said, “You really have no conception of my ability. This pair of eyes of mine in daylight can discern good and evil within a thousand miles; at that distance, I can even see a dragonfly when it spreads its wings. How can I possibly miss something as big as a horse?”

“If it has been eaten,” said Tripitaka, “how am I to proceed? Pity me! How can I walk through those thousand hills and ten thousand waters?”

As he spoke, tears began to fall like rain. When Pilgrim saw him crying, he became infuriated and began to shout:

“Master, stop behaving like a namby-pamby! Sit here! Just sit here! Let old Monkey find that creature and ask him to give us back our horse. That’ll be the end of the matter.”

Clutching at him, Tripitaka said, “Disciple, where do you have to go to find him? Wouldn’t I be hurt if he should appear from somewhere after you are gone? How would it be then if both man and horse should perish?”

At these words, Pilgrim became even more enraged. “You’re a weakling! Truly a weakling!” he thundered. “You want a horse to ride on, and yet you won’t let me go. You want to sit here and grow old, watching our bags?”

As he was yelling angrily like this, he heard someone calling out in midair:

“Great Sage Sun, don’t be annoyed. And stop crying, Royal Brother of Tang. We are a band of deities sent by the Bodhisattva Guanyin to give secret protection to the scripture pilgrim.”

Hearing this, the priest hastily bowed to the ground. “Which divinities are you?” asked Pilgrim. “Tell me your names, so that I can check you off the roll.”

“We are the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light,” they said, “the Guardians of Five Points, the Four Sentinels, and the Eighteen Protectors of Monasteries. Every one of us waits upon you in rotation.”

“Which one of you will begin today?” asked Pilgrim. “The Gods of Darkness and Light,” they said, “to be followed by the Sentinels and the Protectors. We Guardians of Five Points, with the exception of the Golden-Headed Guardian, will be here somewhere night and day.”

“That being the case,” said Pilgrim, “those not on duty may retire, but the first Six Gods of Darkness, the Day Sentinel, and the Guardians should remain to protect my master. Let old Monkey go find that cursed dragon in the stream and ask him for our horse.”

The various deities obeyed. Only then did Tripitaka feel somewhat relieved as he sat on the cliff and told Pilgrim to be careful. “Just don’t worry,” said Pilgrim. Dear Monkey King! He tightened the belt around his silk shirt, hitched up his tiger-skin kilt, and went straight toward the gorge of the stream holding the golden-hooped iron rod. Standing halfway between cloud and fog, he cried loudly on top of the water, “Lawless lizard! Return my horse! Return my horse!” We now tell you about the dragon, who, having eaten the white horse of Tripitaka, was lying on the bottom of the stream, subduing his spirit and nourishing his nature. When he heard someone demanding the horse with abusive language, however, he could not restrain the fire leaping up in his heart and he jumped up quickly. Churning the waves, he darted out of the water, saying,

“Who dares to insult me here with his big mouth?” Pilgrim saw him and cried ferociously, “Don’t run away! Return my horse!” Wielding his rod, he aimed at the beast’s head and struck, while the dragon attacked with open jaws and dancing claws. The battle between the two of them before the stream was indeed fierce. You see

*The dragon extending sharp daws:
The monkey lifting his rod.
The whiskers of this one hung like white jade threads;
The eyes of that one shone like red-gold lamps.
The mouth beneath the whiskers of that one belched colored mists:
The iron rod in the hands of this one moved like a fierce wind.
That one was a cursed son who brought his parents grief;
This one was a monster who defied the gods on high.
Both had to suffer because of their plight.
They now want to win, so each displays his might.*

Back and forth, round and round, they fought for a long time, until the dragon grew weak and could fight no longer. He turned and darted back into the water; plunging to the bottom of the stream, he refused to come out again. The Monkey King heaped insult upon insult, but the dragon only pretended to be deaf.

Pilgrim had little choice but to return to Tripitaka, saying, “Master, that monster made his appearance as a result of my tongue-lashing.

He fought with me for a long time before taking fright and running. He’s hiding in the water now and refuses to come out again.”

“Do you know for certain that it was he who ate my horse?” asked Tripitaka. “Listen to the way you talk!” said Pilgrim. “If he hadn’t eaten it, would he be willing to face me and answer me like that?”

“The time you killed the tiger,” said Tripitaka, “you claimed that you had the ability to tame dragons and subdue tigers. Why can’t you subdue this one today?”

As the monkey had a rather low tolerance for any kind of provocation, this single taunt of Tripitaka so aroused him that he said, “Not one word more! Let me go and show him who is master!” With great leaps, our Monkey King bounded right to the edge of the stream. Using his magic of overturning seas and rivers, he transformed the clear, limpid water of the Eagle Grief Stream into the muddy currents of the Yellow River during high tide. The cursed dragon in the depth of the stream could neither sit nor lie still for a single moment. He thought to himself:

“Just as ‘Blessing never repeats itself, so misfortune never comes singly!’ It has been barely a year since I escaped execution by Heaven and came to bide my time here, but now I have to run into this wretched monster who is trying to do me harm.” Look at him! The more he thought about the matter, the more irritated he became. Unable to bear it any longer, he gritted his teeth and leaped out of the water, crying, “What kind of monster are you, and where do you come from, that you want to oppress me like this?”

“Never mind where I come from,” said Pilgrim. “Just return the horse, and I’ll spare your life.”

“I’ve swallowed your horse into my stomach,” said the dragon, “so how am I to throw it up? What are you going to do if I can’t return it to you?” Pilgrim said, “If you don’t give back the horse, just watch for this rod. Only when your life becomes a payment for my horse will there be an end to this matter!”

The two of them again waged a bitter struggle below the mountain ridge. After a few rounds, however, the little dragon just could not hold out any longer; shaking his body, he changed himself into a tiny water snake and wriggled into the marshes.

The Monkey King came rushing up with his rod and parted the grass to look for the snake, but there was not a trace of it. He was so exasperated that the spirits of the Three Worms in his body exploded and smoke began to appear from his seven apertures. He recited a spell beginning with the letter *om* and summoned the local spirit and the mountain god of that region. The two of them knelt before him, saying, "The local spirit and the mountain god have come to see you."

"Stick out your shanks," said Pilgrim, "and I'll greet each of you with five strokes of my rod just to relieve my feelings."

"Great Sage," they pleaded, "please be more lenient and allow your humble subjects to tell you something."

"What have you got to say?" said Pilgrim. "The Great Sage has been in captivity for a long time," said the two deities, "and we had no knowledge of when you were released. That's why we have not been here to receive you, and we beg you to pardon us."

"All right," said Pilgrim, "I won't hit you. But let me ask you something. Where did that monstrous dragon in the Eagle Grief Stream come from, and why did he devour my master's white horse?"

"We have never known the Great Sage to have a master," the two deities said, "for you have always been a first-rank primordial immortal who submits neither to Heaven nor to Earth. What do you mean by your master's horse?" Pilgrim said, "Of course you didn't know about this. Because of my contemptuous behavior toward Heaven, I had to suffer for this five hundred years. I was converted by the kindly persuasion of Bodhisattva Guanyin, who had the true monk from the Tang court rescue me. As his disciple, I was to follow him to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. We passed through this place, and my master's white horse was lost."

"So, that's how it is!" said the two deities. "There has never been anything evil about this stream, except that it is both broad and deep, and its water is so clear that you can see right to the bottom. Large fowls such as crows or eagles are hesitant to fly over it; for when they see their own reflections in the clear water, they are prone to mistake them for other birds of their own flock and throw themselves into the stream. Hence the name, the Steep Eagle Grief Stream. Some years ago, on her way to look for a scripture pilgrim, Bodhisattva Guanyin rescued a dragon and sent him here. He was told to wait for the scripture pilgrim and was forbidden to do any evil or violence. Only when he is hungry is he permitted to come up to the banks to feed on birds or antelopes. How could he be so ignorant as to offend the Great Sage!" Pilgrim said, "At first, he wanted to have a contest of strength with me and managed only a few bouts. Afterwards he would not come out even when I abused him. Only when I used the magic of overturning seas and rivers and stirred up the water did he appear again, and then he still wanted to fight. He really had no idea how heavy my rod was! When finally he couldn't hold out any longer, he changed himself into a water snake and wriggled into the grass. I rushed up there to look for him, but there was no trace of him."

"You may not know, Great Sage," said the local spirit, "that there are countless holes and crevices along these banks, through which the stream is connected with its many tributaries. The dragon could have crawled into any one of these. But there's no

need for the Great Sage to get angry trying to look for him. If you want to capture this creature, all you need do is to ask Guanshiyin to come here; then he'll certainly surrender." When Pilgrim heard this, he called the mountain god and the local spirit to go with him to see Tripitaka to give an account of what had happened. "If you need to send for the Bodhisattva," said Tripitaka, "when will you be able to return? How can this poor monk endure the cold and hunger?"

He had hardly finished speaking when the Golden-Headed Guardian called out from midair, "Great Sage, you needn't leave. Your humble subject will go fetch the Bodhisattva." Pilgrim was very pleased, shouting, "Thanks for taking all that trouble! Go quickly!"

The Guardian mounted the clouds swiftly and headed straight for South Sea; Pilgrim asked the mountain god and the local spirit to protect his master and the Day Sentinel to find some vegetarian food, while he himself went back to patrol the stream, and we shall say no more of that.

We now tell you about the Golden-Headed Guardian, who mounted the clouds and soon arrived at South Sea. Descending from the auspicious light, he went straight to the purple bamboo grove of the Potalaka Mountain, where he asked the various deities in golden armor and Mokṣa to announce his arrival. The Bodhisattva said, "What have you come for?"

"The Tang Monk lost his horse at the Eagle Grief Stream of the Serpent Coil Mountain," said the Guardian, "and the Great Sage Sun was placed in a terrible dilemma. He questioned the local deities, who claimed that a dragon sent by the Bodhisattva to that stream had eaten it. The Great Sage, therefore, sent me to request the Bodhisattva to go and subdue that cursed dragon, so that he might get back his horse."

Hearing this, the Bodhisattva said, "That creature was originally the son of Aorun of the Western Ocean. Because in his carelessness he set fire to the palace and destroyed the luminous pearls hanging there, his father accused him of subversion, and he was condemned to die by the Heavenly Tribunal. It was I who personally sought pardon from the Jade Emperor for him, so that he might serve as a means of transportation for the Tang Monk. I can't understand how he could swallow the monk's horse instead. But if that's what happened, I'll have to get over there myself."

The Bodhisattva left her lotus platform and went out of the divine cave. Mounting the auspicious luminosity with the Guardian, she crossed the South Sea. We have a testimonial poem that says:

*Buddha proclaimed the Tripitaka Supreme
Which the Goddess declared throughout Chang'an:
Those great, wondrous truths could reach Heaven and Earth;
Those wise, true words could save the spirits damned.
They caused Gold Cicada to cast again his shell.
They moved Xuanzang to mend his ways anew.
By blocking his path at Eagle Grief Stream,
A dragon-prince in horse-form returns to the Real.*

The Bodhisattva and the Guardian soon arrived at the Serpent Coil Mountain. They stopped the hallowed clouds in midair and saw Pilgrim Sun down below, shouting abuses at the bank of the stream. The Bodhisattva asked the Guardian to fetch him. Lowering his clouds, the Guardian went past Tripitaka and headed straight for the edge

of the stream, saying to Pilgrim, “The Bodhisattva has arrived.” When Pilgrim heard this, he jumped quickly into the air and yelled at her:

“You, so-called Teacher of the Seven Buddhas and the Founder of the Faith of Mercy! Why did you have to use your tricks to harm me?”

“You impudent stableman, ignorant red-buttocks!” said the Bodhisattva. “I went to considerable effort to find a scripture pilgrim, whom I carefully instructed to save your life. Instead of thanking me, you are finding fault with me!”

“You saved me all right!” said Pilgrim. “If you truly wanted to deliver me, you should have allowed me to have a little fun with no strings attached. When you met me the other day above the ocean, you could have chastened me with a few words, telling me to serve the Tang Monk with diligence, and that would have been enough. Why did you have to give him a flower cap, and have him deceive me into wearing it so that I would suffer? Now the fillet has taken root on old Monkey’s head. And you even taught him this so-called ‘Tight-Fillet Spell,’ which he recites again and again, causing endless pain in my head! You haven’t harmed me, indeed!”

The Bodhisattva laughed and said, “O, Monkey! You are neither attentive to admonition nor willing to seek the fruit of truth. If you are not restrained like this, you’ll probably mock the authority of Heaven again without regard for good or ill. If you create troubles as you did before, who will be able to control you? It’s only through this bit of adversity that you will be willing to enter our gate of Yoga.”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, “I’ll consider the matter my hard luck. But why did you take that condemned dragon and send him here so that he could become a spirit and swallow my master’s horse? It’s your fault, you know, if you allow an evildoer to perpetrate his villainies some more!”

“I went personally to plead with the Jade Emperor,” said the Bodhisattva, “to have the dragon stationed here so that he could serve as a means of transportation for the scripture pilgrim. Those mortal horses from the Land of the East, do you think that they could walk through ten thousand waters and a thousand hills? How could they possibly hope to reach the Spirit Mountain, the land of Buddha? Only a dragon-horse could make that journey!”

“But right now he’s so terribly afraid of me,” said Pilgrim, “that he refuses to come out of his hiding place. What can we do?”

The Bodhisattva said to the Guardian, “Go to the edge of the stream and say, ‘Come out, Third Prince Jade Dragon of the Dragon King Aorun. The Bodhisattva from South Sea is here.’ He’ll come out then.”

The Guardian went at once to the edge of the stream and called out twice. Churning the waters and leaping across the waves, the little dragon appeared and changed at once into the form of a man. He stepped on the clouds and rose up into the air; saluting the Bodhisattva, he said, “I thank the Bodhisattva again for saving my life. I’ve waited here a long time, but I’ve heard no news of the scripture pilgrim.” Pointing to Pilgrim, the Bodhisattva said, “Isn’t he the eldest disciple of the scripture pilgrim?” When he saw him, the little dragon said, “Bodhisattva, he’s my adversary. I was hungry yesterday and ate his horse. We fought over that, but he took advantage of his superior strength and defeated me; in fact, he so abused me that I dared not show myself again. But he has never mentioned a word about scripture seeking.”

“You didn’t bother to ask my name,” said Pilgrim. “How did you expect me to tell you anything?”

The little dragon said, “Didn’t I ask you, ‘What kind of a monster are you and where do you come from?’ But all you did was shout, ‘Never mind where I come from; just return my horse!’ Since when did you utter even half the word ‘Tang’?”

“That monkey,” said the Bodhisattva, “is always relying on his own abilities! When has he ever given any credit to other people? When you set off this time, remember that there are others who will join you. So when they ask you, by all means mention first the matter of scripture seeking; they will submit to you without causing you further trouble.” Pilgrim received this word of counsel amiably. The Bodhisattva went up to the little dragon and plucked off the shining pearls hanging around his neck. She then dipped her willow branch into the sweet dew in her vase and sprinkled it all over his body; blowing a mouthful of magic breath on him, she cried, “Change!”

The dragon at once changed into a horse with hair of exactly the same color and quality as that of the horse he had swallowed. The Bodhisattva then told him, “You must overcome with utmost diligence all the cursed barriers. When your merit is achieved, you will no longer be an ordinary dragon; you will acquire the true fruit of a golden body.”

Holding the bit in his mouth, the little dragon humbly accepted the instruction. The Bodhisattva told Wukong to lead him to Tripitaka, saying, “I’m returning across the ocean.” Pilgrim took hold of her and refused to let go, saying, “I’m not going on! I’m not going on! The road to the West is so treacherous! If I have to accompany this mortal monk, when will I ever get there? If I have to endure all these miseries, I may well lose my life.

What sort of merit do you think I’ll achieve? I’m not going! I’m not going!”

“In years past, before you reached the way of humanity,” said the Bodhisattva, “you were most eager to seek enlightenment. Now that you have been delivered from the chastisement of Heaven, how could you become slothful again? The truth of Nirvāṇa in our teaching can never be realized without faith and perseverance. If on your journey you should come across any danger that threatens your life, I give you permission to call on Heaven, and Heaven will respond; to call on Earth, and Earth will prove efficacious. In the event of extreme difficulty, I myself will come to rescue you. Come closer, and I shall endow you with one more means of power.” Plucking three leaves from her willow branch, the Bodhisattva placed them at the back of Pilgrim’s head, crying, “Change!”

They changed at once into three hairs with lifesaving power. She said to him:

“When you find yourself in a helpless and hopeless situation, you may use these according to your needs, and they will deliver you from your particular affliction.”

After Pilgrim had heard all these kind words, he thanked the Bodhisattva of Great Mercy and Compassion. With scented wind and colored mists swirling around her, the Bodhisattva returned to Potalaka.

Lowering the direction of his cloud, Pilgrim tugged at the mane of the horse and led him to Tripitaka, saying, “Master, we have a horse!”

Highly pleased by what he saw, Tripitaka said, “Disciple, how is it that the horse has grown a little fatter and stronger than before? Where did you find him?”

“Master, you are still dreaming!” said Pilgrim. “Just now the Golden-Headed Guardian managed to bring the Bodhisattva here, and she transformed the dragon of the stream into our white horse. Except for the missing harness, the color and hair are all the same, and old Monkey has pulled him here.”

“Where is the Bodhisattva?” asked Tripitaka, greatly surprised.

“Let me go and thank her.”

“By this time,” said Pilgrim, “the Bodhisattva has probably arrived at South Sea; there’s no need to bother about that.” Picking up a few pinches of earth with his fingers and scattering them like incense, Tripitaka bowed reverently toward the South. He then got up and prepared to leave again with Pilgrim.

Having dismissed the mountain god and the local spirit and given instructions to the Guardians and the Sentinels, Pilgrim asked his master to mount. Tripitaka said, “How can I ride a horse without harness? Let’s find a boat to cross this stream, and then we can decide what to do.”

“This master of mine is truly impractical!” said Pilgrim. “In the wilds of this mountain, where will you find a boat? Since the horse has lived here for a long time, he must know the water’s condition. Just ride him like a boat and we’ll cross over.”

Tripitaka had no choice but to follow his suggestion and climbed onto the barebacked horse; Pilgrim took up the luggage and they arrived at the edge of the stream. Then they saw an old fisherman punting downstream toward them in an old wooden raft. When Pilgrim caught sight of him, he waved his hands and called out:

“Old fisherman, come here! Come here! We come from the Land of the East to seek scriptures. It’s difficult for my master to cross, so please take us over.”

Hearing these words, the fisherman quickly punted the raft up to the bank. Asking his master to dismount, Pilgrim helped Tripitaka onto the raft before he embarked the horse and the luggage. That old fisher punted the raft away, and like an arrow in the wind, they crossed the steep Eagle Grief Stream swiftly and landed on the western shore. Tripitaka told Pilgrim to untie a bag and take out a few Tang pennies to give to the old fisherman. With a shove of his pole, the old fisherman pulled away, saying, “I don’t want any money.”

He drifted downstream and soon disappeared from sight. Feeling very much obliged, Tripitaka kept folding his hands to express his gratitude. “Master,” said Pilgrim, “you needn’t be so solicitous. Don’t you recognize him? He is the Water God of this stream. Since he didn’t come to pay his respects to old Monkey, he was about to get a beating. It’s enough that he is now spared from that. Would he dare take any money!”

The Master only half-believed him when he climbed onto the barebacked horse once again; following Pilgrim, he went up to the main road and set off again toward the West. It would be like this that they

*Through the vast Thusness reach the other shore,
And climb with hearts unfeigned the Spirit Mount.*

Master and disciple journeyed on, and soon the fiery sun sank westward as the sky gradually darkened. You see

*Clouds hazy and aimless,
A mountain moon dim and gloomy.*

*The sky, all frosty, builds the cold;
 Howling wind around cuts through you.
 One bird is lost midst the pale, wide sandbars,
 As twilight glows where the distant hills are low.
 A thousand trees roar in sparse woods;
 One ape cries on a barren peak.
 No traveler is seen on this long road
 When boats from afar return for the night.*

As Tripitaka, riding his horse, peered into the distance, he suddenly saw something like a hamlet beside the road. “Wukong,” he said, “there’s a house ahead of us. Let’s ask for lodging there and travel again tomorrow.” Raising his head to take a look, Pilgrim said, “Master, it’s no ordinary house.”

“Why not?” said Tripitaka. “If it were an ordinary house,” said Pilgrim, “there would be no flying fishes or reclining beasts decorating the ridge of its roof. That must be a temple or an abbey.” While they were speaking, master and disciple arrived at the gate of the building. Dismounting, Tripitaka saw on top of the gate three large characters:

Lishe Shrine. They walked inside, where they were met by an old man with some beads hanging around his neck. He came forward with hands folded, saying, “Master, please take a seat.”

Tripitaka hastily returned his salutation and then went to the main hall to bow to the holy images.

The old man called a youth to serve tea, after which Tripitaka asked him, “Why is this shrine named Lishe?”

The old man said, “This region belongs to the Hamil Kingdom of the western barbarians. There is a village behind the shrine, which was built from the piety of all its families. The ‘Li’ refers to the land owned by the whole village, and the ‘She’ is the God of the Soil.

During the days of spring sowing, summer plowing, autumn harvesting, and winter storing, each of the families would bring the three beasts, flowers, and fruits to sacrifice at the shrine, so that they might be blessed with good luck in all four seasons, a rich harvest of the five grains, and prosperity in raising the six domestic creatures.”

When Tripitaka heard these words, he nodded his head to show his approval, saying, “This is truly like the proverb:

‘Even three miles from home there are customs entirely distinct.’ The families in our region do not practice such good works.”

Then the old man asked, “Where is the honorable home of the master?”

“Your poor monk,” said Tripitaka, “happens to have been sent by the royal decree from the Great Tang Nation in the East to go to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. It was getting rather late when I passed your esteemed edifice. I therefore came to your holy shrine to ask for a night’s lodging. I’ll leave as soon as it gets light.”

The old man was delighted and kept saying, “Welcome! Welcome!”

He called the youth again to prepare a meal, which Tripitaka ate with gratitude.

As usual, Pilgrim was extremely observant. Noticing a rope for hanging laundry tied under the eaves, he walked over to it and pulled at it until it snapped in two. He then used the piece of rope to tie up the horse. “Where did you steal this horse?” asked the old man, laughing. “Old man,” said Pilgrim angrily, “watch what you are saying! We are holy monks going to worship Buddha. How could we steal horses?”

“If you didn’t steal it,” laughed the old man, “why is there no saddle or rein, so that you have to rip up my clothesline?”

“This rascal is always so impulsive,” said Tripitaka apologetically. “If you wanted to tie up the horse, why didn’t you ask the old gentleman properly for a rope? Why did you have to rip up his clothesline? Sir, please don’t be angry! Our horse, to tell you the truth, is not a stolen one. When we approached the Eagle Grief Stream yesterday from the east, I had a white horse complete with harness.

Little did we anticipate that there was a condemned dragon in the stream who had become a spirit, and who swallowed my horse in one gulp, harness and all. Fortunately, my disciple has some talents, and he was able to bring the Bodhisattva Guanyin to the stream to subdue the dragon. She told him to assume the form of my original white horse, so that he could carry me to worship Buddha in the Western Heaven. It has barely been one day since we crossed the stream and arrived at your holy shrine. We haven’t had time to look for a harness.”

“Master, you needn’t worry,” said the old man. “An old man like me loves to tease, but I had no idea your esteemed disciple was so serious about everything! When I was young, I had a little money, and I, too, loved to ride. But over the years I had my share of misfortunes: deaths in the family and fires in the household have not left me much. Thus I am reduced to being a caretaker here in the shrine, looking after the fires and incense, and dependent on the goodwill of the patrons in the village back there for a living. I still have in my possession a harness that I have always cherished, and that even in this poverty I couldn’t bear to sell. But since hearing your story, how even the Bodhisattva delivered the divine dragon and made him change into a horse to carry you, I feel that I must not withhold from giving either. I shall bring the harness tomorrow and present it to the master, who, I hope, will be pleased to accept it.” When Tripitaka heard this, he thanked him repeatedly. Before long, the youth brought in the evening meal, after which lamps were lit and the beds prepared. Everyone then retired.

Next morning, Pilgrim arose and said, “Master, that old caretaker promised last night to give us the harness. Ask him for it. Don’t spare him.”

He had hardly finished speaking when the old man came in with a saddle, together with pads, reins, and the like. Not a single item needed for riding a horse was lacking. He set them down in the corridor, saying, “Master, I am presenting you with this harness.” When Tripitaka saw it, he accepted it with delight and asked Pilgrim to try the saddle on the horse. Going forward, Pilgrim took up the accoutrements and examined them piece by piece. They were indeed some magnificent articles, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*The carved saddle shines with studs of silver stars.
The precious seat glows with bright threads of gold.
The pads are stacks of fine-spun woolen quilts.
The reins are three bands of purple cords of silk.
The bridle’s leather straps are shaped like flowers.
The flaps have gold-etched forms of dancing beasts.*

*The rings and bit are made of finest steel.
Waterproof tassels dangle on both sides.*

Secretly pleased, Pilgrim put the saddle on the back of the horse, and it seemed to have been made to measure. Tripitaka bowed to thank the old man, who hastily raised him up, saying, "It's nothing! What do you need to thank me for?"

The old man did not ask them to stay any longer; instead, he urged Tripitaka to mount. The priest came out of the gate and climbed into the saddle, while Pilgrim followed, hauling the luggage. The old man then took a whip out from his sleeve, with a handle of rattan wrapped in strips of leather, and the strap knitted with cords made of tiger ligaments. He stood by the side of the road and presented it with hands uplifted, saying, "Holy Monk, I have a whip here that I may as well give you."

Tripitaka accepted it on his horse, saying, "Thanks for your donation! Thanks for your donation!"

Even as he was saying this, the old man vanished. The priest turned around to look at the Lishe Shrine, but it had become just a piece of level ground. From the sky came a voice saying, "Holy Monk, I'm sorry not to have given you a better reception! I am the local spirit of Potalaka Mountain, who was sent by the Bodhisattva to present you with the harness. You two must journey to the West with all diligence. Do not be slothful in any moment."

Tripitaka was so startled that he fell off his horse and bowed toward the sky, saying, "Your disciple is of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, and he does not recognize the holy visage of the deity. Please forgive me. I beseech you to convey my gratitude to the Bodhisattva." Look at him! All he could do was to kowtow toward the sky without bothering to count how many times! By the side of the road the Great Sage Sun reeled with laughter, the Handsome Monkey King broke up with hilarity. He came up and tugged at his master, saying, "Master, get up! He is long gone! He can't hear you, nor can he see your kowtowing. Why keep up this adoration?"

"Disciple," said the priest, "when I kowtowed like that, all you could do was to stand snickering by the side of the road, with not even a bow. Why?"

"You wouldn't know, would you?" said Pilgrim. "For playing a game of hide-and-seek like that with us, he really deserves a beating! But for the sake of the Bodhisattva, I'll spare him, and that's something already! You think he dares accept a bow from old Monkey? Old Monkey has been a hero since his youth, and he doesn't know how to bow to people! Even when I saw the Jade Emperor and Laozi, I just gave them my greeting, that's all!"

"Blasphemy!" said Tripitaka. "Stop this idle talk! Let's get going without further delay." So the priest got up and prepared to set off again toward the West.

After leaving that place, they had a peaceful journey for two months, for all they met were barbarians, Muslims, tigers, wolves, and leopards. Time went by swiftly, and it was again early spring. You could see jade green gilding the mountain forest, and green sprouts of grass appearing. The plum blossoms were all fallen and the willow-leaves gently budding. As master and disciple were admiring this scenery of spring, they saw the sun sinking westward again. Reining the horse, Tripitaka peered into the distance and saw at the fold of the hill the shadow of buildings and the dark silhouette of towers. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "look at the buildings over there.

What sort of a place is that?" Stretching his neck to look, Pilgrim said, "It has to be either a temple or a monastery. Let's move along and ask for lodging over there."

Tripitaka was glad to follow this suggestion and urged his dragon-horse forward. We do not know what took place thereafter; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTEEN

*At Guanyin Hall the monks plot for the treasure
At Black Wind Mountain a monster steals the cassock*

We were telling you about the disciple and master, who urged the horse forward and arrived at the front gate of the building. They saw that it was indeed a monastery with

*Tiers of towers and turrets,
And rows of quiet chambers.
Above the temple gate
Hung the august panoply of colored nimbus;
Before the Hall of Five Blessings
Whirled a thousand strands of bright red mists.
Two rows of pines and bamboos;
One grove of juniper and cypress;
Two rows of pines and bamboos
Revealed their fair virtue unspoiled by time;
One grove of juniper and cypress
Displayed its chaste beauty in comely hues.
They saw also the tall bell tower,
The pagoda rugged,
Monks in silent meditation
And birds on trees gently cooing.
A dustless seclusion was the real seclusion,
For the quiescence of Dao was truly quiescent.*

The poem says:

*This temple, like Jetavana, hides in a jade-green grove.
Its beauty surpasses even the Şaḍ-varṣa.
Pure land among mankind is rare indeed:
This world's famed mountains are mostly held by monks.*

The priest dismounted, and Pilgrim laid down his load. They were about to walk through the gate when a monk came out. "How does he look?" you ask.

*He wore a hat pinned to the left
And a robe most spotlessly pure.
Two brass rings hung from his ears;
A silk sash was wrapped round his waist.
His straw sandals moved sedately;
His hands carried a wooden fish.
His mouth recited constantly
The Wisdom he sought most humbly.*

When Tripitaka saw him, he stood waiting by the gate and saluted with his palms pressed together in front of him. The monk returned the greeting at once and said laughing, "I'm sorry, but I don't know you!"

He then asked, "Where do you come from? Please come in for some tea."

“Your disciple,” said Tripitaka, “has been sent by royal decree from the Land of the East to go to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Temple of Thunderclap. It was getting late when we arrived here, and we would like to ask for a night’s lodging in your fair temple.”

“Please take a seat inside,” said the monk. Only then did Tripitaka call Pilgrim to lead the horse inside. When the monk caught sight of Pilgrim’s face, he became somewhat afraid and asked, “What’s that thing leading the horse?”

“Speak softly!” said Tripitaka. “He’s easily provoked! If he hears you referring to him as a thing, he’ll get mad. He happens to be my disciple.” With a shiver, the monk bit his finger and said, “Such a hideous creature, and you made him your disciple!”

Tripitaka said, “You can’t tell by mere appearance. He may be ugly, but he is very useful.”

That monk had little choice but to accompany Tripitaka and Pilgrim as they entered the temple gate. Inside, above the main hall’s entrance, the words “Guanyin Chan Hall” were written in large letters. Highly pleased, Tripitaka said, “This disciple has repeatedly benefited from the holy grace of the Bodhisattva, though he has had no opportunity to thank her. Now that we are at this Chan hall, it is as if we are meeting the Bodhisattva personally, and it is most proper that I should offer my thanks.” When the monk heard this, he told one of the attendants to open wide the door of the hall and invited Tripitaka to worship. Pilgrim tied up the horse, dropped his luggage, and went with Tripitaka up the hall. Stretching his back and then flattening himself on the ground, Tripitaka kowtowed to the golden image as the monk went to beat the drum, and Pilgrim began to strike the bell. Prostrating himself before the seat of the deity, Tripitaka poured out his heart in prayer. When he finished, the monk stopped the drum, but Pilgrim continued to strike the bell without ceasing.

Now rapidly, now slowly, he persisted for a long time. The attendant said, “The service is over. Why are you still striking the bell?” Only then did Pilgrim throw away the hammer and say, laughing, “You wouldn’t know this! I’m just living by the proverb:

‘If you are a monk for a day, strike then the bell for a day!’”

By then, the monks young and old of the monastery and the elders of upper and lower chambers were all aroused by the unruly sound of the bell. They rushed out together crying, “Who is the maniac fooling with the bell?” Pilgrim leaped out of the hall and shouted, “Your Grandpa Sun sounded it to amuse himself!”

The moment the monks saw him, they were so frightened that they tumbled and rolled on the ground. Crawling around, they said, “Father Thunder!”

“He’s only my great-grandson!” said Pilgrim. “Get up, get up! Don’t be afraid. We are noble priests who have come from the Great Tang Nation in the east.”

The various monks then bowed courteously to him, and when they saw Tripitaka, they were even more reassured. One of the monks, who was the abbot of the monastery, said, “Let the holy fathers come to the living room in the back so that we may offer them some tea.” Untying the reins and leading the horse, they picked up the luggage and went past the main hall to the back of the monastery, where they sat down in orderly rows.

After serving tea, the abbot prepared a vegetarian meal, although it was still rather early for dinner. Tripitaka had not finished thanking him when an old monk emerged from the rear, supported by two boys. Look how he was attired:

*He wore on his head a Vairocana hat
Topped by a precious, shining cat's-eye stone;
He wore on his body a brocaded woolen frock,
Piped brilliantly in gold and kingfisher feathers.
A pair of monk shoes on which Eight Treasures were set,
And a priestly staff encased with starry gems.
His face full of wrinkles,
He looked like the Old Witch of Li Mountain;
His eyes were dim-sighted,
Though he seemed a Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean.
Wind stabbed his mouth for his teeth had fallen,
And palsy had made crooked his aged back.*

The various monks made the announcement:

“The Patriarch is here.”

Tripitaka bowed to receive him, saying, “Old Abbot, your disciple bows to you.”

The old monk returned the gesture, and they were both seated. “Just now I heard the little ones announcing,” said the old monk, “that venerable fathers from the Tang court have arrived from the east. I came out specifically to meet you.”

“Without knowing any better,” said Tripitaka, “we intruded into your esteemed temple. Please pardon us!”

“Please, please!” said the old monk. “May I ask the holy father what the distance is between here and the Land of the East?”

“Since leaving the outskirts of Chang’an,” said Tripitaka, “I traveled for some five thousand miles before passing the Mountain of Two Frontiers, where I picked up a little disciple. Moving on, we passed through the Hamil Kingdom of the western barbarians, and in two months we had traveled another five or six thousand miles. Only then did we arrive at your noble region.”

“Well, you have covered the distance of ten thousand miles,” said the old monk. “This disciple truly has spent his life in vain, for he has not even left the door of the temple. I have, as the saying goes, ‘sat in the well to look at the sky.’ A veritable piece of dead wood!”

Then Tripitaka asked, “What is the honorable age of the Old Abbot?”

“Foolishly I have reached my two hundred and seventieth year,” said the old monk. When Pilgrim heard this, he said, “You are only my descendant of the tenthousandth generation!”

“Careful!” said Tripitaka, looking at him sternly. “Don’t offend people with your brashness!”

“And you, Elder,” asked the old monk, “how old are you?”

“I dare not tell,” said Pilgrim. That old monk thought it was just a foolish remark; he paid no further attention, nor did he ask again. Instead, he called for tea to be served, and a young cleric brought out a tray made of milk-white jade on which there

were three cloisonné cups with gold edges. Another youth brought out a white copper pot and poured three cups of scented tea, truly more colorful than camellia buds and more fragrant than cassia flowers. When Tripitaka saw these, he could not cease making compliments, saying, “What marvelous things! What marvelous things! A lovely drink, indeed, and lovely utensils!”

“Most disgraceful stuff!” said the old monk. “The holy father resides in the heavenly court of a great nation, and he has witnessed all kinds of rare treasures. Things like these are not worthy of your praise. Since you have come from a noble state, do you have any precious thing you can show me?”

“It’s pathetic!” said Tripitaka. “We have no precious thing in the Land of the East; and even if we had, I could not bring it with me because of the distance.”

From the side, Pilgrim said, “Master, I saw a cassock the other day in our bag. Isn’t that a treasure? Why not take it out and show it to him?” When the other monks heard him mentioning a cassock, they all began to snicker. “What are you laughing at?” asked Pilgrim.

The abbot said, “To say that a cassock is a treasure, as you just did, is certainly laughable. If you want to talk about cassocks, priests like us would possess more than twenty or thirty such garments. Take the case of our Patriarch, who has been a monk here for some two hundred and fifty years. He has over seven hundred of them!”

He then made the suggestion:

“Why not take them out for these people to see?”

That old monk certainly thought it was his show this time! He asked the attendants to open up the storage room and the dhūtas to bring out the chests. They brought out twelve of them and set them down in the courtyard. The padlocks were unlocked; clothes racks were set up on both sides, and ropes were strung all around. One by one, the cassocks were shaken loose and hung up for Tripitaka to see. It was truly a roomful of embroidery, four walls of exquisite silk! Glancing at them one by one, Pilgrim saw that they were all pieces of fine silk intricately woven and delicately embroidered, splashed with gold. He laughed and said, “Fine! Fine! Fine! Now pack them up! Let’s take ours out for you to look at.” Pulling Pilgrim aside, Tripitaka said softly, “Disciple, don’t start a contest of wealth with other people. You and I are strangers away from home, and this may be a mistake!”

“Just a look at the cassock,” said Pilgrim, “how can that be a mistake?”

“You haven’t considered this,” said Tripitaka. “As the ancients declared, ‘The rare object of art should not be exposed to the covetous and deceitful person.’ For once he sees it, he will be tempted; and once he is tempted, he will plot and scheme. If you are timid, you may end up yielding to his every demand; otherwise, injury and loss of life may result, and that’s no small matter.”

“Relax! Relax!” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey will assume all responsibility!” Look at him! He did not permit any further discussion! Darting away, he untied the bag, and brilliant rays at once came flashing through the two layers of oil-paper in which the garment was wrapped. He discarded the paper and took out the cassock. As he shook it loose, a crimson light flooded the room and glorious air filled the courtyard. When the various monks saw it, none could suppress the admiration in his heart and the praise on his lips. It was truly a magnificent cassock! It has hanging on it

Sparkling pearls—marvelous in every way—

*And Buddha's treasures in each aspect rare.
 Up and down spreads grapevine weave on gorgeous silk;
 On every side are hems of fine brocade.
 Put it on, and goblins will then be slain.
 Step in it, and demons will flee to Hell.
 It's made by those hands of gods incarnate;
 He who's not a true monk dares not wear it.*

When the old monk saw a treasure of such quality, he was indeed moved to villainy. Walking forward, he knelt down before Tripitaka, and tears began to fall from his eyes. "This disciple truly has no luck," he said. "Old Abbot," said Tripitaka, raising him up, "what do you mean?"

"It was already getting late," he said, "when the venerable father spread this treasure out. But my eyes are dim and I can't see clearly. Isn't this my misfortune?"

"Bring out the lamps," said Tripitaka, "and you can take a better look."

The old monk said, "The treasure of the father is already dazzling; if we light the lamps, it will become much too bright for my eyes, and I'll never be able to see it properly."

"How would you like to see it?" asked Pilgrim. "If the venerable father is inclined to be gracious," replied the old monk, "please permit me to take it back to my room, where I can spend the night looking at it carefully. Tomorrow I shall return it to you before you continue your journey to the west. How would that be?" Startled, Tripitaka began to complain to Pilgrim, saying, "It's all your doing! It's all your doing!"

"What are you afraid of?" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Let me wrap it up and he can take it away. If there's any mishap, old Monkey will take care of it."

Tripitaka could not stop him; he handed the cassock over to the monk, saying, "You may look at it, but you must give it back tomorrow morning, just as it is. Don't spoil or damage it in any way!"

The old monk was very pleased. After telling the young cleric to take the cassock inside, he gave instructions for the various monks to sweep out the Chan hall in front. Two rattan beds were sent for and the bedding was prepared, so that the two travelers could rest. He gave further instructions for sending them off with breakfast in the morning, after which everyone left. Master and disciple closed up the hall and slept, and we shall say no more of that.

We shall now tell you about the old monk, who had got hold of the cassock by fraud. He took it beneath the lamps in the back room and sat in front of it, bawling. The chief priest of the monastery was so startled that he dared not retire first. The young cleric, not knowing the reason for the weeping, went to report to the other monks, saying, "The aged father has been crying, and it's now the second watch and he still hasn't stopped."

Two grand disciples, who were his favorites, went forward to ask him, "Grand master, why are you crying?"

"I'm crying over my ill luck," replied the old monk, "for I cannot look at the treasure of the Tang Monk." One of the little monks said, "The aged father is becoming a little senile! The cassock is placed right before you. All you have to do is to untie the package and look at it. Why do you have to cry?"

“But I can’t look at it for long,” said the old monk. “I’m two hundred and seventy years old, and yet I have bargained in vain for those several hundred cassocks. What must I do to acquire that one cassock of his? How can I become the Tang Monk himself?”

“The grand master is erring,” said the little monk. “The Tang Monk is a mendicant who had to leave his home and country. You are enjoying the benefits of old age here, and that should be sufficient. Why do you want to be a mendicant like him?”

The old monk said, “Though I’m relaxing at home and enjoying my declining years, I have no cassock like his to put on. If I can put it on for just one day, I’ll die with my eyes shut, for then I shall not have been a monk in vain in this World of Light.”

“What nonsense!” said another monk. “If you want to put it on, what’s so difficult about that? Tomorrow we will ask them to stay for one more day, and you can wear it the whole day; if that’s not enough, we’ll detain them for ten days so that you can wear the cassock all that time. That will be the end of the matter. Why do you have to cry like this?”

“Even if they were to be detained for a whole year,” said the old monk, “I would only be able to wear it for one year. That’s not long-lasting! The moment they want to leave, we will have to return it. How can we make it last?”

As they were speaking, one of the little monks, whose name was Great Wisdom, spoke up:

“Aged Father, if you want it to last, that’s easy too!” When the old monk heard that, he brightened up. “My son,” he said, “what profound thoughts do you have?”

Great Wisdom said, “The Tang Monk and his disciple are travelers and are subjected to a lot of stress and strain. So they are fast asleep now. I suppose a few of us who are strong could take up knives and spears, break open the Chan hall, and kill them. We could bury them in the backyard, and only those of us within the family would know about it. We could also take over the white horse and the luggage, but the cassock could be kept as an heirloom. Now isn’t this a plan made to last through posterity?” When the old monk heard this, he was filled with delight. Wiping away his tears, he said, “Good! Good! Good! This plan is absolutely marvelous!”

He asked at once for knives and spears.

There was in their midst another little monk, whose name was Big Plan, who was the younger classmate of Great Wisdom. Coming forward, he said, “That plan is no good! If you want to kill them, you must first assess the situation. It’s easy to take care of the one with the white face, but the hairy face presents more difficulty. If for some reason you are unable to slay him, you might bring disaster upon yourselves. I have a plan that does not call for knives or spears. How do you feel about this?”

“My son,” said the old monk, “what sort of plan do you have?”

“In the opinion of your little grandson,” said Big Plan, “we can call up all the resident heads, both senior and junior, in the eastern wing of this monastery, asking each person and his group to bring a bundle of dried firewood. We’ll sacrifice the three rooms of the Chan hall and set fire to them; the people inside will be barred from all exits. Even the horse will be burned with them! If the families who live in front of the temple or behind it should see the fire, we can say that they caused it by their carelessness and burned down our Chan hall. Those two monks will surely be burned to

death, but no one will know any better. After that, won't we have the cassock as our heirloom?" When the monks heard this, they were all delighted. "Better! Better! Better! This plan is even more marvelous! More marvelous!" they all said. They sent for the resident heads at once to bring firewood. Alas, this single plan will have the result of

*A venerable old monk ending his life,
And the Guanyin Chan Hall reduced to dust.*

That monastery, you see, had over seventy suites and some two hundred monks resided there. Hordes of them went to fetch firewood, which they stacked around the Chan hall until it was completely surrounded. They then made plans to light the fire, but we shall say no more of that.

We must now tell you about Tripitaka and his disciple, who had already gone to rest. That Pilgrim, however, was a spiritual monkey; though he lay down, he was only exercising his breath to preserve his spirit, with his eyes half-closed. Suddenly he heard people running around outside and the crackling of firewood in the wind. "This is a time for quietness," he said to himself, his suspicion fully aroused, "so why do I hear people walking about? Could they be thieves plotting against us?" Whirling around, he leaped up, and would have opened the door to look outside, had he not been afraid of waking his master. Look at him display his abilities! With one shake of his body he changed into a bee. Truly he had

*A sweet mouth and vicious tail;
A small waist and light body.
He cut through flowers and willow like a dart;
He sought like a meteor the scented pollen.
His light, tiny body could bear much weight.
His thin wings buzzing could ride the wind.
Descending from rafters and beams,
He crawled out to get a clear view.*

He then saw that the various monks were hauling hay and carrying firewood; surrounding the Chan hall, they were about to light the fire. "What my master said has really come true!" said Pilgrim, smiling to himself. "Because they wanted to take our lives and rob us of our cassock, they were moved to such treachery. I suppose I could use my rod to attack them, but I'm afraid they wouldn't be able to withstand it. A little beating, and they would all be dead! Then Master would blame me for acting violently again. O, let it be! I shall lead the sheep astray conveniently and meet plot with plot, so that they won't be able to live here anymore."

Dear Pilgrim! With a single somersault, he leaped straight up to the South Heaven Gate. He so startled the divine warriors Pang, Liu, Gou, and Bi that they bowed, and so alarmed Ma, Zhao, Wen, and Guan that they bent low. "Good Heavens!" they cried. "That character who disrupted Heaven is here again!"

"No need to stand on ceremony, all of you!" said Pilgrim, waving his hand. "And don't be alarmed! I came to find Virūpākṣa, the Broad-Eyed Devarāja."

Before he had finished speaking, the Devarāja arrived and greeted Pilgrim, saying, "It's been a long time! I heard some time ago that the Bodhisattva Guanyin asked the Jade Emperor for the services of the Four Sentinels, the Six Gods of Light and Darkness, and the Guardians to protect the Tang Monk as he goes in quest of scriptures in the Western Heaven. She also said that you had become his disciple. How do you have the leisure to be here today?"

“Don’t mention leisure!” said Pilgrim. “The Tang Monk met some wicked people on his journey, who are about to have him burned up. It’s an extreme emergency, and that’s why I’ve come to borrow your Fire-Repelling Cover to save him. Bring it to me quickly; I’ll return it the moment I’m finished with it.”

“You are wrong,” said the Devarāja. “If wicked people are starting a fire, you should go find water to save him. Why do you want the Fire-Repelling Cover?” Pilgrim said, “You have no idea what’s behind this. If I find water to save him, the fire won’t burn, and that will benefit our enemies instead. I want this cover so that only the Tang Monk will be protected from harm. I don’t care about the rest! Let them burn! Quickly! Quickly! A little delay, and it may be too late! You will botch up my affairs down below!”

“This monkey is still plotting with an evil mind,” said the Devarāja, laughing. “After looking out for himself, he is not worried about other people.”

“Hurry!” said Pilgrim. “Stop wagging your tongue, or you’ll upset my great enterprise!”

The Devarāja dared not refuse and gave Pilgrim the cover.

Pilgrim took it and descended through the clouds to the roof of the Chan hall, where he covered up the Tang Monk, the white horse, and the luggage. He himself then went to sit on the roof of the back room occupied by the old monk in order to guard the cassock. As he saw the people lighting the fire, he pressed his fingers together to make a magic sign and recited a spell. Facing the ground to the southwest, he took a deep breath and then blew it out. At once a strong wind arose and whipped the fire into a mighty blaze. What a fire! What a fire! You see

*Rolling black smoke;
Vaulting red flames.
With rolling black smoke
All the stars vanish from the vast sky;
With vaulting red flames
The earth’s lit up, made crimson for a thousand miles.
At the beginning,
What gleaming snakes of gold!
Soon thereafter,
What imposing bloody horses!
The Three Southern Forces display their might.
The Great God of Fire reveals his power.
When dried wood burns in such fire intense,
Why speak of Sui ren drilling fire from wood ?
When colored flames shoot out of hot-oiled doors,
They match even the opened oven of Laozi.
This is how fire rages ruthlessly,
Though no worse than such intended fraud
As not suppressing misdeeds
And abetting violence.
The wind sweeps the fire
And flames fly up for some eight thousand feet;
The fire’s helped by the wind,
So ashes burst beyond the Ninefold Heaven.*

*Ping-ping, pang-pang,
 They sound like those firecrackers at year's end.
 Po-po, la-la,
 They're like the roar of cannons in the camps.
 It burns till the Buddha's image cannot flee from the scene,
 And the Temple Guardians have no place to hide.
 It's like the Red Cliff Campaign in the night,
 Surpassing the fire at Epang Palace.*

As the saying goes, "One little spark of fire can burn ten thousand acres." In a moment, the strong wind and the raging fire made the entire Guanyin Hall glowing red. Look at all those monks! They began to bring out the chests and carry out the drawers, to grab for tables and snatch up pots. A loud wailing filled the whole courtyard. Pilgrim Sun, however, stood guard at the back while the Fire-Repelling Cover securely screened off the Chan hall at the front. The rest of the place was completely lit up; truly the sky was illuminated by brilliant red flames, and bright gold light shone through the walls.

No one knew, however, that when the fire had begun, it had caught the attention of a mountain monster. For about twenty miles due south of this Guanyin Hall there was a Black Wind Mountain, where there was also a Black Wind Cave. A monster in the cave, who happened to turn over in his sleep, noticed that his windows were lit up. He thought that dawn had broken, but when he arose and took another look, he saw instead the brilliant glow of fire burning in the north. Astonished, the monster said, "Good Heavens! There must be a fire in the Guanyin Hall. Those monks are so careless! Let me see if I can help them a little!"

Dear monster! He rose with his cloud and went at once to the place of fire and smoke, where he discovered that the halls front and back were entirely empty while the fire in the corridors on both sides was raging. With great strides he ran inside and was about to call for water when he saw that there was no fire in the back room. Someone, however, was sitting on the roof whipping up the wind. He began to perceive what was happening and ran quickly inside to look around. In the living room of the old monk, he saw on the table colorful radiance emitted by a package wrapped in a blue blanket. He untied it and discovered that it was a cassock of silk brocade, a rare Buddhist treasure. Thus it is how wealth moves the mind of man! He neither attempted to put out the fire nor called for water. Snatching up the cassock, he committed robbery by taking advantage of the confusion and at once turned his cloud back toward the mountain cave.

The fire raged on until the time of the fifth watch before burning itself out. Look at those monks: weeping and wailing, they went with empty hands and naked bodies to rummage about in the ashes, trying desperately to salvage a scrap or two of metal or valuables.

Some attempted to erect a temporary shelter along the walls, while others amid the rubble tried to build a makeshift oven so that rice could be cooked. They were all howling and complaining, but we shall say no more about that.

Now we shall tell you about Pilgrim, who, taking the Fire-Repelling Cover, sent it up to the South Heaven Gate with one somersault.

He handed it back to the Broad-Eyed Devarāja, saying, "Thanks so much for lending it to me!"

The Devarāja took it back and said, “The Great Sage is very honest. I was a little worried that if you did not return my treasure, I would have a hard time finding you. I’m glad you brought it right back.”

“Do you think that old Monkey is the sort of person who steals openly?” asked Pilgrim. “As the saying goes, ‘Return what you borrow, and again you may borrow!’” “I haven’t seen you for a long time,” said the Devarāja, “and I would like to invite you to spend some time at my palace. How about it?” Pilgrim said, “Old Monkey can’t do what he did before, ‘squatting on a rotted bench and dispensing lofty discourse.’ Now that I have to protect the Tang Monk, I haven’t a moment’s leisure. Give me a rain check!”

He took leave of the Devarāja quickly and dropped down from the clouds. As the sun arose, he arrived at the Chan hall, where with one shake of his body he changed again into a bee. When he flew inside and resumed his original form, he saw that his master was still sleeping soundly.

“Master,” cried Pilgrim, “it’s dawn. Get up.” Only then did Tripitaka awake; he turned around, saying, “Yes, indeed!” Putting on his clothes, he opened the door and went out. As he raised his head, he saw crumbling walls and seared partitions; the towers, the terraces, and the buildings had all disappeared. “Ah!” he cried, greatly shaken. “How is it that the buildings are all gone? Why are there only scorched walls?”

“You are still dreaming!” said Pilgrim. “They had a fire here last night.”

“Why didn’t I know about it?” asked Tripitaka. “It’s old Monkey who safeguarded the Chan hall,” replied Pilgrim. “When I saw that Master was sound asleep, I did not disturb you.”

“If you had the ability to safeguard the Chan hall,” said Tripitaka, “why didn’t you put out the fire in the other buildings?”

“So that you may learn the truth,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “just as you predicted it yesterday. They fell in love with our cassock and made plans to have us burned to death. If old Monkey had been less alert, we would have been reduced to bone and ashes by now!” When Tripitaka heard these words, he was alarmed and asked, “Was it they who set the fire?”

“Who else?” said Pilgrim.

“Could it be,” asked Tripitaka, “that they mistreated you, and you did this?” Pilgrim replied, “Is old Monkey the sort of wretch that would indulge in such sordid business? It really was they who set the fire. When I saw how malicious they were, I admit I did not help them put the fire out. I did, however, manage to provide them with a little wind!”

“My God! My God!” said Tripitaka. “When a fire starts, you should get water. How could you provide wind instead?”

“You must have heard,” said Pilgrim, “what the ancients said:

‘If a man has no desire to harm a tiger, a tiger has no intention of hurting a man.’ If they hadn’t played with fire, would I have played with wind?”

“Where’s the cassock?” asked Tripitaka. “Has it been burned?”

“Not at all!” replied Pilgrim. “It hasn’t been burned, for the fire didn’t reach the living quarters of the old monk where the cassock was placed.”

“I don’t care!” exclaimed Tripitaka, his resentment rising. “If there’s the slightest damage, I’m going to recite that little something and you’ll be dead!”

“Master!” cried Pilgrim with alarm, “don’t start your recitation! I’ll find the cassock and return it to you, and that’ll be the end of the matter. Let me go fetch it so that we can start on our journey.”

Tripitaka led the horse while Pilgrim took up the load of luggage. They left the Chan hall and went to the room at the rear.

We now tell you about the monks, who were still grieving when they suddenly saw master and disciple approaching with the horse and the luggage. Scared out of their wits, they all said, “The wronged souls have come to seek vengeance!”

“What wronged souls are seeking vengeance?” shouted Pilgrim. “Give back my cassock quickly!”

All the monks fell to their knees at once, saying as they kowtowed, “Holy Fathers! Just as a wrong implies an enemy, so a debt has its proper creditor! If you seek vengeance, please understand that we had nothing to do with this. It was the old monk who plotted with Big Plan against you. Don’t make us pay for your lives!”

“You damnable beasts!” cried Pilgrim angrily. “Who wants you to pay with your lives? Just give me back the cassock and we’ll be going.”

Two of the monks who were less timid said to him, “Father, you were supposed to be burned to death in the Chan hall, and yet now you come to demand the cassock. Are you indeed a man, or are you a ghost?”

“This bunch of accursed creatures!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “Where was the fire? Go to the front and look at the Chan hall. Then you can come back and talk.”

The monks got up and went to the front to look; not even half an inch of the door, the window, or the screen outside the Chan hall was scorched. One and all were awestruck and became convinced that Tripitaka was a divine monk, and Pilgrim a celestial guardian. They all went forward to kowtow to them, saying, “We have eyes but no pupils, and therefore we did not recognize True Men descending to Earth.

Your cassock is at the residence of the old Patriarch at the back.”

Tripitaka was deeply saddened by the rows of crumbling walls and damaged partitions they went past before arriving at the Patriarch’s chambers, which were indeed untouched by fire. The monks dashed in, crying, “Aged Father, the Tang Monk must be a god. He hasn’t been burned to death, though we have hurt ourselves. Let’s take the cassock quickly and give it back to him.”

But the fact of the matter is that the old monk could not find the cassock. In addition, most of the buildings in his monastery had been ruined, and he was, of course, terribly distressed. When he heard the monks calling, how could he have the courage to reply? Feeling utterly helpless and incapable of solving his dilemma, he bent forward, took several great strides, and rammed his head into the wall. How pitiful! The impact made

*The brain burst, the blood flow, and his soul disperse;
His head stained the sand as his breathing stopped.*

We have a poem as a testimony, which says:

So lamentable is this blind old monk!

*In vain he lives among men to such old age.
 He wants the cassock forever to keep,
 Not knowing how uncommon is Buddha's gift.
 If you think what endures can come with ease,
 Yours will be sure failure and certain grief.
 Big Plan, Great Wisdom, of what use are they?
 To gain by others' loss—what empty dreams!*

Shocked to tears, the monks cried, "The Patriarch has killed himself. And we can't find the cassock. What shall we do?"

"It must have been you who stole it and hid it," said Pilgrim. "Come out, all of you! Give me a complete list of your names and let me check you off the roll one by one."

The head residents of all the upper and lower chambers made a thorough accounting of all the monks, the dhūtas, the young novices, and the Daoists in two scrolls, and presented Pilgrim with some two hundred and thirty names. Asking his master to take a seat in the middle, Pilgrim went through the roll and examined the monks one by one. Every person had to loosen his clothes to be searched thoroughly, but there was no cassock. They then went to hunt through the trunks and chests that had been salvaged from the fire, but again there was not the slightest trace of the garment. In dismay, Tripitaka became more and more embittered toward Pilgrim until he began reciting the spell as he sat there. Falling at once to the ground, Pilgrim gripped his head with his hands, hardly able to bear the pain. "Stop the recitation! Stop the recitation!" he cried. "I'll find the cassock."

Terrified by what they saw, the various monks went forward and knelt down to plead with Tripitaka, who only then stopped his recitation. Pilgrim leaped straight up and whipped out his rod from his ear. He would have struck at the monks, had not Tripitaka shouted for him to halt, crying, "Monkey! Aren't you afraid of your headache? Do you still want to behave badly? Don't move, and don't hurt people! Let me question them further."

The monks kowtowed and begged Tripitaka, saying, "Father, please spare us. Truly we did not see your cassock. It was entirely the fault of that old devil! After he got your cassock last night, he started crying until very late; he didn't even bother to look at it, for all he had on his mind was how he might keep it permanently as an heirloom. That was why he made plans to have you burned to death, but after the fire started, a violent wind arose also. Every one of us was only concerned with putting out the fire and trying to save something. We have no idea where the cassock has gone."

Angrily, Pilgrim walked into the Patriarch's room, pulled out the corpse of the old man rammed to death, and stripped him naked.

The body was examined carefully, but the treasure was nowhere to be seen. Even if they had dug up three feet of the ground in that room, there would have been not a trace of it. Pilgrim thought silently for awhile and then asked, "Is there any monster around here who has become a spirit?"

"If father hadn't asked," said the abbot, "he would have never known about this. Southeast of us there is a Black Wind Mountain, in which there is a Black Wind Cave. In the cave is a Black Great King, with whom this deceased old fellow of ours used to discuss the Dao frequently. He is the only monster spirit around here."

“How far is the mountain from here?” asked Pilgrim. “Only twenty miles,” said the abbot. “The peak that you can see right now is where it is.” Pilgrim laughed and said, “Relax, Master! No need for further discussion; it must have been stolen by the black monster.”

“That place is about twenty miles away,” said Tripitaka. “How can you be so sure that it was he?”

“You didn’t see last night’s fire,” said Pilgrim, “when its light illuminated great distances, and its brightness penetrated the Threefold Heaven. Not just for twenty miles, but for two hundred miles around it could be seen. I have no doubt that he saw the brilliant glow of the fire and used that opportunity to come here secretly. When he saw that our cassock was a treasure, he grabbed it in the confusion and left. Let old Monkey go find him.”

“Who will care for me while you are gone?” asked Tripitaka. “You can relax,” said Pilgrim. “You have in secret the protection of the gods; and in the open, I shall make sure that the monks wait on you.”

He then called the monks over, saying, “A few of you can go and bury that old devil, while the others can wait on my master and watch our white horse.”

The monks at once agreed. Pilgrim said again, “Don’t give me any casual reply now, only to grow slack in your service after I’m gone. Those who wait on my master must be cheerful and pleasant; those who look after the white horse must take care that water and hay are fed in proper proportions. If there’s the slightest mistake, you can count on meeting this rod. Now watch!”

He whipped out his rod and aimed it at the seared bricked wall: with one stroke, not only did he pulverize the wall, but the impact was so great that it caused seven or eight more walls to collapse. When the various monks saw this, they were all paralyzed with fear. They knelt to kowtow with tears flowing from their eyes and said, “Father, please be assured that we shall be most diligent in caring for the holy father after you are gone. We wouldn’t dream of slacking in any way.”

Dear Pilgrim! He swiftly mounted the cloud somersault and went straight to the Black Wind Mountain to look for the cassock. Thus it was that

*Truth-seeking Gold Cicada left Chang’an.
With gifts he went westward, passing blue-green hills.
There were wolves and tigers as he walked along,
Though merchants or scholars were rarely seen.
One foolish monk’s envy abroad he met;
His refuge solely was the Great Sage’s might.
The fire grew; the wind came and wrecked the Chan hall.
A Black Bear at night stole the embroidered robe.*

We do not know whether Pilgrim found the cassock or not, or whether the outcome of his search was good or bad. Let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTEEN

*Pilgrim Sun greatly disturbs the Black Wind Mountain
Guanshiyin brings to submission the bear monster*

We now tell you that when Pilgrim Sun somersaulted into the air, he so terrified the monks, the dhūtas, the young novices, and the attendants at the Guanyin Hall that every person bowed to the sky, saying, “O, Father! So you are actually an incarnate deity who knows how to ride the fog and sail with the clouds! No wonder fire cannot harm you! That ignorant old carcass of ours—how despicable he was! He used all his intelligence only to bring disaster on his own head.”

“Please rise, all of you,” said Tripitaka.

“There’s no need for regret. Let’s hope that he’ll find the cassock, and everything will be all right. But if not, I would fear for your lives; for that disciple of mine has a bad temper, and I’m afraid that none of you will escape him.” When the monks heard this, they were all panic-stricken; they pleaded with Heaven for the cassock to be found so that their lives would be preserved, but we shall say no more about them for the moment.

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun. Having leaped up into the air, he gave one twist of his torso and arrived at once at the Black Wind Mountain. Stopping his cloud, he looked carefully and saw that it was indeed a magnificent mountain, especially in this time of spring. You see

*Many streams potently flowing,
Countless cliffs vying for beauty.
The birds call but no man is seen;
Though flowers fall, the tree’s yet scented.
The rain passes, the sky’s one moist sheet of blue;
The wind comes, the pines rock like screens of jade.
The mountain grass sprouts,
The wildflowers bloom
On hanging cliffs and high ranges.
The wisteria grows,
The handsome trees bud
On rugged peaks and flat plateaus.
You don’t even meet a recluse.
Where can you find a woodsman?
By the stream the cranes drink in pairs;
On the rocks wild apes madly play.
Augustly the branches spread their luscious green,
Basking their splendor in bright mountain mist.*

Pilgrim was enjoying the scenery when suddenly he heard voices coming from beyond a lovely grass meadow. With light, stealthy steps, he inched forward and hid himself beneath a cliff to have a peep. He saw three monsters sitting on the ground: a swarthy fellow in the middle, a Daoist to the left, and a white-robed scholar to the right. They were in the midst of an animated conversation, discussing how to establish the tripod and the oven, how to knead the cinnabar and refine the mercury, the topics of

white snow and yellow sprout, and the esoteric doctrines of heterodox Daoism. As they were speaking, the swarthy fellow said, laughing, "The day after tomorrow will be the date of my mother's labor. Will you two gentlemen pay me a visit?"

"Every year we celebrate the Great King's birthday," said the white-robed scholar. "How could we think of not coming this year?"

"Last night I came upon a treasure," said the swarthy fellow, "which may be called a brocaded robe of Buddha. It's a most attractive thing, and I think I'm going to use it to enhance my birthday. I plan to give a large banquet, starting tomorrow, and to invite all our Daoist friends of various mountains to celebrate this garment. We shall call the party the Festival of the Buddha Robe. How about that?"

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" said the Daoist, laughing. "First I'll come to the banquet tomorrow, and then I'll bring you good wishes on your birthday the day after." When Pilgrim heard them speaking about a robe of Buddha, he was certain that they were referring to his own treasure. Unable to suppress his anger, he leaped clear of his hiding place and raised high the golden-hooped rod with both hands, shouting, "You larcenous monsters! You stole my cassock. What Festival of the Buddha Robe do you think you are going to have? Give it back to me at once, and don't try to run away!" Wielding his rod, he struck at their heads. In panic, the swarthy fellow fled by riding the wind, and the Daoist escaped by mounting the clouds. The white-robed scholar, however, was killed by one stroke of the rod, and he turned out to be the spirit of a white-spotted snake when Pilgrim pulled his body over for closer examination. He picked up the corpse again and broke it into several pieces before proceeding deep into the mountain to look for the swarthy fellow. Passing pointed peaks and rugged ridges, he found himself in front of a hanging cliff with a cave dwelling below it. You see

*Mist and smoke abundant,
Cypress and pine umbrageous.
Mist and smoke abundant, their hues surround the door;
Cypress and pine umbrageous, their green entwines the gate.
Flat, dried wood supports a bridge.
Wisterias coil round the ridge.
Birds carrying red petals reach the cloudy gorge.
And deer tread on florets to comb the rocky flats.
Before that door
The flowers bloom with the season
As the wind wafts their fragrance.
Atop the dyke-shading willows orioles sing;
O'er the bank's sweet peaches butterflies flit.
This rustic spot, though no cause for much praise,
Still rivals the beauty of Mount Penglai.*

Pilgrim went to the door and found that the two stone doors were tightly closed. On top of the door was a stone tablet, on which was plainly written in large letters, "Black Wind Mountain, Black Wind Cave."

He lifted his rod to beat at the door, crying, "Open the door!"

A little demon who stood guard at the door came out and asked, "Who are you, that you dare beat at our immortal cave?"

“You damnable beast!” scolded Pilgrim. “What sort of a place is this, that you dare assume the title of ‘immortal’? Is the word ‘immortal’ for you to use? Hurry inside and tell that swarthy fellow to bring out your venerable father’s cassock at once. Then I may spare the lives of the whole nest of you.”

The little demon ran swiftly inside and reported:

“Great King! You won’t have a Festival of the Buddha Robe.

There’s a monk with a hairy face and a thunder-god mouth outside demanding the cassock.”

That swarthy fellow, after being chased by Pilgrim from the grass meadow, had just managed to reach the cave. He had not even been able to sit down when he again heard this announcement, and he thought to himself:

“I wonder where this fellow came from, so arrogant that he dared show up making demands at my door!”

He asked for his armor, and, after putting it on, he walked outside holding a lance with black tassels. Pilgrim stood on one side of the gate, holding his iron rod and glaring. The monster indeed cut a formidable figure:

*A bowl-like helmet of dark burnished steel;
A black-gold cuirass that shone most bright.
A black silk robe with wide wind-bagging sleeves,
And dark green sashes with long, long tassels.
He held in his hands a black-tasseled lance.
He wore on his feet two black-leather boots.
His eyes’ golden pupils like lightning flashed.
He was thus in this mountain the Black Wind King.*

“This fellow,” said Pilgrim, smiling to himself, “looks exactly like a kiln worker or a coal miner. He must scrub charcoal here for a living! How did he get to be black all over?”

The monster called out in a loud voice, “What kind of a monk are you that you dare to be so impudent around here?” Rushing up to him with his iron rod, Pilgrim roared, “No idle conversation! Return the cassock of your venerable grandfather at once!”

“What monastery are you from, bonze?” asked the monster, “and where did you lose your cassock that you dare show up at my place and demand its return?”

“My cassock,” said Pilgrim, “was stored in the back room of the Guanyin Hall due north of here. Because of the fire there, you committed robbery by taking advantage of the confusion; after making off with the garment, you even wanted to start a Festival of the Buddha Robe to celebrate your birthday. Do you deny this? Give it back to me quickly, and I’ll spare your life. If you but mutter half a ‘no,’ I’ll overturn the Black Wind Mountain and level the Black Wind Cave.

Your whole cave of demons will be pulverized!” When the monster heard these words, he laughed scornfully and said, “You audacious creature! You yourself set the fire last night, for you were the one who summoned the wind on top of the roof. I took the cassock all right, but what are you going to do about it? Where do you come from, and what is your name? What ability do you have, that you dare mouth such reckless words?” Pilgrim said, “So you don’t recognize your venerable grandfather! He is the

disciple of the Master of the Law, Tripitaka, who happens to be the brother of the Throne in the Great Tang Nation. My surname is Sun, and my given name is Wukong Pilgrim. If I tell you my abilities, you'll be frightened out of your wits and die right on the spot!"

"I won't," said the monster. "Tell me what abilities you have."

"My son," said Pilgrim, laughing, "brace yourself! Listen carefully!

*Great since my youth was my magic power;
I changed with the wind to display my might.
Long I trained my nature and practiced Truth
To flee the wheel of karma with my life.
With mind sincere I always sought the Way;
Seedlings of herbs I plucked on Mount Lingtai.
There was in that mountain an old immortal.
His age: one hundred and eight thousand years!
He became my master most solemnly
And showed me the way to longevity,
Saying that in my body were physic and pills
Which one would work in vain to seek outside.
He gave me those high secrets of the gods;
With no foundation I would have been lost.
My inner light relumed, I sat in peace
As sun and moon mated within myself. thought of nothing—all my desires gone,
My body strengthened, my six senses cleansed.
From age back to youth was an easy boon;
To join transcendents was no distant goal.
Three years without leaks made a godlike frame,
Immune to sufferings known to mortal men.
Playing through the Ten Islets and Three Isles,
I made the rounds at Heaven's very edge.
I lived like that for some three hundred years,
Though not yet ascended to the Ninefold Heaven.
Taming sea dragons brought me treasure true:
The golden-hooped rod I did find below.
As field marshal at the Flower- Fruit Mount,
Monsters I gathered at Water-Curtain Cave.
Then the Jade Emperor gave to me the name,
Equal to Heaven—such, the rank most high.
Thrice I caused havoc in Divine Mists Hall;
Once I stole peaches from the Mother Queen.
Thus came a hundred thousand men divine
To curb me with their rows of spears and swords.
The Devarāja was beaten back to Heaven,
While Naṭa in pain led his troops and fled.
Xiansheng Master knew transformations well;
With him I waged a contest and I fell.
Laozi, Guanyin, and the Jade Emperor
All watched the battle at South Heaven Gate.*

When Laozi decided to lend his help,
 Erlang brought me to Heaven's magistrate.
 To the monster-routing pillar I was tied;
 The gods were told to have my head cut off.
 Failing to harm me with either sledge or sword,
 They would blast and burn me with thunderclaps.
 What skills indeed did this old Monkey have,
 Who was not even half a whit afraid!
 Into Laozi's brazier they sent me next,
 To have me slowly cooked by fire divine.
 The day the lid was opened I jumped out
 And ran through Heaven brandishing a rod.
 Back and forth I prowled with none to stop me,
 Making havoc through all thirty-six Heavens.
 Then Tathāgata revealed his power:
 Under Mount Five Phases he had me clamped,
 And there I squirmed for a full five hundred years
 Till by luck Tripitaka left the Tang court.
 Now I go West, having yielded to Truth,
 To see Jade Eyebrows at Great Thunderclap.
 Go and ask in the four corners of the universe:
 You'll learn I'm the famous ranking daimon of all time!"

When the monster heard these words, he laughed and said, "So you are the Ban-Horse-Plague who disturbed the Celestial Palace?" What most annoyed Pilgrim was when people called him Ban-Horse-Plague. The moment he heard that name, he lost his temper. "You monstrous rogue!" he shouted. "You would not return the cassock you stole, and yet you dare insult this holy monk. Don't run away! Watch this rod!"

The swarthy fellow jumped aside to dodge the blow; wielding his long lance, he went forward to meet his opponent.

That was some battle between the two of them:

The compliant rod,
 The black-tasseled lance.
 Two men display their power before the cave:
 Stabbing at the heart and face;
 Striking at the head and arm.
 This one proves handy with a death-dealing rod;
 That one tilts the lance for swift, triple jabs.
 The "white tiger climbing the mountain" extends his paws;
 The "yellow dragon lying on the road" turns his back.
 With colored mists flying
 And bright flashes of light,
 Two monster-gods' strength is yet to be tried.
 One's the truth-seeking, Equal-to- Heaven Sage;
 One's the Great Black King who's now a spirit.
 Why wage this battle in the mountain still?
 The cassock, for which each would aim to kill!

That monster fought with Pilgrim for more than ten rounds until about noon, but the battle was a draw. Using his lance to halt the rod for a moment, the swarthy fellow said, "Pilgrim Sun, let us put away our weapons for the time being. Let me have some lunch first, and then I'll wage a further contest with you."

"Accursed beast!" said Pilgrim. "You want to be a hero? Which hero wants to eat after fighting for merely half a day? Consider old Monkey, who was imprisoned beneath the mountain for altogether five hundred years and he hadn't even tasted a drop of water. So, what's this about being hungry? Don't give me any excuses and don't run away! Give me back my cassock, and I'll allow you to go and eat."

But that monster only managed to throw one more feeble thrust with his lance before dashing into the cave and shutting his stone doors. He dismissed his little demons and made preparations for the banquet, writing out invitation cards to the monster kings of various mountains, but we shall say no more about that.

We must tell you that Pilgrim had no success in breaking down the door and so had to return to the Guanyin Hall. The clerics of that monastery had already buried the old monk, and they were all gathered in the back room to minister to the Tang Monk, serving him lunch soon after he had finished breakfast. As they were scurrying about fetching soup and hauling water, Pilgrim was seen descending from the sky. The monks bowed courteously and received him into the back room to see Tripitaka. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "so you've returned. How is the cassock?"

"At least I found the real culprit," said Pilgrim. "It was a good thing that we did not punish these monks, for the monster of Black Wind Mountain did steal it. I went secretly looking for him, and saw him seated on a beautiful grass meadow having a conversation with a white-robed scholar and an old Daoist. He was, in a sense, making a confession without being tortured, saying something about the day after tomorrow being his birthday, when he would invite all the other griffins for the occasion. He also mentioned that he had found an embroidered Buddha robe last night, in celebration of which he was planning to throw a large banquet, calling it the Festival of the Buddha Robe. Old Monkey rushed up to them and struck out with his rod; the swarthy fellow changed into the wind and left, and the Daoist also disappeared. The white-robed scholar, however, was killed, and he turned out to be a white-spotted snake who had become a spirit. I quickly chased the swarthy fellow to his cave and demanded that he come out to fight. He had already admitted that he took the cassock, but we fought to a draw after half a day of battle. The monster returned to his cave because he wanted to eat; he closed his stone doors tightly and refused to fight anymore. I came back to see how you were and to make this report to you. Since I know the whereabouts of the cassock, I'm not worried about his unwillingness to give it back to me." When the various monks heard this, some of them folded their hands while others kowtowed, all chanting, "Namo Amitābha! Now that the whereabouts of the cassock is known, we have a claim to our lives again."

"Don't celebrate yet," said Pilgrim, "for I have not yet recovered it, nor has my master left. Wait until we have the cassock so that my master can walk peacefully out of this door before you start cheering. If there's the slightest mishap, old Monkey is no customer to be provoked, is he? Have you served some good things to my master? Have you given our horse plenty of hay?"

"We have, we have, we have!" cried the monks hastily. "Our service to the holy monk has not slackened in the least!"

“You were gone only half a day,” said Tripitaka, “and I have been served tea three times and have had two vegetarian meals. They didn’t dare slight me. You should therefore make a great effort to get back the cassock.”

“Don’t rush!” said Pilgrim. “Since I know where he is, I shall certainly capture this fellow and return the garment to you. Relax! Relax!”

As they were speaking, the abbot brought in some more vegetarian dainties to serve to the holy monk Sun. Pilgrim ate some and left at once on the hallowed cloud to search for the monster. As he was traveling, he saw a little demon approaching from the main road, who had a box made of pear tree wood wedged between his left arm and his body. Suspecting that something important was inside the box, Pilgrim raised his rod and brought it down hard on the demon’s head. Alas, the demon could not take such a blow! He was instantly reduced to a meat patty, which Pilgrim tossed to the side of the road. When he opened the box, there was indeed an invitation slip, on which was written:

Your student-servant, the Bear, most humbly addresses the Exalted Aged Dean of the Golden Pool. For the gracious gifts you have bestowed on me on several occasions I am profoundly grateful. I regret that I was unable to assist you last night when you were visited by the God of Fire, but I suppose that Your Holy Eminence has not been adversely affected in any way. Your student by chance has acquired a Buddha robe, and this occasion calls for a festive celebration. I have therefore prepared with care some fine wine for your enjoyment, with the sincere hope that Your Holy Eminence will be pleased to give us a visit. This invitation is respectfully submitted two days in advance.

When Pilgrim saw this, he roared with laughter, saying, “That old carcass! He didn’t lose anything by his death! So he belonged to a monster’s gang! Small wonder that he lived to his two hundred and seventieth year! That monster, I suppose, must have taught him some little magic like ingesting his breath, and that was how he enjoyed such longevity. I can still remember how he looked. Let me change myself into that monk and go to the cave to see where my cassock is located. If I can manage it, I’ll take it back without wasting my energy.”

Dear Great Sage! He recited a spell, faced the wind, and changed at once into an exact semblance of that old monk. Putting away his iron rod, he strode to the cave, crying, “Open the door!” When the little demon who stood at the door saw such a figure, he quickly made his report inside:

“Great King, the Elder of the Golden Pool has arrived.”

Greatly surprised, the monster said, “I just sent a little one to deliver an invitation to him, but he could not possibly have reached his destination even at this moment. How could the old monk arrive so quickly? I suppose the little one did not run into him on the way, but Pilgrim Sun must have asked him to come here for the cassock. You, steward, hide the cassock! Don’t let him see it!” Walking through the front door, Pilgrim saw in the courtyard pines and bamboos sharing their green, peaches and plums competing in their glamour; flowers were blooming everywhere, and the air was heavy with the scent of orchids. It was quite a grotto-heaven. He saw, moreover, a parallel couplet mounted on both sides of the second doorway that read:

A deep mountain retreat without worldly cares.

A divine cave secluded—what joy serene.

Pilgrim said to himself, “This fellow is also one who withdraws from dirt and dust, a fiendish creature who knows his fate.”

He walked through the door and proceeded further; when he passed through the third doorway, he saw carved beams with elaborate ornaments and large windows brightly decorated. Then the swarthy fellow appeared, wearing a casual jacket made of fine dark-green silk, topped by a crow-green cape of figured damask; he wore a head-wrap of black cloth and was shod in a pair of black suede boots.

When he saw Pilgrim entering, he tidied his clothes and went down the steps to receive him, saying, "Golden Pool, old friend, we haven't seen each other for days. Please take a seat! Please take a seat!" Pilgrim greeted him ceremoniously, after which they sat down and drank tea.

After tea, the monster bowed low and said, "I just sent you a brief note, humbly inviting you to visit me the day after tomorrow.

Why does my old friend grant me that pleasure today, already?"

"I was just coming to pay my respects," said Pilgrim, "and I did not anticipate meeting your kind messenger. When I saw that there was going to be a Festival of the Buddha Robe, I came hurriedly, hoping to see the garment."

"My old friend may be mistaken," said the monster, laughing. "This cassock originally belonged to the Tang Monk, who was staying at your place. Why would you want to look at it here, since you must surely have seen it before?"

"Your poor monk," answered Pilgrim, "did borrow it, but he did not have the opportunity last night to examine it before it was taken by the Great King. Moreover, our monastery, including all our belongings, was destroyed by fire, and the disciple of that Tang Monk was rather bellicose about the matter. In all that confusion, I couldn't find the cassock anywhere, not knowing that the Great King in his good fortune found it. That is why I came specially to see it."

As they were speaking, one of the little demons out on patrol came back to report:

"Great King, disaster! The junior officer who went to deliver the invitation was beaten to death by Pilgrim Sun and left by the wayside. Our enemy followed the clue and changed himself into the Golden Pool Elder so that he could obtain the Buddha robe by fraud." When the monster heard that, he said to himself, "I was wondering already why he came today, and in such a hurried manner too! So, it's really he!" Leaping up, he grabbed his lance and aimed it at Pilgrim. Whipping out the rod from his ear, Pilgrim assumed his original form and parried the lance. They rushed from the living room to the front courtyard, and from there they fought their way out to the front door. The monsters in the cave were frightened out of their wits; young and old in that household were horror-stricken. This fierce contest before the mountain was even unlike the last one. What a fight!

*This Monkey King boldly posed as a monk;
That swarthy chap wisely concealed the robe.
Back and forth went their clever repartee,
Adapting to each instant perfectly.
He would see the cassock but had no means:
This runic treasure's a mystery indeed!
The small imp on patrol announced mishap;
The old fiend in anger showed his power.
They fought their way out of the Black Wind Cave,*

*The rod and the lance forced a trial by might.
 The rod checked the lance, their noise resounding;
 The lance met the rod, causing sparks to fly.
 The changes of Wukong, all unknown to men;
 The monster's magic skills, so rare on earth.
 This one wanted for his birthday fete a Buddha robe.
 Would that one with no cassock go home in peace?
 The bitter fight this time seemed without end.
 Even a live Buddha descending could not break them up!*

From the entrance of the cave the two of them fought up to the peak of the mountain, and from the peak of the mountain they fought their way up to the clouds. Belching wind and fog, kicking up sand and rocks, they fought until the red sun sank toward the west, but neither of them could gain the upper hand. The monster said, "Hey, Sun! Stop for a moment! It's getting too late to fight any more. Go away! Come back tomorrow morning, and we'll decide your fate."

"Don't run away, my son," cried Pilgrim. "If you want to fight, act like a fighter! Don't give me the excuse that it's getting late." With his rod, he rained blows indiscriminately on his opponent's head and face, but the swarthy fellow changed once more into a clear breeze and went back to his cave. Tightly bolting his stone doors, he refused to come out.

Pilgrim had no alternative except to go back to the Guanyin Hall. Dropping down from the clouds, he said, "Master."

Tripitaka, who was waiting for him with bulging eyes, was delighted to see him; but when he did not see the cassock, he became frightened again.

"How is it that you still have not brought back the cassock?" he asked. Pilgrim took out from his sleeve the invitation slip and handed it over to Tripitaka, saying, "Master, the monster and that old carcass used to be friends. He sent a little demon here with this invitation for him to go to a Festival of the Buddha Robe. I killed the little demon and changed into the form of the old monk to get inside the cave. I managed to trick him into giving me a cup of tea, but when I asked for the cassock, he refused to show it to me. As we were sitting there, my identity was leaked by someone on patrol in the mountain, and we began to fight. The battle lasted until this early evening and ended in a draw. When the monster saw that it was late, he slipped back into the cave and tightly bolted up his stone door.

Old Monkey had no choice but to return here for the moment."

"How's your skill as a fighter when compared with his?" asked Tripitaka. "Not much better," said Pilgrim. "We are quite evenly matched."

Tripitaka then read the invitation slip and handed it to the abbot, saying, "Could it be that your master was also a monsterspirit?"

Falling to his knees, the abbot said, "Old Father, my master is human. Because that Great Black King attained the way of humanity through self-cultivation, he frequently came to the monastery to discuss religious texts with my master. He imparted to my master a little of the magic of nourishing one's spirit and ingesting breath; hence they address each other as friends."

"This bunch of monks here," said Pilgrim, "don't have the aura of monsters: each one has a round head pointing to the sky and a pair of feet set flat on the earth.

They are a little taller and heavier than old Monkey, but they are no monsters. Look at what's written on the slip:

'your student-servant, the Bear.' This creature must be a black bear who has become a spirit."

Tripitaka said, "I have heard from the ancients that the bear and the ape are of the same kind. They are all beasts, in other words. How can this bear become a spirit?"

"Old Monkey is also a beast," said Pilgrim, laughing, "but I became the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. Is he any different? All the creatures of this world who possess the nine apertures can become immortals through the art of self-cultivation."

"You just said that the two of you were evenly matched," said Tripitaka again. "How can you defeat him and recover my cassock?"

"Lay off! Lay off!" said Pilgrim. "I know what to do."

As they were discussing the matter, the monks brought in the evening meal for master and disciple.

Afterwards, Tripitaka asked for lamps to go to the Chan hall in front to rest. The rest of the monks reclined against the walls beneath some temporary awnings and slept, while the back rooms were given to accommodate the senior and junior abbots. It was now late.

You see

*The Silver Stream aglow;
The air perfectly pure;
The sky full of bright and twinkling stars;
The river marked by receding tide.
All sounds are hushed;
All hills emptied of birds.
The fisherman's fire dies by the brook;
The lamps grow faint on the pagoda.
Last night ācāryas sounded drums and bells.
Only weeping is heard throughout this night!*

So they spent the night in the Chan hall, but Tripitaka was thinking about the cassock. How could he possibly sleep well? As he tossed and turned, he suddenly saw the windows growing bright. He arose at once and called:

"Wukong, it's morning. Go find the cassock quickly." Pilgrim leaped up with a bound and saw that the monks were bringing in washing water. "All of you," said Pilgrim, "take care to minister to my master. Old Monkey is leaving."

Getting up from his bed, Tripitaka clutched at him, asking, "Where are you going?"

"Come to think of it," said Pilgrim, "this whole affair reveals the irresponsibility of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. She has a Chan hall here where she has enjoyed the incense and worship of all the local people, and yet she can permit a monster-spirit to be her neighbor. I'm leaving for the South Sea to find her for a little conversation. I'm going to ask her to come here and demand that the monster return the cassock to us."

"When will you be back?" asked Tripitaka. "Probably right after breakfast," answered Pilgrim. "At the latest, I should be back around noon, when everything should

be taken care of. All of you monks must take care to wait on my master. Old Monkey is leaving.”

He said he was leaving, and the next instant he was already out of sight. In a moment, he arrived at the South Sea, where he stopped his cloud to look around. He saw

*A vast expanse of ocean,
Where water and sky seemed to merge.
Auspicious light shrouded the earth;
Hallowed air brightened the world.
Endless snow-capped waves surged up to Heaven;
Layers of misty billows washed out the sun.
Water flying every where;
Waves churning all around.
Water flying every where rolled like thunderclaps;
Waves churning all around boomed like cannonade.
Speak not merely of water;
Let's look more at the center.
The treasure-filled mountain of five dazzling colors:
Red, yellow, green, deep purple, and blue.
If this be Guanyin's scenic region true,
Look further at Potalaka of South Sea.
What a splendid place!
The tall mountain peak
Cut through airy space.
In its midst were thousands of rare flowers,
A hundred kinds of divine herbs.
The wind stirred the precious trees;
The sun shone on the golden lotus.
Glazed tiles covered the Guanyin Hall;
Tortoiseshell spread before the Tidal- Sound Cave.
In the shades of green willow the parrot spoke;
Within the bamboo grove the peacock sang.
On rocks with grains like fingerprints,
The guardians fierce and solemn.
Before the cornelian foreshore,
Mokṣa strong and heroic.*

Pilgrim, who could hardly take his eyes off the marvelous scenery, lowered his cloud and went straight to the bamboo grove. The various deities were there to receive him, saying, “The Bodhisattva told us some time ago about the conversion of the Great Sage, for whom she had nothing but praise. You are supposed to be accompanying the Tang Monk at this moment. How do you have the time to come here?”

“Because I am accompanying the Tang Monk,” said Pilgrim, “I had an incident on our journey about which I must see the Bodhisattva. Please announce my arrival.”

The deities went to the mouth of the cave to make the announcement, and the Bodhisattva asked him to enter. Obeying the summons, Pilgrim went before the bejeweled lotus platform and knelt down.

“What are you doing here?” asked the Bodhisattva. “On his journey my master came across one of your Chan halls,” said Pilgrim, “where you receive the services of fire and incense from the local people. But you also permitted a Black Bear Spirit to live nearby and to steal the cassock of my master. Several times I tried to get it back but without success. I have come specifically to ask you for it.”

The Bodhisattva said, “This monkey still speaks insolently! If the Bear Spirit stole your cassock, why did you come to ask me for it? It was all because you had the presumption, you wretched ape, to show off your treasure to sinister people. Moreover, you had your share of evildoing when you called for the wind to intensify the fire, which burned down one of my way stations down below. And yet you still want to be rowdy around here?” When Pilgrim heard the Bodhisattva speaking like that, he realized that she had knowledge of past and future events. Hurriedly he bowed with humility and said, “Bodhisattva, please pardon the offense of your disciple. It was as you said. But I’m upset by the monster’s refusal to give us back our cassock, and my master is threatening to recite that spell of his at any moment. I can’t bear the headache, and that’s why I have come to cause you inconvenience. I beseech the Bodhisattva to have mercy on me and help me capture that monster, so that we may recover the garment and proceed toward the West.”

“That monster has great magical power,” said the Bodhisattva, “really just as strong as yours. All right! For the sake of the Tang Monk, I’ll go with you this time.” When Pilgrim heard this, he bowed again in gratitude and asked the Bodhisattva to leave at once.

They mounted the blessed clouds and soon arrived on the Black Wind Mountain. Dropping down from the clouds, they followed a path to look for the cave.

As they were walking, they saw a Daoist coming down the mountain slope, holding a glass tray on which there were two magic pills. Pilgrim ran right into him, whipped out his rod, and brought it down squarely on his head, with one blow causing the brains to burst and blood to shoot out from the neck. Completely stunned, the Bodhisattva said, “Monkey, you are still so reckless! He didn’t steal your cassock; he neither knew nor wronged you. Why did you kill him with one blow?”

“Bodhisattva,” said Pilgrim, “you may not recognize him, but he is a friend of the Black Bear Spirit. Yesterday he was having a conversation with a white-robed scholar on the grass meadow. Since they were invited to the cave of the Black Bear Spirit, who was going to give a Festival of the Buddha Robe to celebrate his birthday, this Daoist said that he would first go to celebrate his friend’s birthday today and then attend the festival tomorrow. That’s how I recognized him. He must have been on his way to celebrate the monster’s birthday.”

“If that’s how it is, all right,” said the Bodhisattva. Pilgrim then went to pick up the Daoist and discovered that he was a gray wolf. The tray, which had fallen to one side, had an inscription on the bottom:

“Made by Master Transcending Void.” When Pilgrim saw this, he laughed and said, “What luck! What luck! Old Monkey will benefit; the Bodhisattva will save some energy. This monster may be said to have made a confession without torture, while the other monster may be destined to perish today.”

“What are you saying, Wukong?” said the Bodhisattva. “Bodhisattva,” said Pilgrim, “I, Wukong, have a saying: plot should be met with plot. I don’t know whether you will listen to me or not.”

“Speak up!” said the Bodhisattva.

“Look, Bodhisattva!” said Pilgrim. “There are two magic pills on this little tray, and they are introductory gifts that we shall present to the monster. Beneath the tray is the five-word inscription ‘Made by Master Transcending Void,’ and this shall serve as our contact with the monster. If you will listen to me, I’ll give you a plan that will dispense with weapons and do away with combat. In a moment, the monster will meet pestilence; in the twinkling of an eye, the Buddha robe will reappear. If you do not follow my suggestion, you may go back to the West, and I, Wukong, will return to the East; the Buddha robe will be counted as lost, while Tripitaka Tang will have journeyed in vain.”

“This monkey is pretty clever with his tongue!” said the Bodhisattva, laughing. “Hardly!” said Pilgrim. “But it is a small plan!”

“What’s your plan?” asked the Bodhisattva. “Since the tray has this inscription beneath it,” said Pilgrim, “the Daoist himself must be this Master Transcending Void. If you agree with me, Bodhisattva, you can change yourself into this Daoist. I’ll take one of the pills and then change myself into another pill—a slightly bigger one, that is. Take this tray with the two magic pills and present them to the monster as his birthday gift. Let the monster swallow the bigger pill, and old Monkey will accomplish the rest. If he is unwilling to return the Buddha robe, old Monkey will make one—even if I have to weave it with his guts!”

The Bodhisattva could not think of a better plan and she had to nod her head to show her approval. “Well?” said Pilgrim, laughing.

Immediately the Bodhisattva exercised her great mercy and boundless power. With her infinite capacity for transformation, her mind moved in perfect accord with her will, and her will with her body: in one blurry instant, she changed into the form of the immortal Master Transcending Void.

*Her crane-down cloak swept by the wind,
With airy steps she’d pace the void.
Her face, aged like cypress and pine,
Shows fair, fresh features never seen.
She moves with freedom without end,
A special self-sustaining Thus!
In sum all return to one Form,
But from bodies perverse set free.*

When Pilgrim saw the transformation, he cried, “Marvelous, Marvelous! Is the monster the Bodhisattva, or is the Bodhisattva the monster?”

The Bodhisattva smiled and said, “Wukong, the Bodhisattva and the monster—they both exist in a single thought.

Considered in terms of their origin, they are all nothing.” Immediately enlightened, Pilgrim turned around and changed at once into a magic pill:

*A rolling-pan steadying pearl—
Round, bright, of no known recipe.
Fused “three time three” at Mount Goulou;
Forged “six times six,” with Shao Weng’s help.
Like glazed tiles and yellow gold flames
It shines with sun and mani’s light.*

*Its coat of mercury and lead
Has power not with ease assessed.*

The pill into which Pilgrim had changed was slightly larger than the other one. Making a mental note of it, the Bodhisattva took the glass tray and went straight to the entrance of the monster's cave. She paused to look around and saw

*Deep gorges, parlous cliffs,
Clouds rising from the peaks;
Green pines and cypresses,
And wind rustling in the woods.
Deep gorges, parlous cliffs:
A place truly made for monsters and not for man!
But green pines and cypresses
Might seem fit for pious recluse to seek the Way.
The mountain has a stream,
And the stream has water,
Its current murmurs lightly as a lute
Worthy to cleanse your ears.
The cliff has deers,
The woods have cranes,
Where softly hums the music of the spheres
To lift your spirit.
So it was the bogus immortal's luck that Bodhi came:
To vouchsafe boundless mercy was her vow.*

After looking over the place, the Bodhisattva was secretly pleased and said to herself, "If this cursed beast could occupy such a mountain, it might be that he is destined to attain the Way."

Thus she was already inclined to be merciful.

When she walked up to the cave's entrance, some of the little demons standing guard there recognized her, saying, "Immortal Transcending Void has arrived." Some went to announce her arrival, while others greeted her. Just then, the monster came bowing out the door, saying, "Transcending Void, you honor my humble abode with your divine presence!"

"This humble Daoist," said the Bodhisattva, "respectfully submits an elixir pill as a birthday gift."

After the two of them had bowed to each other, they were seated.

The incidents of the day before were mentioned, but the Bodhisattva made no reply. Instead, she took up the tray and said, "Great King, please accept the humble regard of this little Daoist." She chose the large pill and pushed it over to the monster, saying, "May the Great King live for a thousand years!"

The monster then pushed the other pill over to the Bodhisattva, saying, "I wish to share this with Master Transcending Void."

After this ceremonial presentation, the monster was about to swallow it, but the pill rolled by itself right down his throat. It changed back into its original form and began to do physical exercises! The monster fell to the ground, while the Bodhisattva revealed her true form and recovered the Buddha Robe from the monster. Pilgrim then

left the monster's body through his nose, but fearing that the monster might still be truculent, the Bodhisattva threw a fillet on his head. As he arose, the monster did indeed pick up his lance to thrust at Pilgrim. The Bodhisattva, however, rose into the air and began reciting her spell. The spell worked, and the monster felt excruciating pain on his head; throwing away the lance, he rolled wildly all over the ground. In midair, the Handsome Monkey King nearly collapsed with laughter; down below the Black Bear Monster almost rolled himself to death on the ground.

"Cursed beast," said the Bodhisattva, "will you now surrender?"

"I surrender," said the monster without any hesitation, "please spare my life!"

Fearing that too much effort would have been wasted, Pilgrim wanted to strike at once. Quickly stopping him, the Bodhisattva said, "Don't hurt him; I have some use for him." Pilgrim said, "Why not destroy a monster like him, for of what use can he be?"

"There's no one guarding the rear of my Potalaka Mountain," said the Bodhisattva, "and I want to take him back there to be a Great Mountain-Guardian God."

"Truly a salvific and merciful goddess," said Pilgrim, laughing, "who will not hurt a single sentient being. If old Monkey knew a spell like that, he'd recite it a thousand times. That would finish off as many black bears as there are around here!" So, we shall tell you about the monster, who regained consciousness after a long time. Convinced by the unbearable pain, he had no choice but to fall on his knees and beg:

"Spare my life, for I'm willing to submit to Truth!"

Dropping down from the blessed luminosity, the Bodhisattva then touched his head and gave him the commandments, telling him to wait on her, holding the lance. So it was with the Black Bear:

Today his vaulting ambition is checked;

This time his boundless license has been curbed.

"You may return now, Wukong," instructed the Bodhisattva, "and serve the Tang Monk attentively. Don't start any more trouble with your carelessness."

"I'm grateful that the Bodhisattva was willing to come this far to help," said Pilgrim, "and it is my duty as disciple to see you back."

"You may be excused," said the Bodhisattva. Holding the cassock, Pilgrim then kowtowed to her and left, while the Bodhisattva led the bear and returned to the great ocean. We have a testimonial poem:

Auspicious light surrounds the golden form:

What maze of colors so worthy of praise!

She shows great mercy to succor mankind,

To reveal gold lotus as she scans the world.

She comes all because of scripture seeking;

Then she withdraws, as ever chaste and pure.

The fiend converted, she leaves for the sea;

A Buddhist regains a brocade-cassock.

We do not know what happened afterwards; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTEEN

*At Guanyin Hall the Tang Monk leaves his ordeal
At Gao Village the Great Sage casts out the monster*

Pilgrim took leave of the Bodhisattva. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he hung the cassock on one of the fragrant cedars nearby.

He took out his rod and fought his way into the Black Wind Cave. But where could he find even a single little demon inside? The fact of the matter was that when they saw the Bodhisattva's epiphany, causing the old monster to roll all over the ground, they all scattered.

Pilgrim, however, was not to be stopped; he piled dried wood around the several doorways in the cave and started a fire in the front and in the back. The whole Black Wind Cave was reduced to a "Red Wind Cave"! Picking up the cassock, Pilgrim then mounted the auspicious luminosity and went north.

We now tell you about Tripitaka, who was impatiently waiting for Pilgrim's return and wondering whether Bodhisattva had consented to come and help, or whether Pilgrim on some pretext had left him. He was filled with such foolish thoughts and wild speculations when he saw bright, rose-colored clouds approaching in the sky. Dropping at the foot of the steps and kneeling, Pilgrim said, "Master, the cassock is here!"

Tripitaka was most delighted, and not one of the monks could hide his pleasure. "Good! Good!" they cried. "Now we've found our lives again!"

Taking the cassock, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, when you left in the morning, you promised to come back either after breakfast or sometime around noon. Why do you return so late, when the sun is already setting?" Pilgrim then gave a thorough account of how he went to ask for the Bodhisattva's help, and how she in her transformation had subdued the monster. When Tripitaka heard the account, he prepared an incense table at once and worshipped, facing south. Then he said, "Disciple, since we have the Buddha robe, let us pack up and leave."

"No need to rush like that," said Pilgrim. "It's getting late, hardly the time to travel. Let's wait until tomorrow morning before we leave."

All the monks knelt down and said, "Elder Sun is right. It is getting late, and, moreover, we have a vow to fulfill. Now that we are all saved and the treasure has been recovered, we must redeem our vow and ask the venerable elders to distribute the blessing.

Tomorrow we shall see you off to the West."

"Yes, yes, that's very good!" said Pilgrim. Look at those monks! They all emptied their pockets and presented all the valuables they had managed to salvage from the fire. Everyone made some contribution. They prepared some vegetarian offerings, burned paper money to request perpetual peace, and recited several scrolls of scriptures for the prevention of calamities and deliverance from evil.

The service lasted until late in the evening. The next morning they saddled the horse and took up the luggage, while the monks accompanied their guests for a great distance before turning back. As Pilgrim led the way forward, it was the happiest time of spring.

You see

*The horse making light tracks on grassy turfs;
Gold threads of willow swaying with fresh dew.
Peaches and apricots fill the forest gay.
Creepers grow with vigor along the way.
Pairs of sun-warmed ducks rest on sandy banks;
The brook's fragrant flowers tame the butterflies.
Thus autumn goes, winter fades, and spring's half gone;
When will merit be made and the True Writ found?*

Master and disciple traveled for some six or seven days in the wilderness. One day, when it was getting late, they saw a village in the distance. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "look! There's a village over there. How about asking for lodging for the night before we travel again tomorrow?"

"Let's wait until I have determined whether it is a good or bad place before we decide," said Pilgrim. The master pulled in the reins as Pilgrim stared intently at the village. Truly there were

*Dense rows of bamboo fences;
Thick clusters of thatched huts.
Skyscraping wild trees faced the doorways;
The winding brooklet reflected the houses.
Willows by the path unfurled their lovely green;
Fragrant were the flowers blooming in the yard.
At this time of twilight fast fading,
The birds chattered every where in the woods.
As kitchen smoke arose,
Cattle returned on every lane and path,
You saw, too, well-fed pigs and chickens sleeping by the house's edge,
And the old, sotted neighbor coming with a song.*

After surveying the area, Pilgrim said, "Master, you may proceed. It appears to be a village of good families, where it will be appropriate for us to seek shelter."

The priest urged the white horse on, and they arrived at the beginning of a lane heading into the village, where they saw a young man wearing a cotton head-wrap and a blue jacket. He had an umbrella in his hand and a bundle on his back; his trousers were rolled up, and he had on his feet a pair of straw sandals with three loops. He was striding along the street in a resolute manner when Pilgrim grabbed him, saying, "Where are you going? I have a question for you: what is this place?" Struggling to break free, the man protested, "Isn't there anyone else here in the village? Why must you pick me for your question?"

"Patron," said Pilgrim genially, "don't get upset. 'Helping others is in truth helping yourself.' What's so bad about your telling me the name of this place? Perhaps I can help you with your problems." Unable to break out of Pilgrim's grip, the man was so infuriated that he jumped about wildly. "Jinxed! I'm jinxed!" he cried. "No end to the grievances I have suffered at the hands of my family elders and I still have to run into this baldheaded fellow and suffer such indignity from him!"

"If you have the ability to pry open my hand," said Pilgrim, "I'll let you go."

The man twisted left and right without any success: it was as if he had been clamped tight with a pair of iron tongs. He became so enraged that he threw away his bundle and his umbrella; with both hands, he rained blows and scratches on Pilgrim. With one hand steadying his luggage, Pilgrim held off the man with the other, and no matter how hard the man tried, he could not scratch or even touch Pilgrim at all. The more he fought, the firmer was Pilgrim's grip, so that the man was utterly exasperated.

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "isn't someone coming over there? You can ask someone else. Why hang onto him like that? Let the man go."

"Master, you don't understand," said Pilgrim, laughing. "If I ask someone else, all the fun will be gone. I have to ask him if, as the saying goes, 'there's going to be any business'!" Seeing that it was fruitless to struggle any more, the man said finally, "This place is called the Mr. Gao Village in the territory of the Kingdom of Qoco. Most of the families here in the village are surnamed Gao, and that's why the village is so called. Now please let me go."

"You are hardly dressed for a stroll in the neighborhood," said Pilgrim, "so tell me the truth. Where are you going, and what are you doing anyway? Then I'll let you go."

The man had little alternative but to speak the truth. "I'm a member of the family of old Mr. Gao, and my name is Gao Cai. Old Mr.

Gao has a daughter, his youngest, in fact, who is twenty years old and not yet betrothed. Three years ago, however, a monster-spirit seized her and kept her as his wife. Having a monster as his son-in-law bothered old Mr. Gao terribly. He said, 'My daughter having a monster as her spouse can hardly be a lasting arrangement. First, my family's reputation is ruined, and second, I don't even have any in-laws with whom we can be friends.' All that time he wanted to have this marriage annulled, but the monster absolutely refused; he locked the daughter up instead in the rear building and would not permit her to see her family for nearly half a year. The old man, therefore, gave me several taels of silver and told me to find an exorcist to capture the monster. Since then, I have hardly rested my feet; I managed to turn up three or four persons, all worthless monks and impotent Daoists. None of them could subdue the monster. A short while ago I received a severe scolding for my incompetence, and with only half an ounce more of silver as a travel allowance, I was told to find a capable exorcist this time. I didn't expect to run into you, my unlucky star, and now my journey is delayed. That's what I meant by the grievances I had suffered in and out of the family, and that's why I was protesting just now. I didn't know you had this trick of holding people, which I couldn't overcome. Now that I have told you the truth, please let me go."

"It's really your luck," said Pilgrim, "coupled with my vocation: they fit like the numbers four and six when you throw the dice! You needn't travel far, nor need you waste your money. We are not worthless monks or impotent Daoists, for we really do have some abilities; we are most experienced, in fact, in capturing monsters. As the saying goes, 'You have now not only a caring physician, but now you have cured your eyes as well!' Please take the trouble of returning to the head of your family and tell him that we are holy monks sent by the Throne in the Land of the East to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and acquire scriptures. We are most capable of seizing monsters and binding fiends."

"Don't mislead me," said Gao Cai, "for I've had it up to here! If you are deceiving me and really don't have the ability to take the monster, you will only cause

me more grievances.” Pilgrim said, “I guarantee that you won’t be harmed in any way. Lead me to the door of your house.”

The man could not think of a better alternative; he picked up his bundle and umbrella and turned to lead master and disciple to the door of his house. “You two elders,” he said, “please rest yourselves for a moment against the hitching posts here. I’ll go in to report to my master.” Only then did Pilgrim release him. Putting down the luggage and dismounting from the horse, master and disciple stood and waited outside the door.

Gao Cai walked through the main gate and went straight to the main hall in the center, but it just so happened that he ran right into old Mr. Gao. “You thick-skinned beast!” railed Mr. Gao. “Why aren’t you out looking for an exorcist? What are you doing back here?” Putting down his bundle and umbrella, Gao Cai said, “Let me humbly inform my lord. Your servant just reached the end of the street and ran into two monks: one riding a horse and the other hauling a load. They caught hold of me and refused to let go, asking where I was going. At first I absolutely refused to tell them, but they were most insistent and I had no means of freeing myself. It was only then that I gave them a detailed account of my lord’s affairs. The one who was holding me was delighted, saying that he would arrest the monster for us.”

“Where did they come from?” asked old Mr. Gao. “He claimed to be a holy monk, the brother of the emperor,” said Gao Cai, “who was sent from the Land of the East to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and acquire scriptures.”

“If they are monks who have come from such a great distance,” said old Mr. Gao, “they may indeed have some abilities. Where are they now?”

“Waiting outside the front door,” said Gao Cai.

Old Mr. Gao quickly changed his clothes and came out with Gao Cai to extend his welcome, crying, “Your Grace!” When Tripitaka heard this, he turned quickly, and his host was already standing in front of him. That old man had on his head a dark silk wrap; he wore a robe of Sichuan silk brocade in spring-onion white with a dark green sash, and a pair of boots made of rough steer hide. Smiling affably, he addressed them, saying, “Honored Priests, please accept my bow!”

Tripitaka returned his greeting, but Pilgrim stood there unmoved. When the old man saw how hideous he looked, he did not bow to him. “Why don’t you say hello to me?” demanded Pilgrim. Somewhat alarmed, the old man said to Gao Cai:

“Young man! You have really done me in, haven’t you? There is already an ugly monster in the house that we can’t drive away. Now you have to fetch this thunder-spirit to cause me more troubles!”

“Old Gao,” said Pilgrim, “it’s in vain that you have reached such old age, for you have hardly any discernment! If you want to judge people by appearances, you are utterly wrong! I, old Monkey, may be ugly, but I have some abilities. I’ll capture the monster for your family, exorcise the fiend, apprehend that son-in-law of yours, and get your daughter back. Will that be good enough? Why all these mutterings about appearances!” When the old man heard this, he trembled with fear, but he managed to pull himself together sufficiently to say, “Please come in!”

At this invitation, Pilgrim led the white horse and asked Gao Cai to pick up their luggage so that Tripitaka could go in with them. With no regard for manners, he tethered the horse on one of the pillars and drew up a weather-beaten lacquered chair for

his master to be seated. He pulled over another chair and sat down on one side. "This little priest," said old Mr.

Gao, "really knows how to make himself at home!"

"If you are willing to keep me here for half a year," said Pilgrim, "then I'll truly feel at home!"

After they were seated, old Mr. Gao asked, "Just now my little one said that you two honored priests came from the Land of the East?"

"Yes," replied Tripitaka. "Your poor monk was commissioned by the court to go to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures for Buddha. Since we have reached your village, we would like to ask for lodging for the night. We plan to leave early tomorrow morning."

"So the two of you wanted lodging?" said old Mr. Gao. "Then why did you say you could catch monsters?"

"Since we are asking for a place to stay," said Pilgrim, "we thought we might as well catch a few monsters, just for fun! May we ask how many monsters there are in your house?"

"My God!" exclaimed old Mr. Gao, "How many monsters could we feed? There's only this one son-in-law, and we have suffered enough from him!"

"Tell me everything about the monster," said Pilgrim, "how he came to this place, what sort of power he has, and so forth. Start from the beginning and don't leave out any details. Then I can catch him for you."

"From ancient times," said old Mr. Gao, "this village of ours has never had any troubles with ghosts, goblins, or fiends; in fact, my sole misfortune consists of not having a son. I had three daughters born to me: the eldest is named Fragrant Orchid; the second one, Jade Orchid; and the third, Green Orchid. The first two since their youth had been promised to people belonging to this same village, but I had hoped that the youngest would take a husband who would stay with our family and consent to have his children bear our name. Since I have no son, he would in fact become my heir and look after me in my old age. Little did I expect that about three years ago, a fellow would turn up who was passably good-looking. He said that he came from the Fuling Mountain and that his surname was Zhu (Hog). Since he had neither parents nor brothers, he was willing to be taken in as a son-in-law, and I accepted him, thinking that someone with no other family attachment was exactly the right sort of person. When he first came into our family, he was, I must confess, fairly industrious and well-behaved. He worked hard to loosen the earth and plow the fields without even using a buffalo; and when he harvested the grains, he did the reaping without sickle or staff. He came home late in the evening and started early again in the morning, and to tell you the truth, we were quite happy with him. The only trouble was that his appearance began to change."

"In what way?" asked Pilgrim. "Well," said old Mr. Gao, "when he first came, he was a stout, swarthy fellow, but afterwards he turned into an idiot with huge ears and a long snout, with a great tuft of bristles behind his head. His body became horribly coarse and hulking. In short, his whole appearance was that of a hog! And what an enormous appetite! For a single meal, he has to have three to five bushels of rice: a little snack in the morning means over a hundred biscuits or rolls. It's a good thing he keeps a

vegetarian diet; if he liked meat and wine, the property and estate of this old man would be consumed in half a year!"

"Perhaps it's because he's a good worker," said Tripitaka, "that he has such a good appetite."

"Even that appetite is a small problem!" said old Mr. Gao. "What is most disturbing is that he likes to come riding the wind and disappears again astride the fog; he kicks up stones and dirt so frequently that my household and my neighbors have not had a moment's peace. Then he locked up my little girl, Green Orchid, in the back building, and we haven't seen her for half a year and don't know whether she's dead or alive. We are certain now that he is a monster, and that's why we want to get an exorcist to drive him away."

"There's nothing difficult about that," said Pilgrim. "Relax, old man! Tonight I'll catch him for you, and I'll demand that he sign a document of annulment and return your daughter. How's that?" Immensely pleased, old Mr. Gao said, "My taking him in was a small thing, when you consider how he has ruined my good reputation and how many relatives of ours he had alienated! Just catch him for me. Why bother about a document? Please, just get rid of him for me." Pilgrim said, "It's simple! When night falls, you'll see the result!"

The old man was delighted; he asked at once for tables to be set and a vegetarian feast to be prepared. When they had finished the meal, evening was setting in. The old man asked, "What sort of weapons and how many people do you need? We'd better prepare soon."

"I have my own weapon," replied Pilgrim. The old man said, "The only thing the two of you have is that priestly staff, hardly something you can use to battle the monster," whereupon Pilgrim took an embroidery needle out of his ear, held it in his hands, and waving it once in the wind, changed it into a golden-hooped rod with the thickness of a rice bowl. "Look at this rod," he said to old Mr.

Gao. "How does it compare with your weapons? Think it'll do for the monster?"

"Since you have a weapon," said old Mr. Gao again, "do you need some attendants?"

"No need for any attendants," said Pilgrim. "All I ask for is some decent elderly persons to keep my master company and talk with him, so that I may feel free to leave him for a while. I'll catch the monster for you and make him promise publicly to leave, so that you will be rid of him for good."

The old man at once asked his houseboy to send for several intimate friends and relatives, who soon arrived. After they were introduced, Pilgrim said, "Master, you may feel quite safe sitting here. Old Monkey is off!" Look at him! Lifting high his iron rod, he dragged old Mr. Gao along, saying, "Lead me to the back building where the monster is staying so that I may have a look."

The old man indeed took him to the door of the building in the rear. "Get a key quickly!" said Pilgrim. "Take a look yourself," said old Mr. Gao. "If I could use a key on this lock, I wouldn't need you." Pilgrim laughed and said, "Dear old man! Though you are quite old, you can't even recognize a joke! I was just teasing you a little, and you took my words literally."

He went forward and touched the lock: it was solidly welded with liquid copper. Annoyed, Pilgrim smashed open the door with one terrific blow of his rod and found it was pitch black inside. "Old Gao," said Pilgrim, "go give your daughter a call and see if she is there inside." Summoning up his courage, the old man cried, "Miss Three!" Recognizing her father's voice, the girl replied faintly, "Papa! I'm over here!"

His golden pupils ablaze, Pilgrim peered into the dark shadows. "How does she look?" you ask. You see that

*Her cloudlike hair is unkempt and unbrushed;
Her jadelike face is grimy and unwashed.
Though her nature refined is unchanged,
Her lovely image is weary and wan.
Her cherry lips seem completely bloodless,
And her body is both crooked and bent.
Knitted in sorrow
The moth-brows are pallid;
Weakened by weight loss,
The speaking voice is faint.*

She came forward, and when she saw that it was old Mr. Gao, she clutched at him and began to wail.

"Stop crying! Stop crying!" said Pilgrim. "Let me ask you: where is the monster?"

"I don't know where he has gone," said the girl.

"Nowadays he leaves in the morning and comes back only after nightfall. Surrounded by cloud and fog, he comes and goes without ever letting me know where he is. Since he has learned that father is trying to drive him away, he takes frequent precautions; that's why he comes only at night and leaves in the morning."

"No need to talk anymore," Pilgrim said. "Old Man! Take your beloved daughter to the building in front, and then you can spend all the time you want with her. Old Monkey will be here waiting for him; if the monster doesn't show up, don't blame me. But if he comes at all, I'll pull out the weeds of your troubles by the roots!" With great joy, old Mr.

Gao led his daughter to the front building. Exercising his magic might, Pilgrim shook his body and changed at once into the form of that girl, sitting all by herself to wait for the monster. In a little while, a gust of wind swept by, kicking up dust and stones. What a wind!

*At first it was a breeze gentle and light.
Thereafter it became gusty and strong.
A light, gentle breeze that could fill the world!
A strong, gusty wind that nothing else could stop!
Flowers and willow snapped like shaken hemp;
Trees and plants were felled like uprooted crops.
It stirred up streams and seas, cowing ghosts and gods.
It fractured rocks and mountains, awing Heaven and Earth.
Flower-nibbling deer lost their homeward trail.
Fruit-picking monkeys all were gone astray.
The seven-tiered pagoda crashed on Buddha's head.*

*Flags on eight sides damaged the temple's top.
 Gold beams and jade pillars were rooted up.
 Like flocks of swallow flew the roofing tiles.
 The boatman lifted his oars to make a vow,
 Eager to have his livestock sacrificed.
 The local spirit abandoned his shrine.
 Dragon kings from four seas made humble bows.
 At sea the ship of yakṣa ran aground,
 While half of Great Wall's rampart was blown down.*

When the violent gust of wind had gone by, there appeared in midair a monster who was ugly indeed. With his black face covered with short, stubby hair, his long snout and huge ears, he wore a cotton shirt that was neither quite green nor quite blue. A sort of spotted cotton handkerchief was tied round his head. Said Pilgrim, smiling to himself, "So, I have to do business with a thing like this!"

Dear Pilgrim! He neither greeted the monster, nor did he speak to him; he lay on the bed instead and pretended to be sick, moaning all the time. Unable to tell the true from the false, the monster walked into the room and, grabbing his "spouse," he at once demanded a kiss. "He really wants to sport with old Monkey!" said Pilgrim, smiling to himself. Using a holding trick, he caught the long snout of that monster and gave it a sudden, violent twist, sending him crashing to the floor with a loud thud. Picking himself up, the monster supported himself on the side of the bed and said, "Sister, how is it that you seem somewhat annoyed with me today? Because I'm late, perhaps?"

"I'm not annoyed!" said Pilgrim. "If not," said that monster, "why did you give me such a fall?"

"How can you be so boorish," said Pilgrim, "grabbing me like that and wanting to kiss me? I don't feel very well today; under normal conditions I would have been up waiting for you and would have opened the door myself. You may take off your clothes and go to sleep."

The fiend did not suspect anything and took off his clothes. Pilgrim jumped up and sat on the chamber pot, while the fiend climbed into bed. Groping around, he could not feel anyone and called out, "Sister, where have you gone? Please take off your clothes and go to sleep."

"You go to sleep first," said Pilgrim, "for I have to wait until I've dropped my load."

The fiend indeed loosened his clothes and stayed in bed. Suddenly Pilgrim gave out a sigh, saying, "My luck's pretty low!"

"What's bothering you?" said the monster. "What do you mean, your luck's pretty low? It's true that I have consumed quite a bit of food and drink since I entered your family, but I certainly did not take them as free meals. Look at the things I did for your family: sweeping the grounds and draining the ditches, hauling bricks and carrying tiles, building walls and pounding mortar, plowing the fields and raking the earth, planting seedlings of rice and wheat—in short, I took care of your entire estate. Now what you have on your body happens to be brocade, and what you wear as ornaments happens to be gold. You enjoy the flowers and fruits of four seasons, and you have fresh vegetables for the table in all eight periods. Whatever makes you so dissatisfied that you have to sigh and lament, saying your luck's pretty low?"

“It isn’t quite as you say,” said Pilgrim. “Today my parents gave me a severe scolding over the partition wall, throwing bricks and tiles into this place.”

“What were they scolding you for?” asked the monster. Pilgrim said, “They said that since we have become husband and wife, you are in fact a son-in-law in their family but one who is completely without manners. A person as ugly as you is unpresentable: you can’t meet your brothers-in-law, nor can you greet the other relatives. Since you come with the clouds and leave with the fog, we really don’t know what family you belong to and what your true name is. In fact, you have ruined our family’s reputation and defiled our legacy. That was what they rebuked me for, and that’s why I’m upset.”

“Though I am somewhat homely,” said the monster, “it’s no great problem if they insist on my being more handsome. We discussed these matters before when I came here, and I entered your family fully with your father’s consent. Why did they bring it up again today? My family is located in the Cloudy Paths Cave of Fuling Mountain; my surname is based on my appearance. Hence I am called Zhu (Hog), and my official name is Ganglie (Stiff Bristles). If they ever ask you again, tell them what I have told you.”

“This monster is quite honest,” said Pilgrim to himself, secretly pleased. “Without torture, he has already made a plain confession; with his name and location clearly known, he will certainly be caught, regardless of what may happen.” Pilgrim then said to him, “My parents are trying to get an exorcist here to arrest you.”

“Go to sleep! Go to sleep!” said the monster, laughing. “Don’t mind them at all! I know as many transformations as the number of stars in the Heavenly Ladle, and I own a nine-pronged muckrake. Why should I fear any exorcist, monk, or Daoist priest? Even if your old man were pious enough to be able to get the Monster-Routing Patriarch to come down from the Ninefold Heaven, I could still claim to have been an old acquaintance of his. And he wouldn’t dare do anything to me.”

“But they were saying that they hoped to invite someone by the name of Sun,” said Pilgrim, “the so-called Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who caused havoc in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago. They were going to ask him to come catch you.” When the monster heard this name, he became rather alarmed. “If that’s true,” he said, “I’m leaving. We can’t live as a couple anymore!”

“Why do you have to leave so suddenly?” asked Pilgrim. “You may not know,” said the monster, “that that Ban-Horse-Plague who caused such turmoil in Heaven has some real abilities. I fear that I am no match for him, and losing my reputation is not my form!” When he had finished speaking, he slipped on his clothes, opened the door, and walked right out. Pilgrim grabbed him, and with one wipe of his own face he assumed his original form, shouting:

“Monster, where do you think you’re going? Take a good look and see who I am!”

The monster turned around and saw the protruding teeth, the gaping mouth, the fiery eyes, the golden pupils, the pointed head, and the hairy face of Pilgrim—virtually a living thunder god! He was so horrified that his hands became numb and his feet grew weak. With a loud ripping sound, he tore open his shirt and broke free of Pilgrim’s clutch by changing into a violent wind. Pilgrim rushed forward and struck mightily at the wind with his iron rod; the monster at once transformed himself into myriad shafts of flaming light and fled toward his own mountain. Mounting the clouds, Pilgrim

pursued him, crying, “Where are you running to? If you ascend to Heaven, I’ll chase you to the Palace of the Polestar, and if you go down into the Earth, I’ll follow you into the heart of Hell!”

Good Heavens! We do not know where the chase took them to or what was the outcome of the fight. Let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETEEN

*At Cloudy Paths Cave, Wukong takes in Eight Rules
At Pagoda Mountain, Tripitaka receives the Heart Sūtra*

We were telling you about the flaming light of the monster, who was fleeing, while the Great Sage riding the rosy clouds followed right behind. As they were thus proceeding, they came upon a tall mountain, where the monster gathered together the fiery shafts of light and resumed his original form. Racing into a cave, he took out a nine-pronged muckrake to fight. “Lawless monster!” shouted Pilgrim. “What region are you from, fiend, and how do you know old Monkey’s names? What abilities do you have? Make a full confession quickly and your life may be spared!”

“So you don’t know my powers!” said that monster. “Come up here and brace yourself! I’ll tell you!

*My mind was dim since the time of youth;
Always I loved my indolence and sloth.
Neither nursing nature nor seeking the Real,
I passed my days deluded and confused.
I met a true immortal suddenly
Who sat and spoke to me of cold and heat.
,*

*Repent,’ he said, ‘and cease your worldly way:
From taking life accrues a boundless curse.
One day when the Great Limit ends your lot,
For eight woes and three ways you’ll grieve too late!’
I listened and turned my will to mend my ways:
I heard, repented, and sought the wondrous rune.
By fate my teacher he became at once,
Pointing out passes keyed to Heav’n and Earth.
Taught to forge the Great Pill Nine Times Reversed,
I worked without pause through day and night
To reach Mud- Pill Palace topping my skull
And Jetting- Spring Points on soles of my feet.
With kidney brine flooding the Floral Pool,
My Cinnabar Field was thus warmly nursed.
Baby and Fair Girl mated as yin and yang;
Lead and mercury mixed as sun and moon.
In concord Li-dragon and Kan-tiger used,
The spirit turtle sucked dry the gold crow’s blood.
,*

*Three flowers joined on top,’ the root reclaimed;
Five breaths faced their source’ and all freely flowed.
My merit done, I ascended on high,
Met by pairs of immortals from the sky.
Radiant pink clouds arose beneath my feet;
With light, sound frame I faced the Golden Arch.
The Jade Emperor gave a banquet for gods*

Who sat in rows according to their ranks.
 Made a marshal of the Celestial Stream,
 I took command of both sailors and ships.
 Because Queen Mother gave the Peaches Feast—
 When she met her guests at the Jasper Pool—
 My mind turned hazy for I got dead drunk,
 A shameless rowdy reeling left and right.
 Boldly I barged into Vast Cold Palace
 Where the charming fairy received me in.
 When I saw her face that would snare one's soul,
 My carnal itch of old could not be stopped!
 Without regard for manners or for rank,
 I grabbed Miss Chang'e asking her to bed.
 For three or four times she rejected me:
 Hiding east and west, she was sore annoyed.
 My passion sky-high I roared like thunder,
 Almost toppling the arch of Heaven's gate.
 Inspector General told the Emperor Jade;
 I was destined that day to meet my fate.
 The Vast Cold completely enclosed airtight
 Left me no way to run or to escape.
 Then I was caught by the various gods,
 Undaunted still, for wine was in my heart.
 Bound and taken to see the Emperor Jade,
 By law I should have been condemned to death.
 It was Venus the Gold Star, Mr. Li,
 Who left the ranks and knelt to beg for me.
 My punishment changed to two thousand blows,
 My flesh was torn; my bones did almost crack.
 Alive! I was banished from Heaven's gate
 To make my home beneath the Fuling Mount.
 An errant womb's my sinful destination:
 Stiff- Bristle Hog's my worldly appellation!"

When Pilgrim heard this, he said, "So you are actually the Water God of the Heavenly Reeds, who came to earth. Small wonder you knew old Monkey's name."

"Curses!" cried the monster. "You Heaven-defying Ban-Horse-Plague! When you caused such turmoil that year in Heaven, you had no idea how many of us had to suffer because of you. And here you are again to make life miserable for others! Don't give me any lip! Have a taste of my rake!" Pilgrim, of course, was unwilling to be tolerant; lifting high his rod, he struck at the monster's head. The two of them thus began a battle in the middle of the mountain, in the middle of the night. What a fight!

Pilgrim's gold pupils blazed like lightning;
The monster's round eyes flashed like silver blooms.
This one spat out colored fog:
That one spouted crimson mist.
The spouted crimson mist lit up the dark;
The colored fog spat out made bright the night.

*The golden-hooped rod;
 The nine-pronged muckrake.
 Two true heroes most worthy of acclaim:
 One was the Great Sage descended to earth;
 One was a Marshal who came from Heaven.
 That one, for indecorum, became a monster;
 This one, to flee his ordeal, bowed to a monk.
 The rake lunged like a dragon wielding his claws:
 The rod came like a phoenix darting through flowers.
 That one said: "Your breaking up a marriage is like patricide!"
 This one said: "You should be arrested for raping a young girl!"
 Such idle words!
 Such wild clamor!
 Back and forth the rod blocked the rake.
 They fought till dawn was about to break,
 When the monster's two arms felt sore and numb.*

From the time of the second watch, the two of them fought until it was growing light in the east. That monster could hold out no longer and fled in defeat. He changed once more into a violent gust of wind and went straight back to his cave, shutting the doors tightly and refusing to come out. Outside the cave, Pilgrim saw a large stone tablet, which had on it the inscription, "Cloudy Paths Cave."

By now, it was completely light. Realizing that the monster was not going to come out, Pilgrim thought to himself, "I fear that Master may be anxiously waiting for me. I may as well go back and see him before returning here to catch the monster." Mounting the clouds, he soon arrived at Old Gao village.

We shall now tell you about Tripitaka, who chatted about past and present with the other elders and did not sleep all night. He was just wondering why Pilgrim had not shown up, when suddenly the latter dropped down into the courtyard. Straightening out his clothes and putting away his rod, Pilgrim went up to the hall, crying, "Master! I've returned!"

The various elders hurriedly bowed low, saying, "Thank you for all the trouble you have been to!"

"Wukong, you were gone all night," said Tripitaka. "If you captured the monster, where is he now?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "that monster is no fiend of this world, nor is he a strange beast of the mountains. He is actually the incarnation of the Marshal of the Heavenly Reeds. Because he took the wrong path of rebirth, his appearance assumed the form of a wild hog: but actually his spiritual nature has not been extinguished. He said that he derived his surname from his appearance, and he went by the name of Zhu Ganglie. When I attacked him with my rod in the rear building, he tried to escape by changing into a violent gust of wind; I then struck at the wind, and he changed into shafts of flaming light and retreated to his mountain cave. There he took out a nine-pronged muckrake to do battle with old Monkey for a whole night. Just now when it grew light, he could fight no longer and fled into the cave, shutting the doors tightly and not coming out any more. I wanted to break down the door to finish him off, but I was afraid that you might be waiting here anxiously. That's why I came back first to give you some news." When he had finished speaking, old Mr. Gao came forward and knelt

down, saying, "Honored Priest, I have no alternative but to say this. Though you have chased him away, he might come back here after you leave. What should we do then? I may as well ask you to do us the favor of apprehending him, so that we shall not have any further worries. This old man, I assure you, will not be ungrateful or unkind; there will be a generous reward for you. I shall ask my relatives and friends to witness the drawing up of a document, whereby I shall divide my possessions and my property equally with you. All I want is to pluck up the trouble by the root, so that the pure virtue of our Gao family will not be tainted."

"Aren't you being rather demanding, old man?" said Pilgrim, laughing. "That monster did tell me that, although he has an enormous appetite and has consumed a good deal of food and drink from your family, he has also done a lot of good work for you. Much of what you were able to accumulate these last few years you owe to his strength, so that he really hasn't taken any free meals from you. Why ever do you want to have him driven away? According to him, he is a god who has come down to earth and who has helped your family earn a living. Moreover, he has not harmed your daughter in any way. Such a son-in-law, I should think, would be a good match for your daughter and your family. So, what's all this about ruining your family's reputation and damaging your standing in the community? Why not really accept him as he is?"

"Honored Priest," said old Mr. Gao, "though this matter may not offend public morals, it does leave us with a bad name. Like it or not, people will say, 'The Gao family has taken in a monster as a son-in-law!' How can one stand remarks of that kind?"

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "if you have worked for him all this while, you might as well see him through to a satisfactory conclusion." Pilgrim said, "I was testing him a little, just for fun. This time when I go, I'll apprehend the monster for certain and bring him back for you all to see. Don't worry, old Gao! Take good care of my master. I'm off!"

He said he was off, and the next instant he was completely out of sight. Bounding up that mountain, he arrived at the cave's entrance; a few strokes of the iron rod reduced the doors to dust. "You overstuffed coolie!" he shouted, "Come out quickly and fight with old Monkey!"

Huffing and puffing, the monster was lying in the cave and trying to catch his breath. When he heard his doors being struck down and heard himself called "an overstuffed coolie," he could not control his wrath. Dragging his rake, he pulled himself together and ran out. "A Ban-Horse-Plague like you," he yelled, "is an absolute pest! What have I done to you that you have to break my doors to pieces? Go and take a look at the law: a man who breaks someone's door and enters without permission may be guilty of trespassing, a crime punishable by death!"

"Idiot!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I may have broken down the door, but my case is still a defensible one. But you, you took a girl from her family by force—without using the proper matchmakers and witnesses, without presenting the proper gifts of money and wine. If you ask me, you are the one guilty of a capital crime!"

"Enough of this idle talk," said the monster, "and watch out for old Hog's rake!" Parrying the rake with his rod, Pilgrim said, "Isn't that rake of yours just something you use as a regular farmhand to plow the fields or plant vegetables for the Gao family? Why on earth should I fear you?"

“You have made a mistake!” said the monster. “Is this rake a thing of this world? Just listen to my recital:

*This is divine ice steel greatly refined,
 Polished so highly that it glows and shines.
 Laozi wielded the large hammer and tong;
 Mars himself added charcoals piece by piece.
 Five Kings of Five Quarters applied their schemes;
 Twelve Gods of Time expended all their skills.
 They made nine prongs like dangling teeth of jade,
 And brass rings were cast with dropping gold leaves.
 Decked with five stars and six brightnesses,
 Its frame conformed to eight spans and four climes.
 Its whole length set to match the cosmic scheme
 Accorded with yin yang, with the sun and moon:
 Six- Diagram Gods etched as Heaven ruled;
 Eight- Trigram Stars stood in ranks and files.
 They named this the High Treasure Golden Rake,
 A gift for Jade Emperor to guard his court.
 Since I learned to be a great immortal,
 Becoming someone with longevity,
 I was made Marshal of the Heavenly Reeds
 And given this rake, a sign of royal grace.
 When it's held high, there'll be bright flames and light;
 When it's brought low, strong wind blows down white snow.
 The warriors of Heaven all fear it;
 The Ten Kings of Hell all shrink from it.
 Are there such weapons among mankind?
 In this wide world there's no such fine steel.
 It changes its form after my own wish,
 Rising and falling after my command.
 I've kept it with me for several years,
 A daily comrade I never parted from.
 I've stayed with it right through the day's three meals,
 Nor left it when I went to sleep at night.
 I brought it along to the Peaches Feast,
 And with it I attended Heaven's court.
 Since I wrought evil relying on wine,
 Since trusting my strength I displayed my fraud,
 Heaven sent me down to this world of dust,
 Where in my next life I would sin some more.
 With wicked mind I ate men in my cave,
 Pleased to be married at the Gao Village.
 This rake can overturn sea dragons' and turtles' lairs
 And rake up mountain dens of tigers and wolves.
 All other weapons there's no need to name,
 Only my rake is of most fitting fame.
 To win in battle? Why, it's no hard thing!
 And making merit? It need not be said!*

*You may have a bronze head, an iron brain, and a full steel frame.
I'll rake till your soul melts and your spirit leaks!"*

When Pilgrim heard these words, he put away his iron rod and said, "Don't brag too much, Idiot! Old Monkey will stretch out his head right here, and you can give him a blow. See if his soul melts and his spirit leaks!"

The monster did indeed raise his rake high and bring it down with all his might; with a loud bang, the rake made sparks as it bounced back up. But the blow did not make so much as a scratch on Pilgrim's head. The monster was so astounded that his hands turned numb and his feet grew weak. He mumbled, "What a head! What a head!"

"You didn't know about this, did you?" said Pilgrim. "When I caused such turmoil in Heaven by stealing the magic pills, the immortal peaches, and the imperial wine, I was captured by the Little Sage Erlang and taken to the Polestar Palace. The various celestial beings chopped me with an ax, pounded me with a bludgeon, cut me with a scimitar, jabbed me with a sword, burned me with fire, and struck me with thunder—all this could not hurt me one whit. Then I was taken by Laozi and placed in his eighttrigram brazier, in which I was refined by divine fire until I had fiery eyes and diamond pupils, a bronze head and iron arms. If you don't believe me, give me some more blows and see whether it hurts me at all."

"Monkey," said the monster, "I remember that at the time you were causing trouble in Heaven, you lived in the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain, in the Aolai Country of the East Pūrvavideha Continent. Your name hasn't been heard of for a long time.

How is it that you suddenly turn up at this place to oppress me? Could my father-in-law have gone all that way to ask you to come here?"

"Your father-in-law did not go to fetch me," said Pilgrim. "It's old Monkey who turned from wrong to right, who left the Daoist to follow the Buddhist. I am now accompanying the royal brother of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East, whose name is Tripitaka, Master of the Law. He is on his way to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. We passed through the Gao Village and asked for lodging; old man Gao then brought up the subject of his daughter and asked me to rescue her and to apprehend you, you overstuffed coolie!"

Hearing this, the monster threw away his muckrake and said with great affability, "Where is the scripture pilgrim? Please take the trouble of introducing me to him."

"Why do you want to see him?" asked Pilgrim. The monster said, "I was a convert of the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who commanded me to keep a vegetarian diet here and to wait for the scripture pilgrim. I was to follow him to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from the Buddha, so that I might atone for my sins with my merit and regain the fruits of Truth. I have been waiting for a number of years without receiving any further news. Since you have been made his disciple, why didn't you mention the search for scriptures in the first place? Why did you have to unleash your violence and attack me right at my own door?"

"Don't try to soften me with deception," said Pilgrim, "thinking that you can escape that way. If you are truly sincere about accompanying the Tang Monk, you must face Heaven and swear that you are telling the truth. Then I'll take you to see my master."

At once the monster knelt down and kowtowed as rapidly as if he were pounding rice with his head. “Amitāha,” he cried, “Namo Buddha! If I am not speaking the truth in all sincerity, let me be punished as one who has offended Heaven—et me be hewn to pieces!”

Hearing him swear such an oath, Pilgrim said, “All right! You light a fire and burn up this place of yours; then I’ll take you with me.”

The monster accordingly dragged in bunches of rushweed and thorns and lighted the fire; the Cloudy Paths Cave soon looked like a derelict potter’s kiln. “I have no other attachment,” he said to Pilgrim. “You can take me away.”

“Give me your muckrake and let me hold it,” said Pilgrim, and our monster at once handed it over. Yanking out a piece of hair, Pilgrim blew onto it and cried, “Change!” It changed into a three-ply hemp rope with which he prepared to tie up the monster’s hands. Putting his arms behind his back, the monster did nothing to stop himself from being bound. Then Pilgrim took hold of his ear and dragged him along, crying, “Hurry! Hurry!”

“Gently, please!” pleaded the monster. “You are holding me so roughly, and my ear is hurting!”

“I can’t be any gentler,” said Pilgrim, “for I can’t worry about you now. As the saying goes, ‘The nicer the pig, the nastier the grip!’ After you have seen my master and proved your worth, I’ll let you go.” Rising up to a distance halfway between cloud and fog, they headed straight for the Gao Family Village. We have a poem as a testimony:

*Strong is metal’s nature to vanquish wood:
Mind Monkey has the Wood Dragon subdued.
With metal and wood both obedient as one,
All their love and virtue will grow and show.
One guest and one host there’s nothing between;
Three matings, three unions—there’s great mystery!
Nature and feelings gladly fused as Last and First:
Both will surely be enlightened in the West.*

In a moment they had arrived at the village. Grasping the rake and pulling at the monster’s ear, Pilgrim said, “Look at the one sitting in a most dignified manner up there in the main hall: that’s my master.” When old Mr. Gao and his relatives suddenly saw Pilgrim dragging by the ear a monster who had his hands bound behind his back, they all gladly left their seats to meet them in the courtyard.

The old man cried, “Honored Priest! There’s that son-in-law of mine.” Our monster went forward and fell on his knees, kowtowing to Tripitaka and saying, “Master, your disciple apologizes for not coming to meet you. If I had known earlier that my master was staying in my father-in-law’s house, I would have come at once to pay my respects, and none of these troubles would have befallen me.”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “how did you manage to get him here to see me?” Only then did Pilgrim release his hold. Using the handle of the rake to give the monster a whack, he shouted, “Idiot! Say something!”

The monster gave a full account of how the Bodhisattva had converted him.

Greatly pleased, Tripitaka said at once, “Mr. Gao, may I borrow your incense table?” Old Mr. Gao took it out immediately, and Tripitaka lighted the incense after

purifying his hands. He bowed toward the south, saying, "I thank the Bodhisattva for her holy grace!"

The other elders all joined in the worship by adding incense, after which Tripitaka resumed his seat in the main hall and asked Wukong to untie the monster. Pilgrim shook his body to retrieve his hair, and the rope fell off by itself. Once more the monster bowed to Tripitaka, declaring his intention to follow him to the West, and then bowed also to Pilgrim, addressing him as "elder brother" because he was the senior disciple.

"Since you have entered my fold and have decided to become my disciple," said Tripitaka, "let me give you a religious name so that I may address you properly."

"Master," said the monster, "the Bodhisattva already laid hands on my head and gave me the commandments and a religious name, which is Zhu Wuneng (Awake to Power)."

"Good! Good!" said Tripitaka, laughing. "Your elder brother is named Wukong and you are called Wuneng; your names are well in accord with the emphasis of our denomination."

"Master," said Wuneng, "since I received the commandments from the Bodhisattva, I was completely cut off from the five forbidden viands and the three undesirable foods. I maintained a strict vegetarian diet in my father-in-law's house, never touching any forbidden food. Now that I have met my master today, let me be released from my vegetarian vow."

"No, no!" said Tripitaka. "Since you have not eaten the five forbidden viands and the three undesirable foods, let me give you another name. Let me call you Eight Rules."

Delighted, Idiot said, "I shall obey my master."

For this reason, he was also called Zhu Eight Rules.

When old Mr. Gao saw the happy ending of this whole affair, he was more delighted than ever. He ordered his houseboys immediately to prepare a feast to thank the Tang Monk. Eight Rules went forward and tugged at him, saying, "Papa, please ask my humble wife to come out and greet the granddads and uncles. How about it?"

"Worthy brother!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Since you have embraced Buddhism and become a monk, please don't ever mention 'your humble wife' again. There may be a married Daoist in this world, but there's no such monk, is there? Let's sit down, rather, and have a nice vegetarian meal. We'll have to start off soon for the West." Old Mr. Gao set the tables in order and invited Tripitaka to take the honored seat in the middle:

Pilgrim and Eight Rules sat on both sides while the relatives took the remaining seats below. Mr. Gao opened a bottle of dietary wine and filled a glass: he sprinkled a little of the wine on the ground to thank Heaven and Earth before presenting the glass to Tripitaka. "To tell you the truth, aged sir," said Tripitaka, "this poor monk has been a vegetarian from birth. I have not touched any kind of forbidden food since childhood."

"I know the reverend teacher is chaste and pure," said old Mr. Gao, "and I did not dare bring forth any forbidden foodstuff. This wine is made for those who maintain a vegetarian diet: there's no harm in your taking a glass."

“I just don’t dare use wine,” said Tripitaka. “for the prohibition of strong drink is a monk’s first commandment.”

Alarmed, Wuneng said, “Master, though I kept a vegetarian diet, I didn’t cut out wine.”

“Though my capacity is not great,” said Wukong, “and I’m not able to handle more than a crock or so, I haven’t discontinued the use of wine either.”

“In that case,” said Tripitaka, “you two brothers may take some of this pure wine. But you are not permitted to get drunk and cause trouble.” So the two of them took the first round before taking their seats again to enjoy the feast. We cannot tell you in full what a richly laden table that was, and what varieties of delicacies were presented.

After master and disciples had been feted, old Mr. Gao took out a red lacquered tray bearing some two hundred taels of gold and silver in small pieces, which were to be presented to the three priests for travel expenses. There were, moreover, three outer garments made of fine silk. Tripitaka said, “We are mendicants who beg for food and drink from village to village. How could we accept gold, silver, and precious clothing?”

Coming forward and stretching out his hand, Pilgrim took a handful of the money, saying, “Gao Cai, yesterday you took the trouble to bring my master here, with the result that we made a disciple today. We have nothing to thank you with. Take this as remuneration for being a guide; perhaps you can use it to buy a few pairs of straw sandals. If there are any more monsters, turn them over to me and I’ll truly be grateful to you.”

Gao Cai took the money and kowtowed to thank Pilgrim for his reward. Old Mr. Gao then said, “If the masters do not want the silver and gold, please accept at least these three simple garments, which are but small tokens of our goodwill.”

“If those of us who have left the family,” said Tripitaka again, “accept the bribe of a single strand of silk, we may fall into ten thousand kalpas from which we may never recover. It is quite sufficient that we take along the leftovers from the table as provisions on our way.”

Eight Rules spoke up from the side:

“Master, Elder Brother, you may not want these things. But I was a son-in-law in this household for several years, and the payment for my services should be worth more than three stones of rice! Father, my shirt was torn by Elder Brother last night; please give me a cassock of blue silk. My shoes are worn also, so please give me a good pair of new shoes.” When old Mr. Gao heard that, he dared not refuse; a new pair of shoes and a cassock were purchased at once so that Eight Rules could dispose of the old attire.

Swaggering around, our Eight Rules spoke amiably to old Mr. Gao, saying, “Please convey my humble sentiments to my mother-in-law, my great-aunt, my second aunt, and my uncle-in-law, and all my other relatives. Today I am going away as a monk, and please do not blame me if I cannot take leave of them in person. Father, do take care of my better half. If we fail in our quest for scriptures, I’ll return to secular life and live with you again as your son-in-law.”

“Coolie!” shouted Pilgrim. “Stop babbling nonsense!”

“It’s not nonsense,” said Eight Rules. “Sometimes I fear that things may go wrong, and then I could end up unable either to be a monk or to take a wife, losing out on both counts.”

“Less of this idle conversation!” said Tripitaka. “We must hurry up and leave.”

They packed their luggage, and Eight Rules was told to carry the load with a pole. Tripitaka rode on the white horse, while Pilgrim led the way with the iron rod across his shoulders. The three of them took leave of old Mr. Gao and his relatives and headed toward the West. We have a poem as testimony:

*The earth’s mist-shrouded, the trees appear tall.
The Buddha-son of Tang court ever toils.
He eats in need rice begged from many homes;
He wears when cold a robe patched a thousandfold.
Holdfast at the breast the Horse of the Will!
The Mind- Monkey is sly—let him not wail!
Nature one with feelings, causes all joined —
The moon’s full of gold light when hair is shorn.*

The three of them proceeded toward the West, and for about a month it was an uneventful journey. When they crossed the boundary of Qoco, they looked up and saw a tall mountain. Tripitaka reined in his horse and said, “Wukong, Wuneng, there’s a tall mountain ahead.

We must approach it with care.”

“It’s nothing!” said Eight Rules. “This mountain is called the Pagoda Mountain and a Crow’s Nest Chan Master lives there, practicing austerities. Old Hog has met him before.”

“What’s his business?” said Tripitaka. “He’s fairly accomplished in the Way,” said Eight Rules, “and he once asked me to practice austerities with him. But I didn’t go, and that was the end of the matter.”

As master and disciple conversed, they soon arrived at the mountain. What a splendid mountain! You see

*South of it, blue pines, jade-green junipers;
North of it, green willows, red peach trees.
A clamorous din:
The mountain fowls are conversing.
A fluttering dance:
Immortal cranes unite in flying.
A dense fragrance:
The flowers in a thousand colors.
A manifold green:
Diverse plants in forms exotic.
In the stream green water flows bubbling;
Before the cliff float petals of hallowed cloud.
Truly a place of rare beauty, a well-secluded spot;
Silence is all, not a man to be seen.*

As the master sat on his horse, peering into the distance, he saw on top of the fragrant juniper tree a nest made of dried wood and grass. To the left, musk deer carried

flowers in their mouths; to the right, mountain monkeys were presenting fruits. At the top of the tree, blue and pink phoenixes sang together, soon to be joined by a congregation of black cranes and brightly colored pheasants. “Isn’t that the Crow’s Nest Chan Master?” asked Eight Rules, pointing. Tripitaka urged on his horse and rode up to the tree.

We now tell you about that Chan Master, who, seeing the three of them approach, left his nest and jumped down from the tree.

Tripitaka dismounted and prostrated himself. Raising him up with his hand, the Chan Master said, “Holy Monk, please arise! Pardon me for not coming to meet you.”

“Old Chan Master,” said Eight Rules, “please receive my bow!”

“Aren’t you the Zhu Ganglie of the Fuling Mountain?” asked the Chan Master, startled. “How did you have the good fortune to journey with the holy monk?”

“A few years back,” said Eight Rules, “I was beholden to the Bodhisattva Guanyin for persuading me to follow him as a disciple.”

“Good! Good! Good!” said the Chan Master, greatly pleased. Then he pointed to Pilgrim and asked, “Who is this person?”

“How is it that the old Chan recognizes him,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “and not me?”

“Because I haven’t had the pleasure of meeting you,” said the Chan Master. Tripitaka said, “He is my eldest disciple, Sun Wukong.” Smiling amiably, the Chan Master said, “How impolite of me!”

Tripitaka bowed again and asked about the distance to the Great Thunderclap Temple of the Western Heaven. “It’s very far away! Very far away!” said the Chan Master. “What’s more, the road is a difficult one, filled with tigers and leopards.” With great earnestness, Tripitaka asked again, “Just how far is it?”

“Though it may be very far,” answered the Chan Master, “you will arrive there one day. But all those *māra* hindrances along the way are hard to dispel. I have a Heart Sūtra here in this scroll; it has fifty-four sentences containing two hundred and seventy characters. When you meet these *māra* hindrances, recite the sūtra and you will not suffer any injury or harm.”

Tripitaka prostrated himself on the ground and begged to receive it, whereupon the Chan Master imparted the sūtra by reciting it orally. The sūtra said:

HEART SŪTRA OF THE GREAT PERFECTION OF WISDOM When the Bodhisattva Guanzizai was moving in the deep course of the Perfection of Wisdom, she saw that the five heaps were but emptiness, and she transcended all sufferings. Śārīputra, form is no different from emptiness, emptiness no different from form; form is emptiness, and emptiness is form. Of sensations, perceptions, volition, and consciousness, the same is also true. Śārīputra, it is thus that all dharmas are but empty appearances, neither produced nor destroyed, neither defiled nor pure, neither increasing nor decreasing. This is why in emptiness there are no forms and no sensations, perceptions, volition, or consciousness; no eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, or mind; no form, sound, smell, taste, touch, or object of mind. There is no realm of sight; [and so forth], until we reach the realm of no mind-consciousness; there is no ignorance, nor is there extinction of ignorance; [and so forth], until we reach the stage where there is no old age and death, nor is there the extinction of old age and death; there is no suffering, annihilation, or way; there is no cognition or attainment. Because there is nothing to be attained, the mind of the Bodhisattva, by virtue of reliance upon the Perfection of Wisdom, has no hindrances: no hindrances, and therefore, no terror or fear; he is far removed from error and delusion, and finally reaches Nirvāṇa. All the Buddhas of the three worlds rely on the Perfection of Wisdom, and that is why they attain the ultimate and complete enlightenment. Know, therefore, that the Perfection of Wisdom is a great divine spell, a spell of great illumination, a spell

without superior, and a spell without equal. It can do away with all sufferings—such is the unvarnished truth. Therefore, when the Spell of the Perfection of Wisdom is to be spoken, say this spell: “Gate! Gate! Pāragate! Pārasaṃgate! Bodhisvāhā!”

Now because that master of the law from the Tang court was spiritually prepared, he could remember the Heart Sūtra after hearing it only once. Through him, it has come down to us this day. It is the comprehensive classic for the cultivation of Perfection, the very gateway to becoming a Buddha.

After the transmission of the sūtra, the Chan Master trod on the cloudy luminosity and was about to return to his crow’s nest.

Tripitaka, however, held him back and earnestly questioned him again about the condition of the road to the West. The Chan Master laughed and said:

*“The way is not too hard to walk;
Try listening to what I say.
thousand hills and waters deep;
Places full of goblins and snags;
When you reach those sky-touching cliffs,
Fear not and put your mind at rest.
Crossing the Rub Ear Precipice,
You must walk with steps placed sideways.
Take care in the Black Pine Forest;
Fox-spirits will likely bar your way.
Griffins will fill the capitals;
Monsters all mountains populate;
Old tigers sit as magistrates;
Graying wolves act as registrars.
Lions, elephants—all called kings!
Leopards, tigers are coachmen all!
A wild pig totes a hauling pole;
You’ll meet ahead a water sprite.
An old stone ape of many years
Now nurses over there his spite!
Just ask that acquaintance of yours:
Well he knows the way to the West.”*

Hearing this, Pilgrim laughed with scorn and said, “Let’s go. Don’t ask him, ask me! That’s enough!”

Tripitaka did not perceive what he meant. The Chan Master, changing into a beam of golden light, went straight up to his crow’s nest, while the priest bowed toward him to express his gratitude. Enraged, Pilgrim lifted his iron rod and thrust it upward violently, but garlands of blooming lotus flowers were seen together with a thousand-layered shield of auspicious clouds. Though Pilgrim might have the strength to overturn rivers and seas, he could not catch hold of even one strand of the crow’s nest. When Tripitaka saw this, he pulled Pilgrim back, saying, “Wukong, why are you jabbing at the nest of a bodhisattva like him?”

“For leaving like that after abusing both my brother and me,” said Pilgrim. “He was speaking of the way to the Western Heaven,” said Tripitaka. “Since when did he abuse you?”

“Didn’t you get it?” asked Pilgrim. “He said, ‘A wild pig totes a hauling pole,’ and insulted Eight Rules. ‘An old stone ape of many years’ ridiculed old Monkey. How else would you explain that?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “don’t be angry. This Chan Master does know the events of past and future. Let’s see if his statement, ‘You’ll meet ahead a water sprite,’ will be fulfilled or not. Let’s spare him and leave.” Pilgrim saw the lotus flowers and auspicious fog near the nest, and he had little alternative than to ask his master to mount so that they could descend from the mountain and proceed toward the West. Lo, their journey

*Thus shows that in man’s world pure leisure is rare,
But evils and ogres are rife in the hills!*

We really do not know what took place in the journey ahead; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY

*At Yellow Wind Ridge the Tang Monk meets adversity
In mid-mountain, Eight Rules strives to be first*

*The dharma is born through the mind;
It'll be destroyed, too, through the mind.
By whom it is destroyed or born,
That you must determine yourself.
If it is through your own mind,
Why do others need to tell you?
All that you need is your hard work
To draw blood out of iron ore.
Let a silk cord puncture your nose
To tie a firm knot on the void;
Fasten that to the no-work tree,
That you'd not be vicious and wild.
Regard not the thief as your son,
And forget all dharma and mind.
Let not the Other deceive me:
With one big punch strike him out first.
The manifest mind's also no mind;
Manifest Law is law that's stopped.
When both Bull and Man disappear,
The jade-green sky is bright and clear.
Any autumn moon's just as round:
You can't tell one from the other.*

This enigmatic *gāthā* was composed by Xuanzang, master of the law, after he had thoroughly mastered the *Heart Sūtra*, which had, in fact, broken through the gate of his understanding. He recited it frequently, and the beam of spiritual light penetrated by itself to his innermost being.

We turn now to tell you about the three travelers, who dined on the wind and rested by the waters, who clothed themselves with the moon and cloaked themselves with the stars on their journey. Soon, it was the scene of summer again, beneath a torrid sky. They saw

*Flowers gone, and butterflies cared not to linger;
On tall trees the cicada chirp turned brazen.
Wild worms made their cocoons, fair pomegranates their fire,
As new lilies in the ponds appeared.*

As they were traveling one day, it was growing late again when they saw a hamlet beside the mountain road. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "look at that sun setting behind the mountain, hiding its fiery orb, and the moon rising on the eastern sea, revealing an icy wheel. It's a good thing that a family lives by the road up there. Let us ask for lodging for the night and proceed tomorrow."

"You are right!" said Eight Rules. "Old Hog is rather hungry, too! Let's go and beg for some food at the house. Then I can regain my strength to pole the luggage."

“This family-hugging devil!” said Pilgrim. “You only left the family a few days ago, and you are already beginning to complain.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “I’m not like you—I can’t imbibe the wind and exhale the mist. Since I began following our master a few days ago, I’ve been half hungry all the time. Did you know that?”

Hearing this, Tripitaka said, “Wuneng, if your heart still clings to the family, you are not the kind of person who wants to leave it. You may as well turn back!” Idiot was so taken aback that he fell on his knees and said, “Master, please do not listen to the words of Elder Brother. He loves to put blame on others:

I haven’t made any complaint, but he said that I was complaining. I’m only an honest moron, who said that I was hungry so that we could find some household to beg for food. Immediately he called me a family-hugging devil! Master, I received the commandments from the Bodhisattva and mercy from you, and that was why I was determined to serve you and go to the Western Heaven. I vow that I have no regrets. This is, in fact, what they call the practice of strict austerities. What do you mean, I’m not willing to leave the family?”

“In that case,” said Tripitaka, “you may get up.” Leaping up with a bound, Idiot was still muttering something as he picked up the pole with the luggage. He had no choice but to follow his companions with complete determination up to the door of the house by the wayside. Tripitaka dismounted, Pilgrim took the reins, and Eight Rules put down the luggage, all standing still beneath the shade of a large tree. Holding his nine-ringed priestly staff and pressing down his rain hat woven of straw and rattan, Tripitaka went to the door first. He saw inside an old man reclining on a bamboo bed and softly reciting the name of Buddha. Tripitaka dared not speak loudly; instead, he said very slowly and quietly, “Patron, salutations!”

The old man jumped up and at once began to straighten out his attire. He walked out of the door to return the greeting, saying, “Honored Priest, pardon me for not coming to meet you. Where did you come from? What are you doing at my humble abode?”

“This poor monk,” said Tripitaka, “happens to be a priest from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. In obedience to an imperial decree, I am journeying to the Great Thunderclap Temple to seek scriptures from the Buddha. It was getting late when I arrived in your esteemed region, and I would beg for shelter for one night in your fine mansion. I beseech you to grant me this favor.”

“You can’t go there,” said the old man, shaking his head and waving his hand, “it’s exceedingly difficult to bring scriptures back from the Western Heaven. If you want to do that, you might as well go the Eastern Heaven!”

Tripitaka fell silent, thinking to himself, “The Bodhisattva clearly told me to go to the West. Why does this old man now say that I should head for the East instead? Where in the East would there be any scriptures?”

Terribly flustered and embarrassed, he could not make any reply for a long time.

We now tell you about Pilgrim, who had always been impulsive and mischievous. Unable to restrain himself, he went forward and said in a loud voice, “Old man! Though you are of such great age, you don’t have much common sense. We monks have traveled a great distance to come and ask you for shelter, and here you are trying to intimidate us with discouraging words. If your house is too small and there’s

not enough space for us to sleep, we'll sit beneath the trees for the night and not disturb you."

"Master!" said the old man, taking hold of Tipitaka, "you don't say anything. But that disciple of yours with a pointed chin, shriveled cheeks, a thunder-god mouth, and blood-red eyes—he looks like a demon with a bad case of consumption—how dare he offend an aged person like me!"

"An old fellow like you," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "really has very little discernment! Those who are handsome may be good for their looks only! A person like me, old Monkey, may be small but tough, like the skin around a ball of ligaments!"

"I suppose you must have some abilities," said the old man. "I won't boast," said Pilgrim, "but they are passable."

"Where did you used to live?" asked the old man, "and why did you shave your hair to become a monk?"

"The ancestral home of old Monkey," said Pilgrim, "is at the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain, in the Aolai Country of the East Pūrvavideha Continent. I learned to be a monster-spirit in my youth, assuming the name of Wukong, and with my abilities I finally became the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. Because I did not receive any acceptable appointment in Heaven, I caused great turmoil in the Celestial Palace, and incurred great calamities for myself.

I was, however, delivered from my ordeals and have turned to Buddhism instead to seek the fruits of Truth. As a guardian of my master, who is in the service of the Tang court, I am journeying to the Western Heaven to worship Buddha. Why should I fear tall mountains, treacherous roads, wide waters, and wild waves? I, old Monkey, can apprehend monsters, subdue demons, tame tigers, capture dragons—in sum, I know a little about all the matters that a person needs to know to go up to Heaven or to descend into Earth.

If by chance your household is suffering from some such disturbances as flying bricks and dancing tiles, or talking pots and doors opening by themselves, old Monkey can quiet things down for you." When that old man heard this lengthy speech, he roared with laughter and said, "So you are really a garrulous monk who begs for alms from place to place!"

"Only your son is garrulous!" said Pilgrim. "I'm not very talkative these days, because following my master on his journey is quite tiring."

"If you were not tired," said that old man, "and if you were in the mood to chatter, you would probably talk me to death! Since you have such abilities, I suppose you can go to the West successfully. How many of you are there? You may rest in my thatched hut."

"We thank the old patron for not sending us away," said Tripitaka; "there are three of us altogether."

"Where is the third member of your party?" asked the old man. "Your eyes must be somewhat dim, old man," said Pilgrim. "Isn't he over there standing in the shade?"

The old man did indeed have poor sight; he raised his head and stared intently. The moment he saw Eight Rules with his strange face and mouth, he became so terrified that he started to rush back into the house, tripping at every step. "Shut the door! Shut

the door!” he cried. “A monster is coming!” Pilgrim caught hold of him, saying, “Don’t be afraid, old man! He’s no monster; he’s my younger brother.”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said the old man, shaking all over. “One monk uglier than another!”

Eight Rules approached him and said, “You are really mistaken, Aged Sir, if you judge people by their looks. We may be ugly, but we are all useful.”

As the old man was speaking with the three monks in front of his house, two young men appeared to the south of the village, leading an old woman and several young children. All of them had their clothes rolled up and were walking barefoot, for they were returning after a day’s planting of young shoots of grain. When they saw the white horse, the luggage, and the goings-on in front of their house, they all ran forward, asking, “What are you people doing here?”

Turning his head, Eight Rules flapped his ears a couple of times and stuck out his long snout once, so frightening the people that they fell down right and left, madly scattering in every direction. Tripitaka, alarmed, kept saying, “Don’t be afraid! Don’t be afraid! We are not bad people! We are monks in quest of scriptures.”

Coming out of his house, the old man helped the old woman up, saying, “Mama, get up! Calm yourself. This master came from the Tang court. His disciples may look hideous, but they are really good people with ugly faces. Take the boys and girls back into the house.”

Clutching at the old man, the old woman walked inside with the two young men and their children.

Sitting on the bamboo bed in their house, Tripitaka began to protest, saying, “Disciples! The two of you are not only ugly in appearance, but you are also rude in your language. You have scared this family badly, and you are causing me to sin.”

“To tell you the truth, Master,” said Eight Rules, “since I started accompanying you, I have become a lot better behaved. At the time when I was living in Old Gao Village, all I needed to do was to pout and flap my ears once, and scores of people would be frightened to death!”

“Stop talking rubbish, Idiot,” said Pilgrim, “and fix your ugliness.”

“Look at the way Wukong talks,” said Tripitaka. “Your appearance comes with your birth. How can you tell him to fix it?”

“Take that rakelike snout,” said Pilgrim, “put it in your bosom, and don’t take it out.

And stick your rush-leaf-fan ears to the back of your head, and don’t shake them. That’s fixing it.”

Eight Rules did indeed hide his snout and stick his ears to the back of his head; with his hands folded in front of him to hide his head, he stood on one side of his master. Pilgrim took the luggage inside the main door, and tied the white horse to one of the posts in the courtyard.

The old man then brought a young man in to present three cups of tea placed on a wooden tray. After the tea, he ordered a vegetarian meal to be prepared. Then the young man took an old, unvarnished table full of holes and several stools with broken

legs, and placed them in the courtyard for the three of them to sit where it was cool. Only then did Tripitaka ask, "Old patron, what is your noble surname?"

"Your humble servant goes by the surname of Wang," said the old man. "And how many heirs do you have?" asked Tripitaka. "I have two sons and three grandchildren," said the old man. "Congratulations! Congratulations!" said Tripitaka. "And what is your age?"

"I have foolishly lived till my sixty-first year," the old man said. "Good! Good! Good!" said Pilgrim. "You have just begun a new sexagenary cycle."

"Old patron," said Tripitaka again, "you said when we first came that the scriptures in the Western Heaven were difficult to get. Why?"

"The scriptures are not hard to get," said the old man, "but the journey there is filled with hazards and difficulties. Some thirty miles west of us there is a mountain called the Yellow Wind Ridge of Eight Hundred Miles. Monsters infest that mountain, and that's what I meant by difficulties. Since this little priest claims that he has many abilities, however, you may perhaps proceed after all."

"No fear! No fear!" said Pilgrim. "With old Monkey and his younger brother around, we'll never be touched, no matter what kind of monster we meet." While they spoke, one of the sons brought out some rice and placed it on the table, saying, "Please eat."

Tripitaka immediately folded his hands to begin his grace, but Eight Rules had already swallowed a whole bowl of rice. Before the priest could say the few sentences, Idiot had devoured three more bowlfuls. "Look at the glutton!" said Pilgrim. "It's like we've met a *preta*!" Old Wang was a sensitive person. When he saw how fast Eight Rules was eating, he said, "This honored priest must be really hungry! Quick, bring more rice!" Idiot in truth had an enormous appetite. Look at him! Without lifting his head once, he finished over ten bowls, while Tripitaka and Pilgrim could hardly finish two. Idiot refused to stop and wanted to eat still more. "In our haste we have not prepared any dainty viands," said old Wang, "and I dare not press you too much. Please take at least one more helping."

Both Tripitaka and Pilgrim said, "We have had enough."

"Old man," said Eight Rules, "what are you mumbling about? Who's having a game of divination with you? Why mention all that about the fifth *yao* and the sixth *yao*?"

If you have rice, just bring more of it, that's all!" So Idiot in one meal finished all the rice in that household, and then he said he was only half full! The tables and dishes were cleared away, and after bedding had been placed on the bamboo bed and on some wooden boards, the travelers rested.

The next morning, Pilgrim went to saddle the horse, while Eight Rules put their luggage in order. Old Wang asked his wife to prepare some refreshments and drinks to serve them, after which the three of them expressed their thanks and took leave of their host.

The old man said, "If there is any mishap on your journey after you leave here, you must feel free to return to our house."

"Old man," said Pilgrim, "don't speak such disconcerting words. Those of us who have left the family never retrace our steps!"

They then urged on the horse, picked up the luggage, and proceeded toward the West. Alas! What this journey means for them is that

*There's no safe way which leads to the Western Realm;
There'll be great disasters brought by demons vile.*

Before the three of them had traveled for half a day, they did indeed come upon a tall mountain, exceedingly rugged. Tripitaka rode right up to the hanging cliff and looked around, sitting sideways on his saddle. Truly

*Tall was the mountain;
Rugged, the peak;
Steep, the precipice;
Deep, the canyon;
Gurgling, the stream;
And fresh were the flowers.
This mountain, whether tall or not,
Its top reached the blue sky;
This stream, whether deep or not,
Its floor opened to Hell below.
Before the mountain,
White clouds rose in continuous rings
And boulders in shapes grotesque.
Countless the soul-rending cliffs ten thousand yards deep;
Behind them, winding, twisting, dragon-hiding caves,
Where water dripped from ledges drop by drop.
He also saw some deer with zigzag horns;
Dull and dumbly staring antelopes;
Winding and coiling red-scaled pythons;
Silly and foolish white-faced apes;
Tigers that climbed the hills to seek their dens at night;
Dragons that churned the waves to leave their lairs at dawn.
If one stepped before a cave's entrance,
The dead leaves crackled;
The fowls in the grass
Darted up with wings loudly beating;
The beasts in the forest
Walked with paws noisily scratching.
Suddenly wild creatures hurried by,
Making hearts beat with fear.
Thus it was that the Due-to- Fall Cave duly faced the Due-to- Fall Cave,
The Cave duly facing the Due-to- Fall Cave duly faced the mount.
One blue bill dyed like a thousand yards of jade,
Mist-veiled like countless mounds of jade-green gauze.*

The master rode forward very slowly, while the Great Sage Sun also walked at a slower pace and Zhu Wuneng proceeded leisurely with the load. As all of them were looking at the mountain, a great whirlwind suddenly arose. Alarmed, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, the wind is rising!"

"Why fear the wind?" said Pilgrim. "This is the breath of Heaven in the four seasons, nothing to be afraid of."

“But this is a terribly violent wind, unlike the kind that comes from Heaven,” said Tripitaka. “How so?” said Pilgrim. Tripitaka said, “Look at this wind!

*Augustly it blows in a blustering key,
An immense force leaving the jade-green sky.
It passes the ridge, just hear the trees roar.
It moves in the wood, just see the poles quake.
Willows by the banks are rocked to the roots;
Blown garden flowers now soar with their leaves.
Fishing boats, nets drawn, make their hawsers taut;
Vessels with sails down have their anchors cast.
Trekking in mid-journey have lost their way;
Woodsmen in the hills cannot hold their loads.
From woods with fruits divine the apes disperse;
From clumps of rare flowers the small fawns flee.
Before the cliff cypress fall one by one;
Downstream bamboo and pine die leaf by leaf.
Earth and dust are scattered while sand explodes;
Rivers and seas overturned, waves churn and roll.”*

Eight Rules went forward and tugged at Pilgrim, saying, “Elder Brother, the wind is too strong! Let’s find shelter until it dies down.”

“You are too soft, Brother,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “when you want to hide the moment the wind gets strong. What would happen to you if you were to meet a monster-spirit face to face?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you probably haven’t heard of the proverb,

*Flee the fair sex like a foe;
Flee the wind like an arrow!*

We suffer no loss if we take shelter just for a little while.”

“Stop talking,” said Pilgrim, “and let me seize the wind and smell it.”

“You are fibbing again, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, with a laugh, “for how can the wind be seized for you to smell? Even if you manage to catch hold of it, it will slip past you at once.”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “you didn’t know that I have the magic to ‘seize the wind.’”

Dear Great Sage! He allowed the head of the wind to move past but he caught hold of its tail and sniffed at it. Finding it somewhat fetid, he said, “This is indeed not a very good wind, for it smells like a tiger or else like a monster; there’s something definitely strange about it.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when from over a hump of the mountain a fierce striped tiger with a whiplike tail and powerful limbs appeared. Tripitaka was so horrified that he could no longer sit on the saddle; he fell head over heels from the white horse and lay beside the road, half out of his wits. Throwing down the luggage, Eight Rules took up his muckrake and rushed past Pilgrim.

“Cursed beast!” he shouted. “Where are you going?”

He lunged forward and struck at the beast's head. That tiger stood straight up on his hind legs and, raising his left paw, punctured his own breast with one jab. Then, gripping the skin, he tore downward with a loud rending noise and he became completely stripped of his own hide as he stood there by the side of the road. Look how abominable he appears! Oh! That hideous form:

*All smeared with blood, the naked body;
Most sickly red, the warped legs and feet;
Like shooting flames, wild hair by the temples;
Bristlingly hard, two eyebrows pointing upward;
Hellishly white, four steel-like fangs;
With light aglow, a pair of gold eyes;
Imposing of mien, he mightily roared;
With power fierce, he cried aloud.*

"Slow down! Slow down!" he shouted. "I am not any other person. I am the vanguard of the forces commanded by the Great King Yellow Wind. I have received the Great King's strict order to patrol this mountain and to catch a few mortals to be used as hors d'oeuvres for him. Where did you monks come from that you dare reach for your weapons to harm me?"

"Cursed beast that you are!" cried Eight Rules. "So you don't recognize me! We are no mortals who just happen to be passing by; we are the disciples of Tripitaka, the royal brother of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East, who by imperial decree is journeying to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from the Buddha. You better stand aside quickly for us to pass, and don't alarm my master. Then I'll spare your life.

But if you are impudent as before, there will be no clemency when this rake is lifted up!"

That monster-spirit would not permit any further discussion. He quickly drew near, assumed a fighting pose, and clawed at Eight Rules's face. Dodging the blow, Eight Rules struck at once with his rake. Since the monster had no weapons in his hands, he turned and fled, with Eight Rules hard on his heels. Racing to the slope below, the monster took out from beneath a clump of rocks a pair of bronze scimitars, with which he turned to face his pursuer. So the two of them clashed right in front of the mountain slope, closing in again and again. Meanwhile, Pilgrim lifted up the Tang Monk and said, "Master, don't be afraid. Sit here and let old Monkey go help Eight Rules strike down that monster so that we can leave." Only then did Tripitaka manage to sit up; trembling all over, he began to recite the *Heart Sūtra*, but we shall say no more of that.

Whipping out the iron rod, Pilgrim shouted, "Catch him!"

Eight Rules at once attacked with even greater ferocity, and the monster fled in defeat. "Don't spare him," yelled Pilgrim. "We must catch him!" Wielding rod and rake, the two of them gave chase down the mountain. In panic, the monster resorted to the trick of the gold cicada casting its shell: he rolled on the ground and changed back into the form of a tiger. Pilgrim and Eight Rules would not let up. Closing in on the tiger, they intended to dispose of him once and for all.

When the monster saw them approaching, he again stripped himself of his own hide and threw the skin over a large piece of rock, while his true form changed into a violent gust of wind heading back the way he had come. Suddenly noticing the master

of the law sitting by the road and reciting the *Heart Sūtra*, he caught hold of him and hauled him away by mounting the wind. O, pity that Tripitaka,

The River Float fated to suffer oft!

It's hard to make merit in Buddha's gate!

Having taken the Tang Monk back to the door of his cave, the monster stopped the wind and said to the one standing guard at the door, "Go report to the Great King and say that the Tiger Vanguard has captured a monk. He awaits his order outside the door."

The Cave Master gave the order for him to enter. The Tiger Vanguard, with the two bronze scimitars hanging from his waist, lifted up the Tang Monk in his hands. He went forward and knelt down, saying, "Great King! Though your humble officer is not talented, he thanks you for granting him the honored command of doing patrol in the mountain. I encountered a monk who is Tripitaka, master of the law and brother to the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East. While he was on his way to seek scriptures from Buddha, I captured him to present to you here for your culinary pleasure." When the Cave Master heard this, he was a little startled. "I have heard some rumor," he said, "that the master of the law Tripitaka is a divine monk who is going in search of scriptures by imperial decree of the Great Tang. He has under him a disciple whose name is Pilgrim Sun and who possesses tremendous magical power and prodigious intelligence. How did you manage to catch him and bring him here?"

"He has, in fact, two disciples," said the Vanguard. "The one who appeared first used a nine-pronged muckrake, and he had a long snout and huge ears. Another one used a golden-hooped iron rod, and he had fiery eyes and diamond pupils. As they were chasing me to attack me, I used the trick of the gold cicada casting its shell and succeeded not only in eluding them but also in catching this monk.

I now respectfully present him to the Great King as a meal."

"Let's not eat him yet," said the Cave Master.

"Great King," said the Vanguard, "only a worthless horse turns away ready feed!"

"You haven't considered this," said the Cave Master. "There's nothing wrong with eating him, but I'm afraid his two disciples may come to our door and argue with us. Let's tie him instead to one of the posts in the rear garden and wait for three or four days. If those two don't show up to disturb us, then we can enjoy the double benefit of having his body cleaned and not having to bicker with our tongues. Then we can do what we want with him, whether we wish him boiled, steamed, fried, or sautéed; we can take our time to enjoy him."

Highly pleased, the Vanguard said, "The Great King is full of wisdom and foresight, and what he says is most reasonable. Little ones, take the priest inside." Seven or eight demons rushed up from the sides and took the Tang Monk away; like hawks catching sparrows, they bound him firmly with ropes. This is how that

Ill-fated River Float on Pilgrim broods;

The god-monk in pain calls Wuneng to mind.

"Disciples," he said, "I don't know in what mountain you are catching monsters, or in what region you are subduing goblins. But I have been captured by this demon from whom I have to suffer great injury. When shall we see each other again? Oh, what

misery! If you two can come here quickly, you may be able to save my life. But if you tarry, I shall never survive!”

As he lamented and sighed, his tears fell like rain.

We now tell you about Pilgrim and Eight Rules, who, having chased the tiger down the slope of the mountain, saw him fall and collapse at the foot of the cliff. Lifting his rod, Pilgrim brought it down on the tiger with all his might, but the rod bounced back up and his hands were stung by the impact. Eight Rules, too, gave a blow with his muckrake, and its prongs also rebounded. They then discovered that it was nothing but a piece of tigerskin covering a large slab of stone. Greatly startled, Pilgrim said, “Oh, no! Oh, no! He’s tricked us!”

“What trick?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied, “This is called the trick of the gold cicada casting its shell. He left his skin covering the stone here to fool us, but he himself has escaped. Let’s go back at once to take a look at Master. Let’s hope that he has not been hurt.”

They retreated hurriedly, but Tripitaka had long vanished. Bellowing like thunder, Pilgrim cried, “What shall we do? He has taken Master away.”

“Heavens! Heavens!” wailed Eight Rules, leading the horse, as tears fell from his eyes, “where shall we go to look for him?” With head held high, Pilgrim said, “Don’t cry! Don’t cry! The moment you cry, you already feel defeated.

They have to be somewhere in this mountain. Let’s go and search for them.”

The two of them indeed rushed up the mountain, passing the ridges and scaling the heights. After traveling for a long time, they suddenly beheld a cave dwelling emerging from beneath a cliff. Pausing to take a careful look around, they saw that it was indeed a formidable place. You see

*A pointed peak fortresslike;
An old path ever winding;
Blue pines and fresh bamboos;
Green willows and verdant wu-trees;
Strange rocks in twos below the cliff;
Rare fowls in pairs within the woods.
A stream flowing far away spills over a wall of stones;
The mountain brook reaches the sandy banks in small drops.
Wasteland clouds in clusters;
And grass as green as jade.
The sly vixen and hare scamper wildly about;
Horned deer and musk deer lock to contest their strength.
Slanted across the cliff dangles an aged vine;
Half down the gorge an ancient cedar hangs.
August and grand, this place surpasses Mount Hua;
The falling blooms and singing birds rival Tiantai’s.*

“Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “you may leave the luggage in the fold of the mountain, where it will be protected from the wind.

Then you can graze the horse nearby and you need not come out. Let old Monkey go fight with him at his door. That monster has to be caught before our master can be rescued.”

“No need for instructions,” said Eight Rules. “Go quickly!” Pulling down his shirt and tightening his belt on the tiger-skin skirt, Pilgrim grasped his rod and rushed up to the cave, where he saw six words in large letters above the door:

“Yellow Wind Cave, Yellow Wind Peak.”

He at once poised himself for battle, with legs apart and one foot slightly ahead of the other. Holding his rod high, he cried, “Monster! Send out my master at once, lest I overturn your den and level your dwelling!” When the little demons heard this, every one of them was panic-stricken and ran inside to make the report, “Great King, disaster!”

The Yellow Wind Monster, who was sitting there, asked, “What’s the matter?”

“Outside the cave door there’s a monk with a thundergod mouth and hairy face,” said one of the little demons, “holding in his hands a huge, thick, iron rod and demanding the return of his master.” Somewhat fearful, the Cave Master said to the Tiger Vanguard, “I asked you to patrol the mountain, and you should merely have caught a few mountain buffalo, wild boar, fat deer, or wild goats. Why did you have to bring back a Tang Monk? Now we have provoked his disciple to come here to create all sorts of disturbance. What shall we do?”

“Don’t be anxious, Great King,” said the Vanguard, “and put your worries to rest. Though this junior officer is untalented, he is willing to lead fifty soldiers out there and bring in that so-called Pilgrim Sun as a condiment for your meal.”

“In addition to the various officers here,” said the Cave Master, “we have some seven hundred regulars. You may pick as many of them as you want. Only if that Pilgrim is caught will we be able to enjoy a piece of that monk’s flesh with any comfort. And if that happens, I’m willing to become your bond brother. But I fear that if you can’t catch him, you may even get hurt. You mustn’t blame me then!”

“Relax! Relax! Let me go now!” said the Tiger Monster. He checked off the roll fifty of the toughest little demons, who began beating drums and waving banners. He himself took up the two bronze scimitars and leaped out of the cave, crying with a loud voice, “Where did you come from, you monkey-monk, that you dare make such a racket here?!” “You skin-flaying beast!” shouted Pilgrim.

“You were the one who used that shell-casting trick to take away my master. Why do you question me instead? You better send out my master immediately, or I’ll not spare your life.”

“I took your master,” said the Tiger Monster, “so that he could be served to my Great King as meat for his rice. If you know what’s good for you, get away from here. If not, I’ll catch you too, and you’ll be eaten along with him. It will be like ‘one free piece of merchandise with every purchase!’” When he heard this, Pilgrim was filled with anger. With grinding teeth and fiery eyes all ablaze, he lifted his iron rod and yelled, “What great ability do you have, that you dare talk like that? Don’t move! Watch this rod!” Wielding his scimitars swiftly, the Vanguard turned to meet him. It was truly some battle as the two of them let loose their power. What a fight!

*That monster is truly a goose’s egg,
But Wukong is a goose-egg stone no less!
When bronze swords fight Handsome Monkey King,
It’s like eggs coming to strike at stones.
How can sparrows quarrel with the phoenix?*

*Dare pigeons oppose the eagles and hawks?
 The monster belches wind—the mount's filled with dust;
 Wukong spits out fog and clouds hide the sun.
 They fight for no more than four or five rounds;
 The Vanguard grows weak, having no strength left.
 He turns in defeat to flee for his life,
 Hard pressed by Wukong, who seeks his death.*

Not able to hold out any longer, the monster turned and fled. But since he had boasted in front of the Cave Master, he dared not go back to the cave; instead, he fled toward the mountain slope. Pilgrim, of course, would not let him go; holding his rod, he gave chase relentlessly, shouting and crying along the way. As they reached the fold of the mountain, which formed a wind break, he happened to look up, and there was Eight Rules grazing the horse. Hearing all the shouts and clamor, Eight Rules turned around and saw that it was Pilgrim chasing a defeated Tiger Monster. Abandoning the horse, Eight Rules lifted his rake and approaching from one side brought it down hard on the monster's head. Pity that Vanguard!

*He hoped to leap clear of the brown-rope net,
 Not knowing he would meet the fisher's coop.*

One blow from Eight Rules's rake produced nine holes, from which fresh blood spurted out, and the brains of the monster's whole head ran dry! We have a poem as a testimony for Eight Rules, which says:

*Returning to True Teaching some years ago,
 He kept a chaste diet to realize the Real Void.
 To serve Tripitaka is his pious wish:
 This, a new Buddhist convert's first merit.*

Idiot put his foot on the monster's spine and brought down the rake on him once more. When Pilgrim saw that, he was very pleased, saying, "That's right, Brother! He was audacious enough to lead scores of little demons against me, but he was defeated. Instead of fleeing back to the cave, he came here seeking death. It's a good thing you are here, or else he would have escaped again."

"Is he the one who took our master with the wind?" asked Eight Rules. "Yes! Yes!" said Pilgrim. "Did you ask him the whereabouts of our master?" said Eight Rules. "This monster brought Master to the cave," said Pilgrim, "to be served to some blackguard of a Great King as meat for his rice. I was enraged, fought with him, and chased him here for you to finish him off. Brother, this is your merit! You can remain here guarding the horse and luggage, and let me drag this dead monster back to the mouth of the cave to provoke battle again.

We must capture the old monster before we can rescue Master."

"You are right, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules. "Go, go now! If you beat that old monster, chase him here and let old Hog intercept and kill him."

Dear Pilgrim! Holding the iron rod in one hand and dragging the dead tiger with the other, he went back to the mouth of the cave. So it was that

*The dharma-master met monsters in his ordeal;
 Feeling and nature in peace wild demons subdued.*

We do not know whether he managed this time to overcome the monster and rescue the Tang Monk; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-ONE

*The Vihārapālas prepare lodging for the Great Sage
Lingji of Sumeru crushes the wind demon*

We shall now tell about those fifty defeated little demons, who rushed into the cave carrying their broken drums and torn banners.

“Great King,” they cried, “the Tiger Vanguard was no match for the hairy-faced monk. That monk chased him down the eastern slope until the Vanguard disappeared.” When the old monster heard this, he was terribly upset. As he bowed his head in silent deliberation, another little demon who stood guard at the door came to report, “Great King, the Tiger Vanguard was beaten to death by the hairyfaced monk and dragged up to our door to provoke battle.”

Hearing this, the old monster became even angrier. “This fellow does not know when to stop!” he said. “I have not eaten his master, but he has killed our Vanguard instead. How insolent!” Whereupon he bellowed, “Bring me my armor. I have heard only rumors about this Pilgrim Sun, and I’m going out there to find out what sort of monk he really is. Even if he has nine heads and eight tails, I’m going to take him in here to pay for the life of my Tiger Vanguard!”

The little demons quickly brought out the armor. After having been properly buckled and laced, the old monster took a steel trident and leaped out of the cave, leading the rest of the demons. Standing in front of the door, the Great Sage watched the monster emerge with a truly aggressive appearance. Look how he is attired. You see

*Gold helmet reflecting the sun;
Gold cuirass gleaming with light.
A pheasant-tail tassel flies from the helmet;
A light yellow silk robe topped by the cuirass,
Tied with a dragonlike sash of brilliant hues.
His breastplate emits eye-dazzling light.
His boots of suede
Are dyed by locust flowers.
His embroidered kilt
Is decked with willow leaves.
Holding a sharp trident in his hands,
He seems almost the Erlang Boy of old!*

When he had come out, the old monster shouted, “Who is Pilgrim Sun?” With one foot on the carcass of the Tiger Monster and the compliant iron rod in his hands, Pilgrim replied:

“Your Grandpa Sun is here! Send my master out!”

The old monster took a careful look and saw the diminutive figure of Pilgrim—less than four feet, in fact—and his sallow cheeks. He said with a laugh:

“Too bad! Too bad! I thought you were some kind of invincible hero. But you are only a sickly ghost, with nothing more than your skeleton left!”

“Child,” said Pilgrim laughing, “how you lack perception! Your grandpa may be somewhat small in size, but if you have the courage to hit me on the head with the handle of your trident, I’ll grow six feet at once.”

“Harden your head,” said the monster, “and have a taste of my handle!” Our Great Sage was not in the least frightened. When the monster struck him once, he stretched his waist and at once grew more than six feet, attaining the height of ten feet altogether. The monster was so alarmed that he tried to use his trident to hold him down, shouting, “Pilgrim Sun, how dare you stand at my door, displaying this paltry magic of body protection! Stop using tricks! Come up here and let’s measure our real abilities!”

“My dear son,” said Pilgrim with laughter, “the proverb says:

‘Mercy should be shown before the hand is raised!’ Your grandpa is pretty heavy-handed, and he fears that you won’t be able to bear even one stroke of this rod!” Refusing to listen to any such discussion, the monster turned his trident around and stabbed at Pilgrim’s chest. The Great Sage, of course, was not at all perturbed, for as the saying goes, the expert is never exercised. He raised his rod and, using the movement of the “black dragon sweeping the ground” to parry the trident, struck at the monster’s head. The two of them thus began a fierce battle before that Yellow Wind Cave:

*The Monster King became enraged;
The Great Sage released his might.
The Monster King became enraged,
Wishing to seize Pilgrim to pay for his Vanguard.
The Great Sage released his might
To capture this spirit and to save the priest.
The trident arrived, blocked by the rod;
The rod went forth, met by the trident.
This one, a mountain-ruling captain of his hosts.
That one, the Handsome Monkey King who defends the Law.
At first they fought on the dusty earth;
Then each arose midway to the sky.
The fine steel trident;
Pointed, sharp, and brilliant.
The compliant rod:
Body black and yellow hoops.
Stabbed by them, your soul goes back to darkness!
Struck by them, you’ll face King Yama!
You must rely on quick arms and keen sight.
You must have a tough frame and great strength.
The two fought without regard for life or death;
We know not who will be safe or who will be hurt.*

The old monster and the Great Sage fought for thirty rounds, but neither could gain the upper hand. Pressing for a quick victory, Pilgrim decided to use the trick of “the body beyond the body.”

He tore from himself a handful of hairs that he chewed to pieces in his mouth. Spitting them out, he cried, “Change!”

They changed at once into more than a hundred Pilgrims: all having the same appearance and all holding an iron rod, they surrounded the monster in midair.

Somewhat alarmed, the monster also resorted to his special talent. He turned to face the ground to the southwest and opened his mouth three times to blow out some air. Suddenly a mighty yellow wind arose in the sky. Dear wind! It was indeed powerful.

*Cold and whistling, it changed Heaven and Earth,
As yellow sand whirled without form or shape.
It cut through woods and hills to break pines and plums;
It tossed up dirt and dust, cracking crags and cliffs.
Waves churned in Yellow River to cloud its floor;
Tide and current swelled up at River Xiang.
The Polestar Palace in the blue sky shook;
The Hall of Darkness was almost blown down;
The Five Hundred Arhats all yelled and screamed;
The Eight Guards of Akṣobhya all cried and shrieked.
Mañjuśrī's green-haired lion ran away;
Viśvabhadra lost his white elephant.
Snake and turtle of Zhenwu left their fold;
Aflutter were the saddle-flaps of Zitong's mule.
Traveling merchants sent their cries to Heaven,
And boatmen bowed to make their many vows—
Their mistlike lives awash in rolling waves;
Their names, their fortunes, adrift in the tide!
Caves on genie mountains were black as pitch;
The isle of Penglai was gloomy and dark.
Laozi could not tend his elixir oven;
Age Star folded his fan of grapevine leaves.
As Queen Mother went to the Peaches Feast,
The wind blew her skirt and pins awry.
Erlang lost his way to the Guanzhou town;
Naṭa found it hard to pull out his sword.
Li Jing missed the pagoda in his hand;
Lu Ban dropped his golden-headed drill.
While three stories of Thunderclap fell down,
The stone bridge at Zhaozhou broke in twain.
The orb of the red sun had little light;
The stars of all Heaven grew obscure and faint.
Birds of south mountains flew to northern hills;
Water of east lakes spilled over to the west.
Fowls with mates broke up, they ceased their calls;
Mothers and sons parted, their cries turned mute.
Dragon Kings sought yakṣas all over the sea;
Thunder gods hunted lightnings every where.
Ten Kings of Yama tried to find their judge;
In Hell, Bull-Head ran after Horse-Face.
This wind blew down the Potalaka Mount
And whipped up one scroll of Guanyin's verse.
White lotus-blooms, cut down, flew beside the sea;
Twelve halls of the Bodhisattva were blown down.
From Pan Gu till this time since wind was known,*

There never was wind with such ferocity.

Hu-la-la!

The universe did almost split apart!

The whole world was one mighty trembling mass!

This violent wind called up by the monster blew away all those little Pilgrims formed by the Great Sage's hairs and sent them reeling through the air like so many spinning wheels. Unable even to wield their rods, how could they possibly hope to draw near to fight? Pilgrim was so alarmed that he shook his body and retrieved his hairs. He then lifted the iron rod and tried to attack the monster all by himself, only to be met by a mouthful of yellow wind right on his face. Those two fiery eyes with diamond pupils of his were so blasted that they shut tightly and could not be opened. No longer able to use his rod, he fled in defeat while the monster retrieved the wind, which we shall mention no further.

We tell you now about Zhu Eight Rules, who, when he saw the violent yellow windstorm arriving and the whole of Heaven and Earth growing dim, led the horse and took the luggage to the fold of the mountain. There he crouched on the ground and refused to open his eyes or raise his head, his mouth incessantly calling on the name of Buddha and making vows. As he was wondering how Pilgrim was faring in his battle and whether his master was dead or alive, the wind stopped and the sky brightened again. He looked up and peered toward the entrance of the cave, but he could neither see any movement of weapons nor hear the sound of gongs and drums.

Idiot dared not approach the cave, since there was no one else to guard the horse and the luggage. Deeply distressed and not knowing what to do, he suddenly heard the Great Sage approaching from the west, grunting and snorting as he came. Bowing to meet his companion, he said, "Elder Brother, what a mighty wind! Where did you come from?" With a wave of his hand, Pilgrim said, "Formidable! It's truly formidable! Since I, old Monkey, was born, I have never witnessed such a violent wind! That old monster fought me with a steel trident, and we battled for over thirty rounds. It was then that I used the magic of the body beyond the body and had him surrounded. He panicked and called up this wind, which was ferocious indeed. Its force was so overwhelming that I had to suspend my operation and flee instead. Whew! What a wind! Whew! What a wind! Old Monkey also knows how to call up the wind and how to summon the rain, but it's hardly as vicious as the wind of this monster-spirit!"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "how is the martial technique of that monster?"

"It's presentable," said Pilgrim, "and he knows how to use the trident! He is, in fact, just about the equal of old Monkey. But that wind of his is vicious, and that makes it difficult to defeat him."

"In that case," said Eight Rules, "how are we going to rescue Master?" Pilgrim said, "We'll have to wait to rescue Master. I wonder if there is any eye doctor around here who can take a look at my eyes."

"What's the matter with your eyes?" asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied, "That monster blew a mouthful of wind on my face, and my eyes were so sorely blasted that they are now watering constantly."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "we are in the middle of a mountain, and it's getting late. Let's not talk about eye doctors; we don't even have a place to stay."

“It won’t be difficult to find lodging,” said Pilgrim. “I doubt that the monster has the gall to harm our master. Let’s find our way back to the main road and see whether we can stay with a family. After spending the night, we can return to subdue the monster tomorrow when it’s light.”

“Exactly, exactly,” agreed Eight Rules.

Leading the horse and carrying up the luggage, they left the fold of the mountain and went up the road. Dusk was setting in, and as they walked, they heard the sound of barking dogs toward the south of the mountain slope. Stopping to look, they saw a small cottage with flickering lamplights. Not bothering to look for a path, the two of them walked through the grass and arrived at the door of that household. They saw

*Dark clumps of purplish fungi;
Greyish piles of white stones;
Dark clumps of purplish fungi with much green grass;
Greyish piles of white stones half grown with moss:
few specks of fireflies, their faint light aglow;
A forest of wild woods stand in dense rows;
Orchids ever fragrant;
Bamboos newly planted;
A clear stream flows a winding course;
Old cedars lean o’er a deep cliff.
A secluded place where no travelers come:
Only wild flowers bloom before the door.*

Not daring to enter without permission, they both called out:

“Open the door! Open the door!”

An old man inside appeared with several young farmers, all holding rakes, pitchforks, and brooms. “Who are you? Who are you?” they asked. With a bow, Pilgrim said, “We are disciples of a holy monk from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. We were on our way to seek scriptures from the Buddha in the Western Heaven when we passed through this mountain, and our master was captured by the Yellow Wind Great King. We have yet to rescue him. Since it is getting late, we have come to ask for lodging for one night at your house. We beg you for this means of convenience.” Returning the bow, the old man said, “Pardon me for not coming to greet you. This is a place where clouds are more numerous than people, and when we heard you calling at the door just now, we were afraid that it might be someone like a wily fox, a tiger, or a bandit from the mountain. That’s why my little ones might have offended you by their rather brusque manner. Please come in. Please come in.”

The two brothers led the horse and hauled the luggage inside; after tying up the animal and putting down the load, they exchanged greetings again with the old man of the cottage before taking their seats. An old manservant then came forward to present tea, after which several bowls of sesame seed rice were brought out.

After they had finished the rice, the old man asked for bedding to be laid out for them to sleep. Pilgrim said, “We don’t need to sleep just yet. May I ask the good man whether there is in your region someone who sells eye medicine?”

“Which one of you elders has eye disease?” asked the old man. Pilgrim said, “To tell you the truth, Venerable Sir, we who have left the family rarely become ill. In fact, I have never known any disease of the eye.”

“If you are not suffering from an eye disease,” said the old man, “why do you want medicine?”

“We were trying to rescue our master at the entrance of the Yellow Wind Cave today,” said Pilgrim. “Unexpectedly that monster blew a mouthful of wind at me, causing my eyes to hurt and smart. At the moment, I’m weeping constantly, and that’s why I want to find eye medicine.”

“My goodness! My goodness!” said the old man. “A young priest like you, why do you lie? The wind of that Great King Yellow Wind is most fearsome, not comparable with any spring-autumn wind, pine-and-bamboo wind, or the wind coming from the four quarters.”

“I suppose,” said Eight Rules, “it must be brain-bursting wind, goat-ear wind, leprous wind, or migrainous wind!”

“No, no!” said the old man. “His is called the Divine Wind of Samādhi.”

“What’s it like?” asked Pilgrim. The old man said, “That wind

*Can blow to dim Heaven and Earth,
And sadden both ghosts and gods.
So savage it breaks rocks and stones,
A man will die when he’s blown!*

If you had encountered that wind of his, you think you would still be alive? Only if you were an immortal could you remain unharmed.”

“Indeed!” said Pilgrim. “I may not be an immortal (for they belong to the younger generation, as far as I am concerned), but it will take some doing to finish me off! That wind, however, did cause my eyeballs to hurt and smart.”

“If you can say that,” said the old man, “you must be a person with some background. Our humble region has no one who sells eye medicine. But I myself suffer from watery eyes when the wind blows in my face, and I met an extraordinary person once who gave me a prescription. It’s called the three-flowers and nine-seeds ointment, capable of curing all wind-induced eye maladies.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he bowed his head and said humbly, “I’m willing to ask you for some and try it on myself.”

The old man consented and went into the inner chamber. He took out a little cornelian vase and pulled off the stopper; using a small jade pin to scoop out some ointment, he dabbed it onto Pilgrim’s eyes, telling him to close his eyes and rest quietly, for he would be well by morning. After doing this, the old man took the vase and retired with his attendants. Eight Rules untied the bags, took out the bedding, and asked Pilgrim to lie down. As Pilgrim groped about confusedly with his eyes closed, Eight Rules laughed and said, “Sir, where’s your seeing-eye cane?”

“You overstuffed idiot!” said Pilgrim. “You want to take care of me as a blind man?”

Giggling to himself, Idiot fell asleep, but Pilgrim sat on the mattress and did exercises to cultivate his magic power. Only after the third watch did he sleep.

Soon it was the fifth watch and dawn was about to break. Wiping his face, Pilgrim opened his eyes, saying, “It’s really marvelous medicine! I can see a hundred times better than before!”

He then turned his head to look around. Ah! There were neither buildings nor halls, only some old locust trees and tall willows. The brothers were actually lying on a green grass meadow. Just then, Eight Rules began to stir, saying, "Elder Brother, why are you making all these noises?"

"Open your eyes and take a look," said Pilgrim. Raising his head, Idiot discovered that the house had disappeared. He was so startled that he scrambled up at once, crying, "Where's my horse?"

"Isn't it over there, tied to a tree?" said Pilgrim. "And the luggage?" asked Eight Rules.

"Isn't it there by your head?" said Pilgrim. "This family is rather shift!" said Eight Rules. "If they have moved, why didn't they give us a call? If they had let old Hog know about it, they might have received some farewell gifts of tea and fruits. Well, I suppose they must be trying to hide from something and are afraid that the county sheriff may get wind of it; so they moved out in the night.

Good Heavens! We must have been dead to the world! How could we not have heard anything when they dismantled the whole house?"

"Idiot, stop babbling!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Take a look on that tree and see what kind of paper slip is there."

Eight Rules took it down. It was a four-line poem that read:

*This humble abode's no mortal abode:
A cottage devised by the Guardians of Law,
Who gave the wondrous balm to heal your sore.
Fret not and do your best to quell the fiend.*

Pilgrim said, "A bunch of roguish deities! Since we changed to the dragonhorse, I had not taken a roll call of them. Now they are playing tricks on me instead!"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "stop putting on such airs! How would they ever let you check them off the roll?"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "you don't know about this. These Eighteen Protectors of Monasteries, the Six Gods of Darkness and Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Five Points, and the Four Sentinels all have been ordered by the Bodhisattva to give secret protection to Master. The other day they reported their names to me, but since you have been with us, I have not made use of them. That's why I haven't made a roll call."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if they were ordered to give secret protection to Master, they had reason not to reveal themselves. That's why they had to devise this cottage here, and you shouldn't blame them. After all, they did put ointment on your eyes for you yesterday, and they did take care of us for one meal. You can say that they have done their duty. Don't blame them. Let's go and rescue Master."

"Brother, you are right," said Pilgrim. "This place is not far from the Yellow Wind Cave. You had better stay here and look after the horse and luggage in the woods. Let old Monkey go into the cave to make some inquiry after the condition of Master. Then we can do battle with the monster again."

"Exactly," said Eight Rules. "You should find out whether Master is dead or alive; if he's dead, each one of us can tend to our own business; if he's not, we can do our best to discharge our responsibility." Pilgrim said, "Stop talking nonsense! I'm off!" With one leap he arrived at the entrance of the cave and found the door still shut and the

inhabitants sound asleep. Pilgrim neither made any noise nor disturbed the monsters; making the magic sign and reciting the spell, he shook his body and changed at once into a spotted-leg mosquito. It was tiny and delicate, for which we have a testimonial poem:

*A pesky small shape with sharp sting;
His tiny voice can hum like thunder!
Adept at piercing gauze nets and orchid rooms,
He likes the warm, sultry climate.
He fears incense and swatting fans,
But dearly loves bright lights and lamps.
Airy, agile, all too clever and fast,
He flies into the fiend's cave.*

The little demon who was supposed to guard the door was lying there asleep, snoring. Pilgrim gave him a bite on his face, causing the little demon to roll over half awakened. "O my father!" he said. "What a big mosquito! One bite and I already have a big lump."

He then opened his eyes and said, "Why, it's dawn!" Just then, the second door inside opened with a creak, and Pilgrim immediately flew in. The old monster was giving orders to all his subordinates to be especially careful in guarding the various entrances while they made ready their weapons. "If the wind yesterday did not kill that Pilgrim Sun," he said, "he will certainly come back today. When he comes, we'll finish him off."

Hearing this, Pilgrim flew past the main hall and arrived at the rear of the cave, where he found another door tightly shut. Crawling through a crack in the door, he discovered a large garden, in the middle of which, bound by ropes to a pole, was the Tang Monk. That master was shedding tears profusely, constantly wondering where Wukong and Wuneng were to be found. Pilgrim stopped his flight and alighted on his bald head, saying, "Master!" Recognizing his voice, the Elder said, "Wukong, I nearly died thinking of you! Where are you calling from?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "I'm on your head. Calm yourself and stop worrying. We must first capture the monster before we can rescue you. "Disciple," said the Tang Monk, "when will you be able to capture the monster?"

"The Tiger Monster who took you," said Pilgrim, "has already been slain by Eight Rules. But the wind of the old monster is a powerful weapon. I suspect we should be able to capture him today. Relax and stop crying. I'm leaving."

Having said that, he flew at once to the front, where the old monster was seated aloft, making a roll call of all the commanders of his troops. A little demon suddenly appeared, waving the command flag. He dashed up to the hall, crying, "Great King, this little one was on patrol in the mountain when he ran into a monk with a long snout and huge ears sitting in the woods not far from our entrance. If I hadn't run away quickly, he would have caught me. But I didn't see that hairy-faced monk who came here yesterday."

"If Pilgrim Sun is absent," said the old monster, "it may mean that he's been killed by the wind. Or, he may have gone to try to find help."

“Great King,” said one of the demons, “it would be our good fortune if he had been killed. But suppose he’s not dead? If he succeeds in bringing with him some divine warriors, what shall we do then?”

The old monster said, “Who’s afraid of any divine warrior? Only the Bodhisattva Lingji can overcome the power of my wind; no one else can do us any harm.”

That Pilgrim resting on one of the beams above him was delighted by this one statement. He flew out of the cave at once and, changing back into his original form, arrived at the woods. “Brother!” he cried. Eight Rules asked, “Elder Brother, where have you been? Just now a monster with a command flag came by, and I chased him away.”

“Thank you! Thank you!” said Pilgrim, laughing.

“Old Monkey changed into a mosquito to enter the cave to see how Master was doing. I found him tied to a post in the garden, weeping. After telling him not to cry, I flew around the roof to spy on them some more. That was when the fellow who held the command flag came in panting, saying that you had chased him. He also said that he had not seen me. The old monster made some wild speculations about my having been killed by the wind, or else having gone to find help. Then, without being prompted, he suddenly mentioned someone else. It’s marvelous, simply marvelous!”

“Whom did he mention?” asked Eight Rules. “He said that he wasn’t afraid of any divine warrior,” said Pilgrim, “for no one else could overpower his wind save the Bodhisattva Lingji. The only trouble is that I don’t know where this Lingji lives.”

As they were thus conversing, they suddenly saw an aged man walking by the side of the main road. Look at his appearance:

*Strong, he uses no cane to walk,
With flowing snowlike hair and beard.
Though wit and eyes are quite dim and blurry,
Thin bones and sinews are still tough.
Back and head bent he walked slowly,
With thick brows and a pink face, childlike.
Look at his features and they seem human,
Though he’s like Long- Life Star no less!*

Highly pleased when he caught sight of him, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, the proverb says:

*You want to know the way,
Hear what the tourist say.*

Why don’t you approach him and ask?”

The Great Sage put away his iron rod and straightened out his clothes. Approaching the old man, he said, “Aged Sir, receive my bow.” Somewhat reluctantly, the old man returned his greeting, saying, “What region are you from, monk? What are you doing here in this wilderness?”

“We are holy monks on our way to seek scriptures,” said Pilgrim. “Yesterday we lost our master here, and so I’m approaching you to ask where the Bodhisattva Lingji lives.”

“Lingji lives south of here,” said the old man, “about three thousand miles away. There is a mountain called the Little Sumeru Mountain, which has within it a Land of the Way, the Chan hall where the Bodhisattva lectures on sūtras. I suppose you are trying to obtain scriptures from him.”

“Not from him,” said Pilgrim, “but I have something that requires his attention. Will you please show me the way?” Pointing with his hand toward the south, the old man said, “Follow that winding path.”

The Great Sage Sun was tricked into turning his head to look at the path, when the old man changed himself into a gentle breeze and vanished. A small slip of paper was left beside the road, on which was written this quatrain:

*To tell the Equal to Heaven Great Sage,
The old man is in truth one Long Life Li!
On Sumeru's the Flying- Dragon Staff.
Lingji in years past received this Buddhist arm.*

Pilgrim took up the slip and went back down the road. “Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “our luck must have been rather bad lately.

For two days we saw ghosts in broad daylight. Who is that old man who left after changing into a breeze?” Pilgrim gave Eight Rules the slip of paper. “Who is this Long-Life Li?” asked Eight Rules, when he had read the verse. “It’s the name of the Planet Venus from the West,” said Pilgrim. Eight Rules hurriedly bowed toward the sky, crying, “Benefactor! Benefactor! Had it not been for the Gold Star, who personally begged the Jade Emperor to be merciful, I don’t know what would have become of old Hog!”

“Elder Brother,” said Pilgrim, “you do have a sense of gratitude. But don’t expose yourself. Take cover deep in the woods and carefully guard the luggage and the horse. Let old Monkey find the Sumeru Mountain and seek help from the Bodhisattva.”

“I know, I know!” said Eight Rules. “Hurry up and go! Old Hog has mastered the law of the turtle: withdraw your head when you needn’t stick it out!”

The Great Sage Sun leaped into the air; mounting the cloud-somersault, he headed straight south. He was fast, indeed! With a nod of his head, he covered three thousand miles; just a twist of his torso carried him over eight hundred! In a moment he saw a tall mountain with auspicious clouds hanging halfway up its slopes and holy mists gathered around it. In the fold of the mountain there was indeed a temple. He could hear the melodious sounds of the bells and sonorous stones and could see the swirling smoke of incense. As he approached the door, the Great Sage saw a Daoist with a string of beads around his neck, who was reciting the name of Buddha.

Pilgrim said, “Daoist, please accept my bow.”

The Daoist at once bowed in return, saying, “Where did the venerable father come from?”

“Is this where the Bodhisattva Lingji expounds the scriptures?” asked Pilgrim. “Indeed it is,” said the Daoist. “Do you wish to speak to someone?”

“May I trouble you, sir, to make this announcement for me,” said Pilgrim. “I am the disciple of the master of the Law, Tripitaka, who is the royal brother of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East; I am the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, Sun

Wukong, also named Pilgrim. I have a matter that requires me to have an audience with the Bodhisattva.”

The Daoist laughed and said, “The venerable father has given me a long announcement! I can’t quite remember all those words.”

“Just say that Sun Wukong, the disciple of the Tang Monk, has arrived,” said Pilgrim.

The Daoist agreed and made that announcement in the lecture hall, whereupon the Bodhisattva at once put on his cassock and asked for more incense to be burned to welcome the visitor. Then the Great Sage walked in the door and peered inside. He saw

*A hall full of brocade and silk;
A house most solemn and grand;
Pupils reciting the Lotus Sūtra;
An old leader tapping the golden gong.
Set before the Buddha
Were all immortal fruits and flowers.
Spread out on the altars
Were vegetarian dainties and viands.
The bright, precious candles,
Their golden flames shot up like rainbows;
The fragrant true incense,
Its jadelike smoke flew up as colored mists.
So it was that, after the lecture one would calmly meditate,
When white-cloud flakes circled the tips of pines.
The wisdom sword retired, for Māra snapped
In this space of Prajñā-pāramitā.*

The Bodhisattva straightened out his attire to receive Pilgrim, who entered the hall and took the seat of the guest. Tea was offered, but Pilgrim said, “No need for you to bother about tea. My master faces peril at the Yellow Wind Mountain, and I beseech the Bodhisattva to exercise his great dharma power to defeat the monster and rescue him.”

“I did receive the command of Tathāgata,” said the Bodhisattva, “to keep the Yellow Wind Monster here in submission. Tathāgata also gave me a Wind-Stopping Pearl and a Flying- Dragon Precious Staff. At the time when I captured him, I spared the monster his life only on condition that he would retire in the mountain and abstain from the sin of taking life. I did not know that he would want to harm your esteemed teacher and transgress the Law. That is my fault.”

The Bodhisattva would have liked to prepare some vegetarian food to entertain Pilgrim, but Pilgrim insisted on leaving. So he took the Flying-Dragon Staff and mounted the clouds with the Great Sage.

In a little while they reached the Yellow Wind Mountain. “Great Sage,” said the Bodhisattva, “this monster is rather afraid of me. I will stand here at the edge of the clouds while you go down there to provoke battle. Entice him to come out so that I may exercise my power.” Pilgrim followed his suggestion and lowered his cloud.

Without waiting for further announcement, he whipped out his iron rod and smashed the door of the cave, crying, “Monster, give me back my Master!”

Those little demons standing guard at the door were so terrified that they ran to make the report. “This lawless ape,” said the monster, “is truly ill-behaved! He would not defer to kindness, and now he has even broken my door! This time when I go out, I’m going to use that divine wind to blow him to death.”

He put on his armor as before, and took up the steel trident. Walking out of the door and seeing Pilgrim, he did not utter a word before aiming the trident at Pilgrim’s chest. The Great Sage stepped aside to dodge this blow and then faced him with uplifted rod. Before they had fought for a few rounds, the monster turned his head toward the ground in the southwest and was about to open his mouth to summon the wind. From midair, the Bodhisattva threw down the Flying- Dragon Precious Staff as he recited some kind of spell. It was instantly transformed into a golden dragon with eight claws, two of which caught hold of that monster’s head and threw him two or three times against the boulders beside the mountain cliff. The monster changed back into his original form and became a mink with yellow fur.

Pilgrim ran up and was about to strike with his rod, but he was stopped by the Bodhisattva, who said to him, “Great Sage, do not harm him. I have to take him back to see Tathāgata. Originally he was a rodent at the foot of the Spirit Mountain who had acquired the Way. Because he stole some of the pure oil in the crystal chalice, he fled for fear that the vajra attendants would seize him. Tathāgata thought that he was not guilty of death, and that is why I was asked to capture him in the first place and banish him to this region. But now he has offended the Great Sage and has attempted to harm the Tang Monk. Therefore I must take him to see Tathāgata so that his guilt may be clearly established. Only then will this merit be completed.” When Pilgrim heard this, he thanked the Bodhisattva, who left for the West, and we shall say no more of that.

We now tell you about Zhu Eight Rules, who was thinking about Pilgrim in the woods when he heard someone calling down by the slope, “Brother Wuneng, bring the horse and the luggage here.” Recognizing Pilgrim’s voice, Idiot quickly ran out of the woods and said to Pilgrim, “Elder Brother, how did everything go?”

“I invited the Bodhisattva Lingji to come here,” said Pilgrim, “to use his Flying- Dragon Staff to capture the monster. He was a mink with yellow fur who became a spirit and has now been taken by the Bodhisattva to Spirit Mountain to face Tathāgata. Let’s go into the cave to rescue Master.” Idiot was delighted. The two of them smashed their way into the cave and with their rake and rod slaughtered all the wily hares, the vixen, the musk deer, and the horned deer. Then they went to the garden in the back to rescue their master, who, after coming out, asked, “How did you two manage to catch the monster so that you could rescue me?” Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he went to seek the Bodhisattva’s help to subdue the monster, and the master thanked him profusely. Then the two brothers found some vegetarian food in the cave, which they prepared along with some tea and rice. After eating, they left and again found the road to the West. We do not know what took place hereafter; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-TWO

*Eight Rules fights fiercely at the Flowing-Sand River
Mokṣa by order receives Wuji's submission*

Now we tell you about the Tang Monk and his disciples, the three travelers, who were delivered from their ordeal. In less than a day they passed the Yellow Wind Mountain and proceeded toward the West through a vast level plain. Time went by swiftly, and summer yielded to the arrival of autumn. All they saw were some

*Cold cicadas sing on dying willows
As the Great Fire rolls toward the West.*

As they proceeded, they came upon a huge and turbulent river, its waves surging and splashing. "Disciples," exclaimed Tripitaka, "look at that vast expanse of water in front of us. Why are there no boats in sight? How can we get across?"

Taking a close look, Eight Rules said, "It's very turbulent, too rough for any boat!" Pilgrim leaped into the air and peered into the distance, shading his eyes with his hand. Even he became somewhat frightened and said, "Master, it's truly hard! Truly hard! If old Monkey wishes to cross this river, he need only make one twist of his body and he will reach the other shore. But for you, Master, it's a thousand times more difficult, for you can't traverse it even in ten thousand years!"

"I can't even see the other shore from here," said Tripitaka. "Really, how wide is it?"

"It's just about eight hundred miles wide," said Pilgrim. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "how could you determine its width just like that?"

"To tell you the truth, Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "these eyes of mine can determine good or evil up to a thousand miles away in daylight. Just now when I was up in the air, I could not tell how long the river was, but I could make out its width to be at least eight hundred miles." Sighing anxiously, the elder pulled back his horse and suddenly discovered on the shore a slab of stone. When the three of them drew closer to have a look, they saw three words written in seal-script ("Flowing-Sand River") below which there were also four lines written in regular style. It read:

*These Flowing- Sand metes, eight hundred wide;
These Weak Waters, three thousand deep.
goose feather cannot stay afloat;
A rush petal will sink to the bottom.*

As master and disciples were reading the inscription, the waves in the river suddenly rose like tall mountains, and with a loud splash from the midst of the waters a monster sprang out. Looking most savage and hideous, he had

*A head full of tousled and flame-like hair;
A pair of bright, round eyes which shone like lamps;
An indigo face, neither black nor green;
An old dragon's voice like thunderclap or drum.
He wore a cape of light yellow goose down.
Two strands of white reeds tied around his waist.
Beneath his chin nine skulls were strung and hung;*

His hands held an awesome priestly staff.

Like a cyclone, the fiend rushed up to the shore and went straight for the Tang Monk. Pilgrim was so taken aback that he grabbed his master and dashed for high ground to make the escape. Putting down the pole, Eight Rules whipped out his rake and brought it down hard on the monster. The fiend used his staff to parry the blow, and so the two of them began to unleash their power on the bank of the Flowing-Sand River. This was some battle!

*The nine-pronged rake;
The fiend-routing staff;
These two met in battle on the river shore.
This one was the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds:
That one was the Curtain-Raising Captain by the Throne.
In years past they met in Divine Mists Hall;
Today they fought and waged a test of might.
From this one the rake went out like a dragon stretching its claws;
From that one the staff blocked the way like a sharp-tusked elephant.
They stood with their limbs outstretched;
Each struck at the other's rib cage.
This one raked madly, heedless of head or face;
That one struck wildly without pause or rest.
This one was a cannibal spirit, long a lord of Flowing-Sand;
That one was a Way-seeking fighter upholding Law and Faith.*

Closing in again and again, the two of them fought for twenty rounds, but neither emerged the victor.

The Great Sage meanwhile was standing there to protect the Tang Monk. As he held the horse and guarded the luggage, he became so aroused by the sight of Eight Rules engaging that fiend that he ground his teeth and rubbed his hands vehemently. Finally he could not restrain himself—whipping out the rod, he said, “Master, sit here and don’t be afraid. Let old Monkey go play with him a little.”

The master begged in vain for him to stay, and with a loud whoop he leaped forward. The monster, you see, was just having a grand time fighting with Eight Rules, the two of them so tightly locked in combat that nothing seemed able to part them. Pilgrim, however, rushed up to the monster and delivered a terrific blow at his head with his iron rod. The monster was so shaken that he jumped aside: turning around he dove straight into the Flowing-Sand River and disappeared. Eight Rules was so upset that he leaped about wildly, crying, “Elder Brother! Who asked you to come? The monster was gradually weakening and was finding it difficult to parry my rake.

Another four or five rounds and I would have captured him. But when he saw how fierce you were, he fled in defeat. Now, what shall we do?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim laughing, “to tell you the truth, since defeating the Yellow Wind Fiend a month ago, I have not played with my rod all this time after leaving the mountain.

When I saw how delicious your fight with him was, I couldn’t stand the itch beneath my feet! That’s why I jumped up here to have some fun with him. That monster doesn’t know how to play, and I suppose that’s the reason for his departure.”

Holding hands and teasing each other, the two of them returned to the Tang Monk. “Did you catch the monster?” asked the Tang Monk. “He didn’t last out the fight,” said Pilgrim, “and he scrambled back to the water in defeat.”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “since this monster has probably lived here a long time, he ought to know the deep and the shallow parts of the river. After all, such a boundless body of weak water, and not a boat in sight—we need someone who is familiar with the region to lead us across.”

“Exactly!” said Pilgrim. “As the proverb says,

*He who’s near cinnabar turns red;
He who’s near ink becomes black.*

The monster living here must have a good knowledge of the water. When we catch him, we should not slay him, but just make him take Master across the river before we dispose of him.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “no need for further delay. You go ahead and catch him, while old Hog guards our master.”

“Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “in this case I’ve really nothing to brag about, for I’m just not comfortable doing business in water. If all I do is walk around down there, I still have to make the magic sign and recite the water-repelling spell before I can move anywhere. Or else I have to change into a water creature like a fish, shrimp, crab, or turtle before going in. If it were a matter of matching wits in the high mountains or up in the clouds, I know enough to deal with the strangest and most difficult situation. But doing business in water somewhat cramps my style!”

“When I was Marshal of the Heavenly River in former years,” said Eight Rules, “I commanded a naval force of eighty thousand men, and I acquired some knowledge of that element. But I fear that that monster may have a few relatives down there in his den, and I won’t be able to withstand him if his seventh and eighth cousins all come out. What will happen to me then if they grab me?”

“If you go into the water to fight him,” said Pilgrim, “don’t tarry. Make sure, in fact, that you feign defeat and entice him out here. Then old Monkey will help you.”

“Right you are,” said Eight Rules. “I’m off!”

He took off his blue silk shirt and his shoes; holding the rake with both hands, he divided the waters to make a path for himself. Using the ability he had developed in bygone years, he leaped through billows and waves and headed for the bottom of the river.

We now tell you about that monster, who went back to his home in defeat. He had barely caught his breath when he heard someone pushing water, and as he rose to take a look, he saw Eight Rules pushing his way through with his rake. That monster lifted his staff and met him face to face, crying, “Monk, watch where you are going or you’ll receive a blow from this!” Using the rake to block the blow, Eight Rules said, “What sort of a monster are you that you dare to bar our way?”

“So you don’t recognize me,” said the monster.

“I’m no demon or fiend, nor do I lack a name or surname.”

“If you are no demon or fiend,” said Eight Rules, “why do you stay here and take human lives? Tell me your name and surname, and I’ll spare your life.”

The monster said:

*"My spirit was strong since the time of birth.
 I once made a tour of the universe,
 Where my fame as a hero became well-known—
 A gallant type for all to emulate.
 Through countless nations I went as I pleased;
 Over lakes and seas I did freely roam.
 To learn the Way I strayed to Heaven's edge;
 To find a teacher I stumped this great earth.
 For years my clothes and alms bowl went with me:
 Not for one day did my spirit turn lax.
 For scores of times I cruised cloudlike the earth
 And walked to all places a hundred times.
 Only then a true immortal I did meet,
 Who showed me the Great Path of Golden Light.
 I took back Baby Boy and Fair Girl first;
 Then released Wood Mother and Squire of Gold.
 Bright Hall's kidney-brine flooded Floral Pool;
 The Tower's liver-fire plunged to the heart.
 Three thousand merits done, I saw Heaven's face
 And solemnly worshipped the Point of Light.
 Then the Jade Emperor exalted me;
 The Curtain-Raising Captain he made me.
 An honored one in South Heaven Gate,
 I was much esteemed at Divine Mists Hall.
 I hung at my waist the Tiger-Headed Shield:
 I held in my hands the Fiend-Routing Staff.
 Just like the sunlight my gold helmet shone;
 My body's armor flashed like radiant mists.
 I was chief of the guardians of the Throne:
 I was first as attendant of the court.
 When Queen Mother gave the Festival of Peach—
 She served her guests at Jasper Pool a feast—
 I dropped and broke a glass-like cup of jade,
 And souls from all the hosts of Heaven fled.
 Jade Emperor grew mightily enraged;
 Hands clasped, he faced his counsel on the left.
 Stripped of my hat, my armor, and my rank,
 I had my whole body pushed to the block.
 Only the Great Immortal, Naked Feet,
 Came from the ranks and begged to have me freed.
 Pardoned from death and with my sentence stayed,
 I was sent to the shores of Flowing-Sand.
 Sated, I lie wearily in the stream;
 Famished, I churn the waves to find my feed.
 The woodsman sees me and his life is gone;
 The fishers face me and they soon perish.
 From first to last I've eaten many men;*

*Over and over I took human lives.
 Since you dare to work violence at my door,
 My stomach this day has its fondest hopes!
 Don't say you're too coarse to be eaten now.
 I'll catch you, and look, that's my minced meat sauce!"*

Infuriated by what he heard, Eight Rules shouted, "You brazen thing! You haven't the slightest perception! Old Hog is tempting enough to make people's mouths water, and you dare say that I'm coarse, that I'm to be chopped up for a chopped meat sauce! Come to think of it, you would like to consider me a piece of tough old bacon! Watch your manners and swallow this rake of your ancestor!" When the monster saw the rake coming, he used the style of "the phoenix nodding its head" to dodge the blow. The two of them thus fought to the surface of the water, each one treading the waters and waves. This conflict was somewhat different from the one before.

Look at

*The Curtain- Raising Captain,
 The Marshal of Heavenly Reeds:
 Each showing most nicely his magic might.
 This one waved above his head the fiend-routing staff:
 That one moved the rake as swiftly as his hand.
 The vaulting waves rocked hills and streams;
 The surging tide the cosmos dimmed.
 Savage like Jupiter wielding banners and flags!
 Fierce like Hell's envoy upsetting sacred tops!
 This one guarded the Tang Monk devotedly;
 That one, a water fiend, perpetrated his crimes.
 The rake's one stroke would leave nine red marks:
 The staffs one blow would dissolve man's soul.
 They strove to win the fight;
 They struggled to prevail.
 All in all for the scripture pilgrim's sake,
 They vented their fury without restraint.
 They brawled till carps and perches lost their newborn scales,
 And all turtles damaged their tender shells.
 Red shrimps and purple crabs all lost their lives,
 And sundry water gods all upward bowed!
 You heard only the waves rolled and crashed like thunderclaps.
 The world amazed saw sun and moon grow dark!*

The two of them fought for two hours, and neither prevailed. It was like

*A brass pan meeting an iron broom,
 A jade gong facing a golden bell.*

We now tell you about the Great Sage, who was standing guard beside the Tang Monk. With bulging eyes he watched them fighting on the water, but he dared not lift his hands. Finally, Eight Rules made a half-hearted blow with his rake and, feigning defeat, turned to flee toward the eastern shore. The monster gave chase and was about to reach the river bank when our Pilgrim could no longer restrain himself. He abandoned his master, whipped out the iron rod, leaped to the riverside and struck at the monster's head. Fearing to face him, the monster swiftly dove back into the river. "You Ban-

Horse-Plague!” shouted Eight Rules. “You impulsive ape! Can’t you be a bit more patient? You could have waited until I led him up to high ground and then blocked his path to the river. We would have caught him then. Now he has gone back in, and when do you think he’ll come out again?”

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim laughing, “stop shouting! Let’s go talk to Master first.”

Eight Rules went with Pilgrim back to high ground to Tripitaka. “Disciple,” said Tripitaka, bowing, “you must be tired!”

“I won’t complain about my fatigue,” said Eight Rules. “Let’s subdue the monster and take you across the river. Only that plan is perfect!”

Tripitaka said, “How did the battle go with the monster just now?”

“He was just about my equal,” said Eight Rules, “and we fought to a draw. But then I feigned defeat and he chased me up to the bank. When he saw Elder Brother lifting his rod, however, he fled.”

“So what are we going to do?” asked Tripitaka. “Master, relax!” said Pilgrim. “Let’s not worry now, for it’s getting late. You sit here on the cliff and let old Monkey go beg some vegetarian food. Take some rest after you eat, and we’ll find a solution tomorrow.”

“You are right,” said Eight Rules. “Go, and come back quickly.” Pilgrim swiftly mounted the clouds and went north to beg a bowl of vegetarian food from a family to present to his master. When the master saw him return so soon, he said, “Wukong, let us go to that household which gave us the food and ask them how we may cross this river. Isn’t this better than fighting the monster?” With a laugh, Pilgrim said, “That household is quite far from here, about six or seven thousand miles, no less! How could the people there know about the water? What’s the use of asking them?”

“You are fibbing again, Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “Six or seven thousand miles, how could you cover that distance so quickly?”

“You have no idea,” said Pilgrim, “about the capacity of my cloud somersault, which with one leap can cover one hundred and eight thousand miles.

For the six or seven thousand here, all I have to do is to nod my head and stretch my waist, and that’s a round trip already! What’s so hard about that?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “if it’s so easy, all you need to do is to carry Master on your back: nod your head, stretch your waist, and jump across. Why continue to fight this monster?”

“Don’t you know how to ride the clouds?” asked Pilgrim. “Can’t you carry him across the river?”

“The mortal nature and worldly bones of Master are as heavy as the Tai Mountain,”

Eight Rules said. “How could my cloud soaring bear him up? It has to be your cloud somersault.”

“My cloud somersault is essentially like cloud soaring,” said Pilgrim, “the only difference being that I can cover greater distances more rapidly. If you can’t carry him, what makes you think I can? There’s an old proverb that says:

Move Mount Tai: it’s light as mustard seeds.

Lift a man and you won't leave the red dust!

Take this monster here: he can use spells and call upon the wind, pushing and pulling a little, but he can't carry a human into the air.

And if it's this kind of magic, old Monkey knows every trick well, including becoming invisible and making distances shorter. But it is required of Master to go through all these strange territories before he finds deliverance from the sea of sorrows; hence even one step turns out to be difficult. You and I are only his protective companions, guarding his body and life, but we cannot exempt him from these woes, nor can we obtain the scriptures all by ourselves. Even if we had the ability to go and see Buddha first, he would not bestow the scriptures on you and me. Remember the adage:

*What's easily gotten
Is soon forgotten."*

When Idiot heard these words, he accepted them amiably as instruction. Master and disciples ate some of the simply prepared vegetarian food before resting on the eastern shore of the Flowing-Sand River.

The next morning, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, what are we going to do today?"

"Not much," said Pilgrim, "except that Eight Rules must go into the water again."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you only want to stay clean, but you have no hesitation making me go into the water."

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "this time I'll try not to be impulsive. I'll let you trick him into coming up here, and then I'll block his retreat along the river bank. We must capture him."

Dear Eight Rules! Wiping his face, he pulled himself together.

Holding the rake in both hands, he walked to the edge of the river, opened up a path in the water, and went to the monster's home as before. The monster had just wakened from his sleep when he heard the sound of water. Turning quickly to look, he saw Eight Rules approaching with the rake. He leaped out at once and barred the way, shouting, "Slow down! Watch out for my staff!"

Eight Rules lifted his rake to parry the blow, saying, "What sort of mourning staff do you have there that you dare ask your ancestor to watch out for it?"

"A fellow like you," said the monster, "wouldn't recognize this!

*For years my staff has enjoyed great fame,
At first an evergreen tree in the moon.
Wu Gang cut down from it one huge limb:
Lu Ban then made it, using all his skills.
Within the hub's one solid piece of gold:
Outside it's wrapped by countless pearly threads.
It's called the treasure staff for crushing fiends,
E'er placed in Divine Mists to quell the ogres.
Since I had made a mighty general's rank,
Jade Emperor put it always by my side.
It lengthens or shortens after my desire;*

*It grows thick or thin with my command.
 It went to guard the Throne at the Peaches Feast:
 It served at court in Heaven's world above.
 On duty it saw the many sages bowed,
 And immortals, too, when the screen rolled up.
 Of numinous power one arm divine,
 It's no worldly weapon of humankind.
 Since I was banished from the gate of Heav'n,
 It roamed with me at will beyond the seas.
 Perhaps it is not right for me to boast,
 But swords and spears of man can't match this staff.
 Look at that old, rusted muckrake of yours:
 Fit only for hoeing fields and raking herbs!"*

"You unchastened brazen thing!" said Eight Rules, laughing. "Never mind whether it's fit for hoeing fields! One little touch and you won't even know how to begin putting bandages or ointment on nine bleeding holes! Even if you are not killed, you will grow old with chronic infection!"

The monster raised his hands and again fought with Eight Rules from the bottom of the river up to the surface of the water. This battle was even more different from the first one. Look at them

*Wielding the treasure staff.
 Striking with muckrake;
 They would not speak as if they were estranged.
 Since Wood Mother constrained the Spatula,
 That caused the two to fight most fiercely.
 No win or loss;
 With no regret.
 They churned up waves and billows with no peace.
 How could this one control his bitter rage;
 That one found unbearable his pain.
 Rake and staff went back and forth to show their might;
 The water rotted like poison in Flowing- Sand.
 They huffed and puffed!
 They worked and toiled!
 All because Tripitaka would face the West.
 The muckrake so ferocious!
 The staff so nimbly used!
 This one made a grab to pull him up the shore;
 That one sought to seize and drown him in the stream.
 They roared like thunder, stirring dragon and fish.
 Gods and ghosts cowered as the Heavens grew dim.*

This time they fought back and forth for thirty rounds, and neither one proved to be the stronger. Again Eight Rules pretended to be defeated and fled, dragging his rake. Kicking up the waves, the monster gave chase and they reached the edge of the river. "Wretch!" cried Eight Rules. "Come up here! We can fight better on solid ground up here."

“You are just trying to trick me into going up there,” scolded the monster, “so that you can bring out your assistant. You come down here, and we can fight in the water.”

The monster, you see, had become wise; he refused to go up to the bank and remained near the edge of the water to argue with Eight Rules.

When Pilgrim saw that the monster refused to leave the water, he became highly irritated, and all he could think of was to catch him at once. “Master,” he said, “you sit here. Let me give him a taste of the ‘ravenous eagle seizing his prey.’”

He somersaulted into the air and then swooped down onto the monster, who was still bickering with Eight Rules. When he heard the sound of the wind, he turned quickly and discovered Pilgrim hurtling down from the clouds. Putting away his staff, he dove into the water and disappeared. Pilgrim stood on the shore and said to Eight Rules, “Brother, that monster is catching on! He refuses to come up now. What shall we do?”

“It’s hard, terribly hard!” said Eight Rules. “I just can’t beat him—even when I summoned up the strength of my milk-drinking days! We are evenly matched!”

“Let’s go talk to Master,” said Pilgrim.

The two of them went up again to high ground and told the Tang Monk everything. “If it’s so difficult,” said the Elder, tears welling up in his eyes, “how can we ever get across?”

“Master, please don’t worry,” said Pilgrim. “It is hard for us to cross with this monster hiding deep in the river. So, don’t fight with him any more, Eight Rules; just stay here and protect Master. I’m going to make a trip up to South Sea.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “what do you want to do at South Sea?” Pilgrim said, “This business of seeking scriptures originated from the Bodhisattva Guanyin; the one who delivered us from our ordeals was also the Bodhisattva Guanyin.

Today our path is blocked at this Flowing-Sand River and we can’t proceed. Without her, how can we ever solve our problem? Let me go ask her to help us: it’s much better than doing battle with this monster.”

“You have a point there, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules.

“When you get there, please convey my gratitude to her for her kindly instructions in the past.”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “if you want to go see the Bodhisattva, you needn’t delay. Go, and hurry back.” Pilgrim catapulted into the air with his cloud somersault and headed for the South Sea. Ah! It did not even take him half an hour before he saw the scenery of the Potalaka Mountain. In a moment, he dropped down from his somersault and arrived at the edge of the purple bamboo grove, where he was met by the Spirits of the Twenty-Four Ways. They said to him, “Great Sage, what brings you here?”

“My master faces an ordeal,” said Pilgrim, “which brings me here specially to see the Bodhisattva.”

“Please take a seat,” said the spirits, “and allow us to make the announcement.” One of the spirits who was on duty went to the entrance of the Tidal-Sound Cave, announcing, “Sun Wukong wishes to have an audience with you.”

The Bodhisattva was leaning on the rails by the Treasure Lotus Pool, looking at the flowers with the Pearl-Bearing Dragon Princess. When she heard the announcement, she went back to the cave, opened the door, and asked that he be shown in. With great solemnity, the Great Sage prostrated himself before her.

“Why are you not accompanying the Tang Monk?” asked the Bodhisattva. “For what reason did you want to see me again?”

“Bodhisattva,” said Pilgrim, looking up at her, “my master took another disciple at the Gao Village, to whom you had given the religious name of Wuneng. After crossing the Yellow Wind Ridge, we have now arrived at the Flowing-Sand River eight hundred miles wide, a body of weak water, which is difficult for Master to get across. There is, moreover, a monster in the river who is quite accomplished in the martial arts. We are grateful to Wuneng, who fought in the water with him three times but could not beat him. The monster is, in fact, blocking our path and we cannot get across. That is why I have come to see you, hoping you will take pity and grant us deliverance.”

“Monkey,” said the Bodhisattva, “are you still acting so smug and self-sufficient that you refuse to disclose the fact that you are in the service of the Tang Monk?”

“All we had intended to do,” said Pilgrim, “was to catch the monster and make him take Master across the river. I am not too good at doing business in the water, so Wuneng went down alone to his lair to look for him, and they had some conversation. I presume the matter of scripture seeking was not mentioned.”

“That monster in the Flowing-Sand River,” said the Bodhisattva, “happens to be the incarnate Curtain-Raising Captain, who was also brought into the faith by my persuasion when I told him to accompany those on their way to acquire scriptures. Had you been willing to mention that you were a scripture pilgrim from the Land of the East, he would not have fought you; he would have yielded instead.” Pilgrim said, “That monster is afraid to fight now; he refuses to come up to the shore and is hiding deep in the water. How can we bring him to submission? How can my master get across this body of weak water?”

The Bodhisattva immediately called for Hui’an. Taking a little red gourd from her sleeves, she handed it over to him, saying, “Take this gourd and go with Sun Wukong to the Flowing-Sand River. Call ‘Wujing,’ and he’ll come out at once. You must first take him to submit to the Tang Monk. Next, string together those nine skulls of his and arrange them according to the position of the Nine Palaces.

Put this gourd in the center, and you will have a dharma vessel ready to ferry the Tang Monk across the boundary formed by the Flowing-Sand River.” Obeying the instructions of his master, Hui’an left the Tidal-Sound Cave with the Great Sage carrying the gourd.

As they departed the purple bamboo grove in compliance with the holy command, we have a testimonial poem:

*The Five Phases well matched as Heaven’s truth,
His former master he can recognize.
Refine the self as base for wondrous use;
Good and bad discerned will reveal the cause.
Metal returns to nature—the same kind are both.
Wood begs for favor: they’ll all be redeemed.
Two- Earths completes merit to reach the void:*

Water and fire blended, dustless and clean.

In a little while the two of them lowered their clouds and arrived at the Flowing-Sand River. Recognizing the disciple Mokṣa, Zhu Eight Rules led his master to receive him. After bowing to Tripitaka, Mokṣa then greeted Eight Rules, who said, “I was grateful to be instructed by Your Reverence so that I could meet the Bodhisattva. I have indeed obeyed the Law, and I am happy recently to have entered the gate of Buddhism. Since we have been constantly on the road, I have yet to thank you. Please forgive me.”

“Let’s forget about these fancy conversations,” said Pilgrim. “We must go and call that fellow.”

“Call whom?” asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim replied, “Old Monkey saw the Bodhisattva and gave her an account of what happened. The Bodhisattva told me that this monster in the Flowing-Sand River happened to be the incarnation of the Curtain-Raising Captain. Because he had sinned in Heaven, he was banished to this river and became a monster. But he was converted by the Bodhisattva, who had told him to accompany you to the Western Heaven.

Since we did not mention the matter of seeking scriptures, he fought us bitterly. Now the Bodhisattva has sent Mokṣa with this gourd, which that fellow will turn into a dharma vessel to take you across the river.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he bowed repeatedly to Mokṣa, saying, “I beseech Your Reverence to act quickly.”

Holding the gourd and treading half on cloud and half on fog, Mokṣa moved directly above the surface of the Flowing-Sand River. He cried with a loud voice, “Wujing! Wujing! The scripture pilgrim has been here for a long time. Why have you not submitted?” We now tell you about that monster who, fearful of the Monkey King, had gone back to the bottom of the river to rest in his den.

When he heard someone call him by his religious name, he knew that it had to be the Bodhisattva Guanyin. And when he heard, moreover, that the scripture pilgrim had arrived, he no longer feared the ax or the halberd. Swiftly he leaped out of the waves and saw that it was the disciple Mokṣa. Look at him! All smiles, he went forward and bowed, saying, “Your Reverence, forgive me for not coming to meet you. Where is the Bodhisattva?”

“My teacher did not come,” said Mokṣa, “but she sent me to tell you to become the disciple of the Tang Monk without delay. You are to take the skulls around your neck and this gourd, and to fashion with them a dharma vessel according to the position of the Nine Palaces so that he may be taken across this body of weak water.”

“Where is the scripture pilgrim?” asked Wujing. Pointing with his finger, Mokṣa said, “Isn’t he the one sitting on the eastern shore?” Wujing caught sight of Eight Rules and said, “I don’t know where that lawless creature came from! He fought with me for two whole days, never once saying a word about seeking scriptures.” When he saw Pilgrim, he said again. “That customer is his assistant, and a formidable one, too! I’m not going over there!”

“That is Zhu Eight Rules,” said Mokṣa, “and that other one is Pilgrim Sun, both disciples of the Tang Monk and both converted by the Bodhisattva. Why fear them? I’ll escort you to the Tang Monk.” Only then did Wujing put away his precious staff and straighten his yellow silk shirt.

He jumped ashore and knelt before Tripitaka, saying, “Master, your disciple has eyes but no pupils, and he failed to recognize your noble features. I have greatly offended you, and I beg you to pardon me.”

“You bum!” said Eight Rules. “Why did you not submit in the first place? Why did you only want to fight with me? What do you have to say for yourself?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “don’t berate him. It’s really our fault for not mentioning that we were seeking scriptures, and we didn’t tell him our names.”

“Are you truly willing to embrace our faith?” said the elder. “Your disciple was converted by the Bodhisattva,” said Wujing. “Deriving my surname from the river, she gave me the religious name Sha Wujing. How could I be unwilling to take you as my master?”

“In that case,” said Tripitaka, “Wukong may bring over the sacred razor and shave off his hair.”

The Great Sage indeed took the razor and shaved Wujing’s head, after which he came again to pay homage to Tripitaka, Pilgrim, and Eight Rules, thus becoming the youngest disciple of the Tang Monk. When Tripitaka saw that he comported himself very much like a monk, he gave him the nickname of Sha Monk. “Since you have embraced the faith,” said Mokṣa, “there’s no need for further delay. You must build the dharma vessel at once.” Not daring to delay, Wujing took off the skulls around his neck and strung them up with a rope after the design of the Nine Palaces, placing the gourd in the middle. He then asked his master to leave the shore, and our elder thus embarked on the dharma vessel. As he sat in the center, he found it to be as sturdy as a little boat. He was, moreover, supported by Eight Rules on his left and Wujing on his right, while Pilgrim Sun, leading the dragon-horse, followed in the rear, treading half on cloud and half on fog. Above their heads Mokṣa also took up his post to give them added protection. In this way our master of the Law was safely ferried across the boundary of the Flowing-Sand River: with the wind calm and waves quiet he crossed the weak water. It was truly as fast as flying or riding an arrow, for in a little while he reached the other shore, having been delivered from the mighty waves. He did not drag up mud or water, and happily both his hands and feet remained dry. In sum, he was pure and clean without engaging in any activity. When master and disciples reached solid ground again, Mokṣa descended from the auspicious clouds. As he took back his gourd, the nine skulls changed into nine curls of dark wind and vanished. Tripitaka bowed to thank Mokṣa and also gave thanks to the Bodhisattva. So it was that Mokṣa went straight back to the South Sea, while Tripitaka mounted his horse to go to the West. We do not know how long it took them to achieve the right fruit of scripture acquisition; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-THREE

*Tripitaka does not forget his origin
The Four Sages test the priestly mind*

*A long journey westward is his decree,
As frosted blooms fall in autumn's mild breeze.
Tie up the sly ape, don't loosen the ropes!
Hold back the mean horse, and don't use the whip!
Wood Mother was once fused with Metal Squire;
Yellow Dame and Naked Son ne'er did differ.
Bite open the iron ball—there's mystery true:
Perfection of wisdom will come to you.*

The principal aim of this chapter is to make clear that the way to acquire scriptures is no different from the way of attending to the fundamentals in one's life.

We now tell you about master and disciples, the four of them, who, having awakened to the suchness of all things, broke free from the fetters of dust. Leaping clear from the sea of nature's flowing sand, they were completely rid of any hindrance and proceeded westward on the main road. They passed through countless green hills and blue waters; they saw wild grass and untended flowers in endless arrays. Time was swift indeed and soon it was autumn again. You see

*Maple leaves redden the mountain;
Yellow blooms endure the night-wind.
Old cicada's song turns languid;
Sad crickets ever voice their plaint.
Cracked lotus leaves like green silk fans;
Fragrant oranges like gold balls.
Lovely, those rows of wild geese,
In dots they spread to distant sky.*

As they journeyed, it was getting late again. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "it's getting late. Where shall we go to spend the night?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "what you said is not quite right. Those who have left home dine on the winds and rest beside the waters; they sleep beneath the moon and lie on the frost; in short, any place can be their home. Why ask where we should spend the night?"

"Elder Brother," said Zhu Eight Rules, "all you seem to care about is making progress on the journey, and you've no concern for the burdens of others. Since crossing the Flowing-Sand River, we have been doing nothing but scaling mountains and peaks, and hauling this heavy load is becoming rather hard on me. Wouldn't it be much more reasonable to look for a house where we can ask for some tea and rice, and try to regain our strength?"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "your words sound as if you begrudge this whole enterprise. If you think that you are still back in the Gao Village, where you can enjoy the comfort that comes to you without your exerting yourself, then you won't make it! If you have truly embraced the faith of Buddhism, you must be willing to endure pain and suffering; only then will you be a true disciple."

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “how heavy do you think this load of luggage is?” Pilgrim said, “Brother, since you and Sha Monk joined us, I haven’t had a chance to pole it. How would I know its weight?”

“Ah! Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “just count the things here:

*Four yellow rattan mats;
Long and short, eight ropes in all.
To guard against dampness and rain,
There are blankets—three, four layers!
The flat pole’s too slippery, perhaps?
You add nails on nails at both ends!
Cast in iron and copper, the nine-ringed priestly staff.
Made of bamboo and rattan, the long, large cloak.*

With all this luggage, you should pity old Hog, who has to walk all day carrying it! You only are the disciple of our master:

I’ve been made into a long-term laborer!”

“Idiot!” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “to whom are you protesting?”

“To you, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules. “If you’re protesting to me,” said Pilgrim, “you’ve made a mistake! Old Monkey is solely concerned with Master’s safety, whereas you and Sha Monk have the special responsibility of looking after the luggage and the horse. If you ever slack off, you’ll get a good whipping in the shanks from this huge rod!”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “don’t mention whipping, for that only means taking advantage of others by brute force. I realize that you have a proud and haughty nature, and you are not about to pole the luggage. But look how fat and strong the horse is that Master is riding: he’s only carrying one old monk. Make him take a few pieces of luggage, for the sake of fraternal sentiment!”

“So you think he’s a horse!” said Pilgrim. “He’s no earthly horse, for he is originally the son of Aorun, the Dragon King of the Western Ocean. Because he set fire to the palace and destroyed some of its pearls, his father charged him with disobedience and he was condemned by Heaven. He was fortunate to have the Bodhisattva Guanyin save his life, and he was placed in the Eagle Grief Stream to await Master’s arrival. At the appropriate time, the Bodhisattva also appeared personally to take off his scales and horns and to remove the pearls around his neck. It was then that he changed into this horse to carry Master to worship Buddha in the Western Heaven. This is a matter of achieving merit for each one of us individually, and you shouldn’t bother him.” When Sha Monk heard these words, he asked, “Elder Brother, is he really a dragon?”

“Yes,” replied Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, I have heard an ancient saying that a dragon can breathe out clouds and mists, kick up dust and dirt, and he even has the ability to leap over mountains and peaks, the divine power to stir up rivers and seas. How is it that he is walking so slowly at the moment?”

“You want him to move swiftly?” said Pilgrim. “I’ll make him do that. Look!”

Dear Great Sage! He shook his goldenhooped rod once, and there were ten thousand shafts of colorful lights! When that horse saw the rod, he was so afraid that he might be struck by it that he moved his four legs like lightning and darted away. As his hands were weak, the master could not restrain the horse from this display of its mean

nature. The horse ran all the way up a mountain cliff before slowing down to a trot. The master finally caught his breath, and that was when he discovered in the distance several stately buildings beneath some pine trees. He saw

*Doors draped by hanging cedars:
Houses beside a green hill;
Pine trees fresh and straight.
And some poles of mottled bamboo.
By the fence wild chrysanthemums glow with the frost:
By the bridge orchid reflections redden the stream.
Walls of white plaster;
And fences brick-laid.
A great hall, how noble and august:
A tall house, so peaceful and clean.
No oxen or sheep are seen, nor hens or dogs.
After autumn's harvest farm chores must be light.*

As the master held on to the saddle and slowly surveyed the scenery, Wukong and his brothers arrived. "Master," said Wukong, "you didn't fall off the horse?"

"You brazen ape!" scolded the elder. "You were the one who frightened the horse! It's a good thing I managed to stay on him!"

Attempting to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, "Master, please don't scold me. It all began when Zhu Eight Rules said that the horse was moving too slowly: so I made him hurry a little."

Because he tried to catch up with the horse, Idiot ran till he was all out of breath, mumbling to himself, "I'm done, done! Look at this belly of mine, and the slack torso! Already the pole is so heavy that I can hardly carry it. Now I'm given the additional bustle and toil of running after this horse!"

"Disciples," said the elder, "look over there. There's a small village where we may perhaps ask for lodging." When Pilgrim heard these words, he looked up and saw that it was covered by auspicious clouds and hallowed mists. He knew then that this place had to be a creation of buddhas or immortals, but he dared not reveal the Heavenly secret. He only said, "Fine! Fine! Let's go ask for shelter." Quickly dismounting, the elder discovered that the towered entrance gate was decorated with carved lotus designs and looped slits in the woodwork; its pillars were carved and its beams gilded. Sha Monk put down the luggage, while Eight Rules led the horse, saying, "This must be a family of considerable wealth!" Pilgrim would have gone in at once, but Tripitaka said, "No, you and I are priests, and we should behave with circumspection. Don't ever enter a house without permission. Let's wait until someone comes out, and then we may request lodging politely."

Eight Rules tied up the horse and sat down, leaning against the wall. Tripitaka sat on one of the stone drums while Pilgrim and Sha Monk seated themselves at the foot of the gate. They waited for a long time, but no one came out.

Impatient by nature, Pilgrim leaped up after a while and ran inside the gate to have a look. There were, in fact, three large halls facing south, each with its curtains drawn up highly. Above the door screen hung a horizontal scroll painting with motifs of long life and rich blessings. And pasted on the gold lacquered pillars on either side was this new year couplet written on bright red paper:

*Frail willows float like gossamer, the low bridge at dusk:
Snow dots the fragrant plums, a small yard in the spring.*

In the center hall, there was a small black lacquered table, its luster half gone, bearing an old bronze urn in the shape of a beast. There were six straight-backed chairs in the main hall, while hanging screens were mounted on the walls east and west just below the roof.

As Pilgrim was glancing at all this furtively, the sound of footsteps suddenly came from behind the door to the rear, and out walked a middle-aged woman who asked in a seductive voice, "Who are you, that you dare enter a widow's home without permission?"

The Great Sage was so taken aback that he could only murmur his reply:

"This humble monk came from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, having received the royal decree to seek scriptures from Buddha in the West. There are four of us altogether. As we reached your noble region, it became late, and we therefore approached the sacred abode of the old Bodhisattva to seek shelter for the night." Smiling amiably, the woman said, "Elder, where are your other three companions? Please invite them to come in."

"Master," shouted Pilgrim in a loud voice, "you are invited to come in." Only then did Tripitaka enter with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who was leading the horse and carrying the luggage as well. The woman walked out of the hall to greet them, where she was met by the furtive, wanton glances of Eight Rules. "How did she look?" you ask.

*She wore a gown of mandarin green and silk brocade,
Topped by a light pink vest,
To which was fastened a light yellow embroidered skirt;
Her high-heeled, patterned shoes glinted beneath.
A black lace covered her stylish coiffure,
Nicely matching the twin-colored braids like dragons coiled.
Her ivory palace-comb, gleaming red and halcyon-blue,
Supported two gold hair-pins set aslant.
Her half-grey tresses swept up like phoenix wings;
Her dangling earrings had rows of precious pearls.
Still lovely even without powder or rouge,
She had charm and beauty like one fair youth.*

When the woman saw the three of them, she became even more amiable and invited them with great politeness into the main hall.

After they had exchanged greetings one after the other, the pilgrims were told to be seated for tea to be served. From behind the screen a young maid with two tufts of flowing locks appeared, holding a golden tray with several white-jade cups. There were

*Fragrant tea wafting warm air,
Strange fruits spreading fine aroma.*

That lady rolled up her colorful sleeves and revealed long, delicate fingers like the stalks of spring onions; holding high the jade cups, she passed the tea to each one of them, bowing as she made the presentation. After the tea, she gave instructions for vegetarian food to be prepared. "Old Bodhisattva," said Tripitaka bowing, "what is your noble surname? And what is the name of your esteemed region?"

The woman said, “This belongs to the West Aparagodānīya Continent. My maiden surname is Jia (Unreal), and the surname of my husband’s family is Mo (Nonexisting). Unfortunately, my in-laws died prematurely, and my husband and I inherited our ancestral fortune, which amounted to more than ten thousand taels of silver and over fifteen thousand acres of prime land. It was fated, however, that we should have no son, having given birth only to three daughters. The year before last, it was my great misfortune to lose my husband also, and I was left a widow. This year my mourning period is completed, but we have no other relatives beside mother and daughters to inherit our vast property and land. I would have liked to marry again, but I find it difficult to give up such wealth. We are delighted, therefore, that the four of you have arrived, for we four, mother and daughters, would like very much to ask you to become our spouses. I do not know what you will think of this proposal.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he turned deaf and dumb; shutting his eyes to quiet his mind, he fell silent and gave no reply. The woman said, “We own over three hundred acres of paddies, over four hundred and sixty acres of dried fields, and over four hundred and sixty acres of orchards and forests. We have over a thousand head of yellow water buffalo, herds of mules and horses, countless pigs and sheep. In all four quarters, there are over seventy barns and haystacks. In this household there is grain enough to feed you for more than eight or nine years, silk that you could not wear out in a decade, gold and silver that you might spend for a lifetime. What could be more delightful than our silk sheets and curtains, which can render spring eternal? Not to mention those who wear golden hairpins standing in rows! If all of you, master and disciples, are willing to change your minds and enter the family of your wives, you will be most comfortable, having all these riches to enjoy. Will that not be better than the toil of the journey to the West?” Like a mute and stupid person, Tripitaka refused to utter a word.

The woman said, “I was born in the hour of the Cock, on the third day of the third month, in the year Dinghai. As my deceased husband was three years my senior, I am now forty-five years old. My eldest daughter, named Zhenzhen, is twenty; my second daughter, Aiai, is eighteen; and my youngest daughter, Lianlian, is sixteen.

None of them has been betrothed to anyone. Though I am rather homely, my daughters fortunately are rather good-looking. Moreover, each of them is well trained in needlework and the feminine arts. And because we had no son, my late husband brought them up as if they were boys, teaching them some of the Confucian classics when they were young as well as the art of writing verse and couplets. So, although they reside in a mountain home, they are not vulgar or uncouth persons; they would make suitable matches, I dare say, for all of you. If you elders can put away your inhibitions and let your hair grow again, you can at once become masters of this household. Are not the silk and brocade that you will wear infinitely better than the porcelain almsbowl and black robes, the straw sandals and grass hats?” Sitting aloft in the seat of honor, Tripitaka was like a child struck by lightning, a frog smitten by rain. With eyes bulging and rolling upward, he could barely keep himself from keeling over in his chair. But Eight Rules, hearing of such wealth and such beauty, could hardly quell the unbearable itch in his heart! Sitting on his chair, he kept turning and twisting as if a needle were pricking him in the ass. Finally he could restrain himself no longer. Walking forward, he tugged at his master, saying, “Master! How can you completely ignore what the lady has been saying to you? You must try to pay some attention.” Jerking back his head, the priest gave such a hostile shout that Eight Rules backed away hurriedly. “You cursed

beast!” he bellowed. “We are people who have left home. How can we possibly allow ourselves anymore to be moved by riches and tempted by beauty?”

Giggling, the woman said, “Oh dear, dear! Tell me, what’s so good about those who leave home?”

“Lady Bodhisattva,” said Tripitaka, “tell me what is so good about those of you who remain at home?”

“Please take a seat, elder,” said the woman, “and let me tell you the benefits in the life of those of us who remain at home. If you ask what they are, this poem will make them abundantly clear.

*When spring fashions appear I wear new silk;
Pleased to watch summer lilies I change to lace.
Autumn brings fragrant rice-wine newly brewed.
In winter’s heated rooms my face glows with wine.
I may enjoy the fruits of all four climes
And every dainty of eight seasons, too.
The silk sheets and quilts of the bridal eve
Best the mendicant’s life of Buddhist chants.”*

Tripitaka said, “Lady Bodhisattva, you who remain in the home can enjoy riches and glory; you have things to eat, clothes to wear, and children by your side. That is undeniably a good life, but you do not know that there are some benefits in the life of those of us who have left home. If you ask what they are, this poem will make them abundantly clear.

*The will to leave home is no common thing:
You must tear down the old stronghold of love!
No cares without, tongue and mouth are at peace;
Your body within has good yin and yang.
When merit’s done, you face the Golden Arch
And go hack, mind enlightened, to your Home.
It beats the life of lust for household meat:
You rot with age, one stinking bag of flesh!”*

When the woman heard these words, she grew terribly angry, saying, “How dare you to be so insolent, you brazen monk! If I had had no regard for the fact that you have come from the Land of the East, I would have sent you away at once. Now, I was trying to ask you, with all sincerity, to enter our family and share our wealth, and you insult me instead. Even though you have received the commandments and made the vow never to return to secular life, at least one of your followers could become a member of our family.

Why are you being so legalistic?” Seeing how angry she had become, Tripitaka was intimidated and said, “Wukong, why don’t you stay here.” Pilgrim said, “I’ve been completely ignorant in such matters since the time I was young. Let Eight Rules stay.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “don’t play tricks on people. Let’s all have some further discussion.”

“If neither of you is willing,” said Tripitaka, “I’ll ask Wujing to stay.”

“Listen to the way Master is speaking!” said Sha Monk. “Since I was converted by the Bodhisattva and received the commandments from her, I’ve been waiting for

you. It has been scarcely two months since you took me as your disciple and gave me your teachings, and I have yet to acquire even half an inch of merit. You think I would dare seek such riches! I will journey to the Western Heaven even if it means my death! I'll never engage in such perfidious activities!" When the woman saw them refusing to remain, she quickly walked behind the screen and slammed the door to the rear. Master and disciples were left outside, and no one came out again to present tea or rice.

Exasperated, Eight Rules began to find fault with the Tang Monk, saying, "Master, you really don't know how to handle these matters! In fact, you have ruined all our chances by the way you spoke! You could have been more flexible and given her a vague reply so that she would at least have given us a meal. We would at least have enjoyed a pleasant evening, and whether we would be willing to stay tomorrow or not would have been for us to decide. Now the door is shut and no one is going to come out. How are we going to last through the night in the midst of these empty ashes and cold stoves?"

"Second Brother," said Wujing, "why don't you stay here and become her son-in-law?"

Eight Rules said, "Brother, don't play tricks on people. Let's discuss the matter further."

"What's there to discuss?" said Pilgrim. "If you are willing, Master and that woman will become in-laws, and you will be the son-in-law who lives in the girl's home. With such riches and such treasures in this family, you will no doubt be given a huge dowry and a nice banquet to greet the kinsfolk, which all of us can also enjoy. Your return to secular life here will in fact benefit both parties concerned."

"You can say that all right," said Eight Rules, "but for me it's a matter of fleeing the secular life only to return to secular life, of leaving my wife only to take another wife."

"So, Second Brother already has a wife?" said Sha Monk. "You didn't realize," Pilgrim said, "that originally he was the son-in-law of Mr. Gao of the Old Gao Village, in the Kingdom of Qoco. Since I defeated him, and since he had earlier received the commandments from the Bodhisattva, he had little choice but to follow the priestly vocation. That's the reason he abandoned his former wife to follow Master and to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven. I suppose he has felt the separation keenly and has been brooding on it for some time. Just now, when marriage was mentioned, he must have been sorely tempted. Idiot, why don't you become the son-in-law of this household? Just make sure that you make a few extra bows to old Monkey, and you won't be reprimanded!"

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said Idiot. "Each one of us is tempted, but you only want old Hog to be embarrassed. The proverb says, 'A monk is the preta of sensuality,' and which one of us can truly say that he doesn't want this? But you have to put on a show, and your histrionics have ruined a good thing. Now we can't even get a drop of tea or water, and no one is tending the lamps or fires. We may last through the night, but I doubt that the horse can: he has to carry someone tomorrow and walk again, you know. If he goes hungry for a night, he might be reduced to a skeleton. You people sit here, while old Hog goes to graze the horse."

Hastily, Idiot untied the reins and pulled the horse outside. "Sha Monk," said Pilgrim, "you stay here and keep Master company. I'll follow him and see where he is going to graze the horse."

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “you may go and see where he’s going, but don’t ridicule him.”

“I know,” said Pilgrim. The Great Sage walked out of the main hall, and with one shake of his body he changed into a red dragonfly. He flew out of the front gate and caught up with Eight Rules.

Idiot pulled the horse out to where there was grass, but he did not graze him there. Shouting and whooping, he chased the horse instead to the rear of the house, where he found the woman standing outside the door with three girls, enjoying the sight of some chrysanthemums. When mother and daughters saw Eight Rules approaching, the three girls slipped inside the house at once, but the woman stood still beside the door and said, “little elder, where are you going?” Our Idiot threw away the reins and went up to greet her with a most friendly “Hello!”

Then he said, “Mama, I came to graze the horse.”

“Your master is much too squeamish,” said the woman. “If he took a wife in our family, he would be much better off, wouldn’t he, than being a mendicant trudging to the West?”

“Well, they all have received the command of the Tang emperor,” said Eight Rules, with a laugh, “and they haven’t the courage to disobey the ruler’s decree. That’s why they are unwilling to do this thing. Just now they were all trying to play tricks on me in the front hall, and I was somewhat embarrassed because I was afraid that Mama would find my long snout and large ears too offensive.”

“I don’t, really,” said the woman. “And since we have no master of the house, it’s better to take one than none at all. But I do fear that my daughters may find you somewhat unattractive.”

“Mama,” said Eight Rules, “please instruct your noble daughters not to choose their men that way. Others may be more handsome, but they usually turn out to be quite useless. Though I may be ugly, I do live by certain principles.”

“And what are they?” asked the woman. Eight Rules replied,

*“Though I may be somewhat ugly,
I can work quite diligently.
A thousand acres of land, you say?
No need for oxen to plow it.
I’ll go over it once with my rake,
And the seeds will grow in season.
When there’s no rain I can make rain.
When there’s no wind I’ll call for wind.
If the house is not tall enough,
I’ll build you a few stories more.
If the grounds are not swept I’ll give them a sweep.
If the gutter’s not drained I’ll draw it for you.
All things both great and small around the house
I am able to do most readily.”*

“If you can work around the house,” said the woman, “you should discuss the matter again with your master. If there’s no great inconvenience, we’ll take you.”

“No need for further discussion,” said Eight Rules, “for he’s no genuine parent of mine. Whether I want to do this or not is for me to decide.”

“All right, all right,” said the woman. “Let me talk to my girls first.” She slipped back inside immediately and slammed the rear door shut. Eight Rules did not graze the horse there either, but led it back to the front. Little did he realize, however, that Great Sage Sun had heard everything. With wings outstretched, the Great Sage flew back to see the Tang Monk, changing back into his original form. “Master,” he said, “Wuneng is leading the horse back here.”

“Of course he’s leading the horse,” said the Tang Monk, “for if he doesn’t, it may run away in a fit of mischief.” Pilgrim started to laugh and gave a thorough account of what the woman and Eight Rules had said, but Tripitaka did not know whether to believe him or not.

In a little while Idiot arrived and tied up the horse. “Have you grazed him?” asked the elder. “There’s not much good grass around here,” said Eight Rules, “so it’s really no place to graze a horse.”

“It may not be a place to graze the horse,” said Pilgrim, “but is it a place to lead a horse?”

When Idiot heard this question, he knew that his secret was known. He lowered his head and turned it to one side; with pouting lips and wrinkled brows, he remained silent for a long time. Just then, they heard the side door open with a creak, and out came a pair of red lanterns and a pair of portable incense burners. There were swirling clouds of fragrance and the sounds of tinkling girdle-jade when the woman walked out leading her three daughters. Zhenzhen, Aiai, and Lianlian were told to bow to the scripture pilgrims, and as they did so, standing in a row at the main hall, they appeared to be most beautiful indeed. Look at them!

*Each mothlike eyebrow painted halcyon-blue:
Each pretty face aglow with springlike hues.
What beguiling, empire-shaking beauty!
What ravishing, heart-jolting charm!
Their filigreed headgears enhance their grace;
Silk sashes afloat, they seem wholly divine.
Like ripe cherries their lips part, half-smiling,
As they walk slowly and spread their orchid-scent.
Their heads full of pearls and jade
Atop countless hairpins slightly trembling.
Their bodies full of delicate aroma,
Shrouded by exquisite robes of fine golden thread.
Why speak of lovely ladies of the South,
Or the good looks of Xizi?
They look like the fairy ladies descending from the Ninefold Heaven,
Or the Princess Change leaving her Vast Cold Palace.*

When he saw them, Tripitaka lowered his head and folded his hands in front of him, while the Great Sage became mute and Sha Monk turned away completely. But look at that Zhu Eight Rules! With eyes unblinking, a mind filled with lust, and passion fast rising, he murmured huskily, “What an honor it is to have the presence of you immortal ladies! Mama, please ask these dear sisters to leave.”

The three girls went behind the screen, leaving the pair of lanterns behind.

The woman said, "Have you four elders made up your mind which one of you shall be betrothed to my daughters?"

"We have discussed the matter," said Wujing, "and we have decided that the one whose surname is Zhu shall enter your family."

"Brother," said Eight Rules, "please don't play any tricks on me. Let's discuss the matter further."

"What's there to discuss?" said Pilgrim. "You have already made all the arrangements with her at the back door, and even call her 'Mama.' What's there to discuss anymore? Master can be the in-law for the groom while this woman here will give away the bride; old Monkey will be the witness, and Sha Monk the go-between. There's no need even to consult the almanac, for today happens to be the most auspicious and lucky day. You come here and bow to Master, and then you can go inside and become her son-in-law."

"Nothing doing! Nothing doing!" said Eight Rules. "How can I engage in this kind of business?"

"Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "Stop this fakery! You have addressed her as 'Mama' for countless times already! What do you mean by 'nothing doing'? Agree to this at once, so that we may have the pleasure of enjoying some wine at the wedding."

He caught hold of Eight Rules with one hand and pulled at the woman with the other, saying, "Mother-in-law, take your son-in-law inside." Somewhat hesitantly, Idiot started to shuffle inside, while the woman gave instructions to a houseboy, saying, "Take out some tables and chairs and wipe them clean. Prepare a vegetarian dinner to serve these three relatives of ours. I'm leading our new master inside." She further gave instructions for the cook to begin preparation for a wedding banquet to be held the next morning. The houseboys then left to tell the cook. After the three pilgrims had eaten their meal, they retired to the guest rooms, and we shall say no more of them for the moment.

We now tell you about Eight Rules, who followed his mother-in-law and walked inside. There were row upon row of doorways and chambers with tall thresholds, causing him constantly to stumble and fall. "Mama," said Idiot, "please walk more slowly. I'm not familiar with the way here, so you must guide me a little."

The woman said, "These are all the storerooms, the treasuries, the rooms where the flour is ground. We have yet to reach the kitchen."

"What a huge house!" said Eight Rules. Stumbling along a winding course, he walked for a long time before finally reaching the inner chamber of the house. "Son-in-law," said the woman, "since your brother said that today is a most auspicious and lucky day, I have taken you in. In all this hurry, we have not had the chance of consulting an astrologer, nor have we been prepared for the proper wedding ceremony of worshipping Heaven and Earth and of spreading grains and fruits on the bridal bed. Right now, why don't you kowtow eight times toward the sky?"

"You are right, Mama," said Eight Rules. "You take the upper seat also, and let me bow to you a few times. We'll consider that my worship of Heaven and Earth as well as my gesture of gratitude to you. Doing these two things at once will save me some trouble."

“All right, all right,” said his mother-in-law, laughing. “You are indeed a son-in-law who knows how to fulfill your household duties with the least effort. I’ll sit down, and you can make your bows.”

The candles on silver candlesticks were shining brightly throughout the hall as Idiot made his bows. Afterwards he said, “Mama, which one of the dear sisters do you plan to give me?”

“That’s my dilemma,” said his mother-in-law. “I was going to give you my eldest daughter, but I was afraid of offending my second daughter. I was going to give you my second daughter, but I was afraid then of offending my third daughter. And if I were to give you my third daughter, I fear that my eldest daughter may be offended. That’s why I cannot make up my mind.”

“Mama,” said Eight Rules, “if you want to prevent strife, why not give them all to me? That way, you will spare yourself a lot of bickering that can destroy the harmony of the family.”

“Nonsense!” said his mother-in-law. “You mean you alone want to take all three of my daughters?”

“Listen to what you’re saying, Mama!” said Eight Rules. “Who doesn’t have three or four concubines nowadays? Even if you have a few more daughters, I’ll gladly take them all. When I was young, I learned how to be long-lasting in the arts of love. You can be assured that I’ll render satisfactory service to every one of them.”

“That’s no good! That’s no good!” said the woman. “I have a large handkerchief here, with which you can cover your head, blindfold yourself, and determine your fated marriage that way. I’m going to ask my daughters to walk past you, and the one you can catch with your hands will be betrothed to you.” Idiot accepted her suggestion and covered his head with his handkerchief. We have a testimonial poem that says:

*The fool knows not the true causes of things;
Beauty’s sword can in secret wound the self.
The Duke of Zhou of old had fixed the rites.
But a bridegroom today still veils his head!*

After Idiot had tied himself up properly, he said, “Mama, ask the dear sisters to come out.”

“Zhenzhen, Aiai, Lianlian,” cried his mother-in-law, “you all come out and determine your fated marriage, so that one of you may be given to this man.” With the sounds of girdle-jade and the fragrance of orchids, it seemed that some immortal ladies had suddenly appeared. Idiot indeed stretched forth his hands to try to catch hold of one of the girls, but though he darted about madly this way and that, he could not lay hands on anyone on either side of him. It seemed to him, to be sure, that the girls were making all kinds of movement around him, but he could not grab a single one of them. He lunged toward the east and wrapped his arms around a pillar; he made a dive toward the west and slammed into a wooden partition. Growing faint from rushing about like that, he began to stumble and fall all over the place — tripping on the threshold in front of him, smashing into the brick wall behind him! Fumbling and tumbling around, he ended up sitting on the floor with a bruised head and a swollen mouth.

“Mama,” he cried, panting heavily, “you have a bunch of slippery daughters! I can’t catch a single one of them! What am I to do? What am I to do?”

Taking off his blindfold, the woman said, “Son-in-law, it’s not that my daughters are slippery; it’s just that they are all very modest. Each defers to the other so that she may take you.”

“If they are unwilling to take me, Mama,” said Eight Rules, “why don’t you take me instead?”

“Dear son-in-law,” said the woman, “you really have no regard for age or youth, when you even want your mother-in-law! My three daughters are really quite talented, for each one of them has woven a silk undershirt studded with pearls. Try them on, and the one whose shirt fits you will take you in.”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said Eight Rules. “Bring out all three undershirts and let me try them on. If all fit me, they can all have me.”

The woman went inside and took out one undershirt, which she handed over to Eight Rules. Taking off his blue silk shirt, Idiot took up the undergarment and draped it over his body at once. Before he had managed to tie the strings, however, he suddenly fell to the floor. The undershirt, you see, had changed into several pieces of rope which had him tightly bound. As he lay there in unbearable pain, the women vanished.

We now tell you about Tripitaka, Pilgrim, and Sha Monk, who woke up when it began to grow light in the East. As they opened their eyes, they discovered that all the noble halls and buildings had vanished. There were neither carved beams nor gilded pillars, for the truth of the matter was that they had all been sleeping in a forest of pines and cedars. In a panic, the elder began to shout for Pilgrim, and Sha Monk also cried, “Elder Brother, we are finished! We have met some ghosts!”

The Great Sage Sun, however, realized fully what had happened. Smiling gently, he said, “What are you talking about?”

“Look where we’ve been sleeping!” cried the elder.

“It’s pleasant enough in this pine forest,” said Pilgrim, “but I wonder where that Idiot is going through his ordeal.”

“Who is going through an ordeal?” asked the elder.

Pilgrim answered with a laugh. “The women of that household happened to be some bodhisattvas from somewhere, who had waited for us to teach us a lesson. They must have left during the night, but unfortunately Zhu Eight Rules has to suffer.” When Tripitaka heard this, he quickly folded his hands to make a bow. Then they saw a slip of paper hanging on an old cedar tree, fluttering in the wind. Sha Monk quickly took it down for his master to read. On it was written the following eight-line poem:

*Though the old Dame of Li Shan had no desire,
Guanyin invited her to leave the mount.
Mañjuśrī and Viśvabhadrā, too, were guests
Who took in the woods the form of maidens fair.
The holy monk’s virtuous and truly chaste,
But Eight Rules’s profane, loving things mundane.
Henceforth he must repent with quiet heart,
For if he’s slothful, the way will be hard.*

As the elder, Pilgrim, and Sha Monk recited this poem aloud, they heard a loud call from deep in the woods:

“Master, the ropes are killing me! Save me, please! I’ll never dare do this again!”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “is it Wuneng who is calling us?”

“Yes,” said Sha Monk. “Brother,” said Pilgrim, “don’t bother about him. Let us leave now.”

“Though Idiot is stupid and mischievous,” said Tripitaka, “he is at least fairly honest, and he has arms strong enough to carry the luggage. Let’s have some regard for the Bodhisattva’s earlier intention, let’s rescue him so that he may continue to follow us. I doubt that he’ll ever dare do this again.” Sha Monk thereupon rolled up the bedding and put the luggage in order, after which Great Sage Sun untied the horse to lead the Tang Monk into the woods to see what had happened. Ah! So it is that

*You must take care in the pursuit of truth
To purge desires, and you’ll enter the Real.*

We do not know what sort of good or evil was in store for the Idiot; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-FOUR

*At Long Life Mountain the Great Immortal detains his old friend
At Five Villages Abbey, Pilgrim steals the ginseng fruit*

We shall tell you about the three of them who, on entering the forest, found Idiot tied to a tree. He was screaming continuously because of the unbearable pain. Pilgrim approached and said to him, laughing, “Dear son-in-law! It’s getting rather late, and you still haven’t got around to performing the proper ceremony of thanking your parents or announcing your marriage to Master. You are still having a grand old time playing games here! Hey! Where’s your mama? Where’s your wife? What a dear son-in-law, all bound and beaten!” When Idiot heard such ridicule, he was so mortified that he clenched his teeth to try to endure the pain without making any more noise.

Sha Monk, however, could not bear to look at him; he put down the luggage and went forward to untie the ropes. After he was freed, Idiot could only drop to his knees and kowtow toward the sky, for he was filled with shame. For him we have as a testimony this lyric to the tune of “Moon Over West River”:

*Eros is a sword injurious:
Live by it and you will be slain.
The lady so fair and lovely at sixteen
Is more vicious than a yakṣa!
You have but one principal sum;
You can’t add profit to your purse.
Guard and keep well your precious capital,
Which you must not squander and waste.*

Scooping up some dirt and scattering it like incense, Eight Rules bowed to the sky. “Did you recognize those bodhisattvas at all?” asked Pilgrim. “I was in a stupor, about to faint,” replied Eight Rules. “How could I recognize anyone?” Pilgrim then handed him the slip of paper. When Eight Rules saw the *gāthā*, he was more embarrassed than ever. “Second Brother does have all the luck,” said Sha Monk with a laugh, “for you have attracted these four bodhisattvas here to become your wives!”

“Brother,” said Eight Rules, “let’s not ever mention that again! It’s blasphemy! From now on, I’ll never dare do such foolish things again. Even if it breaks my bones, I’ll carry the pole and luggage to follow Master to the West.”

“You are finally speaking sensibly,” said Tripitaka.

Pilgrim then led his master up the main road, and after journeying for a long time, they suddenly came upon a tall mountain. Pulling in the reins, Tripitaka said, “Disciples, let’s be careful as we travel up this mountain before us, for there may be monsters seeking to harm us.”

“Ahead of your horse you have the three of us,” said Pilgrim. “Why fear the monsters?” Reassured by these words, the elder proceeded. That mountain is truly a magnificent mountain:

*A tall mountain most rugged,
Its shape both lofty and grand.
Its root joins the Kunlun ranges;
Its top reaches to the sky.*

*White cranes come oft to perch on junipers;
 Black apes hang frequently on the vines.
 As the sun lights up the forest,
 Strands upon strands of red mist are circling;
 As wind rises from dark gorges,
 Ten thousand pink cloud pieces soar and fly.
 Hidden birds sing madly in green bamboos;
 Pheasants do battle amidst wildflowers.
 You see that Thousand- Year Peak,
 That Five- Blessings*

*Peak,
 And the Hibiscus Peak—
 They all glow and shimmer most awesomely;
 That Ageless Rock,
 That Tiger- Tooth Rock,
 And that Three- Heaven Rock—
 Where auspicious air rises endlessly.
 Below the cliff, delicate grass;
 Atop the ridge, fragrant plum.
 The thorns and briars are thick;
 The orchids are pale and pure.
 The deep woods's phoenix musters a thousand fowls;
 An old cave's unicorn rules countless beasts.
 Even the brook seems caring:
 She twists and turns as if looking back.
 The peaks are continuous:
 Row upon row circling all around.
 You also see those green locust trees,
 Those mottled bamboos,
 And those verdant pines—
 Rivals ever fresh in their dense lushness;
 Those pears milk-white,
 Those peaches red,
 And those willows green—
 All competing in their Triple- Spring hues.
 Dragons sing and tigers roar;
 The cranes dance and the apes wail;
 The musk deer from flowers walk out;
 The phoenix cries facing the sun.
 It's a mount divine, land of true blessings,
 The same as Penglai, wondrous fairy land.
 See those flowers blooming and dying—this mountain scene,
 Where clouds draw near or leave the soaring peaks.*

With great delight, Tripitaka said as he rode along, “Disciples, since I began this journey to the West, I have passed through many regions, all rather treacherous and difficult to traverse. None of the other places has scenery like this mountain, which is

extraordinarily beautiful. Perhaps we are not far from Thunderclap, and, if so, we should prepare in a dignified and solemn manner to meet the World's Honored One."

"It's early, much too early!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "We are nowhere near!"

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "how far is it for us to reach Thunderclap?"

"One hundred and eight thousand miles," said Pilgrim, "and we have not even covered one-tenth of the distance."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "how many years do we have to travel before we get there?"

"If we were talking about you two, my worthy brothers," said Pilgrim, "this journey would take some ten days. If we were talking about me, I could probably make about fifty round trips in a day and there would still be sunlight. But if we are talking about Master, then don't even think about it!"

"Wukong," said the Tang Monk, "tell us when we shall be able to reach our destination." Pilgrim said, "You can walk from the time of your youth till the time you grow old, and after that, till you become youthful again; and even after going through such a cycle a thousand times, you may still find it difficult to reach the place you want to go to. But when you perceive, by the resoluteness of your will, the Buddha-nature in all things, and when every one of your thoughts goes back to its very source in your memory, that will be the time you arrive at the Spirit Mountain."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "even though this is not the region of Thunderclap, a place of such scenic splendor must be the residence of a good man."

"That's an appropriate observation," said Pilgrim, "for this can hardly be a place for demons or goblins; rather, it must be the home of a holy monk or an immortal. We can walk leisurely and enjoy the scenery." We shall say no more about them for the time being.

We now tell you about this mountain, which had the name of the Long Life Mountain. In the mountain there was a Daoist Abbey called the Five Villages Abbey; it was the abode of an immortal whose Daoist style was Master Zhenyuan and whose nickname was Lord, Equal to Earth. There was, moreover, a strange treasure grown in this temple, a spiritual root that was formed just after chaos had been parted and the nebula had been established prior to the division of Heaven and Earth. Throughout the four great continents of the world, it could be found in only the Five Villages Abbey in the West Aparagodānīya Continent. This treasure was called grass of the reverted cinnabar, or the ginseng fruit. It took three thousand years for the plant to bloom, another three thousand years to bear fruit, and still another three thousand years before they ripened. All in all, it would be nearly ten thousand years before they could be eaten, and even after such a long time, there would be only thirty such fruits. The shape of the fruit was exactly that of a newborn infant not yet three days old, complete with the four limbs and the five senses. If a man had the good fortune of even smelling the fruit, he would live for three hundred and sixty years; if he ate one, he would reach his forty-seven thousandth year.

That day, the Great Zhenyuan Immortal happened to have received a card from the Celestial Worthy of Original Commencement, who invited him to the Miluo Palace in the Heaven of Highest Clarity to listen to the discourse on "The Daoist Fruit of the Chaotic Origin."

That Great Immortal, you see, had already trained countless disciples to become immortals; even now he had with him some forty-eight disciples, all Daoists of the Quanzhen Order who had acquired the Way. When he went up to the region above to listen to the lecture that day, he took forty-six disciples along with him, leaving behind two of the youngest ones to look after the temple. One was called Clear Breeze, and the other was named Bright Moon. Clear Breeze was only one thousand two hundred and twenty years old, while Bright Moon had just passed his one thousand two hundredth birthday. Before his departure, Master Zhenyuan gave instructions to the two young lads, saying, “I cannot refuse the invitation of the Great Honorable Divine, and I’m leaving for the Miluo Palace to attend a lecture. You two must be watchful, for an old friend of mine will be passing by here any day. Don’t fail to treat him kindly: you may, in fact, strike down from the tree two of the ginseng fruits for him to eat as a token of our past friendship.”

“Who is this friend of yours, Master?” asked one of the lads. “Tell us, so that we may take good care of him.”

“He is a holy monk serving the Great Tang Emperor in the land of the East,” said the Great Immortal, “and his religious name is Tripitaka. He is now on his way to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures from Buddha.”

“According to Confucius,” said one of the lads, laughing, “One does not take counsel with those who follow a different Way.”

We belong to the Mysterious Fold of the Great Monad. Why should we associate with a Buddhist monk?”

“You should know,” said the Great Immortal, “that that monk happens to be the incarnate Gold Cicada, the second disciple of Tathāgata, the Aged Sage of the West. Five hundred years ago, I became acquainted with him during the Feast of the Ullambana Bowl, when he presented me tea with his own hands as the various sons of Buddha paid me their respect. That’s why I consider him an old friend.” When the two immortal lads heard these words, they accepted them as the instruction of their master. As the Great Immortal was about to leave, he cautioned them again, saying, “Those fruits of mine are all numbered. You may give him two, but no more.”

“When the garden was opened to the public,” said Clear Breeze, “we shared and ate two of the fruits; there should be still twenty-eight of them on the tree. We wouldn’t think of using any more than you have told us to.”

The Great Immortal said, “Though Tripitaka Tang is an old friend, his disciples, I fear, may be somewhat rowdy. It’s best not to let them know about the fruits.”

After he had finished giving these instructions to the two lads, the Great Immortal ascended to the region of Heaven with all his disciples.

We tell you now about the Tang Monk and his three companions, who were making a tour of the mountain. Looking up, they suddenly discovered several tall buildings by a cluster of pines and bamboos. “Wukong,” said the Tang Monk, “what sort of place do you think that is over there?”

After taking a look at it, Pilgrim said, “It’s either a Daoist abbey or a Buddhist monastery. Let’s move along, and we’ll find out more about it when we get there.”

They soon arrived at the gate, and they saw

A pine knoll cool and serene;

*A bamboo path dark and secluded;
 White cranes coming and leaving with clouds afloat;
 And apes climbing up and down to hand out fruits.
 Before the gate, the pond's wide and trees cast long shadows;
 The rocks crack, breaking the moss's growth.
 Palatial halls dark and tall as the purple Heaven;
 And towers aloft from which bright red mists descend.
 Truly a blessed region, a spiritual place
 Like the cloudy cave of Penglai:
 Quiet, untouched by the affairs of man;
 Tranquil, fit to nurse the mind of Dao.
 Bluebirds may bring at times a Queen Mother's note;
 A phoenix oft arrives with a Laozi scroll.
 There's no end to the sight of this noble Daoist scene:
 It's the spacious home of immortals indeed!*

As the Tang Monk dismounted, he saw on the left a huge stone tablet, on which the following inscription was written in large letters:

*The Blessed Land of the Long Life Mountain.
 The Cave Heaven of the Five Villages Abbey.*

“Disciples,” said the Elder, “it’s indeed a Daoist abbey.”

“Master,” said Sha Monk, “with such splendid scenery, there must be a good man living in this temple. Let us go in and take a look. When we return to the East after completing our merits, this may be the place for another visit because of its marvelous scenery.”

“Well spoken,” said Pilgrim, and they all went inside. On both sides of the second gate they saw this New Year couplet:

*Long-living and ever young, this immortal house.
 Of the same age as Heaven, this Daoist home.*

Pilgrim said with a snicker, “This Daoist is mouthing big words just to intimidate people! When I, old Monkey, caused disturbance in the Heavenly Palace five hundred years ago, I did not encounter such words even on the door of Laozi!”

“Never mind him!” said Eight Rules. “Let’s go inside! Let’s go inside! You never know, maybe this Daoist does possess some virtuous accomplishment.” When they passed through the second gate, they were met by two young lads who were hurrying out. Look how they appear:

*Healthy in bone and spirit with visage fair,
 On their heads were short bundled tufts of hair.
 Their Daoist gowns, free falling, seemed wrapped in mists;
 Their feathered robes, more quaint, for the wind-blown sleeves.
 Dragon-heads had their sashes knotted tight;
 Silk cords laced lightly their sandals of straw.
 Such uncommon looks were of no worldly-born;
 They were Clear Breeze and Bright Moon, two lads divine.*

The two young lads came out to meet them, bowing and saying, “Old Master, forgive us for not coming to meet you. Please take a seat.”

Delighted, the elder followed the two lads to the main hall to look around. There were altogether five huge chambers facing south, separated by floor-length windows that had carved panes and were translucent at the top and solid at the bottom. Pushing open one of these, the two immortal lads invited the Tang Monk into the central chamber, with a panel hanging on the middle wall on which two large characters—"Heaven, Earth"—were embroidered in five colors. Beneath the panel was a cinnabar-red lacquered incense table, on which there was an urn of yellow gold. Conveniently placed beside the urn were several sticks of incense.

The Tang Monk went forward and with his left hand, took up some incense to put into the urn. He then prostrated himself three times before the table, after which he turned around and said, "Immortal lads, your Five Villages Abbey is in truth a godly region of the West. But why is it that you do not worship the Three Pure Ones, the Thearchs of Four Quarters, or the many Lords of High Heaven? Why is it that you merely put up these two words of Heaven and Earth to receive the oblation of fire and incense?" Smiling, one of the lads said, "To tell you the truth, Master, putting these two words up is an act of flattery on the part of our teacher, for of these two words, the one on top, may deserve our reverence, but the one below is hardly worthy of our fire and incense."

"What do you mean by an act of flattery?" asked Tripitaka. The lad replied, "The Three Pure Ones are friends of our teacher; the Four Thearchs, his old acquaintances; the Nine Luminaries, his junior colleagues; and the God of the New Year, his unwanted guest!" When Pilgrim heard this remark, he laughed so hard that he could barely stand up. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "why are you laughing?"

"Talk about the shenanigans of old Monkey!" said Pilgrim. "Just listen to the flimflam of this Daoist kid!"

"Where is your honorable teacher?" asked Tripitaka. "Our teacher," said the lad, "had been invited by the Honorable Divine of the Origin to attend a lecture on 'The Daoist Fruit of the Chaotic Origin' at the Miluo Palace in the Heaven of Highest Clarity. He's not home." No longer able to restrain himself after hearing these words, Pilgrim shouted:

"You stinking young Daoists! You can't even recognize people! Whom are you trying to hoodwink? What kind of taradiddle is this? Who is that Heavenly Immortal in the Miluo Palace who wanted to invite this wild bull shank of yours? And what sort of lecture is he going to give?" When Tripitaka saw how aroused Pilgrim was, he feared that the lads might give some reply that would lead to real trouble. So he said, "Wukong, stop being quarrelsome. If we leave this place the moment after we arrive, it is hardly a friendly gesture. The proverb says, 'The egrets do not devour the egret's flesh.' If their teacher is not here, why bother them? You go to graze the horse outside the temple gate; let Sha Monk look after the luggage and Eight Rules fetch some grain from our bags. Let's borrow their pans and stove to prepare a meal for ourselves. When we are done, we can pay them a few pennies for firewood and that will be the end of the matter. Attend to your business, each of you, and let me rest here for a while. After the meal, we'll leave."

The three of them duly went about their business.

Clear Breeze and Bright Moon, filled with admiration, said softly to each other:

"What a monk! Truly the incarnation of a lovable sage of the West, whose true origin is not at all obscured! Well, our master did tell us to take care of the Tang Monk

and to serve him some ginseng fruits as a token of past friendship. He also cautioned us about the rowdiness of his disciples, and he couldn't have been more correct. It's a good thing that those three, so fierce in their looks and so churlish in their manners, were sent away. For had they remained, they would certainly have to see the ginseng fruits."

Then Clear Breeze said, "Brother, we are still not quite certain whether that monk is really an old acquaintance of Master. We had better ask him and not make a mistake."

The two lads therefore went forward again and said, "May we ask the old master whether he is Tripitaka Tang from the Great Tang Empire, who is on his way to fetch scriptures from the Western Heaven?" Returning their bows, the elder said, "I am, indeed. How is it that the immortal youths know my vulgar name?"

"Before our master's departure," said one of them, "he gave us instructions that we should go some distance to meet you. We did not expect your arrival to be so soon, and thus we failed in the proper etiquette of greeting you. Please take a seat, Master, and allow us to serve you tea."

"I hardly deserve that," said Tripitaka, but Bright Moon went quickly back to his room and brought back a cup of fragrant tea to present to the elder. After Tripitaka had drunk the tea, Clear Breeze said, "Brother, we must not disobey our master's command. Let's go and bring back the fruit."

The two lads took leave of Tripitaka and went back to their room, where one of them took out a gold mallet and the other a wooden tray for carrying elixir. They also spread out several silk handkerchiefs on the tray before going to the Ginseng Garden. Clear Breeze then climbed on the tree to strike at the fruits with the mallet, while Bright Moon waited below, holding the tray. In a moment, two of the fruits dropped down and fell onto the tray. The young lads returned to the main hall and presented the fruits to the Tang Monk, saying, "Master Tang, our Five Villages Abbey is situated in the midst of wild and desolate country. There's not much that we can offer you except these two fruits, our local products. Please use them to relieve your thirst." When the elder saw the fruits, he trembled all over and backed away three feet, saying, "Goodness! Goodness! The harvest seems to be plentiful this year! But why is this abbey so destitute that they have to practice cannibalism here? These are newborn infants not yet three days old! How could you serve them to me to relieve my thirst?"

"This monk," said Clear Breeze quietly to himself, "has been so corrupted by the fields of mouths and tongues, by the sea of strife and envy, that all he possesses are but two fleshly eyes and a worldly mind. That's why he can't recognize the strange treasures of our divine abode!"

Bright Moon then drew near and said, "Master, this thing is called ginseng fruit. It's perfectly all right for you to eat one."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said Tripitaka. "Their parents went through who knows how much suffering before they brought them to birth! How could you serve them as fruits when they are less than three days old?"

Clear Breeze said, "Honestly, they were formed on a tree."

"Rubbish! Rubbish!" said the elder. "How can people grow on trees? Take them away! This is blasphemy!" When the young lads saw that he absolutely refused to eat them, they had no choice but to take the tray back to their own room. The fruit, you see, is peculiar: if it is kept too long, it will become stiff and inedible. So, when the two of

them reached their room, they each took one of the fruits and began to eat them, sitting on the edge of their beds.

Alas, now this is what has to happen! That chamber of theirs, you see, was immediately adjacent to the kitchen; joined, in fact, by a common wall. Even the whispered words from one room could be heard in the other, and Eight Rules was busily cooking rice in the kitchen. All that talk, moments before, about taking the golden mallet and the elixir tray had already caught his attention. Then, when he heard how the Tang Monk could not recognize ginseng fruits that were served him, and how they had to be eaten by the young lads in their own room, he could not stop his mouth watering, and said to himself, "How can I try one myself?" Since he himself was reluctant to do anything, he decided to wait for Pilgrim's arrival so that they could plan something together. Completely distracted by now from tending the fire in the stove, he kept sticking his head out of the door to watch for Pilgrim. In a little while, he saw Pilgrim arrive, leading the horse. Having tied the horse to a locust tree, Pilgrim started to walk toward the rear, when Idiot waved to him madly with his hands, crying, "Come this way! Come this way!" Pilgrim turned around and went to the door of the kitchen, saying, "Idiot, why are you yelling? Not enough rice, perhaps? Let the old monk have his fill first, and we can beg more rice from some big household along our way."

"Come in," said Eight Rules. "This has nothing to do with the amount of rice we have. There's a treasure in this Daoist temple. Did you know that?"

"What kind of treasure?" asked Pilgrim.

"I can tell you," said Eight Rules with a laugh, "but you have never seen it; I can put it before you, but you won't recognize it."

"You must be joking, Idiot," said Pilgrim. "Five hundred years ago, when I, old Monkey, searched for the Way of Immortality, I went all the way to the corner of the ocean and the edge of the sky. What can there be that I have never seen?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "have you ever seen the ginseng fruit?" Somewhat startled, Pilgrim said, "That I really have never seen! But I have heard that ginseng fruit is the grass of the reverted cinnabar. When a man eats it, his life will be prolonged. But where can one get ahold of it?"

"They have it here," said Eight Rules. "The two lads brought two of these fruits for Master to eat, but that old monk could not recognize them for what they were. He said that they were infants not yet three days old and dared not eat them. The lads themselves were quite disobliging; if Master would not eat, they should have given them to us. Instead, they hid them from us."

Just now in the room next door, each had a fruit to himself and finished it with great relish. I got so excited that I was drooling, wondering how I could have a taste of this fruit. I know you are quite tricky. How about going to their garden and stealing a few for us to have a taste of them?"

"That's easy," said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey will go, and they will be at the reach of his hands!"

He turned quickly and began to walk to the front. Eight Rules caught hold of him and said, "Elder Brother, I heard them talking in the room, and they mentioned something about using a gold mallet to knock down the fruits. You must do it properly, and without being detected."

“I know! I know!” exclaimed Pilgrim.

Our Great Sage used the magic of body concealment and stole into the Daoist chamber. The two Daoist lads, you see, were not in the room, for they had gone back to the main hall to speak to the Tang Monk after they had finished eating the fruits. Pilgrim looked everywhere for the gold mallet and discovered a stick of red gold hanging on the window pane: it was about two feet long and as thick as a finger. At the lower end there was a knob about the size of a clove of garlic, while the upper end had a hole through which a green woolen thread was fastened. He said to himself:

“This must be the thing called the gold mallet.”

Taking it down, he left the Daoist chamber, went to the rear, and pushed through a double-leaf door to have a look. Ah, it was a garden! You see

*Vermilion fences and carved railings;
Artificial hills ruggedly built.
Strange flowers rival the sun in brightness;
Bamboos match well the clear sky in blueness.
Beyond the flowing-cup pavilion,
One curvate band of willows like mists outspread;
Before the moon-gazing terrace,
Bands of choice pines like spilled indigo.
Shining red,
Pomegranates with brocade-like sacs;
Fresh, tender green,
Grass by the ornamental stools;
Luxuriant blue,
Sand-orchids like jade;
Limpid and smooth,
The water in the brook.
The cassia glows with the wutong by the golden well;
The locust trees stand near the red fences and marble steps.
Some red and some white: peaches with a thousand leaves;
Some fragrant and some yellow: chrysanthemums of late fall.
The rush-flower supports
Complement the peony pavilion;
The hibiscus terrace
Connects with the peony plot.
There are countless princely bamboos that mock the frost,
And noble pines that defy the snow.
There are, moreover, crane hamlets and deer homes,
The square pool and the round pond.
The stream spills chips of jade;
The ground sprouts mounds of gold.
The winter wind cracks and whitens the plum blossoms;
A touch of spring breaks open the begonia's red.
Truly it may be called the best fairy land on Earth,
The finest floral site of the West.*

Pilgrim could not take his eyes off this marvelous place. He came upon another door that he pushed open and found inside a vegetable garden,

*Planted with the herbs of all four seasons:
 Spinach, celery, mare's tail, beet, ginger, and seaweed;
 Bamboo shoot, melon, squash, and watercress;
 Chive, garlic, coriander, leek, and scallion;
 Hollow water-lotus, young celery, and bitter su;
 The gourd and the eggplant that must be trimmed;
 Green turnip, white turnip, and taro deep in the earth;
 Red spinach, green cabbage, and purple mustard plant.*

Pilgrim smiled to himself and said, "So he's a Daoist who eats his homegrown food!"

He walked past the vegetable garden and found another door, which he pushed open also. Ah! There was a huge tree right in the middle of the garden, with long, healthy branches and luxuriant green leaves that somewhat resembled those of the plantain. Soaring straight up, the tree was over a thousand feet tall, and its base must have measured sixty or seventy feet around. Leaning on the tree, Pilgrim looked up and found one ginseng fruit sticking out on one of the branches pointing southward. It certainly had the appearance of an infant with a tail-like peduncle. Look at it dangling from the end of the branch, with limbs moving wildly and head bobbing madly! It seemed to make sounds as it swung in the breeze. Filled with admiration and delight, Pilgrim said to himself, "What a marvelous thing! It's rarely seen! It's rarely seen!" With a swish, he vaulted up the tree.

The monkey, you see, was an expert in climbing trees and stealing fruits. He took the gold mallet and struck lightly at the fruit, which dropped at once from the branch. Pilgrim leaped down after it but the fruit was nowhere to be seen. Though he searched for it all over the grass, there was not a trace of it. "Strange! Strange!" said Pilgrim. "I suppose it could walk with its legs, but even so, it could hardly have jumped across the wall. I know! It must be the local spirit of this garden who will not allow me to steal the fruit; he must have taken it." Making the magic sign and reciting a spell that began with the letter *om*, he summoned the local spirit of the garden, who came bowing to Pilgrim and said, "Great Sage, what sort of instructions do you have for this humble deity?"

"Don't you know," said Pilgrim, "that old Monkey happens to be the world's most famous thief? When I stole the immortal peaches, the imperial wine, and the efficacious pills that year, there was no one brave enough to share the spoils with me. How is it, therefore, when I steal just one of their fruits today, that you have the gall to snatch away the prime portion? Since these fruits are formed on a tree, I suppose even the fowls of the air may partake of them. What's wrong with my eating one of them? How dare you grab it the moment I knock it down?"

"Great Sage," said the local spirit, "you have made a mistake in blaming me. This treasure is something that belongs to an earthbound immortal, whereas I am only a ghost immortal.

Would I dare take it? I don't even have the good fortune to smell it!"

"If you hadn't snatched it," said Pilgrim, "why did it disappear the moment it fell?"

"You may know only about its power to prolong life, Great Sage," said the local spirit, "but you don't know its background."

“What do you mean by background?” said Pilgrim. “This treasure,” said the local spirit, “will bloom only once in three thousand years; it will bear fruit after another three thousand years; and the fruit won’t ripen for yet another three thousand years. All in all, one must wait for almost ten thousand years before there are thirty of these fruits. A person lucky enough to smell it once will live for three hundred and sixty years; if he eats one, he will live for forty-seven thousand years. However, the fruit is resistant to the Five Phases.”

“What do you mean by resistant to the Five Phases?” asked Pilgrim. The local spirit replied, “This fruit will fall when it encounters gold; it will wither when it encounters wood; it will melt when it encounters water; it will dry up if it encounters fire; and it will be assimilated if it encounters earth. That is why one has to use an instrument of gold to knock it down, but when it falls, it has to be held by a tray cushioned with silk handkerchiefs. The moment it touches wood, it will wither and will not prolong life even if it’s eaten.

When it is eaten, it should be held in a porcelain container and should be dissolved with water. Again, fire will dry it up and it will be useless. Finally, what is meant by its assimilation into earth may be illustrated by what happened just now, for when you knocked it down, it at once crawled into the ground. This part of the garden will last for at least forty-seven thousand years. Even a steel pick will not be able to bore through it, for it is three or four times harder than raw iron. That is why a man will live long if he eats one of the fruits. If you don’t believe me, Great Sage, strike at the ground and see for yourself.” Whipping out his golden-hooped rod, Pilgrim gave the ground a terrific blow. The rod rebounded at once, but there was not the slightest mark on the ground. “Indeed! Indeed!” said Pilgrim. “This rod of mine can turn a boulder into powder; it will leave its mark even on raw iron. How is it that there’s not even a scratch on the ground? Well, in that case, I have made a mistake in blaming you. You may go back.”

The local spirit thus went back to his own shrine.

The Great Sage, however, had his own plan: after climbing up on the tree, he held the golden mallet in one hand and, with the other, pulled up the front of his silk shirt to make a little sack. Parting the leaves and branches, he knocked three of the fruits into the sack. He jumped down from the tree and ran straight to the kitchen. “Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules smiling, “do you have them?”

“Aren’t these the ones?” said Pilgrim. “I reached and took, that’s all! But we shouldn’t let Sha Monk pass up the chance of tasting this fruit.

You call him.”

Eight Rules waved his hands and cried, “Wujing, come!” Setting down the luggage, Sha Monk ran into the kitchen and said, “Elder Brother, why did you call me?” Opening the sack, Pilgrim said, “Brother, take a look. What are these?” When Sha Monk saw them, he said, “Ginseng fruits.”

“Fine!” said Pilgrim. “So, you recognize them! Where did you taste them before?”

“I have never tasted the fruit before,” said Sha Monk. “But when I was the Curtain-Raising Captain, I waited on the Throne to attend the Festival of Immortal Peaches, and I once saw many immortals from beyond the sea presenting this fruit to the

Lady Queen Mother as a birthday gift. So I have seen it, but I have never tasted it. Elder Brother, will you let me try a little?"

"No need to say anymore," said Pilgrim.

"There's one for each of us brothers."

The three of them took the fruits and began to enjoy them. That Eight Rules, of course, had a huge appetite and a huge mouth. When he heard the conversation of the young lads earlier, he already felt ravenous. The moment he saw the fruit, therefore, he grabbed it and, with one gulp, swallowed it whole. Then he rolled up his eyes and said in a roguish manner to Pilgrim and Sha Monk, "What are you two eating?"

"Ginseng fruit," said Sha Monk. "How does it taste?" asked Eight Rules. "Wujing," said Pilgrim, "don't listen to him. He ate it first. Why all these questions now?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "I ate it somewhat too hurriedly, not as the two of you are doing, mincing and munching little by little to discover its taste. I swallowed it without even knowing whether it had a pit or not! Elder Brother, if you are helping someone, help him to the end. You have roused the worms in my stomach! Please fetch me another fruit so that I can take time to enjoy it."

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "you really don't know when to stop! This thing here is not like rice or noodles, food to stuff yourself with. There are only thirty such fruits in ten thousand years! It's our great fortune to have eaten one already, and you should not regard this lightly. Stop now! It's enough."

He stretched himself and threw the gold mallet into the adjacent room through a little hole on the window paper without saying anything more to Eight Rules.

Idiot, however, kept muttering and mumbling to himself. When the two Daoist lads unexpectedly came back to the room to fetch some tea for the Tang Monk, they heard Eight Rules complaining about "not enjoying my ginseng fruit," and saying that it would be much better if he could have a taste of another one. Hearing this, Clear Breeze grew suspicious and said, "Bright Moon, listen to that monk with the long snout; he said he wanted to eat another ginseng fruit. Before our master's departure, he told us to be wary of their mischief. Could it be that they have stolen our treasures?"

Turning around, Bright Moon said, "Elder Brother, it looks bad, very bad! Why has the golden mallet fallen to the ground? Let's go into the garden to take a look."

They ran hastily to the back and found the door to the flower garden open. "I closed this door myself," said Clear Breeze. "Why is it open?"

They ran past the flower garden and saw that the door to the vegetable garden was also open. They dashed into the ginseng garden; running up to the tree, they started to count, staring upward. Back and forth they counted, but they could find only twenty-two of the fruits. "You know how to do accounting?" asked Bright Moon. "I do," said Clear Breeze, "give me the figures!"

"There were originally thirty fruits," said Bright Moon. "When Master opened the garden to the public, he divided two of them for all of us, so that twenty-eight fruits were left. Just now we knocked down two more for the Tang Monk, leaving twenty-six behind. Now we have only twenty-two left. Doesn't that mean that four are missing? No need for further explanation; they must have been stolen by that bunch of rogues. Let's go and chide the Tang Monk."

The two of them went out of the garden gate and came directly back to the main hall. Pointing their fingers at the Tang Monk, they berated him with all kinds of foul and abusive language, accusing him of being a larcenous baldhead and a thievish rat. They went on like this for a long time, until finally the Tang Monk could not endure it any longer. “Divine lads,” he said, “why are you making all this fuss? Be quiet a moment. If you have something to say, say it slowly, but don’t use such nonsensical language.”

“Are you deaf?” asked Clear Breeze. “Am I speaking in a barbarian tongue that you can’t understand? You stole and ate our ginseng fruits. Do you now forbid me to say so?”

“What is a ginseng fruit like?” asked the Tang Monk. “Like an infant,” said Bright Moon, “as you said when we brought two of them for you to eat just now.”

“Amitāha Buddha!” exclaimed the Tang Monk. “I only had to take one look at that thing and I trembled all over! You think I would dare steal one and eat it? Even if I had a case of bulimia, I would not dare indulge in such thievery. Don’t blame the wrong person.”

“You might not have eaten them,” said Clear Breeze, “but your followers wanted to steal them and eat them.”

“Perhaps you are right,” said Tripitaka, “but there’s no need for you to shout. Let me ask them. If they have stolen them, I will ask them to repay you.”

“Repay!” said Bright Moon. “You couldn’t buy these fruits even if you had the money!”

“If they can’t buy them with money,” said Tripitaka, “they can at least offer you an apology, for as the proverb says, ‘Righteousness is worth a thousand pieces of gold.’ That should be sufficient. Moreover, we are still not sure whether it is my disciples who took your fruits.”

“What do you mean, not sure?” said Bright Moon. “They were arguing among themselves, saying something about the portions not being equally divided.”

“Disciples,” cried Tripitaka, “come, all of you.” When Sha Monk heard this, he said, “It’s terrible! We’ve been discovered! Old master is calling us, and the Daoist lads are making all this racket. They must have found out!”

“It is extremely embarrassing!” said Pilgrim. “This is just a matter of food and drink. But if we say so, that means we are stealing for our mouths! Let’s not admit it.”

“Yes! Yes!” said Eight Rules. “Let’s deny it!”

The three of them had no choice, however, but to leave the kitchen for the main hall. Alas, we do not know how they would be able to deny the charges; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*The Zhenyuan Immortal gives chase to catch the scripture monk
Pilgrim Sun greatly disturbs Five Villages Abbey*

We were telling you about the three brothers, who went to the main hall and said to their master, "The rice is almost done. Why did you call us?"

"Disciples," said Tripitaka, "I didn't want to ask you about the rice. They have something called the ginseng fruit in this Abbey, which looks like a newborn infant. Which one of you stole it and ate it?"

"Honestly," said Eight Rules, "I don't know anything about it, and I haven't seen it."

"It's the one who is laughing! It's the one who is laughing!" said Clear Breeze. "I was born with a laughing face!" snapped Pilgrim. "Don't think because you have lost some kind of a fruit that you can keep me from laughing!"

"Disciple, don't get angry," said Tripitaka. "Those of us who have left the family should not lie, nor should we enjoy stolen food. If you have in truth eaten it, you owe them an apology. Why deny it so vehemently?" When Pilgrim perceived how reasonable this advice of his master was, he said truthfully, "Master, it's not my fault. It was Eight Rules who overheard those two Daoist lads eating some sort of ginseng fruit. He wanted to try one to see how it tasted and told me to knock down three of the fruits; each of us brothers had one. It's true that we have eaten them. What's to be done about that?"

"He stole four of the fruits," said Bright Moon, "and still this monk could claim that he's not a thief!"

"Amitābha Buddha!" said Eight Rules. "If you stole four of them, why did you only bring out three for us to divide among ourselves? Didn't you skim something off the top already?" So saying, Idiot began to make a fuss again. When the immortal lads found out the truth, they became even more abusive in their language; the Great Sage became so enraged that he ground his steel-like teeth audibly and opened wide his fiery eyes. He gripped his golden-hooped rod again and again, struggling to restrain himself and saying to himself, "These malicious youths! They certainly know how to give people a lashing with their tongues! All right, so I have to take such abuse from them. Let me offer them in return 'a plan for eliminating posterity,' and none of them will have any more fruit to eat!"

Dear Pilgrim! He pulled off a strand of hair behind his head and blew on it with his magic breath, crying "Change!" It changed at once into a specious Pilgrim, standing by the Tang Monk, Wujing, and Wuneng to receive the scolding from the Daoist lads. His true spirit rose into the clouds, and with one leap he arrived at the ginseng garden. Whipping out his golden-hooped rod, he gave the tree a terrific blow, after which he used that mountain-moving divine strength of his to give it a mighty shove. Alas,

*Leaves fell, limbs cracked, and roots became exposed;
The Daoists lost their grass of reverted cinnabar.*

After the Great Sage had pushed down the tree, he tried to look for the fruits on the branches but he could not find even half a fruit. The treasure, you see, would fall when it met with gold, and both ends of his rod were wrapped in gold. Moreover, iron is

also one of the five metallic elements. The blow of the rod, therefore, shook loose all the fruits from the tree, and when they fell, they became assimilated to the earth once they touched the ground, so that there was not a single fruit left on the tree. "Fine! Fine!" he said. "Now all of us can scam!"

He put away his iron rod and went back to the front. With a shake of his body he retrieved his hair, but the rest of the people, like those of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, could not perceive what had taken place.

We now tell you about the two immortal lads, who ranted at the pilgrims for a long time. Clear Breeze said, "Bright Moon, these monks do take our reproach quite well. We have been upbraiding them as if they were chickens all this time, but not once have they even attempted to answer us. Could it be that they really did not steal the fruits? With the tree so tall and the leaves so dense, we could have made a mistake in our tallying, and we might have chided them unjustly. We should go and investigate further."

"You are right," said Bright Moon, and the two of them accordingly went back to the garden. But what they saw was only a tree on the ground with broken boughs and fallen leaves, without so much as a single fruit on it. Clear Breeze was so aghast that his legs gave way and he fell to the ground; Bright Moon shook so violently that he could hardly stand up. Both of them were scared out of their wits! We have, as testimony, this poem:

*Tripitaka went westward to the Long Life Mount;
Wukong cut down the grass of reverted cinnabar.
Boughs broken and leaves fallen, the divine root exposed:
Clear Breeze and Bright Moon were horrified!*

The two of them lay on the ground, hardly able to speak coherently. They could only blurt out, "What shall we do? What shall we do? The magic root of our Five Villages Abbey is severed! The seed of this divine house of ours is cut off! When our master returns, what shall we tell him?"

Then Bright Moon said, "Elder Brother, stop hollering! Let's pull ourselves together and not alarm those monks. There's no one else here; it has to be that fellow with a hairy face and a thundergod beak who used magic unseen to ruin our treasure. If we try to talk to him, he will probably deny it, and further argument may well lead to actual combat. In the event of a fight, how do you suppose the two of us could stand up to the four of them? It would be better if we deceived them now by saying that the fruits were not missing, and that since we made a mistake in our counting, we were offering them our own apology. Their rice is almost cooked. When they eat, we shall even present them with a few side dishes. When each of them is holding a bowl, you stand on the left of the door and I'll stand on the right, and we'll slam the door shut together. We'll lock it and all the other doors of this Abbey too, so that they will not be able to escape. We can then wait for Master to return and let him do with them what he wills. Since the Tang Monk is an old acquaintance of Master, he might decide to forgive them, and that would be his act of kindness. Should he decide not to, however, we have at least managed to catch the thieves, for which we ourselves might be forgiven." When he heard these words, Clear Breeze said, "You are right! You are right!"

The two of them forced themselves to look cheerful as they walked back to the main hall from the rear garden. Bowing to the Tang Monk, they said, "Master, our coarse and vulgar language just now must have offended you. Please pardon us!"

“What are you saying?” asked Tripitaka. “The fruits were not missing,” said Clear Breeze, “but we couldn’t see them clearly because of the dense foliage. We went back again to have a second look and we found the original number.”

Hearing this, Eight Rules chimed in at once. “You lads, you are young and impulsive, quick to condemn before you even know the truth of the matter. You throw out your castigations at random, and you have accused us unjustly. It’s blasphemy!” Pilgrim, however, understood what was going on; though he did not say anything, he thought to himself, “It’s a lie! It’s a lie! The fruits were done with! Why do they say such things? Could it be that they have the magic of revivification?” Meanwhile, Tripitaka said to his disciples, “In that case, bring us some rice. We’ll eat and leave,”

Eight Rules went at once to fetch the rice, while Sha Monk set the table and chairs. The two lads brought out seven or eight side dishes, including pickles, pickled eggplants, radishes in wine sauce, string beans in vinegar, salted lotus roots, and blanched mustard plants for master and disciples to eat with their rice. They also brought out a pot of fine tea and two mugs, and stood on either side of the table to wait on them. As soon as the four of them had taken up their bowls, however, the lads, one on each side, took hold of the door and slammed it tightly shut. They then bolted it with a double-shackle brass lock. “You lads made a mistake,” said Eight Rules with a laugh, “or else your custom here is rather strange. Why do you shut the door before you eat?”

“Indeed!” said Bright Moon. “For good or ill, we will not open the door until after we have eaten.”

Then Clear Breeze lashed out at them, saying, “You bulimic and gluttonous bald thieves! You stole and ate our divine fruits, and you were thus already guilty of eating the produce of someone’s garden without permission. Now you have even knocked over our divine tree and destroyed this immortal root of our Five Villages Abbey. And you still dare to speak to us defiantly? If you think you can reach the Western Heaven to behold the face of Buddha, you will have to ride the Wheel of Transmigration and do it in the next incarnation!” When Tripitaka heard these words, he threw down his rice bowl and sat there weighed down as if by a huge boulder on his heart. The lads then went to lock both the front gate and the second gate before returning to the main hall to revile them once more with the most abusive language. Calling them thieves again and again, the two lads assailed them until it was late, when they then left to eat. After the meal, the lads went back to their own room.

The Tang Monk began to complain at Pilgrim, saying, “You mischievous ape! Every time it’s you who cause trouble! If you stole and ate their fruits, you should have been more forbearing to their reproach. Why did you have to knock down even their tree? If you were brought into court, even if your old man were the judge, you would not be able to defend yourself when you behave like that!”

“Don’t scold me, Master,” said Pilgrim. “If those lads have gone to sleep, let them sleep. We’ll leave tonight.”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “all the doors have been locked securely. How can we leave?” Pilgrim said with a laugh, “Never mind! Never mind! Old Monkey will find a way!”

“You have a way, all right!” said Eight Rules. “All you need to do is to change into some sort of an insect, and you can fly out through a hole or a crack in the window. But what about those of us who don’t know how to change into these tiny things? We have to stay and take the blame for you.”

“If he does something like that,” said the Tang Monk, “and leaves us behind, I’ll recite that *Old-Time Sūtra* and see whether he can take it!” When he heard this, Eight Rules did not know whether to laugh or not.

“Master,” he said, “what are you saying? I have only heard the *Sūraṅgama Sūtra*, the *Lotus Sūtra*, the *Peacock Sūtra*, the *Guanyin*

Sūtra, and the *Diamond Sūtra* in Buddhism, but I have never heard of anything called the *Old-Time Sūtra*.”

“You don’t know about this, Brother,” said Pilgrim. “This fillet that I wear on my head was given to Master by the Bodhisattva Guanyin. Master deceived me into wearing it, and it took root, as it were, on my head so that it could never be removed. There is, moreover, the Tight-Fillet Spell or the Tight-Fillet Sūtra. The moment he recites that, I’ll have a terrible headache, for it’s the magic trick designed to give me a hard time. Master, don’t recite it. I won’t betray you. No matter what happens, all of us will leave together.”

As they spoke, it grew dark and the moon rose in the East. Pilgrim said, “When all is quiet and the crystal orb is bright, this is the time for us to steal away.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “stop this hocus-pocus. The doors are all locked. Where are we going to go?”

“Watch my power!” said Pilgrim. He seized his golden-hooped rod and exercised the lock-opening magic; he pointed the rod at the door and all the locks fell down with a loud pop as the several doors immediately sprung open. “What talent!” said Eight Rules, laughing. “Even if a little smith were to use a lock pick, he wouldn’t be able to do this so nimbly.” Pilgrim said, “This door is nothing! Even the South Heaven Gate would immediately fly open if I pointed this at it!”

They asked their master to go outside and mount the horse; Eight Rules poled the luggage and Sha Monk led the way toward the West. “Walk slowly, all of you,” said Pilgrim. “Let me go and see to it that the Daoist lads will sleep for a month.”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “don’t harm them, or you will be guilty of murder as well as robbery.”

“I won’t harm them,” said Pilgrim.

Going inside again, he went to the door of the room where the lads were sleeping. He still had around his waist a few sleep-inducing insects, which he had won from the Devarāja Virūpākṣa when they had played a game of guess-fingers at the East Heaven Gate.

Taking out two of these insects, he filliped them through a hole in the window. They headed straight for the faces of the lads who fell at once into a sleep so deep that it seemed nothing could arouse them. Then Pilgrim turned around and caught up with the Tang Monk, and all of them fled, following the main road to the West.

Throughout that whole night, the horse did not pause to rest, and they journeyed until it was almost dawn. “Monkey,” said the Tang Monk, “you have just about killed me! Because of your mouth, I’ve had to spend a sleepless night.”

“Stop this complaining!” said Pilgrim. “It’s dawn now, and you may as well take some rest in the forest here by the road. After you have regained a little strength, we’ll move on.”

All that elder could do was to dismount and use a pine root as his couch. As soon as he put down the luggage, Sha Monk dozed off, while Eight Rules fell asleep with a rock as his pillow. The Great Sage Sun, however, had other interests. Just look at him! Climbing the trees and leaping from branch to branch, he had a grand time playing. We shall leave them resting and make no further mention of them now.

We now tell you about the Great Immortal, who left the Tushita Palace with the lesser immortals after the lecture was over.

Descending from the Green Jasper Heaven and dropping down from the auspicious clouds, they arrived before the Five Villages Abbey at the Long Life Mountain, where they found the gates wide open and the grounds neat and clean. "Well," said the Great Immortal, "Clear Breeze and Bright Moon are not that useless after all! Ordinarily, they don't even bestir themselves when the sun is high, but today when we are away, they are willing to rise early to open the gates and sweep the grounds."

All the lesser immortals were delighted, but when they reached the main hall, they discovered neither fire and incense nor any trace of a human person. Clear Breeze and Bright Moon were simply nowhere to be seen! "Because of our absence, the two of them must have stolen away with our things," said the rest of the immortals. "Nonsense!" said the Great Immortal. "How could those who seek the way of immortality dare to engage in such wickedness? They must have forgotten to close the gates last night and gone to sleep. They are probably not yet awake this morning." When they all reached the door of the Daoist lads, they found the door tightly shut and heard heavy snoring from within. They pounded on the door and attempted to rouse them, but the lads could not be wakened by all that clamor. Finally, the immortals managed to pry open the door and pull the lads off their beds; even then they did not wake up. "Dear immortal lads!" said the Great Immortal, laughing. "Those who have attained immortality should not be so desirous of sleep, for their spirits are full. Why are they so fatigued? Could it be that someone has played a trick on them? Quickly, bring me some water!" One of the lads brought half a cup of water to the Great Immortal, who recited a spell before spitting a mouthful of water on the lads' faces. The Sleep Demon was thus exorcised.

Both lads woke up, and as they opened their eyes and wiped their faces, they suddenly saw all the familiar faces of their teacher, Lord, Equal to Earth, and the other immortals. Clear Breeze and Bright Moon were so startled that they knelt down at once and kowtowed, saying, "Master, your old friends, the monks who came from the East, were a bunch of vicious thieves!"

"Don't be afraid!" said the Great Immortal, smiling. "Take your time and tell me about them."

"Master," said Clear Breeze, "Shortly after you left that day, a Tang Monk from the Land of the East did indeed arrive with three other monks and a horse. In obedience to your command, your disciples, having ascertained their origin, took two of the ginseng fruits and served them. That elder, however, had worldly eyes and a foolish mind, for he could not recognize the treasures of our immortal house. He insisted that they were newborn infants not yet three days old and absolutely refused to eat them. For this reason, each of us ate one of the fruits instead. We didn't expect, however, that one of his three disciples, a fellow whose surname was Sun and whose given name was Wukong Pilgrim, would steal and eat four of the fruits. When we discovered the theft, we tried to reason with him, speaking rather forthrightly to that monk. But he refused to

listen to us and instead used the magic of the spirit leaving the body to— oh, this is painful!” When the two lads reached this point in their discourse, they could not hold back their tears. “Did that monk strike you?” asked the rest of the immortals. “He did not hit us,” said Bright Moon, “but he struck down our ginseng tree.” When the Great Immortal heard this, he was not angry. Instead, he said, “Don’t cry! Don’t cry! What you don’t know is that the fellow with the name of Sun is also a minor immortal of the Great Monad; he has great magic power and has caused much disturbance in Heaven. If our treasure tree is struck down, all I want to know is whether you will be able to recognize these monks if you see them again.”

“Certainly,” said Clear Breeze. “In that case,” said the Great Immortal, “follow me. The rest of you disciples can prepare the instruments of punishment. When I return, they shall be whipped.”

The various immortals took this instruction, while the Great Immortal mounted the auspicious luminosity with Clear Breeze and Bright Moon to give chase to Tripitaka. In a moment they had covered a thousand miles, but when the Great Immortal looked toward the West at the tip of the cloud, he could not see the Tang Monk anywhere. When he turned around and stared eastward instead, he found that he had overtaken the pilgrims by some nine hundred miles, for that elder, even with his horse galloping nonstop all night, had managed to travel only one hundred and twenty miles. Reversing the direction of his cloud, the Great Immortal made the trip back in an instant. “Master,” said one of the lads, “that’s the Tang Monk sitting beneath a tree by the road.”

“I see him,” said the Great Immortal. “You two go back and prepare the ropes. Let me capture them by myself.”

Clear Breeze and Bright Moon went back to the Abbey at once.

Dropping down from the clouds, the Great Immortal changed himself into a mendicant Daoist with one shake of his body. “How was he dressed?” you ask.

*A priestly robe patched a hundred times
And a sash in the style of Mr. Lü.
His hands waved a yak’s-tail
And lightly tapped a fish-drum.
Straw sandals with three loops shod his feet;
A sinuous turban wrapped around his head.
With wind-filled sleeves all flutter,
He sang of the rising moon.*

He came straight to the tree and said in a loud voice to the Tang Monk, “Elder, this poor Daoist raises his hands!”

Hastily returning the salutation, the elder said, “Pardon me for not paying respects to you first.”

“Where did the elder come from,” asked the Great Immortal, “and why is he sitting in meditation here beside the road?”

Tripitaka said, “I am a scripture seeker sent by the Great Tang of the Land of the East to the Western Heaven.”

Feigning surprise, the Great Immortal said, “When you came from the East, did you pass through my humble mountain abode?”

“Which precious mountain is the abode of the venerable immortal?” asked the elder. The Great Immortal said, “The Five Villages Abbey in the Long Life Mountain is where I reside.”

The moment he heard this, Pilgrim, having something very much on his mind, replied, “No! No! We came by another route up there.” Pointing a finger firmly at him, the Great Immortal said with a laugh, “Brazen ape! Who are you trying to fool? You struck down my ginseng fruit tree in my Abbey, and then you fled here in the night. You dare deny this? Why try to cover up? Don’t run away! Go quickly and bring back another tree for me!” When Pilgrim heard this, he grew angry and whipped out his iron rod; without waiting for further discussion, he struck at the head of the Great Immortal. Stepping aside to dodge the blow, the Great Immortal trod on the auspicious luminosity and rose into the air, closely followed by Pilgrim, who also mounted the clouds. The Great Immortal changed back into his true form in midair, and this was how he appeared:

*He wore a cap of purple gold,
And a carefree gown trimmed with crane’s down.
He had on his feet a pair of shoes;
A silk sash was tied round his waist.
His body seemed that of a lad
His face, that of a lady fair,
But with flowing moustaches and beard.
Some crow feathers adorned his hair.
He faced Pilgrim but without a weapon,
Save a jade yak’s-tail which he twirled in his hand.*

Above and below, Pilgrim struck wildly with his rod, only to be parried again and again by the Great Immortal wielding his jade yak’s tail. After two or three rounds of fighting, the Great Immortal displayed his magic of the cosmos in the sleeve. Standing on the tip of a cloud and facing the wind, he gently flipped open the wide sleeve of his gown and sent it toward the earth in a sweeping motion. All four of the monks and the horse were at once scooped up into the sleeve. “This is dreadful!” said Eight Rules. “We have been placed in a clothes bag!”

“It isn’t a clothes bag, Idiot!” said Pilgrim. “We’ve been scooped up into his sleeve.”

“In that case,” said Eight Rules, “it shouldn’t be too difficult! Let me use my rake and make a hole in his gown. When we make our escape, we can claim that he was careless and didn’t hold us securely, so that we fell out of his sleeve.” Idiot started to dig into the garment madly with his rake, but all to no avail: although the material was soft to the touch, it was harder than steel when it came into contact with the rake.

Turning around the direction of his auspicious cloud, the Great Immortal went back to the Five Villages Abbey and sat down, ordering his disciples to fetch some ropes. As the little immortals went about their business, he fished out the pilgrims one by one like puppets from his sleeve: first he brought out the Tang Monk and had him bound to one of the large pillars in the main hall. Then he took out the three disciples and had them tied to three other pillars. Finally he took out the horse and had it tied up in the courtyard; it was given some hay while the luggage was thrown into one of the corridors. “Disciples,” said the Great Immortal, “these monks are persons who have left home, and they should not be harmed by knives or spears, hatchets or battle-axes. Bring

out my leather whip instead and give them a beating—as an act of vengeance for my ginseng fruit!” Some of the immortals went quickly to fetch the whip—not the sort made of cow hide, sheep hide, suede, or buffalo hide. It was, rather, a whip of seven thongs made of dragon hide. After soaking it in water for a while, one of the more robust little immortals took it up and asked, “Master, which one shall be flogged first?”

The Great Immortal replied, “Tripitaka Tang is the unworthy senior member of his party. Beat him first.” When Pilgrim heard what he said, he thought to himself, “That old monk of mine cannot stand such flogging. If he’s destroyed by the whip, wouldn’t that be my sin?” Unable to remain silent any longer, he said, “Sir, you are mistaken! It was I who stole the fruits, and it was I who ate the fruits. Moreover, I also pushed down the tree. Why don’t you flog me first? Why do you have to whip him?”

“This brazen ape,” said the Great Immortal, laughing, “does know how to speak courageously! All right, let’s flog him first.”

“How many lashes?” asked the little immortal. “As many as the original number of the fruits,” said the Great Immortal. “Thirty lashes.” Lifting high the whip, the little immortal was about to strike. Fearing that this weapon of an immortal’s house might be a formidable one, Pilgrim opened his eyes wide to see where he was going to be struck and found that the little immortal was about to flog his legs.

With a twist of his torso, Pilgrim said, “Change!” and his two legs became hard as steel, all ready to be flogged. With measured strokes, the little immortal gave him thirty lashes before putting down the whip.

It was already almost noon when the Great Immortal said again, “We should now give Tripitaka a flogging, since he did not know how to discipline his mischievous disciples and permitted them to indulge in unruly behavior.”

As the immortal took up the whip again, Pilgrim said, “You are again mistaken, sir. When the fruits were stolen, my master was conversing in this hall with the two lads; he had no knowledge whatever of what we brothers had perpetrated. Though he might be guilty of not being strict enough in his discipline of us, those of us who are his disciples should receive the punishment for him. Flog me again.”

“This lawless ape!” said the Great Immortal. “Though he is sly and devious, he does possess some filial sentiments! In that case, let’s flog him again.”

The little immortal again gave him thirty lashes. When Pilgrim lowered his head to take a look, he saw that his two legs had been beaten until they were shining like mirrors, though he had no sensation whatever, either of pain or of itching. By this time it was getting late, and the Great Immortal said, “Soak the whip in water. Wait until tomorrow, and then we shall punish them again.”

The little immortals retrieved the whip and placed it in water, after which everyone retired to his own chamber. When they had finished their evening meal, all went away to sleep, and we shall say no more of them now.

With tears flowing from his eyes, the elder began to complain bitterly to his three disciples, saying, “You all have caused this trouble, but I have to suffer with you in this place. What are you going to do about it?”

“Stop this complaining,” said Pilgrim. “They flogged me first, and you haven’t even had a taste of it yet. Why do you have to grumble like that?”

“Though I have not been flogged,” said the Tang Monk, “this rope is causing me to ache all over.”

“Master,” said Sha Monk, “there are others here who are your companions in bondage!”

“Stop this racket, all of you!” said Pilgrim. “In a little while, we’ll all be on our way again.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you are fibbing again. We are tightly bound now in hemp ropes sprayed with water. They are not like the locks on those doors that you opened so easily with your magic!”

“This is no exaggeration,” said Pilgrim, “but I’m not afraid of a three-ply hemp rope sprayed with water. Even if it were a coir cord as thick as a small bowl, I would consider it as insubstantial as the autumn wind!”

Hardly had he finished speaking when it became completely quiet everywhere. Dear Pilgrim! He contracted his body and at once freed himself from the ropes, saying, “Let’s go, Master!”

“Elder Brother,” said a startled Sha Monk, “save us, too!”

“Speak softly! Speak softly!” said Pilgrim. He untied Tripitaka, Sha Monk, and Eight Rules; they put on their clothes, saddled the horse, and picked up the luggage from the corridor. As they walked out of the Abbey gate, Pilgrim said to Eight Rules, “Go to the edge of the cliff there and bring back four willow trees.”

“What do you want them for?” asked Eight Rules. “I have use for them. Bring them quickly.” Idiot did possess some sort of brutish strength. He did as he was told, and with one shove of his snout he felled one of the willow trees. Knocking down three more, he gathered them up into a bundle and hauled them back. Pilgrim stripped the branches off the trunks, and the two of them carried the trunks inside, where they fastened them to the pillars with the ropes with which they had earlier been tied up themselves. Then the Great Sage recited a spell; biting the tip of his own tongue, he spat some blood on the trees and cried, “Change!” One of them changed into the elder, another changed into a figure like himself, and the two other trees changed into Sha Monk and Eight Rules. They all seemed to look exactly alike; when questioned, they knew how to make replies; when their names were called, they knew how to answer. Only then did the two of them run back out and catch up with their master. As before, the horse did not pause to rest for that whole night as they fled the Five Villages Abbey. When morning arrived, however, the elder was nodding on the horse, hardly able to remain in the saddle. When Pilgrim saw him like that, he called out, “Master, you are terribly soft! How is it that a person who has left home like yourself has so little endurance? If I, old Monkey, went without sleep even for a thousand nights, I still would not feel fatigue. Well, you had better get off the horse, so that travelers won’t see your condition and laugh at you.

Let’s find a temporary shelter beneath the mountain slope and rest awhile before we move on again.” We shall not tell you any more now about master and disciples resting by the way; we shall tell you instead of the Great Immortal, who rose at the crack of dawn and went out at once to the main hall after taking his morning meal. He said, “Bring out the whip. It’s Tripitaka’s turn today to be flogged.”

The little immortal wielded the whip and said to the Tang Monk, “I’m going to beat you.”

“Go ahead,” said the willow tree, and he was given thirty lashes. Changing the direction of his whip, the little immortal said to Eight Rules, “I’m going to flog you.”

“Go ahead,” said the other willow tree, and the one that was changed into the form of Sha Monk gave the same reply when it was his turn. By the time they reached Pilgrim, the real Pilgrim, resting by the wayside, was suddenly sent into a violent shudder. “Something’s wrong!” he exclaimed. “What do you mean?” asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim said, “I transformed four willow trees into the four of us, thinking that since they flogged me twice yesterday, they would not beat me again today. But they are giving my transformed body a beating, and that’s why my true body is shivering. I had better stop the magic.”

Hastily, Pilgrim recited a spell to suspend the magic.

Look at those frightened Daoist lads! The one who was doing the flogging threw away the whip and ran to report, saying, “Master, at first I was beating the Great Tang Monk, but now I am only striking at some willow roots!” When the Great Immortal heard these words, he laughed bitterly, saying, “Pilgrim Sun! Truly a marvelous Monkey King! It was rumored that when he caused great disturbance in Heaven, even the cosmic nets that the gods set up could not hold him. I suppose there must be some truth to that! So, you escaped! But why did you have to tie up these willow trees here to impersonate you and your companions? I’m not going to spare you! I’ll pursue you!” Saying this, the Great Immortal at once rose into the clouds; he peered toward the West and saw the monks fleeing, poling the load of luggage and riding the horse. The Great Immortal dropped down from the clouds, crying, “Pilgrim Sun! Where are you running to? Give me back my ginseng tree!”

Hearing this, Eight Rules said, “We’re finished! Our foe is here again!”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “let’s pack up that little word ‘Kindness’ for the moment. Allow us to indulge in a little violence and finish him off so that we can make our escape.” When the Tang Monk heard these words, he trembled all over, hardly able to reply. Without even waiting for his answer, however, Sha Monk lifted his precious staff, Eight Rules brought out his muck-rake, and the Great Sage wielded his iron rod. They all rushed forward to surround the Great Immortal in midair and began to strike at him furiously. For this vicious battle, we have the following poem as testimony:

*Wukong knew not that Zhenyuan Immortal—
Lord, Equal to Earth—was wondrous and strange.
Though three weapons divine showed forth their might,
One yak’s-tail flew up with natural ease
To parry the thrusts on the left and right,
To block the blows struck at the front and back.
Night passed, day came, still they could not escape!
How long would it take them to reach the West?*

The three brothers all raised their divine weapons and attacked the immortal together, but the Great Immortal had only the fly brush with which to meet his adversaries. The battle, however, had not lasted for half an hour when the Great Immortal spread open his sleeve and with one scoop, recaptured the four monks, the horse, and their luggage. Reversing the direction of his cloud, he went back to his Abbey, where he was greeted by the other immortals. The Master Immortal took a seat in the main hall and again took out the pilgrims one by one from his sleeve. The Tang Monk was bound to a short locust tree in the courtyard, while Sha Monk and Eight

Rules were fastened to two other trees, one on each side. Pilgrim, however, was tightly bound but left on the ground. "I suppose," thought Pilgrim to himself, "they are going to interrogate me."

After the immortals had finished tying up the captives, they were told to bring out ten large bales of cloth. "Eight Rules," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "this gentleman must have the good intention of making us some clothes! He might as well be more economical and just cut us a few monks' bells!"

After the little immortals had brought out the homespun cloth, the Great Immortal said, "Wrap up Tripitaka Tang, Zhu Eight Rules, and Sha Monk entirely in the cloth."

The little immortals obeyed and wrapped the three of them completely. "Fine! Fine! Fine!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "We are prepared to be buried alive!"

After they were wrapped, the Daoists brought out some lacquer that they had made themselves, and the Great Immortal gave the order that the wrappings of the pilgrims be completely coated with the varnish. Only their faces were left uncovered. "Sir," said Eight Rules, "I'm all right on top, but leave me a hole down below so that I can unburden myself!"

The Great Immortal next gave the order that a huge frying pan be brought out. "Eight Rules, we are lucky!" said Pilgrim, laughing.

"If they are hauling out a pan, they must want to cook some rice for us to eat."

"That's all right with me," said Eight Rules. "If they let us eat some rice, we'll be well-fed ghosts even if we die!"

The various immortals duly brought out a huge pan, which they set up before the steps of the main hall. After giving the order that a big fire be built with plenty of dry firewood, the Great Immortal said, "Fill the pan with clear oil. When it boils, dump Pilgrim Sun into the pan and fry him! That'll be his payment for my ginseng tree!" When Pilgrim heard this, he was secretly pleased, saying to himself, "This is exactly what I want! I haven't had a bath for some time and my skin is so dry that it's getting itchy. For good or ill, I'll enjoy a little scorching and be most grateful for it." In a moment, the oil was about to boil. The Great Sage, however, was quite cautious; fearing that this might be some form of formidable divine magic that would be difficult for him to handle once he was in the pan, he looked around quickly. In the east he saw a little terrace with a sundial on top, but to the west he discovered a stone lion. With a bound, Pilgrim rolled himself toward the west; biting the tip of his tongue, he spat a mouthful of blood on the stone lion, crying, "Change!" It changed into a figure just like himself, all tied up in a bundle. His true spirit rose into the clouds, from where he lowered his head to stare at the Daoists.

Just then, one of the little immortals gave this report, "Master, the oil is sizzling in the pan."

"Pick up Pilgrim Sun and throw him in!" said the Great Immortal. Four of the divine lads went to carry him, but they could not lift him up; eight more joined them, but they had no success either. They added four more, and still they could not even budge him. "This monkey loves the earth so much that he can't be moved!" said one of the immortals. "Though he may be rather small, he's quite tough!"

Finally, twenty little immortals managed to lift him up and hurl him into the pan; there was a loud splash, big drops of boiling oil flew out in every direction, and the faces of those little Daoists were covered with blisters. Then they heard the lad who was tending the fire crying, “The pan’s leaking! The pan’s leaking!”

Hardly had he uttered these words when all the oil was gone. What they saw in the pan with its bottom punctured was a stone lion.

Enraged, the Great Immortal said, “That wretched ape! He’s wicked indeed! And I’ve allowed him to show off right in front of my nose! So, he wanted to escape, but why did he have to ruin my pan? I suppose it’s exceedingly difficult to catch the wretched ape, and even if one does catch him, trying to hold him is like trying to grasp sand or handle mercury, to catch a shadow or seize the wind! All right! All right! Let him go. Untie Tripitaka Tang and bring out a new pan. We’ll fry him instead in order to avenge my ginseng tree.”

The various little immortals accordingly went to untie the lacquer cloth, but Pilgrim, who heard this clearly in the air, thought to himself, “Master is utterly helpless! If he arrives in the pan, the first boiling bubble will kill him and the second will burn him up; by the time the oil sizzles three or four times, he’ll be a messy monk! I had better go and save him!”

Dear Great Sage! He lowered the direction of his cloud and went back to the main hall. With his hands at his waist, he said, “Don’t untie the lacquer wrapping to fry my master. Let me go into the pan of boiling oil instead.”

“You wretched ape!” cried a somewhat startled Great Immortal. “How dare you display such tricks to wreck my stove?”

“If you have the misfortune of meeting me,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “your stove deserves to be overturned! Why blame me? Just now, I was about to receive your kind hospitality in the form of oily soup, but I suddenly had the urge to relieve myself. If I opened up right in the pan, I was afraid that I might spoil your hot oil so that it could not be used for cooking. Now that I’m completely relieved, I feel quite good about going into the pan. Don’t fry my master; fry me instead.” When the Great Immortal heard these words, he laughed menacingly and ran out of the hall to catch hold of Pilgrim. We do not know what sort of things he has to say to him, or whether Pilgrim manages to escape again. Let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-SIX

*Amid the Three Islands Sun Wukong seeks a cure
With sweet dew Guanshiyin revives a tree*

*Hold fast in life the "sword" above the "heart."
Recall the "long" beside the "suffering."
The proverb says the sword's the law of life,
But think thrice to check both anger and pride.
"The noblest" is peaceful—it's taught long ago;
"The sage loves virtue"—a truth for all times.
The strong man will meet someone stronger still:
Come to naught at last he surely will!*

We were telling you about the Zhenyuan Great Immortal, who grabbed Pilgrim and said, "I know your abilities, and I have heard of your reputation. But you have been most deceitful and unscrupulous this time. You may indulge in all sorts of wizardry, but you can't escape from my hands. I'll argue with you all the way to the Western Heaven to see that Buddhist Patriarch of yours, but you won't get away from having to restore to me the Ginseng Fruit Tree. So stop playing with your magic!"

"Dear Sir!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "How petty you are! If you want the tree revived, there's no problem. If you had said so in the first place, we would have been spared this conflict."

"No conflict!" said the Great Immortal. "You think I would let you get away with what you have done?"

"Untie my master," said Pilgrim, "and I'll give you back a living tree. How's that?"

"If you really possess the power," said the Great Immortal, "to make the tree alive again, I'll go through the proper ceremony of 'Eight Bows' with you and become your bond-brother."

"Relax!" said Pilgrim. "Let them go, and you can be certain that old Monkey will give you back a living tree."

The Great Immortal reckoned that they could not escape; he therefore gave the order to free Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk.

"Master," said Sha Monk, "I wonder what sort of tricks Elder Brother is up to this time."

"What sort of tricks?" asked Eight Rules. "This is called the trick of 'Pulling Wool Right over Your Eyes.' The tree is dead! You think it could be cured and revived? He's just putting out some empty formula for show. On the pretext of going to find medicine to cure the tree, he will flee and take to the road all by himself. You think he has any care for us?"

"He won't dare leave us behind," said Tripitaka. "Let's ask him where he is going to find the cure."

He then called out, "Wukong, how did you manage to deceive the Immortal Master and have us freed?"

“Old Monkey is speaking the truth, only the truth,” said Pilgrim. “What do you mean by deceiving him?”

Tripitaka asked. “Where will you go to find the cure?” Pilgrim replied, “According to an old proverb, ‘The cure comes from the seas.’ I want to go now to the Great Eastern Ocean and make a complete tour of the Three Islands and the Ten Islets. I want to visit all the Immortals and Aged Sages to ask for a method of revivification that will revive the tree for him.”

“How long do you need to be away before returning?” said Tripitaka. “Only three days.”

“All right,” said Tripitaka. “As you said, I’ll give you three days. If you return by that time, everything will be fine. If you don’t come back after three days, I’ll begin reciting that ‘Old-Time Sūtra’!”

“I hear you! I hear you!” said Pilgrim.

Look how he quickly straightened his tiger-skin kilt. As he walked out the door, he said to the Great Immortal, “You need not worry, sir. I leave now, but I’ll be back very soon. But you must take good care of my master; see that he lacks none of the three meals and the six teas of the day. If my master’s clothes become soiled or wrinkled, wash and starch them. Should he want anything, old Monkey will settle the account with you when he returns. I’ll finish puncturing all the pans for you! If my master’s face pales even a little, I won’t take him back; and if he becomes a trifle thin, I’ll not leave this place.”

“Go, go,” said the Great Immortal. “I’ll see to it that he doesn’t starve!”

Dear Monkey King! He mounted his cloud somersault quickly and left the Abbey of Five Villages, heading straight for the Great Eastern Ocean. Moving through the air like lightning and meteor, he soon arrived at the immortal region of Penglai.

He lowered his cloud and took a careful look below: it was a lovely place indeed, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*A great land divine, the sages’ domain,
These Penglai islands calm the winds and waves.
Jasper towers’ cool the heavens with their shades;
Tall arches’ bright reflections float on the sea.
Mists of five colors veil the jade-green sky;
High on the gold turtle stars and moon shine.
The Queen of the West would this place frequent
For Three Immortals with peaches as present.*

Before he had finished looking at this divine scenery, Pilgrim was already entering Penglai. As he walked, he saw three old men playing encirclement chess in the shade of some pine trees outside the White-Cloud Cave. The one watching the game was the Star of Longevity, while the two playing were the Star of Blessing and the Star of Wealth. Pilgrim approached them, crying, “Old brothers, receive my bow!” When the Three Stars saw him, they pushed away the chess board and returned his salutation. “Great Sage, why did you come here?” they asked. “I came especially to have some fun with all of you,” said Pilgrim. “I heard that the Great Sage, who forsook Daoism to follow Buddhism,” said the Star of Longevity, “had won back his freedom to protect the Tang Monk on his journey to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. He must be traveling over rugged roads every day. Where would he find time to have fun with us?”

Pilgrim said, "To tell all of you the truth, old Monkey has run into a little obstacle halfway on the journey to the West. That's why I came to request some assistance, but I don't know whether you are willing to help me or not."

"At what place?" asked the Star of Blessing. "What sort of obstacle? Tell us plainly so that we may decide."

"We were stopped while passing the Abbey of Five Villages at the Long Life Mountain."

"The Abbey of Five Villages is the divine residence of the Zhenyuan Great Immortal," said one of the three old men, who were astonished. "Could it be that you stole and ate his ginseng fruits?"

"So I stole and ate them," said Pilgrim with a laugh. "How much could they be worth?"

"You ape!" said one of the three old men. "You *are* dumb! A man who takes one whiff of that fruit will live to be three hundred and sixty years old; he eats one and he'll last forty-seven thousand years. That's why it bears the name of 'The Long-Life Grass of Reverted Cinnabar.' The level of cultivation in Dao of that Great Immortal far surpasses ours! With such a thing in his possession, he can easily have the same age as Heaven, whereas we still have to nourish our spermal essence, cultivate our breaths, fortify our spirits, harmonize the tiger and the dragon, catch the *kan* to fill up the *li*—in short, we have to spend a lot of time and effort just to attain immortality. How could you say, 'How much could they be worth?' Throughout the whole world, that's the only kind of spiritual root there is."

"Spiritual root! Spiritual root!" said Pilgrim. "I have already uprooted it!"

"What do you mean by 'uprooted it'?" asked the three old men, greatly alarmed. Pilgrim said, "When we went to the Abbey the other day, the Great Immortal was not home, and only two lads received my master. They served him two ginseng fruits, but my master did not realize that they were fruits. Thinking that they were infants not yet three days old, he absolutely refused to eat them. The lads took them away and ate them without bothering even to share them with us. So, old Monkey went and stole three of the fruits for us three brothers to eat, but those two lads, without any sense of propriety, kept on calling us thieves. Old Monkey got mad and gave the tree a blow with his rod. When it fell to the ground, the fruits on it disappeared, the branches snapped, the leaves dropped, and it died with all its roots exposed. The lads tried to imprison us, but old Monkey broke their lock and left. Early next morning, their master came back and gave chase; we had a few rough exchanges with him which led eventually to a fight. In a flash, he flipped open that sleeve of his and bagged all of us. We were bound and shackled, interrogated and whipped for a whole day, but we managed to escape again that night. He caught up with us once more and took us captive. Mind you, there was not an inch of steel on him! He had only that yak's tail to parry our blows, but none of the three weapons of us brothers could even touch him. And so he gave us more of the same treatment, wrapping my master and my two younger brothers in cloth coated with varnish but putting me in a pan of boiling oil. I then showed him my special talent for escape, but not before I had punctured his pan. When he saw that he could not hold me captive, he became somewhat intimidated, and that was when I sweet-talked him into freeing my master and my brothers with the promise that I would revive his tree for him. That's how we came to a temporary truce. When I remembered the saying, 'The cure comes from the seas,' I decided to pay you three old Brothers a visit in this lovely

place. If you have any formula to cure the tree, please pass it on to me at once so that I can rescue the Tang Monk from his ordeal.” When the Three Stars heard these words, they became distressed also. One of them said, “Monkey, you’re completely ignorant of people! That Master Zhenyuan is the patriarch of earthbound immortals, while we belong to the lineage of divine immortals. You may have some sort of position in Heaven, but you are only an irregular number in the Great Monad clan, and you have yet to attain an authentic rank. How could you possibly expect to escape from him? If you had killed some beast or bird, some insect or scaly creature, all you would need is one grain of my millet-elixir and it would be revived. The ginseng fruit, however, is the very root of all divine trees. How could it be healed? There’s no cure for it!” When Pilgrim heard that there was no cure available, his brow became completely furrowed.

“Great Sage,” said the Star of Blessing, “though there is no cure here, there may be one in another place. Why are you so dejected?” Pilgrim said, “Of course, I don’t mind going to another place to seek a cure. It would have been a small matter indeed, even if I had to journey to the edge of the seas or make a complete tour of the thirty-six Heavens. But that Elder Tang of mine, who is neither tolerant nor magnanimous, has given me a limit of three days. If I don’t return with something after three days, he’ll start reciting the Tight-Fillet Spell.”

“Good! Good! Good!” said the Three Stars, laughing. “Had it not been for this little means of control, you would be crawling all over Heaven again!”

Then the Star of Longevity said, “Relax, Great Sage. Don’t worry. Though that Great Immortal is our senior, he does know us. As we have not visited him for a long time, and as it is for the sake of the Great Sage, we three shall go and call on him right now. We’ll express your concern to the Tang Monk and tell him not to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. Three days, four days—what’s the difference? We won’t leave them until you come back with the cure.”

“Thank you! Thank you!” said Pilgrim. “Please get on with your journey, old Brothers. I’m off.” So the Great Sage took leave of them, and we shall say no more of that.

We tell you now about the Stars, who mounted the auspicious luminosity and went straight to the Abbey of Five Villages. The crowd at the Abbey was milling about when suddenly the cries of cranes could be heard in the sky to announce the arrival of the three elders.

You could see

*A sky lit up by sheens of auspicious light,
As sweet, unending fragrance filled the air.
Colored mist—a thousand strands—veiled the feathered gowns;
Fleecy clouds in petals held up the Immortals’ feet
(
As green phoenixes flew
And red phoenixes soared).
Their sleeves sent a scented breeze to sweep the earth;
Their staffs, like hanging dragons, brought laughter gay;
Their beards swayed before them like medals of jade.
Their blithe, youthful features showed no grief or care;
Their strong, healthy frames were those of the blessed.
They held tallies of stars*

*To fill up the sea-mansions;
 From their waists hung the gourds and precious scrolls.
 Ten thousand decades—so grand was their age.
 On the Three Islands and Ten Islets they freely lived.
 They came to this world often to grant their boons
 And increase man's blessings a hundredfold.
 The whole, wide world
 Bright with glory and wealth!
 To have now endless blessing and endless life!
 Three elders riding on halos saw the Immortal Great:
 What boundless peace and blessing filled the hall!*

When an immortal lad saw this, he ran to make the report, “Master, the Three Stars from the sea have arrived.” Master Zhenyuan was just chatting with the Tang Monk and his disciples. Hearing the announcement, he went down the steps into the courtyard to receive the visitors. When Eight Rules saw the Star of Longevity, he grabbed him and said with a laugh, “You blubbery old codger! I haven’t seen you for a long time, and you still look so dashing! Why, you didn’t even bring along a hat!”

Taking off his own monk’s cap, he plopped it on the head of the Star, clapped his hands, and roared with laughter. “Fine! Fine! Fine!” he cried. “As the saying goes, ‘Put on the cap to increase riches!’”

Throwing away the cap, the Star of Longevity snapped back, “You stupid coolie! You have absolutely no manners!”

“I’m no coolie,” said Eight Rules, “but you are all knaves.”

“You are indeed a stupid coolie,” said the Star of Blessing, “and you even dare to call people knaves?”

“If you are not the knaves of some household,” said Eight Rules again, laughing, “how is it that you come bearing the names ‘Increase Age,’ ‘Increase Blessing,’ and ‘Increase Wealth?’”

At that moment, Tripitaka ordered Eight Rules to step back while he straightened his clothes quickly to greet the Three Stars, who in turn saluted the Great Immortal as a senior colleague before they dared take a seat. After they were seated, the Star of Wealth said, “We apologize for not coming to pay our respects for such a long time. We came now especially to see you since we learned that the Great Sage Sun had caused some disturbance here.”

“Has Pilgrim Sun been to Penglai already?” asked the Great Immortal. “Yes,” said the Star of Longevity. “As he had damaged the cinnabar tree of the Great Immortal, he came to our place to seek a cure. When he found out that we didn’t have any, he went elsewhere in search of it. He was afraid, however, that he would exceed the time limit of three days set by the holy monk and provoke him to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. That is the reason why we came to see you and to ask you for an extension of the limit.” When Tripitaka heard this, he said repeatedly, “I won’t recite it! I won’t recite it!”

As they talked, Eight Rules came running in again to tug at the Star of Blessing. Demanding that he be given some fruits to eat, he began to give the Star a complete search, poking into his sleeves, frisking his waist, and even lifting up the hem of his robe. “What sort of bad manners is that, Eight Rules?” asked Tripitaka with a laugh. “I’m not ill-mannered,” said Eight Rules. “This is called ‘Every Turn’s a Blessing.’”

Tripitaka again ordered him to leave. As he slogged toward the door, Idiot turned and stared fiercely at the Star of Blessing. “Stupid coolie!” said the Star. “How have I offended you that you should be so mad at me?”

“I’m not mad at you,” said Eight Rules. “I’m just doing what they call ‘Turning Your Head to Look for Blessing’!” When Idiot went out of the door, he ran into a little lad holding four teaspoons while searching in the hall for the cups with which he could present tea. Eight Rules grabbed the spoons and ran into the main hall; picking up a sonorous stone, he began to strike it wildly with the spoons as he pranced about. “This monk,” said the Great Immortal, “is becoming more and more undignified!”

“I’m not undignified,” said Eight Rules, laughing. “This is called the ‘Joyful Festivities of Four Seasons.’”

We shall now stop telling you about the pranks of Eight Rules and turn instead to Pilgrim, who mounted the auspicious clouds to leave Penglai and soon arrived at the Fangzhang Mountain. It was a lovely mountain indeed, for which we have the following testimonial poem.

*The soaring Fangzhang, a Heaven itself,
The primal palace where immortals meet:
Purple towers light up the three pure paths;
Floral scent floats up with five-colored mists.
Gold phoenixes oft pause on the pearly arch.
Who floods with jade cream the agaric fields?
Pink peaches and purple plums newly ripened
Announce an aeon’s change among the gods.*

Pilgrim lowered his cloud, but he was in no mood to enjoy the scenery. As he proceeded, he was met by a gentle scented breeze and by the sounds of black cranes. Then he saw in the distance an immortal, from whom

*Ten thousand motley beams lit up the sky;
Colored mists soared in endless shafts of light.
His red phoenix’s mouth held flowers fresh;
His green phoenix flew with canorous cries.
With luck like the sea and age like a mount,
He looked like a boy of sound, healthy frame.
His vase kept the cave-heaven’s ageless drug;
A seal old as the sun hung from his waist.
He brought blessings to mankind severally
And saved the world a few times from distress.
King Wu summoned him to add to his age.
He always attended the Festival of Peach.
He taught the monks to break their worldly ties,
Revealing like lightning a great way to them.
He crossed the seas to wish a man long life,
And saw Buddha often at Spirit Mount.
His holy title: Grand Thearch of the East,
First of the immortals midst smoke and mist.*

Somewhat shamefacedly, Pilgrim Sun met him and said, “Grand Thearch, I’m raising my hands!”

The Grand Thearch hastened to return the salutation, saying, “Great Sage, forgive me for not going to meet you. Please come to my place and let me serve you tea.”

He then took the hands of Pilgrim and led him inside. It was truly a divine palace, where there were countless arches studded with pearloyster shells, jasper pools, and jade terraces. As they sat down to wait for their tea, a little lad stepped out from behind the jade screen.

“How was he dressed?” you ask.

*His body wore a Daoist robe of lustrous hues;
A bright silk sash was tied around his waist;
He trod the Dipper wearing a silk head wrap;
His feet shod straw sandals to tour fairy haunts.
Refining the pristinely real
He shed his original shell.
Merit achieved, he could do as he pleased.
He learned the source of spirit, sperm, and breath
As a master would know without mistake.
He fled from fame, now owning ageless life—
The months, the seasons had no hold on him.
Passing winding corridors
To ascend royal towers,
He palmed from Heaven gods’ peaches three times.
In colored mist he left the kingfisher screens,
This lowly immortal named Dongfang Shuo.*

When Pilgrim saw him, he laughed and said, “So, this little crook is here! But there’s no peach at the Grand Thearch’s place for you to steal and eat.”

Dongfang Shuo bowed to him and replied, “Old burglar! Why did you come? There’s no divine elixir at my master’s place for you to steal and eat.”

“Stop blabbering, Manqian,” cried the Grand Thearch. “Bring us some tea.” Manqian, you see, was the religious name of Dongfang Shuo. He hurried inside to fetch two cups of tea. After they had finished drinking, Pilgrim said, “Old Monkey came here to ask of you a favor. Will you grant me that?”

“What favor?” said the Grand Thearch. “Please tell me.”

“I recently became guardian of the Tang Monk on his westward journey,” said Pilgrim. “We were passing by the Abbey of Five Villages at the Long Life Mountain, where we were insulted by two young lads. My anger of the moment made me topple their Ginseng Fruit Tree, which led to the Tang Monk being detained for the time being. That’s why I came to ask you for a cure. I hope you’ll be generous about the matter.”

“You ape,” said the Grand Thearch. “You have no care for anything except to cause trouble everywhere. Master Zhenyuan of the Abbey of Five Villages, with the holy title of ‘Lord, Equal to Earth,’ happens to be the patriarch of earthbound immortals. How did you manage to offend someone like him? That Ginseng Fruit Tree of his, you know, is the grass of the reverted cinnabar. If you had stolen it and eaten it, you would be guilty already. Now you have gone so far as to knock the tree down. You think he’ll let you get away with that?”

“Exactly,” said Pilgrim. “We did escape, but he caught up with us and scooped us up in his sleeve as if we were handkerchiefs.

It’s a troublesome affair: since I could not prevail, I had to promise him that the tree would be cured. That’s why I came to beg you.”

The Grand Thearch said, “I have one grain of the Great Monad Elixir of Nine Reversions. It can cure all the sentient creatures in the world, but it cannot cure trees. For trees are the spirits of earth and wood, nourished by Heaven and Earth. Moreover, the Ginseng Fruit Tree is no tree of the mortal world; if it were, you might find a cure for it. But the Long Life Mountain happens to be a Heavenly region, and the Abbey of Five Villages is a cave-heaven of the West Aparagodānīya Continent. And the Ginseng Fruit Tree produced there is a spiritual root that came into existence at the time of creation. How could it be healed? I have no cure, none whatever!”

“If you have no cure, old Monkey will take his leave,” said Pilgrim. The Grand Thearch would have liked to offer him a cup of jade nectar, but Pilgrim said, “This is emergency business; I dare not linger.”

He then mounted the clouds to proceed to the island of Yingzhou. This, too, was a lovely place, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*The elegant pearl tree aglow in purple mists;
Yingzhou’s arches and towers touching the sky;
Green hills, blue waters, and fair coralline blooms;
Jade nectar, red steel, and the hard iron stone.
The five-colored cock crows at the sea’s sunrise;
The red phoenix, ageless, breathes in scarlet mists.
In vain mortals would seek this gourd-held scene,
An endless spring beyond the world of forms.*

Our Great Sage arrived at Yingzhou, where before the red cliffs and beneath the pearl trees sat several figures with luminous white hair and beards, immortals of youthful complexion. They were playing chess and drinking wine, telling jokes and singing songs. Truly there were

*Hallowed clouds all filled with light;
Auspicious mists with fragrance afloat;
Colorful phoenixes calling at the cave’s entrance;
Dark cranes dancing on top of the mountain.
Jadelike lotus roots and peaches went well with wine;
Magic pears and fire dates prolonged the years.
None of them had need to heed a royal summons,
Though the divine record had each of their names.
Wholly at ease, they could wander and play;
With no work or care, they could do as they please.
The months, the years had no hold on their lives;
Throughout the great world they were completely free.
How lovely were the black apes
Who came in pairs, bowing, to present the fruits!
How friendly are the white deer
Who lay down two by two with flowers in their mouths!*

Those old men were enjoying themselves when our Pilgrim walked up to them and cried, “How about letting me have some fun too?” When the immortals saw him, they quickly rose to greet him. We have a poem as a testimony, and the poem says:

*The spirit roots of the Ginseng Fruit Tree snapped;
The Great Sage called on the gods for a wondrous cure.
As scarlet light poured from the divine grove,
He was met by the Nine Elders of Yingzhou.*

Recognizing the Nine Elders, Pilgrim said, laughing, “Old Brothers, how content you are!”

“If the Great Sage in years past had persevered in the truth,” said the Nine Elders, “and had not disrupted Heaven, he would be even more content than we are. But you are all right now. We heard that you had returned to the truth to seek Buddha in the West. Where do you find such leisure to come here?” Pilgrim then gave a thorough account of his efforts to find a cure for the tree. Astounded, the Nine Elders said, “You cause too much trouble! Just too much trouble. Honestly, we don’t have any cure.”

“If you don’t,” said Pilgrim, “I shall take leave of you.”

The Nine Elders asked him to stay and drink some jade nectar and eat some lotus root. Pilgrim would not sit down but, standing, drank a glass of nectar and ate a piece of lotus. He then left Yingzhou swiftly and headed straight for the Great Eastern Ocean. Soon the Potalaka Mountain came in sight. Dropping down from the clouds, he went straight to the top of the mountain, where he saw the Bodhisattva Guanyin giving a lecture to the various celestial guardians, dragon-ladies, and Mokṣa in the purple bamboo grove. As a testimony, we have a poem which says:

*The sea-mistress city’s tall with thick hallowed air.
Here you see countless marvelous things.
Know that the thousand vague and varied forms
Are all found in a book’s one soundless leaf.
Four Noble Truths conferred will bear right fruit:
Six Stages, when listened to, will set you free.
This young grove has pleasures special and true:
Trees full of reddened fruits and fragrant flowers.*

The Bodhisattva was the first to notice Pilgrim’s arrival, and she asked the Great Mountain Guardian to go meet him. As he came out of the grove, the guardian shouted, “Sun Wukong, where are you going?” Raising his head, Pilgrim cried, “Bear rascal! Is Wukong the name for you to take in vain? If old Monkey hadn’t spared you back then, you would have been a corpse on the Black Wind Mountain. Today you are a follower of the Bodhisattva, for you have received the virtuous fruit and you have been made a resident of this immortal mountain so that you can listen frequently to the dharma teachings. Now, with all these benefits, can’t you address me as ‘Venerable Father’?”

That Black Bear, you see, had indeed attained the right fruit, but the fact that he was made a guardian of the Potalaka and given the title “Great Guardian” was something that he owed to Pilgrim. So he really could not do anything but smile and say, “Great Sage, the ancients said, ‘The princely man does not dwell on old faults.’ Why mention my past? The Bodhisattva asked me to come meet you.” Our Pilgrim at once became solemn and earnest as he followed the Great Guardian to bow down to the Bodhisattva in the purple bamboo grove.

“Wukong,” said the Bodhisattva, “where has the Tang Monk reached in his journey?”

“The Long Life Mountain, in the West Aparagodānīya Continent,” said Pilgrim. “In that Long Life Mountain,” said the Bodhisattva, “there is an Abbey of Five Villages, which is the home of the Zhenyuan Great Immortal. Did you come across him?”

Banging his head on the ground, Pilgrim said, “It was all because of your disciple, who did not know the Zhenyuan Great Immortal at that Abbey of Five Villages. I offended him by damaging his tree, and he in turn held up my master, preventing him from making any progress in his journey.”

“You mischievous monkey!” scolded the Bodhisattva, who already had knowledge of the whole affair. “You don’t know any better! That Ginseng Fruit Tree of his is the spiritual root planted by Heaven and nourished by Earth. Master Zhenyuan himself is also the patriarch of earthbound immortals, and even I must be somewhat deferential to him. Why did you damage his tree?”

Bowing low again, Pilgrim said, “Your disciple was truly ignorant. The day when we arrived at the Abbey, Master Zhenyuan was not home, and only two immortal lads were there to receive us. It was Zhu Wuneng who discovered that they had these fruits, and he wanted to try one. Your disciple stole three such fruits, which we three brothers divided up among ourselves. When the lads found out, they kept on chiding us until I became so angry that I pushed down the tree. Their master returned the following day and caught up with us; after he had scooped us up with his sleeve, he had us bound and whipped, interrogating and torturing us for a whole day. We escaped that night, but he caught up with us again and took us captive as before. Two or three times it went on like this, and when I became convinced that it was impossible for us to flee, I promised him that I would heal the tree. I have just made a complete tour of the Three Islands seeking a cure from the sea, but none of the immortals was able to give me one. That’s why your disciple has come to bow before you in all sincerity. I beg the Bodhisattva in her compassion to grant me a cure, so that the Tang Monk can soon journey toward the West.”

“Why didn’t you come see me earlier?” asked the Bodhisattva. “Why did you go looking instead on the islands?” When Pilgrim heard these words, he was secretly pleased and said to himself, “What luck! What luck! The Bodhisattva must have a cure!”

He went forward again to beg some more, and the Bodhisattva said, “The sweet dew in my immaculate vase can heal divine trees or spirit roots.”

“Have you tried this before?” asked Pilgrim. “Indeed,” said the Bodhisattva. “When?” asked Pilgrim.

The Bodhisattva said, “Some years ago Laozi had a wager with me: he took my willow twig and placed it in his elixir-refining brazier until it was completely dried and charred. Then he gave it back to me, and I stuck it in my vase. After one day and one night, I had my green twig and leaves again, as lovely as before.” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “I’m lucky! Truly lucky! If a scorched willow could be revived, what’s so difficult about a tree that has been knocked over?”

The Bodhisattva then gave this order to the rest of her followers:

“Maintain your vigilance in the grove. I’ll be back soon.” She left, balancing the immaculate vase in her hand; the white parrot flew ahead of her, while the Great Sage Sun followed from behind. We have a testimonial poem, and the poem says:

*The world can’t limn this jade-browed golden form:
A God who pities and saves us from woes.
As stainless Buddha she met kalpas past.
A self which can do she has now attained.
She calms passion’s billows in many lives;
Her moral nature is wholly unsoiled.
The sweet dew, long charged with true wondrous might,
Will bring the precious tree eternal life.*

We now tell you about the Great Immortal, who was just having lofty conversations with the Three Elders when all at once they saw the Great Sage Sun drop down from the clouds and shout, “The Bodhisattva has arrived. Come meet her quickly! Come meet her quickly!”

The Three Stars, Master Zhenyuan, Tripitaka, and his disciples all hurried out of the main hall. Stopping her sacred cloud, the Bodhisattva first exchanged greetings with Master Zhenyuan before bowing to the Three Stars. After the ceremony, she took the seat of honor as Pilgrim led the Tang monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk to bow to her. After that, the various immortals in the Abbey also came to greet her. “Great Immortal,” said Pilgrim, “there’s no need for further delay. You may as well prepare the table of incense at once and ask the Bodhisattva to heal that fruit tree of yours.”

Bowing low to thank the Bodhisattva, the Great Immortal said, “Why should the trivial affair of this plebeian be such a concern to the Bodhisattva that she would take the trouble of coming here?”

“The Tang Monk is my disciple,” said the Bodhisattva. “If Sun Wukong has wronged you, it’s only reasonable that he should make recompense and return your precious tree.”

“In that case,” said the Three Stars, “there’s no further need for polite talk. May we ask the Bodhisattva to go to the garden and see what can be done?”

The Great Immortal gave the order to prepare an incense table and to sweep the grounds in the rear garden. The Bodhisattva was asked to lead the way, followed by the Three Elders, Tripitaka, his disciples, and the various immortals of the Abbey. When they arrived at the garden, they saw the tree lying on the ground—with the soil around it turned up, its roots exposed, its leaves fallen, and its branches dried up. “Wukong,” cried the Bodhisattva, “stretch out your hand.” Pilgrim stretched out his left hand. Dipping the willow twig into the sweet dew of her vase, the Bodhisattva then used it as a brush and drew on the palm of Pilgrim a charm that had revivifying power. She told him to place his hand at the base of the tree and watch for the sign of water spurting out. His hand closed tightly, Pilgrim went to the base of the tree and placed his fist on the roots. In a little while, a clear spring welled up from the ground.

The Bodhisattva said, “That water cannot be touched by any instrument containing any one of the Five Phases. It must be scooped up by a jade ladle. Push the tree back up into an upright position; pour the water over it from the top down. The bark and the roots will grow back together again; the leaves will come out, the branches will turn green, and the fruits will appear.”

“Little Daoists,” said Pilgrim, “bring me a jade ladle, quickly.”

“Your humble Daoist lives in a rural area,” said Master Zhenyuan, “and there is no jade ladle available. We have only jade tea cups and jade wine goblets. Can they be used?”

“As long as they are made of jade,” said the Bodhisattva, “and capable of bailing water, they will be all right. Bring them here.”

The Great Immortal asked the little lads to take out some thirty jade tea cups and some fifty wine goblets with which they scooped up the clear water. Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk raised the tree into an upright position and covered its base with topsoil. They then handed the jade cups one by one to the Bodhisattva, who sprinkled the sweet liquid onto the tree with her willow branch as she recited a spell. Before long, she stopped sprinkling, and the tree turned green all at once with thick leaves and branches. Twenty-three ginseng fruits could be seen on top. Clear Breeze and Bright Moon, the two lads, said, “When we discovered our loss the day before, we came up with only twentytwo fruits even after we had counted them over and over. Why is there an extra one today after it has been revived?”

“Time will disclose the true intent of man,” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey took only three the other day; the fourth one dropped to the ground and disappeared, for as the local spirit told me, this treasure would become assimilated once it touched earth. Eight Rules kept hollering about my skimming something off the top, and that was how my act was discovered. Only today is this whole mess cleared up.”

The Bodhisattva said, “That’s why I didn’t use any instrument containing the Five Phases just now, for I know that this thing and the Five Phases are mutually resistant.”

Highly pleased, the Great Immortal asked for the gold mallet at once and had ten of the fruits knocked down. He then invited the Bodhisattva and the Three Elders to go back to the main hall, where a Festival of Ginseng Fruits would be given in their honor. The little immortals duly set the tables and took out the cinnabar trays, while the Bodhisattva was asked to take the seat of honor in the center. The Three Elders were seated at the table to the left, the Tank Monk was placed at the right, and Master Zhenyuan as the host took up the seat down below. We have a testimonial poem that says:

*At Long Life Mountain’s cave-heaven of old,
Ginseng fruits ripen every nine thousand years.
The spirit root exposed, hurting twigs and shoots;
The sweet dew revives, fruits and leaves made whole.
Three Elders gladly meet all these old chums;
The four monks find by luck friends foreordained.
Now they have learned to eat the ginseng fruits;
They’ll all be immortals who never age.*

Presently the Bodhisattva and the Three Elders each ate a fruit. Finally convinced that this was a treasure of the immortals, the Tang Monk also ate one. Each of the three disciples also ate one, and Master Zhenyuan himself took one to keep his guests company. The last one of the fruits was divided among the other residents of the Abbey. Pilgrim thanked the Bodhisattva and the Three Stars, who went back to the Potalaka Mountain and Penglai Island, respectively. Master Zhenyuan also prepared

some vegetarian wine for a banquet, during which he and Pilgrim became bond-brothers. As the proverb says,

*Without fighting they would not know each other;
But now the two parties have become one household.*

Happily, master and disciples spent a restful night there. Thus it was with that Elder, who was

*Lucky to have tasted the grass of reverted cinnabar;
His long life would endure the ordeals of ogres.*

We do not know how they will part the following day; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-SEVEN

*The cadaver demon three times mocks Tripitaka Tang
The holy monk in spite banishes Handsome Monkey King*

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his disciples, who made preparations to leave the next morning. Our Master Zhenyuan, however, had become such a fast friend of Pilgrim since the two were made bond-brothers that he refused to let them leave. He gave orders instead that they should be feted for five or six days. Ever since he took the grass of the reverted cinnabar, the elder's spirit had been strengthened and his body made healthier; he felt as if his entire physical frame had been renewed. As he was intent on acquiring the scriptures, he refused to stay, and so they departed.

After taking their leave, master and disciples took to the road and soon came upon a tall mountain. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "the mountain ahead appears to be rugged and steep, and I fear that the horse may not be able to proceed so easily. Every one of you should be careful."

"Have no fear, Master," said Pilgrim. "We know how to take care of everything."

Dear Monkey King! He led the way; carrying his rod horizontally across both his shoulders, he opened up a mountain path and led them up to a tall cliff. They saw

*Peaks and summits in rows;
Streams and canyons meandrous;
Tigers and wolves running in packs;
Deer and fallow deer walking in flocks;
Countless musks and boars massed together;
A mountain swarming with foxes and hares.
The huge python of a thousand feet;
The long snake of ten thousand feet.
The huge python blew out awful mists;
The long snake belched dreadful air.
By the road thorns and thistles sprawled unending;
On the peak pines and cedars grew resplendent.
Wild hems and creepers filled their eyes;
Fragrant plants reached up to the sky.
Light descended from the northern pole;
Clouds parted at the south pole star.
Ten thousand fathoms of mountain holding old, primal breath;
A thousand peaks stood august in the cold sunlight.*

The elder on the horse became fearful, but our Great Sage Sun was ready to show off his abilities. Wielding the iron rod, he let out such a fearful cry that wolves and serpents retreated, that tigers and leopards took flight. Master and disciples thus journeyed into the mountain. As they reached the summit, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, we've been traveling for almost a day, and I'm getting hungry. Go somewhere and beg some vegetarian food for me."

"Master, you aren't very smart!" said Pilgrim, attempting to placate him with a smile. "We are in the middle of a mountain, with no village in sight ahead of us nor any

inn behind us. Even if we had money, there's no place for us to buy anything. Where do you want me to go to find vegetarian food?" Irritated, Tripitaka began to berate his disciple.

"You ape!" he cried. "Don't you remember what sort of condition you were in at the Mountain of Two Frontiers? Pinned down by Tathāgata in that stone box, you could move your mouth but not your feet, and you owed it to me for saving your life. Now that you have become my disciple by having your head touched and receiving the commandments, why are you not willing to exert yourself a bit more? Why are you always so lazy?"

"Your disciple," said Pilgrim, "has been rather diligent. Since when have I been lazy?"

"If you are that diligent," said Tripitaka, "why don't you go and beg me some vegetarian food? How can I journey if I am hungry? Moreover, this mountain is filled with pestilential vapors, and if I become ill, how can I hope to reach Thunderclap?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "please don't get upset. No more words. I know that yours is a proud and haughty nature. A little offense and you will recite that little something spell! Dismount and rest awhile. Let me find out whether there's any family for me to beg some vegetarian food." With a bound, Pilgrim leaped up to the edge of the clouds. Using his hand to shade his eyes, he peered all around. Alas! The journey to the West was a lonely journey, one with neither villages nor hamlets. There were abundant trees and shrubbery, but there was no sign of human habitation. Having looked around for some time, Pilgrim saw toward the south a tall mountain, where on the eastern slope there seemed to be some tiny specks of red. Lowering his cloud, Pilgrim said, "Master, there's something to eat."

The elder asked what it was, and Pilgrim said, "There's no household here for me to beg for rice. But there's a stretch of red on a mountain south of here, and I suppose that must be ripe mountain peaches. Let me go and pick a few for you to eat."

Delighted, Tripitaka said, "For a person who has left the family to have peaches is already the highest blessing!" Pilgrim took the alms bowl and mounted the auspicious luminosity.

Look at that brilliant somersault, with cold vapor trailing! In an instant, he was heading straight for the peaches on the south mountain, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

Now, the proverb says:

*A tall mountain will always have monsters;
A rugged peak will always produce fiends.*

In this mountain there was indeed a monster-spirit, who was disturbed by the Great Sage Sun's departure. Treading dark wind, she came through the clouds and found the elder sitting on the ground. "What luck! What luck!" she said, unable to contain her delight.

"For several years my relatives have been talking about a Tang Monk from the Land of the East going to fetch the Great Vehicle. He is actually the incarnation of the Gold Cicada, and he has the original body that has gone through the process of self-cultivation during ten previous existences. If a man eats a piece of his flesh, his age will be immeasurably lengthened. So, this monk has at last arrived today!"

The monster was about to go down to seize Tripitaka when she saw two great warriors standing guard on either side of the elder, and that stopped her from drawing near. Now, who could these warriors be, you ask? They were, of course, Eight Rules and Sha Monk. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, you see, might not have great abilities, but after all, Eight Rules was the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds and Sha Monk was the Great Curtain-Raising Captain. Their authority had not been completely eroded, and that was why the monster dared not approach them. Instead, the monster said to herself, "Let me make fun of them a bit, and see what happens."

Dear monster! She lowered her dark wind into the field of the mountain, and, with one shake of her body, she changed into a girl with a face like the moon and features like flowers. One cannot begin to describe the bright eyes and the elegant brows, the white teeth and the red lips. Holding in her left hand a blue sandstone pot and in her right a green porcelain vase, she walked from west to east, heading straight for the Tang Monk.

*The sage monk resting his horse on the cliff
Saw all at once a young girl drawing near:
Slender hands hugged by gently swaying green sleeves;
Tiny feet exposed beneath a skirt of Hunan silk.
Perspiring her face seemed flower bedewed;
Dust grazed her moth-brows like willows held by mist.
And as he stared intently with his eyes,
She seemed to be walking right up to his side.*

When Tripitaka saw her, he called out, "Eight Rules, Sha Monk, just now Wukong said that this is an uninhabited region. But isn't that a human being who is walking over there?"

"Master," said Eight Rules, "you sit here with Sha Monk. Let old Hog go take a look." Putting down his muckrake and pulling down his shirt, our Idiot tried to affect the airs of a gentleman and went to meet her face to face. Well, it was as the proverb says:

*You can't determine the truth from afar.
You can see clearly when you go near.*

The girl's appearance was something to behold!

*Ice-white skin hides jadelike bones;
Her collar reveals a milk-white bosom.
Willow brows gather dark green hues;
Almond eyes shine like silver stars.
Her features like the moon are coy;
Her natural disposition is pure.
Her body's like the willow-nested swallow;
Her voice's like the woods' singing oriole.
A half-opened haitong caressed by the morning sun.
A newly bloomed peony displaying her charm.*

When Idiot saw how pretty she was, his worldly mind was aroused and he could not refrain from babbling. "Lady Bodhisattva!" he cried. "Where are you going? What's that you are holding in your hands?"

This was clearly a fiend, but he could not recognize her! The girl immediately answered him, saying, “Elder, what I have in the blue pot is fragrant rice made from wine cakes, and there’s fried wheat gluten in the green vase. I came here for no other reason than to redeem my vow of feeding monks.” When Eight Rules heard these words, he was very pleased. Spinning around, he ran like a hog maddened by plague to report to Tripitaka, crying, “Master! ‘The good man will have Heaven’s reward!’ Because you are hungry, you ask Elder Brother to go beg for some vegetarian food. But we really don’t know where that ape has gone to pick his peaches and have his fun! If you eat too many peaches, you are liable to feel a bit stuffed and gaseous anyway! Take a look instead. Isn’t that someone coming to feed the monks?”

“Coolie, you’re just clowning!” said an unbelieving Tang Monk. “We’ve been traveling all this time and we haven’t even run into a healthy person! Where is this person who’s coming to feed the monks?”

“Master,” said Eight Rules, “isn’t this the one?” When Tripitaka saw the girl, he jumped up and folded his hands. “Lady Bodhisattva,” he said, “where is your home? What sort of family is yours? What kind of vow have you made that you have to come here to feed the monks?”

This was clearly a fiend, but our elder could not recognize her either! When that monster heard the Tang Monk asking after her background, she at once resorted to falsehood. With clever, specious words, she tried to deceive her interrogator, saying, “Master, this mountain, which turns back serpents and frightens wild beasts, bears the name of White Tiger. My home is located due west of here. My parents, still living, are frequent readers of sūtras and keen on doing good works. They have fed liberally the monks who come to us from near and far. Because my parents had no son, they prayed to the gods, and I was born. They would have liked to marry me off to a noble family, but, wary of helplessness in their old age, they took in a son-in-law instead, so that they would be cared for in life and death.”

Hearing this, Tripitaka said, “Lady Bodhisattva, your speech is rather improper! The sage classic says, ‘While father and mother are alive, one does not travel abroad; or if one does, goes only to a proper destination.’

If your parents are still living, and if they have taken in a husband for you, then your man should have been the one sent to redeem your vow. Why do you walk about the mountain all by yourself? You don’t even have an attendant to accompany you. That’s not very becoming of a woman!” Smiling broadly, the girl quickly tried to placate him with more clever words. “Master,” she said, “my husband is at the northern fold of this mountain, leading a few workers to plow the fields. This happens to be the lunch I prepared for them to eat. Since now is the busy season of farm work, we have no servants; and as my parents are getting old, I have to run the errand myself. Meeting you three distant travelers is quite by accident, but when I think of my parents’ inclination to do good deeds, I would like very much to use this rice as food for monks. If you don’t regard this as unworthy of you, please accept this modest offering.”

“My goodness! My goodness!” said Tripitaka. “I have a disciple who has gone to pick some fruits, and he’s due back any moment. I dare not eat. For if I, a monk, were to eat your rice, your husband would scold you when he learns of it. Will it then not be the fault of this poor monk?” When that girl saw the Tang Monk refuse to take the food, she smiled even more seductively and said, “O Master! My parents, who love to feed the monks, are not even as zealous as my husband. For his entire life is devoted to the construction of bridges and the repairing of roads, in reverence for the aged and pity for

the poor. If he heard that the rice was given to feed Master, his affection for me, his wife, would increase manyfold.”

Tripitaka, however, simply refused to eat, and Eight Rules on one side became utterly exasperated. Pouting, our Idiot grumbled to himself, “There are countless priests in the world, but none is more wishy-washy than this old priest of ours! Here’s ready-made rice, and three portions to boot! But he will not eat it. He has to wait for that monkey’s return and the rice divided into four portions before he’ll eat.” Without permitting further discussion, he pushed over the pot with one shove of his snout and was about to begin.

Look at our Pilgrim! Having picked several peaches from the mountain peak in the south, he came hurtling back with a single somersault, holding the alms bowl in his hand. When he opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils to take a look, he recognized that the girl was a monster. He put down the bowl, pulled out his iron rod, and was about to bring it down hard on the monster’s head.

The elder was so aghast that he pulled his disciple back with his hands. “Wukong,” he cried, “whom have you come back to hit?”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “don’t regard this girl in front of you as a good person. She’s a monster, and she has come to deceive you.”

“Monkey,” said Tripitaka, “you used to possess a measure of true discernment. How is it that you are talking nonsense today? This Lady Bodhisattva is so kind that she wants to feed me with her rice. Why do you say that she’s a monster?”

“Master,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “how could you know about this? When I was a monster back at the Water-Curtain Cave, I would act like this if I wanted to eat human flesh. I would change myself into gold or silver, a lonely building, a harmless drunk, or a beautiful woman. Anyone feeble-minded enough to be attracted by me I would lure back to the cave. There I would enjoy him as I pleased, by steaming or boiling. If I couldn’t finish him off in one meal, I would dry the leftovers in the sun to keep for rainy days.

Master, if I had returned a little later, you would have fallen into her trap and been harmed by her.”

That Tang Monk, however, simply refused to believe these words; he kept saying instead that the woman was a good person.

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “I think I know what’s happening. Your worldly mind must have been aroused by the sight of this woman’s beauty. If you do have the desire, why not ask Eight Rules to cut some timber and Sha Monk to find us some grass. I’ll be the carpenter and build you a little hut right here where you can consummate the affair with her. We can each go our own way then. Wouldn’t that be the thing to do? Why bother to undertake such a long journey to fetch the scriptures?”

The elder, you see, was a rather tame and gentle person. He was so embarrassed by these few words that his whole bald head turned red from ear to ear.

As Tripitaka was struck dumb by his shame, Pilgrim’s temper flared again. Wielding his iron rod, he aimed it at the monster’s face and delivered a terrific blow. The fiend, however, had a few tricks of her own. She knew the magic of Releasing the Corpse.

When she saw Pilgrim's rod coming at her, she roused her spirit and left, leaving behind the corpse of her body struck dead on the ground.

Shaking with horror, the elder mumbled, "This ape is so unruly, so obdurate! Despite my repeated pleadings, he still takes human life without cause."

"Don't be offended, Master," said Pilgrim, "just come see for yourself what kind of things are in the pot." Sha Monk led the elder near to take a look. The fragrant rice made from wine cakes was nowhere to be found; there was instead a potful of large maggots with long tails. There was no fried wheat gluten either, but a few frogs and ugly toads were hopping all over the place. The elder was about to think that there might be thirty percent truthfulness in Pilgrim's words, but Eight Rules would not let his own resentment subside. He began to cast aspersions on his companion, saying, "Master, this woman, come to think of it, happens to be a farm girl of this area. Because she had to take some lunch to the fields, she met us on the way. How could she be deemed a monster? That rod of Elder Brother is quite heavy, you know. He came back and wanted to try his hand on her, not anticipating that one blow would kill her. He's afraid that you might recite that so-called Tight-Fillet Spell, and that's why he's using some sort of magic to hoodwink you. It's he who has caused these things to appear, just to befuddle you so that you won't recite the spell."

This single speech of Eight Rules, alas, spelled disaster for Tripitaka! Believing the slanderous suasion of our Idiot, he made the magic sign with his hand and recited the spell. At once Pilgrim began to scream, "My head! My head! Stop reciting! Stop reciting! If you've got something to say, say it."

"What do I have to say?" asked the Tang Monk. "Those who have left the family must defer to people every time, must cherish kindness in every thought. They must

*Keep ants out of harm's way when they sweep the floor,
And put shades on lamps for the love of moths.*

And you, you practice violence with every step! Since you have beaten to death this innocent commoner, what good would it do even if you were to go acquire the scriptures? You might as well go back."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "where do you want me to go back to?"

The Tang Monk said, "I don't want you as my disciple."

"If you don't want me as your disciple," said Pilgrim, "I fear that you may not make it on your way to the Western Heaven."

"My life is in the care of Heaven," said the Tang Monk. "If it's ordained that I should be food for the monster, even if I were to be steamed or boiled, it's all right with me. Furthermore, do you think really that you have the power to deliver me from the great limit? Go back quickly!"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "it's all right for me to go back, but I have not yet repaid your kindness."

"What kindness have I shown you?" asked the Tang Monk. When the Great Sage heard this, he knelt down immediately and kowtowed, saying, "Because old Monkey brought great disruption to the Celestial Palace, he incurred for himself the fatal ordeal of being clamped by Buddha beneath the Mountain of Two Frontiers. I was indebted to the Bodhisattva Guanyin who gave me the commandments, and to Master

who gave me freedom. If I don't go up to the Western Heaven with you, it will mean that I

*Knowing kindness without repaying am no princely man.
Mine will be forever an infamous name."*

Now the Tang Monk, after all, is a compassionate holy monk. When he saw Pilgrim pleading so piteously with him, he changed his mind and said, "In that case, I'll forgive you this time. Don't you dare be unruly again. If you work violence again as before, I'll recite this spell over and over twenty times."

"You may recite it thirty times," said Pilgrim, "but I won't hit anyone again."

Helping the Tang Monk to mount the horse, he then presented the peaches that he picked. The Tang Monk indeed ate a few of the peaches on the horse to relieve his hunger momentarily.

We now tell you about the monster who escaped by rising into the sky. That one blow of Pilgrim's rod, you see, did not kill her, for she fled by sending away her spirit. Standing on top of the clouds, she gnashed her teeth at Pilgrim, saying spitefully to herself, "The last few years I have heard nothing but people talking about his abilities, but I've discovered today that his is not a false reputation.

Already deceived by me, the Tang Monk was about to eat the rice. If he had just lowered his head and taken one whiff of it, I would have grabbed him and he would have been all mine. Little did I anticipate that this other fellow would return and bust up my business.

What's more, I almost received a blow from his rod. If I had let this monk get away, I would have labored in vain. I'm going back down there to make fun of him once more."

Dear monster! Lowering the direction of her dark cloud, she dropped into the fold of the mountain further ahead and changed with one shake of her body into a woman eighty years old, having in her hands a bamboo cane with a curved handle. She headed toward the pilgrims, weeping each step of the way. When Eight Rules saw her, he was horrified. "Master," he said, "it's terrible! That old Mama approaching us is looking for someone."

"Looking for whom?" asked the Tang Monk. Eight Rules said, "The girl slain by Elder Brother has to be the daughter. This one must be the mother looking for her."

"Stop talking nonsense, Brother," said Pilgrim. "That girl was about eighteen, but this woman is at least eighty. How could she still bear children when she was sixty-some years old? She's a fake! Let old Monkey go have a look."

Dear Pilgrim! In big strides he walked forward to look at the monster, who

*Changed falsely into an old dame,
With temples white as snow.
She walked ever so slowly
With steps both small and sluggish.
Her frail body was most slender;
Her face, a leaf dried and wilted.
Her cheek bones jutted upward;
Her lips curled downward and out.
Old age is not quite like the time of youth:*

The whole face is wrinkled like lotus leaves.

Recognizing the monster, Pilgrim did not even bother to wait for any discussion; he lifted up the rod and struck at the head at once.

When the monster saw the uplifted rod, she again exercised her magic and her spirit rose into the air, leaving behind once more the corpse of her body struck dead beside the road. The sight so frightened the Tang Monk that he fell from his horse. Lying on the road, he did not speak another word except to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell back and forth exactly twenty times. Alas, poor Pilgrim's head was reduced to an hourglass-shaped gourd! As the pain was truly unbearable, he had to roll up to the Tang Monk and plead, "Master, please don't recite anymore. Say what you have to say."

"What's there to say?" asked the Tang Monk. "Those who have left the family will listen to the words of virtue to avoid falling into Hell. I have tried my best to enlighten you with admonition. Why do you persist in doing violence? You have beaten to death one commoner after another. How do you explain this?"

"She's a monster," said Pilgrim. The Tang Monk said, "This monkey is babbling nonsense. You tell me that there are that many monsters! You are a person lacking any will to do good, one who is only bent on evil. You'd better go."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "are you sending me away again? All right, I'll go back. But there's something which I find disagreeable."

"What do you find disagreeable?" asked the Tang monk. "Master," said Eight Rules, "he wants you to divide up the luggage with him! You think he wants to go back empty-handed after following you as a monk all this time? Why don't you see whether you have any old shirt or tattered hat in your wrap there and give him a couple of pieces." When Pilgrim heard these words, he became so incensed that he jumped up and down, crying, "You loud-mouthed overstuffed coolie! Ever since old Monkey embraced the teachings of complete poverty, he has never displayed the least bit of envy or greed. What are you talking about, dividing up the luggage?"

"If you show neither envy nor greed," said the Tang Monk, "why don't you leave?"

"To tell you the truth, Master," said Pilgrim, "when old Monkey lived at the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain five hundred years ago, he was hero enough to receive the submission of the demons of seventy-two caves and to command forty-seven thousand little fiends. I was quite a man then —wearing on my head a purple gold cap, putting on my body a red and yellow robe, tying around my waist a jade belt, having on my feet a pair of cloud-treading shoes, and holding in my hands the compliant golden-hooped rod. But ever since Nirvāṇa delivered me from my sins, when with my hair shorn I took the vow of complete poverty and followed you as your disciple, I had this gold fillet clamped on my head. If I go back like this, I can't face the folks at home. If Master doesn't want me anymore, please recite the Loose-Fillet Spell so that I may get rid of this thing from my head and return it to you. I'll find that most pleasant and agreeable then. After all, I have followed you all this time; surely you would not deny me this bit of human kindness!"

Greatly startled, the Tang Monk said, "Wukong, I only received the Tight-Fillet Spell in secret from the Bodhisattva. There was no Loose-Fillet Spell."

"If there was no Loose-Fillet Spell," said Pilgrim, "then you'd better still take me along."

The elder had no alternative but to say, “You’d better get up. I’ll forgive you one more time, but you must not do violence again.”

“I won’t dare do so,” said Pilgrim, “I won’t dare do so.”

He helped his master to mount up once more and then led the way forward.

We now tell you about that monster who, you see, had not been killed by Pilgrim’s second blow either. In midair, the fiend could not refrain from praising her opponent, saying, “Marvelous Monkey King! What perception! He could recognize me even when I had changed into that form! These monks are moving on rather quickly; another forty miles westward beyond the mountain and they will leave my domain. If some demons or fiends of another region pick them up, people would laugh till their mouths crack up, and I would eat my heart out! I’ll go down and make fun of them one more time.”

Dear Monster! Lowering the dark wind again into the fold of the mountain, she shook her body and changed herself into an old man. Truly he had

*Flowing white hair like Pengzu’s,
And beard more frosty than the Age Star’s.
A jade stone rang in his ears,
And gold stars flashed in his eyes.
Holding a curved dragon-head cane,
He wore a light crane’s-down cloak.
Grasping in his hands some beads,
He chanted a Buddhist sūtra.*

When the Tang Monk on his horse saw this old man, he was very pleased. “Amitābha!” he cried. “The West is truly a blessed region! This dear old man can hardly walk, but he still wants to recite the sūtras!”

“Master,” said Eight Rules, “stop praising him. He’s the root of disaster!”

“What do you mean the root of disaster?” said the Tang Monk. Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother killed his daughter as well as his wife, and now you see this old man groping his way here. If we run smack into him, Master, you’ll pay with your life since you are guilty of death. Old Hog is your follower, so he’ll be banished to serve in the army; Sha Monk carries out your orders, so he’ll be sentenced to hard labor. But our Elder Brother, of course, will use some kind of escape magic to get away. Now, won’t that leave the three of us here to take the blame for him?”

Hearing this, Pilgrim said, “This root of idiocy! Won’t this kind of absurdity alarm our master? Let old Monkey go and have another look.”

He put away his rod and went forward to meet the fiend. “Aged Sir,” he called, “where are you going? Why are you walking and reciting a sūra as well?” Our monster this time somehow misread, as it were, the balance of the steelyard, and she thought that Great Sage Sun was after all an ordinary fellow. Hence she said, “Elder, this old man has lived here for generations. My whole life is devoted to doing good and feeding the monks, to reading scriptures and chanting sūras. Fate did not give me a boy, and I had only a girl, for whom I took in a son-in-law. This morning she went off to take rice down to the fields, and we fear that she might have been made food for the tiger instead. My old wife went searching for her, but she, too, did not return. In fact, I have absolutely no idea what has happened to them. That’s why this old man came seeking to

see if they have been harmed in any way. If so, I have little alternative but to take back their bones and have them buried properly on our ancestral site.”

“I’m the ancestor in pulling pranks!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “How dare you sneak up on me and try to deceive me with something up your sleeve? You can’t fool me. I can see that you are a monster.”

The monster was so startled that she could not utter another word.

Wielding his rod, Pilgrim was about to strike, but he said to himself:

“If I don’t hit her, she’s going to pull some trick again, but if I hit her, I fear that Master will recite that spell again.”

He thought to himself some more:

“But if I don’t kill her, she can grab Master the moment she has the opportunity, and then I’ll have to make all that effort to save him. I’d better strike! One blow will kill her, but Master will surely recite that spell. Well, the proverb says:

‘Even the vicious tiger will not devour its own.’ I’ll have to use my eloquence, my dexterous tongue, to convince him, that’s all.”

Dear Great Sage! He recited a spell himself and summoned the local spirit and the mountain god, saying to them, “This monster made fun of my master three times. This time I’m going to make sure I’ll kill her, but you must stand guard in the air. Don’t let her get away.” When the deities heard this command, neither dared disobey it, and they both stood guard on the edge of the clouds. Our Great Sage lifted up his rod and struck down the demon, whose spiritual light was extinguished only then.

The Tang Monk on the horse was again so horrified by what he saw that he could not even utter a word, but Eight Rules on one side snickered and said, “Dear Pilgrim! His delirium is acting up again! He has journeyed for only half a day and he has slaughtered three persons!”

The Tang Monk was about to recite the spell when Pilgrim dashed up to the horse, crying, “Master! Don’t recite! Don’t recite! Just come and take a look at how she looks now.”

There was in front of them a pile of flour-white skeletal bones. “Wukong,” said the Tang Monk, greatly shaken, “this person has just died. How could she change all at once into a skeleton?” Pilgrim said, “She’s a demonic and pernicious cadaver, out to seduce and harm people. When she was killed by me, she revealed her true form. You can see for yourself that there’s a row of characters on her spine; she’s called ‘LadyWhiteBone.’” When the Tang Monk heard what he said, he was about to believe him, but Eight Rules would not desist from slander. “Master,” said he, “his hand’s heavy and his rod’s vicious. He has beaten someone to death, but, fearing your recital, he deliberately changed her into something like this just to befuddle you.” Indeed a shilly-shally person, the Tang Monk believed Eight Rules once more and started his recital. Unable to bear the pain, Pilgrim could only kneel beside the road and cry, “Don’t recite! Don’t recite! If you have something to say, say it quickly.”

“Monkey head!” said the Tang Monk. “What’s there to say? The virtuous deeds of those having left the family should be like grass in a garden of spring: though their growth is invisible, they multiply daily. But he who practices evil is like a whetstone: though its ruin is invisible, it diminishes daily. You manage to get away even after beating to death altogether three persons only because there’s no one here to oppose

you, to take you to task in these desolate wilds. But suppose we get to a crowded city and you suddenly start hitting people regardless of good or ill with that mourning staff of yours, how would I be able to go free from that kind of great misfortune caused by you? You'd better go back."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "you have really wronged me. This is undeniably a monstrous spirit, bent on hurting you. I have helped you to ward off danger by killing her, but you can't see it. You believe instead those sarcastic and slanderous remarks of Idiot to such an extent that you try to get rid of me several times. The proverb says, 'Nothing can occur three times'! If I don't leave you, I'll be a base and shameless fellow. I'll go! I'll go! It's no big deal, in fact, for me to leave, but then you will have no man to serve you."

Turning angry, the Tang Monk said, "This brazen ape is becoming even more unruly. So you think that you are the only man around here? Wuneng and Wujing, they are not men?" When the Great Sage heard this statement about the other two disciples, he was so deeply hurt that he could not but say to the Tang Monk, "O misery! Think of the time when Liu Boqin was your companion as you left Chang'an. After you delivered me from the Mountain of Two Frontiers and made me your disciple, I penetrated ancient caves and invaded deep forests to capture demons and defeat monsters. I was the one who, having experienced countless difficulties, subdued Eight Rules and acquired Sha Monk. Today, 'banishing Wisdom just to court Folly,' you want me to go back. That's how it is:

*When the birds vanish,
The bow is hidden;
When the hares perish,
The hounds are eaten.*

All right! All right! There's only one thing left for us to settle, and that's the Tight-Fillet Spell."

The Tang Monk said, "I won't recite that again."

"That's hard to say," said Pilgrim. "For when the time comes for you to face those treacherous demons and bitter ordeals, and when you, because Eight Rules and Sha Monk cannot rescue you, think of me and cannot stop yourself from reciting it, I'll have a headache even if I'm one hundred thousand miles away. I'll have to come back to see you, so why don't you let this matter drop now." When the Tang Monk saw that Pilgrim was so long-winded, he became angrier than ever. Rolling down from his horse, he told Sha Monk to take out paper and brush from one of the wraps. Fetching some water from a brook nearby and rubbing out some ink with an ink-slab on a rock, he wrote at once a letter of banishment. Handing it over to Pilgrim, he said, "Monkey head! Take this as a certificate. I'll never want you as a disciple. If I ever consent to see you again, let me fall into the Avīci Hell!"

Taking the letter of banishment, Pilgrim said quickly, "Master, no need to swear. Old Monkey will leave."

He folded up the letter and put it in his sleeve.

Attempting once more to placate the Tang Monk, he said, "Master, after all, I have followed you for all this time because of the Bodhisattva's instructions. Today I have to quit in midjourney and am not able to attain the meritorious fruit. Please take a seat and let me bow to you, so that I can leave in peace."

Tang Monk turned his back and refused to reply, mumbling only, “I’m a good priest, and I won’t take the salutation of an evil man like you!” When the Great Sage saw that the Tang Monk refused to answer, he resorted to the magic of the Body beyond the Body. Pulling three pieces of hair from the back of his head, he blew on them a magic breath and cried, “Change!”

They changed at once into three Pilgrims, who along with himself surrounded the master on all four sides. The master tried to turn left and right, but he was unable to dodge anymore and had to receive a bow from one of them.

Jumping up, the Great Sage shook his body and retrieved his hair. Then he gave the following instructions to Sha Monk, saying, “Worthy Brother, you are a good man. Do be careful, however, that you don’t listen to the foolish nonsense of Eight Rules. You must also exercise caution on the journey. If there should be a time when a monster catches hold of Master, you just say that old Monkey happens to be his senior disciple. When those clumsy fiends of the West get wind of my abilities, they’ll not dare to harm my master.”

“I’m a good priest,” said the Tang Monk, “and I’ll never mention the name of an evil man like you. Go back.” When the Great Sage saw that the elder simply refused to change his mind, he had no alternative but to leave. Look at him:

*In tears he kowtowed to part with the priest;
In grief he took care to instruct Sha Monk.
He used his head to dig up the meadow’s grass
And both feet to kick up the ground’s rattan.
Like a wheel spinning he entered Heav’n and Earth,
Most able to overleap mountains and seas.
All at once he completely disappeared;
In no time he left on the way he came.*

Look at him! He suppressed his outrage and took leave of his master by mounting the cloud-somersault to head straight for the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain. As he was traveling, alone and dejected, he suddenly heard the roar of water. The Great Sage paused in midair to look and discovered that it was the high tide of the Great Eastern Ocean. The moment he saw this, he thought of the Tang Monk and could not restrain the tears from rolling down his cheeks. He stopped his cloud and stayed there for a long time before proceeding. We do not know what will happen to him as he goes away; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-EIGHT

*At Flower-Fruit Mountain a pack of fiends hold assembly
At the Black Pine Forest Tripitaka meets demons*

We were telling you about the Great Sage, who, though he was banished by the Tang Monk, was nevertheless filled with regret and nostalgia when he saw the Great Eastern Ocean. He said to himself, "I haven't come this way for five hundred years!"

This is what he saw as he looked at the ocean:

*Vast, misty currents;
Huge, far-reaching waves—
Vast, misty currents that join the Milky Way;
Huge, far-reaching waves that touch the pulse of Earth.
The tide rises in salvos;
The water engulfs the bays—
The tide rises in salvos
Like the clap of thunder in Triple Spring;
The water engulfs the bays
As violent gales that blow in late summer.
Those old, blessed dragon-drivers
Would travel no doubt with knitted brows;
Those young, immortal crane-riders
Would surely pass by anxious and tense.
No village appears near the shore;
Few fishing boats hug the water.
Waves roll like a thousand year's snow;
Wind howls as if autumn's in June.
Wild birds can come and go at will;
Water fowls may stay afloat or dive.
There's no fisher before your eyes;
Your ears hear only the sea gulls.
Deep in the sea fishes frolic;
Across the sky wild geese languish.*

With a bound, our Pilgrim leaped across the Great Eastern Ocean and soon arrived at the Flower-Fruit Mountain. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he stared all around. Alas, that mountain had neither flowers nor plants, while the mist and smoke seemed completely extinguished: cliffs and plateaus had collapsed and the trees had dried and withered. How had it all become like this, you ask. When Pilgrim disrupted Heaven and was taken captive to the Region Above, this mountain was burned to total ruin by the Illustrious Sage, Erlang God, who was leading the Seven Bond-Brothers of Plum Mountain. Our Great Sage became more grief stricken than ever, and he composed the following long poem in ancient style as a testimony. The poem says:

*I view this divine mountain and tears fall;
I face it and my sorrows multiply.
The mountain, I thought then, would not be harmed;
Today I know this place has suffered loss.*

*Hateful was that Erlang who vanquished me,
 That heinous Little Sage who oppressed me.
 In violence he dug up my parental tombs;
 With no cause he broke up my ancestral graves.
 All Heaven's mists and fog are now dispersed;
 The whole land's wind and clouds both dissipate.
 None can hear a tiger's roar on eastern peaks;
 Who sees a white ape howling on western slopes?
 The northern gorge has no trace of fox or hare;
 All deer have vanished from the southern glen.
 Green rocks are burned to form a thousand bricks;
 The bright sand's changed to a pile of dirt.
 Tall pines outside the cave have fallen down;
 Green cedars before the cliff are thin and scarce.
 Chun, shan, huai, kui, li, and tan all are scorched;
 Peach, pear, prune, plum, almond, and date are gone.
 How could silkworms be fed with no mulberry?
 Midst few bamboos and willows birds cannot live.
 Well-formed rocks on the peak have turned to dust;
 The brook's water has dried up—all is grass.
 No orchid grows on parched earth below the cliff;
 Creepers o'erspread the brown mud by the road.
 To what region have birds of past days flown?
 To which mountain have the beasts of old retired?
 This gutted spot that snakes and leopards loathe!
 This blasted place that cranes and serpents shun!
 It must be for evil deeds in former times
 That I should this day suffer so much pain.*

As the Great Sage was thus expressing his grief, seven or eight small monkeys suddenly leaped out with a cry from among the tall grass and bushes on the slope. They rushed forward to surround him and kowtow, shouting, "Father Great Sage! You've come home today?"

"Why aren't you all having a little fun?" asked the Handsome Monkey King. "Why is everyone in hiding? I've been back for quite a while, and I haven't seen even the shadow of one of you! Why is that?" When the several monkeys heard these words, every one of them began to weep. "Since the Great Sage was taken captive to the Region Above," they said, "we have been suffering from the hands of hunters, truly an unbearable affliction. How could we withstand those sharp arrows and strong bows, those yellow hawks and wicked hounds, those ensnaring nets and sickle-shaped spears! To preserve our lives, none of us dares come out to play; instead, we conceal ourselves deep in the cave dwelling or take refuge in some distant lairs. Only in hunger do we go steal some grass on the meadow for food, and in thirst we drink the clear liquid from downstream. Just now we heard the voice of our Father Great Sage, and that was why we came to receive you. We beg you to take care of us." When the Great Sage heard these words, he became more distressed. He then asked, "How many of you are there still in this mountain?"

"Young and old," said the monkeys, "altogether no more than a thousand."

The Great Sage said, “In former times, I had forty-seven thousand little monsters here. Where did they go?”

The monkeys said, “When Father left, this mountain was burned by the Bodhisattva Erlang, and more than half of them were killed by the fire. Some of us managed to save our lives by squatting in the wells, diving into the brook, or hiding beneath the sheet iron bridge. When the fire was extinguished and the smoke cleared, we came out to find that flowers and fruits were no longer available for food. The difficulty in finding sustenance drove another half of the monkeys away, leaving those of us to suffer here in the mountain. These two years saw our number dwindle even further by more than half when hunters came to abduct us.”

“For what purpose?” asked Pilgrim. “Talk about those hunters,” said the monkeys, “they are truly abominable! Those of us who were shot by arrows, pierced by spears, or clubbed to death they took away for food to be served with rice. The dead monkeys would be skinned and boned, cooked with sauce and steamed with vinegar, fried with oil, and sauteed with salt. Those of us who were caught by the net or the trap would be led away live; they would be taught to skip ropes, to act, to somersault, and to do cartwheels. They would have to beat the drum and the gong on the streets and perform every kind of trick to entertain humans.” When the Great Sage heard these words, he became terribly angry. “Who is in charge in the cave now?” he asked. “We still have Ma and Liu, the two marshals,” said the little fiends, “Peng and Ba, the two generals: they are in charge.”

“Report to them at once,” said the Great Sage, “and say that I’ve returned.”

Those little fiends dashed inside the cave and cried, “Father Great Sage has come home!” When Ma, Liu, Peng, and Ba heard the report, they rushed out of the door to kowtow and to receive him inside the cave. The Great Sage took a seat in the middle as the various fiends all lined up before him to pay homage. “Father Great Sage,” they said, “we heard recently that you had regained your life so that you could protect the Tang Monk on his journey to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Why are you not heading toward the West? Why do you come back to this mountain?”

“Little ones,” said the Great Sage, “you have no idea that the Tang Monk is wholly ignorant of who is worthy and who is foolish.

For his sake, I caught fiends and overcame demons throughout the journey, using all my abilities. Several times I slew a monster, but, accusing me of doing evil and violence, he disowned me as his disciple and banished me back here. He even wrote me a formal letter of banishment as proof that he would never want to use me again.”

Clapping their hands and roaring with laughter, the monkeys said, “Lucky! Lucky! What do you want to be a monk for? Come home and you can lead us to have a few years’ fun. Quick! Let’s bring out the coconut wine for the reception of Father.”

“Let’s not drink wine just yet,” said the Great Sage. “Let me ask you, how often do those hunters come to our mountain?”

“Great Sage,” said Ma and Liu, “there’s no telling of time. They are here every day to make trouble.”

The Great Sage asked, “Why aren’t they here today?” Ma and Liu replied, “Just wait and you’ll see them come.”

The Great Sage gave this order:

“Little ones, go up to the mountain and bring me the rocks that have been burned to small pieces.

Pile them up around here in piles of thirty or sixty pieces. I have use for them.”

Those little monkeys were like a cloud of bees; they swarmed all over the mountain and brought back the rock pieces and piled them together. When the Great Sage saw that, he said, “Little ones, go hide in the cave. Let old Monkey exercise his magic.” Our Great Sage went straight up to the peak to look around, and he saw over a thousand men and horses approaching from the southern half of the mountain. Beating drums and striking gongs, they were holding spears and swords, leading hawks and hounds. When the Monkey King stared carefully at them, they appeared to be most ferocious indeed. Dear men! Truly fierce! He saw

*Fox skins covered their heads and backs;
Silk brocades wrapped around their torsos;
Quivers full of wolf-teeth arrows;
And carved bows hung on their thighs.
The men seemed mountain-prowling tigers;
The horses, like brook-leaping dragons.
The whole group of men led their hounds,
As hawks perched on all their shoulders.
They hauled fire cannons in baskets.
They had also eagles most fierce,
And hundreds of poles with birdlimes,
And thousands of forks to catch rabbits;
Dragnets like those used by bullheads,
And lassos tossed by King Yama.
They yelled and shrieked altogether,
Causing confusion far and near.*

When the Great Sage saw those men swarming up his mountain, he became terribly angry. Making the magic sign with his fingers and reciting a spell, he drew in a breath facing the southwest and blew it out. At once a violent wind arose. Marvelous wind!

*It threw up dust and scattered dirt;
It toppled trees and cut down forests.
The ocean waves rose like mountains;
They crashed fold upon fold on the shore.
The cosmos grew dim and darkened;
The sun and the moon lost their light.
The pine trees, once shaken, roared like tigers;
The bamboos, hit abruptly, sang like dragons.
All Heaven's pores let loose their angry breaths
As rocks and sand flew, hurting one and all.*

The Great Sage called up this mighty wind that blew up and scattered those rock pieces in every direction. Pity those thousand-odd hunters and horses! This was what happened to every one of them:

*The rocks broke their dark heads to pieces;
Flying sand hurt all the winged horses.*

*Lords and nobles confounded before the peak,
 Blood stained like cinnabar the earth.
 Fathers and sons could not go home.
 Could fine men to their houses return?
 Corpses fell to the dust and lay on the mountain,
 While rouged ladies at home waited.*

The poem says:

*Men killed, horses dead—how could they go home?
 Lost, lonely souls floundered like tangled hemp.
 Pity those strong and virile fighting men,
 Whose blood, both good and bad, did stain the sand!*

Lowering the direction of his cloud, the Great Sage clapped his hands and roared with laughter, saying, “Lucky! Lucky! Since I made submission to the Tang Monk and became a priest, he has been giving me this advice:

*Do good a thousand days,
 But the good is still insufficient;
 Do evil for one day,
 And that evil is already excessive.’*

Some truth indeed! When I followed him and killed a few monsters, he would blame me for perpetrating violence. Today I came home and it was the merest trifle to finish off all these hunters.”

He then shouted, “Little ones, come out!” When those monkeys saw that the violent wind had passed and heard the Great Sage calling, they all jumped out. “Go down to the south side of the mountain,” said the Great Sage, “and strip the dead hunters of their clothes. Bring them back home, wash away the bloodstains, and you all can wear them to ward off the cold. The corpses you can push into the deep mountain lake over there. Pull back here also the horses that are killed; their hides can be used to make boots, and their meat can be cured for us to enjoy slowly. Gather up the bows and arrows, the swords and spears, and you can use them for military drills again. And finally, bring me those banners of miscellaneous colors; I have use for them.”

Every one of the monkeys obeyed these instructions. Pulling down the banners and washing them clean, the Great Sage then patched them together into a large banner of many colors, on which he wrote the following words in large letters:

The Flower-Fruit Mountain Rebuilt, the Water-Curtain Cave Restored—Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. A flagpole was erected outside the cave to hang up the banner. Thereafter, he gathered together more fiends and beasts by the day, and he stored up all kinds of foodstuff. The word “monk” was never mentioned again. As he enjoyed wide friendship and great power, he had no trouble in borrowing some sweet, divine water from the Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans to wash his mountain and make it green again. He next planted elms and willows in front, pines and cedars in the back; peach, pear, date, and plum—he had them all. He then sett led down to enjoy life without a care, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We now tell you about the Tang Monk, who listened to Crafty Nature and banished the Monkey of the Mind. He mounted his horse to head for the West as Eight Rules led the way in front, while Sha Monk poled the luggage in the rear. After they

passed the White Tiger Ridge, they came upon a large forest, full of vines and creepers, green pines and cedars. “Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “the mountain road is already rough and difficult to negotiate. And now we have a thick and dark pine forest. Do be careful. I fear that we may run into some fiends or monstrous beasts.”

But look at Idiot! Rousing his energies, he told Sha Monk to take hold of the horse, while he himself used his muckrake to open up a path in front and led the Tang Monk directly into the pine forest. As they journeyed, the elder stopped the horse and said, “Eight Rules, I’m getting really hungry today. Where can you find me some vegetarian food to eat?”

“Please dismount, Master,” said Eight Rules, “and let old Hog go find some for you.”

The elder descended from his horse. Sha Monk put down his load and took out the alms bowl to hand over to Eight Rules. Eight Rules said, “I’m off!”

“Where to?” asked the elder. “Never mind,” said Eight Rules. “Once I go, I will

*Drill ice for fire to find your maigre,
And press snow for oil to beg your rice.”*

Look at him! He left the pine forest and walked toward the West for over ten miles, but he did not come upon even a single household.

It was truly a place more inhabited by tigers and wolves than by humans. When Idiot became tired from walking, he thought to himself, “When Pilgrim was here, whatever that old priest wanted he got. Today, it’s my turn to serve, and it’s like what the proverb says:

*You know the cost of rice and firewood when you run a house;
You realize your parents’ kindness when you bring up a child!*

Where in the world can I go to beg for food?”

He walked some more and became rather drowsy. He thought to himself, “If I go back now and tell that old priest that there’s no place here for me to beg for vegetarian food even after traveling all this distance, he won’t believe me. I must find some means to while away another hour or so before I go back to answer him. Well, well! Let’s take a nap here in the grass.” Idiot indeed put his head in the grass and lay down. At the time, he thought that he would doze for awhile and then get up, but little did he realize how fatigued he was from all that walking. Once he lay down his head, he fell into a deep, snoring slumber.

For the time being, we shall speak no more of Eight Rules asleep in this place. We tell you instead about the elder in the forest, who grew so restless and anxious that his ears became flushed and his eyes began to tic. He turned quickly and said to Sha Monk, “Why hasn’t Wuneng returned from his trip to beg for food?”

“Master,” said Sha Monk, “don’t you understand? When he sees how many families there are in this region of the West who love to feed monks, he’s not going to worry about you, is he, especially when he has so large a stomach! He’s not going to come back until he’s completely filled!”

“You are right,” said Tripitaka. “But if he is staying at some place just to satisfy his hankering for food, where are we going to meet him? It’s getting late, and this is no place to live. We better find some lodging.”

“Don’t worry, Master,” said Sha Monk, “you sit here and let me find him.”

“Yes, yes,” said Tripitaka, “it doesn’t matter whether there’s food or not. But it’s important for us to find a place to stay.”

Grasping his precious staff, Sha Monk left the pine forest to search for Eight Rules.

The elder, sitting alone in the forest, became so weary and fatigued that he had to force himself to summon enough energy to get up.

Putting the luggage together in a pile and tying the horse to a tree, he took off his wide splint hat, stuck his priestly staff into the ground, and straightened his clerical robe in order to take a walk in this secluded forest just to rid himself of his depression. He looked at all the wild grass and untended flowers, but he did not hear any chattering of birds heading homeward. The forest, you see, was a place of tall grass and small paths. Because he was rather confused he soon lost his way. He had, to be sure, wanted to dispel his boredom in the first place, and to find Eight Rules and Sha Monk in the second. Little did he realize that they were proceeding westward, whereas he himself, after going in circles for awhile, was heading south. As he emerged from the pine forest, he raised his head and saw all at once flashes of golden light and colorful mists ahead of him. He looked more carefully and found that it was a bejeweled pagoda, whose golden dome was gleaming in the rays of the setting sun. “This disciple truly has no affinity!” he said to himself. “When I left the Land of the East, I made a vow to burn incense in every temple, to worship Buddha when I saw an image of Buddha, and to sweep a pagoda if I came upon a pagoda. Isn’t that a golden pagoda that is so brilliant over there? Why didn’t I take this road before? Beneath the pagoda there must be a temple, inside of which there must also be a monastery. Let me walk over there.

It’s all right, I suppose, to leave the white horse and the luggage here since there is no one passing by. If there’s any space there, I’ll wait till my disciples return and we can all ask for lodging for the night.”

Alas, the time of that elder’s misfortune has indeed arrived! Look at him! He strode forward and went up to the side of the pagoda.

There he saw

*Boulders ten thousand feet tall;
A large bluff reaching the green sky:
Its roots joining the thick earth,
Its peaks sticking into Heaven.
Several thousand trees of all kinds on both sides;
A hundred miles of snarled creepers front and back.
Bright flowers on grass tips, the wind had its shadows.
In flowing water’s parted clouds the moon had no root.
Fallen logs rested in deep streams;
Dried tendrils entangled bare summits.
Beneath a stone bridge
Flowed a bubbling clear stream;
On top of a terrace
Grew flourlike white blossoms.
When seen from afar it seemed the Paradise of Three Isles;
When you drew near it appeared like the lovely Penglai.*

*Purple bamboos and scented pines enclosed the mountain brook;
 Crows, magpies, and monkeys cut through the rugged ridge.
 Outside a cave
 There were herds of wild beasts coming and going;
 In the woods
 There were flocks of birds leaving or returning.
 In lovely green the fragrant plants thrived;
 Radiantly the wild flowers bloomed.
 This region, nonetheless, was an evil place.
 It was the elder's bad luck to come barging in!*

The elder strode up to the door of the pagoda and found a mottled bamboo curtain hanging inside. Walking inside the door, he lifted up the curtain to proceed further when suddenly he saw before him a monster asleep on a stone couch. "How does he look?" you ask.

*Indigo face,
 Long white fangs,
 And a big gaping mouth!
 Tousled hair on the head's two sides
 Seemed as if it had been dyed red by rouge.
 A few stubs of deep purple beard
 Bore the look of lychee sprouting.
 A nose curvate like a parrot's beak,
 And eyes glowing like the morning stars.
 His two huge fists
 Had the shape of a monk's alms bowl.
 Two blue-veined feet
 Forked like branches dangling down a cliff.
 Half covered by a light yellow robe,
 Better than the silk-brocade cassock,
 He still grasped a scimitar
 Which gleamed and glittered.
 He slept on a slab of stone
 Both flawless and smooth.
 He had led young fiends to make formations like ants,
 And old demons to rule with order like bees.
 Look at his awesome bearing,
 When all his subjects
 Raised the cry, "Sire!"
 He had made the moon his third friend as he sipped his wine;
 He had felt the wind grow beneath his arms as tea was poured.
 Look at his vast magic power!
 In the twinkling of an eye
 He could tour all the Heavens.
 In his wild woods screeched birds and fowls;
 In his dens slept dragons and snakes.
 Immortals tilled his fields to grow white jade;
 Daoists calmed his fire to raise cinnabar.
 A door of a small cave*

*Did not, of course, lead to the Hell, Avīci;
But such an ugly monster
Seemed truly a bullheaded yakṣa!*

When the elder saw that kind of appearance, he retreated in horror as his body turned numb and his legs flabby. He tried to turn and run, but just as he got out of the door, the monster, who was a rather alert creature, opened his demonic eyes with golden pupils and shouted, “Little ones, go see who is outside our door!”

A little fiend stuck his head out the door and saw that it was a baldheaded elder.

He ran quickly inside and reported, “Great King! It’s a priest outside. He has a round head and a large face, with two ears hanging down to his shoulders. He has a body full of tender flesh and very fine skin. He’s a good-looking priest!” When the monster heard these words, he laughed aloud, saying, “This is like what the proverb says:

*Flies atop a serpent’s head—
Food by itself presented!*

You, little ones. Chase him down and bring him back here. I have great rewards for you.”

Those little fiends rushed out of the door like a swarm of bees.

When Tripitaka saw them, his mind wanted him to move like an arrow and his feet wanted to fly; but he quivered and shook, and his feet were numb and flaccid. Moreover, the mountain road was rugged, the forest was dark, and it was getting late. How could he possibly move fast enough? The little fiends ran him down and hauled him back bodily. Truly, it is like

*The dragon in shallow water teased by shrimps,
The tiger on level ground mocked by dogs.
A noble venture may have many snags.
Who’s like the Tang Monk when he faces the West?*

Look at those little fiends! After having carried the elder back and put him down outside the bamboo curtain, they ran happily to make this report:

“Great King, we have caught the monk and brought him back.”

The old monster stole a glance at Tripitaka and saw that he had an erect head and a handsome face. He was indeed a good-looking priest. The monster thought to himself, “Such a goodlooking priest must be someone from a noble nation. I can’t treat him lightly. If I didn’t show him who’s boss here, would he willingly submit to me?” Like a fox affecting the authority of a tiger, he all at once bristled up his red hairs and whiskers while his eyes split wide open. “Bring that monk in!” he bellowed. “Yes, sir!” the various fiends shouted in response, as they shoved Tripitaka inside. As the proverb has it,

*Standing beneath low-pitched eaves,
How could one not bow his head?*

Tripitaka had no choice but to fold his hands and greet him.

“From what region are you, monk?” demanded the monster. “Where did you come from? Where are you going? Tell us quickly!”

"I'm a monk from the Tang court," said Tripitaka. "Having received the imperial decree of the Great Tang Emperor to seek scriptures in the West, I passed by your noble mountain and decided to seek an audience with the sage beneath this pagoda. I have no intention to disturb Your Eminence. Please forgive me. When I return to the Land of the East after acquiring scriptures in the West, your illustrious name will be recorded gratefully for posterity." When the monster heard these words, he roared with laughter, saying, "I said to myself that you were from a noble nation. So you are indeed! You're exactly the person I want to eat! It's marvelous that you presented yourself here. Otherwise, I might have missed you. You are ordained to be the food of my mouth. Since you have barged in here all by yourself, I couldn't let you go even if I wanted to. And you couldn't escape even if you wanted to!"

He then ordered the little fiends, "Tie up that monk."

The little fiends rushed forward and fastened the elder firmly with ropes to the Spirit-Soothing Pillar.

Grasping his scimitar, the old monster asked again, "Monk, how many persons are there in your entourage? Don't tell me you dare go up to the Western Heaven all by yourself!" When Tripitaka saw him picking up the scimitar, he said candidly, "Great King, I have two disciples named Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk. They all left the pine forest to go beg for food. I have, moreover, one load of luggage and a white horse, which I left in the forest."

"That's luckier yet!" said the old monster. "Two disciples including you make three, and there are really four of you if we count the horse. That's enough for a meal!"

"Let's go and catch them too," said the little fiends. "Don't go out," said the old monster, "but shut the door instead. After begging the food, those disciples would bring it to their master; when they can't find him, they will surely come seeking right up to our door."

The proverb says, 'Business at one's own door is easier to do.' Let's take our time and catch them then."

The little fiends indeed closed the front door.

We speak no more of Tripitaka who met disaster; we tell you instead about Sha Monk, who left the pine forest looking for Eight Rules. He walked for over ten miles but did not see even a village or hamlet. He went up to a knoll to look all around when suddenly he heard someone speaking in the grass down below. Pushing the tall grass apart hurriedly with his staff, he found Idiot inside talking in his sleep. Sha Monk gave one of the huge ears a hard tug and cried, "Dear Idiot! Master told you to beg for food. Did he give you permission to sleep here?" Idiot woke up with a start, mumbling, "Brother, what time is it?"

"Get up, quick!" said Sha Monk. "Master said that it didn't matter whether there was food or not. He told us to try finding a place to stay instead." Picking up the alms bowl and toting his muckrake, Idiot walked back stupidly with Sha Monk. When they reached the forest, their master was nowhere to be seen. Sha Monk began to berate him, saying, "It's all because of you, Idiot, for taking such a long time to find some food. Master must have been seized by a monster."

"Brother," said Eight Rules, laughing, "don't talk nonsense. This forest is a pure, lovely place and it definitely cannot harbor a monster. It must be that that old priest cannot sit still and has gone sightseeing somewhere. Let's go find him."

The two of them picked up the hat and the priestly staff before they left the pine forest, leading the horse and poling the luggage as they searched for their master.

It happened that the Tang Monk at this time was not yet destined to die. Having looked for him for some time to no avail, his two disciples saw beams of golden light coming from the south. "Brother," said Eight Rules, "the blessed will only receive more blessings! Master, you see, must have gone to that bejeweled pagoda over there that is giving off that light. Who will dare to be inhospitable at a place like that? They must insist on preparing vegetarian food and his staying to enjoy it. Why aren't we moving? We should get there and have something, too."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "you can't tell whether it's a good place or not. Let's go and have a look first."

The two of them walked boldly up to the door of the edifice and found that it was closed. Across the top of the door was a slab of white jade on which were written in large letters the following words:

Casserole Mountain, Current-Moon Cave.

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "this is no monastery. It's a cave-dwelling of a monster. Even if Master were here, I doubt if we could see him."

"Don't be alarmed, Brother," said Eight Rules. "Tie up the horse and stand guard over our luggage. Let me question them."

Holding high his muckrake, Idiot went forward and shouted, "Open the door! Open the door!"

The little fiend who was standing guard inside opened the door. When he saw the two of them, he ran quickly to report, "Great King, business is here."

"What sort of business?" asked the old monster. "There is a monk with large ears and a long mouth outside our cave," replied the little fiend, "and there is also another monk with the gloomiest appearance. They came calling at our door."

Greatly pleased, the old monster said, "They have to be Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk! Ho-ho! They know where to look all right! How did they manage to find our door so swiftly? Well, if they appear so audacious, let's not treat them casually. Bring me my armor!"

The little fiend brought it out and helped him put it on.

Grasping the scimitar, the old monster walked out of the door.

Eight Rules and Sha Monk were waiting outside the door when they saw this savage fiend emerge. "How did he look?" you ask.

*Green face, red beard, and floppy scarlet hair.
His yellow gold cuirass both sparkled and gleamed.
A belt inlaid with ribbed shells wrapped his waist;
A silk sash wound tightly round his armored chest.
The wind howled when he stood idly on the mount;
The waves churned when he glumly roamed the seas.
A pair of hands with veins both brown and blue
Grasped firmly the soul-snatching scimitar.
If you would learn this creature's given name,
Remember Yellow Robe, two famous words.*

That Old Monster Yellow Robe came out of the door and asked at once, “Where are you from, monk, that you dare cause this racket before my door?”

“My child,” said Eight Rules, “don’t you recognize me? I’m your venerable father! I’m one sent by the Great Tang to go to the Western Heaven, for my master happens to be the royal brother, Tipitaka. If he’s in your house, send him out at once.

That’ll spare me having to level it with my rake!”

“Yes, yes,” said the fiend with a laugh, “there’s a Tang Monk in my house, and I haven’t denied him any hospitality either. I was just preparing some buns filled with human flesh for him to enjoy. You two can go inside and have one also. How about it?” Idiot indeed would have gone inside immediately if Sha Monk had not pulled him back, saying, “Elder Brother, he’s deceiving you.

Since when did you start eating human flesh again?” Only then did Idiot realize his mistake. Raising his muckrake, he brought it down hard on the monster’s face. The monster stepped aside to dodge the blow and then turned to meet him with uplifted scimitar. The two of them, summoning their magic powers, mounted the clouds to fight in midair. Sha Monk abandoned the luggage and the white horse; wielding his precious staff, he joined the fray also. At this time, two fierce monks and one brazen monster began a savage battle on the edge of the clouds. Thus it was that

*The staff rose high, met by the scimitar;
The muckrake came, blocked by the scimitar.
One demon warrior used his power;
Two divine monks displayed their might.
The nine-pronged rake, how truly heroic!
The fiend-routing staff, ferocious indeed!
Their blows fell left and right, in front and back,
But squire Yellow Robe showed no fear at all.
See his steel scimitar shining like silver!
And, in truth, his magic power was great.
They fought till all the sky
Was fogbound and beclouded;
And in midmountain
Stones cracked and cliff sides collapsed.
This one, for the sake of his fame,
How could he give up?
That one for the sake of his master
Would surely show no fear.*

The three of them closed in again and again in midair for scores of times but a decision could not be reached. Though each of them cared for his life, none of them was about to be separated. We do not know how the disciples manage to rescue the Tang Monk; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-NINE

*Free of his peril, River Float arrives at the kingdom
Receiving favor, Eight Rules invades the forest*

The poem says:

*Vain thoughts cannot be slain by force.
Why must you seek after Suchness?
Refine before Buddha your self-existent mind—
Are not illusion and enlightenment the same?
Enlightened, you reach instantly the Right;
Deluded, you sink in ten thousand kalpas.
If you can cultivate one thought with Truth,
Sins vast as Ganges' sand are wiped out.*

We were telling you about Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who fought with that monster for over thirty rounds but a decision could not be reached. Why not, you ask. If it were a matter of matching abilities, you needn't speak of two monks. Even if there were twenty monks, they would still be unable to withstand that monster. It was only because of the fact that the Tang Monk was not yet fated to die that his followers could count on the help of certain deities. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, therefore, were assisted in secret in the air by the Six Gods of Light and Six Gods of Darkness, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, and the Eighteen Guardian-Spirits of monasteries.

For the moment we shall speak no more of the battle between the three of them. We tell you instead about the elder, who was weeping piteously in the cave and thinking about his disciples. As tears fell from his eyes, he said to himself, "Wuneng, I don't know in which village you have met a friend of truth and are enjoying being fed. O, Wujing! Where have you gone to search for him, and how will you be able to meet him? Will you two realize that I met a demon, that I'm suffering here? When will I see you both again? When will I escape from this great ordeal so that I can reach the Spirit Mountain soon?"

As he was giving voice to his grief in this manner, he suddenly saw a woman walk out from inside the cave. Holding on to the Spirit-Soothing Pillar, she said, "Elder, where did you come from? Why are you bound here by him?" When the elder heard this, he turned his teary eyes to steal a glance at her and found that she was about thirty years old. "Lady Bodhisattva," he said, "no need for further questions. I must have been fated to die when I entered your door. If you want to devour me, go ahead. Why bother to question me?"

The woman said, "I don't eat people! About three hundred miles west of here is my home, a city by the name of the Precious Image Kingdom.

I'm the third princess of its king, and my childhood name is Hundred Flowers' Shame. Thirteen years ago, on the eve of the fifteenth of the eighth month, I was enjoying the sight of the moon when this monsterspirit kidnapped me and brought me here in a violent wind. I was forced to become his wife for all these thirteen years and to bear his children. It was impossible, of course, for me to send any news back to the Court, and I couldn't see my parents even though I thought of them frequently. But where did you come from, and how did he catch you?"

“This poor monk,” said the Tang Monk, “is someone sent to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. I was taking a walk when I bumped into this place. Now he wants to catch my two disciples also so that we will all be steamed and eaten together.”

“Elder, please don’t worry,” said the princess with a smile. “If you are a scripture pilgrim, I can save you, for the Precious Image Kingdom is right on your main path to the West. All I ask of you is to deliver a letter for me to my parents and I’ll ask my husband to let you go.” Nodding his head, the Tang Monk said, “Lady Bodhisattva, if you can save the life of this poor monk, I shall be glad to serve as your messenger.” Quickly running inside, the princess wrote a letter and had it properly sealed. She then went back out to the pillar and untied him before handing him the letter. After he was freed, the Tang Monk held the letter in his hands and said, “Lady Bodhisattva, thank you for saving my life. When this poor monk reaches your kingdom, he will certainly deliver the letter to the king. I fear, however, that such a lengthy separation will make it difficult for your parents to recognize anything from you. What shall I do then? They would not accuse me of lying, would they?”

“No fear,” said the princess. “My parents have no son; all they have are us three sisters. When they see this letter, they will look after you.”

Tucking the letter deep into his sleeve, Tripitaka thanked the princess again and started to walk out. “You can’t go out the front door!” said the princess, tugging at him. “Those monster-spirits, great and small, are all outside waving the banners and beating the drums and gongs to assist the Great King, who is at this very moment fighting with your disciples. You’d better leave by the back door. If the Great King seizes you, he will at least interrogate you. But if the little fiends catch hold of you, they may slaughter you on the spot without further ado. Let me go instead to the front and speak a word on your behalf. If the Great King is willing to let you go, your disciples can take that as a favor and leave with you.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he kowtowed to the princess before taking leave of her. After walking out of the back door, he dared not proceed; instead, he hid himself in some bushes and waited.

We tell you now about the princess, who had devised a clever plan. She ran out the front door and pushed her way through the vast throng of monsters. All she could hear was the jangle of weapons, for Eight Rules and Sha Monk were still doing battle in midair with that fiend. The princess shouted, “Lord Yellow Robe!” When the monster king heard the call of the princess, he abandoned Eight Rules and Sha Monk and dropped down from the clouds. Holding his scimitar with one hand, he took the hand of the princess with the other and said, “Mistress, what do you want?”

“Husband,” said the princess, “I was sleeping just now within the silk curtains, and I saw in my dream a golden-armored deity.”

“That golden-armored deity,” said the demon, “what does he want at my door?”

The princess said, “During my youth when I was living in the palace, I made a secret vow that if I found a good husband, I would ascend the famous mountains, visit the immortal abodes, and feed the monks. Since I married you, ours had been such great happiness that I never had the opportunity to mention this to you. Just now that golden-armored deity came to demand that I fulfill my vow; he was shouting at me so vehemently that I woke up with a start. Even though it was all a dream, I made haste to come to tell you about it. Then I saw a monk all tied up on that pillar. I beg you, husband, to be compassionate for my sake and spare that monk. Just regard the matter as if it were my feeding the monks to redeem my vow. Are you willing?”

“Mistress,” said the fiend, “you’re so gullible! I thought it was something important! All right! If I wanted to eat humans, I can catch a few anywhere. This one monk, what does he amount to? I’ll let him go.”

“Husband,” said the princess, “let him go out the back door.”

The monster said, “What nuisance! Just let him go. Why bother about the back door or front door?” He gripped his steel scimitar and shouted, “You, Zhu Eight Rules! Come over here! I’m not afraid of you, but I won’t fight with you anymore; for the sake of my wife, I’m going to spare your master. Go quickly to our back door and find him so that you can leave for the West. If you ever trespass our territory again, I will not spare you.”

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard these words, they felt as if they had been released from the gate of Hell! Leading the horse and poling the luggage, they darted like rodents past the Current-Moon Cave. When they reached the back door, they cried, “Master!” The elder recognized their voices and answered from the thorny bushes. Sha Monk parted the grass and picked up his master, who mounted the horse hurriedly. So,

*Almost harmed by the vicious blue-faced spirit,
He met by luck the zeal of Hundred Flowers’ Shame.
The scorpaenid has from the golden hook escaped:
He wags his head and tail to swim with the waves.*

Eight Rules led the way in front while Sha Monk brought up the rear. They left the pine forest and proceeded on the main road. Look at the two of them! Still bickering and grumbling, they were trying to put the blame on each other, and Tripitaka had to spend all the time attempting to pacify them. At night they sought a place to rest; when the cock crowed they looked at the sky. Stage by stage, they soon traveled some two hundred and ninety-nine miles. When they raised their heads one day, they saw a beautiful city. It was the Precious Image Kingdom, a marvelous place indeed!

*How boundless the clouds!
How vast the journey!
Though the land is a thousand miles away,
Its condition is no less prosperous.
Auspicious mist and smoke surround it;
Bright moon and clear wind befriend it.
Green, towering distant mountains
Spread out like a painted scroll;
The flowing stream, surging and bubbling,
Throws up pieces of white jade.
Arable fields, joined by roadways and paths;
Worthy of food, dense sprouting rice crops;
Hooked by the fisherman, three winding brooks of a few households;
Gathered by the woodsman, one load of pepper-wood from two hills.
Each corridor and each rampart
Are made strong as if by metal and liquid;
Every house and every home
Vies with one another in felicity.
Nine-tiered towers rise like palace halls;
Layered terraces soar like beacons.
There are also the Great Ultimate Hall,*

*The Bright Cover Hall,
 The Burn Incense Hall,
 The Text- Viewing Hall,
 The Policy- Proclaiming Hall,
 And the Talent- Engaging Hall—
 Every hall lined with jade threshold and gold steps,
 With civil and military officials.
 There are also the Great Light Palace,
 The Bright Sun Palace,
 The Long- Lasting Pleasure Palace,
 The Bright Clear Palace,
 The Memorial- Establishing Palace,
 And the Never- Ending Palace—
 Each palace, with its chimes, drums, pipes, and vertical flutes,
 Releases its boudoir sorrows and springtime griefs.
 There are in the forbidden courtyard
 Young, fresh faces like flowers bedewed;
 There are on the palace moat
 Slender waists like willows dancing in the wind.
 On the broad boulevard
 There may be one who is capped and sashed,
 Who, elaborately dressed,
 Mounts a five-horse chariot.
 At a secluded spot
 There may be one holding bow and arrows
 Who, pushing through fog and clouds,
 Would pierce a pair of hawks.
 Alleys of flowers and willows;
 Towers of pipes and strings:
 Spring breeze here's no lighter than at Luoyang Bridge!
 Our scripture-seeking elder
 Recalls the Tang court and his bowels almost burst;
 Our disciples, flanking their master,
 Rest in a post-house and lose their souls in dreams.*

There was no end to the sight of such fine scenery at the Precious Image Kingdom. Master and disciples, the three of them, brought the luggage and the horse to a post-house and rested.

Afterwards, the Tang Monk walked to the gate of the court and said to the gate official, "A priest from the Tang court has arrived to seek an audience with the throne and to have my travel rescript certified. Please make this report for me."

The Custodian of the Yellow Gate hurried inside and went before the white jade steps to say, "Your Majesty, there is an illustrious monk from the Tang court, who wishes to have an audience with you in order to have his travel rescript certified." When the king heard that an illustrious monk had arrived from such a great nation as the Tang, he was very pleased and consented at once. "Summon him to come in," he said. When Tripitaka was summoned before the golden steps, he went through an elaborate court ceremony to pay homage to the ruler. None of the civil and military officials lining up

on both sides of the court could refrain from saying, “Truly a man from a noble nation! What exquisite manners!”

The king said, “Elder, why did you come to our Kingdom?”

“This humble monk,” said Tripitaka, “is a Buddhist from the Tang court. I have received the decree of my emperor to go to acquire scriptures in the West. The travel rescript that I originally received should be certified once I arrive at the kingdom of Your Majesty. This is the reason why I dare intrude upon your Dragon Presence.”

“If you have the rescript from the Tang Son of Heaven,” said the king, “bring it up here for me to look at.” Presenting it with both hands, Tripitaka placed the document on the imperial desk and unfolded it. The rescript says:

The travel rescript of the Tang Son of Heaven, who succeeds under the guidance of Heaven to the throne of the Great Tang Empire in the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. Though we humbly acknowledge our poor display of virtue, we are the lawful descendant of a great heritage. In the service to the gods and the government of men, we try to be vigilant night and day, as if we were approaching a deep abyss or walking on thin ice. Some time ago, we failed to save the life of the Old Dragon of Jing River, for which we were chastised by the Most High August One. Our soul and spirit, drifting to the Region of Darkness, had already become a guest of impermanence. Because our allotted age was not yet exhausted, however, we were indebted to the Ruler of Darkness, who released us and returned us to life. Thereafter, we convened a grand mass and established the ritual field for the dead. It was at this time also that the One who saves from afflictions, the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, revealed to us her golden form, and enlightened us with the knowledge that the West had both Buddha and scriptures, able to redeem the dead and deliver the orphaned spirits. For this reason we now commission Xuanzang, master of the law, to traverse a thousand mountains in order to acquire such scriptures. When he reaches the many nations of the West, it is our hope that they will not extinguish the goodly affinity and allow him to pass through because of this rescript. This is a necessary-to-be-sent document.

An auspicious day in the autumn of the thirteenth year, in the Zhenguan period of the Great Tang. An imperial document. (There were also the marks of nine precious seals on it.)

When the king read it, he took the jade seal of his own nation and stamped it before handing it back to Tripitaka.

After he thanked the king and put away the travel rescript, Tripitaka said, “This humble priest came first of all to have the document certified, and secondly to present to Your Majesty a family letter.”

Delighted, the king said, “What kind of family letter?”

“Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka, “the third princess was kidnapped by the Yellow Robe Fiend of the Current-Moon Cave at the Casserole Mountain. This humble priest met her by chance and it was she who asked me to send you this letter.” When the king heard this, his eyes brimmed with tears. “Thirteen years ago,” he said, “we lost our princess. For that, we banished countless officials, both civil and military, and we did not know how many ladies-in-waiting and eunuchs we had caned to death throughout the palace. For we thought that she had walked out of the palace and lost her way. Since we did not know where to look, we interrogated countless households in the city, but there was not a trace of her. How would we know that a monster had kidnapped her? When I receive this word today, I cannot hold back my grief or tears.”

Thereupon Tripitaka took out the letter from his sleeve and presented it. When the king took it and saw the address on the envelope, his hands turned feeble and could not open the letter. He therefore gave the order to have the Grand Secretary of the Hanlin Academy come before the throne and read the letter. The Grand Secretary ascended the steps as all the civil and military officials before the court and all the

imperial concubines and palace ladies behind the court listened attentively. Opening the letter, the Grand Secretary began to read:

The unfilial daughter, Hundred Flowers' Shame, touches her head to the ground a hundred times before the Dragon-Phoenix Palace to honor Father King of the highest virtue. Long may he live! I bow also before the Bright Sun Palace to my Queen Mother, Queen of the Three Palaces, and to all worthy ministers, both civil and military, of the entire court. Ever since it was my good fortune to have been born into the queen's palace, I have been indebted to you for the countless acts of grievous labor you undertook on my behalf. I regret that I have not done the utmost to please you, nor have I discharged with all my strength my filial duties. It was on the fifteenth day of the eighth month thirteen years ago that Father King, on that lovely evening and auspicious occasion, gave his gracious command for banquets to be prepared in the several palaces so that we might enjoy the moonlight and celebrate the glorious Festival of Immaculate Heavens. During the moment of festivity, a sudden gust of fragrant wind brought forward a demon king with golden pupils, indigo face, and green hair who took hold of your daughter. Mounting the auspicious luminosity, he carried me away directly to an uninhabited region midway in the mountain and absolutely forbade me to leave. He exploited his fiendish power and forced me to become his wife; I had no alternative but to suffer such ignominy for these thirteen years. Two monster children were born to me, all seeds of this fiend. To speak of this, in fact, is to corrupt the great human relations and to pervert our morals. I should not, therefore, send you such an offensive and insulting letter, but I fear that there would be no explanation should your daughter pass away. As I was thinking of my parents with deep sorrow, I learned that a holy monk from the Tang court was also taken captive by the demon king. It was then that your daughter wrote this letter in tears and made bold to obtain release for the priest, so that he might deliver this small document as an expression of my heart. I beg Father King in his compassion to send his noble generals quickly to capture the Yellow Robe Fiend at the Current-Moon Cave of the Casserole Mountain and bring your daughter back to the court. Yours will be the deepest favor to me. Please pardon my disrespect in writing this letter in haste, and whatever has not been said I hope to tell you face to face. Your disobedient daughter, Hundred Flowers' Shame, kowtows again and again.

When the Grand Secretary finished reading the letter, the king burst into loud wailing; all the three palaces shed tears and the various officials were also overborne by grief.

After the king had wept for a long time, he asked the two rows of civil and military officials, "Who dares lead the troops and captains to capture the monster for us and rescue our Hundred Flowers princess?"

He asked the question several times, but there was not a single person courageous enough to respond. Like generals carved out of wood and ministers molded with clay, they all turned dumb! Sorely distressed, the king wept till tears streamed down his face, whereupon many officials prostrated themselves and memorialized, saying, "Your Majesty, we beseech you to desist from your sorrow. The princess was lost, and for thirteen years there had been no news from her. Although she met by chance the holy monk from the Tang court so that she was able to send us this letter, we are still not fully informed about her situation. Moreover, your subjects are merely mortal creatures. We have studied military manuals and tactics, of course, but our knowledge is limited to placing troops in formations and pitching camps in order to protect the frontiers of our nation from any invasion. The monster-spirit, however, is someone who comes by the fog and goes with the clouds.

Unless we could meet him face to face, how could we attack him and rescue the princess? The scripture pilgrim from the Land of the East is, we believe, a holy monk from a noble nation. As a priest

*Whose vast power tames dragons and tigers,
Whose great virtue awes demons and gods,*

he must know the art of subduing monsters. As the proverb says,

*He who comes and tells of some affair
Is himself involved in that affair.*

Let us ask this elder to subdue the monster and rescue our princess; this is our safest policy.” When the king heard these words, he turned quickly to Tripitaka and said, “Elder, if you have the ability to release your dharma power and catch the monster so that my child can return to the court, you need not go worship Buddha in the West. You can let your hair grow again, for we will become bond-brothers with you. You may sit on the dragon couch with us and enjoy our riches together.

How about it?”

“This poor monk,” said Tripitaka hurriedly, “knows a little of chanting the name of Buddha, but truly he does not know how to subdue monsters.”

“If you don’t,” said the king, “how dare you go seek Buddha in the Western Heaven?” No longer able to hide the truth, the elder had to mention his two disciples. “Your Majesty,” he said, “your poor monk would find it very difficult indeed to come here if he were all by himself. I have, however, two disciples, most capable of opening up a pathway in the mountains and building bridges when we come upon the rivers. They have accompanied me here.”

“You are an insensitive monk,” said the king, chiding him. “If you have disciples, why did you not bring them to see us also? When they enter my court, even if we had no intention to reward them, we could provide at least some food.”

Tripitaka said, “The disciples of this poor monk are rather ugly in their appearances, and they dare not enter the court without permission. For I fear that they might cause too great a shock to your Majesty.”

“Look at how this monk talks,” said the king with a laugh. “Do you think really that we’ll be afraid of them?”

“It’s hard to tell,” said Tripitaka. “My elder disciple has the surname of Zhu, and his given names are Wuneng and Eight Rules. He has a long snout and fanglike teeth, tough bristles on the back of his head, and huge, fanlike ears. He is coarse and husky, and he causes even the wind to rise when he walks. My second disciple has the surname of Sha, and his religious names are Wujing and Monk. He is twelve feet tall and three span wide across his shoulders. His face is like indigo, his mouth, a butcher’s bowl; his eyes gleam and his teeth seem a row of nails. With looks like those, how could they dare enter the court without permission?”

“Since you have now given them a thorough description,” said the king, “we wouldn’t be afraid of them. Summon them in.”

He then gave the order that an invitation by a golden plaque should be sent at once to the post-house.

When Idiot saw the invitation, he said to Sha Monk, “Brother, you were saying previously that we should perhaps not deliver that letter. Now you can see what benefits delivering that letter can bring. It must be that after Master had delivered the letter, the king said that a messenger should not be lightly treated and insisted on giving a banquet for him. He has no stomach for that sort of thing, but at least he’s considerate toward the two of us by mentioning our names. That’s why a golden plaque has been sent to invite us. Let’s go and have a good meal then, and we can leave tomorrow.”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “we still don’t know the true reason for this.

Let's go and find out."

They therefore turned over the luggage and the horse to the care of the post-house master. Taking their weapons with them, they followed the golden plaque into court and went before the white jade steps. Standing on the left and on the right, they made one bow and then remained erect without moving again. Every member of those civil and military officials was deeply shaken.

"These two monks," they said, "are not only ugly, they are downright uncouth! How could they see our king and not prostrate themselves? After one bow, they just stand there and remain erect. It's preposterous! It's preposterous!"

Eight Rules heard this and he said, "Don't complain, all of you. That's how we are! At first glance, we may appear ugly, but after awhile, you'll get used to us." When the king saw how hideous they were, he was immediately frightened. By the time he heard what Idiot had said, he was shaking so hard that he fell down from his dragon couch. Fortunately, there were attendants nearby who took hold of him and helped him up. The Tang Monk was so terrified that he knelt before the court and kowtowed without ceasing, saying, "Your Majesty, this monk deserves ten thousand deaths, ten thousand deaths! I said that my disciples were ugly and that they should not be granted an audience because it might injure your dragon body. Now, they have indeed alarmed the Throne." Still trembling, the king went forward to raise up the priest, saying, "Elder, it's a good thing that you told me about them before. If you hadn't, the sudden sight of them would have scared me to death!"

After he had calmed down, the king said, "Elder Zhu and Elder Sha, which one of you is good at subduing monsters?"

Foolishly Idiot answered, "Old Hog knows how."

"In what way?" asked the king. "I am the Marshal of the Heavenly Reeds," said Eight Rules.

"Because I transgressed Heaven's decree, I fell to the Region Below where luckily I could embrace the truth and become a monk.

Since our journey from the Land of the East, I have been the one most capable of subduing monsters."

The king said, "If you are a celestial warrior who has descended to Earth, you must know very well the magic of transformation."

"I shouldn't boast," said Eight Rules, "but I do know a few little tricks."

"Try to change into something for me to have a look," said the king. Eight Rules said, "Give me a subject, and I'll change into its form."

The king said, "Change into something big, then."

That Eight Rules happened to know thirty-six kinds of transformation. He stood before the steps and showed off his ability; making the magic sign with his fingers and reciting a spell, he shouted, "Grow!"

He straightened his torso and at once attained the height of eighty or ninety feet just like a pathfinding deity. The two rows of civil and military officials shook in their boots; the ruler and the subjects of the entire kingdom were terror-stricken. One of the palace guardian-generals managed to ask, "Elder, when will you stop growing? Is there a limit to your height?" Idiot could not refrain from spouting idiotic words. "It depends

on the wind,” he said. “It’s all right if the east wind is blowing, and the west wind is okay, too. But if the south wind rises, I’ll bore a great hole in the blue sky!”

Horried, the king said, “Retrieve your magic. I know your power of transformation.” Squatting down, Eight Rules changed back into his original form at once and stood before the steps. “Elder,” asked the king once more, “what sort of weapons do you intend to bring with you to do battle on this expedition?”

Eight Rules took out his muckrake and said, “What old Hog uses is a pronged rake.”

“That’s shameful!” said the king with a chuckle. “We have here whips, maces, gilt bludgeons, mallets, scimitars, spears, halberds with crescent-shaped blades, battle-axes, swords, halberds, lances, and battle sickles. You can pick anything you like and take it with you.

How could you regard that rake of yours as a weapon?”

“You have no idea about this, Your Majesty,” said Eight Rules. “This rake may seem a rather crude instrument, but it is one that has stayed with me since my youth. When I was commanding some eighty thousand sailors in the naval department at the Heavenly River, I relied solely on the strength of this rake. Now that I have descended to this mortal world to accompany my master, that which

*Plows through the mountain dens of tigers and wolves
And overturns the water homes of dragons and snakes*

is all the work of this rake!” Most delighted and reassured by what he heard, the king turned to some of his ladies in the court, saying, “Bring me my own special wine. Take the whole bottle, in fact, so that we can send the elder off properly.”

He then poured a goblet of it and presented it to Eight Rules, saying, “Elder, this cup of wine is for the labor you are about to undertake. Wait till you capture the monster and bring back our little girl. We shall have a huge banquet and a thousand pieces of gold to thank you.” Idiot took hold of the cup in his hands; though he was a rude and rowdy person, he could act courteously when he wanted to. Bowing deeply to Tripitaka, he said, “Master, you should be the first one to drink this wine. But since it is the king who bestows it on me, I dare not refuse. Please permit old Hog to drink this wine first. It should help inspire me to catch the monster.” Idiot drained the goblet with one gulp before filling it again to hand it to his master. Tripitaka said, “I don’t drink. You brothers may take it.” Sha Monk went forward to receive the cup, while the clouds sprouted beneath Eight Rules’s feet and lifted him straight into the air. When the king saw this, he said, “So Elder Zhu knows even cloud soaring!” Idiot left, and after draining the goblet also with one gulp, Sha Monk said, “Master, when that Yellow Robe Fiend caught you, two of us could only battle him to a draw. If Second Brother goes by himself now, I fear that he may not be able to withstand him.”

“You are right, disciple,” said Tripitaka. “You may go to lend him some assistance.”

Hearing this, Sha Monk leaped up and left soaring on the clouds. The king became alarmed and caught hold of the Tang Monk, saying, “Elder, please sit with us for awhile. Don’t you go away too, soaring on the clouds.”

The Tang Monk said, “Pity! Pity! I can’t even move half a step like that!”

At this time, the two of them chatted in the palace, and we shall speak of them no further.

We tell you now about Sha Monk, who caught up with Eight Rules, saying, “Elder Brother, I’m here.”

Eight Rules said, “Brother, why did you come?”

“Master told me to come help you,” said Sha Monk. Highly pleased, Eight Rules said, “Well said, and welcome! United in our minds and efforts, the two of us can go catch that monster. It may not be much, but we’ll spread our fame a little in this kingdom.” Look at them:

*Swathed in hallowed light they passed the kingdom’s edge;
Borne by auspicious air they left the capital.
They went by the king’s decree to the mountain cave
To catch with all diligence the monster-spirit.*

In a little while, the two of them arrived at the mouth of the cave and lowered the direction of their clouds. Raising his rake, Eight Rules delivered a blow on the door of the Current-Moon Cave with all his might: at once a hole about the size of a barrel appeared in the stone door. The little fiends standing guard at the entrance were so startled that they opened the door immediately and found that it was the two monks. They ran inside to report, crying, “Great King, it’s terrible! The monk with a long snout and huge ears and the monk with the gloomiest complexion have returned and busted our door.” Surprised, the monster said, “These two have to be Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk. I spared their master already. How dare they come back and wreck my door!”

A little fiend said, “They must have left behind something and returned to get it.”

“Rubbish!” cried the old fiend. “You leave something behind and then you go and break down someone’s door? There has to be another reason.”

He quickly put on his armor, grasped his scimitar, and walked outside. “Monks,” he asked, “I have already spared your master. For what reason do you dare come back and break down my door?”

Eight Rules said, “You lawless monster, you have really done something all right!”

“What?” asked the old demon. “You abducted the third princess of the Precious Image Kingdom to this cave and forced her to be your wife,” said Eight Rules. “It’s been thirteen years, about time that you give her up. I have been decreed by the king specially to capture you. Go inside quickly and come out again after tying yourself up. That’ll save old Hog from having to raise his hands.” When that old monster heard these words, he grew enraged. Look at him!

*Noisily, he ground his teeth;
Round and round, his eyes glowered;
In fury, he lifted his scimitar;
With bloody thought, he slashed at the head.*

Eight Rules stepped aside to dodge the blow and returned one with his pronged rake. Immediately, Sha Monk wielded his precious staff and rushed forward to join the battle. This conflict waged on the peak was different from the one before. Truly,

Wrong words and irksome speech arouse one’s wrath;

*Malice and rancor make one's anger grow.
 The scimitar of this big demon king
 Slashes at the head;
 The nine-pronged rake of that Eight Rules
 Confronts him at the face.
 Sha Wujing unleashes the precious staff;
 The demon king parries this weapon divine.
 One savage fiend
 And two godlike monks
 Move back and forth, taking their time to fight!
 This one says, "You defraud a nation and are worthy of death!"
 That one says, "You're wrongly indignant at someone's affairs!"
 This one says, "You raped a princess and brought her country shame!"
 That one says, "It's none of your business, so stop meddling!"
 It is all because of a letter sent
 That both monks and demon are not at peace.*

They battled for eight or nine rounds before the mountain, and Eight Rules began to weaken steadily; he could hardly lift his rake and he was rapidly losing his strength. Why couldn't he prevail against the monster, you ask? When they fought previously, you see, there were the dharma-protecting deities who gave the disciples secret assistance because of the Tang Monk's presence in the cave.

That was why they fought to a draw. At this time, however, all the gods had gone to the Precious Image Kingdom to guard the Tang Monk, and the two disciples by themselves could not withstand their adversary. Idiot said, "Sha Monk, you come up and fight with him for awhile. Let old Hog go shit first!" Not showing the slightest care for Sha Monk, he dove right into a thicket of bramble bushes; without regard for good or ill, without any concern that the thorns were pricking his face and tearing up his scalp, he rolled right inside and lay down, refusing to come out at all. Only half of his ear was left outside, so that he could hear the rattle and learn how the battle was faring.

When the monster saw that Eight Rules had run away, he went after Sha Monk. Completely flustered, Sha Monk did not even have time to try to escape, and he was seized by the monster and hauled back to the cave, where he was bound hand and foot behind his back by the little fiends. We do not know what will happen to his life; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY

A deviant demon attacks the true Dharma
The Horse of the Will recalls Mind Monkey

We were telling you about the fiend who, having had Sha Monk firmly bound, did not proceed to kill him or beat him. He did not, in fact, utter so much as an abusive word to his prisoner. Holding on to his scimitar, he thought to himself instead, “The Tang Monk is a man from a noble nation, who must know the meaning of propriety and righteousness. How could he possibly send his disciples to try to seize me, when it was I who spared his life in the first place? Aha! It has to be some sort of letter sent by that wife of mine back to her kingdom, and that’s how the news is leaked! Let me go ask her.”

Turning savage all of a sudden, the monster wanted to kill the princess.

The princess, alas, was still in the dark about the whole matter. After putting on her makeup, she was walking along when she saw the fiend approaching with bulging eyes and knitted brows, fiercely grinding his teeth together. Smiling broadly, she said to him, “Husband, what’s bothering you so terribly?”

“You filthy bitch!” cried the fiend. “You don’t have any regard for human relations! When I first brought you here, you didn’t utter half a word of protest. You had silk to wear and gold to put on; whatever you needed I went out to procure. You have been enjoying the goods of all four seasons and my deep affection every day. Why do you still think only of your parents, with no care at all for our marriage?” When the princess heard what he said, she was so terror-stricken that she knelt on the ground at once. “Husband,” she said, “why are you speaking such words of separation today?”

“I don’t know whether it’s you or I who wants separation!” said the fiend. “I caught the Tang Monk and wanted very much to enjoy him. Why did you promise him release before you even consulted me? The fact of the matter had to be that you wrote a letter in secret and asked him to deliver it for you. If it weren’t so, why did those two monks come fighting back to my door and demand your return? Didn’t you do all this?”

“Husband, you wrong me,” said the princess. “Since when did I send any letter?”

“Still trying to deny it, huh?” said the fiend. “I’ve caught someone here who’s going to be a witness.”

“Who’s he?” asked the princess. The old fiend said, “Sha Monk, the second disciple of the Tang Monk.” Now, no human person is likely to accept death willingly even if death is near. Determined to deny everything, the princess said, “Husband, calm yourself and let us go question him. If there were a letter, I would gladly let you beat me to death. But if there were no such letter, wouldn’t you have slain me unjustly?” When the fiend heard these words, he did not wait for further discussion. Stretching forth his indigo hand that had the size and shape of a winnow, he grabbed the princess by those ten thousand locks of long, lovely hair and pulled her all the way to the front. He threw her to the ground and then went forward, scimitar in hand, to question the prisoner.

“Sha Monk,” he bellowed, “since the two of you dared fight up to our door, I ask you this: was it because this girl had sent a letter back to her country that the king told you to come?” When the shackled Sha Monk saw how furious the monster was, hurling

the princess to the ground and threatening to kill her with the scimitar, he thought to himself, "Of course she sent a letter. But she also saved my master, and that was an incomparably great favor. If I admitted it freely, he would kill the princess on the spot and that would have meant our repaying kindness with enmity. All right! All right! Old Sand, after all, has followed Master all this time and I haven't made the merest of merit. Today, I'm already a bound captive here; I might as well offer my life to repay my master's kindness."

He then shouted, "Monster, don't you dare be unruly! What kind of letter did she send that made you want to accuse her and take her life? There was another reason for us to come to demand from you the princess. Because you had imprisoned my master in the cave, he had the chance to catch a glimpse of the princess, her looks and her gestures. By the time we reached the Precious Image Kingdom and had our travel rescript certified, the king was making all kinds of inquiry about the whereabouts of his daughter with a painted portrait of hers. He showed my master that portrait and asked us whether we had seen her on the way. When my master described the lady he saw at this place, the king knew it was his daughter. He bestowed on us his own imperial wine and commanded us to come here to take you captive and bring his princess back to the palace. This is the truth. Since when was there a letter? If you want to kill someone, you can kill old Sand! But don't harm an innocent bystander and add to your sins!" When the fiend heard how heroically Sha Monk had spoken, he threw away his scimitar and lifted the princess up with both his hands, saying, "I was quite rough with you just now, and I must have offended you deeply. Please forgive me!"

He helped her straighten her hair again and reset the bejeweled ornaments with great tenderness and amiability, hugging her and teasing her as they walked inside. He then asked her to take a seat in the middle of the chamber and apologized again. The princess, after all, was a rather fickle woman; when she saw how penitent he became, she, too, had a change of heart. "Husband," she said, "if you have regard for our love, please loosen those ropes on Sha Monk a little." When the old fiend heard that, he ordered the little ones to untie Sha Monk and lock him up instead. After he was freed and locked up, Sha Monk stood up, secretly pleased and thinking to himself, "The ancients said, 'Kindness to others is really kindness to oneself.' If I were not kind to her, she wouldn't make him untie me, would she?"

The old fiend, meanwhile, asked also for wine and food to be served as a means of making further amends to the princess and calming her fears. After drinking until they were half tipsy, the old fiend suddenly changed into a brightly colored robe and girded a sword on his waist. "Mistress," he said, caressing the princess with his hand, "you stay home and drink some more. Look after our two kids and don't let Sha Monk get away. While the Tang Monk is still in the kingdom, I'm going there to get acquainted with my kin."

"To get acquainted with what kin?" asked the princess. "Your Father King," said the old fiend. "I'm his imperial son-in-law and he's my father-in-law. Why shouldn't I go and get acquainted?"

The princess said, "You can't go."

"Why not?" said the old fiend. The princess said, "My Father King did not win his empire by might on horseback; he inherited it from his ancestors. Since he ascended his throne in his youth, he hasn't even left the gate of the city. We have no violent men with looks so savage and gruesome as yours. If you meet him, you might scare him and that wouldn't be a good thing. It's better that you not go to get acquainted."

“If you put it like that,” said the old fiend, “let me change into a handsome fellow and go there.”

“Change and let me look at you first,” said the princess.

Dear monster! Right before the dining table, he shook his body once and changed into a very comely person. Truly he had

*Most elegant features
And a rugged physique.
He spoke like a mandarin
And moved with the grace of youth.
Gifted as Zijian he could rhyme with ease;
He looked like Pan An when they tossed him fruits.
He put on his head a crow-tail cap,
His hair gathered in smoothly;
And wore on his body a lined, white silk robe
With wide, billowy sleeves.
Beneath his feet were patterned black boots;
Around his waist shone the five-colored belt.
He had the true bearing of a striking man:
Handsome, tall, dignified, and full of strength.*

The princess was most pleased by what she saw. “Mistress,” said that fiend laughing, “is it a good transformation?”

“Marvelous! Marvelous!” said the princess. “Just remember this: once you enter the court, many officials, both civil and military, will no doubt invite you to banquets, since it’s my Father King’s policy never to reject any relatives. You must be extra careful when you drink not to reveal your original appearance. For once you show yourself in your true form, you don’t look that civilized.”

“No need for all that instruction,” said the old fiend. “I know what to do.” Look at him. He mounted the clouds and soon arrived at the Precious Image Kingdom. Lowering their direction, he went before the court and said to the guardian of the gate, “The third imperial son-in-law came especially to seek an audience with the Throne. Please report this for me.”

The Custodian of the Yellow Gate went before the white jade steps and made the report, saying, “Your Majesty, the third imperial son-in-law has come to seek an audience with the Throne. He is outside the gate of the court and awaits your summons.”

The king was just conversing with the Tang Monk; when he heard of the third imperial son-in-law, he asked his ministers, “We have only two sons-in-law. How is it that there is a third?”

“The third imperial son-in-law,” said several of the ministers, “must be that monster.”

“Shall we summon him in?” asked the king. Already apprehensive, the elder said, “Your Majesty, it’s a monster-spirit! If he’s not a spirit, he will not be intelligent. He must know the future and the past, for he is able to mount the clouds and ride the mists. He’ll come when you summon him, but even if you did not, he would come in

anyway. You might as well summon him in so that we might be spared any kind of hassle.”

The king gave his consent and ordered the fiend be summoned before the golden steps. He, too, went through an elaborate performance of court ritual to pay homage to the king. When all the officials saw how handsome he was, they dared not consider him a monster-spirit; being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, they regarded him as a good man instead. When the king saw how lofty and dignified he appeared, he also thought that this was a man of distinguished abilities, fit to govern the world. “Son-in-law,” he said, “where is your home? What region are you from? When did you marry our princess? Why did you wait until today before coming to be recognized as our kin?”

“My lord,” said the old fiend, kowtowing, “your subject comes from a household east of this city, in the Current-Moon Cave of the Casserole Mountain.”

The king asked, “How far is your mountain from our place?”

“Not far,” replied the old fiend, “only about three hundred miles.”

“Three hundred miles,” said the king. “How could our princess possibly get there to marry you?” With clever words and the intent to deceive, the monster-spirit replied, “My lord, your subject has been fond of archery and riding since his youth, for I earn my livelihood by hunting. Thirteen years ago, I led scores of houseboys up to the mountain, and we were just sending out our hawks and hounds when we saw a large, striped tiger. It was going down the slope of the mountain carrying a young girl. It was your subject who shot the tiger with a single arrow and brought the girl back to our village, where she was revived with some warm liquids. When I questioned her about her home after saving her life, she never mentioned the word ‘princess.’ Had she declared that she was the third princess of your Majesty, would I dare be so insolent as to marry her without your consent? I would have tried to enter the golden palace and seek some kind of appointment, however lowly, in order to be worthy of her. Because she claimed, however, that she was a girl from some peasant household, your subject asked her to remain in my village. We seemed to be ideally suited for each other, and we were both willing; that’s why we’ve been married for these thirteen years. After our wedding, I was about to slaughter the tiger and use it to fete the relatives. The princess, however, requested me not to do so, and she put her reason aptly in these poetic lines:

*Heaven and Earth made us husband and wife;
With no broker or witness we were wed.
Red threads did bind our feet in previous lives:
That’s why the tiger is our go-between.*

Because of what she said, your subject untied the tiger and spared its life. Claws flailing and tail wagging, it ran away still carrying the arrow wound. Little did I anticipate that after a few years, the tiger thus spared managed to become a spirit in the mountain through self-cultivation, bent on seducing and hurting people. Some years ago, your subject had heard of several scripture pilgrims, all priests sent by the Great Tang. The tiger, I think, must have taken their lives; he probably got hold of the travel documents and changed into one of their forms to come here to deceive my lord. My lord, the person sitting on that brocaded cushion over there is none other than the tiger which carried away the princess thirteen years ago. He is not a real scripture pilgrim.” Look at that capricious ruler! His foolish, undiscerning eyes of the flesh could not recognize the monster-spirit; instead, he regarded that entire specious speech to be the

truth. “Worthy son-in-law,” he said, “how could you tell that this monk is a tiger, the one which carried away our princess?”

“My lord,” said the fiend, “what your subject feeds on in the mountain are tigers; what he wears are also tigers. I sleep with them and rise with them. How could I not recognize them?”

“In that case,” said the king, “make him appear in his true form.”

The fiendish creature said, “Please give me half a cup of clean water, and your subject will make him appear in his true form.”

The king ordered an official to fetch the water for the imperial son-in-law. Taking the cup in his hand, the fiend got up and went forward to exercise the Dim-Eyes, Still-Body Magic. He recited a spell and spat a mouthful of water on the Tang Monk, crying, “Change!”

The true body of the elder at once became invisible; what everyone saw in the palace was a ferocious striped tiger instead.

In those worldly eyes of the king and his subjects, the tiger truly had

*A white brow and a round head,
A striped body and lightning eyes.
Its four huge paws
Were straight and rugged;
Its twenty claws
Were hooklike and sharp.
Sawlike teeth filled its mouth;
Pointed ears joined its eyebrows.
Savage, it bore the form of a big cat;
Raging, it had the shape of a brown steer.
Steel hairs stood rigidly like silver strips;
A red tongue, daggerlike, belched nasty air.
It was indeed a striped, ferocious thing,
Blasting the palace with its awesome breaths.*

When the king saw it, his soul melted and his spirit fled, while many of his subjects were frightened into hiding. A few courageous military officials led the captains and guards to rush forward and began hacking away with their weapons. If it had not been for the fact that the Tang Monk this time was not yet fated to die, even twenty monks would have been reduced to minced meat. Fortunately, he had at this time the secret protection of Light and Darkness, the Guardians, the Sentinels, and the Protectors of the Faith in the air. For that reason, the weapons of those people could not harm him. The chaos in the palace lasted until evening, when the officials decided to capture the tiger alive and lock it up with chains before placing it in an iron cage. It was then stored in one of the palace chambers.

The king then gave the decree that the Court of Imperial Entertainments prepare a huge banquet to thank the imperial son-in-law for saving him from the monk. After the officials retired from court, the demon entered that evening into the Silver Peace Hall, where eighteen young palace ladies attended him; they sang, danced, and poured his wine for him. Sitting all by himself at the head table, he had on both sides of him all those lovely beauties. Look at him drink and enjoy! By about the hour of the second watch, he got drunk and could no longer refrain from mischief. Leaping up all of a

sudden, he laughed hysterically for a moment and changed back into his original form. He grew violent then and grabbed one of the girls playing the *pipa* with that big winnowlike hand of his. With a crunch, he bit off her head. The other seventeen palace girls were so terrified that they dashed madly for hiding and shelter. Look at them:

*The palace ladies panicked;
The maids-of-honor took fright—
The palace ladies panicked
Like rain-struck hibiscus bearing the night rain.
The maids-of-honor took fright
Like wind-blown peonia dancing in the spring wind.
They smashed their pipas, eager to live;
They broke their zithers, fleeing for life.
They dashed out the doors, not knowing north or south!
They quit the main hall, flying both east and west!
They scraped their jadelike features;
They bruised their lovely faces.
Every one scrambled for her life;
Each person darted for safety.*

Those people ran out, but they dared not even scream or holler for fear of disturbing the Throne so late at night. Quaking and shaking, they sought to hide beneath the eaves of the low palace wall and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you now about that fiendish creature who sat in the hall, pouring wine and drinking all by himself. After draining a glass, he would haul the bloody corpse near him and take a couple of bites. As he was thus enjoying himself inside, the people outside the palace began to spread a wild rumor that the Tang Monk was a monster-spirit. All the hubbub soon reached the Golden Lodge posthouse.

At that time, there was no one at the post-house except the white horse, which was consuming hay and feed in the stall. He was originally the dragon prince of the Western Ocean, you recall, but because of past offense against Heaven, his horns were sawed off and his scales were shorn. He was changed into the white horse so that he could carry the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the West.

When he suddenly heard people saying that the Tang Monk was a tiger spirit, he thought to himself, "My master is definitely a true man. It had to be that fiend who changed him into a tiger spirit in order to harm him. What's to be done? What's to be done? Big Brother is long gone, and there is no news from either Sha Monk or Eight Rules."

He waited until it was about the second watch, and then he said to himself, "If I don't try to rescue the Tang Monk now, this merit will be undone. Finished!" No longer able to contain himself, he bit through the reins and shook off the saddle; all at once he changed himself once more into a dragon and mounted the dark clouds to rise into the air. We have a testimonial poem for him, and the poem says:

*The priest goes West to seek the World-Honored One,
Though foul and fiendish vapors clog the way.
Tonight he's a tiger, what hopeless ordeal!
The white horse drops reins his master to save.*

In midair the young dragon prince saw that the Silver Peace Hall was aglow with lights, for there were eight huge candelabra standing inside with all their candles lit. As he lowered the direction of his clouds, he looked carefully and saw the monster seated alone at the head table and gorging himself with wine and human flesh. "What a worthless fellow!" said the dragon with a laugh. "He has shown his hand! He's revealed himself! It's not very smart, is it, to eat people! Since I don't know the where-abouts of Master and I have only this lawless demon before me, I might as well go down there and have some fun with him. If I succeed, I might be able to catch the monster-spirit first and then rescue my master."

Dear dragon prince! With one shake of his body, he changed himself into a palace maid, truly slender of body and seductive in appearance. She walked swiftly inside and bowed to the demon, saying, "Imperial son-in-law, please don't hurt me. I came to pour wine for you."

"Pour then," said the fiend. Taking up the wine pot, the little dragon began pouring until the wine was about half an inch higher than the rim of the goblet, but the wine did not spill. This was, in fact, the Magic of Water Restriction used by the little dragon, though the fiend did not know it even when he saw it. "What uncanny ability you have," he said, highly pleased. The little dragon said, "I can pour and make it go even higher."

"Pour some more! Pour some more!" cried the fiend. The little dragon took the pot and kept on pouring, until the wine rose like a pagoda of thirteen layers with a pointed top; not a drop of it was spilled. The fiendish creature stuck out his mouth and finished a whole goblet before he picked up the carcass and took another bite. Then he said, "You know how to sing?"

"A little," said the little dragon, who selected a tune and sang it before presenting another goblet of wine to the fiend. "You know how to dance?" said the monster. The little dragon said, "A little also, but I'm empty-handed, and the dance won't be attractive." Lifting up his robe, the fiend unbuckled the sword he wore on his waist and pulled the blade out of the sheath.

The little dragon took the sword from him and began to dance in front of the dining table; wielding the sword up and down, left and right, she created intricate patterns of movement.

Waiting until the fiend was completely dazzled by the dance, the little dragon suddenly broke the steps and slashed him with the sword. Dear monster! He lunged sideways and the blow barely missed him; the next thrust of the dragon was met by a candelabrum made of wrought iron and weighing about eighty or ninety pounds, which the monster picked up in a hurry. The two of them left the Silver Peace Palace as the little dragon changed back to his original form to do battle with the fiend in midair. This battle in the darkness was something! "How was it?" you ask.

This one was a monster born and formed on Casserole Mount;

That one was a chastised true dragon of the Western Ocean.

This one gave off bright light

Like white lightning;

That one belched out potent air

Like bursting red cloud.

This one seemed a white-tusked elephant let loose among mankind;

That one seemed a golden-clawed wild cat flown down to earth.

*This one was a jade pillar propping up Heaven;
 That one was a golden beam bridging the seas.
 The silver dragon flew and danced;
 The yellow demon flipped and flopped.
 The precious sword, left and right, did not slow down;
 The candelabrum, back and forth, went on and on.*

After the two of them had fought at the edge of the clouds for about eight or nine rounds, the little dragon's hand grew weak and his limbs turned numb. The old demon, after all, was strong and powerful; when the little dragon found that he could no longer withstand his adversary, he aimed the sword at the monster and threw it at him. The monster, however, was not unprepared for this desperate move; with one hand, he caught the blade, and with the other, he hurled the candelabrum at the little dragon. Unnerved, the dragon did not duck fast enough and one of his hind legs was struck by it. Hastily he dropped down from the clouds, and it was his luck that the imperial moat was there to save his life. Chased by the demon, the little dragon dove headfirst into the water and all at once became invisible. Whereupon the demon took the sword and picked up the candelabrum to go back to the Silver Peace Palace; there he drank as before till he fell asleep, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We tell you instead about the little dragon, who hid himself at the bottom of the moat. When he did not hear a sound after half an hour, he gritted his teeth to endure the pain in his leg and leaped up. Treading the dark clouds, he returned to the post-house where he changed once more into a horse and lay down in the stall. He looked pitiful indeed—completely soaked and wounded on his leg! At this time,

*Horse of the Will and Ape of the Mind are all dispersed;
 Metal Squire and Wood Mother are both scattered;
 Yellow Dame is wounded, from every one divorced;
 With reason and right so parted, what can be achieved?*

Let us say no more about how Tripitaka met disaster and the little dragon encountered defeat. We tell you instead about that Zhu Eight Rules, who, since abandoning Sha Monk, stuck his head deep into the bushes and lay there like a hog snoozing in a pool of mud. The nap, in fact, lasted till the middle of the night, and only at that time did he awake. When he became conscious, he did not even know where he was at first; only after he rubbed his eyes and collected his thoughts a little did he manage to cock his ears to listen to whatever might be happening. Well, what happened was that

*This deep mountain had no dog barking;
 These spacious wilds lacked even cock crowing.*

Looking up at the stars, he figured that it was about the hour of the third watch and he thought to himself, "I would like to try to rescue Sha Monk, but

*One silk fiber is no thread;
 A single hand cannot clap!*

Okay! Okay! Let me go back and see Master first. If I could persuade the king to give me some more help, old Hog would return to rescue Sha Monk tomorrow." Idiot mounted the clouds quickly and went back to the city; in a little while, he reached the post-house. The moon was bright and people had become quiet at this time, but he searched the corridors in vain to find any trace of his master. All he saw was the white horse lying there: his whole body was soaked and on one of his hind legs was the mark

of a bruise about the size of a pan. "This is doubly unfortunate!" said Eight Rules, greatly startled. "This loser hasn't traveled. Why is he sweating like that, and with a bruise on his leg? It must be that some evil men have robbed our master, wounding the horse in the process."

The white horse recognized that it was Eight Rules; assuming human speech suddenly, he called out:

"Elder Brother!" Idiot was so shaken that he fell on the ground. Pulling himself up, he was about to dash outside when the white horse caught hold of the monk's robe by his teeth, saying again, "Elder Brother, don't be afraid of me."

"Brother," said Eight Rules, still shaking, "why are you talking today? When you talk like that, it has to mean that some great misfortune is about to befall us."

The little dragon said, "Did you know that Master had landed in a terrible ordeal?"

"No, I didn't," said Eight Rules.

The little dragon said, "Of course, you didn't! You and Sha Monk were flaunting your abilities before the king, thinking that you could capture the demon and be rewarded for your merit. You didn't expect that the demon was so powerful and you were the ones no doubt who were beaten. At least one of you could have returned to give us the news, but there was not one word from either of you.

That monster-spirit had changed himself into a handsome scholar and broken into the court to present himself to the king as an imperial relative. Our master was changed by him into a ferocious striped tiger, who was then taken captive by the officials and locked up in an iron cage in one of the palace chambers. When I heard how Master suffered, my heart felt as if it had been stabbed by a sword.

But you were gone for nearly two days, and I was afraid that any further delay might mean that Master would be killed. So I had no choice but to change back into my dragon body to go and try to rescue him. When I reached the court, I couldn't find Master, but I met the monster in the Silver Peace Palace. I changed into the form of a palace maid, trying to deceive him. He asked me to do a sword dance, during which I tried to slash him. He escaped my blow and defeated me instead with a candelabrum. I tried desperately to hit him when I threw the sword at him, but he caught it instead and gave me a blow on my hind leg with that candelabrum. I dived into the imperial moat and saved my life; the bruise on my leg was caused by the candelabrum." When Eight Rules heard these words, he said, "Is that all true?"

"You think I'm deceiving you?" said the little dragon. Eight Rules asked, "What are we going to do? What are we going to do? Can you move at all?"

"If I can," said the little dragon, "what then?"

"If you can move at all," said Eight Rules, "move into the ocean then. Old Hog will pole the luggage back to the Old Gao Village to pick up my wife again." When the little dragon heard this, he clamped his mouth onto Eight Rules's shirt and refused to let go. As tears fell from his eyes, he said, "Elder Brother, you mustn't become indolent."

"Why not?" said Eight Rules. "Brother Sha has already been caught by him, and I can't beat him. If we don't scatter now, what are we waiting for?"

The little dragon thought for some time before he spoke again, tears streaming down his cheeks. "Elder Brother, don't mention the word scatter. If you want to save Master, you have to go and ask a person to come here."

"Who is that?" asked Eight Rules. The little dragon said, "You'd better hurry and mount the clouds to go to the Flower-Fruit Mountain, so that you can invite our Big Brother, Pilgrim Sun, to come back. Most certainly he has dharma power great enough to subdue this fiend and rescue Master, avenging at the same time the shame of our defeat."

"Brother," said Eight Rules, "let me go ask someone else. That monkey and I are not on the best of terms, you know. When he killed that Lady White Bone back there on the White Tiger Ridge, he was mad at me already for wheedling Master into reciting the Tight-Fillet Spell. I was just being frivolous, and I didn't think that the old priest would really recite it and even banish him. I don't know how he hates me now, and I'm certain also that he won't come back. Suppose we have a little argument then: that funeral staff of his is pretty heavy, you know. If he doesn't know any better at that moment and gives me a few strokes, you think I'll be able to live?"

The little dragon said, "He won't hit you, because he is a kind and just Monkey King. When you see him, don't say that Master is in peril; just tell him that Master is thinking of him and deceive him into coming. When he gets here and sees what's happening, he will not get mad. He will want most certainly to have it out with the monster-spirit instead. Then the demon will surely be caught and Master will be saved."

"All right, all right!" said Eight Rules. "You are so dedicated. If I don't go, it'll mean that I'm not dedicated. I'll go, and if indeed Pilgrim consents to come, I'll return with him. But if he is unwilling, then don't expect me, because I won't be coming back either."

"Go! Go!" said the little dragon. "He will certainly come." Idiot indeed put away his muckrake and straightened his shirt. He leaped up and mounted the clouds, heading straight toward the East. It so happened that the Tang Monk was not yet fated to die. The wind was blowing in the right direction; all Idiot had to do was to stick up his huge ears, and he sped across the Eastern Ocean as if sails were hoisted on him. The sun was just rising when he dropped from the clouds to find his way in the mountain. As he was walking, he heard someone talking. He took another careful look and found Pilgrim sitting on a huge boulder in a mountain valley. Before him some one thousand and two hundred monkeys lined up in ranks, all shouting, "Long live our Father Great Sage!"

Eight Rules said, "What pleasures! What pleasures! No wonder he doesn't want to be a monk and wants only to come home! Look at all these goodies! Such a huge household, and so many little monkeys to serve him! If old Hog has a large farm like this, I'm not going to be a monk either. Since I've arrived, what shall I do? I suppose I'll have to see him."

But Idiot was in truth afraid of Pilgrim, and he dared not show himself openly. Sliding down the grassy meadow, he crawled stealthily into the midst of those thousand-odd monkeys and began to kowtow also along with them. He had no idea how high the Great Sage was sitting and how sharp his vision was. Having seen everything all at once, the Monkey King asked, "Who is that barbarian in the ranks who's bowing in such a confused manner? Where does he come from? Bring him up here!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when the little monkeys, like a swarm of bees, pushed Eight Rules to the front and pressed him to the ground.

Pilgrim said, "Barbarian, where did you come from?"

"I dare not accept the honor of your questioning me," said Eight Rules, his head lowered. "I'm no barbarian, I'm an acquaintance." Pilgrim said, "All the monkeys under the command of the Great Sage here have similar features, not like that lubberly face of yours."

You must be some fiendish demon from another region. If so, and if you want to be a subject of mine, you should have first presented us with your name and the particulars of your age and antecedents on a card so that I can take your roll when you are assigned to our ranks here. But you haven't even done that, and you dare kneel here to bow to me?" With his head and snout lowered, Eight Rules said, "Oh, for shame! I'll show you my face! I have been a brother of yours now for a few years, and you still claim that you don't recognize me, calling me some kind of barbarian!"

"Raise your head and let me have a look," said Pilgrim with a chuckle. Sticking his snout upward, Idiot said, "Look! Even if you can't recognize me, you can at least recognize this snout of mine!" Pilgrim could not refrain from laughing and saying, "Zhu Eight Rules."

As soon as he heard this, he jumped up, crying, "Yes! Yes! I am Zhu Eight Rules."

He thought to himself also, "If he recognizes me, then it's easier to speak." Pilgrim said, "Why aren't you accompanying the Tang Monk to go fetch scriptures? Why are you here? Could it be that you, too, have offended Master and he banished you also? Do you have any letter of banishment? Let me see it."

"I didn't offend him," said Eight Rules, "and he didn't give me any letter of banishment. Nor did he dismiss me."

"If there's no letter and he didn't dismiss you, why are you here?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules replied, "Master has been thinking of you; he told me to come and invite you to go back."

"He didn't think of me, nor did he invite me," said Pilgrim. "He swore to Heaven that day and he wrote the letter of banishment himself. How could he think of me and ask me to go back? I definitely will not go back."

Eight Rules lied conveniently, saying, "He really did think of you! He really did think of you!"

"What made him think of me?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, "As Master was riding on the horse, he called out at one point, 'Disciple.' I didn't hear him, and Sha Monk claimed that he was somewhat deaf! Master at once thought of you, saying that we were worthless and that only you were smart and alert enough to answer once you were called, to give ten replies to one question. That's how he thought of you, and he has sent me specially to ask you to go back. Please do so, at least for the sake of his expectation and for the sake of my having traveled all this distance." When Pilgrim heard these words, he jumped down from the boulder. Taking the hand of Eight Rules, he said, "Worthy Brother, sorry that you have to travel such a great distance to come. Let's you and I go and have some fun."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "this place is quite far away, and I fear that Master might be kept waiting. I don't want to play." Pilgrim said, "After all, this is your

first time here. Take a look at least at my mountain scenery.” Idiot dared not persist in his refusal and had to walk away with him.

The two of them proceeded hand in hand, while the little monsters followed behind to go up to the highest spot on the Flower-Fruit Mountain. Marvelous mountain! Ever since the Great Sage’s homecoming, it had been completely made new by his labor these few days. You see the mountain

*Green as carved jade,
Tall like a cloud-scraper.
All around are tigers crouched and dragons coiled;
On four sides are frequent calls of apes and cranes.
At dawn the clouds blockade the summit;
At dusk the sun is poised above the forest.
The flowing stream murmurs like tingling girdle-jade;
The brook sounds drop by drop a psaltery note.
Before the mountain are ridges and tall cliffs;
Behind the mountain are flowers and dense woods.
It touches the jade-girl’s hair-washing bowl above;
It joins a branch of Heaven’s River down below.
This cosmos-formed beauty surpasses Penglai,
A true cave-mansion born of primal breaths.
Even master artists find it hard to sketch,
Nor can wise immortals depict it all.
Like openworks carved finely fantastic rocks
In fantastic colors soar up at the top.
The sun moves in a thousand purple rays;
Auspicious air forms countless strands of red mist.
A cave-heaven, a blessed place among mankind:
A mountain full of fresh blossoms and fresh trees.*

Delighted by the endless splendor of the scenery, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, what a lovely place! Truly the number one mountain in the whole world!”

“Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “think you can pass the time here?”

“Look at the way Elder Brother talks!” chuckled Eight Rules. “This precious mountain is a cave-heaven, a land of blessing. How could you say ‘pass the time’?”

The two of them chatted amiably for a long time before descending from the peak. They met on the way several little monkeys, all holding purple grapes, fragrant pears, bright golden loquats, and dark red strawberries. Kneeling by the road, they cried, “Father Great Sage, please have some breakfast.”

“My Brother Zhu,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “has a huge appetite, and he doesn’t take fruits for breakfast.

Nonetheless, please don’t be offended by such trifles; use them as snacks and take a few.”

Eight Rules said, “Though I have a huge appetite, I do as the natives do anywhere. Yes, by all means bring them up here. I’ll try a few for taste.”

The two of them ate the fruits, and the sun was fast rising high. Afraid that there might not be enough time to save the Tang Monk, Idiot tried to urge his companion to leave, saying, "Elder Brother, Master is waiting for us. Please hurry and go."

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "I'm inviting you to have some fun with me at the Water-Curtain Cave."

Eight Rules at once declined, saying, "I appreciate your kind thoughts, Old Brother, but Master has waited for a long time already. There's really no need for us to enter the cave."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "I dare not detain you. I'll say good-bye right here."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "aren't you going with me?" Pilgrim said, "Go where? This place of mine is neither governed by Heaven nor controlled by Earth. I'm completely free here. Why shouldn't I enjoy this? Why should I become a monk again? I will not go. You have to go back by yourself. And please tell the Tang Monk that once he has dismissed me, don't ever think of me again." When Idiot heard these words, he dared not press any further, for he was afraid that Pilgrim's temper might flare and he would then receive a couple of strokes from the rod. He had no alternative but to take leave meekly and find his way back.

When Pilgrim saw him leave, he ordered two agile little monkeys to follow him and to find out what he was going to say. Indeed, when that Idiot descended the mountain, he did not cover more than three or four miles before he turned around and pointed his finger at the direction of Pilgrim. "You ape," he cried, "you don't want to be a priest! You choose to be a monster instead. What an ape! I came here with good intentions to ask him to go back, but he refused. All right! If you don't want to go, you don't have to!"

He took a few steps and began his castigations again. The two little monkeys ran back to report, "Father Great Sage, that Zhu Eight Rules is rather sneaky! He's ranting at you as he walks away." Pilgrim grew angry and shouted, "Seize him!"

All the little monkeys rushed after Eight Rules and pushed him to the ground. Clutching at his mane and tugging at his ears, pulling his tail and grabbing his hair, they hauled him bodily back to the cave. We do not know how he will be treated or what will happen to him; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-ONE

*Zhu Eight Rules provokes the Monkey King to chivalry
Pilgrim Sun with wisdom defeats the monster*

*Righteousness joined to fraternal feelings,
The dharma returning to its own nature:
Docile Metal and Gentle Wood will bear right fruit.
Mind Monkey and Wood Mother fuse with elixir source—
Both ascending to the world of ultimate bliss,
Both arriving at the gate of undivided truth.
Sūtras are the main path of self-cultivation;
Buddha should unite with one's own spirit.
Brothers, elder and younger, make the kinship of the three;
Forms of monsters and demons match the Five Phases.
Exterminate the Sixfold Path
And you'll reach the Great Thunderclap.*

We were telling you about Idiot, who was caught by those monkeys; pulling and tugging at him, they ripped open his shirt as they hauled him away. Over and over again, he muttered to himself, “Finished! I’m finished! This time, I’m going to be beaten to death!” In no time at all, they reached the entrance of the cave, where the Great Sage was sitting again on top of the boulder. “You overstuffed coolie!” he shouted. “You should have just left. Why did you abuse me?” Kneeling on the ground, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, I did not abuse you. If I did, I would bite off this tongue! I only said that if you didn’t want to go, I would go back to tell Master and that would have been the end of it. How would I dare abuse you?”

“How could you possibly deceive me?” asked Pilgrim. “If I pull up this left ear of mine, I can find out who’s speaking up in the Thirty-third Heaven; if I pull down this right ear of mine, I can discover how the Ten Kings of Hell are settling the cases with the judges. You were maligning me as you walked away, and you thought that I couldn’t hear you?”

Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, now I know. You are something of a crook and a shakedown artist! You must have changed into some kind of creature and followed me. That’s how you found out.”

“Little ones,” cried Pilgrim, “select for me a large cane! Give him twenty strokes on his shanks as a greeting; then give him another twenty on his back. Thereafter let me use my iron rod to send him on his way!”

Eight Rules was so terrified that he kowtowed at once, saying, “Elder Brother, I beg you to spare me for the sake of Master.”

“O, Master is so just and kind!” said Pilgrim.

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules again, “if not for the sake of Master, at least for the sake of the Bodhisattva, please forgive me.” When Pilgrim heard him mention the Bodhisattva, he relented somewhat, saying, “Brother, if you put it that way, I won’t hit you for the moment. But you must be honest with me and not try to deceive me. Where is that Tang Monk facing an ordeal that has caused you to come and call for me?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “there’s no ordeal. He is truly thinking of you.”

“Coolie, you must love to be beaten!” shouted Pilgrim. “Why are you still trying to dupe me? Though old Monkey’s body has returned to the Water-Curtain Cave, his heart follows the scripture monk. Our master faces an ordeal with each step of the way; he is fated to suffer at every place. You better tell me quickly, or you’ll be whipped!” When Eight Rules heard such words, he kowtowed and said, “Elder Brother, I did quite clearly attempt to deceive you into going, but I had no idea how smart you were. Please spare me from a beating and let me tell you standing up.”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, “rise and talk.”

The monkeys took away their hands and Idiot, jumping up at once, began to look wildly left and right. Pilgrim said, “What are you doing that for?”

“To see which road is wide and smooth so that I can run,” said Eight Rules. “To where?” asked Pilgrim. “I’ll let you have a three days’ head start, and old Monkey still has the ability to chase you back. You’d better speak up! If you get me mad again, I won’t spare you this time.”

Eight Rules said, “To tell you the truth, Elder Brother, since you left us, Sha Monk and I accompanied Master to go forward and we arrived at a black pine forest. Master dismounted and told me to go beg for vegetarian food. Because I didn’t find even a single household after walking a great distance, I got a bit tired and napped a little in the grass. Sha Monk, I didn’t realize, also left Master to try to find me. You know that Master couldn’t sit still, and he took a walk by himself in the forest to enjoy the scenery. When he got out of the forest, he saw a luminescent jeweled pagoda of yellow gold, which he thought was some sort of monastery. He didn’t know that there was a monster-spirit beneath the pagoda, who had the name of Yellow Robe, and he was caught by the fiend. Later, when Sha Monk and I returned to look for him, we saw only the white horse and the luggage, but we didn’t see Master. We searched until we went to the door of the cave, where we fought the fiend. Meanwhile, Master met a saving star inside, who happened to be the third princess of the Precious Image Kingdom, abducted some time ago by that fiend. She wrote a letter to her family and wanted Master to send it for her; that was the reason why she persuaded the monster to let Master go. When we arrived at the kingdom, we presented the letter, whereupon the king asked Master to subdue the monster. Elder Brother, you should know. How could that old priest subdue any monster? It had to be the two of us again who went back to do battle, but the magic power of the fiend was tremendous and he seized Sha Monk instead. I managed to escape by hiding in the grass. Thereafter, the monster changed himself into a handsome scholar to gain admittance into the court and imperial recognition. Master, on the other hand, was changed by him into a tiger. That evening, it was fortunate that the white dragon-horse revealed himself to go search for Master; he didn’t find him, but he saw the fiend drinking in the Silver Peace Palace. Changing into a palace maid, the dragon poured wine for him, did a sword dance, and was about to use that opportunity to try to kill the monster. He was wounded instead by him with a candelabrum, and it was the dragon who told me to come get you. He said that Elder Brother was a just and benevolent gentleman, one who would not dwell on old wrongs and would be willing to go and save Master. I beg you, Elder Brother, remember the truth of ‘Once a teacher, always a father,’ and do try to save him.”

“You Idiot!” said Pilgrim. “At the time of my leaving, I told you again and again that if Master were caught by a monstrous demon, you should tell him that old Monkey was his eldest disciple. Why didn’t you say so?”

Eight Rules thought to himself, “To ask a warrior is not as effective as to provoke a warrior. Let me provoke him a bit.”

He said therefore, “Elder Brother, it would have been better had I not mentioned you. Once I said something about you, the monster became even more impudent.”

“What do you mean?” asked Pilgrim.

Eight Rules replied, “I said, ‘Monster, don’t you dare be insolent, and don’t you dare harm my master. I still have an elder brother, who is called Pilgrim Sun. His magic power is great and he is especially capable of subduing monsters. When he gets here, he’ll make you die without picking a place for burial.’ When that fiend heard my words, he became more aroused, crying, ‘Who’s this Pilgrim Sun that I should be afraid of him? If he shows up, I’ll skin him alive, I’ll pull out his tendons, I’ll debone him, and I’ll devour his heart. He might be thin, this monkey, but I’ll still chop him to pieces and fry him in oil.’” When Pilgrim heard these words, he became so enraged that he jumped up and down, madly scratching his cheeks and pulling at his ears. “Who is this that dares abuse me thus?” he bellowed. Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, calm yourself. It’s the Yellow Robe Fiend who is thus abusing you. I was just giving you a rehearsal of what he said.”

“Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “get up. I’ve got to go. If that monster-spirit dared abuse me so, it would be impossible for me not to subdue him. I’ll go with you. When old Monkey caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago, all the divine warriors of Heaven would bend their backs and bow to him when they saw him. Every one of them addressed me as the Great Sage. This fiend is truly impudent. He dares abuse me behind my back! I’ll go, I’ll catch him, and I’ll smash him to pieces to avenge myself for being so insulted. When I’ve done that, I’ll come back.”

“Exactly, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules. “You go and catch the monster first, and when you have avenged yourself, you can then decide whether you want to come back or not.” Leaping down at once from the boulder, the Great Sage dashed into the cave and took off his monster garment. Tucking in his silk shirt and tightly fastening his tiger-skin kilt, he walked right out of the door holding his iron rod. Startled, the various monkeys barred the way and asked, “Father Great Sage, where are you going? Isn’t it better that you look after us and have fun with us for a few more years?” Pilgrim said, “Little ones, watch what you are saying. My accompaniment of the Tang Monk is no private matter, for Heaven and Earth know that Sun Wukong is his disciple. He didn’t banish me back here; he told me to come home and relax a little before joining him again. That’s what this whole thing is about. You all must take good care of our property and don’t fail to plant the willows and the pines in due seasons. Wait till I finish accompanying the Tang Monk and taking the scriptures back to the Land of the East.

After that merit is achieved, I’ll return to enjoy the joys of nature with you.”

Each monkey obeyed the instructions.

The Great Sage then mounted the clouds with Eight Rules to leave the cave and cross the Great Eastern Ocean. When they reached the western shore, he stopped the

cloudy luminosity, saying, "Brother, please stop for a moment and let me go down to the ocean to clean up my body."

"We are in a hurry," said Eight Rules. "Why do you need to clean up your body?" Pilgrim said, "You have no idea that the few days since I went back there have caused me to pick up some monster odor. Master loves cleanliness, and I fear that he might be disgusted with me." Only then did Eight Rules fully realize that Pilgrim was utterly sincere. In a moment the Great Sage finished bathing and mounted the clouds again to proceed westward. Soon they saw the luminescent gold pagoda, to which Eight Rules pointed and said, "Isn't that the house of the Yellow Robe Fiend? Sha Monk is still inside."

"Stay in the air," said Pilgrim, "and let me go down to his door to see what I can do about fighting with the monster."

Eight Rules said, "Don't go, the monster is not at home."

"I know," said Pilgrim. Dear Monkey King! Lowering his auspicious luminosity, he went straight to the entrance of the cave, in front of which he found two young boys playing field hockey. One was about eight or nine years of age, and the other was over ten years old.

As they were playing, Pilgrim rushed forward and, with no regard at all for whichever family they belonged to, grabbed them by the tufts of their hair and picked them up. Terrified, the boys began to brawl and scream so loudly that the little fiends in the Current-Moon Cave ran to report to the princess, saying, "Lady, some unknown person has carried off the two young princes."

The two boys, you see, were the sons of the princess and the monster.

When the princess heard that, she ran out of the cave, where she saw Pilgrim holding the two boys. Standing on top of a cliff, he was about to dash them to the ground below. "Hey, you!" screamed the horrified princess. "I have no quarrel with you. Why did you take them away? Their old man is rather mean, and if anything happens to them, he won't let you get away with it."

"You don't recognize me?" said Pilgrim. "I'm Pilgrim Sun Wukong, the eldest disciple of the Tang Monk. My younger brother, Sha Monk, is in your cave."

You go and release him, and I'll return these boys to you; two for one, you're getting a bargain already." When the princess heard what he said, she went quickly inside and told the few little monsters guarding the door to step aside. With her own hands, she untied Sha Monk. "Princess, you'd better not untie me," said Sha Monk. "When your fiend comes home and demands the prisoner from you, I fear that you would take the blame again."

The princess said, "Elder, you are my benefactor; not only did you send a letter to my home in my behalf, but you also saved my life. I was trying to think of a way to release you when your eldest brother Sun Wukong showed up at the door of our cave. He told me to release you."

Holla! When Sha Monk heard the name of Sun Wukong, he felt as if his head had been anointed with mellow wine, as if his heart had been moistened with sweet dew. Joy flooded his countenance; his whole face lit up with spring. He did not behave like someone who heard the announcement of a person's arrival, but rather like someone who had just discovered a block of gold or jade. Look at him! Flapping his

hands to brush off the dust on his clothes, he ran out the door and bowed to Pilgrim, saying, "Elder Brother, you have truly descended from Heaven! Save me, I beseech you."

"O, you Sandy Bonze!" said Pilgrim with a chuckle. "When Master recited the Tight-Fillet Spell, were you willing to say a word for me? You were just as much a braggart! Why aren't you accompanying Master to go to the West? What are you squatting here for?"

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "no need to talk like that anymore. A gentleman forgives and forgets. We are commanders of a defeated army, hardly worthy to speak of courage. Please save us." Pilgrim said, "Come up," and Sha Monk leaped up to the cliff.

When Eight Rules, who was standing in midair, saw Sha Monk coming out of the cave, he dropped down from the clouds, crying, "Brother Sha! You've had a hard time!" Seeing him, Sha Monk said, "Second Elder Brother, where did you come from?"

Eight Rules said, "After I was defeated yesterday, I went into the city at night where I learned from the white horse that Master was in great difficulty. He was changed into a tiger by the magic of Yellow Robe. The white horse suggested to me that I should go ask Big Brother to come back."

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "let's not chitchat. Each of you take one of these boys and go into the Precious Image City to provoke the fiend to come here, so that I can slay him."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "how do you want us to provoke him?" Pilgrim said, "The two of you should mount the clouds and stand above the Palace of the Golden Chimes. Don't bother about the consequence: just hurl the boys down to the ground before the white jade steps. If anyone asks you whose kids they are, just tell them that they are the sons of the Yellow Robe monster caught by the two of you. When the fiend hears this, he will certainly want to return here. I don't want to fight with him inside the city because our battle will scatter cloud and mist, throw up dirt and dust. The officials of the court and the city's whole populace will then be disturbed."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules with a giggle, "the moment you do anything, you start to bamboozle us."

"What do you mean?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules replied, "These two kids, after having been seized by you like that, are already shocked beyond cure. Just now they cried till they became voiceless; after awhile, they will die for sure. If we hurl them to the ground from the air, they'll turn into meat patties. You think the fiend will let us go once he catches up with us? He will surely make us pay with our lives, while you get away scot free. There's not even a witness against you! Aren't you bamboozling us?"

"If he tangles with the two of you," said Pilgrim, "just lure him here. We have a smooth and wide battlefield at this place, and I'll be waiting for him."

"Exactly, exactly," said Sha Monk. "Big Brother is right. Let's go." Riding on the power and assurance of Pilgrim, the two of them picked up the boys and left.

Pilgrim leaped down from the boulder and went before the door of the pagoda. "Hey, Monk," said the princess, "you are completely untrustworthy. You said that you would give me back my boys once your younger brother was released. Now that he is, you are still detaining my boys. What are you doing here instead?" Pilgrim smiled at her

and said, "Don't be offended, princess. You have been here for a long time, and I thought that we should take your sons to present them to their maternal grandfather."

The princess said, "Monk, you'd better behave! My husband, Yellow Robe, is no ordinary person. If you have frightened my boys, you should try to comfort them first."

"Princess," said Pilgrim with a chuckle, "do you know what is considered a crime for a human being living in this world?"

"I do," said the princess. Pilgrim said, "You are a woman! What do you know?"

"Since the time of my youth in the palace," said the princess, "I was taught by my parents. I recall an ancient book said, 'Set against the Five Punishments are some three thousand crimes, but none is greater than an unfilial act.'"

Pilgrim said, "You are precisely an unfilial person. Remember:

*O my father, who begot me!
O my mother, who had nursed me! . . .
Pity my father and mother,
How hard they toiled to bear me!*

Therefore, filial piety is the foundation of a hundred virtuous acts, the source of all morality. How could you entrust your body to be the mate of a monster-spirit and not think of your parents at all? Haven't you committed the crime of an unfilial act?" When the princess heard these words of rectitude, she was so embarrassed that she blushed for a long time before blurting out her reply, saying, "The words of the elder are most righteous. How could I not think of my parents? But all my troubles began when the monster kidnapped me here. His orders are very strict, and I cannot travel at all. The distance, furthermore, is great and there is no one able to send word for me. I wanted to commit suicide, but I was afraid that my parents would suspect that I had eloped with someone, and the whole matter would not be cleared up. I had, therefore, no alternative but to prolong my fragile existence. Indeed, I am a great criminal in this whole wide world!" When she finished speaking, tears streamed down her face.

Pilgrim said, "Princess, there's no need for you to be sorrowful. Zhu Eight Rules did tell me that you wrote a letter and you saved my master's life. You did express your thoughts for your parents in the letter. Now that old Monkey has arrived, you may be assured that he will catch the monster for you and bring him back to court to see the Throne. You can then find a worthy mate and look after your parents in their old age. How about it?"

"Monk," said the princess, "don't look for certain death. Those two younger brothers of yours were quite tough, but they could not overcome my husband, Yellow Robe, during the fight yesterday. Now look at you! You look like a ghost with more tendons than bones! You look like a crab or a walking skeleton! What kind of ability do you have that you dare speak of catching the monster?" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "You really don't have much judgment, and you can't discriminate between persons. As the common saying has it,

*A urine bladder, though large, has no weight;
A steelyard weight, though small, licks a thousand pounds.*

They may look big, but they are useless: creating wind resistance as they walk and wasting cloth when they put on clothes. They may be big as a mountain but they are hollow inside; their heads may touch door frames but they are slack of torsos; and they

may eat a lot but food won't do them any good. I, old Monkey, am small, all right, but hardy."

"You really have the skills?" asked the princess. "Nothing that you have ever seen," said Pilgrim, "but I specialize in subduing monsters and taming demons."

"You'd better not get me into trouble," said the princess. "Certainly not," said Pilgrim. "If you are able to subdue monsters and tame demons," said the princess, "how will you go about catching him?" Pilgrim said, "You'd better be out of sight, or else I can't really move when he gets here. I'm afraid that you still have a lot of feelings for him and can't give him up."

"What do you mean by not giving him up?" said the princess. "My remaining here is not of my choice!"

"If you have been husband and wife for thirteen years," said Pilgrim, "you can't be wholly without affection. But when I see him, I won't be fooling around: a stroke of the rod will be a stroke, and a punch will be a punch. I have to slay him before I can take you back to court to see the Throne."

The princess indeed followed Pilgrim's advice and went off to a secluded spot. Her marriage to the monster, moreover, was fated to end, and that was why the Great Sage made his appearance. After he had the princess hidden, the Monkey King shook his body once and changed into the form of the princess to enter the cave and wait for the monster.

We tell you now about Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who took the two boys to the Precious Image Kingdom and dashed them to the ground before the white jade steps. Alas! They were reduced to two meat patties; their bones were all crushed and blood splattered all over. "Terrible! Terrible!" cried the officials in court. "Two persons have been thrown down from the sky!"

"These boys," shouted Eight Rules from above, "are the sons of the monster, Yellow Robe. They were caught by old Hog and Brother Sha." Still under the effect of wine, the fiend was sleeping in the Silver Peace Palace when he heard someone shouting his name. He turned over and looked up: there were Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk standing on the edge of the clouds hollering. The monster thought to himself:

"If it were just Zhu Eight Rules, I could understand this, but Sha Monk was tied up in my house. How could he get here? Why would my wife let him go? How could my boys land in their hands? Could it be that Zhu Eight Rules, fearful of my unwillingness to do battle with him, is using this to trick me? I can take the bait and go fight with him. Hey! I'm still hungover. If he gives me a whack with his rake, I'll lose all my credibility. Let me go home first and see if they are indeed my sons or not. Then I can speak to these monks."

Dear monster! Without taking leave of the king, he headed straight for his cave in the mountain forest to investigate. At this time, people in the court knew full well that he was indeed a monster. For, you see, he ate one of the palace maids during the night, but the seventeen others who escaped made a thorough report to the king after the hour of the fifth watch. Since he left so abruptly, they knew all the more that he was without doubt a monster. All the king could do was to order the many officials to guard the specious tiger, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We now tell you about the fiend, who went back to the cave. When Pilgrim saw him arriving, he at once devised a plan of deception.

He blinked a few times and tears began to fall like rain; stamping his feet, pounding his chest, and calling for the boys all the time, he bawled lustily in the cave. So sudden an encounter made it impossible for the fiend to recognize that this was not his wife. He went forward instead and embraced Pilgrim, saying, "Mistress, why are you so upset?" With artful invention, with imaginative fable, the Great Sage said tearfully, "Dear Husband! As the proverb says,

*If a man has no wife, his wealth has no boss;
If a girl has no mate, she's completely lost!*

After you went into court yesterday to present yourself to the kinfolds, why didn't you return? This morning Zhu Eight Rules came back and robbed us of Sha Monk. Furthermore, they took away our two boys by force despite my desperate pleadings. They said that they would also bring the boys into court to present them to their maternal grandfather. Half a day has gone by already and there's no sight of our boys or even news of whether they are alive or dead. And you didn't turn up until just now. How could I part with my babies? That's why I'm so broken up." When the fiend heard those words, he grew very angry, saying, "Did that really happen to my sons?"

"Yes," said Pilgrim, "and they were taken away by Zhu Eight Rules."

The demon was so incensed that he jumped about madly, crying, "Undone! Undone! My sons have been dashed to death by him! They can't be revived! The only thing left is to catch that monk and make him pay with his life. Mistress, don't cry. How do you feel now? Let's take care of you first."

"I'm all right," said Pilgrim, "but I miss my babies so much, and all that weeping has caused my heart to ache."

"No need to worry," said the demon. "Get up first. I have a treasure here; all you need to do is to rub it on the painful spot and it will not hurt anymore. But you must be careful not to fillip your thumb onto the treasure, for if you do, my true form will reveal itself." When Pilgrim heard this, he said, smiling, to himself, "This brazen creature! He's quite honest; even without torture he has made a confession already. Wait till he brings out his treasure. I'm going to strike at it with my thumb and see what kind of monster he is." Leading Pilgrim, the fiend took his companion into the murky depth of the cave before spitting out from his mouth a treasure having the size and shape of a chicken egg. It was an internal elixir, formed crystalline white like a śarīra.

Secretly delighted, Pilgrim said to himself, "Marvelous thing! God knows how many sedentary exercises had been performed, how many years of trials and sufferings had elapsed, how many times the union of male and female forces had taken place before this śarīra of internal elixir was formed. What great affinity it has today that it should encounter old Monkey!"

The monkey took it over. Of course, he did not have any pain, but he rubbed it deliberately on his body somewhere before filliping his thumb at it. Alarmed, the fiend immediately stretched forth his hand to try to snatch it away. Think of it! This monkey is just too slick and shifty a character! He popped the treasure in his mouth and with one gulp swallowed it whole. The demon raised his fist and punched at him, only to be parried by the arm of Pilgrim. With his other hand, Pilgrim wiped his own face once and changed back to his original appearance, crying, "Monster, don't be unruly! Take a look! Who am I?" When the fiend saw what he saw, he was greatly shaken, saying "Gosh, Mistress! How did you manage to bring out a face like that?"

“You impudent imp!” chided Pilgrim. “Who’s your mistress? You can’t even recognize your own ancestor!” Suddenly comprehending, the fiend said, “I think I know you.” Pilgrim said, “I won’t hit you just yet, take another look.”

The fiend said, “Though you do look familiar, I just can’t think of your name at the moment. Who indeed are you? Where do you come from? Where have you moved my wife? How dare you come to my house to cheat me of my treasure? This is most reprehensible!”

“So you don’t recognize me,” said Pilgrim. “I am the eldest disciple of the Tang Monk, and my name is Pilgrim Sun Wukong. I’m also your old ancestor of five hundred years ago!”

The fiend said, “No such thing! No such thing! When I caught the Tang Monk, I found out that he had only two disciples named Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk. No one had ever mentioned that there was someone by the name of Sun.

You must be a fiend from somewhere who came here to deceive me.”

“The reason why I didn’t accompany the two of them,” said Pilgrim, “was because my habitual slaying of monsters had offended my master. A kind and compassionate person, he dismissed me when I slaughtered one too many. That’s why I was not traveling with him. Are you still ignorant of your ancestor’s name?”

“How feckless you are!” said the fiend. “If you were banished by your master, how could you have the gumption to face people here?” Pilgrim said, “You impudent creature! You wouldn’t know about the sentiment of ‘Once a teacher, always a father,’ nor would you know that ‘Between father and son, there’s no overnight enmity.’ If you plan to harm my master, you think I wouldn’t come to rescue him? And you didn’t stop at that; you even abused me behind my back. What have you got to say to that?”

“Since when did I abuse you?” asked the fiend. Pilgrim replied, “Zhu Eight Rules said you did.”

“Don’t believe him,” said the fiend.

“That Zhu Eight Rules, with his pointed snout, has a tongue like an old maid’s! Why do you listen to him?”

“No need for such idle talk,” said Pilgrim. “I’ll just say that during old Monkey’s visit to your house today, you have not shown your distant guest sufficient hospitality. Though you may not have food and wine to entertain your visitor, you have a head. Stick it over here quickly and let old Monkey beat it once with the rod. I’ll consider that my taking tea.” When the fiend heard this, he roared with laughter, saying, “Pilgrim Sun, you’ve miscalculated! If you wanted to fight, you shouldn’t have followed me here. The various imps under my command, young and old, number in the hundreds. Though you may have arms all over your body, you won’t be able to fight your way out.” Pilgrim said, “Don’t talk rot! And don’t mention a few hundreds! Even if you have hundreds of thousands, just call them up one by one and I’ll slay them. Every stroke of my rod will find its mark. I guarantee that they will be wiped out! Exterminated!” When the monster heard these words, he quickly gave the order and called up all the monsters before and behind the mountain, all the fiends in and out of the cave. Each holding weapons, they lined up thickly and completely barricaded the several doors inside the cave. When Pilgrim saw this, he was delighted. Gripping his rod with both hands, he shouted “Change!” and changed at once into a person having three heads and six arms. One wave of the golden-hooped rod and it changed into three

golden-hooped rods. Look at him! Six arms wielding the three rods, he plunged into the crowd—like a tiger mauling a herd of sheep, like an eagle alighting on chicken coops. Pity those little fiends! One touch, and heads were smashed to pieces! One brush, and blood flowed like water! He charged back and forth, as if he had invaded an uninhabited region. When he finished, there was only one old monster left, who chased him out the door, crying, “You brazen ape! You are nasty and noxious! You dare oppress people right at their own door!” Spinning around, Pilgrim waved at him, crying, “Come! Come! It’s no merit until I’ve struck you down.” Lifting his scimitar, the monster aimed at his opponent’s head and hacked away, as dear Pilgrim brandished the iron rod to face him. This time they fought on top of the mountain, halfway between mist and cloud.

*Great Sage had great magic power;
The demon had vast abilities.
This one struck sideways with the raw iron rod;
That one raised aslant the steel scimitar.
The scimitar rose softly, and bright mist glowed;
The rod parried lightly, and colored clouds flew.
Back and forth it circled to protect the head;
Round and round it turned to guard the body.
One followed the wind to change his looks;
One shook his body standing on the ground.
This one widened his fiery eyes and stretched his simian arms;
That one flared his golden pupils and bent his tigerlike waist.
Coming and going, they fought round and round—
Rod and scimitar giving blow for blow.
The Monkey King’s rod conformed to battle art;
The fiend’s scimitar followed the rules of war.
One had always worked his skills to be a demon-lord;
One had used his vast power to guard the Tang Monk.
The fierce Monkey King became more fierce;
The violent monster grew more violent.
Heedless of life or death they fought in the air,
All for Tang Monk’s quest for Buddha from afar.*

The two of them fought for over fifty rounds, but a decision could not be reached. Secretly pleased, Pilgrim thought to himself, “The scimitar of this brazen monster is quite a match for the rod of old Monkey! Let me pretend to blunder and see if he can detect it.”

Dear Monkey King! He raised the rod above his head with both his hands, using the style of “Tall-Testing the Horse.”

The fiend did not perceive that it was a trick. When he saw that there was a chance, he wielded the scimitar and slashed at the lower third of Pilgrim’s body. Pilgrim quickly employed the “Great Middle Level” to fend off the scimitar, after which he followed up with the style of “Stealing Peaches beneath the Leaves” and brought the rod down hard on the monster’s head. This one blow made the monster vanish completely. He retrieved his rod to look around, but the monster-spirit was nowhere to be seen. Greatly startled, Pilgrim said, “O my child! You can’t take much beating! One stroke, and you’re dead! But even if you were beaten to death, there had to be some blood or pus left. Why isn’t there a trace of you? You must have escaped, I suppose.” Leaping up quickly to the edge of the clouds, he stared in all four directions, but there was not the

faintest movement anywhere. “These two eyes of old Monkey,” he said, “can see everything anywhere. How could he vanish just like that? Ah, I know! That fiend said that he recognized me somewhat, and that meant that he couldn’t possibly be an ordinary monster of this world. Most likely he was a spirit from Heaven.” Unable to suppress his anger, the Great Sage somersaulted all at once and leaped up to the South Heavenly Gate, wielding his iron rod. Pang, Liu, Gou, Bi, Zhang, Tao, Deng, Xin, and the other celestial captains, were so startled that they bowed on both sides of the gate and dared not stop him. He fought his way in and arrived before the Hall of Perfect Light. Zhang, Ge, Xu, and Qiu, the Celestial Masters, asked him, “Why did the Great Sage come here?”

“Because I accompanied the Tang Monk until the Precious Image Kingdom,” said Pilgrim, “where there was a demon who had seduced the princess and sought to harm my master. Old Monkey waged a contest with him, but as we were fighting I suddenly lost him. I don’t think he’s an ordinary fiend of Earth; he has to be a spirit from Heaven. I came especially to investigate whether any monster deity has left the ranks.” When the Celestial Masters heard this, they entered the Hall of Divine Mists to make the report, and an order immediately was issued to take the roll among the Nine Luminaries, the Twelve Branches, the Five Planets of the Five Quarters, the numerous gods of the Milky Way, the Gods of the Five Mountains, and the Four Rivers. Every one of the Heavenly deities was present, for none dared to leave his post. The investigation was then extended beyond the Big Dipper Palace, and the count, back and forth among the Twenty-eight Constellations, had turned up only twenty-seven members. Revatī, the Wood-Wolf Star, was missing.

The Preceptors returned to report to the Throne, saying “Revatī, the Wood-Wolf Star, has left for the Region Below.”

The Jade Emperor said, “For how long has he been away from Heaven?”

“He was absent for four muster-roll calls,” said the Preceptors. “The roll is taken once every three days, so today is the thirteenth day.”

“The thirteenth day in Heaven,” said the Jade Emperor, “is the thirteenth year on Earth.”

He thereupon gave the order for the Star’s own department to recall him back to Heaven.

After having received the decree, the Twenty-seven Constellations went out of the Heavenly Gate and each of them recited a spell, which aroused Revatī. “Where was he hiding?” you ask. The Star, actually, had been a celestial warrior who was terror stricken when the Great Sage caused great disturbance in Heaven previously. Just now, the Star hid himself in a mountain stream, and the water vapor had covered up his monster-cloud. That was why he could not be seen. Only when he heard his own colleagues reciting their spells did he dare emerge and follow the crowd to return to the Region Above. He was met by the Great Sage at the gate, who wanted to hit him, but fortunately the other Stars managed to put a stop to it. He was then taken to see the Jade Emperor. Taking out the golden plaque from his waist, the fiend knelt below the steps of the hall and kowtowed, admitting his guilt.

“Revatī, the Wood-Wolf Star,” said the Jade Emperor, “there is boundless beauty in the Region Above. Instead of enjoying this, you chose to visit in secret another region. Why?”

“Your Majesty,” said Revatī the Star, kowtowing, “please pardon the mortal offense of your subject. The princess of the Precious Image Kingdom is no ordinary mortal; she is actually the jade girl in charge of incense in the Spread Incense Hall. She wanted to have an affair with your subject, who was afraid, however, that this act would defile the noble region of the Celestial Palace. Longing for the world, she went first to the Region Below where she assumed human form in the imperial palace. Your subject, not wanting to disappoint her, changed himself into a demon. After I occupied a famous mountain, I abducted her to my cave dwelling where we became husband and wife for thirteen years. Thus ‘not even a sup or a bite is not foreordained,’ and it is fated that Great Sage Sun should accomplish his merit at this time.” When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he ordered that the Star’s golden plaque be taken away from him; he was then banished to the Tushita Palace to be a paid fire-tender for Laozi, with the stipulation that he would be restored to his rank if he made merit, and that he would be punished further if he did not.

When Pilgrim saw how the Jade Emperor disposed of the matter, he was so pleased that he bowed deeply to the Throne. Then he said to the other deities, “All of you, thanks for taking the trouble.”

“This ape,” said one of the Masters, laughing, “is still so uncouth! We have taken captive for him the monster-god, and instead of showing his gratitude to the Heavenly Grace properly, he leaves after only taking a bow.”

The Jade Emperor said, “We count it our good fortune already if he doesn’t start any trouble and leaves Heaven in peace.” Lowering the direction of his auspicious luminosity, the Great Sage went back directly to the Current-Moon Cave of the Casserole Mountain, where he found the princess. As he was just giving her an account of all that went before, they heard Eight Rules and Sha Monk shouting in midair, “Elder Brother, save a few monster-spirits for us to beat, too.”

“They are all finished,” said Pilgrim. “In that case,” said Sha Monk, “nothing should detain us here. Let’s bring the princess back to court. Brothers, let’s do the magic of Shortening the Ground.”

All the princess heard was the rushing of wind, and in a moment, they were back in the city. The three of them brought the princess up to the Palace of the Golden Chimes, where she bowed reverently to her parents and met again her sisters. Thereafter, the various officials all came to pay their respects. “We are truly beholden to Elder Sun,” said the princess to the Throne, “whose boundless dharma power subdued the Yellow Robe Fiend and brought me back to our kingdom.”

“What kind of monster is that Yellow Robe?” asked the king. Pilgrim said, “The son-in-law of Your Majesty happens to be the Star Revatī from the Region Above, and your daughter was the jade girl in charge of incense. Because of her longing for the world, they both descended to Earth to assume human forms. It was no small thing that they should consummate a marriage contracted in their previous existence. When old Monkey went to the Celestial Palace to report to the Jade Emperor, it was discovered that the fiend had not answered the muster-roll for four times. This meant that he had left Heaven for thirteen days, and correspondingly thirteen years had passed on Earth, for a day in Heaven is a year down here. The Jade Emperor ordered the Constellations of his department to recall him to the Region Above, where he was then banished to work for further merit in the Tushita Palace. Old Monkey was then able to bring back your daughter.”

After the king had thanked Pilgrim for his kindness, he said, "Let's go and take a look at your master."

The three disciples followed the king and descended from the treasure hall to go into one of the chambers in the court, where the officials brought out the iron cage and loosened the chains on the specious tiger. Everyone still saw the tiger as a tiger, but Pilgrim alone saw him as a man. The master, you see, was imprisoned by diabolical magic; though he understood everything, he could neither walk nor open his eyes or mouth. "Master," said Pilgrim, laughing, "you are a good monk. How did you manage to end up with a fearsome look like that? You blamed me for working evil and violence and banished me. You claimed that you wanted to practice virtue single-mindedly. How did you acquire such features all at once?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "please save him. Don't just ridicule him."

"You pick on me in everything," said Pilgrim, "and you are his favorite disciple. Why don't you save him? Why do you ask old Monkey instead? Remember what I said originally, that after I had subdued the monster to avenge myself from his abuse, I would go back." Sha Monk drew near and knelt down, saying, "Elder Brother, the ancients said, 'If you don't regard the priest, do regard the Buddha.' If you are here, I beseech you to save him. If we could do so, we wouldn't have traveled all that distance to plead with you." Raising him with his hands, Pilgrim said, "How could I possibly be content not to save him? Get me some water, quick!"

Eight Rules rushed back to the post-house and took out the purple gold alms bowl from the luggage. He returned and handed to Pilgrim the bowl half-filled with water. As he took the water in his hand, Pilgrim recited a magic spell and spat a mouthful of water on the tiger. At once the diabolical magic was dispelled and the tigerish illusion was broken.

After the elder had appeared in his original body, he recovered sufficiently to open his eyes and recognize Pilgrim, whom he took hold of with his hands immediately. "Wukong," he cried, "where did you come from?" Standing to one side, Sha Monk gave a thorough account of what had taken place, and Tripitaka was filled with gratitude, saying, "Worthy disciple, I owe you everything! I owe you everything! Let's hope that we'll reach the West soon. When we return to the Land of the East, I'll report to the Tang emperor that yours is the highest merit."

"Don't mention it! Don't mention it!" said Pilgrim with laughter. "Just don't recite that little something, and your living kindness will be most appreciated." When the king heard this, he also gave thanks to all four of them before preparing a huge vegetarian banquet for them in the Eastern Palace. After they had enjoyed these royal favors, master and disciples took leave of the king and headed for the West. The king led all his ministers through great distance to send them off. So it was that

The king returned to the palace, his empire secured;

The monk went to worship Buddha at Thunderclap.

We do not know what took place thereafter or when they would reach the Western Heaven; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-TWO

*On Level-Top Mountain the sentinel brings a message
At Lotus-Flower Cave Wood Mother meets disaster*

We were telling you about the Tang Monk, who acquired again the service of Pilgrim Sun; master and disciples thereupon embarked on the road to the West, united once more in heart and mind. After they had rescued the princess of the Precious Image Kingdom and been sent off by its king and officials, they journeyed without ceasing, taking food and drink when they hungered and thirsted, resting by night and traveling by day. Soon it was again the time of Triple Spring, a season when

*Light breezes blow on willow green as silk,
A lovely scene most fit for verse.
The times hasten bird songs;
The warmth kindles flowers,
Fragrant blooms all around.
A pair of swallows comes to the apple court,
Just in time to enjoy spring:
Red dust on purple paths,
Strings, pipes, and the silk gowns,
Games and passing the wine cups.*

As master and disciples walked and enjoyed the scenery, they found another mountain barring their way. "Disciples," said the Tang Monk, "please be careful. We have a tall mountain before us, and I fear that tigers and wolves might be here to obstruct us."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "a man who has left the family should not speak as those who remain in the family. Don't you remember the words of the *Heart Sūtra* given to you by that Crow's Nest Priest:

'No hindrances, and therefore, no terror or fear; he is far removed from error and delusion'? Only you must

*Sweep away the filth of your mind,
And wash off the dust by your ears.
Not tasting the most painful of pain,
You'll never be a man among men.*

You mustn't worry, for if you have old Monkey, everything will be all right even if the sky collapses. Don't be afraid of any tiger or wolf!" Pulling in the reins of his horse, the elder said, "Since I

*Departed Chang'an that year by decree,
My sole thought fixed on Buddha in the West—
That bright, golden image in Śārī-land,
Those jade-white brows in the pagoda blessed.
I searched through this world's waters without name;
I climbed all the mountains unscaled by man.
Fold upon fold the mists and waves extend,
When can I myself true leisure attain?"*

When Pilgrim heard what he said, he roared with laughter, saying, “If Master wants true leisure, it’s not that difficult! When you achieve your merit, then all the nidānas will cease and all forms will be but emptiness. At that time, leisure will come to you most naturally.”

Hearing these words, the elder had to be content to put aside his anxiety and urge his horse on. Master and disciples began to ascend the mountain, which was truly rugged and treacherous. Marvelous mountain!

*The tall, rugged peak;
The sharp, pointed summit.
Within the deep, winding brook—
Beside the lone, rugged cliff—
Within the deep, winding brook
You hear water loudly splashing as a serpent turns;
Beside the lone, rugged cliff
You see the big mountain tiger wagging its tail.
Look above:
The jutting peaks stab through the green sky.
Turn your eyes:
The canyon’s deep and dark as the empyrean.
Start climbing:
It’s like a ladder, a stair.
Walk down there:
It’s like a moat, a ditch.
It’s truly a weird, hillocked range;
It’s indeed a steep-banked precipice.
On top of the hillocked range
The herb-picker is wary of walking;
Before the precipice
The woodsman finds it hard to move an inch!
Foreign goats and wild horses madly gallop;
Wily hares and mountain bulls seem to form in ranks.
The mountain’s height does hide the sun and stars;
One often meets strange creatures and white wolves.
Through dense grassy path the horse can hardly pass.
How could one see Buddha at Thunderclap?*

As the elder pulled back his horse to survey this mountain, which was so difficult to ascend, he saw a woodcutter standing on the green slope above. “How was he dressed?” you ask.

*His head wore an old rain hat of blue felt;
He had on him a monk-robe of black wool.
The old rain hat of blue felt:
Indeed a rare thing to ward off sunlight and mists;
The monk-robe of black wool:
A sign of utter contentment rarely seen.
His hands held a steel ax polished highly;
He tied his machete-cut firewood firmly.
The spring hues at the ends of his pole*

*Quietly overflowed in all four seasons;
His carefree life as a recluse
Had always been blessed by the Three Stars.
He resigned himself to grow old in his lot.
What glory or shame could invade his world?*

That woodcutter

*Was just chopping firewood before the slope,
When the elder came abruptly from the East.
He stopped his ax to go out of the woods
And walked with big strides up the rocky ledge.*

In a severe voice, he cried out to the elder, “The elder who is going toward the West, please stop for a moment. I have something to tell you. There is a bunch of vicious demons and cruel monsters in this mountain devoted to eating travelers who come from the East and go toward the West.” When the elder heard what he said, his spirit left him and his soul fled. He shook so violently that he could hardly sit on the saddle.

Turning around quickly, he shouted to his disciples, “Did you hear what the wood-cutter said about the vicious demons and cruel monsters? Which of you dare go and ask him in greater detail?”

“Master, relax!” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey will go and question him thoroughly.”

Dear Pilgrim! He strode up the mountain and addressed the woodcutter as “Big Brother” before bowing to him with folded hands.

The woodcutter returned his greeting, saying, “Elder, why did you people come here?”

“To tell you the truth, Big Brother,” said Pilgrim, “we were sent from the Land of the East to go acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. That one on the horse is my master.

He is rather timid; when he heard just now what you said about vicious demons and cruel monsters, he asked me to question you. For how many years have there been demons and monsters? Are they real professionals, or are they just amateurs? Let Big Brother take the trouble to tell me, so that I may order the mountain god and the local spirit to send them away in custody.” When the woodcutter heard these words, he faced the sky and roared with laughter, saying, “So, you are really a mad monk!”

“I am not mad,” said Pilgrim, “and this is the honest truth.”

“If you are honest,” said the woodcutter, “how dare you talk about sending them away in custody?” Pilgrim said, “The way you are magnifying their power, the way you have stopped us with your foolish announcement and silly report, could it be that you are somehow related to these monsters? If you are not a relative, you must be a neighbor; if not a neighbor, you must be a friend.”

“You mad, impudent monk!” said the woodcutter, laughing. “You are so unreasonable! My intentions were good and that was why I made a special effort to bring this message to you, so that you could take precaution at all times when you journey. Now you are blaming me instead. Let’s not say just yet that I don’t know

anything about the origin of those monsters. But suppose you have found that out, how would you dispose of them? Where would you send them away in custody?"

"If they are demons from Heaven," said Pilgrim, "I'll send them to see the Jade Emperor. If they are demons of Earth, I'll send them to the Palace of Earth. Those of the West will be returned to Buddha; those of the East will be returned to the sages; those of the North will be returned to Zhenwu; those of the South will be returned to Mars.

If they are dragon spirits, they will be sent to the Lords of Oceans; if they are ghosts and ogres, they will be sent to King Yama. Every class has its proper place and direction, and old Monkey is familiar with all of them. All I need to do is to issue a court order, and they will be sent off in a hurry. Even at night!"

The woodcutter could hardly stop his scornful laughter, saying, "You mad, impudent monk! You must have made a pilgrimage to some place and learned some paltry magic of drawing up charms and casting spells with water. You may be able to drive away demons and suppress ghosts, but you have never run into such vicious and cruel monsters."

"In what way are they vicious and cruel?" asked Pilgrim. The woodcutter said, "The length of this mountain range is about six hundred miles, and it's called the Level-Top Mountain.

In the mountain is a cave by the name of Lotus-Flower Cave. There are two old demons in the cave who had portraits made with the intent to catch the priests, and who had names and surnames written down because they insisted on eating the Tang Monk. If you have come from another region, you might get by, but if you are in any way associated with the word 'Tang' you'll never pass here."

"We are exactly those who have come from the Tang court," said Pilgrim. The woodcutter said, "And they specifically want to devour you."

"Lucky! Lucky!" said Pilgrim. "How would they like to eat us?"

"Why do you ask?" said the woodcutter. "If they want to eat me headfirst," said Pilgrim, "it's still manageable, but if they want to eat me feetfirst, it'll be more bothersome."

The woodcutter asked, "What's the difference between eating you headfirst and feetfirst?"

"You haven't experienced this," replied Pilgrim. "If he eats me headfirst, one bite will kill me, of course. Even if he were to fry, saute, braise, or boil me thereafter, I wouldn't know the pain. But if he eats me feetfirst, he can start by munching on my shanks and then proceed to gnaw on my thighs. He can devour me up to my pelvic bones, and I still might not die in a hurry. Will I not be left to suffer bit by bit? That's why it is bothersome."

"Monk," said the woodcutter, "he is not going to spend all that effort on you. All he wants is to catch you and have you bound in a large steamer. Once you are cooked, he'll eat you whole!"

"That's even better! That's even better!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "There won't be pain; I have to endure a little stuffiness, that's all."

"Don't be so sassy, monk," said the woodcutter, "for those monsters have with them five treasures which possess tremendous magic powers. Even if you happen to be the jade pillar that holds up the sky, or the golden bridge that spans the ocean, if you

want to protect the priest of the Tang court and pass this place safely, you will have to become a little mad.”

“For how many times?” asked Pilgrim. “At least three or four times,” replied the woodcutter. Pilgrim said, “That’s nothing! Throughout a year, we must have become mad for seven or eight hundred times. These three or four—what’s that to us? A little madness and we are through.”

Dear Great Sage! He was not at all afraid. Eager only to accompany the Tang Monk, he abandoned the woodcutter and returned with big strides to where the horse was standing before the mountain slope. “Master, it’s nothing serious,” he said. “There are a couple of puny monster-spirits, to be sure, but people around here are rather timid and overly concerned. You have me, so why worry? Let’s get going! Let’s get going!” When the elder heard what he said, he had no choice but to proceed. As they walked, the woodcutter vanished.

The elder said, “Why did that woodcutter who brought us the message disappear all at once?”

“Our luck must be rather poor,” said Eight Rules, “we have met a ghost in broad daylight.”

“He must have crawled back into the forest to find firewood,” said Pilgrim. “Let me take a look.”

Dear Great Sage! He opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils to scan the mountain far and near, but there was no trace of the woodcutter. He raised his head and suddenly saw the Day Sentinel on the edge of the clouds. Mounting the clouds, he gave chase immediately, shouting several times, “Clumsy devil!” When he caught up with the deity, he said, “If you had something to say, why didn’t you present yourself and speak plainly? Why did you have to put on all that transformation to make fun of old Monkey?”

The sentinel was so frightened that he bowed before he said, “Great Sage, please do not take offense at my tardiness in bringing you the news. Those fiends do have great magic powers, and they know many ways of transformation. It’s up to you to use all your cleverness, to exercise all your divine intelligence to guard your master carefully. If you are the slightest bit negligent, you can’t get through this road to reach the Western Heaven.” When Pilgrim heard this, he drove away the sentinel, though the words he kept firmly in his mind. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he returned to the mountain. As he saw the elder proceeding with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, he thought to himself, “If I give an honest account of what the sentinel said to Master, he will weep for sure. He’s so weak! If I don’t tell him the truth, I can put something over him and lead him forward. But as the proverb says, ‘Wading suddenly into a swamp, you can’t tell if it’s deep or shallow.’ If Master indeed were to be taken by the monsters, won’t old Monkey be asked to expend his energy again? Let me take good care of Eight Rules instead. I’m going to make him go and wage a battle with those monsters first and see what happens; if he wins, we will consider that to be his merit. If his abilities are no good and he is caught by the monsters, there will still be time for old Monkey to go rescue him. I can display my powers then and further spread my fame.” Using the mind to question the mind, he was thus deliberating with himself:

“I fear that Eight Rules is so lazy that he will refuse to volunteer his service. Master, moreover, is so protective toward him. I’ll have to use some gimmick.”

Dear Great Sage! Look at the chicanery he's resorting to! Rubbing his eyes for awhile, he managed to squeeze out some tears as he walked back facing his master. When Eight Rules saw that, he cried out at once, "Sha Monk, put down your pole. Bring the luggage over here and we two will divide it up."

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "Why divide it up?"

"Divide it!" said Eight Rules.

"You can then go back to the River of Flowing Sand and become a monster again. Old Hog will return to the Old Gao Village to see how my wife is doing; we can sell the white horse and buy a coffin for Master in preparation for his old age. All of us can scatter. Why bother about going to the Western Heaven?" When the elder heard this on the horse, he said, "This coolie! We are still journeying. What's all this babble?"

"Only your son babbles!" said Eight Rules. "Don't you see that Pilgrim Sun is weeping over there as he walks toward us? He's a stalwart warrior who's not afraid of hacking by the ax, burning by fire, or even a pot of boiling oil, one who can penetrate Heaven and pierce the Earth.

Now he has put on a cap of sorrow and arrived gushing tears. It has to be that the mountain is rugged, and that the monsters are truly vicious. How then do you expect weaklings like us to proceed?"

The elder said, "Stop this nonsense! Let me question him and see what he says."

He therefore asked, "Wukong, if you have something to say, let's discuss the matter face to face. Why are you so distressed all by yourself? Are you trying to frighten me with that tearful face of yours?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "just now the one who brought us the message happened to be the Day Sentinel. He said that the monster-spirits were most vicious, making this place a difficult one to pass through. It is indeed a treacherous road through a tall mountain. I don't think we can go through it now; we may as well wait for another time." When the elder heard these words, he was greatly shaken. Tugging at Pilgrim's tiger-skin kilt, he said, "Disciple, we have covered almost half the journey. Why are you speaking such discouraging words?"

"I'm not undevoted to our cause," said Pilgrim, "but I fear that the demons are many and my strength is limited if I have no help. As the saying goes, 'Even if it's a piece of iron in the furnace, how many nails can you beat out of it?'" "Disciple," said the elder, "you have a point there. It is difficult for a single person to handle this matter, for as the military book says, 'The few cannot withstand the many.' But I have Eight Rules and Sha Monk here, both my disciples. I permit you to command and use them as you wish, so that they can serve as your helpers, someone to protect your flank. Only you should work together to clear up a path and lead me across this mountain. Will we not then be attaining the right fruit?"

All that legerdemain of Pilgrim, you see, was aimed at eliciting from the elder these few words. He wiped away his tears, saying, "Master, if you want to cross this mountain, Zhu Eight Rules has to agree to do two things for me. Only then will we have about a third of a chance to get by. If he doesn't agree to help me, you might as well forget about the whole matter."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if we can't do it, let's scatter. Don't drag me down."

“Disciple,” said the elder, “let’s ask your Elder Brother first and see what he wants you to do.” Idiot indeed said to Pilgrim, “Elder Brother, what do you want me to do?”

“The first thing is to look after Master,” said Pilgrim, “and the second is to go patrol the mountain.”

Eight Rules said, “Looking after Master means sitting right here, whereas to patrol the mountain means taking a walk somewhere. Do you want me to sit awhile and walk awhile? How can I do two things at once?”

“I’m not telling you to do two things at once,” said Pilgrim, “but to select one only.”

“That’s easier to decide,” said Eight Rules, chuckling, “but I don’t know what’s involved in looking after Master or in patrolling the mountain. Tell me something of my duties and I can then carry them out accordingly.”

“To look after Master,” said Pilgrim, “means that if he wants to move his bowels, you wait on him; if he wants to journey, you assist him; if he wants to eat, you go to beg for vegetarian food. If he suffers from hunger even slightly, you’ll be beaten; if he pales a little, you’ll be beaten; if he loses some weight, you’ll be beaten.”

Horried, Eight Rules said, “This is terribly difficult! Terribly difficult! To wait on him or to help him to walk—that’s nothing, and even if I have to carry him bodily, it’s still an easy matter. But if he wants to send me to beg for food, I fear that there might be those on this road to the West who won’t recognize that I’m a monk seeking scriptures. They might think that I’m a healthy hog just reaching maturity and then have me surrounded by many people with brooms, rakes, pitchforks, and all. I’ll be taken to their homes, slaughtered, and cured for the new year. Wouldn’t that be like meeting the plague?”

“Then go and patrol the mountain,” said Pilgrim.

“What does that involve?” asked Eight Rules.

Pilgrim replied, “Go into the mountain and find out how many monsters there are, what kind of mountain this is, and what kind of cave there is. We can then make plans to pass through.”

“This is a small thing,” said Eight Rules. “Old Hog will go patrol the mountain.”

Hitching up his garment at once, Idiot held high his muckrake and strode energetically up the road leading into the mountain.

As he watched Eight Rules leave, Pilgrim could not suppress his giggles. “You impudent ape!” scolded the elder. “As a brother, you haven’t shown the least bit of sympathy or kindness. You are constantly envious of one another. With all that base cunning, all those ‘clever words and an ingratiating appearance,’ you have managed to trick him already into the so-called patrolling the mountain. Now you are even mocking him with your laugh!”

“I’m not mocking him,” said Pilgrim, “because there’s another meaning in my laughter. You see that Eight Rules has left, but he will not go to patrol the mountain, nor will he dare to face the monsters. He will go instead somewhere to hide for awhile and then come back to deceive us with some story that he has made up.”

“How do you know that about him?” asked the elder. Pilgrim replied, “I suspect that’s how he will behave. If you don’t believe me, let me follow him and find out. I can also lend him some assistance in subduing the monsters, and see at the same time whether he is earnest in seeking the Buddha.”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said the elder, “but you must not play tricks on him.” Pilgrim agreed and ran up the slope of the mountain. Shaking his body once, he changed into a tiny mole cricket, indeed a delicate and lightsome transformation. You see

*Thin wings dance in the wind without effort;
A small waist sharp as a pin.
He darts through rushes and the floral shades
Faster than even a comet.
Eyes that are shining bright;
A voice that’s soft and faint.
Of insects he’s one of the smallest:
Slender, shapely, and sly.
A few times he rests idle in the secluded woods—
His whole body out of sight,
Lost to a thousand eyes.*

Spreading his wings, he flew with a buzz up there, caught up with Eight Rules, and alighted on his neck beneath the bristles behind his ear. Idiot was intent on traveling; how could he know that someone had landed on his body? After walking for seven or eight miles, he dropped his muckrake, turned around, and faced the direction of the Tang Monk. Gesturing vehemently with hands and feet, he began to let loose a string of abuses. “You doddering old priest!” he said. “You unscrupulous Ban-Horse-Plague! You sissy Sha Monk! All of you are enjoying yourselves, but you trick old Hog into stumping the road. All of us seeking the scriptures hope to attain the right fruit, but you have to make me do this so-called patrolling the mountain. Ha, ha, ha! If there are monsters known to be in this place, we should have taken cover and tried to get by undetected. But that’s not sufficient for you; you have to make me go find them instead! Well, that’s your bad luck! I’m going to find some place and take a nap. When I am through sleeping, I’ll go back and give you a vague story about having patrolled the mountain, and that will be that!” It was the good fortune of the moment for Idiot. As he walked further along, carrying his muckrake, he discovered a clump of red grass in the fold of the mountain. He crawled inside at once and used his muckrake to create for himself some sort of floor mat. Lying down and stretching himself, he said, “O joy! Even that Ban-Horse-Plague is not as comfortable as I am now!”

But Pilgrim, you see, who had stationed himself behind his ear, heard every word. No longer able to contain himself, Pilgrim flew up and decided to badger him a little. With one shake of his body he changed again into a small woodpecker. You see

*A fine bill iron hard and glossy red
And bright, gleaming patterned plumage.
Owning a pair of steel claws sharp as nails,
Famished he fears not quiet woods.
He loves best the dried trunks worm-rotted;
He cares, too, for the lonely old tree.
Round-eyed, fan-tailed, he’s very perky—
His pecking sounds are worth hearing!*

This creature was neither too big nor too small, weighing perhaps only several ounces. Armed with a red bronze-hard bill and black iron claws, he hurtled straight down from the air. Eight Rules was just sleeping soundly with head upturned when his snout received a terrific bite. So startled was Idiot that he scampered up at once, madly shouting, "A monster! A monster! He stabbed me with the lance! Oh, my mouth is sore!"

He rubbed it with his hands and blood spurted out. "That's weird!" he said, "I'm not involved in any happy event. Why has my mouth been painted red?"

He stared at his bloody hands, muttering to himself confusedly, but he could not detect the least trace of movement around him. He said, "There's no monster. Then why was I stabbed by a lance?"

He raised his head to look upward and suddenly discovered a small woodpecker flying in the air. Gritting his teeth, Idiot shouted, "You wretched outcast! Isn't it enough that Ban-Horse-Plague should oppress me? Why must you, too, oppress me? Ah, I know! He must not have recognized that I'm a human, thinking instead that my snout is a charred, rotted tree trunk with worms inside. He's looking for worms to eat and that's why he gives me a bite. Let me hide my snout in my chest."

Tumbling on the ground, Idiot again lay down to sleep. Pilgrim flew down once more and gave the base of his ear another bite.

Alarmed, Idiot jumped up, saying, "This wretched outcast! He's really harassing me! This must be where his nest is located, and he's worried that I have taken his eggs or offspring. That's why he's harassing me. All right! All right! All right! I'm not going to sleep anymore." Poling his rake, he left the red grass meadow and started up the road again. Meanwhile, Pilgrim Sun nearly broke up with amusement, the Handsome Monkey King almost collapsed with laughter. "This coolie!" he said. "Even those wide open eyes couldn't recognize one of his own!"

Dear Great Sage! Shaking his body and changing again into a mole cricket, he attached himself firmly to Idiot's ear once more.

After walking four or five miles deep into the mountain, Idiot came upon in a valley three square slabs of green rock, each about the size of a table. Putting down his rake, Idiot bowed deeply to the rocks. Laughing silently to himself, Pilgrim said, "This Idiot! The rocks are no humans; they know neither how to talk nor how to return his greeting. Why bow to them? That's truly blind homage!"

But Idiot, you see, pretended that the rocks were the Tang Monk, Sha Monk, and Pilgrim. Facing the three of them, Idiot was rehearsing what he would say. Said he, "This time when I go back to see Master, I'll say that there are monsters, should they ask me. And if they ask me what kind of mountain this is, I'll say that it's molded of clay, made of mud, wrought of tin, forged by copper, steamed with flour, plastered with paper, and painted with the brush. If they claim that I'm speaking idiotic words, I'm going to say some more. I'll say that this is a rocky mountain. If they ask me what sort of a cave there is, I'll say there is a rocky cave. If they ask me what kind of doors there are, I'll say there are sheet-iron doors studded with nails. If they ask me how deep is the cave inside, I'll say that there are some three sections in the dwelling. If they persist in trying to learn everything, such as how many nails there are on the door, I'll only say that old Hog is too preoccupied to remember the exact number. Well, now that I have everything all made up, I'm going to go back to hoodwink that Ban-Horse-Plague."

Having fabricated his story, Idiot dragged his rake along to retrace his steps. He did not know, however, that Pilgrim heard everything behind his ear. When Pilgrim saw him turning back, he stretched his wings and flew back first, changing back to his original form to see his master. “Wukong, so you have come back,” said the master. “Why don’t we see Wuneng also?”

“He’s just making up some lies,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “He’ll be here soon.”

The elder said, “A person like him who has his eyes covered by his ears has to be a stupid fellow. What sort of lies can he make up? It’s got to be some hum-buggery of yours again, trying to put the blame on him.”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “you are always covering up his faults. What I have to tell you, however, is based on evidence.”

He thereupon gave a complete account of how Idiot crawled into the clump of grass to sleep and was bitten by the woodpecker, and how he bowed to the rocks and made up the story on monster-spirits in the rocky mountain, in the rocky cave with the sheet-iron doors.

After he finished, Idiot came walking back in a little while. As he was afraid that he might forget what he had made up, he was still rehearsing with head bowed when Pilgrim shouted at him, “Idiot, what are you reciting?” Sticking up his ears so that he could glance around, Eight Rules said, “I’m back at the old homestead!”

He went forward and knelt down, but the elder raised him up, saying, “Disciple, you must be tired!”

“Yes,” said Eight Rules, “the person who walks or climbs mountains is the one most tired.”

“Are there any monsters?” asked the elder. Eight Rules said, “Yes, yes! There is a whole bunch of them!”

“How did they treat you?” asked the elder. Eight Rules said, “They called me Ancestor Hog and Grandfather Hog; they also prepared some vegetarian food and soup noodles for me to eat, saying that they would put on a big parade to take us across this mountain.”

“Could this be your talking in your dreams, after you have fallen asleep in the grass?” asked Pilgrim. When Idiot heard the question, he was so astounded that he almost lost two inches of his height, saying, “O Father! How could he know about my sleeping?” Pilgrim went forward and caught hold of him, saying, “You come over here! Let me ask you!” Idiot became even more alarmed; trembling all over, he said, “You can ask me anything. Why do you have to grab me like that?”

“What kind of a mountain is there?” asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, “It’s a rocky mountain.”

“What kind of a cave?”

“It’s a rocky cave,” he said. “What kind of doors are there?” Pilgrim asked. “There are sheet-iron doors studded with nails,” he said. “How deep is the cave inside?”

“There are three sections inside,” he said. “No need for you to say any more,” said Pilgrim. “I can remember the last part quite clearly, but because I fear that Master still won’t believe me, I’ll say that for you.”

“You sneak!” said Eight Rules. “You didn’t even go with me! What do you know that you can say for me?”

“How many nails are there on the doors?” said Pilgrim, laughing, “Just say that old Hog is too preoccupied to remember clearly. Isn’t that about right?” Idiot was so frightened that he fell on his knees at once. Pilgrim said, “You bowed to the rocks and began speaking to them as if they were the three of us. Isn’t that right? You also said, ‘Let me make up this story so that I can go hoodwink that Ban-Horse-Plague.’ Isn’t that right also?”

“Elder Brother,” said Idiot, kowtowing unceasingly, “could it be that you accompanied me when I went to patrol the mountain?”

“You overstuffed coolie!” scolded Pilgrim. “This is an important area. We asked you to go patrol the mountain, and you went to sleep instead. If the woodpecker hadn’t jabbed you up, you would still be sleeping there. After you were roused, you even made up such a big lie. You could completely ruin our important enterprise, couldn’t you? Stick out your shanks at once, and you’ll receive five strokes of the rod as a keepsake.”

Horried, Eight Rules said, “That funeral staff is very heavy: a little touch and my skin will collapse, a little brush and my tendons will snap. Five strokes mean certain death for me.” Pilgrim said, “If you are afraid of being beaten, why do you lie?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “it’s just this once. I’ll never dare do that again.”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, “I’ll give you just three strokes this time.”

“O Father!” said Eight Rules. “I can’t even bear half a stroke!” Without any alternative, Idiot caught hold of the master and said, “You must speak for me.”

The elder said, “When Wukong told me that you were making up this lie, I would not believe him. Now that it is really so, you certainly deserve to be beaten. But we are trying to cross this mountain at the moment, and we need everyone we can use. So Wukong, you may as well spare him now. Let’s cross the mountain first, and then you can beat him.” Pilgrim said, “The ancients said, ‘To obey the sentiments of one’s parents is to perform a great filial act.’ If Master tells me not to beat you, I’ll spare you for the moment. You must go to patrol the mountain again. If you start lying and botch things up once more, I’ll not spare you from even one stroke!” Idiot had no choice but to scamper up and leave on the main road. Look at him! As he walked along this time, he was haunted by suspicion, supposing with every step of the way that the transformed Pilgrim was following him. As soon as he came upon an object or thing, he would immediately suspect that it was Pilgrim. After he had gone for about seven or eight miles, he saw a tiger running across the slope. Undaunted, he lifted up his muckrake and said, “Elder Brother, did you come again to listen to my fibs? I told you I wouldn’t do that anymore.”

As he walked further, a violent mountain gust toppled a dead tree, which rolled up to him. Pounding his chest and stamping his feet, he cried, “Elder Brother! Why did you do this? I told you I would not try to deceive you anymore. Why did you have to change into a tree to strike at me?”

He proceeded still further and saw in the air a white-necked old crow, which squawked several times overhead. He said again, “Elder Brother, aren’t you ashamed of yourself? I told you I wouldn’t lie anymore.

Why did you still change into an old crow? Are you trying to eavesdrop on me again?"

But this time Pilgrim, you see, did not follow him; he was simply ridden with suspicion and surmise, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We now tell you about the mountain, which was named Level-Top Mountain, in which there was a cave called the Lotus-Flower Cave. There were two fiends in the cave: one had the name of the Great King Golden Horn and the other, the Great King Silver Horn.

As they sat in the cave that day, Golden Horn said to Silver Horn, "Brother, how long has it been since we patrolled the mountain?" Silver Horn said, "It's been half a month."

"Brother," said Golden Horn, "go and patrol it today." Silver Horn said, "Why today?"

"You don't know what I heard recently," said Golden Horn, "that the Tang emperor in the Land of the East had sent his royal brother, the Tang Monk, to worship Buddha in the West. He has three other companions by the names of Pilgrim Sun, Zhu Eight Rules, and Sha Monk; including the horse, there are five of them altogether. Go see where they are and capture them for me." Silver Horn said, "If we want to eat people, we can catch a few anywhere. Where can these monks be? Let them pass."

Golden Horn said, "You don't know about this. The year when I left the Heavenly Region, I heard people say that the Tang Monk is the incarnation of the Elder Gold Cicada, a man who has practiced religion for ten existences, and one who has not allowed any of his yang energy to be dissipated. If anyone can have a taste of his flesh, his age will be vastly lengthened."

"If eating his flesh," said Silver Horn, "can lengthen our age and prolong our lives, what need we to practice sedentary meditation, to arrive at certain attainment, to cultivate the dragon and the tiger, or to achieve the union of the male and the female?"

We should just eat him. Let me go and catch him at once."

Golden Horn said, "Brother, you are rather impulsive. Let's not hurry. If you walk out this door and grab any monk that comes along, you would be breaking the law unnecessarily if he were not the Tang Monk. I still recall how the real Tang Monk looks. Let's have portraits made of the master and his disciples that you can take along with you. When you see some monks, you can check whether they are the real ones."

He thereupon had portraits drawn up, and the name of each person was written beside the picture.

Taking the sketches with him, Silver Horn left the cave after calling up thirty little fiends to follow him to patrol the mountain.

We now tell you about Eight Rules, whose fortune was about to take a turn for the worse. As he walked along, he ran right into the various demons, who barred his way and asked, "Who is he that's approaching?" Raising his head and pushing his ears aside, Idiot saw that they were demons and he became quite frightened. He said to himself, "If I say that I'm a monk going to seek scriptures, they may want to seize me. I'd better say I'm only a traveler."

The little fiends reported back to their master, saying, "Great King, it's a traveler."

Among those thirty little fiends, there were some who did not recognize Eight Rules. There were a few, however, who found his face somewhat familiar, and pointing at him, they said, "Great King, this monk looks like the portrait of Zhu Eight Rules."

The old fiend told them at once to hang up the picture so that they could examine it more closely. When Eight Rules saw it, he was greatly shaken, muttering to himself, "No wonder I feel somewhat dispirited of late! They have caught my spirit in this portrait!"

As the little fiends held up the picture with their spears, Silver Horn pointed with his hand, saying, "This one riding the white horse is the Tang Monk, and this one with a hairy face is Pilgrim Sun."

Hearing this, Eight Rules said, "City Guardian, it's all right if I'm not included! I'll present you with three hog's heads, twenty-four portions of pure libation . . ." Mumbling to himself repeatedly, he kept making all sorts of vows.

The fiend, meanwhile, went on to say, "That long dark one is Sha Monk, and this one having a long snout and huge ears is Zhu Eight Rules." When Idiot heard what he said, he was so startled that he lowered his snout toward his chest and tried to conceal it. "Monk, stick out your mouth," cried the fiend. "It's a birth defect," said Eight Rules. "I can't stick it out."

The fiend told the imps to pull it out with hooks, and Eight Rules became so alarmed that he stuck out his snout at once, saying, "It's no more than a homely feature! Here it is! If you want to look at it, just look. Why do you want to use hooks?" Recognizing that it was Eight Rules, the fiend took out his precious blade and hacked away. Idiot parried the blow with his rake, saying, "My child, don't be brazen! Watch my rake!"

The fiend said with a chuckle, "This man became a monk in the middle of life."

"Dear child!" said Eight Rules. "You do have some intelligence! How do you know right away that your father became a monk in the middle of life?"

"If you know how to use the rake," said the fiend, "you must have stolen it after hoeing the fields or gardens of some household."

Eight Rules said, "My child, you won't recognize the rake of your father, for it is not like any ordinary rake for hoeing the ground. We have here

*Huge teeth made in the shape of dragon claws,
Adorned with gold and like a tiger formed.
When used in battle it draws down cold wind;
When brought to combat it emits bright flames.
It can for Tang Monk all barriers remove,
Catch all monsters on this road to the West.
When it's wielded, mists hide the sun and moon;
When it's held high, clouds make dim the pole stars.
It knocks down Mount Tai and tigers panic;
It o'erturns oceans and dragons cower.
Though you, monster, may have many skills,
One rake will nine bloody holes produce!"*

The fiend heard the words, but he was not ready to step aside. Wielding his sword of seven stars, he charged Eight Rules and they closed in again and again in the

mountain. Even after some twenty rounds, neither appeared to be the stronger one. Growing more and more fierce, Eight Rules began to fight as if he had no regard whatever for his life. When the fiend saw how his opponent flapped his huge ears and spat out saliva, whooping and yelling all the time, he became somewhat frightened. He therefore turned around to call up all his little fiends to do battle. Now, if it were a one-to-one combat, it would have been manageable for Eight Rules. But when he saw all those little fiends approaching, he panicked and turned to flee. The road, however, was not very smooth and he immediately tripped over some vines and dried creepers along the way. As he was struggling to run, one of the little fiends made a flying tackle at his legs, and he hit the ground headfirst like a dog eating shit! The others swarmed all over him, pressing him on the ground, pulling at his mane and his ears, grabbing his legs, and tugging at his tail. They hoisted him up bodily to return to the cave. Alas! Thus it is that

*A whole body bursting with demons is hard to destroy;
Ten thousand ills arise, they are tough to remove.*

We do not know what happens to the life of Zhu Eight Rules; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-THREE

Heresy deludes the True Nature
Primal Spirit helps the Native Mind

We were telling you about that fiend who hauled Eight Rules into the cave, crying, "Elder Brother, we caught one!"

Delighted, the old demon said, "Bring him here for a look."

"Isn't this the one?" said the second demon. "Brother," said the old demon, "you caught the wrong one. This monk is useless."

Eight Rules at once jumped at this opportunity and said, "Great King, please release a useless monk and let him go. It's a crime!"

"Elder Brother," said the second demon, "don't release him. Even if he's useless, he is part of the Tang Monk's company, and he's called Zhu Eight Rules. Let's soak him thoroughly in the pure water pool in the back; when the bristles are plucked and the hide is peeled after the soaking, we can pickle him with salt and sun him dry. He'll be a good appetizer with wine on a cloudy day." When Eight Rules heard these words, he said, "What rotten luck! I've met up with a monster who traffics in pickled food!"

The little fiends hauled Eight Rules inside and threw him into the water, and we shall speak of him no further.

We tell you now about Tripitaka sitting before the slope; his ears became flushed and his heart began to pound. Growing very restless, he called out, "Wukong, why is it that Wuneng has taken so long to patrol the mountain this time and hasn't returned?" Pilgrim said, "Master still doesn't know anything of how his mind works!"

"How does it work?" asked Tripitaka. "Master," said Pilgrim, "if this mountain truly has monsters, he will find it difficult to advance even half a step. Instead, he will run back to report to us with all sorts of exaggerations. I suppose, however, that there are no monsters, and he must have gone ahead directly when he found the road quiet and safe."

"If he really has gone ahead," said Tripitaka, "where shall we meet him? This a wild, mountainous region, not like somewhere in a village or town." Pilgrim said, "Don't worry, Master, please mount up. That Idiot is rather lazy, and without doubt he moves very slowly. Urge your horse a little and we'll certainly catch up with him to proceed together again."

The Tang Monk indeed climbed on his horse; as Sha Monk poled the luggage, Pilgrim led the way in front to ascend the mountain.

We tell you now instead about the old fiend, who said to the second demon, "Brother, if you have caught Eight Rules, there must also be the Tang Monk somewhere. Go and patrol the mountain again, and make certain that you don't miss him."

"At once! At once!" said the second demon, who immediately called up some fifty little fiends to go patrol the mountain with him. As they journeyed, they saw auspicious clouds and luminous ether circling. The second demon said, "Here comes the Tang Monk!"

“Where is he?” asked the various little fiends. The second demon said, “Auspicious clouds will alight on the head of a virtuous man, whereas the black ether emitted from the head of a wicked man will rise up to the sky. That Tang Monk is actually the incarnation of the Elder Gold Cicada, a virtuous man who has practiced austerities for ten existences. That’s why he is encircled by these auspicious clouds.”

Those little fiends, however, still could not perceive where the monk was. Pointing with his finger, the second demon said, “Isn’t that he?” Immediately, Tripitaka on the horse shuddered violently; the demon pointed again, and Tripitaka shuddered once more. This went on for three times, and Tripitaka grew very anxious, saying, “Disciples, why am I shuddering like this?”

“You must have an upset stomach,” said Sha Monk, “and that’s why you are feeling the chill.”

“Nonsense!” said Pilgrim. “Going through this tall mountain and rugged cliff must have made Master rather apprehensive, that’s all.

Don’t be afraid! Don’t be afraid! Let old Monkey put on a show for you with my rod to calm your fears somewhat.”

Dear Pilgrim! Whipping out his rod, he began to go through a sequence of maneuvers with the rod as he walked before the horse: up and down, left and right, the thrusts and parries were made in perfect accord with the manuals of martial arts. What the elder saw from the horse was a sight incomparable anywhere in the world! As Pilgrim led the way toward the West, the monster, who was watching on top of the mountain, almost fell over with fear. Scared out of his wits, the monster blurted out, “I have heard about Pilgrim Sun for several years, but today I know that this is no false rumor.”

Drawing closer to him, the various fiends said, “Great King, why do you ‘magnify the determination of others to diminish your own authority’? Of whom are you boasting?”

“Pilgrim Sun,” said the second demon, “truly possesses vast magical powers. We won’t be able to eat the Tang Monk.”

“Great King,” said the fiends, “if you don’t have the abilities, let a few of us go and report to the Great, Great King. Ask him to call up all the fighters, young and old, of our cave, and we will all join to form a solid battle front. You fear that he’ll be able to escape then?”

“Can’t you all see that iron rod of his?” asked the second demon. “It’s powerful enough to vanquish ten thousand foes. We have but four or five hundred soldiers in the cave, and they won’t be able to take even a single stroke of his rod!”

The fiends said, “If you put it that way, the Tang Monk certainly will not be our food. Doesn’t that mean that we have also made a mistake in seizing Zhu Eight Rules? Let’s return him to the monks.”

“We haven’t quite made a mistake,” said the second demon, “nor should we send him back so easily. In the end, we are determined to devour the Tang Monk, but we can’t do it just yet.”

“If you put it that way,” said the fiends, “should we wait for a few more years?”

The second demon said, “No need for a few more years. I perceive now that that Tang Monk must be sought for with virtue and not be taken by violence. If we want to

use force to catch him, we won't be able to get even a whiff of him. The only way we can move him is to feign virtue, so that his mind will be made to fuse with our minds, in the process of which we shall plot against him, exploiting the very virtue of his."

The fiends said, "If the Great King wants to devise a plan to catch him, will you want to use us?"

"Each of you may return to our camp," said the second demon, "but you are not permitted to report this to the Great King. If you disturb him and leak the news, my plan may be ruined. I have my own power of transformation, and I can catch him."

The various monsters dispersed; the demon by himself leaped down from the mountain. Shaking his body by the road, he changed into an aged Daoist. "How was he dressed?" you ask. You see

*A shining star-patterned cap,
And tousled whitish hair;
A feathered gown wrapped in silk sash,
And sandals tied with yellow coir;
Nice features and bright eyes like a man divine,
A light, healthy body as the Age Star's.
Why speak of the Blue Buffalo Daoist?
He's as strong as White Tablet Master—
A specious form disguised as the true form,
Falsehood feigning to be the honest truth!*

By the side of the main road, he masqueraded himself as a Daoist with a bloody, broken leg, whimpering constantly and crying, "Save me! Save me!" We were telling you about Tripitaka, who, relying on the strength of Great Sage Sun and Sha Monk, was proceeding happily when they heard repeatedly the cry, "Master, save me!" When this reached the ears of Tripitaka, he said, "My goodness! My goodness! There is all around not a single village in the wilderness of this mountain. Who could it be that's calling? It must be, I suppose, someone terrified by the tiger or the leopard." Reining in his fine horse, the elder called out, "Who is the person facing this ordeal? Please show yourself."

The fiend crawled out of the bushes and at once banged his head on the ground without ceasing, facing the elder's horse.

When Tripitaka saw that it was a Daoist, and an elderly one at that, he felt sorry for him. Dismounting at once, he tried to take hold of him with his hands, saying, "Please get up! Please get up!"

The fiend said, "It hurts! It hurts!" When Tripitaka released his hold, he discovered that the man's leg was bleeding. "O Master," said the startled Tripitaka, "where did you come from? How is it that your leg is wounded?" With clever speech and specious tongue, the fiend answered falsely, saying, "Master, west of this mountain is a clean and secluded temple, of which I am a Daoist."

Tripitaka said, "Why are you not tending the incense and fires or rehearsing the scriptures and the rituals in the temple? Why are you walking around here?"

"A patron at the southern part of this mountain," said the demon, "invited the Daoists to pray to the stars and distribute the blessings day before yesterday. Last night my disciple and I were walking home when we ran into a ferocious striped tiger in a deep canyon. It seized my disciple and dragged him away in its mouth, while your

terrified Daoist, madly attempting to flee, broke his leg when he fell on a pile of rocks. I couldn't even find my way back. But it must be a great Heavenly affinity that caused me to meet Master today, and I beseech you in your great compassion to save my life. When I get to our temple, I will repay your profound kindness even if it means selling myself into slavery!" When Tripitaka heard these words, he thought they were the truth and said to him, "O Master, we two belong to the same calling— I'm a monk and you're a Daoist. Though our attire may differ, the principles in cultivation, in the practice of austerities, are the same.

If I don't save you, I shouldn't be ranked among those who have left the family. But though I intend to save you, I see that you can't walk."

"I can't even stand up," said the fiend, "so how can I walk?"

"All right, all right!" said Tripitaka. "I can still walk. I'll let you take my horse for this distance. When you get to your temple, you can return the horse to me."

The fiend said, "Master, I'm grateful for your profound kindness, but my inner thigh is hurt. I can't ride."

Tripitaka said, "I see," and he said to Sha Monk, "Put the luggage on my horse, and you carry him."

"I'll carry him," said Sha Monk.

Stealing a quick glance at Sha Monk, the fiend said, "O Master, I was so terrified by that ferocious tiger. Now that I see this priest with such a gloomy complexion, I'm even more frightened. I dare not let him carry me."

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "you carry him then." Pilgrim immediately answered, "I'll carry him. I'll carry him."

Having made certain that it was Pilgrim who would carry him, the monster became very amiable and did not speak anymore. "You cockeyed old Daoist!" said Sha Monk, laughing. "You don't think it's good for me to carry you, and you want him instead. When he is out of Master's sight, he'll smash even your tendons on a sharp, pointed rock!" Pilgrim, meanwhile, had agreed to put the monster on his back, but he said, chuckling, "You brazen demon, how dare you come to provoke me! You should have made some inquiry on how many years old Monkey has been around! Your fib can deceive the Tang Monk, but do you really think you could fool me? I can tell that you are a fiend of this mountain who wants to eat my master, I suppose. But is my master an ordinary person, someone for you to eat? And even if you want to devour him, you should at least have given a larger half to old Monkey!" When the demon heard Pilgrim muttering like this, he said, "Master, I am the descendant of a good family who has become a Daoist.

It's my misfortune this day to have met this adversity of the tiger. I'm no monster."

"If you fear the tiger and the wolf," said Pilgrim, "why don't you recite the Scripture of the Northern Dipper?"

When Tripitaka heard these words just as he was mounting, he chided, "This wanton ape! 'Saving one life is better than erecting a seven-tiered pagoda.' Isn't it enough that you carry him? Why speak of the Classic of the Northern Dipper or the Classic of the Southern Dipper?" When Pilgrim heard him, he said, "Lucky for this fellow! My master happens to be someone who is inclined toward compassion and

virtue, but also someone who prefers external appearance more than inward excellence. If I don't carry you, he'll blame me, so I'll carry you, all right. But I have to make it clear to you: if you want to piss or shit, tell me first. For if you pour it down my back, I can't take the stink, and there is no one around to wash and starch my clothes when they are soiled."

"Look at my age," said the fiend, "you think I don't understand what you said?" Only then did Pilgrim pull him up and put him on his back before setting out on the main road to the West with the elder and Sha Monk. When they reached a spot in the mountain where the road became bumpy, weaving up and down, Pilgrim took care to walk more slowly, allowing the Tang Monk to proceed first. Before they had gone four or five miles, the master and Sha Monk descended into a fold of the mountain and became completely out of sight. More and more annoyed, Pilgrim thought to himself, "Master is such a fool even though he's a grown man! Traveling this great distance, one gets weary even if one were empty-handed—and he tells me instead to carry this monster! I wish I could throw him off! Let's not say he's a monster; even if he were a good man, he should die without regret for having lived so long. I might as well dash him to the ground and kill him. Why carry him any further?"

As the Great Sage was about to do this, the monster knew instantly of his plan. Knowing how to summon mountains, he resorted to the magic of Moving Mountains and Pouring out Oceans. On Pilgrim's back he made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell, sending the Sumeru Mountain into midair and causing it to descend directly on Pilgrim's head. A little startled, the Great Sage bent his head to one side and the mountain landed on his left shoulder. Laughing, he said, "My child, what sort of press-body magic are you using to pin down old Monkey? This is all right, but a lopsided pole is rather difficult to carry."

The demon said to himself, "One mountain can't hold him down."

He recited a spell once more and summoned the Emei Mountain into the air. Pilgrim again turned his head and the mountain landed on his right shoulder. Look at him! Carrying two mountains, he began to give chase to his master with the speed of a meteor! The sight of him caused the old demon to perspire all over, muttering to himself, "He truly knows how to pole mountains!"

Exerting his spirit even more, he recited another spell and sent up the Tai Mountain to press down on Pilgrim's head. With this magic of the Tai Mountain Pressing the Head, the Great Sage was overpowered as his strength ebbed and his tendons turned numb; the weight was so great that the spirits of the Three Worms inside his body exploded and blood spouted from his seven apertures.

Dear monster! After he used his magic power to pin down Pilgrim, he himself mounted quickly a gust of violent wind to catch up with the Tang Monk. From the edge of the clouds, he stretched down his hand to try to seize the rider of the horse. Sha Monk was so startled that he threw away the luggage and whipped out his fiend-routing staff to block the attempt. Wielding the sword of the seven stars, the demon met him head on and it was some battle!

*The sword of seven stars,
The fiend-routing staff,
All flashed golden beams as lightning bright.
This one, eyes glowering, seemed the black god of death;
That one, iron-faced, was the true Curtain-Raising Captain.*

*The fiend before the mountain showed his power,
Solely bent on catching Tripitaka Tang.
This man, earnestly guarding the true monk,
Would not let go e'en at the threat of death.
The two belched fog and cloud to reach Heaven's Palace;
They sprayed dirt and dust to cover the stars.
They fought till the red sun grew dim and lost its light—
The great earth, the cosmos, turned dusky all.
Back and forth they scuffled for eight, nine rounds:
Twas quick defeat for which Sha Monk was bound!*

The demon was exceedingly ferocious; the thrusts and slashes of his sword fell on his opponent like meteor showers. Growing weaker by the moment, Sha Monk could no longer withstand him and turned to flee, when the precious staff was forced aside and he was seized by a huge hand. Wedging Sha Monk beneath his left arm, the demon dragged Tripitaka off the horse with his right hand; with the tip of his feet hooked on to the luggage and his mouth tugging at the mane of the horse, he used the magic of removal and brought them all to the Lotus-Flower Cave in a gust of wind. Shouting at the top of his voice, he cried, "Elder Brother, all the monks are caught and brought here!" When the old demon heard these words, he was very pleased, saying, "Bring them here for me to have a look."

"Aren't these the ones?" asked the second demon. "Worthy brother," said the old demon, "you caught the wrong ones again."

"But you told me to catch the Tang Monk," said the second demon. The old demon said, "It was the Tang Monk, all right, but you did not manage to catch the able Pilgrim Sun. We have to catch him first before we can enjoy eating the Tang Monk. If we haven't caught him, be sure not to touch any of his companions. That Monkey King, you see, has vast magic powers and knows many ways of transformation. If we devour his master, you think he'll accept that? He will certainly come to quarrel with us at our door and we will never be able to live in peace."

"Elder Brother," said the second demon with a laugh, "you know only how to exalt others! According to your words, that monkey is unique on Earth, and rare even in Heaven. But as I see him, he's so-so only, with not many abilities."

"You caught him, then?" asked the old demon. "He has already been pinned down by three large mountains that I summoned," said the second demon, "and he can't move even an inch. That's how I managed to transport the Tang Monk, Sha Monk, the white horse, and even the luggage back here." When the old demon heard these words, he was filled with delight, saying, "What luck! What luck! Only after we have caught this fellow can the Tang Monk be food in our mouths."

He thereupon said to the little fiends, "Prepare some wine at once. Let's present to our Second Great King the goblet of merit."

The second demon said, "Elder Brother, let's not drink wine yet. Let's order the little ones to scoop Zhu Eight Rules out of the water and hang him up."

Eight Rules was thus hung up in the east side of the cave, Sha Monk in the west side, and the Tang Monk in the middle. The white horse was placed in a stable while the luggage was brought inside the cave.

Smiling, the old demon said, “Worthy Brother, what marvelous ability! You went out twice and you caught three monks. Though Pilgrim Sun, however, has been pressed beneath the mountains, we must find a way to bring him here so that he can be steamed together with the others.”

The second demon said, “If Elder Brother wants to bring Pilgrim Sun here, there’s no need for us to move.

Please take a seat. We need only order two little monsters to put him in two treasures of ours and bring him here.”

“Which treasures should they take along with them?” asked the old demon. The second demon said, “Take my red gourd of purple gold and your pure mutton-jade vase.”

Bringing out the treasures, the old demon said, “Whom should we send?”

The second demon said, “Let’s send Sly Devil and Wily Worm, the two of them.”

He then gave the instructions to the two, saying, “Take these treasures and go to the tallest peak of the three mountains. Turn one of them upside down so that its mouth will face the ground and its bottom, the sky. Call out the name, ‘Pilgrim Sun,’ and if he answers, he will be sucked immediately inside. You will then seal the container with the tape bearing the words, ‘May Laozi Act Quickly According to This Command.’

In one and three-quarter hours, he will be reduced to pus.”

The two little fiends kowtowed before they left to fetch Pilgrim, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Great Sage, who was pressed beneath the mountains by the magic of the demon.

*Suffering, he thought of Tripitaka;
In adversity, he recalled the holy monk.*

He cried out with a loud voice, “O Master! I remember how you went to the Mountain of Two Frontiers to lift up the tape that had me pressed down, and it was then that old Monkey escaped his great ordeal to embrace the vow of complete poverty. Thanks to the Bodhisattva, I was given the dharma decree so that you and I could stay together and practice religion together, so that we would be brought under the same affinity and attain the same enlightenment and knowledge. How should I expect that we would run into such a demonic obstacle here, and that I would be pinned down again by his mountains. O pity it all! You may be fated to die, but pity Sha Monk, Eight Rules, and the little dragon who took all that trouble of changing into a horse. Truly as the saying goes,

*A tall tree beckons the wind, the wind will rock the tree;
A man lives for his name, his name will wreck the man.”*

When he finished this lamentation, tears rained down his cheeks.

All that noise, however, immediately disturbed the mountain god, the local spirit, and the Guardians of Five Quarters, who came together with the Golden-Headed Guardian. The last one said, “Whose mountains are these?”

“Ours,” said the local spirit. “Do you know who it is that you have pinned down beneath the mountains?”

“No, we don’t,” said the local spirit. “So, you don’t know,” said the Guardian, “but he happens to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, the Pilgrim Sun Wukong who caused tremendous disturbance in Heaven five hundred years ago. Now he has embraced the right fruit to follow the Tang Monk as his disciple. How could you permit the demon to borrow these mountains to pin him down? You are as good as dead! If he ever finds release and comes out, you think he’ll spare you? Even if he lets you all go lightly, the local spirit will be demoted to an attendant in a post-house, the mountain god will be banished to military service, and even we will be placed under a terrible obligation.” Only then did the mountain god and the local spirit become frightened; they said, “We really didn’t know. All we heard was the spell for moving mountains recited by the demon and we transferred the mountains here. How could we know that it was the Great Sage Sun?”

The Guardian said, “Don’t be afraid now. The Law says, ‘The ignorant will not be held culpable.’ You and I can discuss the matter and see how we can release him without making him beat us.”

“This is becoming rather ridiculous,” said the local spirit. “Will he beat us even after we have released him?”

“You have no idea,” said the Guardian, “that he possesses a compliant golden-hooped rod, a most powerful weapon indeed. One stroke of it means death; one touch, a bad wound! A small tap and the tendons snap, a tiny brush and the skin collapses!”

Growing more and more alarmed, the mountain god and the local spirit had a discussion with the Guardians of Five Quarters before walking up to the front of the three mountains and crying, “Great Sage, the mountain god, the local spirit, and the Guardians of Five Quarters have come to see you.”

Dear Pilgrim! Though he might be like a lean tiger at the moment, his prowess remained. When he heard the announcement, he replied at once resolutely in a ringing voice, “Why do you want to see me?”

The local spirit said, “Allow me to report this to the Great Sage. I ask your permission to move the mountains away so that the Great Sage might come out and pardon the crime of disrespect unknowingly committed by this humble deity.” Pilgrim said, “Move the mountains away. I won’t hit you.” When he said this, it was as if an official pardon had been announced! The various gods began reciting their spells and the mountains were sent back to their original locations.

Once released, Pilgrim leaped up; shaking off the dirt and tightening up his skirt, he whipped out his rod from behind his ear and said to the mountain god and the local spirit:

“Stick out your shanks. Each of you will receive two strokes so that old Monkey may find some relief for his misery!”

Terrified, the two gods said, “Just now the Great Sage promised to pardon us. How could you change your word, now that you have come out, and want to hit us?”

“Dear local spirit! Dear mountain god!” said Pilgrim. “You are not afraid of old Monkey, you are afraid of the monsters instead!”

The local spirit said, “Those demons have vast magical powers. With their incantations and spells, they would summon us into their cave and we would have to take turns to be on duty.” When Pilgrim heard these two words “on duty,” he, too, was

quite shaken. Lifting his head to face the sky, he cried in a loud voice, “O Azure Heaven! Since the division of chaos and the creation of Heaven and Earth, and since the Flower-Fruit Mountain gave birth to me, I did search all around for the enlightened teacher to transmit to me the secret formula for longevity. Think of it, I can change with the wind, tame the tiger, and subdue the dragon; I even caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace and acquired the name Great Sage. But I never dared to be so insolent as to order a mountain god or a local spirit around. These demons today are truly lawless! How could they be so arrogant as to make the mountain god and the local spirit their servants, forcing them to take turns to be on duty? O Heaven, if you had given birth to old Monkey, why did you give birth to these creatures also?”

As the Great Sage was thus sighing, he saw in the distance beams of light rising from a mountain valley. “Mountain god, local spirit,” said Pilgrim, “since you have been on duty in the cave, you must know what objects are those emitting the light.”

“They must be the luminescent treasures of the demons,” said the local spirit. “Some monster spirits, I suppose, are coming with the treasures to subdue you.” Pilgrim said, “This is a lot more fun! Let me ask you quickly, who would socialize with them in the cave?”

The local spirit said, “Those they love are persons who heat the cinnabar and refine the herbs; those whom they delight in are the Quanzhen Daoists.”

“No wonder he changed into an old Daoist to lure my master away,” said Pilgrim. “Since this is the case, your beating will be deferred for the moment. You may leave, let old Monkey himself catch them.”

The various deities rose into the air and left.

This Great Sage shook his body once and changed into an old adept. “How was he dressed?” you ask.

*His head had two buns of hair;
He wore a clerical robe;
His hand struck a bamboo fish;
A Master Lü sash circled his waist.
Reclining by the main road,
He waited for the little fiends.
In awhile the fiends arrived;
The Ape King released his tricks.*

In no time at all, the two little fiends came before him and Pilgrim stuck out his golden-hooped rod. Unprepared for this, one of the little fiends tripped on it and fell; only when he scrambled up did he see Pilgrim. “Villainy! Villainy!” he began to cry. “If our Great Kings didn’t have a special fondness for your kind of people, I would scrap with you.”

“What’s there to scrap about?” said Pilgrim, smiling amiably. “A Daoist meeting a Daoist, we are all in the same family!”

“Why did you lie here,” said the fiend, “and cause me to stumble?” Pilgrim said, “A Daoist youth like you, when you run into an aged Daoist like me, must take a fall—it’s a sort of substitute for presenting an introductory gift.”

The fiend said, "Our Great Kings only demand a few ounces of silver as introductory gifts. Why do you insist on someone taking a fall? This must be the custom of another region, and you can't possibly be a Daoist from around here."

"Indeed, I'm not," said Pilgrim, "for I came from Penglai Mountain."

The fiend said, "But Penglai is an island in the territory of immortals."

"If I'm not an immortal," said Pilgrim, "who's an immortal?"

Turning all at once from anger to delight, the fiend approached him and said, "Old Immortal, Old Immortal! We are of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, and that's why we can't recognize you. Our words have offended you. Please pardon us."

"I won't blame you," said Pilgrim, "for as the saying goes, 'The immortal frame does not tread on ground profane.' How could you know? The reason why I have landed on your mountain today is that I want to enlighten a good man to become an immortal, to understand the Dao. Which of you is willing to follow me?" Sly Devil said, "Master, I'll follow you," while Wily Worm also said, "Master, I'll follow you."

Though he knew the reason already, Pilgrim nonetheless asked, "Where did you two come from?"

"From the Lotus-Flower Cave," said one of the fiends.

"Where are you going?"

"Our Great Kings have ordered us," said the fiend, "to go capture Pilgrim Sun."

"To capture whom?" asked Pilgrim. "To capture Pilgrim Sun," said the fiend again. Pilgrim said, "Could it be Pilgrim Sun, the one who's following the Tang Monk to seek scriptures?"

"Exactly, exactly," said the fiend. "You know him too?"

"That monkey is rather rude," said Pilgrim. "I know him all right, and I am a little mad at him. I'll go with you to capture him; we'll consider this my assisting you in making merit."

"Master," said the fiend, "no need for you to assist us in making merit. Our Second Great King has considerable magic powers: he summoned three huge mountains and had that monkey pinned down, unable to move even an inch. He then told us to come with treasures to store him up."

"What kind of treasures?" asked Pilgrim. Sly Devil said, "Mine is a red gourd, while his is a pure jade vase."

"How do you plan to store him up?" asked Pilgrim. The little fiend replied, "Turn my treasure upside down so that its mouth will face the earth and its bottom the sky. I'll then call him once, and if he answers me, he will at once be sucked inside. I will then seal the treasure with a tape bearing the words, 'May Laozi Act Quickly According to This Command.' In one and three-quarter hours, he will be reduced to pus." When Pilgrim heard that, he said to himself in secret alarm, "Formidable! Formidable! Previously the Day Sentinel said that they had five treasures, and these must be two of them. I wonder what sort of things are the other three?"

He smiled and said to the two of them, "Could you two permit me to have a look at the treasures?"

Completely unsuspecting, the little fiends took out from their sleeves at once the two treasures and presented them to Pilgrim with two hands. When Pilgrim saw them, he was delighted, saying to himself, “Marvelous things! Marvelous things! I could wag my tail once and leap clear of this place, making off with the treasures as if they had been presented to me as gifts.”

He then thought to himself, “It’s no good! I can rob them of these things, but old Monkey’s reputation will be ruined. This is nothing but committing robbery in broad daylight.”

He therefore returned the treasures to the fiends, saying, “You haven’t seen my treasure yet.” One of the fiends said, “What kind of treasure does Master have? Would you permit us profane people to have a look, to ward off calamities, perhaps?”

Dear Pilgrim! Stretching forth his hand, he pulled off a piece of hair from his tail and gave it a squeeze, crying “Change!” It changed at once into a huge red gourd of purple gold, about seventeen inches tall. He took it out from his waist, saying, “You want to see my gourd?”

Having received it in his hands and examined it, Wily Worm said, “Master, your gourd is big, and it has nice form. It’s good to look at all right, but I’m afraid that it’s not good to use.”

“What do you mean by not good to use?” asked Pilgrim. The fiend said, “Each one of our treasures can store up to a thousand people.”

“So,” said Pilgrim, “yours can store up people. What’s so rare about that? This gourd of mine can even store up Heaven!”

“It can?” said the fiend. “Indeed,” said Pilgrim. “I’m afraid you are lying,” said the fiend. “Store it up for us to see and we’ll believe you; otherwise, we’ll never believe you.”

“If Heaven irritates me,” said Pilgrim, “I usually store it up seven or eight times within a single month. If it doesn’t bother me, I will not store it up for as long as half a year.”

“Elder Brother,” said Wily Worm, “a treasure that can store up Heaven! Let’s exchange ours with his.” Sly Devil said, “How would he be willing to exchange his with ours, which can only store up people?”

“If he’s unwilling,” said Wily Worm, “we’ll make it good with our vase also.” Secretly delighted, Pilgrim thought to himself:

*A gourd repays a gourd,
We add a vase of jade.
Two things exchanged for one:
That’s what I call fair trade!*

He therefore went forward and caught hold of Wily Worm, saying, “If I store up Heaven, you will trade with me?”

“If you do, yes,” said the fiend. “If I don’t, I’ll be your son!”

“All right! All right!” said Pilgrim. “I’ll store it up for you to see.”

Dear Great Sage! Bowing his head and making the magic sign, he recited a spell that brought him the God of Day Patrol, the God of Night Patrol, and the Guardians of Five Quarters, to whom he gave the following instruction:

“Report for me at once to the Jade Emperor and say that old Monkey has embraced the right fruit to accompany the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. Our path has been blocked at a tall mountain, where my master encounters grievous calamity. I would like to entice certain demons, who possess some treasures, into trading with me. I therefore beseech His Majesty with due reverence to let old Monkey borrow Heaven to be stored up for half an hour so that I may accomplish my task. If he but utters half a ‘No,’ I shall ascend to the Divine Mists Hall and start a war!”

The deities went past the South Heaven Gate and stood below the Hall of Divine Mists to report to the Jade Emperor. “This impudent ape!” said the Jade Emperor. “He still speaks in such an unruly manner. Some time ago when Guanyin came to inform us that he had been released to accompany the Tang Monk, we even sent him the Guardians of the Five Quarters and the Four Sentinels to take turns ministering to him. Now he even wants to borrow Heaven to be stored up! How could Heaven be stored up?”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the Third Prince Nata stepped forward from the ranks and memorialized, saying, “Your Majesty, Heaven, too, can be stored up.”

“How?” inquired the Jade Emperor.

Nata said, “When Chaos first divided, that which was pure and light became Heaven, and that which was heavy and turbid became Earth. Heaven, then, is a round mass of clear ether that nonetheless supports the Jasper Palace and the Heavenly ramparts. In principle, therefore, Heaven cannot be stored up. However, the matter of Pilgrim Sun’s accompaniment of the Tang Monk journeying westward to acquire scriptures is itself a source of blessings great as Mount Tai and deep as the sea. Today we should help him to succeed.”

The Jade Emperor said, “How would our worthy minister help him?”

“Let Your Majesty issue a decree,” said Nata, “and ask Zhenwu, the Lord of the North at the North Heaven Gate, to lend us his banner of black feathers, which should then be unfurled across the South Heaven Gate. The sun, the moon, and the stars will be covered, and it will be so dark on Earth that people cannot see each other even if they are standing face to face. The fiends will be deceived into thinking that Heaven has been stored up, and that is how we may help Pilgrim to succeed.”

The Jade Emperor gave his consent to this suggestion, and the prince received the command to go to the North Heaven Gate, where he gave the account to Zhenwu. The patriarch at once handed the banner to the prince.

Meanwhile, the Day Patrol God swiftly returned to the Great Sage and whispered in his ear, “Prince Nata has come to help you.” Looking up, Pilgrim saw auspicious clouds looming up: indeed a deity was approaching. He turned to the little fiends, saying, “I’m going to store up Heaven.”

“Go ahead,” said one of them. “Why keep dragging your feet?”

“I was just exercising my spirit and reciting a spell,” said Pilgrim. The two little fiends stood there wide-eyed and determined to find out how he was going to store up Heaven.

Pilgrim gave the specious gourd a mighty heave and tossed it up into the air. Think of it: that gourd was changed from a piece of hair.

How heavy could it be? Lifted up by the mountain wind, it drifted here and there for at least half an hour before dropping down.

Meanwhile, Prince Naṭa at the South Heaven Gate flung wide the black banner and in one instant covered the sun, the moon, and all the planets. Truly

*The cosmos seemed dyed by ink,
The world was made indigo.*

Astounded, the little fiends said, “It was just about noon when we were talking. How is it that it’s dusk already?”

“Heaven has been stored up,” said Pilgrim. “You can’t tell time! How can it not be dusk?”

“Why is it so dark?” they cried. Pilgrim said, “The sun, the moon, and the stars are all contained inside. There’s no light outside. How can it not be dark?”

“Master,” said one of the little fiends, “where are you speaking?”

“Am I not in front of you?” asked Pilgrim. The little fiend stretched out his hand to try to touch him, saying, “I can hear you, but I can’t see your face. Master, where are we?”

To deceive them further, Pilgrim said, “Don’t move. This is the shore of the Gulf of Zhili. If you stumble and fall into the sea, you won’t reach bottom even after seven or eight days.”

“Stop! Stop! Stop!” cried the horrified fiends. “Release Heaven, please! We know now how it is stored up. If we fool around anymore and drop into the sea, we’ll not get home.”

Dear Pilgrim! When he saw that they took the whole thing for the truth, he recited the spell again to alert the prince, who rolled up the banner and the sunlight of noon was seen once more. “Marvelous! Marvelous!” cried the little fiends, laughing. “Such fantastic treasure, if we don’t exchange for it, we are certainly no better than bastards!” Sly Devil at once took out the gourd and Wily Worm the pure vase; both of them then handed the treasures to Pilgrim. In return, Pilgrim gave them the specious gourd. After the exchange, Pilgrim wanted to make certain that the bargain stuck. Pulling off a piece of hair from beneath his belly, he blew on it and it changed into a copper penny. “Young man,” he said, “take this penny and buy us a piece of paper.”

“What for?” asked the little fiend. “So that I can draw up a contract with you,” said Pilgrim. “The two of you used your human-storing treasures to exchange with me a single piece of Heaven-storing treasure. I fear that you may not consider that quite fair and that after a few years you will come to regret our deal.

That’s why I want a contract for all of us.”

“We don’t even have brush or ink around here,” said one of the fiends. “Why bother about writing a document? Let’s exchange vows instead.”

“What kind of vow?” asked Pilgrim. The two little fiends said, “We gave two human-storing treasures to you in exchange for one Heaven-storing treasure. If we ever regret our decision, may we be stricken with plague in all four seasons.”

“I’ll never regret mine,” said Pilgrim, smiling. “If I do, may I also be stricken like you.”

After he made this vow, he leaped up and with one wag of his tail arrived before the South Heaven Gate, where he thanked Prince Naṭa for unfurling the banner and lending him assistance. The prince then went back to the palace to report to the Jade Emperor and to return the flag to Zhenwu. Pilgrim, meanwhile, stood in the air and looked at those little fiends. We do not know what happens thereafter; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-FOUR

The demon king's plotting entraps Mind Monkey
The Great Sage, ever adroit, wangles the treasures

We were telling you about those two little fiends who took the specious gourd in their hands and, for some time, fought to examine it.

Raising their heads, they suddenly discovered that Pilgrim had vanished. "Elder Brother," said Wily Worm, "even an immortal would lie. He said that after we had exchanged our treasures he would enlighten us to become immortals. Why did he leave without even telling us?" Sly Devil said, "When you tally up the score, we are the ones who have by far the greater gain. Why worry about his leaving? Give me the gourd. Let me store up Heaven, just for practice!"

He indeed tossed the gourd up into the air, but it plopped down again immediately. "Why doesn't it work?" asked a startled Wily Worm. "Could it be that Pilgrim Sun had changed into a false immortal and used a specious gourd to trade off our real one?"

"Don't talk nonsense!" said Sly Devil. "Pilgrim Sun is pinned down by those three mountains. How could he come out? Give it to me again. Let me recite those few words of the spell he said and see if it will store up Heaven."

Again the fiend tossed the gourd up into the air, crying, "If there is but half a 'No,' we shall ascend to the Divine Mists Hall and start a war."

Before he had even finished saying that, the thing plopped down again. "It doesn't work! It doesn't work!" shrieked the little fiends. "It's got to be a fake!"

As they were clamoring like this, the Great Sage Sun saw and heard everything in midair. Fearing that they might learn the truth if they played with the thing too long, he shook his body and retrieved the piece of hair that had been changed into the gourd. The two fiends were left with four empty hands. "Brother," said Sly Devil, "give me the gourd."

"You were holding it," said Wily Worm. "My God! How come it disappeared?"

They searched madly on the ground and in the bushes; they stuck their hands into their sleeves and slapped their waists. But there was nothing to be found. Stupefied, the two fiends mumbled, "What shall we do? What shall we do? The Great King at the time gave us the treasures and told us to capture Pilgrim Sun. Not only have we not caught Pilgrim Sun, but we have even lost the treasures now. How dare we go back to give our report? We will simply be beaten to death. What shall we do? What shall we do?"

After a while, Wily Worm said, "We'd better go."

"Where?" asked Sly Devil. "Never mind where," said Wily Worm. "If we go back and say that we have no treasures, we will lose our lives for sure." Sly Devil said, "Don't run away, let's go back instead. The Second Great King is ordinarily quite good to you; I'll put a little blame on you. If he is in the mood to be somewhat lenient, our lives may be spared; if not, we'll at least be beaten to death at home but we won't be left dangling here. Let's go. Let's go."

After they had discussed the matter, the fiends began their walk back to their mountain.

When Pilgrim in midair saw them leaving, he shook his body again and changed into a fly to follow them. If he changed into a fly, you might ask, where did he put those treasures? If he left them by the road, or even if he hid them in the grass, people could pick them up if they saw them, and all his efforts would have been in vain. No, he had to take them with him, carrying the treasures on his body.

But a fly is no bigger than the size of a pea. How could he carry them? The treasures, you see, were just like his golden-hooped rod; they were also called compliant Buddha-treasures. They would transform according to the size of the body: they could become large or small, and that was why even a tiny body like a fly could hold them. With a buzz, Pilgrim thus flew down and steadfastly followed the fiends till in no time they reached the cave.

The two head demons were sitting there and drinking wine when the little fiends faced them and knelt down. Pilgrim alighted on the door frame and listened. "Great Kings," said the little fiends. "Have you returned?" said the second demon, putting down his cup.

"Yes," said the little fiends. "Have you caught Pilgrim Sun?" he asked again. The little fiends began to kowtow, not daring to make a sound. The old demon asked again, but they did not dare reply; all they did was to kowtow. Questioned again and again, they finally prostrated themselves on the ground and said, "Please pardon your little ones for the crime of ten thousand deaths! Please pardon your little ones for the crime of ten thousand deaths! When we took the treasures and reached the middle of the mountain, we ran into an immortal from Penglai Mountain. He inquired where we were going and we told him that we were going to catch Pilgrim Sun. When the immortal heard this, he said that he, too, was mad at Pilgrim Sun and wanted to give us assistance. We told him that there was no need for his assistance and explained how our treasures could store up humans. That immortal also had a gourd most capable of storing up Heaven. Moved by vain hopes and illicit desires, we thought we should exchange our treasures, which could only store up people, with his, which could store up Heaven. Originally, we wanted to exchange gourd for gourd, but Wily Worm decided to make good the deal by adding the pure vase. We had no idea that his immortal object could not be touched by the hands of the profane. Just as we were experimenting with it, it disappeared completely with the man, too. We beseech you to pardon our mortal offense." When the old demon heard this, he was so aroused that he bellowed thunderously, "Undone! Undone! This has to be Pilgrim Sun who masqueraded himself as an immortal to dupe them. That ape has great magic powers and vast acquaintances. I don't know which clumsy deity has let him out, and he has wangled our treasures."

The second demon said, "Don't be so angry, Elder Brother. I didn't expect that ape head to be so insolent. If he has the ability, he can escape and that's all right. Why did he have to wangle our treasures? If I don't catch him, I'll never be a monster on this road to the West!"

"How will you catch him?" asked the old demon. The second demon said, "We have five treasures; two are gone but we still have three others. We must make certain that Pilgrim Sun will be caught by one of these."

"Which three do we have now?" asked the old demon. "I still have with me the sword of the seven stars and the palm-leaf fan," said the second demon, "but the yellow-gold rope is kept at the Crush-Dragon Cave of the Crush-Dragon Mountain, the place of our aged mother. We should now send two little fiends to invite mother to come to dine on the Tang Monk's flesh, and tell her at the same time to bring that yellow-gold rope to capture Pilgrim Sun."

The old demon said, "Whom should we send?"

"Not these useless creatures," said the second demon, and then he shouted to them, "Get up!"

"Lucky! Lucky!" said the two of them. "We were neither beaten nor scolded. We are let go just like that!"

The demon said, "Ask Hill-Pawing Tiger and Sea-Lolling Dragon, who often accompany me to come here."

The two little fiends arrived and knelt down. "You must be careful," instructed the second demon. "We shall be careful," they replied. "You two must be cautious."

"Yes, we shall be cautious," they replied. "Do you know where the Old Madam's home is?" asked the second demon again.

"Yes, we do," they replied. "If you do, get there quickly, and when you reach her house, inform her reverently that she is invited to come here to dine on the flesh of the Tang Monk. Tell her also to bring along the yellow-gold rope in order that we may catch Pilgrim Sun."

The two little fiends obeyed and raced out of the cave; they did not know that Pilgrim on one side had heard everything clearly.

Stretching his wings, he flew out of the cave, caught up with Hill-Pawing Tiger, and landed on his body. After they had gone for two or three miles, he was about to slay them when he thought to himself, "To kill them is hardly difficult, but that Old Madam of theirs has the yellow-gold rope, and I don't know where she lives. Let me question them a bit first before I slaughter them."

Dear Pilgrim! He darted away with a buzz and allowed the little fiends to walk ahead for about a hundred steps. Then with one shake of his body he also changed into a little monster wearing a fox-skin cap and a tiger-skin kilt hitched up to the waist. Running up to them, he said, "You on the road, wait for me."

Turning around, Sea-Lolling Dragon asked, "Where did you come from?"

"Dear Brother," said Pilgrim, "you can't even recognize someone from the same clan?"

"You are not in our clan," said the little fiend. "What do you mean?" said Pilgrim. "Take another look."

"You don't look familiar at all," said the little fiend. "We haven't met before."

"Indeed," said Pilgrim, "you have never seen me. I belong to the external division."

The little fiend said, "I haven't met any officer from the external division at all. Where are you going?" Pilgrim said, "The Great King told you two to invite Old Madam to dine on the flesh of the Tang Monk as well as to bring along the yellow-gold

rope to capture Pilgrim Sun. But he fears that the two of you would not walk fast enough, and your love of play would delay this important enterprise. That's why he sent me along also to tell you to hurry." When the little fiends saw that his words went straight to the bottom of the truth, they did not suspect anything, thinking instead that Pilgrim indeed was a member of the same clan. Hurriedly, they sprinted forward for eight or nine miles.

"We have run too fast," said Pilgrim. "How far have we gone since we left home?"

"About sixteen miles," said the little fiend.

Pilgrim said, "How much farther do we have to go?" Pointing with his finger, Sea-Lolling Dragon said, "Inside the dark forest up ahead—that's it." Pilgrim raised his head and saw a large dark forest not far away, and he figured that the old fiend had to be within that vicinity. He stood still, allowing the other two little fiends to proceed; then he caught up with them and gave them a swiping blow with the iron rod. Alas, they were no match for the rod at all and were reduced instantly to two meat patties! Pilgrim picked them up and hid them inside some bushes by the road. Pulling off a piece of hair, he blew on it a magic breath, crying "Change!" It changed at once into Hill-Pawing Tiger, while he himself changed into Sea-Lolling Dragon. The two specious monsters then proceeded directly to the Dragon-Crushing Cave to invite the old madam. This is what we call

Seventy-two transformations—what magic might!

Ever adroit with things—such great ability!

With four, five leaps, he bounded right into the forest. As he was looking around, he saw two stone doors half-closed nearby. Not daring to enter abruptly, he had to call out, "Open the door, open the door."

A female monster standing guard inside opened wide the door and asked, "Where did you come from?" Pilgrim said, "I came from the Lotus-Flower Cave of the Level-Top Mountain with an invitation for Old Madam."

"Inside," said the female monster. When Pilgrim reached the second door, he stuck his head inside to take a look and found an old woman sitting squarely in the middle. "How did she look?" you ask. You see

Snow-white hair all tousled,

And starlike eyes all aglow.

Her face, though ruddy, has many wrinkles;

She's full of spirit though few teeth remain.

Charming—like the frosted chrysanthemum;

Rugged—like an old pine tree after rain.

A scarf of fine-spun white silk wraps her head,

And bejeweled gold rings hang from her ears.

After he had seen her, the Great Sage Sun did not go inside at once. Instead, he remained crestfallen outside the second door and began to weep silently. "Why did he weep?" you ask. Could it be that he was afraid of her? Even if he were, he would hardly weep.

Moreover, he was courageous enough to have bilked the monsters of their treasures and slain the little fiends. Why then did he weep? In times past, he could have entered a giant tripod of boiling oil, and even if he had been fried for seven or eight

days, he would not have shed half a tear. It was, however, the thought of the misery inflicted on him on account of the Tang Monk's going to acquire scriptures that moved him to tears. He thought to himself, "If old Monkey had displayed his ability and changed into a little fiend to invite this aged monster, there would be absolutely no reason for him to speak standing up. I must kowtow when I see her! A hero all my life, I have only kowtowed to three persons:

I bowed to Buddha of the Western Heaven, Guanyin of the South Sea, and four times to Master when he saved me at the Mountain of Two Frontiers. For him I have used up even my innards and my bowels! Ah, how much could a roll of scripture be worth? Yet, I'm forced to prostrate myself before this fiend today. If I don't, I'll be discovered for sure. O misery! In the last analysis, Master is in sad straits and that's why I have to bear such humiliation." When he came to that point in his thoughts, he had no choice but to race inside and kneel down, facing her. "Madam," he said, "please receive my kowtow."

The fiend said, "My child, stand up."

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" said Pilgrim to himself. "That's an honest address!"

"Where did you come from?" asked the old fiend. "From the Lotus-Flower Cave of the Level-Top Mountain," said Pilgrim. "I received the order of the two Great Kings to invite Madam to go and dine on the flesh of the Tang Monk. You have also been requested to bring along the yellowgold rope to catch Pilgrim Sun."

Exceedingly pleased, the old fiend said, "What filial sons!" She at once called for her sedan chair. "O my child!" said Pilgrim to himself. "Even monsters ride in sedan chairs!"

From behind, two female monsters carried out a sedan chair made of fragrant rattan, on which they hung curtains of blue silk. The old fiend walked out of the cave and sat in the chair, followed by several little female monsters carrying toilet boxes, mounted mirrors, towels, and a perfume box. "Why did you all have to come out?" asked the old fiend. "I'm going to my own home, and you think that there will be no one there to serve me? We don't need your big mouths there. Go back! Shut the doors and look after the house!"

Those few little monsters indeed went back, and only two remained to pole the sedan chair. "What are the names of those two who have been sent here?" asked the old fiend. "He's called Hill-Pawing Tiger," said Pilgrim quickly, "and my name is Sea-Lolling Dragon."

The old fiend said, "Walk in front, the two of you. Shout and clear the way for me."

"This had to be my misfortune!" thought Pilgrim. "We have not yet acquired the scriptures, but I have to be her slave at this moment!"

He did not dare refuse; walking ahead, he shouted to clear the way.

After they had gone for five or six miles, he sat down on a slab of stone to wait for the two carrying the sedan chair. When they arrived, Pilgrim said, "How about resting awhile? Your shoulders must be getting sore."

The little fiends did not suspect anything, of course, and they put down the sedan chair. Walking behind it, Pilgrim pulled off a piece of hair from his chest and changed it

into a huge biscuit, which he held and began to munch on. "Officer," said one of the chair carriers, "what are you eating?"

"I'm embarrassed to tell you," said Pilgrim, "but we have walked all this distance to invite Old Madam, and she didn't give us any reward. I'm getting hungry, and that's why I'm eating some of our own dried goods before we move again."

"Please give us some, too," said the carriers.

Pilgrim said, "Come on. We all belong to the same family. Why do you ask?" Not knowing any better, the little fiends both surrounded Pilgrim to divide the dried food. Whipping out his iron rod, Pilgrim gave their heads a terrific blow: the one hit directly was reduced at once to pulp, while the other who was swiped by the rod did not die immediately and was still moaning. When the old fiend heard someone moan and stuck her head out to look, Pilgrim leaped before the sedan chair and slammed the rod down on her head. Brains burst out and blood spurted in every direction from the gaping hole. Pilgrim dragged her from the sedan chair and discovered that she was a nine-tailed fox.

"Cursed beast!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Who are you that you should be called Old Madam? If you are addressed as Old Madam, you should call old Monkey as your great, grand ancestor!"

Dear Monkey King! He searched and found the yellow-gold rope, which he stuffed into his own sleeve, saying happily, "Those lawless demons may be powerful, but three treasures now belong to him whose name is Sun."

He yanked off two pieces of hair (which he changed into Hill-Pawing Tiger and Sea-Lolling Dragon), and two more (which he changed into the fiends who carried the sedan chair). He himself changed into the form of the old woman and sat in the sedan chair. They then started out on the main road once more.

In a little while, they reached the entrance of the Lotus-Flower Cave. Those little fiends which were changed from the hairs cried out in front, "Open the door! Open the door!"

The little fiends inside who were guarding the door opened it and said, "Hill-Pawing Tiger and Sea-Lolling Dragon, have you two returned?"

"Yes," said the pieces of hair. "Where is Old Madam whom you were to invite?"

"Isn't she there inside the sedan chair?" said the pieces of hair, pointing. "Stay here," said one of the little fiends. "Let me go and report." When the two head demons heard the announcement, "Great King, Old Madam has arrived," they gave the order at once that an incense table be prepared to receive her. When Pilgrim heard this, he was delighted, saying to himself, "What luck! Now it's my turn to be somebody! When I first changed into a little fiend to go invite that old monster, I kowtowed to her once. But now that I have changed into the old monster, who is supposed to be their mother, they must perform the ceremony of four bows. It may not be much, but I'm reaping the profit of two heads kowtowing to me!"

Dear Great Sage! He descended from the sedan chair and, shaking off the dirt from his clothes, retrieved the four pieces of hair onto his body. The little fiends who stood guard at the door carried the empty sedan chair inside, and he followed them slowly from behind, mincing all the while to imitate the gait of the old fiend. When they went inside, the entire flock of monsters, old and young, all came to receive him, as

drums and flutes were played harmoniously and curls of fragrant smoke rose from the Boshan urn.

He arrived at the main hall and sat down, facing south; the two head demons knelt before him and kowtowed, saying, "Mother, your children are bowing."

"My sons," said Pilgrim, "please rise." We tell you now about Zhu Eight Rules, who, hanging there on the beam, suddenly let out a guffaw. "Second Brother," said Sha Monk, "this is quite marvelous! They hang you till you laugh out loud!"

"Brother," said Eight Rules, "I have a reason for laughing." Sha Monk asked, "What reason?"

"We were afraid," said Eight Rules, "that when Madam arrived, we would be steamed and eaten."

Now I see that it's not Madam; it's the dear old thing."

"What dear old thing?" asked Sha Monk. "Ban-Horse-Plague is here," said Eight Rules, chuckling. Sha Monk said, "How could you recognize him?"

"When he bent his back to return their greetings, saying, 'My sons, please rise,'" said Eight Rules, "that monkey tail of his flipped up from behind. I'm hung higher than you, and that's why I can see more clearly." Sha Monk said, "Let's not talk, let's hear what he has to say."

"Exactly, exactly," said Eight Rules.

Sitting in the middle, the Great Sage Sun asked, "My sons, why did you invite me here?"

"Dear Mother," said one of the demons, "for days your children have not had the opportunity to fulfill our filial responsibilities. This morning we managed to catch the Tang Monk from the Land of the East, but we dared not eat him all by ourselves. We therefore invited Mother to come so that he might be presented live to you, and then he will be steamed as your food to prolong your life."

"My sons," said Pilgrim, "I'm not at all keen to dine on the Tang Monk's flesh, but I hear that the ears of one Zhu Eight Rules are quite marvelous. Why don't you cut them down and fix them up as appetizers for my wine?" Startled by what he heard, Eight Rules said, "Plague on you! Did you come here to cut down my ears? If I announce aloud who you are, it won't sound very good!"

Alas! This one careless statement of Idiot at once unmasked the transformation of the Monkey King. Just then, a few little fiends who went to patrol the mountain and a few others who stood guard at the door all rushed in also, saying, "Great King, disaster! Pilgrim Sun has beaten to death Old Madam, and he disguised himself to come here." When the head demon heard these words, he did not wait for any further report; pulling out his sword of seven stars, he slashed at the face of Pilgrim. Dear Great Sage! He shook his body once, and brilliant red light filled the cave as he made his escape. Such abilities made the whole episode fun and games for him. For truly he had mastered this secret: coming together he took on form, but dispersing he became ether. So shaken were the inhabitants of the cave that the old demon's spirit left him, and the various monsters bit their fingers and shook their heads.

"Brother," said the old demon, "take the Tang Monk, Sha Monk, Eight Rules, the white horse, and the luggage—take them all and return them to Pilgrim Sun. Let's shut the door on conflict."

“What are you saying, Elder Brother?” said the second demon. “You have no idea how much effort I spent in devising this plan to bring back all those monks. And now intimidated by Pilgrim Sun’s trickery you want to return them to him unconditionally. You have become, in fact, a person who fears the knife and shuns the sword. Is that manliness? Sit down and don’t be afraid. I heard you say that Pilgrim Sun had vast magic powers; though I met him, I have yet to wage a contest with him. Bring me my armor. Let me fight three rounds with him: if he can’t defeat me in those three rounds, the Tang Monk is still our food. If I can’t prevail against him in those three rounds, there’s still time then for us to return the Tang Monk to him.”

The old demon said, “You are right, Worthy Brother.”

He ordered at once for the armor to be brought out.

After the various fiends hauled out his armor, the second demon suited up himself properly and walked out the door, holding the treasure sword. “Pilgrim Sun,” he cried, “where have you gone to?”

At the time, you see, the Great Sage had already reached the edge of the clouds. When he heard his name called, he turned quickly and saw that it was the second demon. “How is he dressed?” you ask.

*He wears a phoenix helmet whiter than snow
And an armor made of bright Persian steel.
The belt on his waist is dragon’s tendon.
Plum-flower shaped gaiters top his goat-skin boots.
He seems the living Lord of Libation Stream;
He looks no different from Mighty Spirit.
He holds in his hands the sword of seven stars,
Stern and imposing in a towering rage.*

“Pilgrim Sun,” cried the second demon, “give us back quickly our mother and our treasures. I’ll let you and the Tang Monk go to acquire scriptures.” Unable to contain himself any longer, the Great Sage roared, “This impudent monster! You’ve made a mistake in thinking that your Grandpa Sun will let you go so easily! Return at once my master, my younger brothers, the white horse, and our luggage, and give us, moreover, some travel money for us to take on our road to the West. If half a ‘No’ leaks through your teeth, you might as well hang yourself with rope. That’ll save your Grandpa from having to raise his hands.” When the second demon heard these words, he leaped up to the clouds swiftly and stabbed with the sword. Pilgrim met him face to face with the uplifted iron rod, and it was some battle between the two of them in midair.

*The chess master finding his match,
The general meeting a good warrior—
Finding his match the chess master can’t suppress his joy;
Meeting a good warrior the general must apply himself.
When those two divine fighters come together,
They seem like tigers brawling on South Mountain
Or dragons striving in North Sea.
As dragons strive,
Their scales sparkle;
When tigers brawl,
Teeth and claws strike madly.*

*Teeth and claws strike madly like silver hooks,
 And sparkling scales upturn like iron leaves.
 This one all in all
 Uses a thousand ways to attack;
 That one back and forth
 Does not let up for half a moment.
 The golden-hooped rod
 Is only three-tenths of an inch from the head.
 The seven-stars sword,
 Poised at the heart, needs only one thrust.
 The imposing air of this one chills the Great Dipper;
 The angry breaths of that one menace like thunder.*

The two of them fought for thirty rounds but no decision was reached.

Secretly delighted, Pilgrim said to himself, “This lawless monster does manage to withstand the iron rod of old Monkey. But I have already acquired three of his treasures. If I continue to fight bitterly like this with him, won’t it just delay what I want to do? Perhaps I should use the gourd or the pure vase to store him up.”

He then thought further, “No good! No good! The proverb says, ‘Each thing has its master.’ If I call him and he doesn’t answer, it will just defeat my purpose. Let me use the yellow-gold rope to lasso his head.”

Dear Great Sage! He used one hand to wield his iron rod while his other hand whipped out the rope and lassoed the demon’s head. The demon, however, knew a Tight-Rope Spell and a Loose-Rope Spell. If the rope had bound another person, he would recite the Tight-Rope Spell and that person would not be able to escape. But if the rope had been fastened on one of his own, he would recite the Loose-Rope Spell and no harm would come to the person. When he saw, then, that it was his own treasure, he recited at once the Loose-Rope Spell; the rope loosened itself and he came out of the noose. Taking the rope, he threw it at Pilgrim instead and it caught hold of the Great Sage instantly. The Great Sage was about to exercise his magic of thinning the body when the demon recited the Tight-Rope Spell and it had him firmly bound. It was impossible for him to escape, for when the rope was drawn down to his neck, one end of it changed into a gold ring tightly enclosing him. The fiend then gave the rope a tug and pulled Pilgrim down before he gave that bald head seven or eight blows with the sword. The skin on Pilgrim’s head did not even redden at all.

“This monkey,” said the demon, “has quite a hard head! I won’t hack at you anymore. Let me take you back to the cave first before I hit you again. But you’d better return my other two treasures right now.”

“What treasures have I taken from you?” asked Pilgrim, “that you should ask me for them?”

The demon searched Pilgrim carefully and found both the gourd and the vase. Using the rope as a leash, he brought Pilgrim back to the cave, saying, “Elder Brother, I’ve caught him.”

The old demon said, “Whom did you catch?”

“Pilgrim Sun!” said the second demon. “Come and look! Come and look!”

The old demon took one look and recognized that it was indeed Pilgrim. He smiled happily and said, "It's he! It's he! Tie him up with a long rope to the pillar just for fun."

They indeed had Pilgrim tied to a pillar, after which the two demons went to the hall in the back to drink.

As the Great Sage was crawling around beneath the pillar, he was seen by Eight Rules. Hanging on the beam, Idiot laughed loudly, saying, "Elder Brother, you can't quite manage to eat my ears!"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "are you comfortably hung up there? I'll get out right now, and you can be certain that I'll rescue all of you."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" asked Eight Rules. "You can't even escape yourself, and you want to rescue others. O, let it be, let it be! Master and disciples might as well die together so that we could ask for our way in the Region of Darkness." Pilgrim said, "Stop babbling nonsense! You watch me leave here."

"I'll see how you leave here," said Eight Rules. Though the Great Sage was talking to Eight Rules, his eyes were fixed on those two demons. He saw that they were drinking inside, and there were a few little fiends running madly back and forth to bring in the dishes and to pour wine. When their guard lapsed momentarily and no one stood near the Great Sage, he at once exercised his divine powers. Slipping out his rod, he blew on it, saying, "Change!" and it changed instantly into a file of pure steel. Gripping the gold ring on his neck, he filed it through with four or five strokes and freed himself by pulling the ring apart. Yanking off a piece of hair, he commanded it to change into a specious form of himself tied to the pillar; his true self, however, changed with one shake of the body into a little monster and stood to one side.

"Bad news! Bad news!" cried Eight Rules once more on the beam. "The one tied up is a false product. The one hanging is genuine." Putting down his cup, the old demon asked, "What's that Zhu Eight Rules yelling about?" Pilgrim, who had changed into a little monster, went forward to say, "Zhu Eight Rules is trying to persuade Pilgrim Sun to escape by transformation, but Sun isn't willing."

That's why Zhu is hollering."

"And we say that Zhu Eight Rules is without guile!" said the second demon. "Now I see what a sneak he is! He should have his mouth caned twenty times." Pilgrim indeed went to get a cane for the beating. "You'd better hit me lightly," said Eight Rules. "If the strokes are even slightly heavy, I'll yell again that I recognize you." Pilgrim said, "It's for the sake of all of you that old Monkey has undergone the transformation. Why did you have to let the truth leak out? All the monster-spirits of this cave can't recognize me. Why does it have to be you who can recognize me?"

"Though you have changed your features," said Eight Rules, "your ass hasn't been changed! Aren't those two patches of red still on your buttocks? That's why I can recognize you." Pilgrim slipped out to the kitchen and wiped some soot off the pots to blacken his buttocks before returning to the front. When Eight Rules saw him, he said, chuckling, "This monkey must have gone somewhere to mess around so that he has now come back with a black ass!" Pilgrim still remained standing there for he wanted to steal their treasures. Indeed a clever person, he walked up the hall and halfkneled to the fiend, saying, "Great King, look how that Pilgrim Sun is crawling all over the pillar. The

yellow-gold rope, I fear, may be ruined by all that rubbing and stretching. We should get something thicker to tie him up.”

“You are right,” said the old demon, and he took off a belt with a lion buckle from his own waist to hand to Pilgrim. Taking the belt, Pilgrim fastened his false form to the pillar, but the rope he stuffed instantly into his own sleeve. Then he pulled off another piece of hair, which with one blow of his breath he changed into a fake yellow-gold rope, and which he presented with both hands to the fiend. Eager only for his wine, the fiend did not bother to examine it before putting it away. This is what we mean by

The Great Sage, ever versatile, displays his skills:

The hair is now exchanged for the golden rope.

As soon as he had acquired this treasure, he leaped out the door and changed back into his true form. “Monster!” he shouted. A little fiend guarding the door asked, “Who are you, that you dare shout here?”

“Go in quickly,” said Pilgrim, “and report to those lawless demons that a Grimpil Sun is here.”

The little fiend indeed made the report as he was told.

Highly startled, the old demon said, “We have caught Pilgrim Sun already! How is it that there is a Grimpil Sun?”

“Elder Brother,” said the second demon, “Why fear him? The treasures are all in our hands. Let me take the gourd out and have him stored up.”

“Brother,” said the old demon, “do be careful.”

The second demon took out the gourd and walked out the door, where he encountered someone who seemed to be an exact image of Pilgrim Sun but only a little shorter. “Where did you come from?” he asked. Pilgrim said, “I’m the brother of Pilgrim Sun. When I heard that you caught my elder brother, I came to settle the score with you.”

“Yes, I caught him all right,” said the second demon, “and he’s locked up in the cave. Now that you have arrived, you want to fight with me, I suppose, but I won’t cross swords with you. Let me call your name once. Do you dare answer me?”

“Even if you call me a thousand times, I won’t be afraid,” said Pilgrim. “I’ll answer you ten thousand times!” Leaping into the air with his treasure held upside down, the demon called out, “Grimpil Sun!” Pilgrim dared not reply, thinking to himself, “If I answer him, I’ll be sucked inside.”

“Why don’t you answer me?” said the demon.

“My ears are a little stuffed up,” said Pilgrim, “and I can’t hear you. Call louder.”

The fiend indeed shouted, “Grimpil Sun!” Squeezing his fingers together to do some calculations down below, Pilgrim thought to himself, “My real name is Pilgrim Sun, but this Grimpil Sun is a fake name that I’ve made up. With the real name I can be sucked inside, but how could it work with a false name?”

He could not refrain from answering, and instantly he was sucked into the gourd, which was then sealed by the tape. That treasure, you see, had no regard for whether the name called out was true or false: if one even breathed an answer, one would be sucked inside instantly.

When the Great Sage arrived inside the gourd, he found only total darkness. He tried to push up with his head but to no avail at all, for whatever was stopping the mouth of the gourd was exceedingly tight. Growing anxious, he thought to himself, “Those two little fiends I met on the mountain at the time told me that if a man was sucked into either the gourd or the vase, he would be reduced to pus in one and three-quarter hours. Could I be dissolved like that?”

He thought further to himself, “It’s nothing. I can’t be dissolved! When old Monkey caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago and was refined for forty-nine days in the eighttrigram brazier of Laozi, the process in fact gave me a heart strong as gold and viscera hardy as silver, a bronze head and an iron back, fiery eyes and diamond pupils. How could I be reduced to pus in one and three-quarter hours? Let me follow him inside and see what he does.”

The second demon went inside with the gourd, saying, “Elder Brother, I’ve caught him.”

“Caught whom?” asked the old demon.

The second demon said, “Grimpil Sun has been stored up in the gourd by me.”

Delighted, the old demon said, “Worthy Brother, please take a seat. Don’t move the gourd. We’ll shake it after awhile and we’ll lift the seal only if it swashes.”

Hearing this, Pilgrim thought to himself, “If my body remains like this, how could it swash? I have to be reduced to liquid before the gourd can swash when shaken.

Let me leave some urine here; when he shakes it and it swashes, he will certainly lift up the seal and I can then beat it!”

But he thought again, “No good! No good! The urine can make the noise, but my shirt will be soiled. I’ll wait until he shakes the gourd, and then I’ll spit out a lot of saliva. All that drippy mess will deceive him into lifting the seal, and old Monkey can then escape.”

The Great Sage made this preparation, but the fiend was busy drinking and did not try to shake the gourd at all. Devising another plan to deceive them, the Great Sage suddenly cried out, “Heavens! My shanks have dissolved!”

The demons did not shake the gourd, and the Great Sage cried out again, “O Mother! Even my pelvic bones are gone!”

“When his waist is gone,” said the old demon, “he’s almost finished. Lift up the seal and take a look.” When the Great Sage heard this, he pulled off a piece of hair, crying “Change!” It changed into half a body stuck at the bottom of the gourd, while his true self was changed into a tiny insect attached to its mouth. As soon as the second demon lifted up the seal, the Great Sage flew out at once and with a roll changed instantly again into the form of Sea-Lolling Dragon, that little fiend who was sent formerly to fetch the Old Madam. He stood to one side, while the old demon took hold of the gourd and peered inside. Half a body was squirming down below, and he did not wait to determine whether it was genuine or not before he shouted, “Brother, cover it up, cover it up! He hasn’t been completely dissolved yet.”

The second demon again taped on the seal, not realizing that the Great Sage on one side was snickering to himself, saying, “You don’t know that old Monkey is right over here!”

Taking the wine pot, the old demon poured a full cup of wine and presented it with both hands to the second demon, saying, “Worthy Brother, let me toast you with this cup.”

The second demon said, “Elder Brother, we have drunk wine for quite a while already. Why do you have to toast me with the cup now?”

“It’s no big thing, perhaps, that you caught the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk,” said the old demon, “but you even managed to tie up Pilgrim Sun and store up Grimpil Sun. For making such great merit, you should be toasted with many cups more.” When the second demon saw how his elder brother sought to honor him, he dared not refuse, but he dared not accept the cup with one hand either, for he was holding the gourd with the other. Quickly passing the gourd to Sea-Lolling Dragon, he then received the cup with both hands. Little did he realize, of course, that Sea-Lolling Dragon was in fact the transformed Pilgrim Sun. Look at him! He waited on the demons with great attentiveness. After the second demon took the wine and drank it, he wanted to return the toast. “No need to toast me,” said the old demon. “Here, I’ll drink a cup with you.”

The two of them kept exchanging niceties like that for some time, while Pilgrim, holding the gourd, fixed his eyes on them. When he saw them passing the wine cup back and forth without the slightest regard for what he was doing, he slipped the gourd into his sleeve and used another piece of hair to form a specious gourd exactly the same as the genuine one. The demon, after presenting wine for awhile, took the gourd out of Pilgrim’s hands without bothering to examine it. They sat down at their tables again and continued to drink as before. Having acquired the treasure again, the Great Sage turned and left, highly delighted and saying to himself,

*Though this demon has his wizardry,
The gourd’s still owned by the Sun family!*

We do not know what he had to do thereafter to exterminate the fiends and rescue his master; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-FIVE

*Heresy uses power to oppress the proper Nature
Mind Monkey, bagging treasures, conquers deviate demons*

*His nature's perfect: thus he knows the Way.
Turning, he leaps clear of the net and snare.
To learn transformation's no easy thing,
Nor is it common to achieve long life.
Luck changes him to things pure and impure;
Free of fated kalpas he moves at will.
For countless aeons he is fancy-free—
A ray divine fixed always on the void.*

The meaning of this poem, you see, subtly corresponds to the wonders of the Dao attained by the Great Sage Sun. Since he had acquired the true treasure from that demon, he concealed it in his sleeve, saying happily to himself, “Though that lawless demon tries so hard to capture me, his efforts are no better than the attempt to fish the moon out of water. But when old Monkey wants to catch him, it’s as simple as melting ice over fire!”

Hiding the gourd, he slipped out the door and changed back into his original form.

“Monster spirits,” he shouted, “open the door!”

A little fiend said, “Who are you that you dare make noises here?” Pilgrim answered, “Report at once to those old lawless demons that a Sun Pilgrim has arrived.”

The little fiend dashed inside to make the report, saying, “Great King, there is a so-called Sun Pilgrim showing up outside our door.”

“Worthy Brother,” said the old demon, deeply shaken, “that’s bad! We have stirred up a whole nest of pestilence! Look! The yellowgold rope has caught a Pilgrim Sun, while the gourd has stored up a Grimpil Sun. How can it be that there is another Sun Pilgrim? It must be that they have several brothers and they have all arrived.”

“Relax, Elder Brother,” said the second demon. “This gourd of ours can hold up to a thousand people, and we have only one Grimpil Sun inside. Why worry about another Sun Pilgrim? Let me go out and take a look. I’ll store him up also.”

“Do be careful, Brother,” said the old demon.

Look at that second demon! Holding the specious gourd, he walked out the door as resolutely and confidently as before. “Who are you,” he cried, “that you dare make noises around here?” Pilgrim said, “So, you don’t recognize me!

*I lived at Flower- Fruit Mountain.
My home: the Water-Curtain Cave.
For disturbing Heaven's Palace
I ceased to strive for a long time.
Lucky to be freed of my woes,
I left Dao and followed a monk
To reach, obedient, Thunderclap,
To seek scriptures and right knowledge.*

*When I meet wild, lawless demons,
I work with my mighty magic.
Return my monk of Great Tang
That we go West to see Buddha.
Our conflict will then be ended,
And each one can enjoy his peace.
Don't stir up old Monkey's ire,
Or your stale life will expire!"*

"You come over here for a moment" said the demon, "but I'm not going to fight with you. I'm about to call your name once. You dare answer me?"

"If you call me," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "I'll answer you. But if I call you, will you answer me?"

"I call you," said that fiend, "only because I have a treasure gourd which can store up people. What do you have that makes you want to call me?" Pilgrim said, "I, too, have a little gourd."

"If you do," said the fiend, "take it out for me to have a look." Pilgrim took the gourd out of his sleeve, saying, "Lawless demon, you look!"

He waved it once and stuffed it immediately back into his sleeve, for he was afraid that the demon might want to snatch it away.

When the demon caught sight of the gourd, he was greatly shaken, saying, "Where did that gourd of his come from? How is it that it is exactly like mine? Even if it grew from the same branch, there ought to be some difference in size or shape. How could they be exactly alike?" With complete seriousness, he said, "Sun Pilgrim, where did your gourd come from?" Pilgrim, of course, did not know the history of the gourd, but he turned the question around and asked instead, "Where did yours come from?" Not realizing that it was a trick, the demon thought that it was an honest query and he proceeded to give a complete account of its origin, saying, "This gourd of mine came into existence during the time when chaos divided and Heaven and Earth were created. There was then a Supreme Primordial Old Patriarch, who through death changed himself into Nüwa and took on her name. She melted stones in order to repair the heavens and save the mundane world. When she reached a crack in the northwest region at the base of the Kunlun Mountain, she discovered a strand of immortal creeper on which was formed this red gourd of purple gold. It is, therefore, something handed down by Laozi until now." When the Great Sage heard this story, he at once used it as a model for his own account, saying, "My gourd also came from the same spot."

"How so?" asked the demon. "Since the division of the pure and the turbid," said the Great Sage, "Heaven was incomplete at the northwest corner, and Earth was incomplete in the southeast corner. The Supreme Primordial Daoist Patriarch through death changed himself into Nüwa.

After she had repaired the heavens, she journeyed to the base of the Kunlun Mountain, where there was a strand of immortal creeper on which two gourds had formed. The one I have is a male, while yours is a female."

The fiend said, "No need to distinguish the sexes; if it can store up people, it's a good treasure."

"You are right," said the Great Sage, "I'll let you try first."

Highly pleased, the fiend leaped into the air, held up the gourd, and cried, “Sun Pilgrim!” When he heard the call, the Great Sage replied in one breath eight or nine times without stopping, but nothing happened to him at all. Dropping down from the air, the demon beat his breast and stamped his feet, crying, “Heavens! And we say that only human life has not changed in the world! Even a treasure like this is afraid of her mate: when the female meets the male, it ceases to be effective!”

“Why don’t you put yours away,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “for it’s old Monkey’s turn to call you.” Swiftly somersaulting into the air, he turned the gourd upside down and took aim at the demon, crying, “Great King Silver Horn!” Not daring to close his mouth, the fiend made his reply, and instantly he was sucked into the gourd, which was then sealed by Pilgrim with the tape bearing the words, “May Laozi Act Quickly According to This Command.” Secretly pleased, Pilgrim said, “My child, you are going to try something new today!”

He descended from the cloud, holding the gourd, and headed straight for the Lotus-Flower Cave, every thought of his set on rescuing his master. The road on that mountain, you see, was pockmarked with holes, and he, moreover, was somewhat bowlegged. As he scurried along, the gourd was shaken repeatedly, and soon there came from within a loud swashing sound continuously. “How is it that it swashes already?” you ask. The Great Sage, you see, had a body which had been so thoroughly refined that he could not be dissolved speedily. On the other hand, the fiend might know some such paltry magic as mounting the clouds and riding the fog, but he had not been completely delivered from his mortal constitution. The moment he was sucked into the treasure, he was dissolved.

Pilgrim, however, did not quite believe that that had been the case. “O my child,” he said, laughing, “I don’t know whether you are pissing or gargling! But this sort of business is most familiar to old Monkey. Not until after seven or eight days, when you have become thin liquid, will I lift the cover to look. Why hurry? What’s the rush? When I think of how easily I got out, I wouldn’t spy on you for a thousand years!”

As he held the gourd and talked to himself like that, he soon arrived at the entrance of the cave. He gave the gourd a shake and it was swashing even more loudly. “This sounds like the rattle of a fortune-telling tube,” he said. “Old Monkey should make an inquiry to see when Master can come out of this door.” Look at him! He shook the thing in his hand constantly while reciting, “The *Classic of Change* of King Wen, Great Sage Confucius, Master Zhou of *Lady Peach-Blossom*, Master Ghost Valley.”

When the little fiends in the cave saw that, they cried, “Great King, disaster! Sun Pilgrim has stored up our Second Great King in the gourd and he’s using that for fortune-telling now.” When the old fiend heard these words, he was so horrified that his spirit left him and his soul fled, his bones weakened and his tendons turned numb. He fell on the ground and began to wail, crying, “O Worthy Brother! When you and I left the Region Above in secret and found our lives in this mortal world, our hope was to enjoy together riches and glory as permanent lords of this mountain cave. How could I know that, because of this monk, your life would be taken away and our fraternal bond be broken?” The various fiends of the entire cave all began to wail aloud.

When Zhu Eight Rules, hanging there on the beam, heard the wailing of the whole family, he could not refrain from calling out, “Monster, don’t cry! Let old Hog tell you something. The Pilgrim Sun who arrived first, the Grimpil Sun who came next, and finally the Sun Pilgrim who came last—all three of them are in fact a single person, my elder brother. He is very versatile, knowing seventytwo ways of transformation. It

was he who stole your treasure and had your brother stored up. Since your brother is now dead, there is no need for you to mourn like that. You should clean up your pots and pans quickly and fix up some dried mushrooms, fresh butt on mushrooms, bean sprouts, bamboo shoots, soybean cakes, wheat glutens, wood ears, and vegetables. Invite us master and disciples for a meal, and we will be pleased to recite for you once the *Receive Life Sūtra*.” Infuriated by what he heard, the old demon said, “I thought Zhu Eight Rules was a guileless person, but he’s actually most sassy. He dares to make fun of me at this moment! Little ones, stop mourning. Untie Zhu Eight Rules and steam him until he’s soft and tender.

Let me have a full stomach first, and then I’ll go catch Pilgrim Sun to avenge my brother.”

Turning to Eight Rules, Sha Monk chided him, saying, “Isn’t that nice? I told you not to talk so much! Now your talking means that you’ll be steamed and eaten.” Idiot himself became somewhat alarmed, but a little fiend then spoke up, saying, “Great King, it’s not good to steam Zhu Eight Rules.”

“Amitābha Buddha!” said Eight Rules. “Which elder brother is trying to pile up secret merits? I’m indeed no good if I’m steamed.”

Another fiend said, “After he’s skinned, he’ll then be good to steam.”

Horried, Eight Rules said, “I’m all right! I’m all right! Though my bones and skins are coarse, I’ll be tender the moment the water boils.”

As they were speaking, another little fiend came from the front door to report, “Sun Pilgrim is reviling us at our door!”

“This fellow,” said a startled old demon, “abuses us because he thinks there is nobody here.”

He then gave the order, “Little ones, hang up Zhu Eight Rules as before, and find out how many treasures there are still in the house.”

A little fiend, who was the housekeeper, said, “There are three treasures yet in the cave.”

“Which three?” asked the old demon. “The sword of seven stars,” said the housekeeper, “the palm-leaf fan, and the pure-jade vase.”

“That vase is useless!” said the old demon. “It was supposed to store up anyone who answered when his name was called, but the formula was somehow passed on to that Pilgrim Sun and now our own brother has been put away. I won’t use the vase; leave it here at home. Bring me the sword and the fan, quickly.”

The housekeeper handed over the two treasures to the old demon, who stuck the fan into his collar behind his neck and held the sword in his hand. He then called up about three hundred monsters, young and old, and told all of them to arm themselves with spears, clubs, ropes, and knives. The old demon himself also put on helmet and cuirass, covered with a flaming red silk cape. As the monsters rushed out the door, they lined up in battle formation, intent on catching the Great Sage Sun. Knowing by now that the second demon had been dissolved in the gourd, the Great Sage fastened the gourd to the belt around his waist while his hands held high the golden-hooped rod to prepare for combat. As red banners unfurled, the old fiend leaped out the door.

How was he dressed?

*His helmet's tassel shimmered on his head,
 And from his belt fresh, radiant colors rose.
 He wore a cuirass knit like dragon scales,
 Topped with a long red cape like crackling flames.
 His round eyes opened wide and lightning flashed;
 Wiry whiskers flared up like turbid fumes.
 His hand held lightly the seven-star sword,
 His shoulder half-hidden by the palm-leaf fan.
 He moved like clouds rushing past the ocean's peaks;
 Like thunder his voice shook mountains and streams.
 An awesome Heaven-defying warrior,
 Leading many monsters, he stormed out of the cave.*

After ordering the little fiends to take their battle stations, the old demon shouted, "You ape! You are utterly wretched! You murdered my brother and broke up our fraternal bond. You are truly despicable!"

"Monster, you are the one who's asking for death!" replied Pilgrim, "Do you mean to tell me that one life of a monster-spirit is worth more than those of four creatures like my master, my younger brothers, and the white horse? You think that I can bear the thought of their being hung up in the cave at this moment? That I would agree to that? Bring them out at once and return them to me.

You can add also some travel expenses and send off old Monkey amiably. Then I might spare this cur-like life of yours!"

The fiend, of course, would not permit any further exchanges; lifting his treasure sword, he slashed at the head of the Great Sage, who met him with uplifted iron rod. This was quite a battle outside the entrance of the cave. Aha!

*The seven-star sword and the golden-hooped rod
 Clashed, and sparks flared up like lightning bright;
 The spreading cold air brought oppressive chill
 As vast dark clouds concealed the peaks and cliffs.
 This one because of his fraternal bond
 Would not let up a bit.
 That one on account of the scripture monk
 Would not slow down one whit.
 Each one hated with the same kind of hate;
 Both parties cherished such hostility.
 They fought till Heaven and Earth darkened, scaring gods and ghosts;
 The sun dimmed, the smoke thickened, as dragons and tigers quaked.
 This one ground his teeth like filing down jade nails;
 That one grew so mad that flames leaped out his eyes!
 Back and forth they showed their heroic might,
 And kept on brandishing both sword and rod.*

The old demon fought with the Great Sage for twenty rounds, but neither could gain the upper hand. Pointing with his sword, the old demon shouted, "Little fiends, come up together!"

Those three hundred monster-spirits rushed up together and completely surrounded Pilgrim. Dear Great Sage! Not in the least afraid, he wielded his rod and

lunged left and right, attacking with it in front and protecting himself in the rear. Those little fiends, however, all had some abilities; the longer they fought, the more ferocious they became—like cotton floss sticking to one's body, they tackled Pilgrim at the waist and tugged at his legs, refusing to be beaten back. Alarmed, the Great Sage resorted to the magic of the Body beyond the Body. He plucked off a handful of hairs from under his left arm, chewed them to pieces, and spat them out, crying, "Change!"

Every piece of the hair changed into a Pilgrim. Look at all of them! The tall ones wielded rods, the short ones boxed with their fists, and the tiniest ones grabbed the monsters' shanks and began to gnaw on them. They fought till all the fiends were scattered in every direction, crying, "Great King, we're finished! We can't fight anymore! The mountain is full of Pilgrim Suns!"

The magic of the Body beyond the Body thus sent the flock of monsters into a hasty retreat: only an old demon was left in the middle, surrounded on all sides, sorely pressed but with no way to run at all.

Terribly frightened, the demon switched the treasure sword to his left hand; with his right, he reached behind his neck and pulled out the palm-leaf fan. Facing the direction of due south (which is the direction of fire), he made a sweeping motion with the fan from the left and fanned at the ground once. Flames leaped up instantly from the ground. The treasure, you see, could produce fire just like that.

An unrelenting person, the fiend fanned at the ground for seven or eight more times, and a fierce fire raged everywhere. Marvelous fire!

*The fire was neither the fire of Heaven
Nor the fire of a brazier;
Neither the wild fire on the meadows
Nor the fire inside an oven.
It was a spark of spiritual light taken naturally from the Five Phases.
The fan also was no common thing in the mortal world,
Nor was it made by any human skill.
It was a true treasure formed since the time chaos parted.
When the fan was used to start this fire,
Bright and brilliant,
It was like the red bolts of lightning;
Clear and ablaze,
It seemed mists iridescent.
There was not even a strand of blue smoke,
Only a mountain full of scarlet flames.
It burned till the summit pines became fire trees,
And cedars changed into lanterns before the cliff.
The beasts of the caves, eager to live,
Dashed to the east and the west;
The birds of the woods, zealous for their feathers,
Flew high and retreated wide.
This divine, air-filling holocaust
Burned till rocks broke, rivers dried up, and all the ground turned red!*

When the Great Sage saw how ferocious the fire was, he, too, became quite shaken, crying, "It's bad! I can stand it myself, but my hairs are no good. Once they fall into the fire, they will be burned up." Shaking his body once, he retrieved all his hairs

except one piece, which he used to change into a specious form of himself, pretending to flee the fire. His true body, making the fire-resisting sign with his fingers, somersaulted into the air and leaped clear of the blaze. He then headed straight for the Lotus-Flower Cave with the intent of rescuing his master. As he sped up to the entrance of the cave and lowered the direction of his cloud, he saw a hundred-odd little fiends outside the door, every one of them with head wounds or broken legs, with lesions and bruises. They were the ones injured by his magic of the Body beyond the Body, all standing there whimpering and in pain. When the Great Sage saw them, he could not suppress the savagery in his nature; lifting up the iron rod, he fought all the way inside. How pitiful it was that he should bring at once to nothing

*The fruits of bitter exercise to acquire human forms!
They all became again old pieces of hair and hide!*

After the Great Sage had finished off all the little fiends, he raced into the cave with the intent of untying his master. Just then he saw again a fiery glow inside, and he became terribly flustered, crying, “Undone! Undone! If this fire is starting again even at the back door, old Monkey will find it hard to save Master.”

As he was thus in alarm, he looked again more carefully. Ah! It was not the glow of fire, but actually a beam of golden light. Composing himself, he walked inside to have another look and found that the source of the glow was the pure mutton-jade vase. Filled with delight, he said to himself, “What a lovely treasure! This vase was glowing also when the little fiends took it up the mountain. Then old Monkey got it, only to have it taken away again by the monster. It’s hidden here and today it’s still glowing.” Look at him! He stole the vase at once and turned quickly to walk out of the cave, not even bothering to try to rescue his master. As soon as he came out the door, he ran into the demon returning from the south, holding the treasure sword and the fan. The Great Sage did not have time to hide himself, and the demon lifted his sword instantly to slash at his head. Mounting his cloud somersault, the Great Sage leaped up and vanished immediately.

When the fiend arrived at his own door, he saw corpses lying everywhere, all the monster-spirits under his command. He was so stricken that he lifted his face toward Heaven and sighed loudly before bursting into tears, crying “O misery! O what bitterness!”

For him we have a testimonial poem, and the poem says:

*Hateful are the sly ape and the froward horse!
The seeds divine who came to the world of dust,
For one erring thought of leaving Heaven,
Fell on this mountain and destroyed themselves.
What bitter grief when flocks of birds break up!
How tears flow when monster troops are wiped out!
When will the scourge end, the chastisement cease,
That they may return to their primal forms?*

Overborne by grief, the old demon wailed step by step into the cave; he saw that the furniture and other belongings remained, but not even a single person was in sight. In this total silence, he became sadder than ever: as he sat all by himself in the cave, he placed his head on a stone table, his sword he leaned against the table, and the fan he stuck back into his collar. Soon, he fell into a deep sleep, just as the proverb says:

Your spirit is full when you are happy;

Once dejected you tend to be sleepy!

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun, who turned the direction of his cloud somersault around and stood before the mountain, thinking again of trying to rescue his master. Fastening the vase tightly to his belt, he returned to the entrance of the cave to see what was happening. The two doors he found wide open, but not a sound could be heard. With light, stealthy steps he slipped inside and discovered the demon sleeping soundly, leaning on the stone table. The palm-leaf fan was sticking out of his collar, half covering the back of his head, while the sword of seven stars was placed against the table. He tiptoed near the demon, pulled out the fan, and turned at once to flee outside. The fan, however, scraped against the hair of the fiend when it was pulled out, rousing him from his sleep.

When he lifted his head to look and found that his fan had been stolen by Pilgrim Sun, he gave chase at once with the sword. The Great Sage leaped out the door and, having stuck the fan into his waist, met the fiend with both hands wielding the iron rod. This was a marvelous battle!

*The maddened demon king,
His cap raised by angry hair,
Wanted to swallow with one gulp his foe—
But e'en that was no relief!
He reviled the monkey thus:
"You mock me far too much!
You took our many lives.
You steal my treasure now.
This time I'll not spare you,
I'll see that you are dead!"*

*The Great Sage rapped the demon:
"You don't know what's good for you!
A student wants to fight old Monkey?
How could an egg smash up a rock?"*

*The treasure sword came,
The iron rod moved:
The two would no longer cherish kindness.
Again and again a contest they waged;
Over and over they used their martial skill.
Because of the scripture monk
Who sought at Spirit Mount a place,
Bringing discord to Metal and Fire,
The Five Phases, confused, lost their peace.
They showed their awe-inspiring, magic power;
They kicked up dust and stones to flaunt their might.
They fought till the sun was about to sink:
The demon grew weak and retreated first.*

The demon fought with the Great Sage for more than thirty rounds; when the sky darkened, the demon fled in defeat and headed for the southwest in the direction of the Crush-Dragon Cave. We shall speak no more of him for the moment.

Lowering the direction of his cloud, the Great Sage dashed into the Lotus-Flower Cave and untied the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk. After they were freed, they thanked Pilgrim while asking, "Where did the demons go?"

"The second demon has been stored up in the gourd," said Pilgrim, "and he must be completely dissolved by now. The old demon was defeated by me just now and he fled toward the Crush-Dragon Cave in the southwest. Over half of the little fiends of the cave have been killed by the body-division magic of old Monkey, and the rest who were defeated have also been wiped out by me. Only after that could I come in here to rescue and free all of you." Profoundly grateful, the Tang Monk said, "Disciple, you must have worked awfully hard!"

"Indeed," said Pilgrim, laughing, "though all of you had to bear the pain of being hung up, old Monkey hasn't been able even to rest his legs! I had to be on the go even more frequently than the postal messenger: coming in and getting out, there was never a moment's pause. Only after having managed to steal his treasures could I defeat the demons."

"Elder Brother," said Zhu Eight Rules, "take out the gourd and let us have a look inside. The second demon, I suppose, must have been dissolved by now."

The Great Sage first untied the pure vase; he then took out the gold rope and the fan before he held the gourd in his hands. Then he said, "Don't look! Don't look! Just now he had old Monkey stored up, and only after I deceived him into opening the lid by feigning some gargling noise did I escape. We must not, therefore, lift up the lid, for he may still pull some tricks and escape."

Thereafter master and disciples happily searched the cave and found some of the monsters' rice, noodles, and vegetables; after heating and washing some of the pots and pans, they prepared a vegetarian meal and ate their fill. They rested in the cave for the night and soon it was morning again.

We tell you now about that old demon, who went straight to the Crush-Dragon Mountain and gathered together all the female fiends, to whom he gave a thorough account of how his mother was beaten to death, how his brother was sucked into the gourd, how his monster soldiers were wiped out, and how his treasures had been stolen. The female fiends all burst into tears, wailing for a long time.

Then the old demon said, "Stop crying, all of you. I still have with me the sword of seven stars, and I plan to go with all of you, female soldiers, to the back of this Crush-Dragon Mountain to borrow some more troops from my maternal relative. I'm determined to capture that Pilgrim Sun to exact vengeance."

Before he had even finished speaking, a little fiend came from the door to report, saying, "Great King, your Venerable Maternal Uncle from behind the mountain has led his troops here." When the old demon heard this, he quickly changed into mourning garments of plain white silk and bowed to receive his visitor. The Venerable Maternal Uncle, you see, was the younger brother of his mother who went by the name, Great King Fox Number Seven. Because he had already received the report from some of his monster soldiers out on patrol that his elder sister was beaten to death by Pilgrim Sun, who then changed into the form of his sister to swindle treasures from his nephew, and that there had been fighting for several days on the Level-Top Mountain, he called up some two hundred soldiers from his own cave to offer his assistance. He stopped first at his sister's home to find out whether indeed she had died. The moment he walked in the door, however, he saw the old demon in mourning garments, and the two of them burst

into loud wailing. After some time, the old demon knelt down to give a complete account of what had taken place. Growing very angry, Number Seven ordered the old demon to take off his mourning garments, to pick up his treasure sword, and to call up all the female monsters. Together they mounted the wind and the cloud, speeding toward the northeast.

The Great Sage just then was telling Sha Monk to prepare breakfast so that they could journey after the meal, when suddenly he heard the sound of the wind. Walking out the door, he found a horde of fiendish troops approaching from the southwest. Somewhat startled, Pilgrim dashed inside, calling to Eight Rules, "Brother, the monster-spirit has brought fresh troops to help him." When Tripitaka heard these words, he paled with fright, saying, "Disciple, what shall we do?"

"Relax, relax!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Give me all of his treasures."

The Great Sage fastened the gourd and the vase to his waist, stuffed the gold rope into his sleeve, and stuck the palm-leaf fan into his collar. Wielding the iron rod with both hands, he told Sha Monk to stand and guard their master sitting in the cave, while he and Eight Rules holding the muckrake went out to meet their adversaries.

The fiendish creatures ranged themselves in battle formation, and the one at the very forefront was the Great King Number Seven, who had a jadelike face, a long beard, wiry eyebrows, and knifelike ears. He wore a golden helmet on his head and a knitted cuirass on his body; his hands held a "square-sky" halberd.

In a loud voice he shouted, "You audacious, lawless ape! How dare you oppress people like that! You stole our treasures, slaughtered our relatives, killed our soldiers, and you even had the nerve to take over our cave dwelling. Stick out your neck quickly and accept death, so that I can avenge my sister's murder!"

"You reckless hairy lump!" cried Pilgrim. "You don't know what your Grandpa Sun can do! Don't run away! Take a blow from my rod!"

The fiend stepped aside to dodge the blow before turning again to meet him with the halberd. The two of them fought back and forth on the mountain for three or four rounds, and the fiend grew weak already. As he fled, Pilgrim gave chase and encountered the old demon, who also fought with him for three rounds. Then the Number Seven Fox turned around and attacked once more. When Eight Rules on this side saw him, he quickly stopped him with the nine-pronged rake; so, each of the pilgrims took on a monster and they fought for a long time without reaching a decision. The old demon shouted for all the monster soldiers to join the battle also.

We tell you now about the Tang Monk, who was seated in the cave when he heard earth-shaking cries coming from outside. "Sha Monk," he said, "go and see how your brothers are doing in the battle." Lifting high his fiend-routing staff, Sha Monk gave a terrific cry as he raced outside, beating back at once many of the monsters. When Number Seven saw that the tide was turning against them, he spun around and ran, only to be caught up by Eight Rules, who brought the rake down hard on his back.

*This one blow caused nine spots of bright red to spurt out;
Pity one spirit's true nature going to the world beyond.*

When Eight Rules dragged him aside and stripped off his clothes, he found that the Great King, too, was a fox spirit.

When the old demon saw that his maternal uncle was slain, he abandoned Pilgrim and attacked Eight Rules with the sword. Eight Rules blocked the blow with the

muckrake; as they fought, Sha Monk charged near and struck with his staff. Unable to withstand the two of them, the demon mounted wind and cloud to flee toward the south with Eight Rules and Sha Monk hard on his heels. When the Great Sage saw that, he swiftly leaped into the air, untied the vase, and took aim at the old demon, crying, "Great King Golden Horn!"

The fiend thought that it was one of his defeated little demons calling him, and he turned to give his reply. Instantly he was sucked also into the vase, which was then sealed by Pilgrim with the tape bearing the words, "May Laozi Act Quickly According to This Command."

The sword of seven stars dropped to the ground below and it, too, became the property of Pilgrim. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, coming up to meet Pilgrim, "you've got the sword. But where's the monster-spirit?"

"Finished!" said Pilgrim, chuckling, "He's stored up in this vase of mine." When they heard this, Sha Monk and Eight Rules were utterly delighted.

After they had completely wiped out the ogres and monsters, they went back to the cave to present the good news to Tripitaka, saying, "The mountain has been purged of all monsters. Let Master mount up so that we may journey again."

Highly pleased, Tripitaka finished the morning meal with his disciples, whereupon they put in order the luggage and the horse and found their way to the West.

As they walked, a blind man suddenly appeared from the side of the road and caught hold of Tripitaka's horse, saying, "Monk, where are you going? Give me back my treasures!"

Horried, Eight Rules cried, "We are finished! Here's another old monster coming to ask for his treasures!" Pilgrim looked at the man carefully and saw that he was actually Laozi. Hurriedly he drew near and bowed, saying, "Venerable Sir, where are you going?"

The old patriarch swiftly mounted his jade throne, which rose and stopped in midair. "Pilgrim Sun," he said, "return my treasures."

The Great Sage also rose into the air saying, "What treasures?"

"The gourd," said Laozi, "is what I use to store elixir, while the pure vase is my water container. The treasure sword I use to subdue demons, the fan is for tending my fires, and the rope is actually a belt of my gown. Those two monsters happen to be two Daoist youths: one looks after my golden brazier, while the other my silver brazier. I was just searching for them, for they stole the treasures and left the Region Above. Now you have caught them, this will be your merit."

The Great Sage said, "Venerable Sir, you are not very honorable! That you would permit your kin to become demons should make you guilty of oversight in the governance of your household."

"It's really not my affair," said Laozi, "so don't blame the wrong person."

These youths were requested by the Bodhisattva from the sea three times; they were to be sent here and transformed into demons, to test all of you and see whether master and disciples are sincere in going to the West." When the Great Sage heard these words, he thought to himself, "What a rogue is this Bodhisattva! At the time when she delivered old Monkey and told me to accompany the Tang Monk to procure scriptures in the West, I said that the journey would be a difficult one. She even promised that she

herself would come to rescue us when we encounter grave difficulties, but instead, she sent monsterspirits here to harass us. The way she double-talks, she deserves to be a spinster for the rest of her life!”

He then said to Laozi, “If Venerable Sir didn’t show up personally, I would never have returned these things to you. But since you have made the appearance and told me the truth, you can take them away.”

After receiving the five treasures, Laozi lifted the seals of the gourd and the vase and poured out two masses of divine ether. With one point of his finger he transformed the ether again into two youths, standing on his left and right. Ten thousand strands of propitious light appeared as

They all drifted toward the Tushita Palace;

Freely they went straight up to Heaven’s canopy.

We do not know what happens thereafter, how the Great Sun accompanies the Tang Monk, or at what time they reach the Western Heaven; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-SIX

*When Mind Monkey is rectified, the nidānas cease
Smash through the side door² to view the bright moon*

We were telling you about Pilgrim, who lowered the direction of his cloud and presented to his master a thorough account of how the Bodhisattva requested for the youths and how Laozi took back his treasures. Tripitaka was deeply grateful; he redoubled his efforts and determination to go to the West at all costs. He mounted the horse once more; while Zhu Eight Rules poled the luggage, Sha Monk took hold of the bridle, and Pilgrim Sun took up his iron rod to lead the way down the tall mountain. As they proceeded, we cannot tell you in full how they rested by the waters and dined in the wind, how they were covered with frost and exposed to the dew. Master and disciples journeyed for a long time and again they found a mountain blocking their path.

“Disciples,” said Tripitaka loudly on the horse, “Look how tall and rugged is that mountain. We should be most careful, for I fear that there may be some demonic miasmas coming to attack us.” Pilgrim said, “Stop thinking foolish thoughts, Master. Compose yourself and keep your mind from wandering; nothing will happen to you.”

“O Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “why is it so difficult to reach the Western Heaven? I remember that since leaving the city Chang’an, spring has come and gone on this road several times, autumn has arrived to be followed by winter—at least four or five years must have gone by. Why is it that we still haven’t reached our destination?”

“It’s too early! It’s too early!” said Pilgrim, roaring with laughter. “We haven’t even left the main door yet!”

“Stop fibbing, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules. “There’s no such big mansion in this world.”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “we are just moving around in one of the halls inside.” Laughing, Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother, stop talking so big to scare us. Where could you find such a huge house? Even if there were, you wouldn’t be able to find cross beams that were long enough.”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “from the point of view of old Monkey, this blue sky is our roof, the sun and moon are our windows, the five sacred mountains our pillars, and the whole Heaven and Earth is but one large chamber.” When Eight Rules heard this, he sighed, “We’re finished! We’re finished! All right, move around some more and we’ll go back.”

“No need for this kind of silly chatter,” said Pilgrim. “Just follow old Monkey and move.”

Dear Great Sage! Placing the iron rod horizontally across his shoulders, he led the Tang Monk firmly up the mountain road and went straight ahead. As the master looked around on the horse, he saw some lovely mountain scenery. Truly

*The rugged summits touch the dipper stars,
And treetops seem to join the sky and clouds.
Within piles of blue mist
Ape cries oft arise from the valley;
In the shades of riotous green*

*You hear cranes calling beneath the pines.
 Howling mountain sprites rear up in the streams
 To mock the woodsman;
 Aged fox spirits sit beside the cliff
 To frighten the hunter.
 Marvelous mountain!
 Look how steep it is on all sides,
 How precipitous every where!
 Strange knotty pines topped by green canopies;
 Dried, aged trees dangling creepers and vines.
 The stream surges,
 Its piercing cold chills e'en the hairs of man;
 The peak shoots up,
 Its eye-smarting clear wind makes one skittish.
 Frequently you listen to big cats roar;
 Now and then you hear mountain birds call.
 Flocks of fallow deer cut through the brambles,
 Leaping here and there;
 Hordes of river deer seeking food of the wilds
 Stampede back and forth.
 Standing on the meadow,
 One can't see any traveler;
 Walk in the canyons
 And there are wolves on all sides.
 It's no place for Buddha to meditate,
 Wholly the domain of darting birds and beasts.*

With fear and trembling, the master entered deep into the mountain. Growing more melancholy, he stopped the horse and said, "O Wukong! Once

*I was resolved to make that mountain trip,
 To send me from the city the king did not wait.
 I met on the way the three-cornered sedge;
 I pushed hard my horse decked with bridle bells.
 To find scriptures I searched steep slopes and streams;
 To bow to Buddha's spirit I scaled the peaks.
 If myself I guard to complete my tour,
 When may I go home to bow to the court?"*

When the Great Sage heard these words, he roared with laughter, saying, "Master, don't be so anxious and impatient. Relax and push forward. In due time, I assure you that 'success will come naturally when merit's achieved.'"

As master and disciples enjoyed the mountain scenery while they walked along, the red orb soon sank toward the west. Truly

*No traveler walked by the ten-mile arbor,
 But stars appeared in the ninefold heavens.
 Boats of eight rivers returned to their piers;
 Seven thousand towns and counties shut their gates.
 The lords of six chambers and five bureaus all retired;
 From four seas and three rivers fish-lines withdrew.*

*Gongs and drums sounded on two tall towers;
One orb of bright moon filled the universe.*

As he peered into the distance on the back of the horse, the master saw in the fold of the mountain several multistoried buildings.

“Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “it’s getting late now and we are fortunate to find some buildings over there. I think it must be either a Daoist abbey or a Buddhist monastery. Let’s go there and ask for lodging for the night, and we can resume our journey in the morning.” Pilgrim said, “Master, you are right. Let’s not hurry, however; let me examine the place first.” Leaping into the air, the Great Sage stared intently and found that it was indeed a Buddhist monastery. He saw

*Eight-word brick wall painted muddy red;
Doors on two sides studded with nails of gold;
Rows of tiered-terrace sheltered by the peak;
Buildings, multistoried, hidden in the mount.
Buddhas Alcove faced the Tathāgata Hall;
The Morning- Sun Tower met the Great Hero*

*Gate.
Clouds rested on a seven-tiered pagoda,
And glory shone from three honored Buddhas.
Mañjuśrī Platform faced the monastic house;
Maitreya Hall joined the Great Mercy Room.
Blue light danced outside the Mount- Viewing Lodge;
Purple clouds bloomed above the Void- Treading Tower.
Pine retreats and bamboo courts—fresh, lovely green.
Abbot rooms and Zen commons—clean every where.
Gracefully, quietly services were held.
Solemn but joyful priests walked the grounds.
Chan monks lectured in the Chan classrooms,
And instruments blared from music halls.
Udumbara petals dropped from the Wondrous- Height Terrace;
Pattra leaves grew beneath the Law- Expounding Platform.
So it was that woods sheltered this land of the Three Jewels,
And mountains embraced this home of a Sanskrit Prince.
Half a wall of lamps with flickering lights and smoke;
A row of incense obscured by fragrant fog.*

Descending from his cloud, the Great Sage Sun reported to Tripitaka, saying, “Master, it’s indeed a Buddhist monastery. We can go there to ask for lodging.”

The master urged his horse on and went straight up to the main gate. “Master,” said Pilgrim, “what monastery is this?”

“The hoofs of my horse have just come to a stop, and the tips of my feet have yet to leave the stirrups,” said Tripitaka, “and you ask me what monastery this is? How thoughtless you are!” Pilgrim said, “You, your venerable self, have been a monk since your youth, and you must have studied the Confucian classics before you proceeded to lecture on the dharma sūtras. You must have mastered both literature and philosophy before you received such royal favors from the Tang Emperor. There are big words on the door of this monastery. Why can’t you recognize them?”

“Impudent ape!” snapped the elder. “You mouth such senseless words! I was facing the west as I rode and my eyes were momentarily blinded by the glare of the sun. There might be words on the door, but they are covered by grime and dirt.

That’s why I can’t make them out.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he stretched his torso and at once grew to over twenty feet tall.

Wiping away the dirt, he said, “Master, please take a look.”

There were seven words in large characters:

“Precious Grove Monastery Built by Imperial Command.”

After Pilgrim changed back into his normal size, he said, “Master, which one of us should go in to ask for lodging?”

“I’ll go inside,” said Tripitaka, “for all of you are ugly in your appearance, uncouth in your speech, and arrogant in your manner. If you happen to offend the local monks, they may refuse our request, and that won’t be good.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “let Master go in at once. No need for words anymore.”

Abandoning his priestly staff and untying his cloak, the elder straightened out his clothes and walked inside the main gate with folded hands. There he found behind red lacquered railings a pair of Vajra-guardians, whose molten images were fearsome indeed:

*One has an iron face and steel whiskers as if alive;
One has bushy brows and round eyes that seem real.
On the left, the fist bones like raw iron jut out;
On the right, the palms are cragged like crude bronze.
Golden chain armor of splendid luster;
Bright helmets and wind-blown sashes of silk.
Offerings in the West to Buddha are bounteous:
In stone tripods the incense fires glow red.*

When Tripitaka saw this, he nodded and gave a lengthy sigh, saying, “If in our Land of the East there are enough people who would mold such huge bodhisattvas with clay and worship them with fires and incense, this disciple would have no need to go to the Western Heaven.”

As he was saying this to himself, he reached the second gate, where he discovered inside the images of the Four Devarājas:

Dhṛtarāṣṭra, Vaiśravaṇa, Virūḍhaka, and Virūpākṣa. Each of them, stationed according to his position in the east, north, south, and west, was also symbolic of his powers to make the winds harmonious and the rains seasonal. After he entered the second gate, he saw four tall pines, each of which had a luxuriant top shaped like an umbrella. As he raised his head, he discovered that he had arrived before the Precious Hall of the Great Hero. Folding his hands with complete reverence, the elder prostrated himself and worshipped; afterwards, he arose and went past the Buddha platform to reach the rear gate. There he found the image of the reclining Guanyin, who proffered deliverance to the creatures of South Sea.

On the walls were carvings—all done by skillful artisans—of shrimps, fishes, crabs, and turtles; sticking out their heads and flapping their tails, they were frolicking

in the billows and leaping over the waves. The elder again nodded his head four or five times, sighing loudly, "What a pity! Even scaly creatures would worship Buddha! Why is it that humans are unwilling to practice religion?"

As he was thus speaking to himself, a worker emerged from the third gate. When he saw the uncommon and handsome features of Tripitaka, he hurried forward and bowed, saying, "Where did the master come from?"

"This disciple," said Tripitaka, "was sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven and seek scriptures from Buddha. It was getting late when we arrived at your honored region, and I came to ask for lodging for one night."

"Please do not be offended, Master," said the worker, "but I can't assume responsibility here. I'm just a manual laborer in charge of sweeping the grounds and tolling the bell."

There's an old master inside who is the head of the household. Let me go in and report to him; if he wishes to ask you to stay, I'll come out to give you the invitation; if not, I dare not detain you."

Tripitaka said, "Sorry for all that inconvenience."

The worker hurried to the abbot chamber and reported, "Venerable Father, there's someone outside."

The monk-official arose immediately, changed his clothes, adjusted his Vairocana hat, and put on a cassock before he went to open the door to receive his visitor. "What man has arrived?" he asked the worker, who pointed with his finger and replied, "Isn't that a man there behind the main hall?"

Bald-headed, wearing a Bodhidharma gown that was in shreds and a pair of sandals muddy and wet, Tripitaka was reclining by the door. When the monk-official saw him, he became enraged, saying, "Worker, you deserve to be flogged! Don't you know that a monk-official like me would come out and receive only the gentlemen from the cities who come here to offer incense? For this sort of a monk, why did you give me a phony report and ask me to receive him? Just look at his face! He can't be an honest man! He has to be some kind of mendicant who wants to sleep here now that it's getting late. You think I'm going to permit him to mess up our abbot chamber? Tell him to squat in the corridor. Why bother me?"

He turned around and left immediately.

When the elder heard these words, tears filled his eyes and he said, "How pitiful! How pitiful! Truly 'a man away from home is cheap!' This disciple left home from his youth to become a monk. I did not

*Do penance while eating meat with wicked glee,
Or read scriptures in wrath to soil the mind of Chan.*

Nor did I

*Cast tiles and stones to damage Buddha's hall,
Or rip down the gold from an arhat's face.*

Alas, how pitiful! I don't know which incarnation it was that I had offended Heaven and Earth, so that I have to meet unkind people so frequently in this life. Monk, if you don't want to give us lodging, that's all right. But why must you say such nasty

things, telling us to go and squat in the corridors? I'd better not repeat these words to Pilgrim, for if I did, that monkey would come in and a few blows of his iron rod would break all your shanks. All right! All right! The proverb says, 'Man must put propriety and music first.' Let me go inside and ask him once more and see what he really intends to do with us."

Following the tracks of the monk-official, the master went up to the door of the abbot chamber, where he found the monk-official who, having taken off his outer garments, was sitting inside, still panting with rage. He was not reciting the sūtras, nor was he drawing up any service for a family; all the Tang Monk could see was a pile of papers on a table beside him. Not daring to walk inside abruptly but standing instead in the courtyard, Tripitaka bowed and cried out, "Old Abbot, this disciple salutes you." Somewhat annoyed by the fact that Tripitaka followed him inside, the monk only pretended to return the greeting, saying, "Where did you come from?"

"This disciple," replied Tripitaka, "has been sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven and seek scriptures from the Living Buddha. I passed through your honored region, it was getting late, and I came to ask for lodging for one night. Tomorrow, I'll leave before daybreak. I beseech the Old Abbot to grant me this request." Only then did the monk-official get up from his seat and say, "Are you that Tripitaka Tang?"

Tripitaka said, "Yes."

"If you are going to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures," said the monk-official, "how is it that you don't even know your way?"

Tripitaka said, "Your disciple has never passed through your honored region and that's why he doesn't know the way here."

"Due west of here," he said, "about four or five miles is a Thirty-Mile Inn, in which there is also someone selling food. It will be convenient for you to stay there, whereas it's not convenient here for me to entertain a monk like yourself who has come from a great distance."

"Abbot," said Tripitaka with hands folded, "the ancients declared that 'A Daoist abbey or a Buddhist monastery all may be considered a lodge for a priest, who has a claim for three percent of the food the moment he sees the temple gate.' Why do you refuse me?"

"You mendicant monk!" shouted the monk-official angrily. "All you know is how to cajole and wheedle!"

Tripitaka said, "What do you mean by cajole and wheedle?"

The monk-official said, "Remember what the ancients said?

*A tiger comes to town;
Each house will shut the door.
Though no one is bitten,
Its name's already poor!"*

"What do you mean by 'Its name's already poor'?" asked Tripitaka.

"A few years ago," said the monk-official, "there was a group of mendicants who arrived and sat in front of our monastery gate. I took pity on their hardship when I saw how destitute they were, every one of them bald-headed and barefooted, shoeless and in rags.

So I invited them into the abbot chamber, gave them honored seats, and fed them a vegetarian meal. Moreover, I even gave each of them an old suit of clothes to wear and asked them to stay for a few days. How would I know that they could become so greedy for easy food and clothing that they would remain for seven or eight years, never giving a thought to leaving again? I didn't mind even their staying, but they indulged in all sorts of shabby activities."

"What kind of shabby activities?" asked Tripitaka. The monk-official said, "Just listen to my tale:

*Idle, they threw tiles by the pale;
Bored, they pulled nails off the wall.
In winter they fed fires with ripped window panes,
Leaving torn doors, when hot, on the road.
They pulled banners to make leggings;
Gluttonous, they stole our turnips.
From glass vases they often poured our oil,
Gaming by grabbing bowls and dishes!"*

When Tripitaka heard these words, he said to himself, "How pitiful! Is this disciple that kind of spineless monk?"

He was about to cry, but he feared also that the old monk in the monastery would laugh at him. Swallowing his pride and his annoyance while wiping away his tears secretly with his robe, he walked out quickly and met his three disciples. When Pilgrim saw how angry his master looked, he went forward to ask, "Master, did the monks in the monastery strike you?"

"They didn't," said the Tang Monk. "They must have done so," said Eight Rules, "for if they haven't, why is your voice cracking?"

"Have they scolded you?" asked Pilgrim. The Tang Monk said, "They haven't either."

"If they haven't struck you," said Pilgrim, "or scolded you, why are you upset? You must be getting homesick."

"Disciples," said the Tang Monk, "they say that it's not convenient here."

"They must be Daoists here, then?" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Only a Daoist abbey has Daoists," said the Tang Monk, raging. "There are only monks in a monastery." Pilgrim said, "You are useless! If there are monks here, they are the same as we. The proverb says,

*Gathered in Buddha's assembly
Are all men of affinity.*

You sit here, and let me go inside to look around."

Dear Pilgrim! Giving the fillet on his head a squeeze and tightening the skirt around his waist, he went straight up to the Precious Hall of the Great Hero, holding his iron rod. There he pointed at the statues of the three Buddhas and said, "You are actually idols molded with clay and adorned with gold. You don't possess one whit of efficacy inside! Or do you? Old Monkey, who is accompanying the Tang Monk to go to the Western Heaven and seek the true scriptures from Buddha, has come here tonight specially to ask for lodging. You'd better hurry and announce my arrival. If you don't put us up, my rod will smash the golden bodies and reveal your original forms of mud!"

As the Great Sage was making his threats and intimidations, a worker in charge of vespers arrived with several sticks of lighted incense to be placed in the urn before the images of Buddha. One snarl of Pilgrim sent him tumbling; when he scrambled up and saw the face, he fell down again. Stumbling all over, he fled into the abbot chamber and made the report, saying, “Holy Father, there’s a monk outside.”

“All of you workers deserve to be flogged!” said the monk-official. “I told you people before that they should be sent to squat in the corridors up front. Why make another announcement? One more word and I’ll give you twenty lashes!”

“Holy Father,” said the worker, “this monk is not the same as the other one; he’s mean and fierce looking.”

“How does he look?” asked the monk-official. The worker replied, “He’s someone with round eyes, forked ears, a face full of hairs, and a beak like the thunder god’s. He has a rod in his hands, furiously grinding his teeth to find someone to beat.”

“Let me go out and have a look,” said the monk-official.

The moment he opened the door, he saw Pilgrim barging in. It was a hideous sight indeed! A bumpy, scabrous face, a pair of yellow eyeballs, a sunken forehead, and long, protruding fangs—he seemed virtually an overcooked crab with meat inside and cartilage outside! So panic-stricken was the old monk that he slammed shut the door of the abbot chamber at once. Pilgrim, however, rushed up to it and smashed it to pieces, crying, “Hurry up and clean out one thousand rooms! Old Monkey wants to take a nap!”

As he attempted to hide in the room, the monk-official said to the worker, “No wonder he’s so ugly! Talking big has caused him to end up with a face like that! Our place here, including abbot chambers, Buddha halls, bell-and-drum towers, and the two corridors, has barely three hundred rooms. He wants a thousand for him to take a nap. Where are we going to get these rooms?”

“Master,” said the worker, “I’m a man whose gall has been busted by fear. I’ll let you answer him any way you please.”

Trembling all over, the monk-official said in a loud voice, “The elder who wants lodging, please hear me. It’s truly inconvenient for this small, humble monastery of ours to entertain you. Please go somewhere to stay.” Pilgrim transformed his rod until it had the circumference of a basin’s; then he stuck it straight up in the courtyard. “Monk,” he said, “if it’s inconvenient, you move out.”

The monk-official said, “We have lived here since our youth; our grand-masters passed the place on to our masters, and they in turn to us. We want to give it to our heirs. What sort of a person is he that he would so rashly ask us to move?”

“Venerable Father,” said the worker, “we can’t muddle through like this. Why not move out? That pole of his is going to come smashing in!”

“Stop babbling!” said the monk-official. “We have altogether five hundred monks here, old and young. Where are we going to move to? Even if we do move out, we have no other place to stay.”

Hearing this, Pilgrim said, “Monk, if you have no place to move, one of you must come out and be caned.”

The old monk said to the worker, “You go out and take the caning for me.”

Horried, the worker said, "O Father! With that huge pole, and you ask me to take the caning!"

The old monk said, "As the proverb says, 'It may take a thousand days to feed an army, but only one day to use it.' Why don't you go out?"

"Don't speak of being caned by that huge pole," said the worker. "Even if it just falls on you, you'll be reduced to a meat patty."

"Yes," said the old monk, "let's not speak of falling on someone. If it remains standing in the courtyard, one can crack his head bumping into it at night if one forgets it's there."

"Master," said the worker, "if you know that's how heavy it is, why do you ask me to go out and take the caning for you?"

After he asked this question, the two of them began to quarrel between themselves.

Hearing all that noise, Pilgrim said to himself, "They really can't take it. If I kill each of them with one blow of my rod, Master will accuse me again of working violence. Let me find something to strike at and show them what I can do."

He lifted his head and discovered a stone lion outside the door of the abbot chamber. Raising up the rod, he slammed it on the lion and reduced it to powder.

The monk caught sight of the blow through a tiny hole in the window and, almost paralyzed with fear, began crawling under the bed while the worker tried desperately to creep into the opening of the kitchen range, yelling all the time:

"Father! The rod's too heavy! The rod's too heavy! I can't take it! It's convenient! It's convenient!" Pilgrim said, "Monk, I won't hit you now. I'm asking you, how many monks are there in this monastery?" Shaking all over, the monk-official said, "There are two hundred and eighty-five chambers back and front, and we have altogether five hundred certified monks."

"Go quickly and call up every one of those five hundred monks," said Pilgrim. "Tell them to put on their long robes and receive my master in here. Then I won't hit you."

"Father," said the monk-official, "if you won't hit us, we'll be glad even to carry him inside."

"Go now!" said Pilgrim. The monk-official said to the worker, "Don't tell me that your gall has been busted by fear. Even if your heart is busted, you still have to go and call up these people to welcome the Holy Father Tang." With no alternative at all, the worker had to risk his life. He dared not, however, walk out the door, but crawled out instead in the back through the dog hole from where he went to the main hall in front. He began striking the bell on the west and beating the drum on the east. The sounds of these two instruments soon aroused all the monks living in their quarters along the two corridors. They arrived at the main hall and asked, "It's still early. Why do you beat the drum and strike the bell?"

"Change your clothes quickly," said the worker, "and line yourselves up to follow Old Master to go out of the gate in order to welcome a Holy Father from the Tang court."

The various monks indeed arranged themselves in order to go out of the gate for the reception; some of them put on their cassocks, while others put on their togas. Those who had neither wore long, bell-shaped gowns, while the poorest ones folded up their skirts and draped them over both their shoulders. When Pilgrim saw them, he asked, "Monks, what kind of clothes do you have on?" When the monks saw how fierce and ugly he looked, they said, "Father, don't hit us. Let us tell you what we have on. The cloth was donated to us by the families in the city. As we don't have any tailor around here, we have to make our own clothes. The style is called A Wrap of Woe." Smiling silently to himself when he heard these words, Pilgrim guarded the monks and saw to it that each one of them walked out of the gate and kneeled down. After he kowtowed, the monk-official cried out:

"Venerable Father Tang, please go to the abbot chamber and take a seat." When Eight Rules saw what was happening, he said, "Master is so incompetent! When you walked inside just now, you returned not only with tears, but you were pouting so much that you looked as if two flasks of oil had been hung on your lips.

Now, what sort of cunning does Elder Brother have that makes them kowtow to receive us?"

"You Idiot!" said Tripitaka. "You don't know what's going on! As the proverb says, 'Even ghosts are afraid of nasty people.'" When the Tang Monk saw them kowtowing, he was very embarrassed and he approached them, saying, "Please rise, all of you."

The various monks continued to kowtow, saying, "If the Venerable Father could speak on our behalf to your disciple and ask him not to hit us with that pole, we would be willing to kneel here for a whole month."

"Wukong," cried the Tang Monk, "don't hit them."

"I haven't," said Pilgrim, "for if I did, they would have been exterminated." Only then did those monks get up; some went to lead the horse while others took up the pole of luggage. They lifted up the Tang Monk, carried Eight Rules, and took hold of Sha Monk—all crowded inside the monastery gate and headed for the abbot chamber in the back.

After the pilgrims took their seats, the monks came again to do obeisance. "Abbot, please rise," said Tripitaka. "There's no need for you to go through such ceremony anymore, or your poor monk will find it much too burdensome. You and I, after all, are all disciples within the gate of Buddha."

"The Venerable Father," said the monk-official, "is an imperial envoy of a noble nation, and this humble monk has not properly welcomed you when you reached our desolate mountain. Our vulgar eyes could not recognize your esteemed countenance, though it was our good fortune that we should meet. Permit me to ask the Venerable Father to tell me whether he was eating meat or vegetarian food on the way. We can then prepare your meal."

"Vegetarian food," said Tripitaka. "Disciples," said the monk-official, "this Holy Father prefers vegetarian food." Pilgrim said, "We, too, have been eating vegetarian food. We have maintained such a diet, in fact, even before we were born."

"O Father!" exclaimed that monk. "Such violent men would eat vegetarian food, too?"

Another monk, who was slightly more courageous, drew near and asked again, “If the Venerable Fathers prefer vegetarian food, how much rice should we cook?”

“You cheapskates!” said Eight Rules. “Why ask? For our family, cook a picul of rice.”

The monks all became frightened; they went at once to scrub and wash the pots and pans and to prepare the meal. Bright lamps were brought in as they set the table to entertain the Tang Monk.

After master and disciples had eaten the vegetarian dinner, the monks took away the dishes and the furniture. “Old Abbot,” said Tripitaka, thanking him, “we are greatly indebted to you and your hospitality.”

“Not at all, not at all,” said the monk-official, “we haven’t done anything for you.”

Tripitaka asked, “Where should we sleep?”

“Don’t be impatient, Venerable Father,” said the monkofficial.

“This humble cleric has everything planned.”

He then asked, “Worker, do you have some people there who are free to work?”

“Yes, Master,” said the worker. The monk-official instructed them, saying, “Two of you should go and get some hay to feed the horse of Venerable Father Tang. The rest can go to the front and clean up three of the Chan halls; set up bedding and mosquito nets so that the Venerable Fathers can take their rest.”

The workers obeyed and each of them finished the preparation before returning to invite the Tang Monk to go take his rest. Master and disciples led the horse and toted the luggage; they left the abbot chamber and went to the door of the Chan halls, where they saw inside brightly lit lamps and four rattan beds with bedding all laid out. Pilgrim asked the worker who brought the hay to haul it inside the Chan halls, where they tied up the white horse also. The workers were then told to leave. As Tripitaka sat down beneath the lamps, two rows of monks—all five hundred of them—stood on both sides and waited upon him, not daring to leave. Tripitaka got up and said, “Please go back, all of you. This humble cleric can then rest comfortably.”

The monks refused to retire, for the monk-official had given them this instruction:

“Wait upon the Venerable Father until he retires. Then you may leave.” Only after Tripitaka said, “I’m all cared for, please go back,” did they dare disperse.

The Tang Monk stepped outside the door to relieve himself, and he saw a bright moon high in the sky. “Disciples,” he called out, and Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk all came out to wait on him. Moved by the bright, pure light of the moon—a round orb loftily hung to illumine the great Earth—and filled with longing for his homeland, Tripitaka composed orally a long poem in the ancient style.

The poem said:

*The bright soul, mirror-like, hangs in the sky,
Her radiance pervades the whole, vast world:
Pure light fills jasper towers and jade halls;
Crisp air swaths an ice tray, a silver pan.
Ten thousand miles are all made luminous;*

*Her beams tonight are this year's brightest—
 Like a cake of frost leaving dark blue sea,
 Or an ice-wheel hung on the jade-green sky.
 When one guest pines by an inn's cold transoms,
 Or an old man sleeps in a mountain lodge,
 She comes to the Han court to shock grey hair
 And hastens late makeup, reaching towers of Qin.
 For her Yu Liang has verse for History of Jin,
 And Yuan Hong stays up to sail his river skiff.
 Floating on cup rims she's a cold, weak gleam;
 Lighting the yard, she's brilliant as god.
 By each window one can sing of white snow
 And press in every house the icy strings.
 Now her pleasure comes to a monastery.
 When will she join me to return back home?*

When Pilgrim heard these words, he approached him and said, "Master, all you know is that the moonlight fills you with longing for home, but you don't understand that the moon may symbolize the rules and regulations of nature's many modes and forms.

When the moon reaches the thirtieth day, the metal; [phase] in its yang spirit is completely dissolved, whereas the water; [phase] of its yin soul is filled to the brim of the orb. This is the reason for the designation of that day with the term Obscure, for the moon is completely dark and without light. It is at this moment also that the moon copulates with the sun, and during the time of the thirtieth day and the first day of the month, it will become pregnant by the light of the sun. By the third day, one; [stroke] of the yang will appear, and two; [strokes] of the yang will be born by the eighth day. At this time, the moon will have half of its yang spirit in the middle of its yin soul, and its lower half is flat like a rope. That is the reason why the time of the month is called the Upper Bow. By the fifteenth day, all three; [strokes] of the yang will be ready, and perfect union will be achieved. That is why this time of the month is called To Face.

On the sixteenth day, one; [stroke] of the yin will be born, and the second stroke will make its appearance on the twenty-second day. At that time half of the yin soul will be in the middle of the yang spirit, and its upper half is flat like a rope. That is the reason why this time of the month is called the Lower Bow. By the thirtieth day, all three; [strokes] of the yin will be ready, and the moon has then reached the state of obscurity once more. All this is the symbol of the process of cultivation practiced by nature. If we can nourish the Two Eights until we reach the perfection of Nine Times Nine, then it will be simple for us at that moment to see Buddha, and simple also for us to return to our home. The poem says:

*After the First Quarter and before the Last:
 Medicine well-blended, the outlook's perfect.
 What you acquire from picking, smelt in the stove—
 Determination's fruit is Western Heaven."*

When the elder heard what he said, he was immediately enlightened and understood completely these words of realized immortality.

Filled with delight, he thanked Wukong repeatedly.

On one side, Sha Monk smiled and said, “Though Elder Brother spoke most appropriately concerning how the first quarter of the moon belonged to the yang and the last quarter belonged to the yin, and how in the midst of yin and in the middle of yang one could obtain the metal of water, he did not mention

*Water and fire mixed—each to the other drawn—
Depend on Earth Mother to make this match.
Three parties thus fused face no war or strife:
Water’s in Long River, the moon’s in the sky.”*

When the elder heard that, his dull mind was again opened up. Thus it was that

*Truth, grasped by the heart’s one hole, clears up a thousand.
Once you solve the riddle of no birth, you are a god.*

Then Eight Rules walked up to the elder and tugged at him, saying, “Master, don’t listen to all their babblings and delay your sleep.

This moon,

*After it wanes, will soon grow round again.
Like me it was born none too perfectly!
At meals I’m disliked for too large a maw;
I drool too much, they say, on bowls I hold.
They have their blessings earned through cleverness;
I have affinity stocked by foolishness.
I tell you that
Fetching scriptures will end your three karmic paths.
Wagging head and tail you’ll go up to Heav’n!”*

“All right, Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “you must be tired from all this journeying. You may go to sleep first, and let me meditate on this roll of scripture.”

“Master, you must be mistaken,” said Pilgrim. “You left the family in your youth to become a monk. How could you not be completely familiar with all the scriptures you studied when you were young? Then you received the command from the Tang emperor to go to the Western Heaven and see Buddha for the True Canon of Mahāyāna. But at this moment, your merit has not been perfected, you have not seen the Buddha, and you have not yet acquired the scriptures. Which roll of scripture do you want to meditate on?”

Tripitaka said, “Since I left Chang’an, I have been traveling day and night, and I fear that the scriptures I learned in my youth might slip away from me. Tonight there’s a little time, and I want to do some reviewing.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “we’ll go to sleep first.”

The three disciples indeed lay down on three of the rattan beds. Closing the door of the Zen hall and turning up the lamp, the elder opened his roll of scripture and began to read and meditate in silence. Truly it was that

*First watch struck from a tower, human bustle ceased,
When fishing-boat fires by wild banks went out.*

We don’t know how that elder will depart from the monastery; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-SEVEN

*The ghost king visits Tripitaka Tang at night
Wukong, through wondrous transformation, leads the child*

We were telling you about Tripitaka sitting in the Chan hall of the Precious Grove Monastery. He meditated for awhile beneath the lamps on the *Water Litany of King Liang*, and he read for awhile the *True Sūtra of the Peacock*. Not until about the hour of the third watch did he wrap up the scriptures again in his bag. He was just about to get up and walk over to his bed when he heard the weird moan of a strong gust outside the door. Fearing that it might blow out the lamp, he tried hurriedly to shade it with the sleeve of his gown. When he saw the lamp flicker, he began to tremble, but at the same time, he was overcome by fatigue and soon dozed off with his head resting on the reading desk. Though his eyes were closed, he still seemed to be half conscious, able to hear all the time the continuous sighing of the dark wind outside his window. What a wind! Truly it

*Whistled and whiffled—
It swayed and scattered—
It whistled and whiffled as fallen leaves flew;
It swayed and scattered the floating clouds.
Heaven's stars and planets were all darkened;
The whole Earth's dust and sand were strewn afar.
For awhile it was fierce;
For awhile it was mild.
When mild, bamboos and pines beat out their pure rhymes;
When fierce, waves of lakes and rivers heaved and churned.
It blew till mountain birds grew restless, their voices choked,
And sea fishes had no peace as they tossed and turned.
Windows and doors fell off in both east and west halls;
Gods and ghosts glowered in hallways front and back.
The Buddha Hall's flower vase was blown to the ground;
The oil chalice tumbled and wisdom-lamp grew faint;
The incense urn turned over and ashes spilled out;
The candlesticks were tilted as flames changed to smoke.
Banners, sacred canopies were all awry.
Bell-and-drum towers were shaken to the roots!*

In his dream the elder seemed to hear, after the wind had passed, a faint voice outside the Chan hall crying, "Master!"

He raised his head in his dream to look and discovered a man standing outside the door who was soaked from head to toe. As tears rolled down from his eyes, he kept calling, "Master!"

Tripitaka rose up and said, "Could you be a goblin or a ghost, a fiend or a demon, coming to mock me at the depth of night? I am neither a rapacious nor a wrathful person, but rather an honest and upright priest. Having received the imperial decree from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, I am on my way to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. I have three disciples under my command, all valiant men able to tame tigers and subdue dragons, heroic warriors capable of repelling

demons and extirpating monsters. If they see you, you will be reduced to powder and dust. Take note, therefore, of my compassionate intent and my mind which knows how to use skillful means.

Leave this place, go somewhere far away while there's still time, and don't come up to the door of our Chan hall." Reclining firmly by the door of the hall, the man said, "Master, we are not a demon or monster, nor are we a goblin or bogie."

"If you are not that kind of a creature," said Tripitaka, "why are you here so late in the night?"

"Open wide your eyes, Master," said the man, "and look at us."

The elder indeed fixed his gaze on his visitor. Ah!

*His head had on it a rising-to- Heaven cap;
A green-jade belt he tied around his waist.
He wore on his body a reddish brown robe with dancing phoenixes and flying dragons;
His feet trod on a pair of carefree boots of embroidered cloud pattern;
His hands held a white jade token adorned with planets and stars.
His face seemed the immortal King of Tai Mountain;
His form was like the civilized Lord Wenchang.*

When Tripitaka saw this figure, he paled with fright and hurriedly bowed low before his visitor, shouting, "Which dynasty do you belong to, Your Majesty? Please take a seat."

He then tried to take hold of his visitor's hands, only to find that he succeeded in grasping nothing but thin air. Spinning around, he sat down and looked: there was the man again. The elder asked once more, "Your Majesty, in what region are you a king? Of what empire are you a ruler? Could it be that there is strife in your kingdom and you are so oppressed by treacherous ministers that you have to flee for your life and arrive here at night? What do you have to say? Please tell me." Only then did the man,

*As tears rolled down his cheeks, describe events of old;
As sorrow knitted his brow, disclose the former cause.*

"Master," he said, "our home is located due west of here, only about forty miles away, where there is a city, the place we founded our kingdom."

"What is its name?" asked Tripitaka. "To tell you the truth," said the man, "when we established our reign, we gave it the name Black Rooster Kingdom."

"Why is it that Your Majesty seems so frightened," said Tripitaka, "and for what reason did you come to this place?"

The man replied, "O Master! Five years ago we had a drought here, so severe that no vegetation could grow and the people were all starving to death. It was dreadful." When Tripitaka heard these words, he nodded and smiled, saying, "Your Majesty, the ancients said, 'When the kingdom is upright, then even the Mind of Heaven is agreeable.' You must not have been treating your subjects with compassion. If there were drought and famine in the land, how could you forsake your domain? You should have opened up your warehouses in order to bring relief to the people; you should repent of all the sins you have committed and try to do good henceforth. When you have freed and pardoned those who were unjustly accused and condemned, then the

Mind of Heaven will be pacified and the winds and the rains will become timely and auspicious once more.”

“The warehouses in my kingdom,” said the man, “were all empty and both our revenue and food were exhausted. The salaries for our civil and military officials had to be stopped, and there was not meat in our royal diet. I attempted to imitate the way King Yu conquered the flood, by suffering with our people, by ritual cleansing, maintaining a vegetarian diet, and practicing abstinence. Night and day we offered prayers and incense to Heaven. This went on for three years, but all we had as a result were parched rivers and dried wells. As we reached our most desperate moment, there came to us suddenly from Zhongnan Mountain a Daoist of the Complete Truth Order, who was able to summon the wind and call for rain, to transform rock into gold.

He first presented himself to the civil and military officials, and then he met with us. We, of course, invited him to ascend the liturgical platform and offer prayers, which were indeed efficacious. As he struck aloud his ritual placard, torrential rain came down in a moment. We thought that three feet of rain would be quite sufficient, but he said that since the drought had been so severe for such a long time, he would ask for an extra two inches. When we saw how magnanimous he was, we went through the ceremony of Eight Bows with him and became bond-brothers.”

“This,” said Tripitaka, “had to be the greatest joy for Your Majesty.”

“What joy was there?” asked the man.

Tripitaka said, “If the Daoist had that kind of abilities, you could tell him to make rain when you wanted rain, and to make gold when you wanted gold. What need was there that made you leave the city and come here now?”

“Indeed, we became so intimate with him that we shared our food and rest together for two years,” said the man, “when it was the time of spring again. As flowers bloomed seductively on the apricot and peach trees, every household in the kingdom was going out to enjoy the lovely scenery. At the time when our officials retired to their residences and our consorts to their chambers, we walked hand-in-hand with the Daoist into the imperial garden. When we came near our well with octagonal marble walls, he threw something in it that emitted myriad shafts of golden light and tricked us into approaching the side of the well to see what sort of treasure was in it.

Moved to treachery all at once, he pushed us into the well, which he then covered with a slab of stone. He sealed off the entire well with mud and dirt, and he even transplanted a plantain tree on it. Alas, pity us! We have been dead now for three years, a ghost who lost his life in the well and whose wrong has yet to be avenged.” When the Tang Monk heard that the man was in fact a ghost, he turned numb with fear as his hairs stood on end. He had, however, no choice but to question his visitor further, saying, “Your Majesty, there is something unreasonable in what you have just said. If you have indeed been dead for three years, how could those civil and military officials, those consorts of three palaces, not miss you and seek you when they had to attend court once every third morning?”

The man said, “Master, when one speaks of the Daoist’s abilities, they are truly rare in the world. Since he murdered us, he shook his body once in the garden and transformed himself into an exact image of us. Then and there he took over our empire and usurped our kingdom. Our two divisions of civil and military officials—some four hundred court ministers—and the consorts and ladies of three palaces and six chambers now all belong to him.”

“Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka, “you are too timid.”

“Why timid?” asked the man. Tripitaka said, “Your Majesty, that fiend indeed must have some magic powers in order to change into your form and usurp your kingdom. The civil and military officials might not recognize him, and the consorts might not realize what has happened. But you understand, even though you have died. Why didn’t you file suit against him before King Yama in the Region of Darkness? You can at least give an account of the wrongs perpetrated.”

“His magic powers are great indeed,” said the man, “and he’s intimate with most of the divine officials. The city’s tutelary guardian drinks with him frequently; the ocean’s dragon kings are his relatives; Equal-to-Heaven of the Tai Mountain is his dear friend, and the Ten Kings of Hell happen to be his bond-brothers. That’s why we have no place to go even to file suit.”

Tripitaka said, “Your Majesty, if you cannot bring suit against him in the Region of Darkness, why do you come here to the World of Light?”

“O Master,” said the man, “you think that this slip of a wronged soul would dare approach your gate? Before this monastery you have the various tutelary devas, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, and the Eighteen Guardians of the Faith, all of them closely watching over you and your horse. Just now it was the Night Patrol God who brought us in here with a gust of divine wind. He said that our water ordeal of three years is now fulfilled, and that we should come to seek an audience with you. He told us that you have under your command a senior disciple, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who is able to slay fiends and subdue demons. We have come with all sincerity to plead with you. We beseech you to go to our kingdom and seize the demon, so that the true and the deviate can properly be distinguished. To repay the kindness of Master, we shall imitate those who express their gratitude by weaving grass ropes or holding bracelets in the mouth.”

“Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka, “so you came here to ask my disciple to get rid of those monsters for you?”

“Exactly! Exactly!” said the man. Tripitaka said, “My disciple may not be good in doing something else, but if you ask him to subdue demons and catch fiends, the work will suit him to a tee. But Your Majesty, though you may order him to seize the monster, I fear that he may find it difficult to carry out.”

“Why should it be difficult?” asked the man.

Tripitaka replied, “If that fiend indeed possesses such great magic powers that he has managed to transform himself into an exact image of you, then it will mean also that all the civil and military officials of the court and all your consorts have been nothing but friendly and amiable toward him. Though my disciple may be able, he would not engage in warfare recklessly. For if we were caught by the officials, who should accuse us of plotting against the kingdom and charge us with the crime of treason, we would be imprisoned in your city. Wouldn’t our efforts then be like the failed attempt of drawing a tiger or carving a heron and turning it into another creature?”

“I still have someone in the city,” said the man. Tripitaka said, “That’s good, that’s good! He must be, I suppose, an hereditary prince of the first order, dispatched to a command post somewhere.”

“No,” said the man, “I have in the palace a prince, an heir apparent of my own begetting.”

“Has the prince been banished by the demon?” asked Tripitaka. “Not yet,” said the man, “but he has been asked to remain in the Hall of Golden Chimes, either to discuss the classic texts with one of the secretaries, or to sit on the throne with the Daoist. For these three years, the prince was forbidden to enter the palace and unable to see his mother.”

Tripitaka asked, “For what reason?”

The man said, “This was a plan of that fiend, for he feared that if mother and son had a chance to meet, their casual conversations might lead them to discover the truth.”

“Though your ordeal no doubt has been preordained of Heaven,” said Tripitaka, “it is nonetheless similar to what I had to undergo.

Long ago my father was killed by a pirate, who also took my mother by force. After three months, she gave birth to me, and I escaped with my life in the waters. It was my good fortune that a gracious master at the Gold Mountain Monastery reared me till I was grown.

Come to think of it,

*I had neither father nor mother when I was young,
And the prince at this place has lost his parents.*

How pitiful indeed! But let me ask you, though you may have a prince still in court, how can I possibly get to meet him?”

“Why not?” asked the man. Tripitaka said, “He’s now guarded by the demon, and he cannot even see his own mother. I’m only a monk. For what reason would I be able to have an audience with him?”

The man said, “But he is leaving the court tomorrow.”

“What for?” asked Tripitaka. The man said, “During the time of the early court tomorrow, the prince plans to lead three thousand men and horses, together with falcons and dogs, to go hunting outside the city. Master will certainly have a chance to meet him; when you do and if you are willing to tell him what I told you, he will believe you.”

“He’s of fleshly eyes and mortal stock,” said Tripitaka. “Having been deceived by the demon into remaining in the hall, was there a day when he did not address the spurious ruler as father king? How could he possibly believe my words?”

“If you are afraid that he won’t believe you,” said the man, “we shall leave with you a sign to indicate that you are telling the truth.”

“What kind of sign?” asked Tripitaka. The man put down the white jade token inlaid with gold he had in his hands and said, “This thing can be a sign.”

“What’s the significance of this thing?” asked Tripitaka. The man said, “After the Daoist had changed into our form, all he lacked was this treasure.

When he entered the palace, he claimed that the rain-making Daoist had robbed him of this jade token, which for three years now he had not been able to recover. If our prince sees it, the sight of the thing will remind him of its true owner, and our wrongs will be avenged.”

“All right,” said Tripitaka, “let me have it, and I’ll ask my disciple to take care of you. Will you wait here?”

“We dare not,” said the man. “We plan to ask the Night Patrol God to use another gust of divine wind and send us into the inner palace, where we shall appear in a dream to our true queen of the central palace. We want to make certain that mother and son will be of one mind with all of you.”

Tripitaka nodded in agreement and said, “Please go.”

The wronged soul bowed to take leave of Tripitaka, who was trying to walk outside to send him off. Somehow he tripped and fell, and when Tripitaka woke up with a start, it was all a dream. As he faced the dim, flickering lamp in fear, he cried repeatedly, “Disciples! Disciples!”

“What’s all this hollering for the local spirit?” mumbled Eight Rules, beginning to stir. “I used to be a man of might dedicated to passing my days by devouring humans, and I loved the taste of blood and meat. What enjoyment! You have to leave the family and ask us to protect you on a journey. I thought I was to be a monk, but in fact I’m a slave! During the day I have to pole the luggage and lead the horse, while at night, I have to carry the night pot and smell someone’s stinky feet by sharing his bed. And even at this hour, you are not asleep! What are you calling disciples for?”

“Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “just now I fell asleep on the table and had a weird dream.” Leaping up all at once, Pilgrim said, “Dreams arise from your thoughts. Before you ascended a mountain, you were afraid of monsters already. You worried over the distance to Thunderclap, which you have yet to reach; you also thought of Chang’an and wondered when you would be able to return.

When your mind is restless, you have many dreams. But look at old Monkey! With true single-mindedness I seek to see Buddha in the West, and that’s why I don’t have even the tiniest dream!”

Tripitaka said, “Disciple, this dream of mine is not a homesick dream. When I closed my eyes just now, a violent gust of wind brought into my view a king standing outside the door of our chamber. He said that he was the ruler of the Black Rooster Kingdom, but his whole body was dripping wet and he was weeping.”

He then proceeded to give a thorough account of their conversation in the dream to Pilgrim. “No need to say anything more,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “If he appears in this dream of yours to you, he’s plainly trying to take care of old Monkey by giving me some business. There must be a fiend there trying to usurp the throne and seize the kingdom. Let me distinguish the true from the false for those people. When my rod reaches that place, success is assured.”

“But disciple,” said Tripitaka, “he said that the fiend has great magic power.”

“Don’t be afraid of whatever greatness he has!” said Pilgrim. “Just remember that when old Monkey arrives, he’ll have no place to run.”

Tripitaka said, “I also remember that he left us something as a sign.”

“Master, don’t fool around,” said Eight Rules. “It’s just a dream. Why keep up this chit-chat?” Sha Monk said, “As the saying goes,

*Don’t believe the honesty of the honest;
Guard against the unkindness of the kind.*

Let us fetch some torches and open our door, then we can see what has happened.” Pilgrim indeed opened the door, and as they looked together, they saw in the light of the stars and moon there was truly a white jade token inlaid with gold placed on the steps. Eight Rules walked forward and picked it up, saying, “Elder Brother, what is this?”

“This is a treasure usually held by a king,” said Pilgrim, “and it’s called a jade token. Master, since we do have such a thing, the matter of your dream has to be true. You can depend entirely on old Monkey for catching the fiend tomorrow. But I want you to face three unlucky things.”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said Eight Rules. “It’s enough to have a dream. You have to tell him about it, too! Since when has this fellow failed to play tricks on people? Now he wants you to face three unlucky things.”

As he walked back inside, Tripitaka asked, “What three things?” Pilgrim said, “Tomorrow I want you to take the blame, take abuse, and catch the plague.”

“Just one of these is bad enough,” said Eight Rules, laughing. “How could one bear all three of them?”

The Tang Monk, after all, was an intelligent elder. He therefore asked, “Disciple, can you tell me more about what these three things involve?”

“No need to tell you,” said Pilgrim, “but first let me give you these two objects.”

Dear Great Sage! Pulling off one of his hairs, he blew on it a mouthful of divine breath and cried, “Change!” It changed instantly into a red lacquered box plated in gold. After he placed the white jade token inside the box, he said, “Master, in the morning, you should hold this thing in your hands and put on your brocade cassock. Then go sit in the main hall and recite some sūtras. Let me go first to the city to have a look; if there is indeed a fiend, I’ll slay him so that we can achieve some merit at this place. But if there is no fiend, we ought not to incur calamity on ourselves.”

“Exactly! Exactly!” said Tripitaka. Pilgrim said, “If the prince doesn’t leave the city, then there may not be much that I can do. But if he indeed comes out of the city in accordance with your dream, I will certainly bring him here to see you.”

“What shall I say to him when I see him?” asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim replied, “When he arrives, let me first come in and announce him. You can then pull the cover of the box open slightly, and I shall change into a tiny monk about two inches tall so that I, too, can be placed inside the box. You can hold the whole thing in your hands. When the prince enters the monastery, he will most certainly want to pay homage to Buddha. Let him bow all he wants, but don’t you pay him any attention. When he sees that you do not even rise before him, he will surely order you seized. Let him do that—in fact, let him beat you, tie you up, or execute you.”

“Hey!” said Tripitaka. “He’s capable of issuing a high military order. If he truly wants to have me executed, what shall I do?”

“No fear, for I’m around,” said Pilgrim. “When you get to the crucial moment, I’ll be there to protect you. If he asks who you are, you can identify yourself as a monk sent by imperial decree from the Land of the East to present treasures to Buddha and to acquire scriptures from him in the Western Heaven. If he asks what sort of treasure you have, you can tell him about the brocade cassock of yours. Say to him, however, that it is only a third-class treasure, and that you have in your possession good things that

belong to the first and second classes. When he asks you some more, you can then tell him that there is a treasure in this box, which has knowledge of the past five hundred years, the present five hundred years, and the future five hundred years. All in all, this treasure has complete knowledge of the events of past and future for a period of one thousand five hundred years. Let old Monkey come out then, and I shall tell the prince what you heard in your dream. If he believes me, I'll go catch the demon, so that his father king may be avenged and our reputation may be established at this place. If he doesn't believe me, we can then show him the white jade token. I fear that he might be a bit young even to recognize the token." When Tripitaka heard these words, he was very pleased, saying, "O Disciple, this is a most marvelous plan! But talk about these treasures, one will be called brocade cassock and the other white jade token. What shall be the name of that treasure you will change into?"

"Let's call him King-Making Thing," said Pilgrim.

Tripitaka agreed and kept these words in his heart. That whole night master and disciples did not, of course, have any sleep.

Impatiently waiting for the dawn, they wish they could

*By nodding their heads call forth the eastern sun,
And with one breath disperse all Heaven's stars.*

In a little while, the eastern sky paled with light. Pilgrim thereupon gave the following instruction to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "Don't disturb the monks, so that they won't be milling about in the monastery. When I have accomplished what I must do, then we'll journey again."

He took leave of them and somersaulted at once into the air. Opening wide his fiery eyes to look toward the West, he discovered that there was indeed a city. "How could he see it so readily?" you ask. The fact of the matter was that the city, as we told you before, was only forty miles away. So, the moment Pilgrim rose into the air, he saw it immediately.

As Pilgrim drew near the city and stared at it carefully, he saw that it was shrouded by unending layers of eerie mists and battered by constant gusts of demonic wind. Sighing to himself in the air, Pilgrim said,

*If a true king ascends his precious throne,
Auspicious light and clouds will this place enfold.
Since a fiend has usurped the dragon seat,
Rising black mist seals up the doors of gold.*

He was thus speaking to himself when he heard the loud booms of cannons. As the eastern gate swung open, a troop of men and horses appeared, indeed a hunting corps most fearsome in appearance. You see them:

*Leaving the capital at dawn,
They go to hunt on the meadow.
Bright banners unfurl in the sun;
White stallions race against the wind.
The lizard-skin drums roll and roll
As tasseled lances strike in pairs.
The falconers are ferocious,
And whippers-in both mean and strong.
Fire cannons rattle the heavens*

*And birdlime poles glow in the sun.
 Each one props up his arrows;
 Every man wears his carved bows.
 Spreading their nets beneath the slope,
 They pull taut the ropes in the paths.
 At one crack like a thunderclap,
 A thousand steeds charge leopards and bears.
 Tricky hares cannot save their lives;
 Wily deer are at their wits' end;
 Foxes are fated to expire;
 Antelopes perish in the midst.
 If pheasants can't fly to escape,
 Could wild fowls find refuge from harm?
 All of them ransack the mountain range to capture wild beasts,
 And cut down the forest to shoot at flying things!*

After those people had come out of the city, they spread out in the countryside toward the east, and in a little while they reached the rice fields on the highland some twenty miles away. In the midst of the troops there was a young warrior, who

*Wore a helmet
 And a cuirass;
 A cummerbund, too,
 Of eighteen layers.*

His hands held a treasure sword of blue steel and he rode a brown warhorse. A fully strung bow also hung from his waist. Truly

*He seemed faintly like a king,
 A ruler with noble looks.
 His features were not uncouth:
 Like a true dragon he moved.*

Secretly pleased in the air, Pilgrim said to himself, "That one has to be the crown prince. Let me tease him a little."

Dear Great Sage! He lowered his cloud and darted straight into the army of the prince. Shaking his body once, he changed instantly into a little white rabbit, scampering about before the prince's horse. When the prince saw it, he could not have been more delighted. Pulling out an arrow, he stretched his bow to the fullest and shot the rabbit squarely with it.

The Great Sage, of course, had made it possible for the prince to hit him; being quick of hand and eye, he actually had caught the arrow. After dropping some of the arrow's feathers on the ground, he turned and sped away. When the prince saw the arrow had found its mark on the rabbit, he urged his horse on to give chase all by himself. He did not realize that he was being led away deliberately: when the horse galloped, Pilgrim ran like the wind, but when the horse slowed down, Pilgrim also took up a more leisurely pace just to stay slightly ahead of him. Mile after mile it went on like this, until the prince was lured right up to the gate of the Precious Grove Monastery. Changing back into his true form (the rabbit thus disappeared and only the hawk-feathered arrow was stuck on the doorpost), Pilgrim raced inside yelling to the Tang Monk, "Master, he's here, he's here!"

He changed again, this time into a tiny monk about two inches tall, and crawled at once into the red box.

We now tell you about the prince, who chased his prey right up to the monastery gate; he could not find the white rabbit, but he saw an eagle-plumed arrow stuck on the doorpost. Greatly startled and turning pale, the prince said, "Strange! Strange! I clearly shot the white rabbit with my arrow. How could the rabbit disappear, and only the arrow be seen here? It must be that after years and months, the rabbit has turned into a spirit."

He pulled out the arrow and raised his head to look: there on top of the gate of the monastery were written seven words in large characters, "Precious Grove Monastery Built by Imperial Command."

"Now I know," said the prince.

"Years ago my father king, I recall, did send some officials from the Hall of Golden Chimes to take some gold here so that the monks could redecorate the images and the halls. I didn't expect that I would be here today. Truly,

*There, in a bamboo-shaded walk,
With a good monk I fell to talk.
So in this tedious mortal round
One afternoon of peace I found.*

Let me go inside for a walk." Leaping down from the horse, the prince was about to enter the monastery, when those three thousand men and horses who were accompanying him also arrived. As they crowded into the monastery, the resident monks hurriedly came kowtowing to receive them into the main hall so that they could pay homage to the images of Buddha. Afterwards, they raised their eyes to look about, intending to tour the corridors and enjoy the scenery, when they suddenly discovered that there was a monk sitting right in the middle of the hall.

Becoming enraged at once, the prince said, "This monk is terribly rude! Half a throne of this dynasty has entered this monastery.

Though I have issued no decree for this visit so that he has been spared from meeting us at a great distance, he should now at least get up when soldiers and horses are at the door. How dare he sit there unmoved? Seize him!"

He said "Seize," and the guards on both sides immediately attempted to catch hold of the Tang Monk so that they could bind him with ropes. Sitting in the box, Pilgrim recited in silence a spell, saying, "You various Guardians of the Faith, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, I am drawing up a plan to subdue a fiend. This prince, ignorant of the matter, is about to have my master bound with ropes. All of you must protect him. If he's really bound, you all will be found guilty." When the Great Sage gave such an order in secret, who would dare disobey him! The deities indeed gave protection to Tripitaka in such a way that those people could not even touch his bald head. It was as if a brick wall had come between them, so that they could not approach him at all.

"Where did you come from, monk," said the prince, "that you dare use this magic of body concealment to mock me?"

Tripitaka walked up to him instead and saluted him, saying, "This poor monk does not know any magic of body concealment. I am the Tang Monk from the Land of

the East, a priest going to present treasures to Buddha and to acquire scriptures from him in the Western Heaven.”

The prince said, “Though your Land of the East is actually the central plains, it is incomparably poor. What kind of treasures do you have? You tell me!”

“The cassock I have on my body,” said Tripitaka, “is a treasure of the third class. But I have in addition those of the first and second classes as well, and they are even better things.”

“That garment of yours,” said the prince, “covers only one side of your body, while your arm sticks out on the other side. How much could it be worth that you dare call it a treasure?”

Tripitaka said, “Though this cassock does not completely cover the body, I have several lines of a poem which will reveal its excellence. The poem says:

*The Buddha's gown's a half robe, there's no need to say.
It hides within the Real, free of worldly dust.
Countless threads and stitches perfect this right fruit;
Eight treasures and nine pearls fuse with the primal soul.
Maidens divine did make it reverently
To give to a monk to cleanse his sullied frame.
It's all right to see but not to greet the Throne.
But you, your father's wrong unrequited, have lived in vain!”*

When the prince heard these words, he grew very angry, saying, “This brazen Chan monk is talking rubbish! Your clever mouth and slippery tongue may boast all you will of that half a piece of garment. But since when have I not requited my father's wrong? You tell me.”

Taking a step forward, Tripitaka folded his hands and said, “Your Highness, how many favors does a man receive as he lives in this world?”

“Four favors,” said the prince. “Which four?” asked Tripitaka. “The favor of shelter and support provided by Heaven and Earth,” said the prince, “the favor of the luminous presence of the sun and the moon, the favor of provisions from the ruler and his land, and the favor of his parents' breeding and nurture.” With a smile, Tripitaka said, “The words of Your Highness are not quite right.

A man has only the shelter and support of Heaven and Earth, the luminous presence of the sun and the moon, and the provisions from the land of his king. Where does he get his parent's breeding and nurture?”

“This monk,” said the prince angrily, “is an idle and ungrateful man, who shaves his hair only to commit treason! If a man has no parental breeding and nurture, where does his body come from?”

“Your Highness,” said Tripitaka, “this humble monk does not know the answer, but inside this red box is a treasure called the King- Making Thing. He has knowledge of events of the past five hundred years, the present five hundred years, and the future five hundred years. All in all, he knows completely the events of past and future for a period of one thousand five hundred years, and he knows that there is no such favor of parental breeding and nurture. It is he who has ordered your poor monk to wait here for you for a long time.”

Hearing this, the prince gave the order, “Bring him here for me to see.”

Tripitaka pulled open the box's cover; Pilgrim leaped out and began to hobble all over the place. The prince said, "This little midget! What can he know?" When Pilgrim heard this remark about his size, he at once resorted to magic. Straightening up his torso, he grew about three and a half feet instantly. "If he can grow that rapidly," said the soldiers, highly startled, "it will only be a few days before he pierces the sky." When Pilgrim reached his normal height, however, he stopped growing. Then the prince asked him, "King-Making Thing, this old monk claims that you have the knowledge of past and future, of good and evil. Do you divine by the tortoise shell, by the stalks of plants, or do you use books to determine human fortunes?"

"None of these," said Pilgrim, "for

*I need my three-inch tongue solely,
When I know all things completely."*

"This fellow, too, is babbling!" said the prince. "Since the time of antiquity, the book, *Classic of Change* of the Zhou dynasty, has proved to be supremely marvelous in determining throughout the world good and evil for man to seek or avoid. Therefore tortoise shells or plant stalks are used for divination. But if one relies solely on your words, what evidence is there? Your empty words on luck or misfortune can only vex the minds of people." Pilgrim said, "Please do not be hasty, Your Highness. You are actually a prince begotten of the King of the Black Rooster Kingdom.

Five years ago, you had a severe drought here and all the people were in such great suffering that your king and his subjects had to offer fervent prayers. Though not a drop of rain came, a Daoist arrived from the Zhongnan Mountain, who was an expert in summoning wind and rain and in transforming stone into gold. The king was so fond of him that he became his sworn brother. Is all this true?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the prince. "Say some more." Pilgrim said, "After three years, the Daoist disappeared, and who is he now who uses the royal 'we'?"

The prince said, "There was indeed a Daoist, with whom father king swore to be his brother. In fact, they ate together and rested together. Three years ago when they were enjoying the sights of the imperial garden, the Daoist used a gust of magic wind and transported back to Zhongnan Mountain the gold inlaid white jade token that father king had in his hands. Even now, however, father king still misses him, and because of his absence, has closed down the garden for three years. But who is now ruling, if not my father king?" When Pilgrim heard these words, he began to snicker. The prince asked him again, but instead of replying, he only continued to snicker some more. "Why don't you speak when you should?" said the prince angrily. "Why do you snicker like that?"

"I still have plenty to say," said Pilgrim, "but there are so many people around and it's not convenient for me to speak up." When the prince saw that there might be some reason for such a statement, he waved his sleeve once to dismiss the soldiers. The captain of the guards immediately gave the order to have the three thousand men and horses stationed outside the monastery gate. The hall was thus nearly emptied of people, with only the prince sitting in the middle, the elder standing before him, and Pilgrim to his left.

After even the resident monks retired, then Pilgrim went forward and said to him soberly, "Your Highness, the one who left with the wind is actually your true father, but the one who occupies the throne now is the Daoist who made rain."

“Nonsense! Nonsense!” said the prince. “Since the departure of the Daoist, my father has governed so well that the wind and rain are seasonal, the country is prosperous, and the people are secure. But if what you say is true, then the present ruler is not my father king.

It’s a good thing that I am young and I can be somewhat tolerant. If my father king hears such treasonous words from you, he will have you seized and hewn to pieces.”

He dismissed Pilgrim with a snort. Turning to the Tang Monk, Pilgrim said, “You see? I said that he wouldn’t believe me, and indeed he does not. Take the treasure now and present it to him. After certifying our rescript, we can proceed to the Western Heaven.” Tripitaka handed the red box over to Pilgrim, who having received it, shook his body and the box disappeared. It was, you see, actually the transformation of his hair that was retrieved by him. With both hands, Pilgrim presented the white jade token to the prince.

When he saw the object, the prince shouted, “What a monk! What a monk! You were the Daoist of five years ago who came to cheat our household of this treasure. Now you are disguised as a monk to present it back to us? Seize him!” When he shouted the order like that, the elder was so frightened that he pointed at Pilgrim and said, “You Ban-Horse-Plague! You have a special knack for causing trouble and bringing calamity on me!”

“Don’t shout!” said Pilgrim, walking up to the prince to stop him. “Don’t let this thing leak out.

I’m not called King-Making Thing, for I have a real name.” “You come up here!” said the prince angrily. “Answer me with your real name so that I can send you to the bureau of justice to sentence you.”

Pilgrim said, “I’m the senior disciple of this elder, and my name is Wukong Pilgrim Sun. Because my master and I were on our way to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven, we arrived last night and found lodging here. My master was reading the sūtras in the night, and at about the hour of the third watch, he dreamed that your father appeared to him. Your father claimed that he was harmed by that Daoist, who pushed him into the octagonal well with the marble wall in the imperial garden. The Daoist changed into the form of your father, and this was not known to any of the court officials nor to you since you were so young. You were forbidden to enter the inner palace, and the garden was shut down so that the truth could not be discovered, I suppose. Your father king came specially in the night to ask me to subdue this demon. At first, I was afraid that the murderer was not a demon, but when I surveyed the city in midair, I could see that there was a monster-spirit all right. I was about to seize him when you came out of the city to hunt. The white rabbit that you shot with your arrow happened to be this old Monkey, who led you here to the monastery to see my master. Every word that we have said to you is the truth. If you could recognize this white jade token, how could you possibly not think of your father’s care and love and seek vengeance for him?”

When the prince heard these words, he became grief stricken, thinking to himself sorrowfully, “Even if I don’t believe him, his words seem to have at least thirty percent truth. But if I believe him, how could I face the father king now in the palace?” This is what we call

To advance or retreat is hard, so the mind asks the mouth;

To think thrice, to have patience—as the mouth asks the mind.

When Pilgrim saw how perplexed he was, he said again, “Your Highness, there’s no need for perplexity. Let Your Highness return to your kingdom, and make inquiry of your queen mother. Ask her whether the feelings between her and her husband are the same as three years before. Just this one question will reveal the truth.” Persuaded by this, the prince said, “Yes, let me go and inquire of my mother.” Leaping up, he took hold of the white jade token and wanted to leave. Pilgrim, however, tugged at him, saying, “If all these men and horses of yours return with you, someone is bound to leak out information, and it’ll be hard for me to succeed. You must, therefore, go back alone, and don’t make a show of yourself. Don’t go through the Central Gate of the Sun, but enter the palace through the Rear Gate of the Servants. When you get to see your mother in the palace, you must remember not to speak loftily or loudly; you must speak quietly and in a subdued manner. For I fear that the fiend has great magic powers, and if he ever gets wind of the news, it’ll be difficult to preserve the lives of you and your mother.”

The prince obeyed this instruction; walking out the door, he gave this order to the officers; “Stay and camp here. Don’t move. I have something to attend to. When I return, we shall go back to the city together.” Look at him!

*He gave his troops the order to pitch their camp,
And sped to his city on a flying horse.*

As he left, we do not know what they have to say when he sees his mother; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-EIGHT

*The child queries his mother to learn of deviancy and truth
Metal and Wood, reaching the deep, see the false and the real*

*I meet you to speak just on the cause of birth
That'll make you one of Buddha's assembly.
One calm thought sees Him in this realm of dust;
The whole world watches the god who subdues.
If you'd know today's true, enlightened lord,
You must ask your mother of former years.
There's another world you have never seen,
For each step in life may bring something new.*

We were telling you about the prince of the Black Rooster Kingdom, who, after he took leave of the Great Sage, soon returned to his city. Indeed, he did not approach the gate of the court, nor did he dare announce his arrival. Going instead to the Rear Gate of the Servants, he found that it was guarded by several eunuchs. When they saw the prince approaching, however, they dared not stop him and let him pass. Dear prince! Pressing his horse, he galloped inside and went straight up to the Brocade Fragrance Pavilion, in which the queen was seated, with scores of palace maidens waving their fans on both sides. The queen, however, was reclining on the carved railings of the pavilion and shedding tears. Why was she shedding tears, you ask? For at the hour of the fourth watch, you see, she too had a dream, but she could remember only half of it. She was trying very hard to recall the other half when the prince dismounted and knelt beneath the pavilion, saying, "Mother!"

Forcing herself to appear delighted, the queen cried out, "Son, what joy! What joy! For these two or three years, you have been staying in the front palace to study with your father king and I have not been able to see you. How I have thought of you! How is it that you have the leisure today to come see me instead? This is truly my greatest joy, my greatest joy! O son, why do you sound so sad? Your father king, after all, is getting on in his years. There will be a day when the dragon returns to the jade-green sea and the phoenix will go back to the scarlet heavens. You will then inherit the throne. What could there possibly be to make you unhappy?"

The prince kowtowed before he said, "Mother, permit me to ask you: who is he that is on the throne now? Who is the man who uses the royal 'we'?" When the queen heard this, she said, "This child has gone mad! The one who is ruling is your father king. Why do you ask such questions?"

Again kowtowing, the prince said, "I beseech my mother to grant her son a pardon first. Only then would I dare present a further question. If you do not, I'll dare not ask."

"Between mother and son," said the queen, "how could there be any criminal offense? Of course I'll pardon you. Speak up, quickly!"

The prince said, "Let me ask you this: are your relations with your husband just as warm and intimate as three years before?" When the queen heard this question, her spirit left her and her soul fled. She dashed out of the pavilion and embraced the prince tightly as tears fell from her eyes. "My child," she said, "I haven't seen you for such a long time. Why do you come to the palace today and ask this question?"

“Mother,” said the prince, becoming irritated. “If you have something to say, say it. If you don’t speak up, you might jeopardize a very important affair.” Only then did the queen dismiss all her attendants and spoke, quietly weeping, “This matter, if you, son, did not ask me, would never have come to light even when I reached the Nine Springs down below. Since you have asked me, listen to what I have to say:

*Three years ago he was loving and warm;
For three years now he has been cold as ice.
By the pillows I’ve pressed him long and hard;
He said, ‘
I’m old, I’m frail, I can’t make that something rise!’”*

When the prince heard these words, he at once struggled free and mounted his horse once more. Clutching at him desperately, the queen said, “Child, what are you doing? Why do you leave before we finish speaking?”

Again the prince knelt on the ground and said, “Mother, I dare not speak, though I must! During the time of the early court this morning, I went out by imperial decree to hunt with falcons and dogs. By chance I met a holy monk sent by the Throne in the Land of the East to fetch scriptures. He has under him a senior disciple by the name of Pilgrim Sun, who is an expert in the subjugation of fiends. I was told that my real father king had been murdered in the imperial garden; he died, in fact, in the well with the octagonal marble walls. It was the Daoist, who falsely changed into the form of father king and usurped his dragon seat. Last night, father king appeared to the monk in a dream and asked him to send his disciple to the city to catch this fiend. Your child did not dare believe them completely and that was why I came specially to question you. Now that mother has spoken like this, I know that there must be a monster-spirit here.”

“O son,” said the queen, “how could you take the words of some stranger outside as the truth?”

The prince said, “I did not, but father king left them a sign.” When the queen asked what sort of sign it was, the prince took out that white jade token inlaid with gold and handed it to her. Recognizing at once it was a treasure that had belonged to the king, the queen could not hold back the torrents of tears. “My lord!” she cried. “How could you not come to see me first, if you had been dead for three years? How could you go to see the sage monk first, and then the prince afterwards?”

“Mother,” said the prince, “what are you saying?”

The queen said, “My child, I also had a dream last night at about the hour of the fourth watch. I dreamed that your father king stood before me dripping wet, and he told me himself that he was dead. His spirit, he said, had gone to plead with the Tang Monk to subdue the specious king and to save his former body. I clearly recall these words, but there is another half of the dream which I just cannot remember. I was speculating just now by myself when you arrived with your questions and this treasure. Let me put away the jade token for the moment. You should go and ask the sage monk to do what he must do quickly, so that the demonic miasma may be dispelled and the perverse and true can be distinguished. That’s the way you can repay your father king’s kindness in rearing you.” Swiftly mounting his horse, the prince went out of the Rear Gate of the Servants and slipped away from the city. Truly

*Holding back his tears, he kowtowed to leave the queen;
In grief he went to bow again to the Tang Monk.*

In a little while, he was out of the city gate and went straight to the gate of the Precious Grove Monastery, where he dismounted. As the soldiers came to receive him, the sun began to set. The prince gave the order for the soldiers to remain where they were stationed.

Again by himself, he walked inside after straightening out his clothes to solicit Pilgrim's assistance.

Just then the Monkey King swaggered out from the main hall, and the prince at once went to his knees, saying, "Master, I've returned." Pilgrim went forward to raise him, saying, "Please rise. Did you ask anyone when you reached the city?"

"I did," said the prince, and he gave a complete account of the conversation with his mother. Smiling gently, Pilgrim said, "If he is that cold, he must be the transformation of some kind of coldblooded creature. Don't worry! Don't worry! Let old Monkey get rid of him for you. But it's getting late now, and I can't move. You go back first, and I'll arrive tomorrow morning." Kowtowing repeatedly, the prince said, "Master, I'll stay here to wait upon you until tomorrow, and then I can travel with you."

"That's no good," said Pilgrim. "If we enter the city together, the fiend would become suspicious; instead of a chance meeting, he'll think that you have gone somewhere especially to fetch me. The whole arrangement will make him blame you, will it not?"

"Even if I go back now," said the prince, "he will still blame me."

"Why?" asked Pilgrim. The prince said, "I was commanded during the early court to lead this number of men and horses, of falcons and dogs, to leave the city. But when I go back today, I have no game to present to the throne. If he accuses me of being incapable and has me jailed in Youli, whom would you rely on when you enter the city in the morning? There is no one, after all, in the ranks who knows about this."

"That's nothing!" said Pilgrim. "You should have told me earlier about this, and I'd have found some game."

Dear Great Sage! Look at the way he shows off before the prince! With a bound he leaped straight up to the clouds, made the magic sign, and recited the spell, Let *Om* and *Ram* purify the Dharma-realm, which summoned a mountain god and a local spirit. They arrived and bowed to him in midair, saying, "Great Sage, what is your wish when you command these humble deities to appear?" Pilgrim said, "Old Monkey arrives here in the company of the Tang Monk, and he now intends to catch a wicked demon. Unfortunately, the prince did not catch any game during the hunt and he dared not return to the court. I am, therefore, going to ask you for a small favor. Please find for us some fallow deer, antelopes, wild hares, and fowls—a few pieces of each kind—so that we can send him off." Not daring to disobey when they heard this instruction, the mountain god and the local spirit inquired as to how many heads of wild game were needed. "It doesn't matter," said the Great Sage, "just bring us some."

The two deities, leading the demon soldiers under their command, called up a strong gust of dark wind to round up the wild animals. They caught some grouse and pheasants; horned deer and fat fallow deer; foxes, badgers, and hares; tigers, leopards, and wolves—all in all, several hundred of these which they brought before Pilgrim. Pilgrim said, "Old Monkey has no need of these. Pull out their leg tendons and place them on both sides of the forty-mile road leading back to the city. Those people will

then be able to take them back without having to use falcons and dogs, and this will be counted as your merit.”

The deities obeyed; calming the dark wind, they placed the game beside the road.

Pilgrim dropped down from the clouds and said to the prince, “Your Highness, please go back. There is game on the road that you may collect.”

After having seen the kind of power Pilgrim displayed on top of the clouds, the prince had no doubts whatever. He kowtowed to take leave of Pilgrim before walking out of the monastery gate to order the soldiers to return to the city. As they journeyed, they found indeed a large number of wild game laid out on both sides of the road. Without releasing falcons and dogs, the soldiers caught them by merely lifting their hands. All of them, therefore, shouted bravos and congratulated the prince, saying that it was his great luck that brought them the game, but not knowing, of course, that it was the might of old Monkey. Listen to their songs of triumph as they proceeded back to the city! Pilgrim, meanwhile, returned to protect Tripitaka. When those monks in the monastery saw how intimate the pilgrims had become with the prince, how could they dare not be reverent? They again prepared a vegetarian meal to serve to the Tang Monk, who then rested once more in the Zen hall. By about the hour of the first watch, Pilgrim, who had something on his mind, was unable to fall asleep. Rolling off his bed, he dashed up to the Tang Monk and cried, “Master.”

The elder at this time actually was not yet asleep, but knowing that Pilgrim could be rather restless and frenetic, he pretended that he was and did not respond. Pilgrim caught hold of his bald head and started to shake it violently, crying, “Master, how is it that you are already asleep?”

“You rascal!” said the Tang Monk, growing angry. “You aren’t going to sleep at this hour? What are you clamoring for?”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “I have a little matter that I want to discuss with you.”

“What matter?” asked the elder.

Pilgrim said, “During the day I boasted to the prince that my abilities were higher than a mountain and greater than an ocean. To catch that monster-spirit, I said, was as easy as reaching for something in my pocket—all I had to do was to stretch forth my hand and take it. Now I can’t sleep, and when I think about the matter, I find that there’s some difficulty.”

“If you say that it’s going to be difficult,” said the Tang Monk, “then let’s not try to catch him.”

“We still have to,” said Pilgrim, “but we cannot justify our action.”

The Tang Monk said, “This ape is babbling again! The monster-spirit has usurped the throne of a ruler.

What do you mean that we cannot justify our action?” Pilgrim said, “Your venerable self only knows how to recite sūtras and worship Buddha, how to sit and meditate. Since when have you ever seen the legal codes established by Xiao He?

The proverb says, ‘If you arrest a thief, you must seize him with the stolen goods.’ That fiend has been a king for three years, but he has not permitted his secret to leak out in any way. He has slept with the ladies of the three palaces, and he has ruled

amiably with his two rows of civil and military officials. Even if old Monkey has the ability to arrest him, it will not be easy to convict him of his crime.”

“Why not?” asked the Tang Monk. Pilgrim said, “Even if he is a mouth-less gourd, he will have a row with you for awhile. Can’t you hear him? ‘I’m the king of the Black Rooster Kingdom. What offense against Heaven have I committed that you dare come to arrest me?’ What evidence do I have with which I can argue with him?”

“What do you plan to do, then?” said the Tang Monk.

With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, “The plan of old Monkey is already made, but one obstacle I have to face right now is that you, Dear Sir, have a tendency to dote on people.”

“What do you mean?” asked the Tang Monk. Pilgrim said, “Eight Rules is rather stupid, but you are somewhat partial to him.”

“How am I partial to him?” asked the Tang Monk. “If you are not,” said Pilgrim, “then you should try to be more courageous and stay here with Sha Monk. Let old Monkey and Eight Rules take this opportunity now to go into the Black Rooster Kingdom first and find the imperial garden. We will break open the marble well and fish out the corpse of the true king, which we will wrap in our bags. When we enter the city tomorrow, we won’t bother with having our rescript certified; as soon as we see the fiend, I’ll attack him with my rod. If he has anything to say, we’ll show him the skeleton and tell him, ‘You killed this man!’ We can tell the prince to come out and mourn his father, the queen to give recognition to her husband, and the various officials to see their true lord. Old Monkey and the brothers, meanwhile, can lift our hands to fight. Now, that’s what I call a worthwhile litigation because there’s something we can go on!” Secretly pleased by what he heard, the Tang Monk nevertheless said, “My only fear is that Eight Rules is unwilling to go with you.”

“You see!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “I told you that you doted on him! How did you know that he would be unwilling to go? Perhaps you think that he’ll be like you when I called you just now, and after half an hour, I would give up. But watch me! If you let me go near him, I’ll use only my healthy, three-inch tongue to persuade him. Never mind that he is Zhu Eight Rules; even if he were Zhu Nine Rules, I would have the ability to make him go with me.”

“All right,” said the Tang Monk, “you may go and rouse him.” Walking away from his master, Pilgrim went straight up to the side of Eight Rules’s bed and shouted, “Eight Rules! Eight Rules!” Idiot, after all, was a man overcome by travel fatigue: once he put his head down, he snored so hard that nothing could wake him.

Pilgrim finally grabbed his ears and took hold of his bristles; giving a terrific pull, he yanked Eight Rules right up while shouting, “Eight Rules!” Idiot was still shuddering when Pilgrim hollered again. Idiot mumbled, “Let’s sleep! Don’t play around! We have to travel tomorrow.”

“I’m not playing,” said Pilgrim. “There’s some business that you and I must attend to.”

“What business?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, “Did you happen to hear what the prince said?”

“I haven’t even seen him,” said Eight Rules. “I haven’t heard what he had to say.”

“The prince told me,” said Pilgrim, “that that monster-spirit had in his possession a treasure that could overwhelm ten thousand warriors. When we enter the city tomorrow, we can’t avoid doing battle with him; but if that fiend brings out his treasure and defeats us, that won’t be good. So, I thought that if we couldn’t vanquish him, we should do something first. You and I, in fact, should go and steal his treasure. Isn’t that much better?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you are trying to persuade me to be a thief! Well, I know this sort of business, so I can be your customer. But let me say this to you clearly first: when we have stolen the treasure and subdued the monster-spirit, I won’t put up with this niggardly practice of dividing the loot. I’m going to keep the treasure.”

“What for?” asked Pilgrim. “I’m not eloquent like all of you,” said Eight Rules, “and it’s not easy for me to beg for food. This body of old Hog is sluggish, and his words are dull. Moreover, I can’t even recite sūtras. When I get to those wild, uninhabited places, I have hopes that I can exchange the treasure for food.” Pilgrim said, “Old Monkey is only concerned with acquiring a reputation, not a treasure. Of course I’ll give it to you.” When Idiot heard that it was to be given to him, he was delighted and scrambled up at once. Climbing into his clothes, he left with Pilgrim. Truly as the saying goes:

*Even clear wine reddens a man’s face,
And yellow gold moves the mind of Dao.*

The two of them opened the door stealthily and slipped away from Tripitaka; mounting the auspicious luminosity, they headed straight for the city.

In a little while, they reached their destination; as they lowered their clouds, they heard the sound of the second watch struck from a tower. “Brother,” said Pilgrim, “it’s the second watch.”

“Just right!” said Eight Rules. “Everybody is sleeping soundly inside.” Instead of heading for the Central Gate of the Sun, the two of them went to the Rear Gate of the Servants, where they heard also the sound of the rattle struck by guards on patrol. “Brother,” said Pilgrim, “the front and rear gates are all tightly guarded. How can we get in?”

Eight Rules said, “Have you ever seen a thief walking through a door? Let’s just jump over the wall.” Pilgrim agreed and leaped at once onto the palace wall, followed by Eight Rules. Sneaking inside, the two of them searched for their way to the imperial garden.

As they walked along, they came upon a towered gate with triple eaves and flying white banners. Painted on top of the gate were three large words that were luminescent in the light of the stars and moon:

“The Imperial Garden.” When Pilgrim drew near and saw that the gate was locked and sealed with several layers of crossed strips of paper, he told Eight Rules to go to work. Idiot lifted up his iron rake and brought it down on the gate as hard as he could: the gate was pulverized at once. Pilgrim led the way to enter the garden, but no sooner had he stepped inside when he began to jump up and down, whooping and howling. Eight Rules was so startled that he ran forward to tug at him, saying, “Elder Brother, you scare me to death! I have never seen a thief bellowing like that! If you wake up the people and they catch us and send us to court, even if we are not executed we would be banished to our native province for military service.”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “you may wonder why I’m making such a fuss. Just look at those

*Carved and painted railings in ruin;
 Bejeweled sheds and towers crumbling;
 Banks of sedges and smart-weeds all buried in dirt;
 Peonia and tumi both wilted.
 The scent of jasmines and roses is slight;
 Tree-peonias and lilies bloom vainly.
 Hibiscus, a few kinds, give way to bushes and shrubs;
 Rare flowers and plants all perish.
 Artificial rock mountains collapse;
 Ponds dry up and fishes decline.
 Green pines, purple bamboos—they’re like dried firewood;
 Wormwood and artemisia grow rank on the paths.
 From cassia and peach trees twigs break off;
 Roots of pear and plum trees are upturned.
 There’s green moss on the bridge-head’s winding path:
 The scene of this garden’s desolate!”*

“Why waste your breath in this lamentation?” said Eight Rules. “Let’s go finish our business quickly.”

Though Pilgrim was saddened by what he saw, he also thought of the dream of the Tang Monk, when he was told that the well could be found only beneath a plantain tree. As they walked along, they saw indeed such a tree, whose luxuriant growth was quite different from the other plants.

Truly she is

*A fine, spiritual root of a kind,
 Her empty self’s
 Heaven-endowed.
 Every branch is thin like paper;
 Every leaf can fold like a petal;
 A thousand fine strands of green
 Enclose one cinnabar heart within.
 She grieves when saddened by night rain
 And droops for fear of autumn’s wind.
 She grows in the primal strength of Heav’n;
 Her nurture’s the work of Creation.
 A parchment forms her wondrous usage;
 As a fan she makes rare merit.
 How could phoenix plumes approximate her?
 Could e’en phoenix tails resemble her?
 Bathed in droplets of light dew,
 Swathed in slender wisps of smoke,
 Her green shade shrouds windows and doors;
 Her green shadow mounts curtains and screens.
 Wild geese aren’t allowed to perch here,
 Nor may horses be tied to her.*

*A frigid sky will make her dejected,
 A moonlit night her colors faint.
 She can only dispel high heat
 And protects from the scorching sun.
 Bashful for lacking the peach and pear's charm,
 She stands alone east of the white wall.*

"Eight Rules," said Pilgrim, "let's get started. The treasure's buried beneath the plantain tree." Idiot lifted his rake with both hands and toppled the plantain tree, after which he used his snout to burrow into the ground. After digging up some three or four feet of dirt, he discovered a slab of stone. Delighted, Idiot said, "Elder Brother, we're lucky! There's indeed a treasure here, covered by a slab of stone. I wonder if it's contained in a jar or a box."

"Lift the stone up and take a look," said Pilgrim.

Idiot indeed used his snout to give the slab of stone a shove; immediately, glimmering shafts of light shot up. Laughing, Eight Rules said, "Lucky! Lucky! The treasure's glowing."

He went forward to take another careful look and saw that it was actually the glow of the stars and moon reflected in the water of a well. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "when you want to do something, you ought to get to the bottom of it."

"How so?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, "This is a well. If you had told me in the monastery that the treasure would be found in a well, I would have brought along those two ropes we use to tie our bags. Then we would have been able to find a way to lower old Hog down there. Now we're empty-handed. How could we go down there to fetch the thing up here?"

"You want to go down there?" asked Pilgrim. "Of course," said Eight Rules, "but we have no ropes."

"Take off your clothes," said Pilgrim, "and I'll give you the means."

Eight Rules said, "I don't have any good clothes! All I have to do is untie this shirt."

Dear Great Sage! He took out his golden-hooped rod and gave both its ends a pull, crying, "Grow!" It grew to about seventy or eighty feet long. "Eight Rules," he said, "you grab hold of one end, and I'll let you down the well."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you can do that, but when we reach the surface of the water, you stop."

"I know," said Pilgrim. Idiot then wrapped himself around the rod at one end, and with no effort at all Pilgrim picked him up and lowered him into the well. In a little while, they reached the edge of the water and Eight Rules said, "We're touching water." When Pilgrim heard that, he gave the rod a plunge downward and with a loud splash Idiot fell into the water headfirst. Abandoning the iron rod, he began at once to tread water, muttering to himself, "Damn him! I told him to stop when we reached water, but he gave me a plunge instead." Pilgrim retrieved his rod and said, laughing, "Brother, is there any treasure?"

"What treasure?" said Eight Rules, "only a well of water!" Pilgrim said, "The treasure has sunk deep into the water. Why don't you go below and feel around?" Idiot indeed knew well the nature of water; he ducked his head under the surface and dove

straight down. Ah, the well was extremely deep! He plunged hard a second time before opening his eyes to look around, and he saw all at once a towered edifice, on which were written the three words, “Water Crystal Palace.”

Highly shaken, Eight Rules said, “Undone! Undone! I got on the wrong way. I must have fallen into the ocean, for only the ocean has a Water Crystal Palace. How could there be one in a well?”

Eight Rules, you see, did not know that this happened to be the palace of the Well Dragon King.

As Eight Rules was speaking to himself, a yakṣa on patrol opened the gate of the palace. When he saw what he saw, he ran inside to report, saying, “Great King, disaster! From the well above fell a monk with a long snout and huge ears, stark naked and without a stitch of clothing. He isn’t dead yet, and he is talking.” When the Well Dragon King heard this, he was greatly startled. “This must be the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. Last night the Night Patrol God came here by imperial decree from above to take the soul of the king of the Black Rooster Kingdom to see the Tang Monk. They were to ask the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, to subdue a fiend. This has to be the Great Sage and the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. We should not treat them rudely. Hurry, we must welcome them.” Straightening out his clothes, the dragon king led his water kinsmen out the door and cried in a loud voice, “Marshal of Heavenly Reeds, please take a seat inside.”

Eight Rules became very pleased and said to himself, “So there’s a friend here!” Without regard for etiquette or decency, Idiot walked right into the Water Crystal Palace and, still stark naked, took the honored seat above. “Marshal,” said the dragon king, “I heard recently that your life was spared when you embraced the Buddhist faith to accompany the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. For what reason have you come here?”

“I was just about to tell you that,” said Eight Rules. “My elder brother, Sun Wukong, wanted to send you his most earnest greetings. He told me to come to ask you for a certain treasure.”

“That’s pitiful!” said the dragon king. “Where do I have any treasure around here? I’m not like those other dragon kings of such big rivers as the Yangzi, the Yellow River, the Huai, and the Ji. When they can fly and soar through the air most of the time to transform, they will have treasures. I have been stuck here for a long time; I can’t even get to see the sun and the moon regularly. Where would I get any treasures?”

“Don’t refuse me,” said Eight Rules. “If you have any, bring them out.”

“I do have just one treasure,” said the dragon king, “but I can’t bring it out. The Marshal himself will have to go and take a look. How about it?”

“Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful!” said Eight Rules. “I’ll go and take a look.”

The dragon king walked in front, while Idiot followed. They passed the Water Crystal Palace and came upon a long corridor, inside of which they found a six-foot corpse. Pointing with his finger, the dragon king said, “Marshal, that’s the treasure.”

Eight Rules went forward to look at it. Ah, it was actually a dead king; still wearing a rising-to-Heaven cap, a reddish brown robe, a pair of carefree boots, and a jade belt, he lay there stiff as a board. “Hard! Hard! Hard!” said Eight Rules, chuckling.

“This can’t be considered a treasure! When I recall the time when old Hog was a monster in the mountain, this thing was frequently used as food. Don’t ask me how many such things I have seen—even as far as eating was concerned, I have consumed countless numbers. How could you call this a treasure?”

“So you don’t know, Marshal,” said the dragon king, “that he is actually the corpse of the king of the Black Rooster Kingdom. Since he reached the well, I have embalmed him with a feature-preserving pearl so that he won’t deteriorate. If you are willing to carry him out of here on your back to see the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who, by the way, may have the wish to revive him, don’t speak of treasures—you can have anything you want.”

“In that case,” said Eight Rules, “I’ll carry him out on my back for you. But how much cartage are you going to pay me?”

The dragon king said, “I don’t have any money.”

“You want to use people free!” said Eight Rules.

“If you really don’t have any money, I won’t carry him.”

“If you don’t,” said the dragon king, “please go.”

Eight Rules left at once.

The dragon king, however, ordered two powerful yakṣas to haul the corpse out of the Water Crystal Palace’s gate. They threw him down, took off the water-repelling pearl, and water began to close in on all sides noisily.

Turning around quickly to look, Eight Rules could no longer see the gate of the Water Crystal Palace. When he stretched out his hands, all he could lay hold of was the corpse of the king, the touch of which made his legs weaken and his tendons turn numb with fear. He darted up to the surface of the water; with his hands clinging to the wall of the well, he shouted, “Elder Brother, stick your rod down here to save me!”

“Is there any treasure?” asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, “There isn’t any! Beneath the water, however, there’s a Well Dragon King, who told me to carry a dead man on my back. I wouldn’t do it, and he sent me out the door; that was when his Water Crystal Palace disappeared also. When I felt that corpse, I was so scared that my hands grew weak and my tendons turned numb; I could hardly move. Elder Brother, for good or ill please save me.”

“That’s precisely the treasure,” said Pilgrim. “Why won’t you carry him up here?”

Eight Rules said, “He must have been dead for quite awhile. Why should I carry him on my back?”

“If you won’t,” said Pilgrim, “I’ll go back.”

“Where?” asked Eight Rules.

“I’m going back to the monastery,” said Pilgrim, “to get some sleep with Master.”

“You mean I can’t go with you?” said Eight Rules.

Pilgrim said, “If you can climb up here, I’ll take you back with me; if you can’t, well that’s it!”

Eight Rules was horrified, for how could he possibly climb up the well. “Take a look,” he yelled. “Even the city wall was hard to scale already, whereas this well is large down below with a small mouth on top. All around the circular wall is straight up and down. Moreover, it has been such a long time since anyone has bailed water from this well that it’s covered with moss everywhere. It’s terribly slippery. How could I possibly climb it? Elder Brother, let’s not upset our fraternal feelings, let me go and carry him up on my back.”

“Exactly,” said Pilgrim. “Do it quickly, and I’ll go back with you to sleep.” Idiot put his head underwater again and dove straight down; after he found the corpse, he pulled it onto his back and shot back up to the surface. Supporting himself on the wall of the well, he cried, “Elder Brother, I’m carrying him.” Pilgrim stared into the well and saw that the body was indeed placed on Eight Rules’s back. Only then did he lower the golden-hooped rod into the well. A man who had been sorely tried, Idiot opened his mouth and held on to the tip of the iron rod with his teeth; he was then lifted up out of the well by Pilgrim with no effort at all.

Putting down the corpse, Eight Rules grabbed his own clothes and put them on. When Pilgrim took a look, he found that the features of the dead king had not altered in the slightest—it was as if he were still alive. “Brother,” said Pilgrim, “this man has been dead for three years. How could his features not deteriorate?”

“You have no idea about this,” said Eight Rules. “This Well Dragon said to me that he had embalmed the corpse with a feature-preserving pearl, and that’s why it has not deteriorated.”

“Lucky! Lucky!” said Pilgrim.

“This has to mean that his wrong has yet to be requited, and that we are fated to succeed. Brother, put him on your back again quickly and we’ll leave.”

“Where do you want me to carry him?” asked Eight Rules.

“To see Master,” said Pilgrim.

Eight Rules began to grumble, saying, “How am I going to live with this? I was sleeping nicely when this monkey fooled me with his clever talk into doing this so-called business with him. It turns out to be this sort of enterprise—carrying a dead man on my back! When I carry him, some putrid stinking fluid is bound to drip on me and soil my clothes, and there is no one ready to wash and starch them for me. The few patches on my garment may even turn damp again when the sky is grey. How can I wear them?”

“Look, you just carry him,” said Pilgrim, “and when we get to the monastery, I’ll exchange clothes with you.”

“Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?” asked Eight Rules. “You have hardly anything to wear, and you are going to exchange clothes with me?” Pilgrim said, “Oh, you are so smart mouthed! You aren’t going to carry him?”

“No!” said Eight Rules. “Stick out your shanks then,” said Pilgrim, “and I’ll give you twenty strokes of my rod!”

Horried, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, that’s a heavy rod! If you give me twenty strokes, I’d be like this king!”

“If you are afraid of being beaten,” said Pilgrim, “then hurry up and put him on your back so that we can leave.”

Eight Rules was indeed afraid of being beaten; rather listlessly, he yanked the corpse over and put it on his back before turning to walk out of the garden.

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and sucked in a mouthful of air facing the ground in the southwest. When he blew it out, a violent gust immediately arose and lifted Eight Rules out of the palace. They left the city instantly; as the wind subsided, the two of them dropped to the ground and proceeded slowly on foot. Nursing his rage in silence, Idiot planned to repay Pilgrim in kind, saying to himself, "This monkey has pulled a nice prank on me, but when I get to the monastery I'm going to pull one on him, too. I'm going to persuade Master to insist on restoring the king back to life. If that monkey can't do it, I'll make Master recite that Tight-Fillet Spell until this monkey's brains burst. That will give me some relief!"

He walked along and thought further to himself, "No good, no good! If you make him heal the man, all he has to do is to go and ask King Yama for the soul, and the man will live again. I must set the conditions so that he won't be permitted to go to the Region of Darkness; the king has to be restored to life through some means found in the World of Light. Only such a plan is good."

Hardly had he finished speaking to himself when they reached the gate of the monastery. Eight Rules walked right through it and went up to the door of the Chan hall, where he threw down the corpse and cried, "Master, get up and look at this." Unable to sleep, Tripitaka was just chatting with Sha Monk on how Pilgrim had deceived Eight Rules into going with him, and how they did not return after such a long time. When he heard the call, the Tang Monk quickly arose and said, "Disciple, what do you want me to look at?"

"The grandpa of Pilgrim," said Eight Rules, "whom old Hog has brought back on his back."

"You pie-eyed Idiot!" said Pilgrim.

"Where do I have a grandpa?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if he isn't your grandpa, why did you ask old Hog to bear him here? You don't know how much energy I've wasted!"

The Tang Monk and Sha Monk opened the door to look, and they discovered that the countenance of the king had not altered at all.

Turning sad all at once, the elder said, "Your Majesty, in which previous existence did you incur an enemy who had to catch up with you in this one and cause you to lose your life? Alas, you left your wife and your child, unknown to all the civil and military officials! Pity your wife who's still in the dark! Who will burn incense or pour tea for you?"

He was so broken up that he could not speak anymore as tears rained down his cheeks.

"Master," said Eight Rules, laughing, "what does his death have to do with you? He isn't one of your ancestors. Why weep for him?"

"O disciple!" said the Tang Monk, "the fundamental principle of life for those who have left the family is compassion. How could you be so hardhearted?"

"I'm not hardhearted," said Eight Rules, "for Elder Brother told me that he could restore him to life. If he couldn't, I wouldn't have carried him back here."

This elder, after all, had a head full of water! Shaken by these few words of Idiot, he said at once, “Wukong, if you indeed have the ability to restore this king to life, you would have accomplished something greater than building a seven-storied stūpa. And even we would have been benefited as if we had worshipped Buddha in the Spirit Mountain.” Pilgrim said, “Master, how could you believe the nonsense of this Idiot! When a man dies, he can pass through the periods of three times seven or five times seven; at most, he may wait for seven hundred days, when after having suffered for all the sins committed in the World of Light, he will then proceed to the next incarnation. This man here died three years ago. How could I revive him?” When Tripitaka heard these words, he said, “Oh, all right!” Still bitterly resentful, however, Eight Rules said, “Master, don’t believe him. He’s a little sick in his brain! Just recite that little something of yours, and you are certain to get a living man.”

The Tang Monk indeed began to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell, and the monkey had such a headache that his eyes bulged. We do not know how he managed to heal the dead king; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-NINE

*One pellet of cinnabar elixir found in Heaven
A king, dead three years, lives again on Earth*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who could hardly bear his headache. "Master," he pleaded pitifully, "stop reciting! Stop reciting! Let me try to heal him."

"How?" asked the elder. Pilgrim said, "All I need to do is to go to the Region of Darkness and find out in which of the Ten Kings' chambers his soul is residing. I'll fetch it and he'll be saved."

"Master, don't believe him," said Eight Rules. "He told me originally that he needn't go to the Region of Darkness, that his real ability could not be seen unless a cure was found in the World of Light."

Believing in such perverse tattle, the elder began to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell once more. Pilgrim was so horrified that he had to say repeatedly, "I'll find some means in the World of Light! I'll find some means in the World of Light!"

"Don't stop," said Eight Rules, "just keep reciting!"

"You idiotic cursed beast!" chided Pilgrim. "You are just trying to coax Master into putting that spell on me!" Laughing until he nearly collapsed, Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother! You only know how to pull tricks on me, but you don't realize that I can do the same on you."

"Master, please stop," said Pilgrim, "and let old Monkey find a cure in the World of Light for the king."

"Where would you find it in the World of Light?" asked Tripitaka. "With a single cloud somersault," said Pilgrim, "I shall penetrate the South Heaven Gate, but I'll not go into the Big Dipper Palace nor into the Divine Mists Hall. Instead, I shall go straight up to the Thirty-third Heaven, to the Tushita Palace of the Griefless Heaven. When I see Laozi there, I shall beg him for one pellet of his Soul-Restoring Elixir of Nine Reversions, which will certainly make this man live again." When Tripitaka heard these words, he was very pleased and said, "Go quickly and come back."

"It's about the hour of the third watch at this moment," said Pilgrim, "but by the time I get back, it'll be dawn. The trouble with this man sleeping here like this is that the whole atmosphere seems so dull and heartless. Someone here should mourn him and that'll be more like it."

"It goes without saying," said Eight Rules, "that this monkey would like me to mourn the king."

"Yes, but I'm afraid that you won't," said Pilgrim. "If you won't, I can't heal him either!"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you may go. I'll mourn him." Pilgrim said, "There are several ways of mourning: when you merely open your mouth to make noises, that's called howling; when you squeeze out some tears, that's weeping. When you mourn with both tears and feelings, then we may call that wailing."

“I’ll give you an example of how I can wail!” said Eight Rules, who pulled out a scrap of paper from somewhere and rolled it into a thin strip, which he stuck into his nostrils twice.

Look at him! After sneezing a few times, tears and snivel all came out and he began to wail, mumbling and muttering protests all the time as if someone in his family had actually died. He bawled lustily, and when his passion rose to a terrific pitch, even the Tang elder was moved to tears. “That’s the sort of grief I want you to show,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “and you are not permitted to stop. For if you, Idiot, think that you can quit mourning after I leave, you are mistaken, for I can still hear you. You’ll be all right if you keep this up, but the moment I discover that your voice has stopped, your shanks will be given twenty strokes.”

“You go!” said Eight Rules, chuckling. “Once I start to mourn, it will take me a couple of days to finish.” When Sha Monk heard how stern Pilgrim’s reprimand of Eight Rules was, he went and lit a few sticks of incense to bring to offer to the dead king. “Fine! Fine! Fine!” said Pilgrim, laughing.

“When the whole family shows reverence like that, old Monkey can then exert his efforts.”

Dear Great Sage! At this hour of midnight, he took leave of master and disciples, the three of them; mounting the cloud somersault, he entered at once the South Heaven Gate. Indeed, he did not go before the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, nor did he ascend to the Big Dipper Palace. Treading on his cloudy luminosity, he went straight to the Griefless Heaven, the Tushita Palace of the Thirty-third Heaven. The moment he walked inside the door, he discovered Laozi sitting in the elixir chamber: in the process of making elixir, he and a few divine youths were tending the fires with plantain fans. When he saw Pilgrim approaching, he immediately instructed the youths with these words:

“Take care, each of you. The thief who once stole our elixir is here.”

Bowing to him, Pilgrim said with laughter, “Venerable Sir, don’t be so silly! Why take such precaution against me? I don’t do those things anymore!”

“Monkey,” said Laozi, “when you caused great disruption in Heaven five hundred years ago, you stole and consumed countless efficacious elixirs of mine. And when we sent the Little Sage Erlang to arrest you and bring you to the Region Above, you were sent to be refined in my elixir brazier for forty-nine days and made me squander who knows how much charcoal. You were lucky to have regained your freedom when you embraced the Buddhist fruit and resolved to accompany the Tang Monk to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. But even then, you were still giving me a hard time when I asked you for my treasures after you had subdued the demons some time ago on the Level-Top Mountain. What are you doing here today?”

“I didn’t give you a hard time,” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey at the time gave you back your five treasures without delay. Why are you still so suspicious?”

“Why aren’t you on the road then?” asked Laozi. “Why did you sneak into my palace?” Pilgrim said, “After we parted, we proceeded toward the West until we came to the Black Rooster Kingdom. The king there had been murdered by a monster-spirit masquerading as a Daoist able to summon wind and rain. The monster then changed himself into the form of the king, and now he sits in the Hall of Golden Chimes. When my master read the sūtras during the night before last in the Precious Grove Monastery,

the king's spirit appeared to him and requested earnestly for old Monkey to subdue the fiend for him.

Because old Monkey considered the problem of evidence, he went to the imperial garden with Eight Rules to look for the burial site.

Within a well of octagonal marble walls, we fished out the king's corpse, so perfectly preserved that neither his color nor his appearance had changed. When we brought him back to my master, he was moved by compassion and wanted me to revive him. The condition was set, however, that I could not go to the Region of Darkness to fetch his soul, and that I must find some means to revive him in the World of Light. I concluded that there was no other remedy available, and that was why I came especially to see you. I beseech the Patriarch of Tao to be merciful and lend me one thousand tablets of your Soul-Restoring Elixir of Nine Reversions, so that old Monkey can save the king."

"This ape is babbling!" said Laozi. "What are you saying—one thousand tablets, two thousand tablets! You eat them like rice? You think they are kneaded with mud? That easy? No! Go quickly! I have none!"

"All right," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "how about a hundred tablets?"

"I don't have any," said Laozi. "Just ten tablets, then," said Pilgrim. "This wretched ape is an absolute pest!" said Laozi angrily. "I don't have any. Get out! Get out!"

"You really don't have any?" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I'll go somewhere to look for help then."

"Go! Go! Go!" shouted Laozi. Turning around, the Great Sage strode out at once.

Laozi suddenly thought to himself, "This monkey is such a rogue! When I told him to go, he left, but I fear that he might sneak back in and start stealing."

He ordered a divine youth to call Pilgrim back at once, saying, "You ape, you have itchy hands and feet! I'll give you one tablet of my Soul-Restoring Elixir."

"Venerable Sir," said Pilgrim, "if you know the talent of old Monkey, you will bring out your golden elixir at once and divide up what you have with me equitably. That'll be your good fortune! Otherwise, I'm going to swipe them clean for you."

Taking out his gourd, the patriarch turned it upside down and poured out one pellet of golden elixir. He handed it over to Pilgrim, saying, "That's all I have. Take it, take it! I'm *giving* it to you, you know, and when that king is revived, it'll be counted as your merit." Pilgrim took it and said, "Let's not hurry! I'm going to have a taste of it first, for I'm not going to be duped by some bogus pill!"

He popped it into his mouth at once. The old patriarch was so startled that he dashed forward and grabbed the skin on Pilgrim's head. Holding high his fist, he shouted, "You wretched ape! If you dare swallow it, I'll kill you!"

"Shame on you!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Don't be so petty! Who's going to eat your stuff! How much could it be worth, this flimsy stuff? Isn't it right here?"

The monkey, you see, had a little pouch just beneath his jowl, and that was where he kept the golden elixir. After the patriarch had felt it with his fingers, he said, "Go away! Don't bother me here anymore!"

Then the Great Sage thanked the old patriarch and left the Tushita Heaven Palace. Look at him!

*In countless hallowed beams he left the arches of jade;
On myriad auspicious clouds he went to the world of dust.*

In a moment, he left the South Heaven Gate behind and, as the sun came up, he dropped from the clouds and arrived at the gate of the Precious Grove Monastery.

Eight Rules's weeping could still be heard when he approached, crying, "Master."

"Wukong has returned," said Tripitaka, delighted.

"Do you have any elixir or medicine?"

"I do," said Pilgrim. "He couldn't possibly not have it!" said Eight Rules. "He would have brought back something even if he had to steal it!"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "you can get out of the way, I don't need you anymore. Wipe away your tears, or you can go somewhere to weep. Sha Monk, please fetch me some water." Sha Monk hurried to the well in the rear where there was a bucket nearby. He bailed out half an alms bowl of water and brought it to Pilgrim. After he took it, Pilgrim spat out the elixir and placed it inside the lips of the king. Then with both hands, he pulled the jaws of the king apart, and using a mouthful of clean water, he flushed the golden elixir down to the king's stomach. After about half an hour, loud gurgling noises came from the belly of the king, although his body remained immobile. "Master," said Pilgrim, "even my golden elixir seems unable to revive him! Could it be that old Monkey's going to be finished off by blackmail?"

Tripitaka said, "Nonsense! There's no reason for him not to live. How could he swallow that water if he had been only a corpse dead for a long time? It had to be the divine power of that golden elixir, which entrance into his stomach now causes the intestines to growl. When that happens, it means that circulation and pulse are in harmonious motion once more. His breath, however, is still stopped and cannot flow freely. But that's to be expected when a man has been submerged in a well for three years; after all, even raw iron would be completely rusted. That's why his primal breath is all used up, and someone should give him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation."

Eight Rules walked forward and was about to do this when he was stopped by Tripitaka. "You can't do it," he said. "Wukong still should take over."

That elder indeed had presence of mind, for Zhu Eight Rules, you see, had been a cannibal since his youth, and his breath was unclean. Pilgrim, on the other hand, had practiced self-cultivation since his birth, the food sustaining him being various fruits and nuts, and thus his breath was pure. The Great Sage, therefore, went forward and clamped his thundergod beak to the lips of the king: a mighty breath was blown through his throat to descend the tiered towers.

Invading the bright hall, it reached the cinnabar field and the jetting-spring points beyond before it reversed its direction and traveled to the mud-pill chamber of the crown. With a loud swoosh, the king's breath came together and his spirit returned; he turned over and at once flexed his hands and feet, crying, "Master!"

Going then to his knees, he said, "I remember my soul as a ghost did see you last night, but I did not expect this morning my spirit would return to the World of Light."

Tripitaka hurriedly tried to raise him, saying, “Your Majesty, I didn’t do anything. You should thank my disciple.”

“Master, what are you saying?” said Pilgrim with laughter. “The proverb says, ‘A household does not have two heads.’ You should accept his bow.”

Greatly embarrassed nonetheless, Tripitaka raised the king up with both hands and they went together into the Chan hall. The king insisted on greeting Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk before he would take a seat. The resident monks of the monastery had just finished preparing the morning meal and they were about to present it when they discovered a king with soaking wet garments.

Everyone became frightened; each of them began to speculate. Pilgrim Sun, however, leaped into their midst and said, “Monks, don’t be so alarmed. This is in fact the king of the Black Rooster Kingdom, the true ruler of all of you. Three years ago he was murdered by a fiend, but old Monkey revived him last night. We plan to go with him to the city presently to distinguish the perverse from the true. If you have some vegetarian food prepared, bring it here, so that we can start our journey after we eat.”

The monks then presented hot water also so that the king could wash up and change his clothes. The royal reddish brown robe was discarded, and he put on instead two cloth shirts given to him by the monk-official. They took off the jade belt and tied him up with a yellow silk sash; after the carefree boots were removed, he was given a pair of old monk sandals. Then they had their vegetarian breakfast before going to saddle the horse.

“Eight Rules,” said Pilgrim, “how heavy is your luggage?”

“I’ve been toting it every day,” said Eight Rules, “and I really don’t know how heavy it is.” Pilgrim said, “Divide one and let the king take up the other one. We should get to the city early to do our work.”

Delighted, Eight Rules said, “Lucky! Lucky! When I brought him here on my back, I used up a lot of my strength. I had no idea that he could be my substitute after he had been healed.” Resorting at once to mischief, Idiot divided the luggage; he carried the lighter load with a flat pole that he acquired from the monastery, whereas the heavier load he gave to the king to pole. “Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim with a chuckle, “I hope you don’t mind our treatment, dressing you in that manner and asking you to pick up a pole to follow us?” Kneeling down immediately, the king said, “Master, you are like parents who have given me a new birth. Don’t mention anything about poling some luggage. I’m even willing to pick up the whip and hold the stirrups to look after the Venerable Father and follow him all the way to the Western Heaven.” Pilgrim said, “There’s no need for you to do that, but I have a reason for making you do this at the moment. You can help us carry the luggage for these forty miles until we have entered the city and caught the monster-spirit. Then you can become a king again, and we will go and fetch our scriptures.”

Hearing this, Eight Rules said, “In that case, he is going to pole for only forty miles. After that, old Hog will remain as a long-term laborer!”

“Brother, no more foolish talk!” said Pilgrim. “Get out there and lead the way.”

Eight Rules indeed walked with the king in front to lead the way, while Sha Monk helped his master to mount the horse and Pilgrim took up the rear. Arranged in an orderly formation, the five hundred monks of that monastery followed them all the way to the gate, playing and blowing their musical instruments. Smiling, Pilgrim said, “No

need for you monks to accompany us any further. I fear that if any of this is leaked to the officials, our enterprise will be ruined. Go back quickly! Go back quickly! Only see to it that the king's clothing and belt are cleaned and prepared. Send them to the city either late tonight or early tomorrow morning. I'll ask for some reward for you."

The monks obeyed and returned to their quarters, while Pilgrim in big strides caught up with his master to proceed with him. So it is that

*The West has mystery, it's good to seek the truth.
Wood and Metal in concord, then spirit can be refined.
The elixir mother recalls in vain a foolish dream;
The child deplores deeply how powerless he is.
You must seek at a well's bottom the enlightened lord,
And then bow to Laozi in the Hall of Heaven.
Back to your own nature once you see form's emptiness,
You're thus truly a Buddha-led man of affinity.*

It did not take master and disciples even half a day on the road when they saw a city approaching. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "I suppose that must be the Black Rooster Kingdom ahead of us."

"Exactly," said Pilgrim. "Let's enter the city quickly so that we can do our business."

After they entered the city, master and disciples found the population well-mannered and engaged in a great deal of bustling activities. As they walked along, they soon came upon the phoenix bowers and dragon towers, exceedingly grand and ornate edifices for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*These outland buildings are like the sovereign state's;
Like those of old Tang, people sing and dance.
Flowers greet jeweled fans trailed by roseate clouds;
Fresh robes, sun-lit, glimmer in jade-green fog.
Peacock screens open and fragrant mist pours out;
Pearly shades roll up as colored flags unfurl.
A picture of peace most worthy of praise:
Quiet rows of nobles but no memorials.*

"Disciples," said Tripitaka as he dismounted, "we might as well go right into the court to have our rescript certified and not be bothered by some bureaucratic office."

"That's reasonable," said Pilgrim. "We brothers will go in with you; it's easier to talk when you have more people on your side."

The Tang Monk said, "If all of you are going inside, you must not be rowdy. Let's go through the proper ceremony of greeting a ruler before we do any talking."

"If you want to go through that," said Pilgrim, "it means that you have to prostrate yourself."

"Exactly," said the Tang Monk, "we have to undertake the grand ceremony of five bows and three kowtows."

"Master, you are too insipid!" said Pilgrim with a chuckle. "It's so unwise of you to want to pay homage to that character! Let me go in first, for I know what I'm going to do. If he has anything to say to us, let me answer him. If I bow, you all can bow with me; if I crouch, you crouch also." Look at that mischievous Monkey King! He

went straight up to the gate of the court and said to the guardian official, “We have been sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and to acquire scriptures from him. Having arrived in this region, we would like to have our rescript certified. May we trouble you to report this to the king so that the act of virtuous fruit will not be delayed.”

The Custodian of the Yellow Gate went at once to the gate of the main hall and knelt before the vermilion steps to memorialize, saying, “There are five monks outside the gate of the court, who claim that they have been sent by imperial decree from the Tang nation in the Land of the East to go to see Buddha for scriptures in the Western Heaven. They would like to have their rescript certified, but they dare not enter the court, and they await your summons.”

The demon king at once gave the order to summon them inside. The Tang Monk then proceeded to walk inside the court followed by the king who had been revived. As they walked, the king could not stop the tears from rolling down his cheeks, thinking to himself, “How pitiful indeed! My bronze-guarded empire, my iron-clad domain, had been secretly taken over by him.”

“Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim softly, “you must not show your sorrow at this moment, for we may reveal everything. The rod in my ear is getting rather restless. In a moment, it will achieve a great merit by beating a demon to death and banishing all perversity. Your empire will soon be returned to you.”

The king dared not disobey; pulling up his robe to wipe away the tears, he followed them resolutely up to the Hall of Golden Chimes.

The rows of civil and military officials, some four hundred of them, all stood there with great sobriety and noble looks. Pilgrim led the Tang Monk up to the white jade steps; he then stood still and remained erect. All those officials beneath the steps became terrified, saying, “This monk is most foolish and base! When he sees our king, why does he not prostrate himself, nor does he express his praise? He does not even give a bow! How audacious and rude!”

Before they even finished speaking, the demon king asked, “Where did this monk come from?” Pilgrim replied boldly, “I am from the Great Tang nation in the Land of the East, in the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, someone sent by imperial decree to go seek the living Buddha in the Great Thunderclap Monastery of India in the Western Territories for true scriptures. Having reached this region, I do not want to pass through it without having our travel rescript certified.” When the demon king heard what he said, he became angry, saying, “So what if you are from the Land of the East? We are not paying tribute in your court, nor have we any intercourse with your nation. How dare you neglect your etiquette and not bow to us?” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “Our celestial court in the Land of the East was established in antiquity, and ours had been called the superior state for a long time. Yours is only a state of the hinterlands in an inferior region. Haven’t you heard of the ancient saying?

*The king of the superior state
Is father and ruler;
The king of the inferior state
Is son and subject.*

You haven’t even received me properly, and you dare chide me for not bowing to you?” Infuriated, the demon king shouted to the civil and military officials, “Seize

this wild monk!" When he said, "Seize," all the officials surged forward. Pointing immediately with his finger, Pilgrim cried, "Cease!"

That, you see, was the magic of immobilization, which made the various officials unable to move at all. Truly

*The captains before the steps looked like idols of wood,
And marshals in the palace resembled men of clay.*

When the demon king saw how Pilgrim had rendered immobile all the officials, he leaped up from the dragon couch and was about to seize Pilgrim himself. Secretly pleased, the Monkey King thought, "Good! Exactly what old Monkey wanted! The moment you come near, your head, even if it's made of raw iron, is going to have a gaping hole when my rod finds it."

He was about to strike, when suddenly a saving star appeared from one side. "Who was it?" you ask. It was none other than the prince of the Black Rooster Kingdom. Dashing up to tug at the demon king's garment, the prince knelt before him and said, "Let the anger of father king subside."

"What do you want to say, my child?" asked the monster-spirit.

"Let me report this to father king," said the prince. "Three years ago I heard already that there was a sage monk sent by the Throne of the Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven, but I did not expect that he would arrive this day. The honored nature of father king is powerful and ferocious, I know. But if you seize this monk and have him executed, the great Tang could be greatly angered if ever they should learn of this one day. Remember that Li Shimin who, since he established his throne, did succeed in uniting his empire. Still not content, he went on various expeditions of conquest to foreign lands. If he discovers that our king has murdered the sage monk, his bond-brother, he will most certainly call up troops and horses to war with us. When we realize then how small is our army and how weak our generals are, it will be too late for regrets. Let the father king approve the memorial of his son, let him make a thorough investigation of the background of these four monks. We must first establish why they would not pay homage to the Throne before we convict them."

This entire speech, you see, was motivated by the prince's caution, who feared that the Tang Monk might be hurt and that was why he deliberately stopped the demon. The prince, of course, did not know that Pilgrim was about to strike. Consenting indeed to the words of the prince, the demon king stood before the dragon couch and loudly asked, "When did this monk leave the Land of the East? For what reason did the Tang emperor ask you to seek scriptures?"

Again Pilgrim replied boldly, "My master is the bond-brother of the Tang emperor, and his honorific is Tripitaka. There is a prime minister before the Tang throne whose name is Wei Zheng, and who has by the decree of Heaven beheaded an old dragon of the Jing River. Because of this, the Great Tang emperor also had to tour the Region of Darkness in his dream, and after he was revived, he opened wide the plot of truth by giving a Grand Mass of Land and Water to redeem the wronged souls and damned spirits. As my master recited and performed the sūtras to magnify the power of compassion, the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin of South Sea revealed to him suddenly that he should journey to the West. Making a grand promise, my master accepted the commission freely and gladly to serve his nation, and that was when the emperor bestowed on him the rescript. On the third day before the fifteenth, during the ninth

month of the thirteenth year in the Zhenguan period of the Great Tang, he left the Land of the East. When he reached the Mountain of Two Frontiers, he accepted me as his disciple. My surname is Sun, and my name is Wukong Pilgrim. Next, we arrived at the Gao Family Village of the Qoco Kingdom, where my master made his second disciple; his surname is Zhu, and his name is Wuneng Eight Rules.

At the Flowing Sand River, the third disciple joined the fold; his surname is Sha, and his name is Wujing Monk. The day before yesterday at the Precious Grove Monastery Built by Imperial Command, we newly acquired a mendicant worker who now helps us with poling the luggage.”

After the demon king heard this speech, he found it difficult to turn up an excuse for examining the Tang Monk further, and it was even more difficult for him to try to overwhelm Pilgrim with deceptive interrogation. Glowering, he said, “You, monk! When you first left the Land of the East, you were all by yourself, but then you accepted all these four persons into your company. Those three monks may be all right, but this worker looks most suspicious. This mendicant must have been kidnapped from somewhere. What is his name? Does he have a certificate of ordination? Bring him up here and let him make a deposition.”

Trembling all over, the king said, “O Master! How shall I make this deposition?”

Giving him a pinch, Pilgrim said, “Don’t be afraid. Let me do it for you.”

Dear Great Sage! He strode forward and said to the fiend in a loud voice, “Your Majesty, this old worker is not only dumb, but he is also somewhat deaf. We took him on because he knew the way to the Western Heaven, having gone there himself in his younger days.

I know everything about him—his background, his origin, his rise and fall. I beg your Majesty’s pardon, but let me make the deposition for him.”

“Do it quickly and truthfully,” said the demon king, “lest he be convicted of a serious offense.” Pilgrim said,

*Of this deposition the mendicant’s quite old;
Deaf, dumb, and dim-witted, he’s also poor!
A man whose native home was in this place,
He met defeat and ruin five years ago.
With no rain from the sky,
Folks turned shriveled and dry.
King and subjects all fasted and abstained;
They bathed and burned incense to pray to Heav’n,
But no cloud was seen for ten thousand miles.
While people starved as though hung upside down,
There came from Zhongnan a Complete Truth fiend
Who called up wind and rain to show his power,
And then took in secret the king’s own life.
The victim was pushed down a garden well;
The dragon seat was taken unknown to man.
Luckily I came.
My merit was great:
No snag it was to bring life back from death.*

*Willing to submit as a mendicant,
He would follow the monk to face the West.
That specious king is a Daoist in fact;
This worker is in truth the rightful king.*

When that demon king on the Hall of Golden Chimes heard this speech, he became so frightened that his heart pounded like the feet of a young deer and his face was flushed with red clouds. He wanted to run away at once, but he did not even have a weapon in his hands. Turning around, he saw one of the captains of palace guards, who had a scimitar buckled to his waist and who had been rendered a dumb and stupid person standing there by Pilgrim's magic of immobilization. Dashing up to him, the demon king took this scimitar and then immediately mounted the clouds to escape in the air. Sha Monk and Zhu Eight Rules were so annoyed by this turn of events that they screamed at Pilgrim, "You impatient ape! Why did you have to say all those things at once? You could have tricked him into staying if you had used a slower approach. Now that he has mounted the clouds and escaped, where would you go to search for him?"

"Don't scream madly like that, brothers," said Pilgrim with laughter. "Let me ask the prince to come out and bow to his father and the queen to greet her husband first. Let me then recite another spell to release those ministers from my magic so that they can learn the truth about what has happened and pay homage to the real king. Then I can go look for him."

Dear Great Sage! After he had disposed of everything he said he would do, he told Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "Take care to guard ruler and subjects, father and son, husband and wife, and our master. I'm off!"

Hardly had he finished speaking before he was completely out of sight.

Rising straight up to the clouds of the Ninefold Heaven, Pilgrim opened wide his eyes to stare all around: the demon king, having escaped with his life, was fleeing toward the northeast. Pilgrim caught up with him in no time, shouting, "Fiend, where are you going? Old Monkey's here." Swiftly turning around, the demon king brought out his scimitar and said with a loud voice, "Pilgrim Sun, what a rogue you are! I took the throne of another man, but that didn't concern you. Why did you have to be involved in someone's affairs and reveal my secret?" Roaring with laughter, Pilgrim said, "You audacious, lawless fiend! You think you ought to be permitted to be a king? If you recognized old Monkey, you should have fled at the earliest opportunity to the farthest place. How dare you try to give my master a hard time, asking for that so-called deposition? That deposition I gave you just now, was that accurate or not? Don't run away now! If you're a man, have a taste of old Monkey's rod!"

The demon king stepped aside to dodge the blow before he wielded the scimitar to meet his opponent. The moment their weapons joined, it was a marvelous battle. Truly

*The Monkey King is fierce,
The demon king is strong—
Rod and scimitar dare each other oppose.
This day the Three Regions are bedimmed by fog,
All for a king's restoration to his court.*

After the two of them fought for a few rounds, the demon king could no longer withstand the Monkey King and fled instead back into the city on the way he came. Hurling himself into the two rows of civil and military officials before the white jade

steps, the demon king gave his body a shake and changed into an exact image of Tripitaka Tang, both of them standing hand-in-hand before the steps. The Great Sage arrived and was about to strike with the rod when the fiend said, "Disciple, don't hit me! It's I!" Pilgrim turned the rod toward the other Tang Monk who also said, "Disciple, don't hit me! It's I!"

There were two Tang Monks exactly alike and most difficult to distinguish. Thinking to himself, "If I kill the monster spirit with one blow of the rod, it would be my merit, all right; but what would I do if that blow happens to kill my true master?" Pilgrim had to stop and ask Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "Which is the fiend and which is our master? Point him out to me so that I can strike at him."

"You two were yelling and fighting in midair," said Eight Rules, "and when I blinked my eyes, I saw two masters the next moment. I don't know who is real and who is false." When Pilgrim heard these words, he made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell, which called together the various deva guardians, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, the Eighteen Guardians of the Faith, the local spirit, and the mountain god of that region. He said to them, "Old Monkey is trying to subdue a monster here, who has changed himself into the likeness of my master. Both their form and substance seem exactly the same and it's difficult to tell them apart. But you may be able to distinguish them in secret; if so, make my master walk up the steps into the main hall so that I can catch this demon."

The fiend, you see, was accomplished in magic; when he heard these words of Pilgrim, he quickly bounded into the Hall of Golden Chimes. Pilgrim raised his rod and brought it down hard on the Tang Monk. Alas! If it had not been for desperate efforts of those several deities summoned to this place, the blow would have reduced even twenty Tang Monks to meat patties! Fortunately the various deities managed to block the blow, saying, "Great Sage, the fiend knows his magic. He has gone up to the hall first." Pilgrim gave chase at once, and the demon king ran outside the hall to catch hold of the Tang Monk once more in the crowd. After this confusion, they again could not be distinguished.

Pilgrim was highly displeased, and when he saw, moreover, that Eight Rules was snickering on one side, he became enraged, saying, "What's the matter with you, stupid coolie? Now you have two masters whose calls you must answer and whom you must serve. Are you overjoyed?" Laughing, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, you say I'm dumb; well, you're even dumber! If you can't recognize who is the real master, why waste all this energy? You try to endure a little pain on your head for a moment and ask Master to recite that little something of his. Sha Monk and I will each hold on to one of them and listen: that person who does not know how to recite the spell must be the monster. What's so difficult about that?"

"Thank you, Brother," said Pilgrim. "You've got it. That little something indeed is known only to three persons: born of the very mind of our Buddha Tathāgata, it was transmitted to the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who then imparted it to my master. There is no other person who has knowledge of it. All right, Master, start your recital." In truth the Tang Monk began to recite, but how could the demon king know what to do? All he could do was mumble something, and Eight Rules said, "This one mumbling is the monster!"

He let go and raised his muckrake to strike at the demon king, who leaped up and tried to flee, treading the clouds.

Dear Eight Rules! With a shout, he mounted the clouds also to give chase. Sha Monk hurriedly abandoned the Tang Monk and brought out his precious staff to do battle. Only then did the Tang Monk stop reciting his spell; the Great Sage Sun, enduring his headache, dragged his iron rod up to midair. Ah, look at this battle! Three fierce monks have surrounded a brazen demon! The demon king, you see, was attacked left and right by Eight Rules with his rake and Sha Monk with his staff. Chuckling to himself, Pilgrim said, “If I go attack him face to face, he will try to escape as he is already somewhat afraid of me. Let old Monkey get up higher and give me a garlic-pounding blow from the top down. That’ll finish him off!” Mounting the auspicious luminosity, the Great Sage rose to the Ninefold Heaven and was about to show his decisive hand when a loud voice came from a petal of colored cloud in the northeast:

“Sun Wukong, don’t do it!” When Pilgrim turned to look, he discovered the Bodhisattva Mañjuśrī. Quickly putting away his rod, he drew near and bowed, saying, “Bodhisattva, where are you going?”

“I came,” said Mañjuśrī, “to put away this fiend for you.” Pilgrim thanked him and said, “I’m greatly obliged.”

Taking out an imp-reflecting mirror from his sleeve, the Bodhisattva aimed it at the fiend and the image of its original form became visible at once.

Pilgrim called Eight Rules and Sha Monk to come to greet the Bodhisattva and to look into the mirror. Exceedingly ferocious in appearance, that demon king had

*Eyes like large goblets of glass;
A head like a cooking vat;
A body of deep summer green;
And four paws like autumn’s frost;
Two large ears that flipped downward;
A tail as long as a broom;
Green hair full of fighting ardor;
Red eyes emitting gold beams;
Rows of flat teeth like jade slabs;
Round whiskers rearing up like spears.
The true form seen in the mirror
Was Mañjuśrī’s lion king.*

“Bodhisattva,” said Pilgrim, “so this is the green-haired lion who serves as your beast of burden. How was it that he had been turned loose so that he could become a spirit here? Aren’t you going to make him submit to you?”

“Wukong,” said the Bodhisattva, “he was not turned loose. He had been sent by the decree of Buddha to come here.” Pilgrim said, “You mean that this beast’s becoming a spirit to usurp the throne of a king was a decree of Buddha? If that’s the case, old Monkey, who is accompanying the Tang Monk through all his trials, should have been given several imperial documents!”

The Bodhisattva said, “You don’t know that this king of the Black Rooster Kingdom was dedicated to virtue and to the feeding of monks at first. The Buddha sent me to lead him to return to the West so that he could attain the golden body of an arhat. I could not, of course, reveal myself to him in my true form, and so I changed myself into an ordinary mortal monk to beg some food from him.

During our conversation a few words of mine put him on the spot; not realizing that I was a good man after all, he tied me up with a rope and sent me into the imperial moat. I soaked in there for three days and nights before the Six Gods of Darkness rescued me back to the West. Tathāgata therefore sent this creature here to push him down the well and have him submerged for three years, in order to exact vengeance for my water adversity of three days. Thus ‘not even a sup or a bite is not foreordained,’ and we had to wait for all of you to arrive and achieve this merit.”

“You might have repaid the private grievance of your so-called one sup or one bite,” said Pilgrim, “but who knows how many human beings that fiendish creature has harmed.”

“He has not,” said the Bodhisattva. “In fact, these three years after his arrival have seen nothing but winds and rains in season, prosperity for the kingdom, and peace for the inhabitants. Since when has he harmed anyone?”

“Even so,” said Pilgrim, “those ladies of the three palaces did sleep with him and rise with him. His body has defiled many and violated the great human relations countless times. And you say that he has not harmed anyone?”

The Bodhisattva said, “He has not defiled anyone, for he’s a gelded lion.” When Eight Rules heard this, he walked near and gave the creature a pat, saying with a chuckle, “This monster-spirit is truly a ‘red nose who doesn’t drink’! He bears his name in vain!”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, “take him away. If the Bodhisattva did not come here himself, I would never have spared his life.” Reciting a spell, the Bodhisattva shouted, “Beast, how long are you going to wait before you submit to the Right?”

The demon king at once changed back to his original form, after which the Bodhisattva released the lotus flower seat to be placed on the back of the lion. He then mounted the lion, who trod on the auspicious luminosity and left. Aha!

*He went straight to the Wutai Mountain;
To hear sūtras explained before the lotus seat.*

We do not know finally how the Tang Monk and his disciples leave the city; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*The child's playful transformations confuse the Chan Mind
Ape, Horse, Spatula gone, Wood Mother, too, is lost*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun and his two brothers, who lowered their clouds and returned to the court. They were met by the king, the queen, and their subjects—all of them lined up in rows to bow and to express their thanks. Pilgrim then gave a complete account of how the Bodhisattva came to subdue the monster, and all the officials in court touched the top of their heads to the ground in adoration. As they were thus rejoicing, the Custodian of the Yellow Gate arrived to announce, “My lord, there are four more monks who have arrived at the gate.”

A little apprehensive, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, could it be that the monster-spirit, having used magic to disguise himself as the Bodhisattva Mañjuśrī to deceive us, has now changed again into some kind of monk to match wits with us?”

“How could that be?” said Pilgrim, who then asked that the monks be summoned inside.

After the civil and military officials transmitted the order and the visitors entered, Pilgrim saw that they were monks from the Precious Grove Monastery, who came bearing the rising-to-Heaven cap, the green-jade belt, the brownish yellow robe, and the carefree boots. Highly pleased, Pilgrim said, “It’s wonderful that you’ve come!”

He asked the mendicant worker to step forward: his head-wrap was taken off and the rising-to-Heaven cap was placed on his head; the cloth garment was stripped off and he put on the brownish yellow robe instead; after he untied the silk sash and took off the monk sandals, he buckled on the jade-green belt and climbed into the carefree boots. The prince was then told to bring out the white jade token so that the king might hold it in his hands, and he was asked to ascend the main hall to be the king once more. As the ancient proverb said, “The court should not be one day without a ruler.”

But the king absolutely refused to sit on the throne; weeping profusely, he knelt on the steps and said, “I’ve been dead for three years, and I’m indebted to Master for making me return to life. How could I dare assume such honor again? Let one of these masters be the ruler; I’ll be perfectly content to go with my wife and child outside the city to live as a commoner.”

Tripitaka, of course, would have none of this, for he was intent on going to worship Buddha and to acquire the scriptures. The king then turned to Pilgrim, who said to him, smiling, “To tell you the truth, if old Monkey wanted to be a king, he would have been one throughout the myriad kingdoms in the world. But all of us are used to the leisurely and carefree existence of monks. If I become a king, I will have to let my hair grow again; I won’t be able to retire when it’s dark, nor will I be able to sleep beyond the hour of the fifth watch. I’ll be anxious when reports from the borders arrive; I’ll have endless worries when there are disasters or famines. How could I live with these things? So, you may as well be the king, and we shall continue to be monks to cultivate our merit.”

After pleading with them bitterly to no avail, the king had no choice but to ascend the treasure hall once more to face south and resume the use of the royal “we.”

After giving a general pardon throughout his empire, he also bestowed huge rewards on the monks of the Precious Grove Monastery before they left. Then he opened up the eastern palace to give a banquet to honor the Tang Monk; at the same time, painters were summoned into the palace to make portraits of the four pilgrims, so that these could be permanently revered in the Hall of Golden Chimes.

After they had securely established the kingdom, master and disciples, reluctant to stay too long, were about to take leave of the throne to face the West. The king, the queen, the prince, and all their subjects took out the crown treasures together with gold, silver, and silk to present to the master as tokens of gratitude, but Tripitaka refused to accept any of these. All he wanted was to have his travel rescript certified so that he could tell Wukong and his brothers to saddle the horse and leave. Feeling very keenly that he had not expressed his gratitude in an adequate manner, the king called for his imperial chariot and invited the Tang Monk to sit in it. The two rows of civil and military officials were told to lead the way in front, while he, the prince, and the ladies of the three palaces pushed the chariot themselves. Only after they had gone out of the city wall was the Tang Monk permitted to descend from the dragon chariot to take leave. "O Master," said the king, "when you have reached the Western Heaven and retrace your steps with your scriptures, you must pay our region a visit."

"Your disciple obeys you," said Tripitaka, and the king went back to the city tearfully with his subjects.

The Tang Monk and his three disciples again took up the labyrinthine path, their minds intent only on bowing at the Spirit Mountain. It was now the season of late autumn and early winter, and they saw

*Frost blighting the maples to make each forest sparse,
And rain-ripened millet, plenty every where.
Warmed by the sun, summit plums spread their morning hues;
Rocked by the wind, mountain bamboos voice their chilly plaint.*

After they left the Black Rooster Kingdom, master and disciples journeyed during the day and rested at night; they had been on the road for more than half a month when they came upon another tall mountain, truly Heaven-touching and sun-obstructing. Growing alarmed on the horse, Tripitaka quickly pulled in his reins to call Pilgrim. "What do you want to say, Master?" asked Pilgrim. "Look at that huge mountain with those rugged cliffs before us," said Tripitaka. "You must take caution and be on your guard, for I fear that some deviate creature all of a sudden will come to attack me again."

"Just get moving," said Pilgrim with a chuckle. "Don't be suspicious. Old Monkey has his defense."

The elder had to banish his worries and urged his horse to enter the mountain, which was truly rugged. You see,

*Whether tall or not,
Its top reaches the blue sky;
Whether deep or not,
A stream with depth like Hell down there.
Before the mountain
Are often seen rings of white clouds rising
And boiling waves of dark fog;
Red plums and jadelike bamboos;*

*Verdant cedars and green pines;
 Behind the mountain
 Are soul-rending cliffs ten thousand yards deep,
 Behind which are strange, grotesque, demon-hiding caves,
 In which water drips down from rocks drop by drop,
 Leading to a winding, twisting brooklet down below.
 You see also fruit-bearing apes prancing and leaping,
 And deer with horns forked and zigzagged;
 Dull and dumbly staring antelopes;
 Tigers climbing the hills to seek their dens at night;
 Dragons churning the waves to leave their lairs at dawn.
 When steps at the cave's entrance snap and crackle,
 The fowls dart up with wings loudly beating.
 Look also at these beasts pawing noisily through the woods.
 When you see this horde of birds and beasts,
 You will be stricken with heart-pounding fear.
 The Due-to- Fall Cave faces the Due-to- Fall Cave;
 The cave facing the Due-to- Fall Cave faces a god.
 Green rocks are dyed like a thousand pieces of jade;
 Blue-green gauze enshrouds ten thousand piles of mist.*

As master and disciples became more and more apprehensive, they saw a red cloud rising up from the fold of the mountain ahead of them; after it reached midair, it condensed and took on the appearance of a fireball. Greatly alarmed, Pilgrim ran forward to catch hold of one of the Tang Monk's legs and pulled him from the horse, crying, "Brothers, stop! A monster is approaching!"

Eight Rules and Sha Monk quickly took out their muckrake and precious staff and surrounded the Tang Monk.

Let us now tell you that there was indeed a monster-spirit inside the ball of red light. Several years ago he heard people saying that the Tang Monk sent from the Land of the East to acquire scriptures from the Western Heaven was the incarnation of the elder, Gold Cicada, a good man who had practiced austerities for ten existences. Any person who could taste a piece of his flesh, they said, would be able to prolong his life until it became the same as Heaven and Earth. Every morning, therefore, he waited in the mountain, and suddenly he found that the pilgrim had arrived. As he watched in midair, he saw that the Tang Monk beside the horse was surrounded by three disciples, all ready to fight. Marveling to himself, the spirit said, "Dear monk! This white-faced, chubby cleric riding a horse was just coming into my view, when all of a sudden these three ugly monks had him surrounded. Look at them! Everyone is rolling up his sleeves, stretching out his fists and wielding his weapon—as if he is about to fight with someone. Aha! One of them with some perception, I suppose, must have recognized me. Well, if it's going to be like this, it'll be difficult for anyone trying to get a taste of the Tang Monk's flesh."

As he thought to himself, questioning his mind with mind like that, he said, "If I try to overpower them, I may not even get near them, but if I try to use the good to deceive them, I may succeed. As long as I am able to beguile their minds, I can trick them even with the good. Then I'll catch them for sure. Let me go down and tease them a little."

Dear monster! He made the red light disperse and lowered his cloud toward the fold of the mountain. Shaking his body, he changed immediately into a little mischievous boy, about seven years of age and completely naked, who was bound by a rope and suspended from the top of a pine tree. "Help! Help!" he cried without ceasing.

We were just telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who raised his head and found that the red cloud had completely dissipated and the flames all vanished. He therefore said, "Master, please mount up again for the journey."

"You just told us that there was a fiend approaching," said the Tang Monk. "Do we dare proceed now?"

"A little while ago," said Pilgrim, "I saw a red cloud rising up from the ground, and by the time it reached midair, it condensed into a flaming ball of fire. It had to be a monster-spirit. But now the red cloud has dissipated, and so it must be a monster who's a passerby and who does not dare harm people. Let's go."

"Elder Brother is truly clever with words," said Eight Rules, chuckling. "Even monster-spirits can be passersby!"

"How would you know?" asked Pilgrim. "If some demon king of a certain cave in a certain mountain has sent out invitations to spirits of sundry mountains and caves to attend a festival, monster-spirits from all quarters—north, south, east, and west—would respond. Perhaps he's just interested in going to the festival and not in harming people. That's a monster-spirit who's a passerby." When Tripitaka heard these words, he was only half-convinced, but he had little alternative other than to climb on his saddle to journey into the mountain. As they proceeded, they heard suddenly repeated cries of "Help!"

Highly startled, the elder said, "O Disciples! Who's calling out in the midst of this mountain?" Pilgrim walked forward and said to him, "Master, keep moving. Don't harp on such things as human carriage, donkey carriage, open carriage, or reclining carriage. Even if there were a carriage in a place like this, there wouldn't be anyone to carry you."

"I'm not talking about carriages," said the Tang Monk. "I'm referring to someone calling us."

"I know," said Pilgrim with laughter, "but mind your own business. Let's move on."

Tripitaka agreed and urged his horse forward once more. Before they had traveled a mile, they heard again the call, "Help!"

"Disciple," said the elder, "the sound of this call can't be that of a demon or a goblin, for if it were, there would be no echo. Just listen to it: there was a call a moment ago, and now we have another one. It must have come from a man in dire difficulty. Let's go and help him." Pilgrim said, "Master, please put away your compassion just for today! When we have crossed this mountain, you can be compassionate then. If you know those stories about strange plants and possessed vegetations, you should know that everything can become a spirit. In most cases, they may not be too dangerous, but if you should run into something like a python, which has become an evil spirit after prolonged self-cultivation, you'd be in trouble. A spirit like that can even possess knowledge of a person's nickname.

If he should call out, hiding in the bushes or in the fold of the mountain, a person may get by if he does not answer him, but if he does answer, the spirit can snatch away his primal soul, or he can follow that person and take his life that night. Let's get away! Let's get away! As the ancients said, 'If you escape, just thank the gods.' Please don't listen to this call."

The elder had little alternative but to agree and he whipped his horse to go forward. Pilgrim thought to himself, "I wonder where this brazen fiend is hollering. Let old Monkey give him a taste of 'Cancer in opposition to Capricornus' so that the two will never meet."

Dear Great Sage! He said to Sha Monk, "Hold on to the horse and walk slowly. Old Monkey's going to take a leak." Look at him! He let the Tang Monk walk slightly ahead and then recited a spell to exercise the magic of shortening the ground and moving the mountain. He pointed his golden-hooped rod backward once, and master and disciples immediately went past the peak of the mountain, leaving behind the fiendish creature. In big strides, the Great Sage caught up with the Tang Monk and they proceeded. Just then Tripitaka heard again a call coming from the mountain behind him, crying "Help!"

The elder said, "O Disciple! That person in adversity truly has no affinity, for he has not run into any of us. We must have passed him, for you can hear that he is crying out from the mountain behind us."

"Or he may be still ahead of us," said Eight Rules, "but perhaps the wind has changed."

"Never mind whether the wind has changed or not," said Pilgrim. "Just keep moving."

As a result, everyone fell silent and concentrated on trying to pass the mountain, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you instead about that monster-spirit in the mountain valley: he cried out for three or four times but no one appeared. He thought to himself, "When I saw the Tang Monk just now, he couldn't have been more than three miles away. I've been waiting for him all this time. Why hasn't he arrived? Could it be that he had taken another road down the mountain?" Shaking his body, he loosened the rope at once and mounted the red light once more to rise into the air. Unwittingly the Great Sage Sun was looking back with head upturned, and when he saw the light, he knew that it was the fiendish creature. Once more he grabbed the legs of the Tang Monk and pushed him off the horse, crying, "Brothers, take care! Take care! That monster-spirit is approaching again!"

Eight Rules and Sha Monk were so alarmed that they wielded their rake and staff to surround the Tang Monk as before.

When that spirit saw what happened in midair, he could not stop marveling, saying to himself, "Dear monks! I just saw that whitefaced priest riding on the horse. How is it that he is now surrounded again by the three of them? Now I realize, after what I've seen, that I must overthrow the one who has perception before I can seize the Tang Monk. If not,

*My exertions are vain for I can't get my thing;
My efforts notwithstanding, all is nothing!"*

He lowered his cloud and transforming himself as before, he hung himself high on top of a pine tree. This time, however, he positioned himself only about half a mile away.

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun, who when he raised his head and found that the red cloud had dispersed, requested once more that his master mount up and proceed. "You just told us that the monster-spirit was approaching again," said Tripitaka. "Why do you ask me to move on?" Pilgrim said, "This monster-spirit is a passerby. He doesn't dare bother us."

The elder grew angry and said, "You brazen ape! You're just playing with me! When there is a demon, you say it's nothing. But when we are in this peaceful region, you are out to frighten me, yelling all the time about a monster-spirit. There's more falsehood than truth in your words, and without regard for good or ill, you grab my legs and throw me off the horse. Now you come up with an explanation about this monster-spirit who's a so-called passerby! If I got hurt from the fall, would you be able to live with yourself? You, you . . ."

"Please don't be offended, Master," said Pilgrim. "If your hands and feet got hurt from the fall, we could still take care of you, but if you were abducted by a monster-spirit, where would we go to look for you?"

Enraged, Tripitaka would have recited the Tight-Fillet Spell had not Sha Monk desperately pleaded with him. Finally he mounted his horse and proceeded once more.

Before he could even sit properly on the saddle he heard another cry:

"Master, please help me!"

As he looked up, the elder found that it came from a little child, completely naked, who was suspended on top of a tree. He pulled in the reins and began to berate Pilgrim, saying, "You wretched ape! How villainous you are! You don't have the tiniest bit of kindness in you! Every thought of yours is bent on making mischief and working violence! I told you that it was a human voice calling for help, but you have to spend countless words to claim it was a monster. Look! Isn't that a person hanging on the tree?" Seeing how the master was putting the blame on him and also the form before his face, the Great Sage lowered his head and dared not reply, for there was nothing he could do at the moment and he was afraid that his master would recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. He had little choice, in fact, but to permit the Tang Monk to approach the tree. Pointing with his whip, the elder asked, "Which household do you belong to, child? Why are you hung here? Tell me, so that I can rescue you."

Alas! Clearly this is a monster-spirit who has transformed himself in this manner, but that master is a man of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, completely unable to recognize what he saw.

When that demon heard the question, he became even more bold in his chicanery. With tears welling up in his eyes, he said, "O Master! West of this mountain there is a Withered Pine Brook, by the side of which there is a village where my family is located. My grandfather's name is Red, and because he has amassed a huge fortune, he was given the name Red Millions. He has, however, been dead for a long time after having lived to a ripe old age, and his estate was left to my father. Recent business reversals have gradually fribbled away our possessions, and my father for that reason has changed his name to Red Thousands. He has been, you see, befriending many men of valor, to whom he had lent gold and silver with the hope of reaping some profits.

Little did he realize that these were all rootless men out to swindle him, and he lost both principal and interest. My father therefore vowed that he would never lend out another penny, but those borrowers, after having squandered what they had, banded together and plundered our house in broad daylight, holding lit torches and staffs. Not only did they rob us of all our money and possessions, but they killed my father also. And when they saw that my mother was somewhat attractive, they decided to abduct her and take her with them to be some kind of camp lady. Unwilling to abandon me, my mother carried me along in her bosom and, weeping, followed the thieves to this mountain, where they wanted to kill me also. Fortunately, my mother pleaded with them and I was spared the knife; I was tied with ropes and hung here to die of hunger and exposure instead. I don't know what sort of merit I've accumulated in another existence that brings me the luck of meeting Master here. If you are willing to be compassionate and save my life so that I can return home, I shall try to repay your kindness even if I have to sell myself. Even when the yellow sand covers my face, I will not forget your kindness." When Tripitaka heard these words, he thought they were the truth and immediately asked Eight Rules to loosen the ropes and rescue the child. Not knowing any better either, Idiot was about to act when Pilgrim on one side could not restrain himself any longer. "You brazen thing!" he shouted. "There's someone here who recognizes you! Don't think you can use your humbuggery to hoodwink people! If your possessions were stolen, if your father was killed and your mother taken by thieves, to whom would we entrust you once we rescued you? With what would you thank us? Your fables don't add up!" When the fiend heard these words, he became frightened, realizing that the Great Sage was an able man to be reckoned with.

Trembling all over, the fiend spoke as tears flowed down his face, "Master, though my parents are lost and gone, and though the wealth of our family is reduced to nothing, I still have some land and relatives."

"What sort of relatives do you have?" asked Pilgrim. The fiend said, "The household of my maternal family lives south of this mountain, while my aunties reside north of the peak. Li Four at the head of the brook is the husband of my mother's sister, and Red Three in the forest is a distant uncle. I have, moreover, several cousins living here and there in the village. If Venerable Master is willing to save me and take me to see these relatives at the village, I shall certainly give them a thorough account of your kindness, and you will be handsomely rewarded when we sell some of our land." When Eight Rules heard what he said, he pushed Pilgrim aside, saying, "Elder Brother, this is only a child! Why keep on interrogating him? What he told us was that the thieves had robbed them of their liquid assets. They couldn't take their houses and land, could they? If he will speak to his relatives, we may have huge appetites, but we can't eat up the price of ten acres of land. Let's cut him down." Idiot, of course, thought only of food; he had no further regard for good or ill, and using the ritual razor, he ripped open the ropes to free the fiend. Facing the Tang Monk tearfully, the fiend knelt beneath the horse and kept on kowtowing. A compassionate man, the elder called out, "Child, get up on the horse. I'll take you there."

"O Master," said the fiend, "my hands and feet are numb from the hanging, and my torso hurts. Moreover, I'm a rural person and not used to riding horses."

The Tang Monk at once asked Eight Rules to carry him, but the fiend, after glancing at Idiot, said, "Master, my skin is frostbitten, and I dare not let myself be carried by this master. He has such a long mouth and large ears, and the hard bristles behind his head can be frightfully prickly!"

“Let Sha Monk carry you then,” said the Tang Monk. After glancing at him also, the fiend said, “Master, when those robbers came to plunder our house, each one of them had his face painted; they wore false beards and they held knives and staffs. I was terribly frightened by them, and now when I see this master with such a gloomy complexion, I’m even more intimidated. I just don’t dare to ask him to carry me.”

The Tang Monk therefore told Pilgrim Sun to put the fiend on his back. Laughing uproariously, Pilgrim said, “I’ll carry him! I’ll carry him!” Secretly pleased, the fiendish creature gave himself willingly to Pilgrim to carry. When Pilgrim pulled him up from the side of the road to test his weight, he found that the fiend weighed no more than three catties and ten ounces. “You audacious fiend!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “You deserve to die today! How dare you pull tricks before old Monkey? I recognize you to be ‘that something.’” “I’m the offspring of a good family,” said the fiend, “and it is my misfortune to face this great ordeal. What do you mean by ‘that something’?”

“If you are an offspring of a good family,” said Pilgrim, “why are your bones so light?”

“They are small,” said the fiend. “How old are you now?” said Pilgrim, and the fiend said, “I’m seven years old.”

“Even if you put on only one catty of weight per year,” said Pilgrim, “you should now weigh seven catties. How is it that you are not even a full four catties?”

“I didn’t get enough milk when I was a baby,” said the fiend. Pilgrim said, “All right, I’ll carry you, but if you want to piss, you must tell me.”

Tripitaka then walked in front with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, while Pilgrim followed behind with the child on his back. As they proceeded toward the West, we have a poem as a testimony, and the poem says:

*Though virtue’s lofty, demonic blocks are high.
Chan promotes stillness, but stillness breeds fiends.
Lord of the Mind’s upright, he takes the middle way;
Wood Mother’s naughty, he walks a wayward path.
Horse of the Will’s silent, nursing want and greed;
Yellow Dame’s wordless, feeling his unease.
Guest- Error succeeds but his joys are vain—
They will, at last, be melted by the Right.*

As the Great Sage Sun carried the demon on his back, he began to brood over his resentment toward the Tang Monk, thinking to himself, “Master truly does not know how difficult it is to traverse this rugged mountain; it’s hard enough to do so when you are empty-handed, but he has to ask old Monkey to carry someone else, not to mention a fellow who’s a monster no less. Even if he were a good man, it would be worthless to carry him along, since he had already lost both parents. To whom would we carry him? I might as well smash him dead!”

At once the fiendish creature became aware of what Pilgrim was thinking and he, therefore, resorted to magic: taking four deep breaths from the four quarters, he blew them onto the back of Pilgrim, and his bearer immediately felt as if a weight of a thousand pounds were on him. “My child,” said Pilgrim, chuckling, “you are using the heavy-body magic to crush your venerable father?” When the fiend heard those words, he became afraid that the Great Sage might harm him. He liberated himself from his corpse and his primal soul rose into the air and stood there, while the weight on

Pilgrim's back grew heavier. Growing angry, the Monkey King grabbed the body on his back and hurled it against some rocks at the side of the road; the body was reduced to a meat patty.

Fearing that it would still be resistant, Pilgrim tore off the four limbs and smashed them to pieces, also by the road.

When the fiend saw clearly what happened in midair, he could not restrain the fire leaping up in his heart, saying to himself, "This monkey monk! How villainous of him! Even if I am a demon plotting to harm your master, I have yet to raise my hand. How could you seek to inflict on me such injury? It's a good thing that I have enough foresight to leave with my spirit; otherwise, I would have unwittingly lost my life. I might as well make use of this opportunity to seize the Tang Monk, for if I delay any further, he might get even smarter."

Dear monster! He at once caused to rise in midair a truly fierce whirlwind, which threw up rocks and kicked up dirt.

Marvelous wind!

*Angrily it whipped up clouds and waters rank,
As rising black ether blotted out the sun.
All summit trees were pulled out by their roots;
Wild plums were wholly leveled with their branches.
Yellow sand dimmed the eyes, so men could not walk.
Strange rocks battered the road, how could it be smooth?
It churned and tossed to darken all the plains
While birds and beasts howled throughout this whole mount.*

The wind blew until Tripitaka could hardly stay on the horse, until Eight Rules refused to look up and Sha Monk lowered his head and covered his face. Only the Great Sage Sun knew that it was a wind sent up by the fiend, but when he ran forward to try to catch up with the others, the fiend riding on the head of the wind had already caught hold of the Tang Monk and whisked him away. Instantly they vanished without a trace, so that there was no way for the disciples to know even where to look for them.

In a little while, the wind began to subside and sunlight appeared once more. Pilgrim walked forward and saw that the white dragon horse was still trembling and neighing uncontrollably. The load of luggage was thrown by the road, Eight Rules lay sprawled beneath a ledge moaning, and Sha Monk was making noises while crouching on the slope. "Eight Rules!" shouted Pilgrim. When Idiot heard the voice of Pilgrim and looked up, the violent wind had calmed. He scrambled up and tugged at Pilgrim, saying, "O Elder Brother, what a terrific wind!" Sha Monk also came up and said, "Elder Brother, this is a whirlwind."

Then he asked, "Where's Master?"

Eight Rules said, "The wind was so strong that we all hid our heads and covered our eyes, each trying to find shelter. Master seemed to have put his head down also on the saddle."

"But where is he now?" asked Pilgrim. "He must have been made of straw," said Sha Monk, "and got blown away!" Pilgrim said, "Brothers, it's time for us to disband."

"Exactly," said Eight Rules, "while there's still time. It's better for each of us to find our own way off. The journey to the Western Heaven is endless and limitless!

When will we ever get there?” When Sha Monk heard these words, he was so shocked that his whole body began to turn numb. “Elder Brother,” he said, “how could you say something like that? Because we committed crimes in our previous lives, we were lucky to be enlightened by the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who touched our heads, gave us the commandments, and changed our names so that we could embrace the Buddhist fruit.

We willingly accepted the commission to protect the Tang Monk and follow him to the Western Heaven to worship Buddha and acquire scriptures, so that our merits would cancel out our sins. Today we are here and everything seems to come to an end abruptly when you can talk about each of us finding our own way off, for then we would mar the good fruits of the Bodhisattva and destroy our virtuous act. Moreover, we would provoke the scorn of others, saying that we know how to start but not how to finish.”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “what you say is right, of course, but what are we to do with Master, who refuses to listen to people? I, old Monkey, can with this pair of fiery eyes and diamond pupils discern good and evil. Just now this wind was called up by that child hanging on the tree, for I could tell that he was a monster-spirit. But you didn’t know, nor did Master; all of you thought that he was an offspring of some good family and told me to carry him along instead. Old Monkey was planning to take care of him when he tried to crush me with the heavy-body magic. Then I smashed his body to pieces, but he resorted to the magic of the liberation of the corpse and kidnapped Master with the whirlwind. Because Master so frequently refused to listen to my words, I became terribly discouraged and that was why I said we should disband. Now that you, Worthy Brother, have shown such faithfulness, old Monkey finds it difficult to make up his mind. Well, Eight Rules, what exactly do you want to do?”

Eight Rules said, “I was stupid enough just now to mouth some foolish words, but we truly should not disband. We have no choice really, Elder Brother, but to listen to Younger Brother Sha and try to find the monster and save Master.”

Brightening up all at once, Pilgrim said, “Brothers, we shall unite our minds to do what we must; after we have picked up the luggage and the horse, we shall ascend this mountain to find the monster and save Master.” Pulling at creepers and vines, descending into ravines and crossing streams, the three of them journeyed for some seventy miles without turning up anything. That mountain did not have a single bird or beast, though old cedars and pines were often sighted.

Growing more and more anxious, the Great Sage Sun leaped up to the summit with a bound and shouted, “Change!”

He changed into someone with three heads and six arms, just as he did when he caused great disturbance in Heaven. Waving the golden-hooped rod once, he changed it into three rods, which he wielded and began to strike out madly in both directions of east and west. When Eight Rules saw him, he said, “Sha Monk, this is bad! Elder Brother is so mad because he can’t find Master that he’s having a fit.”

After awhile, the mock combat of Pilgrim brought out a band of indigent deities, all dressed in rags; their breeches had no seats and their trousers had no cuffs. Kneeling before the mountain, they cried, “Great Sage, the mountain gods and the local spirits are here to see you.” Pilgrim said, “How is it that there are so many mountain gods and local spirits?” Kowtowing, the various deities said, “Let us report to the Great Sage, this mountain has the name of Roaring Mountain of the Six-Hundred-Mile Awl-Head Peak.

There are one mountain god and one local spirit for each ten-mile distance; altogether we have, therefore, thirty mountain gods and thirty local spirits. We heard yesterday already that the Great Sage had arrived, but since we could not assemble all at once, we were tardy in our reception and caused the Great Sage to be angry. Please pardon us.”

“I’ll pardon you for the moment,” said Pilgrim, “but let me ask how many monster-spirits there are in this mountain?”

“O Father!” said the deities, “there’s only one monster-spirit, and he has just about worn our heads bald! He has been such a plague that we have little incense and no paper money, and we are completely without offerings. Every one of us has hardly enough clothes to wear and food for our mouths. How many more monster-spirits could we stand?” Pilgrim said, “Where is this monster-spirit living, before or behind the mountain?”

“Neither place,” said the deities, “for in this mountain is a stream, which has the name of Dried Pine Stream. By the stream is a cave, which has the name of Fiery Cloud Cave. In the cave there is a demon king of vast magic powers, who frequently abducts us local spirits and mountain gods there to do such menial tasks for him as tending fire, guarding the door, beating the rattle, and shouting passwords at night. The little fiends under him also ask us frequently for payola.”

“You are the immortals of the Region of Darkness,” said Pilgrim. “Where would you have money?”

“Exactly,” said the deities. “We don’t have any money to give them, and all we can do is to catch a few mountain antelopes or wild deer to pay off this gang of spirits now and then. If we don’t have any presents for them, they will come to wreck our temples and strip our garments, giving us such harrassment that we can’t possibly lead a peaceful existence. We beseech the Great Sage to stamp out this monster for us and rescue the various living creatures on this mountain.”

“If all of you are under his thumb so that you have to be in his cave frequently,” said Pilgrim, “you must know the name of this monster-spirit and where he is from.”

“When we speak of him,” said the deities, “perhaps even the Great Sage knows of his origin. He is the son of the Bull Demon King, reared by Rākṣasī. After he had practiced selfcultivation at the Blazing Flame Mountain for three hundred years, he perfected the true fire of Samādhi and his magic powers were great indeed. The Bull Demon King told him to come and guard this Roaring Mountain; his childhood name is Red Boy, but his fancy title is Great King Holy Child.”

Highly pleased by what he heard, Pilgrim dismissed the local spirits and mountain gods and changed back into his original form.

Leaping down from the summit, he said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, “Brothers, you may relax. No need to worry anymore. Master won’t be harmed, for the monster-spirit is related to old Monkey.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules with a laugh, “don’t lie! You grew up in the East Pūrvavideha Continent, but this place here belongs to the West Aparagodānīya Continent. The distance is great, separated by ten thousand waters and a thousand hills, and by at least two oceans. How could he be related to you?” Pilgrim said, “Just now this bunch of deities that appeared to me happen to be the local spirits and mountain gods of this region. When I questioned them on the origin of the monster, they told me

that he was the son of the Bull Demon King reared by Rākṣasī. His name is Red Boy, and he also has the fancy title of Great King Holy Child. I remember that when old Monkey caused great disturbance in Heaven five hundred years ago, I made a grand tour at the time of the famous mountains in the world to search for the heroes of this great Earth. The Bull Demon King at one time joined old Monkey and others to form a fraternal alliance of seven; of the some five or six demon kings in this alliance, only old Monkey was quite small in size. That was the reason why we addressed the Bull Demon King as big brother.

Since this monster-spirit is the son of the Bull Demon King, who is an acquaintance of mine, I should be regarded as his old uncle if we begin to talk about relations. How would he dare harm my master? Let's get to his place quickly." With laughter, Sha Monk said, "O Elder Brother! As the proverb says,

*Three years not showing at the door,
A relative is one no more.*

You were parted from him for five, perhaps six hundred years; you haven't even drunk a cup of wine with him, nor have you exchanged invitations or seasonal gifts. How could he possibly think of himself as your relative?"

"How could you measure people this way?" said Pilgrim. "As the proverb says,

*If lotus leaf can to the ocean flow,
Where would people not meet as they come and go?*

Even if he doesn't admit the fact that we are relatives, it will still be unlikely that he would harm my Master. If we don't expect him to give us a banquet, we most certainly may expect him to return to us the Tang Monk whole." So, the three brothers in all earnestness led the horse, which carried the luggage on its back, and found the main road to proceed.

Without stopping night or day, they came upon a pine forest after having traveled for over a hundred miles. Inside the forest was a winding brook in which clear green water swiftly flowed. At the head of the brook there was a stone-slab bridge, which led directly up to the entrance of a cave dwelling. "Brothers," said Pilgrim, "look at that craggy cliff over there with all those rocks. It must be the home of the monster-spirit. Let me discuss the matter with you: which of you is going to stand and guard the luggage and the horse, and which of you will follow me to subdue the fiend?"

Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, old Hog can't sit still for too long. Let me go with you."

"Fine! Fine!" said Pilgrim. "Sha Monk, hide the luggage and the horse deep in the forest, and guard them carefully. The two of us will go up there to search for Master." Sha Monk agreed; Eight Rules then followed Pilgrim to move forward, each of them holding his weapon. Truly

*The child's not smelted and demonic fire triumphs,
But Wood Mother and Mind Monkey have mutual support.*

We don't know what will be the outcome when they walk up to the cave; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-ONE

*Mind Monkey is defeated by fire
Wood Mother is captured by demons*

*Good and evil—a moment's false thoughts;
Shame and honor, neither concerns you.
Failure or success, let it come and go;
Live as you need, within your lot.
Composed, you've peace deep and lasting;
Muddled, you're besieged by demons.
Five Phases hobbled wreck the grove of Chan,
Certain as rising wind's frigid.*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who, along with Eight Rules, took leave of Sha Monk. Leaping over the Dried Pine Stream, they went before a cliff full of strange rocks and discovered that there was indeed a cave dwelling. The scenery all around was most unusual. You see

*A winding old path silent and remote;
E'en wind and moon heed the black cranes singing.
White clouds part and the river's full of light;
Water flows past a bridge—what a scene divine.
Apes and birds call amid rare flowers and plants
And rocks entwined by creepers and orchids fair.
The cliff's rustling green scatters mist and smoke;
Verdant pines and bamboos the phoenix beckon.
Distant summits rise like vertical screens.
Fronting stream and mountain's a true divine cave,
Its source coming from the Kunlun ranges,
To be enjoyed only by one ordained.*

When they went up to the entrance of the cave, they found a slab of stone on which an inscription was written in large letters:

“Fiery Cloud Cave, Dried Pine Stream, Roaring Mountain.”

Before the entrance was a mob of little imps prancing around with swords and spears. In a loud voice, the Great Sage Sun cried out, “You punks! Go quickly and report this to your cave master. Tell him to send out our Tang Monk at once, so that the lives of all these spirits in your cave may be spared. If you whisper but half a ‘No,’ I’ll overturn your residence and level your cave!” When those little fiends heard these words, they turned and dashed inside the cave, slamming shut the two doors of stone. Then they ran to make this report:

“Great King, disaster!” We now tell you about that fiend, who captured Tripitaka and brought him back to the cave. The monk was stripped of his garments, hog-tied with all four limbs behind his back, and left in the rear yard. The little fiends were ordered to scrub him clean with water so that he might be steamed and eaten. When the announcement of disaster was suddenly heard, the demons stopped their activities and went to the front to ask, “What disaster is there?”

“A monk with a hairy face and a thunder-god beak,” said one of the little fiends, “leading another monk with large ears and long snout, is demanding the return of their master, someone by the name of the Tang Monk, in front of our cave. If we but whisper half a ‘No,’ they said, they would overturn our residence and level our cave.” Smiling scornfully, the demon king said, “These two happen to be Pilgrim Sun and Zhu Eight Rules. They truly know where to look! From the spot halfway in the mountain where I caught their master to our place is a distance of some one hundred and fifty miles. How did they manage to find our door so quickly?”

He then gave this order:

“Little ones, those of you who look after the carts, push them out!” Several of the little fiends opened the door and pushed out five small carts. When he saw them, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, these monster-spirits must be afraid of us. They have hauled out their carts to move to another place.”

“No,” said Pilgrim, “look at the way they are placing the carts over there.”

The little fiends indeed placed the carts at five locations corresponding to the Five Phases of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth; five of the fiends stood guard beside the carts while five others went inside again to make their report. “Everything set?” asked the demon king. “All set,” they replied. “Bring me my lance,” he ordered. Those fiends who looked after weapons had two of them carry out an eighteen-foot fire-tipped lance to hand over to the monster king. With no other armor except a battle kilt of embroidered silk and with naked feet, the monster king took up the lance and walked outside. When Pilgrim and Eight Rules raised their heads to look, they found a fiendish creature who had

*A face as if it had been powdered white,
And lips so ruddy, they seemed brushed with paint.
No dye could create such dark, lovely hair;
His eyebrows curved like new moons carved with knives.
Phoenix and dragon coiled on his battle kilt;
More husky than Nata's a frame he had.
With air imposing he lifted up his lance
And walked out the door, swathed in hallowed light.
He roared like thunder in the time of spring;
His striking eyes flashed like lightning bright.
If one would know his true identity,
Remember Red Boy, a name of lasting fame.*

After that Red Boy monster had emerged from the door, he shouted, “Who is here making all these noises?” Smiling as he drew near, Pilgrim said, “My worthy nephew! Stop fooling around! This morning when you were hung high on top of a pine tree by the mountain road, you presented yourself as a thin, frightened boy with jaundice and deceived my master. I carried you on my back with all good intention, you know, but you used a little wind to abduct my master here. Even though you appear before me now like this, you think I can't recognize you? You might as well send my master out quickly. Stop behaving like a callow youth and take care not to upset the feelings of kinship. For I fear that if your father gets wind of this, he might blame old Monkey for oppressing youth with age, and that wouldn't be quite right.”

Enraged by the words he heard, the fiend shouted back, “You brazen ape! What feelings of kinship do I share with you? What sort of balderdash are you mouthing around here? Who’s your worthy nephew?”

“O brother!” said Pilgrim. “You wouldn’t know, would you? At the time when your father and I became bond-brothers, we didn’t even know where you were.”

“This ape is babbling more nonsense!” said the fiend. “Where do you come from, and where do I come from? Think about this! How could my father and you become bond-brothers?”

“Of course, you wouldn’t know about this,” said Pilgrim. “I am Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who greatly disturbed the Heavenly Palace five hundred years ago. But before I caused such disturbance, I made extensive tours of all the Four Great Continents, and there was not a spot on Earth or in Heaven that I did not set foot on, for I was most eager to befriend all the valiant and heroic persons. Your father, the Bull Monster King, called himself the Great Sage, Parallel with Heaven. He and old Monkey formed a fraternal alliance of seven, and we all made him the big brother.

There were also a Dragon Monster King, who called himself the Great Sage, Covering the Ocean, and became the second brother; a Garuda Monster King, who called himself Great Sage, United with Heaven, and became the third brother; a Lion Monster King, who called himself the Great Sage, Mover of Mountains, and became the fourth brother; a Female Monkey King, who called herself the Fair Wind Great Sage and became the fifth member; and a Giant Ape Monster King, who called himself the God-Routing Great Sage and became the sixth brother. Old Monkey, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, was rather small in size, and so he was number seven. At the time when we old brothers were having fun, you weren’t even born!” Refusing to believe a word he heard, the fiend lifted up his fire-tipped lance to stab at Pilgrim. An expert, as they said, would not be exercised, and Pilgrim at once stepped aside to dodge the blow before striking out with his iron rod, yelling at the same time, “You little beast! You don’t know what’s good for you! Watch my rod!”

The monster-spirit also parried the blow, yelling at the same time, “Brazen ape! You are so ignorant of the ways of the world! Watch my lance!”

The two of them thus refused to give any consideration for kinship relation; changing colors all at once, they used their magic and leaped to the edge of the clouds. What a fight!

*Pilgrim enjoyed great fame;
The demon king had vast powers.
One raised up the golden-hooped rod sideways;
One lunged forward with the fire-tipped lance.
Mist spread out to shroud the Three Regions;
Clouds spewed forth to hide the four quarters.
Violent air and savage noise did fill the sky;
The sun, the moon, the stars—all lost their light.
Not one kind word was spoken,
They felt such hatred and scorn.
That one’s contempt made him lose all manners;
This one’s wrath killed all regard for relations.
The rod struck with increasing might;*

*The lance came with growing fury.
 One was the primordial, true Great Sage;
 One was Child Sudhana of the right fruit.
 They drove themselves, each trying hard to win,
 All for the Tang Monk, who would greet the dharma king.*

The demon and the Great Sage Sun fought for more than twenty rounds without reaching a decision. Standing on one side, Zhu Eight Rules saw clearly what was going on: although the monster-spirit was not about to be defeated, he was only parrying the blows left and right, and did not attack his opponent at all; and, although Pilgrim did not seem able to prevail all at once, he was, after all, such an adroit and skillful warrior that the rod back and forth never seemed to leave the vicinity of the monster's head. Eight Rules thought to himself, "That's good! Pilgrim is so tricky! He could fake something and deceive the demon into drawing closer. One blow of that iron rod then would wipe out my chance of making any merit!" Look at him! He roused his spirit, lifted up his nine-pronged rake, and brought it down hard on the monster-spirit's head. Terrified by what he saw, the fiend quickly turned around and fled, dragging his lance behind him. "Chase him! Chase him!" shouted Pilgrim to Eight Rules.

The two of them gave chase up to the entrance of the cave, where they saw the monster-spirit standing in one of the five carts, the one set up in the middle. With one hand he held on to his fire-tipped lance; with the other fist, he gave his own nose a couple of punches. Laughing, Eight Rules said, "Shame on him! This fellow's indulging in roguery! He wants to bust his own nose, make himself bleed a little, and smear his face red so that he may go somewhere to file suit against us."

After that demon gave himself two punches, he recited a spell and immediately flames shot out from his mouth as thick smoke sprouted from his nose. In an instant, flames darted up from all five carts. The demon opened his mouth a few more times and a huge fire shot up to the sky, burning so fiercely that the entire Fiery Cloud Cave was hidden from sight by the flames and smoke. Horrified, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, it's getting sticky! Once we are caught in that fire, we are finished. Old Hog will be roasted, and after some spices are added, they can just enjoy me! Quickly! Run!"

He said he would run, and the next moment he had already crossed the stream without any regard for Pilgrim.

Pilgrim, however, had vast magic powers; making the fire-repellent sign by kneading together his fingers, he hurled himself into the fire to search for the fiend. When the fiend saw him approaching, he spat out a few more mouthfuls of flame and the fire grew even more intense. Marvelous fire!

*Torrid and fierce, a blaze reaching the sky;
 Hot and brilliant, it reddens the whole earth.
 It's like a fiery wheel flying up and down,
 Like charcoals aglow dancing east and west.
 This fire is not from Suiren drilling wood,
 Or from Laozi roasting cinnabar;
 It's not fire from Heaven,
 Nor is it a wildfire.
 It's the realized samādhi fire born of the demon's self-cultivation.
 The five carts conform to the Five Phases
 That grow and transform to beget the flame.*

*The liver's wood can make the heart's fire strong;
 The heart's fire can calm the earth of the spleen;
 The spleen's earth begets metal, which changes into water;
 Water can beget wood, thus the magic's complete.
 Growth and transformation, all are caused by fire,
 For all things flourish when fire fills the sky.
 The fiend, long enlightened, summons samādhi.
 He rules the West forever as number one.*

Because the fire and smoke were so intense, Pilgrim could not even see the way before the cave's entrance and therefore he could not search for the fiend. Turning quickly, he leaped clear of the blaze at once. Having seen clearly what took place before his own cave, the monster-spirit retrieved his fire equipment after Pilgrim left, and led the various fiends back inside. After the stone doors were shut, the little fiends were told to prepare for a joyous victory celebration, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who vaulted over the Dried Pine Stream. As he dropped from the clouds, he heard Eight Rules and Sha Monk conversing loudly in the pine forest. "You idiot!" shouted Pilgrim as he approached Eight Rules. "You haven't one whit of manliness! You could be so terrified by the demonic fire that you would abandon old Monkey to flee for your own life. It's a good thing that I can still take care of myself!"

"Elder Brother," said Zhu Eight Rules, chuckling, "what that monster-spirit said of you was certainly correct, for you truly are ignorant of the ways of the world. The ancients said, 'He who knows the ways of the world shall be called a hero.' The monster-spirit did not want to talk kinship with you, but you insisted on presenting yourself as his kin. When he fought with you and let loose that kind of ruthless fire, you wouldn't run but still wanted to tangle with him."

"How's the fiend's ability compared with mine?" asked Pilgrim. "Not as good," said Eight Rules.

"How about his skill with the lance?"

"No good, either," said Eight Rules. "When old Hog saw that he had a hard time withstanding you, I came to lend you a little assistance with my rake. Little did I expect that he was so puny that he would retreat in defeat at once and start the fire in such an unconscionable way." Pilgrim said, "Indeed you shouldn't have stepped forward. I was about to find a way to give him a blow with my rod after a few more rounds. Wouldn't that have been better?"

The two gave themselves entirely to discussing the ability of the monster-spirit and the viciousness of his fire, but Sha Monk, leaning on the trunk of a pine tree, was laughing so hard that he could barely stand up.

"Brother," said Pilgrim, after he noticed him, "why are you laughing? If you had the ability to capture that demon and destroy his fire defense, that would be a benefit to all of us. As the proverb says, a few feathers will make a ball. If you could seize the demon and rescue our master, it would be your great merit."

"I don't have that kind of ability," said Sha Monk, "nor can I subdue the fiend. But I am laughing because both of you are so absentminded."

“What do you mean?” asked Pilgrim. Sha Monk said, “Neither the ability of that monster-spirit nor his skill with the lance can be a match for you, but the only reason why you two cannot prevail against him is because of his fire. If I have anything to say about this, I’ll say that you should overcome him by mutual production and mutual conquest.

What’s so difficult about that?” When Pilgrim heard these words, he roared with laughter and said, “Brother, you are right! Indeed, we are absentminded, and we have forgotten about the whole matter. If we consider the principles of mutual production and mutual conquest, then it is water that can overcome fire. We must find water somewhere to put out this demonic fire. We would be able to rescue Master then, wouldn’t we?”

“Exactly,” said Sha Monk. “No need for further delay.” Pilgrim said, “Stay here, the two of you, but don’t fight with him. Let old Monkey go to the Great Eastern Ocean and request some dragon soldiers to come with water. After we have put out the demonic fire, we will rescue Master.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “feel free to go. We can look after ourselves here.”

Dear Great Sage! Mounting the clouds to leave that place, he arrived at the Eastern Ocean in a moment. He was too busy, however, to linger and enjoy the scenery; using the water-division magic, he opened up a pathway for himself through the waves. As he proceeded, he ran into a *yakṣa* on patrol. When the *yakṣa* saw that it was the Great Sage Sun, he went quickly back to the Water- Crystal Palace to report to the old Dragon King. Aoguang immediately led the dragon sons and grandsons together with shrimp soldiers and crab lieutenants to meet his visitor outside the gate. Pilgrim was invited to take a seat inside and also tea. “No need for tea,” said Pilgrim, “but I do have a matter that will cause you some trouble. My master, who’s on his way to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha, happens to be passing through the Fiery Cloud Cave at the Dried Pine Stream of the Roaring Mountain.

A Red Boy monster-spirit, with the fancy title of the Great King, Holy Child, has captured my master. When old Monkey made his search up to his door and fought with him, he let out some fire which we couldn’t put out. Since we thought of the fact that water could prevail over fire, I came especially to ask you for some water. You can start a big rainstorm for me to put out that fire so that the Tang Monk will be delivered from this ordeal.”

“You are mistaken, Great Sage,” said the Dragon King, “for if you want rainwater, you shouldn’t have come to ask me.”

“You are the Dragon King of Four Oceans, the principal superintendent of rain and dew. If I don’t ask you, whom should I ask?”

The Dragon King said, “Though I’m in charge of rain, I can’t dispense it as I will. We must have the decree of the Jade Emperor, specifying where and when, the number of feet and inches, and the hour when the rain is to begin. Moreover, three officials have to raise their brushes to draft the document, which then must be dispatched by the North Star. Thereafter, we must also assemble the Thunder God, the Lightning Mother, the Wind Uncle, and the Cloud Boy, for as the proverb says, ‘The dragon can’t move without clouds.’” “I have no need for wind, cloud, thunder, or lightning,” said Pilgrim, “only some rainwater to put out a fire.”

“In that case,” said the Dragon King, “I still would not be able to help you all by myself. Let my brothers give you a hand to achieve this merit for you. How about that?”

“Where are your brothers?” asked Pilgrim. The Dragon King said, “They are Aoqin, Dragon King of the Southern Ocean; Aorun, Dragon King of the Western Ocean; and Aoshun, Dragon King of the Northern Ocean.” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “If I have to go and tour the three oceans, I might as well go to the Region Above to ask for the Jade Emperor’s decree.”

The Dragon King said, “There’s no need for the Great Sage to go there. All we have to do here is to beat our iron drum and sound the golden bell, and they will arrive momentarily.”

Hearing this, Pilgrim said, “Old Dragon King, please beat the drum and sound the bell.” In a moment, the three Dragon Kings rushed in and asked, “Big Brother, why did you summon us here?”

Aoguang said, “The Great Sage Sun is here asking for our assistance; he needs rain to subdue a fiend.”

The three brothers were led to greet Pilgrim, who then gave an account of why he needed water. Each one of the deities was willing to oblige. They at once called up

*The shark, so ferocious, to lead the troops,
And the big-mouthed shad to be the vanguard.
The carp marshal leaped through the tide and waves;
The bream viceroy spewed forth wind and fog;
The mackerel grand marshal screamed passwords in the east;
The culter-fish commander urged the troops in the west;
Red-eyed mermaids danced along in the south;
Black-armored generals rushed forward from the north;
The sturgeon sergeant took command at the center;
Soldiers of five quarters were all valiant.
Astute and clever, the sea-turtle lord chancellor;
Shrewd and subtle, the tortoise counselor;
Full of plots and wisdom, the iguana minister;
Agile and able, the sand-turtle commander.
Wielding long swords, crab warriors walked sideways;
Stretching heavy bows, shrimp amazons leaped straight up.
The sheatfish vice-director checked his books with care
To call up the dragon soldiers to leave the waves.*

We have also a testimonial poem that says:

*Dragon Kings of four seas are pleased to help
At the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven’s request;
When Tripitaka meets an ordeal on the way,
Water is sought to put out the fiery red.*

Leading those dragon troops, Pilgrim soon arrived at the Dried Pine Stream on the Roaring Mountain. “Worthy Ao Brothers,” said Pilgrim, “I’m sorry for asking you to traverse such a distance. This is the habitat of the demon. Please remain for the moment in the air and do not reveal yourselves. Let old Monkey go fight with him; if I win, there’s no need for you to catch him, and even if I lose, there’s no need for all of

you to help me. Only when he starts his fire will I call on you, and then you can send down your rain.”

The Dragon Kings all agreed to heed his command.

Pilgrim lowered his cloud and went straight into the pine forest, where he shouted “Brothers” to Eight Rules and Sha Monk. “Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you’ve returned very quickly. Have you been able to fetch the Dragon Kings?”

“They are all here,” said Pilgrim. “You two had better be careful not to let the luggage get wet by the torrential rain. Old Monkey will go fight with him.” Sha Monk said, “Go right ahead, Elder Brother, we’ll take care of everything here.” Leaping over the stream, Pilgrim dashed up to the entrance of the cave and shouted, “Open the door!”

The little fiends went at once to report, “Great King, Pilgrim Sun is here again.” Raising his head, Red Boy laughed aloud and said, “That monkey, I suppose, has not been burned by the fire and that’s why he has returned. Well, I’ll not spare him this time, for I won’t stop until his skin is charred and his flesh is seared.”

As he leaped up to take hold of his lance, he gave the order:

“Little ones, push out the carts!”

After he rushed out the door, he said to Pilgrim, “Why are you here again?”

“Return my master,” said Pilgrim. “Monkey head,” said the fiend, “you are indeed obtuse! If the Tang Monk can be your master, can’t he also be our hors d’oeuvre for wine? Forget him! Forget him!” When Pilgrim heard these words, he was infuriated; pulling out his golden-hooped rod, he struck at the fiend’s head. The monster-spirit quickly raised his fire-tipped lance to parry the blow, and their battle this time was not the same as theirs last time. Marvelous battle!

*The wild demon, greatly enraged;
The Monkey King, highly incensed.
This one just wished to save the scripture monk;
That one would eat Tripitaka Tang.
Changed minds quelled all kinship feelings;
Estranged, they allowed no concession.
This one wished he could be caught and skinned alive;
That one wished he could be seized and dipped in sauce.
Truly so ferocious!
Indeed so strong and fierce!
The rod blocked by the lance, thus the contest raged;
The lance met by the rod, each strove to win.
They raised their hands to fight for twenty rounds,
Both persons’ abilities were just the same.*

The demon king fought Pilgrim for some twenty rounds, and when he saw that he could not prevail, he made a fake thrust with his lance and turned quickly to give his own nose two punches with his fist. Fire and smoke poured out at once from his eyes and mouth as a huge blaze leaped up from the carts set before the cave’s entrance. Turning his head skyward, the Great Sage Sun shouted, “Dragon Kings, where are you?” Leading their aquatic kin, the Dragon King brothers sent a torrential downpour of rain toward the fire of the monster-spirit. Marvelous rain! Truly

Drizzling and sprinkling—

*Pouring and showering—
 Drizzling and sprinkling,
 It's like the meteors falling from the sky;
 Pouring and showering,
 It's like waves churning in a sea upturned.
 At first the raindrops seem the size of a fist;
 In awhile they fall by the buckets and pans.
 The whole earth's o'erflowed with duck-head green,
 And tall mountains are washed blue like Buddha's head.
 Water flies down the canyon like sheets of jade;
 The stream swells in a thousand silver strands.
 Roads forked three ways are all filled up;
 So is a river which has nine bends.
 The Tang Monk facing an ordeal is helped by dragons divine
 Who o'erturn Heaven's river and pour it down.*

The rain descended in torrents but it could not extinguish the fiend's fire at all. The fact of the matter was that what the Dragon Kings let loose happened to be unauthorized rain, capable of putting out worldly fires. How could it extinguish the true fire of samādhi cultivated by that monster-spirit? It was, in fact, like adding oil to the fire, making the blaze all the more intense. "Let me make the magic sign," said the Great Sage, "and penetrate the flames." Wielding the iron rod, he searched for the fiend. When the fiend saw him approaching, he blew a mouthful of smoke right at his face. Pilgrim tried to turn away swiftly, but he was so dazed by the smoke that tears fell from his eyes like rain. This Great Sage, you see, could not be hurt by fire but he was afraid of smoke. For during that year when he greatly disturbed the Heavenly Palace, he was placed in the eight-trigram brazier of Laozi, where he had been smelted for a long time.

He managed to crawl into the space beneath the compartment which corresponded to the Sun trigram and was not burned.

The smoke whipped up by the wind, however, gave him a pair of fiery eyes and diamond pupils, and that was the reason why even now he was afraid of smoke. Once more, the fiend spat out a mouthful of smoke and the Great Sage could no longer withstand it.

Mounting the clouds, he fled hurriedly while the demon retrieved his fire equipment and returned to his cave.

His whole body covered by flame and smoke, the Great Sage found the intense heat unbearable and he dove straight into the mountain stream to try to put out the fire. Little did he anticipate that the shock of the cold water was so great that the heat caused by the fire was forced inward into his body and he fainted immediately. Alas!

*His breath caught in his chest, his tongue and throat grew cold;
 His spirit fled, his soul left, and his life was gone!*

Those Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans were so terrified that they put a stop to the rain and yelled loudly, "Marshal Heavenly Reeds and Curtain-Raising Captain! Stop hiding in the forest! Start looking for your elder brother!" When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard that they were addressed by their holy titles, they quickly untied the horse and poled the luggage to dash out of the forest. With no regard for the mud and slush, they began searching along the banks of the stream when the bubbling currents swept down from above the body of a person. When Sha Monk saw it, he leaped into the water

fully clothed and hauled the body back to shore. It was the body of the Great Sage Sun. Alas, look at him!

*His four limbs were bent and they could not be stretched;
His whole body up and down was cold as ice.*

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, as tears filled his eyes, “what a pity you have to go like that! You were

*Someone who never aged through countless years.
Now you have died young in the middle of the way.”*

With a chuckle, Eight Rules said, “Brother, stop crying. This ape is pretending to be dead, just to scare us. Feel him a little and see if there’s any warmth left in his breast.”

“The whole body has turned cold,” said Sha Monk. “Even if there were a little warmth left, how could you revive him?”

Eight Rules said, “If he is capable of seventy-two transformations, he has seventy-two lives. Listen, you stretch out his legs while I take care of him.” Sha Monk indeed straightened Pilgrim’s legs while Eight Rules lifted his head and straightened his upper torso. They then pushed his legs up and folded them around the knees before raising him into a sitting position. Rubbing his hands together until they were warm, Eight Rules covered Pilgrim’s seven apertures and began to apply a Chan method of massage on him. The cold water, you see, had had such a traumatic effect on Pilgrim that his breath was caught in his cinnabar field and he could not utter a sound. He was lucky, therefore, to have all that rubbing, squeezing, and kneading by Eight Rules, for in a moment his breath went through the three passes, invaded the bright hall, and burst through his apertures. “O Master,” he began to say.

Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother, when you were alive, you lived for Master, and his name’s on your lips even when you are dead! Wake up first. We are all here.” Opening his eyes, Pilgrim said, “Are you here, Brothers? Old Monkey’s a loser this time!”

“You fainted,” said Eight Rules Zhu, chuckling, “and if old Hog hadn’t saved you, you would have been finished. Aren’t you going to thank me?” Pilgrim got up slowly and raised his head, saying, “The Ao Brothers, where are you?”

The Dragon Kings of Four Oceans replied in midair, “Your little dragons wait upon you here.”

“I am sorry to have caused you to travel all this distance,” said Pilgrim, “but we have not accomplished our merit. Please go back first and I shall thank you again in another day.”

The Dragon Kings led their large group of followers to return to their residences, which need not concern us here.

Sha Monk then supported Pilgrim and led him back into the pine forest to sit down. In a little while, Pilgrim felt more collected and his breathing became more even, but he could not restrain the tears from rolling down his cheeks. Again he cried out, “O Master!

*Think of your leaving the Great Tang that year,
When you saved me from woe beneath that mount.
On waters and hills we face demonic foes;*

*Our bowels are torn by ten thousand pains.
 We eat with an alms bowl, whether bare or filled;
 In houses or woods we meditate at night.
 Our hearts are set on achieving the right fruit.
 How could I know I would be hurt this day?"*

Sha Monk said, "Elder Brother, please do not worry. Let us devise a plan soon and see where we can go to ask for help to rescue Master."

"Where shall we go to seek help?" asked Pilgrim. Sha Monk said, "I remember when the Bodhisattva first gave us the instruction that we should accompany the Tang Monk, she also gave us the promise that when we called on Heaven, Heaven would respond, or when we called on Earth, Earth would reply. We just have to decide where we should go to seek help."

"When I caused great disturbance in the Heavenly Palace," said Pilgrim, "all those divine soldiers were no match for old Monkey. This monster-spirit, however, has considerable magic powers, and so our helper must be someone stronger than even old Monkey. Neither the gods in Heaven nor those deities on Earth will be adequate. If we want to catch this demon, we must go to ask the Bodhisattva Guanyin. But unfortunately, my bones and muscles are sore and my torso is weak. I can't perform my cloud somersault. How can I go?"

"If you have any instruction," said Eight Rules, "tell me. I'll go." Smiling, Pilgrim said, "All right! You can go, but when you appear before the Bodhisattva, don't stare at her face. You must lower your head and bow with reverence, and when she asks you, you may then tell her the names of this place and the fiend and beseech her to come to rescue Master. If she's willing, the fiendish creature will, of course, be taken."

After Eight Rules heard this, he mounted the clouds and mists at once and headed toward the south.

We now tell you about that demon king, who was celebrating in his cave. Merrily he said to his subjects, "Little ones, Pilgrim Sun truly has suffered loss this time. Though he may not die, he will be in a big coma! Holla! I fear that they might want to go find help somewhere. Open the doors quickly! Let me see where they are going."

The fiends opened the doors and when the monster-spirit rose into the air to look all around, he discovered Eight Rules heading toward the south. The south, the monster-spirit thought to himself, could mean only one thing:

Eight Rules was going to seek the help of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. Dropping quickly from the clouds, the fiend cried, "Little ones, find that leather bag of mine and take it out. It hasn't been used for quite some time and I fear that the rope around its mouth is not strong enough. Change the rope for me and place the bag beneath the second door. Let me go and capture Eight Rules by deception; when he is brought back here, we'll store him in the bag. Then he'll be steamed until he's flaky so that all of you may enjoy him with wine."

The monster-spirit, you see, had a compliant leather bag, which those little fiends took out and fastened a new rope to its mouth. They placed it beneath the second door as they were told, and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you instead about that demon king, who had lived in this place for a long time; the whole region, in fact, was familiar to him, and he knew which route to South

Sea was the shorter one and which the longer. Taking the shorter route, he mounted the clouds and at once went past Eight Rules. He then lowered himself onto a tall ridge, sat down solemnly, and changed into a specious form of Guanshiyin to wait for Eight Rules.

Treading his clouds, Idiot was on his way when he saw suddenly the Bodhisattva. He could not, of course, distinguish the true from the false; like foolish men of the world, he regarded all images as real Buddhas! Stopping his cloud, Idiot bowed low and said, "Bodhisattva, your disciple Zhu Wuneng kowtows to you."

The monster-spirit said, "Why aren't you protecting the Tang Monk on his way to fetch scriptures? Why have you come to see me?"

"It was because your disciple and his master met on their way a Red Boy monster-spirit, who resided in the Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Stream in the Roaring Mountain. He abducted our master, but your disciples found the way to his door and fought with him. He happened to be someone who knew how to start a fire; during our first battle, we could not prevail, and during our second one, we could not extinguish the fire even after we asked the Dragon Kings to assist us with rain. Since Elder Brother suffered burns so severe that he could not move, he asked me to come to plead with the Bodhisattva. We beg you to be merciful and save our master from his ordeal."

"That master of the Fiery Cloud Cave," said the monster-spirit, "is not prone to take human lives. It must be that you have offended him."

"Not I," said Eight Rules, "but Elder Brother did offend him. The fiend changed himself at first into a small child hung on a tree to test Master. Our Master, of course, had a most kindly disposition; he told me to untie the child and Elder Brother to carry him for a distance. Elder Brother wanted to dash him to the ground, and that was when he abducted Master."

The monster-spirit said, "Get up and follow me into the cave to see the cave-master. I'll speak on your behalf, and you can salute him; the two of us will ask him then to release your master."

"O Bodhisattva," said Eight Rules. "If he's willing to return our master, I'll be glad to kowtow to him."

"Follow me then," said the demon king.

Idiot, of course, did not know any better; instead of proceeding to the South Sea, he followed the fiend right back to the entrance of the Fiery Cloud Cave. When they reached the cave, the monster-spirit proceeded to walk inside, saying, "Don't be suspicious, for he's my acquaintance. You come in, too." Idiot had no choice but to stride inside also. With a terrific shout, the various fiends seized him all at once and stuffed him into the leather bag. After the rope around its mouth was pulled tight, the bag was drawn up high to a beam and hung there. Changing back into his true form, the monster-spirit took a seat in the middle and said, "Zhu Eight Rules, what sort of abilities do you have that you dare accompany the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures? That you dare go ask the Bodhisattva to subdue me? Open your pair of eyes, take a good look, and see if you recognize me, the Great King Holy Child! Now you are caught, you'll be hung for four or five days before you'll be steamed and served as hors d'oeuvre to my little fiends for their wine." When Eight Rules heard these words, he began screaming inside the bag, saying, "You brazen fiend! Don't you dare be so insulting! So, you've

plotted and planned to deceive me, but if you dare eat me, every one of you will be stricken with the Heaven-sent plague of swollen head!" Idiot thus persisted in his expostulation for a long time, but we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage Sun who sat in the forest with Sha Monk. A gust of putrid wind blew past and, sneezing immediately, he said, "Bad! Bad! This wind betokens misfortune more than good luck! Zhu Eight Rules, I think, must have taken the wrong way."

"If he did," said Sha Monk, "couldn't he ask someone?" Pilgrim said, "He must have run into the monster-spirit."

"If he ran into the monster-spirit," said Sha Monk, "couldn't he run back to us?"

"It's not right," said Pilgrim. "You sit here and guard our belongings. Let me dash over the stream and find out what's going on over there." Sha Monk said, "Your body is still sore, Elder Brother, and I fear that you'll be hurt even more by him. Let me go."

"You won't do," said Pilgrim, "let me go instead."

Dear Pilgrim! Gritting his teeth to endure the pain, he took up his iron rod and ran across the stream to reach the entrance to the Fiery Cloud Cave. "Brazen monster!" he cried, and those fiends guarding the door ran inside to report, "Pilgrim Sun is shouting again at the door!"

The demon king gave the order for him to be seized, and all those little fiends, teeming with spears and swords, rushed out the door shouting, "Seize him! Seize him!" Pilgrim indeed was too weak to fight and he dared not oppose them. Diving to one side of the road, he recited a spell, crying, "Change!"

He changed at once into a cloth wrapper adorned with gold. When the little fiends saw it, they took it inside and reported, "Great King, Pilgrim Sun is scared. When he heard the word 'seize,' he was so frightened that he dropped this wrapper and fled." Laughing, the demon king said, "That wrapper is not worth much! All it contains must be the torn shirts of those monks and their old hats. Bring it in and wash it clean; the piece of material can be used for mending or lining." One of the little fiends put the wrapper on his back to carry it inside, not knowing that it was the transformation of Pilgrim. Pilgrim said, "That's good! That's how you ought to carry this cloth wrapper adorned with gold!" Not thinking much about the thing, the monsterspirit left it inside the door.

Dear Pilgrim! Even in the midst of falsehood he knew greater falsehood, and each fakery of his produced more fakery! He pulled off one piece of his hair on which he blew a mouthful of divine breath: it changed at once into the wrapper, while his true body took on the form of a tiny fly that alighted on the door post. Then he heard Eight Rules moaning and muttering somewhere in a muffled voice, somewhat like a hog stricken with plague! With a buzz, Pilgrim flew up to look around and saw at once that there was a leather bag hung high on the beam. When he alighted on the bag, he heard Eight Rules expostulating the demon in all sorts of vile language.

"Wretched fiend," he said, "how dare you change yourself into a specious Bodhisattva Guanyin to trick me here? How dare you hang me up and want to eat me? One day, when my Elder Brother

*Uses his boundless power, equal to Heav'n,
All monsters of this mountain will then be caught.*

*When I'm freed after this leather bag's untied,
I'll rake you a thousand times before I stop!"*

When Pilgrim heard these words, he laughed silently, saying to himself, "Though the idiot must be suffocating in there, he hasn't dropped his banner or spear yet! Old Monkey must catch hold of this fiend! If I don't, I'll not be able to rid myself of my hostility!"

He was just trying to think of a plan to rescue Eight Rules when he heard the call of the demon king:

"Where are the six mighty commanders?"

There were, you see, six little fiends who became special friends of his, and these spirits received the appointment of mighty commander. Their names were:

Cloud-in-Fog, Fog-in-Cloud, Quick-as-Fire, Swift-as-Wind, Hurly-Burly, and Burly-Hurly.

The six mighty commanders went forward and knelt down. The demon king asked, "Do you all know the way to the house of the Venerable Great King?"

"We do," they replied. The demon king said, "Go at once, and journey in the night if you have to, to give this invitation to the Venerable Great King. Tell him that I have caught the Tang Monk, who will be steamed and served for him to eat so that his age may be lengthened a thousandfold." Obeying this order, the six fiends swarmed out of the door and left. With a buzz, Pilgrim flew away from the bag and followed those fiends to leave the cave. We do not know who they want to invite to come here; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-TWO

*The Great Sage diligently calls at South Sea
Guanyin with compassion binds the Red Boy*

We were telling you about those six mighty commanders, who walked out of the cave entrance and followed the road directly toward the southwest. Pilgrim thought to himself, "They wanted to extend an invitation for the Venerable Old King to eat my master, and that Venerable Old King has to be the Bull Demon King. Since old Monkey met him that year, our friendship was a deep one, as ours were the most congenial spirits and sentiments. Now I have returned to the path of rectitude; though he's still a perverse demon, I can remember his looks despite our lengthy separation. Let old Monkey transform himself into the Bull Monster King and see if they could be deceived."

Dear Pilgrim! He slipped away from those six little fiends; spreading his wings, he flew to a distance of some ten miles ahead. With one shake of his body he changed into the form of Bull Monster King and, pulling off several strands of hair, he cried, "Change!"

They changed into several little fiends who were mounting falcons, leading hounds, and brandishing bows and arrows as if they were hunting in the fold of the mountain. There they waited for the six mighty commanders.

As that motley crew shuffled along, they suddenly saw the Bull Monster King seated before them. So startled were Burly-Hurly and Hurly-Burly that they fell to their knees at once, crying, "Venerable Great King is here!" Since Cloud-in-Fog, Fog-in-Cloud, Quick-as-Fire, and Swift-as-Wind were all of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, how could they possibly distinguish between the true and the false? They all knelt down also and kowtowed, saying, "Father, these little ones have been sent by the Great King Holy Child from the Fiery Cloud Cave. We are here to invite Father Venerable Great King to dine on the flesh of the Tang Monk, so that your age will be lengthened a thousandfold."

"Children," rejoined Pilgrim, "get up. Follow me home; I'll go with you after I've changed my clothes." Kowtowing again, the little fiends said, "We beg our Father not to stand on ceremony. There's no need to return to your residence. The distance is great, and we fear that our Great King will chide us for our delay. We beseech you to begin your journey at once." Laughing, Pilgrim said, "What nice children you are! All right, all right! Clear the way and I'll go with you."

The six fiends roused their spirits and shouted to clear the way, while the Great Sage followed them.

In no time at all they returned to their own place. Swift-as-Wind and Quick-as-Fire dashed into the cave, crying, "Great King, Father Venerable Great King has arrived."

Delighted, the monster king said, "All of you are quite useful! You've returned so quickly!"

He at once gave the order for all his captains to arrange their troops and to unfurl the flags and drums to receive the Venerable Great King.

The fiends of the entire cave all obeyed this command and they formed an orderly formation all the way out to the entrance. Shaking his body once to retrieve his hairs, who were leading dogs and falcons, Pilgrim with chest thrust forward walked loftily inside in big strides. After he took a seat in the middle facing south, Red Boy faced him and knelt down to kowtow to him. "Father King," he said, "your child gives you obeisance." Pilgrim said, "My child is exempted from such ceremonies." Only after he had prostrated himself four times did the monster king rise from the ground and stand below the seat of Pilgrim.

"My child," said Pilgrim, "why did you ask me to come here?"

Bowing again, the monster king said, "Though your child is not talented, he has managed to capture a certain person yesterday, a monk from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. I have often heard people say that he is someone who has practiced self-cultivation for ten incarnations. If anyone eats a piece of his flesh, this person will enjoy the same age as an immortal from P'êng-lai or Ying-chou. Your foolish boy does not dare eat the Tang Monk by himself. That is why I have invited Father King especially to enjoy with me the flesh of the Tang Monk, so that your age may be lengthened a thousandfold." When Pilgrim heard these words, he shuddered and said, "My child, which Tang Monk is this?"

"The one journeying to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures," said the monster king. "My child," said Pilgrim, "is he the master of Pilgrim Sun?"

"Indeed," said the monster king. Waving his hand and shaking his head, Pilgrim said, "Don't provoke him! You can provoke others, but you don't know what sort of person that Pilgrim Sun happens to be! My worthy boy, you haven't met him, I suppose? That monkey has vast magic powers and knows many ways of transformation. Once when he caused great disturbance in the Heavenly Palace, the Great Jade Emperor sent against him one hundred thousand celestial soldiers, but they did not succeed in capturing him even after they had set up the cosmic nets. How dare you want to eat his master? Quickly, send him back to his disciple, and don't provoke that monkey. If he finds out that you have eaten his master, he need not come to fight with you; all he has to do is use that golden-hooped rod of his to drill a hole halfway into the mountain and he will shovel it right out of its roots! My child, where will you find shelter then? Who will take care of me when I grow old?"

"Father King," said the monster king, "what are you saying? You are magnifying the powers of others to belittle the abilities of your son. Though that Pilgrim Sun and his two brothers—together three of them—attempted to lead the Tang Monk to cross our mountain, they permitted me to use a transformation to abduct their master back here. Afterwards, he and Zhu Eight Rules searched their way to our door, and he then made some such foolish claim that he was a kin of ours. I grew angry and fought with him, though the several rounds we went through did not indicate that he was such a hot shot! Zhu Eight Rules stepped in from the side to join the fray, and that was when your child spat out his true fire of samādhi and defeated them all at once. They were so frightened, in fact, that they went to ask the Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans to assist them with rain, but the rainwater, of course, could not extinguish my true fire of samādhi. Pilgrim Sun was so severely burned this time that he went into a little coma! Then he told Zhu Eight Rules to seek help from the Bodhisattva Guanyin of the South Sea. I changed into a specious Guanyin and tricked Eight Rules back here; he's now hung in our compliant bag waiting to be steamed and fed to the little ones. This morning, that Pilgrim returned to our door to make noises once more; when I gave the

order to seize him, he was so frightened that he even abandoned a wrap of his and fled. It was then that I decided to invite Father King to come here so that you can see him live before he is steamed for food. My hope is for your age to lengthen, so that you will enjoy long life without ever growing old.”

Chuckling, Pilgrim said, “My worthy boy! You know only that you can overpower him with your true fire of samādhi. You don’t know that he knows seventy-two ways of transformation.”

“He can change into whatever he wants to,” said the monster king, “but I can still recognize him. I don’t think he dares enter our door.”

“My child,” said Pilgrim, “you may recognize him when he changes into something big, and that will be difficult indeed for him to get inside your door. But if he changes into something small, it will be difficult for you to recognize him.”

“Let him!” said the monster king. “Every door of mine here has four or five little fiends standing guard over it. How could he possibly enter?” Pilgrim said, “So you don’t know about this! He is able to change into a fly, a mosquito, a flea, or a bee, a butterfly, a mole cricket, or some such creature. He can even change into a form like me! How could you possibly recognize him?”

“Don’t worry!” said the monster king. “Even if he had a gall of iron and a heart of bronze, he wouldn’t dare approach my door.”

“According to what you have told me, my worthy boy,” said Pilgrim, “you certainly are more than able to withstand him, and this explains why you are eager to invite me to come and dine on the Tang Monk’s flesh. Unfortunately, however, I can’t eat it today.”

“Why not?” asked the monster king. Pilgrim said, “I’m feeling my age these days, and your mother often tells me to do some good deeds. There’s not much I can do, I thought, but I have decided to keep a vegetarian diet.”

The monster king said, “Is Father King keeping a permanent one or a monthly diet?”

“Neither,” said Pilgrim, “but mine is called a ‘Thunder Vegetarian Diet,’ and I keep it for only four days in a month.”

“Which four?” asked the monster king. Pilgrim said, “During those three days when the celestial stem *xin*

appears in the sexagesimal representations and during the sixth day of the month. Today happens to be the day of *xinyou*:

I should maintain a vegetarian diet in the first place, and in the second place, a *you* day means that I myself should not meet any guests.

Therefore, let’s wait until tomorrow; I’ll personally see to it that the Tang Monk is scrubbed clean to be steamed and enjoyed along with all of you.” When the monster king heard these words, he thought to himself, “My Father King has always fed on humans; that’s been his livelihood, in fact, for over a thousand years. How is it that he has taken up a vegetarian diet now? He has, after all, committed many evil acts. How could three or four days of vegetarian diet atone for them? His words make no sense! Something’s fishy!”

He turned at once and walked out the second door, calling together the six mighty commanders to ask them, "Where did you find the Venerable Great King?"

The little fiends said, "On our way."

"I remarked that you all returned so quickly," said the monster king. "Didn't you reach his house?"

"No," said the little fiends, "we did not."

"That's bad!" said the monster king. "We have been deceived by him! This is no Venerable Great King."

All those little fiends knelt down immediately, saying, "Great King, can't you even recognize your own father?"

"The features and the gestures seem genuine," said the monster king, "but he doesn't talk like him. I fear that we may be deceived by him and become his victim. Take care, all of you: those who use swords unsheath your swords; those who use spears keep your spears sharp; those who use staffs and ropes have them ready. Let me question him some more and see how he talks. If indeed he is the Venerable Great King, we can wait even a month until he is pleased to eat the Tang Monk. But if his words are not right, I'll give a yell and all of you will attack together."

The various demons obeyed.

This monster king went inside again and bowed once more to Pilgrim. "My child," said Pilgrim, "there's no need to stand on ceremony in the family. No need to bow to me. If you have something to say, say it." Prostrating himself on the ground, the monster king said, "Your foolish boy invited you to come here for two reasons: first, I wanted to present to you the flesh of the Tang Monk, and second, I have a small question to ask you. Some days ago, I was taking a leisure trip; as I mounted the auspicious luminosity to rise to the Ninefold Heaven, I ran suddenly into Master Zhang Daoling, the Daoist Patriarch."

"Is he the Celestial Master?" asked Pilgrim.

"Yes," said the monster king. Pilgrim said, "What did he have to say?"

"When he saw how well formed my features were," said the monster king, "and how level were my shoulders, he inquired after the hour, date, month, and year of my birth. Your child, however, was too young to remember the exact time. An expert in astrological divination, the Master wanted to tell my fortune through calculations based on the five planets. That is the reason why I have asked Father King to come here. Please tell me the times of my birth, so that I can ask him to tell my fortune the next time I see him." When Pilgrim heard these words, he sat smiling to himself, thinking, "Dear monster! Since old Monkey has returned to the Buddhist fruit, I have caught, as a guardian of Master Tang, several monster-spirits on our way, but none of them matches this one for jugglery! If he asks me about some trivial matters in the household, I can fabricate an answer with whatever comes into my mind. But now he wants to have the date, month, and year of his birth! How could I know?"

Dear Monkey King! He was most resourceful indeed! Sitting augustly in the middle, he did not betray the slightest fear; instead, his face beaming with pleasure, he said, smiling, "My worthy boy, please rise. Because of my age, I have been troubled by all sorts of things of late, and I have quite forgotten the exact time of your birth. Let me ask your mother when I return home tomorrow."

The monster king said to himself, “Father King has never stopped talking about the eight nativity characters of my birth, saying that I have an age as lengthy as Heaven’s. How could he forget them today? Nonsense! He has to be false!”

He gave a yell, and the various fiends rushed forward to hack at Pilgrim’s head and face with their spears and swords. Using the golden-hooped rod to parry the blows, this Great Sage changed back into his original form and said to the monster-spirit, “My worthy child! How unreasonable you are! How could a son attack his own father?”

Filled with embarrassment, the monster king did not even dare look at him, as Pilgrim transformed himself into a beam of golden light and left the cave dwelling. “Great King,” said the little fiends, “Pilgrim Sun has escaped.”

The monster king said, “All right, all right! Let him go! I’ll admit defeat this time! Let’s shut the door and say nothing to him. We will wash and scrub the Tang Monk so that he can be steamed and eaten.” We now tell you about that Pilgrim who held on to his iron rod and walked toward the stream, roaring with laughter. When Sha Monk heard him, he quickly left the woods to meet him, saying, “Elder Brother, you have been gone for nearly half a day, and you have returned laughing. Could it be that you have succeeded in rescuing Master?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “though I have not rescued Master, I have won a round.”

“What do you mean?” asked Sha Monk. Pilgrim said, “Zhu Eight Rules, you see, was tricked by that fiend, who changed himself into the form of Guanyin. He is caught and hung now in a leather bag. I was trying to devise a plan to rescue him when I heard that these so-called six mighty commanders were sent to invite a Venerable Great King to dine on Master’s flesh. Old Monkey thought that that Great King had to be the Bull Monster King; so I changed into his form, bluffed my way in, and took the seat in the middle. The fiend called me Father King, and I answered him; he kowtowed to me, and I accepted it. It was a pleasure indeed! That was the round I won.”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “the way you covet small advantages will make it difficult, I fear, for Master’s life to be preserved.”

“Don’t worry,” said Pilgrim. “Let me go and ask the Bodhisattva to come here.”

“But your torso is still sore,” said Sha Monk. “Not anymore!” said Pilgrim. “The ancients said, ‘A happy affair cheers one’s spirit.’ You look after the luggage and the horse; let me go.”

“You’ve given that monster a grudge against you,” said Sha Monk, “and I fear that he might harm our master. Go and come back quickly.” Pilgrim said, “I’ll come back quickly all right! In the time of a meal, I’ll be back.”

Dear Great Sage! As he was speaking, he slipped away from Sha Monk; using his cloud somersault, he headed straight for the South Sea. It took him much less than half an hour in the air when he saw the scenery of the Potalaka Mountain. In a moment, he lowered his cloud and dropped down on the mountain cliff, where he was met by a group of twenty-four devas who asked, “Where are you going, Great Sage?”

After Pilgrim bowed to them, he said, “I want to see the Bodhisattva.”

“Wait a moment,” said the devas, “and let us announce you.”

Then the deva Hārītī went before the Cave of Tidal Sound to announce, “Let the Bodhisattva know that Sun Wukong is here to have an audience with you.” When the

Bodhisattva heard the announcement, she ordered him to enter. Straightening out his attire, the Great Sage walked inside solemnly and prostrated himself before the Bodhisattva.

“Wukong, why aren’t you leading Master Gold Cicada to the West to seek scriptures?” asked the Bodhisattva. “Why are you here?” Pilgrim said, “Permit me to make this known to the Bodhisattva. Your disciple was accompanying the Tang Monk on his journey, when we reached the Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Stream at the Roaring Mountain. There is a monster-spirit called Red Boy, whose name is also the Great King Holy Child, and who has abducted my master. Your disciple and Zhu Wuneng found our way to his door and fought with him. He let loose his samādhi fire and we could not prevail against him nor could we rescue Master. I went swiftly to the Great Eastern Ocean and managed to return with the Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans. They gave us rainwater, but we still could not win. In fact, your disciple was burned so badly that he almost lost his life.”

The Bodhisattva said, “If his is the samādhi fire and if he has such magic powers, why did you go seek the aid of the Dragon Kings? Why did you not come see me?”

“I was about to come,” said Pilgrim, “but your disciple was badly hurt by the smoke, unable to mount the clouds. I therefore told Zhu Eight Rules to come and seek the assistance of the Bodhisattva.”

“But Wuneng never appeared,” said the Bodhisattva. “Indeed he did not reach your treasure mountain,” said Pilgrim, “for he was deceived by that monster-spirit, who changed into your image and has taken Wuneng into his cave. Right now, Wuneng is hanging in a leather bag, about to be steamed and eaten.”

Hearing this, the Bodhisattva grew terribly angry, crying, “How dare that brazen fiend change into my image!”

As she cried, she flung into the ocean the immaculate porcelain vase set with precious pearls which she held in her hand. Pilgrim was so startled that his hairs stood on end, and he stood up at once to stand in waiting down below, saying to himself, “This Bodhisattva still has quite a fiery temper! Well, old Monkey should have known better than to speak like that and provoke her into ruining her virtue by smashing the immaculate vase. What a pity! What a pity! If I had known it earlier I would have asked her to give it instead to old Monkey. That would be some gift, wouldn’t it?”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the vase appeared again at the crest of some gigantic waves swelling up in the middle of the ocean. The vase, you see, was borne on the back of a strange creature, which Pilgrim stared at intently. How does this creature look?

*The “Helper of Mud” is his primal name,
He adds luster to water to show his might.
Reclusive, he knows the laws of Heav’n and Earth;
Retired, he sees yet the mysteries of ghosts and gods.
Safely he hides once his head and tail withdraw,
But legs outstretched will make him fly and soar.
As King Wen drew trigrams and Zeng Yuan divined,
He frequented, too, the courtyards of Fu Xi.
His nature displays a thousand charms*

*When he sports and plays in the rising tide.
 His armor's knit by strands of golden cord;
 Spot by spot, that's how his shell has been adorned.
 His robe shows Eight Trigrams and Nine Palaces,
 And richly ornate is his gown of green.
 Brave when he's living—so he's loved by Dragon Kings;
 The Buddha's tablet he bears e'en after death.
 If you want to know this strange creature's name,
 He's the fierce black tortoise making winds and waves.*

Carrying the vase on his back, the tortoise climbed ashore and nodded his head at the Bodhisattva twenty-four times to indicate that he had given her twenty-four bows.

When Pilgrim saw him, he smiled and thought to himself, "So the guardian of the vase is here. If the vase ever gets lost, I suppose we can ask him for it."

The Bodhisattva said, "Wukong, what are you saying down there?"

"Nothing," said Pilgrim. "Then bring the vase up here," commanded the Bodhisattva. Pilgrim went forward at once to pick up the vase. Alas! He could not do so at all! It was as if a dragonfly attempted to rock a stone pillar—how could he even budge it? Pilgrim approached the Bodhisattva and knelt down, saying, "Your disciple cannot pick it up."

"Monkey head," said the Bodhisattva, "all you know is how to brag! If you can't even pick up a small vase, how can you subdue fiends and capture monsters?"

"To tell you the truth, Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, "I might be able to do it ordinarily, but today I just can't pick it up. I must have been hurt by the monster-spirit, and my strength has weakened."

The Bodhisattva said, "Normally it's an empty vase, but once it has been thrown into the ocean, it has traveled through the three rivers, the five lakes, the eight seas, and the four big rivers. It has, in fact, gathered together from all the aquatic bodies in the world an oceanful of water, which is now stored inside it. You may be strong, but you don't possess the strength of upholding the ocean. That's why you cannot pick up the vase." Pressing his hands together before him, Pilgrim said, "Yes, your disciple is ignorant of this." Walking forward, the Bodhisattva used her right hand and picked up the immaculate vase with no effort at all and placed it on the middle of her left palm. The tortoise nodded his head again before he crawled back into the water. "So this is a coolie who serves the household and looks after the vase!" said Pilgrim. After the Bodhisattva took her seat again, she said, "Wukong, the sweet dew in my vase is not like that unauthorized rain of the Dragon Kings; it can extinguish the samādhi fire of the monster-spirit. I want you to take it with you, but you are unable to pick up the vase. I want the Dragon Girl Skilled in Wealth to go with you, but I fear that you are not a person of kindly disposition. All you know is how to hoodwink people. When you see how beautiful my Dragon Girl is, and what a treasure is my immaculate vase, you will try to steal it. If you succeed, where would I find time to go look for you? You'd better leave something behind as a pledge."

"How pitiful!" said Pilgrim. "Bodhisattva, you are so suspicious! Since your disciple embraced complete poverty, he has never indulged in such activities. You tell me to leave a pledge, what shall I use? This silk shirt on my body is a gift from you. And this tigerskin skirt, how much can it be worth? The iron rod—well, I need it for protection night and day. Only this little fillet on my head is made of gold, but you used

some tricks to make it grow on my head so that it could not be taken down. If you want a pledge, I'm willing now to give that to you as a pledge. You can recite a Loose-Fillet Spell and remove it from me. Otherwise, what shall I use as a pledge?"

"You are rather smug, aren't you?" said the Bodhisattva. "I don't want your clothes, your iron rod, or your gold fillet. Pull off one strand of that lifesaving hair behind your head and give it to me." Pilgrim said, "These hairs were also your gift; I fear that if I pull one off, they will be broken up in such a way that they will no longer be able to save my life."

"You ape!" scolded the Bodhisattva.

"You are so stingy that you won't even uproot one hair!

That makes it difficult for me also to dispense my Goodly Wealth!" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Bodhisattva, you are truly suspicious! But as the saying goes, 'If you don't have regard for the monk, at least have regard for the Buddha.' I beg you to save my master from his ordeal."

Then the Bodhisattva

*Freely and gladly left the lotus seat
And walked up the rocky cliff with scented steps.
Since the holy monk was threatened with harm,
She would subdue the fiend and give him help.*

Highly pleased, the Great Sage Sun followed Guanyin out of the Tidal Sound Cave, as the various devas stood at attention on the Potalaka Peak. "Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "let's cross the ocean." Pilgrim bowed and said, "Let the Bodhisattva go first."

"You go first," said the Bodhisattva. Kowtowing, Pilgrim said, "Your disciple dares not display his power before the Bodhisattva. If I use the cloud somersault, my clothes may flip up and reveal my body, and I fear that the Bodhisattva will take offense at my irreverence." When the Bodhisattva heard these words, she told the Dragon Girl Skilled in Wealth to pick from the lotus pond one petal of lotus flower and drop it into the ocean below the mountain ridge. Then she said to Pilgrim, "Get up on that lotus flower petal and I'll send you across the ocean." Seeing the flower, Pilgrim said, "Bodhisattva, this petal of flower is so light and thin. How could it bear me up? I'll tumble into the water for sure, and won't my tiger-skin kilt be soaked? If it loses its tan, how can I wear it when the weather turns cold?"

"Get up there and see what happens!" shouted the Bodhisattva. Not daring to disobey, Pilgrim risked his life and jumped onto the flower. At first, it did seem rather light and small, but when he alighted on it, he found that the flower was actually somewhat larger than a small boat. Delighted, Pilgrim said, "Bodhisattva, it should hold me."

"In that case," said the Bodhisattva, "why can't you cross the ocean?" Pilgrim said, "There is neither pole nor oar, neither sail nor mast. How could I cross the ocean?"

"No need for that," said the Bodhisattva, who blew a mouthful of air lightly onto the lotus flower and immediately it drifted away from the shore. Another breath of the Bodhisattva sent Pilgrim across the bitter sea of the Southern Ocean until he reached the other shore. When his feet touched solid ground again, Pilgrim laughed and said, "This

Bodhisattva truly knows how to display her powers! She's able to summon old Monkey hither and thither with no effort at all!"

The Bodhisattva then gave instructions for all the devas each to stand guard in his station, and for the Dragon Girl Skilled in Wealth to shut the gate of the cave. Mounting the auspicious cloud, she departed from the Potalaka Peak. When she reached the backside of the mountain, she called out, "Hui'an, where are you?"

Hui'an, you see, whose common name was Mokṣa, happened to be the second prince of the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja Li, and he, as the pupil taught personally by the Bodhisattva, never strayed from her side. His name was Disciple Hui'an, the Dharma Guardian. Pressing his hands together before him, Hui'an bowed to the Bodhisattva, who said to him, "Go quickly to the Region Above and borrow the Swords of Constellations from your Father King."

"How many swords do you want, Teacher?" asked Hui'an. "The entire set," said the Bodhisattva.

Obedying her command, Hui'an mounted the clouds and went through the South Heaven Gate to reach the Palace of Cloudy Towers.

He kowtowed to his Father King, who asked him, "Why has my son come here?" Mokṣa replied, "Sun Wukong came to ask my teacher to subdue a fiend; she in turn told your child to borrow the Swords of Constellations from Father King."

The devarāja at once asked Naṭa to take out the swords, all thirty-six of them, to hand over to Mokṣa, who said to Naṭa, "Brother, please go and bow to mother. I have urgent business; when I return the swords, I shall kowtow to her then."

They parted hurriedly; Mokṣa mounted the auspicious luminosity and returned to South Sea, where he presented the swords to the Bodhisattva.

After she received them, the Bodhisattva threw them into the air as she recited a spell: the swords were transformed into a thousandleaf lotus platform. Leaping up, the Bodhisattva sat solemnly in the middle. On one side, Pilgrim snickered to himself, "This Bodhisattva is so prudent and penurious! In that pond of hers she has her own five-colored treasure lotus platform, but she can't bear to use it. She has to borrow someone else's things!"

"Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "stop talking! Follow me!"

They all mounted the clouds and left the ocean, the white cockatoo flying ahead while Great Sage Sun and Hui'an followed from behind.

In a moment, they reached the peak of a mountain. "This is the Roaring Mountain," said Pilgrim, "and from here to the door of the monster-spirit is a distance of approximately four hundred miles." When the Bodhisattva heard this, she lowered her auspicious cloud and recited a spell that began with the letter, *Om*. At once, various deities and demons appeared from the left and right of the mountain, all local spirits and mountain deities of the region. They came to kowtow before the Bodhisattva's treasure lotus seat. "Don't be alarmed, all of you," said the Bodhisattva. "I'm here to seize this demon king, but I want you all to sweep this area clean. Not a single living creature is to remain within three hundred miles around here. Take the small beasts in their lairs, the young creatures in their nests, and send them up to the peak so that their lives may be preserved."

The various deities obeyed and left; they returned momentarily to report that their work was done.

The Bodhisattva said, "If the region is cleared, all of you may return to your shrines." She turned her immaculate vase upside down and all at once a torrent of water thundered forth. Truly it

*Surged over the summit,
And dashed over stone walls.
Surging over the summit it seemed the swelling sea;
Dashing over stone walls it seemed the vast ocean.
Black mists arose, damping the entire sky;
Green waves reflecting the sun beamed chilly light.
The whole cliff gushed jadelike sprays;
The whole sea sprouted gold lotus.
The Bodhisattva let loose her awesome might,
Her sleeve revealed the Dharmakāya of Chan.
This place was changed to Potalaka's scene,
Truly a perfect image of South Sea.
Udumbara bloomed from lovely rushes;
Fresh palmyra leaves spread from scented grass.
On purple bamboos the cockatoo paused;
Amid some green pines red partridges called.
Waves ten thousand fold and lotus all around,
Hear the wind roar, the water surging up to Heav'n.*

When the Great Sage Sun saw this, he marveled to himself, "Truly a Bodhisattva of great mercy and compassion! If old Monkey had this kind of dharma power, he would simply pour the little vase on the mountain. Who cares about fowls and beasts, crawling or winged creatures?"

"Wukong," cried the Bodhisattva, "stretch forth your hand."

Hurriedly rolling up his sleeve, Pilgrim stretched out his left hand. The Bodhisattva pulled out a twig of her willow branch after having dipped it in the sweet dew of her vase and wrote on his palm the word "Delusion." She said to him, "Hold your fist and go quickly to provoke battle with the monster-spirit. You are permitted not to win but to lose; let him defeat you and chase you back here. I have my power to subdue him." Obeying the instruction, Pilgrim turned his cloudy luminosity and headed straight for the entrance of the cave. Holding his left hand in a fist and the iron rod with his right, he shouted, "Fiends, open the door!"

Those little fiends again went inside to report, "Pilgrim Sun is here again."

"Shut the door tightly," said the monster king, "and don't mind him."

"Dear boy!" shouted Pilgrim. "You chased your old man out the door, and you still wouldn't open up!"

The little fiends reported again:

"Pilgrim Sun is using that little something to insult you."

All the monster said was, "Don't listen to him!"

After he had shouted for a couple of times and found the door still tightly shut, Pilgrim became enraged. He lifted the iron rod and with one blow punched a big hole in the door. The little fiends were so terrified that they ran inside, crying, "Pilgrim Sun has smashed our door!" When the monster king heard these reports and discovered that the front door was smashed, he bounded out the door and, holding the lance, yelled at Pilgrim, "You ape! You really don't know when to stop! I let you take some advantage of me and you are still not content. You dare come again to oppress me by smashing my door. What sort of punishment should you receive?"

"My child," said Pilgrim, "you dare chase your old man out your door. What sort of punishment should *you* receive?"

Embarrassed as well as enraged, the monster king picked up his lance and stabbed at Pilgrim's chest, who also lifted his iron rod to parry and return the blow. They fought for four or five rounds when Pilgrim, still making a fist, retreated with his rod trailing behind him. The monster king stood still before the mountain and said, "I'm going to wash and scrub the Tang Monk instead."

"My dear boy," said Pilgrim, "Heaven is watching you! Won't you come?" When the monster-spirit heard these words, he grew even more enraged.

With a yell, he dashed before Pilgrim and attempted to stab him with the lance once more. Our Pilgrim wielded his iron rod and fought with him for several rounds before retreating again. "Monkey," scolded the monster king, "you were able to fight before for at least twenty or thirty rounds. Why are you running away now when we are just sett ling down to do battle? Why?"

"Worthy child," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "your old man is afraid that you will start a fire!"

The monster-spirit said, "I'm not going to start the fire. You come up here."

"If you are not," said Pilgrim, "step over here. A gallant fellow should not beat up people in front of his own house."

The monster-spirit, of course, did not know that this was a trick; he lifted his lance and gave chase once more. Dragging his rod, Pilgrim opened up his left fist and the monster king was completely deluded; all he had in mind was to give chase to his adversary. The one running ahead was like a falling meteor; the one chasing from behind was like an arrow leaving the bow.

In less than a moment, they saw the Bodhisattva. Pilgrim said, "Monster-spirit, I'm scared of you. Let me go. You have chased me to the South Sea, the residence of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. Why aren't you turning back?"

The monster king refused to believe it; gritting his teeth, he persisted in his chase. Pilgrim, with one shake of his body, slipped into the divine luminosity that surrounded the body of the Bodhisattva and disappeared. When the monster-spirit suddenly discovered that Pilgrim was gone, he walked up to the Bodhisattva with bulging eyes and said to her, "Are you the reinforcement Pilgrim Sun brought here?"

The Bodhisattva did not reply.

Rolling the lance in his hands, the monster king bellowed, "Hey! Are you the reinforcement Pilgrim Sun brought here?" Still the Bodhisattva did not reply. The monster-spirit lifted his lance and jabbed at the heart of the Bodhisattva, who at once changed herself into a beam of golden light and rose into the air. Pilgrim followed her

on her way up and said to her, “Bodhisattva, you are trying to take advantage of me! The monster-spirit asked you several times. How could you pretend to be deaf and dumb and not make any noise at all? One blow of his lance, in fact, chased you away, and you have even left behind your lotus platform.”

“Don’t talk,” said the Bodhisattva, “let’s see what he will do.”

At this time, Pilgrim and Mokṣa both stood in the air shoulder to shoulder and stared down; they found the monster-spirit laughing scornfully and saying to himself, “Brazen ape, you’re mistaken about me! What sort of person do you think that I, Holy Child, happen to be? For several times you could not prevail against me, and then you had to go and fetch some namby-pamby Bodhisattva. One blow of my lance now has made her vanish completely. Moreover, she has even left the treasure lotus platform behind. Well, let me get up there and take a seat.”

Dear monster-spirit. He imitated the Bodhisattva by sitting in the middle of the platform with hands and legs folded. When he saw this, Pilgrim said, “Fine! Fine! Fine! This lotus platform has been given to someone else!”

“Wukong,” said the Bodhisattva, “what are you mumbling again?”

“Mumbling what? Mumbling what?” replied Pilgrim. “I’m saying that the lotus platform has been given to someone else. Look! It’s underneath his thighs. You think he’s going to return it to you?”

“I *wanted* him to sit there,” said the Bodhisattva. “Well, he’s smaller than you,” said Pilgrim, “and it seems that the seat fits him even better than it fits you.”

“Stop talking,” said the Bodhisattva, “and watch the dharma power.” She pointed the willow twig downward and cried, “Withdraw!”

All at once, flowers and leaves vanished from the lotus platform and the auspicious luminosity dispersed entirely. The monster king, you see, was sitting actually on the points of those swords. The Bodhisattva then gave this command to Mokṣa:

“Use your demon-routing cudgel and strike back and forth at the sword handles.”

Dropping from the clouds, Mokṣa wielded his cudgel as if he were demolishing a wall: he struck at the handles hundreds of times. As for that monster-spirit,

*Both his legs were pierced till the points stuck out;
Blood spouted in pools as flesh and skin were torn.*

Marvelous monster! Look at him! Gritting his teeth to bear the pain, he abandoned the lance so that he could use both hands to try to pull the swords out from his body.

“O Bodhisattva,” said Pilgrim, “that fiendish creature is undaunted by the pain. He’s still trying to pull out the swords.” When the Bodhisattva saw this, she said to Mokṣa, “Don’t harm his life.” She then pointed downward again with her willow twig and recited a spell beginning with the letter, *Om*. Those Swords of Constellations all changed into inverted hooks, sharp and curved like the teeth of wolves, which could not be pulled out at all. Only then was the monster-spirit overcome by fear. Holding onto the points of the swords, he pleaded pitifully in pain, “Bodhisattva, your disciple has eyes but no pupils, and he could not perceive your vast dharma power. I beseech you to be merciful and spare my life. I’ll never dare practice violence again. I’m willing to enter the gate of dharma to receive your commandments.” When the Bodhisattva heard

these words, she lowered her golden beam and approached the monster-spirit with her two disciples and the white cockatoo. “Are you willing to receive my commandments?” she asked. Nodding his head as tears fell, the monster king said, “If you spare my life, I’m willing to receive the commandments.”

The Bodhisattva asked, “You wish to enter my fold?”

“If you spare my life,” replied the monster king, “I’m willing to enter the dharma gate.”

“In that case,” said the Bodhisattva, “I’ll touch your head and give you the commandments.” She took out from her sleeve a golden razor and approached the fiend. With a few strokes, she shaved his hair off and turned it into the style of the Tai Mountain Crowning the Head: the top was completely bald, but three tufts of hair were left around the edge so that they could be knotted together into three tiny braids. Grinning broadly on one side, Pilgrim said, “How unfortunate for this monster-spirit! He looks like neither boy nor girl! I don’t know what he looks like!”

“Since you have received my commandments,” said the Bodhisattva, “I won’t treat you lightly. I’ll call you the Boy Skilled in Wealth. How’s that?”

The fiend nodded his head in agreement, for all he hoped for was that his life be spared. The Bodhisattva pointed with her finger and called out, “Withdraw!”

The Swords of Constellations dropped to the ground, and the boy did not bear even a single scar on his body.

Then the Bodhisattva said, “Hui’an, you take the swords back to Heaven to return them to your Father King. You needn’t return here to meet me, but go back to the Potalaka Peak to wait for me with the other devas.” Mokṣa obeyed and sent the swords back to Heaven before returning to the South Sea, and we shall speak no more of him.

We tell you now that the wildness in that boy had not been wholly removed. When he saw that his pains were gone and that his thighs had healed and, moreover, that the hair on his head had been made into three tiny braids, he picked up the lance and said to the Bodhisattva, “You don’t have any true dharma power to subdue me! It’s a kind of chicanery, that’s all! I won’t take your commandments! Watch the lance!”

He lunged at the face of the Bodhisattva, and Pilgrim was so mad that he wielded his iron rod and was about to strike. “Don’t hit him,” the Bodhisattva cried. “I have my punishment for him.” She took out from her sleeve a golden fillet, saying, “This treasure used to belong to our Buddha, who gave it to me when he sent me to search for the scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. There were three fillets altogether: the Golden, the Constrictive, and the Prohibitive. The Constrictive Fillet was given to you first to wear, while the Prohibitive Fillet was used to make the guardian of my mountain submit.

I have been unwilling to part with this Golden Fillet. Now that this fiend is so audacious, I’ll give it to him.”

Dear Bodhisattva! She took the fillet and waved it at the wind once, crying, “Change!” It changed into five fillets, which she threw at the body of the boy, crying, “Hit!” One fillet enveloped the boy’s head, while the rest caught his two hands and two feet. “Stand aside, Wukong,” said the Bodhisattva, “and let me recite for a while the Golden-Fillet Spell.”

Horried, Pilgrim said, “O Bodhisattva, I asked you to come here to subdue a fiend. Why do you want to cast that spell on me?”

“This spell,” said the Bodhisattva, “is not the Tight-Fillet Spell, which is the spell cast on you. It is the Golden-Fillet Spell, reserved especially for that boy.”

Greatly relieved, Pilgrim stood to one side of her to listen to the Bodhisattva’s recital. Making the magic sign with her fingers, she went through her recitation several times, and the monster-spirit scratched his ears and clawed at his cheeks; he curled himself into a ball and rolled all over the ground.

*Truly One word could reach the whole region of sand,
This dharma power so vast, boundless, and deep.*

We do not know how that boy manages to make his submission; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*An evil demon at Black River captures the monk
The Western Ocean's dragon prince catches the iguana*

We were telling you about the Bodhisattva, who went through her recitation several times before she stopped. As the pain subsided, the monster-spirit collected himself and sat up to discover that there were golden fillets clasped tightly around his neck, his wrists, and his ankles. He wanted to take them off, but he could not even move them one whit. The treasure, you see, had taken root in the flesh, and the more he tried to loosen the fillets, the more painfully tight they felt. Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Darling boy! The Bodhisattva fears that you can't be reared. That's why she has made you wear a necklace and some bracelets!"

Enraged by this remark, the youth picked up the lance once more and stabbed madly at Pilgrim. Dashing immediately behind the back of the Bodhisattva, Pilgrim cried, "Recite the spell! Recite the spell!"

The Bodhisattva dipped her willow twig in the sweet dew and sprinkled it at the youth, crying, "Close!" Look at him! He dropped the lance all at once, and his two hands were pressed together so tightly before his chest that he could not move them apart at all. This is thus the origin of the "Guanyin Twist," a posture assumed by the attendant of the Bodhisattva which you can see in portraits and paintings to this day. When the youth found that he could not use his hands nor could he pick up the lance, he realized at last how deep and mysterious the dharma power was. He had no alternative but to bow his head in submission. The Bodhisattva then recited some magic words as she tilted the immaculate vase to one side; the oceanful of water was retrieved entirely and not half a drop was left behind. She said to Pilgrim, "Wukong, this monster-spirit is vanquished, but his unruliness has not been completely eliminated. Let me make him take a bow with each step of the way—all the way back to the Potalaka Mountain—before I call off my power. Go quickly now into the cave to rescue your master."

Turning to kowtow to her, Pilgrim said, "I thank the Bodhisattva for taking the trouble of traveling for so great a distance. Your disciple should escort you for part of the journey."

"No need for that," said the Bodhisattva, "for I don't want to jeopardize master's life." When Pilgrim heard these words, he was delighted and kowtowed again to take leave of the Bodhisattva. The monster-spirit thus returned to the right fruit; with fifty-three bows, he made submission to Guanyin.

We tell you no more about the Bodhisattva's making a disciple of the youth. Instead, we speak of Sha Monk, who sat in the woods for a long time and waited in vain for Pilgrim to appear. At last, he put the luggage on the back of the horse, and with one hand holding the reins and the other the fiend-routing treasure staff, he left the pine forest to look toward the south. Momentarily, he found a happy Pilgrim approaching. Sha Monk went forward to meet him, saying, "Elder Brother, why did it take you until now to return from your trip to seek assistance from the Bodhisattva? I almost died from the anxious waiting!"

"You are still dreaming!" said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey has not only brought the Bodhisattva here, but she has also subdued the fiend already."

Then he gave a thorough account of the Bodhisattva's exercise of her dharma power, and Sha Monk was exceedingly pleased, saying, "Let's go then to rescue Master!"

The two of them leaped across the stream and dashed up to the cave entrance. After tying up the horse, they lifted their weapons together and broke into the cave to exterminate all the fiends. They then lowered the leather bag to free Eight Rules. "Elder Brother," said Idiot after having thanked Pilgrim, "where is that monster-spirit? Let me rake him a few times, just to relieve my feelings!" Pilgrim said, "Let's find Master first,"

The three of them went to the rear and found their master bound in the courtyard, all naked and weeping. Sha Monk hurriedly untied the ropes and Pilgrim brought forth clothes for him to wear. The three of them then knelt down and said, "Master, you have suffered!"

Tripitaka thanked them, saying, "Worthy disciples, you've worked hard! How did you manage to subdue the demon?" Pilgrim again gave a thorough account of how the Bodhisattva came to make submission of the youth, and when Tripitaka heard this, he quickly knelt down to bow toward the south. Pilgrim said, "No need to thank her, for we also have been instrumental in providing her with the blessing of making submission of a young boy."

This is thus the basis of the story that we hear even today, about the boy who gave fifty-three bows to Guanyin, and who was given the vision of Buddha after three bows.

Thereafter, Sha Monk was told to pick up all the treasures stored in the cave, while the rest of the disciples found some rice to prepare for their master. That elder

*Retained his life,
All because of the Great Sage Sun;
And acquired true scriptures,
Helped by the Handsome Monkey- Spirit.*

Master and disciples, after leaving the cave, found their way again and headed steadfastly toward the West. They had traveled for more than a month when all at once the sound of flowing water filled their ears. "O disciples!" cried Tripitaka, highly startled, "where is this sound of water coming from?"

"You old Master!" said Pilgrim, chuckling, "you are so full of worries! There are four of us altogether, but only you happen to hear some sort of water sound. You have quite forgotten again the *Heart Sūtra*."

"The *Heart Sūtra*," said the Tang Monk, "was imparted to me orally by the Crow's Nest Zen Master of the Pagoda Mountain.

It has fifty-four sentences, all in all, two hundred and seventy characters. I memorized it at the time and up till now, I have recited it often. Which sentence do you think I have forgotten?" Pilgrim said, "Old Master, you have forgotten the one about 'no eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, or mind.' Those of us who have left the family should see no form with our eyes, should hear no sound with our ears, should smell no smell with our noses, should taste no taste with our tongues; our bodies should have no knowledge of heat or cold, and our minds should gather no vain thoughts. This is called the extermination of the Six Robbers.

But look at you now! Though you may be on your way to seek scriptures, your mind is full of vain thoughts: fearing the demons you are unwilling to risk your life; desiring vegetarian food you arouse your tongue; loving fragrance and sweetness you provoke your nose; listening to sounds you disturb your ears; looking at things and events you fix your eyes. You have, in sum, assembled all the Six Robbers together. How could you possibly get to the Western Heaven to see Buddha?" When Tripitaka heard these words, he fell into silent thought for a long time before he said, "O disciple!

*Since I left our sage ruler that year,
I've moved most diligently night and day:
My sandals sweep open the mountain mists;
My coir hat bursts through the summit clouds.
At night the apes wail to make me sigh;
I grieve to hear in moonlight the bird cries.
When will I end the work of Double Three
And acquire Tathāgata's wondrous scripts?"*

When Pilgrim heard this, he could not refrain from clapping his hands and roaring with laughter, saying, "So Master just can't get rid of his homesickness! If you want to complete the work of Double Three, there's no difficulty! The proverb says, 'Success will come when meritorious service is done.'" "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if we have to face all these evil barriers and wicked miasmas, we'll never finish our meritorious service even after a thousand years!" Sha Monk said, "Second Elder Brother, you and I are very much alike, and we shouldn't rub Big Brother the wrong way with our foolish tongues and stupid mouths. Just concentrate on carrying the loads on our backs; there will be a day when the service is completed."

As master and disciples conversed, they proceeded steadily when they saw before them all at once a huge body of surging black water blocking the path of the horse. Standing at the shore, the four of them stared at the water carefully and they saw

*Tiers of dense billows;
Layers of turbid waves;
Tiers of dense billows like dark sap spilling;
Layers of turbid waves like black oil rolling.
No reflection appears when you walk near;
No trees or woods you can see from afar.
Boiling, an earth full of ink!
Rippling, a thousand miles of ashes!
Like piles of charcoal water bubbles float;
Like o'eturned coals the breakers undulate.
Cattle and sheep will not drink here;
Crows and magpies cannot fly over.
Cattle and sheep won't drink, disdaining the black;
Crows and magpies can't fly, fearing the opaque.
Only the shore's reeds and rushes know the seasons,
And the bank's flowers and grass display their green.
There are lakes, streams, and rivers in all the world,
And many brooks and lagoons both great and small,
Which one in one's life may come upon.
But who has seen the Black River of the West?*

Dismounting, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, why is the water so black?"

Eight Rules said, "Some families must have overturned their dye barrels!"

"If not," said Sha Monk, "it has to be someone washing his brushes and ink-stones." Pilgrim said, "Stop speculating and babbling, both of you! We have to find a way to get Master across."

"If old Hog wants to cross this river," said Eight Rules, "it's not difficult: all I need to do is to mount the clouds or tread the waters, and I shall cross it in the time of a meal."

"If you ask old Sand," said Sha Monk, "I, too, need only to mount the clouds or ride the waters, and I'll cross it in no time." Pilgrim said, "Of course, it's easy for us, but it'll be difficult for Master."

"Disciples," said Tripitaka, "how wide is the river?"

"Approximately ten miles," said Eight Rules. Tripitaka said, "You three had better determine which of you will carry me across." Pilgrim said, "Eight Rules can do it."

"No, I can't," said Eight Rules. "For if I carry him on my back and try to mount the clouds, I can't even rise three feet from the ground. As the proverb says, 'A mortal is heavier than a mountain!' If I carry him and tread water, he will push me down below with him." While master and disciples were having this discussion by the river, they suddenly saw a man approaching from the upper reach of the river and rowing a small boat. Delighted, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, we have a boat. Ask him to take us across." Shouting loudly, Sha Monk called, "Boatman, come and ferry us across this river."

The man in the boat said, "I don't have a ferry boat. How could I take you across?" Sha Monk said, "In Heaven or on Earth, the most important thing is to perform deeds of kindness to others."

Though yours may not be a ferry boat, we are not people who will often bother you. We are the sons of Buddha sent by imperial command in the land of the East to acquire scriptures. Please be kind to us and take us across the river. You will have our gratitude." When the man heard these words, he rowed the boat near the shore and, holding his oar, he said, "Master, my boat is small and there are many of you. How could I take you all across?" When Tripitaka walked closer and took a look, he saw that the boat was actually a canoe dug out of a log, and its hull could at most seat only two persons besides the boatman. "What shall we do?" said Tripitaka. "With this boat," said Sha Monk, "we will have to take two trips."

Always sly and slothful, Eight Rules immediately said, "Wujing, you and Big Brother can remain here to watch the luggage and the horse. Let me escort Master and cross over first. Then the boat can return to take you and the horse. Big Brother can simply leap across." Nodding, Pilgrim said, "You are right."

After Idiot had helped the Tang Monk into the boat, the boatman punted the boat away from shore and began rowing it forward. As they approached the middle of the river, a violent gust of wind suddenly arose with a roar, whipping up the waves to darken the sky and the sun. Marvelous wind!

In midair a band of dark clouds rises up;

In midstream black waves surge a thousand tiers tall.

*At both banks flying sand blots out the sun;
 On all sides trees fall to this Heav'n-shaking howl.
 Seas and rivers o'erturned, dragon gods take fright;
 Mud and dirt flown up, plants and flowers fade.
 The wind roars like thunder in times of spring,
 And growls like a famished tiger on and on!
 Crabs, turtles, shrimps, and fishes bow their heads;
 Fowl and beast have all lost their nests and lairs.
 The sailors of Five Lakes are victims all;
 The households of Four Seas all fear for their lives.
 If fishers in the stream can't lower their hooks;
 How could the river's boatmen punt their poles?
 With tiles and bricks upturned the houses fall;
 With Heaven and Earth shaken, Mount Tai quakes.*

This wind, you see, was called up by the man rowing the boat, who happened to be a fiendish creature in this Black River. The disciples saw with their own eyes that the Tang Monk and Zhu Eight Rules, along with the boat, were sinking into the water. In no time at all, they vanished without a trace.

Deeply dismayed on the shore, Sha Monk and Pilgrim cried, "What shall we do? The old master faces adversity every step of the way. He just escaped from one demonic ordeal and journeyed safely for a little while before he is in the clutches again of these black waters."

Then Sha Monk said, "Could it be that the boat has capsized? Perhaps we should search for them downstream."

"No," said Pilgrim, "it couldn't be, for if the boat had capsized, Eight Rules with his aquatic skills could easily have picked up Master and trod water to carry him out. Just now I thought I saw something perverse about that boatman. I suppose that fellow must have called up the wind and dragged Master beneath the water." When Sha Monk heard these words, he said, "Elder Brother, why didn't you speak up earlier? You watch the luggage and the horse. Let me go into the water to search for them." Pilgrim said, "The color of this water is hardly normal. I don't think you should go in there."

"You think this water's more formidable than my Flowing-Sand River?" asked Sha Monk. "I can go! I can go!"

Dear monk! Taking off his shirt and his socks, he lifted up his fiend-routing treasure staff and dove into the waves with a splash.

Opening up the water before him, he went forward in big strides. Just as he was walking, he heard the sound of someone speaking. Sha Monk stepped to one side to sneak a glance around and he discovered ahead of him a pavilion; across its front door were written these large characters:

"Hengyang Ravine, Residence of the Black River God."

Then he heard the fiendish creature, sitting in the pavilion, say, "I have gone through some hard times and only now have I found something nice. This monk is a good man who has practiced self-cultivation for ten incarnations. If I manage to eat a piece of his flesh, I'll be a man of longevity who never grows old. I have waited for him long enough, and today I have realized my hopes. Little ones, bring out the iron cages quickly. Steam these two monks whole, while I prepare an invitation card to be sent to

our second uncle. We want to celebrate his birthday for him.” When Sha Monk heard these words, he could not restrain the fire leaping up in his heart. Lifting his treasure staff, he banged madly at the door, crying, “Brazen creature! Send out quickly my master, the Tang Monk, and my brother Eight Rules.”

The little demons standing guard at the door were so frightened that they dashed inside to report, “Disaster!”

“What sort of disaster?” asked the old fiend.

The little fiends said, “There’s a monk with gloomy complexion outside. He’s banging on our door and demanding the return of some monks.” When the fiend heard these words, he at once asked for his armor, which was brought out by the little fiends. After the old fiend suited himself up properly, he took up in his hands a steel riding crop with bamboo-like joints.

As he walked out the door, he looked mean and vicious indeed! You see

*A square face and round eyes flashing colors bright;
Curled lips and a mouth like a bloody bowl.
A few sparse whiskers wave like iron wires;
His temple’s flanked by hair like cinnabar.
He has the form of Jupiter revealed
And the face of a thunder god in rage.
He wears a suit of iron flower-adorned,
A gold helmet with jewels thickly set.
He holds the steel crop with bamboo-like joints,
And violent wind churns as he walks along.
At birth he was a creature of the waves;
He shed his origin. What fearsome change!
You ask for this fiend’s true identity:
Small iguana-dragon is his former name.*

“Who is beating on my door?” bellowed the fiend. Sha Monk said, “You ignorant brazen fiend! How dare you use your paltry magic and change into a ferryman to abduct my master here with your boat? Return him at once, and I’ll spare your life.”

The fiend roared with laughter and said, “This monk doesn’t care about his life! Your master has been caught by me, all right, and now I’m about to have him steamed to be served to my invited guests. You come up here and match strength with me. If you can withstand me for three rounds, I will return your master. If you can’t withstand me, I’ll have you steamed and eaten also. Don’t bother to dream about your going to the Western Heaven!” Maddened by what he heard, Sha Monk brought the treasure staff down on the fiend’s head, but the latter raised his steel crop to parry the blow. The two of them thus began a fierce battle at the bottom of the river.

*With fiend-routing staff and crop of bamboo joints
Two men, growing enraged, both strove to win.
One, the Black River’s thousand-year-old fiend;
One, a former immortal of Divine Mists.
This one longed to eat Tripitaka’s flesh;
That one would guard the Tang Monk’s piteous life;
At the river’s bottom they met to fight,
Each craving success and nothing else.*

*They fought till pairs of shrimp and fish concealed themselves,
 Till crabs and turtles in twos withdrew their heads.
 Hear the water-home's fiends all beat their drums
 And monsters shouting madly before their gate.
 This dear Wujing—what a true Buddhist priest—
 Did show all alone his prowess and strength!
 Waves tossed and churned and they fought to a draw
 As the crop met and tangled with the staff.
 Think of it! It was all for the monk of Tang
 Who'd seek scriptures and bow in Buddha's Heav'n.*

The two of them fought for some thirty rounds and neither proved to be the stronger. Sha Monk thought to himself, "This fiendish creature is indeed my match. Since I cannot prevail, I may as well entice him out of the waters so that my elder brother can beat him." Making one final feeble blow, Sha Monk turned quickly and ran with the staff trailing behind him. The monster-spirit, however, did not give chase and said instead, "You may go! I'm not going to fight with you anymore, for I have to prepare a card to invite a guest." Panting heavily, Sha Monk leaped out of the water and said to Pilgrim, "Elder Brother, this creature is unruly!"

"Since you were down there for quite awhile, did you find out what sort of monster he is?" asked Pilgrim. "Have you seen Master?"

"There's a pavilion down there," said Sha Monk, "and across the top of the gate outside are written these large characters:

Hengyang Ravine, Residence of the Black River God. I sneaked up to it and heard him speaking inside, telling his little ones to wash and scrub some iron cages so that Master and Eight Rules can be steamed alive. He also wanted to invite his uncle to come for a birthday celebration. I got mad and pounded at the door; that was when the fiendish creature came out with a steel crop with bamboo-like joints.

He fought with me for this half a day, about thirty rounds in all, and it was a draw. I faked defeat, thinking that I could lure him out here so that you could help me. But that fiendish creature was quite smart. He refused to chase me; all he wanted to do was to prepare his card to invite his guest. I came back up then."

"What sort of a monster is he?" asked Pilgrim. Sha Monk replied, "He looks like a big turtle, or else he has to be an iguana."

"I wonder," said Pilgrim, "who is his uncle?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when a man emerged from a bend downstream. Kneeling down at a distance, he cried, "Great Sage, the water god of the Black River kowtows to you."

"Could you be that monster who rowed the boat," said Pilgrim, "returning to deceive me again?"

The old man kowtowed and wept, saying, "Great Sage, I'm not a monster. I'm the true god of this river. It was the fifth month of last year during high tide that this monster-spirit arrived from the Western Ocean, and he immediately waged a battle against me. An old and feeble person like myself could not withstand him, of course, and he therefore took by force my official residence, the Hengyang Ravine. Since he had also taken the lives of many of my water kin, I had no choice but to file suit against him in the ocean. I didn't expect that the Dragon King of the Western Ocean was his

maternal uncle, who threw out my plaint and told me instead that I should allow the monster to stay in my home. I wanted to go to Heaven to bring charges, but a humble deity and minor official like me would not get an audience with the Jade Emperor. When I heard that the Great Sage had arrived, I came especially to see you. I beg the Great Sage to exert his great power on my behalf and avenge my wrongs.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he said, “According to what you have said, the Dragon King of the Western Ocean is definitely guilty. Now this monster-spirit has abducted my master and my younger brother, boasting that he wants to have them steamed and served to his maternal uncle for his birthday. I was about to try to seize this fiend when luckily you came to inform me. All right, river god, you stay here and stand guard with Sha Monk. Let me go into the ocean to bring the Dragon King here so that he can capture the creature.”

“I’m deeply indebted to the Great Sage’s kindness,” said the river god. Pilgrim at once mounted the clouds and went straight to the Western Ocean. He stopped his somersault and, making the water-repellent sign with his fingers, he divided the waves and walked right in. As he traveled, he ran into a black fish-spirit, holding a golden box and darting up like an arrow from the depths down below. Pilgrim whipped out his iron rod and gave his head a terrific blow: alas, the brains burst out and the jaw bones cracked open.

With a swish, the corpse drifted up to the water surface. When Pilgrim opened the box, he saw an invitation card inside on which this message was written:

Your foolish nephew, Clean Iguana, touches his head to the ground a hundred times to inform you, Venerable Mr. Ao, my esteemed Second Uncle. Frequently I have enjoyed your goodly gifts, for which I am most grateful. I have recently acquired two creatures, who happen to be monks from the Land of the East. Since they are rare treasures in the world, your nephew dares not enjoy them by himself. As I recall that Uncle’s sacred birthday is near, I have specially prepared a small banquet to wish you the addition of a thousand years. It is my earnest hope that you will honor us with your presence.

“This fellow,” said Pilgrim chuckling to himself, “has handed over a formal complaint first to old Monkey!”

He put the card in his sleeve and proceeded. Soon a yakṣa on patrol saw him and darted quickly back to the Water-Crystal Palace to make the report:

“Great King, Father Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has arrived.”

The Dragon King Aoshun at once led his water kinsmen out of the palace to receive his visitor. “Great Sage,” he said, “please enter this small palace and take a seat, so that we may present you with tea.”

“I haven’t yet drunk your tea,” said Pilgrim, “but you have drunk my wine first.” Smiling, the Dragon King said, “Since the Great Sage has made submission in the gate of Buddha, he no longer touches meat or wine. Since when have you invited me to drink?”

“You haven’t gone to drink wine,” said Pilgrim, “but you have committed a crime of drinking nonetheless.”

Greatly startled, Aoshun said, “What kind of crime has this small dragon committed?”

Taking the card out of his sleeve, Pilgrim handed it over to the Dragon King.

When the Dragon King read it, his spirit left him and his soul fled. Hurriedly going to his knees, he kowtowed and said, “Great Sage, please pardon me! That fellow

is the ninth child of my sister. Because my brother-in-law had made an error in administering wind and rain by not releasing the prescribed amount, the Heavenly Judge issued a decree and he was beheaded by the human judge, Wei Zheng, during a dream.

My sister had no place to go and it was your little dragon who brought her here and had her cared for. Year before last she died of illness, but since her son did not have a home, I told him to stay at the Black River where he could nourish his nature and cultivate the arts of realized immortality. I did not expect him to commit such wicked crimes. This little dragon will send someone immediately to arrest him.”

“How many sons did your sister have?” asked Pilgrim. “Are they all monsters somewhere?”

The Dragon King said, “My sister has nine sons altogether, but eight of them are good ones. The first, Little Yellow Dragon, lives in the Huai River; the second, Little Black Dragon, lives in the Ji River; the third, Blue-Backed Dragon, lives in the Yangzi River; the fourth, Red-Whiskered Dragon, lives in the Yellow River; the fifth, Futile Dragon, strikes the bell for the Buddhist Patriarch; the sixth, Reclining-Beast Dragon, guards the roof beam in the palace of the Daoist Patriarch; the seventh, Reverent Dragon, guards the imperial commemorative arches for the Jade Emperor; and the eighth, Sea-Serpent Dragon, remains at the place of my elder brother and guards the Taiyue Mountain of Shanxi Province. The ninth son is the Iguana Dragon; because of his youth and lack of official appointment, he was told last year to live in the Black River to nourish his nature. When he acquired a name, I would have transferred him to another post. I didn’t anticipate that he would disobey my decree and offend the Great Sage.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he smiled and said, “How many husbands did your sister have?”

“Only one,” said Aoshun, “and he was the Dragon King of the Jing River who was beheaded. My sister lived here as a widow and died year before last.”

“One husband and one wife,” said Pilgrim. “How could they manage to produce so many different kinds of offspring?”

Aoshun said, “This is what the proverb means when it says that ‘A dragon will produce nine species, and each species is different from the others.’” Pilgrim said, “Just now I was so vexed that I was about to use the invitation card as evidence and file suit against you at the Heavenly court, charging you with conspiracy with a fiend and kidnapping. But according to what you have told me, it’s really the fault of that fellow who disobeys your instructions. I’ll pardon you this time—for the sake of my relationship with you and your brothers, and on account of the fact that that dragon is young and ignorant after all. And also, you have no knowledge of that matter.

Quickly dispatch someone to arrest him and rescue my master. We’ll then decide what to do next.”

Aoshun at once gave this command to the prince, Moang:

“Call up immediately five hundred young soldiers of shrimps and fishes; arrest that iguana and bring him back here for indictment. Meanwhile, let us prepare some wine and a banquet as our apology to the Great Sage.”

“Dragon King,” said Pilgrim, “you needn’t be so edgy. I told you just now that I would pardon you. Why bother to prepare wine and food? I must go now with your son, for I fear that Master may be harmed and my brother is waiting for me.” Unable to detain his guest with even desperate pleadings, the old dragon asked one of his

daughters to present tea. Pilgrim drank one cup of the fragrant tea while standing up and then took leave of the old dragon. He and Moang led the troops from the Western Ocean and soon arrived in the Black River. “Worthy Prince,” said Pilgrim, “take care to catch the fiend. I’m going ashore.”

“Have no worry, Great Sage,” said Moang. “This little dragon will arrest him and take him up here for the Great Sage to convict him of his crime. Only after your master has been sent up also will I dare take him back to the ocean to see my father.” Very pleased, Pilgrim left him and made the water-repellent sign with his fingers to leap out of the waves. As he reached the eastern shore, Sha Monk (who led the river god to meet him) said, “Elder Brother, you left by the air but why did you return from the river?” Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he slew the fish-spirit, acquired the invitation card, confronted the Dragon King, and led troops back with the dragon prince. Sha Monk was exceedingly pleased; all of them then stood on the bank to wait to receive their master, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you now about Prince Moang, who sent a soldier of his to go before the water residence and make this announcement to the fiend:

“Prince Moang has been sent here by the Venerable Dragon King of the Western Ocean.”

The fiend was sitting inside when he heard this report and thought to himself, “I sent the black fish-spirit to present an invitation card to my second maternal uncle, and I haven’t received any answer since. Why is it that my uncle has not come? Why has he sent my elder cousin instead?”

As he was thus deliberating with himself, a little fiend sent out to patrol the river also returned to make this report:

“Great King, there is a regiment of soldiers stationed to the west of our water residence, and one of the banners has these words clearly written:

Young Marshal Moang, Crown Prince of the Western Ocean.”

“This elder cousin is indeed arrogant,” said the fiend. “I suppose my uncle cannot come, and that’s why the prince has been sent in his place to attend our banquet. But if he’s coming for a banquet, why bring along soldiers and warriors? Aha! I fear that there’s another reason behind this. Little ones, bring out my armor and have my steel crop ready, for I fear that he may turn violent suddenly. Let me go out to receive him and see what’s happening.”

Having received this instruction, all the little fiends rubbed their fists to prepare themselves.

When the iguana-dragon walked out of the door, he saw that there was in truth a regiment of marine soldiers encamped on the right.

He saw

*Banners with sashes aflutter;
Halberds arranged in bright mists;
Treasure swords amassing luster;
Long lances twirling flower tassels;
Curved bows like many new moons;
Arrows as wolves’ teeth stuck up;
Scimitars big and gleaming;*

*Short cudgels both rough and hard.
 Sea serpents, oysters, and whales,
 Crabs, turtles, fishes, and shrimps—
 Big and small they stood in order,
 Their weapons dense and thick like hemp.
 If the gen'ral did not command it,
 Who'd dare step out of line one bit?*

The iguana fiend went before the gate of the camp and cried out in a loud voice, “Big Cousin, your younger brother awaits you respectfully. Please come out.”

A snail on patrol in the camp went hurriedly to the middle tent to report, “Your Highness, the iguanadragon is outside calling for you.” Pressing down the golden helmet on his head and tightening the treasure belt around his waist, the prince picked up a three-cornered club and ran out of the camp in great strides. “Why did you ask me to come out?” he asked.

Bowing, the iguana-dragon said, “Your younger brother sent an invitation card to Uncle this morning. But I suppose he has declined my invitation and sent you instead. If my Big Cousin is here for the banquet, why have you called up the troops? You did not enter the water residence but you pitched camp here instead. And you even put on armor and held a weapon. Why?”

“Why did you invite your uncle to come?” asked the prince.

The fiend replied, “It was his kindness which bestowed this place on me as a residence, but I have not seen him for a long time nor have I had an opportunity to express my filial love for him. Yesterday I happened to have caught a monk from the Land of the East who, so I have heard, possesses an original body that has practiced self-cultivation for ten incarnations. If a person eats him, his age will be lengthened. I was hoping to ask Venerable Uncle to look this monk over before I put him in an iron cage and have him steamed for Venerable Uncle to celebrate his birthday.”

“You are so dim-witted!” shouted the prince. “Who do you think this monk is?”

“He is a monk from the Tang court,” said the fiend, “a priest on his way to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures.”

The prince said, “You know only that he is the Tang Monk, but you don’t know how formidable his disciples are.”

The fiend said, “He has under him a monk with a long snout, whose name is Zhu Eight Rules. I have caught him also and am about to have him steamed and eaten together with the Tang Monk. There is another disciple of his by the name of Sha Monk, a fellow rather dark in color and gloomy in complexion who uses a treasure staff. Yesterday this monk made a demand in front of my door for the return of his master, but I called out the river troops to face him. Several blows from my steel crop made him flee for his life. I don’t see how he could be called formidable!”

“You are ignorant!” said the prince. “The Tang Monk still has another disciple, his eldest, who happens to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a golden immortal of the Great Monad who did cause great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago. Now he is the guardian of the Tang Monk on his way to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven, and his name has been changed to Pilgrim Sun Wukong at the time of his conversion by the great and merciful Bodhisattva Guanyin of the Potalaka Peak. Don’t you have any other thing to do but to cause such a great disaster as this? It was

that Pilgrim Sun who ran into your messenger in our ocean; he took your invitation card and went straight into the Water-Crystal Palace, charging us father and son with the crimes of ‘conspiracy and kidnapping.’ You’d better send the Tang Monk and Eight Rules back to the shore of the river immediately and return them to the Great Sage Sun. You can then rely on my apologies to him to preserve your life. But if you utter only half a ‘No,’ you might as well forget about your life or any further opportunity to live in this place!” When the fiend heard this statement, he grew terribly angry, saying, “I’m an intimate first cousin of yours. How could you side with someone else? If I listen to you, I’ll have to send out the Tang Monk—just like that! You think there’s such an easy thing in this whole wide world? You may be afraid of that Sun Wukong, but you think I’m afraid of him, too? If he has any ability, let him come to the front of my water residence and fight with me for three rounds. I’ll return his master then, but if he can’t withstand me, I’ll capture him also and have him steamed together with his master. I won’t recognize any relative, nor will I invite any more guests! I’ll shut my door and ask my little ones to sing and dance. I’ll take the honored seat above to enjoy myself. You bet I’ll eat his mother’s!” When the prince heard this, he opened his mouth wide and expostulated, “You brazen demon! You are truly audacious! Let’s not ask the Great Sage Sun to face you. Do you dare hold a contest with me?”

“If I want to be a hero,” said the fiend, “you think I’ll be afraid of any contest?”

He shouted to his little fiends, “Bring me my armor!”

His cry immediately made those little fiends on his left and right bring up his armor and the steel crop. Changing their colors all at once, the two of them unleashed their strength and gave the order for the drums to sound on both sides. This battle was quite different from the previous one in which Sha Monk took part. You saw

*Flags and banners luminous;
Spears and halberds ablaze.
On that side the camps were quickly broken;
On this side the doors were widely open.
Prince Moang held high his golden club,
Met by fiend iguana wielding his crop.
The cannon’s one boom made river soldiers fierce;
Three strokes of the gong aroused marine troops.
Shrimps fought with shrimps;
Crabs strove with crabs;
The whale swallowed the red carp;
The bream downed the yellow zhang;
The shark devoured the mullet and the mackerel fled;
The rock oyster caught the clam and the mussel panicked.
Hard like an iron rod was the stingray’s whip;
Sharp like a razor was the swordfish’s jaw.
The sturgeon chased the white eel;
The whitebait seized the black pomfret.
A river full of water fiends took up the fight;
Dragon troops on both sides did join the fray
And brawled for a long time as billows churned.
Mighty as Indra was the prince Moang,
Who with a cry brought down his golden club
And caught the king of mischief, the iguana fiend.*

Holding his three-cornered club, the prince feigned an opening and the monster-spirit, not realizing that it was faked, lunged forward to attack. Sidestepping quickly from his opponent's charge, the prince brought the club down hard on the monster-spirit's right arm and knocked him to the ground. The prince rushed up to him and gave him another kick that sent him sprawling. The marine soldiers all surged forward to pin the monster-spirit to the ground; his arms were hog-tied behind his back and his chest bone was pierced and bound with an iron chain. He was taken up to the shore to appear before Pilgrim Sun, as the prince said, "Great Sage, your little dragon has caught the monster iguana. Let the Great Sage decide what shall be done with him." When Pilgrim saw this, he said to the monster-spirit, "You have been disobedient to what you were told. When your Venerable Uncle gave you permission to live here, he intended for you to nourish your nature to preserve your body. At the time when you acquired a name, he would have transferred you to another post. How dare you use force to occupy the residence of the water god and abuse the kindness of your elders? How dare you exercise your paltry magic to deceive my master and my younger brother? I would like to give you a stroke of my rod, but this rod of old Monkey is quite heavy. One slight touch and your life will be finished. Let me ask you instead, where have you placed my master?" Kowtowing without ceasing, the fiend said, "Great Sage, this little iguana has no knowledge of the Great Sage's reputation. Just now, I violated reason and morality to resist my elder cousin, who had me arrested.

Now that I have seen you, I am eternally grateful to the Great Sage for sparing my life. Your master is still tied up in the water residence. I beg the Great Sage to loosen my iron chain and untie my hands. Let me go into the river and escort him out here." On one side Moang said, "Great Sage, this is a rebellious fiend and most devious. If you turn him loose, I fear that he may plot something wicked."

"I know his residence," said Sha Monk, "let me go and find Master."

He and the river god at once leaped into the waves and went to the water residence down below, where they found the doors wide open but not a single little fiend. When they walked inside to reach the pavilion, they found the Tang Monk and Eight Rules still bound there and completely naked. Sha Monk hurriedly untied his master as the river god loosened the ropes on Eight Rules, after which they placed the freed prisoners on their backs and darted back to the surface of the water. When Eight Rules discovered the monster-spirit on the shore all tied up with ropes and chains, he lifted his rake and wanted to strike him, crying, "You perverse beast! You still want to eat me?" Pilgrim tugged at him, saying, "Brother, let's spare him. Have regard for the feelings of Aoshun and his son."

Bowing, Moang said, "Great Sage, your little dragon dares not linger any longer. Since we have succeeded in rescuing your master, I must bring this fellow back to see my father. Though the Great Sage has spared his life, my father will most certainly not permit him to go unpunished. He will dispose of him in some way, I'm sure, and then we shall report to the Great Sage along with our apologies once more."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "you may take him and leave. Please bow to your Honored Father for me and I shall thank him in person another time."

The prince at once led the marine soldiers and the monster-spirit into the water, where they found their way directly back to the Great Western Ocean and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you now about the river god of the Black River, who gave thanks to Pilgrim, saying, “I am deeply indebted to the Great Sage for the recovery of my water residence.”

The Tang Monk said, “Disciples, we are still stranded on the eastern shore. How shall we cross this river?”

The river god said, “Venerable Father, please do not worry and mount your horse. This humble deity will open up a path for Venerable Father to cross the river.”

The master indeed climbed onto the white horse, while Eight Rules held the reins, Sha Monk poled the luggage, and Pilgrim took up the rear. The river god then exercised his magic of blocking the water; as the upper reaches of the river were dammed up, the lower part of the river soon turned dry, and a wide road was thus created. Master and disciples walked safely to the western shore and, after thanking the river god, they proceeded to high ground to set out again on their way. So it was that

With help the Chan monk could now face the West;

With no waves on earth, they could cross Black River.

We do not know how finally they manage to see Buddha and acquire scriptures; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-FOUR

*The dharma-body in primal cycle meets the force of the cart
The mind, righting monstrous deviates, crosses the spine-ridge pass*

The poem says:

*To seek scriptures and freedom they go to the West,
An endless toil through countless mounts of fame.
The days fly by like darting hares and crows;
As petals fall and birds sing the seasons go.
A little dust—the eye reveals three thousand worlds;
The priestly staff—its head has seen four hundred isles.
They feed on wind and rest on dew to seek their goal,
Not knowing which day they may all return.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka Tang and his disciples, who found the main road to the West. Truly they had to face the wind and brave the snow, to be capped by the moon and cloaked by the stars. They journeyed for a long time and soon it was the time of early spring. You see

*The cycled return of triple yang;
The radiance of all things.
The cycled return of triple yang
Makes all Heavens beguiling like a painted scroll;
The radiance of all things
Means flowers spread brocade through all the earth.
The plums fade to a few specks of snow;
The grains swell with the valley clouds.
Ice breaks gradually and mountain streams flow;
Seedlings sprout completely and unparched.
Truly it is that
The God of the Year rides forth;
The God of the Woods takes a drive.
Warm breezes waft floral fragrance;
Light clouds renew the light of the sun.
Willows by the wayside spread their curvate green;
The rains give life; all things bear the looks of spring.*

As master and disciples traveled slowly along the road, enjoying the scenery as they proceeded, they suddenly heard a loud cry that seemed the roar of ten thousand voices. Tripitaka Tang was so startled that he immediately pulled in his reins and refused to go forward. Turning back, he said, “Wukong, where did that terrible din come from?”

“Yes, it sounded as if the earth were splitting apart and the mountains were toppling,” said Eight Rules. “More like the crack of thunder I’d say,” said Sha Monk. Tripitaka said, “I still think it’s men shouting or horses neighing.” With a chuckle, Pilgrim Sun said, “None of you has guessed correctly. Stop here and let old Monkey go take a look.”

Dear Pilgrim! He leaped up at once and rose into midair, treading on the cloudy luminosity. He peered into the distance and discovered a moated city; when he looked more carefully, he saw that it was veiled by auspicious luminosity after all and not by any baleful vapor. "This is a nice place," Pilgrim thought to himself. "Why should there be such an ear-splitting roar? There are no banners or spears in sight in the city, and what we heard couldn't possibly be the roar of cannons. Why is it then that we hear this hubbub of men and horses?"

As he was thus thinking to himself, a large group of monks came into his sight: on a sandy beach outside the city gate they were trying to pull a cart up a steep ridge. As they strained and tugged, they cried out in unison to call on the name of the Bodhisattva King Powerful for help, and this was the noise that startled the Tang Monk. Pilgrim lowered his cloud gradually to take a closer look. Aha! The cart was loaded with bricks, tiles, timber, earth clods, and the like. The ridge was exceedingly tall, and leading up to it was a small spine-like path flanked by two perpendicular passes, with walls like two giant cliffs. How could the cart possibly be dragged up there? Though it was such a fine warm day that one would expect people to dress lightly, what the monks had on were virtually rags. They looked destitute indeed! Pilgrim thought to himself, "I suppose they must be trying to build or repair a monastery, and since a region like this undoubtedly yields a bountiful harvest, it must be difficult for them to find part-time laborers. That's why these monks themselves have to work so hard."

As he was thus speculating, he saw two young Daoists swagger out of the city gate.

"How were they dressed?" you ask.

*Star caps crowned their heads;
 Brocades draped their bodies;
 Luminous star caps crowned their heads;
 Colorful brocades draped their bodies.
 Cloud-headed boots held up their feet;
 Fine silk sashes tied up their waists.
 Like full moons their faces were handsome and bright;
 They had the fair forms of jade- Heaven gods.*

When the monks saw the two Daoists, they were terrified; every one of them redoubled his effort to pull desperately at the cart. "So, that's it!" said Pilgrim, comprehending the situation all at once. "These monks must be awfully afraid of the Daoists, for if not, why should they be tugging so hard at the carts? I have heard someone say that there is a place on the road to the West where Daoism is revered and Buddhism is set for destruction. This must be the place. I would like to go back and report this to Master, but I still don't know the whole truth and he might blame me for bringing him surmises, saying that even a smart person like me can't be counted on for a reliable report. Let me go down there and question them thoroughly before I give Master an answer."

"Whom would he question?" you ask. Dear Great Sage! He lowered his cloud and with a shake of his torso, he changed at the foot of the city into a mendicant Daoist of the Complete Truth order, with an exorcist hamper hung on his left arm. Striking a hollow wooden fish with his hands and chanting lyrics of Daoist themes, he walked up to the two Daoists near the city gate. "Masters," he said, bowing, "this humble Daoist

raises his hand.” Returning his salute, one of the Daoists said, “Sir, where did you come from?”

“This disciple,” said Pilgrim, “has wandered to the corners of the sea and to the edges of Heaven. I arrived here this morning with the sole purpose of collecting subscriptions for good works. May I ask the two masters which street in this city is favorable toward the Dao, and which alley is inclined toward piety? This humble Daoist would like to go there and beg for some vegetarian food.” Smiling, the Daoist said, “O Sir! Why do you speak in such a disgraceful manner?”

“What do you mean by disgraceful?” asked Pilgrim. “If you want to *beg* for vegetarian food,” said the Daoist, “isn’t that disgraceful?” Pilgrim said, “Those who have left the family live by begging. If I didn’t beg, where would I have money to buy food?”

Chuckling, the Daoist said, “You’ve come from afar, and you don’t know anything about our city. In this city of ours, not only the civil and military officials are fond of the Dao, the rich merchants and men of prominence devoted to piety, but even the ordinary citizens, young and old, will bow to present us once they see us. It is, in fact, a trivial matter, hardly worth mentioning. What’s most important about our city is that His Majesty, the king, is also fond of the Dao and devoted to piety.”

“This humble cleric is first of all quite young,” said Pilgrim, “and second, he is indeed from afar. In truth I’m ignorant of the situation here. May I trouble the two masters to tell me the name of this place and give me a thorough account of how the king has come to be so devoted to the cause of Dao—for the sake of fraternal feelings among us Daoists?”

The Daoist said, “This city has the name of the Cart Slow Kingdom, and the ruler on the precious throne is a relative of ours.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he broke into loud guffaws, saying, “I suppose that a Daoist has become king.”

“No,” said the Daoist. “What happened was that twenty years ago, this region had a drought, so severe that not a single drop of rain fell from the sky and all grains and plants perished. The king and his subjects, the rich as well as the poor—every person was burning incense and praying to Heaven for relief. Just when it seemed that nothing else could preserve their lives, three immortals suddenly descended from the sky and saved us all.”

“Who were these immortals?” asked Pilgrim.

“Our masters,” said the Daoist.

“What are their names?” asked Pilgrim. The Daoist replied, “The eldest master is called the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal; the second master, the Deer-Strength Great Immortal; and the third master, Goat-Strength Great Immortal.”

“What kinds of magic power do your esteemed teachers possess?” asked Pilgrim. The Daoist said, “Summoning the wind and the rain for my masters would be as easy as flipping over one’s palms; they point at water and it will change into oil; they touch stones and change them into gold, as quickly as one turns over in bed. With this kind of magic power, they are thus able to rob the creative genius of Heaven and Earth, to alter the mysteries of the stars and constellations. The king and his subjects have such profound respect for them that all of us Daoists are claimed as royal kin.” Pilgrim said, “This ruler is lucky, all right. After all, the proverb says, ‘Magic moves ministers!’ He certainly can’t lose to claim kinship with your old masters, if they possess such powers.

Alas! I wonder if I had even the tiniest spark of affinity, such that I could have an audience with the old masters.”

Chuckling, the Daoist replied, “If you want to see our masters, it’s not difficult at all. The two of us are their bosom disciples. Moreover, our masters are so devoted to the Way and so deferential to the pious that the mere mention of the word ‘Dao’ would bring them out of the door, full of welcome. If we two were to introduce you, we would need to exert ourselves no more vigorously than to blow away some ashes.”

Bowing deeply, Pilgrim said, “I am indebted to you for your introduction. Let us go into the city then.”

“Let’s wait a moment,” said one of the Daoists. “You sit here while we two finish our official business first. Then we’ll go with you.” Pilgrim said, “Those of us who have left the family are without cares or ties; we are completely free. What do you mean by official business?”

The Daoist pointed with his finger at the monks on the beach and said, “Their work happens to be the means of livelihood for us. Lest they become indolent, we have come to check them off the roll before we go with you.” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “You must be mistaken, Masters.

Buddhists and Daoists are all people who have left the family. For what reason are they working for our support? Why are they willing to submit to our roll call?”

The Daoist said, “You have no idea that in the year when we were all praying for rain, the monks bowed to Buddha on one side while the Daoists petitioned the Pole Star on the other, all for the sake of finding some food for the country. The monks, however, were useless, their empty chants of sūtras wholly without efficacy. As soon as our masters arrived on the scene, they summoned the wind and the rain and the bitter affliction was removed from the multitudes. It was then that the court became terribly vexed at the monks, saying that they were completely ineffective and that they deserved to have their monasteries wrecked and their Buddha images destroyed. Their travel rescripts were revoked and they were not permitted to return to their native regions. His Majesty gave them to us instead and they were to serve as bondsmen: they are the ones who tend the fires in our Abbey, who sweep the grounds, and who guard the gates. Since we have some buildings in the rear that are not completely finished, we have ordered these monks here to haul bricks, tiles, and timber for the construction. But for fear of their mischief, indolence, and unwillingness to pull the cart, we have come to investigate and make the roll call.” When Pilgrim heard that, he tugged at the Daoists as tears rolled from his eyes. “I said that I might not have the good affinity to see your old masters,” he said, “and true enough I don’t.”

“Why not?” asked the Daoist.

“This humble Daoist is making a wide tour of the world,” said Pilgrim, “both for the sake of eking out a living and for finding a relative.”

“What sort of relative do you have?” asked the Daoist. Pilgrim said, “I have an uncle, who since his youth had left the family and shorn his hair to become a monk. Because of famine some years ago he had to go abroad to beg for alms and hadn’t returned since.

As I remembered our ancestral benevolence, I decided that I would make a special effort to find him along the way. It’s very likely, I suppose, that he is detained

here and cannot go home. I must find him somehow and get to see him before I can go inside the city with you.”

“That’s easy,” said the Daoist. “The two of us can sit here while you go down to the beach to make the roll call for us. There should be five hundred of them on the roll. Take a look and see if your uncle is among them. If he is, we’ll let him go for the sake of the fact that you, too, are a fellow Daoist. Then we’ll go inside the city with you. How about that?” Pilgrim thanked them profusely, and with a deep bow he took leave of the Daoists. Striking up his wooden fish, he headed down to the beach, passing the double passes as he walked down the narrow path from the steep ridge. All those monks knelt down at once and kowtowed, saying in unison, “Father, we have not been indolent. Not even half a person from the five hundred is missing—we are all here pulling the cart.” Snickering to himself, Pilgrim thought, “These monks must have been awfully abused by the Daoist. They are terrified even when they see a fake Daoist like me. If a real Daoist goes near them, they will probably die of fear.” Waving his hand, Pilgrim said, “Get up, and don’t be afraid! I’m not here to inspect your work, I’m here to find a relative.” When those monks heard that he was looking for a relative, they surrounded him on all sides, every one of them sticking out his head and coughing, hoping that he would be claimed as kin. “Which of us is his relative?” they asked. After he had looked at them for awhile, Pilgrim burst into laughter.

“Father,” said the monks, “you don’t seem to have found your relative. Why are you laughing instead?” Pilgrim said, “You want to know why I’m laughing? I’m laughing at how immature you monks are! It was because of your having been born under an unlucky star that your parents, for fear of your bringing misfortune upon them or for not bringing with you additional brothers and sisters, turned you out of the family and made you priests. How could you then not follow the Three Jewels and not revere the law of Buddha? Why aren’t you reading the sūtras and chanting the litanies? Why do you serve the Daoists and allow them to exploit you as bondsmen and slaves?”

“Venerable Father,” said the monks, “are you here to ridicule us? You must have come from abroad, and you have no idea of our plight.”

“Indeed I’m from abroad,” said Pilgrim, “and I truly have no idea of what sort of plight you have.”

As they began to weep, the monks said, “The ruler of our country is wicked and partial. All he cares for are those persons like you, Venerable Father, and those whom he hates are us Buddhists.”

“Why is that?” asked Pilgrim. “Because the need for wind and rain,” said one of the monks, “caused three immortal elders to come here. They deceived our ruler and persuaded him to tear down our monasteries and revoke our travel rescripts, forbidding us to return to our native regions. He would not, moreover, permit us to serve even in any secular capacity except as slaves in the household of those immortal elders. Our agony is unbearable! If any Daoist mendicant shows up in this region, they would immediately request the king to grant him an audience and a handsome reward; but if a monk appears, regardless of whether he is from nearby or afar, he will be seized and sent to be a servant in the house of the immortals.” Pilgrim said, “Could it be that those Daoists are truly in possession of some mighty magic, potent enough to seduce the king? If it’s only a matter of summoning the wind and the rain, then it is merely a trivial trick of heterodoxy. How could it sway a ruler’s heart?”

The monks said, “They know how to manipulate cinnabar and refine lead, to sit in meditation in order to nourish their spirits. They point to water and it changes into oil; they touch stones and transform them into pieces of gold. Now they are in the process of building a huge abbey for the Three Pure Ones, in which they can perform rites to Heaven and Earth and read scriptures night and day, to the end that the king will remain youthful for ten thousand years. Such enterprise undoubtedly pleases the king.”

“So that’s how it is!” said Pilgrim. “Why don’t you all run away and be done with it?”

“Father, we can’t!” said the monks. “Those immortal elders have obtained permission from the king to have our portraits painted and hung up in all four quarters of the kingdom.

Although the territory of this Cart Slow Kingdom is quite large, there is a picture of monks displayed in the marketplace of every village, town, county, and province. It bears on top the royal inscription that any official who catches a monk will be elevated three grades, and any private citizen who does so will receive a reward of fifty taels of white silver. That’s why we can never escape. Let’s not say monks—but even those who have cut their hair short or are getting bald will find it difficult to get past the officials. They are everywhere, the detectives and the runners! No matter what you do, you simply can’t flee. We have no alternative but to remain here and suffer.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “you might as well give up and die.”

“Venerable Father,” said the monks, “many of us have died. There were altogether some two thousand monks caught and brought here: some six or seven hundred of them have perished because they could not bear the suffering and the persecution, or because they could not endure the cold or adjust to the climate. Another seven or eight hundred committed suicide. Only we five hundred failed to die.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Pilgrim. The monks said, “When we tried to hang ourselves, the ropes snapped; when we tried to cut ourselves, the blades were blunt; when we hurled ourselves into the river, we floated back up instead; and when we took poison, nothing happened to us.” Pilgrim said, “You are very lucky! Heaven must be desirous of prolonging your lives!”

“The last word is not quite right, Venerable Father,” said the monks, “for surely you mean prolonging our torments! Our daily meals are thin gruel made of the coarsest grains, and at night, we have nowhere to rest but this exposed piece of sandy beach. When we close our eyes, however, there will be deities here to protect us.”

“You mean the hard work during the day,” said Pilgrim, “causes you to see ghosts at night.”

“Not ghosts,” said the monks, “but the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, together with the Guardians of Monasteries. When night falls, they will appear to protect us and, in fact, prevent those who want to die from dying.” Pilgrim said, “These gods are rather unreasonable. They should rather let you die early so that you could reach Heaven at once. Why are they guarding you like that?”

The monks said, “They try to comfort us in our dreams, telling us not to seek death but to endure our suffering for awhile until the arrival of the holy monk from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, the arhat who is journeying to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Under him, we are told, there is a disciple who is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and who has vast magic powers. He is, moreover, a person of

rectitude and kindness, one who will avenge the injustices of the world, assist those who are needy and oppressed, and comfort the orphans and the widows. We are told to wait for his arrival, for he will reveal his power and destroy the Daoists, so that the teaching of Chan and complete poverty will be honored once more.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he said silently to himself, smiling,

*“Don’t say old Monkey has no competence,
For gods proclaim early his eminence.”*

Turning quickly and striking up again the wooden fish, he left the monks to return to the city gate to meet the Daoists. “Sir,” said the Daoists as they greeted him, “which of them is your relative?”

“All five hundred of them are relatives of mine,” said Pilgrim.

Laughing, the two Daoists said, “How could you have that many relatives?”

“One hundred are neighbors to my left,” said Pilgrim, “and one hundred are neighbors to my right; one hundred belong to my father’s side, and one hundred belong to my mother’s side.

Finally, one hundred happen to be my bond-brothers. If you are willing to let these five hundred persons go, I’ll be willing to enter the city with you. If you are not, I won’t go with you.”

The Daoists said, “You must be a little crazy, for all at once you are babbling! These monks happen to be gifts from the king. If we want to release even one or two of them, we will have to go first before our masters to report that they are ill. Then, we have to submit a death certificate before we can consider the matter closed. How could you ask us to release them all? Nonsense! Nonsense! Why, not to speak of the fact that we would be left without servants in our household, but even the court might be offended. The king might send some officials to look into the work here or he himself might come to investigate. How could we dare let them go?”

“You won’t release them?” said Pilgrim. “No, we won’t!” said the Daoists. Pilgrim asked them three times and his anger flared up. Whipping out his iron rod from his ear, he squeezed it once in the wind and it had the thickness of a rice bowl. He tested it with his hand before slamming it down on the Daoists’ heads. How pitiful! This one blow made

*Their heads crack, their blood squirts, their bodies sink low;
Their skin split, their necks snap, their brains outflow!*

Those monks on the beach, when they saw in the distance that he had slain the Daoists, all abandoned the cart and ran toward him, crying, “What disaster! You’ve just killed royal kin.”

“What royal kin?” asked Pilgrim. The monks had him completely surrounded, crying, “Their masters would not bow to the king when they walk into court, and when they walk out, they need not take leave of the lord. His Majesty addresses them constantly as Messrs. Preceptors of State, Elder Brothers. How could you come here and cause such a terrible disaster? Their disciples came out to this place to supervise our work and they did not offend you. How could you beat them to death? If those immortal elders claimed that you were here only to supervise our labor and that we were the ones who took their lives, what would happen to us? We must go into the city with you and have you confess your guilt first.”

“Stop hollering, all of you,” said Pilgrim, laughing. “I am no mendicant Daoist of the Complete Truth order. I’m here to save you.”

“You have murdered two men,” said the monks, “and we are likely to be blamed for it. Look what you have added to our burdens! How could you be our savior?” Pilgrim said, “I am Pilgrim Sun Wukong, the disciple of the holy monk of the Great Tang. I have come especially to save your lives.”

“No! No!” cried the monks. “You can’t be, for we can recognize that venerable father.”

“You haven’t even met him,” said Pilgrim, “so how could you recognize him?”

The monks said, “We have met in our dreams an old man who identified himself as the Gold Star Venus. He told us over and over again how Pilgrim Sun was supposed to look so that we wouldn’t make a mistake in identifying him.”

“What did he tell you?” asked Pilgrim. The monks said, “He said that the Great Sage has

*A bumpy brow, and golden eyes flashing;
A round head and a hairy face jowl-less;
Gaping teeth, pointed mouth, a character most sly;
He looks more strange than thunder god.
Using a golden-hooped iron rod,
He once broke Heaven’s gates apart.
He now follows Truth, protecting a monk,
And saves humankind from distress.”*

When Pilgrim heard these words, he was both pleased and annoyed; pleased, because the gods had spread wide his fame, but also annoyed, because those old rogues, he thought, had revealed to mortals his primal form. He blurted out all at once, “Indeed all of you can see that I am not Pilgrim Sun, but I am a disciple of his, just learning how to cause some trouble for fun! Look over there! Isn’t that Pilgrim Sun who is approaching?”

He pointed to the East with his finger and tricked the monks into turning their heads. As they did so, he revealed his true form, which the monks recognized immediately. Every one of them went to his knees, saying, “Father, we are of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, and we failed to know that you appeared to us in transformation. We beg Father to avenge our wrongs and dispel our woes by entering the city quickly and exterminating the demonic ones.”

“Follow me,” said Pilgrim, and the monks all followed him closely.

The Great Sage walked to the beach. Exerting his magic power, he yanked the cart through the two passes and up the spine ridge before picking it up and smashing it to pieces. He then tossed all those bricks, tiles, and timber down a ravine. “Go away!” he bellowed to the monks. “Don’t crowd around me. Let me see the king tomorrow and destroy those Daoists.”

“O Father!” said those monks. “We dare not go very far away, for we fear that we might be caught by the officials. Then we would be brought back for beatings and for ransom, and there would be no end to our woes.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “let me give you some means of protection.”

Dear Great Sage! He plucked a handful of hairs that he chewed into small pieces. To each of the monks he gave a piece with the instruction:

“Stick it into the nail of your fourth finger and then make a fist. You can walk as far as you want. Don’t do anything if no one comes to seize you, but if there should be someone trying to arrest you, hold your fist up tightly and cry, ‘Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.’ I will come at once to protect you.”

“Father,” said the monks, “if we walk too far away and you can’t see or hear us, what good will it do?”

“Relax,” said Pilgrim, “for even if you are ten thousand miles away, I guarantee that nothing will happen to you.” One of the monks who was somewhat courageous indeed held up his fist and whispered, “Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.”

At once a thunder spirit stood in front of him, holding an iron rod. He looked so formidable that not even a thousand cavalry would dare charge near him. Several scores of the monks made the call also, and several scores of Great Sages at once appeared. The monks kowtowed, crying, “Father, truly an efficacious manifestation!”

“When you want it to disappear,” said Pilgrim, “all you have to say is the word, ‘Cease.’”

They cried, “Cease!” and the hairs appeared again in their nails. The monks were overjoyed and began to disperse. “Don’t go too far away,” said Pilgrim, “but listen for news of me in the city. If a proclamation requesting for monks to return to the city is published, you may then enter the city and give me back my hairs.”

Those five hundred monks then scattered in all directions, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you now instead about the Tang Monk by the wayside. While he waited in vain for Pilgrim to come back with a report, he told Zhu Eight Rules to lead the horse forward toward the West. As they proceeded, they met some monks hurrying by, and when they drew near the city, they saw Pilgrim standing there with a dozen or so monks who had not dispersed. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka said, “Wukong, you were sent here to find out about the strange noise. Why did it take you so long and still you didn’t return?” Leading those monks to bow before the Tang Monk’s horse, Pilgrim gave a thorough account of what had happened. Horrified, Tripitaka said, “If this is the situation, what shall we do?”

“Please have no fear, Venerable Father,” said those monks. “Father Great Sage Sun is an incarnation of a Heavenly god, and his vast magic powers will no doubt prevent you from coming to any harm. We are priests of the Wisdom Depth Monastery of this city, an edifice built by imperial command of the late king, the father of the present ruler. Since the image of the late king is still inside the monastery, it has not been torn down along with all the other monasteries, big and small, of the city. Let us invite the venerable father to go into the city and rest in our humble dwelling. We are certain that the Great Sage Sun will know what to do by the time of the morning court tomorrow.”

“What you say is quite right,” said Pilgrim. “All right! We might as well enter the city first.”

The elder dismounted and went up to the city gate. The sun was setting as they walked across the drawbridge and inside the triple gates. When people on the streets

saw that priests from the Wisdom Depth Monastery were toting luggage and leading a horse, they all drew back and avoided them. Before long they reached the entrance of the monastery, where they saw hanging high above the gate a huge plaque on which was written in gold letters:

“The Wisdom Depth Monastery, Built by Imperial Command.” Pushing open the gates, the monks led them through the Vairocana Hall. They then opened the door to the main hall; the Tang Monk draped the cassock over his body and prostrated himself before the golden image. Only after he had paid homage to Buddha in this manner did he walk inside the main hall. “Hey, you who are looking after the house!” cried the monks, and an old priest emerged. When he saw Pilgrim, he fell on his knees at once and cried, “Father, have you arrived?”

“Who am I?” asked Pilgrim. “Why should you address me and honor me in this manner?”

“I recognize you to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, the Father Sun,” said the priest. “Every night we dream of you, for the Gold Star Venus frequently appears to us in our dreams, telling us that we can preserve our lives only when you come to us. Today, I can tell immediately that you are the one whom we saw in our dreams. O Father, I’m so glad that you have arrived in time.

After one or two more days, we may all become ghosts!”

“Please rise! Please rise!” said Pilgrim with laughter. “Tomorrow you will see some results!”

The monks all went to prepare for them a vegetarian meal, after which they swept clean the abbot’s residence for the pilgrims to rest.

Pilgrim, however, was so preoccupied that he could not sleep even by the time of the second watch. From somewhere nearby also came the sound of pipes and gongs, and he became so aroused that he rose quietly and slipped on his clothes. He leaped into midair to have a better look and at once discovered that there was the bright glare of lamps and torches due south of him. Lowering his cloud, he peered intently and found that the Daoists of the Three Pure Ones Abbey were making supplications to the stars. He saw

*The spiritual realm of a tall chamber;
The blessed place of a magic hall.
The spiritual realm of a tall chamber,
August like the features of Mount Penglai;
The blessed place of a magic hall,
Immaculate like the Palace of Transformed Joy.
Daoists on both sides played their strings and pipes;
Masters at the center held up their tablets of jade.
They expounded the Woe-Dispelling Litany;
They lectured on the Classic of the Way and Virtue.
To raise dust a few times they wrote out their charms;
To make the supplication they prostrated themselves.
With spell and water they sent a dispatch
As flames of torches shot up to the Region Above.
They sought and questioned the stars
As fragrant incense rose through the azure sky.*

*Before the stands were fresh offerings;
On top of tables were victuals sumptuous.*

On both sides of the hall's entrance was hung a pair of yellow silk scrolls on which the following parallel couplet in large characters was embroidered:

*For wind and rain in due season,
We invoke the Celestial Worthies' boundless power.
As the empire's peaceful and prosperous,
May our lord's reign exceed ten thousand years.*

There were three old Daoists resplendent in their ritual robes, and Pilgrim thought they had to be the Tiger-Strength, Deer-Strength, and Goat-Strength Immortals. Below them there was a motley crew of some seven or eight hundred Daoists; lined up on opposite sides, they were beating drums and gongs, offering incense, and saying prayers. Secretly pleased, Pilgrim said to himself, "I would like to go down there and fool with them a bit, but as the proverb says,

*A silk fiber is no thread;
A single hand cannot clap.*

Let me go back and alert Eight Rules and Sha Monk. Then we can return and have some fun." Putting his auspicious cloud on a descending path, he headed straight back to the abbot's hall, where he found Eight Rules and Sha Monk asleep head to foot in one bed. Pilgrim tried to wake Wujing first, and as he stirred, Sha Monk said, "Elder Brother, you aren't asleep yet?"

"Get up now," said Pilgrim, "for you and I are going to enjoy ourselves."

"In the dead of night," said Sha Monk, "how could we enjoy ourselves when our mouths are dried and our eyes won't stay open?" Pilgrim said, "There is indeed in this city an Abbey of the Three Pure Ones. Right now the Daoists in the Abbey are conducting a mass, and their main hall is filled with all kinds of offerings. The buns are big as barrels, and their cakes must weigh fifty or sixty pounds each. There are also countless rice condiments and fresh fruits. Come with me and we'll go enjoy ourselves!" When Zhu Eight Rules heard in his sleep that there were nice edibles, he immediately woke up, saying, "Elder Brother, aren't you going to take care of me, too?"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "if you want to eat, don't make all these noises and wake up Master. Just follow me."

The two of them slipped on their clothes and walked quietly out the door. They trod on the cloud with Pilgrim and rose into the air.

When Idiot saw the flare of lights, he wanted immediately to go down there had not Pilgrim pulled him back. "Don't be so impatient," said Pilgrim. "Wait till they disperse. Then we can go down there."

Eight Rules said, "But obviously they are having such a good time praying. Why would they want to disperse?"

"Let me use a little magic," said Pilgrim, "and they will."

Dear Great Sage! He made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell before he drew in his breath facing the ground toward the southwest. Then he blew it out and at once a violent whirlwind assailed the Three Pure Ones Hall, smashing flower vases and candle stands and tearing up all the ex-votos hanging on the four walls. As lights and torches were all blown out, the Daoists became terrified. Tiger-Strength

Immortal said, “Disciples, let’s disperse. Since this divine wind has extinguished all our lamps, torches, and incense, each of us should retire. We can rise earlier tomorrow morning to recite a few more scrolls of scriptures and make up for what we miss tonight.”

The various Daoists indeed retired.

Our Pilgrim, leading Eight Rules and Sha Monk, lowered their clouds and dashed up to the Three Pure Ones Hall. Without bothering to find out whether it was raw or cooked, Idiot grabbed one of the cakes and gave it a fierce bite. Pilgrim whipped out the iron rod and tried to give his hand a whack. Hastily withdrawing his hand to dodge the blow, Eight Rules said, “I haven’t even found out the taste yet, and you’re trying to hit me already?”

“Don’t be so rude,” said Pilgrim. “Let’s sit down with proper manners and then we may treat ourselves.”

“Aren’t you embarrassed?” asked Eight Rules. “You are stealing food, you know, and you still want proper manners! If you were invited here, what would you do then?” Pilgrim said, “Who are these bodhisattvas sitting up there?”

“What do you mean by who are these bodhisattvas?” chuckled Eight Rules. “Can’t you recognize the Three Pure Ones?”

“Which Three Pure Ones?” asked Pilgrim. “The one in the middle,” said Eight Rules, “is the Celestial Worthy of Commencement; the one on the left is the Daoist Lord of Numinous Treasures; and the one on the right is the Most High Aged Lord, Laozi.” Pilgrim said, “We have to take on their appearances. Only then can we eat safely and comfortably.” When he caught hold of the delicious fragrance coming from the offerings, Idiot could wait no longer. Climbing up onto the tall platform, he gave the figure of Laozi a shove with his snout and pushed it to the floor, saying, “Old fellow, you have sat here long enough! Now let old Hog take your place for awhile!” So Eight Rules changed himself into Laozi, while Pilgrim took on the appearance of the Celestial Worthy of Commencement and Sha Monk became the Daoist Lord of Numinous Treasures. All the original images were pushed down to the floor. The moment they sat down, Eight Rules began to gorge himself with the huge buns. “Could you wait one moment?” said Pilgrim. “Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “we have changed into their forms. Why wait any longer?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “it’s a small thing to eat, but giving ourselves away is no small matter! These holy images we pushed on the floor could be found by those Daoists who had to rise early to strike the bell or sweep the grounds. If they stumbled over them, wouldn’t our secret be revealed? Why don’t you see if you can hide them somewhere?”

Eight Rules said, “This is an unfamiliar place, and I don’t even know where to begin to look for a hiding spot.”

“Just now when we entered the hall,” Pilgrim said, “I chanced to notice a little door on our right. Judging from the foul stench coming through it, I think it must be a Bureau of Five-Grain Transmigration. Send them in there.” Idiot, in truth, was rather good at crude labor! He leaped down, threw the three images over his shoulder, and carried them out of the hall. When he kicked open the door, he found a huge privy inside. Chuckling to himself he said, “This Ban-Horse-Plague truly has a way with words! He even bestows on a privy a sacred title! The Bureau of Five-Grain

Transmigration, what a name!” Still hauling the images on his shoulders, Idiot began to mumble this prayer to them:

*“O Pure Ones Three,
I’ll confide in thee:
From afar we came,
Staunch foes of bogies.
We’d like a treat,
But nowhere’s cozy.
We borrow your seats
For awhile only.
You’ve sat too long,
Now join the privy.
In times past you’ve enjoyed countless good things
By being pure and clean Daoists.
Today you can’t avoid facing something dirty
When you become Celestial Worthies Most Smelly!”*

After he had made his supplication, he threw them inside with a splash and half of his robe was soiled by the muck. As he walked back into the hall, Pilgrim said, “Did you hide them well?”

“Well enough,” said Eight Rules, “but some of the filth stained my robe. It still stinks. I hope it won’t make you retch.”

“Never mind,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “you just come and enjoy yourself. I wonder if we could all make a clean getaway!”

After Idiot changed back into the form of Laozi, the three of them took their seats and abandoned themselves to enjoyment. They ate the huge buns fist; then they gobbled down the side dishes, the rice condiments, the dumplings, the baked goods, the cakes, the deep-fried dishes, and the steamed pastries—regardless of whether these were hot or cold. Pilgrim Sun, however, was not too fond of anything cooked; all he had were a few pieces of fruit, just to keep the other two company. Meanwhile Eight Rules and Sha Monk went after the offerings like comets chasing the moon, like wind mopping up the clouds! In no time at all, the food was completely devoured. When there was nothing left for them to eat, instead of leaving, they remained seated there to chat and wait for the food to digest.

Alas! This was what had to happen! There was, you see, in the east corridor a young Daoist, who, just when he had lain down, scrambled up again all at once when he thought to himself, “I left my handbell in the hall. If I lost it, the masters would rebuke me tomorrow.”

He said to his companion, “You sleep first. I’ve got to go find something.” Without even putting on his undergarments, he threw a shirt on himself and went to the main hall to search for his bell. Groping this way and that in the darkness, he finally found it.

As he was turning to leave, he suddenly heard sounds of breathing. Terribly frightened, the Daoist began to rush out of the hall, and as he did so, he stepped on a lychee seed, which sent him crashing to the floor and the bell was smashed to pieces. Unable to restrain himself, Zhu Eight Rules burst into roars of laughter, frightening the

little Daoist out of his wits. He scrambled up only to fall down once more; stumbling all over, he managed to reach the master residence.

“Grand-Masters,” he screamed as he pounded on the door, “It’s terrible! Disaster!”

The three old Daoists had not yet fallen asleep.

They opened the door to ask, “What disaster?”

Trembling all over, the young Daoist said, “Your disciple left behind his handbell, and he went to the main hall to search for it. I heard someone roaring with laughter, and it almost frightened me to death.” When the old Daoists heard these words, they cried, “Bring some light. Let’s see what kind of perverse creature is around.”

The Daoists sleeping along the two corridors, old and young, were all aroused, and they at once scrambled up to the main hall with lamps and torches. We do not know what was the result; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-FIVE

*At the Three Pure Ones Abbey the Great Sage leaves his name
At the Cart Slow Kingdom the Monkey King shows his power*

We now tell you about the Great Sage Sun, who used his left hand to give Sha Monk a pinch, and his right to give Zhu Eight Rules a pinch. Immediately understanding what he meant, the two of them fell silent and sat with lowered faces on their high seats. They allowed those Daoists to examine them back and front with uplifted lamps and torches, but the three of them seemed no more than idols made of clay and adorned with gold.

“There are no thieves around,” said the Tiger-Strength Immortal, “but then, why are all the offerings eaten?”

“It definitely looks as if humans have eaten them,” said the Deer-Strength Immortal. “Look how the fruits are skinned and their stones spat out. Why is it that we don’t see any human form?”

“Don’t be too suspicious, Elder Brothers,” said the Goat-Strength Immortal. “I think that our piety and sincerity of reciting scriptures and saying prayers here night and day, all in the name of the court, must have aroused the Celestial Worthies. The Venerable Fathers of the Three Pure Ones, I suppose, must have descended to earth and consumed these offerings. Why don’t we take advantage of the fact that their holy train and crane carriages are still here and make supplication to the Celestial Worthies? We should beg for some golden elixir and holy water with which we may present His Majesty. Wouldn’t his long life and perpetual youth be in fact our merit?”

“You are right,” said the Tiger-Strength Immortal. “Disciples, start the music and recite the scriptures. Bring us our ritual robes. Let me tread the stars to make our supplication.”

Those little Daoists all obeyed and lined themselves up on both sides. At the sound of the gong, they all recited in unison the scroll of *True Scriptures of the Yellow Court*. After having put on his ritual robe, the Tiger-Strength Immortal held high his jade tablet and began to kick up the dust with dancing. Intermittently he would fall to the ground and prostrate himself. Then he intoned this petition:

*“In fear and dread,
We bow most humbly.
To stir up our faith
We seek Purity.
Vile priests we quell
To honor the Way.
This hall we build
The king to obey.
Dragon flags we raise,
And off’rings display;
Torches by night,
Incense by day.
One thought sincere
Doth Heaven sway.*

*Chariots divine
Now come to stay.
Grant unto us some elixir and holy water,
Which we may give to His Majesty
That he may gain longevity."*

When Eight Rules heard these words, he was filled with apprehension. "This is our fault! We've eaten the goods and should be on our way. Now, how shall we answer such supplication?" Pilgrim gave him another pinch before suddenly opening his mouth and speaking out loud, "You immortals of a younger generation, please stop your recitation. We have just returned from the Festival of Immortal Peaches, and we have not brought along any golden elixir or holy water. In another day we shall come to bestow them on you." When those Daoists, old and young, heard that the image had actually spoken, every one of them trembled violently till even their garments quaked. "O Fathers!" they cried, "the living Celestial Worthies have descended to earth. We must not let them go. We must insist on their giving us some sort of magic formula for eternal youth."

Then the Deer-Strength Immortal went forward also to prostrate himself and intone this supplication:

*"Our heads to the dust,
We pray earnestly.
Your subjects submit
To the Pure Ones Three.
Since we came here,
The Way was set free.
The king is pleased
To seek longevity.
This Heavenly Mass
Chants scriptures nightly.
We thank the Celestial Worthies
For revealing their presence holy.
O hear our prayers!
We seek your glory!
Do leave some holy water behind,
That your disciples long life may find!"*

Sha Monk gave Pilgrim a pinch and whispered fiercely, "Elder Brother! They are at it again! Just listen to the prayer!"

"All right," said Pilgrim, "let's give them something."

"Where could we find it?" muttered Eight Rules. "Just watch me," said Pilgrim, "and when you see that I have it, you'll have it too!"

After those Daoists had finished their music and their prayers, Pilgrim again spoke out loud, "You immortals of a younger generation, there's no need for your bowing and praying any longer. I am rather reluctant to leave you some holy water, but I fear then that our posterity will die out. If I gave you some, however, it would seem to be too easy a boon." When those Daoists heard these words, they all prostrated themselves and kowtowed. "We beseech the Celestial Worthies to have regard for the reverence of your disciples," they cried, "and we beg you to leave us some. We shall

proclaim far and near the Way and Virtue. We shall memorialize to the king to give added honors to the Gate of Mystery.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “bring us some vessels.”

The Daoists all touched their heads to the ground to give thanks. Being the greediest, the Tiger-Strength Immortal hauled in a huge cistern and placed it in the hall. The Deer-Strength Immortal fetched an earthenware garden vase and put it on top of the offering table. The Goat-Strength Immortal pulled out the flowers from a flowerpot and placed it in the middle of the other two vessels. Then Pilgrim said to them, “Now leave the hall and close the shutters so that the Heavenly mysteries will not be seen by profane eyes. We shall leave you some holy water.”

The Daoists retreated from the hall and closed the doors, after which they all prostrated themselves before the vermilion steps.

Pilgrim stood up at once and, lifting up his tiger-skin kilt, filled the flowerpot with his stinking urine. Delighted by what he saw, Zhu Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, you and I have been brothers these few years but we have never had fun like this before. Since I gorged myself just now, I have been feeling the urge to do this.” Lifting up his clothes, our Idiot let loose such a torrent that it sounded as if the Lüliang Cascade had crashed onto some wooden boards! He pissed till he filled the whole garden vase. Sha Monk, too, left behind half a cistern. They then straightened their clothes and resumed their seats solemnly before they called out, “Little ones, receive your holy water.” Pushing open the shutters, those Daoists kowtowed repeatedly to give thanks. They carried the cistern out first, and then they poured the contents of the vase and the pot into the bigger vessel, mixing the liquids together. “Disciples,” said the Tiger-Strength Immortal, “bring me a cup so that I can have a taste.”

A young Daoist immediately fetched a teacup and handed it to the old Daoist. After bailing out a cup of it and gulping down a huge mouthful, the old Daoist kept wiping his mouth and puckering his lips. “Elder Brother,” said the Deer-Strength Immortal, “is it good?”

“Not very good,” said the old Daoist, his lips still pouted, “the flavor is quite potent!”

“Let me try it also,” said the Goat-Strength Immortal, and he, too, downed a mouthful. Immediately he said, “It smells somewhat like hog urine!” Sitting high above them and hearing this remark, Pilgrim knew that he could no longer fool them. He thought to himself, “I might as well display my abilities and leave them our names too.”

He cried out in a loud voice,

*“O Daoists, Daoists,
You are so silly!
Which Three Pure Ones
Would be so worldly?
Let our true names
Be told most clearly.
Monks of the Great Tang
Go West by decree.
We come to your place
This fine night carefree.
Your offerings eaten,*

*We sit and play.
Your bows and greetings
How could we repay?
That was no holy water you drank.
Twas only the urine we pissed that stank!"*

The moment the Daoists heard this, they barred the door. Picking up pitchforks, rakes, brooms, tiles, rocks, and whatever else they could put their hands on, they sent these hurtling inside the main hall to attack the impostors. Dear Pilgrim! Using his left hand to catch hold of Sha Monk and his right to take hold of Eight Rules, he crashed out of the door and mounted the cloudy luminosity to go straight back to the Wisdom Depth Monastery. When they arrived at the abbot's residence, they dared not disturb their master; each went to bed quietly and slept until the third quarter of the fifth watch. At that time, of course, the king began to hold his morning court, where two rows of civil and military officials—some four hundred of them—stood at attention. You see

*Bright lamps and torches midst purple gauze;
Fragrant clouds rising from treasure tripods.*

As soon as Tripitaka Tang woke up, he said, "Disciples, help me to go and have our travel rescript certified." Rising quickly, Pilgrim, Sha Monk, and Eight Rules slipped on their clothes and stood to one side to wait on their master. They said, "Let it be known to our master that this king truly believes only the Daoists and is eager to exalt the Way and to exterminate the Buddhists. We fear that any illspoken word may cause him to refuse to certify our rescript. Let us therefore accompany Master to enter the court."

Highly pleased, the Tang Monk draped the brocaded cassock on himself while Pilgrim took out the travel rescript; Wujing was told to hold the alms bowl and Wuneng to take up the priestly staff. The luggage and the horse were placed in the care of the monks of the Wisdom Depth Monastery. They went before the Five-Phoenix Tower and saluted the Custodian of the Yellow Gate. Having identified themselves, they declared that they were scripture pilgrims from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, who wished to have their travel rescript certified and would therefore like the custodian to announce their arrival. The official of the gate went at once into court and prostrated himself before the golden steps to memorialize to the king, saying, "There are four Buddhist monks outside who claim that they are scripture pilgrims from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. They wish to have their travel rescript certified, and they now await Your Majesty's decree before the Five-Phoenix Tower." When the king heard this, he said, "These monks have nowhere to court death and, of all places, they have to do it here! Why didn't our constables arrest them at once and bring them here?"

A Grand Preceptor before the throne stepped forward and said, "The Great Tang in the Land of the East is located in the South Jambūdvīpa Continent; it's the great nation of China, some ten thousand miles from here. As the way is infested with monsters and fiends, these monks must have considerable magic powers or they would not dare undertake this westward journey. I implore Your Majesty to invite them in and certify their rescript so that they may proceed, for the sake of the fact that they are the distant monks from China and for the sake of not destroying any goodly affinity."

The king gave his consent and summoned the Tang Monk and his followers before the Hall of Golden Chimes. After master and disciples arrived before the steps, they presented the rescript to the king. The king opened the document and was about to

read it, when the Custodian of the Yellow Gate appeared to announce, "The three Preceptors of State have arrived."

The king was so flustered that he put away the rescript hurriedly and left the dragon seat. After having ordered his attendants to set out some embroidered cushions, he bent his body to receive his visitors. When Tripitaka and his followers turned around to look, they saw those three great immortals swagger in, followed by a young acolyte with two tousled pigtails. Not daring even to lift their eyes, the two rows of officials all bowed deeply as they walked by. After they ascended the Hall of Golden Chimes, they did not even bother to salute the king.

"State Preceptors," said the king, "we have not invited you. How is it that you are pleased to visit us today?"

"We have something to tell you," said one of the old Daoists, "and that's why we're here. Those four monks down there, where do they come from?"

The king said, "They were sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to fetch scriptures, and they presented themselves here to have their travel rescript certified."

Clapping their hands together, the three Daoists burst out laughing and said, "We thought they had fled. So they are still here!" Somewhat startled, the king said, "What do you mean, Preceptors? When we first heard of their arrival, we wanted to arrest them and send them to serve you, had not our Grand Preceptor on duty intervened and presented a most reasonable memorial.

Since we had regard for the fact that they had traveled a great distance, and since we did not wish to destroy our goodly affinity with China, we summoned them in here to verify their rescript. We did not expect you to raise any question about them. Could it be that they have offended you in some way?"

"Your Majesty wouldn't know about this," said one of the Daoists, chuckling. "Hardly had they arrived yesterday when they slew two of our disciples outside the eastern gate. The five hundred Buddhist prisoners were all released and the cart was smashed to pieces.

As if that weren't enough, they sneaked into our temple last night, vandalized the holy images of the Three Pure Ones, and devoured all the imperial offerings. We were fooled by them at first, thinking that the Celestial Worthies had descended to Earth. We therefore even asked them to give us some golden elixir and holy water with which we might present Your Majesty, so that you would be blessed with eternal youth. We hardly expected that they would trick us by leaving us their urine. We found out all right, after each of us had tasted a mouthful! Just when we were about to seize them, they managed to escape. We didn't think that they would dare remain here today. As the proverb says, 'The road for fated enemies is narrow indeed!'" When the king heard this, he became so irate that he would have had the four priests executed at once. Pressing his palms together, the Great Sage Sun cried out in a loud voice, saying, "Your Majesty, let your thunderlike wrath subside for the moment and permit this monk to present his memorial."

"You offended the State Preceptors!" said the king. "Do you dare imply that their words might be erroneous?" Pilgrim said, "He claimed that yesterday we slaughtered two of his disciples outside the city. But who could be a witness? Even if we were to confess to this crime, and that would be a gross injustice, only two of us

need be asked to pay with our lives, and two of us should be released so that we might proceed to acquire the scriptures. He claimed further that we wrecked their cart and released their Buddhist prisoners. Again, there is no witness, and moreover, this is hardly a mortal offense and only one of us should be punished for this if it were true. Finally, he charged us with vandalizing the images of the Three Pure Ones and causing disturbance in their temple. This is clearly a trap they set for us.”

“How could you say that it’s a trap?” asked the king.

“We monks are from the Land of the East,” said Pilgrim, “and we’ve just arrived in this region. We can’t even tell one street from another. How could we know about the affairs of their temple, and at night no less? If we could leave them our urine, they should have been able to arrest us right then and there. Why did they wait until this morning to accuse us? In this whole wide world, there are countless people who use false identities. How could they know for certain that we are guilty? I beg Your Majesty to withhold your anger and make a thorough investigation.”

The king, after all, had always been rather muddle-headed. When he heard this lengthy speech by Pilgrim, he became more confused than ever.

Just then, the Custodian of the Yellow Gate again came to make this announcement:

“Your Majesty, there are outside the gate many village elders who await your summons.”

“For what reason?” asked the king. He ordered them brought in, and thirty or forty village elders came before the hall. “Your Majesty,” they said as they kowtowed, “there has been no rain this year for the entire spring, and we fear that there will be a famine if it remains dry like this through summer. We have come especially to request that one of the Holy Fathers, the Preceptors of State, pray for sweet rain that will succor the entire population.”

The king said, “Let the village elders withdraw. Rain will be forthcoming.”

The village elders gave thanks and left.

Then the king said, “You, priests of the Tang court, why do you think that we honor the Dao and seek to destroy Buddhism? It was because in years past, the monks of this dynasty attempted to pray for rain, and they could not produce even a single drop. It was our good fortune that these Preceptors of State descended from Heaven and saved us from our bitter affliction. Now all of you have offended the Preceptors of State no sooner than you arrived from a great distance, and you should be condemned. We shall pardon you for the moment, however, and ask whether you dare to have a rainmaking competition with our Preceptors. If your prayers could bring us the rain to assuage the needs of the people, we would pardon you, certify your rescript, and permit you to journey to the West. If you fail in your competition and no rain comes, all of you will be taken to the block and beheaded publicly.” With a laugh, Pilgrim said, “This little priest has some knowledge of prayers, too!” When the king heard this, he at once asked for an altar to be built. Meanwhile, he also gave the command that his carriage be brought out. “We want personally to ascend the Five-Phoenix Tower to watch,” he said. Many officials followed the carriage up the tower and the king took his seat. Tripitaka Tang, followed by Pilgrim, Sha Monk, and Eight Rules, stood at attention down below, while the three Daoists also accompanied the king and took their seats on the tower. In a

little while, an official came riding with the report, "The altar is ready. Let one of the Father Preceptors of State ascend it."

Bowing with his hands folded before him, the Tiger-Strength Immortal took leave of the king and walked down the tower. "Sir," said Pilgrim, barring his way, "where are you going?"

"To ascend the altar and pray for rain," said the Great Immortal. "You do have a sense of self-importance," said Pilgrim, "absolutely unwilling to defer to us monks who have come from a great distance. All right! As the proverb says, 'Even a strong dragon is no match for a local worm!' But if the master insists on proceeding first, then he must make a statement first before the king."

"What statement?" asked the Great Immortal. Pilgrim said, "Both you and I are supposed to ascend the altar to pray for rain. When it comes, how could anyone tell whether it's your rain or mine? Who could tell whose merit it is?" When the king above them heard this, he was secretly pleased and said, "The words of this little priest are quite gutsy!" When Sha Monk heard this, he said to himself, smiling, "You don't know that his stomach's full of gutsiness! He hasn't shown much of it yet!"

The Great Immortal said, "There's no need for me to make any statement. His Majesty is quite familiar with what I am about to do."

"He may know it," said Pilgrim, "but I am a monk who came from a distant region. I have never met you and I'm not familiar with what you are about to do. I don't want us to end up accusing each other later, for that wouldn't be good business. We must settle this first before we act."

"All right," said the Great Immortal, "when I ascend the altar, I shall use my ritual tablet as a sign. When I bang it loudly on the table once, wind will come; the second time, clouds will gather; the third time, there will be lightning and thunder; the fourth time, rain will come; and finally the fifth time, rain will stop and clouds will disperse."

"Marvelous!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I have never seen this before! Please go! Please go!" With great strides, the Great Immortal walked forward, followed by Tripitaka and the rest. As they approached the altar, they saw that it was a platform about thirty feet tall. On all sides were flown banners with the names of the Twenty-Eight Constellations written on them. There was a table on top of the altar, and on the table was set an urn filled with burning incense. On both sides of the urn were two candle stands with huge, brightly lit candles. Leaning against the urn was a tablet made of gold, carved with the names of the thunder deities. Beneath the table were five huge cisterns full of clear water and afloat with willow branches. To the branches was attached a thin sheet of iron inscribed with the charms used to summon the agents of the Thunder Bureau. Five huge pillars were also set up around the table, and written on these pillars were the names of the barbarian thunder lords of Five Quarters. There were two Daoists standing on both sides of each pillar; each of the Daoists held an iron bludgeon used for pounding on the pillar. There were also many Daoists drawing up documents behind the altar. Before them there were set up a brazier for burning papers and several statues, all representing the messengers of charms, the local spirits, and patron deities.

The Great Immortal, without affecting the slightest degree of modesty, walked straight up to the altar and stood still. A young Daoist presented him with several charms written on yellow papers and a treasure sword. Holding the sword, the Great

Immortal recited a spell and then burnt a charm on the flame of a candle. Down below several Daoists picked up a document and a statue holding a charm and had these burned also. With a bang the old Daoist high above brought down his ritual tablet on the table and at once a breeze could be felt in the air. “O dear! O dear!” muttered Eight Rules. “This Daoist is certainly quite capable! He bangs his tablet once and indeed the wind’s rising.”

“Be quiet, Brother,” said Pilgrim. “Don’t speak to me anymore. Just stand guard over Master here and let me do my business.”

Dear Great Sage! He pulled off a piece of hair and blew on it his immortal breath, saying, “Change!” It changed at once into a spurious Pilgrim, standing next to the Tang Monk. His true body rose with his primal spirit into midair, where he shouted, “Who is in charge of the wind here?”

He so startled the Old Woman of the Wind that she hugged her bag while the Second Boy of the Wind pulled tight the rope at the mouth of the bag. They stepped forward to salute Pilgrim, who said, “I am accompanying the holy monk of the Tang court to go to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. We happen to pass through the Cart Slow Kingdom and are now waging a rainmaking contest with that deviant Daoist. How could you not help old Monkey and assist that Daoist instead? I’ll pardon you this time, but you’d better call in the wind. If there’s just the tiniest breeze to make the whiskers of the Daoist flutter, each of you will receive twenty strokes of the iron rod!”

“We dare not! We dare not!” said the Old Woman of the Wind, and so, there was no sign of any wind. Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules began to holler, “You Sir, please step down! You’ve banged aloud the tablet. How is it that there’s no wind? You come down, and let us go up there.”

Holding high his tablet, the Daoist burned another charm before bringing down his tablet once more. Immediately, clouds and fog began to form in midair, but the Great Sage Sun shouted again, “Who is spreading the clouds?”

He so startled the Cloud-Pushing Boy and the Fog-Spreading Lad that they hurriedly came forward to salute him. After Pilgrim had given his explanation as before, the Cloud Boy and the Mist Lad removed the clouds, so that

*The sun came out and shone most brilliantly;
The sky was cloudless for ten thousand miles.*

Laughing, Eight Rules said, “This master may deceive the king and befool his subjects. But he hasn’t any real abilities! Why, the tablet has sounded twice! Why is it that we don’t see any clouds forming?”

Becoming rather agitated, the Daoist loosened his hair, picked up his sword, and recited another spell as he burned a charm. Once more he brought down his tablet with a bang, and immediately the Heavenly Lord Deng arrived from the South Heaven Gate, trailed by the Squire of Thunder and the Mother of Lightning. When they saw Pilgrim in midair, they saluted him, and he gave his explanation as before. “What powerful summons,” he said “brought you all here so quickly?”

The Heavenly Lord said, “The proper magic of Five Thunder exercised by that Daoist was not faked.

He issued the summons and burned the document, which alerted the Jade Emperor.

The Jade Emperor sent his decree to the residence of the Primordial Celestial Worthy of All-Pervading Thunderclap in the Ninefold Heaven. We in turn received his command to come here and assist with the rainmaking by providing thunder and lightning.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “just wait a moment. You can help old Monkey instead.”

There was, therefore, neither the sound of thunder nor the flash of lightning.

In sheer desperation now, that Daoist added more incense, burned his charms, recited more spells, and struck his tablet more loudly than ever. In midair, the Dragon Kings of Four Oceans all arrived together, only to be met by Pilgrim, who shouted, “Aoguang, where do you think you’re going?”

Aoguang, Aoshun, Aoqin, and Aorun all went forward to salute him, and Pilgrim gave his explanation as before. He thanked the Dragon Kings moreover, saying, “I needed your help in times past, but we have not yet reached our goal.

Today, I must rely on your assistance once more to help me achieve this merit right now. That Daoist has struck his tablet four times, and it’s now old Monkey’s turn to do business. But I don’t know how to burn charms, issue summons, or strike any tablet. So all of you must play along with me.”

The Heavenly Lord Deng said, “If the Great Sage gives us the order, who would dare disobey? You must, however, give us a sign, so that we may follow your instructions in an orderly manner. Otherwise, thunder and rain may be all mixed up, and that will not be to the credit of the Great Sage.” Pilgrim said, “I’ll use my rod as the sign.”

“O Dear Father!” cried the Squire of Thunder, horrified. “How could we take the rod?”

“I’m not going to strike you,” said Pilgrim. “All I want from you is to watch the rod. If I point it upwards once, you’ll make the wind blow.”

“We’ll make the wind blow!” snapped the Old Woman of the Wind and the Second Boy of the Wind in unison.

“When the rod points upward a second time, you’ll spread the clouds.”

“We’ll spread the clouds! We’ll spread the clouds!” cried the Cloud-Pushing Boy and the Mist-Spreading Lad.

“When I point the rod upwards for the third time, I want thunder and lightning.”

“We’ll provide the service! We’ll provide the service!” said the Squire of Thunder and the Mother of Lightning.

“When I point the rod upwards the fourth time, I want rain.”

“We obey! We obey!” said the Dragon Kings.

“And when I point the rod upwards the fifth time, I want sunshine and fair weather. Don’t make any mistake!”

After he had given all these instructions, Pilgrim dropped down from the clouds and retrieved his hair back to his body. Being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, how could those people know the difference? Pilgrim then cried out with a loud voice, “Sir,

please stop! You have struck aloud the tablet four times, but there's not the slightest sign of wind, cloud, thunder, or rain. You should let me take over."

The Daoist had no choice but to leave his place and come down the altar for Pilgrim to take his turn. Pouting, he went back to the tower to see the throne. "Let me follow him," said Pilgrim, "and see what he has to say."

He arrived and heard the king asking the Daoist, "We have been listening here most eagerly for the sounds of your tablet. Four times it struck and there was neither wind nor rain. Why is that?"

The Daoist said, "Today the dragon deities are not home." Pilgrim shouted with a loud voice, "Your Majesty, the dragon deities are home all right, but the magic of your National Preceptor is not efficacious enough to bring them here. Allow us priests to summon them here for you to see."

"Ascend the altar at once," said the king, "and we shall wait for the rain here."

Having received this decree, Pilgrim dashed back to the altar and tugged at the Tang Monk, saying, "Master, please go up to the altar."

"Disciple," said the Tang Monk, "I don't know how to pray for rain."

"He's trying to set you up," said Eight Rules, laughing. "If there's no rain, they'll put you on the pyre and finish you off with a fire." Pilgrim said, "Though you may not know how to pray for rain, you know how to recite scriptures. Let me help you."

The elder indeed ascended the altar and solemnly took a seat on top. With complete concentration, he recited silently the Heart Sūtra. Suddenly an official came galloping on a horse with the question, "Why are you monks not striking the tablet and burning charms?" Pilgrim answered in a loud voice, "No need for that! Ours is the quiet work of fervent prayers."

The official left to give this reply to the king, and we shall mention him no further.

When Pilgrim heard that his old master had finished reciting the sūtra, he took out his rod from his ear and one wave of it in the wind gave it a length of twelve feet and the thickness of a rice bowl. He pointed it upwards in the air; when the Old Woman of the Wind saw it, she immediately shook loose her bag as the Second Boy of the Wind untied the rope around its mouth. The roar of the wind could be heard instantly, as tiles and bricks flew up all over the city and stones and dust hurtled through the air. Just look at it! It was truly marvelous wind, not at all similar to any ordinary breeze. You saw

*Snapped willows and cracked flowers;
Fallen trees and toppled woods;
Nine-layered halls with chipped and broken walls;
A Five- Phoenix Tower of shaken pillars and beams;
The red sun losing its brightness in Heav'n;
The yellow sand taking wings on Earth;
Alarmed warriors before the martial hall;
Frightened ministers in the letters bower;
Girls of three palaces with frowzy locks;
Beauties of six chambers with tousled hair.
Tassels dropped from gold caps of marquises and earls;*

*The prime minister's black gauze did spread its wings.
 Attendants had words but they dared not speak;
 The Yellow Gate held papers that could not be sent.
 Goldfishes and jade belts stood not in rows;
 Ivory tablets and silk gowns had broken ranks.
 Colored rooms and turquoise screens were all damaged;
 Green windows and scarlet doors were all destroyed.
 Tiles of Golden Chimes Hall flew off with bricks;
 Carved doors of Brocade- Cloud Hall all fell apart.
 This violent wind was violent indeed!
 It blew till king and subjects, fathers and sons, could not meet,
 Till all streets and markets were emptied of men,
 And doors of ten thousand homes were tightly shut.*

As this violent gust of wind arose, Pilgrim Sun further revealed his magic power. Giving his golden-hooped rod a twirl, he pointed it upwards a second time. You saw

*The Cloud- Pushing Boy,
 The Fog- Spreading Lad—
 The Cloud- Pushing Boy revealed his godly power
 And a murky mass dropped down from Heaven;
 The Fog- Spreading Lad displayed his magic might
 And dense, soaring mists covered the Earth.
 The three markets all grew dim;
 The six avenues all turned dark.
 With wind clouds left the seas
 And Kunlun, trailing the rain.
 Soon they filled Heav'n and Earth
 And blackened this world of dust.
 Twas opaque like chaos of yore;
 None could see Phoenix Tower's door.*

As thick fog and dense clouds rolled in, Pilgrim Sun gave his golden-hooped rod another twirl and pointed it upwards a third time. You saw

*The Squire of Thunder raging,
 The Mother of Lightning irate—
 The Squire of Thunder, raging,
 Rode a fiery beast backward to descend from Heaven's pass;
 The Mother of Lightning, irate,
 Wielded gold snakes madly as she left the Dipper Hall.
 Hu-la-la cracked the thunder,
 Shattering the Iron Fork Mountain;
 Xi-li-li flashed the scarlet sheets,
 Flying out of the Eastern Ocean.
 Loud rumbles of chariots came on and off;
 Like fires and fumes the grains and rice shot up.
 Myriad things sprouted, their spirits revived.
 Countless insects were from dormancy aroused.
 King and subjects both were terrified;*

Traders and merchants were awed by the sound.

Ping-ping, pang-pang, the thunder flashed and roared so ferociously that it seemed as if mountains were toppling and the earth was splitting apart. So terrified were the city's inhabitants that every house lighted incense, that every home burned paper money. "Old Deng," shouted Pilgrim. "Take care to look out for those greedy and corrupt officials, those churlish and disobedient sons. Strike down many of them for me to warn the public!"

The peal of thunder grew louder than ever. Finally, Pilgrim pointed the iron rod once more and you saw

*The dragons gave order,
And rain filled the world,
Strong as Heavens river spilling o'er the dikes,
Quick as the clouds rushing through a channel.
It pattered on top of towers;
It splashed outside the windows.
The Silver Stream ran down from Heaven,
And whitecaps surged through the streets.
It spurted like vases upturned;
It gushed forth like basins poured out.
With houses almost drowned in hamlets,
The water rose to rural bridges' height.
Truly mulberry fields became vast oceans,
And billows all too soon raced through the land.
Dragon gods came to lend a helping hand
By lifting up the Yangzi and throwing it down!*

The torrential rain began in the morning and did not stop even after the noon hour. So great was the downpour that all the streets and gulleys of the Cart Slow Kingdom were completely flooded. The king therefore issued this decree:

"The rain's enough! If we had any more, it might damage the crops and that would have made things worse."

An official messenger below the Five-Phoenix Tower at once galloped through the rain to make this announcement:

"Holy monk, we have enough rain." When Pilgrim heard this, he pointed the golden-hooped rod upwards once more and, instantly, the thunder stopped and the wind subsided, the rain ended and the clouds dispersed. The king was filled with delight, and not one of the various civil and military officials could refrain from marveling, saying, "Marvelous priest! This is truly that 'for the strong, there's someone stronger still!' Even when our Preceptors of State were capable of making the rain, a fine drizzle would go on for virtually half a day before it stopped completely. How is it that the weather can turn fair the moment the priest wants it to be fair? Look, the sun comes out instantly and there is not a speck of cloud anywhere!"

The king gave the command for the carriage to be returned to the palace, for he wanted to certify the travel rescript and permit the Tang Monk to pass through. Just as he was about to use his treasure seal, the three Daoists all went forward and stopped him, saying, "Your Majesty, this downpour of rain cannot be regarded as the monk's merit, for it still owes its origin to the strength of the Daoist Gate."

The king said, “You just claimed that the Dragon Kings were not home and that was why it didn’t rain. He walked up there, exercised his quiet work of fervent prayers, and rain came down at once. How could you strive with him for credit?”

The Tiger-Strength Immortal said, “I issued my summons, burned my charms, and struck my tablets several times after I ascended the altar. Which Dragon King would dare not show up? It had to be that someone else somewhere was also requesting their service, and that was the reason that the Dragon Kings along with the officers of the other four bureaus—of wind, cloud, thunder, and lightning—did not appear at first. Once they heard my summons, however, they were in a hurry to get here, and by that time it happened that I was leaving the altar already. The priest, of course, made use of the opportunity and it rained. But if you thought about the matter from the beginning, the dragons were those which I summoned here and the rain was that which we called for. How could you regard this, therefore, as their meritorious fruit?” When that dim-witted king heard these words, he became all confused again.

Pilgrim walked one step forward, and pressing his palms together he said, “Your Majesty, this trivial magic of heterodoxy is hardly to be considered anything of consequence. Let’s not worry about whether it’s his merit or ours. Let me tell you instead that there are in midair right now the Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans; because I have not dismissed them, they dare not withdraw. If that Preceptor of State could order the Dragon Kings to reveal themselves, I would concede that this was his merit.” Very pleased, the king said, “We have been on the throne for twenty-three years, but we have never laid eyes on a living dragon. Both of you can exercise your magic power, regardless whether you are a monk or a Daoist. If you could ask them to reveal themselves, it would be your merit; if you couldn’t, it would be your fault.”

Those Daoists, of course, had no such power or authority. Even if they were to give the order, the Dragon Kings would never dare show themselves on account of the presence of the Great Sage. Thus, the Daoists said, “We can’t do this. Why don’t you try?” Lifting his face toward the air, the Great Sage cried out in a loud voice:

“Aoguang, where are you? All of you brothers, show your true selves!” When those Dragon Kings heard this call, they at once revealed their original forms—four dragons dancing through clouds and mists toward the Hall of Golden Chimes. You see them

*Soaring and transforming,
Encircling clouds and mists.
Like white hooks the jade claws hang;
Like bright mirrors the silver scales shine.
Whiskers float like white silk, each strand’s distinct;
Horns rise ruggedly, each prong is clear.
Those craggy foreheads;
Those brilliant round eyes.
They, hidden or seen, can’t be fathomed;
They, flying or soaring, can’t be described.
Pray for rain, and rain comes instantly;
Ask for fair sky, and it’s here at once.
Only these are the true dragon forms, most potent and holy,
Their good aura surrounds the court profusely.*

The king lighted incense in the hall, and the various officials bowed down before the steps. “It was most kind of you to show us your precious forms,” said the king. “Please go back, and we shall say a special mass another day to thank you.”

“All of you deities may now retire,” said Pilgrim, “for the king has promised to thank you with a special mass on another day.”

The Dragon Kings returned to the oceans, while the other deities all went back to Heaven. Thus this is

*The true magic might, so boundless and vast;
Heresy's pierced by nature enlightened.*

We don't know how the deviant is finally exorcised; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-SIX

*Heresy flaunts its strength to mock orthodoxy
Mind Monkey in epiphany slays the deviates*

We were telling you that when the king saw Pilgrim Sun's ability to summon dragons and command sages, he immediately applied his treasure seal to the travel rescript. He was about to hand it back to the Tang Monk and permit him to take up the journey once more, when the three Daoists went forward and prostrated themselves before the steps of the Hall of Golden Chimes. The king left his dragon throne hurriedly and tried to raise them with his hands. "State Preceptors," he said, "why do you three go through such a great ceremony with us today?"

"Your Majesty," said the Daoists, "we have been upholding your reign and providing security for your people here for these twenty years. Today this priest has made use of some paltry tricks of magic and robbed us of all our credit and ruined our reputation. Just because of one rainstorm, Your Majesty has pardoned even their crime of murder. Are we not being treated lightly? Let Your Majesty withhold their rescript for the moment and allow us brothers to wage another contest with them. We shall see what happens then."

That king was in truth a confused man: he would side with the east when they mentioned east, and with the west when they mentioned west. Indeed, putting away the travel rescript, he said, "State Preceptors, what sort of contest do you wish to wage with them?"

"A contest of meditation," said the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal. "That's no good," said the king, "for the monk is reared in the religion of meditation. He must be well trained in such mysteries before he dares receive the decree to acquire scriptures. Why do you want to wage such a contest with him?"

"This contest," said the Great Immortal, "is not an ordinary one, for it has the name of the Epiphany of Saintliness by the Cloud Ladder."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the king. The Great Immortal said, "We need one hundred tables, fifty of which will be made, by piling one on top of the other, into an altar of meditation. Each contestant must ascend to the top without using his hands or a ladder, but only with the help of a cloud. We shall also agree on how many hours we shall remain immobile while sitting on the top of the altar." When he learned that it was to be such a difficult contest, the king put the question to the pilgrims, saying, "Hey, monks! Our State Preceptor would like to wage with you a contest of meditation, called the Epiphany of Saintliness by the Cloud Ladder. Can any one of you do it?" When Pilgrim heard this, he fell silent and gave no reply. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "why aren't you saying anything?"

"Brother, to tell you the truth," said Pilgrim, "I'm quite capable of performing such difficult feats as kicking down the sky or overturning wells, stirring up oceans or upending rivers, carrying mountains or chasing the moon, and altering the course of stars and planets. I'm not afraid, in fact, of even having my head split open or cut off, of having my stomach ripped apart and my heart gouged out, or of any such strange manipulations. But if you ask me to sit and meditate, I'll lose the contest even before I begin! Where could I, tell me, acquire the nature to sit still? Even if you were to chain

me to an iron pillar, I would still try to climb up and down. I can never manage to sit still.”

“But *I* know how to sit and meditate,” the Tang Monk blurted out suddenly. “Marvelous! Just marvelous!” said Pilgrim, highly pleased. “How long can you do this?”

“I met some lofty Chan masters when I was young,” said Tripitaka, “who expounded to me the absolutely crucial foundation of quiescence and concentration in order to preserve my spirit. Shut up alone in the so-called Life-and- Death Meditative Confinement, I had managed to sit still for two or three years at least.”

“If you do that, Master,” said Pilgrim, “we won’t need to go acquire scriptures! At most, I don’t think it will be necessary for you to sit for more than three hours here before you will be able to come down.”

“But Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “I can’t get up there.”

“You step forward and accept the challenge,” said Pilgrim. “I’ll send you up there.” Indeed, the elder pressed his palms together before his chest and said, “This humble priest knows how to sit in meditation.”

The king at once gave the order for the altars to be built. Truly, a nation has the strength to topple mountains! In less than half an hour, two altars were built on the left and right of the Hall of Golden Chimes.

Coming down from the hall, the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal went to the middle of the courtyard. He leaped into the air and at once a mat of clouds formed under his feet and took him up to the altar to the west, where he sat down. Pilgrim meanwhile pulled off one strand of his hair and caused it to change into a spurious form of himself, standing down below to accompany Eight Rules and Sha Monk. He himself changed into an auspicious cloud of five colors to carry the Tang Monk into the air and lift him to sit on the altar to the east. He then changed himself into a tiny mole cricket and flew to alight on Eight Rules’s ear to whisper to him, “Brother, look up and watch Master with care. Don’t speak to the substitute of old Monkey!” Laughing, Idiot said, “I know! I know!” We tell you now about the Deer-Strength Great Immortal sitting on the embroidered cushion in the hall, where he watched the two contestants for a long time and found them quite equally matched. This Daoist decided to give his elder brother some help: pulling a stubby piece of hair from the back of his head, he rolled it with his fingers into a tiny ball and filliped it onto the head of the Tang Monk. The piece of hair changed into a huge bedbug and began to bite the elder. At first, the elder felt an itch, after which it changed to pain. Now, one of the rules in meditation is that one cannot move one’s hands; when one does, it is an immediate admission of defeat. As the elder found the itch and pain to be quite unbearable, he sought to find relief by wriggling his head against the collar of his robe. “Oh dear!” said Eight Rules. “Master is going to have a fit!”

“No,” said Sha Monk, “he might be having a headache.”

Hearing this, Pilgrim said, “My master is an honest gentleman. If he said he knew how to practice meditation, he would be able to do it. A gentleman does not lie! Stop speculating, the two of you, and let me go up to take a look.”

Dear Pilgrim! He buzzed up there and alighted on the head of the Tang Monk, where he discovered a bedbug about the size of a bean biting the elder. Hurriedly, he removed it with his hand, and then he gave his master a few gentle scratches. His itch

and pain relieved, the elder once more sat motionless on the altar. “The bald head of a priest,” thought Pilgrim to himself, “can’t even hold a louse! How could a bedbug get into it? It must be, I suppose, a stunt of that Daoist, trying to harm my master. Ha! Ha! Since they haven’t quite reached a decision yet in this contest, let old Monkey give him a taste of his own tricks!”

Flying up into the air until he reached a height beyond the roof of the palace, he shook his body and changed at once into a centipede at least seven inches in length. It dropped down from the sky and landed on the Daoist’s upper lip before his nostrils, where it gave him a terrific bite. Unable to sit still any longer, the Daoist fell backwards from the altar head over heels and almost lost his life. He was fortunate enough to have all the officials rush forward to pull him up. The horrified king at once asked the Grand Preceptor before the Throne to help him go to the Pavilion of Cultural Florescence to be washed and combed. Pilgrim, meanwhile, changed himself again into the auspicious cloud to carry his master down to the courtyard before the steps, where he was declared the winner.

The king wanted to let them go, but the Deer-Strength Great Immortal again said to him, “Your Majesty, my elder brother has been suffering from a suppressed chill; when he goes up to a high place, the cold wind he’s exposed to will bring on his old sickness. That was why the monk was able to gain the upper hand. Let me now wage with them a contest of guessing what’s behind the boards.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked the king. Deer-Strength said, “This humble Daoist has the ability to gain knowledge of things even if they were placed behind boards. Let’s see if those monks are able to do the same. If they could outguess me, let them go; but if not, then let them be punished according to Your Majesty’s wishes so that our fraternal distress may be avenged and that our services to the kingdom for these twenty years may remain untainted.”

Truly that king is exceedingly confused! Swayed by such fraudulent words, he at once gave the order for a red lacquered chest to be brought to the inner palace. The queen was asked to place a treasure in the chest before it was carried out again and set before the white-jade steps. The king said to the monks and the Daoists, “Let both sides wage your contest now and see who can guess the treasure inside the chest.”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “how could we know what’s in the chest?” Pilgrim changed again into a mole cricket and flew up to the head of the Tang Monk. “Relax, Master,” he said, “let me go take a look.”

Dear Great Sage! Unnoticed by anyone, he flew up to the chest and found a crack at the base, through which he crept inside. On a red lacquered tray he found a set of palace robes: they were the empire blouse and cosmic skirt. Quickly he picked them up and shook them loose; then he bit open the tip of his tongue and spat a mouthful of blood onto the garments, crying, “Change!”

They changed instantly into a torn and worn-out cassock; before he left, however, he soaked it with his bubbly and stinking urine. After crawling out again through the crack, he flew back to alight on the Tang Monk’s ear and said, “Master, you may guess that it is a torn and worn-out cassock.”

“He said that it was some kind of treasure,” said Tripitaka. “How could such a thing be a treasure?”

“Never mind,” said Pilgrim, “for what’s important is that you guess correctly.”

As the Tang Monk took a step forward to announce what he guessed was in the chest, the Deer-Strength Great Immortal said, "I'll guess first. The chest contains an empire blouse and a cosmic skirt."

"No! No!" cried the Tang Monk. "There's only a torn and wornout cassock in the chest."

"How dare he?" said the king. "This priest thinks that there is no treasure in our kingdom. What's this wornout cassock that he speaks of? Seize him!"

The two rows of palace guards immediately wanted to raise their hands, and the Tang Monk became so terrified that he pressed his palms together and shouted, "Your Majesty, please pardon this humble priest for the moment."

Open the chest; if it were indeed a treasure, this humble priest would accept his punishment. But if it were not, wouldn't you have wrongly accused me?"

The king had the chest opened, and when the attendant to the throne lifted out the lacquered tray, sitting on it was indeed one torn and worn-out cassock! "Who put this thing here?" cried the king, highly incensed, and from behind the dragon seat the queen of the three palaces came forward. "My lord," she said, "it was I who personally placed the empire blouse and the cosmic skirt inside the chest. How could they change into something like this?"

"Let my royal wife retire," said the king, "for we are well aware of the fact that all the things used in the palace are made of the finest silk and embroidered materials. How could there be such a shabby object?"

He then said to his attendants, "Bring us the chest. We ourselves will hide something in it and try again."

The king went to his imperial garden in the rear and picked from his orchard a huge peach, about the size of a rice bowl, which he placed in the chest. The chest was brought out and the two parties were told to guess once more. "Disciples," said the Tang Monk, "he wants us to guess again."

"Relax," said Pilgrim. "Let me go and take another look." With a buzz, he flew away and crawled inside the chest as before. Nothing could have been more agreeable to him than what he found: a peach. Changing back into his original form, he sat in the chest and ate the fruit so heartily that every morsel on both sides of the groove was picked clean. Leaving the stone behind, he changed back into the mole cricket and flew back onto the Tang Monk's ear, saying, "Master, say that it's a peach's pit."

"Disciple," said the elder, "don't make a fool of me! If I weren't so quick with my mouth just now, I would have been seized and punished. This time we must say it's some kind of treasure. How could a peach's pit be a treasure?"

"Have no fear," said Pilgrim. "You'll win, and that's all that matters!"

Tripitaka was just about to speak when the Goat-Strength Great Immortal said, "This humble Daoist will guess first: it is a peach."

"Not a peach," said Tripitaka, "but a fleshless peach's pit."

"It's a peach we put in ourselves," bellowed the king. "How could it be a pit? Our third Preceptor of State has guessed correctly."

"Your Majesty," said Tripitaka, "please open the chest and see for yourself."

The attendant before the throne went to open the chest and lifted up the tray: it was in truth a pit, entirely without any peel or flesh.

When the king saw this, he became quite frightened and said, "O State Preceptors, don't wage any more contests with them. Let them go! The peach was picked by our own hands, and now it turns out to be a pit. Who could have eaten it? The spirits and gods must be giving them secret assistance." When Eight Rules heard the words, he grinned sardonically to Sha Monk, saying, "Little does he realize how many years of peach eating are behind this!" Just then, the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal walked out from the Pavilion of Cultural Florescence after he had been washed and combed. "Your Majesty," he said as he walked up the hall, "this monk knows the magic of object removal. Give me the chest, and I'll destroy his magic. Then we can have another contest with him."

"What do you want to do?" asked the king. Tiger-Strength said, "His magic can remove only lifeless objects but not a human body. Put this Daoist youth in the chest, and he'll never be able to remove him."

The youth indeed was hidden in the chest, which was then brought down again from the hall to be placed before the steps. "You, monk," said the king, "guess again what sort of treasure we have inside."

Tripitaka said, "Here it comes again!"

"Let me go and have another look," said Pilgrim. With a buzz, he flew off and crawled inside, where he found a Daoist lad. Marvelous Great Sage! What readiness of mind! Truly

Such agility is rare in the world!

Such cleverness is uncommon indeed!

Shaking his body once, he changed himself into the form of one of those old Daoists, whispering as he entered the chest, "Disciple."

"Master," said the lad, "how did you come in here?"

"With the magic of invisibility," said Pilgrim. The lad said, "Do you have some instructions for me?"

"The priest saw you enter the chest," said Pilgrim, "and if he made his guess a Daoist lad, wouldn't we lose to him again? That's why I came here to discuss the matter with you. Let's shave your head, and we'll then make the guess that you are a monk."

The Daoist lad said, "Do whatever you want, Master, just so that we win. For if we lose to them again, not only our reputation will be ruined, but the court also may no longer revere us."

"Exactly," said Pilgrim. "Come over here, my child. When we defeat them, I'll reward you handsomely."

He changed his golden-hooped rod into a sharp razor, and hugging the lad, he said, "Darling, try to endure the pain for a moment. Don't make any noise! I'll shave your head." In a little while, the lad's hair was completely shorn, rolled into a ball, and stuffed into one of the corners of the chest. He put away the razor, and rubbing the lad's bald head, he said, "My child, your head looks like a monk's all right, but your clothes don't fit. Take them off and let me change them for you." What the Daoist lad had on was a crane's-down robe of spring-onion white silk, embroidered with the cloud pattern and trimmed with brocade. When he took it off, Pilgrim blew on it his immortal breath,

crying, “Change!” It changed instantly into a monk shirt of brown color, which Pilgrim helped him put on. He then pulled off two pieces of hair which he changed into a wooden fish and a tap. “Disciple,” said Pilgrim, as he handed over the fish and the tap to the lad, “you must listen carefully. If you hear someone call for the Daoist youth, don’t ever leave this chest. If someone calls ‘Monk,’ then you may push open the chest door, strike up the wooden fish, and walk out chanting a Buddhist sūtra. Then it’ll be complete success for us.”

“I only know,” said the lad, “how to recite the *Three Officials*

Scripture, the *Northern Dipper Scripture*, or the *Woe-Dispelling Scripture*. I don’t know how to recite any Buddhist sūtra.” Pilgrim said, “Can you chant the name of Buddha?”

“You mean Amitābha,” said the lad. “Who doesn’t know that?”

“Good enough! Good enough!” said Pilgrim. “You may chant the name of Buddha. It’ll spare me from having to teach you anything new. Remember what I’ve told you. I’m leaving.”

He changed back into a mole cricket and crawled out, after which he flew back to the ear of the Tang Monk and said, “Master, just guess it’s a monk.”

Tripitaka said, “This time I know I’ll win.”

“How could you be so sure?” asked Pilgrim, and Tripitaka replied, “The sūtras said, ‘The Buddha, the Dharma, and the Saṅgha are the Three Jewels.’ A monk therefore is a treasure.”

As they were thus talking among themselves, the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal said, “Your Majesty, this third time it is a Daoist youth.”

He made the declaration several times, but nothing happened nor did anyone make an appearance. Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka said, “It’s a monk.” With all his might, Eight Rules screamed, “It’s a monk in the chest!”

All at once the youth kicked open the chest and walked out, striking the wooden fish and chanting the name of Buddha. So delighted were the two rows of civil and military officials that they shouted bravos repeatedly; so astonished were the three Daoists that they could not utter a sound. “These priests must have the assistance from spirits and gods,” said the king. “How could a Daoist enter the chest and come out a monk? Even if he had an attendant with him, he might have been able to have his head shaved. How could he know how to take up the chanting of Buddha’s name? O Preceptors! Please let them go!”

“Your Majesty,” said the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal, “as the proverb says, ‘The warrior has found his peer, the chess player his match.’ We might as well make use of some martial arts we learned in our youth at Zhongnan Mountain and challenge them to a greater competition.”

“What sort of martial arts did you learn?” asked the king. Tiger-Strength replied, “We three brothers all have acquired some magic abilities: cut off our heads, and we can put them back on our necks; open our chests and gouge out our hearts, and they will grow back again; inside a cauldron of boiling oil, we can take baths.”

Highly startled, the king said, “These three things are all roads leading to certain death!”

“Only because we have such magic power,” said Tiger-Strength, “do we dare make so bold a claim. We won’t quit until we have waged this contest with them.”

The king said in a loud voice, “You priests from the Land of the East, our Preceptor of States are unwilling to let you go. They wish to wage one more contest with you in head cutting, stomach ripping, and going into a cauldron of boiling oil to take a bath.” Pilgrim was still assuming the form of the mole cricket, flying back and forth to make his secret report. When he heard this, he retrieved his hair that had been changed into his substitute, and he himself changed at once back into his true form. “Lucky! Lucky!” he cried with loud guffaws. “Business has come to my door!”

“These three things,” said Eight Rules, “will certainly make you lose your life. How could you say that business has come to your door?”

“You still have no idea of my abilities!” said Pilgrim. “Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you are quite clever, quite capable in those transformations. Aren’t those skills something already? What more abilities do you have?” Pilgrim said,

*“Cut off my head and I still can speak,
Sever my arms, I still can beat you up!
My legs amputated, I still can walk.
My belly, ripped open, will heal again,
Smooth and snug as a wonton people make:
A tiny pinch and it’s completely formed.
To bathe in boiling oil is easier still;
Like warm liquid cleanse me of dirt it will.”*

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard these words, they roared with laughter. Pilgrim went forward and said, “Your Majesty, this young priest knows how to have his head cut off.”

“How did you acquire such an ability?” asked the king. “When I was practicing austerities in a monastery some years ago,” said Pilgrim, “I met a mendicant Chan master, who taught me the magic of head cutting. I don’t know whether it works or not, and that’s why I want to try it out right now.”

“This priest is so young and ignorant!” said the king, chuckling. “Is head cutting something to try out? The head is, after all, the very fountain of the six kinds of *yang* energies in one’s body. If you cut it off, you’ll die.”

“That’s what we want,” said Tiger-Strength. “Only then can our feelings be relieved!”

Besotted by the Daoist’s words, the foolish ruler immediately gave the decree for an execution site to be prepared.

Once the command was given, three thousand imperial guards took up their positions outside the gate of the court. The king said, “Monk, go and cut off your head first.”

“I’ll go first! I’ll go first!” said Pilgrim merrily. He folded his hands before his chest and shouted, “State Preceptors, pardon my presumption for taking my turn first!”

He turned swiftly and was about to dash out. The Tang Monk grabbed him, saying, “O Disciple! Be careful! Where you are going isn’t a playground!”

“No fear!” said Pilgrim. “Take off your hands! Let me go!”

The Great Sage went straight to the execution site, where he was caught hold of by the executioner and bound with ropes. He was then led to a tall mound and pinned down on top of it. At the cry "Kill," his head came off with a swishing sound. Then the executioner gave the head a kick, and it rolled off like a watermelon to a distance of some forty paces away. No blood, however, spurted from the neck of Pilgrim. Instead, a voice came from inside his stomach, crying, "Come, head!" So alarmed was the Deer-Strength Great Immortal by the sight of such ability that he at once recited a spell and gave this charge to the local spirit and patron deity:

"Hold down that head. When I have defeated the monk, I'll persuade the king to turn your little shrines into huge temples, your idols of clay into true bodies of gold."

The local spirit and the god, you see, had to serve him since he knew the magic of the Five Thunders. Secretly, they indeed held Pilgrim's head down. Once more Pilgrim cried, "Come, head!"

But the head stayed on the ground as if it had taken root; it would not move at all. Somewhat anxious, Pilgrim rolled his hands into fists and wrenched his body violently. The ropes all snapped and fell off; at the cry "Grow," a head sprang up instantly from his neck. Every one of the executioners and every member of the imperial guards became terrified, while the officer in charge of the execution dashed inside the court to make this report:

"Your Majesty, that young priest had his head cut off, but another head has grown up."

"Sha Monk," said Eight Rules, giggling, "we truly had no idea that Elder Brother has this kind of talent!"

"If he knows seventy-two ways of transformation," said Sha Monk, "he may have altogether seventy-two heads!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Pilgrim came walking back, saying, "Master."

Exceedingly pleased, Tripitaka said, "Disciple, did it hurt?"

"Hardly," said Pilgrim, "it's sort of fun!"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "do you need ointment for the scar?"

"Touch me," said Pilgrim, "and see if there's any scar." Idiot touched him and he was dumbfounded. "Marvelous! Marvelous!" he giggled. "It healed perfectly. You can't feel even the slightest scar!"

As the brothers were chatting happily among themselves, they heard the king say, "Receive your rescript. We give you a complete pardon. Go away!" Pilgrim said, "We'll take the rescript all right, but we want the Preceptor of State to go there and cut his head off too! He should try something new!"

"Great Preceptor of State," said the king, "the priest is not willing to pass you up. If you want to compete with him, please try not to frighten us."

Tiger-Strength had no choice but to go up to the site, where he was bound and pinned to the ground by several executioners. One of them lifted the sword and cut off his head, which was then kicked some thirty paces away. Blood did not spurt from his trunk either, and he, too, gave a cry, "Come, head!"

Hurriedly pulling off a piece of hair, Pilgrim blew on it his immortal breath, crying, "Change!" It changed into a yellow hound, which dashed into the execution site, picked up the Daoist's head with its mouth, and ran to drop it into the imperial moat. The Daoist, meanwhile, called for his head three times without success. He did not, you see, have the ability of Pilgrim, and there was no possibility that he could produce another head. All at once, bright crimson gushed out from his trunk. Alas!

*Though for wind and rain he can send and call,
Gainst a right-fruit god he's no match at all.*

In a moment, he fell to the dust, and those gathered about him discovered that he was actually a headless tiger with yellow fur.

The officer in charge of the execution went again to memorialize. "Your Majesty," he said, "the Great Preceptor of State's head was cut off, but it could not grow back again. He perished in the dust and then he became a headless tiger with yellow fur." On hearing this, the king paled with fright and stared at the remaining two Daoists with unblinking eyes. Rising from his cushion, Deer-Strength said, "My Elder Brother must have been fated to die at this particular moment. But how could he be a yellow tiger? This has to be that monk's roguery. He is using some kind of deceptive magic to change my elder brother into a beast. I won't spare him now. I insist on having a competition of stomach ripping and heart gouging." When the king heard this, he calmed down and said, "Little priest, our Second Preceptor of State wants to wage another contest with you."

"This little priest," said Pilgrim, "has not eaten much prepared food for a long time. The other day when we were journeying to the West, a kind patron kept asking us to eat and I stuffed myself with more pieces of steamed bread than I should have taken. I have been having a stomachache since, and I fear that I may have worms. This contest, therefore, can't be more timely, for I want very much to borrow Your Majesty's knife to rip open my stomach, so that I may take out my viscera and clean out my stomach and spleen before I dare proceed to see Buddha in the Western Heaven." When the king heard this, he gave the order, "Take him to the execution site."

A throng of captains and guards came forward to pull and tug at Pilgrim, who pushed them back, saying, "I don't need people to hold me.

I'm going to walk there myself. There's one thing, however. I don't want my hands tied, for I want to wash and clean out my viscera."

The king at once gave the order, "Don't tie his hands." With a swagger, Pilgrim walked down to the execution site. Leaning himself on a huge pillar, he untied his robe and revealed his stomach. The executioner used a rope and tied his neck to the pillar; down below, another rope strapped his two legs also to the pillar.

Then he wielded a sharp dagger and ripped Pilgrim's chest downward, all the way to his lower abdomen. Pilgrim used both his hands to push open his belly, and then he took out his intestines, which he examined one by one. After a long pause, he put them back inside, coil for coil exactly as before. Grasping the skins of his belly and bringing them together with his hands, he blew his magic breath on his abdomen, crying, "Grow!"

At once his belly closed up completely. So astonished was the king that he presented with both his hands the rescript to Pilgrim, saying, "Holy monk, please do not delay your westward journey any further. Take your rescript and leave."

“The rescript is a small matter,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “How about asking Second Preceptor of State to go through with the cutting and ripping?”

“Don’t put the blame on us,” said the king to Deer-Strength. “It’s you who wanted to be his opponent. Please go! Please go!”

“Relax!” said Deer-Strength. “I don’t think I’ll ever lose to him!” Look at him! He even imitated the swagger of Pilgrim Sun as he headed for the execution site. There he was bound with ropes, and then his stomach was also ripped open by the dagger of the executioner. He, too, took out his guts and manipulated them with his hands. Pilgrim at once pulled off a piece of his hair, on which he blew a mouthful of his divine breath, crying, “Change.” It changed into a hungry hawk; spreading its wings and claws, it flew up to the Daoist and snatched him clean of his guts. Then it flew off somewhere to enjoy its catch leisurely, while the Daoist was reduced to

*Of torn belly and empty trunk a ghost so drippy,
With less innards and no guts a soul most ditsy!*

Kicking down the pillar, the executioner dragged the corpse over to have a closer look. Ah! It was actually a white-coated deer with horns.

The officer in charge of the execution again ran hurriedly to make the report:

“Second Preceptor of State is most unlucky! As his stomach was ripped open, his viscera were snatched away by a hungry hawk. After he perished, his original form was a white-coated deer with horns.” More and more alarmed, the king asked, “How could he turn into a deer with horns?”

The Goat-Strength Great Immortal said, “Yes, how could my elder brother die and turn into the form of a beast? It has to be the magic of that monk, used by him to plot against us. Let me avenge the deaths of my elder brothers.”

“With what magic can you triumph over him?” asked the king, and Goat-Strength replied, “I’m going to wage with him the contest of bathing in a cauldron of hot oil.”

The king indeed sent for a huge cauldron filled with fragrant oil and told them to begin the contest. “I thank you for your kindness,” said Pilgrim, “for this young priest has not had a bath for a long time. My skin, in fact, has been rather dried and itchy these past two days, and I must have it scalded to take away the irritation.”

The attendant before the throne indeed lighted a great fire on a huge pile of wood, and the oil in the cauldron was heated to boiling.

When he was asked to step into it, Pilgrim pressed his palms together in front of him and asked, “Will it be a civil or a military bath?”

“What’s the difference?” asked the king. Pilgrim said, “A civil bath means that I shall not remove my clothing. With my hands on my hips, I’ll jump in and jump out again after one little roll, so swiftly, in fact, that the clothes are not permitted to be soiled. If there’s the tiniest speck of oil on the garments, I lose. A military bath, however, will require a clothes rack and a towel. I’ll undress before I dive in, and I shall be permitted to play in there as I wish, including doing somersaults and cartwheels.”

The king said to Goat-Strength, “How do you want to compete with him? A civil or a military bath?”

“If we take the civil bath,” said Goat-Strength, “I fear that his robes may have been treated so that oil will slide off him. Let’s have the military bath.” Stepping forward instantly, Pilgrim said, “Pardon me again for the presumption of taking my turn first.” Look at him! He took off his shirt and untied his tiger-skin kilt. With a bound, he leaped straight into the cauldron, splashing and frolicking in the boiling oil as if he were swimming in it.

When Eight Rules saw this, he bit his finger and said to Sha Monk, “We truly have misjudged this ape! During those sarcastic exchanges and the banter between us all this time, I thought he was simply joking! Little did I realize that he really had such ability!”

They could hardly refrain from their marveling, but when Pilgrim saw them whispering back and forth to each other, he became highly suspicious and thought to himself, “That Idiot must be laughing at me! This is what the proverb means:

‘Intelligence has its work and incompetence its leisure.’ Old Monkey has to go through all this, and he’s quite comfortable over there! Let me put some ropes on him and see whether he’ll be more cautious!”

As he bathed himself, he suddenly dove toward the bottom of the cauldron with a splash.

There he changed himself into a small tack and all but disappeared.

The officer in charge of the proceedings went forward again to make the report:

“Your Majesty, the young priest has been fried to death by the boiling oil.”

Delighted, the king gave the order for the bones to be fished out for him to see, and the executioner went forward to rake the oil with an iron strainer. The holes in the strainer, however, were quite large, whereas the tack into which Pilgrim had changed himself was very tiny, and repeatedly, it fell through the holes after it had been scooped up. The officer had no choice but to come back with this word:

“The priest’s body is tender and his bones are frail. He seems to have melted completely!”

The king at once shouted, “Seize those three monks!” Seeing how savage were the looks of Eight Rules, the palace guards rushed at him first and threw him to the ground, tying both of his hands behind his back. Tripitaka was so terrified that he cried out in a loud voice, “Your Majesty, please pardon this humble cleric for the moment. Since that disciple of mine embraced our faith, he has made merit again and again. Today his affront to the Preceptor of State has led to his death in a cauldron of oil, and this humble cleric certainly has no desire to cling to my own life. Moreover, just as the officials are ruling over the people, so are you the ruler above all, and if you as king ask me, your subject, to die, how could I dare not die? But the one who died first has already become a spirit, and this is the reason I beg you for a moment’s grace. Grant me half a cup of cold water or a bowl of thin gruel; give me also three paper horses and permit me to go before the cauldron to present these offerings and to express my regard for him as a disciple. Then I will accept whatever punishment you have for me.” On hearing this, the king said, “All right! The Chinese are a very loyal people indeed!”

He asked that the Tang Monk be given the rice gruel and paper money.

The Tang Monk requested that Sha Monk go with him below the steps, while a few of the guards dragged Eight Rules by the ears up to the cauldron. Facing it, the Tang Monk offered the following invocation:

“My dear disciple, Sun Wukong!

*Since taking precepts at the grove of Chan,
What love you showed me on our westward way.
We hoped jointly to perfect the Great Dao.
How could I know you would perish this day!
You lived for finding scriptures when alive;
In death your mind from Buddha must not stray.
Your gallant soul afar should wait to rise
To Thunderclap as ghost from Hades' dark sway.”*

On hearing this prayer, Eight Rules said, “Master, that’s not the proper invocation. Sha Monk, hold up the rice offering for me. Let me pray!”

Bound and pinned to the ground, Idiot gasped out these words:

*“You brazen, disaster-courting ape!
You ignorant Ban
Horse
Plague.
You brazen, death-deserving ape!
You deep-fried Ban
Horse
Plague!
Monkey is bumped off!
Horse
Plague’s uprooted!”*

Pilgrim Sun was, of course, still in the bottom of the cauldron. When he heard these castigations from Idiot, he could no longer restrain himself and at once changed back into his original form. Standing up stark naked in the cauldron, he shouted, “You overstuffed coolie! Whom are you castigating?”

“Disciple,” said the Tang Monk when he saw Pilgrim, “you almost frightened me to death!” Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother simply loves to play dead!”

The civil and military officials all rushed up the steps to report:

“Your Majesty, that priest did not die. He has emerged again from the cauldron.”

Fearing that he might be found guilty of making a false report to the throne, the officer in charge of execution said, “He is dead all right. But today happens to be a rather inauspicious day and the ghost of that young priest is now manifesting itself.” Maddened by what he heard, Pilgrim leaped out of the cauldron, dried himself from the oil, and threw on his clothes. Dragging that officer over, he whipped out his iron rod and one blow on the head reduced him to a meat patty. “What ghost is this who’s manifesting itself?” he huffed. Those officials were so terrified that they freed Eight Rules at once and knelt on the ground, pleading, “Pardon us! Pardon us!”

The king, too, wanted to leave his dragon throne, but he was caught by Pilgrim, who said, “Your Majesty, don’t walk away. Tell your third Preceptor of State to go into the cauldron also.”

Trembling all over, the king said, “Third Preceptor of State, save our life. Go into the cauldron quickly so that the monk won’t hit us.”

Goat-Strength went down the steps from the hall and took off his clothes like Pilgrim. Leaping into the cauldron of boiling oil, he began to cavort and bathe himself.

Letting go of the king, Pilgrim approached the cauldron and told the fire tenders to add more wood while he put his hand into the oil.

Aha! That boiling oil felt ice cold. He thought to himself:

“It was very hot when I took the bath, but feel how cold it is now that he’s washing in there. I know. It has to be some dragon king who is giving him protection here.” Leaping into the air, he recited a spell that began with the letter *Om* and instantly summoned the Dragon King of the Northern Ocean to his side. “You horn-growing earthworm!” said Pilgrim to him. “You scaly lizard! How dare you assist that Daoist by coiling a cold dragon around the bottom of the cauldron? You want him to display his power and gain the upper hand on me?”

Terribly intimidated, the Dragon King stammered out his answer:

“Aoshun dares not do that! Perhaps the Great Sage has no knowledge of this: this cursed beast did go through quite an austere process of self-cultivation, to the point where he was able to cast off his original shell. He has acquired the true magic of the Five Thunders, while the rest of the magic powers he has are all those developed by heterodoxy, none fit to lead him to the true way of the immortals. The performance of this right now is also part of the Great Ripoff, which he has learned in the Little Mao Mountain, but the magic of his two associates had already been destroyed by the Great Sage and they had to reveal their original forms. This cold dragon which he has managed to cultivate by himself may deceive worldly folks, but how could it ever deceive the Great Sage? I shall arrest that cold dragon at once, and you can be certain that he will be deep-fried—bones, skins, and all!”

“Take him away,” said Pilgrim, “and you’ll be spared a whipping!”

Changing into a violent gust of wind, the Dragon King swooped down to the cauldron and dragged the cold dragon back to the ocean.

Pilgrim dropped down from the air and stood again before the steps with Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk. They saw that the Daoist was bobbing up and down in the oil, but his desperate efforts to get out were all to no avail. Every time he climbed up the wall of the cauldron, he would slip back down; in no time at all, his flesh dissolved, his skin was charred, and his bones left his body. “Your Majesty,” another officer in charge of execution went forward to report, “the Third Preceptor of State has passed away!”

As tears streamed from his eyes, the king clutched at the imperial table before him and sobbed uncontrollably, crying:

*“The human form is hard, hard indeed, to get!
Make no elixir when there’s no true guide.
You have charms and water to send for gods
But not the pill to make your life abide.
If perfection’s undone,
Could Nirvāṇa be won?
Your life’s precarious, your efforts are vain.”*

*If you knew before such hardships you'd meet,
Why not stay safely in the mount? Abstain!"*

Truly

*To touch gold, to smelt lead—of what use are they?
To summon wind, to beckon rain—still all is vain!*

We do not know what will happen to master and disciples; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*The holy monk's blocked at night at Heaven-Reaching River
Metal and Wood, in compassion, rescue little children*

We were telling you that the king, who was leaning on his dragon table, wept without ceasing until night fell, his tears gushing forth like a stream. Finally Pilgrim went up to him and shouted, "How could you be so dimwitted? Look at the corpses of those Daoists: one happens to be that of a tiger and the other, a deer. Goat-Strength was, in fact, an antelope. If you don't believe me, let his bones be bailed out for you to see. How could humans have skeletons like that? These three Daoists were all mountain beasts which had become spirits, united in their efforts to come here and plot against you. When they saw that your nodal fate was still in strong ascendancy, they dared not harm you as yet. After two or more years when your nodal fate declines, they would have taken your life and your entire kingdom would have been theirs. It was fortunate that we came in time to exterminate these deviates and save your life. And you are still weeping? What for? Bring us our rescript at once and send us on our way." Only when he had heard this from Pilgrim did the king return to his senses. The civil and military officials also went forward to report to him, saying, "The dead indeed turn out to be a white deer and a yellow tiger, while bones in the cauldron do belong to an antelope. It is unwise not to listen to the words of the holy monk."

"In that case," said the king, "we are grateful to the holy monk. It's late already. Let the Grand Preceptor escort the holy monks back to Wisdom Depth Monastery to rest. During early court tomorrow, we shall open up the Eastern Pavilion and command the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a huge vegetarian banquet to thank them."

The priests were escorted back to the monastery.

At the time of the fifth watch the following morning, the king held court for many officials. He at once issued a decree to summon the Buddhist monks to return to the city, and this decree was to be posted on every road and on all four gates. After also giving the order for the preparation of a huge banquet, he sent his imperial chariot to the Wisdom Depth Monastery to invite Tripitaka and followers back to the Eastern Pavilion for the feast, and we shall speak no more of that.

We tell you now instead about those monks who succeeded in escaping with their lives. When they heard of the decree that was promulgated, every one of them was delighted and began to return to the city to search for the Great Sage Sun, to thank him, and to return his hairs. Meanwhile, the elder, after the banquet was over, obtained the rescript from the king, who led the queen, the concubines, and two rows of civil and military officials out the gate of the court to see the priests off. As they came out, they found many monks kneeling on both sides of the road, saying, "Father Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, we are the monks who escaped with our lives on the beach. When we heard that Father had wiped out the demons and rescued us, and when we further heard that our king had issued a decree commanding our return, we came here to present to you the hairs and to thank you for your Heavenly grace."

"How many of you came back?" asked Pilgrim, chuckling. They replied, "All five hundred. None's missing." Pilgrim shook his body once and immediately retrieved

his hairs. Then he said to the king and the lay people, “These monks indeed were released by old Monkey.

The cart was smashed after old Monkey moved it beyond the double passes and through the interlocking spinal ridge, and it was Monkey also who beat to death those two perverse Daoists. After such pestilence has been exterminated this day, you should realize that the true way belongs to the gate of Chan. Hereafter you should never believe foolishly in any doctrine that comes along. I hope you will honor the unity of the Three Religions: revere the monks, revere also the Daoists, and take care to nurture the talented. Your kingdom, I assure you, will be secure forever.”

The king gave his assent and his thanks repeatedly before he escorted the Tang Monk out of the city.

And so, their journey had as its purpose

*A diligent search for the three canons;
A strenuous quest for the primal light.*

As they proceeded, they walked by day and rested by night; they drank when they were thirsty and ate when they were hungry.

Spring ended, summer waned, and soon it was again the time of autumn. One day toward evening, the Tang Monk reined in his horse and said, “Disciples, where shall we find shelter for the night?”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “a man who has left the family should not speak as one who remains in the family.”

Tripitaka said, “How would a man in the family speak? And how would a man who has left the family speak?”

“In this time of the year,” said Pilgrim, “a man who remains in the family will enjoy the benefits of a warm bed and snug blankets; he has his children in his bosom and his wife next to his legs. That’s how comfortably he will sleep! Now, how could we who have left the family expect to enjoy such things? We must be cloaked by the stars and wrapped by the moon; we must dine on the winds and rest by the waters. We move on if there’s a road, and we stop only when we come to its end.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you know only one thing, but you can’t see its implications. Look how treacherous is this road we’re walking on! I have such a heavy load on me that I find it difficult even to walk. Please find some place where I can have a good night’s rest and regain my strength. By morning, I can face the load once more. Otherwise, I’ll die of fatigue!”

“Let’s move on a little further then in this moonlight,” said Pilgrim, “and we can stop when we reach some place where there are houses.” Master and disciples had no choice but to follow Pilgrim forward.

They did not journey long before they heard the sound of rushing water. “Finished!” said Eight Rules. “We’ve come to the end of the road!”

“We are blocked by a torrent of water,” said Sha Monk. The Tang Monk asked, “How could we get across?”

“Let me test it to discover how deep it is first,” said Eight Rules. Tripitaka said, “Wuneng, don’t speak such nonsense! How could you test the depth or shallowness of water?”

“I’ll find an egg-shaped pebble,” said Eight Rules, “and throw it in: if it splashes and foam comes up, it’s shallow; if it sinks down with a gurgling sound, then it’s deep.”

“Go and test it,” said Pilgrim. Our Idiot groped on the ground and found a stone, which he threw into the water; all they heard was a gurgling sound as if fishes were releasing bubbles as the stone sank down to the bottom. “Deep! Deep! Deep!” he said. “We can’t cross it!”

“Though you may have discovered its depth,” said the Tang Monk, “you may not know how wide it is.”

“Indeed not! Indeed not!” said Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, “Let me have a look.”

Dear Great Sage! He somersaulted at once into the air and fixed his gaze on the water. He saw

*The moon soaked in vast sheens of light;
The sky’s image drenched in the deep;
A spirit branch gulping mountains;
A long river feeding hundred streams;
A thousand foaming layers churn;
Ten thousand folds of mountlike waves;
(
No fisher-fires lit up the banks
But egrets rested by the beach.)
An oceanlike vast expanse,
With no boundaries in sight.*

He dropped down quickly from the clouds to the bank of the river, saying, “Master, it’s very wide! Very wide! We can’t get across! These fiery eyes and diamond pupils of old Monkey can discern good and evil up to a thousand miles during the day, and even at night, they can cover a distance of four or five hundred miles. Just now I couldn’t even see the other shore. How could I tell the width of the river?”

Horried, Tripitaka could not say a word for a long time. Then he sobbed out, “O Disciple! What shall we do?”

“Master, please don’t cry,” said Sha Monk. “Look over there! Isn’t that a man standing by the water?” Pilgrim said, “He could be a fisherman lowering his nets, I suppose. Let me go and ask him.”

Holding his iron rod, he sprinted forward to have a closer look. Ah! It was not a man, but only a stone monument, on which were written three large words in seal script and two rows of smaller words down below. The three large words were:

Heaven-Reaching River. The two rows of smaller words read:

*A width of eight hundred miles
Which few, from days of old, have crossed.*

“Master,” Pilgrim called out, “come and look.” When Tripitaka saw the monument, tears rolled down his cheeks, saying, “O Disciple! When I left Chang’an that year, I thought that the way to the Western Heaven was quite easy. How could I know of the obstacles of demons and monsters, the long distance over mountains and waters!”

“Master,” said Eight Rules, “listen for a moment. Isn’t that the sound of drums and cymbals coming from somewhere? It must be that some family is feasting the monks. Let’s go over there and beg for some vegetarian food and make inquiry concerning the possibility of finding a boat to take us across tomorrow.”

Cocking his ears as he rode, Tripitaka indeed heard the sound of drums and cymbals. “These are not the musical instruments of Daoists,” he said. “It has to be some religious service conducted by us Buddhists.

Let us go over there.” Pilgrim led the horse in front and all of them proceeded toward where the music was coming from. There was actually no road for them to walk on, only a rolling sandy beach. Presently, they saw a group of well-built houses, about four or five hundred of them altogether. They saw that these houses were

*Close by the hill and the roads,
Next to the shores and the stream.
Every where the wooden fences were shut;
The bamboo yard of each house was closed.
Egrets resting on sand dunes had peaceful dreams;
Birds nesting on willows voiced their chilly tunes.
The short flutes were silent;
The washing flails had no rhythm.
Red smartweed twigs quaked in moonlight;
Yellow rush leaves battled the wind.
A village dog barked through sparse field fences;
An old fisher slept on his ford-moored boat,
Where lights were low,
And human bustles, quiet.
The bright moon seemed a mirror hung in the air,
The scent of duckweed blossoms all at once
Was sent by the west wind from the far shore.*

As Tripitaka dismounted, he saw a house at the head of a path; before the house was erected a pole with a banner flying, while the inside was ablaze with lamps and candles and filled with fragrant incense. “Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “what we have here is certainly better than either the fold of the mountain or the edge of the river. At least the eaves of the roof can provide some shelter from the night mists, and we can rest without fears. You, however, should stay behind first, and let me go up to that patron’s door to make known our request. If he is willing to let us stay, I’ll call for you; but if he’s unwilling, all of you are not to let loose any mischief. You are, after all, quite ugly in your appearances, and I fear that you may frighten them. Offending these people may mean that we shall have nowhere at all to stay.”

“What you say is quite right,” said Pilgrim. “Please go first, Master, and we’ll wait for you here.”

Taking off his broad-brimmed bamboo hat, the elder shook the dirt from his clerical robe and went up to the door of the house, holding the priestly staff in his hands. He found the door half-closed; not daring to enter without permission, the elder stood still and waited for a brief moment, when an old man, with some beads hanging around his neck, emerged from the house, chanting the name of Buddha as he walked. Seeing that the old man was about to shut the door, however, the elder hurriedly pressed his

palms together and cried out, “Old Benefactor, this humble priest salutes you.” Returning his greeting, the old man said, “You are too late, monk.”

“What do you mean?” said Tripitaka. “I mean that you won’t get anything because you are late,” said the old man. “If you had come earlier, you would have found that we were feasting the monks. After you have eaten your fill, you would then be given an additional three ounces of cooked rice, a bale of white cloth, and ten strings of copper pennies. Why do you come at this hour?”

“Old Benefactor,” said Tripitaka, bowing, “this humble priest is not here to be feasted.”

“If you are not,” said the old man, “then why have you come here?”

Tripitaka said, “I am someone sent by imperial decree of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. It was late when we arrived at your region. When we heard the sound of drums and cymbals from your house, we came to ask you for one night’s lodging. We’ll leave by morning.”

“Monk,” said the old man, waving his hand gently, “a man who has left the family should not lie. The distance between our place here and your Great Tang in the Land of the East happens to be fifty-four thousand miles. A single person like you, how could you come here all by yourself?”

“That’s an exceptionally accurate observation, Old Benefactor,” said Tripitaka, “but I am not alone. I have three disciples, who have opened up a path through the mountains and built bridges when we came upon the waters. It was because of their being my escorts that I could arrive here today.”

“If you have disciples,” said the old man, “why haven’t they come with you? Please invite them forth at once! My house has enough room for all of you.”

Turning around, Tripitaka said, “Disciples, come here.” Now, Pilgrim was by nature rather impulsive, Eight Rules was born without manners, and Sha Monk, too, happened to be very impetuous. The moment the three of them heard their master beckoning, they rushed like a cyclone toward the house, dragging the horse and the luggage along. When the old man caught sight of them, he was so terrified that he fell on the ground, crying repeatedly, “Monsters are here! Monsters are here!” Raising him with his hands, Tripitaka said, “Don’t be afraid, Benefactor. They are not monsters. They are my disciples.”

Trembling all over, the old man said, “Such a handsome master! Why did you take such ugly disciples?”

“Though they are not good to look at,” said Tripitaka, “they are quite knowledgeable in taming tigers and subduing dragons, in seizing monsters and capturing fiends.” Not fully believing what he heard, the old man supported himself on the Tang Monk and walked slowly with him inside.

We tell you now about those three rogues, who dashed into the hall, where they dropped their luggage and tied up the horse. There were at that time several priests in the hall reciting sūtras. Sticking out his long snout, Eight Rules shouted at them, “Hey monks! Which sūtra are you reciting?” On hearing this, those monks raised their heads and all at once

*They saw a visitor,
With long snout and huge ears,*

*A thick frame and wide shoulders,
 A voice that boomed like thunder.
 But Pilgrim and Sha Monk
 Were in looks e'en uglier.
 Of those priests in the hall
 None was not in terror.
 They tried to keep reciting
 But were stopped by their leader.
 They left their stones and bells
 And forsook the graven Buddhas.
 The lamps were all blown out,
 And torches all smothered.
 They scrambled and they stumbled,
 The doorsills falling over.
 Like gourds when props were down,
 Their heads bumped one another.
 A pure, serene plot of ritual
 Became a cause of great laughter!*

When the three brothers saw how those priests stumbled and fell all over, they clapped their hands and roared with laughter. More terrified than ever, those priests banged into one another as they fled for their lives and deserted the place. Tripitaka led the old man up the hall, but the lights and lamps were completely out, while the three of them were still in guffaws. “You brazen creatures!” scolded the Tang Monk. “You are so wicked! Haven’t I taught you every day, admonished you every morning? The ancients said,

*To be virtuous without instruction,
 Is this not sagacity?
 To be virtuous after instruction,
 Is this not nobility?
 To be virtueless even after instruction,
 Is this not stupidity?*

The way you have perpetrated mischief has just shown you to be people of the greatest baseness and stupidity! You barged into someone’s door without any manners! You have frightened the old Benefactor and scattered the priests reciting the sūtras, completely spoiling the good works of others. Wouldn’t I be blamed for all this?”

He spoke with such vehemence that they dared not utter a word in reply, and only then did the old man become convinced that they were his disciples. He turned quickly to bow to Tripitaka, saying, “Venerable Father, it doesn’t matter! It doesn’t matter! They were putting out the lights just now because the ceremony was almost done anyway.”

“If it’s over,” said Eight Rules, “bring out the end-of-service feast so that we can enjoy it and sleep.”

“Bring out the lights! Bring out the lights!” cried the old man. Some of the members of his household, when they heard him, began to complain to themselves, “There are enough candles already in the hall for the religious service. Why is he calling for lights?”

A few houseboys came out to see for themselves and they found the hall in complete darkness. Returning hurriedly with torches and lanterns, they suddenly saw the forms of Eight Rules and Sha Monk. So terrified by the sight they were that they dropped their torches and dashed inside, slamming shut the mid-level door and shouting all the time, "There are monsters here! There are monsters here!" Picking up one of the torches, Pilgrim relit the lamps and the candles before he pulled a chair to the middle of the hall for the Tang Monk to sit on. Then he and his brothers sat down on both sides and the old man took a seat in front of all of them. As they settled into their seats, they heard the inner door open and another old man walked out, supporting himself on a staff. "What kind of perverse demons are you," he said, "that you dare enter the door of a virtuous family in the dark of night?"

The old man, who was seated, quickly arose and met him behind the screens, saying, "No need to clamor, Elder Brother. They are no perverse demons, but arhats sent to acquire scriptures by the Great Tang in the Land of the East. Though they look vicious, they are actually quite gentle." Only then did the other old man put down his staff and bow to greet all four of the visitors, after which, he also took a seat in the front of the hall.

"Bring out the tea," he cried, "and prepare us some vegetarian food."

He had to call several times before several houseboys, still trembling, emerged, though they still did not dare walk near the visitors.

Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules said, "Old man, why are your servants milling about on both sides?"

"I told them to bring out some vegetarian food to serve to the Venerable Fathers," said the old man. Eight Rules asked, "How many are there to serve us?"

"Eight of them," said the old man. "Which of us are they going to serve?" said Eight Rules. "Why, all four of you!" said the old man.

Eight Rules said, "That pale-faced master requires only one person to serve him; the one with the hairy face and thunder-god beak needs only two. But the one with the gloomy complexion will have to have eight persons, and, as for me, nothing less than twenty attendants will do."

"If I understand you correctly," said the old man, "you are trying to tell me that you have a large appetite."

"It's passable, passable," said Eight Rules. "Well," said the old man, "there are plenty of people here." Young and old, he managed to summon thirty servants to come out.

As the two old men spoke amiably with the monks, the rest of the household felt more at ease. A table was set up in the middle of the hall and the Tang Monk was asked to take the honored seat. Three other tables were set up on both sides for the disciples, while the two old men were seated at another table facing all of them. Fruits and vegetables were presented first, after which they brought out glutenous rice, plain rice, side dishes, and soup with vermicelli. After the food was laid out properly, the elder Tang lifted his chopsticks and recited the *Fast-Breaking Sūtra*. Our Idiot, however, was an impulsive eater for one thing, and he was hungry for another. Without waiting for the Tang Monk to finish his recitation, he grabbed one of the red lacquered wooden bowls and hurled a whole bowl full of rice into his mouth. Every grain of it immediately vanished! One of the young attendants on the side said, "This Venerable Father is not

very smart! If you want to snatch something and hide it in your sleeve, why don't you take some steamed buns? Why do you snatch a bowl of rice instead? Won't it soil your clothing?"

"I didn't put it in my sleeve," said Eight Rules, chuckling. "I ate it!"

"You have hardly moved your mouth," said the young man. "How could you have eaten it?"

"Only your son would lie!" said Eight Rules. "Of course I ate it! If you don't believe me, I'll eat some more for you to see!"

The young man indeed picked up the bowl, filled it with rice once more, and handed the bowl to Eight Rules. Idiot took it, and instantly he gulped it all down with a flick of his hand. When the houseboys saw this, they cried, "O Father! You must have a throat lined with polished bricks! It's so level and smooth!"

Before the Tang Monk had finished reciting one sūtra, Idiot had downed five or six bowls of rice. After that, they raised their chopsticks to enjoy the other kinds of food. Without regard for whether they were fruits, rice, glutenous rice, or side dishes, Idiot simply scooped them all up with his hands and stuffed them into his mouth, calling all the time, "More rice! More rice! Where are you all disappearing to?"

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "please don't eat so much! We are already much better off than trying to endure hunger in the fold of the mountain. It's good enough if you are half-filled."

"Never mind," said Eight Rules. "As the proverb says,

The priest half-fed

Is worse than dead!"

"Take away the housewares," said Pilgrim. "Don't mind him!"

Bowing, the two old men said, "To tell you the truth, there is no problem whatever if it is during the day, for we can easily feed over a hundred priests like our big-bellied elder here. But it's late now.

We have put away the leftovers, and we have managed to steam only one stone of glutenous rice and five barrels of plain rice together with a few tablefuls of vegetarian food. We were about to invite a few neighbors to disperse the blessings with the priests. When all of you arrived, the priests became frightened and left, and we dared not even ask our neighbors or kin to come here. Everything that had been prepared was already presented to you. But if you are not yet filled, we can steam some more."

"Steam some more! Steam some more!" said Eight Rules.

After they finished eating, the tables and dishes were put aside. Tripitaka stood up and bowed to the two old men to thank them for the feast. Then he asked, "Old Benefactors, what is your honored name?" One of them said, "Our surname is Chen." Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka said, "We share the same illustrious ancestors."

"So the Venerable Father also has the surname of Chen?" asked one of the old men. "Yes," said Tripitaka, "that is the name of my secular home. May I ask what kind of religious service was held just now?"

“Why do you ask, Master?” said Eight Rules, laughing. “Can’t you guess? It has to be a service for harvest, or for peace, or for the completion of a building. Nothing more!”

“No, no,” said the old man. “Truly, what was it for then?” asked Tripitaka again. The old man replied, “It’s a preparatory mass for the dead.” Laughing so hard that he could hardly remain seated, Eight Rules said, “Grandpa, you aren’t very perceptive! We are experts in half-truths, masters of humbug! How could you hope to deceive us with that fraudulent title? You think that monks are ignorant of masses and religious services? You may hold a preparatory mass for the transference of merit, or for the presentation of a votive offering. Since when was there ever a preparatory mass for the dead? There is no one in your house who has died. How could you have a mass for the dead?” When Pilgrim heard these words, he was secretly pleased and thought to himself, “This Idiot is getting smarter!”

Then he said, “Old Grandpa, you must have been mistaken. What is this preparatory mass for the dead?” Instead of replying at once, the two old men bowed and said, “How did all of you turn from the main road to acquire scriptures and arrive at our place?” Pilgrim said, “We were walking along the main road, but it was barred by a torrent of water and we could not cross it. Then we heard the sound of cymbals and drums, and that led us here to ask you for a night’s lodging.”

“When you reached the edge of the water,” said the old man, “did you see anything?”

“Only a stone monument,” said Pilgrim, “with the three-word inscription, Heaven-Reaching River. Below it, there were the words:

*A width of eight hundred miles
Which few, from days of old, have crossed.*

There was no other thing.”

“If you had gone about a mile inland from the monument,” said one of the old men, “you would have come upon a temple of the Great King of Numinous Power. But you didn’t see it?”

“We did not,” said Pilgrim. “Tell us, old Grandpa, what is this Numinous Power?”

At once the two old men began to shed tears as they said, “O Venerable Father! That Great King was

*Potent to move one place to build his shrine;
Numinous to bless people far and near.
He sends us sweet rains from month to month,
And auspicious clouds from year to year.”*

Pilgrim said, “Sending sweet rains and auspicious clouds indicate good intentions, but you are so sad and dejected. Why?”

Beating their chests and stamping their feet, the old men sighed deeply and said, “O Venerable Father!

*Though favors abound, there’s also spite.
He would hurt life even when he is kind.
For his love to eat virgin boys and girls,
He is no patent god of righteous mind!”*

“So he likes to devour virgin boys and girls?” asked Pilgrim. “Yes,” said the old men. Pilgrim said, “I suppose it’s your family’s turn now?”

“Indeed it is,” said one of the old men. “Our village here consists of over one hundred families, and it belongs to the Yuanhui County of the Cart Slow Kingdom. The name of this village of ours is the Chen Village. Every year this Great King requires the sacrifice of a virgin boy and a virgin girl in addition to the offering of various kinds of livestock like hogs and sheep. When he has devoured all of these to his satisfaction, he would bless us with wind and rain in due season. If there is no such sacrifice for him, he will inflict upon us all kinds of calamity.”

“How many esteemed sons do you have in your family?” asked Pilgrim. “Alas! Alas!” said the older of the two men, beating his breast. “Why mention ‘esteemed sons’? The term would only embarrass us to death! This is my brother, Chen Qing, and I am called Chen Cheng.

He is fifty-eight and I am sixty-three, both badly off for children. Since I had no children even when I was fifty, friends and relatives urged me to take a concubine. I had no choice but to do so and a girl was born later. Her name is One Load of Gold, and she is barely eight this year.”

“What an expensive name!” said Eight Rules. “Why was she given it?”

The old man said, “Since I was childless for so many years, I persisted in repairing bridges and roads, in erecting temples and stūpas, and in the feasting of monks. I kept a record of all I spent—a few ounces here and a few ounces there—and by the time my daughter was born, I had spent exactly thirty pounds of gold. Thirty pounds make one load, and that was how she got her name.”

“And does he have a son?” asked Pilgrim. The old man said, “He has, indeed, a son born also of a concubine. He is only seven years old, and his name is Chen Guanbao.”

“Why such a name?” asked Pilgrim, and the old man said, “Because our family worships the Holy Father Guan, and the child was conceived after prayers were offered to the Holy Father. That’s why he has such a name. The joint age of my brother and me is over one hundred and twenty, but we have only these two children to perpetuate our families. How could we ever anticipate that the turn to provide the victims would fall on us! We dare not, of course, refuse, but it is difficult to give up our precious children. It was for the welfare of their souls that we established this plot of ritual in advance, and that was the reason I named it the preparatory mass for the dead.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he could not restrain the tears from rolling down his cheeks and he said, “Truly it’s like what the proverb says:

*Instead of yellow plums only green plums drop.
Old Heaven’s doubly harsh to a childless man!”*

Pilgrim, however, smiled and said, “Let me question him a bit more. Old Grandpa, how much property do you have?”

The two old men said together, “Quite a bit. We have at least some seven hundred and fifty acres of paddy fields and over a thousand acres of dry fields. There must be some ninety pasture fields, three hundred water buffalos, some thirty horses and mules, and countless numbers of hogs, sheep, chickens, and geese. There is more grain in our warehouses than we can consume and more clothing in our houses than we can wear. Our property and our wealth, as you can see, are quite sizable.”

"If you own so much," said Pilgrim, "it's pathetic that you are so stingy!"

"How did you come to that conclusion?" said one of the old men. Pilgrim said, "If you are so well-off, how could you permit your own children to be sacrificed? Throw away fifty ounces of silver and you can buy a virgin boy; throw away another hundred ounces and you can buy a virgin girl. You need spend no more than two hundred ounces of silver for all expenses and you will preserve posterity for you and your family. Isn't that much better?" Shedding copious tears, the two old men said, "Venerable Father! You aren't aware of the fact that the Great King is truly so powerful that he knows everything. Why, he even comes frequently to the families here." Pilgrim said, "When he came through, did you ever discover how he looked or how tall he was?"

"We have never seen his form," said the two old men. "But whenever we felt a fragrant breeze, it was a sign that the Father Great King had arrived. Then we had to burn hurriedly lots of incense and all of us, young and old, had to bow toward the wind. He knows everything there is to know of our families here; he can remember even the birth dates and hours of young and old. He will not consider it a treat unless he can devour children who are truly ours. Don't speak of two or three hundred ounces of silver; even if we were to spend several thousand ounces, we had nowhere to purchase a boy or a girl of exactly the same appearance and age."

"So, that's how it is!" said Pilgrim. "All right, all right! Bring out your son and let me take a look at him."

Chen Qing went inside at once and carried his son Guanbao out to the front hall, placing him before the lamps. The child, of course, was wholly unaware of the disaster that was about to descend on him. With two sleeves stuffed with preserved fruits and candies, he danced about as he munched on the goodies. On seeing him, Pilgrim recited a spell silently and shook his body: at once he changed into a boy with the exact appearance of that child Guanbao. Now there were two boys holding hands and dancing before the lamps! The old man was so startled that he fell on his knees, causing the Tang Monk to cry out, "Venerable Father, this is blasphemy! Blasphemy!"

The old man said, "But this Venerable Father was just speaking to us. How did he manage to take on the appearance of my child all at once? Look, you give them a call, and both of them answer together! We are the ones who are not worthy! Please show your true form! Please show your true form!" With a wipe of his own face Pilgrim changed back into his true form. Remaining on his knees, the old man said, "So the Venerable Father has this kind of ability!"

"Did I look like your son?" asked Pilgrim, laughing. "Very much! Very much!" said the old man. "You had exactly the same features, the same voice, the same clothes, and the same height!"

"You haven't even examined me closely," said Pilgrim. "Bring out the scale and see if I'm of the same weight as his."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said the old man. "I could tell that you were exactly of the same weight."

"You think I could serve as the sacrifice?" asked Pilgrim. "It's marvelous! Just marvelous!" said the old man. "Of course, you could serve as the sacrifice." Pilgrim said, "I'll exchange my life for your boy's so that your family's posterity will be preserved. I'll present myself as a sacrifice to that Great King." Kowtowing as he knelt

on the ground, Chen Qing said, "If in your compassion you are willing to present yourself as a substitute, I shall present Father Tang with a thousand ounces of white silver as his travel expenses to the Western Heaven."

"And you are not going to thank old Monkey?" said Pilgrim. "If you are a sacrificial substitute," said the old man, "you will be finished."

"What do you mean finished?" said Pilgrim. "The Great King will devour you," said the old man, and Pilgrim said, "Does he dare?"

"If he doesn't eat you," said the old man, "it will only be because you are too smelly for his taste."

"May Heaven's will be done!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "If he eats me, it'll mean that I am to die young; if he does not, it's my luck. Anyway, I shall be your sacrificial substitute."

Chen Qing not only kowtowed to thank him, but also promised to give the monks an additional five hundred ounces of silver. Chen Cheng, however, neither kowtowed nor gave thanks; leaning on one of the screens, he wept profusely. Understanding his plight, Pilgrim went up to tug at him and said, "Number One, you are not promising me anything nor are you thanking me. I suppose you must feel terrible about parting with your daughter?"

Going to his knees at once, Chen Cheng said, "No, I can't part with her. I am indebted to you, Venerable Father, for your kindness, and it should be enough that you have saved our nephew. But this old moron has no other children except his daughter. If I should die, she would weep bitterly, too! How could I ever part with her?"

"Then go quickly and steam five more barrels of rice," said Pilgrim. "Prepare some fine vegetarian dishes also and let that long-snout master of ours enjoy himself. Then we can ask him to change into the form of your daughter, and we two brothers will be your sacrificial substitutes."

By saving the lives of your daughter and son, we shall accrue to ourselves secret merit. How about that?"

Horried by what he heard, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, you can show off your energy as you please! But don't drag me into this venture without any regard for my life!"

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "the proverb says, 'Even chickens can eat only food they work for!' The moment we entered their house, they feted us with a huge banquet, while you were complaining that you were only half-filled! How could you be unwilling to assist them in their difficulties?"

"O Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "I don't know anything about transformation."

"What do you mean?" said Pilgrim. "You know thirty-six modes of transformation."

"Wuneng," cried Tripitaka, "what your elder brother has just said is certainly right, and what he has proposed is most appropriate. The proverb says, 'The saving of one life is better than the construction of a seven-tiered pagoda.' In the first place, we should repay their great kindness to us; in the second, we should make merit whenever possible by the performance of good works. Since there is no other thing you must attend to in this cool night, you and your brother can go and have some fun."

“Look at the way Master talks!” said Eight Rules. “I may know how to change into a mountain, a tree, a rock, a scabby elephant, a water buffalo, or a stout fellow. But it’ll be rather difficult for me to change into a small young girl!”

“Don’t believe him, Number One,” said Pilgrim. “Bring out your precious daughter.”

Chen Cheng dashed inside and brought out his child, One Load of Gold. At the same time, his whole family, including his wife and his concubine, young and old, all came out to the front hall to kneel before the monks and kowtow, begging them to save the girl’s life.

The girl was wearing on her head a patterned emerald fillet with dangling pearl and precious stone pendants; she had on a coat of red silk shot with yellow, covered by a cape of mandarin green satin with chess-board patterned collar. Around her waist was tied a silk skirt with bright red flowers. She also had on a pair of gold-kneed trousers and a pair of light pink toad’s head patterned shoes made of hemp thread. And she, too, was munching on some fruits. “Eight Rules,” said Pilgrim, “that’s the girl. Change into her form quickly, so that we can be sacrificed.”

“O Brother!” said Eight Rules. “She’s so delicate and lovely! How could I do it?”

“Quick!” said Pilgrim.

“Don’t ask for a beating!”

Alarmed, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, don’t beat me! Let me try and see what happens!”

This Idiot recited a spell and shook his head several times, crying, “Change!” Indeed, his head took on the features of the little girl, but his belly remained as big as ever so that his hulking frame bore hardly any resemblance to the girl’s. “Change some more!” cried Pilgrim, laughing. “You can beat me all you want,” said Eight Rules, “but I can’t change anymore. What am I to do?”

“You can’t take on the head of a girl,” said Pilgrim, “and the body of a priest! You would be neither boy nor girl, and that wouldn’t be good, would it? Why don’t you assume the star posture and see what I can do for you?”

He blew a mouthful of magic breath onto Eight Rules, whose body at once took on the form of the little girl. Then Pilgrim said to the two old men, “Please take your relatives, your son, and your daughter inside so that we will not be confused with them. I fear that after awhile, my brother may become slothful and sneak inside, and it will be difficult for you to tell them apart. Give your children plenty of nice fruits and candies and make certain that they don’t cry. I don’t want that Great King to get wind of our plans. We two will have some fun and be off.”

Dear Great Sage! He gave instructions for Sha Monk to stand guard over the Tang Monk, while he and Eight Rules assumed the exact forms of Chen Guanbao and One Load of Gold. After the two of them made all the preparations, Pilgrim asked, “How are we to be presented, trussed up or just bound? Steamed or chopped to pieces?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “don’t pull any more tricks on me! I don’t have that kind of ability!”

“No, No!” said one of the old men. “All we need are two red lacquered trays, on which we will ask both of you to sit. The trays will be placed on top of two tables, which will then be carried to the temple by some of our houseboys.”

“Fine! Fine!” said Pilgrim. “Bring out the trays and let us try them.”

The old man took out the lacquered trays; Pilgrim and Eight Rules sat in them, after which four houseboys lifted up two tables and walked into the courtyard. Delighted, Pilgrim said, “Eight Rules, a couple of turns like this and we shall be priests who have ascended the tray-platform!”

“If they carry us inside,” said Eight Rules, “and carry us out again, I won’t be afraid even if they go back and forth until tomorrow morning. But once they take us into the temple, we’ll be devoured, and that’s no game!”

“Just watch me,” said Pilgrim. “When he seizes me and tries to eat me, you can flee.”

“But how would I know whom he will eat first?” asked Eight Rules. “If he eats the virgin boy first, I can flee, of course. But if he wants to eat the virgin girl first, what am I to do?”

“During one of the sacrifices some years ago,” said the old man, “a few people courageous enough hid themselves behind the temple or beneath the offering tables. They saw that he ate the boy first before he devoured the girl.”

Eight Rules said, “That’s my luck! That’s my luck!”

As the brothers were talking, a loud din of gongs and drums could be heard outside the house, now lit up also by the light of many torches and lamps. The people of the same village came to pound at the front gate, crying, “Bring out the virgin boy and the virgin girl!”

As the old men wept and wailed, the four houseboys lifted the tables and carried the two of them away. We truly do not know what happened to their lives; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-EIGHT

*The demon, raising a cold wind, sends a great snow fall
The monk, intent on seeing Buddha, walks on layered ice*

We tell you now about those worshippers from the Chen Village, who carried Pilgrim and Eight Rules, along with various offerings of livestock, straight to the Temple of Numinous Power. The virgin boy and girl were placed on top of the offerings. Pilgrim turned his head and saw that there were incense, flowers, and candles on the offering tables, in the middle of which there was also a tablet inscribed in gold letters with the title:

“God of the Great King of Numinous Power.”

There was no other image of any deity. After the worshippers had set out everything properly, they knelt down and kowtowed toward the tablet, saying in unison, “Great King Father, in this year, this month, this day, and this hour, Chen Cheng, the one in charge of the sacrifice and the leader of all the faithfuls of the Chen Village, young and old, does follow our annual custom and offer to you a virgin boy by the name of Chen Guanbao and a virgin girl by the name of One Load of Gold. Hogs and sheep in the same number are presented to you also for your enjoyment. We pray that you will grant us rain and wind in due season and a rich harvest of the five grains.”

After they made this invocation, they burned paper money and horses before returning to their houses.

When Eight Rules saw that the people had dispersed, he said to Pilgrim, “Let’s go home, too.”

“Where’s your home?” asked Pilgrim.

Eight Rules said, “I want to go back to old Chen’s house to sleep.”

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim, “you are babbling again! If you have agreed to do this for him, you have got to finish the job.”

“You call me an idiot,” said Eight Rules. “Aren’t you the real idiot? We were supposed to have some fun with the Chens and fool with them a bit. You can’t be serious that you want us sacrificed?”

“If we help someone,” said Pilgrim, “we must help him to the end. We must wait until that Great King arrives and devours us before we can consider a perfect end to our efforts! If he has no sacrifice, he will send calamities to the village, and that will not be right.”

As he spoke, they heard the wind howl outside. “O dear!” said Eight Rules. “When the wind blows like that, it must mean that the thing is here!”

“Shut up!” cried Pilgrim. “Let me do the talking!” In a moment, a fiend arrived at the door of the temple. Look at the way he appears:

*Gold helmet and cuirass both bright and new;
A treasure sash like red clouds wrapped his waist.
His eyes seemed big stars blazing in the night;
His teeth resembled those of a heavy saw.
Waves of mists did encircle both his legs,*

*And steamy fog surrounded all his frame.
 He walked and a cold wind stirred repeatedly;
 He stood and baleful aura rose in tiers.
 He looked like the Curtain-Raising Captain
 Or the great god of a monastery's gate.*

Standing right at the doorway, the fiend asked, "Which family this year is providing the sacrifice?" Laughing merrily, Pilgrim said, "Thank you for asking! Those in charge are Chen Cheng and Chen Qing." Puzzled by this answer, the fiend thought to himself, "This virgin boy is not only bold, but also articulate. Usually the victims in the past could not even reply to the first question, and they would be frightened out of their wits at the second one. By the time I seized them with my hands, they would already be as good as dead.

How is it that this virgin boy today can still respond so intelligently?" Not bold enough to seize his prey immediately, the fiend asked once more, "What are the names of the boy and the girl?" With a laugh, Pilgrim said, "The virgin boy is called Chen Guanbao, and the virgin girl is called One Load of Gold."

"This sacrifice," said the fiend, "happens to be an annual custom. Now that you have been offered to me, I'm going to eat you."

"I dare not resist you," said Pilgrim. "Please feel free to enjoy yourself." When the fiendish creature heard this, he was even more reluctant to raise his hands. Standing there in the doorway, he shouted, "Don't you dare be impudent! In years past I would eat the virgin boy first. But this year, I'm going to eat the virgin girl first."

"O Great King," said Eight Rules, horrified, "please follow the old way! Don't eat by breaking a usual custom!" Without permitting further discussion, the fiend stretched out his hands to seize Eight Rules. With a bound Idiot leaped down from the offering table and changed back into his true form. Whipping out his rake, he brought it down hard on the hands of the fiend. The fiend retreated hurriedly and tried to flee, but not before the blow of Eight Rules sent something to the ground with a clang. "I've punctured his armor!" shouted Eight Rules. As he changed back into his true form also, Pilgrim stepped forward to have a look and found that there were two fish scales about the size of ice dishes. "Chase him!" he yelled, and the two of them leaped into the air. Since that creature thought he was coming to a feast, he brought no weapon along. With bare hands he stood on the edge of the clouds and asked, "Monks, where did you come from? How dare you come to oppress me here, rob me of my offerings, and ruin my name?"

"So, you're an ignorant, brazen creature!" said Pilgrim. "We are disciples of the holy monk Tripitaka from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, who was sent by royal decree to go to the Western Heaven for scriptures. When we stayed with the Chen family last night, we heard that there was a perverse demon who falsely assumed the title of Numinous Power. Every year he demands a virgin boy and a virgin girl as sacrifice. In compassion we wanted to save lives and arrest you, you lawless creature. Confess at once. How many years have you called yourself Great King of this place, and how many boys and girls have you devoured? Give us a detailed account, and we may spare your life." When that fiend heard these words, he turned and fled immediately. Eight Rules tried to strike at him again with the muckrake but did not succeed, for the fiend changed into a violent gust of wind that faded into the Heaven-Reaching River.

“No need to chase him anymore,” said Pilgrim. “This fiend has to be a creature of the river. Let’s wait till tomorrow before we try to catch him and ask him to take Master across the river.”

Eight Rules agreed and both of them returned to the temple and hauled all the offerings and livestock, including the tables on which they were laden, back to the Chen house. At that time, the elder, Sha Monk, and the Chen brothers were all waiting for some news of them, when suddenly, they saw the two disciples dumping the sacrificial animals and offerings in the courtyard. “Wukong,” said Tripitaka, going forward to meet them, “how did the sacrifice go?” Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how they revealed their names and how the fiend disappeared into the river. The two old men were most pleased, and they at once gave the order for rooms to be made ready and bedding laid out for master and disciples to rest. There we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about that fiend, who escaped with his life and went back to his watery palace. After he sat down, he fell completely silent for such a long time that his watery kinsfolk, young and old, all gathered about him to ask, “Great King, you are usually quite happy when you come home after the sacrifice. Why is it that you seem so annoyed this year?”

“After I’ve satisfied myself in past years,” said the fiend, “I usually managed to bring some leftovers for you to enjoy. Today, however, not even I myself got anything to eat. I was so unlucky that I ran into an adversary and almost lost my life.”

“Which adversary was that, Great King?” they asked. The fiend said, “A disciple of a holy monk of the Great Tang in the Land of the East, who was on his way to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. He took on the form of a virgin girl, while another disciple became the boy, both sitting in the temple. When they changed back into their original forms, I was nearly killed by the two of them. I have long heard that Tripitaka Tang happened to be a good man who had been practicing self-cultivation for ten incarnations. To eat even one piece of his flesh would prolong one’s life indefinitely, but I didn’t realize that he had such disciples under him. Not only has my reputation been ruined by them, but also the offerings due me were taken away. I would like very much to catch hold of that Tang Monk, but I fear that I may not be able to.”

From among the watery kinsfolk stepped a stripe-coated perch-mother who wriggled and bowed toward the fiend, saying with a smile, “Great King, if you want to catch the Tang Monk, it isn’t difficult at all. But I wonder if you would be willing to reward me with some wine and meat once you catch hold of him.”

“If you could devise a plan and succeed in capturing the Tang Monk,” said the fiend, “I would become your bond-brother. We two shall share the same table to feast on him.”

After thanking him, the perch-mother said, “I’ve known for a long time that the Great King possesses the magic to summon winds and rains and to stir up seas and rivers. May I ask whether you are able to cause snow to descend?”

“Of course,” said the fiend. She asked again, “How about making ice and causing things to freeze over?”

The fiend said, “Certainly.”

“In that case,” said the perch-mother, clapping her hands and laughing, “it’s most easy! It’s most easy!”

“Tell me what it is that’s most easy,” said the fiend.

The perch-mother said, “When it is about the hour of the third watch this night, the Great King should exercise his power without any further delay. Call up a cold wind and send down a great snowfall so that the entire Heaven-Reaching River will be solidly frozen.

Those of us capable of transformation will assume human forms: carrying luggage, holding umbrellas, and pushing carts, we will follow the direction of the main road to the West and walk continuously on the ice on top of the river. That Tang Monk must be rather impatient to get to the scriptures, and when he sees people walking about like that, he too will want to cross the river by walking on the ice. The Great King can sit quietly at the heart of the river; as soon as you hear the sound of their footsteps, crack open the ice so that he and his disciples will fall into the water. All of them will be captured then.” When that fiend heard these words, he was exceedingly pleased. “Marvelous! Marvelous!” he cried, and he left his water residence at once to rise into the air. There he began to raise up a cold wind to bring snow and to cause everything to freeze up, but we shall mention him no further.

We tell you now instead about the Tang elder and his disciples, the four of them, sleeping in the Chen household. Just before dawn, all of them began to feel the chill even inside their blankets and their pillows turning cold. Sneezing and shivering, Eight Rules could no longer sleep, and he called out, “Elder Brother, it’s very cold!”

“Idiot, why don’t you grow up!” said Pilgrim. “Those who have left the family cannot be touched by heat or cold. How could you be afraid of the cold?”

Tripitaka said, “Disciple, it is indeed cold. Look! Even the

*Heavy quilts provide no warmth,
And hands in sleeves feel like ice.
Presently frost buds dangle from withered leaves,
And icy bells form on the hoary pines.
The ground cracks for the severe cold;
The pond’s level as the water’s frozen.
No old fisher is seen on any boat,
Nor a monk at the mountain temple.
Wood is scarce and the woodman’s sad;
Charcoals added, and the noble’s glad.
The soldier’s beard is like iron;
The poet’s brush is all hardened.
A leather coat still seems too thin;
A fur robe feels even too light.
On straw mats old priests turn stiff;
By paper screens no traveler can sleep.
Though brocade covers are heavy,
Your whole body shivers and shakes!”*

Neither master nor disciples could sleep any longer; they scrambled up, and after putting on their clothes they opened the door to look outside. Ah! It was completely white, for it was snowing. “No wonder you were complaining of the cold,” said Pilgrim. “It’s snowing heavily!”

The four of them stared at it. Marvelous snow! You see

Dark clouds densely formed—
 Gray fog thickly gathered—
 Dark clouds densely formed,
 As a frigid wind howls throughout the sky;
 Gray fog densely gathered,
 As a great snowfall covers the earth.
 Truly it is like
 A flower that blooms six times,
 Each petal a precious jasper;
 Or a thousand-tree forest,
 Each plant bedecked with jade.
 In a moment: piles of flour!
 In an instant: heaps of salt!
 The white parrot has lost its essence;
 The frosty crane can't boast of its cost.
 You add to all rivers of Wu and Chu
 Or press down plum blossoms of the southeast.
 Now it seems like vanquished jade dragons, some three million strong—
 Indeed like torn scales and ripped armor flying through the air.
 Where can one find Dongguo's shoes,
 Yuan An's resting place,
 Or the glow by which Sun Kang studied?
 Nor can one see Ziyong's boat,
 Wang Gong's robe,
 Or blankets which fed Su Wu.
 All you have are some village huts of silver bricks,
 And a country side kneaded out of jade.
 Marvelous snow—
 Willow fleeces o'erspreading bridges;
 Pear blossoms coating houses.
 Willow fleeces o'erspreading bridges
 As a fisher hangs up his coir-coat by the bridge;
 Pear blossoms coating houses
 As wild codgers burn tree roots in houses.
 The guests find it hard to buy wine;
 The old servant can't find the plums.
 Flitting and fluttering like butterfly wings;
 Drifting and soaring like goose down;
 Churning and rolling it follows the wind;
 In heaps and mounds it hides the roads.
 In waves the chilly might pierces the screens;
 Souging, the cold air penetrates the drapes.
 A good year's fine omens drop from the sky
 To wish humans in their affairs success.

That snow came down fluttering, like flying threads of silk and finely cut chips of jade. After master and disciples gazed at it for a while, admiring its beauty, they saw the elder Chen approaching as two houseboys swept open a path. Two more brought along hot water for them to wash their faces, after which others presented hot tea and

milk cakes. Then they carried charcoal fires into the parlor and invited master and disciples to sit inside. “Old Benefactor,” asked the elder, “may I inquire whether the seasons of your region are divided into spring, summer, autumn, and winter?” With a smile, the elder Chen said, “Though ours is a rather out-of-the-way region, only our people and our customs are different from those of a noble nation. But all the grains and livestock share the benefits of the same Heaven and the same sun. How could the four seasons be lacking?”

“If so,” said Tripitaka, “how is it that we have such a great snowfall at this time of the year and such a terrible cold?”

The elder Chen said, “Though this is only the seventh month, we just passed White Dew yesterday, and that means that we are approaching the eighth month. In this place of ours, we have frost and snow during the eighth month.”

“That’s quite different from our Land of the East,” said Tripitaka, “for we never have snow back there until winter actually arrives.”

As they conversed, the servants came forward once more to set the tables for them to dine on rice gruel. After the meal, the snow fell even more heavily, and soon it was two feet deep on the ground. Growing more and more anxious, Tripitaka began to weep.

“Venerable Father, please do not worry,” said the elder Chen. “Please don’t let the deep snow bother you. We have stored up in our house a considerable amount of food, and, I dare say, sufficient to feed all of you for quite a long time.”

Tripitaka said, “You don’t understand my sorrow, Old Benefactor. In that past year when I was entrusted with the decree to acquire scriptures, His Majesty personally escorted me outside the capital. With his own hand holding the goblet to toast me, the Tang emperor asked me, ‘When can you return?’ Not having any idea of the dangers of mountains and waters, this humble priest replied rather casually, ‘After three years I shall be able to return to our nation with the scriptures.’ Since we parted, it has been seven or eight years, and I have yet to see the face of Buddha. I have great fear that I might have exceeded the imperial limit, and I also am troubled by the viciousness of demons and monsters. Today it is my good fortune to live in your great mansion. After the small service rendered you by my foolish disciples last night, I had hopes that I could ask you for a boat to cross the river. Little did I expect that Heaven would send down this great snowfall to block and cover all the roads. Now I wonder when I would attain my goal and be able to return home.”

“Relax, Venerable Father,” said the elder Chen, “for after all, many days of your journey have passed already. It does not matter if you spend a few more days here. When the weather clears and the ice melts, this old moron will see to it that you cross the river, even if I have to exhaust my wealth to do it.” Just then, a houseboy came to invite them to breakfast. After they finished that in the front hall, they hardly had time to converse when lunch was served also. Troubled by the sight of the elaborately prepared meal, Tripitaka said in great earnestness, “If you are kind enough to take us in, you must treat us as ordinary members of the family.”

“Venerable Father,” said elder Chen, “we are deeply indebted to you for saving our children’s lives. Even if we were to feast you every day, we could never repay you sufficiently.”

Thereafter the snow stopped, and people soon began to come and go once more. When the elder Chen saw how unhappy Tripitaka appeared to be, he asked that the garden be swept out. After a huge brazier with fire was sent for, he invited the whole party to spend some time in a snow cave. "This old fellow doesn't quite use his head!" said Eight Rules, laughing. "One can admire the garden in the second or the third month during the time of spring. But after such a big snowfall, and it's so cold now, what's there for us to admire?" Pilgrim said, "Idiot, you *are* ignorant! The scenery of snow quite naturally has a mysterious calm, something which not only we can enjoy but which also can console our master."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said the elder Chen. Following his beckoning, they went to the garden and they saw

*A scenery of late autumn,
When prospects of La appeared.
Jadelike buds formed on hoary pines;
Silver blooms hung on lifeless willows.
Jade-moss beneath the steps heaped up powder;
Bamboos before the window sprouted jasper roots.
On artificial mountains—
In domestic fish ponds—
On artful rockeries
Pointed peaks were ranged like shoots of jade;
In garden fish ponds
The clear, running water became ice trays.
By the banks the color of hibiscus faded
And their tender twigs all drooped near the ridge.
Begonia plants
Were completely crushed;
Winter-plum trees
Brought forth new branches.
The peony arbor,
The pomegranate arbor,
And the cassia arbor—
Every arbor was piled high with goose down;
The place of enjoyment,
The place of entertainment,
The place of amusement—
Each place was covered with butterfly wings.
Two fences of chrysanthemum: white jade framed in gold;
A few maple trees: lovely red lined with white.
Since countless courtyards were too cold to reach,
You might admire the snow cave chilly as ice.
Inside sat a beast-face brazier with elephant legs,
In which a hot charcoal fire had just begun.
All around were some lacquered armchairs draped with tiger skins
By the paper windows set so warm and soft.*

Inside the cave, there were hung on walls several old paintings by famous hands, the themes of which all had to do with

*Seven worthies going through the pass,
 A cold river's lonely fisher,
 The scenes of snow-bound mountain plateaus;
 Su Wu feeding on his blanket,
 Breaking a plum-twigg for the mailman,
 And frigid art wrought by trees and plants of jade.
 You can't begin to describe
 The house by the waters where fishes are easily bought,
 Or how scarce is wine when snow buries the roads.
 Truly this is a place most worthy to linger in.
 Think of it, and you needn't visit Penghu.*

After they had admired the scenery for a long while, they sat down in the snow cave and chatted with some of the aged neighbors on the matter of acquiring scriptures. When they finished drinking some fragrant tea, the elder Chen asked again, "Would the several Venerable Fathers take some wine?"

"This humble cleric does not drink," said Tripitaka, "but my disciples may drink a few cups of vegetarian wine."

Delighted, the elder Chen at once gave the order:

"Bring fruits and vegetables, and warm the wine. We would like to help our guests ward off the chill."

The houseboys and servants brought forth tables and small braziers for heating the wine. The pilgrims and the neighbors each drank a few cups before the utensils were taken away.

Soon it was dusk, and they were taken back to the front hall again for dinner. Just then, someone walking on the street was heard saying, "What chilly weather! Even the Heaven-Reaching River is frozen!" On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, if the river is frozen, what shall we do?"

"This sudden cold," said the elder Chen, "must have frozen only the shallow parts of the river near the bank."

But the man walking on the street was saying, "All eight hundred miles across the river are so solidly frozen that its surface is smooth like a mirror. Even people are walking on it." When Tripitaka heard that there were people walking on the river, he immediately wanted to go and look. "Please be patient, Venerable Father," said the elder Chen, "for it's getting late now. We shall go tomorrow."

They took leave of the neighbors, and after dinner, they rested in the parlors as they had the night before.

When they arose the next morning, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, last night was even colder. The river, I suppose, must be solidly frozen."

Facing the door, Tripitaka knelt down and bowed toward Heaven, saying, "All you great Guardians of the Faith, your disciple has with complete sincerity resolved to journey to the West to see Buddha. Throughout the bitter experience of traversing mountains and streams, I have never once complained. Having reached this place, I thank Heaven for providing assistance by freezing the river."

Your disciples therefore wish to offer you our thanksgiving first. After we have acquired the scriptures, we shall inform the Tang emperor so that he may repay this favor of yours with all due reverence.”

After he finished praying, he ordered Wujing immediately to saddle the horse so that they could walk on the ice to cross the river. “Please be patient,” said the elder Chen again. “Wait for a few days until the snow and ice melt away. This old moron will prepare a boat to take you across.”

“I don’t think we should settle on staying or leaving,” said Sha Monk, “for what we hear is not as reliable as what we see. Let me saddle the horse, but Master should go personally to the river to have a look.”

“You are right,” said the elder Chen. “Little ones, go and saddle six horses at once. But don’t saddle Father Tang’s horse yet.” With six houseboys following, all of them went to the bank of the river to look. Truly there were

*Snow piles rising up like hills,
As sunlight broke up the clouds of dawn.
The southern border froze to turn barren all peaks;
Ice formed to make lakes and rivers flat and smooth.
The wind was cold and biting;
The ground was hard and slippery.
Pond fishes cuddled dense weeds;
Wild birds hugged dead branches.
Travelers abroad all lost their fingers;
The river boatman’s teeth madly chattered.
Snake bellies split;
Bird feet snapped.
Truly the icebergs rose a thousand feet tall.
Cold silver floated in countless ravines;
The whole river seemed one cold piece of jade.
The East might think that they produced silkworms,
But the North in truth had their caves of rats.
Here Wang Xiang lay;
Here Guangwu crossed.
In one night e’en the river bottom all hardened!
The winding stream formed jagged layers;
The deep river turned frozen blocks.
Not a ripple throughout the water’s width,
It seemed a road on land, just bright and smooth.*

When Tripitaka and the others came up to the river’s edge, they stopped the horses to look, and true enough, there were people walking on to the ice from the main road. “Benefactor,” said Tripitaka, “where are those people going on the ice?”

The elder Chen said, “On the far side of the river is the Western Kingdom of Women, and these people must be traders. Things worth a hundred pennies on our side can fetch a hundred times more over there, and their things worth a hundred pennies can similarly fetch a handsome price over here. In view of such heavy profits, it is understandable that people want to make this journey without regard for life or death. Usually, five or seven people, and the number may even swell to more than ten, will crowd into a boat to cross the river.

When they see that the river is frozen now, they are risking everything to try to cross it on foot.”

“Profit and fame,” said Tripitaka, “are regarded as most important in the affairs of the world; for profit, men would give up their own lives. But the fact that this disciple strives so hard to fulfill the imperial decree may also be taken as his quest for fame. Am I so different really from those people?”

He turned around and said, “Wukong, go quickly back to our Benefactor’s home and pack. Saddle up the horse, too. Let’s make use of the ice and leave for the West at once.” Smiling broadly, Pilgrim obeyed.

“O Master,” said Sha Monk, “the proverb says, ‘In a thousand days, you only eat a thousand pecks of rice.’ You are already indebted to the hospitality of Mr. Chen. Why not stay a few more days and wait until the weather turns warmer, when we can cross with a boat? Otherwise, I fear that all this hurry may cause us to make mistakes.”

“Wujing,” said Tripitaka, “how could you be so unthinking? If this were during the second month of the year, one might well expect the weather to warm up day by day and the snow to melt eventually. But this is after all the eighth month, and it will grow colder and colder from now on. How could you expect the ice to break so readily? If we were to wait, wouldn’t our trip be delayed, perhaps even up to half a year?” Leaping down from the horse, Eight Rules said, “Stop arguing, all of you, and let old Hog test it to see what’s the thickness of the ice.”

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim, “you threw a stone the other night and succeeded in testing the depth of the water. But the ice now is solid and heavy. How could you test it?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you don’t realize that I can give the ice a blow with my rake. If it breaks open, it will be too thin for us to walk on, but if it does not, it will be thick enough. There’s no reason for us not to want to walk on it.”

“Yes,” said Tripitaka, “what you said is quite reasonable.”

Hitching up his robe and walking forward in great strides, Idiot went to the edge of the river. He raised the muckrake high with both hands and brought it down with all his might. A loud thud could be heard and nine white marks were left on the ice, while Idiot’s hands were momentarily numbed by the impact. “You can walk on it! You can walk on it!” said he, laughing. “Even the bottom is solid!” When Tripitaka heard this, he was very pleased. He went back hurriedly to the Chen household and all he could say was that they had to leave at once. When those two old men found that all their earnest pleas for him to remain fell only on deaf ears, they had no alternative but to prepare some such dried food as baked biscuits and breads to give to the pilgrims. As the whole family came out to kowtow to them, the old men also brought out a tray of gold and silver. Going to their knees, they said, “We thank you again, Venerable Fathers, for saving our children. Please take this, just for a meal on your way.” Shaking his head and waving his hand, Tripitaka refused to accept it, saying, “This humble monk is a person who has left the family. I have no need of money. Even if I were to keep it, I wouldn’t dare use it on our way, for begging is our proper means of livelihood. It is more than enough for us to take the dried goods.”

The two old men pleaded with him again and again; so Pilgrim stuck his finger into the tray and lifted up a tiny piece, approximately as heavy as four or five drams, which he handed over to the Tang Monk, saying, “Master, keep it as their offering so that these two will not be too disappointed.”

They thus said farewell and the pilgrims went to the river, but when the horse stepped onto the ice, it began to slip and slide and Tripitaka was almost thrown off its back. "Master," shouted Sha Monk, "we can't go!"

"Stop for a moment," said Eight Rules, "and let's ask Mr. Chen for some straw."

"What for?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules replied, "You wouldn't have any idea about this! The straw will be used to wrap up the hoofs of the horse, so that Master won't fall down." When the elder Chen heard on the shore what Eight Rules said, he told someone to fetch the straw at once. After the Tang Monk returned to the bank and dismounted, Eight Rules wrapped all four hoofs of the horse with straw and that enabled it to step on the ice without slipping.

Having taken leave of the Chen clan at the edge of the river, they proceeded for no more than three or four miles when Eight Rules handed the nine-ringed priestly staff to the Tang Monk, saying, "Master, put this across your saddle."

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "don't be so sly! You're supposed to carry this priestly staff. Why are you asking Master to do it?"

"Since you have no experience in walking on ice," said Eight Rules, "you will not think of this. Even the thickest of ice has holes; step on one of them and you will plunge into the water. Without something like this held crosswise, you will sink rapidly while the ice above closes in like a huge wok cover. You can never crawl out again unless you have something like this to stop your fall." Snickering, Pilgrim said to himself, "This Idiot must have walked on ice for years!" So, all of them followed what Eight Rules told them to do: the elder held the staff crosswise across his saddle; Pilgrim and Sha Monk each carried his iron rod and his fiend-routing treasure staff across his shoulders. Eight Rules, who was poling the luggage, tied the rake sideways at his waist. Master and disciples then felt perfectly safe to proceed.

They journeyed until evening; after eating some dried goods, they dared not stop at all. As the stars and the moon lighted up the ice, turning it into brilliant patches of white, they pressed forward. Indeed, the horse never stopped trotting for the entire night; master and disciples never once closed their eyes. By morning, they ate some more of their provisions and again set out toward the West. As they journeyed, a rending sound came from the bottom of the ice, so frightening the white horse that it almost fell. Greatly astonished, Tripitaka said, "O Disciples, why was there such a sound?"

"This river is so solidly frozen," said Eight Rules, "that the ice formed from top to bottom must be grating the river bed. That may be the sound we heard."

Astonished but pleased by what he was told, Tripitaka urged his horse on and they started out once more.

We now tell you about that fiend, who led various spirits from the water residence and sat waiting for a long time beneath the ice.

Finally, when the sound of the horse's hoofs became audible, he at once exercised his magic power and caused the ice to break open.

The Great Holy Sun managed to leap at once into the air, but his three companions and the white horse all plunged into the water.

After catching hold of Tripitaka, the fiend led the spirits back to the water residence, where he shouted aloud, "Where are you, perch-sister?"

The old perch-mother met him at the door, bowing, and said, "Great King, I'm not worthy of it!"

"Worthy Sister, why do you say that?" said the fiend. "For 'Even a team of horses cannot overtake the word that has left my mouth!' I promised you that if your plan could enable me to catch the Tang Monk, I would become your bond-brother. Today your marvelous plan did materialize, and the Tang Monk had been caught. You think I would retract my promise?"

He then gave the order, "Little ones, bring out the tables and the sharp knives. Cut up this monk: take out his heart, skin him, and debone him. Meanwhile, start the music. I'm going to share him with my worthy Sister, so that both of us will gain longevity."

"Great King," said the perch-mother, "let's not eat him yet, for I fear that his disciples may spoil our party should they come here to search for him. Wait a couple of days, and if no one appears, we can then cut him up. Great King can take your honored seat, while the watery kinsfolk can surround you with singing and dancing. His flesh will be presented to you, and you can take your time to enjoy your feast. Isn't that much better?"

The fiend agreed; the Tang Monk was placed in a lidded stone box about six feet long which was then hidden in the rear of the palace, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We tell you now about Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who managed to recover the luggage in the water. After they had placed it on the white horse, they opened up a path in the water and trod on the waves to rise to the surface. Pilgrim saw them from midair and asked at once, "Where is Master?"

"He changed his family name to Sink," said Eight Rules, "and his given name is To-the-Bottom. We don't know where to look for him. Let's get to shore before we decide what to do."

Eight Rules, you see, happened to be the incarnation of the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds, who in past years was a commander of eighty thousand marines stationed in the Heavenly River. Sha Monk came from the Flowing-Sand River, and the white horse, too, was the descendant of Dragon King of the Western Ocean. That was why all of them felt so comfortable in the water. Led by the Great Sage in the air, they soon returned to the eastern shore, where they brushed down the horse and stripped themselves of their wet garments. After the Great Sage dropped down from the clouds, they went together to the Chen Village. At once someone went to make this report to the two old men:

"Four Fathers went to seek the scriptures, but only three have come back."

The two brothers went quickly out the door to receive them, and they found the clothing of the pilgrims still dripping wet.

"Venerable Fathers," they said, "we pleaded with you to stay and you refused. You would stop only when you came to this! Now, where is Father Tripitaka?"

Eight Rules said, "He's no longer named Tripitaka, for he has changed it to Sink To-the-Bottom."

As tears fell, the two old men said, “How pitiful! How pitiful! We said we would prepare a boat for him to cross the river, but he absolutely refused and that cost him his life.”

“Old fellow,” said Pilgrim, “it’s no use worrying for the dead. But I have a hunch that Master is going to live for a long time yet. Old Monkey knows! It has to be that Great King of Numinous Power, who has planned all this and abducted him. Don’t worry now. Wash our clothes for us and dry our rescript. Make sure our white horse is fed, and let us brothers go and find that fellow. We will not only rescue our master, but we will root out also this evil for your entire village, so that you will be able to live peacefully forever.” When the two brothers heard these words, they were delighted and asked for food for the pilgrims at once.

After the three brothers had a big meal, they gave the horse and the luggage to the Chen family to look after. Each wielding his own weapon, they went straight to the river to search for their master and seize the fiend. Truly

Wrong to walk on thick ice, nature is hurt.

What’s perfection when great elixir leaks?

We do not know in what way they succeeded in rescuing the Tang Monk, and you must listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*Tripitaka meets disaster and sinks to a water home
To bring salvation, Guanyin reveals a fish basket*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk, who took leave of the elder Chen and went to the edge of the river. “Brothers,” said Pilgrim, “the two of you must decide which one will go first into the water.”

Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, neither of us is particularly capable. You are the one who should enter the water first.”

“To tell you the truth, Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “if this were a monster-spirit in a mountain, there would be no need for both of you to exert yourselves. But I can’t quite do business in water. If I were to go into the ocean or walk in a river, I would have to make the water-repelling sign with my fingers, or else I would have to change into a fish or a crab before I could go in. Since I had to make the sign, I would not be able to use my iron rod properly to attack the fiend. But both of you are used to water, and that’s why I am asking you to go.”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “we can go in all right, but we don’t know what to expect once we reach the river bottom. I think we should all go in; you can change into some kind of creature, and I can carry you along as I open up a path in the water. Once we find the lair of the fiend, you can then go inside and scout the place. If Master is still there unharmed, we can begin our assault at once with all our might. But if it were not this fiend who used the magic, or if Master had been drowned or eaten already by him, then there would be no need for us to engage in this bitter quest. We might as well go off in another direction as quickly as possible. How about that?”

“What you said, Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “is most reasonable. Which one of you will carry me?” Secretly pleased, Eight Rules thought to himself, “I don’t know how many times this ape has made a fool of me! So he doesn’t know how to handle himself in water. Let old Hog carry him and give him a taste of his tricks!” Laughing amiably, Idiot said, “Elder Brother, I’ll carry you.”

At once perceiving his intentions, Pilgrim nonetheless played along with him, saying, “All right, that’s fine. Your arms might be even a bit stronger than Wujing’s.”

Thus Eight Rules carried Pilgrim on his back.

As Sha Monk divided the water to make a path, the three brothers all plunged into the Heaven-Reaching River. After journeying for over a hundred miles toward the bottom, that Idiot was about to play a trick on Pilgrim, who at once pulled off a piece of hair, which he changed into a spurious form of himself clinging to the back of Eight Rules. His true self was changed into a hog louse securely lodged in one of Eight Rules’s ears. As Eight Rules walked along, he suddenly and deliberately stumbled so that Pilgrim was sent flying over his head. The spurious form, however, was only a transformed piece of hair; once it left the back of Eight Rules, it drifted away with the current and soon vanished. “Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “how would you explain this? Why didn’t you walk more carefully? It would have been all right if you had fallen in the mud. Now the jolt has sent Big Brother off to who knows where!”

Eight Rules said, “That monkey can’t even stand a fall: just once and he’s melted already. Brother, don’t worry whether he’s dead or alive.

You and I can go search for Master.”

“It’s no good,” said Sha Monk, “for we must have him. Though he may not feel at home in water, he is far more agile than we. If he’s not around, I shall not go with you.” Unable to contain himself any longer, Pilgrim inside Eight Rules’s ear shouted with a loud voice, “Wujing, old Monkey’s right here!” On hearing this, Sha Monk laughed and said, “O dear! This Idiot is as good as dead! How dared you try to play a trick on him? Now you can hear him but you can’t see him. What are you going to do?”

Eight Rules became so frightened that he went to his knees in the mud and kowtowed, saying, “Elder Brother, it’s my fault! Wait till we rescue Master, and I shall apologize to you once more on the shore. Where are you making all this noise from? I’m scared to death! Please reveal your original form. I’ll carry you, and I’ll never dare offend you again.” Pilgrim said, “You are still carrying me, all right! I won’t trick you. Let’s get going quickly!” Still muttering his apologies, Idiot scrambled up and proceeded with Sha Monk.

They journeyed for another hundred miles or so when they came upon a towered building all at once, on which there was, in large letters, the inscription:

“Sea-Turtle House.”

“This must be the residence of the monster-spirit,” said Sha Monk, “but we don’t know that for sure. How could we go up to the door to provoke battle?”

“Wujing,” said Pilgrim, “is there any water around the gate?” Sha Monk said, “No.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “the two of you go and hide on both sides of the door. Let Old Monkey go and scout around.”

Dear Great Sage! Crawling free of Eight Rules’s ear, he shook his body once and changed again into a shrimp-mother with long legs. With two or three leaps, he bounded right inside the gate. As he looked around, he saw the fiend sitting up there while his watery kinsfolk stood in two rows beneath him. There was also a striped-coated perch-mother sitting by his side. They were all having a discussion on how to eat the Tang Monk. Pilgrim looked left and right with great care, but he could not find his master at all. Just then he saw a large-bellied shrimp-mother come out and stand still in the western corridor. Pilgrim leaped up to her and greeted her, saying, “Mama, the Great King is discussing with the others how to eat the Tang Monk. But where is the Tang Monk?”

“He was captured yesterday,” said the shrimp-mother, “after the Great King brought down the snow and created the ice. He is now imprisoned in a stone box at the rear of the palace. If by tomorrow his disciples do not show up to cause any trouble, we will make music and feast on him.”

After he heard this, Pilgrim chatted further with her for awhile before moving toward the rear of the palace. He looked, and sure enough there was a stone box, somewhat like a pigsty that people use in a pigpen or a stone coffin. Measuring it, he found it to be approximately six feet in length. He crawled on top of it and soon heard the pitiful sound of Tripitaka’s weeping coming from inside.

Not uttering a word, Pilgrim cocked his ear to listen. Grinding his teeth in sheer frustration, the master said:

I loathe River Float, a life plagued by woes!

*How many water perils bound me at birth!
 I left my mother's womb to be tossed by waves;
 I plumbed the deep, seeking Buddha in the West.
 I met disaster at Black River before;
 Now in this ice-break, my life will expire.
 I know not if my pupils can come here,
 Or if with true scriptures I can go home.*

Pilgrim could not refrain from calling out, "Master, don't be annoyed. The *Water-Calamity Book* says,

*Earth is the mother of the Five Phases;
 But water is their very source.
 Without earth there is no life;
 Without water there is no growth.*

Old Monkey has arrived!" On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "O Disciple! Please save me!"

"Try to relax," said Pilgrim. "Wait till we seize the monster-spirit and you will be freed from your ordeal."

"Get moving quickly!" said Tripitaka. "One more day and I'll suffocate!"

"That won't happen! That won't happen!" said Pilgrim. "I'm off!"

Turning around, he leaped right out of the gate and changed back into his original form. "Eight Rules!" he shouted. Idiot and Sha Monk drew near, saying, "Elder Brother, what did you find out?"

"It was this fiend all right," said Pilgrim, "who captured Master. He is not yet hurt, but he is imprisoned in a stone box. The two of you should provoke battle at once after old Monkey has gone back up to the surface of the water. If you two can capture him, do so; but if you can't, feign defeat and entice him out to the surface. I'll attack him then."

"Have no worry, Elder Brother," said Sha Monk. "You leave first and let us size up the situation." Making the water-repelling sign with his fingers, Pilgrim darted out of the river and stood on the bank to wait for them.

Look how violent that Eight Rules could become! Dashing up to the gate, he shouted in a severe voice, "Brazen fiend! Send my master out!"

The little monsters inside the gate were so alarmed that they went hurriedly to report, "Great King, someone at the gate is demanding his master."

"That must be one of those brazen monks," said the monster. "Bring out my armor!"

The little fiends took it out quickly. After he was properly suited up, the monster picked up his weapon and walked out the gate. Facing him on the left and on the right were Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who stared intently at him. Dear monster! Look at him!

*His head wore a gleaming helmet of gold.
 A gold cuirass he had that flashed red light.
 Pearl- and jade-studded, a belt wrapped his waist.
 His feet wore strange boots of tobacco brown.*

*The bridge of his nose rose high like a ridge.
 His forehead seemed like a dragon's, broad and wide.
 Both round and fierce his blazing eyes would glare.
 His teeth, like steel swords, were even and sharp.
 His tousled short hair did shoot up like flames.
 His long beard was groomed like a golden awl.
 His mouth held a pond weed, tender and green.
 His hands gripped a nine-grooved red bronze mallet.
 As the gates swung wide open with a creak,
 He bellowed like the thunder of triple spring.
 Features like his are rare in human world.
 Hence he's called Great King of Numinous Power.*

After the fiend walked out of the gates, about a hundred little imps, all wielding lances and swords, followed him out and stood in two columns behind him. "From which monastery have you come," he asked Eight Rules, "and why are you causing a disturbance here?"

"You brazen creature!" shouted Eight Rules. "You were almost beaten to death! You argued with me the other night, and yet you dare play ignorant and ask me again today? I am a disciple of a holy monk from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, and a pilgrim journeying to see Buddha in the Western Heaven for scriptures. Be-fooling the people with your empty magic, you are even audacious enough to call yourself Great King of Numinous Power and indulge in devouring virgin boys and girls from the Chen village. I am One Load of Gold from the family of Chen Qing. Can't you recognize me?"

"Monk," said the monster, "you are quite unreasonable! For taking on the form of One Load of Gold, you should be charged with the crime of false identity. Not only did I not eat you, but the back of my hand was also wounded by you. I have yielded to you already.

How dare you come seeking trouble right up to my door?"

"If you had yielded," said Eight Rules, "then why did you raise up the cold wind and send down the great snowfall? Why did you make the ice to trap my master? Send him out quickly and all will be well. If but half a 'No' escapes from your teeth, I'll never spare you! Just look at this rake in my hands!" On hearing this, the fiend smiled sarcastically and said, "Monk, you are wagging your tongue and bragging! It was I, indeed, who brought the snow and froze the river to abduct your master. Now you are clamoring at my door and demanding his return, but this time, I fear, is not quite the same as the time before. Previously, I brought no weapon with me as I thought I was attending a feast, and you took advantage of me. Don't run away now, because I'm going to fight with you for three rounds. If you can withstand me, I will return your master; if you cannot, I'll eat you also."

"My darling child!" said Eight Rules. "That's the way to talk! Take care, watch my rake!"

"So you became a monk midway in your life," said the fiend. Eight Rules said, "My dear boy, you do have a little Numinous power! How did you know that I became a monk midway in my life?"

“Since you are using a rake,” said the fiend, “you must have been hired as a gardener somewhere, and now you have stolen even your master’s rake!”

“Son,” said Eight Rules, “this rake of mine is no garden tool. Look!

*The huge teeth are forged like dragon claws;
Its handle, white-gold wrapped, is serpent shaped.
When it’s used in battle, cold wind swoops down;
When it’s put to combat, bright flames spring up.
Able to smite fiends for the holy monk,
It catches monsters on the westward way.
When I move it, mist hides the sun and moon.
When I use it, bright, colored lights will shine.
Mount Tai’s toppled, and a thousand tigers cringe.
The sea’s upturned, ten thousand dragons fear.
Though you may have Numinous power,
One blow will give you nine big, gaping holes!”*

That fiend, of course, would not take such words seriously! He raised his bronze mallet and brought it down on Eight Rules’s head.

Using his muckrake to parry the blow, Eight Rules said, “You brazen creature! So, you too, became a spirit midway in your life!”

“How could you tell that I became a spirit midway in my life?” asked the fiend. “If you know how to use a bronze mallet,” said Eight Rules, “you must have been a laborer hired by some silversmith to tend the fires. You took advantage of him and stole his mallet!”

The fiend said, “This is no mallet for forging silver. Look!

*Nine segments formed like petals of a flow’r;
Though hollow the stem’s made of evergreen.
It’s not anything of this mortal world,
It has its birth and name in the house of gods.
Green seeds and cases aged in the jasper pool;
Pure scent and nature born of a jade-green pond.
Since I toiled to temper and refine it,
It’s charged with magic and it’s hard as steel.
Swords, halberds, and spears—all can’t rival it.
Axes and lances—none can withstand it.
Though your rake may be like a sharp-edged sword,
My mallet will break it as it breaks a nail!”*

When Sha Monk saw how the two of them engaged in such exchanges, he could no longer restrain himself from approaching them and shouting, “Fiend! Stop this boasting! The ancients said, ‘What’s spoken proves nothing; only deeds are visible!’ Don’t run away.

Have a taste of my staff!” Using the mallet to parry the blow, the fiend said, “So, you also are someone who became a monk midway in your life!”

“How did you know?” asked Sha Monk. “The way you look,” said the fiend, “you resemble someone who used to work in a pastry shop.” Sha Monk said, “How could you tell that I used to work in a pastry shop?”

“If you didn’t work there,” said the fiend, “how could you learn to use a rolling pin, like the one they made noodles with?”

“You cursed thing!” scolded Sha Monk. “Of course, you haven’t seen anything like this before!

*This kind of weapon is rare in the world;
That’s why you don’t know the treasure staff’s name.
It came from the moon—the shadowless spot—
Carved from a piece of divine śāla wood.
Outside it’s decked with jewels luminous;
Within, a hub of gold’s most glorious.
In bygone days it attended royal feasts;
Now it follows Right and guards the Tang Monk.
Few may know it on the way to the West;
Great fame it has in the Region Above.
It’s called the fiend-routing treasure staff:
One blow and it will surely crack your skull!”*

In no mood to talk further, the fiend charged him; the three of them turned ferocious all at once and began a fierce battle at the bottom of the river.

*Bronze mallet, treasure staff, and muckrake:
Wuneng and Wujing both engaged the fiend.
One was Heavenly Reeds descending to earth;
One was a divine warrior coming from the sky.
Both attacked the water fiend, showing their power.
This one withstood alone the god-monks—a laudable show!
Proper affinity can perfect the great Dao:
Mutual growth or conquest holds Ganges’ sand.
Earth conquers water,
And the bottom’s seen when water dries up;
Water begets wood
Which, flourishing, will bloom like flowers.
Chan and Dao, nurtured, lead to the same essence;
Elixir, refined and forged, tames the three parties.
Earth is mother
Sprouting golden shoots;
Gold begets divine water and the baby’s born.
Water’s the source
To moisten wood.
And wood, thriving, brings forth strong, bright fire.
The conjoined Five Phases will all differ:
That’s why they strive, each changing colors.
Look! Each petal of that bronze mallet was fine and bright;
The treasure staff was wrapped in a thousand strands of silk.
The rake, made according to yin-yang and the stars,
Dealt sundry blows without style or number.
They risked their lives for the monk’s ordeal;
They courted death for Śākyamuni’s sake.
The bronze mallet was kept busy all the time,*

Blocking staff on the left and rake on the right.

The three of them fought for some two hours underneath the water and no decision could be reached. Supposing that they could not prevail against him, Eight Rules winked at Sha Monk, and the two of them at once feigned defeat. They turned and fled, their weapons trailing behind them. "Little ones," ordered the fiend, "stay here. Let me catch up with these fellows and bring them back for you to eat." Look at him! Like the wind blowing dead leaves and the rain beating down the withered flowers, he pursued them right up to the surface of the water.

On the eastern shore, the Great Sage Sun was staring at the water with unblinking eyes. Suddenly huge waves arose in the river and there were shouts and roars. Eight Rules was the first to leap ashore, crying, "He's coming! He's coming!" Sha Monk, too, rushed up to the bank, crying, "He's coming! He's coming!"

He was pursued by the fiend, who yelled, "Where are you running to?" No sooner did he clear the water, however, than he was met by Pilgrim, shouting, "Watch the rod!" Quickly swerving to dodge the blow, the fiend met him with upraised mallet. One of them churned up the waves near the edge of the river, while the other showed forth his power on the bank. Before they reached even three rounds after they closed in, the fiend had already weakened. With a splash he plunged back into the river and disappeared; the wind and the waves thus subsided.

Pilgrim went back to high ground and said, "Brothers, you've worked very hard!"

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "this monsterspirit might not do so well on land, but he was quite formidable beneath the water. Second Elder Brother and I attacked him left and right and both of us could only manage to fight him to a draw. What shall we do to rescue Master?"

"Let's not dillydally," said Pilgrim, "for I fear that he may harm Master."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "we'll go and try to entice him to come out again. You be quiet and wait for him in midair. Once his head emerges, you give him one of those garlic-pounding blows squarely on the top of his skull. Even if you don't kill him, you'll knock him dazed. Old Hog can then finish him off with one blow of the rake."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said Pilgrim. "That's what we call mutual cooperation. Only that can accomplish anything."

The two of them dove into the water again, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that fiend, who fled in defeat and returned to his residence. As the various fiends met him, the perch-mother went up to him and said, "Great King, where did you chase those two monks to?"

The fiend said, "I didn't realize that those monks have another helper, who, when they leaped ashore, tried to hit me with an iron rod. I dodged the blow and fought with him. God knows how heavy that rod of his is! My bronze mallet could not stand up to it at all. Before we finished three rounds, I had to flee in defeat."

"Great King," said the perch-mother, "can you remember how that helper looked?"

“He has a hairy face and a thunder-god beak,” said the fiend, “forked ears and broken nose. A monk with fiery eyes and diamond pupils.” When the perch-mother heard this, she shuddered and said, “O Great King! It was smart of you to flee, and you escaped with your life! Three more rounds and you won’t live at all! I know who that monk is.”

“Who is he?” asked the fiend. “Some years back I was living in the Great Eastern Ocean,” said the perch-mother, “and I heard the old Dragon King talking about him and his reputation. This monk is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, the Handsome Monkey King who is a golden immortal of the great monad and of the primal chaos in the Region Above. Five hundred years ago, he caused great havoc in the Celestial Palace, but now he has embraced Buddhism to accompany the Tang Monk to go to the Western Heaven for scriptures. He has changed his name to Pilgrim Sun Wukong. He has tremendous magic powers and knows many ways of transformation. Great King, how could you tangle with him? From now on, you must not fight with him at all.”

Hardly had she finished speaking when one of the little imps dashed in to report, “Great King, those two monks are here again to provoke battle.”

The monster-spirit said, “My worthy sister’s opinion is very sound! I’m not going to face them again. See what they can do!”

He gave hurriedly this order, “Little ones, shut the gates. As the proverb says,

You may call outside the door;

Your cries I’ll wholly ignore!

They may even stay here for a couple of days, but when they get tired of it, they’ll leave. Then we can freely and leisurely enjoy the Tang Monk.”

All those little fiends started to haul rocks and mud to seal up the entrance to the residence. When Eight Rules and Sha Monk shouted repeatedly without receiving any reply, Idiot in perturbation began to batter the gates with his rake. The gates, of course, were tightly shut, but a few blows of the rake broke them down. Inside the gates, however, was a solid wall of mud and rocks piled sky-high. When Sha Monk saw it, he said, “Second Elder Brother, this fiend is terribly afraid, and that’s why he shuts himself up and refuses to come out. You and I should go back up to shore and discuss the matter with Big Brother.”

Eight Rules agreed and they returned to the eastern shore.

Halfway between cloud and fog, Pilgrim stood waiting and holding his iron rod. When he saw the two of them emerge without the fiend, he lowered his cloud and met them on the bank. “Brothers,” he asked, “how is it that that thing has not come up?” Sha Monk said, “The fiend has shut his doors tightly and refused to come out to meet us. When Second Elder Brother broke the doors, we ran into a solid wall of mud and rocks inside. That’s why we could not even do battle with him. We decided to return to talk to you and see how we could make plans to rescue Master.”

“If that’s how he behaves,” said Pilgrim, “it’s quite hard to think of anything to overcome him.

You two had better patrol the banks to make certain that he doesn’t escape to another place. Let me make a trip.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “where are you going?” Pilgrim said, “I’m going to the Potalaka Mountain to make inquiry of the Bodhisattva. I want to find out

the origin of this monster, his name, and how I may search out his ancestral home. After I have seized his kinsfolk and all his relations, I can return here to rescue Master.” With a laugh, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, the way you do things will waste a lot of time and energy!”

“I won’t waste any time or energy!” said Pilgrim. “I go, and I’ll be back at once!”

Dear Great Sage! Mounting the auspicious luminosity quickly, he left the river and headed straight for the South Sea. In less than half an hour, the Potalaka Mountain came into sight as he lowered his cloud and went up to the summit. The Twenty-four devas, the Great Mountain-Guardian, the disciple Mokṣa, Child Sudhana, and the Pearl-Bearing Dragon Girl all came forward to greet him. “Why did the Great Sage come here?” they asked, and Pilgrim said, “I must see the Bodhisattva.”

“The Bodhisattva left the cave this morning,” said the deities, “and forbade anyone to follow her. She went by herself into the bamboo grove, though she left word that you would arrive today and that we should be here to receive you. She said she would not be able to see you immediately and she asked you to be seated before the cliff for awhile and wait for her to come out.” Pilgrim obeyed and before he had even taken a seat, the Child Sudhana approached him bowing and said, “Great Sage Sun, I must thank you for your past kindness. The Bodhisattva was gracious enough to take me in and I have been her constant companion, waiting upon her beneath her lotus platform. She has, in fact, shown me great favors.” Recognizing that he was formerly the Red Boy, Pilgrim said with a laugh, “In the past you were gripped by demonic delusions. Now that you have attained the right fruit, you must realize that old Monkey is a good person!”

After having waited for a long time, Pilgrim grew very anxious, and he said, “Please make the announcement for me, all of you. If there’s further delay, I do fear for my master’s life.”

“We dare not,” said the deities, “for the Bodhisattva gave specific instruction that you should wait for her to come out.”

As he had always been impulsive, Pilgrim, of course, could stand it no longer and dashed all at once into the bamboo grove. Aha!

*This Handsome Monkey King
Was by nature most impulsive.
The devas could not detain him
When he wished to go inside.
Deep into the grove he strode,
His open eyes stealing a glance.
There the salvific Honored- One
Sat, cross-legged, on bamboo leaves.
Carefree and without makeup
She looked so gentle and mild.
Her tresses, undone, flowed down;
She had no headgear with fringes.
Her blue robe she did not wear,
But only a small waistcoat.
A silk skirt wrapped round her waist.
Her two feet were both naked.*

*Her cloak's silk sash was untied;
Her two arms were completely bare.
Her jadelike hand held up a knife
With which she peeled off bamboo skin.*

When Pilgrim saw her, he could not refrain from calling aloud, "Bodhisattva, your disciple, Sun Wukong, pays you sincere homage."

"Wait outside," commanded the Bodhisattva. Pilgrim went to his knees to kowtow, saying, "Bodhisattva, my master is facing a terrible ordeal. I came especially to ask you concerning the origin of the fiend at Heaven-Reaching River."

"Go out of the grove," said the Bodhisattva, "and wait till I come out." Not daring to force her, Pilgrim had no choice but to walk out of the bamboo grove. He said to the various devas, "The Bodhisattva seems to be all wrapped up today in her domestic affairs. Why is she not sitting at her lotus platform? Why is she not made up? Why does she look so gloomy, making bamboo slips in the grove?"

"We don't know," said the deities. "When she left the cave this morning, she went at once into the grove before she was even properly dressed. She told us also to wait for the Great Sage, and she must be doing something for your affairs." Pilgrim could do nothing but wait.

After awhile, the Bodhisattva emerged from the grove holding a purple-bamboo basket. "Wukong," she said, "I'll go with you to rescue the Tang Monk." Kneeling down hurriedly, Pilgrim said, "Your disciple dares not press you. Let the Bodhisattva dress and ascend her seat first."

"No need to dress," said the Bodhisattva. "I can go with you just like this."

Abandoning the devas, the Bodhisattva mounted the auspicious clouds immediately and rose into the air. Great Sage Sun had to follow her! In a moment, they arrived at the Heaven-Reaching River. On seeing them, Eight Rules said to Sha Monk, "Elder Brother is so impulsive! I wonder what sort of wild clamor he made at South Sea that forced an undressed and unadorned Bodhisattva to come here!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when the Bodhisattva landed on the bank. Bowing, the two disciples said, "Bodhisattva, we have intruded upon you. Please forgive us!" Untying her sash from her vest, the Bodhisattva fastened it to the basket and rose halfway into the air on the clouds. She held the sash and lowered the basket into the river, pulling it toward the upper reach. Then she recited a spell, saying, "The dead depart; the living remain! The dead depart, the living remain!" She repeated this seven times and then lifted up the basket. Inside was a shiny goldfish, still blinking its eyes and tossing about.

"Wukong," cried the Bodhisattva, "go into the water quickly and rescue your master."

"But we have not yet captured the fiend," said Pilgrim. "How could we rescue Master?"

"Isn't the fiend in the basket?" asked the Bodhisattva. Bowing, Eight Rules and Sha Monk said, "How could the little fish get to be so powerful?"

"He is a goldfish reared in my lotus pond," said the Bodhisattva. "Every day, he would float with the current to the surface to listen to my lectures, and his powers were acquired from his self-cultivation. That nine-petaled bronze mallet is a stalk supporting

an unopened lotus bud, which the process of his magic cultivation has made into a weapon. I don't know which day it was when high tide carried him to this place. When I watched my flowers leaning on the railing this morning, this fellow did not come out to greet me. I made calculations then by consulting the grooves on my fingers and learned that he had become a spirit here, seeking to harm your master. That was why I did not even bother to put on my clothes or jewels, for I was exercising my divine powers to fashion this basket to catch him."

"Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, "please remain here for a moment. Let me go and call together the believers in the Chen village so that they may gaze upon your golden visage. This will be your great favor toward them, and, moreover, the account of how you have captured the fiend will help these mortal humans to become your devout worshippers."

"All right," said the Bodhisattva. "Go and call them together quickly."

Eight Rules and Sha Monk sprinted back to the village, screaming, "Come, all of you, to see the living Bodhisattva Guanyin!"

The inhabitants of the entire village, young and old, all rushed to the edge of the river. Without regard for the mud and water, they all knelt down and kowtowed. Someone skilled in painting among them at once made a portrait of the goddess, and that was how the picture of the Guanyin with a fish basket came about. Thereafter, the Bodhisattva returned to South Sea.

Opening a path in the water, Eight Rules and Sha Monk went straight to the Sea-Turtle House to search for their master. The watery fiends and fish spirits inside were all dead. They went to the rear of the palace and opened the stone box. Then they carried the Tang Monk to leave the waves and to be reunited with the others on the shore. Chen Qing and his brother in gratitude kowtowed to them, saying, "Venerable Father, you should have listened to our pleadings and you would not have had to undergo such suffering."

"No need to say that anymore," said Pilgrim. "You people here will have no need to make any more sacrifices next year, for the Great King has been done away with. He will take no more lives. Mr. Chen, now we must count on you to find a boat to take us across the river."

"We have one! We have one!" said Chen Qing. He at once gave the order to build a boat; when the villagers heard this, everyone responded with enthusiasm. One of them said that he would purchase the mast and another volunteered to get the oars. Some of them wanted to bring the ropes, while still others promised to hire the sailors.

As they were making such clamor by the bank of the river, they suddenly heard this cry coming from the middle of the water:

"Great Sage Sun, there is no need for a boat that will only be a waste of money and materials. I'll take you four across the river." When the people heard this, they were so frightened that the timid ones fled back to the village, while the more courageous among them, trembling all over, stole glances at where the voice was coming from. Instantly, out crawled a strange creature from the depths. "How did he look?" you ask. He is

*A square-headed divine not of this world;
His name: a water god most subtle and shrewd.
His tail can life prolong a thousand years;*

*He hides himself in a hundred rivers deep.
Vaulting on waves and currents he comes to shore;
Facing the sun and wind he lies on the beach.
Truly enlightened he nourishes his breath,
An old turtle, scabby headed and white shelled.*

“Great Sage,” cried the old sea-turtle again, “don’t build the boat. I’ll take all of you, master and disciples, across the river.” Raising high his iron rod, Pilgrim said, “Cursed creature! If you dare approach me, I’ll kill you with one blow of my rod!”

“I am grateful to the kindness of the Great Sage,” said the old turtle, “and that’s why I want to help all of you with the best intention. Why do you want to hit me instead?”

“What kindness have I shown you?” asked Pilgrim.

The old turtle said, “Great Sage, you don’t realize that the Sea-Turtle House down below happens to be my residence, a place my ancestors handed down to me from generation to generation. Since I had awakened to my source and origin, I succeeded in nourishing my numinous breath to enable me to practice self-cultivation here. The house had been rebuilt by me and named the Sea-Turtle House.

Nine years ago, that fiend arrived during a huge tidal wave, and at once he let loose his violence and fought with me. He slew many of my children and robbed me of many of my kinsfolk. I was no match for him, and my house was taken away by force. Now I am truly indebted to the Great Sage, who in his attempt to rescue his master, has succeeded in bringing the Bodhisattva Guanyin here to disperse all the fiendish miasma. With the monster seized, the house belongs to me once again. Now I can be reunited with my kin, young and old; I can occupy my old home again without having to rest on earth or recline on mud. This favor of yours is indeed great as a mountain and deep as the sea. But it is not just I myself who am indebted to you. The entire village here has been exempted from ever having to make the annual sacrifice, and countless children’s lives are spared. This is indeed a case of the double gain with a single move. Dare I not show my gratitude and try to repay you?” Secretly pleased by what he heard, Pilgrim put away his iron rod and said, “Are you really sincere about this?”

The old turtle said, “I’m a recipient of the Great Sage’s profound kindness. How dare I play false?”

“Swear to Heaven that you are telling the truth,” said Pilgrim. Opening wide his huge red mouth toward the sky, the old turtle said, “If I do not truly intend to send the Tang Monk across the Heaven-Reaching River, may my body turn into blood!”

“You come here then,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. Swimming to the edge of the river, the old turtle then crawled up the bank. When the people gathered about him to take a look, they found a huge white globe of a shell, about forty feet in its circumference. “Master,” said Pilgrim, “we can get on him and cross over.”

Tripitaka said, “Disciple, even that thick ice before gave us difficulty. I wonder if this turtle’s carapace is safe at all.”

“Please do not worry, Master,” said the old turtle, “I’m much safer than that thick ice! If I make even one slip, I’ll not achieve my merit.”

“O Master!” said Pilgrim. “It is not likely for a creature who has acquired human speech to lie. Brothers, bring us the horse! Quick!”

As they went to the edge of the river, the entire Chen village, young and old, all came to bow to them. After Pilgrim led the horse up onto the back of the old turtle, he asked the Tang Monk to stand to the left of the horse's neck, Sha Monk to the right, and Eight Rules at the back. Pilgrim himself stood in front of the horse. Fearing that the turtle might cause trouble nevertheless, he untied the sash of his tiger-skin kilt and fastened it to the nose of the turtle, pulling it up like a rein. He placed one foot on the turtle's back and the other foot on its head; one hand held the iron rod while the other held the rein. "Old Turtle," said he, "go slowly. One wrong move and I'll give your head a blow!"

"I dare not! I dare not!" said the old turtle. Stretching forth his four legs, the turtle trod on the surface of the water as smoothly as if he were walking on level ground. The people on shore all burned incense and kowtowed, everyone chanting, "Namo Amitābha!" It was truly as if real arhats were descending to earth and living Bodhisattvas revealing themselves. The people worshipped until they could no longer see the pilgrims before they dispersed, and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you instead about the master riding on the white turtle; in less than a day, they crossed the Heaven-Reaching River of eight hundred miles. With dry hands and feet, they went ashore. As Tripitaka landed, he pressed his palms together to give thanks, saying, "I have troubled you, old Turtle, but there is nothing I can give you. Let me acquire the scriptures first, and when I come back, I'll thank you then with a gift."

The old turtle said, "There's no need for any gift from you, old Master. But I have heard that the Buddhist Patriarch in the Western Heaven has not only transcended the process of birth and death, but he has also the knowledge of past and future. I have practiced self-cultivation here for a full thirteen hundred years. Though I have lengthened my age and lightened my body, and I have also acquired the knowledge of human speech, I find it difficult to shed my original shell. When you get to the Western Heaven, I beg the old Master to inquire of the Buddhist Patriarch and see when I may cast off my original shell to acquire a human body."

Tripitaka said, "I promise to ask."

Then the old turtle turned around and plunged back into the water. Pilgrim helped Tang Monk to mount the horse, Eight Rules poled the luggage, and Sha Monk took up the rear. Master and disciples found the main road and started out again toward the West. Thus it was that

*The holy monk sought Buddha by decree
Through a vast distance and many ordeals.
His mind was steadfast, undaunted by death;
He crossed Heaven River on a turtle's back.*

We don't know exactly how far they still have to go, or whether good or evil befalls them; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY

*Nature follows confused feelings through lust and desire
Faint spirit and moved mind meet a demon chief*

The poem says:

*Sweep often the grounds of the mind;
Wipe clean the dust of affections.
Let not the pit ensnare your Buddha-self.
Only when essential self's clean
May you your primal source convene.
You must lift and trim nature's wick
To breathe thus freely at Caoxi.
Keep the horse and the ape from sounding harsh:
Through night and day a breath serene
Will let all your technique be seen.*

The tune of this lyric poem is called A Southern Branch. It is meant to describe the Tang Monk and how he escaped from his ordeal of ice in the Heaven-Reaching River and how he ascended the other shore by standing on the white turtle. Master and the disciples, the four of them, followed the main road and set out again toward the West. It was the time of midwinter, and they saw

*Faint outlines of woodlands in the mists,
Clear frames of bare mountains in the stream.*

As master and disciples walked along, they again came upon a huge mountain blocking their way. The road turned exceedingly narrow and the cliffs were tall; moreover, there were many rocks and the ridges were so steep that it would be difficult for humans or horses to proceed. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka called out, "Disciples." Pilgrim led Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk forward, saying, "Master, what do you have to say?"

"Look how tall the mountain is ahead of us," said Tripitaka. "I fear that tigers and wolves might run rampant up there, or strange beasts might come out to attack us. Be careful!"

"Please do not worry, Master," said Pilgrim. "We three brothers are united in a single effort to embrace the Right and seek the Real. We will exercise our power to disperse monsters and subdue fiends. You needn't be afraid of any tigers or wolves!" On hearing his words, Tripitaka felt more assured and urged his horse forward to ascend the cliff. As they did so, they glanced around and saw that it was quite a mountain indeed.

*Rugged and soaring—
Pointed and towering—
Rugged and soaring it rises to the sky;
Pointed and towering it blocks the blue heavens.
Strange rocks piled high like tigers sitting;
Hoary pines aslant like dragons flying.
Atop the peak a bird sings a pretty song;
Before the cliff the plums waft a strong, sweet scent.*

*The brook swells and surges, its water cold;
 The clouds assail the summit, dense and dark.
 You also feel the drifting snow,
 The biting wind,
 And the mountain's roaring, famished tiger.
 Jackdaws pick through the trees but find no nest;
 Wild deer search in vain for a place to rest.
 Pity the travelers, who can hardly walk:
 Crestfallen, downcast, they cover their heads!*

Master and disciples, the four of them, braved the snow and cold to scale, shivering, the rugged peak. After they passed it, they saw in the distance a towered building in the fold of the mountain and some charming buildings nearby. Delighted, the Tang Monk said on his horse, "O Disciples, I feel so cold and hungry today! It's a good thing that there are in the fold of the mountain that building and the houses. It has to be either a village, a mansion, an abbey, or a monastery. Let's go and beg for some food. We can move on after we have a meal." When Pilgrim heard this, he opened wide his eyes to look and saw that the place was shrouded with baleful clouds and diabolical air. "Master," he turned to speak to the Tang Monk, "that's not a good place."

"There are buildings and houses," said Tripitaka. "Why isn't it a good place?"

"O Master," said Pilgrim with a snicker, "how could you know? There are plenty of monsters and demons on the way to the West, and they are most capable of devising some form of houses or dwellings. It doesn't matter whether it is a towered building or a pavilion, or some such edifice; any one of these can be merely a transformation to deceive people.

You have heard of the saying that 'a dragon can beget nine kinds of offspring.' One of them is the giant clam; the breath this creature emits is luminous and takes on the appearance of buildings and houses. When a big river is caught in inclement weather, that's when the giant clam produces such a mirage. If some birds or crows happen to fly by and decide to rest their wings on these specious buildings, the clam will swallow them with one gulp. It's a vicious trap. When I see how baleful the aura is over there, I must tell you not to approach it."

"So we can't go over there," said Tripitaka, "but I'm really hungry!"

"If you are, Master, please dismount," said Pilgrim. "Sit here on level ground and let me go somewhere to beg some vegetarian food for you to eat."

Tripitaka consented and dismounted. After Eight Rules took hold of the reins, Sha Monk put down the luggage and untied the wrap to take out the alms bowl to hand over to Pilgrim. Taking it in his hand, Pilgrim gave this instruction to Sha Monk:

"Worthy Brother, don't go forward. Just stand guard over Master sitting here. Wait until I come back with the food and we can then set out again to the West." Sha Monk obeyed, and Pilgrim said once more to Tripitaka, "Master, that place in front of us betokens more evil than good. Don't ever leave here and go elsewhere.

Old Monkey is off to beg for food."

"Don't talk anymore," said the Tang Monk. "Just go quickly and come back. I'll wait for you here." Pilgrim turned and was about to leave, but he walked back again to say, "Master, I realize you can't sit still for very long. Let me provide you with some means of safety."

He took out his golden-hooped rod and drew on the level ground a large circle. The Tang Monk was asked to sit in its middle, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk stood by either side of him. The horse and the luggage, too, were placed near them. Then Pilgrim pressed his palms together to bow to the Tang Monk, saying, "The circle drawn by old Monkey here is as strong as an iron wall. No matter what they are—tigers, wolves, ogres, or demons—they will not dare come near you. But you must not step out of the circle. Remain seated inside and no harm will come to you. But if you leave the circle, you will in all likelihood meet with danger. Please take heed of my words! Please take heed of my words!"

Tripitaka agreed and all three of them sat down solemnly in the circle.

Mounting the clouds, Pilgrim went south to search for a place to beg for food. Suddenly he saw some tall, aged trees, near which was a village. He lowered his cloud and took a careful look. He saw

*Snow abusing weak willows
And ice frozen in the square pond;
Sparse bamboos waving their blue;
Dense pine trees holding their green;
A few thatched huts half decked with silver;
A small, slanted bridge powder-dusted;
Half-bloomed narcissus by the fence;
Long icicles dangling beneath the eaves.
The piercing cold wind wafted a rare scent,
But snow hid the place where plum flowers bloomed.*

As Pilgrim admired the scenery of the village, he heard one of the wooden gates open with a creak and out walked an old man, who wore a lamb's-wool hat, a long robe full of holes, and a pair of grass sandals. Supporting himself with a staff, he looked up to the sky and said, "Ah, the northwest wind is rising. It'll be fair tomorrow."

Hardly had he finished speaking when a Pekingese ran out from behind him and barked furiously at Pilgrim. Only then did the old man turn around.

Pilgrim stood before him holding the alms bowl and bowed, saying, "Old Benefactor, this priest happens to be someone sent by imperial decree of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. We are passing through your region and my master is hungry. I have come to your honorable residence to beg you for some vegetarian food." When the old man heard this, he shook his head and struck the ground several times with his staff, saying, "Elder, you shouldn't beg for food just yet, for you have taken the wrong road."

"I have not," said Pilgrim. The old man said, "The main road to the Western Heaven is due north of here, over a thousand miles away. You should go and find that road at once." Pilgrim laughed and said, "Yes, it is due north of here, and my master right now is sitting beside that road and waiting for me to beg for food."

"This monk is babbling!" said the old man. "If your master is indeed waiting at the main road for you to beg for food, a distance of a thousand miles will require six or seven days of traveling one way, even if you happen to be an exceptionally adroit traveler. When you go back to him, it will take another week or so. By then, he would be long starved to death, wouldn't he?" Pilgrim laughed again and said, "To tell you the truth, Old Benefactor, I left my master not long ago, and it took me no more than the

time of drinking a cup of tea to get to this place. Once I succeed in begging some food, I shall rush back to serve it to him for lunch.” On hearing this, the old man became terribly frightened, thinking to himself, “This priest is a ghost! A ghost!”

He turned around and began to dash inside. Pilgrim made a grab at him and said, “Benefactor, where are you going? If you have some food, donate it to us.”

“It’s not convenient! It’s not convenient!” said the old man. “Go to some other family.”

“Benefactor,” said Pilgrim, “you aren’t very considerate! As you said, this place is over a thousand miles away from the main road. If I go to another family, it may take another thousand miles. Wouldn’t my master be really starved to death then?”

“To tell you the truth,” said the old man, “there are altogether six or seven people in my family, and we have just washed and placed three pints of rice in the cauldron. It’s not even fully cooked yet. Please go somewhere else to look for your food.” Pilgrim said, “As the ancients said, ‘Walking to three other houses is not like sitting in one.’ This humble priest will sit here and wait.” When the old man saw how persistent Pilgrim was, he became angry; lifting his staff, he struck out at Pilgrim. Not the least intimidated, Pilgrim allowed the old man to hit his bald head seven or eight times without a flinch—it was as if someone were scratching an itch for him! “This is a priest with a collision-proof head!” said the old man. “Venerable Sir,” said Pilgrim, chuckling, “you can hit me all you want. But you’d better remember the number of blows you give me: one blow will cost you one pint of rice! You can take your time and measure it!” On hearing this, the old man quickly dropped his staff and ran inside. He slammed the door shut, yelling, “A ghost! A ghost!”

The entire household was so terrified that both the front and the back doors were at once tightly bolted.

When Pilgrim saw that the doors were shut, he thought to himself, “This old rogue said that they had just washed the rice and placed it in the cauldron. I wonder if he was telling the truth. As the proverb says, ‘The Daoists beg from the worthies but the Buddhists from the fools.’ Let old Monkey go in and take a look.”

Dear Great Sage! He made the magic sign with his fingers and used the magic of invisibility to walk straight into the kitchen: steam was indeed rising from the cauldron, for there was inside it half a cauldron of dried rice. He stuffed the alms bowl into the cauldron and gave it a strong scoop to fill the alms bowl with rice. He then mounted the clouds to go back to his master, and we shall not speak of him for the moment.

We tell you now instead about the Tang Monk sitting in the circle. He waited for a long time without seeing Pilgrim returning. Half rising, he said dejectedly, “Where did that ape go to beg for food?”

“Who knows!” said Eight Rules on one side, snickering. “He must have gone somewhere to play around! You think he’s going to beg for food? He just wants us imprisoned here!”

“What do you mean by imprisoned?” asked Tripitaka. “Don’t you know, Master?” said Eight Rules. “The ancients drew on the ground to establish a jail.

That’s what he did! He drew a circle with his rod, and he claimed that it was stronger than a wall of iron. But if some tigers or ferocious beasts really showed up, how could this circle protect us? We might as well give ourselves to them for food!”

“Wuneng,” said Tripitaka, “what do you propose to do?”

Eight Rules said, “This place can’t shelter us from the wind or the cold. If you agree with old Hog, we should follow this road and start out toward the West once more. If Elder Brother manages to get some food, he will no doubt return quickly, riding on his cloud. He should have no difficulty catching up with us, and when there is food, we can stop and eat first before we move on. Sitting here all this time will only make our feet grow cold!” It was the bad luck of Tripitaka to have heard these words! He agreed with Idiot and all of them walked out of the circle. Eight Rules led the horse while Sha Monk poled the luggage; the elder did not even climb on the horse. Following the road, he walked right up to the towered building and found that it was an edifice facing south. Outside the door was a brick wall painted white with corners like the word eight, which connected with a small towered-gate decorated with carvings of lovebirds hung upside down and painted with five colors. The door of the building was half closed. Eight Rules tied the horse to one of the stoneware door wedges, and Sha Monk put down his pole. As he was sensitive to the cold wind, Tripitaka sat on the threshold. “Master,” said Eight Rules, “this must be the residence of a noble man or an official. If we can’t see anyone near the front door, all the inhabitants must be inside warming themselves by the fire. You two sit here, and let me go inside to take a look.”

“Take care!” said the Tang Monk. “Don’t offend people!” Idiot said, “I know! Since I was converted and entered the gate of Chan, I have acquired some manners! I’m not like one of those village fools!”

Tying the muckrake to his waist, Idiot straightened out his blue silk shirt and walked inside in a civil manner. He saw three large front halls with all the curtains drawn up; the whole place was quiet and without a trace of any human inhabitant. There were neither furniture nor utensils. Passing the screens, he walked further inside and came upon a long corridor, behind which was a tall, two-story building. The windows on top were half opened, and one could see parts of a set of yellow silk curtains in the room. “The people must be afraid of the cold,” said Idiot to himself. “They are still sleeping!” With no regard for manners, Idiot strode right up to the second story of the building. When he drew the curtains apart to take a look, he was so startled that he stumbled and fell. Inside the curtains, you see, and lying on top of an ivory bed was a skeleton of sickly white. The skull was big as a jar and the leg bones, straight as poles, were about four or five feet long. After he had calmed down, Idiot could not restrain the tears rolling down his cheeks. Shaking his head and sighing, he said to the skeleton, “I wonder you are

*The remains of a marshal of which nation,
Or of which domain or state a great general.
Once you were a hero striving to win;
Today how piteously you show your bones.
Your children and wife aren’t here to serve you;
No soldiers burn incense to honor you.
You are truly most lamentable a sight:
You, who used to seek rule by might or right!”*

As Eight Rules thus lamented, he suddenly saw a flare of light behind the curtains. “Someone must be here after all to offer incense to him,” said Idiot. He went behind the curtains hurriedly to look and found that rays of light were coming through some screens set up in a side room. Behind the screens was a lacquered table, on which

there were several garments made of embroidered silk brocade. When Idiot picked them up, he saw that they were three silk vests.

Without regard for good or ill, he took the vests and came down the building. He went back through the front halls to walk out the door. "Master," he said, "there's no trace of anyone living inside. It's in fact a residence of the deceased. Old Hog went inside and walked upstairs to the tall tower, where there was a skeleton inside some yellow silk curtains. In a side room there were three silk vests, which I've brought with me. This has to be our luck, at least a little of it! Since it's turning cold now, we can make good use of them. Master, take off your outer garment and put on one of those vests. Enjoy, so you won't feel the cold so much."

"No! No!" said Tripitaka. "For the *Code Book* says, 'To take things, whether in open or in secret, is thievery.' If someone found out and caught up with us, the officials would undoubtedly charge us with the crime of theft. Take them back and put them at the place you found them. We can sit here for awhile to escape from the wind, and when Wukong arrives, we'll move on. Those of us who have left the family should not be so covetous of small gains!"

Eight Rules said, "There's not a single person around, even dogs or chickens are unaware of our presence. Only we know what we have done. Who will file charges against me? Who will be a witness? It was as if I had picked up these vests from the road. What do you mean by taking in open or in secret?"

"You act foolishly!" said Tripitaka. "Though man may not know it, will Heaven be ignorant of it? Xuandi left this instruction:

*He may conscience slyly despise,
But like lightning are the god's eyes.*

Return them quickly! Don't be greedy for things which do not belong to you." Idiot, of course, refused to listen. Laughing, he said to the Tang Monk, "O Master! Since I became a human, I have worn several vests, but none made with such lovely brocade. If you won't want to put it on, let old Hog put it on. I'm going to try something new, and I want to warm my back a bit. When Elder Brother arrives, I'll take it off and we'll move on."

"If that's the way you put it," said Sha Monk, "I'll try one, too!"

The two of them took off their shirts and put on the vests. They were just trying to tighten the straps when all of sudden they could no longer stand up and tumbled to the ground. The vests, you see, somehow turned out to be like two straitjackets; in an instant, the two of them had their arms twisted backwards and firmly bound behind their backs. Tripitaka was so taken aback that he stamped his feet and chided them; he then went forward to try to untie them, but it was all to no avail. As the three of them made continuous clamor over there, a demon was soon alerted.

That towered building, you see, had indeed been devised by a monster-spirit, who had spent the days ensnaring people at the place.

As he sat in his own cave, he suddenly heard noises of complaint and expostulation. When he hurried out to have a look, he found two victims all tied up. The demon called up his little imps quickly and did away with the buildings and towers. The Tang Monk was seized, along with the white horse and the luggage. Then they herded all of them, including Eight Rules and Sha Monk, into the cave.

After the old demon took his seat high in the middle, the little fiends pushed the Tang Monk forward and forced him to kneel down.

“Where did you come from, monk?” asked the old demon. “How dare you be so bold as to steal my garments?”

As tears rolled down, the Tang Monk said, “This poor monk is someone sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. Stricken with hunger just now, I told my senior disciple to go to beg for food and he hasn’t returned.

He told us to remain seated in the mountain, and if we had listened to him, we would not have trespassed your immortal court to find shelter from the cold wind. It was here that these two young disciples of mine grew covetous of small things after they found your clothes. Your poor monk certainly had no evil intentions, and they were told to return the vests to where they were found. Refusing to listen to me, they wanted to wear them just to warm their backs, and that was how they fell into the traps set by the Great King. Since you have caught me, I beg you to be merciful and spare my life so that I may proceed to acquire the true scriptures. I shall always be grateful for your grace and kindness, which I shall forever proclaim when I return to the Land of the East.”

“I have often heard,” said the demon, chuckling, “that if anyone eats a piece of the Tang Monk’s flesh, his white hair will turn black, and his fallen teeth will grow back once more. Today it is my good fortune that you have arrived without my beckoning. And you still expect me to spare you? What is the name of your big disciple? Where did he go to beg for food?” On hearing the question, Eight Rules said loudly and boastfully, “My Elder Brother is Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who caused great havoc in Heaven five hundred years ago.” When the demon heard that declaration, he became rather apprehensive. Though he did not utter a word, he thought to himself, “I have heard for a long time that that fellow has vast magic powers. I didn’t expect that I would meet him by chance like this.”

Then he gave the order:

“Little ones, tie them up also with two new ropes. Put them all in the rear. Wait until I have caught their big disciple.

Then we can steam them all together to eat them.”

The little fiends obeyed with a shout and tied up all three of them before they were carried to the rear. The white horse was chained in the stable and the luggage was left in the house. Then the various monster-spirits began sharpening their weapons to prepare to catch Pilgrim, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim Sun, who after he had stolen an alms bowlful of rice from the village in the south, mounted his cloud to return to where he began. By the time he reached the slope of the mountain and lowered his cloud, he saw that the Tang Monk was gone. The circle he drew with his rod could be seen on the ground, but neither the people nor the horse were anywhere in sight. He quickly turned his head to look toward the towered buildings and found that these, too, had disappeared. All he saw were strange rocks and mountain ridges. Aghast, Pilgrim said, “That’s it! They must have fallen into danger!”

Following the tracks of the horse he hurried along the road toward the West.

He journeyed for about five or six miles, and as he became more and more dejected, he heard all at once someone speaking on the northern slope. When he looked, he saw that it was an old man, who had on a thick woolen robe, and his head was covered by a warm hat. On his feet he had on a pair of half-new leather boots which had been nicely waxed. He supported himself with a staff that had a dragon head, and he was followed by a young houseboy. The old man also carried a twig of winter-plum blossoms in his hand, and as he walked down the slope, he was humming some kind of song. Putting down his alms bowl, Pilgrim faced him and bowed, saying, "Old Grandpa, this humble priest salutes you." Returning his bow, the old man said, "Where did you come from, elder?" Pilgrim said, "We came from the Land of the East, on our way to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. Master and disciples, there were altogether four of us. Because my master was hungry, I was sent to beg for some vegetarian food. I told the three of them to sit on a level spot by the mountain slope back there to wait for me. By the time I came back, however, they had disappeared. I don't know which road they took. May I ask, Old Grandpa, whether you have seen them?" When the old man heard this, he snickered and said, "Was there someone with a long snout and huge ears among those three?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said Pilgrim.

"Was there also someone with a gloomy complexion tugging a white horse and leading a pale-faced stoutish monk?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said Pilgrim. The old man said, "You have taken the wrong road, all of you! Don't bother to look for them. Each of you should flee for your life!" Pilgrim said, "The pale-faced one is my master, and those strange-looking priests are my younger brothers. They and I were united in our determination to go to the Western Heaven for scriptures. How could I not go to search for them?"

"I passed through this region some time ago," said the old man, "and I saw them taking the wrong road, which had to lead them straight into the mouth of demons."

"Old Grandpa," said Pilgrim, "please tell me what kind of a demon there is and where does he live, so that I may demand their return at his door."

The old man said, "This mountain is named the Golden Helmet Mountain, and in it there is a Golden Helmet Cave. The master of the cave is the Great King One-Horned Buffalo, who has vast magic powers and who is most capable in the martial arts. Your three companions this time must have lost their lives, and if you go there to search for them, I fear that you, too, may get yourself killed.

Perhaps it's better for you not to go. I don't want to keep you from going, but I certainly am not going to encourage you either. It's your decision."

Bowing again and again to thank him, Pilgrim said, "I am grateful to the Old Grandpa for his instructions. But I cannot possibly give up my search!"

He was about to pour out the rice that he took from the village in the south to give to the old man so that he could put away the empty bowl when the old man lay down his staff and took away the alms bowl. All at once the houseboy and the old man both revealed their true forms and went to their knees to kowtow. "Great Sage," they cried in unison, "these humble deities dare not hide anything from you. We are the mountain god and the local spirit of this region, and we have come to receive you here. Let us keep the bowl and the rice for the moment, so that the Great Sage can exercise

his power. When the Tang Monk is rescued, the rice will then be presented to him and he will appreciate what reverence and devotion the Great Sage has shown him.”

“You are asking to be beaten, clumsy ghosts!” bellowed Pilgrim. “If you knew that I had arrived, why didn’t you show up earlier to meet me? Why must you come in shabby disguises?”

“The Great Sage is rather impetuous,” said the local spirit, “and this humble deity dares not confront you directly. That’s why we camouflage ourselves to report to you.”

Calming down more and more, Pilgrim said, “I’ll only make a note of your beating this time! Take care of that alms bowl for me, and let me go and catch that monster-spirit.”

The local spirit and the mountain god obeyed.

Tightening his sash on his tiger-skin kilt which he hitched up, our Great Sage dashed into the mountain to look for the fiend’s cave, holding high his golden-hooped rod. He passed one of the cliffs and saw more strange boulders and two stone doors just beneath a green ledge. In front of the doors were many little imps, wielding lances and waving swords. Truly there were

*Mists in auspicious folds;
Moss in bluish clumps;
Strange rugged rocks stood in array;
Rough winding paths coiled round and round.
Apes cried and birds sang in this lovely scene;
Phoenixes, male and female, danced as in Peng- Ying.
A few plums, facing the east, began to bloom;
Warmed by the sun, the bamboos displayed their green.
Beneath the steep ridge—
Within the deep brook—
Beneath the steep ridge snow piled high like powder;
Within the deep brook water froze as ice.
Pines and cedars fresh for a thousand years;
Bunches of mountain tea all glowing red.*

As he did not go there merely to admire the scenery, our Great Sage strode up to the doors and cried out in a severe voice, “Little imps! Go inside quickly and tell your cave master that I am Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and the disciple of the holy monk from the Tang court. Tell him to send out my master quickly so that all of your lives may be spared.”

That group of fiends dashed inside to report, “Great King, there is a hairy-faced priest with a curved beak outside. He calls himself Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and he has come to demand the return of his master.” When he heard this announcement, the demon king was delighted. “I wanted him to come!” he said. “Since I left my former palace and descended to earth, I have never had a chance to practice martial art. Today he is here and he will be a worthy opponent.”

He gave the order at once for his weapon to be brought out, and every one of those fiends, young and old, in the cave aroused himself. They hurriedly hauled out a twelve-foot-long spotted-steel lance to present to the old fiend. Then the old fiend gave this order:

“Little ones, all of you must follow orders. Those who advance will be rewarded; those who retreat will be executed.”

The fiends all obeyed and followed the old demon, who, when he walked out of the cave, asked aloud, “Who is Sun Wukong?” On one side Pilgrim took a look at that demon king and saw that he was ugly and ferocious indeed:

*A jagged, single horn;
A pair of gleaming eyes;
Coarse skin swelling up from his head;
Dark flesh glowing beneath his ears.
A long tongue oft' licking his nose;
A wide mouth full of yellow teeth.
His hide is like indigo blue;
His tendons are tough as steel.
Rhino-like, though he can't light up the stream;
Steer-like, though he can't plow the fields.
He has no use at all for tilling the soil,
Though he has the strength to shake Heav'n and Earth.
His two dyed-blue hands with tendons brown
Grasp firmly the long, straight, spotted-steel lance.
You'll see why, if you stare at his fierce form,
He's called Great King One- Horned Buffalo.*

Pilgrim Sun walked up to him and said, “Your Grandpa Sun is here! Give me back my master quickly, and you will suffer no harm.

Utter but half a ‘No,’ and I’ll see to it that you die faster than you can select your burial ground!”

“You audacious, brazen monkeyspirit!” shouted the demon. “What abilities do you have that you dare indulge in such tall talk?”

“You brazen fiend,” said Pilgrim, “it’s only you who has never seen the abilities of old Monkey!”

The demon said, “Your master stole some garments of mine and I caught him all right. And now I am just about to have him steamed and eaten. What kind of a warrior are you that you dare demand his return at my door?”

“My master is an honest and upright priest,” said Pilgrim. “It’s impossible that he should want to steal things from a fiend like you!”

The demon replied, “I created an immortal village beside the mountain, and your master sneaked into one of the buildings.

What he saw he coveted, and he took three of my vests of silk brocade and put them on. I had proof derived from both the stolen goods and witnesses, and that was why I seized him. If you indeed are able, you should try your hand with me. If you can withstand me for three rounds, I will spare your master’s life. If you can’t, I’ll send you to the Region of Darkness!” With a laugh, Pilgrim said, “Brazen creature! No need for this bravado! If you speak of trying my hand, you are after old Monkey’s own heart. Come up here and have a taste of my rod!”

The fiendish creature, of course, was in no wise afraid of any combat. Raising his lance, he stabbed at Pilgrim’s face. This was quite a marvelous battle! Look at

*The golden-hooped rod upraised—
 The long-shafted lance going out—
 The golden-hooped rod upraised
 Is brilliant as the golden snakes of lightning.
 The long-shafted lance going out
 Is radiant like a dragon leaving the ink-dark sea.
 The little imps beat the drums before the door
 As they spread in formation to help the fight.
 Over here our Great Sage uses his might
 To reveal, back and forth, his abilities.
 On that side there is a lance,
 Alert and spirited;
 On our side there is a rod—
 Such lofty art of combat!
 Truly a hero has met a hero true;
 A foe has found another worthy foe.
 That demon king belches purple breath like lightning coils;
 This Great Sage's eyes flash forth rays like brocade clouds.
 Because a Great Tang Monk faces an ordeal,
 They, without forbearance, strive bitterly.*

Closing again and again for more than thirty times, they could not reach a decision. When that demon king saw how perfect Wukong's style was in using his rod, how there was not even the slightest false move, he was so pleased that he shouted bravos repeatedly, saying, "Marvelous ape! Marvelous ape! Truly abilities like these are worthy to cause havoc in Heaven!"

That Great Sage, too, was also pleased by the methodical way in which the demon king wielded his lance: as he parried left and right, every blow and every thrust were in perfect form. "Marvelous spirit! Marvelous spirit!" cried the Great Sage also. "Truly a demon capable of stealing elixir!"

The two of them therefore fought for twenty more rounds.

Using the tip of his lance to point at the ground, the demon king shouted for the little imps to attack together. All those brazen fiends, wielding swords, scimitars, staffs, and spears, rushed forward at once and surrounded the Great Sage Sun completely. Entirely undaunted, Pilgrim only cried, "Welcome! Welcome! That's exactly what I want!"

He used his golden-hooped rod to cover his front and back, to parry blows east and west, but that gang of fiends refused to be beaten back. Growing more agitated, Pilgrim tossed his rod up into the air, shouting, "Change!" It changed immediately into iron rods by the hundreds and thousands; like flying snakes and soaring serpents, they descended onto the fiends from the air. When those monster-spirits saw this, everyone was frightened out of his wits. Covering their heads and necks, they fled toward their cave for their lives. The old demon king, however, stood still and, laughing with scorn, said, "Monkey, don't be impertinent! Watch my trick!"

He at once took out from his sleeve a white, shiny fillet and tossed it up in the air, crying, "Hit!" With a swish, all the iron rods changed back into a single rod, which was then sucked up by the fillet. The Great Sage Sun, completely empty-handed, had to use his somersault desperately in order to escape with his life. Thus

*The demon, in victory, returned to his cave,
But Pilgrim, in a daze, knew not what to do.*

Truly it is that

*The Dao is one foot but demons are ten feet tall.
Nature reels, feelings faint—the wrong home you find.
Dharma-self, alas, has no proper seat:
His act that time stems from a faulty mind!*

We do not know what is the end of all this; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-ONE

*Mind Monkey in vain uses a thousand tricks
Futile water and fire makes it hard to smelt demons*

We were telling you about the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who fled in defeat, empty-handed. He went to the back of the Golden Helmet Mountain, and as he sat down, big drops of tears fell from his eyes. “O Master!” he cried. “I had hopes that you and I,

*Since Buddha's grace had both kindness and peace,
Would find same youth, same life, as my lasting wish:
To live, to work, to seek the same release,
With same will, same mercy to show our spirits' fruit;
To reason and think the same, our minds truly one;
To know and behold the same open way.
I knew not I would lose the staff of my will.
How could I prosper with empty hands and feet?”*

After lamenting like this for a long time, the Great Sage thought to himself, “That monster-spirit recognized me! When we were fighting just now, I remember him paying me the compliment:

‘Truly someone worthy to cause havoc in Heaven!’ Judging from this, I can’t imagine that he is a fiend of this mortal world; he has to be some evil star of Heaven who descended to Earth out of longing for the world. I wonder what sort of demon he really is and where he dropped down from. I’ll have to go to the Region Above to make an investigation.”

Thus it was that Pilgrim, using the mind to question the mind, deliberated with himself and thereby gained control of himself.

Leaping up, he mounted the auspicious cloud and went straight before the South Heaven Gate. As he raised his head, he was suddenly met by the Devarāja Virūpākṣa, who bowed low and said to him, “Where is the Great Sage going?”

“I must have an audience with the Jade Emperor,” said Pilgrim. “What are you doing here?” Virūpākṣa said, “Today it’s my turn to patrol the South Heaven Gate.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when Ma, Zhao, Wen, and Guan, the four grand marshals, all appeared and greeted Pilgrim, saying, “Great Sage, we are sorry that we have not come to meet you. Please have some tea with us.”

“But I’m busy,” said Pilgrim, whereupon he took leave of Virūpākṣa and the four grand marshals and went inside the South Heaven Gate. When he arrived before the Hall of Divine Mists, he ran into Zhang Daoling, Immortal Ge, Xu Jingyang, Qiu Hongzhi, the six officers of the Southern Dipper, and the seven heads of the Northern Dipper. Meeting Pilgrim before the hall, they all raised their heads to greet him, saying, “Why has the Great Sage come here?” Immediately thereafter, they asked again, “Have you perfected the merit of accompanying the Tang Monk?”

“It’s still too early! It’s still too early!” said Pilgrim. “With so large a distance and so many demons, we have managed to accomplish only half the merit. Right now

we are stranded in the Golden Helmet Cave of the Golden Helmet Mountain, where a bovine monster has Master Tang captured in the cave. Old Monkey found the way to his door and fought with him, but that fellow had such vast magic powers that he managed to rob old Monkey of his golden-hooped rod. That's why it is so difficult to arrest that demon king. I suspect that he has to be some evil star from the Region Above who has descended to Earth out of longing for the world, but I really don't know what sort of demon he is or where he comes from. For this reason old Monkey came to seek the Jade Emperor and to charge him with the offense of not keeping his household under control."

"This ape head," chuckled Xu Jingyang, "is still so mischievous!"

"I'm not being mischievous," said Pilgrim. "It's just that old Monkey has been inquisitive all his life, and that's how he finds things out."

"No need to talk further," said Zhang Daoling, "let's announce his arrival for him."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Pilgrim.

The four Celestial Masters indeed went into Divine Mists to make the announcement and led Pilgrim to have an audience with the Jade Emperor. Bowing deeply to the throne, Pilgrim said, "Venerable Sir, I'm sorry to have troubled you! I'm sorry to have troubled you. Since old Monkey began to accompany the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven, our journey has encountered more misfortune than good luck. But that goes without saying, I suppose! Right now a bovine monster has captured the Tang Monk in the Golden Helmet Cave of the Golden Helmet Mountain, and I don't know whether my master will be steamed, cooked, or sun-dried.

Old Monkey found the way to his door and fought with the fiend, who seemed to recognize old Monkey vaguely. His magic powers, however, are great indeed; he even managed to rob old Monkey of his golden-hooped rod, thus making it difficult for me to seize any monster. I have a suspicion that this monster is an evil star from Heaven, who descended to the Region Below out of longing for the world. For this reason old Monkey came especially to memorialize to you. I beg the Celestial Worthy in his compassion to grant me my request. Please issue a decree to find out the identity of the evil star and to send troops to arrest this demon. Old Monkey makes this request with the utmost fear and trembling."

Bowing deeply again, he said, "Such is my petition to be made known." On one side, Immortal Ge chuckled and said, "How is it that our ape behaves so haughtily at first and so humbly afterwards?"

"How should I dare?" asked Pilgrim. "I'm not acting haughtily at first and humbly afterwards, but right now I'm a monkey who has no rod to play with."

When the Jade Emperor heard this memorial, he at once gave a decree to the Kehan Bureau, saying, "In accordance with the memorial of Wukong, conduct an investigation among all the stars and planets of various Heavens and among all the divine kings of the various galaxies to see if anyone has been led to leave the Region Above out of longing for the world. Return to make your report as soon as you have fulfilled the decree. Such is our statement to be made known."

The adept Perfected Lord Kehan received the decree and went at once with the Great Sage to conduct this investigation. They first examined the various officials under the command of the devarājas of the four Heaven Gates; next, they examined the

various realized immortals, young and old, among the Three Forbidden Enclosures; then they checked through Tao, Zhang, Xin, Deng, Gou, Bi, Pang, and Liu, the thunder deities; and finally, they searched through all thirty-three Heavens, but no disturbance was found in any of them.

They then examined the twenty-eight lunar mansions: the seven mansions of the East containing the constellations Citrā, Niṣṭyā, Viśākhā, Anurādhā, Bāhu,

Mūlabarhaṇī, and Pūrva-Aṣādhā; the seven mansions of the West containing the constellations Uttara- Aṣādhā, Abhijit, Śravaṇā, Śraviṣṭha, Śatabhiṣā, Pūrva-Proṣṭhapada, and Uttara-Proṣṭhapada. What they found was that all of these mansions, including those of the North seven mansions and South seven mansions, were peaceful and quiet. They then examined the Sun, the Moon, Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, Mars, and Saturn—the Seven Regulators—together with Rahu, Ketu, Qi, and Bo, the four Stars of Excesses. Of all the stars and planets in Heaven, there was not a single one who left for the Region Below out of longing for the world. “Since this is the case,” said Pilgrim, “old Monkey has no need to return to the Hall of Divine Mists. After all, it’s not good to disturb the Jade Emperor once again. You may go back to make your report, and I’ll wait here to see if there is any further message for me.”

The adept Perfected Lord Kehan agreed. As Pilgrim Sun waited there, he composed a poem to record his impressions. The poem says:

*Clear wind and fair clouds make felicity;
Quiet gods and bright stars show propitious signs.
The cosmos at peace, Earth and Heaven prosper.
At all five quarters arms and banners recline.*

After having made a thorough search everywhere, the adept Perfected Lord and Master of the Kehan Bureau returned to report to the Jade Emperor with this memorial:

“None is missing among the stars and mansions of Heaven; the divine warriors of all quarters are present. There is no one who has left for the Region Below out of longing for the world.” When the Jade Emperor heard this, he gave the order:

“Let Wukong select a few celestial warriors to help him to capture the demon in the Region Below.”

The four Celestial Masters, having received this decree, went out of the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists and said to Pilgrim, “O Great Sage, since there is no god in the Celestial Palace who longs for the world, the Jade Emperor in his great mercy has asked you to select a few divine warriors instead to help you capture the demon.”

Bowing his head, Pilgrim thought to himself, “Those warriors in Heaven whose abilities are not as good as old Monkey’s are plentiful, but those just as good are few. Remember when I caused great havoc in the Celestial Palace: the Jade Emperor sent out one hundred thousand Heaven soldiers with cosmic nets, but there is not a single person who could stand up to me. They found my match only when they called up the Little Sage Erlang. Now this fiend has abilities as strong as old Monkey’s. How could we prevail against him?” Perceiving the meaning of his silence, Xu Jingyang said, “This time is not quite the same as last time! As the proverb says, ‘One thing will vanquish specifically another.’ You can’t quite disobey the decree, can you? Use your judgment and select your celestial warriors. Don’t allow your hesitation to cause unnecessary blunder.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “I am grateful for the imperial favor.

Indeed, I do not want to disobey the decree, nor does old Monkey wish to make this trip in vain. Let me trouble Jingyang to report to the Jade Emperor that I would like to be accompanied by Devarāja Li, the Pagoda Bearer, and Prince Naṭa. They have quite a few weapons designed to capture fiends. Let us go down below to do battle once with that fiend and see how things stand. If we manage to capture him, it will be the luck of old Monkey; if not, we can then decide what to do next.”

And so that Celestial Master made the report to the Jade Emperor, who gave an order at once for Devarāja Li, father and son, to lead an army of celestial soldiers to assist Pilgrim. The devarāja accepted the order and came to meet Pilgrim, who said again to the Celestial Master, “I cannot thank the Jade Emperor enough for sending along the devarāja. There’s one more request which I must trouble you to make known for me: we need the service of two thunder squires. When the devarājas fight with that demon, the thunder squires stationed at the edge of the clouds can aim their thunderbolts at the crown of his head. Isn’t that a good plan for killing the monster?”

“Marvelous! Marvelous! Marvelous!” said the Celestial Master, laughing, and he indeed presented this plan to the Jade Emperor. The Jade Emperor issued another decree to the Mansion of Ninefold Heaven, where Deng Hua and Zhang Fan, the two thunder squires, were ordered to assist the devarāja in capturing the monster. They therefore went out of the South Heaven Gate with the devarāja and the Great Sage Sun.

In a moment they arrived at their destination. “This mountain,” said Pilgrim, “is the Golden Helmet Mountain, and the Golden Helmet Cave is right in the middle. Please decide among yourselves which of you will go there to provoke battle first.” Lowering the direction of his cloud, Devarāja Li ordered the celestial soldiers to pitch camp on the south slope of the mountain. “The Great Sage,” he said, “has always known that my son Naṭa once subdued the demons of ninety-six caves. Most adroit in transformations, he carries with him many weapons for the subjugation of fiends. Let him go into battle first.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “let old Monkey be the prince’s guide.” Rousing his heroic powers, that prince leaped with the Great Sage into the tall mountain and arrived at the cave’s entrance. They found the door tightly shut and not a single spirit below the rocky ledge. Walking forward, Pilgrim shouted:

“Brazen demon, open the door quickly! Return my master!”

The little fiends standing guard at the doors inside the cave hurriedly made the report:

“Great King, Pilgrim Sun is leading a boy to provoke battle in front of our door.”

“The iron rod of the monkey,” said the demon king, “was taken by me. Since he can’t fight with empty hands, he must have gotten help now. Fetch my weapon!”

Gripping the lance in his hands, the demon king walked out the door to have a look: he found a little boy with rare and refined features and who had a sturdy build. Truly

*His coy, jadelike face is like a full moon;
Ruddy lips and square mouth show silver teeth.
Protrusive eyeballs give lightning-like gaze;
Bangs crowd his broad forehead like gathered mists.
His sash like flying flames dances in the wind;*

*Sunlit, his brocade robe sheds golden blooms.
 Brilliant straps hold up his heart-guarding disk;
 Lustrous armor matches his battle boots.
 Though small of body, his voice rings loud and strong:
 This faith-defender, fierce Naṭa of Three Heav'ns.*

With a laugh the demon king said, “You are the third child of Devarāja Li who bears the name Prince Naṭa. Why are you clamoring at my door?”

“Because of the disorder perpetrated by you, brazen demon!” said the prince. “So you seek to imprison and harm the holy monk from the Land of the East. By the golden decree of the Jade Emperor, I have come especially to arrest you.”

Growing very angry, the demon king said, “You must have been asked by Sun Wukong to come here. I’m the evil star of that Tang Monk, all right! But what sort of martial skill does a small boy like you possess that you dare mouth such arrogant words? Don’t run away! Have a taste of my lance!” Wielding his fiend-cutting sword, the prince met him head-on. As the two of them joined hands and began their contest, the Great Sage dashed past the mountain slope and cried out:

“Thunder squires, where are you? Get down there quickly and aim your thunderbolts at the demon. Help the prince to subdue him.”

Treading on the cloudy luminosity, Deng and Zhang, the two squires, were just about to attack when they saw the prince resorting to magic. Shaking his body, he changed himself into someone with three heads and six arms holding six kinds of weapons to attack the demon. The demon king also changed himself into someone with three heads and six arms, using three long lances to defend himself. Exercising his fiend-routing power even further, the prince tossed his six weapons in the air. “Which six weapons are these?” you ask. They are a monster-cleaving sword, a monster-slashing scimitar, a monster-binding rope, a monster-taming club, an embroidered ball, and a fiery wheel. “Change!” he roared, and the weapons changed into hundreds and thousands. Like a thundershower and a sleet storm, these weapons rained down on the head of the demon. Not the least bit daunted, the demon king took out with one hand that somber white fillet. He tossed it into the air, crying, “Hit!” With a loud whoosh, the six weapons were all sucked away by it. In desperation Prince Naṭa fled for his life with empty hands, while the demon king turned back in triumph.

In midair Deng and Zheng, the two thunder squires, smiled nervously to themselves and said, “It was a good thing that we looked over the situation first and didn’t release the thunderbolts immediately. If they had been sucked away by him, how could we go back to face the Celestial Worthy?” Lowering the direction of their clouds, the two squires went with the prince to the southern slope and said to Devarāja Li, “That demon indeed has vast magic powers!”

Giggling, Wukong said on one side, “His powers are only so-so, but that fillet of his is formidable. I wonder what kind of treasure it is that can suck away things like that.”

“This Great Sage is not very mature!” grumbled Naṭa angrily. “We have lost our weapons and we have fled in defeat—we are sorely distressed all because of you. And you are giggling there instead! Why?”

“You speak of being distressed,” said Pilgrim, “you think old Monkey in the last analysis is not distressed? But I have neither plan nor alternative at the moment. I can’t cry, and that’s why I am giggling!”

The devarāja asked, “How are we going to bring this to an end?”

“You may discuss the matter some more,” said Pilgrim, “but one thing is certain: whatever object cannot be sucked away by that fillet will be able to seize that fiend.”

“Only water and fire can resist being sucked away,” said the devarāja, “for as the proverb says, ‘Water and fire are ruthless.’” When he heard this, Pilgrim said, “You may be right! Sit and wait here. Let old Monkey make another trip to Heaven.”

“What for?” asked Deng and Zhang, the two squires. Pilgrim said, “When old Monkey gets there, he will not memorialize to the Jade Emperor. I will only go to the Red Aura Palace inside the South Heaven Gate and ask Mars, the Star of Fiery Virtue, to come here and start a fire to burn up that fiend. Perhaps the fillet, too, will be reduced to ashes, and then the demon will be arrested. First, we will be able to recover your weapons for you to take back to Heaven, and second, we will rescue my master from his ordeal.” When the prince heard these words, he was delighted and said, “No need for further delay. Let the Great Sage go and come back quickly. All of us will wait for you here.” Mounting the auspicious luminosity, Pilgrim again went before the South Heaven Gate. Virūpākṣa and the four marshals met him, saying, “Why has the Great Sage come here again?” Pilgrim said, “Devarāja Li told the prince to fight, but they only did battle once when his weapons were snatched away by that demon king. Now I want to go to the Red Aura Palace and request assistance from the Star of Fiery Virtue.” Not daring to detain him, the four marshals permitted him to enter the gate. When he reached the Red Aura Palace, the deities of the Fire Department went inside to make the report:

“Sun Wukong wishes to see our lord.”

The Third Pneuma of the South, the Star of Fiery Virtue, at once straightened his clothes and went out of his gates to meet his visitor. Then he said, “Yesterday Kehan Bureau inspected this humble palace, but there’s no one here who longs for the world.”

“I know that,” said Pilgrim, “but Devarāja Li and the prince have lost their first battle and their weapons. I came especially to ask you to give us some help.”

The Star said, “Naṭa happens to be the great god presiding over the Grand Assembly of Three Platforms.

When he embarked on his official career, he once subdued the demons of ninety-six caves. If he with his vast magic powers could not do the job, how could this humble deity hope to assist you?” Pilgrim said, “I discussed the matter with Devarāja Li, and both of us thought that the most effective elements between Heaven and Earth are water and fire. That fiend has a fillet most capable of sucking away the possessions of others.

We have no idea what sort of treasure it is. Since we know, however, that fire can destroy virtually everything, I have come to ask you to go to the Region Below and start a fire to burn up the demon and save my master from this one ordeal.” When he heard this, the Star of Fiery Virtue immediately called up the divine soldiers of his department and went with Pilgrim to the south slope of the Golden Helmet Mountain. After they greeted the devarāja and the thunder squires, the devarāja said, “Great Sage Sun, you must go again to provoke that fellow to come out. Let me fight with him; when he takes out his fillet, I’ll move out of the way and ask Fiery Virtue to burn him.”

“Exactly,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “I’ll go with you.”

They left to provoke battle, while Fiery Virtue stood on the tall peak with the prince and the two thunder squires.

When he reached the entrance of the cave, the Great Sage shouted:

“Open the door! Return my master quickly!”

The little fiends again hurried inside to report:

“Sun Wukong is here once more!”

The demon led his troops out of the cave to say to Pilgrim, “You brazen ape! What sort of help have you acquired this time?”

From this side the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja stepped forward, crying, “Lawless demon! You recognize me?”

“Devarāja Li,” said the demon king with a laugh, “you want to exact vengeance for your son, I suppose, and you want to recover your weapons?”

“For one thing I want to exact vengeance,” said the devarāja, “and for another I want to arrest you so that we can rescue the Tang Monk. Don’t run away! Have a taste of my scimitar!” Stepping aside to dodge the blow, the fiendish creature lifted his long lance and turned to meet his opponent. In front of the cave the two of them had quite a battle! Look at the

*Devarāja’s scimitar slashing;
The fiend’s lance upraised;
The scimitar slashes and frosty light emits bright flames;
The lance rises and the will to fight pierces doleful clouds.
One is the fiendish creature reared in the Golden Helmet Mountain;
One is the deity sent from the Divine Mists Hall.
That one for mocking Chan nature unleashes his power;
This one, to lift the master’s ordeal, shows the great relation.
Using magic the devarāja lets fly sand and stone;
Striving to win the fiend sprays mud and dirt.
Spraying dirt can darken Heaven and Earth;
Flying sand may becloud rivers and seas.
The two work hard to make a merit
Because the Tang Monk bows to the World- Honored One.*

When the Great Sage Sun saw the two of them had begun to fight, he turned at once and leaped up to the tall summit and said to the Star of Fiery Virtue, “Take care, Third Pneuma!” Look at them! The demon fought the devarāja for some time, and in the heat of the battle, he again took out the fillet. When the devarāja saw it, he at once turned his auspicious luminosity around and fled in defeat. On the tall summit the Star of Fiery Virtue quickly gave the command for the various gods of his department to start the fire. It was some fire, all right! Marvelous! The classic says:

*“The South is the spirit of fire.”
A few tiny sparks
Can burn up ten thousand acres,
For the power of the Third Pneuma
Can change into a hundred-point fire.*

*Now there are fire lances,
 Fire scimitars,
 Fire bows,
 And fire arrows—
 Such the gods of sundry bureaus
 Use in different fashions.
 You see in midair
 Fire crows flying and cawing;
 And all over the mount
 Fire steeds swiftly galloping.
 Red rats in pairs—
 Fire dragons in twos—
 Red rats in pairs throw out mighty flames
 And ten thousand miles are reddened;
 Fire dragons in twos belch thick smoke
 And every corner turns black.
 Fire carts are pushed out;
 Fire gourds are opened.
 Fire banners wave on a skyful of mists;
 Fire rods stir up an earthful of blaze.
 Why speak of Ning Qi whipping the ox?
 This is more fierce than Mr. Zhou at Red Cliff.
 This is a Heaven, not a worldly fire—truly awesome.
 Crackling and roaring it's a holocaust.*

When the demon saw the fire coming, he was not in the least afraid. He tossed the fillet in the air and with a loud whoosh, it sucked away all those fire dragons, fire horses, fire crows, fire rats, fire bows, and fire arrows. Then he turned toward his cave and went back in triumph.

The only thing left in the Star of Fiery Virtue's clutch was a banner, which he used to recall all his warriors to join the devarāja and his followers. As they sat down in the south slope of the mountain, the Star said to Pilgrim, "O Great Sage, truly one seldom sees a vicious demon like this one! Now I've lost my fire gear. What shall I do?"

"No need to grumble," said Pilgrim with a smile. "All of you, please take a seat for awhile. Old Monkey will make another trip."

"Where are you going this time?" asked the devarāja, and Pilgrim said, "If that fiendish creature is not afraid of fire, he must be afraid of water. The proverb says, 'Water can overcome fire.' Let old Monkey go to the Northern Heaven Gate and ask the Star of Watery Virtue to let loose his water and flood the cave. When that demon king is drowned, I'll get back your possessions."

"Though this is a good plan," said the devarāja, "I fear that your master, too, will be drowned."

"Don't worry," said Pilgrim. "If my master is drowned, I have a way to revive him. But if I cause you all any further inconvenience, it will not be proper."

"In that case," said Fiery Virtue, "please go! Please go!"

Dear Great Sage! Again he mounted the cloud somersault and went before the North Heaven Gate, where he ran at once into the Devarāja Vaiśravaṇa. “Where is the Great Sage Sun going?” asked the devarāja, bowing. Pilgrim said, “I must enter the Dark Vastness Palace and see the Star of Watery Virtue on a certain matter. What are you doing here?” Vaiśravaṇa replied, “Today happens to be my turn to patrol the gate.”

As they spoke, the four grand marshals—Pang, Liu, Gou, and Bi—all came forward to greet Pilgrim and invited him to have tea with them. “Don’t trouble yourselves!” said Pilgrim. “My affair’s most urgent.”

Taking leave of the deities, he went straight up to the Dark Vastness Palace and asked the deities of the water department to announce him. When the Star of Watery Virtue heard the announcement that the Great Sage Sun Wukong had arrived, he at once commanded that the four seas, the five lakes, the eight rivers, the four great rivers, the three mighty streams, and the nine tributaries be thoroughly searched. The dragon kings at these places were also asked to retire. He then straightened out his clothes to walk out of the palace door to greet his visitor. As they walked back into the palace, the Star said, “Yesterday, Kehan Bureau came to inspect our humble palace, for he feared that some god in this department might have longed for the world. We are still making a thorough investigation of the gods of rivers and seas, and it’s not finished yet.”

“That demon king isn’t a god of the rivers,” said Pilgrim, “but a much more powerful spirit. At first the Jade Emperor was kind enough to send Devarāja Li, his son, and two thunder squires to try to arrest him down below. He came up with his fillet and six divine weapons were sucked away. Old Monkey had no other choice but to go to the Red Aura Palace and ask the Star of Fiery Virtue to start a fire with the various gods of his department. Once more, the fillet sucked away the fire dragons, the fire horses, and the like. I thought that if this thing was not afraid of fire, it had to be afraid of water. I have come, therefore, especially to ask the Star to unleash your water power, capture that monster-spirit for us, and recover the weapons for the Heaven warriors. The ordeal of my master will also be lifted.” When Watery Virtue heard this, he at once gave this order to the Divine King Water Lord of the Yellow River:

“Follow the Great Sage and give him assistance.”

Taking out a small white jade chalice from his sleeve, Water Lord said, “I have something here to hold water.”

“Look at that!” said Pilgrim. “How much can this small chalice hold? How could it drown the demon?”

“To tell you the truth, Great Sage,” said Water Lord, “this chalice of mine contains the water of the Yellow River. Half a chalice means half a river, and one whole chalice will hold an entire river.”

Delighted, Pilgrim said, “Half a chalice is quite enough!”

He took leave of Watery Virtue at once and slipped away from the Heaven arches with the Yellow River God.

After he had bailed out half of the Yellow River’s water with his chalice, Water Lord followed the Great Sage to the Golden Helmet Mountain, where they met the devarāja, the prince, the thunder squires, and Fiery Virtue. “No need for going into the details,” said Pilgrim. “Just let Water Lord follow me there and let me command the fiend to open the door. Don’t wait for him to come out. You just pour the water into the cave and the whole nest of that fiend will be drowned. I’ll go and fish out the corpse of

my master, and there'll be lots of time to revive him." Water Lord agreed and walked right behind Pilgrim, who went around the slope to go up to the cave entrance. "Fiend, open the door!" he cried. Those little fiends standing guard at the door recognized that it was the voice of the Great Sage Sun and they hurried inside to report:

"Sun Wukong is here again." When the demon heard this, he picked up his treasure and his long lance and began to walk out. The stone door opened with a crash and Water Lord immediately emptied the content of his white jade chalice toward the inside of the cave. When he saw the water rushing in, the fiend dropped his long lance and took out the fillet, holding it high at the second door. Not only was the water blocked right there, but it reversed its course and gushed back out of the cave. So startled was the Great Sage Sun that he somersaulted immediately into the air and, together with Water Lord, leaped up to the tallest peak. The other deities also mounted the clouds to follow them; they all stood on the peak to watch the water swelling to tremendous height and force. Marvelous water! Truly

*One spoonful of it
Will make it unfathomable;
For when it's propelled by divine force,
It benefits all things and flows to swell a hundred streams.
You hear its loud splashes rocking the valley;
You see its giant crest surging up to Heaven.
Its mighty roar seems like thunder rumbling;
Its violent waves seem like summit-snow swirling.
Billows, a thousand feet tall, cover the roadways;
Ripples, ten-thousand-layered, surge o'er the peaks.
Gurgling, like spilled jade;
Clanging, like plucked strings.
Hitting the rocks, it foams like chips of jade tossed high;
Rounding the curves, it breaks out in eddies unending.
It flows through the lowlands and depressions,
Filling up brooklets and joining both their reaches.*

Alarmed by what he saw, Pilgrim said, "That's bad! The water is flooding the rice fields of people everywhere, but it hasn't even touched the inside of his cave. What shall we do?"

He asked Water Lord to retrieve the water at once, but Water Lord said, "Your humble deity only knows how to let loose the water but he doesn't know how to retrieve it."

As the proverb says, "Water thrown out cannot be retrieved."

Ah! Fortunately, that mountain was rather tall and rugged, so that all the water flowed swiftly downward. In a moment, it drained into all the brooks and ravines and disappeared.

A few little fiends leaped out of the cave afterwards, and when they saw that the water had receded, they began to play there happily —shouting and hollering, boxing with their fists, and wielding their rods and lances. "So this water never reached the inside of the cave," said the devarāja, "and all our efforts have been vain!" Pilgrim could not restrain the anger flaring up in his heart; wielding both his fists, he dashed up to the door of the demon and shouted:

“Don’t run away! Watch out for a beating!”

These several little fiends were so terrified that they all dropped their rods and lances to dash into the cave. Trembling all over, they made the report:

“Great King, it’s terrible! He’s going to give us a beating!”

Holding high his long lance, the demon king went out of the door to meet his adversary, saying, “This brazen ape is such a rascal! You have lost to me several times, and not even your water or fire can touch me.

Why is it that you have still come to give up your life?”

“My son is twisting the facts!” said Pilgrim. “I don’t know whether I’m the one who will give up my life, or whether you are the one! Come over here and have a taste of your old Grandpa’s fists!”

“This monkey is desperately forcing the issue!” said the demon with a chuckle. “I’m using the lance, but he is using only his fists. That pair of hands is nothing but skin and bones, and no bigger than walnut pits! How could you call them ‘pounders’? All right! All right! I’ll put down my lance and box with you.” Laughing, Pilgrim replied, “That’s the way to speak! Come up here!”

Hitching up his clothes and walking forward, the fiend assumed a boxing posture; his two fists upraised looked truly like two iron sledge hammers. Our Great Sage also loosened his legs at once and moved his body to attack; right before the cave entrance, he began to box with the demon king. This was quite a fight! Aha!

*The four limbs are stretched out;
The double-kicking feet fly up.
They pound the ribs and chests;
They stab at galls and hearts.
“The Immortal Pointing the Way”;
“Laozi Riding the Crane”;
“A Hungry Tiger Pouncing on the Prey” is most hurtful;
“A Dragon Playing with Water” is quite vicious.
The demon king uses a “Serpent Turning Around”;
The Great Sage employs a “Deer Letting Loose its Horns.”
The dragon plunges to Earth with heels upturned;
The wrist twists around to seize Heaven’s bag.
A green lion’s open-mouthed lunge;
A carp’s snapped-back flip.
Sprinkling flowers over the head;
Tying a rope around the waist;
A fan moving with the wind;
The rain driving down the flowers.
The monster-spirit then uses the “Guanyin Palm,”
And Pilgrim counters with the “Arhat Feet.”
The long punch, stretching, is more slack, of course.
How could it compare with the short, sharp jabs?
The two of them fought for many rounds—
None was the stronger, for they’re evenly matched.*

As the two of them boxed in front of the cave entrance, those standing high on the peak were so thrilled by the spectacle that Devarāja Li shouted bravos and the Star of Fiery Virtue clapped his hands in acclaim. Then the two thunder squires and Prince Naṭa led the other deities in rushing forward and tried to help their colleague. On the other side, the little monsters immediately surged forward also to cover their master, waving banners and beating drums, wielding swords and brandishing scimitars. When the Great Sage saw that the situation might turn against him, he yanked off a handful of hairs from his own body and tossed them into the air, crying, “Change!”

At once they changed into some fifty little monkeys, who swarmed all over the demon—grabbing his legs, tugging at his torso, gouging his eyes, and pulling at his hair. The fiendish creature became so alarmed that he immediately took out his fillet.

When the Great Sage and his companions saw that object, they mounted the clouds at once and fled toward the tall summit. Tossing the fillet up into the air, the fiend changed those fifty monkeys back into their true forms and then they were sucked away again with a loud whoosh. After he had gained this victory, the fiend led his troops back to his cave, closed the door, and celebrated.

“The Great Sage Sun is still a marvelous fighter!” said the prince. “The way you box, it’s truly like adding flowers to the embroidery, and the way you use your body-division magic is indeed the display of nobility before others.”

“As you watched from afar,” said Pilgrim, smiling, “how did the abilities of the fiend compare with old Monkey’s?”

“His punches were slack,” said Devarāja Li, “and his kicks were slow; he certainly could not match the Great Sage for his speed and tightness. He was quite flustered already by the sight of our arrival, and when he saw your magic of body-division, he grew even more desperate and resorted to his fillet.”

“It’s simple to deal with the demon king,” said Pilgrim, “but it’s difficult to overcome that fillet.”

Both Fiery Virtue and Water Lord said together, “If we want to win, we must acquire his treasure first before we try to arrest him.”

“How could we acquire his treasure,” asked Pilgrim, “unless we try to steal it?”

“If we want to practice the ritual of stealing,” said a thunder squire, chuckling, “there is no one more able than the Great Sage.

Remember that year when you caused great havoc in Heaven, how you stole imperial wine, immortal peaches, dragon’s liver, phoenix’s marrow, and the elixir of Laozi? What a talent that was! Today is the time to put that to use again.”

“Thanks for the compliment!” said Pilgrim. “Thanks for the compliment! If that’s what you think we should do, take a seat here and let old Monkey go to make some investigation.”

Dear Great Sage! He leaped down from the peak and crept up to the cave entrance; with one shake of his body he changed himself into a tiny fly. Truly graceful! Look at him!

*His wings thin as skin of bamboo;
A body small like a flower’s heart.
His arms and his legs just thicker than hairs;
Beady eyes both shining and bright.*

*Good at chasing scent and fragrance,
 He flies swiftly riding the wind.
 His frame barely pulls down the steelyard weight;
 So cute he's even of some use.*

Ever so lightly he flew up to the door and crawled inside through a crack. There he found many fiends, young and old; some were singing and dancing, while others stood in rows on both sides. Sitting high on his throne was the old demon king, and before him were placed dishes of serpent meat, venison, bear-paw, camel-hump, mountain vegetables, and fruits. There were wine pots made of blue porcelain, from which came fragrant goat's milk and coconut wine. In big bowlfuls he and his other fiends were drinking with abandon. Dropping down into the crowd of little fiends, Pilgrim at once changed into a badger-head spirit and inched his way toward the throne of the demon king. He looked everywhere for a long time, but he could not discover where the treasure was placed. Dashing behind the throne, he found the fire dragons and fire horses hung up high in the rear hall, all whining and neighing. As he raised his head, he suddenly saw his own golden-hooped rod leaning against the east wall. So delighted was he by this discovery that he even forgot about changing into his true form before running forward to seize his iron rod. Only after he had picked it up did he reveal his original form and fought his way out with his rod. All those fiends were terrified, while the old demon king was caught completely off guard. Thus Pilgrim was able to push down three monsters on one side and bring down two on the other; opening up a bloody path, he went directly out of the cave. So it is that

*The demon, so arrogant, lets down his guard;
 The lordly staff returns to the rightful man.*

We don't know whether good or evil will befall him; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-TWO

*Wukong greatly disturbed the Golden Helmet Cave
Tathāgata reveals in secret the true master*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who recovered his golden-hooped rod and fought his way out of the door. He was filled with delight as he leaped up to the tall summit to face the various gods. “How did you do this time?” asked the Devarāja Li. “By his transformation,” said Pilgrim, “old Monkey managed to get inside the cave. That fiend and his subordinates were all singing and dancing, drinking their victory wine. I did not succeed in detecting where he put his treasure, but when I went to the rear of the cave, I heard horses neighing and dragons whining and I knew that they had to be the belongings of the fire department. The golden-hooped rod was leaning against the east wall; old Monkey picked it up and fought his way out.”

“You got your treasure,” said the deities, “but when could we get back ours?”

“It’s easy! It’s easy!” said Pilgrim. “When I have this iron rod, I’ll strike him down and recover your treasures for you, no matter what.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when they heard a great din coming from below the mountain slope punctuated by the roll of drums and the sounding of gongs. The Bovine Great King, you see, was leading the various spirits to give chase to Pilgrim, who, when he saw the throng approaching, shouted:

“Good! Good! Good! This is exactly my wish! Have a seat, all of you, and let old Monkey go again to catch him.”

Dear Great Sage! Lifting high his iron rod, he met them head-on, crying, “Brazen demon, where are you going? Watch my rod!” Using his lance to parry the blow, the fiend scolded him:

“You thievish ape! You’re indeed ill-behaved! How dare you rob me in broad daylight?”

“You cursed beast!” said Pilgrim. “You don’t know that you’re about to die. You are the one who robbed us in broad daylight with your fillet. Which of these things really belongs to you? Don’t run away. Have a taste of your Venerable Father’s rod!” What a great battle this was!

*The Great Sage displays his might;
The demon’s no longer tame.
The two wage a fierce contest,
For neither’s willing to quit.
This one’s iron rod seems like a dragon’s tail;
That one’s long lance resembles a python’s head.
From this one, the strokes of the rod roar like the wind;
From that one, the blows of the lance flow like strong currents.
You see colored mists close in to darken the peaks
And auspicious clouds hover o’er the woods.
The birds in the air all stop their wings;
The beasts in the wilds all hide their heads.*

*On the battlefield the little fiends cheer;
 On this side the Great Sage rouses himself.
 His one iron rod that none can withstand
 Has fought throughout the West's ten thousand miles.
 But that long lance is truthfully his match,
 E're ruling Golden Helmet with all success.
 They meet this time and they won't leave in peace;
 Till one obtains a victory they'll never cease.*

For three hours the demon king fought with the Great Sage Sun, but no decision could be reached. Soon it was getting dark. Using the lance to hold back the rod, the demon said, "Wukong, you stop now. When it's dark everywhere, it's no time to fight. Let's each of us take some rest. We'll resume our contest tomorrow morning."

"Shut up, you lawless beast!" scolded Pilgrim. "Old Monkey's just getting inspired! Who cares if it's getting late! I'm determined to find out which of us is better." With a shout, however, the fiend turned and fled, leading all those fiends and their arms back into the cave, after which they had the door tightly shut.

As the Great Sage walked back to the peak with his rod trailing behind him, the Heaven deities all congratulated him with these words:

"Truly a mighty power Equal to Heaven! What boundless, what limitless powers!"

"Thanks for the compliments! Thanks for the compliments!" said Pilgrim. "We haven't exaggerated in our praise," said Devarāja Li, drawing near. "You are indeed quite a man! The way you fought just now reminded us of the time when you defied the cosmic nets."

"Let's not revive old gossip," said Pilgrim.

"After he had fought with old Monkey all this while, that fiend must be tired. I won't complain of fatigue; while all of you sit here and relax, I want to go into the cave to find out where he has hidden that fillet of his. I'm determined to steal it and to catch the fiend. Then we can find your weapons so that you all may return to Heaven."

"It's getting late," said the prince. "Why not rest for the night and go there tomorrow morning?" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Our little boy is still ignorant of the ways of the world! Who has ever seen a thief starting something in daytime? To sneak inside, one must go during the night, undetected; that's how this business is done!"

Both Fiery Virtue and one of the thunder squires said, "Don't talk anymore, Third Prince. This sort of thing may be foreign to us, but the Great Sage is an expert. He has to make use of this time, for the demon is tired and his guard may be down during the night. Let the Great Sage go now. Go quickly!"

Dear Great Sage! Grinning broadly, he put away his iron rod and leaped down from the tall summit to go once more before the cave.

He shook his body once and immediately changed into a small cricket. Truly he has

*Hard mouth, long whiskers, and black skin,
 With keen eyes and legs forked like branches.
 Midst bright moon and clear breeze he chirps on the wall,
 Like someone speaking in silent night.*

*He weeps when dew saddens prospect,
A proud voice, though halting and faint.
The window's pensive guest dreads hearing him,
This lodger 'neath the steps or the bed.*

Stretching forth his long legs, he jumped up to the door with three or four leaps and crawled inside through a crack. He squatted near the foot of the wall and, by the light of lamps and torches inside, looked carefully around. The various fiends, young and old, were just wolfing down their dinners. Pilgrim creaked and cricked for a while, and soon after, the fiends finished eating and put away their utensils. After laying out their bedding, all the fiends retired. Not until the time of the first watch did Pilgrim go to the rear chamber, where he heard the old demon give this command:

“All the little ones guarding the doors should sleep lightly. I fear that Sun Wukong may change into something to come in here to steal again.”

Those who were taking turns to stand watch began to beat their rattles or ring their bells. Our Great Sage, however, was most eager to do what he came to do! After he crawled into the bedroom, he found a stone bed, on both sides of which were several mountain ghosts or tree spirits all powdered and rouged. They were making the bed and helping the old demon to retire; some were unlacing his boots while others were untying his robe. After the demon king took off his clothes, at once the fillet—all ghostly white—could be seen. It was attached to his left shoulder like an armlet made of a string of pearls. Look at him! Instead of taking the fillet off, he pushed it up a couple of times until it was snugly clamped to his shoulder. Only then did he lie down to sleep. With one shake of his body again, Pilgrim changed into a flea with yellow skin. Leaping onto the stone bed and crawling inside his covers, he crept up to the left shoulder of the fiend and gave him a sturdy bite. The fiend was so stung by it that he turned over, shouting, “These slaves! They ought to be beaten more often! They didn’t shake the covers, nor did they brush the bedding. Now I’ve been bitten by I don’t know what!”

He gave his fillet two further shoves before dozing off once more. Crawling above the fillet, Pilgrim gave him another bite. Unable to sleep, the fiend sat up, yelling, “I’m itching to death!” When Pilgrim saw how carefully he guarded the fillet, refusing to let it leave his body for even a moment, Pilgrim knew that he would not be able to steal it. He leaped down from the bed, changed once more into a cricket, and left the bedroom to go to the rear, where he again heard dragons whining and horses neighing. Behind two doors tightly locked, you see, fire dragons and fire horses all hung inside. Pilgrim changed back to his original form as he walked up to the door to exercise his lock-opening magic. He recited a spell and gave the padlock a wipe: immediately the double patches snapped open. Pushing open the doors, he walked into a room so brightly lit by fire equipment that it seemed like daylight. Several weapons were seen leaning against the east and the west walls: they were the fiend-slashing scimitar of the prince, the fire bows and fire arrows of Fiery Virtue, and the like. In the glow of the light, Pilgrim looked carefully around and saw on top of a stone table behind the door a small basket woven of bamboo. Inside was placed a bunch of hairs. Filled with delight, the Great Sage picked up the hairs and blew on them two mouthfuls of hot air, crying, “Change!”

They changed at once into forty or fifty little monkeys, who were then told to pick up the scimitar, the sword, the club, the wheel, together with the bows, the arrows, the lances, the carts, the gourds, the fire crows, the fire rats, and the fire horses—all those things sucked away by the fillet. After they had mounted the fire dragons, they

started a huge blaze that burned outward from deep inside the cave. All you could hear were the snapping and cracking—bing-bing, bang-bang—as if thunderbolts or fire cannons were let loose inside. Those monster-spirits, young and old, were utterly terrified; in a stupor, they hugged their blankets or covered their heads, some screaming, some weeping. None of them knew which way to run and more than half of them were burned to death by the fire. The Handsome Monkey King thus returned to his camp in triumph at about the hour of the third watch.

We now tell you about Devarāja Li and his companions on the tall summit. They suddenly saw a bright flare of lights rushing toward them, and then they discovered Pilgrim riding on a dragon and shouting commands to a team of little monkeys as they ascended the mountain. After reaching the peak, he yelled:

“Come and get your weapons! Come and get your weapons!”

Fiery Virtue and Naṭa immediately answered his call, while Pilgrim shook his body to retrieve his hairs. Prince Naṭa took back his six weapons, and Fiery Virtue told his subordinates to put away the fire dragons and other equipment. All of them were full of smiles and praises for Pilgrim, and we shall leave them there for the moment.

We tell you instead about the Golden Helmet Cave, where flames were still shooting up everywhere. The Bovine Great King was scared out of his wits; dashing out of his room, he held his fillet up high with both hands. He pushed it toward the fire this way and that way, and it immediately went out. Though the air was filled with flame and smoke, they all subsided after he and his treasure had run through the entire cave. He tried to rescue the other fiends, but over half of them had been burned to death. Those who survived, male and female, did not number a hundred. Then he went to inspect the place where he had hidden the weapons, but not a single item could be found. Finally, he reached the rear of the cave where he saw Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and the elder still securely bound. The white dragon horse was tied to the stall, and even the load of luggage remained in the room. Angrily, the demon said, “I wonder which of the little fiends was so careless that he started the fire and brought all this on us!”

“Great King,” one of the attendants by his side said, “This fire could not have been started by any one of our own. It had to be the work of someone intent on raiding our camp; after he had released the equipment of the fire department, he also stole the divine weapons.” Only then did the old demon realize what had happened. “There is *no* one else!” he said. “It has to be that thief, Sun Wukong! No wonder I had such a hard time when I tried to sleep just now! That larcenous ape must have gotten in here by means of transformation and gave my shoulder a couple of bites.

Undoubtedly he wanted to steal my treasure, but when he saw how tightly it was attached to my body, he could not do it. That was the reason he stole the other weapons instead and let loose the fire dragons. How vicious of him! He wanted to burn me to death! Oh thievish ape! You’ve made vain use of your trickery! When I have this treasure on me, I can’t be drowned even when I plunge into the ocean, nor can I be burned if I leap into a pool of fire. But when I catch you, thief, this time, I’m going to skin and cut you up alive.

Only then will I be satisfied.”

He spoke sullenly in this manner for a long time, and soon thereafter it was dawn. On the tall summit, the prince, holding his six weapons that had just been recovered, said to Pilgrim, “Great Sage, it’s getting bright. Let’s not wait any further. We should make use of this opportunity when that demon’s will to fight has been

blunted by you. With the help of the fire department, let us go again to do battle with him. Most probably he'll be captured this time."

"You are right," said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Let us unite and go have some fun!" In high spirits and eager to fight, each of them went up to the cave entrance. "Lawless demon, come out!" bellowed Pilgrim. "Come and fight with old Monkey!"

The two stone doors of the cave, you see, had been reduced to ashes the night before by the intense heat.

At the moment, several little fiends by the entrance were just in the process of gathering up the ashes and sweeping the ground. When they saw the various sages approach, they were so terrified that they abandoned their brooms and ash forks and dashed inside to report:

"Sun Wukong has led many gods to provoke battle outside our door!" So astounded was he by this report that the bovine fiend gnashed his teeth and rolled his ringlike eyes. He picked up his lance and his treasure, and no sooner had he emerged from the door when he began to castigate his adversary, saying, "You thievish ape! You camp-raider and arsonist! What skills do you have that you dare treat me so contemptuously?" Smiling broadly, Pilgrim said, "You brazen fiend! If you want to know my skills, come up here and listen to my recital.

*My skills were great since the time of my birth,
As was my name throughout the universe.
Enlightened, I practiced the transcendent way;
In days past came the means to eternal youth.
I willed to bow at the place of the Heart,
To seek with reverence the home of a sage.
I learned how to change with endless power,
Taking as my playground the whole cosmos.
At leisure I tamed tigers on the mount;
When bored I subdued dragons in the sea.
I claimed a throne at native Flower- Fruit,
Flaunting my strength in Water-Curtain Cave.
A few times I lusted for Heaven's realm;
Ignorant, I robbed the Region Above.
My royal name: Great Sage, Equal to Heaven;
I was called also Handsome Monkey King.
When the Feast of Peaches was under way,
I took offense for no invitation came.
In secret I stole jade juice at Jasper Pool
And drank it in stealth at the treasure tower.
Dragon and phoenix organs I did taste;
A hundred dainties I would steal and eat.
Millennial peaches I freely enjoyed,
Stuffing my guts with long-life drugs and pills.
Strange things of Heav'n I took piece by piece,
And rare goods from sage mansions bit by bit.
When Jade Emperor learned what great skills I had,
He sent divine soldiers to the battlefield.
I banished those fierce Nine Luminaries;*

*And wounded the Five Quarters' Vicious Stars.
 All Heaven's warriors were no match of mine;
 A hundred thousand troops dared not meet me.
 Hard pressed, the Jade Emperor gave a decree:
 Libation Stream's Little Sage then raised his sword.
 Seventy-two transformations we struggled through,
 Each rousing his spirit, each showing his might.
 Guanyin of South Sea came, too, at length
 To lend them her help with willow and vase.
 Laozi then made use of his diamond snare
 To have me captured and brought up there
 To see, bound firmly, the Great Emperor Jade,
 As judge and tribunal indicted me.
 They told God Powerful to cut me dead,
 But sparks flew up when knives fell on my head.
 Since no means was found to put me to death,
 They sent me all shackled to Laozi's hall:
 A brazier, watched by the Six Gods of Light,
 Refined me till I became hard as steel.
 With vessel opened on day forty-ninth,
 I leaped out to work violence yet once more.
 When gods hid themselves and none withstood me,
 The sages agreed that Buddha be called.
 Tathāgata's power was mighty indeed!
 His wisdom, truly vast and limitless!
 A somersault match waged upon his hand
 Made a mountain press me, now no more strong.
 When the Emperor gave the Feast of Heaven's Peace,
 The West regained its name of Ultimate Bliss.
 Old Monkey jailed for full five hundred years
 Did not once taste a bit of tea or rice.
 But when Elder Gold Cicada came to earth,
 The East sent him to go to Buddha's home
 To fetch true scriptures for a noble state,
 Where the Great Tang ruler might save the dead.
 Guanyin taught me to submit to the Good
 And let faith held firmly my wildness check.
 Free of my ordeal at that mountain root,
 I now go West to fetch the scripture texts.
 Lawless demon, cease your foxlike cunning!
 Return my Tang Monk, bow to Dharma King!"*

When he heard these words, he pointed at Pilgrim and cried, "So, you were the big thief who robbed Heaven! Don't run away! Swallow my lance!"

The Great Sage met him with the rod and the two of them began to fight. On this side Prince Naṭa became angry and the Star of Fiery Virtue grew vicious: they hurled those six divine weapons together with the fire equipment at the demon. The Great Sage Sun fought even more fiercely as the thunder squires took up their thunderbolts and the devarāja his scimitar to rush at their enemy. Smiling scornfully, the demon calmly took

out from his sleeve his treasure and tossed it in the air, crying, “Hit!” With a loud whoosh, the six divine weapons, the fire equipment, the thunderbolts, the scimitar of the devarāja, and the rod of Pilgrim were all snatched away. Once again, the deities and the Great Sage Sun were empty-handed. After the demon returned in triumph to his cave, he gave this order:

“Little ones, gather rocks and boulders to rebuild our doors, and tidy up our rooms and hallways. When we finish our work, we shall slaughter the Tang Monk and his companions to thank the Earth. Then all of us can disperse the blessing and enjoy.”

The little fiends all obeyed, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Devarāja Li, who led the rest of the gods back to the tall summit. Fiery Virtue then began to rail at Naṭa for being too impulsive, while the thunder squires blamed the devarāja for acting too recklessly. Water Lord, however, stood to one side and sulked. When Pilgrim saw how distraught they looked, he had little alternative but to appear cheerful and said to them, forcing a smile, “Please don’t be so distressed, all of you. After all, the ancient proverb says, ‘Victory or defeat is a common thing for the soldier.’ If we want to consider the demon’s fighting skill, it’s no more than so-so. The reason he can cause so much harm is that fillet in his possession, which has again sucked away all our weapons. Nonetheless, try to relax. Let old Monkey go and see if he can find out something more about his pedigree.”

“When you first presented your memorial to the Jade Emperor,” said the prince, “there was a thorough search made throughout the celestial realm, but not a trace of this monster could be found. Now where are you going to make further investigation?” Pilgrim replied, “Come to think of it, the dharma power of Buddha is boundless. I shall go now to the Western Heaven to question our Buddha Tathāgata; I shall ask him to scan with his eye of wisdom the four great continents of Earth and see where this fiend was born and raised. I want to learn what sort of treasure his fillet is, and no matter what, I’m determined to have him arrested. Only then will all of you be avenged and have a happy trip back to Heaven.”

“If that’s your intention,” said the gods, “don’t delay. Go quickly! Go quickly!”

Dear Pilgrim! He said he would go, and at once he mounted his cloud-somersault. Instantly he arrived at the Spirit Mountain.

Lowering his auspicious luminosity, he looked everywhere. Marvelous place!

*The noble Mount Spirit,
Fine, pure cloud-layers;
A divine summit touching jade-green sky.
A great town seen in Western Heaven,
Its form, its air surpassing even China’s.
The primal breath flows to widen Heav’n and Earth;
Strong wind scatters a platform full of flowers.
Long notes of bells and stones are often heard,
And clear, loud scripture recitations.
You see, too, lay-sisters lecturing beneath green pines
And arhats walking among jadelike cedars.
White cranes with feelings come to Vulture Peak;
Blue phoenixes wish to stand by quiet arbors.
Black apes in pairs hold up immortal fruits;*

*Aged deer in twos present purple blooms.
 Rare birds call often like some tale-telling,
 And flowers too strange and fair to have names.
 The ranges turn and circle, fold upon fold;
 The old path meanders, though it's level.
 A place where pure void of spirit's the norm—
 Buddha's solemn and great awakened form.*

As Pilgrim enjoyed the sight of the mountain scenery, he heard someone calling him:

“Sun Wukong, where did you come from? Where are you going?”

He turned quickly and found that it was the Honored One Bhikṣuṇi.

The Great Sage greeted her and said, “I have a matter that requires an audience with Tathāgata.”

“You rascal!” said Bhikṣuṇi, “if you want to see Tathāgata, why don’t you ascend the treasure temple? Why stay here to look at the mountain?”

“This is the first time I have been to this noble region,” replied Pilgrim, “and that’s why I am acting boldly.”

“Follow me quickly,” said Bhikṣuṇi, and Pilgrim ran after her up to the gate of the Thunderclap Monastery, where their way was barred by the heroic figures of the Eight Great Diamond Guardians.

“Wukong,” said Bhikṣuṇi, “wait here for a moment and let me announce your arrival.” Pilgrim had no choice but to wait outside the gate. Going before the Buddha, Bhikṣuṇi pressed her palms before her and said, “Sun Wukong needs to have an audience with Tathāgata.” Whereupon Tathāgata commanded him to enter, and only then did the diamond guardians allow him to pass.

After Pilgrim touched his head to the ground, Tathāgata asked, “Wukong, I heard previously that after the Honored One Guanyin had freed you, you made submission to Buddhism and agreed to accompany the Tang Monk to seek scriptures here. Why have you come all by yourself? What is the matter?”

Again touching his head to the ground, Pilgrim said, “Let me report this to our Buddha.

Since your disciple embraced the faith, he has followed the master from the Tang court in his journey west. We reached the Golden Helmet Cave of the Golden Helmet Mountain, where we ran into an evil demon, who had the name of Bovine Great King. He had such vast magic powers that he abducted my master and brothers into his cave. Your disciple demanded their return, but he had no good will at all and we fought it out. My iron rod was snatched away by a ghostly white fillet of his. As I suspected that he might be some celestial warrior who longed for the world, I went to the Region Above to investigate. The Jade Emperor was kind enough to lend me the assistance of the father-and-son team of Devarāja Li, only to have him rob the prince of his six weapons. Then I asked the Star of Fiery Virtue to burn him with fire, but he took the fire equipment also. Next we asked the Star of Watery Virtue to drown him with water, but we couldn’t even touch a single hair of his. After your disciple spent enormous energy to steal back the iron rod and other things, we went again to provoke battle. Once again his fillet sucked away all our weapons, and we are powerless to subdue him.

That's why I have this special request for our Buddha, in his great compassion, to survey the world and find out what is the true origin of this creature. I shall then be able to capture his kin or neighbor so that it will facilitate the arrest of the demon and the rescue of my master. All of us then will be able to bow, with palms pressed together and with utter sincerity, to seek the right fruit."

After Tathāgata heard this, he trained his eyes of wisdom to peer into the distance and immediately he had knowledge of the whole affair. "Though I've learned the identity of that fiendish creature," he said to Pilgrim, "I can't reveal it to you because you have such a loose, apish tongue. If somehow you pass on the fact that it was I who disclosed his identity, he would not fight with you but he would start a quarrel up here in Spirit Mountain. That would cause me a lot of trouble. Let me give you the assistance of my dharma power instead to help you capture him."

Bowing deeply again, Pilgrim thanked him and said, "What sort of dharma power will you bestow on me?"

Tathāgata immediately ordered the Eighteen Arhats to open the treasury and take out eighteen grains of golden cinnabar sand to assist Wukong. "What will this golden cinnabar sand do?" asked Pilgrim. "Go before the cave," said Tathāgata, "and ask the demon for a contest. Entice him to come out and the arhats will at once release the sand, which will entrap him. Since he won't be able to move his body or raise his feet, you can beat him up at will."

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" cried Pilgrim, laughing. "Bring them out quickly!" Not daring to delay, the arhats at once took out the golden cinnabar sand and walked out of the gate. After Pilgrim thanked Tathāgata again, he ran after the crowd and found there were only sixteen arhats. "What sort of a place is this," yelled Pilgrim, "that you are taking bribes and releasing prisoners?"

"Who is taking bribes and releasing prisoners?" asked the arhats, and Pilgrim said, "Originally eighteen of you were sent. Why is it that there are only sixteen now?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Dragon Subduer and Tiger Tamer, the two Honored Ones, walked out from inside. "Wukong," they said, "how could you be so mischievous? The two of us remained behind because Tathāgata had further instructions for us."

"That's a wretched way to take bribes!" said Pilgrim. "If I waited even a moment in hollering, you probably would not come out." Laughing uproariously, the arhats mounted the auspicious clouds.

In a moment, they arrived at the Golden Helmet Mountain, where they were met by Devarāja Li leading the rest of the deities. "No need to go into the details," said one of the arhats. "Go quickly and ask him to come out."

Holding his fists high, our Great Sage went before the cave entrance and shouted, "Blubbery fiend! Come out quickly and try your hands with your Grandpa Sun."

Again those little fiends dashed inside to make the report. Infuriated, the demon king said, "This thievish ape! I wonder whom he has invited to come make a nuisance here!"

"There's no other warrior," said the little fiends, "he's all by himself."

“I’ve already taken away his rod,” said the demon king. “How is it that he shows up all by himself again? Could it be that he wants to box some more?” Picking up his treasure and his lance, he ordered the little fiends to move away the boulders and leaped out of the cave. “Larcenous ape!” he scolded.

“For several times you haven’t been able to gain the upper hand, and that should make you stay away. Why are you here again making noises?” Pilgrim said, “This brazen demon doesn’t know good or evil! If you don’t want your Grandpa to show up at your door, you make submission, apologize, and send out my master and brothers. Then I’ll spare you.”

“Those three monks of yours,” said the fiend, “have been scrubbed clean. Soon they will be slaughtered. And you are still making a fuss? Go away!” When Pilgrim heard the word “slaughter,” fire leaped up to his cheeks. Unable to suppress the anger of his heart, he wielded his fists and attacked the demon with hooks and jabs. Spreading out his long lance, the fiend turned to meet him. Pilgrim jumped this way and that to deceive the monster. Not knowing it was a trick, the demon left the entrance of the cave and gave chase toward the south. At once Pilgrim shouted for the arhats to pour the golden cinnabar sand down on the demon. Marvelous sand! Truly,

*Like fog, like mist, it spreads out at first;
In great profusion it drops from afar.
One mass of white
Blinding vision every where.
A dark expanse
Flaring up to lead you astray.
The working woodsman has lost his partner;
The fairy youth picking herbs can’t see his home.
It drifts and soars like fine wheat-flour;
Some grains are coarse like sesame.
The world seems opaque as the summits darken;
The sun’s hidden and the sky disappears.
It’s not quite the noise and dust at a horse’s heels,
Nor the light fluffiness chasing a scented car.
This sand is by nature a ruthless thing
Which can blot out the world to seize the fiend.
Because a demon assails the right Way,
The arhats by Law release their power.
Though your hand may hold a bright shiny pearl,
Soon the blown sand will your eyesight obscure.*

When the demon saw that the flying sand was clouding up his vision, he lowered his head and discovered that his feet were already standing in three feet of the stuff. He was so horrified that he tried to jump upward; before he could even stand up properly the sand grew another foot. In desperation, the fiend tried to pull up his legs while taking out his fillet. Throwing it up into the air, he cried, “Hit!” With a loud whoosh, the eighteen grains of golden cinnabar sand were sucked away. The demon then strode back to the cave.

All of those arhats with bare hands stopped their clouds, while Pilgrim drew near and asked, “Why are you not sending down the sand?”

“There was a sound just now,” one of them said, “and instantly our golden cinnabar sand vanished.”

“That little something has sucked them away again!” sighed Pilgrim with a laugh. “If he’s so hard to catch,” said Devarāja Li to the rest, “how could we ever arrest him? When will we be able to return to Heaven? How could we face the Emperor?” On one side, Dragon Subduer and Tiger Tamer, the two arhats, said, “Wukong, did you know why we delayed in coming out of the door just now?”

“Old Monkey only feared that you were trying to find some pretense not to come,” said Pilgrim. “I don’t know any other explanation.” One of the two arhats replied, “Tathāgata told the two of us that the demon had vast magic powers. If we lost the golden cinnabar sand, he said, we should ask Sun Wukong to search for his origin at the place of Laozi, the Tushita Palace of the Griefless Heaven. The demon would be caught with one stroke.” When Pilgrim heard this, he said, “That’s most despicable! Even Tathāgata is trying to hornswoggle old Monkey! He should have told me right then and there, and there would have been no need for all of you to travel.”

“If Tathāgata made such a clear revelation,” said Devarāja Li, “let the Great Sage go up there quickly.”

Dear Pilgrim! “I’m off!” he said, and at once he mounted the cloud somersault to enter the South Heaven Gate. There he was met by the four grand marshals, who raised their folded hands to their chins to salute him, asking, “How’s the affair of arresting that monster?”

Answering them as he walked along, Pilgrim said, “It’s unfinished! It’s unfinished! But I’m on his trail now!”

The four grand marshals dared not detain him and permitted him to walk inside the Heaven Gate. Going neither to the Hall of Divine Mists nor to the Dipper Palace, he went instead straight up to the Tushita Palace of the Griefless Heaven, which was beyond the thirty-third Heaven. Two immortal youths were standing outside the palace. Without announcing who he was, however, Pilgrim walked right inside the door, so startling the youths that they tugged at him, crying, “Who are you? Where are you going?” Only then did Pilgrim say, “I’m the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. I wish to see Laozi, Mr. Li.”

“Why are you so rude?” asked one of the youths. “Stand here and let us announce you.”

But Pilgrim would have none of that. With a shout, he dashed inside and ran smack into Laozi, who was just coming out.

Bowing low hurriedly, Pilgrim said, “Venerable Sir, haven’t seen you for awhile.”

“Why is this ape not going to seek scriptures?” said Laozi, chuckling. “What’s he doing here?” Pilgrim replied,

*Scripture-seeking—
Toil unending.
My way was blocked:
I came shuffling.*

“If the road to the Western Heaven is blocked,” said Laozi, “what has that got to do with me?”

Again Pilgrim said,

*Ah, Heaven West!
Stop your protest!
I find my trail:
You I'll contest.*

"This place of mine," said Laozi, "is an incomparable immortal palace. What sort of trail can you find?"

Eyes unblinking, Pilgrim went inside and looked left and right. He walked past several corridors and all at once he discovered a boy sound asleep by the corral. The green buffalo, however, was not inside. "Venerable Sir," said Pilgrim, "your buffalo has escaped! Your buffalo has escaped!"

"When did this cursed beast escape?" asked Laozi, highly astonished. All that clamor woke up the boy, who immediately went to his knees and said, "Father, your disciple fell asleep. I don't know when he escaped."

"How could you fall asleep, you rogue?" scolded Laozi. The boy kowtowed several times before he answered, "Your disciple picked up one pellet of elixir in the elixir chamber. As soon as I ate it, I fell asleep."

"It must be the Elixir of Seven Returns to the Fire that we made the other day. One pellet fell out, and this rogue picked it up and ate it. Well, anyone who eats one of those pellets will sleep for seven days. Because you fell asleep, no one looked after that cursed beast, and he took the opportunity to go to the Region Below. Today is the seventh day." Immediately Laozi wanted to make an investigation to see if any treasure was stolen, but Pilgrim said, "He doesn't have any treasure except a fillet, and it is quite formidable." Laozi made a quick inventory; everything was there except the diamond snare. "This cursed beast stole my diamond snare!" said Laozi. "So, that's the treasure!" said Pilgrim. "It was the same snare that hit me that time!"

Now it's going wild down below, sucking away who knows how many things."

"Where's the cursed beast now?" asked Laozi. Pilgrim replied, "At the Golden Helmet Cave of the Golden Helmet Mountain. He caught my Tang Monk first and robbed me of my golden-hooped rod. When I asked the celestial soldiers to come help me, he also took away the divine weapons of the prince. When the Star of Fiery Virtue arrived, his equipment was also taken. Only Water Lord did not lose anything to him, but his water could not drown the demon either. Finally, I asked Tathāgata to order the arhats to use sand, but even that golden Cinnabar sand was snatched away. When someone like you, Venerable Sir, lets loose a fiendish creature to rob and harm people, with what kind of crime should we charge him?" Laozi said, "That diamond snare of mine is a treasure perfected since the time of my youth, and it was also an instrument with which I converted the barbarians when I passed through the Hangu Pass.

Whatever weapons you may have, including fire and water, you can't touch it. If the demon had stolen my plantain-leaf fan also, then even I would not be able to do anything to him."

Thereafter, Laozi took up his plantain-leaf fan and mounted the auspicious cloud, followed by a happy Great Sage. They left the celestial palace, went through the South Heaven Gate, and lowered their clouds on the Golden Helmet Mountain. There they were met by the eighteen arhats, the thunder squires, Water Lord, Fiery Virtue, and Devarāja Li and his son, to whom they gave a thorough account of what had taken

place. “Sun Wukong,” said Laozi, “may go again to entice him to come out; I’ll put him away then.” Jumping down from the summit, Pilgrim again shouted, “You cursed blubbery beast! Come out quickly and submit to death!” Once more the little fiends went inside to report, and the old demon said, “This larcenous ape has asked someone to come again.” Quickly he took up his lance and treasure and walked out of the door. “You brazen demon!” scolded Pilgrim. “This time you will die for sure! Don’t run away. Have a taste of my palm!”

He leaped right onto the chest of the demon and gave him a terrific whack on the ear before turning to flee. Wielding his lance, the demon gave chase, only to hear someone calling on the tall summit:

“If that little buffalo doesn’t come home now, what’s he waiting for?” When the demon raised his head and saw that it was Laozi, his heart shook and his gall quivered. “This thievish ape,” he said, “is truly a devil of the Earth! How did he manage to find my master?” Reciting a spell, Laozi fanned the air once with his fan. The fiend threw the fillet at Laozi, who caught it immediately and gave him another fan. All at once the fiend’s strength fled him and his tendons turned numb; he changed back into his original form, which was that of a green buffalo. Blowing a mouthful of divine breath on the diamond snare, Laozi then used it to pierce the nostrils of the fiend.

Next, he took off the sash around his waist and fastened one end of it to the snare while his hand held the other. Thus the custom of leading the buffalo with a ring in its nose was established, a custom in use even now. This is also what we call *binlang*.

After he took leave of the various deities, Laozi climbed onto the back of his green buffalo.

*Mounting colored clouds,
He went back to Tushita Palace;
Having bound the fiend,
He ascended to the Griefless Heaven.*

Then the Great Sage Sun fought his way with the other deities into the cave and slaughtered all the remaining little fiends, some one hundred of them. Each of the gods recovered his weapons, after which the father-and-son team of Devarāja Li went back to Heaven; the thunder squires to their mansions; Fiery Virtue to his palace; Water Lord to his rivers; and the arhats to the West. Pilgrim then took back his iron rod and untied the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk, who also gave thanks to him. After they got the horse and the luggage ready, master and disciples left the cave and found the main road to journey once more.

As they proceeded, they heard someone by the road calling, “Holy Tang Monk, eat the food first before you go.”

The elder was terribly frightened. We do not know who it was that called them; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-THREE

*Imbibing, the Chan Lord conceives a ghostly child
Yellow Dame brings water to end the weird fetus*

*Perform eight hundred virtuous acts;
Make three thousand unknown merits.
Treating justly thing and self, kin and foe,
Will fit Western Heaven's basic vow.
Bull-demon fears no knife or sword;
In vain water and fire have toiled.
Laozi subdues it, turns its face to Heav'n—
Laughing, he now the green buffalo leads.*

We were telling you that someone by the road was calling the pilgrims. “Who could it be?” you ask. They were actually the mountain god and the local spirit of the Golden Helmet Mountain. Holding up the almsbowl of purple gold, they cried, “O Holy Monk! This bowl of rice was one which the Great Sage Sun succeeded in begging from a good place. Because all of you did not listen to sound advice, you fell by mistake into the hands of a demon. The Great Sage had to toil and struggle most pitifully before he managed to rescue you today. Come and eat the rice first before you journey. Don't abuse the filial reverence of the Great Sage.”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “I'm deeply indebted to you, and I can't thank you enough. If I had known it before, I would have never left that circle of yours and there would have been no such mortal danger.”

“To tell you the truth, Master,” said Pilgrim, “because you did not believe in my circle, you had to be placed in someone else's circle. What suffering you had to bear! It's lamentable!”

“What do you mean by someone else's circle?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied, “Coolie, it was the doing of your cursed mouth and cursed tongue that landed this great ordeal on Master. What old Monkey dug up in Heaven and on Earth—the fire, the water, the celestial soldiers, and the cinnabar sand of the Buddha—they were all sucked away by a ghostly white fillet of his. Through two arhats, however, Tathāgata secretly revealed to old Monkey the origin of that fiend, and only then could we ask Laozi to come here to subdue him. It was his green buffalo that was causing all the trouble.” When Tripitaka heard this, he thanked him profusely, saying, “Worthy disciple, after this experience, I will certainly listen to you next time.” Whereupon the four of them divided up the rice to eat, rice that was still steaming hot. “This rice has been here for a long time,” said Pilgrim. “Why is it still hot?” Kneeling down, the local spirit said, “Since this humble deity has learned that the Great Sage has achieved his merit, he heated up the rice first before serving it.” In a moment, they finished the rice and put away the almsbowl.

Having taken leave of the mountain god and the local spirit, the master mounted his horse to pass the tall mountain. Thus it was that

*Mind purged of care, they the Buddha's wisdom embrace;
They dine on wind and rest by water to journey West.*

After traveling for a long time, it was again early spring and they heard

*Purple swallows murmuring
And orioles warbling.
Purple swallows murmur, tiring their scented beaks;
Orioles warble, their artful notes persist.
Ground full of fallen blooms like brocade spread out;
Whole mountain birthing green like mounds of moss.
On the peak green plums are budding;
The cliff's cedars detain the clouds.
Faint, misty lights o'er the meadows;
Sandbars warmed by bright sunshine.
In few gardens floral stamens unfold;
The sun back to earth turns willow strands gold.*

As they walked along, they came upon a small river of cool, limpid currents. The elder Tang reined in his horse to look around and saw in the distance several thatched huts beneath willows hanging jadelike. Pointing in that direction, Pilgrim said, "There must be someone running a ferryboat in those houses."

"It's likely," said Tripitaka, "but since I haven't seen a boat, I don't dare open my mouth."

Dropping down the luggage, Eight Rules shouted, "Hey, ferryman! Punt your boat over here."

He yelled several times and indeed, from beneath the shade of willows a boat emerged, creaking as it was punted. In a little while, it approached the shore while master and disciples stared at it. Truly,

*As a paddle parts the foam,
A light boat floats on the waves,
With olive cabins brightly painted
And a deck made of flat, level boards.
On the bow, iron cords encircle;
At the stern, a shining rudder stem.
Though it may be a reed of a boat,
It will sail the lakes and the seas;
Though without fancy cables and tall masts,
It has, in fact, oars of cedar and pine.
It's unlike the divine ship of great distance,
But it can traverse a river's width.
It comes and goes only between two banks;
It moves only in and out of ancient fords.*

In a moment, the boat touched the bank, and the person punting called out:

"If you want to cross the river, come over here."

Tripitaka urged his horse forward to take a look at the boatman and saw that the person had

*On the head a woolen wrap
And on the feet, two black silk shoes;
On the body, an often patched cotton coat;*

*A thousand-stitched, old cloth skirt hugged the waist.
 The wrists had coarse skin and the tendons, strength;
 Dim eyes, knitted brows showed features of age.
 The voice like an oriole's was soft and coy;
 An old woman appeared on closer look.*

Walking to the side of the boat, Pilgrim said, "You are the one ferrying the boat?"

"Yes," said the woman. "Why is the ferryman not here?" asked Pilgrim. "Why is the ferrywoman punting the boat?"

The woman smiled and did not reply; she pulled out the gangplank instead and set it up. Sha Monk then poled the luggage into the boat, followed by the master holding onto Pilgrim. Then they moved the boat sideways so that Eight Rules could lead the horse to step into it. After the gangplank was put away, the woman punted the boat away from shore and, in a moment, rowed it across the river.

After they reached the western shore, the elder asked Sha Monk to untie one of the wraps and take out a few pennies for the woman.

Without disputing the price, the woman tied the boat to a wooden pillar by the water and walked into one of the village huts nearby, giggling loudly all the time. When Tripitaka saw how clear the water was, he felt thirsty and told Eight Rules:

"Get the almsbowl and fetch some water for me to drink."

"I was just about to drink some myself," said Idiot, who took out the almsbowl and bailed out a full bowl of water to hand over to the master. The master drank less than half of the water, and when Idiot took the bowl back, he drank the rest of it in one gulp before he helped his master to mount the horse once more.

After master and disciples found their way to the West they had hardly traveled half an hour when the elder began to groan as he rode. "Stomachache!" he said. Eight Rules, who was behind him, also said, "I have a stomachache, too." Sha Monk said, "It must be the cold water you drank."

But before he even finished speaking, the elder cried out:

"The pain's awful!"

Eight Rules also screamed, "The pain's awful!"

As the two of them struggled with this unbearable pain, their bellies began to swell in size steadily. Inside their abdomens, there seemed to be a clot of blood or a lump of flesh, which could be felt clearly by the hand, kicking and jumping wildly about. Tripitaka was in great discomfort when they came upon a small village by the road; two bundles of hay were tied to some branches on a tall tree nearby. "Master, that's good!" said Pilgrim. "The house over there must be an inn. Let me go over there to beg some hot liquid for you. I'll ask them also whether there is an apothecary around, so that I can get some ointment for your stomachache."

Delighted by what he heard, Tripitaka whipped his white horse and soon arrived at the village. As he dismounted, he saw an old woman sitting on a grass mound outside the village gate and knitting hemp. Pilgrim went forward and bowed to her with palms pressed together saying, "*Popo*, this poor monk has come from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. My master is the royal brother of the Tang court. Because he drank some water from the river back there after we crossed it, he is having a stomachache."

Breaking into loud guffaws, the woman said, "You people drank some water from the river?"

"Yes," replied Pilgrim, "we drank some of the clean river water east of here."

Giggling loudly, the old woman said, "What fun! What fun! Come in, all of you. I'll tell you something." Pilgrim went to support Tang Monk while Sha Monk held up Eight Rules; moaning with every step, the two sick men walked into the thatched hut to take a seat, their stomachs protruding and their faces turning yellow from the pain. "*Popo*," Pilgrim kept saying, "please make some hot liquid for my master. We'll thank you." Instead of boiling water, however, the old woman dashed inside, laughing and yelling, "Come and look, all of you!" With loud clip-clops, several middle-aged women ran out from within to stare at the Tang Monk, grinning stupidly all the time.

Enraged, Pilgrim gave a yell and ground his teeth together, so frightening all of them that they turned to flee, stumbling all over.

Pilgrim darted forward and caught the old woman, crying, "Boil some water quick and I'll spare you!"

"Sire!" said the old woman, shaking violently, "boiled water is useless to cure their stomachaches. Let me go, and I'll tell you." Pilgrim released her, and she said, "This is the Women State of Western Liang.

Not even a single male but only women live in our state. That's why we were amused when we saw you. That water your master drank is not the best, for the river is called Child-and-Mother River. Outside our capital we also have a Male Reception Post-house, by the side of which there is also a Pregnancy Reflection Stream. Only after reaching her twentieth year would someone from this region dare go and drink that river's water, for she would feel the pain of conception soon after she took a drink. After three days, she would go to the Male Reception Post-house and look at her reflection in the stream. If a double reflection appears, it means that she will give birth to a child. Since your master drank some water from the Child-and-Mother River, he, too, has become pregnant and will give birth to a child. How could hot water cure him?" When Tripitaka heard this, he paled with fright. "O disciple," he cried, "what shall we do?"

"O father!" groaned Eight Rules as he twisted to spread his legs further apart, "we are men, and we have to give birth to babies? Where can we find a birth canal? How could the fetus come out?" With a chuckle Pilgrim said, "According to the ancients, 'A ripe melon will fall by itself.' When the time comes, you may have a gaping hole at your armpit and the baby will crawl out." When Eight Rules heard this, he shook with fright, and that made the pain all the more unbearable. "Finished! Finished!" he cried.

"I'm dead! I'm dead!"

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, laughing, "stop writhing! Stop writhing! You may hurt the umbilical cord and end up with some sort of prenatal sickness." Our Idiot became more alarmed than ever. Tears welling up in his eyes, he tugged at Pilgrim and said, "Elder Brother, please ask the *Popo* to see if they have some midwives here who are not too heavy-handed.

Let's find a few right away. The movement inside is becoming more frequent now. It must be labor pain. It's coming! It's coming!"

Again Sha Monk said, chuckling, “Second Elder Brother, if it’s labor pain, you’d better sit still. I fear you may puncture the water bag.”

“O *Popo*,” said Tripitaka with a moan, “do you have a physician here? I’ll ask my disciple to go there and ask for a prescription.

We’ll take the drug and have an abortion.”

“Even drugs are useless,” said the old woman, “but due south of here there is a Male-Undoing Mountain. In it there is a Child Destruction Cave, and inside the cave there is an Abortion Stream. You must drink a mouthful of water from the stream before the pregnancy can be terminated. But nowadays, it’s not easy to get that water. Last year, a Daoist by the name of True Immortal Compliant came on the scene and he changed the name of the Child Destruction Cave to the Abbey of Immortal Assembly. Claiming the water from the Abortion Stream as his possession, he refused to give it out freely. Anyone who wants the water must present monetary offerings together with meats, wines, and fruit baskets. After bowing to him in complete reverence, you will receive a tiny bowl of the water. But all of you are mendicants. Where could you find the kind of money you need to spend for something like this? You might as well suffer here and wait for the births.” When Pilgrim heard this, he was filled with delight. “*Popo*,” he said, “how far is it from here to the Male-Undoing Mountain?”

“About three thousand miles,” replied the old woman. “Excellent! Excellent!” said Pilgrim. “Relax, Master! Let old Monkey go and fetch some of that water for you to drink.”

Dear Great Sage! He gave this instruction to Sha Monk:

“Take good care of Master. If this family ill behaves and tries to hurt him, bring out your old thuggery and scare them a little. Let me go fetch the water.” Sha Monk obeyed. The old woman then took out a large porcelain bowl to hand over to Pilgrim, saying, “Take this bowl and try to get as much water as possible. We can save some for an emergency.” Indeed, Pilgrim took over the bowl, left that thatched hut, and mounted the cloud to leave. Only then did the old woman fall to her knees, bowing to the air, and cried, “O father! This monk knows how to ride the clouds!” She went inside and told the other women to come out to kowtow to the Tang Monk, all addressing him as arhat or bodhisattva. Then they began to boil water and prepare rice to present to the pilgrims, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun on his cloud somersault; in a little while, he saw the peak of a mountain blocking his path. Dropping down from his cloudy luminosity, he opened wide his eyes to look around. Marvelous mountain! He saw

*Rare flowers spreading brocade;
Wild grass unrolling blue;
Plunging streams—one after another;
Brooks and clouds, both leisurely.
Canyons, packed together, rank with creepers and vines;
Ranges, stretching afar, dense with forests and trees.
Birds call, and wild geese glide by;
Deer drink, and monkeys clamber.
A mountain green like a jade screen;
A ridge blue like locks of hair.
Difficult indeed to reach from this world of dust!*

*Rocks and water splashing, a sight that never tires!
 One often sees immortal lads leave, picking herbs.
 One often meets woodsmen come, bearing loads.
 Truly it's almost the scenery of Tiantai,
 Surpassing perhaps the three peaks of Mount Hua.*

As the Great Sage stared at the scenery, he discovered also a building with its back on the dark side of the mountain and from where the sound of a dog barking could be heard. Going down the mountain, the Great Sage went toward the building, which was also a rather nice place. Look at the

*Stream piercing a small bridge;
 Thatched huts nestling a green hill.
 A dog barks near the lonely fence;
 The recluse comes and goes at will.*

In a moment he came up to the gate, where he found an old Daoist sitting cross-legged on the green lawn. When the Great Sage put down his porcelain bowl to bow to him, the Daoist rose slightly to return his greeting, saying, "Where did you come from? For what purpose have you come to this humble Abbey?" Pilgrim replied, "This poor monk is a scripture pilgrim sent by imperial commission of the Great Tang in the Land of the East.

Because my master mistakenly drank water from the Child-and-Mother River, he is suffering from a swollen belly and unbearable pain. We asked the natives there and learned that the pregnancy thus formed has no cure. We are told, however, that there is an Abortion Stream in the Child Destruction Cave of the Male-Undoing Mountain, and its water can eliminate the conception. This is why I have come especially to see the True Immortal Compliant, in order to beg from him some water to save my master. May I trouble the old Daoist to lead me to him?"

"This used to be the Child Destruction Cave," said the Daoist, chuckling, "but it's now changed to the Abbey of Immortal Assembly. I am none other than the eldest disciple of the venerable father, True Immortal Compliant. What's your name? Tell me so I can announce you."

"I am the eldest disciple of Tripitaka Tang, master of the Law," said Pilgrim, "and my humble name is Sun Wukong."

"Where are your monetary gifts?" asked the Daoist. "Your offerings of wine?" Pilgrim said, "We are mendicants on a journey, and we haven't prepared them."

"You are quite mad!" said the Daoist, chuckling again. "My old master is now the protector of this mountain stream, and he has never given its water free to anyone. You go back and bring some gifts, and I'll announce you. Otherwise, please leave. Don't think about the water!" Pilgrim said, "Goodwill can be more powerful than an imperial edict. If you go and announce the name of old Monkey, I am sure that he will express his goodwill. Perhaps he will turn over the entire well of water to me."

This statement of Pilgrim gave the Daoist little alternative but to go inside to make the announcement. As the True Immortal was just playing the lute, the Daoist had to wait until he finished playing before saying, "Master, there is a Buddhist monk outside who claims to be Sun Wukong, the eldest disciple of Tripitaka Tang. He wants some water from the Abortion Stream to save his master." It would have been better if

the True Immortal had not heard the name, for the moment he came upon those words, Wukong,

*Anger flared in his heart,
Wrath sprouted from his gall.*

Jumping down quickly from his lute couch, he took off his casual garment and put on his Daoist robe. He picked up a compliant hook and leaped out of the door of the Abbey. "Where is Sun Wukong?" he shouted. Pilgrim turned his head to see how that True Immortal was dressed.

*A star cap of bright colors crowned his head;
He wore a red magic robe with golden threads.
His cloud shoes were topped by patterned brocade;
An elegant treasure belt wrapped around his waist.
A pair of stockings of embroidered silk;
Half visible, a patterned woolen kilt.
His hands held a compliant golden hook:
The blade, sharp; the handle, dragonlike and long.
Phoenix eyes glowed with brows going straight up;
Sharp, steely teeth within a blood-red mouth.
A beard soared like bright flames beneath his chin;
Like rushes flared his temple's scarlet hair.
His form seemed as violent as Marshal Wen's,
Although their clothing was not the same.*

When Pilgrim saw him, he pressed his palms together before him and bowed, saying, "This poor monk is Sun Wukong."

"Are you the real Sun Wukong," said the master with a laugh, "or are you merely assuming his name and surname?"

"Look at the way the master speaks!" said Pilgrim. "As the proverb says, 'A gentleman changes neither his name when he stands, nor his surname when he sits.' What would be the reason for me to assume someone else's name?"

The master asked, "Do you recognize me?"

"Since I made repentance in the Buddhist gate and embraced with all sincerity the teaching of the monks," said Pilgrim, "I have only been climbing mountains and fording waters. I have lost contact with all the friends of my youth. Because I have never been able to visit you, I have never beheld your honorable countenance before. When we asked for our way in a village household west of the Child-and-Mother River, they told me that the master is called the True Immortal Compliant. That's how I know your name."

The master said, "You are walking on your way, and I'm cultivating my authentic immortality. Why did you come to visit me?"

"Because my master drank by mistake the water of the Child-and-Mother River," replied Pilgrim, "and his stomachache turned into a pregnancy. I came especially to your immortal mansion to beg you for a bowl of water from the Abortion Stream, in order that my master might be freed from this ordeal."

“Is your master Tripitaka Tang?” asked the master, his eyes glowering. “Yes, indeed!” answered Pilgrim. Grinding his teeth together, the master said spitefully, “Have you run into a Great King Holy Child?”

“That’s the nickname of the fiend, Red Boy,” said Pilgrim, “who lived in the Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Stream, in the Roaring Mountain. Why does the True Immortal ask after him?”

“He happens to be my nephew,” replied the master, “and the Bull Demon King is my brother. Some time ago my elder brother told me in a letter that Sun Wukong, the eldest disciple of Tripitaka Tang, was such a rascal that he brought his son great harm. I didn’t know where to find you for vengeance, but you came instead to seek me out. And you’re asking me for water?”

Trying to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, “You are wrong, Sir. Your elder brother used to be my friend, for both of us belonged to a league of seven bond brothers when we were young. I just didn’t know about you, and so I did not come to pay my respect in your mansion. Your nephew is very well off, for he is now the attendant of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. He has become Sudhana, the Boy Skilled in Wealth, with whom even we cannot compare. Why do you blame me instead?”

“You brazen monkey!” shouted the master. “Still waxing your tongue! Is my nephew better off being a king by himself, or being a slave to someone? Stop this insolence and have a taste of my hook!” Using the iron rod to parry the blow, the Great Sage said, “Please don’t use the language of war, Sir. Give me some water and I’ll leave.”

“Brazen monkey!” scolded the master. “You don’t know any better! If you can withstand me for three rounds, I’ll give you the water. If not, I’ll chop you up as meat sauce to avenge my nephew.”

“You damned ignorant fool!” scolded Pilgrim. “You don’t know what’s good for you! If you want to fight, come up here and watch my rod!”

The master at once countered with his compliant hook, and the two of them had quite a fight before the Abbey of Immortal Assembly.

*The sage monk drinks from this procreant stream,
And Pilgrim must the Immortal Compliant seek.
Who knows the True Immortal is a fiend
That safeguards by force the Abortion Stream?
When these two meet, they speak as enemies
Feuding, and resolved not to give one whit.
The words thus traded engender distress;
Rancor and malice so bent on revenge.
This one, whose master’s life is threatened, comes seeking water;
That one for losing his nephew declines to yield the stream.
Fierce as a scorpion’s the compliant hook;
Wild like a dragon’s the golden-hooped rod.
Madly it stabs the chest, what savagery!
Aslant, it hooks the legs, what subtlety!
The rod aiming down there inflicts grave wounds;
The hook, passing shoulders, will whip the head.
The rod slaps the waist—“a hawk holds a bird.”*

*The hook swipes the head—"a mantis hits its prey."
 They lunge here and there, both striving to win;
 They turn and close in again and again.
 The hook hooks, the rod strikes, without letup—
 Victory cannot be seen on either side.*

The master fought the Great Sage for over ten rounds and then he began to weaken. The Great Sage, however, grew more fierce, the blows of his rod raining on his opponent's head like a meteor shower. His strength all gone, the master fled toward the mountain with his compliant hook trailing behind him.

Instead of chasing after him, the Great Sage wanted to go into the Abbey to look for the water, but the Daoist had long had the door tightly shut. Holding the porcelain bowl, the Great Sage dashed up to the door and kicked it down with all his might. He rushed inside and saw the Daoist leaning on the well, covering its mouth with his body. The Great Sage lifted high his rod and shouted that he was about to strike, causing the Daoist to flee to the rear. Then he found a bucket, but just as he tried to bail some water, the master dashed out from the rear and caught hold of one of his legs with the compliant hook. One hard tug sent the Great Sage tumbling beak-first to the ground. Clambering up, the Great Sage at once attacked with his iron rod, but the master only retreated to one side. With hook in hand, he cried, "See if you could take away my water!"

"Come up here! Come up here!" yelled the Great Sage. "I'll beat you to death!"

But the master refused to go forward to fight; he just stood there and refused to permit the Great Sage to bail out the water. When the Great Sage saw that his enemy was motionless, he wielded his iron rod with his left hand while his right hand tried to let the rope down the well. Before the pulley had made several turns, however, the master again struck with his hook. As the Great Sage could hardly protect himself with only one hand, the hook once more caught hold of one of his legs, causing him to stumble and the rope to fall into the well, bucket and all. "This fellow is quite rude!" said the Great Sage, who clambered up and, holding the iron rod now with both hands, showered his opponent's body and head with blows. Not daring to face him and fight, the master fled away as before. Again the Great Sage wanted to get the water, but this time he had no bucket, and moreover, he was afraid that the master would return to attack him. He thought to himself:

"I must go and find a helper."

Dear Great Sage! He mounted the clouds and went straight back to the village hut, crying, "Sha Monk." Inside Tripitaka was moaning to endure the pain, while the groans of Eight Rules were continuous. Delighted by the call, they said, "Sha Monk, Wukong's back." Sha Monk hurried out the door to ask, "Big Brother, have you brought water?"

The Great Sage entered and gave a thorough account to the Tang Monk. Shedding tears, Tripitaka said, "O disciple! How is this going to end?"

"I came back," said the Great Sage, "to ask Brother Sha to go with me. When we reach the Abbey, old Monkey will fight with that fellow and Sha Monk can use the opportunity to get that water to save you."

Tripitaka said, "Both of you who are healthy will be gone, leaving behind the two of us who are sick. Who will look after us?"

The old woman waiting on them said, “Relax, old arhat. You don’t need your disciples. We will serve you and take care of you. When you first arrived, we were already fond of you. Then we saw how this bodhisattva traveled by cloud and fog, and we knew that you had to be an arhat or bodhisattva. We’ll never dare to harm you again.”

“You are all women here,” snapped Pilgrim. “Whom do you dare to harm?”

“O dear father!” said the old woman, giggling. “You’re lucky to have come to my house. If you had gone to another one, none of you would have remained whole.”

“What do you mean,” said Eight Rules, still groaning, “by not remaining whole?”

The old woman replied, “The four or five of us in this family are all getting on in years. We have given up the activities of love. If you go to another family, there may be more youthful members than old ones. You think the young ones will let you go? They will want to have intercourse with you, and if you refuse, they will take your lives. Then they will cut you up to use your flesh to make fragrant bags.”

“In that case,” said Eight Rules, “I won’t be hurt. They all smell nice, and they’ll be good for fragrant bags. I’m a stinking hog, and even when I’m cut up, I still stink. That’s why I can’t be hurt.”

“Don’t be so talkative!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Save your strength, so you can give birth.”

The old woman said, “No need for delay. Go quickly to get the water.”

“Do you have a bucket in your house?” asked Pilgrim. “Please lend us one.”

The old woman went to the back to take out a bucket and rope to hand over to Sha Monk, who said, “Let’s bring two ropes. We may need them if the well is deep.”

After Sha Monk received the bucket and the ropes, he followed the Great Sage out of the village hut and they left together, mounting the clouds. In less than half an hour, they arrived at the Male-Undoing Mountain. As they lowered their clouds to go before the Abbey, the Great Sage gave Sha Monk this instruction:

“Take the bucket with the ropes and hide yourself. Old Monkey will go and provoke battle. When we are in the thick of fighting, you can use the opportunity to go inside, get the water, and leave.” Sha Monk obeyed.

Wielding his iron rod, the Great Sage Sun approached the door and shouted:

“Open the door! Open the door!”

The Daoist who stood guard at the door hurried inside to report, “Master, that Sun Wukong is here again.”

Greatly angered, the master said, “This brazen ape is insolent indeed! I have always heard that he has considerable abilities, and today I know it’s true. That rod of his is quite difficult to withstand.”

“Master,” said the Daoist, “his abilities may be great, but yours are not inferior. You are, in fact, exactly his match.”

“But twice before,” said the master, “I lost to him.”

“Only in a contest of sheer violence,” said the Daoist. “Later, when he tried to bail water, your hook made him fall twice. Haven’t you equalized the situation? He had little alternative but to leave at first, and now he’s back. It must be that Tripitaka’s pregnancy is so advanced and his body so heavy that his complaints have driven this monkey to return, against his better judgment. He must feel rather contemptuous toward his master, and I’m sure that you will win.” When the True Immortal heard these words, he became

*Delighted and filled with elation;
Full of smiles and brimming with power.*

Holding straight his compliant hook, he walked out of the door and shouted, “Brazen simian! Why are you here again?”

“Only to fetch water,” answered the Great Sage. “That water,” said the True Immortal, “happens to be in my well. Even if you are a king or a prime minister, you must come begging with offerings of meat and wines, and then I will only give you a little. You are my enemy no less, and you dare to ask for it with empty hands?”

“You really refuse to give it to me?” asked the Great Sage. The True Immortal replied, “Yes! Yes!”

“You damned fool!” scolded the Great Sage. “If you don’t give me the water, watch my rod!”

He opened up at once and rushed at the True Immortal, bringing down the rod hard on his head. Stepping aside quickly to dodge the blow, the True Immortal met him with the hook and fought back. This time, it was even more ferocious a battle than last time. What a fight!

*Golden-hooped rod,
Compliant hook,
Two angry men so full of enmity.
The cosmos darkens as sand and rocks fly up;
Sun and moon sadden as dirt and dust soar high.
The Great Sage seeks water to save his master,
Denied by the fiend for his nephew’s sake.
The two exert their strength
To wage a contest there.
Teeth are ground together
To strive for a victory.
More and more alert,
They arouse themselves.
They belch cloud and fog to sadden ghosts and gods.
Bing-bing and bang-bang clash both hook and rod,
Their cries, their shouts shake up the mountain range.
The fierce wind, howling, ravages the woods;
The violent airs surge past the dipper stars.
The Great Sage grows happier as he strives;
The True Immortal’s gladder as he fights.
They do this battle with whole heart and mind;
They will not give up until someone dies.*

The two of them began their fighting outside the Abbey, and as they struggled and danced together, they gradually moved to the mountain slope below. We shall leave this bitter contest for a moment.

We tell you instead about our Sha Monk, who crashed through the door, holding the bucket. He was met by the Daoist, who barred the way at the well and said, “Who are you that you dare come to get our water?”

Dropping the bucket, Sha Monk took out his fiendrouting treasure staff and, without a word, brought it down on the Daoist’s head. The Daoist was unable to dodge fast enough, and his left arm and shoulder were broken by this one blow. Falling to the ground, he lay there struggling for his life. “I wanted to slaughter you, cursed beast,” scolded Sha Monk, “but you are, after all, a human being. I still have some pity for you, and I’ll spare you. Let me bail out the water.”

Crying for Heaven and Earth to help him, the Daoist crawled slowly to the rear, while Sha Monk lowered the bucket into the well and filled it to the brim. He then walked out of the Abbey and mounted the cloud and fog before he shouted to Pilgrim, “Big Brother, I have gotten the water and I’m leaving. Spare him! Spare him!” When the Great Sage heard this, he stopped the hook with his iron rod and said, “I was about to exterminate you, but you have not committed a crime. Moreover, I still have regard for the feelings of your brother, the Bull Demon King. When I first came here, I was hooked by you twice and I didn’t get my water. When I returned, I came with the trick of ‘Enticing the Tiger to leave the Mountain’ and deceived you into fighting me, so that my brother could go inside to get the water. If old Monkey is willing to use his real abilities to fight with you, don’t say there is only one of you so-called True Immortal Compliant. Even if there are several of you, I would beat you all to death. But to kill is not as good as to let live, and so I’m going to spare you and permit you to have a few more years. From now on if anyone wishes to obtain the water, you must not blackmail the person.” Not knowing anything better, that bogus immortal brandished his hook and once more attempted to catch Pilgrim’s legs. The Great Sage evaded the blade of his hook and then rushed forward, crying, “Don’t run!”

The bogus immortal was caught unprepared and he was pushed head over heels to the ground, unable to get up. Grabbing the compliant hook the Great Sage snapped it in two; then he bundled the pieces together and, with another bend, broke them into four segments. Throwing them on the ground, he said, “Brazen, cursed beast! Still dare to be unruly?”

Trembling all over, the bogus immortal took the insult and dared not utter a word. Our Great Sage, in peals of laughter, mounted the cloud to rise into the air, and we have a testimonial poem.

The poem says:

*For smelting true lead true water you need;
True water well mixed dries true mercury.
True mercury and lead have no maternal breath;
Elixir are numinous drugs and grains.
In vain baby boy has a pregnant form;
Earth Mother has achieved merit with ease.
Heresy pushed down, right faith they learn;
The Lord of the Mind, all smiles, would return.*

Mounting the auspicious luminosity, the Great Sage caught up with Sha Monk. Having acquired the true water, they were filled with delight as they returned to where they belonged. After they lowered the clouds and went up to the village hut, they found Zhu Eight Rules leaning on the door post and groaning, his belly huge and protruding. Walking quietly up to him, Pilgrim said, “Idiot, when did you enter the delivery room?”

Horrified, Idiot said, “Elder Brother, don’t make fun of me. Did you bring the water?” Pilgrim was about to tease him some more when Sha Monk followed him in, laughing as he said, “Water’s coming! Water’s coming!”

Enduring the pain, Tripitaka rose slightly and said, “O disciples, I’ve caused you a lot of trouble.”

That old woman, too, was most delighted, and all of her relatives came out to kowtow, crying, “O bodhisattva! This is our luck! This is our luck!” She took a goblet of flowered porcelain, filled it half full, and handed it to Tripitaka, saying, “Old master, drink it slowly. All you need is a mouthful and the pregnancy will dissolve.”

“I don’t need any goblet,” said Eight Rules. “I’ll just finish the bucket.”

“O venerable father, don’t scare people to death!” said the old woman. “If you drink this bucket of water, your stomach and your intestines will all be dissolved.” Idiot was so taken aback that he dared not misbehave; he drank only half a goblet.

In less than the time of a meal, the two of them experienced sharp pain and cramps in their bellies, and then their intestines growled four or five times. After that, Idiot could no longer contain himself: both waste and urine poured out of him. The Tang Monk, too, felt the urge to relieve himself and wanted to go to a quiet place. “Master,” said Pilgrim, “you mustn’t go out to a place where there is a draft. If you are exposed to the wind, I fear that you may catch some postnatal illness.”

At once the old woman brought to them two night pots so that the two of them could find relief. After several bowel movements, the pain stopped and the swelling of their bellies gradually subsided as the lump of blood and flesh dissolved. The relatives of the old woman also boiled some white rice congee and presented it to them to strengthen their postnatal weakness. “*Popo*,” said Eight Rules, “I have a healthy constitution, and I have no need to strengthen any postnatal weakness. You go and boil me some water, so that I can take a bath before I eat the congee.”

“Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “you can’t take a bath. If water gets inside someone within a month after birth, the person will be sick.”

Eight Rules said, “But I have not given proper birth to anything; at most, I only have had a miscarriage. What’s there to be afraid of? I must wash and clean up.” Indeed, the old woman prepared some hot water for them to clean their hands and feet. The Tang Monk then ate about two bowls of congee, but Eight Rules consumed over fifteen bowls and he still wanted more. “Coolie,” chuckled Pilgrim, “don’t eat so much. If you get a sand-bag belly, you’ll look quite awful.”

“Don’t worry, don’t worry,” replied Eight Rules.

“I’m no female hog. So what’s there to be afraid of?”

The family members indeed went to prepare some more rice.

The old woman then said to the Tang Monk, “Old master, please bestow this water on me.” Pilgrim said, “Idiot, you are not drinking the water anymore?”

“My stomachache is gone,” said Eight Rules, “and the pregnancy, I suppose, must be dissolved. I’m quite fine now. Why should I drink any more water?”

“Since the two of them have recovered,” said Pilgrim, “we’ll give this water to your family.”

After thanking Pilgrim, the old woman poured what was left of the water into a porcelain jar, which she buried in the rear garden. She said to the rest of the family, “This jar of water will take care of my funeral expenses.”

Everyone in that family, young and old, was delighted. A vegetarian meal was prepared and tables were set out to serve to the Tang Monk. He and his disciples had a leisurely dinner and then rested.

At dawn the next day, they thanked the old woman and her family before leaving the village. Tripitaka Tang mounted up, Sha Monk toted the luggage, Zhu Eight Rules held the reins, and the Great Sage Sun led the way in front. So, this is how it should be:

The mouth washed of its sins, the self is clean;

Worldly conception dissolved, the body’s fit.

We don’t know what sort of affairs they must attend to when they reach the capital; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-FOUR

*Dharma-nature, going west, reaches the Women State
Mind Monkey makes a plan to flee the fair sex*

We tell you now about Tripitaka and his disciples, who left the household at the village and followed the road westward. In less than forty miles, they arrived at the state border of Western Liang. Pointing ahead as he rode along, the Tang Monk said, “Wukong, we are approaching a city, and from the noise and hubbub coming from the markets, I suppose it must be the Women State. All of you must take care to behave properly. Keep your desires under control and don’t let them violate the teachings of our gate of Law.”

Hearing this, the three disciples obeyed the strict admonition.

Soon they reached the head of the street that opened to the eastern gate. The people there, with long skirts and short blouses, powdered faces and oily heads, were all women regardless of whether they were young or old. Many of them were doing business on the streets, and when they saw the four of them walking by, they all clapped their hands in acclaim and laughed aloud, crying happily, “Human seeds are coming! Human seeds are coming!”

Tripitaka was so startled that he reined in his horse; all at once the street was blocked, completely filled with women, and all you could hear were laughter and chatter. Eight Rules began to holler wildly:

“I’m a pig for sale! I’m a pig for sale!”

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim, “stop this nonsense. Bring out your old features, that’s all!” Indeed, Eight Rules shook his head a couple of times and stuck up his two rush-leaf fan ears; then he wriggled his lips like two hanging lotus roots and gave a yell, so frightening those women that they all fell and stumbled. We have a testimonial poem, and the it says:

*The sage monk, seeking Buddha, reached Western Liang,
A land full of females but without one male.
Farmers, scholars, workers, and those in trade,
The fishers and plowers were women all.
Maidens lined the streets, crying “Human seeds!”
Young girls filled the roads to greet the comely men.
If Wuneng did not show his ugly face,
The siege by the fair sex would be pain indeed.*

In this way, the people became frightened and none dared go forward; everyone was rubbing her hands and squatting down. They shook their heads, bit their fingers, and crowded both sides of the street, trembling all over but still eager to stare at the Tang Monk.

The Great Sage Sun had to display his hideous face in order to open up the road, while Sha Monk, too, played monster to keep order.

Leading the horse, Eight Rules stuck out his snout and waved his ears. As the whole entourage proceeded, the pilgrims discovered that the houses in the city were

built in orderly rows while the shops had lavish displays. There were merchants selling rice and salt; there were wine and tea houses—

*All bell and drum towers with goods piled high;
Bannered kiosks and hostels with screens hung low.*

As master and disciples followed the street through its several turns, they came upon a woman official standing in the street and crying, “Visitors from afar should not enter the city gate without permission. Please go to the post-house and enter your names on the register. Allow this humble official to announce you to the throne. After your rescript is certified, you will be permitted to pass through.”

Hearing this, Tripitaka dismounted; then he saw a horizontal plaque hung over the gate of an official mansion nearby, and on the plaque were the three words, Male Reception Post-house. “Wukong,” said the elder; “what that family in the village said is true.

There is indeed a Male Reception Post-house.”

“Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, laughing, “go and show yourself at the Pregnancy Reflection Stream and see if there’s a double reflection.”

Eight Rules replied, “Don’t play with me! Since I drank that cup of water from the Abortion Stream, the pregnancy has been dissolved. Why should I show myself?”

Turning around, Tripitaka said to him, “Wuneng, be careful with your words.”

He then went forward to greet the woman official, who led them inside the post-house.

After they took their seats in the main hall, the official asked for tea to be served. All the servants working here combed their hair into three braids, and their garments were worn in two sections. Look at them! Even those serving tea were tittering. In a moment, they finished tea, and the official rose and asked, “Where did the visitors come from?” Pilgrim replied, “We are people from the Land of the East, sent by imperial commission of the Great Tang Emperor to worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and to seek scriptures. My master, the royal brother of the Tang emperor, bears the title of Tripitaka Tang. I’m Sun Wukong, his eldest disciple, and these two— Zhu Wuneng and Sha Wujing—are my brothers. There are five of us altogether, including the horse. We have with us a travel rescript, and we beg you to certify it so that we may pass through.”

After the woman official wrote this in the register with a brush, she came forward to kowtow, saying, “Venerable Fathers, please pardon me. This humble official is the clerk at the Male Reception Post-house. I did not know that such dignitaries from a noble nation were on their way, and therefore I did not go to a distance to meet you.”

After she kowtowed, she rose and immediately gave an order to the housekeeper to prepare food and drink. “Let the venerable fathers sit here for a while,” she said, “and this humble official will enter the capital to present a memorial to our ruler. We will certify your rescript and use our seals, so that you can be sent on your way to the West.”

Delighted, Tripitaka sat down and we shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you now about that clerk of the post-house, who, after she had put on the proper attire, went to the Five Phoenix Tower inside the capital and said to the Custodian of the Yellow Gate, “I’m the clerk of the Male Reception Post-house, and I must have an audience with the throne.”

The Yellow Gate at once presented the memorial, and the clerk was summoned up to the main palace hall.

The queen asked, "Why does the Clerk of the post-house wish to see us?"

"Your humble subject," said the clerk, "has just received in the post-house Tripitaka Tang, the royal brother of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East. He has three disciples by the names of Sun Wukong, Zhu Wuneng, and Sha Wujing; there are altogether five of them, including a horse. They are on their way to seek scriptures from the Buddha in the Western Heaven. I have come especially to report this to my queen and to ask whether they may have their travel rescript certified and the permission to pass through." When the queen heard this report, she was filled with delight.

"Last night," she said to the civil and military officials, "we dreamed that

*Luminous hues grew from the screens of gold,
Refulgent rays spread from the mirrors of jade.*

That had to be a good omen for today."

"Mistress," said the women officials in unison as they prostrated themselves before the vermilion steps, "how could you tell that it was a good omen?"

The queen said, "This man from the Land of the East is a royal brother of the Tang court. In our country, the rulers of various generations since the time when chaos divided had never seen a man come here.

Now the royal brother of the Tang emperor has arrived, and he must be a gift from Heaven. We will use the wealth of an entire nation to ask this royal brother to be king; we are willing to be his queen. Such a sexual union will produce children and grandchildren, and the perpetuity of our kingdom will be assured. When you consider this, is not our dream a good omen?"

The women officials all kowtowed to express their delight and acclaim.

Then the clerk of the post-house said, "What our mistress has proposed is good for extending the familial line to ten thousand generations. But those three disciples of the royal brother are savage men; their appearances are most unsightly."

"According to what you have seen, worthy subject, how does that royal brother look?" asked the queen. "And how do his disciples look?"

"The royal brother," said the clerk, "has features most dignified and handsome, truly befitting a man who belongs to the Heavenly court of a noble nation, the China of South Jambūdvīpa. His three disciples, however, have such savage looks that they appear to be spirits."

"In that case," said the queen, "let us provide his disciples with some supplies and certify the travel rescript for them. We shall send them off to the Western Heaven, and only the royal brother will remain here. Anything wrong with that?"

Again the officials bowed to say, "The words of our mistress are most appropriate, and your subjects obey your instruction. The affair of marriage, however, requires a matchmaker, for as the ancients have declared,

*The marriage contract depends on red leaves;
A couple's joined by the moon-man's scarlet threads."*

“We shall follow the counsel of our subjects,” replied the queen. “Let the present Grand Preceptor serve as our marriage go-between, and the clerk of the Male Reception Post-house as the one who officiates the ceremony. Let them go first to the post-house to propose to the royal brother. If he consents, we shall take our carriage out of the capital to receive him.”

The Grand Preceptor and the clerk accepted this decree and left the court.

We now tell you about Tripitaka and his disciples, who were just enjoying their vegetarian meal at the hall of the post-house when someone came in to report:

“The Grand Preceptor and our own governess have arrived.”

Tripitaka said, “Why does the Grand Preceptor come here?”

“Perhaps the queen wants to give us an invitation,” said Eight Rules. “If not that,” said Pilgrim, “then to offer a proposal of marriage.”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “if they hold us and want to force us to marry them, what shall we do?”

“Master,” replied Pilgrim, “just say Yes to them. Old Monkey will take care of the matter.”

They had hardly finished speaking when the two women officials arrived and bowed deeply to the elder, who returned their salutations one by one, saying, “This humble cleric is someone who has left the family. What virtue or talent do I have that I dare let you bow to me?” When the Grand Preceptor saw how impressive the elder looked, she was delighted and thought to herself, “Our nation is truly quite lucky! Such a man is most worthy to be the husband of our ruler.”

After the officials made their greetings, they stood on either side of the Tang Monk and said, “Father royal brother, we wish you ten thousand happinesses!”

“I’m someone who has left the family,” replied Tripitaka. “Where do those happinesses come from?”

Again bending low, the Grand Preceptor said, “This is the Women State in the Western Liang, and since time immemorial, there is not a single male in our country. We are lucky at this time to have the arrival of father royal brother. Your subject, by the decree of my ruler, has come especially to offer a proposal of marriage.”

“My goodness! My goodness!” said Tripitaka. “This poor monk has arrived at your esteemed region all by himself, without the attendance of either son or daughter. I have with me only three mischievous disciples, and I wonder to which of us is offered this marriage proposal.”

The post-house clerk said, “Your lowly official just now went into court to present my report, and my ruler, in great delight, told us of an auspicious dream she had last night. She dreamed that

*Luminous hues grew from the screens of gold,
Refulgent rays spread from the mirrors of jade.*

When she learned that the royal brother is a man from the noble nation of China, she was willing to use the wealth of her entire nation to ask you to be her live-in husband. You would take the royal seat facing south to be called the man set apart from others, and our ruler would be the queen. That was why she gave the decree for the Grand Preceptor to serve as the marriage go-between and this lowly official to officiate

at the wedding. We came especially to offer you this proposal.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he bowed his head and fell into complete silence. “When a man finds the time propitious,” said the Grand Preceptor, “he should not pass up such an opportunity. Though there is, to be sure, such a thing in the world as asking a husband to live in the wife’s family, the dowry of a nation’s wealth is rare indeed. May we ask the royal brother to give his quick consent, so that we may report to our ruler?”

The elder, however, became more dumb and deaf than ever.

Sticking out his pestlelike snout, Eight Rules shouted, “Grand Preceptor, go back and tell your ruler that my master happens to be an arhat who has attained the Way after a long process of cultivation. He will never fall in love with the dowry of a nation’s wealth, nor will he be enamored even with beauty that can topple an empire. You may as well certify the travel rescript quickly and send them off to the West. Let me stay here to be the live-in husband. How’s that?” When the Grand Preceptor heard this, her heart quivered and her gall shook, unable to answer at all. The clerk of the post-house said, “Though you may be a male, your looks are hideous. Our ruler will not find you attractive.”

“You are much too inflexible,” said Eight Rules, laughing. “As the proverb says,

The thick willow’s a basket, the thin, a barrel—

Who in the world will take a man as an ugly fellow?”

Pilgrim said, “Idiot, stop this foolish talk. Let Master make up his mind: if he wants to leave, let him leave, and if he wants to stay, let him stay. Let’s not waste the time of the marriage go-between.”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “What do you think I ought to do?”

“In old Monkey’s opinion,” replied Pilgrim, “perhaps it’s good that you stay here. As the ancients said, ‘One thread can tie up a distant marriage.’ Where will you ever find such a marvelous opportunity?”

Tripitaka said, “Disciple, if we remain here to dote on riches and glory, who will go to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven? Won’t the waiting kill my emperor of the Great Tang?”

The Grand Preceptor said, “In the presence of the royal brother, your humble official dares not hide the truth. The wish of our ruler is only to offer you the proposal of marriage. After your disciples have attended the wedding banquet, provisions will be given them and the travel rescript will be certified, so that they may proceed to the Western Heaven to acquire the scriptures.”

“What the Grand Preceptor said is most reasonable,” said Pilgrim, “and we need not be difficult about this. We are willing to let our master remain here to become the husband of your mistress. Certify our rescript quickly and send us off to the West. When we have acquired the scriptures, we will return here to visit father and mother and ask for travel expenses so that we may go back to the Great Tang.”

Both the Grand Preceptor and the clerk of the post-house bowed to Pilgrim as they said, “We thank this teacher for his kind assistance in concluding this marriage.”

Eight Rules said, “Grand Preceptor, don’t use only your mouth to set the table! Since we have given our consent, tell your mistress to prepare us a banquet first. Let us have an engagement drink. How about it?”

“Of course! Of course!” said the Grand Preceptor. “We’ll send you a feast at once.” In great delight, the Grand Preceptor left with the clerk of the posthouse.

We tell you now about our elder Tang, who caught hold of Pilgrim immediately and berated him, crying, “Monkey head! Your tricks are killing me! How could you say such things and ask me to get married here while you people go to the Western Heaven to see Buddha? Even if I were to die, I would not dare do this.”

“Relax, Master,” said Pilgrim, “old Monkey’s not ignorant of how you feel.

But since we have reached this place and met this kind of people, we have no alternative but to meet plot with plot.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Tripitaka.

Pilgrim said, “If you persist in refusing them, they will not certify our travel rescript nor will they permit us to pass through. If they grow vicious and order many people to cut you up and use your flesh to make those so-called fragrant bags, do you think that we will treat them with kindness? We will, of course, bring out our abilities that are meant to subdue demons and dispel fiends. Our hands and feet are quite heavy, you know, and our weapons ferocious. Once we lift our hands, the people of this entire nation will be wiped out.

But you must think of this, however. Although they are now blocking our path, they are no fiendish creatures or monster-spirits; all of them in this country are humans. And you have always been a man committed to kindness and compassion, refusing to hurt even one sentient being on our way. If we slaughter all these common folk here, can you bear it? That would be true wickedness.” When Tripitaka heard this, he said, “Wukong, what you have just said is most virtuous. But I fear that if the queen asks me to enter the palace, she will want me to perform the conjugal rite with her. How could I consent to lose my original *yang* and destroy the virtue of Buddhism, to leak my true sperm and fall from the humanity of our faith?”

“Once we have agreed to the marriage,” said Pilgrim, “she will no doubt follow royal etiquette and send her carriage out of the capital to receive you. Don’t refuse her. Take a ride in her phoenix carriage and dragon chariot to go up to the treasure hall, and then sit down on the throne facing south. Ask the queen to take out her imperial seal and summon us brothers to go into court. After you have stamped the seal on the rescript, tell the queen to sign the document also and give it back to us. Meanwhile, you can tell them to prepare a huge banquet; call it a wedding feast as well as a farewell party for us.

After the banquet, ask for the chariot once more on the excuse that you want to see us off outside the capital before you return to consummate the marriage with the queen. In this way, both ruler and subjects will be duped into false happiness; they will no longer try to block our way, nor will they have any cause to become vicious. Once we reach the outskirts of the capital, you will come down from the dragon chariot and Sha Monk will help you to mount the white horse immediately. Old Monkey will then use his magic of immobility to make all of them, ruler and subjects, unable to move. We can then follow the main road to the West. After one day and one night, I will recite a spell to recall the magic and release all of them, so that they can wake up and return to the city. For one thing, their lives will be preserved, and for another, your primal soul will not be hurt. This is a plot called Fleeing the Net by a False Marriage. Isn’t it a doubly advantageous act?” When Tripitaka heard these words, he seemed as if he were snapping out of a stupor or waking up from a dream. So delighted was he that he forgot

all his worries and thanked Pilgrim profusely, saying, "I'm deeply grateful for my worthy disciple's lofty intelligence."

And so, the four of them were united in their decision, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that Grand Preceptor and the clerk of the post-house, who dashed inside the gate of the court without even waiting for summons and went before the white-jade steps. "The auspicious dream of our mistress is most accurate," they cried, "and nuptial bliss will soon be yours." When the queen heard this report, she had the pearly screen rolled up; descending from the dragon couch, she opened her cherry lips to reveal her silvery teeth and asked, full of smiles and in a most seductive voice, "What did the royal brother say after our worthy subjects saw him?"

"After your subjects reached the post-house," said the Grand Preceptor, "and bowed to the royal brother, we immediately presented to him our proposal of marriage. The royal brother still expressed some reluctance, but it was fortunate that his eldest disciple gave his consent for them without hesitation. He was willing to let his master become the husband of our ruler and call himself king, facing south. All he wanted was to have their travel rescript certified so that the three of them could leave for the West. On their way back after acquiring the scriptures, they will come here to bow to father and mother and ask for travel expenses to go back to the Great Tang."

"Did the royal brother say anything more?" asked the queen, smiling. The Grand Preceptor said, "The royal brother did not say anything more, but he seemed to be willing to marry our mistress."

His second disciple, however, wanted to drink to their consent first." When the queen heard this, she at once ordered the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a banquet. She also requested that her imperial cortege be readied so that she might go out of the capital to receive her husband. The various women officials, in obedience to the queen's command, began to sweep and clean the palaces and to prepare the banquet with the utmost haste. Look at them! Though this State of Western Liang happens to be a dominion of women, the carriage and chariot are not less opulent than those of China. You see

*Six dragons belching colors—
Two phoenixes bringing luck—
Six dragons, belching colors, support the chariot;
Two phoenixes, bringing luck, lift up the carriage.
Strange fragrance in endless waves;
Auspicious airs continuously rise.
Fish-pendants of gold or jade worn by many ministers;
Rows and rows of lovely locks and bejeweled hair.
A royal carriage shielded by mandarin-duck fans;
Through pearly screens glisten the phoenix hairpins.
Melodic pipes,
Harmonious strings.
What great sense of joy reaching to the sky!
What boundless bliss leaving the Estrade Numina.
Three-layered canopies wave above the royal house;
Five-colored banners light up the imperial steps.
This land has ne'er seen the nuptial cup exchanged;*

Today the queen marries a gifted man.

In a moment, the imperial cortege left the capital and arrived at the Male Reception Post-house. Someone went inside to announce to Tripitaka and his disciples:

“The imperial cortege has arrived.” On hearing this, Tripitaka straightened out his clothes and left the main hall with the three disciples to meet the carriage. As the queen rolled up the screen to descend from the carriage, she asked, “Which is the royal brother of the Tang court?” Pointing with her ringer, the Grand Preceptor said, “The one in a clerical robe standing behind the incense table outside the post-house gate.” Lifting her moth-brows and opening wide her phoenix-eyes, the queen stared at him and found that this was an uncommon figure indeed. Look at him!

*What handsome features!
What dignified looks!
Teeth white like silver bricks,
Ruddy lips and a square mouth.
His head's flat-topped, his forehead, wide and full;
Lovely eyes, neat eyebrows, and a chin that's long.
Two well-rounded ears betoken someone brave.
He is all elegance, a gifted man.
What a youthful, clever, and comely son of love,
Worthy to wed Western Liang's gorgeous girl!*

Utterly ravished by what she saw, the queen was swept away by amorous passion. Opening her tiny, cherrylike mouth, she cried out:

“Royal brother of the Great Tang, aren't you coming to take and ride the phoenix?” When Tripitaka heard these words, his ears turned red and his face, scarlet; filled with embarrassment, he dared not lift his head at all.

On one side, however, Zhu Eight Rules stuck up his snout and stared with glassy eyes at the queen, who was quite beguiling herself.

Truly she had

*Brows like kingfisher hair,
And flesh like mutt on jade.
Peach petals bedeck her face;
Her bun piles gold-phoenix hair.
Her eyes' cool, liquid gaze—such seductive charm.
Her hands' young, tender shoots—such dainty form.
Colors flutter from a red sash hung aslant;
Bright gleams flash forth from jade and pearl pinned high.
Don't speak of the beauty of Zhaojun,
She indeed surpasses even Xi Shi.
The willow waist bends slightly to gold-pendant sounds;
The light, lotus steps move the jadelike limbs.
The lunar goddess cannot come up to her,
Nor can the maids of Heaven compare with her.
Her fair, palace style's not of a worldly school;
She's like Queen Mother from Jasper Pool.*

As our Idiot gazed at this pleasing figure, he could not restrain the saliva from drooling out of his mouth and the deer pounding at his heart. All at once, he grew weak

and numb and simply melted away like a snow lion faced with fire! The queen went forward and caught hold of Tripitaka. In a most seductive voice, she said, “Royal brother darling, please ascend the dragon chariot so that we may go to the Treasure Hall of Golden Chimes and become husband and wife.” Shaking so hard that he could barely stand up, our elder behaved as if he were drunk or mesmerized. Pilgrim on one side whispered to him, “Master, don’t be too modest. Please get in the carriage with our mistress. Go and have our rescript certified quickly so that we may proceed to fetch the scriptures.”

The elder did not dare reply; he tugged at Pilgrim a couple of times and he could no longer stop the tears from falling down. “Master, you must not be distressed,” said Pilgrim. “Look at all these riches! If you don’t enjoy them now, when are you going to do it?”

Tripitaka had little alternative but to acquiesce. Wiping away his tears, he forced himself to appear happy and joined the queen as they,

*Holding hands together,
Rode the dragon carriage.
In great delight the queen wanted to get married;
In great fear the elder wished only to worship Buddha.
One desired amorous play in the bridal chamber;
One sought to see the World- Honored One at Mount Spirit.
The queen was sincere;
The monk pretended,
The queen was sincere,
Hoping to reach old age in harmony.
The monk pretended,
Guarding his feelings to nurse his primal spirit.
One was so glad to see a man
That she would couple with him in broad daylight.
One dreaded to meet a woman
And thought only to flee and go to Thunderclap.
The two mounted jointly the chariot.
Who knew Tang Monk was of another mind!*

When those civil and military officials saw that their ruler and the Tang Monk had ascended the phoenix carriage and sat side by side together, every one of them beamed with pleasure. The entire entourage turned around and went back into the capital.

Meanwhile, the Great Sage Sun told Sha Monk to pole the luggage and lead the white horse to follow the imperial cortege. Zhu Eight Rules, however, scurried ahead and ran madly up to the Tower of Five Phoenixes first, shouting all the while, “What comfort! What an opportunity! But this can’t be done until we have drunk the wedding wine and presented ourselves to the kinfolk first.”

Those officials who were attending the cortege were so terrified that they went to the chariot and said, “My Lady, that monk who has a long snout and huge ears is shouting in front of the Five Phoenix Towers for wedding wine to drink.” When the queen heard this, she leaned her fragrant shoulder over to the elder and put her peachlike cheeks up to his face. Opening her scented mouth, she said softly, “Royal brother darling, which disciple of yours is that one with a long snout and huge ears?”

“He’s my second disciple,” said Tripitaka, “and he has a huge appetite. In fact, he loves to indulge his mouth throughout his life. He must be given some food and drink first before we can proceed with our business.”

The queen asked hurriedly, “Has the Court of Imperial Entertainments finished preparing the banquet?”

“It has,” reported one of the officials. “There are both meat and vegetarian dishes set up in the East Hall.”

“Why both?” asked the queen again. “We fear that the royal brother of the Tang court,” said the official, “and his disciples are accustomed to keeping a vegetarian diet. That is why we have both meat and vegetarian dishes.”

Full of smiles, the queen again snuggled close to the elder and said, “Royal brother darling, do you eat meat, or are you keeping a vegetarian diet?”

Tripitaka said, “This humble priest observes a vegetarian diet, but my disciples have not abstained from wine. My second disciple would like very much to have a few cups of dietary wine.”

They had not finished speaking when the Grand Preceptor approached them and said, “Please go to the East Hall to attend the banquet. Today is an auspicious day, and Your Majesty can marry the venerable royal brother. Tomorrow Heaven will reveal the Yellow Road, and we shall invite the venerable royal brother to ascend the treasure hall and face south. He can then designate the name of his reign and assume the throne.”

Highly pleased, the queen held hands with the elder to descend from the dragon chariot and enter the main palace gate. They were met by

*Music divine, wind-waft ed from the towers,
As the jade carriage moved through palace gates.
Phoenix doors flung wide to bright flares of light;
The palace now opened with rows of brocade.
The unicorn hall was draped o’er by incense smoke;
Bright corridors wound round the peacock screens.
Towers rose rugged like the noble state’s,
With jade halls, gold horses more wondrous still.*

When they reached the East Hall,

*They heard a choir of melodious strings and pipes;
They saw two rows of winsome, graceful maids.*

Two kinds of sumptuous repast were set up in the central hall: on the head table to the left was the vegetarian spread, whereas meat dishes were placed on the right. Two rows of single tables were also set up toward the front of the hall. Rolling up her sleeves to reveal her dainty, pointed fingers, the queen immediately picked up a jade cup to toast her guests. Pilgrim went forward to say, “We are all keeping a vegetarian diet. Let our master be seated at the head table on the left. Then we three brothers may take the single tables on both sides of him.”

“Yes! Yes!” said the Grand Preceptor in delight. “Master and disciples are just like father and sons. They should not sit side by side.”

The various officials hurriedly set up the tables in proper order, after which the queen toasted each of them as he took his seat. Thereafter, Pilgrim gave the Tang Monk a look, indicating to his master to return the salutation. Tripitaka, therefore, left his seat

and, holding the jade goblet, also toasted the queen. The other civil and military officials all knelt to thank the imperial favor before they took the other seats on both sides according to their ranks. The music stopped and they began to drink and eat.

As Eight Rules was bent on satisfying his stomach, he had little regard for consequence. It did not matter that the food before him was corn, steamed breads, sweet pastries, butt on mushrooms, black mushrooms, tender bamboo shoots, wood-ears, Chinese cabbage, seaweed, laver, green turnips, taros, white turnips, yams, or yellow sperms—in big gulps, he finished them all, washing down the food with seven or eight cups of wine. “Bring us more food!” he hollered. “Bring some big steins! After we drink a few more steins, each of us will attend to our business.”

“Such a fine feast and you don’t want to enjoy some more?” asked Sha Monk. “What sort of business do you want to attend to?” With a laugh, our Idiot said, “As the ancients said,

*Let the bow-maker make his bow,
The arrow-maker his arrow.*

At this time, those of us who want to take a wife may take a wife, and those of us who want to marry a husband may marry a husband.

Those who want to acquire scriptures need to be on their way to acquire scriptures. We can’t let the coveted cup delay our affairs. Let’s have our rescript certified quickly. As the saying goes,

*If the general does not dismount,
Every man will go his own way.”*

When the queen heard this, she asked for big cups, and the attendants quickly took out several parrot cups, cormorant-shaped ladles, gold beakers, silver chalices, glass goblets, crystal basins, Penglai bowls, and amber steins. They filled these with the mellowest of wines and all of the disciples drank a round.

Tripitaka then rose from the table and bowed to the queen with hands folded, saying, “Your Majesty, thank you for this lavish feast.

We have drunk quite enough. Please ascend the treasure hall and certify our rescript. While there is still light, let us send the three of them on their way.”

The queen agreed. After the banquet had been dismissed, she led the elder by the hand up to the Hall of Golden Chimes and immediately wanted the elder to take the throne. “No! No!” said Tripitaka. “Just now the Grand Preceptor said that tomorrow would be the proper auspicious day, and only then would this poor monk dare assume the throne and call myself the man set apart. Today you should use your seal on the rescript so that they may be sent away.”

Again the queen agreed and sat down on the dragon couch. A golden high-backed chair was placed on the left of the couch for the Tang Monk to sit on. Then the disciples were asked to bring forth the travel rescript. After Sha Monk untied the wrap and took it out, the Great Sage presented the rescript with both hands to the queen. When she examined it, she found on the document the marks of nine treasure seals of the Great Tang Emperor, together with the seals of the Precious Image Kingdom, the Black Rooster Kingdom, and the Cart Slow Kingdom. After the queen had looked at the document, she said again, smiling seductively, “So royal brother darling also bears the name of Chen?”

“That is the surname of my secular family,” said Tripitaka, “and my religious name is Xuanzang. Because the Tang emperor in his imperial kindness took me as his brother, he bestowed on me the name of Tang.”

“Why is it,” asked the queen, “that the rescript does not contain the names of your disciples?”

“My three mischievous disciples,” replied Tripitaka, “are not people from the Tang court.”

“If they are not,” asked the queen once more, “how is it that they are willing to follow you on your journey?”

“My eldest disciple,” answered Tripitaka, “comes from the Aolai Country in the East Pūrvavideha Continent; the second disciple, from a village in Qoco in the West Aparagodānīya Continent; and the third, from the River of Flowing Sand. All three of them had transgressed the decrees of Heaven. The Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, however, liberated them from their sufferings, as a result of which they were willing to make submission and hold fast the good. So that their merits might atone for their sins, they resolved to accompany me and protect me on my journey to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Since they became my disciples when I was already on my way, their names therefore had not been recorded on the rescript.”

“Let me add them on for you, all right?” asked the queen. Tripitaka replied, “Your Majesty may do as you please.”

The queen asked at once for brush and ink; after the ink had been rubbed out and the brush nicely soaked in it, she wrote at the end of the rescript declaration the names of Sun Wukong, Zhu Wuneng, and Sha Wujing. Then she took out her imperial seal with which she neatly stamped the rescript before she signed her own name. The document was passed down again to the Great Sage Sun, who gave it to Sha Monk to put into the wrap. Picking up a tray of small pieces of gold and silver, the queen left the dragon couch to hand it to Pilgrim, saying, “Take this, the three of you, as travel money, and may you reach the Western Heaven at an early date. When you return after you have acquired the scriptures, we shall have greater rewards for you.” Pilgrim said, “We are those who have left the family, and we cannot accept gold or silver. There will be places on our way where we may beg for our living.” When the queen saw that he refused, she took out ten bales of silk brocade and said to Pilgrim, “Since you are rushing away, there’s no time for measurement or sewing. Take this and have some clothes made on the way to protect you from the cold.”

“Those who have left the family,” said Pilgrim, “are not permitted to wear silk brocade. We have cloth garments to cover our bodies.” When the queen saw that he refused again, she gave this order:

“Take three pints of imperial rice, and you can use it for a meal on the road.” When Eight Rules heard the word “meal,” he at once accepted it and put the rice in the wrap. “Brother,” said Pilgrim, “the luggage is getting heavier. You have the strength to pole it?”

“You wouldn’t know,” chuckled Eight Rules, “but what’s good about rice is that it’s a product for daily consumption. One meal will finish it off.”

They all pressed their palms together to thank the queen.

Tripitaka said, "Let Your Majesty take the trouble to accompany this poor monk, who will send them off outside the capital. Let me give them a few instructions so that they may leave for the West. I will return and then I can enjoy forever with Your Majesty riches and glory. Only without such burdens or cares can we enter into conjugal bliss."

The queen, of course, did not know that this was a trick, and she asked at once for the imperial cortege. Leaning her fragrant shoulder on Tripitaka, she ascended the phoenix carriage with him and proceeded to the west of the capital. At that time, all the people in the capital lined the streets with containers filled with clean water and urns with the finest incense. Wishing to see the cortege of the queen and the male form of the royal brother were all powdered faces and cloudlike hair; old and young, they crowded into the streets. In a moment, the imperial cortege went out of the capital and stopped before the western gate.

After putting everything in order, Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk faced the imperial carriage and cried out in unison, "The queen need not go any further. We shall take our leave now."

Descending slowly from the dragon chariot, the elder raised his hands toward the queen and said, "Please go back, Your Majesty, and let this poor monk go to acquire scriptures." When the queen heard this, she paled with fright and tugged at the Tang Monk. "Royal brother darling," she cried, "I'm willing to use the wealth of my entire nation to ask you to be my husband. Tomorrow you shall ascend the tall treasure throne to call yourself king, and I am to be your queen. You have even eaten the wedding feast. Why are you changing your mind now?" When Eight Rules heard what she said, he began to act as if he were delirious. Pouting his snout and flapping his ears wildly, he charged up to the carriage, shouting, "How could we monks marry a powdered skeleton like you? Let my master go on his journey!" When the queen saw that hideous face and ugly behavior, she was scared out of her wits and fell back into the carriage. Sha Monk pulled Tripitaka out of the crowd and was just helping him to mount the horse when another girl dashed out from somewhere and shouted, "Royal brother Tang, where are you going? Let's you and I make some love!"

"You stupid hussy!" cried Sha Monk and, whipping out his treasure staff, brought it down hard on the head of the girl. Suddenly calling up a cyclone, the girl carried away the Tang Monk with a loud whoosh and both of them vanished without a trace. Alas! Thus it was that

*Having just left the fair sex net,
Then the demon of love he met.*

We do not know whether that girl is a human or a fiend, or whether the old master will die or live; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-FIVE

*Deviant form makes lustful play for Tripitaka Tang
Upright nature safeguards the untainted self*

We were just telling you of the Great Sage Sun and Zhu Eight Rules, who were about to use magic to render those women immobile when they heard the shouts of Sha Monk and the howl of the wind. They turned quickly to look, only to discover that the Tang Monk had vanished. "Who is it that has abducted Master?" asked Pilgrim, and Sha Monk said, "It's a girl. She called up a cyclone and whizzed Master away." When Pilgrim heard this, he leaped straight up to the edge of the clouds; using his hand to shade his eyes, he peered all around and found a roiling mass of wind and dust hurtling toward the northwest. "Brothers," he shouted to them down below, "mount the clouds quickly to pursue Master with me."

Eight Rules and Sha Monk tied the luggage to the horse, and with a whoosh they all shot up to midair and left.

Those women of the State of Western Liang, ruler and subjects, were so terrified that they knelt on the ground, all crying, "So these are arhats who can ascend to Heaven in broad daylight!"

Then the officials said to the queen, "Let not our ruler be frightened or vexed anymore. The royal brother of Tang has to be a Buddhist monk who has attained the Way. Since none of us possesses true discernment, we could not recognize these Chinese men for what they are and all our schemings have been wasted. Let our mistress ascend the carriage to go back to court."

The queen herself became quite embarrassed, and as she went back to the capital with all her officials, we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage Sun with his two brothers, who trod on air and fog to give chase to that cyclone. In a little while, they came upon a tall mountain, where they saw the dust had died down and the wind subsided. Not knowing where the fiend had gone to, the three brothers lowered their clouds and began to search for the way. It was then that they saw on the side of the mountain a huge slab of stone, all shiny and green, that looked like a screen. The three of them led the horse to the back of the screen and discovered two stone doors, on which there was in large letters the following inscription:

Toxic Foe Mountain, Cave of the Lute.

As he had always been rather stupid, Eight Rules immediately wanted to break down the doors with his rake, but he was quickly stopped by Pilgrim. "Don't be so hasty, Brother," he said. "After we followed the cyclone here, we had to search for awhile before we found these doors. We don't even know the long and short of the matter. Suppose this is the wrong door. Won't your action offend the owner? I think the two of you should look after the horse and wait in front of that stone screen. Let old Monkey go inside to do some detection before we start anything."

Greatly pleased by what he heard, Sha Monk said, "Very good! This is what I call caution in recklessness, composure in urgency." So, the two of them led the horse away.

The Great Sage Sun, meanwhile, displayed his divine power: making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and with one shake of his body changed into a bee—truly agile and light. Look at him!

*His thin wings go soft with wind;
His waist in sunlight is trim.
A mouth once sweetened by flowers;
A tail that stripe-toads has tamed.
What merit in honey-making!
How modest his home-returning!
A smart plan he now conceives
To soar past both doors and eaves.*

Crawling inside through a crack in the door, Pilgrim flew past the second-level door and came upon a flower arbor in the middle of which sat a female fiend. Attending her on both sides were several young girls dressed in colored silk and with parted bangs on their foreheads. All of them appeared to be in a most pleasant mood, talking with great animation about something. Ever so lightly our Pilgrim flew up there and alighted on the trellis of the arbor. As he cocked his ear to listen, he saw two other girls with disheveled hair walking up to the arbor, each holding a plate of steaming hot pastries. “Madam,” they said, “on this plate are buns stuffed with human flesh, and on the other buns stuffed with red bean paste.”

“Little ones,” said the female fiend with a giggle, “help the royal brother of Tang to come out.”

The girls dressed in colored silk went to one of the rear chambers and led the Tang Monk out by his hands. The master’s face, however, had turned yellow and his lips, white; his eyes were red and brimming with tears. “Master has been poisoned!” sighed Pilgrim to himself.

The fiend walked out of the arbor and extended her dainty, spring-onion-like fingers to catch hold of the elder, saying, “Relax, royal brother! Though our place here is not like the palace of the Western Liang State of Women and cannot compare with their wealth and luxury, it is actually less hectic and more comfortable. You will find it perfect for chanting the name of Buddha and reading scriptures.

I’ll be your companion on the Way, and we’ll enjoy a harmonious union until old age.”

Tripitaka would not utter a word. “Stop worrying,” said the fiend again. “I know that you didn’t eat much when you attended the banquet in the State of Women. Here are two kinds of flour goods, meat and vegetarian, and you may take whatever you want, just to calm your fear.”

Tripitaka thought to himself, “I can remain silent and refuse to eat anything, but this fiend is not like the queen. The queen, after all, is a human being whose action is governed by propriety. This fiend is a monster-spirit most capable of hurting me. What shall I do? I wonder if my three disciples know that I am held in custody here. If she does harm me because of my stubbornness, wouldn’t I have thrown away my life?”

As he questioned his mind with mind like that, he had no alternative but to force himself to open his mouth.

“What’s the meat made of and what’s the vegetarian made of?” he asked. The fiend said, “The meat bun has human flesh stuffing, while the vegetarian has red bean paste stuffing.”

“This poor monk,” said Tripitaka, “keeps a vegetarian diet.”

“Girls,” said the female fiend, giggling, “bring us some hot tea so that the elder of your household can eat the vegetarian buns.” One of the girls brought out a cup of fragrant tea and placed it in front of the elder. Picking up a vegetarian bun, the fiend broke it in half and handed the pieces to Tripitaka, who in turn took a meat bun and presented it whole to the fiend. “Royal brother,” asked the fiend, laughing, “why didn’t you break it first before you handed it to me?”

Tripitaka pressed his palms together before he replied, “As someone who has left the family, I dare not break open food made with meat.”

“If you as someone who has left the family dare not break open food made with meat,” said the fiend, “how is it that you were willing to eat water pudding the other day at the Child-and- Mother Stream? Having done that, do you still insist on eating red bean paste stuffing today?”

Tripitaka replied:

*“At high tide a boat leaves quickly;
In sand traps a horse trots slowly.”*

Pilgrim on the trellis heard everything. Fearing that such banter might confound the real nature of his master, he could no longer contain himself. He revealed his true form at once and whipped out his iron rod. “Cursed beast!” he shouted. “You’re so unruly!” When the female fiend saw him, she blew out immediately from her mouth a ray of misty light to cover up the entire arbor. “Little ones,” she cried, “take away the royal brother!” Picking up a steel trident, she leaped out of the arbor and yelled, “Lawless simian rascal! How dare you sneak into my house and play Peeping Tom? Don’t run away! Have a taste of your mama’s trident!” Using the iron rod to parry her blows, the Great Sage fought back as he retreated.

The two of them fought their way out of the cave. Eight Rules and Sha Monk were waiting in front of the stone screen; when they saw the combatants emerging, Eight Rules hurriedly pulled the white horse out of the way, saying, “Sha Monk, you guard the horse and the luggage. Let old Hog go and help with the fight.”

Dear Idiot! Lifting high the rake with both his hands, he rushed forward and shouted, “Elder Brother, stay back! Let me beat up this bitch!” When the fiend saw Eight Rules approaching, she summoned up some more of her abilities. With one snort fire spurted out from her nostrils as smoke licked out from her mouth. She shook her body once and there were now three tridents dancing and thrusting in the air, wielded by who knows how many hands. As she charged like a cyclone into the fray, she was met by Pilgrim and Eight Rules on both sides.

“Sun Wukong,” cried the fiend, “you really have no judgment! I recognize you, but you can’t recognize me. But even your Buddha Tathāgata at the Thunderclap Monastery is afraid of me. Two clumsy oafs like you, you think you’ll get anywhere! Come on up, both of you, and I’ll give each of you a beating!”

“How was this battle?” you ask.

The female fiend’s power expanded;

*The Monkey King's vigor increased.
 The Heavenly Reeds Marshal, striving for merit,
 Wielded wildly his rake to show his vim.
 That one with many hands and fast tridents the misty light encircled;
 From these two—impulsive, with strong weapons—foggy air rose up.
 The fiend wished only to seek a mate;
 The monk refused to leak his primal sperm.
 Yin and yang at odds would do battle now,
 Each flaunting its might in this bitter strife.
 Quiet yin, to nourish being, quickened in lust;
 Tranquil yang purged desires to guard its health.
 To these two parties thus came discord;
 A contest was waged by trident, rake, and rod.
 This one's rod was strong,
 The rake, more potent—
 But the fiend's trident met them blow for blow.
 Three unyielding ones before Mount Toxic Foe;
 Two ruthless sides outside Cave of the Lute.
 That one was pleased to seize the Tang Monk for her spouse;
 These two with the elder resolved to seek true writ.
 To do battle they stirred up Heaven and Earth
 And fought till sun and moon darkened and planets moved.*

The three of them fought for a long time and no decision was reached. Leaping suddenly into the air, the female fiend resorted to the Horse-Felling Poisoned Stake and, unseen, gave the Great Sage a terrific stab on his head. “Oh, misery!” cried Pilgrim and at once fled in severe pain. When Eight Rules saw that the tide was turning, he too retreated with the rake trailing behind him. The fiend thus retrieved her tridents and returned in triumph.

Gripping his head, with brows contracted and face woe-laden, Pilgrim kept crying, “Horror! Horror!”

Eight Rules went up to him and asked, “Elder Brother, how is it that, when you were just enjoying the fight, you suddenly ran away, whining up a storm?” Pilgrim gripped his head and could only say, “It hurts! It hurts!”

“It must be your migraine,” said Sha Monk. “No! No!” cried Pilgrim, jumping up and down. “Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “I didn’t see that you were wounded. But now your head hurts. Why?”

“Lord, it’s terrible!” said Pilgrim with a groan. “I was just fighting with her. When she saw that I was breaking through her defense with the trident, she suddenly leaped into the air. I don’t know what kind of weapon it was that gave my head a stab, but the pain is unbearable.

That was why I fled.”

“You have always bragged about that head of yours when things were quiet,” said Eight Rules with a laugh, “saying that it has gone through such a long process of cultivation. How is it now that it can’t even take a stab?”

“Indeed,” replied Pilgrim. “Since I achieved the art of realized immortality, and since I stole and ate the immortal peaches, celestial wine, and the golden elixir of Laozi,

this head of mine cannot be harmed. When I caused great disturbance in Heaven, the Jade Emperor sent the Demon King Powerful and the Twenty-Eight Constellations to take me outside the Dipper Star Palace and have me executed. What those divine warriors used on me were swords, axes, scimitars, bludgeons, thunderbolts, and fire. Thereafter Laozi placed me within his brazier of eight trigrams and smelted me for forty-nine days. But there wasn't even a scratch on my head. I don't know what sort of weapon this woman used today, but she certainly wounded old Monkey!"

"Take away your hands," said Sha Monk, "and let me see if the skin has been torn."

"No, it hasn't," replied Pilgrim.

"I'll go to the State of Western Liang and ask for some ointment to tape on you," said Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, "There's no swelling, and it's not an open wound. Why should you want to tape ointment on it?"

"Brother," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "I didn't come down with any pre- or postnatal illness, but you are getting a brain tumor."

"Stop joking, Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk. "It's getting late! Big Brother's head has been hurt and we don't know whether Master is dead or alive. What shall we do?"

"Master's all right," said Pilgrim with a groan. "I changed into a bee to fly inside, and I found that woman sitting inside a flower arbor. In a little while, two maids brought out two plates of buns: one had human flesh for stuffing and the other, red bean paste. Then she asked two other maids to help Master out to eat, just to calm his fear. She also said something about her desire to be Master's companion on the Way. At first, Master did not say anything to the woman, nor did he eat the buns. Later, perhaps it was because of all her sweet talk or some other odd reason, he began to speak with her and told her that he kept a vegetarian diet. The woman broke one of those vegetarian buns into halves to hand to Master, and he presented her with a meat one whole. 'Why didn't you break it?' the woman asked, and Master said, 'Those who have left the family dare not break into something made with meat.' 'In that case,' asked the woman, 'how was it that you were willing to eat water pudding the other day? And you still insist on eating stuffing made of red bean paste?' Master didn't quite understand her puns, and he replied:

At high tide a boat leaves quickly;

In sand traps a horse trots slowly.'

I heard everything on the trellis, and I was afraid that Master's nature might be confounded. That was when I revealed my true form and attacked her with my iron rod. She, too, used her magic power; blowing out some mist or fog to cover the arbor, she shouted for the girls to take away the 'royal brother' before she picked up her steel trident and fought her way out of the cave with old Monkey." When Sha Monk heard this, he bit his finger and said, "We've been picked up and followed by this bitch from who knows where, but she certainly has knowledge of what has happened to us recently."

"If you put it that way," said Eight Rules, "it looks as if we wouldn't be able to rest, doesn't it? Let's not worry if it's dusk or midnight. Let's go up to her door and

provoke battle. At least our hubbub will prevent them from sleeping, so that she can't pull a fast one on our master."

"My head hurts," said Pilgrim. "I can't go!" Sha Monk said, "No need to provoke battle. In the first place, Elder Brother has a headache, and in the second, our master is a true monk. He won't allow either form or emptiness to confound his nature.

Let us sit here for the night beneath the mountain slope where there's no draft and regain our energy. Then we can decide what to do by morning."

And so, the three brothers, after having tied up the white horse firmly, rested beneath the mountain slope, guarding the luggage.

We now tell you about that female fiend, who banished violence from her mind and once again took on a pleasant appearance.

"Little ones," she said, "shut the front and back doors tightly."

Two little fiends were instructed to stand watch against the intrusion of Pilgrim. If there were any sound at all at the door, they were told to report at once. Then she gave this order also:

"Maids, fix up the bedroom nicely. After you have lit the candles and the incense, go and invite royal brother Tang to come here. I want to make love with him."

They therefore brought out the elder from the rear. Putting on her most seductive charms, she caught hold of the Tang Monk and said, "As the proverb says,

*Though gold may have its price,
Our pleasure's more worthwhile.*

Let's you and I play husband and wife and have some fun!"

Gritting his teeth, our elder would not permit even a sound to escape from his mouth. He was about to refuse her invitation, but he was afraid that she might decide to take his life. He had no alternative but to follow her into the perfumed room, trembling all the while. Completely in a stupor, he raised neither his eyes nor his head; he did not see what sort of coverlets or bedding there was in the room, nor was he eager to find out what kinds of furniture or dresser were placed therein. As for all the amorous declaration and sultry speech of the female fiend, he did not hear a word. Marvelous monk! Truly

*His eyes saw no evil form;
His ears heard no lustful sound;
He regarded as dirt and dung this coy, silken face,
This pearl-like beauty as ashes and dust.
His one love in life was to practice Chan,
Unwilling to step once beyond Buddha-land.
How could he show affection and pity
When all he knew was religion and truth?
That fiend, all vibrant
With boundless passion;
Our elder, most deadpan
And filled with Buddhist zeal.
One was like soft jade and warm perfume;
One seemed like cold ashes or dried wood.
That person undid her collar,*

*Her passion overflowing;
 This person tied up his robe,
 His resolve unswerving.
 That one wanted to mate, breast to breast with thighs entwined;
 This one wished to face the wall and seek Bodhidharma in the mount.
 The fiend loosened her clothes
 To display her fine, scented flesh;
 The Tang Monk bundled up his cloak
 To hide his coarse and thickset skin.
 The fiend said, "My sheets and pillows are ready, why don't you sleep!"
 The Tang Monk said, "How could my bald head and strange clothes join you there!"
 That one said, "I'm willing to be the former period's Liu Cuicui."
 This one said, "This humble monk is not a lovesick priest!"
 The fiend said, "I'm pretty as Xi Shi and e'en more lissome."
 The Tang Monk said, "Like King Yue I have long been mortified!"
 The fiend said, "Royal brother, remember
 He who dies beneath the flowers;
 E'ven his ghost's a happy lover."
 The Tang Monk said, "My true yang is treasure most precious.
 How could I give it to a powdered cadaver?"*

The two of them prattled on like that deep into the night, but the elder Tang showed no sign whatever that he had been aroused.

Though the female fiend tugged and pulled at him and refused to let go, our master doggedly rejected her advances. By midnight, all this hassle made the fiend mad, and she shouted, "Little ones, bring me a rope!"

Alas! The dearly beloved was at once trussed up until he looked like a shaggy ape! After telling her subordinates to drag the monk back to the corridor, she blew out the lamps and all of them retired.

Soon the cock crowed three times, and beneath the mountain slope our Great Sage Sun rose up, saying, "I had a headache for quite awhile, but now my head feels neither painful nor numb. In fact, I have a little itch."

"If you have an itch," chuckled Eight Rules, "how about asking her to give you another stab?" Pilgrim spat at him and said, "Go! Go! Go!"

Eight Rules laughed again and replied, "Go! Go! Go! But it was Master last night who went wild! Wild! Wild!"

"Stop gabbing, the two of you," said Sha Monk. "It's light. Go quickly to catch the monster."

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "stay here to guard the horse and don't move. Zhu Eight Rules will go with me."

Arousing himself, our Idiot straightened out his black silk shirt and followed Pilgrim; they took their weapons and leaped up to the mountain ledge to go before the stone screen. "Stand here," said Pilgrim to Eight Rules, "for I fear that the fiend might have harmed Master during the night. Let me go inside to snoop around a bit. If Master truly had lost his primal yang and his virtue because of her deception, then all of us could scatter. If he has not been confounded and if his Chan mind has remained

unmoved, then we could in all diligence fight to the end, slaughter the monster-spirit, and rescue Master to go to the West.”

“You are quite numbskulled!” said Eight Rules. “As the proverb says, ‘Could dried fish be used for a cat’s pillows?’ Like it or not, it would receive a few scratches!” Pilgrim said, “Stop babbling! I’ll go and see.”

Dear Great Sage! He left Eight Rules in front of the stone screen and shook his body again to change into a bee. After he flew inside, he found two maids sleeping, their heads resting on the watch-rattles. He went up to the flower arbor to look around. The monsterspirit, you see, had struggled for half the night; she and her attendants were all very tired. Everyone was still fast asleep, not knowing that it was dawn already. Flying to the rear, Pilgrim began to hear the faint moans of the Tang Monk, and then he saw that the priest was left, hogtied, in the corridor. Pilgrim gently alighted on his head and whispered, “Master.” Recognizing the voice, the Tang Monk said, “Have you come, Wukong? Save my life, quick!”

“How were the night’s activities?” asked Pilgrim. Tripitaka, clenching his teeth, replied, “I would rather die than do anything of that sort!”

“I thought,” said Pilgrim, “I saw her showing you a good deal of tenderness yesterday. How is it that she is putting you through such torment today?”

“She pestered me for half the night,” answered Tripitaka, “but I did not even loosen my clothes or touch her bed. When she saw that I refused to yield to her, she had me tied up like this. Please rescue me, so that I can go acquire the scriptures.”

As master and disciples spoke to each other like that, they woke up the monster-spirit. Though she was furious at the Tang Monk, she was still very fond of him. When she stirred and heard something about going to acquire scriptures, she rolled off the bed at once and shouted:

“You mean to tell me that you don’t want to get married and still want to go and seek scriptures?” Pilgrim was so startled that he abandoned his master, spread his wings, and flew out of the cave. “Eight Rules,” he cried, and our Idiot came around the stone screen, saying, “Has that thing been concluded?”

“Not yet! Not yet!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “She worked on the old master for quite some time, but he refused. She got mad and had him hogtied. He was just telling me all this when the fiend woke up, and I became so startled that I came back out here.”

Eight Rules asked, “What did Master actually say?”

“He said,” replied Pilgrim, “that he did not even loosen his clothes nor did he touch her bed.”

“Good! Very good!” chuckled Eight Rules. “He’s still a true monk! Let’s go rescue him!”

As he had always been a roughneck, our Idiot did not wait for further discussion. Lifting high his muckrake, he brought it down on the stone doors with all his might, and with a loud crash they broke into many pieces. The two maids sleeping on the watch-rattles were so terrified that they ran back to the second-level door and screamed:

“Open up! Those two ugly men of yesterday have come again and smashed our doors!”

The female fiend was just leaving her room. “Little ones,” she cried, “bring some hot water for me to wash my face. Carry the royal brother, all tied up like that, and hide him in the rear room. I’m going out to fight them.”

Dear monster-spirit! She ran out with her trident uplifted and shouted:

“Brazen ape! Wild boar! You don’t know when to stop, do you? How dare you break my doors?”

“You filthy bitch!” scolded Eight Rules. “You have our master imprisoned, and you still dare to talk with such insolence? Our master was only your kidnapped husband! Send him out quickly, and I’ll spare you. If you dare but utter half a no, the blows of old Hog’s rake will level even your mountain.”

The monster-spirit, of course, did not permit such words to intimidate her. With enormous energy and using magic as before, she attacked with her steel trident while her nose and mouth belched fire and smoke. Eight Rules leaped aside to dodge her blow before striking back with his rake, helped by the Great Sage Sun and his iron rod on the other side. The power of that fiend was tremendous indeed! All at once she seemed to have acquired who knows how many hands, waving and parrying left and right. After they fought for several rounds, she again used some kind of weapon and gave the lip of Eight Rules a stab. His rake trailing behind him and his lips pouting, our Idiot fled in pain for his life. Pilgrim also became somewhat envious of him; making one false blow with the rod, he, too, fled in defeat. After the fiend returned in triumph, she told her little ones to place rock piles in front of the door.

We now tell you about Sha Monk, who was grazing the horse before the mountain slope when he heard some hog-grunting. As he raised his head, he saw Eight Rules dashing back, lips pouted and grunting as he ran. “What in the world . . .?” asked Sha Monk, and our Idiot blurted out:

“It’s awful! It’s awful! This pain! This pain!”

Hardly had he finished speaking when Pilgrim also arrived. “Dear Idiot!” he chuckled. “Yesterday you said I had a brain tumor, but now you are suffering from the plague of the swollen lip!”

“I can’t bear it!” cried Eight Rules. “The pain’s acute! It’s terrible! It’s terrible!”

The three of them were thus in sad straits when they saw an old woman approaching from the south on the mountain road, her left hand carrying a little bamboo basket with vegetables in it. “Big Brother,” said Sha Monk, “look at that old lady approaching. Let me find out from her what sort of a monster-spirit this is and what kind of weapon she has that can inflict a wound like this.”

“You stay where you are,” said Pilgrim, “and let old Monkey question her.” When Pilgrim stared at the old woman carefully, he saw that there were auspicious clouds covering her head and fragrant mists encircling her body. Recognizing all at once who she was, Pilgrim shouted, “Brothers, kowtow quickly! The lady is Bodhisattva!” Ignoring his pain, Eight Rules hurriedly went to his knees while Sha Monk bent low, still holding the reins of the horse. The Great Sage Sun, too, pressed his palms together and knelt down, all crying, “We submit to the great and compassionate, the efficacious savior, Bodhisattva Guanshiyin.” When the Bodhisattva saw that they recognized her original light, she at once trod on the auspicious clouds and rose to midair to reveal her true form, the one which carried the fish basket. Pilgrim rushed up there also to say to her, bowing, “Bodhisattva, pardon us for not receiving you properly. We were

desperately trying to rescue our master and we had no idea that the Bodhisattva was descending to earth. Our present demonic ordeal is hard to overcome indeed, and we beg the Bodhisattva to help us.”

“This monsterspirit,” said the Bodhisattva, “is most formidable. Those tridents of hers happen to be two front claws, and what gave you such a painful stab is actually a stinger on her tail. It’s called the Horse-Felling Poison, for she herself is a scorpion spirit. Once upon a time she happened to be listening to a lecture in the Thunderclap Monastery. When Tathāgata saw her, he wanted to push her away with his hand, but she turned around and gave the left thumb of the Buddha a stab. Even Tathāgata found the pain unbearable! When he ordered the arhats to seize her, she fled here. If you want to rescue the Tang Monk, you must find a special friend of mine, for even I cannot go near her.”

Bowing again, Pilgrim said, “I beg the Bodhisattva to reveal to whom it is that your disciple should go to ask for assistance.”

“Go to the East Heaven Gate,” replied the Bodhisattva, “and ask for help from the Star Lord Orionis in the Luminescent Palace. He is the one to subdue this monster-spirit.” When she finished speaking, she changed into a beam of golden light to return to South Sea.

Dropping down from the clouds, the Great Sage Sun said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, “Relax, Brothers, we’ve found someone to rescue Master.”

“From where?” asked Sha Monk. Pilgrim replied, “Just now the Bodhisattva told me to seek the assistance of the Star Lord Orionis. Old Monkey will go immediately.” With swollen lips, Eight Rules grunted, “Elder Brother, please ask the god for some medicine for the pain.”

“No need for medicine,” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “After one night, the pain will go away like mine.”

“Stop talking,” said Sha Monk. “Go quickly!”

Dear Pilgrim! Mounting his cloud somersault, he arrived instantly at the East Heaven Gate, where he was met by the Devarāja Virūḍhaka. “Great Sage,” said the devarāja, bowing, “where are you going?”

“On our way to acquire scriptures in the West,” replied Pilgrim, “the Tang Monk ran into another demonic obstacle. I must go to the Luminescent Palace to find the Star God of the Rising Sun.”

As he spoke, Tao, Zhang, Xin, and Deng, the four Grand Marshals, also approached him to ask where he was going. “I have to find the Star Lord Orionis,” said Pilgrim, “and ask him to rescue my master from a monster-spirit.” One of the grand marshals said, “By the decree of the Jade Emperor this morning, the god went to patrol the Star-Gazing Terrace.”

“Is that true?” asked Pilgrim. “All of us humble warriors,” replied Grand Marshal Xin, “left the Dipper Palace with him at the same time. Would we dare speak falsehood?”

“It has been a long time,” said Grand Marshal Tao, “and he might be back already. The Great Sage should go to the Luminescent Palace first, and if he’s not there, then you can go to the Star-Gazing Terrace.”

Delighted, the Great Sage took leave of them and arrived at the gate of the Luminescent Palace. Indeed, there was no one in sight, and as he turned to leave, he saw a troop of soldiers approaching, followed by the god, who still had on his court regalia made of golden threads. Look at

*His cap of five folds ablaze with gold;
His court tablet of most lustrous jade.
A seven-star sword, cloud patterned, hung from his robe;
An eight-treasure belt, lucent, wrapped around his waist.
His pendant jangled as if striking a tune;
It rang like a bell in a strong gust of wind.
Kingfisher fans parted and Orionis came
As celestial fragrance the courtyard filled.*

Those soldiers walking in front saw Pilgrim standing outside the Luminescent Palace, and they turned quickly to report:

“My lord, the Great Sage Sun is here.” Stopping his cloud and straightening his court attire, the god ordered the soldiers to stand on both sides in two rows while he went forward to salute his visitor, saying, “Why has the Great Sage come here?”

“I have come here,” replied Pilgrim, “especially to ask you to save my master from an ordeal.”

“Which ordeal,” asked the god, “and where?”

“In the Cave of the Lute at the Toxic Foe Mountain,” Pilgrim answered, “which is located in the State of Western Liang.”

“What sort of monster is there in the cave,” asked the god again, “that has made it necessary for you to call on this humble deity?” Pilgrim said, “Just now the Bodhisattva Guanyin, in her epiphany, revealed to us that it was a scorpion spirit. She told us further that only you, sir, could overcome it. That is why I have come to call on you.”

“I should first go back and report to the Jade Emperor,” said the god, “but the Great Sage is already here, and you have, moreover, the Bodhisattva’s recommendation. Since I don’t want to cause you delay, I dare not ask you for tea. I shall go with you to subdue the monster-spirit first before I report to the throne.” When the Great Sage heard this, he at once went out of the East Heaven Gate with the god and sped to the State of Western Liang.

Seeing the mountain ahead, Pilgrim pointed at it and said, “This is it.”

The god lowered his cloud and walked with Pilgrim up to the stone screen beneath the mountain slope. When Sha Monk saw them, he said, “Second Elder Brother, please rise. Big Brother has brought back the star god.”

His lips still pouting, Idiot said, “Pardon! Pardon! I’m ill, and I cannot salute you.”

“You are a man who practices self-cultivation,” said the star god. “What kind of sickness do you have?”

“Earlier in the morning,” replied Eight Rules, “we fought with the monster-spirit, who gave me a stab on my lip. It still hurts.”

The star god said, “Come up here, and I’ll cure it for you.”

Taking his hand away from his snout, Idiot said, "I beg you to cure it, and I'll thank you most heartily."

The star god used his hand to give Eight Rules's lip a stroke before blowing a mouthful of breath on it. At once, the pain ceased. In great delight, our Idiot went to his knees, crying, "Marvelous! Marvelous!"

"May I trouble the star god to touch the top of my head also?" said Pilgrim with a grin. "You weren't poisoned," said the star god. "Why should I touch you?" Pilgrim replied, "Yesterday, I was poisoned, but after one night the pain is gone. The spot, however, still feels somewhat numb and itchy, and I fear that it may act up when the weather changes. Please cure it for me."

The star god indeed touched the top of his head and blew a mouthful of breath on it. The remaining poison was thus eliminated, and Pilgrim no longer felt the numbness or the itch.

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, growing ferocious, "let's go and beat up that bitch!"

"Exactly!" said the star god. "You provoke her to come out, the two of you, and I'll subdue her." Leaping up the mountain slope, Pilgrim and Eight Rules again went behind the stone screen. With his mouth spewing abuses and his hands working like a pair of fuel-gatherer hooks, our Idiot used his rake to remove the rocks piled up in front of the cave in no time at all. He then dashed up to the second-level door, and one blow of his rake reduced it to powder. The little fiends inside were so terrified that they fled inside to report:

"Madam, those two ugly men have destroyed even our second-level door!"

The fiend was just about to untie the Tang Monk so that he could be fed some tea and rice. When she heard that the door had been broken down, she jumped out of the flower arbor and stabbed Eight Rules with the trident. Eight Rules met her with the rake, while Pilgrim assisted him with his iron rod. Rushing at her opponents, the fiend wanted to use her poisonous trick again, but Pilgrim and Eight Rules perceived her intentions and retreated immediately.

The fiend chased them beyond the stone screen, and Pilgrim shouted, "Orionis, where are you?" Standing erect on the mountain slope, the star god revealed his true form. He was, you see, actually a huge, double-combed rooster, about seven feet tall when he held up his head. He faced the fiend and crowed once: immediately the fiend revealed her true form, which was that of a scorpion about the size of a lute. The star god crowed again, and the fiend, whose whole body became paralyzed, died before the slope. We have a testimonial poem for you, and the poem says:

*Like tasseled balls his embroidered neck and comb,
With long, hard claws and angry, bulging eyes,
He perfects the Five Virtues forcefully;
His three crows are done heroically.
No common, clucking fowl about the hut,
He's Heaven's star showing his holy name.
In vain the scorpion seeks the human ways;
She now her true, original form displays.*

Eight Rules went forward and placed one foot on the back of the creature, saying, "Cursed beast! You can't use your Horse-Felling Poison this time!" Unable to

make even a twitch, the fiend was pounded into a paste by the rake of the Idiot. Gathering up again his golden beams, the star god mounted the clouds and left, while Pilgrim led Eight Rules and Sha Monk to bow to the sky, saying, "Sorry for all your inconvenience! In another day, we shall go to your palace to thank you in person."

After the three of them gave thanks, they took the luggage and the horse into the cave, where they were met by those maids, who knelt on both sides to receive them. "Fathers," they cried, "we are not fiends. We are all women from the State of Western Liang who have been kidnapped by this monster-spirit some time ago. Right now your master is weeping in a scented room in the rear." On hearing this, Pilgrim stared at them and saw that there was indeed no demonic aura about them. He therefore went to the rear, crying, "Master!" When the Tang Monk saw them, he was very pleased. "Worthy disciples," he said, "I have caused you a lot of trouble. What happened to that woman?"

"She was a huge female scorpion," replied Eight Rules. "We are fortunate to have received the revelation from the Bodhisattva Guanyin, whereupon Big Brother went to Heaven to acquire the assistance of the Star Lord Orionis. He came here and subdued her, and she has been reduced to mud by old Hog. Only then did we dare walk in here to see your face."

The Tang Monk could not end his thanks to them. Then they found some rice and noodles with which they prepared a meal, after which they showed the way home to those girls who had been taken captive. Lighting up a fire, they burned out the entire cave-dwelling before they found the main road to the West once more. Thus it was that

They cut worldly ties to leave beauty and form;

They drained the gold sea to know the mind of Chan.

We do not know how many more years they still need in order to perfect the art of realized immortality; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-SIX

*Wild Spirit slays brutish bandits
Wayward Way sets loose Mind Monkey*

The poem says:

*That mind is called pure when it holds nothing—
All quiet with not one thought arising.
Firmly restrain the monkey and the horse.
Guard both spirit and sperm to stay on course.
Discard the Six Robbers;
Awake to the Three Wains;
Causations halted, all things will be plain.
Depraved forms destroyed, to true realm you rise
To sit and enjoy the Western paradise.*

We were telling you about our Tripitaka Tang, who, with such grim determination that he would have bitten through an iron nail, had managed to preserve his body from ruin. Moreover, he was fortunate enough to have had Pilgrim and his other assistants slaughter the scorpion spirit and rescue him from the Cave of the Lute. As they set out on their journey, it was the season of clear, clement weather again, when

*Warm breezes oft wafted the wild-orchid scent;
Young bamboos cooled off as cleansing rain ceased.
None picked the moxa leaves all o'er the hills;
Rush flowers filled the streams to display their hues.
Bright pomegranates pleased the wandering bees.
Yellow birds bustled in the brook's willow-shade.
Rice-cakes were not wrapped on a long journey
Though dragon boats now mourned at Miluo Stream.*

As master and disciples enjoyed this scenery of the Double Fifth Festival season when the sun was high in the sky, they found once more a tall mountain blocking their path. Reining in his horse, the elder turned his head to address his disciples:

“Wukong, there’s a mountain ahead of us. I fear that it may breed fiends. Please be careful.”

“Please don’t worry, Master,” replied Pilgrim. “We make submission to the faith in complete obedience. Why worry about fiends?”

Delighted by what he heard, the elder urged his horse forward, and in a little while they arrived at a tall ledge on the mountain. This was what they saw as they looked around:

*The peak’s pines and cedars join the clouds in blue;
Wild creepers hang on the cliff’s briars and thorns.
Ten thousand feet, lofty—
A thousand tiers, sheer hanging—
Ten thousand feet of lofty, rugged peak;
A thousand tiers of sheer, hanging buff.*

*Jade-green moss and lichen on dark rocks spread;
 Large forests formed by tall junipers and elms.
 Deep in the forest,
 Listen to the birds:
 Their skillful voices make singable songs.
 The brooklet's water flows like splashing jade;
 The roadside's petals rest as mounds of gold.
 This wretched mount
 So hard to scale!
 Walk ten steps and not even one is flat!
 Travelers meet in pairs the foxes and deer;
 They face in twos both black apes and white fawns.
 All at once there's a fearsome tiger-roar,
 Or the crane-cry that reaches Heaven's court.
 Yellow plums, red apricots make worthy fruits;
 Wild grass and flowers are of name unknown.*

The four of them entered the mountain and journeyed slowly for a long time. After they passed the summit, they went down the west slope until they came to a piece of level ground. Attempting to show off his energy, Zhu Eight Rules asked Sha Monk to pole the luggage while he raised high his muckrake with both his hands and went forward to drive the horse. The horse, however, was not at all afraid of him; though Eight Rules whooped and hollered, he kept on trotting slowly. "Brother," said Pilgrim, "why are you driving him? Let him walk slowly."

"It's getting late," answered Eight Rules, "and we've been walking for a whole day since we ascended this mountain. I'm getting hungry. Let's hurry and see if we can find a house where we can beg some food." When Pilgrim heard this, he said, "In that case, let me make him run."

He waved the golden-hooped rod once and gave a shout: immediately, the horse shot away like an arrow on the level road. For what reason, you say, is the horse afraid of Pilgrim and not of Eight Rules? Pilgrim, you see, was appointed an official, the title being Ban-Horse-Plague, at the Imperial stable in Heaven by the Jade Emperor five hundred years ago.

Ever since that time, horses have been afraid of apes. Unable to hang on to the reins, our elder at this moment could only cling to the saddle and allow the horse to go in a gallop some twenty miles before it slowed again as it came upon some open fields.

At that moment, a sudden clang of gongs brought out from both sides of the road some thirty men, all armed with spears, scimitars, staffs, and rods. They barred the way and cried, "Monk! Where are you off to?"

The Tang Monk was so terrified and shaking so violently that he fell down from the horse. Crouching in the bushes by the road, he could only say, "Great kings, spare me! Please spare me!"

Two burly men at the head of the band said, "We won't hit you, but you must leave us your travel money." Only then did the elder realize that these were bandits. As he got up slowly, he stole a glance at them and saw that

*One had a green face with fangs beating Jupiter's;
 One had round and bulging eyes like Death himself.*

*Their temples' red hair seemed like soaring flames;
 Like pins stuck to their chins were their yellow beards.
 The two had striped tiger-skin caps on their heads
 And sable battle kilts around their waists.
 One held in his hands a wolf-teeth club,
 And on one's shoulder rested a knotty staff.
 Indeed, this one was no less than a hill-pawing tiger!
 Truly, that one looked like a dragon darting out of water!*

When he saw how ferocious they were, Tripitaka had no choice but to get up, and pressing his palms together before him, he said, "Great kings, this humble priest is someone sent by the Tang emperor in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Since I left our capital, Chang'an, it has been many years; even if I had any travel money, I have long spent it. Those of us who have left the family live by begging. Where do I have cash? I beg the great kings to be kind and let this humble priest pass through."

The two bandit chiefs drew near and said, "We have resolved to stand guard by this main road like a tiger with the sole intention of picking up some cash or money. What do you mean by kindness? If you don't have any money, take off your clothes quickly and leave us the white horse, too. We'll let you pass then."

"Amitabha!" replied Tripitaka. "The robe on this poor priest has been made from cloth begged from one family and needles from another. It is a garment, in fact, that has come from patchwork begging! Wouldn't it be just like killing me if you stripped me of it? You might be valiant men in this life, but you might become beasts in the next."

Angered by what he heard, one of the bandits wielded a big rod and wanted to hit the elder, who did not say a word but thought to himself, "Alas! Now you boast of your rod, but you have little idea of my disciple's rod!"

The bandit, of course, did not permit any further discussion; lifting his rod, he started to shower the elder with blows. Now, our elder had never lied in his life before, but faced with such a dilemma, he had no choice but to mouth falsehood. "Please do not raise your hands, great kings, both of you," he said. "I have a young disciple, who should arrive any moment. He has on him several ounces of silver, which I'll be glad to give to you."

"This monk," said the bandit, "can't take any pain. Let's tie him up."

His followers acted at once and bound their victim with a rope, after which he was hung high on a tree.

We tell you now about those three rowdy troublemakers, who were chasing the horse from behind. Laughing uproariously, Eight Rules said, "Master has gone off so quickly! I wonder where he's waiting for us."

Then he caught sight of the elder hanging on a tree in the distance, and he said, "Look at master! He should have just waited for us. But no, he's so spirited that he has to climb a tree for fun, swinging back and forth on a vine!" When Pilgrim saw that, he said, "Idiot, don't babble! Isn't master being hung up there? The two of you stay back, and let me go take a look."

Dear Great Sage! He jumped up to a knoll nearby, and when he stared in front of him, he recognized at once that there was a group of bandits. Secretly pleased, he thought to himself:

“Lucky! Lucky! Business is at the door!” Walking down from the knoll, he changed with one shake of his body into a young priest wearing a clerical robe. He was only about sixteen years old, and he had a blue cloth-wrap on his shoulder. In big strides, he came up to where his master was, crying, “Master, what do you have to say for yourself? Who are these bad men?”

“O disciple,” replied Tripitaka, “aren’t you going to rescue me? Why all these questions?”

“What sort of business are they engaged in?” asked Pilgrim. Tripitaka replied, “They are highwaymen; they barred my way and asked for toll money. As I had nothing on me, they tied me up and hung me here. They are waiting for you to show up to finish the discussion with them. If nothing works, we may have to give them this horse of ours.” On hearing this, Pilgrim chuckled and said, “Master, you are so weak! There are many monks in the world, but few are as thinskin as you. The Tang emperor, Taizong, sent you to see Buddha in the Western Heaven. But who told you to give away this dragon horse?”

“O disciple!” said Tripitaka. “They’ve already tied me up like this. If they want to beat me for fun, what shall I do?”

“What did you say to them anyway?” asked Pilgrim. “They threatened me with beatings,” said Tripitaka, “until I had no choice but to make a confession about you.”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “you are such a lark! What kind of confession did you make about me?”

Tripitaka replied, “I said that you had some travel money, just to make them stop hitting me. It was something to get me out of a jam.”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said Pilgrim. “Thanks for doing me this favor! That’s exactly the sort of confession about me I want! If you can make it seventy or eighty times a month, old Monkey will have lots of business.” When those bandits saw him chatting with his master like that, they spread out and had them entirely surrounded. “Little monk,” one of them said. “Your master told us that you had some travel money. Take it out quickly and your lives will be spared. If you but utter half a no, both of you will die on the spot!” Putting down his cloth wrap, Pilgrim said, “Officers, don’t make a clamor! There is some travel money, not much, in this wrap: about twenty shoes of gold and perhaps thirty ingots of polished silver. I haven’t made a count of the small change. If you want it, take the wrap, too, but please don’t hit my master. As an ancient book says:

*Virtue is fundamental;
Riches are accidental.*

What you want is really the most peripheral thing. We are those who have left the family, and there will be other places for us to beg.

When we run into some aged person who wishes to feed and supply the monks, we will have allowances and we will have clothing.

How much can we use or spend? I just hope that you will release my master, and I’ll offer you everything.” When those bandits heard these words, they were most

pleased, all saying, “That old monk is so stingy, but this young one is quite generous.” One of the chiefs gave this command:

“Release him!” When that elder got his life again, he leaped on the horse; without another thought for Pilgrim, he took whip in hand and headed straight back on the road from which he came.

“You are going the wrong way!” shouted Pilgrim hurriedly. Picking up his wrap, he gave chase at once, only to be barred by the bandits. “Where do you think you are going?” said the bandit leader. “Put your money down, before I start the torture!”

“As I was saying,” chuckled Pilgrim, “the travel money ought to be divided into three portions.”

“This young priest,” said a bandit chief, “is pretty cagey! Now he wants to keep a little for himself after his master’s gone. All right! Take it out first and let’s have a look. If there’s enough, we’ll let you have a tiny bit—so that you can buy some goodies to eat when you are by yourself.”

“Oh, dear elder brother,” said Pilgrim, “that’s not what I meant. You think I really have travel money? What I meant was, that gold and silver you robbed from other people you must divide with me.” When the thief heard this, he became enraged. “This monk doesn’t know what’s good for him!” he hollered. “You are not willing to give me anything, and you ask me instead for something? Bah! Watch the beating!”

He raised up his knotty staff and gave the bald head of Pilgrim seven or eight blows, but Pilgrim behaved as if nothing whatever had happened. “Dear elder brother,” he said, full of smiles, “if that’s how you hit people, you can hit me until next spring and I won’t consider you doing it for real.”

Horried, the bandit said, “This monk has quite a hard head!”

“Hardly! Hardly!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “You praise me too much! It’s just passable!” Without permitting further discussion, two more of the bandits joined their leader and started to shower blows on Pilgrim. “Please calm your anger, all of you,” said Pilgrim. “Let me take out something.”

Dear Great Sage! He gave his ear a rub and brought out a tiny embroidery needle. “Sirs,” he said, “I’m someone who has left the family, and I haven’t any travel money with me. I have only this needle, which I’ll be glad to give to you.”

“What rotten luck!” said the bandit. “We released a wealthy priest and we have caught instead this poor, bald ass! You must be quite good at tailoring, I suppose.

What do I need a needle for?” When Pilgrim heard that he did not want the needle, he waved it once in his hand and it changed immediately into a rod with the thickness of a rice bowl. Growing fearful, the bandit said, “Though this monk appears to be young, he knows magic.” Sticking the rod into the ground, Pilgrim said to them, “If any of you can pick it up, it’s yours.”

The two bandit chiefs at once went forward to try to grab it, but alas, it was as if dragonflies were attempting to shake a stone pillar. They could not even budge it half a whit! This rod, you see, happened to be the compliant golden-hooped rod, which tipped the scale in Heaven at thirteen thousand, five hundred pounds.

How could those bandits have knowledge of this? The Great Sage walked forward and picked up the rod with no effort at all.

Assuming the style of the Python Rearing its Body, he pointed at the bandits and said, “Your luck’s running out, for you have met old Monkey!” One of the bandit chiefs approached him and gave him another fifty or sixty blows. “Your hands must be getting tired!” chuckled Pilgrim. “Let old Monkey give you one stroke of the rod. I won’t do it for real either!” Look at him! One wave of the rod and it grew to about seventy feet, its circumference almost as big as a well. He banged it on the bandit, and he at once fell to the ground: his lips hugging the earth, he could not make another sound.

The other bandit chiefs shouted, “This baldy is so audacious! He has no travel money, but he has killed one of us instead!”

“Don’t fret! Don’t fret!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “I’ll hit every one of you, just to make sure that all of you will be wiped out!” With another bang he beat to death the other bandit chief. Those small thieves were so terrified that they abandoned their weapons and fled for their lives in all directions.

We tell you now about that Tang Monk, who rode toward the east and was caught by Eight Rules and Sha Monk. “Master,” they said, “where are you going? You are heading in the wrong direction.”

The elder pulled in his reins, saying, “Oh, disciples, go quickly and tell your elder brother to be merciful with his rod. Tell him not to kill all those bandits.”

“Master, stay here,” said Eight Rules, “and let me go.” Idiot ran all the way back to the spot, shouting, “Elder Brother, Master tells you not to hit people.”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “since when have I hit any people?”

“Where did those bandits go?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied:

“All of them have scattered, but there are two of them sleeping here.”

“Plague on you two!” said Eight Rules with a laugh. “You must have been up all night, if you can take hardship like this! Why not go elsewhere? Of all places, you have to sleep here!” Idiot walked up to them and took a closer look. “They are just like me,” he said, “sleeping soundly with their mouths open, they are drooling just a little.”

“One stroke of old Monkey’s rod,” said Pilgrim, “has brought out their bean curd!”

“How could there be bean curd in people’s heads?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied, “I beat their brains out!” On hearing this, Eight Rules ran back hurriedly to say to the Tang Monk, “They have disbanded!”

“My goodness! My goodness!” said Tripitaka. “Which road did they take?”

Eight Rules said, “They have been beaten until their legs are stiff and straight. You think they can walk somewhere?”

“Why, then, did you say that they have disbanded?” asked Tripitaka.

“They have been beaten to death!” said Eight Rules. “Isn’t that disbanding?”

“How do they look now?” asked Tripitaka again, and Eight Rules said, “Two gaping holes in their heads.”

“Untie the wrap,” said Tripitaka, “and take out a few pennies. Go somewhere quickly and see if you can buy two tapes with ointment to tape them up.”

“You aren’t serious,” said Eight Rules, laughing. “Ointment can be taped on living people for their sores or boils. How could you cure the gaping holes of dead men?”

“Are they really beaten to death?” asked Tripitaka, and he became terribly upset, so much so that he began to berate Pilgrim under his breath, calling him wretched ape and miserable simian as he turned around the horse. Soon, he and his two disciples arrived at the spot where they found two bloody corpses lying beneath the mountain slope.

Unable to bear the sight, the elder at once commanded Eight Rules:

“Use your muckrake quickly and dig a hole to bury them. I’ll recite for them a scroll of scripture for the dead.”

“You’ve asked the wrong man, Master,” said Eight Rules. “It was Pilgrim who killed these people, and he should be asked to bury them. Why do you make old Hog the grave-digger?” Pilgrim, however, was irritated by his master’s castigations, and therefore he shouted at Eight Rules, “You lazy coolie! Bury them quickly! A little tardiness and you, too, will get the rod!”

Horried, Idiot began digging at once beneath the slope. After the hole had reached a depth of about three feet, rocks and boulders in the ground resisted the rake. Abandoning his tool, our Idiot resorted to his snout to remove the rocks. When he hit the soft element again, one shove of his snout took away about two and a half feet of dirt and two shoves created a hole of about five feet.

Thus the two bandits were buried and a mound was raised. “Wukong,”

Tripitaka called out, “bring me some incense and candles, so that I may say a prayer and recite the scriptures.”

“What silliness!” said Pilgrim, pouting. “Halfway up this mountain, when there is no village in front and no store behind us, where can I ask for incense and candles? There’s no place for us to buy some even if we have the money.”

“Move aside, ape head!” said Tripitaka spitefully. “Let me pinch some dirt to use as incense and then I’ll pray.”

And so,

*Tripitaka left the saddle to mourn at a rustic grave;
The sage monk in kindness prayed to a lonely mound.*

This was his supplication:

*I bow to you noble ones,
Listen to all my reasons:
Have regard for this student,
From the East a Tang person.
The emperor Taizong by his own decree
To fetch scripture texts from the West sent me.
I came to this very place
And met you all face to face—
Natives of some prefecture or some district
Who have formed a gang on this hilly place.
With good words and kind*

*I begged you earnestly,
 But you wouldn't change your mind
 And instead grew so angry.
 When you met up with Pilgrim,
 Two of you fell by his rod.
 I pity greatly your corpses exposed,
 And I cover you with moundfuls of sod.
 I break bamboo for candles—
 Though lightless,
 They mean well.
 I take stones for offerings;
 Though tasteless,
 Truth they tell.
 If you should protest at the Hall of Darkness
 And dig up the past,
 Remember that his name is Sun
 And my name is Chen.
 A wrong has its wrongdoer,
 And a debt its creditor.
 Please don't accuse this scripture seeker!*

“Master,” said Eight Rules, chuckling, “you have neatly passed the buck! But when he hit these people, we weren’t around either.”

Tripitaka indeed scattered another pinch of dirt and prayed:

“Noble ones, when you file suit, file it against Pilgrim only. Eight Rules and Sha Monk have nothing to do with this.” When the Great Sage heard these words, he could no longer refrain from snickering.

“Master,” he said, “there’s not much kindness in you, is there? Because of your enterprise of seeking scriptures, I don’t know how much energy or exertion I’ve spent. Now I’ve slaughtered these two crummy thieves, and you tell them instead to go file suit against old Monkey. Though it was I who raised my hands to kill them, I did it only for you. If you hadn’t resolved to go to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven, and if I hadn’t become your disciple, how could I end up killing people at this place? Now that you have said all those things, I might as well give them a little benediction!”

He lifted up his iron rod and pounded it three times on the grave mound, saying, “You plague-ridden bandits! Listen to me! You gave me seven whacks here and eight whacks there with your rods, beating me until I was sorely annoyed because your blows caused me neither itch nor pain. So, I made the mistake of beating you to death. You may go anywhere you like to file suit against me, but old Monkey is not afraid.

*The Jade Emperor knows me;
 The devarājas follow me;
 The Twenty- Eight Constellations fear me;
 The Nine Luminaries are afraid of me;
 The prefectural, district, and municipal deities kneel before me;
 Equal to Heaven, the guardian of Mount Tai dreads me;
 The Ten Kings of Hell once served as my attendants;
 The Five Grand Deities have been my houseboys;
 Whether they be Five Bureaus of the Three Realms,*

*Or the Sundry Gods of the Ten Quarters,
They regard me as an intimate friend.*

You may go anywhere you like to lodge your complaint!" When Tripitaka heard him using such strong language, he was quite shocked. "Oh, disciple," he said, "my prayer was meant to make you appreciate the reverence for life and become a virtuous person. Why are you taking it so hard?"

"Master," replied Pilgrim, "what you've said is no joke! Anyway, let's go find shelter for the night." Still nursing his anger, the elder forced himself to mount the horse.

Thus the Great Sage Sun harbored feelings of hostility, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk, too, were swayed by enmity. In fact, master and disciples, as they followed the main road westward, only appeared to be cordial. Presently a village north of the road came into sight, and, pointing with his whip, Tripitaka said, "Let's go over there to ask for shelter."

"Very good," replied Eight Rules.

They went up to the village where the Tang Monk dismounted. As they looked about, they found that it was a rather nice place after all. You see

*On the path wild blooms parade;
Motley trees the door blockade.
Mountain streams from distant banks flow;
On level fields mallow and wheat grow.
Sedge and reed dew-moistened, a small gull rests.
Willows in gentle breeze, a tired bird nests.
Fresh cedars, pine-studded, rival in green.
Red smartweeds' bright hues with rushes are seen.
Village dogs bark;
Vesper cocks crow;
Cattle well-fed, cowboys now homeward go.
Yellow millet's cooked for smoke's in sight
From mountain homes at time of fading light.*

As the elder walked forward, he saw an old man emerging from one of the village huts. The elder immediately greeted him, and the old man asked, "Where does the priest come from?"

"This humble cleric," replied Tripitaka, "is someone sent by imperial commission to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. It is getting late as I pass through your honored region, and that is why I have come to ask for a night's lodging." With a chuckle, the old man said, "It is an enormous journey from your place to mine. How is it that you have scaled the mountains and forded the waters all by yourself?"

"This humble cleric," said Tripitaka, "also has three disciples in my company."

"Where are your honored disciples?" asked the old man, and Tripitaka pointed with his hand to reply, "Those three standing near the main road." Lifting his head, the old man discovered how hideous they looked and he immediately turned to try to flee inside. He was caught by Tripitaka, however, who said, "Old patron, I beg you to be merciful. Please grant us shelter for one night."

Trembling all over, the old man could hardly speak. He waved his head and his hand, saying, “No! No! No! These can’t be human beings! They must be monster-spirits!”

Attempting to placate him with a smile, Tripitaka said, “Please don’t be afraid, patron. My disciples are born like that. They are not monster-spirits.”

“Oh, my father!” cried the old man. “One is a yakṣa, one is a horse-face, and one is a thunder squire.” On hearing this, Pilgrim shouted back, “The thunder squire is my grandson, the yakṣa is my great-grandson, and the horse-face is my great-great grandson.” When the old man heard this, his spirit left him and his soul fled; his face drained of all color, he only wanted to go inside.

Tripitaka took hold of him and entered the thatched hall. Smiling again, he said, “Old Patron, don’t be afraid of them. All of them are quite rude, and they don’t know how to speak properly.”

As he was thus trying to pacify the old man, an old woman leading a child about five or six years old walked out from the rear.

“Papa,” she said, “why are you fretting like that?” Only then did the old man say, “Mama, bring us some tea.”

The old woman indeed left the child behind to go inside and brought out two cups of tea. After he drank it, Tripitaka turned to bow to the old woman, saying, “This humble cleric is someone sent by the Great Tang of the Land of the East to go acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. I just arrived in your region and wanted to beg from you a night’s lodging. Because my three disciples are rather ugly in their appearances, the elder of your family has been struck with false alarm.”

“If you are so intimidated by ugly appearances,” said the old woman, “what would happen if you faced tigers or wolves?”

“Oh, Mama,” replied the old man, “it’s all right if they look ugly, but they are more scary once they open their mouths. I made the remark that they looked like a yakṣ, a horse-face, and a thunder squire, and one of them shouted back, saying that the thunder squire was his grandson, the yakṣ his great-grandson, and the horse-face his great-great grandson. I was quite terrified by what I heard.”

“No! No!” said the Tang Monk. “The one who looks like a thunder squire happens to be my eldest disciple, Sun Wukong; the one with the horse-face is my second disciple, Zhu Wuneng, and the one who looks like a yakṣ is my third disciple, Sha Wujing. Though they may be ugly, they have embraced the faith of utter poverty and made submission to the virtuous fruit. They are no vicious demons or ferocious fiends. Why fear them?”

Greatly relieved by what they heard, the old couple said, “Please come in, please come in.”

The elder walked out of the door to instruct his disciples, saying, “Just now the old man found you three most repulsive. When you go in now to meet him and his family, don’t offend them. All of you should behave more courteously.”

“I’m both handsome and civilized,” said Eight Rules, “and I’m not sassy like elder brother.”

“Indeed!” chuckled Pilgrim. “You’re a fine man, if it weren’t for that long snout, those big ears, and that hideous face!”

“Stop wrangling,” said Sha Monk. “This isn’t the place for you to be smart-alecks. Let’s go in! Let’s go in!”

Thereupon they brought the luggage and the horse inside, and after they reached the thatched hall, they made a bow before taking their seats. As she was both good and kind, the old woman took the little boy inside and then asked for rice to be cooked and a vegetarian meal to be prepared for master and disciples. After they ate, it grew dark and lamps were brought into the thatched hall so that the pilgrims could sit and chat. “Patron,” asked the elder, “what is your noble surname?”

The elder replied, “My surname is Yang.” When asked about his age, the old man replied that he was seventy-four. “How many sons do you have?” asked Tripitaka again. The old man said, “Only one. Just now, the one following Mama is our little grandson.”

“I would like to greet your son,” said the elder, “if he’s willing to meet us.”

“That fellow,” replied the elder, “is not worthy of your bow. Life is rather cruel to this old moron, because I can’t seem to be able to rear him. He’s no longer staying with us.”

“Where is he then,” said Tripitaka, “and what sort of profession does he have?”

“Pity! Pity!” sighed the old man, shaking his head. “If he had a profession somewhere, that would be lucky for me. Unfortunately he is wicked in thought and has no regard for his origin. All he cares for is to plunder and rob, to kill and burn. His friends are all rascals and ruffians. He went out about five days ago, and he hasn’t been back since.” When Tripitaka heard this, he dared not reply, thinking to himself, “Perhaps he’s one of those beaten to death by Wukong . . .”

As he grew more anxious, the elder rose from his seat and exclaimed, “My goodness! My goodness! How could such fine parents give birth to such a rebellious son!”

Approaching them, Pilgrim said, “Venerable Sir, such a vile and pernicious offspring can only implicate his parents in dire troubles. Why keep him? Let me go find him and slay him for you!”

“I would like to send him away, too,” said the old man, “but I have no other heir. Though he lacks talents, I must still leave him behind to dig my grave.” Smiling, both Eight Rules and Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother, you should mind your own business. You and I are not officials. If his family is unwilling, this affair should no longer concern us. Let us ask the patron for a bundle of hay instead so that we may make our bedding somewhere. By morning, we should be on our way.”

The old man got up and took Sha Monk to the rear to pick up two bundles of hay. Then they were told to rest in a barn in the rear garden. After Pilgrim led the horse and Eight Rules poled the luggage to the barn, they retired, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the son of the old man Yang, who was indeed one of those bandits. After Pilgrim had beaten to death the two chiefs on the mountain slope, the thieves scattered and fled for their lives. By about the time of the fourth watch, however, they had regrouped and came to knock on the door of the Yang house. When he heard the noise, the old man put on his clothes at once and said, “Mama, he’s back.”

“If he’s here,” said the old woman, “go open the door and let him in.” No sooner had he opened the door when those thieves swarmed inside, all crying, “We’re hungry! We’re hungry!”

The son of old Yang hurried inside to wake up his wife, so that she could cook some rice. As there was no more firewood in the kitchen, he had to bring back some from the rear garden. Then he asked his wife in the kitchen, “Whose white horse is that in the rear garden?”

“It belongs to some monks from the Land of the East,” said the wife, “who are on their way to seek scriptures. They came to ask for lodging last night, and Papa and Mama fed them dinner before they were sent to sleep in the barn back there.” When the fellow heard this, he ran out to the thatched hall in front, laughing and clapping his hands. “Brothers,” he said, “we’re very lucky! Our foes are in the house!”

“Which foes?” asked the thieves. The fellow replied, “The monks who killed our chiefs came to our house to ask for shelter. They are sleeping in the haystacks in our barn.”

“How marvelous!” said the bandits. “Let’s catch these bald asses, and we’ll chop each of them into minced meat. For one thing, we’ll get the luggage and the horse; for another, we’ll avenge our leaders.”

“Don’t be hasty,” said the fellow. “All of you should sharpen your knives right now. Wait until the rice is cooked; after we have a full meal, we can attack them together.”

The thieves indeed went to sharpen their knives and spears.

When the old man heard them talking like that, however, he went quietly to the rear garden and woke up the Tang Monk and his three disciples. “That fellow has led a band of his friends here,” he said, “and when they discovered that you were here, they planned to harm you. Mindful of the fact that you have traveled a great distance to reach our place, this old moron can’t bear the thought of your getting hurt. Pack your bags quickly, and I’ll let you out the back door.” When Tripitaka heard this, he shook all over as he kowtowed to thank the old man. Then he called Eight Rules to lead the horse, Sha Monk to pole the luggage, and Pilgrim to pick up the nineringed priestly staff. After the old man let them out of the back door, he returned to the front and quietly went to bed once more.

We tell you now about the fellow and his companions. When they had sharpened their knives and spears and eaten their fill, it was already about the time of the fifth watch. They rushed together into the rear garden, but no one was to be seen. Quickly lighting torches and lamps, they searched all around for a long time, but not a trace could be detected. Then they found that the back door was open, and they all said, “They’ve escaped from the back door!” With a shout, they gave chase immediately.

Every bandit was darting forward like an arrow, and by sunrise, they caught sight of the Tang Monk. When the elder heard shouts behind him, he turned to look and discovered a band of some thirty men rushing toward him, all armed with knives and spears. “Oh, disciples,” he cried, “the brigand troops are catching up with us. What shall we do?”

“Relax, relax!” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey will go finish them off!”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka as he stopped his horse, “you must not hurt these people. Just frighten them away.” Unwilling, of course, to listen to his master, Pilgrim turned quickly to face his pursuers, saying, “Where are you going, sirs?”

“You nasty baldie!” cried the thieves. “Give us back the lives of our great kings!”

As they encircled Pilgrim, the bandits lifted their spears and knives to stab and hack away madly. The Great Sage gave one wave of his rod and it had the thickness of a bowl; with it, he fought until those bandits dropped like stars and dispersed like clouds. Those he bumped into died at once, those he caught hold of perished immediately, those he tapped had their bones broken, and those he brushed against had their skins torn. The few smart ones managed to escape, but the rest of the dumb ones all went to see King Yama! When Tripitaka saw that many men had fallen, he was so aghast that he turned and galloped toward the West, with Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk hard on the horse’s heels. Pilgrim pulled over one of the wounded bandits and asked, “Which is the son of old Yang?”

“Father,” groaned the thief, “the one in yellow.” Pilgrim went forward to pick up a knife and beheaded the one in yellow. Holding the bloody head in his hand, he retrieved his iron rod and, in great strides, caught up with the Tang Monk. As he arrived before the horse, he raised the head and said, “Master, this is the rebellious son of old Yang, and he’s been beheaded by old Monkey.” Paling with fright, Tripitaka fell down from the horse, crying, “Wretched ape! You’ve scared me to death! Take it away! Take it away!”

Eight Rules went forward and kicked the head to the side of the road, where he used the muckrake to bury it.

Sha Monk, meanwhile, put down the luggage and took hold of the Tang Monk, saying, “Master, please get up.”

After he regained composure, the Tang Monk stood on the ground and began to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. The head of Pilgrim was clamped so painfully tight that his entire face turned scarlet, his eyes bulged, and dizziness overtook him. Rolling on the ground, all he could mutter was; “Stop that recital! Stop that recital!”

The elder, however, went on for more than ten times, and still he would not stop.

Pilgrim was doing somersaults and handstands, for the pain was truly unbearable. “Master, please forgive my sins!” he cried. “If you have something to say, say it. Just stop that recital!” Only then did Tripitaka halt his recitation and say, “I have nothing to say to you. I don’t want you as my follower. Go back.” Kowtowing despite his pain, Pilgrim said, “Master, how is it that you are chasing me away?”

“Brazen ape,” said Tripitaka, “you’re just too vicious! You are no scripture pilgrim. When you slaughtered those two bandit chiefs below the mountain slope yesterday, I took offense already at your lack of human kindness. When we reached that old man’s house last night, he was good enough to give us lodging and food, and moreover, it was *he* who opened his back door to let us escape with our lives. Though his son is no good, he has not done anything to us to deserve this kind of execution. As if that’s not enough, you have taken so many lives that you have practically destroyed the sentiment of peace in this world. I have tried to admonish you so many times, but there’s not a single thought of kindness in you. Why should I keep you? Be gone, quickly! Or I will start reciting the magic words once more!”

“Stop it! Stop it!” cried a horrified Pilgrim. “I’m going!”

He said he would go, and immediately he vanished without a trace by his cloud somersault. Alas, thus it is that

Elixir will not ripen with a violent mind;

When spirit’s unstable, the Way’s hard to find.

We don’t know to which direction the Great Sage rushed off; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*True Pilgrim lays bare his woes at Mount Potalaka
False Monkey King transcribes texts at Water-Curtain Cave*

We were telling you about a dejected Great Sage Sun, who rose into midair. He was about to return to the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain, but he was afraid that those little fiends might laugh at him, for how could he be a true hero if he could betray his own word? He thought of seeking shelter in the celestial palace, but he feared that he would not be given permission to stay there long. He next thought of the islands in the sea, but then he was ashamed to face the resident immortals. Finally, he considered the dragon palace, but he could not stomach the idea of approaching the dragon kings as a suppliant. Truly, he had absolutely no place to go, and he thought sadly to himself, “All right! All right! All right! I’ll go to see my master again, for only that will bear the right fruit.”

He dropped down from the clouds and went before the horse of Tripitaka, saying, “Master, please forgive this disciple one more time! I’ll never dare work violence again. I promise I’ll accept all your admonitions, and I beg you to let me accompany you to the Western Heaven.” When the Tang Monk saw him, however, he even refused to reply. As soon as he reined in the horse, he recited the Tight-Fillet Spell. Over and over again, he went through it for more than twenty times until the Great Sage fell prostrate to the ground, the fillet cutting an inch into his flesh. Only then did the elder stop and say, “Why don’t you leave? Why have you come to bother me again?” Pilgrim could only reply, “Don’t recite anymore! Don’t recite anymore! I can spend my days somewhere, but without me I fear that you can’t reach the Western Heaven.”

Growing angry, Tripitaka said, “You are a murderous ape! Heaven knows how many times you’ve brought troubles on me! I absolutely don’t want you anymore. Whether I can reach there or not, it’s no concern of yours. Leave quickly! If you don’t, I’ll start the magic word again, and this time, I won’t stop—not until your brains are squeezed out!” When the Great Sage saw that his master refused to change his mind, and as the pain was truly unbearable, he had no alternative but to mount his cloud somersault once more and rise into the air. Then he was struck by the thought:

“If this monk is so ungrateful to me, I’ll go to the Bodhisattva Guanyin at Mount Potalaka and tell on him.”

Dear Great Sage! He turned his somersault around and in less than an hour reached the Great Southern Ocean. Lowering his auspicious luminosity, he descended on the Potalaka Mountain and sped at once into the purple bamboo grove. There he was met by the disciple Mokṣa, who greeted him, saying, “Where is the Great Sage going?”

“I must see the Bodhisattva,” replied Pilgrim. Mokṣa led him to the entrance of the Tidal Sound Cave, where the Boy Skilled in Wealth also greeted him, saying, “Why has the Great Sage come here?”

“I have something to tell on the Bodhisattva,” Pilgrim said.

When he heard the words “to tell on,”

Skilled in Wealth laughed and said, “What a smart-mouthed ape! You think you can oppress people just like the time I caught the Tang Monk. Our Bodhisattva is a holy

and righteous goddess, one who is of great compassion, great promise, and great conveyance, one who with boundless power saves us from our sufferings. What has she done that you want to bring an accusation against her?" Pilgrim was already deeply depressed; what he heard only aroused him to anger and he gave such a snarl that the Boy Skilled in Wealth backed off at once. "You wicked, ungrateful little beast!" he shouted. "You are so dimwitted! You were once a fiend, a spirit, but it was I who asked the Bodhisattva to take you in. Since you have made your submission to the Right, you have been enjoying true liberty and long life—an age as everlasting, in fact, as Heaven's. Instead of thanking me, how dare you be so insulting? I said that I was going to tell something on the Bodhisattva. How dare you say that I'm smart-mouthed?"

Trying to placate him with a smile, Skilled in Wealth said, "You're still an impulsive ape! I was just teasing you. Why do you change color so suddenly?"

As they were thus conversing, a white cockatoo came into view, flying back and forth before them for a couple of times, and they knew that this was the summons of the Bodhisattva. Whereupon Mokṣa and Skilled in Wealth led the way to the treasure lotus platform. As Pilgrim went to his knees to bow to the Bodhisattva, he could no longer restrain the tears from gushing forth and he wailed loudly. Asking Mokṣa to lift him up, the Bodhisattva said, "Wukong, tell me plainly what's causing you such great sorrow. Stop crying! I'll relieve your suffering and dispel your woe." Pilgrim, still weeping, bowed again before he said, "In previous years, when has your disciple ever consented to be snubbed by anyone? When, however, I was liberated by the Bodhisattva from my Heaven-sent calamity, and when I took the vow of complete poverty to accompany the Tang Monk on his way to see Buddha for scriptures in the Western Heaven, I was willing to risk my very life. To rescue him from his demonic obstacles was like

*Snatching a tender bone from the tiger's mouth,
Scraping off one scale, live, from a dragon's back.*

My only hope was to be able to return to the Real and attain the right fruit, to cleanse myself of sins and destroy the deviates. How could I know that this elder could be so ungrateful! He cannot recognize any virtuous cause, nor can he distinguish between black and white."

"Tell me," said the Bodhisattva, "a little about the black and white." Whereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he had beaten to death the brigands, which provoked the misgivings of the Tang Monk; how without distinguishing black and white, the Tang Monk had used the Tight-Fillet Spell to banish him several times; and how he had to come to lay bare his woes to the Bodhisattva because there was no place on Earth or in Heaven where he could find refuge. Then the Bodhisattva said to him:

"When Tripitaka Tang received the imperial decree to journey to the West, his sole intention was to be a virtuous monk, and therefore he most certainly would not lightly take even one human life. With your limitless magic power, why should you beat to death these many bandits? Those brutish bandits are no good, to be sure, but they are, after all, human beings and they don't deserve such punishment. They are not like those fiendish fowl or monstrous beasts, those demons or griffins. If you kill or slaughter those things, it's your merit, but when you take human lives, then it's your wickedness. Just frighten them away, and you would still be able to protect your master. In my opinion, therefore, you have not acted in a virtuous manner." Still tearful, Pilgrim kowtowed and said, "Though I may not have acted in a virtuous manner, I should have been given a chance to use my merit to atone for my sins. I don't deserve to be banished like this. I beg now the Bodhisattva to have compassion on me and recite the Loose-

Fillet Spell. Let me be released from the golden fillet and I'll give it back to you. Let me go back to the Water-Curtain Cave with my life." Smiling at him, the Bodhisattva replied, "The Tight-Fillet Spell was imparted to me originally by Tathāgata, who sent me in that year to go find a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. He gave me three kinds of treasure: the brocade cassock, the nine-ringed priestly staff, and three fillets named the golden, the tight, and the prohibitive. I was also taught in secret three different spells, but there was no such thing as the Loose-Fillet Spell."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "let me take leave of the Bodhisattva."

The Bodhisattva asked, "Where are you going?"

"To the Western Heaven," replied Pilgrim, "where I'll beg Tathāgata to recite the Loose-Fillet Spell."

"Wait a moment," said the Bodhisattva, "and let me scan the fortune for you."

"No need for that," said Pilgrim. "This sort of misfortune is all I can take!"

"I'm not scanning yours," said the Bodhisattva, "but the Tang Monk's."

Dear Bodhisattva! As she sat solemnly on the lotus platform, her mind penetrated the three realms and her eyes of wisdom surveyed from a distance the entire universe. In a moment, she opened her mouth and said, "Wukong, your master will soon encounter a fatal ordeal. Before long, he will be looking for you, and I will tell him then to take you back so that both of you can acquire the scriptures to attain the right fruit."

The Great Sage Sun had no choice but to obey; not daring to misbehave, he stood at attention beneath the lotus platform where we shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you now about the elder Tang, who, after he had banished Pilgrim, told Eight Rules to lead the horse and Sha Monk to pole the luggage. All four of them headed toward the West. When they had traveled some fifty miles, Tripitaka stopped the horse and said, "Disciples, we left the village at the early hour of the fifth watch, and then that Ban-Horse-Plague made me terribly upset. After this half a day, I'm quite hungry and thirsty. Which of you will go beg me some food?"

"Please dismount, Master," said Eight Rules, "and let me see if there's a village nearby for me to do so." On hearing this, Tripitaka climbed down from the horse, while Idiot rose on the clouds. As he stared all around, he found mountains everywhere, but there was not a single house in sight. Dropping down, Eight Rules said to Tripitaka, "There's no place to beg food. I couldn't see a village anywhere."

"If there's no place to beg food," said Tripitaka, "let's get some water for my thirst."

Eight Rules said, "I'll go fetch some water from the brooklet south of the mountain." Sha Monk therefore handed the almsbowl over to him, and supporting it with his palm, Eight Rules left on the clouds and fog. The elder sat by the road to wait for him, but after a long while, he still did not return. The bitter thirst, alas, was becoming quite unbearable, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*To nurse breath and spirit, that's extraction:
Feelings and nature are in form the same.
Ailments arise from spirit and mind distraught;
When shape and sperm fail, the Way declines.
Three flowers fizzle and your labor's vain;*

*All Four Greats wither and you strive for naught.
Earth and wood sterile, metal and water die.
When will true self, so sluggish, be attained?*

When Sha Monk saw how greatly Tripitaka was suffering from his hunger and thirst, and Eight Rules still had not returned with the water, he had no alternative but to put down the wraps and tie up the white horse. Then he said, "Master, please sit here for a moment; let me go and see if I can hurry him back with the water."

Tears welling up in his eyes, the elder could only nod his head to give his reply. Quickly mounting the cloudy luminosity, Sha Monk also headed for the south of the mountain.

As he sat there all by himself enduring his agonies, the elder suddenly heard a loud noise near him. He was so startled that he jumped up, and then he saw that Pilgrim Sun was kneeling on one side of the road, his two hands holding high a porcelain cup.

"Master," he said, "without old Monkey, you don't even have water. This is a cup of nice, cool water. Drink it to relieve your thirst, and let me then go beg some food for you."

"I won't drink your water!" replied the elder. "If I die of thirst on the spot, I'll consider this my martyrdom! I don't want you anymore! Leave me!"

"Without me," said Pilgrim, "you can't go to the Western Heaven."

"Whether I can or not," said Tripitaka, "is no business of yours! Lawless ape! Why are you bothering me again?"

Changing his color all at once, that Pilgrim became incensed and shouted at the elder, "You cruel bonze! How you humiliate me!"

He threw away the porcelain cup and slammed the iron rod on the back of the elder, who fainted immediately on the ground. Picking up the two blue woolen wraps, the monkey mounted his cloud somersault and went off to some place.

We now tell you about Eight Rules, who went to the south slope of the mountain with his almsbowl. As he passed the fold of the mountain, a thatched hut, the sight of which had been blocked previously by the mountain, came into view. He walked up to it and discovered that this was some sort of human residence. Idiot thought to himself, "I have such an ugly face. They will no doubt be afraid of me and refuse to give me any food. I must use transformation . . ."

Dear Idiot! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and shook his body seven or eight times. At last he changed into a yellowish, consumptive monk, still rather stoutish. Moaning and groaning, he staggered up to the door and called out:

"Patron,

*If your kitchen has surplus rice,
Let it starved wayfarers suffice.*

This humble cleric is from the Land of the East, on his way to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. My master, now sitting by the road, is hungry and thirsty. If you have any cold rice or burnt crusts, I beg you to give us some." Now, the men of the household, you see, had all gone to plant the fields, and only two women remained behind. They had just finished cooking lunch and filled two large bowls with rice to be sent to the fields, while some rice and crusts were still in the pot.

When they saw his sickly appearance, and when they heard all that muttering about going to the Western Heaven from the Land of the East, they thought that he was babbling because of his illness. Afraid, moreover, that he might fall dead right before their door, the women hurriedly packed the almsbowl with the leftovers, crust and all, which Idiot gladly received. After he left on the road from which he came, he changed back into his original form.

As he proceeded, he heard someone calling, "Eight Rules!" Raising his head, he found that it was Sha Monk, standing on a cliff and shouting, "Come this way! Come this way!"

Then he leaped down from the cliff and approached Eight Rules, saying, "There's lovely, clean water here in the brook. Why didn't you bail some? Where did you run off to?"

"When I reached here," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "I saw a house in the fold of the mountain. I went there and succeeded in begging from them this bowl of dried rice."

"We can use that," said Sha Monk, "but Master is terribly thirsty. How can we bring back some water?"

"That's easy," replied Eight Rules.

"Fold up the hem of your robe, and we'll use that to hold the rice. I'll take the alms-bowl to bail some water." In great spirits, the two of them went back to the spot by the road, where they saw Tripitaka lying down with his face hugging the earth. The reins were loosened, and the white horse was rearing up and neighing repeatedly by the road. The pole with the luggage, however, was nowhere to be seen. Eight Rules was so shaken that he stamped his feet and beat his breast, shouting, "This has to be it! This has to be it! The cohorts of those bandits whom Pilgrim Sun beat to death must have returned to kill Master and take the luggage."

"Let's tie up the horse first," said Sha Monk, and then he too began to shout:

"What shall we do? What shall we do? This is truly the failure that comes in midway!"

As he turned to call but once "Master," tears streamed down his face and he wept bitterly. "Brother," said Eight Rules, "stop crying. When we have reached this stage of affairs, let's not talk about that scripture business. You watch over Master's corpse, and let me ride to some village store in whatever county or district nearby and see if I can buy a coffin. Let's bury Master and then we can disperse." Unwilling, however, to give up on his master, Sha Monk turned the Tang Monk over on his back and put his own face up to the corpse's face. "My poor master!" he wailed, and presently, the elder's mouth and nose began to belch hot air as a little warmth could also be felt on his chest. "Eight Rules," cried Sha Monk hurriedly, "come over here. Master's not dead!" Our Idiot approached them and lifted up the elder, who woke up slowly, groaning all the time. "You lawless ape!" he exclaimed. "You've just about struck me dead!"

"Which ape is this?" asked both Sha Monk and Eight Rules, and the elder could do nothing more than to sigh. Only after he drank several gulps of water did he say, "Disciples, soon after both of you left, that Wukong came to bother me again. Because I adamantly refused to take him back, he gave me a blow with his rod and took away our blue woolen wraps." When Eight Rules heard this, he clenched his teeth as fire leaped

up from his heart. “This brazen ape!” he said. “How could he be so insolent? Sha Monk, you look after Master and let me go to his home to demand the wraps.”

“Stop being so angry,” said Sha Monk.

“We should take Master to that house in the fold of the mountain and beg for some hot liquids to warm up the rice we managed to get just now. Let’s take care of Master first before you go look for him.”

Eight Rules agreed; after having helped their master to mount up, they held the almsbowl and carried the cold rice up to the house’s door, where they found only an old woman inside. Seeing them, she quickly wanted to hide. Sha Monk pressed his palms together and said, “Old Mama, we are those from the Land of the East sent by the Tang court to go to the Western Heaven. Our master is somewhat indisposed, and that is why we have come here especially to your house to beg some hot tea or water, so that he may eat some rice.”

“Just now,” said the old woman, “there was a consumptive monk who claimed to have been sent from the Land of the East. We have already given him some food. How is it that you are also from the Land of the East? There’s no one in the house. Please go to someplace else.” On hearing this, the elder held onto Eight Rules and dismounted. Then he bent low and said, “Old *Popo*, I had originally three disciples, who were united in their efforts to accompany me to see Buddha for scriptures at the Great Thunderclap Monastery in India. My eldest disciple, whose name is Sun Wukong, has unfortunately practiced violence all his life and refused to follow the virtuous path. For this reason, I banished him. Little did I expect him to return in secret and give my back a blow with his rod. He even took our luggage and our clothing. I must now send a disciple to go find him and ask for our things, but the open road is no place to sit. Hence we have come to ask your permission to use your house as a temporary resting place. As soon as we get back our luggage, we’ll leave, for we dare not linger.”

“But there was a yellowish, consumptive monk just now,” said the old woman, “who received our food. He also claimed to be part of a pilgrimage going to the Western Heaven from the Land of the East. How could there be so many of you?” Unable to restrain his giggles, Eight Rules said, “That was I. Because I have this long snout and huge ears, I was afraid that your family might be frightened and refuse me food. That was why I changed into the form of that monk. If you don’t believe me, just take a look at what my brother’s carrying in the fold of his robe. Isn’t that your rice, crust and all?” When the old woman saw that it was indeed the rice that she had given him, she no longer refused them and asked them to go inside and take a seat. She then prepared a pot of hot tea, which she gave to Sha Monk for him to mix with the rice. After the master had eaten several mouthfuls, he felt more calm and said, “Which of you will go ask for the luggage?”

“In that year when Master sent him back there,” said Eight Rules, “I went to look for him. So I know the way to his Flower-Fruit Mountain and the Water-Curtain Cave.

Let me go! Let me go!”

“You can’t go!” replied the elder. “That monkey has never been friendly with you, and you are so rough with your words. A tiny slip when you talk to him and he may want to attack you. Let Wujing go.”

“I’ll go! I’ll go!” said Sha Monk agreeably, whereupon the elder gave him this further instruction:

“You must size up the situation as soon as you get there. If he’s willing to give you our wraps, just pretend to thank him and take them. If he’s unwilling, be sure not to argue or fight with him. Go directly to the Bodhisattva’s place at the South Sea and tell her everything. Ask the Bodhisattva to demand the luggage from him.”

After he had listened most attentively, Sha Monk said to Eight Rules, “When I’m gone, you must not be slack in your care of Master. And don’t cause any mischief in this family, for I fear that they would not serve you rice then. I’ll be back soon.”

“I know,” said Eight Rules, nodding. “But you must come back quickly, whether you succeed or not in getting our things back. I don’t want something to happen like ‘Hauling firewood with a pointed pole: you lose at both ends’!”

And so, Sha Monk made the magic sign and mounted the cloudy luminosity to head for the East Pūrvavideha Continent. Truly,

*Body’s here but spirit has flown its lodge.
How could fireless oven heat elixir?
Yellow Dame leaves her lord to seek Metal Squire;
Wood Mother bids a teacher in sickly looks.
This journey’s of unknown returning date,
A time, hard to surmise, of coming home.
Five Phases work no smooth conquest or growth.
Wait till Mind Monkey reenters the pass.*

Only after he had traveled in the air for three nights and days did Sha Monk finally reach the Great Eastern Ocean. As the sound of waves reached his ears, he lowered his head and saw that

*Black fog swelling skyward makes the dark air dense;
The brine holds the sun to chill the light of dawn.*

He was, of course, too preoccupied to enjoy the scenery. Passing the immortal island of Yingzhou, he hurried toward the Flower-Fruit Mountain, riding on the oceanic wind and tide.

After a long while, he saw towering peaks jutting up like rows of halberds and sheer cliffs like hanging screens. He dropped down on the highest summit and began to search for his way to the Water-Curtain Cave. As he drew near his destination, he began to hear a noisy din made by countless monkey spirits living in the mountain. Sha Monk walked closer and found Pilgrim Sun sitting high on a rock terrace, his two hands holding up a piece of paper from which he was reading aloud the following statement:

Emperor Li, King of the Great Tang in the Land of the East, now commands the sage monk, Chen Xuanzang, royal brother before the throne and master of the Law, to go to India in the West, and ask for scriptures in all sincerity from the Buddhist Patriarch, Tathāgata, in the Great Thunderclap Monastery on the Spirit Mountain.

Because of grave illness invading our body, our soul departed for the region of Hades. It was our good fortune to have our life span unexpectedly lengthened, and the Kings of Darkness kindly returned us to life. Whereupon we convened a vast and goodly assembly to erect a Plot of the Way for the redemption of the dead. We were indebted to the salvific and woe-dispelling Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who appeared to us in her golden form and revealed that there were both Buddha and scriptures in the West, which could deliver and redeem the lost souls of the dead. We have, therefore, commissioned Xuanzang, master of the Law, to traverse a thousand mountains in order to acquire such scriptures. When he reaches the various

states of the Western region, we hope that they will not destroy such goodly affinity and allow him to pass through on the basis of this rescript.

This is an imperial document promulgated on an auspicious day in the autumn of the thirteenth year in the Zhenguan reign period of the Great Tang.

Since leaving my noble nation, I have passed through several countries, and in midjourney, I have made three disciples: the eldest being Pilgrim Sun Wukong, the second being Zhu Wuneng Eight Rules, and the third being Sha Wujing Monk.

After he read it aloud once, he started again from the beginning. When Sha Monk realized that it was the travel rescript, he could no longer contain himself. Drawing near, he shouted:

“Elder Brother, this is Master’s rescript. Why are you reading it like that?” When that Pilgrim heard this, he raised his head but could not recognize Sha Monk. “Seize him! Seize him!” he yelled. The other monkeys immediately had Sha Monk surrounded; pulling and tugging at him, they hauled him before that Pilgrim, who bellowed, “Who are you, that you dare approach our immortal cave without permission?” When Sha Monk saw how he had changed color and refused to recognize his own, he had little choice but to bow low and say, “Let me inform you, Elder Brother. Our master previously was rather impetuous and wrongly put the blame on you. He even cast the spell on you several times and banished you home. Your brothers did not really try to pacify Master for one thing, and for another, we soon had to look for water and beg for food because of Master’s hunger and thirst. We didn’t expect you to come back with all your good intentions. When you took offense at Master’s adamant refusal to take you in again, you struck him down, left him fainted on the ground, and took the luggage. After we rescued him, I was sent to plead with you. If you no longer hate Master, and if you can recall his previous kindness in giving you freedom, please give us back the luggage and return with me to see Master. We can go to the Western Heaven together and accomplish the right fruit. But if your animosity is deep and you are unwilling to leave with me, please give me back the wraps at least. You can enjoy your old age in this mountain, and you will have done at the same time all of us a very good turn.” When he heard these words, that Pilgrim laughed scornfully and said, “Worthy Brother, what you said makes little sense to me. I struck the Tang Monk and I took the luggage not because I didn’t want to go to the West, nor because I loved to live in this place. I’m studying the rescript at the moment precisely because I want to go to the West all by myself to ask Buddha for the scriptures. When I deliver them to the Land of the East, it will be my success and no one else’s. Those people of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent will honor me then as their patriarch and my fame will last for all posterity.”

“You have spoken amiss, Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, smiling, “Why, we have never heard anyone speaking of ‘Pilgrim Sun seeking scriptures’! When our Buddha Tathāgata created the three canons of true scriptures, he also told the Bodhisattva Guanyin to find a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. Then she wanted us to traverse a thousand hills and search through many states as protectors of that pilgrim. The Bodhisattva once told us that the scripture pilgrim was originally Tathāgata’s disciple, whose religious designation was the Elder Gold Cicada. Because he failed to listen attentively to a lecture of the Buddhist Patriarch, he was banished from the Spirit Mountain to be reborn in the Land of the East. He was then instructed to bear the right fruit in the West by cultivating once more the great Way. Since it was preordained that he should encounter many demonic obstacles in his journey, we three were liberated so that we might become his guardians. If Elder Brother does not wish to

accompany the Tang Monk in his quest, which Buddhist Patriarch would be willing to impart to you the scriptures? Haven't you dreamed up all this in vain?"

"Worthy Brother," said that Pilgrim, "you've always been rather blockish! You know one thing, but you fail to perceive another. You claim that you have a Tang Monk who needs both of us to protect him. Do you really think that I don't have a Tang Monk? I have already selected here a truly enlightened monk, who will go acquire the scriptures and old Monkey will only help him. Is there anything wrong with that? We have, in fact, decided that we'll begin the journey tomorrow. If you don't believe me, let me show you."

He then cried:

"Little ones, ask the old master to come out quickly please."

The little fiends indeed ran inside and led out a white horse, followed by a Tripitaka Tang, an Eight Rules poling the luggage, and a Sha Monk carrying the priestly staff.

Enraged by the sight, Sha Monk cried, "Old Sand here changes neither his name when he walks nor his surname when he sits. How could there be another Sha Monk? Don't be impudent! Have a taste of my staff!"

Dear Sha Monk! Lifting high his fiend-routing staff with both his hands, he killed the specious Sha Monk with one blow on the head. He was actually a monkey spirit. That Pilgrim, too, grew angry; wielding his golden-hooped rod, he led the other monkeys and had Sha Monk completely surrounded. Charging left and right, Sha Monk managed to fight his way out of the encirclement. As he fled for his life by mounting the cloud and fog, he said to himself:

"This brazen ape is such a rogue! I'm going to see the Bodhisattva to tell on him!" When that Pilgrim saw that the Sha Monk had been forced to flee, he did not give chase. He went back to his cave instead and told his little ones to have the dead monkey skinned. Then his meat was taken to be fried and served as food along with coconut and grape wines. After they had their meal, that Pilgrim selected another monkey monster who knew transformation to change into a Sha Monk. He again gave them instructions on how to go to the West, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Once Sha Monk had left the Eastern Ocean by mounting the clouds, he reached the South Sea after journeying for a day and night.

As he sped forward, he saw the Potalaka Mountain approaching, and he stopped his cloud to look around. Marvelous place it was! Truly

*This secret spot of Heaven,
This hidden depth of Earth,
Where a hundred springs join to bathe both sun and stars,
Where the wind blows as the moon beams her rippling light.
When the tide rises, the great fishes change:
When the waves churn, the huge scorpaenids swim.
Here water joins the northwest sea,
Its billows the Eastern Ocean fuse.
The four seas are linked by the same Earth pulse;
Each isle immortal has its fairy homes.
Speak not of Penglai every where.
Let's look at Cave Potalaka.*

What fine scenery!
The peak's bright colors show prime essence strong.
Auspicious breeze wafts moonlight beneath the ridge.
Through groves of purple bamboo peacocks fly;
On willow-branch a sentient parrot speaks.
Jade grass, jasper flowers bloom fair each year:
Gold lotus, jewelled trees grow annually.
A few times the white cranes fly up the peak;
The phoenix comes often to the mount-kiosk.
E'en fishes by nature seek authentic Truth,
For to hear scriptures they leap through the waves.

Descending slowly from the Potalaka Mountain as he admired the scenery, he was met by the disciple, Mokṣa, who said to him, “Sha Wujing, why aren’t you accompanying the Tang Monk to procure scriptures? Why are you here?”

After Sha Monk returned his bow, he said, “I have a matter that requires my having an audience with the Bodhisattva. Please take the trouble to announce me.” Mokṣa already knew that it had to do with his search for Pilgrim, but he did not mention it. He went instead inside first and said to the Bodhisattva, “The youngest disciple of the Tang Monk, Sha Wujing, is outside seeking an audience.” When Pilgrim Sun heard that beneath the platform, he chuckled and said, “This has to be that the Tang Monk has met some kind of ordeal, and Sha Monk is here to seek the assistance of the Bodhisattva.”

The Bodhisattva at once asked Mokṣa to call him in, and Sha Monk went to his knees to kowtow. After his bow, he raised his head and was about to tell the Bodhisattva what had happened, when all of a sudden he saw Pilgrim Sun standing on one side. Without even a word, Sha Monk whipped out his fiend-routing staff and aimed it at Pilgrim’s face. Pilgrim, however, did not fight back; he only stepped aside to dodge the blow. “You brazen ape!” screamed Sha Monk. “You rebellious simian guilty of ten evil deeds! So, you are even here to hoodwink the Bodhisattva!”

“Wujing!” shouted the Bodhisattva. “Don’t raise your hands! If you have a complaint, tell it to me first.” Putting away his treasure staff, Sha Monk knelt down before the platform, and, still huffing, said to the Bodhisattva, “This monkey has performed countless violent acts along the way. The day before, he beat two highwaymen to death beneath the mountain slope, and Master already found fault with him. Little did we expect that that very night we had to live right in the bandit camp, and he slaughtered a whole band of them. As if that weren’t enough, he took a bloody head back to show to Master, who was so aghast that he fell down from his horse. It was then that Master gave him a reprimand and banished him. After we separated, Master found the hunger and thirst unbearable at one place and told Eight Rules to go find water. When he didn’t return after a long while, I was told to go find him. When Pilgrim Sun saw that we both had left, he sneaked back and gave Master a blow with his iron rod, after which he took away our two blue woolen wraps. When we finally returned, we managed to revive Master, and then I had to make a special trip to his Water-Curtain Cave to demand from him the wraps. How could I know that he would change his face and refuse to recognize me? Instead, he was reciting back and forth the travel rescript of Master. When I asked him why, he said that he was no longer willing to accompany the Tang Monk. He wanted to go procure scriptures in the Western Heaven and take them all by himself to the Land of the East. That, he said, would be his sole merit, and the people would honor him as their patriarch while his fame would be everlasting. I told him,

‘Without the Tang Monk, who would be willing to give you scriptures?’ He said then that he had already selected a true, enlightened monk, and he brought out a Tang Monk, all right, including a white horse, followed by an Eight Rules and a Sha Monk for me to see. ‘I’m the Sha Monk,’ I said, ‘so how could there be another Sha Monk?’ I rushed up to this impostor and gave him a blow with my treasure staff; it turned out to be a monkey spirit. Then this ape led his followers to try to capture me, and that was when I fled and decided to come here to inform the Bodhisattva. He must have used his cloud somersault and arrived first, and I don’t know what sort of balderdash he has mouthed to dupe the Bodhisattva.”

“Wujing,” said the Bodhisattva, “don’t blame another person wrongly. Wukong has been here for four days, and I haven’t let him go anywhere. How could he have gone to find another Tang Monk to go fetch scriptures by themselves?”

“But,” said Sha Monk, “I saw a Pilgrim Sun in the Water-Curtain Cave. You think I’m lying?”

“In that case,” said the Bodhisattva, “don’t get upset. I’ll tell Wukong to go with you to take a look at the Flower-Fruit Mountain. Truth is indestructible, but falsehood can easily be eliminated. When you get there, you’ll find out.” On hearing this, our Great Sage and Sha Monk took leave at once of the Bodhisattva and left. And so, the result of their journey will be that

*Before Mount Flower- Fruit black and white will be made distinct;
By the Water-Curtain Cave the true and perverse will be seen.*

We don’t know, however, how that will be accomplished; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-EIGHT

*Two Minds cause disorder in the great cosmos
It's hard for one body to realize true Nirvāṇa*

After our Pilgrim and Sha Monk kowtowed to take leave of the Bodhisattva, they rose on two beams of auspicious light and departed from the South Sea. Now, the cloud somersault of Pilgrim, you see, was much faster than the mere cloud soaring of Sha Monk. He therefore wanted to speed ahead, but Sha Monk pulled him back, saying, "Elder Brother, you need not try to cover up or hide your tracks by getting there first. Let me travel right beside you."

The Great Sage, of course, was full of good intentions, whereas Sha Monk at that moment was filled with suspicion.

So, the two of them rode the clouds together and in a little while, they spotted the Flower-Fruit Mountain. As they lowered their clouds to glance around, they found indeed outside the cave another Pilgrim, sitting high on a stone ledge and drinking merrily with a flock of monkeys. His looks were exactly the same as those of the Great Sage: he, too, had a gold fillet clamped to his brownish hair, a pair of fiery eyes with diamond pupils, a silk shirt on his body, a tiger kilt tied around his waist, a golden-hooped iron rod in one of his hands, and a pair of deerskin boots on his feet. He, too, had

*A hairy face, a thunder god beak,
An empty jowl unlike Saturn's;
Two forked ears on a big, broad head,
And huge fangs that have outward grown.*

His ire aroused, our Great Sage abandoned Sha Monk and rushed forward, wielding his iron rod and crying, "What sort of a fiend are you that you dare change into my appearance, take my descendants captive, occupy my immortal cave, and assume such airs?" When that Pilgrim saw him, he did not utter a word of reply; all he did was meet his opponent with the iron rod. The two Pilgrims closed in, and you could not distinguish the true one from the false. What a fight!

*Two iron rods,
Two monkey sprites,
This fight of theirs is truly no light thing!
They both want to guard the royal brother of Tang,
Each seeking merit to acquire great fame.
The true ape accepts the poverty faith;
The specious fiend utters false Buddhist claims.
Their magic gives them transformations vast:
They're exact equals, that's the honest truth!
One is the Equal to Heaven Sage of the unified breath of Composite Prime;
One is a long-cultivated sentient spirit, able to shorten the ground.
This one is the compliant golden-hooped rod;
That one is the acquiescent staff of iron.
They block and parry and fight to a draw;*

*They buck and resist and neither can win.
They join hands at first outside the cave;
Soon they rise to do battle in midair.*

Treading on the cloudy luminosity, the two of them rose into the sky to fight. On the side, Sha Monk did not have the courage to join the battle, for he found it truly difficult to distinguish between the two of them. He wanted very much to lend his assistance, but he feared that he might inadvertently inflict harm on the real Pilgrim. After waiting patiently for a long while, he leaped down from the mountain cliff and wielded his fiend-routing staff to disperse the various fiends outside the Water-Curtain Cave. He then overturned the stone benches and smashed to pieces all those eating and drinking utensils before searching for his two blue woolen wraps. They were, however, nowhere to be seen. The cave, you see, was located actually behind a huge waterfall, which had the entrance neatly hidden as if it were behind a white curtain. That was the reason for the name, Water-Curtain Cave. Sha Monk, of course, had no idea of its history or its layout, and it was therefore difficult for him to make his search.

Unable to recover his wraps, Sha Monk again mounted the clouds to rush up to midair. He held high his treasure staff, but he simply dared not strike at either of the combatants. "Sha Monk," said the Great Sage, "if you can't help me, go back to Master and tell him about our situation. Let old Monkey do battle with this fiend all the way to the Potalaka Mountain of South Sea so that the Bodhisattva can distinguish the true from the false." When he finished speaking, the other Pilgrim also said the same thing. Since both of them had exactly the same appearance and there was not even the slightest difference even in their voices, Sha Monk could not distinguish one from the other. He had no choice but to change the direction of his cloud and go back to report to the Tang Monk. We shall now leave him for the moment.

Look at those two Pilgrims instead! They fought as they journeyed; soon they arrived at the Potalaka Mountain in the South Sea, trading blows and insults all the time. All the continuous uproar quickly alerted the various guardian deities, who rushed inside the Tidal Sound Cave to say, "Bodhisattva, there are indeed two Sun Wukongs who have arrived fighting!"

The Bodhisattva immediately descended from her lotus platform to go out of the cave with her disciples Mokṣa, the Boy Skilled in Wealth, and the Dragon Girl.

"Cursed beasts," she cried, "where do you two think you are going?" Still entangled together, one of them said, "Bodhisattva, this fellow indeed resembles your disciple. We started our battle from the Water-Curtain Cave, but we have not yet reached a decision even after such a long bout. The fleshy eyes of Sha Wujing were too dim and dull to tell us apart, and thus he couldn't help us even if he had the strength. Your disciple told him to go back to the road to the West and report to my master. I have fought with this fellow up to your treasure mountain because I want you to lend us your eyes of wisdom. Please help your disciple to distinguish the true from the false, the real from the perverse." When he finished speaking, the other Pilgrim also repeated the same words. The various deities and the Bodhisattva stared at the two for a long time, but none could tell them apart. "Stop fighting," said the Bodhisattva, "and stand apart.

Let me look at both of you once more."

They indeed let go of each other and stood on opposite sides. "I'm the real one," said one side.

"He's a fake!" said the other.

Asking Mokṣa and Goodly Wealth to approach her, the Bodhisattva whispered to them this instruction:

“Each of you take hold of one of them firmly, and let me start reciting in secret the Tight-Fillet Spell. The one whose head hurts is the real monkey; the one who has no pain is specious.” Indeed, the two disciples took hold of the two Pilgrims as the Bodhisattva recited in silence the magic words.

At once the two of them gripped their heads and rolled on the ground, both screaming, “Don’t recite! Don’t recite!”

The Bodhisattva stopped her recital, and the two of them again became entangled together, fighting and shouting as before. Unable to think of anything else, the Bodhisattva asked the various deities and Mokṣa to go forward to help, but the gods were afraid that they might hurt the real person and they, therefore, dared not raise their hands. “Sun Wukong,” called the Bodhisattva, and the two of them answered in unison.

“When you were appointed Bimawen,” she said, “and when you brought chaos to Heaven, all those celestial warriors could certainly recognize you. You go up to the Region Above now and they should be able to distinguish between the two of you.”

This Great Sage thanked her and the other Pilgrim also thanked her.

Tugging and pulling at each other, screaming and hollering at each other, the two of them went before the South Heaven Gate. The Devarāja Virūpākṣa was so startled that he led Ma, Zhao, Wen, and Guan, the four great celestial warriors, and the rest of the divine gate attendants to bar the way with their weapons. “Where are you two going?” they cried. “Is this a place for fighting?”

The Great Sage said, “I was accompanying the Tang Monk on his way to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. Because I slayed some thieves on the way, that Tripitaka banished me, and I went to tell my troubles to the Bodhisattva Guanyin at the Potalaka Mountain. I have no idea when this monster-spirit assumed my form, struck down my master, and robbed us of our wraps. Sha Monk went to look for our things at the Flower-Fruit Mountain and discovered that this monster-spirit had taken over my lair. Thereafter, he went to seek the assistance of the Bodhisattva, and when he saw me standing at attention beneath the platform, he falsely accused me of using my cloud somersault in order to cover up my faults. The Bodhisattva, fortunately, was righteous and perceptive; she didn’t listen to Sha Monk and told me to go with him instead to examine the evidence at the Flower-Fruit Mountain. I discovered there that this monster-spirit indeed resembled old Monkey. We fought just now from the Water-Curtain Cave to the place of the Bodhisattva, but even she found it difficult to tell us apart. That’s why we came here. Let all of you deities take the trouble of using your perception and make distinction between the two of us.” When he finished speaking, that Pilgrim also gave exactly the same account. Though the various gods stared at them for a long time, they could not tell the difference. “If all of you can’t recognize us,” the two of them shouted, “stand aside and let us go see the Jade Emperor!” Unable to resist them, the various deities had to let them through the Heaven Gate, and they went straight up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists. Marshal Ma dashed inside with Zhang, Ge, Xu, and Qiu, the Four Celestial Masters, to memorialize, saying, “There are two Sun Wukongs from the Region Below who have fought their way into the Heaven Gate. They claim they want to see the Emperor.”

Hardly had they finished speaking when the two monkeys brawled their way in. The Jade Emperor was so taken aback that he stood up and came down the treasure hall

to ask, "For what reason did the two of you enter the celestial palace without permission? Are you seeking death with your brawling before us?"

"Your Majesty! Your Majesty!" cried our Great Sage. "Your subject has already made submission and embraced the vow of poverty."

I would never dare be so audacious as to mock your authority again. But because this monster-spirit has changed into the form of your subject, . . ." whereupon he gave a thorough account of what had taken place, ending with the words, "I beg you to do this for your subject and distinguish between the two of us."

That Pilgrim also gave exactly the same account.

Issuing a decree at once to summon Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer, the Jade Emperor commanded:

"Let us look at those two fellows through the imp-reflecting mirror, so that the false may perish and the true endure."

The devarāja took out the mirror immediately and asked the Jade Emperor to watch with the various celestial deities. What appeared in the mirror were two reflections of Sun Wukong: there was not the slightest difference between their golden fillets, their clothing, and even their hair. Since the Jade Emperor found it impossible to distinguish them, he ordered them chased out of the hall.

Our Great Sage was laughing scornfully, while that Pilgrim also guffawed jovially as they grabbed each other's head and neck once more to fight their way out of the Heaven Gate. Dropping down to the road to the West, they shouted at each other, "I'll go see Master with you! I'll go see Master with you!" We now tell you about that Sha Monk, who since leaving them at the Flower-Fruit Mountain, traveled again for three nights and days before he arrived at the mountain hut. After he told the Tang Monk all that had taken place, the elder was filled with regret, saying, "I thought at that time that it was Sun Wukong who gave me a blow with his rod and who robbed us of our wraps. How could I know that it was a monster-spirit who had assumed the form of Pilgrim?"

"Not only did that fiend do that," said Sha Monk, "but he had someone change into an elder, and another into Eight Rules poling our wraps. In addition to a white horse, there was still another fiend who changed into the likeness of me. I couldn't restrain my anger and killed him with one blow of my staff. He was actually a monkey spirit. I left in a hurry to go to inform the Bodhisattva, who then asked Elder Brother to go with me to see for ourselves back at the Water-Curtain Cave. When we arrived, we discovered that that fiend was indeed an exact copy of Elder Brother. I couldn't tell them apart and it was difficult, therefore, for me to lend any assistance. That's why I came back first to report to you." On hearing this, Tripitaka paled with fright, but Eight Rules laughed uproariously, saying, "Fine! Fine! Fine! The *Popo* of our patron's house has spoken true! She said that there had to be several groups of pilgrims going to procure scriptures. Isn't this another group?"

The members of that family, old and young, all came to ask Sha Monk, "Where have you been these last few days? Did you go off to seek travel money?"

"I went to the place of my Big Brother," said Sha Monk with a laugh, "at the Flower-Fruit Mountain of the East Pūrvavideha Continent to look for our luggage. Next I went to have an audience with the Bodhisattva Guanyin at the Potalaka Mountain of

South Sea. Then I had to go back to the Flower-Fruit Mountain again before I came back here.”

“What was the distance that you had to travel?” asked the old man. “Back and forth,” replied Sha Monk, “it had to be about two hundred thousand miles.”

“Oh, Sire,” said the old man, “you mean to tell me that you have covered all that distance in these few days? You must have soared on the clouds, or you would never have made it.”

“If he didn’t soar on the clouds,” said Eight Rules, “how could he cross the sea?”

“We haven’t covered any distance,” said Sha Monk. “If it were my Big Brother, it would take only a couple of days for him to get there and return.” When those family members heard what he said, they all claimed that their visitors had to be immortals. “We are not immortals,” said Eight Rules, “but the immortals are really our juniors!”

As they were speaking, they suddenly heard a great uproar in the middle of the sky. They were so startled that they came out to look, and they found two Pilgrims locked in battle as they drew near. On seeing them, Eight Rules’s hands began to itch, and he said, “Let me see if I can tell them apart.”

Dear Idiot! He leaped into the air and cried, “Elder Brother, don’t fret! Old Hog’s here!”

The two Pilgrims cried out at the same time, “Brother, come and beat up this monster-spirit!”

The old man was so astonished by the sight that he said to himself, “So we have in our house several arhats who can ride the clouds and mount the fog! Even if I had made a vow to feed the monks, I might not have been able to find this kind of noble people.” Without bothering to think of the cost, he wanted at once to bring out more tea and rice to present to his visitors. Then he muttered to himself, “But I fear that no good can come out of these two Pilgrims fighting like that. They will overturn Heaven and Earth and cause terrible calamity who knows where!” When Tripitaka saw that the old man was openly pleased, though he was, at the same time, full of secret anxiety, he said to him, “Please do not worry, old Patron, and don’t start any lamentation. When this humble cleric succeeds in subduing his disciple and in inducing the wicked to return to virtue, he will most certainly thank you.”

“Please don’t mention it! Please don’t mention it!” said the old man repeatedly. “Please don’t say anything more, Patron,” said Sha Monk. “Master, you sit here while I go up there with Second Elder Brother. Each of us will pull before you one of them, and you can start reciting that little something. We’ll be able to tell, for whoever has pain will be the real Pilgrim.”

“You are absolutely right,” said Tripitaka.

Sha Monk indeed rose to midair and said, “Stop fighting, the two of you, and we’ll go with you to Master and let him distinguish the true from the false.” Our Great Sage desisted, and that Pilgrim also dropped his hands. Sha Monk took hold of one of them and said, “Second Elder Brother, you take the other one.”

They dropped down from the clouds and went before the thatched hut. As soon as he saw them, Tripitaka began reciting the Tight-Fillet Spell, and the two of them

immediately screamed, "We've been fighting so bitterly already. How could you still cast that spell on us? Stop it! Stop it!"

As his disposition had always been kind, the elder at once stopped his recitation, but he could not tell them apart at all. Shrugging off the hold of Sha Monk and Eight Rules, the two of them were again locked in battle. "Brothers," said our Great Sage, "take care of Master, and let me go before King Yama with him to see if there could be any way of discriminating us."

That Pilgrim also spoke to them in the same manner. Tugging and pulling at each other, the two of them soon vanished from sight.

"Sha Monk," said Eight Rules, "when you saw the false Eight Rules poling the luggage in the Water-Curtain Cave, why didn't you take it away?" Sha Monk said, "When that monster-spirit saw me slaying his false Sha Monk with my treasure staff, he and his followers surrounded me and wanted to seize me. I had to flee for my life, you know. After I told the Bodhisattva and went back to the entrance of the cave with Pilgrim, the two of them fought in midair while I went to overturn their stone benches and scattered the little fiends. All I saw then was a huge cascade flowing into a stream, but I could not find the cave entrance anywhere nor could I locate the luggage. That's why I came back to Master empty-handed."

"You really couldn't have known this," said Eight Rules. "When I went to ask him to return that year,

I met him first outside the cave. After I succeeded in persuading him to come, he said he wanted to go inside to change clothes. That was when I saw him diving right through the water, for the cascade is actually the cave entrance. That fiend, I suppose, must have hidden our wraps in there."

"If you know where the entrance is," said Tripitaka, "you should go there now while he is absent and take out our wraps. Then we can go to the Western Heaven by ourselves. Even if he should want to join us again, I won't use him."

"I'll go," answered Eight Rules. "Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "there are over a thousand little monkeys in that cave of his. You may not be able to handle them all by yourself."

"No fear, no fear," said Eight Rules, laughing. He dashed out of the door, mounted the cloud and fog, and headed straight for the Flower-Fruit Mountain to search for the luggage.

We tell you now instead about those two Pilgrims, who brawled all the way to the rear of the Mountain of Perpetual Shade. All those spirits on the mountain were so terrified that they, shaking and quaking, tried desperately to hide themselves. A few managed to escape first and they rushed inside the fortified pass of the nether region and reported in the Treasure Hall of Darkness:

"Great Kings, there are two Great Sages, Equal to Heaven, who are fighting their way down from the Mountain of Perpetual Shade." King Qinguang of the First Chamber was so terrified that he at once passed the word to King of the Beginning River in the Second Chamber, King of the Song Emperor in the Third Chamber, King of Complete Change in the Fourth Chamber, King Yama in the Fifth Chamber, King of Equal Ranks in the Sixth Chamber, King of Tai Mountain in the Seventh Chamber, King of City Markets in the Eighth Chamber, King of Avenging Ministers in the Ninth Chamber, and King of the Turning Wheel in the Tenth Chamber. Soon after the word had passed

through each chamber, the ten kings assembled together and they also sent an urgent message to King Kṣitigarbha to meet them at the Hall of Darkness. At the same time, they called up all the soldiers of darkness to prepare to capture both the true and the false. In a moment, they felt a gush of strong wind and then they saw dense, dark fog rolling in, in the midst of which were two Pilgrims tumbling and fighting together.

The Rulers of Darkness went forth to stop them, saying, “For what purpose are the Great Sages causing trouble in our nether region?”

“I had to pass through the State of Western Liang,” replied our Great Sage, “because I was accompanying the Tang Monk on his way to procure scriptures in the Western Heaven. We reached a mountain shortly thereafter, where brigands attempted to rob my master. Old Monkey slaughtered a few of them, but my master took offense and banished me. I went instead to the Bodhisattva at South Sea to make known my difficulties. I have no idea how this monster-spirit got wind of it, but somehow he changed into my likeness, struck down my master in midjourney, and robbed him of his luggage. My younger brother, Sha Monk, went to my native mountain to demand the wraps, but this fiend falsely claimed that he wished to go to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven in the name of Master. Fleeing to South Sea, Sha Monk informed the Bodhisattva when I was standing right there. The Bodhisattva then told me to go with him to look for myself at the Flower-Fruit Mountain, and I discovered that indeed my old lair was occupied by this fellow. I strove with him until we reached the place of the Bodhisattva, but in truth his appearance, his speech, and the like are exactly like mine. Even the Bodhisattva found it hard to distinguish us. Then we fought our way up to Heaven, and the gods couldn’t tell us apart.

We next went to see my master, and when he recited the Tight-Fillet Spell to test us, this fellow’s head hurt just like mine. That’s why we brawl down to the nether region, in hopes that you Rulers of Darkness will examine for me the Register of Life and Death and determine what is the origin of the specious Pilgrim. Snatch away his soul at once, so that there will not be the confusion of two Minds.”

After he finished speaking, the fiend also repeated what he said in exactly the same manner.

On hearing this, the Rulers of Darkness summoned the judge in charge of the register to examine it from the beginning, but there was, of course, nothing written down that had the name “specious Pilgrim.”

He then studied the volume on hairy creatures, but the one hundred and thirty some entries under the name “monkey,” you see, had already been crossed out by the Great Sage Sun with one stroke of the brush, in that year when he caused great havoc in the region of darkness after he had attained the Way.

Ever since that time, the name of any species of monkey was not recorded in the register. After he finished examining the volume, he went back to the hall to make his report. Picking up their court tablets to show their solemn intentions, the Rulers of Darkness said to both of the Pilgrims, “Great Sages, there is nowhere in the nether region for you to look up the impostor’s name. You must seek discrimination in the world of light.”

Hardly had they finished speaking when the Bodhisattva Kṣitigarbha said, “Wait a moment! Wait a moment! Let me ask Investigative Hearing to listen for you.”

That Investigative Hearing, you see, happens to be a beast that usually lies beneath the desk of Kṣitigarbha. When he crouches on the ground, he can in an instant perceive the true and the false, the virtuous and the wicked among all short-haired creatures, scaly creatures, hairy creatures, winged creatures, and crawling creatures, and among all the celestial immortals, the earthly immortals, the divine immortals, the human immortals, and the spirit immortals resident in all the cave Heavens and blessed lands in the various shrines, rivers, and mountains of the Four Great Continents. In obedience, therefore, to the command of Kṣitigarbha, the beast prostrated himself in the courtyard of the Hall of Darkness, and in a little while, he raised his head to say to his master, “I have the name of the fiend, but I cannot announce it in his presence. Nor can we give assistance in capturing him.”

“What would happen,” asked Kṣitigarbha, “if you were to announce his name?”

“I fear then,” replied Investigative Hearing, “that the monster-spirit might unleash his violence to disturb our treasure hall and ruin the peace of the office of darkness.”

“But why,” asked his master again, “can’t we give assistance in capturing him?” Investigative Hearing said, “The magic power of that monster-spirit is no different from the Great Sage Sun’s. How much power do the gods of the nether region possess? That’s why we cannot capture him.”

“How, then, shall we do away with him?” asked Kṣitigarbha. Investigative Hearing answered, “The power of Buddha is limitless.” Waking up all at once, Kṣitigarbha said to the two Pilgrims, “Your forms are like a single person, and your powers are exactly the same. If you want clear distinction between the two of you, you must go to the Thunderclap Monastery, the abode of Śākyamuni.”

“You are right! You are right!” shouted both of them in unison. “We’ll go to have this thing settled before the Buddhist Patriarch in the Western Heaven.”

The Rulers of Darkness of all Ten Chambers accompanied them out of the hall before they thanked Kṣitigarbha, who returned to the Jade Cloud Palace. The ghost attendants were then told to close up the fortified passes of the nether region, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Look at those two Pilgrims! Soaring on cloud and darting on fog, they fought their way up to the Western Heaven, and we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*If one has two minds, disasters he’ll breed;
He’ll guess and conjecture both far and near.
He seeks a good horse or the Three Dukes’ office,
Or the seat of first rank there in Golden Chimes.
He’ll war unceasing in the north and south;
He’ll not keep still assailing both east and west.
You must learn of no mind in the gate of Chan,
And let the holy babe be formed thus quietly.*

Tugging and pulling at each other, the two of them brawled in midair as they proceeded, and finally, they reached the Thunderclap Treasure Monastery on the Spirit Vulture Mountain in the great Western Heaven.

At that time the Four Great Bodhisattvas, the Eight Great Diamond Kings, the five hundred arhats, the three thousand guardians of the faith, the mendicant nuns and the mendicant monks, the upāsakas and the upāsikās—all this holy multitude was

gathered beneath the lotus seat of seven jewels to listen to a lecture by Tathāgata. His discourse had just reached the point on

*The existent in the nonexistent;
 The nonexistent in the non-nonexistent;
 The form in the formlessness;
 The emptiness in the nonemptiness.
 For the nonexistent is the existent,
 And the non-nonexistent is the nonexistent.
 Formlessness is verily form;
 Nonemptiness is verily emptiness.
 Emptiness is indeed emptiness;
 Form is indeed form.
 Form has no fixed form;
 Thus form is emptiness.
 Emptiness has no fixed emptiness;
 Thus emptiness is form.
 The knowledge of emptiness is not emptiness;
 The knowledge of form is not form.
 When names and action mutually illuminate,
 Then one has reached the wondrous sound.*

As the multitude bowed their heads in submission and chanted in unison these words of the Buddha, Tathāgata caused celestial flowers to descend upon them in profusion. Then he said to the congregation, “You are all of one mind, but take a look at two Minds in competition and strife arriving here.” When the congregation looked up, there were indeed two Pilgrims locked in a clamorous battle as they approached the noble region of Thunderclap. The Eight Great Diamond Kings were so aghast that they went forward to bar the way, crying, “Where do you two think you are going?”

“A monster-spirit,” replied our Great Sage, “has assumed my appearance. I want to go below the treasure lotus platform and ask Tathāgata to make distinction between us.”

The Diamond Kings could not restrain them, and the two monkeys brawled up to the platform. “Your disciple,” said our Great Sage as he knelt before the Buddhist Patriarch, “was accompanying the Tang Monk to journey to your treasure mountain and to beg you for true scriptures. I have exerted I don’t know how much energy on our way in order to smelt demons and bind fiends. Some time ago, we ran into some bandits trying to rob us, and in truth, your disciple on two occasions did take a few lives. Master took offense and banished me, refusing to allow me to bow with him to the golden form of Tathāgata. I had no choice but to flee to South Sea and tell Guanyin of my woes. Little did I anticipate that this monster-spirit would falsely assume my voice and my appearance and then strike down Master, taking away even our luggage. My younger brother, Wujing, followed him to my native mountain, only to be told by the crafty words of this fiend that he had another true monk ready to be the scripture pilgrim. Wujing managed to escape to South Sea to inform Guanyin of everything. Whereupon the Bodhisattva told your disciple to return with Wujing to my mountain, as a result of which the two of us fought our way to South Sea and then to the celestial palace. We went also to see the Tang Monk as well as the Rulers of Darkness, but no one could tell us apart. For this reason I make bold to come here, and I beg you in your great compassion to fling wide the great gate of means. Grant unto your disciple your

discernment of the right and the perverse, so that I may again accompany the Tang Monk to bow to your golden form in person, acquire the scriptures to bring back to the Land of the East, and forever exalt the great faith.” What the congregation heard was one statement made by two mouths in exactly the same voice, and none of them could distinguish between the two Pilgrims. Tathāgata, however, was the only one who had the perception; he was about to make his revelation when a pinkish cloud floating up from the south brought to them Guanyin, who bowed to the Buddha.

Pressing his palms together, our Buddha said, “Guanyin, the Honored One, can you tell which is the true Pilgrim and which is the false one?”

“They came to your disciple’s humble region the other day,” replied the Bodhisattva, “but I truly could not distinguish between them. They then went to both the Palace of Heaven and the Office of Earth, but even there they could not be recognized. I have come, therefore, especially to beg Tathāgata to do this on the true Pilgrim’s behalf.” Smiling, Tathāgata said, “Though all of you possess vast dharma power and are able to observe the events of the whole universe, you cannot know all the things therein, nor do you have the knowledge of all the species.” When the Bodhisattva asked for further revelation, Tathāgata said, “There are five kinds of immortals in the universe, and they are: the celestial, the earthbound, the divine, the human, and the ghostly. There are also five kinds of creatures, and they are: the short-haired, the scaly, the hairy, the winged, and the crawling. This fellow is not celestial, earthbound, divine, human, or ghostly, nor is he short-haired, scaly, hairy, winged, or crawling.

But there are, however, four kinds of monkeys which also do not belong to any of these ten species.”

“May I inquire,” said the Bodhisattva, “which four kinds they are?”

“The first,” said Tathāgata, “is the intelligent stone monkey, who

*Knows transformations,
Recognizes the seasons,
Discerns the advantages of earth,
And is able to alter the course of planets and stars.*

The second is the red-buttocked baboon, who

*Has knowledge of yin and yang,
Understands human affairs,
Is adept in its daily life
And able to avoid death and lengthen its life.*

The third is the bare-armed gibbon, who can

*Seize the sun and the moon,
Shorten a thousand mountains,
Distinguish the auspicious from the inauspicious,
And manipulate planets and stars.*

The fourth is the sixth-eared macaque, who has

*A sensitive ear,
Discernment of fundamental principles,
Knowledge of past and future,
And comprehension of all things.*

These four kinds of monkeys are not classified in the ten species, nor are they contained in the names between Heaven and Earth. As I see the matter, that specious Wukong must be a six-eared macaque, for even if this monkey stands in one place, he can possess the knowledge of events a thousand miles away and whatever a man may say in that distance. That is why I describe him as a creature who has

*A sensitive ear,
Discernment of fundamental principles,
Knowledge of past and future,
And comprehension of all things.*

The one who has the same appearance and the same voice as the true Wukong is a sixth-eared macaque.” When the macaque heard how Tathāgata had announced his original form, he shook with fear; leaping up quickly, he tried to flee.

Tathāgata, however, at once ordered the Four Bodhisattvas, the Eight Diamond Kings, the five hundred arhats, the three thousand guardians of the faith, the mendicant monks, the mendicant nuns, the upāsakas, the upāsikās, Guanyin, and Mokṣa to have him completely encircled. The Great Sage Sun also wanted to rush forward, but Tathāgata said, “Wukong, don’t move. Let me capture him for you.”

The macaque’s hair stood on end, for he supposed that he would not be able to escape. Shaking his body quickly, he changed at once into a bee, flying straight up. Tathāgata threw up into the air a golden almsbowl, which caught the bee and brought it down.

Not perceiving that, the congregation thought the macaque had escaped. With a smile, Tathāgata said, “Be silent, all of you. The monster-spirit hasn’t escaped. He’s underneath this almsbowl of mine.”

The congregation surged forward and lifted up the almsbowl; a sixth-eared macaque in his original form indeed appeared. Unable to contain himself anymore, the Great Sage Sun raised his iron rod and killed it with one blow on the head. To this day this species of monkey has remained extinct.

Moved to pity by the sight, Tathāgata exclaimed, “My goodness! My goodness!”

“You should not have compassion on him, Tathāgata,” said our Great Sage. “He wounded my master and robbed us of our wraps. Even according to the law, he was guilty of assault and robbery in broad daylight. He should have been executed.”

Tathāgata said, “Now you go back quickly to accompany the Tang Monk here to seek the scriptures.”

As he kowtowed to thank the Buddha, the Great Sage said, “Let me inform Tathāgata, that it is certain that my master will not want me back. If I go to him now and he rejects me, it’s simply a waste of effort. I beg you to recite the Loose-Fillet Spell instead so that I can give back your golden fillet. Let me return to secular life.”

“Stop such foolish thought,” said Tathāgata, “and don’t be mischievous! If I ask Guanyin to take you back to your master, you should have no fear that he will reject you. Take care to protect him on his journey, and in due time

*When merit’s done and Nirvāṇa’s home,
You, too, will sit on a lotus throne.”*

When she heard that, Guanyin pressed together her palms to thank the sage’s grace, after which she led Wukong away by mounting the clouds. They were followed

at once by her disciple, Mokṣa, and the white cockatoo. Soon they arrived at the thatched hut, and when Sha Monk saw them, he quickly asked his master to bow at the door to receive them. “Tang Monk,” said the Bodhisattva, “the one who struck you the other day was a specious Pilgrim, a sixth-eared macaque. It was our good fortune that Tathāgata recognized him, and subsequently he was slain by Wukong. You must now take him back, for the demonic barriers on your journey are by no means entirely overcome, and only with his protection can you reach the Spirit Mountain and see the Buddha for scriptures. Don’t be angry with him anymore.” Kowtowing, Tripitaka replied, “I obey your instruction.”

At that moment when he and Sha Monk were thanking the Bodhisattva, they heard a violent gust of wind blowing in from the east: it was Zhu Eight Rules, who returned riding the wind with two wraps on his back. When Idiot saw the Bodhisattva, he fell on his knees to bow to her, saying, “Your disciple took leave of my master the other day and went to the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain to look for our luggage. I saw indeed a specious Tang Monk and another specious Eight Rules, both of whom I struck dead.

They were two monkeys. Then I went inside and found the wraps, and examination revealed that nothing was missing. I mounted the wind to return here. What, may I ask, has happened to the two Pilgrims?”

The Bodhisattva thereupon gave him a complete account of how Tathāgata had revealed the origin of the fiend, and Idiot was thoroughly delighted. Master and disciples all bowed to give thanks.

As the Bodhisattva went back to South Sea, the pilgrims were again united in their hearts and minds, their animosity and anger all dissolved. After they also thanked the village household, they put in order their luggage and the horse to find their way to the West once more. Thus it is that

*Midway parting upsets the Five Phases;
The fiend's defeat fuses primal light.
Spirit returns to Mind and Chan is still.
Six senses subdued, elixir's in sight.*

We do not know when Tripitaka will be able to face the Buddha and ask for the scriptures; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-NINE

*Tripitaka Tang's path is blocked at Mountain of Flames
Pilgrim Sun baits for the first time the palm-leaf fan*

*Seed-natures are basically the same:
The sea accepts without end.
Ten thousand thoughts and cares are folly all;
Each form, each kind's in harmony.
One day with work and merit complete,
Perfected real nature towers on high.
Let no thing amiss slip to east or west;
Lock on and tighten your hold.
Pick and safekeep it in th'elixir stove
For smelting until it's red like the sun—
Bright and brilliant, all aglow.
Astride the dragon you'll come and go.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka, who obeyed the instruction of the Bodhisattva and took back Pilgrim. Along with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, he severed the Two Minds and shackled both Ape and Horse. United in mind and effort, they pressed on toward the Western Heaven. We cannot begin to describe how time flies like an arrow, how the seasons pass like the weaver's shuttle. After the torrid summer, the frosty scenery of late autumn again appeared. You see

*Thin broken clouds as a west wind turns brisk;
Distant cranes cry, woods frosted like brocade.
What a scene of timely sadness
Where endless hills stretch endless streams!
To north borders the wild geese fly;
To south lanes blackbirds return.
The wayfarer's road is lonesome;
The monk's robe swiftly grows cold.*

However, as master and disciples, the four of them, proceeded, they gradually felt a stifling heat. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka said, "It's now autumn. How is it that the heat is so intense?"

"You may not know of this," said Eight Rules, "but there is, on the journey to the West, a Sūrya Kingdom.

It is the place where the sun sets, and that's why its popular name is 'The Edge of Heaven.' During the time of late afternoon each day, the king will send people up to the battlements to beat the drums and blow the bugles, in order to dilute and weaken the sound of the sea boiling. For the sun, you see, is the true fire of grand yang, and when it drops into the Western Sea, it's like flames plunging into water and creating a deafening sizzle. If there were no drums or bugles to lessen the impact, the children in the city would all be killed. With this stifling heat here, this place must be where the sun sets." When the Great Sage heard this, he could not hold back his laughter, saying, "Idiot, don't talk nonsense. If it's the Sūrya Kingdom you're thinking of, it's much too early. When you consider the sort of delays the Master has had to face night and day, it may

take him several lifetimes—from youth to old age and back again—and even then he may not get there.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “if you say that this is not the place where the sun sets, then why is it so hot?”

“There must be something wrong with the climate,” said Sha Monk, “so that you have summer weather in autumn.”

As the three of them debated like that, they came upon several buildings by the road, all having red tiles on the roof, red bricks on the wall, red painted doors, and red lacquered-wood benches. Everything, in fact, was red. As Tripitaka dismounted he said, “Wukong, go and ask in that house and see if you can uncover the reason for the heat.” Putting away his golden-hooped rod, the Great Sage straightened out his clothes and affected a civil manner as he left the main road to walk up to the house. Just then an old man emerged from the main door,

*Who wore a not quite yellow
And not quite red robe of grass cloth;
His head had on a not quite blue
And not quite black hat of bamboo-splint;
His hands held a not quite crooked
And not quite straight staff of knotted bamboo;
His feet trod on a pair of not quite new
And not quite old calf-length leather boots.
His face was like red bronze;
His beard seemed like white chains.
Two aged eyebrows topped his lustrous eyes;
One grinning mouth revealed some teeth of gold.*

When he caught sight of Pilgrim all of a sudden, the old man was somewhat startled. Leaning on his bamboo staff, he shouted, “What sort of a weird creature are you, and where are you from? What are you doing here before my door?”

Bowing deeply, Pilgrim said, “Old Patron, please don’t be afraid of me. I’m no weird creature. This poor monk has been sent by imperial commission of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the West. There are altogether four of us, master and disciples. We have just arrived in your noble region, and when we feel how hot the weather is, we want very much to know what the reason is for it and what is the name of the land here. I have come especially to seek your instruction.”

Greatly relieved, the old man smiled and said, “Elder, please don’t be offended. This old man was somewhat dim-sighted just now, and I couldn’t quite recognize you.”

“Not at all,” replied Pilgrim. Then the old man asked him again, “Where is your master?”

“Over there,” said Pilgrim, “the one standing on the main road south of us.”

“Please ask him to come! Please ask him to come here!” said the old man. Delighted, Pilgrim waved at Tripitaka, who immediately approached with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, leading the white horse and poling the luggage. They all bowed to the old man.

When the old man saw how distinguished Tripitaka appeared and how strange Eight Rules and Sha Monk looked, he was both startled and delighted. He had no

choice, however, but to invite them inside to be seated before he asked his houseboys to serve tea and to prepare a meal. When Tripitaka heard him, he rose to thank him, saying, “May I ask the *Gong-gong* why it is that such intense heat returns to the autumn of your noble region?”

“Our humble region,” replied the old man, “is named the Mountain of Flames. There’s neither spring nor autumn here; all four seasons are hot.”

“Where is this mountain?” asked Tripitaka. “Is it on the way to the West?”

“You can’t go to the West,” replied the old man, “for that mountain, about sixty miles from here, sits squarely on the main road. It’s covered with flames for over eight hundred miles, and all around not even a single blade of grass can grow. If you walk on this mountain, you will turn to liquid even if you have a bronze skull and an iron body.” Paling with horror, Tripitaka dared not ask another question.

Just then, a young man passed by the front door, pushing a red cart and calling, “Rice-puddings!” Pulling off one piece of hair, which he changed into a copper penny, the Great Sage went out to the young man to buy his puddings. After taking the money, and without dicker over the price, the man at once untied the wrap on his cart and took out a piece of steaming hot rice-pudding to hand over to Pilgrim. When it touched the palm of his hands, Pilgrim felt as if he had received a piece of lit charcoal or glowing nail taken from the blacksmith’s stove. Look at him! He switched the pudding from the left hand to the right hand and back again to the left, and all he could say was “Hot! Hot! Hot! I can’t eat this!”

“If you’re afraid of heat,” said the man, chuckling, “don’t come here. It’s this hot around this place.”

“Look, fella,” said Pilgrim, “you’re not quite reasonable. The proverb says,

*Without heat or cold,
Five grains will not grow.*

But the heat of this place is intense! Where do you get your flour for the pudding?”

The man said,

*If you rice-pudding flour desire,
Immortal Iron-Fan inquire.*

“What has Immortal Iron-Fan got to do with it?” asked Pilgrim. The man said, “That Immortal Iron-Fan happens to have a palm-leaf fan. If he lets you have it, one wave of the fan will extinguish the fire; the second will produce a breeze, and the third will start the rain.

Only then can we sow and reap in due seasons, and that is how we produce the five grains. Without the immortal and the fan, not a blade of grass will grow in this region.” On hearing this, Pilgrim dashed inside and handed the piece of rice-pudding to Tripitaka, saying, “Relax, Master! Don’t get anxious before you have to. Eat the pudding first, and I’ll tell you something.”

Holding the pudding in his hand, the elder said to the old man of the house, “*Gong-gong*, please take some pudding.”

"I haven't even served you tea or rice," answered the old man. "Would I dare eat your pudding?" Smiling, Pilgrim said, "Dear Sir, you need not bestow on us any tea or rice. But let me ask you instead, where does the Immortal Iron-Fan live?"

"Why do you ask?" said the old man.

Pilgrim said, "Just now the pudding peddler said that this immortal has in his possession a palm-leaf fan. If he lets us have it, one wave of the fan will extinguish the fire, the second will bring on a breeze, and the third will start the rain. Then the people of your region can sow and reap the five grains for your livelihood. I would like to find him and ask for the fan to extinguish the Mountain of Flames. We'll be able to pass then, and you people may also find a more stable existence by being able to plant and harvest according to the seasons."

"Yes," replied the old man, "what the peddler said was correct. But you people don't have any gifts, and I fear that the sage will be unwilling to come here."

"What sort of gifts does he want?" asked Tripitaka. The old man said, "The families of the region will seek an audience with the immortal once every ten years, and, as First Meeting presents, they must offer four hogs and four sheep, rare flowers and fine fruits in season, chickens, geese, and mellow wine. After cleansing themselves in ritual baths, they will go up in all sincerity to his immortal mountain to beg him come here to exercise his power."

"Where is that mountain located," asked Pilgrim, "and what's its name? How many miles away? I'll go ask him for the fan."

"The mountain," replied the old man, "is southwest of here, and it bears the name of Jade Cloud Mountain. In the mountain there is a cave by the name of the Palm-Leaf Cave. When the believers from our region go to worship on that mountain, the round trip takes approximately a month, for the distance is slightly over one thousand four hundred and fifty miles."

"That doesn't matter," said Pilgrim with a laugh. "I'll be back in no time."

"Wait a moment," said the old man, "take some food first, and let us prepare you some dried goods. You will need two other companions, for there's no human habitation on that road, but there are plenty of tigers and wolves.

You can't reach there in one day. It's not fun, you know."

"No, no! I don't need any of that," said Pilgrim, laughing. "I'm going now!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when he immediately disappeared. "Oh, Sire!" said the old man, greatly alarmed. "So you are a divine man who can soar on cloud and fog!" We'll not continue to tell you how that family doubled its effort to be hospitable to the Tang Monk. We tell you instead about our Pilgrim, who arrived at the Jade Cloud Mountain instantly. He stopped his auspicious luminosity, and as he searched for the entrance of the cave, he heard the sound of a woodcutter chopping in the forest. When Pilgrim drew near, he heard the man chanting:

*By yonder clouds my dear, old forest I'll know,
Though wild grass, rough boulders hide the path below.
When I see morning rain in western hills,
The south brook, as I return, will overflow.*

Pilgrim went forward to salute him, saying, "Brother Woodsman, please accept my bow."

The woodcutter dropped his ax to return the greeting, saying, "Where are you going, Elder?"

"May I inquire," said Pilgrim, "whether this is the Jade Cloud Mountain?"

The woodcutter replied, "It is."

"There is, I understand, a Palm-Leaf Cave that belongs to the Immortal Iron-Fan," said Pilgrim. "Where is it?" Smiling, the woodcutter said, "We have a Palm-Leaf Cave, all right, but there is no Immortal Iron-Fan. There is only a Princess Iron-Fan, who also bears the name of Rākṣasī."

"People claim that this immortal has a palm-leaf fan," said Pilgrim, "which can extinguish the Mountain of Flames. Is she the one?"

"Exactly, exactly!" replied the woodcutter. "Because the sage has in her possession this treasure which can extinguish the fire and protect the families of other regions, she is commonly called the Immortal Iron-Fan. But the families of *our* region have no use for her; we only know her as Rākṣasī, who also happens to be the wife of the Mighty Bull Demon King." When Pilgrim heard these words, he was so startled that he paled visibly. He thought to himself, "I'm up against another fated enemy! In a previous year, we brought to submission that Red Boy, who was said to have been reared by this woman. When I ran into his uncle at the Child Destruction Cave of the Male-Undoing Mountain, he already was filled with desire for vengeance and absolutely refused to give me the needed water. Now it is his parents that I have to face! How could I possibly succeed in borrowing the fan?" When the woodcutter saw that Pilgrim had become lost in his deliberations, sighing to himself repeatedly, he said with a smile, "Elder, you're someone who has left the family, and you should have *no* anxious thoughts. Just follow this path eastward and you'll find the Palm-Leaf Cave in less than five miles. Don't worry."

"To tell you the truth, Brother Woodsman," said Pilgrim, "I'm the eldest disciple of the Tang Monk, a scripture pilgrim sent by the Tang court in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven. Some years back I had a small feud with Red Boy, the son of Rākṣasī, at the Fiery Cloud Cave. I feared that her hostility might cause her to refuse me the fan, and that was the reason for my anxiety."

"A man," replied the wood-cutter, "must determine another's appearance by examining his color. You should go now with the sole purpose of borrowing the fan and not be bothered by any old grudge. I'm sure you'll succeed." On hearing this, Pilgrim bowed deeply and said, "I thank Brother Woodsman for this instruction. I'll go."

He thus took leave of the woodcutter and went up to the entrance of the Palm-Leaf Cave, where he found both of its doors tightly shut but lovely scenery outside. Marvelous place! Truly

*This mountain uses rocks for bones,
And rocks form the essence of earth.
The mist keeps moisture overnight;
Lichen and moss then add fresh green.
The rugged shape soars to top Isle Peng,
Its secluded blooms as fragrant as Yingzhou's.
Beneath a few knotty pines the wild cranes rest;
On some sad willows the orioles speak.
It's indeed an ancient spot of a thousand years,*

*An immortal site of ten thousand years.
 The phoenix sings in green paulownia trees;
 And living streams hide aged dragons.
 The path winds as beans and vines dangle;
 The stone steps ascend with the creepers.
 Apes of the peak wail, saddened by the moon rising;
 Birds sing on tall trees, gladdened by the bright sky.
 Two forests of bamboo, their shade cool as rain;
 One path of dense flowers, thick little brocade.
 From distant hills will white clouds often show;
 Formless, they drift where gentle breezes blow.*

Walking forward, Pilgrim cried out:

“Big Brother Bull, open the door! Open the door!” With a creak, the doors opened and out walked a young girl who had in her hands a flower basket and on her shoulder a little rake. Truly

*She had no adornment but only rags on herself;
 Her spirit was full, for she had the mind of Dao.*

Pilgrim approached her with palms pressed together and said, “Little girl, please take the trouble of announcing me to your princess.

I’m actually a monk journeying to acquire scriptures. It’s hard for me to cross the Mountain of Flames on this road to the West, and I’ve come especially to borrow your palm-leaf fan.”

The little girl said, “To which monastery are you attached and what is your name? Tell me and I’ll announce you.”

“I’m a priest from the Land of the East,” replied Pilgrim, “and my name is Sun Wukong.”

The young girl turned around and went inside to kneel before Rākṣasī, saying, “Madam, there is a priest outside our cave by the name of Sun Wukong, who has come from the Land of the East. He wants to see you and ask to borrow the palm-leaf fan, so that he may cross the Mountain of Flames.” When that Rākṣasī heard Sun Wukong, those three words, it was as if salt was added to a fire and oil was poured on flames.

*Billowlike, redness swelled in her cheeks;
 Savage anger flared in her heart.*

“This wretched ape!” she cried. “So he’s here today! Maids, bring out my armor and my weapons.” She put on her armor at once, and holding two treasure swords of blue blade, she walked out of the cave. Pilgrim stepped aside to steal a glance at her and saw that she wrapped on

*Her head a flower-patterned scarf,
 And wore a brocade priestly robe.
 A belt—two tiger tendons—bound her waist;
 Her silk skirt was slightly hitched up.
 Phoenix-bill shoes, just three inches;
 Trousers with knee-fringes of gold.
 Gripping treasure swords and shrieking she came,
 Looking more fierce than the moon dame.*

As she walked out of the door, Rākṣasī shouted, “Where’s Sun Wukong?” Pilgrim went forward to meet her, bowing, and said, “Sister-in-law, old Monkey’s here to greet you.”

“Who’s your sister-in-law?” hissed Rākṣasī, “and who wants your greeting?”

“The Bull Demon King of your household,” replied Pilgrim, “and old Monkey once formed a fraternal alliance; there were, in fact, seven of us bond-brothers.

I understand that you, princess, are the consort proper of Big Brother Bull. Would I dare not address you as sister-in-law?”

“Wretched ape!” said Rākṣasī. “If you have any regard for fraternal relations, then why did you ensnare my son?” Pretending not to know, Pilgrim asked, “Who’s your son?”

“He’s the Red Boy,” answered Rākṣasī, “The Great King Holy Child of the Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Stream at the Roaring Mountain, who was brought down by you. I was just wondering where I could go to find you for vengeance, and you delivered yourself at the door. You think I would spare you?” Smiling as broadly as he could to try to placate her, Pilgrim said, “Sister-in-law, you haven’t quite probed to the depth of the matter, and you’ve wrongly blamed old Monkey. Your boy took my master captive and even wanted to steam or boil him. It was fortunate that the Bodhisattva Guanyin subdued him and rescued my master. Now he has become the Boy Skilled in Wealth at the Bodhisattva’s place; having received from her the right fruit, he now undergoes neither birth nor death and he experiences neither filth nor cleanliness. He shares the same age as Heaven and Earth, the same longevity as the sun and the moon. Instead of thanking old Monkey for the kindness of preserving your son’s life, you blame me. Is that fair?”

“You smart-mouthed ape!” said Rākṣasī. “Though my son was not killed, how could I ever get him back so that I could see him again?” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “If you want to see your boy, that’s easy. Lend me your fan so that I can extinguish the fire. After I accompany my master across the mountain, I’ll go at once to the Bodhisattva of South Sea and bring him back for you to see, and I’ll return your fan at the same time. Is there anything wrong with that? At that time, you can examine him thoroughly to see if there’s any harm done to him. If there is, then you can rightfully blame me. But if you find him even more handsome than ever, then you should thank me indeed.”

“Monkey devil!” cried Rākṣasī. “Stop wagging your tongue. Stretch out your head and let me hack you a few times with my sword.

If you can endure the pain, I’ll lend you the fan. If you can’t, I’ll send you to see King Yama right away.”

Folding his hands before him, Pilgrim walked forward and said, laughing, “Sister-in-law, no need for further talk. Old Monkey will stretch out his bald head right now and you may hack me as many times as you please. You may stop when your strength runs out. But you must lend me your fan then.” Without permitting further discussion, Rākṣasī raised her hands and chopped at Pilgrim’s head some ten or fifteen times. Our Pilgrim thought that it was all a game. Growing fearful, Rākṣasī turned around and wanted to flee. “Sister-in-law,” said Pilgrim, “where are you going? Lend it to me quickly.”

“My treasure,” said Rākṣasī, “is not to be lent lightly.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “have a taste of your brother-in-law’s rod!”

Dear Monkey King! With one hand he caught hold of her, and with the other he took out from his ear the rod, which with one shake grew to the thickness of a bowl. That Rākṣasī, however, managed somehow to struggle free and turned to meet him with upraised swords. Pilgrim, of course, followed up at once and struck her with the rod. Before the Jade Cloud Mountain, the two of them discarded any fraternal sentiments; they were driven only by animosity. This was some battle!

*The lady’s a fiend deft in magic arts,
Who hates the monkey because of her son.
Though Pilgrim’s anger has been much aroused,
He still, for master’s sake, defers to her,
Saying at first he wants the palm-leaf fan
And not using might on the gentle one.
Foolish Rākṣasī slashes with her sword,
Though Monkey King would claim relations first.
(
How could a woman battle with a man
Who, after all, would a woman suppress?)
How ferocious is this one’s golden-hooped iron rod!
How thick and fast are that one’s blue and frosty blades!
A blow on the face—
A slash on the head—
They bitterly fight and refuse to quit.
Left and right they parry with martial skill;
Back and front they cover most craftily.
In their battle they are so wholly rapt
That they hardly notice the sun has set.
Swiftly Rākṣasī takes out her true fan
And one wave brings the gods and ghosts distress.*

Rākṣasī fought with Pilgrim until dark; when she saw how heavy the rod of Pilgrim was and what great skills he had as a fighter, she knew that she could not prevail against him. She took out her palm-leaf fan and fanned Pilgrim once: a strong gust of cold wind at once blew him completely out of sight while she returned to her cave in triumph.

Drifting and soaring in the air, our Great Sage could not stop at all: he sank to the left but he was unable to touch ground; he dropped to the right but he could not remain still. The wind bore him away like

*A cyclone dispatching fallen leaves,
A stream sweeping some withered flowers.*

On he tumbled for a whole night, and only by morning did he finally drop down on a mountain. Hugging a rock on the summit with both his hands, he rested for a long while before he looked around. Then he recognized that this was the Little Sumeru Mountain.

Heaving a lengthy sigh, our Great Sage said, “What a formidable woman! How in the world did she manage to send old Monkey back to this place? I remember I once

asked for the assistance of the Bodhisattva Lingji here some years past to subdue the fiend Yellow Wind in order to rescue my master.

The Yellow Wind Ridge is about three thousand miles due north of here. Since I'm blown back here from the road to the West, I must have traveled in a southeasterly direction for who knows how many tens of thousands of miles. I think I'd better go down there to talk to the Bodhisattva Lingji and see if I can find my way back."

As he thought to himself like that, he heard loud chiming bells. He hurried down the slope to reach the temple, where he was recognized by the worker at the front gate, who immediately went inside to announce:

"The hairy-faced Great Sage who came some years back to ask the Bodhisattva to go subdue the fiend Yellow Wind is here again." Knowing it was Wukong, the Bodhisattva quickly left his treasure throne to meet his visitor and to greet him, saying, "Congratulations! Have you acquired the scriptures already?"

"Not quite, not quite!" replied Wukong. "It's still too early."

"If you have not yet reached Thunderclap," said Lingji, "why is it that you have returned to this humble mountain?" Pilgrim said, "Since that year when you were kind enough to help us subdue the fiend Yellow Wind, we have gone through countless ordeals on our journey. We have now arrived at the Mountain of Flames, but we can't proceed. When we asked the natives there, they said that the palm-leaf fan belonging to an Immortal Iron-Fan could extinguish the fire. Old Monkey went to visit her and discovered that that immortal was in fact the wife of the Bull Demon King, the mother of Red Boy. Because she claimed that she could no longer see her son frequently since I had sent him to be the youth attendant of the Bodhisattva Guanyin, she regarded me as her worst enemy, refused to lend me the fan, and fought with me. When she saw how heavy my rod was, she fanned me once with her fan and I drifted all the way back here before I dropped down. That's why I have intruded upon your abode to ask you for the way back. How many miles are there from here to the Mountain of Flames?" Laughing, Lingji replied, "That woman is named Rākṣasī, and she's also called Princess Iron-Fan. Her palm-leaf fan happens to be a spiritual treasure begotten of Heaven and Earth at the back of Mount Kunlun at the time when chaos divided. It is a finest leaf of the supreme yin, and that is why it can extinguish all fires. If a man is fanned by it, he will drift for eighty-four thousand miles before the cold wind subsides. There are only some fifty thousand miles between my place here and the Mountain of Flames. It is only because the Great Sage has the ability to halt the clouds that he is able to stop. No mortal person can possibly stand still after such a short distance!"

"Formidable! Formidable!" exclaimed Pilgrim. "How could my master overcome this hurdle?"

"Relax, Great Sage," said Lingji. "It is actually the affinity of the Tang Monk that you have landed here. This will ensure your success."

"How so?" asked Pilgrim, and Lingji said, "In years past when I received the instructions from Tathāgata, I was given a Flying-Dragon Staff and a Wind-Arresting Elixir. The staff was used to subdue the wind demon, but the elixir has never been used. I'll give it to you now, and you can be certain that that fan will not be able to move you. You can take the fan, extinguish the fire, and achieve your merit then." Pilgrim bowed deeply at once to thank him, whereupon the Bodhisattva took out from his sleeve a tiny silk bag in which there was the Wind-Arresting Elixir. The pellet was firmly sewn onto the underside of Pilgrim's collar with needle and thread. Then the Bodhisattva saw

Pilgrim out the door, saying, “There’s not time for me to entertain you. Go toward the northwest and you’ll find the mountain home of Rākṣasī.”

Taking leave of Lingji, Pilgrim mounted the cloud somersault and went back to the Jade Cloud Mountain. In a moment he arrived and, beating the door with his iron rod, shouted:

“Open the door! Open the door! Old Monkey wants to borrow the fan!”

The maid inside the door hurriedly went to report:

“Madam, the person who wants to borrow the fan is here again.” On hearing this, Rākṣasī became fearful, saying, “This wretched ape’s truly able! When I fan someone with my treasure, he’ll have to drift eighty-four thousand miles before he can stop. This ape was blown away not long ago. How could he return so soon? This time, I’m going to fan him three or four times so that he won’t be able to come back at all.” She got up quickly, and after putting on her armor properly, she picked up both of her swords and walked out of the door, saying, “Pilgrim Sun, aren’t you afraid of me? Are you here seeking death once more?”

“Don’t be so stingy, Sister-in-law,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Please lend me your fan. I’m a gentleman with an excess of honesty, not a small man who doesn’t return what he borrows.”

“You brazen baboon!” scolded Rākṣasī. “You’re so impudent, so empty-skulled! I have yet to avenge the wrong of having my son taken. How could I possibly grant you the wish of borrowing the fan? Don’t run away! Have a taste of this old lady’s swords!” Our Great Sage, of course, was not to be intimidated; he wielded the iron rod to meet her. The two of them charged each other and closed in some six or seven times, when Rākṣasī’s arms began to weaken even as Pilgrim Sun grew stronger than ever. When she saw that the tide was turning against her, she took out the fan and fanned Pilgrim once. He, however, stood there without moving at all. Putting away his iron rod, he said to her, full of smiles, “This time is not the same as last time! You can fan all you want. If old Monkey budes a teeny bit, he’s not a man!” Rākṣasī indeed gave him a couple more, but he remained unmoved. Horrified, Rākṣasī put away her treasure and dashed inside the cave, tightly shutting the doors behind her.

When Pilgrim saw her shutting the doors, he resorted to his other abilities. Tearing open his collar, he took out the Wind-Arresting Elixir and placed it in his mouth instead. With one shake of his body, he changed into a tiny mole cricket and crawled inside through a crack in the door. There he found Rākṣasī crying, “I’m terribly thirsty! Bring me some tea.”

The maid attending her took up a pot of fragrant tea and filled the cup so hurriedly that bubbles welled up. Delighted by what he saw, Pilgrim spread his wings and dived right into the bubbles.

As she was extremely thirsty, Rākṣasī grabbed the tea and finished it in two gulps. Pilgrim by then already reached her stomach; changing back into his true form, he shouted, “Sister-in-law, lend me your fan!”

Turning white, Rākṣasī cried, “Little ones, have you shut the front door?”

“We have,” they all replied. “If you have shut the door,” she said, “then how is it that Pilgrim Sun is making noises in our house?”

“He’s making noises in your body,” said one of the maids.

“Pilgrim Sun,” said Rākṣasī, “where are you playing your tricks?”

“Old Monkey in all his life hasn’t known how to play tricks,” said Pilgrim. “What I rely on are all real competences, genuine abilities. I’m now having a little fun in my esteemed Sister-in-law’s stomach! I am, as the saying goes, seeing right through you! I know how thirsty you must be, so let me send you a ‘sitting bowl’ to relieve your thirst.” Suddenly he shoved his foot down hard and unbearable pain shot through Rākṣasī’s lower abdomen, sending her tumbling to the floor and moaning. “Please don’t refuse me, Sister-in-law,” said Pilgrim, “I’m presenting you with an added snack for your hunger.”

He jerked his head upward, and unbearable pain coursed through Rākṣasī’s heart. She began to roll all over the ground, the pain turning her face yellow and her lips white. All she could do was to cry out, “Brother-in-law Sun, please spare my life!” Only then did Pilgrim stop his movements, saying, “Do you now recognize me as your brother-in-law? I’ll spare you for the sake of Big Brother Bull. Bring out the fan quickly for me to use.” Rākṣasī said, “Brother-in-law, I have the fan. You come out and take it.”

“Bring it out and let me see it first,” said Pilgrim.

Rākṣasī told one of her maids to hold up a palm-leaf fan and stand on one side. When Pilgrim crawled up to her throat and saw it, he said, “Since I’m going to spare you, Sister-in-law, I’ll not scratch a hole in your rib cage to come out. I’ll leave through your mouth.

Open it three times.”

That Rākṣasī did as she was told, and Pilgrim at once flew out as a mole cricket, which then alighted on the palmleaf fan. Rākṣasī did not even see him; she opened her mouth three times and kept saying, “Brother-in-law, please come out.”

Changing at once into his original form, Pilgrim took the fan in his hand and said, “I’m right here. Thanks for lending it to me.”

He started to walk out of the cave in big strides; the little ones hurriedly opened the door to let him out of the cave.

Mounting the clouds, our Great Sage headed back toward the east and, in a moment, arrived at his destination, dropping down beside the red-brick wall. Eight Rules was delighted when he saw him. “Master,” he shouted, “Elder Brother has returned!”

Tripitaka came out of the house with the old man and Sha Monk to greet Pilgrim, and they all went back inside. Pilgrim stood the fan to one side and asked, “Sir, is this the fan?”

“It is, it is,” replied the old man.

Highly pleased, the Tang Monk said, “Worthy disciple, you have made a great merit, but you must have worked very hard to acquire this treasure.”

“No need to talk about the hard work,” replied Pilgrim, “but who do you think is that Immortal Iron-Fan? It’s actually the wife of the Bull Demon King, the mother of Red Boy, whose name is also Rākṣasī. She is also called the Princess Iron-Fan. I went to her cave to try to borrow the fan, but she wanted to settle the old score with me, hacking me a few times with her swords. I used the rod to frighten her, and that was when she brought out this thing and gave me a fan. I drifted all the way back to the Little Sumeru Mountain, where I was fortunate enough to see the Bodhisattva Lingji. He gave me a

Wind-Arresting Elixir and pointed out to me the way back to the Jade Cloud Mountain. I saw Rākṣasī again, and when she couldn't drive me away with her fan this time, she retreated back into her cave. Old Monkey then changed into a mole cricket to fly inside. She was just asking for tea, so I dived inside the tea bubbles and managed to get inside her stomach. When I waved my hands and feet, she had such unbearable pain that she couldn't stop calling me brother-in-law and asking me to spare her. When she was finally willing to lend me her fan, I did spare her and brought back this fan. After we have crossed the Mountain of Flames, I'll take it back to her." On hearing this, Tripitaka thanked him repeatedly. Then master and disciples took leave of the old man.

They proceeded westward for some forty miles, and they began to feel the heat growing more intense and more oppressive. "My feet are on fire!" Sha Monk could only cry. "They are killing me!" said Eight Rules. Even the horse was trotting more rapidly than usual, but because the ground was becoming hotter all the time, they found it exceedingly difficult to go forward. "Master," Pilgrim said at length, "please dismount. And don't move, Brothers. Let me use the fan to extinguish the fire. Allow the wind and rain to cool off the earth first before we try to cross this mountain." Lifting high the fan, Pilgrim dashed up to the flames and fanned at them with all his might. On that mountain the blaze grew brighter than ever. He waved the fan a second time and the fire became more intense a hundredfold. He tried for a third time and the fire leaped ten thousand feet tall, roaring toward him. Pilgrim dashed away but already the hair on both his thighs was completely burnt off. He ran back to the Tang Monk, shouting, "Go back! Go back! The fire's coming!"

Climbing on the horse, our elder galloped toward the east, followed by Eight Rules and Sha Monk. They retreated for some twenty miles before they rested. "Wukong," said the elder, "what happened?"

"It's a mess!" replied Pilgrim, throwing the fan away. "She has tricked me!" On hearing this, Tripitaka became utterly dejected. Tears streaming down his face, he could only say, "What shall we do?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "why did you yell for us to go back so hurriedly?"

"I fanned at the mountain once," said Pilgrim, "and the blaze grew brighter. I did it a second time and the fire became even more intense. A third wave of the fan made the flames leap up ten thousand feet tall. If I hadn't run fast enough, all my hair would have been burned away." With a chuckle, Eight Rules said, "You have often made the claim that you can be hurt neither by thunder nor by fire. How is it that you are afraid of fire now?"

"Oh, Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "You just don't know anything! On those occasions, I was always prepared, and therefore I could not be hurt.

Today I was only trying to extinguish the fire with the fan, and I did not even make the fire-repellant sign, nor did I use magic to protect my body. So, the hair on both my thighs is burned up."

"If the fire's so intense," said Sha Monk, "and there's no way to get to the West, what's to be done?"

"Let's head for the direction where there's no fire," said Eight Rules. "Which direction?" asked Tripitaka. Eight Rules said, "There's no fire in the east, the south, and the north."

“But which direction has scriptures?” Tripitaka asked again.

Eight Rules said, “The West.”

“I only want to go where the scriptures are,” said Tripitaka. Sha Monk said

“Where there are scriptures, there’s fire.

Where there’s no fire, there are no scriptures.

We are in some dilemma!”

As master and disciples were chatting like that, they heard someone calling, “Great Sage, please do not be distressed. Take some food first before you think of what you want to do.”

The four of them turned to look and they saw an old man,

Who wore a wind-wafted cape

And a cap of half-moon shape;

Who held a dragon-head cane

And trod on iron-gaitered boots.

He was followed by a demon with a hawk beak and a fish jowl. The demon’s head was supporting a copper pan in which were placed some steamed cakes, puddings, and rice of yellow millet. The old man stood by the road and bowed, saying, “I’m the local spirit of the Mountain of Flames. When I learned that the Great Sage and the holy monk could not proceed, I came to present you a meal.”

“Food is of small concern to us at the monent,” said Pilgrim. “How can we extinguish this fire so that my master can cross over the mountain?”

“If you want to extinguish the fire,” said the local spirit, “you must ask the Rākṣasī for the palm-leaf fan.” Picking up the fan from the side of the road, Pilgrim said, “Isn’t this the fan? But the blaze grew bigger than ever when I fanned at it. Why?” When the local spirit saw it, he laughed and said, “This is not the real fan. You’ve been tricked.”

“How can I get the real one?” asked Pilgrim. Again bowing and smiling gently, the local spirit said,

“If you the real palm-leaf fan desire,

Then King Powerful you must inquire.”

We do not know for what reason they must seek the Mighty King; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY

*Bull Demon King stops fighting to attend a lavish feast
Pilgrim Sun baits for the second time the palm-leaf fan*

The local spirit said, “King Powerful is, in fact, the Bull Demon King.”

“So, this fire of the mountain was set by the Bull Demon King,” said Pilgrim, “and it was erroneously named the Mountain of Flames, right?”

“No, no,” replied the local spirit, “but I dare not speak plainly unless the Great Sage is willing to pardon this humble deity.”

“What offense is there?” said Pilgrim. “Go ahead and tell us.”

The local spirit said, “This fire originally was set by the Great Sage.”

“Where could I have been at the time?” said Pilgrim, his anger growing. “How could you babble like that? Am I an arsonist?”

“You can’t possibly recognize me now,” said the local spirit. “There was no such mountain in this place originally. Five hundred years ago, when the Great Sage caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, you were caught by Illustrious Sagacity and taken in custody to Laozi. He placed you inside the brazier of eight trigrams, and after the process of refinement, the reactionary vessel was opened. You jumped out, kicking over the elixir oven in the process, and a few bricks still on fire dropped down to this spot. They were transformed into the Mountain of Flames. I was then the Daoist worker attending the brazier in the Tushita Palace. Since Laozi blamed me for carelessness, I was banished to become the mountain’s local spirit.”

“No wonder you are dressed like this!” said Eight Rules, somewhat annoyed. “You were actually a Daoist!” Only half-believing what he heard, Pilgrim said, “Tell me further, why did you say that I had to fight King Powerful?”

“King Powerful,” said the local spirit, “happens to be the husband of Rākṣasī, but he left her some time ago and is currently residing at the Cloud-Touching Cave of the Hoard-Thunder Mountain. A fox king of ten thousand years used to be the cave-master there, but he passed away, leaving behind a daughter by the name of Princess Jade Countenance and a vast fortune with no one to care for it. Two years ago, when she learned that the Bull Demon King had enormous magic powers, she was willing to give up all her wealth as dowry and take him in as her consort. The Bull King thus abandoned Rākṣasī and hasn’t paid her a visit since. Only if the Great Sage succeeds in finding him can you acquire the real fan. If he is willing to lend it to you, you will be able to do three good deeds: one, enable your master to proceed on his journey; two, eliminate the blight of fire for the people of this region; and three, obtain a pardon for me so that I may return to Laozi in Heaven.”

“Where is this Hoard-Thunder Mountain,” asked Pilgrim, “and how far away is it?”

“Due south of here,” said the local spirit, “about three thousand miles.” On hearing this, Pilgrim told Eight Rules and Sha Monk to protect their master with care, and he gave instruction as well to the local spirit to remain and keep them company. With a loud whoosh, he at once disappeared.

In less than half an hour he came upon a tall mountain. He lowered his cloud and stood on the peak to look all around. It was indeed a fine mountain:

*Tall or not,
 Its top touches the blue sky;
 Deep or not,
 Its roots reach the yellow spring.
 Before the mountain the sun's warm;
 Behind the mountain the wind's cold;
 Before the mountain the sun's warm,
 Though the winter plants do not know of it;
 Behind the mountain the wind's cold:
 Ice, e'en in late summer, stays unmelted.
 The dragon lagoon joins a flowing brook;
 Flowers bloom early by the cliff's tiger lair.
 Water flows like countless strands of flying jade,
 And flowers bloom like bunches of brocade.
 Sinuous trees twist round the sinuous peak;
 Craggy pines grow beyond the craggy rocks.
 Truly we have
 The mountain that's tall,
 The cliff that's sheer,
 The stream that's deep,
 The flower that's fragrant,
 The fruit that's pretty,
 The wisteria that's red,
 The pine that's blue,
 The willow that's jade-green—
 Their features in all climes remain the same;
 Their hues stay vibrant in ten thousand years.*

After he looked at this scenery for a long time, our Great Sage walked down from the pointed summit to search for the way. He did not, in truth, know quite where to turn when a lissome young woman emerged from a shady pine forest, her hand holding a twig of fragrant orchid. Hiding himself behind some boulders, the Great Sage stared at her. How did she look, you ask?

*A coy, empire-toppling beauty,
 In slow, sedate steps she walks.
 With a face like Wang Qiang's,
 With features like a girl of Chu,
 She seems like a flower able to speak;
 She resembles a fragrant figure of jade.
 Her jet black hair-bun smartly rises high;
 Her eyes, mascara-greened, shine like autumn's pools.
 Beneath her silk skirt tiny shoes half-appear;
 From sleeves, just upturned, extend long, white wrists.
 How shall we speak of such seductive airs?
 Truly she has pearl-like teeth, ruddy lips,
 And moth-brows soft and smooth like the River Jin;*

She surpasses even Wenjun and Xue Tao.

Gradually, the girl drew near to the boulders. Bowing low to salute her, the Great Sage said slowly, “Lady Bodhisattva, where are you going?”

As the girl did not notice him at first, she raised her head only when she heard his voice, and all at once she discovered how ugly the appearance of the Great Sage was. Terrified, she could neither retreat nor advance, and, trembling all over, she forced herself to reply, “Where have you come from? To whom are you addressing your question?”

The Great Sage thought to himself, “If I mention the business of seeking scriptures, I fear that she may be related to the Bull King.

I’d better say something like I am some sort of a relative who has come here to invite the demon king to return home. Perhaps that may be acceptable. “When the girl, however, saw that he did not reply, her color changed and she said with anger in her voice, “Who are you and how dare you question me?”

Bowing again and smiling, the Great Sage said, “I have come from the Jade Cloud Mountain. As this is my first visit to your noble region, I don’t know my way. May I ask the Lady Bodhisattva whether this is the Hoard-Thunder Mountain?”

“Yes,” said the girl.

“There is a Cloud-Touching Cave,” said the Great Sage. “Where is it located?”

“Why do you want to find the cave?” asked the girl.

The Great Sage said, “I have been sent here by the Princess Iron-Fan of the Palm-Leaf Cave at Jade Cloud Mountain to fetch the Bull Demon King.”

Enraged by this one statement, the girl grew red from ear to ear and began to scream, “That filthy slut! She’s a real numbskull! It hasn’t been two years since the Bull King arrived in my house, and during that time, he has sent back to her God knows how many pieces of jewels and precious stones, how many bolts of silk and satin. He provides her with firewood by the year and with rice by the month so that she can enjoy her life to her heart’s content. Doesn’t she know shame at all? Why does she want you to fetch him now?” When the Great Sage heard these words, he knew that the girl had to be the Princess Jade Countenance. Deliberately pulling out his golden-hooped rod, he bellowed at her:

“You bitch! You used your wealth to buy the Bull King. Indeed, you got your man by throwing money away. Aren’t *you* ashamed? And you dare castigate someone else?” When that girl saw his savage appearance, she was so terrified that her spirit left her and her soul fled. Shaking all over, she turned and ran, while the Great Sage gave chase from behind, still shouting and hollering at her. After they went through the pine forest, the entrance of the Cloud-Touching Cave immediately came into view. The girl dashed inside and slammed the door shut. Only then did the Great Sage put away his golden-hooped rod and pause to glance about. Lovely place!

*Luxuriant forest;
Precipitous cliffs;
The broken shades of wisteria;
The sweet, pure scent of orchids.
A stream, gurgling jade, cuts through old bamboos;
Canny rocks know how to sport fallen blooms.*

*Mist enshrouds the distant hills;
 The sun and moon shine through cloud-screens.
 Dragons chant and tigers roar;
 Cranes cry and orioles sing.
 A loveable spot of pure serenity
 Where jade flowers and grass are ever bright—
 No less divine than a Tiantai cave,
 It surpasses e'en Peng- Ying of the seas.*

Let's not speak anymore of Pilgrim enjoying the scenery; we tell you instead about the girl, who ran until she perspired heavily and her heart pounded. She dashed into the library, where the Bull Demon King was quietly studying some books on elixir. Full of anguish, the girl fell onto his lap and began to wail, pinching her ears and scratching her cheeks. The Bull King smiled broadly and tried to placate her, saying, "Pretty Lady, don't be distressed. What's the matter?"

"Wretched demon!" cried the girl, jumping up and down. "You've just about killed me!"

"Why are you scolding me?" said the Bull King, laughing. "Because I lost my parents," said the girl, "I took you in so that I could have protection and care. You have the reputation in the world of being a hero, but you are actually a henpecked nitwit!" On hearing this, the Bull King embraced her and said, "Pretty Lady, where have I done wrong? Tell me slowly, and I'll apologize."

"Just now," said the girl, "I was taking a leisurely stroll outside the cave beneath the flowers to pick my orchids. I was stunned by a hairy-faced monk with a thunder god beak who suddenly barred my way and bowed to me. When I regained my composure and asked for his identity, he claimed that he was someone sent here by that Princess Iron-Fan to fetch the Bull Demon King. I tried to tell him off, but he gave me a severe reprimand instead and even chased me with a rod. If I hadn't run away so fast, I would have been struck to death by him. Isn't this calamity brought on by you? You're killing me!" When the Bull King heard what she said, he apologized to her and treated her with great tenderness. Only after a long time was the girl pacified, but then the Demon King became annoyed and said, "Pretty Lady, to tell you the truth, though that Palm-Leaf Cave is an out of the way place, it's an unsullied and comfortable spot. My wife, who has practiced self-cultivation since her youth, is also an immortal who has attained the Way. She presides, in fact, over a rather strict household, and there is not a single male within it at the moment, not even a baby boy. How could she have sent a man with a thunder god beak to make demands here? This has to be a fiend from somewhere who has falsely assumed her name to search for me. Let me go out and have a look."

Dear Demon King! He strode out of the library and went up to the main hall to put on his armor. After he was suited up properly, he picked up a cast-iron rod and went out of the door, crying, "Who is being so rowdy at my place?" When Pilgrim caught sight of him, the figure he saw was quite different from that of five hundred years ago. He saw that

*He had had on a wrought-iron helmet, water polished and silver bright;
 He wore a yellow gold cuirass lined with silk brocade;
 His feet were shod in a pair of pointed-toe and powdered-sole buckskin boots;
 His waist was tied with a lion king belt of triple-braided silk.
 A pair of eyes that shone like bright mirrors;*

*Two thick eyebrows that glowed like red lightning.
His mouth seemed like a bloody bowl;
His teeth stood like slabs of bronze.
A roaring snort that made mountain gods cringe;
An imposing stride that vile spirits feared.
Famed in the four seas, he was named World- Wrecker,
The Powerful of the West called Demon King.*

Straightening his clothes, our Great Sage walked forward and bowed deeply, saying, "Eldest Brother, do you still recognize me?" Returning his bow, the Bull King said, "Aren't you Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?"

"Indeed, I am," replied the Great Sage. "I have not had the privilege of bowing to you for a long time. Just now I had to ask a girl before I got to see you again. You look better than ever. Congratulations!"

"Stop this clever talk!" bellowed the Bull King. "I heard that as a result of your causing great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, you were pinned beneath the Mountain of Five Phases by the Buddhist Patriarch. Recently liberated from your Heaven-sent calamity, you were accompanying the Tang Monk to see Buddha for scriptures in the Western Heaven. But why did you bring harm to my son, Bull Holy Child, the master of Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Brook on Roaring Mountain? I'm quite mad at you already. Why are you here also looking for me?"

Bowing again to him, the Great Sage said, "Don't wrongly blame me, Eldest Brother. At that time your son caught my master and wanted to eat his flesh. Your youngest brother was not able to get near him at all, and it was fortunate that the Bodhisattva Guanyin came to rescue my master. She persuaded your son to return to the right. Now he has become the Boy of Goodly Wealth, a rank higher even than yours, and he's enjoying the halls of ultimate bliss and the joys of everlasting life. Is there anything wrong with that? Why blame me instead?"

"You smart-mouthed ape!" scolded the Bull King. "I'll let you talk yourself free of the charge of hurting my son.

But why did you insult my beloved concubine and attack her right at my door?" With a laugh, the Great Sage said, "Because I had a hard time trying to find you, I questioned that girl, but I had no idea that she was my second Sister-in-law. She scolded me a little, and I lost my head momentarily and treated her rather roughly. I beg Eldest Brother to pardon me, please!"

"If you put it that way," said the Bull King, "I'll spare you for old time's sake. Leave!"

"I can't thank you enough," said the Great Sage, "for your great kindness. But I still have another matter that I must bring to you, and I beg you to be hospitable."

"Monkey," scolded the Bull King, "you don't know your limits! I've spared you already. Instead of going away, you stay here to pester me. What's this business about being hospitable?"

"To tell you the truth, Eldest Brother," said the Great Sage, "I was accompanying the Tang Monk on his westward journey, but our path was blocked by the Mountain of Flames and we couldn't proceed. When we asked the natives of that region, we learned that my esteemed Sister-in-law, Rāṣṣī had in her possession a palm-leaf fan. Since it could be used to extinguish the fire, we went to your house and begged

her to lend it to us. She adamantly refused. That's why I now come to you and beg you to extend to us the compassion of Heaven and Earth. Go with me to the place of my big Sister-in-law and persuade her to lend us the fan. As soon as the Tang Monk has safely crossed the Mountain of Flames, we shall return it to you." When he heard these words, the Bull King could not suppress the fire leaping up in his heart. He gritted his teeth and shouted, "You claimed you weren't rowdy, but you wanted the fan all along. You must have insulted my wife first, and when she refused, you came to find me. What's more, you even chased my beloved concubine around! As the proverb says,

*Ye must not slight
A friend's wife of thine,
Nor must ye snub
A friend's concubine.*

You have, in fact, insulted my wife and snubbed my concubine. How insolent can you be? Come up here and have a taste of my rod!"

"If you mention fight," said the Great Sage, "you won't frighten me. But I have come to beg you for the fan in all earnestness. Please lend it to me!"

The Bull King said, "If you can withstand me for three rounds, I'll tell my wife to give it to you. If not, I'll kill you—just to relieve my wrath!"

"You are right, Eldest Brother," replied the Great Sage. "I have been rather remiss in visiting you, and I don't know whether your martial skill is as good as previous years. Let us practice a little with our rods." Without permitting further talk, the Bull King wielded his cast-iron rod and brought it down hard on his visitor's head, and it was met by the golden-hooped rod of the Great Sage. The two of them thus began quite a battle:

*The golden-hooped rod,
The cast-iron rod—
Their colors change and they speak no more as friends.
That one says, "I still blame you, Monkey, for hurting my son!"
This one says, "Your son has attained the Way, so don't get mad!"
That one says, "How dare you be so brash as to approach my door?"
This one says, "I have good reason to give you a request."
One wants the fan to protect the Tang Monk;
One is too stingy to lend the palm-leaf.
Words are exchanged, their old amity's gone;
Friendship destroyed, they have but anger left.
The Bull King's rod like a dragon rears up;
The Great Sage's rod comes, gods and ghosts take flight.
Before the mountain they battle at first;
Then they rise jointly on auspicious clouds
To show in midair their great magic might,
To flaunt their powers in five-colored lights.
Two rods resound to shake the gates of Heav'n—
None's the stronger, they're evenly matched.*

Our Great Sage and the Bull King fought for over one hundred rounds, but no decision could be reached.

In that moment when it was virtually impossible to separate the two of them, someone suddenly called out from the mountain peak:

“Sire Bull, my Great King sends you his earnest invitation. Please come early so that the banquet may begin.” On hearing this, the Bull King stopped the golden-hooped rod with his cast-iron rod and said, “Monkey, you stop for a moment. I have to attend a banquet in a friend’s house first.”

He dropped down at once from the clouds and went inside the cave to say to Princess Jade Countenance, “Pretty Lady, that man just now with a thundergod beak happens to be the monkey, Sun Wukong, who has been driven away by the blows of my rod. He won’t dare return. I am off to drink in a friend’s house.”

He took off his armor and put on instead a duck-green silk jacket.

Walking outside, he mounted a water-repellent golden-eyed beast, and, after giving instructions to the little ones to guard the door, departed midway between cloud and fog toward the northwest.

When the Great Sage, standing on the tall summit, saw him leave, he thought to himself, “I wonder what sort of friend that old Bull has, and where he is going to attend a banquet. Let old Monkey follow him.”

Dear Pilgrim! With one shake of his body he changed into a gust of wind to catch up with the Bull King and proceed with him. In a little while, they arrived at a mountain, and the Bull King soon disappeared. Collecting himself to change back into his true form, the Great Sage entered the mountain to look around, and he came upon a deep lagoon with lovely clear water. There was, beside the lagoon, a stone tablet, on which there was in large letters this inscription:

Scattered-Rocks Mountain, Green Wave Lagoon. The Great Sage thought to himself, “That old Bull must have gone into the water, and an aquatic fiend has to be some kind of dragon spirit, fish spirit, or turtle spirit. Let old Monkey go in also to have a look.”

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and with one shake of his body changed into a crab; neither too big nor too small, it weighed about thirty-six pounds. He leaped into the water with a splash and sank quickly to the bottom of the lagoon. There he saw all at once a towered gateway with finely carved openwork. Beneath the arch there was tied the waterrepellent golden-eyed beast, but it was waterless inside the gateway. Crawling through, the Great Sage stared all around and he heard the sound of music coming from buildings still further in. This is what he saw:

*Scarlet halls and shelled arches
Not commonly found in this world;
Roof tiles made of yellow gold;
Door frames formed by milk-white jade;
Railings built from coral twigs;
Spread screens of tortoise-shell inlay.
Auspicious clouds hang o’er the lotus throne—
Above, the Three Lights, below, the Milky Way.
Though it’s not Heav’n or the sea’s treasure chest,
This place quite rivals the island of Peng.
Guests and hosts gather in a tall banquet hall;*

*Pearls stud the caps of officials great and small.
 They beckon jade girls to serve their ivory trays;
 They urge divine maids to make merry tunes.
 Long whales squeal;
 Huge crabs dance;
 Scorpaenids play flutes;
 Iguanas roll drums.
 Rare, lustrous pearls light up the food and drink;
 Nature's patterns are carved on kingfisher screens.
 Shrimp-whiskered curtains hang o'er corridors.
 Eight instruments play in divine harmony,
 Their glorious tones resound throughout the sky.
 Green-headed perch-cocottes stroke the zithers,
 And red-eyed young boys blow the flutes of jade.
 Perch matrons present the venison stripes;
 Gold-phoenix hairpins crown the dragon girls.
 What they have to eat:
 The eight treasure dainties of Heaven's kitchen;
 What have they to drink:
 The rich mellow brew from the purple mansion.*

Sitting above in the middle honored seat was the Bull Demon King, while several female dragon spirits sat on his immediate left and right. Facing him was an old dragon spirit, attended by scores of dragon sons, dragon grandsons, dragon grandmothers, and dragon daughters on both sides. They were toasting one another and drinking with abandon when the Great Sage Sun walked right in. The old dragon caught sight of him, and he at once gave the order:

“Seize that wild crab!”

The various dragon sons and grandsons surged forward and took hold of the Great Sage, who assumed human speech, crying, “Spare me! Spare me!”

The old dragon said, “Where did you come from, wild crab? How dare you barge into our hall and hobble around without permission? Confess quickly, and we'll spare your life!”

Dear Great Sage! With specious words of a lyric to the tune of “Moon Over West River,” he made this confession:

*Since birth the lake's my livelihood,
 I dwell in a cave by the ridge.
 Of late time's passage has my body freed—
 My rank, Private Sidewise- Carriage.
 Treading on grass and trailing mud,
 I've ne'er learned to walk properly.
 Untaught in law, I your kingly might offend;
 I beg your Grace to pardon me.*

When those spirits attending the banquet heard what he said, they all rose to bow to the old dragon and to say, “This is the first time that Private Crab has entered the royal palace, and he's unfamiliar with the proper etiquette. We beg our lord to pardon him.”

The old dragon expressed his consent, and one of the spirits gave this command:

“Release him. We’ll stay the sentence of flogging. Let him go outside and wait on us.”

The Great Sage dutifully gave his obedient reply before fleeing outside. Once he reached the towered gateway, he thought to himself, “This Bull King is so fond of his cup. How could I wait for him to leave here? And even when he leaves, he won’t lend me the fan. Why don’t I steal his golden-eyed beast, change into his appearance, and go deceive that Rākṣasī? I can then wangle her fan and help my master cross the mountain. That’s a much better move.”

Dear Great Sage! Changing back into his original form all at once, he untied the reins of the golden-eyed beast and mounted the carved saddle. He rode it out of the lagoon’s bottom and went up to the surface of the water. He then changed himself into the form of the Bull King; whipping the beast and mounting the clouds, he reached the entrance of the Palm-Leaf Cave on the Jade Cloud Mountain in no time. “Open the door!” he cried, and two maids inside immediately opened the door when they heard his call. When they saw, moreover, that it was the Bull King, they rushed inside to report:

“Madam, our sire has come home.” On hearing this, Rākṣasī quickly straightened her hairdo and walked out of her room to receive him. Our Great Sage thus

Dismounted

To lead in the golden-eyed beast;

In boldness

He would deceive the fair lady.

As Rākṣasī had only eyes of flesh, she could not recognize him. They entered the cave hand in hand, and she told the maids to present tea. When the whole family saw that the master had returned, each member treated him with great respect.

In not time at all, the couple were exchanging greetings. “Madam,” said the specious Bull King, “it’s been a long time!”

“I wish the Great King ten thousand blessings,” replied Rākṣasī, and then she said, “the Great King is so partial toward his newlywed that he has forsaken this humble maid. Which gust of wind today has blown you back here?” Smiling at her, our Great Sage said, “I dare not forsake you. Since I was invited to join Princess Jade Countenance, however, I was plagued by all kinds of domestic concerns as well as by the affairs of my friends. That’s why I have stayed away for so long, as I had to take care of another household. Anyway, I heard recently that the fellow Wukong, in the company of the Tang Monk, is about to arrive at the Mountain of Flames. I fear that he may want to ask you for the fan. I hate him, and we have yet to avenge our son’s wrongs.

When he comes, send someone to report to me at once so that I can seize him and have him chopped to pieces. Only that can bring us satisfaction.” On hearing this Rākṣasī fell to weeping and said, “Great King, the proverb says:

A man without wife, his wealth has no boss;

A woman with no husband herself has no boss.

My life was nearly taken by this monkey!” When he heard that, the Great Sage pretended to be outraged. “When did this wretched ape pass through here?” he cried. “He hasn’t yet,” replied Rākṣasī. “But he came here yesterday to borrow our fan. Because he brought harm to our son, I put on my armor and went outside to hack at him

with my swords. Enduring the pain, he addressed me even as sister-in-law, saying that he was once your bond-brother.”

“There were indeed seven of us,” said the Great Sage, “who entered into a fraternal alliance some five hundred years ago.”

“He didn’t dare answer me at first,” said Rākṣasī, “even when I scolded him, nor did he dare raise his hands when I hacked him with the swords. Afterwards, I fanned him once and sent him away. But he found some sort of wind-arresting magic somewhere and came to our door again this morning to make noises. I used the fan on him once more, but this time I couldn’t budge him at all. When I attacked him then with the swords, he wasn’t so kind anymore. I was intimidated by the weight of his rod and ran inside the cave, tightly shutting the door. I didn’t know where or how he got through, but he managed to crawl into my stomach and almost took my life. I had to address him several times as brother-in-law and give him the fan.”

Again feigning dismay the Great Sage pounded his chest and said, “What a pity! What a pity! You have made a mistake, Madam! How could you give our treasure to that monkey? I’m so upset I could die!” Laughing, Rākṣasī said, “Please don’t get mad, Great King, I gave him a fake fan, just to get him away.”

“Where did you put the real one?” asked the Great Sage. “Relax! Relax!” replied Rākṣasī. “It’s in my possession.”

After she ordered the maids to prepare wine to welcome him, she took up the cup herself and presented it, saying, “Great King, you may have your newfound joy, but don’t ever forget your proper wedded wife. Please have a cup of home brew.”

The Great Sage did not dare refuse it; he had no choice, in fact, but to raise the cup and say to her, full of smiles, “Madam, please drink first. Because I had to look after external property, I was away from you for a long time. You have been good enough to watch over our home day and night. Please accept my thanks.” Rākṣasī took the cup and filled it some more before handing it to the Great King again, saying, “As the ancients put it, a wife is one who manages, but the husband is like a father who provides support. What is there to thank me for?”

Thus the two of them conversed with great courtesy before they sat down to drink and eat in earnest. Not daring to break his vegetarian diet, the Great Sage took only a few fruits to keep the conversation going.

After drinking a few rounds, Rākṣasī felt somewhat tipsy and her passion was gradually aroused. She began to move closer to the Great Sage Sun, rubbing against him and leaning on him.

*Holding hands with him,
She murmured affection;
Shoulder to shoulder,
She whispered endearment.*

She took a mouthful of wine, and then he took also a mouthful of wine from the same cup. They also traded fruits with their mouths.

The Great Sage, of course, was feigning tenderness in all this, although he had no choice but to laugh and dally with her. Truly

*“The muse’s hook”—
“The sorrow’s broom”—*

*To banish all cares nothing's better than wine!
 The man resolves to act with less restraint;
 The girl has slackened and begins to laugh.
 Her face reddens like a ripe peach;
 Her body sways like young willow.
 They mumble and murmur, thus the prattle grows;
 They pinch and they fondle with flirtatious glee.
 Often she strokes her hair
 And wields her dainty hands.
 Her tiny feet she'd wiggle frequently
 And shake her sleeves a few times purposely.
 She'd lower her creamy neck;
 She'd twist her slender waist.
 Amorous words would never leave her lips;
 Gold buttons loosened, her bosom's half-revealed.
 Her reason truly totters for she's drunk.
 Rubbing her glazed eyes, she's almost disgraced.*

When the Great Sage saw that she was acting with such abandon, he took care to bait her with the words, “Madam, where have you put the real fan? You must be careful constantly, for I fear that Pilgrim Sun with his many ways of transformation will sneak in somehow and wangle it.”

Giggling, Rākṣasī spat out a tiny fan no bigger than an almond leaf. Handing it over to the Great Sage, she said, “Isn’t this the treasure?” When he held it in his hand, the Great Sage could not believe what he saw, and he thought to himself, “This little thing! How could it extinguish the flames? Could this be another false one?” When Rākṣasī saw him staring at the treasure in complete silence, she could not refrain from putting her powdered face up to Pilgrim’s and calling out, “Dearest, put away the treasure and drink. What are you thinking of, anyway?” Immediately the Great Sage took this opportunity to follow up with the question, “A tiny thing like this, how could it extinguish eight hundred miles of flames?” Since the wine had virtually overwhelmed her true nature, Rākṣasī felt no constraint whatever and she at once revealed the truth, saying, “Great King, in these two years of separation, you must have given yourself over to pleasures night and day, allowing that Princess Jade Countenance to dissipate even your intelligence! How could you possibly forget how your own treasure works? Use your left thumb to press the seventh red thread attached to the fan’s handle and utter the magic words, *Hui-xu-he-xi-xi-chui-hu*, and it will grow to twelve feet long. This treasure can change in boundless ways. You may have eighty thousand miles of flames, but one wave of the fan will extinguish them all.”

Tucking these words firmly in his memory, the Great Sage put the fan inside his mouth before giving his own face a wipe to change back to his original form. “Rākṣasī,” he shouted, “take a good look at me to see if I’m your dear husband! How you’ve pestered me with all your shameful doings! Aren’t you embarrassed?” So astonished was that woman by the sight of Pilgrim that she fell to the ground, kicking over the tables and chairs. She was smitten with such terrible shame that she could only cry, “I’m so mad I could die! I’m so mad I could die!” Our Great Sage, of course, had no regard for her whether she was dead or alive. Struggling free, he left the Palm-Leaf Cave in big strides; truly

With no desire for such beauty,

He triumphed in gaiety.

Leaping up, he mounted the auspicious cloud to rise to the tall summit, where he spat out the fan at once to test its magic. Using his left thumb to press on the seventh red thread attached to the fan's handle, he recited:

"Hui-xu-he-xi-xi-chui-hu." Immediately it grew to twelve feet long. When he examined it carefully in his hand, he found that it was indeed quite different from the one before. The whole fan was shrouded by auspicious light and hallowed airs, and it was covered by thirty-six strands of red threads, plaited warp and weft.

Pilgrim, however, had only acquired the magic of enlarging it, and he had not thought of asking Rākṣasī for the oral formula to make it small again. After fussing with the fan for some time without being able to alter its size at all, he had no choice but to carry it on his shoulder and find his way back. We shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you instead about that Bull Demon King, who finally ended the banquet with those various spirits at the bottom of the Green Wave Lagoon. When he walked out of the door, he discovered that the water-repellent golden-eyed beast had disappeared. Calling the spirits together, the old dragon king asked, "Who stole the golden-eyed beast of Sire Bull?"

The spirits all knelt down and said, "No one would dare steal the beast. After all, all of us were presenting wines and serving the trays before the banquet, while others sang and made music. There was no one out in front."

"No member of this family," said the old dragon, "would ever dare do such a thing, I know. But did any stranger come in?"

"Shortly after we took our seats," said one of the dragon sons, "there was a crab spirit who got in here. He was a stranger, all right." On hearing this, the Bull King at once realized what had happened. "No need to talk anymore," he said. "At the time when the invitation of my worthy friend arrived, I was just doing battle with one Sun Wukong, who was accompanying the Tang Monk to seek scriptures. When they could not pass the Mountain of Flames, Sun came to ask me for the palm-leaf fan. I refused and we fought to a draw. Then I left him to attend your great banquet, but that ape has extraordinary intelligence and vast abilities. He must have taken the form of the crab spirit to spy on us, steal the beast, and then go off to my wife's place to try to wangle that palm-leaf fan." When they heard this, all those spirits shook with fear. "Is this the Sun Wukong who caused great disturbance in the celestial palace?" they asked.

The Bull King said, "The very same. All of you should take care to avoid offending him on the road to the West."

"In that case," said the old dragon, "what will you do about your beast of burden, Great King?"

"Don't worry," said the Bull King, laughing. "Please go away now. Let me chase him down."

He opened up a path in the water and leaped out of the lagoon. Mounting a yellow cloud, he soon arrived at the Palm-Leaf Cave in the Jade Cloud Mountain, where he heard Rākṣasī wailing loudly, beating her chest and stamping her feet. He pushed open the door and saw the water-repellent golden-eyed beast tied up inside. "Madam," shouted the Bull King, "where has Sun Wukong gone to?" When the maids saw the Bull Demon, they all went to their knees to say, "Sire, have you returned?"

Catching hold of the Bull King, Rākṣasī began to ram him with her head as she screamed:

“You wretched reprobate! How could you be so careless and allow that ape to steal your golden-eyed beast, change into your appearance, and deceive me here?”

Gritting his teeth, the Bull King said, “Where did that ape go?” Rākṣasī pounded her own chest some more and screamed again. “After he wangled our treasure, that miserable ape changed back into his original form and left. Oh, I’m so mad I could die!”

“Madam,” said the Bull King, “please take care of yourself, and don’t be distressed. Let me catch up with the ape and get back our treasure. I’ll skin him, I’ll break his bones, and I’ll gouge out his heart—just to give you satisfaction!”

Then he bellowed, “Bring me my weapon!” One of the maids said, “But your weapon isn’t here.”

“Then bring me the weapons of your mistress,” said the Bull King.

The maids at once took out the two blue-bladed treasure swords. Taking off his duck-green silk jacket that he wore to the banquet, the Bull King tightened the belt around his undershirt before he took up the swords with both hands and walked out of the Palm-Leaf Cave to give chase toward the Mountain of Flames. So it was that

*The ungrateful man
Had the silly wife deceived;
The fiery demon
Now approached the disciple.*

We do not know whether good or ill will befall him after he leaves; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-ONE

*Zhu Eight Rules assists in defeating the demon king
Pilgrim Sun baits for the third time the palm-leaf fan*

We tell you now about that Bull Demon King, who caught up with the Great Sage Sun. When he saw that the Great Sage was carrying the palm-leaf fan on his shoulder and walking merrily along, he was greatly shaken. “So this monkey,” said the Demon King to himself, “has succeeded in swindling even the method of operating the fan! If I ask him for it face to face, he will certainly refuse me.

Moreover, if he fans at me once, he will send me one hundred and eight thousand miles away. Wouldn’t that be to his liking? I have heard that the Tang Monk on his journey is also accompanied by a Hog spirit and a Flowing-Sand spirit, both of whom I met in previous years when they were fiends. Let me change into the appearance of that Hog spirit to deceive the monkey instead. I suppose he’s so pleased with his own success that he must have thrown caution to the winds.”

Dear Demon King! He, too, was capable of undergoing seventy-two types of transformation, and his martial skill was about the same as that of the Great Sage, albeit his body was huskier, less agile, and not as nimble. Putting away his treasure swords, he recited a spell and, with one shake of his body, changed into the exact appearance of Eight Rules. He sneaked up to the road in front and then walked back facing the Great Sage, calling out:

“Elder Brother, I’m here.” Our Great Sage was indeed quite pleased with himself! As the ancients said,

The cat triumphant purrs like a tiger.

He was thinking only of his own prowess and hardly paid attention to the design of this person drawing near. When he saw a figure resembling Eight Rules, he at once spoke up:

“Brother, where are you going?”

“When Master saw that you didn’t return after such a long time,” replied the Bull Demon King, working his ploy, “he was afraid that the Bull Demon King was too powerful for you to overcome, and that it would be difficult for you to get his treasure. He therefore asked me to come to meet you.”

“Don’t bother,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “I’ve made it.”

“How did you make it?” asked the Bull King.

Pilgrim said, “That old Bull tangled with me for over a hundred rounds and we fought to a draw. Then he left me to drink with a bunch of female dragons and dragon spirits at the bottom of the Green Wave Lagoon in the Scattered-Rocks Mountain. I followed him secretly by changing into the form of a crab:

I stole the water-repellent golden-eyed beast on which he was riding and then changed into the form of the old Bull to go deceive that Rākṣasī in the Palm-Leaf Cave. That woman and old Monkey became a bogus couple for awhile, during which time I managed to wangle the treasure from her.”

“You’ve been sorely taxed, Elder Brother,” said the Bull King, “and you’re working too hard. Let me carry the fan for you.”

As the Great Sage Sun had no concern to distinguish between the true and the false, he handed over the fan immediately.

That Bull King, of course, knew how to make the fan grow big or small. After he took it in his hands, he recited some kind of a spell and it at once became as tiny as an almond leaf. Changing back into his true form, he shouted, “Wretched ape! Can you recognize me?” On seeing him, Pilgrim sighed, “It’s my fault this time!”

Then he stamped his feet and bellowed, “Damn! I’ve been shooting wild geese for years, but now a tiny goose has pecked me blind!”

He became so enraged that he whipped out his iron rod and slammed it down hard on the Bull King’s head. Stepping aside, the Demon King at once used the fan on him. He did not know, however, that when the Great Sage changed previously into a tiny mole cricket to enter the stomach of Rākṣasī, he still had in his mouth that Wind-Arresting Elixir, which he swallowed unwittingly. All his viscera had become firm; his skin and bones were wholly fortified. No matter how hard the Bull King fanned at him, he could not be moved. Horrified, the Bull King tossed the treasure into his own mouth so that he could wield the swords with both of his hands to slash at his opponent. It was some battle that the two of them waged in midair:

*The Great Sage Sun, Equal to Heaven—
The world-wrecker, lawless Bull King—
Because of the palm-leaf fan,
They met, each flaunting his might.
The careless Great Sage had people deceived;
The audacious Bull King did swindle the fan.
For this one, the golden-hooped rod uplifted could no mercy show,
For that one, the double blue-blades had both power and skill.
The Great Sage exerting his vigor belched colored fog;
The Bull King letting loose violence spat out white rays.
A test of strength
By two dogged foes;
Gritting their teeth, they loudly huffed and puffed.
Spraying dirt and dust made dim Heav’n and Earth;
Flying rocks and sand awed both ghosts and gods.
This one said, “You dare be so foolish as to trick me back?”
That one said, “Would my wife permit you to checkmate her?”
Their words grew rough;
Their tempers flared.
That one said, “You cheat someone’s wife, and you deserve to die!
You’ll be found guilty when I file my charge!”
The sly Equal to Heaven Sage—
The ferocious King Powerful—
They wished only to kill
And no discussion allowed.
The rod struck, the swords came, both working hard.
A little slackness will make you see Yama King!*

We shall leave this intense conflict between the two of them for the moment and tell you instead about the Tang Monk, who was sitting by the road racked by heat, thirst, and anxiety. He said to the local spirit of the Mountain of Flames, “May I inquire of the honorable deity, how powerful is that Bull Demon King?”

“That Bull King,” replied the local spirit, “has vast, boundless magic powers. He is, in fact, the real match of the Great Sage Sun.”

“Wukong is usually quite able when it comes to traveling,” said Tripitaka. “A couple of thousand miles hardly requires very much time for him to be back. How is it that he’s gone for a whole day today? He must be fighting with the Bull King.”

Then he called out:

“Wuneng, Wujing, which of you would like to go meet your elder brother? If you happen to see him fighting our adversary, you can lend him assistance, so that all of you can acquire the fan to relieve my distress. Once we get across this mountain, we can be on our way again.”

“It’s getting late,” said Eight Rules. “I’d like to go meet him, but I don’t know my way to the Hoard-Thunder Mountain.”

“This humble deity knows the way,” said the local spirit. “Let’s ask the Curtain-Raising Captain to keep your master company. I’ll go with you.”

Highly pleased, Tripitaka said, “Thank you for taking the trouble. I’ll express my gratitude once more when merit is achieved.” Rousing himself, Eight Rules tightened his black silk shirt and put the rake on his shoulder before rising with the local spirit on cloud and fog to head for the east. As they proceeded, they suddenly heard terrific shouts and the howling of wind. When he stopped his cloud to look, Eight Rules discovered that Pilgrim Sun was just doing battle with the Bull King. “Go forward, Heavenly Reeds,” said the local spirit. “What are you waiting for?”

Firmly gripping his muckrake, our Idiot shouted, “Elder Brother, I’m here!”

“Coolie,” said Pilgrim spitefully, “how you’ve upset my great enterprise!”

“Master told me to come meet you,” said Eight Rules, “but since I didn’t know the way, I had to discuss the matter before the local spirit agreed to lead me here. I know I’m late, but what do you mean by upsetting your great enterprise?”

“I’m not blaming you for your tardiness,” said Pilgrim. “It’s this wretched bull who is most audacious! I got hold of the fan from Rākṣasī, but this fellow changed into your appearance, saying that he came here to meet me. I was so pleased at that moment that I handed over the fan to him. He then changed back to his true form and strove with old Monkey at this place. That’s what I meant by upsetting my great enterprise.” Infuriated by what he heard, our Idiot lifted high his muckrake and screamed, “You bloody plague! How dare you change into the form of your ancestor, deceive my elder brother, and cause enmity to rise among us brothers?” Look at him! He charged into the fray and showered blows madly on the Bull King with his rake. The Bull King, after all, had fought with Pilgrim for nearly one whole day; when he saw how savagely Eight Rules was attacking him with his rake, he could no longer stand his ground and retreated in defeat.

His way was barred, however, by the local spirit leading a host of ghost soldiers. “King Powerful,” said the local spirit, “you’d better stop! There is no god who would not protect the Tang Monk on his journey to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven, no

Heaven who would not grant him his blessing. This enterprise is known throughout the Three Regions; it has the support of all ten quarters. Quickly use your fan to extinguish the flames so that he may cross the mountain unharmed and unhindered. Otherwise, Heaven will find you guilty and you will certainly be executed.”

“Local spirit,” said the Bull King, “you’re completely unreasonable! That wretched ape robbed me of my son, insulted my concubine, and deceived my wife. These were his misdeeds time and again. I hate him so much I wish I could swallow him whole and reduce him to dung to feed the dogs! How could I give him my treasure?”

Hardly had he finished speaking when Eight Rules caught up with him, screaming, “You bezoardic bull! Take out the fan quickly, and I’ll spare your life!”

The Bull King had no choice but to turn and fight Eight Rules again with the treasure swords, while the Great Sage Sun raised his rod to help his companion. This was again some battle!

*A spirit-boar,
A fiend-bull,
And an ape who stole to Heav’n to gain the Way.
As always Chan nature knows smelting and strife,
For earth must be used to fuse the primal cause.
The rake’s nine prongs are both pointed and sharp;
The treasure swords’ two blades are quick and smooth.
The iron rod in use is determination’s staff;
Earth god assists to make elixir-head.
Three parties together thus feud and strive,
Each showing his talents to try to win.
Seize the bull to plow and gold coins will grow;
Recall hog to stove, and wood breath’s retrieved.
With absent mind, how could one practice Dao?
To make spirit guard home’s to bind the ape.
They brawl and growl
In bitter quest:
Three kinds of weapon thus crackle and clang.
The rake rakes, the swords cut with wicked aim
And with good cause rises the gold-hooped rod.
They fight till stars lose their brightness and the moon its light,
Till the sky’s full of cold fog dense and dark.*

Plunging into the battle with fresh courage, the Demon King fought as he moved along. They strove for a whole night but no decision could be reached. By morning, they had arrived at the entrance of the Cloud-Touching Cave of the Hoard-Thunder Mountain.

The deafening din created by the three fighters, the local spirit, and the band of ghost soldiers soon alerted the Princess Jade Countenance, who asked the maids to see who was making all the racket. The little fiends came back to report:

“It’s the sire of our family fighting with the fellow who came here yesterday, the one who had a thunder-god beak. Joining the battle are also a monk with long snout and huge ears and the local spirit of the Mountain of Flames with his followers.” When she heard this, Princess Jade Countenance at once summoned the captains, young and old,

of the external guards and ordered them to give armed assistance to her husband. The various soldiers, tall and short, that they managed to call up numbered over a hundred, all of them eager to show off their vigor. Gripping lances and waving rods, they swarmed out of the door, shouting, “Sire Great King, by the order of Madam, we have come to assist you.”

Highly pleased, the Bull King said, “Welcome! Welcome!”

The fiends rushed forward to attack. Taken completely by surprise, Eight Rules could not fend off so many opponents and he fled in defeat, his rake trailing behind him. The Great Sage too mounted his cloud somersault to leap free of the encirclement, and the various ghost soldiers immediately scattered. Having thus achieved his victory, the old Bull gathered back the various fiends to return to the cave and to shut the door tightly, where we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who, after getting away, said to Eight Rules and the local spirit, “This fellow’s very tough! Since about the hour of *shen* yesterday, he fought with old Monkey until nightfall and we couldn’t reach a decision. Then the two of you arrived to relieve me. But after we went through the bitter struggle of half a day and one whole night, he still didn’t seem to tire very much. And the band of little fiends who came out just now also appeared to be quite tough. Now that he has shut his door tightly and refused to come out, what shall we do?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you left Master yesterday in the morning. How was it that you didn’t start fighting with him until some time in the afternoon? Where were you during those few hours in between?” Pilgrim said, “Since I left you people, I was on this mountain in an instant. I ran into a young woman whom I saluted, and she turned out to be the Princess Jade Countenance, his beloved concubine. I gave her a scare with my iron rod, and she ran into the cave to bring out the Bull King, who harangued old Monkey for some time before we began to fight. After about two hours, someone came to invite him to a banquet. I followed him to the Green Wave Lagoon at the Scattered-Rocks Mountain, where I spied on him and his hosts by changing into a crab. I then succeeded in stealing his water-repellent golden-eyed beast and took on the appearance of the Bull King.

Returning to the Palm-Leaf Cave on the Jade Cloud Mountain, I fooled Rākṣasī and wangled the fan from her. After leaving her door, I tried to work the magic: the fan was enlarged all right, but I forgot to ask her for the formula to make it small again. As I journeyed back carrying the fan on my shoulder, the Bull King met me, having assumed your features, and wangled the fan back. That’s what happened during all that time.”

Eight Rules said, “It’s like what the proverb says,

*A bean-curd boat capsized in the ocean—
In liquid they come,
In water they go!*

If it’s so difficult to get his fan, how can we help Master cross this mountain? Let’s go back, find another way, and scat!”

“Please don’t be anxious, Great Sage,” said the local spirit, “and you shouldn’t slacken, Heavenly Reeds. When you mention finding another way, you are bound to fall into heterodoxy, and you are no longer someone concerned with the proper method of cultivation.

As the ancients said, where can one walk but on the main road? How can you possibly think of finding another way? Remember your master, now sitting with bulging eyes by the road and waiting for you to succeed!”

Growing vehement, Pilgrim said, “Exactly! Exactly! Don’t talk nonsense, Idiot! What the local spirit said is quite right. With that demon we are just about to

*Wage a contest
And try our gifts.
Let me exploit my vast transforming powers.
Since coming West I’ve ne’er met a true foe,
For Bull King in fact was from Mind Monkey changed.
Now’s the best time for us to meet the source.
We must fight to borrow the treasure fan.
With pure and cool
To snuff the flames,
The stubborn void smashed, we’ll see Buddha’s face.
Merit fulfilled we’ll rise to ultimate bliss:
We’ll all then attend Buddha’s Birthday Feast!”*

Greatly inspired by these words he heard, Eight Rules exerted himself even more and replied earnestly:

*Yes! Yes! Yes!
Go! Go! Go!
Who cares if the Bull King says yes or no!
Wood’s born at Boar, the hog’s its proper mate,
Who’ll lead back the Bull to return to earth.
Monkey is the metal born under shen:
Peaceful and docile, how harmonious!
Use the palm-leaf
As water’s sign.
When flames are extinct, Completion’s attained.
In hard work we persist both night and day
And rush, merit done, to Ullambana Feast.*

Leading the local spirit and the ghost soldiers, the two of them rushed forward and, with their muckrake and iron rod, smashed to pieces the front door of the Cloud-Touching Cave. The captain of the external guards was so terrified that he dashed inside to make his report, trembling all over:

“Great King, Sun Wukong has led a crowd to break down our front door!”

The Bull King was just telling the Princess Jade Countenance all that had taken place and how deeply he hated Pilgrim. When he heard that his front door had been broken down, he became enraged. Putting on his armor hurriedly, he took up the iron rod and came out. “Wretched ape!” he expostulated as he emerged. “How big do you think you are, that you let loose such violence here and break down my door?”

Eight Rules rushed forward and roared, “You old carcass! What sort of a person are you that you dare measure someone else? Don’t run away! Watch my rake!”

“An overgorged coolie like you,” shouted the Bull King, “isn’t that impressive! Tell that monkey to come up here quickly!”

“You stupid grass-eater!” said Pilgrim. “Yesterday, I was still talking to you as a bond-brother, but today you are my enemy. Take care to taste my rod!”

Boldly the Bull King met the two of them, and the conflict this time was even more fierce than the last one. Three valiant persons, all tangled together. What a battle!

*Muckrake and rod exert their godly might.
They lead ghost soldiers the old bull to fight,
Who displays alone his violent trait
And his magic powers vast as Heaven.
One uses his rake to rake;
One uses his rod to strike;
The heroic iron's more uncanny still.
Three kinds of weapon make clangorous sounds:
They block, they parry, they will yield to none.
He claims he's the first;
He claims he's on top.
Ghost soldiers, looking on, can't separate
Wood and earth feuding and darting up and down.
These two say, "Why don't you lend us the palm-leaf fan?"
That one says, "How dare you be so bold as to trick my wife?
I have yet to avenge my hunted mistress and my son,
When you alarm us some more by breaking our door."
This one says, "You just watch out for my compliant rod.
One tiny brush and it will tear your skin!"
That one says, "Do try to dodge the rake's sharp teeth!
One wound will make nine bloody holes!"
Undaunted the Bull Demon lets loose his power;
His iron rod held high, he waits for his chance.
They churn up rain and cloud, going back and forth.
They belch out wind and fog and do as they please.
For this bitter struggle they risk their lives.
They, full of hate, with each other strive.
The stylized limbs
Go up and down;
They cover the front, the back without let up.
Two brothers together now strain and toil;
One man with one rod performs all alone.
From dawn till late morning they fight and fight;
At last the Bull Demon will leave with his hands tied.*

With no thought for life or death, the three of them again fought for over one hundred rounds, when Eight Rules, his idiotic nature aroused and strengthened by the magic power of Pilgrim, began to attack madly with his rake. No longer able to ward off the blows, the Bull King fled in defeat and headed straight for the cave's entrance. Leading the ghost soldiers to bar the way, the local spirit shouted, “King Powerful, where are you fleeing to? We are here!” Unable to enter the cave, the old Bull turned swiftly and saw Eight Rules and Pilgrim rushing toward him. He became so flustered that he abandoned his armor and his iron rod; with one shake of his body, he changed into a swan and flew into the air.

When Pilgrim saw it, he chuckled and said, "Eight Rules, the old Bull's gone!"

That Idiot was completely ignorant of the matter, and the local spirit did not perceive either what had happened. All of them were staring this way and that, madly searching before and behind the Hoard-Thunder Mountain. "Isn't he up there flying in the air?" said Pilgrim as he pointed with his finger. "That's a swan," said Eight Rules. "A transformation of the old Bull," said Pilgrim. "In that case," said the local spirit, "what shall we do?"

"Fight your way in, the two of you," said Pilgrim, "and exterminate all those fiends. In short, we'll break up his lair and cut off his retreat. Let old Monkey go and wage a contest of transformation with him."

Eight Rules and the local spirit followed his instruction and we shall leave them for the moment.

Putting away his golden-hooped rod, the Great Sage shook his body and changed into a Manchurian vulture, which spread its wings and darted up to a hole in the clouds. It then hurtled down and dropped onto the swan, seeking to seize its neck and peck at the eyes.

Knowing also that this was a transformation of Pilgrim Sun, the Bull King hurriedly flapped his wings and changed himself into a yellow eagle to attack the vulture. At once Pilgrim changed himself into a black phoenix, the special foe of the yellow eagle.

Recognizing him, the Bull King changed next into a white crane which, after a long cry, flew toward the south.

Pilgrim stood still, and shaking his feathers, changed into a scarlet phoenix that uttered a resounding call. Since the phoenix was the ruler of all the birds and fowl, the white crane dared not touch him. Spreading wide his wings, he dived instead down the cliff and changed with one shake of the body into a musk deer, grazing rather timorously before the slope. Recognizing him, Pilgrim flew down also and changed into a hungry tiger which, with wagging tail and flying paws, went after the deer for food. Greatly flustered, the demon king then changed into a huge spotted leopard to attack the tiger. When Pilgrim saw him, he faced the wind and, with one shake of his head, changed into a golden-eyed Asian lion, with a voice like thunder and a head of bronze, which pounced on the huge leopard. Growing even more anxious, the Bull King changed into a large bear, which extended his paws to try to seize the lion. Rolling on the ground, Pilgrim at once turned himself into a scabby elephant, with a trunk like a python and tusks like bamboo shoots.

Whipping up his trunk, he tried to catch hold of the bear.

With a loud guffaw, the Bull King then revealed his original form of a gigantic white bull, with a head like a rugged mountain and eyes like bolts of lightning. The two horns were like two iron pagodas, and his teeth were like rows of sharp daggers. From head to toe, he measured more than ten thousand feet, while his height from hoof to neck was about eight hundred.

"Wretched ape!" he roared at Pilgrim. "What will you do with me now?" Pilgrim also changed back to his true form; yanking out his golden-hooped rod, he bent his back and then straightened out, crying, "Grow!"

At once he grew to a height of one hundred thousand feet, with a head like Mount Tai, eyes like the sun and the moon, a mouth like a bloody pond, and teeth like doors. Lifting high his iron rod, he brought it down on the bull's head, and it was met by a pair of flinty horns. This battle truly rocked the ridges and the mountains, alarmed both Heaven and Earth. We have a testimonial poem, and it says:

*Dao is one foot, though the demon's ten thousand feet,
Which clever Mind Monkey must toil to beat.
If one wants the mountain flameless to be,
The treasure fan must bring cold purity.
Yellow Dame's resolved the elder to uphold;
To clear the fiends Wood Mother makes bold.
Five Phases, peaceful, to right fruit return
And, ascending West, dirt and demons spurn.*

Releasing their vast magic powers, the two of them battled in midmountain, and it soon alerted all those deities inhabiting the empty void: the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, and the Eighteen Guardians of Monasteries all came to surround the Demon King, who was not the least daunted. Look at him!

*He headed east,
He headed west,
With two erect and gleaming iron horns
Charging back and forth;
He bunted north,
He bunted south,
His dark, hairy hard tendonous tail
Whipping left and right.*

The Great Sage Sun met him head-on, while the various deities attacked him from all sides. Exasperated, the Bull King rolled on the ground and changed back into his original form to flee to the Palm-Leaf Cave. Changing back to his normal size, Pilgrim also gave chase from behind with the deities. Dashing inside the cave, the Demon King shut the door and refused to come out, while the gods had the Jade Cloud Mountain tightly surrounded.

As they were about to charge the door, they heard the noisy arrival of Eight Rules, the local spirit, and his band of ghost soldiers.

When Pilgrim saw them, he asked, "What happened at the Cloud-Touching Cave?"

"The mistress of that old Bull," replied Eight Rules, chuckling, "was killed by one blow of my rake. When I stripped her, she turned out to be a white-faced fox. The rest of the fiends were all donkeys, asses, cows, stallions, badgers, foxes, musk deer, goats, tigers, antelopes, and the like—they have all been wiped out. We set fire also to his cave-dwelling. The local spirit then told me that he has another household in this mountain, and that's why we've come back here to make a clean sweep of them."

"You have achieved great merit, Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim. "Congratulations! Old Monkey has waged in vain a contest of transformation with him, for I have not yet achieved a victory. He finally changed into the biggest possible white bull, and I therefore assumed the appearance that imitated Heaven and Earth. As I

clashed with him, the various deities were kind enough to descend on us and have him completely surrounded. He then changed back into his original form and fled inside the cave.”

“Is this that Palm-Leaf Cave?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, “Indeed it is. This is where Rākṣasī lives.”

“In that case,” said Eight Rules, growing more vehement, “why don’t we fight our way in, attack him, and demand from him the fan? Why should we let him wait and get wiser, or let him enjoy the company of his wife?”

Dear Idiot! Rousing his strength, he lifted high his rake and brought it down on the door; with a loud crash, both the door and one side of the ledge collapsed. One of the maids fled into the cave to report, “Sire! Someone has wrecked our front door!”

The Bull King had just dashed inside; still panting, he was telling Rākṣasī about how he took the fan from Pilgrim and then waged the contest with him. When he heard the report, he became enraged. Spitting out the fan, he handed it over to Rākṣasī, who, when she received it, began to weep. “Great King,” she said, “let’s give that monkey the fan so that he’ll withdraw his troops.”

“Oh Madam,” said the Bull King, “the fan’s a small thing, but my hatred is deep. You sit here, while I go to contend with them once more.” Putting on his armor again, the demon took up the two treasure swords and walked out. Eight Rules was still using his rake on the door; when the old Bull saw him, he hacked away with his swords without another word. Eight Rules retreated a few steps, protecting himself with the upraised rake. After they left the doorway, the Great Sage immediately joined them with his iron rod. Mounting a violent gust of wind, the Bull Demon leaped clear of the cave-dwelling, and they began a fresh skirmish above the Jade Cloud Mountain, encircled by the many gods, the local spirit, and the band of ghost soldiers. This was again some battle!

*Clouds conceal the world;
Mist shrouds the cosmos;
Dark wind blows souging, sand and rocks roll;
Angry breaths rise up and ocean waves churn.
Two swords are sharpened again;
The whole body’s armed once more.
There’s hatred deep as the sea,
As anger grows from enmity.
Watch the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven who, for merit’s sake,
Rejects now a friend he has known for years.
Eight Rules uses his power to seek the fan;
The gods hunt the Bull King to protect the Law.
The Bull King’s two hands will not stop or pause:
With vigor they parry both left and right.
They fight till the birds fold their wings and cease to fly,
Till fishes stop leaping and submerge their scales,
Till ghosts and gods wail as Heav’n and Earth grow faint,
Till tigers and dragons cower as sunlight fades.*

Abandoning any regard for his life or limb, the Bull King fought them for over fifty rounds before he weakened and was forced to retreat in defeat. As he fled toward the north, he was met at once by the Diamond Guardian Dharma Diffusion of vast

magic powers and of the Cliff of Mysterious Demons in the Mountain of Five Platforms, who shouted at him, “Bull Demon, where are you going? I have been sent by the Buddhist Patriarch Śākyamuni to set up cosmic nets here to capture you.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the Great Sage, Eight Rules, and the other deities came rushing toward them, so frightening the demon king that he turned and fled toward the south. He ran right into the Diamond Guardian Victorious Ultimate of immeasurable dharma-power and of the Pure-Cool Cave in the Emei Mountain, who shouted at him, “I received the Buddha’s decree to capture you.”

His legs turning weak and his heart growing faint, the Bull King hurriedly tried to head toward the east, when he was met by the Diamond Guardian Great Strength, a Vaiśramaṇa ascetic from the Ear-Touching Ridge of the Sumeru Mountain, who shouted at him:

“Where are you going, old Bull? By the secret command of Tathāgata, I am here to arrest you.”

Backing off in fear, the Bull King fled toward the west, but he was greeted by the Diamond Guardian Ever Abiding, the indestructible honored rāja of the Golden Beam Summit at the Kunlun Mountain, who shouted at him, “Where is this fellow going? I am stationed here by the personal order of the aged Buddha in the Great Thunderclap Monastery of the Western Heaven. Who’ll let you get away?” In fear and trembling, the Bull King did not have time even for regret when he saw Buddhist warriors and celestial generals approaching from all sides with cosmic nets spread so wide that there was virtually no way to escape. In that abject moment, he heard Pilgrim and other pursuers closing in, and he had to mount the clouds to try to flee toward the sky.

Just then, Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer, and Prince Naṭa led Fish-Bellied Vajrayakṣa and Celestial General Mighty-Spirit to block his path in midair. “Slow down! Slow down!” they cried. “By the decree of the Jade Emperor, we are here to arrest you.” In desperation, the Bull King shook his body as before and changed into a huge white bull, wielding his two iron-like horns to try to gore the devarāja, who met him with his scimitar.

Meanwhile, Pilgrim Sun arrived at the scene. “Great Sage,” shouted Prince Naṭa, “we have our armor on, and we can’t salute you properly. Yesterday we father and son saw Tathāgata, who asked us to present a memorial to the Jade Emperor and inform him that the journey of the Tang Monk has been blocked at the Mountain of Flames, and that it was difficult for the Great Sage Sun to bring the Bull Demon King to submission. The Jade Emperor therefore issued a decree for my father king to lead the troops here to lend you assistance.”

“But this fellow has considerable magic powers,” said Pilgrim. “Now he has changed into such a body. What shall we do?”

“Great Sage, don’t worry!” said the prince with a laugh. “Watch me capture him!” Shouting “Change!”, the prince immediately changed into a figure having three heads and six arms. He leaped onto the bull’s back and brought his monster-cleaving sword down on the bull’s neck: the bull was beheaded at once. Putting away his scimitar, the devarāja was about to greet Pilgrim when another head emerged from the torso of the bull, his mouth belching black air and his eyes beaming golden rays. Naṭa lifted his sword once more and cut off the bull’s head; as soon as it dropped to the ground, another head came out. It went on like this more than ten times. At last, Naṭa

took out his fiery wheel and hung it on the Bull's horn. The wheel at once started a great blaze of true immortal fire, which burned so fiercely that the bull began to growl and roar madly, shaking his head and wagging his tail. He would have liked to use transformation to escape, but the Devarāja Pagoda-Bearer trained his imp-reflecting mirror steadfastly on him so that he could not change out of his original form. As he had no way to flee, he could only cry, "Don't take my life! I'm willing to make submission to Buddhism."

"If you do pity your own life," said Naṭa, "bring out the fan quickly."

The Bull King said, "The fan is being kept by my wife." On hearing this, Naṭa took out his monster-tying rope and draped it around the bull's neck. Then he threaded the rope through his nostrils so that the bull could be pulled with the hand. Pilgrim then collected together the Four Great Diamond Guardians, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Monasteries, the Devarāja Pagoda-Bearer, the Celestial General Mighty-Spirit, Eight Rules, the local spirit, and the ghost soldiers. Surging around the white bull, they all went back to the entrance of the Palm-Leaf Cave. "Madam," called the old bull, "please bring out the fan to save my life." When Rākṣasī heard the call, she took off her jewels and her colored clothing. Tying up her hair like a Daoist priestess and putting on a plain colored robe like a Buddhist nun, she took up with both hands the twelve-foot long palm-leaf fan to walk out of the door.

When she caught sight of the Diamond Guardians, the devarāja and his son, and the other sages, she hurriedly went to her knees to kowtow and say, "I beg the Bodhisattvas to spare our lives. We are willing to give this fan to Brother-in-law Sun so that he may achieve his merit." Pilgrim drew near and took up the fan; then all of them mounted the auspicious clouds to return toward the east.

We tell you now about Tripitaka and Sha Monk, who were alternately sitting and standing by the main road as they waited for Pilgrim. They were indeed full of anxiety because he did not return for such a long time. Then, all of a sudden, auspicious clouds filled the sky and hallowed lights flooded the earth, as the various divine officers drifted near. Turning quite apprehensive, the elder said, "Wujing, who are those divine warriors approaching us?" Recognizing the figures he saw, Sha Monk replied, "Master, those are the Four Great Diamond Guardians, the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Monasteries, and other deities of the air. The one leading the bull is Third Prince Naṭa, and the one holding the mirror is Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer. Big Brother is carrying the palm-leaf fan, followed by Second Elder Brother and the local spirit. All the rest happen to be celestial guards." On hearing this, Tripitaka put on his Vairocana hat and changed into his cassock before he led Wujing to bow to the sages, saying, "What virtue does this disciple possess that he should cause all you honored sages to descend to the mortal world?"

"You should be congratulated, sage monk," said one of the Four Great Diamond Guardians, "for your perfect merit is nearly achieved.

We have come to assist you by the decree of Buddha. You must persist in your cultivation with all diligence, and you must not slacken at all."

Tripitaka kowtowed repeatedly to receive this instruction.

Holding the fan, the Great Sage Sun walked near the mountain and waved the fan once with all his might. Immediately the flames on the mountain subsided and there was only the faintest glow left. He fanned at it a second time and a cool, gentle breeze rustled through the region. He fanned at the mountain a third time, and as

*Hazy clouds filled the sky,
A fine rain drizzled down.*

We have a testimonial poem, and it says:

*Eight hundred miles long, this Mountain of Flames,
The light of its fire has worldwide fame.
Elixir can't ripen with five senses scorched;
When Three Passes are burned, the Dao's impure.
At times the palm-leaf may bring dew and rain;
By luck Heaven's hosts lend their godly pow'r.
Lead the bull to Buddha, let it sin no more:
Nature is calm when water's joined with fire.*

At this time Tripitaka was liberated from heat and delivered from distress; his mind was purified and his will made quiescent. The four pilgrims renewed their submission and thanked the Diamond Guardians, who returned to their treasure mountains. The Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light then rose into the air to provide continual protection, while the other deities all scattered. The deva-rāja and the prince led the bull to return to see Buddha. Only the local spirit remained to watch Rākṣasī, who was still standing at attention on one side.

“Rākṣasī,” said Pilgrim, “how is it that you are not on your way? Why are you still standing here?”

Going to her knees, Rākṣasī said, “I beg the Great Sage to be merciful and give me back my fan.”

“You bitch!” shouted Eight Rules. “You don’t know when to stop! Isn’t it enough that we spare your life? You still want your fan? After we have taken it across the mountain, you think we won’t trade it for a snack? We are not going to give it back to you after we have expended all this energy! Look how the rain drizzles! Why don’t you go back!”

“The Great Sage,” said Rākṣasī, bowing again, “said originally that he would return the fan to me once the fire was extinguished. I didn’t listen to you at first, and now it’s too late for regret after such a battle. Because of our recalcitrance, an army had to be sent here to toil and fight. I would, however, like to tell you that we have actually attained the way of humanity, though we have not returned to the right fruit. Now that I have witnessed the epiphany of the true body returning to the West, I shall never dare misbehave again. I beg you to give me back my fan, so that I may start a new life in self-cultivation.”

“Great Sage,” said the local spirit, “since this woman knows the means by which the flames can forever be extinguished, you should ask her for it before you return the fan to her. This humble deity will remain in this region to care for its populace and beg from them some offering for my livelihood. You will have done us all an act of grace.”

“When I spoke to the local people,” said Pilgrim, “they told me that when the fan extinguished the fire on this mountain, they could only harvest the five grains for one year. Then the fire would start again. How could it be extinguished forever?”

“If you want it extinguished forever,” replied Rākṣasī, “you must fan at the mountain forty-nine times. It will never start again.” When he heard this, Pilgrim indeed took the fan and fanned with all his strength at the summit forty-nine times: a great torrential rain descended on the mountain. It was truly a treasure, for the rain came

down on only the area where there was fire before; where there was no fire, the sky remained clear. Master and disciples thus stood on the spot where there was no fire and they did not get wet at all. After staying there for the night, they put in order the luggage and the horse the next morning and gave the fan back to Rākṣasī.

Pilgrim said to her, “If old Monkey didn’t do this, I fear that people might say that my words are not trustworthy. You go back to a mountain with your fan now and don’t start any trouble. I spare you because you have already attained a human body.”

After she received the fan, Rākṣasī recited a spell, and it changed again back into an almond leaf, which she placed in her mouth. She bowed to thank the pilgrims and went off somewhere to practice self-cultivation as a recluse. In the end she, too, attained the right fruit and a lasting reputation in the sūtras.

As Rākṣasī and the local spirit thanked them and walked to send them off, Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk were again accompanying Tripitaka to move forward, truly with their bodies pure and cool and with moisture beneath their feet. This is what we mean by

Kan and Li completed, true origin’s fused;

Water and fire balanced, the great Dao is born.

We don’t know in what year they will return to the Land of the East; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-TWO

*To wash off filth, to bathe the mind, just sweep a pagoda
To bind demons and return to the lord is self-cultivation*

*In all twelve hours you must never forget
To reap the fruit of night and day.
For five years—one hundred and eight thousand rounds—
Let not spirit water run dry,
Nor let fire-light cause you distress.
There's no harm where fire and water blend well;
Five Phases would join as if enchained.
Yin and yang at peace raise you up cloudy tower:
Ride the phoenix to reach Heaven;
Mount the crane to head for Yingzhou.*

The tune of this lyric is “Immortal by the River,” which we use solely to depict Tripitaka and his three disciples. Since they attained the condition wherein water and fire were in perfect equilibrium, their own natures became pure and cool. Successful in their endeavor to borrow the treasure fan of pure yin, they managed to extinguish the large mountain of torrid flames; and in less than a day, they traversed the distance of eight hundred. Leisurely and carefree, master and disciples proceeded toward the West. As it was the time of late autumn and early winter, this was what they saw:

*Wild chrysanthemum drop their blooms;
Tender buds emerge from new plums.
At each village they harvest grains;
Every where they eat fragrant fare.
The woods shed their leaves and distant hills are seen;
By brookside frost thickens, cleansing the ravine.
Moved by the wintry breeze,
The insects stop their work.
Pure yin now becomes yang,
The month's ruled by Yuanming.
Water virtue's strong,
For peace reigns in bright, clear days.
Earth's aura descends;
Heaven's aura rises;
The rainbow leaves without a trace;
Ice slowly forms in pools and ponds.
Dangling by the ridges, wisteria flowers fade;
Absorbing cold, pines and bamboos grow more green.*

After they traveled for quite awhile, the four of them again found themselves approaching a moated city. Reining in his horse, the Tang Monk called out to his disciple:

“Wukong, look at those tall, towering buildings over there. What kind of a place do you think it is?” Pilgrim raised his head to look and saw that it was indeed a moated city. Truly it has

*The shape of a coiled dragon,
This crouched-tigerlike strong city.
On all sides bright canopies overhang it;
With many turns royal plains level out.
Beasts of jade and stone form the bridges’ railings;
Statues of worthies stand on golden mounts.
Truly it seems like a capital of China,
A metropolis of Heaven;
A secure domain of ten thousand miles,
A prosperous empire of a thousand years.
Barbarians yield to the ruler’s far-reaching grace;
Mountains and seas pay tribute to the sages’ court.
The royal steps are clean;
The royal path’s serene;
The taverns bustle with songs;
Flowered towers are full of joy.
Evergreens outside the Weiyang Palace
Should let the phoenix sing to greet the dawn.*

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “that moated city has to be the domain of a ruler or king.”

“In this world,” said Eight Rules with a laugh, “there are cities that belong to a prefecture, and there are cities that belong to a district. How do you know that this is the domain of a ruler or a king?”

“Don’t you know,” said Pilgrim, “that the domain of a king or a ruler is quite different from a prefecture or a district? Just look at those gates on all four sides of the city: there must be over ten of them. The circumference around it has to be over a hundred miles.

The buildings are so tall that there are clouds and fog hovering over them. If this is not a royal capital of some sort, how could it have so grand and noble an appearance?”

“You have good eyes, Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “and you may recognize that it’s a royal city. Do you know its name?” Pilgrim replied, “There are neither banners nor plaques. How could I know its name? We have to make inquiries inside the city, and then we’ll know.” Urging his horse on, the elder soon arrived at the gate, where he dismounted to walk across the moat-bridge. As he looked around after he entered the gate, he discovered flourishing trades in all three markets and the six boulevards; and he saw, moreover, that in their elegant attire, the people looked most distinguished. As they walked along, they suddenly caught sight of a score of monks begging from door to door, everyone carrying the cangue and wearing a lock. They looked most destitute indeed! “When the hare dies,” sighed Tripitaka, “the fox will grieve, for a creature will mourn its kind.”

Then he called out:

“Wukong, go up there and question them. Why are they so condemned?” Obeying his master’s words, Pilgrim said, “Hey, monks! Which monastery do you belong to? Why are you carrying the cangue and wearing the lock?”

Going to their knees, the monks said, “Father, we are monks of the Golden Light Monastery who have been grievously wronged.”

“Where is this Golden Light Monastery?” asked Pilgrim. “Just around the corner there,” said one of the monks.

Pilgrim brought them before the Tang Monk before he asked them again, “What do you mean by grievously wronged? Tell me.”

“Father,” said the monks, “we don’t know where you came from, though you seem quite familiar to us. We dare not tell you here.

Please come to our humble residence, and we will disclose our woes.”

“That is more appropriate,” said the elder. “Let’s go to their monastery, and we can then question them carefully.”

They went together up to the monastery gate, where they found in gold letters this horizontal inscription:

Golden Light Monastery Built by Imperial Command. As master and disciples entered the gate, they saw

*Cold scented lamps in aged halls;
Windswept leaves in vacant corridors.
Atop the clouds, a thousand-foot pagoda;
To nourish one’s nature, a few pine trees.
The ground’s flower-strewn, but no guests pass by;
The eaves are amply screened by spider webs.
Drums mounted in vain;
Bells hung up unused;
The walls are dust-covered, the murals blurred.
The lectern’s so quiet for no monk is seen;
The Chan Hall’s silent, only birds you’ll meet.
Such lamentable plight!
Such endless, lonely pain!
Though incense urns are before the Buddhas placed,
The ashes cool, the petals wilt, and all are vain.*

Grief-stricken, Tripitaka could not restrain the tears welling up in his eyes. Wearing the cangues and locks, the monks pushed open the door to the main hall and invited our elder to worship the Buddha. After he entered the hall, the elder could only offer the incense of his heart, though he touched his face to the ground three times. Then they went to the back, where they found another six or seven young priests chained to the pillar before the abbot’s hall, an intolerable sight for Tripitaka. When they reached the abbot’s hall, the monks leading the way all came to kowtow, and one of them asked, “The features of our Venerable Fathers are not all the same. Do you happen to be those who have come from the Great Tang in the Land of the East?”

“You monks must know the magic of foreknowledge without divination,” said Pilgrim, laughing. “We’re indeed such persons. But how did you recognize us?”

“Father,” said the monk, “what sort of foreknowledge without divination do you think we really possess? It’s just that we’ve been grievously wronged, and there’s nowhere for us to turn for justice except to call on Heaven and Earth day in and day out. We must have disturbed the gods, I suppose, for each of us had a dream last night, where we were told that a holy monk arriving from the Great Tang in the Land of the East would be able to save our lives. Our grievances, too, would be rectified. When we came upon the strange appearances of you Venerable Fathers today, we were thus able to recognize you.”

Highly pleased by these words, Tripitaka said, “What is the name of your region here? What sort of grievances do you have?”

The monks all knelt down again, and one of them said, “Holy Father, this city is called the Sacrifice Kingdom, and it is a major city in the Western Territories. In years past, barbaric tribes of all four quarters came to pay us tribute: to the south, the Yuetuo Kingdom, to the north, the Qoco Kingdom; to the east, the State of Western Liang; and to the west, the Benbo Kingdom. They brought annually fine jade and lustrous pearls, beautiful girls, and spirited horses. Without our use of arms or expeditionary forces, all of them would of their own accord venerate us as the superior state.”

“If they do that,” said Tripitaka, “it must be because you have an upright king, worthy civil officers, and noble military officers.”

“Holy Father,” said the monk, “neither our civil officers are worthy, nor our military officers noble. And the king is not upright either. It has to do with this Golden Light Monastery of ours, which from the beginning had auspicious clouds covering our treasure pagoda and hallowed mists rising from our whole edifice. At night beams of light flashed from the building and people as far away as ten thousand miles had seen them; by day, colored airs sprouted and all four of our surrounding nations had witnessed them. This is why we have been regarded as the divine capital of a Heavenly prefecture, and why we have enjoyed the tributes of the four barbaric tribes. But three years ago, during the first day of the first month of winter, a rainstorm of blood descended upon us at the hour of midnight. By morning every household was fearful; every home was grief-stricken. The various ministers made haste to memorialize to the king, with all sorts of speculation on why such chastisement was sent by the Heavenly Lord. At the time, Daoists were summoned to say their mass and Buddhists their scriptures in order to pacify Heaven and Earth. Who would have suspected, however, that, since our treasure pagoda of gold had been defiled by that rainstorm, the foreign nations would stop coming to pay tribute these last two years? Our king wanted to send out expeditionary forces, but he was restrained by the ministers, who accused the monks of this monastery of stealing the treasure in the pagoda. That was the reason they gave for the disappearance of the auspicious clouds and hallowed mists and for the cessation of tribute on the part of the foreign nations. The dim-witted ruler never gave the matter another thought; at once those venal officials had us monks arrested and inflicted on us endless tortures and interrogations. There were altogether three generations of monks in this monastery; two of them, unable to withstand such terrible treatments, died. The rest of us are now locked up in cangues and locks, still accused of this crime. Think of it, Venerable Father—how could we dare be so bold as to steal the treasure in the pagoda? We beg you in your great compassion to have regard for the special affinity of our kind. Vouchsafe your great mercy and exercise your mighty dharma power to save our lives.” When Tripitaka heard this, he nodded his head and sighed, saying, “There are certainly hidden aspects to this matter that have not yet come to light. For one thing, the court has been remiss in its rule, and for another, all of you may be faced with a fated calamity.

But if it was the shower of blood sent by Heaven that had defiled the treasure pagoda, why didn't you people at the time prepare a memorial to present to your ruler, so that you would be spared such affliction?"

"Holy Father," said the monk, "we are only common folks. How could we know the will of Heaven? Moreover, if our senior colleagues could not determine what to do, how would we be able to settle the matter?"

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "what time is it now?"

"About the hour of *shen*," replied Pilgrim. "I would like to have an audience with the ruler," said Tripitaka, "so that our travel rescript may be certified. But we have not yet fully understood what has happened to the monks here, and it's hard for me to speak to the ruler about this matter. After I left Chang'an, I made a vow in the Temple of the Law Gate that on my journey to the West, I would burn incense in every temple, I would bow to Buddha in every monastery, and I would sweep a pagoda whenever I came across a pagoda.

Today we have met you monks who have been grievously wronged because of a treasure pagoda. Why don't you people fetch me a new broom? Let me bathe first, and then I'll go up there to sweep it clean. Let me see if I can discover exactly what has caused the defilement and the loss of the pagoda's brilliance. Once we determine that, we can memorialize to their ruler and deliver them from this affliction." When they heard this, some of those monks carrying the cangues and locks dashed into the kitchen and picked up a kitchen knife to hand over to Eight Rules, saying, "Father, please take the knife and see if you can sever the chains on the pillar over there, so that those young priests can be freed. They can then go to prepare a meal and a scented bath for the holy fathers here. We'll go to the streets to beg a new broom for him to use to sweep the pagoda."

"It's so easy to open locks!" said Eight Rules, chuckling. "There's no need for a knife or an ax. Ask that hairy-faced father. He's a seasoned lock-picker." Pilgrim indeed went forward and, using the lock-opening magic, gave the shackles a wipe with his hand. Immediately, all the chains and locks fell to the ground. Those young priests ran into the kitchen to scrub the pots and pans and prepare a meal. After Tripitaka and his disciples ate, it was gradually turning dark when some of these monks still cangued and locked came in with two brooms. Tripitaka was very pleased.

As he spoke with them, another young priest came in with a lamp to invite him to go take his bath. By then, the moon and the stars were shining brilliantly outside as the sound of bamboo drums started from the watchtowers. Truly

*At four walls the cold wind arose;
In every house the lamps burned bright.
Shutters in all six lanes went up;
Doors of three markets were shut tight.
Fishing boats retired to the woods;
Ploughmen their short ropes forsook.
The woodcutter's ax now rested;
A student recited his book.*

After he finished bathing, Tripitaka put on a short-sleeve undershirt, which he tied with a sash. He changed into a pair of soft-soled shoes and picked up a new broom. "You should all go to sleep," he said to the monks, "and let me go sweep the pagoda."

“If the pagoda had been defiled by a bloody rainstorm,” said Pilgrim, “and if it had grown dark for such a long time already, some vicious things might have been bred up there. If you go up all by yourself in this cold, windy night, you may run into something unexpected.

How about letting old Monkey be your companion?”

“Very good! Very good!” replied Tripitaka.

Each of them thus took up a broom. They went first to the main hall and lit the glass chalice and burned fresh incense. Tripitaka went to his knees before the Buddha image and prayed, saying, “Your disciple, Chen Xuanzang, by the decree of the Great Tang in the Land of the East, was sent to worship our Buddha Tathāgata in the Spirit Mountain and to ask for scriptures. Arriving here at the Golden Light Monastery of the Sacrifice Kingdom, I was told by the monks of this monastery that the treasure pagoda had been defiled. The king suspected that the monks had stolen the treasure, and they were wrongly charged with a crime, the cause of which no one, in fact, had knowledge. In all earnestness, therefore, your disciple has decided to sweep this pagoda. I beg our Buddha to reveal quickly by his mighty spirit the true source of the pagoda’s defilement, so that the innocence of these mortal men can be established.”

After his prayer, he and Pilgrim opened the door of the pagoda and began to sweep it, beginning with the lowest tier. Truly this pagoda

*Leans ruggedly toward the sky
And rises, towering, in the air.
It’s justly called a pagoda of five-colored glass,
A śārī-peak of a thousand gold;
Its stairs winding like a tunnel;
An open cage when its doors unfold.
Its treasure vase reflects the moon in the sky;
Its golden bells ring with the wind of the sea.
You can see the empty eave saluting the stars
And the lofty top detaining the clouds.
The empty eave saluting the stars
Creates a phoenix piercing strange rocks and flowers;
The lofty top detaining the clouds
Brings forth a pagoda-dragon fog-entwined.
Your gaze on top will reach a thousand miles;
Up there it’ll feel like the Ninefold Heaven.
In glass lamp at the door of each tier,
There’s dust but no fire;
On white-jade railings before every eave
Gather dirt and flying insects.
Inside the pagoda,
Above the votive tables,
Smoke and incense all extinguished;
Outside the windows,
Or before the images,
Cobwebs opaque and widespread.
There’s more rat dung in the urns
Than there’s oil in the chalice.*

*Because a treasure was in secret lost,
Priests have been killed, their lot made bitter and vain.
Since Tripitaka wills to sweep it clean,
The pagoda's old form will, of course, be seen.*

The Tang Monk used his broom to sweep clean one tier before going up to another tier. By the time he reached the seventh tier, it was already the hour of the second watch, and the elder began to tire. "You're getting tired," said Pilgrim. "Sit down, and let old Monkey do the sweeping for you."

"How many tiers are there on this pagoda?" asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim replied, "I'm afraid there are at least thirteen tiers."

Attempting to endure his fatigue, the elder said, "I must finish sweeping it to fulfill my vow."

He swept three more tiers, and his torso and legs ached so badly that he had to sit down on the tenth tier. "Wukong," he said, "you sweep clean the rest of the three tiers for me and then come back down." Rousing his energy, Pilgrim went up to the eleventh tier, and in a moment, he ascended to the twelfth tier. As he swept the floor, he heard someone speaking on the top of the pagoda. "That's strange! That's strange!" said Pilgrim. "It has to be about the hour of the third watch now. How could there be anyone speaking on the pagoda top? This has to be some sort of deviant creature. Let me go and have a look."

Dear Monkey King! Stealthily he picked up the broom and put it under his arm; hitching up his clothes, he crawled out of the door and rose into the clouds to look around. There in the middle of the thirteenth tier of the pagoda were seated two monster-spirits, and before them were placed a basin of coarse rice, a bowl, and a wine pot. They were drinking and playing the finger-guessing game.

Using his magic, Pilgrim abandoned the broom and whipped out the golden-hooped rod. He stood at the doorway and shouted, "Dear fiends! So *you* stole the treasure on the pagoda!"

Terrified, the two fiendish creatures quickly got up and pelted Pilgrim with the pot and the bowl, but he blocked the blows with his iron rod and said, "If I slay you, there'll be no one to make the confession." With the rod, he backed them against the wall until they could not move at all, and all they could say was, "Spare us! Spare us! It has nothing to do with us. Someone else took the treasure." Using the magic of seizure, Pilgrim grabbed them with one hand and went back to the tenth tier. "Master," he announced, "I have caught the thieves who stole the treasure."

Tripitaka was just dozing: when he heard this, he was both startled and pleased. "Where did you catch them?" he asked. Pilgrim pulled the two fiends forward and made them kneel down. "They were having fun on top of the pagoda," he said, "drinking and playing the finger-guessing game. When old Monkey heard all that noise, I mounted the cloud to leap up there and block their escape with no effort at all. But I feared that if I killed them with one blow of the rod, no one would make the confession. That's why I brought them here. Master, you can take their testimony and see where they came from and where they have stashed the treasure."

Trembling all over, the two fiends could only utter, "Spare us!"

Then one of them made this honest confession:

“We have been sent here to patrol the pagoda by the All Saints Dragon King of the Green Wave Lagoon in the Scattered-Rock Mountain. He is called Busy Bubble, and I am called Bubble Busy. He’s a sheatfish spirit, and I’m a black fish spirit. This all came about because our All Saints Old Dragon once gave birth to a daughter by the name of Princess All Saints, who was blessed with the loveliest features and the most extraordinary talents. She took in a husband by the name of Nine-Heads, who also had vast magic powers. Year before last, he came here with the Dragon King and, exerting great divine strength, sent down a rainstorm of blood to have the treasure pagoda defiled.

Then he stole the śarīra Buddhist treasure from the building. Thereafter the princess also went up to the great Heaven where she stole the nine-leaved agaric, which the Lady Queen Mother planted before the Hall of Divine Mists. The plant and the Buddhist treasure are both kept now at the bottom of the lagoon, lighting up the place with their golden beams and colored hues night and day. Recently we received the news that there was one Sun Wukong on his way to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. We are told not only that he has vast magic powers, but also that he loves to meddle with the faults of others. That’s why we’ve been sent here frequently to patrol the area, so that we’ll be prepared when that Sun Wukong arrives.” Laughing scornfully at what he heard, Pilgrim said, “How audacious are these cursed beasts! No wonder he sent for the Bull Demon King the other day to attend their banquet! So, he was in league with this bunch of brazen demons who specialize in evil deeds!”

Hardly had he finished speaking when Eight Rules and a few young priests holding two lanterns walked up from below. “Master,” he said, “why haven’t you gone to bed after you finished sweeping the pagoda? Why are you still sitting here and talking?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “it’s a good thing you’ve come, The treasure on the pagoda was stolen by the All Saints Old Dragon. He was the one who sent two little fiends to patrol the pagoda here and to spy on our movements, but they were caught by me just now.”

“What are their names,” asked Eight Rules, “and what sort of monster-spirits are they?”

“They just gave us a confession,” said Pilgrim. “One of them is called Busy Bubble, and the other is called Bubble Busy. One is a sheat fish spirit, and the other is a black fish spirit.” Whipping out his rake, Eight Rules wanted to strike at them, saying, “If they are monster-spirits who have made their confession, why not beat them to death? What are we waiting for?” Pilgrim said, “You haven’t thought about this. If we keep them alive, it’ll be easier for us to go speak to the king about this matter, and they can be used as informants too, for catching the thieves and recovering the treasure.”

Dear Idiot! He indeed put away the rake; he and Pilgrim then each picked up a fiend and pulled him down the pagoda. All the fiends could say was “Spare us!”

Eight Rules said to them, “We were just looking for some sheat fish and black fish like you, so that we could make some soup for those wronged priests.”

The several young priests, in great delight, held their lanterns high to lead the elder down the pagoda. One of them ran ahead to report to the other monks, crying, “It’s great! It’s great! We’ve finally seen the day! The fiends who stole our treasure have been caught by the fathers.” Pilgrim gave this order:

“Bring us some iron chains, pierce their lute bones, and lock them up here. You people stand guard over them and we’ll go to sleep. We’ll dispose of them tomorrow.”

Those monks indeed watched over the fiends with great care while Tripitaka and his disciples rested.

Soon it was dawn, and the elder said, “I’ll go into the court with Wukong to have our travel rescript certified.” Whereupon he changed into his brocaded cassock and put on his Vairocana hat. In full clerical attire, he strode forward, accompanied by Pilgrim, who also tightened his tiger-skin kilt and straightened out his silk shirt after he took out the travel rescript. “Why aren’t you bringing along the two fiendish thieves?” asked Eight Rules. “Let us inform the king first,” said Pilgrim, “and there will be royal summoners sent here to fetch them.”

They walked before the gate of the court, and there were endless scenes of scarlet birds and yellow dragons, of divine capitals and celestial arches. Approaching the East Flower Gate, Tripitaka saluted the grand official of the gate and said, “I beg Your Honor to make this announcement for us: this humble cleric has been sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. We seek an audience with your ruler in order to have our travel rescript certified.” Willing, indeed, to grant this request, the Custodian of the Yellow Gate went before the steps to memorialize:

“There are two monks of strange features and attire outside who claim to have been sent by the Tang court in the Land of the East of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent to go seek scriptures from Buddha in the West. They wish to have an audience with our king in order to have their travel rescript certified.” On hearing this, the king gave the order to have the visitors summoned, and the elder thus led Pilgrim to walk into court. When the civil and military officials caught sight of Pilgrim, they all became frightened, some saying that this was a monkey priest while others observing that he was a monk with a thunder-god beak. All of them were so alarmed that they dared not stare at him for long. While the elder went through elaborate ritual before the steps to salute the throne, Pilgrim stood with hands folded before him and remained unmoved. Then the elder spoke:

“Your priestly subject has been sent as a scripture pilgrim by the Great Tang nation in the Land of the East of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent to worship Buddha at the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the India of the West. Our journey takes us to your noble region, and we dare not pass through without permission. We have with us a travel rescript, which we beg you to certify before we leave.”

Greatly pleased by what he heard, the king gave the order for the sage monk of the Tang court to ascend the Hall of Golden Chimes.

A cushion of embroidered silk was granted him as his seat. Going up the hall by himself, the elder first presented the rescript before he took the seat. After the king had read carefully the rescript from beginning to end, he was delighted. He said to Tripitaka, “Though the Great Tang Emperor was indisposed, he was fortunate to have been able to select a noble priest who was willing to seek scriptures from Buddha without any fear of the lengthy distance. But the priests of our region are good only for stealing, for bringing ruin upon our nation and ruler.” When he heard this, Tripitaka folded his hands before his chest and said, “In what way do they bring ruin upon your nation and ruler?”

“This kingdom of ours,” said the king, “is a superior state of the Western Territories. In the past, the four barbaric tribes frequently came to us to pay tribute, all

on account of the Golden Light Monastery within our kingdom. In that monastery was a treasure pagoda of yellow gold, the luster and brilliance of which filled the sky. Recently, however, the larcenous monks of the monastery secretly have stolen the treasure, and for the last three years, there was no brilliance at all. The foreign nations during this time also stopped their tributes, and this matter has aroused our deepest hatred.”

“Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka with a smile, his hands still folded,

“To err by a hair’s breadth

Is to miss by a thousand miles!

When this humble priest arrived at your Heavenly domain last evening, I caught sight of some ten priests, all carrying cangues and wearing locks, the moment I entered the city gate. I questioned them on their crime, and they told me that they were innocent victims from the Golden Light Monastery. An even more thorough investigation I made after my arrival at their monastery disclosed that the priests there had nothing to do with this, for when I swept the pagoda at night, I caught the fiendish thieves who stole the treasure.”

“Where are these fiendish thieves?” asked the king, highly pleased. Tripitaka said, “They have been locked up by my humble disciple in the Golden Light Monastery.”

Hurriedly issuing a golden tablet, the king gave this decree:

“Let the Embroidered-Uniform Guard bring back the fiendish thieves from the Golden Light Monastery. We ourselves will then interrogate them.”

“Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka, “though you may want to send the Imperial Guard, it is better that my humble disciple accompany him.”

“Where is your noble disciple?” asked the king.

Pointing with his finger, Tripitaka said, “He’s the one standing by the jade steps.” When the king saw Pilgrim, he was astounded, saying, “The sage monk has such elegant features! How is it that your noble disciple has that sort of appearance?” When the Great Sage Sun heard this, he spoke up in a loud voice, “Your Majesty,

Do not judge a man by his face,

Nor measure the sea by a vase.

If you only cared for men of good appearance, how could you seize the fiendish thieves?”

These words of Pilgrim turned the king’s astonishment to delight, and he said, “What the sage monk says is true indeed. We shall not select talents according to their appearances. All we want is to catch the thieves and return the treasure back to the pagoda.”

He then gave the order for the court attendant to prepare a canopied carriage, and for the Imperial Guard to wait on the sage monk in all diligence when he went to fetch the fiendish thieves.

The court attendant at once sent for a huge carriage and a yellow umbrella. The Embroidered-Uniform Guard also summoned the guardsmen; Pilgrim was placed in the carriage that was borne by four people in front and four behind, while four outriders shouted to clear the way as they headed toward the Golden Light Monastery. This

entourage soon disturbed the populace of the whole city, and not one failed to show up to try to see the sage monk and the fiendish thieves.

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard the shouts for clearing the way, they thought that some official sent by the king had arrived, and they hurried out of the monastery to receive him. Pilgrim, they discovered, was the one sitting in the carriage. Facing him, our Idiot said, giggling, "Elder Brother, you've acquired your true form!" Pilgrim descended from the carriage and took hold of Eight Rules, asking, "What do you mean?"

Eight Rules replied, "You have a yellow umbrella above you, and your carriage is borne by eight carriers. Don't these betoken the office of Monkey King? That's why I said you've acquired your true form."

"Don't make fun of me!" said Pilgrim. He untied the two fiendish creatures so that they could be taken to see the king. "Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "please take us along."

"But you should stay here to guard the luggage and the horse," said Pilgrim. One of the priests who were still cangued and locked said, "Let the fathers go to enjoy imperial favor. We will remain here to watch your things."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "let us go report to the king first. Then we'll come to free you."

Eight Rules grabbed one of the fiendish thieves, while Sha Monk took hold of the other; the Great Sage Sun climbed into the carriage as before. The entire entourage returned to court with the fiendish thieves in custody.

In a moment, they arrived before the white jade steps to address the king:

"We've brought the fiendish thieves here."

Coming down from his dragon couch, the king led the Tang Monk and the various officials, both civil and military, to look at the fiends: one had pouchy jowls and black scales, a pointed mouth and sharp teeth, while the other had smooth skin and a huge belly, a large mouth and long whiskers. Though they had legs that could walk, they barely looked human. "Where are you from, monster-spirits," asked the king, "and in what year did you invade our domain to steal our treasure? How many thieves are there altogether, and what are their names? Make your confession, in truth and in detail."

The two fiends went to their knees before him (though their necks were dripping with blood, they did not seem to mind the pain), and made this confession:

*Three years ago,
On the first of the seventh month,
There was one All Saints Dragon King,
Who led many of his kindred
To settle southeast of this state
From here miles some one hundred.
His lagoon's called Green Wave;
His mountain, Scattered- Rock.
To him was born a daughter
Most pretty and seductive,
Who took a husband named Nine- Heads*

*Of magic powers matchless.
 Learning of your pagoda's treasure,
 He joined the Dragon King as bandits.
 First they sent down a bloody rainstorm;
 Then the pagoda's sâri they lifted.
 Now it lights up the dragon palace,
 Making bright days out of darkness.
 As well the princess plotted
 In deep and silent secret;
 She stole the Queen Mother's agaric,
 With which the lagoon's treasure she nourished.
 We two are no bandit leaders:
 The Dragon King sent only privates.
 Tonight we've been captured;
 Our confession's most honest.*

"If you have made your confession," said the king, "why don't you reveal your names?" One of the fiends said, "I'm called Busy Bubble, and he's called Bubble Busy. I'm a sheat fish spirit, and he's a black fish spirit."

The king instructed the Embroidered-Uniform Guard to jail them, after which he issued this decree:

"The monks of the Golden Light Monastery will be freed at once from their cangues and locks. Let the Court of Imperial Entertainments prepare a banquet quickly, and we will thank the sage monks in the Unicorn Hall for capturing these thieves. We will also discuss the matter of asking the sage monks to arrest the bandit chief."

The Court of Imperial Entertainments at once prepared a banquet composed of both vegetarian and meat dishes. After the king invited the Tang Monk and his three disciples to take their seats in the Unicorn Hall, he asked, "Sage Monk, what is your honored style?"

"The secular family of this humble cleric," replied the Tang Monk with folded hands, "goes by the name of Chen, and my religious name is Xuanzang. I also had bestowed on me the surname of Tang by my emperor, and my humble style is Tripitaka."

"And what are the honored styles of your noble disciples?" asked the king.

"My disciples are without styles," said Tripitaka. "The first one is called Sun Wukong; the second, Zhu Wuneng; and the third, Sha Wujing. These names were given by the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin of the South Sea. Since they made submission to this humble cleric and addressed me as master, I have also named Wukong Pilgrim. Wuneng I have named Eight Rules, and Wujing is now called Monk." When he finished speaking, the king asked Tripitaka to take the head table, Pilgrim Sun to take the side table to his left, and Zhu Eight Rules with Sha Monk to take the side table to his right. Spread upon the tables were all vegetarian foods, fruits, teas, and rice. Facing them, the king took the table that had on it meat dishes, while the rest of the civil and military officials occupied over a hundred tables down below, all with meat dishes. After the officials thanked the king and the disciples excused themselves to their master, they were all seated. The king lifted his cup, but Tripitaka dared not drink; only the three disciples accepted the seat-taking toast. From down below came the harmonious strains of pipes and strings provided by the Office of Music. Look at the appetite of Eight

Rules! It did not matter whether fruits or vegetables were set on the table; he wolfed them down and finished them all. A little while later, additional soup and rice were brought to him, and these he also cleaned up completely. When the wine stewards came by, he never once refused the cup. And so, this banquet lasted well past the hour of noon before it ended.

As Tripitaka gave thanks for this lavish banquet, the king tugged at him to say, “This is merely to thank you for capturing the fiends.

Let’s change the banquet quickly to Jianzhang Palace, where we shall ask the sage monk for the plan to arrest the bandit chief and return the treasure to the pagoda.”

“If you want us to do that,” said Tripitaka, “there is no need for another banquet. All of us humble clerics will take leave of you, Your Majesty, and we shall go to capture the fiends.”

The king, however, would have none of it, and he insisted that they proceed to the Jianzhang Palace, where they were fêted once more. Raising a cup of wine, the king said, “Which one of you sage monks will lead the troops to go arrest the fiends?”

“We’ll send Sun Wukong our eldest disciple,” said Tripitaka, and the Great Sage saluted him with folded hands to signify his obedience. “If Elder Sun is willing to go,” said the king, “how many men and horses do you need? When do you want to leave the city?” No longer able to restrain himself, Eight Rules said in a loud voice, “Who needs men and horses! Who cares what time it is! While we are still full of wine and rice, let me go with Elder Brother. We’ll just stretch our hands and bring them back at once.”

Highly pleased, Tripitaka said, “You’re quite diligent nowadays, Eight Rules!”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “let Brother Sha Monk protect Master. We two will go.”

“If the two elders do not need men or horses,” said the king, “do you want any weapons?”

“The weapons that you have,” said Eight Rules, chuckling, “are of no use to us. We brothers have our own weapons that accompany us wherever we go.” On hearing this, the king asked for a large goblet of wine with which he wanted to send them off. “We won’t drink wine now,” said the Great Sage Sun, “but ask the Embroidered-Uniform Guard to bring out the two little fiends. We’ll take them along as informants.”

The king ordered them brought out at once; taking hold of the two fiends and mounting the wind, the two disciples employed the magic of traction to head for the southeast. Lo!

*When Ruler and subjects saw them mounting wind and fog,
They knew master and disciples to be sage monks.*

We do not know how they will capture the other monsters; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-THREE

*Two monks, quelling fiends, disturb the dragon palace
The sages, destroying deviates, acquire the treasures*

We were telling you about the king of the Sacrifice Kingdom and the various officials, both great and small. When they saw how the Great Sage Sun and Eight Rules mounted the wind and fog and glided away, each holding one of the little fiends, all those dukes and marquises bowed toward the sky, saying, "It's indeed the truth! Not until today did we realize that there *are* such immortals, such living Buddhas!" When the two disciples vanished from sight, the king then turned to thank Tripitaka and Sha Monk, saying, "This Solitary One is of fleshly eyes and mortal stock. We only thought that your worthy disciples had sufficient power to capture the fiendish thieves. Little did we realize that they are actually superior immortals who can ride the fog and mount the clouds!"

"This humble cleric," said Tripitaka, "has hardly any magic power, and he's dependent on these three lowly disciples throughout the journey." Sha Monk said, "To tell you the truth, Your Majesty, my Big Brother happens to be the converted Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. Once he caused great havoc in Heaven, using a golden-hooped rod, and among one hundred celestial warriors there was none who could withstand him. Even the Jade Emperor and Laozi were intimidated by him. My Second Elder Brother is none other than the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds who has embraced the right fruit. He used to command a mighty force of eighty thousand marines of the Celestial River. Compared with them, this disciple has very little magic power, but I, too, happen to be the Curtain-Raising Captain who has received the commandments. We brothers may not be very good at doing other things, but if you want something like catching fiends and binding monsters, seizing thieves and arresting fugitives, taming tigers and subduing dragons, kicking down Heaven and pulling up wells—including even stirring up seas and overturning rivers—we know a little of these. As for activities such as mounting the cloud and riding the fog, calling up rain and summoning wind, moving the stars and changing the dipper, poling the mountains to chase after the moon, they are simple matters, hardly worth mentioning." When the king heard this, he became even more respectful toward them; asking the Tang Monk to take the honored seat, he addressed him as "Venerable Buddha," while Sha Monk and his companions were given the title, "Bodhisattva."

The civil and military officials of the entire court were all delighted, while the people of the whole kingdom paid them homage, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We now tell you about the Great Sage Sun and Eight Rules who, astride the violent wind, brought the two young fiends to the Green Wave Lagoon at the Scattered-Rock Mountain. After they stopped their clouds, the Great Sage blew a mouthful of divine breath onto his golden-hooped rod, crying, "Change!" It changed at once into a ritual razor, with which he cut off the ears of the black fish spirit and the lower lip of the sheat fish spirit. After casting the fiends into the water, Pilgrim shouted to them, "Go quickly and make a report to that All Saints Dragon King. Tell him that his Venerable Father Sun the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has arrived. Tell him to bring out immediately the original treasure taken from the top of the Golden Light Monastery in

the Sacrifice Kingdom, and the lives of his whole family will be spared. If he but utters half a no, I'll clean out this lagoon, and everyone in his household, both old and young, will be executed!"

Those two little fiends were only too glad to have their lives back. Enduring their pain and dragging along their iron chains, they fled by darting into the water. The spirits of fishes, shrimps, crabs, sea turtles, iguanas, and huge tortoises were so startled that they swarmed around them and asked, "Why are you two draped with ropes and chains?" One of the two, hands still hugging the sides of his head, kept wagging his tail and shaking his head; the other one, holding his mouth, stamped his feet and beat his breast. In a noisy throng, they went up to the palace of the Dragon King and the two made this report:

"Great King, disaster!"

The All Saints Dragon King was just drinking wine with Nine-Heads, his son-in-law. When he saw them dashing in, he put down his glass and inquired about the disaster. "We were on patrol last night," said one of the two fiends, "when we were caught by the Tang Monk and Pilgrim Sun, who happened to be sweeping the pagoda. We were, in fact, bound by iron chains. This morning we were taken to see the king, after which that Pilgrim and Zhu Eight Rules hauled the two of us back here; one of us had his ears cut off and the other, his lower lip. They then threw us into the water and told us to make this report. They are demanding from us the treasure taken from the pagoda top." When they gave a thorough account of what had happened, and when the old dragon heard the name Pilgrim Sun, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, he was so terrified that his spirit fled his body and his soul floated up to the Ninefold Heaven.

Shaking all over, he said to Nine-Heads, "Oh, worthy son-in-law! It may be all right if another person shows up, but if it's he, then we're in a bad situation!"

"Relax, great father-in-law!" said the son-in-law with a laugh. "Since his youth your foolish son-in-law has mastered the rudiments of the martial arts. Within the four seas he has, moreover, met quite a few stalwart warriors. Why fear *him*? Let me go out now and fight three rounds with him. I promise you that that fellow will bow his head in submission, not daring even to look up!"

Dear fiend! He leaped up at once and put on his armor, picking up a weapon which had the name of crescent-tooth spade.

Striding out of the palace, he opened a path in the water and rose to the surface, crying, "What sort of Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, is here? Come over quickly and yield your life!" Standing on the shore, Pilgrim and Eight Rules stared at the monster-spirit to see how he was attired.

*He wore a bright silver helmet,
Its luster whiter than snow;
He had on a cuirass of steel
Luminous as autumn's frost,
Which topped a damask martial robe
Patterned like colored clouds enfolding jade.
His waist had a belt of rhinoceros grain,
Which seemed like a python spotted with gold.
His hands held the crescent-tooth spade
Flashing with beams of light;*

*His feet wore two pigskin boots
Which parted water and waves.
Seen from afar he had one head and one face;
Drawing near, he seemed human all around.
Eyes in front,
Eyes behind,
He could see all eight quarters.
A mouth on the left,
A mouth on the right,
Nine mouths talking at once!
One shout he gave and it shook the distant void,
As if a crane's cry had punctured the stars.*

When the monster-spirit found no reply, he shouted once more:

“Who is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?”

Giving his golden fillet a pinch and his iron rod a bounce, Pilgrim replied, “Old Monkey’s the person.”

The fiend asked, “Where do you live? Where did you come from originally? How did you get to the Sacrifice Kingdom to become the guard of the pagoda for that king? How dare you capture my captains and work further violence by provoking battle on my treasure mountain?”

“You thievish fiend!” scolded Pilgrim. “So, you don’t recognize your Grandfather Sun! Come up here and listen to my recital.

*Mount Flower- Fruit’s where old Monkey once had lived,
At the great ocean’s Water-Curtain Cave.
I’ve wrought a perfect body since my youth;
Emperor Jade made me Sage Equal-to- Heav’n.
When I caused great havoc in the Dipper Hall,
The gods in Heaven found me hard to beat.
The Buddha, asked to lend his wondrous might,
Used his boundless wisdom transcendently.
In a somersault wager—a test of might—
His hand formed a mountain to have me pressed
Beneath it till now, a full five hundred years.
My life was spared when Guanyin intervened:
Great Tang’s Tripitaka would go to the West
To seek on Spirit Mountain the Buddhist verse.
To give him protection I found release
And cultivation, purging imps and fiends.
At Sacrifice Kingdom of the West we met
Priests wrongly blamed, three generations all.
In mercy we inquired about the cause
And learned the pagoda had lost its light.
My master swept it to get to the truth:
The night reached third watch when all sounds had ceased,
We caught two monsters who at once confessed.
You all, they claimed, had the treasure stolen;*

*The gang of thieves e'en had a dragon king,
 To which a princess added her name, All Saints.
 By raining blood on the pagoda's beams,
 She took someone's treasure for her own use.
 That true statement before the court obtained,
 We sped to this place by the king's command
 That we might find you and provoke a fight.
 There's no need to ask for Father Sun's name.
 Return the treasure quickly to the king
 And we'll spare your kin's lives, both old and young.
 If you're so foolish as to want to strive,
 I'll drain your water, topple your mountain, and stamp you out!"*

When the son-in-law heard these words, he smiled scornfully and said, "So, you're a monk on your way to fetch scriptures. Don't you have anything more important to do than to meddle in someone's affairs? You're to seek your scriptures from Buddha, and I am the one who steals treasures. What has that to do with you? Why must you come here to fight with me?"

"This thievish fiend," said Pilgrim, "has very little understanding! Of course, I'm not a recipient of the king's favor, nor do I feed on his water or rice, and thus I'm not obliged to serve him. But you stole not only his treasure and defiled his pagoda, you also brought suffering to the priests of the Golden Light Monastery. They belong, after all, to the same community as we. How could I not exert my strength on their behalf and bring their injustice to light?"

"In that case," said the son-in-law, "you must want to do battle. As the proverb says, 'War is an unkindly act.' When I raise my hands, I fear I'll not spare you. I may take your life all of a sudden, and that may upset your scripture enterprise!"

Enraged, Pilgrim shouted, "You brazen thievish fiend! What power do you have that you dare mouth such big words? Come up here and have a taste of your father's rod!" Not in the least intimidated, the son-in-law parried the blow with his crescent-tooth spade; a marvelous battle thus broke out on top of that Scattered-Rock Mountain.

*Monsters stole treasures and the stupa grew dark.
 Pilgrim caught fiends and informed the king.
 Into the water two little fiends fled;
 The old dragon took counsel, all in dread.
 His son-in-law, Nine- Heads, would flaunt his might;
 He armed himself to go to show his power
 And roused the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven's ire,
 Whose iron rod, upraised, was hard and strong.
 That fiend
 Had on nine heads eighteen eyes
 All ablaze both back and front;
 This Pilgrim,
 Whose steely arms could raise a thousand pounds,
 Did spread auspicious rays around.
 The spade looked like the moon at the first stroke of yang;
 The rod seemed like frost flying o'er ten thousand miles.
 The rod met the spade as both strove to win,*

But none had yet won on this battlefield.

Charging back and forth, the two of them fought for more than thirty rounds but no decision could be reached.

Zhu Eight Rules was standing all this time before the mountain slope; he waited until the battle had reached its sweetest moment before he lifted high his muckrake and brought it down hard on the back of the monster-spirit. The fiend, you see, possessed nine heads, and on each one of them he had eyes that could see clearly. When he saw Eight Rules coming at him at the back, he immediately used the lower part of the spade to block the rake while the upper part parried the iron rod. They fought thus for another six or seven rounds when the monster could no longer withstand the double offensive, front and back. He somersaulted at once into the air and changed into his original form: it was a nine-headed insect, exceedingly ugly and ferocious. Look at his appearance! You'd be scared to death! He had

*Feathers like brocade spread out,
A stoutish body with curly fleece.
His size, at least twelve feet in length—
A shape like the turtle's or iguana's.
His two feet were pointed and sharp like hooks;
Nine heads joined together to form a ring.
He could fly so well when he spread his wings
That e'en the roc was no match for his strength.
Crying out he could shake the Heaven's edge,
Able to call louder than a mythic crane.
With eyes flashing beams of golden light,
Not like the common bird's his was a proud sight.*

Horried by what he saw, Eight Rules cried, "Elder Brother! I've never seen such a vicious thing in all my life! Which creature of blood and breath would bring forth a beast like this?"

"It's rare! It's rare, all right!" replied Pilgrim. "Let me get up there to strike him."

Dear Great Sage! Quickly mounting the auspicious cloud, he leaped into the air and aimed a blow of his iron rod at the creature's heads. To display his abilities, that fiendish creature spread his wings and flew to one side. Rolling over, he suddenly darted down the side of the mountain as another head popped out from the middle of his torso. A huge, gaping mouth like a butcher bowl caught hold of Eight Rules's bristles with one bite. Tugging and pulling his victim, he hauled him into the water of the Green Wave Lagoon. When he reached the dragon palace, he changed back into his previous form and threw Eight Rules on the ground. "Little ones, where are you?" he cried. Those spirits of mackerels, culters, carps, and perches along with the turtle, iguana, and sea turtle fiends all surged forward, shouting, "We're here!"

"Take this priest," said the son-in-law, "and tie him up over there. I want to avenge our soldiers who were sent on patrol."

The raucous mob of spirits carried Eight Rules inside as a delighted old dragon king came out saying, "Worthy son-in-law, you've made great merit! How did you manage to capture him?"

After the son-in-law gave a thorough account of what took place, the old dragon immediately ordered a banquet to celebrate this victory, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim Sun, who was quite dismayed when he saw how Eight Rules had been captured by the monster-spirit.

“This is a formidable fellow!” he thought to himself. “I would like to go back to see Master in the court, but I’m afraid the king would laugh at me. If I make noises to provoke battle again, I’ll have to face them single-handedly. Moreover, I’m not used to doing business in water. I’d better transform myself to go inside and see what that fiend is going to do to Idiot. If there’s a chance, I’ll smuggle him out again so that we may proceed with our business.”

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he shook his body, changed into a crab to splash into the water, and went before the towered gateway. This was a familiar way to him, you see, for he had traveled it before when he spied on the Bull Demon King and stole his golden-eye beast. After he crawled sideways through the arch, Pilgrim saw inside the old Dragon King drinking merrily with the nine-headed insect and other members of their family. Not daring to go near them, Pilgrim crawled over to the east corridor where there were several shrimp and crab spirits frolicking. After he had listened to their chatter for awhile, Pilgrim imitated their manner of speech and asked, “That priest with a long snout caught by our venerable son-in-law, has he died?”

“Not yet,” the spirits replied. “The one tied up in the west corridor and moaning, isn’t he the one?” On hearing this, Pilgrim crawled silently over to the west corridor, and indeed he discovered our Idiot bound to a pillar and moaning.

“Eight Rules,” whispered Pilgrim as he approached him, “you recognize me?” When Eight Rules heard the voice, he knew it was Pilgrim and said, “Elder Brother, what shall we do? I’ve been caught by this fellow instead!” When Pilgrim glanced around and saw no one, he snapped the ropes with his claws and told Eight Rules to leave. After he was freed, Idiot said, “Elder Brother, my weapon was taken by him. What are we to do?”

“Do you know where he has put it?” asked Pilgrim, and Eight Rules replied, “It must have been taken up to the main hall by that fiend.” Pilgrim said to him, “Go beneath the towered gateway and wait for me.”

Fleeing for his life, Eight Rules slipped out quietly, while Pilgrim turned and crawled up to the main hall once more. A luminous object he saw on the left side was actually the rake of Eight Rules. Using the magic of Body Concealment, he stole it and went to the towered gateway. “Eight Rules, take your weapon,” he said.

After Idiot took the rake, he said, “Elder Brother, you leave first and let old Hog fight his way into the palace. If I win, I’ll seize their entire family. If I’m defeated, I’ll flee outside and you can come to my assistance by the edge of the lagoon.”

Highly pleased, Pilgrim told him to be careful. “No fear,” said Eight Rules, “for I do have some abilities in water.” Pilgrim left him and swam back to the surface of the water.

Straightening out his black cotton shirt and gripping his rake with both hands, our Eight Rules gave a shout and fought his way into the palace. Those aquatic relatives, both young and old, were so startled that they dashed up to the main hall,

screaming, “It’s terrible! That long-snout priest has broken out of the ropes and he’s attacking us!”

The old dragon, the nine-headed insect, and their family members were hardly prepared for this; jumping up, they scattered in every direction and tried to hide themselves. Our Idiot, however, had no regard for life or death; crashing into the main hall, he wielded his rake to fracture doors, demolish tables and chairs, and shatter all those drinking utensils. We have for him a testimonial poem, and the poem says:

*Wood Mother was caught by a water fiend;
Mind Monkey, unyielding, searched hard for him
And used a clever trick to pick the lock.
They then displayed their power and deepest ire.
The son-in-law with his princess quickly hid;
The Dragon King fell silent in fear and dread.
As palatial arches and windows broke up,
Dragon sons and grandsons all lost their wits.*

This time the tortoise-shelled screens were pulverized by Eight Rules and the coral plants were smashed to pieces. After he had safely hidden the princess inside, the nine-headed insect grabbed his crescent-tooth spade to rush back to the front palace, shouting, “Lawless swine! How dare you be so insolent as to frighten my kin?”

“You thievish fiend!” scolded Eight Rules. “How dare you capture me? It’s not my fault now! It’s *you* who have invited me to bust up your household. Return the treasures quickly so that I can go back to see the king. That’ll be the end of it. Otherwise, I’ll definitely not spare the lives of your entire family!”

The fiend, of course, was not about to yield. Clenching his teeth, he plunged into battle with Eight Rules. Only then did the old dragon manage to collect himself sufficiently to lead his son and grandson, armed with scimitars and spears, to mount an attack also. When Eight Rules saw that the tide was turning against him, he dealt a weak blow with his rake before turning to flee, followed by the old dragon and his companions. In a moment, they all darted out of the water, bobbing up and down on the surface of the lagoon.

We tell you now about Pilgrim Sun, who stood waiting on the shore. When all at once he saw Eight Rules leaving the water, chased by his opponents, he quickly rose on cloud and fog and wielded his iron rod, crying, “Don’t run away!” One blow and the old dragon’s head was all smashed up. Alas!

*As blood spilled in the lagoon, red water swelled.
The corpse floated on the waves with dying scales.*

The dragon son and grandson were so terrified that they all fled for their lives. Only the son-in-law, Nine-Heads, retrieved the corpse and retreated to the palace.

Pilgrim and Eight Rules, however, did not give chase immediately; they went back to the shore instead to talk about what had happened. “This fellow’s will to fight has been blunted now,” said Eight Rules. “With my rake, I fought my way in and caused tremendous wreckage. They were frightened out of their wits. I was just fighting with that son-in-law when the old dragon chased me out. It was a good thing that you beat him to death. When they get back inside, they will undoubtedly prepare for mourning and the funeral, and they certainly will not come out again. It’s getting late also. What shall we do?”

"Why worry about the time?" said Pilgrim. "You should make use of this opportunity and go down to attack them once more. We must recover the treasure before we can return to the court." Our Idiot, however, had turned slothful and indolent, refusing to go with all sorts of excuses. "Brother," urged Pilgrim, "there's no need for all your deliberations. Just entice them to come as before and I'll attack them."

As the two were conversing like that, they suddenly saw a vast expanse of dark fog moved by a churning, violent gale from the east toward the south. When Pilgrim took a more careful look, he found that it was Erlang of Illustrious Sagacity traveling with the Six Brothers of Plum Mountain.

Leading hawks and hounds, they were also poling foxes, hares, deer, and antelopes. Each of them had a curved bow dangling from his waist and a sharp blade in his hand as they sped forward astride the wind and fog. "Eight Rules," said Pilgrim, "those seven sages happen to be my bond-brothers. We should detain them and ask them to help us do battle. If we succeed, it'll be a wonderful opportunity for us."

"If they're your brothers," replied Eight Rules, "we should indeed ask them to stay."

"But they have in their midst Big Brother Illustrious Sagacity," said Pilgrim, "who once defeated me. I'm a little embarrassed about showing myself abruptly to him. Why don't you block the path of their clouds and say, 'Lord Immortal, please stop for a moment. The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, is here to pay you respect.' When he hears that I'm here, he will certainly stop. When he settles down, it'll be easier for me to see him." Our Idiot indeed mounted the clouds and rose quickly to the peak of the mountain. "Lord Immortal," he cried with a loud voice, "please slow your horses and chariots. The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, wishes to see you." On hearing this, that holy father gave the order for the six brothers to stop. After they met Eight Rules, he asked, "Where is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?"

Eight Rules said, "He awaits your summons below there in the mountain."

"Brothers," said Erlang, "please invite him to come here."

The six brothers, being Kang, Zhang, Rao, Li, Guo, and Zhi, all ran out of the camp and cried, "Elder Brother Sun Wukong, Big Brother requests your presence." Pilgrim went forward and, after he greeted each of them, they went up the mountain together. He was met by the Holy Father Erlang, who extended his hands to him and said, "Great Sage, you were delivered from the great ordeal and received the commandments in the Gate of Sand. The days may be counted when your merit will be achieved and you will ascend your lotus throne. You are to be congratulated!"

"Hardly," said Pilgrim. "I received great kindness from you in the past, and I have yet to repay you. Though I have been delivered from my ordeal and am now journeying toward the West, I have no idea what sort of merit I shall accomplish. We are passing through at this moment the Sacrifice Kingdom, and in order to rescue some priests from their calamity, we have come here to capture fiends and demand the return of a treasure. By accident we saw the noble entourage of Elder Brother, and we make bold to request your assistance. We have no knowledge as to where you have come from or whether you will be pleased to grant us our wish."

"Because I had nothing to do," said Erlang with a smile, "I went hunting with the brothers, from which we were just returning. The Great Sage is most kind in asking us to stop, which is ample proof of how greatly he cherishes an old friend. If you want

me to help you defeat some fiends, dare I not obey you? But what fiendish thieves are occupying this region?"

"You must have quite forgotten, Big Brother," said one of the six sages. "This is the Scattered-Rock Mountain, and below it is the Green Wave Lagoon, the dragon palace of All Saints." Somewhat startled, Erlang said, "But the old dragon All Saints doesn't cause any trouble. How would he dare steal a pagoda treasure?"

"He recently took in a son-in-law," said Pilgrim, "a nine-headed insect who had become a spirit. The two of them conspired together as thieves and brought down a rain shower of blood on the Sacrifice Kingdom, after which they took away the śarīra Buddhist treasure on top of the Golden Light Monastery. Not perceiving the truth of the matter, the king bitterly persecuted and tortured the priests of that monastery instead. My master in mercy was moved to sweep the pagoda during the night, during which I caught two small fiends on the top. They were sent there on patrol, and when we took them into court this morning, they made an honest confession. The king therefore asked our master to subdue the fiends, and that was how we were sent here. During our first encounter, Eight Rules was hauled away by that nine-headed insect when an additional head popped out of his torso. I went into the water by means of transformation and managed to rescue Eight Rules. We had another fierce battle when I slew the old dragon, whose corpse was taken away by that fellow and his cohorts. We were just in the midst of discussing how to provoke battle again when you and your noble companions arrived. Hence our imposition on you."

"If you did smite the old dragon," said Erlang, "this is the best time to attack them. They'll not be prepared, and we can exterminate the whole nest of them."

"That may be so," said Eight Rules, "but after all, it's getting late now."

Erlang replied, "As the military theorist says, 'An army does not wait for the times.' Why worry about how late it is?" Kang, one of the brothers, spoke up:

"There's no hurry, Big Brother. Since his family members live here, that fellow is not about to run away. Now, since Second Elder Brother Sun is our honored guest, and since Stiff Bristles Hog also has returned to the right fruit, we should have a party right now, especially when we have brought wine and food along to our camp. The little ones can start a fire and we can set it up right at this place. We may toast the two of them and enjoy a nice visit together this evening. By morning, we can then provoke battle, and there'll be still plenty of time."

Exceedingly pleased, Erlang said, "Our worthy brother has spoken well!" and he gave the order at once for the little ones to prepare the banquet. "We dare not decline the noble sentiments of all of you," said Pilgrim, "but since becoming priests, we have been observing the dietary laws. I hope we'll not cause any inconvenience."

"But we do have fruits and the like," replied Erlang, "and even our wines are dietary."

And so, by the light of the moon and the stars, the brothers lifted their cups in friendship, using Heaven as their tent and Earth as their mat.

Truly the lonely watches are long, but a happy night is all too short. Soon, the east turned pale with light. A few goblets of wine had given Eight Rules enormous inspiration, and rousing himself, he said, "It's about dawn. Let old Hog go into the water to provoke battle."

“Do be careful, Marshal,” said Erlang. “Just trick him into coming out and we brothers will do our part.”

“I know! I know!” said Eight Rules, laughing. Look at him! Tightening his clothes and gripping the rake, he used the water-division magic and leaped down there. The moment he arrived before the towered gateway, he gave a shout and fought into the palace hall.

At the time, the dragon son, having draped himself with a mourning gown of hemp, was standing guard over his father’s corpse and weeping. The dragon grandson and that son-in-law were busily preparing a coffin in the back. Shouting abuses, our Eight Rules rushed forward and his upraised hands delivered a heavy blow with his rake. Nine gaping holes at once appeared on the head of that dragon son. The dragon dame was so aghast that she ran madly inside, wailing, “That long-snout monk has killed my son also!” When he heard this, the son-in-law immediately took up his crescent-tooth spade and led the dragon grandson out to do battle. Lifting his rake to oppose them, our Eight Rules fought as he retreated, and soon they arrived on the surface of the water. All at once, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven and the seven brothers swarmed all over them, and in no time at all, the showering blows of swords and spears reduced the dragon grandson to a few meat patties.

When that son-in-law saw that things were going badly, he rolled on the ground immediately and changed back into his original form. Spreading his wings, he soared into the air. Erlang took out his golden bow, affixed a silver pellet, and sent it hurtling toward the insect. The fiend quickly flapped his wings and darted down, wanting to bite Erlang. Just when another head popped out from the middle of his torso, however, the small hound of Erlang leaped into the air with a terrific bark and bit it clean off. In great pain, the fiend fled toward the north sea. Eight Rules was about to give chase, but he was stopped by Pilgrim, who said, “Let’s not follow him.

As the proverb has it, ‘The desperate fugitive should not be chased.’ One of his heads has been bitten off by the small hound, and it’s unlikely that he’ll survive. Let me change into his appearance instead, and you open up a path in the water. Chase me into his palace.

After we find the princess, we can wangle back the treasure.”

Erlang said, “I suppose it’s all right that we don’t track him down. But if this kind of creature remains in the world, it will undoubtedly bring great harm to people in posterity.”

Thus we have even today the blood-dripping nine-headed insect, which is, in fact, the descendant of that creature.

Eight Rules, meanwhile, agreed to what Pilgrim told him and opened up a path in the water. Pilgrim, having changed into the appearance of the fiend, ran ahead while Eight Rules followed behind, shouting and hollering. As they drew near the dragon palace, they were met by the princess All Saints, who asked, “Son-in-law, why are you in such a panic?”

“That Eight Rules has defeated me,” replied Pilgrim, “and is chasing me here. I don’t think I can resist him anymore. You’d better hide the treasures quickly.” In such a hurry the princess, of course, could not distinguish truth from falsehood. She immediately took out from the rear hall a golden box to hand over to Pilgrim, saying, “This is the Buddhist treasure.”

After that, she took out also a white jade box and gave it to Pilgrim, saying, "This is the nine-leaf divine agaric. You take these treasures and hide them. Let me battle Zhu Eight Rules for a few rounds just to slow him down. After you have put away the treasures, you can come out and fight with him again."

Having taken over the boxes, Pilgrim gave his face a wipe and changed back into his original form, saying, "Princess, take a good look and see if I'm the son-in-law!"

Thoroughly shaken, the princess tried to make a grab for the boxes, but Eight Rules rushed in and one blow of the rake on her shoulder sent her to the ground.

There was only an old dragon dame left; she turned and tried to flee, only to be caught hold of by Eight Rules. He was about to hit her with the rake, too, but was stopped by Pilgrim, who said, "Wait a moment. Let's not kill her. We should take a live one back to the capital so that we may announce our merit."

Eight Rules, therefore, dragged her up to the surface of the water, followed by Pilgrim holding the two boxes. He said to Erlang, "We're indebted to the authority and power of Elder Brother. We have recovered the treasures and wiped out the fiendish thieves."

Erlang said, "We owe this rather to the excellent luck of the king in the first place, and to the boundless magic power of you two worthy brothers in the second. What have I done?"

His brothers also said, "Since Second Elder Brother Sun has accomplished his merit, we should leave at once." Pilgrim could not stop thanking them; he would have liked to get them to go see the king, but they steadfastly refused. The sages thus left and returned to the River of Libation.

Pilgrim took up the boxes while Eight Rules dragged along the dragon dame; moving midway between cloud and fog, they reached the kingdom in an instant. Those priests who had been freed in the Golden Light Monastery, you see, were waiting outside the city.

When they saw the two of them stopping their cloud and fog, they went forward, bowing, to receive them into the city. At that time, the king and the Tang Monk were conversing. Forcing himself to be bold, one of the monks ran ahead and went into the gate of the court to memorialize:

"Your Majesty, the two venerable fathers, Sun and Zhu, have returned, bringing with them the treasures and the thief." On hearing this, the king left the hall quickly with the Tang Monk and Sha Monk. As he met the two disciples and praised them repeatedly for their divine merit, he also gave the command that a thanksgiving banquet be prepared. "There's no need for you to bestow on us food and drink as yet," said Tripitaka. "Let my humble disciples restore the treasure to the pagoda first. Then we may drink and feast."

He then turned to Pilgrim to ask, "You two left the kingdom yesterday. How was it that you did not return until today?" Whereupon Pilgrim gave a detailed account of how they fought with the son-in-law and the Dragon King, how they met the lord immortal, how they defeated the monster-spirits, and how they finally wangled the treasures. Tripitaka, the king, and all his civil and military officials could not have been more pleased.

“Does the dragon dame know human speech?” asked the king. Eight Rules said, “She is the wife of the Dragon King who has given birth to many sons and grandsons. How could she not know human speech?”

“If she does,” said the king, “let her give us a complete account of the robbery.”

The dragon dame said, “I know nothing of stealing the Buddhist treasure. It was entirely the work of my deceased husband and our son-in-law, Nine-Heads. When they discovered that the radiance on top of your pagoda was emitted by a Buddhist relic, they brought down a rain shower of blood three years ago and therewith stole the treasure.”

“How did you steal the divine agaric plant?” asked the king. The dragon dame said, “That was the work of my daughter, Princess All Saints, who sneaked into Heaven and stole from before the Hall of Divine Mists the nine-leaf divine agaric planted by the Lady Queen Mother of the West. Nourished by the divine breath of this plant, the śarīra would remain indestructible for a thousand years and luminous in all ages. Even if you just wave it slightly on the ground or in the fields, it will emit myriad shafts of colored rays and a thousand strands of auspicious beams. Now you have seized these things, and moreover, you have slaughtered my husband and my sons, you have done away with my son-in-law and my daughter. I beg you to spare my life.”

“We’re not about to spare *you*, of all persons!” said Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, “Guilt cannot be borne by an entire family. We’ll spare you. But you are required to be the perpetual guardian of the pagoda for us.”

“Even a good death is not as good as a wretched existence!” replied the dragon dame. “If you spare my life, you can do whatever you please with me.” Pilgrim at once asked for an iron chain. After the attendant before the throne brought it out, Pilgrim pierced the lute bone of the dragon dame with the chain before saying to Sha Monk, “Invite the king to witness how we secure the pagoda.”

Hurriedly asking for his carriage, the king left the court hand in hand with Tripitaka. Accompanied by many civil and military officials, they went to the Golden Light Monastery and ascended the pagoda. The śarīra was placed carefully inside a treasure vase on the thirteenth floor of the pagoda, while the dragon dame was chained to a pillar in the center. Pilgrim recited the magic words to summon together the local spirit of the capital, the city deity, and the guardian spirits of that monastery. Food and drink were to be brought to the dragon dame once every three days, they were told, but if she ever dared misbehave, she would be executed at once. The various gods obeyed in silence. The Pilgrim used the agaric plant as a broom and swept each of the thirteen layers of the pagoda clean before returning it to the vase to nourish the śarīra. Thus it was the old had become the new once more, with myriad shafts of colored beams and a thousand strands of auspicious air. Once more the eight quarters could witness the radiance, and the four surrounding nations could wonder at the treasure. After they walked out of the pagoda’s door, the king said, “If the old Buddha and the three Bodhisattvas had not come this way, how could we ever get to the bottom of this affair?”

“Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim, “the two words, Golden Light, are not the best, for neither of these is a thing of permanence. Gold, after all, is an unstable substance, and light is air that flickers. Since this humble priest has already exerted such efforts for you, he would suggest that you change the monastery’s name to Dragon-Subduing Monastery. It will last forever, I assure you.”

At once the king ordered the name be changed, and a new plaque, bearing the words Dragon-Subduing Monastery Built by Imperial Command, was hung across the main gate in front. He asked for an imperial banquet also and for the painter to make portraits of the four pilgrims.

Their names, too, were recorded in the Five-Phoenix Tower. Thereafter, the king took the pilgrims personally in his own carriage out of the city to see them off. When they were offered gold and jade as a reward, master and disciples refused to take even a penny. Truly it was that

Fiends extirpated, all realms are cleansed;

The pagoda light's restored, the great earth is bright.

Then they departed. We do not know what their journey ahead will be like; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-FOUR

*At Bramble Ridge Wuneng exerted great effort
At Shrine of Sylvan Immortals Tripitaka discusses poetry*

We were telling you about the king of the Sacrifice Kingdom, who expressed his thanks to Tripitaka Tang and his disciples for recovering the treasure and capturing the fiends by offerings of jade and gold to them, which they refused to accept. The king therefore ordered the attendant before the throne to have two suits of clothing made for each of the pilgrims, according to the style that they had been wearing. Two pairs of shoes and socks and two silk sashes were also made for each person. In addition to these, dried goods—both baked and roasted foods—were also prepared. After their travel rescript had been certified, the king called for the imperial cortege; many civil and military officials, the people of the entire capital, and the monks of the Dragon-Subduing Monastery followed him to send the four out of the city, accompanied by the sonorous sounds of pipes and drums. When they had gone for some twenty miles, they took leave of the king first, while the rest of the officials and people retired after another twenty miles. Those priests from the Dragon-Subduing Monastery, however, refused to turn back even after walking with the pilgrims for some fifty or sixty miles, a few insisting that they would travel with the pilgrims to the Western Heaven, and a few others saying that they would practice austerities while serving the pilgrims on their way. When Pilgrim saw that none of them was willing to turn back, he had to use his magic. Pulling off some thirty strands of his hair, he blew a mouthful of divine breath on them, crying, “Change!”

They changed at once into a herd of ferocious striped tigers, prowling and growling, which had the main road completely blocked. Only then did these monks become frightened and dared not proceed, so that the Great Sage could tell his master to urge his horse forward. In a little while, they faded in the distance, and the monks burst into loud wailing, all crying, “Most gracious and kind fathers! You’re unwilling to save us because we have no affinity!” Leaving those monks behind, we tell you instead about the master and his three disciples who headed toward the West. Only after they had gone for quite a distance did Pilgrim retrieve his hairs. Truly the seasons were quick to change, and soon it was the end of winter and the beginning of spring. Neither too hot nor too cold, it was a pleasant time to travel. As they walked along, they came upon a long ridge over which the main road had to pass. When Tripitaka reined in his horse to look at the place, he saw that the ridge was covered with brambles and clogged with creepers and vines. Though there was a faint trace of the road, it was flanked by the prickly thorns of brambles crowding in from left and right. “Disciples,” the Tang Monk called out, “how could we walk through this road?”

“Why not?” asked Pilgrim.

“Oh, disciples!” said the Tang Monk. “Below’s the faded path; above are the brambles. Only reptiles or insects creeping on the ground can get through. Even for you, it means walking while bending double. How could I possibly stay on horseback?”

“Don’t worry,” said Eight Rules. “Let me show you my ability to rake firewood and spread open the brambles for you. Don’t speak of riding a horse. Even if you were to ride a carriage, you would be able to get through.”

“Though you may have the strength,” said Tripitaka, “you can’t last over a long distance. I wonder how wide this ridge is. Where can we find the energy?” Pilgrim replied, “No need to discuss this anymore. Let me go and have a look.”

He leaped into the air and what he saw was an endless stretch. Truly

*They cloak the earth and fade into the sky,
They gather mist and hold up rain—
These soft, disheveled mats flanking the road,
These jade-green tops shading the mount.
Dense and luxuriant the newly sprouted leaves;
Rank and prolific they thrive and bloom.
They seem from a distance to have no end;
Close up they look like a vast green cloud.
Furry and lush,
In fresh dark green,
They rustle loudly in the wind
As the bright sun makes them glow.
In their midst are pines, cedars, and bamboos;
Many plums, willows, and mulberries even more.
Creepers wind around old trees
And wisteria, the drooping willows.
Laced together like a prop,
They seem like a matted cot.
There are flowers blooming like brocade,
And wild buds send fragrance far away.
Which man has not met some brambles during his life?
Who has e’er seen such vast thickets of the West?*

After he had stared at the region for a long time, Pilgrim lowered his cloud and said, “Master, this ridge is enormous!”

“How enormous is it?” asked Tripitaka. “I can’t see the end of it,” replied Pilgrim. “It seems to be at least a thousand miles long.”

Horried, Tripitaka said, “What shall we do?”

“Please don’t worry, Master,” said Sha Monk with a laugh. “Let’s follow the example of those who burn off the land and set fire to the brambles so that you may pass through.”

“Stop babbling!” said Eight Rules. “To burn off the land, you must do it around the time of the tenth month when the vegetation has dried up and is readily ignitable. Right now it is growing luxuriantly. How could it be burned?”

“Even if you could,” added Pilgrim, “the flame would be quite terrifying.”

“How are we to get across then?” asked Tripitaka.

“If you want to get across,” said Eight Rules with a laugh, “you’ll have to do as I say!”

Dear Idiot! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and gave his torso a stretch, crying, “Grow!”

At once he reached the height of some two hundred feet. Shaking his muckrake, he cried, “Change!” and the handle of the rake attained the length of some three hundred feet. In big strides, he walked forward and, his two hands wielding the rake, pushed away the brambles left and right. “Let Master follow me!” he said, and a highly pleased Tripitaka quickly urged his horse forward, followed by Sha Monk poling the luggage and Pilgrim, also using his iron rod to clear up the path.

That whole day they did not rest at all and journeyed for some one hundred miles. By evening they arrived at a small clearing, where they came upon a stone monument. On top were inscribed in large letters the words, Bramble Ridge. Down below there were two rows of smaller characters, which read:

*Eight hundred miles of brambles intertwined,
A road that few since days of old have trod.*

When Eight Rules saw the monument, he said, laughing, “Let old Hog add two more lines to the inscription:

*But now Eight Rules’s able to clear a path
Straight to the West, which is level and broad.”*

Delighted, Tripitaka dismounted and said, “Oh, disciple! We’ve tired you out! Let’s spend the night here, and we’ll journey again when it’s light tomorrow.”

“Don’t stop now, Master,” said Eight Rules. “While the sky is still fair and we’re inspired, we should clear the path right through the night and get on with it!”

The elder had to comply.

Eight Rules went forward and again made a great effort; with the rider not resting his hands and the horse not stopping its trotting, master and disciples journeyed for one whole night and another day. Once more it was getting late, but what lay before them was a bosky sight. They also heard the song of wind-whipped bamboos and the sound of rustling pines as they came upon another stretch of clearing, in the center of which was an old shrine. There, outside the door, were pines and cedars arrested in green, peaches and plums vying to display their beauty.

After he dismounted, Tripitaka and his three disciples looked around. What they saw was

*An old shrine atop a cool stream before the cliff,
And desolate grounds, mist-wrapped, met one’s eye.
For clumps of sāla trees long years had passed;
A mossed-terrace stood there as seasons went by.
Like swaying jade the bamboos seemed to speak,
And grief was told by a bird’s fading cry.
Scant traces of man, or of beast and fowl;
Just wild blooms and creepers on walls most high.*

After he had surveyed the region, Pilgrim said, “This place portends more evil than good. We shouldn’t stay here long.”

“Elder Brother, aren’t you overly suspicious?” asked Sha Monk. “There’s not even a trace of humans here, let alone of a weird beast or a fiendish bird. What’s there to be afraid of?”

He had hardly finished speaking when a gust of cold wind brought out from behind the shrine door an old man. He had on his head a square turban, a simple robe on

his body, a cane in his hand, and a pair of straw sandals on his feet. He was followed by a demon attendant who had a red beard and a scarlet body, a green face with jutting tusks, and who had on his head a platter of wheat cakes. Going to his knees, the old man said, "Great Sage, this humble deity is the local spirit of the Bramble Ridge. Having learned of your arrival, I have little to offer you except this platter of specially prepared steamed cakes. I present this to all of you venerable masters and ask you to have a meal. Throughout this region of eight hundred miles, there is no human household. So, please take some cakes for the relief of your hunger."

Delighted, Eight Rules walked forward with outstretched hands and was about to take one of the cakes. Pilgrim, however, who had had the old man under scrutiny for some time, shouted immediately, "Stop! This isn't a good fellow! Don't you dare be impudent! What sort of a local spirit are you that you dare come to deceive old Monkey? Watch my rod!" When the old man saw him attacking, he spun around and at once changed into a gust of cold wind. With a loud whoosh, it swept the elder high into the air. Tumbling over and over, he soon vanished from sight. The Great Sage was so taken aback that he did not know how to begin to search for his master, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk stared at each other, paling with consternation. Even the white horse neighed in fear. The four of them, three brothers and the horse, seemed to be in a trance; they looked far and near but there was not a trace of their master. We shall leave them there, busily searching.

We tell you now instead about that old man and his demon attendant, who hauled the elder before a mist-shrouded stone house and then lowered him gently. Taking the hand of the elder, the old man said, "Holy monk, please don't be afraid. We are not bad people.

I'm actually the Squire Eight-and-Ten of Bramble Ridge. Since ours happens to be a night of clear breeze and bright moonlight, I have brought you here especially to meet a few friends and to talk about poetry, just to spend a pleasant moment of leisure." Only then did the elder manage to collect himself. As he glanced about carefully, this was truly what he found:

*A haunt of misty clouds obscure,
A house in scenes divinely pure,
Good for keeping the self pure in training,
For flower and bamboo planting.
Cranes on verdant cliffs will be seen;
Frogs croak from ponds lovely and green.
Tiantai's magic hearth it surpasses,
Brighter than Mount Hua's air masses.
Fishing and plowing need we mention?
Worthy is this place of reclusion.
Sit still and your thoughts turn serene
As faint moonlight ascends the screen.*

As Tripitaka enjoyed the scenery, he felt that the moon and the stars grew even brighter. Then he heard voices, all saying, "Squire Eight-and-Ten has succeeded in inviting the holy monk here." When the elder raised his head, he saw three old men: the first bore frostlike features, the second had flowing green hair and beard, and the third was meek-mannered and dark colored. They each had different looks and different garments, and they all came to salute Tripitaka. Returning their bows, the elder said,

“What merit or virtue does this disciple possess that he should win such kind attention from these aged immortals?”

“We have always heard,” replied Squire Eight-and-Ten with a smile, “that the holy monk is possessed of the Way. Having waited for you for a long time, we are fortunate indeed to be able to meet you now. If you are willing to share with us the pearl and jade of your wisdom, we beg you to sit and chat with us, as we long to know the true teachings, the mysteries of Chan.”

Again bending low, Tripitaka said, “May I ask the honorable styles of the aged immortals?”

“The one with the frostlike features,” replied Squire Eight-and-Ten, “is called Squire Lonesome Rectitude. The green-haired one has the name of Master Void-Surmounting, and the humble one goes by the title of Cloud-Brushing Dean. This old moron bears the name of Knotty Virtue.”

“And what is the honorable age of the immortals?” asked Tripitaka.

Squire Lonesome Rectitude said,

*My age has a thousand years attained:
Dense leaves, ever young, reach toward the sky.
Thick, fragrant boughs shaped like dragons and snakes;
A frame of luscious shade frost and snow did try.
Hardy since childhood and not worn by time,
E'er upright, I on magic arts rely.
The phoenix, no common bird, finds shelter here—
Lush and lofty, from this world's dust raised high.*

Smiling, Master of Void-Surmounting said,

*A thousand years old, I've braved wind and frost
With tall, spiritual stems by nature strong.
My sounds hum like rain in a quiet night;
My shade spreads cloudlike all autumn day long.
My roots are coiled for endless life I've known;
I've been taught of eternal youth the song.
My guests are cranes and dragons, no worldly life.
Vibrantly green, with gods I dwell along.*

Smiling, Cloud-Brushing Dean said,

*A thousand cold winters I, too, have passed:
Old but cheerful, my form's both pure and quaint.
Aloof, I shun mixing with worldly dust and noise,
Still romantic though by frost and snow untaint.
Seven Worthies are my friends of the Way;
Six Hermits would join me in verse to paint.
Not ditties or jingles, we make noble rhymes.
I am by nature friend of long-life saints.*

Smiling, Knotty Virtue, Squire Eight-and-Ten, said,

*I, too, am over a thousand years old.
Still fair and true, I am naturally green.
My strength is lovely, born of dew and rain;*

*The world's creative mystery I did glean.
 Only I thrive in all gorges' mist and wind;
 In all four climes none's more than I serene.
 I spread a hood of jade to shade my guests,
 Discussing Dao or with lute and chess are seen.*

Thanking them, Tripitaka said, "All four of you immortals are enjoying long life. Why, Master Knotty Virtue is more than a thousand years old! Having attained the Way at such an advanced age, and blessed with such extraordinary and refined features, could you be the Four White-Haired Ones of the Han?"

"You praise us far too much!" replied the four old men together. "We are not the Four White-Haired Ones, but only the Four Disciplined Ones deep in the mountain. May we ask in turn the holy monk for his age?" With hands folded before his chest and bowing, Tripitaka replied:

*I left mother's womb forty years ago:
 Even before my fate on earth was woe!
 Fleeing for life, I tossed on waves manifold;
 I cast my shell, meeting by luck Mount Gold.
 Myself I trained and sūtras read with zeal;
 Buddha's true worship was my sole ideal.
 Now my King sends me to go to the West.
 Your divine presence thus favors my quest.*

The four old men all joined in praising him, and one of them said, "From the moment he left his mother's womb, the holy monk has followed the teachings of Buddha. He has indeed practiced austerities from childhood, and thus he is in truth a superior monk who possesses the Way. Now that we have this good fortune of receiving your honorable presence, we make bold to seek from you your great doctrine. We beg you to instruct us on the rudiments of the law of Chan, and that would gratify our lifelong desire." When he heard these words, the elder was not in the least daunted. He began to speak to the four of them, saying, "Chan is quiescence, and the Law is salvation. But the salvation of quiescence will not be accomplished without enlightenment. The cleansing of the mind and the purgation of desires, the abandonment of the worldly and departure from the dust—that is enlightenment. Now, it's a rare opportunity to attain a human body, to be born in Middle Land, and to encounter the correct doctrine of Buddha. There is no greater blessing than the possession of these three things. The wondrous ways of ultimate virtue, vast and boundless, can neither be seen nor heard. It can, however, extinguish the six organs of sense and the six kinds of perception. Thus, perfect wisdom has neither birth nor death, neither want nor excess; it encompasses both form and emptiness, and it reveals the nonreality of both saints and commoners. To contact the truth, you must know the mallet and tong of Primal Origin; to intuit the Real, you must realize the technique of Śākyamuni. Exercise the power of mindlessness; tread and shatter Nirvāṇa. By means of the awakening of awakening, you must comprehend the enlightenment of enlightenment.

*One spark of spirit light would protect all.
 Let the fierce flame shine like a dancer's robe,
 Sweeping the dharma realm as one thing seen.
 Pierce the dark and tenuous;
 Fortify also the strong.
 This mysterious pass, thus mentioned, who can go through?*

*Mine's the originally practiced Chan of great awakening,
Retained and known just by those of affinity and will."*

The four elders showed boundless delight when they received this instruction. With hands folded and bowing in submission, all of them said, "The holy monk is indeed the very source of enlightenment in the principle of Chan!"

Then Cloud-Brushing Dean said, "Though Chan is quiescence and the Law, salvation, it is still required of us to be firm in our nature and sincere in our mind. Even if we became the true immortal of great awakening, it is, in the end, the way of no birth.

The mystery we live by, you see, is greatly different from yours."

"The Way is indeed extraordinary," said Tripitaka, "but while substance and function are one, how could there be any difference?" Smiling, Cloud-Brushing Dean said, "Since we were born hardy and strong, our substance and function differ from yours. Indebted to Heaven and Earth for giving us a body, we're beholden to rain and dew for our colors' nourishment. Smiling, we disdain the wind and frost and pass the days and months. Not one leaf of ours would wither; all our branches hold firm to virtue. Our words are unlike yours which, instead of consulting the *Liezi*, cling to those of Sanskrit. Now, the Dao was originally established in China. Instead, you seek its illumination in the West. You're squandering your straw sandals! I wonder what it is that you are after? A stone lion must have gouged out your heart! Your bones must have been pumped full of wild foxes' saliva! You forget your origin to practice Chan, vainly seeking the Buddha's fruit. Yours are like the prickly riddles of my Bramble Ridge, like its tangled enigmas. This sort of superior man, how could he teach and lead? With this kind of model, how could he transmit truth's imprint?

*You must examine the appearances before you,
For there's life by itself in quiescence.
The bottomless bamboo basket will draw water;
The rootless iron tree will bring forth flowers.
Plant your feet firmly on the Lingbao summit;
Maitreya's fine congress you'll attend back home."*

When Tripitaka heard these words, he kowtowed to thank the speaker, but he was raised by Squire Eight-and-Ten. As Squire Lonesome Rectitude also came forward to pull him up, Master Void-Surmounting let out a loud guffaw and said, "The words of Cloud-Brushing are obviously shot full of holes. Please rise, holy monk, and don't believe all he says. In this moonlight we never intended at all to discuss the theories of self-cultivation. Let's indulge rather in the composing and chanting of poetry."

"If you want to do that," said Cloud-Brushing with a smile, "Let's go inside our little shrine for a cup of tea. How about it?"

The elder leaned forward to stare at the stone house, which had on top of its entrance an inscription of four words written in large characters:

Shrine of Sylvan Immortals. They walked together inside and took their proper seats. Then the scarlet-bodied demon attendant came to serve them with a platter of China Root pudding and five goblets of fragrant liquid. The four old men invited the Tang Monk to eat first, but he was so suspicious that he dared not take it right away. Only after the four old men partook of the food did Tripitaka also eat two pieces of the pudding. Each of them then drained the fragrant liquid and the goblets were taken away.

As he glanced cautiously around, Tripitaka saw that it was so bright and luminous inside the shrine that they seemed to be sitting directly beneath the moon.

*From rock edges water flowed out
And from flowers came forth fragrance.
Unsoiled by half a speck of dust,
This place of grace and elegance.*

Gladdened and comforted by such heavenly scenery, the elder could not refrain from chanting the following line:

The mind of Chan seems like the dustless moon.

With a broad grin, the elder Knotty Virtue immediately followed the lead and chanted:

On us our muse shines as the cloudless noon.

Squire Lonesome Rectitude said,

Fine phrases are cut like rolled-out brocade;

Master Void-Surmounting said,

Like rare gems good lines are fashioned and made.

Cloud-Brushing Dean said,

*Six Periods are purged of their vain conceits;
The Book of Odes a new compiler meets.*

“This disciple,” said Tripitaka, “has in an unguarded moment blurted out a few words. It’s like wielding the axe before the Carpenter God! When I heard just now the fresh and elegant lines of you immortals, I knew I had met poetic masters.”

The elder Knotty Virtue said, “No need for idle chatter, holy monk. Those who have left the family must finish the work they started. If you begin a poem, you can’t avoid finishing it, can you? We hope you will complete it.”

“This disciple can hardly do that,” replied Tripitaka. “May I trouble Squire Eight-and-Ten to find the concluding lines and render the poem whole? That’ll be wonderful!”

“How cruel you are!” said Knotty Virtue. “You had the first line, after all. How could you refuse the last two? To withhold your talents is hardly reasonable.”

Tripitaka had no choice but to finish the last two lines by reciting:

*Ere the tea darkens as pine breezes sing,
This gay mood of songs fills my heart with spring.*

“Bravo!” said Squire Eight-and-Ten. “What a magnificent line—‘*This gay mood of songs fills my heart with spring*’!”

“Knotty Virtue,” said Squire Lonesome Rectitude, “since you are verily addicted to poetry, you love to mull over every line. Why not start another poem?”

Without hesitation, Squire Eight-and-Ten said, “I’ll begin in the manner of ‘Pushing the Needle’:

*Spring quickens me not, nor does winter dry;
For me they are nothing, though clouds float by.”*

Master Void-Surmounting said, “I’ll follow you in that manner also.

*By me, though windless, is formed a dancing shade.
One loves such blessing and long life displayed."*

Then Cloud-Brushing Dean said,

*Displayed like West Mountain's noble sire,
I'm pure as southland's empty-hearted squire.*

Finally, Squire Lonesome Rectitude said,

*Squired by slanting growth of highest grade,
I yield the crossbeams of the king's estrade.*

On hearing this, the elder was full of praise for them, saying, "This is truly the most sublime poetry, its nobility reaches up to Heaven! Though this disciple is without talents, he would make bold to begin another two lines."

"Holy monk," said Squire Lonesome Rectitude, "you are someone accomplished in the Way, someone who has received profound nurture. There's no need for you to do another linking verse. Please grant us an entire poem by yourself, and we shall make the utmost effort to reply in kind." Tripitaka had no alternative but to compose, smiling, a poem in the style of the regulated verse:

*A priest goes West to seek the dharma king;
To farthest shores some wondrous scripts he'd bring.
"Thrice-blooming plants the poet's luck augment;
Jewel-tree blossoms waft the Buddha scent."
To reach beyond the highest heights he'll strive
And try in all the worlds his office to live.
When he the noble jade form captivates,
The field of rites lies before Nirvāṇa's gates.*

When the four old men heard this, they paid him the highest compliments.

Then Squire Eight-and-Ten said, "This old moron has no other abilities except audacity. I shall force myself to answer your poem with this one of mine:

*Aloof's Knotty Virtue, I scorn the sylvan king.
My fame spreads wider than this long-lived thing!
Tall, serpentine shade o'er the mount is bent;
The stream drinks my millennial, amber scent.
I reach out to enhance the universe,
Though wind and rain will my act and aim reverse.
Declining I lack those immortal bones,
With naught but fungi as my own gravestones."*

"This poem," said Squire Lonesome Rectitude, "begins with a heroic line, and the middle parallel couplets, too, show tremendous strength. But the concluding lines are far too modest. How admirable! How admirable! This old moron will also reply with this poem:

*My frosty face oft pleases the avian kings.
My talents thrive by the Hall of Four Great Things.
Pearl drops of dew adorn my jade-green tent;
A gentle breeze will spread my chilly scent.
My murmurs at night the long porches attend;
An old shrine in autumn my shadows befriend.*

*To spring I give birthday gifts on new year's day;
I'm the old master of the mountain way."*

"Marvelous poem! Marvelous poem!" said Master Void-Surmounting, laughing. "Truly it's as if the moon is putting the center of Heaven under duress. How could this old moron reply in kind? But I shouldn't allow this opportunity to pass by, I suppose, and so, I'll have to throw together a few lines:

*Of towering talents close to lords and king,
My fame by Grand Pure Palace once did spring.
On kiosks are seen green ether's descent;
By darkened walls passes my faint, crisp scent.
Upright forever I retain my mirth,
For these roots are formed deep within the earth.
Above the clouds my dancing shadow soars,
Beyond those vainglorious, floral corps."*

"The poems of the three squires," said Cloud-Brushing Dean, "are most noble and elegant; they show the finest purity and simplicity.

Truly they can be said to have come from a brocaded pouch. My body has little strength and my bowels have little talents, but the instruction I received from the three squires has opened up my mind. So, I, too, will offer this doggerel. Please don't laugh at me!

*In Qi- Yu gardens I delight a sage king.
Through fields of Wei*

*I'm free to sway and swing.
No Naiad's tears my jadelike skin had stained,
But mottled sheaths had Han histories contained.
By frost my leaves their true beauty reveal.
Could mist henceforth my stems' luster conceal?
With Ziyu's passing my true friends are few,
Though scholars' praise my fame ever renews."*

"The poems of the various immortal elders," said Tripitaka, "truly resemble pearls emitted by phoenixes. Not even Ziyu and Zixia, those two disciples of Confucius, could surpass you. Moreover, I'm extremely grateful for your kindness and hospitality. It is, however, deep in the night, and I fear that my three humble disciples are waiting for me somewhere. Your student, therefore, cannot remain here long. By your boundless love, let me leave now and go find them. I beg you to point out to me the way back."

"Please don't worry, holy monk," said the four old men, laughing. "Ours is an opportunity that comes but once in a thousand years. Though the night is deep, the sky is fair and the moon is very bright. Please sit here for awhile longer. By morning we shall escort you across the ridge, and you'll without fail meet up with your disciples."

As they were thus speaking, there walked in from outside the stone house two blue-robed maidens, holding a pair of red-gauze lanterns and followed by an immortal girl. She was twirling in her hand a sprig of apricot blossoms, and smiling broadly, she walked in to greet them. How did she look, you ask. She had

A young face kingfisher adorned,

*And colors better than rouge;
 Luminous starlike eyes;
 Moth brows neat and refined.
 Down below: a light pink skirt patterned with five-colored plums;
 Up above; a maroon blouse without collar or sleeves.
 Small slippers pointed like phoenix beaks,
 And slender stockings of silk brocade.
 Seductive and coy like a Tiantai goddess,
 She seems to be the fair Daji of old.*

“To what do we owe this visit, Apricot Immortal?” asked the four old men as they rose to greet her. After the girl had bowed to all of them, she said, “I learned that a charming guest is being entertained here and I’ve come especially to make his acquaintance. May I meet him?”

“The charming guest is right here,” said Squire Eight-and-Ten, pointing at the Tang Monk. “There’s no need for you to ask to see him.”

Bending low, Tripitaka dared not utter a word. “Bring us some tea, quickly!” cried the girl, and two more yellow-robed maidens walked in with a red-lacquered tray, on which there were six small porcelain tea cups, several kinds of exotic fruits, and a spoon for stirring placed in the middle. One of the maidens also carried a tea pot of white iron set in yellow copper, from which arose the overpowering aroma of fine tea. After tea had been poured, the girl revealed ever so slightly her slender fingers and presented a cup of it to Tripitaka first. Then she gave the drink to the four old men before taking one herself.

“Why doesn’t the Apricot Immortal take a seat?” asked Master Void-Surmounting, and only then did she take a seat. When they finished their tea, the girl bowed again and said, “You immortals are reveling in great pleasures this evening. May I be instructed a little by your excellent verses?”

“Ours are all crude and vulgar utterances,” said Cloud-Brushing Dean, “but the compositions of the Holy Monk can truly be considered a product of the high Tang. They’re most admirable.”

“If it’s not too great an imposition,” said the girl, “I would like to hear them.” Whereupon the four old men gave a thorough rehearsal of the elder’s poems and his discourse on Chan.

Smiling broadly, the girl said to them, “I’m so untalented, and I really shouldn’t air my incompetence. But since I’ve had the privilege of hearing such magnificent poetry, I shouldn’t allow myself to go uninspired. I shall exert myself to the utmost to respond in kind to the second poem of the holy monk with a regulated verse of my own. How about that?” She thus chanted loudly:

*My fame was made lasting by Hanwu King;
 To me his pupils did Confucius bring.
 Dong Xian’s affection would my growth foment;
 Sun Chu once loved my Feast-of- Cold- Food scent.
 How tender and coy is this rain-moistened bloom!
 What fresh verdant hues half veiled in misty gloom!
 Ripeness makes me a little tart, I know.
 Banished each year to wheat fields, that’s my woe.*

When those four men heard this poem, they all congratulated her, saying, "It's most elegant and sublime! And the lines are so full of vernal longings. Such a marvelous line—'*How tender and coy is this rain-moistened bloom!*'" Smiling in a coquettish manner, the girl said, "I'm in fear and trepidation! The composition of the holy monk just now was something that could be said to have come from a mind of silk and a mouth of brocade. Let me say to him: if you can be persuaded to show us your talent, how about granting me another of your poems?"

The Tang Monk, however, dared not reply. As the girl gradually became amorous, she began to sidle closer to where he was seated. "What's the matter with you, charming guest?" she asked softly. "If you don't have some fun on such a beautiful night, what else are you waiting for? The span of a life time, how long could that be?"

"If the Apricot Immortal," said Squire Eight-and-Ten, "entertained such genial feelings, how could the holy monk not reciprocate by giving his consent? If he withholds his favors, then he doesn't know how lucky he is."

"But the holy monk," said Squire Lonesome Rectitude, "is a gentleman of fame and accomplishment in the Way, who certainly will not indulge in anything improper. If we insist on such activities, it is we who are guilty of impropriety: we would be soiling a man's fame and spoiling his virtue. That's hardly the proper thing to do! If Apricot Immortal is indeed so inclined, let Cloud-Brushing Dean and Squire Eight-and-Ten serve as gobetweens.

Master Void-Surmounting and I can be the witnesses. They can then seal this marital contract. Wouldn't that be nice?" On hearing this, Tripitaka turned red in anger. Leaping up all at once, he shouted, "You are all fiendish creatures! How you've tried to tempt me! At first, I allowed your platitudes to goad me into discussing the mysteries of Dao, and that was still all right. But how could you use this 'beauty trap' now to try to seduce me? What have you to say to this?" When the four elders saw how enraged Tripitaka had become, they became so startled that every one of them bit his fingers and fell completely silent. The scarlet-bodied demon attendant, however, grew very angry and bellowed, "Monk, you can't even tell when someone's trying to do you a favor! Is there anything bad about this dear sis of mine? Look at her refinement and talents, her lovely jadelike features. Let's not talk about her skills in the feminine arts. Just a single poem of hers has already demonstrated that she is a worthy match for you. Why do you so brusquely refuse her? You'd better not let this opportunity slip by. What Squire Lonesome Rectitude says is most appropriate. If you refuse to do anything improper, let me serve as your marriage official."

Tripitaka turned pale with fright, but he refused to give his assent no matter how urgently they pleaded with him. "You foolish priest!" said the demon attendant again. "We speak to you in a kindly manner, and you refuse us. If you arouse our wild and unruly passions and make us abduct you to another region, where you neither can pursue your priestly life nor take a wife, won't you have lived in vain?" With a mind like metal or stone, that elder adamantly refused to comply. He thought to himself, "I wonder where my disciples are looking for me . . ." So speaking to himself, he could not restrain the tears from rolling down his cheeks. Trying to placate him with a smile, the girl sat down close to him and took out from her sleeve a honey-scented handkerchief to wipe away his tears.

"Charming guest," she said, "don't be so upset! Let's you and I nestle in jade and perfume and have some fun!" Uttering a loud cry, the elder bounded up and tried to

dash out of the door, only to be grabbed by all those people. They brawled and struggled like that until dawn.

Suddenly another cry could be heard:

“Master, Master, where are you speaking?”

The Great Pilgrim Sun, you see, together with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, had been leading the horse and poling the luggage for a whole night without stopping. Going through brambles and thorns, searching this way and that, they managed to cover the entire eight hundred miles of the Bramble Ridge halfway between cloud and fog. By morning they reached the western edge of the ridge, and that was when they came upon the noises made by the Tang Monk. They responded with the cry, and the elder somehow managed to struggle out of the door, yelling, “Wukong, I’m here! Come and save me, quick!” In a flash, those four old men, the demon attendant, the girl, and her maidens all disappeared.

Soon Eight Rules and Sha Monk arrived, saying, “Master, how did you get here?”

Tugging at Pilgrim, Tripitaka said, “Oh, disciples! I’ve been a great burden on you. That old man we saw last night, who claimed to be the local spirit coming to offer us food, was the person who hauled me to this place when with a shout you were about to hit him. He led me inside the door by the hand and introduced me to three other old men, all addressing me as the holy monk. Every one of them was quite refined in speech and manner, and they were all able poets. We spent our time in the exchange of verses until about midnight, when a beautiful girl accompanied by lanterns also arrived to meet me. She, too, composed a poem and addressed me as the charming guest. Then because of my looks she wanted to marry me. I woke up to their scheme all at once and refused. They began to put pressure on me, one wanting to be the go-between, another the marriage official, and still another the witness. I swore I would not comply, arguing with them and desperately trying to struggle free. Out of the blue you people arrived. I suppose partly because it was getting light already, and partly because they seemed to be afraid of you, they all vanished suddenly, though they were still pulling and tugging at me just a moment ago.”

“If you talked and discussed poetry with them,” said Pilgrim, “did you not ask them for their names?”

“I did ask them for their styles,” replied Tripitaka. “The first old man called himself Squire Eight-and-Ten, and his style was Knotty Virtue. The second was styled Squire Lonesome Rectitude; the third, Master Void-Surmounting; and the fourth, Cloud-Brushing Dean. They addressed the girl as Apricot Immortal.”

“Where are these creatures located?” asked Eight Rules. “Where did they go?”

Tripitaka said, “I don’t know where they went, but the place where we discussed poetry was not far from here.”

As the three disciples looked around with their master, they discovered a cliff nearby, and on the cliff was a plaque bearing the words, Shrine of Sylvan Immortals. “It was right here,” said Tripitaka. When Pilgrim examined the place more carefully, he saw nearby a huge juniper tree, an old cypress tree, an old pine tree, and an old bamboo. Behind the bamboo was a scarlet maple tree. As he looked toward the far side of the cliff, he saw also an old apricot tree, flanked by two stalks of winter plum and two cassia plants.

“Have you people found the fiends?” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “Not yet,” replied Eight Rules. “Don’t you know,” said Pilgrim, “it is these several trees right here that have become spirits?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “how do you know that?”

“Squire Eight-and-Ten,” replied Pilgrim, “is the pine; Squire Lonesome Rectitude is the cypress; Master Void-Surmounting is the juniper; Cloud-Brushing Dean is the bamboo; the scarlet-bodied demon is the maple; Apricot Immortal is, of course, the apricot tree, while the maids are the cassia and the winter plum.” When Eight Rules heard this, he rushed forward without further ado: using his rake along with several shoves of his snout, he brought to the ground those winter plum, cassia, old apricot, and maple. From beneath the roots of these trees, fresh blood indeed spurted out. Tripitaka walked forward to pull at him, saying, “Wuneng, don’t hurt them.

Though they have reached the stage of becoming spirits, they have done me no harm. Let us find our way and leave.”

“Master, you shouldn’t pity them,” said Pilgrim. “For I fear that they may become great fiends later, and then they will bring much harm to humans.” Our Idiot thus decided to work his rake some more and toppled the pine, cypress, juniper, and bamboo as well. Only after that did they help their master to mount up and all proceeded along the main road to the West once more. We do not know what the future holds for them, and you must listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-FIVE

*Fiends set up falsely the Small Thunderclap
The four pilgrims all meet a great ordeal*

*This chapter's karmic import
Is to persuade man to do good
And to shun all evil works.
Even a single thought
Is known to all the gods,
Do whatever you will.
Folly or cleverness, how would you learn?
No-mind is still the cure for both of these.
While yet alive, the Way you should cultivate;
Don't drift or roam.
Recognize your source
And cast your shell.
To seek long life,
You must catch it.
Be ever enlightened;
Let ghee annoint you.
Pump through Three Passes to fill the dark sea
Will make the virtuous ride the phoenix and crane.
Then compassion will with mercy unite
As you reach ecstasy.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka, who was most single-minded in his piety and sincerity. We need not mention how he was protected by the gods above; even such spirits as those of grass and wood also came to keep him company. After one night of elegant conversation on the arts, he was delivered from the thorns and thistles, no longer encumbered by vines or creepers. As he and his three disciples journeyed westward, they traveled for a long time, and it was again the end of winter. This was, in truth, a day of spring:

*All things thrive and flourish
For the Dipper's handle returns to yin.
Young grasses cover the earth with green,
And verdant willows line the banks.
A ridge of peach blossoms red like brocade;
Half a stream of silky water like green jade.
How rain and wind persist
To one's endless feelings!
The sun enhances the flowers' grace;
The swallows fetch light mossy buds.
Like Wang Wei painting's the mountain's dark and light;
Birds chatter with the sharp tongue of Jizi.
No one's here to joy in such fancy fineries
Save dancing butterflies and singing bees.*

Master and his disciples proceeded with the slow trotting of the horse, enjoying themselves all the while by searching out the fragrant flowers and treading on the green meadows. As they walked along, they came upon a tall mountain which, from a distance, seemed to touch the sky. “Wukong,” said Tripitaka, pointing with his whip, “I wonder how tall that mountain is. It seems that it is actually touching the blue sky, or it may have even punctured the azure heavens!” Pilgrim said, “I remember two lines of an ancient poem that say:

*Only the sky remains high above;
No mountain can equal its height.*

These two lines are trying to describe the extreme height of one particular mountain, such that no other mountain could be compared with it. But how could a mountain actually touch the sky?”

“If it did not,” said Eight Rules, “then why did people call Mount Kunlun ‘the pillar of Heaven’?” Pilgrim replied, “Don’t you know the old adage,

Heaven was not filled in the northwest.

Now, Mount Kunlun is located in the northwest, at the position of *qian*, and that’s why it is commonly thought to be a mountain that can hold up the sky by filling the void. Hence the name, Pillar of Heaven.”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, laughing, “don’t give him all these nice explanations! When he hears them, he will try to outsmart someone else. Let’s get moving. When we’ve climbed the mountain, then we’ll know how tall it is.” Our Idiot tried to lunge at Sha Monk to smack him, and as the two of them tangled while proceeding, the old master urged the horse into a gallop. In a moment, they drew near to the mountain cliff. As they ascended the mountain step by step, what they saw was

*A forest where the wind was howling,
A brook where the water was gurgling.
No crow or bird flew over this mountain;
Even immortals might say, “It’s hard!”
Ten thousand cliffs and ravines,
A million twists and turns.
No man reaching this place of churning dust;
No end the sight of strange, ghostly rocks.
Clouds at some spots seemed like shimmering pools;
Trees every where filled with birds’ raucous calls.
Deer left, holding agaric;
Apes returned, bearing peaches.
Foxes and badgers jumped about the ledge;
Antelopes played on the mountain peak.
A sudden roar of the tiger made one cringe
As striped leopards and grey wolves barred the road.*

The moment that Tripitaka caught sight of this, he was terrified, but Pilgrim Sun displayed his vast magic powers. Look at him with his golden-hooped rod! He gave one shout and all those wolves, tigers, and leopards scattered. Opening up a path, he led his master straight up the tall mountain. After they passed the summit, they descended westward until they reached a plateau, where they suddenly came upon rays of divine light and strands of colored mists. There was in the distance a magnificent building,

from which the faint, harmonious sounds of bells and sonorous stones could be heard. “Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “take a look and see what kind of place that is.” Shading his eyes with his hand, Pilgrim lifted his head to stare at the building. It was a good place indeed! Truly

*A bejewelled edifice,
A noble monastery.
An empty valley that augments the music of earth;
A quiet place that diffuses nature’s fragrance,
Verdant pines, rain-soaked, shroud the tall towers;
Green bamboos, cloud-wrapped, guard the lecture hall.
Lights radiate from this distinctive dragon palace;
Colors flutter around this Buddhist domain.
Scarlet rails and jade portals;
Painted pillars and carved beams.
Sūtras explained, incense fills the seats.
Mysteries exposed, the moon lights up the screens.
Birds sing within the scarlet trees;
Cranes drink at the pebbled brook.
Flowers bloom every where in this Jetavana park;
On three sides Śrāvastī light spills through open doors.
Doors of rugged buildings face the mountain range.
Hollow bells and stones strike languidly and long.
The opened windows in a gentle breeze,
The rolled up screen in curls of smoke.
With monks here the life’s ascetic,
A peace not marred by things profane.
Truly a place divine which the world can’t touch:
A quiet monastery, a good field of rites.*

After Pilgrim had looked over the place, he turned to Tripitaka, saying, “Master, that is a monastery over there. I don’t know why, however, within the aura of Chan and the auspicious lights there seems to be an air of violence as well. When I look at this scenery, it reminds me greatly of Thunderclap, but the road just does not seem right. When we reach the building, don’t walk in immediately, for I fear that some sinister hand may bring us harm.”

“If this place reminds you of Thunderclap,” said the Tang Monk, “could it be verily the Spirit Mountain? You’d better not slight my sincerity and delay the very purpose of my journey.”

“No! No!” said Pilgrim. “I have traveled on the way to the Spirit Mountain several times before. How could it be this one?”

“Even if it is not,” said Eight Rules, “there must be a good person staying here.” Sha Monk said, “We don’t have to be so suspicious. This road has to take us right past that door. Whether it is Thunderclap or not, one look will tell us.”

“What Wujing says,” said Pilgrim, “is quite reasonable.” Urging his horse with the whip, the elder soon arrived before the monastery gate, on top of which he saw the three words, The Thunderclap Monastery. He was so astonished that he rolled off the horse and fell to the ground. “You wretched ape!” he scolded.

“You’ve just about killed me! It is The Thunderclap Monastery, and you still want to deceive me!”

Attempting to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, “Don’t get upset, Master. Take another look. There are four words on the gate of the monastery, and you have only seen three of them. And you still blame me?”

Trembling all over, the elder scrambled up and took another look. There were indeed these four words:

The Small Thunderclap Monastery.

“If it’s only The Small Thunderclap Monastery,” said Tripitaka, “there must be a Buddhist patriarch inside. The sūtras mentioned some three thousand Buddhas, but I suppose they can’t be all in one place. Guanyin, after all, is in South Sea, Viśvabhadrā is located at Mount Emei, and Mañjuśrī lives on the Mountain of Five Platforms. I wonder which Buddhist patriarch presides over this field of rites.

The ancients said,

With Buddhas there are scriptures;

Without temples there are no treasures.

We should go inside.”

“You shouldn’t,” said Pilgrim. “This place portends more evil than good. If you run into calamity, don’t blame me.”

“Even if there’s no Buddha,” said Tripitaka, “there must be his image. This disciple has made avow that I shall bow to Buddha whenever I encounter him. How could I blame you?” Whereupon he ordered Eight Rules to take out his cassock. After he changed into his clerical cap and tidied his clothing, Tripitaka strode forward.

As they walked inside the monastery gate, they heard a loud voice saying, “Tang Monk, you came all the way from the Land of the East to seek an audience with our Buddha. How dare you be so insolent now?” On hearing this, Tripitaka at once prostrated himself; Eight Rules, too, kowtowed as Sha Monk went to his knees. Only the Great Sage, however, led the horse and remained behind, picking up the luggage. When they went inside the second door, they came upon the great hall of Tathāgata. Outside the great hall door and beneath the treasure throne stood in rows the five hundred arhats, the three thousand guardians of the faith, the Four Great Diamond Kings, the mendicant nuns, and the upāsakas, along with countless sage monks and workers. Truly, there were also glamorous fragrant flowers and auspicious rays in abundance. The elder, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk were so overcome that they touched their heads to the ground with each step they took, inching their way toward the spirit platform. Only Pilgrim remained boldly erect.

Then they heard another loud voice coming from the top of the lotus throne, saying, “You, Sun Wukong! How dare you not bow down before Tathāgata?” Little did anyone expect that Pilgrim would look up and carefully scrutinize the one who spoke. When he recognized that it was a specious Buddha, he at once abandoned the horse and the luggage. Gripping the rod in his hands, he shouted, “You bunch of accursed beasts! You are audacious! How dare you take in vain the Buddha’s name and soil the pure virtue of Tathāgata! Don’t run away!” Wielding the rod with both his hands, he attacked at once.

With a loud clang a pair of golden cymbals dropped from midair; falling on Pilgrim, they had him enclosed completely from head to foot. Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk were so aghast that they reached for their rake and staff, but they were overwhelmed at once by those arhats, guardians, sage monks, and workers who surged forward to surround the three pilgrims. Tripitaka, too, was thus caught, and all three of them were then firmly bound by ropes.

The one who appeared as the Buddhist patriarch sitting on the lotus throne, you see, was actually a monster-king, and those arhats were all little fiends. After they put away their Buddha appearances, they revealed again their fiendish forms and hauled the elder and his two disciples to the rear so that they could be locked up. Pilgrim was to remain sealed in the golden cymbals and never to be released. With the cymbals placed on the jewelled platform, he was expected to be reduced to pus and blood in the period of three days and nights. Thereafter the other pilgrims were to be steamed in an iron cage and eaten. Truly

*Green-eyed Monkey knew the false from the real.
 Chan Mind bowed low on gold form's appeal.
 Yellow Dame paid homage like a blind mule,
 And Wood Mother conversed, too, like a fool.
 A fiend, growing strong, oppressed one's true self—
 The natural man duped by a wicked elf.
 Dao had little but the demon, big gain.
 A wrong turn to Side Door, their work was vain!*

At the time, the various fiends shut up the Tang Monk and his two disciples in the rear, and there they tied the horse also. After they placed his cassock and his clerical cap inside the luggage wrap, they hid these also in a guarded place. We shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that Pilgrim, who had been enclosed within the golden cymbals. It was pitch black inside, and he became so exasperated that he perspired all over. He tried pushing left and shoving right, but he could not get out. Then he struck madly at the cymbals with his iron rod, but he could not dent them even one whit. With no further alternative, he wanted to break the cymbals by sheer brute force. Making a magic sign with his fingers, he at once grew to thousands of feet tall, but the cymbals also grew with him.

There was not even the slightest crack to let in a ray of light. He made the magic sign again and at once his body diminished in size until he became as small as a mustard seed. The cymbals grew smaller, too, with his body, so that there was not the tiniest hole.

Gripping the iron rod, Pilgrim blew on it a divine breath, crying, "Change!" It changed into a flagpole, which he used to hold up the cymbals. Then he selected two of his longer hairs behind his head and pulled them off, crying, "Change!"

They changed immediately into a plum-flower-like, five-pointed drill; along the base of the rod, he drilled away for over a thousand times. There were loud scraping noises from the drill, but he could not puncture the cymbals at all.

In sheer desperation, Pilgrim made the magic sign again and recited the spell:

*Let Om and Ram purify the dharma realm.
 Key: Primary Reception Beneficial for Determination.*

With this he summoned the Guardian of Five Quarters, the Six Gods of Light and the Six Gods of Darkness, and the Eighteen Guardians of Monasteries, who gathered outside the golden cymbals, saying, “Great Sage, we were all giving protection to your master so that the demons could not harm him. Why did you summon us?”

“That master of mine,” said Pilgrim, “refused to listen to me! It’s no big loss even if he were put to death! But what I want you to do is think of some way quickly to pry open these cymbals and let me out. Then we can take care of other matters. Right now, there’s not a bit of light inside, and I’m so hot that I’m about to suffocate.”

The various deities indeed tried to pry open the cymbals, but they were so tightly closed up that they seemed to have grown together. The gods could not even budge them. “Great Sage,” said the Golden-Headed Guardian, “we don’t know what sort of treasure this pair of cymbals is, but from top to bottom, they have become one whole piece now. Your humble deities are too weak to pry them loose.”

“I don’t know how much magic power I’ve used inside,” said Pilgrim, “but I can’t budge them either.” On hearing this, the Guardian told the Six Gods of Light to protect the Tang Monk and the Six Gods of Darkness to watch over the golden cymbals. As the various other Guardians of Monasteries took up positions of patrol front and back, he mounted the auspicious luminosity and, in a moment, went straight through the South Heaven Gate. Without waiting for further summons, he went up to the Hall of Divine Mists and prostrated himself before the Jade Emperor. “My lord,” he said, “your subject is the Guardian of Five Quarters. I commend to you the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who is accompanying the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures. Passing through a mountain, they came upon The Small Thunderclap Monastery. By mistake the Tang Monk thought it was the Spirit Mountain and he entered the monastery to worship. It was actually an edifice set up by a fiendish monster to ensnare the master and his disciples.

At this moment, the Great Sage is imprisoned within a pair of golden cymbals, from which he cannot be extracted at all. He is about to die, and that’s why I’ve come here especially to memorialize to you.”

The Jade Emperor at once gave this decree:

“Let the Twenty-Eight Constellations go quickly to subdue the fiends and bring deliverance to the pilgrims.” Not daring to linger, the Constellations followed the Guardian to leave the Heaven gate and arrived inside the monastery. It was about the time of the second watch at night; those monster-spirits, both great and small, having been rewarded by the old fiend for capturing the Tang Monk, had all gone to sleep. Without disturbing them, the Constellations gathered outside the cymbals and reported:

“Great Sage, we are the Twenty-Eight Constellations sent here by the Jade Emperor to rescue you.”

Exceedingly pleased by what he heard, Pilgrim said immediately, “Use your weapons and break the thing. Old Monkey will be out at once.”

“We dare not do so,” replied the stars. “This thing is of metallic substance. If we strike at it, there’ll be noises and the demon will be awakened. Then it’ll be hard for us to rescue you. Let us use our weapons instead and see if we can puncture it. Wherever you detect even the faintest speck of light, you’ll be able to escape.”

“Exactly,” said Pilgrim.

Look at them! Wielding spears, swords, scimitars, and axes, they began to pry at the pair of cymbals and stab at them, hauling them back and forth. They did this until about the time of the third watch, but the cymbals could not be loosened at all. The pair seemed to be like a wonton that had been forged together. Pilgrim inside was looking this way and that; he crawled over here and rolled to the other side, but he could not detect even the faintest speck of light.

“Oh, Great Sage,” said Gullet the Gold Dragon,

“please be more patient. As I see it, this treasure must be a compliant thing which knows transformation also. Try to feel with your hands inside along the edges where the cymbals come together. I’m going to use the tip of my horn and see if I can wedge it inside. Then you can use some kind of transformation and escape through the spot where it comes apart.” Pilgrim agreed and started to use his hands to feel along the edges. Meanwhile, this Constellation made his body smaller until his horn became like a pointed needle. At the top of the cymbals where they were joined, he tried to stick the horn through. Alas, he had to use every ounce of his strength before he managed to reach inside. Then he caused his body and his horn to take on the dharma form, crying, “Grow! Grow! Grow!”

The horn grew to the thickness of a rice bowl. The edge of the cymbals, however, did not behave like any metallic object at all; instead, they seemed to have been made of skin and flesh, which had the horn of Gullet the Gold Dragon in a viselike grip. There was not the slightest crack anywhere around the horn. When Pilgrim felt the horn with his hands, he said, “It’s no use! There’s no crack above or below! I have no choice. You must bear a little pain and take me out.” Marvelous Great Sage! He changed the golden-hooped rod into a steel drill and drilled a hole on the tip of the horn. Transforming his body into the size of a mustard seed, he stuck himself inside the hole and yelled, “Pull the horn out! Pull the horn out!”

Again, the Constellation exerted who knows how much strength before he yanked it out and fell exhausted to the ground.

As soon as Pilgrim crawled out from the hole he drilled in the tip of the Constellation’s horn and changed back into his true form, he whipped out the iron rod and slammed it down with a crash on the cymbals. It was as if a copper mountain had been toppled, a gold mine blown open. What a pity! An instrument belonging to the Buddha was instantly reduced to a thousand fragments of gold! The Twenty-Eight Constellations were terrified and the Guardian of Five Quarters’ hair stood on end. All those various fiends, old and young, were roused from their dreams, and even the old monster-king was startled in his sleep. He scrambled up, and as he put on his clothes, he ordered a roll of drums to assemble the rest of the fiends and arm them. It was about dawn at this time when they rushed beneath the treasure throne. There they saw Pilgrim Sun and the various Constellations hovering over the pieces of the golden cymbals.

Paling with fright, the monster-king gave this order:

“Little ones! Shut the front door quickly and don’t let anyone out.” On hearing this, Pilgrim led the star spirits to mount the clouds and rose into the air. After the monster-king had put away the gold fragments, he ordered his troops to line up in formation outside the monastery gate. Nursing his anger, the monster-king hurriedly put on his armor and picked up a short, pliant wolf-teeth club to walk out of his camp, crying, “Pilgrim Sun, a brave man shouldn’t run away! Step forward quickly and fight

three rounds with me!” Unable to contain himself, Pilgrim led the star spirits to lower their clouds and to take a good look at that monster-spirit. They saw he had

*Disheveled hair,
Strapped down by a thin and flat gold band;
Glowing eyes,
Topped by thick, bushy yellow brows;
A gall-like nose
With nostrils flaring;
A four-square mouth
With sharp, pointed teeth.
He wore a cuirass of chain mail.
Tied with a sash spun with raw silk.
His feet were shod in calfskin boots;
His hands held up a wolf-teeth club.
His form was beastlike, though he was no beast;
With looks nonhuman, still he seemed like man.*

Sticking out his iron rod, Pilgrim shouted, “What kind of fiendish creature are you, that you dare play the Buddhist patriarch, occupy this mountain, and falsely set up the Small Thunderclap Monastery?”

“So, the little monkey doesn’t know my name!” replied the monster-king, “and that’s why you’ve transgressed the territory of this divine mountain! This place is called the Little Western Heaven. By my self-cultivation I have attained the right fruit, and thus Heaven bestowed on me these treasure bowers and precious towers. My name is the Old Buddha of Yellow Brows, but the people of this region, ignorant of that, address me as the Great King Yellow Brows or Holy Father Yellow Brows. I have known all the while that you are on your way to the West, and that you have some abilities. That’s why I displayed my powers and set up the image to lure your master to enter. I want to make a wager with you. If you can withstand me, I’ll spare you all, master and disciples, so that you, too, can perfect the right fruit. If you can’t, I’ll slay all of you, and I’ll go myself to see Tathāgata for the scriptures, so that I can attain the right fruit for China.”

“Monster-spirit,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “no need to brag! If you want this wager, come up quickly and receive the rod!” Very amiably the monster-king met him with the wolf-teeth club, and this was some battle!

*The club and rod
Are not the same.
To speak of them, they have their own form and shape!
One is a short and pliant Buddhist arm;
One is a deep-sea treasure stiff and hard.
Both can transform according to one’s wish;
They join this time and each strives to be strong.
The short, pliant wolf-teeth’s jewel bedecked;
The sturdy golden-hooped is dragonlike.
They can turn thick or thin, how marvelous!
They can grow long or short with perfect ease.
Demon and ape
Together fight
A hot, furious battle—that’s not a lie!*

*The ape tamed by faith Mind Monkey becomes;
 The fiend mocks Heaven in his image false.
 Raging and fuming, they both turn cruel;
 Vicious and violent they both look the same.
 This one aims at the head and refuses to quit;
 That one stabs at the face with no let up.
 Spat-out clouds darken the sun;
 Belched-out fog cover the mount.
 Rod and club, as they join, swing back and forth;
 For Tripitaka they slight life or death.*

Look at the two of them! They closed in for more than fifty times, but no decision could be reached. Before the gate of the monastery, those various monster-spirits began to shout their encouragements, beating their drums and gongs at the same time and waving their banners. On this side, the Twenty-Eight Constellations, the Guardian of Five Quarters, and the other sages immediately uttered a cry and, each wielding his weapon, had the demon surrounded. The fiends before the monastery were so terrified that they could no longer beat the drums; trembling all over, they could hardly sound the gongs.

The old fiendish demon, however, was not in the least afraid. With one hand he used his wolf-teeth club to fence off all those weapons; with his other hand he untied from his waist a little wrap made of old white cloth. He flung the wrap skyward and, with a loud whoosh, the Great Sage Sun, the Twenty-Eight Constellations, and the Guardian of Five Quarters were all wrapped up inside it.

Retrieving the wrap, the monster swung it on his shoulder and turned to stride back to his camp, while all those little fiends were elated by this sudden triumph.

Asking his little ones to fetch him several dozen ropes, the old fiend told them to untie the wrap: as each of the prisoners was fished out, he was immediately bound. All of the deities were weak and numb, and even their skin seemed to be wrinkled and their appearance emaciated. After they were bound, they were hauled to the rear of the monastery and thrown to the ground. Then the monster-king ordered a large banquet for himself and his subjects, and they drank until dusk before scattering to retire. We shall thus leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun, who was tied up along with the other deities. By about midnight there suddenly came to them the sound of someone weeping. When the Great Sage listened closely, he discovered that it was the voice of Tripitaka, who wailed, "Oh, Wukong!

*I loathe myself for not not giving you heed,
 Thus landing us all in such dire need!
 Now you are hurt in the cymbals of gold.
 I am rope bound, which person had been told?
 Most bitter fate caused what we four had met;
 Merits, three thousand, have been all upset.
 What will grant us from this bondage reprieve
 That we may reach smoothly the West and leave?"*

On hearing this, Pilgrim was moved to compassion, saying to himself, "Though that master refused to believe my words and landed in this calamity, he nonetheless does think of old Monkey when he is in such straits. Since the night is quiet and the

fiend is sleeping, I may as well make use of this unguarded moment and go free the rest of them.”

Dear Great Sage! Using the Magic of Body-Vanishment, he caused his body to shrink and immediately became free of the ropes. He approached the Tang Monk and whispered, “Master!” Recognizing his voice, the elder said, “How did you get here?” Softly Pilgrim gave him a thorough account of what had happened, and the elder was exceedingly pleased. “Disciple,” he said, “please rescue me quickly! Whatever happens hereafter I’ll listen to you. I won’t ever overrule you again.”

Then Pilgrim raised his hands and freed his master, after which he untied Eight Rules, Sha Monk, the Twenty-Eight Constellations, and the Guardian of Five Quarters. Dragging the horse over, he told them to hurry out the door. Just as they stepped outside, however, he remembered the luggage and wanted to go back inside to search for it.

“You really value things more than the person!” said Gullet the Gold Dragon. “Isn’t it enough that you have saved your master? Why must you look anymore for luggage?”

“The person’s important, of course,” said Pilgrim, “but the cassock and the bowl are even more important. In our wrap are the imperial travel rescript, the brocaded cassock, and the almsbowl of purple gold, all superior Buddhist treasures. How could we not want them?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you go look for them, and we will wait for you by the road.” Look at those star spirits who had the Tang Monk surrounded! Using the Magic of Displacement, they called up a gust of wind and had themselves taken clear out of the high walls. After they reached the main road, they headed straight down the mountain slope until they arrived at a level region. There they waited.

It was about the hour of the third watch that the Great Sage Sun walked slowly and stealthily inside. The doors at every level, you see, were tightly shut. When he climbed to the tallest tower to take a look, he found that even the windows and casements were completely closed. He wanted, of course, to go inside down below, but afraid that windows or the shutters might make a noise, he dared not push at them. Making the magic sign with his fingers, therefore, he shook his body once and changed into a divine mouse, commonly called the bat. How does he look, you ask?

*A pointed head like a rat’s,
Like it his eyes shine, too.
With wings he comes out at dusk;
Sightless he sleeps in the day.
He hides in hollow tiles
To find mosquitoes for food.
He loves most the bright, fair moon
And knows when to fly and soar.*

Through the space that was not sealed up between the rafters and the roof tiles, he crawled inside. Passing through several doors, he reached the very center of the building, where under the third-level casement he came upon something glowing. It was not the light of lamps or fireflies, neither the glow of twilight nor the blaze of lightning. Half leaping and flying, he went near there to have another look and found that it was the wrap of their luggage that was emitting the glow. That monster-spirit, you see, had stripped the Tang Monk of his cassock, and instead of folding it properly, he merely

stuffed it inside the wrap again. The cassock was, after all, a Buddhist treasure which had on it compliant pearls, Mani pearls, red cornelian beads, purple coral, relics, and the night-luminescent pearls. That was why it glowed.

Exceedingly pleased by this discovery, Pilgrim changed back into his own form and picked up the luggage. Without even bothering to check whether the ropes were properly attached to the pole or not, he threw the load on his shoulder and began to walk out. One end of the luggage unexpectedly slipped off the pole and fell with a thud to the floor. Alas! This was what had to happen! The old monsterspirit was sleeping on the floor immediately down below, and he was wakened by that loud thud. Jumping up, he screamed, "Someone's here! Someone's here!"

Those various fiends, old and young, all arose and lit torches and lamps. In a noisy throng, they rushed about to inspect the front and rear. One of them arrived to say, "The Tang Monk has escaped!"

Another came to report:

"Pilgrim and the rest are gone, too!"

The old fiend immediately gave this order:

"Guard all the doors!" When he heard this, Pilgrim feared that he might fall into their net again. Abandoning his load of luggage, he mounted the cloud somersault and leaped clear of the building through a window.

The monster-spirit led a thorough search for the Tang Monk at the front and back of the monastery but they failed to turn up anyone.

When he saw that it was almost light, he took his club and led his troops to give chase. Beneath the mountain slope, still shrouded by cloud and fog, were the Twenty-Eight Constellations, the Guardian of Five Quarters, and the other deities. "Where do you think you're going?" shouted the monster-king. "Here I am!"

"Brothers!" cried Horn the Wood Dragon, "the fiendish creature's here!" Whereupon Gullet the Gold Dragon, Woman the Earth Bat, Chamber the Sun Hare, Heart the Moon Fox, Tail the Fire Tiger, Winnower the Water Leopard, Dipper the Wood Unicorn, Ox the Gold Bull, Base the Earth Badger, Barrens the Sun Rat, Roof the Moon Swallow, House the Fire Hog, Wall the Water Porcupine, Straddler the Wood Wolf, Harvester the Gold Hound, Stomach the Earth Hog, Mane the Sun Rooster, Net the Moon Crow, Beak the Fire Monkey, Triaster the Water Ape, Well the Wood Hound, Ghost the Gold Ram, Willow the Earth Antelope, Star the Sun Horse, Spread the Moon Deer, Wing the Fire Serpent, and Axeltree the Water Earthworm led the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Silver-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Light and Darkness, the Guardians of Monasteries, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk to meet their pursuers. Abandoning the Tripitaka Tang and forsaking the white dragon horse, they rushed into battle, each with weapon in hand.

When this monster-king saw them, he laughed scornfully and gave a loud whistle. Immediately some four or five thousand monsterspirits, old and young, surged forward, all strong and sturdy, and they began a terrific battle on the west mountain slope. Marvelous fight!

The vile, vicious demon mocks the true Self.

The true Self's so gentle, what could it do?

A hundred plans used up, they can't escape their pain.

*A thousand schemes cannot achieve their peace.
 The gods lend their protection;
 The sages help with their arms.
 Wood Mother may still be kind,
 But Yellow Dame has made up its mind.
 Their brawl stirs Heaven and shakes the Earth;
 Their fight expands like a net spread out.
 On this side, banners wave and soldiers shout;
 On that side, they roll drums and beat gongs.
 A mass of swords and spears coldly gleaming;
 Thick rows of halberds veiled in deathly pall.
 The fiendish troops are so fierce and brave,
 What could those divine fighters do?
 Wretched clouds hide both sun and moon;
 Grievous fog shroud mountains and streams.
 They strain and struggle in a bitter row,
 All for to Buddha Tang Monk's faulty bow.*

Growing more fierce all the time, the monster-spirit led his troops to charge again and again. Just at that moment when neither side proved to be the stronger, they heard the roar of Pilgrim:

“Old Monkey's arrived!”

Eight Rules met him and asked, “Where's the luggage?”

“Old Monkey almost lost his life already,” answered Pilgrim. “Don't mention any luggage!”

Gripping his precious staff, Sha Monk said, “Stop talking now! We must go fight the monster-spirit!”

The star spirits and those Gods of Darkness and Light by now were encircled completely by the various fiends, and the old fiend wielded his club to attack the three of them. Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk opened up their rod, staff, and rake to meet him head-on. They fought till truly the Heaven grew dim and the Earth darkened, but they could not prevail against the demon. They fought some more until the sun sank down in the west and the moon arose in the east.

When the fiend saw that it was getting late, he signaled his subjects to be on guard by whistling loudly; then he took out his treasure.

When Pilgrim saw clearly that the fiend had untied his wrap and held it in his hand, he cried, “Look out! Let's run!” Without further regard for Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and the other dēvas, he somersaulted all the way up to the Ninefold Heaven. The gods and his companions, however, were not quick enough to understand why he fled, and they were all captured once more inside the wrap after the monster-spirit had thrown it in the air. Only Pilgrim thus managed to escape.

After the monster-king and his troops returned to the monastery, he asked for ropes again and ordered the prisoners to be tied up as before. The Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk were to be hung up high on the rafters, while the white horse was to be tied up in the back. After the deities had been trussed up, they were to be thrown into the cellar and the entrance would be covered and sealed.

The little fiends obeyed each of his instructions, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who had leaped up to the Ninefold Heaven and succeeded in preserving his life. When he saw the withdrawal of the fiendish troops with banners lowered, he knew that his companions had been captured. Lowering his auspicious luminosity onto the eastern slope of the mountain,

*He hated, teeth grinding, the fiend;
He thought of the monk, shedding tears.
Lifting his face to stare skyward,
He sighed sadly and voiced his fears.*

“O, Master!” he cried. “In which previous incarnation did you incur such ordeals of bondage, that you must in this life face monsterspirits every step of the way! It’s so hard now to rid you of your sufferings. What shall we do?”

He lamented like that all by himself for a long time, and then he began to calm himself and think, allowing the mind to question the mind. “I wonder what sort of wrap this fiendish demon has,” he thought to himself, “that can hold so many things. Now he has even hauled away all those celestial warriors! I would go seek the Jade Emperor for assistance, but I fear he might take offense. I recall, however, that there’s a True Warrior of the North, whose style is the Demon-Conquering Celestial Worthy, and who lives in the Wudang Mountain of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. Let me go fetch him here to rescue Master from this ordeal. Truly it is that,

*The immortal way undone, ape and horse disperse;
Five Phases dry up when mind and spirit are lost.*

We do not know what is the result of his journey; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-SIX

*Many gods meet injury
Maitreya binds a fiend*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who had no alternative but to mount an auspicious cloud by means of his somersault to head directly for the Wudang Mountain on the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, where he hoped to solicit the help of the Demon- Conquering Celestial Worthy to rescue Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk, and the various celestial warriors from their ordeal.

Without a moment's pause in midair, he soon caught sight of the patriarch's immortal realm. Gently lowering his cloud, he stared around. A marvelous place, it was!

*Grandly it guards the southeast,
This towering divine mountain.
The soaring Hibiscus Peak:
The rugged Purple- Canopy Summit.
Nine Streams flow from it to distant Jing and Yang.
It joins the Yue mountains reaching the state of Chu.
On top are the treasure cave of Grand- Void,
The numinous estrades of Zhu and Lu.
Golden stones resound in thirty-six halls,
Where to offer incense ten thousand pilgrims come.
King Shun visits it and King Yu prays at this place,
Adorned with jade tablets and letters of gold.
Bluebirds fly about the towers;
Banners flap like scarlet skirts.
A land set on a mountain famed in all the world,
A Heav'n-born region touching the spacious void.
A few sprigs of plum trees just now in bloom;
A mountain of rare grasses spreading their verdure.
Dragons lie beneath the brooks;
Tigers crouch by the cliffs.
The birds sound as if they're talking;
By people tame deer are walking.
White cranes perch with clouds on old junipers;
Facing the sun, blue and red phoenixes sing.
This has the looks of a true, immortal realm,
Where portals of gold and mercy rule the world.*

The august patriarch was the off spring of King Pure Joy and Queen Triumphant Virtue, who was conceived with child after she dreamed that she had swallowed the sun. After carrying the child for fourteen months, she gave birth to him in the palace at noon on the first day of the third month, in the *jiachen* year, which was the first year of the Kaihuang reign period. This Holy Father was

*Fierce and bold in his youth,
Astute and keen when he grew up.*

*Declining the throne of kingship,
 He sought only austerities.
 His parents could not stop him
 From leaving the royal palace.
 The mysteries and meditation
 He embraced on this mountain.
 Merit and work accomplished,
 He rose in daylight to Heaven.
 The Jade Emperor forthwith decreed
 That he be titled Zhenwu.
 Above, the dark void blessed him;
 Below, the snake and turtle joined him.
 The entire Heaven and Earth
 Addressed him as All Efficacious,
 From whom no secret was hidden,
 For whom no act e'er met failure.
 From start to end of each kalpa,
 He routed the demon-spirits.*

As he was enjoying the sight of this immortal scenery, the Great Sage Sun soon arrived before the Palace of Grand Harmony, having passed through the first, the second, and the third Heaven gates. There in the midst of hallowed light and auspicious air he found a group of five hundred spirit-ministers, who met him and said, "Who are you?"

"I'm Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven," replied the Great Sage, "and I'd like to have an audience with the patriarch."

After the spirit-ministers went inside to make the report, the patriarch left the main hall to escort his visitor into the Palace of Grand Harmony. Pilgrim saluted the patriarch and said, "I must trouble you with a matter."

"What is it?" the patriarch asked.

"I was accompanying the Tang Monk on his way to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures," said Pilgrim, "and our path has landed us in a dangerous ordeal. At the West Aparagodānīya Continent, there is a mountain by the name of the Little Western Heaven, in which a demonic fiend has set up a Little Thunderclap Monastery. When my master entered the monastery gate and laid eyes on rows of arhats, guardians, bikṣus, and sage monks, he thought that he had come upon the real Buddha. Just as he bent low to bow to them, he was seized and bound. I, too, was caught off guard and was clamped within a pair of gold cymbals that the fiend threw up into the air. Those cymbals had me completely sealed inside, and there was not even the slightest crack for me to escape. It was a good thing that the Golden-Headed Guardian went to memorialize to the Jade Emperor, who commanded the Twenty-Eight Constellations to descend to earth that very night. Even they, however, could not pry the cymbals open. Luckily, Gullet the Gold Dragon managed to pierce the cymbals with his horn and took me out with him. I smashed the cymbals afterwards and aroused the fiendish creature. When he gave chase and fought with us, he threw up a white cloth wrap which had all of us, including the Twenty-Eight Constellations, stored away. We were tied up with ropes once more, but that evening I managed to escape and free the Constellations and our Tang Monk. Thereafter, my search for our robe and almsbowl again disturbed the

fiend, who chased us down once more to do battle with the celestial warriors. When that fiend took out his white cloth wrap and fiddled with it, I recognized his tune and fled at once. The rest of my companions were stored up by him as before. I had no other alternative but to come here to beg assistance from the patriarch.”

The patriarch said, “In years past, I ruled over the north and that was the reason I had assumed the position of Zhenwu to extirpate the fiends and deviates of the world by the decree of the Jade Emperor. Thereafter, by the command of the Celestial Worthy of Original Commencement I led, with loosened hair and naked feet and with the soaring serpent and divine turtle under my feet, the Five Thunder Deities, the huge-maned lion, and various ferocious beasts and poisonous dragons to subjugate the dark and fiendish miasmas of the northeast. Today I am enjoying the peace of Wudang Mountain and the serenity of the Palace of Grand Harmony, the calm seas and clear universe, only because the fiendish demons and devious spirits have all been exterminated in our South Jambūdvīpa Continent and in our North Uttarakuru Continent. Now that the Great Sage has come to make this request, it is difficult for me not to respond, but without the decree from the Region Above, it is also difficult for me to respond in arms. If I were to send forth the gods with my formal command, I fear that the Jade Emperor would be offended. But if I refuse the Great Sage, I would go utterly against human sentiments. I suppose, however, that those fiends on the road to the West could not be too terribly formidable. I’ll ask Turtle and Serpent, the two generals, and the Five Divine Dragons to assist you. I’m certain they will capture the monster-spirit and rescue your master from this ordeal.”

After he bowed to thank the patriarch, Pilgrim went back to the region of the West accompanied by Serpent, Turtle, and the dragon deities, all wielding their powerful weapons. In less than a day, they arrived at the Little Thunderclap Monastery, where they dropped from the clouds and began to provoke battle before the monastery gate.

We tell you now about that Great King Yellow Brow, who gathered the various fiends below his treasure tower and said, “These two days Pilgrim Sun has not even shown up. I wonder where he has gone to seek help.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the little fiend guarding the gate came in to report:

“Pilgrim is leading several persons with the looks of dragon, serpent, and turtle to provoke battle outside our gate.”

“How did this little monkey,” said the demon, “manage to acquire people with looks like that? Where did such people come from?”

He put on his armor immediately and walked out of the monastery gate, crying, “What dragon deities are you that you dare transgress our immortal territory?” With looks most rugged and spirited, the five dragons and the two generals shouted, “You brazen fiend! We are the Five Dragon Deities and Turtle and Serpent, the two generals, before the Demon-Conquering Celestial Worthy, who is the Pontiff of Composite Prime in the Palace of Grand Harmony, located on Wudang Mountain. By the invitation of the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and the amulet summons of the Celestial Worthy, we came here to arrest you. You, monster-spirit, send out the Tang Monk and the Constellations quickly and we shall spare your life. If not, we will hew to pieces the fiends of this entire mountain, and we will burn to ashes your several buildings!” On hearing this, the fiend grew enraged. “You beasts!” he cried. “What great magic power

do you have that you dare mouth big words like that? Don't run away! Have a taste of my club!" Whereupon these five dragons churned up cloud and rain, and those two generals sprayed dust and dirt, as they rushed forward together to attack with spears, scimitars, swords, and halberds. The Great Sage Sun, too, followed them, wielding his iron rod. This was another terrific battle:

*The vicious demon used force—
 Pilgrim sought armed assistance—
 The vicious demon used force
 As he took a precious tower to set up the Buddha's form;
 Pilgrim sought armed assistance,
 Going far to a treasure region for the dragon gods.
 Turtle and Serpent started water and fire;
 The fiend raised weapons and arms.
 Five dragons were ordered to the Westward way,
 Followed by Pilgrim for his master's sake.
 Swords and halberds flashed like electric bolts;
 Spears and knives glowed like lightning bright.
 The wolf-teeth club of this one,
 Strong but short and pliant;
 The golden-hooped rod of that one,
 Both yielding and compliant.
 You hear loud bangs and booms like firecrackers,
 And clanging chords like gold being struck.
 Water and fire came to conquer the fiend;
 Arms and weapons encircled a monster-spirit.
 Their cries startled tigers and wolves;
 Their brawl alarmed spirits and gods.
 This raucous battle had just reached a draw,
 When the demon seized the treasures once more.*

Leading the five dragons and the two generals, Pilgrim battled the demon for half an hour. Then the fiend untied his wrap and held it in his hand. Alarmed by what he saw, Pilgrim shouted, "Be careful, all of you!" Not realizing why they had to be careful, the dragon deities, the turtle, and the serpent all lowered their weapons and stepped forward to look. With a loud whoosh, the monster-spirit threw up the wrap again. Unable to care for the five dragons and the two generals any longer, the Great Sage Sun leaped up to the Ninefold Heaven with his somersault and fled. Those dragon deities along with the turtle and the serpent were stored up also in the wrap and taken captive. After the monster-spirit returned to the monastery in triumph, he had his prisoners bound with ropes and locked in the underground cellar, where we shall leave them for the moment.

Look at the Great Sage, who dropped down from the clouds! Reclining listlessly on the mountain slope, he said spitefully to himself, "This fiendish creature is most formidable!" Unwittingly, his eyes became shut and he looked as if he had fallen asleep. Suddenly, he heard someone crying, "Great Sage, don't sleep! Go get help quickly! Your master's life won't last very long!" Opening wide his eyes and leaping up, Pilgrim saw that it was the Day Sentinel. "You clumsy deity!" shouted Pilgrim. "Where have you been all this time lusting after your bloody offerings? You haven't shown up to answer your roll call, and yet you dare come to disturb me today! Stick out your shanks,

and let old Monkey give you a couple of strokes of my rod—just to relieve my boredom!”

Bowing hurriedly, the sentinel said, “Great Sage, you are the joyous immortal among men. How could *you* be bored? By the decree of the Bodhisattva, all of us are to give secret protection to the Tang Monk. We thus work with the local spirits and the like, not daring to leave him at all. That’s why we have not come to see you. How could you blame us instead?”

“If you’re giving him protection,” said Pilgrim, “tell me where has that monster-spirit imprisoned my master, the Constellations, the guardians, the protectors of monasteries, and the rest of them? What sort of suffering are they enduring now?”

“Your master and your brothers,” replied the sentinel, “are all hanging in the corridor by the side of the treasure hall, while the Constellations have been herded into the underground cellar to suffer there. We haven’t had any news from you for these two days.

Only when we saw just now that the monster-spirit had captured some divine dragons, a turtle, and a snake, and sent these, too, into the cellar did we realize that they were warriors fetched here by the Great Sage. Your humble deity came especially to find you. The Great Sage must not grow weary. You must go again quickly to seek help.” When he heard these words, Pilgrim began to shed tears as he said to the sentinel, “At this moment,

*I’m ashamed to go up to Heaven,
I’m embarrassed to go down to the seas.
I dread the Bodhisattva’s queries;
I’m sad to see the Buddha’s jade mien.*

Those who had been taken captive just now were Turtle, Snake, and the Five Dragon sages of Patriarch Zhenwu. I have no other place to go for help. What am I to do?” Smiling, the sentinel said, “Please do not worry, Great Sage. Your humble deity can think of another powerful army which, if you succeed in bringing it here, will certainly subdue this monster. Just now, the Great Sage went to Wudang of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. Well, this army is also stationed at the same continent, in the city of Bincheng on the Xuyi Mountain, what is now called Sizhou. Located there is the Preceptor of State-King Bodhisattva, who has vast magic powers. Under his tutelage is a disciple of his by the name of Prince Little Zhang. He has in his service also four great divine warriors, who brought to submission in years past the Lady Water Mother. If you go there now in person and ask for his kind assistance, I am certain that the fiend will be captured and your master rescued.”

Delighted, Pilgrim said, “You go back to protect my master and don’t let him be harmed. Let old Monkey go for help.” Mounting his cloud somersault, Pilgrim left the fiend’s place and headed straight for the Xuyi Mountain. He arrived there in less than a day. As he stared at it carefully, it was a marvelous place indeed!

*To the south it’s near river fords;
To the north, it presses on the River Huai;
To the east it reaches the sea coast;
To the west it connects with Fengfou.
On the peak there are towering edifices;
In its fold there are surging streams.
Strange, craggy boulders;*

*Handsome, knotty pines;
 A hundred kinds of fruits all in season and fresh;
 A thousand sprigs of flowers blooming in the sun.
 People, teeming like ants, go back and forth;
 Like rows of wild geese the boats come and leave.
 On top there are the Temple of Auspicious Cliff,
 The Palace of Eastern Mountain,
 The Shrine of Five Miracles,
 And the Monastery of Turtle Mountain,
 Where bell-tones and incense rise toward the sky.
 There are also the Crystal Stream,
 The Five Pagoda Valley,
 The Immortals Terrace,
 And the Apricot Garden—
 All lighting up the city with their pastoral hues.
 Languid white clouds stretch o'erhead;
 Birds, though tired, serenely sing.
 Why mention the charm of Tai, Song, Heng, and Hua?
 Here's immortal beauty like Peng and Ying!*

The Great Sage could hardly make an end of enjoying this scenery. After he passed the River Huai, he went through the city of Bincheng and went up to the gate of the Great Sage Chan Monastery, where he found magnificent halls and elegant long corridors. There was, moreover, a towering pagoda, truly

*A thousand cubits tall, jabbing clouds and sky,
 A golden flask piercing the jade-green void.
 Up and down its halo holds the universe;
 Not one shade darkens its screens both east and west.
 Treasure bells, windblown, will make celestial chimes;
 Shell-bark pines, sun-drenched, face this Sanskrit hall.
 Spirit birds, in flight or rest, speak frequently
 When you gaze on the Huai's endless eddy.*

Enjoying the scenery as he walked along, Pilgrim went straight up to the second-level door. By then, the Preceptor of State-King Bodhisattva had already learned of his arrival and he went out of the door with Prince Little Zhang to meet his visitor. After they saluted each other, Pilgrim said, "I'm accompanying the Tang Monk to go to the Western Heaven for scriptures. On our way we ran into The Little Thunderclap Monastery, where a Yellow Brow Fiend disguised himself as the Buddhist patriarch. Unable to distinguish the true from the false, my master immediately bowed before him and was caught. The fiend then had me sealed inside a pair of cymbals, but fortunately I was rescued by the Constellations descending from Heaven. I smashed his cymbals and fought with him, but he used a cloth wrap and took captive all of the gods, the guardians, my master, and my brothers. I went just now to the Wudang Mountain to seek the help of the August One of the Mysterious Heaven, who ordered the Five Dragons, Turtle, and Serpent to capture the fiend. But they, too, were caught by his wrap. Your disciple now has neither refuge nor home, and that's why he has come especially to see the Bodhisattva. I beg you to exercise your mighty power—the magic that brought the Water Mother to submission and the wondrous potency that redeemed the multitudes—and go with your disciple to rescue his master from this ordeal. When

we succeed in acquiring the scriptures so that they may be forever implanted in China, we shall proclaim the wisdom of our Buddha and his everlasting perfection.”

“Your affair today,” said the Preceptor of State-King, “indeed concerns the prosperity of our Buddhist religion, and I should go with you in person. But this is early summer, a time when the River Huai threatens to overflow. It was only recently that I brought to submission the Great Sage Water Ape.

That fellow, however, tends to grow restless whenever he comes into contact with water. I fear that my departure from this place will lure him into mischief, and there’s no other god who can bring him under control. Let me ask my young disciple and four other warriors under his command to go with you. They’ll assist you in capturing this demon.” Pilgrim gave thanks before mounting the clouds with Prince Little Zhang and the four warriors to return to the Little Thunderclap Monastery.

Prince Little Zhang used a mulberry-white lance while the four warriors all wielded red-steel swords. When they went forward with the Great Sage Sun to provoke battle, the little fiends again went inside to report. Leading the rest of the monsters, the fiendish king came roaring out and cried, “Monkey! What other persons have you brought here this time?” Ordering the four warriors forward, Prince Little Zhang shouted, “You lawless monster-spirit! You have no flesh on your face and no pupils in your eyes, and that’s why you can’t recognize us.”

“Where are you from, little warrior,” said the fiendish king, “that you dare come here to give him assistance?”

“I’m the disciple of the Preceptor of State-King Bodhisattva,” replied the prince, “the Great Sage of Sizhou. These are the four divine warriors under my command, who have been ordered here to arrest you.” With a laugh, the fiendish king said, “What sort of martial prowess does a little boy like you possess that you dare to be so insulting?”

“If you want to know about my martial prowess,” said the prince, “listen to my recital:

*The state, Flowing Sand, was my ancestral home.
My father was Flowing Sand Kingdom’s king.
Illness plagued me at the time of youth,
A victim of a baleful natal star.
For long life I sought a teacher far away;
I was lucky to meet him and be giv’n a cure.
Half a pellet and my ailments dispelled,
I left my princeship to follow his way
And acquired the art of ne’er growing old.
My features are those of eternal youth!
I have attended Buddha’s Birthday Feast.
I have trod the clouds to reach his great hall.
I’ve caught a water fiend with the wind and fog;
I’ve tamed tigers and dragons on the mount.
The grateful race built me a pagoda tall,
And śarī light illumed the deep, calm sea.
My mulberry lance is quick to bind a fiend;
My cleric sleeve can a monster subdue.
In Bincheng now a peaceful life I lead;*

The earth resounds with fame of Little Zhang."

When the fiendish king heard what was said, he smiled scornfully, saying, "Prince, what method of longevity did you manage to cultivate, when you left your own country and followed that Preceptor of State-King Bodhisattva? Good enough, I suppose, to capture a water fiend of the River Huai! How could you allow those false and specious words of Pilgrim Sun to goad you across a thousand hills and ten thousand waters and into surrendering your life here? You think you still have long life without growing old when you look me up!"

Enraged by what he heard, Little Zhang picked up the lance and stabbed at his opponent's face, while the four great warriors also joined in the attack at once. The Great Sage Sun, too, struck with his iron rod. Dear monster-spirit! Not the least daunted, he wielded his short, pliant, wolf-teeth club and parried the blows left and right, charging forward and sideways. This was another fierce battle!

*The youthful prince,
His mulberry-white lance,
And four even stronger red-steel swords.
Wukong, too, used his golden-hooped rod
To encircle together the fiendish king,
Who, in truth, possessed vast magic powers.
Not daunted at all, he charged left and right.
The wolf-teeth club being a Buddhist prize
Could not be harmed by blows of spear and sword.
You could only hear the howl of violent gale;
You could only see the dark, baleful air.
That one in worldly lust would show his ability;
That one steadfastly sought Buddha for the holy writ.
They dashed about a few times;
They battled now and again.
Belched out cloud and fog
Concealed the Three Lights.
Their anger and wrath would do each other ill.
All for the Three Vehicles' perfect law
A hundred arts engaged in bitter strife.*

The multitude fought for a long time but no decision could be reached. Once more the monster-spirit untied his wrap, and again Pilgrim cried out, "Be careful, all of you!"

The prince and the rest of the warriors, however, did not comprehend what Pilgrim meant by "be careful"! With a loud whoosh, the fiend also wrapped up the prince and the four great warriors. Only the prescience of Pilgrim enabled him to escape. Returning in triumph to the monastery, the fiendish king again had his prisoners bound with ropes and sent to be locked up in the underground cellar, where we shall leave them for the moment.

Mounting his cloud somersault, our Pilgrim rose to midair, and he lowered his auspicious luminosity only after he saw the fiend had withdrawn his troops and shut the gates. As he stood on the west mountain slope, he wept dejectedly, saying, "Oh, Master!

*Since I entered by faith the grove of Chan,
When from my ordeal Guanyin set me free,*

*I squired you westward to seek the great Way,
And, by mutual help, hoped Thunderclap to see.
We thought our twisted path would smooth out at last,
Not knowing such fiendish seige there would be.
A thousand plans seem hard to have you saved.
Vain efforts east and west had stalked my plea."*

As the Great Sage was thus grieving, he suddenly saw toward the southwest a colored cloud descending to earth as torrential rain fell on the mountain. "Wukong," someone called out, "do you recognize me?" Running forward to have a look, Pilgrim came upon a person with

*Huge ears, jutting jaw, and a squarelike face;
Broad shoulders, large belly, and stoutish grace.
His complexion was filled with joys of spring;
Two autumnal pools were his eyes sparkling.
His wide sleeves flapped and fluttered with good luck;
In smart straw sandals he looked full of pluck.
The first among the blissful ones of worth,
All hail to Matireya, the monk of mirth!*

On seeing him, Pilgrim quickly kowtowed, saying, "Buddhist Patriarch coming from the East, where are you going? Your disciple has improperly barred your way! I'm guilty of ten thousand crimes!"

"I came," replied the Buddhist patriarch, "especially on account of the fiend in the Little Thunderclap."

"I'm grateful for the profound grace and virtue of the holy father," said Pilgrim. "May I ask from what region did that fiend originate? What sort of treasure is that wrap of his? I beg the holy father to reveal it to me."

The patriarch said, "He happens to be a yellow-browed youth in charge of striking the sonorous stone before me. On the third day of the third month, I went to attend a festival of Original Commencement and left him to guard my palace. He stole several treasures of mine and, disguising himself as Buddha, became a spirit. That wrap is my fertility bag, its common name being 'The Bag of Human Seed.' That wolf-teeth club is the mallet for striking the sonorous stone." On hearing this, Pilgrim raised his voice to a shout:

"Dear laughing monk! You let this boy escape to give himself the false name of Buddhist patriarch and to ensnare old Monkey. Aren't you guilty of negligence in domestic governance?"

"It is my negligence in the first place," said Maitreya, "but it is also because you and your master have yet to pass through all your *mara* hindrances. That is why a hundred deities must descend to earth to inflict upon you your fated ordeals. I've come now to bring this fiend to submission for you."

"But the monster-spirit," said Pilgrim, "has vast magic powers. You don't even have a weapon. How could you bring him to submission?" Laughing, Maitreya said, "I'll set up below this mountain slope a grass hut and a huge melon field. You go to provoke battle, but you are not permitted to win when you fight with him. Lure him to my melon field. All my melons, however, will be raw, but you yourself will change into

a large, ripe melon. When he arrives, he will certainly want to eat some melon, and I'll present you for him to eat.

When he swallows you into his stomach, you may do whatever you please with him. By then, I should be able to retrieve that wrap from him and take him back inside it."

"Although this is a marvelous plan," said Pilgrim, "I wonder how you would be able to recognize the ripe melon that will be my transformation. Moreover, how would he be willing to follow me here?" Laughing again, Maitreya replied, "I'm the Worthy who governs the world. How could my percipient eyes of wisdom not recognize you? You may change into whatever you like and I'll recognize you. But fearing that the fiend might not want to pursue you, I'll teach you some magic."

"What he most certainly wants to do," said Pilgrim, "is to catch me with that wrap of his. He *won't* chase me here! What sort of magic do you have that will make him come here?" Smiling, Maitreya said, "Stretch forth your hand." Pilgrim stretched out his left palm; dipping his right index finger into his mouth, Maitreya wrote on his palm the word, restrain, with the divine saliva. Pilgrim was told to hold his left hand in a fist and open it only toward the face of the monster-spirit. Then the monster-spirit would certainly follow him.

Holding fast his fist and obeying amiably these instructions, Pilgrim wielded his iron rod with a single hand and went before the monastery gate. "Fiendish demon," he cried, "your Holy Father Sun's here again! Come out quickly so that we may decide who's the stronger!"

Those little fiends again dashed inside to make the report. "How many warriors has he brought with him this time?" asked the fiendish king. "There are no other warriors," replied one of the little fiends. "He's the only one."

"That little monkey has used up all his plans and exhausted his strength," said the fiendish king, laughing. "He has nowhere to go to ask for help, and he has just come to give up his life for sure."

After he had put on his armor properly, the fiend took his treasure and held up his light and soft wolf-teeth club to walk out of the door. "Sun Wukong," he cried, "you can't struggle anymore this time!"

"Brazen fiend!" scolded Pilgrim. "What do you mean that I can't struggle anymore?"

"I see that you have used up all your plans and exhausted your strength," said the fiendish king. "You have nowhere to go for help, and you've forced yourself here to do battle. There won't be any divine warriors to assist you this time, and that's why I say you can't struggle anymore." Pilgrim said, "This fiend doesn't know what's good for him! Stop bragging! Have a taste of my rod!" When the fiendish king saw that he was wielding the rod with only one hand, he could not refrain from laughing. "This little ape!" he said. "Look how mischievous he is! Why are you fooling around with only one hand?"

"My son," said Pilgrim, "you can't stand up to the attack of both my hands! If you don't use your wrap, even if there are three or five of you, you won't be able to overcome this one hand of old Monkey." On hearing this, the fiendish king said, "All right, all right! I won't use my treasure. I'll fight in earnest with you this time, and we'll see who's the stronger."

Thereupon he raised his wolf-teeth club to rush into battle. Aiming directly at his face, Pilgrim let loose his fist before gripping the iron rod with both his hands. The monster-spirit was immediately bound by the spell; with no thought at all for retreat or for using the wrap, he only had in mind using the club to attack his opponent. After delivering a weak blow with his rod, Pilgrim immediately retreated, and the monster-spirit chased him all the way to the west mountain slope.

When Pilgrim saw the melon field, he rolled right into it and changed at once into a huge melon, both ripe and sweet. The monster-spirit stood still and glanced everywhere, but he did not know where Pilgrim had gone to. When he ran up to the grass hut, he cried, "Who's the planter of these melons?"

Having changed himself into a melon farmer, Maitreya walked out of the hut, saying, "Great King, I'm the one who has planted them."

"You have any ripe ones?" asked the fiendish king. "Yes," replied Maitreya. "Pick a ripe one for me to relieve my thirst," cried the fiendish king.

Maitreya at once presented with both hands the melon into which Pilgrim had changed himself. Without even examining it, the fiendish king took it and began to bite at it. Using this opportunity, Pilgrim somersaulted at once down his throat, and without waiting for another moment, he began to flex his limbs. He grabbed the intestines and bent the stomach; he did handstands, cartwheels, and whatever he felt like doing at the time. The pain was so intense that the monster-spirit clenched his teeth and opened wide his mouth as big drops of tears welled up in his eyes. He rolled so hard on the ground that the patch of melon field was completely flattened like a plot of land for pounding grain. "Finished! Finished!" he could only mutter. "Who will save me?"

Changing into his original form, Maitreya giggled loudly and said, "Cursed beast! You recognize me?" When the fiend raised his head and saw the figure before him, he went hurriedly to his knees. Hugging his stomach with both hands and pounding his head on the ground, he cried, "My lord! Please spare my life! Please spare my life! I'll never dare do this again!" Maitreya strode forward and grabbed the fiend. After he had untied the bag of fertility and taken away the mallet for striking the sonorous stone, he cried, "Sun Wukong, for my sake, please spare him." Pilgrim, however, was so bitter that he started punching and kicking left and right, madly pounding and scratching inside. Unable to bear the terrible pain, the fiend slumped to the ground.

"Wukong," cried Maitreya again, "he has had enough! Spare him!" Only then did Pilgrim cry, "Open wide your mouth, and let old Monkey come out."

Though that fiend had been racked by sharp pains in his stomach, his heart had not yet been hurt. As the proverb says,

Before the heart breaks a person can't die;

Flowers fade and leaves drop when roots are dry.

When he heard that he should open wide his mouth, he did so at once, trying desperately to endure the pain. Pilgrim leaped out, and, as he changed back into his original form, he wanted immediately to strike with his rod. The monster-spirit, however, had already been stuffed into the wrap by the Buddhist patriarch and fastened to his waist. Picking up the sonorous stone mallet, the patriarch said, "Cursed beast! Where are the stolen cymbals?"

Having only concern for his life, the fiend in the bag of fertility moaned, "The gold cymbals were smashed by Sun Wukong."

"If they have been smashed," said the Buddhist patriarch, "return my gold."

The fiend said, "The gold fragments are piled on the lotus throne in the hall."

Holding the bag and the mallet, the Buddhist patriarch said, giggling, "Wukong, I'll go look for my gold with you." When Pilgrim saw this kind of dharma power, he did not dare tarry another moment. He had no other alternative, in fact, than to lead the Buddha up the mountain to return to the monastery, where they found the gates tightly shut. The Buddhist patriarch pointed his mallet at them and at once the gates flew open. When they went inside, all the little fiends were just in the process of packing and fleeing, having learned already that the old fiend had been captured. When Pilgrim ran into them, he struck them down one by one, until some seven hundred of them were slain. As they revealed their original forms, they were all spirits of mountains and trees, the monsters of beasts and fowl.

After the Buddhist patriarch had gathered the gold fragments together, he blew at them a mouthful of divine breath and recited a spell.

Immediately they changed back into their original form of a pair of gold cymbals. He then took leave of Pilgrim and mounted the auspicious clouds to return to the world of ultimate bliss.

Thereafter our Great Sage untied the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk from the rafters. Having been hung for several days, our Idiot was so hungry that he did not even bother to thank the Great Sage. His torso bent low, he dashed into the kitchen to try to find rice to eat. The fiend, you see, was just preparing lunch, but he was interrupted when Pilgrim came to provoke battle. When Idiot saw the rice, he ate half a pot first before taking two large bowls to his master and brother. Then they thanked Pilgrim and asked about the defeat of the fiend. Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he went first to solicit the help of the Taoist patriarch and his two warriors, turtle and serpent, how he went next to see the Great Sage and the prince, and finally how Maitreya brought the fiend to submission.

When Tripitaka heard this, he could not make an end of his thanksgiving for all the devas. "Disciple," he said afterwards, "where are these gods and sages imprisoned?"

"The Day Sentinel told me yesterday that they had all been sent to an underground cellar," replied Pilgrim. "Eight Rules, you and I must go and free them."

After he had had some food, our Idiot had grown strong once more. Picking up his muckrake, he went to the rear with the Great Sage and broke open the cellar door to untie all the prisoners. When they came back out to the jewelled tower, Tripitaka put on his cassock to bow to each one of the deities to thank them. Thereafter the Great Sage sent the five dragons and two warriors back to Wudang, Prince Little Zhang and the four warriors back to Bincheng, and finally the Twenty-Eight Constellations back to Heaven. The guardians and the protectors of monasteries, too, were released to return to their stations.

Master and disciples then rested for half a day at the monastery, where they also fed the white horse and tidied up the luggage before starting out again in the morning. As they left, they lit a fire and had all those jeweled towers, treasure thrones, tall turrets, and lecture halls reduced to ashes. So it was that,

Without care or hindrance, they escaped their ordeal;

Their calamity dispelled, they were free to leave.

We do not know how long it was before they reached the Great Thunderclap; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-SEVEN

*Having rescued Tuoluo, Chan Nature is secure
Escaping filthiness, the Mind of Dao is pure*

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his three disciples, who set out on the road once more, glad to have left the Little Western Heaven. They spent about a month traveling, and now it was the time of late spring when flowers blossomed. They saw the green fading at various gardens and groves, and a sudden squall of wind and rain brought the evening near. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka said, "O disciples, it's getting late! Which road shall we take to find lodging?"

"Master, relax!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Even if there's no place for us to ask for lodging, the three of us at least have some abilities.

You may ask Eight Rules to chop some grass and Sha Monk to cut down a few pine trees. Old Monkey knows how to play carpenter. I can build for you right by the road a little thatched hut in which you can live for at least a year. Why are you so anxious?"

"Oh, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "a place like this is not fit to be lived in! The whole mountain is full of tigers and wolves, and there are spirits and goblins everywhere. Even in daylight it's difficult enough to get through. How dare you rest here at night?"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "you're regressing more and more! Old Monkey isn't bragging, but this rod I hold in my hands can even hold up the sky—if it collapses!"

As master and disciples were conversing like that, they suddenly caught sight of a mountain village not far away. "Marvelous!" said Pilgrim. "We've a place for the night."

"Where?" asked the elder. Pointing with his finger, Pilgrim replied, "Isn't that a household over there beneath the trees? We can go over there to ask for one night's lodging. Tomorrow we'll leave."

Delighted, the elder urged on his horse and went up to the entrance of the village before he dismounted. As the wooden gates were tightly shut, the elder knocked on them, saying, "Open the door! Open the door!"

From within a house an old man emerged: he had a staff in his hands, rush sandals on his feet, a black cloth wrap on his head, and a plain white robe on his body. As he opened the door, he asked immediately, "Who's making all these noises here?"

Folding his hands before his chest, Tripitaka bowed deeply and said, "Old patron, this humble priest is one sent from the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. It was getting late when we arrived at your honored region. We have come, therefore, especially to ask you for one night's lodging. I beg you to grant us this boon."

"Monk," said the old man, "you may want to go to the West, but you can't get there. This is only the Little Western Heaven. If you want to go to the Great Western Heaven, the distance is exceedingly great, not to mention all the difficulties ahead of you. Even this region here will be hard for you to pass through."

“What do you mean by hard to pass through?” asked Tripitaka. Pointing with his hand, the old man said, “Approximately thirty miles west of our village there is a Pulpy Persimmon Alley, located in a mountain by the name of Seven Extremes.”

“Why do you call it Seven Extremes?” asked Tripitaka again.

The old man said, “The mountain is about eight hundred miles across, and the whole mountain is full of persimmon fruit. According to the ancients, ‘There are seven types of extreme characteristics of the persimmon tree. They are: long-lasting, shady, without birds’ nests, wormless, lovely leaves when frosted, hardy fruits, and large, luxuriant branches.’

Hence it is called the Mountain of Seven Extremes. Our humble region here, however, is large but sparsely inhabited, and since the time of antiquity, hardly anyone has ever journeyed deep into the mountain. Every year the persimmons, ripened and rotted, would fall on the ground and completely fill up the mountain path, which is shaped like an alley flanked by boulders on both sides. After the frost and snow of the winter and the heat of the summer, the road would become one of such horrid filth that the families of this region nicknamed it Slimy Shit Alley. Whenever the west wind rises, a terrible stench would drift here, fouler than any privy you may want to clean. Right now it happens to be late spring and we have this brisk southeast wind. That’s why you can’t smell it yet.” On hearing this, Tripitaka fell silent, utterly dejected.

Unable to contain himself, Pilgrim shouted, “Oldie, you’re rather block-headed! We’ve come from great distance to ask you for lodging, and you have to tell us all these things to frighten us! If your house is so crowded that there’s no room for us to sleep in, we can just squat here beneath the trees to spend the night. Why must you be so windy?”

Greatly startled by the hideous figure before him, the old man stopped talking for a moment. Then he gathered up enough courage to point his staff at Pilgrim and say in a loud voice, “You! Look at your skeleton face, flattened brow, collapsed nose, jutting jowl, and hairy eyes. A consumptive ghost, no doubt, and yet, without any manners at all, you dare use your pointed mouth to offend an elderly person like me!”

Trying to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, “Venerable Sir, so you have eyes but no pupils, and thus you can’t recognize the worth of this consumptive ghost! As the books on physiognomy would say, ‘The features may be strange and bizarre, but it is a piece of fine jade hidden in the stone.’ If you judge people only by their looks, you’re completely wrong. I may be ugly, but I have some abilities!”

“Where are you from?” asked the old man. “What are your name and surname? What sort of abilities do you have?” With a smile, Pilgrim said

*Pūrvavideha was my ancestral home,
I did cultivation on Mount Flower- Fruit.
I bowed to the Patriarch of Heart and Mind
And perfected with him the martial arts.
I can tame dragons, stirring up the seas;
I can tote mountains to chase down the sun.
In binding fiends and demons I’m the best;
Moving stars and planets, I scare ghosts and gods.
Stealing from Heav’n and Earth gives me great fame,
Of boundless change, Handsome Stone Monkey’s my name.*

On hearing these words, the old man's displeasure turned to delight. He bowed, saying, "Please, please come inside to rest in our humble dwelling."

The four pilgrims thus led the horse and toted their luggage inside, where they saw thorny bushes on both sides of the yard. The second-level door was flanked by stone walls, which were covered also by briars and thistles. Finally, they reached three tiled houses in the center. The old man at once pulled some chairs over for them to be seated and asked for tea to be served. He also gave an order for rice to be prepared. In a little while, some tables were brought out on which were placed dishes of fried wheat gluten, bean curds, taro sprouts, white radishes, mustard greens, green turnips, fragrant rice, and mallow soup made with vinegar. Master and disciples thus enjoyed a full meal.

After they finished eating, Eight Rules tugged at Pilgrim and whispered to him, "Elder Brother, this oldie at first didn't want to give us lodging. Now he gives a sumptuous feast. Why?"

"How much could a meal like this be worth?" replied Pilgrim. "Just wait till tomorrow. He's going to send us off with ten kinds of fruit and ten different dishes!"

"Don't you have any shame?" said Eight Rules. "So, you managed to wangle a meal from him with those few big words of yours."

Tomorrow you'll be leaving. Why should he entertain you some more?"

"Don't worry," replied Pilgrim, "I'll take care of this." In a little while, it was almost completely dark, and the old man asked for lamps to be brought out. "Gonggong," said Pilgrim, bowing, "what is your noble surname?"

"It is Li," replied the old man. "I suppose this must be Li Village then," said Pilgrim.

"No," replied the old man, "for this is called the Tuoluo Village. There are over five hundred families living here, with many other surnames. Only I go by the name of Li."

"Patron Li," said Pilgrim, "what particular good intention has moved you and your family to bestow on us this rich vegetarian feast?" Rising from his seat, the old man said, "I heard you say just now that you are an expert in catching fiends. We have one here, and I'd like to ask you to catch him for us. You shall have a handsome reward."

Bowing immediately to him, Pilgrim said, "Thanks for giving me some business!"

"Look how he causes trouble!" exclaimed Eight Rules. "When someone asks him to catch fiends, that person is dearer to him than his maternal grandpa! Without further ado, he bows already."

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "you don't know about this. My bow is actually like a down payment. He isn't going to ask anyone else." On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "This little monkey is so egocentric in everything. Suppose that monster-spirit has such vast magic powers that you can't succeed in catching him. Wouldn't that make you, someone who has left the family, guilty of falsehood?"

"Master, don't be offended," said Pilgrim, laughing. "Let me question him further."

“On what?” asked the old man. Pilgrim said, “Your noble region here seems to be a clean and peaceful piece of land. There are, moreover, many families living together, hardly a remote area. What sort of monster-spirit is there who dares approach your high and noble gates?”

“To tell you the truth,” said the old man, “our region has enjoyed peace and prosperity for a long time. But three years ago, a violent gust of wind arose during the time of the sixth month. At the time, all the people of our village were out in the fields busily planting rice or beating grain. Quite alarmed by the wind, they thought that the weather had changed. Little did they expect that after the wind a monster-spirit would descend on us and devour all the cattle and livestock left grazing outside. He ate chickens and geese whole, and he swallowed men and women alive. Since that time, he has returned frequently during these past three years to harass us. O elder! If you indeed have the abilities to catch this fiend and cleanse our land, all of us will most surely give you a big reward. We won’t treat you lightly!”

“This kind of monster,” Pilgrim said, “is quite difficult to catch.”

“Difficult indeed!” exclaimed Eight Rules. “We’re only mendicants—we want a night’s lodging from you, and tomorrow we’ll leave. Why should we catch any monster-spirit?”

“So, you’re actually priests out to swindle a meal!” said the old man. “When we first met, you were boasting of how you could move planets and stars, how you could bind fiends and monsters. But when I tell you now about the matter, you pass it off as something very difficult.”

“Oldie,” said Pilgrim, “the monster-spirit is not hard to catch. It is hard *only* because the families in this region are not of one mind in their efforts.”

“In what way are they not of one mind?” asked the old man.

“For three years,” Pilgrim replied, “this monster-spirit has been a menace, taking the lives of countless creatures. If each family here were to donate an ounce of silver, I should think that five hundred families would yield at least five hundred ounces. With that amount of money, you could hire an exorcist anywhere who would be able to catch the fiend for you. Why did you permit him to torture you for these three years?”

“If you bring up the subject of spending money,” said the old man, “I’m embarrassed to death! Which one of our families did not indeed disburse three or four ounces of silver? The year before last we found a monk from the south side of this mountain and invited him to come. But he didn’t succeed.”

“How did that monk go about catching the fiend?” asked Pilgrim. The old man said,

*That man of the Saṅgha,
He had on a kasāya.
He first quoted the Peacock;
He then chanted the Lotus;
Burned incense in his urn;
Grasped with his hand a bell.
As he thus sang and chanted,
He aroused the very fiend.
Astride the clouds and wind,
He came to this village.*

*The monk fought with the fiend,
 In truth some tall tale to tell!
 One stroke delivered a punch,
 One stroke delivered a scratch.
 The monk tried to respond:
 In response his hair was gone!
 In a while the fiend triumphed
 And went back to mist and smoke.
 (
 Mere dried scabs being sunned!)
 We draw near to take a look:
 The bald head was beaten like a rotten watermelon!*

“When you put it like that,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “he really lost out!”

The old man said, “He only paid with his life; we were the true victims. We had to buy the coffin for his funeral, and we had to give some money to his disciple. That disciple, however, has yet to be satisfied, and wants to bring litigation against us even now. What a mess!”

“Did you try to find someone else to catch the monster?” asked Pilgrim again. The old man replied, “We found a Daoist last year.”

“How did that Daoist go about catching him?” asked Pilgrim. “That Daoist,” said the old man,

*Wore on his head a gold cap,
 And on himself, a ritual robe.
 He banged aloud his placard;
 He waved his charms and water.
 He sent for gods and spirits
 But summoned only the ogre.
 A violent gale blew and churned,
 And black fog dimmed every where.
 The monster and the Daoist,
 The two went forth to battle.
 They fought till dusk had set in
 When the fiend left with the clouds.
 The cosmos was bright and fair,
 And we were all assembled.
 Going to search for the Daoist,
 We found him drowned in a brook.
 We fished him out for a better look:
 He seemed like a chicken poached in soup!*

“The way you put it,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “he, too, lost out!”

“He, too, only paid with his life,” said the old man, “but we again had to spend all sorts of unnecessary money.”

“Don’t worry! Don’t worry!” said Pilgrim. “Let me catch him for you.”

“If you really have the ability to seize him,” said the old man, “I will ask several elders of our village to sign a contract with you. If you win, you may ask whatever

amount of money you wish, and we won't withhold from you even half a penny. But if you get hurt, don't accuse us of anything. Let all of us obey the will of Heaven."

"This oldie is weary of being wrongly accused!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I'm not that kind of person. Go and fetch the elders quickly."

Filled with delight, the old man immediately asked a few houseboys to go and invite eight or nine elders to his house—all neighbors, cousins, and in-laws of his. After they met the Tang Monk and had been told of the matter of catching the fiend, they were all very pleased. "Which noble disciple will go forth to catch him?" one elder asked.

With his hands folded before his chest to salute them, Pilgrim said, "This little priest will."

Astonished, the elder said, "That won't do! That won't do! The monster-spirit has vast magic powers and a hulking body. A lean and tiny priest like you probably won't even fill the cracks of his teeth!"

"Venerable Sir," said Pilgrim, laughing, "you haven't guessed correctly about me! I may be tiny, but I'm quite hardy. 'Having drunk a few drops off the whetstone, I've been sharpened up!'" On hearing this, those elders had no alternative but to give their consent.

"Elder," they said, "how much reward do you want after you've caught the monster-spirit?"

"Why mention reward?" replied Pilgrim. "As the saying goes,

*Gold dazzles your eyes;
Silver is not shiny;
Copper pennies are stinky!*

We're priests trying to accumulate merit, and we certainly do not desire cash rewards."

"The way you speak," said one of the elders, "indicates that you're all noble priests who take your commandments seriously. You may not want cash rewards, but we can't allow you to work for us for free. Now, all of us either farm or fish for our livelihood. If you truly can rid us of this cursed fiend and purify our region, each family will donate two acres of the finest land—a thousand acres in all—which will be set aside at one place. All of you, master and disciples, can then build on the land a nice temple or monastery, in which you can meditate and practice Chan. That's much better than wandering with the clouds all over the world." Laughing again, Pilgrim said, "That's even messier! If you give us land, we'll have to graze and groom horses, to find feed and make hay. At dusk, we can't go to bed, and by dawn, we still cannot rest. That sort of a life will kill us!"

"If you don't want all these," said the elder, "just what do you want as your reward?"

"We're people who have left the family," replied Pilgrim. "Give us some tea and rice, and that's sufficient reward."

The elders were very pleased. "That sort of reward is easy," said one of them, "but we'd like to know your plan to catch him?"

"When he comes," said Pilgrim, "I'll do it."

“But that fiend is huge,” said another elder. “He touches Heaven above and Earth beneath.

He comes with the wind and departs with the fog. How can you even get near him?”

“If he’s a monster-spirit able to summon the wind and ride the fog,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “I’ll just treat him as my grandson. If he’s big in size, I still can hit him.”

As they chatted, they suddenly heard the howling of the wind, which so terrified those eight or nine elders that they all quaked and quivered. “This priest has such a bad luck mouth!” they cried. “He speaks of the monster-spirit, and at once the monster-spirit shows up!”

Flinging wide the side door, that Old Li herded the Tang Monk and his relatives inside, crying, “Come in! Come in! the fiend’s here.”

Eight Rules and Sha Monk were so intimidated that they, too, wanted to follow them in entering the house. Pilgrim, however, yanked them back with both hands, saying, “Have you lost your senses? Priests like you, how could you behave like that? Stand still! Stay with me in the courtyard so that we can find out what kind of a monster-spirit this is.”

“Oh, Elder Brother!” cried Eight Rules. “These are all savvy people! When the wind howls, it means the fiend’s coming, and that’s why they are hiding. We are neither kinfolk nor acquaintances of theirs, neither bond relatives nor old friends. What’s the point of looking at this monster?” Pilgrim, however, was so strong that he was able to hold them down right there in the courtyard as the wind grew even more fierce.

Marvelous wind!

*It felled woods and trees, daunting tigers and wolves;
It stirred seas and rivers, alarming gods and ghosts;
It toppled rocks of Mount Hua’s triple peaks;
It upturned the world’s four great continents.
Rustic homes and households all shut their doors;
The whole village’s children all hid their heads.
Massive black clouds covered the starry sky.
Lamps and lights faded as the whole earth grew dark.*

Eight Rules was so terrified that he fell on the ground; digging a hole with his snout, he buried his head in it and lay prone as if he had been nailed to the Earth. Sha Monk, too, covered up his head and face, for he found it difficult even to open his eyes.

Only Pilgrim sniffed at the wind to try to determine what sort of fiend that was. In a little while the wind subsided and the faint glow of what seemed to be two lanterns appeared in midair. Lowering his head, Pilgrim said, “Brothers, the wind’s gone! Get up and take a look!” Pulling out his snout, our Idiot shook off the dirt and raised his head skyward. When he saw the two lights, he burst out laughing, crying, “What fun! What fun! So, this monster-spirit is someone who knows properly when to move or rest! We should befriend him.”

“In a dark night like this,” said Sha Monk, “you haven’t even seen his face yet. How could you know what sort of a person he is?”

Eight Rules replied, “The ancient said,

To move by lights at night is best;

When there are no torches, we rest.

Look at him now! He has a pair of lanterns leading the way. He must be a good man.”

“You’re wrong!” said Sha Monk. “Those aren’t lanterns. They’re the glimmering eyes of the monster-spirit!” Our Idiot was so appalled that he lost three inches of his height. “Holy Father!” he cried. “If those are his eyes, how big is his mouth?”

“Don’t be afraid, Worthy Brothers,” said Pilgrim. “Stay here and guard our master. Let old Monkey go up there and demand a confession. We’ll see what kind of monster-spirit he is.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “don’t confess that we are here.”

Dear Pilgrim! He whistled loudly and leaped into the air. Gripping his iron rod, he cried out in a loud voice, “Slow down! Slow down! I’m here!” When the fiend saw Pilgrim, he stood erect and began to wave a long lance back and forth in the air. Holding high his rod to assume a position of combat, Pilgrim asked, “From what region a fiend are you? Of what place a spirit are you?”

The fiend gave no reply whatever; all he did was to wave his lance. Pilgrim asked again, but still there was no reply from the fiend, who only persisted in waving the lance. Smiling to himself, Pilgrim said, “You’ve got to be both deaf and dumb! Don’t run away! Watch my rod!”

The fiend, however, was not frightened in the least; brandishing his lance, he parried Pilgrim’s blows, and the two of them charged back and forth, up and down, in midair. They fought till it was about the hour of the third watch and no decision was reached. Standing down below in the courtyard, Eight Rules and Sha Monk saw everything clearly. The fiend, you see, only wielded the lance to parry the blows, but he did not attack his opponent at all. Pilgrim’s rod, therefore, hardly ever left the head of the fiend. “Sha Monk,” said Eight Rules with a laugh, “you stand guard here, and let old Hog go and help with the fight. We can’t allow that monkey to make this merit all by himself, or he’ll be rewarded with the first goblet of wine.”

Dear Idiot! He leaped up to the edge of the clouds and attacked at once with his rake, which was met by another lance of the fiendish creature. The two lances danced in the air like flying serpents and flashing thunderbolts. Praising him, Eight Rules said, “This monsterspirit shows great technique with the lance! He’s not using the style of the ‘Mountain-Back Lance,’ but it’s more like the ‘Winding-Silk Lance.’ It’s not the ‘Ma-Family Lance,’ but it probably has the name of the ‘Flabby-Handle Lance.’” “Stop babbling, Idiot!” said Pilgrim. “There’s no such thing as the ‘Flabby-Handle Lance!’”

Eight Rules said, “Just look at how he uses the pointed ends of the lances to parry our blows, but the handles of the lances are nowhere to be seen. Where has he hidden them, I wonder?”

“Maybe it is the ‘Flabby-Handle Lance,’” said Pilgrim, “but what’s important is that this fiendish creature does not know how to speak, because he has not yet attained the way of humans. He is still heavily under the influence of the yin aura. In the morning when the yang aura grows stronger, he will certainly want to flee. We must give chase and not let him get away.”

“Exactly! Exactly!” said Eight Rules.

They fought for a long time and then the east paled with light. Not daring to linger, the fiend turned and fled, while Eight Rules and Pilgrim gave chase together. As they sped along, they suddenly encountered an oppressively foul stench rising from the Pulpy Persimmon Alley of the Seven Extremes Mountain. “Which family is cleaning its privy?” cried Eight Rules. “Wow! The smell’s horrible!”

Clamping a hand over his nose, Pilgrim could only mutter, “Chase the monster-spirit! Chase the monster-spirit!”

Darting past the mountain, the fiend at once changed back into his original form: a huge, red-scaled python. Look at him!

*His eyes flashed forth the stars of dawn;
His nose belched out the morning fog.
His teeth, like dense rows of steel swords;
His claws curved like golden hooks.
From the brow rose a horn of flesh
That seemed to be formed by a thousand pieces of carnelian;
His whole body was draped in red scales
That resembled a million flakes of rouge.
Coiled up on earth, he could be confused with a brocade quilt;
Flying in the air, he could be mistaken for a rainbow.
Where he rested, putrid fumes rose to the sky;
When he moved, scarlet clouds covered his body.
Big enough?
People on his east end couldn’t see the west.
Long enough?
He was like a mountain stretching from pole to pole.*

“So, it’s such a long snake!” said Eight Rules. “If it wants to devour people, one meal will probably take five hundred persons, and it’ll still not be filled.” Pilgrim said, “That ‘Flabby-Handle Lance’ has to be his forked tongue. He has been weakened by our chase. Let’s hit him from behind!”

Bounding forward, our Eight Rules brought his rake down hard on the fiendish creature, who darted swiftly into a hole. Only seven or eight feet of the tail remained outside when it was grabbed by Eight Rules, abandoning his rake. “I got him! I got him!” he cried, as he used all his might to try to pull the fiend out of the hole, but he could not even budge him.

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “leave him inside. I know what to do. Don’t try to pull a snake backward like that!”

Eight Rules indeed let go and the fiend slithered inside the hole. “Before I let go just now,” complained Eight Rules, “half of him was already ours.

Now he has slithered inside. How could we make him come out again? Isn’t this what you call no more snake to play with?” Pilgrim said, “This fellow has quite a hefty body. The hole is so small that he can never turn around inside. He has to move in a straightforward manner, and there has to be also a rear entrance. Go find it quickly and bar the hole. I’ll attack him from the front entrance here.” Idiot dashed past the mountain, where he indeed discovered another hole. He paused, but he had hardly stood still when Pilgrim at the front entrance sent a terrific jab with his rod into the hole. In great pain, the fiendish creature darted out of the rear entrance. Caught off guard, Eight

Rules was struck down by his tail and, unable to get up again, he lay on the ground to nurse his pain.

When Pilgrim saw that the hole was empty, he picked up his rod and ran over to the rear, shouting for Eight Rules to chase the fiend.

On hearing Pilgrim's voice, Eight Rules became so embarrassed that, regardless of his pain, he scrambled up and began to beat the ground madly with his rake. When he saw him, Pilgrim laughed and said, "The fiend's gone! What are you doing that for?"

Eight Rules said, "Old Hog's here 'Beating the Bush to Stir the Snake.'" "What a living Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "Let's chase him!"

The two of them ran past a brook, when they found the fiend had coiled himself into a mound on the ground. Rearing his head, he opened wide his huge mouth and wanted to devour Eight Rules. Terrified, Eight Rules turned and fled, but our Pilgrim went forward to meet him and was swallowed by the fiend in one gulp. Pounding his chest and stamping his feet, Eight Rules screamed, "Alas, Elder Brother! You're dead!" Inside the stomach of the monster-spirit, Pilgrim held up his iron rod and said, "Don't worry, Eight Rules. Let me ask him to build a bridge for you to see!"

He stuck his rod up a bit more, and the fiendish creature had to raise his torso until he resembled a bow-shaped bridge. "He looks like a bridge, alright," said Eight Rules, "but no one would dare walk on it."

"Let me ask him again to change into a boat for you to see," said Pilgrim. He plunged the iron rod downward; with the stomach hugging the ground and the head upraised, the fiendish creature looked like a sloop from the Kan River district.

"He may look like a boat," said Eight Rules, "but there is no top mast for him to use the wind."

"Get out of the way," said Pilgrim, "and I'll make him use the wind for you to see." Using all his strength, Pilgrim pushed his iron rod upward from the spine of the fiendish creature until it reached a height of some seventy feet and the shape of a mast. In desperate pain and struggling for his life, the fiend shot forward, faster than any windblown vessel, and made for the road on which he came. Some twenty miles down the mountain, he finally fell motionless to the dust and expired. Eight Rules caught up with him from behind and attacked him madly once more with his rake. Meanwhile, Pilgrim ripped a big hole in the creature's body and crawled out, saying, "Idiot, he's dead already."

Why use your rake on him?"

"Oh, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "don't you know that old Hog all his life has loved to strike at dead snakes?"

They thus put away their weapons and dragged the creature back by his tail.

We tell you now about the Old Li in the Tuoluo Village; he and the rest of the people said to the Tang Monk, "For a whole night your two disciples have not returned. They must have lost their lives."

"I don't think it's that serious," said Tripitaka. "Let us go out to have a look first." Soon they caught sight of Pilgrim and Eight Rules approaching, dragging a huge python behind them and shouting to clear the way. Only then did the people become delighted; the old and young, the men and women of the entire village all came to kowtow and say, "Holy Fathers, this is the very monster-spirit that has taken many lives

here. We are fortunate to have you exercise your power today and extirpate the fiendish deviate, for now our lives are secure.”

All the households were filled with gratitude, so much so that each one of them insisted on thanking the pilgrims with gifts and feasting. Master and disciples were detained for nearly a week, and only after much pleading on their part were they permitted to leave.

When the people saw that the pilgrims refused to accept any kind of monetary rewards, they all prepared some dried goods and fruits.

With laden horses and mules, colored banners and red ribbons, they came to say farewell. There were only five hundred families in the region, but those who came to send them off numbered more than seven hundred.

They journeyed amiably, and in a little while they arrived at the entrance of the Pulpy Persimmon Alley in the Mountain of Seven Extremes. When Tripitaka smelled the wretched odor and saw how clogged the road was, he said, “Wukong, how could we pass through?”

Clamping his hand over his nose, Pilgrim said, “This is rather difficult!” When Tripitaka heard him say “difficult,” tears dropped from his eyes. Old Li and others went forward and said, “Father, please do not be anxious. When we accompanied you here, we had already made up our minds. Since your noble disciples subdued the monster-spirit for us and delivered the entire village from such calamity, we are all determined to open up a road for you to pass through.”

“Oldie,” said Pilgrim, smiling, “your words aren’t very reasonable! You told us earlier that the distance across this mountain is some eight hundred miles. You are no celestial engineers under the command of the Great Yu, Conqueror of the Flood. How could you blast open mountains and build roads? If you want my master to get across the ridge, it’s up to us again to exert ourselves. None of you can do something like this.”

As he dismounted, Tripitaka said, “Wukong, how are you going to exert yourself?”

“If you want to cross this mountain in the twinkling of an eye,” said Pilgrim, smiling, “that’s difficult. If you want to build another road, that’s difficult, too. We have to push through, using the old alley, but right now, I fear that no one will take care of our meals.”

“Don’t talk like that, Elder!” said Old Li. “No matter how long you four are delayed here, we can support you. How could you say that no one would take care of your meals!”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “go and prepare two piculs of dried rice, and make some steamed buns and breads also. Let that priest of ours with a long snout eat to his fill. He’ll then change into a huge hog to shovel out the old road. Our master will ride the horse and we’ll accompany him. We’ll get across.” On hearing this, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, all of you want to be clean. How could you ask old Hog alone to become stinky?”

“Wuneng,” said Tripitaka, “if you truly have the ability to shovel out the alley and lead me across the mountain, I’ll have it recorded that you are ranked first in merit on this occasion.” With a laugh, Eight Rules said, “Master, you and the rest of our venerable patrons here should not tease me. I, old Hog, after all, am capable of thirty-six

kinds of transformation. If you want me to change into something delicate, elegant, and agile, I simply can't do it. But if it's a mountain, a tree, a boulder, an earth mound, a scabby elephant, a graded hog, a water buffalo, or a camel, I can change into all these things. The only thing is that if I change into something big, my appetite is going to be even bigger. I must be satisfactorily fed before I can work."

"We have the stuff! We have the stuff!" cried the people. "We have all brought along dried goods, fruits, baked biscuits, and assorted pastries. We were planning to present them to you after you had crossed the mountain. We'll take them out now for you to enjoy. When you have assumed your transformation and begun your work, we'll send people back to the village to prepare more rice for you."

Filled with delight, Eight Rules took off his black cloth shirt and dropped his nine-pronged rake. "Don't tease me!" he said to the people. "Watch old Hog achieve this stinky merit!"

Dear Idiot! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he shook his body once and changed indeed into a huge hog. Truly he had

*A long snout and short hair—all rather plump.
He fed on herbs of the mountain since his youth.
A black face with round eyes like the sun and moon;
A round head with huge ears like plantain leaves.
His bones were made lasting as Heaven's age;
Tougher than iron was his thick skin refined.
In deep nasal tones he made his oink-oink cry.
What guttural grunts when he puffed and huffed!
Four white hoofs standing a thousand feet tall;
Swordlike bristles topped a hundred-yard frame.
Mankind had long seen fatted pigs and swine,
But never till today this old hog elf.
The Tang Monk and the people all gave praise;
At such high magic pow'r they were amazed.*

When Pilgrim Sun saw this transformation of Eight Rules, he ordered those people who accompanied them to put their dried goods into a huge pile so that Eight Rules could enjoy the foodstuff. Without regard for whether it was cooked or raw, Eight Rules went forward and gulped down all of it. Then he proceeded to shovel out a path. Pilgrim asked Sha Monk to take off his shoes and to pole the luggage with care. He told his master to sit firmly on the carved saddle, while he himself also took off his boots. Then he gave this instruction to the people:

"If you are grateful, go and prepare some rice quickly for my brother's sustenance." Over half of those seven hundred people who accompanied the pilgrims to send them off came along with horses and mules; they, therefore, dashed back to the village like shooting stars to prepare the rice. The rest of the people, some three hundred of them, had come on foot, and these stood below the mountain and watched the pilgrims depart. The distance between the village and the mountain, you see, was some thirty miles. By the time the people went back to the village and returned with the rice, master and disciples were almost a hundred miles away. Not willing to let them go, however, the people urged their horses and mules into the alley and spent the night traveling. Only by morning did they succeed in catching up with the pilgrims. "Holy Fathers who are going to acquire scriptures," they cried, "please slow down! Please

slow down! We are bringing you rice!” On hearing these words, the elder was filled with gratitude. “Truly they are kind and faithful people!” he said. Then he asked Eight Rules to stop so that he could take some rice for strength. Our Idiot had been shoveling for one whole day and night, and he was beginning to feel keenly his hunger. Though there were more than seven or eight piculs of rice brought by those people, he gulped it all down, regardless of whether it was rice or other types of grain. After a hearty meal, he proceeded again to shovel out the road.

Tripitaka, Pilgrim, and Sha Monk thanked the people and took leave of them. So it is that

*The Tuoluo villagers return to their homes,
While Eight Rules opens up a mountain path.
Divine might upholds devout Tripitaka;
Wukong shows magic and the demon fails.
An aeon's Pulp Persimmons this day are cleansed;
Henceforth the Seven Extremes' Alley is unclogged.
Six forms of desires having all been purged.
In peace, unhindered, they'll bow to lotus seats.*

We do not know how great a distance they still must travel or what sort of fiends they may encounter; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-EIGHT

*At Scarlet-Purple Kingdom the Tang Monk speaks of past eras
Pilgrim Sun performs on an arm broken in three places*

*Virtue attained, all causations dead,
Your fame through four great continents will spread.
Wise and enlightened you ascend yonder shore.
The wind will sigh
As hazy cirrus rises in the sky.
Those Buddhas will all greet you;
Forever at Jade Terrace you'll live thereto.
Break up the human dream of butterfly.
Let it all end!
Where dust is cleansed no worries attend.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his disciples who,
*Having washed out an alley of sullage,
Now walked on the path of freedom.*

Time went by swiftly and again it was torrid summer, when
*Pomegranates spread ornate fruits,
And lotus leaves split like green pans.
In two rows of willow young swallows hide,
To flee the heat the travellers wave their fans.*

As they proceeded, they suddenly saw a moated city looming up. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka called out, "Disciples, take a look.

What kind of a place is that?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "so you are actually illiterate! How could you have accepted the decree of the Tang emperor to leave the court?"

"I became a priest when I was still a child," replied Tripitaka. "I have mastered thousands of sūtras. How could you say I'm illiterate?"

"If you are literate," said Pilgrim, "why couldn't you recognize those three big words written plainly on the apricot-yellow banner? Why did you have to ask what sort of a place this is?"

"Brazen ape!" bellowed the Tang Monk. "You're babbling! That banner is whipped by the wind. There might be words on it, but I can't see them clearly!"

"Of all persons," said Pilgrim, "why is it that old Monkey's able to see them?"

"Master," both Eight Rules and Sha Monk said, "don't listen to Elder Brother's jabberings! From this distance, we can hardly see the moated city clearly. Who could see any words?"

"Aren't those words, the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom?" asked Pilgrim. Tripitaka said, "The Scarlet-Purple Kingdom must be a state in the Western domain. That means we must have our rescript certified."

"That goes without saying," said Pilgrim.

In a little while, they arrived before the gate of the city, where Tripitaka dismounted. As they strolled through the triple-layered gates, they found that it was a marvelous national capital indeed. What they saw were

*Soaring towered gates,
Orderly parapets.
Around the city running water flowed freely;
North and south, it fronted on tall mountains.
Cargoes heaped up in its streets and markets;
Business flourished in every house and home.
Truly it was a meeting place of royalty,
A great capital, a Heavenly residence.
Towered boats came from distant shores.
Laden with foreign jades and gems.
Its noble form joined distant hills;
Its palaces reached the clear void.
Its three passes firmly secured,
Therein peace forever prospered.*

As master and disciples walked through the main boulevards, they found the looks of the people distinguished and imposing, their attire orderly and neat, and their language clear and resonant. Truly it was no different from the world of the Great Tang.

Now, when those people on both sides busily engaged in buying and selling suddenly discovered the ugly visage of Eight Rules, the dark face and tall frame of Sha Monk, and the hairy features of Pilgrim Sun, they all abandoned their businesses and crowded around the pilgrims to stare at them. Tripitaka felt compelled to call out, "Don't start any trouble! Lower your heads and walk on!" Obeying his master, Eight Rules stuffed his lotus-rootlike mouth inside his bosom, and Sha Monk dared not raise his head. Only Pilgrim kept staring left and right as he walked closely beside the Tang Monk. After they had looked at the pilgrims for a while, those people who were more sensible went back to their own activities. The loiterers and the mischievous youths, however, all surged around Eight Rules; laughing and clamoring, they threw tiles and bricks at Eight Rules to tease him. The Tang Monk became so nervous that he was perspiring. All he could say was, "Don't start anything!" Our Idiot dared not lift his head.

In a moment, they turned the corner and came upon a large residence surrounded by an outer wall. On top of its entrance were the words, College of Interpreters.

"Disciples," said the Tang Monk, "let's go inside this official mansion."

"What for?" asked Pilgrim.

"The College of Interpreters," said the Tang Monk, "is a meeting place for people from all parts of the world. Even we can make use of it. Let us go in and rest ourselves. After I have seen the throne and have had our rescript certified, we can then leave the city and be on our way once more." On hearing this, Eight Rules brought out his snout and frightened off several scores of those people following them. "What Master says is quite right," he said as he walked forward. "Let's hide inside so that we won't be bothered by the cacklings of these birdbrains!"

They thus entered the college, and the people gradually dispersed.

We tell you now that there were two officials inside the college, a minister proper and a vice-minister. They were both taking the roll in the great hall and preparing to meet other officials arriving. Startled by the sight of the Tang Monk walking in, they both said, "Who are you? Who are you? Where do you think you are going?"

Folding his hands before his chest, Tripitaka said, "This humble cleric has been sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. We came upon your treasure region, and we dared not pass through without permission. We would like to have our travel rescript certified, and we would like to ask for temporary lodging in your noble mansion." When those two college ministers heard what he said, they asked their attendants on both sides to step back. Fixing up their caps and tightening their belts, the ministers left the main hall to greet the Tang Monk. At once they asked that guest rooms be cleaned out for the pilgrims to rest, and they also ordered the preparation of vegetarian meals. After Tripitaka thanked them, the two officials departed with their staff, leaving only a few attendants to look after the priest. As Tripitaka began to walk out, Pilgrim said spitefully, "These rogues! Why didn't they allow old Monkey to stay in the main suite?"

The Tang Monk said, "Their territory here is not governed by our Great Tang, nor do we have any formal diplomatic relations.

Moreover, the college is frequently visited by distinguished guests or high rank officials. That's probably why they find it difficult to entertain us here."

"If you put it that way," said Pilgrim, "I would want them all the more to entertain us here."

As they were speaking, a steward came in with some supplies: a large bowl of white rice, a large bowl of wheat flour, two bunches of green vegetables, four cakes of bean curd, two fried wheat gluten, one dish of dried bamboo shoots, and one dish of wood-ears.

Tripitaka told his disciples to accept these and thanked the steward. The steward said, "In the west rooms there are clean pots and pans.

The fires and stoves are ready. Please go there and cook the meal yourselves."

"Let me ask you this," said Tripitaka. "Is the king still in the main hall?"

"His Majesty has not held court for a long time," replied the steward. "Today happens to be an auspicious day, and at this very moment he is discussing with many civil and military officials the publication of a special proclamation. If you want to have your travel rescript certified, you should hurry there for you may still catch him. By tomorrow, you will not be able to have an audience with him, and I don't know how long you'll have to wait for another opportunity."

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "all of you stay here and prepare our meal. Let me hurry there to have our rescript certified. I'll then come back, eat, and we will leave." Quickly Eight Rules took out the cassock and the travel rescript: after Tripitaka put on the proper attire, he told his disciples not to leave the college and cause trouble outside before he went into court.

In a moment, he arrived before the Five Phoenix Tower, and we cannot begin to tell you how magnificent were those palatial halls and buildings. He went before the front gate proper and requested the imperial messenger to make known to the Heavenly

Court his desire to have the rescript certified. The Custodian of the Yellow Gate indeed went before the white jade steps to memorialize:

“Outside the gate of the court, there is a priest from the Great Tang in the Land of the East who, by imperial commission, is journeying to the Thunderclap Monastery in the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. Desirous of having his travel rescript certified, he awaits our royal summons.” On hearing this, the king said in delight, “We have been ill for a long time and we have not ascended our throne. What a happy coincidence this is that the moment we appear in the main hall with the intent to find a good physician through the promulgation of a special proclamation, a noble priest immediately appears.”

He at once had the priest summoned to the hall, where Tripitaka prostrated himself to pay the king homage. The king then asked him to take a seat in the golden hall, after which the Court of Imperial Entertainments was asked to prepare a vegetarian banquet. Having thanked the king for his royal favors, Tripitaka presented the travel rescript.

After he read the document, the king was very pleased. “Master of the Law,” he said, “through how many successions of rulers and how many generations of ministers has your Great Tang passed? As for the Tang emperor, how did he return to life from his illness, so that he could ask you to traverse mountains and rivers to seek scriptures?”

Faced with these questions, the elder bowed with hands folded to make his reply, saying, “In the native land of your humble cleric,

*Three August Ones ruled our world;
Five Thearchs set relations.
Yao and Shun defined kingship;
Yu and Tang gave the people peace.
But descendants of Cheng and Zhou
All desired independence.
Using might to oppress the weak,
They laid claim to sundry kingdoms.
They totaled eighteen rulers,
Dividing land and borders.
They decreased to twelve later,
And the world became tranquil.
For want of chariots and horses,
They again devoured each other.
Seven powers strove together,
And six states all bowed to Qin.
But Heaven gave birth to Pei of Lu,
Each envious of the other.
The empire then became Han's,
Which fixed laws for all to obey.
Then Han succumbed to Sima,
And Jin, too, became unruly.
North and South twelve states in all—
Such as Song, Qi, Liang, and Chen—
Lasted in close succession
Till Great Sui became the true heir.*

*Then came a lecher and despot
 Who made the people suffer.
 Our king with Li as his surname
 Took Tang as his empire's title.
 After emperor Gaozu departed,
 Shimin became our present ruler.
 Our rivers are clean, our seas tranquil,
 For great is his kindness and virtue.
 Now, north of the capital Chang'an,
 Lived a water sprite, a dragon god,
 Who reduced some sweet rain
 And thus deserved to perish.
 Through a dream at night, however,
 He begged our king for assistance.
 The king promised him pardon,
 And summoned a worthy subject,
 Who was kept within the palace
 To play chess slowly with the king.
 When the time reached the noon hour,
 That worthy subject slew the dragon in a dream."*

On hearing what Tripitaka said, the king suddenly groaned a few times and said, "Master of the Law, from which country did that subject come?"

"He was the prime minister before the throne of our emperor," replied Tripitaka. "His surname is Wei and his given name is Zheng.

He knows astronomy and geography, and he can distinguish between yin and yang. He is truly a great minister and helper, one who knows how to secure the empire and establish the state. Because he executed the Dragon King of the Jing River in his dream, the dragon king filed suit in the region of darkness, accusing our emperor of reneging on his promise to spare his life. That was why our emperor became mortally ill. Then Wei Zheng wrote a letter for our emperor to take to the region of darkness and give to Cui Jue, a judge in the Capital of Death. When the Tang emperor indeed expired after a little while, he came back to life three days later all because of Wei Zheng, who moved Judge Cui to alter a document and add twenty more years to the emperor's age. Thereafter when the emperor gave a Grand Mass of Land and Water, he commissioned this humble cleric to traverse a great distance through many nations in order that I may seek from the Buddhist Patriarch the three baskets of Mahayāna scriptures, which will help redeem the cursed and wretched souls to Heaven."

Groaning some more, the king sighed, "Truly yours is a nation and a Heavenly Court! Your ruler is righteous, and your ministers are upright! Look at us! We have been ill for a long time, but not one minister is able to assist us." When he heard this, the elder stole a glance at the king and saw that his face looked yellow and his body seemed emaciated. His whole appearance, in fact, was weary and spiritless. The elder was about to question him further when the official from the Court of Imperial Entertainments approached to invite the Tang Monk to dine. The king at once gave this command:

"Set out our meal at the Hall of Unfurling Fragrance. We shall dine with the Master of the Law."

Tripitaka thanked him, and we shall leave them dining together.

We tell you now about Pilgrim in the College of Interpreters, who asked Sha Monk to make tea and rice and to prepare some vegetarian dishes. Sha Monk said, "It's easy to make the tea and the rice, but it won't be easy to prepare the vegetarian dishes."

"Why?" asked Pilgrim. "Oil, salt, soy sauce, and vinegar," replied Sha Monk, "none of these can be found here." Pilgrim said, "I have a few pennies of small change. Tell Eight Rules to go buy some on the streets."

At once turning lazy, our Idiot said, "I dare not go. My features aren't that nice looking, and I fear that Master will blame me if I cause any trouble."

"We are doing business fair and square!" said Pilgrim. "We aren't begging, and we aren't robbing. How could you cause any trouble?"

"Haven't you seen what I could do just now?" said Eight Rules. "I yanked out my snout before the door and scared off over ten persons. If I go to the bustling market, I don't know how many persons will be frightened to death."

"All you know is the bustling market," said Pilgrim, "but have you seen what they are selling in this market?"

"Master told me to walk with my head bowed," replied Eight Rules, "so as not to cause any trouble. In truth I haven't seen anything." Pilgrim said, "There are wine shops, rice dealers, mills, and fabric stores, which we need not mention in detail. There are truly fine tea houses, noodle shops, huge biscuits, and gigantic buns. Moreover, the restaurants display nice soups and rice, fine spices, and excellent vegetables. I saw also exotic puddings, steamed goods, pastries, rolls, fried goods, and honey cakes—in fact, countless goodies. I'll go buy some of these to treat you. How's that?" When our Idiot heard this, saliva drooled from his mouth and his throat gurgled as he swallowed hard a few times. "Elder Brother," he said, leaping up. "I'll let you treat me this time. I'll save some money so that next time I can return your favor." Smiling to himself, Pilgrim said, "Sha Monk, be careful in cooking the rice. We'll go and buy some seasoning." Knowing that he was making fun of Idiot, Sha Monk played along and replied, "Go ahead, both of you. After you've fed yourself, bring back a lot of seasoning." Picking up a container, our Idiot followed Pilgrim out the door. Two officials asked, "Where are the elders going?"

"To buy seasoning," replied Pilgrim. "Go west on this street," said one of them, "and make a turn at the corner watchtower. You'll find the Zheng family grocery, where you can buy however much you like. Oil, salt, soy sauce, vinegar, ginger, pepper, and tea—they have them all."

The two of them, arm in arm, followed the street to the west. Pilgrim walked right past several teahouses and restaurants, refusing to buy what ought to be bought, to eat what ought to be eaten. "Elder Brother,"

Eight Rules called out, "let's not be so choosy. Just buy something here and we'll enjoy it." Pilgrim, who had wanted to sport with him, refused, of course, to buy anything. "Worthy Brother," he said, "don't be such a spendthrift! Let's walk a bit further, and we'll buy something big to eat."

As the two of them chatted, they again caused many people to follow them, staring. In a little while, they reached the watchtower, beneath which they found a large, noisy crowd blocking the street. On seeing them, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, I'm

not going over there. Look at the mob. I fear that they may want to arrest monks, especially those who are strangers. If they seize me, what'll happen to me?"

"Nonsense!" said Pilgrim. "Monks haven't broken the law. Why should they want to arrest us? Let's walk past them so that we can buy some seasoning from the Zheng family store."

"All right! All right! All right!" said Eight Rules. "I won't cause any trouble. I'll just squeeze into the crowd, flap my ears a couple of times, and frighten them into falling down. Let a few of them fall to their deaths, and I'll just pay with my life!"

"If you put it that way," said Pilgrim, "why don't you stand still here at the base of the wall. Let me go to the store and get the seasoning. Then I'll buy some vegetarian noodles and biscuits for you to eat."

Handing the container over to Pilgrim, our Idiot faced the wall, stuck his snout against it, and stood absolutely still.

Pilgrim walked up to the tower, and it was crowded indeed. As he pushed his way through the throng, he learned that a special royal proclamation had been mounted beneath the tower, and that was why so many people fought to look at it. When he finally squeezed through to where the document was, Pilgrim opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils to stare at it, and this was what he read:

Since we, the king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom in the West Aparagodānīya Continent, assumed our throne, the four quarters have remained submissive and the populace have enjoyed leisure and peace. Recently, however, the affairs of state have turned inauspicious, for we have been gravely ill, and recovery has been most difficult even after a long time. The college of imperial medicine of our nation has administered repeatedly its excellent prescriptions, but these have not given us cure. Therefore, we publish now this proclamation for all the worthy scholars throughout the world, regardless of whether they are going to the North, coming from the East, or are even natives of China, the foreign state. If there is anyone skillful in medicine and the therapeutic arts, let him ascend the treasure hall and restore our health. We most solemnly pledge that the moment we are healed, we will divide the kingdom with him. For this reason we have mounted this necessary proclamation.

When he finished reading it, Pilgrim was filled with delight, saying to himself, "The ancients said, 'Moving about may bring us riches!' We certainly shouldn't have sat idly in the college, nor is there any need now to buy seasoning. Let's delay for one day this business of fetching scriptures and allow old Monkey to play physician for a bit."

Dear Great Sage! He stooped low and left the container on the ground; picking up a pinch of dirt, he flung it up into the air and recited a spell. Immediately, the Magic of Body-Concealment rendered him invisible, so that he could walk up to the proclamation and gently peel it off. Then he faced the ground toward the southwest and sucked in a deep breath before blowing the air out again. At once a strong whirlwind arose and scattered the multitude. He turned around and went back to where Eight Rules was standing. There he found Eight Rules leaning on the base of the wall with the support of his snout and appearing as if he had fallen asleep. Without disturbing him, Pilgrim folded up the proclamation and gently stuck it in Eight Rules's bosom. In big strides he then went back first to the College of Interpreters, where we shall leave him.

We tell you now instead about those people beneath the watchtower. When the wind arose, all of them covered their heads and shut their eyes. Little did they anticipate that after the wind had passed, the royal proclamation would be nowhere to be seen, and each one of them was terrified. Originally, you see, the proclamation was accompanied by twelve eunuchs and twelve palace guards as it left the court that morning. It had not

been hung up for more than three hours when it was blown away by the wind. Trembling all over, those eunuchs and guards searched for it left and right, and that was when they suddenly caught sight of a slip of paper sticking out from the bosom of Zhu Eight Rules. "Did you peel off the proclamation?" shouted the officials as they ran up to him.

All at once that Idiot raised his head and stuck out his snout, so frightening those several palace guards that they stumbled backwards and fell down. He turned around and wanted to flee, but he was pulled back by several of the braver ones. "You took down the royal proclamation for the recruitment of physicians," they cried. "Where do you think you are going if you aren't going into court to heal His Majesty?" More and more flustered, our Idiot said, "Your son is the one who peeled off the royal proclamation! Your grandson is the one who knows anything about healing!" One of the palace guards spoke up:

"What's that you have in your bosom?" Only then did Idiot lower his head and find that there was indeed a piece of paper there. When he spread it open and took one look, he clenched his teeth and cried, "That wretched ape has killed me!"

He became so furious that he would have ripped up the document if the people had not stopped him.

"You *are* dead!" they shouted. "This is a proclamation of our reigning monarch. Who dares to tear it up? If you have taken it down and stuffed it into your bosom, you must be a physician able to heal him. Go with us, quickly!"

"You have no idea," shouted Eight Rules, "that I did not take down this proclamation. It was taken down by my elder brother, Sun Wukong. After he stuck it secretly in my bosom, he abandoned me and left. If you want to get to the bottom of this matter, I have to go find him for you."

"What sort of wild talk is that?" said the people. "You think 'We'd forsake a ready-made bell to strike one about to be forged'? You took down the proclamation! And you tell us now to find someone else! Never mind you! We'll haul you back to see our lord!" Without further investigation of the matter, that group of people began to push and shove Idiot. Our Idiot, however, stood perfectly still, and he seemed to have taken root in the earth. Not even a dozen people could budge him. "All of you don't know any better!" said Eight Rules. "If you pull at me some more, you will pull out my idiotic ire! Don't blame me then!" Soon the entire neighborhood was aroused by all that hubbub to come and have Eight Rules surrounded. Among the people were two elderly eunuchs, who said to him, "Your looks are strange and your voice sounds unfamiliar. Where have you come from, and why are you so headstrong?"

"We are those from the Land of the East sent to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven," replied Eight Rules. "My master is a Master of the Law and the bond-brother of the Tang emperor. Just now he has gone into court to have his travel rescript certified. My elder brother and I came here to buy seasoning. When I saw the crowd beneath the watchtower, I dared not go forward, and my elder brother told me to wait for him here. When he saw the proclamation, he called up a whirlwind and had it taken off and stuck secretly in my bosom. Then he left me."

"Just now," said one of the eunuchs, "I saw a stoutish priest with a white face heading straight for the gate of the court. He, I suppose, must be your master."

"He is indeed," said Eight Rules.

“Where has your elder brother gone to?” asked the eunuch. Eight Rules said, “There are altogether four of us. Our master has gone to have our travel rescript certified, but the rest of us—three disciples, a horse, and our luggage—are all resting at the College of Interpreters. After my elder brother had played this trick on me, he must have returned to the college.”

“Palace guards,” said the eunuch, “stop tugging at this man. Let us go with him to the college, and we’ll know the whole truth of the matter.”

“These two mamas are far more sensible!” said Eight Rules.

“This priest is truly uninformed!” said one of the palace guards. “How could you address the papas as mamas?”

“Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?” said Eight Rules, laughing. “*You* are the one who’s switching the sexes! These two old mamas should be addressed as *popos* or madams. And you want to call them papas?”

“Stop your saucy tongue!” the people said. “Go find your elder brother quickly.”

By that time the noisy crowd had grown to over five hundred people, all surging up to the entrance of the college. “Stop here, all of you,” said Eight Rules. “My elder brother is not like me, who allows you this spoofing. He is rather hot-tempered, and terribly serious.

When you meet him, you must extend to him a grand salutation and address him as Venerable Father Sun. Then he’ll do business with you. Otherwise, he may change his colors and you won’t succeed with your enterprise.”

“If your elder brother truly has the ability to heal our king,” said the eunuchs and the palace guards, “he will inherit half the kingdom. He certainly deserves our bow.” While the idlers milled about noisily before the college, Eight Rules led the troop of eunuchs and palace guards inside, where they heard Pilgrim laughing and telling Sha Monk the trick he had played on Eight Rules. Eight Rules dashed forward and grabbed him, screaming, “Some person you are! You tricked me out there and promised to buy vegetarian noodles, biscuits, and buns for me to eat.

They’re all fibs! Then you brought on the whirlwind and took down this so-called royal proclamation to have it stuck secretly in my bosom. You are playing me for a fatso! Is that how you treat your brother?” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “Idiot, you must have taken the wrong road and gone off to someplace else! I passed the watchtower, bought the seasoning, and came back quickly to where you were, but I couldn’t find you. So, I returned here first. Where did I peel off any royal proclamation?”

“The officials guarding the proclamation are right here,” said Eight Rules. Hardly had he finished speaking when those several eunuchs and palace guards went forward to bow deeply to Pilgrim. “Venerable Father Sun,” they said, “today our king must be exceedingly fortunate, for Heaven has sent you to descend to us. We beseech you to exercise your great talents in healing and your profound knowledge in the therapeutic arts. If you succeed in curing our king, you will have claim to half the kingdom.” On hearing these words, Pilgrim became more sober. He took the proclamation and asked the people, “Are you the officials guarding the proclamation?” Kowtowing, the eunuchs said, “Your slaves are palace officials belonging to the Directorate of Ceremonials. These are the Embroidered-Uniform Guards.”

“This proclamation for recruitment of physicians,” said Pilgrim, “was indeed taken down by me. I purposely arranged for my brother to lead you to see me. Your lord is indisposed, but as the proverb says,

*Medicines are not lightly bought;
A doctor's not casually sought.*

You go back and ask the king to come here in person to invite me. I guarantee that when I stretch forth my hand, his illness will at once disappear.” When they heard these words, all of the eunuchs were astonished. “A stupendous claim like this can be made only by someone in the know,” said one of the palace guards. “Half of us will remain here to continue our silent entreaty. Half of us will return to memorialize to the throne.” Whereupon four eunuchs and six palace guards, without waiting for any summons, went inside the court and memorialized before the steps, saying, “My lord, ten thousand happinesses have come upon you!”

Having finished his meal, the king was just having a quiet chat with Tripitaka. When he heard this, he asked, “Where has this happiness come from?” One of the eunuchs said, “This morning your slaves took the royal proclamation for the recruitment of physicians to have it mounted beneath the watchtower. It was taken down by Elder Sun, a sage monk sent from the distant Land of the East to acquire scriptures. He is now residing in the College of Interpreters and desires the personal appearance of the king to invite him. He has promised us that when he stretches forth his hand, the illness will disappear. That is why we have come to memorialize to you.” On hearing this, the king was filled with delight. He turned to ask the Tang Monk, “Master of the Law, how many noble disciples do you have?”

“This humble cleric,” replied Tripitaka with hands folded before him, “has three mischievous disciples.”

“Which of them is conversant with the therapeutic arts?” asked the king.

“To tell you the truth, Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka, “my mischievous disciples are all ordinary men of the wilds. Their knowledge is confined to pulling the horse and toting the luggage, to fording streams and leading your poor monk across the mountains. When we pass through the more dangerous regions, they may even be able to subjugate demons and fiends, to tame tigers and dragons. But that’s all! None of them knows anything about the nature of medicine.”

“Why must you be so modest, Master of the Law?” said the king. “It is truly a Heavenly affinity that you should arrive on this very day when we ascend the main hall. If your noble disciple were not an able physician, how would he be willing to take down our proclamation and demand our going there in person to invite him? He must have the ability to heal the highest ruler of the state.”

Then the king gave this order:

“Let our civil and military subjects represent us, for our body is weakened and our strength depleted, and we dare not ride the imperial chariot. You must therefore proceed beyond the court to extend our most earnest invitation to Elder Sun to come and examine our illness. When you see him, you must be careful not to treat him discourteously. You must address him as Elder Sun, the divine monk, and you must greet him as if he were your ruler.”

Having received this decree, the various officials went with the eunuchs and the palace guards to the College of Interpreters.

Standing in rows according to their ranks, they paid homage to Pilgrim. Eight Rules was so taken aback that he dashed inside a side room while Sha Monk ran out to stand beneath the wall. Look at our Great Sage! He sat firmly in the middle of the room and remained unmoved. "This wretched ape," grumbled Eight Rules to himself, "is hanging himself alive with all these undeserved honors! How could he not return the bow of these many officials? Why, he won't even stand up!" Soon the ceremony was over, and the officials separated into two files before they presented this memorial, saying, "Let us inform Elder Sun, the divine monk, that we are the subjects of the king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom. By royal decree, we come to honor the divine monk with due reverence and ceremony. We beseech you to enter the court and examine a patient." Only then did Pilgrim stand up and say to them, "Why didn't your king come here?"

"Because his body is weakened and his strength depleted," replied the officials, "our king dares not ride the chariot. He has commanded us subjects to observe this ceremony on his behalf and invite you, the divine monk."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "please lead the way, all of you, and I'll follow."

The various officials departed in groups, in accordance with their ranks, while Pilgrim walked behind them after having tidied his clothes. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "don't you put us up to anything now!"

"I won't," said Pilgrim, "but I want you two to accept the medicines for me."

"What medicines?" asked Sha Monk. "There will be some medicines sent to us," said Pilgrim. "Accept them in the quantities that they are delivered. I'll make use of them when I return."

The two of them agreed, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Our Pilgrim soon arrived at court with the many officials, who walked ahead to report to the king. As the pearly screen was rolled up, the king opened his phoenix eyes and dragon pupils to look at his visitor and his golden mouth to say, "Who is the divine monk, Elder Sun?"

Taking a big step forward, Pilgrim said in a loud voice, "Old Monkey's the one!" When the king heard this savage voice and encountered the bizarre countenance, he shook so violently that he fell back onto the dragon couch. Those harem girls and palace attendants hurriedly had him borne inside the palace, and all the king could say was, "We are scared to death!"

All the officials began to chide Pilgrim, saying, "How could this monk be so rude and impetuous? How could you be so audacious as to take down the proclamation?"

Hearing these words, Pilgrim smiled and said, "All of you have wrongly taken umbrage at me! If that's how you treat people, the illness of your king won't be cured for another thousand years!"

"How long can a man live," asked the officials, "that he should be ill for a thousand years?" Pilgrim said, "That man at the moment is a sick ruler. After he dies, he'll be a sick ghost. Even in the next incarnation, he will still be a sick man. Isn't it true then that he won't be cured for a thousand years?"

Growing angry, the officials said, "Monk, you have absolutely no manners! How dare you mouth such nonsense?"

“That’s no nonsense!” replied Pilgrim with a laugh. “Listen to what I have to say:

*Most mysterious is the physician’s art;
His mind must ever be alert and keen.
To look, listen, ask, and take—these four things—
If one is missing, his craft’s not complete.
One, we look at the patient’s complexion:
Is it moist, dry, fat, or thin in waking or sleep?
Two, we listen for clear or turbid voice
When he speaks lucid or frenetic words.
Three, we ask for the ailment’s cause and length.
For how he eats, drinks, and eliminates.
Four, we scan the conduits by taking the pulse,
To learn how submerged or floating in and out.
If we do not look, listen, ask, and take,
In this life his ailment will ne’er him forsake!”*

Amid those two rows of military and civil officials standing in attendance, there was the royal physician who, when he heard these words, spoke up with great approbation. “What this monk says,” he said, “is most reasonable. Even an immortal examining a patient must look, listen, ask, and take—these very activities accord well with the efficacy of gods and sages.” Persuaded by this statement, the officials asked a palace attendant to send in the message:

“The elder would like to exercise the principles of looking, listening, asking, and taking, before he could diagnose the illness and prescribe the medicine.” Lying on his dragon bed, the king gasped out his answer:

“Tell him to go away! We can’t bear to see an unfamiliar face!”

The attendant walked out of the palace and said, “Monk, our king decrees you to leave, for he can’t bear to see an unfamiliar face.”

“If he can’t do so,” replied Pilgrim, “I know that art of ‘Dangling a Thread to take the Pulse.’”

The various officials were secretly pleased, saying to themselves, “We have heard of this rare technique, but we have never seen it.”

They said to the attendant, “Go and memorialize once more.”

Again the attendant went inside the palace to say, “My lord, if that elder is not permitted to see your face, he can dangle a thread to take the pulse.”

The king thought to himself, “We have been sick for three years but we’ve never tried this.”

He therefore gave the reply, “Summon him in.” Immediately the attendant transmitted the message:

“Our lord has given him the permission to take the pulse by dangling a thread. Summon Elder Sun quickly into the palace.” Pilgrim at once started to ascend the treasure hall, only to be met by the scolding of Tang Monk. “Wretched ape!” he cried. “You’ve injured me!” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “Dear Master, I have put you in the limelight! How could you say that I’ve injured you?”

“Which person did you manage to cure,” shouted Tripitaka, “during these few years you’ve been following me? You don’t even know the nature of medicines, nor have you read any medical texts. How could you be so audacious as to rush into this big calamity?” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “Master, you didn’t know about this. I know a few herbal prescriptions which can cure even grave illnesses.

All they care is that I heal him. But even if I kill him, all I’ll be guilty of is merely manslaughter because of medical incompetence. I won’t be executed. Why are you so worried? Relax! Relax! Take a seat and see if I’m any good at taking the pulse.”

The elder again said, “Have you ever seen what sort of sentences there are in the *Candid Questions, The Classic of Medical*

Problems, the pharmacopoeias, and the *Formulas of the Pulse*?

Do you know their proper gloss and exegesis? How could you babble like this about some dangling the thread to take the pulse?” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “I carry with me some threads of gold which you have never seen.”

He reached back with his hand and pulled off three strands of hair from his tail. Giving them a pinch, he cried, “Change!”

They changed at once into three threads, each twenty-four feet long and thus corresponding to the Twenty-Four Solar Terms. Holding them in his hands, he said to the Tang Monk, “Aren’t these my golden threads?”

The attending eunuch spoke up from the side, “Let the elders refrain from further conversation. Please enter the palace to examine the patient.”

Taking leave of the Tang Monk, Pilgrim followed the attendant to walk inside the palace. Truly it was that

*The mind’s secret prescription can heal a state;
Its wondrous formula will assure long life.*

After he had gone inside, we do not know what sort of illness he was able to discern or what kind of medicines he prescribed. If you want to know the result, let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-NINE

*At night the Lord of the Mind refines medicines
At a banquet the king speaks of the perverse fiend*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who went with the palace attendant to the interior division of the royal palace. He stood still only after he had reached the door of the royal bedchamber. Then he told the attendant to take the three golden threads inside along with the instruction:

“Ask one of the palace ladies or eunuchs to tie these three threads to the inch, the pass, and the foot sections of His Majesty’s left hand where the radial pulse are felt. Then pass the other ends of the threads out to me through the window shutters.”

The attendant followed his instruction. The king was asked to sit up on the dragon bed, while the three sections of his pulse were tied by the golden threads, and their other ends were then passed out to Pilgrim. Using the thumb and the index finger of his right hand to pick up one of the threads, Pilgrim first examined the pulse of the inch section; next, he used his middle finger and his thumb to pick up the second thread and examine the pulse of the pass section; finally, he used the thumb and his fourth finger to pick up the third thread and examine the pulse of the foot section.

Thereafter Pilgrim made his own breathing regular and proceeded to determine which of the Four Heteropathic Pneumatics, the Five Stases, the Seven External Images of the Pulse, the Eight Internal Images of the Pulse, and the Nine Pulse Indications were present. His pressure on the threads went from light to medium to heavy, and from heavy to medium to light, until he could clearly perceive whether the condition of the patient was repletion or depletion of energy and its cause. Then he made the request that the threads be untied from the king’s left wrist and be attached as before to the positions on his right wrist. Using now the fingers on his left hand, he then examined the pulse on the right wrist section by section. When he had completed his examination, he shook his body once and retrieved his hairs.

“Your Majesty,” he cried in a loud voice, “on your left wrist the pulse of your inch section feels strong and tense, the pulse of your pass section feels rough and languid, and the pulse of your foot section feels hollow and sunken. On your right wrist the pulse of your inch section feels floating and smooth, the pulse of your pass section feels retarded and hesitant, and the pulse of your foot section feels accelerated and firm. Now, when the pulse of your left inch section feels strong and tense, it indicates an internal energetic depletion with pain in the cardiac system of functions. When the pulse of your left pass section feels rough and languid, it indicates sweating that has led to numbness in the flesh. When the pulse of your left foot section feels hollow and sunken, it indicates a pink tinge to your urine and blood in your stool. When the pulse of the inch section on your right wrist feels floating and smooth, it indicates a congestion blocking the pneumatic energy circulation and leading to cessation of menses.

When the pulse of your right pass section feels retarded and hesitant, it indicates a stasis of alimentary matter in the stomach system with retention of fluids. When the pulse of your right foot section feels accelerated and firm, it indicates discomfort caused by sensations of stuffiness and chills caused by energetic depletion. To sum up, your illness has been caused by fear and anxiety, and it may be the manifestation type of an

illness called the 'Paired Birds in Severance.'" On hearing these words, the king was so delighted that he roused himself to answer loudly:

"Your fingers have brought out the truth! Your fingers have brought out the truth! This is indeed our illness. Please go outside and prescribe us some medicines." Only then did the Great Sage walk slowly out of the palace, while the eunuchs who saw everything clearly from the side had already reported the result to the rest of the people. In a moment, Pilgrim walked out and he was questioned by the Tang Monk. "I have examined the pulse," said Pilgrim, "and now I have to prescribe some medicines for the illness."

Approaching him, the officials said, "Just now the divine monk said that this might be the manifestation type of an illness called the 'Paired Birds in Severance.' What does that mean?" Smiling, Pilgrim said, "There are two birds flying together, one male and one female. Suddenly they are separated by violent wind and rain, so that the female cannot see the male, nor can the male see the female. The female longs for the male and the male longs for the female. Is this not the 'Paired Birds in Severance'?" On hearing this, all the officials cried in unison, "Bravo! Truly a divine monk! Truly a divine physician!"

Then the imperial physician said, "You have already diagnosed the illness. What medicines would you use to cure it?"

"No need to write a prescription," said Pilgrim. "I'll take all the medicines you can give me."

"But according to a classic," said the physician, "'There are eight hundred and eight flavors of medicine, and a human may have four hundred and four kinds of illness.' All of those illnesses cannot be found in a single person. How could all the medicines be used? Why do you want everything?" Pilgrim replied, "The ancients said, 'Medicines are not confined to prescriptions; they are to be used as one sees fit.' That is why I must have all the medicines so that I can add or subtract as I see fit." Not daring to argue any further, the physician went out of the gate of the court and sent those on duty in his bureau to go to all the pharmaceutical stores of the city and purchase three pounds of each kind of medicine, both raw and cooked, for Pilgrim to use. Pilgrim said, "This is not the place to prepare the proper drug. Take the medicines and the necessary drug-making utensils and send them all to the College of Interpreters. Let my brothers receive them for me."

The physician obeyed. Three pounds each of the eight hundred and eight flavors of medicine, along with grinders, rollers, drug mortars and pestles and the like, were sent to the college, where they were received item by item.

Pilgrim went back up the hall to ask his master to go with him to the college so that they might prepare the drug. As the elder rose from his seat, a decree was issued from the internal palace, requesting that the Master of the Law remain behind to spend the night at the Wenhua Palace Hall.

After the king had taken the drug in the morning and had been restored to health, all of them would be rewarded and the rescript would be certified to permit their departure. Greatly alarmed, Tripitaka said, "O disciple! This means that he wants me kept here as security. If he is cured, he'll send us off with delight. If he is not, my life will be finished. You'd better take extra caution and prepare a specially effective drug!"

“No need to worry, Master,” said Pilgrim, smiling. “Enjoy yourself here. Old Monkey has the ability to bring healing to the state.”

Dear Great Sage! He took leave of Tripitaka and the various officials and went straight to the college. When Eight Rules met him, he smiled and said, “Elder Brother, now I know you!”

“What do you know about me?” asked Pilgrim. “You must have realized,” said Eight Rules, “that this scripture-seeking enterprise will not succeed, but you don’t have any capital to start a business. When you see today how prosperous this region is, you are drawing up plans to open a pharmacy.”

“Stop babbling!” snapped Pilgrim. “When we have cured the king, we’ll be content to leave the court and journey once more. What are you talking about, opening up a pharmacy?”

“If you are not,” said Eight Rules, “what do you want to do with all these medicines? There are eight hundred and eight different kinds, and you ordered three pounds for each variety. Altogether, there are two thousand four hundred and twenty-four pounds. How many pounds can you use just to cure one person? I wonder how many years it’ll take him to finish your prescription?”

“You think I really need that much?” said Pilgrim. “But those imperial physicians are all stupid and blind. I asked for such a huge amount of medicines only to prevent them from ever guessing what are the exact flavors I have used. It’ll be difficult for them to learn my ingenious prescription.”

As they were speaking, the two college officials came in, knelt before them, and said, “We invite the Holy Fathers, the divine monks, to dinner.” Pilgrim said, “You treated us rather casually in the morning. Now you kneel to inform us of a meal. Why?” Kowtowing again, the officials said, “When the Venerable Fathers arrived, these lowly officials had eyes but no pupils, and we did not recognize your esteemed countenances. Now we have heard that you are exercising your profound knowledge in the therapeutic arts to bring healing to the ruler of our state. If your lord is indeed cured, the Venerable Father will share in his empire, and we will all be your subjects. Proper etiquette, therefore, requires us to kneel to address you.” On hearing this, Pilgrim ascended the main hall in delight and took the middle seat, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk sat on both sides of him. As they were served the vegetarian meal, Sha Monk asked, “Elder Brother, where is Master?”

“He is being kept by the king as security,” replied Pilgrim, laughing. “Only after the king has been cured will he be thanked and permitted to leave.”

“Does he get to enjoy anything?” asked Sha Monk again. Pilgrim said, “How could anyone in the company of the king be without enjoyment? When I left, Master already had three Senior Secretaries hovering about him as they proceeded toward the Wenhua Palace Hall.”

“Listening to what you’ve said,” said Eight Rules, “I think Master is certainly more exalted than we are. He has the company of three Senior Secretaries, while we are being served by only two college officials. But never mind, let old Hog enjoy a full meal!”

The three brothers thus ate to their hearts’ content.

It was getting late, and Pilgrim said to the officials, "Take away the bowls and dishes, and bring us plenty of oil and candles. We must wait until late at night before we can prepare the drug."

The officials indeed brought in a great deal of oil and candles before they retired. By midnight, human traffic had ceased and the whole place was quiet. Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, what kind of drug do you want to prepare? Let's do it now, for I'm getting drowsy."

"Bring me an ounce of *dahuang*," said Pilgrim, "and grind that into powder." Sha Monk spoke up:

"*Dahuang* is bitter in flavor; its disposition is cold and nonpoisonous. Its nature is sinking and not rising, and its function concerns movement and not fortification. It can take away various kinds of pent-up feelings and unclog congestion; it can conquer chaos and bring about peace. Hence its name is 'General,' for it is a laxative. I fear, however, that prolonged illness has weakened the person, and perhaps you should not use it." Smiling, Pilgrim said, "Worthy Brother, you don't realize that this medicine will loosen phlegm and facilitate respiration; it will also sweep out the chill and heat congealed in one's stomach. Don't mind me. You go also and fetch me an ounce of *badou*."

Shell it and strip away the membranes. Pound away also the oil, and then grind it to powder."

"The flavour of *badou*," said Eight Rules, "is slightly acrid; its nature is hot and poisonous. Able to pare down the hard and the accumulated, it will therefore sweep out the submerged chills of one's internal cavities. Able to bore through clottings and impediments, it will therefore facilitate the paths of water and grain. This is a warrior who can break down doors and passes, and it should be used lightly."

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "you, too, don't realize that this medicine can break up congestion and drain the intestines. It can also take care of swellings at the heart and dropsy in the abdomen. Prepare it quickly, for I still must use an auxiliary flavor to lend the medicines further assistance."

After the two of them had ground the medicines into powder, they said, "Elder Brother, what other flavors will you use?"

"None," replied Pilgrim.

Eight Rules said, "There are eight hundred and eight flavors, each of which you have three pounds, but you use only these two ounces. You are truly playing tricks on someone!" Picking up a flowered porcelain flask, Pilgrim said, "Worthy Brother, don't talk so much. Take this flask and scrape me half a flask of soot from the bottom of the frying pan."

"What do you want it for?" asked Eight Rules. "For the drug," replied Pilgrim. "This little brother," said Sha Monk, "has never seen the use of soot for a drug." Pilgrim said, "The proper name for this kind of soot is 'Hundred-Grass Frost,' and you have no idea that it can soothe a hundred ailments." Our Idiot indeed brought him half a flask of the soot, which was also ground into powder. Then Pilgrim gave him the flask once more and said, "Go and fetch me half a flask of urine from our horse."

"What for?" asked Eight Rules. "I want it to make some pills," replied Pilgrim.

Laughing, Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother, this is no joking matter! Horse urine is both pungent and stinky. How could you put that into the medicines? I have seen pills made from vinegar, aged rice soups, clarified honey, or pure water, but never from horse urine.

That stuff is so foul and pungent, the moment a person with a weakened stomach smells it, he will vomit. If you feed him further with *badou* and *dahuang*, he’ll be throwing up on top and purging down below. You think that’s funny?”

“But you don’t realize,” said Pilgrim, “that our horse is no mortal horse of this world. Remember he was originally a dragon from the Western Ocean. If he is willing to urinate, it will cure any kind of disease a human may have when it is ingested. The only problem is that you can’t get it in a hurry.” On hearing this, Eight Rules ran out to the stable, where he found the horse lying prone on the ground and asleep. A few swift kicks by our Idiot, however, roused him immediately, whereupon our Idiot positioned the flask below his abdomen and waited for a long time. When he saw that the horse did not urinate at all, he ran back and said to Pilgrim, “O Elder Brother, let’s not try to heal the king. Go quickly to heal the horse first. That outcast has dried up! He hasn’t even pissed a drop!”

“I’ll go with you,” said Pilgrim, smiling. Sha Monk said, “I, too, will go and take a look.”

As the three of them approached the horse, he leapt up and assumed human speech, saying to them in a loud voice, “Elder Brother, don’t you know? I was originally a flying dragon of the Western Ocean. The Bodhisattva Guanyin rescued me after I had disobeyed Heaven; she sawed off my horns, stripped off my scales, and changed me into a horse to carry Master to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. My merit thus accrued will atone for my sins. If I leave my urine while passing through water, the fishes who drink it will turn into dragons. If I leave my urine in the mountain, the grasses there will change into divine agaric, to be picked by immortal lads as their plants of longevity. How could I be willing to part with it so lightly in this world of dust?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “do be careful with what you say. This is a kingdom in the West, not just any worldly region. You are not parting with it lightly either. As the proverb says, ‘Many pelts are needed for a coat.’ We need your help to cure the king’s illness. If he is healed, all of us will share the glory. Otherwise, I fear we may not be able to leave this place in peace.” Only then did the horse reply, “Wait for it!” Look at him! His front legs lunged forward while he squatted somewhat with his hind ones, and he clenched his teeth so hard that they ground together noisily. All he could squeeze out after all these efforts were a few drops before he stood straight up once more.

“This wretch!” said Eight Rules. “Even if it’s potable gold, he can certainly piss a little bit more!” When Pilgrim saw that they had received slightly less than half a flask already, he said, “It’s enough! It’s enough. Take it away.” Sha Monk was delighted.

The three of them went back into the hall, where they mixed the horse urine into the other medicines. They then kneaded the paste into three large pills. “Brothers,” said Pilgrim, “they’re too big.”

“No more than the size of a walnut,” said Eight Rules. “If I’m going to take them, they won’t be enough for a mouthful!”

They stored the pills in a small box before they all retired, still fully dressed.

In the morning, the king attended court once more in spite of his illness. After he had asked the Tang Monk to meet him in the hall, he immediately ordered the various officials to hurry over to the College of Interpreters so that they could bow to the divine monk, Elder Sun, and ask for the drug.

The officials arrived at the college and prostrated themselves before Pilgrim, saying, "Our king has commanded us to bow to receive your wondrous prescription."

After Pilgrim asked Eight Rules to take out the box, he took away the cover and handed the box over to the officials. "What is the name of this drug?" asked one of them. "We have to tell the king when we see His Majesty." Pilgrim said, "This is called the Elixir of Black Gold." Smiling, Eight Rules and Sha Monk said to themselves, "There's soot mixed in it. It has to be black gold!"

"What sort of medical supplement will be needed?" asked the official again. Pilgrim answered, "There are two kinds of supplements that can be used, but only one is easily obtainable. I need six items to be boiled in water, and the liquid will then be used for the king to take the pills."

"Which six items?" asked the official. Pilgrim replied,

*The fart of an old crow flying in the air;
The piss of a carp in swift flowing streams;
The face powder of the Lady Queen Mother;
The elixir ashes in Laozi's brazier;
Three pieces of the Jade Emperor's torn head-wrap;
And five strands of whiskers from a tired dragon.
The drug taken with the liquid boiled with these six things
Will in no time banish the woe and ailment of your king.*

On hearing this, the various officials said, "None of these things can be found in the world. May we ask what is the other supplement?" Pilgrim said, "Take the drug with sourceless water." Smiling, one of the officials said, "That's easy to get."

"How do you know?" asked Pilgrim.

"According to the people of our region here," said the official, "this is the way to get sourceless water: take a container to a river or a well, fill it with water, and go straight back to the house without spilling a drop or looking back. When you return to the house, that will be considered sourceless water with which the person who is sick may take the medicine."

"But the water in a well or a river," said Pilgrim, "both have sources. That's not what I mean by sourceless water. What I need is water that drops from the sky, and you drink it without letting it first touch ground. That's what I mean by sourceless water."

"Well, even that is easy to get," said the official. "All we have to do is to wait until it rains before we take the medicine."

They thanked Pilgrim and returned to present the medicine to the king.

Highly pleased, the king asked his attendant to bring the medicine up for him to look at. "What kind of pills are these?" he asked.

One of the officials replied, "The divine monk told us that this is the Elixir of Black Gold. You are to take it with sourceless water."

At once the king asked some palace stewards to go fetch sourceless water, but the official said, "According to the divine monk, sourceless water is not to be found in either rivers or wells. Only that dropping from the sky and without having touched the ground may be considered the true sourceless water."

The king immediately ordered the official before the throne to command the official in charge of magic to pray for rain. As the officials issued the decree, we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who remained at the hall of the College of Interpreters. He said to Zhu Eight Rules, "Just now I told them that the medicine could be taken only with water dropping from the sky. But how could we get rainwater all at once? As I look at the king, I think he's undoubtedly a ruler of great worthiness and virtue. Let's you and I help him to get some rain. How about it?"

"How shall we help him?" asked Eight Rules. "Stand on my left," said Pilgrim, "and be my assistant star. Sha Monk, you stand on my right, and be my supportive lodge. Let old Monkey help him get some sourceless water."

Dear Great Sage! He began to tread the stars and recite a spell. In no time at all, a dark cloud from the east drifted near until it was directly over their heads. "Great Sage," a voice came from midair, "Aoguang, the Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean is here to see you."

"I wouldn't have bothered you for nothing," said Pilgrim, "for I have asked you to come here to lend us some sourceless water for the king to take his medicine."

The Dragon King said, "When the Great Sage summoned me, he did not mention anything about water. This humble dragon came all by himself without bringing any rain gear. I do not have the assistance of wind, cloud, thunder, and lightning either. How could I make rain?"

"There's no need for wind, cloud, thunder, and lightning at this time," said Pilgrim, "nor do we require much rain.

Actually, all we need is a little water to act as medical supplement."

"In that case," said the dragon king, "let me sneeze a couple of times and give him some of my saliva to take his medicine."

Exceedingly pleased, Pilgrim said, "That's the best! That's the best! Don't wait anymore! Please do it at once!"

From midair, the old dragon lowered his dark cloud gradually until it hovered above the royal palace. With his whole body hidden by the cloud, the dragon spat out a mouthful of saliva that changed into rain. The officials of the entire court shouted "Bravos" in unison, crying, "Ten thousand happinesses to our lord! Heaven has sent down sweet rain to us!"

At once the king gave this decree:

"Set out vessels to store it. Let everyone, inside and outside the palace, of high rank or low, store up this divine water so that we may be saved." Look at those many civil and military officials, those ladies of three palaces and six chambers, those three thousand colorful girls, and those eight hundred tender maidens! Every one of them held up a cup or flask, a bowl or pan, to receive this sweet rain. In midair above the royal palace the old dragon kept up this transformation of his saliva for nearly an hour before he took leave of the Great Sage to return to the ocean. When the officials brought back

their containers, some managed to gather two or three drops, others acquired four or five drops, while there were those who did not receive even one drop. They poured the contents together and there were about three flasks of the rain to be presented to the royal table. Truly

*Strange fragrance filled the Hall of Golden Chimes;
Goodly scent wafted through the royal court.*

Taking leave of the Master of the Law, the king took the Elixir of Black Gold and the sweet rain back to his palace. He swallowed first one pill with one flask of the rain; then he took another with the second flask. He went through this for a third time, swallowing all three pills and drinking all three flasks of the rain. In a little while, his stomach began to make a loud, rumbling noise, and he had to sit on the night pot and move his bowels four or five times. Thereafter, he took a little rice soup before he reclined on the dragon bed. Two palace ladies went to examine the pot; the filth and phlegm were indescribable, in the midst of which there was also a lump of glutinous rice. The ladies approached the dragon bed to report:

“The root of the illness has been purged.”

Delighted by what he heard, the king took some more rice gruel, and after a little while, his chest and abdomen began to feel more at ease. As his configurative energies and his blood became harmoniously balanced once more, his spirit was fully aroused. Rising from his dragon couch, he put on the court attire and ascended the treasure hall. The moment he encountered the Tang Monk, he bowed low.

The elder hurriedly returned his salute. After the bow, the king took hold of the elder's hand and gave this command to his attendants:

“Prepare a formal invitation card at once, and write on it such words as, ‘We beseech you with head touching the ground.’ Send some officials to invite with all reverence the three noble disciples of the Master of the Law. Open up the entire East Hall, and ask the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a thanksgiving banquet.” In obedience to the decree, many officials went to work on it at once: some prepared the invitation card, while others arranged the banquet. Truly a state has the strength of moving mountains, and in a moment everything was accomplished.

When Eight Rules saw the officials arriving and bearing an invitation card, he could not be more pleased. “O Elder Brother,” he cried, “it's marvelous medicine indeed! Now they've come to thank us, all because of your merit.” Sha Monk said, “Second Elder Brother, that's no way to talk! As the proverb says,

*One man's good fortune,
Will bless the whole commune.*

Since we all participated here in mixing the medicines, we are all meritorious persons. Let's go enjoy ourselves and don't talk anymore!”

Ah! Look at those three brothers! In great delight, they went into court.

The various officials met them and led them to the East Hall, where the king, the Tang Monk, and the Senior Secretaries of the Hall were already sitting at the banquet. Our Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk bowed to their master, while the various officials followed in. There were four vegetarian tables laden with so many dishes of fine food that one could only eat a small amount and stare at the rest. A huge banquet table in front was also heaped with all kinds of delicacies. On both sides, several hundred small, single tables were set out, arranged in orderly rows.

As the ancients said,

*"A hundred kinds of rare viand;
A thousand bowls of fine grain;
Jadelike fats and mellow wines;
Ornate slices and plump redness."
Bright, colorful decorations
And fruits rich in taste and fragrance.
Large candies shaped like lions and immortals;
Cakes and biscuits baked like phoenix pairs.
For meat, there were pork, lamb, chicken, goose, fish, duck, and every other kind.
For vegetables, there were greens, bamboo shoots, wood ears, and mushrooms.
A few kinds of dumplings;
Various candy brittles.
Yellow millet soft and smooth;
Rice gruel fresh and pure.
Noodle soups of all kinds, both fragrant and hot;
And many, many dishes so nice and sweet.
Ruler and subjects made their very first toast;
Then according to rank they passed the cup.*

With his royal hands holding high the goblet, the king wanted to make the first "Settle the Banquet" toast to the Tang Monk. Tripitaka, however, said to him, "This humble cleric does not know how to drink wine."

"It's made for those keeping a religious diet," said the king. "Let the Master of the Law drink just one goblet. How about it?"

"But wine," replied Tripitaka, "is the first prohibition of a priest."

Feeling rather badly about the matter, the king said, "If the Master of the Law is prohibited from drink, what shall we use to pay our respect?"

Tripitaka said, "Let my three mischievous disciples represent me in drinking."

Delighted, the king took his gold goblet and handed it to Pilgrim. After he had bowed to the rest of the people, Pilgrim drained the goblet. When the king saw how readily he drank the wine, he presented him another goblet of it. Pilgrim did not refuse and drank that, too. Chuckling, the king said, "Please drink a Three Jewels round." Pilgrim did not refuse and drank that, too. Asking that the goblet be filled once more, the king said, "Please drink the Four Seasons round!" Seated on one side and eyeing the wine, which never seemed to come his way, Eight Rules could hardly refrain from swallowing hard his own saliva. When he saw, moreover, that the king was intent on toasting only Pilgrim, he started to holler, "Your Majesty, you owe it to me, too, for the medicine you took. In that medicine, there's horse . . ." On hearing this and fearing that Idiot might reveal everything, Pilgrim immediately handed the wine in his hand to Eight Rules, who took it and drank without saying a further word. The king asked, "The divine monk said that there was horse in the medicine. What kind of horse is that?"

Taking it upon himself quickly to answer the question, Pilgrim said, "That's the way my brother speaks all the time. Whenever he has a tried and true prescription, he would share it with everyone. The medicine that you took this morning, Your Majesty, did contain Horse-Saddle-Bell."

“What kind of medicine is this Horse-Saddle-Bell,” asked the king, “and what does it cure?”

The imperial physician by his side said, “My lord, this Horse-Saddle-Bell

*Tastes bitter, being cold, nonpoisonous;
Cutting phlegm and wheezing makes its merit chief.
It loosens breath and rids one of poisoned blood;
Quiets cough, fights exhaustion, and brings relief.”*

“Well used! Well used!” said the king, smiling. “Elder Zhu should take another goblet.” Without uttering a word, our Idiot also drank a Three Jewels round. Then the king handed the wine to Sha Monk, who also drank three goblets before everyone took his seat.

After they drank and feasted for some time, the king again took up a huge goblet to present to Pilgrim. “Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim, “please be seated. Old Monkey will drink all the rounds. I’ll never dare refuse you.”

“Your great kindness to me,” said the king, “is as weighty as a mountain, and we can’t begin to thank you enough. No matter what, please drink this huge goblet of wine first, and then we have something to tell you.”

“Please tell me first,” said Pilgrim, “and old Monkey will be happy to drink this.”

“Our illness of several years,” replied the king, “was caused by great anxiety. The single formula of efficacious elixir prescribed by the divine monk, however, broke through the cause and that’s how I recovered.” With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, “When old Monkey examined Your Majesty yesterday, I knew already that the illness had been caused by anxiety. But I don’t know what you were anxious about.”

The king said, “According to the ancients, ‘The disgrace of a family should never be spread without.’ But the divine monk, on the other hand, is our benefactor. If you do not laugh at us, we shall tell you.”

“How could I dare laugh at you?” said Pilgrim. “You need not hesitate to tell me.”

“As you journeyed from the East,” said the king, “how many states have you passed through?”

“About five or six,” replied Pilgrim. “How do they address the consorts of the king?” he asked again. Pilgrim said, “The ranking wife of a king would be called the Central Palace, and those two consorts next in rank would be called the East Palace and the West Palace, respectively.”

“The titles here are slightly different,” said the king. “Our Central Palace bears the name of the Golden Sage Palace, the East Palace is called the Jade Sage Palace, and the West Palace has the title of Silver Sage Palace. At the moment, we have only the Jade and Silver consorts with us.”

“Why is the Golden Sage Palace absent?” asked Pilgrim.

As tears fell from his eyes, the king said, “She hasn’t been with us for three years.”

“Where has she gone to?” asked Pilgrim again.

The king said, "Three years ago, during the time of the Double Fifth Festival, we were all gathered with our consorts inside the Pomegranate Pavilion of our garden, cutting up rice cakes, affixing the artemisia plant to our garments, drinking wine made from the calamus and realgar, and watching the dragon boat races. Suddenly a gust arose and a monster-spirit appeared in the air. Calling himself Jupiter's Rival, he claimed that he lived in the Cave of the Mythic Beast at the Unicorn Mountain. Because he did not have a wife, he made investigation and learned of the great beauty of our Golden Sage Palace. He demanded that we turn her out, and if we did not after his asking us three times, he would first eat us alive and then proceed to devour the various officials and the people of the entire capital. Burdened, therefore, by the care of the state and the people at the time, we had no alternative but to push Golden Sage Palace out of the Pomegranate Pavilion, where she was immediately abducted by the fiend with a single sound. That incident, of course, gave us a great fright, and the glutinous rice cakes we ate thus remained undigested in our body. Moreover, we were ridden with anxious thoughts night and day, which led to three long years of bitter illness. Now that we have the good fortune of taking the efficacious elixir of the divine monk, we have purged several times, and all that waste accumulated three years ago has been eliminated. That's why our frame has turned healthy and our body has lightened, and we feel as energetic as before. The life I regain today is entirely a gift of the divine monk. Even the weight of Mount Tai cannot compare with the magnitude of your favor!" When Pilgrim heard these words, he was filled with delight, so much so that he drank in two gulps that huge goblet of wine. Smiling broadly, he said to the king, "So, that was the cause of Your Majesty's fear and anxiety. Now you've met old Monkey, and you are lucky to be cured. But do you want the Golden Sage Palace returned to your kingdom?" Shedding tears again, the king replied, "There's not a day or a night that we do not yearn for her presence, but no one is able to arrest the monster-spirit for us. How could I not want her return?"

"Let old Monkey go and bring that perverse fiend to submission," said Pilgrim. "How about it?"

The king immediately went to his knees and said, "If you can rescue our queen, we are willing to lead all the residents of this palace and all my consorts out to the city to live as common people. We shall present our entire kingdom to you and let you be the ruler." When Eight Rules on the side saw the king speak and act in this manner, he could not refrain from laughing uproariously. "This king has lost his sense of propriety!" he cried. "How could he refuse his kingdom just for the sake of his wife and kneel to a monk?"

Hurrying forward to raise the king, Pilgrim said, "Your Majesty, since he has abducted the Golden Sage Palace, has that monster-spirit ever returned?"

"After he took away the Golden Sage Palace during the fifth month year before last," replied the king, "he returned during the tenth month to demand two palace maidens to serve our queen. We immediately gave him what he requested. Last year, in the third month, he came to ask for two more palace maidens; by the seventh, he took away two more; and in the second month of this year, he came again for still two more. We do not know when he will come to make his demand anew."

"After he has come so many times," said Pilgrim, "aren't you afraid of him?"

The king said, "His many visits have frightened us indeed, and, moreover, we fear that he may even harm us further. In the fourth month of last year, we ordered the engineers to build us a Fiend Shelter. Whenever we hear the sound of the wind and

know that he's coming, we will hide in the shelter with our two consorts and nine concubines."

"If your Majesty is willing," said Pilgrim, "please take old Monkey to have a look at the Fiend Shelter. How about it?" Using his left hand to take hold of Pilgrim, the king left the banquet as all the officials rose to their feet. "Elder Brother," said Zhu Eight Rules, "you are so unreasonable! All this imperial wine and you refuse to drink it. You have to break up the nice party! Why must you go look at this shelter?" On hearing this, the king realized that Eight Rules's only interest was his mouth. He at once ordered the stewards to carry two tables of vegetarian food and wine to the shelter and wait there for them. Only then did Idiot stop his complaints and say to his master and Sha Monk, laughing, "Let's change to another banquet!" Led by a row of civil and military officials, the king went with Pilgrim through the palace to the rear imperial garden, but there was not a single building in sight. "Where's the Fiend Shelter?" asked Pilgrim. Hardly had he finished speaking when two eunuchs, gripping two red lacquered poles, pried loose from the ground a huge slab of stone. The king said, "That is the shelter. It's more than twenty feet deep down there, with nine dug-out chambers. Placed in there are four huge cisterns filled with clear oil, which is used for keeping the lamps lit night and day. When we hear the sound of the wind and go in there to hide, people outside will close up the hole with the stone slab." Pilgrim chuckled and said, "That monster-spirit obviously does not wish to harm you. If he does, you think you can hide from him down there?"

He had not quite finished his sentence when a powerful gust of wind roared in from due south, spraying dirt and dust into the air.

Those officials became so frightened that they all protested in unison, "This monk has such an ill-luck mouth! He speaks of the monster-spirit, and at once the monster-spirit shows up!"

Abandoning Pilgrim, the terrified monarch at once crawled into the hole in the ground, followed by the Tang Monk and all the other officials.

Eight Rules and Sha Monk, too, wanted to hide, but they were pulled back by Pilgrim's two hands. "Brothers," he said, "don't be afraid. Let's you and I try to discover what kind of monster-spirit this is."

"You must be jesting!" said Eight Rules. "Why do you want to make such a discovery? The officials have hidden themselves, Master has gone out of sight, and the king has stepped aside. Why don't we just leave? Who cares about his pedigree!" Our Idiot twisted left and right, but he could not struggle free of Pilgrim's firm grip. After some time, there emerged in midair a monster-spirit. Look how he appears!

*A nine-foot long body, savage and fierce;
A pair of round eyes flashing like gold lamps.
Two large forked ears like protruding fans,
And four sharp teeth like steel nails sticking up.
Red hair flanked his head, his eyebrows sprouted flames.
A bottle-nose dangled with nostrils flaring.
A few strands of beard like thick scarlet threads;
His cheekbones were rugged, his face was green.
Two arms of red veins, two indigo hands,
And ten pointed claws holding high a lance.
A leopard-skin kilt wrapped around his waist:*

A ghost with tousled hair and naked feet!

When he saw the monster, Pilgrim asked, “Sha Monk, do you recognize him?”

“I haven’t made his acquaintance,” replied Sha Monk. “How could I recognize him?” Pilgrim asked again, “Eight Rules, do you recognize him?”

“I have never had tea or wine with him,” replied Eight Rules, “nor am I a friend or neighbor of his. How could I recognize him?” Pilgrim said, “He rather looks like the demon gatekeeper with golden pupils and shriveled face under the command of Equal to Heaven, the Eastern Mountain.”

“No! No!” said Eight Rules. “How do you know that?” asked Pilgrim.

“A demon,” said Eight Rules, “is a spirit of darkness, and it will make its appearance only late in the day, say, between the hour of Monkey and that of the Boar.

Right now it’s still noon. Which demon would dare come out? Even if he’s a demon, he can’t mount the clouds. And if he knows how to use the wind, he will only be able to summon a little whirlwind, not a violent wind like this. Perhaps he is the very Jupiter’s Rival.”

“Dear Idiot!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “You have a point there! You two stand guard here, and let old Monkey go ask for his name.

Then we can rescue the Golden Sage Palace for the king.”

“If you want to go, go,” said Eight Rules, “but don’t reveal that we are here.” Without further reply, Pilgrim mounted the auspicious luminosity to leap into the air. Ah! So it is that

To secure a state one must first cure the king’s disease;

To safeguard the Way one must purge the evil-loving heart.

We do not know, as he rises into the air, whether he will win or lose, or how he manages to capture the fiend and rescue the Golden Sage Palace. Let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY

*The monstrous demon's treasures release smoke, sand, and fire
Wukong by stratagem steals the purple-gold bells*

We were telling you about that Pilgrim Sun, who, arousing his divine might and gripping his iron rod, trod on the auspicious luminosity to rise into the air. Facing the fiend, he shouted, "Where did you come from, perverse demon? Where do you think you're going to perpetrate your lawlessness?"

The fiendish creature replied in a loud voice, "I am none other than the vanguard under the command of the Great King Jupiter's Rival, the master of the Cave of Mythic Beast at Unicorn Mountain. By the order of the great king, I have come here to fetch two palace maidens for the service of Lady Golden Sage. Who are you that you dare question me?"

"I'm Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven," said Pilgrim. "I am passing through this kingdom because I am giving protection to the Tang Monk from the Land of the East, who is on his way to worship Buddha in the Western Heaven. When I learned how you bunch of perverse demons were making a mockery of the ruler here, I resolved to exercise my talents to heal the state and drive out the bogies. I was just wondering where to look for you when you arrived to give up your life."

Though he heard these words, that fiend did not know any better than to pick up the lance to stab at Pilgrim. Pilgrim met him headon with upraised iron rod, and a marvelous battle began in midair.

*The rod's a dragon hall's sea-ruling treasure;
The lance is but iron refined by man.
How could mortal arms compare with one divine,
A tiny stroke of which would dispel your soul?
The Great Sage is first a Great Monad god;
The monster's only a demon accursed.
How could a ghost approach a righteous man?
One righteous mite would smite all things perverse.
That one uses wind and sprays dirt to scare the king;
This one treads the fog and clouds to hide the sun and moon.
They assume fighting postures to try to win.
Which weakling would dare claim a hero's name?
In the end the Great Sage's the stronger man:
Pingpang cracks the rod and the lance does snap.*

As his lance was broken in two by one blow of Pilgrim's iron rod, the terrified monster-spirit changed the direction of his wind and fled for his life toward the west.

Deciding not to give chase for the moment, Pilgrim dropped from the clouds and went up to the Fiend Shelter. "Master," he cried, "please ask His Majesty to come out. The fiendish creature's gone."

The Tang Monk used his hands to support the king as both of them climbed out of the hole. The entire sky had cleared up and there was not the slightest appearance of a fiend anywhere. The king walked up to one of the banquet tables, picked up the wine

pot himself, and filled a golden goblet to present to Pilgrim, saying, "Divine monk, just a little thanks!"

The Pilgrim took the goblet in his hand, but before he could make his reply, an official rushed in from outside the court to say, "There's a fire at the west gate of the capital!" On hearing this, Pilgrim flung the wine-filled goblet into the air. When it fell with a clang to the ground, the startled king bowed quickly and said, "Divine monk, please forgive me! Please forgive me! It was indeed our fault! Proper etiquette requires that you ascend the main hall to receive our thanks. It was because the wine was placed conveniently here that I presented it to you. You threw the cup away. Are you offended?"

"No! No!" replied Pilgrim, laughing. "You have got it all wrong!" Just as they were speaking, another official came in to report:

"What a marvelous rain! Just now a fire broke out at the west gate, but a great shower extinguished it. The streets are filled with water that smells like wine!"

"Your Majesty," said Pilgrim, still laughing, "when you saw me throwing away the cup, you thought I was offended. But actually, I was not. That fiend fled toward the west in defeat; because I did not give chase, he started a fire. That goblet of wine was what I used to extinguish the fiendish fire and save the families located in the western part of the capital. That was all!" More than ever filled with delight and respect, the king invited Tripitaka and his three disciples to return to the treasure hall, where he was ready to abdicate his throne and hand it over to the priests. "Your Majesty," said Pilgrim, smiling, "that monster-spirit just now claimed that he was a vanguard in the command of Jupiter's Rival, sent here to demand two more palace maidens. Since he was defeated, he would certainly flee to his master to report, and his master would certainly want to come strive with me. I fear that when he brings his troops here, it will be difficult to prevent them from frightening the populace and alarming Your Majesty. I'd like to meet him in midair instead and capture him right there, but I don't know which is the proper direction. What's the distance between here and his mountain cave?"

The king said, "We did send some military scouts to go there once to make investigation. The round trip took some fifty days, as the cave was about three thousand miles due south of here." On hearing this, Pilgrim said, "Eight Rules, Sha Monk, stand guard here. Old Monkey will make a trip there."

Tugging at him, the king said, "Divine monk, please wait for another day. Let us prepare some dried and baked goods for you, give you some travel money, and select a speedy horse for you. Then you may go." With a laugh, Pilgrim said, "What you are referring to, Your Majesty, is the laborious way of scaling mountains and peaks by those who must stay on their feet. To tell you the truth, old Monkey can traverse these three thousand miles and be back here before the wine poured out turns cold in the goblet."

"Divine monk," said the king, "don't be offended by what we have to say, but your estimable countenance resembles that of an ape. How could you possess such magic power to move so quickly?" Pilgrim replied,

*Though I'm numbered among the simian kind,
I've cut since my youth a path through birth and death.
I've sought tutors far to teach me the Way;
For countless days I've trained before the mount.*

*With Earth as oven and Heaven its top,
 Two kinds of drug whirled round the hare and crow.
 I picked yin and yang, mating water and fire;
 In time I broke through the mysterious pass.
 I relied on the stars' transportive power,
 And on the Dipper for moving my steps.
 Most punctual to boost or reduce the fire,
 I watched to add quicksilver or pull out lead.
 Five Phases conjoined, creation began.
 Four images well mixed and times were fixed.
 With Two Breaths returned to the Yellow Way,
 Three Parties met on the Gold Elixir road.
 These laws, all realized, now move my four limbs;
 My somersault works like I'm helped by gods.
 One skip will land me beyond Mount Taihang;
 One flip sends me past Cloud- Transcending Stream.
 Who would fear ten thousand folds of tall peak,
 Or long wide rivers by hundreds and scores?
 My transformation no hurdle can block:
 One leap, a hundred and eight thousand miles!*

Both astonished and delighted by this recital of Pilgrim's, the king took a goblet of imperial wine and, smiling broadly, presented it to Pilgrim, saying, "Divine monk, you have to travel far. Take this to prepare for your journey."

As our Great Sage was intent on leaving to subdue the fiend, how could he care about drinking wine anymore? All he could say was, "Please put it down. Let me drink it after I return."

Dear Pilgrim! He said he was leaving, and with a whistle, he vanished from sight. We shall leave those astonished ruler and subjects for the moment.

We tell you now about our Pilgrim, who leaped into the air and soon discovered a mountain rearing up at the edge of the fog. He lowered his cloud immediately and stood on the peak to survey the region. Marvelous mountain!

*It rushes the sky and overruns the earth;
 It blots out the sun and begets the clouds.
 Where it rushes the sky,
 Pointed peaks rise erect.
 Where it overruns the earth,
 Wide ranges spread unending.
 What blots out the sun
 Are fresh thick pines of the summit.
 What begets the clouds
 Are sharp, jagged rocks beneath the cliff.
 Fresh thick pines
 Remain ever green in all four seasons;
 Sharp jagged rocks
 Stay unchanged in ten thousand years.
 You'll hear now and then apes wailing in the woods,
 And often monstrous serpents passing through the brook;*

*Screeches of mountain fowl;
 Grunts and growls of mountain beasts.
 Mountain deer and antelope
 Dash about here and there in pairs and twos;
 Mountain crows and magpies
 In flocks and tight formations soar and fly.
 The endless sight of mountain flowers and grass;
 The timely glow of mountain peaches and fruits.
 Though it's too treacherous a passageway,
 It's a bogus immortal's reclusive spot.*

Thoroughly delighted by this scenery, our Great Sage was just about to search for the entrance of the cave when all at once he saw a roaring fire leaping up from the fold of the mountain. In an instant the sky was filled with red flames, in the midst of which there arose also a nasty column of smoke, more vicious than even the fire. Marvelous smoke! He saw

*A flare shining like ten thousand gold lamps;
 And fumes leaping like a thousand red rainbows.
 The smoke was no oven's or stove's,
 Nor that of grass and wood.
 That smoke had five colors:
 Green, red, white, black, and yellow.
 It scorched the pillars of the South Heavenly Gate;
 It seared the beams of the Divine Mists Hall.
 It burned till the beasts in their lairs rotted with their skins,
 And feathers on the forest fowl all dissolved.
 When one saw such venomous smoke, how then
 Could one enter the mount to tame the fiend king?*

As the Great Sage stared at this in astonishment, a sandstorm also erupted from within the mountain. Marvelous sand, truly concealing Heaven and blanketing Earth! Look at that

*Great, whirling shower spreading through the sky;
 The huge, blinding mass all over the earth;
 The fine dust dimming one's sight every where;
 Thick ashes rolling downhill like sesame.
 The herb-picking lad has his partner lost;
 The working woodsman cannot find his house.
 Though your hands may hold a luminous pearl.
 You will soon reel under this blowing sand.*

Spellbound by what he saw, Pilgrim did not notice that some sand and dust flew into his nose until the itch made him sneeze a couple of times. He turned and picked up from beneath the ledge two small pebbles, which he used to stop up his nostrils. Shaking his body once, he changed into a sparrowhawk able to penetrate fire. He flew right into the smoke and flame, but all of a sudden, the sand and dust vanished, and even the smoke and fire subsided. Quickly he changed back into his true form and dropped down from the air.

As he looked about, there came to his ears the loud clanging of a brass gong. "I must have taken the wrong road!" he thought to himself. "This can't be where the

monster-spirit lives. The gong sounds like one of those belonging to a postal soldier. This must be a state highway, and some postal soldier is on his way to deliver a document. Let old Monkey go and question him a bit.”

As he walked along, he saw a little fiend with a yellow banner on his shoulder and an official document bag on his back. Banging aloud the gong, the fiend was running swiftly toward him. “So this is the fellow who’s beating the gong!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “I wonder what sort of document he’s carrying. Let me eavesdrop on him.”

Dear Great Sage! With a shake of his body he changed into a midge and gently alighted on the fiend’s document bag. All he heard was the monster-spirit banging the gong and mumbling to himself, “Our great king is quite vicious! Three years ago he abducted the Golden Sage Queen from the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom, but he didn’t have the affinity even to touch her. Only those palace maidens brought here as substitutes were the ones who suffered. Two of them came, and they were driven to death; then four arrived, and they, too, were driven to death. Year before last, he wanted the maidens; last year, he wanted more; this year, he wanted more; and even now, he still wants some more. But he has run into an adversary, for that vanguard sent to make demands for the palace maidens has been defeated by some Pilgrim Sun. Angered by this, our great king wanted to go into war with that kingdom and asked me to send them some declaration of war. Once I deliver this document, that king had better decide not to fight, for any war would only go against him.

When our great king uses his smoke, fire, and flying sand, none of them, the king and his subjects, can ever hope to remain alive. We will certainly occupy their city; our great king will become emperor and we will become his officials. High or low, we will have some appointments or ranks, but I fear that our action would be intolerable to Heaven.” When Pilgrim heard this, he was secretly delighted. “Even a monster-spirit,” he thought to himself, “can have good intentions. Just listen to what he has said about how their ‘action would be intolerable to Heaven.’ Isn’t he a good man? But concerning the Golden Sage Queen, I don’t quite understand what he means by the fiend king not having affinity to touch her body. Let me question him a bit.” With a buzz, he flew away from the monster-spirit and darted ahead for several miles. A shake of his body changed him into a little Daoist lad:

*His head had two tufts of hair;
He wore a patched cleric robe.
Tapping a wooden-fish drum,
A Daoist hymn he hummed.*

Rounding the mountain slope, he met the little fiend and saluted him with hand upraised, saying, “Officer, where are you going? What’s the document you are delivering?”

Behaving as if he knew his interrogator, the fiendish creature stopped his gong and, giggling loudly, returned the greeting. “Our great king,” said he, “has sent me to deliver a declaration of war to the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom.”

“Has that someone from the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom,” continued Pilgrim, “mated with the great king?”

“Almost immediately after she had been abducted,” replied the little fiend, “an immortal presented to her as a gift a five-colored divine robe. Once she had put it on, however, needlelike prickles sprouted all over her body. Our great king didn’t even dare

to give her the slightest touch, for the merest contact would inflict terrific pain on his hand. We don't know how those prickles grew, but that's the reason for his not claiming her body from the beginning until now. Earlier this morning, he sent his vanguard to demand two palace maidens for his service, but the vanguard was defeated by one so-called Pilgrim Sun. Our great king was angered, and that was why he sent me to deliver a declaration of war. He is going to do battle with him tomorrow."

"Is the great king still angry?" asked Pilgrim.

"Indeed he is," replied the little fiend. "You should go cheer him up with a Daoist song or two."

Dear Pilgrim! After a bow with hands folded, he turned and walked away, while the fiend struck up his gong and journeyed as before. Unleashing his violence all at once, Pilgrim whipped out his rod, turned around again, and delivered a blow on the back of the little fiend's head. Alas! This one blow made

*The head shatter, the blood flow, the brains burst out;
The skin rift, the neck split, and his life expire.*

As he put away the rod, he was smitten with regret, saying to himself, "I'm a little too impatient! I hadn't even asked his name. Oh, all right!"

He took down the declaration of war document to put in his own sleeve; the yellow banner and the brass gong were stuffed into the grass by the road. As he picked up the fiend by the legs and was about to throw him into the brook, a gold-plated nameplate dropped down from his waist with a clang. On the plate was the following inscription:

*One trusted junior officer by the name of Going and Coming:
rather short, pimply face, beardless. To be worn at all times.
The person without this plate is an imposter.*

"So this fellow has the name of Going and Coming," chuckled Pilgrim, "but my rod has rendered him Going without Coming."

He took down the nameplate and attached it to his waist. He was about to throw away the corpse when the thought of the threat of smoke and fire stopped him from searching further for the cave-dwelling. Raising his rod instead, he punched it through the chest of the little fiend, toted the corpse to rise to the air, and went back to the kingdom to announce his first merit. Look at him! Thinking and wondering to himself, he soon arrived at the capital.

Before the Hall of Golden Chimes, our Eight Rules was standing guard over the king and his master, when all of a sudden he saw Pilgrim approaching in midair and toting a monster-spirit. "Ah, this fribble business!" he muttered to himself. "If I had known it earlier, old Hog would have gone to arrest the fiend. That would have been counted as my merit, wouldn't it?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Pilgrim lowered his cloud and threw the monster-spirit before the steps. Dashing up to the corpse, Eight Rules gave him a blow with his rake, crying, "This is the merit of old Hog!"

"What merit of yours is that?" asked Pilgrim. "Don't cheat me out of it!" replied Eight Rules. "I have evidence here. Aren't those nine holes made by the rake?"

"Take another look," said Pilgrim, "and see if he has a head or not."

“So, he’s headless!” said Eight Rules, chuckling. “I was wondering why he didn’t move at all when I struck him with my rake.”

“Where’s Master?” asked Pilgrim, and Eight Rules said, “Talking with the king in the hall.”

“Go and ask him to come out,” said Pilgrim.

Eight Rules ran up to the hall and nodded his head, whereupon Tripitaka rose and descended the hall to meet Pilgrim. Pilgrim took out the declaration of war and stuffed it into the sleeve of Tripitaka, saying, “Put it away, Master, and don’t let the king see this.”

As they were speaking, the king also came down the hall and met Pilgrim. “Divine monk, you’ve returned,” he said. “How did the matter of arresting the fiend go?” Pointing with his finger, Pilgrim said, “Isn’t that a monster-spirit who has been slain by old Monkey?”

The king took one look and said, “It is the corpse of a fiend, but he’s no Jupiter’s Rival, whom we have seen twice with our own eyes. The archfiend is eighteen feet tall, and his shoulders are five times as wide as other men’s. His face resembles a golden beam, and his voice is like thunder. He is no vulgar-looking midget like this one.” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “Your Majesty, you are perceptive, for this is indeed no Jupiter’s Rival, but only a little fiend serving as a messenger, who ran into old Monkey. I slew him and toted him back to announce my merit.”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said the king, highly pleased. “This should be considered your first merit. We have often sent our people out there to gather intelligence, but we have never managed to turn up anything substantial. The moment the divine monk goes forth, he’s able to bring back a captive. That’s true magic power!”

Then he called out, “Warm up the wine, so that we may congratulate the elder for his merit.”

“Drinking wine is a trivial matter,” said Pilgrim. “Let me ask your Majesty, did the Golden Sage Palace leave you any memento when she departed? If she did, give it to me.” When the king heard him mention the word, “memento,” he felt as if a sword had run his heart through and he wept aloud, saying,

*When we toasted brightness and warmth that year,
The vicious Jupiter uttered his cries.
He took by force our queen to be his wife;
We yielded her up for the people’s sake.
There were no words of greeting or farewell,
No tender partings by the wayside stands.
Mementos, scented purse—every thing is gone,
Except myself, all bitter and forlorn.*

“Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim, “your pain is near its end. Why torture yourself like that? If our lady did not leave you any memento, are there objects in the palace that she is most fond of? Give me one of these.”

“Why do you want them?” asked the king. Pilgrim said, “That fiend king does have magic powers. When I saw the smoke, the fire, and the sand he released, I knew it would be difficult to bring him to submission. Even if I were to succeed, I fear that our lady would refuse to accompany me, a stranger, to return to the kingdom. She will trust

me only if she sees me entrusted with some object most dear to her when she was in the palace. That's why I must take such an object along with me."

"In the dressing alcove," said the king, "at the Palace of the Bright Sun, there is a pair of gold bracelets, originally worn by our Golden Sage Palace. Because that day was the festival when she had to tie five colored threads to her arms, she took off the bracelets.

As these were some of her favorite things, they are still kept in a jewel box. Because of the way we were separated, however, we could not bear the sight of these bracelets, for they reminded us so much of her lovely face. The moment we see them, we would be sicker than ever."

"Let's not talk about illness anymore," said Pilgrim. "Bring me the bracelets. If you can part with them, give them to me. If not, I'll just take one of them."

The king asked the Jade Sage Palace to take them out. When the king saw the bracelets, he cried several times, "Dearest, dearest Lady," before handing them over to Pilgrim. After Pilgrim took them, he put them on his arm.

Dear Great Sage! He refused the wine of merit and mounted the cloud somersault instead. With a whistle he arrived once more at the Unicorn Mountain. Too preoccupied to enjoy the scenery, he at once began searching for the cave. As he walked along, he heard the raucous noise of people speaking. When he stood still to look more carefully, he found soldiers posted at the entrance of the Cave of Mythic Beast, some five hundred of them,

*All tightly lined up,
And densely arrayed.
Tightly lined up, they held spears and swords
Which gleamed in the sun;
Densely arrayed, they unfurled the banners
Which fluttered in the wind.
Tiger generals, bear captains, all able to change;
Leopard warriors, striped-cat marshals, most spirited.
Grey wolves, how savage!
Brown elephants, still more potent!
Sly hare, clever deer, wielding halberds and swords;
Long snakes, huge serpents, hung with sabers and bows.
The chimpanzee who understands human speech
Leads the troops, secures the camp as one informed.*

When Pilgrim saw them, he dared not proceed; instead, he turned and walked back out the way he came. Why did he turn back, you ask? It was not because he was afraid of them. Actually, he returned to the spot where he had slain the little fiend and found again that brass gong and that yellow banner.

*Facing the wind, he made the magic sign;
Thinking the image, he went into motion.*

With one shake of his body, he changed himself into the form of Going and Coming. Banging loud his gong, he stepped forward in great strides and marched right up to the Cave of the Mythic Beast. Just as he was looking over the cave, he heard the chimpanzee say, "Going and Coming, are you back?" Pilgrim had no alternative but to reply, "I'm back."

“Get inside quickly!” said the chimpanzee.

“The great king is waiting for your reply at the Skinning Pavilion.” On hearing this, Pilgrim strode inside the front door, still beating his gong. Once inside, he saw hanging cliffs and precipitous walls, rock chambers and quiet rooms. There were exotic grasses and flowers on the left and right, and there were plenty of old cedars and aged pines front and back.

Soon he walked through the second-level door, where he saw an octagonal pavilion with eight translucent windows. In the middle of the pavilion was a gold inlaid armchair, on which was seated solemnly a demon king. Truly he had a savage appearance! You see

*Colored nimbus soaring up from his head
And violent air bursting forth from his chest.
Pointed teeth protrude like rows of sharp swords;
His temple's tousled locks flare like red fume.
Whiskers like arrows stick onto his lips;
Hairs wrap his body like blanket layers.
Mocking Jupiter are two copper-bell eyes;
An iron club he holds looks tall as the sky.*

Though Pilgrim saw him, he was bold enough to make light of the monster-spirit. Without in the least affecting good manners, Pilgrim turned his back on him and kept beating the gong. “Have you returned?” asked the fiend king, but Pilgrim did not answer him. “Going and Coming, have you returned?” he asked again, and still Pilgrim did not answer him. The fiend king walked up to him and tugged at Pilgrim, saying, “Why are you still beating the gong after you have come home? I ask you a question, and you don’t answer me.

Why?”

Dashing the gong to the ground, Pilgrim cried, “What’s this ‘Why, Why, Why’? I told you I didn’t want to go, and you insisted that I should. When I got there, I saw countless men and horses already arrayed in battle formations. The moment they saw me, they cried, ‘Seize the monster-spirit! Seize the monster-spirit!’ Pushing and shoving, they hauled me bodily into the city to see the king, who at once ordered me executed. It was fortunate that counselors from both rows of ministers invoked the old maxim that ‘When two states are at war, the envoys are never executed.’ They spared me and took away the declaration of war. Then they sent me out of the city, where before the entire army they caned me thirty times on my legs. I was released to tell you that they would be here soon to do battle with you.”

“As you have put the matter,” said the fiend king, “you have lucked out! No wonder you didn’t answer me when I questioned you.” Pilgrim said, “I was silent not because of anything. It’s just that I was nursing my pain, and that’s why I didn’t reply.”

“How many horses and men do they have?” asked the fiend king one more time. Pilgrim said, “I was scared silly, and I was further intimidated by their beatings. You think I would be able to account for the number of their horses and men? All I saw in thick rows were

*Bows, arrows, sabers, mail, and armor;
Lances, swords, halberds, and tasseled banners;
Poleaxes, crescent spades, and head-coverings;*

*Huge axes, round shields, and iron caltrops;
 Long battle staffs;
 Short, fat cudgels;
 Steel tridents and petards and helmets, too.
 To be worn are tall boots, head gear, and quilted vests.
 Crops and whips, sleeve-pellets, and bronze mallets."*

When the fiendish king heard this, he laughed and said, "That's nothing! That's nothing! A little fire and all such weapons will be wiped out. You should go now and tell our Lady Golden Sage not to worry. When she heard that I was growing angry and about to go into battle, she was already full of tears. Why don't you go now and tell her that the men and horses of her country are most fearsome and that they will certainly prevail against me. That ought to give her some relief for awhile." On hearing this, Pilgrim was very pleased, saying to himself, "Old Monkey can't ask for anything better!" Look at him! He seems to be peculiarly familiar with the way! Rounding a small side door, he passed through halls and chambers. Deep inside the cave, you see, were all tall buildings and edifices, quite unlike what was in front. When he reached the rear palace where the Lady Golden Sage lived, he saw brilliantly colored doors. Walking through these to look around, he found two choirs of fiendish vixen and deer, all made up to appear as beautiful maidens standing on the left and right. In the middle was seated the lady, who held her chin in her hand as tears fell from her eyes. Indeed she had

*Soft, youthful features,
 Seductive good looks.
 Too lazy to do her hair,
 She left it piled up loosely;
 Loathful of make-up,
 She wore neither pins nor bracelets.
 Her face had no powder,
 She being scornful of rouge.
 Her hair had no oil,
 For she kept unkempt her tresses.
 Her cherry lips pouted
 As she clenched her silvery teeth;
 Her moth brows knitted
 As tears drenched her starlike eyes.
 All her heart
 Yearned for the Scarlet- Purple ruler;
 All her thoughts
 Dwelled on fleeing at once this snare and net.
 Truly it had been thus:
 The fate of fair ladies was always harsh.
 Weary and silent, she faced the east wind.*

Walking up to her and bowing, Pilgrim said, "Greetings!"

"This insolent imp!" barked the lady. "How brash could he be! During the time when I shared the glory with the Scarlet-Purple ruler, those grand preceptors and prime ministers would prostrate themselves before me and dared not even raise their heads. How could this wild fiend just address me with a 'Greetings'? Where did this rustic boor come from?" Some of the maids went forward and said, "Madam, please do not be

angry. He is a trusted junior officer of Father Great King, and his name is Going and Coming. He was the one sent to deliver the declaration of war this morning.” On hearing this, the lady suppressed her anger and said, “When you delivered the declaration, did you reach the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom?”

“I took the declaration,” replied Pilgrim, “straight into the capital, reaching, in fact, the Hall of the Golden Chimes. After I saw the king in person, I took his reply back here.”

“When you saw the king,” said the lady, “what did he have to say?” Pilgrim said, “He claimed he was ready to fight, and just now, I have already told the great king about how the enemy forces were being disposed. That ruler, however, also expressed great longing for Madam. He wanted to convey a few words of special interest to you, but there are too many people around and I can’t speak here.” On hearing this, the lady shouted for the two rows of vixen and deer to leave. After he closed the palace door, Pilgrim gave his own face a wipe and changed back into his original form. He said to the lady, “Don’t be afraid of me. I am a priest sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go seek scriptures from Buddha in the Thunderclap Monastery of India in the Great Western Heaven. My master is Tripitaka Tang, the bond-brother of the Tang emperor, and I am Sun Wukong, his eldest disciple. When we passed through your kingdom and had to have our travel rescript certified, we saw a royal proclamation issued for the recruitment of physicians. I exercised my great ability in the therapeutic arts, and I cured the king of his illness of ardent longing. During the banquet he gave to thank me, he told me while we were drinking about how you were abducted by the fiend. Since I have the knowledge of subduing dragons and taming tigers, he asked me specially to come arrest the fiend and rescue you back to the kingdom. It was I who defeated the vanguard, and it was I, too, who slew the little fiend. When I saw, however, how powerful the fiend was outside the gate, I changed myself into the form of Going and Coming in order to take the risk of contacting you here.” On hearing what he said, the lady fell silent. Whereupon Pilgrim took out the treasure bracelets and presented them with both hands, saying, “If you don’t believe me, take a good look at these objects.”

The moment she saw them, the lady began to weep, as she left her seat to bow to Pilgrim, saying, “Elder, if you could indeed rescue me and take me back to the kingdom, I would never forget your great favor!”

“Let me ask you,” said Pilgrim, “what sort of a treasure that is that releases fire, smoke, and sand?”

“It’s no treasure!” replied the lady. “They are actually three golden bells. When he gives the first bell one wave, he can release up to three thousand feet of fire to burn people. When he waves the second one, he can release three thousand feet of smoke to fumigate people. When he waves the third one, he can release three thousand feet of yellow sand to confound people. The smoke and the fire are not even as potent as the yellow sand, which is most poisonous. If it gets into someone’s nostrils, the person will die.”

“Formidable! Formidable!” said Pilgrim. “I had the experience, all right, and even I had to sneeze a couple of times! Where, I wonder, does he put these bells?”

“You think he’d put them down!” said the lady. “He has them tied to his waist, and whether he is in or out of doors, whether he is up or lying down, they’ll never leave his body.”

“If you still have some feelings for the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom,” said Pilgrim, “if you want to see the king once more, you must banish for the moment all sorrow and melancholy. Put on your looks of pleasure and romance, and allow him to enjoy with you the sentiments of wedlock. Tell him to let you keep the bells for him. Then, when I have stolen them and brought this fiendish creature into submission, it will be simple to take you back to your dear mate so that both of you can enjoy peace and harmony once more.”

The lady agreed.

Our Pilgrim changed again into that trusted junior officer and opened the palace door to summon the various maids. Then the lady called out, “Going and Coming, go to the pavilion in front quickly and ask the great king to come here. I want to speak to him.”

Dear Pilgrim! He shouted his consent and dashed out to the Skinning Pavilion to say to the monster-spirit, “Great King, Lady Sage Palace desires your company.”

Delighted, the fiend king said, “Normally our lady has nothing but abuse for me. How is it that she desires my company today?”

“Our lady,” replied Pilgrim, “asked me about the ruler of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom, and I told her, ‘He doesn’t want you anymore. He has chosen another queen from among his subjects.’ When our lady heard this, she had to stop thinking about him, and that was why she asked for you.”

Exceedingly pleased, the fiend king said, “You are quite useful! When I have destroyed that kingdom, I’ll appoint you a special court assistant.”

Thanking him casually for his promised favor, Pilgrim walked quickly with the fiend king to the entrance of the rear palace, where the lady met them amiably and reached out with her hands to greet the monster. Backing off immediately and bowing, the fiend king said, “I’m honored! I’m honored! Thank you for your love, but I’m afraid of the pain in my hands, and I dare not touch you.”

“Please take a seat, Great King,” said the lady, “for I want to speak to you.”

“Please do so without hesitation,” replied the fiend king.

The lady said, “It has been three years since you first bestowed your love on me. Though we have not been able to share a bed together, it is still our foreordained affinity that we should become husband and wife. I think, however, that you must have some sentiments against me, and you are not treating me truly as your spouse. For I can recall the time when I was queen at the Scarlet- Purple Kingdom. Whenever the foreign nations presented their tributary treasures, the queen was asked to keep them after the king had inspected them. You have hardly any treasures here, of course; what you wear are furs, and what you eat are raw meats. I haven’t seen any silks or damasks, any gold or pearls. All our coverings are only skins and furs. You may have some treasures, I suppose, but the distance you feel toward me prevents you from letting me see them or asking me to keep them for you. I have heard that you have some kind of bells or gongs—three of them, in fact—which, I suppose, must be treasures. Or else why would you keep them with you when you are walking or when you are seated? You should let me keep them for you, and when you need them, I can take them out.

After all, we *are* husband and wife, and you should at least show me some trust. If you don’t, you must feel that I’m still an outsider!”

Breaking into loud guffaws as he bowed to her, the fiend king said, “Madam, your reprimands are just! Your reprimands are just! The treasures are right here. Today, I turn them over to you for safekeeping.”

He at once hitched up his clothes to take out the treasures.

With unblinking eyes on one side, Pilgrim saw that after the fiend had hitched up two or three layers of clothing, he had tied to his body three small bells. These he took down and, having stuffed some cotton into the mouths of the bells, had them wrapped up in a piece of leopard skin before he handed them over to the lady. “Though these are lowly objects,” he said, “you must guard them with care. Never shake or rattle them.”

Taking them over with her hands, the lady said, “I know. I’ll put them right here on my dressing table. No one will shake them.”

Then the lady said, “Little ones, prepare us some wine. I want to drink a few cups with the great king to celebrate our happiness and love.” On hearing this, the servant girls at once spread out a table full of vegetables and fruits and laden with venison and rabbit meat.

After they poured out some coconut wine, the lady put on her most seductive charms to deceive the monster-spirit.

On the side Pilgrim Sun also began his work; slipping slowly up to the dresser, he gently picked up those three golden bells before he inched his way out of the palace. When he arrived at an empty spot before the Skinning Pavilion, he opened up the leopard skin wrap to look at the contents. The middle bell was about the size of a tea mug, while the two on both ends were as big as fists. Not knowing how formidable these objects were, he yanked out the cotton. All he heard was a loud clang, and then the flame, the smoke, and the yellow sand poured out from the bells. He tried desperately to stuff the cotton back into the bells but to no avail. Instantly, flames leaped up and engulfed the pavilion.

Those monsters and fiends were so terrified that they rushed into the rear palace to report to the fiend king, who shouted, “Go put out the fire! Go put out the fire!” When he dashed out with the rest to the pavilion, he saw Going and Coming with the golden bells in his hands. “You wretched slave!” bellowed the fiend king, rushing up to him. “How dare you steal my treasure bells and mess with them here? Seize him! Seize him!”

Those tiger warriors, bear commanders, leopard captains, striped-cat marshals, brown elephants, grey wolves, clever deer, sly hare, long serpents, huge pythons, and the chimpanzee all mobbed the pavilion.

Terribly flustered, our Pilgrim dropped the bells and changed back into his original form. Whipping out his golden-hooped compliant rod, he plunged into the crowd and fought furiously. After the fiend king had put away his treasures, he shouted the order:

“Shut the front door!” On hearing this, some of the fiends went to shut the door while others surrounded Pilgrim to do battle.

Suspecting that it would be difficult for him to flee, Pilgrim put away his rod and, with one shake of his body, changed himself into a tiny fly which alighted on one

of the stone walls that was not burning. When the various fiends could not find him, they said, “Great King, the thief has escaped!”

“Did he walk out of the door?” asked the fiend king. “The front door is firmly bolted,” they replied. “He hasn’t left that way.”

“Then search carefully!” said the fiend king. Some of the fiends put out the fire with water, while others conducted a careful search all around, but there was not a trace of the thief.

“Who is the thief,” said the fiend king angrily, “who is so audacious that he dared change into the shape of Going and Coming, come in here to speak to me, and stay by my side until he found the chance to steal my treasures? It’s a good thing that he didn’t take the bells out of the cave. If he had taken them up to the summit and had exposed them to natural wind, I wouldn’t know what to do!”

“It’s partly the profound luck of the Great King,” said the tiger general, approaching him, “and partly the fact that we are not yet destined to perish. That’s why we were able to discover him in time.”

“Great King,” said the bear commander, “this thief is not just any other person. He must be that Sun Wukong who has defeated our vanguard. He probably ran into Going and Coming on the way and took our officer’s life. After he robbed him of his yellow banner, brass gong, and nameplate, he changed into his appearance to come here and deceive you.”

“Exactly! Exactly!” said the fiend king. “What you say is quite right! Little ones, continue the search, and be careful that you do not let him slip out the door.” So, that was how things stood:

A clever move has turned to folly;

A playful act becomes something real.

We do not know how Pilgrim Sun managed to escape from the fiend’s door; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-ONE

*By a false name Pilgrim defeats the fiendish wolf
In epiphany Guanyin subdues the monster-king*

*Form's emptiness, that's ancient truth;
Emptiness, too, is so-called form.
If one fully knows Chan's emptiness-form,
Who needs cinnabar ground and burnt?
Don't slack in work on virtue and act;
Your labor requires bitter toil.
You will face Heaven when merit's fulfilled
With godly features e'er preserved.*

We tell you now about that Jupiter's Rival, who ordered all the front and back doors tightly shut in order to search for Pilgrim. All the commotion lasted until dusk, but not a trace of the intruder could be found. Taking a seat in the Skinning Pavilion, the fiend king assembled the rest of the fiends and gave the order that guards were to be posted at all the doors, holding handbells and shouting passwords, beating drums and rattles. Every one of them was to put the arrow to the bow and go on patrol through the night with drawn swords. However, the Great Sage Sun, you see, had changed into a tiny fly and alighted on a doorpost. When he saw that the front was tightly guarded, he spread his wings and flew instead into the rear palace, where he found the Lady Golden Sage slumped on a table.

*In clear drops the tears rolled down;
In low tones she voiced her grief.*

Flying through the door, Pilgrim gently landed on her disheveled black tresses to listen to how she was weeping. In a little while, the lady suddenly cried out, "O, my lord! You and I must have burned

*The broken-head incense in our former lives,
So that we meet in this one a fiend king.
Parted for three years, which day will we meet?
Stranded at two places—that is our grief.
The elder you sent has just conveyed the news;
Our union's thwarted when he lost his life.
Since it's hard to untie the bells of gold,
Our longings are keener than those of old."*

When Pilgrim heard this, he moved up to the base of her ear and whispered, "Lady Sage Palace, I'm Elder Sun, the divine monk sent here by your country, and I haven't lost my life. What happened had to do with my impetuosity. When you were drinking with the fiend king, I approached the dresser and stole the golden bells. I managed to slip out to the pavilion in front, but I couldn't resist untying the wrap to take a look. Little did I realize that when I pulled out the cotton stuffed in the bells, smoke, fire, and yellow sand would pour out all at once with a clang. I was so flustered that I dropped the bells and changed back into my original form. I wielded my iron rod to wage a bitter battle, but when I couldn't break free, I feared that I might be harmed. That was why I changed into a tiny fly to fly up to a doorpost and hide until now. Now

the fiend king is guarding the place more tightly than ever and refuses to open the doors. You must, therefore, trick him, in the name of conjugal duties, into coming in here to rest. Then I'll be able to escape and make another plan to rescue you."

The moment the lady heard these words,

*She shook all over
As if gods were pulling her hair;
Weak and fearful,
She felt her heart thump and pound.*

"Are you," she asked tearfully, "a ghost or a human being?"

"I'm neither a human," replied Pilgrim, "nor am I a ghost. At the moment, I have changed into a tiny fly here. Don't be afraid. Go quickly and invite the fiend king to come."

The lady refused to believe him.

Shedding tears, she said softly, "You're not trying to bewitch me?"

"Why would I want to bewitch you?" said Pilgrim. "If you don't believe me, spread open your palm and I'll land on it for you to see."

The lady indeed stretched forth her left palm, and Pilgrim gently alighted on her lovely hand. How he seemed like

*A black pea nailed to the lotus bud;
A bee resting on peony flower;
A grape having landed on silk brocade;
A thick black dot by the lily branch!*

Holding high her jadelike hand, the Golden Sage Palace uttered the cry, "Divine monk!"

"I'm the transformation of the divine monk," answered Pilgrim with a buzz. Only then did the lady believe him.

"When I manage to get that fiend king here," she whispered to him, "how will you proceed?" Pilgrim said, "As one ancient person put the matter,

To ruin one's whole life there's only wine.

And he also said,

To break up all cares there's nothing like wine.

There are many uses for wine, and so the best thing you can do is still to make him drink. Summon now one of the maids closest to you and point her out to me. I'll change into her appearance and serve you by your side. When there's a chance, I'll act."

The lady indeed agreed, and she called out, "Spring Grace, where are you?"

From behind a screen stepped forth a white-faced vixen, who knelt down and said, "Madam, what is your pleasure?"

"Tell the rest of the maids," replied the lady, "to light up gauze lanterns, burn the musk-gland, and accompany me to the front court to ask the king to retire." Spring Grace at once went out to summon seven or eight deer fiends and vixen spirits, who came in with a pair of lanterns and a pair of portable urns. They stood on both sides of the lady, who arose with hands folded while the Great Sage soared into the air.

Dear Pilgrim! Spreading his wings, he headed straight for the head of the white-faced vixen. There he pulled off one piece of hair and blew a mouthful of immortal breath on it, crying, "Change!" It changed at once into a sleep-inducing insect, which he gently placed on her face. The moment that this insect reaches a person's face, you see, it will crawl toward one's nostril, and when it gets inside, the person will fall asleep. Our Spring Grace, therefore, gradually felt so fatigued that she could hardly remain on her feet.

Rocking from side to side and nodding her head, she ran back to her previous resting place, laid down her head, and snored away.

Pilgrim flew down and with one shake of his body changed into the form of Spring Grace. He walked out from behind the screen to stand at attention with the rest of the maids, and we shall leave them there for the moment.

We tell you now about that Lady Golden Sage Palace, who was walking out to the front. When the little fiends saw her, they immediately reported to Jupiter's Rival:

"Great King, Madam has arrived."

The fiend hurried out of the Skinning Pavilion to meet her.

"Great King," said the lady, "the smoke and the fire have subsided, and the thief, too, has vanished. The night is deep, and I have come especially to ask you to retire."

Highly pleased, the fiend said, "Madam, please take care of yourself. Just now that thief was actually sun Wukong, who, having overcome my vanguard and slain my trust junior officer, came in here by means of transformation in order to deceive us. We have conducted a most careful search, but there's not a trace of him. This is why I feel quite uneasy about the matter."

"That fellow must have escaped," said the lady. "You should not worry anymore, Great King. Let's retire and rest." When the monster-spirit saw the lady standing there with this earnest invitation, he dared not refuse. After he had given the order to the rest of the fiends to be careful with the torches and candles and to look out for thieves and robbers, he went back to the rear palace with the lady. Pilgrim, who had changed into the form of Spring Grace, was led inside also along with the two rows of maids. "Prepare us some wine," cried the lady, "so that we may relieve the great king of his weariness."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said the fiend king, laughing. "Bring us wine quickly. I will help the dear lady to calm her fears."

The specious Spring Grace and other fiends thereupon brought out some bowls of fruit and several dishes of game as they set up tables and chairs. The lady picked up a goblet, and the fiend king also presented her with a goblet. After the two of them had exchanged their cups, the specious Spring Grace picked up the wine pot on the side and said, "Since the great king and madam did not exchange their cups until this very night, you should drain the cups so that I can pour you a Double Happiness round."

They did so; again their cups were filled, and they drank that, too.

The specious Spring Grace spoke up once more:

"This is such a happy meeting between the great king and madam! Let those maids who can sing sing, and those who can dance dance!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when the entire hall was filled with the sound of songs and harmonious melodies; those who could dance did dance, and those who could sing did sing, as the two of them drank a good deal more wine. Then the lady stopped the song and dance, and all the maids were again divided into two choirs to leave and stand beyond the screen. Only the specious Spring Grace stayed behind to pour the wine back and forth. The lady did nothing but engage in conjugal talk with the fiend king. Look at her! She displayed such sultry looks and amorous charms that the fiend king went limp with desire. But he simply had no luck in touching her. What a pity! Truly, he felt like “a cat biting on a urine bubble—all empty delight!”

After they flirted for a while and laughed for awhile, the lady asked, “Great King, were the treasures damaged?”

“These treasures,” replied the fiend king, “had been forged by the elemental powers of nature. How could they be damaged? When the thief pulled out the cotton, however, the leopard-skin wrap was burned.”

“How did you pack them up again?” asked the lady. The fiend king said, “No need to do that, for I’ve tied them again to my waist.” On hearing this, the specious Spring Grace pulled off a handful of hair, which he chewed to pieces. He quietly approached the fiend king and placed these pieces of hair on his body. Blowing three mouthfuls of immortal breath on them, he whispered, “Change!”, and at once they became three kinds of vicious thing: lice, fleas, and bedbugs. They penetrated the fiend king’s garments and began to bite him madly. Ridden by unbearable itch, that fiend king put his hands inside his bosom to rub and scratch himself. When his fingers caught hold of several of the lice, he took them up to the lamps to have a closer look. When she saw the insects, the lady said wistfully, “Great King, your undergarments must have been soiled, I suppose. They haven’t been washed for a long time, and that’s why these things are growing on you.”

Terribly embarrassed, the fiend king said, “I have never had these things grow on me before. Why does it have to be this very night that I disgrace myself?” Laughing, the lady said, “There’s no disgrace! As the proverb says, ‘Even an emperor’s body may have three lice!’ Take off your clothes, and I’ll try to catch some of them for you.”

The fiend king indeed began to loosen his belt and his clothes.

On one side the specious Spring Grace stared at the fiend king’s body: on every layer of his clothing fleas were hopping about, and every garment had rows of big bedbugs. Those lice, big and small, were so thick that they resembled ants pouring out of their hills! By the time the third layer of clothing was hitched up, one could see countless insects swarming all over the golden bells. The specious Spring Grace said, “Great King, give me the bells, so that I, too, can catch some lice for you.”

The fiend king was both so embarrassed and frightened that he could not tell the true from the false. He handed over the bells, and the specious Spring Grace took them over and played with them for a long time in his hands. When he saw the fiend king lower his head to shake his clothing, he immediately hid the bells. Pulling off three strands of hair, he changed them into three exact copies of the golden bells, which he deliberately turned over and examined before the lamps. Then, as he swayed and wriggled here and there, he shook his body slightly and at once retrieved all those lice, fleas, and bedbugs. The specious golden bells were returned to the fiend, who, when he took them in his hands, was more unperceiving than ever. Unable to tell the difference at all, he held up the bells with both hands and presented them to the lady, saying, “This

time you put them away most carefully, so that nothing like last time will happen again.”

The lady gently opened her garment trunk, put the specious bells inside, and bolted the trunk with a lock of yellow gold. After she drank a few more cups of wine with the fiend king, she gave this order to her maids:

“Brush clean our ivory bed and roll down the silk coverlets. I’ll sleep with the great king.”

“I don’t have the luck! I don’t have the luck!” said the fiend king repeatedly. “I dare not join you. Let me take a palace maiden and go to the west palace instead. Madam, please rest by yourself.”

They all retired, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the specious Spring Grace, who succeeded in stealing the treasures. These he tied to his own waist before he changed into his original form. With a shake of his body he retrieved also the sleep-inducing insect. As he walked along, he heard the sound of rattle and gong announcing the hour of the third watch. Dear Pilgrim! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and exercised the Magic of Body Concealment to reach the front door. When he saw, however, that it was tightly bolted, he took out his golden-hooped rod and pointed it at the door; this Lock-Opening Magic immediately flung wide the door and he strode out quickly. “Jupiter’s Rival,” he cried with a loud voice as he stood before the door, “return my Lady Golden Sage!”

He yelled for two or three times, and all the fiends, old and young, were aroused. They dashed out to look around and found the front door ajar. As some of them brought the lamps over to have the door locked up once more, a few of the fiends ran inside to report, “Great King, someone outside our main door is addressing you by name and demanding the return of Lady Golden Sage!”

The maids inside slipped out of the palace door and whispered, “Don’t shout! The great king has just fallen asleep.” Meanwhile, Pilgrim yelled some more in front of the main door, but those little fiends dared not go disturb the fiend king. Three or four times it went on like this, but they did not report the disturbance. Outside the cave-dwelling, the Great Sage brawled until dawn, and he was unable to control himself any longer. Wielding the iron rod with both hands, he went forward and smote the door. Those various fiends were terrified; while some of them pushed against the door, others ran inside to report. Having just awakened, the fiend king heard a raucous tumult.

He dressed hurriedly and emerged from the silk curtains to ask, “What’s all this noise?”

The maids knelt down and said, “Father, we don’t know who it was who shouted abuses at us for half the night outside. Now he is even striking at the door.”

As the fiend king walked out of the palace door, he ran into several little fiends, who kowtowed rather timidly and said, “Someone outside is shouting abuses and demanding the Lady Golden Sage Palace! When we said ‘No’ to him, he spewed out countless insults, simply awful stuff. When he saw that the great king did not go out even at daybreak, he began to strike at our door.”

“Don’t open it yet,” said the fiend. “Go and ask for his name and where he came from. Hurry back to report to me.” One of the little fiends ran out and asked through the

door, "Who is here striking at our door?" Pilgrim replied, "I'm External Grandpa; [Waigong] sent here by the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom to take Lady Sage Palace back to her own country!" When the little fiend heard this, he returned with these words as his report and the fiend king set out for the rear palace to make further investigation of his intruder. The lady, you see, had just risen, and she had not yet washed or had her hair combed when her maid said, "Father is here."

Tidying her clothes hurriedly but leaving her hair unpinned, the lady met him outside the palace. After they took their seats and before she could even ask why the fiend king had come in, another little fiend dashed in to report:

"That External Grandpa has smashed our door!" With a laugh, the fiend said, "Madam, how many generals and commanders do you have at court?"

The lady said, "We have fortyeight Brigades and a thousand fine generals. At the various borders, there are countless marshals and commanders."

"Is there someone with the surname of External?" asked the fiend king.

"Inside the palace," replied the lady, "all I knew was how to assist the ruler by giving admonitions and supervision to the palace ladies night and day. The external affairs are endless. How could I remember any name or surname?"

The fiend king said, "Our visitor calls himself External Grandpa, but no such surname, I'm sure, appears in the *Hundred Family*

Names. Since you have come from an aristocratic family and you are so intelligent by nature, you must have read all kinds of books and chronicles when you were at the royal palace. Do you remember whether this surname has appeared in any text at all?"

"Only in the *Thousand-Character Treatise*" replied the lady, "there is the phrase, 'Externally one learns from the tutor's instruction.'

I suppose that must be it."

Delighted, the fiend king said, "Indeed, it is! Indeed, it is!"

He rose and took leave of the lady to go to the Skinning Pavilion. After he had suited up his armor properly, he summoned his fiendish troops and went straight out the front door, his hands holding a spreading-flower ax. "Who is the External Grandpa who comes from the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom?" he cried in a loud voice.

Gripping the golden-hooped rod with his right hand, Pilgrim pointed with his left hand at the fiend king and said, "Worthy nephew, why are you addressing me?" When the fiend king saw him, he was filled with anger. "Look at you!" he bellowed,

*Your features are an ape's;
Your looks are a monkey's.
Seven percent a ghost,
And yet you dare mock me?*

"Lawless fiend," replied Pilgrim with a laugh, "you are the one insulting Heaven and making a mockery of the ruler! And you have no eyes either! When I caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago, all those divine warriors of the Ninefold Heaven wouldn't have dared address me without the word 'Venerable' when they saw me. Now you call me your grandpa. Is that too much of a loss for you?"

“Tell me quickly your name and surname,” snapped the fiend king, “and what sort of martial art you have learned that you dare act with such insolence around here.” Pilgrim said, “You’d have been better if you hadn’t asked about that. For when I announce my name and surname, I fear that you wouldn’t know where to stand! Step closer, stand firmly, and listen to my recital:

*My parents who begot me were Heav’n and Earth;
 The sun and moon’s essence had me conceived
 And carried in a stone for countless years.
 A spirit root formed and nursed me—
 O, how strange!
 As spring quickened nature, I was born that year.
 Today I’m an immortal for all times.
 Once a captain of many gathered fiends,
 I made monsters bow before the red cliffs.
 A summons issued the Great Emperor Jade;
 The Gold Star Venus with a decree came
 To ask me to hold an office in Heav’n,
 But I was not pleased with Ban
 Horse, the rank.
 I plotted at first rebellion at my cave;
 Then I disturbed with arms the royal court.
 Deva Pagoda- Bearer and his prince
 Both shrank back in terror after our fight.
 Gold Star addressed the Cosmic King again
 Who sent next a pacifying decree
 To make me Equal to Heav’n, true Great Sage—
 A proper name for fine talent of the state.
 Because I disturbed, too, the Peaches Feast,
 Wrath I incurred when I stole pills, half-drunk,
 Laozi himself before the throne appeared;
 The West Queen Mother at Jade Terrace bowed.
 Learning that I had mocked the laws of kings,
 Soldiers they called up and dispatches sent—
 A hundred thousand savage planetoids,
 And dense rows of halberds, lances, and swords.
 As cosmic nets were spread throughout the mount,
 We raised up our arms for a mighty meet.
 The fight was fierce but neither side could win,
 And Erlang arrived on Guanyin’s advice.
 To find out who was stronger we two fought,
 Though he had the Plum Mountain Brothers’ aid.
 As we transformed ourselves to show our strength,
 Three sages in Heaven pushed the clouds aside:
 Laozi at once threw his diamond snare down,
 The gods caught and brought me to the steps of gold.
 A lengthy confession I need not make;
 I should be hacked to pieces for my crimes.
 Axes and mallets could not take my life,*

*Nor was I harmed by scimitars and swords.
 Fire and thunder could only do so much—
 They could not hurt longevity's offspring.
 They sent the captive to Tushita then
 To be refined in all ways as they wished.
 Not till the right time was the tripod opened,
 But I from the center at once leaped out;
 My hands holding high the compliant rod,
 I fought my way to Jade Dragon Terrace.
 Into hiding went each planet and star;
 I was free to havoc through Heaven's halls.
 Lord Inspector quickly sought the Buddha's help;
 With me Śākyamuni a contest waged.
 I, somersaulting from within his palm,
 Did tour all Heavens before turning back.
 The Buddha deceived me, foreknowing this;
 I was pinned down by him at Heaven's edge
 Till now afterwards some five hundred years.
 My lowly self freed, I frolic once more.
 To guard the Tang Monk going to the West—
 This, Wukong the Pilgrim well understands.
 He must on the western path the fiends subdue.
 Which monster would dare not to fear him?"*

When the fiend king heard the announcement of Wukong, the Pilgrim, he said, "So you're that fellow who caused great disturbance at the Celestial Palace! If you have been released to accompany the Tang Monk to the West, you should simply stay on your journey.

Why must you mind someone's business? Why must you serve the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom as a slave and come here to look for death?"

"You thief! You lawless fiend!" shouted Pilgrim. "You mouth such words of ignorance! I receive the most reverent invitation from the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom, and I am beholden to the king's most gracious hospitality. Old Monkey is regarded there as being a thousand times more exalted than the throne, who honors me as his parents and reveres me as a god. How dare you mention the word 'slave'? You are but a fiend who lies to Heaven and makes a mockery of the ruler! Don't run away! Have a taste of your grandpa's rod!"

A little flustered, the fiend jumped aside to dodge the blow before wielding the spreading-flower ax to strike at his opponent's face. This was a marvelous battle! Take a look!

*The golden-hooped compliant rod,
 The sharp spreading-flower ax.
 One clenched his teeth as he turned violent;
 One gritted them as he showed his strength.
 This one was the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, descending to Earth;
 That one was a mischievous fiend king coming to the world.
 The two of them belched out cloud and fog to darken Heaven;
 They kicked up rocks and sand to hide the dipper halls.*

*Back and forth they went through many styles;
Up and down they emitted golden lights.
Together they used their power,
Each testing his magic might.
This one wanted to take the lady to the capital;
That one enjoyed staying with the queen at the mount.
This whole battle truly had no other cause:
For a king each had life and death forgot!*

The two of them battled for fifty rounds, but no decision could be reached. When the fiend king saw how powerful Pilgrim was, he knew that he could not prevail against him. Using the ax to stop the iron rod, he said, "Pilgrim Sun, let's pause for a moment. I haven't had my breakfast today. Let me take my meal first, and then I'll come to fight to the finish with you." Pilgrim realized that he wanted to get the bells, but he put away his iron rod and said, "'A good hunter doesn't run down a tired hare!' Go! Go! Eat heartily, and return to receive your death!"

Turning around, the fiend dashed inside and said to the lady, "Take out the treasures quickly."

"What for?" she asked. "The person who was shouting to provoke battle this morning," replied the fiend king, "happened to be the disciple of a priest on his way to acquire scriptures. His name is Sun Wukong, the Pilgrim, and 'External Grandpa' is only a false name. I fought with him for a long time but I could not prevail against him. Let me take my treasures out there so I can start a fire to burn this ape."

The lady was quite dismayed by what she heard. She did not want to take out the bells, but she was afraid to offend him; if she took them out, however, she feared that Pilgrim might lose his life. As she hesitated, the fiend king again urged her, saying, "Take them out quickly!"

The lady had no alternative but to open the lock and hand the three bells over to the fiend king, who grabbed them and ran outside the cave. As tears poured down her face, the lady sat down in the palace, wondering whether Pilgrim could escape with his life.

Neither she nor the fiend king, you see, knew that these were specious bells.

As soon as he got outside, the fiend king stood at the upper hand spot of the wind. "Pilgrim Sun," he cried out, "don't run away! Watch me shake my bells a little!" With a laugh, Pilgrim replied, "If you have bells, you think I have none? If you can shake them, you think I can't shake them?"

"What sort of bells do you have?" said the fiend king. "Take them out for me to see." Pilgrim gave his iron rod a pinch to reduce it to the size of an embroidery needle, which he stored in his ear. Then he untied from his waist those three true treasures and said to the fiend king, "Aren't these my purple-gold bells?"

Greatly startled by what he saw, the fiend king said to himself, "Odd! Very odd! How could his bells be exactly like mine? Even if they were cast in the same mold, there ought to be some mark here or a blemish there. How could they be exactly alike?"

He therefore asked, "Where did your bells come from?"

"Worthy nephew," said Pilgrim, "where did yours come from?"

An honest person, the fiend king said right away, “My bells belonged originally to

*Lord Grand Purity, most steeped in the Way.
In eight-trigram stove gold with a long stay
Did forge these bells now called perfected gems
And left behind by Laozi till this day.”*

Laughing, Pilgrim said, “Well, the bells of old Monkey also come from that time.”

“Where did they come from?” asked the fiend king. Pilgrim said,

*In Tushita Hall the Dao Patriarch hale
Had his stove forged these gold bells without fail.
Two threes are six—cyclic treasures they are:
My bells are female whereas yours are male.*

“These bells,” said the fiend king, “are treasures forged in the same process as that of the golden elixir. They are not fowl or beasts.

How could you use sex to distinguish them? If you can shake something valuable out of them, then they are good treasures.”

“It’s useless to talk,” replied Pilgrim, “when only action’s the proof. I’ll let you shake them first.”

The fiend king indeed shook the first bell three times, but no fire came out; he shook the second bell three times, but no smoke came out; and he shook the third bell three times, but no sand came out. Terribly flustered, the fiend king said, “How strange! How strange! The ways of the world have changed! These must be hen-pecked bells! The male sees the female, and that’s why nothing comes out!”

“Stop shaking, worthy nephew!” said Pilgrim. “Let me shake mine for you to see.” Marvelous monkey! He grasped the three bells in his hand and shook them altogether. Just look at the red fire, green smoke, and yellow sand! They poured out together and began at once to engulf the mountain and trees. The Great Sage also recited a spell and, facing the ground toward the southwest, shouted, “Come, wind!” Indeed, a strong gust whipped up the fire, and the fire exploited the power of the wind.

*In flaming red
And massive black,
The sky was full of fire and smoke,
And the earth full of yellow sand.*

Scared out of his wits, that Jupiter’s Rival wanted to flee but could not find a way out. For in the midst of that kind of fire, how could he possibly escape with his life? Suddenly a loud voice came from midair:

“Sun Wukong, I’ve arrived!”

As he turned his head upward quickly, Pilgrim saw that it was the Bodhisattva Guanyin; her left hand was supporting the immaculate vase, while her right hand was sprinkling sweet dew with her willow twig to put out the fire. Pilgrim was so startled that he quickly tucked the bells in his waist, folded his hands before his chest, and bowed low. After the Bodhisattva had sprinkled a few drops of the sweet dew, the smoke and fire all vanished in an instant and there was not a trace of the yellow sand. Kowtowing, Pilgrim said, “I did not know the Great Compassion had descended to

Earth, and I have caused offense by not avoiding your sacred presence. May I ask where the Bodhisattva is going?"

"I have come," replied the Bodhisattva, "especially to bring this fiend to submission."

"What was this fiend's origin," said Pilgrim, "that it should necessitate your golden form revealing itself in order to bring him to submission?"

The Bodhisattva said, "He is actually the golden-haired wolf that I ride on. Because the lad who looks after him fell asleep, this cursed beast managed to bite through the iron chains and come here to dispel calamity for the king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom." On hearing this, Pilgrim quickly bowed and said, "The Bodhisattva is twisting the truth! The fiend has mocked the ruler and cheated him of his queen here; he has corrupted the customs and violated the mores. He has, in fact, brought calamity to the ruler. How could you say that he has helped the king to dispel calamity?"

The Bodhisattva replied, "You have no idea that when the deceased king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom was still on the throne, the present king, then the crown-prince, was exceedingly fond of hunting when he was still young. Leading men and horses, mounting hawks and hounds, he once came before the Phoenix-Down Slope, where two young birds, one male and another female, were perching. These happened to be the offsprings of the Bodhisattva Great King Peacock.

When the young prince stretched his bow, he wounded the male peacock, and the female one too, returned to the West with an arrow stuck in her body. After the Buddha Mother had pardoned him, she decreed that he should be punished by being separated from his mate for three years and that his body should be inflicted with the illness of yearning. At the time, I was riding this wolf when I heard the sentence pronounced. Little did I realize that this cursed beast would remember it and come here to abduct the queen and dispel calamity for the king. It has been three years now, and his preordained chastisement has been fulfilled. You are to be thanked for arriving to heal the king, and I've come especially to bring the fiend to submission."

"Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, "the story may go like this, but he has also defiled the queen, corrupted the customs, upset the relations, and perverted the law. He is worthy of death. Now that you have arrived in person, I shall spare his life but not his living punishment.

Let me give him twenty strokes of my rod, and then you may take him away."

"Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "if you appreciate my epiphany, then you must, for my sake, grant him a plenary pardon. This will be considered entirely your merit, that of bringing the fiend to submission. If you raise your rod, he will be dead!"

As he dared not disobey, Pilgrim had no choice but to bow and say, "After the Bodhisattva has taken him back to South Sea, he must not be permitted to return in secret to the human world again, for he can cause a lot of harm." Only then did the Bodhisattva cry out, "Cursed beast! If you don't return to your origin now, when will you do so?" Rolling once on the ground, the fiend immediately appeared in his original form. As he shook out his furry coat, the Bodhisattva mounted his back, only to discover with one look that the three bells beneath his collar were nowhere to be seen. "Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "return my bells."

"Old Monkey doesn't know anything about bells!" replied Pilgrim.

“You thievish ape!” snapped the Bodhisattva. “If you hadn’t succeeded in stealing the bells, even ten of you would not be able to approach him. Bring them out quickly!”

“But really, I haven’t seen them!” chuckled Pilgrim. “In that case,” said the Bodhisattva, “allow me to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell a little.”

At once alarmed, Pilgrim could only mutter, “Don’t recite! Don’t recite! The bells are here!”

Thus it is that

*From the wolf’s collar who’ll untie the bells?
The one untying asks the one who ties.*

After the Bodhisattva had slipped the bells back onto the collar of the wolf, she mounted his back again. Look at him!

*Beneath his four legs lotus blossoms grow;
O’er all his body thick golden threads glow.*

The Great Compassion went back to South Sea, where we shall leave her.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage Sun, who, having tightened his kilt, wielded the iron rod to fight his way into the Cave of the Mythic Beast and slew all the rest of the fiends. Then he went into the palace to beckon the Lady Golden Sage Palace to return to her country. The lady could not have been more grateful after Pilgrim gave her a thorough account of how the Bodhisattva had brought the fiend to submission and why she had to be separated from her mate. Then Pilgrim found some grass that he tied together to make a straw dragon. “Madam,” he said, “climb on this and close your eyes. Don’t be afraid. I’m taking you back to court to see your lord.”

The lady followed his instruction as Pilgrim began to exercise his magic power: all she heard was the sound of the wind.

In the period of half an hour they arrived at the capital. As they dropped from the clouds, he said, “Madam, please open your eyes.”

The queen opened her eyes and at once those dragon towers and phoenix bowers, which she readily recognized, gave her immense delight. She abandoned the straw dragon to ascend the treasure hall with Pilgrim. When the king saw her, he hurried down from the dragon couch. Taking the hand of the lady, he wanted to tell her how much he missed her when all of a sudden, he fell to the ground crying, “Oh my hand! It hurts! It hurts!”

Eight Rules broke out in loud guffaws, saying, “O dear! You just don’t have the luck to enjoy her. The moment you see her you are smitten to death!”

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim, “you dare give her a tug?”

“What’ll happen if I do?” asked Eight Rules.

Pilgrim said, “The lady’s body is covered with poisonous prickles, and her hands are full of vicious stings. Since she reached the Unicorn Mountain these three years, that fiend Jupiter’s Rival has never claimed her body. For the moment he touched her, his body or his hands would be pained.” On hearing this, the various officials exclaimed, “What shall we do?” So the officials outside the court became vexed, and the ladies of the palace, too, were alarmed. Meanwhile, Jade Sage and Silver Sage, the two other consorts, helped the ruler to his feet.

As they stood there in confusion, they heard someone calling out in midair, “Great Sage, I’ve arrived!” Pilgrim raised his head to look, and he heard

*Majestic crane cries in the sky,
As someone drifted down to court.
Auspicious radiance encircling;
Creative auras tremulous.
A coir and grass coat wrapped in cloud and mist,
He trod straw sandals rarely seen.
He held a fly-swat of rushes;
A silk sash wound around his waist.
Throughout the world he had formed human ties;
Footloose, he roamed all the great earth.
This was the Great Heaven’s Immortal Purple Cloud,
Bringing salvation this day to earth.*

Going forward to meet him, Pilgrim said, “Zhang Ziyang, where are you going?”

The Realized Immortal Ziyang went before the court and bowed, saying, “Great Sage, this humble immortal Zhang Boduan raises my hand to salute you.” Returning his bow, Pilgrim said, “Where have you come from?”

The realized immortal said, “Three years ago, I was on my way to a Buddha festival when I passed through this region. When I saw that the king was destined to be separated from his mate, I feared that the fiend might defile the queen and upset the human relations, so that afterwards it would be difficult for the king and queen to be reunited.

I therefore changed an old coir coat of mine into a new shining robe, radiant in five colors, to present to the fiend king as an addition to the queen’s wardrobe. The moment when she put it on, poisonous prickles sprouted on her body, but actually those prickles were the transformation of the coir coat. Now that I have learned of the Great Sage’s success, I have come to bring deliverance.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “we are indebted to you for coming from such a great distance. Please deliver her, quickly.”

The realized immortal walked forward and pointed at the lady with his finger; immediately, the coir coat came off and the lady’s entire body was smooth as before. Shaking out the coat, the realized immortal draped it over himself and said to Pilgrim, “I beg your pardon, Great Sage, for this humble immortal must take leave of you.”

“Please wait for a moment,” replied Pilgrim, “and allow the ruler to thank you.”

“No need, no need,” said the immortal, laughing. He gave a long bow and rose into the air. The king, the queen, and all the officials were so astonished that they all bowed toward the sky.

Thereafter, the king gave the order for the Eastern Hall to be opened in order that the four priests might be thanked with a huge banquet. After the king led his subjects to kowtow to the pilgrims, he was reunited with his wife. As they drank merrily, Pilgrim said, “Master, take out that declaration of war.”

The elder took it out from his sleeve to hand over to Pilgrim, who passed it to the king and said, “This document was to be sent here by a junior officer of the fiend.

The officer had been beaten to death by me at first, and I took him here to announce my merit. When I went back to the mountain afterwards, I changed into the form of the officer to get inside the cave. That was how I got to see the lady. After I succeeded in stealing the golden bells, I was almost caught by the fiend. Then I had to undergo transformation to steal the bells again. When he fought with me, it was my fortune that the Bodhisattva Guanyin arrived and brought him to submission. She also told me of the reason why you and your queen had to be separated.”

After he gave a thorough account of what had taken place, the king and all his subjects were full of gratitude and praise.

“It was the great good fortune of a worthy ruler in the first place,” said the Tang Monk, “and it was also the merit of our humble disciple. This lavish banquet you have given us is perfection indeed! We must bow to take leave of you now. Do not delay this humble cleric’s journey to the West.”

Having failed to persuade the priests to stay longer even with earnest pleading, the king had the rescript certified. Then he asked the Tang Monk to take a seat in the imperial chariot, while he and his consorts pushed it with their own hands to send the pilgrim out of the capital before they parted. Truly,

*With affinity, your anxious ailment’s purged;
Without thought or desire your mind’s at peace.*

As they go forth, we do not know what sort of good or evil will befall them; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-TWO

*At Cobweb Cave Seven Passions delude the Origin
At Purgation Spring Eight Rules forgets all manners*

We were telling you about Tripitaka, who took leave of the king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom and proceeded westward on his horse.

He passed over numerous mountains and forded countless waterways. Soon, autumn departed and even winter faded, and it was again the bright, attractive season of spring. As master and disciples stepped on the green and enjoyed the scenery, they came upon some houses shaded by trees. Rolling over on his saddle, Tripitaka dismounted and stood by the main road. "Master," asked Pilgrim, "why are you not moving on when this road is so level and smooth?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you are quite insensitive! Master must be rather tired of sitting on the horse. You can let him get down to catch his breath a little."

"I'm not trying to catch my breath," said Tripitaka, "but I see that there's a household over there. I would like to go and beg some maigre for us to eat."

"Look at the way Master speaks!" said Pilgrim, smiling. "If you want to eat, I'll go and do the begging. As the proverb says, 'Once a teacher, always a father.' How could the disciples remain seated while the master goes to beg for food?"

"It's not like that," replied Tripitaka. "Usually we look out into the endless horizon, and regardless of how far you have to travel, you go to beg for food. Today, there's a household nearby, close enough for me to call you if I need help. You should therefore let me go and do the begging."

"But Master," said Eight Rules, "you're not thinking properly. As the proverb says, 'When three persons go out, the youngest child suffers.' You belong to the paternal generation, and all of us are your disciples. As an ancient text says, 'When there's any hard work to be undertaken, the young must do it.'

Let old Hog go."

"O disciples," said Tripitaka, "today the weather's fair and bright, unlike the times of wind and rain. In those days, you will, of course, do it, even if you have to cover great distances. Let me go now to this household; when I find out whether there's food or not, we'll leave."

"Elder Brothers," said Sha Monk, smiling on one side, "no need to talk further. Master's temperament is like that, and you need not contradict him. If you offend him, he won't eat the food even if you succeed in begging it."

Eight Rules agreed and took out the almsbowl for him. After Tripitaka changed his hat and cloak, he strode up to the village to look around. It was quite a nice dwelling.

You see

*A stone bridge arching up;
Aged trees thick and neat.
Where the stone bridge arches up,*

*Gurgling water flows to meet a long brook;
 Where aged trees are thick and neat,
 The songs of hidden birds reach distant hills.
 On the bridge's other side are a few thatched huts,
 Quaint and elegant like an immortal shrine;
 There's also a window overlaid with reeds
 That make it seem clearly a Daoist home.
 Before the window four lovelies appear,
 All stitching phoenixes and doing needlework.*

When the elder saw that there was no man but only four young women in the house, he dared not enter. He stood still beneath the trees and found that each one of them seemed to have

*An orchid nature fine like spring,
 A womanly mind firm as stone.
 Pink hues adorned her lovely face;
 Her rouged lips were most smoothly done.
 Her moth brows were slanted crescents;
 Her hair piled up a cobweb bun.
 If she stood among the flowers,
 The bees would mistake her for one.*

He waited there for at least half an hour, but the whole place was quiet, without even a sound from chickens or dogs. He thought to himself, "If I truly don't have the ability to beg a meal, I'll make my disciples laugh at me. They'll dare say, if the master could not even succeed in begging food, how could the disciples go and worship Buddha?"

The elder could not think of a better alternative; though he knew perhaps he should not proceed, he nonetheless walked up the bridge. After he had taken several steps, he could see that there was within the courtyard of the thatched hut a small pavilion made of sandalwood. Inside the pavilion, there were three other young women kicking a ball filled with air.

Look at these three girls, who were quite different from the other four. You see

*Halcyon blue sleeves fluttering;
 Light yellow skirts swaying.
 Halcyon blue sleeves fluttering
 Enshroud dainty, jade-white fingers.
 Light yellow skirts swaying
 Half reveal shoes slender and shapely.
 Their postures and styles are perfection all;
 Moving or still, their heels take many forms.
 To pass overhead they must gauge the height;
 The long pass must be accurate and true.
 A turning kick is "Flower Beyond the Wall";
 Backing up becomes "Traversing the Sea."
 Trapping gently a lump of dirt;
 Charging alone to tackle legs.
 When "A Pearl Ascends Buddha's Head,"
 They seize and separate with the toe.*

*They can pick up a slender brick;
 They kick, bending back, their feet arched.
 They squat with a straight torso;
 They twist and kick with their heels.
 Knees bent they can call for a pass,
 Their shoulders swing like donning capes.
 Through the legs the ball freely goes
 Or it loops and swings round the neck.
 They kick like the Yellow River flowing upstream,
 Or like gold fishes beached on the sand.
 That one by mistake thinks it is the head;
 This one whirling bumps at once the waist.
 Firmly the ball's held by the calf;
 Squarely they slam with their toes.
 Heels lifted, straw sandals fall;
 Scissor kicks send backward the prize.
 Step back for the shoulder-pass style;
 The hairpin only once goes awry .
 As the hamperlike net hangs low,
 They will then kick toward the gate.
 When the ball hits squarely the goal,
 All the fair ladies shout, "Bravo!"
 So, each one's silk gowns is sweat-soaked and her makeup's messy;
 Only when zeal's all spent will they cry enough.*

We cannot end the description; therefore we offer also another testimonial poem. The poem says:

*Third month's the time they kick ball in a field,
 These fair ones blown down by immortal wind.
 Their faces perspire like flowers bedewed;
 Their dusty moth brows are willows in mist.
 Shrouding their fingers, the blue sleeves hang low;
 Light yellow skirts awhirl, they show their feet.
 They finish their kicking all faint and fair
 With jewels askew and disheveled hair.*

Tripitaka watched them until he could no longer tarry. He had to walk up to the arch of the bridge and call out in a loud voice, "Lady Bodhisattvas, this humble cleric has come here to beg for whatever amount of food you care to give me." When they heard his voice, all the girls abandoned their needlework and their ball. Smiling broadly, they came out of the door to say, "Elder, pardon us for not coming to meet you first when you arrived at our rustic village. Since we dare not feed a priest by the wayside, please take a seat inside." On hearing this, Tripitaka thought to himself, "My goodness! My goodness! The West is truly the land of the Buddha. If women are concerned to feed the priests, how could men not revere the Buddha?"

The elder walked forward and bowed before he followed the girls into the thatched hut. After they passed the pavilion made of sandalwood, he looked around. Ah! There were actually neither rooms nor corridors, only

Towering summits,

*Extensive ranges.
 Towering summits that touch the cloud and mist;
 Extensive ranges that reach sea and isle.
 The door's near a stone bridge,
 Borne by flowing water of nine twists and turns;
 The yard's planted with plums and peaches,
 Vying for splendor with a thousand stalks and fruits.
 Vines and creepers dangle from several trees;
 Orchid spreads its scent through ten thousand flowers.
 From afar the cave seems better than Isle Peng;
 Up close the mountain and woods surpass Mount Hua's.
 It's the bogus immortals' reclusive place;
 No other household takes its neighboring space.*

One of the girls walked forward, pushed open two stone doors, and asked the Tang Monk to take a seat inside. The elder had little alternative but to walk inside, where he discovered no other furniture but stone tables and benches. It was dark, and the air seemed to have turned very chilly all of a sudden. Becoming alarmed, the elder thought to himself, "This place betokens more evil than good. It's not a nice place at all." Still all smiles, the girls said, "Please be seated, elder."

The elder had no choice but to sit down, and after awhile, he was so cold that he began to shiver. "From which monastery did you come, elder?" asked one of the girls. "What sort of alms are you seeking? To repair bridges and roads, to build a monastery or a pagoda, or to fund a festival and print scriptures? Please take out your alms book for us to see."

"I'm not a priest begging for alms," replied the elder. "If you are not," said the girl, "why have you come here?"

The elder said, "I'm someone sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Great Thunderclap in the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Passing through your honored region, I became hungry, and that was the reason for my approaching your lovely mansion. After I have begged a meal from you, I shall leave."

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" said the girls. "As the proverb says, 'Monks coming from afar can read sūtras better.' Sisters, we must not slight our guest. Let us prepare a vegetarian meal quickly."

At that time, three of the girls kept the elder company by speaking with him, rather animatedly, on the subject of karma. Four of the girls, however, rolled up their sleeves and dashed into the kitchen, where they added fire and scrubbed the pans. What did they prepare, you ask? Human flesh sauteed and fried in human lard until black enough that it could pass for pieces of fried wheat gluten. They also pan-fried some freshly gouged human brains, which they then cut up to look like pieces of bean curd. Two dishes of these they took out to set on the stone table and said to the elder, "Please eat. In such a hurry, we haven't been able to prepare a good vegetarian meal for you. But do eat some food to relieve your hunger; there's more of it in the back."

Taking a whiff of the dishes, the elder clamped his mouth shut when he found the food to be so stinky and putrid. He rose and bowed with hands folded, saying, "Lady Bodhisattvas, this humble cleric has kept a vegetarian diet since his birth."

"Elder," replied one of the girls, laughing, "these *are* vegetarian dishes."

“Amitābha!” cried the elder. “If I, a priest, partake of such vegetarian dishes, I won’t ever get to see the World-Honored One or acquire the scriptures.”

“Elder,” said the girl, “you are someone who has left the home. You should never be choosy with your patrons!”

“Would I dare? Would I dare?” said the elder. “Since this priest received the decree of the Great Tang to go West, he has not destroyed even the tiniest creature and he has tried to relieve suffering wherever he sees it.

*I feed myself, picking up grain by grain;
I clothe myself, knitting threads one by one.*

How could I dare be choosy with my patrons?”

“Though you may not be choosy with your patrons, elder,” said another girl, laughing, “you are not afraid to put the blame on people after walking in the door. Don’t despise the coarse and the unseasoned. Eat a little, please!”

“Indeed, I dare not,” replied the elder, “for I fear I may break the commandment. To nourish a life is not as good as delivering a life, lady Bodhisattvas. Please let me go.”

The elder tried to struggle out of the door, but the girls barred the way, refusing, of course, to let him go. “A business right at our door,” they cried, “and you expect us not to do it? ‘You want to cover up a fart with your hand?’ Where do you think you are going?”

All of them, you see, knew a little martial art, and they were also quite dexterous with their hands and feet. Grabbing the elder, they yanked him forward like a sheep and flung him to the ground. He was pinned down by all of them, trussed up with ropes, and pulled over a crossbeam to be hung up high. The way in which he was hung, in fact, had a name to it: it was called “Immortal Pointing the Way.” One of his arms, you see, was stretched forward and suspended by a rope; the other arm was tied up alongside the body, and the rope was then used to hang up the midsection. His two legs were bound together and hung up by a third rope. The elder thus dangled facedown from the crossbeam, held by three ropes. Racked by pain, his eyes brimming with tears, the elder thought morosely to himself, “How bitter is the fate of this priest! I thought that I could beg a meal from a good family, but I landed in a fiery pit instead! O disciples, come quickly to save me, and we’ll be able still to see each other again. Two more hours and my life will be finished!”

Though the elder was sorely distressed, he nonetheless was also observing the girls carefully. After they had tied and hung him up properly, they began to take off their clothes. Greatly alarmed, the elder thought to himself, “They are disrobing because they want to beat me, or they may want to devour me.”

But the girls were only taking off their upper garments. After they had their bellies exposed, they began to exercise their magic power. Out from their navels poured coils of thread, with the thickness of a duck egg; like bursting jade and flying silver, the threads had the entire village gate covered up in a moment.

We tell you now instead about Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk, all waiting by the wayside. Two of them were watching the luggage and grazing the horse, but Pilgrim, always the mischievous one, was leaping from branch to branch as he picked the leaves and searched for fruits. He chanced to turn his head toward the direction his master had gone and saw all at once a mass of light. So alarmed was he that he leaped down from the tree, shouting, “It’s bad! It’s bad! Master’s luck is turning rotten!”

Then he pointed with his fingers and said to his companions, "Look what happened to that village!"

Eight Rules and Sha Monk stared at the place and saw the mass of light bright as snow and shiny as silver. "Finished! Finished!" cried Eight Rules. "Master must have run into monsterspirits! Let's go rescue him, quickly!"

"Don't shout, Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "for you haven't seen the truth of the matter. Let old Monkey go up there."

"Be careful, Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, and Pilgrim replied, "I know what to do."

Dear Great Sage! Tightening up his tiger-skin skirt and whipping out his golden-hooped rod, he bounded up there in two or three leaps. There he discovered a dense mass of cords that had to be a thousand layers thick, weaving up and down in a weblike pattern. He touched the cords with his hand, and they felt soft and sticky. Not knowing quite what it was, Pilgrim lifted his iron rod and said to himself, "One blow of my rod can surely snap ten thousand layers of this thing, let alone a thousand layers!"

He was about to strike when he stopped and thought to himself some more:

"I can snap something hard, but this is quite soft. All I can do probably is to flatten it a little. But if I disturb whatever it is, it may have Old Monkey all tangled up, and that won't be good. Let me ask a few questions first before I strike." Whom would he question, you ask? He made the magic sign, you see, and recited a spell, which had the immediate effect of causing an old local spirit to walk round and round in his shrine as if he were turning a millstone. His wife said to him, "Oldie, why are you spinning round and round? Is your epilepsy acting up?"

"You wouldn't know about this! You wouldn't know about this!" cried the local spirit. "There's here a Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. I haven't gone to meet him, and now he's summoning me."

"Go and see him then," said his wife. "What are you spinning around here for?"

"If I go see him," replied the local spirit, "I'll have to see his heavy rod also. Without regard for good or ill, he'll strike at me."

His wife said, "When he sees how old you are, he won't strike you."

The local spirit said, "All his life,

He loves to drink wine free

And beat old folks specially!"

The two of them thus chatted for a while, but he could find no other alternative than to walk out of the shrine. Trembling all over, he went to his knees by the road and called out, "Great Sage, the local spirit of this region kowtows to you."

"Get up," said Pilgrim, "and don't look so harried without a reason. I'm not going to beat you, I'll just leave it standing on your account. Let me ask you, what is this place?"

"Where did the Great Sage come from?" asked the local spirit. "We were going to the West from the Land of the East," replied Pilgrim.

The local spirit said, "Did the Great Sage pass through a mountain ridge?"

“We are still up there,” said Pilgrim. “Can’t you see our horse and luggage over there?”

“That,” said the local spirit, “is the Cobweb Ridge, beneath which is a Cobweb Cave. There are seven monster-spirits inside the cave.”

“Are they male or female fiends?” asked Pilgrim, and the local spirit said, “Female.”

“What sort of magic powers do they possess?” asked Pilgrim again.

The local spirit said, “This humble deity has little strength or authority, and he can’t determine what sort of abilities they may have. I only know that three miles due south of here, there’s a Purgation Spring, which is a natural hot spring. Originally, it was the bathing place for the Seven Immortal Dames of the Region Above. Since the monster-spirits arrived, they took over the Purgation Spring, and the Immortal Dames did not even bother to contend with them. They simply let the monster-spirits have the place. If, then, even

*Heaven’s gods did not pick with these fiends a fight,
Such spirits had to have great magic might.”*

“Why did the monster-spirits want the spring?” asked Pilgrim. The local spirit said, “After these fiends took it over, they bathed in it three times a day. They did once already today during the Hour of the Serpent, and they would come back again by noon.” On hearing this, Pilgrim said, “Local spirit, you may go back. Let me catch them by myself.”

After kowtowing one more time, the local spirit, still trembling, went back to his own shrine.

Our Great Sage all alone now exercised his magic power; with a shake of his body he changed into a tiny fly, alighted on a blade of grass by the road, and waited. In a moment, all he heard was loud breathing noises,

*Like silkworms devouring leaves,
Like tide rising from the sea.*

In approximately the time it took to drink half a glass of tea, all the threads disappeared and the village came into sight once more as before. Then he heard the wooden gates open with a creak, and loud, laughing chatter brought out seven young women. As Pilgrim stared at them secretly, he saw that all of them walked side by side and hand in hand. Laughing and joking, they proceeded to cross the bridge. Some beauties indeed! They appeared to be

*Jadelike but far more fragrant;
Flowerlike but their words were real.
Willow brows arched like distant hills;
Scented mouths framed by cherry lips.
Kingfisher plumes rose on hair pins;
Small feet gleamed beneath crimson skirts.
They seemed like Chang’e coasting to the world below,
And immortals going down to earth.*

“No wonder my master wanted to beg a meal at this place!” chuckled Pilgrim to himself. “So there are such lovely creatures around here. If my master is kept by these seven beauties, he won’t even make one meal for them, nor will he be able to last for

two days if they use him. If they take turns to handle him, he'll die on the spot. Let me eavesdrop on them and see what they plan to do."

Dear Great Sage! With a buzz, he flew off and alighted on one of the hair buns. After they crossed the bridge, one of the girls walking behind called out to those up front, "Elder Sisters, after we take our bath, let's go back and have that fat monk steamed for food."

"This fiendish creature," chuckled Pilgrim to himself, "is so headless! Boiling will save them some firewood. Why does she want him steamed?" Picking flowers and fencing with blades of grass as they headed south, those girls soon arrived at the bathing pool, which was enclosed by a magnificent wall.

*Wildflowers lushly fragrant covered the ground;
On all sides were orchids both fresh and dense.*

The girl in the back walked forward and pushed open two doors with a loud crack; inside there was indeed a large pool of hot water.

*At the time of creation,
The original number of suns was set at ten.
Later, Hou Yi, the archer, stretched his bow
And shot down nine of these suns,
Leaving only one sun behind,
The true fire of supreme yang.
There are nine hot springs in the world,
All transformations of the former suns.
These magic springs of yang are:
Fragrant- Cold Spring,
Mountain- Mate Spring,
Hot Spring,
Eastern- Fusion Spring,
Mountain- Flooding Spring,
Filial- Peace Spring,
Wide- Whirling Spring,
And Torrid Spring.
This is the Purgation Spring.*

We have also a testimonial poem, which says:

*One climate without heat or cold,
E'en in autumn it's ever spring.
Hot ripples like a boiling cauldron's;
Snowy waves like newly made soup.
Spilling out it warms the crops;
Its still body washes our dust.
Its bubbles seem like swelling tears;
It churns like jade liquified.
Such moisture was never brewed;
Self-heated, it's clear and smooth.
A good sign of auspicious land,
Truly it's Heaven's creation,
Where beauties wash their smooth and ice-white skins:*

All dirt removed, their jadelike frames renewed.

This bathing pool was about fifty feet wide and over one hundred feet long. Inside, it was about four feet deep, the water being so clear that one could see to the bottom. A jet of water, like rolling pearls and swelling jade, continued to bubble up from the base, and there were on all four sides some six or seven outlets for the water to drain. By the time it reached some rice paddies two or three miles away, the water would still be warm. Adjacent to the pool were three small pavilions; behind the middle one was placed an eightlegged bench, on both ends of which there were also color lacquered garment racks. Secretly delighted by what he saw, Pilgrim spread his wings and landed with a buzz on one of those racks.

Seeing how warm and clear the water was, the girls immediately wanted to bathe in it. They took off their clothes, put them on the racks, and leaped into the pool together. Pilgrim saw them

*Undoing their buttons and clasps,
Untying their sashes of silk.
Their bosoms were white like silver;
Their bodies all resembled snow.
Their limbs appeared gilded in ice;
Their shoulders seemed kneaded with dough.
Their bellies looked soft and yielding;
Their backs were both shiny and smooth.
Their knees and wrists were round and small;
Their feet, no wider than three inches.
Desire ringed their midsections,
Showing their apertures of love.*

After jumping into the pool, the girls began to leap and bounce on the water as they swam and frolicked. "If I want to hit them," thought Pilgrim to himself, "all I have to do is to stick my rod in the pool and give it a stir. That's called:

*Pouring hot water on the rats,
You wipe out the entire nest.*

Pity! Pity! I can kill them all right, but old Monkey's fame will diminish somewhat. As the proverb says, 'A man does not fight with a woman.' A fellow like me would look rather feckless if I beat to death a few of these scullions. No, I won't strike at them. I'll devise a plan that'll make them unable to move. That ought to do some good."

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign and reciting a spell, he changed with one shake of his body into an old, hungry hawk. You see

*Feathers like snow and frost,
And eyes bright as the stars.
Seeing him, the fiendish fox loses its wits;
Meeting him, the wily hare's terrified.
Steel-like claws gleaming and quick
Make his looks fierce and heroic.
He uses his old fists to serve his mouth,
Ready to chase himself all things that fly.
He soars through vast stretches of frigid air,*

Boring clouds, grasping things, without a care.

With a flap of his wings, the hawk flew up to the pavilion, stretched out his sharp claws, and picked the racks clean of the seven suits of clothing left draping there before darting back to the ridge, where he changed into his original form to meet Eight Rules and Sha Monk.

Look at our Idiot now! He met Pilgrim and said, laughing, “So Master has been imprisoned in a pawn shop!”

“How do you know?” asked Sha Monk. “Don’t you see,” said Eight Rules, “that Elder Brother has robbed it of all its clothing?” Putting them down, Pilgrim said, “These are things worn by monster-spirits.”

“How could there be so many?” asked Eight Rules.

Pilgrim said, “There are seven suits altogether.”

“How could you strip them so easily,” asked Eight Rules, “and so well?”

“I didn’t need to,” replied Pilgrim. “This place, you see, is called the Cobweb Ridge, and that village actually bears the name of Cobweb Cave.

Inside the cave are seven girls who, having captured our master and hung him up, went to take a bath in the Purgation Spring. That spring is actually a hot spring formed by Heaven and Earth. After they took their baths, the monster-spirits were planning to steam Master for food. I followed them there, and when I saw them disrobing and getting into the water, I wanted to strike at them. But I feared that I might soil my rod and lower my reputation, and that was why I didn’t move my rod. Instead, I changed into a hungry, old hawk and grabbed all of their clothing. Too embarrassed to leave the pool, they just squatted in the water. Let us go quickly to untie Master and we can be on our way.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules with a chuckle, “whenever you do anything, you always leave something behind. If you have seen monster-spirits, how could you not kill them and want instead to go untie Master? Though they are too embarrassed to leave the pool now, they’ll come out once it is night. They must have some old clothes at home, which they can put on and then chase us down. Even if they don’t chase us, they can remain here, and after we have acquired the scriptures, we will have to take this road back. As the proverb says,

Rather give up your travel expenses;

Never lack what your fist dispenses.

If they bar our way and give us trouble by the time we return from the West, we will meet up with enemies, won’t we?”

“What do you want to do then?” asked Pilgrim. “As I see it,” said Eight Rules, “we must first slay the monster-spirits before we go untie Master. This is the plan of ‘Mowing the Grass by Rooting It Out.’” “I don’t want to strike at them,” said Pilgrim. “If you do, you go ahead.”

Elated with delight, Eight Rules held high his muckrake and ran up to the pool with big strides. After he pushed open the doors to look, he found those seven girls all squatting in the water and casting abusive profanities at the hawk, shouting, “That flattened-hair beast! That wretched outcast! May a big cat gnaw on his head! He seized our clothes! How could we move?”

“Lady Bodhisattvas,” said Eight Rules, hardly able to contain his giggles, “so you are taking a bath here. How about asking a priest like me to join you?” When they saw him, the fiends became angry. “You are a very rude priest!” they cried. “We are women in a home, and you are a man who has left the home. The ancient book said, ‘By the seventh year, a man and a woman are not to sit on the same mat.’”

How could you bathe in the same pool with us?”

“It’s so hot now,” said Eight Rules, “that there’s no alternative. Don’t be so fussy and let me wash with you. Stop throwing the book at me! What’s all this about sitting and not sitting on the same mat!” Refusing to permit any further discussion, our Idiot abandoned his rake, took off his black silk shirt, and leaped into the water with a splash. More incensed than ever, the fiends rushed forward and wanted to hit him. Little did they know that Eight Rules could be extremely agile once he landed in water. With a shake of his body he changed at once into a sheat fish spirit. All the fiends reached for him with their hands and tried to catch the fish; but as they dove toward him in the east, he darted to the west with a swoosh, and when they plunged their hands down in the west, he spurted to the east once more. All slimy and slippery, he darted madly between their legs. The water, you see, was about chest deep; after Eight Rules swam around on top of the water for awhile, he dove straight for the bottom, so tiring the fiends that they all collapsed, panting, in the pool.

Only then did Eight Rules leap out of the pool, change back into his original form, put on his shirt, and take up his muckrake once more. “Who do you think I am?” he bellowed. “Just a sheat fish spirit?” When they saw him, the fiends were terrified. “You are the priest who came in just now,” said one of them. “You changed into a sheat fish when you leaped into the water, and we couldn’t catch hold of you. Now you look like this again. Where, in fact, did you come from? You must give us your name.”

“So, you bunch of lawless fiends really don’t recognize me!” said Eight Rules. “I’m the disciple of the Tang elder, someone from the Great Tang in the Land of the East who is on his way to acquire scriptures. I am Zhu Wun-eng, Eight Rules, the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. You have my master hung up in a cave, and you are planning to have him steamed for food. My master! Steamed for food? Stretch out your heads at once, and receive a blow, each of you. I want to finish you off!” When they heard these words, the fiends were frightened out of their wits. Going to their knees in the water, they cried, “We beg the Venerable Father to forgive us. We have eyes but no pupils and we caught your master by mistake. Though he is hanging there now, he has not been tortured. Please spare our lives in your mercy. We are willing to give you some travel money instead to send your master to the Western Heaven.” Waving his hand, Eight Rules replied, “Don’t talk like that! The proverb has put the matter very well:

*Once the candy salesman did me deceive,
I could never the sweet talker believe.*

No matter what, I’m going to give you a blow of my rake. Then each of us can be on our way!”

As he had always been rather crude and rough, more intent on displaying his power than on showing pity and tenderness to women, our Idiot lifted up his rake and, without further regard for good or ill, rushed forward to attack them. Terribly flustered, the fiends were no longer concerned with embarrassment than with the far more important matter of preserving their lives. Shielding their private parts with their hands, they leaped out of the water and stood by the pavilions to exercise their magic. All at

once the threads began to pour out of their navels, and in no time at all, Eight Rules was enclosed inside what appeared to be a huge silk tent. Discovering, when he raised his head, that the sky and the sun had suddenly disappeared, our Idiot wanted to run away, but alas, he could hardly even take a step! All over the ground ropes and cords were strewn to trip him up. The moment he moved his legs, he began to stumble: he headed to the left and his face hugged the ground; he went to the right and he fell head over heels; he turned around and his snout kissed the earth; he scrambled up only to do a handstand. He tumbled over countless times until his body turned numb and his legs flaccid, until his head swam and his eyes could not see straight. Unable even to crawl, all he could do was lie on the ground and moan. After the fiends had him trapped like that, they did not beat him or harm him in any way. Leaping out of the door of the pool, they ran back to the cave instead, using the cobweb as a shelter.

Having passed the stone bridge, they stood still and recited the magic spell again to retrieve the web. Then they darted into the caves, all naked, and ran past the Tang Monk, giggling and still covering their private parts with their hands. After they took out some old clothes to put on from one of the stone chambers, they went to the rear door and cried, "Children, where are you?"

Each of the monster-spirits, you see, had an adopted son, their names being Bee, Hornet, Cockroach, Cantharis, Grasshopper, Maggot, and Dragonfly. Those monster-spirits, you see, once set up a huge web to have these seven insects captured and were about to devour them.

But as the ancients said, "Fowl have fowl talk, and beasts have beast language."

The insects pleaded for their lives, declaring their willingness to honor their captors as mothers. From that time since,

*They picked a hundred spring flowers to serve the fiends;
They searched out summer plants to feed monster-spirits.*

When the insects now heard the summons, they immediately gathered before the monster-spirits to say, "Mothers, why did you send for us?"

"Sons," replied the fiends, "earlier this morning we provoked by mistake a priest who came from the Tang court. His disciple just now had us trapped in the pool; not only were we put to dreadful shame, but we almost lost our lives also. You must exert your strength and go out to make him turn back. If you prevail, you may then go to your uncle's house to meet us."

And so, having escaped with their lives, the fiends went to their elder brother's house, where their damnable mouths would stir up greater calamity, and where we shall leave them for the moment. Look at those insects! Rubbing their hands and fists eagerly, they all went forth to battle their enemy.

We tell you now about that Eight Rules, who grew faint and dizzy from all those falls. After awhile, however, he managed to raise his head a little and found that all the cords and threads had disappeared. He scrambled up rather cautiously; taking a step at a time and nursing his pain, he found his way back. When he saw Pilgrim, he tugged at him and said, "Elder Brother, is my face swollen and bruised?"

"What happened to you?" asked Pilgrim.

Eight Rules replied, "I was completely covered up by cords and threads that those fiends let out. They even had tripping tethers set up on the ground. I don't know how many times I fell, but my torso went limp and my back was about to break, unable

to move even a single step. I got my life back and returned here only because the ropes and cords disappeared after awhile.” When he heard that, Sha Monk cried, “Finished! Finished! You have caused a disaster! Those fiends must have gone to the cave to harm Master. Let’s go quickly to rescue him!” On hearing this, Pilgrim began to run toward the village, followed by Eight Rules pulling the horse. When they arrived at the stone bridge, their way was barred by seven little fiends, who cried, “Slow down! Slow down! We are here!”

Taking a look at them, Pilgrim said to himself, “How laughable! They’re all so tiny! Even the tallest is no more than two and a half feet, and the heaviest can’t be more than ten pounds.”

He then bellowed at them, “Who are you?”

The fiends replied, “We are the sons of the seven immortal dames.

You have insulted our mothers, and now you dare even fight up to our door. Don’t run away! Look out for yourself!”

Dear fiendish creatures! They rushed forward and mounted a wild attack. Our Eight Rules was already sorely annoyed by his falls; when he saw how tiny those insects were, he grew vicious and began to strike out with his rake.

When those fiends saw how savage Eight Rules was, each of them changed back into his original form and flew up into the air, crying, “Change!” Instantly, one changed into ten, ten into a hundred, a hundred into a thousand, and a thousand into ten thousand—there were in no time at all countless insects. You see

*The sky full of flying maggots,
The ground covered by dragonflies;
Bees, hornets, diving at your heads;
Cockroaches going for your eyes.
Cantharides bite your front and back,
And grasshoppers, your crown and feet.
A huge, black mass striking your face,
Its chirr would gods and spirits faze.*

Alarmed, Eight Rules said, “O Elder Brother, they may say that scriptures are easy to get, but on the road to the West, even insects bully people!”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “don’t be afraid. Go and attack them quickly!”

“My face, my head,” cried Eight Rules, “all over my body, there must be over ten layers of them! How am I going to attack them?”

“It’s nothing! It’s nothing!” cried Pilgrim. “I have my abilities!”

“O Elder Brother,” cried Sha Monk, “whatever ability you have, bring it out! My bald head’s swollen from their bites!”

Dear Great Sage! He pulled off a bunch of hair and chewed them to pieces before spitting them, crying, “Change! Yellow, spar . . .”

“Elder Brother,” interrupted Eight Rules, “what sort of street talk are you using again? Yellow? Spar?”

“You don’t realize,” replied Pilgrim, “that yellow means yellow hawk and spar is the sparrowhawk. We have also the kite, the gerkfalcon, the eagle, the fishhawk, and

the harrier. Those sons of the monster-spirits are seven kinds of insect, and my hairs have changed into seven kinds of hawk.”

The hawks, of course, were most able to peck at insects; one peck of their bills and a whole insect was devoured. They attacked also with their claws, and they knocked the insects down with their wings. Soon the insects were eliminated; not a trace of them could be found in the air, but there was over a foot of their corpses on the ground.

The three brothers then raced past the bridge to go into the cave, where they found their old master suspended from the beam and weeping. “Master,” said Eight Rules, walking up to him, “because you wanted to be hung for fun in here, you have made me fall who knows how many times!” Sha Monk said, “Let’s untie Master first before we say anything more.” Pilgrim at once had the rope cut and lowered his master. “Where did the monster-spirits go?” he asked. The Tang Monk said, “They ran to the back, all naked, to call for their sons.”

“Brothers,” said Pilgrim, “come with me to go look for them.”

Holding their weapons, the three of them searched in vain for the fiends in the rear garden, even after they had climbed some of the peach and pear trees. “They are gone! They are gone!” said Eight Rules. Sha Monk said, “No need to look for them anymore. We should go and wait on Master.”

The brothers returned to the front to ask the Tang Monk to mount up. “You two take Master out first,” said Eight Rules. “Let old Hog use my rake on their residence so that they’ll have no place to live if they return.”

“Using your rake is a waste of strength,” chuckled Pilgrim. “Why don’t you find some firewood, and you’ll finish everything off for them.”

Dear Idiot! He indeed located some rotted pine, broken bamboo, dried willow, and dead creepers; he started a fire and soon the entire cave-dwelling was burned to the ground. Master and disciples then felt more at ease to proceed. Aha! After their departure, we do not know what will happen to the fiends; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-THREE

*Passions, because of old enmity, beget calamity
Demon-trapped, the Mind Lord with luck breaks the light*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun who supported the Tang Monk to proceed on the main road to the West with Eight Rules and Sha Monk. In a little while, however, they came upon some towered buildings with palatial features and ornaments. Reining in his horse, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, can you tell what sort of a place that is?" Raising his head to look, Pilgrim saw

*Mountains ringing the buildings;
A brook rounding the arbors;
A dense variety of trees before the door;
Most fragrant wild flowers outside the house.
An egret resting in the willows
Seemed like jade immaculate in the mist;
An oriole singing amidst the peach
Appeared as brilliant gold within the flames.
Wild deer in pairs
Trod on green grass without a thought or care;
Mountain fowl by twos
Flew and chattered high above the red wood tips.
Truly it seemed like Liu and Ruan's Tiantai cave,
A fairy haunt, an immortal's house no less.*

"Master," said Pilgrim, "that is neither the residence of kings or dukes nor a house of the noble or the rich. It looks rather like a Daoist Abbey or a Buddhist monastery, and we'll know for sure when we get there." On hearing this, Tripitaka whipped his horse forward. As they arrived before the door, master and disciples discovered a stone plaque mounted on the door, which had on it the inscription, Yellow Flower Abbey. Tripitaka dismounted.

Eight Rules said, "A Yellow Flower Abbey has to be the home of a Daoist. It might be good for us to go in and meet him. Our attire may be different, but we follow the same practices of austerity."

"You are right," said Sha Monk. "We can go in and enjoy the scenery a bit in the first place, and we can also graze and feed the horse in the second. If it's convenient, we can ask them to prepare some food for Master to eat."

The elder agreed and the four of them went inside. On both sides of the second-level door was mounted the following new year couplet:

*Yellow sprout, white snow—an immortal's house;
Jasper grass, jade flowers—a feathered one's home.*

"This," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "is a can-carrying Daoist, who burns rushes, refines herbs, and works the fire in the reaction vessels."

Giving him a pinch, Tripitaka said, “Be careful with your words! Be careful with your words! We are not acquaintances or relatives of his, and we’re staying here temporarily. Why should we mind what he’s doing?”

He had not quite finished the sentence when they went through the second-level door. The main hall was entirely closed up, but in the east corridor they saw a Daoist sitting there and making drugs and pills. How was he attired, you ask?

*He wore a lacquered gold cap of scintillating red
And a dark, long robe of luminous black.
He trod on cloud-patterned shoes of spreading green;
He knotted a Master Lü sash of swaying yellow.
His face seemed like an iron gourd;
His eyes shone like bright stars.
His nose loomed up like a Mohammedan’s;
His lips curled outward like a Tartar’s.
Thunderbolts lay hidden in his Daoist mind,
Taming tigers and dragons, a true feathered one.*

Seeing him, Tripitaka said in a loud voice, “Old immortal, this humble cleric bows to you.” Jerking up his head and startled by the sight, the Daoist abandoned the drugs in his hands, pressed down his hair pin hurriedly, tidied his clothes, and walked down the steps to say, “Old master, forgive me for not coming to meet you. Please be seated inside.”

Delighted, the elder went up to the main hall; pushing open the door, he saw the sacred images of the Three Pure Ones, before which were urns and incense laid out on a long sacrificial table. The elder took up several sticks of incense and stuck them into the urns. Only after he had bowed three times to the images did he greet the Daoist once more and took the guest seats with his disciples. The Daoist called for tea to be served at once, whereupon two young lads rushed inside to look for the tea tray, to wash out the tea cups, to scrub the tea spoons, and to prepare tea fruits. All their scurrying about soon disturbed those several fated enemies.

The seven female fiends of the Cobweb Cave, you see, were once schoolmates of this Daoist when they studied the magic arts together. After they had put on the old clothes and given instruction to their adopted sons, they came to this place. At this moment, they were cutting up cloth for clothes when they saw the lads busily preparing tea. “Lads,” they asked, “who are the guests who have arrived that send you into such a frenzy?”

“Four monks walked in just now,” replied the lads, “and Master asked for tea to be served at once.”

“Was there a white, stoutish priest?” asked one of the female fiends. “Yes,” they replied. “Another one with long snout and huge ears?” she asked again. “Yes,” they replied. “Go take the tea outside quickly,” said the female fiend, “and wink to your master as you do so. Ask him to come in, for I have something important to tell him.”

The divine lads indeed took five cups of tea out to the main hall; smoothing out his clothes, the Daoist picked up a cup and presented it with both hands to Tripitaka. Then he served Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and Pilgrim. After tea, the cups were collected, and as they did so, one of the lads winked at the Daoist. At once he arose and said,

“Please be seated all of you. Lads, put away the trays and keep our guests company. I’ll be back soon.”

The master and his disciples went outside of the hall with one lad to enjoy the scenery, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that Daoist, who went back to the abbot chamber, where he found those seven girls all going to their knees and saying, “Elder Brother! Elder Brother! Listen to what your sisters have to say.” Raising them with his hands, the Daoist said, “When you first came, you told me already that you wanted to speak to me. It just so happened that the drugs I was preparing today had to avoid being exposed to females, and that was why I did not respond. Now there are guests outside. Can we talk later?”

The fiends said, “What we have to tell you, Elder Brother, can be told only with the arrival of your guests. When they leave, there’ll be no need for us to tell you anymore.”

“Look at the way my worthy sisters speak!” said the Daoist with a chuckle. “What do you mean that it can be told only when the guests are here? Are you mad? Let’s not say that I am one of those who cultivates the art of immortality in purity and quiescence. Even if I were a profane person burdened with the care of wife, children, and other domestic affairs, I would still have to wait for the guests to leave before I took care of my own business. How could you be so ill-behaved and cause me such embarrassment? Let me go out.”

All tugging at him, the fiends said, “Elder Brother, please don’t be angry. Let us ask you, where did those guests come from?” Red in the face, the Daoist did not answer them.

One of the fiends said, “Just now the lads came in to fetch tea, and I heard that they were four monks.”

“So what if they are monks?” said the Daoist angrily. “Among these four monks,” said the fiend, “there is a rather plump one with a white face, and there is also one who has a long snout and huge ears. Have you asked them where they came from?”

“There are indeed two monks like that,” replied the Daoist, “but how did you know? Have you seen these two somewhere before?”

“Elder Brother,” said one of the girls, “you really don’t know all the intricacies behind the matter. That monk with the white face happens to be someone sent by the Tang court to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. This morning he came to our cave to beg for food. Since your sisters have long heard of the reputation of the Tang Monk, we seized him.”

“Why did you want to do that?” asked the Daoist.

The girl said, “We have long heard people say that the Tang Monk possesses a true body that has practiced self-cultivation for ten incarnations. Anyone who eats a piece of his flesh will attain longevity. That’s why we seized him. Later, we were trapped in the Purgation Stream by that priest with a long snout and huge ears. First he robbed us of our clothing; then he grew even bolder and wanted to bathe with us in the same pool. We couldn’t stop him, of course. After he jumped into the water, he changed into a sheat fish spirit and darted back and forth between our legs. He was such a rogue that we thought he would surely assault us. Then he leaped out of the water and changed

back into his original appearance. When he saw that we would not yield to him, he took up a nine-pronged muckrake and tried to kill us all. If we hadn't used a little of our intelligence, we would have been slain by him. We managed to flee, though terror-stricken, with our lives, and then we told your nephews to go fight with the monk. We didn't tarry, however, to learn whether they remained dead or alive, for we came straight here to find refuge. We beg you, for the sake of our friendship as schoolmates once, to exact vengeance this day for us." When he heard these words, the Daoist became so angry that his color changed and his voice quivered. "So, these monks are so insolent, so villainous!" he said. "Relax, all of you. Let me take care of them!"

Thanking him, the girls said, "If Elder Brother wants to fight, we'll help you."

"No need to fight! No need to fight!" said the Daoist. "As the proverb says, 'You suffer three percent loss already once you fight!' Follow me instead, all of you."

The girls followed him into his room; placing a ladder behind his bed, he climbed up to the crossbeam and took down a small leather case, approximately eight inches high, a foot long, four inches wide, and bolted by a small copper lock. From his sleeve the Daoist also took out a goose-yellow handkerchief, tied to the fringes of which was a tiny key. He opened the lock and took out a small package of medicine, which was, you see,

*The dung of all mountain birds
Collected to a thousand pounds.
When cooked in a copper pot,
The time and heat were both even.
A thousand pounds made just one cup,
Which was reduced to three pinches.
Three pinches were then pan-fried,
Cooked, and refined still some more.
This poison was produced at last,
Rare as previous jewels and gems.
Any person who took one taste
Would behold King Yama in haste!*

"Sisters," said the Daoist to the girls, "if I want to feed this treasure of mine to an ordinary mortal, all I need is a thousandth part of a tael and the person will die when it reaches his stomach. Even an immortal will perish if he ingests three-thousandth parts of a tael.

These monks, I suppose, might be fairly accomplished in the Way, and they'll need the larger dosage. Bring me a scale quickly." One of the girls quickly took up a small scale and weighed in twelve-thousandth parts of a tael of this poison, which she then divided into four portions. The Daoist then took twelve red dates, into each of which he added about a thousandth part of the drug after he had crushed the date slightly with his fingers. The twelve dates were then placed inside four tea mugs, while two black dates were placed in another tea mug. After the mugs were filled with tea and put on a tray, he said to the girls, "Let me go question them. We'll let them go if they are not from the Tang court. But if they indeed came from the court, I will ask for a change of tea, and you will send the lads out with this tea. The moment they drink this, every one of them will perish. You will be avenged, and your anguish will be relieved."

The girls could not have been more grateful.

Putting on a new robe to affect a show of courtesy, the Daoist walked out and asked the Tang Monk and his disciples to take the guest seats once more. "Please forgive me for my absence, old master," he said. "Just now I had to go inside to give instruction for my young students to pick green vegetables and white turnips, so that they could prepare a meal for you."

"This humble cleric," replied Tripitaka "came to see you with empty hands. How could I dare accept a meal from you?"

Chuckling, the Daoist said, "You and I are both persons who have left the home. The moment we see an Abbey's gate, we can count on receiving a little emolument. How could you mention empty hands? May I ask the old master, which monastery do you belong to? Why are you here?"

"This humble cleric" said Tripitaka, "has been sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go acquire scriptures from the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the Western Heaven. We were just passing through your immortal residence and we came in to see you in all sincerity." On hearing this, the Daoist beamed and said, "The master is a Buddha of great virtue and great piety. This humble Daoist was ignorant of this, and he was remiss in going the proper distance to wait for you. Pardon me! Pardon me!"

He then called out, "Lad, go and change the tea quickly, and tell them to hurry up with the food."

The little lad ran inside, and he was met by the girls who said to him, "There's fine tea here, all prepared. Take it out."

The lad indeed took out the five tea mugs.

Immediately the Daoist presented with both hands one of the mugs containing the red dates to the Tang Monk. When he saw how huge a person Eight Rules was, he took him for the senior disciple, while Sha Monk he regarded as the second disciple. Pilgrim, being the smallest, was taken to be the youngest disciple, and only the fourth mug was given to him.

Pilgrim was exceedingly perceptive. The moment he accepted the tea mug, he saw that the one left on the tray had two black dates in it. "Sir," he said at once, "let me exchange my mug with yours."

"To tell you the truth, elder," said the Daoist, smiling, "a poor Daoist in the mountains does not always have on hand the proper tea condiments. Just now I personally searched in the back for fruits and found only these twelve red dates, with which I made four mugs of tea to serve to you. Your humble Daoist did not want to fail to bear you company, and that was why I made a fifth cup of tea with dates of less desirable color. It's an expression of respect from this poor Daoist."

"How could you say that?" replied Pilgrim with a chuckle. "As the ancients said,

He who is at home is never poor;

It's real poverty when he's on tour.

You live here. How could you claim to be poor? Only mendicants like us are really poor! Let me exchange with you. Let me exchange with you." On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, this is truly the hospitality of our immortal. Drink it. Why do you want to exchange it?" Pilgrim had no choice but to hold the mug in his left hand; he covered it with his right and stared at the rest of his companions.

We tell you now about that Eight Rules, who was both hungry and thirsty, and he had always had a huge appetite. When he saw that there were three red dates in the tea, he picked them up and swallowed them in two gulps. His master ate them, and Sha Monk, too, ate them. In a moment, however, Eight Rules's face turned pale, tears rolled down from Sha Monk's eyes, and the Tang Monk foamed at the mouth. Unable to remain in their seats, all three of them fainted and fell to the ground.

Realizing that they had been poisoned, our Great Sage hurled the tea mug in his hand at the face of the Daoist. The Daoist shielded himself with upraised hand, his sleeve stopping the mug and sending it crashing to the floor. "How boorish can you be, priest!" snapped the Daoist angrily. "How dare you smash my tea mug?"

"You beast!" scolded Pilgrim. "What do you have to say about those three persons of mine? What have we done to you that you should want to use poisoned tea on us?"

"Yokel," said the Daoist, "you've caused great calamity! Don't you know?"

"We've just entered your door," replied Pilgrim, "and we've barely announced where we came from. We haven't even engaged in any lofty debate.

How could we cause any calamity?"

"Didn't you beg for food at the Cobweb Cave? Didn't you bathe at the Purgation Spring?" asked the Daoist. Pilgrim said, "Those bathing in the Purgation Spring were seven female fiends. If you mention them, you must know them, and that means you, too, have to be a monster-spirit. Don't run away! Have a taste of my rod!"

Dear Great Sage! He pulled out the golden-hooped rod from his ear and gave it a wave; immediately it grew to have the thickness of a rice bowl. He struck at the face of the Daoist, who stepped aside quickly to dodge the blow before meeting his opponent with a treasure sword.

As the two of them brawled and fought, the noise aroused the female fiends inside, who surged out, crying, "Spare your efforts, Elder Brother. Let your sisters capture him." When Pilgrim saw them, he became angrier than ever. Wielding the iron rod with both hands, he hurled himself into their midst and attacked them wildly. All seven of the fiends at once loosened their clothes and exposed their snow-white bellies to exercise their magic. From their navels threads and cords poured out, which became, in no time at all, a huge awning that had Pilgrim entirely covered down below.

Sensing that the tide was turning against him, Pilgrim at once recited a spell and somersaulted right through the top of the awning to escape. He suppressed his anger to stand still in midair to look at those bright shiny cords produced by the fiends: weaving back and forth, up and down, as if guided by a shuttle, they formed a huge web that in an instant had the entire Yellow Flower Abbey enshrouded and removed it clean out of sight. "Formidable! Formidable!" said Pilgrim to himself. "It was a good thing that I didn't fall into their hands! No wonder Zhu Eight Rules fell so many times! But what shall I do now? My master and my brothers have been poisoned, and I have no idea even of the background of these fiends who have banded themselves together. I'd better go and question that local spirit once more."

Dear Great Sage! He lowered his cloud, made the magic sign with his fingers, and recited a spell beginning with the letter *Om* to summon once more the local spirit. Trembling all over, the aged god knelt by the road and kowtowed, saying, "Great Sage, you were going to rescue your master. Why did you turn back here?"

“We did manage to rescue my master earlier,” said Pilgrim, “but we ran into a Yellow Flower Abbey not far from where we left you.

We went inside with our master to have a look, and we were met by the Abbey master. As we visited with him, my master and my brothers were poisoned by his tea. Luckily, I didn’t drink it and I attacked him with my rod. He began to talk about begging food at the Cobweb Cave and bathing in the Purgation Spring, and I knew that that fellow was also a fiend. Just as we were fighting, the seven girls came out and emitted their silk cords, but old Monkey was smart enough to escape. Since you have been a god here for some time, I thought you must know their background. What kind of monster-spirits are they? Tell me the truth, and I’ll spare you a beating.” Kowtowing, the local spirit said, “The monster-spirits haven’t quite lived here for a decade. This humble deity made some investigation three years ago and uncovered their original form: they are seven spider spirits. Those silk cords they produce happen to be cobwebs.”

Delighted by what he heard, Pilgrim said, “If what you say is true, it’s nothing unmanageable. You go back, and let me exercise my magic to bring them to submission.”

After one more kowtow the local spirit left.

Pilgrim went up to the Yellow Flower Abbey and pulled off from his tail seventy pieces of hair. Blowing a mouthful of immortal breath on them, he cried, “Change!”

They changed into seventy small Pilgrims. Then he blew also on the golden-hooped rod, crying, “Change!” and it changed into seventy rods forked at one end. To each of the small Pilgrims he gave one of these rods, while he himself took up one also. They stood by the mass of silk cords and plunged the rods into the web; at a given signal, they all snapped the cords and then rolled them up with their rods. After each of them had rolled up over ten pounds of the cords, they dragged out from inside seven huge spiders, each about the size of a barrel. With arms and legs flailing, with their heads bobbing up and down, the spiders cried, “Spare our lives! Spare our lives!”

But those seventy small Pilgrims had them completely pinned down and refused to let go.

“Let’s not hit them yet,” said Pilgrim. “Let’s tell them to return our master and our brothers.”

“Elder Brother,” screamed the fiends, “return the Tang Monk to him and save our lives!”

Dashing out, the Daoist said, “Sisters, I wanted to eat the Tang Monk. I can’t save you.” Infuriated by what he heard, Pilgrim cried, “If you don’t return my master, take a good look at what your sisters will become!”

Dear Great Sage! One wave of the forked staff and it changed back into his original iron rod, which he raised with both hands to smash to pulp those seven spider spirits. After he had retrieved all his hairs with two shakes of his tail, he wielded the iron rod and sped inside all by himself to search for the Daoist.

When the Daoist saw his sisters being beaten to death, he was struck by remorse and immediately met his opponent with upraised sword. In this battle each of them was full of hate as he unleashed his magic powers. What a marvelous fight!

*The fiend wielded his treasure sword;
 The Great Sage raised his golden-hooped rod.
 Because of the Tang court's Tripitaka,
 All seven girls were first sent to their deaths.
 Now the hands of rectitude showed their might
 To work with magic the golden-tipped rod.
 The Great Sage was strong in spirit,
 The bogus immortal, audacious.
 Their bodies went through the most florid moves;
 Their two hands like a windlass spun and turned.
 The sword and the rod banged aloud;
 Low-hung and grey were the clouds.
 With cutting words
 And clever schemes,
 As in a picture they charged back and forth.
 They fought till the wind howled and sand flew to scare tigers and wolves;
 Till Heav'n and Earth darkened, and the stars themselves removed.*

That Daoist withstood the Great Sage for some fifty rounds when he gradually felt his hands weakening. All at once he seemed to have been completely drained of his strength. He therefore quickly untied his sash and took off his black robe with a loud flap. "My son!" said Pilgrim with a chuckle. "If you're no match for someone, stripping isn't going to help you!"

But after the Daoist took off his clothes, you see, he raised up both of his hands and exposed a thousand eyes grown on both ribs. Emitting golden beams, they were terrifying indeed!

*Dense yellow fog,
 Bright golden beams.
 Dense yellow fog
 Spurted out from his two armpits like clouds;
 Bright golden beams
 Jetted from these thousand eyes like flames—
 Like barrels of gold left and right,
 Like copper bells both east and west.
 This was a bogus immortal's magic,
 The divine might of a Daoist.
 Blinding the eyes, the sky, and the sun and moon
 This dried hot air descended like a coop
 And had the Great Sage Sun, Equal to Heaven,
 Confined in golden beams and yellow fog.*

Terribly flustered, Pilgrim spun around and around in the golden beams, unable even to take a step forward or backward. It was as if he had been imprisoned inside a barrel. As the blast of heat became unbearable, he got desperate and leaped straight up into the air to try to pierce the golden beams. The beams were too strong, however, and he was sent hurtling back to the ground head over heels. Then he felt pain, and when he touched quickly that part of his head where it had rammed the golden beams, he could feel that the skin had softened somewhat. Sorely annoyed, he thought to himself, "What rotten luck! What rotten luck! Even this head of mine today has become useless! In

former times, the blows of scimitars and axes could not harm it one whit. How could slamming into the golden beams now soften the skin? It may fester afterwards, and I may end up with a permanent sore even if it heals.”

After awhile, the blast of heat was again becoming unbearable, and he thought to himself further, “I can’t go forward or backward, I can’t move left or right. I can’t even crash out of here by going upward. What shall I do? All right, I’d better take the low road and get the mother out of here!”

Dear Great Sage! Reciting a spell, he changed with one shake of his body into a pangolin, also named scaly anteater. Truly

*His four iron claws
Could bore through hills and rocks like sifting flour;
His scaly frame
Could pierce cliffs and ridges like cutting scallions.
Two luminous eyes
Seemed like a pair of refulgent stars;
A sharp, pointed beak,
Stronger than any steel chisel or diamond drill.
This was pangolin of medical fame;
Scaly anteater was his vulgar name.*

Look at him! Hardening his head, he burrowed right into the ground and did not emerge again until he was some twenty miles away.

The golden beams, you see, had managed to cover a distance of only some ten or twelve miles. After he changed back to his original form, he was overcome by fatigue and his whole body ached. Bursting into tears, he wailed:

O Master!

*Since I left by faith the mountain that year,
We came West together in unceasing toil.
We had no fear for billows of the sea.
How could we capsize in a small gully?*

As the Handsome Monkey King vented his grief, he suddenly heard someone weeping also behind the mountain. He rose, wiped away his tears, and turned to look; a woman in garb of heavy mourning, with a bowl of cold rice soup in her left hand and a few pieces of yellow paper money in her right, came toward him, sobbing every step of the way. Nodding his head, Pilgrim sighed to himself, “Truly as they say,

*The person shedding tears meets the tearful one;
He whose heart’s broken sees the broken heart.*

I wonder why this woman is crying. Let me question her a bit.” In a short while, the woman came up to where he was standing, and Pilgrim bowed to say, “Lady Bodhisattva, for whom are you weeping?”

“My husband,” said the woman, blinking back her tears, “had a dispute with the master of the Yellow Flower Abbey when he tried to buy some bamboos from him, and he was poisoned to death by that master with poisoned tea. I am taking some money to his grave to be burned, in order to repay his kindness as a spouse.” When Pilgrim heard these words, tears rolled down his cheeks. On seeing that, the woman said to him

angrily, “You are so senseless! I grieve on account of my husband. How dare you mock me with your tears and your sorrowful countenance?”

Bending low, Pilgrim said, “Lady Bodhisattva, please don’t be angry. I am Pilgrim Sun Wukong, the senior disciple of Tripitaka Tang, the bond-brother and royal envoy of the Great Tang in the Land of the East. We were journeying to the Western Heaven when we had to rest the horse in the Yellow Flower Abbey. We ran into a Daoist in that Abbey, some kind of a monster-spirit, who had made a fraternal alliance with seven spider spirits. Those spider spirits wanted to harm my master in the Cobweb Cave, but Eight Rules, Sha Monk, my two brothers, and I succeeded in having him rescued. The spider spirits, however, went to the Abbey to tattle on us, claiming instead that we intended to assault them. My master and my brothers were poisoned by the tea offered by the Daoist, and all three of them, including our horse, are now trapped in the Abbey. Only I didn’t drink his tea. When I smashed his tea mug, he fought with me, and those seven spider spirits also came out to let loose their silk cords to try to ensnare me. When I escaped through my magic power, I questioned the local spirit and learned of their original form. Then I used my Magic of Body-Division and pulled out the fiends by rolling up their webs. After I beat them all to death with my rod, the Daoist wanted to avenge them and fought once more with me. When he was about to be defeated after some sixty rounds, he took off his clothes to expose a thousand eyes on his two ribs.

They emitted countless golden beams to have me completely enclosed, and I found it practically impossible to move at all. That was when I had to change into a scaly anteater to escape by boring through the ground. I was grieving just now when I heard you weeping, and that was why I questioned you. When I saw that you had at least paper money to repay your husband but I had nothing at all to thank my late master, I grieved even more. How could I dare mock you?” Putting down her rice soup and paper money, the woman bowed to Pilgrim and said, “Don’t be offended. I had no idea that you, too, are a victim. According to what you’ve told me, I can tell that you don’t recognize that Daoist. He is actually the Demon Lord of a Hundred Eyes, and he is also called the Many-Eyed Fiend. But if you are capable of such a transformation that you could do battle with him for so long and still escape his golden beams, you must have great magic powers. Nevertheless, you still can’t get near that fellow. Let me recommend a holy worthy to you; with her assistance, you will surely be able to overcome those golden beams and bring the Daoist to submission.” On hearing this, Pilgrim bowed hurriedly and said, “Lady Bodhisattva, if you have such information, please instruct me. Tell me who is the holy worthy so that I can go and solicit her assistance. If I succeed in getting her here, I shall be able to rescue my master and avenge your husband’s death.”

“Even if I tell you, however,” said the woman, “and even if you manage to get her here to subdue the Daoist, I fear that you will be able only to exact vengeance. You won’t be able to rescue your master.”

“Why not?” asked Pilgrim.

The woman said, “That fellow’s poison is most potent. After a person has been poisoned by the drug, even his bones and marrow will deteriorate after three days. Your journey to find her may prevent you from saving your master in time.”

“I know how to move fast on the road,” replied Pilgrim. “No matter how great the distance is, half a day is all I need.”

The woman said, "In that case, listen to me. About a thousand miles from here there is a mountain by the name of the Purple Cloud Mountain. At the Thousand Flowers Cave in the mountain, there is a holy worthy by the name of Pralambā.

She is able to subdue this fiend."

"Where is this mountain?" asked Pilgrim. "Which direction should I take?" Pointing with her finger, the woman answered, "Due south of here." When Pilgrim turned to look, the woman immediately vanished.

Pilgrim was so startled that he bowed hurriedly, saying, "Which one of the Bodhisattvas are you? Your disciple has been somewhat dazed from all that burrowing in the ground and he can't recognize you. I beg you to leave me your name so that I can thank you properly."

From midair came the announcement:

"Great Sage, it's I." Pilgrim looked up quickly and found that it was the Old Dame of Li Mountain.

He rushed up to midair to thank her, saying, "Old Dame, where did you come from to enlighten me?"

The Old Dame said, "I was just going home from the Festival of the Dragon-Flower Tree. When I learned of your master's ordeal, I revealed myself under the guise of a mourning wife in order to deliver him from death. You must go to Pralambā quickly, but you must not reveal that it was I who gave you the instruction. That sage tends to put blame on people."

After Pilgrim thanked her, they parted. Mounting his cloud somersault, Pilgrim at once arrived at the Purple Cloud Mountain. As he stopped his cloud, he saw the Thousand Flowers Cave, outside of which

*Fresh pines enshroud the lovely scene;
Jade cedars surround a home divine;
Green willows fill the mountain paths;
Strange blossoms clog the brook and rill;
Fragrant orchids ring a stone house;
Scented grass on the ridges glistens.
The flowing stream's jade-green throughout;
Clouds seal up aged hollow trunks.
Wild fowl sing melodiously;
Quiet deer walk leisurely.
Each bamboo's refined, stalk by stalk;
Each red plum unfurls, leaf by leaf.
A cold crow rests on an old tree;
A spring bird squeals on a tall bough.
Summer wheat grows wide as the fields;
Autumn grain aplenty on the ground.
No leaf would fall in four seasons;
All flowers bloom in eight periods.
Auspicious air will rise often to the sky
And hallowed clouds will reach the great grand void.*

In great delight, our Great Sage walked inside, level by level, and there was no end to the sight of this gorgeous scenery. But there was not a person in view; the place was completely silent, with not even the sound of a chicken or a dog. “Could it be,” he thought to himself, “that the sage is not home?”

He walked further in for another few miles when he came upon a Daoist nun sitting on a couch.

How did she look, you ask.

*She wore a five-flower patterned silk cap;
She had on a robe of knitted gold threads.
She trod on cloud-patterned phoenix-beak shoes;
A double-tassel silk sash wrapped her waist.
Her face had age like autumn after frost;
Her voice cooed like spring swallows before the shrine.
She had long known the Three Vehicles Law,
Her mind often fixed on the Four Great Truths.
The void intuited bore true right fruit;
Intelligence formed gave freedom complete.
This was the Buddha of Thousand Flowers Cave,
Who was called Pralambā, a noble name.*

Without stopping, Pilgrim walked right up to her and called out:

“Bodhisattva Pralambā, I salute you.”

Descending from her couch, the Bodhisattva folded her hands to return his greeting and said, “Great Sage, sorry for not coming to meet you. Where did you come from?”

“How could you recognize me as the Great Sage all at once?” asked Pilgrim.

Pralambā said, “When you brought great disturbance to the Celestial Palace that year, your image was spread throughout the universe. Which person would not know and recognize you?”

“Indeed,” replied Pilgrim, “as the proverb says,

*The good thing will not leave the door;
The evil deed will go a thousand miles.*

I bet you didn’t know that I have repented and entered the Buddhist gate.”

“When did you do that?” said Pralambā. “Congratulations! Congratulations!”

“I escaped with my life recently,” said Pilgrim, “in order to give protection to the Tang Monk, who had been commissioned to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. My master ran into the Daoist of the Yellow Flower Abbey and was poisoned by his poisoned tea. When I fought with that fellow, he had me enclosed in his golden beams, though I escaped through my magic power. When I heard that the Bodhisattva could extinguish his golden beams, I came here especially to solicit your assistance.”

“Who told you that?” asked the Bodhisattva. “Since attending the Feast of Ullambana Bowl, I haven’t left my door for over three hundred years. With my name completely hidden, no one knows me. How did you know?”

“I’m a devil in the earth!” replied Pilgrim.

“No matter where you are, I can find you.”

“All right! All right!” said the Bodhisattva. “I shouldn’t leave, but if the Great Sage comes here in person, I will not destroy the good deed of scripture seeking. I’ll go with you.”

After he thanked her, Pilgrim said, “Pardon my ignorance and my urging. But what sort of weapon do you need to take along?”

The Bodhisattva said, “I have a little embroidery needle which can undo that fellow.” Pilgrim could not resist saying, “Old Dame has misled me! If I had known that only an embroidery needle was needed, I wouldn’t have troubled you. Old Monkey himself can supply a whole load of such needles!” Pralambā said, “That needle of yours is only made of steel or metal, and it can’t be used. This treasure of mine is not made of steel, iron, or gold. It is rather a product cultivated in the eyes of my son.”

“Who is your son?” asked Pilgrim. “The Star Lord Orionis,” replied Pralambā. Pilgrim was quite astonished. Soon, they saw the bright, golden beams, and Pilgrim said to her, “That’s where the Yellow Flower Abbey is.” Whereupon Pralambā took out from underneath her collar an embroidery needle, not more than half an inch long and as slim as a piece of eyebrow hair. Holding it in her hand, she threw it into the air, and after a little while, a loud crack at once dissipated the golden beams.

“Bodhisattva,” cried Pilgrim, exceedingly pleased, “it’s marvelous! Just marvelous! Let’s find the needle! Let’s find the needle!”

“Isn’t this it?” asked Pralambā as she held out her palm. Pilgrim dropped down from the clouds with her and walked inside the Abbey, where they found that Daoist sitting there with tightly shut eyes and unable to move. “You brazen fiend!” scolded Pilgrim. “You’re pretending to be blind!”

He whipped out the rod from his ear and wanted to strike, but Pralambā tugged at him, saying, “Don’t hit him, Great Sage. Let’s go see your master first.” Pilgrim went directly back to the guest chambers, where the three pilgrims were still lying on the ground and foaming at their mouths. “What’ll I do? What’ll I do?” cried Pilgrim, shedding tears.

“Please don’t grieve, Great Sage,” said Pralambā. “Since I came out the door today, I might as well accumulate some secret merit.

I’m going to give you three tablets which will serve as an antidote to the poison.”

As Pilgrim bowed quickly to receive them, the Bodhisattva took out from her sleeve a small, punctured paper wrap. Inside were three red pills that she handed over to Pilgrim, telling him to put one in each of the pilgrim’s mouths. Prying open their teeth, Pilgrim stuffed the pills into their mouths; in a little while, as the medicine reached their stomachs, they began to retch. After the poisonous substance had been thrown up, they regained consciousness. Our Eight Rules was the first to scramble up, crying, “This nausea’s killing me!”

Tripitaka and Sha Monk also woke up, both crying, “I’m so dizzy!”

“You’ve all been poisoned by the tea,” said Pilgrim, “and you should now thank the Bodhisattva Pralambā for rescuing you.”

Tripitaka arose and tidied his clothes to thank her.

Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, where is that Daoist? Let me question him why he wants to harm us in this manner.” Pilgrim at once gave a thorough account of what the spider spirits had done. More and more incensed, Eight Rules said, “If this fellow has formed a fraternal alliance with spider spirits, he, too, must be a monster-spirit.”

“There he is now,” said Pilgrim, pointing with his finger, “standing outside the Abbey and pretending to be blind.”

Eight Rules took up his rake and tried to rush out, but he was stopped by Pralambā, who said to him, “Heavenly Reeds, please calm yourself. The Great Sage knows that there’s no other person at my cave.

I would like to take the Daoist back and make him guard my door.” Pilgrim said, “We are all indebted to your great kindness. How could we not comply? But please make him change back into his original form for us to see.”

“That’s easy,” replied Pralambā, who went forward and pointed at the Daoist. Immediately, he fell to the dust and appeared in his true form: a huge centipede some seven feet long. Lifting him up with her small finger, Pralambā at once mounted the auspicious clouds to head for the Thousand Flowers Cave. Raising his head to stare after her, Eight Rules said, “This Mama is quite formidable! How could she overpower such a vicious creature just like that?” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “I asked her whether she needed any weapon to break up the golden beams, and she told me that she had a tiny embroidery needle, a product cultivated in the eyes of her son. When I asked for his identity, she said that it was Star Lord Orionis. Now, the Star Lord is a rooster; so this Mama, I suppose, must be a hen. Chickens are the deadliest foes of centipedes, and that’s why she could bring him to submission.” On hearing this, Tripitaka kowtowed some more before saying, “Disciples, let’s pack up and leave.” Sha Monk found some rice and grain inside, with which he prepared a meal. After master and disciples ate their fill, they led the horse and poled the luggage out. Once his master walked out the door, Pilgrim started a fire in the kitchen, which reduced the entire Abbey to ashes in no time at all. Truly

Thanks to Pralambā, the Tang Monk came to life;

Enlightened nature destroyed the Many- Eyed Fiend.

We do not know what will happen to them as they proceed; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-FOUR

*Long Life reports how vicious the demons are
Pilgrim displays his transformation power*

*Desires and feelings come from the same cause;
It's natural to have feelings and desires.
For all ascetics in the Gate of Sand,
Chan is desires gone and feelings severed.
You must take care
To persevere,
Like the bright moon, spotless, high in the sky.
Make no mistake as work and merit advance;
Perfection yields a great enlightened god.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his disciples, who broke through the web of desires and leaped clear of the stronghold of passions. Urging the horse, they journeyed to the West, and soon it was the end of summer and the beginning of autumn, when the fresh cool permeated their bodies. You see

*The rains the waning heat assail
As one Paulownia leaf turns pale.
Fireflies dot the sedged path at night;
Crickets chirp in the moon's bright light.
The mallows unfurl in the dew;
Red smartweeds the sandbars endue.
Rushes are first to decline
When cicadas sadly repine.*

As they walked along, Tripitaka suddenly saw a tall mountain whose summit pierced the green void, truly touching the stars and blocking the sun. Alarmed, the elder called out to Wukong, "Look at the mountain ahead of us! It's so tall, I wonder if there's a road to take us through it."

"What are you talking about, Master?" asked Pilgrim, chuckling. "As the proverb says,

*The tall mountains will have their passageways;
The deep waters will have their ferry boats.*

How could there be no road to take us through! You may proceed without worry." On hearing this, the elder smiled in delight and urged his horse to go straight up the tall ridge.

They had not traveled more than a few miles when they came upon an old man with flowing white hair all tousled and sparse whiskers like swaying silver threads. He had a string of beads around his neck and held a dragon-headed staff. Standing far up the mountain slope, he cried out in a loud voice, "The elder going to the West, you must stop your horse and pull back the reins. There is a group of fiendish demons in this mountain who have devoured all the mortals in the world. You can't proceed!" On hearing these words, Tripitaka paled with fright. The road was already none too level, and the announcement made him even more insecure on the saddle, so much so that he

fell down at once from the horse with a thud and lay moaning in the grass, hardly able to move. Pilgrim went over to raise him up, saying, "Don't be afraid! Don't be afraid! I'm here."

"Just listen to that old man on the tall cliff," said the elder. "He said that there is a group of fiendish demons in this mountain who have devoured all the mortals of the world.

Who is courageous enough to go question him and learn the truth of the matter?"

"You sit on the ground first," said Pilgrim, "and let me go question him."

Tripitaka said, "But your looks are hideous and your words, vulgar. If you offend him, I fear that you'll not be able to get to the truth." Laughing, Pilgrim said, "I'll change into someone more attractive to go question him."

"You change first for me to see," said Tripitaka.

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he shook his body and changed at once into a neat young priest, truly with

*Lovely eyes and clear brow,
A round head and a square face.
When he moved, he acted like a gentleman;
When he spoke, he used no vulgar language.*

Shaking loose his silk shirt, he ran up to the Tang Monk and said, "Master, is this a good transformation?"

"It is, indeed!" said Tripitaka, exceedingly pleased. "How could it not be!" remarked Eight Rules. "But he has put all of us down! Even if old Hog rolled around for two, three years, he couldn't change into someone this attractive!"

Dear Great Sage! Slipping away from them, he walked right up to the old man and bowed, saying, "Dear *Gonggong*, this humble cleric salutes you." When the old man saw how young the priest was, though most attractive in looks, he hesitated a little before returning his salute halfheartedly. Patting the head of Pilgrim with his hand, the old man giggled and said, "Little priest, where did you come from?"

"We came from the Great Tang in the Land of the East," replied Pilgrim, "on our way specially to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. When we arrived here, we heard your announcement about the fiends. My master was quite frightened, and he asked me to come question you to learn exactly who these monster-spirits are who dare cut short our way. May I trouble you to tell me in detail, so that I can send them into exile." With a laugh, the old man said, "You are so young a priest that you don't know any better. That's why you mouth these inappropriate words. The magic powers of those demons are enormous. How dare you say that you would send them into exile?"

"The way you put the matter," said Pilgrim, laughing also, "seems to indicate that you feel rather protective toward them. You must be a relative of theirs, or at least an intimate neighbor. Otherwise, why would you exalt their intelligence, magnify their virtues, and refuse to disclose thoroughly their background?" Nodding his head, the old man smiled and said, "You *are* a priest who knows how to wag your tongue! You must have followed your master as a mendicant into the world and picked up a little magic here and there. You can summon a ghost or bind a spirit, I suppose, and exorcise a few houses for someone. But you haven't run into those truly vicious fiends!"

“How vicious?” asked Pilgrim. The old man said, “One letter of those monster-spirits to the Spirit Mountain, and all five hundred of those arhats will come to meet them. One tiny card sent to the Celestial Palace, and each of the Eleven Great Luminaries will honor it.

The dragons of the Four Oceans have been their friends, and the immortals of the Eight Caves have met with them frequently. The Ten Kings of Hell address them as brothers, and all the deities of major shrines and cities regard them as friends.” When he heard this, the Great Sage could not restrain his loud guffaws. Tugging at the old man with his hand, he said, “Stop talking! Stop talking! If those monster-spirits were the servants and houseboys, the brothers and friends of mine, then what they are about to do would not be so significant. Let me tell you this: when they see this young priest coming, they’ll move to someplace else this very night. They won’t even wait for the morning!”

“Little priest, you’re babbling!” said the old man. “That’s blasphemy! Which gods or sages are your servants and houseboys?” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “To tell you the truth, the ancestral home of this young priest used to be the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower- Fruit Mountain, located in the Aolai Country. My surname is Sun, and my name is Wukong. Some years ago, I was also a monsterspirit who performed great deeds. During a party with some other demons, I drank a few cups of wine too many and fell asleep. In my dream two men took me to the Region of Darkness with a summons, and I was so riled that I used my golden-hooped rod to beat up the spirit judge and terrify King Yama. I almost overturned, in fact, the entire Hall of Darkness. Those presiding judges were so frightened that they brought out papers, on which the Ten Kings of Hell affixed their signatures, declaring that if I spared them a beating, they would serve me as my servants and houseboys.”

“Amitābha!” cried the old man, on hearing this. “This monk has told such a tall tale that he will never grow any taller!”

“Sir,” replied Pilgrim, “I’m tall enough now!”

“How old are you?” asked the old man. “Give it a guess,” said Pilgrim. The old man said, “Seven or eight perhaps.” With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, “I am about ten thousand times seven or eight years old! Let me bring out my old features for you to see. But you must not be offended.”

“How could you have some other features?” said the old man. “This young priest,” said Pilgrim, “has in truth seventy-two features.”

As that old man was somewhat dim-witted, he kept urging the Great Sage, who gave his own face a wipe and changed back into his original form. With protruding fangs and a gaping mouth, with two bright red buttocks half-covered by a tiger skin kilt, and with a golden-hooped rod in his hands, he stood verily like a living thunder god below the ledge. When the old man saw him, he paled with fright as his legs turned numb. Unable to stand up, he fell down with a thud, and when he scrambled up, he stumbled once more.

“Venerable Sir,” said the Great Sage, approaching him, “don’t be afraid of nothing. I’m ugly but kindly disposed. Don’t be afraid! Don’t be afraid! I am grateful to you for informing us of the demons. Just how many are there, tell me the whole truth, so that I can thank you properly.”

Trembling all over, the old man could not utter a word; pretending also to be deaf, he refused to reply.

When Pilgrim saw that he would not talk, he turned and went back down the slope. "Wukong," said the elder, "have you returned? Did you find out anything?"

"It's nothing! It's nothing!" answered Pilgrim, laughing. "There is, to be sure, a handful of monster-spirits near the Western Heaven. The people here, however, are quite timid, and they worry about them. It's nothing! It's nothing. *I am here!*"

"Have you asked him," said the elder, "what mountain this is, what kind of a cave there is in it, how many fiends there are, and which road can take us to Thunderclap?"

Eight Rules spoke up, saying, "Master, don't be offended by what I have to say. If we are interested in waging a contest in transformations, in playing hide-and-seek, and in pulling pranks on people, even five of us are no match for Elder Brother. But if you consider honesty, then even a column of him cannot rival me."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said the Tang Monk. "You are more honest."

"I don't know," said Eight Rules, "why it is that he always takes care of the head but disregards the tail. He has only asked a couple of questions, and then he runs back lamely. Let old Hog go now and find out the truth."

"Wuneng," said the Tang Monk, "do be careful."

Dear Idiot! He stuffed the muckrake into his belt and tidied his shirt before swaggering up the mountain slope and calling out to the old man, "*Gonggong*, I'm bowing to you."

After the old man had seen Pilgrim walking off, he managed to struggle up with the help of his staff and, still trembling all over, was about to leave. When he caught sight of Eight Rules, however, he became more terrified than ever. "Holy Father!" he cried. "What sort of nightmare is this, that I have to meet up with this bunch of nasty people? That monk who left just now was hideous all right, but he had at least three percent human looks. But just look at the pestle mouth, the rush-leaf fan ears, the sheet iron face, and the bristled neck of this monk! He doesn't even look one percent human!"

"This old *Gonggong*," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "is not too pleasant, for he loves to criticize people. How do you regard me, really? I may be ugly, but I can stand scrutiny. Just wait a moment, and I'll look more attractive." When the old man heard him speaking at least in a human fashion, he had no choice but to ask him, "Where did you come from?"

Eight Rules said, "I'm the second disciple of the Tang Monk, and my religious name is Wuneng Eight Rules. Just now the priest who questioned you was called Wukong Pilgrim, my Elder Brother. Because my master blamed him for offending you and for not being able to obtain the truth, he sent me specially to question you again. We would like to know what mountain this is, what's the name of the cave in the mountain, how many fiends there are in the cave, and which is the main road to the West. May we trouble you to point these out to us?"

"Are you being truthful with me?" asked the old man. Eight Rules said, "There has never been the teeniest fakery in my whole life."

"You are not," said the old man, "putting on a highfalutin show like the priest before."

“No, I’m not like him,” said Eight Rules.

Leaning on his staff, the old man said to Eight Rules, “The mountain is called the Lion-Camel Ridge of eight hundred miles, and in it there is a Lion-Camel Cave where you will find three archdemons.”

“Pshaw!” cried Eight Rules. “You’re too fussy an old man! Only three demons, and you have to take all that trouble to announce them to us!”

“Aren’t you afraid?” asked the old man. “To tell you the truth,” replied Eight Rules, “one blow of my Elder Brother’s rod will kill one of them, and one blow of my rake will kill another; I have a younger brother, too, and one blow of his fiend-routing staff will kill the third one. When all three of the demons are slain, my master will cross this ridge. What’s so difficult about that?” Smiling, the old man said, “This monk is completely ignorant! The magic powers of those three archdemons are vast indeed! Moreover, those small fiends under their command number five thousand on the south summit, and five thousand also on the north summit. Those stationed to guard the road leading east number ten thousand, and another ten thousand are guarding the road leading west. There must be five thousand on the patrol teams, and those guarding the cave entrance must run to another ten thousand. There are countless fiends tending the fires and gathering firewood. All in all, they must have some forty-seven or forty-eight thousand troops, each equipped with a nameplate. They devote themselves to devouring humans in this place.” When our Idiot heard these words, he ran back, trembling all over. As he approached the Tang Monk, he dropped his rake and, instead of giving his report, began to evacuate his bowels. “Why aren’t you giving us a report?” snapped Pilgrim. “Why are you squatting there?”

“I’m so scared,” replied Eight Rules, “that even my shit has come out! There’s no further need for me to talk. Let’s scatter while there’s still time to save our lives!”

“This root of idiocy!” said Pilgrim. “I never was frightened when I asked the questions. How is it that when you go, you lose your mind?”

“What is in fact the matter?” asked the elder.

Eight Rules replied, “The old man told me that this mountain is named the Lion-Camel Mountain. In it there is a Lion-Camel Cave, where three old fiends and forty-eight thousand little fiends reside and devote themselves to devouring humans. The moment we put one step on the side of their mountain, we’ll become food in their mouths. We can’t ever proceed!” On hearing this, Tripitaka began to shake all over as his hairs stood on end, saying, “Wukong, what shall we do?”

“Master, relax,” said Pilgrim, laughing. “It’s no big thing! There may be a few monster-spirits here, I suppose, but the people of this region are very timid. They frighten themselves with all this rumor about how many fiends there are and how big they are. Look, you have me!”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you shouldn’t talk that way! I’m not like you, and what I learn is the truth. It’s not a rumor. The whole mountain and the whole valley are filled with fiendish demons. How could we go forward?”

“The mouth and face of an idiot!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Allow nothing to scare you! If the whole mountain and the whole valley are full of fiendish demons, old Monkey will use his rod. Half a night and they’ll all be exterminated!”

“Shame on you! Shame on you!” said Eight Rules. “Stop the big talk! It’ll take seven or eight days for those monster-spirits just to take their roll call. How could you exterminate them so readily?”

“How do you think I’m going to slay them?” asked Pilgrim. “Suppose they let you grab them,” replied Eight Rules, “bind them, or stop them dead with the Magic of Immobilization. Even then, you can’t kill all of them so quickly.” With a laugh, Pilgrim said, “No need for grabbing or binding. I give this rod of mine a yank on both ends, crying, ‘Grow!’ and it’ll be four hundred feet long. Next, I wave it once, crying, ‘Thicken!’ and it’ll have an eighty-foot circumference. I roll it toward the south of the mountain once, and five thousand fiends will be crushed to death; I roll it toward the north of the mountain once, and another five thousand will be crushed to death. Then I roll it once from east to west, and forty or fifty thousand, who cares how many, will be reduced to meat patties.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “if you roll them down like you roll out dough for noodles, you might finish them off by the second watch.”

“Master,” said Sha Monk, laughing on one side, “what are you afraid of when Big Brother has such vast magic powers? Mount up and get going!” When the Tang Monk heard them debating about their abilities, he had no choice but to calm himself and climb up on the horse.

As they proceeded, they discovered that the old man who came to inform them had vanished. “He must be a fiend,” said Sha Monk, “who exploited deliberately the reputation and power of the demons to come and frighten us.”

“Don’t jump to any conclusion,” said Pilgrim. “Let me go have a look.”

Dear Great Sage! Leaping up to the peak, he looked all around without spotting anyone. As he turned his face, however, he saw colored mists flickering in the air. He immediately leaped upon the clouds to give chase and soon he caught sight of the Gold Star Venus. Rushing up to the god, Pilgrim tugged at him with his hands and used his vernacular name to address him, saying, “Long Life Li! Long Life Li! You’re such a rogue! If you have anything to say, you should have said it to my face. Why did you assume the appearance of an old country bumpkin to beguile me?”

The Gold Star saluted him hurriedly and said, “Great Sage, I’m sorry for not informing you sooner. Please forgive me! Please forgive me! These archdemons, possessive of vast magic powers, indeed make for a rugged hurdle. If you exercise all your powers in transformation and all your cleverness, you may pass through. If you but slacken a little, it’ll be difficult for you to proceed.”

Thanking him, Pilgrim said, “I’m grateful! If this is such a difficult place to traverse, please go to the Region Above and request from the Jade Emperor some celestial soldiers to assist old Monkey.”

“We have plenty of those for you,” replied the Gold Star. “Once I bring your message up there, we can round up even one hundred thousand celestial soldiers if you need them.” Pilgrim took leave of the Gold Star and dropped from the clouds to face Tripitaka. “That old man,” he said, “who came to bring us the information happened to be the Star Venus.”

Folding his hands before him, the elder said, “Disciple, catch up with him quickly, and ask him whether there is another road we can take.”

“There’s no detour,” said Pilgrim, “for this mountain as it is is eight hundred miles across. I don’t even know how wide it is on both sides. How could we take a detour?” On hearing this, Tripitaka could not restrain the tears flowing from his eyes. “Disciple,” he said, “if it’s so difficult, how could I ever hope to worship Buddha?”

“Stop crying! Stop crying!” Pilgrim said, “Once you cry, you become completely feeble. This information of his can’t be all true, for his main purpose is to arouse our vigilance. As the saying goes, ‘To tell is to exaggerate.’ Please dismount and sit here for the moment.”

“What sort of discussion are we having now?” asked Eight Rules.

“No discussion,” replied Pilgrim. “You just stand here and guard Master with all diligence, while Sha Monk can watch the horse and the luggage. Let old Monkey go up the ridge to do a little detection to see just how many fiends there are. I’ll catch one of them and question him thoroughly; if need be, I’ll even make him write up a confession and list in detail the names of all their old and young.

Then I’ll order them to close up their cave and forbid them from barring our way, so that Master will be able to go through this place peacefully and quietly. Only then will you perceive the ability of old Monkey!”

All Sha Monk could say to him, however, was, “Be careful! Be careful!”

“No need for all your instructions!” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “Once I get up there,

*I’ll open a pathway even if it’s the Great Eastern Sea;
I’ll punch an opening if it’s an ironclad mountain.”*

Dear Great Sage! Whistling, he mounted the cloud somersault to leap up to the tall summit, where he pushed aside the creepers and vines to look all around. There was, however, not a sound or a trace of human beings. He spoke aloud to himself, “I’ve made a mistake! I’ve made a mistake! I should never have let the oldie Gold Star go. He was actually trying to frighten me. If there’s any monster-spirit around here, he would have jumped out and played in the wind, or he would fool with his lance or rod to practice his martial art. How is it that there is no one . . .”

As he was thus talking to himself, he heard the loud bangs of a rattle behind the mountain. Turning hurriedly to look, he discovered a little fiend, hauling a banner on his shoulder which had on it the inscribed word, command. He had a bell tied to his waist, and he was beating a rattle with his hand as he walked from north to south. Pilgrim stared at him and thought that he was about twelve feet in height. Smiling to himself, Pilgrim said, “He must be a postal soldier on his way to deliver a document. Let me eavesdrop on him to see what he has to say.”

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and changed, with one shake of his body, into a fly. He flew up to his cap and alighted gently on it to eavesdrop on the fiend. After he had turned onto the main road, the little fiend kept beating his rattle and shaking his bell, while he mumbled to himself, “Those of us patrolling the mountain should all be on guard against that Pilgrim Sun. He knows how to change into a fly.”

Astounded by what he heard, Pilgrim said to himself, “He must have seen me! How could he know my name and how could he know I might change into a fly, if he hadn’t?”

But that little fiend, you see, had not seen him. It was actually those archdemons who somehow managed to give this instruction to the little fiends, and this one was just repeating what he heard. Pilgrim, of course, did not know this; suspecting that he had been seen, he was about to slay the fiend with the rod when he thought to himself, "I recall that the Gold Star told Eight Rules that there were three old fiends and some forty-seven or forty-eight thousand little fiends. If those little fiends are like this one, another forty thousand won't make a bit of difference. But I wonder how powerful are those three old demons. Let me go question him, then I can raise my hands."

Dear Great Sage! How is he going to question him, you ask? He leaped down from his cap and alighted instead on a tree to allow the little fiend to walk a few steps ahead. Quickly he changed into another little fiend, having, in fact, the same clothes and like him, beating the rattle, shaking the bell, hauling the banner, and mumbling the same words. The only difference was that he was several inches taller than the other fiend. He ran up to the other little fiend and called out, "You on the road, wait for me."

Turning around, the little fiend said, "Where did you come from?"

"My good man!" said Pilgrim with a giggle. "Can't you recognize someone from the same family?"

"You're not in our family," said the little fiend. "What do you mean?" said Pilgrim. "Take a good look."

"But you look unfamiliar," said the little fiend. "I don't recognize you! I don't recognize you!"

"I know I look unfamiliar," replied Pilgrim. "I'm one of those who tend the fires, and you've seldom met me." Shaking his head, the little fiend said, "Never! Never! Even among those brothers in our cave who tend the fires, there's no one with a pointed mouth like yours." Pilgrim thought to himself, "I've made my mouth a little too pointed."

He lowered his head at once and gave his mouth a rub, saying, "My mouth's not pointed!" Immediately, his mouth was not pointed anymore.

"Just now," said the little fiend, "your mouth *was* pointed. How could it change like that after you gave it a rub? How baffling! You can't very well belong to our family! I have never seen you before! It's too suspicious! Moreover, the domestic laws of our great kings are very strict: those who tend the fires always tend the fires, and those who patrol the mountain will patrol the mountain. They couldn't have asked you to tend the fires, and then asked you also to patrol the mountain, could they?"

Exceedingly clever with his mouth, Pilgrim at once replied, "You have no idea that our great kings had promoted me, when they saw how good I was at tending the fires, and asked me to patrol the mountain."

The little fiend said, "All right. There are forty of us who patrol the mountain to one platoon, and we have altogether ten platoons.

Each of us is different in age, and each has a different name. To prevent confusion among the ranks and to facilitate taking the roll, our great kings gave us each a nameplate. Do you have one?" Now Pilgrim had changed into a semblance of only what he could see of the little fiend; namely, how he was dressed and what he was doing. Since he had not seen the plate, he, of course, did not have it on him. Dear Great Sage! Refusing to admit that he had none, he followed the drift of the question instead

and said, "How could I not have a plate? I just received a brand new one. But you take out yours first for me to have a look."

Completely unaware that this was a trick, that little fiend hitched up his clothes and pulled out for Pilgrim to see a gold-lacquered plate, which was tied to his body with a small cotton thread. On the back of the plate Pilgrim saw the inscription, In Command of All Demons. In front there were three printed words:

Little Wind Cutter. He thought to himself, "It goes without saying that those who patrol the mountain will be named some sort of Wind Cutters."

He therefore said to the little fiend, "Lower your clothes now, and let me show you my plate."

Turning to one side, Pilgrim yanked off a small piece of hair from the tip of his tail and gave it a pinch, whispering, "Change!" It changed at once into another gold-lacquered plate that had a small cotton thread attached to it. On it were the three printed words:

Chief Wind Cutter. When he took it out and showed it to him, the little fiend was greatly taken aback. "We are all named Little Wind Cutters," he cried, "but how could you have the name of Chief Wind Cutter?"

As he had always acted with the greatest calculation and spoken with the utmost shrewdness, Pilgrim immediately said, "You really have no idea that our great kings promoted me to be a patrol commander when they saw how well I tended the fires. They also gave me a new plate with the name, Chief Wind Cutter, and the charge that I would lead the forty of you in this platoon." On hearing this, the fiend bowed hurriedly, saying, "Captain, Captain, you've just been commissioned, and that's why you look unfamiliar. Please forgive me for offending you with my words."

"I won't blame you," chuckled Pilgrim as he returned his bow. "But I do have a request: an introductory gift of five ounces of silver per person."

"Don't be too impatient, Captain," said the little fiend. "Let me join up with my platoon at the south of the ridge, and we'll all chip in."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "I'll go with you." Indeed, the little fiend walked ahead, while the Great Sage followed him.

In less than a few miles, they came upon a pen peak. Why was it called a pen peak, you ask? On that mountain the peak rose straight up for some forty or fifty feet, as a pen sticking up from its rack. Hence the name. After Pilgrim went up there, he gave his tail a wag and leaped to the tallest point to sit down. "Wind Cutters," he cried, "gather around!"

All those Little Wind Cutters bowed to him down below, saying, "Captain, we wait on you."

"Do you know," asked Pilgrim, "why the great kings sent me out here?"

"No, we don't," replied the little fiends.

Pilgrim said, "The great kings want to devour the Tang Monk, but their only fear is that Pilgrim Sun has vast magic powers. He is capable of many transformations, they claim, and they are afraid that he may change into a Little Wind Cutter to walk on this road to spy on us. They therefore have promoted me to Chief Wind Cutter and asked me to make an investigation, to see whether there is any specious one among your platoon."

“Captain,” all those Little Wind Cutters said in unison, “we are all genuine.”

“If you are,” said Pilgrim, “do you happen to know what sort of abilities our great kings possess?” One of the Little Wind Cutters said, “I do.”

“If you do,” said Pilgrim, “tell me quickly. If I agree with you, you are genuine, but if you make the slightest error, you are a specious one. I’ll certainly arrest you and take you to see the great kings.” When that Little Wind Cutter saw him sitting loftily on the peak and wielding his authority left and right, he had little choice but to speak the truth, saying, “Our great great king has vast magic powers and enormous abilities. With one gulp, he once swallowed one hundred thousand celestial warriors.” On hearing this, Pilgrim bellowed, “You’re false!”

Horried, the Little Wind Cutter said, “Father Captain, I’m real. How could you say that I’m false?”

“If you are,” said Pilgrim, “why did you babble? How big is the great great king that he can swallow with one gulp one hundred thousand celestial warriors?”

The Little Wind Cutter said, “Perhaps the captain does not know that our great king is capable of such transformation that he can be big enough to reach the celestial hall when he wants to, or he can become as small as a vegetable seed. When the Lady Queen Mother convened the Festival of Immortal Peaches in a former year and did not send an invitation to our great great king, he wanted to strive with Heaven. The Jade Emperor sent one hundred thousand celestial warriors to bring him to submission, but our great king exercised his magic body of transformation and opened his mouth big and wide as a city gate. He charged at the celestial warriors, so terrifying them that they dared not do battle and closed up the South Heaven Gate instead. That’s what I meant when I said that he once swallowed one hundred thousand celestial warriors with one gulp.” On hearing this, Pilgrim smiled silently to himself, saying, “If it’s this kind of ability, old Monkey is quite capable of it.”

He spoke out loud again, saying, “What sort of abilities does second great king possess?”

Another Little Wind Cutter replied, “Our second great king is about thirty feet tall; he has silkworm-like eyebrows, phoenix eyes, a lovely lady’s voice, and teeth like long flat poles. His nose, moreover, resembles a dragon. When he fights with someone, all he needs to do is to wrap his nose around his enemy. Though that person may have an iron back and a bronze body, his spirit will expire and his soul will perish!”

“A monster-spirit,” said Pilgrim to himself, “with a trunk like that is not difficult to catch.”

He spoke out loud once more, saying, “What sort of abilities does the third great king possess?”

Another Little Wind Cutter said, “Our third great king is no fiendish creature of the mortal world, for he has the name of the Roc of Ten Thousand Cloudy Miles. When he moves, he whips up the wind and transports the seas; he reaches the north and rules the south. On his person he also carries a treasure, called the yin-yang double-force vase. If a person is placed inside it, he will turn to liquid within one and three-quarter hours.” When he heard this, Pilgrim became alarmed, saying to himself, “I’m not scared of the demon, but I’d better be careful about his vase.”

He spoke out loud again, saying, “You have all spoken quite accurately about the abilities of our three great kings, as accurately as I have known them to be. But do you know which of the great kings would like to devour the Tang Monk?”

“Captain,” said another Little Wind Cutter, “do you mean that you don’t know?”

“Don’t I know more than you?” snapped Pilgrim. “You are the ones who may not know the truth of the matter, and that’s why I was sent to give you a thorough interrogation.”

The Little Wind Cutter said, “Our great great king and the second great king have long resided in the Lion-Camel Cave of the Lion-Camel Ridge. Our third great king, however, did not live here, for his original residence was located about four hundred miles west of here, in a city by the name of the Lion-Camel State. Five hundred years ago, he devoured the entire city—the king, the civil and military officials, the populace, male and female, old and young—and took over the kingdom. All the inhabitants of that city now are fiends. I don’t know which year it was that he learned that the Tang court in the Land of the East had commissioned a monk to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. That Tang Monk, so the saying goes, is a good man who has practiced austerities for ten incarnations. If anyone eats a single piece of his flesh, he will gain longevity and never grow old. But fearing his disciple, Pilgrim Sun, who is said to be exceedingly formidable, our third great king was afraid that he couldn’t quite handle the situation all by himself. He came, therefore, to become a bond-brother with the two great kings at this place. The three of them are thus united in their determination and efforts to catch that Tang Monk.” When Pilgrim heard this, he was filled with anger. “These brazen fiends are so audacious! I am protecting the Tang Monk so that he may attain the right fruit. How could they plan to devour my man?”

He was so mad that he clenched his teeth, whipped out his iron rod, and leaped down from the tall peak. All he had to do was to slam the rod down on the heads of the little fiends, and they were immediately reduced to meat patties! When he saw them like that, however, he was moved somewhat to pity. “Alas,” he said to himself, “they were kind enough after all to have spilled everything about their family to me. How could I finish them off just like that? All right! All right! What’s done is done!”

Dear Great Sage! Because of the impediment in his master’s way, he had no choice but to do something like this. He took down one of the nameplates and tied it to his own waist. The banner with the word, “command,” he hauled on his shoulder, the bell he hung on his belt, and he took up the rattle. Facing the wind, he made the magic sign and recited a spell to change with one shake of his body into the appearance of that Little Wind Cutter whom he first met on the road. In big strides, he followed the road back to search for the cave and to do some more detection on those three old fiendish demons. Truly, these were

The Handsome Monkey King’s ten thousand ways to change!

Ten thousand permutations, what real abilities!

He dashed deeply into the mountain, following the path on which he came. As he ran along, he suddenly heard people shouting and horses neighing. When he raised his eyes to look, he saw that the noise was coming from a huge mob of little fiends in front of the Lion-Camel Cave, all equipped with columns of scimitars, lances, spears, and halberds, with flags and banners. Delighted, our Great Sage said to himself, “Long Life Li’s words are not far off the mark!”

The way that those little fiends were arrayed, you see, had an order to it: two hundred and fifty of them made up one huge column, to which was assigned a tall colored flag. When he spotted some forty such flags, he knew that there had to be at least ten thousand troops right there before the cave.

Thereupon he thought further to himself, “Old Monkey has already changed into a Little Wind Cutter. Once I step inside, I would have to give some answers should those old demons question me on patrolling the mountain. If I am recognized because of some slipup in my words, how am I going to get away? Even if I want to run out the door, how could I get out with so many of them barring the door? If I want to seize the fiendish kings inside the cave, I must get rid of these fiends before the door first.”

How could he get rid of the fiends, you ask? Marvelous Great Sage! He thought some more to himself:

“Though those old demons have never met my face, they have already known the reputation of old Monkey. Let me rely on that reputation, then, and exploit its power; let me give some big talk to frighten them a bit, and see whether those creatures of Middle Land indeed have sufficient affinity to be rewarded by us taking the scriptures back to them. If they do, a few bravado sentences of mine will frighten the fiends enough to scatter them. If those creatures, however, do not have sufficient affinity so that we cannot acquire the true scriptures, then

*Even if I preach till the lotus flowers appear,
I shall not dispel the spirits before the cave.”*

His mind thus questioning his mouth, and his mouth thus questioning the mind, he beat his rattle and shook his bell as he marched up to the entrance of the Lion-Camel Cave. He was immediately met by the little fiends of the forward camp who said, “Little Wind Cutter, have you returned?” Instead of answering them, Pilgrim lowered his head and walked on.

At the second-level camp, he was stopped again by some more little fiends who said, “Little Wind Cutter, have you returned?”

“I have,” replied Pilgrim. “When you went on patrol this morning,” said the fiends, “did you run into Pilgrim Sun?”

“I have,” replied Pilgrim, “he’s polishing his pole at the moment.”

A little frightened, those little fiends said, “What does he look like? What sort of a pole is he polishing?” Pilgrim said, “He was squatting there by the side of a brook, and he still seemed like a trailblazing deity. If he stood up, he would have to be over a hundred feet tall! He had in his hands an iron rod that resembled a huge pole, so thick it was that it had to have the thickness of a rice bowl. As he sprinkled some water on the stone ledge, he rubbed his rod on it while he mumbled to himself, ‘O dear pole! I haven’t taken you out for awhile to show your magic powers. Now that you have been taken out, may you beat to death for me all those monster-spirits, even if there are one hundred thousand of them! Then let me slay also those three arch-demons and offer them as sacrifices to you!’ Once he has polished his rod so that it shines, he will no doubt slaughter first those ten thousand of you before the door.” When those little fiends heard these words, every one of their hearts quivered and their galls shook, as their souls melted and their spirits dispersed. “Think on this, all of you,” said Pilgrim again. “The flesh of that Tang Monk doesn’t amount to many pounds, you know, and I doubt

if we'll ever get to receive our portions even if he were divided up. Why should we withstand that pole for them? Why don't we ourselves just scatter?"

"You are right," said the various fiends. "Let's look after our own lives and leave."

All of these fiends, you see, were no more than wolves, tigers, leopards, and the like. With a roar, all these beasts and fowl simply dispersed in every direction. And so, those few subversive sentences of the Great Sage Sun worked like the songs of Chu when they scattered some eight thousand troops.

Secretly delighted, Pilgrim said to himself, "Marvelous! Those old fiends are good as dead! If words will make them run, how would they dare meet me face to face? When I get inside, however, I'd better repeat what I said. For if I miss saying something, a couple of those little fiends who have run inside just now may reveal my secret." Look at him!

*He was set to approach the ancient cave;
With boldness he walked deep inside the door.*

We do not know whether good or evil would befall him when he saw the old demons; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-FIVE

*Mind Monkey drills through the yin-yang body
Demon lords return to the true great Way*

We were telling you about that Great Sage Sun, who walked inside the cave to look left and right. He saw

*A mound of skeletons,
A forest of dead bones;
Human hair packed together as blankets,
And human flesh trodden as dirt and dust;
Human tendons knotted on the trees
Were dried, parched, and shiny like silver.
In truth there were mountains of corpses and seas of blood;
Indeed the putrid stench was terrible!
The little fiends on the east
Gouged out flesh from living persons;
The brazen demons on the west
Boiled and cooked fresh human meat.
Only Handsome Monkey King had such heroic gall;
No other mortal would dare enter this door.*

After a little while, he walked through the second-level door to look around inside. Ah! What he saw in here was quite different from the outside; it was a place both quiet and elegant, both handsome and spacious. On the left and right were exotic grass and rare flowers; there were old pines and aged bamboos front and back. He had to walk, however, for another seven or eight miles before he reached the third-level door, through which he stole a glance. Inside the door and sitting loftily on three high seats were three old fiends, who appeared most savage and hideous. The middle one had

*Teeth like files and saws,
A round head and a square face.
He had a voice like thunder
And flashing eyes like lightning.
His nose curled skyward;
His brows sprouted flames.
When he moved,
All other beasts trembled;
When he sat,
All demons shook and quivered.
This was the king of beasts,
The green-haired lion fiend.*

The one to his left had

*Phoenix eyes and golden pupils,
Yellow tusks and stubby legs,
Long nose and silver hair,
A head that seemed tail-like;*

*Knotted brows beneath his round forehead
And a huge, rugged torso.
He had a soft voice like a lissome beauty,
But his white face was a bull-head demon's.
A brute of prolonged self-cultivation,
This was the yellow-tusked old elephant.*

The one to his right had

*Golden wings and leviathan head,
Starlike pupils and leopard eyes.
He ruled the north, governed the south—
Fierce, strong, and courageous.
Coming alive he could fly and soar
While quails quaked and dragons dreaded.
When he shook his feathers,
All the birds went into hiding;
When he stretched his sharp claws,
All the fowl cowered in terror.
Able to reach a cloudy distance of ninety-thousand miles,
This was the great eagle-roc.*

Below them stood some one hundred captains, all in complete armor and military regalia, and looking most truculent and fierce.

When Pilgrim saw them, however, he was filled with delight. Not the least bit frightened, he marched through the door in big strides, and after he dropped his rattle, he lifted his head and said, "Great Kings." Smiling broadly, the three old demons said, "Little Wind Cutter, have you returned?"

"I have indeed," replied Pilgrim in a ringing voice.

"Have you found out anything about Pilgrim Sun when you were on patrol in the mountain?"

"In the presence of the great kings," replied Pilgrim, "I dare not speak."

"Why not?" asked the first old demon.

"By the command of the great kings," said Pilgrim, "I went forward, beating my rattle and shaking my bell. As I walked along, I suddenly caught sight of a person squatting by a brook. Even then he looked like a trailblazing deity, and if he had stood up, he would have been undoubtedly over a hundred feet tall. Bailing some water from the brook, he was polishing with it a huge pole on a rock. As he did so, he kept mumbling to himself that up till now, he hadn't been able to show off the magic power of his pole. Once he had polished the pole enough to make it glow, he said he would come and use it on the great kings. I knew he had to be that Pilgrim Sun, and that's why I have returned to make my report." When that old demon heard these words, he perspired profusely. Shaking all over, he said, "Brothers, I told you not to bother the Tang Monk. His disciple has such vast magic powers that he has already made plans for us. Now he is polishing his rod to beat us up.

What shall we do?"

Then he gave this order:

“Little ones, summon all the soldiers outside the cave to come in. Shut the door, and let those priests pass.” One of the captains who knew what had happened said immediately, “Great King, the little fiends guarding the door outside have all scattered.”

“How could they have all scattered?” asked the old demon. “They must have heard the bad news, too. Shut the door quickly! Shut the door quickly!”

The various fiends hurriedly banged the front and back doors shut and bolted them.

Becoming somewhat alarmed, Pilgrim thought to himself, “After they close the doors, they might question me on some other business in their house. If I can’t answer them, I will give myself away. Won’t I be caught then? Let me scare them a little bit more, so that they’ll open the doors again for me to flee if I need to.”

He therefore went forward again and said, “Great Kings, that Pilgrim Sun said something that’s even more dreadful.”

“What else did he say?” asked the old demon.

Pilgrim said, “He said that when he had caught hold of the three of you, he would skin the great great king, he would debone the second great king, and he would pull out the tendons of the third great king. If you shut your doors and refuse to go out, he is capable of transformations, you know. He may well change into a tiny fly, come in through a crack in the door, and seize all of us. What shall we do then?”

“Brothers,” said the old demon, “be careful. There is hardly a fly in our cave. If you see a fly coming in here, it has to be that Pilgrim Sun.” Smiling to himself, Pilgrim thought, “I’ll give him a fly to scare him a bit. Then he’ll open the doors.”

The Great Sage stepped to one side and pulled off a piece of hair behind his head. Blowing a mouthful of immortal breath on it, he whispered, “Change!” and it at once changed into a gold-headed fly, which darted up and flew smack into the face of the old demon.

“Brothers, this is awful!” cried a horrified old demon. “That little something has entered our door!”

Those fiends, young and old, were so terrified that they took up pitchforks and brooms to swat madly at the fly.

Unable to contain himself, our Great Sage broke into loud giggles, which, alas, he should have never permitted himself to do. For once he laughed, his original features also appeared. When the third old demon saw him, he leaped forward and grabbed him, crying, “Elder Brothers, we were almost fooled by him!”

“Who is fooling whom?” asked the first old demon.

“The one who was speaking to us just now,” replied the third fiend, “was no Little Wind Cutter. He is Pilgrim Sun. He must have run into Little Wind Cutter, slain him somehow, and changed into his appearance to deceive us here.”

Greatly shaken, Pilgrim said to himself, “He has recognized me!” Rubbing his face hurriedly with his hand to correct his features, he said to those fiends, “How could I be Pilgrim Sun! I am the Little Wind Cutter. The great king has made a mistake.”

“Brother,” said the old demon, smiling, “he *is* Little Wind Cutter. For three times every day he answers my roll call. I know him.”

Then he asked Pilgrim, “Do you have your nameplate?”

“I do,” replied Pilgrim, and he took it out at once from inside his clothes.

More convinced than ever, the old fiend said, “Brother, don’t falsely accuse him.”

“Elder Brother,” said the third fiend, “didn’t you see him? He was giggling just now with his face half turned, and I saw for a moment a thunder god beak on him. When I grabbed him, he changed back immediately into his present looks.”

He then called out:

“Little ones, bring me some ropes.”

The captains took out ropes immediately. Wrestling Pilgrim to the ground, the third fiend had him hog-tied before they hitched up his clothes to examine him. It became apparent at once that he was *the* Ban-Horse-Plague all right! Pilgrim, you see, was capable of seventy-two kinds of transformation. If it was a matter of changing into a fowl, a beast, a plant, a utensil, or an insect, his entire body could be transformed. But when he had to change into another person, only his face but not his body could be transformed. When they lifted up his clothes, therefore, they saw a body full of brown fur, two red buttocks, and a tail.

When he saw this, the first old fiend said, “Though he may have the face of Little Wind Cutter, it’s the body of Pilgrim Sun. It’s he.

Little ones, bring us some wine first, so that I may present to the third great king a cup of merit. Since we have caught Pilgrim Sun, there is no doubt that the Tang Monk will be the food of our mouths.”

“Let’s not drink wine just yet,” said the third fiend. “Pilgrim Sun is an exceedingly slippery character, for he knows many ways of escape. I fear we may lose him. Tell the little ones to haul out our vase and put Pilgrim Sun inside it. Then we can drink.”

“Exactly! Exactly!” said the old demon, laughing loudly. He at once summoned thirty-six little fiends to go to their weapons chamber and haul out the vase.

How big was the vase, you ask? Why would it need thirty-six persons to carry it? Though it was no more than twenty-four inches tall, that vase was a treasure governed by the double primal forces of yin and yang. Its magic reactions inside were activated by the seven jewels, the eight trigrams, and the twenty-four solar terms. Only thirty-six persons, a number which corresponded to the number of constellations in the Heavenly Ladle group, would have sufficient strength to lift it up. In a little while, the little fiends had the treasure vase hauled out and set before the third-level door. After they had unpacked it from its wrappings and removed the stopper, they untied Pilgrim and stripped him naked. Then they carried him up to the mouth of the vase, and immediately he was sucked inside with a loud whoosh by the immortal breath of the vase. It was then covered again with its stopper, on top of which they added a tape to seal it. Beckoning his companions to join him to drink, the old fiend said, “Now that this little ape has entered my treasure vase, he’d better not think of the road to the West anymore. If he ever wanted to worship Buddha and acquire scriptures, he might as well turn his back, take up the wheel of transmigration, and seek Buddhist treasure in the next incarnation!” We tell you now about that Great Sage, who found the vase to be quite small for his body once he reached the inside. He decided, therefore, to transform

himself into someone smaller and squat in the middle of the vase. Finding it to be quite cool after some time, he could not refrain from chuckling to himself and saying out loud, “These monster-spirits are banking on their false reputation! How could they tell people that once someone was placed inside the vase, he would change into pus and blood after one and three-quarter hours? If it’s cool like this, I can live here for seven or eight years with no trouble!”

Alas! The Great Sage, you see, had no idea of how that treasure worked: if someone who had been placed within it remained silent for a whole year, then it would remain cool for all that time. But the moment that person spoke, fire would appear to burn him. Hardly had the Great Sage spoken, therefore, when he saw that the entire vase was engulfed in flames. Fortunately, he was not without abilities; sitting in the middle, he made the fire-repellent magic sign with his fingers and faced the flames calmly. After about half an hour, some forty snakes crawled out from every side and began to bite him. Pilgrim stretched forth his hands, picked up the snakes, and with a violent wrench tore them into eighty pieces. In a little while, however, three fire dragons emerged and had him encircled top and bottom.

As the situation was fast becoming unbearable, Pilgrim was rather flustered, saying to himself, “I can take care of other things, but these fire dragons are hard to deal with. If I don’t get out of here, the fire and the heat may overwhelm me after awhile. What then? I think I’d better push my way out by making my body bigger.”

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers and reciting a spell, he cried, “Grow!”

At once his body reached the height of over a hundred feet, but the vase also grew in size with him. Reversing his magic, he reduced the size of his body, but the vase, too, grew smaller with him.

Greatly alarmed, Pilgrim said, “Hard! Hard! Hard! How could it grow big or small with me like that? What shall I do?”

He had hardly finished speaking when he felt some pain on his shanks. Rubbing them hurriedly with his hand, he found his shanks were turning flaccid because of the fire. More and more anxious, he thought to himself, “What’s to become of me? Even my shanks are weakened by the fire. I’ll be reduced to a cripple!”

He was hardly able to hold back his tears. Thus it was that

*He thought of Tripitaka, having met demons and woes;
He missed the sage monk, when beset by fatal ordeals.*

“O Master!” he cried. “Since that year when I embraced the truth because of the Bodhisattva Guanyin’s persuasion and was delivered from my Heaven-sent calamity, I suffered with you the trek through various mountains and subdued many fiends, including the bringing to submission of Eight Rules and Sha Monk. All my labor, all my bitter toil were done with the hope that we would reach the West together and attain the right fruit. Little did I realize that I would meet such vicious demons today! Having been thrown in here by my mistake, old Monkey will lose his life, and you will be stranded halfway up the mountain, unable to proceed. Could it be that my past misdeeds were what brought on my present ordeal?”

As he grieved like that, he suddenly thought to himself, “On the Serpent Coil Mountain that year, the Bodhisattva gave me as a gift three life-saving hairs. I wonder if I still have them. Let me search for them.”

He touched his whole body with his hands and found three hairs on the back of his neck to be especially stiff. Delighted, he said to himself, “All my hairs are quite soft, and only these three happen to be stiff. They must be my lifesavers!”

Clenching his teeth to endure the pain, he pulled off the hairs and blew on them a mouthful of immortal breath, crying, “Change!” One of the hairs changed into a diamond drill, the second one into a strip of bamboo, and the third into a piece of cotton rope. Bending the strip into the shape of a bow, he tied the rope to both ends and used it to guide the drill to drill away at the bottom of the vase. After awhile, light filtered in through a small hole. “Lucky! Lucky!” he said, highly pleased. “I can get out now!”

As he was about to use transformation to escape, the vase suddenly turned cool once more. Why, you ask? Once he drilled through the vase’s bottom, you see, the two forces of yin and yang leaked out.

Dear Great Sage! He retrieved his hairs and, shrinking the size of his body, changed into a mole cricket, so delicate that it was no thicker than a strand of whisker and no longer than a piece of eyebrow hair. He crawled out of the hole, but instead of leaving, he flew directly up to the old demon’s head and alighted on it. The old demon was drinking merrily when all of a sudden, he put down his cup and said, “Third Younger Brother, has Pilgrim Sun melted?”

“It’s about time, isn’t it?” said the third demon, smiling.

The old demon gave the order for the vase to be brought up to the table, and those thirty-six little fiends immediately went to haul it.

When they discovered, however, that the vase had become very light, the terrified fiends cried, “Great Kings, the vase has turned light.”

“Nonsense!” snapped the old demon. “Our treasure is the perfect product of the double forces of yin and yang. How could it have turned light?” One of the more courageous little fiends picked up the vase all by himself and brought it near the table, saying, “See for yourself whether it’s lighter or not.” Removing the stopper, the old demon peered inside and, when he saw a speck of light coming from the bottom, he burst out, “The vase is empty!” Unable to contain himself, the Great Sage shouted on his head, “My dear child! I’m gone!”

“He’s gone! He’s gone!” cried the other fiends. “Close the doors! Close the doors!” With one shake of his body, Pilgrim retrieved the clothes they took from him, and, changing back into his original form, bounded out of the cave. “Monster-spirits, don’t you dare be unruly!” he shouted back at them as he left. “The vase has been punctured, and it can’t be used on humans anymore. It’s only good for a night pot!” Merrily and noisily, he trod the clouds and went back to the place where he left the Tang Monk. The elder at the time was just saying a prayer toward the sky, using pinches of dirt as incense. Pilgrim stopped his cloud to hear what he was saying. With his hands folded before his chest, the elder bowed to the sky and said,

*I pray to all immortals of cloud and mist,
All devas, and Gods of Darkness and Light:
May they my good pupil, Pilgrim, assist
And grant him vast and boundless magic might.*

When the Great Sage heard such words, he was moved to even greater diligence. Causing the cloudy luminosity to subside, he drew near and said, “Master, I’ve returned.”

The elder took him by the hand and said, "Wukong, you've worked very hard! When you didn't come back after having gone deep into the mountain, I was very worried. Tell me truly what sort of good or evil may we expect in this mountain." With a smile, Pilgrim replied, "My trip was a successful one this time only because the creatures of the Land in the East are blessed with goodly affinity; and secondly, because the merit and virtue of my master are boundless and limitless; and thirdly, because your disciple has some magic powers." Whereupon he gave a thorough account of how he disguised himself as the Little Wind Cutter, how he was trapped inside the vase, and how he escaped. "Now that I can behold the countenance of my master once more," he said, "I feel like I have gone through another incarnation."

Thanking him profusely, the elder asked, "You didn't fight with the monster-spirits this time?"

"No, I didn't," replied Pilgrim. "You can't therefore, escort me across the mountain, can you?" asked the elder.

As he had always been a person who loved to win, Pilgrim began to shout, "What do you mean that I can't escort you across this mountain?"

"You haven't quite proven that you can prevail against them," said the elder. "Everything seems so muddled at the moment. How could I dare proceed?"

"Master," replied Pilgrim with a laugh, "you are not very perceptive! As the proverb says,

*A little yarn is no thread;
A single hand cannot clap.*

There are three old demons, thousands and thousands of little fiends, and only one old Monkey. How could I possibly fight with them?"

"The few cannot withstand the many," replied the elder. "I quite understand that you can't cope with them all by yourself. But Eight Rules and Sha Monk both have abilities. I'll tell them to go with you, so that your united efforts will sweep clean the mountain path and escort me through it."

"What you say is quite right," said Pilgrim, turning somewhat pensive. "Sha Monk, however, should stay here to guard you. Let Eight Rules go with me."

Terribly alarmed, our Idiot said, "Elder Brother, you're the one who is imperceptive! I'm rather crude, and I don't have much ability.

Even when I walk along, I resist the wind. Of what use am I to you?"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "even though you may not have great abilities, you are still another person. As the common folks say, 'Even a fart is additional air!' You can at the very least build up my courage."

"All right! All right!" said Eight Rules. "I hope you'll look after me a bit. When things become tight, don't play tricks on me."

"Do be careful, Eight Rules," said the elder. "Sha Monk and I will remain here."

Arousing his spirit, our Idiot mounted a gust of violent wind with Pilgrim and rode on the fog and the cloud to go up the tall mountain. When they arrived before the door of the cave, they found the door tightly shut and no one in sight. Pilgrim walked forward and, holding his iron rod, cried out in a loud voice, "Fiends, open your door! Come out quickly to fight with old Monkey!" When the little fiends in the cave reported

this, the old demon was deeply shaken. “The rumor spreading for years about how powerful that ape is,” he said, “has been proven true today!”

“Elder Brother, what do you mean?” asked the second fiend on one side. The old demon replied, “When that Pilgrim changed into Little Wind Cutter earlier this morning to sneak in here, we couldn’t recognize him. It was fortunate that our Third Worthy Brother spotted him at last and we managed to put him inside the vase. But he had the ability to drill through the vase and he escaped after he retrieved his clothes. Now he’s provoking battle outside. Who has enough courage to face him in the first fight?”

To this question of his, however, no one made a reply. He asked again, but still there was no answer, for everyone inside the cave was playing deaf and dumb.

His anger rising, the old demon said, “We’re earning ourselves an ugly reputation on the main road to the West. When Pilgrim Sun today can mock us like this and we do not go out to face him in battle, our fame will surely diminish. Let me risk this old life of mine to go have three rounds with him. If I can withstand him for three rounds, the Tang Monk will be the food of our mouths. If I can’t, let’s close up our door and let them pass.”

He put on his armor and opened the door to walk out. Pilgrim and Eight Rules stood by the door to stare at him, and he was some fiendish creature indeed!

*A jeweled helmet topped his iron-hard head,
With dangling tassels colorful and bright.
Like flashing lightning his two eyes did glow;
Like shining mist hair on both temples flowed.
His claws were like silver, both quick and sharp;
His sawlike teeth were even and thickset.
The armor he wore was one solid gold piece;
A smart dragon-head sash wrapped round his waist.
His hands held a shiny scimitar of steel:
The world rarely saw such heroic might.
With one bellow loud as a thunderclap
He asked, “Who on our door would dare to rap?”*

Turning around, the Great Sage said, “It’s your Venerable Father Sun, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.”

“Are you Pilgrim Sun?” asked the old demon with a laugh. “You audacious ape! I’m not bothering you. Why are you provoking battle here?” Pilgrim replied, “As the proverb says,

*The waves will only rise with the wind;
Water will subside without the tide.*

If you didn’t bother me, you think I would come looking for you? It’s because you bunch of thugs and hoodlums have banded together to plot against my master, planning to devour him. That’s why I’ve come to do this.”

“You show up at our door in such a menacing manner,” said the old demon. “Does that mean that you want to fight?”

“Exactly,” replied Pilgrim. “Stop acting with such insolence!” said the old demon. “If I ordered out my fiend troops, placed them in formation, raised the flags, and beat the drums to fight with you, all I would be doing is to show simply that I’m the

local tiger trying to take advantage of you. I'll face you alone, one to one, and no other helper will be permitted." On hearing this, Pilgrim said, "Zhu Eight Rules, step aside. Let's see what he'll do with old Monkey." Idiot indeed walked away to one side.

"You come over here," said the old demon, "and act as my chopping block first. If your bald head can withstand three blows of my scimitar, I'll let you and your Tang Monk go past. But if you can't, you'd better turn him over quickly to me as a meal." When he heard this, Pilgrim smiled and said, "Fiend! If you have brush and paper in your cave, take them out and I'll sign a contract with you. You can start delivering your blows from today until next year, and I won't regard you seriously!"

Arousing his spirit, the old demon stood firmly with one foot placed in front of the other. He lifted up his scimitar with both hands and brought it down hard on the head of the Great Sage. Our Great Sage, however, jerked his head upward to meet the blow. All they heard was a loud crack, but the skin on the head did not even redden. Greatly astonished, the old demon said, "What a hard head this monkey has!"

Chuckling, the Great Sage said, "You don't realize that old Monkey was

*Born with a bronze head and a crown of steel
That no one possessed in Heav'n or on Earth.
Unbreakable by the mallet or the ax,
It has gone in my youth into Laozi's stove.
Its making Four Dipper Stars had overseen
And Twenty- Eight Lodges applied their work.
It could not be wrecked though drowned a few times,
For tough sinews circled it all around.
Fearing still that it was not strong enough,
The Tang Monk added a fillet of gold!"*

"Stop bragging, ape!" said the old demon. "Watch the second blow of my scimitar! It'll not spare your life!"

"Why talk like that?" replied Pilgrim. "Isn't it enough that you hack away?"

"Monkey," said the old demon, "you have no idea that my scimitar is

*Metal in the furnace forged,
Wrought by the gods' drawn out work.
The fine blade and its mighty pow'r
Conform to military science.
It looks like the tail of a fly
And also a white serpent's waist.
In the mountain clouds would gather;
In the ocean waves would pile high.
Pounded and polished countless times,
It has been a hundred ways refined.
Though it's kept in an ancient cave,
It'll win once in battle it's placed.
I'll grab that nice, bald, priestly head of yours
And make two gourd halves with one mighty whack!"*

"This monster-spirit is so blind!" chuckled the Great Sage. "So, you think that old Monkey's head is a gourd! All right. I won't delay you. You can give me another blow."

The old demon lifted his blade to hack away once more, and again the Great Sage met it with his head. With a loud crack, the head was split in two, but the Great Sage also rolled on the ground immediately and changed into two bodies. Terrified by what he saw, the fiend lowered his scimitar. From a distance, Eight Rules saw everything and said, laughing, "The old demon should strike again, and there'll be four persons!" Pointing at Pilgrim, the old demon said, "I have heard that you are capable of the Magic of Body-Division.

But why are you exercising it in my presence?"

"What do you mean by the Magic of Body-Division?" asked the Great Sage.

"Why didn't you move when I gave you the first blow?" asked the old demon. "Why did you become two persons after the second one?"

"Fiend, don't be afraid," said the Great Sage, laughing. "If you cut me ten thousand times, I'll give you twenty thousand persons!"

"Monkey," said the old demon, "you may be able to divide your body, but I doubt whether you can retrieve your bodies. If you have the ability to become one again, you may give me a blow with your rod."

"No lying, now," said the Great Sage. "You said you wanted to hack me three times with your scimitar, and you have only done it twice. Now you want me to give you a blow with my rod. If I strike you even half a blow more, I'll give up my surname Sun!"

"Well said," replied the old demon.

Dear Great Sage! He embraced the other half of himself and, with a roll, became one person again. Picking up his rod, he slammed it down on the old demon, who parried the blow with his scimitar and said, "Brazen ape, don't you dare be unruly! What sort of a funeral staff is that that you dare use it to hit someone right before his door?"

"If you ask me about this rod of mine," snapped the Great Sage, "you should know that it has a reputation both in Heaven and on Earth."

"What kind of reputation?" asked the old demon. The Great Sage said,

*The rod of steel nine cyclic times refined
Was forged in the stove by Laozi himself.
King Yu took it, named it "Treasure Divine,"
To fix the Eight Rivers and Four Seas' depth.
In it were spread out tracks of planets and stars,
Its two ends were clamped in pieces of gold.
Its dense patterns would frighten gods and ghosts;
On it dragon and phoenix scripts were drawn.
Its name was one Rod of Numinous Yang,
Stored deep in the sea, hardly seen by men.
Well-formed and transformed it wanted to fly,
Emitting bright strands of five-colored mist.
Enlightened Monkey took it back to the mount
To experience its pow'r for boundless change.
At times I would make it thick as a drum
Or small and tiny as an iron wire.*

*Huge like South Mountain or fine as a pin,
 It lengthened or shortened after my desire.
 Move it gently and colored clouds would rise.
 Like flashing lightning it would soar and fly.
 Its cold air, far-reaching, would bring you chills;
 Its deadly aura could imbue the sky.
 To tame tigers and dragons it I kept;
 With me it toured all four corners of earth.
 I once disturbed with this rod the Hall of Heav'n;
 Its might broke up the Festival of Peach.
 Fighting it the devarāja had no chance;
 Against it Naṣa found the task most hard.
 Struck by the rod, the gods had no place to hide;
 One hundred thousand soldiers ran and fled.
 With thunder gods guarding Divine Mists Hall
 I leaped and fought to Hall of Perfect Light.
 All flustered were the ministers at court,
 And all divine officers were most confused.
 I raised my rod to topple the Dipper Hall
 And, turning, smashed the South Pole Palace.
 When Emperor Jade saw how fierce was my rod,
 Tathāgata was asked to face my wrath.
 Twas natural for a fighter to win or lose,
 But harsh confinement was my certain lot,
 Which lasted for a full five hundred years;
 Then came kind counsels from South Sea's Guanyin.
 There was, she told me, a priest of Great Tang
 Who offered to Heaven a stupendous vow:
 To save the souls from the City of Death,
 He would seek scriptures from the Spirit Mount.
 But demons infested the westward way;
 The journey thus was no convenient trek.
 Knowing the rod had in the world no match,
 She begged me to be his guardian on the way.
 Perverts, touched by it, would go to Hades,
 Their bones turning to flour, their flesh to dust.
 Every where fiends had died beneath the rod,
 In hundreds and thousands and countless scores.
 Above, it busted the Dipper Palace;
 Below, it smashed up all of Darkness Hall.
 In Heaven it chased the Nine Planetoids
 And wounded on Earth the summoner-judge.
 It dropped from midair to rule mountains and streams,
 Much stronger than Jupiter's new year sword.
 To guard the Tang Monk I bank on this rod,
 Having beaten this world's all monster-gods!*

When he heard these words, the demon trembled and shook, though he risked his life and raised the scimitar to strike. Beaming broadly, the Monkey King met him

with the iron rod. At first the two of them fought before the cave; after a while, they leaped up to do battle in midair. What a marvelous battle it was!

*A treasure that fixed Heaven River's depth
Was the rod, named Compliant, this world's prize.
Such vaunting talents the demon displeased,
Who raised his scimitar with magic might.
A conflict before the door might one resolve.
How could any be spared in a midair fight?
After his own feelings one changed his looks;
One's torso grew taller without delay.
They fought till clouds thickened in the sky
And fog drifted up from the ground.
That one made plans a few times to devour Tripitaka;
That one exercised his vast pow'r to guard the Tang Monk.
Because the Buddha wished the scriptures to impart,
Evil and good became clear, locked in bitter strife.*

The old demon and the Great Sage fought for over twenty rounds, but no decision could be reached. When Eight Rules down below saw, however, how intense a battle the two of them were waging, he could no longer stand idly by. Mounting the wind, he leaped into the air and delivered a terrific blow with his rake, aiming it at the monster's face. The demon was horrified, for he did not know that Eight Rules was a blunderer, someone without any real stamina. When he saw that long snout and those huge ears, the demon thought that the hands would also be heavy and the rake vicious. Abandoning his scimitar therefore, he turned and fled in defeat. "Chase him! Chase him!" shouted the Great Sage.

Relying on his companion's authority, our Idiot raised high the muckrake and went after the fiend. When the old demon saw him approaching, he stood still before the mountain slope and, facing the wind, changed back into his original form. Opening wide his huge mouth, he wanted to swallow Eight Rules, who was so terrified by the sight that he dove quickly into the bushes by the wayside. He crawled in there, without regard for thorns or prickles and with no thought of the pain of the scratches on his head; trembling all over, he stayed in the bushes to see what would develop.

In a moment, Pilgrim arrived, and the old fiend also opened wide his mouth to try to devour him, little knowing that this was exactly what Pilgrim desired. Putting away his iron rod, Pilgrim ran up to the fiend, who swallowed him in one gulp. Our Idiot in the bushes was so shaken that he muttered to himself, "How stupid is this Ban-Horse-Plague! When you saw the fiend coming to devour you, why didn't you run away? Why did you go up to him instead? You might still be a priest today inside his stomach, but tomorrow you'd be a big pile of droppings!" Only after the demon left in triumph did our Idiot crawl out from the bushes and slip away on the road he came.

We tell you now about Tripitaka, who waited with Sha Monk beneath the mountain slope. All of a sudden they saw Eight Rules running back and panting heavily. Horrified, Tripitaka said, "Eight Rules, how is it that you look so desperate? Where is Wukong?"

"Elder Brother," sobbed our Idiot, "has been swallowed by the monster-spirit in one gulp." When he heard this, Tripitaka collapsed on the ground, and only after a long time could he stamp his feet and pound his chest. "O disciple!" he cried. "I thought that

you were so adept in subduing the fiends that you could lead me to see Buddha in the Western Heaven. How could I know that you would perish in the hands of this fiend? Alas! Alas! The merit of this disciple and others have all turned to dust now!”

The master was beside himself with grief. But look at our Idiot! Instead of trying to comfort his master he called out, “Sha Monk, bring me the luggage. The two of us will divide it up.”

“Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “why do you want to divide it?”

“When we have divided it,” replied Eight Rules, “each of us can go our own way; you can return to Flowing Sand River to be a cannibal, and I’ll go back to the Old Gao Village to see my wife. We’ll sell the white horse, and that should enable us to buy a coffin for our master in his old age!”

The elder was already heaving in anguish. When he heard these words, he began to wail, calling on Heaven to help him all the time and we shall leave him there for the moment.

We tell you about that old demon, who thought it a smart thing to have swallowed Pilgrim. When he reached his own cave, the various fiends came to greet him and asked him about the battle. “I caught one,” said the old demon. Delighted, the second demon asked, “Which one did you catch, Big Brother?”

“It’s Pilgrim Sun,” replied the old demon. “Where have you caught him?” asked the second demon. The old demon said, “He has been swallowed into my stomach in one gulp.”

Horried, the third demon said, “O Big Brother, I’m sorry I haven’t told you, but Pilgrim Sun is inedible!”

“I’m very edible!” said the Great Sage in the belly. “Moreover, I satisfy! You’ll never be hungry again!”

The little fiends were so frightened that one of them said, “Great King, it’s terrible! Pilgrim Sun is talking inside your stomach!”

“I’m not afraid of his talking!” said the old demon. “If I have the ability to devour him, you think I have no ability to handle him? Go and boil me some salt water quickly. Let me pour it down my stomach and throw him up. Then we can have him slowly fried and eaten with wine.”

The little fiends indeed went and brought back half a pan of hot salt water, which the old demon immediately drained. Opening wide his mouth, he retched in earnest, but our Great Sage seemed to have taken roots in the stomach. He did not even budge. The old demon pressed his own throat and retched again and again until he became dizzy and dim of sight. Even his gall seemed to have been busted! But Pilgrim remained unmoveable as ever. After he panted for awhile, the old demon cried, “Pilgrim Sun, aren’t you coming out?”

“It’s too early!” replied Pilgrim. “I don’t feel like coming out!”

“Why not?” asked the old demon. “You’re not a very smart monsterspirit!” said Pilgrim. “Since I became a monk, I have led a rather penurious life. It’s the cool autumn now, and all I have on is an unlined shirt. This belly of yours is quite warm, and it has no draft. This is exactly where I should spend my winter.” On hearing this, all the fiends said, “Great King, Pilgrim Sun wants to spend the winter in your belly.”

"If he wants to do that," said the old demon, "I'll practice meditation. With my magic of hibernation, I'll not eat for a whole winter and starve that Ban-Horse-Plague."

"My son," said the Great Sage, "you are so dumb! On this journey in which old Monkey is accompanying the Tang Monk to go seek scriptures, we passed through Canton and I picked up a portable frying pan, excellent for cooking chop suey.

If I take time to enjoy your liver, chitterlings, stomach, and lungs, I think I can last easily till spring!"

"O Elder Brother," cried a horrified second demon, "this ape is capable of doing this!"

"O Elder Brother," said the third demon, "it's all right to let him eat the chop suey, but I wonder where he is going to set up the frying pan."

"On the fork of his chest bone, of course!" replied Pilgrim. "That's bad!" cried the third demon. "If he sets up the pan there and starts a fire, you'll sneeze if the smoke rises to your nostrils, won't you?"

"Don't worry," said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Let old Monkey punch a hole through his head with my golden-hooped rod. That will serve both as a skylight and a chimney." On hearing this, the old demon became quite frightened, even though he pretended to be brave and said, "Brothers, don't be afraid.

Bring me our medicinal wine. I'll drink a few goblets and kill that ape with the drug." Smiling to himself, Pilgrim said, "When old Monkey caused great disturbance in Heaven five hundred years ago, he devoured the elixir of Laozi, the wine of the Jade Emperor, the peaches of the Lady Queen Mother, and all kinds of dainties like phoenix marrow and dragon liver. What, in fact, have I not tasted before? What kind of medicinal wine is this that he dares use to drug me?"

After the little fiends went and bailed two pots of the medicinal wine, they filled a large goblet and handed it to the old demon. The moment he took it in his hands, however, our Great Sage could smell the wine's fragrance even inside the belly of the demon. "I won't allow him to drink it!" he said to himself. Dear Great Sage! With a twist of his head, he turned his mouth into the shape of a trumpet which he placed immediately below the throat of the old demon. When the old demon drank in one gulp the goblet of wine, it was immediately swallowed by Pilgrim. When he drank the second goblet, it, too, was swallowed by Pilgrim, and in this way seven or eight goblets went down the throat of the demon. Putting down the goblet, the old demon said, "I'm not drinking anymore. It used to be that two goblets of this wine would make my stomach feel like fire. I drank seven or eight goblets just now, and my face hasn't even reddened!"

But our Great Sage, you see, could not take too much wine. After he had swallowed seven or eight gobletfuls from the old demon, he became so delirious that he began to do calisthenics without pause inside the demon's belly. He did jumping jacks and cartwheels; he let loose high kicks; grabbing the liver he used it for a swing, and he went through handstands and somersaults, prancing madly here and there. So unbearable was the pain that the fiend slumped to the ground. We do not know whether he died or not; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-SIX

*Mind-Spirit dwells at home, and demons revert to nature
Wood Mother together subdues the fiend's true self*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who dallied inside the belly of the old demon for quite a while until the latter dropped to the ground, hardly breathing or speaking a word. Thinking that the demon might be dead, the Great Sage released his hold somewhat on the demon's innards, and, having caught his breath once more, the demon chief called out, "Most compassionate and merciful Bodhisattva Great Sage, Equal to Heaven!" When he heard that, Pilgrim said, "Son, don't waste your energy! Spare a few words and just address me as Grandpa Sun!"

As he had great regard for his own life, that fiendish demon did indeed cry out, "Grandpa, grandpa! It's my fault! I made a terrible mistake in swallowing you, and now you're in a position to harm me. I beg the Great Sage to be merciful and have regard for the life-seeking wish of an ant. If you spare my life, I'm willing to send your master across this mountain." Now, though the Great Sage was a warrior, he thought only of the Tang Monk's progress. When he, a person not unreceptive to compliments, heard how pitifully the fiendish demon was begging him, he became kindhearted again. "Fiend," he cried, "I'll spare you. But how will you send my master off?"

"We have no silver or gold, pearl or jade, cornelian, coral, crystal, amber, tortoiseshell, or any such precious treasure to give to you," said the old demon. "But we three brothers will carry your master on a palanquin made of scented vines, and that's how we will send your master across this mountain."

"If you're going to take him across in a palanquin," said Pilgrim, laughing, "that's better than giving us treasures. Open your mouth wide and I'll come out."

The demon chief did open his mouth wide, but the third demon walked up to him and whispered, "Big Brother, when he's about to get out, bite down hard. Chew that little monkey to pieces and swallow him. Then he won't be able to torture you any more." Pilgrim, however, heard everything. Instead of crawling out himself, he stuck out his golden-hooped rod ahead of him to see if the way was clear. The fiend gave it a terrific bite; with a loud crack, one of his front teeth broke to pieces. Withdrawing his rod, Pilgrim said, "Dear fiend! I have already spared your life, but you want to bite me and kill me instead! I'm not coming out! I'm going to torture you until you drop! No, I'm not coming out!"

"Brother," complained the old demon to the third demon, "you've victimized your own kin! It would have been better if we had invited him to come out. You told me to bite him instead. He has not been bitten, but my teeth have been sorely hurt. What shall we do now?" When that third demon saw that the blame was put on him, he resorted to the method of "Piquing the General."

"Pilgrim Sun," he cried in a loud voice, "Your fame has been so loudly proclaimed that it strikes the ear like a crack of thunder! I have been told how you displayed your power before the South Heavenly Gate, how you showed your form beneath the Hall of Divine Mists, and how you have subdued monsters and bound demons on the way to the Western Heaven. But you are really nothing but an apish small-timer!"

“In what way am I a small-timer?” asked Pilgrim. The third fiend said, “As the proverb says,

*The valiant stays in the clear;
His fame spreads both far and near.*

If you come out and let me fight with you, then you may consider yourself a hero. How can you be satisfied with fooling about in someone’s stomach? If you’re not a small-timer, what are you?” When Pilgrim heard these words, he thought to himself, “Yes, yes, yes! If I pull his intestines apart and bust up his bladder, I can finish off this fiend right now. What’s so difficult about that? Yet that will truly ruin my reputation. All right! All right! You open your mouth wide, and I’ll come out to wage a contest with you. But the entrance to your cave is too narrow for us to use our arms. You must get out to a more spacious area.” On hearing this, the third demon called up at once all the fiends; young and old, there were more than thirty thousand of those monster-spirits. Each grasping a sharp weapon, they went out of the cave to arrange themselves in the formation of the Three Forces and do battle with Pilgrim once he came out. The second fiend supported the old demon as he walked out of the door, crying, “Pilgrim Sun, if you’re a hero, come out! There’s a fine battlefield right here for you to fight on.”

Even inside the demon’s stomach the Great Sage could hear the din and hubbub outside, and he knew that they had arrived at a spacious region. He thought to himself, “If I don’t go out, it’ll mean that I have gone back on my word. If I do, however, I don’t know what this monster-spirit with his human face but bestial heart is capable of doing. He said at first that he would send my master across the mountain, but actually he was trying to deceive me and bite me. Now he has even ordered his troops here . . . All right! All right! I’m going to take care of two things at once for him. I’ll go out, but I will plant a root firmly in his stomach.”

He reached behind him and pulled off a piece of hair from his tail, blew his immortal breath on it, and cried, “Change!” It changed at once into a rope no thicker than a piece of hair but some four hundred feet long. (The rope, you see, would grow thicker once it was exposed to wind.) He fastened one end of the rope to the heart of the monstrous fiend, but he left the knot loose enough so as not to hurt the fiend for the moment. Taking hold of the other end, he smiled and said to himself, “Even after I get out, he will have to send my master across the mountain. If he refuses and raises arms against me, I won’t even bother to fight with him. All I need to do is to tug at this little rope, and it’ll be as if I’m still in his belly.”

He then reduced the size of his own body and began to crawl out; when he reached the lower part of the fiend’s throat, he saw that the monster-spirit had opened wide his square mouth, with fine teeth standing above and below like rows of sharp swords. Quickly he thought to himself, “That’s not good! That’s not good! If I leave through his mouth and then try to tug at this rope, he’ll bite through it once he begins to hurt. I must get out through some place where he has no teeth.”

Dear Great Sage! Dragging the rope along, he crawled further up the throat of the fiend until he entered one of the nasal passages. A sudden itch in the old demon’s nose caused him to “Ah-choo” loudly, and Pilgrim was sneezed right out.

The moment Pilgrim was exposed to the wind, he stretched his waist once and immediately grew to some thirty feet tall, with one hand holding the rope and the other grasping the iron rod. Not knowing any better, the demon chief, as soon as he saw Pilgrim, lifted up his steel scimitar and hacked away at his opponent’s face. Pilgrim

parried the blow with one hand holding the iron rod. At the same time, the second fiend, using a lance, and the third fiend, using a halberd, both rushed forward and rained blows on him. Putting away his iron rod and letting the rope hang loose, the Great Sage leaped up to the clouds and dashed away. He was afraid, you see, that once the little fiends had surrounded him, he would not be able to carry out his plan. He therefore jumped clear of their camp to reach a spacious spot on the peak of the mountain. Dropping down from the clouds, he grabbed the rope with both hands and tugged with all his strength, and immediately a sharp pain shot through the heart of the old demon. To lessen the pain, the demon clawed his way into the air also, but the Great Sage gave his rope another yank. When the little fiends saw what was happening out there, they all cried out:

“O Great King! Don’t provoke him anymore! Let him go! This little monkey has no sense of the seasons! Clear Brightness hasn’t arrived yet, but he’s flying a kite over there already!” When he heard this, the Great Sage gave the rope yet another mighty tug: hurtling through the air like a spinning wheel, the old demon fell to the ground with a thud, making a crater about two feet deep in the hardened loess beneath the mountain slope.

The second and the third fiends were so terrified that they both dropped down from the clouds and went forward to take hold of the rope. “Great Sage,” they pleaded as they both knelt down, “we thought you were a lenient and magnanimous immortal, but you are no better than a slippery sneak. We wanted to lure you out to fight with you, and that’s the honest truth. How could we know that you would fasten this rope onto the heart of our elder brother?”

“You bunch of lawless demons,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “you have a lot of nerve! Last time you tried to bite me when you tricked me to come out, and this time you bring up all these troops against me. Look at those thousands of fiend soldiers confronting me, and I’m single-handed! That’s not quite reasonable, is it? No, I’m yanking you along! I’m yanking you along to see my master!” Kowtowing along with his brothers, the old demon said, “Be merciful, Great Sage. Spare my life, and I’ll be willing to send the Venerable Master across this mountain.”

“If you want your life,” said Pilgrim with another laugh, “all you need to do is to cut the rope with a knife.”

“Holy Father!” said the old demon. “I may be able to cut off the rope, but there’s still another strip of it fastened to my heart. It’s sticking to my throat and making me retch. What shall I do?”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “open wide your mouth and I’ll go in again to untie the rope.”

Greatly alarmed, the old demon said, “Once you go in, you might refuse to come out again. That’s too hard! That’s too hard!” Pilgrim said, “I have the ability to untie the rope from the outside. After I have done so, are you really planning to escort my master across this mountain?”

“The moment you untie it,” replied the old demon, “we’ll escort him at once. I dare not lie.” When he ascertained that the old demon was speaking the truth, the Great Sage shook his body once and retrieved his hair; immediately the fiend felt no pain in his heart. (That was the deceptive magic of the Great Sage Sun, you see, when he fastened the demon’s heart with a piece of hair. When the hair was retrieved, the fiend’s heart no longer ached.) Leaping up together, the three fiends thanked the Great Sage,

saying, "Please go back first, Great Sage, and tell the Tang Monk to pack up his things. We'll bring a palanquin along to escort him."

The various fiends all put away their weapons and went back to their cave.

After the Great Sage had put away his rope, he went straight back to the east side of the mountain, where from a great distance he could already see the Tang Monk rolling all over the ground and wailing loudly. Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk had the wrap untied and were just in the process of dividing up the contents. "I needn't be told whose doing this is!" sighed Pilgrim to himself. "Eight Rules must have informed Master that I was devoured by the monster-spirit. Master is wailing because he can't bear to part with me, but that Idiot is dividing things up so he can run off. Alas, I wonder if I've got the right interpretation! I'll call Master and see what happens."

He dropped down from the clouds and cried, "Master!" On hearing this, Sha Monk at once began to berate Eight Rules, saying, "You are

*A sure coffin-maker
Who does in ev'ry taker!*

Elder Brother is still alive, but you said he was dead so you could engage in your shoddy business here. Isn't he the one calling now?"

"I clearly saw him being swallowed by the monster-spirit with one gulp," said Eight Rules. "This must be an unlucky day, I suppose, and his spirit has returned to haunt us."

Going straight up to him, Pilgrim gave Eight Rules's face a whack that sent him stumbling.

"Coolie," he shouted, "am I haunting you?" Rubbing his face, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, you were devoured by that fiend. You . . . how could you come alive again?"

"I'm no useless moron like you!" replied Pilgrim. "So he ate me, but I scratched his guts and pinched his lungs. I also put a rope through his heart and pulled at him until the pain was unbearable. Every one of them kowtowed and pleaded with me. Only then did I spare their lives. They are now preparing a palanquin to take our master across this mountain." When he heard these words, our Tripitaka scrambled up at once and bowed to Pilgrim, saying, "O disciple! I have caused you great inconvenience! If I had believed Wuneng's words completely, I would have been finished." Raising his fists to punch at Eight Rules, Pilgrim scolded him, saying, "This overstuffed coolie! He's so slothful and so callow! Master, please don't worry any more. Those fiends are coming to take you across the mountain."

Even Sha Monk felt embarrassed by these words, so much so that he hurriedly offered a few excuses for Eight Rules. They then gathered up the luggage and loaded it once more onto the horse's back. We shall now leave them for the moment waiting by the wayside.

We tell you instead about those three demon chiefs, who led the flock of spirits to return to their cave. "Elder Brother," said the second fiend, "I thought Pilgrim Sun was someone endowed with nine heads and eight tails, but I can see what he actually is—a puny little ape! Nevertheless, you shouldn't have swallowed him. If we had just fought with him, he could never have withstood you and me. With these thousands of monster-spirits in our cave, we could have drowned him just by spitting. But you had to swallow him into your stomach, where he could exercise his magic to make you suffer.

We certainly didn't dare wage any contest with him then. Just now we said we were planning to escort the Tang Monk. That was all pretense, of course, because your life was more important than anything else. Once we tricked him into coming out, we would never escort that monk."

"Worthy brother," said the old demon, "what is your reason for reneging?"

"Give me three thousand little fiends," replied the second fiend, "and put them in battle formation. I have ability enough to capture that ape-head!"

"Don't ask for a mere three thousand," said the old demon. "You have my permission to call up the whole camp! Just catch him, and everyone will have made merit."

The second demon at once called up three thousand little fiends and had them spread out by the side of the main road. A blue banner-carrier was sent to convey this message:

"Pilgrim Sun, come out quickly and fight with our Second Father Great King." When Eight Rules heard this, he laughed and said, "O Elder Brother! As the proverb says,

A liar can't fool his fellow-villager.

What sort of skulduggery, what sort of hanky-panky is this when you tell us that you've subdued the monster-spirits, that they are fetching a palanquin to escort Master? Now they are here to provoke battle. Why?"

"The old fiend," said Pilgrim, "was subdued by me. He wouldn't dare show himself, for if he had caught even a whiff of the name Sun, he would have a headache now! This has to be the second fiendish demon, who can't stand the thought of escorting us. That's the reason for this challenge to battle. Let me tell you something, Brother. Those monster-spirits happen to be three brothers, and they all behave gallantly toward each other. We are also three brothers, but there's no gallantry at all among ourselves. I have already subdued the eldest demon. Now that the second demon has shown himself, the least you can do is to fight with him a bit. Is that too much to ask of you?"

"I'm not scared of him," replied Eight Rules. "Let me go and wage a battle with him."

"If you want to go," said Pilgrim, "go!" Laughing, Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother, I'll go. But lend me that little rope of yours."

"What for?" asked Pilgrim. "You don't have the ability to crawl inside his stomach, nor are you capable of fastening it to his heart. Why do you want it?"

"I want it fastened around my waist," said Eight Rules, "as a lifeline! You and Sha Monk should take hold of it at the other end and then let me go out there to do battle. If you see that I'm winning, loosen the rope and I'll be able to capture the monster. If I lose, however, you must pull me back, so that he won't be able to grab me." Pilgrim smiled to himself, saying, "This will be some trick on Idiot!"

He did indeed tie the rope around Eight Rules's waist and urged him to do battle.

Lifting high his muckrake, our Idiot ran up to the ledge of the mountain and cried, "Monster-spirit, come out and fight with your ancestor Zhu!"

The blue banner-carrier went quickly to report:

“Great King, a priest with a long snout and big ears has arrived.”

The second fiend left the camp at once; when he saw Eight Rules, he did not utter a word but lifted his lance to stab at his opponent’s face.

Our Idiot went forward to face him with upraised rake, and the two of them joined in battle before the mountain slope. Hardly had they gone for more than seven or eight rounds, however, when Idiot’s hands grew weak and could no longer withstand the demon. Turning his head quickly, he shouted, “Elder Brother, it’s getting bad! Pull the lifeline! Pull the lifeline!” When the Great Sage on this side heard those words, he slackened the rope instead and let go of it. Our Idiot was already fleeing in defeat. The rope tied to his waist, you see, was no hindrance when he was going forward. But when he turned back, because it was hanging loose it quickly became a stumbling-block and tripped him up. He scrambled up only to fall down again. At first he only stumbled, but thereafter he fell snout-first to the ground. Catching up with him, the monster-spirit stretched out his drag-onlike trunk and wrapped it around Eight Rules. Then he went back to the cave in triumph, surrounded by the little fiends all singing victory songs.

When Tripitaka below the mountain slope saw what happened, he berated Pilgrim, saying, “Wukong, I can’t blame Wuneng for cursing you to death. I see that there’s no love or amity between you brothers at all, only mutual hatred and envy! He was yelling for you to pull the lifeline. How could you not do that and let go of the rope instead? Now he’s been harmed. What shall we do?”

“Master,” replied Pilgrim, laughing, “you’re always so protective, so partial! All right, when old Monkey was taken captive, you didn’t show much concern. I was quite dispensable! But no sooner had this Idiot been taken captive than you began to blame me. I want him to suffer a little, for only then will he realize how difficult it is to fetch the scriptures.”

“O disciple,” said Tripitaka, “you think I wasn’t concerned about you when you were captured? But you, after all, are most capable of transforming yourself, and I thought that surely you would not be harmed. That Idiot, however, has a rather cumbersome build, and he’s not agile at all. When’s he’s taken like this, he’ll meet more ill than good. You must go rescue him.”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “don’t complain any more. Let me go rescue him.”

He bounded quickly up the mountain, but he said spitefully to himself, “Since Idiot wanted to curse me to death, I’m not about to gratify him so easily. I’ll follow the monster-spirits and see how they plan to treat him. Let him suffer a little first, and then I’ll rescue him.”

Thereupon he recited a magic spell; with one shake of his body, he changed into a tiny mole cricket. Darting away, he alighted on the base of one of Eight Rules’s ears and went back to the cave with the monster-spirits. The second demon led the three thousand little fiends, all blowing bugles and beating drums, up to the entrance of the cave where they were to be stationed. He himself took Eight Rules inside and said, “Elder Brother, I’ve caught one.”

The old fiend said, “Bring him here and let me have a look.”

The second demon loosened his trunk and flung Eight Rules on the ground, saying, “Isn’t this the one?”

“This one,” said the old fiend, “is quite useless!” On hearing this, Eight Rules spoke up:

“Great King, let the useless one go. Find the useful one instead and catch him.”

“Though he may be useless,” said the third fiend, “he is still Zhu Eight Rules, a disciple of the Tang Monk. Let’s tie him up and send him to soak in the pond in the back. When his hairs are soaked off, we’ll rip open his belly, cure him with salt, and sundry him. He’ll be good with wine when it turns cloudy.”

Horried, Eight Rules said, “Finished! Finished! I’ve run into a fiend who’s a pickle merchant.”

The various fiends all joined in and had Idiot hog-tied before hauling him to the edge of the pond. After shoving him out toward the center of the pond, they turned and left. The Great Sage flew up into the air to have a look, and he found our Idiot half floating and half submerged in the pond, with his four legs turned upward and his snout downward, snorting and blowing water constantly. He was a laughable sight indeed, like one of those huge black lotus roots of late autumn that has cast its seeds after frost. When the Great Sage saw those features, he was moved to both anger and pity. “What am I to do?” he thought to himself. “He is, after all, a member of Buddha’s Birthday Feast. But I’m so mad at him, for at the slightest excuse he will divide up the luggage and try to run off. And he’s always egging Master on to cast that Tight-Fillet Spell on me. I heard from Sha Monk the other day that he had managed to put away some private savings. I wonder if it’s true.

Let me give him a scare!”

Dear Great Sage! Flying near Eight Rules’s ear, he assumed a different voice and called out:

“Zhu Wuneng! Zhu Wuneng!”

“Of all the rotten luck!” mumbled an apprehensive Eight Rules. “Wuneng happens to be a name given to me by the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin.

Since I followed the Tang Monk, I have also been called Eight Rules. How is it that someone at this place should know me as Wuneng?” Unable to restrain himself, Idiot asked, “Who is calling me by my religious name?”

“It is I,” replied Pilgrim. “Who are you?” asked Idiot, and Pilgrim said, “I’m a summoner.”

“Officer,” said Idiot, growing more and more alarmed, “where did you come from?” Pilgrim said, “I’ve been sent by the Fifth Yama King to summon you.”

“Officer,” said Idiot, “please go back. Inform the Fifth Yama King that, for the excellent friendship he enjoys with my elder brother, Sun Wukong, I should be spared one more day. Have me summoned tomorrow.”

“Rubbish!” replied Pilgrim. “As the proverb says,

*When Yama at third watch wants you to die,
Who dares detain you till fourth watch goes by?*

Hurry up and follow me, so I don’t have to put the rope on you and pull you along.”

“Officer,” said Idiot, “I’m asking no big favor of you. Just look at my face. You think I can live? I know I’m going to die, but I want to wait one more day—until those monster-spirits have my master and the rest of them captured and brought here. We can then enjoy a last reunion before we all expire.”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, smiling to himself, “I have about thirty other people here to be rounded up. Let me go get them first, and that’ll give you another day. You have any travel money? Give me some.” Idiot said, “How pitiable! Where does a person who has left home have any travel money?”

“If not,” said Pilgrim, “I’ll rope you up and you can follow me!”

“Officer,” cried Eight Rules, horrified, “please don’t rope me! I know that little rope of yours has the name of the Life-Dispatching Cord. Once you put it on me, I’ll breathe my last. Yes! Yes! Yes! I do have a little, but not much.”

“Where is it?” demanded Pilgrim. “Take it out quickly!”

“Pity! Pity!” replied Eight Rules. “Since I became a priest, I have bumped into a few philanthropic families who wanted to feed the monks. When they saw that I had a large appetite, they handed me a few pennies more than they gave my companions. Altogether I have managed to save about five maces of silver, but all that loose cash is hard to carry. When I last visited a city, I asked a silversmith to have it forged into a single piece. He turned out to be most unscrupulous, for he stole a few candareens and I was left with a piece of silver weighing but four maces and six candareens. You may take it.”

“This Idiot,” said Pilgrim to himself, smiling, “doesn’t even have a pair of pants on him. Where can he be hiding it?”

He asked, “Hey, where’s your silver?”

“It’s stuffed inside my left ear,” replied Eight Rules. “I’m all tied up, and I can’t get it for you. Take it out yourself.” On hearing this, Pilgrim reached into the ear and found the piece of silver: shaped like a saddle, it did in fact weigh about four mace and six candareen. When he took hold of it, he could no longer refrain from letting out a loud guffaw. Recognizing at once that it was the voice of Pilgrim, our Idiot, floating in the water, began to let loose a string of abuses. “You damned Ban-Horse-Plague!” he cried.

“I’m in such straits already, and you have to come extort money from me!”

“You overstuffed pig!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “In his attempt to protect Master, old Monkey has undergone who knows how much affliction. But you even manage to stash away private savings!”

“Shame on you!” replied Eight Rules. “What sort of private savings is this? It’s something that has been shaved off my teeth! I couldn’t bring myself to spend it on my mouth. I was hoping to save it for one garment on my back, but you have to scare it out of me. Give me back a little of that silver!”

“Not even half a candareen,” answered Pilgrim.

“I’ll give it to you as ransom money then,” scolded Eight Rules, “but you’d better rescue me.”

“Don’t be impatient,” said Pilgrim.

“I’ll rescue you.”

He put away the silver and changed back into his original form; with the iron rod he teased and guided Idiot in and then hauled him out of the pond by his feet. After he was untied, Eight Rules leaped up and took off his shirt to wring out the water. Shaking it a couple of times, he draped it on his body again, still dripping wet. "Elder Brother," he said, "open the back door and let's scam!"

"Escaping through the back door," said Pilgrim, "is that manly behavior? Let's fight our way out through the front door."

Eight Rules said, "But my feet are numb from being tied up. I can't move."

"Just be quick and follow me," said Pilgrim.

Dear Great Sage! He opened up with his iron rod and fought his way out; Eight Rules, though still feeling the numbness, had no choice but to follow him. When they reached the second-level door, they found the muckrake standing there. Pushing the little fiends aside, Eight Rules grabbed his weapon and began to rain blows left and right. After he and Pilgrim went through those three or four levels of door in this manner, they managed to slaughter countless little fiends. When the old demon heard of it, he said to the second demon, "That's some fine person you've caught! Now look at what Pilgrim Sun has done! He has robbed us of Zhu Eight Rules and they have struck down the little fiends at our door!" Leaping up hurriedly, the second demon grasped the lance and ran out of the main gate. "Brazen ape!" he shouted in a loud voice.

"You insolent creature! How dare you insult us like this!" On hearing this, the Great Sage stood still, while the fiendish creature, without another word, attacked at once with the lance.

Pilgrim, the expert (as it were) was not exercised; wielding his iron rod, he faced his opponent head on. Thus the two of them began a magnificent battle outside the cave:

*Old, yellow-tusked elephant became a man
And sworn bond-brother to a lion king.
Because the big demon prodded and urged,
They all plotted to eat the priest of Tang.
Great Sage, Equal to Heav'n, of vast magic powers
Would help the Right to quell spirits perverse.
Inept Eight Rules fell to malicious hands,
But Wukong saved him, got him out the door.
When the fiend king gave chase, flaunting his strength,
Rod and lance joined up, each showing its might.
The lance of that one came like a python slicing through the woods;
The rod of this one soared like a dragon rising from the sea.
The dragon, cloud-shrouded, rose from the sea;
The python, mist-enwrapped, sliced through the woods.
Come to think of it, 'twas for the Tang Monk
That they strove bitterly without restraint.*

Though that Eight Rules saw the Great Sage fighting with the monster-spirit, he did not step forward to help his companion at all.

Standing the muckrake on the ground at the mouth of the mountain, he merely stood there and stared dumbly at them. When the monster-spirit saw how heavy Pilgrim's rod was, how tautly executed were his thrusts and parries, without the slightest hint of weakness or mistake, he blocked the rod with his lance and stretched

out his trunk to seize his opponent. Pilgrim, however, knew exactly what was happening; raising the golden-hooped rod horizontally high above his own head with both hands, he permitted the monster-spirit to wrap his trunk around his waist, but his hands remained free. Look at him! His two hands played with the rod on top of the monster-spirit's trunk like a drum majorette twirling a baton! When he saw that, Eight Rules beat his breast and cried, "Alas, that monster-spirit's so unfortunate! When he caught hold of a ruffian like me, he had even my hands wrapped up so that I could not move at all. But when he caught hold of a slippery creature, he didn't bother to wrap up his hands. All those two hands need to do is to jab the rod into his trunk. There'll be pain and snivel in that nostril. How could he hold on to his prisoner?" Now Pilgrim actually had not thought of doing that, but this time Eight Rules managed to give him an idea. Waving the rod once to turn it into a staff over ten feet long and having the thickness of a chicken egg, he jabbed it into the monster's trunk. Horrified, the monster-spirit loosened his hold at once with a loud snort. Pilgrim changed hands and, grabbing hold of the trunk, gave it a mighty tug.

To lessen his pain, the monster-spirit walked forward in the direction he was pulled. Only then did Eight Rules have the courage to approach them and rain blows onto the monster-spirit's side with his muckrake.

"No! No!" cried Pilgrim. "You have sharp teeth on your rake. If you puncture his skin and make him bleed, Master will blame us again for hurting life when he sees this. Just hit him with your rake handle."

Accordingly, our Idiot lifted the rake handle and gave the monster a blow with each step he took, while Pilgrim pulled him in front by the trunk. Like two elephant tenders, they herded the monster down the slope, where Tripitaka stood waiting with unblinking eyes. When he caught sight of them approaching noisily, he called out, "Wujing, can you see what it is that Wukong is dragging along?" Sha Monk took one look and said, smiling, "Master, Big Brother is pulling a monster-spirit by his trunk. What a lovely sight!"

"My goodness! My goodness!" said Tripitaka. "Such a huge monster-spirit! And what a long nose he has! Go and tell him, if he is gracious enough to escort us across this mountain, we'll spare him. We shouldn't hurt his life."

Hurrying forward to meet them, Sha Monk said in a loud voice, "Master says not to hurt him if that fiend is willing to escort us across this mountain." On hearing this the fiend immediately went to his knees and made a sort of wheezing reply. Since his trunk was gripped by Pilgrim, you see, he sounded as if he had a severe cold. "Venerable Father Tang," he huffed, "if you're willing to spare my life, we'll fetch a palanquin to escort you." Pilgrim said, "We master and disciples are all gracious winners. We believe you, and we'll spare your life. Go fetch the palanquin quickly. If you change your mind again, we'll certainly not spare you once we capture you."

After he had been freed, the fiend kowtowed and left, while Pilgrim and Eight Rules gave a full report to the Tang Monk. Overcome by embarrassment, Eight Rules began sunning his clothes in front of the slope to dry them, and we shall leave them for the moment.

The second demon, trembling all over, went back to the cave. Before he arrived, the little fiends had already made the report that he was taken captive and led away by the trunk. In dismay, the old demon and the third demon were just in the process of leading the troops out when they saw the second demon returning alone. After they had

welcomed him back and asked him what had happened, the second demon gave them a complete account of the Tang Monk's kind words and the claim of being a gracious winner. As they stared at each other, no one dared speak up for a long time. Then the second demon said, "Elder Brother, are we ready to escort the Tang Monk?"

"What are you saying, Brother?" asked the old demon. "Pilgrim Sun is in truth a kind and benevolent ape. When he was first in my belly, he could have finished me off a thousand times if he wanted to harm me. Just now, when he caught hold of your trunk, he could have given you a lot of trouble if he had refused to set you free and squeezed the tip of your trunk until it was punctured. Let's make the necessary preparations quickly and go escort them."

"Yes, let's escort them! Let's escort them!" said the third demon with a laugh.

"Worthy Brother," said the old demon, "you sound as if you are miffed. If you don't want to escort them, the two of us will go instead."

"Let me inform my two elder brothers," said the third demon, laughing some more. "If those priests did not want us to escort them and simply chose to sneak across this mountain, they would have been lucky. But since they insisted on our escorting them, they would certainly fall into my ploy of 'Seducing the Tiger to Leave Its Mountain.'" "What do you mean by 'Seducing the Tiger to Leave Its Mountain?'" asked the old fiend.

"Call up all the fiends in our cave," replied the third fiend. "We'll select one thousand from ten thousand of them, one hundred from that thousand, and then sixteen from that hundred. In addition, we want to select thirty more."

"Why is it," asked the old fiend, "that you want to select sixteen little fiends and then thirty more?"

"The thirty little fiends," replied the third demon, "will be selected for their culinary skills. We'll give them some fine rice, thin noodles, bamboo shoots, tea sprouts, fragrant mushrooms, straw mushrooms, bean curds, and wheat glutens, along with the order that they should set up camp at every twenty- or thirty-mile interval to prepare meals for the Tang Monk."

"And what do you want the sixteen fiends for?" asked the old fiend.

"Eight of them will haul the palanquin," said the third fiend, "and eight will shout to clear the way. We three brothers will accompany all of them for a distance. Some four hundred miles west of here will be my city, where I will have my men and horses to relieve us. Once we get near the city, all we need do is this, this, and this, so that those master and disciples will have no chance at all to look after each other. If we want to seize the Tang Monk, we'll have to rely on those sixteen demons to bring us success." When he heard these words, the old fiend could not have been more pleased; it was as if he indeed had snapped out of a hangover or awakened from a dream. "Marvelous! Marvelous! Marvelous!" he cried, and he at once called together all the fiends. He first selected the thirty members to whom he gave the foodstuff. Then he selected sixteen of them and they were told to haul out a palanquin made of fragrant vines. As they walked out the door, he gave them this instruction also:

"You are not permitted to wander off somewhere in the mountain. Pilgrim Sun happens to be a monkey full of suspicions. If he sees all of you milling about, he may suspect something and see through our plot." Leading the throng up to the side of the main road, the old fiend cried out in a loud voice:

“Venerable Father Tang, today does not clash with the dread day of Red Sand.

We are here to invite the Venerable Father to cross this mountain.” On hearing this, Tripitaka said, “Wukong, who are those people that are calling me?” Pointing with his finger, Pilgrim said, “That’s the monster-spirit old Monkey subdued. He has brought a palanquin to escort you.”

“My goodness! My goodness!” said Tripitaka, his palms pressed together as he bowed to Heaven. “If it hadn’t been for the ability of my worthy disciple, how would I be able to proceed?”

He then went forward to salute the various fiends, saying, “I am greatly beholden to your love. When this disciple returns eastward with the scriptures, he will proclaim your virtuous fruits to the multitudes of Chang’an.”

As they kowtowed, the fiends said, “Let the Venerable Father ascend the carriage.”

Being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, that Tripitaka did not perceive that this was a trick. The Great Sage Sun, too, was a golden immortal of the Great Monad, who was by nature honest and upright. Since he thought that the experience of captivity and release had truly subdued the fiend, he did not expect any intrigue nor did he examine the situation carefully before he complied with his master’s wishes. After telling Eight Rules to load the luggage onto the horse and Sha Monk to follow the rear, he himself took up the lead, his iron rod resting across his shoulders. Eight of the little fiends lifted up the palanquin while eight others shouted to clear the way. With the fiend chiefs supporting the carryingpoles of the palanquin on both sides, the master sat amiably in the middle of the carriage as they took the main road up to the tall mountain.

Little did they realize, however, that once they were under way, sorrow would arrive in the midst of gladness. As a Classic says, “At prosperity’s end reversal’s born.

*They’ll meet Jupiter in their fated hour
And baleful spirits of those hung to death!*

That group of fiendish demons, of course, were most united in their efforts to gather around Tripitaka and most diligent in their service to him night and day. Hardly had they traveled thirty miles before they presented him with a vegetarian meal, and when they reached fifty miles, they fed him again. They even stopped before it was quite dark so that the master could rest. Throughout this leg of the journey, the fiends behaved most properly, and the pilgrims in their daily meals were fed to their hearts’ content. When they paused to rest, they found a nice place where they could sleep soundly.

They proceeded in this manner toward the West for some four hundred miles, and they suddenly found themselves approaching a city. The Great Sage, his iron rod uplifted, was walking about a mile ahead of the entourage, when the sight of that city gave him such a fright that he fell to the ground, hardly able to get up. Since he had always been so bold, you ask, what was it about the sight of that city that so terrified him? He discovered, you see, that the city was full of vicious miasmas. It was

*Crowded with fiends and monstrous demons;
At four gates were all rapacious spirits.
Their commander was an old striped tiger;
Their captain, a white-faced, ferocious cat.
Deer with jagged horns did carry their mail,*

*And wily foxes walked along the roads.
 Circling the city were thousand-foot snakes
 And huge, long serpents blocked the thoroughfares.
 Grey wolves barked orders beneath the towers;
 Leopards guarding arbors roared like humans.
 Those waving flags and beating drums were fiends all;
 Watchmen and patrol, all mountain spirits.
 Cunning hares opened doors to ply their trade;
 Wild boars toted their loads to do commerce.
 This in years past was a great and noble court.
 Now it's a city of tigers and wolves.*

As the Great Sage lay there nursing his fear, he suddenly heard the sound of wind behind his ears. He spun around to discover the third demon with both hands aiming a square-sky halberd directly at his head. Leaping up, the Great Sage wielded his golden-hooped rod to face his adversary. The two of them, both thoroughly aroused,

*Huffed and puffed, without exchanging a word;
 Clenched their teeth, as each wanted to fight.*

Then the old demon chief appeared and, after shouting an order, lifted up his steel scimitar to hack at Eight Rules. Hurriedly abandoning the horse, Eight Rules attacked with his muckrake. The second demon also grasped his lance to stab at Sha Monk, who parried the blow at once with his fiend-routing staff. Thus three demon chiefs and three monks, each engaging the other, began a most bitter battle right on top of that mountain. Those sixteen little fiends, all obeying the command, immediately went into action: they grabbed the white horse and the luggage before they overpowered Tripitaka in his palanquin, hauling him forward until they reached the edge of the city. "By the scheme of our Father Great Kings," they shouted, "we've caught the Tang Monk here!"

Those monster-spirits in the city, old and young, all ran down and opened wide the city gate. At the same time, they immediately gave the order that all the banners should be rolled up and the drums stopped; there were to be no battle cries or the beating of gongs.

"The Great King had told us before," they said, "that we were not to frighten the Tang Monk. The Tang Monk could not withstand fear, for once he was frightened, his flesh would turn sour, and he wouldn't be good to eat."

All those fiends,

*In great delight, beckoned Tripitaka;
 Each bowing, they received the master priest.*

They took the Tang Monk and his palanquin and carried him right up to the Hall of Golden Chimes, where they invited him to take a seat in the center and presented him with tea and rice. As they swarmed all over him, the elder was in a daze, for not a single person familiar to him met his sight. We do not know what will happen to his life; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-SEVEN

*A horde of demons affront native Nature
The One Body bows to True Suchness*

We shall not tell you for the moment about the affliction of the Elder Tang. Instead, we shall speak of those three demon chiefs, all united in their minds and efforts, who were engaged in a strenuous conflict with the Great Sage and his brothers halfway up the mountain east of the city, a battle that was something like

*An iron brush scrubbing a copper pan:
Each party's tough and hard.*

What a fight!

*Six substances and forms, six weapons;
Six body features and six sentiments;
Six evils of six organs from six desires;
A contest waged on six paths—six forms of birth.
In the comforts of spring of Thirty-six Halls,
Each of six forms or features had a name.
This one's golden-hooped rod
Had thousands of styles;
That one's square-sky halberd
Was fierce in a hundred ways.
Eight Rules's muckrake was savage and strong;
The second fiend's lance, able and in good form.
Young Sha Monk's treasure staff, no common thing,
Had intent to kill;
Old demon chief's steel scimitar, fine and sharp,
Would spare none, once upraised.
These three were a true monk's guardians whom none could face;
Those three were brazen wild spirits who mocked both lord and law.
At first it was so-so,
Then the battle turned fierce;
When six persons all used the magic of flight,
They each tumbled and turned on the edge of clouds.
In a moment the belched out mist and fog darkened Heaven and Earth,
And all you heard were the growls and roars.*

The six of them fought for a long time until gradually dusk sett led in; since the sky was already misty and a strong gust was blowing, it became completely dark in no time at all.

Now Eight Rules already had huge ears that hovered over his eyes, making the world seem more opaque than ever to him. His arms and legs slackened, and he no longer was able to parry the blows. As he turned to flee in defeat, his muckrake trailing behind him, the old demon gave him a blow with the scimitar that almost took his life. It was fortunate that he missed Eight Rules's head, but a few bristles on his neck were shaved off. He was, however, chased down by the old demon, who opened wide his

mouth and caught Eight Rules by the collar. The demon took his prisoner into the city, threw him to the little fiends to have him bound in the Hall of Golden Chimes, and then mounted the clouds once more to join in the battle.

When Sha Monk saw that things were going badly, he turned to flee after one last halfhearted blow with his treasure staff. The second fiend flung out his trunk with a snort and wrapped him up, hands and all. He was brought into the city, where the little fiends were instructed to have him bound beneath the steps of the hall also. Then the second fiend rose into the air to try to capture Pilgrim.

When Pilgrim saw that his two brothers had fallen into captivity, he realized he was unable to oppose three adversaries. As the saying goes,

*Even a good hand can't withstand two fists;
And two fists can't oppose four hands.*

With a cry, he broke through the weapons of those three fiendish demons and fled by mounting the cloud somersault. When the third fiend saw Pilgrim somersaulting away, he shook himself and revealed his original form. Flapping both his wings, he immediately caught up with the Great Sage.

How could he do this so readily, you ask? When Pilgrim caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, even one hundred thousand warriors from Heaven could not catch hold of him, for a single cloud somersault of his would traverse the distance of one hundred and eight thousand miles. But one flap of this monster-spirit's wing, however, could cover ninety thousand miles, and thus two flaps, in fact, would send him past the Great Sage. That was how the Great Sage fell into his clutches. The grip of the fiend was so firm that he could not move left or right at all, nor could he even exercise his magic power to escape; for when he enlarged himself, the fiend's clutch would loosen somewhat, and when he reduced his size, the fiend tightened his grip accordingly. He was thus taken back to the city, dropped to the ground, and he too was bound and placed together with Eight Rules and Sha Monk. As the old demon and the second demon came forward to meet him, the third demon joined them to ascend the treasure hall. Ah! Little did they realize that they had not bound Pilgrim; it was more like sending him off! It was about the hour of the second watch, when all those fiends, after they had greeted each other, pushed the Tang Monk down the steps of the hall. When the lamplight revealed to the elder his three disciples all bound up and lying on the ground, he fell down at Pilgrim's side. "O disciple!" he sobbed. "When we met with an ordeal, it was customary for you to exercise your magic powers outside so that you could seek assistance, when necessary, to subdue the demons. This time even *you* have been taken. How could this poor monk lay claim to his life?" When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard these words of anguish from their master, they, too, began to wail. Pilgrim, however, replied with a smile, "Master, relax! And stop crying, brothers! Let them do what they will, but you will not be harmed. Let the old demons quiet down first, and we'll be on our way."

"O Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you're fibbing again! Look at the way I'm tied up! When the ropes are just the least bit loosened, they immediately spit some water on them to make them tighter. A skinny fellow like you probably doesn't feel a thing, but that's a plague on a fatso like me! If you don't believe me, just look at my shoulders. The ropes have cut at least two inches into my flesh. How could we escape?"

“Not to mention the fact that we’re bound by hemp ropes,” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “Even if they use coir cables as thick as a rice bowl, I’ll treat the matter as lightly as an autumn breeze blowing past my ears! You needn’t wonder about that!”

As the three brothers were conversing, they also heard the old demon say, “Our Third Worthy Brother is most capable and most intelligent! His marvelous plan did indeed succeed in capturing the Tang Monk! Little ones, five of you will go bail water; seven of you will scrub the pots; ten of you will start the fire; and twenty of you will go fetch the iron steamer. Let’s have those four monks steamed for us brothers to enjoy. We’ll give each of you a small piece of their flesh so that you can all attain long life too.” On hearing this, Eight Rules shook all over and said, “Elder Brother, listen to that! That monster-spirit’s planning to have us steamed and eaten!”

“Don’t be afraid,” said Pilgrim. “Let me see if he’s a rookie or an old pro of a monster-spirit.”

“O Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “stop this idle chitchat! We’re about to become neighbors of King Yama, and you’re still talking about rookie or old pro!”

He had barely finished speaking when they heard the second fiend say, “It’s not easy to steam Zhu Eight Rules.”

Delighted, Eight Rules said, “Amitābha! Who’s accumulating secret merit by saying it’s not easy to steam me?”

“If it isn’t,” said the third fiend, “let’s skin him first before we steam him.”

Horried, Eight Rules yelled, “Don’t skin me! I may be coarse, but the moment the water gurgles, I’ll turn soft!”

The old fiend said, “The one not easily steamed should be placed in the bottom layer.”

“Don’t be afraid, Eight Rules,” said Pilgrim, laughing. “He’s a rookie, not an old pro.”

“How d’you know?” asked Sha Monk.

Pilgrim said, “Whenever you steam anything, the stuff placed on top always gets done first. That’s why you always put the toughest foodstuff in the top layer of the steamer; build up the fire until the hottest steam gets up there, and everything will be fine. But if it is placed in the bottom layer where the steam doesn’t get through that easily, you can steam the stuff for half a year and it still may not be cooked. He said just now that Eight Rules was not easy to steam, but he still wanted to put him in the bottom layer. Isn’t he a rookie?”

“O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “The way you talk, you sound as if you wanted me to be tortured alive! When they are hardpressed and see that I’m not fully steamed, they’ll pull off the steamer, flip me over, and build up the fire again. I’ll then be cooked on both sides but still raw inside, won’t I?”

As they were thus conversing, one of the little fiends went up to report:

“The water’s boiling.”

The old fiend gave the order at once for the various fiends to haul Eight Rules into the bottom layer and Sha Monk into the second. Suspecting that he would be next, Pilgrim decided it was time to leave, saying to himself, “I should be able to do something by this lamplight!”

He pulled off a piece of hair and blew his immortal breath onto it, crying, “Change!” It changed at once into a Pilgrim bound by the hemp ropes. His true body rose with his spirit into the air, where he stood still and peered downward. Those fiends, of course, could not tell the true from the false: the moment they came upon the false Pilgrim, they lifted him up and placed him inside the third layer. Only then did they push the Tang Monk to the ground, hog-tie him, and place him in the fourth layer. Fueled by dried wood, a terrific blaze soon flared up.

Perched on the edge of the clouds, the Great Sage sighed to himself, “That Eight Rules and Sha Monk of mine can still manage to withstand perhaps two seconds of boiling. But my master, all it takes is one second and he’ll turn soft! If I don’t use magic to save him, he’ll perish this instant!”

Dear Pilgrim! Making the magic sign in midair, he recited:

and Ram purify the dharma realm;

Key: Primary Reception Beneficial for Determination.

This spell at once caused the Dragon King of North Sea to arrive in the midst of a dark cloud, crying, “Aoshun, the little dragon from North Sea, kowtows to you.”

“Please rise! Please rise!” said Pilgrim. “I wouldn’t have bothered you without cause. I came here with Master Tang, who was caught by these vicious demons. He has been placed inside that iron steamer to be steamed. Please go and give him some protection so that he won’t be destroyed.”

The dragon king immediately changed himself into a cold gust of wind that blew toward the large pan. As it circled and coiled around the bottom of the pan, the three inside the steamer felt no heat at all, and that was how their lives were preserved.

Toward the end of the hour of the third watch, the old demon was heard saying, “Subordinates, we plotted and strained ourselves in order to catch the Tang Monk and his three companions, but that effort in escorting them cost us four sleepless days and nights. Now that they are bound inside the steamer, I doubt that they will be able to escape. All of you, however, should take good care in guarding them, and ten of you little fiends should take turns in tending the fire. Let us retire to our bedchambers and rest a little. By the fifth watch, when it’s about dawn, they will certainly be soft ened. You may prepare minced garlic, salt, and vinegar and awake us for the feast.”

The fiends all obeyed this instruction, while the three demon chiefs went to their bedrooms.

Standing on the edge of the clouds, Pilgrim heard everything clearly. He then lowered the direction of his cloud slightly, but he could hear no voices coming from the steamer. “When the fire is built up,” he thought to himself, “there must be heat. Why aren’t they afraid of it? And there’s not a word from them? Ha, could they be dead already? I’ll go nearer and listen again.”

Dear Great Sage! As he trod the clouds, he shook his body and changed immediately into a little black fly to alight on the trellised frame of the steamer.

“What rotten luck! What rotten luck!” he heard Eight Rules mumbling inside. “I wonder if we are being steamed the stuffy or the airy way.”

“What do you mean by that, Second Elder Brother?” asked Sha Monk. “The stuffy way,” replied Eight Rules, “the cover of the steamer will be put on. The airy way, the cover will not be used.”

“Disciples,” answered Tripitaka from the very top layer, “the steamer hasn’t been covered.”

“How lucky!” exclaimed Eight Rules.

“We’re not going to die yet tonight. This is steaming the airy way.” When Pilgrim heard them speaking like that, he knew that they had not been harmed. Flying up, he picked up the cover of the iron steamer and gently put it on. “Disciples,” said a horrified Tripitaka, “it’s covered now!”

“We’re finished!” said Eight Rules. “This is steaming the stuffy way. This night we’ll die for sure!” Whereupon Sha Monk and the elder began to weep.

“Let’s not cry just yet,” said Eight Rules. “I think a fresh batch of fiends have come to tend the fire.”

“How do you know?” asked Sha Monk. “When we were first placed in the steamer,” said Eight Rules, “it was an ideal situation for me. I’m suffering from a little arthritis, and I want that hot steam. Right now, however, there seems to be cold air coming up from the pan instead. Hey, you officers tending the fire! Why don’t you add some wood? What are you good for?”

“This coolie!” said Pilgrim to himself, unable to restrain a giggle. “Doesn’t he know that he can withstand the chill, but heat will kill him? If he talks any more like that, everything will be revealed. I must hurry and rescue him. But wait! To rescue him I must change back into my true form. When those ten fiends tending the fire see me, they will certainly make a raucous noise and disturb the old fiends. Wouldn’t that be a nuisance? Let me send them a little of my magic; I remember that when I was a Great Sage in Heaven, I once had a game of finger-guessing with Dhṛtarāṣṭra at the North Heaven Gate.

I won some sleep-inducing insects from him, and I still have a few of them here. Let me give them to the fiends.”

He felt around his waist and found that he had a dozen of those insects left. “I’m going to send them ten of these,” he said to himself, “and I’ll keep two for breeding.”

He flung the insects on the faces of those little fiends; as soon as they crawled into their nostrils, the fiends began to snore and fell asleep. One of them, however, was in charge of the fire fork and could not be induced to sleep soundly. Rubbing his head and face, this little fiend pinched and tweaked his own nose left and right, sneezing constantly. “This fellow,” said Pilgrim, “seems to know the business! I’ll give him a ‘Double-Handled Lamp.’”

He threw one more insect on the fiend’s face, thinking to himself:

“With two insects running in and out of his nostrils, at least one should pacify him!”

After two or three huge yawns, that little fiend stretched, abandoned his fire tong, and fell fast asleep without moving again.

“This little magic,” said Pilgrim to himself, “is truly both marvelous and efficacious!”

He changed back into his original form to walk near the steamer, crying, “Master!” On hearing this, the Tang Monk said, “Wukong, save me!”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “are you calling from the outside?”

“If I’m not outside,” said Pilgrim, “you think I’m suffering with you inside?”

“O Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “it’s always the same! The slippery one will slip away, but we are left behind to suffocate in here!”

“Don’t make so much noise, Idiot,” said Pilgrim, laughing. “I’m here to rescue you.”

“If you want to rescue me, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you must do a thorough job of it. Don’t let them put me back in the steamer!” Pilgrim then lifted up the cover and untied his master. After shaking himself to retrieve his hair that had changed into the specious Pilgrim, he went through the other two layers to free Sha Monk and Eight Rules. The moment he was untied, our Idiot wanted to flee.

“Don’t be in such a hurry! Don’t be in such a hurry!” said Pilgrim, and recited a spell to dismiss the dragon god. Finally, he said to Eight Rules, “There are still tall mountains and rugged peaks in the rest of our journey to the Western Heaven. Without a beast of burden, Master will find it exceedingly difficult to proceed. I must still go get our horse.” Look at him! With nimble hands and feet, he dashed inside the Hall of Golden Chimes, where he saw that the various fiends, old and young, were all asleep. Without disturbing any of them, he managed to untie the reins. Now, that animal was originally a dragon horse; if someone unfamiliar had untied him, he would have let fly both his hind legs and neighed. But Pilgrim, you see, had been a stableman; in fact, he had received the rank of Pi-ma-wên. Moreover, the horse recognized him; so he neither kicked nor neighed.

Quietly leading him forward, Pilgrim tightened the girth and fixed up the saddle properly before asking his master to mount. After the elder, still trembling all over, had climbed onto the horse, he too wanted to leave at once.

“Let’s not hurry,” said Pilgrim. “There are kings out there on the road to the west. We must have our travel rescript before we can proceed. Otherwise, what sort of passport do we have? Let me go find the luggage.”

“I recall,” the Tang Monk said, “that after we entered the door, these fiends placed our luggage to the left of the main hall. Even the pole is standing there below the steps.”

“I know,” replied Pilgrim.

He bounded into the treasure hall to look, and all at once he caught sight of flashes of light, which made him realize that the luggage was there. How did he know, you ask? Because the Tang Monk’s brocaded cassock had on it the luminescent pearl that glowed at night. As Pilgrim drew near, he saw that both the luggage and the pole were untouched. He brought them out quickly and told Sha Monk to pick up the pole.

With Eight Rules leading the horse and Pilgrim the way, they headed straight for the Central Gate of the Sun in front. Soon, however, the loud rattle of sentinel bells could be heard, and they saw that the door had a lock, and a seal was taped over the lock.

“How could we penetrate this kind of defense?” asked Pilgrim. “Let’s go to the back door instead,” said Eight Rules.

Pilgrim led the way toward the back door, only to return with this observation:

“I can hear sentinel bells outside the Rear Gate of the Servants as well, and that door too is locked and sealed. What shall we do? In such a situation, if it hadn’t been for

the mortal frame of the Tang Monk, the three of us could certainly escape by mounting the clouds and wind, regardless of where we were. But the Tang Monk has yet to transcend the three realms, for he still appears within the world of the five phases. His whole body has nothing but carnal bones bequeathed by his parents. He can't rise into the air. It'll be hard for us to escape."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "there's no need for further talk. Let's find some place where there are no sentinel bells or guards.

We'll lift Master up the wall and let him climb over it."

"That's not so good," replied Pilgrim, laughing. "Right now we may be forced to drag him over the wall like that, but when we return with the scriptures, I'm afraid that your loose idiotic mouth will be spreading word everywhere that we're wall-climbing priests!"

"But you can't worry about behavior now!" said Eight Rules. "We've got to flee for our lives!" Pilgrim had little choice but to agree with him; they located a section of the wall that was unguarded and began to scale it.

Alas, this was what had to happen! The star of calamity, as it were, had refused to release Tripitaka. As those three demon chiefs slept in their chambers, they were suddenly awakened by some commotion about the Tang Monk having escaped. Dressing hurriedly, they all ascended to the treasure hall and shouted the question, "How many times has the water boiled?"

Those little fiends tending the fire who had been put out by the sleep-inducing insects were sleeping so soundly that they could not be awakened even when beaten. Several others, who had no particular responsibilities, started up and answered confusedly, "Se- . . .

se- . . . se- . . . seven times!"

As they ran up to the pan, however, they saw that the several layers of the steamer were all thrown on the ground, while those supposed to tend the fire were still fast asleep. Horrified, the little fiends ran back to report, "Great King, they . . .

they . . . they have escaped!"

Hurrying down the hall, the three demon chiefs went forward to take a careful look at the pan: indeed they discovered that the layers of the steamer were strewn on the ground while both water and pan had turned cold because the fire was about to die out. Those tending the fire, however, were still snoring away. So astonished were the various fiends that they all shouted:

"Seize the Tang Monk quickly! Seize the Tang Monk quickly!"

All that hubbub immediately aroused the rest of the monster-spirits, old and young. Clutching cutlasses and lances, they swarmed from front and back up to the Central Gate of the Sun, where they found that neither lock nor seal had been touched, and heard the continuous rattle of the sentinel bells. They asked those on night patrol outside the door, "Where did the Tang Monk escape?"

The reply was that no one had come through the door. When they then rushed to the Rear Gate of the Servants, again they found that the seal, the lock, and the sentinel bells were like those out in front. The entire throng then spread out with torches and lanterns, lighting up the whole place until it was bright as day, and then they caught clear sight of the four pilgrims attempting to scale the wall.

“Where are you running?” roared the old demon as he dashed up to them. His legs weakened and his tendons numbed by fear, the elder fell down at once from the wall and was caught by the old demon. While the second demon seized Sha Monk and the third demon pinned down Eight Rules, the rest of the fiends took the luggage and the white horse. Only Pilgrim managed to escape. “Damn him! Damn him!” muttered Eight Rules as he was caught. “I told him to do a thorough job of rescuing us. Now it’s back to the steamer for us!”

The various demons took the pilgrims back to the main hall, but they did not want to steam them anymore. Instead, Eight Rules was tied to a pillar in front of the hall, and Sha Monk was taken to be bound to a pillar at the rear of the hall. The old demon, however, held on to the Tang Monk and refused to let go. “Big Brother,” said the third fiend, “why are you holding him like that? Are you going to swallow him alive? But that’ll take all the pleasure out of eating, for this creature can’t be compared with those foolish, common mortals that you can devour as a meal. He’s a rare creature from a superior state. You must take time, when you have the leisure, to prepare him like a gourmet dish. And you eat him to the accompaniment of good game, fine wines, and soft music.”

“What you say is quite right, of course, Worthy Brother,” said the old demon, smiling, “but in the meantime Pilgrim Sun will sneak back in here to steal him.”

“In this palace of mine,” said the third demon, “there is a pavilion of brocade-fragrance, inside which there is also an iron chest.

Listen to me: hide the Tang Monk in the chest and close up the pavilion. Spread the rumor—so that the little fiends all over our city will be talking about it—that the Tang Monk has been devoured alive by us. Undoubtedly that Pilgrim will come back to snoop around; when he hears the news, he will lose all hope and leave. After four or five days, when he’s stopped coming back to harass us, we can then take out the Tang Monk and enjoy him at our leisure. How about that?”

Highly pleased, both the old and second fiends said, “Yes! Yes! Yes! What our brother said makes perfect sense!”

And so they put the poor Tang Monk that very night into the iron chest, after which the pavilion was closed. The rumor that he had been eaten alive soon spread through the entire city, and we shall leave that for the moment.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who had to abandon the Tang Monk in the middle of the night and mount the clouds to escape. He went straight to the Lion-Camel Cave instead, attacked persistently with his rod, and succeeded in killing all ten thousand plus of those little fiends. Then he hurried back; when he reached the edge of the city, the sun was just rising in the east. He dared not, however, provoke battle. For

silk fiber is no thread;

A single hand cannot clap.

As he descended from the clouds, he shook his body once and changed into a little fiend to steal into the city. Through large boulevards and small alleys he tried to learn what was happening, and all he heard was:

“The Tang Monk has been devoured live by the great kings during the night.” Wherever he went in the city, that was the news he was told. Becoming more anxious, Pilgrim strode to the Hall of Golden Chimes to look around, and he saw many spirits in front of the hall, all wearing leather caps dusted with gold, and yellow cloth jackets.

With red-lacquered wooden staffs in their hands and ivory plaques dangling from their waists, they were marching back and forth. Pilgrim thought to himself, "These must be monster-spirits authorized to work in the palace. I'll change into one of them to snoop around inside."

Dear Great Sage! He really did change into an exact version of one of those fiends and sneaked inside. As he walked about, he caught sight of Eight Rules tied to one of the pillars in front of the hall and moaning. Pilgrim drew near and whispered, "Wuneng." Recognizing his voice, our Idiot said, "Elder Brother, are you here? Please rescue me."

"I will," replied Pilgrim, "but do you know where Master is?"

"Master's gone!" said Eight Rules. "Last night he was eaten alive by those monster-spirits." When he heard these words, Pilgrim let out a sob, and tears poured from his eyes.

"Elder Brother, don't cry," said Eight Rules. "I only heard the wild talk of the little fiends, but I didn't see it with my own eyes."

Don't let yourself be fooled. You should do some more investigating." Only then did Pilgrim stop weeping and walk further inside to investigate. There he saw Sha Monk tied to one of the pillars in the rear of the hall. He approached him at once, rubbed Sha Monk's chest with his hand, and said "Wujing." Sha Monk, too, recognized his voice and said, "Elder Brother, did you come in through transformation? Please save me! Save me!"

"Saving you is easy," replied Pilgrim. "But do you know where Master is?"

As tears dripped from his eyes, Sha Monk said, "O Elder Brother! The monster-spirits couldn't wait to steam Master. He was eaten alive!" When the Great Sage heard that the words of both his brothers were the same, he felt as if a knife had run through his heart. Not even bothering to rescue Eight Rules and Sha Monk, he leaped at once into the air and went back to the mountain east of the city. As he dropped down from the clouds, he broke into loud wailing, crying, "O Master!

*When, mocking Heaven, I landed in the snare,
You came to free me from my great despair.
seek the Buddha we set our heart and mind;
Ourselves we trained and demons we refined.
I did not know this day you'd meet with harm.
Now I can't take you to the wondrous palm.
It's not your lot to reach the blessed West.
What can I do when spirit leaves your chest?"*

As Pilgrim was grieving in this manner, he thought to himself, questioning mind with mind:

"This has to be all the fault of our Buddha Tathāgata! Sitting idly in that region of ultimate bliss, he had nothing better to do than to dream up those three baskets of scriptures! If he truly cared about the proclamation of virtue, he should have sent the scriptures to the Land of the East. Wouldn't his name then be an everlasting glory? But he wouldn't part with them so readily, and all he knew was to ask us to go seek them. Who would expect that Master, after the painful experience of a thousand mountains, would lose his life at this miserable place? All right! All right! All right! Let old Monkey mount his cloud somersault to visit Tathāgata and tell him about this. If he's

willing to let me send the scriptures to the Land of the East, it'll still mean the proclamation of the virtuous fruit in the first place, and the fulfillment of our vow in the second.

But if he's unwilling, I'll ask him to recite the Loose-Fillet Spell to release me from this band. Old Monkey will hand it back to him, go back to his own cave, and play king once more."

Dear Great Sage! Leaping up at once, he mounted his cloud somersault to head straight for India. It was hardly an hour before the Spirit Mountain came into view. In a moment, he dropped down from the clouds to land on the Vulture Peak, where he was immediately met by the Four Great Diamond Guardians, crying, "Where are you going?"

Bowing to them, Pilgrim said, "I must see Tathāgata on some business."

"This ape," snapped the Diamond Guardian Ever Abiding, the indestructible rāja of the Golden Beam Summit on Kunlun Mountain, "has a lot of gall! You have yet to thank us for exerting ourselves on your behalf some time ago when we restrained the Bull Demon.

But there's hardly even any show of courtesy when you see us today. If you have some business, we must make the report first, and you may enter only when you're summoned. This isn't the same as the South Heavenly Gate, where you can rush in and out at will.

Bah! Aren't you going to step aside?" Now the Great Sage was already sorely distressed. When he received this affront, he became so incensed that he thundered forth his protests, which soon reached the ears of Tathāgata.

Our Buddhist Patriarch was sitting solemnly on the lotus throne of nine grades and discussing the sūtras with the Arhats of Eighteen Heavens. He said to them, "Sun Wukong has arrived. All of you go out and usher him in here." Obeying this decree of Buddha, the arhats with two rows of sacred banners and treasure canopies went outside and intoned:

"Great Sage Sun, our Tathāgata has issued a summons for you." Only then did those Four Great Diamond Guardians step aside to allow Pilgrim to enter the monastery. After being led by the arhats up to the treasure lotus platform, he prostrated himself before Tathāgata as two streams of tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Wukong," said Tathāgata, "why are you weeping so sadly?"

"By the grace of your teachings vouchsafed repeatedly to him," replied Pilgrim, "this disciple has entered the gate of Holy Father Buddha. Since I returned to the right fruit, I became the protector of the Tang Monk, honoring him as my teacher and sustaining unspeakable hardships on our journey. The moment we arrived at the Lion-Camel City of the Lion-Camel Mountain, three vicious demons—they're a lion king, an elephant king, and a great roc—had my master captured. Even your disciple became their prisoner, and we were all bound inside a steamer to suffer the affliction of water and fire.

Fortunately your disciple managed to escape and call up the dragon king for assistance. That night we stole out with Master, but, unable to shake loose from the star of calamity, we were taken prisoners again. By morning, when I stole into the city to try to get some news, I learned that these vicious demons had devoured my master alive

during the night. Not a single piece of his flesh or bone was left behind! I saw only my younger brothers Wuneng and Wujing, who were bound there also. They too will soon lose their lives, I suppose. Your disciple had no choice but to come here to plead with Tathāgata. I beg you in your great compassion to recite the Loose- Fillet Spell and take off this band from my head. It will be returned to Tathāgata, and your disciple will be released once more to frolic on the Flower-Fruit Mountain.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when his tears streamed forth, as he sobbed uncontrollably.

“Wukong,” said Tathāgata with a smile, “don’t be so sad. You are hurting because one of those monster-spirits has vast magic powers and you can’t prevail against him.” Kneeling beneath Buddha’s throne and pounding his chest, Pilgrim said, “To tell you the truth, this disciple in years past brought great disturbance to the Celestial Palace and assumed the name of Great Sage. Since I acquired the way of humanity, I have never suffered loss, but this time I’m the victim of this vicious demon!” On hearing this Tathāgata said, “Cease your anguish. I do recognize that monster-spirit.”

All at once Pilgrim blurted out, “Tathāgata! I have heard people say that that monster-spirit is related to you!”

“This insolent ape!” said Tathāgata. “How could a monster-spirit be related to me?”

“If not,” replied Pilgrim with a laugh, “how could you recognize him?”

“By my eyes of wisdom,” said Tathāgata, “that’s how I recognize all three of them. The old fiend and the second fiend both have their proper masters. Ānanda and Kāśyapa, come! The two of you will mount the clouds and go your separate ways to Mount Five- Platforms and Mount E’mei. Summon Mañjuśrī and Viśvabhadra to come for an audience.”

The two honored ones departed at once with the decree.

“Mañjuśrī and Viśvabhadra,” said Tathāgata, “are the proper masters of those two fiends. But now that you mention it, the third fiend is indeed somewhat related to me.”

“On the paternal party,” asked Pilgrim, “or the maternal one?”

Tathāgata said, “At the time when Chaos parted, Heaven opened at the epoch of *Zi*, Earth developed at the epoch of *Chou*, and Man came into existence at the epoch of *Yin*.

*When Heaven and Earth mated,
Then myriad things were born.*

The myriad things consisted of beasts and fowl: of the beasts, the unicorn was the head, and the phoenix was the head of the fowl.

After having been fertilized by the aura of procreation, the phoenix also gave birth to the peacock and the great roc. When the peacock first came into the world, it was a most savage creature, able to devour humans. In fact, it could suck in a human being with one breath from a distance of some forty miles. I was on top of the Snow Mountain, having just perfected my sixteen-foot diamond body, when the peacock sucked me into his stomach. I could have escaped through his anal passage, but fearing that my body might be defiled, I cut my way out through his back and rode him back to

the Spirit Mountain. I was about to take his life, but the various buddhas stopped me with the observation that to hurt the peacock would be like hurting my own mother. That was why I detained him at the mountain instead and appointed him Buddha-Mother, the Bodhisattva Mahārāja Mayūra.

Since the great roc had the same parent as the peacock, it could be said that he was somewhat related to me.” On hearing this, Pilgrim said with a smile, “Tathāgata, according to what you’ve told me, you should be regarded as the nephew of that monster-spirit!”

“Only my presence, I fear, will bring that fiend to submission,” said Tathāgata. Touching his head to the ground, Pilgrim said, “I beg you to make this journey at once.”

Tathāgata left the lotus throne and went out of the monastery gate with the rest of the buddhas. There they saw Ānanda and Kāśyapa leading Mañjuśrī and Viśvabhadra on their way to the monastery also. As the two bodhisattvas bowed to him, Tathāgata asked, “How long have your beasts of burden been gone from your mountains?”

“Seven days,” replied Mañjuśrī. “Seven days in the mountain,” said Tathāgata, “are equivalent to several thousand years on earth. I wonder how many lives they have taken down there. You must follow me quickly if we are to retrieve them.” With one bodhisattva standing on each side of him, the Buddha and his followers rose into the air. You see

*Auspicious clouds adrift in all the sky,
As Buddha in mercy his wisdom doth ply:
He shows forth Heaven’s law of procreation,
Explaining Earth’s patterned transformation.
Before his face five hundred arhats stand;
Behind three thousand guardians form a band.
Ānanda, Kāśyapa follow left and right;
Mañ and Viśva the monstrous fiends will smite.*

It was as a peculiar favor granted him that the Great Sage succeeded in eliciting the assistance of the Buddhist Patriarch and his followers. In a little while, they caught sight of the city. “Tathāgata,” said Pilgrim, “the spot releasing black vapors over there is the Lion-Camel Kingdom.”

“Go down first,” said Tathāgata, “and provoke battle with those monster-spirits. You are permitted to lose but not to win. When you retreat back here, I’ll bring them to submission.”

The Great Sage lowered his cloud and landed on the city wall; his feet planted on the merlons of the battlement, he shouted, “Damned lawless beasts! Come out quickly to fight with old Monkey!”

Those little fiends standing on the rampart were so terrified that they dashed down to report:

“Great Kings, Pilgrim Sun is provoking battle on the battlement!”

“This ape hasn’t shown himself for about two days,” said the old fiend. “If he returns to provoke battle this morning, could it be that he has succeeded in getting some help?”

“We’re not afraid of whatever help he has gotten, are we?” said the third demon. “Let’s all go and have a look.”

Each grasping his weapon, the three demon chiefs rushed up to the battlement. When they saw Pilgrim, they raised their arms without a word and attacked. Pilgrim wielded his iron rod to meet them; after seven or eight rounds, however, he feigned defeat and fled, with the fiend kings all roaring, “Where are you going?”

The Great Sage shot up to midair with one somersault, but those three spirits all mounted the clouds to give chase. Immediately Pilgrim hurled himself into the golden radiance of Father Buddha and vanished from sight. What did appear were the three images of Buddha—Past, Present, and Future—together with five hundred arhats and three thousand guardians, who fanned out on all sides.

They had the three fiend kings surrounded so tightly that not even water could have seeped through! “Brothers, it’s bad!” cried the old demon, completely unnerved. “This monkey is truly a devil in the earth! How did he manage to bring our masters here?”

“Don’t be frightened, Big Brother,” said the third demon. “We’ll all go forward together and use our weapons to cut down that Tathāgata and take over his Thunderclap Treasure Monastery.” Not knowing any better, our demon chief accordingly charged forward and tried to attack madly with his scimitar. Mañjuśrī and Viśabhadra, after quickly reciting a magic spell, shouted in unison, “If these cursed beasts do not submit now, are they waiting for another incarnation?”

The old fiend and the second fiend were so terror-stricken that they dared not struggle any longer. Dropping their weapons, they rolled over once and changed back into their original forms. The two Bodhisattvas tossed two lotus thrones onto their backs and then leaped up to take their seats on top. In this way, the two fiends lowered their ears and submitted.

Since the two bodhisattvas had thus subdued the green lion and the white elephant, only the third demon refused to surrender.

Throwing away his halberd, the fiend spread out his wings and soared into the air, his sharp claws seeking to strike at the Monkey King. The Great Sage was still hiding in the luminosity around the Buddha, and the fiend actually had no way of getting near him, though he would have liked very much to do so. Perceiving the roc’s intentions, Tathāgata faced the wind and gave his head (which had once supported the nests of magpies) a shake. The head changed at once into a piece of meat dripping with fresh blood.

Stretching out his claws, the monster-spirit drew near and tried to clutch at the piece of meat. Our Father Buddha pointed at him with his finger and immediately the monster-spirit felt such cramps throughout his huge wings that he could not fly away. All he could do was to hover over the Buddha’s head in his true form: a golden-winged great roc.

“Tathāgata,” he cried, “why did you exercise your mighty dharma power to constrain me?”

“Your wickedness,” replied Tathāgata, “has incurred for you a heavy debt of retribution in this place. Follow me, and you may acquire merit beneficial to you.”

“But your place allows for only a strict vegetarian diet,” said the monster-spirit. “It’s a condition of extreme poverty and hardship. I can enjoy human flesh here to my endless delight. If you starve and destroy me, you will have sinned, too.”

“In the four great continents of my domain,” said Tathāgata, “there are countless worshippers. I shall ask those who wish to do good to sacrifice first to your mouth.” Since that great roc could neither flee nor escape, though he sorely wished to do so, he had no choice but to make submission.

Only then did Pilgrim step out of the golden radiance to kowtow to Tathāgata, saying, “Father Buddha, you have put away the monster-spirits and eliminated great evils. But my master is gone.”

“Wretched ape!” said the great roc through clenched teeth, “You had to find such a cruel fellow to constrain me! Since when did we devour that old priest of yours? He’s still hidden in an iron chest at the pavilion of brocade-fragrance.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he kowtowed hurriedly to thank the Buddhist Patriarch, who had the roc firmly detained on top of his halo as a guardian. Then the entire entourage left on the clouds to return to the treasure monastery.

Pilgrim lowered himself from the clouds and entered the city, where he could find not a single little fiend. So it was that

A snake without head would not crawl;

A bird without wings could not fly.

When they saw that the fiend kings had made submission to the Buddhist Patriarch, each of them fled for his life. Pilgrim released Eight Rules and Sha Monk and also found the luggage and the horse. “Master has not been eaten,” he said to the two of them. “Follow me!”

He led his two brothers to the interior court and found the pavilion of brocade-fragrance. Opening the door, they located the iron chest, inside of which they could hear the sound of Tripitaka weeping. Wedging open the chest with his fiend-routing staff, Sha Monk called out:

“Master!” When he saw them, Tripitaka wailed aloud:

“O disciples! How did you manage to subdue the demons? How did you find me here?”

Thereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough rehearsal of what had taken place, from beginning to end, and Tripitaka was filled with gratitude. Master and disciples found some rice and foodstuff in the palace with which they prepared a meal for themselves. After they had eaten their fill, they packed up and set out once more on the main road toward the West. Thus it was that

True scriptures must be by true people sought;

Restless minds and raging wills will come to naught.

We do not know when they will get to face Tathāgata; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-EIGHT

*At Bhikṣu he pities the infants and summons the night gods;
In the golden hall he knows the demon speaking on the way and virtue*

*One thought will stir up a demonic crew!
So bitter's training, though what can you do?
Rely on washing to remove the dust;
The body harness and refine you must.
Sweep clean all causations, to stillness return;
Stamp out every fiend without concern.
Of shackle and snare you'll surely leap free
And rise, when work is done, to Great Canopy.*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who, having exerted every effort, succeeded in eliciting the assistance of Tathāgata to subdue the fiends. When the ordeal finally ended, Tripitaka and his disciples left the Lion-Camel Kingdom and journeyed westward.

After several months, it was again the time of winter. You see

*The peak's jadelike plums half-blooming,
The pond's water slowly icing.
The red leaves have all dropped away
And pines turn more verdant and gay.
The pale clouds are about to snow;
Dried grass on the mountain lies low.
What frigid scene now fills the eyes
As bone-piercing chill multiplies!*

Braving the cold and plunging through the chill, resting in the rain and feeding on the wind, master and disciples proceeded until they saw another city. "Wukong," asked Tripitaka, "what sort of a place is that over there?"

"When you get there," replied Pilgrim, "you'll know. If it's a kingdom of the West, we'll have to have our rescript certified. If it's merely a district, county, or prefecture seat, we'll just pass through."

Hardly had master and disciples finished speaking than they arrived at the foot of the city gate.

Tripitaka dismounted, and the four of them entered the outer wall of the city, where almost immediately they found an old soldier huddled against the wind and sleeping beneath a wall exposed to sunlight. Pilgrim walked up to him and shook him gently, saying, "Officer." Waking with a start and blinking several times, the old soldier finally caught sight of Pilgrim. Immediately he went to his knees and kowtowed, crying, "Holy Father!"

"Stop making all this fuss!" said Pilgrim. "I'm no evil spirit! Why should you address me as Holy Father?"

"Aren't you Holy Father Thundergod?" asked the old soldier, still kowtowing.

"Certainly not!" said Pilgrim. "I am a priest from the Land of the East on his way to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. I just arrived, and I came to ask you for

the name of your region.” Only when he heard those words did the old soldier calm down; with a big yawn he scrambled up to stretch himself and say, “Elder, Elder, pardon me! This place was originally the Bhikṣu Kingdom, but now the name has been changed to the Young Masters’ City.”

“Is there a king in the city?” asked Pilgrim.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” replied the old soldier. Pilgrim turned back to say to the Tang Monk, “Master, this place originally was called the Bhikṣu Kingdom, but it has been changed now to the Young Masters’ City. I don’t know why they changed the name.”

“If it was Bhikṣu,” said a perplexed Tang Monk, “why then should it be called Young Masters?”

Eight Rules said, “It must be that the Bhikṣu king had died. The one newly occupying the throne is a young master, and that’s why it’s called the Young Masters’ city.”

“Nonsense! Nonsense!” said the Tang Monk. “Let’s go inside the city first. We may make further inquiry on the streets.”

“Exactly,” said Sha Monk. “That old soldier is probably ignorant, or he may have been frightened into babbling by Big Brother. Let’s go into the city to make inquiry.”

They walked through three levels of city gates before they reached the big thoroughfares. As they paused to look around, they found that the people here all seemed to be good-looking and handsomely dressed. What they came upon were

*Wine shops and song bars full of raucous din.
Tall colors adorned a teahouse or inn.
Business was good at every gate and door;
Abundant wealth packed both mart and store.
People, like ants, traded brocade and gold;
For fame and for profit they bought and sold.
What solemn manners! Such prosperous scene
Of calm seas and rivers—a year serene!*

Toting the luggage and leading the horse, master and disciples walked for a long time on the main boulevards, where the sight of prosperity seemed endless. Then they began to notice that in front of each household was a geese coop.

“O Disciples!” said Tripitaka. “All the people here put a geese coop in front of their house. Why is that?” On hearing this, Eight Rules looked left and right, and he saw that indeed there were these geese coops lined with silk curtains of five colors.

“Master,” said our Idiot with a giggle, “this must be an auspicious day for marriage or for meeting friends. The people must all be performing some rituals.”

“Rubbish!” snapped Pilgrim. “How could every household be performing a ritual? There must be a reason for this. Let me go and take a look.”

“You’d better not go,” said Tripitaka, tugging at him. “Your hideous features will offend people.”

“I’ll go in transformation then,” replied Pilgrim. Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign, he recited a spell and changed with one shake of his body into a little bee. Wings outstretched, he flew up to one of the coops and crawled inside the curtains.

There he discovered a little child sitting in the middle. When he went to another coop, he found another child also. In fact, he discovered the same thing in front of eight or nine households: they were all little boys, and there were no girls at all. Some of them were playing in the coops; others merely sat and cried; still others were eating fruit or sleeping.

After seeing that, Pilgrim changed back into his original form to report to the Tang Monk:

“There are little boys in the coops; the older ones cannot be more than seven years old, and some of the younger ones are barely five. I don’t know why they are in there.”

His words made Tripitaka more perplexed than ever.

A turn on the street brought them all at once up to the gate of an official mansion, the Golden Pavilion Postal Station. “Disciples,” said Tripitaka, highly pleased, “let’s go inside this postal station. We can ask them about the place, feed our horse, and request lodging for the night.”

“Exactly! Exactly!” said Sha Monk. “Let’s get inside quickly!”

As the four of them entered amiably, the officers on duty at once announced their arrival to the station master, who ushered them inside. After they had exchanged greetings and taken their seats, the station master asked, “Elder, where did you come from?”

“Your humble cleric,” replied Tripitaka, “has been sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. Having arrived in your noble region, we would like to have our travel rescript certified and to beg you to grant us one night’s lodging in your lofty mansion.”

The station master immediately requested tea and asked those on duty to prepare the tokens of hospitality. Having thanked him, Tripitaka asked again, “Is it possible for me to enter the court today and have an audience with the throne and get my rescript certified?”

“You can’t do it tonight,” said the station master. “Wait until early court tomorrow. Please spend the night and rest here in our humble dwelling.” In a little while, when the preparation had been finished, the station master invited the four pilgrims to partake of a vegetarian meal. His subordinates were ordered to sweep clean the guest room for the pilgrims to rest. After thanking him repeatedly, Tripitaka sat down and said to the station master, “There is something that this humble cleric must ask you to explain. How do the people of your noble region rear young children?”

The station master said, “As there are no two suns in Heaven, so there are no two rational principles on Earth. The rearing of children begins with the sperm of the father and the blood of the mother. After the tenth month of conception, the child will be born in due time; and after birth, the child will be fed with milk for at least three years, until the bodily features are fully formed. You think we do not know about this?”

“According to what you have just told me,” replied Tripitaka, “the people here are no different from those of my humble nation. But when I entered the city just now, I saw that there was placed in front of each household a geese coop, inside of which was placed a little boy. I don’t understand this, and that’s why I dare request an explanation.”

“Elder, don’t mind that!” said the station master, at once lowering his voice and whispering into Tripitaka’s ear. “Don’t ask about that, and don’t be concerned with that! Don’t speak of it, even! Please rest now, and you can be on your way tomorrow.” On hearing this, however, the elder tugged at the station master and persisted in his request for an explanation. As he shook his head and wagged his finger, all the station master could mutter was, “Be careful with what you say!” Refusing to let go, Tripitaka insisted that he be told the reason. The station master had little choice but to send away all his official attendants, after which he said quietly, alone, by the light of the lamps, “The matter of the geese coops that you mentioned just now happens to be instigated by the unruliness of our lord. Why do you persist in asking about it?”

“What do you mean by unruliness?” asked Tripitaka. “You must help me understand before I can rest.”

“This country,” said the station master, “used to be called the Bhikṣu Kingdom, but recent folk songs have changed the name to the Young Masters’ City. Three years ago, an old man disguised as a Daoist arrived with a young girl, barely sixteen and with a face as beautiful as Guanyin’s. He presented her as a tribute to our Majesty, who became so infatuated with her that he gave her the title of Queen Beauty. In recent times he would not even look at any of the royal consorts dwelling in the six chambers and three palaces.

Night and day he cares only to indulge in amorous dalliance with this one girl until he is reduced to a physical wreck. Constantly fatigued, emaciated, and unable to eat or drink, he has not long to live. The royal hospital has tried all its best prescriptions, but no cure has been found. However, that Daoist, who has been appointed the royal father-in-law, claims to possess a secret formula from beyond the ocean which can lengthen our lord’s life. Some time ago he went, in fact, to the Ten Islets and the Three Isles to gather herbs. After his return and the preparation of all the medications, he still requires the terrible medical supplement of one thousand one hundred and eleven hearts of young boys. When the medicine is taken with soup made from boiling these boys’ hearts, the king, so the Daoist claims, will live to a thousand years without aging. Those little boys you saw in the geese coops are the selected ones, who are being fed and nurtured before they are slaughtered. Fearing the law of the king, the parents dare not even weep. They can only express their outrage by nicknaming this place the Young Masters’ City. When you go to court tomorrow, please confine your business to certifying your travel rescript. You mustn’t mention this matter at all.”

He ended his speech and immediately withdrew.

Our elder was so horrified by what he heard that his bones weakened and his tendons turned numb. Unable to restrain the tears rolling down his cheeks, he blurted out:

“Ah, befuddled king! So you grew ill on account of your incontinence and debauchery. But how could you take the lives of so many innocent boys? O misery! O misery! This pain kills me!”

For this we have a testimonial poem that says:

*One foolish tyrant who misses the truth
Has harmed himself with the pleasure he craves.
He seeks long life by taking lives of boys;
He kills the plebs to lighten Heaven’s scourge.
Steadfast in compassion the monk remains;*

*Unheard-of horror the master reveals.
As he sighs and sheds tears in the lamplight,
Buddha's disciple is overcome by pain.*

Drawing near to Tripitaka, Eight Rules said, "Master, what's the matter with you? 'You're always picking up someone's coffin and crying over it in your own house!' Don't be so sad! Remember the adage:

*The ruler wants the subject to die,
And the subject who does not is disloyal;
The father wants the son to perish,
And the son who does not is unfilial.*

He is hurting his own people, but what does that have to do with you? Come, let's shed our robes and sleep. 'Let's not worry on behalf of the ancients!'" Still shedding tears, Tripitaka said, "O disciple, you are so hardhearted! Those of us who have left the family must accumulate merit by multiplying our virtuous acts; our very first obligation must be the practice of appropriate means. How could this befuddled king indulge in such a lawless act? I have never heard of such nonsense that eating people's hearts can lengthen one's life. How could I not grieve over something like this?"

"Please do not grieve just yet, Master," said Sha Monk. "Wait till tomorrow when we have our rescript certified. We can boldly discuss the matter with the king, and if he doesn't listen to us, we can also ascertain what kind of person this royal father-in-law is.

Perhaps it is a monster-spirit, desirous of devouring human hearts, that has devised such a plan. That may well be the case."

"Wujing is perfectly right," said Pilgrim. "Master, you should sleep now. Let old Monkey enter court with you tomorrow and scrutinize the royal father-in-law. If he is a man, he may have embarked on the path of heterodoxy, being ignorant of the proper Way and thinking that only herbs and medicines will achieve realized immortality. Let old Monkey disclose to him the essential themes of cultivation by means of one's natural endowments and enlighten him into embracing the truth. If he's a monster or a fiend, I'll arrest him for the king to see, so that he may learn continence and find out how to nourish his own body. I most certainly will not allow the king to take the lives of those boys." When Tripitaka heard these words, he quickly bowed to Pilgrim and said, "O disciple, what you've proposed is most marvelous! Most marvelous! When you see that befuddled king, however, you shouldn't ask about this matter right away. For I fear that the befuddled king, without looking properly into the matter, would immediately find us guilty of listening to false rumors. What would we do then?"

"Old Monkey has his own magic power," said Pilgrim, smiling. "First, I will remove these boys in the geese coops from the city, so that tomorrow he will have no one from whom he can take out the hearts. The officials of the land will undoubtedly report to the throne, and that befuddled king will surely respond by discussing the matter with the royal father-in-law or by asking for more boys to be selected. At that point we will memorialize to him also. Then he will not blame us."

Highly pleased, Tripitaka said again, "How can you make those boys leave the city? If you can, the virtue of my worthy disciple is great as Heaven! You should do this quickly. If you delay, you may be too late."

Arousing his spiritual powers, Pilgrim rose at once and gave this instruction to Eight Rules and Sha Monk:

“Sit here with Master and let me act. When you see a gust of cold wind blowing, you’ll know that the boys are leaving the city.” Whereupon the three of them, Tripitaka and his two disciples, began chanting:

“We submit to the Life-Saving Buddha of Medicine!

We submit to the Life-Saving Buddha of Medicine!” Once our Great Sage had gone out the door, he rose with a whistle to midair, where he made the magic sign and recited the magic words:

“Let *Oṃ* purify the dharma realm!” With this he summoned the god of the city, the local spirit, the god of the soil, and various immortal officials together with the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, the Six Gods of Darkness and Six Gods of Light, and the Guardians of Monasteries, who arrived in the air to bow to him, saying, “Great Sage, for what urgent business have you summoned us in the thick of night?”

“Because we came upon an unruly king in the Bhikṣu kingdom,” replied Pilgrim, “who has listened to some monstrous pervert’s tale that the hearts of little boys, when taken as a medical supplement, would grant him longevity. My master is so disturbed that he has resolved to save lives and exterminate the fiend. That is why old Monkey has asked each one of you to come here; I want you to use your magic powers and move all these boys, including the geese coops, out of the city. Take them into a mountain valley or deep into a forest and supply them with fruit to eat so that they won’t starve. You must also provide them with secret protection and prevent them from crying or being frightened. When I have eliminated the perversity and restored the king to the proper rule of his state, you may then return the boys just as we are about to leave.” When the various gods heard this command, each of them exercised his magic power as they dropped down from the clouds. The city immediately was filled with churning cold wind and spreading fog.

*The cold wind darkened a sky full of stars;
The fog spreading bedimmed the radiant moon.
At the very first
They drifted and floated down;
But thereafter
They roared and rumbled through—
Drifting and floating down,
They sought to save the boys from every house;
Roaring and rumbling through,
They found the geese coops to help flesh and blood.
People stayed home for the invading chill,
And piercing cold turned garments iron-hard.
Parents fretted in vain
And kinfolk were aggrieved,
As cold wind churned the earth
remove the boys in coops.
This night they may be lonely;
By dawn they will all be pleased.*

We have also a poem as a testimonial, which says:

*Since mercy e'er abounds in Buddha's gate,
 Goodness perfected is what's called the Great.
 All saints and sages must virtue increase;
 The sum of Triratna and five laws is peace.
 Had not a king at Bhikṣu state gone bad,
 A thousand youngsters' fate would still be sad.
 When Pilgrim saves them for his master's sake,
 Merit above salvation he will make.*

It was about the hour of the third watch during that night when the various deities transported those geese coops to be hidden at another place.

Lowering his auspicious luminosity, Pilgrim went to the courtyard of the posthouse, where he could hear his three companions still chanting, "We submit to the Life-Saving Buddha of Medicine!" In great delight, he drew near and called out, "Master, I've returned! What do you think of the cold wind?"

"That was some cold wind!" replied Eight Rules.

"But what about rescuing the boys?" asked Tripitaka.

"They have already been taken out one by one," replied Pilgrim, "and will be escorted back to the city by the time we're ready to leave."

Tripitaka thanked him again and again before retiring.

By dawn, Tripitaka began to dress the moment he awoke, saying, "Wukong, I want to attend the morning court so that our travel rescript may be certified."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "if you go by yourself, I fear that you may not be able to accomplish much. Let old Monkey go with you to ascertain whether the kingdom is governed by rectitude or perversity."

"But you usually refuse to perform the proper ceremony when you greet a king," said Tripitaka, "and I fear he may be offended."

"I won't show myself," said Pilgrim. "I'll follow you in secret, and I can protect you at the same time."

Highly pleased, Tripitaka instructed Eight Rules and Sha Monk to watch the luggage and the horse, and then departed. When the station master saw them off, he noticed that the attire of the elder was quite different from that of the day before:

*He wore a brocade cassock lined with strange treasures.
 A gold-tipped Vairocana hat topped his head.
 His hands held up a nine-ringed priestly staff;
 chest enclosed one wondrous, godly spark.
 The travel rescript he had on himself,
 Packed in a silk purse placed inside the wrap.
 He walked like an arhat come down to earth,
 With a genuine, living Buddha's face.*

After greeting Tripitaka, the station master whispered in his ear and told him to mind his own business. As Tripitaka nodded and murmured his assent, the Great Sage stepped to one side of the door and recited a spell; with one shake of his body he changed into a mole cricket and flew up to alight on top of Tripitaka's hat. The elder left the postal station and headed straight for the court.

On arriving, he ran into the Custodian of the Yellow Gate, to whom he bowed and said, "This humble priest is someone sent by the Great Tang of the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. It is proper for me, after arriving in your noble region, to have my travel rescript certified. I therefore wish to have an audience with the throne. I beg you to make this known for me." Upon which, that Custodian of the Yellow Gate made his report.

In delight, the king said, "A priest from a distant land must be most accomplished in the Way. Show him in quickly."

The Custodian thus summoned the elder to enter the court; after going through the ceremonial greetings beneath the steps, he was granted permission to take a seat in the royal hall. As he thanked the king and sat down, the elder noticed that the king had

*Emaciated features
And a listless spirit.
He raised his hands
But could barely salute;
And when he spoke,
His voice started and stopped.*

When the elder presented him with the rescript, the king stared at it with unseeing eyes for a long time before he was able to affix his treasure seal on the document and hand it back to the elder.

The king was just about to question our elder further on the reason for seeking scriptures when the official attending the throne reported, "The royal father-in-law has arrived."

At once supporting himself on a young palace eunuch, the king struggled down from the dragon couch in order to receive the visitor. Our elder was so taken aback that he too leaped up and stood to one side. As he turned to look, he discovered an old Daoist swaggering up from the jade steps. The man Tripitaka saw

*on his head a cloud-patterned, priestly wrap of pale yellow damask,
And he wore a crane-feathered gown of brown silk fretted with plum designs.
A blue sash, braided with three silk and woolen cords, wrapped his waist;
His feet trod cloud-patterned slippers woven of grass-linen and hemp.
His hand held a nine-jointed staff of dried vine carved like a coiling dragon.
Down his chest hung a silk purse embroidered with raised dragon-and-phoenix patterns.
His jadelike face was shiny and smooth;
A white beard flowed down his chin;
His pupils blazed golden flames;
His eyes were longer than his brows.
Clouds moved with each step he took,
And fragrant mists encircled him.
Hands folded, all officials beneath the steps
Shouted: "The royal father-in-law has entered court!"*

When that royal father-in-law arrived at the front of the treasure hall, he did not even bother to pay homage to the king. His head held high, he walked boldly up the steps while the king bowed and said, "We are delighted that the royal father-in-law has honored us with his divine presence this morning."

He was at once asked to be seated on the cushioned couch on the left.

Taking a step forward, Tripitaka also bent low to greet him, saying, "Sir royal father-in-law, this humble cleric salutes you." Sitting loftily on his couch, the royal father-in-law did not return the greetings at all; instead, he turned to say to the king, "Where did this monk come from?"

"He happens to be someone sent by the Tang court in the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven," replied the king. "He's here to have his travel rescript certified."

"The journey leading to the West," said the royal father-in-law with a laugh, "is shrouded in darkness!

What's so good about that?"

Tripitaka said, "Since ancient times the West has been the noble region of ultimate bliss. How could it not be good?"

The king asked, "We have heard from the ancients too that monks are the disciples of Buddha. We would like to know in truth whether a monk is able to transcend death, whether submission to Buddha can bring a person longevity." On hearing this, Tripitaka quickly pressed his palms together in front of his breast to give his reply:

*For the person who's a monk,
All causal relations have been abolished;
And to him who understands reality,
All things are but emptiness.
of great knowledge, both wide and comprehensive,
Exists placidly in the realm of no birth;
The true mysteries perceived in silence,
He roams freely in peace and tranquillity.
With no attachments in the Three Realms, all elementary principles are known;
Since his six senses are purged, he has insights into all causes.
He who would strengthen knowledge and consciousness
Must perforce know the mind;
For a mind purified shines in solitary enlightenment,
And a mind preserved pierces all mental projections.
The face of truth, without want or excess,
Can be seen even in a previous life;
But shapes of delusion, though formed, decline at last.
Why seek them beyond bounds?
Sedentary meditation
Is the very source of concentration;
Almsgiving and charity
Are the foundation of austerity.
He who has great wisdom will appear foolish,
For he knows how not to act in every affair;
He who's good at planning will not scheme,
For he needs must let go in every instant.
Once the mind's made immovable,
All your actions are perfected.*

*But if you dwell on picking the yin to nourish the yang,
 You speak but foolish words;
 And to bait the eye with long life
 Amounts to an empty promise.
 You must abandon all particles of defilement,
 Regard all phenomena as emptiness.
 When you, plain and simple, reduce your desire,
 You will with ease an endless life acquire.*

When that royal father-in-law heard these words, he smiled sarcastically and pointed his finger at the Tang Monk. “Ha! Ha! Ha!” he cried. “Your mouth, monk, is full of balderdash! Those within the fold of Nirvāṇa all talk about the knowledge of reality. But you don’t even know how reality is to be extinguished! Sedentary meditation—why, that’s nothing but the practice of blind cultivation! As the proverb says, ‘

*Sit, sit, sit!
 Your ass will split!
 Play with fire
 you’ll land in the pit!’
 You have no idea that I,
 Who seek immortality,
 Possess the hardest of bones;
 Who comprehend the Way,
 Am most intelligent in spirit.
 I carry basket and gourd to visit friends in the mountain;
 I gather a hundred herbs to help people in the world.
 Divine flowers I pick to make a hat;
 Fragrant orchids I pluck to form a mat.
 I sing to clapping of hands
 And rest on clouds after I dance.
 Explaining the principles of Dao,
 I exalt the true teachings of Laozi;
 Dispensing amulets and water,
 I rid the human world of monstrous miasmas.
 I rob Heaven and Earth of their energies
 And pluck from sun and moon their essences.
 Yin and yang activated, the elixir gels;
 Fire and Water harmonized, the embryo’s formed.
 When the yin of Two Eights recedes,
 It’s both dim and blurry;
 When the yang of Three Nines expands,
 It’s both dark and obscure.
 In accord with the four seasons I gather herbs;
 By nine cylindrical turns my elixir’s perfected.
 Astride the blue phoenix,
 I ascend the purple mansion;
 Mounting the white crane,
 I reach the capital of jade,
 Where I join all Heaven’s luminaries*

*In zealous display of the wondrous Way.
 Could this be compared with the quiescence of your Buddhism,
 The dark divinity of your tranquillity?
 The stinking corpse bequeathed by Nirvāṇa
 That can never leave the mortal dust?
 Of the Three Religions mine's the highest mystery.
 Dao alone is noble since the dawn of history!"*

On hearing this, the king was filled with delight, while the officials of the entire court shouted, "Bravo! Indeed, Dao alone is noble since the dawn of history! Dao alone is noble since the dawn of history!" When the elder saw that everyone had praise for the Daoist, he was terribly embarrassed. The king, nevertheless, asked the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a vegetarian meal so that the priest from distant lands could eat before he departed again for the West.

Tripitaka gave thanks as he withdrew; he descended from the main hall and was just about to walk out when Pilgrim flew down from his hat and whispered in his ear:

"Master, this royal father-in-law is a perverse fiend, and the king is under his influence. You go back first to the postal station to wait for the meal. Let old Monkey remain here to learn something more of him."

Tripitaka understood and left, and we shall leave him for the moment.

Look at our Pilgrim! He soared up and alighted on one of the kingfisher screens in the Hall of Golden Chimes, when the Commander of Five Military Commissions stepped from the ranks to say, "My lord, there was a gust of cold wind last night which swept away, without a trace, all the little boys lodged in the geese coops in front of the houses." When the king heard this memorial, he was both frightened and angered. "This means," said he to the royal father-in-law, "that Heaven wants to destroy us! We have been sick for months, and the imperial physician has been wholly ineffectual. It was fortunate that the royal father-in-law has bestowed on us a divine prescription. We were just waiting for the noon hour today to lift the knife and take out these boys' hearts and use them as our medical supplement. How could they all be swept away by a gust of cold wind? What explanation could there be other than that Heaven wanted to destroy us?" With a smile, the royal father-in-law said, "Your Majesty, please do not worry. The fact that these boys have been swept away means quite the contrary; this is precisely a gift of long life that Heaven is sending to Your Majesty."

"How could you say that," asked the king, "when those boys in the coops have all been blown away?"

"When I entered court just now," replied the royal father-in-law, "I noticed an absolutely marvelous medical supplement, far surpassing those one thousand one hundred and eleven young boys' hearts. Those hearts, you see, could only lengthen your life for about a thousand years. But taken with the newfound supplement, my divine medicine will lengthen your Majesty's life for thousands and thousands of years." Since the king, however, did not understand at all what medical supplement the Daoist was referring to, he pressed for an explanation.

Then the royal father-in-law said, "I have noticed that the monk who has been sent by the Land of the East to seek scriptures is possessed of pure and orderly features. They reveal that he has, in fact, a true body which has practiced religion for at least ten incarnations, and that he has been a monk since childhood. He is, in truth, someone who has never dissipated his original yang, someone ten thousand times better than all those

little boys put together. If you can get his heart to make soup and take my divine medicine, you will certainly acquire the age of ten thousand years.”

Believing completely what he had heard, the befuddled ruler said, “Why didn’t you tell us sooner? If it had that kind of efficacy, I would have detained him just now and not let him go.”

“But that’s not difficult!” said the royal father-in-law. “Just now the Court of Imperial Entertainments was told to prepare a vegetarian meal for him. He will undoubtedly eat first before leaving the city. Issue an edict right now for all the city gates to be closed. Call up the troops, have the Golden Pavilion Postal Station surrounded, and tell them to bring back the monk. First, ask for his heart politely. If he agrees, cut him up and take it out at once. You may promise him an imperial burial and a shrine erected in his honor, so that he may enjoy perpetual sacrifice. If he does not comply with your request, we’ll show him the ugly power of force. Tie him up at once, and then cut out his heart. Isn’t that easy?”

The befuddled ruler indeed followed his suggestion; he gave the decree at once that the city gates should be shut. The imperial guards and their captains were sent to have the postal station surrounded.

When Pilgrim heard this, he spread his wings and darted back to the postal station and changed back to his true form to say to the Tang Monk, “Master, disaster! Disaster!”

Tripitaka was just enjoying the imperial banquet with Eight Rules and Sha Monk. These sudden words so terrified him that the spirits of Three Cadavers left him and smoke poured out of his seven apertures. He fell to the ground at once, his body covered with sweat. All he could do was roll his eyeballs; he could not utter a word. Sha Monk hurried forward to take hold of him, crying, “Master, wake up! Master, wake up!”

“What disaster? What disaster?” asked Eight Rules. “Speak slowly, will you please! Must you frighten Master like that?”

“Since Master left the court,” replied Pilgrim, “old Monkey stayed behind and ascertained that that royal father-in-law was indeed a monster-spirit. Soon afterward, the Commander of Five Military Commissions reported that the cold wind had blown away the little boys. The king was frustrated, but the Daoist told him to be happy instead, saying that it was actually Heaven’s gift of long life to him.

He wanted to ask for Master’s heart to be the medical supplement, something he claimed would grant the king an age of ten thousand years. Believing such a perverse suggestion, the befuddled ruler called up his troops to come and surround the postal station. Moreover, the Embroidered-uniform Guards have been sent here to ask for Master’s heart.”

“You have exercised marvelous compassion!” said Eight Rules with a laugh. “You have saved marvelous boys! You have called up marvelous cold wind! But this time you have also brought disaster on us!”

Trembling all over, Tripitaka scrambled up to tug at Pilgrim and plead with him, “O worthy disciple! How will we face this?”

“If you want to face this,” said Pilgrim, “the old must become the young.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Sha Monk. Pilgrim said, “If you want to preserve your life, the master will have to become the disciple, and the disciple will have to become the master.”

“If you can save my life,” said Tripitaka, “I’m willing to be your disciple and grand disciple.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “no need to hesitate any longer. Eight Rules, hurry and get me some mud.” Idiot immediately used his muckrake to rake up some dirt; not daring, however, to go outside to fetch water, he hitched up his clothes instead and pissed on the ground. With the urine he managed to mix a lump of stinking mud, which he handed to Pilgrim. Pilgrim, too, had little alternative but to flatten the mud and press it on his own face and, after a little while, succeeded in making an apelike mask. Asking the Tang Monk to stand up but without uttering another word, Pilgrim pasted the mask on his master’s face and recited a magic spell. He then blew his immortal breath onto the mask, crying, “Change!”

At once the elder took on the appearance of Pilgrim. He was told to take off his own garments and switch clothes with Pilgrim, who made the magic sign and then recited another spell to change into the form of the Tang Monk. The two of them looked so alike their own true selves that even Eight Rules and Sha Monk could not distinguish them.

As soon as they finished dressing, they heard the sounds of gongs and drums and saw a forest of scimitars and lances approaching.

The captains of the imperial guards, you see, had arrived with three thousand troops to have the postal station surrounded. Then an Embroidered-uniform guard walked into the courtyard to ask, “Where is the elder from the Tang court in the Land of the East?” Shaking and quaking, the station master went to his knees and said, pointing with his finger, “In one of those guest rooms down there.”

The guard walked to the guest room and said, “Elder Tang, my king invites you to the palace.” While Eight Rules and Sha Monk stood on two sides to guard the false Pilgrim, the false Tang Monk came out the door and bowed, saying, “Sir Embroidered-uniform, what does His Majesty have to say when he asks for this poor cleric?” Rushing forward to grab him, the guard replied, “I’ll go with you into court. He must have some use for you.”

Also, so it is that

*Fiendish lies triumph o’er compassion;
Compassion’s met instead with violence.*

We do not know what will happen to his life when he leaves; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-NINE

*Searching the cave for the fiend he meets Long Life
The proper lord of the court sees the babies*

We were telling you about that Embroidered-uniform Guard, who yanked the spurious Tang Monk out of the postal station. At once the imperial guards had them surrounded before they all headed for the gate of the court. There they said to the Custodian of the Yellow Gate:

“We have brought the Tang Monk here. Please report this for us.”

The custodian sent in the memorial hurriedly, and the befuddled king sent for the guest at once. While all the officials knelt down at the foot of the steps to bow to the king, the spurious Tang Monk stood erect at the center of the steps and shouted, “King Bhikṣu, why did you ask this humble cleric to come?” With a smile, the king said, “An illness has afflicted us for many days and no cure has been found. Fortunately, our royal father-in-law has bestowed on us a prescription for which all the medicines have been prepared. All we need now is one particular supplement, which we must seek from you. If we are cured of our illness, we promise that we shall build a shrine for the elder. You will enjoy sacrifices in all four seasons and perpetual incense fires of the state.”

“I am a person who has left the family,” replied the spurious Tang Monk. “I came here with hardly any possessions on me. Would Your Majesty please ask the royal father-in-law what sort of thing he wants of me for the medical supplement?”

“What we need,” said the befuddled king, “is the heart of the elder.”

The spurious Tang Monk said, “To tell you the truth, Your Majesty, I have quite a few hearts. Which color or shape would you like?”

“Priest,” said the royal father-in-law, who was standing on one side, pointing with his finger, “we want your black heart.”

“In that case,” said the spurious Tang Monk, “bring me the knife quickly, so that I may cut open my chest. If I have a black heart, I’ll be pleased to present it to you.”

Delighted, the befuddled king thanked him and asked the attendant to the throne to hand the spurious monk a curved dagger. Taking the dagger, the monk untied his robe and stuck out his chest. As he rubbed his belly with his left hand, he plunged the dagger into himself with his right hand and, with a loud ripping noise, tore open his own chest. A mass of hearts rolled out, so terrifying the onlookers that the civil officials paled in fright and the military officers turned numb. When he saw that, the royal father-in-law said in the hall, “This is a monk of many hearts!”

The spurious monk took those bloody hearts and manipulated them one by one for all to see: a red heart, a white heart, a yellow heart, an avaricious heart, a greedy heart, an envious heart, a petty heart, a competitive heart, an ambitious heart, a scornful heart, a murderous heart, a vicious heart, a fearful heart, a cautious heart, a perverse heart, a nameless obscure heart, and all kinds of wicked hearts. There was, however, not one single black heart! That befuddled king was so stupefied that he could hardly utter a word. Trembling all over, he could only mutter:

“Take them away! Take them away!” Unable to hold back any longer, the spurious Tang Monk retrieved his magic. As he changed back into his original form, he said to the befuddled ruler, “Your Majesty, you have no perception whatever. In priests like us there are only good hearts, but your father-in-law is the one who has a black heart that can be used as the medical supplement.

If you don’t believe me, let me take it out for you to see.” On hearing this, that royal father-in-law opened his eyes wide to take a careful look, and he saw that the monk had quite changed his appearance. He no longer looked the same. Aha!

*He recognized the Great Sage Sun of old,
Who had great fame five hundred years ago.*

Swirling around, he mounted the clouds to rise up, only to be blocked by Pilgrim, who bounded into the air with one somersault.

“Where are you running to?” he bellowed. “Have a taste of my rod!”

The royal father-in-law wielded his coiled-dragon staff to meet his adversary, and the two of them began a marvelous battle in midair.

*The compliant rod,
The coiled-dragon staff
Spread out the clouds to fill the airy void.
The father-in-law, a monster-spirit,
Claimed for his fiendish daughter beauteous looks.
The ruler’s indulgence brought him disease;
The monster wanted to slaughter young boys.
The Great Sage came to show his magic might:
He seized the fiend and saved the populace.
The iron rod aimed fiercely at the head
Was met by a praiseworthy crooked staff.
They fought till a skyful of mist darkened the city,
Each member of the households paled with fright;
souls of all officials left in flight,
All palace girls and consorts changed their looks.
They frightened Bhikṣu’s muddled ruler into frantic hiding
And violent trembling, not knowing what to do.
The rod rose like a tiger springing from the mount;
The staff soared like a dragon breaking from the sea.
Now this great disturbance at Bhikṣu state
Would make distinct the righteous and perverse.*

That monster-spirit fought bitterly with Pilgrim for some twenty rounds, but the coiled-dragon staff was no match for the goldenhooped rod. After one half-hearted blow, the royal father-in-law changed into a cold beam of light and sped into the inner chamber of the palace to pick up the fiendish queen whom he had presented as a tribute to the king. Both of them changed into cold beams of light and vanished at once.

Dropping down from the clouds, Pilgrim went to the palace to say to the various officials, “You people have some royal father-in-law!”

The officials all began to bow to give thanks to the divine monk. “Stop bowing,” said Pilgrim. “See where your befuddled lord has gone.”

“When our lord saw the fight,” one of the officials replied, “he was driven by fear into hiding. We have no idea which palace he has gone to.”

“Search for him quickly!” commanded Pilgrim. “Don’t let Queen Beauty abduct him.” When they heard these words, the officials did not care whether they were permitted to enter the inner chambers or not. Together with Pilgrim they headed straight for the room of Queen Beauty, but not a trace of the king could be found. Even Queen Beauty herself had disappeared. Meanwhile, the queen, the girl’s consort of the Eastern Palace, the consort of the Western Palace, and the concubines of the Six Chambers all came to bow to give thanks to the Great Sage.

“Please rise, all of you,” said the Great Sage. “It’s not time for you to thank me yet. Let’s go find your lord first.” In a little while they saw four or five eunuchs support the befuddled ruler walking out from behind the Hall of Careful Conduct.

Prostrating themselves on the ground, the various officials said in unison, “Our lord! Our lord! We are indebted to the divine monk, who came to distinguish for us the true from the false. That royal father-in-law is a perverse fiend. Even Queen Beauty has disappeared.” When the king heard that, he immediately asked Pilgrim to leave the inner palace and go to the treasure hall with him. “Elder,” he said, as he bowed to Pilgrim to thank him, “when you arrived this morning, you looked so handsome. How is it that you’ve changed your appearance now?”

“To tell you the truth, Your Majesty, the person who came here this morning was my master,” replied Pilgrim, laughing. “He is Tripitaka, the bond-brother of the Tang court, and I’m Sun Wukong, his disciple. I have two other younger brothers—Zhu Wuneng and Sha Wujing—who are now at the Golden Pavilion Postal Station. Because we knew that you believed in the monstrous suggestion and wanted my master’s heart for medical supplement, old Monkey changed into his appearance to come here especially to subdue the fiend.” On hearing this, the king at once commanded one of the chief ministers of the Grand Secretariat to go to the postal station and fetch the master and his disciples.

By this time our Tripitaka had learned that Pilgrim, who had changed back to his original form, was trying to subdue the fiend in midair. The elder was frightened out of his wits, and it was fortunate that Eight Rules and Sha Monk were by his sides to support him.

But he was still depressed by that lump of stinking mud that he had to wear on his face. It was then that he heard someone calling, “Master of the Law, we are the chief ministers of the Grand Secretariat sent by the king of the Bhikṣu state. We are here especially to invite you to court so that you may receive our thanks.”

“Master, don’t be afraid! Don’t be afraid!” said Eight Rules, grinning. “They are not inviting you so that they can demand your heart. I think Elder Brother must have won, and they want to thank you.”

“That may well be the case,” replied Tripitaka, “but how can I face people with this stinking face?”

“You’ve no choice,” said Eight Rules. “Let’s go see Elder Brother first, and we’ll find a solution.”

That elder indeed had little choice but to follow Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who toted the luggage and led the horse out into the courtyard. When the chief minister

caught sight of them, he was aghast, crying, "Holy Father! What a bunch of goblins and monsters!"

"Minister, please don't be offended by our ugliness," said Sha Monk. "We were born this way. But when my master sees my elder brother, he'll become handsome." When the three of them arrived at court, they did not wait for the summons but walked right up to the hall. The moment Pilgrim saw them, he ran down the steps and pulled the lump of mud from his master's face. Blowing his immortal breath on him, Pilgrim cried "Change!" and the Tang Monk at once assumed his original form, feeling more energetic and spirited than before. Meanwhile, the king himself descended the steps to meet them, addressing the Tang Monk as "Venerable Buddha, Master of the Law."

After master and disciples had tethered the horse, they all went up to the hall to exchange greetings.

"Your Majesty," said Pilgrim, "do you happen to know where that fiend came from? Let old Monkey go there and seize him, so that any evil consequence will be eliminated." When all those palace ladies and concubines standing behind the kingfisher screens heard Pilgrim speaking of eliminating any evil consequence, they ignored the observance of proper etiquette between men and women and all walked out together to bow to him, saying, "We beg the divine monk, the venerable buddha, to exercise his mighty magic power.

Please pull the grass up by the root and exterminate him thoroughly. For this profound act of kindness we shall repay you handsomely." Returning their bows hurriedly, Pilgrim pressed the king for the address of the Daoist. Somewhat abashed, the king spoke up:

"When he arrived three years ago, we did question him, and he told us that he lived not too far from here, in Pure Florescence Village on the Willow Slope south of the city some seventy miles away. Though the royal father-in-law was aged, he had no son, only a daughter by his second wife. Having just turned sixteen, she had not been betrothed to anyone, and he was willing to present her as a tribute to us.

Since we loved the girl, we accepted her and took her in as a palace consort. Then we were afflicted by illness, which the repeated efforts of the imperial physician could not alleviate. The royal father-in-law told us that he had a divine formula, which required the hearts of young boys to make soup for supplement. It was our folly to have believed in his words so readily. The boys were selected, and the noon hour today, in fact, was to be the appointed time for their hearts to be gouged out. Little did we anticipate that the divine monk would descend to our realm. When we discovered that the boys in the coops had disappeared, he convinced us that the divine monk, who had practiced the cultivation of realized immortality for ten incarnations, had never permitted his original yang to dissipate.

If we could acquire his heart, he said, it would be ten thousand times better than the hearts of the little boys. That was the reason for our misguided affront offered to you. We did not know that the divine monk would recognize the fiendish demon. We beseech you to exercise your vast magic power and eliminate all evil consequences, for which we shall thank you with the wealth of a nation."

"To tell you the honest truth," said Pilgrim smiling, "those boys in the coops were hidden by me on the merciful request of my master. Don't speak of repaying us with any wealth or riches. When I've caught the fiend, that'll be my merit."

He then called out:

“Eight Rules, follow me quickly!”

“I’m glad to obey you, Elder Brother,” replied Eight Rules, “but my stomach’s so empty I can hardly exert myself.”

The king immediately asked the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a vegetarian meal, which soon arrived.

After he had eaten his fill, Eight Rules roused himself and mounted the clouds to rise into the air with Pilgrim. The king, the queens, and all those civil and military officials were so taken aback that they fell to their knees and kowtowed to the sky, all crying, “True immortals, true buddhas have descended to earth!”

The Great Sage took Eight Rules straight to a place some seventy miles south of the city, where they stopped the wind and cloud to look for the fiend’s dwelling. All they could see, however, was a clear brook flanked by thousands of willows on both sides, but the Pure Florescence Village was nowhere to be found. Truly

*Acres of wild paddies, an endless sight;
Banks of misty willows but no human trace.*

After the Great Sage Sun had searched in vain for the fiend, he made the magic sign and recited the immortal word *Om*, with which he at once summoned into his presence the local spirit. Trembling all over, the deity drew near to kneel down, saying, “Great Sage, the local spirit of Willow Slope kowtows to you.”

“Don’t be frightened,” said Pilgrim, “for I’m not going to beat you. I have a question for you instead. This Pure Florescence Village of Willow Slope, where is it?”

“There is here a Pure Florescence Cave,” replied the local spirit, “but no Pure Florescence Village. This humble deity now perceives that the Great Sage perhaps has come here from the Bhikṣu Kingdom?”

“Yes, yes!” said Pilgrim. “The Bhikṣu king had been duped by a monster-spirit, but old Monkey recognized the fiend when I reached the city. When that fiend was defeated by me in battle, he changed into a cold beam of light and vanished. I asked the Bhikṣu king, who told us that he did inquire after the fiend’s residence three years ago when he presented a beautiful girl as tribute. The fiend claimed then that he used to live in the Pure Florescence Village on Willow Slope, some seventy miles south of the city. Just now I searched my way here and all I saw was the slope. Since I didn’t find any village, I thought I would ask you.”

“May the Great Sage pardon me!” said the local spirit, kowtowing. “Since the Bhikṣu king, after all, is also the lord of this land, it is the proper duty of this humble deity to take note of his plight. But the monster-spirit has vast magic powers; once I betray his secret, he will come and oppress me. That’s why he has not been brought to justice. Now that the Great Sage has arrived, all you need do is to go up to a willow tree with nine branches at the south bank of the brook. Circle around the trunk three times from left to right and then three more times from right to left. Lean on the trunk with both hands and call three times, ‘Open the door.’ The Pure Florescence Cave will appear.” On hearing this, the Great Sage dismissed the local spirit before leaping over the brook with Eight Rules to continue their search.

Soon they found the tree, which had indeed nine stems forking out from a single trunk. Pilgrim gave this instruction to Eight Rules:

“Stand still at a distance, and let me call the door open. When I find the fiend and chase him out here, you may back me up.”

Eight Rules agreed and stood about a quarter mile away.

Following the words of the local spirit, our Great Sage circled the trunk three times from left to right and three times right to left; leaning with both hands on the tree, he cried, “Open the door! Open the door! Open the door!” Instantly two leaves of a door opened with a loud creak while the tree vanished entirely from sight. The inside was lit up by bright, luminous mists, but again there was no hint of any human inhabitant. Rousing his magic powers, Pilgrim dashed into the cave, and he discovered a nice place indeed:

*Mist and smoke luminous;
Oblique rays of the sun and moon;
White clouds that often leave the cave;
Green moss that densely coats the yard.
A pathful of strange blossoms vying for glamour;
A stepful of rare grasses most luxuriant.
Warm, temperate air
Makes perpetual spring.
The place seems like Langyuan;
It's no worse than Peng and Ying.
Long creepers spread o'er smooth benches;
Tousled vines dangle from a flat bridge.
Bees, red stamens in their mouths, come to the cave;
Butterflies, playing with orchids, pass a rock screen.*

With big strides, Pilgrim dashed forward to take a careful look, and he saw four big words etched on the rock screen:

Pure Florescence Immortal Residence. Unable to restrain himself, he leaped around the screen to look further, and there he saw the old fiend hugging a beautiful girl to his bosom. Both panting hard, they were in the midst of discussing the affairs of the Bhikṣu Kingdom. “What a marvelous opportunity!” they said together. “Something we’ve been planning for three years, and it would have been completed today.

But it’s ruined by that ape-head now!”

Darting up to them, Pilgrim whipped out his rod and cried, “You bunch of hairy lumps! What marvelous opportunity? Have a taste of my rod!”

Abandoning his beauty, the old fiend picked up his coiled-dragon staff hurriedly to meet him. The two of them began another fierce battle in front of the cave that was quite different from the one before.

*The upraised rod beamed golden light;
The wielded staff belched viciousness.
The fiend said, “You fool! How dare you barge inside my door?”
Pilgrim said, “I intend to subdue a fiend!”
The fiend said, “My tie to the king’s not your concern.
For what reason must you come oppress me?”
Pilgrim said, “The priest’s vocation is on mercy based.
can’t bear seeing young boys put to death.”
Their words went back and forth, each full of hate.*

*The staff met the rod, they aimed at the heart.
 They snapped strange flowers, watching for their lives;
 They kicked up lichens as they slipped and slid.
 They fought till the cave's bright mists had lost their glow,
 Till the ledge's fine blossoms all collapsed.
 Bing-bangs grounded the birds in fear;
 Their shoutings scared the beauty into flight.
 Only the old fiend and the Monkey King remained
 As violent gusts of wind howled through the earth.
 They fought on and on till they left the cave,
 When Wuneng aroused his moronic might.*

Eight Rules, you see, was standing outside; when he heard them brawling inside, he became so excited that he could hardly contain himself. Whipping out his muckrake, he knocked down the willow tree with nine branches with one terrific blow. As he raked the fallen trunk some more, fresh blood sprouted from the root and it emitted a sort of moaning sound. "This tree has become a spirit!" said Eight Rules. "This tree has become a spirit!"

He lifted his rake and was about to bring it down again when he saw Pilgrim emerging with the fiend. Without a word our Idiot rushed forward and attacked with the rake. The old fiend was already finding it difficult to withstand Pilgrim; the sight of Eight Rules's rake, therefore, completely unnerved him. Turning to flee, he shook his body once and changed into a cold beam of light to head for the east. Unwilling to let up at all, the two of them instantly gave chase.

As they shouted to close in for the kill, they suddenly heard the calls of phoenix and crane and saw the glow of auspicious luminosity. Then they caught sight of the Aged Star of South Pole, who had held down the cold beam of light. "Slow down, Great Sage," he cried, "and stop chasing, Heavenly Reeds. This old Daoist salutes you!"

"Brother Aged Star," said Pilgrim, returning his greeting, "where have you come from?" With a chuckle, Eight Rules said, "You blubbery codger! Since you've held down the cold beam of light, you must have caught the fiend."

"He's here, he's here," replied the Aged Star, smiling back at him. "I hope the two of you will spare his life."

"That old fiend's not related to you, old Brother," said Pilgrim. "Why are you speaking up for him?"

"He happens to be my beast of burden," replied the Aged Star with a smile, "and sneaked here to turn into a fiend."

"If he's a creature of yours," said Pilgrim, "ask him to change back to his true form for us to see." When he heard this, the Aged Star released the cold beam of light and shouted, "Cursed beast! Show your true form quickly, and we'll pardon your mortal offense!" Rolling over, the fiend at once revealed himself as a white deer. "This cursed beast!" said the Aged Star as he picked up the staff. "He has even managed to steal my staff!" Prostrate on the ground, the white deer could not utter a word; all he did was kowtow and shed tears. You see

*His whole body striped like a token of jade,
 Two upthrust horns like seven jagged blades.
 In hunger he would the herb garden seek*

*And drink, in thirst, from the cloud-swollen creek.
Aged, he had the pow'r of flight attained,
And o'er the years a face that changed he gained.
When he at this time hears his master's call,
He'll show his form and in submission fall.*

After the Aged Star had thanked Pilgrim, he mounted the deer to leave, only to be grabbed by Pilgrim. "Old Brother," he said, "please don't leave yet. There are two unfinished matters."

"What sort of unfinished matters?" asked the Aged Star, and Pilgrim said, "We have yet to catch the beautiful girl, who must be some kind of fiendish creature, and we must return together to report to that befuddled ruler of the Bhikṣu kingdom."

"If you put it that way," said the Aged Star, "I'll be patient and wait a while. You and Heavenly Reeds go inside the cave and capture the beautiful girl. Then we can go together to let the king see these creatures in their true forms."

"Just wait a moment, old Brother," said Pilgrim, "we'll be back soon."

Arousing his spirit, Eight Rules followed Pilgrim into the Pure Florescence Divine Residence, both shouting, "Catch the monsterspirit! Catch the monster-spirit!"

The beautiful girl was still shaking so violently that she could hardly think of fleeing; when she heard the shouts, she dashed behind the rock screen, but there was no back door for her to leave through. "Where are you going?" roared Eight Rules. "Watch my rake, you stinking, man-deceiving spirit!"

As the beautiful girl did not even have a weapon in her hand, she could only step aside and change at once into a cold beam of light to try to flee. She was, however, met by the Great Sage, who slammed his rod down hard on the beam. Immediately the fiend tumbled to the ground and revealed her true form: that of a whitefaced vixen. Unable to hold back his hands, our Idiot raised his rake and gave her head a terrific blow. Alas!

*The smile that shakes a city and a state
Into a hairy, lumpish fox is made!*

"Don't mash her up!" cried Pilgrim. "Leave her body for that befuddled ruler to see." Not bothered by the filth, our Idiot took her by the tail and yanked her body along to follow Pilgrim out the door. The Aged Star at that moment was just rubbing the deer's head and scolding him. "Dear cursed beast!" he cried. "How could you turn your back on your master and come here to be a spirit? If I hadn't arrived, you would have been struck to death by the Great Sage Sun."

"What are you saying, old Brother?" asked Pilgrim as he bounded out. "Just instructing the deer! Just instructing the deer!" replied the Aged Star. Throwing the dead vixen in front of the deer, Eight Rules asked, "Is this your daughter?" Nodding his head a few times, the deer stretched out his muzzle to sniff her and bleated several times, as if he could not bear parting with the vixen. He was given a whack on the head by the Aged Star, who said, "Cursed beast! Isn't it enough that you got your life? Why smell her?"

He then untied the sash of his robe and fastened it around the neck of the deer to drag him along. "Great Sage," he said, "I'll go see the Bhikṣu king with you."

"Just a moment!" replied Pilgrim. "We might as well clean out the inside first, so that this place will not breed any more monstrosity in the years to come." When he

heard this, Eight Rules lifted up his rake and showered blows on the willow trunk. Pilgrim recited again the magic word *Om* to summon the local spirit, to whom he gave this instruction:

“Find me some dried wood and make a good fire. I am trying to rid this place of monstrous calamity, so that you may be spared from any further oppression.”

Turning round, the local spirit mounted gusts of cold winds with his ghostly troops to gather some frost-receiving grass, autumn-green grass, smartweeds, mountain-bud grass, dried southernwood, dried dragon-bones, and dried rushes—all withered plants that had been parched for more than a year and that could feed a fire like oil or fat. “Eight Rules,” Pilgrim cried, “no need to take the tree. Just stuff these things into the cave and light the fire. We’ll destroy the place.”

As soon as the fire started, it did indeed turn the Pure Florescence monster residence into a flaming pit.

He then dismissed the local spirit before returning to face the king in the royal hall, accompanied by the Aged Star leading the deer and Eight Rules dragging the dead vixen. Pilgrim said to the king, “Here’s your Queen Beauty! You want to dally with her some more?”

The bladder of the king quivered and his heart shook, and then his queens and consorts were all frightened into bowing by the sight of the Aged Star leading the white deer. Pilgrim went forward to raise up the king, saying to him with a chuckle, “Don’t bow to me. Here’s your father-in-law. You should bow to him!”

Terribly embarrassed, the king could only murmur, “I thank the divine monk’s Heavenly grace for saving the boys of my nation.”

He at once ordered the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a huge vegetarian banquet. The East Hall was opened wide so that the Old Man of South Pole, the Tang Monk, and his three disciples could be seated to receive proper thanks. After Tripitaka and Sha Monk bowed to greet the Aged Star, they both asked, “If the white deer belonged to the Venerable Aged Star, how could it get here to harm people?”

The Aged Star answered, smiling, “Sometime ago the Supreme Ruler of the East passed by my mountain, and I asked him to stay for chess. Hardly had we finished one game when this cursed beast ran away. When we couldn’t find him after the guest’s departure, I calculated by bending my fingers and realized that he had come to this place. I came to search for him and ran into the Great Sage just in the process of demonstrating his power. If I had come a little later, this beast would have been finished.”

Hardly had he spoken when the report came that the banquet was ready. Marvelous vegetarian banquet!

*The doorways decked with five colors;
The seats full of strange fragrance;
Tables draped with glowing brocade damask;
Floors spread with luminous red carpets.
From duck-shaped urns
Curled smoke of sandalwood incense;
Before the royal table
Came the fresh scent of vegetables.
Look at the fruit crouque-en-bouche on the dish,*

*The sweet pastries shaped like dragons or beasts.
 Mandarin-duck cakes
 And lion candies
 All looked so real;
 The parrot goblet
 And the egret handle
 All seemed lifelike.
 Every fruit item on display was rich;
 Every maigre dish on the table was fine.
 Robustly round chestnuts,
 Fresh lychees and peaches;
 Dates and persimmons with the sweetest flavor;
 Pine-seed and grape wines of the mellowest scent.
 Several kinds of honey-glazed food
 And a few steamed pastries.
 Viands deep-fried or sugar-coated,
 Made like blossoms or brocade.
 buns piled high on golden trays;
 Fragrant rice filled many silver bowls.
 Hot and spicy—the long rice noodles cooked in soup;
 Potently scented—one bowl or dish after another.
 You could not describe all the mushrooms,
 The wood ears, the tender shoots, the Yellow Sperms;
 Vegetables of ten varieties
 And a hundred rare delicacies.
 Presented back and forth without a pause
 Were all kinds, all species of rich fare.*

At the time, they took their seats according to rank: the Aged Star occupied the head table, while the elder remained next to him. The king went to the table in front, and Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk sat on one side. There were three other chief ministers on both sides to keep them company. As the Office of Music was told to begin the serenade, the king held up his purple-mist cup to toast each person in turn, though the Tang Monk was the only one who did not drink. Eight Rules then said to Pilgrim, “Elder Brother, I’ll leave the fruits to you, but you must let us enjoy rice, soup, and the rest.” Without regard for good or ill, that Idiot attacked the foodstuff madly and ate it up in no time at all.

After the banquet was over, the Aged Star got up to leave, but the king went forward to kneel to him to beg for a method that would eliminate illness and lengthen his years. With a smile the Aged Star said, “I was looking for my deer and I didn’t bring along any elixir or herbs. I would have liked to impart to you the formula for cultivation, but your tendons have so deteriorated and your spirit has been so impaired that it would be impossible for you to accomplish the reversion of the elixir.

In my sleeve here, however, are three fire dates which were the presents of the Supreme Ruler of the East for my tea. I haven’t eaten them yet, and I would like to give them to you now.”

After the king had swallowed the dates, he felt as if a great weight had been lifted gradually from his body as his illness receded. In fact, the longevity those descendants of his later attained might be traced to this.

When Eight Rules saw that the king had received such a gift, he cried out, “Old Age, if you have any more fire dates, give me some, too.”

“I haven’t brought any more along,” replied the Aged Star. “Another day I’ll send you a few pounds.”

He walked out of the East Hall, and having thanked his host once more, he ordered the white deer to stand up and leaped onto its back. They both rose immediately into the air and left treading on the clouds. The ruler, his consorts, and the populace of the city all bowed to the ground and burned incense.

Then Tripitaka said, “Disciples, start packing so that we may take leave of the king.”

The king, however, begged them to stay and instruct him. “Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim, “from now on you must lessen your sensual pursuits and increase instead your unpublicized good deeds. In all affairs you should allow your strength to compensate for your weakness, and you will find that this is quite sufficient to stave off sickness and lengthen your life. Such is the instruction I have for you.”

Thereafter the king also presented them with two trays of gold and silver pieces as travel money, but the Tang Monk refused to accept even a penny. The king had no alternative but to send for his imperial cortege and asked the Tang Monk to be seated on the phoenix carriage in the dragon chariot. He and his consorts all put their hands on the carriage and pushed it out of the court. At the same time, all the main boulevards were lined with citizens who added pure water to their sacrificial vases and true incense in the urns to send the pilgrims out of the city.

Just then, a roar of the wind from midair brought down to both sides of the road one thousand, one hundred and eleven geese coops with some crying young boys inside. The local spirit, city god, god of the soil, immortal officials, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, the Six Gods of Darkness and Six Gods of Light, and the guardians of monasteries who gave secret protection to the children all announced in a loud voice:

“Great Sage, you told us previously to take away these boys in the geese coops. Now that your merit has been achieved and you are about to leave, we have brought them back one by one.”

The king, the queens, and all the citizens bowed down as Pilgrim said to the air, “I thank you all for your help. Please return to your shrines, and I will ask the people to offer you their thanksgiving sacrifices.” Sighing and sighing, the gust of cold wind rose once more and then quickly subsided.

When Pilgrim then asked the households of the city to come retrieve their children, the news was spread abroad at once and all the people came to identify and claim the boys in the coops. In great delight they were lifted out of the cages, hugged, and addressed as “darling” and “precious.” Jumping about and laughing, the people all shouted, “We must take hold of the Holy Fathers of the Tang court and bring them back to our homes. We must thank them for this profound act of kindness!”

And so the people went forward, young and old, male and female, without the slightest fear of how ugly the pilgrims might look: they hauled Zhu Eight Rules up bodily, they put Sha Monk on their shoulders, they supported the Great Sage Sun with their heads, and they lifted up Tripitaka with their hands. Leading the horse and toting the luggage, they surged back to the city; not even the king could restrain them.

While one family gave a banquet, another prepared a feast; those who did not have time to take their turns made priestly caps and sandals, clerical robes and cloth stockings, and all manner of inner and outer garments to be presented as gifts. Indeed, the pilgrims had to linger for nearly a month in that city before they could leave. Before their departure, the people also made portraits of them, with their names inscribed on plaques below the pictures, so that perpetual sacrifices and incense could be offered. Truly it was that

*This secret good deed weighty as a mount
Has saved a hundred and a thousand lives.*

We do not know what happened thereafter; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY

*The fair girl, nursing the yang, seeks a mate
Mind Monkey, guarding his master, knows a monster*

We were telling you about the Bhikṣu king who, along with his subjects, escorted the Tang Monk and his disciples out of the city; they journeyed for some twenty miles and still the king refused to turn back. At last Tripitaka insisted on leaving the imperial chariot and mounted the horse to take leave of the escorts, who waited until the pilgrims were out of sight before returning to their own city.

The four pilgrims traveled for some time until both winter and spring faded; there was no end to the sight of wildflowers and mountain trees, of lovely and luxuriant scenery. Then they saw in front of them a tall, rugged mountain. Growing alarmed, Tripitaka asked, “Disciples, is there any road on that tall mountain ahead? We must be careful!”

“Your words, Master,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “hardly sound like those of a seasoned traveler! They seem more like those of a prince or nobleman who sits in a well and stares at the sky. As the ancient proverb says,

*A mountain does not block a road,
For a road passes through a mountain.*

Why ask about whether there is any road or not?”

“Perhaps the mountain does not block the road,” replied Tripitaka, “but I fear that such a treacherous region will breed some fiends, or that monster-spirits will emerge from the depth of the mountain.”

“Relax! Relax!” said Eight Rules. “This place is probably not too far from the region of ultimate bliss, and it’s bound to be peaceful and safe.”

As master and disciples were thus conversing, they soon reached the base of the mountain. Taking out his golden-hooped rod, Pilgrim went up a rocky ledge and called out:

“Master, this is the way to go around the mountain. It’s quite walkable. Come quickly! Come quickly!”

The elder had little choice but to banish his worry and urge the horse forward. “Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “you tote the luggage for awhile.”

Eight Rules accordingly took over the pole while Sha Monk held on to the reins so that the old master could sit firmly on the carved saddle and follow Pilgrim on the main road as they headed for the mountain. What they saw on the mountain were

*Cloud and mist shrouding the summit
And rushing torrent in the brook;
flowers clogging the road;
Ten thousand trees both thick and dense;
Blue plums and white pears;
Green willows and red peaches.
The cuckoo weeps for spring’s about to leave,*

*And swallows murmur to end the seedtime rites.
 Rugged rocks;
 Jade-top pines;
 A rough mountain path,
 Bumpy and jagged;
 Precipitous hanging cliffs
 With thickets of creepers and plants.
 A thousand peaks noble like halberd rows;
 Through countless ravines a grand river flows.*

As the old master looked leisurely at this mountain scenery, the sound of a bird singing filled him again with longing for home. He pulled the horse to a stop and called out, "Disciples!

*Since Heaven's plaque conveyed the royal decree,
 The rescript I took beneath brocaded screens.
 At Lantern Feast, the fifteenth, I left the East,
 From Emperor Tang parted as Heav'n from Earth.
 Just when dragons, tigers met with wind and cloud,
 Master and pupils fell to horses and men.
 On all twelve summits of Mount Wu I've walked.
 When can I face my lord and see my king?"*

"Master," said Pilgrim, "you are always so full of longing for home that you are hardly like someone who has left home. Just relax and keep moving! Stop worrying so much! As the ancients said,

*If wealth in life you wish to see,
 Deadly earnest your work must be."*

Tripitaka said, "What you say is quite right, disciple, but I wonder how much more there is of this road that leads to the Western Heaven!"

"Master,"

Eight Rules said, "it must be that our Buddha Tathāgata is unwilling to part with those three baskets of scriptures.

Knowing that we want to acquire them, he must have moved. If not, why is it that we just can't reach our destination?"

"Stop that foolish talk!" said Sha Monk. "Just follow Big Brother. Exert yourself and endure it. There'll be a day when we all arrive at our destination."

As master and disciples chatted in this manner, they came upon a huge, dark pine forest. Becoming frightened, the Tang Monk called out once more, "Wukong, we've just passed through a rugged mountain path. Why is it that we must face this deep, dark pine forest? We must be on guard."

"What's there to be afraid of?" asked Pilgrim. Tripitaka replied, "Stop talking like that! As the proverb says,

*You don't believe the honesty of the honest;
 You guard against the unkindness of the kind.*

You and I have gone through several pine forests, but none was as deep and wide as this one. Just look at it!

*Densely spread out east and west—
 In thick columns north and south—
 Densely spread out east and west it pierces the clouds;
 In thick columns north and south it invades the sky.
 Lush thistles and thorns are growing on all sides;
 Creepers and weeds wind up and down the trunks.
 The vines entwine the tendrils—
 The tendrils entwine the vines—
 The vines entwine the tendrils
 To impede the east-west traveler;
 The tendrils entwine the vines
 To block the north-south trader.
 In this forest
 One may spend half a year
 Not knowing the seasons,
 Or walk a few miles
 Without seeing the stars.
 Look at those thousand kinds of scenery on the shady side
 And ten thousand bouquets in the sunny part.
 There are also the millennial locust tree,
 The immortal juniper,
 The cold-enduring pine,
 The mountain peach,
 The wild peony,
 The dry-land hibiscus—
 In layers and clumps they pile together,
 So riotous that e'en gods can't portray them.
 You hear also a hundred birds:
 The parrot's squeal;
 The cuckoo's wail;
 The magpie darting through the branches;
 crow feeding her parents;
 The oriole soaring and dancing;
 A hundred tongues making melody;
 A call of red partridges,
 And the speech of purple swallows.
 The mynah learns to speak like a human;
 Even the grey thrush can read a sūtra.
 You see, too, a big creature wagging its tail
 And a tiger grinding its teeth;
 An aged fox disguised as a lady,
 An old grey wolf growling through the woods.
 Even if the devarāja Pagoda- Bearer comes here,
 He'll lose his wits though he can subdue a monster!"*

Not daunted in the least, however, our Great Sage Sun used his iron rod to open up a wide path and led the Tang Monk deep into the forest. Footloose and carefree, they proceeded for half a day but they had yet to reach the road leading out of the forest.

The Tang Monk called out:

“Disciples, our journey to the West has taken us through countless mountains and forests, all rather treacherous. This particular spot, I’m glad to say, is quite nice and the road seems safe enough. The strange flowers and rare plants of this forest are certainly pleasing to behold. I want to sit for a while here—to rest the horse and to relieve my hunger—if you can go somewhere to beg us a vegetarian meal.”

“Please dismount, Master,” said Pilgrim, “and I’ll go beg the meal.”

That elder indeed dismounted; as Eight Rules tethered the horse to a tree, Sha Monk put down his load of luggage and took out the alms-bowl to hand to Pilgrim. “Master,” said Pilgrim, “you may feel quite safe sitting here. Don’t be frightened. Old Monkey will return shortly.” While Tripitaka sat solemnly in the pine shade, Eight Rules and Sha Monk amused themselves by going off to search for flowers and fruits.

We tell you now about our Great Sage, who somersaulted into midair. As he paused in his cloudy luminosity to look back, he saw that the pine forest was veiled by hallowed clouds and auspicious mists. So moved was he by the sight that he unwittingly blurted out, “Marvelous! Marvelous!” Why did he say that, you ask? He was giving praise to the Tang Monk, you see, and recalling to himself the fact that his master was verily the incarnation of the Elder Gold Cicada, a good man who has practiced austerities for ten incarnations. That was why his head was surrounded by such an auspicious halo. “Consider old Monkey,” he thought to himself. “At the time when I brought great disturbance to the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago, I toured with the clouds the four corners of the sea and roamed freely the edges of Heaven. I assembled various monster-spirits to call myself the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven; taming the tiger and subduing the dragon, I even removed our names from the register of death. My head wore a triple-decker gold crown, and my body a yellow gold cuirass; my hands held the golden-hooped rod and my feet were shod in cloud-treading shoes. Some forty-seven thousand fiends under my command all addressed me as Venerable Father Great Sage, and that was some life I led. Now that I’m delivered from my Heaven-sent calamity, I must humble myself and serve this man as his disciple. But if my master’s head has the protection of such hallowed clouds and auspicious mists, he will, I suppose, end up with something good once he returns to the Land of the East, and old Monkey undoubtedly will also attain the right fruit.”

As he thought to himself in this manner and gave praise to his master, he caught sight of a mass of black fumes boiling up from south of the forest. Greatly startled, Pilgrim said, “There must be something perverse in those black fumes! Our Eight Rules and Sha Monk can’t release black fumes like that . . .” In midair our Great Sage at once tried to determine where those black fumes came from, and we shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you instead about Tripitaka, who was sitting in the forest with mind enlightened by the vision of the Buddha-nature in all things. As he recited with utmost concentration the *Mahāprajñā-parāmitāhṛ-daya Sūtra*, he suddenly heard a faint cry, “Save me! Save me!”

“My goodness! My goodness!” said Tripitaka, highly astonished. “Who would be crying out like that deep in the forest? It must be someone scared by tigers or wolves. Let me take a look.” Rising and striding forward, the elder went by the millennial cedars and the immortal pines; he climbed over creepers and vines to take a clear look. Tied to

the trunk of a huge tree was a girl: the upper half of her body was bound by vines, while the lower half of her body was buried in the ground.

Stopping before her, the elder asked, “Lady Bodhisattva, for what reason are you bound here?”

Alas! She was clearly a monster, but the elder, being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, could not recognize her. When the fiend heard the question, she released a torrent of tears. Look at her!

*As tears dripped from her peachlike cheeks,
She had features that would sink fishes and drop wild geese;
As grief flashed from her starlike eyes,
She had looks that would daunt the moon and shame the flowers.*

In truth not daring to approach her, our elder asked again, “Lady Bodhisattva, what possible crime could you have committed? Speak up so that this humble cleric may rescue you.” With clever and deceptive words, with false and specious sentiments, the monster-spirit replied hurriedly, “Master, my home is located in the Bimbāna Kingdom, some two hundred miles from here. My parents, still living and exceedingly devoted to virtue, have in all their lives been kind to friends and peaceable toward relatives. As this is the time of Clear Brightness, they invited various kinfolk and the young and old of our family to sweep clean our ancestral graves and offer sacrifices to the dead. A whole row of carriages and horses went out into the desolate wilds. We had just set up the sacrifices and finished burning paper money and horses when the sound of gongs and drums brought out a band of strong men wielding knives, waving staffs, and screaming to kill as they fell on us. We were scared out of our wits. My parents and my relatives managed to escape on horseback or in the carriages. Being so young and unable to run, I fell in terror to the ground and was abducted by these brigands. The Big Great King wanted me to be his mistress; the Second Great King desired me for his wife; the Third and the Fourth, too, admired my beauty. A heated quarrel thus began among some seventy or eighty of them, and when they could not resolve their anger, they had me tied up in the forest before they scattered. I have been here like this for five whole days and nights, and I expect my life will expire any moment. I don’t know which generation of my ancestors accumulated sufficient merit to acquire for me the good fortune this day of meeting the venerable master at this place. I beseech you in your great mercy to save my life. I shall never forget your kindness, even when I reach the Nine Springs of Hades!” When she finished speaking, her tears fell like rain.

Always a merciful person, Tripitaka could not refrain from shedding tears himself. In a choking voice, he called out, “Disciples!” Our Eight Rules and Sha Monk were just searching for flowers and fruits in the forest when they suddenly heard the melancholy cry of their master. “Sha Monk,” said Idiot, “Master must have recognized one of his relatives here.”

“You’re driveling, Second Elder Brother!” said Sha Monk, laughing. “We haven’t met one good man after walking all this time. Where would this relative come from?”

“If it weren’t a relative,” replied Eight Rules, “you think Master would be weeping with someone else? Let’s you and I go take a look.” Sha Monk agreed to go back to the original spot with him. As they drew near, leading the horse and toting the luggage, they said, “Master, what’s up?” Pointing to the tree, the Tang Monk said,

“Eight Rules, untie that lady bodhisattva over there so that we may save her life.” Without regard for good or ill, our Idiot immediately proceeded to do so.

We tell you now about the Great Sage in midair, who saw that the black fumes were growing thicker all the time until they had the auspicious luminosity completely covered. “That’s bad! That’s bad!” he exclaimed. “When the black fumes have covered the auspicious luminosity, it may mean that some monstrous perversity has harmed Master. Begging for vegetarian food is a small matter now. I’d better go see my master first.” Reversing the direction of his cloud, he dropped down into the forest, where he found Eight Rules busily trying to untie the ropes. Pilgrim went forward, grabbed one of his ears, and flung him with a thud to the ground. As he raised his head to look and scramble up, Idiot said, “Master told me to rescue this person. Why did you have to strongarm me and give me this tumble?”

“Brother, don’t untie her,” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “She is a monster-spirit who’s using some jugglery to deceive us.”

“You brazen ape!” snapped Tripitaka. “You’re babbling again! How could you tell that this girl is a fiend?”

“Master, you may have no idea about this,” replied Pilgrim, “but it’s the kind of business old Monkey has done before. This is the way monster-spirits try to get human flesh to eat. How could you know about that?” Pouting with his snout stuck out, Eight Rules said, “Master, don’t believe the lies of this Ban-Horse-Plague. This girl belongs to a family here, whereas we came from the distant Land of the East. We’re no acquaintances or kinfolk of hers. How could we say that she is a monster-spirit? He wants us to abandon her and go on our way so that he can use his magic and somersault back here to have a nice time with her. He wants to sneak in through the back door!”

“Coolie, don’t you dare mouth such nonsense!” snapped Pilgrim. “During this journey to the West, since when has old Monkey ever been slothful or unruly? I’m no miserable bum like you who loves sex more than life, and who will sell out his friends for a price.

Remember how dumb you were when you were deceived by that household’s offer to take you in as a son-in-law and ended up being tied to a tree?”

“All right! All right!” said Tripitaka. “Eight Rules, your elder brother has always been quite right in his perception. If he puts it that way, let’s not mind her. Let’s leave.”

“Marvelous!” said Pilgrim, highly pleased. “Master will be able to preserve his life. Please mount up. After we get out of the pine forest, I’ll go to some household to beg you a vegetarian meal.”

The four of them indeed abandoned the fiend and proceeded.

Still bound to the tree, the fiend said to herself through clenched teeth, “I have heard people say for several years that Sun Wukong has vast magic powers. What I can see of him today certainly confirms the rumor. Since that Tang Monk has begun practicing austerities in his youth, he has never allowed his original yang to leak out. I was hoping that I could seize him and mate with him so that I might become a golden immortal of the Grand Monad. Hardly did I anticipate that this ape would see through my disguise and take him away instead. If he had untied me and let me down, the Tang Monk would have fallen right into my hands. He would have indeed been mine, wouldn’t he? If I let him get away now just because of a few casual remarks, it means I have planned and worked in vain. Let me call him a couple more times and see what

happens. Still tied up in the ropes, the monster-spirit instead employed a gentle breeze to waft some virtuous sentences faintly into the ears of the Tang Monk. What did she say, you ask? This was how she called out to him:

“O Master!

*If you a living human passed by and refused to free,
What Buddha or scriptures could such blindness hope to see?”*

Hearing a summons like that as he rode along, the Tang Monk immediately reined in the horse and called out, “Wukong, let’s go and free the girl.”

“Master, you’re moving along just fine,” said Pilgrim. “What makes you think of her again?”

“She’s calling after me!” replied the Tang Monk.

“Did you hear anything, Eight Rules?” asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, “My oversized ears must have blocked it. I didn’t hear a thing.”

“Sha Monk, did you hear anything?” asked Pilgrim again. Sha Monk said, “I was walking ahead, toting the luggage, and I didn’t pay any attention. I didn’t hear anything either.”

“Nor did old Monkey,” said Pilgrim. “Master, what did she say? Why are you the only one who heard the call?”

The Tang Monk replied, “The way she called me makes a lot of sense. She said,

*If you a living human passed by and refused to free,
What Buddha or scriptures could such blindness hope to see?*

As the proverb also puts the matter,

*Saving one life
Is better than building a seven-tiered stūpa.*

Let’s go quickly and rescue her. It’ll be as good as fetching scriptures and worshipping Buddha.”

“Master,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “when you want to do good, there’s no drug in the world that can cure you! Think how many mountains you have crossed since you left the Land of the East and how many monsters you have encountered since you began your journey to the West. Without fail they managed to have you captured and brought into their caves. When old Monkey came to rescue you, the iron rod he used had beaten thousands upon thousands to death. Today there’s only one life of a monster-spirit, and you can’t leave her. Do you have to rescue her?”

“O disciple!” said the Tang Monk. “As the ancients said,

*Don’t fail to do good even if it’s small;
Don’t engage in evil even if it’s small.*

Let’s go rescue her.”

“If you put it that way, Master,” said Pilgrim, “you must assume the responsibility, because old Monkey can’t bear it. If you have made up your mind to rescue her, I dare not admonish you too much. For if I do, you’ll get mad after a while. You may go and rescue her as you please.”

“Don’t talk so much, ape-head!” said the Tang Monk. “You sit here, while Eight Rules and I go rescue her.” Returning to the pine forest, the Tang Monk asked Eight Rules to untie the ropes that had the girl bound to the tree from the waist up, and to use his rake to dig the lower half of her body out from the ground. Stamping her feet and straightening out her skirt, the fiend followed the Tang Monk out of the forest most amiably. When they met up with Pilgrim, he began to snicker uncontrollably.

“Brazen ape!” scolded the Tang Monk. “Why are you laughing?”

“I’m laughing replied Pilgrim, “because

*When times are right good friends you will hail;
A fair lady will greet you should fortune fail!”*

“Wretched ape!” scolded the Tang Monk again. “What rubbish! The moment I left my mother’s belly, I became a priest. Now I’m journeying westward by imperial decree and trying to worship Buddha in all sincerity. I’m no seeker of profit or status. How could there be a time when my fortune fails?”

“Master,” replied Pilgrim with a laugh, “though you may have been a monk since your youth, all you know is how to read sūtras and chant the name of Buddha. You aren’t familiar with the codes and laws of a state. This girl is both young and pretty, and we are after all persons who have left the family. If we travel with her, we may run into wicked people who will send us to court. Regardless of how we profess to be scripture seekers and Buddha worshippers, they may accuse us of fornication. Even if we are cleared of that charge, they may still have us convicted of kidnapping. You will be expelled from your priesthood and beaten till you’re half-dead; Eight Rules will be sent into the army and Sha Monk will be sentenced to hard labor. Even old Monkey will find it hard to extricate himself from such a messy affair. I may be smart-mouthed, but no amount of haggling on my part will clear us of indiscretion.”

“Stop this nonsense!” snapped Tripitaka. “I’m determined to save her life. How could she involve us in any trouble? We’re taking her with us. If anything arises, I’ll assume the responsibility myself.”

“You may talk like that, Master,” said Pilgrim, “but you don’t realize that what you are doing won’t save her but will only harm her.”

Tripitaka said, “I rescued her out of the forest so that she might live. How could she be harmed instead?”

“When she was tied up in the forest,” replied Pilgrim, “she might have lasted five to seven days, possibly up to half a month, but without rice to eat, she would have starved to death. Even in that situation, however, she would have died with her body preserved intact. Now you’ve freed her and brought her with you, without realizing, of course, that you happen to be riding a horse swift as the wind. We may be able to follow you on our feet, not having really any choice in the matter, but the girl has such tiny feet that she moves with great difficulty. How could she possibly keep up with you? If by chance she drops behind, she may well run into a tiger or a leopard, which will swallow her with one gulp. In that case, haven’t you harmed her life?”

“Indeed!” said Tripitaka. “It’s a good thing you saw things this way. What shall we do?”

“Lift her up and let her ride with you,” said Pilgrim. “How can I ride with her?” asked Tripitaka, and he fell into silent thought.

“How can she proceed?” pressed Pilgrim. “Let Eight Rules carry her on his back,” said Tripitaka. Laughing, Pilgrim said, “Idiot’s getting lucky!”

“A long distance has no light load!” said Eight Rules. “How can I be getting lucky if I’m asked to carry someone on my back?”

“But you’ve such a long snout,” said Pilgrim, “long enough, in fact, to stick it behind you to flirt with her once she is on your back.

Don’t you have an advantage there?” When Eight Rules heard this, he pounded his chest and jumped up and down. “That’s no good! That’s no good!” he bellowed. “If Master wants to beat me a few times, I’m willing to take the pain, but it’ll be quite messy for me if I put her on my back. All his life, Elder Brother has loved to set people up by planting false evidence. I can’t carry her!”

“All right, all right!” said Tripitaka. “I can still manage to walk a few steps. Let me get down and walk slowly with her. Eight Rules can lead the horse.”

Breaking into loud guffaws, Pilgrim said, “Idiot is really getting the business. Master’s looking after you by asking you to lead the horse!”

“This ape-head is mouthing absurdity again!” said Tripitaka. “The ancients said, ‘Though a horse can travel a thousand miles, it can’t get there without human guidance.’ If I walk slowly on the road, would you like to leave me behind, too? If I move slowly, you must also move slowly; we can certainly walk down the mountain with this lady bodhisattva. When we arrive at some human household, we can leave her there, and that will have completed our task of rescuing her.”

“What Master says is quite reasonable,” said Pilgrim. “Please proceed quickly.”

As Tripitaka walked forward, Sha Monk toted the luggage, Eight Rules led the horse and the girl, and Pilgrim held up his iron rod. They had not covered more than twenty or thirty miles when it was getting late, and there came into their view again a towered building with ornate roof carvings. “Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “that must be either a monastery or temple. Let’s ask for one night’s lodging, and we can proceed tomorrow.”

“You spoke well, Master,” said Pilgrim. “Let’s move along, all of us.”

As soon as they reached the gate, Tripitaka gave them this instruction:

“Stand away from the door, all of you, and let me go ask for lodging. If it’s convenient, someone will come to call you.”

All of them stood beneath the shade of some willow trees, but Pilgrim, gripping his iron rod, stood guard over the girl.

The elder strode forward and saw that the temple gate was so badly rotted that it was all crooked and bent. When he pushed it open to have another look, he was filled with grief, for he found

*The long corridors quiet,
An old temple desolate.
Mosses filled the courtyard
And weeds choked the path.
Only the fireflies served as lanterns,
And frog-croaks acted for water clocks.*

All at once the elder could not hold back his tears. Truly

*The walls were unused and collapsing;
 The chambers, forlorn and crumbling.
 Over ten piles of broken bricks and tiles
 There all bent pillars and snapped beams.
 Green grasses grew both front and back;
 Dust buried the incense alcove.
 The bell tower stood in ruin, the drum had no skin;
 The crystal chalice was cracked and chipped.
 Buddha's gold frame lacked luster;
 Arhats lay prone east and west.
 Guanyin, rain-soaked, was reduced to clay,
 Her willow vase fallen to earth.
 No priests would enter during the day;
 Only foxes rested here by night.
 You heard only the wind's thunderous roar
 In this hiding place of all tigers and leopards.
 Walls on all four sides had collapsed,
 Without doors to fence in the house.*

We have also a testimonial poem that says:

*A very old temple in disrepair:
 Decayed, declining—no one seems to care.
 fierce wind fractures the guardians' faces,
 And heavy rain the buddha-heads defaces.
 The arhats have fallen, they're strewn about;
 Homeless, a local spirit sleeps without.
 Two sorry sights for one to look upon:
 The bronze bell's grounded for the belfry's gone.*

Forcing himself to be bold, Tripitaka walked through the second-level door and found that the belfry and the drum tower had both collapsed. All there was left was a huge bronze bell standing on the ground: the upper half was white as snow and the lower half was blue-green like indigo. It had been there for many years, you see: rain had whitened the upper part of the bell and the dampness of the earth had coated the lower part with copperas. Rubbing the bell with his hand, Tripitaka cried out:

“O bell! You used to

*Make thunderous peal, on a tow'r hung high,
 Or boom carved-beam tones to the distant sky,
 Or ring in the dawn when the roosters crow,
 Or send off the twilight when the sun dropp'd low.
 The bronze-melter, I wonder where he is,
 And whether the smith who forged you still exists.
 These two, I think, are now for Hades bound:
 They have no traces and you have no sound!”*

As the elder loudly lamented in this manner, he unwittingly disturbed a temple worker who was in charge of incense and fire. When he heard someone speaking, he scrambled up, picked up a piece of broken brick, and tossed it at the bell. The loud clang so scared the elder that he fell to the ground; he struggled up and tried to flee, only to

trip over the root of a tree and stumble a second time. Lying on the ground, the elder said, "O bell!

*While this humble cleric laments your state,
A loud clang suddenly reaches my ears.
No one takes the road to Western Heav'n, I fear,
And thus you've become a spirit o'er the years."*

The temple worker rushed forward and raised him up, saying, "Please rise, Venerable Father. The bell has not turned into a spirit. I struck it, and that is why it clanged." When he raised his head and saw how ugly and dark the worker looked, he said, "Could you be some sort of goblin or fiend? I'm no ordinary human, but someone from the Great Tang. Under my command are disciples who can subdue the dragon and tame the tiger. If you run into them, it won't be easy to preserve your life!"

Going to his knees, the temple worker said, "Don't be afraid, Venerable Father. I'm no fiend, only a temple worker in care of the fire and incense in this monastery. When I heard your virtuous lament just now, I was about to step out and receive you. Then I was afraid you might be some kind of perverse demon knocking at our door, so I picked up a piece of brick to toss at the bell—just to calm my own fears before I dared come out. Venerable Father, please rise." Only then did the Tang Monk collect his wits and say, "Keeper, you nearly frightened me to death! Please take me in."

The worker led the Tang Monk straight through the third-level door, the inside of which he found to be quite different from the outside. He saw

*Walls of cloud-patterns built by bluish bricks,
And a main hall roofed in green glazed tiles.
Yellow gold trimmed the saintly forms;
White jade slabs made up the steps.
Green light danced on the Great Hero Hall;
Zealous airs rose from the Pure Alcove.
On Mañjuśrī Hall
Colorful designs soared like clouds;
On the Transmigration Hall
Painted flowers heaped up elegance.
A pointed vase tipped the triple-layered eave;
A brocade top lined the Five- Blessings Tower.
A thousand bamboos rocked the priestly beds;
Ten thousand green pines lit up the Buddhist gate.
Golden light shone within the Jade- Cloud Palace;
Auspicious hues fluttered in the purple mists.
With dawn a fragrant breeze blew to all four quarters;
By dusk the painted drum rolled from a tall mountain.
If one could face the sun to mend a cloak,
Would he not by moonlight finish the Book?
They saw, too, lamplight glowing on half the backyard wall
And scented mists flooding the whole of central mall.*

When Tripitaka saw all this, he dared not enter. "Worker," he called out, "from the front, your place looks so run down, but it's so nicely maintained back here. How can this be?" With a laugh the worker said, "Venerable Father, there are many perverse fiends and bandits in this mountain. In fair weather they used to rob and plunder all over

the region, but they would seek shelter in this monastery when the skies were grey. They took down holy images and used them for seat cushions, and they pulled up shrubbery and plants for starting fires. As the monks in our monastery are too weak to contend with them, the ruined buildings up front have been turned over to the bandits as their resting place. New patrons were found to build another monastery in the back, so that the pure and the profane could remain distinct. That's how things are in the West!"

"I see!" replied Tripitaka.

As they walked inside, Tripitaka saw on top of the monastery gate these five words written large:

Sea-Pacifying Chan Grove Monastery. Hardly had they crossed the threshold when they saw a monk approaching. How did he look, you ask?

*He wore a cap of wool-silk pinned to the left;
A pair of copper rings dangled from his ears.
He had on himself a robe of Persian wool;
Like silver his two eyes were white and clear.
His hand waving a rattle from Pamirs,
He chanted some scripture barbaric and queer.
Tripitaka could in no way recognize
This lama cleric of the Western sphere.*

Coming through the door, the lama priest saw what lovely, refined features Tripitaka possessed: broad forehead and a flat top, shoulder-length ears, hands that reached beyond the knees—so handsome, in fact, that he seemed verily an incarnate arhat. Walking forward to take hold of him, the lama priest, full of smiles, gave Tripitaka's hand and leg a couple of pinches; he also rubbed Tripitaka's nose and pulled at his ear to express his cordial sentiments.

After taking Tripitaka into the abbot's chamber and greeting him, he asked, "Where did the venerable master come from?"

"This disciple," replied Tripitaka, "is someone sent by imperial commission of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Great Thunderclap Monastery of India in the West to seek scriptures from the Buddha. As we arrive in your precious region at this late hour of the day, I come especially to ask for one night's lodging in your noble temple. Tomorrow we'll set out once more. I beg you to grant us this request."

"Blasphemy! Blasphemy!" said the priest, laughing. "People like you and me didn't leave the family with noble intentions. It's usually because the times of our births happened to have offended the Floriate Canopy.

Our families were too poor to rear us, and that gave us the resolve to leave home. Since we have all become the followers of Buddha, we should never speak fraudulent words."

"But mine were honest words!" replied Tripitaka.

"What a distance it is to travel from the Land of the East to the Western Heaven!" said the priest. "There are mountains on the road, there are caves in the mountains, and there are monsters in the caves. You are all by yourself and you seem so young and gentle. You don't look like a scripture seeker!"

“The abbot’s perception is quite correct,” said Tripitaka. “How could this poor cleric reach this place all by himself? I have three other disciples who are able to open up a road in the mountains and build a bridge across the waters. It is their protection that has enabled me to reach your noble temple.”

“Where are your three worthy disciples?” asked the priest.

“Waiting outside the monastery gate,” replied Tripitaka.

“Master,” said the priest, growing alarmed, “you probably have no idea that there are tigers and wolves, fiendish thieves, and weird goblins out to harm people in this region. Even in daytime we dare not travel very far, and we shut our doors before it gets dark. How could you leave people outside at this hour? Disciples, ask them to come in quickly!”

Two young lamas ran out, but at the sight of Pilgrim they immediately fell down in fright; when they saw Eight Rules, they stumbled again. Scrambling to their feet, they dashed to the rear, crying, “Holy Father, you’ve rotten luck! Your disciples have disappeared.

There are just three or four fiends standing outside the gate.”

“What do they look like?” asked Tripitaka. One of the young priests said, “One had a thundergod beak, another a pestlelike snout, and a third had a blue-green face with fangs. By their side there was a girl, rather heavily made up.”

“You could not possibly know that those three ugly creatures happen to be my disciples,” said Tripitaka, smiling. “The girl, however, is someone whose life I saved back in a pine forest.”

“O Holy Father!” cried the young priest. “Such a handsome master like yourself, why did you find such ugly disciples?”

“They may be ugly,” replied Tripitaka, “but they are all useful. You’d better hurry and invite them inside. If you wait a while longer, that one with the thundergod beak, being no human offspring, loves to cause trouble and he may want to fight his way in.”

The young priest hurried out, trembling all over, fell to his knees, and said, “Venerable Fathers, Father Tang asks you to enter.”

“O Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, giggling, “all he has to do is to invite us to enter. Why is he shaking so hard?”

“Because he’s afraid,” replied Pilgrim, “seeing how ugly we are.”

“How absurd!” said Eight Rules. “We were born like this! We don’t look ugly just for the fun of it!”

“Let’s try to fix up the ugliness somewhat,” said Pilgrim. Our Idiot indeed lowered his head to hide his snout in his bosom; while he led the horse and Sha Monk toted the luggage, Pilgrim herded the girl with his rod in the rear as all of them walked inside. Going through the ruined buildings and three levels of doors, they reached the inside, where they tethered the horse and set the luggage on the ground before entering the abbot’s chamber to greet the lama priest. When they had taken their proper seats, the priest led out some seventy young lamas who also greeted the pilgrims. Then they began preparing a vegetarian meal to entertain the guests. Truly

Merit must start with a merciful thought;

A priest lauds a monk when Buddhism thrives.

We do not know how they will leave the monastery; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-ONE

*At Sea-Pacifying Monastery Mind Monkey knows the fiend
In the black pine forest three pupils search for their master*

We were telling you how Tripitaka and his disciples arrived at the Sea-Pacifying Chan Grove Monastery, where they had a vegetarian meal prepared by the local monks. After the four had eaten, and the girl too had received some nourishment, it was getting late and lamps were lit in the abbot's chamber. Because they wanted to ask the Tang Monk the reason for seeking scriptures, and because they coveted a glimpse of the girl, the various monks all crowded into the chamber and stood in rows beneath the lamps. Tripitaka said to the lama he had met earlier, "Abbot, when we leave your treasure temple tomorrow, what's the rest of the journey to the West like?"

At once the priest went to his knees, so startling the elder that he hurriedly tried to raise him, saying, "Please rise, abbot. I am asking you about the journey. Why are you performing ceremony instead?"

"Your journey tomorrow, Master," replied the priest, "should proceed along a smooth and level path, and you need not worry. But at this very moment there is a small but rather embarrassing matter. I wanted to tell you the moment you entered our gate, but I feared that I might offend you. Only after we have served you a meal do I make so bold as to tell you. Since the venerable master has come from such a long way in the East, you must be tired, and it is perfectly all right that you should rest tonight in the room of this humble cleric. But it will not be convenient for this lady bodhisattva, and I wonder where I should send her to sleep."

"Abbot," said Tripitaka, "you needn't suspect that we master and disciples are harboring some perverse intentions. We passed through a black pine forest earlier and found this girl bound to a tree. Sun Wukong, my disciple, refused to rescue her, but I was moved by my Buddhist compassion to have her released and brought here. Wherever the abbot now wishes to send her to sleep is all right with me."

"Since the master is so kind and generous," said the priest gratefully, "I'll just ask her to go to the Devarāja Hall. I'll make a bed of straw behind Holy Father Devarāja, and she can sleep there."

"Very good! Very good!" said Tripitaka. Thereupon the young priests led the girl to go to sleep at the back of the hall.

After the elder had bidden the other priests good night, everyone left. "You all must be tired," said Tripitaka to Wukong. "Let's rest now so that we may rise early."

All of them thus slept in the same place, for they wanted to guard their master and dared not leave his side. Gradually the night deepened. Truly

*All sounds had ceased as the moon rose high;
The temple grew silent for no one walked by.
The silver stream glistened with astral showers
When tower-drums hastened the change of hours.*

Leaving them to rest through the night, we tell you now about Pilgrim, who rose by dawn and at once told Eight Rules and Sha Monk to pack and ready the horse, so that

they might ask their master to set out again. The elder, however, was still sleeping at that moment.

Pilgrim walked up to him and called out, “Master.”

The master raised his head slightly but did not answer. “Master,” asked Pilgrim, “what’s the matter with you?”

“I don’t know why,” replied the elder with a groan, “but my head seems light, my eyes feel puffy, and I ache all over!” On hearing this, Eight Rules touched him and found him feverish. “I know,” said Idiot, giggling. “You saw last night that the rice was free, and you ate one bowl too many and then went to sleep with a blanket over your head. You’ve got indigestion!”

“Rubbish!” snapped Pilgrim. “Let me find out from master what is the true reason.”

“I got up in the middle of the night to relieve myself, and I forgot to put on my cap,” said Tripitaka. “I must have been chilled by the wind.”

“That’s more like it,” replied Pilgrim. “Can you travel at all?”

“I can’t even sit up,” said Tripitaka. “How could I mount the horse? But then, I don’t want to delay our journey either!”

“You shouldn’t speak like that, Master!” said Pilgrim. “As the proverb says,

*Once a teacher,
Always a father.*

Since we have become your disciples, we are like your sons. The proverb also says:

*You need not rear your children with silver and gold;
That they treat you kindly is good to behold.*

If you don’t feel well, you needn’t mention anything about delaying our journey. Stay here for a few days. What’s wrong with that?”

Thus the brothers all ministered to their master, hardly realizing that

*dawn passed, the noon came, and dusk set in;
The good night withdrew at the break of day.*

Time went by swiftly, and two days had passed before the master sat up on the third day and called out, “Wukong, I was so sick these last two days that I did not think of asking you: that lady bodhisattva who got back her life, did anyone send her some rice to eat?”

“Why worry about her?” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “You should be concerned with your own illness.”

“Indeed! Indeed!” said Tripitaka. “Please help me get up, and bring out my paper, brush, and ink. Go and borrow an inkstand from the monastery.”

“What for?” asked Pilgrim.

“I want to write a letter,” said the elder, “in which I’ll also enclose the travel rescript. You may take that up to Chang’an and ask for an audience with Emperor Taizong.”

“That’s easy,” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey may not be very able in other matters, but I’m the best postman in the whole wide world.

When you finish your letter, I’ll send it to Chang’an and hand-deliver it to the Tang emperor with one somersault. Then I’ll come back here with another somersault—before your brush and inkstand are dry! But why do you want to send a letter? Tell me a little of its contents, and then you may write.” Shedding tears, the elder said, “This is what I intend to write:

*Three times your priestly subject bows his head
To greet my sage ruler, long may he live!
By lords civil and martial let this be read,
Let four hundred nobles hear what is said:
When I left the East that year by decree,
Buddha on Spirit Mount I had hoped to see.
I did not such ordeals anticipate
Or in midway such afflictions foresee.
This monk, now gravely ill, cannot proceed,
And Buddha’s gate seems far as Heaven’s gate.
I’ve no life for scriptures, my toil is vain;
Some other seeker I beg you ordain.”*

When Pilgrim heard these words, he could not refrain from breaking into uproarious laughter. “Master,” he said, “you’re just too weak! A little illness, and you already entertain such thoughts! If you get any worse, if it truly becomes a matter of life and death, all you need is to ask me. Old Monkey has ability enough to pose the following questions:

‘Which Yama king dares make this decision? Which judge of Hell has the gall to issue the summons? And which ghostly summoner would come near to take you away?’ If I’m the least bit annoyed, I may well bring out that temperament that greatly disturbed the Celestial Palace and, with my rod flying, fight my way into the Region of Darkness. Once I catch hold of the Ten Yama Kings, I’ll pull their tendons one by one, and even then I’ll not spare them!”

“O Disciple!” said Tripitaka. “I *am* gravely ill! Please don’t talk so big!” Walking up to them, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, Master says the situation is not good, and you insist that it is. That’s awfully embarrassing! We should make plans early to sell the horse and hock the luggage so that we can buy a coffin for his funeral before we scatter.”

“You’re babbling again, Idiot!” said Pilgrim. “You don’t realize that Master was the second disciple of our Buddha Tathāgata, and originally he was called Elder Gold Cicada. Because he slighted the Law, he was fated to experience this great ordeal.”

“O Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “even if Master did slight the Law, he had already been banished back to the Land of the East where he took on human form in the field of slander and the sea of strife. After he made his vow to worship Buddha and seek scriptures in the Western Heaven, he was bound whenever he ran into monster-spirits and he was hung high whenever he met up with demons. Hasn’t he suffered enough? Why must he endure sickness as well?”

“You wouldn’t know about this,” replied Pilgrim. “Our old master fell asleep while listening to Buddha expounding the Law. As he slumped to one side, his left foot

kicked down one grain of rice. That is why he is fated to suffer three days' illness after he has arrived at the Region Below."

Horried, Eight Rules said, "The way old Hog sprays and splatters things all over when he eats, I wonder how many *years* of illness I'd have to go through!"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "you have no idea either that the Buddha is not that concerned with you and other creatures. But as people say:

*Rice stalks planted in noonday sun
Take root as perspiration runs.
Who knows of this food from the soil
Each grain requires most bitter toil?*

Master still has one more day to go, but he'll be better by tomorrow."

Tripitaka said, "I feel quite different from yesterday, for I'm terribly thirsty. Could you find me some cool water to drink?"

"That's good!" remarked Pilgrim. "When Master wants to drink, it's a sign that he's getting better. Let me go fetch some water."

Taking out the almsbowl, he went immediately to the incense kitchen at the rear of the monastery to fetch water. There, however, he came upon many priests who were sobbing, their eyes all red-rimmed, though they dared not weep aloud. "How could you priests be so petty?" asked Pilgrim. "We stay here for a few days, but we fully intend to thank you and pay you back for the rice and firewood when we leave. Why do you behave in such a low-class manner?"

Greatly flustered, the priests knelt down to say, "We dare not! We dare not!"

"What do you mean by you dare not?" said Pilgrim. "I suppose the big appetite of the priest with a long snout has hurt your assets."

"Venerable Father," replied one of the priests. "Even in this desolate temple of ours, there are altogether over a hundred monks, old and young. If one of us were to feed one of you for one day, we could still manage to take care of all of you for over a hundred days.

Would we dare be so niggardly and particular about your upkeep?"

"If not," asked Pilgrim, "why are you crying?"

"Venerable Father," said another priest, "we don't know what sort of perverse fiend has invaded this monastery of ours. Two nights ago two young priests were sent to toll the bell and beat the drum, but they never came back. When we searched for them in the morning, we found their caps and sandals abandoned in the rear garden; their skeletons remained, but their flesh was eaten. You have all stayed in our monastery for three days and we have lost six priests. That is why we brothers cannot help fretting and grieving. Since your venerable master is indisposed, however, we dare not make this known to you, though we can't refrain from shedding tears in secret." On hearing this, Pilgrim was both startled and delighted, saying, "No need to say any more. There must be a fiendish demon here causing harm to people. Let me exterminate it for you."

"Venerable Father," said a priest, "the monster who is not a spirit will not possess spiritual powers. But those who are will undoubtedly have the ability to soar on the cloud and fog and to penetrate and leave the Region of Darkness. The ancients have put the matter quite well:

*Don't believe the honesty of the honest;
Be wary of the unkindness of the kind.*

Venerable Father, please forgive me for what I'm about to say: if you could catch this monster for us and rid our desolate temple of this root of calamity, it would indeed be our greatest fortune. But if you cannot catch him, there'll be quite a few inconveniences."

"What do you mean by quite a few inconveniences?" asked Pilgrim.

"To tell you the truth, Venerable Father," replied the priest, "though there are some one hundred monks in our rustic temple, they all left their homes in childhood.

*find knives to cut hair grown long;
They patch often their unlined garments.
Once they rise at dawn and wash their faces,
They bow with pressed palms
To embrace the Great Way;
At night they take pains to burn incense,
Sincere and earnest,
To chant Buddha's name.
Raising their heads to gaze at Buddha's form
On the ninth-grade lotus,
The Triyāna means,
And the vessel of mercy afloat on the dharmamega,
The world-honored Śākya of Jetavana they vow to see.
Lowering their heads to search their hearts.
Having received the five prohibitions,
Having transcended the world,
Amid the myriad creatures and phenomena
The stubborn void and formless form they would perceive.
When the dānapatis are present,
The old and the young,
The tall and the short,
The fat and the thin—
Each one will beat the wooden fish
And strike the golden stone,
Hustling and bustling,
To chant two scrolls of the Lotus Sūtra
Or a book of the Water Litany of King Liang.
When the dānapatis are absent,
The new and the old,
The unfamiliar and the familiar,
The rustic and the urbane—
Each one will press his palms together
And close his eyes,
In silence and darkness,
To meditate on the rush mat
And bolt the gate beneath the moon.
We leave those orioles and birds to chatter and bicker by themselves:
They don't belong in our convenient, merciful Mahāyāna.*

*That is why
 We are not able to tame tigers,
 Nor are we able to subdue dragons;
 We have no knowledge of fiends,
 can we recognize spirits.
 If you, Venerable Father, manage to annoy that fiendish demon,
 He may find a hundred of us priests barely sufficient for one meal.
 Then we'll all fall upon the Wheel of Transmigration;
 Second, our Chan grove and old temple will be destroyed;
 And third, at Tathāgata's assembly
 We'll not enjoy even half a mite of glory.*

These are some of those inconveniences!" When Pilgrim heard the priest delivering a speech like that,

*Anger flared up from his heart,
 And wrath sprouted by his bladder.*

"How stupid can you monks be?" he shouted. "All you know is about the monster-spirit. Haven't you any idea of old Monkey's exploits?"

"In truth we do not," replied the priests softly.

"I'll give you only a brief summary today," said Pilgrim. "Listen to me, all of you!"

*I did tame tigers and subdue dragons on Mount Flower- Fruit;
 I did ascend to Heaven's Palace to cause great havoc.
 In hunger I picked up Lord Lao's elixir
 And chewed up—not many—just two or three pellets!
 In thirst I took up the Jade Emperor's wine
 And drank—so lightly—six or seven cups!
 When my gold-pupil eyes, not black or white, flare wide open,
 The sky will pale
 And the moon darken;
 When I hold up one golden-hooped rod, not too long or short,
 I'll come and go
 Without a trace.
 Why mention big spirits or small fiends!
 Who's afraid of their hex or devilry!
 The moment when I give chase,
 The fleeing will flee,
 The shaking will shake,
 The hiding will hide,
 And the fearful will fear;
 The moment when I catch them,
 They will be sawed,
 They will be burned,
 They will be ground,
 And they will be pounded.
 Something like Eight Immortals crossing the sea,
 Each revealing magic ability.*

*Monks and priests,
I'll seize this monster-spirit for you to see.
Only then will you realize I'm old Monkey!"*

When those various monks heard this, they all nodded and said to themselves, "There has to be some basis for this burglar bonze to open his big mouth and utter these big words!"

Each of them, therefore, responded to Pilgrim agreeably, but the lama priest spoke up:

"Wait a moment! Since your master is indisposed, you shouldn't feel so eager to catch this monster-spirit. As the proverb says,

*A prince at a banquet
Will either be drunk or fed;
A hero on the field
Will either be hurt or dead.*

If the two of you engage in battle, you may well involve your master in some difficulty, and that's not too appropriate."

"Right you are!" replied Pilgrim. "Let me take some cold water to my master first and then I'll return." Picking up the almsbowl and filling it with water, he left the incense kitchen and went directly back to the abbot's chamber. "Master," he cried, "drink some cold water." Racked by thirst, Tripitaka raised his head, held the water to his mouth, and took a mighty draught. Truly

*In thirst one drop of liquid's like sweet dew;
The true cure arrives and the illness heals.*

When Pilgrim saw that the elder was gradually regaining his strength and that his features seemed to brighten, he asked, "Master, can you take some rice soup?"

"This cold water," replied Tripitaka, "is so much like an efficacious elixir that at least half of my illness is gone. If there is any rice soup, I can eat some."

At once Pilgrim shouted repeatedly, "My master's well. He wants some soup and rice."

His cries sent those monks scampering to wash the rice, cook it, make noodles, bake biscuits, steam breads, and make rice-noodle soup. They brought in, in fact, four or five tables of food, but the Tang Monk could take only half a bowl of rice soup. Pilgrim and Sha Monk managed to finish one tableful, while the rest all went into Eight Rules's stomach. After they had cleared away the utensils and lighted the lamps, the monks retired.

"How many days have we stayed here?" asked Tripitaka.

Pilgrim said, "Three whole days. By dusk tomorrow, it'll be the fourth day."

"How much have we fallen behind in our journey?" asked Tripitaka again. "Master," said Pilgrim, "you can't make that sort of calculation. Let's leave tomorrow."

"Exactly," said Tripitaka. "Even if I'm still not quite well, I'd better get going."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "I'd better catch a monster-spirit tonight."

"What sort of monster-spirit do you want to catch this time?" asked Tripitaka, growing alarmed.

“There’s a monster-spirit in this monastery,” said Pilgrim. “Let old Monkey catch it for them.”

“O Disciple!” said the Tang Monk. “I’m not even recovered yet, and you want to start something like this already! Suppose that fiend has great magic powers and you can’t catch it. Wouldn’t you put me in jeopardy?”

“You do love to put me down!” said Pilgrim. “As old Monkey goes about subduing fiends everywhere, have you ever seen him an underdog? I may not move my hands, but the moment I do, I’ll win.”

Tugging at him, Tripitaka said, “Disciple, the proverb puts the matter well:

*Do someone a favor when you have that favor;
Spare a person when you can afford to spare.
Can restiveness compare with contentedness?
Is tolerance nobler than belligerence?”*

When the Great Sage Sun heard his master pleading so passionately with him, refusing to let him subdue a fiend, he had little choice but to tell the truth, saying, “Master, I don’t want to hide this from you, but the fiend has devoured humans at this place.”

Horried, the Tang Monk asked, “What humans has the fiend devoured?”

“We have stayed in this monastery for three days,” replied Pilgrim, “and six young priests of the monastery have been devoured.”

The elder said, “‘When a hare dies, the fox grieves; for a creature will mourn its own kind.’ If a fiend has devoured the priests of this monastery, I, too, am a priest. I’ll let you go, but you must be careful.”

“No need to tell me that,” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey will eliminate it the moment he raises his hands.” Look at him! In the lamplight he gave instructions for Eight Rules and Sha Monk to guard their master, and then leaped out of the abbot’s chamber jubilantly. When he reached the main Buddha hall to look around, he found that there were stars in the sky though the moon had not yet risen. The hall was completely dark, so he exhaled some immortal fire from within himself to light the crystal chalice; then he went to strike the bell on the east and toll the bell on the west. Thereafter with one shake of his body he changed into a young priest no more than twelve or thirteen years of age. Draped in a clerical robe of yellow silk and wearing a white cloth shirt, he chanted scriptures as his hand struck a wooden fish. He waited there in the hall till about the hour of the first watch and nothing happened. By the hour of the second watch, when the waning moon had just risen, he heard all at once a loud roar of the wind.

Marvelous wind!

*Its black fog blotted out the sky;
Its somber clouds bedimmed the earth.
All four quarters seemed splashed with ink
Or coated with some indigo paint.
At first it lifted up dust and sprayed dirt;
Afterwards it toppled trees and felled forests.
Though stars glistened through lifted dust and sprayed dirt,
The moon paled as trees toppled and forests fell.*

*It blew till Chang'e tightly hugged the suoluo tree,
 The jade hare spinning searched for its dish of herbs;
 Nine Star Officials all shut their doors,
 Dragon Kings of Four Seas all closed their gates;
 City gods looked for young demons in their shrines,
 But midair divines could not soar on clouds.
 Yama of Hades sought to find horse-faces,
 As judges dashed madly to run down their wraps.
 It rocked the boulders on Kunlun summit
 And churned up the waves in rivers and lakes.*

When the wind subsided, he immediately felt the fragrance of orchids and perfumes and he heard the tinkling of girdle jade. He rose slightly and raised his head to look. Ah! It was a beautiful young girl, walking straight up the hall.

"Oo-li, oo-la!" chanted Pilgrim, pretending to recite scriptures. The girl walked up to him and hugged him, saying, "Little elder, what sort of scriptures are you chanting?"

"What I vowed to chant!" replied Pilgrim. "Everyone's enjoying his sleep," said the girl.

"Why are you still chanting?"

"I made a vow!" replied Pilgrim. "How could I not do so?"

Hugging him once more, the girl kissed him and said, "Let's go out back and play."

Turning his face aside deliberately, Pilgrim said, "You are kind of dumb!"

"Do you know physiognomy?" asked the girl.

"A little," replied Pilgrim. "Read my face," said the girl, "and see what sort of a person I am."

"I can see," said Pilgrim, "that you are somewhat of a slut or debauchee driven out by your in-laws!"

"You haven't seen a thing!" exclaimed the girl. "You haven't seen a thing!

*am no slut or debauchee
 Whom my in-laws compelled to flee.
 By my former life's poor fate
 I was given too young a mate,
 Who knew nothing of marriage rite
 And drove me to leave him this night.*

But the stars and the moon, so luminous this evening, have created the affinity for you and me to meet. Let's go into the rear garden and make love." On hearing this, Pilgrim nodded and said to himself, "So those several stupid monks all succumbed to lust and that was how they lost their lives. Now she's trying to fool even *me*!"

He said to her, "Lady, this priest is still very young, and he doesn't know much about lovemaking."

"Follow me," said the girl, "and I'll teach you." Pilgrim smiled and said to himself, "All right! I'll follow her and see what she wants to do with me."

They put their arms around each other's shoulders, and, hand in hand, the two of them left the hall to walk to the rear garden.

Immediately tripping Pilgrim up with her leg so that he fell to the ground, the fiend began crying "Sweetheart" madly as she tried to pinch his stinky root.

"My dear child!" exclaimed Pilgrim. "You do want to devour old Monkey!"

He caught her hand and, using a little tumbling technique, flipped the fiend on to the ground. Even then, the fiend cried out, "Sweetheart, you certainly know how to make your old lady fall!" Pilgrim thought to himself, "If I don't move against her now, what am I waiting for? As the saying goes,

*Strike first and you're the stronger;
Delay and you won't live longer!"*

Hands on his hips, he snapped his torso erect and leaped up to change into the magic appearance of his true form. Wielding his goldenhooped iron rod, he struck at the girl's head.

The fiend, too, was somewhat startled, thinking to herself, "This young priest is quite formidable!" She opened her eyes wide to take a careful look and found that her opponent was in fact the disciple of Elder Tang, the one with the surname of Sun. She was, however, not the least intimidated. What kind of spirit was she, you ask? She has

*A nose of gold
And fur like snow.
She dwells in tunnels underground
Where every part's both safe and sound.
A breath she nourished three hundred years before
Had sent her a few times to Mount Spirit's shore.
candles and flowers once she ate her fill,
She was banished by Tathāgata's will
To be Pagoda- Bearer's cherished child;
Prince Nāga took her as his sister mild.
She's no mythic, sea-filling bird of the air
Nor a turtle that a sacred mountain bears.
Of Lei Huan's magic sword she has no fear;
To her, Lü Qian's cutlass cannot go near.
Scurrying here and there,
She defies the River Han or Yangzi's breadth and length;
Scampering up and down
The heights of Mount Tai or Heng is her special strength.
When you behold her looks seductive and sweet,
Who'd think that she's a rodent-spirit in heat?*

Proud of her own vast magic powers, she casually picked up a pair of swords and began to parry left and right, to slash east and west, causing loud janglings and clangings. Though Pilgrim was somewhat stronger, he could not quite overtake her. A cold gust rose everywhere, and the waning moon had now lost its light. Look at the two of them engaged in this marvelous battle in the rear garden!

*A cold wind rose from the ground;
The waning moon released faint light.
Quiet was the Buddhist palace*

*And forlorn the spirit porch.
 But the rear garden was some battlefield!
 Great Master Sun,
 A sage from Heav'n,
 And the furry girl,
 A queen of women,
 They took up a contest in magic powers.
 One hardened a woman's heart to scold this black bonze;
 One widened his eyes of wisdom to glower at a girl.
 When the swords in both hands flew,
 Who'd recognize a "lady bodhisattva" ?
 When the single rod attacked,
 He was more vicious than a live vajra-guardian.
 The golden-hooped crackled like thunderbolts;
 The white steel flashed forth like luminous stars.
 Kingfishers dropped from jade towers;
 Mandarin ducks broke on the golden hall.
 wailed as the Szechwan moon dimmed;
 Wild geese called from the vast southern sky.
 The eighteen arhats
 All shouted bravos in secret;
 The thirty-two devas
 All became terror-stricken.*

As the Great Sage Sun became more and more energetic, the blows of his rod hardly ever slackening, the monster-spirit suspected that she would not be able to withstand him much longer. All at once her knitted brows gave her a plan, and she turned to flee.

"Lawless wench!" shouted Pilgrim. "Where are you going? Surrender instantly!"

But the monster-spirit refused to answer and kept retreating. She waited until Pilgrim was about to catch up with her and then ripped off her flower slipper from her left foot. Reciting a spell and blowing a mouthful of magic breath on it, she cried "Change!" and it changed into her appearance, both hands wielding the swords to attack. Her true self in a flash turned into a clear gust and disappeared. Alas! Is she not once more the star of calamity for Tripitaka? She swept into the abbot's chamber and immediately abducted Tripitaka Tang. Silently and invisibly they rose straight to the clouds, and in a twinkling of an eye they reached Mount Void-Entrapping. After they entered the Bottomless Cave, she asked her little ones to prepare a vegetarian wedding feast, and there we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who fought on anxiously till he found an opening and struck down the monster-spirit with one blow of the rod. Only then did he discover that it was merely a flower slipper. Realizing that he had been duped, Pilgrim rushed back to see his master, but he was nowhere to be found. Only Idiot and Sha Monk were there, chattering noisily about something. Maddened, Pilgrim lost all regard for good or ill as he raised high his rod and screamed, "I'm going to slaughter both of you! I'm going to slaughter both of you!" Our Idiot was so terrified that he did not know where to flee. Sha Monk, however, was a general from Mount Spirit after all. When he saw that things had become complicated, he turned gentle and mild as he walked forward and went to his knees. "Elder Brother," he said, "I think I know what

the matter is. You want to strike both of us dead so that you can go home and not go rescue Master.”

“I’ll slaughter both of you,” replied Pilgrim, “and then I’ll go rescue him by myself.”

“Elder Brother, how can you speak like that?” said Sha Monk with a smile. “Without the two of us, you’ll be reduced to the condition of the proverb:

*Silk fiber is no thread;
A single hand cannot clap.*

O Elder Brother! Who’s going to look after the luggage and the horse for you?

*Better that we emulate Guan and Bao dividing their gold
Than to imitate Sun and Pang in their matching of wits.*

As the ancients said,

*To fight the tiger you need brothers of the same blood;
To go to war requires a troop of fathers and sons.*

I beg you to spare us from this beating. By morning we’ll unite with you in mind and effort to go search for Master.”

Though Pilgrim had vast magic powers, he was also a most sensible person. When he saw Sha Monk pleading like that, he at once relented, saying, “Eight Rules, Sha Monk, get up, both of you. We have to exert ourselves tomorrow to find Master.” When Idiot learned that he was spared, he was ready to promise Pilgrim half of the sky! “O Elder Brother,” he said, “let old Hog take care of everything!” With so much on their minds the three brothers, of course, could hardly sleep. How they wished that

*One nod of their heads would bring forth the rising sun,
One blow of their breaths would scatter all the stars!*

Sitting up till dawn, the three of them immediately prepared to leave. Some of the monks in the monastery soon appeared, asking, “Where are the venerable fathers going?”

“It’s hard for me to say this!” replied Pilgrim, chuckling. “I boasted yesterday that I would catch the monster-spirit for you. I haven’t succeeded, but I have lost our master instead. We’re about to go find him.”

Growing fearful, the monks said, “Venerable Father, such a small matter of ours has now caused your master trouble. Where do you plan to go to look for him?”

“There’ll be a place for us to look,” replied Pilgrim.

“In that case,” said one of the monks quickly, “there’s no need to hurry. Please have some breakfast first.”

Thereupon they brought in several bowls of rice soup, and Eight Rules finished them all. “Good monks!” he cried. “After we have found our master, we’ll return for some more fun!”

“So you still want to come back here to eat!” said Pilgrim. “Why don’t you go to the Devarāja Hall instead and see if that girl is still around?”

“No, she isn’t, she isn’t!” said another priest hurriedly. “She stayed there for one night, but she vanished the next day.” In great delight Pilgrim at once took leave of the monks and asked Eight Rules and Sha Monk to tote the luggage and lead the horse to

head for the east. “You’ve made a mistake, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules. “Why do you want to head for the east instead?”

“How could you know?” asked Pilgrim. “That girl who was tied up in the black pine forest the other day—these fiery eyes and diamond pupils of old Monkey have long seen through her. All of you thought that she was such a fine person! It was she who devoured the monks, and it was she who abducted Master. You rescued a fine lady Bodhisattva indeed! Now that Master is taken, we have to search for him on the road we came from.”

“Very good! Very good!” said the two of them, sighing with admiration. “Truly there’s finesse in your roughness! Let’s go! Let’s go!”

The three of them hurried back to the forest, and all they saw were

*Endless clouds,
Boundless fog,
Layered rocks,
Winding path;
Criss-crossing tracks of foxes and hare;
Tigers, wolves, and leopards crowding there.
Of the fiend in the woods there was no trace,
Where Tripitaka was they knew not the place.*

Growing more anxious, Pilgrim whipped out his rod and, with one shake of his body, changed into that appearance that had greatly disturbed the Celestial Palace: with three heads and six arms wielding three rods, he delivered blows madly all over the forest.

When he saw that, Eight Rules said, “Sha Monk, Elder Brother has gone berserk. Unable to locate Master, he’s having a fit of anger!” Pilgrim’s rampage, however, managed to turn up two old men; one was the mountain god, and the other the local spirit. “Great Sage,” they said as they went to their knees, “the mountain god and the local spirit have come to see you.”

“What a miraculous stick!” exclaimed Eight Rules. “He waved it around and beat out both this mountain god and this local spirit. If he beat it around some more, he might even get himself Jupiter!”

“Mountain god, local spirit,” said Pilgrim as he began his interrogation. “How ill-behaved you are! You have persisted in making bandits your allies in this place, and when they succeed, they undoubtedly sacrifice livestock in your honor. Now you even band together with a monster-spirit and join her in abducting my master. Where have you hidden him? Confess at once, and I’ll spare you a beating!”

Horried, the two deities said, “The Great Sage has wrongly blamed us. That monster-spirit is not in this mountain, nor is she subject to our dominion. But these minor deities do happen to know a little about the source of the wind last night.”

“If you know,” said Pilgrim, “tell it all!”

The local spirit said, “That monster-spirit has abducted your master to a place about one thousand miles due south of here. There is a mountain there by the name of Void-Entrapping, in which there is a cave called Bottomless. The mistress of the cave is the monsterspirit who took your master.” Startled by what he heard, Pilgrim dismissed

the deities and retrieved his magic appearance. In his true form he said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "Master is very far away."

"If he's very far," said Eight Rules, "let's soar on the clouds to get there."

Dear Idiot! He mounted a violent gust to rise first, followed by Sha Monk astride the clouds. Since the white horse was originally a dragon prince, he too trod on the wind and fog with the luggage on his back. Then the Great Sage also mounted his cloud somersault, and they all headed straight for the south. In a little while they saw a huge mountain blocking their path. Pulling back the horse, the three of them stopped their clouds to find that the mountain had

*A peak rubbing the blue sky,
A top joining the green void.
Divers trees by the thousands grew all around;
Birds and fowl, cacophonous, flew here and there.
Tigers, leopards walked in bands;
Deer, antelope moved in herds.
Where it faced the sun,
Rare flowers and plants grew fragrant;
On the shady parts
The ice and snow stayed stubborn.
The rugged summits;
Steep precipices;
A tall peak erect;
A deep winding brook.
Dark pine trees
And scaly rocks—
A sight that struck fear in a traveler's heart!
No shadow of one woodsman was ever seen,
Nor a trace of an herb-gathering youth.
Wild beasts before you could raise the fog
As foxes all around called up the wind.*

Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother! Such a rugged mountain must harbor fiends!"

"That goes without saying!" replied Pilgrim. "For as the proverb puts it,
*tall mountain will always have fiends.
Could rugged peaks be without spirits?*

Sha Monk, you and I will remain here, and Eight Rules can go down to the mountain fold to see which is the better road to take. He should also find out whether there is in fact a cave, and whether its doors are open, and after he has made a thorough investigation, we can then go find Master and rescue him."

"Old Hog's so unlucky!" said Eight Rules. "You always put me up to something first!" Pilgrim said, "You said last night that you would take care of everything. How could you go back on your word now?"

"No need to start a quarrel!" said Eight Rules. "I'll go." Putting down his muckrake, Idiot shook loose his clothes and leaped down the mountain empty-handed. As he left, we do not know whether good or ill would befall him; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-TWO

*The fair girl seeks the yang
Primal spirit guards the Way*

We were telling you about Eight Rules, who, having bounded down the mountain, discovered a narrow path, which he followed for some five or six miles. Suddenly he caught sight of two female fiends bailing water from a well. How did he know so readily, you ask, that they were female fiends? Because he saw that each of them had a chignon on her head about fifteen inches tall and adorned with tiny bamboo strips. It was a most unfashionable style! Our Idiot walked up to them and cried, "Monstrous fiends!" Infuriated by what they heard, the fiends said to each other, "This monk is such a rogue! We don't know him, nor have we ever tittletattled with him. How can he address us as monstrous fiends just like that?"

Greatly annoyed, the fiends picked up the poles they had brought along for carrying water and brought them down on Eight Rules's head.

Since Idiot had no weapons to ward off the blows, they succeeded in whacking him quite a few times. Holding his head, he ran back up the mountain, crying, "O Elder Brother, let's go back! Those fiends are fierce!"

"How fierce?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules replied, "In the mountain valley there were two female monster-spirits bailing water from a well. I called them once and they beat me several times with poles."

"What did you call them?" asked Pilgrim. "I called them monstrous fiends," answered Eight Rules.

"That," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "was too small a beating!"

"Thanks for looking after me!" said Eight Rules. "My head's swollen, and you claim that it's too small a beating!" Pilgrim said, "Haven't you heard of the proverb?

*Gentility gets through the world;
Obduracy takes you nowhere.*

They are monsters of this region, but we are monks who came from afar. Even if you possessed arms all over your body, you would still have to be more tactful. You walk up to them and immediately call them monstrous fiends! Would they overlook you and want to hit me instead? 'A human person must put propriety and music first.'" "I'm even more ignorant of that!" said Eight Rules.

Pilgrim said, "When you were devouring humans in the mountain during your youth, did you have any knowledge of two kinds of wood?"

"No, what are they?" asked Eight Rules. "One is poplar, and the other's rosewood," said Pilgrim. "Poplar is quite pliant by nature, and it is used by craftsmen for carving holy images or making Tathāgatas. The wood is dressed in gold and painted; it is decorated with jade and other ornaments. Tens of thousands of people burn incense before it in their worship, and it enjoys countless blessings. Rosewood, on the other hand, is hardy and tough by nature. Oil factories, therefore, harvest it to make caskets: they bind the planks with iron rings, and then they hammer them with mallets. The wood's toughness, you see, is what causes it to suffer like that."

“O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “If you had told me a story like that a bit sooner, I would have been spared their beating.”

“You must go back and question them further,” said Pilgrim. “But they’ll recognize me,” protested Eight Rules. “You may go in transformation,” Pilgrim answered. Eight Rules asked, “Even if I go in transformation, Elder Brother, how should I question them?” Pilgrim replied, “After you have transformed yourself, walk up to them and give them a proper greeting. See how old they are. If they’re about the same age as we are, address them as Ladies. If they are somewhat older, then call them Mesdames.”

“What poppycock!” said Eight Rules, chuckling. “This place is so far from home. Why bother to be so intimate?”

“It’s not a matter of intimacy,” said Pilgrim, “but of getting information from them. If they had indeed abducted Master, we could move against them immediately. If not, we certainly don’t want to be delayed from going elsewhere to finish our business, do we?”

“You’re right,” said Eight Rules, “I’ll go back.”

Dear Idiot! Stuffing the rake inside the sash around his waist, he walked down to the mountain valley, where with one shake of his body he changed into a dark, stoutish priest. He swaggered up to the fiends and bowed deeply, saying, “Mesdames, this humble cleric salutes you.”

Delighted, the two of them said to each other, “Now this priest is quite nice! He knows how to bow, and he knows how to greet people properly.”

“Elder,” asked one of them, “Where did you come from?”

“Where did I come from,” said Eight Rules.

“Where are you going to?” she asked again.

“Where am I going to,” he replied again.

“What is your name?” she asked a third time.

“What is my name,” he replied a third time.

Laughing, the fiend said, “This priest is nice all right, but he doesn’t seem to know anything, not even his own history, except to repeat what people say.”

“Mesdames,” asked Eight Rules, “why are you bailing water?”

The fiend said, “You may not know this, priest, but last night the mistress of our house abducted a Tang Monk into our cave whom she wanted to entertain. Since the water in our cave is not clean enough, she sent the two of us here to fetch fine water that is a product of yin-yang copulation.

She is also having a vegetarian banquet prepared for the Tang Monk, for she wants to marry him this evening.” When he heard this, our Idiot turned quickly to race up the mountain, crying, “Sha Monk, bring out the luggage quickly and let’s divide it up!”

“Second Elder Brother,” asked Sha Monk, “why do you want to divide it up again?”

“After we’ve divided it up,” replied Eight Rules, “you may return to the River of Flowing Sand to devour humans, and I’ll go back to the Gao Village to see my in-laws.

Big Brother can go to Mount Flower-Fruit to call himself a sage, while the white horse can return to the ocean to become a dragon.

Master, you see, has already married the monster-spirit in the cave. We should all scatter to pursue our own livelihood.” Pilgrim said, “This Idiot is babbling again!”

“Only your son’s babbling!” replied Eight Rules. “Just now, those two monster-spirits bailing water told me that they were preparing a vegetarian banquet for the Tang Monk. After he has been fed, they will be married.”

“That monster-spirit may have Master imprisoned in the cave,” said Pilgrim, “but he must be waiting with bulging eyes for us to go rescue him. And you are speaking in this manner!”

“How are we going to rescue him?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, “The two of you can lead the horse and pole the luggage while we follow those two female fiends. We’ll let them lead us up to their door, and then we’ll begin the attack together.” Our Idiot had little choice but to comply. From a great distance Pilgrim trained his eyes on those two fiends, who walked deep into the mountain for some twenty miles and then vanished from sight. “Master must have been seized by daytime ghosts!” exclaimed a startled Eight Rules.

“What fine perception!” said Pilgrim. “How could you tell their true forms so readily?”

Eight Rules said, “Those fiends were carrying their water as they walked along, and then they suddenly disappeared. Aren’t they daytime ghosts?”

“I think they have crawled inside a cave instead,” said Pilgrim. “Let me take a look.”

Dear Great Sage! He opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils to scan the entire mountain, but he saw no movement whatsoever. Below a sheer cliff, however, there was a small terrace with elegant openwork carvings decorated with floral patterns of five colors and a towered gate with triple eaves and white banners. When he walked up to the terrace with Eight Rules and Sha Monk to look, he saw these large words inscribed on the gate:

Mount Void-Entrapping, Bottomless Cave.

“Brothers,” said Pilgrim, “that monster-spirit has erected this edifice here, but I wonder where she has put the door.”

“It can’t be very far,” said Sha Monk. “Let’s make a careful search.”

As they turned to look around, they discovered a huge boulder, the surface area of which had to be over ten square miles, beneath the towered gate at the foot of the mountain. In the center of this boulder there was an opening to a cave, roughly the size of a large earthen vat, which had been crawled over so frequently that the surface of the entrance had grown shiny and smooth.

“O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “This is the entrance through which the monster-spirit goes in and out.” When he looked at it, Pilgrim said, “How strange! Both of you know that old Monkey has captured quite a few monster-spirits since he became a guardian of the Tang Monk. But I have never seen a cave-dwelling quite like this.

Eight Rules, you go down first and see how deep it is. Then I can go in and try to rescue Master.” Shaking his head, Eight Rules said, “This is hard! Very hard! Old Hog is quite ponderous. If I trip and fall in, I wonder if I can reach bottom after two or three years!”

“Is it that deep?” asked Pilgrim. “Just look!” said Eight Rules.

The Great Sage prostrated himself at the rim of the cave opening and peered downward. Egads! It was deep! All around it had to be more than three hundred miles. “Brothers,” he said, turning around, “it’s very deep indeed!”

“You may as well go back!” said Eight Rules. “You can’t rescue Master!”

“How can you talk like that!” replied Pilgrim. “You must not be lazy, nor should you be slothful. Let’s put the luggage down and tether the horse to the pillar of the towered gate. Use your rake and Sha Monk can use his staff to bar the entrance. I’ll go in to investigate. If Master is indeed inside, I’ll use my iron rod to attack the monster-spirit and chase her out. When she reaches the entrance up here, you two can cut off her escape route. That’s cooperation from within and without. Only after we have slaughtered the spirits in this way can we hope to rescue Master.”

The two of them obeyed. With a bound, Pilgrim leaped into the cave, as

*Ten thousand colored clouds rose beneath his feet;
Auspicious air, in layers, veiled his side.*

In a little while, he reached the depths of the cave, which, however, he found to be bright and clear. Like the outside world, this place had sunlight, the rustle of wind, flowers, fruits, and trees. Delighted, Pilgrim said to himself, “What a marvelous place! It makes me think of the Water-Curtain Cave, which Heaven bestowed on old Monkey when he came into the world. But this place is also a cave- Heaven, a blessed region!”

As he looked about, he saw also a double-eaved towered gate surrounded by pines and bamboos. Inside the gate there were many buildings, and he thought to himself again, “This has to be the residence of the monster-spirit. Let me go in and do a little detection.

But wait! If I enter like this, she’d recognize me. I’ll go in transformation.” Making the magic sign and shaking himself, he changed at once into a fly and flew silently up to the towered gate to spy on the monster-spirit. There he could see that the fiend was sitting in the center of a thatched pavilion. She appeared vastly different from the way she looked at the time when she was rescued in the pine forest or when Pilgrim fought with her in the monastery. Her makeup was lovelier than ever:

*Her tresses piled high in a crow-nest bun,
She wore a flow’ry jacket of green wool.
A pair of tiny feet like lily hooks;
Her ten fingers looked like spring’s tender shoots.
Her round, powdered face was a silver disc;
Smooth like a cherry were her lips of rouge.
Solemn and proper seemed her beauteous form,
More delightful than Chang’e’s of the moon.
This day she caught the scripture-seeking monk,
With whom at once she would share her bed.*

Pilgrim did not make any noise so that he could hear what she had to say.

After a little while, she parted her cherry lips and called out in a most amiable manner: "Little ones, prepare the vegetarian feast quickly! After Brother Tang Monk has been fed, he and I will be married."

"So, she means business!" said Pilgrim, smiling to himself. "I thought that Eight Rules was talking nonsense, just for fun. I'll fly in there and search around for Master. I wonder how stable his mind is at this time. If he has been moved by this fiend, I'll leave him here."

He spread his wings at once and flew in; there beyond the east corridor, in a room shuttered with red, translucent paper on top and opaque ones at the bottom, the Tang Monk was seated.

Crashing headfirst right through the papered trellis, Pilgrim darted onto the bald head of the Tang Monk and cried, "Master!"

Tripitaka recognized his voice immediately and said, "Disciple, save me!"

"I can't do that, Master!" replied Pilgrim. "That monster-spirit is preparing a banquet for you, after which she plans to marry you. If she bears you a boy or a girl, that will be your priestly posterity. Why are you so sad?" On hearing this, the elder spoke through clenched teeth:

"Disciple, after I left Chang'an, I took you in at the Mountain of the Two Frontiers. Since we began our journey westward, when did I ever use meat? On which day did I ever harbor a perverse thought? Now I am caught by this monster-spirit who wants me as her mate. If I lose my true yang, let me fall upon the Wheel of Transmigration and be banished to the rear of the Mountain of Darkness! Let me never find release!"

"Don't swear!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "If you truly desire to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven, old Monkey will take you there."

"But I have quite forgotten the way we came in," said Tripitaka.

Pilgrim said, "Don't tell me that *you* have quite forgotten the way! This cave of hers is not a place where you can walk in and out casually. It's a cave you crawl in from above; after I rescue you, we must crawl back out from below. If we're lucky, we'll find the mouth of the cave and get out. If we're unlucky, we may not find the entrance and we may suffocate."

"If it's so difficult, what are we going to do?" asked Tripitaka, his eyes brimming with tears.

"That's nothing! That's nothing!" said Pilgrim. "The monster-spirit wants to drink with you, and you have no choice but to comply. But when you pour for her, do it rather quickly so that there will be bubbles. I'll change into a mole cricket and fly into the wine bubbles. When she swallows me inside her stomach, I'll squeeze through her heart and tear her guts apart. After I kill the monster-spirit like that, you'll be able to get out."

"Disciple," said Tripitaka, "what you tell me is rather inhuman."

"If all you want to practice is virtue," said Pilgrim, "your life will be finished. A monster spirit is the very cause of harm for humans. How can you pity her?"

"All right! All right!" said Tripitaka. "But you must stay close to me."

Truly

*That Great Sage Sun firmly guarded Tripitaka Tang;
The scripture monk relied solely on Handsome Monkey King.*

Hardly had the master and disciple finished their discussion than the monster-spirit, having completed her preparations, walked near the east corridor and opened the locked door. "Elder," she called out, but the Tang Monk dared not reply. She called him again, but he still did not dare reply.

Why is it that he dared not reply, you ask? Because he thought of the proverb:

*The mouth parts, and energy disperses;
The tongue moves, and strife comes to birth.*

Then he reflected further on the fact that if he absolutely refused to open his mouth, she might grow violent and instantly end his life.

Truly it was that

*Caught between two ills, his mind asked his mouth;
Patient, thinking hard, his mouth asked his mind.*

As he pondered his dilemma, she called out to him once more, "Elder!"

The Tang Monk had little choice but to answer her, saying, "Lady, I'm here." When the elder gave a reply like that, he felt as if his flesh had been drawn down to Hell by the weight of a thousand pounds! Now, everyone has been saying that the Tang Monk was a priest wholly sincere in his determination to go worship Buddha and seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. How could he answer a monster like that? Well, you who ask such a question must not realize that this was a moment of the gravest danger, a time of life and death. He did this because he simply had no alternative. Though he gave such a reply on the outside, he was not in any way swayed by lust within.

When the monster-spirit heard such a reply from the elder, however, she pushed open the door and raised up the Tang Monk with her hands. She then held his hand and put her arm around his back, nuzzling him with her head and whispering into his ear. Look at her! She put on a thousand kinds of coy looks and romantic airs, hardly realizing that Tripitaka was filled up to his neck with annoyance! Smiling secretly to himself, Pilgrim said, "I wonder if Master will be swayed by such seductive behavior of hers!" Truly

*The true monk meets beauty, for he's demon-chased.
This lissome fiend is most worthily praised!
Like willow leaves part her faintly drawn brows;
Her pink cheeks match peach-blossoms on the boughs.
Two tiny feet her embroidered shoes half show;
Chignons, on both sides, rise like nests of crow.
When she, all smiles, takes up the master's hand,
The cassock's perfumed by sweet orchid-gland.*

The monster-spirit led Tripitaka near the thatched pavilion and said, "Elder, I've prepared a cup of wine which I'd like to drink with you."

"Lady," replied the Tang Monk, "this humble cleric keeps a special diet."

"I know that," said the monster-spirit. "Since the water in our cave is unclean, I have sent specially for the pure water from the summit, a product of the copulation of yin and yang. I have also ordered a vegetarian banquet for your enjoyment." The Tang Monk stepped inside the pavilion with her to look around. Indeed he saw

*Beneath the door
 Drapes of colorful silk,
 And filling the court
 Incense from golden beasts.
 Laid out there were black enameled tables
 And black lacquered bamboo trays.
 the black enameled tables
 Were many fine dainties;
 The bamboo trays
 Had rare vegetarian goods.
 Crabapples, olives, lotus meat, and grapes;
 Muskberries, hazelnuts, lychees, and lungans;
 Chestnuts, water chestnuts, dates, and persimmons;
 Walnuts, almonds, kumquats, and oranges;
 The fruits of one whole mountain,
 And vegetables most in season.
 Bean curds, wheat glutens, wood ears,
 Fresh bamboo shoots, butt on mushrooms,
 Flat mushrooms, mountain herbs,
 Yellow Sperms, white and yellow-flowered
 Vegetables sauteed in clear oil;
 Flat and round string beans
 Mixed in mellow sauces;
 Cucumbers, calabashes,
 Gingko nuts, and rape-turnips.
 Skinned eggplants made like partridges,
 And winter melons carved like fangdan.
 Taros cooked till soft and sugar-coated,
 And white turnips boiled with vinegar.
 Hot peppers and gingers, best of every kind;
 The salty and plain well balanced one will find.*

Revealing her slender, jadelike fingers and holding high a shiny gold cup, she filled it with fine wine and handed it to the Tang Monk, saying, “Brother Elder, you wonderful man, please drink this cup of love!”

Terribly embarrassed, Tripitaka took the wine, sprayed a few drops of it toward the air with his fingers, and said this silent prayer:

“Those various guardian devas, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, hear me. This disciple, Chen Xuanzang, since leaving the Land of the East, has been indebted to the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin for sending you deities to give me secret protection so that I may bow at Thunderclap and seek scriptures from the Buddha. Now I’m caught on the way by a monster-spirit who wants to force me to marry her. She’s handing me this cup of wine to drink. If this wine is indeed fit to drink by someone keeping a vegetarian diet, your disciple will make an effort to drink it, in hopes that he will still be able to see Buddha and achieve his merit. If it is unfit to drink, if the wine indeed causes this disciple to transgress his commandment, may he fall into eternal perdition!”

The Great Sage Sun, however, had taken on a delicate transformation, and at that critical moment he was whispering into his master's ear. His words, of course, could be heard only by Tripitaka and no one else. Since he knew that his master was rather fond of dietary wine made of grapes, he told him now to drink it. Having no choice but to follow his disciple's prompting, the master drank it and hurriedly poured another cup to present to the fiend. Indeed, he poured it so quickly that there were some bubbles. Pilgrim changed at once into a tiny mole cricket and flew right into the bubbles.

The monster-spirit, however, took the cup in her hand and, instead of drinking immediately, bowed a couple of times to the Tang Monk. Only after she had bashfully said a few words of love to him did she raise the cup. By now the bubbles had already dissipated and the insect was fully visible. Not able to recognize that it was a transformation of Pilgrim, the monster-spirit thought that it was a mere insect and immediately scooped it up with her little finger and tried to throw it away. When Pilgrim saw that things were not turning out as he had hoped, he knew that it would be difficult to get inside her stomach. At once he changed into a hungry old hawk.

Truly he has

*Jade claws, golden eyes, and iron quills;
A brave, fierce form for battling the clouds.
The sly fox, the wily hare on seeing him
Will swiftly flee to farthest land.
Hungry, he hunts birds in the wind;
Sated, he soars to Heaven's gate.
His old fists, most deadly, are hard as steel;
E'en the sky he finds too low in flight.*

He darted up and stretched out his jadelike claws; with a loud crash he overturned the banquet tables and smashed to pieces all those fruits and vegetables, all those saucers and cups. Then he flew out of the place, abandoning the Tang Monk.

The heart and bladder of the monster-spirit almost burst with fear, and the bones and flesh of the Tang Monk too turned numb.

Trembling all over, the monster-spirit embraced him and said, "Brother Elder, where did this creature come from?"

"Your poor monk has no idea," replied Tripitaka.

"I have taken great pains," said the fiend, "to prepare this vegetarian banquet for your enjoyment. But I wonder where this wretched hairy beast came from to smash up all my utensils?"

"Mistress," said the various little fiends, "smashing the utensils is not half as bad as spilling all those dietary foods on the ground.

How can they be used now that they are defiled?"

Tripitaka, of course, knew that this was the power of Pilgrim, but he dared not reveal it.

That monster-spirit said, "Little ones, I know. It must be that Heaven and Earth are displeased by my seizure of the Tang Monk and they send down this creature. Take away the broken utensils and prepare some other wine and food. It doesn't matter whether they are dietary or not. I'll ask Heaven to be the marriage go-between and Earth to be the witness. Then the Tang Monk and I will be married."

Thereupon they sent the elder back to the room in the east corridor, and we shall leave him there for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who flew up out of the place and changed into his true form as he reached the entrance of the cave.

“Open up,” he cried. Eight Rules laughed and said, “Sha Monk, Elder Brother’s here.”

The two of them lowered their weapons for Pilgrim to jump out.

Eight Rules walked forward to tug at him, saying, “Is there a monster-spirit? Is our master there?”

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” replied Pilgrim.

“Master must be suffering in there,” said Eight Rules. “Is he tied up or is he trussed up? Do they want to steam him or boil him?”

“Nothing of that sort,” said Pilgrim. “She only wants to prepare a vegetarian banquet so that she can do that thing with him.”

“Lucky you! Lucky you!” said Eight Rules. “You must have drunk some wedding wine!”

“O Idiot!” said Pilgrim. “Master’s life is in danger! What wedding wine have I drunk?”

“Why did you come back then?” asked Eight Rules.

Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he found the Tang Monk and how he went into transformation. Then he said, “Brothers, no more of these foolish thoughts. Master is here. When old Monkey goes back this time, he will certainly rescue him.”

At once he entered the cave again and changed into a fly to alight on the towered gate. There he heard the fiend panting hard and giving the following instruction:

“Little ones, just bring me some food for the offering. I don’t care whether it’s vegetarian or not. I’ll entreat Heaven and Earth to be my go-between and witness, for I am determined to marry that priest.” On hearing this, Pilgrim smiled and said to himself, “This monster-spirit is completely shameless! She has a priest locked up at home in broad daylight for fun and games! But let’s not rush things. Let old Monkey go inside to have a look first.” With a buzz he flew to the east corridor, where he saw his master sitting in the room with clear teardrops rolling down his cheeks.

Pilgrim crawled in there and landed on his bald head, crying, “Master!” Recognizing his voice, the elder jumped up all at once and said spitefully through clenched teeth, “Wretched ape! Any other person who has the gall to do something, at least the gall is wrapped inside the person’s body. But in your case, it’s your gall that has you wrapped inside! How much could those utensils that you smashed by flaunting your magic transformation be worth? But if you provoke the monster-spirit and arouse her lechery, she won’t bother about dietary laws and will insist on copulating with me. What am I to do then?”

“Master,” said Pilgrim softly, trying to placate him, “please don’t be offended. I have a plan to rescue you.”

“How will you rescue me?” asked the Tang Monk.

“When I flew up just now,” replied Pilgrim, “I noticed that she has a garden in the rear. Trick her to go play with you in the garden.

I’ll rescue you then.”

“How will you rescue me in the garden?” asked the Tang Monk once more.

Pilgrim said, “When you get to the garden with her, you should stop walking once you reach the peach trees. Let me fly up to one of the branches and change into a red peach. You pretend that you want to eat a fruit and pluck off the red one that I change into.

Undoubtedly she will want to pluck one off also. Insist on giving yours to her. The moment she takes a bite, I’ll enter her stomach.

Then I’ll punch through her belly and tear her guts apart. When she’s dead, you’ll be free.”

“If you have the ability,” said Tripitaka, “all you need is to fight with her. Why must you want to get inside her belly?”

“Master, you’re just not too sensible!” said Pilgrim. “If this cave of hers were easy to get into and out of, then I could fight with her.

But it is not; in fact, the crooked paths here are exceedingly hard to negotiate. If I move against her, the whole nest of them, old and young, may have me bogged down. What shall I do then? I have to use this underhanded method to mop things up!” Nodding his head in belief, Tripitaka said only, “You must stay close to me.”

“I know! I know!” said Pilgrim. “I’m on your head!”

After master and disciple had formulated their plan, Tripitaka got up and, supporting himself on the shutters, called out:

“Lady! Lady!” When the monster-spirit heard him, she ran near to him and said, giggling, “Dear Wonderful Man, what do you want?”

“Lady,” said Tripitaka, “Since I left Chang’an to journey westward, there was not a day when I did not have to climb a mountain or ford a river. When I stayed at the Sea-Pacifying Monastery the other day, I caught a bad cold. Only today has my condition improved somewhat, for I have been perspiring. I am grateful to you for bringing me to your immortal residence, but having sat here all day I feel sickly again. Is there a place where you can take me for some relaxation?”

Highly pleased, the fiend said, “If dear Wonderful Man shows this kind of interest, I’ll be delighted to take you strolling in the garden.” She then cried out:

“Little ones, bring me the key to open the garden. Sweep out the path.” Pushing open the shutters, this monster-spirit led the Tang Monk out by the hand. Look at those many little fiends of hers, all with oiled hair and powdered faces, all sinuous and lissome! They surged around the Tang Monk and headed straight for the garden.

Marvelous monk!

*He found no ease in this troop of satin and silk;
He played deaf and dumb in such brocaded grove.
He only could face Buddha, who had an iron mind and heart;
No mortal fond of wine and sex would succeed in scripture-fetching.*

When they reached the entrance of the garden, the monster-spirit whispered lovingly to him, saying, "Dear Wonderful Man, enjoy yourself here. You may truly relax and unwind." Walking hand in hand with her into the garden, the Tang Monk raised his head to look around. It was indeed a lovely place. What he saw were

*Paths twisting and turning,
 Profusely coated with specks of green moss;
 Handsome silk-gauze windows,
 Each faintly enclosed by embroidered screens.
 When a gentle breeze rises,
 Western silk and eastern damask spread out fluttering;
 When a fine rain recedes,
 Ice-flesh and jade-substance appear seductive.
 The sun warms fresh apricots,
 Red like the skirts that immortals hang out to dry;
 The moon illumines the plantain,
 Green like feathered fans whirled by a goddess.
 By the painted walls on four sides
 Orioles sing amid ten thousand willows;
 Around the leisure cottage
 Butterflies swirl through the yard's cherry-apples.
 Look further at the fragrance-holding alcove,
 The green-moth alcove,
 The wine-dispelling alcove,
 And the romance alcove,
 One on top of the other where
 The rolled-up red curtains
 Are drawn by hooks like shrimp-whiskers.
 Look also at the grief-relieving kiosk,
 purity-draped kiosk,
 The brow-painting kiosk,
 And the four rains kiosk,
 Each a noble edifice
 With floriate plaques
 Inscribed with seal scripts.
 Look at the crane-bathing pool,
 The goblet-washing pool,
 The moon-pleasing pool,
 And the tassel-cleansing pool,
 Where golden scales glisten among green lilies and reeds;
 There are, too, the ink-flower arbor,
 The strange-chest arbor,
 The proper-weal arbor,
 And the cloud-adoring arbor,
 Where mellow wine floats within jade flasks and cups.
 Beyond and before the pools and kiosks
 There are rocks from Lake Tai,
 Purple-blooming rocks,
 Parrot-falling rocks,*

*And rocks of Sichuan rivers,
 Around which the green tiger-whisker rush are planted.
 East and west of the alcoves and arbors,
 There are false wooden hills,
 Kingfisher-screen hills,
 Wind-whistling hills,
 Jade-agaric hills,
 On each grow thickets of phoenix-tail bamboos.
 props
 And the cinnamon rose props
 Near the stand of swing,
 They all seem like brocade curtains and silk drapes.
 The pine-and-cypress kiosk,
 The magnolia kiosk,
 Facing the rose bush kiosk,
 Both resemble a green city's embroidered veils.
 The shaoyao rails,
 The peony groves,
 Their flowers vie for denseness in purple and red;
 terrace,
 The white jasmine fence,
 Both bring forth grace and glamor year after year.
 magnolia adorned with drops of dew
 Should be sketched or drawn;
 The hibiscus blazing red toward the sky
 Should be hymned or sung.
 Speaking of scenery,
 Let's not boast of Langyuan or Penglai;
 To compare such beauty
 One need not count Yao's yellow or Wei's purple.
 In late spring when one fences with grass,
 This garden lacks only divine blooms of jade.*

The elder, walking hand in hand with the fiend to enjoy the garden, could hardly look at all the rare flowers and exotic plants. After going past many arbors and kiosks and entering gradually, as it were, the lovely scenery, he saw all at once that they had arrived in front of the peach orchard. Pilgrim gave his master's head a pinch and the elder knew immediately what he meant.

Flying up to one of the branches, Pilgrim with one shake of his body changed into a peach, a lovely red one. The elder said to the monster-spirit, "Lady, you have here

*Fragrant blooms in the yard,
 Ripened fruits on the boughs—
 Fragrant blooms in the yard that bees vie to sip;
 Ripened fruits on the boughs that birds fight to pluck.*

But why is it that on this particular peach tree the peaches are both red and green?" With a giggle the monster-spirit said, "When Heaven is lacking in yin and yang, the sun and the moon will not shine; when the Earth is lacking in yin and yang, male and female cannot be distinguished. The same principle applies to the fruits of this

peach tree. Those on the sunny side are ripened first by the warmth, and that's why they are red; those on the shady side will grow but without the benefit of the sun, and that's why they are still green. This is the principle of yin and yang."

"I thank my lady for the instruction," said Tripitaka, "for this humble cleric indeed had no idea this was so."

He immediately reached forward and plucked a red peach, and the monster-spirit too went and plucked a green one. Bowing, Tripitaka presented the red peach to the fiend, saying, "Lady, you are fond of colors, so please take this red peach. Give me the green one to eat."

The monster-spirit indeed exchanged it with him, saying in secret delight to herself, "Dear monk! A true man indeed! We aren't husband and wife even for one day, and he's already so affectionate!"

Her delight, in fact, caused her to behave more cordially than ever to the Tang Monk. When he took the green peach and began eating it at once, the monster-spirit was only too pleased to keep him company. Opening her cherry lips to reveal her silvery teeth, she was about to take a bite. But Pilgrim Sun had always been impetuous.

Before she could sink her teeth into the fruit, he immediately rolled inside her mouth and somersaulted through her throat down to her stomach. Terribly frightened, the monster-spirit said to Tripitaka, "O Elder, this fruit is really something! How could it roll down there before I even bit it?"

"Lady," said Tripitaka, "a newly ripened fruit is most edible. That's why it goes quickly."

"But I haven't even spat out the pit," said the monster-spirit, "and it has gone down already."

"When you're in such an excellent mood, Lady," replied Tripitaka, "you have a good appetite. That's why it goes down even before you manage to spit out the pit." In her stomach, Pilgrim changed back to his true form and cried, "Master, don't banter with her. Old Monkey has already scored!"

"Disciple, do try not to be too harsh," replied Tripitaka. Hearing that, the monster-spirit said, "Whom are you talking to?"

"To my disciple, Sun Wukong," replied Tripitaka.

"Where is Sun Wukong?" asked the monster-spirit.

"In your stomach, of course!" replied Tripitaka. "Isn't he the red peach you just ate?"

Horried, the monster-spirit said, "Finished! Finished! If this ape-head has crawled inside my belly, I'm as good as dead! Pilgrim Sun, what do you plan to do after using all your schemes and plots to get inside my belly?"

"Not much!" replied Pilgrim spitefully inside her. "I'll just devour

*Your six loaves of liver and lung,
Your triple-haired and seven-holed heart.
All five viscera I'll clean out,
One rattling spirit you'll become!"*

On hearing this, the monster-spirit was scared out of her wits. Trembling all over, she embraced the Tang Monk to say, "O Elder! I thought we were

*Fated to be by one scarlet thread bound,
Two hearts as one like fish in water found.
Who knows birds of love will thus be parted,
That spouses will sever brokenhearted?
Our affair fails for Blue Bridge tide is high;
Our meeting's vain as temple incense dies.
to each other we must now disperse.
Which year will I once more with you converse?"*

Inside her belly Pilgrim heard her speaking in this manner, and he was afraid that the compassionate elder might be deceived again. At once he began to wave his fists and stamp his feet, to assume boxing postures and do gymnastic exercises with his four limbs, nearly punching through her leather bag in the process. Unable to endure the pain, the monster-spirit dropped to the ground and dared not speak for a long time.

When Pilgrim found that she was silent, he thought that she might be dead and decided to ease up somewhat. Catching her breath, she cried, "Little ones, where are you?" When those little fiends, you see, entered the garden, they all knew how to behave. Instead of congregating in one place, they scattered to play—plucking flowers or fencing with grasses—so as to allow the monster-spirit to flirt freely with the Tang Monk. When they suddenly heard the summons, they ran to the spot and found the monster-spirit fallen to the ground, pale and groaning, hardly able even to crawl. Hurriedly they tried to raise her as they crowded around, all asking, "Mistress, what's wrong? Are you having a heart attack?"

"No! No!" replied the monster-spirit. "Don't ask, but I have someone in my stomach! Just get this monk out, quickly, so that my life may be preserved."

Those little fiends indeed went forward and tried to pull the elder out.

"Don't any of you dare raise your hand!" yelled Pilgrim inside her belly. "If you want to, you yourself must present my master to the outside world. When we get there, I'll spare you."

The monster-spirit, of course, had no other motivation than pity for her own life. Struggling to her feet, she swiftly placed the Tang Monk on her back and strode toward the outside. Running after her, the little fiends asked, "Mistress, where are you going?"

The monster-spirit said, "Let's get this fellow outside!

*If we the moon above the five lakes retain,
There's always a spot to drop the hook again!*

Let me find someone else instead."

Dear monster-spirit! She mounted the cloudy luminosity and immediately reached the entrance of the cave, where a loud clangor of arms could be heard. "Disciple," said Tripitaka, "I can hear the sound of weapons outside." Pilgrim said, "It has to be Eight Rules wielding his muckrake. Call him."

Tripitaka at once called out:

"Eight Rules!"

Eight Rules heard him and said, "Sha Monk, Master has come out!"

The two of them removed the rake and the staff, and the monster-spirit carried the Tang Monk outside. Aha! Truly it is that

*Mind Monkey, responding within, subdues a fiend;
Wood and Earth guarding the door receive a sage monk.*

We do not know whether the monster-spirit will preserve her life; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-THREE

*Mind Monkey knows the elixir source
Fair girl returns to her true nature*

We were telling you about Tripitaka, who was escorted out of the cave by the monster-spirit. Sha Monk drew near and asked, “Master, you’ve come out, but where’s Elder Brother?”

“He’s calculating enough,” said Eight Rules, “so he must have accompanied Master out here somehow.” Pointing at the monster-spirit, Tripitaka said, “Your Elder Brother is in her belly.”

“How dirty and smelly!” said Eight Rules with a giggle. “What’s he doing in her belly? Come out!” Pilgrim cried out from within:

“Open wide your mouth and let me come out!”

The fiend opened her mouth as bidden. Pilgrim reduced his size and crawled up to her throat; he was about to go out, but fearing that she might bite him, he took out the iron rod and blew his immortal breath onto it, crying, “Change!” It changed into a small nail, which propped up the roof of her mouth. With a bound he leaped clear of her mouth, taking along with him the iron rod as he jumped. One stretch of his torso helped him to assume his characteristic appearance, as he struck with uplifted rod. The monster-spirit also picked up her pair of treasure swords and blocked his blow with a loud clang. The two of them thus began a fierce battle on the top of the mountain:

*Double swords flying that slash at the face;
A golden-hooped rod that aims at the head.
One is a Heav’n-born ape with a mind-monkey frame;
One is an Earth-born spirit with a fair-girl form.
The two of them
Are full of hate;
Gladness breeds rancor, causing a mighty bout.
That one desires primal yang to be her mate;
This one fights pure yin to form the holy babe.
The upraised rod fills the sky with chilly fog;
The sword goes forth, the land roils with black dirt.
Because the elder’s
In quest of Buddha,
They strive bitterly, showing great power.
Water wars with fire to hurt the basic way; yang cannot unite, each drifting free.
The two engage in such a lengthy brawl
That mountain and earth quake as forests sprawl.*

When Eight Rules saw them battling in this manner, he began to murmur against Pilgrim. Turning to Sha Monk, he said, “Brother, Elder Brother’s twiddling! When he was in her just now, he could have sent her a belly-full-of-red with his fists and crawled out by punching through her stomach. That way he would have had done with her, wouldn’t he? Why did he have to come out through her mouth and fight with her, allowing her to be so insolent?”

“You’re quite right,” replied Sha Monk, “but Elder Brother, after all, has worked very hard to have Master rescued from a deep cave.

Now that he has to fight some more with the monster-spirit, I think Master should sit by himself while you and I go with our weapons to lend some assistance to Elder Brother. Let’s go and knock down that monster-spirit.”

“No! No! No!” said Eight Rules, waving his hand. “He has magic powers, but we’re quite useless.”

“What are you saying?” asked Sha Monk. “That’s something that will benefit everyone. We may be useless, but even our fart can add to the wind!”

That Idiot did become aroused for the moment; whipping out his rake, he cried, “Let’s go then!”

Abandoning their master, they both mounted the wind and rushed forward to battle, madly delivering blows to the monster-spirit with their rake and staff. The monster-spirit was already having difficulty withstanding Pilgrim by herself; when she saw the two of them, she knew that defeat was certain. Twirling around, she tried to flee.

“Brothers, catch her!” snapped Pilgrim. When the monster-spirit saw that they were pressing, she yanked off the flower slipper from her right foot and blew her immortal breath on it, crying, “Change!” It at once took on her appearance, attacking her pursuers with two swords. She herself, with one shake of her body, changed into a clear gust of wind and sped away. Now, you may think that we were only speaking of her defeat and of her retreat out of regard for her own life. How could you know that *this* had to be the turn of events? It must be that the star of calamity had not withdrawn its influence over Tripitaka. As the monster-spirit sped by the cave entrance, she saw Tripitaka sitting all alone beneath the towered gate. Rushing up to him, she snatched him and the luggage as well and bit through the reins; she succeeded in abducting both person and horse into the cave, where we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about Eight Rules, who found an opening and struck down the monster-spirit with one blow of his rake. Then he discovered that it was only a flower slipper. “You two idiots!” said Pilgrim. “It’s enough for you to look after Master. Who asked you to come and help?”

“There you are, Sha Monk!” said Eight Rules. “Didn’t I tell you not to come? This monkey’s sick in his brains! We help him to subdue the fiend, but he blames us instead!”

“Where on earth did you subdue a fiend?” Pilgrim said. “When she fought with me yesterday, that fiend tricked me by this ploy of dropping her slipper. I wonder how Master is faring now that you two have left his side. Let’s hurry back and look!”

The three of them hurried back, but their master indeed had vanished. There was not even a trace of the luggage or the white horse.

So astonished was Eight Rules that he dashed back and forth in confusion, while Sha Monk searched hither and yon. The Great Sage Sun too was racked by anxiety as he looked everywhere, and then he saw half a rein lying by the side of the road. Picking it up, he could not stop the tears flowing from his eyes. “O Master!” he cried aloud. “When I left I took leave of both man and horse; when I returned I could see only this rope!”

Thus it was that

*Seeing the saddle he recalled the horse;
Shedding tears he thought of his kin.*

When Eight Rules saw him shedding tears, however, he broke into loud guffaws with face raised toward the sky.

“You coolie!” scolded Pilgrim. “You want to disband again!”

“O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules, still laughing. “It’s not like that. Master must have been abducted into the cave once more by the monster-spirit. As the proverb says, ‘Success comes only with a third try.’ You have entered the cave twice. Now go in a third time, and I’m sure that you’ll be able to bring out Master.” Wiping away his tears, Pilgrim replied, “All right! Since things are this way, I have little choice but to go in again. Now that you don’t even have to worry about the luggage and the horse, you must take care to guard the entrance.”

Dear Great Sage! He turned and leaped into the cave; not undergoing transformation, he merely retained his characteristic appearance. Truly

*Of strange-looking cheeks and a valiant mind,
He grew up a fiend with great magic strength.
His face like a saddle curved up and down;
His eyes flashed gold beams that blazed like fire.
Hard like needles were his whole body’s furs;
His tiger-skin kilt jingled with loud floral bells.
In Heav’n he crashed through ten thousand clouds;
rod in the sea lifted mountainous waves.
That day his might beat up the devarājas
And repelled one hundred and eight thousand foes.
Appointed Great Sage, the Handsome Monkey Sprite,
He used, by custom, a golden-hooped rod.
In the West today displaying his might,
To save Tripitaka he enters the cave.*

Look at him! He stopped the cloudy luminosity after he reached the residence of the monster-spirit, where he found the towered gates were all shut. Without regard for good or ill, he broke through with one blow of his rod and barged in. It was completely quiet and not a trace of the inhabitants could be found. The Tang Monk was no longer seen by the east corridor; the furniture in the pavilion and the various utensils had all disappeared.

There were, you see, some three hundred miles of living space inside the cave, and the monster-spirit had many residences. When she had brought the Tang Monk to this particular spot the time before, Pilgrim had found them. Now that she had abducted the Tang Monk again, she feared that Pilgrim would return to the same place, and so she immediately moved somewhere else. Our Pilgrim was so exasperated that he pounded his chest and stamped his feet, crying, “O Master! You are a misfortune-begotten Tripitaka Tang, a scripture monk forged by calamity! Alas! This road is familiar enough to me. Why aren’t you here? Where should old Monkey look for you?”

As he was shouting like this in great annoyance, his nose suddenly caught a whiff of scented breeze. Calming down all at once, he said to himself, “This incense drifted out from the rear. They must be back there.”

Gripping the iron rod, he strode in but found no movement whatever—only three small chambers. At the back of one of these chambers was a lacquered sacrificial table with openmouthed dragons carved on both sides. On the table was a huge incense urn of melted gold from which fragrant incense smoke curled upward. Above the urn was hung a large plaque with the following inscription in gold letters:

The Tablet of Honored Father, Devarāja Li. Slightly below it to one side was another inscription:

The Tablet of Honored Brother Naṭa, the Third Prince. Filled with delight by what he saw, Pilgrim immediately abandoned his search for the fiend or the Tang Monk. He gave his iron rod a squeeze to change it back into an embroidery needle, which he could store in his ear. Stretching forth his hands, he took the plaque and the urn and trod on his cloudy luminosity to go back out to the entrance of the cave, hee-hawing in continuous laughter on the way.

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard him, they stepped aside to meet him, saying, “Elder Brother, you must have succeeded in rescuing Master, and that’s why you’re so happy.”

“No need for us to go rescue Master,” said Pilgrim, still guffawing, “just make our demand known to this plaque.” O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “This plaque is no monster-spirit, nor does it know how to speak. Why should we make our demand known to it?”

“Take a look, both of you,” said Pilgrim as he placed the plaque on the ground. Sha Monk approached and saw the inscriptions:

The Tablet of Honored Father Devarāja Li, and The Tablet of Honored Brother Naṭa, the Third Prince. “What’s the meaning of this?” he asked.

“It’s something to which the monster-spirit makes offerings,” replied Pilgrim. “When I broke into her residence, I found that both persons and things had disappeared. There was only this plaque. She has to be the daughter of Devarāja Li, the younger sister of the third prince, who has descended to the Region Below out of profane longings. Disguised as a fiend, she has abducted our master. If we don’t demand of the persons whose names appear on this plaque, whom should we ask? While the two of you stand guard here, let old Monkey take the plaque and go up to Heaven to file charges before the Jade Emperor. That’ll make Devarāja Li and his son return our master.”

“O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “As the proverb says, ‘To charge someone with a mortal offense is itself a mortal offense.’ You can’t do it unless your cause is just. Besides, do you think that filing charges before the throne is an easy thing? You’d better tell me how you plan to go about it.”

“I have my way,” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “This plaque and this urn I shall use as evidence. In addition, I shall file a formal, written complaint.”

“What are you going to put in that complaint?” asked Eight Rules. “Let’s hear it.” Pilgrim said, “This is what I plan to say:

The plaintiff Sun Wukong, whose age and birthday are recorded here in the document, is the disciple of the priest, Tripitaka Tang, who has been sent by the Tang Court in the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. The complaint I lodge concerns the crime of abetting a monster in kidnapping a human. I hereby accuse Li Jing, the Pagoda-Bearer Devarāja, along with Prince Naṭa, his son, of gross negligence in domestic affairs, which caused his own daughter to become a runaway. At the Region

Below she had assumed the form of monstrous perversity in the Bottomless Cave of Mount Void-Entrapping, bringing vexation and harm to countless humans. She has, at the moment, abducted my master into the crooked recesses of her habitation, where he cannot be found at all. I have no choice but to charge father and son with an act of great atrocity, for allowing the daughter to become a spirit and to harm people. I beg you, therefore, to sustain in your great mercy my complaint and arrest the culprits, so that perversity may be brought to submission, my master may be rescued, and the guilt of the offenders may be clearly established. In anticipation of your kind assistance, I hereby submit my complaint.

On hearing these words, Eight Rules and Sha Monk were terribly pleased, both saying, "O Elder Brother, your complaint is most reasonable! You will undoubtedly win the case. You'd better go there at once, for we fear that a little delay may result in the monsterspirit's taking our master's life."

"I'll hurry! I'll hurry!" said Pilgrim. "It'll take me no more than the time needed for boiling tea, or at most for rice to be cooked, to get back here."

Dear Great Sage! Holding the plaque and the urn, he leaped up to mount the auspicious cloud and went straight before the South Heaven Gate. When Devarājas Powerful and Dhṛtarāṣṭra, who were standing guard at the gate, saw him, both bent low to bow to him and dared not bar his way. He was permitted to go straight up to the Hall of Perfect Light, where he was greeted by Zhang, Ge, Xu, and Qiu, the four Celestial Masters. "Why has the Great Sage come?" they asked.

"I have a document here," replied Pilgrim, "which I intend to file as a formal complaint."

"This caster of blame!" said one of the astonished masters. "I wonder whom he plans to accuse."

They had no choice but to lead him into the Hall of Divine Mists to announce his arrival. He was then summoned into the presence of the Jade Emperor.

After putting down the plaque and the urn and paying homage to the throne, he presented his plaint, which the Immortal Ge received and spread out on the imperial desk. When the Jade Emperor had read its content from beginning to end, he signed the document and endorsed it as an imperial decree. Then he commanded Gold Star Venus, Longevity of the West, to take the decree and go to the Cloud-Tower Palace to summon Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer, to appear before the throne.

"I beg the Heaven Lord to punish him properly," said Pilgrim, walking forward, "or else he may start some other trouble."

The Jade Emperor gave this order also:

"Let the plaintiff go along."

"Should old Monkey really go along?" asked Pilgrim.

"Since His Majesty has already issued the decree," said one of the Celestial Masters, "you may go with the Gold Star." Pilgrim indeed mounted the clouds with the Gold Star to reach the Cloud-Tower Palace, which was, you see, the residence of the devarāja. There was a divine youth standing in front of the gate who recognized the Gold Star. He went inside at once and announced, "The Holy Father Gold Star Venus has arrived."

The devarāja went out to meet his guest; when he saw that the Gold Star was bearing an imperial decree, he asked immediately for incense to be lighted. Then he caught sight of Pilgrim following the Gold Star in, and the devarāja stirred with anger.

Why was he angered, you ask? During the time when Pilgrim caused great disturbance at the Celestial Palace, the Jade Emperor once appointed the devarāja as the Demon-Subduing Grand Marshal and Prince Naṭa as the God of the Three Charities Grand Assembly. They were to lead the Heaven hosts against Pilgrim, but they could not prevail even after several engagements. The defeat of five hundred years ago, you see, still rankled him, and that was why he became angry. Unable to restrain himself, he asked, “Old Longevity, what’s that decree you’re bearing?”

“It happens to be a complaint,” replied the Gold Star, “lodged against you by the Great Sage Sun.”

The devarāja was already sorely annoyed; when he heard this, he became enraged, saying, “What’s he accusing me of?”

“The crime of abetting a monster in kidnapping a human,” replied the Gold Star. “After you’ve lit the incense, you may read it for yourself.” Panting hard, the devarāja hurriedly set out the incense table; after he had expressed his gratitude toward the sky and kowtowed, he spread out the decree. A careful reading of the document, however, sent him into such a rage that he gripped the table with both hands and said, “This ape-head! He has so wrongly accused me!”

The Gold Star said, “Don’t get so mad! He happens to have a plaque and an urn for evidence before the throne, and he claims that all those objects point to your own daughter.”

“But I have only three sons and a daughter,” said the devarāja. “The eldest is Suvarṇaṭa, who serves Tathāgata as the vanguard of the Law. My second son is Mokṣa, who is the disciple of Guanshiyin at South Sea. My third son Naṭa is with me and attends court night and day as an imperial guardsman. My only daughter, named Zhenying, happens to be only seven years old. She doesn’t even know much of human affairs. How could she be a monster-spirit? If you don’t believe me, let me carry her out for you to see. This ape-head is mighty insolent! Let’s not say that I am a marshal in Heaven, who has received such a high appointment that I’m permitted to execute someone first before memorializing to the throne. Even if I were one of the common people in the Region Below, I should not be falsely accused. The Law says, ‘A false accusation should receive a thrice-heavy penalty.’”

He turned to his subordinates with the order:

“Tie up this ape-head with the fiend-binding rope!”

The Mighty-Spirit God, General Fish-Belly, and Marshal Vajrayakṣa, who were standing in a row down at the courtyard, immediately surged forward and tied up Pilgrim. “Devarāja Li,” said the Gold Star, “you’d better not start any trouble! He is one of the two persons decreed by the throne to come here to summon you. That rope of yours is quite heavy. If you hurt him in any way, you’ll be the loser!”

“O Gold Star!” said the devarāja. “How could you allow him to file false charges and disturb the peace like that? Please be seated, while I cut off this ape-head with the fiend-hacking scimitar. Then I’ll return with you to see the throne.” When the Gold Star learned that he was about to raise the scimitar, his heart quivered and his bladder shook as he said to Pilgrim, “You’ve made a mistake! Filing charges before the throne is no light thing! Why didn’t you try to ascertain the truth first? All your foolish doings now may cause you to lose your life. What’ll you do?” Not frightened in the

least, Pilgrim said, full of smiles, “Relax, old Minister, it’s nothing! Old Monkey has to do his own business this way: he must lose first, and then he’ll win.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the devarāja wielded his scimitar and brought it down hard on Pilgrim’s head. All at once the third prince rushed forward and parried the blow with the fiend-hacking sword, crying, “Father King, please calm your anger!”

The devarāja turned pale with alarm.

Ah! When the father saw the son parrying the scimitar with his own sword, he should have commanded the son to turn back. Why should he turn pale with alarm? This is the reason, you see:

When this child was born to the devarāja, he had on his left hand the word Na, and on his right the word Ṭa, and that was why he was named Naṭa. On the third morning after he was born, this prince already decided to bathe in the ocean and caused a great disaster.

He overturned the water-crystal palace and wanted to pull out the tendons of one of the dragons to use them for a belt. When the devarāja learned of the incident, he feared that his son might prove to be a calamity afterward and sought to have him killed. Naṭa became enraged; knife in hand, he cut off his own flesh to give it back to his mother and carved up his bones to give them back to his father. After he had, as it were, repaid his father’s sperm and his mother’s blood, his soul went to the region of ultimate bliss in the West to complain to Buddha.

Buddha at the time was lecturing to the various bodhisattvas when he heard someone on the sacred banners and parasol calling, “Save me!” One look with his eyes of wisdom and Buddha knew it was the soul of Naṭa. Using the root of the lotus for bones and its leaves for garment, he recited the magic words of revivification and restored Naṭa to life. With his newfound divine strength, Naṭa succeeded in subduing the fiendish demons of ninety-six caves. His magic powers were so great that he later wanted to kill the devarāja in order to exact vengeance for self-immolation.

The devarāja had little choice but to plead with Tathāgata, who, of course, was an advocate of peace. He therefore bestowed on the devarāja a compliant, yellow-gold treasure pagoda of the finest openwork carving and filled with śārī-relics; the pagoda, in fact, symbolized Buddha on each level, and the entire edifice was bathed in luminosity. The sight of the pagoda thus would remind Naṭa of Buddha, who was to be revered as the prince’s true father, and that is how the enmity was dissolved. This is the reason also for Li Jing to be named the Devarāja Pagoda-Bearer.

Since he was at home today, at leisure, the devarāja had not been carrying his pagoda, and he thought that Naṭa had been seized by the desire for vengeance again. That was the reason he paled with fear. Immediately reaching for the gold treasure pagoda on the stand and holding it high, he asked Naṭa, “Son, you’ve parried my scimitar with your sword. What do you want to say to me?”

Abandoning his sword and kowtowing, Naṭa replied, “Father King, you do have a daughter at the Region Below.”

“Son,” said the devarāja, “I have had only the four of you. What other daughter do I have?”

“You have quite forgotten, Father King,” said Naṭa. “That other daughter was originally a monster-spirit. Some three hundred years ago she became a fiend who stole and devoured the fragrant flowers and treasure candles of Tathāgata at Spirit Mountain. Tathāgata sent us, father and son, to lead an expedition against her. When she was caught, she should have been beaten to death, but Tathāgata gave us this instruction:

For fishes reared in the ponds you never fish;

For deer fed in the mountains long life’s your wish.

At that time, therefore, we spared her life, and in gratitude she took you as her father and your child as her elder brother. She was to set up our tablets down below, to which she would offer perpetual incense fires. Who would have expected her to become a spirit again and conspire to harm the Tang Monk? When Pilgrim Sun searched through her lair, the tablets were found and charges were thus filed before the throne. This is your daughter by the bond of grace, not a sister of mine by blood.”

Astounded by what he heard, the devarāja said, “My child, I have indeed forgotten the whole matter. What’s her name?”

“She has three of them,” replied the prince. “At her birthplace she was originally called the Golden-Nosed White-Haired Rodent-Spirit. Because she had stolen the fragrant flowers and treasure candles, her name was changed to Bisected Guanyin. When she was spared and sent to the Region Below, she changed her name again to Mistress Ground-Rushing.” Only then did the devarāja realize what had happened. Immediately he wanted to untie Pilgrim with his own hands, but Pilgrim had turned rowdy. “Who dares untie me?” he cried. “You can take me in ropes to see the throne! Old Monkey will then win his litigation!”

The hands of the devarāja turned numb with fear, the prince became speechless, and the various subordinate officers retreated shamefacedly.

Rolling all over the place in a tantrum, the Great Sage insisted that the devarāja appear before the throne with him. Having no alternative, the devarāja could only plead pitifully with the Gold Star to speak on his behalf. The Gold Star said, “As the ancients put the matter, ‘One should be lenient in all things.’ The way you do things, however, is rather hasty! You’ve bound him, and you even wanted to kill him. This monkey happens to be notorious in casting blame. Now what do you want me to do? According to what your son has told us, she is not your daughter by blood but only by bond. Nonetheless, that is still an important tie of kinship. No matter how you dispute the matter, you are somewhat guilty.”

The devarāja said, “If the venerable Star would speak on my behalf, then my guilt will be absolved.”

“I would like indeed to pacify you both,” said the Gold Star, “but I don’t quite know how to plead for you.”

“Why don’t you,” said the devarāja, “just mention the former incident, when you went to him on your mission of pacification and gave him his appointment?”

The Gold Star did indeed go forward to touch Pilgrim and said, “Great Sage, for my sake let us untie you so that we may all go see the throne.”

“Old Minister,” said Pilgrim, “you needn’t untie me. I know how to roll, and I’ll roll my way there!”

“Monkey, you’re quite unfeeling!” said the Gold Star, chuckling. “I was, after all, rather kind to you in times past. Now you refuse me even in a trivial matter like this.”

“What sort of kindness have you shown me?” asked Pilgrim.

The Gold Star said, “In those years when you were a fiend in Mount Flower-Fruit, when you tamed tigers and subdued dragons, when you abolished the register of death by force, and when you assembled various monsters to perpetrate your delinquency, Heaven above wanted to arrest you. It was this old man who boldly memorialized to the throne to issue a decree of pacification and have you summoned to the Celestial Palace and appointed you a Ban-Horse-Plague. After you had drunk the immortal wine of the Jade Emperor and needed pacification once more, it was this old man’s bold memorial also that got you the appointment of Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. But you did not behave and went on to steal peaches, filch wine, and rifle elixir from Lord Lao. Only after this and that did you attain a state of birthlessness and deathlessness. But if it hadn’t been for me, would you have reached this day?” Pilgrim said, “The ancients truly had put the matter well: even in death you should not share a grave with an old man! Like it or not, he knows how to carp! What’s so big that I did? I merely disturbed the Celestial Palace as Ban-Horse-Plague. All right! All right! For your sake, Venerable Sir, I’ll relent, but he himself must untie me.” Only then did the devarāja dare approach and untie the rope.

Pilgrim was then invited to tidy his clothes and take the honored seat, after which the various deities went forward one by one to pay their respects.

Facing the Gold Star, Pilgrim said, “Old Minister, how about it? Didn’t I tell you that I would lose first, and then win? That’s how one should do business! Let’s urge him to go see the throne quickly, lest my master is harmed.”

“Let’s not rush things,” said the Gold Star. “Having squandered all this time already, let’s have a cup of tea first.”

“If you drink his tea,” said Pilgrim, “you’re in fact accepting his bribe. What sort of crime should you be charged with, when you free the felon on a bribe and slight the imperial decree?”

“I won’t drink his tea! I won’t drink his tea!” exclaimed the Gold Star. “Now you’re even casting blame on me! Devarāja Li, go quickly! Go quickly!”

But the devarāja, of course, dared not go with Pilgrim to see the Throne, for he was terribly afraid that the ape might turn rowdy once more. If he were to mouth all kinds of accusations before the Jade Emperor, how could the devarāja hope to refute them? He had no choice but again to plead with the Gold Star to speak up for him.

At length the Gold Star said to Pilgrim, “I have just one word for you! Will you agree to it?”

“I have already overlooked for *your* sake the affront of being bound and hacked by the scimitar,” said Pilgrim. “Do you have anything more to say? Speak up! Speak up! If it’s good, I’ll listen; if not, don’t blame me!”

The Gold Star said, “Remember the proverb, ‘One day’s litigation will take ten days to settle.’ You file a charge before the throne, claiming that the monster-spirit is the daughter of the devarāja, and he denies it. The two of you can argue this matter back and forth before the Jade Emperor. Meanwhile, let me remind you that one day in

Heaven is equivalent to one year in the Region Below. For this whole year the monster-spirit has had your master imprisoned in the cave. Let's not mention a wedding ceremony. Even if it's a makeshift affair, by now she must have produced a little monk for him! Hasn't your delay upset the great enterprise?" Lowering his head, Pilgrim thought to himself, "Yes, indeed! When I left Eight Rules and Sha Monk, I told them that I would return after a time no longer than it takes tea to boil, or at most for rice to be cooked. I've messed around here all this while. Am I too late?"

He said thereby to the Gold Star, "Old Minister, how should we return this imperial decree?"

"Let's ask Devarāja Li to summon his troops to go down with you to subdue the fiend," replied the Gold Star. "I'll return the decree."

"What will you say as your report?" asked Pilgrim.

"That the plaintiff has fled," said the Gold Star, "and that the defendant has been dismissed from the case."

"How nice!" said Pilgrim with a laugh. "For *your* sake I'm dropping my charges, and you claim instead that *I* have fled! Tell him to call up the troops and wait for me outside the South Heaven Gate. I'll go with you to return the decree."

Growing alarmed once more, the devarāja said, "If he starts talking once he gets inside the palace, I may end up with the crime of treason."

"What sort of person do you take old Monkey for?" said Pilgrim. "I, too, am a true man! 'Once my word is given, horses can't retrieve it.' You think I would smear you with slander?"

The devarāja then thanked Pilgrim, who left with the Gold Star to return the decree. The devarāja at once called up the troops under his command and had them stationed outside the South Heaven Gate. Going before the throne with Pilgrim, the Gold Star said to the Jade Emperor, "The person who has imprisoned the Tang Monk happens to be a gold-nosed, white-furred rodent which has become a spirit. She is also the one who has set up the tablets of Devarāja Li and his son. Since learning of this, the devarāja has already called up his troops for an expedition against the fiend. I beg the Celestial-Honored One to pardon him." Since the Jade Emperor had already known of this, he at once extended his Heaven grace and pardon. Pilgrim turned back his cloudy luminosity to go out of the South Heaven Gate, where he found the devarāja, the prince, and the Heaven hosts waiting in smart formation. Behold! Those divine warriors, in churning wind and fog, received the Great Sage and then lowered their clouds to descend to Mount Void-Entrapping. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, with bulging eyes, were waiting on the mountain when they saw Pilgrim arriving with the Heaven hosts. Bowing to the devarāja, Idiot said to him, "We've troubled you!"

"Marshal Heaven Reeds," said the devarāja, "we have something to tell you: we, father and son, may have enjoyed one stick of her incense, but the monster-spirit has thereby grown audacious enough to have your master imprisoned. Please don't blame us for this tardy arrival. Is this Mount Void-Entrapping? I wonder which direction the entrance of her cave faces."

"I'm familiar enough with the way in," said Pilgrim. "Her cave here is named the Bottomless Cave, and its inside is about three hundred miles in circumference. The monster-spirit actually must have many lairs. Previously she had my master detained

within a double-eaved towered gate. Now it's so quiet there that you won't see even the shadow of a ghost! I have no idea where she has moved to."

The devarāja said, "No matter.

*Let her maneuver in a thousand ways;
She'll n'er escape the net of Heav'n and Earth.*

Let's approach the entrance first, and then we'll decide what to do."

All of them immediately proceeded. Ah! After some ten miles they reached the big boulder. Pointing to the entrance about the size of a huge barrel, Pilgrim said, "That's it."

"Without entering the tiger's lair," said the devarāja, "how could one capture the tiger cubs? Who dares lead the way?"

"I do," said Pilgrim.

"Since I'm to subdue a fiend by imperial decree," said the prince, "I'll lead the way."

At that moment our Idiot became even more impetuous. "Old Hog will be the one to lead the way!" he shouted.

"No need to make so much noise!" said the devarāja. "Let me give the order: the Great Sage Sun and the prince will lead the troops down there. We three will stand guard up here at the entrance. We shall coordinate our efforts within and without, so that she will have no route to flee to Heaven and no door to enter Earth. Only then will we truly show our power."

All of them responded with a resounding "Yes!" Look at Pilgrim and the prince! Leading the captains and troops, they slid inside the cave and immediately mounted the cloudy luminosity. As they looked about, it was a fine cave indeed!

*The sun and moon's familiar orbs
Shine on the same mountains and streams;
Pearly deeps, jade wells warmed and sheathed in mist,
And e'en many more lovely sights.
Red painted towers in layers,
Scarlet walls and green fields endless.
Late autumn lotus and willows of spring—
Such a cave-heaven's rarely seen.*

In a moment, they stopped their cloudy luminosity right before the old residence of the monster-spirit. Noisily the celestial warriors began a door-to-door search; they looked everywhere, spreading out through all those three hundred miles, but neither a single monster-spirit nor a Tripitaka could be seen at all.

"This cursed beast," said the warriors, "must have left the cave and removed herself far away." Little did they know that there was another small cave at the dark southeast corner; there was a tiny door in the cave and a house built rather low, surrounded by a few pots of flowers and several stalks of bamboo. It was a place shrouded in darkness and faint fragrance. Here the old fiend had brought Tripitaka and wanted to force him to marry her, thinking that Pilgrim would never be able to find them. She did not realize, of course, that her fate was about to overtake her. As those little fiends crowded together inside, you see, one of the more courageous ones stuck out his head to take a peek outside, and he ran directly into the celestial warriors.

“They’re here!” they cried, and Pilgrim became so aroused that he went crashing in, his hand gripping the golden-hooped rod. The whole nest of monster-spirits was packed in that small and narrow place. When the prince and his troops surged forward, where could any of the fiends run to hide? Pilgrim soon located the Tang Monk, the luggage, and the dragon horse. When the old fiend realized that there was no way for her to flee, she faced Prince Naṭa and kowtowed repeatedly, begging for her life. The prince said, “Our expedition here to arrest you is decreed by the Jade Emperor, and it’s no small thing. We, father and son, by enjoying one stick of your incense, nearly brought on ourselves colossal calamity!”

Thereupon he bellowed:

“Celestial soldiers, take out the fiend-binding ropes and tie up all those monsterspirits!”

The old fiend, you see, could not avoid a little suffering.

The company then turned around their cloudy luminosity and went outside the cave, with Pilgrim chortling loudly all the way. The devarāja left his post at the entrance to meet Pilgrim, saying, “This time you’ve seen your master!”

“Thank you! Thank you!” replied Pilgrim, and at once led Tripitaka to bow to thank the devarāja and the prince. Sha Monk and Eight Rules would have liked very much to hack the old spirit into tiny pieces, but the devarāja said, “Since she was arrested by imperial decree, she should not be easily disposed of. We have yet to return to make a report to the throne.” So the devarāja and the third prince led the divine warriors and celestial soldiers to guard the monster-spirit and take her back to face judgment before Heaven’s tribunal. Meanwhile Pilgrim and Sha Monk scurried around the Tang Monk to pack as Eight Rules steadied the horse for him to mount. They headed for the main road together. Thus it is that

*The silk threads are sundered to dry the golden sea;
The jade lock’s broken and he leaves the bird-cage.*

We do not know what happens as they journey forth; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-FOUR

*“Priests are hard to destroy” completes great awakening
The Dharma-king attains the right, his body’s naturalized*

We were telling you about how Tripitaka Tang had safeguarded his primal yang and escaped the bitter ordeal of the fair sex. As he followed Pilgrim to head for the West, it was soon again the time of summer, when warm breezes freshly stirred, and rain of the plum season drizzled down in fine strands. Marvelous scenery, it is:

*Lush and dense is the green shade;
In light breeze young swallows parade.
New lilies unfold on the ponds;
Old bamboos spread slowly their fronds.
The sky joins the meadows in green;
Mountain blooms o’er the ground are seen.
Swordlike, rushes stand by the brook;
Pomegranates redden this sketchbook.*

Master and disciples, the four of them, had to endure the heat, of course.

As they proceeded, they came upon two rows of tall willows flanking the road; from within the willow shade an old woman suddenly walked out, leading a young child by the hand. “Priest,” she cried aloud to the Tang Monk, “you must stop right now! Turn your horse around and return to the East quickly! The road to the West leads only to death!” So startled was Tripitaka that he leaped down from the horse and bowed to her, saying, “Old Bodhisattva, as the ancients have said,

*The ocean is wide so fishes may leap;
The sky is empty so birds may fly.*

How could it be that a road to the West is lacking?” Pointing westward with her finger, the old woman said, “About five or six miles from here is the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom. In some previous incarnation somewhere the king must have contracted evil karma so that in this life he sins without cause. Two years ago he made a stupendous vow that he would kill ten thousand Buddhist priests. Until now he has succeeded in slaughtering nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-six nameless monks. All he is waiting for now are four more monks, preferably with names, and the perfect score of ten thousand will be reached. If you people arrive at his city, you will all become life-giving king bodhisattvas!”

Terror-stricken by these words, Tripitaka said, trembling all over, “Old Bodhisattva, I’m profoundly grateful for your kindness, and I can’t thank you enough. May I ask whether there is another road that conveniently bypasses the city? This poor monk will gladly take such a road and proceed.” With a giggle, the old woman replied, “You can’t bypass the city! You simply can’t! You might do so only if you could fly!”

At once Eight Rules began to wag his tongue and said, “Mama, don’t speak such scary words! We’re all able to fly!” With his fiery eyes and diamond pupils, however, Pilgrim was the only one who could discern the truth: the old woman and the child were actually the Bodhisattva Guanyin and the Boy Skilled in Wealth. So alarmed was he that he went to his knees immediately and cried, “Bodhisattva, pardon your disciples for failing to meet you!”

Gently the bodhisattva rose on a petal of pink cloud, so astounding the elder Tang that he did not quite know where to stand. All he could do was to fall on his knees to kowtow, and Eight Rules and Sha Monk too went hurriedly to their knees to bow to the sky. In a moment, the auspicious cloud drifted away to return to South Sea. Pilgrim got up and raised his master, saying, "Please rise, the bodhisattva has returned to her treasure mountain."

As he got up, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, if you had recognized the bodhisattva, why didn't you tell us sooner?"

"You couldn't stop asking questions," replied Pilgrim, laughing, "whereas I immediately went to my knees. Wasn't that soon enough?"

Eight Rules and Sha Monk then said to Pilgrim, "Thanks to the bodhisattva's revelation, what lies before us has to be the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom. What are we all going to do when there's this determination to kill monks?"

"Idiot, don't be afraid!" said Pilgrim. "We have met quite a few vicious demons and savage fiends, and we have gone through tiger lairs and dragon lagoons, but we have never been hurt. What we have to face here is a kingdom of common people. Why should we fear them? Our only trouble right now is that this is no place to stay. Besides, it's getting late, and if any villagers returning from business in the city catch sight of us priests and begin to spread the news, that won't be very convenient. Let's lead Master away from the main road and find a more secluded spot. We can then make further plans."

Tripitaka indeed followed his suggestion; all of them left the main road and went over to a small ditch, in which they sat down.

"Brothers," said Pilgrim, "the two of you stay here and guard Master. Let old Monkey go in transformation to look over the city.

Perhaps I can find a road that's out of the way, which will take us through the region this very night."

"O Disciple!" urged the Tang Monk. "Don't take this lightly, for you're going against the law of a king. Do be careful!"

"Relax! Relax!" replied Pilgrim with a smile. "Old Monkey will manage!"

Dear Great Sage! When he finished speaking, he leaped into the air with a loud whistle. How fantastic!

*Neither pulled from above by strings,
Nor supported below by cranes,
Like us all, two parents he owns,
But only he has lighter bones.*

Standing at the edge of the clouds, he peered below and saw that the city was flooded by airs of gladness and auspicious luminosity.

"What a lovely place!" Pilgrim said. "Why does it want to destroy the dharma?"

As he stared at the place, it gradually grew dark. He saw that

*At letter-ten crossings lamps flared brightly;
At nine-tiered halls incense rose and bells tolled.
Seven glowing stars lit up the blue sky;
In eight quarters travelers dropped their gear.*

*From the six-corps camps
 The painted bugles just faintly sounded;
 In the five-watch tower,
 By drop the copper pot began dripping.
 On four sides night fog thickened;
 At three marts chilly mist spread out.
 Spouses, in twos, entered the silken drapes,
 When one bright moon ascended the east.*

He thought to himself:

“I would like to go down to the business districts to look over the roadways, but with a face like mine, people will undoubtedly holler that I’m a priest if they see me. I’ll transform myself.” Making the magic sign and reciting a spell, he changed with one shake of his body into a moth:

*A small shape with light, agile wings,
 He dives to snuff candles and lamps.
 By metamorphosis he gains his true form,
 Most active midst rotted grasses.
 He strikes flames for love of hot light,
 Flying, circling without ceasing.
 Purple-robed, fragrant-winged, chasing the fireflies,
 He likes most the deep windless night.*

You see him soaring and turning as he flew toward those six boulevards and three marts, passing eaves and rafters. As he proceeded, he suddenly caught sight of a row of houses at the corner of the street ahead, each house having a lantern hung above its door.

“These families,” he thought to himself, “must be celebrating the annual Lantern Feast. Why would they have lighted lanterns by the row?” Stiffening his wings, he flew near and looked carefully. The house in the very middle had a square lantern, on which these words were written:

Rest for the Traveling Merchant. Below there were also the words:

Steward Wang’s Inn. Pilgrim knew therefore that it was a hotel.

When he stretched out his neck to look further, he saw that there were some eight or nine people, who had all finished their dinner.

Having loosened their clothes, taken off their head wraps, and washed their hands and feet, they had taken to their beds to sleep.

Secretly pleased, Pilgrim said, “Master may pass through, after all!”

How did he know so readily that his master might pass through, you ask? He was about to follow a wicked scheme: waiting until those people were asleep, he would steal their clothes and wraps so that master and disciples could disguise themselves as secular folks to enter the city.

Alas! There had to be this disagreeable development! As he was deliberating by himself, the steward went forward and gave this instruction to his guests:

“Sirs, do be careful, for our place caters to both gentlemen and rogues. I’d like to ask each of you to take care of your clothing and luggage.”

Think of it! People doing business abroad, would they not be careful with everything? When they heard such instruction from the innkeeper, they became more cautious than ever. Hastening to their feet, they said, "The proprietor is quite right. Those of us fatigued by travel may not easily wake up once we're asleep. If we lose our things, what are we going to do? Please take our clothes, our head wraps, and our money bags inside. When we get up in the morning, you may return them to us." Steward Wang accordingly took all of their clothes and belongings into his own residence.

By nature impulsive, Pilgrim at once spread his wings to fly there also and alighted on one of the head-wrap stands. Then he saw Steward Wang going to the front door to take down the lantern, lower the cloth curtain, and close the door and windows. Only then did Wang return to his room to take off his own clothes and lie down. The steward, however, also had a wife sleeping with two children, and they were still making so much noise that none of them could go to sleep right away. The wife, too, was patching some garment and refused to retire.

"If I wait until this woman sleeps," thought Pilgrim to himself, "won't Master be delayed?"

Fearing also that the city gates might be closed later in the night, he could no longer refrain from flying down there and threw himself on the taper. Truly

risked his life to dive into flames;

He scorched his brow to tempt his fate.

The taper immediately went out. With one shake of his body he changed again into a rat. After a squeak or two he leaped down, took the garments and head wraps, and began to drag them out. Panic-stricken, the woman said, "Old man, things are bad! A rat has turned into a spirit!" On hearing this, Pilgrim flaunted his abilities some more. Stopping at the door, he cried out in a loud voice, "Steward Wang, don't listen to the babblings of your woman. I'm no rodent-spirit. Since a man of light does not engage in shady dealings, I must tell you that I'm the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who has descended to earth to accompany the Tang Monk on his way to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. Because your king is without principles, I've come especially to borrow these caps and gowns to adorn my master.

Once we've passed through the city, I'll return them."

Hearing that, Steward Wang scrambled up at once. It was, of course, pitch black, and he was in a hurry besides. He grabbed his pants, thinking he had his shirt; but no matter how hard he tried, slipping them on this way and that, he could not put them on.

Using his magic of abduction, the Great Sage had already mounted the clouds to leave the city and return to the ditch by the road. In the bright light of the stars and moon, Tripitaka was standing there staring when he saw Pilgrim approaching. "Disciple," he asked, "can we go through the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom?" Walking forward and putting down the garments, Pilgrim said, "Master, if you want to go through the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom, you can't remain a priest."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "whom are you trying to fool? It's easy not to remain a priest: just don't shave your head for half a year, and your hair will grow."

"We can't wait for half a year!" said Pilgrim. "We must become laymen right now!"

Horried, our Idiot said, "The way you talk is most unreasonable, as always! We are all priests, and you want us to become laymen this instant! How could we even wear a head wrap? Even if we tighten the edges, we have nothing on our heads to tie the strings with!"

"Stop the wisecracks!" snapped Tripitaka. "Let's do what's proper! Wukong, what is your plan?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "I have inspected the city here. Though the king is unprincipled enough to slaughter monks, he is nevertheless a genuine son of Heaven, for his city is filled with joyful and auspicious air. I can recognize the streets in the city, and I can converse in the local dialect. A moment ago I borrowed several garments and head wraps from a hotel. We must disguise ourselves as laymen and enter the city to ask for lodging. At the fourth watch we should rise and ask the innkeeper to prepare us a meal—vegetarian, of course. By about the hour of the fifth watch, we will walk close to the wall of the city-gate and find the main road to the West. If we run into anyone who tries to detain us, we can still give the explanation that we have been commissioned by the court of a superior state. The Dharma-Destroying King would not dare hinder us. He'll let us go." Sha Monk said, "Elder Brother's plan is most proper. Let's do as he tells us." Indeed, the elder had little choice but to shed his monk's robe and his clerical cap and to put on the garment and head wrap of a layman. Sha Monk too changed his clothes. Eight Rules, however, had such a huge head that he could not wear the wrap as it was.

Pilgrim had to rip open two wraps and sew them together with needle and thread to make one wrap and drape it over his head. A larger garment was selected for him to put on, after which Pilgrim himself also changed into a different set of clothing. "Once we get moving," he said, "you all must put away the words 'master and disciples.'" "Without these terms," said Eight Rules, "how shall we address ourselves?" Pilgrim said, "We should do so as if we were in a fraternal order:

Master shall be called Grand Master Tang, you shall be Third Master Zhu, Sha Monk shall be called Fourth Master Sha, and I shall be called Second Master Sun. When we reach the hotel, however, none of you should talk; let me do all the talking. If they ask us what sort of business we're in, I'll say that we're horse traders, using this white horse of ours as a sample. I'll tell them that there are altogether ten of us in this fraternal order, but the four of us have come first to rent a room in the hotel and sell our horse. The innkeeper will certainly take care of us. If we receive his hospitality, I'll pick up by the time we leave some bits or pieces of broken tiles and change them into silver to thank him. Then we'll get on with our journey."

The elder had no alternative but to comply reluctantly.

The four of them, leading the horse and toting the luggage, hurried into the city. It was fortunate that this happened to be a peaceful region, so that the city gates had not yet been closed even as the time of the night watch began. When they reached the door of the Steward Wang's Hotel, they heard noises from inside, crying, "I've lost my head wrap!"

Another person cried, "I've lost my clothes."

Feigning ignorance, Pilgrim led them to another hotel, catercorner from this one. Since that hotel had not yet even taken down its lantern, Pilgrim walked up to the door and called out:

“Innkeeper, do you have a room for us to stay in?” Some woman inside replied at once, “Yes! Yes! Yes! Let the masters go up to the second floor.” She had hardly finished speaking when a man arrived to take the horse, which Pilgrim handed over to him. He himself led his master behind the lamplight and up to the door of the second floor, where lounge tables and chairs had been placed. He pushed open the shutters, and moonlight streamed in as they took their seats. Someone came up with lighted lamps, but Pilgrim barred the door and blew out the lamps with one breath. “We don’t need lamps when the moon’s so bright,” he said.

After the person with the lamps had been sent away, another maid brought up four bowls of pure tea, which Pilgrim accepted. From below, a woman about fifty-seven or fifty-eight years old came straight up to the second floor. Standing to one side, she asked, “Gentlemen, where have you come from? What treasure merchandise do you have?”

“We came from the north,” replied Pilgrim, “and we have a few ordinary horses to sell.”

“Well,” said the woman, “we haven’t seen many guests who sell horses.”

“This one is Grand Master Tang,” said Pilgrim, “this one is Third Master Zhu, and this one is Fourth Master Sha. Your humble student here is Second Master Sun.”

“All different surnames,” said the woman with a giggle.

“Indeed, all different surnames but living together,” said Pilgrim. “There are altogether ten of us in our fraternal order; we four have come first to seek lodging at your hotel, and the six others are resting outside the city. With a herd of horses, they don’t dare enter the city at such an hour. When we have located the proper place for them to stay, they’ll come in tomorrow morning. Once we have sold the horses, we’ll leave.”

“How many horses are there in your herd?” asked the woman.

“Big and small, there are over a hundred,” said Pilgrim, “all very much like the horse we have here. Only their colors vary.”

Giggling some more, the woman said, “Second Master Sun is indeed a merchant in every way! It’s a good thing that you’ve come to our place, for any other household would not dare receive you. We happen to have a large courtyard here, complete with stalls and stocked with feed. Even if you had several hundred horses, we can take care of them. You should be aware, too, that our hotel has been here for years and has gained quite a reputation. My late husband, who unfortunately died long ago, had the surname of Zhao, and that’s why this hotel is named Widow Zhao’s Inn. We have three classes of accommodation here. If you will kindly allow impoliteness to precede courtesy, I will discuss the room rates with you, so I’ll know what to charge you.”

“What you say is quite right,” said Pilgrim. “What three classes of accommodation do you have in your hotel? As the saying goes,

*High, medium, and low, are three prices of goods,
Guests, far and near, are not treated the same.*

Tell me a little of your three classes of accommodation.” Widow Zhao said, “What we have here are the superior, moderate, and inferior classes of accommodation. For the superior, we will prepare a banquet of five kinds of fruits and five courses, topped by lion-head puddings and peck-candies. There will be two persons per table,

and young hostesses will be invited to drink and rest with you. The charge per person is five coins of silver, and this includes the room.”

“What a bargain!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Where I came from, five coins of silver won’t even pay for the young ladies!”

“For the moderate,” said the widow again, “all of you will share one table, and you’ll get only fruits and hot wine. You yourselves may establish your drinking rules and play your finger-guessing games, but no young hostesses will be present. For this, we charge two coins of silver per person.”

“That’s even more of a bargain,” said Pilgrim. “What’s the inferior class like?”

“I dare not describe that in front of honored guests,” replied the woman.

“You may tell us,” said Pilgrim. “We’ll find our bargain and do our thing.”

The woman said, “In the inferior class there’s no one to serve you. You may eat whatever rice there is in the pot, and when you’ve had your fill, you can get some straw and make yourself a bed on the ground. Find yourself a place to sleep, and in the morning you may give us a few pennies for the rice. We won’t haggle with you.” On hearing this, Eight Rules said, “Lucky! Lucky! That’s old Hog’s kind of bargain! Let me stand in front of the pot and stuff myself with rice. Then I’ll have a nice damn snooze in front of the hearth!”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “what are you saying? You and I, after all, have managed to earn a few ounces of silver here and there in the world, haven’t we? Give us the superior class!”

Filled with delight, the woman cried, “Bring some fine tea! Tell the chefs to start their preparations.” She dashed downstairs and shouted some more:

“Slaughter some chickens and geese. Have them cooked or cured to go with the rice. Slaughter a pig and a lamb too; even if we can’t use them today, we may use them tomorrow. Get the good wine. Cook white-grain rice, and take bleached flour to make biscuits.” When he heard her from upstairs, Tripitaka said, “Second Master Sun, what shall we do? She is planning to slaughter chickens, geese, a pig, and a lamb. When she brings these things up, which one of us, keepers of a perpetual vegetarian diet that we are, dare take one bite?”

“I know what to do,” replied Pilgrim, and he went to the head of the stairs and tapped the floor with his foot. “Mama Zhao, please come up here,” he said. The mama came up and said, “What instructions do you have for me, Second Master?”

“Don’t slaughter anything today,” said Pilgrim, “for we’re keeping a vegetarian diet.”

Astonished, the widow asked, “Do the masters keep a perpetual diet or a monthly diet?”

“Neither,” replied Pilgrim, “for ours is named the *gengshen* diet. Since the cyclical combination for today is, in fact, *gengshen*, we must keep the diet. Once the hour of the third watch is past, it will be the day of *xinyou*, and we’ll be able to eat meat. You may do the slaughtering tomorrow. Please go now and prepare us some vegetarian dishes. We’ll pay you the price of the superior class just the same.”

The woman was more delighted than ever. She dashed downstairs to say, “Don’t slaughter anything! Don’t slaughter anything! Take some wood ears, Fujian bamboo-

shoots, bean curds, wheat glutens, and pull some greens from our garden to make vermicelli soup. Let the dough rise so that we can steam some rolls. We can cook the white-grain rice and brew fragrant tea also.”

Aha! Those chefs in the kitchen, accustomed to do this every day, finished their preparations in no time at all. The food was brought upstairs, along with readymade lion-puddings and candied fruits, so that the four could enjoy themselves to their hearts' content.

“Do you take dietary wine?” the woman asked again. Pilgrim said, “Only Grand Master Tang doesn't drink, but the rest of us can use a few cups.”

The widow then brought up a bottle of hot wine.

Hardly had the three of them finished pouring when they heard loud hangings on the floor down below.

“Mama,” said Pilgrim, “did something fall downstairs?”

“No,” replied the widow. “A few hired hands from our humble village who arrived rather late tonight with their monthly payment of rice were told to sleep downstairs. Since you masters have come, and we haven't enough help right now, I've asked them to take the carriages to go fetch the young hostesses here to keep you company. The poles on the carriages must have accidentally backed into the boards of the staircase.”

“It's a good thing that you mention this,” said Pilgrim. “Quickly tell them not to go. For one thing we're still keeping the diet, and for another our brothers have not yet arrived. Wait till they come in tomorrow, then we'll invite some call girls for the whole order to have some fun right here. After we've sold our horses, we'll leave.”

“Good man! Good man!” said the widow. “You've not destroyed the peace, but you've saved your own energy at the same time!” She called out, “Bring back the carriages. No need to fetch the girls.”

After the four had finished the wine and rice, the utensils were taken away, and the attendants left.

Tripitaka whispered behind Pilgrim's ear, “Where shall we sleep?”

“Up here,” replied Pilgrim. “It's not quite safe,” said Tripitaka.

“All of us are rather tired. When we're asleep, if someone from this household chances to come by to fix things up and notices our bald heads if our caps roll off, they will see that we're monks. What shall we do if they begin yelling?”

“Indeed!” replied Pilgrim. He went again to the head of the stairs to tap his foot, and the widow came up once more to ask, “What does Master Sun want?”

“Where shall we sleep?” asked Pilgrim. “Why, up here, of course!” said the woman. “There are no mosquitoes. You may open wide the windows, and with a nice southerly breeze, it's perfect for you to sleep.”

“No, we can't,” said Pilgrim. “Our Third Master Zhu here is somewhat allergic to dampness, and Fourth Master Sha has arthritic shoulders. Big Brother Tang can only sleep in the dark, and I, too, am rather sensitive to light. This is no place to sleep.”

The mama walked downstairs and, leaning on the counter, began to sigh. A daughter of hers, carrying a child, approached and said, “Mother, as the proverb says,

*For ten days you sit on the shore;
In one day you may pass nine beaches.*

Since this is the hot season, we haven't much business, but by the time of the fall, business may increase so much that we can't even cope with it. Why are you sighing?"

"Child," replied the woman, "I'm not worrying about lack of business, for at dusk today I was ready to close shop. But at the hour when the night watch began, four horse traders came to rent a room. Since they wanted the superior-class accommodation, I was hoping to make a few pennies' profit from them. But they keep a vegetarian diet, and that completely dashes my hopes. That's why I'm sighing."

Her daughter said, "If they have eaten our rice, they can't leave and go to another household. Tomorrow we can prepare meat and wine for them. Why can't we make our profit then?"

"But they are all sick," said the woman again, "afraid of draft, sensitive to light; they all want to sleep in a dark place. Come to think of it, all the buildings in our household are covered by single-tiered transparent tiles. Where are we going to find a dark enough place for them? I think we'd better consider donating the meal to them and ask them to go someplace else."

"Mother," said her daughter, "there's a dark place in my building, and it has no draft. It's perfect!"

"Where is that?" asked the woman. The daughter said, "When father was alive, he made a huge wardrobe trunk about four feet wide, seven feet long, and at least three feet deep. Six or seven people can probably sleep in it. Tell them to go inside the wardrobe and sleep there."

"I wonder if it's acceptable," said the woman. "Let me ask them. Hey, Master Sun, our humble dwelling is terribly small, and there is no dark place. We have only a huge wardrobe trunk which neither wind nor light can get through. How about sleeping in that?"

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" replied Pilgrim. Several of the hired hands were asked at once to haul out the wardrobe and remove the door before they were told to go downstairs. With Pilgrim leading his master and Sha Monk picking up the pole of luggage, they walked behind the lamplight to the wardrobe. Without regard for good or ill, Eight Rules immediately crawled in. After handing him the luggage, Sha Monk helped the Tang Monk in before entering himself.

"Where's our horse?" asked Pilgrim. One of the attendants on the side replied, "It's tethered at the rear of the house and feeding."

"Bring it, along with the feed," said Pilgrim, "and tether it tightly beside the wardrobe." Only then did he himself enter the wardrobe. He cried, "Mama Zhao, put on the door, stick in the bolt and lock it up. Then take a look for us and see whether there are any holes anywhere that light may get through. Paste them up with paper. Tomorrow, come early and open the wardrobe."

"You're much too careful!" said the widow. Thereafter everyone left to close the doors and sleep, and we shall leave those people for the moment.

We tell you now about the four of them inside the wardrobe. How pitiful! For one thing, it was the first time they had ever worn head wraps; for another, the weather

was hot. Moreover, it was very stuffy because no breeze could get in. They all took off their wraps and their clothes, but without fans they could only wave their monk caps a little. Crowding and leaning on one another, they all began to doze by about the hour of the second watch.

Pilgrim, however, was determined to be mischievous! As he was the only one who could not sleep, he stretched out his hand and gave Eight Rules's leg a pinch. Pulling back his leg, our Idiot mumbled, "Go to sleep! Look how miserable we are! And you still find it interesting to pinch people's arms and legs for fun?"

As a lark, Pilgrim began to say, "We originally had five thousand taels of silver.

We sold some horses previously for three thousand taels, and right now, there are still four thousand taels left in the money bags. We can also sell our present herd of horses for three thousand taels, and we'll have both capital and profit. That's enough! That's enough!"

Eight Rules, of course, was a man intent on sleeping, and he refused to answer him.

Little did they know that the waiters, the water haulers, and the fire tenders of this hotel had always been part of a band of thieves.

When they heard Pilgrim speaking of so much silver, some of them slipped out at once and called up some twenty other thieves, who arrived with torches and staffs to rob the horse traders. As they rushed in, Widow Zhao and her daughter were so terrified that they slammed shut the door of their own building and let the thieves do what they pleased. Those bandits, you see, did not want anything from the hotel; all they desired was to find the guests. When they saw no trace of them upstairs, they searched everywhere with torches and came upon the huge wardrobe in the courtyard. To one of the legs a white horse was tethered. The wardrobe was tightly locked, and they could not pry open the door.

The thieves said, "Worldly people like us have to be observant! If this wardrobe is so heavy, there must be luggage and riches locked inside. What if we steal the horse, haul the wardrobe outside the city, break it up, and divide the contents among ourselves—wouldn't that be nice?" Indeed, those thieves did find some ropes and poles, with which they proceeded to haul the wardrobe out of the hotel. As they walked, the load swayed from side to side.

Waking up with a start, Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother, please go to sleep! Why are you shaking us?"

"Don't talk!" said Pilgrim.

"No one's shaking you."

Tripitaka and Sha Monk also woke up and cried, "Who is carrying us?"

"Don't shout! Don't shout!" said Pilgrim. "Let them carry us. If they haul us all the way to the Western Heaven, it'll save us some walking!" When those thieves succeeded in getting away from the hotel, they did not head for the West; instead, they hauled the chest toward the east of the city, where they broke out after killing some of the guards at the city gate. That disturbance, of course, alerted people in the six boulevards and three marts, the firemen and guards living in various stations. The reports went quickly to the Regional Patrol Commander and the East City Warden's office. Since this was an affair for which they had to assume responsibility, the

commander and the warden at once summoned the cavalry and archers to pursue the thieves out of the city. When the thieves saw how strong the government troops were, they dared not contend with them. Putting down the huge wardrobe and abandoning the white horse, they fled in every direction. The government troops did not manage even to catch half a thief, but they did take the wardrobe and caught the horse, and they returned in triumph. As he looked at the horse beneath the lights, the commander saw that it was a fine creature indeed:

*Its mane parts like silver threads;
 Its tail dangles as strips of jade.
 Why mention the Eight Noble Dragon Steeds?
 This one surpasses Suxiang's slow trotting.
 Its bones would fetch a thousand gold,
 This wind-chaser through ten thousand miles.
 He climbs mountains oft to join the green clouds,
 Neighs at the moon, and fuses with white snow.
 Truly a dragon that has left the isles,
 A jade unicorn that man loves to own!*

The commander, instead of riding his own horse, mounted this white horse to lead his troops back into the city. The wardrobe was hauled into his official residence, where it was then sealed with an official tape issued jointly by him and the warden. Soldiers were to guard it until dawn, when they could memorialize to the king to see about its disposal. As the other troops retired, we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about the elder Tang inside the wardrobe, who complained to Pilgrim saying, "You ape-head! You've just about put me to death! If we had stayed outside and been caught and sent before the king of the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom, we could still argue with him. Now we are locked up in a wardrobe, abducted by thieves, and then recovered by government troops. When we see the king tomorrow, we'll be ready-made victims for him to complete his number of ten thousand!" Pilgrim said, "There are people outside right now! If they open the wardrobe and take us out, we'll either be bound or hanged! Do try to be more patient, so that we don't have to face the ropes. When we see that befuddled king tomorrow, old Monkey has his own way of answering him. I promise you that you'll not be harmed one whit. Now relax and sleep."

By about the hour of the third watch, Pilgrim exercised his ability and eased his rod out. Blowing his immortal breath on it, he cried, "Change!" and it changed into a three-pointed drill. He drilled along the bottom edge of the wardrobe two or three times and made a small hole. Retrieving the drill, he changed with one shake of his body into an ant and crawled out. Then he changed back into his original form to soar on the clouds into the royal palace. The king at that moment was sleeping soundly.

Using the Grand Magic of Body-Division in the Assembly of Gods, Pilgrim ripped off all the hairs on his left arm. He blew his immortal breath on them, crying, "Change!"

They all changed into tiny Pilgrims. From his right arm he pulled off all the hairs, too, and blew his immortal breath on them, crying, "Change!"

They changed into sleep-inducing insects. Then he recited another magic spell, which began with the letter *Om*, to summon the local spirits of the region into his presence. They were told to lead the small Pilgrims so that they could scatter throughout the royal palace, the Five Military Commissions, the Six Ministries, and the residences

of officials high and low. Anyone with rank and appointment would be given a sleep-inducing insect, so that he would sleep soundly without even turning over.

Pilgrim also took up his golden-hooped rod; with a squeeze and a wave, he cried, “Treasure, change!” It changed at once into hundreds and thousands of razor blades. He took one of them, and he told the tiny Pilgrims each to take one, so that they could go into the palace, the commissions, and the ministries to shave heads. Ah! This is how it was:

*King would the boundless dhartna destroy,
Which fills the world and reaches the great Way.
All dharma-causes are of substance one;
wondrous forms are all the same.
The jade cupboard's drilled through, the truth is known;
Gold hairs are scattered and blindness is removed.
Dharma-king will surely the right fruit attain:
Birthless and deathless, in the void he'll remain.*

The shaving activities that went on for half the night were completely successful. Thereafter Pilgrim recited his spell to dismiss the local spirits. With one shake of his body he retrieved the hairs of both his arms. The razor blades he squeezed back into their true and original form—one golden-hooped rod—which he then reduced in size to store in his ear once more. He next assumed the form of an ant to crawl back into the wardrobe before changing into his original appearance to accompany the Tang Monk in his confinement.

There we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about those palace maidens and harem girls in the inner chambers of the royal palace, who rose before dawn to wash and do their hair. Everyone of them had lost her hair. The hair of all the palace eunuchs, young and old, had also vanished. They crowded outside the palatial bedchambers to start the music for waking the royal couple, all fighting hard to hold back their tears and not daring to report their mishap.

In a little while, the queen of the three palaces awoke, and she too found that her hair was gone. Hurriedly she moved a lamp to glance at the dragon bed: there in the midst of the silk coverlets a monk was sleeping!

Unable to contain herself, the queen began to speak and her words awoke the king. When the king opened his eyes, all he saw was the bald head of the queen. Sitting bolt upright, he said, “My queen, why do you look like this?”

“But my lord is also like this!” replied the queen. One touch of his own head sent the king into sheer panic, crying, “What has become of us?” In that moment of desperation, the consorts of six halls, the palace maidens, and the eunuchs young and old all entered with bald heads. They knelt down and said, “Our lord, we have all become Buddhist priests!” When the king saw them, tears fell from his eyes. “It must be the result of our slaughtering the monks,” he said. Whereupon he gave this decree:

“You are forbidden, all of you, to mention your loss of hair, for we fear that the civil and military officials would criticize the unrighteousness of the state. Let’s prepare to hold court at the main hall.” We tell you now about all those officials, high and low, in the Five Commissions and Six Ministries, who were about to have an audience with the throne at dawn. As each one of them, you see, had also lost his hair during the night,

they were all busily preparing memorials to report the incident. Thus you could hear that

*Three times the whip struck as they faced the king:
The cause of their shorn hair they would make known.*

We do not know what has happened to the stolen goods recovered by the commander of the government troops; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*Mind Monkey envies Wood Mother
The demon lord plots to devour Chan*

We were telling you about the morning court of the king, during which many civil and military officials presented their memorials, saying, "Our Lord, please pardon your subjects for being remiss in their manners."

"Our worthy ministers have not departed from their customary good deportment," replied the king. "What is remiss in your manners?"

"O Our Lord!" said the various ministers; "we do not know the reason, but during the night all your subjects lost their hair."

Clutching those memorials that complained of loss of hair, the king descended from his dragon couch to say to his subjects, "Indeed we do not know the reason either, but we and the other members of the royal palace, high and low, also lost all our hair."

As tears gushed from their eyes, ruler and subjects said to one another, "From now on, we wouldn't dare slaughter monks!"

Then the king ascended his dragon couch once more as the officials returned to standing in ranks. The king said, "Let those who have any business leave their ranks to present their memorials; if there is no further business, let the screen be rolled up so that the court may retire."

From the ranks of military officials the city patrol commander stepped out, and from the ranks of the civil officials the east city warden walked forward. Both came up to the steps to kowtow and say, "By your sage decree your subjects were on patrol last night, and we succeeded in recovering the stolen goods of one cupboard and one white horse. Your lowly subjects dare not dispose of these by our own authority, and we beg you to render a decision."

Highly pleased, the king said, "Bring us both horse and cupboard."

As soon as the two officials went back to their offices, they immediately summoned their troops to haul out the cupboard. Locked inside, Tripitaka became so terrified that his soul was about to leave his body. "Disciples," he said, "what do we say once we appear before the king?" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Stop fussing! I have made the proper arrangements! When they open the cupboard, they'll bow to us as their teachers. Just tell Eight Rules not to wrangle over seniority!"

"To be spared from execution," said Eight Rules, "is already boundless blessing! You think I dare wrangle?"

Hardly had they finished talking when the cupboard was hauled to the court; the soldiers carried it inside the Five-Phoenix Tower and placed it before the vermilion steps.

When the subjects asked the king to inspect the cupboard, he immediately commanded that it be opened. The moment the cover was lifted, however, Zhu Eight Rules could not refrain from leaping out, so terrifying the various officials that they were all struck dumb.

Then they saw the Tang Monk emerging, supported by Pilgrim Sun, while Sha Monk brought out the luggage. When Eight Rules caught sight of the commander holding the horse, he rushed forward and bellowed, “The horse is ours! Give it to me!”

The commander was so scared that he fell backward head over heels.

As the four of them stood on the steps, the king noticed that they were all Buddhist priests. Hurrying down from his dragon couch, the king asked all his consorts of the three palaces to join his subjects in descending from the Treasure Hall of Golden Chimes and bowing with him to the clerics. “Where did the elders come from?” the king asked.

Tripitaka said, “We are those sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to India’s Great Thunderclap Monastery in the West to seek true scriptures from the living Buddha.”

“If the Venerable Master had come from such a great distance,” said the king, “for what reason did you choose to rest in a cupboard?”

“Your humble cleric,” replied Tripitaka, “had learned of Your Majesty’s vow to slaughter monks. We therefore dared not approach your superior state openly. Disguising ourselves as laymen, we came by night to an inn in your treasure region to ask for lodging. As we were afraid that people might still recognize our true identity, we chose to sleep in the cupboard, which unfortunately was stolen by thieves. It was then recovered by the commander and brought here. Now that I am privileged to behold the dragon countenance of Your Majesty, I feel as if I had caught sight of the sun after the clouds had parted. I beg Your Majesty to extend your grace and favor wide as the sea to pardon and release this humble cleric.”

“The Venerable Master is a noble priest from the heavenly court of a superior state,” replied the king, “and it is we who have been remiss in our welcome. The reason for our vow to slaughter monks stems from the fact that we were slandered by certain priests in years past. We therefore vowed to Heaven to kill ten thousand monks as a figure of perfection. Little did we anticipate that we would be forced to become monks instead, for all of us—ruler and subjects, king and consorts—now have had our hair shorn off. We, in turn, beg the Venerable Master not to be sparing in your great virtue and accept us as your disciples.” When Eight Rules heard these words, he roared with laughter, saying, “If you want to be our disciples, what sort of presentation gifts do you have for us?”

“If the Master is willing,” said the king, “we would be prepared to offer you the treasures and wealth of the state.”

“Don’t mention treasures and wealth,” said Pilgrim, “for we are the sort of monks who keep to our principles. Only certify our travel rescript and escort us out of the city. We promise you that your kingdom will be secure forever, and you will be endowed with blessings and long life in abundance.” When the king heard that, he at once ordered the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a huge banquet. Ruler and subjects, meanwhile, prostrated themselves to return to the One. The travel rescript was certified immediately, and then the king requested the masters to change the name of his kingdom. “Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim, “the name of Dharma Kingdom is an excellent one; it’s only the word ‘Destroying’ that’s inadequate. Since we have passed through this region, you may change its name to Dharma-Honoring Kingdom. I promise that you will

Prosper a thousand years in calm rivers and seas,

With rain and wind in season and in all quarters peace."

After thanking Pilgrim, the king asked for the imperial cortege and the entire court to escort master and disciples out of the city so they could leave for the West. Then ruler and subjects held fast to virtue to return to the truth, and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you now about the elder, who took leave of the king of the Dharma-Honoring Kingdom. As he rode along, he said in great delight, "Wukong, you've employed an excellent method this time, and you've achieved a great merit."

"O Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "where did you find so many barbers to shave off so many heads during the night?"

Thereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he underwent transformations and exercised magic powers. Master and disciples laughed so hard they could hardly get their mouths shut. In that very moment of gaiety, they suddenly saw a tall mountain blocking their path.

Reining in his horse, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, look how rugged that mountain is. We must be careful!"

"Relax! Relax!" said Pilgrim with a laugh. "I guarantee you there's nothing to be afraid of!"

"Stop saying there's nothing!" replied Tripitaka. "I can see how precipitous the mountain peak is, and even from a great distance there appear to be violent vapors and savage clouds soaring up from it. I'm getting more and more apprehensive; my whole body's turning numb, and I'm filled with troubled thoughts." Still laughing, Pilgrim said, "And you've long forgotten the Heart Sūtra of the Crow's Nest Zen Master."

"I do remember it," said Tripitaka. "You may remember the sūtra," said Pilgrim, "but there are four lines of gāthā which you have forgotten."

"Which four lines?" asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim said,

*not afar for Buddha on Spirit Mount;
Mount Spirit lives only inside your mind.
There's in each man a Spirit Mount stūpa;
Beneath this stūpa you must be refined.*

"Disciple," said Tripitaka, "you think I don't know this? According to these four lines, the lesson of all scriptures concerns only the cultivation of the mind."

"Of course, that goes without saying," said Pilgrim. "For when the mind is pure, it shines forth as a solitary lamp, and when the mind is secure, the entire phenomenal world becomes clarified. The tiniest error, however, makes for the way to slothfulness, and then you'll never succeed even in ten thousand years. Maintain your vigilance with the utmost sincerity, and Thunderclap will be right before your eyes. But when you afflict yourself like that with fears and troubled thoughts, then the Great Way and, indeed, Thunderclap seem far away. Let's stop all these wild guesses. Follow me." When the elder heard these words, his mind and spirit immediately cheered up as all worries subsided.

The four of them proceeded, and a few steps brought them into the mountain. This was what met their eyes:

*The mountain's truly a good mountain.
Look closely, it's mixed colors show!*

*On top the clouds wander and drift;
 Tree shades are cool before the cliff.
 Birds screechy and shrill;
 Beasts savage and fierce.
 A thousand pines in the forest;
 A few bamboos on the summit.
 Those snarling are grey wolves fighting for food;
 Those growling are tigers struggling for feed.
 Wild apes wail long as they search for fresh fruits;
 The deer climb o'er flowers to reach the peak.
 A souging breeze
 And gurgling stream,
 Where oft you hear the coos of birds unseen.
 In a few places creepers pull and tug;
 By the brook orchids mix with fine grasses.
 Strange rocks sharply etched;
 Hanging cliffs sheer and straight.
 Foxes and raccoons dash by in packs;
 Badgers and gibbons frolic in bands.
 traveler, troubled by such ruggedness,
 Can do little with an old path's curviness!*

Wary and cautious, master and disciples walked along, and all at once they heard the howling of a strong gust. Becoming fearful, Tripitaka said, "A wind has risen!" Pilgrim said, "Spring has a temperate wind, summer a warm one. Autumn has a west wind, and winter has a north wind. There are winds in all four seasons. Why fear a gust of wind now?"

"But this wind has blown up so quickly," replied Tripitaka, "that it cannot possibly be a natural wind."

"From ancient times," said Pilgrim, "wind has risen from the ground and clouds have emerged from mountains. How could there be such a thing as a natural wind?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when they also saw fog rising. That fog truly

*Spreads out to make the sky opaque
 As darkness the earth overtakes.
 The sun wholly loses its light;
 All singing birds vanish from sight.
 It seems like Chaos returning,
 Like dust both flying and churning.
 When summit trees all disappear,
 Could one an herb-picker go near?*

Becoming more alarmed than ever, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, the wind has hardly subsided. Why is there such fog rising?"

"Let's not jump to any conclusion," replied Pilgrim. "Let our master dismount, and the two brothers can stand guard here. I'll go see whether the situation is evil or auspicious."

Dear Great Sage! One snap of his torso shot him up to midair: shading his brows with his hand, he opened wide his fiery eyes to peer downward and at once discovered that there was, indeed, a monster-spirit sitting by a hanging cliff. Look how he appears:

*A burly body swathed in colored hues,
Stalwart and tall, he seems most spirited.
His fangs push through his mouth like drills of steel;
His nose in the center's a hook of jade.
His golden eyes flaring, fowl and beasts take fright.
His silver beard bristling, god and ghosts grow sad.
Perched firmly by the ledge he flaunts his might;
By belching wind and fog he plies his wiles.*

Standing in rows to the left and right of him were some thirty or forty little fiends, all watching his magic exercise as he belched out wind and spat out fog.

Chuckling to himself, Pilgrim said, "My master does have a little prescience! He said it was no natural wind, and indeed it was a stunt of this monster's that brought it forth. If old Monkey uses his iron rod now to deliver a blow downward, it will be nothing but a 'Garlic Pounder.' I'll strike him dead, but it'll also ruin old Monkey's reputation." Valiant all his life, Pilgrim never quite knew how to stab people in the back. He said to himself instead, "I'll go back and give some business to Zhu Eight Rules. Let him come first to do battle with this monster-spirit. If Eight Rules is capable of defeating this monster, it'll be his good fortune. If he's not strong enough and gets himself captured, then I'll go rescue him. That's the proper way to enlarge my fame. But wait! Usually he's quite lazy and refuses to take the initiative in anything. Nonetheless he's hoggish and loves to eat. Let me trick him a little and see what he'll say." Instantly dropping down from the clouds, he went before Tripitaka, who asked, "Wukong, how's the situation in the wind and fog?"

"It seems to have cleared up right now," replied Pilgrim, "for there's hardly any wind or fog."

"Yes," said Tripitaka, "they do seem to have subsided."

"Master," said Pilgrim with a chuckle, "my eyesight is usually quite good, but this time I've made a mistake. I had thought that there might be a monster in the wind and fog, but there wasn't."

"What is it then?" asked Tripitaka.

"There's a village not too far ahead," said Pilgrim, "and the families there are quite devoted to good works. They are steaming white-grain rice and bleached-flour buns to feed the monks. The fog, I suppose, could have been the steam coming from their steamers, a sure sign of their good works." When Eight Rules heard this, he thought it was the truth. Pulling Pilgrim aside, he said softly, "Elder Brother, did you take a meal with them before you came back?"

"I didn't eat much," said Pilgrim, "for the vegetable dishes were a bit too salty for my taste."

"Bah!" exclaimed Eight Rules. "No matter how salty they might be, I would have eaten until my stomach was filled. If I'm too thirsty, I'll come back and drink water."

"Do you want to eat?" asked Pilgrim.

“Of course,” replied Eight Rules, “because I’m just feeling a little hungry! I would like very much to go and eat something. What do you think?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “you shouldn’t mention this. An ancient book said, ‘When the father is present, the son should not act on his own.’

If Master remains here, who dares go there first?”

“If you don’t speak up,” said Eight Rules, giggling, “I’ll be able to go.”

“I won’t,” said Pilgrim. “I’d like to see how you manage to get away.”

That Idiot, you see, was peculiarly endowed with gluttonish intelligence. Walking forward, he bowed deeply and said, “Master, just now Elder Brother told us that there are families in the village ahead who are feeding the monks. Our horse here, however, is bound to bother people once we get there. Won’t it be a nuisance when we have to find feed or hay for him? It’s a good thing that the sky is now cleared of wind and fog. Why don’t you sit here for a while and let me go find some nice, tender grass to feed the horse? Then we may proceed to beg for our meal from those households.”

“Marvelous!” said a delighted Tang Monk. “How is it that you’re so industrious today? Go, and return quickly!”

Chuckling to himself, that Idiot left at once, only to be pulled back by Pilgrim, saying, “Brother, those families there will feed only handsome monks, not ugly ones.”

“If you put it that way,” said Eight Rules, “it means I have to undergo transformation again.”

“Exactly,” said Pilgrim, “you’d better change a little.”

Dear Idiot! He too had the ability of thirty-six transformations. After he walked into the fold of the mountain, he made the magic sign and recited a spell; with one shake of his body he changed into a rather thin and short priest. His hand striking a wooden fish, he began to mutter something as he walked. He knew nothing of chanting scriptures, of course, and all he could mumble was “Noble Eminence!” We tell you now about that fiend who, after he had retrieved the wind and fog, ordered the various fiends to form a circle at the entrance of the main road and wait for the travelers. Our Idiot had the misfortune to walk right into the circle. The various fiends at once had him surrounded; some tugged at his clothes while others pulled at his sash. As they surged around him, Eight Rules said, “Stop pulling! I’ll eat from you, house by house!”

“Monk,” said the fiends, “what do you want to eat?”

“You people want to feed the monks,” said Eight Rules, “and I have come to take my meal.”

“So, you think we’re feeding the monks,” said one of the monsters. “You don’t know that we specialize in eating monks here. Since we are monstrous immortals who have attained the Way in the mountain, we are particularly fond of catching monks and bringing them into our house to have them steamed in steamers. And you want to eat our meals instead!” On hearing this, Eight Rules was so horrified that he began to castigate Pilgrim, saying, “This Ban-Horse-Plague is such a rogue! He lied to me about the feeding of monks in this village. What village is there, and what feeding of monks? These are monster-spirits!”

Exasperated by their pulling, our Idiot at once changed back into his original form and took out his muckrake from his waist. A few wild blows sent those little monsters retreating. They dashed back, in fact, to report to the old fiend:

“Great King, disaster!”

“What sort of disaster?” asked the old fiend. One of the little monsters said, “From the front of the mountain arrived a monk who looked quite neat. I said that we should take him home to be steamed, and if we couldn’t finish him immediately, we could have parts of him cured and left for bad weather. I didn’t expect him to know how to change.”

“What did he change into?” asked the old monster.

“Nothing that looks human!” said the little monster. “Long snout, huge ears, and a tuft of hair behind his head. Wielding a muckrake with both his hands, he delivered blows madly at us. We were so scared that we ran back to report to the great king.”

“Don’t be afraid,” said the old fiend. “Let me go look.”

He held up an iron club and walked forward, only to discover that Idiot was ugly indeed. This was how he appeared:

*A snout, pestlelike, over three feet long
And teeth protruding like silver prongs.
Bright like lightning a pair of eyeballs round,
Two ears that whip the wind in hu-hu sound.
Arrowlike hairs behind his head are seen;
His whole body’s skin is both coarse and green.
His hands hold up a thing bizarre and queer:
A muckrake of nine prongs which all men fear.*

Forcing himself to be bold, the monster-spirit shouted:

“Where did you come from? What is your name? Tell me quickly, and I’ll spare your life!” With a chuckle Eight Rules said, “My child, so you don’t recognize your Ancestor Zhu! Come up here and I’ll recite for you:

*With huge mouth and fangs I’ve great magic might.
Emperor Jade made me Marshal Heavenly Reeds.
The boss of Heaven’s eighty-thousand marines,
Comforts and joys I had in the halls of light.
Because I mocked Chang’e when I was drunk
And flaunted my strength at a wrongful hour—
One shove of my snout toppled Tushita;
Queen Mother’s divine herbs I then devoured—
Emperor Jade pounded me two thousand times
And banished me from the Three Heavens realm.
Though told to nourish my primal spirit,
I became again a monster down below.
About to marry at the Village Gao,
I met Brother Sun—’twas my wretched fate!
defeated by his golden-hooped rod,
I had to bow and take the Buddhist vow:
A coolie who bears luggage and leads the horse,*

*Who owes, in former life, the Tang Monk a debt!
This iron-legged Heavenly Reed's name is Zhu;
And my religious name is Zhu Eight Rules."*

On hearing these words, the monster-spirit snapped, "So you're the disciple of the Tang Monk. I've always heard that the flesh of the Tang Monk is most edible. Now that you've barged in here, you think I'll spare you? Don't run away! Watch my club!"

"Cursed beast!" said Eight Rules. "So you used to be a Doctor in Dyeing!"

"Why was I a Doctor in Dyeing?" asked the monster-spirit.

"If you weren't," replied Eight Rules, "how would you know the use of a stirring club?"

The fiend, of course, did not permit any further chatter; he drew near and struck madly. The two of them thus began quite a furious battle in the fold of the mountain:

*The nine-pronged muckrake,
One single iron club—
The rake in motion churned like violent wind;
The club used deftly flew like sudden rain.
One was a nameless, vile fiend blocking the mountain path;
One was sinful Heavenly Reeds helping Nature's lord.
With Nature righted, why fear demons or fiends?
On tall mountains, earth would not beget gold.
That one's club parried like a serpent bolting from the deep;
This one's rake came like a dragon breaking from the banks.
Their shouts, thunderous, rocked mountains and streams;
Their cries, heroic, stirred the depths of earth.
Two valiant fighters each showing his power
To wage a life-risking contest of might.*

Summoning his own powers, Eight Rules engaged the monster-spirit, who also shouted for the little fiends to have his opponent encircled.

We shall leave them for the moment and tell you instead about Pilgrim, who, standing behind the Tang Monk, burst out laughing all of a sudden. "Elder Brother," asked Sha Monk, "why are you snickering?"

"Zhu Eight Rules is truly idiotic!" said Pilgrim. "When he heard that people were feeding monks, he was deceived into leaving immediately and still hasn't returned after all this time. If his rake managed to beat back a monster-spirit, you would be able to watch him come back in triumph and clamor for merit. But if he could not withstand him and got himself captured, then that would be my misfortune also, for I don't know how many times, backward and forward, he would castigate me as Ban-Horse-Plague. Wujing, stop talking to me for a while. Let me go see what's happening."

Dear Great Sage! Without letting the elder know, he quietly pulled a hair from the back of his head and blew his immortal breath on it, crying, "Change!" It changed into his appearance to accompany both Sha Monk and the elder. His true body left with his spirit to shoot up into the air and look: he soon discovered that Idiot, surrounded by the fiends, was gradually losing ground, the movements of his muckrake slackening.

Pilgrim could no longer restrain himself; lowering his cloud, he cried out in a loud voice, "Don't worry Eight Rules! Old Monkey's here!" When that Idiot heard

Pilgrim's voice, he was stirred to greater strength than ever as he attacked madly with his rake. Unable to withstand him, the monster-spirit said, "A moment ago this monk was beginning to weaken. Why is it that he has turned more ferocious all at once?"

"My child," said Eight Rules, "you shouldn't try to oppress me! A family member of mine has arrived!"

Ever more fiercely he delivered blows at his opponent's head and face, until the monster-spirit could hardly parry his blows and led the other monsters to retreat in defeat. When Pilgrim saw the monster-spirit flee, however, he did not draw near. Turning his cloud around, he went back to where he had been, and with one shake retrieved his hair. Being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, the elder did not perceive what had taken place.

In a little while, Idiot also returned; though he was the winner, he had been so exercised that he was sniveling from the nose and foaming at the mouth. Panting hard, he walked near to call out, "Master!"

Astonished by the sight of him, the elder said, "Eight Rules, you went to cut some grass for the horse. How is it that you're returning in such terrible shape? Could it be that people on the mountain are guarding the grass and refuse to let you cut it?" Putting down his rake, Idiot began to slap his head and stamp his feet, saying, "Master, don't ask! If I told you, I'd be embarrassed to death!"

"Why?" asked the elder.

Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother tricked me! He said at first that there was no monster-spirit in the wind and fog, that there was no evil omen. It was, he said, a village, and its families were devoted to virtue. They were steaming white-grain rice and bleached-flour buns to feed the monks. Since I thought it was the truth and was feeling so hungry, I wanted to get there and beg some first, on the excuse that I was cutting grass for the horse. Little did I expect that there would be quite a few fiends, who had me surrounded. I have been fighting bitterly with them all this time. If it hadn't been for the assistance lent by Elder Brother's mourning staff, I would have never escaped the net and come back here." On one side Pilgrim began to laugh, saying, "This Idiot's babbling! The moment you become a thief, you like to shift the blame on a whole bunch of people. I was watching Master right here. Since when did I leave his side?"

"That's right!" said the elder. "Wukong hasn't left me at all." Jumping up and down, Eight Rules screamed, "Master, you just don't know. He has an alibi!"

The elder said, "Wukong, are there really fiends?" Knowing that he could no longer fool him, Pilgrim bowed and said, chuckling, "There are a few small ones, but they don't dare bother us. Eight Rules, come over here. I want to entrust you with something truly worthwhile. When we escort Master through this rugged mountain road, we should act as if we were on military maneuvers."

"What would we do if we were?" asked Eight Rules.

"You can be the path-finding general and open up the road in front," replied Pilgrim. "You needn't do anything if the monster-spirit doesn't show up, but if he appears, you fight with him. If you prevail, it will be regarded as your meritorious fruit."

Eight Rules calculated that the monster-spirit's abilities were about the same as his, and so he said, "I don't mind dying at his hands! Let me lead the way!"

"This Idiot!" said Pilgrim with a chuckle, "If he mouths such unlucky words first, how can he make any progress?"

Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, do you know the proverb?

*A prince at a banquet
Will either be drunk or fed;
A fighter on the field
Will either be hurt or dead.*

I want to say something amiss first, and then I may prove to be the stronger afterward."

Delighted, Pilgrim saddled the horse at once and asked the master to mount. With Sha Monk toting the luggage, they all followed Eight Rules into the mountain, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about that monster-spirit, who led those several defeated little fiends back to their own cave. Taking a seat high on a rocky edge, he fell completely silent. Many of the little fiends who had remained behind as household guards crowded around him to ask, "Great King, when you go out, you frequently return in a happy mood. Why are you so troubled today?"

"Little ones," replied the old monster, "normally when I go out to patrol the mountain, I grab a few humans or beasts—regardless of where they are from—to take back home for you to feast on. Today my luck's rather poor, for I ran into an adversary."

"What adversary?" asked the little monsters.

"He happens to be a monk," replied the old monster, "a disciple of the scripture-seeker Tang Monk from the Land of the East, whose name is Zhu Eight Rules. I was defeated by blows from his muckrake. I'm damn mad! For years I've heard people say that the Tang Monk is an arhat who has practiced austerities in ten incarnations. If someone eats a piece of his flesh, his age will be lengthened, and he'll attain longevity. Little did I expect him to arrive this day at our mountain. I wanted so badly to seize him and have him steamed for food, but I didn't know he had a disciple like that under him."

He had hardly finished speaking when a little monster stepped forward from the ranks. Facing the old monster above, he sobbed three times aloud and then he laughed three times. "Why are you weeping and crying?" snapped the old monster. The little monster knelt down to say, "Just now the great king says that he wants to eat the Tang Monk, but I would like to tell you that this monk's flesh is impossible to eat."

The old monster said, "People everywhere claim that one piece of his flesh will enable one to live long without growing old, to acquire an age as lasting as Heaven's. Why do you say that it's impossible to eat?"

"If it were possible," replied the little monster, "he wouldn't have made it here, for he would have been devoured by monster-spirits elsewhere. He has three disciples under him, you see."

"Do you know which three?" asked the old monster. "His eldest disciple is Pilgrim Sun," said the little monster, "and his third disciple is Sha Monk. This Zhu Eight Rules is his second disciple."

“How strong is Sha Monk when compared with Zhu Eight Rules?” asked the old monster.

“About the same,” replied the little monster.

“What about that Pilgrim Sun? How does he compare with Zhu?” Sticking out his tongue, the little monster said, “I dare not speak! That Pilgrim Sun has vast magic powers and knows many ways of transformation! Five hundred years ago, he caused great disturbance at the Celestial Palace. Those Twenty-eight Constellations from the Region Above, the Nine Luminaries, the Twelve Horary Branches, the Five Nobles and Four Ministers, the Stars of East and West, the Gods of North and South, the Deities of the Five Mountains and the Four Rivers, and the divine warriors of entire Heaven could not tangle successfully with him. How could you have the nerve to want to eat the Tang Monk?”

“How do you know so much about him?” asked the old monster.

The little monster said, “I used to live with the great kings of the Lion-Camel Cave at the Lion-Camel Ridge.

Those great kings, not knowing anything better, wanted to devour the Tang Monk. When Pilgrim Sun used his golden-hooped rod to fight inside our door, alas, he reduced us to the condition like the title of a domino combination:

Minus One, Abolish Six! I was intelligent enough, fortunately, to slip out the back door and come here to be received by the great king. That’s how I found out about his abilities!” When the old monster heard these words, he paled with fright, for as the saying goes, “Even a great general is afraid of augury.” When he heard a member of his own household speaking like that, how could he not be frightened? At that anxious moment, another little monster went forward to say, “Great King, don’t be upset, and don’t be frightened. The proverb tells us that ‘Success comes step-by-step.’ If you desire to devour the Tang Monk, let me offer you a plan to seize him.”

“What sort of plan do you have?” asked the old monster.

“One called ‘The Plan of Plum Blossoms with Parted Petals,’” answered the little monster. “What do you mean by that?” asked the old monster.

The little monster said, “Take a roll call of all the monsters in the cave, young and old; select a hundred out of the thousands, ten out of the hundred, and finally three out of those ten. These three must all have abilities and the capacity for transformation. They will all change into the great king’s appearance, wearing his armor and holding his club, and then be placed in ambush. The first one will engage Zhu Eight Rules in battle; the next, Pilgrim Sun; and the third, Sha Monk. We shall risk these three little monsters to induce those three brothers to leave their master. Then the great king will be able to stretch forth his hand from midair to seize the Tang Monk like ‘Fetching Things from One’s Pocket,’ like ‘Squeezing a Fly in the Fish Bowl.’ That’s not too difficult, is it?” On hearing this the old monster was filled with delight. “This is a most marvelous plan!” said he. “When we set out, I won’t do anything if we can’t catch the Tang Monk. But if we do catch him, I’ll not treat you lightly. I’ll appoint you as our vanguard officer.”

The little monster kowtowed to thank him before giving the order for the roll call. When all the monster-spirits of the cave, young and old, were summoned into their presence, three able little monsters were indeed selected. All of them were told to

change into the form of the old monster; each holding the iron club, they were placed in ambuscade to wait for the Tang Monk, and we shall leave them there for the moment.

We tell you now about our Elder Tang who, free of cares and worries, followed Eight Rules up the main road. After they had proceeded for a long time, a loud pop from the side of the road suddenly brought out a little monster, who rushed forward and attempted to seize the elder. "Eight Rules," cried Pilgrim Sun, "the monster-spirit is here! Why don't you do something?" Without bothering to distinguish one from the other, our Idiot whipped out his muckrake and dashed forward to attack madly the monster-spirit, who met his blows with an iron club. Back and forth, the two of them fought beneath the mountain slope, when another fiend leaped out from some bushes with a pop and headed straight for the Tang Monk.

"Master, things are going wrong!" cried Pilgrim. "Eight Rules is so blind that he has allowed the monster-spirit to slip by him to come here to grab you. Let old Monkey go beat him off!"

Hurriedly he wielded his rod and rushed forward, bellowing, "Where are you going? Watch my rod!" Without uttering a word, the monster-spirit lifted his club to meet him. Beneath the grassy knoll the two of them thus rushed together, and as they fought, another monster-spirit leaped out from behind the mountain to the howling of a strong gust and headed straight for the Tang Monk.

When Sha Monk saw him, he was horrified. "Master!" he cried. "Both Big Brother and Second Elder Brother must be so dim of sight that they allowed the monster-spirit to slip past them and come to grab you! Sit here on the horse, and let old Sand go capture him!"

This monk, without distinguishing between good and ill either, immediately wielded the staff to block the iron club of the monster-spirit. They strove together most bitterly, shouting and screaming at each other as they gradually drifted away. When the old fiend, flying through the air, discovered the Tang Monk sitting all alone on the horse, he reached down with his five steellike claws; with one grasp he lifted the master away from the horse and stirrup. The monster-spirit then took him away in a gust of wind. How pitiful! This is why it's hard for

*Chan-nature, demon-plagued, can't bear right fruit.
River Float meets again his Ill-luck Star!*

Lowering the wind, the old monster brought the Tang Monk into the cave, shouting, "Vanguard!"

The little fiend who planned all this ran forward to kneel down, saying, "I dare not accept the title! I dare not accept the title!"

"Why do you say this?" asked the old monster. "When a great general gives his word, it's as if the white has been dyed black! Just now I told you that I wouldn't do anything if we couldn't catch the Tang Monk, but if we did, you would be appointed vanguard of our forces. Today your marvelous plan indeed succeeded. How could I betray you? You may bring the Tang Monk over here, and ask the little ones to fetch water and scrub the pan, to haul in the wood and start a fire. Steam him a bit, so you and I can eat a piece of his flesh to lengthen our age."

"Great King," said the vanguard, "let's not eat him just yet."

The old fiend said, "We've captured him. Why shouldn't we eat him?"

The vanguard replied, "Of course the great king may eat him, and if you do, both Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk even may be persuaded that they should overlook the matter. But that bossy Pilgrim Sun, I fear, may let loose his viciousness once he learns that we have devoured his master. He doesn't even have to come fight with us. All he needs do is plunge that golden-hooped rod of his into the midriff of our mountain; it'll create such a gaping hole that the mountain itself will topple over. Then we won't even have a place to stay."

"Vanguard," said the old fiend, "what sort of noble opinion do you have?"

"As I see the matter," replied the vanguard, "you should send the Tang Monk into the back garden and tie him to a tree. Don't feed him any rice for two or three days. That'll clean up his inside, for one thing, and for another, it should give us the time we need until his three disciples stop searching for him at our door. When we know for certain that they have left, we'll then take him out and enjoy him at our leisure. Isn't that better?"

"It is, it is!" said the old fiend, laughing. "What the vanguard says makes perfect sense!"

The order was immediately given that the Tang Monk would be brought into the back garden, where he was bound to a tree with a rope. Then the little fiends all went back to the front to wait on the old monster.

Look at that elder! Enduring most bitterly the tight fetter and the restraint of ropes, he could not stop the tears from rolling down his cheeks. "O disciples!" he cried. "In which mountain are you trying to capture fiends, and on what road are you chasing monsters? I have been brought by a brazen demon to suffer here. When will we ever meet again? The pain's killing me!"

As tears streamed from both his eyes, he heard someone calling from a tree opposite him, saying, "Elder, so you, too, have entered here!"

Calming down, the elder said, "Who are you?"

The man said, "I'm a woodcutter from this mountain who was captured by that mountain lord and brought here. I have been bound for three days, and I imagine that they want to eat me."

"O woodcutter!" said the elder, as tears began to flow once more. "If you die, you are all by yourself and you don't have any worries. I, however, cannot die in such a carefree manner."

"Elder," said the woodcutter, "you are someone who has left home. You have neither parents above you nor wife and children below you. If you die, you die. What cares or concerns do you have?"

The elder said, "I am someone sent by the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. By the decree of Emperor Taizong of the Tang court, I am to bow to the living Buddha and acquire from him the true scriptures, which will be used for the redemption of those orphaned lost souls in the Region of Darkness. If I lose my life here, would that not have dashed the expectation of the emperor and the high hopes of his ministers? Would that not grievously disappoint those countless mistreated souls in the City of Wrongful Death? They would never be redeemed, and all this attempt at meritorious fruit would be reduced to wind and dust! How could I die carefree and without concern?" When the woodcutter heard these words, he too began to shed tears

as he said, “Elder, if you must die in this manner, then my death is even more grievous. I lost my father in childhood, and I have lived all my life with my widowed mother. We have no other livelihood except my gathering fire-wood. My old mother is now eighty-three and I’m her sole support. If I lose my life, who will take care of her or bury her? O misery! O misery! This pain is killing me.” On hearing this, the elder wailed aloud, crying, “How pitiful! How pitiful!

*If mountain rustics still long for their kin,
This poor monk’s been trained to chant sūtras in vain.*

To serve the ruler or to serve one’s parents follows the same principle. You live by the kindness of your parents, and I do by the kindness of my ruler.”

Truly it is that

*The tearful eye beholds a tearful eye;
A broken heart escorts a broken heart!*

We shall leave for the moment Tripitaka in suffering and confinement. We tell you instead about Pilgrim Sun, who, having defeated the little monster beneath the grassy knoll, hurried back to the side of the main road. His master had vanished; only the white horse and the luggage remained. He was so horrified that he began searching toward the summit at once, leading the horse and poling the luggage.

Alas! This is how

*Woe-beset River Float keeps meeting more woes!
The demon-routing Great Sage is by demons plagued!*

We do not know whether he finally succeeds in locating his master; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-SIX

*Wood Mother, lending power, conquers the fiendish creature
Metal Squire, using his magic, extirpates the deviates*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun who, as he led the horse and toted the luggage, was searching and calling for his master all over the summit. It was then that he saw Zhu Eight Rules run up to him, panting hard and saying, "Elder Brother, why are you hollering?"

"Master has disappeared," replied Pilgrim. "Have you seen him?"

"Originally," said Eight Rules, "I followed the Tang Monk to be a priest. But you have to make fun of me again, telling me to play the general! I took enormous risk to fight with that monster-spirit for quite some time before I came back here with my life. You and Sha Monk, however, were supposed to be guarding Master. How is it that you're asking me instead?" Pilgrim said, "Brother, I'm not blaming you. Perhaps you were a little dazed and didn't realize that you had allowed the monsterspirit to slip back here to seize Master. I went to strike at the monster-spirit, relying on Sha Monk to guard Master. Now even Sha Monk has disappeared!"

"Sha Monk," said Eight Rules with a giggle, "must have taken Master somewhere to drop his load!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Sha Monk appeared. "Sha Monk," asked Pilgrim, "where has Master gone?"

"Both of you must have been seeing double," said Sha Monk, "and that's why you allowed the monster-spirit to slip back here to try to seize Master. Old Sand took off to fight with him, but Master should be sitting by himself on the horse."

All at once Pilgrim became so enraged that he jumped up and down as he cried, "We've fallen for their plan! We've fallen for their plan!"

"What sort of a plan?" asked Sha Monk.

"This," replied Pilgrim, "is called 'The Plan of Plum Blossoms with Parted Petals,' which they used to split us brothers apart before they dashed right into our midst to haul Master away. Heavens! Heavens! Heavens! What shall we do?"

As he spoke, he could hardly hold back the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Don't cry!" said Eight Rules. "Once you cry, you turn into a namby-pamby! He can't be very far, for he has to be somewhere in this mountain. Let's go search for him." With no better alternative, the three of them had to enter the mountain to begin their search. After they had journeyed some twenty miles, they reached a cave-dwelling beneath a hanging cliff, with

*summits half appearing,
And strange rocks so rugged;
Rare blossoms and plants most fragrant,
Red apricots, green peaches most luscious.
The old tree before the ledge,
Its skin, forty spans, is frost-white and rain-resistant;
The hoary pine beyond the door,
Its jade-green hues rise skyward two thousand feet.*

*Wild cranes in pairs
 Come oft before the cave to dance in the breeze;
 Mountain fowl in twos
 Would perch on the boughs to sing in the sun.
 Clusters of yellow vines like hanging ropes;
 Rows of misty willows like dripping gold.
 A square pond storing up water—
 A deep cave close to the mountain—
 A square pond storing up water
 Conceals an aged dragon which has yet to change;
 In a deep cave close to the mountain
 Lives one man-eating old fiend of many years.
 In truth no less than an immortal's lair,
 This place that gathers in the wind and air.*

On seeing the cave-dwelling, Pilgrim in two or three steps bounded right up to the door to examine it more closely. The stone door was tightly closed, but across the top of the door was a slab of stone bearing this inscription in large letters:

The Mist-Concealing Mountain; the Broken-Peak, Joined-Ring Cave.

“Eight Rules,” said Pilgrim, “let’s move! This is where the monster-spirit lives, and Master has to be in the house.” Strengthened by the presence of his companions, our Idiot unleashed his violence and delivered as hard a blow as he could on the stone door, making a huge, gaping hole in it. “Fiend,” he cried, “send my master out quickly, lest this muckrake tear down the door and finish off your entire household!”

Those little monsters guarding the door hurried inside to report:

“Great King, we’ve brought on a disaster!”

“What disaster?” asked the old fiend.

“Someone has broken through our front door,” replied one of the little monsters, “yelling for his master.”

Astounded, the old fiend said, “I wonder whoever could have found his way here.”

“Don’t be afraid!” said the vanguard. “Let me go out and have a look.”

This little fiend dashed up to the front door and stuck his head out sideways through the hole to look around. When he saw the huge snout and large ears, he at once turned back and called out, “Great King, don’t be afraid of him! This is Zhu Eight Rules, who has not much ability and won’t dare be unruly. If he does, we’ll open our door and take him in here to be prepared and steamed. The only person we need fear is the monk with a hairy face and a thundergod beak.” When he heard this through the door, Eight Rules said, “O Elder Brother! He’s not afraid of me but only of you. Master has to be in his house. You go forward quickly.”

“Lawless cursed beast!” shouted Pilgrim. “Your Grandpa Sun is here! Send out my master and I’ll spare your life!”

“Great King,” said the vanguard, “it’s bad! Pilgrim Sun has found his way here!”

The old fiend began to reprehend him, saying, "It's all because of that so-called 'Parted Petals' plan of yours that disaster has descended on our door! How will this end?"

"Please relax, Great King," said the vanguard, "and don't find fault with me. I recall that Pilgrim Sun happens to be a kind and forbearing ape. Though he may possess vast magic powers, he also loves flattery. Let us take out a fake human head to deceive him a little, and flatter him a little, too, with a few words. Just tell him that we have devoured his master. If we can deceive him, the Tang Monk will be ours for enjoyment. If we can't, we'll try something else."

"Where shall we find a fake human head?" asked the old fiend. The vanguard said, "Let's see if I could make one." Marvelous fiend! Using a steel ax, he cut off a lump of willow root, shaped it into a skull, and threw some human blood on it. In this gory fashion the head was taken out to the door on a lacquered tray by a small fiend, who called out:

"Holy Father Great Sage, please calm your anger and allow me to report to you." Pilgrim Sun was indeed susceptible to flattery; when he heard the 'Holy Father Great Sage,' he stopped Eight Rules, saying, "Let's not move yet and see what they have to say."

"After your master had been taken into the cave by our Great King," said the little fiend holding the tray, "those uncouth young fiends of ours did not know any better than to try to swallow him at once. Some tore at him, while others gnawed at him. Your master was thus devoured, and all we have left here is his head."

"It's all right if he's been devoured," said Pilgrim, "but show me the head and let me see if it's real."

The little fiend threw out the head through the hole in the door. The moment Zhu Eight Rules saw it, he began to weep, saying, "How pitiful! We had one kind of master entering through this door, but now we have this kind of master coming out."

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "why don't you try to determine whether this is a real human head before you start weeping?"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" said Eight Rules. "Could there be a false human head?"

"This happens to be a false one," replied Pilgrim. "How can you tell?" asked Eight Rules. "If you threw down a real human head," said Pilgrim, "it would fall on the ground with a dull thud, whereas a false head would make a loud rattle. If you don't believe me, let me throw it down for you to hear."

He took it up and hurled it against a boulder, and it produced a loud clang.

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "it rattles, all right."

"If it rattles," said Pilgrim, "it's a false one. Let me bring out its true form." Whipping out his golden-hooped rod, he cracked it open with one blow. Eight Rules looked more closely and discovered that it was only a lump of willow root. Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules began to utter a string of abuses, crying, "You bunch of hairy clods! You have already hidden my master in the cave, and yet you dare use a lump of willow root to deceive your Ancestor Hog! Could my master have been a willow spirit?"

The little fiend who held the tray was so horrified that he shook all over as he ran back to report:

“Hard! Hard! Hard! Hard! Hard! Hard!”

“Why so many hards?” asked the old fiend.

The little fiend said, “Both Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk were deceived, but Pilgrim Sun happens to be an antique dealer who knows his stuff! He recognized the fact that it was a false human head. If you could find a real head for him, you might be able to send him away.”

“Where could I find one?” said the old fiend. “Ah, I know! In our skinning pavilion we still have several human heads that haven’t been eaten yet. Go pick one out for us.”

A few of the fiends went immediately to the pavilion and selected a fresh head, which they then gnawed at until it was slick and smooth. The little fiend carried it out to the front again on a tray, crying, “Holy Father Great Sage, the previous one was indeed a false head. This one, however, is the true head of Father Tang. Our Great King has kept it as a talisman for the house, but we’re presenting it to you now.” With a thud, the head was thrown out through the hole in the door, and it rolled all over, still dripping blood.

When Pilgrim Sun saw that it was a real human head, he had no choice but to weep. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, too, joined in the loud wailing. As he tried to hold back his tears, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, let’s not cry just yet. The weather isn’t so good right now, and I fear that it may stink. Let me take it somewhere to have it buried while it’s still fresh. Then we can cry some more.”

“You’re quite right,” replied Pilgrim.

Not revolted, our Idiot hugged the head to his bosom and ran up the mountain ledge. Having found a spot facing the sun where the wind and air would be collected, he used his rake to dig a hole to try to bury the head. Then he built a grave mound, and called out to Sha Monk, “You and Elder Brother can stay here and weep. Let me go find something to use for offering.”

Going over to the side of the brook, he selected several large twigs of willow and picked up some egg-shaped pebbles, which he brought back to the graveside.

The willow twigs were planted on both sides, and the pebbles were placed in a pile in front.

“What do you mean by this?” asked Pilgrim.

“We can pretend that these twigs are pines and cypresses,” replied Eight Rules, “so that Master will have a bit of shade on top. The pebbles may be taken as pastries, so that Master will enjoy a small offering.”

“Coolie!” snapped Pilgrim. “The man’s dead! And you still want to offer him pebbles?”

Eight Rules said,

*Mere sentiment of the living
To show our filial feeling.*

“Let’s stop this horseplay!” said Pilgrim. “Sha Monk can remain here to guard the grave, the horse, and the luggage. You and I will go and tear down the cave-dwelling. When we capture the fiendish demon, we’ll cut him into ten thousand pieces to avenge our master.”

“What Elder Brother says is perfectly right,” said Sha Monk, still shedding tears. “The two of you should put your hearts to this. I’ll stand guard here.” Marvelous Eight Rules! He took off his black silk shirt and tightened his undergarment before lifting his rake high to follow Pilgrim.

Striding forward, the two of them, without waiting for further discussion, smashed down the stone door. “Give us back a living Tang Monk!” they thundered so loudly that the heavens shook.

Those various fiends inside the cave, old and young, were so terrified that they all cast their blame on the vanguard as the old fiend asked him, “These monks have smashed their way inside our door. What shall we do?”

The vanguard replied, “The ancients have put the matter well:

*Put your hand in the fish basket
And you can’t avoid the stink!*

Never retreat once you start something! Let’s call up the left and right commanders to lead our soldiers out to slaughter those monks!”

As he had no better plan than what he heard, the old fiend thereupon gave the order:

“Little ones, be of one mind and pick up your best weapons. Follow me out to battle.” With a roar, they stormed out of the cave.

Our Great Sage and Eight Rules quickly retreated a few steps down to a level spot in the mountain. As they faced the various fiends, they shouted, “Who is the leader who has a name? Who is the fiend who has captured our master?”

The various fiends pitched camp immediately and unfurled an embroidered floral banner. Grasping an iron club, the old fiend answered the call in a loud voice, saying, “Brazen monk, don’t you recognize me? I am the Great King of South Mountain, and I have held this place in my sway for several centuries. I’ve captured and devoured your Tang Monk. What do you propose to do about that?”

“You audacious hairy clod!” scolded Pilgrim. “How many years have you lived that you dare assume the title, South Mountain? Old Lord Li happens to be the patriarch of creation, but he still sits to the right of Supreme Purity. The Buddha Tathāgata is the honored one who governs the world, and yet he still sits beneath the great roc. Kong the Sage is the founder of Confucianism, but he assumes the mere title of Master. And you, a cursed beast, dare call yourself some Great King of South Mountain, holding this place in your sway! Don’t try to escape! Have a taste of your Grandfather’s rod!” Stepping aside to dodge the blow, the monster-spirit wielded his club to parry the iron rod and said, his eyes glowering, “Your features are those of an ape, and yet you dare insult me with so many words! What abilities do you have that you dare behave in such a rowdy manner in front of my door?”

“You nameless cursed beast!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “Of course, you don’t know anything of old Monkey! Stand still, be brave, and listen to my recital:

At Pūrvavideha, my ancestral home,

*Through thousands of years conceived of Heav'n and Earth
 One stone egg immortal on Mount Flower- Fruit
 Did break and beget me, its progeny.
 By birth I thus was not of mortal stock,
 For sun and moon did this sage body forge.
 Myself, cultivated, was no small thing—
 Alert and keen, a great elixir source.
 Named the Great Sage, I lived among the clouds
 And fought the stars, relying on my power.
 Ten thousand gods could not approach me even;
 T'was easy to beat all planets of Heaven.
 My fame was known in the world's every part;
 My wiles left a trail through the universe.
 By luck I've now embraced the Buddhist faith
 To help an elder on his westward way.
 No one blocks the path I open on the mount
 Though fiends worry when I build a bridge.
 I'll seize the forest tigers with my might;
 My hands will tame leopards before the cliff.
 East's Right Fruit is coming to the West:
 Which monstrous deviate dares show his head?
 Since you, cursed beast, dare my master devour,
 Your life will surely perish within this hour."*

Alarmed and angered by these words, the fiend clenched his teeth, leaped forward, and struck out at Pilgrim with his iron club.

Casually parrying the blow with his rod, Pilgrim wanted to talk some more with him, but our Eight Rules could not hold back any longer. He lifted his rake and madly attacked the vanguard of the fiend, who met him head-on with the other monsters. This was some brawl on the mountain meadow, truly a marvelous battle:

*A priest from an eastern superior state
 Went seeking true scriptures from the blissful West.
 The South Mount's great leopard belched wind and mist
 And blocked the path; showing alone his might,
 With a clever plan
 And a wily scheme,
 He bagged in ignorance the Great Tang Monk.
 He met then the Pilgrim of vast magic power
 And Eight Rules also of great renown.
 When fiends on the mountain meadow fought,
 Dust and dirt flew up to bedim the sky.
 Little fiends shouted over there,
 Madly raising their swords and spears;
 Divine monks bellowed over here,
 Lifting up both rake and rod.
 The Great Sage was a hero without match;
 Wuneng was both stalwart and strong in years.
 The South Mountain old fiend*

*And his subject, the vanguard,
 All because of the Tang Monk's one piece of flesh,
 Had quite forgotten the fear of life or death.
 These two turned hostile for their master's sake;
 Those two grew violent, desiring the Tang Monk.
 Back and forth they battled for quite a while;
 Clashing and bumping, they fought to a draw.*

When the Great Sage Sun saw how ferocious those little fiends were, how they refused to step back even when they were repeatedly attacked, he resorted to his Magic of Body-Division. Ripping out a bunch of his own hairs, he chewed them to pieces before spitting them out, crying, "Change!"

At once they all assumed his appearance, each wielding a golden-hooped rod, and began to push in from the front line of the battle. Those one or two hundred little fiends found it difficult, of course, to look after both their front and their rear. Parrying the blows from the left, they could not attend to those coming from their right, and so all of them fled for their lives and retreated to the cave. As our Pilgrim and Eight Rules also fought their way out from the center of the battle, pity those monster-spirits who did not know any better: those running into the rake received nine bleeding holes, while those hugged by the rod had their bones and flesh turned into putty. That Great King of South Mountain was so terrified that he fled for his life by mounting fog and wind. The vanguard, however, could not transform, and he was struck down by one blow of Pilgrim's rod. His original form emerged as an ironbacked gray wolf. Dragging him closer and flipping him over for another look, Eight Rules said, "I wonder how many piglets and lambkins this fellow has stolen from people and eaten since his youth!" With one shake of his body Pilgrim retrieved his hair, saying, "Idiot, we must not delay! Let's chase down the old fiend quickly and ask him to pay for Master's life." When he turned his head and did not see those little Pilgrims, Eight Rules said, "The magic forms of Elder Brother have all disappeared?"

"I've retrieved them," said Pilgrim.

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" said Eight Rules, and the two of them returned in delight and triumph.

We tell you now about that old fiend, who, when he fled back into his cave with his life, ordered the little fiends to move boulders and pole mud to the front door. Trembling all over, those fiends who managed to save their lives did indeed barricade the door and dared not show their heads at all. When our Pilgrim led Eight Rules to chase up to the front door, their shouts brought no answer from within, and when Eight Rules used his rake to strike at the barrier of mud, he could not budge it one whit. Realizing what had happened, Pilgrim said, "Eight Rules, don't waste your strength. They have barricaded the door."

"In that case," said Eight Rules, "how shall we avenge our master?"

"Let's go back to the grave to see how Sha Monk's doing," said Pilgrim.

The two of them went back to the site and found Sha Monk still weeping. Ever more grief-stricken, Eight Rules abandoned his rake and flung himself on the grave. As he pounded the dirt with his hands, he wailed, "O ill-fated Master! O far-removed Master! Where shall I ever get to see you again?"

“Brother, please calm your sorrow,” said Pilgrim. “If this monster-spirit has his front door stopped up, there must be a back door for him to go in and out. The two of you remain here, and let me go back to have another look around.”

“O Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, shedding tears. “Do be careful! If they manage to grab even you, it’ll be difficult for us to weep. A sob for Master and a sob for Elder Brother—we’ll be all confused!”

“Don’t worry!” replied Pilgrim. “I’ll be able to take care of myself.”

Dear Great Sage! Putting away his rod and tightening his skirt, he went past the mountain slope and immediately heard the sound of gurgling water. He saw, turning his head, that it came from a brook tumbling down from the peak. Then he discovered a little entrance on the other side of the brook, to the left of which there seemed to be a drainage sewer. “It goes without saying,” he thought to himself, “that this must be the back door. If I present my face like this, some little fiends opening the door might recognize me. I’ll change into a little water snake to get through—but wait! If the ghost of Master knew that I’d changed into a snake, he would blame me because a serpentine creature would ill become a priest. Why not a little crab then? That’s no good either, for Master’ll blame me for being a busybody priest.”

Finally he changed into a water rat and, with a whoosh, darted across the brook. Through the drainage sewer he crawled into the courtyard and looked around: at the spot facing the sun were several little fiends hanging up, piece by piece, slabs of human flesh to be dried.

“O my dear children!” said Pilgrim to himself. “That has to be Master’s flesh! They couldn’t finish all of him, and so they want to cure some strips for inclement weather. I would like to reveal my true form, rush up there, and slaughter them all with one stroke of my rod, but that’ll only show that I have courage but little wisdom. I’ll change again and go inside to find the old fiend to see what’s happening.”

He leaped out of the sewer and with one shake of his body changed into a tiny, winged ant. Truly

*His name’s Dark Horse, a small and feeble thing,
But long cultivation has formed his wings.
In idle moments by a bridge he’d flit
Or roam beneath a bed to test his wit.
He seals his hole, knowing when rain would come;
Weighed down by dust he would ashes become.
So airy and agile he can quickly soar
A few times, unknown, past the firewood door.*

Stretching his wings, without a shadow or sound, he flew directly into the center hall, where he found the old fiend sitting dejectedly.

From behind him a small monster leaped out to say, “Great King, ten thousand delights attend you!”

“Where do these delights come from?” asked the old monster.

The little monster said, “Just now I was doing a bit of intelligence work by the brook at our rear entrance, and I heard someone wailing. When I climbed up the peak to take a further look, I found that it was Zhu Eight Rules, Pilgrim Sun, and Sha Monk who were mourning before a grave. They must have believed that human head was the

Tang Monk's and buried it. Now they are weeping beside the grave they dug." When Pilgrim heard this, he was secretly pleased, saying to himself, "If he could say this, my master must still be hidden here somewhere. He hasn't been devoured. Let me go search further to find out indeed whether Master is dead or alive before I discuss the matter with these monsters."

Dear Great Sage! Soaring high in the center hall, he looked this way and that and discovered to one side a little door, which was tightly shut. Crawling through a crack in the door, he found a large garden inside, from the center of which faint sounds of grief could be heard. When he flew deep into the garden, he came upon a clump of tall trees, beneath which two persons were tied: one of them was none other than the Tang Monk. Pilgrim was so excited by the sight that he could not refrain from changing back into his original form and approaching to say, "Master." Recognizing him, the elder said, as his tears fell, "Wukong, so you've come! Save me quickly! Wukong! Wukong!"

"Stop calling my name, Master!" said Pilgrim. "There are still people up front, and I fear that they may get wind of this. As long as you're still alive, I can save you. That fiend told us that you had been devoured, using a false human head to deceive us. We have already fought bitterly with him. Please relax, Master. Just bear with me a bit longer. When I've knocked down that monster-spirit, I'll be able to come back here to free you." Reciting a spell, the Great Sage at once changed back into an ant to return to the center hall and alight on the main beam. A crowd of those little monsters who had not lost their lives were milling about noisily. From their midst one little monster suddenly dashed out to say, "Great King, when they see that the door is barricaded and that they cannot break it open, they must also give up all hopes of recovering the Tang Monk. After all, the false human head has been turned into a grave. They'll mourn for a day today and for another tomorrow. By the day after tomorrow, they should have fulfilled the obligation of three-day mourning and they will leave. When we have made sure that they have scattered, we can then bring out the Tang Monk and have him finely diced. Pan-fry him with some star anise and Sichuan pepper, and we can enjoy a nice fragrant piece to lengthen our lives."

"Stop talking like that!" said another little monster, clapping his hands. "He'll taste much better if we steam him."

"But not as economical as plain boiling," said another. "At least we can save some firewood that way."

"He is, after all, a rare thing," another spoke up. "We really should cure him with salt, so that we may enjoy him much longer." When he heard this, perched on the beam, Pilgrim was filled with rage, saying to himself, "What sort of enmity do you have against my master that you should make such elaborate plans to devour him?" Pulling out a bunch of his own hairs and chewing them to pieces, he spat them out lightly and recited in silence a magic spell. The hairs all changed into sleep-inducing insects, which he threw onto the faces of the monsters. As the insects crawled into their noses one by one, the little monsters gradually dropped off until, in no time at all, they had all fallen fast asleep. Only the old monster, however, remained restless as he continued to scratch his head and rub his face with both hands. He was sneezing repeatedly so that he kept pinching his nose.

"Could it be that he has found out something?" said Pilgrim. "Let's give him a double-wick lamp!" Pulling off another piece of hair, he fashioned another creature like the ones before and threw it onto his face. Now he had two insects, one entering through his left nostril and the other through his right. Struggling up for a moment, the old

monster stretched and yawned a couple of times, and then he too fell into a snoring slumber. Delighted, Pilgrim leaped down and changed back into his original form. Taking out his rod from his ear, he waved it once and it attained the thickness of a duck egg. With a loud clang he smashed the side door to pieces and ran into the rear garden, shouting, "Master!"

"Disciple, untie me quickly," said the elder, "for I'm about to be ruined!"

"Don't hurry, Master," Pilgrim said. "Let me slay the monster-spirit first before I come rescue you."

He turned and dashed back into the center hall. As he was about to strike with upraised rod, he stopped and said, "No good! Let me untie Master first before I strike at him."

He rushed back into the garden, only to think to himself, "I'll slay him first before the rescue."

He went back and forth like this two or three times before finally dancing his way into the garden. This sight of him gave the elder some delight even in his sorrow.

"Monkey," he said, "it must be that you are overjoyed by the sight of my being still alive, and that is why you are dancing in this manner." Pilgrim then walked up to him to untie his ropes. As he led his master away, they heard the person tied to another tree facing them call out, "Venerable Father, please exercise your great mercy and save my life, too!" Standing still, the elder said, "Wukong, please untie that person also."

"Who is he?" asked Pilgrim. "He's a woodcutter," replied the elder, "who had been captured a day before I was seized. He told me that he has an aged mother, whom he thinks of constantly. He's a most filial person, and we might as well rescue him, too." Pilgrim agreed and untied the man's ropes also; they went out through the rear entrance together and ascended the cliff to cross the swift-flowing brook. "Worthy disciple," said the elder, "I thank you for saving his life and mine! Wuneng and Wujing, where are they?"

"The two of them are mourning you," replied Pilgrim. "You may call out to them now."

And the elder cried out in a loud voice:

"Eight Rules! Eight Rules!"

As he had been weeping till he was half dazed, our Idiot wiped his snout and eyes and said, "Sha Monk, Master must have come home to reveal his soul! Isn't it he who's calling us from somewhere?" Rushing forward, Pilgrim shouted, "Coolie! Who's revealing his soul? Isn't this Master who has returned?" When Sha Monk lifted his head and saw them, he fell to his knees and said, "Master, how you must have suffered! How did Elder Brother manage to rescue you?" Whereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough account of what had taken place.

When he heard this, Eight Rules grew so infuriated that he raised his rake, clenched his teeth, and hacked away the grave mound.

Digging out the head, he pounded it to pieces. "Why did you beat it up?" asked the Tang Monk.

"O Master!" said Eight Rules. "I don't know which family this outcast belongs to, but he has caused me to weep for him for a long time."

“You should thank him instead for saving my life,” said the Tang Monk. “When you brothers fought your way to their door and demanded my return, the monsters used him as a substitute to ward you off. If it hadn’t been for him, I would have been killed. You should have him buried, simply as an expression of our priestly gratitude.” When he heard these words of the elder, our Idiot indeed packed up the mess of flesh and bones and buried it again by digging another grave.

With a chuckle Pilgrim said, “Master, please sit here for a moment, and let me go and finish them off.”

He leaped down from the cliff and crossed the brook to return to the cave. Taking into the center hall the ropes that had been used to tie the Tang Monk and the woodcutter, he found the old monster still sleeping. After having hog-tied him, Pilgrim used his golden-hooped rod to lift the bundle up and carried it on his shoulder to leave by the rear entrance. When Eight Rules caught sight of them from a distance, he said, “Elder Brother just loves this lopsided business! Wouldn’t it be better if he had found another monster to give him a balanced load?” Pilgrim drew near and dropped down the old monster, and Eight Rules was about to strike with his rake. “Wait a moment!” said Pilgrim. “We haven’t seized the little monsters in the cave yet.”

“O Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “lead me to them so I can hit them!”

“Hitting them is such a waste of energy,” said Pilgrim. “It’s better to find some firewood and finish them off that way.” On hearing this, the wood-cutter immediately led Eight Rules to the eastern valley to find some broken bamboos, leafless pines, hollow willows, snapped-off vines, yellow artemisia, old reeds, rushes, and parched mulberry. After they had hauled bundles of these into the rear entrance, Pilgrim lit a fire while Eight Rules fanned up a breeze with his ears. As he leaped out of the cave, our Great Sage shook his body once to retrieve his hairs. By the time those little monsters awoke, both smoke and fire were pouring out. Alas! Not even half a monster managed to escape, for the cave-dwelling was completely burned out.

When the disciples returned to their master, the elder saw that the old monster was stirring, and he called out:

“Disciples, the monster-spirit is awake.”

Going forward, Eight Rules slew the old fiend with one blow of his rake; its original form appeared to be that of a spotted leopard. “This sort of spotted leopard,” said Pilgrim, “can even devour a tiger. Now it has managed to assume human form.

Putting it to death will prevent it from causing any further trouble.”

The elder thanked them over and over again before climbing once more into the saddle.

“Venerable Father,” said the woodcutter, “toward the southwest not far from here is my humble abode. I would like to invite you there to meet my mother, so that she may bow to thank you all for saving my life. Then we will escort you to the main road.”

Delighted, the elder dismounted and headed southwest with the wood-cutter and the three disciples. After a short distance they came upon

*A path of flagstones moss-lined
And wood gates wistaria-entwined.
On four sides are mountains lambent*

*And trees filled with birdsong strident.
Pines and bamboos join in thick green;
Profusive rare blossoms are seen.
Deep in the clouds and out of the way
Is a bamboo-fenced thatched hut to stay.*

From a long way away they caught sight of an old woman, leaning on the wooden gate and weeping bitterly, crying out for her son all the while. When the woodcutter saw his own mother, he abandoned the elder and rushed up to the wooden gate. As he went to his knees, he cried, "Mother, your son's here!"

Embracing him, the old woman said, "O my child! When you did not return home these last few days, I supposed that you were seized by the mountain lord and killed, and the very thought of it gave me unbearable pain. If you weren't harmed, why did you wait till today before returning? Where are your ropes, your pole, and your ax?"

The woodcutter kowtowed before replying, "Mother, your son indeed was taken away by the mountain lord and tied to a tree. It would have been truly difficult to preserve my life if it hadn't been for these several venerable fathers. That one happens to be an arhat sent by the Tang court of the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. He too was captured by the mountain lord and bound to a tree. His three disciples, however, possess vast magic powers. They succeeded in slaying the mountain lord, who turned out to be the spirit of a spotted leopard. Then they burned to death a great number of the little monsters. When they freed and rescued that old venerable father, they rescued your child as well. Their kindness to me is high as Heaven and thick as Earth! If it hadn't been for them, your child would certainly have perished. Now the mountain is quite safe, and even if your child journeys through the night, there'll be no danger." When the old woman heard these words, she bowed with each step she took to receive the elder and the three disciples into her thatched cottage. After they were seated, mother and son kowtowed repeatedly to thank them before rushing into the kitchen to prepare a vegetarian meal.

"Brother woodcutter," said Eight Rules, "I realize that yours is a humble livelihood. You may feed us a simple meal, but please don't go to the trouble of making any elaborate preparation."

"To tell you the truth, Venerable Father," replied the woodcutter, "ours indeed is a lowly abode in the mountains. There are no large black mushrooms, butt on mushrooms, Szechwan peppers, or star anise. We have only a few items of wild vegetation to present to you all as a mere token of our gratitude."

"Sorry to have caused you such inconvenience!" said Eight Rules, chuckling. "Just make it snappy, for we're getting awfully hungry!"

"In a moment! In a moment!" said the woodcutter. Indeed, in a moment the tables and chairs were spread out and wiped clean, and several dishes of wild vegetation were brought out. What you see are the

*Yellow cabbage lightly blanched
And white beans pickled and minced.
Water polygonum and purslane,
Shepherd's purse and Wild-goose-intestine.
The Swallow-not-coming both fragrant and tender;
Bean sprouts with small buds both crisp and green.
Horse-blue roots cooked till soft;*

Dog-footprints plainly toasted.
Cat's-ears dropped in the wilds.
The Ashen-stalk, cooked very soft, is esculent.
The Scissors'-handle
And Cow's-pool-profit,
The Hollow-snail upturned and filled, the broomlike shepherd's purse.
The broken-rice-qi,
Wocaiqi —
These few items are both fragrant and smooth.
flowers fried in oil
And most praiseworthy water-chestnuts.
Rushes' stems and tender watercress—
Four aqueous plants truly rich and pure.
The Wheat-wearing-lady
Is coy and good;
The Torn-worn-cassock,
No need to wear it;
Below the bitter hemp are bamboo props.
The Little-bird's-cotton-coat
And the Monkey's-footprints
Are so oily when fried that you have to eat them.
The Slanted hao, the Green hao, and the Mother-hugging hao;
Some tiny moths have flown atop the flat buckwheat.
To bare Goat-ears
Gouqi roots
You add but Black-blue and there's no need for oil.
These wild vegetations and a meal of rice
The woodman truly offers as gifts of thanks.

After master and disciples had eaten their fill, they at once made preparation to leave. Not daring to detain them for long, the woodcutter asked his mother to come out to thank and bow to their visitors once more while he kowtowed repeatedly. Having tidied his clothes, the woodcutter then took up a staff made from the trunk of a date tree to escort the pilgrims out the door. While Sha Monk led the horse, Eight Rules toted the luggage, and Pilgrim followed closely to one side, the elder, riding the horse, folded his hands before his chest and said, "Brother woodcutter, please lead the way. We shall take proper leave of you when we reach the main road."

They then descended from the heights and headed for the slope, following the turns of the brook. Musing as he rode, the elder said, "O disciples!

Since leaving my lord to go to the West,
I've walked the path of an unending quest.
In mountains and streams disasters await;
My life has been the fiends' and monsters' bait.
Tripitaka's the sole thought on my mind;
The Ninefold Heaven's all I hope to find.
When will I from such toil my respite earn
And, merit done, to the Tang court return?"

On hearing this, the woodcutter said, “Venerable Father, please cast aside your worries. In less than a thousand miles on this main road to the West will be the Kingdom of India, the home of ultimate bliss.” When he heard this, the elder at once dismounted and said, “We’ve caused you inconvenience to come this far. If that is the main road before us, let me urge you to return to your house, brother woodcutter, and do thank your honored mother for us for that sumptuous vegetarian repast. This humble cleric has few tokens of gratitude to offer except the promise of reciting scriptures morning and evening on your behalf, so that both of you, mother and son, will be blessed with peace and long life of a hundred years.”

The woodcutter respectfully agreed and walked back, while master and disciples headed straight for the West. Truly,

The fiend subdued, they leave their hard ordeal;

The kindness received, they journey with zeal.

We do not know how many more days it will take them to reach the Western Heaven; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-SEVEN

*The Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture offends Heaven and suffers drought
The Great Sage Sun advocates virtue and provides rain*

*The Great Way's hidden and deep—
How it waxes and wanes,
Once told, will astonish both gods and spirits:
Enfolding the universe,
Cutting through one's native light,
It grants the world true, matchless bliss.
Before the Spirit Vulture Peak,
The treasure pearl, when taken out,
Will blaze forth five kinds of radiance
To illumine all life in the cosmos;
Those who know live long as mountains and seas.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his three disciples, who took leave of the woodcutter and descended the Mist-Concealing Mountain to proceed on the main road. After traveling for several days, they found themselves approaching a city.

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “can you see whether the city ahead of us is the Kingdom of India?”

“No! No!” replied Pilgrim, waving his hands. “Though the place of Tathāgata is named Ultimate Bliss, there is no city as such, only a large mountain in which there are terraces and towered buildings. The name there is the Great Thunderclap Monastery of the Spirit Mountain. Even if we have arrived at the Kingdom of India, it doesn't mean that that's where Tathāgata lives. Heaven knows how great a distance there is between the kingdom and the Spirit Mountain! The city over there, I suppose, must be some sort of outer prefecture of India, but we'll know more once we get near it.” In a little while they reached the outside of the city. Dismounting, Tripitaka and his disciples walked through the triple gates. Inside they found little human activity, and the streets seemed rather desolate. When they reached the edge of the market, they saw many people wearing blue robes standing in rows left and right; a few who had on official caps and belts were standing beneath the eaves of a building. The four pilgrims proceeded along the street, but the people would not step aside for them at all. As Zhu Eight Rules had always been a country bumpkin, he stuck out his long snout and yelled, “Get out of the way! Get out of the way!” When those people raised their heads and caught sight of a shape like that, they turned numb with fear and fell all over the place. “A monster-spirit's here! A monster-spirit's here!” they yelled. Trembling all over, those with official caps and belts bowed and said, “Where are you people from?”

Fearing that his disciples might cause trouble, Tripitaka immediately went to the front to answer the question. “This humble priest,” he said, “is the subject of the Great Tang in the Land of the East and has been sent to the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the Kingdom of India to seek scriptures from the Buddhist Patriarch. As we pass through your treasure region, we have yet to learn of your country's name and seek shelter from a household. Having just entered the city, we fail to give right of way to others, and I beg you various officials to pardon us.” One of the officials returned the greetings and said, “This is the outer prefecture of India, and the name of the region is

Phoenix- Immortal. Because we have had a severe drought for several years, the prefect ordered us to put up here a public notice seeking a priest to pray for rain and save the people.” On hearing this, Pilgrim said, “Where’s your notice?”

“Right here,” replied the officials. “We’ve been sweeping clean the wall and the eave just now, and we have yet to hang it up.”

“Bring it here and let me have a look,” said Pilgrim, and the various officials rolled out the notice at once and hung it beneath the eave. As Pilgrim and his companions drew near, this was the notice they found:

The Prefect Shangguan of the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture in the Great Kingdom of India hereby promulgates a public notice to seek an enlightened master for the performance of a mighty religious deed. Though the territory of our prefecture is spacious, and though both our military and civilians have been affluent, we have suffered drought and famine for several consecutive years. The fields of the people are unplowed, and the military lands are infertile; the rivers have receded and the ditches have dried out. There is neither water in the wells nor liquid in the streams. The wealthy can barely subsist, but the poor can hardly remain alive. A bushel of grain costs a hundred gold, while five ounces of silver is the price of one bundle of wood. A ten-year-old girl is given in exchange for three pints of rice, while a five-year-old boy is taken away at will. Those fearful of the law in the city would pawn their clothes and possessions to preserve themselves, but those abusing the public in the countryside will rob and plunder to save their lives. For this reason we have promulgated this notice to plead with the worthy and wise of all quarters to pray for rain and save the people. Such kindness will be heavily rewarded with the payment of a thousand gold, and this is a sure promise.

After he had read it, Pilgrim asked the various officials, “What does the Prefect Shangguan mean?”

“Shangguan happens to be his surname, and it’s also the name of our prefecture,” they replied. “But that’s quite a rare name,” said Pilgrim, chuckling.

“So Elder Brother hasn’t gone to school, after all!”

Eight Rules said. “Don’t you know that toward the end of *The Book of a Hundred Family Names* there is the phrase, Shangguan Ouyang?”

“Disciples,”

Tripitaka said, “let’s stop this idle chatter. Whichever one of you knows how to pray for rain should do so on their behalf in order to bring relief to the populace. This is a most virtuous deed. If you cannot, we should leave and not delay our journey.”

“What’s so difficult about praying for rain?” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey can overturn rivers and seas, alter the course of the planets, topple Heaven and upturn a well, belch out fog and cloud, chase down the moon while carrying a mountain, call up the wind and the rain. Which one of these things, in fact, has not been the sport of my youth? There’s nothing to marvel at!” When the various officials heard what he said, two of them quickly went to the prefectural office to report, “Venerable Father, ten thousand happinesses have arrived!”

The prefect was just in the midst of uttering a silent prayer before stalks of lighted incense. When he heard the announcement, he asked, “What happinesses?” One of the officials replied, “Having received the public notice today, we were about to mount it at the entrance of the market when four monks arrived. They claimed to be pilgrims sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Great Thunderclap Monastery of the Kingdom of India. When they saw the notice, they also told us of their ability to pray for rain, and that is why we came especially to report to you.”

The prefect immediately tidied his clothing and began walking toward the market, not even waiting for carriage or horses to be summoned, in order that he might solicit with great courtesy the help of these priests. When someone on the street announced, “The Venerable Father Prefect has arrived,” the crowd stepped aside. As soon as he caught sight of the Tang Monk, the prefect started bowing low in the middle of the street, not intimidated at all by the hideous appearances of the monk’s disciples. “Your lowly official named Shangguan,” he said, “is the prefect of the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture. With burned incense, and having ritually cleansed myself, I bow to implore the master to pray for rain and save the people. I beg the master to dispense widely his mercy, exercise his magic potency, and answer our needs!” Returning his salutation, Tripitaka said, “This is hardly the place for conversation. Allow this humble cleric to reach a monastery or temple, where it’ll be easier for us to do what we must do.”

“Let the master come to our humble residence,” said the prefect. “There will be an unsullied area for you to stay.” Master and disciples thereupon led the horse and toted the luggage to the official residence. After he had greeted each one of them, the prefect at once ordered tea and a vegetarian meal to be served. When the food arrived in a little while, our Eight Rules ate with abandon like a hungry tiger, so terrifying those holding dishes and trays that their hearts quivered and their gallbladders shook. Back and forth they scurried about to fetch more soup and rice, moving like revolving lanterns. They could barely keep up with the demand, but they did not stop until the pilgrims had satisfied themselves. After the meal, the Tang Monk expressed his thanks and then asked, “Sir Prefect, for how long has your noble region been afflicted with drought?”

The prefect said,

*At India’s Kingdom, this, our nation great,
Of Phoenix-Immortal I’m the magistrate.
For three long years a drought has laid us low:
The five grains perished—not even grass would grow!
Commerce is hard for households big and small;
Ten doors or nine portals are tearful all.
Two-thirds of us have been by hunger slain,
While one-third like a wind-blown torch remains.
When I this public notice promulgate,
It’s our luck that true monks have reached our state.
If you with one inch of rain the people bless,
A thousand gold I’ll give for such kindness.*

On hearing this, Pilgrim showed great delight and said, with a roar of laughter, “Don’t say that! Don’t say that! If you mention a thousand gold as repayment, you’ll not receive even half a drop of rain. But if you wish to accumulate merit and virtue, old Monkey will present you with a torrential shower.”

That prefect, you see, was indeed an upright and honest official who had great love for his people. He immediately asked Pilgrim to take the honored seat; he bowed low and said, “Master, if you would indeed extend your mercy, this lowly official will never dare turn my back on virtue.”

“Let’s not talk anymore,” said Pilgrim, “and please rise. May I trouble you to take good care of my master, so that old Monkey can act?”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “how will you act?”

“You and Eight Rules come over here,” replied Pilgrim. “Stand at the foot of the steps of the hall there and serve as my ritual assistants. Let old Monkey summon the dragon here to make rain.”

Eight Rules and Sha Monk obeyed; when the three of them all stood at the foot of the steps of the hall, the prefect burned incense and worshipped, while Tripitaka sat and recited a sūtra.

As Pilgrim recited a magic spell, immediately a dark cloud arose from the east and gradually drifted down to the courtyard in front of the hall; it was actually Aoguang, the old Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean. After the cloud had been retrieved, Aoguang took on human form and walked forward to bow and salute Pilgrim, saying, “In what capacity may this humble dragon serve the Great Sage who has summoned me?”

“Please rise,” said Pilgrim. “I’ve troubled you to come from a great distance only for one purpose, and that is to ask you why you have not provided rain to relieve a drought of several years here at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal.”

“Let me humbly inform the Great Sage,” said the old dragon. “Though I may be able to make rain, I am subject to the will of Heaven. If Heaven above has not authorized me, how could I dare come here to make rain?” Pilgrim said, “Because I passed through this region and saw how the people suffered from such a prolonged drought, I asked you especially to come and bring relief. Why are you making excuses?”

“Would I dare do that?” said the dragon king. “When the Great Sage recited his magic spell, I would never dare not show up. But I have not been authorized by Heaven in the first place, and, second, I have not brought along the divine warriors in charge of making rain. How could I start anything? If the Great Sage indeed has such eleemosynary intentions, allow this little dragon to return to the sea and summon his troops. Meanwhile, let the Great Sage make a memorial at the Celestial Palace and ask for an imperial decree authorizing the descent of rain. Request the aquatic officials to let loose the dragons, and then I’ll be able to make rain according to the amount specified by the decree.”

As Pilgrim could not quite controvert this proper argument that the old dragon offered, he had to let him return to the sea. He himself then jumped out of the star-treading pattern to give the Tang Monk a thorough account of what had happened. “In that case,” said the Tang Monk, “you may go and do your duty, but you must not utter even a word of falsehood.” Pilgrim at once gave this injunction to Eight Rules and Sha Monk:

“Guard the master, for I’m going up to the Celestial Palace.”

Dear Great Sage! He said he was leaving and at once vanished from sight. Quaking with fear, the prefect asked, “Where has Venerable Father Sun gone to?”

“He mounted the clouds to ascend to Heaven,” said Eight Rules, chuckling. The prefect became more respectful than ever. An order was hurriedly dispatched to the broad boulevards and narrow alleys, asking all the people—whether they be nobles or plebeians, civilian or military—to set up a placard for the dragon king in front of each household. Clean water jars with willow twigs stuck inside were to be placed by the doors, and incense was to be burned so that all could worship Heaven. Here we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who reached the West Heaven Gate with a single cloud somersault. The Devarāja Dhṛtarāṣṭra led a group of celestial soldiers and *vīra* to greet him with the question:

“Great Sage, have you completed the enterprise of scripture seeking?”

“The end can’t be too far off,” replied Pilgrim. “We have reached the border of the Kingdom of India, where there is an outer prefecture by the name of Phoenix-Immortal. That place has not had rain for three years, and the people are in terrible straits. Old Monkey wanted to pray for rain to bring relief, but when I summoned the dragon king there, he claimed that he dared not do it on his own authority. I have come here, therefore, to request a decree from the Jade Emperor.”

“I am quite sure that rain is forbidden at that particular place,” said the devarāja, “for I have heard that the prefect, because of some mischief, has offended Heaven and Earth. As a punishment, the Jade Emperor established a rice mountain, a noodle mountain, and a huge square lock of gold. Until these three things are overturned, there will be no rain for the region.” Not knowing, however, what the devarāja was speaking of, Pilgrim insisted on an audience with the Jade Emperor. The devarāja dared not bar his way, and he was permitted to go inside till he reached the Hall of Perfect Light. He was then met by the Four Celestial Masters, who asked, “What is the Great Sage doing here?”

“While escorting the Tang Monk,” said Pilgrim, “I arrived at the border of the Kingdom of India. Because of a severe drought at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal, the prefect sought magicians to make rain. When old Monkey managed to summon the dragon king and ask him to make rain, he said that he dared not do it without the explicit decree of the Jade Emperor. Hence I’ve come to request a decree to relieve the people’s suffering.”

“But it should not rain at that region,” said the Celestial Masters.

With a laugh, Pilgrim said, “Whether it should or not, please announce my presence and see whether old Monkey can win this favor.”

The Immortal Ge said, “As the proverb has it, ‘A fly wraps around a net—what a large countenance!’”

“Stop this babbling!” said Xu Jingyang. “Let’s take him inside.”

Thereupon Qiu Hongzhi, Zhang Daoling, Ge, and Xu—these four realized immortals—led the visitor into the Hall of Divine Mists to memorialize, saying, “Your Majesty, we have here Sun Wukong, who is passing through the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture of the Kingdom of India. Wishing rain for the people, he has come especially to seek your decree.”

“On the twenty-fifth day of the twelfth month three years ago,” said the Jade Emperor, “we were out on tour to inspect the myriad heavens and float through the Three Realms. When we arrived at that particular region, we had occasion to witness that Shangguan right in the midst of his wickedness. He pushed over the sacrificial maigre intended for offering to Heaven and fed it to dogs instead.

Furthermore, he even made obscene utterances and committed the sin of blasphemy. For this reason, we established three things in the Fragrance-Draping Hall, to which all of you should lead Sun Wukong to see. If these things have been

overturned, we shall grant him a decree; if not, he should be told to mind his own business.”

The four Celestial Masters at once led Pilgrim to the hall to look around. There they came upon a mountain of rice, about one hundred feet tall, and a mountain of noodles, about two hundred feet in height. At the side of the rice mountain was a chicken no larger than a human fist, which was pecking at the rice at a rather irregular pace—now speeding up, now slowing down. Over at the noodle mountain was a golden-haired puppy, a Peking pug, which, with an occasional flick of his tongue, was lapping up some of the noodles.

On the left side of the hall, moreover, there was an iron rack with a large square lock, at least fifteen inches in length, hanging from it.

Beneath the key of the lock, no thicker than a human finger, was a small lamp, its tiny flame barely touching the key.

Not knowing what to make of the sight, Pilgrim turned to ask the Celestial Masters, “What does this mean?” One of them replied, “Because that fellow has offended Heaven, the Jade Emperor established these three things. Not until the chicken has finished pecking the rice, the dog has lapped up all the noodles, and the lamp has burned through the key of the lock will there be rain in that region.” When he heard these words, Pilgrim was so taken aback that he paled with fright. Not daring to present another memorial to the Emperor, he walked out of the hall, visibly embarrassed. “The Great Sage need not be overly perplexed,” said one of the preceptors.

“This affair can only be resolved by virtue, for if there is a single thought of kindness and mercy to stir up Heaven above, the rice and noodle mountains will topple immediately, and the lock key too will snap at once. You must go and persuade that prefect to do good, and blessing will be on its way.” Pilgrim agreed.

*Not taking leave of the Jade Emperor at Divine Mists,
He went straightaway below to answer a mortal man.*

In a moment he arrived at the West Heaven Gate, where he saw Devarāja Dhṛtarāṣṭra again. “Did you succeed in getting a decree?” asked the devarāja. Having given an account of the matter of the rice mountain, the noodle mountain, and the golden lock, Pilgrim said, “He did refuse to grant me a decree, as you told me he would. But when the Celestial Masters sent me off just now, they also instructed me to persuade that fellow to return to virtue, and blessing would come to him as before.”

Thus they parted, and Pilgrim descended on a cloud to the Region Below.

When he arrived, the prefect, Tripitaka, Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and all the officials, great and small, crowded around him to question him about his journey. Pilgrim singled out the prefect and bellowed at him, “Because you offended Heaven and Earth three years ago, on the twenty-fifth day of the twelfth month, you brought a great ordeal on your people, for Heaven now refuses to grant you rain.”

These words so astonished the prefect that he fell prostrate on the ground, asking, “How did the master learn of the incident three years ago?”

“How could you,” said Pilgrim, “push down sacrificial maigre intended for offering to Heaven and feed it to dogs? You’d better give us an honest account!” Not daring to conceal anything, the prefect said, “On the twenty-fifth day of the twelfth month three years ago, we indeed offered sacrificial maigre to Heaven in our residence. Because of my wife’s ill behavior—she taunted me, in fact, with some nasty words—I

was momentarily blinded by anger and pushed down the votive table, spilling all the vegetarian food. At that point I did in fact get the dogs to come and eat it up. Since then this incident has lingered in my memory and often driven me to distraction, but I know of no way to present an explanation. I hadn't realized that Heaven above took offense and brought harm to the people on my account. Now that the master has descended again to this region, I beg you to reveal to me how Heaven intends to reckon with me." Pilgrim said, "That day happened to be the epiphany of the Jade Emperor to the Region Below. When he saw you feeding the sacrificial maigre to dogs and mouthing obscene words, he at once set up three things as reminders of your transgression."

"What three things?" asked Eight Rules.

"At the Fragrance-Draping Hall," replied Pilgrim, "a rice mountain approximately one hundred feet tall and a noodle mountain about two hundred feet in height were set up. By the rice mountain there was a chicken no larger than a fist, pecking away rather leisurely at the rice. At the noodle mountain there was a golden-haired Peking pug, lapping up some of the noodles with an occasional flick of his tongue. On the left side of the hall, moreover, there was an iron rack with a huge lock made of yellow gold hanging from it, its key as thick as a finger. Below the key is a lamp, but the flame is barely touching the key. Not until the chicken has finished pecking the rice, the dog lapping up the noodles, and the lamp burning through the key is there to be rain in this region."

Chuckling, Eight Rules said, "No problem! No problem! If Elder Brother is willing to take me there, I'll undergo magical transformation and finish off all that rice and noodle in a single meal. We'll break the key, too, and there'll be rain."

"Stop babbling, Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "This happens to be a device of Heaven. How could you undo it?"

"In that case," said Tripitaka, "what shall we do?"

"It's not too difficult! It's not too difficult!" said Pilgrim. "When I was about to come back, the Four Celestial Masters told me that this matter could be resolved only by doing good." Prostrating himself on the ground, the prefect pleaded, "I beg the master to inform me. This lowly official will obey all your instructions."

"If you indeed repent and return to virtue," said Pilgrim, "and make it your early practice to worship Buddha and read scriptures, I shall see what I can do for you. But if you refuse to change, even I cannot undo your miseries. Before long Heaven will decree your execution, and your life will not be spared."

Touching his head to the ground, the prefect vowed that he would submit to religion. At once he gave the order for Buddhist and Daoist clerics of his region to begin performing services for three days, about which they had to write up detailed documents, burn them, and send them to Heaven above. The prefect himself personally led his subjects in worship and in the presentation of incense in order to appease Heaven and Earth and do penance. Tripitaka, too, also recited sūtras for him. In the meantime, another order was dispatched with all speed to every household within and without the city: each man and woman was to burn incense and chant the name of Buddha. From that moment on the sound of good works could be heard everywhere.

Highly pleased by what he saw and heard, Pilgrim said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "The two of you should take care to guard our master. Let old Monkey make another trip for him."

“Elder Brother,” asked Eight Rules, “where do you want to go this time?”

“Since this prefect has believed the words of old Monkey,” replied Pilgrim, “and has received indeed our teachings, and since he is now chanting the name of Buddha with due reverence, compassion, and sincerity, I will go again to memorialize to the Jade Emperor and beg some rain for him.”

“If you wish to go, Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “you need not hesitate so that our journey will not be delayed. Do finish this rain service for them in order that our right fruit, too, may be perfected.”

Dear Great Sage! Mounting the clouds, he reached the Heaven Gate, where he was greeted by the question of Devarāja Dhṛtarāṣṭra, “Why are you here again?”

“That prefect,” replied Pilgrim, “has already returned to virtue.”

The devarāja, too, was delighted. As they conversed, they saw the Messenger of Direct Talismans arrive, holding Daoist documents and Buddhist rescripts to be sent through the Heaven Gate. When the messenger saw Pilgrim, he saluted him, saying, “This is the merit of the Great Sage in his evangelical work.”

“Where are you sending these documents?” asked Pilgrim.

“To the Hall of Perfect Light,” replied the messenger, “so that the Celestial Masters may present them before the Jade Emperor, the Great Celestial Honored One.”

“In that case,” Pilgrim said, “you walk ahead, and I’ll follow you.”

As the talismans messenger entered the gate, Devarāja Dhṛtarāṣṭra said, “Great Sage, there’s no need for you to have an audience with the Jade Emperor. You need only to go to the Bureau of Appointed Seasons of the Ninefold Heaven and ask for the thunder deities. When you have started the thunder and lightning, rain will be on its way.” Indeed Pilgrim followed his advice; after entering the Heaven Gate, he did not proceed to seek another decree at the Hall of Divine Mists. Instead, turning his step on the clouds, he went straight to the Bureau of Appointed Seasons of the Ninefold Heaven. He was met by the Thunder Gate Messenger, the Recorder of Collective Registry, and the Recorder of the Provincial Judicial Commission, who saluted him and asked, “To what do we owe this visit, Great Sage?”

“There’s something,” replied Pilgrim, “for which I must have an audience with the Celestial Worthy.”

The three messengers at once went in to make the announcement, and the Celestial Worthy walked out from behind the royal cinnabar screen adorned with nine phoenixes. After having tidied his attire, he met his visitor. When they had finished their exchange of greetings, Pilgrim said, “I’ve come with a special request.”

“What is it?” asked the Celestial Worthy. Pilgrim said, “I escorted the Tang Monk to the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal. When he saw how severe a drought they have been having, I promised the people that I would seek rain on their behalf. Now I’ve come specially to request the assistance of your officers to go there and provide thunder.”

“I happen to know that the prefect has offended Heaven,” said the Celestial Worthy, “as a result of which three conditions have been established. I wonder if it should rain in that region.” Pilgrim said, “Yesterday I went to request a decree from the Jade Emperor, and he told the Celestial Masters to lead me to the Fragrance-Draping Hall to look at those three conditions. They were actually a rice mountain, a noodle

mountain, and a golden lock. The condition was that only when the mountains topple and the key snaps would there be rain. I was deeply troubled by the difficulty of meeting these conditions, but the Celestial Masters instructed me to go and persuade the prefect and his subjects to do good. Their idea was that

*When man has a virtuous thought,
Heaven will grant him support.*

They assured me, in fact, that the works of virtue would alter the Mind of Heaven and bring deliverance to the people's suffering. Now that a virtuous thought has indeed sprung up in the prefect and that the sound of virtue can be heard everywhere in that region, the Messenger of Direct Talismans has already reported to the Jade Emperor with documents recording such deeds of repentance and penance. That is the reason old Monkey has come to your honored residence to request the assistance of your thunder officials."

"In that case," said the Celestial Worthy, "I'll send the Squires of Thunder—Deng, Xin, Zhang, and Tao—who will lead the Mother of Lightning to follow the Great Sage to the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal to sound the thunder." In a little while, the four warriors, on arriving at the region of Phoenix-Immortal with the Great Sage, immediately began to exercise their magic in midair. All you could hear were powerful peals of thunder, and all you could see were blinding flashes of lightning. Truly

*Electric flash like purple-gold snake,
And thunder like all creatures aroused.
Ablaze are the flying flames;
The cracks topple mountain caves.
The lightning lights up the heavens;
The tumult unhinges the earth.
One scarlet gold flash the seedlings quickens;
A whole, large empire is rocked and shaken.*

For three full years the people at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal, regardless of whether they were civilians or military personnel, or whether they lived inside or outside of the city, had not heard the sound of thunder. When they encountered both thunder and lightning this day, all of them fell to their knees. Some of them held up incense braziers on their heads, while others picked up willow twigs; all of them chanted, "Namo Amitābha! Namo Amitābha!" Such a cry of virtue indeed alerted Heaven above, just as the ancient poem said:

*One wish born in the heart of man
Is known throughout Heaven and Earth.
vice or virtue lacks reward,
Unjust must be the universe.*

Let us leave the Great Sage for a moment, as he directed the deities who were producing thunder and lightning at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal. We tell you instead of the Messenger of Direct Talismans in the Region Above, who escorted the documents of both Buddhists and Daoists up to the Hall of Perfect Light. They were then taken by the Four Celestial Masters to present to the Jade Emperor. The Emperor said, "If those fellows down there have turned their thoughts to good, we should take a look at the three conditions."

Even as he was speaking, a guard from the Fragrance-Draping Hall arrived to make this report:

“Not only have the rice and noodle mountains toppled, but all the rice and noodles have vanished in an instant. The key to the lock is also broken.” No sooner had he finished this memorial when a celestial court attendant arrived, leading the local spirit, the city deity, and the spirits of land and grain at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal. All the gods bowed to the Jade Emperor and memorialized, “The prefect and the entire population of our region have repented. There is not a single household, indeed not a single person, which has not embraced the fruit of virtue by worshipping Buddha and revering Heaven. We beg you now, therefore, to extend your mercy and let the sweet dew descend to succor the people.”

Filled with delight by what he heard, the Jade Emperor at once issued this decree:

“Let the Bureau of Wind, the Bureau of Clouds, and the Bureau of Rain follow our instruction to go to the Region Below. Within the territory of the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal at this day and hour, let them sound the thunder, deploy the clouds, and lower three feet and forty-two drops of rain.”

The Four Celestial Masters transmitted this decree to the various bureaus, the deities of which all roused themselves to exercise their divine power in the world below.

Pilgrim and the thunder gods, meanwhile, were telling the Mother of Lightning to ply her tricks in midair when they were joined by the other arriving deities. In no time at all, clouds and wind came together and sweet rain descended in torrents. Marvelous rain!

*Endless dense clouds,
Boundless black fog,
Thunder cracking,
Lightning flashing,
Violent wind churning,
Sudden rain pouring.
This is how one thought could move Heaven
all people realize their hopes.
Since the Great Sage has caused decisive change,
The empire grows dark for ten thousand miles—
A good rain likes seas and rivers upturned,
Obscuring land and sky.
A cascade hangs before the eaves,
And chimes resound beyond the screens.
In every door people chant the Buddha's name,
And water runs wild through six streets and marts.
Rivers, east and west, are filled to the brim;
Streams are flowing freely both north and south.
Shriveled sprouts are moistened;
Withered woods now revive.
In the fields hemp and wheat flourish;
In the village grains and beans increase.
The traders find joy in commerce;
The farmers once more love their plowing.
From henceforth millet and grain will prosper,
Their tillage yield naturally rich harvests.*

*With rain and wind in season the people rest
And in calm seas and rivers enjoy peace.*

In a single day there descended the full measure of three feet and forty-two drops of rain. As the various deities gradually halted their activities, the Great Sage cried out in a loud voice:

“Let the deities of the Four Bureaus temporarily stay their cloudy attendants. Allow old Monkey to go ask the prefect to make his proper expression of thanks. All of you can then sweep aside the mist and cloud to reveal your true forms. When these common mortals have seen you with their own eyes, they will then believe and sacrifice to you with constancy.” On hearing this, the gods had no choice but to remain in midair.

Lowering the direction of his cloud, Pilgrim went to the prefecture, where he was met by Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk. The prefect made a bow with each step he took to express his gratitude. “You shouldn’t thank me,” said Pilgrim, “but I have managed to detain the deities of the Four Bureaus here for the moment. Assemble many of your people quickly and thank them, so that they will return in the future to grant you rain.”

The prefect accordingly sent out an immediate dispatch to all the people that they should hold lighted incense and bow to the sky. When the mist and clouds moved apart, what the people saw were the revealed true forms of the deities of the Four Bureaus, these being the Rain Bureau, the Thunder Bureau, the Cloud Bureau, and the Wind Bureau. This was what they saw:

*dragon king’s revealed form,
The thundergod’s exposed body.
The Cloud- Boy’s appearance,
The Earl of Wind’s true image.
The dragon king’s revealed form:
Such silver beard and hoary face matchless in the world.
The thundergod’s exposed body:
Such incomparable hooked mouth and forceful mien.
The Cloud- Boy’s appearance:
Who could rival his jadelike face and head of gold?
The Earl of Wind’s true image:
Who resembles his round eyes and bushy brows?
Jointly they emerge in the blue heavens,
Each showing in turn his holy presence.
Phoenix- Immortal people then believe;
Worship with incense, and their evils leave.
Once they have seen Heaven’s warriors this day,
They cleanse their hearts and virtue now obey.*

The various deities lingered for an hour, and the people did not cease in their worship. Pilgrim Sun rose again into the air to salute them, saying, “We’ve troubled you! We’ve troubled you! Please return to your bureaus, all of you. Old Monkey will make certain that the households in this prefecture are faithful in their offerings and make oblation in due season to thank you. From now on, please return every fifth day to give the people wind, and every tenth day to give them rain. Do come back, all of you, and vouchsafe your salvation to them.”

The deities agreed, and they all returned to their bureaus, where we shall leave them.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage, who dropped down from the clouds and said to Tripitaka, "Our affair's concluded, and the people are safe. We can pack and move on." On hearing this, the prefect quickly saluted them, saying, "How could you say that, Venerable Father Sun? What you have accomplished here are kindness and merit without limits. This lowly official has already asked for a small banquet to be prepared as a token of our gratitude for your great kindness. We intend also to buy some land from the people so that we may build a monastery, in truth, to establish a living shrine to you. Your names will be inscribed on steles so that you may enjoy our offerings in all four seasons. But even if I were to engrave your deed on my bones and carve it on my heart, I could not repay a fraction of your kindness. How can you say, then, that you want to leave?"

"Though you may find it appropriate to say what you said, Your Excellency," said Tripitaka, "you must realize also that we are but mendicants journeying to the West. We dare not stay long. In a day or two we shall certainly leave."

The prefect, of course, would not let them go. He gave the order that preparations for the banquet be made immediately, and also that work begin that very night for the building of the shrine.

The next day a grand banquet was given, in which the Tang Monk was asked to take the honored seat. The Great Sage Sun, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk all had their own tables, while the prefect and his subordinates, high and low officials, all took turns to present food and drinks to the accompaniment of fine music. The entertainment lasted one whole day, and it was a delightful occasion indeed, for which we have a testimonial poem:

*After a long drought the fields meet sweet rain.
Commerce and rivers freely flow again.
We have to thank the divine monks' advent
And the Great Sage who to Heav'n's Palace went.
Three things of former evil now undone,
One thought contrite has fruits of virtue won.
Henceforth may it e'er be like Yao-Shun times:
Rich harvests and rains due in all four climes.*

There was a party one day, and there was a banquet the next—it went on like that for almost half a month, during which time they were also waiting for the monastery to be built and the living shrine to be finished.

One day the prefect asked the four pilgrims to go look at the building. "It's an enormous labor," said an astonished Tang Monk.

"How can you get it finished so quickly?"

"This lowly official," replied the prefect, "has ordered the laborers to work night and day in order that they might complete their task speedily. Now I'm inviting the Venerable Fathers especially to go see it."

"You're indeed a worthy prefect," said Pilgrim with a smile, "one who has not only virtue but ability as well!"

They thus went to the new monastery. When they saw the towering edifices and the magnificent gates, they were full of praise.

Pilgrim then requested his master to name the monastery, and Tripitaka said, “Yes, let us call it the Monastery of Salvific Rain.”

“Very good! Very good!” exclaimed the prefect. Brushed gold notices were then set up to recruit qualified priests to attend the fires and incense. On the left of the main hall, living shrines were erected to the four pilgrims, at which offerings would be made in all four seasons. There were plans also to build shrines to the thunder deities and dragon deities as tokens of gratitude for their divine works.

After witnessing all of this, the pilgrims decided to leave.

Knowing that their benefactors could no longer be detained, the populace of the entire prefecture came with gifts and cash, but not even a penny was accepted. Thereupon the officials and the civilians of the entire region formed a huge entourage, with the waving of banners and the beating of drums, to escort the pilgrims out of the city. Even after some thirty miles they could not quite bring themselves to part with the pilgrims, whom they escorted yet another distance with tearful eyes. Only when the pilgrims disappeared from sight did the people turn back. Thus it is that

A virtuous divine monk leaves Salvation behind;

The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, spreads his kindness wide.

We do not know how many days must pass before they get to see Tathāgata; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-EIGHT

*Reaching Jade-Flower, Chan convenes an assembly
Mind Monkey, Wood, and Earth instruct disciples*

We were telling you about the Tang Monk, who took leave of the prefect. Riding along, he spoke most amiably to Pilgrim:

“Worthy disciple, your virtuous fruit this time far surpasses even that of the occasion when you rescued the children of the Bhikṣu Kingdom.

This is entirely your merit!”

“At the Bhikṣu Kingdom,” said Sha Monk, “only one thousand, one hundred and eleven young boys were saved. How can that compare with this torrential rain, which provided moisture everywhere and revived hundreds and thousands of lives? This disciple, too, has been secretly admiring Elder Brother for his great magic strength which can move Heaven and for his compassion which covers the Earth.” With a giggle, Eight Rules said, “Yes, Elder Brother has kindness, and he has virtue! Unfortunately, he practices benevolence and righteousness only on the outside, and he harbors malicious designs within. Whenever he walks with old Hog, he steps on people!”

“When did I ever step on you?” asked Pilgrim.

“Enough! Enough!” said Eight Rules. “Frequently you took care to see that I was bound, that I was hung up, that I was cooked, that I was steamed! Since you have extended your kindness and mercy to hundreds and thousands of people at the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture, you should have stayed there at least half a year. That way I would have been able to enjoy a few leisurely meals, eating my fill. But all you did was hurry us on our way!” On hearing this, the elder snapped at him, “This Idiot! All you can think of is something to stuff down your throat! Get moving quickly, and don’t you dare talk back!” Not daring to utter a word, Eight Rules pouted a little; he toted the luggage and guffawed a few times as master and disciples headed down the main road. Time went by like a weaver’s shuttle, and soon it was late autumn. You see

*Water lines recede,
Mountain rocks turn bare.
Red leaves flutter about,
A time of yellow blossoms.
The frost glows, you feel the night lengthen;
The white moon pierces the paper screens.
and smoke in all households, the twilight’s long;
The lake surfaces a cold gleam every where.
Fragrant white duckweeds,
And dense red smartweeds.
Oranges yellow and green,
Droopy willows and handsome grains.
The wild geese drop by a hamlet midst rush like snow;
Soy beans are reaped as the inn’s roosters crow.*

After the four of them had journeyed for a long time, they again saw the shadow of city walls looming. Lifting his crop to point toward the distance, the elder called out:

“Wukong, look! There’s another city over there. I wonder what sort of a place it is?”

“You and I haven’t even reached it,” said Pilgrim. “How could we know? Let’s go up there and ask some people.” Just as he finished speaking, an old man walked out from a clump of trees. Holding a bamboo staff in his hands, he wore a light garment on his body, a pair of coir sandals on his feet, and a thin belt around his waist. The Tang Monk was so startled that he rolled down from his saddle at once, walked up to him, and saluted him. Leaning on his staff, the old man returned his greetings and asked, “Where have you come from, Elder?” Pressing his palms together in front of him, the Tang Monk said, “This humble cleric is someone sent by the Tang court in the Land of the East to Thunderclap to seek scriptures from Buddha. Arriving at your treasure region, I see a rampart ahead of us. Since I do not know what place it is, I ask the old patron especially for instruction.” On hearing this, the old man exclaimed, “A Chan Master who possesses the Way! Our humble region here happens to be the lower prefecture of the Kingdom of India. The name of this place is the Jade-Flower District. As the county magistrate is a member of the royal household of the King of India, he has been appointed the Jade-Flower Prince. He is a most virtuous ruler, one who pays special reverence to Buddhists and Daoists and loves the common people dearly. If the old Chan Master goes to have an audience with him, he will undoubtedly grant you special honor.”

Tripitaka thanked him, and the old man left by walking through the forest.

Then Tripitaka turned to give a thorough account to his three disciples, who were all delighted and tried to help their master to mount. “It’s not too far,” said Tripitaka. “I need not ride the horse.”

The four of them, therefore, walked up to the city streets to look around. Most of the households over there, you see, were busily engaged in buying and selling. The place seemed to be densely populated, and business too seemed to be flourishing. Listen to their voices and look at their features: they seem no different from those of China. “Disciples,” admonished Tripitaka, “do be careful and don’t be rowdy.”

Eight Rules at once lowered his head and Sha Monk put a hand over his face. Pilgrim, however, took his master’s arm to give him support, and soon people on both sides began to crowd them, vying to take a look at these strange travelers. “We have here noble priests who can tame dragons and subdue tigers,” they cried, “but we have never seen such hog-taming and monkey-subduing monks!” Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules stuck out his snout and said, “Have you ever seen a hog-taming king of a priest?”

He so frightened those people on the street that they stumbled and fell, scattering right and left. “Idiot,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “hide your snout quickly. Stop being so histrionic, and watch your steps. You’re about to cross a bridge.” Lowering his head, our Idiot kept giggling as they crossed the drawbridge to enter the city gates. On the big boulevards they could see many wine shops and song houses, all prospering and bustling in activities. It was indeed a capital city right out of China, for which we have a testimonial poem.

The poem says:

*A royal city and fortress ever strong
Where all things seem fresh near hills and rivers long.
The marts with a hundred goods the lake-boats ply;*

*To sell wine a thousand shops their banners fly.
On each tower and terrace the people bustle;
In every street and lane the traders hustle.
This scene's as lovely as that of Chang'an's fame:
Roosters crow, dogs bark—they all sound the same.*

Secretly delighted, Tripitaka thought to himself, "I have heard people speaking of the various barbarians in the Western Territories, but I have never been here. When I look carefully at the place, however, I find that it's no different from our Great Tang. It certainly lives up to its name of Ultimate Bliss!"

He overheard, moreover, that a picul of white rice cost no more than four mace of silver, and that a mere penny would fetch a catty of sesame oil. It was truly a region blessed with bountiful harvests of the five grains.

They walked for a long time before they reached the residence of the Jade-Flower Prince. On both sides of the residence, there were also the residence of the Administrator of a Princely Establishment, the Investigative Hall, the Refectory, and the Guest Hostel.

"Disciples," said Tripitaka, "this is the royal residence. Let me go in to have an audience with the prince and have our rescript certified."

"If Master is going inside," said Eight Rules, "should we stand in front of this official residence?"

"Don't you see the sign on the door here?" replied Tripitaka. "It says 'Guest Hostel.' You may enter and take a seat inside. Find some hay to feed our horse. After I have seen the prince, and if he bestows some food on us, I'll call you to share it with me."

"You may go in without worry, Master," said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey will take care of things." Sha Monk then toted the luggage into the hostel. When the attendants inside saw how hideous they looked, they dared not question the visitors, nor were they bold enough to ask them to leave. They had, in fact, to permit the pilgrims to sit down, and there we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about the old master, who changed his attire, took up the travel rescript, and went to the royal residence. He was met by a protocol officer, who asked, "Where has the elder come from?"

Tripitaka answered, "I'm a priest sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures from the Buddhist Patriarch at the Great Thunderclap. Having arrived at your treasure region, I would like to have my travel rescript certified, and that is why I have come especially to have an audience with His Highness."

The protocol officer immediately announced his arrival.

The prince, who was indeed an upright and knowledgeable person, at once asked his visitor to enter. After Tripitaka had saluted him at the foot of the steps to the main hall, the prince invited him to take a seat inside. Tripitaka then presented the rescript. When the prince read it and noticed the seals of various kingdoms and their rulers' signatures, he too applied the treasure seal amiably and affixed his own signature. Folding it up again and placing it on the desk, the prince asked, "Elder National Preceptor, I see you have gone through many nations. Exactly how far is it from your Great Tang to this place?"

“This humble cleric does not quite remember the exact distance,” replied Tripitaka. “Years ago, however, the Bodhisattva Guanyin revealed herself to our emperor and left his line of the *gāthā*:

‘The way: a hundred and eight thousand miles.’

On his journey, this humble cleric has already gone through fourteen summers and winters.”

“That means fourteen years!” said the prince with a smile. “You must have had some delays on the way, I suppose.”

“I can’t even give you a brief account of them—those ten thousand beasts and a thousand demons!” replied Tripitaka. “You have no idea, Your Highness, how much I have suffered before reaching your treasure region.”

Highly pleased, the prince immediately asked the royal chef to prepare a vegetarian meal for his visitor.

“Your Highness,” said Tripitaka again. “This humble cleric has three disciples waiting outside. I dare not receive the maigre, for I fear that our journey might be delayed.”

The prince said to the court attendant, “Go quickly to invite the three disciples of the elder to come in and have a meal.”

The officer went out with the invitation, but he was greeted by the remark:

“We haven’t see them! We haven’t seen them!”

Then one of the followers said, “There are three ugly priests sitting in the Guest Hostel. They must be the ones.”

The court attendant went with his followers to the hostel and asked the official in charge, “Which ones are the noble disciples of the scripture-seeking priest of the Great Tang? Our lord has commanded that they be invited for a meal.”

Eight Rules was just seated there, dozing. The moment he heard the word *meal* he could not refrain from leaping up and replying, “We’re the ones! We’re the ones!”

The sight of him so terrified the court attendant that he screamed, shaking all over, “It’s a hogdemon! A hog-demon!” When Pilgrim heard the commotion, he tugged at Eight Rules and said, “Brother, try to be a little more civilized, and stop being such a village brute!” When those officials saw Pilgrim, they cried, “It’s a monkey-spirit! A monkey-spirit!”

Folding his hands in his sleeve before his chest, Sha Monk said, “Please do not be frightened, all of you! We three are all disciples of the Tang Monk.” On seeing him, the various officials all cried, “The god of the hearth! The god of the hearth!” Pilgrim Sun then asked Eight Rules to lead the horse and Sha Monk to tote the luggage so that they could all enter the Jade-Flower Royal Residence. The court attendant meanwhile went ahead to announce their arrival. When the prince’s eyes beheld such ugliness, he, too, became quite frightened. Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka said, “Please have no fear, Your Highness. Though my disciples look ugly, they are all goodhearted.”

Eight Rules walked forward and bowed, saying, “This humble cleric salutes you!”

The prince grew even more apprehensive.

“My disciples,”

Tripitaka said again, “were all recruited from the wilds. They are untutored in proper etiquette, and I beg you to forgive them.” Suppressing his fear, the prince told the royal chef to take the monks to the Gauze-Drying Pavilion for the vegetarian meal. After thanking him, Tripitaka left the prince and went with his disciples to the pavilion, where he immediately scolded Eight Rules. “You coolie!” he said. “You have no manners at all! You should have kept your mouth shut, and that would have been all right.

How could you be so rude! One word, and you nearly knocked down the T’ai Mountain!”

“It’s a good thing I neither spoke nor bowed,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “I’ve managed to save some energy!”

“He should have waited for us to bow together,” said Sha Monk. “Instead, he went ahead and started hollering with his snout jutting!”

“What a fuss! What a fuss!” said Eight Rules. “You told me some days ago, Master, that I should bow and make a salutation when I met someone. I did that today, and you say now that it’s no good. What am I supposed to do?”

“I told you to bow and greet people,” said Tripitaka, “but I didn’t tell you to fool with the prince! As the proverb says,

*There are different kinds of things
And different grades of people.*

How could you not distinguish between the noble and the lowly?”

As they spoke, the royal chef led the servants to spread out tables and chairs and serve the maigre. Master and disciples stopped talking as each ate his meal.

We tell you instead about the prince, who left the main hall and went inside the palace. When his three young princes saw how pale he looked, they asked, “Why does Father King seem so frightened today?”

The prince said, “Just now there was a priest sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures from Buddha. He came to have his travel rescript certified, and he seemed a rather comely person. When I asked him to stay for a meal, he told me that he had disciples waiting in front of our residence. I ordered them invited also, but when they came in after a little while, they did not pay me the respect of performing the grand ceremony. All they did was bow, and I was already displeased. But when I managed to take a look at them, each one was ugly as a monstrous demon. I grew quite frightened, and that’s why I look pale.” Now those three young princes, you see, were quite different from other people, for each of them was fond of martial arts. So they rolled up their sleeves at once and clenched their fists, saying, “Could these be monster-spirits from the mountain who have assumed human forms? Let us take our weapons out and have a look!”

Dear princes! The eldest took up a rod tall as his eyebrows; the second wielded a nine-pronged rake; and the third picked up a staff coated with black enamel. In big heroic strides, they walked out of the palace and shouted, “Who are the monks seeking scriptures? Where are they?”

The chef and other officials all went to their knees and said, “Young princes, they are having their vegetarian meal at the Gauze-Drying Pavilion.” Without regard for good or ill, the young princes barged right in and bellowed:

“Are you fiends or humans? Speak up quickly, and we’ll spare your lives.”

Tripitaka was so terrified that he paled with fright. Abandoning his rice bowl, he stood bowing and said, “Your humble cleric is someone sent by the Tang court to seek scriptures. I’m a human, not a fiend.”

“You seem like a human all right,” said one of the princes, “but those three hideous ones have to be fiends!”

Eight Rules kept right on gorging himself with rice and refused to pay them any attention. Sha Monk and Pilgrim, however, rose slightly and said, “We too are humans. Our features may seem ugly, but our hearts are good; our bodies may seem cumbersome but our natures are kind. Where have you three come from? Why are you so brash with your words?”

The royal chef, standing at their side, said, “These three are our prince’s heirs.”

Dropping down his bowl, Eight Rules said, “Your Highnesses, why are you each holding your weapon? Could it be that you want to fight with us?”

The second prince strode forward and raised his rake with both hands, about to strike Eight Rules. “That rake of yours,” said Eight Rules, giggling loudly, “only deserves to be the grandson of *my* rake!”

He at once lifted up his garment and took out his own rake from his waist. One wave of it and there were ten thousand shafts of golden light; he moved it a few times and there were a thousand strands of auspicious air. The prince was so terrified that his hands weakened and his tendons turned numb; he did not dare wield his own weapon any further.

When Pilgrim saw the eldest using a rod and hopping about, he took out from his ear the golden-hooped rod. One wave of it and it had the thickness of a rice bowl and the length of about thirteen feet. He gave the ground a stab with it and it went in about three feet.

As it stood there, Pilgrim said with a chuckle, “Allow me to present you with this rod of mine!” When he heard that, the prince threw away his own rod and went to take hold of the other. He used all his strength to try to pull it out of the ground, but he could not move it one whit. He then tried to give it a shove and a shake, but it remained there as if it had taken root.

Growing impatient, the third prince attacked with his black-enameled staff, only to be brushed aside with one hand by Sha Monk.

With his other, Sha Monk took out his fiend-routing staff, and with a little twirl it created luminous colors and radiant mists. The royal chef and other officials were struck dumb and numb with fright, while the three young princes all knelt down and said, “Divine masters! Divine masters! Being mortals we did not recognize you. We beg you to show us your abilities, so that we may honor you as our teachers.” Walking forward, Pilgrim lifted up his own rod with no effort at all and said, “It’s too cramped here. I can’t stretch my hands. Let me leap into the air and show you a little of how the rod should be used.” Marvelous Great Sage! With a loud whistle he somersaulted right up into midair, his two feet treading the auspicious cloud of five colors. At about three

hundred paces above ground, he let loose his rod to make Sprinkling Flowers over the Top and the Yellow Dragon Entwining the Body. Up and down he moved, circling left and right. In the beginning his person and the rod so complemented each other that they seemed, as the adage had it, like flowers added to brocade. By and by even the person disappeared, and all one could see was a sky full of twirling rods! Shouting a “Bravo!” down below, Eight Rules could not contain himself any longer. “Let old Hog go and sport a little too!” he cried.

Dear Idiot! Mounting on a gust of wind, he rose also to midair and let loose his rake: three strokes up and four down, five strokes left and six strokes right, seven strokes in front and eight behind. All these bodily movements made one hear only a loud continuous swish.

When the performance reached its most exciting moment, Sha Monk said to the elder, “Master, let old Sand go also and exercise!”

Dear Monk! With one leap he, too, rose into the air and wielded his staff. Now an ardent fighter swathed in golden radiance, he used both hands to make with his staff the Scarlet Phoenix Facing the Sun and the Hungry Tiger Leaping on its Prey. A tight parry and a slow block were followed by swift turns and quick lunges. The three brothers thus made a tremendous display of their magic potency, showing off their prowess and martial ability in midair. Thus it is that

*The image of true Chan's no common view:
The Great Way's causes the cosmos imbue.
In power Gold and Wood fill the dharma-sphere;
Tossing Spatula and Ubiquity cohere.
At all times divine arms can their might lay bare;
Elixir vessels are honored every where.
Though India's lofty, one must nature coerce;
Jade- Flower princes all to the Mean reverse.*

So astounded were the three young princes that they went to their knees in the dust. Those officials, of high rank or low, around the Gauze-Drying Pavilion, the old prince in the royal residence, and the entire population of the city—whether military or civilian, male or female, Buddhist monks or nuns, Daoist clergy or laymen—all began chanting the name of Buddha and kowtowing. Each household, moreover, took up lighted incense and worshipped. Truly,

*Images seen redeem monks to the real,
To bless the human world with peace and weal.
Henceforth the fruit ripens on Bodhi's way
Where all honor Chan and Buddha obey.*

After the three disciples had made a thorough display of their heroic ability, they lowered their auspicious clouds and put away their weapons. Going before the Tang Monk, they bowed and thanked their master for permission before taking their seats again. There we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about those three young princes, who hurried back to the palace to report to the old prince, saying, “Father King, ten thousand happinesses have come upon you! Unsurpassable merit may be ours this very moment! Have you seen the display in midair?”

“I only saw colorful mists in the sky,” replied the old prince, “and immediately your mother and I burned incense to worship along with the rest of the residents of the palace. We have no idea what immortals have come down and congregated at this place.”

“They weren’t immortals from anywhere,” said one of the young princes. “They were just those very ugly disciples of the scripture-seeking priest. One of them used a golden-hooped iron rod, one a nine-pronged muckrake, and the third a fiend-routing treasure staff.

Though the weapons we three use may resemble theirs, ours can in no way be compared with those three weapons. We asked them to exercise for us, and they told us that it was too cramped for them to perform on the ground. They wanted to rise to the air to give us an exhibition. When they mounted the clouds, the sky was filled with auspicious clouds meandering and hallowed air circling. They finally dropped down only a moment ago to take their seats once more in the Gauze-Drying Pavilion. Your sons are so delighted that they would like very much to honor them as teachers. If we could learn their ability to protect our nation, this would be indeed our unsurpassable merit. We wonder what our Father King thinks of this?”

The aged prince at once gave his consent to what he heard.

And so father and sons, the four of them, did not ask for the royal carriage or the imperial panoply. Instead, they walked to the Gauze-Drying Pavilion, where they found the four pilgrims packing their belongings and just about to enter the royal palace to give thanks for the meal. No sooner had the Jade-Flower and his sons entered the pavilion than they all bowed low, so startling the elder that he, too, hugged the earth to return the salutation. Pilgrim and his two brothers, however, stepped to one side and only gave a slight smile. After the bows, the prince invited the four priests to enter the main hall to take a seat, and the four amiably agreed. Then the old prince stood up and said, “Old Master Tang, we have a request to make. Do you think that your noble disciples will grant it?”

“Please tell us, Your Highness,” said Tripitaka. “My humble disciples would not dare refuse you.”

“When we first met you,” said the old prince, “we thought that you were merely mendicants from the distant Tang court. In fact, our eyes of flesh and our mortal disposition prevented us from recognizing you, and we might have greatly offended you. Just now when we beheld how Master Sun, Master Zhu, and Master Sha performed in the air, we realized that you are immortals and buddhas. As our three unworthy sons have always been fond of martial arts, they are now most eager to become disciples in order to learn the art well.

We, therefore, beg the masters to open their hearts wide as Heaven and Earth. Spread afar your vessels of mercy and transmit your mysteries to our humble offspring. We shall thank you with the wealth of our entire city.” On hearing this, Pilgrim could not refrain from laughing uproariously. “Your Highness!” he said. “You’re so benighted! We are people who have left the family, and we’re only too anxious to take on a few disciples. If your sons have the desire to follow virtue, you think we’d turn them down? Just don’t bother with even the merest hint of payment or profit. Treat us with kindness—that shall be our sufficient reward.”

The prince was delighted by Pilgrim's words, and he immediately gave the order for a huge banquet to be laid out right there in the main hall of his residence. Behold! No sooner had the decree been issued than it was carried out. You see

*Colors aflutter,
Curls of fragrant smoke,
And gold inlaid tables festooned in bright silk
To dazzle one's eyes.
Gay lacquered chairs with brocade spread out
Add stylishness to the seats.
Fresh fruits from the trees
And aromatic teas.
Four or five dishes of pastries so light and sweet;
One or two panfuls of breads both rich and neat.
More marvelous are those steamed crispies and honey-glazed;
The oily-dips and sugar-roasted are truly great!
A few bottles of fragrant glutinous rice wine
Which, when poured,
Surpasses the juice of jade;
Several cups of Yangxian divine tea offered,
Once held in hand,
Its scent o'erpowers the cassia.
There's food of every variety—
Each item is extraordinary!*

During this time the court entertainers were ordered to sing, to dance, and to play their woodwind and string instruments. Master and disciples spent a happy day together with the prince and his princes.

When night fell, the food and wine were taken away and bedding was laid out at the Gauze-Drying Pavilion for the pilgrims to rest.

By morning, the prince said, the young princes would burn incense and return with all sincerity to receive instruction in martial arts.

As each person obeyed the royal command, scented liquid was prepared for the masters to bathe in before retiring. At this time

*The birds rest aloft and all seems at peace;
He leaves the couch, the poet's chantings cease.
The Milky Way shines as the heavens brighten;
The wild path's forlorn where grasses heighten.
Washing flails jangle in a yard nearby;
Dark, distant hills where homeward longings lie.
To know one's feelings the cold cricket seems:
Its loud plaint by bedside would pierce your dreams!*

The night went by, and early in the morning, the old prince and his sons arrived once more to visit. When they were received by the elder, they greeted the priests as their teachers, even though they themselves had been honored as royalty the day before. Thus the young princes kowtowed to Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk as they made this request:

“We beg the honorable teachers to take out their weapons and allow their disciples to look at them once more.” On hearing this, Eight Rules took out amiably his muckrake and laid it on the ground, while Sha Monk leaned his treasure staff against a wall. The second and third princes leaped up at once and tried to pick up the weapons. It was, however, as if dragonflies were pummeling pillars of rock! Though both princes struggled till their heads reddened and their faces turned scarlet, they could not budge the weapons one whit. When the eldest prince saw this, he called out:

“Brothers, stop wasting your energy! You should know that the masters’ are all divine weapons, but I wonder how heavy they are.” With a chuckle, Eight Rules said, “My rake’s not too heavy! No more, in fact, than the weight of a single canon.

Including the handle, it weighs five thousand and forty-eight pounds.”

Turning to Sha Monk, the third prince asked, “Master, how heavy is your treasure staff?”

“It’s also five thousand and forty-eight pounds,” replied Sha Monk. The eldest prince then asked Pilgrim to show him his goldenhooped rod. Pilgrim at once took out a tiny needle from his ear; one wave of it in the wind and it acquired the thickness of a rice bowl.

As it stood there erect before their eyes, all the princes were frightened and all the officials grew apprehensive. Bowing, the three young princes said, “The weapons of Master Zhu and Master Sha are all carried on their persons and are taken out from beneath their clothes. Why is it that only Master Sun takes out his from his ear? Why does it grow the moment it’s exposed to the wind?” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “You don’t seem to realize that my rod isn’t just something you can pick up anywhere in this mortal world.

This happens to be

*An iron rod forged at Creation’s dawn
By Great Yu himself, the god-man of old.
The depths of all oceans, rivers, and lakes
Were fathomed and fixed by this very rod.
Having bored through mountains and conquered floods,
It stayed in East Ocean and ruled the seas,
Where after long years it turned luminous,
Able to grow or shrink or radiate.
To call it my own was old Monkey’s fate,
To make it change in any way I wish.
I want it big, it’ll fill the universe;
I want it small, it’ll be a tiny pin.
Its name’s Compliant, its style, Golden-hooped—
In Heaven and Earth something quite unique!
Its weight, thirteen thousand and five hundred pounds,
It can grow thick or thin, can wane or wax.
It helped me to havoc the House of Heav’n;
It followed me to crush the halls of Earth.
It tames tigers and dragons every where;
It smelts at all places demons and fiends.
One jab upward will make the sun grow dim*

*And daunt the gods and ghosts of Heav'n and Earth.
A treasure handed down from Chaos' time:
No worldly iron is this rod sublime!"*

When those princes heard this declaration, every one of them bowed again and again and begged with all sincerity for instruction.

"What sort of martial arts do you three want to learn?" asked Pilgrim.

One of the princes said, "The one used to wielding a rod will study the rod. The one accustomed to using a rake will study the rake, and the one fond of using the staff will study the staff."

"It's easy enough to give instruction," said Pilgrim with a smile, "but none of you has any strength, and you can't wield our weapons. I fear that you will not be able to attain mastery, and then the result will be something like, 'A poorly drawn tiger that looks like a dog!' As the ancients aptly put it,

*Instruction lacking sternness is the teacher's sloth;
Learning without accomplishment is the student's fault.*

If the three of you are indeed sincere about the matter, you may burn some incense to worship Heaven and Earth. Let me then transmit some divine strength to you first, and only thereafter can we teach you the martial arts."

Filled with delight by these words, the three young princes went to find an incense table and carried it back themselves. Having purified their hands and lighted sticks of incense, they bowed deeply to Heaven. After the ceremony, they then asked for instruction from their masters. Turning around, Pilgrim saluted the Tang Monk in turn and said, "Let me inform the honored master and ask for his pardon. Since I was delivered by your great virtue that year in the Mountain of Two Frontiers, and since I embraced the faith of Buddhism, I have followed you in your westward journey. Though I have yet to repay all the kindness of my master, I have nonetheless served you with all my heart and all my strength. Now that we have arrived at a region in Buddha's kingdom, we have the good fortune of meeting three worthy princes who have made submission to us and are desirous of learning the martial arts. If they become our disciples, they will be the grand-disciples of my master. I want to make this special report to you before I begin instruction."

Tripitaka was exceedingly pleased.

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk saw Pilgrim saluting their master, they, too, went to their knees and kowtowed to Tripitaka, saying, "Master, we are foolish persons, slow of speech and dull-witted, and we don't know how to speak. We simply beg you to take the lofty seat of dharma and allow also the two of us the pleasure of taking disciples. They'll add to our remembrance of the journey to the West." In delight Tripitaka gave his consent.

In a secluded room behind the Gauze-Drying Pavilion, Pilgrim traced out on the ground a diagram of the Big Dipper. Then he asked the three princes to prostrate themselves inside the diagram and, with eyes closed, exercise the utmost concentration. Behind them he himself recited in silence the true sayings of realized immortality and intoned the words of *Dhāraṇī* as he blew divine breaths into their visceral cavities. Their primordial spirits were thus restored to their original abodes.

Then he transmitted secret oral formulas to them so that each of the princes received the strength of a thousand arms. He next helped them to circulate and build up

the fire-phases, as if they themselves were carrying out the technique for shedding the mortal embryo and changing the bones. Only when the circulation of the vital force had gone through all the circuits of their bodies (modeled on planetary movements) did the young princes regain consciousness. When they jumped to their feet and gave their own faces a wipe, they felt more energetic than ever. Each of them, in fact, had become so sturdy in his bones and so strong in his ligaments that the eldest prince could handle the golden-hooped rod, the second prince could wield the nine-pronged muckrake, and the third prince could lift the fiend-routing staff.

When the old prince saw this, he could not have been more pleased, and another vegetarian banquet was laid out to thank the master and his three disciples. Right before the banquet tables, however, they began their instruction. The one studying the rod performed with the rod; the one studying the rake performed with the rake; and the one studying the staff performed with the staff. The princes thus succeeded in making a few turns and several movements, but they were, after all, mortals, and they found the goings rather strenuous.

After exercising for a while, they began to pant heavily. Indeed, they could not last long, though their weapons might have the ability to undergo transformation. In their advances and retreats, their attacks and offenses, the princes simply could not attain the wonder of natural transformation. Later that day the banquet came to an end.

The next day the three princes came again to thank their masters and to say:

“We thank the divine master for endowing us with strength in our arms. Though we are now able to hold the weapons of our masters, however, we find it difficult to wield and turn them.

We propose, therefore, that artisans be asked to duplicate the three weapons. They will use your weapons as models but take some of the weight off. Would the masters grant us permission?”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said Eight Rules. “That’s a remarkable proposal! You really can’t use our weapons in the first place, and besides, we need them for the protection of the Law and the subjugation of demons. You should indeed make three other weapons.”

The young princes immediately ordered the ironsmiths to purchase ten thousand pounds of raw iron. A tent was pitched in the front courtyard of the royal residence to serve as a temporary factory, and furnace and forge were set up. First, the iron was refined into steel in one day; the next day they asked Pilgrim and his two brothers to place the golden-hooped rod, the nine-pronged rake, and the fiend-routing staff in the tent so that the smiths could make copies of them. The weapons were thus left there day and night.

Alas! These weapons originally were treasures meant to be carried by the pilgrims on their persons and inseparable from them for one moment. Even when concealed by the pilgrims’ bodies, they would exude great radiance to protect their owners. Now that they had been placed in the tent factory for several days, the myriad shafts of luminous mist and auspicious air emitted by these weapons flooded the sky and covered the earth. One night, a monster-spirit sat up in his abode, which happened to be some seventy miles away from the city, in a mountain called Leopard’s Head and a cave named Tiger’s-Mouth. When he suddenly caught sight of the luminous mist and auspicious air, he mounted the clouds to investigate and found that the radiance was coming from the royal palace. Lowering his cloud to draw near, the monster-spirit discovered the three weapons and was moved to delight and desire. “Marvelous

treasures! Marvelous treasures!” he exclaimed. “I wonder who uses them, and why they are placed here? Hmmmmmm! This has to be my affinity! Let’s take them away! Let’s take them away!”

As his affection grew, he at once summoned a powerful gust and swept away all three weapons and returned to his own cave. Thus it is that

*Dao can't be left for a moment;
What can be left is not the Dao.
When weapons divine are stolen,
The seekers have labored in vain.*

In the end we don’t know how those weapons will be found; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-NINE

*The yellow lion-spirit in vain gives the Muckrake Feast
Gold, Wood, and Earth disturb with a scheme Mount Leopard's Head*

We were telling you about those several ironsmiths, who had been hard at work for several days and therefore slept soundly at night.

By morning, when they rose to resume their heating and hammering, they discovered that the three weapons in the tent had vanished.

Dumbfounded and panic-stricken, they searched all over the place and ran into the three young princes, who were walking out from the palace to inspect the work. The ironsmiths all kowtowed and said, "O young lords! We do not know where the weapons of the divine masters have gone!" Shaken by the words, the young princes said, "Perhaps the masters themselves put the weapons away at night."

They dashed over to the Gauze-Drying Pavilion and saw that the white horse was still tethered at the corridor. Unable to contain themselves, they cried, "Masters, are you still sleeping?"

"We're up," replied Sha Monk as he opened the door to let the princes in. When they looked around and did not see the weapons, one of them asked nervously, "Did the masters take back their weapons?"

"No, we didn't!" said Pilgrim, jumping up.

"Those three weapons of yours," said another prince, "all vanished during the night." Scrambling up hurriedly, Eight Rules asked, "Is my rake there?"

Another young prince said, "When we three came out just now, we saw people searching all over but they couldn't find them. Your disciples suspect that the weapons may already have been taken back by the masters, and that's why we've come to ask you. Since the treasures of our teachers can grow or shrink, I wonder if you haven't concealed them on your bodies again, just to make fun of your disciples."

"Really, we have not taken them back," said Pilgrim. "Let's all go look for them."

They all went to the tent in the courtyard, but there was no trace of the weapons.

"Those ironsmiths must have stolen them!" said Eight Rules. "Bring out the weapons quickly! A moment's delay and you'll be beaten to death! Beaten to death!"

Horried, the ironsmiths kowtowed and shed tears, saying, "Holy Fathers! We have been working so hard these last few days that we all slept through the night. By morning when we got up, the weapons were gone. We are all mortal men. How could we even have moved them? We beg you, Holy Father, to spare our lives! Please spare our lives!" Pilgrim said nothing in reply. Greatly annoyed, he muttered to himself, "This is our fault! Once they had copied the forms, we should have taken the weapons back. Why did we leave them here like that? Those treasures generate tremendous radiance and luminous colors. That must have disturbed some wicked person, who came and stole them during the night."

“What are you saying, Elder Brother?” asked Eight Rules, refusing to believe him. “It’s such a peaceful region here! This is no hollow mountain on the rustic countryside! How could there be any wicked people? It has to be the greed of those ironsmiths. When they saw the radiance of our weapons, they knew that these were treasures. They must have left the palace during the night and banded together with others. They must have dragged and hauled our weapons away. Let’s seize them now! Let’s beat them!”

The ironsmiths could only kowtow and swear their denial.

In the midst of all this commotion the old prince came out. When he learned what had taken place, his face, too, was drained of color. He brooded for a long time and then said, “The weapons of the divine masters are not like those of common mortals. Scores or even hundreds of men could not unlodge them or move them. Moreover, we have governed this city for almost five generations already. Not that we wish to brag or boast, but we do enjoy quite a virtuous reputation beyond these palace walls. The people of this city, be they civilians, soldiers, or artisans, do have respect for the laws of ours. They’d never dare be so unscrupulous. I beg the divine masters to reexamine the matter.”

“There’s no need to reexamine anything!” replied Pilgrim, laughing. “Nor need we persist in putting the blame on the ironsmiths.

Let me ask Your Highness, are there any mountain forests and monstrous fiends around this city of yours?”

“This question of the divine master is most reasonable,” said the prince. “There is a Leopard’s Head Mountain north of our city, and there is also a Tiger’s-Mouth Cave in it. People have frequently claimed that there are immortals in the cave, but some say also that tigers, wolves, and monstrous fiends live there. We have not been able to determine exactly what creatures there are.”

“No need to say any more,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “It must be some wicked creatures there who, having discovered our treasures, stole them during the night.”

He then called out:

“Eight Rules, Sha Monk, stay here to guard Master and protect the city. Let old Monkey go and look for our weapons.”

He also instructed the ironsmiths not to put out the fire in the furnace so that they could continue to forge the princes’ weapons.

Dear Monkey King! After taking leave of Tripitaka, he vanished completely from sight. Instantly he was standing on the Leopard’s- Head Mountain, for it was, you see, no more than thirty miles from the city. When he looked around on the peak, he saw that indeed there was a certain aura of monsters. Truly

*A lengthy dragon pulse,
A region vast and wide;
Pointed peaks, erect, that puncture the sky;
Sloping streams, dark and deep, that swiftly flow.
Before the mount’s a carpet of jade grass;
Behind the mount’s the brocade of rare blooms.
Aged pines and cypresses;
Ancient trees and bamboos.*

*Crows and magpies in confusion fly and cry;
 Wild apes and cranes all screech and squall.
 Below the hanging ledge,
 Pairs and pairs of deer;
 Before the sheer cliff,
 Badgers and foxes in twos.
 The dragon approaching rises and falls;
 With nine turns and nine bends comes the earth pulse.
 Jade- Flower District is where the ranges meet,
 A place that prospers in ten thousand years.*

As Pilgrim stared at the scenery, he suddenly heard someone speaking from behind the mountain. Turning quickly to look, he found two wolf-headed fiends walking toward the northwest, chatting loudly.

“These have to be fiendish creatures out patrolling the mountain,” mused Pilgrim. “Let old Monkey follow them and hear what they have to say.” Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and, with one shake of his torso, changed into a little butterfly.

With outstretched wings he soared and turned to catch up with them. In truth it was quite a model of transformation!

*Two wings gossamery,
 Twin feelers silvery.
 Aloft the wind he darts away
 Or dances slowly through the day.
 The waters and walls so nimbly he'll skirt;
 With fragrant catkins his delight's to flirt.
 Scents of fresh flowers his airy self most please;
 His graceful form unfolds with greatest ease.*

Wings aflutter, he alighted on the head of one of the monster-spirits to eavesdrop on them. All of a sudden, the monster said, “Second Elder Brother, our Great King has had several pieces of good luck. Last month he got himself a beautiful lady, who has been giving him a good time in the cave. Then last night he acquired these three weapons, and they're truly priceless treasures. Tomorrow he plans to give a banquet at this so-called Muckrake Festival. All of us are going to enjoy ourselves.”

“We're quite lucky, too!” said the other one. “We have these twenty taels of silver to take to buy hogs and sheep. When we reach the Northwest Market, let's have a few bottles of wine first. Let's skim two or three taels off the top so that we can buy a cotton jacket for winter. Won't that be nice?”

The two fiends thus chatted and giggled as they sped along the main road.

When Pilgrim heard that there was to be a Muckrake Festival, he was secretly pleased. He would have slain the fiends, but he had no weapon, and in any case he felt that they were not responsible for the theft. Flying ahead of them, therefore, he resumed his original form and stood still by the road. He waited until those two fiends had almost reached him and then suddenly spat a mouthful of magic saliva onto them, crying, “*Om Hūm Ṭa Li!*”

At once this magic of immobilization rendered those two wolf-headed spirits completely motionless: eyes unblinking, they could not even open the mouths; body

upright, their two legs stood absolutely still. Then Pilgrim pushed both of them over, searched through their clothes, and did indeed find the twenty taels of silver wrapped in a little bag tied to the belt around one of their waists. Each of them also had a white lacquered tablet hanging on his belt; on one was the inscription Shifty-and-Freaky, and on the other, Freaky-and-Shifty.

Dear Great Sage! He took their silver and untied their tablets, then strode back to the city. When he arrived at the royal residence, he gave a thorough account to the prince, the Tang Monk, the various officials, and the artisans. "It must be," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "old Hog's treasure that is emitting such great radiance that they have to buy hogs and sheep to feast and celebrate. Now how are we going to get it back?" Pilgrim said, "All three of us brothers ought to go there. The silver should be given to our own artisans as a reward. Let's ask His Highness for a few sheep and hogs. Eight Rules, you change into the form of Shifty-and-Freaky, and I'll change into the form of Freaky-and-Shifty. Sha Monk can disguise himself as a trader of sheep and hogs. We'll enter the Tiger's-Mouth Cave that way. When we have the chance, each of us will grab our own weapon and finish off those monstrous deviates. Then we can be on our way."

"Marvelous! Marvelous! Marvelous!" laughed Sha Monk. "We shouldn't delay! Let's go!"

The old prince indeed agreed to his scheme and asked one of his stewards to purchase about seven hogs and four or five sheep.

The three brothers took leave of their master and went out of the city to exercise their magic powers. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "since I have never laid eyes on that Shifty-and-Freaky, how could I change into his form?"

"That fiend has been rendered motionless by old Monkey's magic of immobilization," said Pilgrim, "and he won't come out of it until this time tomorrow. But I remember how he looks. Stand still, and let me show you what to change into. Like this . . . and this . . .

and you'll look like him." Instantly he was transformed into an exact image of Shifty-and-Freaky. The fiend's tablet was then hung on his waist. Pilgrim also changed into the form of Freaky-and-Shifty with the proper tablet hanging on his waist. Sha Monk then disguised himself as a trader; herding the hogs and sheep, the three of them took the main road heading straight for the mountain. In a little while they entered the fold of the mountain and again ran into a little monster. He had some vicious features indeed! Look at those

*Two round, rolling eyes
Like lamps aglow;
And red, bristling hair
Like flames ablaze.
Bottled nose,
Gaping mouth,
And sharp teeth protruding;
Biforked ears,
Caved-in brow,
And puffed up blue face.
He wore a light yellow garment
And trod a pair of rush sandals—
Strong and sturdy like a savage god,*

Brash and hasty like a wicked demon.

With a colored lacquered box for invitations tucked under his left arm, the fiend yelled at Pilgrim, “Freaky-and-Shifty, have you two returned? How many animals did you buy?”

“Just look at what we’re herding,” replied Pilgrim.

“And who is this?” asked the fiend, facing Sha Monk. “He’s an animal trader,” said Pilgrim. “We still owe him a few taels of silver, and we’re taking him home so that he can be paid. Where are you going?”

The fiend said, “I’m heading for the Bamboo-Knot Mountain to invite the venerable great king to attend a festival tomorrow.”

Following the drift of the conversation, Pilgrim immediately asked him, “How many people are invited altogether?”

“The venerable great king will head the table, of course,” said the fiend. “Including our great king and the captains of our mountain, there’ll be some forty persons.”

They were conversing like that when Eight Rules spoke up, “Let’s get going! The animals have scattered!”

“You round them up,” said Pilgrim, “while I ask him for the invitation so I can have a look.”

Because he thought that Pilgrim was a member of their own family, the fiend opened the box and took out the invitation card to hand over to Pilgrim. Pilgrim unfolded it and found this message written on it:

Tomorrow morning a banquet will be reverently prepared for you so that we may celebrate the Fine Festival of the Muckrake. I pray that you will visit our mountain with your chariot and attendants. It will be our good fortune if you do not refuse. With profound gratitude I submit this invitation to my Venerable Grandmaster, the Ninefold-Numina Primal Sage. Your grand-disciple, Yellow Lion, kowtows a hundred times.

After reading it, Pilgrim handed the card back to the fiend, who put it back in the box and took off toward the southeast.

“Elder Brother,” asked Sha Monk, “what does the card say?”

“It’s an invitation to celebrate a festival of the muckrake. The sender identifies himself as such:

‘Your granddisciple, Yellow Lion, kowtows a hundred times.’ The one to whom the invitation is addressed happens to be the grandmaster, one ‘Ninefold Numina Primal Sage.’” On hearing this, Eight Rules laughed and said, “This has to be old Hog’s property!”

“How can you tell that it’s your property?” asked Pilgrim.

Eight Rules said, “The ancients have a saying that ‘A scabby sow is the special foe of the golden-haired lion.’ That’s why I say that this is old Hog’s property.”

As the three of them chatted and laughed, they herded the hogs and sheep along. Soon they caught sight of the Tiger’s-Mouth Cave.

Outside the door this was the scenery they saw:

Emerald mountains all around

*Like cities in one row bound.
 Green creepers the crags entwine;
 From tall cliffs hang purple vines.
 Birdsongs the woods invade;
 Flowers the cave's entrance shade.
 A Peach Blossom Cave no less,
 Such that hermits would possess.*

When they approached the cave, they found a motley crew of monster-spirits, old and young, cavorting beneath the blossoms and trees. The “Ho! Ho!” snortings of Eight Rules as he herded the animals caught their attention, and they all came forward to meet members of their own household. As they went after the hogs and sheep and began trussing them, the commotion alerted the monsterking inside, who led a dozen little monsters to come out and asked, “So, you two have returned? How many hogs and sheep did you buy?”

“Eight hogs and seven sheep,” replied Pilgrim, “altogether fifteen animals. The price of hogs should be sixteen taels of silver, the price of sheep, nine taels. We received twenty taels before. Now we still owe five taels. This is the trader, who came along to get his money.” On hearing this, the monster-king gave the order:

“Little ones, fetch five taels of silver and send the man off.” Pilgrim said, “This trader didn’t just come for his money. He wanted to observe the festival too.”

Enraged, the monster-king rebuked him, saying, “What a rogue you are, Freaky Child! You were supposed just to make the purchase. Why did you have to mention the festival to anyone?”

Eight Rules drew near and said, “My lord, the treasures you acquired are indeed rare in the world. What’s wrong with letting him take a look at them?”

“You’re a pest, too, Shifty Child!” snapped the monster. “I got my treasures from the city in the Jade-Flower District. If this trader sees them and spreads the news in the district, the prince may hear about it. If he then comes here to look, what am I going to do?”

“My Lord,” said Pilgrim, “this trader comes from behind the Northwest Market. He’s not a resident of the city. How could he go there and spread the word? Besides, he’s a little hungry, and neither of us has eaten. If there’s any wine and food in the house, please give him some, and then send him off.”

He had hardly finished speaking when a little monster handed over five taels of silver to him.

Passing the silver to Sha Monk, Pilgrim said, “Trader, take the silver. I’ll take you to the back to have some food.”

Forcing himself to be bold, Sha Monk went inside the cave with Eight Rules and Pilgrim. When they reached the second-level hall, they found a votive table set up in the center, on which the nine-pronged muckrake was laid, its colorful radiance truly blinding.

Leaning on the east wall was the golden-hooped rod, and on the west a fiend-routing staff. The monster-king, who had followed them in, said, “Trader, the luminous thing in the center is the muckrake. You may look at it, but don’t ever mention this to anyone after you leave.” Sha Monk nodded and thanked him. Alas!

*When someone sees his property,
He will go for it certainly.*

For his entire life that Eight Rules had been an impetuous person. When he saw the muckrake, he was not about to engage in anymore small talk. Running up to the table and seizing it with both hands, he changed back into his true form and struck at the face of the monster-spirit. Our Pilgrim and Sha Monk, too, dashed to both walls to grab their own weapons and change back into their true forms.

As the three brothers began to attack madly, the fiendish king retreated hastily to the back, where he picked up a four-lights shovel with a long handle and a sharp blade. Rushing back out into the courtyard, he blocked the three weapons and shouted, “Who are you that you dare use a trick to wangle my treasures from me?”

“You larcenous hairy lump!” scolded Pilgrim. “So you don’t recognize us! We are the disciples of Tripitaka Tang, a sage monk from the Land of the East. When we had our travel rescripts certified at the Jade-Flower District, the noble prince there asked his three sons to submit to us as teachers and learn martial arts from us. Because our treasures were to serve as models for their weapons, which were being forged, we left them in the yard, and they were stolen by you larcenous hairy lump during the night. And you say instead that we use a trick to wangle your treasures! Don’t run away! Have a taste of what our three weapons can dish up for you!”

The monster-spirit immediately raised his shovel to oppose him. Thus began a battle that moved from the courtyard to beyond the front door. Look at those three monks crowding one fiend. A marvelous fight it was!

*The rod swishes like the wind;
The rake descends like the rain.
The staff lifts up to fill the sky with mist;
The shovel extends to color the clouds.
Like three gods refining great cinnabar—
The flames, the colors would awe ghosts and gods.
Pilgrim’s most able to exert his pow’r.
The monster stole treasures, how insolent!
Eight Rules, Heavenly Reeds, now shows his might;
Sha Monk, the great warrior, is good and strong.
Brothers, united, use their smart device
And stir up a fight in Tiger’s- Mouth Cave.
That fiend is tough and he exploits his wiles:
Four sturdy heroes thus have quite a match.
They brawl this time till the sun’s heading west,
When the monster grows weak and fails to stand.*

After they fought for a long time on the Leopard’s Head Mountain, the monster-spirit could no longer withstand his opponents. He shouted at Sha Monk, “Watch my shovel!” and, as Sha Monk stepped aside to dodge the blow, he escaped through the hole thus created. Mounting the wind, he sped toward the southeast. Eight Rules was about to give chase when Pilgrim said, “Let him go. As the ancient proverb has it, ‘The desperate bandit should not be pursued.’ Let’s cut off his way of retreat instead.”

Eight Rules agreed.

Going up to the entrance of the cave, the three of them slaughtered all of those hundred-odd monster-spirits, old and young alike.

They were actually tigers, wolves, leopards, horses, deer, and mountain goats. Then the Great Sage used his magic to haul up all the valuable belongings from the cave, the carcasses of the slain monsters, and the hogs and sheep that had been herded there. With dried wood Sha Monk started a fire, and Eight Rules wagged his ears to fan up a strong gust. The entire lair was thus gutted; after which, they took the stuff brought out of the cave and returned to the city.

At that time the city gates had not been closed for people had not yet retired. The old prince and his sons were waiting with the Tang Monk at the Gauze-Drying Pavilion when they suddenly found the courtyard littered with dead beasts, live hogs and sheep, and some fine jewels and clothing thrown down from midair. Then they heard the cry, "Master, we have returned in triumph!"

The prince gave thanks immediately, and Elder Tang was filled with delight. When the three young princes went to their knees, Sha Monk raised them and said, "Don't thank us yet. Let's take a look at what we have here."

"Where do they all come from?" asked the old prince.

"Those tigers, wolves, leopards, horses, deer, and mountain goats," said Pilgrim with a smile, "happen to be spirits who have become fiends. We succeeded in recovering our weapons and fought our way out of their door. The old monster is actually a goldenhaired lion. Using a four-lights shovel, he fought with us till dusk before fleeing for his life toward the southeast. Instead of giving him pursuit, we eliminated his way of retreat by slaughtering all the rest of the fiends and bringing back these valuable belongings of his."

The old prince was both delighted and alarmed by what he heard: he was delighted by the victory, but he was also alarmed by the possibility that the monster might return to exact vengeance.

"Please do not worry, Your Highness," said Pilgrim. "I have considered the matter also, and I will take appropriate action. We will certainly clean up the whole affair for you before we depart, so that no harm will come to you afterward. When we went there this noon, we ran into a red-haired, blue-faced little monster on his way to deliver an invitation. This was what I saw written on the card:

Tomorrow morning a banquet will be reverently prepared for you so that we may celebrate the Fine Festival of the Muckrake. I pray that you will visit our mountain with your chariot and attendants. It will be our good fortune if you do not refuse. With profound gratitude I submit this invitation to my Venerable Grandmaster, the Ninefold-Numina Primal Sage.

The sender was identified as 'Your granddisciple, Yellow Lion.' When that monster-spirit fled in defeat just now, he must have gone to his grandfather's place to talk. Tomorrow they will certainly come looking for us to exact vengeance. We will then make a clean sweep of these monsters for you."

The old prince thanked him and asked for the evening maigre to be served. After master and disciples had eaten, they retired, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about the monster-spirit, who headed southeast and did indeed flee to the Bamboo-Knot Mountain. In that mountain was a cave-dwelling with the name of Nine-Bends Curvate Cave. The Ninefold-Numina Primal Sage living there was the grandfather of the monster-spirit, whose legs that night never descended from

the wind. By the time of the fifth watch, he arrived at the entrance of the cave and was admitted after knocking on the door. One little monster said to him, "Great King, Little Blue Face arrived last night to deliver your invitation, and Venerable Father asked him to stay till this morning, so that he could go with him to attend your muckrake festival. How is it that you also have come at such an early hour to deliver another invitation in person?"

"I don't know what to say," replied the monster-spirit, "but there isn't going to be any festival!"

As he spoke, Little Blue Face came out and said, "Great King, why are you here? Once Venerable Father Great King gets up, he'll go with me to attend your festival."

The monster-spirit, however, could only wave his hand nervously without uttering a word.

In a little while, the old monster arose and summoned his visitor in. As the monster-spirit abandoned his weapon and went to his knees, he could not stop the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Worthy grandchild," said the old monster, "you sent me an invitation yesterday, and I was about to go attend your festival this morning. Now you have even come in person. But why are you so sad and troubled?" Kowtowing, the monster-spirit said, "Your granddisciple was taking a leisurely stroll the other night in the moonlight when he saw radiance flooding the sky over the Jade-Flower District. When I hastened to investigate, I found three luminous weapons in the courtyard of the royal residence: a muckrake with nine prongs dipped in gold, a treasure staff, and a golden-hooped rod. After your granddisciple brought them back with magic, he wanted to have a Fine Festival of the Muckrake. The little ones were told to purchase hogs, sheep, and various fruits to prepare a banquet for celebration and for the enjoyment of our grandfather. After I sent off Blue Face yesterday to deliver the invitation to you, Child Freaky, whom I asked to go buy the hogs and sheep, returned herding a few animals.

He brought a trader along, who came to collect some money we owed him and insisted on being an observer of the festival. At first your granddisciple refused, for I feared that he might spread the news to the wrong person outside. Then he claimed he was hungry and asked for food. So I told him to go inside to eat. When they walked in and saw the weapons, they claimed they were theirs. Each of them, in fact, seized one of the weapons and then changed into his original form: one was a priest with a hairy face and a thunder-god beak, one was a priest with a long snout and huge ears, and one was a priest with dark, gloomy complexion. Without regard for good or ill, they all shouted madly that they wanted to fight. Your humble grandson took up the four-lights shovel quickly to oppose them, trying at the same time to find out who they were that they dared use such deception. They claimed that they were disciples of the Tang Monk, who had been sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven. They were passing through the city and having their rescript certified when they were detained by the young princes, who wanted to learn martial arts from them.

Their three weapons were placed in the yard as models to be copied, and I stole them. That was the explanation for their angry attack on me. But I don't know the names of those three priests, who all seem very able. Your grandson alone could not withstand the three of them. So I fled in defeat to my grandfather, in hopes that you would take up arms to assist me and seize those monks to exact vengeance. That would

be a great token of your love for your grandson.” On hearing these words, the old monster reflected in silence for a while. With a chuckle, he said, “So, it’s they! My worthy grandchild, you made a mistake when you got *them* involved!”

“Do you know who they are, grandmaster?” asked the monster-spirit.

“The one with a long snout and huge ears,” said the old monster, “happens to be Zhu Eight Rules, and the one with dark, gloomy complexion is Sha Monk. These two are still all right. But the one who has a hairy face and a thundergod beak goes by the name of Pilgrim Sun. This person truly has vast magic powers. When he caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago, not even a hundred thousand warriors from Heaven could capture him. Moreover, he devotes himself to mischief-making.

Whether it’s ransacking a mountain or overturning an ocean, breaking down a cave or besieging a city, he’s a real champion at creating troubles! How could you provoke *him*? All right, I’ll go with you. I’ll capture that fellow and those princes of Jade-Flower as well, just to relieve your feelings.”

The monster-spirit kowtowed to give thanks.

Immediately the old monster summoned into his presence his various grandsons:

Gibbon-Lion,

Snow Lion, Suanyi,

Baize,

Wildcat, and Elephant-Baiter. Led by Yellow Lion, each of them took up a sharp weapon and mounted a gust of violent wind to reach the Leopard’s Head Mountain. There they encountered the powerful odor of fire and smoke and heard the sound of weeping. When they looked more carefully, they found Freaky and Shifty sobbing and crying for their lord.

“Are you the real Freaky Child or the false Freaky Child?” snapped the monster-spirit as he walked up to them.

The two fiends fell on their knees. As they kowtowed and tried to hold back their tears, the two fiends said, “How could we be false? Yesterday we took the money to go purchase hogs and sheep. When we got to the main road west of the mountain, we ran into a priest with a hairy face and a thundergod beak. He spat on us once and immediately our legs grew weak and our mouths clamped shut. We could neither talk nor walk. He pushed us over and searched out our silver. He took our tablets, too. Neither of us snapped out of our stupor until just now. When we got home, the smoke and fire had not yet died but all our buildings had been burned out. Because we couldn’t see our lord or any of the captains and officers, we stayed here and wept. How did this fire start anyway?” When he heard this, the monster-spirit could not stop the tears gushing from his eyes. As he stamped the ground with both feet, he railed spitefully, “Baldie! You’re so wicked! How could you do such a vicious thing? You have gutted my cave-dwelling, burned my pretty lady to death, and robbed me of all my family and belongings! I’m so mad I could die! I’m so mad I could die!”

The old monster asked Gibbon-Lion to drag him over and said to him, “Worthy grandchild, when things have reached this stage, getting mad won’t do you any good. Let’s conserve our vitality instead so that we may go seize those monks in the prefectural city.” Refusing to stop his wailing, the monster-spirit said, “Venerable

Father! That mountain home of mine wasn't built in a day! Now it's completely wrecked by that baldpate! What do I have to live for?"

He struggled up and would have rammed his head against a boulder to kill himself had not Snow Lion and Gibbon-Lion stopped him with their earnest pleadings. After a while, they left the mountain and headed for the city.

When their churning wind and looming fog drew near, the people outside all parts of the capital were so terrified that men and women alike fled into the city with scant regard for their homes or possessions. After they had entered, the gates were shut tightly; meanwhile, someone had sped to the palace to cry, "Disaster! Disaster!"

The princes and the Tang Monk were just enjoying breakfast in the Gauze-Drying Pavilion when they heard this report. When they stepped out to inquire, the people said, "A large band of monsterspirits are approaching the city, kicking up sand and stone and belching wind and fog."

"What shall we do?" exclaimed the old prince, horrified.

"Relax, all of you!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "This must be the monster-spirit from the Tiger's-Mouth Cave who fled in defeat yesterday toward the southeast. Now he has banded together with that so-called Ninefold-Numina Primal Sage to come here. Let us brothers go out to meet them. Order the four gates closed and call up men to guard the city."

The prince indeed gave the order for the city gates to be closed and armed men were summoned to ascend the rampart. On the city tower the prince, together with his three sons and the Tang Monk, made the roll call. Amid fluttering banners that blotted out the sun and cannon fire that filled the sky, Pilgrim and his two brothers left the city midway between cloud and fog to face their enemies. Thus it was that

*Affinity's lack had caused wise weapons' loss
ed up the demons, their perverse foes.*

We do not know how this battle will turn out; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY

*Masters and lions, teachers and pupils, all return to the One
Thieves and the Dao, snares and Buddhism, quiet Ninefold-Numina*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who went out of the city with Eight Rules and Sha Monk. When they met the monsterspirits face to face, they found them to be a bunch of lions of various colors:

Yellow Lion Spirit led in front, with Suanyi Lion and Elephant-Baiter on his left, Baize Lion and Wildcat on his right, and Gibbon-Lion and Snow Lion at the back. In the middle of the group was a nine-headed lion, and by his side was the fiend, Child Blue Face, holding a brocade pennant with raised floral patterns.

Child Shifty-and-Freaky and Child Freaky-and-Shifty held high two red banners as they all stood in an orderly fashion to the north.

Eight Rules, always foolhardy, walked up to them and began to abuse them, saying, “You larcenous fiend! Where did you go to collect these several hairy lumps to come here?”

“You lawless and vicious bonze!” cried the Yellow Lion Spirit, baring his teeth. “Yesterday three of you attacked one of me, and I was defeated. Wasn’t that enough that you had the upper hand? Why did you have to be so cruel as to burn down my cave-dwelling, ruin my mountain home, and harm all my relatives? My animosity toward you is deep as the sea! Don’t run away! Have a taste of your venerable father’s shovel.”

Dear Eight Rules! He met the lion with upraised rake.

The two of them had just come together, and no decision could yet be reached when the Gibbon-Lion, wielding an iron caltrop, and the Snow Lion Spirit, using a three-cornered club, also advanced to attack. “Welcome!” shouted Eight Rules, and on his side, Sha Monk quickly took out his fiend-routing staff to lend his assistance. Then Suanyi Spirit, Baize Spirit, Elephant-Baiter, and Wildcat all surged forward, and they were met by the Great Sage Sun grasping his golden-hooped rod. Suanyi used a cudgel, Baize a bronze mallet, Elephant-Baiter a steel lance, and Wildcat a battle ax. Those seven lion-spirits and these three savage priests thus had quite a battle!

*Mallet, cudgel, lance, and three-cornered club,
Four-lights shovel, iron caltrop, and an ax—
Seven lions with seven weapons sharp
Encircle three priests as they roar and shout.
Vicious is the Great Sage’s iron rod
rare among men, Sha Monk’s treasure staff.
Eight Rules, as if plague-ridden, sallies forth
With a radiant muckrake that terrifies.
Back and front they parry as they ply their might;
Left and right they charge for they’re fearless all.
Princes on the rampart now lend their strength
By beating gongs and drums to rouse their hearts.
Pressing back and forth they use magic power
And fight till Heaven and Earth grow obscure.*

Those monster-spirits fought for half a day with the Great Sage and his two companions, and it became late. Eight Rules was foaming at the mouth, and his legs were gradually weakening. With a last halfhearted wave of his rake, he turned to flee.

“Where are you off to? Watch out!” cried Snow Lion and Gibbon-Lion. Our Idiot did not dodge quickly enough and received a blow to his spine from the club. As he lay flat on the ground, all he could mumble was “Finished! Finished!” Seizing him by the bristles and the tail, the two spirits hauled Eight Rules away to show him to the nine-headed lion, saying, “Grandmaster, we’ve caught one.”

They had hardly finished speaking when Sha Monk and Pilgrim, too, were defeated. As the various monster-spirits gave chase together, however, Pilgrim pulled off a bunch of hairs, chewed them to pieces, and spat them out, crying, “Change!”

They changed at once to hundreds of little Pilgrims who had Baize, Suanyi, Elephant-Baiter, Wildcat, and the golden-haired lion-fiend completely surrounded. Sha Monk and Pilgrim then returned and also plunged into the fray. When night fell, they captured Suanyi and Baize, though Wildcat, Elephant-Baiter, and Golden Hair managed to escape. When the old fiend learned from his grandsons that two lions were lost, he gave this instruction:

“Tie up Zhu Eight Rules, but don’t take his life. Wait till they return our two lions, and we’ll give Eight Rules back to them. If they’re foolish enough to harm our two lions, we’ll make Eight Rules pay with his life.”

That night the various monsters rested outside the city, and there we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun, who had the two lion-spirits hauled near the city. When the old prince saw them, he ordered the city gates open and sent out some thirty guards with ropes to truss up the lion-spirits and take them inside. After he had retrieved his magic hairs, the Great Sage Sun went with Sha Monk up to the city tower to see the Tang Monk.

“That was quite a fierce battle!” said the Tang Monk. “You think Wuneng will live?”

“Relax!” replied Pilgrim. “Since we’ve caught these two monster-spirits, they will never dare harm him. Let’s have these two spirits firmly bound, so that they may be exchanged for Eight Rules tomorrow.” Kowtowing to Pilgrim, the three young princes said, “When our master first went into battle, we saw only one of you. But when you feigned defeat later, over a hundred of you suddenly appeared. By the time you had the monster-spirits captured and returned to the side of the city, you became a single person once more. What sort of magic was that?”

“On my body,” replied Pilgrim with a chuckle, “there are eighty-four thousand hairs. One of them can change into ten of me, and the ten can also change into one hundred. In fact, the transformation can grow to millions and billions. This is the magic of the body beyond the body.” One after another, the princes touched their heads to the ground to show their reverence, after which, food was brought up to the tower for them to dine right there. At each crenel on the battlement were set up lanterns and flags, watch rattles, gongs, and drums. The soldiers were told to be diligent in announcing the watches, sending communication arrows, firing cannons, and shouting battle cries.

Soon it was dawn. The old fiend summoned the Yellow Lion Spirit into his presence to give him this plan:

“All of you today should exert yourselves and try to capture Pilgrim and Sha Monk. Let me secretly soar through the air to ascend the city and seize their master along with the old prince and his sons. After that, I’ll go back first to the Nine-bends Curvate Cave to wait for your triumphal return.”

Accepting the plan, Yellow Lion led Gibbon-Lion, Snow Lion, Elephant-Baiter, and Wildcat, each grasping his weapon, and approached the city to provoke battle, in the midst of churning wind and roiling mist. On this side Pilgrim and Sha Monk leaped down from the parapet and shouted, “Lawless fiends! Return our brother Eight Rules quickly, and we’ll spare your lives! Otherwise, we’ll pulverize you!”

Those monster-spirits, of course, did not permit further conversation. As they rushed forward, our Great Sage and his companion both exercised their intelligence to oppose those five lions. This battle was quite different from that of yesterday:

*A vicious, howling wind that scrubs the earth,
A dark, heavy fog that blots out the sky.
Flying dirt and stone dismay ghosts and gods;
Toppling trees and woods alarm tigers and wolves.
The lance is cruel, the ax, luminous;
Caltrop, club, and shovel are all ruthless.
How they wish they could swallow Pilgrim whole!
Or capture alive that puny Sha Monk!
This one compliant rod of our Great Sage
thrust, turn, toss, and twist most cleverly.
That fiend-routing staff of bold Sha Monk
Has great fame beyond the Divine Mists Hall.
Their action this time has great magic powers
To sweep away the spirits of the West.*

When that battle between those five lion-spirits with coats of more than one color and Sha Monk and Pilgrim reached its most feverish moment, the old fiend mounted a dark cloud to ascend the city tower. All he had to do was to give his heads a shake, and those on the rampart—the various officials and the guards—became so terrified that they all tumbled down from the battlement. He sped inside the tower, and with wide-open mouths, caught hold of Tripitaka, the old prince, and his sons. He then went back to the spot at the north and seized Eight Rules with another mouth. He had, you see, altogether nine heads, and he therefore had nine mouths. One mouth held the Tang Monk, the second one Eight Rules, the third one the old prince, the fourth one the eldest young prince, the fifth one the second young prince, and the sixth one the third young prince. With six persons in six mouths, he still had three empty ones! “I’m leaving first!” he roared. When these five young lion-spirits saw the triumph of their grandmaster, they became more aggressive than ever.

Pilgrim, too, heard the commotion on the rampart, and he knew at once that he had fallen for their scheme. Quickly admonishing Sha Monk to be careful, he ripped off all his hairs from both arms and chewed them to pieces before spitting them out: they changed instantly into hundreds and thousands of little Pilgrims. As they surged forward to attack, they dragged down the Gibbon-Lion, captured live Snow Lion, caught hold of Elephant-Baiter, overturned Wildcat, and beat to death Yellow Lion. From this wild melee, however, Child Blue Face, Shifty-and-Freaky, and Freaky-and-Shifty managed to escape.

When the officials on the rampart saw what was happening, they opened the city gates once more and brought out ropes to tie up the five lion-spirits. After they had been dragged inside and before they had even been disposed of, a tearful queen came to bow to Pilgrim, saying, “O divine master! Our Royal Highness, his sons, and your master may have lost their lives! What is to become of this deserted city?”

“Worthy Queen, please do not grieve,” said the Great Sage, bowing to her as he retrieved his magic hairs. “Because I have caught these seven lion-spirits, I don’t think that my master or His Highness and his heirs will be harmed, even though they have been abducted by the magic of the old monster. Early next morning, we two brothers will go to that mountain. We promise you that we shall capture the old monster and return four princes to you.” When the queen and other court ladies heard this, all of them kowtowed to Pilgrim and said, “We pray earnestly that the lives of His Highness and his heirs be preserved and that his royal dominion be established forever!”

After their bows, each of them returned to the palace, struggling to hold back her tears.

Pilgrim gave this instruction to the various officials:

“Skin that Yellow Lion Spirit that we have beaten to death, and lock up the rest of the six living ones. Bring us some vegetarian food so that we may take a rest after the meal. You can all relax, for I promise you nothing serious will occur.” On the following day, the Great Sage led Sha Monk to mount the auspicious cloud, and in a little while, they arrived at the summit of the Bamboo-Knot Mountain. As they lowered the direction of their cloud to look around, they saw a marvelous tall mountain indeed, with

*A row of peaks rugged
And summits most jagged.
Deep in the stream flows a gurgling torrent;
Below the cliff blooms the ornate fragrance.
Winding ranges one after one
And ancient paths encircling.
Truly the cranes arrive to squire the pines,
But the clouds depart to make the rocks forlorn.
The apes face the sunlight to search for fruits,
And deer enjoy the warmth to find their flowers.
The bluebird’s reedy songs,
The oriole’s murmurous notes.
Spring peaches and plums vie for glamour;
Summer elms and willows both prosper;
Autumn spreads brocades of yellow flowers;
Winter comes with white snow aflutter.
A splendid scene in all four seasons,
As good as the immortal Isle Yingzhou.*

As they enjoyed the scenery on the summit, they suddenly caught sight of that Child Blue Face dashing out of a little valley down below, his hand gripping a small cudgel.

“Where do you think you’re going?” bellowed Pilgrim. “Old Monkey’s here!”

The little monster was so terrified that he tumbled down the slope, while the two brothers eagerly gave chase. In a moment, however, Blue Face disappeared. A few steps

more brought them to the front of a cave-dwelling, where they found tightly shut two doors of veined rocks. Across the top of the door was a stone placard, with the following inscription in clerkly script:

Myriad-Numina Bamboo-Knot Mountain, Nine-Bends Curvate Cave.

The little monster, you see, had dashed in and closed the doors, and had gone to the center of the cave to say to the old monster, “Venerable Father, there are two monks outside again.”

The old monster said, “Did your great king and the rest return—Gibbon-Lion, Snow Lion, Elephant-Baiter, and Wildcat?”

“I haven’t seen any of them! I haven’t seen any of them!” replied the little monster. “Only two monks high on the peak scanning the region. When I saw them, I turned and ran. They chased me back here, and I quickly bolted the door.” On hearing this, the old monster fell silent for a long time; then all at once he shed a few tears. “Woe!” he cried. “My Yellow Lion grand-disciple is dead, and the others have all been taken captive into the city by those priests. How am I to avenge myself?” Lying on one side, a melancholy Eight Rules, who had been trussed up along with the Tang Monk, the old prince, and his sons and left there to suffer, was gladdened by this statement of the old monster about his grandsons. “Master, don’t be afraid!” he whispered.

“And Your Highness, don’t worry! My elder brother has won a victory and caught several monsters. He’ll soon find his way here to rescue us.”

He finished speaking, and then he heard the old monster say, “Little ones, stand guard here. Let me go out and capture those two monks and bring them in here also for punishment.” Look at him! With neither armor on his body nor weapons in his hands, he walked in big strides up to the front, where he could hear the shoutings of Pilgrim Sun. Flinging wide the doors, he did not wait for the exchange of even one word before heading straight for Pilgrim. As Pilgrim wielded his iron rod to meet him, Sha Monk brandished his treasure staff and struck. All the old monster did was to give his head one shake, and eight other heads with open mouths appeared, four on each side. Ever so gently they caught Pilgrim and Sha Monk and brought them inside the cave. “Bring me some ropes!” he cried.

Shifty-and-Freaky, Freaky-and-Shifty, and Child Blue Face were the three who had escaped with their lives the night before. Taking out two ropes, they bound up the priests firmly.

“You wretched ape!” said the old monster. “You’ve taken my seven grandsons, but I’ve caught four of you priests and four princes.

That should be a fair exchange for my grandsons’ lives! Little ones, select some thorny willow canes. Let’s give this monkey-head a flogging, so that my Yellow Lion granddisciple may be avenged.”

Each picking up a willow cane, those three little monsters began to rain blows on Pilgrim. Pilgrim’s body, however, was one that had undergone prolonged cultivation and refinement. The effect of those willow canes on him was no more severe than scratching an itch! No matter how hard they flogged him, he neither showed concern nor made a sound. Eight Rules, the Tang Monk, and the princes, however, were petrified at the sight. After a little while, even the canes broke from the flogging and had to be replaced.

It went on like this until evening. The blows Pilgrim received were numberless. When Sha Monk saw how long Pilgrim had been beaten, he felt guilty and said, "Let me take a hundred strokes or so for him!"

"Don't be so impatient!" said the old monster. "You'll be beaten tomorrow! Each of you will have your turn!"

Horried, Eight Rules said, "Then the day after tomorrow will be old Hog's turn!"

The flogging continued for yet another while until it grew dark. "Little ones, let's stop!" cried the old monster. "Light the lamps, and take some food and drink, all of you. I'm going to my brocade den to take a nap. All three of you have suffered before in the hands of these monks, and you should therefore guard them carefully. Wait till tomorrow before we flog them some more." Moving the lamps over, the three little monsters took up the willow canes and began beating Pilgrim's skull: tick-tick-tock, tocktock- tick, now fast, now slow, it sounded as if they were beating a rattle. As the night deepened, however, the monsters all fell sound asleep.

Immediately Pilgrim exercised his magic of Passage. He shrank his body and climbed out of the ropes. Having shaken loose his fur and straightened out his clothes, he whipped out his rod from his ear. One wave of it and it acquired the thickness of a bucket and the length of twenty feet. "You cursed beasts!" he said to the three little monsters. "You have beaten your Venerable Father umpteen times, but he hasn't changed a bit. Let your Venerable Father drop this rod on you a little, and see what happens!"

Ever so lightly he dropped the rod on those three little fiends, and at once they turned into three meat patties.

Then Pilgrim pulled up the wick in a lamp and began to untie Sha Monk. As he had been hurting from the ropes, Eight Rules could not refrain from saying in a loud voice, "Elder Brother, my hands and feet are swollen! Why can't you untie me first?"

This one yell of Idiot's aroused the old monster, who scrambled up immediately, saying, "Who's untying . . . ?" When he heard that, Pilgrim blew out the lamp immediately and abandoned Sha Monk. With his iron rod he punched through several doors and escaped. The old monster went out to the center hall and called out:

"Little ones, why are the lights out? Has someone escaped?"

He shouted like that once, but no one answered him. He cried again, but still there was no answer. By the time he lit a lamp himself, the first thing he saw were three bloody meat patties on the ground. Then he saw that the old prince, his sons, the Tang Monk and Eight Rules were still there; only Pilgrim and Sha Monk had disappeared. With a lighted torch, he rushed to the back and front to search for them, and he found Sha Monk sidling along a wall in one of the porches. The old monster grabbed him, threw him on the ground, and tied him up as before. Then he continued to search for Pilgrim. When he saw that several of the doors had been smashed, he knew that Pilgrim had managed to escape. Instead of giving chase, he tried to patch up and repair the doors to guard his property. There we shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage Sun who, having emerged from the Nine-Bends Curvate Cave, went straight back to the Jade-Flower County astride the auspicious cloud. In the air above the city he was met by several local spirits of the region and the tutelary deities of the city, all bowing.

“Why did you all wait until now to come to see me?” asked Pilgrim.

“These humble deities,” replied the city god, “knew already that the Great Sage had descended upon the Jade-Flower County. Since you have been entertained by a worthy prince, we dared not intrude upon you. Now we have learned that the princes encountered fiends and that the Great Sage is in the process of subduing demons. We have therefore come especially to bow to receive you.” Pilgrim was still annoyed and was beginning to berate them when the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Darkness, and the Six Gods of Light appeared with another local spirit in their custody. As they knelt down, they said, “Great Sage, we have captured this devil-in-the-earth and brought him here.”

“Why aren’t you all protecting my master at the Bamboo-Knot Mountain?” snapped Pilgrim. “Why are you milling about at this place?” One of the Gods of Darkness and Light said, “Great Sage, after you had escaped, the monster-spirit captured again the Curtain-Raising General and had him tied up once more. When we saw how powerful his magic was, we rounded up the local spirit of the Bamboo-Knot Mountain and marched him here. He should know the origin of this monster-spirit. Let the Great Sage question him, so that he may devise the proper means to rescue the sage monk and deliver the worthy prince from his suffering.” Pilgrim was delighted by what he heard. Trembling all over, the local spirit kowtowed and said, “The year before last that old monster descended upon the Bamboo-Knot Mountain. The Nine-Bends Curvate Cave was originally a den for six lions. Since the old monster’s arrival, however, the six lions all honored him as their grandsire, who is actually a nine-headed lion. He styles himself the Nine-Numina Primal Sage. If you want to vanquish him, you must go to the Wondrous-Cliff Palace at the East Pole and fetch his master. Only that person and no one else has the power to subdue him.” When he heard this, Pilgrim thought for quite some time, musing to himself:

“The Wondrous-Cliff Palace at the East Pole, that’s the Salvific Celestial Worthy of the Great Monad. His beast of burden is precisely a nine-headed lion. In that case . . .”

He at once gave this instruction:

“Let the Guardian and the Gods of Darkness and Light return with the local spirit to their proper stations to provide secret protection for my master, my brothers, and the princes of the district. The city deities should take up their post to guard the city.”

The various deities obeyed and left.

Mounting the cloud somersault, our Great Sage journeyed through the night. By about the hour of the Tiger, he arrived at the East Heaven Gate, where he ran into Devarāja Virūpākṣa and an entourage of celestial guards and vīra. They all stopped and, folding their hands in their sleeves to salute him, asked, “Where are you going, Great Sage?”

After returning their salutation, Pilgrim said, “Making a trip to Wondrous-Cliff Palace.”

“Why aren’t you on your way to the Western Heaven?” asked the devarāja. “Why have you come to the Eastern Heaven?”

“When we arrived at the Jade-Flower County,” replied Pilgrim, “we were royally entertained by the prince. His three sons, in fact, took us three brothers in and

honored us as teachers of martial arts. Little did we expect that we would end up with a bunch of lionfiends.

I've just found out that the Salvific Celestial Worthy of the Great Monad at the Wondrous-Cliff Palace is the lion master, and I would like to ask him to subdue the fiend and rescue my master."

"It's precisely because you desired to act as someone's teacher," said the devarāja, "that you got into trouble with a den of lions."

"No doubt that's the reason! No doubt that's the reason!" chuckled Pilgrim. All the soldiers and *vīra* saluted him again with folded hands and stepped aside to let him pass. After the Great Sage entered the East Heavenly Gate, he reached in a little while the Wondrous-Cliff Palace. He saw

*Colored clouds in tiers,
Billows of purple mist,
Tiles shimmering in golden flames,
Doors guarded by rows of jade-beasts.
Flowers fill a double arch swathed in red mist;
Tall trees, sun-drenched, are encased in green dew.
Truly myriad gods surround the place
Where all sages flourish.
The buildings are layers of brocade,
All joined through windows and porches,
Watched by an old dragon circling in light
Divine and charged with thick, auspicious air.
is the realm of everlasting bliss,
The Palace of Wondrous- Cliff.*

Inside the gate of the palace stood a divine lad wearing a garment of rainbow hues. When he caught sight of the Great Sage Sun, he went inside to announce, "Holy Father, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who caused great havoc in the Celestial Palace, has arrived."

The Salvific Celestial Worthy of the Great Monad at once asked his guards and attendants to usher his visitor in. When they entered the palace, the Celestial Worthy left his lofty lotus throne of nine colors enshrouded in countless beams of auspicious radiance to greet them. Pilgrim bowed low, and the Celestial Worthy returned his salutation, saying, "Great Sage, we haven't seen you these few years. I heard some time ago that you left the Dao to embrace Buddha in order to escort the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. Your merit and work must have been accomplished."

"Not quite," replied Pilgrim, "but they are near completion. At this moment, however, my accompaniment of the Tang Monk has taken us to the Jade-Flower County, where the local prince was kind enough to have his three sons take old Monkey and his brothers as teachers of martial arts. New weapons were being forged, using ours as models, but they were stolen by a thief at night. When we looked for them in the morning, we learned that the thief was a golden-haired lion-spirit residing in the Tiger's-Mouth Cave on the Leopard's Head Mountain north of the city. A ploy of old Monkey got back our weapons, but that spirit banded together with a considerable number of other lion-spirits to brawl with me. In their midst was a nine-headed lion who possessed vast magic powers.

He caught with his mouths my master, Eight Rules, and the four princes and took them to the Nine-Bends Curvate Cave of the Bamboo-Knot Mountain. The next day old Monkey and Sha Monk followed them there, and we too were captured. Old Monkey was bound and beaten by him countless times, but I was fortunate enough to have escaped, using my magic. They are still suffering at that place. Not until I questioned the local spirit of the region did I find out that the Celestial Worthy happens to be his master. I've come especially to ask you to subdue the monster and grant deliverance." On hearing this, the Celestial Worthy immediately ordered his subordinates to fetch the lion page from the lion den and bring him forward for interrogation. The page, however, was sleeping soundly and did not wake up until some of the gods had given him a few shakes. They dragged him up to the center hall, and the Celestial Worthy asked, "Where's the lion?" Shedding tears and kowtowing, the page boy could only mutter, "Spare me! Spare me!"

"In the Great Sage Sun's presence you will not be beaten," said the Celestial Worthy. "But you'd better confess quickly how you carelessly allowed the nine-headed lion to run away."

"Holy Father," said the page, "the day before yesterday I came upon a bottle of wine in the Hall of Universal Sweet Dew. Not knowing any better, I stole it and drank it, and I fell fast asleep. I must not have locked up the beast properly, and that's why he escaped."

The Celestial Worthy said, "That wine happened to be a gift of Laozi called Jade Liquid of Transmigration. If you drank it, you'd stay drunk for three whole days. How many days has it been since the lion ran away?"

"According to the local spirit," said the Great Sage, "he descended to earth the year before last. By now it's almost three years."

"Yes! Yes!" said the Celestial Worthy with a smile. "A day in Heaven is a year in the mortal world."

Then he said to the lion page, "Get up. We'll spare you for the moment. Follow me and the Great Sage to the Region Below to retrieve him. The rest of the immortals may go back. There's no need for all of you to accompany us."

The Celestial Worthy trod the clouds with the lion page and the Great Sage to reach the Bamboo-Knot Mountain, where they were met by the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, and the local spirit of the mountain. "You who are supposed to be guardians, has my master been harmed?" asked Pilgrim.

"The monster-spirit," replied the deities, "has been rather upset and has gone to sleep. He has not inflicted punishment on anyone."

"After all," said the Celestial Worthy, "that Child Primal Sage of mine is a true spirit who has attained the Way through prolonged cultivation. One roar of his can reach the Three Sages above and penetrate the Nine Springs down below. He will not take a life casually. Great Sage Sun, please go and provoke battle at his door. Entice him to come out so that I may subdue him."

Hearing this, Pilgrim indeed whipped out his rod and leaped toward the cave's entrance, shouting, "Brazen monster-spirit! Return my people! Brazen monster-spirit! Return my people!"

He shouted several times, but there was no answer at all, for the old monster had fallen fast asleep. Growing impatient, Pilgrim wielded his iron rod and fought his way inside, shouting abuses as he moved along.

Only then was the old monster roused from his sleep. Startled and enraged, he scrambled up and roared, "To battle!"

At once he shook his head and attacked with open mouths.

Pilgrim turned back and leaped out of the cave. The monster-spirit followed him out, crying, "Monkey thief! Where are you going?" Standing on a cliff, Pilgrim said, chuckling, "You still dare be so audacious and unruly! You have no idea what's coming to you in a moment! Don't you realize that your Venerable Father Master is here?"

The monster-spirit rushed up to the cliff, only to find a Celestial Worthy reciting a spell and shouting, "Child Primal Sage, I'm here!"

The monster recognized his master, and he dared not struggle at all. Falling prostrate on all fours, he could only kowtow repeatedly. From one side the lion page dashed out and, seizing his hair on the neck with one hand, rained blows on his head with the other. "You beast!" he scolded him. "Why did you run away and make me suffer?"

The lion dared neither move nor utter a word. Only when his fist grew tired did the lion page stop punching and put the brocade saddle on. The Celestial Worthy mounted him, gave the order to leave, and the lion rode the colored clouds to return to the Wondrous- Cliff Palace.

After giving thanks toward the sky, the Great Sage entered the cave. He untied the Jade-Flower prince first, then Tripitaka Tang, and finally, Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and the three princes. Together they looted the cave's valuables before stepping outside. Eight Rules piled up dried wood front and back and started a blaze. The entire Nine-Bends Curvate Cave was reduced to a charred and gutted kiln! Then the Great Sage dismissed the other deities, though he ordered the local spirit to remain there and guard the region. Eight Rules and Sha Monk were told to exercise their magic and carry the princes back to the prefectural city on their backs, while Pilgrim himself took hold of the Tang Monk by the hands to transport him. In a short while, when the sky darkened, they all arrived at the capital and were met by the queen, the palace ladies, and various officials. Evening maigre was served at once, and they all sat down to enjoy the fare. The elder and his disciples again rested in the Gauze-Drying Pavilion, while the prince retired to the palace. They all had a peaceful night.

The next day the prince ordered another huge vegetarian banquet, for which all the officials of the palace, high and low, gave thanks.

Pilgrim also asked the butchers to slaughter the six lions and skin them, as they had done to the yellow lion. Their meat was to be prepared for the people's enjoyment. Delighted by this suggestion, the prince at once gave this command: the meat of one lion was to be saved for the residents of the palace, and that of another would be given to the Administrator of a Princely Establishment and other district officials. The rest of the five lions would be cut into small pieces, about two to three ounces each, and distributed by palace guards to the civilian and military populace in and out of the city, so that they might have a taste of lion meat to calm their fears. All the households thus acknowledged the gift with gratitude.

In the meantime, the ironsmiths had finished forging the three weapons. As they kowtowed to Pilgrim, they said, “Holy Father, our work is done.”

“What’s the weight of each of the weapons?” asked Pilgrim.

“The golden-hooped rod weighs a thousand pounds,” replied one of the ironsmiths. “The nine-pronged rake and the fiend-routing staff both weigh eight hundred pounds.”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, and he asked the three princes to come out and pick up their weapons.

“Father Prince,” said the three princes to the old prince, “today the weapons are perfected.”

“Because of them,” said the old prince, “my sons and I almost lost our lives.”

“It was fortunate that the divine master did exercise his magic to have us rescued,” said the young princes, “and to have the monstrous deviates dispersed. With all evil consequences removed, we may truly expect a peaceful world of calm seas and clear rivers.”

At once the old prince rewarded the ironsmiths; then father and sons went to the Gauze-Drying Pavilion to thank the masters.

In order that their journey would not be delayed, Tripitaka urged Pilgrim and his companions to hasten in giving lessons in martial arts to the princes. Right in the palace courtyard, therefore, each of the brothers wielded his weapon and began instructing the princes one by one. In a few days those three princes became thoroughly familiar with their drills and exercises. All the methods of offense and defense, fast and slow, indeed all seventy-two styles of movement that belonged to each weapon were mastered. The three princes, after all, were most determined to learn, and, moreover, the Great Sage Sun had endowed them with divine strength. For this reason they could now raise and move a thousand-pound rod or an eight-hundred-pound muckrake. Compared with the martial arts they formerly practiced by themselves, this was something else indeed! We have a testimonial poem, which says:

*Good luck for them has three teachers convened.
Why should martial arts bestir a lion fiend?
The empire’s safe when pervers are wiped out;
They yield to One Body and pariahs rout.
fits the principle of primal yang;
From all perfection the Dao truly sprang.
A mind informed these teachings e’er release
And grant Jade- Flower lasting joy and peace.*

Once more the princes gave a huge banquet to thank their teachers for the instruction. A large platter of silver and gold was also presented as token of their gratitude.

“Take it away! Quickly!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “We are people who have left home. What do we need it for?”

Eight Rules, sitting to one side, said, “We really can’t take the gold and silver. But this robe of mine has been torn almost to shreds by those lion-spirits. If you could provide us with a change of clothing, it would be received as a token of your great love for us.”

The princes at once asked the tailors to take several bales of blue silk, red silk, and brown silk and, following the styles and colors of what the priests were wearing, make three suits of clothing. The three pilgrims gladly received their gifts and put on their new cassocks of silk before packing to leave.

At this time there was not a single person in and out of the city who did not address them as incarnate arhats or living buddhas. All the streets were filled with the sounds of drums and music and clogged with the colors of banners and pennants. Truly

*Outside each household the incense fires burned;
Before each door colorful lanterns turned.*

Only after escorting the pilgrims a long distance would the people permit the four of them to resume their journey toward the West.

Their departure signaled their escape from the various lions and their devotion to attaining the right fruit. Truly

*Without a worry they'd reach Buddha's realm
And, with hearts unfeigned, ascend Thunderclap.*

We do not know, however, how great a distance remains for them to reach Spirit Mountain, or when they will arrive; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-ONE

*At Gold-Level Prefecture they watch lanterns on the fifteenth night
In Mysterious Flower Cave the Tang Monk makes a deposition*

*How should one strive in the practice of Chan?
Cut off quickly the wily horse and ape.
Five colors grow when they are firmly bound;
A moment's stop will land you on Three Ways.
If the sovereign elixir's caused to leak,
Jade nature dries up for such sloth and slack.
Joy, wrath, care, and thought must be swept clean:
Wondrous mystery is gained like nothing seen.*

We were just telling you about the Tang Monk and his three disciples, who left the Jade-Flower City and proceeded along a path safe and sound. In truth the region befitted the name of Ultimate Bliss. After five or six days, they again caught sight of a city.

“What sort of a place is this again?” the Tang Monk asked Pilgrim.

“It's a city,” replied Pilgrim, “but the flagpole on the rampart has no pennant. We can't tell the name of this region. Let's wait till we get near, and ask.” When they reached the suburb outside the eastern gate, they saw bustling teahouses and wine shops on both sides of the street, and flourishing rice markets and oil stores. On the streets there were a few vagabonds; when they saw the long snout of Zhu Eight Rules, the gloomy countenance of Sha Monk, and the red-rimmed eyes of Pilgrim Sun, they had the travelers surrounded. Struggling to get a closer look at these strange visitors, they nonetheless did not have the courage to question them. The Tang Monk was so nervous that he was, as it were, clinging onto his own sweat, for he feared that his disciples might cause trouble. They walked past several more alley entrances, but still they had not reached the city. It was then that they came upon the gate of a monastery with this inscription:

Mercy Cloud Temple.

“How about going in there to rest the horse,” said the Tang Monk, “and beg for a meal?”

“Good! Good!” replied Pilgrim, and the four of them all walked in. They saw

*Noble treasure towers,
Soaring bejeweled thrones,
A Buddha alcove above the clouds
And priestly chambers within the moon. red swirls about tall pagodas;
Dark green trees enshroud clean praying-wheels.
A true pure land,
A false dragon palace,
A Great Hero Hall encased in purple cloud.
Along two porches endless visitors play;
Guests climb a stūpa that's often open.
Incense in the censers is e'er ablaze;
Fragrant lamps nightly on the platforms glow.*

*When the golden bell's heard from the abbot hall,
Monks in service to Buddha will sūtras recite.*

As the four of them looked at the place, they caught sight of a priest walking out from one of the corridors. "Master, where did you come from?" he saluted the Tang Monk.

"This disciple happens to be someone who came from the Tang court of China," replied the Tang Monk. At once the monk fell on his knees to make a bow, so startling the Tang Monk that he hurriedly tried to raise him with his hands. "Abbot," he asked, "why do you honor me with such a grand ceremony?" Pressing his palms together in front of him, the monk said, "When those people inclined to virtue at our region study the sūtras and chant the name of Buddha, their ardent hope invariably is to find incarnation at your land of China. Just now when I beheld the bearing and clothing of the venerable master, I realized at once that only the cultivation of a previous life could provide you with such noble endowment. It is fitting, therefore, for me to kneel and bow to you."

"I'm terribly embarrassed!" said the Tang Monk with a smile. "This disciple is but a mendicant. What endowment could he claim? The abbot here is able to enjoy a quiet and comfortable existence. That's true blessing!"

The monk thereupon led the Tang Monk to the main hall to worship the images of Buddha. Only after that did the Tang Monk summon his disciples to enter. Pilgrim and his two companions, you see, had been standing with their faces turned away to watch the horse and luggage since their master had begun conversing with the priest. The priest thus did not pay them much attention. Not until they heard their master calling, "Disciples!" did they turn around. When the priest saw them, he was so aghast that he cried, "O Holy Father! Why is it that your noble disciples are so ugly?"

"Though they may be ugly," replied the Tang Monk, "they do possess considerable magic power. Throughout our journey I have been quite dependent on their protection."

As they chatted, several more priests walked out to salute them. The one who appeared previously said to the ones who just arrived, "This master is a person who came from the Great Tang of China. These three are his noble disciples."

Both pleased and alarmed, the monks said, "Master, why did you come here from your great nation of China?"

"By the sage decree of our Tang emperor," declared the Tang Monk, "I am seeking scriptures from the Buddha at Spirit Mountain."

Passing through your treasure region, I have come especially to your superior temple, merely to inquire about the place and to beg for a meal. Thereafter we shall leave."

Each one of those monks was delighted. They invited the pilgrims into the abbot's quarters, where there were several more priests conducting business with some donors of a vegetarian feast. One of those monks who walked in first cried, "All of you come and look at people from China. Now we know there are both handsome people and ugly people in China. The handsome is too handsome to be sketched or painted, but the ugly ones are exceedingly bizarre." Many of those monks and feast donors came to greet them. They then took their seats, and, after tea, the Tang Monk asked, "What is the name of your honored region?"

“Our is the outer prefecture of the Kingdom of India,” replied one of the monks, “the Gold-Level Prefecture.”

“How far is it from your honored prefecture to the Spirit Mountain?” asked the Tang Monk.

“It is about two thousand miles from here to the capital,” said the monk, “and this is a journey we ourselves have taken before. But we have never gone westward to the Spirit Mountain, and, not knowing the distance, we dare not offer you a fraudulent reply.”

The Tang Monk thanked him.

In a little while, they brought out a vegetarian meal, after which, the Tang Monk wanted to leave. He was, however, detained by the donors and the monks, who said to him, “Please feel free to stay for a couple of days, Venerable Master. Enjoy yourself till we have passed the Lantern Festival. Then you may go.” Somewhat taken aback, the Tang Monk said, “All this disciple knows on the road is that there are mountains and waters. What I fear most is running into fiends and demons. I have quite lost track of time. When is the fine Lantern Festival?” Smiling, one of the monks said, “The venerable master is preoccupied with the worship of Buddha and the realization of Chan, and that is why you have no concept of time. Today happens to be the thirteenth of the first month. By night the people will be trying out the lanterns. The day after tomorrow is the fifteenth proper. We don’t put away the lanterns until the eighteenth or nineteenth. The households of our region here are quite active and fond of excitement. Moreover, our prefect holds the people in great affection. So lanterns and lights will be set up high all over the place, and there’ll be music all night long. We have also a Golden-Lamp Bridge, a relic of antiquity but still a prosperous site. Let the venerable fathers stay here for a few days. Our humble monastery can certainly take care of you.”

The Tang Monk had no choice but to remain.

That night a great salvo of drums and bells could be heard coming from the main hall of Buddha when the faithful and the local residents arrived with their gifts and votive lanterns for Buddha. The Tang Monk and his companions all left the abbot’s quarters to watch these lanterns before retiring. The next day temple priests brought in more food. When they had finished eating, they took a stroll together through the rear garden. A fine place indeed!

*The time is the first month;
The season, a new spring.
A fine, wooded garden
Of charms luxuriant.
Rare blooms and plants of four seasons;
Rows upon rows of summits.
Before the steps lovely grasses stir;
On old plum boughs fragrance rises.
The red enters young peach blossoms;
The green returns to fresh willows.
Boast not of Gold- Valley’s opulence
Speak not of Felloe- Spring’s soft breezes.
Here’s one flowing stream
Where wild ducks appear now and then;
We have a thousand bamboos planted*

On which the writers make no end of verses.
The peony,
The tree-peony,
The crape flower,
The magnolia—
Their natures have just awakened.
The camelia,
The red plum,
The jasmine,
The most fragrant plant
They first display their glamour.
Though snow left on shady ledges retains its chill,
trees with mist afloat are brushed with spring.
You see, too, deer glancing at their pond-reflections
And cranes listening to strings beneath the pines.
A few buildings to the east,
A few buildings to the west,
Where guests may come to stay;
A few halls to the south,
A few stūpas to the north,
Where monks in silence meditate.
In the midst of flowers
There are a couple of towers for cultivation,
Their double eaves curving high up;
Amid hills and streams
Are three or four demon-smelting rooms
With neat tables and bright lattices.
Truly a natural place of reclusion,
There's no need to look elsewhere for Peng and Ying.

After enjoying the garden for a day, master and disciples also looked at the lanterns in the halls before going to watch the lantern shows. What they saw were

Cornelian floral cities,
Glass immortal-caves,
Palaces of crystal and mother-of-pearl
Like layers of brocade
And tiers of openwork carvings.
As the star-bridge sways and the cosmos moves,
See how a few flaming trees waver.
Pipes and drums along the six streets,
A bright moon atop a thousand doors,
And scented breeze from all households.
Here and there scorpaenid humps rear up;
There are dragons leaving the ocean
And phoenixes soaring.
Admire both lamplight and moonlight—
What harmonious blend!
Those troops of satin and silk

*All enjoy the sounds of pipe and song;
Atop both chariots and horses
There is no end of flower and jadelike faces,
Or of gallant knights,
Or of lovely scenes.*

After Tripitaka and the monks had watched the lanterns in the monastery, they also took to the streets of the suburb by the east gate to see the sights. Not until the time of the second watch did they turn back to retire.

The next day the Tang Monk said to the priests, "This disciple once made a vow to sweep a pagoda whenever I came upon a pagoda. Since this day is the fine festival of the first full moon, let me request the abbot to open the pagoda for me to fulfill my vow."

The priests accordingly opened the door, as Sha Monk took out the cassock to attend to the Tang Monk. When they reached the first level, the elder put on the cassock to worship Buddha and say prayers. Thereafter he swept out that level with a broom before taking off the cassock to hand back to Sha Monk. He then swept clean the second level and went through each one in that manner until he reached the very top. On each level of that pagoda, you see, there were images of Buddha and open windows. When one level was swept clean, the Tang Monk and his companions would remain a while to enjoy and commend the scenery. By the time the work was done, and they descended from the pagoda, it was already late, and lamps had to be lit.

This was the night of the fifteenth, the first full moon. "Venerable Master," said the priests, "we have been watching the lanterns with you these last two nights in our monastery and in the suburb. Tonight is the festival proper. How about going into the city with us to watch the lanterns there?" In delight the Tang Monk agreed. With the monks of the monastery, he and his three disciples all entered the city. Truly it is

*Fifteenth, a lovely night and feast;
Spring hues blend with the first full moon.
Floral lights o'erhang busy shops
As people sing the songs of peace.
You see only bright lights in the six streets and three marts
When a mirror rises in midair.
The moon seems like a silver dish the River God pushed up;
The lights look like brocade carpets woven by divine maidens.
The lights in moonlight
Add one measure of light;
The moon shines on the lights,
Enhancing their brilliance.
There are countless iron chains and star-bridges to see,
And endless lamp wicks and flaming torches to watch.
The snowflake lantern
And the plum-flower lantern
Seem to be chiseled from spring ice.
The silk-screen lantern
the painted-screen lantern
Are constructed with five colors.
The walnut lantern*

And the lily lantern
 Hang high on the tower.
 The green-lion lantern
 And the white-elephant lantern
 Frolic high by the awnings.
 The little-lamb lantern
 And the rabbit lantern
 Sparkle beneath the eaves.
 The hawk lantern
 And the phoenix lantern
 Are joined side by side.
 The tiger lantern
 And the horse lantern
 Walk and run together.
 The divine-crane lantern
 And the white-deer lantern,
 These Longevity Star rides on.
 The goldfish lantern
 And the long-whale lantern,
 These Li Bo will sit on.
 The scorpaenid-hump lantern—
 A congregation of immortals.
 A revolving-horse lantern—
 Where generals do battle.
 A thousand households of glittering towers;
 Many miles of a world of cloud and smoke.
 Over there
 Clippety-clop come the jade saddles flying;
 The rumbling wheels of scented chariots pass by.
 Look at those in red-trimmed towers:
 Leaning on the rails
 Behind the screens
 Shoulder to shoulder
 Pairs and pairs of beauties eager for pleasure.
 Or those by the bridge o'er green waters:
 Noisily cavorting
 All bundled in silk
 Besotted and soused
 loud guffaws
 Two by two the tourists play in gay garments.
 Flutes and drums resound in the whole city;
 Pipes and songs rend the air throughout the night.

We have also a testimonial poem, which says:

From fields of brocade comes the lotus song.
 To this peaceful region flocks a great throng.
 With bright lights and moon on this fifteenth eve,
 Timely rain and wind the year will receive.

Since this was precisely the time the nocturnal curfew was to be lifted, countless people mingled and milled about the place. Some were dancing; some were walking on stilts; there were people disguised as ghosts and others riding on elephants—a bunch here and a cluster there. You could hardly watch them all.

When the Tang Monk and the other priests finally made their way to the Golden-Lamp Bridge, they came upon three lamps with bases the size of cisterns. The coverings on top were actually two artificial towered edifices knit in the most elegant and delicate fashion with fine gold threads. Suspended inside the edifices were thin pieces of glass. The light of these lamps could rival the moon's, while their oil emitted powerful aromas.

The Tang Monk turned to ask the priests, "What sort of oil do these lamps use? Why does it have such a powerful, strange fragrance?"

"I should tell you, Venerable Master," replied one of the priests, "about the district behind our prefecture, which is called Compassionate-Heaven. This district covers some two hundred and forty square miles. Supporting the annual land taxes of this district are two hundred and forty so-called oil families. Mind you, the other taxes of the district are manageable, but the ones levied on these families are quite burdensome. Each household, in fact, must spend over two hundred taels of silver on the oil for these lamps, which is no ordinary oil. It is a specially blended fragrant oil, and each tael is worth two taels of silver. Each catty of oil thus would cost thirtysix taels of silver. The cistern of each of those three lamps holds up to five hundred catties, so three lamps would require one thousand and five hundred catties of oil. The fuel itself, therefore, would cost forty-eight thousand taels of silver. Other miscellaneous expenses would push the total sum to over fifty thousand. The lamps, however, can only last three nights."

"How could you burn up so much oil in just three nights?" asked Pilgrim.

The priest answered, "There are forty-nine large wicks in each of the cisterns. They are made of wick-straw tied together and wrapped in fine cotton. Each wick is actually about as thick as a chicken egg, but they can last only through this night. After Father Buddha has revealed himself, the oil will have disappeared by tomorrow evening and the lamps will go dim."

"It must be," giggled Eight Rules, from the side, "that Father Buddha takes away even the oil!"

"Exactly!" replied the priest. "This has been the belief handed down from antiquity by the people of the entire city. Because the oil dries up, people all say that the Buddhist Patriarch himself has put away the lamps, and that ensures a rich harvest of the five grains. If, however, there is a year when the oil does not dry up, then there will be droughts or poor harvests or wind and rain out of season. That is the reason why all the families feel compelled to make these sacrifices."

As they spoke, the howl of wind could suddenly be heard up in the sky, so terrifying the lamp spectators that they all scattered. The priests, too, found it difficult to stand on their feet. "Venerable Master," they said, "let's go back. The wind has arrived. It must be Father Buddha's auspicious descent, coming here to watch the lamps."

"How do you know it's Buddha coming to watch the lamps?" asked the Tang Monk.

“It’s like this every year,” replied one of the monks. “Hardly past the hour of the third watch the wind arrives. Knowing that it is the auspicious descent of the various Buddhas, people all get out of the way.”

“This disciple,” said the Tang Monk, “happens to be a person who thinks of Buddha, who chants the name of Buddha, and who worships Buddha. If there are indeed Buddhas making their descent on this fine occasion, I will certainly pay them homage. Even a small gesture is desirable.”

The priests begged in vain for him to leave. In a little while, three figures of Buddha indeed appeared in the wind, coming toward the lamps. The Tang Monk was so astonished that he rushed up to the top of the bridge and fell on his knees to bow to them. Hurrying forward to try to pull him up, Pilgrim shouted, “Master, these are not good people! They have to be monstrous deviates!”

Hardly had he finished speaking than the lamp light suddenly grew dim. With a loud whoosh, they scooped up the Tang Monk and left astride the wind. Alas! We do not know

*Of which mountain or cave are these real fiends,
False Buddhas who for years have watched the gold lamps.*

So terrified were Eight Rules and Sha Monk that they searched and hollered left and right.

“Brothers!” Pilgrim cried. “No need to call for Master at this place. His extreme pleasure has turned to grief, and Master has been abducted by monster-spirits.”

“Holy Father!” said those few frightened monks. “How could you tell that monster-spirits abducted him?” With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, “All of you are a bunch of mortals. You have no perception all these years, for you were deluded by those monstrous deviates. All you thought of were true Buddhas making their auspicious descent to enjoy these offerings of the lamps.

Just now when the wind passed by, those apparitions of Buddha were actually three monster-spirits. Unable to recognize them either, my master dashed to the top of the bridge and immediately bowed down. They managed to dim the lights, took away the oil with some vessels, and even abducted our master. I was a bit slow in getting up there, and that’s why the three of them could escape by changing into the wind.”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “what are we going to do, then?”

“No need for hesitation,” replied Pilgrim. “The two of you go back to the temple with the rest of them to guard our horse and luggage. Let old Monkey make use of this wind and track them down.”

Dear Great Sage! Swiftly mounting the cloud somersault, he rose to midair and, catching a whiff of putrid odor from that wind, sped toward the northeast. He chased it till dawn, and all at once the wind died down. Then he came upon a huge mountain that appeared most treacherous and truly rugged. Marvelous mountain!

*Canyons in layers,
And torrents tortuous.
From sheer cliffs hang vines and creepers;
On hollow heights stand cypress and pine.
The cranes cackle in morning mist
And geese call from the clouds of dawn.*

*Tall and erect like halberds are the peaks;
 Jagged and rough huge boulders pile up.
 The summit soars ten thousand feet;
 The peak rises in a thousand turns.
 Conscious of spring, wild woods and flowers bloom;
 Moved by the sights, nightjars and orioles sing.
 It may seem lofty and grand,
 It's in truth a precipice
 That's bizarre, rugged, treacherous, and hard.
 Stop and enjoy it, but no man's in sight:
 You hear only tigers and leopards growl.
 Musk and white deer will wander as they please;
 Jade hare and green wolves will come and go.
 deep brook flows out to a thousand miles,
 Its eddies gurgling as they strike the rocks.*

On the mountain ledge the Great Sage was searching for his way when he caught sight of four persons herding three goats down the western slope and shouting, "Begins Prosperity!"

Blinking his fiery eyes with diamond pupils, the Great Sage stared more carefully and perceived that they were the Four Sentinels of Year, Month, Day, and Hour approaching in disguises.

Immediately whipping out his iron rod which, with one wave, attained the thickness of a rice bowl and a length of about twelve feet, the Great Sage leaped down from the ledge and shouted, "Where do you dirty sneaks think you are going?" When the Four Sentinels saw that he had penetrated their disguises, they were so terrified that they shooed away the goats and changed back into their true forms. Stepping to the side of the road to make their bows, they said, "Great Sage, please forgive us!"

"Because I haven't asked for your services for a long time," said Pilgrim, "you think Old Monkey has become indulgent. Every one of you, in fact, has turned slothful, since you haven't shown up once to present yourself to me. What have you got to say to that? Why aren't you all giving secret protection to my master? Where are you off to?"

"Your master has backslid a little," replied one of the Sentinels. "Because he has been indulging in pleasures at the Mercy Cloud Temple of the Gold-Level Prefecture, his extreme prosperity has produced negativity, and the fullness of his happiness has become grief. Now he has been captured by some monstrous deviates, but at least he has the Guardians of Monastery at his side to give him protection. We know that the Great Sage has been giving chase all through the night. Fearing that the Great Sage might not know his way in this mountain forest, we have come especially to make it known to you."

"If you wanted to do that," said Pilgrim, "why did you do it in such a secretive manner? Herding three goats and shouting this and that—what for?"

The Sentinel said, "We brought along these three goats in order to symbolize the saying, 'With three yang begins prosperity.'"

That symbol should break up and dispel your master's misfortune." Pilgrim was angrily threatening to beat them, but when he heard their intention, his anger turned to

delight, and he decided to spare them. Putting away his rod, he said, "Is this the mountain where the monster-spirit lives?"

"Indeed, it is," replied the Sentinel. "This is the Green Dragon Mountain, in which there is a Mysterious Flower Cave. Inside the cave are three monster-spirits: the eldest is named Great King Cold-Deterrent; the second, Great King Heat-Deterrent; and the third, Great King Dust-Deterrent. They have lived here for a thousand years. Since their youth they have been fond of eating that specially blended fragrant oil. When they became spirits in years past, they came here disguised as the images of Buddha to dupe the officials and people of the Gold-Level Prefecture into setting up these golden lamps and using that specially blended fragrant oil as fuel. By mid-month of the first month every year, they would assume the forms of Buddha to collect oil. When they saw your master this year, they recognized that he had the body of a sage monk and they abducted him into their cave. In no time they will want to cut off your master's flesh and sauté it with that fragrant oil for food. You must work quickly to rescue him." On hearing this, Pilgrim dismissed the Four Sentinels and went past the mountain ledge to search for the cave. He had not gone more than a few miles when he came upon a huge boulder, beneath which was a stone house with two half-closed stone doors. By the side of the door was a stone tablet with these six words:

Green Dragon Mountain, Mysterious Flower Cave. Not daring to walk straight in, Pilgrim stood still and called out, "Monstrous fiend, send my master out quickly!" With a loud creak the doors were flung open and out ran several bullheaded spirits. Rather glumly and stupidly, they asked, "Who are you that you dare make all these noises here?"

"I'm the senior disciple of the sage monk, Tripitaka Tang," replied Pilgrim, "who was sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures. We passed through the Gold-Level Prefecture, and while we were watching the lanterns, my master was kidnapped by your household's demon chieftains. Return him early, and I'll spare your lives! If you don't, I'll overturn your den and reduce you spirits to pus and blood!" On hearing this, those little monsters hurried inside to say, "Great Kings, disaster! Disaster!"

The three old monsters had brought the Tang Monk deep into the cave, where without any further interrogation they were ordering their subordinates to have him stripped and scrubbed clean by water pumped from the well. They were making plans, too, to cut him or dice him so that his flesh could be sautéed for food with that specially blended fragrant oil. When they suddenly heard this announcement of disaster, Number One was astonished enough to ask why.

"In front of our main door," replied one of the little monsters, "there is a monk with a hairy face and a thundergod beak. He claims that our Great Kings have abducted his master to this place and demands that he be sent out at once. Then he'll spare our lives. But if we don't do that, he will overturn our den and reduce us all to pus and blood."

All alarmed by what they heard, the older monsters said, "We just caught this fellow, and we haven't yet had a chance to question him about his name or where he came from. Little ones, put his clothes back on him and bring him over here for us to interrogate him.

Who is he anyway, and where does he come from?"

The monsters rushed forward and untied the Tang Monk. After they had dressed him, they pushed him before the seats of the old monsters. Trembling all over, the Tang Monk knelt down and could only cry, "Great Kings, spare me! Please spare me!"

"Where did you come from, monk?" asked the three monster-spirits in unison. "When you saw the forms of Buddha, why did you not step aside? Why did you impede our cloudy path?"

As he kowtowed, the Tang Monk said, "This humble cleric is someone sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East, someone on his way to seek scriptures from the Buddhist Patriarch at the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the Kingdom of India.

Because I went to the Mercy Cloud Temple at the Gold-Level Prefecture to beg for a meal, I was asked by the priests of that temple to stay through the Lantern Festival and enjoy the lights. When the Great Kings revealed themselves in the forms of Buddha on the Golden-Lamp Bridge, this humble cleric, who has only fleshly eyes and mortal frame, nonetheless has the desire to worship Buddha whenever he beholds his image. That is the reason why I impeded your cloudy path."

"It is a long way from your Land of the East to this place," said those monster-spirits. "How many people are there altogether in your entourage? Tell us quickly, and we'll spare your life."

"My secular name is Chen Xuanzang," replied the Tang Monk, "and I have been raised a monk in the Gold Mountain Monastery since my youth. Later I was appointed a monk official by the Tang emperor at the Temple of Great Blessing. On account of prime minister Wei Zheng's execution of an old dragon of the Jing River in his dream, the Tang emperor made a tour of Hades and then returned to life. To provide redemption for the lost souls of darkness, he convened the Grand Mass of Land and Water and graciously selected me as the chief priest in charge of the ceremony and the exposition of scriptures. It was at that time that the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin revealed herself to enlighten this humble cleric, announcing to us that there were three canons of true scriptures at the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the Western Heaven. These scriptures, she said, could provide deliverance for the deceased and enable them to ascend to Heaven. The Tang emperor therefore sent this humble cleric to fetch the scriptures. He bestowed on me the style, Tripitaka, and the surname of Tang. That's why people all address me as Tripitaka Tang. I have three disciples. The first one's surname is Sun, and his names are Wukong and Pilgrim. He is actually the converted Great Sage, Equal to Heaven."

Greatly startled by the last name they heard, the monsters said, "Is this Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, the person who caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago?"

"Indeed, he is," said the Tang Monk. "My second disciple has the surname of Zhu, and his given names are Wuneng and Eight Rules. He is the incarnation of the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. My third disciple has the surname of Sha, and his given names are Wujing and Monk. He is the Curtain-Raising General who has descended to Earth." When they heard this, all three of those monster-kings were alarmed. "It's a good thing we haven't eaten him yet," they said. "Little ones, let's chain the Tang Monk in the rear. Let's wait till we capture his three disciples so that we can eat them together."

Then they called up a herd of spirits, all mountain buffaloes, water buffaloes, and yellow buffaloes. Each grasping a weapon, they walked out of the front door where with a trumpet signal, they waved their banners and rolled the drums.

In full battle dress, the three monsters went out the door also and cried, “What person is bold enough to shout and yell in front of our door?”

Half concealed upon the boulder, Pilgrim stared at them. The monster-spirits all had

*Colored faces, round eyes
And two rugged horns;
most pointed,
And sparkling intelligence;
A body full of patterns like a colored painting
Or a large piece of brocade with floral designs.
The first one
Wears on his head a cap of warm fox fur;
His face is steamy and covered with hair.
The second one
Has draped on himself thin gauze flaming red,
His four patterned hooves resemble chunks of jade.
The third one
Has a mighty roar like a thunderclap,
His jutting teeth seem sharper than silver picks.
Each one bold and fierce,
They hold three kinds of arms:
One uses a battle-ax,
And one, a huge cutlass.
But the third one, look again!
Across his shoulders rests a knotty cane.*

He saw, moreover, many monster-spirits: tall and short, fat and thin, old and young, they were all bull-heads or demonic fiends holding spears and clubs. There were three huge banners on which these titles were clearly inscribed:

Great King Cold-Deterrent, Great King Heat-Deterrent, and Great King Dust-Deterrent.

After he had stared for a while, Pilgrim could wait no longer. He went forward and shouted:

“You lawless thieves and fiends! Do you recognize old Monkey?”

“So you are the Sun Wukong who disturbed Heaven!” snapped one of the monsters. “Truly,

*Though your face is preceded by your fame,
A god who sees you would die with shame!*

You are nothing but a puny ape!”

“You oil-stealing thieves!” scolded Pilgrim, enraged. “You greasy-mouthed fiends! Stop babbling! Return my master instantly!”

He rushed forward and struck out with his iron rod. Those three old monsters met him swiftly with three kinds of weapon. That was some battle in the fold of the mountain!

*Battle-ax, cutlass, and a knotty cane
The Monkey King dares oppose with one rod.
The fiends—
Cold-, Heat-, and Dust- Deterrent—now
Recognize the Great Sage Equal to Heaven's name.
The rod rises to frighten gods and ghosts;
The ax and cutlass madly fly and slash.
What an image of true void magically fused,
Which resists three monstrous, false Buddha-forms!
Those three felons of this year who wet their noses with stolen oil
Are eager to seize the priest commissioned by a king.
This one for his master fears not mountains or distance;
Those ones for their mouths' sake want annual offerings.
Bing-bang: only ax and cutlass are heard.
: now only the rod makes the sounds.
Charging and bumping, three go against one;
Each parries and blocks to display his might.
From morning they fight till the time of night.
Who knows who will suffer and who will win?*

With that single rod of his Pilgrim Sun fought the three demons for some one hundred and fifty rounds, but no decision had been reached when the sky began to darken. After a rather feeble blow of his knotty cane, the Great King Dust-Deterrent leaped across the battle line to wave his banner. Immediately that band of bull-headed fiends surged forward and had Pilgrim surrounded in the middle.

All wielding weapons, they madly attacked him.

Seeing that the tide was turning against him, Pilgrim mounted the cloud somersault and fled in defeat. Those monsters did not pursue him; calling back their subordinates, they prepared dinner instead and ate it. A little monster was ordered to give a bowlful to the Tang Monk, who would not be prepared for cooking until Pilgrim was captured also. Because he had always kept a vegetarian diet and because he was racked by sorrow, the master did not even allow the food to touch his lips. For the moment we shall leave him there, weeping.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who mounted the clouds to return to the Mercy Cloud Temple. "Brothers!" he called out.

Eight Rules and Sha Monk were waiting for him. When they heard the call they came out together to meet him, saying, "Elder Brother, why did you go for a whole day before you came back? What actually happened to Master?"

"I followed the scent of the wind to give chase last night," replied Pilgrim with a smile, "and by morning, I arrived at a mountain.

The wind vanished, but luckily the Four Sentinels reported to me that the mountain was called the Green Dragon Mountain. In the mountain was a cave with the name of Mysterious Flower, with three monster-spirits living inside it. They had the names of Great King Cold-Deterrent, Great King Heat-Deterrent, and Great King Dust-

Deterrent. They had been stealing oil from this place for years, falsely assuming the form of Buddha to deceive the officials and people of the Gold-Level Prefecture. This year they happened to bump into us, and, not knowing any better, went so far as to abduct Master. After old Monkey had acquired this information, I ordered the Sentinels to give secret protection to Master while I provoked battle before the door. Those three fiends came out together, and they all seemed like bull-headed demons. One used a battle-ax, one a huge cutlass, and the third a cane. Behind them came a whole den of bull-headed demons, waving their banners and rolling their drums. Old Monkey battled the three chieftains for an entire day, and we fought to a draw. Then one of the monster-kings waved his banner, and the little monsters all came at me. When I saw that it was getting late, I feared that I could not prevail and I somersaulted back here.”

“It must be demon kings from the Capital of Darkness causing trouble,” said Eight Rules.

“What led you to make such a guess?” asked Sha Monk.

Chuckling, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother told us that these were all bull-headed demons. That’s how I know.”

“No! No!” said Pilgrim. “As old Monkey sees the matter, they are spirits of three rhinoceroses.”

“If they are,” said Eight Rules, “let’s capture them and saw off their horns. They are worth quite a few taels of silver!”

As they were speaking, the monks of the temple came to ask whether Father Sun would like dinner. “If it’s convenient, I’ll have some,” replied Pilgrim. “If not, I can pass.”

“Father Sun has fought for an entire day,” said a priest. “Aren’t you hungry?”

“Just a day or so, how could I be hungry?” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Old Monkey once had no taste of food or drink for five hundred years!”

Those priests, however, thought he was only joking and presently they brought him food. After he had eaten, Pilgrim said, “Let’s get ready to retire. Tomorrow we can all go together to do battle. When we capture the monster-kings, we can rescue Master.”

“What are you saying, Elder Brother?” asked Sha Monk. “As the proverb has it, ‘A pause makes one smarter!’ If that monster-spirit could not sleep tonight and brought harm to Master, what would we do then? I think it’s better for us to try to rescue Master now, and catch them off their guard. Further delay may prove to be a mistake.” When he heard that, Eight Rules became more spirited. “Brother Sha is quite right!” he said. “We should take advantage of this moonlight to go subdue the demons.” Pilgrim agreed and gave this instruction to the temple priests:

“Guard our luggage and our horse.

Wait till we capture the monster-spirits and bring them back here. We shall prove to the magistrate of this prefecture that they are specious Buddhas. The levy of oil can then be eliminated to bring relief to all the common folk of the region. Won’t that be nice?”

The priests obeyed. The three pilgrims at once mounted their auspicious clouds to leave the city. Truly and slothful, Chan nature’s confused;

dangers, the mind of Dao’s obscured.

We do not know whether they will meet victory or defeat when they get there; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-TWO

*Three priests fight fiercely at Green Dragon Mountain
Four Stars help to capture rhinoceros fiends*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who trod the wind and mounted the clouds with his two brothers and headed toward the northeast. Soon they arrived at the entrance to the Mysterious Flower Cave in the Green Dragon Mountain. As soon as they had dropped down from the clouds, Eight Rules wanted to tear down the doors with his rake. "Wait a moment!" said Pilgrim. "Let me go in and find out whether Master is dead or alive. Then we can do battle with them."

"These doors are tightly shut," said Sha Monk. "How can you get in?"

"With my magic power, of course," replied Pilgrim.

Dear Great Sage! Putting away his rod, he made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell, crying, "Change!"

At once he changed into a little firefly, truly quick and agile. Look at him!

*Wings stretched he soars like a comet.
"Grasses decayed become fireflies."
One should not take lightly such magic change:
His is a nature that endures.
Flying near the stone door to look
Through the drafty crack on one side,
With one leap he reaches the quiet yard
To spy on the demons' conduct.*

He flew inside and immediately found several buffalo sprawling all over the place. Snoring thunderously, they were all fast asleep.

Even when he reached the center hall, he did not come across any activity. The doors on all sides were closed, and he had no idea where the three monster-spirits were sleeping. Passing through the hall, he headed for the rear, his tail glowing, and he heard the sound of weeping. There he discovered the Tang Monk, who had been chained to a pillar in a back room. As Pilgrim flew quietly up to him, he heard his master sob out:

*Since leaving Chang'an o'er ten years ago,
Mountains and streams I've passed in bitter woe.
Happy to find one gala in the West,
To reach at Gold-Level the Lanternfest,
I cannot discern the lamps' false Buddha-forms,
tribulations are my poor life's norms.
If my good pupils come in strong pursuit,
Let their heroic powers soon bear fruit!*

On hearing this, Pilgrim was filled with delight and at once spread his wings to fly in front of his master.

"Ah!" said the Tang Monk, wiping away his tears. "The West is truly different! This is only the first month, a time when most insects are just beginning to stir. How

can there be fireflies already?" Unable to contain himself, Pilgrim called out, "Master, I'm here!"

"Wukong," said the Tang Monk, delighted, "I was just saying, how can there be fireflies in the first month? So, it's you!"

"O Master!" said Pilgrim as he changed back to his original form. "Because you could not distinguish the true from the specious, you have caused such delay in your journey and wasted so much effort. I shouted at you repeatedly, trying to tell you that these were not good people, but you were already making your bows. Those fiends were allowed to dim the lamps, steal the specially blended fragrant oil, and even kidnap you. I instructed Eight Rules and Sha Monk to remain in the monastery to guard our belongings. I myself followed the scent of the wind here. I didn't know, of course, the name of this region, but luckily the Sentinels came to report that this was the Mysterious Flower Cave of the Green Dragon Mountain. Yesterday I fought with those fiends until nightfall and then went back to tell my younger brothers what had happened. We didn't sleep, but we all came here instead. Fearing that it's not easy to do battle deep in the night, and not knowing either how Master is faring, I used transformation to get in here to do a bit of detection."

Highly pleased, the Tang Monk said, "So, Eight Rules and Sha Monk are outside?"

"Yes, they are," replied Pilgrim. "Just now old Monkey saw that all the monster-spirits had fallen asleep. Let me open the lock, bash down the door, and lead you out."

The Tang Monk nodded his head to thank him.

Using his lock-opening magic, Pilgrim brushed the instrument with his hand, and the lock snapped open at once by itself. As he led his master out, he suddenly heard one of the monster-kings calling out from one of the chambers by the side of the main hall, "Little ones, shut the doors tightly, and be careful with the candles and torches. How is it that there is no patrol or watch announcement? Why aren't the rattles sounded?"

That bunch of little fiends, you see, had been fighting strenuously all day and had therefore all fallen asleep. They were awakened only by these words of the old monster. When the rattle sounded, some of them picked up their weapons, struck up a gong, and headed for the rear. They ran smack into both master and disciple.

"My good monk!" shouted the little monsters in unison. "You may have twisted open the lock, but where do you think you're going?" Without permitting further explanation, Pilgrim whipped out his rod, which, with one sweep, attained the thickness of a rice bowl.

He struck, and immediately slew two of them with one blow. The rest of the little monsters abandoned their weapons and dashed back to the center hall. Hammering on the door of the bedroom, they shouted:

"Great Kings! It's bad! It's bad! The hairy-faced monk has killed right in our house!" Scrambling to their feet when they heard this, the three fiends cried, "Seize him! Seize him!" So terrified was the Tang Monk that his arms and legs turned numb.

Unable to care for his master any longer, Pilgrim wielded his rod and charged ahead. Those little monsters were in no way able to block him or stop him; he struck

down a few here, pushed over several there, and escaped after smashing through several doors.

“Brothers, where are you?” he cried as he emerged.

With upraised rake and staff, Eight Rules and Sha Monk were waiting. “Elder Brother,” they said, “how are things?”

Thereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough account of what had taken place after he had entered the cave through transformation—how he had freed his master and begun to slip out when the monsters discovered them, and how he had to leave his master behind and fight his way out. We shall leave them for the moment.

The monster-kings, having captured again the Tang Monk, had him chained as before. Gripping their cutlass and ax, with torches ablaze, they asked, “How did you open the lock? How did that monkey get in here? Confess at once, and we’ll spare your life! If you don’t, we’ll carve you in two!”

Trembling all over, the Tang Monk fell on his knees and said, “Father Great Kings, my disciple Sun Wukong knows seventy-two ways of transformation. Just now he changed into a little firefly and flew in here to try to rescue me. We didn’t expect to wake up the Great Kings or to run into the little Great Kings. Not knowing any better, my disciple wounded two of them. When they all shouted with upraised weapons and lighted torches, he abandoned me and ran out.” Laughing uproariously, the three monster-kings said, “It’s a good thing we woke up! We haven’t let *you* escape!”

They ordered their little ones to shut the doors tightly front and back, and they were to do this in complete silence.

“If they shut the doors tightly without making a noise,” said Sha Monk, “they might secretly be plotting against our master. We should get moving!”

“You are right,” said Pilgrim. “Let’s knock down the door quickly!” Our Idiot at once sought to display his magic powers. Raising his rake, he delivered a blow with all his strength and smashed the stone doors to pieces. “You oil-stealing fiends!” he cried in a loud voice. “Send out my master instantly!”

Those little monsters were so terrified that they rolled back inside to report, “Great Kings, it’s bad! It’s bad! Our front doors have been smashed by those priests.”

Greatly annoyed, those three monster-kings said, “These fellows are impudent indeed!”

They immediately sent for their armor and, grasping their weapons, led the little monsters out the door to battle. It was then about the hour of the third watch, and a radiant moon in the sky made it almost bright as day. Once outside, they wielded their weapons without exchanging one word. On this side, Pilgrim went for the battle-ax, Eight Rules opposed the huge cutlass, and Sha Monk met the large cane. This was a magnificent battle!

*Three Buddhist priests
With rod, staff, and rake,
And three monstrous demons with added spunk.
From battle-ax, cutlass, and knotty cane
One hears only the sound of wind and dust.
The first few rounds stir up such grievous fog;
Colored mists soar and scatter thereafter.*

*Around the body the rake's movements churn;
 Still more praiseworthy's the brave iron rod.
 A world's rarity is the treasure staff,
 To which the fiends are too stubborn to yield.
 The blade of the ax is both bright and sharp;
 The cane is knotty and covered with dots.
 The cutlass shimmers like a single-leaf door,
 Opposed no less by priestly magic might.
 On this side they strike fiercely for their master's life;
 On that side they claw at faces to keep the Tang Monk.
 The ax and the rod both strive hard to win;
 The rake and the cutlass both clash and meet.
 The knotty cane and the fiend-routing staff
 Go back and forth to display their power.*

Three priests and three fiends fought for a long time, and neither side proved to be the stronger.

Then that Great King Cold-Deterrent shouted, "Little ones, come up here!"

The various spirits rushed up with their weapons, and almost immediately Eight Rules tripped and fell to the ground. Tugging and pulling, several water-buffalo spirits hauled him inside the cave and tied him up. When Sha Monk saw that they had lost Eight Rules to a bellowing herd of bulls, he struck weakly at the Great King Dust-Deterrent and then turned to flee. He was, however, thrown face first to the ground by the spirits swarming over him.

Struggling in vain to get up, he too was taken captive and tied up. Pilgrim knew then that it would be difficult for him to continue fighting by himself; mounting the cloud somersault, he managed to escape.

At the sight of Eight Rules and Sha Monk who were brought before him, the eyes of the Tang Monk brimmed with tears. "What a pity," he said, "that you two have also fallen into the clutches of these vicious hands! Where's Wukong?"

"When Elder Brother saw that we were captured," replied Sha Monk, "he fled."

"If he escaped," said the Tang Monk, "he most certainly went somewhere to seek help. But I wonder when we might go free." Master and disciples were overcome by sadness, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who mounted his cloud somersault to return to the Mercy Cloud Temple. As the priests there met him, they asked, "Have you rescued Father Tang?"

"It's hard to do that!" said Pilgrim. "Very hard indeed! Those monster-spirits had vast magic powers. We three brothers fought those three for a long time. Then they summoned the little monsters to capture Eight Rules first and seize Sha Monk afterward. Old Monkey was lucky enough to escape."

Greatly frightened, the priests said, "If someone like you, Holy Father, who could mount the clouds and ride the fog, still could not arrest them, the old master will certainly be harmed."

"Not necessarily!" replied Pilgrim. "My master himself enjoys the secret protection of the Guardians of Monastery, the Guardians of Five Quarters, and the Six

Gods of Darkness and Light. Then, too, he once tasted the Grass of the Reverted Cinnabar.

I doubt that his life will be harmed. It's just that the monster-spirits are quite able, which makes it necessary for old Monkey to seek help in Heaven.

You all must take good care to guard the horse and the luggage."

Even more intimidated, the priests said, "Can Holy Father go up to Heaven?" With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, "The Celestial Palace used to be my homestead, in those years when I was the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. Because I disrupted the Festival of Immortal Peaches, I was subjugated by our Buddha. I had no choice but to escort the Tang Monk in his quest for scriptures, using my merit to atone for my sins. Throughout the journey, I have been assisting the right by dispelling the deviates. It is my master's lot, however, that he should suffer this ordeal, something none of you know anything about."

These words moved the priests to kowtow and worship. Stepping out, Pilgrim gave a loud whistle and at once vanished.

Marvelous Great Sage! He soon arrived at the West Heaven Gate, where he ran into the Gold Star Venus conversing with the Devarāja Virūdhaka and the Four Spirit Officers Yin, Zhu, Tao, and Xu. When they saw Pilgrim arrive, they hurriedly saluted him and asked, "Where's the Great Sage going?"

"As the guardian of the Tang Monk," replied Pilgrim, "I have reached the Compassionate Heaven District of the Gold-Level Prefecture, which is located on the eastern border of the Kingdom of India. My master was asked by the priests of the Mercy Cloud Temple to stay and enjoy the Lantern Festival. When we went to see the Golden-Lamp Bridge, we saw three golden lamps, in fact, which used as fuel a specially blended fragrant oil. Though that oil has the worth of some fifty thousand taels of white gold, it is nonetheless presented for the enjoyment of some Buddhas who make an auspicious descent every year. As we were looking at those lamps, three images of Buddha indeed appeared. Not knowing good or ill, my master immediately rushed up to the top of the bridge to make his bow, while I was trying to tell him they were no good. But they had already dimmed the lamps and abducted both the oil and my master in a gust of wind. I set off in pursuit of the wind and by dawn came upon a mountain. The Four Sentinels reported to me that it was the Green Dragon Mountain. The Mysterious Flower Cave of that mountain had three fiends with the names of Great King Cold-Deterrent, Great King Heat-Deterrent, and Great King Dust-Deterrent. Old Monkey quickly demanded my master's return at their door, fought with the monster-spirits, but did not gain the upper hand. Then I used transformation to gain entrance. When I saw that my master was chained but unharmed, I freed him and tried to lead him out. But we were detected, and I had to flee. Thereafter, Eight Rules and Sha Monk joined me to wage a bitter battle with them, which ended with the capture of my two brothers. For this reason, old Monkey has come to request the Jade Emperor's assistance in locating their origin and in bringing them to submission."

"If the Great Sage had already fought with them," said the Gold Star, chuckling sardonically, "couldn't he tell where they came from?"

"Of course! Of course!" replied Pilgrim. "I could tell they were a herd of bovine spirits. But because of their great magic powers, they are difficult to subdue quickly."

The Gold Star said, "Those are indeed three rhinoceros spirits. Because their bodily designs bear the patterns of Heaven, long years of cultivation have wrought immortality for them, so that they too, are able to soar on the clouds and tread on the fog. Those fiends also have a penchant for cleanliness. Invariably offended by their own reflection, they would want to leap into water to take a bath.

They have various names, too: like female rhinoceros, male rhinoceros, bull rhinoceros, striped rhinoceros, barbarian-hat rhinoceros, *duoluo* rhinoceros, and Heaven-reaching patterned rhinoceros. They are all endowed with a single aperture, triple hair, and two horns.

When they move through rivers and seas, they are able to open a path in the water. As for your Cold-Deterrent, Heat-Deterrent, and Dust-Deterrent, they are so named because of certain precious vital forces stored in their horns. That's why they have given themselves such titles as Great King so-and-so. If you want to catch them, you must seek help from the Four Wood-Creature Stars. Their mere presence will bring these beasts to submission."

Bowing hurriedly, Pilgrim asked, "And who are the Four Wood-Creature Stars? I beg Longevity to tell me plainly."

"These stars," replied the Gold Star with a smile, "are stationed at that part of the universe just outside the Dipper Palace. When you have memorialized to the Jade Emperor, you will learn the truth."

After folding his hands in front of him to indicate his gratitude, Pilgrim went inside the Heaven Gate. In a moment, he reached the lower level of the Hall of Perfect Light, where he met first with Ge, Qiu, Zhang, and Xu, the Four Celestial Masters. "Where are you heading?" they asked.

"Recently we arrived at Gold-Level Prefecture," replied Pilgrim. "Because my master has loosened slightly his hold on the nature of Zen, he was abducted by monstrous demons while watching the lights during the Lantern Festival. Old Monkey cannot bring them to submission, and I have come especially to make this known to the Jade Emperor and request assistance."

The Four Celestial Masters led Pilgrim immediately into the Hall of Divine Mists to present his memorial. After the exchange of greetings and a complete rehearsal of what took place, the Jade Emperor was about to issue a decree to call up some celestial warriors.

Pilgrim went forward and said, "Just now when old Monkey arrived at the West Heaven Gate, Star Longevity told me that those fiends were rhinoceroses who had become spirits. Only the Four Wood-Creature Stars are able to bring them to submission."

The Jade Emperor at once ordered Celestial Master Xu to go to the Dipper Palace and summon the Four Wood-Creature Stars to descend with Pilgrim to the Region Below.

When they arrived outside the palace, the Twenty-Eight Constellations were there to meet them. "By the sage decree," said the Heaven Preceptor, "I am to command the Four Wood-Creature Stars to descend to the Region Below with the Great Sage Sun in order to subdue certain monsters." Immediately Horn the Wood Dragon, Dipper the Wood Unicorn, Straddler the Wood Wolf, and Well the Wood Hound stepped forward

to answer the call. "Great Sage Sun," they said, "where do you want us to go to subdue monsters?"

"So, it's you four!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "That old Longevity is so cryptic that I can't understand him! If he had told me that I should see the Four Woods of the Twenty-Eight Constellations, I would have come directly to issue the invitation. There would have been no need for any imperial decree."

"How can you say that, Great Sage?" said the Four Woods. "Without the decree, which one of us dares leave his station? Where is this place you want us to go to? Let's get there quickly."

"It's a spot northeast of the Gold-Level Prefecture," replied Pilgrim, "at the Mysterious Flower Cave in the Green Dragon Mountain."

We have some rhinoceroses there who have become spirits."

"If rhinoceroses have become spirits," said Dipper the Wood Unicorn, Straddler the Wood Wolf, and Horn the Wood Dragon together, "you don't need all of us. Just ask Constellation Well to go with you. He can climb mountains to devour tigers, and go down to the seas to catch rhinoceroses."

"These are no moon-gazing rhinoceroses!" said Pilgrim. "They are ones who have attained the Way through prolonged cultivation, all enjoying the age of a thousand years. We have to have the four of you, and please do not refuse. If only one of you went along with me, you might not be able to catch them. Wouldn't that be a waste of our efforts again?"

"Look at the way you people talk!" said the Celestial Master. "The decree orders all four of you to go. How could you not go? Let's start flying at once, so I can go back to make my report."

Thereupon the Celestial Master took leave of Pilgrim and left.

"There's no need for you to wait any longer," said the Four Woods. "You go provoke battle first and entice them to come out. We'll then attack." Rushing forward, Pilgrim shouted, "You oil-stealing fiends! Return my master!"

The doors, you see, had been smashed by Eight Rules, but now they had been boarded up with planks by the little monsters. When they heard Pilgrim reviling them outside, they dashed in to report, "Great Kings, the monk Sun is reviling us outside!"

"He has already fled in defeat," said Dust-Deterrent. "Why is he returning a day later? Could it be that he has found some help somewhere?"

"Who's afraid of any help he might get?" asked Cold-Deterrent. "Bring our armor quickly. Little ones, make sure that you surround him this time and don't let him get away." Not knowing any better, that herd of spirits all walked out of the cave, all holding spears and knives, waving banners, and rolling drums. "Aren't you afraid of a beating, ape? You dare show up again?" they snapped at him.

Now the word "ape" was most irksome to Pilgrim. Clenching his teeth in fury, he raised the iron rod to strike. The three monsterkings ordered the little monsters to fan out and had Pilgrim entirely surrounded. On this side, however, the Four Wood-Creature Stars all brandished their weapons and shouted, "Cursed beasts, don't you dare move!" When those three monster-kings saw the Four Stars, they naturally became frightened. "It's bad! It's bad!" they all cried. "He has found our conquerors! Little ones, run for your lives!" With loud snorts and bellows, all the little monsters changed

back into their original forms: they were all mountain-buffalo spirits, water-buffalo spirits, and yellow-buffalo spirits, madly stampeding all over the mountain. The three monster-kings, too, revealed their true forms. When they lowered their two hands, they had four legs once more.

Their hooves thundering like iron cannons, they fled toward the northeast, closely pursued by the Great Sage leading Well the Wood Hound and Horn the Wood Dragon. Dipper the Wood Unicorn and Straddler the Wood Wolf, however, remained on the eastern slope, where they succeeded in either beating to death or capturing live all the rest of the buffalo spirits stranded on the summit, in the stream, or in the valley. Then they proceeded to the Mysterious Flower Cave and freed the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk.

Recognizing the two Stars, Sha Monk bowed with his companions to thank them. "How did the two of you manage to come and rescue us?" he asked.

"We were ordered here by the Jade Emperor's decree to bring those fiends to submission and rescue you," replied the two Stars, "after the Great Sage Sun presented a memorial."

"Why, then," asked the Tang Monk, shedding tears again, "didn't my disciple Wukong come here?"

"Those three old fiends happen to be three rhinoceroses," said the Star. "When they saw us, they fled for their lives toward the northeast. The Great Sage Sun led Well the Wood Hound and Horn the Wood Dragon to give chase. Having mopped up the herd of buffalo, we two came here especially to free the sage monk."

The Tang Monk again touched his forehead to the ground to thank them.

Then he prostrated himself once more to thank Heaven.

Raising him, Eight Rules said, "Master, excessive ceremony becomes insincerity. There's no need for you to keep on bowing. The Four Star Officers have done this partly because of the imperial decree of the Jade Emperor, and partly because of their regard for Elder Brother. We may have done away with the various fiends, but we have yet to find out whether those old monsters have been brought to submission. Let us take out some of the valuables in this place and then tear down the cave so that they will be permanently uprooted. Afterward we should return to the temple to wait for Elder Brother."

"Marshal Heaven Reeds is quite right," said Straddler the Wood Wolf. "You and the Curtain-Raising General should protect your master and return to rest in the temple. Let us go to the northeast to fight."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said Eight Rules. "You two must join them in pursuit. You must exterminate all of the monsters before you go back to report to the throne."

The two star officers at once left in pursuit.

Ransacking the cave, Eight Rules and Sha Monk took out a pile of valuables—all coral, cornelian, pearls, amber, ornamental gems, precious stones, fine jade, and gold. They asked their master to sit on the mountain ledge before starting a fire that had the entire cave reduced to ashes. Only then did they help the Tang Monk find their way back to the Mercy Cloud Temple. Truly,

*"Good's limit begets evil," the classics say.
Fair fortune ends in mishap? Well it may!*

*Chan nature's confused for love of floral lights;
 Pretty scenes have led the mind of Dao astray.
 The great elixir you must always guard;
 One slip and you're rewarded with dismay.
 Never slacken your firm and tight control.
 A little indolence brings on disarray.*

We'll speak no more for the moment about those three, who returned to the temple with their lives. Let us tell you instead about Dipper the Wood Unicorn and Straddler the Wood Wolf, those two star officers, who mounted the clouds and pursued the fiends toward the northeast. They looked this way and that in midair but could see no one. Then they looked toward the great Western Ocean and caught sight of the Great Sage Sun in the distance, hollering above the water. Lowering the direction of their clouds, the two of them said, "Great Sage, where have the fiends gone?"

"Why didn't the two of you join us in pursuit?" asked Pilgrim angrily. "Why do you wait till now to ask your addle-headed questions?"

"When I saw that the Great Sage with Well and Horn had defeated the fiendish demons," said Dipper the Wood Unicorn, "I thought that you would surely capture them. We two, therefore, made a clean sweep of the other monster-spirits, and then entered the Mysterious Flower Cave to rescue your master and brothers. We ransacked the mountain, burned down the cave, and entrusted your master to the care of your two brothers, who were going to bring him back to the Mercy Cloud Temple in the city. When we saw, however, that you did not return after all this while, we found our way here." Moved to delight and gratitude by these words, Pilgrim said, "In that case, you have achieved merit. Thanks for all your trouble! Thanks for all your trouble! Those three monstrous demons, however, crawled into the ocean after we chased them here. Well and Horn went after them, but they told old Monkey to remain by the shore to stand guard. Since the two of you have arrived, you can head them off here. Let old Monkey go in too."

Dear Great Sage! Gripping his iron rod and making the magic sign with his fingers, he opened up a pathway in the water and went into the depths of the ocean. There he found those three monstrous demons waging the most bitter battle with Well the Wood Hound and Horn the Wood Dragon. Leaping near, he shouted, "Old Monkey's here!"

Those monster-spirits were already hard pressed when they had to confront the two star officers. When they heard Pilgrim's cry, they turned immediately and fled for their lives toward the center of the ocean. The horns on the fiends' heads, you see, were excellent instruments for dividing the water. All you could hear were a loud splatter as they knifed through the billows, with the Great Sage Sun and the two star officers hard on their heels.

We tell you now that in the Western Ocean, there were a yakṣa and a seaman out on patrol. When they saw from a distance the rhinoceroses opening up the water, and, moreover, when they caught sight of the Great Sage Sun and the two celestial constellations, whom they recognized, they hurried to the Water Crystal Palace to report to the dragon king. "Great King," they said, somewhat apprehensively, "there are three rhinoceroses being chased by the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and two celestial constellations!" On hearing this, the old dragon king, Aoshun, summoned Prince Mo'ang and said to him, "Call up the aquatic soldiers at once! It must be that Cold-Deterrent, Heat-Deterrent, and Dust-Deterrent, those three rhinoceros spirits, have

offended Pilgrim Sun. Since they have now arrived in our ocean, we should give Sun some armed assistance.”

This order immediately made Ao Mo’ang call up the troops.

In an instant, tortoises, sea-turtles, sea-dragons, breams, carps, shrimp soldiers, and crab privates all gave their battle cries and rushed out of the Water Crystal Palace, each wielding spear or sword, to block the path of the rhinoceros spirits. Unable to advance, the spirits retreated hurriedly, only to find the Great Sage closing in with Well and Horn, the two stars. They became so flustered that they were no longer able to stay together as a herd. Scattering in three directions, each tried to flee for his life.

Soon Dust-Deterrent was surrounded by the old dragon king and his troops. Delighted by what he saw, the Great Sage Sun cried, “Hold it! Hold it! We want him alive! We don’t want to catch a carcass!”

Hearing this, Mo’ang led his troops to rush forward and pull Dust-Deterrent down. An iron hook was thrust through his nose and then he was hog-tied.

Then the old dragon king gave the command for his troops to track down the other two spirits and lend assistance to the star officers for their capture. When the young prince led his troops forward, they saw Well the Wood Hound had changed into his original form.

He had Cold-Deterrent pinned down and was, in fact, devouring him with great bites. “Constellation Well! Constellation Well!” cried Mo’ang. “Don’t bite him! The Great Sage Sun wants him alive, not dead!”

He shouted several times, but the monster’s neck had already been bitten through. Mo’ang ordered the shrimp soldiers and crab privates to haul the dead rhinoceros back to the Water Crystal Palace, while he and other soldiers set off in pursuit again with Well the Wood Hound. They ran right into Horn the Wood Dragon, who was chasing Heat-Deterrent back toward them. Ordering the tortoises and turtles to fan out, Mo’ang led his troops to encircle the spirit completely. “Spare my life! Spare my life!” the fiend could only say. Well the Wood Hound walked forward and grabbed one of his ears. Taking away his cutlass, the star officer said, “We’re not going to kill you. We’ll turn you over to the Great Sage Sun for his disposal.”

They all lowered their weapons and went back to the Water Crystal Palace, crying, “We’ve caught them all!” Pilgrim saw that one of the spirits had been beheaded; still dripping blood, the corpse lay on the ground. Another was pushed to his knees, his ear still grasped by Well the Wood Hound. As he walked forward to look more carefully, Pilgrim said, “It wasn’t a blade that cut this head off!”

“If I hadn’t yelled out,” said Mo’ang, chuckling, “Star Officer Well would have devoured the body as well!”

“It’s all right,” said Pilgrim. “Let’s saw off his two horns and skin him. We’ll take those things along, but the meat will be left here for the enjoyment of the worthy dragon king and his prince.”

A rope was threaded through the iron hook in the nose of Dust-Deterrent, so that Horn the Wood Dragon could lead him. The same treatment was given Heat-Deterrent, and Well the Wood Hound held onto the rope. “Let’s bring them up to see the chief of the Gold- Level Prefecture, so that he can make a thorough investigation of how they

have impersonated Buddha to hurt the people all these years. Then we'll decide what to do with them."

All of them agreed.

They took leave of the dragon king and his prince and left the Western Ocean, leading the two rhinoceroses. After rejoining Straddler and Dipper, the two stars, they mounted the cloud and fog to return to the Gold-Level Prefecture. Treading the auspicious luminosity, Pilgrim cried aloud in midair:

"Chief of the Gold-Level Prefecture, subordinate officials, and all you people of this region, hear me! We are sage monks sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. The creatures who pretended to be various Buddhas making their auspicious descent and who demanded sacrifices of the golden lamps each year from the households of this district and prefecture are actually these rhinoceros fiends. When we passed through here and went to look at the lamps on the night of the fifteenth, these fiends abducted both my master and the lamp oil. I, therefore, asked the gods of Heaven to bring them to submission. We have now cleaned up their mountain cave, and all the monstrous demons have been exterminated.

From now on your district and prefecture should not make any sacrifice of the golden lamps, for it only taxes the people and drains their wealth." Inside the Mercy Cloud Temple, Eight Rules and Sha Monk had just escorted the Tang Monk through the gate. When they heard Pilgrim speaking up in midair, they abandoned their master and their luggage to mount the wind and cloud and rise to the sky. When they questioned him, Pilgrim said, "One has been bitten to death by Constellation Well, but we have taken along its skin and the sawed-off horns. The two captured alive are here."

"We might as well push these two down to the city for the officials and the people to see," said Eight Rules, "so that they'll know that we are sages and deities. Moreover, we must trouble the four star officers to lower their clouds to the ground and go with us to the prefectural hall for the disposal of these fiends. The truth and their guilt have been firmly established. There's nothing more we should discuss!"

"Of late," said one of the four stars, "Marshal Heaven Reeds seems to be quite knowledgeable about principles and shows good understanding of the law. That's marvelous!"

"Being a priest for some years has taught me a few things!" replied Eight Rules.

So the various deities pushed the rhinoceroses toward the earth. When they all descended to the prefectural residence on a bouquet of colored clouds, the officials of this district and prefecture along with the populace in and out of the city were so terrified that each household set up incense tables and bowed to receive the gods from Heaven. In a little while, the priests of the Mercy Cloud Temple could be seen entering the prefectural residence also, carrying the elder in a palanquin. When he met Pilgrim, he thanked him profusely.

"I was beholden to the noble Constellation officers," said the Tang Monk, "for having us rescued. But not having seen my worthy disciple has caused me unending concern. Now I truly rejoice in your return in triumph. I would like to know, however, where you chased these fiends before they were captured."

"Since I took leave of my honored master day before yesterday," replied Pilgrim, "old Monkey ascended to Heaven to make his investigation. The Gold Star Venus was kind enough to reveal to me that these monstrous demons were actually

rhinoceroses, and that I should solicit the help of the Four Wood Creature Stars. Immediately I memorialized to the Jade Emperor, who gave his permission and his decree for the stars to descend to the cave. We fought there and they fled. Dipper and Straddler, the two Constellations, kindly rescued you, while old Monkey joined Well and Horn, the two other Constellations, to pursue the monsters. When we reached the Great Western Ocean, we were also indebted to the assistance of the dragon king, who sent his son to help us with his troops. That's why we were able to capture them and bring them back for trial."

The elder could not stop his thanksgiving and commendation. They also saw the magistrate of the district and his various subordinate officials, who were all burning tall precious candles and filling their braziers with incense as they bowed to the sky.

After a little while, Eight Rules became so aroused that he whipped out the ritual razor. With one stroke he cut off the head of Dust-Deterrent and with another, the head of Heat-Deterrent. Then he took up a saw to saw off their four horns. The Great Sage Sun was even more resolute. He at once gave this order:

"Let the four star officers take these four rhinoceros horns up to the Region Above and present them as tribute to the Jade Emperor when you hand back the imperial decree. As for the two horns we brought along, we shall deposit one at the prefectural hall, so that it may be used as a perpetual witness to posterity that the lamp-oil levy has been eliminated.

We ourselves will take along one horn to present to the Buddhist Patriarch at the Spirit Mountain."

The four stars were enormously pleased. Bowing immediately to take leave of the Great Sage, they mounted the colored clouds to go back.

The chief official, however, would not permit the master and his three disciples to leave. He ordered a huge vegetarian banquet, and asked various village officials to bear the visitors company. Meanwhile, he issued a public proclamation informing the civil and military population that no golden lamps are permitted for the following year, and that the necessity for oil purchases levied on the big households was forever removed. The butchers, too, were told to slaughter the two rhinoceroses; their hides were to be treated and dried so that they could be used to make armor, while their meat was distributed to both officials and the common people. In addition, he appropriated some of the funds already collected for oil purchases to buy land from the people. A temple commemorating the four stars subjugating the monsters was to be erected, along with living shrines to the Tang Monk and his three disciples. Placards with proper inscriptions were set up, so that their good deeds could forever be transmitted and gratefully acknowledged.

Since they could not leave at once, master and disciples made up their mind to enjoy themselves. Each of those two hundred and forty lamp-oil households took turns to entertain them; after a banquet was given by one family, another would be offered by a different household without pause. Eight Rules was determined to have complete satisfaction. Stuffing up his sleeve a few of those treasures that he had looted from the monsters' cave, he used them as tips for each of the vegetarian banquets. They lived there thus for over a month, and still they could not set out on their journey. Finally, the elder gave this instruction:

"Wukong, take the rest of the precious jewels and give them all to the priests of the Mercy Cloud Temple as a token of our thanks. Let's not tell those big households,

but let's slip away tomorrow before dawn. If we indulge in pleasure like this, our enterprise of scripture-seeking will be delayed, and I fear that we shall offend the Buddhist Patriarch and bring on further calamities. That will be most inconvenient." Pilgrim carried out his master's instructions one by one.

By the hour of the fifth watch next morning he was already up, and at once asked Eight Rules to prepare the horse. Having enjoyed his food and drink in great comfort, our Idiot slept so soundly that he was still half-dazed when he said, "Why prepare the horse so early in the morning?"

"Master tells us to get moving!" snapped Pilgrim.

Rubbing his face, Idiot said, "That elder should behave himself! All two hundred and forty of those big households have sent us invitations, but we've managed to enjoy a full meal barely thirty times. Why does he want to make old Hog endure hunger so soon?" On hearing this, the elder scolded him, saying, "Overstuffed coolie! Stop babbling! Get up quickly! If you keep up this ruckus, I'll ask Wukong to knock out your teeth with his golden-hooped rod!" When Idiot heard that, he became completely flustered. "This time Master has changed!" he cried. "Usually he cares for me, loves me, and, knowing that I am stupid, protects me. Whenever Elder Brother wants to hit me, he pleads for me. Why should he turn so vicious today as to want to beat me?"

"Because Master's offended by your gluttony," said Pilgrim, "which has delayed our journey. Hurry up! Pack the luggage and get the horse ready. You'll be spared a beating!"

As our Idiot was truly fearful of being beaten, he leaped up and put on his clothes. Then he shouted at Sha Monk:

"Get up quickly! A beating's on its way!" Sha Monk, too, leaped up, and each of them finished his preparation. Waving his hand, the elder said, "Quiet! Let's not disturb the temple priests."

He mounted the horse hurriedly. After opening the gate, they found their way and left. As they went forth this time, it was truly like

*Opening the jade cage to let the phoenix out,
Or breaking the gold lock to set the dragon free.*

We do not know how those households would react by morning; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-THREE

*At Jetavana Park he asks the aged about the cause
At the Kingdom of India he sees the king and meets his mate*

*Memory has to start with love;
Leniency will beget mishap.
Why does discernment sort out three estrades?
Merit done you'll end in primal sea.
Whether you'll be a god or buddha,
You must prepare yourself within:
Be clean, pure, and wholly removed from dust.
Fruit borne you fly to Realm Above.*

We were telling you about the priests in the temple, who discovered by dawn that Tripitaka and his disciples had vanished. “We didn’t detain them,” they all said, “we didn’t take leave of them, and we didn’t beg them! And that’s how we allowed a living bodhisattva to walk clean away!”

As they were saying this, a few members of the wealthy households in the south suburb arrived to deliver their invitations. Clapping their hands, the various priests said, “We were caught off-guard last evening, and they all mounted the clouds and left in the night.”

The people all bowed to the sky to express their gratitude. Because of what the monks had said, however, the entire population of the city—officials and commons—all learned of it. They at once requested the wealthy households to purchase the five beasts, flowers, and fruits to sacrifice at the living shrine as an expression of their gratitude. Of this we shall speak no more.

We tell you instead about the Tang Monk and his disciples, who fed on the wind and slept by the waters as they journeyed peacefully for over half a month. One day they found themselves again before a tall mountain. Growing apprehensive, the Tang Monk said, “Disciples, with that tall rugged mountain before us, we must be careful!” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “This road taking us near the land of Buddha surely does not harbor any monster or deviate. Master, you should relax and not worry.”

“Disciple,” said the Tang Monk, “it may be true that the land of Buddha is not far away. But remember what the temple priests told us the other day: the distance to the capital of the Kingdom of India is still some two thousand miles. I wonder how far have we gone already.”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “could it be that you have quite forgotten again the *Heart Sūtra* of the Crow’s Nest Chan Master?”

Tripitaka said, “That *Prajñā-pāramitā* is like a cassock or an alms bowl that accompanies my very body. Since it was taught me by that Crow’s Nest Chan Master, has there been a day that I didn’t recite it? Indeed, has there been a single hour that I didn’t have it in mind? I could recite the piece backward! How could I have forgotten it?”

“Master, you may be able to recite it,” said Pilgrim, “but you haven’t begged that Chan Master for its proper interpretation.”

“Ape-head!” snapped Tripitaka. “How dare you say that I don’t know its interpretation! Do you?”

“Yes, *I* know its interpretation!” replied Pilgrim. After that exchange, neither Tripitaka nor Pilgrim uttered another word.

At their sides, Eight Rules nearly collapsed with giggles and Sha Monk almost broke up with amusement. “What brassiness!” said Eight Rules. “Like me, he began his career as a monster-spirit. He wasn’t an acolyte who had heard lectures on the sūtras, nor was he a seminarian who had seen the law expounded. It’s sheer flimflam and pettifoggery to say that he knows how to interpret the sūtra! Hey, why is he silent now? Let’s hear the lecture! Please give us the interpretation!”

“Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “do you believe him? Big Brother is giving us a nice tall tale, just to egg Master on his journey. He may know how to play with a rod. He doesn’t know anything about explaining a sūtra!”

“Wuneng and Wujing,” said Tripitaka, “stop this claptrap! Wukong’s interpretation is made in a speechless language. That’s true interpretation.”

As master and disciples conversed like that, they managed to cover quite a distance and walk past several mountain ridges. Then they came upon a huge monastery by the side of the road. “Wukong, that’s a monastery ahead of us,” said Tripitaka. “Look at it.

Though

*Not overly big or small,
It has the roof of glazed green tiles;
Half old and half new.
It’s enclosed with red eight-word brick walls.
Vaguely one can see the canopies of green pines,
Aged things of who knows how many hundred or thousand years that have lived till
now;
And one can hear a stream’s soft murmur,
A waterway dug out in some distant dynasty that has still remained.
On the gates
Gold- Spreading Monastery’ in large letters;
On a hanging plaque
The Ruins of Antiquity’ is inscribed.”*

Pilgrim replied that indeed he too saw that it was the Gold-Spreading Monastery, and Eight Rules said the same thing.

“Gold-Spreading, Gold-Spreading,” mused Tripitaka as he rode, “could this be the territory of the Kingdom of Śrāvastī?”

“This is quite strange, Master!” said Eight Rules. “I have followed you now for several years, and I have never known you to recognize the way before. Today you seem to know where you are.”

“It’s not quite like that,” replied Tripitaka. “It’s just that in studying the sūtras I have frequently read this account, which tells of the Buddha’s experience in the Jetavana Park of the city, Śrāvastī. The park was said to be something that the Elder Anāthapiṇḍika wanted to purchase from Prince Jeta, so that it could be used as the place for Buddha to lecture on the sūtras. The prince, however, said, ‘My park is not for sale.

The only way you can buy it is for you to cover the whole park with gold.’ When Elder Anāthapiṇḍika heard this, he took gold bricks and spread them throughout the park. Only then did he succeed in purchasing the Jetavana Park from the prince and in inviting the World-Honored One to expound the Law. When I saw the Gold-Spreading Monastery just now, I thought this could be the one described in the story.”

“How fortunate!” said Eight Rules, chuckling. “If indeed it’s the one in the story, we should go and dig up a few bricks to give to people.”

They all laughed at this for a while before Tripitaka dismounted.

When they entered the monastery, they discovered sitting by the main gates a few cartfuls of people—some luggage toters, some cart pushers, and some with bags on their backs. Some were sleeping and others were chatting when they caught sight of master and disciples. The handsome features of the elder along with the hideous ones of his disciples made the people somewhat fearful, and they all stepped aside for the pilgrims to pass through. Fearing that they might stir up trouble, Tripitaka kept calling out, “Gently! Gently!” and all his disciples seemed to be behaving themselves.

After passing through the Vajra Hall, they were met by a priest whose whole bearing seemed quite devout. Truly

*His face like a full moon shone;
His body was the wisdom-tree.
His windswept sleeves hugged his staff
And sandals trod the pebbled path.*

Tripitaka saluted the moment he caught sight of him, and the priest hurriedly returned his greeting, saying, “Master, where do you come from?”

“This disciple is Chen Xuanzang,” replied Tripitaka, “who has been sent by the decree of the Great Tang emperor to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and seek scriptures. Our journey takes us past your treasure monastery, and I have taken the liberty of visiting you to ask for one night’s lodging. We’ll leave tomorrow.”

“Our humble monastery,” said the priest, “is inhabited frequently by visitors from all over the world for as long as they please. The elder, moreover, is a divine monk from the Land of the East, and it will be our very good fortune to serve you.”

Tripitaka thanked him, and then asked his three companions to follow him. They went past the winding corridor and the donation boxes to reach the abbot’s quarters. After exchanging greetings with the abbot, they took their seats proper to hosts and guests. Pilgrim and his two brothers, too, sat down with hands lowered at their sides.

We tell you that when the monastery had heard the news of scripture priests sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East, all the monks—whether they were old or young, long-term residents or temporary guests, elders or altar boys—came to present themselves.

After tea had been offered, a vegetarian meal was served.

Our elder presently was still reciting his grace, but Eight Rules was impatient enough to send the buns, vegetarian foods, and vermicelli soups tumbling down his throat. The abbot’s quarters by now were filled with people; the more intelligent ones were admiring the features of Tripitaka, but the sportier persons were all staring at the way Eight Rules ate. As Sha Monk was rather observant, he saw immediately what was happening and furtively gave Eight Rules a pinch, saying, “Gently!”

Eight Rules became so exasperated that he yelled, “Gently! Gently! But my stomach’s empty!”

Chuckling, Sha Monk said, “Second Elder Brother, you may not realize this. There are many so-called gentlemen in the world, but when it concerns the stomach, they are no different from you and me.”

These words quieted Eight Rules, while Tripitaka said a short grace to end the meal. After the eating utensils had been removed, Tripitaka thanked his hosts.

One of the priests of the monastery inquired about the history of the Land of the East. When Tripitaka spoke of certain historical ruins, he in turn asked for the reason for the name of the Gold-Spreading Monastery. That priest replied, “This originally was the Monastery of the Anāthapiṇḍika Garden in the Kingdom of Śrāvastī. It also goes by the name of the Jetavana Park. Because the Elder Anāthapiṇḍika spread gold bricks on the ground to enable the Buddha to expound the sūtras, the name was changed again to the present one. About a generation ago, this whole region was the Kingdom of Śrāvastī, and Elder Anāthapiṇḍika was living here at the time. Our monastery originally was the elder’s Jetavana Park, and that is why the full name should be Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery. Behind our monastery we still have the foundation of the Jetavana Park. In recent years, a great rainstorm would on occasion wash out some gold or silver or pearls. Those lucky enough would be able to pick them up.”

“So it’s not a false rumor but the truth!” said Tripitaka. Then he asked again, “When I entered your treasured monastery just now, I saw inside the twin corridors by the gate many merchants with their mules and horses, their luggage and carts. Why are they staying here?”

“Our mountain here is named the Hundred-Legs Mountain,” replied the priest. “In previous years it had been quite safe. Recently, however, we don’t quite know what has taken place, but it may be that the seasonal cycles have produced a few centipede spirits, which have frequently injured people on the road. Though the wounds they inflict may not be lethal, they have certainly inhibited the travelers’ movement. Beneath our mountain is a pass by the name of Cock-Crow. People dare not walk through it until the cock has crowed. Because it’s getting late now, those merchants you saw don’t want to take an unnecessary risk. So they use our humble monastery for lodging, and they’ll leave after the cock has crowed.”

“We, too, will wait till the cock crows before we leave,” said Tripitaka. As they chatted, more vegetarian food was brought in, so that the Tang Monk and his disciples dined again. Afterwards, Tripitaka and Pilgrim went out for a leisurely stroll to enjoy a bright moon in her first quarter. A workman approached them and said, “Our venerable father teacher would like to meet the visitors from China.”

Turning quickly, Tripitaka saw an old monk, a bamboo staff in his hand, who saluted him, saying, “Is this the master who has come from China?”

“I dare not accept such honor,” replied Tripitaka, returning his salutation, as the old monk began to compliment him effusively.

“What is the old master’s lofty age?” he asked.

“I have passed my forty-fifth year in vain,” said Tripitaka, “and may I ask what is the honorable age of the old abbot?” With a chuckle, the old monk said, “Rather fruitlessly I have exceeded the venerable master’s age by a sexagenary cycle.”

“You’re a hundred and five years old now,” said Pilgrim. “Can you tell how old I am?”

“Though the countenance of this master is aged,” said the old priest, “your spirit is most clear. My eyes are quite dim in the moonlight, and it’s hard for me to tell your age right away.”

After talking for a while, they went to look at the rear corridor. “Just now the old foundation of the Jetavana Park was mentioned,” said Tripitaka. “Where exactly is it?”

“Just beyond our rear gate,” replied the old monk, and asked that it be opened immediately. All they saw was a vacant lot with a few piles of rubble remaining as the foundation of the walls. Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka sighed and said,

*The good giver, Sudatta, I call to mind;
With jewels and gold he relieved poor mankind.
For all times Jetavana has its fame.
With which arhat can we the elder find?*

They all walked slowly, enjoying the sight of the moon. Having gone out of the rear gate, they reached a terrace where they sat for a while. Suddenly they heard the sound of weeping. Tripitaka listened attentively, and found that the person weeping was also making protest, something about her parents not comprehending her pain. So moved was he by the words that he himself began to shed tears also.

“Who is this person grieving here?” he turned to ask the other monks. On hearing this question, the old monk ordered the other priests to go back first to make tea. After everyone had left, he at once bowed low to Tripitaka and Pilgrim. Raising him, Tripitaka said, “Old abbot, why are you doing this?”

“Since this disciple has now exceeded one hundred years of age,” replied the old monk, “he is somewhat knowledgeable in human affairs. In the quiet hours of meditation, moreover, he has seen a few visions. And that is why this disciple can perceive that the venerable master and his disciple are quite different from other people. For only this young master here can bring to light this grievous matter.”

“Let’s hear you tell us what the problem is,” said Pilgrim.

The old monk said, “Exactly on this day a year ago, your disciple was just in the midst of meditation on the dialectical relation between our nature and the moon when a soft breeze brought to me the sounds of grief and protest. I descended from my couch to go to the foundation of the Jetavana Park to look around. There I found a pretty, comely girl. I asked her, ‘What family do you belong to? Why are you here?’ The girl replied, ‘I’m the princess of the King of India. I was enjoying the sight of flowers beneath the moon when I was blown here by a strong gust.’ Immediately I had her locked up in an empty room, which I sealed with bricks until it looked like a prison. There was only a small hole left in the door, through which one could pass a rice bowl. The next day I told this story to the other priests—that I had imprisoned a monstrous deviate. Since we priests were men of mercy, I said, I would not take its life, and I would give the prisoner two meals of coarse rice and tea daily for sustenance. The girl was clever enough to understand my intentions.

Fearing that she might be violated by the priests, she pretends to be mad, sleeping in her own piss and lying in her own shit. During the day she babbles all the time and puts on a dumb, stupid look. In the quiet of the night, however, she weeps and yearns for her parents.

Several times I myself have tried to enter the city to make inquiry about the princess, but I have had no success whatever. For this reason I have kept her tightly locked up and dare not release her. Now that we have the good fortune of seeing the venerable master's arrival at our kingdom, I beg you enter the capital and exercise your vast dharma power to shed light on this matter. Not only will you thus be able to rescue the virtuous, but you will also make manifest your divine potency." Pilgrim and Tripitaka firmly committed to their memory what they had heard. As they spoke, however, two young priests came to invite them to tea before retiring, and so they all returned to the monastery.

In the abbot's quarters Eight Rules was grumbling to Sha Monk, saying, "We have to be on our way by dawn when the cock crows.

And they still won't come to bed!"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "what are you mumbling?"

"Go to sleep!" said Eight Rules. "It's so late already. What's there to look at?"

Thereupon the old monk walked away, and the Tang Monk retired. This is precisely the time when

The moon fades, the flowers dream, and all sounds cease.

The window screens let in a soft, warm breeze.

Thrice has the clepsydra dropped low in sight;

The Milky Way glows like the brightest light.

They had not slept for very long that night when they heard the cock crow. In the front the traveling merchants all rose in a clamor as they lit their lamps and began to cook their rice. Our elder, too, woke up Eight Rules and Sha Monk so that they could saddle the horse and pack. When Pilgrim asked for lights, the priests of the monastery had already risen earlier to prepare tea and breakfast, which they waited to serve in the rear. Delighted, Eight Rules ate an entire platter of buns. Thereafter he and Sha Monk brought out the horse and the luggage, while Pilgrim and Tripitaka thanked their hosts.

Again the old monk said to Pilgrim, "Don't forget that matter of the weeping girl!"

"Indeed, I shall not!" laughed Pilgrim. "When I get to the city, I'll be able to establish the fundamental principles by listening to sounds and determine the emotions by scrutinizing countenances."

Those traveling merchants, noisy and boisterous, also followed them to the main road. By about the hour of the Tiger they passed the Cock-Crow Pass, but not until the hour of the Serpent did they catch sight of the city rampart. The city itself was truly like an iron cistern or a citadel of metal, a divine islet and a Heavenly prefecture. It has the noble form of

dragon coiled or a tiger sitting,

With colors from phoenix towers emitting.

The royal moat flows like a circling band;

Mountains, flaglike, surround this blessed land.

Banners at dawn light up the imperial way;

Pipes and drums of springtime by bridges play.

The people prosper for the king is good:

Five grains in abundance they have for food.

As they moved along the street of the eastern suburb, the various merchants went off one by one to their hotels and inns. Master and disciples walked inside the city, where they came upon a College of Interpreters and its posthouse. When Tripitaka and his companions walked in, the steward at once made this report to the clerk of the posthouse:

“There are four strange-looking priests leading a white horse in here.” When the posthouse clerk heard that there was a horse, he knew that these visitors had to be on some sort of official business. He therefore went out to the main hall to greet them. Saluting him, Tripitaka said, “This humble cleric has been sent by imperial decree of the Great Tang to go see Buddha at the Great Thunderclap of the Spirit Mountain and seek scriptures. I carry with me a travel rescript that I would like to have certified at your court. I would like also to borrow your noble residence for a short rest. We shall leave the moment our affair’s concluded.” Returning his bow, the clerk of the posthouse said, “This official residence was established precisely for the entertainment of honored guests and messengers. It is my responsibility to extend our hospitality to you. Please come in. Please come in.”

A highly pleased Tripitaka at once asked his disciples to come and present their greetings. When the posthouse clerk encountered their hideous visages, he was secretly horrified, not knowing whether these beings were human or demonic. Trembling all over, he forced himself to oversee the service of tea and maigre. Tripitaka, seeing how frightened he was, said to him, “Sir, please don’t be afraid! Though my three disciples look ugly, they all have good hearts. As the saying goes, ‘A savage face but a kindly person.’ Nothing to be afraid of!”

Calmed by these words, the posthouse clerk asked, “National Master, where is the Tang court?”

“In the land of China,” replied Tripitaka, “at the South Jambūdvīpa Continent.”

“When did you leave?” the clerk asked again.

“In the thirteenth year of the reign period, Zhenguan,” said Tripitaka. “I’ve gone through fourteen years and the bitter experience of ten thousand waters and a thousand mountains before arriving at this region.”

“Truly a divine monk, a divine monk!” exclaimed the posthouse clerk.

Then Tripitaka asked, “And what is the Heaven-allotted age of your noble state?”

“Ours is the Great Kingdom of India,” replied the posthouse clerk. “Since the time of the founder of our kingdom, Taizong, it has been some five hundred years already. The father who occupies the throne at present is a person who has peculiar fondness for mountains and streams, flowers and plants. His dynastic name is Emperor Yizong, and the title of his reign period is Jingyan.

He has been ruling for twenty-eight years.”

“This humble cleric,” said Tripitaka, “would like to have an audience with him today to have our travel rescript certified. Do you know whether court is still being held?”

“Good! Good! This is precisely a good time!” said the posthouse clerk. “Our princess, the daughter of the king, has recently celebrated her twentieth birthday. At the intersection of the major thoroughfares, a festooned tower has been erected from which

she will throw down an embroidered ball in order to determine which person she will take for her husband, the man ordained of Heaven.

Today happens to be the very day of that exciting event, and I believe our father the king has yet to retire from court. If you wish to have your rescript certified, this would be a good time to go do so."

Tripitaka was pleased, and he would have left at once had not he seen that a vegetarian meal was being served. He stayed, therefore, and ate it with the posthouse clerk and his three disciples.

It was past noon, and Tripitaka said, "I should go now."

"I'll escort you, Master," said Pilgrim.

"I'll go too," said Eight Rules. Sha Monk said, "Second Elder Brother, you shouldn't. Your features aren't the most attractive. What will you do when you arrive at the court gate? Pretend that you are fat? Let Big Brother go."

"Wujing is quite right," said Tripitaka. "Our Idiot is rough and coarse, but Wukong still has a little refinement." Pouting his snout, that Idiot said, "With the exception of Master, there's not that much difference in the way the three of us look!"

Tripitaka put on his cassock, and Pilgrim picked up the document satchel to go with him. On the street they saw all the people—scholars, farmers, laborers, merchants, writers, the learned and the ignorant—saying to one another, "Let's go see the tossing of the embroidered ball!" Standing by the side of the road, Tripitaka said to Pilgrim, "The people in this place—their clothing, their buildings, their utensils, their manner of speech and behavior—are all the same as those of our Great Tang. I'm thinking now about the deceased mother of my secular home who met the man she was destined to marry by throwing an embroidered ball, and they became man and wife. To think that they should have this custom here also!"

"Let us go, too, to have a look! How about it?" said Pilgrim.

"No! No!" said Tripitaka. "You and I are dressed improperly, as priests. People may get suspicious."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "have you quite forgotten the words of that old monk at the Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery? We should go see the festooned tower because at the same time we can distinguish truth from falsehood. In the midst of all this hurly-burly, that king must be concerned with the happy doings of his daughter. How could he be bothered with the affairs of the court at this time? There's no harm in you and me going to the crossroads." On hearing this, Tripitaka did indeed follow Pilgrim to go watch the various people waiting for the embroidered ball to be tossed. Ah! Little did they realize that their going there was like

*The fisher, casting down both hook and thread,
Would henceforth haul up some intrigues instead!*

We tell you now about that King of India, who, because of his love for mountains and streams, flowers and plants, led his queen and princess into the imperial garden last year one night to enjoy the moonlight. Their outing aroused a monstrous deviate, who abducted the true princess while she herself falsely assumed the princess's form. Knowing that the Tang Monk would reach this region at that particular hour, day, month, and year, she wangled the wealth of the state to erect a festooned tower in order to take him as her mate.

She was, you see, desirous of picking the vital energy of his true yang so that she would become a superior immortal of the Great Monad.

It was now the third quarter past the hour of noon. Pilgrim and Tripitaka pushed through the crowd and approached the tower. Just then the princess, flanked by some seventy maidens all colorfully attired, held up high the lighted stalks of incense to pray to Heaven and Earth, while an attendant stood by her holding the embroidered ball. That tower had eight exquisite windows; through one of them, the princess gazed at the crowd. When she saw the Tang Monk draw near, she picked up the ball with her own hands and tossed it at him. The ball landed on his head, knocking his Vairocana hat to one side. The Tang Monk was so startled that he tried to hold on to the ball with his hands. All at once the ball rolled into one of his sleeves.

“It hit a priest! It hit a priest!”

Those standing on the tower all began to shout.

Aha! Those merchants and tradesmen at the crossroads all pressed forward to try to take the embroidered ball away. With a thunderous roar, Pilgrim gave his torso a stretch, teeth clenched, and immediately became an imposing figure some thirty feet tall and with a most ugly face. Those people became so terrified that they tumbled and fell, not daring at all to come near. In a moment they dispersed, and Pilgrim changed back into his original form. Meanwhile, the palace maidens and eunuchs, young and old, all descended from the tower to bow to the Tang Monk, saying, “Honorable man! Honorable man! Please enter the hall of the court to be congratulated!”

Tripitaka hurriedly returned their salutations and tried to raise them with his hands before turning to grumble at Pilgrim. “You apehead!” he said. “You are making a fool of me again!”

“The embroidered ball hit *your* head,” said Pilgrim, chuckling, “and it rolled into *your* sleeve. What has that to do with me? Why blame me?”

“What am I supposed to do now?” asked Tripitaka.

“Master, please relax,” said Pilgrim. “Go into the court to have an audience with the throne, while I return to the posthouse to tell Eight Rules and Sha Monk. We shall wait for your news. If the princess does not desire to take you for a husband, you’ll simply have your travel rescript certified and leave. If she insists on taking you, you say to the king, ‘Summon my disciples so that I may give them some instructions.’ When we three are summoned into the court, I’ll be able to distinguish the true from the false. This is my plot of Subduing the Fiend through Marriage.”

The Tang Monk had no choice but to agree, and Pilgrim turned to go back to the posthouse.

That elder, surrounded by the various palace maidens, was brought to the tower. The princess came down and led him by the hand to the imperial chariot, which they then rode together. The entire entourage departed for the gate of the court. The Custodian of the Yellow Gate proceeded first to memorialize to the king, saying, “Your Majesty, the princess is leading back a monk, who probably has been hit by the ball. They are now outside the gate awaiting your summons.”

The king was not pleased by what he heard. He would have liked to send the priest away, but not knowing the wishes of the princess, he felt obliged to summon them

inside. The princess and the Tang Monk thus went up to the Hall of Golden Chimes. Truly, this was what happened:

*Husband and wife both cried, "Your Majesty!"
Both Good and Evil bowed most solemnly.*

After the ceremony, the king asked them to ascend the hall as he posed this question, "Where did you come from, priest, and how were you hit by our daughter's ball?" Prostrating himself on the ground, the Tang Monk said, "This humble cleric is someone sent by the Great Tang emperor in the South Jambūdvīpa Continent to go worship Buddha and seek scriptures from the Great Thunderclap in the Western Heaven. Since I carry with me a rescript for this lengthy journey, I have come especially to have an audience with the king to have it certified. My path took me past the crossing beneath the festooned tower, and I did not expect that I would be hit on the head by the ball that the princess tossed. This humble cleric is someone who has left the family and who belongs to a strange religion. How could I dare become the spouse of royalty? I beg you, therefore, to pardon the mortal offense of this humble cleric, certify my rescript, and send me off quickly to the Spirit Mountain. When I have faced Buddha and succeeded in acquiring scriptures to return to my homeland, I shall establish a perpetual memorial to Your Majesty's Heavenly kindness."

The king said, "If you are a sage monk from the Land of the East, you must have been, as it were, 'Drawn through a thousand miles to marriage by a thread.' Our princess has just celebrated her twentieth birthday and not yet married. Because it was determined that the year, month, day, and hour of this very day are all auspicious, we erected that festooned tower for tossing the ball to seek a good match for her. It just happened that you were hit. We are not pleased, but we do not know how our princess feels."

"Father King," said the princess as she kowtowed, "there is a proverb which says,

*If you wed a chicken, you follow a chicken;
If you marry a dog, you follow a dog.*

Your daughter, after all, made a vow earlier, when this embroidered ball was knitted. I made known to the deities of Heaven and Earth that I would marry whomever the ball struck, for that would be the foreordained person. Today the ball struck the sage monk. This has to be the affinity of a past life which makes possible our meeting in this one. Dare I alter fate? I am willing to take him as our royal son-in-law." Only then did the king show pleasure. At once he commanded the president of the Imperial Board of Astronomy to select the proper day for the wedding. He also asked for the preparation of the dowry and issued a proclamation to notify the entire kingdom. When he heard this, however, Tripitaka did not express his gratitude. All he could say instead was, "Release me and pardon me!"

"This monk is most unreasonable!" said the king. "We are using the wealth of an entire nation to take him in as a royal son-in-law."

Why doesn't he want to stay here and enjoy it? Why must every thought of his dwell on seeking scriptures? If he persists in his refusal, let the Embroidered-Uniform Guards push him out and have him beheaded!" Scared out of his wits, the elder shook all over as he knelt down to kowtow and said, "I thank Your Majesty for your Heavenly kindness! But there are four of us altogether in our company, for this humble cleric has three disciples outside. I know I should accept your gracious proposal, but I have not yet

had a chance to give them a word of instruction. I beg you, therefore, to summon them to court and certify this travel rescript, so that they may leave early and not be delayed in their journey to the West.”

The king consented and asked, “Where are your disciples?”

“They are all in the posthouse of the College of Interpreters,” replied Tripitaka. Immediately the king ordered the officials to summon the disciples to court so that they could pick up the travel rescript and leave for the West. The sage monk, however, was to remain and become the royal son-in-law. The elder had little choice but to rise and stand in waiting to one side. For this situation we have the following testimonial poem:

*The no-leak great elixir needs three perfections.
Austere works are not built on hateful relations.
A sage must teach the Dao, you the self cultivate;
Blessings are Heaven's, man must virtue aggregate.
Let not the six organs take their indulgent course.
Nature, suddenly enlightened, reveals your source.
Without love, without thought, you're naturally pure—
Transcendence you'll gain for deliverance is sure.*

At that time, officials were sent at once to the posthouse of the College of Interpreters to summon the disciples of the Tang Monk, and we shall speak no more of that.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who took leave of the Tang Monk beneath the festooned tower and walked back to the posthouse, giggling happily with each step he took. He was met by Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who asked him, “Elder Brother, why are you laughing so happily? Where's Master?”

“Master has met great happiness!” replied Pilgrim.

“We haven't reached our destination yet,” said Eight Rules, “nor have we seen the Buddha and acquired scriptures. Where does this happiness come from?”

Giggling some more, Pilgrim said, “Master and I walked to the crossroads where the festooned tower was erected. Right there he was hit directly by the embroidered ball tossed down by the princess of this dynasty. He was then taken by the palace maidens and eunuchs to meet the princess, who rode the imperial chariot with him to court. He will be taken in as the royal son-in-law. Isn't that happiness?” On hearing this, Eight Rules stamped his feet and thumped his chest, saying, “I knew I should have gone there myself! It was all because of Sha Monk's roguery! If you hadn't stopped me, I would have headed straight for the festooned tower. When the embroidered ball struck old Hog, the princess would have had to take me in. Wouldn't that be nice? Wouldn't that be marvelous? What a handsome, comely, and proper arrangement! We'd play and play! What fun!” Sha Monk walked forward and scratched Eight Rules's face with his finger, saying, “Aren't you ashamed of yourself? What a magniloquent mouth!

*With three coins you buy an old donkey
And brag about its ridability!*

If that embroidered ball struck you, a letter of annulment sent overnight wouldn't be fast enough! Would anyone dare take a catastrophe like you inside the door?”

“A blackguard like you has no feeling for anything!” said Eight Rules. “I may be ugly, but my person still exudes a certain flavor! As the ancients said, ‘Though the flesh and bones are coarse, the constitution is sturdy. Each characteristic, in fact, has its own desirability.’” “Stop babbling like that, Idiot!” said Pilgrim. “Let’s get our luggage together. I fear that Master may be so harried that he will soon be summoning us to the court to protect him.”

“You are wrong again, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules. “If Master has become the royal son-in-law, he will go into the palace to make love to the king’s daughter. He is not going to climb mountains or traipse along the roads, where he could meet fiends or encounter demons. Who needs your protection? At his age, you think he’s so ignorant of what goes on in bed that he requires your assistance?”

Grabbing him by the ears, Pilgrim shook his fist at Eight Rules and scolded him, saying, “You lecherous coolie! What sort of bunk is this?”

As they were thus quarreling, the clerk of the posthouse arrived and said, “His Majesty has issued a decree and sent an official with an invitation for you three divine monks.”

“For what specific purpose?” asked Eight Rules. The posthouse clerk replied, “The old divine monk was fortunate enough to be struck by the princess’s embroidered ball and to have been taken in as the royal son-in-law.

That is why an official has come with an invitation.”

“Where is this official?” asked Pilgrim. “Tell him to come in.”

The official, when he saw Pilgrim, at once saluted him. After the ceremony, however, he dared not raise his eyes to look at him. All he could say to himself was, “Is this a demon or a fiend? A thunder squire or a yakṣa?”

“Official,” said Pilgrim, “why don’t you speak up? What are you thinking of?”

Trembling all over, the official held up the imperial decree with both hands and blurted out, “My princess invites you to meet her kin! My princess’s kin invite you to meet her!”

“We have no instruments of torture here,” said Eight Rules, “and we have no intention to beat you. Speak slowly. Don’t be afraid.”

“You think he’s afraid of a beating?” said Pilgrim. “It’s your face he’s afraid of. Pick up the pole and the luggage quickly, and lead the horse along. We must go into court to discuss this affair.”

Truly

*It’s hard to sidestep for the way is straight;
Love will certainly be turned into hate.*

We do not know what they have to say after they have seen the king; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-FOUR

*Four priests are feted at the royal garden
One fiend vainly longs for sensual joys*

We were telling you about Pilgrim Sun and his two companions, who followed the summons official to the gate of the court. The custodian of the Yellow Gate immediately notified them to enter. The three of them walked in together and stood still, without, however, even bowing.

“Which three are the noble disciples of the sage monk, our royal son-in-law?” asked the king. “What are your names? Where do you live? For what reason did you become priests? What scriptures are you seeking?” Pilgrim strode forward and wanted to ascend to the main hall. The guardians of the throne at once shouted, “Stop! If you have anything to say, speak up at once!”

“We people who have left the family,” said Pilgrim, smiling, “will advance one step when we have the chance to take one step.”

After him Eight Rules and Sha Monk also drew near. Fearing that their vulgarity might upset the throne, the elder, standing on one side, stepped forward and said, “Disciples, His Majesty is asking for your origins. You should present a proper reply.” When Pilgrim saw that his master was standing in waiting on one side, he could not refrain from yelling, “Your Majesty, you slight others and you slight yourself! If you have taken in my master as the royal son-in-law, why do you make him stand? The world addresses your daughter’s husband as ‘Honored Man.’ How can an honored man not be allowed to sit?” When he heard that, the king paled with fright. He would have withdrawn himself immediately from the hall had he not feared impropriety. Forcing himself to be bold, he asked his attendants to bring out an embroidered cushion for the Tang Monk to sit on. Only then did Pilgrim memorialize to him, saying,

*Old Monkey’s ancestral home is located at the Water Curtain
Cave of the Flower- Fruit Mountain, in the Aolai Kingdom of
the East Pūrvavideha Continent.
My father was Heaven, my mother, Earth:
I was born when a stone burst.
Once a perfected man’s pupil,
I mastered the Great Way
Ere returning to my divine home
congregate with my kind in the cave-heaven of a blessed land.
In the ocean I subdued dragons;
On the mountains I captured beasts.
Having wiped out the register of death
And placed our names in the book of life,
I was appointed the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven,
To enjoy the towers of jade
And roam the treasure lofts.
I joined the celestial immortals
To sing and revel every day;
Living in the sages’ realm,*

*I had great pleasures each morning.
 For disrupting the Peaches Festival
 And causing great havoc in Heaven,
 I was subjugated by Buddha
 And pinned beneath the Mountain of Five Phases,
 With but iron pellets for my hunger
 And copper juice for my thirst,
 And not a drop of tea or rice for five hundred years.
 Fortunately my master left the Land of the East;
 As he headed for the West,
 Guanyin delivered me from Heaven's calamity.
 Free of my great ordeal,
 I made submission as a student of Yoga.
 My old name's Wukong,
 But people address me as Pilgrim.*

When the king heard such an important pedigree, he was so impressed that he left the dragon couch immediately to walk forward and take the elder's arm. "Royal son-in-law," he said, "this must be our affinity ordained of Heaven that we may have you as a divine kinsman."

Tripitaka thanked him profusely and asked him to ascend his throne once more. Then the king asked, "Who is your second noble disciple?" Sticking out his snout to display his authority, Eight Rules said,

*In his previous incarnation old Hog
 Was most fond of pleasure and sloth;
 My whole life was chaotic,
 My nature confused and my mind deluded.
 I never knew Heaven's height or Earth's thickness,
 Nor could I perceive this world's breadth and length.
 In that leisurely existence
 I met suddenly a realized immortal
 with half a sentence
 Untied my net of retribution,
 And with two or three words
 Punched through my door of calamity.
 Immediately coming to myself,
 I took him at once as a teacher.
 With care I cultivated the work of two-eights,
 And smelted fore and after the time of three times three.
 My work done I ascended
 Into the palace of Heaven.
 By the great kindness of the Jade Emperor
 I was appointed Marshal of Heavenly Reeds,
 In command of the troops of Heaven's river,
 Roaming freely throughout the cosmos.
 For getting drunk at the Peaches Festival
 And dallying with Chang'e,
 I was stripped of my rank*

*And exiled to this mortal world.
 An erroneous incarnation
 Made me born in the form of a hog.
 A resident of Mount Fuling,
 I committed boundless evils
 When I met Guanyin,
 Who pointed out the way of virtue.
 I submitted to the Buddhist faith
 To give the Tang Monk protection
 On his way to the Western Heaven
 To bow and seek the wondrous texts.
 My religious name's Wuneng,
 But they call me Eight Rules.*

These words made the king's spleen shake and his heart quiver, and he hardly dared look at the speaker.

Our Idiot, however, became more energetic than ever; shaking his head, sticking out his snout, and raising both ears, he laughed uproariously. Fearing again that the throne might be terrified, Tripitaka snapped, "Eight Rules, behave!" Only then did Eight Rules lower his hands, putting one over the other, and stand there pretending to be a gentleman.

Then the king asked once more, "For what reason did the third noble disciple become a priest?" Pressing his palms together, Sha Monk said,

*Old Sand was originally a mortal man.
 Fear of the karmic wheel made me seek the Way,
 cloudlike the edges of the sea
 And wandering at the shores of Heaven.
 As always my frock and almsbowl followed me;
 Long I taught my mind and spirit to stay put.
 For such sincerity
 I found an immortal mate;
 I nurtured the Baby
 And married the Fair Girl.
 When my merit reached three thousand,
 My work harmonized the Four Signs,
 I went beyond Heaven's bound
 To bow at the mysterious height.
 Made the Great Curtain- Raising Warrior,
 I attended the phoenix-and-dragon chariot
 With appointed rank of general.
 At the Peaches Festival also
 I dropped and broke a crystal chalice,
 For which I was exiled to the Flowing- Sand River.
 My head and features transformed,
 I sinned by taking lives.
 Fortunately the Bodhisattva going far to the Land of the East
 Persuaded me to repent
 And wait for a Buddhist son of the Tang court,*

*Who would go seek scriptures at the Western Heaven.
Henceforth I stood in this renewal
And sought once more the great awakening.
I use the river as my surname;
My religious name's Wujing,
And they address me as Monk.*

When the king heard that, he was filled with great joy but also great terror. What brought him joy was the fact that his daughter had taken a living Buddha in for a husband, but what brought him terror was that the man's disciples were actually three monstrous deities.

In that very moment, the chief imperial astronomer arrived to say, "The date of the wedding has been set for the fine day of *renzi*, the twelfth day of this month in this year. That day ought to be felicitous for the entire family, and it is thus fitting for a marriage to take place."

"What day is today?" asked the king.

"Today is the eighth," replied the astronomer, "the day of *moushen*, when the gibbons come to present fruits. It is thus a day appropriate for receiving the worthies and setting appointments."

Exceedingly pleased, the king immediately asked the attendants to sweep out some towered buildings in the imperial garden, so that the royal son-in-law and his three disciples could use them for lodging. Thereafter he asked for the preparation of the wedding banquet so that the princess could get married. All his subjects reverently obeyed. After the king had retired from court, the various officials dispersed, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now instead about Tripitaka and his disciples, who went together to the imperial garden. As it was getting late, a vegetarian meal was set out. Delighted, Eight Rules said, "It's about time we eat after one whole day!"

Those in charge toted in whole loads of rice and noodles. Eight Rules ate and ate; the more they brought, the more he ate. He did not stop till his guts were stuffed and his stomach was bloated. In a little while, lights were brought in and bedding spread out for each of them, so that they could sleep.

When the elder saw that they were by themselves, he shouted angrily at Pilgrim, "Wukong! You wretched ape! You put me in a bind every time! I told you that all I wanted was to have the rescript certified, and I told you not to go near the festooned tower. Why did you insist on taking me there to look? Now, have you seen anything good? We've ended up in this pickle. What are we going to do now?"

Trying to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, "The master's statement that his deceased mother, who also met the person destined for her by the tossing of an embroidered ball, whereupon the two of them became man and wife, seems to indicate a longing for the past. Only because of that did old Monkey lead you to the tower. Moreover, I thought of the words of that abbot from the Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery, and I wanted to use this occasion to examine the true and the false. Just now when I looked at the king, I noticed that his complexion was somewhat dark and swarthy. But I haven't been able to look at the princess to determine what she was like."

“What would you be able to do if you saw the princess?” asked the elder. Pilgrim said, “The moment these fiery eyes and diamond pupils of old Monkey see her face, they will be able to discern truth and falsehood, good and evil, wealth and poverty. Then I will be able to act to distinguish the right from the deviant.” With loud giggles, both Eight Rules and Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother must have recently learned the art of physiognomy!”

“Those physiognomists,” said Pilgrim, “ought to be regarded only as my grandsons!”

“Stop gabbing!” snapped Tripitaka. “It appears now that they are bent on taking me in. What should we do, really?” Pilgrim said, “Let’s wait till the twelfth, the day of the wedding ceremony, when the princess undoubtedly will appear to pay homage to her parents. Let old Monkey take a look at her from the side. If she were a real woman, it wouldn’t be too bad for you to become the royal son-in-law and enjoy the glory of a nation.”

These words sent Tripitaka into greater fury. “You wretched ape!” he cried. “You still want to injure me! As Wuneng puts it, ninety-ninths of our journey has been covered already, and you still stab me with your hot tongue! Stop wagging it, and don’t you dare open that stinking mouth of yours! If you behave with such insolence just one more time, I’ll recite that spell to make life intolerable for you!” When Pilgrim heard that he wanted to recite the spell, he was so horrified that he immediately went to his knees and said, “Don’t do that! Don’t do that! If she were a real woman, we’d wait till the time of the mutual bows, and then we would create havoc in the palace and get you out.”

As master and disciples conversed, the announcement of the night watches began. Truly

*The palace clock drips slowly;
The floral scent spreads softly.
The boudoir drops its pearly screen;
In empty yards no lights are seen.
The swings stand idle, showing only their shades;
All is quiet as a Tangut flute fades.
The moon on the blossoms confers her grace;
The stars seem brighter in a treeless space.
The nightjar ends her song;
The butterfly-dream is long.
The Milky Way crosses the sky
As white clouds to one’s homeland fly:
A time when travelers feel the keenest pain,
Saddened by the wind-swept young willow-skein.*

“Master,” said Eight Rules, “it’s late. If there’s anything important, discuss it tomorrow. Let’s go to sleep! Let’s go to sleep.” Master and disciples indeed enjoyed a restful night.

Soon the golden rooster announced the arrival of dawn, and the king ascended the main hall for his early audience. You see

*The palace open, the purple aura high;
Wind-blown, royal music rends the blue sky.*

*Clouds move the leopard's-tails and banners shake;
 The sun hits carved dragons and girdle-jades quake.
 mist heightens the palace willow green;
 Dew drops moisten the flowers' imperial sheen.
 Midst shouts and dances the ministers stand,
 For peace and harmony reign o'er the land.*

After the hundred officials, both civil and military, had paid their homage, the king gave this order:

“Let the Court of Imperial Entertainments prepare the wedding banquet for the twelfth. For today, however, let us make ready some spring wine and entertain our royal son-in-law in the imperial garden.”

He also instructed the Director of the Bureau of Ceremonies to take the three worthy kinsmen back to the College of Interpreters. There they would be served a vegetarian feast by the Court of Imperial Entertainments. The staff from the Office of Music would be asked to play at both the college and the garden, so that all could be entertained while they spent time enjoying the sight of spring.

When Eight Rules heard all this, he at once spoke up and said, “Your Majesty, since we, master and disciples, made each other's acquaintance, we have not been separated for a single moment. Today, if you plan to eat and drink in the imperial garden, take us along and let us play for a couple of days. That's the way for you to make my master your royal son-in-law. Otherwise, I fear that you may find it hard to carry out this scheme.”

The king had already noticed Eight Rules's hideous appearance and vulgar manner of speech. And when he saw him sticking out his snout and wagging his ears, constantly twisting his head and kneading his neck, he thought the speaker was showing signs of madness.

Fearing that the marriage might be ruined, the king had no choice but to agree to the demands. “Prepare two tables,” said the king, “in the Eternal Pacification of the Chinese and Barbarian Loft, where we shall sit with our royal son-in-law. Three other tables are to be set up in the Spring-Detaining Arbor for those three guests. Master and disciples, we fear, may not find it convenient to sit together.” Only then did our Idiot bow and say, “Thank you!” before each person withdrew. The king also issued this order that the official in charge of the inner palace prepare another banquet, so that the queen and the consorts of three palaces and six chambers could assist the princess in putting on her headgear and present her with her dowry, in anticipation of the fine match set for the twelfth.

By about the hour of the Serpent, the king called for his carriage and invited the Tang Monk and his companions to go to the imperial garden. As they looked around, they saw a marvelous place indeed.

*The path's made of colored stones—
 The railings bear carved patterns—
 path's made of colored stones,
 By the side of which rare blossoms grow.
 The railings bear carved patterns,
 Within and beyond which strange flora flourish.
 Lush peaches bewitch the kingfishers;*

Young willows display the orioles.
 A walk brings quiet fragrance to fill your sleeves;
 A stroll makes much pure scent cling to your robe.
 A phoenix terrace and a dragon pool;
 A bamboo garret and a pine arbor.
 On the phoenix terrace,
 A flute bids phoenixes to come courteously;
 In the dragon pool,
 Fishes raised there change into dragons to leave.
 The bamboo garret has poems,
 All lofty rhymes composed with utmost skill;
 The pine arbor has essays,
 A noble collection of pearl and jade.
 Green rocks form artificial hills;
 The winding stream's azure and deep.
 The true-peony arbor,
 The cinnamon rose props,
 Seem like thick damask and brocade spread out;
 fence,
 The pyrus patch,
 Appear as mist or jade piled up.
 The peony has exotic scent;
 The Sichuan mallow shows rare glamour;
 White pears vie with red apricots for fragrance;
 Purple orchids strive with gold daylilies for brilliance.
 lichun flower,
 The "wood-brush" flower,
 And the azalea
 Are all fresh and fiery;
 The crape-flower,
 fengxian flower,
 And the "jade-pin" flower
 Are all tall and trembly.
 Each spot of red ripeness seems like moistened rouge;
 Each clump of dense fragrance is a brocade round.
 A joy's the east wind recalling the warm sun;
 The whole garden's lit up and with charms o'errun.

The king and his several guests viewed this scenery for a long time. Then the Director of Ceremonies came to invite Pilgrim and his two brothers to go to the Spring-Detaining Arbor, while the king took the Tang Monk to the Chinese and Barbarian Loft, each party being served separately. The music and dance, the decorations and appointments, were quite extraordinary. Truly

The Heaven-gate's rugged in the morning light.
 On dragon towers auspicious mists alight.
 The soft hues of spring the flora adorn;
 Silk robes shimmer, struck by the rays of dawn.
 Like feastings of gods pipes and songs resound;
 With juices of jade the cups make their rounds.

*Joined in their fun are both subjects and king;
A world at peace must prosperity bring.*

When the elder saw what great esteem the king showed him, he had little choice but to force himself to participate in the revelry. Truly he showed delight without but harbored anxiety within.

At the place where they were sitting, there were four gilded screens hanging on the wall, on which were painted the scenes of the four seasons. Inscribed on these paintings were poems, all compositions by noted scholars of the Hanlin Academy.

*The Poem of Spring says:
The cycle of nature has made its turn.
The great earth quickens and all things seem new.
Plums vie with peaches in their beauteous blooms;
Swallows pile on carved beams their scented dust.
The Poem of Summer says:
The south wind blows to cause our thoughts delay;
The sun beams on k'uei and pomegranate.
A jade flute's soft notes stir our midday dream,
When scent of water lily spreads to the drapes.
The Poem of Autumn says:
Of golden wells' pawlonia one leaf's yellow.
Draw not the pearl screen for the night has frost.
The swallows know it's time to leave their nests,
As wild geese depart for another land.
The Poem of Winter says:
The rain clouds make the sky both dark and cold,
And wind blows the snow to build a thousand hills.
palace, of course, has a warm, red stove
When plum blossoms o'erlay with jade the rails.*

When the king saw how intently the Tang Monk was staring at the poems, he said, "If the royal son-in-law finds the flavor of poetry so attractive, he too must be skilled in the art of chanting and composition. If you are not parsimonious with your pearl and jade, please give a reply in kind to each of the poems, using the same rhymes. Will you do that?" Now the elder was someone who could lose himself in such scenery, for his mind was enlightened by the vision of seeing the Buddha-nature in all things. When he heard the king favoring him with such a request, he blurted out the sentence, "The sun melts the ice as the great earth turns."

Exceedingly pleased, the king said to one of the palace attendants, "Bring out the library's four treasures.

Record the poetic replies of our royal son-in-law, so that we may slowly savor them."

The elder did not refuse. In delight he took up the brush to write

*A Reply to the Poem of Spring:
The sun melts the ice as the great earth turns.
This day the king's garden blossoms anew.
The people are blessed with such clement clime,
For rivers and seas are rid of worldly dust.*

A Reply to the Poem of Summer:

The dipper points south to cause the day's delay.

Ablaze are the huai and pomegranate.

Orioles and swallows midst the willow sing

And send their lovely duet through the drapes.

A Reply to the Poem of Autumn:

Fragrant's the orange—green and yellow.

The verdant pine and cypress love their frost.

Brocadelike, the chrysanthemum's half in bloom.

Our songs resound through cloud and water land.

A Reply to the Poem of Winter:

The snow has stopped but still the air is cold,

When jagged rocks like jade surround the hills.

The stove's beast-shaped charcoals have warmed the milk.

We sing, hands in sleeves, and lean on the rails.

The king read the poems and he could not have been more pleased. “What a marvelous line!” he chanted. “We sing, hands in sleeves, and lean on the rails!”

At once he asked the Office of Music to set the poems to music and perform them. They spent the day that way before dispersing.

Meanwhile, Pilgrim and his two companions also abandoned themselves to enjoyment at the Spring-Detaining Arbor. Growing somewhat tipsy from the several cups of wine they each consumed, they were about to leave to look for the elder when they spotted him in a distant room with the king. His silly nature aroused, Eight Rules shouted, “What great fun! What comfort! Today I’ve had my enjoyment! As long as I’m full, it’s time to take a snooze!”

“Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, chuckling, “that’s not very dignified of you! With such a full stomach, how can you sleep?”

Eight Rules said, “You wouldn’t know about this. The proverb says,

If after a meal you don’t lie flat,

Your belly won’t get fat!”

The Tang Monk took leave of the king and went to the arbor, where he rebuked Eight Rules, saying, “You coolie! You’re getting rowdier! What sort of a place is this that you dare to shout and holler? If the king takes offense, you may lose your life!”

“It’s nothing! It’s nothing!” replied Eight Rules. “After all, we are related to him as in-laws, properly speaking, and he can’t be offended by us. As the saying goes,

You can’t cut off your kin with beating,

Nor can you your neighbor with scolding.

We’re all having some fun. Why worry about him?”

“Bring that Idiot over here!” snapped the elder. “Let me give him twenty strokes with my priestly staff!” So Pilgrim pulled him over and bent him down, while the elder raised his staff to strike.

“Father royal son-in-law!” cried Idiot. “Please pardon me! Please pardon me!”

Those officials who had borne them company during the party persuaded the Tang Monk to stop. Scrambling up, our Idiot could be heard muttering, “Dear honored

man! Dear royal son-in-law. The wedding hasn't even taken place, and you're administering royal law already!" Putting his hand over Eight Rules's mouth, Pilgrim said, "Stop jabbering! Stop jabbering! Hurry and go to sleep!"

They spent another night in the Spring-Detaining Arbor, and by dawn, they feasted once more.

They passed three or four days in such pleasure, and the auspicious day of the twelfth arrived. The officials from the three departments of the Court of Imperial Entertainments came to say, "Since receiving your decree on the eighth, your subjects have now finished building the royal son-in-law's residence, though we are still waiting for the dowry to furnish the place. The wedding banquet, too, is prepared. Altogether, both vegetarian and nondietary, there are some five hundred tables."

Delighted, the king wanted to ask his son-in-law at once to attend the banquet, when an official of the inner palace suddenly appeared and said, "Your Majesty, the queen wishes to have an audience."

The king went inside, and found the queens of the three palaces and the ladies of six chambers chatting merrily with the princess at the Zhaoyang Palace. Truly they were like bouquets of flowers and rounds of brocade! All that opulence could rival even that of the lunar palace in Heaven, and it certainly was not inferior to the divine jasper residence. As a testimonial, we have four new songs based on the words of Joy, Meet, Fine, and Mate.

*The Song of Joy says:
 Joy! Joy! Joy!
 This happiness enjoy.
 A matrimony
 Of love most seemly.
 Such smart palace fashion
 Would rouse Chang'e's passion.
 Those dragon and phoenix hairpins
 Of luminous gold threads thin;
 Those lustrous teeth and cherry lips,
 A body light as flower-slips.
 Layers of silk
 Within the five-colored groves;
 Lovely fragrance
 Rising from beauties in droves.
 The Song of Meet says:
 Meet! Meet! Meet!
 One seductive and sweet.
 Mao Qiang she rivals
 maids equals.
 A wrecker of city and state,
 Fair like flower and jade.
 Her makeup is fresh and charming;
 Her jewels are more disarming.
 An orchid mind and nature lofty,
 And ice-white flesh and face most stately.
 Like distant hills her dark brows are painted thin;*

The regiment of silk she's fairest therein.
The Song of Fine says:
Fine! Fine! Fine!
A maiden divine.
Profoundly lovely,
Truly praiseworthy.
Rare fragrances combine
With powder and carmine.
The blessed Tientai off somewhere.
Could it with a royal house compare?
She speaks and smiles in form so fair,
As pipes and music both rend the air.
Pretty are a thousand forms of flower and silk.
Scan the whole world but none is in her ilk.
The Song of Mate says:
Mate! Mate! Mate!
The orchid scents dilate.
Immortal crowd
And beauties proud.
The maidens' colors fresh-born.
The princess newly adorned:
Her coiffure rises like a crow's nest;
Phoenix skirt beneath a rainbow vest.
Celestial sonorities ahead;
Two rows of lovely purple and red.
In years past she had fixed a nuptial date;
This day she's happy to meet her fine mate.

We tell you now about that king, who arrived in his carriage. The queen led the princess along with the consorts and palace maidens to meet him. Cheerfully the king entered the Zhaoyang Palace to take his seat. After the ladies had bowed to him, the king said, "Princess, our worthy daughter, we trust that the happy meeting with the sage monk when you tossed the ball from the festooned tower on the eighth has given you great satisfaction. The officials of various bureaus and departments, moreover, have been so considerate of our interests that all the preparations are now completed. Today is the auspicious day. You must make haste to attend the wedding feast, so that the goodly hour will not be forfeited." Stepping forward, the princess went to her knees to bow low and said, "Father King, please pardon your daughter's ten thousand offenses! There is a matter about which I must speak to you. For several days I have heard the palace officials say that the Tang Monk has three disciples who are exceedingly ugly. Your daughter dares not face them, for they will surely cause me great fear and dread. I beg the Father King to send them out of the city so that my feeble body will not be harmed by fright nor our happiness ruined."

"If our child hadn't spoken of this matter," replied the king, "we would have overlooked it. They are indeed quite hideous and wild."

These past few days we've entertained them at the Spring-Detaining Arbor in the royal garden. We'll take this opportunity today to go up to the hall and certify their rescript. After they have been sent out of the city, we'll then hold our banquet."

The princess kowtowed to express her thanks. The king at once rode his carriage to the main hall, where he issued a summons for the royal son-in-law and his three disciples.

Now the Tang Monk too had been counting the days with his fingers. When he reached the twelfth, he began even before dawn to discuss the matter with his disciples, saying, "Today's the twelfth. How are we to settle this affair?"

"I could tell," said Pilgrim, "that the king has a certain gloomy aura about him. It has not, however, penetrated his body yet, and I don't think it will cause him any great harm. But I still haven't had a chance to see the princess. If only she would come out! With one glance old Monkey can tell us whether she is real or not, and only then can we do anything. You shouldn't worry, though. Today they will certainly call for us in order to send us three out of the city. You should accept the summons without fear. In the twinkling of an eye I'll be back at your side to give you protection."

As master and disciples talked, the attendant to the throne and the Director of Ceremonies indeed arrived with a summons.

Chuckling, Pilgrim said, "Let's go! Let's go! We are about to be sent off, while Master will remain for the marriage."

"To send us off," said Eight Rules, "they must present some thousand taels of gold or silver. That'll be enough for me to get some gifts to go back to *my* in-laws. We'll have another wedding and a little fun!"

"Clamp your mouth, Second Elder Brother, and stop blabbering!" said Sha Monk. "Just let Big Brother make the decision."

They took the luggage and the horse to follow the various officials to the vermilion steps. When he saw them, the king asked the three disciples to approach him, saying, "Bring us your travel rescript. We shall use our treasure seal on it. In addition, we shall increase your travel allowance and wish you a speedy arrival at the Spirit Mountain to see Buddha. When you return with the scriptures, there will be further reward. The royal son-in-law will remain here, and you need not worry about him."

Thanking him, Pilgrim asked Sha Monk to take out the rescript to hand over to the king. The king read it before applying his seal and affixing his signature. Then he presented them with ten ingots of yellow gold and twenty ingots of white gold as wedding gifts. As he had always been both lecherous and greedy, Eight Rules immediately took them, while Pilgrim gave a bow and said, "Much obliged! Much obliged!"

He turned and began to walk out. Tripitaka was so startled that he scrambled up and caught hold of Pilgrim. Teeth grinding audibly, he said, "Are you all abandoning me?" Squeezing Tripitaka's palm with his hand, Pilgrim winked at him and said, "Relax and enjoy your union here. When we have acquired the scriptures, we'll return to see you."

The elder seemed not to believe him and refused to let go. The other officials, however, thought that master and disciples were indeed bidding each other farewell. Then the king asked the royal son-in-law to ascend to the hall once more, while the other officials were to see the disciples off outside the city. The elder had to loosen his grip and went back to the hall.

Pilgrim and his two companions went out of the gate of the court and took leave of the officials. "Are we really leaving?" asked Eight Rules. Without saying a word, Pilgrim walked back to the posthouse, where they were received by the posthouse clerk. As he went to prepare rice and tea, Pilgrim said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "You two stay here and don't show yourselves. If the posthouse clerk questions you, just muddle through with some answer. Don't speak to me at all, for I'm leaving to go protect Master."

Dear Great Sage! He pulled off a piece of hair, blew his immortal breath on it, and cried, "Change!" It changed at once into a form of himself, which remained with Eight Rules and Sha Monk in the posthouse. His true self leaped into midair and changed into a bee.

You see his

*Yellow wings, sweet mouth, and sharp tail—
A mad dancer lost in the gale,
Most able to pick the buds and steal their scent,
To make through willows his descent.
He submits to both stains and dyes;
Hither and yon vainly he flies,
N'er tasting that sweetness he helps distill.
He has but his name for a will.*

Look at him! Ever so lightly he flew into the court, where he found the Tang Monk sitting most dejectedly and with furrowed brow on a brocade cushion to the left of the king. Alighting on his Vairocana hat, he crawled near his ear to whisper, "Master, I'm here. Please don't worry."

Those few words, of course, were audible only to the Tang Monk and to none of those other mortals. When the Tang Monk heard them, he felt more reassured. In a little while, a palace official came to say, "Your Majesty, the wedding banquet has been laid out in the Magpie Palace. The queen and the princess are waiting there for the presence of Your Majesty and the honorable man."

The king could not have been more pleased. At once he took the royal son-in-law inside the palace. Thus it is that

*The deviant lord loves flowers, though flowers bring woe;
The Chan-mind stirs to thought, but thought begets sorrow.*

We do not know how the Tang Monk in the palace will find deliverance, and you must listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-FIVE

*Falsely assuming true form, the jade hare's caught
True Yin returns to the right to join Numinous Source*

We tell you now about that Tang Monk, who dolefully followed the king into the inner palace, where he heard the loud noise of music and drums and encountered strong whiffs of rare perfume. Lowering his head, he dared not look up at all. Pilgrim, however, was secretly delighted. Perched on his master's Vairocana hat, he exercised his magic perception and stared everywhere with his fiery eyes and diamond pupils. Two rows of palace maidens, colorfully dressed, stood in waiting, so enhancing the place that it seemed like a flower palace or divine residence and more attractive than the silken drapes in the breeze of spring. Truly

*They are both graceful and lissome,
With substance like jade and flesh like ice.
Pairs and pairs, more charming than Chu maidens;
Two by two they rival Xi Shi in beauty.
Phoenixes rear up from coiffures piled high;
Like distant hills are moth brows faintly drawn.
That graceful playing of reeds,
That frequent blowing of flutes—
The tones—gong, shang, jue, zhi, and yu—
High and low make their lyric flow.
Wondrous songs and dances e'er lovable;
Silk and floral clusters all agreeable.*

When Pilgrim saw that his master was completely unmoved, he said to himself in silent praise, "Marvelous monk! Marvelous monk!"

*Living midst silk and satin he's not enticed;
Walking through opulence he's not beguiled."*

In a little while, the princess, with the queen and the concubines thronging around her, walked out of the Magpie Palace to receive the king, all crying, "Long live Your Majesty! Long live Your Majesty!"

The elder became so flustered that he shook all over, not knowing what to do at all. Pilgrim, on the other hand, at once perceived that there was a slight manifestation of monstrous aura on top of the princess's head, although it did not seem too virulent. He quickly crawled near his master's ear to whisper:

"Master, that princess is a false one."

"If she is not a true princess," said the elder, "how can we make her reveal her true form?"

"By showing my dharma body," replied Pilgrim, "I'll capture her immediately."

"No! No!" said the elder. "You might frighten the throne. Let the monarch and the queen retire first. Then you may exercise your magic power."

That Pilgrim, however, had been impetuous all his life. How could he permit this? With a roar he revealed his original form and dashed forward. Grabbing the

princess, he cried, “You cursed beast! You make the false become real here! Isn’t it enough for you to enjoy yourself at this place? Why must you be so greedy as to want to deceive my master and ruin his true yang to satisfy your lust?”

These words rendered the king dumb and stupid with fear, and sent the queen and concubines tumbling all over. Every one of those gaily attired girls and palace maidens darted east and west, fleeing for her life. This was what their condition was like:

*A spring wind breezy—
Autumn air blustery—
The breezy spring wind passes garden and wood
And a thousand blossoms quiver;
The blustery autumn air comes to the courts
And myriad leaves flutter.
The blasted peony falls beneath the fence,
And blown-up peony lies beside the rails.
The shore’s hibiscus trembles;
The steps’ chrysanthemum heaps up.
The pyrus turns feeble and sinks to the dust;
The rose, still fragrant, lies in the wilds.
The spring wind severs the lotus stalks;
The winter snow crushes the plum’s young buds.
Pomegranate petals
Scatter east and west in the inner palace;
Willow twigs by the shore
Dangle north and south of the royal mansion.
In one night a wild storm of wind and rain
Does with dying redness the landscape stain.*

More flustered than ever and shaking all over, Tripitaka embraced the king and said only, “Your Majesty, please don’t be afraid.

Please don’t be afraid! This is how my mischievous disciple must work his magic power to distinguish truth and falsehood.” We tell you now about that monster-spirit, who saw that things were going badly. She struggled free, ripped off her clothes, and flung away her earrings, bracelets, and jewels. Dashing into the shrine of the local spirit at the imperial garden, she took out a short, pestlelike club, turned and struck madly at Pilgrim. Pilgrim caught up with her and faced her with the iron rod. The two of them, screaming and shouting, started a battle in the garden, which continued in midair when both of them displayed their magic powers and mounted cloud and fog. In this very conflict,

*The golden-hooped rod has both name and fame,
But a club like a pestle no one knows.
One seeking true scriptures has reached this place;
One for love of strange blossoms has come to stay.
The fiend, long knowing of the Tang sage monk,
Desires to unite with his primal sperm.
Abducting the true princess the year before,
She took human form as the king’s beloved.
The Great Sage now perceives her monstrous air;*

*He would save life by making known the truth.
 The short club works violence, bashing the head;
 The iron rod with power hits the face.
 Loud and boisterous the two of them fight
 As mist and cloud remove the sun from sight.*

As the two of them waged a fierce battle in midair, they filled the populace of the whole city with horror and terrified the officials of the entire court.

Supporting the king with his hands, the elder could only say, “Please don’t be afraid! Please tell our lady, the queen, and the rest not to fear. Your princess is actually someone specious who has taken on the true princess’ form. When my disciple captures her, you will know the difference.” Several of the more courageous palace ladies took the clothing and jewels to show to the queen, saying, “These were worn by the princess. Now she has abandoned everything. Stark naked, she is fighting that monk in the sky. She must be a monstrous deviate.”

By then the king, the queen, and the royal concubines had grown calmer and began to stare at the sky. We shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that monster-spirit, who battled the Great Sage for half a day, and they fought to a draw. Tossing the rod up into the air, Pilgrim cried, “Change!”

The single rod changed into ten rods; the ten became a hundred, and the hundred turned into thousands. Like slithering snakes and gliding dragons in midair, these rods madly attacked the monstrous deviate. Completely flustered, the monstrous deviate transformed herself into a clear breeze and fled toward the region above the blue sky. Pilgrim recited a spell, which reduced the iron rods to a single piece, before mounting the auspicious luminosity to give chase. When they approached the West Heaven Gate, they could see gleaming banners fluttering.

“Those guarding the Heaven Gate,” shouted Pilgrim, “block the monster-spirit! Don’t let her escape!”

The Devarāja Dh0tarāṣṭra indeed led the Four Grand Marshals Pang, Liu, Gou, and Bi to bar the way, each wielding his weapon. Unable to proceed, the monstrous deviate spun around and began to battle with Pilgrim once more, brandishing her short club.

As he wielded his iron rod to meet her, the Great Sage stared at the club and saw that it was thick on one end and thin on the other. It resembled, in fact, a pestle used for hulling grain. “Cursed beast!” he cried. “What sort of weapon is that you have there that you dare oppose old Monkey? Submit at once, lest one blow of my rod smash your skull!”

Clenching her teeth, the monstrous deviate said, “So, you don’t know about this weapon of mine! Listen to my recital!

*This divine root’s a piece of mutt on jade,
 Its form cut and polished for countless years.
 I owned it already when Chaos parted;
 Twas my possession when the world began.
 No mortal thing could with its source compare,
 For its nature came from Heaven above.
 Its golden-light frame with Four Signs accords,
 With Three Primes fused with Five Phases’ breaths.*

*In Toad Palace it has long stayed with me,
 A frequent companion by Cassia Hall.
 For love of flowers I came down to Earth
 And went to India, posing as a girl.
 I shared the king's joys with no other wish
 Than wedding the Tang Monk to seal my fate.
 How wicked you are that you wreck our match!
 So savage that you hunt me down to fight!
 This weapon of mine has tremendous fame,
 Surpassing greatly your golden-hooped rod.
 A pestle for herbs in Vast- Cold Palace,
 Its one blow will send one to Yellow Spring."*

On hearing this, Pilgrim laughed scornfully and said, "Dear cursed beast! If you had lived in the Toad Palace, you couldn't be ignorant of old Monkey's abilities, could you? And you still dare take a stand here? Reveal your form and surrender at once, and I'll spare your life!"

"I recognize that you are the Ban-Horse-Plague," said the fiend, "who greatly disturbed the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago. I should defer to you, I suppose. But ruining one's marriage is an act of bitter enmity like murdering one's parents. Neither reason nor sentiment would allow me to give in, and that's why I'm going to fight you Heaven-defying Ban-Horse-Plague!" Now, those three words, Ban-Horse-Plague, were most irksome to the Great Sage. When he heard them, he became enraged and immediately raised his iron rod to strike at her face. The monstrous deviate wielded her club to meet him, and right before the West Heaven Gate they locked in savage combat once more. In this battle,

*The golden-hooped rod,
 The pestle for herbs,
 Two weapons divine formed a worthy match
 That one for marriage descended to Earth;
 This one protecting the Tang Monk arrived here.
 The king, actually, was not quite upright—
 His love of flowers won a fiend's delight
 And brought on this moment a bitter fight,
 Both parties stirred to stubbornness and hate.
 They charged and sallied to see who would win;
 With taunts and slurs they waged a war of words.
 The mighty pestle was rare in the world;
 The rod's divine strength had e'en more appeal.
 Golden beams flashing lit up Heaven's gate;
 Cold mists lambent spread throughout the Earth.
 They fought back and forth for over ten rounds.
 The monster, growing weak, now lost her ground.*

That monster-spirit fought more than ten rounds with Pilgrim. When she saw how taut and fast was the style of the rod, she realized that it would be difficult for her to prevail. After one feeble blow with her club, she shook her body and changed into myriad shafts of golden light to flee toward the south. The Great Sage gave chase, and they suddenly reached a huge mountain. The monster's golden light lowered and

entered a mountain cave, completely disappearing from sight. Fearing that she might sneak back to the kingdom to harm the Tang Monk, Pilgrim took careful note of the shape of that mountain before reversing the direction of his cloud to return to the kingdom himself.

This was about the hour of the Monkey. The king, tugging at Tripitaka, was still shaking all over. "Sage monk, please save me!" was all he could say. Those concubines and the queen, too, were quite apprehensive when they saw the Great Sage dropping down from the edge of the clouds.

"Master," he cried, "I'm back!"

"Stand still, Wukong," said Tripitaka, "and don't alarm His Majesty. Let me ask you what, in fact, has become of the princess?" Standing outside the gate to the Magpie Palace, with hands folded across his chest, Pilgrim said, "The false princess is a monstrous deviate. At first I fought with her for half a day. When she found that she could not prevail, she changed into a clear breeze and fled toward the gate of Heaven. I shouted for the celestial deities to bar her way. She changed back to her form and again fought over ten rounds with me. Once more she changed into shafts of golden light to flee to a mountain due south of here. I chased her there but couldn't find her. Fearing that she may come back here to harm you, I came back to look after you." When the king heard this, he tugged at the Tang Monk to ask, "If the false princess is a monstrous deviate, where is our real princess?"

"Let me catch the false princess first," Pilgrim responded at once, "and your real princess will naturally return to you." When the queen and palace ladies heard this declaration, their fears were lifted. Each one of them went forward, bowed low, and said, "I beg the sage monk to rescue our real princess and bring her back. When this whole affair has been cleared up, you will be amply rewarded."

"This is no place for us to talk," said Pilgrim. "Let His Majesty go to the main hall with my master. And let the queen and her companions return to their palaces. Have my brothers Eight Rules and Sha Monk summoned to the palace so that they may give my master protection. I can then leave to subdue the monster. In that way, proper etiquette for what is public and private will be observed, and I shall be spared from worry. Please take note of what I have said, for it betokens a great deal of energy expended."

The king was most grateful to follow his suggestion. Hand in hand, he walked with the Tang Monk to the main hall, while the queen and the ladies returned to their own palaces. The king then asked for the preparation of a vegetarian meal and sent for Eight Rules and Sha Monk. In a little while the two of them arrived, and Pilgrim gave them a thorough account of what had taken place and enjoined them to protect their master with all diligence. Mounting the cloud somersault, our Great Sage hurtled through the air and left. All those officials before the main hall bowed low to the sky, and we shall leave them there for the moment.

The Great Sage Sun headed straight for the mountain to the south of the kingdom to begin his search. The monstrous deviate, you see, had fled there in defeat; on reaching the mountain, she crawled inside her lair and used pieces of rock to stop up its entrance.

Terribly dismayed, she hid herself and kept totally out of sight. Pilgrim searched for a while, but he could detect no movement whatever. Growing anxious, he made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell to summon into his presence the local

spirit and the mountain deity for interrogation. The two gods arrived and immediately kowtowed, both crying, “We didn’t know! We didn’t know! If we had known, we would have gone far to receive you. We beg you to pardon us.”

“I’ll not hit you just yet,” said Pilgrim. “Let me question you instead. What’s the name of this mountain? How many monster-spirits are to be found here? Tell me the truth and I’ll pardon you.”

“Great Sage,” those two deities said, “this mountain is named Mount Hairbrush. It has three rabbit lairs in it.

From antiquity till now there has never been any monster-spirit, for it is a blessed land of complete circularity. If the Great Sage wishes to find monsterspirits, he’d better stick to the road to the Western Heaven.” Pilgrim said, “When old Monkey arrived at the Kingdom of India in the Western Heaven, he discovered that the princess, the daughter of the king, had been abducted by a monster-spirit and left in the wilds. The monster-spirit assumed the form of the princess to deceive the king into erecting a festooned tower, from which she would toss an embroidered ball to select her husband. When I escorted my master beneath the tower, she purposely threw the ball on the Tang Monk, for she wanted to become his mate so that she could steal his primal yang through temptation. I saw through all that and revealed myself in the palace to capture her. Stripping off her human clothes and jewelry, she fought with me for half a day, wielding a short club called a pestle for herbs. Then she changed into a clear breeze to flee, but old Monkey caught up with her before the West Heavenly Gate, and we fought for another ten rounds or more.

Realizing that she could not prevail, she changed into beams of golden light and fled here. Why is it that she can’t be seen now?” When the two deities heard this, they led Pilgrim at once to search the three rabbit lairs. They began with the one at the foot of the mountain; looking there, they could see only a few wild rabbits, which were frightened away. When they searched their way up to the hole on the peak, however, they at once spotted two huge slabs of stone blocking its entrance. “This has to be where the monstrous deviate is,” said the local spirit. “She must have crawled in there to evade your pursuit.” Pilgrim lifted away the stones with his iron rod. The monstrous deviate was indeed hiding in there. With a loud whoosh, she leaped out and attacked with upraised pestle. Pilgrim wielded his iron rod to parry the blow, so terrifying the two deities that the mountain god backed up and the local spirit darted away. “Who asked you two,” whined the monster to the two of them, “to bring him here to look for me?”

Barely able to withstand the iron rod, she fought as she retreated, rising to midair.

It was getting late, and the situation became more precarious. Growing more and more violent, Pilgrim was about to give her the coup de grace. Suddenly a voice rang out from the azure air of the Ninefold Heaven:

“Great Sage, don’t raise your hand! Don’t raise your hand! Be lenient with your rod!” Pilgrim turned to look and discovered the Star Lord of Supreme Yin, followed by the immortal Chang’e and other lunar goddesses, all descending in front of him on a pink cloud. Pilgrim was so startled that he quickly put away his iron rod and bowed to receive them, saying, “Old Supreme Yin, where are you going? Pardon old Monkey for not stepping out of the way!”

“The monstrous deviate opposing you,” said Supreme Yin, “happens to be the jade hare of my Vast-Cold Palace, the one who helps me pound the immortal drug of

mysterious frost. On her own she picked open the gold lock and jade bolt and fled the palace for a year.

I calculated that she might be in mortal danger at this moment, and that's why I have come to save her life. I beg the Great Sage to spare her for this old man's sake."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said Pilgrim. "I dare not refuse you, of course! No wonder she knows how to use a pestle for herbs! So, she is the little jade hare! But I wonder whether the old Supreme Yin knows of her kidnapping the princess of the Kingdom of India. She speciously assumed the form of the princess in order to ruin the primal yang of a sage monk, my master. Her desire and her offense are really intolerable. How could she be spared so lightly?"

"You have no knowledge of this either," said Supreme Yin. "The daughter of the king is no ordinary mortal. Originally she was the Lady White of the Toad Palace. Eighteen years ago, after giving a slap to the little jade hare, she was overcome by mortal longings and went to the Region Below. The light of her soul found conception in the belly of the queen, and she was born to the royal family.

Nursing the grudge of that single slap, this little jade hare ran away from our palace last year so that she could send Lady White into the wilds. But she should not have wanted to marry the Tang Monk, and this offense is certainly unforgivable. Fortunately you were alert enough to discern the true and the false, so that she did not have a chance to ruin your master. I beg you, therefore, to pardon her for my sake. I'll take her back now."

"When you present me with this sort of karma," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "old Monkey dares not go against your wishes. But if you take away the little jade hare now, I fear that the king may not believe me. I hope, therefore, that Lord Supreme Yin and my immortal sisters will take the trouble of bringing the little jade hare to the kingdom and giving a clear testimony. In that way, not only the ability of old Monkey will be made known, but the reason for the descent of Lady White can also be told. Then we may ask the king to send for Princess Lady White, so that the purpose of manifest retribution may be clearly established."

Consenting to what he said, Lord Supreme Yin pointed at the monstrous deviate and snapped, "Cursed beast! Aren't you returning to what is right?" Rolling over on the ground, the little jade hare revealed her true form. Truly she has

*Sharp teeth and divided lips,
Long ears with little hair.
Her body is a ball of furlike jade;
She can fly through mountains with paws outstretched.
The creamy straight nose
Seems brightly frosted or thickly powdered;
The shining red eyes
Can rival e'en white snow dotted with rouge.
Hugging the ground,
She's all fleecy like a bundle of silk;
Torso stretched out,
She's argent like a silver-threaded frame.
A number of times
She drinks at dawn the clear dew of Heaven's air,
And pounds long-life drug with a jade pestle rare.*

Delighted by the sight, the Great Sage trod the cloudy luminosity, leading the way, followed by Lord Supreme Yin, Chang'e and other lunar goddesses, and the jade hare.

They arrived at the Kingdom of India about dusk, and the moon was just rising. When they neared the city, they could hear the roll of drums on the watchtower. The king and the Tang Monk were still in the main hall, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk, along with many officials at the foot of the steps, were discussing the cessation of court. They saw a glowing sheen of colored mists approaching from due south, its luminosity making the whole place bright as day. As they stared into the sky, they heard the Great Sage Sun crying out in a loud voice:

"Your Majesty of India, please ask your queen and concubines to come out and look. Beneath this treasure canopy is the Star Lord of Supreme Yin, and the immortal sisters on both sides of him are the lunar goddesses and Chang'e. This little jade hare is the false princess of your household; she has now revealed her true form."

The king hurriedly assembled the queen, his concubines, the palace maidens, and gaily-attired girls to bow to the sky and worship.

He himself and the Tang Monk also expressed their thanks toward the sky by bowing low. All the households in the city also set up incense tables and kowtowed, chanting the name of Buddha.

As they looked up into the air, Zhu Eight Rules was moved to lust. Unable to contain himself, he leaped into the air and embraced a rainbow-skirted immortal, crying, "Sister, you and I are old acquaintances! Let's go play!" Walking forward to grab hold of him, Pilgrim gave him a couple of slaps on the face and a scolding. "You vulgar Idiot!" he said.

"Where do you think you are, that you dare vent your lust?"

"It's just a bit of slapstick," replied Eight Rules, "to dispel my boredom and have some fun! That's all!"

That Lord Supreme Yin ordered the entourage to turn. With the goddesses, they took the jade hare back to the Lunar Palace, while Pilgrim yanked Eight Rules back to the ground.

After thanking Pilgrim in the main hall, the king asked, "Since the false princess has been captured by the mighty magic power of the divine monk, where is our true princess to be found?"

"That true princess of yours," replied Pilgrim, "did not come from mortal stock either. She was actually the immortal Lady White of the Lunar Palace. Because she slapped the jade hare once eighteen years ago, she thought of this world and descended to the Region Below, where she was conceived in your queen, who gave birth to her. Nursing this former enmity, the little jade hare last year picked open the jade bolt and gold lock and escaped to this place also. She kidnapped the Lady White and left her in the wilds before assuming her form to deceive you. This entire karmic process was told to me personally by Lord Supreme Yin himself. Today the false one has been removed; tomorrow you will be asked to go search for the real one." On hearing this, the king became both embarrassed and alarmed, hardly able to hold back the tears flowing down his cheeks.

“Child!” he said. “Since I was enthroned in my youth, I have never even left the gate of the city. Where should I go look for you?” With a smile, Pilgrim said, “No need to be upset. Right now your princess is feigning madness at the Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery. Let’s retire. By morning I promise you I’ll return your true princess.”

The other officials, too, prostrated themselves and said, “Let our king put his worries to rest. These several divine monks are buddhas who are able to soar on the clouds and ride the fog. Most certainly they possess the knowledge of past and future. Let the divine monks go make a search tomorrow, and undoubtedly they will get to the end of the matter.”

The king agreed, and ordered the pilgrims again taken to the Spring-Detaining Arbor for their meals and lodging. By then it was almost the hour of the second watch. Truly

*The moon is fair, the copper pots mark their times
As wind wafts the tinklings of golden chimes.
Spring has half faded and the nightjars weep;
Petals shroud the path for the night is deep.
An idle swing the royal garden shades;
silver stream a jade-blue sky invades.
None walks the streets or visits the bazaars
When night’s aglow with a sky full of stars.*

They all rested that night, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Because his demonic aura had been dispelled, the king’s energy revived during the night. By the third quarter of the fifth watch, he appeared again to hold his morning court, after which he asked for the Tang Monk and his three disciples to come and discuss the matter of finding his daughter. The elder arrived and greeted him, while the Great Sage and his two brothers also bowed. Returning their bows, the king said, “We spoke of our child, the princess, yesterday. May I trouble the divine monks to look for her?”

The elder said, “The day before your humble cleric came from the East, by nightfall we had entered a Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery to ask for lodging. The priests there were good enough to accommodate our request. After dinner we took a stroll in the moonlight to go to look at the foundation of the old Gold-Spreading garden. Suddenly we heard the sound of lament. When we inquired into the matter, a priest of the monastery, who was already over one hundred years of age, sent away his attendants and told us, ‘This is the source of that lament:

Late spring last year, I was just meditating on the dialectical relation of the moon and our nature when a breeze brought to me the sounds of weeping and lament. When I arose from my mat and went down to the foundation of the Jetavana garden to look, I found a girl. On being questioned, she told me that she was the daughter of the King of India, blown to that place by a strong gust when she was enjoying the sight of flowers in the moonlight.’ Since that old priest was quite knowledgeable in human propriety, he locked the princess in a quiet room. Fearing that she might be defiled by other priests in the monastery, he only told them that a monster-spirit had been locked up by him. The princess, too, understood his intentions; during the day she would babble absurdities just to win some sustenance of tea and rice for herself. During the night, however, with no one present, she would think of her parents and weep. That old

priest had journeyed to the capital several times to try to ascertain the truth. When he learned that the princess, to all appearance, was in the palace and unharmed, he dared not present a memorial on the matter. When he learned, however, that my disciple had some magic powers, he urged us repeatedly to make a thorough investigation. Little did we expect that the jade hare of the Toad Palace had become a monster and, falsely fused with the true form, had taken on the appearance of the princess. The monster, moreover, was hoping to ruin my primal yang, and it was fortunate that my disciple exercised his magic power to distinguish the true from the specious. Now the hare has been taken back by the Star of Supreme Yin, but your worthy daughter may still be seen feigning madness at the Gold-Spreading Monastery.” When the king heard this meticulous account, he gave voice to loud weeping, so disturbing those in three palaces and six chambers that they arrived to make inquiry. When they learned of the cause, everyone wept profusely. After a long while, the king asked again, “How far is the Gold-Spreading Monastery from the city?”

“No more than sixty miles,” replied Tripitaka.

The king at once issued this decree:

“Let the consorts of the East and the West Palaces guard the main hall, while the court’s Grand Preceptor will defend the kingdom. We and the queen herself will take the many officials and the four divine monks to the monastery and bring our princess home.” Immediately carriages were lined up and they all went out of the court. Look at that Pilgrim! He leaped into the air and, with one twist of his torso, arrived at the monastery before them. The priests there hurriedly knelt down to receive him, saying, “When the Venerable Father left, he walked with the rest of his companions. Why did you descend from the sky today?”

“Where is that old master of yours?” asked Pilgrim, laughing. “Ask him to come out quickly, so that you may set up incense tables to receive the royal carriage. The king and queen of India, along with many officials and my master, are about to arrive.”

The various monks could not quite comprehend what he was saying, and they asked the old priest to come out.

When the old priest caught sight of Pilgrim, he bent low and said, “Venerable Father, what have you found out about the princess?”

Thereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough rehearsal of how the false princess tossed an embroidered ball to try to wed the Tang Monk, how he fought and chased her, and how Lord Supreme Yin appeared to take away the jade hare. The old priest again kowtowed to express his thanks.

Raising him with his hands, Pilgrim said, “Stop bowing! Stop bowing! Prepare quickly to receive the imperial carriage.” Only then did those priests discover that a girl had been locked up in the back room. In amazement, they all went to help set up incense tables beyond the monastery gate. After putting on the cassocks, they began to toll the bells and roll the drums as they waited. In a little while the imperial carriage did indeed arrive. Truly

*Auspicious mists and fragrance fill the sky
When to this rustic temple Grace draws nigh—
Like a timeless rainbow cleansing streams and seas,
Like springtime lightnings of sage kings’ dynasties.
Such kindness the sylvan beauty advances;*

*moisture the wild floral scent enhances.
For relics left by an ancient elder,
This precious hall receives a wise ruler.*

The king reached the monastery gate and was met outside by those monks in orderly rows. They all prostrated themselves to receive him. Then he saw Pilgrim standing in their midst.

“How did the divine monk manage to get here first?” asked the king.

“Old Monkey arrived here with a mere twist of his torso!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Why did you people take half a day to do it?”

Thereafter the Tang Monk and the others arrived. With the elder leading the way, they went to the room at the back of the monastery, where they found the princess still babbling and feigning madness. Going to his knees, the old priest pointed to the room and said, “Inside this room is the lady princess who was blown here last year by the wind.”

The king at once ordered the door opened, and they removed the iron lock from the door. When the king and queen caught sight of the princess and recognized her face, they rushed forward to embrace her, not at all bothered by the filth. “Our poor child!” they cried.

“What bitter fate has caused you to suffer like this here!”

Truly the reunion of parents and child is not the same as any other kind of reunion. The three of them hugged each other and wailed. After they had cried for a while and had given expression to how greatly they missed each other, the king ordered scented liquid to be sent in for the princess so that she could bathe and change her clothing.

They then climbed onto the imperial chariot together to return to the capital.

Afterward Pilgrim greeted the king once more with hands folded in front of him and said, “Old Monkey has another matter to bring to your attention.” Returning his greeting, the king said, “We shall obey whatever instruction the divine monk has for us.” Pilgrim said, “They told me that in your mountain here, the one named Hundred-Legs, there are centipedes that have become spirits recently and have harmed people during the night. The travelers and merchants have found that a great inconvenience. Since roosters are the natural foes of centipedes, I think you should select a thousand huge roosters and scatter them throughout the mountain so that these poisonous insects will be eliminated. You should change the name of this mountain also, and you should bestow a building decree to this monastery as a token of your gratitude for this monk’s care for the princess.”

Exceedingly pleased, the king immediately sent officials into the city to fetch the roosters. The name of the mountain was changed to Precious Flower. The Bureau of Labor was told to provide the necessary materials for the repair and renovation of the monastery, and its name was changed to the Royal Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery of the Precious Flower Mountain. The priest was appointed a monk-official, with the perpetual title of Patriotic and an official salary of thirty-six stones. The monks, after giving thanks, saw the imperial carriage return to court, where the princess entered the various palaces to be reunited with her kinfolk.

Large banquets were prepared for celebrating her homecoming and reunion with her family. The king and his subjects also joined in the revelry, drinking and feasting all evening.

The next morning the king issued the decree for portraits to be made of the four sage monks and mounted in the Chinese and Barbarian Loft. The princess, with fresh clothing and makeup, was asked to come out to thank the Tang Monk and his three disciples once more for her deliverance. After that, the Tang Monk wanted to take leave of the king to journey westward, but the king, of course, refused to let them go. Again they were feted for five or six days, thus providing excellent opportunities for our Idiot to stuff himself repeatedly.

When the king saw, however, how eager they were in their desire to worship Buddha, rejecting all entreaties for them to stay, he presented them with two hundred ingots of gold and silver and a platter of treasures. Master and disciples refused to take even a penny.

The king then ordered the imperial carriage for the old master to ride in and many officials to escort him to a great distance. The queen, the concubines, the officials, and the people all kowtowed without ceasing to express their thanks. When they reached the outskirts of the city, they saw the priests of the temple, too, had come to bow and see them off, reluctant to take leave of the pilgrims. When Pilgrim saw that all the people were unwilling to turn back, he had no choice but to make the magic sign with his fingers and blew a mouthful of immortal breath toward the ground on the southwest. Immediately a gust of dark wind blinded the people's eyes, and only then could the pilgrims proceed. Truly,

*Cleansed by gracious waves to return to revealing cause,
They left the sea of gold to awake to the true void.*

We do not know what the journey ahead was like; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-SIX

*Squire Kou gladly receives a noble priest
The elder Tang does not covet riches*

*The form of forms was first formless;
The void of void, too, was not void.
Hush, noise, speech, and silence the same we deem:
Why speak of dream within a dream?
The useful is in use useless;
No power empowers power,
Like ripened fruits that redden on their own.
Ask not how they are trimm'd and grown!*

We were telling you about the disciple of the Tang Monk, who used his magic power to stop those priests from the Gold-Spreading Monastery. After the dark wind subsided, the priests, no longer able to see the master pilgrim and his disciples, thought that they had witnessed the descent of living buddhas. They therefore kowtowed and returned to their own monastery, and we shall speak no more of them.

Master and disciples proceeded toward the West, and once more it was the time of late spring and early summer.

*The weather is pleasant and bright
With pond-lotus coming in sight.
Plums ripen after the rains;
Wheat in the wind its height attains.
With their young river swallows fly;
To feed their offspring pheasants cry.
The Dipper's south, the day's at its longest;
Fair and gay all things seem strongest.*

Countless times they rested at night and dined at dawn, fording the streams and climbing the slopes. On a peaceful road they journeyed for half a month, and then they saw again a city ahead of them.

"Disciples," asked Tripitaka, "what sort of place is this again?"

"I don't know! I don't know!" replied Pilgrim.

"You have taken this road before," said Eight Rules, giggling. "How could you say you don't know? There must be something uncanny about this place. You're deliberately pretending to be ignorant just to play a trick on us."

"This Idiot is completely unreasonable!" said Pilgrim. "Though I have traveled several times on this road, I did it in the air. I mounted the clouds to go back and forth. Since when did I ever make a stop on the ground? There was no reason for me to investigate what was of no concern to me. That's why I am ignorant. There's nothing uncanny here. Who wants to play a trick on you?"

As they talked, they came up to the edge of the city. Tripitaka dismounted to walk over the drawbridge and enter the gate. In a corridor by a long street, two old men

were seated and conversing. “Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “stand out in the middle of the road.

Lower your heads and behave yourselves. Let me go up to the corridor to ask what place this is.” Pilgrim and the rest indeed obeyed him and stood still.

The elder drew near, pressed his palms together, and called out, “Old patrons, this humble cleric salutes you.”

Those two old men were just having a leisurely discussion—about the rise and fall, the gains and losses of past dynasties, about who were the sages and worthies, and about the great, lamentable fact that what had once been a heroic enterprise was now reduced to nothing—when they suddenly heard this salutation. They at once returned the greeting and said, “What does the elder wish to say?”

“This humble cleric came from afar to worship Buddha,” said Tripitaka. “Having just reached your treasure region, I do not know its name. I would like to know also where I might find a family inclined to charity, so that I might beg a meal there.” One of the old men said, “This is the Bronze Estrade Prefecture, behind which is the Numinous Earth District. If the elder wishes to have vegetarian meal, there is no need for you to beg. Go past this archway, and on the street running north and south, you’ll come to a towered-gate facing east guarded by figures of sitting tigers. This is the home of Squire Kou; before his door there’s also a plaque with the inscription, Ten Thousand Monks Will Not Be Barred. A distant traveler like you can enjoy all you want. Go! Go! Go! And don’t interrupt our conversation!”

Having thanked them, Tripitaka turned and said to Pilgrim, “This is the Numinous Earth District of the Bronze Estrade Prefecture.

The two old men told me that beyond the archway on the street running north and south, there is a tiger-guarded towered gate facing east. That’s the home of Squire Kou, where before the door there is a plaque bearing the inscription, Ten Thousand Monks Will Not Be Barred. They told us to go to that household to have a meal.”

“The region of the West,” said Sha Monk, “is the land of Buddha, so there must be people who wish to feed the monks. If this is only a district or a prefecture, there’s no need for us to have our rescript certified. Let’s go beg some food, and we can leave after the meal.”

As the elder walked slowly through the long street with his three followers, they aroused again such alarm and suspicion of those people in the markets that they all crowded around the pilgrims to stare at their features. Telling his disciples to remain silent, the elder kept saying, “Behave yourselves! Behave yourselves!”

The three of them indeed lowered their heads and dared not look up. After they turned a corner, they came upon a broad street running north and south.

As they walked along, they saw a tiger-guarded towered-gate, on the other side of which there was hung on the wall a huge plaque with the inscription, Ten Thousand Monks Will Not Be Barred. “In this Buddha land of the West,” said Tripitaka, “there’s no deception in either the foolish or the wise. I was not prepared to believe what the two aged men told me, but what I see here confirms their story.”

Always rude and impulsive, Eight Rules wanted to go in at once. Pilgrim said, “Idiot, let’s stop a moment. Wait till someone comes out. When we have obtained permission, then you may enter.”

“What Big Brother says is quite right,” said Sha Monk. “If we do not observe proper etiquette, we may offend the patron.”

They rested the horse and the luggage before the gate. In a little while, an old retainer appeared, carrying in his hands a scale and a basket.

When he suddenly caught sight of the four, he was so startled that he abandoned his possessions and ran inside to report, “My lord, there are four strange-looking priests outside!”

The squire, leaning on his staff, was just taking a leisurely stroll in the courtyard, chanting repeatedly the name of Buddha. The moment he heard this report, he threw away his staff and hurried out to receive his visitors. When he saw the four pilgrims, he was not intimidated by their ugliness. All he said was, “Please come in! Please come in!” With modesty Tripitaka entered with his disciples. After going through a little alley, the squire led them to a building and said, “This building houses the Buddha hall, the sūtra hall, and the dining hall, which will entertain the Venerable Fathers. The building to the left is where this disciple and his family live.”

Tripitaka was full of compliments as he put on his cassock to worship Buddha. They ascended the hall to look around, and they saw

*Fragrant clouds of incense,
And bright flames of candles;
A hall filled with bundles of silk and flowers,
Four corners festooned with gilt and colors.
On a vermilion prop
A bell of purple gold hangs high;
On colored lacquered frames
pair of patterned drums are mounted.
A few pairs of banners
All embroidered with the eight jewels;
A thousand Buddhas
All gilded in gold.
An old bronze censer,
And an old bronze vase;
A carved lacquered table,
And a carved lacquered box.
From the old bronze censer
Arise unending curls of smoky fragrance;
Within the old bronze vase
Now and then the lotus displays its colors.
Five-colored clouds fresh on the carved lacquered table;
Mounds of scented petals in the carved lacquered box.
In a crystal chalice,
The holy water's clear and clean;
In a lamp of glass,
The fragrant oil burns brightly.
The gold stone-chime's one note
Lingers and resonates.
Truly unsoiled by red dust in this precious tower,
A household Buddha-hall nobler than a temple.*

Having purified his hands, the elder took up incense to kowtow and worship. Then he turned to go through the proper ceremony of greeting the squire, who said, however, “Just a moment! We shall do that in the sūtra room.”

There they saw

*Square and erect cases—
Jade and gold boxes—
In square and erect cases
Countless volumes of sūtra pile up;
In jade and gold boxes
Many notes and letters are collected.
On the colored lacquered table
Are paper, ink, brush, and inkstone—
All exquisite items of the study.
Before the pepper-dusted screens
Are books, paintings, a psalter, and chess—
All marvelous objects of real pleasure.
A divine stone-chime of jade o’erlaid with gold is placed there;
A grapevine mat that shields the moon and wind is hung there.
pure air makes one don a cheerful air;
A chaste mind sets free the mind of Dao.*

Having reached the place, the elder was about to go through the ceremony when he was stopped again by the squire, saying, “Please take off your Buddha robe.”

Tripitaka doffed his cassock, and only then was he allowed to give his host the proper greeting. Then the squire also exchanged greetings with Pilgrim and his two brothers. He asked his servants to feed the horse and to place the luggage in the corridor. Only then did he inquire about the pilgrims’ origin.

Tripitaka said, “Your humble cleric has been sent by royal decree of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to visit the Spirit Mountain of your treasure region in order to seek true scriptures from the Buddhist Patriarch. I heard that your honored household reveres the monks, and that’s why I came bowing. I would like to beg for a meal, and then we shall leave.”

His face beaming with pleasure, the squire smiled broadly and said, “Your disciple’s surname is Kou. My given name is Hong (Great), and my style is Dakuan (Liberality). I’m sixty-four years old. At the age of forty, I made a vow which would not be fulfilled until I had fed ten thousand monks. This has been going on for twenty-four years. I have kept a record of all those I have fed. Recently in my leisure hours, I went through the names of the monks and discovered that I have fed nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-six persons. Only four more remain before I reach the number of perfection. It is indeed my good fortune that Heaven has sent me today you four old masters to complete this number. Please leave me your honored titles, and you must stay here for a month also. Please wait until we have performed the ceremony of the completion of a vow. Your disciple will then escort you all to the mountain with horses and carriages.

Our region is only some eight hundred miles from the Spirit Mountain. It’s not very far.”

Exceedingly pleased by what he heard, Tripitaka agreed to what he proposed, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Several houseboys, old and young, went into the squire's residence to haul firewood and bail water. They also took out rice, noodles, and vegetables in order to prepare the dietary meal. All these activities led the aged wife of the squire to ask, "Where do these monks come from, that they have to receive such special treatment?"

"When our master asked these four noble priests about their origin," replied the houseboys, "one of them said that they were sent by the Great Tang emperor to worship our Holy Father Buddha in the Spirit Mountain. Who knows how great a distance they have covered to reach our place, but our master said that they came from Heaven. He told us to prepare a vegetarian meal quickly to entertain them."

Delighted also by what she heard, the old woman said to her maid, "Get me some clothes. I want to go meet them also."

"Madam," said one of the houseboys, "you want to meet only one of them, not the other three. Their features are extremely ugly!"

"You people are just ignorant," said the old woman. "When the features are ugly, strange, or extraordinary, they must belong to celestial beings descending to the Region Below. Run along now and announce my presence to your master."

The houseboys dashed out to the sūtra hall to say to the squire, "Madam is here. She wishes to meet the venerable fathers of the Land of the East." On hearing this, Tripitaka rose from his seat as the old woman arrived at the hall. She raised her eyes and scrutinized the dignified and handsome features of the Tang Monk. Then she turned to look at Pilgrim and his two companions, whose appearances were extraordinary indeed! Though she thought that they were celestial beings descended to Earth, she did feel a little nervous as she went to her knees to bow to them.

Hurriedly returning her salutation, Tripitaka said, "The Lady Bodhisattva has erroneously paid us great homage."

The old woman asked the squire, "Why aren't these four masters sitting together?" Sticking out his snout, Eight Rules said, "We three are only disciples!"

Eeeee! That one declaration of his seemed like a tiger's roar deep in the mountain! The old woman became more frightened than ever.

As they spoke, another houseboy came to say, "The two uncles have arrived."

Turning quickly to look, Tripitaka found two young scholars who walked up the sūtra hall and bent low toward the elder. Tripitaka hastily returned their greetings, while the squire tugged at him and said, "These are my two sons, named Kou Liang (Beam) and Kou Dong (Pillar). They have just returned from school and haven't had their lunch yet. Learning of the master's arrival, they have come to bow to you."

Delighted, Tripitaka said, "Excellent! Excellent! Truly

To exalt your house doing good's the rule.

To have good sons you must send them to school."

"Where did this Venerable Father come from?" the two young men asked their father.

"From a great distance," replied the squire, laughing. "He is someone sent by the Great Tang emperor in the Land of the East, at the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, to go

see the Holy Father Buddha at Spirit Mountain and acquire scriptures.” One scholar said, “I read in *A Guide through the Forest of Affairs* that the world is divided into four continents. Our region here belongs to the West Aparagodāniya Continent, and there is also an East Pūrvavideha Continent. I wonder how many years it took him to travel from South Jambūdvīpa to this place?” With a smile, Tripitaka said, “This humble cleric on his journey has spent more days in being delayed than in traveling. Frequently I fell to poisonous demons and savage fiends, to thousands of bitter ordeals. I am fortunate to have the protection of my three disciples.

Altogether I have experienced fourteen summers and winters before arriving at your treasure region.” When they heard this, the two scholars paid him effusive compliments, saying, “Truly a divine monk! Truly a divine monk!”

Hardly had they finished speaking when a young boy came to say, “The maigre has been spread out. We invite the Venerable Fathers to partake.”

The squire asked his wife to return to their residence with his sons. He himself accompanied the four pilgrims to the dining hall for the meal.

The appointments in the hall were arranged in a most orderly manner, with gilded lacquered tabletops and black-lacquered armchairs. The front row of food consisted of a *crouque-en-bouche* of five colors, created in the latest fashion by the most skillful and artistic hands. In the second row there were five platters of little dishes, while the third row had five plates of fruits. The fourth row had five big platters of snacks, every item delicious and fragrant. The vegetarian soups, the rice, the steamed dumplings and buns were all steaming hot and most appetizing. Seven or eight houseboys dashed back and forth to serve them, and four or five chefs never stopped working. Look at them! Some brought in soup while others added rice; coming and going, they were like meteors chasing the moon.

Our Zhu Eight Rules swallowed a bowlful with one gulp, and he went after the food like wind sweeping away the clouds. Master and disciples thus enjoyed a full meal.

The elder rose and, having thanked the squire for the maigre, was about to leave immediately. Stopping him, the squire said, “Old teacher, please relax and stay for a few days. As the proverb says, ‘Beginning is easy but the end is hard.’ Please wait till I have performed the rite of completion. Only then would I dare escort you on your way.” When Tripitaka saw how sincere and earnest he was, he had no choice but to remain.

Not until six or seven days had gone by did the squire invite some twenty-four local Buddhist priests to conduct a service of the completion of a vow. The priests spent three or four days to compose the service, and, having selected an auspicious date, they began the sacrifice. Their manner, of course, was no different from that of the Great Tang. They, too,

*Unfurled the huge banners
And set up the gilded images;
Lifted high the tall candles
burned incense to worship.
They rolled drums and tapped cymbals;
They blew on reeds and kneaded pipes.
The little gongs
And the flute’s pure tones
All followed the gongche notations.*

*They struck up the music
 And played for a while
 Before beginning to chant the sūtras aloud.
 First they pacified the local spirits;
 Next they called on divine warriors.
 They burned and sent off the documents,
 And they bowed to Buddha's images.
 They recited the Peacock Sūtra,
 Each sentence woe-dispelling;
 They lighted the Bhaiṣajya Lamp,
 Its flame both bright and blazing.
 They did the Water Penitential
 To dissolve guilt and enmity;
 They proclaimed the Garland Sūtra
 To remove slander and strife.
 Triyāna's wondrous law had the finest aim;
 One or two Śramaṇa were all the same.*

For three days and nights it went on like that, and at last the service was over. Thinking of Thunderclap, the Tang Monk wanted to leave. As he tried to thank his host, the squire said, "The old teacher is so eager to leave! It must be that my preoccupation with the service these last few days has caused me to slight you in some manner, and you are offended."

"I have greatly disturbed your noble residence," replied Tripitaka, "and I do not know how I can repay you. Dare I even speak of offense? It's just that when my sage ruler escorted me out of the imperial pass, he asked me when I would return. By mistake I replied that I should be back in three years. Little did I expect that I would be on the road for fourteen years! And I still don't know whether I'd be able to acquire the scriptures! By the time I have taken them back, it will probably be another twelve or thirteen years. Would I not have violated the sage decree? What unbearable crime would that be? I beg the old squire to let this humble cleric proceed. Wait till I have acquired the scriptures; then I'll come back to stay a little longer at your mansion. That should be permissible." Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules shouted, "Master, you're too insensitive to human wishes! You've no regard for human sentiments! The old squire must be a very rich man if he has been able to make such a vow to feed priests. Now that it is completed, and now that he is urging us so earnestly to stay, there's no harm in our remaining a year or so. Why must you insist on leaving? Why should we abandon such ready-made provisions and resume begging from someone else? What old father or mother's family do you have ahead of you?"

"You coolie!" snapped the elder. "All you know is eating! You never have a thought for returning to your origin. Truly you're a beast who cares only for

*Eating in the trough
 To ease your belly's itch!*

Since you crave so much to indulge in this deluded passion, I'll leave tomorrow by myself." When Pilgrim saw that even the color of his master's face had changed, he grabbed Eight Rules and pounded him with his fists.

"This Idiot," he cried, "without knowing any better, has caused Master to blame even us!"

“That’s a good beating! That’s a good beating!” said Sha Monk, chuckling. “Even when he’s silent, as he is now, he annoys people! Wait till he butts in again with his mouth!” In a huff, our Idiot stood to one side and dared not utter another word. When the squire saw that master and disciples had become agitated, he tried to placate them with a broad smile, saying, “Please calm yourself, old teacher, and bear with us for one more day. Tomorrow I shall prepare some banners and drums and invite a few relatives and neighbors to see you off.”

As they conversed, the old woman appeared and said, “Old Master, if you have come to our house, there is no need for you to rush off so eagerly. How many days have you been staying, anyway?”

“Already half a month,” replied Tripitaka.

“Let that half-month be counted as the meritorious service of the squire,” said the old woman. “I too have accumulated a little cash from sewing, and I have hopes also of feeding the old master for half a month.” She had barely finished speaking when Kou Dong and his brother also came out and said, “Please hear us, you four Venerable Masters. Our father fed the monks for over twenty years, but he had never come upon a good person. Now he is lucky enough to reach the number of perfection only because of your arrival, which has, as it were, brought radiance to a thatched hut. Your students are too young to know much about karma, but we do know the proverb:

*What pa sows pa reaps;
What ma sows ma reaps;
One who sows not, reaps not.*

The reason our father and mother wish to extend their hospitality is just so that they may each attain certain karmic reward. Why must you refuse them so bitterly? Even we foolish brothers have saved up a small sum from our school allowances, with which we, too, would like to entertain the Venerable Masters for half a month before we see you off.”

“Already I dare not accept the great kindness of your mother, the old Bodhisattva,” said Tripitaka. “How could I presume upon the affection of you worthy brothers? I truly dare not. I must leave this day, and I implore all of you to pardon me. If I remained, I would have exceeded the imperial limit, and my crime would be even greater than one punishable by execution.” When the old woman and her two sons saw that he was adamant, they grew angry and said, “Out of good intentions we wanted him to stay, but he’s bent on leaving. All right! He wants to go, let him go! No need to chatter any more!” Mother and sons thereupon got up and went inside.

Unable to restrain himself, Eight Rules spoke again to the Tang Monk, “Master, don’t overdo your playacting! As the proverb says,

*To stay’s appropriate.
Loitering irritates!*

Let us stay here for one more month, just to satisfy the wishes of mother and sons. What’s the hurry?”

“Oh?” snapped the Tang Monk, and immediately our Idiot gave his own mouth a couple of slaps, saying, “Shhhhhh! Shhhhhh! Don’t talk! You’re making noises again!” On one side Pilgrim and Sha Monk began to giggle uncontrollably.

“What are you laughing at?” said the Tang Monk to Pilgrim, sorely annoyed. Making the magic sign with his fingers, he was about to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. So

horrified was Pilgrim that he at once went to his knees to say, “Master, I wasn’t laughing! I wasn’t laughing! Don’t recite that spell, I beg you!” When the squire saw that master and disciples were becoming more and more rancorous, he dared not insist on their staying any longer. All he said was, “The Venerable Masters need not quarrel. I promise you that I shall escort you on your way tomorrow.”

He went out of the sūtra hall and told his secretary to send over a hundred invitations to his relatives and neighbors to join him in sending off in the morning the old master from the Tang court in his westward journey. In the meantime, he ordered the chefs to prepare a farewell banquet, and his steward to have twenty pairs of colored banners made up and to find a band of musicians and drummers. A group of monks from the South Advent Monastery and a group of Daoists from the East Summit Abbey were to be ready to join the party by the hour of the Serpent in the morning. His domestic staff obeyed and left. In a little while, it was nightfall. After the evening meal, they all retired. You see

*A few crows to the village homeward fly.
Drums and bells toll from distant towers high.
Human traffic ceases in the street and mart;
From all households lights and fires now depart.
In moonlight and wind blossoms show their shade;
The stars the obscure silver stream pervade.
The night has deepened for the nightjars weep;
The heavens grow silent when the earth’s asleep.*

At the time it was no more than the hour between the third and fourth watch when those houseboys in charge of various affairs all rose early in order to complete their tasks. Look at them!

*Those preparing the banquet
Rushed about in the kitchen;
Those making the colored banners
Clamored before the hall;
Those beckoning monks and priests
Sprinted on their two legs;
Those calling for musicians
Hurled themselves forward;
Those sending out invitations
Darted east and west;
Those readying horse and carriage
Shouted back and forth.*

From the hour of midnight, the tumult lasted till dawn. By about the hour of the Serpent, every business was concluded—with money, of course! We tell you now about the Tang Monk and his disciples, who also rose early, attended by all those people. The elder at once gave the instruction to pack and to hitch up the horse. When our Idiot heard that they were truly about to leave, he pouted his fat lips some more and grumbled incessantly, but he had no choice other than to pack up the cassock and almsbowl and pick up the pole and its load.

Having brushed and scrubbed down the horse, Sha Monk saddled it and waited. Pilgrim handed the nine-ringed priestly staff to his master and hung the satchel containing his travel rescript on his own chest. They were about to walk out together

when the squire came to invite them to a large sitting room in the rear, where a huge banquet was spread out. The hospitality they encountered here was quite different from what they received in the dining hall in front. They saw

*loftily hung
And screens on all four sides.
Hung in the center
Was a painting with the aged mountain and blessed sea motif;
Displayed on two walls
Were the scenes of spring, summer, autumn, and winter.
From dragon-veined tripods rose incense smoke;
Auspicious air grew in crow-tortoise urns.
The display-plates' many colors
Showed vivid bejeweled floral patterns;
The side tables' mounds of gold
Held orderly rows of lion-god candies.
Drums and dances followed the graceful notes;
Brocadelike food and fruits were placed in the hall.
Such refined vegetarian soup and rice!
Such attractive fragrant tea and wine!
Though this was a home of a commoner,
It was not different from a noble's house.
You could hear only a joyous hubbub
That truly disturbed Heaven and Earth.*

The elder was just greeting the squire when a houseboy appeared and said, "The guests have all arrived."

These were all neighbors left and right, the wife's brothers, the cousins, and the sisters' husbands. There were also squires who had jointly pledged to keep a diet, and Buddhist believers. After all of them bowed ceremoniously to the elder, they took their proper seats as pipes and strings played below the steps and the feasting went on inside the hall.

This sumptuous spread had the undivided attention of Eight Rules, who said to Sha Monk, "Brother, let yourself go and eat! When we leave the Kou home, there'll be no more rich fare like this!"

"What are you saying, Second Elder Brother!" said Sha Monk, chuckling. "As the proverb puts the matter

*The hundred flavors of rare dainties
Are no more once you've eaten your fill.
You may accumulate private savings
But not in your stomach private hoardings!"*

"You're much too feeble! Too feeble!" replied Eight Rules. "When I have eaten to the limits in one meal, I won't be hungry again even after three days!"

Hearing him, Pilgrim said, "Idiot, don't puncture your belly! We have to be on the road!"

Hardly had they finished speaking when it was almost noon. The elder, in his seat of honor, lifted his chopsticks to recite the Sūtra for the End of Maigre. So alarmed was Eight Rules that he took up the rice, downed one bowl with a gulp, and put away

five or six more bowls. Next he picked up those buns, rolls, cakes, and baked goods and stuffed both his sleeves full of them, regardless of whether they were good or bad. Only then did he leave the table, following his master. Having thanked the squire and the other guests, the elder walked out of the door, encountering many colorful banners and treasure canopies, drummers and musicians, on the other side. The two bands of Daoist priests and Buddhist monks were just arriving.

With a smile the squire said to them, "All of you are late, and the old master is eager to leave. There is no time for me to present you with the maigre. Allow me to thank you when we come back."

Those pulling the carriages, riding horses, or walking all stepped aside for the four pilgrims to proceed. As they went forward, loud strains of music and the roll of drums drifted skyward while banners and flags blotted out the sun. The whole place was clogged by people, chariots, and horses, as everyone came to see Squire Kou sending off the Tang Monk. The wealth and riches so displayed

*Surpassed the enclosures of pearl and jade,
And rivaled those silken drapes of love.*

Those monks played a Buddhist tune, after which the priests struck up a Taoist melody, as they all escorted the pilgrims out of the prefectural city. When they reached the tenth-mile wayside station, food and drink were served, and they toasted each other once more as they bade farewell. The squire, however, still could not bear to part with his guests.

Blinking back his tears, he said, "When the Venerable Master returns after acquiring the scriptures, he must come to our house to stay for a few days. That'll be the fulfillment of Kou Hong's wish."

Deeply moved, Tripitaka thanked him repeatedly, saying, "If I reach the Spirit Mountain and get to see the Buddhist Patriarch, your great virtue will be the first to be told. On my return, I shall surely stop at your door to express my thanks!" Speaking in this manner, they went on for two or three more miles. The elder earnestly bowed to take leave of his host, and the squire had to turn back, wailing loudly. Truly

*Vowing to feed monks, he'd return to wondrous knowledge;
But with no affinity he could not see Tathāgata.*

We shall speak no more of Squire Kou, who escorted the pilgrims to the tenth-mile wayside station and then returned with his other companions to his house. We tell you instead about the master and his three disciples, who journeyed for some forty or fifty miles, when the sky darkened. "It's getting late," said the elder. "Where shall we ask for lodging?"

Toting the luggage, Eight Rules pouted and said, "There's ready-made rice, but you won't eat it! There's a house built with cool tiles but you won't live in it! All you want is to hurry on some journey, like a lost soul going to a funeral! Now it's getting late. If it rains, what are we going to do then?"

"You brazen cursed beast!" scolded the Tang Monk. "You're complaining again! As the proverb says,

*Chang'an may be fine,
But it's no place to linger in.*

Wait till we reach the affinity of seeing the Buddhist Patriarch and acquire the true scriptures. When we return to the Great Tang and report to our lord, we will let you eat the rice from the imperial kitchen for several years. I hope, you cursed beast, you'll become so bloated that you'll die and become an overstuffed ghost!" Our Idiot giggled silently and dared not utter another word.

Pilgrim peered into the distance and discovered several buildings by the main road. He said quickly to his master, "Let's rest over there! Let's rest over there!"

The elder drew near and saw that it was a shrine which had collapsed. On top of the shrine was an old plaque, on which there was an inscription written in four dust-covered, faded words:

Bright Light Travel Court.

Dismounting, the elder said, "The Bodhisattva Bright Light was the disciple of the Buddha of Flames and Five Lights. Because of his expedition against the Demon King of Poisonous Fire, he was demoted and changed into the Spirit Officer of Five Manifestations.

They must have a shrine keeper here."

They all went inside, but they discovered that both rooms and corridors had toppled and there was no sign of any human person. They would have turned and gone back out were it not for the fact that dark clouds suddenly had gathered above and a torrential rain descended. They had little choice but to find whatever shelter they could in that dilapidated building and remain there in stealthy silence, fearing that they might otherwise disturb some monstrous deviates. Either sitting or standing, they endured a sleepless night. Ah! Truly

Prosperity's end breeds negativity;

In pleasure you'd meet, too, calamity.

We do not know what was their condition when they proceeded in the morning; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

Gold-dispensing external aid meets demonic harm
The sage reveals his soul to bring restoration

Let us not speak for the moment of the Tang Monk and his disciples, who spent a night of discomfort in the dilapidated shrine of Bright Light to seek shelter from the rain. We tell you now instead about a group of violent men in the city located at the Numinous Earth District of the Bronze Estrade Prefecture, who had squandered away their possessions through sleeping with prostitutes, drinking, and gambling. Without any other means of livelihood, those men—more than a dozen of them—banded together to become thieves. As they deliberated on which family in the city might be considered the richest and which the second richest for them to rob, one of them said, “There’s no need for investigation or calculation. There’s only one man here who is very rich, and he’s that Squire Kou who sent off today the priest from the Tang court. In this rainstorm tonight, people won’t be out in the streets, and the police won’t make their rounds. We should strike now and take some capital from him. Then we can go and have some more fun, whoring and gambling. Won’t that be nice?”

Delighted, the thieves all agreed. Taking up daggers, caltrops, staffs, clubs, ropes, and torches, they set out in the rain. Having broken through the gates of the Kou home, they rushed in with a shout. The members of his family, young and old, male and female, were so terrified that they all fled. The squire’s wife cowered under their bed, while the old man hid behind a door. Kou Liang, Kou Dong, and his other children all scattered in every direction.

Grasping weapons and torches, the thieves broke open the chests and trunks in the house and ransacked them for gold, silver, treasures, jewels, clothing, utensils, and other household goods. Agonized at parting with all his possessions, the squire risked his life to walk outside his house and plead with the robbers, saying, “Great Kings, please take what you need. But leave this old man a few things and some garments for his remaining years.”

Those robbers, of course, would not permit such discussion. They rushed forward, and one kick at the groin sent Squire Kou tumbling to the ground. Alas!

His three spirits gloomily drifted back to Hades;
His seven souls slowly took leave of mankind.

After their success, the thieves left the Kou residence and climbed out of the city by means of rope ladders they set up along the rampart walls. They then fled toward the west through the night rain.

Only when they saw that the thieves had left did the houseboys and servants of the Kou household dare show themselves. They immediately discovered the old squire lying dead on the ground. “O Heavens! Our master has been slain!” they cried, bursting into tears as they fell on the corpse to mourn him.

By about the hour of the fourth watch, the old woman began to think spitefully of the Tang Monk. Because of his refusal to stay and enjoy their hospitality, she thought, they had to make such lavish arrangements to send him off and brought on themselves instead this terrible calamity. Her rancor thus aroused her desire to plot against the four pilgrims. As she leaned on Kou Liang for support, she said, “Child,

there's no need for you to weep anymore. Your old man used to be so eager to feed monks. He wanted to do it one day after another. Little did he know that when he achieved perfection, he would run into a bunch of murderous monks!"

"Mother," said the two brothers, "what do you mean by murderous monks?"

"When those savage robbers broke into our room," replied their mother, "I hid under our bed. Though I was shaking all over, I managed to take a good look at them under the glare of torches and lights. Do you know who they were? The one holding a torch was the Tang Monk. Zhu Eight Rules was holding a knife and Sha Monk was dragging out our silver and gold. The one who slew your old man was Pilgrim Sun."

Thinking that what they heard was the truth, her two sons said, "If mother caught a clear glimpse of them, they had to be the robbers."

After all, the four of them spent over half a month here, and they must be completely familiar with the layout of our house—with the entrances, the walls, the casements, and the alleys. Wealth is a big temptation. That's why they have taken advantage of this night's rain to return here. Not only have they robbed us of our possessions, but they have also slain our father. How vicious can they be? In the morning we must go to the prefecture to file charges against them."

"How shall we word the complaint?" asked Kou Dong. "Exactly as mother told us," replied Kou Liang, and this was what he wrote:

*Eight Rules cried for slaughter;
The Tang Monk held the fire.
Sha Monk removed our silver and gold
While Pilgrim Sun beat to death our sire.*

The whole family was in uproar, and soon it was dawn. They sent word immediately to their relatives to prepare for the funeral and purchase the coffin. Meanwhile, Kou Liang and his brother went to the prefectural hall to file their plaint. Now, the magistrate of this Bronze Estrade Prefecture, you see, was

*Upright all his life,
And his nature, virtuous.
In his youth he had studied studiously
And had been examined at Golden Chimes.
At all times, he had been a patriot,
A man full of mercy and kindness.
His fame would spread in history for a thousand years
As if Gong and Huang reappeared;
His name would resound forever in the halls of justice
As if Zhuo and Lu were reborn.*

After he had ascended the prefectural hall and disposed of routine affairs, he ordered the display of the placard which announced that he was ready to hear and decide cases. The Kou brothers placed the placard in one of their bosoms and entered the hall. Falling to their knees, they cried, "Venerable Father, these little ones wish to file a complaint on the weighty matter of robbery and murder."

The complaint was handed over to the magistrate, who, having read its content, said, "People said yesterday that your family, by feeding four noble priests, had fulfilled a vow. Those four, we were told, happened to be arhats from the Tang court, and they were sent off by you with a lavish band of drummers and musicians clogging the streets."

How could such a thing happen to you last night?" Kowtowing, the two brothers said, "Venerable Father, Kou Hong, our father, had been feeding monks for some twenty-four years. It happened that these four monks coming from a great distance would just make up the number of ten thousand. That was why we had a ceremony of perfection and asked them to stay for half a month. They thereby became thoroughly acquainted with the layout of our house. After we had sent them off yesterday, however, they returned during the night, taking advantage of the darkness and the rainstorm. With lighted torches and weapons, they broke into our home and took away our silver and gold, our treasures and jewels, and our clothing. Moreover, they slew our father and left him on the ground. We beg the Venerable Father to grant us humble folks justice!" When the magistrate heard these words, he at once called up both cavalry and foot soldiers. Including other recruits and conscripts, they formed a posse of some hundred and fifty men. Each wielding sharp weapons, they went out of the western gate to pursue the Tang Monk and his three companions.

We tell you now about master and disciples, who waited patiently till dawn in the dilapidated building of the Bright Light Travel Court before emerging and setting out again toward the West. It so happened that those thieves who had robbed the Kou family the night before also took this same road after getting out of the city. By morning they had walked some twenty miles past the shrine.

Hiding in a valley, they were dividing up their booty and had not quite finished when they saw the four pilgrims moving up the road.

Still unsatisfied, the thieves pointed at the Tang Monk and said, "Isn't that the monk who was sent off yesterday?"

Then they laughed and said, "Welcome! Welcome! After all we are engaged in this ruthless business! These monks have traveled quite a distance.

And then they stayed for a long time in the Kou house. We wonder how much stuff they have on them. We might as well cut them off and take their belongings and the white horse. We'll split the heist, too. Won't that be a satisfying thing?" Picking up their arms, the thieves ran up the main road with a shout. They stood in a single file across the road and cried, "Monks, don't run away! Quickly give us some toll money, and your lives will be spared! If only half a no escapes from your mouth, each of you will face the cutlass. None will be spared!"

The Tang Monk, riding the horse, shook violently, while Sha Monk and Eight Rules were filled with fear. "What shall we do? What shall we do?" they said to Pilgrim. "After half a night's misery through the rain, we now face bandits blocking our path. Truly, 'Calamity always knocks twice!'" "Master, don't be afraid!" said Pilgrim with laughter. "And don't worry, Brothers! Let old Monkey question them a bit."

Dear Great Sage! Tightening his tigerskin skirt and giving his silk shirt a shake, he walked up there with folded arms and said, "What do you all do?"

"This fellow has no idea of life or death!" bellowed one of the bandits. "How dare you question me? Don't you have eyes beneath your skull? Can't you recognize that we're all Father Great Kings? Hand us the toll money quickly, and we'll let you through!" On hearing this, Pilgrim smiled broadly and said, "So you are bandits who pillage on the road!"

"Kill him!" shouted the bandits, turning savage.

Pretending to be frightened, Pilgrim said, “Great Kings! Great Kings! I’m a village priest, and I don’t know how to talk. If I’ve offended you, please pardon me. If you want toll money, you needn’t ask those three. All you need is to ask me for it, for I’m the bookkeeper. Whatever cash we have collected from reciting sūtras or holding services, whatever we’ve acquired through begging or charity, they’re all in the wrap. I’m in charge of all incomes and expenditures. Though he’s my master, the one riding the horse only knows how to recite sūtras. He has no other concern, for he has quite forgotten about wealth or sex, and he doesn’t own a penny. The one with the black face is a laborer I took in halfway in our journey, and he only knows how to care for the horse. The one with a long snout is a long-term laborer I hired, and all he knows is how to tote the luggage. If you let those three past, I’ll give you all our possessions, including the cassock and the almsbowl.” When they heard this, the thieves said, “This monk is quite honest after all. Tell those three to drop the luggage, and we’ll let them go by.” Pilgrim turned and winked at his companions. Immediately, Sha Monk dropped the pole and the luggage. He and Eight Rules led the horse and proceeded westward with their master. As Pilgrim lowered his head to untie the luggage, he managed quickly to scoop up a fistful of dirt, which he tossed into the air. Reciting a spell, he exercised the magic of immobilization. “Stop!” he cried, and those bandits—together some thirty of them—all stood erect. Each of them with teeth clenched, eyes wide open, and hands lowered, they could neither talk nor move.

Leaping clear from them into the road, Pilgrim shouted, “Master, come back! Come back!”

“That’s bad! Bad!” said Eight Rules, horrified. “Elder Brother is sacrificing us! He has no money on him, and there is neither silver nor gold in the wrap. He must be calling back Master for the horse. And he may be asking us to strip.”

“Second Elder Brother, stop that nonsense!” said Sha Monk, laughing. “Big Brother is an able person. Previously he could subdue even vicious demons and fierce fiends. You think he’s afraid of these few clumsy bandits? When he calls, he must have something to say. Let’s go back quick to have a look.”

The elder agreed; turning around the horse, he went back amiably and said, “Wukong, why do you call me back?”

“All of you see what these bandits have to say,” said Pilgrim. Eight Rules walked up to one of them and gave him a shove, saying, “Bandit, why can’t you move?”

That man, however, was completely oblivious and speechless. “He must be numb and dumb!” said Eight Rules. Chuckling, Pilgrim said, “They have been stopped by the magic of Immobilization of old Monkey.”

“You might have stopped their bodies, but not their mouths,” said Eight Rules. “Why can’t they make even a noise?” Pilgrim said, “Master, please dismount and take a seat. As the proverb says,

*There’s erroneous arrest
But no mistaken release.*

Brothers, push these bandits over and tie them up. We’ll tell them to confess, to see if they are new thieves or experienced bandits.”

“But we have no ropes!” said Sha Monk. Pilgrim pulled off some hairs and blew his immortal breath on them. At once they changed into some thirty ropes. All the

brothers worked together: they pushed over the bandits and hog-tied them. Then Pilgrim recited the spell of release, and the bandits gradually regained consciousness.

Pilgrim asked the Tang Monk to take a seat above them before the three brothers, each holding his weapon, and shouted at the thieves, "Clumsy thieves, how many of you are there altogether? For how many years have you engaged in this business? How much stuff have you plundered? Have you killed anyone? Is this the first transgression? The second? Or the third?"

"Fathers, please spare our lives," the thieves cried.

"Don't yell!" said Pilgrim. "Make an honest confession."

"Venerable Father," said the thieves, "we are not accustomed to thievery, for we are all sons of good families. Because we are stupid enough to drink, gamble, and sleep with prostitutes, we have completely squandered our inheritances and properties. We have neither abilities nor money for our livelihood. Since we learned that Squire Kou in the prefectural city of Bronze Estrade had vast possessions, we banded together yesterday and went to pillage his household last night, taking advantage of the rain and darkness. We took silver, gold, clothing, and jewels. Just now, we were dividing the loot in the valley north of the road here when we saw you coming. Someone among us recognized that you were those priests whom Squire Kou sent off, and we thought that you must have great possessions also.

When we saw, moreover, how heavy the luggage was and how swiftly the white horse trotted, we grew so greedy that we were going to try to hold you up. We didn't know that Venerable Father had such tremendous magic power to imprison us. We beg you to be merciful. Please take away the things we stole, but spare our lives." When Tripitaka heard that the Kou family had been robbed, he was so taken aback that he stood up immediately. "Wukong," he said, "the old Squire Kou is so kind and virtuous. How could he bring on himself such a terrible calamity?"

"All because of his desire to see us on our way," replied Pilgrim, chuckling. "Those color drapes and floral banners, that extravagant display of drums and music, all attracted people's attention. That's why these scoundrels moved against his house. It's fortunate that they ran into us, so that we could rob them of this great amount of silver and gold, clothing and jewelery."

"Since we have bothered the Kous for half a month but have nothing to repay their great kindness with," said Tripitaka, "we should take these belongings back to their house. Wouldn't that be a good deed?" Pilgrim agreed. With Eight Rules and Sha Monk, he went to the mountain valley and, having packed up the stolen goods, put them on the horse. Eight Rules was asked to tote another load of gold and silver, while Sha Monk toted their own luggage. Pilgrim would have liked to slaughter all those bandits with one blow of his rod, but fearing that the Tang Monk would blame him for taking human lives, he had no choice but to shake his body once to retrieve his hairs. With their hands and legs freed, those bandits scrambled up and fled for their lives. Our Tang Monk then retraced his steps to escort the stolen property back to the squire. This act of his, however, was like a moth darting into fire, a self-induced disaster! We have a testimonial poem for him, which says:

*Kindness repaying kindness is a rarity,
For kindness can change into enmity.
To save the drowning you may go amiss.
Think thrice before acting, you'll live in bliss.*

As Tripitaka and his disciples proceeded to take back the stolen goods, they suddenly caught sight of a forest of swords and spears approaching them. Greatly alarmed, Tripitaka said, "Disciples, look at those weapons coming at us! What do they mean?"

"Disaster's here! Disaster's here!"

Eight Rules said. "These must be the bandits we let go. They have taken up arms and banded together with more people so that they could return to contend with us."

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "they do not look like bandits. Big Brother, take a careful look."

"The evil star has descended once more on Master," whispered Pilgrim to Sha Monk. "These are government troops out to catch bandits."

Hardly had he finished speaking when the soldiers rushed up to them and had master and disciples completely surrounded.

"Dear monks!" they cried. "After you've robbed and plundered, you are still swaggering around here!"

They surged forward and yanked the Tang Monk off the horse. He was immediately tied up with ropes, after which Pilgrim and his two companions were also bound and hog-tied. Poles were inserted through the loops so that two soldiers could carry one prisoner on their shoulders. As the entire troop went back to the prefectural city, hauling the luggage and herding the horse, this was the condition of the pilgrims:

*Tripitaka Tang
Shook all over,
Speechless and shedding tears;
Zhu Eight Rules
Mumbled and grumbled,
His feelings grievous and sour;
the Monk,
Muttered and murmured,
Uncertain what to do;
Pilgrim Sun
Giggled and tittered,
About to show his power.*

In a little while, the throng of government troops hauled their prisoners and recovered booty back into the city. They then proceeded to the yellow hall to make this report:

"Venerable Father, the recruits have captured the bandits." Sitting solemnly in the hall, the magistrate first rewarded his troops. Then he examined the recovered property before he sent for members of the Kou family to take it back. Finally, he ordered Tripitaka and his companions brought before the hall for interrogation.

"You priests," he said, "you claim that you have come from the distant Land of the East and that you are on your way to the Western Heaven to worship Buddha. Actually, however, you are thieves who resort to clever devices to get to know the layout of a place in order to plunder and pillage!"

"Your Excellency, allow me to speak," said Tripitaka. "This humble cleric is in truth not a thief. This is no lie, for I have with me a travel rescript which you may look

at. All this came about because of our regard for the great kindness of Squire Kou, who fed us for half a month. When we ran into the bandits on our way who had robbed the squire's household, we took the stolen property and were about to return it to the Kou family as a gesture of our gratitude. Little did we expect that the soldiers would arrest us, thinking that we were the thieves. Truly we are not thieves, and I beg Your Excellency to exercise careful discernment."

"Now that you are caught by government troops," said the magistrate, "you resort to this clever talk of your gesture of gratitude. If you met the bandits on the way, why didn't you seize them also, so that you could report to the proper official and repay the squire's kindness? Why were there only four of you? Look! This is the plaint filed by Kou Liang, who named you specifically as the accused."

You still dare to struggle?" When he heard these words, Tripitaka was scared out of his wits, like someone on a boat in a boiling sea. "Wukong," he cried, "why don't you come up here to defend us?"

"The booty is real," replied Pilgrim. "What's the use of defense?"

"Exactly!" said the magistrate. "With such evidence before you, you still dare to deny the charge?"

He said to his subordinates, "Bring the head clamp. We'll give this thief's bald head a taste of the clamp before we flog him."

Terribly flustered, Pilgrim thought to himself, "Though my master is fated to meet this ordeal, he should not be allowed to suffer too much." When he saw, therefore, that the bailiffs were preparing the ropes to make the head clamp, he said, "Your Excellency, please don't clamp that monk. During the robbery of the Kou home last night, it was I who held the light and the knife, and it was I who robbed and murdered. I'm the chieftain of the thieves. If you want flogging, flog me. They have nothing to do with this. Just don't release me." On hearing this, the magistrate gave the order:

"Let's clamp the head of this one first."

Together the bailiffs looped the head clamp onto Pilgrim. When they suddenly tightened the rope, it snapped with a loud crack. They joined the rope and clamped again, and once more it snapped with a loud crack. After three or four times of clamping like this, the skin on Pilgrim's head did not even show a wrinkle. When they wanted to change ropes and make another clamp, someone came in to report, "Venerable Father, Father Junior Guardian Chen from the capital has arrived. Please go out of the city to meet him."

The magistrate immediately gave this order to the clerk of justice:

"Take the thieves into the jail and guard them carefully. Wait until I have received my superior. We'll interrogate them some more."

The clerk pushed the Tang Monk and his three disciples into the jailhouse. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, however, had to carry their own luggage in. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "how did this thing come to be?"

"Master, get in! Get in!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "There are no dogs barking here. It's rather good fun!"

Alas! The four of them were taken inside and they were all pushed onto the rack. Then belly compressors, head prongs, and chest straps were fastened to each of them. The prison guards then arrived and began a severe flogging. Hardly able to endure the

pain, Tripitaka could only cry, “Wukong, what shall we do? What shall we do?” Pilgrim said, “They want to beat some money out of us! As the saying goes,

*Settle down if you a nice place find;
Spend money when you're in a bind.*

They'll probably ease up on us if we give them some money.”

“Where do I have any money?” asked Tripitaka.

“If we have no money,” said Pilgrim, “even clothing is all right. Give him that cassock of yours.” On hearing this, Tripitaka felt as if a dagger had stabbed his heart. Since, however, he could not endure the flogging any longer, he had little choice but to say, “Wukong, do as you wish.” Immediately Pilgrim cried out, “Officers, no need for you to beat us anymore. Inside of one of those two wraps we carried in, there is a brocade cassock worth a thousand gold. Untie the wrap and take it. Please leave us.” When those prison guards heard this, they all went to untie the two wraps. There were indeed several cloth garments and a satchel, which were of no value at all. Then they came upon an object wrapped in several layers of oiled paper, with shafts of luminous radiance coming through. They knew it had to be a good thing. When they shook it loose to examine it, they saw a garment of

*Bright, wonderful pearl appliques,
Sequins of rare Buddhist treasures;
With coiled-dragon knots of brocade,
And silk pipings of phoenix made.*

As they fought to have a look at such a marvel, they disturbed the prison warden, who came to say, “Why are you all making such noises here?”

Going to their knees, the guards said, “Just now the old sire indicted these four priests, who all belonged to a large group of bandits.

When we gave them a little flogging, they offered us these two wraps. We found this object after we untied the wraps, and we didn't know what to do with it. To tear up the robe and divide it would be a great pity, but if only one of us owned it, the others would receive no benefit. Fortunately the old sire has come along. We'll leave it up to you to decide for us.”

The warden recognized that it was a cassock. He then examined the other items of clothing and the satchel. Next, he unfolded the travel rescript to have a look. When he saw the signatures and treasure seals of various nations, he said, “I'm glad I saw this in time! Otherwise you people might have brought a terrible disaster on yourselves. These monks are no bandits. Don't you dare touch their clothing! Wait till the grand sire interrogates them tomorrow, and we'll probably learn the real truth.” When the guards heard this, they handed the wraps over to him. The warden tied them up as before and put them away for safe-keeping.

Gradually the night deepened; the drum-roll began on the towers as the night patrol shouted the watches. By about the third quarter of the fourth watch, Pilgrim saw that his companions had stopped moaning and had all fallen asleep. He thought to himself, “It was fated that Master should have this one night of prison ordeal. That's the reason why old Monkey did not bother to dispute the judge or use magic power. Now that the fourth watch is almost over and the calamity is nearly completed, I must leave to make some plans so that we can get out of prison in the morning.” Look at the way he exercises his abilities! Reducing the size of his body, he at once got out of the rack and,

with one shake, changed into a midge to fly out through a crack between the roof tiles. It was a fair and quiet night of stars and a bright moon in the sky. Having determined the direction of the Kou house, he flew toward it. Soon he saw the bright flares of light coming from a house to the west.

When he flew near it to look more closely, he discovered that it belonged to a family of bean-curd makers. An old man was tending fire, while his aged wife was squeezing out the soybean milk.

Presently he heard the old man say, "Mother, Mr. Kou might have sons and wealth, but he had no age. He was, you know, a schoolmate of mine when we were young. I am five years his senior. His father's name was Kou Ming, and at that time, they had no more than a thousand acres of farmland, which they had leased out, but they couldn't even collect the proper rental. By the time the son was twenty years old, the father died and it was up to him to manage their property. It was a stroke of luck that he took for his wife the daughter of Zhang Wang (Prosperity). Her nickname was Needle-Pusher, but she certainly brought prosperity to her husband. Since her entrance into his family, their lands yielded rich harvests and their rentals excellent returns. What they bought accrued value and what they sold made profits. Their assets by now must be worth a hundred thousand cash. When he reached his fortieth year, he began to devote himself to good deeds and managed to feed ten thousand monks. Who would have thought that he would be kicked to death by bandits last night! How pitiable! He was only sixty-four years old and had reached just the right age to enjoy himself. Who would expect a person of such virtuous inclination to be rewarded by such a violent death? It's most lamentable! Most lamentable!"

Every word of this statement was heard by Pilgrim.

By then it was the first quarter of the fifth watch, and Pilgrim flew right into the house of the Kou family. The squire's coffin had been placed in the main hall so that the family could hold a wake over the dead man. Lamps were lit at the head of the coffin, flowers and fruit arranged around it. On one side his weeping wife kept vigil, and his two sons also were kneeling there and weeping. Two of his daughters-in-law were bringing in two bowls of rice for offering.

Pilgrim landed on the head of the coffin and gave a cough. The two daughters-in-law were so terrified that they ran outside, their arms and legs flailing the air. Prostrating themselves on the floor, the Kou brothers dared not move at all. All they could mutter was, "Father! Looooo! Loooo! . . ."

The old woman, however, was courageous enough to give the head of the coffin a tap and said, "Old Squire, have you come back to life?" Imitating the voice of the squire, Pilgrim replied, "No, I haven't!" More frightened than ever, the two sons continued to kowtow and shed tears. All they could mutter was, "Father! Looo! Looo! . . ."

Forcing herself to be bold, the woman asked again, "Squire, if you haven't come back to life, why are you speaking?"

"I have been sent back by King Yama in the custody of a ghost guardian," said Pilgrim, "so that I can speak to all of you. I am supposed to tell you that Needle-Pusher Zhang has used her foul mouth and slanderous tongue to injure the innocent." When the old woman heard her own nickname, she became so flustered that she fell to her knees and kowtowed, saying, "Dear old man! You're so old already, and you still want to address me by my nickname! What do you mean by my foul mouth and slanderous

tongue? Which innocent person have I injured?" Pilgrim bellowed, "Didn't you say something like this?"

*Eight Rules cried for slaughter;
The Tang Monk held the fire.
Sha Monk removed our silver and gold
While Pilgrim Sun beat to death our sire.*

Because of your slanderous words, good people have been made to suffer. Those four masters of the Tang court, when they ran into the brigands on the road, took back our stolen property. They wanted to return that to us as a token of their gratitude. What an expression of goodwill! You, however, drew up this specious plaint and asked your sons to file it with the official. Without carefully examining the case either, he sent them to prison. Now the god of the jailhouse, the local spirit, and the city deity are all so overwrought that they have reported the matter to King Yama. He in turn sent his ghost guardian to take me back home to tell you this: that you should work for the monks' release at once. Otherwise, I have been authorized to cause trouble for a solid month here in the house. The entire household, old and young, including chickens and dogs, will not be spared!"

Again kowtowing, the Kou brothers pleaded with him, saying, "Daddy, please go back. Please don't ever harm the old and the young of this house. We will hasten to the prefecture in the morning and file a petition for release and make our confession. All we want is peace for both the living and the deceased." On hearing this, Pilgrim cried, "Burn paper money! I'm going!"

The whole family gathered at once to burn paper money.

With outstretched wings Pilgrim flew up and soared straight to the magistrate's house. As he looked down, he perceived light, for the magistrate had already risen. When he flew into the central hall to look around, he saw a painting hanging in the middle, the subject of which was an official riding a horse with black spots. Behind him were several attendants, one carrying a blue umbrella and another an armchair. Pilgrim, of course, could not tell what was the story behind the painting, but he flew up to it and settled in the middle of the scroll. Presently the magistrate emerged from his room and bent low to wash his face.

Suddenly Pilgrim made a loud cough, so scaring the magistrate that he dashed back into his room. After finishing his washing and combing his hair, he donned a long coat and came out once more to burn incense before the painting and intone this petition:

"To the divine tablet of my deceased uncle, Duke Jiang Qianyi. Blessed by ancestral virtue, your filial nephew, Jiang Kunsan, succeeded in passing the second and third degrees. He is now favored with the appointment to the magistrate of the Bronze Estrade Prefecture. To you we have offered night and day without ceasing incense and fires. Why, therefore, do you make a sound this day? I beg you not to work the work of a monster or evil spirit, lest the family members be terrified."

Chuckling secretly to himself, Pilgrim said, "So, this is the picture of his father's elder brother!"

He made use of the opportunity, however, to say to the magistrate, "Kunsan, my worthy nephew, you have honored your ancestral inheritance by ever being a clean and upright official. How could you, therefore, be so foolish yesterday as to have regarded

four sage monks as bandits? Without making a thorough investigation, you sent them to jail. Now the god of the jailhouse, the local spirit, and the city deity are highly disturbed. They have reported the matter to King Yama, who sent me in the custody of a ghost guardian to inform you that you should examine every aspect of the case and quickly release them. If you don't do this, you will be asked to go and answer for yourself in the Region of Darkness."

Alarmed by what he heard, the magistrate said, "Let my uncle withdraw his presence. When your humble nephew ascends the hall, he will immediately release them."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "go burn paper money. I'll go back to report to King Yama."

The magistrate thus added incense and burned paper money to offer his thanks.

Pilgrim flew out of the hall, and he found that it was beginning to grow light in the east. By the time he reached the Numinous Earth District, he saw that the district magistrate had already seated himself in the official hall. "If a midge speaks," thought Pilgrim to himself, "and someone sees it, my identity may be revealed. That's no good."

He changed, therefore, into the huge magic body: from midair he lowered a giant leg, which completely filled the district hall. "Hear me, you officials," he cried, "I'm the Wandering Spirit sent by the Jade Emperor. I charge you that a son of Buddha has been wrongfully beaten in the jail of your prefecture, thus greatly disturbing the peace of the deities in the Three Regions. I am told to impart this message to you, that you should give him an early release. If there is any delay, my other leg will descend. It will first kick to death all the district officials of this prefecture. Then it will stamp to death the entire population of the region. Your cities finally will be trodden into dust and ashes!"

All the officials of the district were so terrified that they knelt down together to kowtow and worship, saying, "Let the noble sage withdraw his presence. We will go into the prefecture at once and report this to the magistrate. The prisoner will be released immediately. We beg you not to move your leg, for it will frighten these humble officials to death." Only then did Pilgrim retrieve his magic body. Changing once more into a midge, he flew back inside the jail through the crack between the roof tiles and crawled back to sleep in the rack.

We now tell you about the magistrate, who went up to the hall. No sooner had he displayed the placard announcing his readiness to hear a case than the Kou brothers took it in one of their bosoms and cried aloud on bended knees. The magistrate summoned them inside, where they submitted their petition for release. When the magistrate saw it, he grew angry and said, "It was only yesterday that you filed a complaint of loss. We caught the thieves for you and the stolen property was returned to you. Why did you come today to submit petition for release?" Shedding tears, the two of them said, "Venerable Father, the spirit of your humble subjects' father manifested itself last night to say to us, 'The sage monks from the Tang court were the ones who had originally captured the bandits. It was they who recovered our possessions and released the bandits. Out of goodwill they decided to send back in person the stolen goods in order to repay our hospitality. How could you turn them into thieves and send them to jail to suffer? So overwrought were the local spirit and the city deity that they reported the matter to King Yama. King Yama told me to come in the custody of a ghost guardian to tell you to file another petition with the prefecture for the release of the Tang Monk.

Only that will avert further disasters. If you don't do this, both the old and the young of the family will perish.' For this reason, we have come to submit our petition for release. We beg the Venerable Father to grant us our request." When the magistrate heard this, he thought to himself, "Their father happens to be a corpse that's still warm. A newly departed showing itself is not an unusual phenomenon. But my uncle has been dead five or six years. Why did he too show his spirit last night and ask me to release the prisoners? Hmmm . . . ! They must be wrongfully accused."

As he deliberated with himself, the district magistrate of the Numinous Earth District came running up the hall, yelling, "Your Honor! It's bad! It's bad! Just now the Jade Emperor sent the Wandering Spirit down here to order you to release quickly some good people from prison. Those monks you caught yesterday were not bandits. They are all sons of Buddha on their way to acquire scriptures. If there is any further delay, all of us officials will be kicked to death. Our cities, including the entire population, will be trodden to dust and ashes." Paling with fright, the magistrate at once commanded the clerk of justice to issue a placard for the prisoners to be brought out. When this was done immediately, Eight Rules said sadly, "I wonder what sort of beating they'll give us today!" With a laugh, Pilgrim said, "I promise that you won't receive a single stroke. Old Monkey has settled everything. When you go up to the hall, don't you kneel, for he will step down to ask us to take the seats of honor. Let me demand from him the return of our horse and luggage. If anything is missing, I'll beat him up for you to see." Just as they finished speaking, they arrived at the entrance to the hall. The magistrate, the district magistrate, and the officials of the prefecture and district all descended the hall to meet them, saying, "When the sage monks arrived yesterday, we did not manage to question you carefully, partly because of the urgent necessity to go meet our superiors, and partly because we were distracted by the sight of the stolen booty." Pressing his palms together in front of him and bowing, the Tang Monk gave another thorough account of what had happened. The various officials all confessed, saying, "We've made a mistake! We've made a mistake! Please do not blame us! Please do not blame us!"

Then they asked the Tang Monk whether he had lost anything in jail. Pilgrim now walked forward, glowering, and declared in a loud voice, "Our white horse was taken away by someone in this hall. Our luggage was snatched by the people in jail. Return them to us quickly! It's our turn today to interrogate you all. You have wrongly seized common folks and accused them of thievery! What sort of crime should you be charged with?" When the officials saw how violent he had become, there was not a single one of them that was not scared. They immediately told those who had taken the horse to bring it back, and those who had taken the luggage to return it. Even after all these items were turned over piece by piece, the three disciples continued to display their pique. Look at them! The various officials could only use the Kou family as their excuse.

Trying to be the peacemaker, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, we won't get to the bottom of this here. Let's go to the Kou household. There we can confront and interrogate any witness. Let's find out who it was who saw me as a robber."

"You are right," said Pilgrim. "Let old Monkey call up the dead and ask him to identify his murderer." Sha Monk at once helped the Tang Monk to mount the horse right there in the prefectural hall. In a body, they rushed out, shouting and bellowing. The various officials of the prefecture and the district all went to the Kou house also.

Kou Liang and his brother were so terrified that they went to their front door and kowtowed without ceasing. When the visitors were received into the living room, they could see that inside the mourning parlor members of the family were still weeping behind the funeral drapes.

Pilgrim called out:

“That old woman who used slander to injure common people, stop crying! Let old Monkey summon your husband here. Let him tell us who the real person was who slew him. That ought to put a little shame in you!”

Those officials thought that Pilgrim Sun was only jesting, but he said to them, “Sirs, please keep my master company by sitting here for a moment. Eight Rules, Sha Monk, take care to stand guard. I’ll be back soon.”

Dear Great Sage! He vaulted through the door and rose immediately into the air. All that the people could see were

*Colored mists every where shrouding the house;
The sky’s hallowed air shielding primal spirit.*

When they finally realized that this was an immortal who could mount the clouds and ride the fog, a sage who could bring life out of death, they all burned incense to worship. There we shall leave them for the moment.

With a series of cloud somersaults, that Great Sage went to the Region Below and crashed right into the Hall of Darkness. So startled were they that

*Ten Yama Kings, hands joined, saluted him;
Five Quarters ghost judges kowtowed to him.
Sword-trees, a thousand stalks, were all askew;
Dagger-hills, ten thousandfold, were all made plain.
Goblins were saved in the Wrongful- Dead City;
Ghosts were redeemed by the No- Option Bridge.
Truly like Heaven’s reprieve was one beam of divine light:
The whole Region of Darkness now turned bright.*

The Ten Yama Kings received the Great Sage; after having exchanged greetings, they asked the reason for his visit.

Pilgrim said, “Which one of you took away the soul of Kou Hong, the person who fed the monks in the Numinous Earth District of the Bronze Estrade Prefecture? Find out instantly and bring him to me.”

“Kou Hong is a virtuous person,” said the Ten Yama Kings. “We did not have to use a ghost guardian to summon him. He came by himself, but when the Golden-Robed Youth of King Kṣitigarbha met him, he led him to see the king.” Pilgrim at once took leave of them to head for the Jade Cloud Palace, where he greeted the Bodhisattva King Kṣitigarbha and gave a thorough account of what took place.

In delight the Bodhisattva said, “It was foreordained that Kou Hong should leave the world without touching a bed or a mat when his allotted age reached its end. Because he had been a person of virtue who fed the monks, I took him in and made him the secretary in charge of the records of good karma. Since the Great Sage has come to ask for him, I shall lengthen his age by another dozen years.

He may leave with you.”

The Golden-Robed Youth led out Kou Hong, who, on seeing Pilgrim, cried out, "Master! Master! Save me!"

"You were kicked to death by a robber," said Pilgrim. "This is the place of the Bodhisattva King Kṣitigarbha in the Region of Darkness. Old Monkey has come especially to take you back to the world of light so that you may give your testimony. The Bodhisattva is kind enough to release you and lengthen your age for another dozen years. Thereafter you'll return here."

The squire bowed again and again.

Having thanked the Bodhisattva, Pilgrim changed the soul of the squire into ether by blowing on him. The ether was stored in his sleeve so that they could leave the house of darkness and go back to the world of light together. Astride the clouds, he soon arrived at the Kou house. Eight Rules was told to pry open the lid of the coffin, and the soul of the squire was pushed into his body. In a moment, he began to breathe once more and revived. Scrambling out of the coffin, the squire kowtowed to the Tang Monk and his three disciples, saying, "Masters! Masters! Having suffered a violent death, I am much obliged for this master's arrival at the Region of Darkness and returning me to life. His is the kindness of a new creation!"

After thanking them repeatedly, he turned and saw all the officials standing there. Touching his head to the ground once more, he asked, "Why are all the Venerable Fathers in the house?"

"Your sons at first filed a complaint of loss," replied the magistrate, "which accused the sage monks by name. I sent people to arrest them, not realizing that the sage monks on their journey had run into those bandits who murdered you and robbed your house. They took back your possessions and were about to send them back to your home in person. My subordinates arrested them by mistake, and I sent them to jail without careful examination. Last night your soul made an appearance, and my deceased uncle also revealed himself at our home. The Wandering Spirit, too, made a descent into the district. All these epiphanies at one time led us to release the sage monks, after which that particular one went to bring you back to life." Remaining on his knees, the squire said, "Venerable Father, you have truly wronged these four sage monks. There were some thirty bandits that night who broke into our house with torches and rods. When they took away our belongings, I couldn't bear it and tried to reason with the thieves. One of them killed me with a kick at my lower parts. These four had absolutely nothing to do with the crime!"

Then he summoned his wife and sons into his presence to say, "Didn't you know who kicked me to death? How dare you file false charges? I'm going to ask the Venerable Father to convict you."

All the family members, old and young, could only kowtow at that time, but the magistrate was magnanimous enough to pardon all of them. Kou Hong then ordered a banquet to thank this great kindness of the prefecture and the district, but each of the officials returned to his official residence without lingering. The next day the squire once more displayed his plaque announcing his desire to feed monks and wanted to entertain Tripitaka some more. Tripitaka, however, steadfastly refused to stay, whereupon the squire invited his relatives and friends and prepared banners and canopies to send off the pilgrims as he had done before. Lo! Truly

*The wide earth may harbor vicious affairs,
But high Heaven will a good man vindicate.*

*Footloose they're safe on Tathāgata's way,
Certain to reach Mount Spirit's paradise gate.*

We do not know what will become of them when they see Buddha; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-EIGHT

*Only when ape and horse are tamed will shells be cast
With merit and work perfected, they see the Real*

Since Squire Kou was able to return to life, he again prepared banners and canopies, drums and music, and invited relatives and friends, Buddhists and Daoists, to escort the pilgrims on their way. We shall now leave them and tell you instead about the Tang Monk and his three disciples, who set out on the main road.

In truth the land of Buddha in the West was quite different from other regions. What they saw everywhere were gemlike flowers and jasperlike grasses, aged cypresses and hoary pines. In the regions they passed through, every family was devoted to good works, and every household would feed the monks.

*They met people in cultivation beneath the hills
And saw travelers reciting sūtras in the woods.*

Resting at night and journeying at dawn, master and disciples proceeded for some six or seven days when they suddenly caught sight of a row of tall buildings and noble lofts. Truly

*They soar skyward one hundred feet,
Tall and towering in the air.
You look down to see the setting sun
And reach out to pluck the shooting stars.
Spacious windows engulf the universe;
Lofty pillars join with the cloudy screens.
Yellow cranes bring letters as autumn trees age;
Phoenix-sheets come with the cool evening breeze.
These are the treasure arches of a spirit palace,
The pearly courts and jeweled edifices,
The immortal hall where the Way is preached,
The cosmos where sūtras are taught.
The flowers bloom in the spring;
Pines grow green after the rain.
Purple agaric and divine fruits, fresh every year.
Phoenixes gambol, potent in every manner.*

Lifting his whip to point ahead, Tripitaka said, “Wukong, what a lovely place!”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “you insisted on bowing down even in a specious region, before false images of Buddha. Today you have arrived at a true region with real images of Buddha, and you still haven’t dismounted. What’s your excuse?” So taken aback was Tripitaka when he heard these words that he leaped down from the horse. Soon they arrived at the entrance to the buildings. A Daoist lad, standing before the gate, called out, “Are you the scripture seeker from the Land of the East?”

Hurriedly tidying his clothes, the elder raised his head and looked at his interrogator.

He wore a robe of silk

*And held a jade duster.
 He wore a robe of silk
 Often to feast at treasure lofts and jasper pools;
 He held a jade yak's-tail
 To wave and dust in the purple mansions.
 From his arm hangs a sacred register,
 And his feet are shod in sandals.
 He floats—a true feathered-one;
 He's winsome—indeed uncanny!
 Long life attained, he lives in this fine place;
 Immortal, he can leave the world of dust.
 The sage monk knows not our Mount Spirit guest:
 The Immortal Golden Head of former years.*

The Great Sage, however, recognized the person. “Master,” he cried, “this is the Great Immortal of the Golden Head, who resides in the Jade Perfection Daoist Abbey at the foot of the Spirit Mountain.” Only then did Tripitaka realize the truth, and he walked forward to make his bow. With laughter, the great immortal said, “So the sage monk has finally arrived this year. I have been deceived by the Bodhisattva Guanyin. When she received the gold decree from Buddha over ten years ago to find a scripture seeker in the Land of the East, she told me that he would be here after two or three years.

I waited year after year for you, but no news came at all. Hardly have I anticipated that I would meet you this year!” Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka said, “I’m greatly indebted to the great immortal’s kindness. Thank you! Thank you!”

The four pilgrims, leading the horse and toting the luggage, all went inside the temple before each of them greeted the great immortal once more. Tea and a vegetarian meal were ordered. The immortal also asked the lads to heat some scented liquid for the sage monk to bathe, so that he could ascend the land of Buddha. Truly,

*good to bathe when merit and work are done,
 When nature's tamed and the natural state is won.
 All toils and labors are now at rest;
 Law and obedience have renewed their zest.
 At māra's end they reach indeed Buddha-land;
 Their woes dispelled, before Śramaṇa they stand.
 Unstained, they are washed of all filth and dust.
 To a diamond body return they must.*

After master and disciples had bathed, it became late and they rested in the Jade Perfection Abbey.

The next morning the Tang Monk changed his clothing and put on his brocade cassock and his Vairocana hat. Holding the priestly staff, he ascended the main hall to take leave of the great immortal. “Yesterday you seemed rather dowdy,” said the great immortal, chuckling, “but today everything is fresh and bright. As I look at you now, you are a true son of Buddha!”

After a bow, Tripitaka wanted to set out at once.

“Wait a moment,” said the great immortal. “Allow me to escort you.”

“There’s no need for that,” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey knows the way.”

“What you know happens to be the way in the clouds,” said the great immortal, “a means of travel to which the sage monk has not yet been elevated. You must still stick to the main road.”

“What you say is quite right,” replied Pilgrim. “Though old Monkey has been to this place several times, he has always come and gone on the clouds and he has never stepped on the ground. If we must stick to the main road, we must trouble you to escort us a distance. My master’s most eager to bow to Buddha. Let’s not dally.” Smiling broadly, the great immortal held the Tang Monk’s hand

To lead Candana up the gate of Law.

The way that they had to go, you see, did not lead back to the front gate. Instead, they had to go through the central hall of the temple to go out the rear door. Immediately behind the abbey, in fact, was the Spirit Mountain, to which the great immortal pointed and said, “Sage Monk, look at the spot halfway up the sky, shrouded by auspicious luminosity of five colors and a thousand folds of hallowed mists. That’s the tall Spirit Vulture Peak, the holy region of the Buddhist Patriarch.”

The moment the Tang Monk saw it, he began to bend low. With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, “Master, you haven’t reached that place where you should bow down. As the proverb says, ‘Even within sight of a mountain you can ride a horse to death!’ You are still quite far from that principality. Why do you want to bow down now? How many times does your head need to touch the ground if you kowtow all the way to the summit?”

“Sage Monk,” said the great immortal, “you, along with the Great Sage, Heavenly Reeds, and Curtain-Raising, have arrived at the blessed land when you can see Mount Spirit. I’m going back.”

Thereupon Tripitaka bowed to take leave of him.

The Great Sage led the Tang Monk and his disciples slowly up the mountain. They had not gone for more than five or six miles when they came upon a torrent of water, eight or nine miles wide. There was no trace of human activity all around. Alarmed by the sight, Tripitaka said, “Wukong, this must be the wrong way! Could the great immortal have made a mistake? Look how wide and swift this river is! Without a boat, how could we get across?”

“There’s no mistake!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Look over there! Isn’t that a large bridge? You have to walk across that bridge before you can perfect the right fruit.”

The elder walked up to the bridge and saw beside it a tablet, on which was the inscription “Cloud-Transcending Ferry.”

The bridge was actually a single log. Truly

*Afar off, it’s like a jade beam in the sky;
Near, a dried stump that o’er the water lies.
To bind up oceans it would easier seem.
How could one cross a single log or beam
Shrouded by rainbows often thousand feet,
By a thousand layers of silk-white sheet?
Too slipp’ry and small for all to cross its spread
Except those who on colored mists can tread.*

Quivering all over, Tripitaka said, “Wukong, this bridge is not for human beings to cross. Let’s find some other way.”

“This is the way! This is the way!” said Pilgrim, laughing.

“If this is the way,” said Eight Rules, horrified, “who dares walk on it? The water’s so wide and rough. There’s only a single log here, and it’s so narrow and slippery. How could I move my legs?”

“Stand still, all of you,” said Pilgrim. “Let old Monkey take a walk for you to see.”

Dear Great Sage! In big strides he bounded on to the single-log bridge. Swaying from side to side, he ran across it in no time at all. On the other side he shouted:

“Come across! Come across!”

The Tang Monk waved his hands, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk bit their fingers, all crying, “Hard! Hard! Hard!” Pilgrim dashed back from the other side and pulled at Eight Rules, saying, “Idiot! Follow me! Follow me!” Lying flat on the ground, Eight Rules said, “It’s much too slippery! Much too slippery! Let me go, please! Let me mount the wind and fog to get over there.” Pushing him down, Pilgrim said, “What sort of a place do you think this is that you are permitted to mount wind and fog? Unless you walk across this bridge, you’ll never become a Buddha.”

“O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “It’s okay with me if I don’t become a Buddha. But I’m not going on that bridge!” Right beside the bridge, the two of them started a tug-of-war. Only Sha Monk’s admonitions managed to separate them. Tripitaka happened to turn his head, and he suddenly caught sight of someone punting a boat upstream toward the ferry and crying, “Ahoy! Ahoy!”

Highly pleased, the elder said, “Disciples, stop your frivolity! There’s a boat coming.”

The three of them leaped up and stood still to stare at the boat. When it drew near, they found that it was a small bottomless one.

With his fiery eyes and diamond pupils, Pilgrim at once recognized that the ferryman was in fact the Conductor Buddha, also named the Light of Ratnadhvaja. Without revealing the Buddha’s identity, however, Pilgrim simply said, “Over here! Punt it this way!” Immediately the boatman punted it up to the shore. “Ahoy! Ahoy!” he cried. Terrified by what he saw, Tripitaka said, “How could this bottom-less boat of yours carry anybody?”

The Buddhist Patriarch said, “This boat of mine

*Since creation’s dawn has achieved great fame;
Punted by me, it has e’er been the same.
Upon the wind and wave it’s still secure:
With no end or beginning its joy is sure.
It can return to One, completely clean,
Through ten thousand kalpas a sail serene.
Though bottomless boats may ne’er cross the sea,
This ferries all souls through eternity.”*

Pressing his palms together to thank him, the Great Sage Sun said, “I thank you for your great kindness in coming to receive and lead my master. Master, get on the

boat. Though it is bottomless, it is safe. Even if there are wind and waves, it will not capsize.”

The elder still hesitated, but Pilgrim took him by the shoulder and gave him a shove. With nothing to stand on, that master tumbled straight into the water, but the boatman swiftly pulled him out. As he stood on the side of the boat, the master kept shaking out his clothes and stamping his feet as he grumbled at Pilgrim. Pilgrim, however, helped Sha Monk and Eight Rules to lead the horse and tote the luggage into the boat. As they all stood on the gunwale, the Buddhist Patriarch gently punted the vessel away from shore. All at once they saw a corpse floating down upstream, the sight of which filled the elder with terror.

“Don’t be afraid, Master,” said Pilgrim, laughing. “It’s actually you!”

“It’s you! It’s you!” said Eight Rules also.

Clapping his hands, Sha Monk also said, “It’s you! It’s you!”

Adding his voice to the chorus, the boatman also said, “That’s you! Congratulations! Congratulations!”

Then the three disciples repeated this chanting in unison as the boat was punted across the water. In no time at all, they crossed the Divine Cloud-Transcending Ferry all safe and sound. Only then did Tripitaka turn and skip lightly onto the other shore. We have here a testimonial poem, which says:

*Delivered from their mortal flesh and bone,
A primal spirit of mutual love has grown.
Their work done, they become Buddhas this day,
Free of their former six-six senses’ sway.*

Truly this is what is meant by the profound wisdom and the boundless dharma that enable a person to reach the other shore.

The moment the four pilgrims went ashore and turned around, the boatman and even the bottomless boat had disappeared. Only then did Pilgrim point out that it was the Conductor Buddha, and immediately Tripitaka awoke to the truth. Turning quickly, he thanked his three disciples instead.

Pilgrim said, “We two parties need not thank each other, for we are meant to support each other. We are indebted to our master for our liberation, through which we have found the gateway to merit making, and fortunately we have achieved the right fruit. Our master also has to rely on our protection so that he may be firm in keeping both law and faith to find the happy deliverance from this mortal stock. Master, look at this superb scenery of flowers and grass, pines and bamboos, phoenixes, cranes, and deer. Compared with those places of illusory transformation by monsters and deviates, which ones do you think are pleasant and which ones bad? Which ones are good and which evil?”

Tripitaka expressed his thanks repeatedly as every one of them with lightness and agility walked up the Spirit Mountain. Soon this was the aged Thunderclap Monastery which came into view:

*Its top touches the firmament;
Its root joins the Sumeru range.
Wondrous peaks in rows;
Strange boulders rugged.*

*Beneath the cliffs, jade-grass and jasper-flowers;
 By the path, purple agaric and scented orchid.
 Divine apes plucking fruits in the peach orchard
 Seem like fire-burnished gold;
 White cranes perching on the tips of pine branches
 Resemble mist-shrouded jade.
 phoenixes in pairs—
 Female phoenixes in twos—
 Male phoenixes in pairs
 Make one call facing the sun to bless the world;
 Female phoenixes in twos
 Whose radiant dance in the wind is rarely seen.
 You see too those mandarin duck tiles of lustrous gold,
 And luminous, patterned bricks cornelian-gilt.
 In the east
 And in the west
 Stand rows of scented halls and pearly arches;
 To the north
 And to the south,
 An endless sight of treasure lofts and precious towers.
 The Devarāja Hall emits lambent mists;
 The Dharma-guarding Hall sends forth purple flames.
 The stūpa's clear form;
 The Utpala's fragrance.
 Truly a fine place similar to Heaven
 With lazy clouds to make the day long.
 The causes cease, red dust can't come at all:
 Safe from all kalpas is this great Dharma Hall.*

Footloose and carefree, master and disciples walked to the summit of Mount Spirit, where under a forest of green pines they saw a group of upāsikās and rows of worshippers in the midst of verdant cypresses. Immediately the elder bowed to them, so startling the upāsakas and upāsikās, the monks and the nuns, that they all pressed their palms together, saying, “Sage Monk, you should not render us such homage. Wait till you see Śākyamuni, and then you may come to exchange greetings with us.”

“He is *always* in such a hurry!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “Let’s go to bow to those seated at the top!”

His arms and legs dancing with excitement, the elder followed Pilgrim straight up to the gate of the Thunderclap Monastery. There they were met by the Four Great Vajra Guardians, who said, “Has the sage monk arrived?”

Bending low, Tripitaka said, “Yes, your disciple Xuanzang has arrived.” No sooner had he given this reply than he wanted to go inside. “Please wait a moment, Sage Monk,” said the Vajra Guardians. “Allow us to announce your arrival first before you enter.” One of the Vajra Guardians was asked to report to the other Four Great Vajra Guardians stationed at the second gate, and one of those porters passed the news of the Tang Monk’s arrival to the third gate. Those guarding the third gate happened to be divine monks who served at the great altar. When they heard the news, they quickly went to the Great Hero Hall to announce to Tathāgata, the Most Honored One, also

named Buddha Śākyamuni, “The sage monk from the Tang court has arrived in this treasure monastery. He has come to fetch the scriptures.”

Highly pleased, Holy Father Buddha at once asked the Eight Bodhisattvas, the Four Vajra Guardians, the Five Hundred Arhats, the Three Thousand Guardians, the Eleven Great Orbs, and the Eighteen Guardians of Monasteries to form two rows for the reception.

Then he issued the golden decree to summon in the Tang Monk. Again the word was passed from section to section, from gate to gate:

“Let the sage monk enter.” Meticulously observing the rules of ritual propriety, our Tang Monk walked through the monastery gate with Wukong, Wuneng, and Wujing, still leading the horse and toting the luggage. Thus it was that

*Commissioned that year, a resolve he made
To leave with rescript the royal steps of jade.
The hills he'd climb to face the morning dew
Or rest on a boulder when the twilight fades.
He totes his faith to ford three thousand streams,
His staff trailing o'er endless palisades.
His every thought's bent on seeking right fruit.
Homage to Buddha will this day be paid.*

The four pilgrims, on reaching the Great Hero Treasure Hall, prostrated themselves before Tathāgata. Thereafter, they bowed to all the attendants of Buddha on the left and right. This they repeated three times before kneeling again before the Buddhist Patriarch to present their traveling rescript to him. After reading it carefully, Tathāgata handed it back to Tripitaka, who touched his head to the ground once more to say, “By the decree of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East, your disciple Xuanzang has come to this treasure monastery to beg you for the true scriptures for the redemption of the multitude. I implore the Buddhist Patriarch to vouchsafe his grace and grant me my wish, so that I may soon return to my country.”

To express the compassion of his heart, Tathāgata opened his mouth of mercy and said to Tripitaka, “Your Land of the East belongs to the South Jambūdīpa Continent. Because of your size and your fertile land, your prosperity and population, there is a great deal of greed and killing, lust and lying, oppression and deceit. People neither honor the teachings of Buddha nor cultivate virtuous karma; they neither revere the three lights nor respect the five grains. They are disloyal and unfilial, unrighteous and unkind, unscrupulous and self-deceiving. Through all manners of injustice and taking of lives, they have committed boundless transgressions. The fullness of their iniquities therefore has brought on them the ordeal of hell and sent them into eternal darkness and perdition to suffer the pains of pounding and grinding and of being transformed into beasts. Many of them will assume the forms of creatures with fur and horns; in this manner they will repay their debts by having their flesh made for food for mankind. These are the reasons for their eternal perdition in Avīci without deliverance.

“Though Confucius had promoted his teachings of benevolence, righteousness, ritual, and wisdom, and though a succession of kings and emperors had established such penalties as transportation, banishment, hanging, and beheading, these institutions had little effect on the foolish and the blind, the reckless and the antinomian.

“Now, I have here three baskets of scriptures which can deliver humanity from its afflictions and dispel its calamities. There is one basket of vinaya, which speak of

Heaven; a basket of śāstras, which tell of the Earth; and a basket of sūtras, which redeem the damned.

Altogether these three baskets of scriptures contain thirty-five volumes written in fifteen thousand one hundred and forty-four scrolls.

They are truly the pathway to the realization of immortality and the gate to ultimate virtue. Every concern of astronomy, geography, biography, flora and fauna, utensils, and human affairs within the Four Great Continents of this world is recorded therein. Since all of you have traveled such a great distance to come here, I would have liked to give the entire set to you. Unfortunately, the people of your region are both stupid and headstrong. Mocking the true words, they refuse to recognize the profound significance of our teachings of Śramaṇa.”

Then Buddha turned to call out:

“Ānanda and Kāśyapa, take the four of them to the space beneath the precious tower. Give them a vegetarian meal first. After the maigre, open our treasure loft for them and select a few scrolls from each of the thirty-five divisions of our three canons, so that they may take them back to the Land of the East as a perpetual token of grace.”

The two Honored Ones obeyed and took the four pilgrims to the space beneath the tower, where countless rare dainties and exotic treasures were laid out in a seemingly endless spread. Those deities in charge of offerings and sacrifices began to serve a magnificent feast of divine food, tea, and fruit—viands of a hundred flavors completely different from those of the mortal world. After master and disciples had bowed to give thanks to Buddha, they abandoned themselves to enjoyment. In truth

*Treasure flames, gold beams on their eyes have shined;
Strange fragrance and feed even more refined.
Boundlessly fair the tow'r of gold appears;
There's immortal music that clears the ears.
Such divine fare and flower humans rarely see;
Long life's attained through strange food and fragrant tea.
have they endured a thousand forms of pain.
This day in glory the Way they're glad to gain.*

This time it was Eight Rules who was in luck and Sha Monk who had the advantage, for what the Buddhist Patriarch had provided for their complete enjoyment was nothing less than such viands as could grant them longevity and health and enable them to transform their mortal substance into immortal flesh and bones.

When the four pilgrims had finished their meal, the two Honored Ones who had kept them company led them up to the treasure loft.

The moment the door was opened, they found the room enveloped in a thousand layers of auspicious air and magic beams, in ten thousand folds of colored fog and hallowed clouds. On the sūtra cases and jeweled chests red labels were attached, on which the volumes of the books were written in clerkly script as follows:²

[1] *Nirvāṇa Sūtra*, [748] scrolls

[2] *Ākāśagarbha-bodhisattva-dharmi Sūtra*, [400] scrolls

[3] *Gracious Will Sūtra*, Major Collection, [50] scrolls

2. There are other versions or sequence of this list according to the account of “Journey to the West”.

- [4] *Prajñāpāramitā-saṃkaya gāthā Sūtra*, [45] scrolls
- [5] *Homage to Bhūtatathātā Sūtra*, [90] scrolls
- [6] *Anaṣara-granthaka-rocana-garbha Sūtra*, [300] scrolls
- [7] *Vimalakīrti-nirdeśa Sūtra*, [170] scrolls
- [8] *Vajracchedika-prajñāpāramitā Sūtra*, [100] scrolls
- [9] *Buddha-carita-kāvya Sūtra*, [800] scrolls
- [10] *Bodhisattva-piṭaka Sūtra*, [1,021] scrolls
- [11] *Sūtraṅgama-samādhi Sūtra*, [110] scrolls
- [12] *Arthaviniścaya-dharmaparyāya Sūtra*, [140] scrolls
- [13] *Avataṃsaka Sūtra*, [500] scrolls
- [14] *Mahāprajñā-pāramitā Sūtra*, [916] scrolls
- [15] *Abūta-dharma Sūtra*, [1,110] scrolls
- [16] *Other Mādhyamika Sūtra*, [270] scrolls
- [17] *Kāśyapa-parivarta Sūtra*, [120] scrolls
- [18] *Pañca-nāga Sūtra*, [32] scrolls
- [19] *Bodhisattva-caryā-nirdeśa Sūtra*, [116] scrolls
- [20] *Magadha Sūtra*, [350] scrolls
- [21] *Māyā-dālamahātantra mahāyāna-gambhīra nāyaguhyā-paraśi Sūtra*, [100] scrolls
- [22] *Western Heaven Śāstra*, [130] scrolls
- [23] *Buddha-kṣetra Sūtra*, [1,950] scrolls
- [24] *Mahāprajñāpāramitā Śāstra*, [1,080] scrolls
- [25] *Original Loft Sūtra*, [850] scrolls
- [26] *Mahāmayūrī-vidyārajñī Sūtra*, [220] scrolls
- [27] *Abhidharma-kośa Śāstra*, [200] scrolls
- [28] *Mahāsaṃghaṭa Sūtra*, [130] scrolls
- [29] *Saddharma-puṇḍarika Sūtra*, [100] scrolls
- [30] *Precious Permanence Sūtra*, [220] scrolls
- [31] *Sāṅghika-vinaya Sūtra*, [157] scrolls
- [32] *Mahāyāna-śraddhotpāda Śāstra*, [1,000] scrolls
- [33] *Precious Authority Sūtra*, [1,280] scrolls
- [34] *Correct Commandment Sūtra*, [200] scrolls
- [35] *Vidyā-mātra-siddhi Śāstra*, [100 scrolls]

After Ānanda and Kāśyapa had shown all the volumes to the Tang Monk, they said to him, “Sage Monk, having come all this distance from the Land of the East, what sort of small gifts have you brought for us? Take them out quickly! We’ll be pleased to hand over the scriptures to you.” On hearing this, Tripitaka said, “Because of the great distance, your disciple, Xuanzang, has not been able to make such preparation.”

“How nice! How nice!” said the two Honored Ones, snickering. “If we imparted the scriptures to you gratis, our posterity would starve to death!” When Pilgrim saw them fidgeting and fussing, refusing to hand over the scriptures, he could not refrain

from yelling, “Master, let’s go tell Tathāgata about this! Let’s make him come himself and hand over the scriptures to old Monkey!”

“Stop shouting!” said Ānanda. “Where do you think you are that you dare indulge in such mischief and waggy? Get over here and receive the scriptures!”

Controlling their annoyance, Eight Rules and Sha Monk managed to restrain Pilgrim before they turned to receive the books. Scroll after scroll were wrapped and laid on the horse. Four additional luggage wraps were bundled up for Eight Rules and Sha Monk to tote, after which the pilgrims went before the jeweled throne again to kowtow and thank Tathāgata. As they walked out the gates of the monastery, they bowed twice whenever they came upon a Buddhist Patriarch or a Bodhisattva. When they reached the main gate, they also bowed to take leave of the priests and nuns, the upāsakas and upāsikās, before descending the mountain. We shall now leave them for the moment.

We tell you now that there was up in the treasure loft the aged Dīpaṃkara, also named the Buddha of the Past, who overheard everything and understood immediately that Ānanda and Kāśyapa had handed over to the pilgrims scrolls of scriptures that were actually wordless. Chuckling to himself, he said, “Most of the priests in the Land of the East are so stupid and blind that they will not recognize the value of these wordless scriptures. When that happens, won’t it have made this long trek of our sage monk completely worthless?”

Then he asked, “Who is here beside my throne?”

The White Heroic Honored One at once stepped forth, and the aged Buddha gave him this instruction:

“You must exercise your magic powers and catch up with the Tang Monk immediately. Take away those wordless scriptures from him, so that he will be forced to return for the true scriptures with words.” Mounting a violent gust of wind, the White Heroic Honored One swept out of the gate of the Thunderclap Monastery. As he called up his vast magic powers, the wind was strong indeed! Truly

*A stalwart Servant of Buddha
Is not like any common wind god;
The wrathful cries of an immortal
Far surpass a young girl’s whistle!
This mighty gust
Causes fishes and dragons to lose their lairs
And angry waves in the rivers and seas.
Black apes find it hard to present their fruits;
Yellow cranes turn around to seek their nests.
The phoenix’s pure cries have lost their songs;
The pheasant’s callings turn most boisterous.
Green pine-branches snap;
Blue lotus-blossoms soar.
Stalk by stalk, verdant bamboos fall;
Petal by petal, gold lotus quakes.
Bell tones drift away to three thousand miles;
The scripture chants o’er countless gorges fly.
Beneath the cliff rare flowers’ colors fade;*

*Fresh, jadelike grasses lie down by the road.
 Phoenixes can't stretch their wings;
 White deer hide on the ledge.
 Vast waves of strange fragrance now fill the world
 As cool, clear breezes penetrate the Heavens.*

The elder Tang was walking along when he encountered this churning fragrant wind. Thinking that this was only an auspicious portent sent by the Buddhist Patriarch, he was completely off guard when, with a loud crack in midair, a hand descended. The scriptures that were loaded on the horse were lifted away with no effort at all. The sight left Tripitaka yelling in terror and beating his breast, while Eight Rules rolled off in pursuit on the ground and Sha Monk stood rigid to guard the empty pannier. Pilgrim Sun vaulted into the air.

When that White Heroic Honored One saw him closing in rapidly, he feared that Pilgrim's rod might strike out blindly without regard for good or ill to cause him injury. He therefore ripped the scriptures open and threw them toward the ground. When Pilgrim saw that the scripture wrappers were torn and their contents scattered all over by the fragrant wind, he lowered the direction of his cloud to go after the books instead and stopped his pursuit. The White Heroic Honored One retrieved the wind and fog and returned to report to the Buddha of the Past.

As Eight Rules sped along, he saw the holy books dropping down from the sky. Soon he was joined by Pilgrim, and the two of them gathered up the scrolls to go back to the Tang Monk. His eyes brimming with tears, the Tang Monk said, "O Disciples! We are bullied by vicious demons even in this land of ultimate bliss!" When Sha Monk opened up a scroll of scripture that the other two disciples were clutching, his eyes perceived only snow-white paper without a trace of so much as half a letter on it.

Hurriedly he presented it to Tripitaka, saying, "Master, this scroll is wordless!" Pilgrim also opened a scroll and it, too, was wordless. Then Eight Rules opened still another scroll, and it was also wordless. "Open all of them!" cried Tripitaka. Every scroll had only blank paper.

Heaving big sighs, the elder said, "Our people in the Land of the East simply have no luck! What good is it to take back a wordless, empty volume like this? How could I possibly face the Tang emperor? The crime of mocking one's ruler is greater than one punishable by execution!"

Already perceiving the truth of the matter, Pilgrim said to the Tang Monk, "Master, there's no need for further talk. This has all come about because we had no gifts for these fellows, Ānanda and Kāśyapa. That's why we were given these wordless texts. Let's go back quickly to Tathāgata and charge them with fraud and solicitation for a bribe."

"Exactly! Exactly!" yelled Eight Rules. "Let's go and charge them!"

The four pilgrims turned and, with painful steps, once more ascended Thunderclap.

In a little while they reached the temple gates, where they were met by the multitude with hands folded in their sleeves. "Has the sage monk returned to ask for an exchange of scriptures?" they asked, laughing. Tripitaka nodded his affirmation, and the Vajra Guardians permitted them to go straight inside. When they arrived before the Great Hero Hall, Pilgrim shouted, "Tathāgata, we master and disciples had to

experience ten thousand stings and a thousand demons in order to come bowing from the Land of the East. After you had specifically ordered the scriptures to be given to us, Ānanda and Kāśyapa sought a bribe from us; when they didn't succeed, they conspired in fraud and deliberately handed over wordless texts to us. Even if we took them, what good would they do? Pardon me, Tathāgata, but you must deal with this matter!"

"Stop shouting!" said the Buddhist Patriarch with a chuckle. "I knew already that the two of them would ask you for a little present.

After all, the holy scriptures are not to be given lightly, nor are they to be received gratis. Some time ago, in fact, a few of our sage priests went down the mountain and recited these scriptures in the house of one Elder Zhao in the Kingdom of Śrāvastī, so that the living in his family would all be protected from harm and the deceased redeemed from perdition. For all that service they managed to charge him only three pecks and three pints of rice. I told them that they had made far too cheap a sale and that their posterity would have no money to spend. Since you people came with empty hands to acquire scriptures, blank texts were handed over to you. But these blank texts are actually true, wordless scriptures, and they are just as good as those with words. However, those creatures in your Land of the East are so foolish and unenlightened that I have no choice but to impart to you now the texts with words."

"Ānanda and Kāśyapa," he then called out, "quickly select for them a few scrolls from each of the volumes of true scriptures with words, and then come back to me to report the total number."

The two Honored Ones again led the four pilgrims to the treasure loft, where they once more demanded a gift from the Tang Monk.

Since he had virtually nothing to offer, Tripitaka told Sha Monk to take out the almsbowl of purple gold. With both hands he presented it to the Honored Ones, saying, "Your disciple in truth has not brought with him any gift, owing to the great distance and my own poverty. This almsbowl, however, was bestowed by the Tang emperor in person, in order that I could use it to beg for my maigre throughout the journey. As the humblest token of my gratitude, I am presenting it to you now, and I beg the Honored Ones to accept it.

When I return to the court and make my report to the Tang emperor, a generous reward will certainly be forthcoming. Only grant us the true scriptures with words, so that His Majesty's goodwill will not be thwarted nor the labor of this lengthy journey be wasted." With a gentle smile, Ānanda took the alms-bowl. All those vīra who guarded the precious towers, the kitchen helpers in charge of sacrifices and incense, and the Honored Ones who worked in the treasure loft began to clap one another on the back and tickle one another on the face. Snapping their fingers and curling their lips, every one of them said, "How shameless! How shameless! Asking the scripture seeker for a present!"

After a while, the two Honored Ones became rather embarrassed, though Ānanda continued to clutch firmly at the almsbowl.

Kāśyapa, however, went into the loft to select the scrolls and handed them item by item to Tripitaka. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "take a good look at these, and make sure that they are not like the earlier ones."

The three disciples examined each scroll as they received it, and this time all the scrolls had words written on them. Altogether they were given five thousand and forty-

eight scrolls, making up the number of a single canon. After being properly packed, the scriptures were loaded onto the horse. An additional load was made for Eight Rules to tote, while their own luggage was toted by Sha Monk. As Pilgrim led the horse, the Tang Monk took up his priestly staff and gave his Vairocana hat a press and his brocade cassock a shake. In delight they once more went before our Buddha Tathāgata. Thus it is that

*Sweet is the taste of the Great Piṭaka,
Product most refined of Tathāgata.
Note how Xuanzang has climbed the mount with pain.
Pity Ānanda who has but love of gain.
Their blindness removed by Buddha of the Past,
The truth now received they have peace at last—
Glad to bring scriptures back to the East,
Where all may partake of this gracious feast.*

Ānanda and Kāśyapa led the Tang Monk before Tathāgata, who ascended the lofty lotus throne. He ordered Dragon-Tamer and Tiger-Subduer, the two arhats, to strike up the cloudy stone-chime to assemble all the divinities, including the three thousand Buddhas, the three thousand guardians, the Eight Vajra Guardians, the five hundred arhats, the eight hundred nuns and priests, the upāsakas and upāsikās, the Honored Ones from every Heaven and cave-dwelling, from every blessed land and spirit mountain. Those who ought to be seated were asked to ascend their treasure thrones, while those who should stand were told to make two columns on both sides. In a moment celestial music filled the air as layers of auspicious luminosity and hallowed mist loomed up in the sky. After all the Buddhas had assembled, they bowed to greet Tathāgata.

Then Tathāgata asked, “Ānanda and Kāśyapa, how many scrolls of scriptures have you passed on to him? Give me an itemized report.”

The two Honored Ones said, “We have turned over to the Tang court the following: ³

- [1] *Nirvāṇa Sūtra*, [400] scrolls
- [2] *Ākāśagarbha-bodhisattva-dharmī Sūtra*, [20] scrolls
- [3] *Gracious Will Sūtra*, Major Collection, [40] scrolls
- [4] *Prajñāpāramitā-saṃkaya gāthā Sūtra*, [20] scrolls
- [5] *Homage to Bhūtatathātā Sūtra*, [20] scrolls
- [6] *Anakṣara-granthaka-rocana-garbha Sūtra*, [50] scrolls
- [7] *Vimalakīrti-nirdeśa Sūtra*, [30] scrolls
- [8] *Vajracchedika-prajñāpāramitā Sūtra*, [1] scroll
- [9] *Buddha-carita-kāvya Sūtra*, [116] scrolls
- [10] *Bodhisattva-piṭaka Sūtra*, [360] scrolls
- [11] *Sūraṅgama-samādhi Sūtra*, [30] scrolls
- [12] *Arthaviniścaya-dharmaparyāya Sūtra*, [40] scrolls
- [13] *Avatamsaka Sūtra*, [81] scrolls

3. There are other versions or sequence of this list according to the account of “Journey to the West”.

- [14] *Mahāprajñā-pāramitā Sūtra*, [600] scrolls
- [15] *Abūta-dharma Sūtra*, [550] scrolls
- [16] *Other Mādhyamika Sūtra*, [42] scrolls
- [17] *Kāśyapa-parivarta Sūtra*, [20] scrolls
- [18] *Pañca-nāga Sūtra*, [20] scrolls
- [19] *Bodhisattva-caryā-nirdeśa Sūtra*, [60] scrolls
- [20] *Magadha Sūtra*, [140] scrolls
- [21] *Māyā-dālamahātānta mahāyāna-gambhīra nāyaguhyā-paraśi Sūtra*, [30] scrolls
- [22] *Western Heaven Śāstra*, [30] scrolls
- [23] *Buddha-kṣetra Sūtra*, [1,638] scrolls
- [24] *Mahāprajñāpāramitā Śāstra*, [90] scrolls
- [25] *Original Loft Sūtra*, [56] scrolls
- [26] *Mahāmayūri-vidyārajñi Sūtra*, [14] scrolls
- [27] *Abhidharma-kośa Śāstra*, [10] scrolls
- [28] *Mahāsaṃghaṣa Sūtra*, [30] scrolls
- [29] *Saddharma-puṇḍarika Sūtra*, [10] scrolls
- [30] *Precious Permanence Sūtra*, [170] scrolls
- [31] *Sāṅghika-vinaya Sūtra*, no scrolls
- [32] *Mahāyāna-śraddhotpāda Śāstra*, [50] scrolls
- [33] *Precious Authority Sūtra*, [140] scrolls
- [34] *Correct Commandment Sūtra*, [10] scrolls
- [35] *Vidyā-mātra-siddhi Śāstra*, [10] scrolls

From the thirty-five volumes of scriptures that are in the treasury, we have selected altogether five thousand and forty-eight scrolls for the sage monk to take back to the Tang in the Land of the East. Most of these have been properly packed and loaded on the horse, and a few have also been arranged in a pannier. The pilgrims now wish to express their thanks to you.”

Having tethered the horse and set down the poles, Tripitaka led his three disciples to bow to Buddha, each pressing his palms together in front of him. Tathāgata said to the Tang Monk, “The efficacy of these scriptures cannot be measured. Not only are they the mirror of our faith, but they are also the source of the Three Religions. They must not be lightly handled, especially when you return to your South Jambūdvīpa Continent and display them to the multitude. No one should open a scroll without fasting and bathing first.

Treasure them! Honor them! Therein will be found the mysteries of gaining immortality and comprehending the Way, the wondrous formulas for the execution of ten thousand transformations.” Tripitaka kowtowed to thank him and to express his faith and obedience.

As before, he prostrated himself in homage three times to the Buddhist Patriarch with all earnestness and sincerity before he took the scriptures and left. As he went through the three monastery gates, he again thanked each of the sages, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

After he had sent away the Tang Monk, Tathāgata dismissed the assembly for the transmission of scriptures. From one side stepped forth the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who pressed her palms together to say to the Buddhist Patriarch, “This disciple received your golden decree that year to search for someone in the Land of the East to be a scripture seeker. Today he has succeeded. Altogether, his journey took fourteen years, or five thousand and forty days. Eight more days and the perfect canonical number will be attained. Would you permit me to surrender in return your golden decree?”

Highly pleased, Tathāgata said, “What you said is most appropriate. You are certainly permitted to surrender my golden decree.”

He then gave this instruction to the Eight Vajra Guardians:

“Quickly exercise your magic powers to lift the sage monk back to the East. As soon as he has imparted the true scriptures to the people there, bring him back here to the West. You must accomplish all this within eight days, so as to fulfill the perfect canonical number of five thousand and forty-eight. Do not delay.”

The Vajra Guardians at once caught up with the Tang Monk, crying, “Scripture seekers, follow us!”

The Tang Monk and his companions, all with healthy frames and buoyant bodies, followed the Vajra Guardians to rise in the air astride the clouds. Truly

*Their minds enlightened, they bowed to Buddha;
Merit perfected, they ascended on high.*

We do not know how they will pass on the scriptures after they have returned to the Land of the East; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-NINE

*Nine times nine ends the count and Māra's all destroyed
The work of three times three done, the Dao reverts to its root*

We shall not speak of the Eight Vajra Guardians escorting the Tang Monk back to his nation. We turn instead to those Guardians of the Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, and the Guardians of Monasteries, who appeared before the triple gates and said to the Bodhisattva Guanyin, “Your disciples had received the Bodhisattva’s dharma decree to give secret protection to the sage monk. Now that the work of the sage monk is completed, and the Bodhisattva has returned the Buddhist Patriarch’s golden decree to him, we too request permission from the Bodhisattva to return your dharma decree to you.”

Highly pleased also, the Bodhisattva said, “Yes, yes! You have my permission.” Then she asked, “What was the disposition of the four pilgrims during their journey?”

“They showed genuine devotion and determination,” replied the various deities, “which could hardly have escaped the penetrating observation of the Bodhisattva. The Tang Monk, after all, had endured unspeakable sufferings. Indeed, all the ordeals that he had to undergo throughout his journey have been recorded by your disciples. Here is the complete account.” The Bodhisattva started to read the registry from its beginning, and this was the content:

The Guardians in obedience to your decree
Record with care the Tang Monk’s calamities.
Gold Cicada banished is the first ordeal; *[chap. 8]*
Being almost killed after birth is the second ordeal; *[chap. 9]*
Being thrown in the river hardly a month old is the third ordeal; *[chap. 9]*
Seeking parents and their vengeance is the fourth ordeal; *[chap. 9]*
Meeting a tiger after leaving the city is the fifth ordeal; *[chap. 13]*
Falling into a pit and losing followers is the sixth ordeal; *[chap. 13]*
The Double-Fork Ridge is the seventh ordeal; *[chap. 13]*
The Mountain of Two Frontiers is the eighth ordeal; *[chap. 13]*
Changing horse at a steep brook is the ninth ordeal; *[chap. 15]*
Burning by fire at night is the tenth ordeal; *[chap. 16]*
Losing the cassock is the eleventh ordeal; *[chap. 16]*
Bringing Eight Rules to submission is the twelfth ordeal; *[chaps. 18–19]*
blocked by the Yellow Wind Fiend is the thirteenth ordeal; *[chap. 20]*
Seeking aid with Lingji is the fourteenth ordeal; *[chap. 21]*
Hard to cross Flowing-Sand is the fifteenth ordeal; *[chap. 22]*
Taking in Sha Monk is the sixteenth ordeal; *[chap. 22]*
The Four Sages’ epiphany is the seventeenth ordeal; *[chap. 23]*
The Five Villages Temple is the eighteenth ordeal; *[chap. 24]*
The ginseng hard to revive is the nineteenth ordeal; *[chap. 26]*
Banishing the Mind Monkey is the twentieth ordeal; *[chap. 27]*

Getting lost at Black Pine Forest is the twenty-first ordeal; ^[chap. 28]
 Sending a letter to Precious Image Kingdom is the twenty-second ordeal; ^[chap. 29]
 Changing into a tiger at the Golden Chimes Hall is the twenty-third ordeal; ^[chap. 30]
 Meeting demons at Level-Top Mountain is the twenty-fourth ordeal; ^[chap. 32]
 Being hung high at Lotus-Flower Cave is the twenty-fifth ordeal; ^[chap. 33]
 Saving the ruler of Black Rooster Kingdom is the twenty-sixth ordeal; ^[chap. 37]
 Running into a demon's transformed body is the twenty-seventh ordeal; ^[chap. 37]
 Meeting a fiend in Roaring Mountain is the twenty-eighth ordeal; ^[chap. 40]
 The sage monk abducted by wind is the twenty-ninth ordeal; ^[chap. 40]
 The Mind Monkey being injured is the thirtieth ordeal; ^[chap. 41]
 Asking the sage to subdue monsters is the thirty-first ordeal; ^[chap. 42]
 Sinking in the Black River is the thirty-second ordeal; ^[chap. 43]
 Hauling at Cart Slow Kingdom is the thirty-third ordeal; ^[chap. 44]
 A mighty contest is the thirty-fourth ordeal; ^[chaps. 45–46]
 Expelling Daoists to prosper Buddhists is the thirty-fifth ordeal; ^[chap. 47]
 Meeting a great water on the road is the thirty-sixth ordeal; ^[chap. 47]
 Falling into the Heaven-Reaching River is the thirty-seventh ordeal; ^[chap. 48]
 The Fish-Basket revealing her body is the thirty-eighth ordeal; ^[chap. 49]
 Meeting a fiend at Golden Helmet Mountain is the thirty-ninth ordeal; ^[chap. 50]
 Heaven's gods find it hard to win is the fortieth ordeal; ^[chaps. 51–52]
 Asking the Buddha for the source is the forty-first ordeal; ^[chap. 52]
 Being poisoned after drinking water is the forty-second ordeal; ^[chap. 53]
 Detained for marriage at Western Liang Kingdom is the forty-third ordeal; ^[chap. 54]
 Suffering at the Cave of the Lute is the forty-fourth ordeal; ^[chap. 55]
 Banishing again the Mind Monkey is the forty-fifth ordeal; ^[chap. 56]
 The macaque hard to distinguish is the forty-sixth ordeal; ^[chaps. 57–58]
 The road blocked at the Mountain of Flames is the forty-seventh ordeal; ^[chap. 59]
 Seeking the palm-leaf fan is the forty-eighth ordeal; ^[chaps. 59–60]
 Binding the demon king is the forty-ninth ordeal; ^[chap. 61]
 Sweeping the pagoda at Sacrifice Kingdom is the fiftieth ordeal; ^[chap. 62]
 Recovering the treasure to save the monks is the fifty-first ordeal; ^[chap. 63]
 Chanting poetry at the Brambled Forest is the fifty-second ordeal; ^[chap. 64]
 Meeting disaster at Little Thunderclap is the fifty-third ordeal; ^[chap. 65]
 The celestial gods being imprisoned is the fifty-fourth ordeal; ^[chap. 66]
 Being blocked by filth at Pulpy Persimmon Alley is the fifty-fifth ordeal; ^[chap. 67]
 Applying medication at the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom is the fifty-sixth ordeal; ^[chaps. 68–69]
 Healing fatigue and infirmity is the fifty-seventh ordeal; ^[chaps. 68–69]
 Subduing monster to recover a queen is the fifty-eighth ordeal; ^[chaps. 69–71]
 Delusion by the seven passions is the fifty-ninth ordeal; ^[chap. 72]
 Being wounded by Many Eyes is the sixtieth ordeal; ^[chap. 73]
 The way blocked at the Lion-Camel Kingdom is the sixty-first ordeal; ^[chaps. 74–75]

The fiends divided into three colors is the sixty-second ordeal; [chaps. 74–77]
 Meeting calamity in the city is the sixty-third ordeal; [chaps. 76–77]
 Requesting Buddha to subdue the demons is the sixty-fourth ordeal; [chap. 77]
 Rescuing the lads at Bhikṣu is the sixty-fifth ordeal; [chap. 78]
 Distinguishing the true from the deviate is the sixty-sixth ordeal; [chap. 79]
 Saving a fiend at a pine forest is the sixty-seventh ordeal; [chap. 80];
 Falling sick in a priestly chamber is the sixty-eighth ordeal; [chap. 81]
 Being imprisoned at the Bottomless Cave is the sixty-ninth ordeal; [chaps. 81–83]
 Difficulty in going through Dharma-Destroying Kingdom is the seventieth ordeal; [chap. 84]
 Meeting demons at Mist-Concealing Mountain is the seventy-first ordeal; [chaps. 85–86]
 Seeking rain at Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture is the seventy-second ordeal; [chap. 87]
 Losing their weapons is the seventy-third ordeal; [chap. 88]
 The festival of the rake is the seventy-fourth ordeal; [chap. 89]
 disaster at Bamboo-Knot Mountain is the seventy-fifth ordeal; [chap. 90]
 Suffering at Mysterious Flower Cave is the seventy-sixth ordeal; [chap. 91]
 Capturing the rhinoceroses is the seventy-seventh ordeal; [chap. 92]
 Being forced to marry at India is the seventy-eighth ordeal; [chaps. 93–95]
 Jailed at Bronze Estrade Prefecture is the seventy-ninth ordeal; [chap. 97]
 Delivered of mortal stock at Cloud-Transcending Ferry is the eightieth ordeal; [chap. 98]
 The journey: one hundred and eight thousand miles.
 The sage monk's ordeals are clearly on file.

After the Bodhisattva had read through the entire registry of ordeals, she said hurriedly, “Within our gate of Buddhism, nine times nine is the crucial means by which one returns to perfection. The sage monk has undergone eighty ordeals. Because one ordeal, therefore, is still lacking, the sacred number is not yet complete.”

At once she gave this order to one of the Guardians: “Catch the Vajra Guardians and create one more ordeal.”

Having received this command, the Guardian soared toward the east astride the clouds. After a night and a day he caught the Vajra Guardians and whispered in their ears, “Do this and this . . . ! Don't fail to obey the dharma decree of the Bodhisattva.” On hearing these words, the Eight Vajra Guardians immediately retrieved the wind that had borne aloft the four pilgrims, dropping them and the horse bearing the scriptures to the ground. Alas! Truly such is

Nine times nine, hard task of immortality!
Firmness of will yields the mysterious key.
By bitter toil you must the demons spurn;
Cultivation will the proper way return.
Regard not the scriptures as easy things.
So many are the sage monk's sufferings!
Learn of the old, wondrous Kinship of the Three:
Elixir won't gel if there's slight errancy.

When his feet touched profane ground, Tripitaka became terribly frightened. Eight Rules, however, roared with laughter, saying, “Good! Good! Good! This is exactly a case of ‘More haste, less speed’!”

“Good! Good! Good!” said Sha Monk. “Because we’ve speeded up too much, they want us to take a little rest here.”

“Have no worry,” said the Great Sage. “As the proverb says,

For ten days you sit on the shore;

In one day you may pass nine beaches.”

“Stop matching your wits, you three!” said Tripitaka. “Let’s see if we can tell where we are.” Looking all around, Sha Monk said, “I know the place! I know the place! Master, listen to the sound of water!”

Pilgrim said, “The sound of water, I suppose, reminds you of your ancestral home.”

“Which is the Flowing-Sand River,” said Eight Rules.

“No! No!” said Sha Monk. “This happens to be the Heaven-Reaching River.”

Tripitaka said, “O Disciples! Take a careful look and see which side of the river we’re on.” Vaulting into the air, Pilgrim shielded his eyes with his hand and took a careful survey of the place before dropping down once more.

“Master,” he said, “this is the west bank of the Heaven-Reaching River.”

“Now I remember,” said Tripitaka. “There was a Chen Village on the east bank. When we arrived here that year, you rescued their son and daughter. In their gratitude to us, they wanted to make a boat to take us across. Eventually we were fortunate enough to get across on the back of a white turtle. I recall, too, that there was no human habitation whatever on the west bank. What shall we do this time?”

“I thought that only profane people would practice this sort of fraud,” said Eight Rules.

“Now I know that even the Vajra Guardians before the face of Buddha can practice fraud! Buddha commanded them to take us back east. How could they just abandon us in midjourney? Now we’re in quite a bind! How are we going to get across?”

“Stop grumbling, Second Elder Brother!” said Sha Monk. “Our master has already attained the Way, for he had already been delivered from his mortal frame previously at the Cloud-Transcending Ferry. This time he can’t possibly sink in water. Let’s all of us exercise our magic of Displacement and take Master across.”

“You can’t take him over! You can’t take him over!” said Pilgrim, chuckling to himself. Now, why did he say that? If he were willing to exercise his magic powers and reveal the mystery of flight, master and disciples could cross even a thousand rivers. He knew, however, that the Tang Monk had not yet perfected the sacred number of nine times nine. That one remaining ordeal made it necessary for them to be detained at the spot.

As master and disciples conversed and walked slowly up to the edge of the water, they suddenly heard someone calling, “Tang Sage Monk! Tang Sage Monk! Come this way! Come this way!” Startled, the four of them looked all around but could not see any sign of a human being or a boat. Then they caught sight of a huge, white, scabby-headed turtle at the shoreline. “Old Master,” he cried with outstretched neck, “I have waited for you for so many years! Have you returned only at this time?”

“Old Turtle,” replied Pilgrim, smiling, “we troubled you in a year past, and today we meet again.”

Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk could not have been more pleased. “If indeed you want to serve us,” said Pilgrim, “come up on the shore.” The turtle crawled up the bank. Pilgrim told his companions to guide the horse onto the turtle’s back. As before, Eight Rules squatted at the rear of the horse, while the Tang Monk and Sha Monk took up positions to the left and to the right of the horse. With one foot on the turtle’s head and another on his neck, Pilgrim said, “Old Turtle, go steadily.”

His four legs outstretched, the old turtle moved through the water as if he were on dry level ground, carrying all five of them— master, disciples, and the horse— straight toward the eastern shore. Thus it is that

*In Advaya’s gate will Dharma profound
Reveal Heav’n and Earth and demons confound.
The original visage now they see;
Causes find perfection in one body.
Freely they move when Triyāna’s won,
And when the elixir’s nine turns are done.
The luggage and the staff there’s no need to tote,
Glad to return on old turtle afloat.*

Carrying the pilgrims on his back, the old turtle trod on the waves and proceeded for more than half a day. Late in the afternoon they were near the eastern shore when he suddenly asked this question: “Old Master, in that year when I took you across, I begged you to question Tathāgata, once you got to see him, when I would find my sought-after refuge and how much longer would I live. Did you do that?”

Now, that elder, since his arrival at the Western Heaven, had been preoccupied with bathing in the Jade Perfection Abbey, being renewed at Cloud-Transcending Ferry, and bowing to the various sage monks, Bodhisattvas, and Buddhas. When he walked up the Spirit Mountain, he fixed his thought on the worship of Buddha and on the acquisition of scriptures, completely banishing from his mind all other concerns. He did not, of course, ask about the allotted age of the old turtle. Not daring to lie, however, he fell silent and did not answer the question for a long time.

Perceiving that Tripitaka had not asked the Buddha for him, the old turtle shook his body once and dove with a splash into the depths. The four pilgrims, the horse, and the scriptures all fell into the water as well. Ah! It was fortunate that the Tang Monk had cast off his mortal frame and attained the Way. If he were like the person he had been before, he would have sunk straight to the bottom. The white horse, moreover, was originally a dragon, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk both were quite at home in the water. Smiling broadly, Pilgrim made a great display of his magic powers by hauling the Tang Monk right out of the water and onto the eastern shore. But the scriptures, the clothing, and the saddle were completely soaked.

Master and disciples had just climbed up the riverbank when suddenly a violent gale arose; the sky darkened immediately and both thunder and lightning began as rocks and grit flew everywhere. What they felt was

*One gust of wind
And the whole world teetered;
One clap of thunder
And both mountains and streams shuddered.*

One flash of lightning
Shot flames through the clouds;
One sky of fog
Enveloped this great Earth.
The wind's mighty howl;
The thunder's violent roar;
The lightning's scarlet streaks;
The fog blanking moon and stars.
The wind hurtled dust and dirt at their faces;
The thunder sent tigers and leopards into hiding;
The lightning raised among the fowl a ruckus;
The fog made the woods and trees disappear.
That wind caused waves in the Heaven- Reaching River to toss and churn;
That lightning lit up the Heaven- Reaching River down to its bottom;
That thunder terrified the Heaven- Reaching River's dragons and fishes;
That fog covered the shores of Heaven- Reaching River with a shroud of darkness.
Marvelous wind!
Mountains cracked as pines and bamboos toppled.
Marvelous thunder!
Its power stirred insects and injured humans.
Marvelous lightning!
Like a gold snake it brightened both land and sky.
Marvelous fog!
It surged through the air to screen the Ninefold Heaven.

So terrified were the pilgrims that Tripitaka held firmly to the scripture wraps and Sha Monk threw himself on the poles. While Eight Rules clung to the white horse, Pilgrim wielded his iron rod with both hands to give protection left and right. That wind, fog, thunder, and lightning, you see, had been a storm brought on by invisible demons, who wanted to snatch away the scriptures the pilgrims had acquired. The commotion lasted all night, and only by morning did the storm subside. Soaked from top to bottom and shaking all over, the elder said, “Wukong, how did this storm come about?”

“Master, you don’t seem to understand,” said Pilgrim, panting heavily, “that when we escorted you to acquire these scriptures, we had, in fact, robbed Heaven and Earth of their creative powers. For our success meant that we could share the age of the universe; like the light of the sun and moon, we would enjoy life everlasting for we had put on an incorruptible body. Our success, however, had also incurred the envy of Heaven and Earth, the jealousy of both demons and gods, who wanted to snatch away the scriptures from us. They could not do so only because the scriptures were thoroughly wet and because they had been shielded by your rectified dharma-body, which could not be harmed by thunder, lightning, or fog. Moreover, old Monkey was brandishing his iron rod to exercise the nature of pure yang and give you protection. Now that it is morning, the forces of yang are evermore in ascendancy, and the demons cannot prevail.”

Only then did Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk realize what had taken place, and they all thanked Pilgrim repeatedly. In a little while, the sun was way up in the sky, and they moved the scriptures to high ground so that the wraps could be opened and their contents dried. To this day the boulders have remained on which the scriptures

were spread out and sunned. By the side of the boulders they also spread out their own clothing and shoes. As they stood, sat, or jumped about, truly this was their situation:

*The one pure yang body facing the light
Has put invisible demons all to flight.
Know that true scriptures will o'er water prevail.
They fear not the thunder-and-lightning assail.
Henceforth to Sambodhi they'll go in peace,
And to fairy land they'll return with ease.
Rocks for sunning scriptures are still found here,
Though no demon would ever dare come near.*

The four of them were examining the scriptures scroll by scroll to see if they had completely dried when some fishermen arrived at the shore. When they saw the pilgrims, one of the fishermen recognized them and said, "Old Masters, aren't you the ones who crossed this river some years ago on your way to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures?"

"Indeed, we are!" replied Eight Rules. "Where are you from? How is it that you recognize us?"

"We are from the Chen Village," said the fisherman. "How far is the village from here?" asked Eight Rules.

The fisherman said, "Due south of this canal, about twenty miles."

"Master," said Eight Rules, "let's move the scriptures to the Chen Village and dry them there. They have a place for us to sit and food for us to eat. We can even ask their family to starch our clothing. Isn't that better than staying here?"

"Let's not go there," replied Tripitaka. "As soon as the scriptures are dried here, we can collect them and be on our way."

The fishermen, however, went back south of the canal and ran right into Chen Cheng. "Number Two," they cried, "the masters who offered themselves as sacrifice-substitutes for your children years ago have returned."

"Where did you see them?" asked Chen Cheng.

Pointing with their hands, the fishermen said, "Near the boulders over there, where they're sunning scrolls of scriptures."

Chen Cheng took some of his farmhands and ran past the canal. When he caught sight of the pilgrims, he hurriedly went to his knees and said, "Venerable Fathers, now that you have returned, having accomplished your work and merit of acquiring scriptures, why did you not come straight to our home? Why are you loitering here instead? Please, please come to our home!"

"Wait till we've dried the scriptures in the sun," said Pilgrim, "and we'll go with you."

"How is it," asked Chen Cheng again, "that the clothing and scriptures of the venerable fathers are soaking wet?"

"In that previous year," replied Tripitaka, "we were indebted to a white turtle for taking us on his back to the western shore. This time he again offered to carry us back to the eastern shore. When we were about to reach the bank, he asked me whether I had remembered to inquire of Buddha for him about how much longer it would take for him

to achieve human form. I had actually forgotten about the matter, and he dove into the water. That was how we got wet.”

After Tripitaka had thus given a thorough account of what had taken place, Chen Cheng kowtowed and urged them to go back to the house. At length Tripitaka gave in, and they began to collect the scriptures together. They did not expect, however, that several scrolls of the *Buddha-carita-kāvya Sūtra* would be stuck to the rocks, and a part of the sūtra’s ending was torn off. This is why the sūtra today is not a complete text, and the top of that particular boulder on which the sūtra had dried still retains some traces of writing. “We’ve been very careless!” said Tripitaka sorrowfully. “We should have been more vigilant.”

“Hardly! Hardly!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “After all, even Heaven and Earth are not perfect. This sūtra may have been perfect, but a part of it has been torn off precisely because only in that condition will it correspond to the profound mystery of non-perfection. What happened isn’t something human power could anticipate or change!” After master and disciples had finished packing up the scriptures, they headed for the village with Chen Cheng.

The news of the pilgrims’ arrival was passed from one person to ten, from ten to a hundred, and from a hundred to a thousand, till all the people, old and young, came to receive them. When Chen Qing got the news, he immediately set up an incense altar in front of his door and called for drummers and musicians to play. The moment they arrived, Chen led his entire household to kowtow to the pilgrims so as to thank them once more for their previous kindness of saving their children. Then he ordered tea and maigre for them.

Since Tripitaka had partaken of the immortal victuals prepared for him by the Buddhist Patriarch, and since he had been delivered from his mortal frame to become a Buddha, he had no desire at all for profane food. The two old men begged and begged, and only to please them did he pick up the merest morsel. The Great Sage Sun, who never ate much cooked food anyway, said almost immediately, “Enough!” Sha Monk did not show much appetite either. As for Eight Rules, even he did not resemble his former self, for he soon put down his bowl.

“Idiot, aren’t you eating anymore?” asked Pilgrim.

“I don’t know why,” said Eight Rules, “but my stomach seems to have weakened all at once!” They therefore put away the food, and the two old men asked about the enterprise of scripture seeking. Tripitaka gave a thorough account of how they bathed at the Jade Perfection Abbey first, how their bodies turned light and agile at the Cloud-Transcending Ferry, how they bowed to Tathāgata at Thunderclap, and how they were feted beneath the precious tower and received scriptures at the treasure loft. He then went on to tell how the two Honored Ones, failing to obtain a gift at first, gave them wordless scriptures instead, how the second audience with Tathāgata had resulted in acquiring a canonical sum of scriptures, how the white turtle dove into the water, and how invisible demons tried to rob them. After this detailed rehearsal, he immediately wanted to leave.

The entire household of the two old men, of course, absolutely refused to let them go. “We could never have repaid,” they said, “your profound kindness in saving the lives of our son and daughter except by building a temple to your memory. We have named it the Life-Saving Monastery so that we might offer you the perpetual sacrifice of incense.”

Then they called Chen Guanbao and One Load of Gold, the son and daughter for whom Pilgrim and Eight Rules originally served as substitutes on that occasion of child sacrifice, to come out to kowtow again to their benefactors before they invited the pilgrims to view the monastery.

Leaving the scripture-wraps in front of their family hall, Tripitaka recited a scroll of the *Precious Permanence Sūtra* for their entire household. When they reached the monastery, food had already been laid out there by the Chen family. Hardly had they been seated than another banquet was sent in by another family. Before they could even raise their chopsticks, still another banquet was brought in.

There seemed, in fact, to be an unending stream of visitors and food vying for the pilgrims' attention. Not wishing to decline such sincere display of the people's hospitality, Tripitaka forced himself to make some show of tasting what was set before him. That monastery, by the way, was a handsome building indeed.

*The temple's bright red-painted doors
Reflect the work of all donors.
From that moment one edifice would rise
With two porticoes adding to its size.
Screens and casements scarlet;
Seven treasures exquisite.
Incense and clouds interlace
As pure light floods the airy space.
A few young cypresses need water still:
Pines have yet to form clusters on the hill.
A living stream in front
Reaches Heaven with its tossing billows;
A tall ridge behind,
The mountain range through which the earth pulse flows.*

After he had looked at the monastery from the outside, Tripitaka then went up to the tall tower, where he found the four statues of himself and his disciples.

When Eight Rules saw these, he gave Pilgrim a tug and said, "Your statue looks very much like you!"

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "yours has great resemblance, too. But Master's seems to look even more handsome."

"It's about right! It's about right!" said Tripitaka, and they descended the tower. In the front hall and the rear corridor, more vegetarian dishes were laid out for them.

Pilgrim asked the Chens, "Whatever happened to the shrine of that Great King?"

"It was pulled down that very year," replied the two old men. "Since this monastery was built, Venerable Father, we have been enjoying a rich harvest every year. This has to be the blessing you bestowed on us."

"It's actually the gift of Heaven!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "We have nothing to do with it. But after we leave this time, we shall try to give you all the protection we can, so that the families of your entire village may enjoy abundant posterity, the peaceful births of the six beasts, and annually wind and rain in due season." All the people kowtowed again to express their thanks.

Before and behind the monastery, there seemed to have gathered a numberless crowd all wanting to offer fruits and maigre to their benefactors. With a giggle Eight Rules said, "It's just my lousy luck! At the time when I could eat, there wasn't a single household that would give me ten meals. Today I have no appetite, but one family after another is pressing me with invitations."

Though he felt stuffed, he raised his hands slightly and once more devoured eight or nine platters of vegetarian food. Though he claimed his stomach had weakened, he nonetheless put away twenty or thirty buns. The pilgrims all ate to their fullest capacity, but still there were other households waiting to invite them. "What contribution have these disciples made," said Tripitaka, "that we should receive such great outpouring of your affection? I beg you all to call a halt tonight. Wait till tomorrow and we shall be glad to be the recipients again."

It was already deep in the night. As he wanted to guard the true scriptures, Tripitaka dared not leave. He remained seated below the tower and meditated, so as to watch his possessions. By about the hour of the third watch, Tripitaka whispered, "Wukong, the people here have already perceived that we have finished our enterprise and attained the Way. As the ancients put it,

*The adept does not show himself;
He who shows himself is no adept.*

If they detain us too long, I fear that we may lose out in our main enterprise."

"What you say is quite right, Master," replied Pilgrim. "While it is still deep in the night and people are all sound asleep, let us leave quietly." Eight Rules now had become quite alert, and Sha Monk was most understanding. Even the white horse seemed to know their thoughts. They all arose, silently loaded the packs on the saddle, took up the poles, and toted their belongings through the corridor.

When they reached the monastery gate, they found it padlocked. Using his magic, Pilgrim opened the locks on both the second-level gate and the main gate. As they were searching for the way toward the East, a voice rang out in midair. "You who are fleeing," cried the Eight Vajra Guardians, "follow us!" As the elder smelled a strange fragrance, he rose with the others into the wind. Truly

*Elixir formed, he knows the original face;
His healthy frame, natural and free, bows to his lord.*

We do not know how he finally managed to see the Tang emperor; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

ONE HUNDRED

*They return to the Land of the East
Five sages become perfected*

Let us not say anything more about how the four pilgrims departed by mounting the wind with the Vajra Guardians. We tell you instead about the multitude in the Life-Saving Monastery at the Chen Village, who rose at dawn and went at once to offer fruits and other food to their benefactors. When they arrived at the space beneath the tower, however, they found that the Tang Monk had disappeared.

Thereupon all of them hunted everywhere, but without success. They were so upset that they did not quite know what to do except to wail aloud, “We have allowed a Living Buddha to walk away!”

After a while, the entire household realized that they had no better alternative than to pile all the food and gifts on the altar up in the tower and offer them as sacrifices along with the burning of paper cash. Thereafter they made four great sacrifices and twenty-four smaller ones each year. Moreover, those who wanted to pray for healing, for safety on a journey, for the gift of a spouse, for wealth or children, and to make a vow appeared daily at every hour to present their offerings and incense. Truly,

*The gold censer continued a thousand years’ fire;
The jade chalice brightened with an eternal lamp.*

In that condition we shall leave them.

We tell you now instead about the Eight Vajra Guardians, who employed the second gust of fragrant wind to carry the four pilgrims back to the Land of the East. In less than a day, the capital, Chang’an, gradually came into view. That Emperor Taizong, you see, had escorted the Tang Monk out of the city three days before the full moon in the ninth month of the thirteenth year of the Zhenguan reign period. By the sixteenth year, he had already asked the Bureau of Labor to erect a Scripture-Watch Tower outside the Western-Peace Pass to receive the holy books. Each year Taizong would go personally to that place for a visit. It so happened that he had gone again to the tower that day when he caught sight of a sky full of auspicious mists drifting near from the West, and he noticed at the same time strong gusts of fragrant wind.

Halting in midair, the Vajra Guardians cried, “Sage Monk, this is the city Chang’an. It’s not convenient for us to go down there, for the people of this region are quite intelligent, and our true identity may become known to them. Even the Great Sage Sun and his two companions needn’t go; you yourself may go, hand over the scriptures, and return at once. We’ll wait for you in the air so that we may all go back to report to Buddha.”

“What the Honored Ones say may be most appropriate,” said the Great Sage, “but how could my master tote all those scriptures? How could he lead the horse at the same time? We will have to escort him down there. May we trouble you to wait a while in the air? We dare not tarry.”

“When the Bodhisattva Guanyin spoke to Tathāgata the other day,” said the Vajra Guardians, “she assured him that the whole trip should take only eight days, so that the canonical number would be fulfilled. It’s already more than four days now. We

fear that Eight Rules might become so enamored of the riches down below that we will not be able to meet our appointed schedule.”

“When Master attains Buddhahood,” said Eight Rules, chuckling, “I, too, will attain Buddhahood. How could I become enamored of riches down below? Stupid old ruffians! Wait for me here, all of you! As soon as we have handed over the scriptures, I’ll return with you and be canonized.” Idiot took up the pole, Sha Monk led the horse, and Pilgrim supported the sage monk. Lowering their cloud, they dropped down beside the Scripture-Watch Tower.

When Taizong and his officials saw them, they all descended the tower to receive them. “Has the royal brother returned?” asked the emperor. The Tang Monk immediately prostrated himself, but he was raised by the emperor’s own hands. “Who are these three persons?” asked the emperor once more.

“They are my disciples made during our journey,” replied the Tang Monk. Highly pleased, Taizong at once ordered his attendants, “Saddle one of our chariot horses for our royal brother to ride. We’ll go back to the court together.”

The Tang Monk thanked him and mounted the horse, closely followed by the Great Sage wielding his golden-hooped rod and by Eight Rules and Sha Monk toting the luggage and supporting the other horse. The entire entourage thus entered together the city of Chang’an. Truly

*A banquet of peace was held years ago.
When lords, civil and martial, made a grand show.
A priest preached the law in a great event;
From Golden Chimes the king his subject sent.
Tripitaka was given a royal rescript,
For Five Phases matched the cause of holy script.
Through bitter smelting all demons were purged.
Merit done, they now on the court converged.*

The Tang Monk and his three disciples followed the throne into the court, and soon there was not a single person in the city of Chang’an who had not learned of the scripture seekers’ return.

We tell you now about those priests, young and old, of the Temple of Great Blessing, which was also the old residence of the Tang Monk in Chang’an. That day they suddenly discovered that the branches of a few pine trees within the temple gate were pointing eastward. Astonished, they cried, “Strange! Strange! There was no strong wind to speak of last night. Why are all the tops of these trees twisted in this manner?”

One of the former disciples of Tripitaka said, “Quickly, let’s get our proper clerical garb. The old master who went away to acquire scriptures must have returned.”

“How do you know that?” asked the other priests.

“At the time of his departure,” the old disciple said, “he made the remark that he might be away for two or three years, or for six or seven years. Whenever we noticed that these pine-tree tops were pointing to the east, it would mean that he has returned. Since my master spoke the holy words of a true Buddha, I know that the truth has been confirmed this day.”

They put on their clothing hurriedly and left; by the time they reached the street to the west, people were already saying that the scripture seeker had just arrived and

been received into the city by His Majesty. When they heard the news, the various monks dashed forward and ran right into the imperial chariot. Not daring to approach the emperor, they followed the entourage instead to the gate of the court. The Tang Monk dismounted and entered the court with the emperor. The dragon horse, the scripture packs, Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk were all placed beneath the steps of jade, while Taizong commanded the royal brother to ascend the hall and take a seat.

After thanking the emperor and taking his seat, the Tang Monk asked that the scripture scrolls be brought up. Pilgrim and his companions handed them over to the imperial attendants, who presented them in turn to the emperor for inspection. “How many scrolls of scriptures are there,” asked Taizong, “and how did you acquire them?”

“When your subject arrived at the Spirit Mountain and bowed to the Buddhist Patriarch,” replied Tripitaka, “he was kind enough to ask Ānanda and Kāśyapa, the two Honored Ones, to lead us to the precious tower first for a meal. Then we were brought to the treasure loft, where the scriptures were bestowed on us. Those Honored Ones asked for a gift, but we were not prepared and did not give them any. They gave us some scriptures anyway, and after thanking the Buddhist Patriarch, we headed east, but a monstrous wind snatched away the scriptures. My humble disciple fortunately had a little magic power; he gave chase at once, and the scriptures were thrown and scattered all over. When we unrolled the scrolls, we saw that they were all wordless, blank texts. Your subjects in great fear went again to bow and plead before Buddha. The Buddhist Patriarch said, *‘When these scriptures were created, some Bhikṣu sage monks left the monastery and recited some scrolls for one Elder Zhao in the Śrāvastī Kingdom. As a result, the living members of that family were granted safety and protection, while the deceased attained redemption. For such great service they only managed to ask the elder for three pecks and three pints of rice and a little gold. I told them that it was too cheap a sale, and that their descendants would have no money to spend.’* Since we learned that even the Buddhist Patriarch anticipated that the two Honored Ones would demand a gift, we had little choice but to offer them that alms-bowl of purple gold that Your Majesty had bestowed on me. Only then did they willingly turn over the true scriptures with writing to us. There are thirty-five titles of these scriptures, and several scrolls were selected from each title. Altogether, there are now five thousand and forty-eight scrolls, the number of which makes up one canonical sum.”

More delighted than ever, Taizong gave this command: “Let the Court of Imperial Entertainments prepare a banquet in the East Hall so that we may thank our royal brother.” Then he happened to notice Tripitaka’s three disciples standing beneath the steps, all with extraordinary looks, and he therefore asked, “Are your noble disciples foreigners?”

Prostrating himself, the elder said, “My eldest disciple has the surname of Sun, and his religious name is Wukong. Your subject also addresses him as Pilgrim Sun. He comes from the Water Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain, located in the Aolai Country in the East Pūrvavideha Continent. Because he caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, he was imprisoned in a stone box by the Buddhist Patriarch and pressed beneath the Mountain of Two Frontiers in the region of the Western barbarians. Thanks to the admonitions of the Bodhisattva Guanyin, he was converted to Buddhism and became my disciple when I freed him. Throughout my journey I relied heavily on his protection.

“My second disciple has the surname of Zhu, and his religious name is Wuneng. Your subject also addresses him as Zhu Eight Rules. He comes from the Cloudy Paths

Cave of Fuling Mountain. He was playing the fiend at the Old Gao Village of Qoco when the admonitions of the Bodhisattva and the power of the Pilgrim caused him to become my disciple. He made his merit on our journey by toting the luggage and helping us to ford the waters.

“My third disciple has the surname of Sha, and his religious name is Wujing. Your subject also addresses him as Sha Monk. Originally he was a fiend at the Flowing-Sand River. Again the admonitions of the Bodhisattva persuaded him to take the vows of Buddhism. By the way, the horse is not the one my Lord bestowed on me.”

Taizong said, “The color and the coat seem all the same. Why isn’t it the same horse?”

“When your subject reached the Eagle Grief Stream in the Serpent Coil Mountain and tried to cross it,” replied Tripitaka, “the original horse was devoured by this horse. Pilgrim managed to learn from the Bodhisattva that this horse was originally the prince of the Dragon King of the Western Ocean. Convicted of a crime, he would have been executed had it not been for the intervention of the Bodhisattva, who ordered him to be the steed of your subject. It was then that he changed into a horse with exactly the same coat as that of my original mount. I am greatly indebted to him for taking me over mountains and summits and through the most treacherous passages. Whether it be carrying me on my way there or bearing the scriptures upon our return, we are much beholden to his strength.”

On hearing these words, Taizong complimented him profusely before asking again, “This long trek to the Western Region, exactly how far is it?”

Tripitaka said, “I recall that the Bodhisattva told us that the distance was a hundred and eight thousand miles. I did not make a careful record on the way. All I know is that we have experienced fourteen seasons of heat and cold. We encountered mountains and ridges daily; the forests we came upon were not small, and the waters we met were wide and swift. We also went through many kingdoms, whose rulers had affixed their seals and signatures on our document.” Then he called out: “Disciples, bring up the travel rescript and present it to our Lord.”

It was handed over immediately. Taizong took a look and realized that the document had been issued on the third day before the full moon, in the ninth month of the thirteenth year during the Zhenguan reign period.

Smiling, Taizong said, “We have caused you the trouble of taking a long journey. This is now the twenty-seventh year of the Zhenguan period!”

The travel rescript bore the seals of the Precious Image Kingdom, the Black Rooster Kingdom, the Cart Slow Kingdom, the Kingdom of Women in Western Liang, the Sacrifice Kingdom, the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom, the Bhikṣu Kingdom, the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom. There were also the seals of the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture, the Jade-Flower County, and the Gold-Level Prefecture. After reading through the document, Taizong put it away.

Soon the officer in attendance to the throne arrived to invite them to the banquet. As the emperor took the hand of Tripitaka and walked down the steps of the hall, he asked once more, “Are your noble disciples familiar with the etiquette of the court?”

“My humble disciples,” replied Tripitaka, “all began their careers as monsters deep in the wilds or a mountain village, and they have never been instructed in the etiquette of China’s sage court. I beg my Lord to pardon them.”

Smiling, Taizong said, “We won’t blame them! We won’t blame them! Let’s all go to the feast set up in the East Hall.”

Tripitaka thanked him once more before calling for his three disciples to join them. Upon their arrival at the hall, they saw that the opulence of the great nation of China was indeed different from all ordinary kingdoms. You see

*The doorway o’erhung with brocade.
 The floor adorned with red carpets,
 The whirls of exotic incense,
 And fresh victuals most rare.
 The amber cups
 And crystal goblets
 Are gold-trimmed and jade-set;
 The gold platters
 And white-jade bowls
 Are patterned and silver-rimmed.
 The tubers thoroughly cooked,
 The taros sugar-coated;
 Sweet, lovely butt on mushrooms,
 Unusual, pure seaweeds.
 Bamboo shoots, ginger-spiced, are served a few times;
 Malva leaves, honey-drenched, are mixed several ways.
 Wheat-glutens fried with xiangchun leaves:
 Wood-ears cooked with bean-curd skins.
 Rock ferns and fairy plants;
 Fern flour and dried wei-leaves.
 Radishes cooked with Sichuan peppercorns;
 Melon strands stirred with mustard powder.
 These few vegetarian dishes are so-so,
 But the many rare fruits quite steal the show!
 Walnuts and persimmons,
 Lung-ans and lychees.
 The chestnuts of Yizhou and Shandong’s dates;
 The South’s ginko fruits and hare-head pears.
 Pine-seeds, lotus-seeds, and giant grapes;
 melon seeds, and water chestnuts.
 “Chinese olives” and wild apples;
 Crabapples and Pyrus-pears;
 Tender stalks and young lotus roots;
 plums and “Chinese strawberries.”
 Not one species is missing;
 Not one kind is wanting.
 There are, moreover, the steamed mille-feuilles, honeyed pastries, and fine viands;
 And there are also the lovely wines, fragrant teas, and strange dainties.
 An endless spread of one hundred flavors, true noble fare.
 Western barbarians with great China can never compare!*

Master and three disciples were grouped together with the officials, both civil and military, on both sides of the emperor Taizong, who took the seat in the middle. The

dancing and the music proceeded in an orderly and solemn manner, and in this way they enjoyed themselves thoroughly for one whole day. Truly

*The royal banquet rivals the sage kings':
True scriptures acquired bring excess blessings.
Forever these will prosper and remain
As Buddha's light shines on the king's domain.*

When it became late, the officials thanked the emperor; while Taizong withdrew into his palace, the various officials returned to their residences. The Tang Monk and his disciples, however, went to the Temple of Great Blessing, where they were met by the resident priests kowtowing. As they entered the temple gate, the priests said, "Master, the top of these trees were all suddenly pointing eastward this morning. We remembered your words and hurried out to the city to meet you. Indeed, you did arrive!"

The elder could not have been more pleased as they were ushered into the abbot's quarters. By then, Eight Rules was not clamoring at all for food or tea, nor did he indulge in any mischief. Both Pilgrim and Sha Monk behaved most properly, for they had become naturally quiet and reserved since the Dao in them had come to fruition. They rested that night.

Taizong held court next morning and said to the officials, "We did not sleep the whole night when we reflected on how great and profound has been the merit of our brother, such that no compensation is quite adequate. We finally composed in our head several homely sentences as a mere token of our gratitude, but they have not yet been written down." Calling for one of the secretaries from the Central Drafting Office, he said, "Come, let us recite our composition for you, and you write it down sentence by sentence." The composition was as follows:

We have heard how the Dyadic Models which manifest themselves in Heaven and Earth in the production of life are represented by images, whereas the invisible powers of the four seasons bring about transformation of things through the hidden action of heat and cold. By scanning Heaven and Earth, therefore, even the most ignorant may perceive their rudimentary laws. Even the thorough understanding of *yin* and *yang*, however, has seldom enabled the worthy and wise to comprehend fully their ultimate principle. It is easy to recognize that Heaven and Earth do contain *yin* and *yang* because there are images. It is difficult to comprehend fully how *yin* and *yang* pervade Heaven and Earth because the forces themselves are invisible. That images may manifest the minute is a fact that does not perplex even the foolish, whereas forms hidden in what is invisible are what confuses even the learned.

How much more difficult it is, therefore, to understand the way of Buddhism, which exalts the void, uses the dark, and exploits the silent in order to succor the myriad grades of living things and exercise control over the entire world. Its spiritual authority is the highest, and its divine potency has no equal. Its magnitude impregnates the entire cosmos; there is no space so tiny that it does not permeate it. Birthless and deathless, it does not age after a thousand kalpas; half-hidden and half-manifest, it brings one hundred blessings even now. A wondrous way most mysterious, those who follow it cannot know its limit. A law flowing silent and deep, those who draw on it cannot fathom its source. How, therefore, could those benighted ordinary mortals not be perplexed if they tried to plumb its depths?

Now, this great Religion arose in the Land of the West. It soared to the court of the Han period in the form of a radiant dream, which flowed with its mercy to enlighten the Eastern territory. In antiquity, during the time when form and abstraction were clearly distinguished, the words of the Buddha, even before spreading, had already established their goodly influence. In a generation when he was both frequently active in and withdrawn from the world, the people beheld his virtue and honored it. But when he returned to Nirvāṇa and generations passed by, the golden images concealed his true form and did not reflect the light of the universe. The beautiful paintings, though unfolding lovely portraits, vainly held up the figure of thirty-two marks. Nonetheless his subtle doctrines spread far and wide to save men and beasts from the three

unhappy paths, and his traditions were widely proclaimed to lead all creatures through the ten stages toward Buddha-hood. Moreover, the Buddha made scriptures, which could be divided into the Great and the Small Vehicles. He also possessed the Law, which could be transmitted either in the correct or in the deviant method.

Our priest Xuanzang, a Master of the Law, is a leader within the Gate of Law. Devoted and intelligent since his youth, he realized early the merit of the three forms of emptiness. When grown he comprehended the principles of the spiritual, including first the practice of the four forms of patience. Neither the pine in the wind nor the moon mirrored in water can compare with his purity and radiance. Even the dew of Heaven and luminous gems cannot surpass the clarity and refinement of his person. His intelligence encompassed even those elements which seemingly had no relations, and his spirit could perceive that which had yet to take visible forms. Having transcended the lure of the six senses, he was such an outstanding figure that in all the past he had no rival. He concentrated his mind on the internal verities, mourning all the time the mutilation of the correct doctrines. Worrying over the mysteries, he lamented that even the most profound treatises had errors.

He thought of revising the teachings and reviving certain arguments, so as to disseminate what he had received to a wider audience. He would, moreover, strike out the erroneous and preserve the true to enlighten the students. For this reason he longed for the Pure Land and a pilgrimage to the Western Territories. Risking dangers he set out on a long journey, with only his staff for his companion on this solitary expedition. Snow drifts in the morning would blanket his roadway; sand storms at dusk would blot out the horizon. Over ten thousand miles of mountains and streams he proceeded, pushing aside mist and smoke. Through a thousand alternations of heat and cold he advanced amidst frost and rain. As his zeal was great, he considered his task a light one, for he was determined to succeed.

He toured throughout the Western World for fourteen years, going to all the foreign nations in quest of the proper doctrines. He led the life of an ascetic beneath twin śāla trees and by the eight rivers of India. At the Deer Park and on the Vulture Peak he beheld the strange and searched out the different. He received ultimate truths from the senior sages and was taught the true doctrines by the highest worthies. Penetrating into the mysteries, he mastered the most profound lessons. The way of the Triyāna and Six Commandments he learned by heart; a hundred cases of scriptures forming the canon flowed like waves from his lips.

Though the countries he visited were innumerable, the scriptures he succeeded in acquiring had a definite number. Of those important texts of the Mahāyāna he received, there are thirty-five titles in altogether five thousand and forty-eight scrolls. When they are translated and spread through China, they will proclaim the surpassing merit of Buddhism, drawing the cloud of mercy from the Western extremity to shower the dharma-rain on the Eastern region. The Holy Religion, once incomplete, is now returned to perfection. The multitudes, once full of sins, are now brought back to blessing. Like that which quenches the fire in a burning house, Buddhism works to save humanity lost on its way to perdition. Like a golden beam shining on darkened waters, it leads the voyagers to ascend safely the other shore.

Thus we know that the wicked will fall because of their iniquities, but the virtuous will rise because of their karmic affinities. The root causes of such rise and fall are all self-made by man. Consider the cinnamon flourishing high on the mountain, its flowers nourished by cloud and mist, or the lotus growing atop the green waves, its leaves unsoiled by dust. This is not because the lotus is by nature clean or because the cinnamon itself is chaste, but because what the cinnamon depends on for its existence is lofty, and thus it will not be weighed down by trivia; and because what the lotus relies on is pure, and thus impurity cannot stain it. Since even the vegetable kingdom, which is itself without intelligence, knows that excellence comes from an environment of excellence, how can humans who understand the great relations not search for well-being by following well-being?

May these scriptures abide forever as the sun and moon and may the blessings they confer spread throughout the universe!

After the secretary had finished writing this treatise, the sage monk was summoned. At the time, the elder was already waiting outside the gate of the court. When he heard the summons, he hurried inside and prostrated himself to pay homage to the emperor.

Taizong asked him to ascend the hall and handed him the document. When he had finished reading it, the priest went to his knees again to express his gratitude. “The style and rhetoric of my Lord,” said the priest, “are lofty and classical, while the reasoning in the treatise is both profound and subtle. I would like to know, however, whether a title has been chosen for this composition.”

“We composed it orally last night,” replied Taizong, “as a token of thanks to our royal brother. Will it be acceptable if I title this ‘Preface to the Holy Religion’?” The elder kowtowed and thanked him profusely. Once more Taizong said,

*“Our talents pale before the imperial tablets,
And our words cannot match the bronze and stone inscriptions.
As for the esoteric texts,
Our ignorance thereof is even greater.
Our treatise orally composed
Is actually quite unpolished—
Like mere spilled ink on tablets of gold.
Or broken tiles in a forest of pearls.
Writing it in self-interest,
We have quite ignored even embarrassment.
It is not worth your notice,
And you should not thank us.”*

All the officials present, however, congratulated the emperor and made arrangements immediately to promulgate the royal essay on Holy Religion inside and outside the capital.

Taizong said, “We would like to ask the royal brother to recite the true scriptures for us. How about it?”

“My Lord,” said the elder, “if you want me to recite the true scriptures, we must find the proper religious site. The treasure palace is no place for recitation.”

Exceedingly pleased, Taizong asked his attendants, “Among the monasteries of Chang’an, which is the purest one?”

From among the ranks stepped forth the Grand Secretary, Xiao Yu, who said, “The Wild-Goose Pagoda Temple in the city is purest of all.”

At once Taizong gave this command to the various officials: “Each of you take several scrolls of these true scriptures and go reverently with us to the Wild-Goose Pagoda Temple. We want to ask our royal brother to expound the scriptures to us.”

Each of the officials indeed took up several scrolls and followed the emperor’s carriage to the temple. A lofty platform with proper appointments was then erected. As before, the elder told Eight Rules and Sha Monk to hold the dragon horse and mind the luggage, while Pilgrim was to serve him by his side. Then he said to Taizong, “If my Lord would like to circulate the true scriptures throughout his empire, copies should be made before they are dispersed. We should treasure the originals and not handle them lightly.”

Smiling, Taizong said, “The words of our royal brother are most appropriate! Most appropriate!” He thereupon ordered the officials in the Hanlin Academy and the Central Drafting Office to make copies of the true scriptures. For them he also erected another temple east of the capital and named it the Temple for Imperial Transcription.

The elder had already taken several scrolls of scriptures and mounted the platform. He was just about to recite them when he felt a gust of fragrant wind. In midair the Eight Vajra Guardians revealed themselves and cried, “Recitants, drop your scripture scrolls and follow us back to the West.”

From below, Pilgrim and his two companions together with the white horse immediately rose into the air. The elder, too, abandoned the scriptures and rose from the platform. They all left soaring through the air. So startled were Taizong and the many officials that they all bowed down toward the sky. Thus it was that

*Since scriptures were the sage monk's ardent quest,
He went on fourteen years throughout the West
A bitter journey full of trials and woes,
With many streams and mountains as his foes.
Nine merits more were added to eight times nine;
three thousand works did on the great world shine.
The wondrous texts brought back to the noble state
Would in the East until now circulate.*

After Taizong and many officials had finished their worship, they immediately set about the selection of high priests so that a Grand Mass of Land and Water could be held right in that Wild-Goose Pagoda Temple. Furthermore, they were to read and recite the true scriptures from the Great Canon in order that the damned spirits would be delivered from nether darkness and the celebration of good works be multiplied. The copies of transcribed scriptures would also be promulgated throughout the empire, and of this we shall speak no more.

We must tell you now about those Eight Great Vajra Guardians, who mounted the fragrant wind to lead the elder, his three disciples, and the white horse back to Spirit Mountain. The round trip was made precisely within a period of eight days. At that time the various divinities of Spirit Mountain were all assembled before Buddha to listen to his lecture. Ushering master and disciples before his presence, the Eight Vajra Guardians said, “Your disciples by your golden decree have escorted the sage monk and his companions back to the Tang nation. The scriptures have been handed over. We now return to surrender your decree.” The Tang Monk and his disciples were then told to approach the throne of Buddha to receive their appointments.

“Sage Monk,” said Tathāgata, “in your previous incarnation you were originally my second disciple named Master Gold Cicada. Because you failed to listen to my exposition of the law and slighted my great teaching, your true spirit was banished to find another incarnation in the Land of the East. Happily you submitted and, by remaining faithful to our teaching, succeeded in acquiring the true scriptures. For such magnificent merit, you will receive a great promotion to become the Buddha of Candana Merit.

“Sun Wukong, when you caused great disturbance at the Celestial Palace, I had to exercise enormous dharma power to have you pressed beneath the Mountain of Five Phases. Fortunately your Heaven-sent calamity came to an end, and you embraced the Buddhist religion. I am pleased even more by the fact that you were devoted to the scourging of evil and the exaltation of good. Throughout your journey you made great merit by smelting the demons and defeating the fiends. For being faithful in the end as you were in the beginning, I hereby give you the grand promotion and appoint you the Buddha Victorious in Strife.

“Zhu Wuneng, you were originally an aquatic deity of the Heavenly River, the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. For getting drunk during the Festival of Immortal Peaches and insulting the divine maiden, you were banished to an incarnation in the Region Below which would give you the body of a beast. Fortunately you still cherished and loved the human form, so that even when you sinned at the Cloudy Paths Cave in Fuling Mountain, you eventually submitted to our great religion and embraced our vows. Although you protected the sage monk on his way, you were still quite mischievous, for greed and lust were never wholly extinguished in you. For the merit of toting the luggage, however, I hereby grant you promotion and appoint you Janitor of the Altars.”

“They have all become Buddhas!” shouted Eight Rules. “Why am I alone made Janitor of the Altars?”

“Because you are still talkative and lazy,” replied Tathāgata, “and you retain an enormous appetite. Within the four great continents of the world, there are many people who observe our religion. Whenever there are Buddhist services, you will be asked to clear the altars. That’s an appointment which offers you plenty of enjoyment. How could it be bad?”

“Sha Wujing, you were originally the Great Curtain-Raising Captain. Because you broke a crystal chalice during the Festival of Immortal Peaches, you were banished to the Region Below, where at the River of Flowing-Sand you sinned by devouring humans. Fortunately you submitted to our religion and remained firm in your faith. As you escorted the sage monk, you made merit by leading his horse over all those mountains. I hereby grant you promotion and appoint you the Golden-Bodied Arhat.”

Then he said to the white horse, “You were originally the prince of Dragon King Guangjin of the Western Ocean. Because you disobeyed your father’s command and committed the crime of unfiliality, you were to be executed. Fortunately you made submission to the Law and accepted our vows. Because you carried the sage monk daily on your back during his journey to the West and because you also took the holy scriptures back to the East, you too have made merit. I hereby grant you promotion and appoint you one of the dragons belonging to the Eight Classes of Supernatural Beings.”

The elder, his three disciples, and the horse all kowtowed to thank the Buddha, who ordered some of the guardians to take the horse to the Dragon-Transforming Pool at the back of the Spirit Mountain. After being pushed into the pool, the horse stretched himself, and in a little while he shed his coat, horns began to grow on his head, golden scales appeared all over his body, and silver whiskers emerged on his cheeks. His whole body shrouded in auspicious air and his four paws wrapped in hallowed clouds, he soared out of the pool and circled inside the monastery gate, on top of one of the Pillars that Support Heaven.

As the various Buddhas gave praise to the great dharma of Tathāgata, Pilgrim Sun said also to the Tang Monk, “Master, I’ve become a Buddha now, just like you. It can’t be that I still must wear a golden fillet! And you wouldn’t want to clamp my head still by reciting that so-called Tight-Fillet Spell, would you? Recite the Loose-Fillet Spell quickly and get it off my head. I’m going to smash it to pieces, so that that so-called Bodhisattva can’t use it anymore to play tricks on other people.”

“Because you were difficult to control previously,” said the Tang Monk, “this method had to be used to restrain you. Now that you have become a Buddha, naturally it will be gone. How could it be still on your head? Try touching your head and see.” Pilgrim raised his hand and felt along his head, and indeed the fillet had vanished. So at

that time, Buddha Candana, Buddha Victorious in Strife, Janitor of the Altars, and Golden-Bodied Arhat all assumed the position of their own rightful fruition. The Heavenly dragon-horse too returned to immortality, and we have a testimonial poem for them. The poem says:

*One Real Body dropped to the dusty plain
Fuses with Four Signs to tend the self again.
In Five Phases terms forms are dead and void;
The fiends' vain names one should all avoid.
Great Bodhi's the right Candana fruition;
Appointments crown this rise from perdition.
Gracious light of scriptures now worldwide dilates,
As five sages live within Advaya's gates.*

At the time when these five sages assumed their positions, the various Buddhist Patriarchs, Bodhisattvas, sage priests, arhats, guardians, bhikṣus, upāsakas and upāsikās, the immortals of various mountains and caves, the grand divinities, the Gods of Darkness and Light, the Sentinels, the Guardians of Monasteries, and all the immortals and preceptors who had attained the Way all came to listen to the proclamation before retiring to their proper stations. Look now at

*Colored mists crowding the Spirit Vulture Peak,
And hallowed clouds gathered in the world of bliss.
Gold dragons safely sleeping,
Jade tigers resting in peace;
Black hares scampering freely,
Snakes and turtles circling at will.
Phoenixes, red and blue, gambol pleasantly;
Black apes and white deer saunter happily.
Strange flowers of eight periods,
Divine fruits of four seasons,
Hoary pines and old junipers,
Jade cypresses and aged bamboos.
colored plums often blossoming and bearing fruit;
Millennial peaches frequently ripening and fresh.
A thousand flowers and fruits vying for beauty;
A whole sky full of auspicious mists.*

Pressing their palms together to indicate their devotion, the holy congregation all chanted:

I submit to Dīpaṃkara, the Buddha of Antiquity.
I submit to Bhaiṣajya-vaiḍūrya-prabhāṣa, the Physician and Buddha of Crystal Lights.
I submit to the Buddha Śākyamuni.
I submit to the Buddha of the Past, Present, and Future.
I submit to the Buddha of Pure Joy.
I submit to the Buddha Vairocana.
I submit to the Buddha, King of the Precious Banner.
I submit to the Maitreya, the Honored Buddha.
I submit to the Buddha Amitābha.

I submit to Sukhāvativyūha, the Buddha of Infinite Life.
 I submit to the Buddha who Receives and Leads to Immortality.
 I submit to the Buddha of Diamond Indestructibility.
 I submit to Sūrya, the Buddha of Precious Light.
 I submit to Mañjuśrī, the Buddha of the Race of Honorable Dragon Kings.
 I submit to the Buddha of Zealous Progress and Virtue.
 I submit to Candraprabha, the Buddha of Precious Moonlight.
 I submit to the Buddha of Presence without Ignorance.
 I submit to Varuna, the Buddha of Sky and Water. I submit to the Buddha Nārāyaṇa.
 I submit to the Buddha of Radiant Meritorious Works.
 I submit to the Buddha of Talented Meritorious Works.
 I submit to Svāgata, the Buddha of the Well-Departed.
 I submit to the Buddha of Candana Light.
 I submit to the Buddha of Jeweled Banner.
 I submit to the Buddha of the Light of Wisdom Torch.
 I submit to the Buddha of the Light of Sea-Virtue.
 I submit to the Buddha of Great Mercy Light.
 I submit to the Buddha, King of Compassion-Power.
 I submit to the Buddha, Leader of the Sages.
 I submit to the Buddha of Vast Solemnity.
 I submit to the Buddha of Golden Radiance.
 I submit to the Buddha of Luminous Gifts.
 I submit to the Buddha Victorious in Wisdom.
 I submit to the Buddha, Quiescent Light of the World.
 I submit to the Buddha, Light of the Sun and Moon.
 I submit to the Buddha, Light of the Sun-and-Moon Pearl.
 I submit to the Buddha, King of the Victorious Banner.
 I submit to the Buddha of Wondrous Tone and Sound.
 I submit to the Buddha, Banner of Permanent Light.
 I submit to the Buddha, Lamp that Scans the World.
 I submit to the Buddha, King of Surpassing Dharma.
 I submit to the Buddha of Sumeru Light.
 I submit to the Buddha, King of Great Wisdom.
 I submit to the Buddha of Golden Sea Light.
 I submit to the Buddha of Great Perfect Light.
 I submit to the Buddha of the Gift of Light.
 I submit to the Buddha of Candana Merit.
 I submit to the Buddha Victorious in Strife.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva, Great Power-Coming.

I submit to the Bodhisattva Mañjuśrī.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva Viśvabhadra and other Bodhisattvas.
 I submit to the various Bodhisattvas of the Great Pure Ocean.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva, the Buddha of Lotus Pool and Ocean Assembly.
 I submit to the various Bodhisattvas in the Western Heaven of Ultimate Bliss.
 I submit to the Great Bodhisattvas, the Three Thousand Guardians.
 I submit to the Great Bodhisattvas, the Five Hundred Arhats.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva, Bhikṣu-īkṣṇi.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva of Boundless and Limitless Dharma.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva, Diamond Great Scholar-Sage.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva, Janitor of the Altars.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva, Golden-Bodied Arhat of Eight Jewels.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva of Vast Strength, the Heavenly Dragon of Eight Divisions
 of Supernatural Beings.

Such are these various Buddhas in all the worlds.

*I wish to use these merits
 To adorn Buddha's pure land—
 To repay fourfold grace above
 And save those on three paths below.
 If there are those who see and hear,
 Their minds will find enlightenment.
 Their births with us in paradise
 be this body's recompense.
 All the Buddhas of past, present, future in all the world,
 The various Honored Bodhisattvas and Mahāsattvas,
 Mahā-prajñā-pāramitā!*

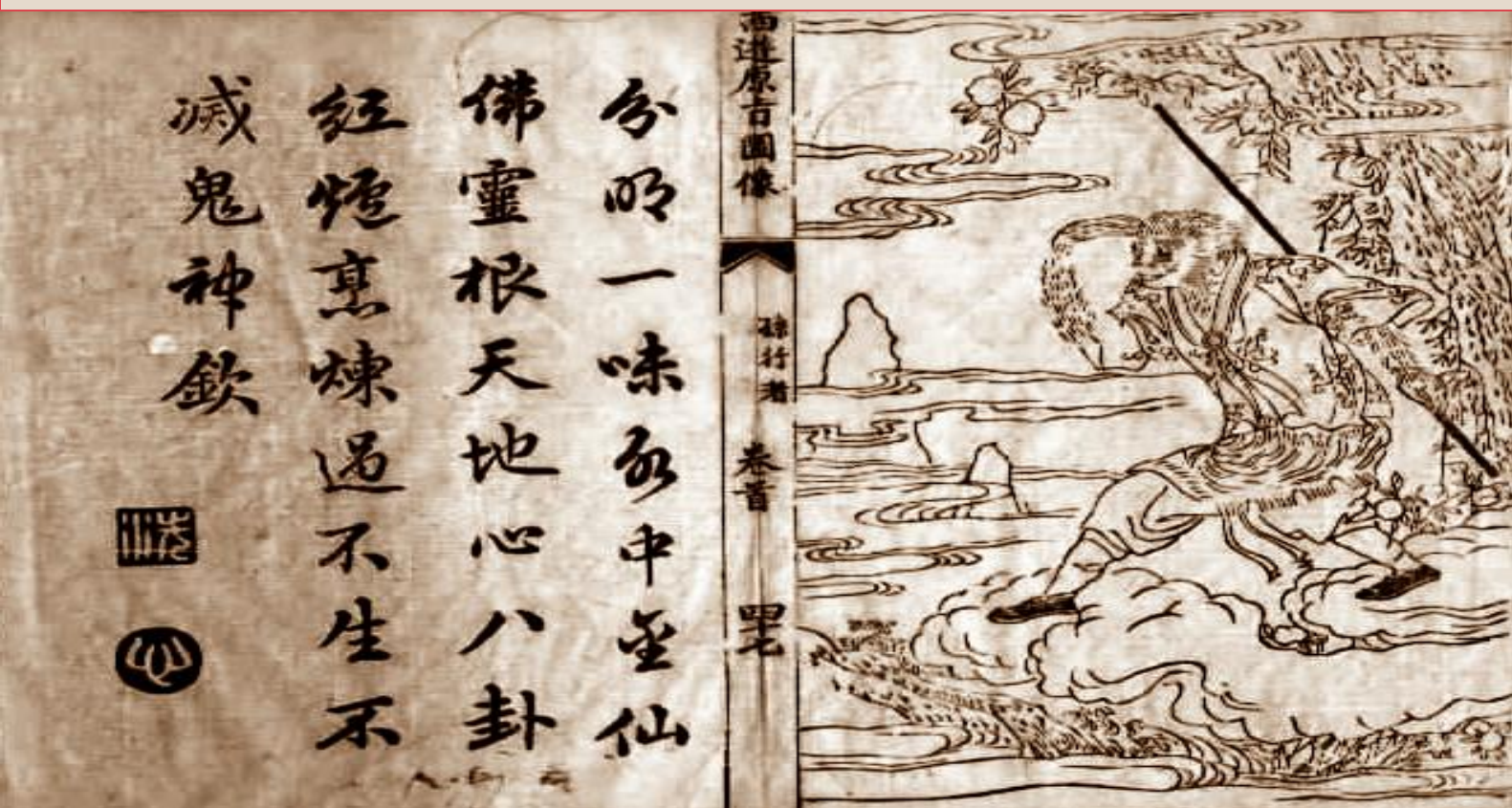
Here ends *The Journey to the West*.



JOURNEY TO THE WEST

Wu Cheng'en

Chinese Mythology



Journey to the West

a tale

by

Wu Cheng'en

Great Classical Novel of the Chinese Mythology

Published in the 16th century

The superior student who hears about the Way practices it diligently.
The middling student who hears about the Way now keeps it and now loses it.
The inferior student who hears about the Way laughs at it loudly;
If he did not laugh, it would have fallen short of the Way.

Tao Te Ching, chapter 41

Chapters

1. The divine root conceives, its source revealed;
Mind and nature nurtured, the Great Dao is born.
2. Fully awoke to Bodhi's wondrous truths;
He cuts off Māra, returns to the root, and joins Primal Spirit.
3. Four Seas and a Thousand Mountains all bow to submit;
From Ninefold Darkness ten species' names are removed.
4. Appointed a Ban-Horse, could he be content?
Named Equal to Heaven, he's still not appeased.
5. Disrupting the Peach Festival, the Great Sage steals elixir;
With revolt in Heaven, many gods would seize the fiend.
6. Guanyin, attending the banquet, inquires into the cause;
The Little Sage, exerting his power, subdues the Great Sage.
7. From the Eight Trigrams Brazier the Great Sage escapes;
Beneath the Five Phases Mountain, Mind Monkey is still.
8. Our Buddha makes scriptures to impart ultimate bliss;
Guanyin receives the decree to go up to Chang'an.
9. Chen Guangrui, going to his post, meets disaster;
Monk River Float, avenging his parents, repays his roots.
10. The Old Dragon King's foolish schemes transgress Heaven's decrees;
Prime Minister Wei's letter seeks help from an official of the dead.
11. Having toured the Underworld, Taizong returns to life;
Having presented melons and fruits, Liu Quan marries again.
12. The Tang emperor, firmly sincere, convenes a Grand Mass;
Guanyin, in epiphany, converts Gold Cicada.
13. In the den of tigers, the Gold Star brings deliverance;
At Double-Fork Ridge, Boqin detains the monk.
14. Mind Monkey returns to the Right;
The Six Robbers vanish from sight.

15. At Serpent Coil Mountain, the gods give secret protection;
At Eagle Grief Stream, the Horse of the Will is reined.
16. At Guanyin Hall the monks plot for the treasure;
At Black Wind Mountain a monster steals the cassock.
17. Pilgrim Sun greatly disturbs the Black Wind Mountain;
Guanshiyin brings to submission the bear monster.
18. At Guanyin Hall the Tang Monk leaves his ordeal;
At Gao Village the Great Sage casts out the monster.
19. At Cloudy Paths Cave, Wukong takes in Eight Rules;
At Pagoda Mountain, Tripitaka receives the Heart Sūtra.
20. At Yellow Wind Ridge the Tang Monk meets adversity;
In mid-mountain, Eight Rules strives to be first.
21. The Vihārapālas prepare lodging for the Great Sage;
Lingji of Sumeru crushes the wind demon.
22. Eight Rules fights fiercely at the Flowing-Sand River;
Mokṣa by order receives Wujing's submission.
23. Tripitaka does not forget his origin;
The Four Sages test the priestly mind.
24. At Long Life Mountain the Great Immortal detains his old friend;
At Five Villages Abbey, Pilgrim steals the ginseng fruit.
25. The Zhenyuan Immortal gives chase to catch the scripture monk;
Pilgrim Sun greatly disturbs Five Villages Abbey.
26. Amid the Three Islands Sun Wukong seeks a cure;
With sweet dew Guanshiyin revives a tree.
27. The cadaver demon three times mocks Tripitaka Tang;
The holy monk in spite banishes Handsome Monkey King.
28. At Flower-Fruit Mountain a pack of fiends hold assembly;
At the Black Pine Forest Tripitaka meets demons.
29. Free of his peril, River Float arrives at the kingdom;
Receiving favor, Eight Rules invades the forest.

30. A deviant demon attacks the true Dharma;
The Horse of the Will recalls Mind Monkey.
31. Zhu Eight Rules provokes the Monkey King to chivalry;
Pilgrim Sun with wisdom defeats the monster.
32. On Level-Top Mountain the sentinel brings a message;
At Lotus-Flower Cave Wood Mother meets disaster.
33. Heresy deludes the True Nature;
Primal Spirit helps the Native Mind.
34. The demon king's plotting entraps Mind Monkey;
The Great Sage, ever adroit, wangles the treasures.
35. Heresy uses power to oppress the proper Nature;
Mind Monkey, bagging treasures, conquers deviate demons.
36. When Mind Monkey is rectified, the nidānas cease;
Smash through the side door to view the bright moon.
37. The ghost king visits Tripitaka Tang at night;
Wukong, through wondrous transformation, leads the child.
38. The child queries his mother to learn of deviancy and truth;
Metal and Wood, reaching the deep, see the false and the real.
39. One pellet of cinnabar elixir found in Heaven;
A king, dead three years, lives again on Earth.
40. The child's playful transformations confuse the Chan Mind;
Ape, Horse, Spatula gone, Wood Mother, too, is lost.
41. Mind Monkey is defeated by fire;
Wood Mother is captured by demons.
42. The Great Sage diligently calls at South Sea;
Guanyin with compassion binds the Red Boy.
43. An evil demon at Black River captures the monk;
The Western Ocean's dragon prince catches the iguana.
44. The dharma-body in primal cycle meets the force of the cart;
The mind, righting monstrous deviates, crosses the spine-ridge pass.

45. At the Three Pure Ones Abbey the Great Sage leaves his name;
At the Cart Slow Kingdom the Monkey King shows his power.
46. Heresy flaunts its strength to mock orthodoxy;
Mind Monkey in epiphany slays the deviates.
47. The holy monk's blocked at night at Heaven-Reaching River;
Metal and Wood, in compassion, rescue little children.
48. The demon, raising a cold wind, sends a great snow fall;
The monk, intent on seeing Buddha, walks on layered ice.
49. Tripitaka meets disaster and sinks to a water home;
To bring salvation, Guanyin reveals a fish basket.
50. Nature follows confused feelings through lust and desire;
Faint spirit and moved mind meet a demon chief.
51. Mind Monkey in vain uses a thousand tricks;
Futile water and fire makes it hard to smelt demons.
52. Wukong greatly disturbed the Golden Helmet Cave;
Tathāgata reveals in secret the true master.
53. Imbibing, the Chan Lord conceives a ghostly child;
Yellow Dame brings water to end the weird fetus.
54. Dharma-nature, going west, reaches the Women State;
Mind Monkey makes a plan to flee the fair sex.
55. Deviant form makes lustful play for Tripitaka Tang;
Upright nature safeguards the untainted self.
56. Wild Spirit slays brutish bandits;
Wayward Way sets loose Mind Monkey.
57. True Pilgrim lays bare his woes at Mount Potalaka;
False Monkey King transcribes texts at Water-Curtain Cave.
58. Two Minds cause disorder in the great cosmos;
It's hard for one body to realize true Nirvāṇa.
59. Tripitaka Tang's path is blocked at Mountain of Flames;
Pilgrim Sun baits for the first time the palm-leaf fan.

60. Bull Demon King stops fighting to attend a lavish feast;
Pilgrim Sun baits for the second time the palm-leaf fan.
61. Zhu Eight Rules assists in defeating the demon king;
Pilgrim Sun baits for the third time the palm-leaf fan.
62. To wash off filth, to bathe the mind, just sweep a pagoda;
To bind demons and return to the lord is self-cultivation.
63. Two monks, quelling fiends, disturb the dragon palace;
The sages, destroying deviates, acquire the treasures.
64. At Bramble Ridge Wuneng exerted great effort;
At Shrine of Sylvan Immortals Tripitaka discusses poetry .
65. Fiends set up falsely the Small Thunderclap;
The four pilgrims all meet a great ordeal.
66. Many gods meet injury;
Maitreya binds a fiend.
67. Having rescued Tuoluo, Chan Nature is secure;
Escaping filthiness, the Mind of Dao is pure.
68. At Scarlet-Purple Kingdom the Tang Monk speaks of past eras;
Pilgrim Sun performs on an arm broken in three places.
69. At night the Lord of the Mind refines medicines;
At a banquet the king speaks of the perverse fiend.
70. The monstrous demon's treasures release smoke, sand, and fire;
Wukong by stratagem steals the purple-gold bells.
71. By a false name Pilgrim defeats the fiendish wolf;
In epiphany Guanyin subdues the monster-king.
72. At Cobweb Cave Seven Passions delude the Origin;
At Purgation Spring Eight Rules forgets all manners.
73. Passions, because of old enmity, beget calamity;
Demon-trapped, the Mind Lord with luck breaks the light.
74. Long Life reports how vicious the demons are;
Pilgrim displays his transformation power.

75. Mind Monkey drills through the yin-yang body;
Demon lords return to the true great Way.
76. Mind-Spirit dwells at home, and demons revert to nature;
Wood Mother together subdues the fiend's true self.
77. A horde of demons affront native Nature;
The One Body bows to True Suchness.
78. At Bhikṣu he pities the infants and summons the night gods;
In the golden hall he knows the demon speaking on the way and virtue.
79. Searching the cave for the fiend he meets Long Life;
The proper lord of the court sees the babies.
80. The fair girl, nursing the yang, seeks a mate;
Mind Monkey, guarding his master, knows a monster.
81. At Sea-Pacifying Monastery Mind Monkey knows the fiend;
In the black pine forest three pupils search for their master.
82. The fair girl seeks the yang;
Primal spirit guards the Way.
83. Mind Monkey knows the elixir source;
Fair girl returns to her true nature.
84. "Priests are hard to destroy" completes great awakening;
The Dharma-king attains the right, his body's naturalized.
85. Mind Monkey envies Wood Mother;
The demon lord plots to devour Chan.
86. Wood Mother, lending power, conquers the fiendish creature;
Metal Squire, using his magic, extirpates the deviates.
87. The Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture offends Heaven and suffers drought;
The Great Sage Sun advocates virtue and provides rain.
88. Reaching Jade-Flower, Chan convenes an assembly;
Mind Monkey, Wood, and Earth instruct disciples.
89. The yellow lion-spirit in vain gives the Muckrake Feast;
Gold, Wood, and Earth disturb with a scheme Mount Leopard's Head.

90. Masters and lions, teachers and pupils, all return to the One;
Thieves and the Dao, snares and Buddhism, quiet Ninefold-Numina.
91. At Gold-Level Prefecture they watch lanterns on the fifteenth night;
In Mysterious Flower Cave the Tang Monk makes a deposition.
92. Three priests fight fiercely at Green Dragon Mountain;
Four Stars help to capture rhinoceros fiends.
93. At Jetavana Park he asks the aged about the cause;
At the Kingdom of India he sees the king and meets his mate.
94. Four priests are feted at the royal garden;
One fiend vainly longs for sensual joys.
95. Falsely assuming true form, the jade hare's caught;
True Yin returns to the right to join Numinous Source.
96. Squire Kou gladly receives a noble priest;
The elder Tang does not covet riches.
97. Gold-dispensing external aid meets demonic harm;
The sage reveals his soul to bring restoration.
98. Only when ape and horse are tamed will shells be cast;
With merit and work perfected, they see the Real.
99. Nine times nine ends the count and Māra's all destroyed;
The work of three times three done, the Dao reverts to its root.
100. They return to the Land of the East;
Five sages become perfected.

ONE

*The divine root conceives, its source revealed
Mind and nature nurtured, the Great Dao is born*

The poem says:

*Ere Chaos's divide, with Heav'n and Earth a mess,
No human appeared in this murkiness.
When Pan Gu broke the nebula apart,
The dense and pure defined, did clearing start.
Enfold all life supreme humaneness would
And teach all things how become good they should.
To know cyclic time's work, if that's your quest,
Read Tale of Woes Dispelled on Journey West.*

We heard that, in the order of Heaven and Earth, a single period consisted of 129,600 years. Dividing this period into twelve epochs were the twelve stems of Zi₁, Chou₂, Yin₃, Mao₄, Chen₅, Si₆, Wu₇, Wei₈, Shen₉, Yu₁₀, Xu₁₁, and Hai₁₂, with each epoch having 10,800 years.

Considered as the horary circle, the sequence would be thus: the first sign of dawn appears in the hour of Zi₁, while at Chou₂ the cock crows; daybreak occurs at Yin₃, and the sun rises at Mao₄; Chen₅ comes after breakfast, and by Si₆ everything is planned; at Wu₇ the sun arrives at its meridian, and it declines westward by Wei₈; the evening meal comes during the hour of Shen₉, and the sun sinks completely at Yu₁₀; twilight sets in at Xu₁₁, and people rest by the hour of Hai₁₂. This sequence may also be understood macrocosmically. At the end of the epoch of Xu₁₁, Heaven and Earth were obscure and all things were indistinct. With the passing of 5,400 years, the beginning of Hai₁₂ was the epoch of darkness. This moment was named Chaos, because there were neither human beings nor the two spheres. After another 5,400 years Hai₁₂ ended, and as the creative force began to work after great perseverance, the epoch of Zi₁ drew near and again brought gradual development. Shao Kangjie said:

*When to the middle of Zi₁ winter moved,
No change by Heaven's mind had been approved.
The male principle had but barely stirred,
But the birth of all things was still deferred.*

At this point, the firmament first acquired its foundation. With another 5,400 years came the Zi₁ epoch; the ethereal and the light rose up to form the four phenomena of the sun, the moon, the stars, and the Heavenly bodies. Hence it is said, the Heaven was created at Zi₁.

This epoch came to its end in another 5,400 years, and the sky began to harden as the Chou₂ epoch approached. The *Classic of Change* said:

*Great was the male principle;
Supreme, the female!
They made all things,
In obedience to Heaven.*

At this point, the Earth became solidified. In another 5,400 years after the arrival of the Chou₂ epoch, the heavy and the turbid condensed below and formed the five elements of water, fire, mountain, stone, and earth. Hence it is said, the Earth was

created at Chou₂. With the passing of another 5,400 years, the Chou₂ epoch came to its end and all things began to grow at the beginning of the Yin₃ epoch. The *Book of Calendar* said:

*The Heavenly aura descended;
The earthly aura rose up.
Heaven and Earth copulated,
And all things were born.*

At this point, Heaven and Earth were bright and fair; the yin had intercourse with the yang. In another 5,400 years, during the Yin₃ epoch, humans, beasts, and fowls came into being, and thus the so-called three forces of Heaven, Earth, and Man were established. Hence it is said, man was born at Yin₃.

Following Pan Gu's construction of the universe, the rule of the Three August Ones, and the ordering of the relations by the Five Thearchs, the world was divided into four great continents. They were: the East Pūrvavideha Continent, the West Aparagodānīya Continent, the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, and the North Uttarakuru Continent. This book is solely concerned with the East Pūrvavideha Continent.

Beyond the ocean there was a country named Aolai. It was near a great ocean, in the midst of which was located the famous Flower-Fruit Mountain. This mountain, which constituted the chief range of the Ten Islets and formed the origin of the Three Islands, came into being after the creation of the world. As a testimonial to its magnificence, there is the following poetic rhapsody:

*Its majesty commands the wide ocean;
Its splendor rules the jasper sea;
Its majesty commands the wide ocean
When, like silver mountains, the tide sweeps fishes into caves;
Its splendor rules the jasper sea
When snow-like billows send forth serpents from the deep.
On the southwest side pile up tall plateaus;
From the Eastern Sea arise soaring peaks.
There are crimson ridges and portentous rocks,
Precipitous cliffs and prodigious peaks.
Atop the crimson ridges
Phoenixes sing in pairs:
Before precipitous cliffs
The unicorn singly rests.
At the summit is heard the cry of golden pheasants;
In and out of stony caves are seen the strides of dragons:
In the forest are long-lived deer and immortal foxes.
On the trees are divine fowls and black cranes.
Strange grass and flowers never wither:
Green pines and cypresses always keep their spring.
Immortal peaches are ever fruit-bearing;
Lofty bamboos often detain the clouds.
Within a single gorge the creeping vines are dense;
The grass color of meadows all around is fresh.
This is indeed the pillar of Heaven, where a hundred rivers meet—
The Earth's great axis, in ten thousand kalpas unchanged.*

There was on top of that very mountain an immortal stone, which measured thirty-six feet and five inches in height and twenty-four feet in circumference. The height of thirty-six feet and five inches corresponded to the three hundred and sixty-five cyclical degrees, while the circumference of twenty-four feet corresponded to the twenty-four solar terms of the calendar.

On the stone were also nine perforations and eight holes, which corresponded to the Palaces of the Nine Constellations and the Eight Trigrams. Though it lacked the shade of trees on all sides, it was set off by epidendrams on the left and right. Since the creation of the world, it had been nourished for a long period by the seeds of Heaven and Earth and by the essences of the sun and the moon, until, quickened by divine inspiration, it became pregnant with a divine embryo. One day, it split open, giving birth to a stone egg about the size of a playing ball. Exposed to the wind, it was transformed into a stone monkey endowed with fully developed features and limbs. Having learned at once to climb and run, this monkey also bowed to the four quarters, while two beams of golden light flashed from his eyes to reach even the Palace of the Polestar. The light disturbed the Great Benevolent Sage of Heaven, the Celestial Jade Emperor of the Most Venerable Deva, who, attended by his divine ministers, was sitting in the Cloud Palace of the Golden Arches, in the Treasure Hall of the Divine Mists.

Upon seeing the glimmer of the golden beams, he ordered Thousand-Mile Eye and Fair-Wind Ear to open the South Heaven Gate and to look out. At this command the two captains went out to the gate, and, having looked intently and listened clearly, they returned presently to report, "Your subjects, obeying your command to locate the beams, discovered that they came from the Flower-Fruit Mountain at the border of the small Aolai Country, which lies to the east of the East Pūrvavideha Continent. On this mountain is an immortal stone that has given birth to an egg. Exposed to the wind, it has been transformed into a monkey, who, when bowing to the four quarters, has flashed from his eyes those golden beams that reached the Palace of the Polestar. Now that he is taking some food and drink, the light is about to grow dim." With compassionate mercy the Jade Emperor declared, "These creatures from the world below are born of the essences of Heaven and Earth, and they need not surprise us."

That monkey in the mountain was able to walk, run, and leap about; he fed on grass and shrubs, drank from the brooks and streams, gathered mountain flowers, and searched out fruits from trees. He made his companions the tiger and the lizard, the wolf and the leopard; he befriended the civet and the deer, and he called the gibbon and the baboon his kin. At night he slept beneath stony ridges, and in the morning he sauntered about the caves and the peaks. Truly,

*In the mountain there is no passing of time;
The cold recedes, but one knows not the year.*

One very hot morning, he was playing with a group of monkeys under the shade of some pine trees to escape the heat. Look at them, each amusing himself in his own way by

*Swinging from branches to branches,
Searching for flowers and fruits;
They played two games or three
With pebbles and with pellets;
They circled sandy pits;
They built rare pagodas;
They chased the dragonflies;*

*They ran down small lizards;
 Bowing low to the sky,
 They worshiped Bodhisattvas;
 They pulled the creeping vines;
 They plaited mats with grass;
 They searched to catch the louse
 That they bit or squeezed to death;
 They dressed their furry coats;
 They scraped their fingernails;
 Those leaning leaned;
 Those rubbing rubbed;
 Those pushing pushed;
 Those pressing pressed;
 Those pulling pulled;
 Those tugging tugged.
 Beneath the pine forest and free to play,
 They washed themselves in the green-water stream.*

So, after the monkeys had frolicked for a while, they went to bathe in the mountain stream and saw that its currents bounced and splashed like tumbling melons. As the old saying goes,

*Fowls have their fowl speech,
 And beasts have their beast language.*

The monkeys said to each other, “We don’t know where this water comes from. Since we have nothing to do today, let us follow the stream up to its source to have some fun.” With a shriek of joy, they dragged along males and females, calling out to brothers and sisters, and scrambled up the mountain alongside the stream. Reaching its source, they found a great waterfall. What they saw was

*A column of white rainbows rising,
 A thousand yards of snow-caps flying.
 The sea wind blows but cannot sever
 What a river moon lights up forever.
 Its cold breath divides the green glades;
 Its branches wet the verdant shades.
 This torrent named a waterfall
 Seems like a curtain hanging tall.*

All the monkeys clapped their hands in acclaim:

“Marvelous water! Marvelous water! So this waterfall is distantly connected with the stream at the base of the mountain, and flows directly out, even to the great ocean.”

They said also, “If any of us had the ability to penetrate the curtain and find out where the water comes from without hurting himself, we would honor him as king.”

They gave the call three times, when suddenly the stone monkey leaped out from the crowd. He answered the challenge with a loud voice, “I’ll go in! I’ll go in!” What a monkey! For

*Today his fame will spread wide.
 His fortune the time does provide.*

*He's fated to live in this place,
Sent by a king to god's palace.*

Look at him! He closed his eyes, crouched low, and with one leap he jumped straight through the waterfall. Opening his eyes at once and raising his head to look around, he saw that there was neither water nor waves inside, only a gleaming, shining bridge. He paused to collect himself and looked more carefully again: it was a bridge made of sheet iron. The water beneath it surged through a hole in the rock to reach the outside, filling in all the space under the arch. With bent body he climbed on the bridge, looking about as he walked, and discovered a beautiful place that seemed to be some kind of residence. Then he saw

*Fresh mosses piling up indigo,
White clouds like jade afloat,
And luminous sheens of mist and smoke;
Empty windows, quiet rooms,
And carved flowers growing smoothly on benches;
Stalactites suspended in milky caves;
Rare blossoms voluminous over the ground.
Pans and stoves near the wall show traces of fire;
Bottles and cups on the table contain left overs.
The stone seats and beds were truly lovable;
The stone pots and bowls were more praiseworthy.
There were, furthermore, a stalk or two of tall bamboos,
And three or five sprigs of plum flowers.
With a few green pines always draped in rain,
This whole place indeed resembled a home.*

After staring at the place for a long time, he jumped across the middle of the bridge and looked left and right. There in the middle was a stone tablet on which was inscribed in regular, large letters:

*The Blessed Land of Flower- Fruit Mountain,
The Cave Heaven of Water-Curtain Cave.*

Beside himself with delight, the stone monkey quickly turned around to go back out and, closing his eyes and crouching again, leaped out of the water. "A great stroke of luck," he exclaimed with two loud guffaws, "a great stroke of luck!"

The other monkeys surrounded him and asked, "How is it inside? How deep is the water?"

The stone monkey replied, "There isn't any water at all. There's a sheet iron bridge, and beyond it is a piece of Heaven-sent property."

"What do you mean that there's property in there?" asked the monkeys.

Laughing, the stone monkey said, "This water splashes through a hole in the rock and fills the space under the bridge. Beside the bridge there is a stone mansion with trees and flowers. Inside are stone ovens and stoves, stone pots and pans, stone beds and benches. A stone tablet in the middle has the inscription,

*The Blessed Land of the Flower- Fruit Mountain,
The Cave Heaven of the Water-Curtain Cave.*

This is truly the place for us to settle in. It is, moreover, very spacious inside and can hold thousands of the young and old. Let's all go live in there, and spare ourselves from being subject to the whims of Heaven. For we have in there

*A retreat from the wind,
A shelter from the rain.
You fear no frost or snow;
You hear no thunderclap.
Mist and smoke are brightened,
Warmed by a holy light—
The pines are evergreen:
Rare flowers, daily new."*

When the monkeys heard that, they were delighted, saying, "You go in first and lead the way."

The stone monkey closed his eyes again, crouched low, and jumped inside. "All of you," he cried, "Follow me in! Follow me in!"

The braver of the monkeys leaped in at once, but the more timid ones stuck out their heads and then drew them back, scratched their ears, rubbed their jaws, and chattered noisily. After milling around for some time, they too bounded inside. Jumping across the bridge, they were all soon snatching dishes, clutching bowls, or fighting for stoves and beds—shoving and pushing things hither and thither. Befitting their stubbornly prankish nature, the monkeys could not keep still for a moment and stopped only when they were utterly exhausted.

The stone monkey then solemnly took a seat above and spoke to them:

"Gentlemen! 'If a man lacks trustworthiness, it is difficult to know what he can accomplish!' You yourselves promised just now that whoever could get in here and leave again without hurting himself would be honored as king. Now that I have come in and gone out, gone out and come in, and have found for all of you this Heavenly grotto in which you may reside securely and enjoy the privilege of raising a family, why don't you honor me as your king?"

When the monkeys heard this, they all folded their hands on their breasts and obediently prostrated themselves. Each one of them then lined up according to rank and age, and, bowing reverently, they intoned, "Long live our great king!"

From that moment, the stone monkey ascended the throne of kingship. He did away with the word "stone" in his name and assumed the title, Handsome Monkey King. There is a testimonial poem that says:

*Triple spring mated to beget all things.
A divine stone quickened by the sun and moon
Changed from egg to ape to reach the Great Way.
Loanname and surname matched elixir made.
Formless inside he yields no image known;
His outward guise coheres in action shown.
In every age all persons will yield to him:
Hailed a king, a sage, he is free to roam.*

The Handsome Monkey King thus led a flock of gibbons and baboons, some of whom were appointed by him as his officers and ministers. They toured the Flower-Fruit Mountain in the morning, and they lived in the Water-Curtain Cave by night.

Living in concord and sympathy, they did not mingle with bird or beast but enjoyed their independence in perfect happiness. For such were their activities:

In the spring they gathered flowers for food and drink.

In the summer they went in quest of fruits for sustenance.

In the autumn they amassed taros and chestnuts to ward off time.

In the winter they searched for yellow-sperms to live out the year.

The Handsome Monkey King had enjoyed this insouciant existence for three or four hundred years when one day, while feasting with the rest of the monkeys, he suddenly grew sad and shed a few tears. Alarmed, the monkeys surrounding him bowed down and asked, "What is disturbing the Great King?"

The Monkey King replied, "Though I am very happy at the moment, I am a little concerned about the future. Hence I'm distressed."

The monkeys all laughed and said, "The Great King indeed does not know contentment! Here we daily have a banquet on an immortal mountain in a blessed land, in an ancient cave on a divine continent. We are not subject to the unicorn or the phoenix, nor are we governed by the rulers of mankind. Such independence and comfort are immeasurable blessings. Why, then, does he worry about the future?"

The Monkey King said, "Though we are not subject to the laws of man today, nor need we be threatened by the rule of any bird or beast, old age and physical decay in the future will disclose the secret sovereignty of Yama, King of the Underworld. If we die, shall we not have lived in vain, not being able to rank forever among the Heavenly beings?"

When the monkeys heard this, they all covered their faces and wept mournfully, each one troubled by his own impermanence. But look! From among the ranks a bareback monkey suddenly leaped forth and cried aloud, "If the Great King is so farsighted, it may well indicate the sprouting of his religious inclination. There are, among the five major divisions of all living creatures, only three species that are not subject to Yama, King of the Underworld."

The Monkey King said, "Do you know who they are?"

The monkey said, "They are the Buddhas, the immortals, and the holy sages; these three alone can avoid the Wheel of Transmigration as well as the process of birth and destruction, and live as long as Heaven and Earth, the mountains and the streams."

"Where do they live?" asked the Monkey King. The monkey said, "They do not live beyond the world of the Jambūdvīpa, for they dwell within ancient caves on immortal mountains." When the Monkey King heard this, he was filled with delight, saying, "Tomorrow I shall take leave of you all and go down the mountain. Even if I have to wander with the clouds to the corners of the sea or journey to the distant edges of Heaven, I intend to find these three kinds of people. I will learn from them how to be young forever and escape the calamity inflicted by King Yama.

Lo, this utterance at once led him

To leap free of the Transmigration Net,

And be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.

All the monkeys clapped their hands in acclamation, saying, "Wonderful! Wonderful! Tomorrow we shall scour the mountain ranges to gather plenty of fruits, so that we may send the Great King off with a great banquet." Next day the monkeys duly

went to gather immortal peaches, to pick rare fruits, to dig out mountain herbs, and to chop yellowspirms.

They brought in an orderly manner every variety of orchids and epidendrums, exotic plants and strange flowers. They set out the stone chairs and stone tables, covering the tables with immortal wines and food. Look at the

*Golden balls and pearly pellets,
Red ripeness and yellow plumpness.
Golden balls and pearly pellets are the cherries,
Their colors truly luscious.
Red ripeness and yellow plumpness are the plums,
Their taste—a fragrant tartness.
Fresh lungans
Of sweet pulps and thin skins.
Fiery lychees
Of small pits and red sacks.
Green fruits of the Pyrus are presented by the branches.
The loquats yellow with buds are held with their leaves.
Pears like rabbit heads and dates like chicken hearts
Dispel your thirst, your sorrow, and the effects of wine.
Fragrant peaches and soft almonds
Are sweet as the elixir of life:
Crisply fresh plums and strawberries
Are sour like cheese and buttermilk.
Red pulps and black seeds compose the ripe watermelons.
Four cloves of yellow rind enfold the big persimmons.
When the pomegranates are split wide,
Cinnabar grains glisten like specks of ruby:
When the chestnuts are cracked open,
Their tough brawns are hard like cornelian.
Walnut and silver almonds fare well with tea.
Coconuts and grapes may be pressed into wine.
Hazelnuts, yews, and crabapples overfill the dishes.
Kumquats, sugarcane, tangerines, and oranges crowd the tables.
Sweet yams are baked,
Yellow-spirms overboiled,
The tubers minced with seeds of waterlily,
And soup in stone pots simmers on a gentle fire.
Mankind may boast its delicious dainties,
But what can best the pleasure of mountain monkeys.*

The monkeys honored the Monkey King with the seat at the head of the table, while they sat below according to their age and rank.

They drank for a whole day, each of the monkeys taking a turn to go forward and present the Monkey King with wine, flowers, and fruits. The next day the Monkey King rose early and gave the instruction, “Little ones, cut me some pinewood and make me a raft.

Then find me a bamboo for the pole, and gather some fruits and the like. I’m about to leave.” When all was ready, he got onto the raft by himself. Pushing off with

all his might, he drifted out toward the great ocean and, taking advantage of the wind, set sail for the border of South Jambūdvīpa Continent. Here is the consequence of this journey:

*The Heaven-born monkey, strong in magic might,
He left the mount and rode the raft to catch fair wind:
He drifted across the sea to seek immortals' way,
Determined in heart and mind to achieve great things.
It's his lot, his portion, to quit earthly zeals:
Calm and carefree, he'll face a lofty sage.
He'd meet, I think, a true, discerning friend:
The source disclosed, all dharma will be known.*

It was indeed his fortune that, after he boarded the wooden raft, a strong southeast wind (which lasted for days) sent him to the northwestern coast, the border of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. He took the pole to test the water, and, finding it shallow one day, he abandoned the raft and jumped ashore. On the beach there were people fishing, hunting wild geese, digging clams, and draining salt.

He approached them and, making a weird face and some strange antics, he scared them into dropping their baskets and nets and scattering in all directions. One of them could not run and was caught by the Monkey King, who stripped him of his clothes and put them on himself, aping the way humans wore them. With a swagger he walked through counties and prefectures, imitating human speech and human manners in the marketplaces. He rested by night and dined in the morning, but he was bent on finding the way of the Buddhas, immortals, and holy sages, on discovering the formula for eternal youth. He saw, however, that the people of the world were all seekers after profit and fame; there was not one who showed concern for his appointed end. This is their condition:

*When will end this quest for fortune and fame,
This tyrant of early rising and retiring late?
Riding on mules they long for noble steeds;
By now prime ministers, they hope to be kings.
For food and raiment they suffer stress and strain,
Never fearing Yama's call to reckoning.
Seeking wealth and power to give to sons of sons,
There's not one ever willing to turn back.*

The Monkey King searched diligently for the way of immortality, but he had no chance of meeting it. Going through big cities and visiting small towns, he unwittingly spent eight or nine years on the South Jambūdvīpa Continent before he suddenly came upon the Great Western Ocean. He thought that there would certainly be immortals living beyond the ocean; so, having built himself a raft like the previous one, he once again drifted across the Western Ocean until he reached the West Aparagodānīya Continent. After landing, he searched for a long time, when all at once he came upon a tall and beautiful mountain with thick forests at its base. Since he was afraid neither of wolves and lizards nor of tigers and leopards, he went straight to the top to look around. It was indeed a magnificent mountain:

*A thousand peaks stand like rows of spears,
Like ten thousand cubits of screen widespread.
The sun's beams lightly enclose the azure mist;*

*In darkening rain, the mount's color turns cool and green.
 Dry creepers entwine old trees;
 Ancient fords edge secluded paths.
 Rare flowers and luxuriant grass.
 Tall bamboos and lofty pines.
 Tall bamboos and lofty pines
 For ten thousand years grow green in this blessed land.
 Rare flowers and luxuriant grass
 In all seasons bloom as in the Isles of the Blest.
 The calls of birds hidden are near.
 The sounds of streams rushing are clear.
 Deep inside deep canyons the orchids interweave.
 On every ridge and crag sprout lichens and mosses.
 Rising and falling, the ranges show a fine dragon's pulse.
 Here in reclusion must an eminent man reside.*

As he was looking about, he suddenly heard the sound of a man speaking deep within the woods. Hurriedly he dashed into the forest and cocked his ear to listen. It was someone singing, and the song went thus:

*I watch chess games, my ax handle's rotted.
 I chop at wood, zheng zheng the sound.
 I walk slowly by the cloud's fringe at the valley's entrance.
 Selling my firewood to buy some wine,
 I am happy and laugh without restraint.
 When the path is frosted in autumn's height,
 I face the moon, my pillow the pine root.
 Sleeping till dawn
 I find my familiar woods.
 I climb the plateaus and scale the peaks
 To cut dry creepers with my ax.
 When I gather enough to make a load,
 I stroll singing through the marketplace
 And trade it for three pints of rice,
 With nary the slightest bickering
 Over a price so modest.
 Plots and schemes I do not know;
 Without vainglory or attaint
 My life's prolonged in simplicity.
 Those I meet,
 If not immortals, would be Daoists,
 Seated quietly to expound the Yellow Court.*

When the Handsome Monkey King heard this, he was filled with delight, saying, "So the immortals are hiding in this place."

He leaped at once into the forest. Looking again carefully, he found a woodcutter chopping firewood with his ax. The man he saw was very strangely attired.

*On his head he wore a wide splint hat
 Of seed-leaves freshly cast from new bamboos.
 On his body he wore a cloth garment*

*Of gauze woven from the native cotton.
 Around his waist he tied a winding sash
 Of silk spun from an old silkworm.
 On his feet he had a pair of straw sandals,
 With laces rolled from withered sedge.
 In his hands he held a fine steel ax;
 A sturdy rope coiled round and round his load.
 In breaking pines or chopping trees
 Where's the man to equal him?*

The Monkey King drew near and called out:

“Reverend immortal! Your disciple raises his hands.”

The woodcutter was so flustered that he dropped his ax as he turned to return the salutation. “Blasphemy! Blasphemy!” he said. “I, a foolish fellow with hardly enough clothes or food! How can I bear the title of immortal?”

The Monkey King said, “If you are not an immortal, how is it that you speak his language?”

The woodcutter asked, “What did I say that sounded like the language of an immortal?”

The Monkey King explained, “When I came just now to the forest’s edge, I heard you singing, ‘Those I meet, if not immortals, would be Daoists, seated quietly to expound the *Yellow Court*.’ The *Yellow Court* contains the perfected words of the Way and Virtue. What can you be but an immortal?” Laughing, the woodcutter said, “I can tell you this much: the tune of that lyric is named ‘A Court Full of Blossoms,’ and it was taught to me by an immortal, a neighbor of mine. He saw that I had to struggle to make a living and that my days were full of worries, so he told me to recite the poem whenever I was troubled. This, he said, would both comfort me and rid me of my difficulties. It happened that I was anxious about something just now, so I sang the song. It didn’t occur to me that I would be overheard.”

The Monkey King said, “If you are a neighbor of the immortal, why don’t you follow him in the cultivation of the Way? Wouldn’t it be nice to learn from him the formula for eternal youth?”

The woodcutter replied, “My lot has been a hard one all my life. When I was young, I was indebted to my parents’ nurture until I was eight or nine. As soon as I began to have some understanding of human affairs, my father unfortunately died, and my mother remained a widow. I had no brothers or sisters, so there was no alternative but for me alone to support and care for my mother. Now that my mother is growing old, all the more I dare not leave her. Moreover, my fields are rather barren and desolate, and we haven’t enough food or clothing. I can’t do more than chop two bundles of firewood to take to the market in exchange for a few pennies to buy a few pints of rice. I cook that myself, serving it to my mother with the tea that I make. That’s why I can’t practice austerities.”

The Monkey King said, “According to what you have said, you are indeed a gentleman of filial piety, and you will certainly be rewarded in the future. I hope, however, that you will show me the way to the immortal’s abode, so that I may reverently call upon him.”

“It’s not far,” the woodcutter said. “This mountain is called the Mountain of Mind and Heart, and in it is the Cave of Slanting Moon and Three Stars. Inside the cave is an immortal by the name of the Patriarch Subodhi, who has already sent out innumerable disciples. Even now there are thirty or forty persons who are practicing austerities with him. Follow this narrow path and travel south for about seven or eight miles, and you will come to his home.”

Grabbing the woodcutter, the Monkey King said, “Honored brother, go with me. If I receive any benefit, I will not forget the favor of your guidance.”

“What a boneheaded fellow you are!” the woodcutter said. “I have just finished telling you these things, and you still don’t understand. If I go with you, won’t I be neglecting my livelihood? And who will take care of my mother? I must chop my firewood. You go on by yourself!” When the Monkey King heard this, he had to take his leave. Emerging from the deep forest, he found the path and went past the slope of a hill. After he had traveled seven or eight miles, a cave dwelling indeed came into sight. He stood up straight to take a better look at this splendid place, and this was what he saw:

*Mist and smoke in diffusive brilliance,
Flashing lights from the sun and moon,
A thousand stalks of old cypress,
Ten thousand stems of tall bamboo.
A thousand stalks of old cypress
Draped in rain half fill the air with tender green;
Ten thousand stems of tall bamboo
Held in smoke will paint the glen chartreuse.
Strange flowers spread brocades before the door.
Jadelike grass emits fragrance beside the bridge.
On ridges protruding grow moist green lichens;
On hanging cliffs cling the long blue mosses.
The cries of immortal cranes are often heard.
Once in a while a phoenix soars overhead.
When the cranes cry,
Their sounds reach through the marsh to the distant sky.
When the phoenix soars up,
Its plume with five bright colors embroiders the clouds.
Black apes and white deer may come or hide;
Gold lions and jade elephants may leave or bide.
Look with care at this blessed, holy place:
It has the true semblance of Paradise.*

He noticed that the door of the cave was tightly shut; all was quiet, and there was no sign of any human inhabitant. He turned around and suddenly perceived, at the top of the cliff, a stone slab approximately eight feet wide and over thirty feet tall. On it was written in large letters:

*The Mountain of Mind and Heart;
The Cave of Slanting Moon and Three Stars.*

Immensely pleased, the Handsome Monkey King exclaimed, “People here are truly honest. This mountain and this cave really do exist!”

He stared at the place for a long time but dared not knock. Instead, he jumped onto the branch of a pine tree, picked a few pine seeds and ate them, and began to play.

After a moment he heard the door of the cave open with a squeak, and an immortal youth walked out. His bearing was exceedingly graceful; his features were highly refined. This was certainly no ordinary young mortal, for he had

*His hair bound with two cords of silk,
A wide robe with two sleeves of wind.
His body and face seemed most distinct,
For visage and mind were both detached.
Long a stranger to all worldly things
He was the mountain's ageless boy.
Untainted even with a speck of dust,
He feared no havoc by the seasons wrought.*

After coming through the door, the boy shouted, "Who is causing disturbance here?" With a bound the Monkey King leaped down from the tree, and went up to him bowing. "Immortal boy," he said, "I am a seeker of the way of immortality. I would never dare cause any disturbance." With a chuckle, the immortal youth asked, "Are you a seeker of the Way?"

"I am indeed," answered the Monkey King. "My master at the house," the boy said, "has just left his couch to give a lecture on the platform. Before even announcing his theme, however, he told me to go out and open the door, saying, 'There is someone outside who wants to practice austerities. You may go and receive him.' It must be you, I suppose."

The Monkey King said, smiling, "It is I, most assuredly!"

"Follow me in then," said the boy. With solemnity the Monkey King set his clothes in order and followed the boy into the depths of the cave. They passed rows and rows of lofty towers and huge alcoves, of pearly chambers and carved arches. After walking through innumerable quiet chambers and empty studios, they finally reached the base of the green jade platform. Patriarch Subodhi was seen seated solemnly on the platform, with thirty lesser immortals standing below in rows. He was truly

*An immortal of great ken and purest mien,
Master Subodhi, whose wondrous form of the West
Had no end or birth by work of the Double Three.
His whole spirit and breath were with mercy filled.
Empty, spontaneous, it could change at will,
His Buddha-nature able to do all things.
The same age as Heaven had his majestic frame.
Fully tried and enlightened was this grand priest.*

As soon as the Handsome Monkey King saw him, he prostrated himself and kowtowed times without number, saying, "Master! Master! I, your pupil, pay you my sincere homage."

The Patriarch said, "Where do you come from? Let's hear you state clearly your name and country before you kowtow again."

The Monkey King said, "Your pupil came from the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower- Fruit Mountain, in the Aolai Country of the East Pūrvavideha Continent."

“Chase him out of here!” the Patriarch shouted. “He is nothing but a liar and a fabricator of falsehood. How can he possibly be interested in attaining enlightenment?”

The Monkey King hastened to kowtow unceasingly and to say, “Your pupil’s word is an honest one, without any deceit.”

The Patriarch said, “If you are telling the truth, how is it that you mention the East Pūrvavideha Continent? Separating that place and mine are two great oceans and the entire region of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. How could you possibly get here?”

Again kowtowing, the Monkey King said, “Your pupil drifted across the oceans and trudged through many regions for more than ten years before finding this place.”

The Patriarch said, “If you have come on a long journey in many stages, I’ll let that pass.

What is your surname (*xing*)?”

The Monkey King again replied, “I have no temper (*xing*). If a man rebukes me, I am not offended; if he hits me, I am not angered. In fact, I simply repay him with a ceremonial greeting and that’s all. My whole life’s without ill temper.”

“I’m not speaking of your temper,” the Patriarch said. “I’m asking after the name of your parents.”

“I have no parents either,” said the Monkey King. The Patriarch said, “If you have no parents, you must have been born from a tree.”

“Not from a tree,” said the Monkey King, “but from a rock. I recall that there used to be an immortal stone on the Flower-Fruit Mountain. I was born the year the stone split open.” When the Patriarch heard this, he was secretly pleased, and said, “Well, evidently you have been created by Heaven and Earth. Get up and show me how you walk.” Snapping erect, the Monkey King scurried around a couple of times. The Patriarch laughed and said, “Though your features are not the most attractive, you do resemble a pignolia-eating monkey (*husun*). This gives me the idea of taking a surname for you from your appearance. I intended to call you by the name *Hu*. If I drop the animal radical from this word, what’s left is a compound made up of the two characters, *gu* and *yue*. *Gu* means aged and *yue* means female, but an aged female cannot reproduce.

Therefore, it is better to give you the surname of *Sun*. If I drop the animal radical from this word, what we have left is the compound of *zi* and *xi*. *Zi* means a boy and *xi* means a baby, and that name exactly accords with the fundamental Doctrine of the Baby Boy. So your surname will be ‘Sun.’” When the Monkey King heard this, he was filled with delight. “Splendid! Splendid!” he cried, kowtowing, “At last I know my surname. May the master be even more gracious! Since I have received the surname, let me be given also a personal name, so that it may facilitate your calling and commanding me.”

The Patriarch said, “Within my tradition are twelve characters that have been used to name the pupils according to their divisions. You are one who belongs to the tenth generation.”

“Which twelve characters are they?” asked the Monkey King. The Patriarch replied, “They are: wide (*guang*), great (*da*), wise (*zhi*), intelligence (*hui*), true (*zhen*), conforming (*ru*), nature (*xing*), sea (*hai*), sharp (*ying*), wake- to (*wu*), complete (*yuan*),

and awakening (*jue*). Your rank falls precisely on the word ‘wake-to’ (*wu*). You will hence be given the religious name ‘Wake-to-the-Void’ (*wukong*). All right?”

“Splendid! Splendid!” said the Monkey King, laughing. “Henceforth I shall be called Sun Wukong.” So it was that,

At nebula’s parting he had no name.

Smashing stubborn void needs Wake-to-the- Void.

We do not know what fruit of Daoist cultivation he succeeded in attaining afterward; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWO

*Fully awoke to Bodhi's wondrous truths
He cuts off Māra, returns to the root, and joins Primal Spirit*

Now we were speaking of the Handsome Monkey King, who, having received his name, jumped about joyfully and went forward to give Subodhi his grateful salutation. The Patriarch then ordered the congregation to lead Sun Wukong outdoors and to teach him how to sprinkle water on the ground and dust, and how to speak and move with proper courtesy. The company of immortals obediently went outside with Wukong, who then bowed to his fellow students. They prepared thereafter a place in the corridor where he might sleep. Next morning he began to learn from his schoolmates the arts of language and etiquette. He discussed with them the scriptures and the doctrines; he practiced calligraphy and burned incense. Such was his daily routine. In more leisurely moments he would be sweeping the grounds or hoeing the garden, planting flowers or pruning trees, gathering firewood or lighting fires, fetching water or carrying drinks. He did not lack for whatever he needed, and thus he lived in the cave without realizing that six or seven years had slipped by. One day the Patriarch ascended the platform and took his high seat. Calling together all the immortals, he began to lecture on a great doctrine. He spoke

*With words so florid and eloquent
That gold lotus sprang up from the ground.
The doctrine of three vehicles he subtly rehearsed,
Including even the laws' minutest tittle.
The yak's-tail waved slowly and spouted elegance:
His thunderous voice moved e'en the Ninth Heaven.
For a while he lectured on Dao;
For a while he spoke on Chan—
To harmonize the Three Parties is a natural thing.
One word's elucidation filled with truth
Points to the birthless showing nature's mystery.*

Wukong, who was standing there and listening, was so pleased with the talk that he scratched his ear and rubbed his jaw. Grinning from ear to ear, he could not refrain from dancing on all fours! Suddenly the Patriarch saw this and called out to him, “Why are you madly jumping and dancing in the ranks and not listening to my lecture?” Wukong said, “Your pupil was devoutly listening to the lecture. But when I heard such wonderful things from my reverend master, I couldn't contain myself for joy and started to leap and prance about quite unconsciously. May the master forgive my sins!”

“Let me ask you,” said the Patriarch, “if you comprehend these wonderful things, do you know how long you have been in this cave?” Wukong said, “Your pupil is basically feeble-minded and does not know the number of seasons. I only remember that whenever the fire burned out in the stove, I would go to the back of the mountain to gather firewood. Finding a mountainful of fine peach trees there, I have eaten my fill of peaches seven times.”

The Patriarch said, “That mountain is named the Ripe Peach Mountain. If you have eaten your fill seven times, I suppose it must have been seven years. What kind of Daoist art would you like to learn from me?” Wukong said, “I am dependent on the

admonition of my honored teacher. Your pupil would gladly learn whatever has a smidgen of Daoist flavor.”

The Patriarch said, “Within the tradition of Dao, there are three hundred and sixty heteronomous divisions, all the practices of which may result in Illumination. I don’t know which division you would like to follow.”

“I am dependent on the will of my honored teacher,” said Wukong. “Your pupil is wholeheartedly obedient.”

“How would it be,” said the Patriarch, “if I taught you the practice of the Method division?” Wukong asked, “How would you explain the practice of the Method division?”

“The practice of the Method division,” said the Patriarch, “consists of summoning immortals and working the planchette, of divination by manipulating yarrow stalks, and of learning the secrets of pursuing good and avoiding evil.”

“Can this sort of practice lead to immortality?” asked Wukong.

“Impossible! Impossible!” said the Patriarch. “I won’t learn it then,” Wukong said.

“How would it be,” said the Patriarch again, “if I taught you the practice of the Schools division?”

“What is the meaning of the Schools division?” asked Wukong. “The Schools division,” the Patriarch said, “includes the Confucians, the Buddhists, the Daoists, the Dualists, the Mohists, and the Physicians. They read scriptures or recite prayers; they interview priests or conjure up saints and the like.”

“Can this sort of practice lead to immortality?” asked Wukong. The Patriarch said, “If immortality is what you desire, this practice is like setting a pillar inside a wall.” Wukong said, “Master, I’m a simple fellow and I don’t know the idioms of the marketplace. What’s setting a pillar inside a wall?”

The Patriarch said, “When people build houses and want them to be sturdy, they place a pillar as a prop inside the wall. But someday the big mansion will decay, and the pillar too will rot.”

“What you’re saying then,” Wukong said, “is that it is not long-lasting. I’m not going to learn this.”

The Patriarch said, “How would it be if I taught you the practice of the Silence division?”

“What’s the aim of the Silence division?” Wukong asked. “To cultivate fasting and abstinence,” said the Patriarch, “quiescence and inactivity, meditation and the art of crosslegged sitting, restraint of language, and a vegetarian diet. There are also the practices of yoga, exercises standing or prostrate, entrance into complete stillness, contemplation in solitary confinement, and the like.”

“Can these activities,” asked Wukong, “bring about immortality?”

“They are no better than the unfired bricks on the kiln,” said the Patriarch. Wukong laughed and said, “Master indeed loves to beat about the bush! Haven’t I just told you that I don’t know these idioms of the marketplace? What do you mean by the unfired bricks on the kiln?”

The Patriarch replied, "The tiles and the bricks on the kiln may have been molded into shape, but if they have not been refined by water and fire, a heavy rain will one day make them crumble."

"So this too lacks permanence," said Wukong.

"I don't want to learn it."

The Patriarch said, "How would it be if I taught you the practice of the Action division?"

"What's it like in the Action division?" Wukong asked. "Plenty of activities," said the Patriarch, "such as gathering the yin to nourish the yang, bending the bow and treading the arrow, and rubbing the navel to pass breath. There are also experimentation with alchemical formulas, burning rushes and forging cauldrons, taking red lead, making autumn stone, and drinking bride's milk and the like."

"Can such bring about long life?" asked Wukong. "To obtain immortality from such activities," said the Patriarch, "is also like scooping the moon from the water."

"There you go again, Master!" cried Wukong. "What do you mean by scooping the moon from the water?"

The Patriarch said, "When the moon is high in the sky, its reflection is in the water. Although it is visible therein, you cannot scoop it out or catch hold of it, for it is but an illusion."

"I won't learn that either!" said Wukong.

When the Patriarch heard this, he uttered a cry and jumped down from the high platform. He pointed the ruler he held in his hands at Wukong and said to him:

"What a mischievous monkey you are! You won't learn this and you won't learn that! Just what is it that you are waiting for?" Moving forward, he hit Wukong three times on the head. Then he folded his arms behind his back and walked inside, closing the main doors behind him and leaving the congregation stranded outside. Those who were listening to the lecture were so terrified that everyone began to berate Wukong. "You reckless ape!" they cried, "you're utterly without manners! The master was prepared to teach you magic secrets. Why weren't you willing to learn? Why did you have to argue with him instead? Now you have offended him, and who knows when he'll come out again?"

At that moment they all resented him and despised and ridiculed him. But Wukong was not angered in the least and only replied with a broad grin. For the Monkey King, in fact, had already solved secretly, as it were, the riddle in the pot; he therefore did not quarrel with the other people but patiently held his tongue. He reasoned that the master, by hitting him three times, was telling him to prepare himself for the third watch; and by folding his arms behind his back, walking inside, and closing the main doors, was telling him to enter by the back door so that he might receive instruction in secret.

Wukong spent the rest of the day happily with the other pupils in front of the Divine Cave of the Three Stars, eagerly waiting for the night. When evening arrived, he immediately retired with all the others, pretending to be asleep by closing his eyes, breathing evenly, and remaining completely still. Since there was no watchman in the mountain to beat the watch or call the hour, he could not tell what time it was. He could only rely on his own calculations by counting the breaths he inhaled and exhaled.

Approximately at the hour of Zi, he arose very quietly and put on his clothes. Stealthily opening the front door, he slipped away from the crowd and walked outside.

Lifting his head, he saw

*The bright moon and the cool, clear dew,
Though in each corner not one speck of dust.
Sheltered fowls roosted in the woods;
A brook flowed gently from its source.
Darting fireflies dispersed the gloom.
Wild geese spread word columns through the clouds.
Precisely it was the third-watch hour—
Time to seek the Way whole and true.*

You see him following the familiar path back to the rear entrance, where he discovered that the door was, indeed, ajar. Wukong said happily, “The reverend master truly intended to give me instruction. That’s why the door was left open.”

He reached the door in a few large strides and entered sideways. Walking up to the Patriarch’s bed, he found him asleep with his body curled up, facing the wall.

Wukong dared not disturb him; instead, he knelt before his bed. After a little while, the Patriarch awoke. Stretching his legs, he recited to himself:

*“Hard! Hard! Hard!
The Way is most obscure!
Deem not the gold elixir a common thing.
Without a perfect man’s transmitting a subtle rune,
You’d have vain words, worn mouth, and tongue waxed dry!”*

“Master,” Wukong responded at once. “Your pupil has been kneeling here and waiting on you for a long time.” When the Patriarch heard Wukong’s voice, he rose and put on his clothes. “You mischievous monkey!” he exclaimed, sitting down cross-legged, “Why aren’t you sleeping in front? What are you doing back here at my place?” Wukong replied, “Before the platform and the congregation yesterday, the master gave the order that your pupil, at the hour of the third watch, should come here through the rear entrance in order that he might be instructed. I was therefore bold enough to come directly to the master’s bed.” When the Patriarch heard this, he was terribly pleased, thinking to himself, “This fellow is indeed an offspring of Heaven and Earth.

If not, how could he solve so readily the riddle in my pot!”

“There is no third party here save your pupil,” Wukong said. “May the master be exceedingly merciful and impart to me the way of long life. I shall never forget this gracious favor.”

“Since you have solved the riddle in the pot,” said the Patriarch, “it is an indication that you are destined to learn, and I am glad to teach you. Come closer and listen carefully. I will impart to you the wondrous way of long life.” Wukong kowtowed to express his gratitude, washed his ears, and listened most attentively, kneeling before the bed. The Patriarch said:

*“This bold, secret saying that’s wondrous and true:
Spare, nurse nature and life—there’s nothing else.
All power resides in the semen, breath, and spirit;
Store these securely lest there be a leak.*

*Lest there be a leak!
 Keep within the body!
 Heed my teaching and the Way itself will thrive.
 Hold fast oral formulas so useful and keen
 To purge concupiscence, to reach pure cool;
 To pure cool
 Where the light is bright.
 You'll face the elixir platform, enjoying the moon.
 The moon holds the jade rabbit, the sun, the crow;
 The tortoise and snake are now tightly entwined.
 Tightly entwined,
 Nature and life are strong.
 You can plant gold lotus e'en in the midst of flames.
 Squeeze the Five Phases jointly, use them back and forth—
 When that's done, be a Buddha or immortal at will!"*

At that moment, the very origin was disclosed to Wukong, whose mind became spiritualized as blessedness came to him. He carefully committed to memory all the oral formulas. After kowtowing to thank the Patriarch, he left by the rear entrance. As he went out, he saw that

*The eastern sky began to pale with light,
 But golden beams shone on the Westward Way.*

Following the same path, he returned to the front door, pushed it open quietly, and went inside. He sat up in his sleeping place and purposely rustled the bed and the covers, crying, "It's light! It's light! Get up!"

All the other people were still sleeping and did not know that Wukong had received a good thing. He played the fool that day after getting up, but he persisted in what he had learned secretly by doing breathing exercises before the hour of Zi and after the hour of Wu.

Three years went by swiftly, and the Patriarch again mounted his throne to lecture to the multitude. He discussed the scholastic deliberations and parables, and he discoursed on the integument of external conduct. Suddenly he asked, "Where's Wukong?" Wukong drew near and knelt down. "Your pupil's here," he said. "What sort of art have you been practicing lately?" the Patriarch asked.

"Recently," Wukong said, "your pupil has begun to apprehend the nature of all things and my foundational knowledge has become firmly established."

"If you have penetrated to the dharma nature to apprehend the origin," said the Patriarch, "you have, in fact, entered into the divine substance. You need, however, to guard against the danger of three calamities." When Wukong heard this, he thought for a long time and said, "The words of the master must be erroneous. I have frequently heard that when one is learned in the Way and excels in virtue, he will enjoy the same age as Heaven; fire and water cannot harm him and every kind of disease will vanish.

How can there be this danger of three calamities?"

"What you have learned," said the Patriarch, "is no ordinary magic: you have stolen the creative powers of Heaven and Earth and invaded the dark mysteries of the sun and moon. Your success in perfecting the elixir is something that the gods and the demons cannot countenance. Though your appearance will be preserved and your age

lengthened, after five hundred years Heaven will send down the calamity of thunder to strike you. Hence you must be intelligent and wise enough to avoid it ahead of time. If you can escape it, your age will indeed equal that of Heaven; if not, your life will thus be finished. After another five hundred years Heaven will send down the calamity of fire to burn you. That fire is neither natural nor common fire; its name is the Fire of Yin, and it arises from within the soles of your feet to reach even the cavity of your heart, reducing your entrails to ashes and your limbs to utter ruin. The arduous labor of a millennium will then have been made completely superfluous. After another five hundred years the calamity of wind will be sent to blow at you. It is not the wind from the north, south, east, or west; nor is it one of the winds of four seasons; nor is it the wind of flowers, willows, pines, and bamboos. It is called the Mighty Wind, and it enters from the top of the skull into the body, passes through the midriff, and penetrates the nine apertures.

The bones and the flesh will be dissolved and the body itself will disintegrate. You must therefore avoid all three calamities.” When Wukong heard this, his hairs stood on end, and, kowtowing reverently, he said, “I beg the master to be merciful and impart to me the method to avoid the three calamities. To the very end, I shall never forget your gracious favor.”

The Patriarch said, “It is not, in fact, difficult, except that I cannot teach you because you are somewhat different from other people.”

“I have a round head pointing to Heaven,” said Wukong, “and square feet walking on Earth. Similarly, I have nine apertures and four limbs, entrails and cavities. In what way am I different from other people?”

The Patriarch said, “Though you resemble a man, you have much less jowl.”

The monkey, you see, has an angular face with hollow cheeks and a pointed mouth. Stretching his hand to feel himself, Wukong laughed and said, “The master does not know how to balance matters! Though I have much less jowl than human beings, I have my pouch, which may certainly be considered a compensation.”

“Very well, then,” said the Patriarch, “what method of escape would you like to learn? There is the Art of the Heavenly Ladle, which numbers thirty-six transformations, and there is the Art of the Earthly Multitude, which numbers seventy-two transformations.” Wukong said, “Your pupil is always eager to catch more fishes, so I’ll learn the Art of the Earthly Multitude.”

“In that case,” said the Patriarch, “come up here, and I’ll pass on the oral formulas to you.”

He then whispered something into his ear, though we do not know what sort of wondrous secrets he spoke of. But this Monkey King was someone who, knowing one thing, could understand a hundred! He immediately learned the oral formulas and, after working at them and practicing them himself, he mastered all seventy-two transformations.

One day when the Patriarch and the various pupils were admiring the evening view in front of the Three Stars Cave, the master asked, “Wukong, has that matter been perfected?” Wukong said, “Thanks to the profound kindness of the master, your pupil has indeed attained perfection; I now can ascend like mist into the air and fly.”

The Patriarch said, “Let me see you try to fly.” Wishing to display his ability, Wukong leaped fifty or sixty feet into the air, pulling himself up with a somersault. He

trod on the clouds for about the time of a meal and traveled a distance of no more than three miles before dropping down again to stand before the Patriarch. "Master," he said, his hands folded in front of him, "this is flying by cloud-soaring." Laughing, the Patriarch said, "This can't be called cloudsoaring! It's more like cloud-crawling! The old saying goes, 'The immortal tours the North Sea in the morning and reaches Cangwu by night.' If it takes you half a day to go less than three miles, it can't even be considered cloud-crawling."

"What do you mean," asked Wukong, "by saying, 'The immortal tours the North Sea in the morning and reaches Cangwu by night'?"

The Patriarch said, "Those who are capable of cloud-soaring may start from the North Sea in the morning, journey through the East Sea, the West Sea, the South Sea, and return again to Cangwu. Cangwu refers to Lingling in the North Sea. It can be called true cloud-soaring only when you can traverse all four seas in one day."

"That's truly difficult!" said Wukong, "truly difficult!"

"Nothing in the world is difficult," said the Patriarch; "only the mind makes it so." When Wukong heard these words, he kowtowed reverently and implored the Patriarch, "Master, if you do perform a service for someone, you must do it thoroughly. May you be most merciful and impart to me also this technique of cloud-soaring. I would never dare forget your gracious favor."

The Patriarch said, "When the various immortals want to soar on the clouds, they all rise by stamping their feet. But you're not like them. When I saw you leave just now, you had to pull yourself up by jumping. What I'll do now is to teach you the cloud-somersault in accordance with your form." Wukong again prostrated himself and pleaded with him, and the Patriarch gave him an oral formula, saying, "Make the magic sign, recite the spell, clench your fist tightly, shake your body, and when you jump up, one somersault will carry you one hundred and eight thousand miles." When the other people heard this, they all giggled and said, "Lucky Wukong! If he learns this little trick, he can become a dispatcher for someone to deliver documents or carry circulars. He'll be able to make a living anywhere!"

The sky now began to darken, and the master went back to the cave dwelling with his pupils. Throughout the night, however, Wukong practiced ardently and mastered the technique of cloud-somersault. From then on, he had complete freedom, blissfully enjoying his state of long life.

One day early in the summer, the disciples were gathered under the pine trees for fellowship and discussion. They said to him, "Wukong, what sort of merit did you accumulate in another incarnation that led the master to whisper in your ear, the other day, the method of avoiding the three calamities? Have you learned everything?"

"I won't conceal this from my various elder brothers," Wukong said, laughing. "Owing to the master's instruction in the first place and my diligence day and night in the second, I have fully mastered the several matters!"

"Let's take advantage of the moment," one of the pupils said. "You try to put on a performance and we'll watch." When Wukong heard this, his spirit was aroused and he was most eager to display his powers. "I invite the various elder brothers to give me a subject," he said. "What do you want me to change into?"

"Why not a pine tree?" they said. Wukong made the magic sign and recited the spell; with one shake of his body he changed himself into a pine tree. Truly it was

*Thickly held in smoke through all four seasons,
Its chaste fair form soars straight to the clouds.
With not the least likeness to the impish monkey,
It's all frost-tried and snow-tested branches.*

When the multitude saw this, they clapped their hands and roared with laughter, everyone crying, "Marvelous monkey! Marvelous monkey!"

They did not realize that all this uproar had disturbed the Patriarch, who came running out of the door, dragging his staff.

"Who is creating this bedlam here?" he demanded. At his voice the pupils immediately collected themselves, set their clothes in order, and came forward. Wukong also changed back into his true form, and, slipping into the crowd, he said, "For your information, Reverend Master, we are having fellowship and discussion here. There is no one from outside causing any disturbance."

"You were all yelling and screaming," said the Patriarch angrily, "and were behaving in a manner totally unbecoming to those practicing cultivation.

Don't you know that those in the cultivation of Dao resist

*Opening their mouths lest they waste their breath and spirit,
Or moving their tongues lest they provoke arguments?*

Why are you all laughing noisily here?"

"We dare not conceal this from the master," the crowd said. "Just now we were having fun with Wukong, who was giving us a performance of transformation. We told him to change into a pine tree, and he did indeed become a pine tree! Your pupils were all applauding him and our voices disturbed the reverend teacher. We beg his forgiveness."

"Go away, all of you," the Patriarch said. "You, Wukong, come over here! I ask you what sort of exhibition were you putting on, changing into a pine tree? This ability you now possess, is it just for showing off to people? Suppose you saw someone with this ability. Wouldn't you ask him at once how he acquired it? So when others see that you are in possession of it, they'll come begging. If you're afraid to refuse them, you will give away the secret; if you don't, they may hurt you. You are actually placing your life in grave jeopardy."

"I beseech the master to forgive me," Wukong said, kowtowing. "I won't condemn you," said the Patriarch, "but you must leave this place." When Wukong heard this, tears fell from his eyes. "Where am I to go, Teacher?" he asked. "From wherever you came," the Patriarch said, "you should go back there."

"I came from the East Pūrvavideha Continent," Wukong said, his memory jolted by the Patriarch, "from the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain in the Aolai Country."

"Go back there quickly and save your life," the Patriarch said. "You cannot possibly remain here!"

"Allow me to inform my esteemed teacher," said Wukong, properly penitent, "I have been away from home for twenty years, and I certainly long to see my subjects and followers of bygone days again. But I keep thinking that my master's profound kindness to me has not yet been repaid. I, therefore, dare not leave."

“There’s nothing to be repaid,” said the Patriarch. “See that you don’t get into trouble and involve me: that’s all I ask.”

Seeing that there was no other alternative, Wukong had to bow to the Patriarch and take leave of the congregation. “Once you leave,” the Patriarch said, “you’re bound to end up evildoing. I don’t care what kind of villainy and violence you engage in, but I forbid you ever to mention that you are my disciple. For if you but utter half the word, I’ll know about it; you can be assured, wretched monkey, that you’ll be skinned alive. I will break all your bones and banish your soul to the Place of Ninefold Darkness, from which you will not be released even after ten thousand afflictions!”

“I will never dare mention my master,” said Wukong. “I’ll say that I’ve learned this all by myself.”

Having thanked the Patriarch, Wukong turned away, made the magic sign, pulled himself up, and performed the cloud-somersault. He headed straight toward the East Pūrvavideha, and in less than an hour he could already see the Flower-Fruit Mountain and the Water-Curtain Cave. Rejoicing secretly, the Handsome Monkey King said to himself:

*“I left weighed down by bones of mortal stock.
The Dao attained makes light both body and frame.
Tis this world’s pity that none firmly resolves
To learn such mystery that by itself is plain.
Twas hard to cross the seas in former time.
Returning this day, I travel with ease.
Words of farewell still echo in my ears.
I ne’er hope to see so soon the eastern depths!”*

Wukong lowered the direction of his cloud and landed squarely on the Flower-Fruit Mountain. He was trying to find his way when he heard the call of cranes and the cry of monkeys; the call of cranes reverberated in the Heavens, and the cry of monkeys moved his spirit with sadness. “Little ones,” he called out, “I have returned!”

From the crannies of the cliff, from the flowers and bushes, and from the woods and trees, monkeys great and small leaped out by the tens of thousands and surrounded the Handsome Monkey King.

They all kowtowed and cried, “Great King! What laxity of mind! Why did you go away for such a long time and leave us here longing for your return like someone hungry and thirsting? Recently, we have been brutally abused by a monster, who wanted to rob us of our Water-Curtain Cave. Out of sheer desperation, we fought hard with him. And yet all this time, that fellow has plundered many of our possessions, kidnapped a number of our young ones, and given us many restless days and nights watching over our property. How fortunate that our great king has returned! If the great king had stayed away another year or so, we and the entire mountain cave would have belonged to someone else!”

Hearing this, Wukong was filled with anger. “What sort of a monster is this,” he cried, “that behaves in such a lawless manner? Tell me in detail and I will find him to exact vengeance.”

“Be informed, Great King,” the monkeys said, kowtowing, “that the fellow calls himself the Monstrous King of Havoc, and he lives north of here.” Wukong asked, “From here to his place, how great is the distance?”

The monkeys replied, "He comes like the cloud and leaves like the mist, like the wind and the rain, like lightning and thunder. We don't know how great the distance is."

"In that case," said Wukong, "go and play for a while and don't be afraid. Let me go and find him."

Dear Monkey King! He leaped up with a bound and somersaulted all the way northward until he saw a tall and rugged mountain.

What a mountain!

*Its penlike peak stands erect;
 Its winding streams flow unfathomed and deep.
 Its penlike peak, standing erect, cuts through the air;
 Its winding streams, unfathomed and deep, reach diverse sites on earth.
 On two ridges flowers rival trees in exotic charm;
 At various spots pines match bamboos in green.
 The dragon on the left
 Seems docile and tame;
 The tiger on the right
 Seems gentle and meek.
 Iron oxen
 On occasion are seen plowing.
 Gold-coin flowers are frequently planted.
 Rare fowls make melodious songs;
 The phoenix stands facing the sun.
 Rocks worn smooth and shiny
 By water placid and bright
 Appear by turns grotesque, bizarre, and fierce.
 In countless numbers are the world's famous mountains
 Where flowers bloom and wither; they flourish and die.
 What place resembles this long-lasting scene
 Wholly untouched by the four seasons and eight epochs?
 This is, in the Three Regions, the Mount of Northern Spring,
 The Water-Belly Cave, nourished by the Five Phases.*

The Handsome Monkey King was silently viewing the scenery when he heard someone speaking. He went down the mountain to find who it was, and he discovered the Water-Belly Cave at the foot of a steep cliff. Several imps who were dancing in front of the cave saw Wukong and began to run away. "Stop!" cried Wukong. "You can use the words of your mouth to communicate the thoughts of my mind. I am the lord of the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain south of here. Your Monstrous King of Havoc, or whatever he's called, has repeatedly bullied my young ones, and I have found my way here with the specific purpose of settling matters with him."

Hearing this, the imps darted into the cave and cried out, "Great King, a disastrous thing has happened!"

"What sort of disaster?" asked the Monstrous King. "Outside the cave," said the imps, "there is a monkey who calls himself the lord of the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain. He says that you have repeatedly bullied his young ones and that he has come to settle matters with you." Laughing, the Monstrous King said, "I have often heard those monkeys say that they have a great king who has left the family

to practice self-cultivation. He must have come back. How is he dressed, and what kind of weapon does he have?"

"He doesn't have any kind of weapon," the imps said. "He is bare-headed, wears a red robe with a yellow sash, and has a pair of black boots on. He looks like neither a monk nor a layman, neither a Daoist nor an immortal. He is out there making demands with naked hands and empty fists." When the Monstrous King heard this, he ordered, "Get me my armor and my weapon."

These were immediately brought out by the imps, and the Monstrous King put on his breastplate and helmet, grasped his scimitar, and walked out of the cave with his followers. "Who is the lord of the Water-Curtain Cave?" he cried with a loud voice. Quickly opening wide his eyes to take a look, Wukong saw that the Monstrous King

*Wore on his head a black gold helmet
Which gleamed in the sun;
And on his body a dark silk robe
Which swayed in the wind;
Lower he had on a black iron vest
Tied tightly with leather straps;
His feet were shod in finely carved boots,
Grand as those of warriors great.
Ten spans—the width of his waist;
Thirty feet—the height of his frame;
He held in his hands a sword;
Its blade was fine and bright.
His name: the Monster of Havoc
Of most fearsome form and look.*

"You have such big eyes, reckless monster, but you can't even see old Monkey!" the Monkey King shouted. When the Monstrous King saw him, he laughed and said, "You're not four feet tall, nor are you thirty years old; you don't even have weapons in your hands.

How dare you be so insolent, looking for me to settle accounts?"

"You reckless monster!" cried Wukong. "You are blind indeed! You think I'm small, not knowing that it's hardly difficult for me to become taller; you think I'm without weapon, but my two hands can drag the moon down from the edge of Heaven. Don't be afraid; just have a taste of old Monkey's fist!"

He leaped into the air and aimed a blow smack at the monster's face. Parrying the blow with his hand, the Monstrous King said, "You are such a midget and I'm so tall; you want to use your fist but I have my scimitar. If I were to kill you with it, I would be a laughingstock. Let me put down my scimitar, and we'll see how well you can box."

"Well said, fine fellow," replied Wukong. "Come on!"

The Monstrous King shifted his position and struck out. Wukong closed in on him, hurtling himself into the engagement. The two of them pummeled and kicked, struggling and colliding with each other. It is easy to miss on a long reach, but a short punch is firm and reliable. Wukong jabbed the Monstrous King in the short ribs, hit him on his chest, and gave him such heavy punishment with a few sharp blows that the

monster stepped aside, picked up his huge scimitar, aimed it straight at Wukong's head, and slashed at him.

Wukong dodged, and the blow narrowly missed him. Seeing that his opponent was growing fiercer, Wukong now used the method called the Body beyond the Body. Plucking a handful of hairs from his own body and throwing them into his mouth, he chewed them to tiny pieces and then spat them into the air. "Change!" he cried, and they changed at once into two or three hundred little monkeys encircling the combatants on all sides. For you see, when someone acquires the body of an immortal, he can project his spirit, change his form, and perform all kinds of wonders. Since the Monkey King had become accomplished in the Way, every one of the eighty-four thousand hairs on his body could change into whatever shape or substance he desired. The little monkeys he had just created were so keen of eye and so swift of movement that they could be wounded by neither sword nor spear. Look at them! Skipping and jumping, they rushed at the Monstrous King and surrounded him, some hugging, some pulling, some crawling in between his legs, some tugging at his feet. They kicked and punched; they yanked at his hair and poked at his eyes; they pinched his nose and tried to sweep him completely off his feet, until they tangled themselves into confusion.

Meanwhile Wukong succeeded in snatching the scimitar, pushed through the throng of little monkeys, and brought the scimitar down squarely onto the monster's skull, cleaving it in two. He and the rest of the monkeys then fought their way into the cave and slaughtered all the imps, young and old. With a shake, he collected his hair back onto his body, but there were some monkeys that did not return to him. They were the little monkeys kidnaped by the Monstrous King from the Water-Curtain Cave.

"Why are you here?" asked Wukong. The thirty or fifty of them all said tearfully, "After the Great King went away to seek the way of immortality, the monster menaced us for two whole years and finally carried us off to this place. Don't these utensils belong to our cave? These stone pots and bowls were all taken by the creature."

"If these are our belongings," said Wukong, "move them out of here."

He then set fire to the Water-Belly Cave and reduced it to ashes. "All of you," he said to them, "follow me home."

"Great King," the monkeys said, "when we came here, all we felt was wind rushing past us, and we seemed to float through the air until we arrived here. We don't know the way. How can we go back to our home?" Wukong said, "That's a magic trick of his. But there's no difficulty! Now I know not only one thing but a hundred! I'm familiar with that trick too. Close your eyes, all of you, and don't be afraid."

Dear Monkey King. He recited a spell, rode for a while on a fierce wind, and then lowered the direction of the cloud. "Little ones," he cried, "open your eyes!"

The monkeys felt solid ground beneath their feet and recognized their home territory. In great delight, every one of them ran back to the cave along the familiar roads and crowded in together with those waiting in the cave. They then lined up according to age and rank and paid tribute to the Monkey King. Wine and fruits were laid out for the welcome banquet. When asked how he had subdued the monster and rescued the young ones, Wukong presented a detailed rehearsal, and the monkeys broke into unending applause. "Where did you go, Great King?" they cried. "We never expected that you would acquire such skills!"

“The year I left you all,” Wukong said, “I drifted with the waves across the Great Eastern Ocean and reached the West Aparagodānīya Continent. I then arrived at the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, where I learned human ways, wearing this garment and these shoes. I swaggered along with the clouds for eight or nine years, but I had yet to learn the Great Art. I then crossed the Great Western Ocean and reached the West Aparagodānīya Continent.

After searching for a long time, I had the good fortune to discover an old Patriarch, who imparted to me the formula for enjoying the same age as Heaven, the secret of immortality.”

“Such luck is hard to meet even after ten thousand afflictions!” the monkeys said, all congratulating him. “Little ones,” Wukong said, laughing again, “another delight is that our entire family now has a name.”

“What is the name of the great king?”

“My surname is Sun,” replied Wukong, “and my religious name is Wukong.” When the monkeys heard this, they all clapped their hands and shouted happily, “If the great king is Elder Sun, then we are all Junior Suns, Suns the Third, small Suns, tiny Suns—the Sun Family, the Sun Nation, and the Sun Cave!” So they all came and honored Elder Sun with large and small bowls of coconut and grape wine, of divine flowers and fruits. It was indeed one big happy family! Lo,

The surname is one, the self's returned to its source.

This glory awaits—a name recorded in Heaven!

We do not know what the result was and how Wukong would fare in this realm; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THREE

*Four Seas and a Thousand Mountains all bow to submit
From Ninefold Darkness ten species' names are removed*

Now we were speaking of the Handsome Monkey King's triumphant return to his home country. After slaying the Monstrous King of Havoc and wresting from him his huge scimitar, he practiced daily with the little monkeys the art of war, teaching them how to sharpen bamboos for making spears, file wood for making swords, arrange flags and banners, go on patrol, advance or retreat, and pitch camp.

For a long time he played thus with them. Suddenly he grew quiet and sat down, thinking out loud to himself, "The game we are playing here may turn out to be something quite serious. Suppose we disturb the rulers of humans or of fowls and beasts, and they become offended; suppose they say that these military exercises of ours are subversive, and raise an army to destroy us. How can we meet them with our bamboo spears and wooden swords? We must have sharp swords and fine halberds. But what can be done at this moment?" When the monkeys heard this, they were all alarmed. "The great king's observation is very sound," they said, "but where can we obtain these things?"

As they were speaking, four older monkeys came forward, two female monkeys with red buttocks and two bareback gibbons. Coming to the front, they said, "Great King, to be furnished with sharp-edged weapons is a very simple matter."

"How is it simple?" asked Wukong. The four monkeys replied, "East of our mountain, across two hundred miles of water, is the boundary of the Aolai Country. In that country there is a king who has numberless men and soldiers in his city, and there are bound to be all kinds of metalworks there. If the great king goes there, he can either buy weapons or have them made. Then you can teach us how to use them for the protection of our mountain, and this will be the stratagem for assuring ourselves of perpetuity." When Wukong heard this, he was filled with delight. "Play here, all of you," he said. "Let me make a trip."

Dear Monkey King! He quickly performed his cloud somersault and crossed the two hundred miles of water in no time. On the other side he did indeed discover a city with broad streets and huge marketplaces, countless houses and numerous arches. Under the clear sky and bright sun, people were coming and going constantly. Wukong thought to himself, "There must be ready-made weapons around here. But going down there to buy a few pieces from them is not as good a bargain as acquiring them by magic."

He therefore made the magic sign and recited a spell. Facing the ground on the southwest, he took a deep breath and then blew it out. At once it became a mighty wind, hurtling pebbles and rocks through the air. It was truly terrifying:

*Thick clouds in vast formation moved o'er the world;
Black fog and dusky vapor darkened the Earth;
Waves churned in seas and rivers, affrighting fishes and crabs;
Boughs broke in mountain forests, wolves and tigers taking flight.
Traders and merchants were gone from stores and shops.
No single man was seen at sundry marts and malls.
The king retreated to his chamber from the royal court.*

*Officials, martial and civil, returned to their homes.
This wind toppled Buddha's throne of a thousand years
And shook to its foundations the Five- Phoenix Tower.*

The wind arose and separated the king from his subjects in the Aolai Country. Throughout the various boulevards and marketplaces, every family bolted the doors and windows and no one dared go outside. Wukong then lowered the direction of his cloud and rushed straight through the imperial gate. He found his way to the armory, knocked open the doors, and saw that there were countless weapons inside. Scimitars, spears, swords, halberds, battle-axes, scythes, whips, rakes, drumsticks, drums, bows, arrows, forks, and lances— every kind was available. Highly pleased, Wukong said to himself, “How many pieces can I possibly carry by myself? I’d better use the magic of body division to transport them.”

Dear Monkey King! He plucked a handful of hairs, chewed them to pieces in his mouth, and spat them out. Reciting the spell, he cried, “Change!”

They changed into thousands of little monkeys, who snatched and grabbed the weapons. Those that were stronger took six or seven pieces, the weaker ones two or three pieces, and together they emptied out the armory. Wukong then mounted the cloud and performed the magic of displacement by calling up a great wind, which carried all the little monkeys back to their home.

We tell you now about the various monkeys, both great and small, who were playing outside the cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain.

They suddenly heard the sound of wind and saw in midair a huge horde of monkeys approaching, the sight of which made them all flee in terror and hide. In a moment, Wukong lowered his cloud and, shaking himself, collected the pieces of hair back onto his body. All the weapons were piled in front of the mountain. “Little ones,” he shouted, “come and receive your weapons!”

The monkeys looked and saw Wukong standing alone on level ground. They came running to kowtow and ask what had happened. Wukong then recounted to them how he had made use of the mighty wind to transport the weapons. After expressing their gratitude, the monkeys all went to grab at the scimitars and snatch at the swords, to wield the axes and scramble for spears, to stretch the bows and mount the arrows.

Shouting and screaming, they played all day long.

The following day, they marched in formation as usual. Assembling the monkeys, Wukong found that there were forty-seven thousand of them. This assembly greatly impressed all the wild beasts of the mountain—wolves, insects, tigers, leopards, mouse deer, fallow deer, river deer, foxes, wild cats, badgers, lions, elephants, apes, bears, antelopes, boars, muskoxen, chamois, green one-horn buffaloes, wild hares, and giant mastiffs. Led by the various demon kings of no fewer than seventy-two caves, they all came to pay homage to the Monkey King. Henceforth they brought annual tributes and answered the roll call made every season. Some of them joined in the maneuvers; others supplied provisions in accordance with their rank. In an orderly fashion, they made the entire Flower- Fruit Mountain as strong as an iron bucket or a city of metal. The various demon kings also presented metal drums, colored banners, and helmets. The hurly-burly of marching and drilling went on day after day.

While the Handsome Monkey King was enjoying all this, he suddenly said to the multitude, “You all have become adept with the bow and arrow and proficient in the

use of weapons. But this scimitar of mine is truly cumbersome, not at all to my liking. What can I do?"

The four elder monkeys came forward and memorialized, "The great king is a divine sage, and therefore it is not fit for him to use an earthly weapon. We do not know, however, whether the great king is able to take a journey through water?"

"Since I have known the Way," said Wukong, "I have the ability of seventy-two transformations. The cloud somersault has unlimited power. I am familiar with the magic of body concealment and the magic of displacement. I can find my way to Heaven or I can enter the Earth. I can walk past the sun and the moon without casting a shadow, and I can penetrate stone and metal without hindrance. Water cannot drown me, nor fire burn me. Is there any place I can't go to?"

"It's a good thing that the great king possesses such powers," said the four monkeys, "for the water below this sheet iron bridge of ours flows directly into the Dragon Palace of the Eastern Ocean. If you are willing to go down there, Great King, you will find the old Dragon King, from whom you may request some kind of weapon. Won't that be to your liking?"

Hearing this, Wukong said with delight, "Let me make the trip!"

Dear Monkey King! He jumped to the bridgehead and employed the magic of water restriction. Making the magic sign with his fingers, he leaped into the waves, which parted for him, and he followed the waterway straight to the bottom of the Eastern Ocean. As he was walking, he suddenly ran into a yakṣa on patrol, who stopped him with the question, "What divine sage is this who comes pushing through the water? Speak plainly so that I can announce your arrival." Wukong said, "I am the Heaven-born sage Sun Wukong of the Flower-Fruit Mountain, a near neighbor of your old Dragon King. How is it that you don't recognize me?" When the yakṣa heard this, he hurried back to the Water-Crystal Palace to report. "Great King," he said, "there is outside a Heaven-born sage of the Flower-Fruit Mountain named Sun Wukong. He claims that he is a near neighbor of yours, and he is about to arrive at the palace."

Aoguang, the Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean, arose immediately; accompanied by dragon sons and grandsons, shrimp soldiers and crab generals, he came out for the reception. "High Immortal," he said, "please come in!"

They went into the palace for proper introduction, and after offering Wukong the honored seat and tea, the king asked, "When did the high immortal become accomplished in the Way, and what kind of divine magic did he receive?" Wukong said, "Since the time of my birth, I have left the family to practice self-cultivation. I have now acquired a birthless and deathless body. Recently I have been teaching my children how to protect our mountain cave, but unfortunately I am without an appropriate weapon. I have heard that my noble neighbor, who has long enjoyed living in this green-jade palace and its shell portals, must have many divine weapons to spare. I came specifically to ask for one of them." When the Dragon King heard this, he could hardly refuse. So he ordered a perch commander to bring out a long-handled scimitar, and presented it to his visitor. "Old Monkey doesn't know how to use a scimitar," said Wukong. "I beg you to give me something else."

The Dragon King then commanded a whiting lieutenant together with an eel porter to carry out a nine-pronged fork. Jumping down from his seat, Wukong took hold of it and tried a few thrusts. He put it down, saying, "Light! Much too light! And it doesn't suit my hand. I beg you to give me another one."

“High Immortal,” said the Dragon King, laughing, “won’t you even take a closer look? This fork weighs three thousand six hundred pounds.”

“It doesn’t suit my hand,” Wukong said, “it doesn’t suit my hand!”

The Dragon King was becoming rather fearful; he ordered a bream admiral and a carp brigadier to carry out a giant halberd, weighing seven thousand two hundred pounds. When he saw this, Wukong ran forward and took hold of it. He tried a few thrusts and parries and then stuck it in the ground, saying, “It’s still light! Much too light!”

The old Dragon King was completely unnerved. “High Immortal,” he said, “there’s no weapon in my palace heavier than this halberd.” Laughing, Wukong said, “As the old saying goes, ‘Who worries about the Dragon King’s lacking treasures!’ Go and look some more, and if you find something I like, I’ll offer you a good price.”

“There really aren’t any more here,” said the Dragon King.

As they were speaking, the dragon mother and her daughter slipped out and said, “Great King, we can see that this is definitely not a sage with meager abilities. Inside our ocean treasury is that piece of rare magic iron by which the depth of the Heavenly River is fixed.

These past few days the iron has been glowing with a strange and lovely light. Could this be a sign that it should be taken out to meet this sage?”

“That,” said the Dragon King, “was the measure with which the Great Yu fixed the depths of rivers and oceans when he conquered the Flood. It’s a piece of magic iron, but of what use could it be to him?”

“Let’s not be concerned with whether he could find any use for it,” said the dragon mother. “Let’s give it to him, and he can do whatever he wants with it. The important thing is to get him out of this palace!”

The old Dragon King agreed and told Wukong the whole story. “Take it out and let me see it,” said Wukong.

Waving his hands, the Dragon King said, “We can’t move it! We can’t even lift it! The high immortal must go there himself to take a look.”

“Where is it?” asked Wukong. “Take me there.”

The Dragon King accordingly led him to the center of the ocean treasury, where all at once they saw a thousand shafts of golden light. Pointing to the spot, the Dragon King said, “That’s it—the thing that is glowing.” Wukong girded up his clothes and went forward to touch it: it was an iron rod more than twenty feet long and as thick as a barrel. Using all his might, he lifted it with both hands, saying, “It’s a little too long and too thick. It would be more serviceable if it were somewhat shorter and thinner.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the treasure shrunk a few feet in length and became a layer thinner. “Smaller still would be even better,” said Wukong, giving it another bounce in his hands. Again the treasure became smaller. Highly pleased, Wukong took it out of the ocean treasury to examine it. He found a golden hoop at each end, with solid black iron in between. Immediately adjacent to one of the hoops was the inscription, “The Compliant Golden-Hooped Rod. Weight: thirteen thousand five hundred pounds.”

He thought to himself in secret delight, "This treasure, I suppose, must be most compliant with one's wishes."

As he walked, he was deliberating in his mind and murmuring to himself, bouncing the rod in his hands, "Shorter and thinner still would be marvelous!"

By the time he took it outside, the rod was no more than twenty feet in length and had the thickness of a rice bowl.

See how he displayed his power now! He wielded the rod to make lunges and passes, engaging in mock combat all the way back to the Water-Crystal Palace. The old Dragon King was so terrified that he shook with fear, and the dragon princes were all panic-stricken.

Sea-turtles and tortoises drew in their necks; fishes, shrimps, and crabs all hid themselves. Wukong held the treasure in his hands and sat in the Water-Crystal Palace. Laughing, he said to the Dragon King, "I am indebted to my good neighbor for his profound kindness."

"Please don't mention it," said the Dragon King. "This piece of iron is very useful," said Wukong, "but I have one further statement to make."

"What sort of statement does the high immortal wish to make?" asked the Dragon King. Wukong said, "Had there been no such iron, I would have let the matter drop. Now that I have it in my hands, I can see that I am wearing the wrong kind of clothes to go with it. What am I to do? If you have any martial apparel, you might as well give me some too. I would thank you most heartily."

"This, I confess, is not in my possession," said the Dragon King. Wukong said, "A solitary guest will not disturb two hosts. Even if you claim that you don't have any, I shall never walk out of this door."

"Let the high immortal take the trouble of going to another ocean," said the Dragon King. "He might turn up something there."

"To visit three homes is not as convenient as sitting in one," said Wukong, "I beg you to give me one outfit."

"I really don't have one," said the Dragon King, "for if I did, I would have presented it to you."

"Is that so?" said Wukong. "Let me try the iron on you!"

"High Immortal," the Dragon King said nervously, "don't ever raise your hand! Don't ever raise your hand! Let me see whether my brothers have any and we'll try to give you one."

"Where are your honored brothers?" asked Wukong. "They are," said the Dragon King, "Aoqin, Dragon King of the Southern Ocean; Aoshun, Dragon King of the Northern Ocean; and Aorun, Dragon King of the Western Ocean."

"Old Monkey is not going to their places," said Wukong. "For as the common saying goes, 'Three in bond can't compete with two in hand.' I'm merely requesting that you find something casual here and give it to me. That's all."

"There's no need for the high immortal to go anywhere," said the Dragon King. "I have in my palace an iron drum and a golden bell. Whenever there is any emergency, we beat the drum and strike the bell and my brothers are here shortly."

“In that case,” said Wukong, “go beat the drum and strike the bell.”

The turtle general went at once to strike the bell, while the tortoise marshal came to beat the drum.

Soon after the drum and the bell had sounded, the Dragon Kings of the Three Oceans got the message and arrived promptly, all congregating in the outer courtyard. “Elder Brother,” said Aoqin, “what emergency made you beat the drum and strike the bell?”

“Good Brother,” answered the old Dragon, “it’s a long story! We have here a certain Heaven-born sage from the Flower-Fruit Mountain, who came here and claimed to be my near neighbor. He subsequently demanded a weapon; the steel fork I presented he deemed too small, and the halberd I offered too light. Finally he himself took that piece of rare, divine iron by which the depth of the Heavenly River was fixed and used it for mock combat. He is now sitting in the palace and also demanding some sort of battle dress.

We have none of that here. So we sounded the drum and the bell to invite you all to come. If you happen to have some such outfit, please give it to him so that I can send him out of this door!” When Aoqin heard this, he was outraged. “Let us brothers call our army together,” he said, “and arrest him. What’s wrong with that?”

“Don’t talk about arresting him!” the old Dragon said, “don’t talk about arresting him! That piece of iron—a small stroke with it is deadly and a light tap is fatal! The slightest touch will crack the skin and a small rap will injure the muscles!”

Aorun, the Dragon King of the Western Ocean, said, “Second elder brother should not raise his hand against him. Let us rather assemble an outfit for him and get him out of this place. We can then present a formal complaint to Heaven, and Heaven will send its own punishment.”

“You are right,” said Aoshun, the Dragon King of the Northern Ocean, “I have here a pair of cloud-treading shoes the color of lotus root.”

Aorun, the Dragon King of the Western Ocean said, “I brought along a cuirass of chain-mail made of yellow gold.”

“And I have a cap with erect phoenix plumes, made of red gold,” said Aoqin, the Dragon King of the Southern Ocean. The old Dragon King was delighted and brought them into the Water-Crystal Palace to present the gifts. Wukong duly put on the gold cap, the gold cuirass, and cloud-treading shoes, and, wielding his compliant rod, he fought his way out in mock combat, yelling to the dragons, “Sorry to have bothered you!”

The Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans were outraged, and they consulted together about filing a formal complaint, of which we make no mention here.

Look at that Monkey King! He opened up the waterway and went straight back to the head of the sheet iron bridge. The four old monkeys were leading the other monkeys and waiting beside the bridge. They suddenly beheld Wukong leaping out of the waves: there was not a drop of water on his body as he walked onto the bridge, all radiant and golden. The various monkeys were so astonished that they all knelt down, crying, “Great King, what marvels! What marvels!”

Beaming broadly, Wukong ascended his high throne and set up the iron rod right in the center. Not knowing any better, the monkeys all came and tried to pick the

treasure up. It was rather like a dragonfly attempting to shake an ironwood tree: they could not budge it an inch! Biting their fingers and sticking out their tongues, every one of them said, "O Father, it's so heavy! How did you ever manage to bring it here?" Wukong walked up to the rod, stretched forth his hands, and picked it up. Laughing, he said to them, "Everything has its owner. This treasure has presided in the ocean treasury for who knows how many thousands of years, and it just happened to glow recently. The Dragon King only recognized it as a piece of black iron, though it is also said to be the divine rarity which fixed the bottom of the Heavenly River. All those fellows together could not lift or move it, and they asked me to take it myself. At first, this treasure was more than twenty feet long and as thick as a barrel.

After I struck it once and expressed my feeling that it was too large, it grew smaller. I wanted it smaller still, and again it grew smaller.

For a third time I commanded it, and it grew smaller still! When I looked at it in the light, it had on it the inscription, 'The Compliant Golden-Hooped Rod. Weight: thirteen thousand five hundred pounds.' Stand aside, all of you. Let me ask it to go through some more transformations."

He held the treasure in his hands and called out, "Smaller, smaller, smaller!" and at once it shrank to the size of a tiny embroidery needle, small enough to be hidden inside the ear. Awestruck, the monkeys cried, "Great King! Take it out and play with it some more."

The Monkey King took it out from his ear and placed it on his palm. "Bigger, bigger, bigger!" he shouted, and again it grew to the thickness of a barrel and more than twenty feet long. He became so delighted playing with it that he jumped onto the bridge and walked out of the cave. Grasping the treasure in his hands, he began to perform the magic of cosmic imitation. Bending over, he cried, "Grow!" and at once grew to be ten thousand feet tall, with a head like the Tai Mountain and a chest like a rugged peak, eyes like lightning and a mouth like a blood bowl, and teeth like swords and halberds. The rod in his hands was of such a size that its top reached the thirty-third Heaven and its bottom the eighteenth layer of Hell. Tigers, leopards, wolves, and crawling creatures, all the monsters of the mountain and the demon kings of the seventy-two caves, were so terrified that they kowtowed and paid homage to the Monkey King in fear and trembling. Presently he revoked his magical appearance and changed the treasure back into a tiny embroidery needle stored in his ear. He returned to the cave dwelling, but the demon kings of the various caves were still frightened, and they continued to come to pay their respects.

At this time, the banners were unfurled, the drums sounded, and the brass gongs struck loudly. A great banquet of a hundred delicacies was given, and the cups were filled to overflowing with the fruit of the vines and the juices of the coconut. They drank and feasted for a long time, and they engaged in military exercises as before. The Monkey King made the four old monkeys mighty commanders of his troops by appointing the two female monkeys with red buttocks as marshals Ma and Liu, and the two bareback gibbons as generals Beng and Ba. The four mighty commanders, moreover, were entrusted with all matters concerning fortification, pitching camps, reward, and punishment. Having settled all this, the Monkey King felt completely at ease to soar on the clouds and ride the mist, to tour the four seas and disport himself in a thousand mountains. Displaying his martial skill, he made extensive visits to various heroes and warriors; performing his magic, he made many good friends. At this time, moreover, he entered into fraternal alliance with six other monarchs: the Bull Monster

King, the Dragon Monster King, the Garuda Monster King, the Giant Lynx King, the Macaque King, and the Orangutan King. Together with the Handsome Monkey King, they formed a fraternal order of seven. Day after day they discussed civil and military arts, exchanged wine cups and goblets, sang and danced to songs and strings. They gathered in the morning and parted in the evening; there was not a single pleasure that they overlooked, covering a distance of ten thousand miles as if it were but the span of their own courtyard. As the saying has it,

*One nod of the head goes farther than three thousand miles;
One twist of the torso covers more than eight hundred.*

One day, the four mighty commanders had been told to prepare a great banquet in their own cave, and the six kings were invited to the feast. They killed cows and slaughtered horses; they sacrificed to Heaven and Earth. The various imps were ordered to dance and sing, and they all drank until they were thoroughly drunk. After sending the six kings off, Wukong also rewarded the leaders great and small with gifts. Reclining in the shade of pine trees near the sheet iron bridge, he fell asleep in a moment. The four mighty commanders led the crowd to form a protective circle around him, not daring to raise their voices. In his sleep the Handsome Monkey King saw two men approach with a summons with the three characters “Sun Wukong” written on it. They walked up to him and, without a word, tied him up with a rope and dragged him off. The soul of the Handsome Monkey King was reeling from side to side.

They reached the edge of a city. The Monkey King was gradually coming to himself, when he lifted up his head and suddenly saw above the city an iron sign bearing in large letters the three words “Region of Darkness.”

The Handsome Monkey King at once became fully conscious. “The Region of Darkness is the abode of Yama, King of Death,” he said. “Why am I here?”

“Your age in the World of Life has come to an end,” the two men said. “The two of us were given this summons to arrest you.” When the Monkey King heard this, he said, “I, old Monkey himself, have transcended the Three Regions and the Five Phases; hence I am no longer under Yama’s jurisdiction. Why is he so confused that he wants to arrest me?”

The two summoners paid scant attention. Yanking and pulling, they were determined to haul him inside. Growing angry, the Monkey King whipped out his treasure. One wave of it turned it into the thickness of a rice bowl; he raised his hands once, and the two summoners were reduced to hash. He untied the rope, freed his hands, and fought his way into the city, wielding the rod. Bull-headed demons hid in terror, and horse-faced demons fled in every direction. A band of ghost soldiers ran up to the Palace of Darkness, crying, “Great Kings! Disaster! Disaster! Outside there’s a hairy-faced thunder god fighting his way in!”

Their report alarmed the Ten Kings of the Underworld so much that they quickly straightened out their attire and went out to see what was happening. Discovering a fierce and angry figure, they lined up according to their ranks and greeted him with loud voices:

“High Immortal, tell us your name. High Immortal, tell us your name.”

“I am the Heaven-born sage Sun Wukong from the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain,” said the Monkey King, “what kind of officials are you?”

“We are the Emperors of Darkness,” answered the Ten Kings, bowing, “the Ten Kings of the Underworld.”

“Tell me each of your names at once,” said Wukong, “or I’ll give you a drubbing.”

The Ten Kings said, “We are:

King Qinguang, King of the Beginning River, King of the Song Emperor, King of Avenging Ministers, King Yama, King of Equal Ranks, King of the Tai Mountain, King of City Markets, King of the Complete Change, and King of the Turning Wheel.”

“Since you have all ascended the thrones of kingship,” said Wukong, “you should be intelligent beings, responsible in rewards and punishments. Why are you so ignorant of good and evil? Old Monkey has acquired the Dao and attained immortality. I enjoy the same age as Heaven, and I have transcended the Three Regions and leapt clear of the Five Phases. Why, then, did you send men to arrest me?”

“High Immortal,” said the Ten Kings, “let your anger subside. There are many people in this world with the same name and surname. Couldn’t the summoners have made a mistake?”

“Nonsense! Nonsense!” said Wukong. “The proverb says, ‘Officials err, clerks err, but the summoner never errs!’ Quick, bring out your register of births and deaths, and let me have a look.” When the Ten Kings heard this, they invited him to go into the palace to see for himself. Holding his compliant rod, Wukong went straight up to the Palace of Darkness and, facing south, sat down in the middle. The Ten Kings immediately had the judge in charge of the records bring out his books for examination. The judge, who did not dare tarry, hastened into a side room and brought out five or six books of documents and the ledgers on the ten species of living beings. He went through them one by one—shorthaired creatures, furry creatures, winged creatures, crawling creatures, and scaly creatures—but he did not find his name. He then proceeded to the file on monkeys. You see, though this monkey resembled a human being, he was not listed under the names of men; though he resembled the short-haired creatures, he did not dwell in their kingdoms; though he resembled other animals, he was not subject to the unicorn; and though he resembled flying creatures, he was not governed by the phoenix. He had, therefore, a separate ledger, which Wukong examined himself. Under the heading “Soul 1350” he found the name Sun Wukong recorded, with the description:

“Heaven-born Stone Monkey. Age: three hundred and forty-two years. A good end.” Wukong said, “I really don’t remember my age. All I want is to erase my name. Bring me a brush.”

The judge hurriedly fetched the brush and soaked it in heavy ink. Wukong took the ledger on monkeys and crossed out all the names he could find in it. Throwing down the ledger, he said, “That ends the account! That ends the account! Now I’m truly not your subject.”

Brandishing his rod, he fought his way out of the Region of Darkness. The Ten Kings did not dare approach him. They went instead to the Green Cloud Palace to consult the Bodhisattva King Kṣitigarbha and made plans to report the incident to Heaven, which does not concern us for the moment.

While our Monkey King was fighting his way out of the city, he was suddenly caught in a clump of grass and stumbled. Waking up with a start, he realized that it was

all a dream. As he was stretching himself, he heard the four mighty commanders and the various monkeys crying with a loud voice, “Great King! How much wine did you imbibe? You’ve slept all night long. Aren’t you awake yet?”

“Sleeping is nothing to get excited about,” said Wukong, “but I dreamed that two men came to arrest me, and I didn’t perceive their intention until they brought me to the outskirts of the Region of Darkness. Showing my power, I protested right up to the Palace of Darkness and argued with the Ten Kings. I went through our ledger of births and deaths and crossed out all our names. Those fellows have no hold over us now.”

The various monkeys all kowtowed to express their gratitude. From that time onward there were many mountain monkeys who did not grow old, for their names were not registered in the Underworld. When the Handsome Monkey King finished his account of what had happened, the four mighty commanders reported the story to the demon kings of various caves, who all came to tender their congratulations. Only a few days had passed when the six sworn brothers also came to congratulate him, all of them delighted about the cancellation of the names. We shall not elaborate here on their joyful gathering.

We shall turn instead to the Great Benevolent Sage of Heaven, the Celestial Jade Emperor of the Most Venerable Deva, who was holding court one day in the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, the Cloud Palace of Golden Arches. The divine ministers, civil and military, were just gathering for the morning session when suddenly the Daoist immortal Qiu Hongzhi announced, “Your Majesty, outside the Translucent Palace, Aoguang, the Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean, is awaiting your command to present a memorial to the Throne.”

The Jade Emperor gave the order to have him brought forth, and Aoguang was led into the Hall of Divine Mists. After he had paid his respects, a divine page boy in charge of documents received the memorial, and the Jade Emperor read it from the beginning. The memorial said:

From the lowly water region of the Eastern Ocean at the East Pūrvavideha Continent, the small dragon subject, Aoguang, humbly informs the Wise Lord of Heaven, the Most Eminent High God and Ruler, that a bogus immortal, Sun Wukong, born of the Flower-Fruit Mountain and resident of the Water-Curtain Cave, has recently abused your small dragon, gaining a seat in his water home by force.

He demanded a weapon, employing power and intimidation; he asked for martial attire, unleashing violence and threats. He terrorized my water kinsmen, and scattered turtles and tortoises. The Dragon of the Southern Ocean trembled; the Dragon of the Western Ocean was filled with horror; the Dragon of the Northern Ocean drew back his head to surrender; and your subject Aoguang flexed his body to do obeisance. We presented him with the divine treasure of an iron rod and the gold cap with phoenix plumes; giving him also a chain-mail cuirass and cloud-treading shoes, we sent him off courteously. But even then he was bent on displaying his martial prowess and magical powers, and all he could say to us was “Sorry to have bothered you!” We are indeed no match for him, nor are we able to subdue him. Your subject therefore presents this petition and humbly begs for imperial justice. We earnestly beseech you to dispatch the Heavenly host and capture this monster, so that tranquility may be restored to the oceans and prosperity to the Lower Region. Thus we present this memorial.

When the Holy Emperor had finished reading, he gave the command:

“Let the Dragon God return to the ocean. We shall send our generals to arrest the culprit.”

The old Dragon King gratefully touched his forehead to the ground and left. From below the Immortal Elder Ge, the Celestial Master, also brought forth the report. “Your Majesty, the Minister of Darkness, King Qinguang, supported by the Bodhisattva King Kṣitigarbha, Pope of the Underworld, has arrived to present his memorial.”

The jade girl in charge of communication came from the side to receive this document, which the Jade Emperor also read from the beginning. The memorial said:

“The Region of Darkness is the nether region proper to Earth. As Heaven is for gods and Earth for ghosts, so life and death proceed in cyclic succession. Fowls are born and animals die; male and female, they multiply. Births and transformations, the male begotten of the procreative female—such is the order of Nature, and it cannot be changed. But now appears Sun Wukong, a Heaven-born baneful monkey from the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain, who practices evil and violence, and resists our proper summons. Exercising magic powers, he utterly defeated the ghostly messengers of Ninefold Darkness; exploiting brute force, he terrorized the Ten Merciful Kings.

He caused great confusion in the Palace of Darkness; he abrogated by force the Register of Names, so that the category of monkeys is now beyond control, and inordinately long life is given to the simian family. The wheel of transmigration is stopped, for birth and death are eliminated in each kind of monkey. Your poor monk therefore risks offending your Heavenly authority in presenting this memorial. We humbly beg you to send forth your divine army and subdue this monster, to the end that life and death may once more be regulated and the Underworld rendered perpetually secure. Respectfully we present this memorial.”

When the Jade Emperor had finished reading, he again gave a command:

“Let the Lord of Darkness return to the Underworld. We shall send our generals to arrest this culprit.” King Qinguang also touched his head to the ground gratefully and left.

The Great Heavenly Deva called together his various immortal subjects, both civil and military, and asked, “When was this baneful monkey born, and in which generation did he begin his career? How is it that he has become so powerfully accomplished in the Way?” Scarcely had he finished speaking when, from the ranks, Thousand-Mile Eye and Fair-Wind Ear stepped forward. “This monkey,” they said, “is the Heaven-born stone monkey of three hundred years ago. At that time he did not seem to amount to much, and we do not know where he acquired the knowledge of self-cultivation these last few years and became an immortal. Now he knows how to subdue dragons and tame tigers, and thus he is able to annul by force the Register of Death.”

“Which one of you divine generals,” asked the Jade Emperor, “wishes to go down there to subdue him?” Scarcely had he finished speaking when the Long-Life Spirit of the Planet Venus came forward from the ranks and prostrated himself. “Highest and Holiest,” he said, “within the three regions, all creatures endowed with the nine apertures can, through exercise, become immortals. It is not surprising that this monkey, with a body nurtured by Heaven and Earth, a frame born of the sun and moon, should achieve immortality, seeing that his head points to Heaven and his feet walk on Earth, and that he feeds on the dew and the mist. Now that he has the power to subdue dragons and tame tigers, how is he different from a human being? Your subject therefore makes so bold as to ask Your Majesty to remember the compassionate grace of Creation and issue a decree of pacification. Let him be summoned to the Upper Region and given some kind of official duties. His name will be recorded in the Register and we can control him here. If he is receptive to the Heavenly decree, he will be rewarded and promoted hereafter; but if he is disobedient to your command, we shall arrest him forthwith. Such an action will spare us a military expedition in the first place, and, in the second, permit us to receive into our midst another immortal in an orderly manner.”

The Jade Emperor was highly pleased with this statement, and he said, “We shall follow the counsel of our minister.”

He then ordered the Star Spirit of Songs and Letters to compose the decree, and delegated the Gold Star of Venus to be the viceroy of peace.

Having received the decree, the Gold Star went out of the South Heaven Gate, lowered the direction of his hallowed cloud, and headed straight for the Flower-Fruit Mountain and the Water-Curtain Cave. He said to the various little monkeys, "I am the Heavenly messenger sent from above. I have with me an imperial decree to invite your great king to go to the Upper Region. Report this to him quickly!"

The monkeys outside the cave passed the word along one by one until it reached the depth of the cave. "Great King," one of the monkeys said, "there's an old man outside bearing a document on his back. He says that he is a messenger sent from Heaven, and he has an imperial decree of invitation for you." Upon hearing this, the Handsome Monkey King was exceedingly pleased. "These last two days," he said, "I was just thinking about taking a little trip to Heaven, and the heavenly messenger has already come to invite me!"

The Monkey King quickly straightened out his attire and went to the door for the reception. The Gold Star came into the center of the cave and stood still with his face toward the south. "I am the Gold Star of Venus from the West," he said. "I came down to Earth, bearing the imperial decree of pacification from the Jade Emperor, and invite you to go to Heaven to receive an immortal appointment." Laughing, Wukong said, "I am most grateful for the Old Star's visit."

He then gave the order:

"Little ones, prepare a banquet to entertain our guest."

The Gold Star said, "As a bearer of imperial decree, I cannot remain here long. I must ask the Great King to go with me at once. After your glorious promotion, we shall have many occasions to converse at our leisure."

"We are honored by your presence," said Wukong; "I am sorry that you have to leave with empty hands!"

He then called the four mighty commanders together for this admonition:

"Be diligent in teaching and drilling the young ones. Let me go up to Heaven to take a look and to see whether I can have you all brought up there too to live with me."

The four mighty commanders indicated their obedience. This Monkey King mounted the cloud with the Gold Star and rose up into the sky. Truly

He ascends the high rank of immortals from the sky;

His name's enrolled in cloud columns and treasure scrolls.

We do not know what sort of rank or appointment he received; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FOUR

*Appointed a BanHorse, could he be content?
Named Equal to Heaven, he's still not appeased*

The Gold Star of Venus left the depths of the cave dwelling with the Handsome Monkey King, and together they rose by mounting the clouds. But the cloud somersault of Wukong, you see, is no common magic; its speed is tremendous. Soon he left the Gold Star far behind and arrived first at the South Heaven Gate. He was about to dismount from the cloud and go in when the Devarāja Virūdhaka leading Pang, Liu, Kou, Bi, Deng, Xin, Zhang, and Tao, the various divine heroes, barred the way with spears, scimitars, swords, and halberds and refused him entrance. The Monkey King said, "What a deceitful fellow that Gold Star is! If old Monkey has been invited here, why have these people been ordered to use their swords and spears to bar my entrance?"

He was protesting loudly when the Gold Star arrived in haste. "Old man," said Wukong angrily to his face, "why did you deceive me? You told me that I was invited by the Jade Emperor's decree of pacification. Why then did you get these people to block the Heaven Gate and prevent my entering?"

"Let the Great King calm down," the Gold Star said, laughing. "Since you have never been to the Hall of Heaven before, nor have you been given a name, you are quite unknown to the various heavenly guardians. How can they let you in on their own authority? Once you have seen the Heavenly Deva, received an appointment, and had your name listed in the Immortal Register, you can go in and out as you please. Who would then obstruct your way?"

"If that's how it is," said Wukong, "it's all right. But I'm not going in by myself."

"Then go in with me," said the Gold Star, pulling him by the hand.

As they approached the gate, the Gold Star called out loudly, "Guardians of the Heaven Gate, lieutenants great and small, make way! This person is an immortal from the Region Below, whom I have summoned by the imperial decree of the Jade Emperor."

The Devarāja Virūdhaka and the various divine heroes immediately lowered their weapons and stepped aside, and the Monkey King finally believed what he had been told. He walked slowly inside with the Gold Star and looked around. For it was truly

*His first ascent to the Region Above,
His sudden entrance into the Hall of Heaven,
Where ten thousand shafts of golden light whirled as a coral rainbow,
And a thousand layers of hallowed air diffused mist of purple.
Look at that South Heaven Gate!
Its deep shades of green
From glazed tiles were made;
Its radiant battlements
Adorned with treasure jade.
On two sides were posted scores of celestial sentinels,
Each of whom, standing tall beside the pillars,*

Carried bows and clutched banners.
 All around were sundry divine beings in golden armor,
 Each of them holding halberds and whips,
 Or wielding scimitars and swords.
 Impressive may be the outer court;
 Overwhelming is the sight within!
 In the inner halls stood several huge pillars
 Circled by red-whiskered dragons whose golden scales gleamed in the sun.
 There were, moreover, a few long bridges;
 Above them crimson-headed phoenixes circled with soaring plumes of many hues.
 Bright mist shimmered in the light of the sky.
 Green fog descending obscured the stars.
 Thirty-three Heavenly mansions were found up here,
 With names like the Scattered Cloud, the Vaiśravaṇa, the Pāncavidyā, the Suyāma,
 the Nirmāṇarati . . .
 On the roof of every mansion the ridge held a stately golden beast.
 There were also the seventy-two treasure halls,
 With names like the Morning Assembly, the Transcendent Void, the Precious Light,
 the Heavenly King, the Divine Minister . . .
 In every hall beneath the pillars stood rows of jade unicorn.
 On the Platform of Canopus,
 There were flowers unfading in a thousand millennia;
 Beside the oven for refining herbs,
 There were exotic grasses growing green for ten thousand years.
 He went before the Tower of Homage to the Sage,
 Where he saw robes of royal purple gauze
 Brilliant as stars refulgent,
 Caps the shape of hibiscus,
 Resplendent with gold and precious stones,
 And pins of jade and shoes of pearl,
 And purple sashes and golden ornaments.
 When the golden bells swayed to their striking,
 The memorial of the Three Judges would cross the vermilion courtyard;
 When the drums of Heaven were sounded,
 Ten thousand sages of the royal audience would honor the Jade Emperor.
 He went, too, to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists
 Where nails of gold penetrated frames of jade,
 And colorful phoenixes danced atop scarlet doors.
 Here were covered bridges and winding corridors
 Displaying every where openwork carvings most elegant;
 And eaves crowding together in layers three and four,
 On each of which reared up phoenixes and dragons.
 There was high above
 A round dome big, bright, and brilliant—
 Its shape, a huge gourd of purple gold,
 Below which guardian goddesses hung out their fans
 And jade maidens held up their immortal veils.
 Ferocious were the sky marshals overseeing the court;

*Dignified, the divine officials protecting the Throne.
 There at the center, on a crystal platter,
 Tablets of the Great Monad Elixir were heaped;
 And rising out of the cornelian vases
 Were several branches of twisting coral.
 So it was that
 Rare goods of every order were found in Heaven's Hall,
 And nothing like them on Earth could ever be seen—
 Those golden arches, silver coaches, and that Heavenly house,
 Those coralline blooms and jasper plants with their buds of jade.
 The jade rabbit passed the platform to adore the king.
 The golden crow flew by to worship the sage.
 Blessed was the Monkey King coming to this Heavenly realm,
 He who was not mired in the filthy soil of man.*

The Gold Star of Venus led the Handsome Monkey King to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, and, without waiting for further announcement, they went into the imperial presence. While the Star prostrated himself, Wukong stood erect by him. Showing no respect, he cocked his ear only to listen to the report of the Gold Star. "According to your decree," said the Gold Star, "your subject has brought the bogus immortal."

"Which one is the bogus immortal?" asked the Jade Emperor graciously. Only then did Wukong bow and reply, "None other than old Monkey!"

Blanching with horror, the various divine officials said, "That wild ape! Already he has failed to prostrate himself before the Throne, and now he dares to come forward with such an insolent reply as 'None other than old Monkey'! He is worthy of death, worthy of death!"

"That fellow Sun Wukong is a bogus immortal from the Region Below," announced the Jade Emperor, "and he has only recently acquired the form of a human being. We shall pardon him this time for his ignorance of court etiquette."

"Thank you, Your Majesty," cried the various divine officials. Only then did the Monkey King bow deeply with folded hands and utter a cry of gratitude. The Jade Emperor then ordered the divine officials, both civil and military, to see what vacant appointment there might be for Sun Wukong to receive. From the side came the Star Spirit of Wuqu, who reported, "In every mansion and hall everywhere in the Palace of Heaven, there is no lack of ministers. Only at the imperial stables is a supervisor needed."

"Let him be made a Ban-Horse-Plague," proclaimed the Jade Emperor. The various subjects again shouted their thanks, but Monkey only bowed deeply and gave a loud whoop of gratitude. The Jade Emperor then sent the Star Spirit of Jupiter to accompany him to the stables.

The Monkey King went happily with the Star Spirit of Jupiter to the stables in order to assume his duties. After the Star Spirit had returned to his own mansion, the new officer gathered together the deputy and assistant supervisors, the accountants and stewards, and other officials both great and small and made thorough investigation of all the affairs of the stables. There were about a thousand celestial horses, and they were all

Hualius and Chizhis
Lu'ers and Xianlis,
Consorts of Dragons and Purple Swallows,
Folded Wings and Suxiangs,
Juetis and Silver Hooves,
Yaoniaos and Flying Yellows.
Chestnuts and Faster-than- Arrows,
Red Hares and Speedier-than- Lights,
Leaping Lights and Vaulting Shadows,
Rising Fogs and Triumphant Yellows,
Wind Chasers and Distance Breakers.
Flying Pinions and Surging Airs,
Rushing Winds and Fiery Lightnings.
Copper Sparrows and Drifting Clouds,
Dragonlike piebalds and Tigerlike pintos,
Dust Quenchers and Purple Scales,
And Ferghanas from the Four Corners.
Like the Eight Steeds and Nine Stallions
They have no rivals within a thousand miles!
Such are these fine horses.
Every one of which
Neighs like the wind and gallops like thunder to show a mighty spirit.
They tread the mist and mount the clouds with unflagging strength.

Our Monkey King went through the lists and made a thorough inspection of the horses. Within the imperial stables, the accountants were in charge of getting supplies; the stewards groomed and washed the horses, chopped hay, watered them, and prepared their food; and the deputies and assistants saw to the overall management. Never resting, the Bima oversaw the care of the horses, fussing with them by day and watching over them diligently by night. Those horses that wanted to sleep were stirred up and fed; those that wanted to gallop were caught and placed in the stalls. When the celestial horses saw him, they all behaved most properly and they were so well cared for that their flanks became swollen with fat.

More than half a month soon went by, and on one leisurely morning, the various department ministers gave a banquet to welcome and congratulate him. While they were drinking happily, the Monkey King suddenly put down his cup and asked:

“What sort of rank is this Ban-Horse-Plague of mine?”

“The rank and the title are the same,” they said.

“But what ministerial grade is it?”

“It does not have a grade,” they said.

“If it does not have a grade,” said the Monkey King, “I suppose it must be the very highest.”

“Not at all,” they replied, “it can only be called ‘the unclassified’!”

The Monkey King said, “What do you mean by ‘the unclassified’?”

“It is really the meanest level,” they said. “This kind of minister is the lowest of the low ranks; hence he can only look after horses. Take the case of Your Honor, who,

since your arrival, have been so diligent in discharging your duties. If the horses are fattened, you will only earn yourself a 'Fairly Good!' If they look at all thin, you will be roundly rebuked. And if they are seriously hurt or wounded, you will be prosecuted and fined." When the Monkey King heard this, fire leaped up from his heart. "So that's the contempt they have for old Monkey!" he cried angrily, gnashing his teeth. "At the Flower-Fruit Mountain I was honored as king and patriarch. How dare they trick me into coming to look after horses for them, if horse tending is such a menial service, reserved only for the young and lowly? Is such treatment worthy of me? I'm quitting! I'm quitting! I'm leaving right now!" With a crash, he kicked over his official desk and took the treasure out of his ear. One wave of his hand and it had the thickness of a rice bowl. Delivering blows in all directions, he fought his way out of the imperial stables and went straight to the South Heaven Gate. The various celestial guardians, knowing that he had been officially appointed a Ban-Horse-Plague, did not dare stop him and allowed him to fight his way out of the Heaven Gate.

In a moment, he lowered the direction of his cloud and returned to the Flower-Fruit Mountain. The four mighty commanders were seen drilling troops with the Monster Kings of various caves. "Little ones," this Monkey King cried in a loud voice, "old Monkey has returned!"

The flock of monkeys all came to kowtow and received him into the depths of the cave dwelling. As the Monkey King ascended his throne, they busily prepared a banquet to welcome him. "Receive our congratulations, Great King," they said. "Having gone to the region above for more than ten years, you must be returning in success and glory."

"I have been away for only half a month," said the Monkey King. "How can it be more than ten years?"

"Great King," said the various monkeys, "you are not aware of time and season when you are in Heaven. One day in Heaven above is equal to a year on Earth. May we ask the Great King what ministerial appointment he received?"

"Don't mention that! Don't mention that!" said the Monkey King, waving his hand. "It embarrasses me to death! That Jade Emperor does not know how to use talent. Seeing the features of old Monkey, he appointed me to something called the Ban-Horse-Plague, which actually means taking care of horses for him. It's a job too low even to be classified! I didn't know this when I first assumed my duties, and so I managed to have some fun at the imperial stables. But when I asked my colleagues today, I discovered what a degraded position it was. I was so furious that I knocked over the banquet they were giving me and rejected the title. That's why I came back down."

"Welcome back!" said the various monkeys, "welcome back! Our Great King can be the sovereign of this blessed cave dwelling with the greatest honor and happiness. Why should he go away to be someone's stable boy?"

"Little ones," they cried, "send up the wine quickly and cheer up our Great King."

As they were drinking wine and conversing happily, someone came to report:

"Great King, there are two one-horned demon kings outside who want to see you."

"Show them in," said the Monkey King. The demon kings straightened out their attire, ran into the cave, and prostrated themselves. "Why did you want to see me?"

asked the Handsome Monkey King. “We have long heard that the Great King is receptive to talents,” said the demon kings, “but we had no reason to request your audience. Now we learn that our Great King has received a divine appointment and has returned in success and glory. We have come, therefore, to present the Great King with a red and yellow robe for his celebration. If you are not disdainful of the uncouth and the lowly and are willing to receive us plebeians, we shall serve you as dogs or as horses.”

Highly pleased, the Monkey King put on the red and yellow robe while the rest of them lined up joyfully and did homage. He then appointed the demon kings to be the Vanguard Commanders, Marshals of the Forward Regiments.

After expressing their thanks, the demon kings asked again, “Since our Great King was in Heaven for a long time, may we ask what kind of appointment he received?”

“The Jade Emperor belittles the talented,” said the Monkey King. “He only made me something called the Ban-Horse-Plague.”

Hearing this, the demon kings said again, “Great King has such divine powers! Why should you take care of horses for him? What is there to stop you from assuming the rank of the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?” When the Monkey King heard these words, he could not conceal his delight, shouting repeatedly, “Bravo! Bravo!”

“Make me a banner immediately,” he ordered the four mighty commanders, “and inscribe on it in large letters, ‘The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.’ Erect a pole to hang it on.

From now on, address me only as the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and the title Great King will no longer be permitted. The Monster Kings of the various caves will also be informed so that it will be known to all.” Of this we shall speak no further.

We now refer to the Jade Emperor, who held court the next day. The Celestial Master Zhang was seen leading the deputy and the assistant of the imperial stables to come before the vermilion courtyard. “Your Majesty,” they said, prostrating themselves, “the newly appointed Ban-Horse-Plague, Sun Wukong, objected to his rank as being too low and left the Heavenly Palace yesterday in rebellion.” Meanwhile, the Devarāja Virūḍhaka, leading the various celestial guardians from the South Heaven Gate, also made the report, “The Ban-Horse-Plague for reasons unknown to us has walked out of the Heaven Gate.” When the Jade Emperor heard this, he made the proclamation:

“Let the two divine commanders and their followers return to their duties. We shall send forth celestial soldiers to capture this monster.”

From among the ranks, Devarāja Li, who was the Pagoda Bearer, and his Third Prince Naṭa came forward and presented their request, saying, “Your Majesty, though your humble subjects are not gifted, we await your authorization to subdue this monster.”

Delighted, the Jade Emperor appointed Pagoda Bearer Devarāja Li Jing to be grand marshal for subduing the monster, and promoted Third Prince Naṭa to be the great deity in charge of the Three-Platform Assembly of the Saints. They were to lead an expeditionary force at once for the Region Below.

Devarāja Li and Naṭa kowtowed to take leave and went back to their own mansion. After reviewing the troops and their captains and lieutenants, they appointed

Mighty-Spirit God to be Vanward Commander, the Fish-Belly General to bring up the rear, and the General of the Yakṣas to urge the troops on. In a moment they left by the South Heaven Gate and went straight to the Flower-Fruit Mountain. A level piece of land was selected for encampment, and the order was then given to the Mighty-Spirit God to provoke battle. Having received his order and having buckled and knotted his armor properly, the Mighty-Spirit God grasped his spreading-flower ax and came to the Water-Curtain Cave. There in front of the cave he saw a great mob of monsters, all of them wolves, insects, tigers, leopards, and the like; they were all jumping and growling, brandishing their swords and waving their spears.

“Damnable beasts!” shouted the Mighty-Spirit God. “Hurry and tell the Ban-Horse-Plague that I, a great general from Heaven, have by the authorization of the Jade Emperor come to subdue him. Tell him to come out quickly and surrender, lest all of you be annihilated!” Running pell-mell into the cave, those monsters shouted the report, “Disaster! Disaster!”

“What sort of disaster?” asked the Monkey King. “There’s a celestial warrior outside,” said the monsters, “who claims the title of an imperial envoy. He says he came by the holy decree of the Jade Emperor to subdue you, and he orders you to go out quickly and surrender, lest we lose our lives.”

Hearing this, the Monkey King commanded, “Get my battle dress!”

He quickly donned his red gold cap, pulled on his yellow gold cuirass, slipped on his cloud-treading shoes, and seized the compliant golden-hooped rod. He led the crowd outside and set them up in battle formation. The Mighty-Spirit God opened wide his eyes and stared at this magnificent Monkey King:

*The gold cuirass worn on his body was brilliant and bright;
The gold cap on his head also glistened in the light.
In his hands was a staff, the golden-hooped rod,
That well became the cloud-treading shoes on his feet.
His eyes glowered strangely like burning stars.
Hanging past his shoulders were two ears, forked and hard.
His remarkable body knew many ways of change,
And his voice resounded like bells and chimes.
This Ban-Horse-Plague with beaked mouth and gaping teeth
Aimed high to be the Equal to Heaven Sage.*

“Lawless ape,” the Mighty-Spirit God roared powerfully, “do you recognize me?” When the Great Sage heard these words, he asked quickly, “What sort of dull-witted deity are you? Old Monkey has yet to meet you! State your name at once!”

“Fraudulent simian,” cried the Mighty-Spirit, “what do you mean, you don’t recognize me? I am the Celestial General of Mighty-Spirit, the Vanward Commander and subordinate to Devarāja Li, the Pagoda Bearer, from the divine empyrean. I have come by the imperial decree of the Jade Emperor to receive your submission. Strip yourself of your apparel immediately and yield to the Heavenly grace, so that this mountainful of creatures can avoid execution. If you dare but utter half a ‘No,’ you will be reduced to powder in seconds!” When the Monkey King heard those words, he was filled with anger. “Reckless simpleton!” he cried. “Stop bragging and wagging your tongue! I would have killed you with one stroke of my rod, but then I would have no one to communicate my message. So, I’ll spare your life for the moment. Go back to Heaven quickly and inform the Jade Emperor that he has no regard for talent. Old

Monkey has unlimited abilities. Why did he ask me to mind horses for him? Take a good look at the words on this banner. If I am promoted according to its title, I will lay down my arms, and the cosmos will then be fair and tranquil. But if he does not agree to my demand, I'll fight my way up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, and he won't even be able to sit on his dragon throne!" When the Mighty-Spirit God heard these words, he opened his eyes wide, facing the wind, and saw indeed a tall pole outside the cave. On the pole hung a banner bearing in large letters the words, "The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven."

The Mighty-Spirit God laughed scornfully three times and jeered, "Lawless ape! How fatuous can you be, and how arrogant! So you want to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven! Be good enough to take a bit of my ax first!"

Aiming at his head, he hacked at him, but, being a knowledgeable fighter, the Monkey King was not unnerved. He met the blow at once with his golden-hooped rod, and this exciting battle was on.

*The rod was named Compliant;
The ax was called Spreading Flower.
The two of them, meeting suddenly,
Did not yet know their weakness or strength;
But ax and rod
Clashed left and right.
One concealed secret powers most wondrous;
The other vaunted openly his vigor and might.
They used magic—
Blowing out cloud and puffing up fog;
They stretched their hands,
Splattering mud and spraying sand.
The might of the celestial battler had its way:
But the Monkey had boundless power of change.
The rod uplifted—a dragon played in water;
The ax arrived—a phoenix sliced through flowers.
Mighty-Spirit, whose name spread through the world,
In prowess truly could not match the other one.
The Great Sage whirling lightly his iron staff
Could numb the body with one blow on the head.*

The Mighty-Spirit God could oppose him no longer and allowed the Monkey King to aim a mighty blow at his head, which he hastily sought to parry with his ax. With a crack the ax handle split in two, and Mighty-Spirit turned swiftly to flee for his life. "Imbecile! Imbecile!" laughed the Monkey King, "I've already spared you. Go and report my message at once!"

Back at the camp, the Mighty-Spirit God went straight to see the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja. Huffing and puffing, he knelt down saying, "The Ban-Horse-Plague indeed has great magic powers! Your unworthy warrior cannot prevail against him. Defeated, I have come to beg your pardon."

"This fellow has blunted our will to fight," said Devarāja Li angrily. "Take him out and have him executed!"

From the side came Prince Naṭa, who said, bowing deeply, “Let your anger subside, Father King, and pardon for the moment the guilt of Mighty-Spirit. Permit your child to go into battle once, and we shall know the long and short of the matter.”

The Devarāja heeded the admonition and ordered Mighty-Spirit to go back to his camp and await trial.

This Prince Naṭa, properly armed, leaped from his camp and dashed to the Water-Curtain Cave. Wukong was just dismissing his troops when he saw Naṭa approaching fiercely. Dear Prince!

*Two boyish tufts barely cover his skull.
His flowing hair has yet to reach the shoulders.
A rare mind, alert and intelligent.
A noble frame, pure and elegant.
He is indeed the unicorn son from Heaven above,
Truly immortal as the phoenix of mist and smoke.
This seed of dragon has by nature uncommon features.
His tender age shows no relation to any worldly kin.
He carries on his body six kinds of magic weapons.
He flies, he leaps; he can change without restriction.
Now by the golden-mouth proclamation of the Jade Emperor
He is appointed to the Assembly: its name, the Three Platforms*

Wukong drew near and asked, “Whose little brother are you, and what do you want, barging through my gate?”

“Lawless monstrous monkey!” shouted Naṭa. “Don’t you recognize me? I am Naṭa, third son of the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja. I am under the imperial commission of the Jade Emperor to come and arrest you.”

“Little prince,” said Wukong laughing, “your baby teeth haven’t even fallen out, and your natal hair is still damp! How dare you talk so big? I’m going to spare your life, and I won’t fight you. Just take a look at the words on my banner and report them to the Jade Emperor above. Grant me this title, and you won’t need to stir your forces. I will submit on my own. If you don’t satisfy my cravings, I will surely fight my way up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists.” Lifting his head to look, Naṭa saw the words, “Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.”

“What great power does this monstrous monkey possess,” said Naṭa, “that he dares claim such a title? Fear not! Swallow my sword.”

“I’ll just stand here quietly,” said Wukong, “and you can take a few hacks at me with your sword.” Young Naṭa grew angry. “Change!” he yelled loudly, and he changed at once into a fearsome person having three heads and six arms. In his hands he held six kinds of weapons: a monster-stabbing sword, a monstercleaving scimitar, a monster-binding rope, a monster-taming club, an embroidered ball, and a fiery wheel. Brandishing these weapons, he mounted a frontal attack. “This little brother does know a few tricks!” said Wukong, somewhat alarmed by what he saw. “But don’t be rash. Watch my magic!”

Dear Great Sage! He shouted, “Change!” and he too transformed himself into a creature with three heads and six arms. One wave of the golden-hooped rod and it became three staffs, which were held with six hands. The conflict was truly earth-shaking and made the very mountains tremble. What a battle!

*The six-armed Prince Naṭa.
 The Heaven-born Handsome Stone Monkey King.
 Meeting, each met his match
 And found each to be from the same source.
 One was consigned to come down to Earth.
 The other in guile disturbed the universe.
 The edge of the monster-stabbing sword was quick;
 The keen, monster-cleaving scimitar alarmed demons and gods;
 The monster-binding rope was like a flying snake;
 The monster-taming club was like the head of a wolf;
 The lightning-propelled fiery wheel was like darting flames;
 Hither and thither the embroidered ball rotated.
 The three compliant rods of the Great Sage
 Protected the front and guarded the rear with care and skill.
 A few rounds of bitter contest revealed no victor,
 But the prince's mind would not so easily rest.
 He ordered the six kinds of weapon to change
 Into hundreds and thousands of millions, aiming for the head.
 The Monkey King, undaunted, roared with laughter loud,
 And wielded his iron rod with artful ease:
 One turned to a thousand, a thousand to ten thousand,
 Filling the sky as a swarm of dancing dragons,
 And shocked the Monster Kings of sundry caves into shutting their doors.
 Demons and monsters all over the mountain hid their heads.
 The angry breath of divine soldiers was like oppressive clouds.
 The golden-hooped iron rod whizzed like the wind.
 On this side,
 The battle cries of celestial fighters appalled every one;
 On that side,
 The banner-waving of monkey monsters startled each person.
 Growing fierce, the two parties both willed a test of strength.
 We know not who was stronger and who weaker.*

Each displaying his divine powers, the Third Prince and Wukong battled for thirty rounds. The six weapons of that prince changed into a thousand and ten thousand pieces; the golden-hooped rod of Sun Wukong into ten thousand and a thousand. They clashed like raindrops and meteors in the air, but victory or defeat was not yet determined. Wukong, however, proved to be the one swifter of eye and hand. Right in the midst of the confusion, he plucked a piece of hair and shouted, "Change!" It changed into a copy of him, also wielding a rod in its hands and deceiving Naṭa. His real person leaped behind Naṭa and struck his left shoulder with the rod. Naṭa, still performing his magic, heard the rod whizzing through the air and tried desperately to dodge it. Unable to move quickly enough, he took the blow and fled in pain. Breaking off his magic and gathering up his six weapons, he returned to his camp in defeat.

Standing in front of his battle line, Devarāja Li saw what was happening and was about to go to his son's assistance. The prince, however, came to him first and gasped, "Father King! The Ban-Horse-Plague is truly powerful. Even your son of such magical strength is no match for him! He has wounded me in the shoulder."

“If this fellow is so powerful,” said the Devarāja, turning pale with fright, “how can we beat him?”

The prince said, “In front of his cave he has set up a banner bearing the words, ‘The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.’ By his own mouth he boastfully asserted that if the Jade Emperor appointed him to such a title, all troubles would cease. If he were not given this name, he would surely fight his way up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists!”

“If that’s the case,” said the Devarāja, “let’s not fight with him for the moment. Let us return to the region above and report these words. There will be time then for us to send for more celestial soldiers and take this fellow on all sides.”

The prince was in such pain that he could not do battle again; he therefore went back to Heaven with the Devarāja to report, of which we speak no further.

Look at that Monkey King returning to his mountain in triumph! The monster kings of seventy-two caves and the six sworn brothers all came to congratulate him, and they feasted jubilantly in the blessed cave dwelling.

He then said to the six brothers, “If little brother is now called the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, why don’t all of you assume the title of Great Sage also?” “Our worthy brother’s words are right!” shouted the Bull Monster King from their midst, “I’m going to be called the Great Sage, Parallel with Heaven.” “I shall be called the Great Sage, Covering the Ocean,” said the Dragon Monster King. “I shall be called the Great Sage, United with Heaven,” said the Garuda Monster King. “I shall be called the Great Sage, Mover of Mountains,” said the Giant Lynx King. “I shall be called the Telltale Great Sage,” said the Macaque King. “And I shall be called the God-Routing Great Sage,” said the Orangutan King. At that moment, the seven Great Sages had complete freedom to do as they pleased and to call themselves whatever titles they liked. They had fun for a whole day and then dispersed.

Now we return to the Devarāja Li and the Third Prince, who, leading the other commanders, went straight to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists to give this report:

“By your holy decree your subjects led the expeditionary force down to the Region Below to subdue the baneful immortal, Sun Wukong. We had no idea of his enormous power, and we could not prevail against him. We beseech Your Majesty to give us reinforcements to wipe him out.”

“How powerful can we expect one baneful monkey to be,” asked the Jade Emperor, “that reinforcements are needed?”

“May Your Majesty pardon us from an offense worthy of death!” said the prince, drawing closer. “That baneful monkey wielded an iron rod; he defeated first the Mighty-Spirit God and then wounded the shoulder of your subject. Outside the door of his cave he set up a banner bearing the words, ‘The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.’ He said that if he were given such a rank, he would lay down his arms and come to declare his allegiance. If not, he would fight his way up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists.”

“How dare this baneful monkey be so insolent!” exclaimed the Jade Emperor, astonished by what he had heard. “We must order the generals to have him executed at once!”

As he said this, the Gold Star of Venus came forward again from the ranks and said, “The baneful monkey knows how to make a speech, but he has no idea what’s

appropriate and what isn't. Even if reinforcements are sent to fight him, I don't think he can be subdued right away without taxing our forces. It would be better if Your Majesty were greatly to extend your mercy and proclaim yet another decree of pacification. Let him indeed be made the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven; he will be given an empty title, in short, rank without compensation."

"What do you mean by rank without compensation?" said the Jade Emperor. The Gold Star said, "His name will be Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, but he will not be given any official duty or salary. We shall keep him here in Heaven so that we may put his perverse mind at rest and make him desist from his madness and arrogance. The universe will then be calm and the oceans tranquil again."

Hearing these words, the Jade Emperor said, "We shall follow the counsels of our minister."

He ordered the mandate to be made up and the Gold Star to bear it hence.

The Gold Star left through the South Heaven Gate once again and headed straight for the Flower-Fruit Mountain. Outside the Water-Curtain Cave things were quite different from the way they had been the previous time. He found the entire region filled with the awesome and bellicose presence of every conceivable kind of monster, each one of them clutching swords and spears, wielding scimitars and staffs. Growling and leaping about, they began to attack the Gold Star the moment they saw him. "You, chieftains, hear me," said the Gold Star, "let me trouble you to report this to your Great Sage. I am the Heavenly messenger sent by the Lord above, and I bear an imperial decree of invitation."

The various monsters ran inside to report, "There is an old man outside who says that he is a Heavenly messenger from the region above, bearing a decree of invitation for you."

"Welcome! Welcome!" said Wukong. "He must be that Gold Star of Venus who came here last time. Although it was a shabby position they gave me when he invited me up to the region above, I nevertheless made it to Heaven once and familiarized myself with the ins and outs of the celestial passages. He has come again this time undoubtedly with good intentions."

He commanded the various chieftains to wave the banners and beat the drums, and to draw up the troops in receiving order. Leading the rest of the monkeys, the Great Sage donned his cap and his cuirass, over which he tossed the red and yellow robe, and slipped on the cloud shoes. He ran to the mouth of the cave, bowed courteously, and said in a loud voice, "Please come in, Old Star! Forgive me for not coming out to meet you."

The Gold Star strode forward and entered the cave. He stood facing south and declared, "Now I inform the Great Sage. Because the Great Sage has objected to the meanness of his previous appointment and removed himself from the imperial stables, the officials of that department, both great and small, reported the matter to the Jade Emperor. The proclamation of the Jade Emperor said at first, 'All appointed officials advance from lowly positions to exalted ones. Why should he object to that arrangement?' This led to the campaign against you by Devarāja Li and Naṭa. They were ignorant of the Great Sage's power and therefore suffered defeat. They reported back to Heaven that you had set up a banner that made known your desire to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. The various martial officials still wanted to deny your request. It was this old man who, risking offense, pleaded the case of the Great Sage, so

that he might be invited to receive a new appointment, and without the use of force. The Jade Emperor accepted my suggestion; hence I am here to invite you.”

“I caused you trouble last time,” said Wukong, laughing, “and now I am again indebted to you for your kindness.

Thank you! Thank you! But is there really such a rank as the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, up there?”

“I made certain that this title was approved,” said the Gold Star, “before I dared come with the decree. If there is any mishap, let this old man be held responsible.” Wukong was highly pleased, but the Gold Star refused his earnest invitation to stay for a banquet. He therefore mounted the hallowed cloud with the Gold Star and went to the South Heaven Gate, where they were welcomed by the celestial generals and guardians with hands folded at their breasts. Going straight into the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, the Gold Star prostrated himself and memorialized, “Your subject, by your decree, has summoned here Ban-Horse-Plague Sun Wukong.”

“Have that Sun Wukong come forward,” said the Jade Emperor. “I now proclaim you to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a position of the highest rank. But you must indulge no more in your preposterous behavior.”

Bowing deeply, the monkey uttered a great whoop of thanks. The Jade Emperor then ordered two building officials, Zhang and Lu, to erect the official residence of the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, to the right of the Garden of Immortal Peaches. Inside the mansion, two departments were established, named “Peace and Quiet” and “Serene Spirit,” both of which were full of attending officials. The Jade Emperor also ordered the Star Spirits of Five Poles to accompany Wukong to assume his post. In addition, two bottles of imperial wine and ten clusters of golden flowers were bestowed on him, with the order that he must keep himself under control and make up his mind to indulge no more in preposterous behavior. The Monkey King obediently accepted the command and went that day with the Star Spirits to assume his post. He opened the bottles of wine and drank them all with his colleagues. After seeing the Star Spirits off to their own palaces, he settled down in complete contentment and delight to enjoy the pleasures of Heaven, without the slightest worry or care. Truly

*His name divine, forever recorded in the Long- Life Book
And kept from falling into saṃsāra, will long be known.*

We do not know what took place hereafter; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIVE

*Disrupting the Peach Festival, the Great Sage steals elixir
With revolt in Heaven, many gods would seize the fiend*

Now we must tell you that the Great Sage, after all, was a monkey monster; in truth, he had no knowledge of his title or rank, nor did he care for the size of his salary. He did nothing but place his name on the Register. At his official residence he was cared for night and day by the attending officials of the two departments. His sole concern was to eat three meals a day and to sleep soundly at night.

Having neither duties nor worries, he was free and content to tour the mansions and meet friends, to make new acquaintances and form new alliances at his leisure. When he met the Three Pure Ones, he addressed them as “Your Reverence”; and when he ran into the Four Thearchs, he would say, “Your Majesty.”

As for the Nine Luminaries, the Generals of the Five Quarters, the Twenty-Eight Constellations, the Four Devarājas, the Twelve Horary Branches, the Five Elders of the Five Regions, the Star Spirits of the entire Heaven, and the numerous gods of the Milky Way, he called them all brother and treated them in a fraternal manner. Today he toured the east, and tomorrow he wandered west. Going and coming on the clouds, he had no specific itinerary.

Early one morning, when the Jade Emperor was holding court, the Daoist immortal Xu Jingyang stepped from the ranks and went forward to memorialize, kowtowing, “The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has no duties at present and merely dawdles away his time.

He has become quite chummy with the various Stars and Constellations of Heaven, calling them his friends regardless of whether they are his superiors or subordinates, and I fear that his idleness may lead to roguery. It would be better to give him some assignment so that he will not grow mischievous.” When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he sent for the Monkey King at once, who came amiably. “Your Majesty,” he said, “what promotion or reward did you have in mind for old Monkey when you called him?”

“We perceive,” said the Jade Emperor, “that your life is quite indolent, since you have nothing to do, and we have decided therefore to give you an assignment. You will temporarily take care of the Garden of Immortal Peaches. Be careful and diligent, morning and evening.”

Delighted, the Great Sage bowed deeply and grunted his gratitude as he withdrew. He could not restrain himself from rushing immediately into the Garden of Immortal Peaches to inspect the place. A local spirit from the garden stopped him and asked, “Where is the Great Sage going?”

“I have been authorized by the Jade Emperor,” said the Great Sage, “to look after the Garden of Immortal Peaches. I have come to conduct an inspection.”

The local spirit hurriedly saluted him and then called together all the stewards in charge of hoeing, watering, tending peaches, and cleaning and sweeping. They all came to kowtow to the Great Sage and led him inside. There he saw

*Radiantly young and lovely,
On every trunk and limb—*

*Radiantly young and lovely blossoms filling the trees,
 And fruits on every trunk and limb weighing down the stems.
 The fruits, weighing down the stems, hang like balls of gilt:
 The blossoms, filling the trees, form tufts of rouge.
 Ever they bloom, and ever fruit-bearing, they ripen in a thousand years;
 Not knowing winter or summer, they lengthen out to ten thousand years.
 Those that first ripen glow like faces reddened with wine,
 While those half-grown ones
 Are stalk-held and green-skinned.
 Encased in smoke their flesh retains their green,
 But sunlight reveals their cinnabar grace.
 Beneath the trees are rare flowers and exotic grass
 Which colors, unfading in four seasons, remain the same.
 The towers, the terraces, and the studios left and right
 Rise so high into the air that often cloud covers are seen.
 Not planted by the vulgar or the worldly of the Dark City,
 They are grown and tended by the Queen Mother of the Jade Pool.*

The Great Sage enjoyed this sight for a long time and then asked the local spirit, “How many trees are there?”

“There are three thousand six hundred,” said the local spirit. “In the front are one thousand two hundred trees with little flowers and small fruits. These ripen once every three thousand years, and after one taste of them a man will become an immortal enlightened in the Way, with healthy limbs and a lightweight body. In the middle are one thousand two hundred trees of layered flowers and sweet fruits. They ripen once every six thousand years. If a man eats them, he will ascend to Heaven with the mist and never grow old. At the back are one thousand two hundred trees with fruits of purple veins and pale yellow pits. These ripen once every nine thousand years and, if eaten, will make a man’s age equal to that of Heaven and Earth, the sun and the moon.”

Highly pleased by these words, the Great Sage that very day made thorough inspection of the trees and a listing of the arbors and pavilions before returning to his residence. From then on, he would go there to enjoy the scenery once every three or four days. He no longer consorted with his friends, nor did he take any more trips.

One day he saw that more than half of the peaches on the branches of the older trees had ripened, and he wanted very much to eat one and sample its novel taste. Closely followed, however, by the local spirit of the garden, the stewards, and the divine attendants of the Equal to Heaven Residence, he found it inconvenient to do so. He therefore devised a plan on the spur of the moment and said to them, “Why don’t you all wait for me outside and let me rest a while in this arbor?”

The various immortals withdrew accordingly. That Monkey King then took off his cap and robe and climbed up onto a big tree. He selected the large peaches that were thoroughly ripened and, plucking many of them, ate to his heart’s content right on the branches. Only after he had his fill did he jump down from the tree. Pinning back his cap and donning his robe, he called for his train of followers to return to the residence. After two or three days, he used the same device to steal peaches to gratify himself once again.

One day the Lady Queen Mother decided to open wide her treasure chamber and to give a banquet for the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches, which was to be held in the Palace of the Jasper Pool. She ordered the various Immortal Maidens—Red Gown, Blue Gown, White Gown, Black Gown, Purple Gown, Yellow Gown, and Green Gown—to go with their flower baskets to the Garden of Immortal Peaches and pick the fruits for the festival. The seven maidens went to the gate of the garden and found it guarded by the local spirit, the stewards, and the ministers from the two departments of the Equal to Heaven Residence. The girls approached them, saying, “We have been ordered by the Queen Mother to pick some peaches for our banquet.”

“Divine maidens,” said the local spirit, “please wait a moment. This year is not quite the same as last year. The Jade Emperor has put in charge here the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and we must report to him before we are allowed to open the gate.”

“Where is the Great Sage?” asked the maidens. “He is in the garden,” said the local spirit. “Because he is tired, he is sleeping alone in the arbor.”

“If that’s the case,” said the maidens, “let us go and find him, for we cannot be late.”

The local spirit went into the garden with them; they found their way to the arbor but saw no one.

Only the cap and the robe were left in the arbor, but there was no person to be seen. The Great Sage, you see, had played for a while and eaten a number of peaches. He had then changed himself into a figure only two inches high and, perching on the branch of a large tree, had fallen asleep under the cover of thick leaves. “Since we came by imperial decree,” said the Seven-Gown Immortal Maidens, “how can we return empty-handed, even though we cannot locate the Great Sage?” One of the divine officials said from the side, “Since the divine maidens have come by decree, they should wait no longer. Our Great Sage has a habit of wandering off somewhere, and he must have left the garden to meet his friends. Go and pick your peaches now, and we shall report the matter for you.”

The Immortal Maidens followed his suggestion and went into the grove to pick their peaches.

They gathered two basketfuls from the trees in front and filled three more baskets from the trees in the middle. When they went to the trees at the back of the grove, they found that the flowers were sparse and the fruits scanty. Only a few peaches with hairy stems and green skins were left, for the fact is that the Monkey King had eaten all the ripe ones. Looking this way and that, the Seven Immortal Maidens found on a branch pointing southward one single peach that was half white and half red. The Blue Gown Maiden pulled the branch down with her hand, and the Red Gown Maiden, after plucking the fruit, let the branch snap back up into its position.

This was the very branch on which the transformed Great Sage was sleeping. Startled by her, the Great Sage revealed his true form and whipped out from his ear the golden-hooped rod. One wave and it had the thickness of a rice bowl. “From what region have you come, monsters,” he cried, “that you have the gall to steal my peaches?”

Terrified, the Seven Immortal Maidens knelt down together and pleaded, “Let the Great Sage calm himself! We are not monsters, but the Seven-Gown Immortal Maidens sent by the Lady Queen Mother to pluck the fruits needed for the Grand

Festival of Immortal Peaches, when the treasure chamber is opened wide. We just came here and first saw the local spirit of the garden, who could not find the Great Sage. Fearing that we might be delayed in fulfilling the command of the Queen Mother, we did not wait for the Great Sage but proceeded to pluck the peaches. We beg you to forgive us.” When the Great Sage heard these words, his anger changed to delight. “Please arise, divine maidens,” he said. “Who is invited to the banquet when the Queen Mother opens wide her treasure chamber?”

“The last festival had its own set of rules,” said the Immortal Maidens, “and those invited were: the Buddha, the Bodhisattvas, the holy monks, and the arhats of the Western Heaven; Kuan-yin from the South Pole; the Holy Emperor of Great Mercy of the East; the Immortals of Ten Continents and Three Islands; the Dark Spirit of the North Pole; the Great Immortal of the Yellow Horn from the Imperial Center. These were the Elders from the Five Quarters. In addition, there were the Star Spirits of the Five Poles, the Three Pure Ones, the Four Deva Kings, the Heavenly Deva of the Great Monad, and the rest from the Upper Eight Caves. From the Middle Eight Caves there were the Jade Emperor, the Nine Heroes, the Immortals of the Seas and Mountains; and from the Lower Eight Caves, there were the Pope of Darkness and the Terrestrial Immortals.

The gods and devas, both great and small, of every palace and mansion, will be attending this happy Festival of the Immortal Peaches.”

“Am I invited?” asked the Great Sage, laughing. “We haven’t heard your name mentioned,” said the Immortal Maidens. “I am the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven,” said the Great Sage. “Why shouldn’t I, old Monkey, be made an honored guest at the party?”

“Well, we told you the rule for the last festival,” said the Immortal Maidens, “but we do not know what will happen this time.”

“You are right,” said the Great Sage, “and I don’t blame you. You all just stand here and let old Monkey go and do a little detection to find out whether he’s invited or not.”

Dear Great Sage! He made a magic sign and recited a spell, saying to the various Immortal Maidens, “Stay! Stay! Stay!”

This was the magic of immobilization, the effect of which was that the Seven-Gown Immortal Maidens all stood wide-eyed and transfixed beneath the peach trees. Leaping out of the garden, the Great Sage mounted his hallowed cloud and headed straight for the Jasper Pool.

As he journeyed, he saw over there

*A skyful of holy mist with sparkling light,
And five-colored clouds passing ceaselessly.
The cries of white cranes pierced the ninefold Heav’n;
Purple fungi bloomed through a thousand leaves.
Right in this midst an immortal appeared
With a natural, fair face and manner distinct.
His spirit glowed like a dancing rainbow;
A list of no birth or death hung from his waist.
His name, the Great Immortal of Naked Feet:
Attending the Peaches Feast he’d lengthen his age.*

That Great Immortal of Naked Feet ran right into the Great Sage, who, his head bowed, was just devising a plan to deceive the real immortal. Since he wanted to go in secret to the festival, he asked, "Where is the Venerable Wisdom going?"

The Great Immortal said, "On the kind invitation of the Queen Mother, I am going to the happy Festival of Immortal Peaches."

"The Venerable Wisdom has not yet learned of what I'm about to say," said the Great Sage. "Because of the speed of my cloud somersault, the Jade Emperor has sent old Monkey out to all five thoroughfares to invite people to go first to the Hall of Perfect Light for a rehearsal of ceremonies before attending the banquet."

Being a sincere and honest man, the Great Immortal took the lie for the truth, though he protested, "In years past we rehearsed right at the Jasper Pool and expressed our gratitude there. Why do we have to go to the Hall of Perfect Light for rehearsal this time before attending the banquet?" Nonetheless, he had no choice but to change the direction of his hallowed cloud and go straight to the hall.

Treading the cloud, the Great Sage recited a spell and, with one shake of his body, changed into the form of the Great Immortal of Naked Feet. It did not take him very long before he reached the treasure chamber. He stopped his cloud and walked softly inside. There he found

*Swirling waves of ambrosial fragrance,
Dense layers of holy mist,
A jade terrace decked with ornaments,
A chamber full of the life force,
Ethereal shapes of the phoenix soaring and the argus rising,
And undulant forms of gold blossoms with stems of jade.
Set upon there were the Screen of Nine Phoenixes in Twilight,
The Beacon Mound of Eight Treasures and Purple Mist,
A table inlaid with five-color gold,
And a green jade pot of a thousand flowers.
On the tables were dragon livers and phoenix marrow,
Bear paws and the lips of apes.
Most tempting was every one of the hundred delicacies,
And most succulent the hue of every kind of fruit and food.*

Everything was laid out in an orderly fashion, but no deity had yet arrived for the feast. Our Great Sage could not make an end of staring at the scene when he suddenly felt the overpowering aroma of wine. Turning his head, he saw, in the long corridor to the right, several wine-making divine officials and grain-mashing stewards. They were giving directions to the few Daoists charged with carrying water and the boys who took care of the fire in washing out the barrels and scrubbing the jugs. For they had already finished making the wine, rich and mellow as the juices of jade. The Great Sage could not prevent the saliva from dripping out of the corner of his mouth, and he wanted to have a taste at once, except that the people were all standing there. He therefore resorted to magic.

Plucking a few hairs, he threw them into his mouth and chewed them to pieces before spitting them out. He recited a spell and cried "Change!"

They changed into many sleep-inducing insects, which landed on the people's faces. Look at them, how their hands grow weak, their heads droop, and their eyelids

sink down. They dropped their activities, and all fell sound asleep. The Great Sage then took some of the rare delicacies and choicest dainties and ran into the corridor. Standing beside the jars and leaning on the barrels, he abandoned himself to drinking. After feasting for a long time, he became thoroughly drunk, but he turned this over in his mind, “Bad! Bad! In a little while, when the invited guests arrive, won’t they be indignant with me? What will happen to me once I’m caught? I’d better go back home now and sleep it off!”

Dear Great Sage! Reeling from side to side, he stumbled along solely on the strength of wine, and in a moment he lost his way. It was not the Equal to Heaven Residence that he went to, but the Tushita Palace. The moment he saw it, he realized his mistake. “The Tushita Palace is at the uppermost of the thirty-three Heavens,” he said, “the Griefless Heaven, which is the home of the Most High Laozi. How did I get here? No matter, I’ve always wanted to see this old man but have never found the opportunity. Now that it’s on my way, I might as well pay him a visit.”

He straightened out his attire and pushed his way in, but Laozi was nowhere to be seen. In fact, there was not a trace of anyone. The fact of the matter was that Laozi, accompanied by the Aged Buddha Dīpaṃkara, was giving a lecture on the tall, three-storied Red Mound Elixir Platform. The various divine youths, commanders, and officials were all attending the lecture, standing on both sides of the platform. Searching around, our Great Sage went all the way to the alchemical room. He found no one but saw fire burning in an oven beside the hearth, and around the oven were five gourds in which finished elixir was stored. “This thing is the greatest treasure of immortals,” said the Great Sage happily. “Since old Monkey has understood the Way and comprehended the mystery of the Internal’s identity with the External, I have also wanted to produce some golden elixir on my own to benefit people. While I have been too busy at other times even to think about going home to enjoy myself, good fortune has met me at the door today and presented me with this! As long as Laozi is not around, I’ll take a few tablets and try the taste of something new.”

He poured out the contents of all the gourds and ate them like fried beans.

In a moment, the effect of the elixir had dispelled that of the wine, and he again thought to himself, “Bad! Bad! I have brought on myself calamity greater than Heaven! If the Jade Emperor has knowledge of this, it’ll be difficult to preserve my life! Go! Go! Go! I’ll go back to the Region Below to be a king.”

He ran out of the Tushita Palace and, avoiding the former way, left by the West Heaven Gate, making himself invisible by the magic of body concealment. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he returned to the Flower-Fruit Mountain. There he was greeted by flashing banners and shining spears, for the four mighty commanders and the monster kings of seventy-two caves were engaging in a military exercise. “Little ones,” the Great Sage called out loudly, “I have returned!”

The monsters dropped their weapons and knelt down, saying, “Great Sage! What laxity of mind! You left us for so long, and did not even once visit us to see how we were doing.”

“It’s not that long!” said the Great Sage. “It’s not that long!”

They walked as they talked, and went deep inside the cave dwelling. After sweeping the place clean and preparing a place for him to rest, and after kowtowing and doing homage, the four mighty commanders said, “The Great Sage has been living for over a century in Heaven. May we ask what appointment he actually received?”

“I recall that it’s been but half a year,” said the Great Sage, laughing. “How can you talk of a century?”

“One day in Heaven,” said the commanders, “is equal to one year on Earth.”

The Great Sage said, “I am glad to say that the Jade Emperor this time was more favorably disposed toward me, and he did indeed appoint me Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. An official residence was built for me, and two departments—Peace and Quiet, and Serene Spirit—were established, with bodyguards and attendants in each department. Later, when it was found that I carried no responsibility, I was asked to take care of the Garden of Immortal Peaches. Recently the Lady Queen Mother gave the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches, but she did not invite me. Without waiting for her invitation, I went first to the Jasper Pool and secretly consumed the food and wine. Leaving that place, I staggered into the palace of Laozi and finished up all the elixir stored in five gourds. I was afraid that the Jade Emperor would be offended, and so I decided to walk out of the Heaven Gate.”

The various monsters were delighted by these words, and they prepared a banquet of fruits and wine to welcome him. A stone bowl was filled with coconut wine and presented to the Great Sage, who took a mouthful and then exclaimed with a grimace, “It tastes awful! Just awful!”

“The Great Sage,” said Beng and Ba, the two commanders, “has grown accustomed to tasting divine wine and food in Heaven. Small wonder that coconut wine now seems hardly delectable. But the proverb says, ‘Tasty or not, it’s water from home!’” “And all of you are, ‘related or not, people from home!’” said the Great Sage. “When I was enjoying myself this morning at the Jasper Pool, I saw many jars and jugs in the corridor full of the juices of jade, which you have never savored. Let me go back and steal a few bottles to bring down here. Just drink half a cup, and each one of you will live long without growing old.”

The various monkeys could not contain their delight. The Great Sage immediately left the cave and, with one somersault, went directly back to the Festival of Immortal Peaches, again using the magic of body concealment. As he entered the doorway of the Palace of the Jasper Pool, he saw that the wine makers, the grain mashers, the water carriers, and the fire tenders were still asleep and snoring. He took two large bottles, one under each arm, and carried two more in his hands. Reversing the direction of his cloud, he returned to the monkeys in the cave. They held their own Festival of Immortal Wine, with each one drinking a few cups, which incident we shall relate no further.

Now we tell you about the Seven-Gown Immortal Maidens, who did not find a release from the Great Sage’s magic of immobilization until a whole day had gone by. Each one of them then took her flower basket and reported to the Queen Mother, saying, “We are delayed because the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, imprisoned us with his magic.”

“How many baskets of immortal peaches have you gathered?” asked the Queen Mother. “Only two baskets of small peaches, and three of medium-sized peaches,” said the Immortal Maidens, “for when we went to the back of the grove, there was not even half a large one left! We think the Great Sage must have eaten them all. As we went looking for him, he unexpectedly made his appearance and threatened us with violence and beating.

He also questioned us about who had been invited to the banquet, and we gave him a thorough account of the last festival. It was then that he bound us with a spell, and we didn't know where he went. It was only a moment ago that we found release and so could come back here." When the Queen Mother heard these words, she went immediately to the Jade Emperor and presented him with a full account of what had taken place. Before she finished speaking, the group of wine makers together with the various divine officials also came to report:

"Someone unknown to us has vandalized the Festival of Immortal Peaches. The juice of jade, the eight dainties, and the hundred delicacies have all been stolen or eaten up."

Four royal preceptors then came up to announce, "The Supreme Patriarch of Dao has arrived."

The Jade Emperor went out with the Queen Mother to greet him. Having paid his respects to them, Laozi said, "There are, in the house of this old Daoist, some finished Golden Elixir of Nine Turns, which are reserved for the use of Your Majesty during the next Grand Festival of Cinnabar. Strange to say, they have been stolen by some thief, and I have come specifically to make this known to Your Majesty."

This report stunned the Jade Emperor. Presently the officials from the Equal to Heaven Residence came to announce, kowtowing, "The Great Sage Sun has not been discharging his duties of late. He went out yesterday and still has not yet returned. Moreover, we do not know where he went."

These words gave the Jade Emperor added anxiety.

Next came the Great Immortal of Naked Feet, who prostrated himself and said, "Yesterday, in response to the Queen Mother's invitation, your subject was on his way to attend the festival when he met by chance the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. The Sage said to your subject that Your Majesty had ordered him to send your subject first to the Hall of Perfect Light for a rehearsal of ceremonies before attending the banquet. Your subject followed his direction and duly went to the hall. But I did not see the dragon chariot and the phoenix carriage of Your Majesty, and therefore hastened to come here to wait upon you." More astounded than ever, the Jade Emperor said, "This fellow now falsifies imperial decrees and deceives my worthy ministers! Let the Divine Minister of Detection quickly locate his whereabouts!"

The minister received his order and left the palace to make a thorough investigation. After obtaining all the details, he returned presently to report, "The person who has so profoundly disturbed Heaven is none other than the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven."

He then gave a repeated account of all the previous incidents, and the Jade Emperor was furious. He at once commanded the Four Great Devarājas to assist Devarāja Li and Prince Naṭa. Together, they called up the Twenty-Eight Constellations, the Nine Luminaries, the Twelve Horary Branches, the Fearless Guards of Five Quarters, the Four Temporal Guardians, the Stars of East and West, the Gods of North and South, the Deities of the Five Mountains and the Four Rivers, the Star Spirits of the entire Heaven, and a hundred thousand celestial soldiers. They were ordered to set up eighteen sets of cosmic net, to journey to the Region Below, to encircle completely the Flower-Fruit Mountain, and to capture the rogue and bring him to justice. All the deities immediately alerted their troops and departed from the Heavenly Palace. As they left, this was the spectacle of the expedition:

Yellow with dust; the churning wind concealed the darkening sky:
 Reddish with clay, the rising fog o'erlaid the dusky world.
 Because an impish monkey insulted the Highest Lord,
 The saints of all Heaven descended to this mortal Earth.
 Those Four Great Devarājas,
 Those Fearless Guards of Five Quarters—
 Those Four Great Deva Kings made up the main command;
 Those Fearless Guards of Five Quarters moved countless troops.
 Li, the Pagoda Bearer, gave orders from the army's center,
 With the fierce Naṭa as the captain of his vanward forces.
 The Star of Rāhu, at the forefront, made the roll call;
 The Star of Ketu, noble and tall, brought up the rear:
 Sōma, the moon, displayed a spirit most eager;
 Āditya, the sun, was all shining and radiant.
 Heroes of special talents were the Stars of Five Phases.
 The Nine Luminaries most relished a good battle.
 The Horary Branches of Zi₁, Wu₇, Mao₄, and Yao₁₀ —
 They were all celestial guardians of titanic strength.
 To the east and west, the Five Plagues and the Five Mountains!
 To the left and right, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light!
 Above and below, the Dragon Gods of the Four Rivers!
 And in tightest formation, the Twenty- Eight Constellations!
 Citrā, Svātī, Viśākhā, and Anurādhā were the captains.
 Revatī, Aśvinī, Apabharaṇī, and Kṛttikā knew combat well.
 Uttara- Aṣādhā, Abhijit, Śravaṇā, Śraviṣṭha, Pūrva- Proṣṭhapada, Uttara-
 Proṣṭhapada,
 Rohiṇī, Mūlabarhaṇī, Pūrva- Aṣādhā—every one an able star!
 Punarvasu, Tiṣya, Aśleṣā, Meghā, Pūrva- Phalgunī, Uttara- Phalgunī, and Hastā—
 All brandished swords and spears to show their power.
 Stopping the cloud and lowering the mist they came to this mortal world
 And pitched their tents before the Mountain of Flower and Fruit.

The poem says:

*The Heav'n-born Monkey King who can change a lot
 Steals wine and elixir to joy in his mountain lair.
 Since he spoiled the Feast of the Immortal Peach,
 A hundred thousand Heaven troops spread the net of God.*

Devarāja Li now gave the order for the celestial soldiers to pitch their tents, and a cordon was drawn so tightly around the Flower- Fruit Mountain that not even water could escape! Moreover, eighteen sets of cosmic net were spread out above and below the region, and the Nine Luminaries were then ordered to go into battle. They led their troops and advanced to the cave, in front of which they found a troop of monkeys, both great and small, prancing about playfully.

“Little monsters over there,” cried one of the Star Spirits in a severe voice, “where is your Great Sage? We are Heavenly deities sent here from the Region Above to subdue your rebellious Great Sage. Tell him to come here quickly and surrender. If he but utters half a ‘No,’ all of you will be executed.” Hastily the little monsters reported inside, “Great Sage, disaster! Disaster! Outside there are nine savage deities

who claim that they are sent from the Region Above to subdue the Great Sage.” Our Great Sage was just sharing the Heavenly wine with the four mighty commanders and the monster kings of seventy-two caves. Hearing this announcement, he said in a most nonchalant manner,

*“If you have wine today, get drunk today;
Mind not the troubles in front of your door!”*

Scarcely had he uttered this proverb when another group of imps came leaping and said, “Those nine savage gods are trying to provoke battle with foul words and nasty language.”

“Don’t listen to them,” said the Great Sage, laughing.

*“Let us seek today’s pleasure in poetry and wine,
And cease asking when we may achieve glory or fame.”*

Hardly had he finished speaking when still another flock of imps arrived to report, “Father, those nine savage gods have broken down the door, and are about to fight their way in!”

“These reckless, witless gods!” said the Great Sage angrily. “They really have no manners! I was not about to quarrel with them. Why are they abusing me to my face?” He gave the order for the One-Horn Demon King to lead the monster kings of seventy-two caves to battle, adding that old Monkey and the four mighty commanders would follow in the rear. The Demon King swiftly led his troops of ogres to go out to fight, but they were ambushed by the Nine Luminaries and pinned down right at the head of the sheet iron bridge.

At the height of the melee, the Great Sage arrived. “Make way!” he yelled, whipping out his iron rod. One wave of it and it was as thick as a rice bowl and about twelve feet long. The Great Sage plunged into battle, and none of the Nine Luminaries dared oppose him. In a moment, they were all beaten back.

When they regrouped themselves again in battle formation, the Nine Luminaries stood still and said, “You senseless Ban-Horse-Plague! You are guilty of the ten evils. You first stole peaches and then wine, utterly disrupting the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches. You also robbed Laozi of his immortal elixir, and then you had the gall to plunder the imperial winery for your personal enjoyment. Don’t you realize that you have piled up sin upon sin?”

“Indeed,” said the Great Sage, “these several incidents did occur! But what do you intend to do now?”

The Nine Luminaries said, “We received the golden decree of the Jade Emperor to lead our troops here to subdue you. Submit at once, and spare these creatures from being slaughtered. If not, we shall level this mountain and overturn this cave!”

“How great is your magical power, silly gods,” retorted the Great Sage angrily, “that you dare to mouth such foolhardy words? Don’t go away! Have a taste of old Monkey’s rod!”

The Nine Luminaries mounted a joint attack, but the Handsome Monkey King was not in the least intimidated. He wielded his golden-hooped rod, parrying left and right, and fought the Nine Luminaries until they were thoroughly exhausted. Every one of them turned around and fled, his weapons trailing behind him. Running into the tent at the center of their army, they said to the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja, “That Monkey

King is indeed an intrepid warrior! We cannot withstand him, and have returned defeated.”

Devarāja Li then ordered the Four Great Devarājas and the Twenty-Eight Constellations to go out together to do battle. Without displaying the slightest panic, the Great Sage also ordered the One-Horn Demon King, the monster kings of seventy-two caves, and the four mighty commanders to range themselves in battle formation in front of the cave. Look at this all-out battle! It was truly terrifying with

*The cold, souging wind,
The dark, dreadful fog.
On one side, the colorful banners fluttered;
On the other, lances and halberds glimmered.
There were row upon row of shining helmets,
And coat upon coat of gleaming armor.
Row upon row of helmets shining in the sunlight
Resembled silver bells whose chimes echoed in the sky;
Coat upon coat of gleaming armor rising clifflike in layers
Seemed like glaciers crushing the earth.
The giant scimitars
Flew and flashed like lightning;
The mulberry-white spears,
Could pierce even mist and cloud!
The crosslike halberds
And tiger-eye lashes
Were arranged like thick rows of hemp;
The green swords of bronze
And four-sided shovels
Crowded together like trees in a dense forest.
Curved bows, crossbows, and stout arrows with eagle plumes,
Short staffs and snakelike lances—all could kill or maim.
That compliant rod, which the Great Sage owned,
Kept tossing and turning in this battle with gods.
They fought till the air was rid of birds flying by;
Wolves and tigers were driven from within the mount;
The planet was darkened by hurtling rocks and stones,
And the cosmos bedimmed by flying dust and dirt.
The clamor and clangor disturbed Heaven and Earth;
The scrap and scuffle alarmed both demons and gods.*

Beginning with the battle formation at dawn, they fought until the sun sank down behind the western hills. The One-Horn Demon King and the monster kings of seventy-two caves were all taken captive by the forces of Heaven. Those who escaped were the four mighty commanders and the troop of monkeys, who hid themselves deep inside the Water-Curtain Cave. With his single rod, the Great Sage withstood in midair the Four Great Devarājas, Li the Pagoda Bearer, and Prince Naṭa, and battled with them for a long time. When he saw that evening was approaching, the Great Sage plucked a handful of hairs, threw them into his mouth, and chewed them to pieces.

He spat them out, crying, “Change!”

They changed at once into many thousands of Great Sages, each employing a golden-hooped rod! They beat back Prince Naṭa and defeated the Five Devarājas.

In triumph the Great Sage collected back his hairs and hurried back to his cave. Soon, at the head of the sheet iron bridge, he was met by the four mighty commanders leading the rest of the monkeys. As they kowtowed to receive him they cried three times, sobbing aloud, and then they laughed three times, hee-heeing and ho-hoing. The Great Sage said, “Why do you all laugh and cry when you see me?”

“When we fought with the Deva Kings this morning,” said the four mighty commanders, “the monster kings of seventy-two caves and the One-Horn Demon King were all taken captive by the gods. We were the only ones who managed to escape alive, and that is why we cried. Now we see that the Great Sage has returned unharmed and triumphant, and so we laugh as well.”

“Victory and defeat,” said the Great Sage, “are the common experiences of a soldier. The ancient proverb says,

*You may kill ten thousand of your enemies,
But you will lose three thousand of your allies!*

Moreover, those chieftains who have been captured are tigers and leopards, wolves and insects, badgers and foxes, and the like. Not a single member of our own kind has been hurt. Why then should we be disconsolate? Although our adversaries have been beaten back by my magic of body division, they are still encamped at the foot of our mountain. Let us be most vigilant, therefore, in our defense.

Have a good meal, rest well, and conserve your energy. When morning comes, watch me perform a great magic and capture some of these generals from Heaven, so that our comrades may be avenged.”

The four mighty commanders drank a few bowls of coconut wine with the host of monkeys and went to sleep peacefully. We shall speak no more of them.

When those Four Devarājas retired their troops and stopped their fighting, each one of the Heavenly commanders came to report his accomplishment. There were those who had captured lions and elephants and those who had apprehended wolves, crawling creatures, and foxes. Not a single monkey monster, however, had been seized. The camp was then secured, a great tent was pitched, and those commanders with meritorious services were rewarded. The soldiers in charge of the cosmic nets were ordered to carry bells and were given passwords. They encircled the Flower-Fruit Mountain to await the great battle of the next day, and each soldier everywhere diligently kept his watch. So this is the situation:

*The fiendish monkey riots through Heaven and Earth,
But the net spreads open, ready night and day.*

We do not know what took place after the next morning; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*Guanyin, attending the banquet, inquires into the cause
The Little Sage, exerting his power, subdues the Great Sage*

For the moment we shall not tell you about the siege of the gods or the Great Sage at rest. We speak instead of the Great Compassionate Deliverer, the Efficacious Bodhisattva Guanyin from the Potalaka Mountain of the South Sea.

Invited by the Lady Queen Mother to attend the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches, she arrived at the treasure chamber of the Jasper Pool with her senior disciple, Hui'an. There they found the whole place desolate and the banquet tables in utter disarray. Although several members of the Heavenly pantheon were present, none was seated. Instead, they were all engaged in vigorous exchanges and discussions. After the Bodhisattva had greeted the various deities, they told her what had occurred. "Since there will be no festival," said the Bodhisattva, "nor any raising of cups, all of you might as well come with this humble cleric to see the Jade Emperor."

The gods followed her gladly, and they went to the entrance to the Hall of Perfect Light. There the Bodhisattva was met by the Four Celestial Masters and the Immortal of Naked Feet, who recounted how the celestial soldiers, ordered by an enraged Jade Emperor to capture the monster, had not yet returned. The Bodhisattva said, "I would like to have an audience with the Jade Emperor. May I trouble one of you to announce my arrival?"

The Heavenly Preceptor Qiu Hongji went at once into the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists and, having made his report, invited Guanyin to enter. Laozi then took the upper seat with the Emperor, while the Lady Queen Mother was in attendance behind the throne.

The Bodhisattva led the crowd inside. After paying homage to the Jade Emperor, they also saluted Laozi and the Queen Mother.

When each of them was seated, she asked, "How is the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches?"

"Every year when the festival has been given," said the Jade Emperor, "we have thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. This year it has been completely ruined by a baneful monkey, leaving us with nothing but an invitation to disappointment."

"Where did this baneful monkey come from?" asked the Bodhisattva.

"He was born of a stone egg on top of the Flower-Fruit Mountain of the Aolai Country of the East Pūrvavideha Continent," said the Jade Emperor. "At the moment of his birth, two beams of golden light flashed immediately from his eyes, reaching as far as the Palace of the Polestar. We did not think much of that, but he later became a monster, subduing the Dragon and taming the Tiger as well as eradicating his name from the Register of Death. When the Dragon Kings and the Kings of the Underworld brought the matter to our attention, we wanted to capture him. The Star of Long Life, however, observed that all the beings of the three regions that possessed the nine apertures could attain immortality. We therefore decided to educate and nurture the talented monkey and summoned him to the Region Above. He was appointed to the post of Bimawen at the imperial stables, but, taking offense at the lowliness of his position,

he left Heaven in rebellion. We then sent Devarāja Li and Prince Naṭa to ask for his submission by proclaiming a decree of pacification.

He was brought again to the Region Above and was appointed the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven—a rank without compensation. Since he had nothing to do but to wander east and west, we feared that he might cause further trouble. So he was asked to look after the Garden of Immortal Peaches. But he broke the law and ate all the large peaches from the oldest trees. By then, the banquet was about to be given. As a person without salary he was, of course, not invited; nonetheless, he plotted to deceive the Immortal of Naked Feet and managed to sneak into the banquet by assuming the Immortal's appearance. He finished off all the divine wine and food, after which he also stole Laozi's elixir and took away a considerable quantity of imperial wine for the enjoyment of his mountain monkeys.

Our mind has been sorely vexed by this, and we therefore sent a hundred thousand celestial soldiers with cosmic nets to capture him.

We haven't yet received today's report on how the battle is faring." When the Bodhisattva heard this, she said to Disciple Hui'an, "You must leave Heaven at once, go down to the Flower-Fruit Mountain, and inquire into the military situation. If the enemy is engaged, you can lend your assistance; in any event, you must bring back a factual report."

The Disciple Hui'an straightened out his attire and mounted the cloud to leave the palace, an iron rod in his hand. When he arrived at the mountain, he found layers of cosmic net drawn tightly and sentries at every gate holding bells and shouting passwords. The encirclement of the mountain was indeed watertight! Hui'an stood still and called out, "Heavenly sentinels, may I trouble you to announce my arrival? I am Prince Mokṣa, second son of Devarāja Li, and I am also Hui'an, senior disciple of Guanyin of South Sea. I have come to inquire about the military situation."

The divine soldiers of the Five Mountains at once reported this beyond the gate. The constellations Aquarius, Pleiades, Hydra, and Scorpio then conveyed the message to the central tent. Devarāja Li issued a directorial flag, which ordered the cosmic nets to be opened and entrance permitted for the visitor. Day was just dawning in the east as Hui'an followed the flag inside and prostrated himself before the Four Great Devarājas and Devarāja Li.

After he had finished his greetings, Devarāja Li said, "My child, where have you come from?"

"Your untutored son," said Hui'an, "accompanied the Bodhisattva to attend the Festival of Immortal Peaches. Seeing that the festival was desolate and the Jasper Pool laid waste, the Bodhisattva led the various deities and your untutored son to have an audience with the Jade Emperor. The Jade Emperor spoke at length about Father and King's expedition to the Region Below to subdue the baneful monkey. Since no report has returned for a whole day and neither victory nor defeat has been ascertained, the Bodhisattva ordered your untutored son to come here to find out how things stand."

"We came here yesterday to set up the encampment," said Devarāja Li, "and the Nine Luminaries were sent to provoke battle. But this fellow made a grand display of his magical powers, and the Nine Luminaries all returned defeated. After that, I led the troops personally to confront him, and the fellow also brought his forces into formation. Our hundred thousand celestial soldiers fought with him until evening, when he retreated from the battle by using the magic of body division. When we recalled the

troops and made our investigation, we found that we had captured some wolves, crawling creatures, tigers, leopards, and the like. But we did not even catch half a monkey monster! And today we have not yet gone into battle.”

As he was saying all this, someone came from the gate of the camp to report, “That Great Sage, leading his band of monkey monsters, is shouting for battle outside.”

The Four Devarājas, Devarāja Li, and the prince at once made plans to bring out the troops, when Mokṣa said, “Father King, your untutored son was told by the Bodhisattva to come down here to acquire information. She also told me to give you assistance should there be actual combat. Though I am not very talented, I volunteer to go out now and see what kind of a Great Sage this is!”

“Child,” said the Devarāja, “since you have studied with the Bodhisattva for several years, you must, I suppose, have some powers! But do be careful!”

Dear prince! Grasping the iron rod with both hands, he tightened up his embroidered garment and leaped out of the gate. “Who is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?” he cried. Holding high his compliant rod, the Great Sage answered, “None other than old Monkey here! Who are you that you dare question me?”

“I am Mokṣa, the second prince of Devarāja Li,” said Mokṣa. “At present I am also the disciple of Bodhisattva Guanyin, a defender of the faith before her treasure throne. And my religious name is Hui’an.”

“Why have you left your religious training at South Sea and come here to see me?” said the Great Sage. “I was sent by my master to inquire about the military situation,” said Mokṣa. “Seeing what a nuisance you have made of yourself, I have come specifically to capture you.”

“You dare to talk so big?” said the Great Sage. “But don’t run away! Have a taste of old Monkey’s rod!” Mokṣa was not at all frightened and met his opponent squarely with his own iron rod. The two of them stood before the gate of the camp at mid-mountain, and what a magnificent battle they fought!

*Though one rod is pitted against another, the iron’s quite different;
Though this weapon couples with the other, the persons are not the same.
This one’s called the Great Sage, a wayward primordial god;
The other is Guanyin’s disciple, a true hero and proud.
The all-iron rod has been pounded a thousand times,
Made by Six Gods of Darkness and Six Gods of Light.
The compliant rod sets the depth of Heaven’s river,
A thing divine ruling the oceans with magic might.
The two of them in meeting have found their match;
Back and forth they battle in endless rounds.
From this one the rod of stealthy hands,
Savage and fierce,
Around the waist stabs and jabs swiftly as the wind;
From the other the rod, doubling as a spear
Driving and relentless,
Lets up not a moment its parrying left and right.
On this side the banners flare and flutter;
On the other the war drums roll and rattle.
Ten thousand celestial fighters circle round and round.*

*The monkey monsters of a whole cave stand in rows and rows.
 Weird fog and dark cloud spread throughout the earth.
 The fume and smoke of battle reach even Heaven's Home.
 Yesterday's battle was something to behold.
 Still more violent is the contest today.
 Envy the truly able Monkey King:
 Mokṣa's beaten—he is fleeing for life!*

Our Great Sage battled Hui'an for fifty or sixty rounds until the prince's arms and shoulders were sore and numb and he could fight no longer. After one final, futile swing of his weapon, he fled in defeat. The Great Sage then gathered together his monkey troops and stationed them securely outside the entrance of the cave. At the camp of the Devarāja, the celestial soldiers could be seen receiving the prince and making way for him to enter the gate. Panting and puffing, he ran in and gasped out to the Four Devarājas, Pagoda Bearer Li, and Naṭa, "That Great Sage! What an ace! Great indeed is his magical power! Your son cannot overcome him and has returned defeated." Shocked by the sight, Devarāja Li at once wrote a memorial to the Throne to request further assistance. The demon king Mahābāli and Prince Mokṣa were sent to Heaven to present the document.

Not daring to linger, the two of them crashed out of the cosmic nets and mounted the holy mist and hallowed cloud. In a moment they reached the Hall of Perfect Light and met the Four Celestial Masters, who led them into the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists to present their memorial. Hui'an also saluted the Bodhisattva, who asked him, "What have you found out about the situation?"

"When I reached the Flower-Fruit Mountain by your order," said Hui'an, "I opened the cosmic nets by my call. Seeing my father, I told him of my master's intentions in sending me. Father King said, 'We fought a battle yesterday with that Monkey King but managed to take from him only tigers, leopards, lions, elephants, and the like. We did not catch a single one of his monkey monsters.' As we were talking, he again demanded battle. Your disciple used the iron rod to fight him for fifty or sixty rounds, but I could not prevail against him and returned to the camp defeated. Thus father had to send the demon king Mahābāli and your pupil to come here for help."

The Bodhisattva bowed her head and pondered.

We now tell you about the Jade Emperor, who opened the memorial and found a message asking for assistance. "This is rather absurd!" he said laughing. "Is this monkey monster such a wizard that not even a hundred thousand soldiers from Heaven can vanquish him? Devarāja Li is again asking for help. What division of divine warriors can we send to assist him?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Guanyin folded her hands and said to him. "Your Majesty, let not your mind be troubled! This humble cleric will recommend a god who can capture the monkey."

"Which one would you recommend?" said the Jade Emperor. "Your Majesty's nephew," said the Bodhisattva, "the Immortal Master of Illustrious Sagacity Erlang, who is living at the mouth of the River of Libations in the Guan Prefecture and enjoying the incense and oblations offered to him from the Region Below. In former days he himself slew six monsters. Under his command are the Brothers of Plum Mountain and twelve hundred plant-headed deities, all possessing great magical powers. However, he will agree only to special assignments and will not obey any general summons. Your

Majesty may want to send an edict transferring his troops to the scene of the battle and requesting his assistance. Our monster will surely be captured.” When the Jade Emperor heard this, he immediately issued such an edict and ordered the demon king Mahābālī to present it.

Having received the edict, the demon king mounted a cloud and went straight to the mouth of the River of Libations. It took him less than half an hour to reach the temple of the Immortal Master. Immediately the demon magistrates guarding the doors made this report inside:

“There is a messenger from Heaven outside who has arrived with an edict in his hand.”

Erlang and his brothers came out to receive the edict, which was read before burning incense. The edict said:

The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a monstrous monkey from the Flower-Fruit Mountain, is in revolt. At the Palace he stole peaches, wine, and elixir, and disrupted the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches. A hundred thousand Heavenly soldiers with eighteen sets of cosmic nets were dispatched to surround the mountain and capture him, but victory has not yet been secured. We therefore make this special request of our worthy nephew and his sworn brothers to go to the Flower-Fruit Mountain and assist in destroying this monster. Following your success will be lofty elevation and abundant reward.

In great delight the Immortal Master said, “Let the messenger of Heaven go back. I will go at once to offer my assistance with drawn sword.”

The demon king went back to report, but we shall speak no further of that.

This Immortal Master called together the Six Brothers of Plum Mountain: they were Kang, Zhang, Yao, and Li, the four grand marshals, and Guo Shen and Zhi Jian, the two generals. As they congregated before the court, he said to them, “The Jade Emperor just now sent us to the Flower-Fruit Mountain to capture a monstrous monkey. Let’s get going!”

Delighted and willing, the brothers at once called out the divine soldiers under their command. With falcons mounted and dogs on leashes, with arrows ready and bows drawn, they left in a violent magic wind and crossed in a moment the great Eastern Ocean. As they landed on the Flower-Fruit Mountain, they saw their way blocked by dense layers of cosmic net. “Divine commanders guarding the cosmic nets, hear us,” they shouted. “We are specially assigned by the Jade Emperor to capture the monstrous monkey. Open the gate of your camp quickly and let us through.”

The various deities conveyed the message to the inside, level by level. The Four Devarājas and Devarāja Li then came out to the gate of the camp to receive them. After they had exchanged greetings, there were questions about the military situation, and the Devarāja gave them a thorough briefing. “Now that I, the Little Sage, have come,” said the Immortal Master, laughing, “he will have to engage in a contest of transformations with his adversary. You gentlemen make sure that the cosmic nets are tightly drawn on all sides, but leave the top uncovered. Let me try my hand in this contest. If I lose, you gentlemen need not come to my assistance, for my own brothers will be there to support me. If I win, you gentlemen will not be needed in tying him up either; my own brothers will take care of that.

All I need is the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja to stand in midair with his imp-reflecting mirror. If the monster should be defeated, I fear that he may try to flee to a distant locality. Make sure that his image is clearly reflected in the mirror, so that we don’t lose him.”

The Devarājas set themselves up in the four directions, while the heavenly soldiers all lined up according to their planned formations.

With himself as the seventh brother, the Immortal Master led the four grand marshals and the two generals out of the camp to provoke battle. The other warriors were ordered to defend their encampment with vigilance, and the plant-headed deities were ordered to have the falcons and dogs ready for battle. The Immortal Master went to the front of the Water-Curtain Cave, where he saw a troop of monkeys neatly positioned in an array that resembled a coiled dragon. At the center of the array was the banner bearing the words “The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.”

“That audacious monster!” said the Immortal Master. “How dare he assume the rank ‘Equal to Heaven’?”

“There’s no time for praise or blame,” said the Six Brothers of Plum Mountain. “Let’s challenge him at once!” When the little monkeys in front of the camp saw the Immortal Master, they ran quickly to make their report. Seizing his golden-hooped rod, straightening out his golden cuirass, slipping on his cloud-treading shoes, and pressing down his red-gold cap, the Monkey King leaped out of the camp. He opened his eyes wide to stare at the Immortal Master, whose features were remarkably refined and whose attire was most elegant. Truly, he was a man of

*Features most comely and most noble mien,
With shoulder-reaching ears and shining eyes.
His head wore the Three Mountains Phoenix cap,
His body donned a pale yellow goose-down robe.
Gold threaded boots matched coiling dragon socks.
Eight flower-like emblems his jade belt adorned.
From his waist hung the crescent pellet bow.
His hands held a lance of three points and two blades.
Once he cleaved Peach Mountain to save his mother.
His one pellet struck a tall tree’s two phoenixes.
Slaying eight fiends flung far his fame
As bond brother midst Plum Mountain’s Seven Saints.
His lofty mind scorned being high Heaven’s kin;
His pride led him to dwell near Libations Stream.
From Chi City here’s the kind heroic sage:
Of boundless epiphanies, he’s named Erlang.*

When the Great Sage saw him, he lifted high his golden-hooped rod with gales of laughter and called out, “What little warrior are you and where do you come from, that you dare present yourself here to provoke battle?”

“You must have eyes but no pupils,” shouted the Immortal Master, “if you don’t recognize me! I am the maternal nephew of the Jade Emperor, Erlang, the King of Illustrious Grace and Spirit by imperial appointment. I have received my order from above to arrest you, the rebellious Bimawen ape. Don’t you know that your time has come?”

“I remember,” said the Great Sage, “that the sister of the Jade Emperor some years ago became enamored of the Region Below; she married a man by the name of Yang and had a son by him.

Are you that boy who was reputed to have cleaved open the Peach Mountain with his ax? I would like to rebuke you roundly, but I have no grudge against you. I can hit you with this rod of mine too, but I'd like to spare your life! A little boy like you, why don't you hurry back and ask your Four Great Devarājas to come out?" When the Immortal Master heard this, he grew very angry and shouted, "Reckless ape! Don't you dare be so insolent! Take a sample of my blade!" Swerving to dodge the blow, the Great Sage quickly raised his golden-hooped rod to engage his opponent. What a fine fight there was between the two of them:

*Erlang, the God of Illustrious Kindness,
And the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven!
This one, haughty and proud, defied the Handsome Monkey King.
That one, not knowing his man, would crush all stalwart foes.
Suddenly these two met,
And both desired a match—
They had never known which was the better man;
Today they'd learn who's strong and who's weak!
The iron rod seemed a flying dragon,
And the lance divine a dancing phoenix:
Left and right they struck,
Attacking both front and back.
The Plum Mountain Six Brothers' awesome presence filled one side,
While the four generals, like Ma and Liu, took command on the other.
All worked as one to wave flags and roll drums;
All helped the fight by cheers while beating the gong.
Two sharp weapons sought a chance to hurt,
But thrusts and parries did not slack one whit.
The golden-hooped rod, wonder of the sea,
Could change and fly to snare a victory.
A little lag and your life is over!
A tiny error and your luck runs out!*

The Immortal Master fought the Great Sage for more than three hundred rounds, but the result still could not be determined. The Immortal Master, therefore, summoned all his magical powers; with a shake, he made his body a hundred thousand feet tall. Holding with both hands the divine lance of three points and two blades like the peaks that cap the Hua Mountain, this green-faced, sabertoothed figure with scarlet hair aimed a violent blow at the head of the Great Sage. But the Great Sage also exerted his magical power and changed himself into a figure having the features and height of Erlang. He wielded a compliant golden-hooped rod that resembled the Heaven-supporting pillar on top of Mount Kunlun to oppose the god Erlang. This vision so terrified the marshals, Ma and Liu, that they could no longer wave the flags, and so appalled the generals, Beng and Ba, that they could use neither scimitar nor sword. On the side of Erlang, the Brothers Kang, Zhang, Yao, Li, Guo Shen, and Zhi Jian gave the order to the plant-headed deities to let loose the falcons and dogs and to advance upon those monkeys in front of the Water-Curtain Cave with mounted arrows and drawn bows. The charge, alas,

*Dispersed the four mighty commanders of monkey imps
And captured two or three thousand numinous fiends!*

Those monkeys dropped their spears and abandoned their armor, forsook their swords, and threw away their lances. They scattered in all directions—running, screaming, scuttling up the mountain, or scrambling back to the cave. It was as if a cat at night had stolen upon resting birds: they darted up as stars to fill the sky. The Brothers thus gained a complete victory, of which we shall speak no further.

Now we were telling you about the Immortal Master and the Great Sage, who had changed themselves into forms which imitated Heaven and Earth. As they were doing battle, the Great Sage suddenly perceived that the monkeys of his camp were put to rout, and his heart grew faint. He changed out of his magic form, turned around, and fled, dragging his rod behind him. When the Immortal Master saw that he was running away, he chased him with great strides, saying, “Where you going? Surrender now, and your life will be spared!”

The Great Sage did not stop to fight anymore but ran as fast as he could. Near the cave’s entrance, he ran right into Kang, Zhang, Yao, and Li, the four grand marshals, and Guo Shen and Zhi Jian, the two generals, who were at the head of an army blocking his way. “Lawless ape!” they cried, “where do you think you’re going?” Quivering all over, the Great Sage squeezed his goldenhooped rod back into an embroidery needle and hid it in his ear. With a shake of his body, he changed himself into a small sparrow and flew to perch on top of a tree. In great agitation, the six Brothers searched all around but could not find him. “We’ve lost the monkey monster! We’ve lost the monkey monster!” they all cried.

As they were making all that clamor, the Immortal Master arrived and asked, “Brothers, where did you lose him in the chase?”

“We just had him boxed in here,” said the gods, “but he simply vanished.” Scanning the place with his phoenix eye wide open, Erlang at once discovered that the Great Sage had changed into a small sparrow perched on a tree. He changed out of his magic form and took off his pellet bow. With a shake of his body, he changed into a sparrow hawk with outstretched wings, ready to attack its prey. When the Great Sage saw this, he darted up with a flutter of his wings; changing himself into a cormorant, he headed straight for the open sky. When Erlang saw this, he quickly shook his feathers and changed into a huge ocean crane, which could penetrate the clouds to strike with its bill. The Great Sage therefore lowered his direction, changed into a small fish, and dove into a stream with a splash.

Erlang rushed to the edge of the water but could see no trace of him. He thought to himself, “This simian must have gone into the water and changed himself into a fish, a shrimp, or the like. I’ll change again to catch him.”

He duly changed into a fish hawk and skimmed downstream over the waves. After a while, the fish into which the Great Sage had changed was swimming along with the current. Suddenly he saw a bird that looked like a green kite though its feathers were not entirely green, like an egret though it had small feathers, and like an old crane though its feet were not red. “That must be the transformed Erlang waiting for me,” he thought to himself. He swiftly turned around and swam away after releasing a few bubbles. When Erlang saw this, he said, “The fish that released the bubbles looks like a carp though its tail is not red, like a perch though there are no patterns on its scales, like a snake fish though there are no stars on its head, like a bream though its gills have no bristles. Why does it move away the moment it sees me? It must be the transformed monkey himself!”

He swooped toward the fish and snapped at it with his beak. The Great Sage shot out of the water and changed at once into a water snake; he swam toward shore and wriggled into the grass along the bank. When Erlang saw that he had snapped in vain and that a snake had darted away in the water with a splash, he knew that the Great Sage had changed again.

Turning around quickly, he changed into a scarlet-topped gray crane, which extended its beak like sharp iron pincers to devour the snake. With a bounce, the snake changed again into a spotted bustard standing by itself rather stupidly amid the water pepper along the bank. When Erlang saw that the monkey had changed into such a vulgar creature—for the spotted bustard is the basest and most promiscuous of birds, mating indiscriminately with phoenixes, hawks, or crows—he refused to approach him. Changing back into his true form, he went and stretched his bow to the fullest. With one pellet he sent the bird hurtling.

The Great Sage took advantage of this opportunity, nonetheless. Rolling down the mountain slope, he squatted there to change again—this time into a little temple for the local spirit. His wide-open mouth became the entrance, his teeth the doors, his tongue the Bodhisattva, and his eyes the windows. Only his tail he found to be troublesome, so he stuck it up in the back and changed it into a flagpole. The Immortal Master chased him down the slope, but instead of the bustard he had hit he found only a little temple. He opened his phoenix eye quickly and looked at it carefully. Seeing the flagpole behind it, he laughed and said, “It’s the ape! Now he’s trying to deceive me again! I have seen plenty of temples before but never one with a flagpole behind it. This must be another of that animal’s tricks. Why should I let him lure me inside where he can bite me once I’ve entered? First I’ll smash the windows with my fist! Then I’ll kick down the doors!”

The Great Sage heard this and said in dismay, “How vicious! The doors are my teeth and the windows my eyes. What am I going to do with my eyes smashed and my teeth knocked out?” Leaping up like a tiger, he disappeared again into the air. The Immortal Master was looking all around for him when the four grand marshals and the two generals arrived together. “Elder Brother,” they said, “have you caught the Great Sage?”

“A moment ago,” said the Immortal Master laughing, “the monkey changed into a temple to trick me. I was about to smash the windows and kick down the doors when he vanished out of sight with a leap. It’s all very strange! Very strange!”

The Brothers were astonished, but they could find no trace of him in any direction.

“Brothers,” said the Immortal Master, “keep a lookout down here. Let me go up there to find him.”

He swiftly mounted the clouds and rose up into the sky, where he saw Devarāja Li holding high the imp-reflecting mirror and standing on top of the clouds with Naṭa.

“Devarāja,” said the Immortal Master, “have you seen the Monkey King?”

“He hasn’t come up here,” said the Devarāja, “I have been watching him in the mirror.”

After telling them about the duel in magic and transformations and the captivity of the rest of the monkeys, the Immortal Master said, “He finally changed into a temple. Just as I was about to attack him, he got away.” When Devarāja Li heard these words,

he turned the imp-reflecting mirror all the way around once more and looked into it. "Immortal Master," he said, roaring with laughter.

"Go quickly! Quickly! That monkey used his magic of body concealment to escape from the cordon and he's now heading for the mouth of your River of Libations." We now tell you about the Great Sage, who had arrived at the mouth of the River of Libations. With a shake of his body, he changed into the form of Holy Father Erlang. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he went straight into the temple, and the demon magistrates could not tell that he was not the real Erlang. Every one of them, in fact, kowtowed to receive him. He sat down in the middle and began to examine the various offerings; the three kinds of sacrificial meat brought by Li Hu, the votive offering of Zhang Long, the petition for a son by Zhao Jia, and the request for healing by Qian Bing. As he was looking at these, someone made the report, "Another Holy Father has arrived!"

The various demon magistrates went quickly to look and were terror-stricken, one and all. The Immortal Master asked, "Did a so-called Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, come here?"

"We haven't seen any Great Sage," said the demon magistrates. "But another Holy Father is in there examining the offerings."

The Immortal Master crashed through the door; seeing him, the Great Sage revealed his true form and said, "There's no need for the little boy to strive anymore! Sun is now the name of this temple!"

The Immortal Master lifted his divine lance of three points and two blades and struck, but the Monkey King with agile body was quick to move out of the way. He whipped out that embroidery needle of his, and with one wave caused it to take on the thickness of a rice bowl. Rushing forward, he engaged Erlang face to face. Starting at the door of the temple, the two combatants fought all the way back to the Flower-Fruit Mountain, treading on clouds and mists and shouting insults at each other. The Four Devarājas and their followers were so startled by their appearance that they stood guard with even greater vigilance, while the grand marshals joined the Immortal Master to surround the Handsome Monkey King. But we shall speak of them no more.

We tell you instead about the demon king Mahābāli, who, having requested the Immortal Master and his Six Brothers to lead their troops to subdue the monster, returned to the Region Above to make his report. Conversing with the Bodhisattva Guanyin, the Queen Mother, and the various divine officials in the Hall of Divine Mists, the Jade Emperor said, "If Erlang has already gone into battle, why has no further report come back today?"

Folding her hands, Guanyin said, "Permit this humble cleric to invite Your Majesty and the Patriarch of Dao to go outside the South Heaven Gate, so that you may find out personally how things are faring."

"That's a good suggestion," said the Jade Emperor. He at once sent for his imperial carriage and went with the Patriarch, Guanyin, the Queen Mother, and the various divine officials to the South Heaven Gate, where the cortege was met by celestial soldiers and guardians. They opened the gate and peered into the distance; there they saw cosmic nets on every side manned by celestial soldiers, Devarāja Li and Nāṭa in midair holding high the impreflecting mirror, and the Immortal Master and his Brothers encircling the Great Sage in the middle and fighting fiercely. The Bodhisattva opened her mouth and addressed Laozi:

“What do you think of Erlang, whom this humble cleric recommended? He is certainly powerful enough to have the Great Sage surrounded, if not yet captured. I shall now help him to achieve his victory and make certain that the enemy will be taken prisoner.”

“What weapon will the Bodhisattva use,” asked Laozi, “and how will you assist him?”

“I shall throw down my immaculate vase that I use for holding my willow sprig,” said the Bodhisattva. “When it hits that monkey, at least it will knock him over, even if it doesn’t kill him. Erlang, the Little Sage, will then be able to capture him.”

“That vase of yours,” said Laozi, “is made of porcelain. It’s all right if it hits him on the head. But if it crashed on the iron rod instead, won’t it be shattered? You had better not raise your hands; let me help him win.”

The Bodhisattva said, “Do you have any weapon?”

“I do, indeed,” said Laozi. He rolled up his sleeve and took down from his left arm an armlet, saying, “This is a weapon made of red steel, brought into existence during my preparation of elixir and fully charged with theurgical forces. It can be made to transform at will; indestructible by fire or water, it can entrap many things. It’s called the diamond cutter or the diamond snare. The year when I crossed the Hangu Pass, I depended on it a great deal for the conversion of the barbarians, for it was practically my bodyguard night and day. Let me throw it down and hit him.”

After saying this, Laozi hurled the snare down from the Heaven Gate; it went tumbling down into the battlefield at the Flower-Fruit Mountain and landed smack on the Monkey King’s head. The Monkey King was engaged in a bitter struggle with the Seven Sages and was completely unaware of this weapon, which had dropped from the sky and hit him on the crown of his head. No longer able to stand on his feet, he toppled over. He managed to scramble up again and was about to flee, when the Holy Father Erlang’s small hound dashed forward and bit him in the calf. He was pulled down for the second time and lay on the ground cursing, “You brute! Why don’t you go and do your master in, instead of coming to bite old Monkey?” Rolling over quickly, he tried to get up, but the Seven Sages all pounced on him and pinned him down. They bound him with ropes and punctured his breastbone with a knife, so that he could transform no further.

Laozi retrieved his diamond snare and requested the Jade Emperor to return to the Hall of Divine Mists with Guanyin, the Queen Mother, and the rest of the Immortals. Down below the Four Great Deva Kings and Devarāja Li all retired their troops, broke camp, and went forward to congratulate Erlang, saying, “This is indeed a magnificent accomplishment by the Little Sage!”

“This has been the great blessing of the Heavenly Devas,” said the Little Sage, “and the proper exercise of their divine authority. What have I accomplished?”

The Brothers Kang, Zhang, Yao, and Li said, “Elder Brother need have no further discussion. Let us take this fellow up to the Jade Emperor to see what will be done with him.”

“Worthy Brothers,” said the Immortal Master, “you may not have a personal audience with the Jade Emperor because you have not received any divine appointment. Let the celestial guardians take him into custody. I shall go with the Devarāja to the Region Above to make our report, while all of you make a thorough search of the

mountain here. After you have cleaned it out, go back to the River of Libations. When I have our deeds recorded and received our rewards, I shall return to celebrate with you.”

The four grand marshals and the two generals followed his bidding. The Immortal Master then mounted the clouds with the rest of the deities, and they began their triumphal journey back to Heaven, singing songs of victory all the way. In a little while, they reached the outer court of the Hall of Perfect Light, and the Heavenly preceptor went forward to memorialize to the Throne, saying, “The Four Great Devarājas have captured the monstrous monkey, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. They await the command of Your Majesty.”

The Jade Emperor then gave the order that the demon king Mahābāli and the celestial guardians take the prisoner to the monster execution block, where he was to be cut to small pieces. Alas, this is what happens to

*Fraud and impudence, now punished by the Law;
Heroics grand will fade in the briefest time!*

We do not know what will become of the Monkey King; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVEN

*From the Eight Trigrams Brazier the Great Sage escapes
Beneath the Five Phases Mountain, Mind Monkey is still*

*Fame and fortune,
All predestined;
One must ever shun a guileful heart.
Rectitude and truth,
The fruits of virtue grow both long and deep.
A little presumption brings on Heaven's wrath:
Though yet unseen, it will surely come in time.
Ask the Lord of the East for why
Such pains and perils now appear:
Because pride has sought to scale the limits,
Ignoring hierarchy to flout the law.*

We were telling you about the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who was taken by the celestial guardians to the monster execution block, where he was bound to the monster-subduing pillar. They then slashed him with a scimitar, hewed him with an ax, stabbed him with a spear, and hacked him with a sword, but they could not hurt his body in any way. Next, the Star Spirit of the South Pole ordered the various deities of the Fire Department to burn him with fire, but that, too, had little effect. The gods of the Thunder Department were then ordered to strike him with thunderbolts, but not a single one of his hairs was destroyed.

The demon king Mahābālī and the others therefore went back to report to the Throne, saying, “Your Majesty, we don’t know where this Great Sage has acquired such power to protect his body. Your subjects slashed him with a scimitar and hewed him with an ax; we also struck him with thunder and burned him with fire. Not a single one of his hairs was destroyed. What shall we do?” When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he said, “What indeed can we do to a fellow like that, a creature of that sort?”

Laozi then came forward and said, “That monkey ate the immortal peaches and drank the imperial wine. Moreover, he stole the divine elixir and ate five gourdfuls of it, both raw and cooked. All this was probably refined in his stomach by the Samādhi fire to form a single solid mass. The union with his constitution gave him a diamond body, which cannot be quickly destroyed. It would be better, therefore, if this Daoist takes him away and places him in the Brazier of Eight Trigrams, where he will be smelted by high and low heat. When he is finally separated from my elixir, his body will certainly be reduced to ashes.”

When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he told the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light to release the prisoner and hand him over to Laozi, who left in obedience to the divine decree. Meanwhile, the illustrious Sage Erlang was rewarded with a hundred gold blossoms, a hundred bottles of imperial wine, a hundred pellets of elixir, together with rare treasures, lustrous pearls, and brocades, which he was told to share with his brothers. After expressing his gratitude, the Immortal Master returned to the mouth of the River of Libations, and for the time being we shall speak of him no further.

Arriving at the Tushita Palace, Laozi loosened the ropes on the Great Sage, pulled out the weapon from his breastbone, and pushed him into the Brazier of Eight Trigrams. He then ordered the Daoist who watched over the brazier and the page boy in charge of the fire to blow up a strong flame for the smelting process. The brazier, you see, was of eight compartments corresponding to the eight trigrams of Qian, Kan, Gen, Zhen, Xun, Li, Kun, and Dui. The Great Sage crawled into the space beneath the compartment that corresponded to the Xun trigram. Now Xun symbolizes wind; where there is wind, there is no fire. However, wind could churn up smoke, which at that moment reddened his eyes, giving them a permanently inflamed condition. Hence they were sometimes called Fiery Eyes and Diamond Pupils.

Truly time passed swiftly, and the forty-ninth day arrived imperceptibly. The alchemical process of Laozi was perfected, and on that day he came to open the brazier to take out his elixir. The Great Sage at the time was covering his eyes with both hands, rubbing his face and shedding tears. He heard noises on top of the brazier and, opening his eyes, suddenly saw light. Unable to restrain himself, he leaped out of the brazier and kicked it over with a loud crash.

He began to walk straight out of the room, while a group of startled fire tenders and guardians tried desperately to grab hold of him. Every one of them was overthrown; he was as wild as a white brow tiger in a fit, a one-horned dragon with a fever. Laozi rushed up to clutch at him, only to be greeted by such a violent shove that he fell head over heels while the Great Sage escaped. Whipping the compliant rod out from his ear, he waved it once in the wind and it had the thickness of a rice bowl. Holding it in his hands, without regard for good or ill, he once more careened through the Heavenly Palace, fighting so fiercely that the Nine Luminaries all shut themselves in and the Four Devarājas disappeared from sight. Dear Monkey Monster! Here is a testimonial poem for him. The poem says:

*This cosmic being fully fused with nature's gifts
Passes with ease through ten thousand toils and tests.
Vast and motionless like the One Great Void,
Perfect, quiescent, he's named the Primal Depth.
Long refined in the brazier, he's no mercury or lead,
Just the very immortal, living above all things.
Forever transforming, he changes still;
Three refuges and five commandments he all rejects.*

Here is another poem:

*A spirit beam filling the supreme void—
That's how the rod behaves accordingly.
It lengthens or shortens as one would wish;
Upright or prone, it grows or shrinks at will.*

And another:

*An ape's body of Dao weds the human mind.
Mind is a monkey—this meaning's profound.
The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, is no false thought.
How could the post of Ban-Horse justly show his gifts?
"Horse works with Monkey" means both Mind and Will
Need binding firmly. Don't seek them outside.
All things back to Nirvāṇa follow one truth—
To join Tathāgata beneath twin trees.*

This time our Monkey King had no respect for persons great or small; he lashed out this way and that with his iron rod, and not a single deity could withstand him. He fought all the way into the Hall of Perfect Light and was approaching the Hall of Divine Mists, where fortunately Numinous Officer Wang, aide to the Immortal Master of Adjuvant Holiness, was on duty. He saw the Great Sage advancing recklessly and went forward to bar his way, holding high his golden whip. "Wanton monkey," he cried, "where are you going? I am here, so don't you dare be insolent!"

The Great Sage did not wait for further utterance; he raised his rod and struck at once, while Numinous Officer met him also with brandished whip. The two of them charged into each other in front of the Hall of Divine Mists. What a fight that was between

*A red-blooded patriot of ample fame,
And a Heaven's rebel with notorious name!
The saint and sinner gladly tangle close
So that two brave fighters can test their skills.
Though the rod is fierce
And the whip is fleet,
How can the upright and just one forbear?
This one is a supreme god of judgment with thunderous voice;
The other, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a monstrous ape.
The golden whip and the iron rod used by the two
Are both divine weapons from the House of God.
At Divine Mists Treasure Hall they show their might today,
Each displaying his prowess winningly.
This one brashly seeks to take the Big Dipper Palace;
The other with all his strength defends the sacred realm.
In bitter strife relentless they show their power;
Moving back and forth, whip or rod has yet to score.*

The two of them fought for some time, and neither victory nor defeat could yet be determined. The Immortal Master of Adjuvant Holiness, however, had already sent word to the Thunder Department, and thirty-six thunder deities were summoned to the scene. They surrounded the Great Sage and plunged into a fierce battle. The Great Sage was not in the least intimidated; wielding his compliant rod, he parried left and right and met his attackers to the front and to the rear. In a moment he saw that the scimitars, lances, swords, halberds, whips, maces, hammers, axes, gilt bludgeons, sickles, and spades of the thunder deities were coming thick and fast. So with one shake of his body he changed into a creature with six arms and three heads. One wave of the compliant rod and it turned into three; his six arms wielded the three rods like a spinning wheel, whirling and dancing in their midst. The various thunder deities could not approach him at all. Truly his form was

*Tumbling round and round,
Bright and luminous;
A form everlasting, how imitated by men?
He cannot be burned by fire.
Can he ever be drowned in water?
A lustrous pearl of mani he is indeed,
Immune to all the spears and the swords.
He could be good;*

*He could be bad;
 Present good and evil he could do at will.
 He'd be an immortal, a Buddha, if he's good;
 Wickedness would cloak him with hair and horn.
 Endlessly changing he runs amok in Heaven,
 Not to be seized by fighting lords or thunder gods.*

At the time the various deities had the Great Sage surrounded, but they could not close in on him. All the hustle and bustle soon disturbed the Jade Emperor, who at once sent the Wandering Minister of Inspection and the Immortal Master of Blessed Wings to go to the Western Region and invite the aged Buddha to come and subdue the monster.

The two sages received the decree and went straight to the Spirit Mountain. After they had greeted the Four Vajra-Buddhas and the Eight Bodhisattvas in front of the Treasure Temple of Thunderclap, they asked them to announce their arrival. The deities therefore went before the Treasure Lotus Platform and made their report. Tathāgata at once invited them to appear before him, and the two sages made obeisance to the Buddha three times before standing in attendance beneath the platform. Tathāgata asked, "What causes the Jade Emperor to trouble the two sages to come here?"

The two sages explained as follows:

"Some time ago there was born on the Flower-Fruit Mountain a monkey who exercised his magic powers and gathered to himself a troop of monkeys to disturb the world. The Jade Emperor threw down a decree of pacification and appointed him a Bimawen, but he despised the lowliness of that position and left in rebellion. Devarāja Li and Prince Naṭa were sent to capture him, but they were unsuccessful, and another proclamation of amnesty was given to him. He was then made the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a rank without compensation. After a while he was given the temporary job of looking after the Garden of Immortal Peaches, where almost immediately he stole the peaches. He also went to the Jasper Pool and made off with the food and wine, devastating the Grand Festival. Half-drunk, he went secretly into the Tushita Palace, stole the elixir of Laozi, and then left the Celestial Palace in revolt. Again the Jade Emperor sent a hundred thousand Heavenly soldiers, but he was not to be subdued.

Thereafter Guanyin sent for the Immortal Master Erlang and his sworn brothers, who fought and pursued him. Even then he knew many tricks of transformation, and only after he was hit by Laozi's diamond snare could Erlang finally capture him. Taken before the Throne, he was condemned to be executed; but, though slashed by a scimitar and hewn by an ax, burned by fire and struck by thunder, he was not hurt at all. After Laozi had received royal permission to take him away, he was refined by fire, and the brazier was not opened until the forty-ninth day. Immediately he jumped out of the Brazier of Eight Trigrams and beat back the celestial guardians.

He penetrated into the Hall of Perfect Light and was approaching the Hall of Divine Mists when Numinous Officer Wang, aide to the Immortal Master of Adjuvant Holiness, met and fought with him bitterly. Thirty-six thunder generals were ordered to encircle him completely, but they could never get near him. The situation is desperate, and for this reason, the Jade Emperor sent a special request for you to defend the Throne." When Tathāgata heard this, he said to the various bodhisattvas, "All of you remain steadfast here in the chief temple, and let no one relax his meditative posture. I have to go exorcise a demon and defend the Throne."

Tathāgata then called Ānanda and Kāśyapa, his two venerable disciples, to follow him. They left the Thunderclap Temple and arrived at the gate of the Hall of Divine Mists, where they were met by deafening shouts and yells. There the Great Sage was being beset by the thirty-six thunder deities. The Buddhist Patriarch gave the dharma-order:

“Let the thunder deities lower their arms and break up their encirclement. Ask the Great Sage to come out here and let me ask him what sort of divine power he has.”

The various warriors retreated immediately, and the Great Sage also threw off his magical appearance. Changing back into his true form, he approached angrily and shouted with ill humor, “What region are you from, monk, that you dare stop the battle and question me?”

Tathāgata laughed and said, “I am Śākyamuni, the Venerable One from the Western Region of Ultimate Bliss. I have heard just now about your audacity, your wildness, and your repeated acts of rebellion against Heaven. Where were you born, and in which year did you succeed in acquiring the Way? Why are you so violent and unruly?”

The Great Sage said, “I was

*Born of Earth and Heaven, immortal divinely fused,
An old monkey hailing from the Flower- Fruit Mount.
I made my home in the Water-Curtain Cave;
Seeking friend and teacher, I learned the Great Mystery.
Perfected in the many arts of ageless life,
I learned to change in ways boundless and vast.
Too narrow the space I found on that mortal earth:
I set my mind to live in the Green-jade Sky.
In Divine Mists Hall none should long reside,
For king may follow king in the reign of man.
If might is honor, let them yield to me.
He only is hero who dares to fight and win!”*

When the Buddhist Patriarch heard these words, he laughed aloud in scorn. “A fellow like you,” he said, “is only a monkey who happened to become a spirit. How dare you be so presumptuous as to want to seize the honored throne of the Exalted Jade Emperor? He began practicing religion when he was very young, and he has gone through the bitter experience of one thousand seven hundred and fifty kalpas, with each kalpa lasting a hundred and twenty-nine thousand six hundred years. Figure out yourself how many years it took him to rise to the enjoyment of his great and limitless position! You are merely a beast who has just attained human form in this incarnation. How dare you make such a boast? Blasphemy! This is sheer blasphemy, and it will surely shorten your allotted age.

Repent while there’s still time and cease your idle talk! Be wary that you don’t encounter such peril that you will be cut down in an instant, and all your original gifts will be wasted.”

“Even if the Jade Emperor has practiced religion from childhood,” said the Great Sage, “he should not be allowed to remain here forever. The proverb says,

*Many are the turns of kingship:
By next year the turn will be mine!*

Tell him to move out at once and hand over the Celestial Palace to me. That'll be the end of the matter. If not, I shall continue to cause disturbances and there'll never be peace!"

"Besides your immortality and your transformations," said the Buddhist Patriarch, "what other powers do you have that you dare to usurp this hallowed region of Heaven?"

"I've plenty of them!" said the Great Sage. "Indeed, I know seventy-two transformations and a life that does not grow old through ten thousand kalpas. I know also how to cloud somersault, and one leap will take me one hundred and eight thousand miles. Why can't I sit on the Heavenly throne?"

The Buddhist Patriarch said, "Let me make a wager with you. If you have the ability to somersault clear of this right palm of mine, I shall consider you the winner. You need not raise your weapon in battle then, for I shall ask the Jade Emperor to go live with me in the West and let you have the Celestial Palace. If you cannot somersault out of my hand, you can go back to the Region Below and be a monster. Work through a few more kalpas before you return to cause more trouble." When the Great Sage heard this, he said to himself, snickering, "What a fool this Tathāgata is! A single somersault of mine can carry old Monkey one hundred and eight thousand miles, yet his palm is not even one foot across. How could I possibly not jump clear of it?"

He asked quickly, "You're certain that your decision will stand?"

"Certainly it will," said Tathāgata. He stretched out his right hand, which was about the size of a lotus leaf. Our Great Sage put away his compliant rod and, summoning his power, leaped up and stood right in the center of the Patriarch's hand. He said simply, "I'm off!" and he was gone—all but invisible like a streak of light in the clouds. Training the eye of wisdom on him, the Buddhist Patriarch saw that the Monkey King was hurtling along relentlessly like a whirligig.

As the Great Sage advanced, he suddenly saw five flesh-pink pillars supporting a mass of green air. "This must be the end of the road," he said. "When I go back presently, Tathāgata will be my witness and I shall certainly take up residence in the Palace of Divine Mists."

But he thought to himself, "Wait a moment! I'd better leave some kind of memento if I'm going to negotiate with Tathāgata."

He plucked a hair and blew a mouthful of magic breath onto it, crying, "Change!" It changed into a writing brush with extra thick hair soaked in heavy ink. On the middle pillar he then wrote in large letters the following line:

"The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has made a tour of this place." When he had finished writing, he retrieved his hair, and with a total lack of respect he left a bubbling pool of monkey urine at the base of the first pillar. He reversed his cloud somersault and went back to where he had started. Standing on Tathāgata's palm, he said, "I left, and now I'm back. Tell the Jade Emperor to give me the Celestial Palace."

"You pisshead ape!" scolded Tathāgata. "Since when did you ever leave the palm of my hand?"

The Great Sage said, "You are just ignorant! I went to the edge of Heaven, and I found five flesh-pink pillars supporting a mass of green air. I left a memento there. Do you dare go with me to have a look at the place?"

“No need to go there,” said Tathāgata. “Just lower your head and take a look.” When the Great Sage stared down with his fiery eyes and diamond pupils, he found written on the middle finger of the Buddhist Patriarch’s right hand the sentence, “The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has made a tour of this place.”

A pungent whiff of monkey urine came from the fork between the thumb and the first finger. Astonished, the Great Sage said, “Could this really happen? Could this really happen? I wrote those words on the pillars supporting the sky. How is it that they now appear on his finger? Could it be that he is exercising the magic power of foreknowledge without divination? I won’t believe it! I won’t believe it! Let me go there once more!”

Dear Great Sage! Quickly he crouched and was about to jump up again, when the Buddhist Patriarch flipped his hand over and tossed the Monkey King out of the West Heaven Gate. The five fingers were transformed into the Five Phases of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth. They became, in fact, five connected mountains, named Five-Phases Mountain, which pinned him down with just enough pressure to keep him there. The thunder deities, Ānanda, and Kāśyapa all folded their hands and cried in acclamation:

Praise be to virtue! Praise be to virtue!

*He learned to be human, born from an egg that year,
And aimed to reap the authentic Way’s fruit.
He lived in a fine place by kalpas untouched.
One day he changed, expending vim and strength.
Craving high place, he flouted Heaven’s reign,
Mocked saints and stole pills, breaking great relations.
Evil, full to the brim, now meets retribution.
We know not when he may find release.*

After the Buddhist Patriarch Tathāgata had vanquished the monstrous monkey, he at once called Ānanda and Kāśyapa to return with him to the Western Paradise. At that moment, however, Tianpeng and Tianyou, two celestial messengers, came running out of the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists and said, “We beg Tathāgata to wait a moment, please! Our Lord’s grand carriage will arrive momentarily.” When the Buddhist Patriarch heard these words, he turned around and waited with reverence. In a moment he did indeed see a chariot drawn by eight colorful phoenixes and covered by a canopy adorned with nine luminous jewels.

The entire cortege was accompanied by the sound of wondrous songs and melodies, chanted by a vast celestial choir. Scattering precious blossoms and diffusing fragrant incense, it came up to the Buddha, and the Jade Emperor offered his thanks, saying, “We are truly indebted to your mighty dharma for vanquishing that monster. We beseech Tathāgata to remain for one brief day, so that we may invite the immortals to join us in giving you a banquet of thanks.” Not daring to refuse, Tathāgata folded his hands to thank the Jade Emperor, saying, “Your old monk came here at your command, Most Honorable Deva. Of what power may I boast, really? I owe my success entirely to the excellent fortune of Your Majesty and the various deities. How can I be worthy of your thanks?”

The Jade Emperor then ordered the various deities from the Thunder Department to send invitations abroad to the Three Pure Ones, the Four Ministers, the Five Elders, the Six Women Officials, the Seven Stars, the Eight Poles, the Nine Luminaries, and

the Ten Capitals. Together with a thousand immortals and ten thousand sages, they were to come to the thanksgiving banquet given for the Buddhist Patriarch. The Four Great Imperial Preceptors and the Divine Maidens of Nine Heavens were told to open wide the golden gates of the Jade Capital, the Treasure Palace of Primal Secret, and the Five Lodges of Penetrating Brightness. Tathāgata was asked to be seated high on the Numinous Terrace of Seven Treasures, and the rest of the deities were then seated according to rank and age before a banquet of dragon livers, phoenix marrow, juices of jade, and immortal peaches.

In a little while, the Jade-Pure Celestial Worthy of Commencement, the Highest-Pure Celestial Worthy of Numinous Treasure, the Great-Pure Celestial Worthy of Moral Virtue, the Immortal Masters of Five Influences, the Star Spirits of Five Constellations, the Three Ministers, the Four Sages, the Nine Luminaries, the Left and Right Assistants, the Devarāja, and Prince Naṭa all marched in leading a train of flags and canopies in pairs. They were all holding rare treasures and lustrous pearls, fruits of longevity and exotic flowers to be presented to the Buddha. As they bowed before him, they said, “We are most grateful for the unfathomable power of Tathāgata, who has subdued the monstrous monkey. We are grateful, too, to the Most Honorable Deva, who is having this banquet and asked us to come here to offer our thanks. May we beseech Tathāgata to give this banquet a name?” Responding to the petition of the various deities, Tathāgata said, “If a name is desired, let this be called ‘The Great Banquet for Peace in Heaven.’” “What a magnificent name!” the various Immortals cried in unison. “Indeed, it shall be the Great Banquet for Peace in Heaven.” When they finished speaking, they took their seats separately, and there was the pouring of wine and exchanging of cups, pinning of corsages and playing of zithers. It was indeed a magnificent banquet, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*That Immortal Peach Feast the ape disturbed
Is topped by this Banquet for Peace in Heav’n.
Dragon flags and phoenix carts glow in halos bright;
Blazing signs and banners whirl in hallowed light.
The tunes and songs divine are sweet and fair;
Phoenix pipes and jade flutes both loudly play.
Fragrant incense shrouds this assembly of saints.
All the world’s tranquil to praise the Holy Court.*

As all of them were feasting merrily, the Lady Queen Mother also led a host of divine maidens and immortal singing girls to come before the Buddha, dancing with nimble feet. They bowed to him, and she said, “Our Festival of Immortal Peaches was ruined by that monstrous monkey. We are beholden to the mighty power of Tathāgata for the enchainment of this mischievous ape. In the celebration during this Great Banquet for Peace in Heaven, we have little to offer as a token of our thanks. Please accept, however, these few immortal peaches plucked from the large trees by our own hands.” They were truly

*Half red, half green, and spouting aroma sweet,
These luscious divine roots of ten thousand years.
Pity those fruits planted at Wuling Spring!
How could they match the marvels of Heaven’s home:
Those tender ones of purple veins so rare in the world,
And those peerlessly sweet of pale yellow pits?
They lengthen age, prolong life, and change your frame.*

He who's lucky to eat them will ne'er be the same.

After the Buddhist Patriarch had pressed together his hands to thank the Queen Mother, she ordered the immortal singing girls and the divine maidens to sing and dance. All the immortals at the banquet applauded enthusiastically. Truly there were

*Whorls of Heavenly incense filling the seats,
And profuse array of divine petals and stems.
Jade capital and golden arches in what great splendor!
How priceless, too, the strange goods and rare treasures!
Every pair had the same age as Heaven.
Every set increased through ten thousand kalpas.
Mulberry fields or vast oceans, let them shift and change.
He who lives here has neither grief nor fear.*

The Queen Mother commanded the immortal maidens to sing and dance, as wine cups and goblets clinked together steadily. After a little while, suddenly

*A wondrous fragrance came to meet the nose,
Rousing Stars and Planets in that great hall.
The gods and the Buddha put down their cups.
Raising his head, each waited with his eyes.
There in the air appeared an aged man,
Holding a most luxuriant long-life plant.
His gourd had elixir often thousand years.
His book listed names twelve millennia old.
Sky and earth in his cave knew no constraint.
Sun and moon were perfected in his vase.
He roamed the Four Seas in joy serene,
And made the Ten Islets his tranquil home.
Getting drunk often at the Peaches Feast
He woke; the moon shone brightly as of old.
He had a long head, short frame, and large ears.
His name: Star of Long Life from South Pole.*

After the Star of Long Life arrived and greeted the Jade Emperor, he also went up to thank Tathāgata, saying, “When I first heard that the baneful monkey was being led by Laozi to the Tushita Palace to be refined by alchemical fire, I thought peace was surely secured. I never suspected that he could still escape, and it was fortunate that Tathāgata in his goodness had subdued this monster. When I got word of the thanksgiving banquet, I came at once. I have no other gifts to present to you but these purple agaric, jasper plant, jade green lotus root, and golden elixir.”

The poem says:

*Jade-green lotus and golden drug are given to Śākya.
Like the sands of Ganges is the age of Tathāgata.
The brocade of the three wains is calm, eternal bliss.
The nine-grade garland is a wholesome, endless life.
The true master of the Mādhyamika School
Dwells in the Heaven of both form and emptiness.
The great earth and cosmos all call him Lord.
His sixteen-foot diamond frame's great in blessing and age.*

Tathāgata accepted the thanks cheerfully, and the Star of Long Life went to his seat. Again there was pouring of wine and exchanging of cups. The Great Immortal of Naked Feet also arrived. After prostrating himself before the Jade Emperor, he too went to thank the Buddhist Patriarch, saying, “I am profoundly grateful for your dharma, which subdued the baneful monkey. I have no other things to convey my respect but two magic pears and some lire dates, which I now present to you.”

The poem says:

*The Naked- Feet Immortal brought fragrant pears and dates
To give to Amitābha, whose count of years is long.
Firm as a hill is his Lotus Platform of Seven Treasures;
Brocadelike is his Flower Seat of Thousand Gold adorned.
No false speech is this—his age equals Heaven and Earth;
Nor is this a lie—his luck is great as the sea.
Blessing and long life reach in him their fullest scope,
Dwelling in that Western Region of calm, eternal bliss.*

Tathāgata again thanked him and asked Ānanda and Kāśyapa to put away the gifts one by one before approaching the Jade Emperor to express his gratitude for the banquet. By now, everyone was somewhat tipsy. A Spirit Minister of Inspection then arrived to make the report, “The Great Sage is sticking out his head!”

“No need to worry,” said the Buddhist Patriarch. He took from his sleeve a tag on which were written in gold letters the words *Oṃ maṇi padme hūm*. Handing it over to Ānanda, he told him to stick it on the top of the mountain. This deva received the tag, took it out of the Heaven Gate, and stuck it tightly on a square piece of rock at the top of the Mountain of Five Phases. The mountain immediately struck root and grew together at the seams, though there was enough space for breathing and for the prisoner’s hands to crawl out and move around a bit. Ānanda then returned to report, “The tag is tightly attached.”

Tathāgata then took leave of the Jade Emperor and the deities, and went with the two devas out of the Heaven Gate. Moved by compassion, he recited a divine spell and called together a local spirit and the Fearless Guards of Five Quarters to stand watch over the Five-Phases Mountain. They were told to feed the prisoner with iron pellets when he was hungry and to give him melted copper to drink when he was thirsty. When the time of his chastisement was fulfilled, they were told, someone would be coming to deliver him. So it is that

*The brash, baneful monkey in revolt against Heaven
Is brought to submission by Tathāgata.
He drinks melted copper to endure the seasons,
And feeds on iron pellets to pass the time.
Tried by this bitter misfortune sent from the Sky,
He’s glad to be living, though in a piteous lot.
If this hero is allowed to struggle anew,
He’ll serve Buddha in future and go to the West.*

Another poem says:

*Prideful of his power once the time was ripe,
He tamed dragon and tiger, flaunting wily might.
Stealing peaches and wine, he roamed Heaven’s House.*

*He found trust and grace in the City of Jade.
 He's now bound, for his evil's full to the brim.
 By good stock unfailing his breath will rise again.
 If he's indeed to flee Tathāgata's hands,
 He must await from Tang court the holy monk.*

We do not know in what month or year hereafter the days of his penance will be fulfilled; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHT

*Our Buddha makes scriptures to impart ultimate bliss
Guanyin receives the decree to go up to Chang'an*

*Ask at meditation-pass
Why even countless queries
Would lead just to empty old age!
Shine bricks to make mirrors?
Hoard snow for foodstuff?
How many youths are thus deceived;
A feather swallows the great ocean?
A mustard seed holds the Sumeru?
Golden Dhūta is gently smiling.
The enlightened transcends the ten stops and three wains
Sluggards must join the four beasts and six ways.
Who can hear below the Thoughtless Cliff,
Beneath the Shadowless Tree,
The cuckoo's one call for the dawn of spring?
Roads at Caoxi, perilous;
Clouds on Vulture's Peak, dense;
Here an old friend's voice turns mute.
At a ten thousand-foot waterfall
Where a five-petal lotus unfolds,
Incense wraps an old temple's drapes.
In that hour,
Once you break through to the source,
The Dragon King's three jewels you'll see.*

The tune of this lyric is named "Su Wu at Slow Pace."

We shall now tell you about our Sovereign Buddha Tathāgata, who took leave of the Jade Emperor and returned to the Treasure Monastery of Thunderclap. All the three thousand buddhas, the five hundred arhats, the eight diamond kings, and the countless bodhisattvas held temple pennants, embroidered canopies, rare treasures, and immortal flowers, forming an orderly array before the Spirit Mountain and beneath the two Śāla Trees to welcome him. Tathāgata stopped his hallowed cloud and said to them:

*I have
With deepest prajñā
Looked through the three realms.
All fundamental nature
Will end in extinction
Like empty phenomena
Existing as nothing.
The wily ape's extirpation,
This, none can comprehend.
Name, birth, death, and origin
Of all forms appear thus.*

When he had finished speaking, he beamed forth the śārī light, which filled the air with forty-two white rainbows, connected end to end from north to south. Seeing this, the crowd bowed down and worshipped.

In a little while, Tathāgata gathered together the holy clouds and blessed fog, ascended the lotus platform of the highest rank, and sat down solemnly. Those three thousand buddhas, five hundred arhats, eight diamond kings, and four bodhisattvas folded their hands and drew near. After bowing down, they asked, “The one who caused disturbance in Heaven and ruined the Peach Festival, who was he?”

“That fellow,” said Tathāgata, “was a baneful monkey born in the Flower-Fruit Mountain. His wickedness was beyond all bounds and defied description. The divine warriors of the entire Heaven could not bring him to submission. Though Erlang caught him and Laozi tried to refine him with fire, they could not hurt him at all. When I arrived, he was just making an exhibition of his might and prowess in the midst of the thunder deities. When I stopped the fighting and asked about his antecedents, he said that he had magic powers, knowing how to transform himself and how to cloud somersault, which would carry him one hundred and eight thousand miles at a time. I made a wager with him to see whether he could leap clear of my hand. I then grabbed hold of him while my fingers changed into the Mountain of Five Phases, which had him firmly pinned down. The Jade Emperor opened wide the golden doors of the Jade Palace, invited me to sit at the head table, and gave a Banquet for Peace in Heaven to thank me. It was only a short while ago that I took leave of the throne to come back here.”

All were delighted by these words. After they had expressed their highest praise for the Buddha, they withdrew according to their ranks; they went back to their several duties and enjoyed the *bhūtatathatā*. Truly it is the scene of

*Holy mist encompassing Tianzhu,
Rainbow light enclosing the Honored One,
Who is called the First in the West,
The King of the Formlessness School.
Often black apes are seen presenting fruits.
Tailed-deer holding flowers in their mouths,
Blue phoenixes dancing,
Colorful birds singing,
The spirit tortoise boasting of his age,
And the divine crane picking agaric.
They enjoy in peace the Pure Land's Jetavana,
The Dragon Palace, and worlds vast as Ganges' sands.
Every day the flowers bloom;
Every hour the fruits ripen.
They work silence to reach perfection.
They meditate to bear the right fruit.
They do not die nor are they born.
No growth is there, nor any decrease.
Mist and smoke wraithlike may come and go.
No seasons intrude, nor are years recalled.*

The poem says:

To go or come is casual and free;

*Of fear or sorrow there's not one degree.
Fields of Ultimate Bliss are flat and wide.
In this great world no four seasons abide.*

As the Buddhist Patriarch lived in the Treasure Monastery of the Thunderclap in the Spirit Mountain, he called together one day the various buddhas, arhats, guardians, bodhisattvas, diamond kings, and mendicant monks and nuns and said to them, “We do not know how much time has passed here since I subdued the wily monkey and pacified Heaven, but I suppose at least half a millennium has gone by in the worldly realm. As this is the fifteenth day of the first month of autumn, I have prepared a treasure bowl filled with a hundred varieties of exotic flowers and a thousand kinds of rare fruit. I would like to share them with all of you in celebration of the Feast of the Ullambana Bowl. How about it?” Every one of them folded his hands and paid obeisance to the Buddha three times to receive the festival. Tathāgata then ordered Ānanda to take the flowers and fruits from the treasure bowl, and Kāśyapa was asked to distribute them. All were thankful, and they presented poems to express their gratitude.

The poem of blessing says:

*The star of blessing shines before Lokajyeṣṭha,
Who enjoys blessing lasting and immense.
His blessing's boundless virtue endures as Earth.
His blessing's source is gladly linked to Heaven.
His blessing's fields, far planted, prosper each year.
His blessing's sea, huge and deep, is ever strong.
His blessing fills the world and all will be blessed.
May his blessing increase, endless and complete.*

The poem of wealth says:

*His wealth weighs a mountain where the phoenix sings.
His wealth trails the seasons to wish him long life.
He gains wealth in huge sums as his body health.
He joys in wealth abundant as the world in peace.
His wealth's reach equals Heaven is ever safe.
His wealth's name is sealike but even more pure.
His wealth's grace far-reaching is sought by all.
His wealth is boundless, enriching countless lands.*

The poem of long life says:

*The Star of Long Life gives gifts to Tathāgata,
From whom light of long life begins now to shine.
The long life fruits fill the bowls with hues divine.
The long life blooms, newly plucked, deck the lotus throne.
The long life verse, how elegant and finely wrought.
The long life songs are scored by gifted minds.
The long life's length matches the sun and moon's.
Long life, like sea and mountain, is twice as long!*

After the bodhisattvas had presented their poems, they invited Tathāgata to disclose the origin and elucidate the source. Tathāgata gently opened his benevolent mouth to expound the great dharma and to proclaim the truth. He lectured on the wondrous doctrines of the three vehicles, the five skandhas, and the *Śūrangamā Sūtra*.

As he did so, celestial dragons were seen circling above and flowers descended like rain in abundance. It was truly thus:

*The Chan mind shines bright like a thousand rivers' moon;
True nature's pure and great as an unclouded sky.*

When Tathāgata had finished his lecture, he said to the congregation, “I have “watched the Four Great Continents, and the morality of their inhabitants varies from place to place. Those living on the East Pūrvavideha revere Heaven and Earth, and they are straightforward and peaceful. Those on the North Uttarakuru, though they love to destroy life, do so out of the necessity of making a livelihood. Moreover, they are rather dull of mind and lethargic in spirit, and they are not likely to do much harm. Those of our West Aparagodānīya are neither covetous nor prone to kill; they control their humor and temper their spirit. There is, to be sure, no illuminate of the first order, but everyone is certain to attain longevity. Those who reside in the South Jambūdvīpa, however, are prone to practice lechery and delight in evil-doing, indulging in much slaughter and strife. Indeed, they are all caught in the treacherous field of tongue and mouth, in the wicked sea of slander and malice. However, I have three baskets of true scriptures which can persuade man to do good.” Upon hearing these words, the various bodhisattvas folded their hands and bowed down. “What are the three baskets of authentic scriptures,” they asked, “that Tathāgata possesses?”

Tathāgata said, “I have one collection of vinaya, which speaks of Heaven; one collection of śāstras, which tells of the Earth; and one collection of sūtras, which redeems the damned. Altogether the three collections of scriptures contain thirty-five divisions written in fifteen thousand one hundred forty-four scrolls. They are the scriptures for the cultivation of immortality; they are the gate to ultimate virtue. I myself would like to send these to the Land of the East; but the creatures in that region are so stupid and so scornful of the truth that they ignore the weighty elements of our Law and mock the true sect of Yoga. Somehow we need a person with power to go to the Land of the East and find a virtuous believer. He will be asked to experience the bitter travail of passing through a thousand mountains and ten thousand waters to come here in quest of the authentic scriptures, so that they may be forever implanted in the east to enlighten the people. This will provide a source of blessings great as a mountain and deep as the sea. Which one of you is willing to make such a trip?”

At that moment, the Bodhisattva Guanyin came near the lotus platform and paid obeisance three times to the Buddha, saying, “Though your disciple is untalented, she is willing to go to the Land of the East to find a scripture pilgrim.” Lifting their heads to look, the various buddhas saw that the Bodhisattva had

*A mind perfected in the four virtues,
A golden body filled with wisdom,
Fringes of dangling pearls and jade,
Scented bracelets set with lustrous treasures,
Dark hair piled smartly in a coiled-dragon bun,
And brocade sashes fluttering as phoenix quills.
Her green jade buttons
And white silk robe
Bathed in holy light;
Her velvet skirt
And golden cords
Wrapped by hallowed air.*

*With brows of new moon shape
 And eyes like two bright stars,
 Her jadelike face beams natural joy,
 And her ruddy lips seem a flash of red.
 Her immaculate vase overflows with nectar from year to year,
 Holding sprigs of weeping willow green from age to age.
 She disperses the eight woes;
 She redeems the multitude;
 She has great compassion;
 Thus she rules the Tai Mountain
 And lives at the South Sea.
 She saves the poor, searching for their voices,
 Ever heedful and solicitous,
 Ever wise and efficacious.
 Her orchid heart delights in green bamboos;
 Her chaste nature loves the wisteria.
 She is the merciful lord of the Potalaka Mountain,
 The Living Guanyin from the Cave of Tidal Sound.*

When Tathāgata saw her, he was most delighted and said to her, “No other person is qualified to make this journey. It must be the Honorable Guanyin of mighty magic powers—she’s the one to do it!”

“As your disciple departs for the east,” said the Bodhisattva, “do you have any instructions?”

“As you travel,” said Tathāgata, “you are to examine the way carefully. Do not journey high in the air, but remain at an altitude halfway between mist and cloud so that you can see the mountains and waters and remember the exact distance. You will then be able to instruct closely the scripture pilgrim. Since he may still find the journey difficult, I shall also give you five talismans.” Ordering Ānanda and Kāśyapa to bring out an embroidered cassock and a nine-ring priestly staff, he said to the Bodhisattva, “You may give this cassock and this staff to the scripture pilgrim. If he is firm in his intention to come here, he may put on the cassock and it will protect him from falling back into the wheel of transmigration. When he holds the staff, it will keep him from meeting poison or harm.”

The Bodhisattva bowed low to receive the gifts. Tathāgata then took out also three fillets and handed them to the Bodhisattva, saying, “These treasures are called the tightening fillets, and though they are all alike, their uses are not the same. I have a separate spell for each of them: the Golden, the Constrictive, and the Prohibitive Spell. If you encounter on the way any monster who possesses great magic powers, you must persuade him to learn to be good and to follow the scripture pilgrim as his disciple. If he is disobedient, this fillet may be put on his head, and it will strike root the moment it comes into contact with the flesh. Recite the particular spell which belongs to the fillet and it will cause the head to swell and ache so painfully that he will think his brains are bursting. That will persuade him to come within our fold.”

After the Bodhisattva had bowed to the Buddha and taken her leave, she called Disciple Hui’an to follow her. This Hui’an, you see, carried a huge iron rod that weighed a thousand pounds. He followed the Bodhisattva closely and served her as a powerful bodyguard.

The Bodhisattva made the embroidered cassock into a bundle and placed it on his back; she hid the golden fillets, took up the priestly staff, and went down the Spirit Mountain. Lo, this one journey will result in

*A Buddha son returning to keep his primal vow.
The Gold Cicada Elder will clasp the candana.*

The Bodhisattva went to the bottom of the hill, where she was received at the door of the Jade Perfection Daoist Abbey by the Great Immortal of Golden Head. The Bodhisattva was presented with tea, but she did not dare linger long, saying, "I have received the dharma-decree of Tathāgata to look for a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East."

The Great Immortal said, "When do you expect the scripture pilgrim to arrive?"

"I'm not sure," said the Bodhisattva. "Perhaps in two or three years' time he'll be able to get here." So she took leave of the Great Immortal and traveled at an altitude halfway between cloud and mist in order that she might remember the way and the distance. We have a testimonial poem for her that says:

*A search through ten thousand miles—no need to say!
To state who will be found is no easy thing.
Has not seeking someone been just like this?
What's been my whole life, was that a mere chance?
We preach the Dao, our method turns foolish
When saying meets no belief; we preach in vain.
To find some percipient I'd yield liver and gall.
There's affinity, I think, lying straight ahead.*

As the mentor and her disciple journeyed, they suddenly came upon a large body of Weak Water, for this was the region of the Flowing Sand River.

"My disciple," said the Bodhisattva, "this place is difficult to cross. The scripture pilgrim will be of temporal bones and mortal stock. How will he be able to get across?"

"Teacher," said Hui'an, "how wide do you suppose this river is?"

The Bodhisattva stopped her cloud to take a look, and she saw that

*In the east it touches the sandy coast;
In the west it joins the barbaric states;
In the south it reaches even Wuyi;
In the north it comes near the Tartars.
Its width is eight hundred miles,
And its length must measure many thousand more.
The water flows as if Earth is heaving its frame.
The current rises like a mountain rearing its back.
Outspread and immense;
Vast and interminable.
The sound of its towering billows reaches distant ears.
The raft of a god cannot come here,
Nor can a leaf of the lotus stay afloat.
Lifeless grass in the twilight drifts along the crooked banks.
Yellow clouds conceal the sun to darken the long dikes.*

*Where can one find the traffic of merchants?
 Has there been ever a shelter for fishermen?
 On the flat sand no wild geese descend;
 From distant shores comes the crying of apes.
 Only the red smartweed flowers know this scene,
 Basking in the white duckweed's fragile scent.*

The Bodhisattva was looking over the river when suddenly a loud splash was heard, and from the midst of the waves leaped an ugly and ferocious monster. He appeared to have

*A green, though not too green,
 And black, though not too black,
 Face of gloomy complexion;
 A long, though not too long,
 And short, though not too short,
 Sinewy body with naked feet.
 His gleaming eyes
 Shone like two lights beneath the stove.
 His mouth, forked at the corners,
 Was like a butcher's bloody bowl.
 With teeth protruding like swords and knives,
 And red hair all disheveled,
 He bellowed once and it sounded like thunder,
 While his legs sprinted like whirling wind.*

Holding in his hands a priestly staff, that fiendish creature ran up the bank and tried to seize the Bodhisattva. He was opposed, however, by Hui'an, who wielded his iron rod, crying, "Stop!", but the fiendish creature raised his staff to meet him. So the two of them engaged in a fierce battle beside the Flowing Sand River, which was truly terrifying.

*The iron rod of Mokṣa¹
 Displays its power to defend the Law;
 The monster-taming staff of the creature
 Labors to show its heroic might.
 Two silver pythons dance along the river's bank.
 A pair of godlike monks charge each other on the shore.
 This one plies his talents as the forceful lord of Flowing Sand.
 That one, to attain great merit, protects Guanyin by strength.
 This one churns up foam and stirs up waves.
 That one belches fog and spits out wind.
 The stirred-up foams and waves darken Heaven and Earth.
 The spat-out fog and wind make dim both sun and moon.
 The monster-taming staff of this one
 Is like a white tiger emerging from the mountain;
 The iron rod of that one
 Is like a yellow dragon lying on the way.*

1. In Hinduism and Jainism "moksha or moksa" refers to the release from the cycle of rebirth. In Jainism also the liberation of the soul from evil and whose symbolism has moksa as situated at the crown of the head of the Cosmic Giant.

*When used by one,
 This weapon spreads open the grass and finds the snake.
 When let loose by the other,
 That weapon knocks down the kite and splits the pine.
 They fight until the darkness thickens
 Save for the glittering stars,
 And the fog looms up
 To obscure both sky and land.
 This one, long a dweller in the Weak Water, is uniquely fierce.
 That one, newly leaving the Spirit Mountain, seeks his first win.*

Back and forth along the river the two of them fought for twenty or thirty rounds without either prevailing, when the fiendish creature stilled the other's iron rod and asked, "What region do you come from, monk, that you dare oppose me?"

"I'm the second son of the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja," said Mokṣa, "Mokṣa, Disciple Hui'an. I am serving as the guardian of my mentor, who is looking for a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. What kind of monster are you that you dare block our way?"

"I remember," said the monster, suddenly recognizing his opponent, "that you used to follow the Guanyin of the South Sea and practice austerities there in the bamboo grove. How did you get to this place?"

"Don't you realize," said Mokṣa, "that she is my mentor—the one over there on the shore?" When the monster heard these words, he apologized repeatedly. Putting away his staff, he allowed Mokṣa to grasp him by the collar and lead him away. He lowered his head and bowed low to Guanyin, saying, "Bodhisattva, please forgive me and let me submit my explanation. I am no monster; rather, I am the Curtain-Raising General who waits upon the phoenix chariot of the Jade Emperor at the Divine Mists Hall. Because I carelessly broke a crystal cup at one of the Festivals of Immortal Peaches, the Jade Emperor gave me eight hundred lashes, banished me to the Region Below, and changed me into my present shape. Every seventh day he sends a flying sword to stab my breast and side more than a hundred times before it leaves me. Hence my present wretchedness! Moreover, the hunger and cold are unbearable, and I am driven every few days to come out of the waves and find a traveler for food. I certainly did not expect that my ignorance would today lead me to offend the great, merciful Bodhisattva."

"Because of your sin in Heaven," said the Bodhisattva, "you were banished. Yet the taking of life in your present manner surely is adding sin to sin. By the decree of Buddha, I am on my way to the Land of the East to find a scripture pilgrim. Why don't you come into my fold, take refuge in good works, and follow the scripture pilgrim as his disciple when he goes to the Western Heaven to ask Buddha for the scriptures? I'll order the flying sword to stop piercing you. At the time when you achieve merit, your sin will be expiated and you will be restored to your former position. How do you feel about that?"

"I'm willing," said the monster, "to seek refuge in right action."

He said also, "Bodhisattva, I have devoured countless human beings at this place. There have even been a number of scripture pilgrims here, and I ate all of them. The heads of those I devoured I threw into the Flowing Sand, and they sank to the bottom, for such is the nature of this water that not even goose down can float on it. But

the skulls of the nine pilgrims floated on the water and would not sink. Regarding them as something unusual, I chained them together with a rope and played with them at my leisure. If this becomes known, I fear that no other scripture pilgrim will want to come this way. Won't it jeopardize my future?"

"Not come this way? How absurd!" said the Bodhisattva. "You may take the skulls and hang them round your neck. When the scripture pilgrim arrives, there will be a use for them."

"If that's the case," said the monster, "I'm now willing to receive your instructions." The Bodhisattva then touched the top of his head and gave him the commandments. The sand was taken to be a sign, and he was given the surname "Sha" and the religious name "Wujing," and that was how he entered the Gate of Sand. After he had seen the Bodhisattva on her way, he washed his heart and purified himself; he never took life again but waited attentively for the arrival of the scripture pilgrim.

So the Bodhisattva parted with him and went with Mokṣa toward the Land of the East. They traveled for a long time and came upon a high mountain, which was covered by miasma so foul that they could not ascend it on foot. They were just about to mount the clouds and pass over it when a sudden blast of violent wind brought into view another monster of most ferocious appearance. Look at his

*Lips curled and twisted like dried lotus leaves;
Ears like rush-leaf fans and hard, gleaming eyes;
Gaping teeth as sharp as a fine steel file's;
A long mouth wide open like a fire pot.
A gold cap is fastened with bands by the cheek.
Straps on his armor seem like scaleless snakes.
He holds a rake—a dragon's outstretched claws;
From his waist hangs a bow of half-moon shape.
His awesome presence and his prideful mien
Defy the deities and daunt the gods.*

He rushed up toward the two travelers and, without regard for good or ill, lifted the rake and brought it down hard on the Bodhisattva. But he was met by Disciple Hui'an, who cried with a loud voice, "Reckless monster! Desist from this insolence! Look out for my rod!"

"This monk," said the monster, "doesn't know any better! Look out for my rake!" The two of them clashed together at the foot of the mountain to discover who was to be the victor. It was a magnificent battle!

*The monster is fierce.
Hui'an is powerful.
The iron rod jabs at the heart;
The muckrake swipes at the face.
Spraying mud and splattering dust darken Heaven and Earth;
Flying sand and hurling rocks scare demons and gods.
The nine-teeth rake,
All burnished,
Loudly jingles with double rings;
The single rod,
Black throughout,
Leaps and flies in both hands.*

*This one is the prince of a Devarāja;
 That one is the spirit of a grand marshal.
 This one defends the faith at Potalaka;
 That one lives in a cave as a monster.
 Meeting this time they rush to fight,
 Not knowing who shall lose and who shall win.*

At the very height of their battle, Guanyin threw down some lotus flowers from midair, separating the rod from the rake. Alarmed by what he saw, the fiendish creature asked, “What region are you from, monk, that you dare to play this ‘flower-in-the-eye’ trick on me?”

“Cursed beast of fleshly eyes and mortal stock!” said Mokṣa. “I am the disciple of the Bodhisattva from South Sea, and these are lotus flowers thrown down by my mentor. Don’t you recognize them?”

“The Bodhisattva from South Sea?” asked the fiend. “Is she Guanyin who sweeps away the three calamities and rescues us from the eight disasters?”

“Who else,” said Mokṣa, “if not she?”

The fiend threw away his muckrake, lowered his head, and bowed, saying, “Venerable brother! Where is the Bodhisattva? Please be so good as to introduce me to her.” Mokṣa raised his head and pointed upward, saying, “Isn’t she up there?”

“Bodhisattva!” the fiend kowtowed toward her and cried with a loud voice, “Pardon my sin! Pardon my sin!”

Guanyin lowered the direction of her cloud and came to ask him, “What region are you from, wild boar who has become a spirit or old sow who has become a fiend, that you dare bar my way?”

“I am neither a wild boar,” said the fiend, “nor am I an old sow! I was originally the Marshal of the Heavenly Reeds in the Heavenly River. Because I got drunk and dallied with the Goddess of the Moon, the Jade Emperor had me beaten with a mallet two thousand times and banished me to the world of dust. My true spirit was seeking the proper home for my next incarnation when I lost my way, passed through the womb of an old sow, and ended up with a shape like this! Having bitten the sow to death and killed the rest of the litter, I took over this mountain ranch and passed my days eating people. Little did I expect to run into the Bodhisattva. Save me, I implore you! Save me!”

“What is the name of this mountain?” asked the Bodhisattva.

“It’s called the Mountain of the Blessed Mound,” said the fiendish creature, “and there is a cave in it by the name of Cloudy Paths. There was a Second Elder Sister Egg originally in the cave. She saw that I knew something of the martial art and therefore asked me to be the head of the family, following the so-called practice of ‘standing backward in the door.’ After less than a year, she died, leaving me to enjoy the possession of her entire cave. I have spent many days and years at this place, but I know no means of supporting myself and I pass the time eating people. I implore the Bodhisattva to pardon my sin.”

The Bodhisattva said, “There is an old saying:

*If you want to have a future,
 Don’t act heedless of the future.*

You have already transgressed in the Region Above, and yet you have not changed your violent ways but indulge in the taking of life. Don't you know that both crimes will be punished?"

"The future! The future!" said the fiend. "If I listen to you, I might as well feed on the wind! The proverb says,

*you follow the law of the court, you'll be beaten to death;
If you follow the law of Buddha, you'll be starved to death!*

Let me go! Let me go! I would much prefer catching a few travelers and munching on the plump and juicy lady of the family. Why should I care about two crimes, three crimes, a thousand crimes, or ten thousand crimes?"

"There is a saying," said the Bodhisattva,

*A man with good intent
Will win Heaven's assent.*

If you are willing to return to the fruits of truth, there will be means to sustain your body. There are five kinds of grain in this world and they all can relieve hunger. Why do you need to pass the time by devouring humans?" When the fiend heard these words, he was like one who woke from a dream, and he said to the Bodhisattva, "I would very much like to follow the truth. But 'since I have offended Heaven, even my prayers are of little avail.'"

"I have received the decree from Buddha to go to the Land of the East to find a scripture pilgrim," said the Bodhisattva. "You can follow him as his disciple and make a trip to the Western Heaven; your merit will cancel out your sins, and you will surely be delivered from your calamities."

"I'm willing. I'm willing," promised the fiend with enthusiasm. The Bodhisattva then touched his head and gave him the instructions. Pointing to his body as a sign, she gave him the surname "Zhu" and the religious name "Wuneng."

From that moment on, he accepted the commandment to return to the real. He fasted and ate only a vegetable diet, abstaining from the five forbidden viands and the three undesirable foods so as to wait single-mindedly for the scripture pilgrim.

The Bodhisattva and Mokṣa took leave of Wuneng and proceeded again halfway between cloud and mist. As they were journeying, they saw in midair a young dragon calling for help. The Bodhisattva drew near and asked, "What dragon are you, and why are you suffering here?"

The dragon said, "I am the son of Aorun, Dragon King of the Western Ocean. Because I inadvertently set fire to the palace and burned some of the pearls therein, my father the king memorialized to the Court of Heaven and charged me with grave disobedience. The Jade Emperor hung me in the sky and gave me three hundred lashes, and I shall be executed in a few days. I beg the Bodhisattva to save me."

When Guanyin heard these words, she rushed with Mokṣa up to the South Heaven Gate. She was received by Qiu and Zhang, the two Celestial Masters, who asked her, "Where are you going?"

"This humble cleric needs to have an audience with the Jade Emperor," said the Bodhisattva. The two Celestial Masters promptly made the report, and the Jade Emperor left the hall to receive her. After presenting her greetings, the Bodhisattva said, "By the decree of Buddha, this humble cleric is journeying to the Land of the East to find a

scripture pilgrim. On the way I met a mischievous dragon hanging in the sky. I have come specially to beg you to spare his life and grant him to me. He can be a good means of transportation for the scripture pilgrim.” When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he at once gave the decree of pardon, ordering the Heavenly sentinels to release the dragon to the Bodhisattva.

The Bodhisattva thanked the Emperor, while the young dragon also kowtowed to the Bodhisattva to thank her for saving his life and pledged obedience to her command. The Bodhisattva then sent him to live in a deep mountain stream with the instruction that when the scripture pilgrim should arrive, he was to change into a white horse and go to the Western Heaven. The young dragon obeyed the order and hid himself, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

The Bodhisattva then led Mokṣa past the mountain, and they headed again toward the Land of the East. They had not traveled long before they suddenly came upon ten thousand shafts of golden light and a thousand layers of radiant vapor. “Teacher,” said Mokṣa, “that luminous place must be the Mountain of Five Phases. I can see the tag of Tathāgata imprinted on it.”

“So, beneath this place,” said the Bodhisattva, “is where the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who disturbed Heaven and the Festival of Immortal Peaches, is being imprisoned.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Mokṣa. The mentor and her disciple ascended the mountain and looked at the tag, on which was inscribed the divine words *Oṃ maṇi padme hūṃ*. When the Bodhisattva saw this, she could not help sighing, and composed the following poem:

*I rue the impish ape not heeding the Law,
Who let loose wild heroics in bygone years.
His mind puffed up, he wrecked the Peach Banquet
And boldly stole in Tushita Palace.
He found no worthy match in ten thousand troops;
Through Ninefold Heaven he displayed his power.
Imprisoned now by Sovereign Tathāgata,
When will he be free to show once more his might?*

As mentor and disciple were speaking, they disturbed the Great Sage, who shouted from the base of the mountain, “Who is up there on the mountain composing verses to expose my faults?” When the Bodhisattva heard those words, she came down the mountain to take a look. There beneath the rocky ledges were the local spirit, the mountain god, and the Heavenly sentinels guarding the Great Sage. They all came and bowed to receive the Bodhisattva, leading her before the Great Sage. She looked and saw that he was pinned down in a kind of stone box: though he could speak, he could not move his body. “You whose name is Sun,” said the Bodhisattva, “do you recognize me?”

The Great Sage opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils and nodded. “How could I not recognize you?” he cried. “You are the Mighty Deliverer, the Great Compassionate Bodhisattva Guanyin from the Potalaka Mountain of the South Sea. Thank you, thank you for coming to see me! At this place every day is like a year, for not a single acquaintance has ever come to visit me. Where did you come from?”

“I have received the decree from Buddha,” said the Bodhisattva, “to go to the Land of the East to find a scripture pilgrim. Since I was passing through here, I rested my steps briefly to see you.”

“Tathāgata deceived me,” said the Great Sage, “and imprisoned me beneath this mountain. For over five hundred years already I have not been able to move. I implore the Bodhisattva to show a little mercy and rescue old Monkey!”

“Your sinful karma is very deep,” said the Bodhisattva. “If I rescue you, I fear that you will again perpetrate violence, and that will be bad indeed.”

“Now I know the meaning of penitence,” said the Great Sage. “So I entreat the Great Compassion to show me the proper path, for I am willing to practice cultivation.”

Truly it is that

*One wish born in the heart of man
Is known throughout Heaven and Earth.
If vice or virtue lacks reward,
Unjust must be the universe.*

When the Bodhisattva heard those words from the prisoner, she was filled with pleasure and said to the Great Sage, “The scripture says,

*When a good word is spoken,
An answer will come from beyond a thousand miles;
When an evil word is spoken,
Opposition will hail from beyond a thousand miles.*

If you have such a purpose, wait until I reach the Great Tang Nation in the Land of the East and find the scripture pilgrim. He will be told to come and rescue you, and you can follow him as a disciple. You shall keep the teachings and hold the rosary to enter our gate of Buddha, so that you may again cultivate the fruits of righteousness. Will you do that?”

“I’m willing, I’m willing,” said the Great Sage repeatedly.

“If you are indeed seeking the fruits of virtue,” said the Bodhisattva, “let me give you a religious name.”

“I have one already,” said the Great Sage, “and I’m called Sun Wukong.”

“There were two persons before you who came into our faith,” said the delighted Bodhisattva, “and their names, too, are built on the word ‘Wu.’ Your name will agree with theirs perfectly, and that is splendid indeed.

I need not give you any more instruction, for I must be going.” So our Great Sage, with manifest nature and enlightened mind, returned to the Buddhist faith, while our Bodhisattva, with attention and diligence, sought the divine monk.

She left the place with Mokṣa and proceeded straight to the east; in a few days they reached Chang’an of the Great Tang Nation.

Forsaking the mist and abandoning the cloud, mentor and disciple changed themselves into two wandering monks covered with scabby sores and went into the city. It was already dusk. As they walked through one of the main streets, they saw a temple of the local spirit.

They both went straight in, alarming the spirit and the demon guards, who recognized the Bodhisattva. They kowtowed to receive her, and the local spirit then ran quickly to report to the city's guardian deity, the god of the soil, and the spirits of various temples of Chang'an. When they learned that it was the Bodhisattva, they all came to pay homage, saying, "Bodhisattva, please pardon us for being tardy in our reception."

"None of you," said the Bodhisattva, "should let a word of this leak out! I came here by the special decree of Buddha to look for a scripture pilgrim. I would like to stay just for a few days in one of your temples, and I shall depart when the true monk is found."

The various deities went back to their own places, but they sent the local spirit off to the residence of the city's guardian deity so that the teacher and the disciple could remain incognito in the spirit's temple. We do not know what sort of scripture pilgrim was found. Let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINE

Chen Guangrui, going to his post, meets disaster
Monk River Float, avenging his parents, repays his roots

We now tell you about the city of Chang'an in the great nation's Shaanxi Province, which was the place that kings and emperors from generation to generation had made their capital. Since the periods of Zhou, Qin, and Han,

*Three counties of flowers bloomed like brocade,
 And eight rivers flowed encircling the city.*

It was truly a land of great scenic beauty. At this time the emperor Taizong of the Great Tang dynasty was on the throne, and the name of his reign was Zhenguan. He had been ruling now for thirteen years, and the cyclical name of the year was Jisi.

The whole land was at peace: people came bearing tributes from eight directions, and the inhabitants of the whole world called themselves his subjects.

One day Taizong ascended his throne and assembled his civil and military officials. After they had paid him homage, the prime minister Wei Zheng left the ranks and came forward to memorialize to the Throne, saying, "Since the world now is at peace and tranquility reigns everywhere, we should follow the ancient custom and establish sites for civil examinations, so that we may invite worthy scholars to come here and select those talents who will best serve the work of administration and government."

"Our worthy subject has voiced a sound principle in his memorial," said Taizong. He therefore issued a summons to be proclaimed throughout the empire: in every prefecture, county, and town, those who were learned in the Confucian classics, who could write with ease and lucidity, and who had passed the three sessions of examination, regardless of whether they were soldiers or peasants, would be invited to go to Chang'an to take the imperial examination.

This summons reached the place Haizhou, where it was seen by a certain man named Chen E (with the courtesy name of Guangrui), who then went straight home to talk to his mother, whose maiden name was Zhang. "The court," he said, "has sent a yellow summons, declaring in these southern provinces that there will be examinations for the selection of the worthy and the talented. Your child wishes to try out at such an examination, for if I manage to acquire an appointment, or even half a post, I would become more of a credit to my parents, magnify our name, give my wife a title, benefit my son, and bring glory to this house of ours. Such is the aspiration of your son:

I wish to tell my mother plainly before I leave."

"My son," said she of the Zhang family, "an educated person 'learns when he is young, but leaves when he is grown.' You should indeed follow this maxim. But as you go to the examination, you must be careful on the way, and, when you have secured a post, come home quickly." So Guangrui gave instructions for his family page to pack his bags, took leave of his mother, and began his journey. When he reached Chang'an, the examination site had just been opened, and he went straight in. He took the preliminary tests, passed them, and went to the court examination, where in three sessions on administrative policy he took first place, receiving the title "zhuangyuan,"

the certificate of which was signed by the Tang emperor's own hand. As was the custom, he was led through the streets on horseback for three days.

The procession at one point passed by the house of the chief minister, Yin Kaishan, who had a daughter named Wenjiao, nicknamed Mantangjiao (A Hall of Loveliness). She was not yet married, and at this time she was just about to throw down an embroidered ball from high up on a festooned tower in order to select her spouse. It happened that Chen Guangrui was passing below the tower. When the young maiden saw Guangrui's outstanding appearance and knew that he was the recent zhuangyuan of the examinations, she was very pleased. She threw down the embroidered ball, which just happened to hit the black gauze hat of Guangrui. Immediately, lively music of pipes and flutes could be heard throughout the area as scores of maids and serving-girls ran down from the tower, took hold of the bridle of Guangrui's horse, and led him into the residence of the chief minister for the wedding. The chief minister and his wife at once came out of their chambers, called together the guests and the master of ceremonies, and gave the girl to Guangrui as his bride.

Together, they bowed to Heaven and Earth; then husband and wife bowed to each other, before bowing to the father- and mother-inlaw.

The chief minister then gave a big banquet and everyone feasted merrily for a whole evening, after which the two of them walked hand in hand into the bridal chamber.

At the fifth watch early next morning, Taizong took his seat in the Treasure Hall of Golden Chimes as civil and military officials attended the court. Taizong asked, "What appointment should the new zhuangyuan receive?"

The prime minister Wei Zheng said, "Your subject has discovered that within our territory there is a vacancy at Jiangzhou. I beg my Lord to grant him this post."

Taizong at once made him governor of Jiangzhou and ordered him to leave without delay. After thanking the emperor and leaving the court, Guangrui went back to the house of the chief minister to inform his wife. He took leave of his father- and mother-in-law and proceeded with his wife to the new post at Jiangzhou.

As they left Chang'an and went on their journey, the season was late spring:

A soft wind blew to green the willows;

A fine rain spotted to redden the flowers.

As his home was on the way, Guangrui returned to his house where husband and wife bowed together to his mother, Lady Zhang.

"Congratulations, my son," said she of the Zhang family, "you even came back with a wife!"

"Your child," said Guangrui, "relied on the power of your blessing and was able to attain the undeserved honor of zhuangyuan. By imperial command I was making a tour of the streets when, as I passed by the mansion of Chief Minister Yin, I was hit by an embroidered ball. The chief minister kindly gave his daughter to your child to be his wife, and His Majesty appointed him governor of Jiangzhou. I have returned to take you with me to the post." She of the Zhang family was delighted and packed at once for the journey.

They had been on the road for a few days when they came to stay at the Inn of Ten Thousand Flowers, kept by a certain Liu Xiaoer.

She of the Zhang family suddenly became ill and said to Guangrui, "I don't feel well at all. Let's rest here for a day or two before we journey again."

Guangrui obeyed. Next morning there was a man outside the inn holding a golden carp for sale, which Guangrui bought for a string of coins. He was about to have it cooked for his mother when he saw that the carp was blinking its eyes vigorously.

In astonishment, Guangrui said, "I have heard that when a fish or a snake blinks its eyes in this manner, that's the sure sign that it's not an ordinary creature!"

He therefore asked the fisherman, "Where did you catch this fish?"

"I caught it," said the fisherman, "from the river Hong, some fifteen miles from this district."

Accordingly, Guangrui sent the live fish back to the river and returned to the inn to tell his mother about it. "It is a good deed to release living creatures from captivity," said she of the Zhang family. "I am very pleased."

"We have stayed in this inn now for three days," said Guangrui. "The imperial command is an urgent one. Your child intends to leave tomorrow, but he would like to know whether mother has fully recovered." She of the Zhang family said, "I'm still not well, and the heat on the journey at this time of year, I fear, will only add to my illness. Why don't you rent a house for me to stay here temporarily and leave me an allowance? The two of you can proceed to your new post. By autumn, when it's cool, you can come fetch me."

Guangrui discussed the matter with his wife; they duly rented a house for her and left some cash with her, after which they took leave and left.

They felt the fatigue of traveling, journeying by day and resting by night, and they soon came to the crossing of the Hong River, where two boatmen, Liu Hong and Li Biao, took them into their boat. It happened that Guangrui was destined in his previous incarnation to meet this calamity, and so he had to come upon these fated enemies of his. After ordering the houseboy to put the luggage on the boat, Guangrui and his wife were just about to embark when Liu Hong noticed the beauty of Lady Yin, who had a face like a full moon, eyes like autumnal water, a small, cherrylike mouth, and a tiny, willowlike waist. Her features were striking enough to sink fishes and drop wild geese, and her complexion would cause the moon to hide and put the flowers to shame. Stirred at once to cruelty, he plotted with Li Biao; together they punted the boat to an isolated area and waited until the middle of the night. They killed the houseboy first, and then they beat Guangrui to death, pushing both bodies into the water. When the lady saw that they had killed her husband, she made a dive for the water, but Liu Hong threw his arms around her and caught her. "If you consent to my demand," he said, "everything will be all right. If you do not, this knife will cut you in two!" Unable to think of any better plan, the lady had to give her consent for the time being and yielded herself to Liu Hong. The thief took the boat to the south bank, where he turned the boat over to the care of Li Biao. He himself put on Guangrui's cap and robe, took his credentials, and proceeded with the lady to the post at Jiangzhou.

We should now tell you that the body of the houseboy killed by Liu Hong drifted away with the current. The body of Chen Guangrui, however, sank to the bottom of the water and stayed there. A yakṣ on patrol at the mouth of the Hong River saw it and rushed into the Dragon Palace. The Dragon King was just holding court when the yakṣ entered to report, saying, "A scholar has been beaten to death at the mouth of the

Hong River by some unknown person, and his body is now lying at the bottom of the water.”

The Dragon King had the corpse brought in and laid before him. He took a careful look at it and said, “But this man was my benefactor! How could he have been murdered? As the common saying goes, ‘Kindness should be paid by kindness.’ I must save his life today so that I may repay the kindness of yesterday.”

He at once issued an official dispatch, sending a yakṣ to deliver it to the municipal deity and local spirit of Hongzhou, and asked for the soul of the scholar so that his life might be saved. The municipal deity and the local spirit in turn ordered the little demons to hand over the soul of Chen Guangrui to the yakṣ, who led the soul back to the Water Crystal Palace for an audience with the Dragon King.

“Scholar,” asked the Dragon King, “what is your name? Where did you come from? Why did you come here, and for what reason were you beaten to death?”

Guangrui saluted him and said, “This lowly student is named Chen E, and my courtesy name is Guangrui. I am from the Hongnong district of Haizhou. As the unworthy zhuangyuan of the recent session of examination, I was appointed by the court to be governor of Jiangzhou, and I was going to my post with my wife. When I took a boat at the river, I did not expect the boatman, Liu Hong, to covet my wife and plot against me. He beat me to death and tossed out my body. I beg the Great King to save me.”

Hearing these words, the Dragon King said, “So, that’s it! Good sir, the golden carp that you released earlier was myself. You are my benefactor. You may be in dire difficulty at the moment, but is there any reason why I should not come to your assistance?”

He therefore laid the body of Guangrui to one side, and put a preservative pearl in his mouth so that his body would not deteriorate but be reunited with his soul to avenge himself in the future. He also said, “Your true soul may remain temporarily in my Water Bureau as an officer.”

Guangrui kowtowed to thank him, and the Dragon King prepared a banquet to entertain him, but we shall say no more about that. We now tell you that Lady Yin hated the bandit Liu so bitterly that she wished she could devour his flesh and sleep on his skin! But because she was with child and did not know whether it would be a boy or a girl, she had no alternative but to yield reluctantly to her captor. In a little while they arrived at Zhiangzhou; the clerks and the lictors all came to meet them, and all the subordinate officials gave a banquet for them at the governor’s mansion. Liu Hong said, “Having come here, a student like me is utterly dependent on the support and assistance of you gentlemen.”

“Your Honor,” replied the officials, “is first in the examinations and a major talent. You will, of course, regard your people as your children; your public declarations will be as simple as your settlement of litigation is fair. We subordinates are all dependent on your leadership, so why should you be unduly modest?” When the official banquet ended, the people all left.

Time passed by swiftly. One day, Liu Hong went far away on official business, while Lady Yin at the mansion was thinking of her mother-in-law and her husband and sighing in the garden pavilion. Suddenly she was seized by tremendous fatigue and

sharp pains in her belly. Falling unconscious to the ground, she gave birth to a son. Presently she heard someone whispering in her ear:

“Mantangjiao, listen carefully to what I have to say. I am the Star Spirit of South Pole, who sends you this son by the express command of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. One day his name will be known far and wide, for he is not to be compared with an ordinary mortal. But when the bandit Liu returns, he will surely try to harm the child, and you must take care to protect him. Your husband has been rescued by the Dragon King; in the future both of you will meet again even as son and mother will be reunited. A day will come when wrongs will be redressed and crimes punished. Remember my words! Wake up! Wake up!”

The voice ceased and departed. The lady woke up and remembered every word; she clasped her son tightly to her but could devise no plan to protect him. Liu Hong then returned and wanted to have the child killed by drowning the moment he saw him. The lady said, “Today it’s late already. Allow him to live till tomorrow and then have him thrown into the river.” It was fortunate that Liu Hong was called away by urgent business the next morning. The lady thought to herself:

“If this child is here when that bandit returns, his life is finished! I might as well abandon him now to the river, and let life or death take its own course. Perhaps Heaven, taking pity on him, will send someone to his rescue and to have him cared for. Then we may have a chance to meet again.” She was afraid, however, that future recognition would be difficult; so she bit her finger and wrote a letter with her blood, stating in detail the names of the parents, the family history, and the reason for the child’s abandonment. She also bit off a little toe from the child’s left foot to establish a mark of his identity. Taking one of her own inner garments she wrapped the child and took him out of the mansion when no one was watching. Fortunately the mansion was not far from the river. Reaching the bank, the lady burst into tears and wailed long and loud. She was about to toss the child into the river when she caught sight of a plank floating by the river bank. At once she prayed to Heaven, after which she placed the child on the plank and tied him securely to it with some rope. She fastened the letter written in blood to his chest, pushed the plank out into the water, and let it drift away. With tears in her eyes, the lady went back to the mansion, but we shall say no more of that.

Now we shall tell you about the boy on the plank, which floated with the current until it came to a standstill just beneath the Temple of Gold Mountain. The abbot of this temple was called Monk Faming. In the cultivation of perfection and comprehension of truth, he had attained already the wondrous secret of birthlessness. He was sitting in meditation when all at once he heard an infant crying.

Moved by this, he went quickly down to the river to have a look, and discovered the baby lying there on a plank at the edge of the water. The abbot quickly lifted him out of the water. When he read the letter in blood fastened to his chest, he learned of the child’s origin. He then gave him the baby name River Float and arranged for someone to nurse and care for him, while he himself kept the letter written in blood safely hidden. Time passed by like an arrow, and the seasons like a weaver’s shuttle; River Float soon reached his eighteenth year. The abbot had his hair shaved and asked him to join in the practice of austerities, giving him the religious name Xuanzang. Having had his head touched and having received the commandments, Xuanzang pursued the Way with great determination.

One day in late spring, the various monks gathered in the shade of pine trees were discussing the canons of Chan and debating the fine points of the mysteries. One

feckless monk, who happened to have been completely outwitted by Xuanzang's questions, shouted angrily, "You damnable beast! You don't even know your own name, and you are ignorant of your own parents! Why are you still hanging around here playing tricks on people?" When Xuanzang heard such language of rebuke, he went into the temple and knelt before the master, saying with tears flowing from his eyes, "Though a human being born into this world receives his natural endowments from the forces of yin and yang and from the Five Phases, he is always nurtured by his parents. How can there be a person in this world who has no father or mother?" Repeatedly and piteously he begged for the names of his parents. The abbot said, "If you truly wish to seek your parents, you may follow me to my cell." Xuanzang duly followed him to his cell, where, from the top of a heavy crossbeam, the abbot took down a small box. Opening the box, he took out a letter written in blood and an inner garment and gave them to Xuanzang. Only after he had unfolded the letter and read it did Xuanzang learn the names of his parents and understand in detail the wrongs that had been done them.

When Xuanzang finished reading, he fell weeping to the floor, saying, "How can anyone be worthy to bear the name of man if he cannot avenge the wrongs done to his parents? For eighteen years, I have been ignorant of my true parents, and only this day have I learned that I have a mother! And yet, would I have even reached this day if my master had not saved me and cared for me? Permit your disciple to go seek my mother. Thereafter, I will rebuild this temple with an incense bowl on my head, and repay the profound kindness of my teacher."

"If you desire to seek your mother," said the master, "you may take this letter in blood and the inner garment with you. Go as a mendicant monk to the private quarters at the governor's mansion of Jiangzhou. You will then be able to meet your mother." Xuanzang followed the words of his master and went to Jiangzhou as a mendicant monk. It happened that Liu Hong was out on business, for Heaven had planned that mother and child should meet. Xuanzang went straight to the door of the private quarters of the governor's mansion to beg for alms. Lady Yin, you see, had had a dream the night before in which she saw a waning moon become full again. She thought to herself, "I have no news from my mother-in-law; my husband was murdered by this bandit; my son was thrown into the river. If by chance someone rescued him and had him cared for, he must be eighteen by now. Perhaps Heaven wished us to be reunited today. Who can tell?"

As she was pondering the matter in her heart, she suddenly heard someone reciting the scriptures outside her residence and crying repeatedly, "Alms! Alms!"

At a convenient moment, the lady slipped out and asked him, "Where did you come from?"

"Your poor monk," said Xuanzang, "is the disciple of Faming, abbot of the Temple of Gold Mountain."

"So you are the disciple of the abbot of that temple?" she asked and invited him into the mansion and served him some vegetables and rice. Watching him closely, she noticed that in speech and manner he bore a remarkable resemblance to her husband. The lady sent her maid away and then asked, "Young master! Did you leave your family as a child or when you grew up? What are your given name and your surname? Do you have any parents?"

"I did not leave my family when I was young," replied Xuanzang, "nor did I do so when I grew up. To tell you the truth, I have a wrong to avenge great as the sky, an

enmity deep as the sea. My father was a murder victim, and my mother was taken by force.

My master the abbot Faming told me to seek my mother in the governor's mansion of Jiangzhou."

"What is your mother's surname?" asked the lady. "My mother's surname is Yin," said Xuanzang, "and her given name is Wenjiao.

My father's surname is Chen and his given name is Guangrui. My nickname is River Float, but my religious name is Xuanzang."

"I am Wenjiao," said the lady, "but what proof have you of your identity?" When Xuanzang heard that she was his mother, he fell to his knees and wept most grievously. "If my own mother doesn't believe me," he said, "you may see the proof in this letter written in blood and this inner garment." Wenjiao took them in her hands, and one look told her that they were the real things. Mother and child embraced each other and wept.

Lady Yin then cried, "My son, leave at once!"

"For eighteen years I have not known my true parents," said Xuanzang, "and I've seen my mother for the first time only this morning. How could your son bear so swift a separation?"

"My son," said the lady, "leave at once, as if you were on fire! If that bandit Liu returns, he will surely take your life. I shall pretend to be ill tomorrow and say that I must go to your temple and fulfill a vow I made in a previous year to donate a hundred pairs of monk shoes. At that time I shall have more to say to you." Xuanzang followed her bidding and bowed to take leave of her.

We were speaking of Lady Yin, who, having seen her son, was filled with both anxiety and joy. The next day, under the pretext of being sick, she lay on her bed and would take neither tea nor rice. Liu Hong returned to the mansion and questioned her. "When I was young," said Lady Yin, "I vowed to donate a hundred pairs of monk shoes. Five days ago, I dreamed that a monk demanded those shoes of me, holding a knife in his hand. From then on, I did not feel well."

"Such a small matter!" said Liu Hong. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

He at once went up to the governor's hall and gave the order to his stewards Wang and Li that a hundred families of the city were each to bring in a pair of monk shoes within five days. The families obeyed and completed their presentations. "Now that we have the shoes," said Lady Yin to Liu Hong, "what kind of temple do we have nearby that I can go to fulfill my vow?" Liu Hong said, "There is a Temple of Gold Mountain here in Jiangzhou as well as a Temple of Burned Mountain. You may go to whichever one you choose."

"I have long heard," said the lady, "that the Temple of Gold Mountain is a very good one. I shall go there." Liu Hong at once gave the order to his stewards Wang and Li to prepare a boat. Lady Yin took a trusted companion with her and boarded the boat.

The boatmen poled it away from the shore and headed for the Temple of Gold Mountain.

We now tell you about Xuanzang, who returned to the temple and told the abbot Faming what had happened. The next day, a young housemaid arrived to announce that her mistress was coming to the temple to fulfill a vow she had made. All the monks

came out of the temple to receive her. The lady went straight inside to worship the Bodhisattva and to give a great vegetarian banquet. She ordered the housemaid to put the monk shoes and stockings in trays and have them brought into the main ceremonial hall. After the lady had again worshipped with extreme devoutness, she asked the abbot Faming to distribute the gifts to the various monks before they dispersed. When Xuanzang saw that all the monks had left and that there was no one else in the hall, he drew near and knelt down. The lady asked him to remove his shoes and stockings, and she saw that there was, indeed, a small toe missing from his left foot. Once again, the two of them embraced and wept. They also thanked the abbot for his kindness in fostering the youth.

Faming said, "I fear that the present meeting of mother and child may become known to that wily bandit. You must leave speedily so that you may avoid any harm."

"My son," the lady said, "let me give you an incense ring. Go to Hongzhou, about fifteen hundred miles northwest of here, where you will find the Ten Thousand Flowers Inn. Earlier we left an aged woman there whose maiden name is Zhang and who is the true mother of your father. I have also written a letter for you to take to the capital of the Tang emperor. To the left of the Golden Palace is the house of Chief Minister Yin, who is the true father of your mother. Give my letter to your maternal grandfather, and ask him to request the Tang emperor to dispatch men and horses to have this bandit arrested and executed, so that your father may be avenged. Only then will you be able to rescue your old mother. I dare not linger now, for I fear that knave may be offended by my returning late." She went out of the temple, boarded the boat, and left.

Xuanzang returned weeping to the temple. He told his master everything and bowed to take leave of him immediately. Going straight to Hongzhou, he came to the Ten Thousand Flowers Inn and addressed the innkeeper, Liu Xiaoer, saying, "In a previous year there was an honored guest here by the name of Chen whose mother remained at your inn. How is she now?"

"Originally," said Liu Xiaoer, "she stayed in my inn. Afterwards she went blind, and for three or four years did not pay me any rent. She now lives in a dilapidated potter's kiln near the Southern Gate, and every day she goes begging on the streets. Once that honored guest had left, he was gone for a long time, and even now there is no news of him whatever. I can't understand it." When Xuanzang heard this, he went at once to the dilapidated potter's kiln at the Southern Gate and found his grandmother. The grandmother said, "Your voice sounds very much like that of my son Chen Guangrui."

"I'm not Chen Guangrui," said Xuanzang, "but only his son! Lady Wenjiao is my mother."

"Why didn't your father and mother come back?" asked the grandmother. "My father was beaten to death by bandits," said Xuanzang, "and one of them forced my mother to be his wife."

"How did you know where to find me?" asked the grandmother. "It was my mother," answered Xuanzang, "who told me to seek my grandmother. There's a letter from mother here and there's also an incense ring."

The grandmother took the letter and the incense ring and wept without restraint. "For merit and reputation," she said, "my son came to this! I thought that he had turned his back on righteousness and had forgotten parental kindness. How should I know that

he was murdered? Fortunately, Heaven remembered me at least in pity, and this day a grandson has come to seek me out."

"Grandmother," asked Xuanzang, "how did you go blind?"

"Because I thought so often about your father," said the grandmother. "I waited for him daily, but he did not return. I wept until I was blind in both eyes." Xuanzang knelt down and prayed to Heaven, saying, "Have regard of Xuanzang who, at the age of eighteen, has not yet avenged the wrong done to his parents. By the command of my mother, I came this day to find my grandmother. If Heaven would take pity on my sincerity, grant that the eyes of my grandmother regain their sight." When he finished his petition, he licked the eyes of his grandmother with the tip of his tongue. In a moment, both eyes were licked open and they were as of old. When the grandmother saw the youthful monk, she said, "You're indeed my grandson! Why, you are just like my son Guangrui!" She felt both happy and sad. Xuanzang led his grandmother out of the kiln and went back to Liu Xiaor's inn, where he rented a room for her to stay. He also gave her some money, saying, "In a little more than a month's time, I'll be back."

Taking leave of his grandmother, he went straight to the capital and found his way to the house of the chief minister Yin on the eastern street of the imperial city. He said to the porter, "This little monk is a kinsman who has come to visit the chief minister."

The porter made the report to the chief minister, who replied, "I'm not related to any monk!"

But his wife said, "I dreamed last night that my daughter Mantangjiao came home. Could it be that our son-in-law has sent us a letter?"

The chief minister therefore had the little monk shown to the living room. When he saw the chief minister and his wife, he fell weeping to the floor. Taking a letter from within the folds of his robe, he handed it over to the chief minister. The chief minister opened it, read it from beginning to end, and wept without restraint. "Your Excellency, what is the matter?" asked his wife. "This monk," said the chief minister, "is our grandson. Our son-in-law, Chen Guangrui, was murdered by bandits, and Mantangjiao was made the wife of the murderer by force." When the wife heard this, she too wept inconsolably.

"Let our lady restrain her grief," said the chief minister. "Tomorrow morning I shall present a memorial to our Lord. I shall lead the troops myself to avenge our son-in-law."

The next day, the chief minister went into court to present his memorial to the Tang emperor, which read:

The son-in-law of your subject, the zhuangyuan Chen Guangrui, was proceeding to his post at Jiangzhou with members of his family. He was beaten to death by the boatman Liu Hong, who then took our daughter by force to be his wife. He pretended to be the son-in-law of your subject and usurped his post for many years. This is indeed a shocking and tragic incident. I beg Your Majesty to dispatch horses and men at once to exterminate the bandits.

The Tang emperor saw the memorial and became exceedingly angry. He immediately called up sixty thousand imperial soldiers and ordered the chief minister Yin to lead them forth. The chief minister took the decree and left the court to make the roll call for the troops at the barracks. They proceeded immediately toward Jiangzhou, journeying by day and resting by night, and they soon reached the place. Horses and men pitched camps on the north shore, and that very night, the chief minister summoned

with golden tablets the Subprefect and County Judge of Jiangzhou to his camp. He explained to the two of them the reason for the expedition and asked for their military assistance. They then crossed the river and, before the sky was light, had the mansion of Liu Hong completely surrounded. Liu Hong was still in his dreams when at the shot of a single cannon and the unisonous roll of drums, the soldiers broke into the private quarters of the mansion. Liu Hong was seized before he could offer any resistance. The chief minister had him and the rest of the prisoners bound and taken to the field of execution, while the rest of the soldiers pitched camp outside the city.

Taking a seat in the great hall of the mansion, the chief minister invited the lady to come out to meet him. She was about to do so but was overcome by shame at seeing her father again, and wanted to hang herself right there. Xuanzang learned of this and rushed inside to save his mother. Falling to his knees, he said to her, "Your son and his grandfather led the troops here to avenge father. The bandit has already been captured. Why does mother want to die now? If mother were dead, how could your son possibly remain alive?"

The chief minister also went inside to offer his consolation. "I have heard," said the lady, "that a woman follows her spouse to the grave.

My husband was murdered by this bandit, causing me dreadful grief. How could I yield so shamefully to the thief? The child I was carrying—that was my sole lease on life that helped me bear my humiliation! Now that my son is grown and my old father has led troops to avenge our wrong, I who am the daughter have little face left for my reunion. I can only die to repay my husband!"

"My child," said the chief minister, "you did not alter your virtue according to prosperity or adversity. You had no choice! How can this be regarded as shame?"

Father and daughter embraced, weeping; Xuanzang also could not contain his emotion. Wiping away his tears, the chief minister said, "The two of you must sorrow no more. I have already captured the culprit, and I must now dispose of him."

He got up and went to the execution site, and it happened that the Subprefect of Jiangzhou had also apprehended the pirate Li Biao, who was brought by sentinels to the same place. Highly pleased, the chief minister ordered Liu Hong and Li Biao to be flogged a hundred times with large canes. Each signed an affidavit, giving a thorough account of the murder of Chen Guangrui. First Li Biao was nailed to a wooden ass, and after it had been pushed to the marketplace, he was cut to pieces and his head exposed on a pole for all to see. Liu Hong was then taken to the crossing at the Hong River, to the exact spot where he had beaten Chen Guangrui to death. The chief minister, the lady, and Xuanzang all went to the bank of the river, and as libations they offered the heart and liver of Liu Hong, which had been gouged out from him live. Finally, an essay eulogizing the deceased was burned.

Facing the river the three persons wept without restraint, and their sobs were heard down below in the water region. A yakṣa patrolling the waters brought the essay in its spirit form to the Dragon King, who read it and at once sent a turtle marshal to fetch Guangrui. "Sir," said the king, "Congratulations! Congratulations! At this moment, your wife, your son, and your father-in-law are offering sacrifices to you at the bank of the river. I am now letting your soul go so that you may return to life. We are also presenting you with a pearl of wish fulfillment, two rolling-pan pearls, ten bales of mermaid silk, and a jade belt with lustrous pearls. Today you will enjoy the reunion of husband and wife, mother and son."

After Guangrui had given thanks repeatedly, the Dragon King ordered a yakṣa to escort his body to the mouth of the river and there to return his soul. The yakṣa followed the order and left.

We tell you now about Lady Yin, who, having wept for some time for her husband, would have killed herself again by plunging into the water if Xuanzang had not desperately held on to her. They were struggling pitifully when they saw a dead body floating toward the river bank. The lady hurriedly went forward to look at it. Recognizing it as her husband's body, she burst into even louder wailing.

As the other people gathered around to look, they suddenly saw Guangrui unclasping his fists and stretching his legs. The entire body began to stir, and in a moment he clambered up to the bank and sat down, to the infinite amazement of everyone. Guangrui opened his eyes and saw Lady Yin, the chief minister Yin, his father-in-law, and a youthful monk, all weeping around him. "Why are you all here?" said Guangrui.

"It all began," said Lady Yin, "when you were beaten to death by bandits. Afterwards your unworthy wife gave birth to this son, who is fortunate enough to have been brought up by the abbot of the Gold Mountain Temple. The abbot sent him to meet me, and I told him to go seek his maternal grandfather. When father heard this, he made it known to the court and led troops here to arrest the bandits.

Just now we took out the culprit's liver and heart live to offer to you as libations, but I would like to know how my husband's soul is able to return to give him life."

Guangrui said, "That's all on account of our buying the golden carp, when you and I were staying at the Inn of Ten Thousand Flowers. I released that carp, not knowing that it was none other than the Dragon King of this place. When the bandits pushed me into the river afterward, he was the one who came to my rescue. Just now he was also the one who gave me back my soul as well as many precious gifts, which I have here with me. I never even knew that you had given birth to this boy, and I am grateful that my father-in-law has avenged me. Indeed, bitterness has passed and sweetness has come! What unsurpassable joy!" When the various officials heard about this, they all came to tender their congratulations. The chief minister then ordered a great banquet to thank his subordinates, after which the troops and horses on the very same day began their march homeward. When they came to the Inn of Ten Thousand Flowers, the chief minister gave order to pitch camp. Guangrui went with Xuanzang to the Inn of Liu to seek the grandmother, who happened to have dreamed the night before that a withered tree had blossomed. Magpies behind her house were chattering incessantly as well. She thought to herself, "Could it be that my grandson is coming?"

Before she had finished talking to herself, father and son arrived together. The youthful monk pointed to her and said, "Isn't this my grandmother?" When Guangrui saw his aged mother, he bowed in haste; mother and son embraced and wept without restraint for a while. After recounting to each other what had happened, they paid the innkeeper his bill and set out again for the capital. When they reached the chief minister's residence, Guangrui, his wife, and his mother all went to greet the chief minister's wife, who was overjoyed. She ordered her servants to prepare a huge banquet to celebrate the occasion. The chief minister said, "This banquet today may be named the Festival of Reunion, for truly our whole family is rejoicing."

Early the next morning, the Tang emperor held court, during which time the chief minister Yin left the ranks to give a careful report on what had taken place. He

also recommended that a talent like Guangrui's be used in some important capacity. The Tang emperor approved the memorial, and ordered that Chen E be promoted to Subchancellor of the Grand Secretariat so that he could accompany the court and carry out its policies. Xuanzang, determined to follow the way of Zen, was sent to practice austerities at the Temple of Infinite Blessing. Some time after this, Lady Yin calmly committed suicide after all, and Xuanzang went back to the Gold Mountain Temple to repay the kindness of abbot Faming. We do not know how things went thereafter; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*The Old Dragon King's foolish schemes transgress Heaven's decrees
Prime Minister Wei's letter seeks help from an official of the dead*

For the time being, we shall make no mention of Guangrui serving in his post and Xuanzang practicing austerities. We tell you now about two worthies who lived on the banks of the river Jing outside the city of Chang'an: a fisherman by the name of Zhang Shao and a woodman by the name of Li Ding.

The two of them were scholars who had passed no official examination, mountain folks who knew how to read. One day in the city of Chang'an, after they had sold the wood on the one's back and the carp in the other's basket, they went into a small inn and drank until they were slightly tipsy. Each carrying a bottle, they followed the bank of the Jing River and walked slowly back.

"Brother Li," said Zhang Shao, "in my opinion those who strive for fame will lose their lives on account of fame; those who live in quest of fortune will perish because of riches; those who have titles sleep embracing a tiger; and those who receive official favors walk with snakes in their sleeves. When you think of it, their lives cannot compare with our carefree existence, close to the blue mountains and fair waters. We cherish poverty and pass our days without having to quarrel with fate."

"Brother Zhang," said Li Ding, "there's a great deal of truth in what you say. But your fair waters cannot match my blue mountains."

"On the contrary," said Zhang Shao, "your blue mountains cannot match my fair waters, in testimony of which I offer a lyric to the tune of 'Butterflies Enamored of Flowers' that says:

*In a small boat o'er ten thousand miles of misty waves
I lean to the silent, single sail,
Circled by sounds of the mermaid-fish.
My mind cleansed, my care purged, here lacks wealth or fame;
Leisurely I pick stems of bulrushes and reeds.
Counting the seagulls is pleasure to be told!
At willowed banks and reeded bays
My wife and son join my joyous laugh.
I sleep most soundly as wind and wave recede;
No shame, no glory, nor any misery."*

Li Ding said, "Your fair waters are not as good as my blue mountains. I also have as testimony a lyric poem to the tune of 'Butterflies Enamored of Flowers' that says:

*At a dense forest's pine-seeded corner
I hear, wordless, the oriole—
Its deft tongue's a tuneful pipe.
Pale reds and bright greens announce the warmth of spring;
Summer comes abruptly; so passes time.
Then autumn arrives (for it's an easy change)
With fragrant golden flowers
Most worthy of our joy;*

*And cold winter descends, swift as a finger snaps.
Ruled by no one, I'm free in all four climes."*

The fisherman said, "Your blue mountains are not as good as my fair waters, which offer me some fine things to enjoy. As testimony I have here a lyric to the tune of 'The Partridge Sky':"

*The fairy land cloud and water do suffice:
Boat adrift, oars accumbent—this is my home.
I split fishes live and cook green turtles;
I steam purple crabs and boil red shrimps.
Green reed-shoots,
Water-plant sprouts;
Better still the 'chicken heads,' the walter caltrops,
Lotus roots, old or young, the tender celery leaves,
Arrowheads, white caltrops, and niaoying flowers."*

The woodman said, "Your fair waters are not as good as my blue mountains, which offer me some fine things to enjoy. As testimony I too have a lyric to the tune of 'The Partridge Sky':"

*On tall, craggy peaks that touch heaven's edge
A grass house, a straw hut would make up my home.
Cured fowls, smoked geese surpass turtles or crabs;
Hares, antelopes, and deer best fishes or shrimps.
The scented chun leaves;
The yellow lian sprouts;
Bamboo shoots and mountain tea are even better!
Purple plums, red peaches, prunes and apricots ripe,
Sweet pears, sour dates, and cassia flowers."*

The fisherman said, "Your blue mountains are truly not as good as my fair waters. I have another lyric to the tune of 'The Heavenly Immortal':"

*One leaflike skiff goes where'er I choose to stay.
I fear not ten thousand folds of wave or mist.
I drop hooks and cast nets to catch fresh fish:
With no sauce or fat,
It's tastier yet.
Old wife and young son complete my home.
When fishes are plenty, I leave for Chang'an marts
And barter them for wine I drink till drunk.
A coir coat shrouds me, on autumnal stream I lie;
Snoring, asleep,
No fret or care—
I love not the glory or the pomp of man."*

The woodman said, "Your fair waters are still not as good as my blue mountains. I too have a poem to the tune of 'The Heavenly Immortal':"

*A few straw houses built beneath a hill.
Pines, orchids, plums, bamboos—lovable all!
Passing groves, climbing mountains, I seek dried woods.
With none to chide,*

*I sell as I wish:
 How much, how little, depends on my yield.
 I use the cash to buy wine as I please.
 Earthen crocks, clay flagons—both put me at ease.
 Sodden with wine, in the pine shade I lie:
 No anxious thoughts;
 No gain or loss;
 No care for this world's failure or success."*

The fisherman said, "Brother Li, your mountain life is not as pleasing as my livelihood on the waters. As testimony, I have a lyric to the tune of 'Moon Over West River':

*Red smartweeds's thick blooms glow in moonlight;
 Yellow rush-leaves tousled, wind-shaken.
 The blue sky, clean and distant, in empty Chu River:
 Drawing my lines, I stir a deep pool of stars.
 In rank and file big fishes enter the net;
 Teams of tiny perches swallow the hooks.
 Their taste is special when they're caught and cooked.
 My laughter presides over rivers and lakes."*

The woodman says, "Brother Zhang, your life on the waters is not as pleasing as my livelihood in the mountains. As testimony, I also have a lyric to the tune of 'Moon Over West River':

*Dead leaves, parched creepers choking the road;
 Snapped poles, aged bamboos crowding the hill;
 Dried tendrils and sedges in disheveled growth
 I break and take; my ropes truss the load.
 Willow trunks hollowed by insects,
 Pine branches clipped off by wind,
 I gather and stockpile, ready for winter's cold.
 Change them for wine or cash as I wish."*

The fisherman said, "Though your life in the mountains is not bad, it is still not as charming and graceful as mine is on the fair waters. As testimony, I have a lyric to the tune of 'Immortal by the River':

*Falling tide moves my one boat away;
 I rest my oars, my song comes with the night.
 The coir coat, the waning moon—how charming they are!
 No seagull darts up from fright
 As rosy clouds spread through the sky.
 I sleep without care at reeded isles,
 Still snoozing when the sun is high.
 I work after my own plans and desires.
 Vassals in cold nights tending court,
 Could theirs match my pleasure and peace?"*

The woodman said, "The charm and grace of your fair waters cannot be compared with those of my blue mountains. I too have a testimony to the tune of 'Immortal by the River':

*I walk autumn's frosty paths dragging my ax;
 In night's cool I pole back my load,
 Stranger still with temples stuck with flowers.
 I push clouds to find my way out;
 Moon-stuck I call open my gate.
 Rustic wife and young son greet me with smiles;
 On straw bed and wooden pillow I lie.
 Steamed pears and cooked millet are soon prepared.
 The urn's brew newly mellowed
 Will add to my secret joys."*

The fisherman said, "All these things in our poems have to do with our livelihood, the occupations with which we support ourselves.

But your life not as good as those leisurely moments of mine, for which I have as testimony a regulated poem. The poem says:

*Idly I watch the blue sky's white cranes fly.
 My boat stops stream-side, my door's half-closed.
 By the sail my son's taught to knot fishing threads;
 Rowing stops, I join my wife to dry the nets.
 My mind is still: thus I know the water's calm.
 My self's secure: hence I feel the wind is light.
 I freely don my green coir and bamboo hat:
 That beats wearing a robe with purple sash.*

The woodman said, "Your leisurely moments are not as good as mine, for which I also have a regulated poem as a testimony. The poem says:

*Idly I watch billows of white clouds fly,
 Or sit in my thatched hut's closed bamboo gates.
 I open leisurely books to teach my son;
 At times I face guests to play circling chess.
 My cane strolls with my songs through floral paths;
 Aroused, I climb green mountains, lute in hand.
 Straw sandals, hemp sashes, and coarse cloth quilts
 All beat silk garments when your heart is free!"*

Zhang Shao said, "Li Ding, the two of us indeed are

*Lucky to have light songs to amuse us.
 We don't need castanets or flasks of gold.*

But the poems we have recited thus far are occasional pieces, hardly anything unusual. Why don't we attempt a long poem in the linking-verse manner, and see how fares the conversation between the fisherman and the woodman?" Li Ding said, "That's a marvelous proposal, Brother Zhang! Please begin.

*My boat rests on the green water's mist and wave.
 My home's deep in mountains and open plains.
 I love the streams and bridges as spring tide swells;
 care for ridges veiled by the clouds of dawn.
 My fresh carps from Longmen are often cooked;
 My dried woods, worm-rotted, are daily burnt.
 Nets of many kinds will support my age.*

Both pole and rope will see me to the end.
 I lie in a skiff and watch wild geese fly;
 I sprawl on grassy paths when wild swans cry.
 I have no stake in fields of mouth and tongue;
 Through seas of scandal I've not made my way.
 Hung-dried by the stream my net's like brocade;
 Polished new on rocks, my ax shows a fine blade.
 Beneath autumn's moon I oft fish alone;
 In spring hills all quiet I meet no one.
 Fishes are changed for wine for me and wife to drink;
 Firewood is used to buy a bottle for my son.
 I sing and freely pour on my heart's desire;
 In songs and sighs there's none to restrain me.
 I call fellow boatmen to come as brothers;
 With friends we join the codgers of the wilds.
 We make rules, play games, and exchange the cups;
 We break words, remake them, when we pass the mugs.
 Cooked shrimps, boiled crabs are my daily feasts;
 I'm daily fed by smoked fowls and fried ducks.
 My unlettered wife makes tea languidly;
 My mountain wife cooks rice most leisurely.
 When dawn comes, I lift my staff to stir the waves;
 At sunrise I pole my wood to cross big roads.
 I don coir coat after rain to catch live carps;
 Wind-blown I wield my ax to cut dried pines.
 Hiding tracks to flee the world, I'm like a fool;
 Blotting name and surname, I play deaf and dumb.

Zhang Shao said, "Brother Li, just now I presumed to take the lead and began with the first line of the poem. Why don't you begin this time and I shall follow you.

A rustic who feigns to be romantic;
 An oldie taking pride in streams and lakes.
 My lot is leisure, I seek laxity and ease.
 Shunning talk and gossip, I love my peace.
 In moonlit nights I sleep in safe straw huts;
 When sky dims I'm draped with light coir cape.
 I befriend with ardor both pines and plums;
 I'm pleased to mingle with egrets and gulls.
 My mind has no plans for fortune or fame;
 My ears are deaf to the din of spear and drum.
 At any time I'd pour my fragrant wine;
 My day's three meals are soups of leafy greens.
 My living rests on two bundles of wood;
 My trade is my pole fit with hooks and lines.
 I call our young son to sharpen my ax;
 I tell my small rogue he should mend our nets.
 Spring comes, I love to watch the willows green;
 Warm days gladden the sight of rushes and reeds.
 To flee summer's heat I plant new bamboos;

*I pick young lotus to cool myself in June.
When Frost Descends the fatted fowls are slain;
By Double Ninth*

*I'd cook the roe-filled crabs.
I sleep deep in winter though the sun is high;
When the sky's tall and hazy, I'd not fry!
Throughout the year I roam free in the hills;
In all four climes I sail the lakes at will.
Gathering wood I own the immortals' feel;
Dropping my rod, I sport no worldly form.
My door's wild blossoms are fragrant and bright;
My stem's green water flows calm and serene.
Content, I seek not the Three Dukes' seats.
Like a ten-mile city my nature's firm.
Cities, though tall, must resist a siege;
Dukes, though of high rank, must the summon heed.
Delight in hills and streams is truly rare.
Thank Heaven, thank Earth, let's thank the gods!*

The two of them thus recited poems and songs and composed linking-verses. Arriving at the place where their ways parted, they bowed to take leave of each other. "Elder Brother Li," said Zhang Shao, "take care as you go on your way. When you climb the mountains, be wary of the tiger. If you were harmed, I would find, as the saying goes,

one friend missing on the street tomorrow."

When Li Ding heard these words, he grew very angry saying, "What a scoundrel you are! Good friends would even die for each other! But you, why do you say such unlucky things to me? If I'm to be harmed by a tiger, your boat will surely capsize in the river."

"I'll never capsize my boat in the river," said Zhang Shao. Li Ding said, "As

*There are unexpected storms in the sky
So there is sudden weal or woe with man.*

What makes you so sure that you won't have an accident?"

"Elder Brother Li," said Zhang Shao, "you say this because you have no idea what may befall you in your business, whereas I can predict what'll happen in my kind of business. And I assure you that I won't have any accident."

"The kind of living you pick up on the waters," said Li Ding, "is an exceedingly treacherous business. You have to take chances all the time. How can you be so certain about your future?"

"Here's something you don't know about," said Zhang Shao. "In this city of Chang'an, there's a fortune teller who plies his trade on the West Gate Street. Every day I give him a golden carp as a present, and he consults the sticks in his sleeve for me. I follow his instructions when I lower my nets, and I've never missed in a hundred times. Today I went again to buy his prediction; he told me to set my nets at the east bend of the Jing River and to cast my line from the west bank. I know I'll come back with a fine

catch of fishes and shrimps. When I go up to the city tomorrow, I'll sell my catch and buy some wine, and then I'll get together with you again, old brother."

The two men then parted.

There is, however, a proverb:

"What is said on the road is heard in the grass."

For you see, it happened that a yakṣa on patrol in the Jing River overheard the part of the conversation about not having missed a hundred times. He dashed back to the Water Crystal Palace and hastily reported to the Dragon King, shouting, "Disaster! Disaster!"

"What sort of disaster?" asked the Dragon King.

"Your subject," said the yakṣa, "was patrolling the river and overheard a conversation between a woodman and a fisherman. Before they parted, they said something terrible. According to the fisherman, there is a fortune teller on West Gate Street in the city of Chang'an who is most accurate in his calculations. Every day the fisherman gives him a carp, and he then consults the sticks in his sleeve, with the result that the fisherman has not missed once in a hundred times when he casts his line! If such accurate calculations continue, will not all our water kin be exterminated? Where will you find any more inhabitants for the watery region who will toss and leap in the waves to enhance the majesty of the Great King?"

The Dragon King became so angry that he wanted to take the sword and go at once up to Chang'an to slay the fortune teller. But his dragon sons and grandsons, the shrimp and crab ministers, the samli counselor, the perch Subdirector of the Minor Court, and the carp President of the Board of Civil Office all came from the side and said to him, "Let the Great King restrain his anger. The proverb says, 'Don't believe everything you hear.' If the Great King goes forth like this, the clouds will accompany you and the rains will follow you. We fear that the people of Chang'an will be terrified and Heaven will be offended. Since the Great King has the power to appear or disappear suddenly and to transform into many shapes and sizes, let him change into a scholar. Then go to the city of Chang'an and investigate the matter. If there is indeed such a person, you can slay him without delay; but if there is no such person, there is no need to harm innocent people."

The Dragon King accepted their suggestion; he abandoned his sword and dismissed the clouds and the rains.

Reaching the river bank, he shook his body and changed into a white-robed scholar, truly with

*Features most virile,
A stature towering;
A stride most stately—
So orderly and firm.
His speech exalts Kong and Meng;
His manner embodies Zhou and Wen.
He wears a silk robe of the color of jade;
His casual head-wrap's shaped like the letter one.*

Coming out of the water, the Dragon King strode to the West Gate Street in the city of Chang'an. There he found a noisy crowd surrounding someone who was saying

in a lofty and self-assured manner, “Those born under the Dragon will follow their fate; those under the Tiger will collide with their physiognomies. The branches Yin₃, Chen₅, Si₆, and Hai₁₂ may be said to fit into the grand scheme, but I fear your birthday may clash with the Planet Jupiter.”

When the Dragon King heard this, he knew that he had come upon the fortune-teller's place. Walking up to it and pushing the people apart, he peered inside to see

*Four walls of exquisite writings;
A room full of brocaded paintings;
Smoke unending from the treasure duck;
And such pure water in a porcelain vase.
On both sides are mounted Wang Wei's paintings;
High above his seat hangs the Guigu form.
The ink slab from Duanxi,
The golden smoke ink,
Both match the great brush of frostiest hair;
The crystal balls,
Guo Pu's numbers,
Neatly face new classics of soothsaying.
He knows the hexagrams well;
He's mastered the eight trigrams;
He perceives the laws of Heaven and Earth;
He discerns the ways of demons and gods.
One tray before him fixes the cosmic hours;
His mind clearly orders all planets and stars.
Truly those things to come
And those things past
He beholds as in a mirror;
Which house will rise
And which will fall
He foresees like a god.
He knows evil and decrees the good;
He prescribes death and predicts life.
His pronouncements quicken the wind and rain;
His brush alarms both spirits and gods.
His shop sign has letters to declare his name;
This divine diviner, Yuan Shoucheng.*

Who was this man? He was actually the uncle of Yuan Tiankang, president of the Imperial Board of Astronomy in the present dynasty. The gentle man was truly a man of extraordinary appearance and elegant features; his name was known throughout the great country and his art was considered the highest in Chang'an. The Dragon King went inside the door and met the Master; after exchanging greetings, he was invited to take the seat of honor while a boy served him tea. The Master asked, “What would you like to know?”

The Dragon King said, “Please forecast the weather.”

The Master consulted his sticks and made his judgment:

Clouds hide the hilltop

*And fog shrouds the tree.
The rain you'd divine
Tomorrow you'll see.*

"At what hour will it rain tomorrow, and how much rain will there be?" asked the Dragon King. "At the hour of the Dragon the clouds will gather," said the Master, "and thunder will be heard at the hour of the Serpent. Rain will come at the hour of the Horse and reach its limit at the hour of the Sheep.

There will be altogether three feet, three inches, and forty-eight drops of rain."

"You had better not be joking now," said the Dragon King, laughing. "If it rains tomorrow and if it is in accordance with the time and the amount you prophesied, I shall present you with fifty taels of gold as my thanks. But if it does not rain, or if the amount and the hours are incorrect, I tell you truly that I shall come and break your front door to pieces and tear down your shop sign. You will be chased out of Chang'an at once so that you may no longer seduce the multitude."

"You may certainly do that," said the Master amiably. "Good-bye for now. Please come again tomorrow after the rain."

The Dragon King took leave and returned to his water residence. He was received by various aquatic deities, who asked, "How was the Great King's visit to the soothsayer?"

"Yes, yes, yes," said the Dragon King, "there is indeed such a person, but he's a garrulous fortune-teller. I asked him when it would rain, and he said tomorrow; I asked him again about the time and the amount, and he told me that clouds would gather at the hour of the Dragon, thunder would be heard at the hour of the Serpent, and that rain would come at the hour of the Horse and would reach its limit at the hour of the Sheep. Altogether there would be three feet, three inches, and forty-eight drops of water. I made a wager with him: if it is as he said, I'll reward him with fifty taels of gold. If there is the slightest error, I'll break down his shop and chase him away, so that he will not be permitted to seduce the multitude at Chang'an."

"The Great King is the supreme commander of the eight rivers," said the water kin, laughing, "the great Dragon Deity in charge of rain. Whether there is going to be rain or not, only the Great King knows that. How dare he speak so foolishly? That soothsayer is sure to lose!" While the dragon sons and grandsons were laughing at the matter with the fish and crab officials, a voice was heard suddenly in midair announcing, "Dragon King of the Jing River, receive the imperial command."

They raised their heads to look and saw a goldenrobed guardian holding the decree of the Jade Emperor and heading straight for the water residence. The Dragon King hastily straightened out his attire and burned incense to receive the decree. After he made his delivery, the guardian rose into the air and left.

The Dragon King opened the decree, which said:

*We bid the Eight- Rivers Prince
To call up thunder and rain;
Pour out tomorrow your grace
To benefit Chang'an's race.*

The instructions regarding the hours and the amount of rain written on the decree did not even differ in the slightest from the soothsayer's prediction. So overwhelmed was the Dragon King that his spirit left him and his soul fled, and only

after awhile did he regain consciousness. He said to his water kinsmen, "There is indeed an intelligent creature in the world of dust! How well he comprehends the laws of Heaven and Earth! I'm bound to lose to him!"

"Let the Great King calm himself," said the samli counselor. "Is it so difficult to get the better of the fortune-teller? Your subject here has a little plan that will silence that fellow for good." When the Dragon King asked what the plan was, the counselor said, "If the rain tomorrow misses the timing and the amount specified by a mere fraction, it will mean that his prediction is not accurate. Won't you have won? What's there to stop you then from tearing up his shop sign and putting him on the road?"

The Dragon King took his counsel and stopped worrying.

The next day he ordered the Duke of Wind, the Lord of Thunder, the Boy of Clouds, and the Mother of Lightning to go with him to the sky above Chang'an. He waited until the hour of the Serpent before spreading the clouds, the hour of the Horse before letting loose the thunder, the hour of the Sheep before releasing the rain, and only by the hour of the Monkey did the rain stop.

There were only three feet and forty drops of water, since the times were altered by an hour and the amount was changed by three inches and eight drops.

After the rain, the Dragon King dismissed his followers and came down from the clouds, transformed once again into a scholar dressed in white. He went to the West Gate Street and barged into Yuan Shoucheng's shop. Without a word of explanation, he began to smash the shop sign, the brushes, and the ink slab to pieces. The Master, however, sat on his chair and remained unmoved, so the Dragon King unhinged the door and threatened to hit him with it, crying, "You're nothing but a bogus prophet of good and evil, an imposter who deludes the minds of the people! Your predictions are incorrect; your words are patently false! What you told me about the time and quantity of today's rain was utterly inaccurate, and yet you dare sit so smugly and so high on your seat? Leave here at once before you are executed!" Still Yuan Shoucheng was not at all intimidated. He lifted up his head and laughed scornfully. "I'm not afraid!" he said. "Not in the least! I'm not guilty of death, but I fear that you have committed a mortal crime. You can fool other people, but you can't fool me! I recognize you, all right: you are not a white-robed scholar but the Dragon King of the Jing River. By altering the times and holding back the quantity of rain, you have disobeyed the decree of the Jade Emperor and transgressed the law of Heaven. On the dragon execution block you won't escape the knife! And here you are, railing at me!" When the Dragon King heard these words, his heart trembled and his hair stood on end. He dropped the door quickly, tidied his clothes, and knelt before the Master saying, "I beg the Master not to take offense. My previous words were spoken in jest; little did I realize that my prank would turn out to be such a serious crime. Now I have indeed transgressed the law of Heaven. What am I to do? I beseech the Master to save me. If you won't, I'll never let you go!"

"I can't save you," said Shoucheng, "I can only point out to you what may be a way of life."

"I'm willing to be instructed," said the Dragon.

The Master said, "You are to be executed tomorrow by the human judge, Wei Zheng, at the third quarter past the hour of noon. If you want to preserve your life, you must go quickly to plead your case before the present emperor Tang Taizong, for Wei

Zheng is the prime minister before his throne. If you can win the emperor's favor, you'll be spared."

Hearing this, the Dragon took leave with tears in his eyes. Soon the red sun sank down and the moon arose. You see

*Smoke thickens on purple mountains as homing crows tire;
Travelers on distant journeys head for inns;
Young wild geese at fords rest on field and sand.
The silver stream appears
To hasten the time float.
Lights fare in a lone village from dying flames:
Wind sweeps the burner to clear Daoist yard of smoke
As man fades away in the butterfly dream.
The moon moves floral shadows up the garden's rails.
The stars are rife
As water clocks strike;
So swiftly the gloom deepens that it's midnight.*

Our Dragon King of the Jing River did not even return to his water home; he waited in the air until it was about the hour of the Rat, when he descended from the clouds and mists and came to the gate of the palace. At this time the Tang emperor was just having a dream about taking a walk outside the palace in the moonlight, beneath the shades of flowers. The Dragon suddenly assumed the form of a human being and went up to him. Kneeling, he cried out, "Your Majesty, save me, save me!"

"Who are you?" asked Taizong. "We would be glad to save you."

"Your Majesty is the true dragon," said the Dragon King, "but I am an accursed one. Because I have disobeyed the decree of Heaven, I am to be executed by a worthy subject of Your Majesty, the human judge Wei Zheng. I have therefore come here to plead with you to save me."

"If Wei Zheng is to be the executioner," said Taizong, "we can certainly save you. You may leave and not worry."

The Dragon King was delighted and left after expressing his gratitude.

We tell you now about Taizong, who, having awakened, was still turning over in his mind what he had dreamed. Soon it was threefifths past the hour of the fifth watch, and Taizong held court for his ministers, both civil and martial. You see

*Smoke shrouding the phoenix arches;
Incense clouding the dragon domes;
Light shimmering as the silk screens move;
Clouds brushing the feather-trimmed flags;
Rulers and lords harmonious as Yao and Shun;
Rituals and music solemn as Han's and Zhou's.
The attendant lamps,
The court-maiden fans
Show their colors in pairs;
From peacock screens
And unicorn halls
Light radiates every where.*

Three cheers for long life!
A wish for reign everlasting!
When a whip cracks three times,
The caps and robes will bow to the Crown.
Brilliant palatial blooms, endued by Heaven's scent;
Pliant bank willows, sung and praised by court music.
The screens of pearl,
The screens of jade,
Are drawn high by golden hooks:
The dragon-phoenix fan,
The mountain-river fan,
Rest on top of the royal carriage.
The civil lords are noble and refined;
The martial lords, strong and valiant.
The imperial path divides the ranks:
The vermilion court aligns the grades.
The golden seal and purple sashes bearing the three signs
Will last for millions of years as Heaven and Earth.

After the ministers had paid their homage, they all went back to standing in rows according to their rank. The Tang emperor opened his dragon eyes to look at them one by one: among the civil officials were Fang Xuanling, Du Ruhui, Xu Shizhi, Xu Jingzong, and Wang Guei; and among the military officials were Ma Sanbao, Duan Zhixian, Yin Kaishan, Cheng Yaojin, Liu Hongzhi, Hu Jingde, and Qin Shubao. Each one of them was standing there in a most solemn manner, but the prime minister Wei Zheng was not to be seen anywhere. The Tang emperor asked Xu Shizhi to come forward and said to him, "We had a strange dream last night: there was a man who paid homage to us, calling himself the Dragon King of the Jing River. He said that he had disobeyed the command of Heaven and was supposed to be executed by the human judge Wei Zheng. He implored us to save him, and we gave our consent. Today only Wei Zheng is absent from the ranks. Why is that?"

"This dream may indeed come true," answered Shizhi, "and Wei Zheng must be summoned to court immediately. Once he arrives, let Your Majesty keep him here for a whole day and not permit him to leave. After this day, the dragon in the dream will be saved."

The Tang emperor was most delighted: he gave the order at once to have Wei Zheng summoned to court.

We speak now of prime minister Wei Zheng, who studied the movement of the stars and burned incense at his home that evening. He heard the cries of cranes in the air and saw there a Heavenly messenger holding the golden decree of the Jade Emperor, which ordered him to execute in his dream the old dragon of the Jing River at precisely the third quarter past the noon hour. Having thanked the Heavenly grace, our prime minister prepared himself in his residence by bathing himself and abstaining from food; he was also sharpening his magic sword and exercising his spirit, and therefore he did not attend court. He was terribly flustered when he saw the royal officer on duty arriving with the summons. Not daring, however, to disobey the emperor's command, he had to dress quickly and follow the summons into court, kowtowing and asking for pardon before the throne. The Tang emperor said, "We pardoned indeed our worthy subject."

At that time the various ministers had not yet retired from the court, and only after Wei Zheng's arrival was the curtain drawn up for the court's dismissal. Wei Zheng alone was asked to remain; he rode the golden carriage with the emperor to enter the chamber for relaxation, where he discussed with the emperor tactics for making the empire secure and other affairs of state. When it was just about midway between the hour of the Serpent and the hour of the Horse, the emperor asked the royal attendants to bring out a large chess set, saying, "We shall have a game with our worthy subject."

The various concubines took out the chessboard and set it on the imperial table. After expressing his gratitude, Wei Zheng set out to play chess with the Tang emperor, both of them moving the pieces step by step into positions. It was completely in accordance with the instruction of the *Classic of Chess*:

The way of chess exalts discipline and caution; the most powerful pieces should remain in the center, the weakest ones at the flanks, and the less powerful ones at the corners. This is a familiar law of the chess player. The law says: "You should rather lose a piece than an advantage. When you strike on the left, you must guard your right; when you attack in the rear, you must watch your front. Only when you have a secure front will you also have a rear, and only if you have a secure rear will you maintain your front. The two ends cannot be separated, and yet both must remain flexible and not be encumbered. Abroad formation should not be too loose, while a tight position should not be constricted.

Rather than clinging on to save a single piece, it is better to sacrifice it in order to win; rather than moving without purpose, it is better to remain stationary in order to be self-supportive. When your adversary outnumbers you, your first concern is to survive; when you outnumber your adversary, you must strive to exploit your force. He who knows how to win will not prolong his fight; he who is a master of positions will not engage in direct combat; he who knows how to fight will not suffer defeat; and he who knows how to lose will not panic. For chess begins with proper engagement but ends in unexpected victory. If your enemy, even without being threatened, is bringing up his reinforcement, it is a sign of his intention to attack; if he deserts a small piece without trying to save it, he may be stalking a bigger piece. If he moves in a casual manner, he is a man without thoughts; response without thought is the way to defeat. The *Classic of Poetry* says:

Approach with extreme caution

As if facing a deep canyon.

Such is the meaning thereof.

The poem says:

The chessboard's the earth; the pieces are the sky;

The colors are light and dark as the whole universe.

When playing reaches that skillful, subtle stage,

Boast and laugh with the old Immortal of Chess.

The two of them, emperor and subject, played chess until three quarters past the noon hour, but the game was not yet finished. Suddenly Wei Zheng put his head on the table and fell fast asleep. Taizong laughed and said, "Our worthy subject truly has worn himself out for the state and exhausted his strength on behalf of the empire. He has therefore fallen asleep in spite of himself."

Taizong allowed him to sleep on and did not arouse him. In a little while, Wei Zheng awoke and prostrated himself on the ground saying, "Your subject deserves ten thousand deaths! Your subject deserves ten thousand deaths! Just now I lost consciousness for no reason at all. I beg Your Majesty's pardon for such insult against the emperor."

“What insult is there?” said Taizong. “Arise! Let us forget the old game and start a new one instead.” Wei Zheng expressed his gratitude. As he put his hand on a piece, a loud clamor was heard outside the gate. It was occasioned by the ministers Qin Shubao and Xu Mougong, who arrived with a dragon head dripping with blood. Throwing it in front of the emperor, they said, “Your Majesty, we have seen seas turn shallow and rivers run dry, but a thing as strange as this we have never even heard of.”

Taizong arose with Wei Zheng and said, “Where did this thing come from?”

“South of the Thousand-Step Corridor,” replied Shubao and Mougong, “at the crossroads, this dragon head fell from the clouds. Your lowly subjects dare not withhold it from you.” In alarm, the Tang emperor asked Wei Zheng, “What’s the meaning of this?”

Turning to kowtow to him, Wei Zheng said, “This dragon was executed just now by your subject in his dream.” When the Tang emperor heard this, he was seized with fear and said, “When our worthy minister was sleeping, I did not see any movement of body or limb, nor did I perceive any scimitar or sword. How could you have executed this dragon?” Wei Zheng replied, “My lord, although

*My body was before my master,
I left Your Majesty in my dream;
My body before my master faced the unfinished game,
With dim eyes fully closed;
I left Your Majesty in my dream to ride the blessed cloud,
With spirit most eager and alert.
That dragon on the dragon execution block
Was bound up there by celestial hosts.
Your subject said,
For breaking Heaven’s law,
You are worthy of death.
Now by Heaven’s command,
I end your wretched life.’
The dragon listened in grief;
Your subject bestirred his spirit;
The dragon listened in grief,
Retrieving claws and scales to await his death;
Your subject bestirred his spirit,
Lifting robe and taking step to hold high his blade.
With one loud crack the knife descended;
And thus the head of the dragon fell from the sky.”*

When Taizong heard these words, he was filled with both sadness and delight. The delight was caused by his pride in having a minister as good as Wei Zheng. If he had worthies of this kind in his court, he thought, need he worry about the security of his empire? He was saddened, however, by the fact that he had promised in his dream to save the dragon, and he had not anticipated that the creature would be killed in this manner. He had to force himself to give the order to Shubao that the dragon head be hung on display at the market, so that the populace of Chang’an might be informed. Meanwhile, he rewarded Wei Zheng, after which the various ministers dispersed.

That night he returned to his palace in deep depression, for he kept remembering the dragon in the dream crying and begging for his life. Little did he expect that the turn

of events would be such that the dragon still could not escape calamity. Having thought about the matter for a long time, he became physically and mentally drained. At about the hour of the second watch, the sound of weeping was heard outside the door of the palace, and Taizong became even more fearful. He was sleeping fitfully when he saw our Dragon King of the Jing River holding his head dripping with blood in his hand, and crying in a loud voice:

“Tang Taizong! Give me back my life! Give me back my life! Last night you were full of promises to save me. Why did you order a human judge in the daytime to have me executed? Come out, come out! I am going to argue this case with you before the King of the Underworld.”

He seized Taizong and would neither let go nor desist from his protestation. Taizong could not say a word; he could only struggle until perspiration covered his entire body. Just at the moment when it seemed that nothing could separate them, fragrant clouds and colorful mists appeared from the south. A Daoist priestess came forward and waved a willow twig. That headless dragon, still mourning and weeping, left at once toward the northwest. For you see, this was none other than the Bodhisattva Guanyin, who by the decree of Buddha was seeking a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. She was staying in the temple of the local spirit at the city of Chang'an when she heard in the night the weeping of demons and the crying of spirits. So she came specially to drive the accursed dragon away and to rescue the emperor. That dragon went directly to the court of the Underworld to file suit, of which we shall say no more.

We now tell you about Taizong, who, when he awoke, could only yell aloud, “Ghost! Ghost!”

He so terrified the queens of three palaces, the concubines of six chambers, and the attending eunuchs that they remained sleepless for the entire night. Soon it was the fifth watch, and all the officials of the court, both civil and military, were waiting for an audience outside the gate. They waited until dawn, but the emperor did not appear, and every one of them became apprehensive and restless. Only after the sun was high in the sky did a proclamation come out saying, “We are not feeling too well. The ministers are excused from court.”

Five or six days went by swiftly, and the various officials became so anxious that they were about to enter the court without summons and inquire after the throne. Just then the queen mother gave the order to have the physician brought into the palace, and so the multitude waited at the gate of the court for some news. In a little while, the physician came out and he was questioned about the emperor's illness. “The pulse of His Majesty is irregular,” said the physician, “for it is weak as well as rapid. He blabbers about seeing ghosts. I also perceive that there were ten movements and one rest, but there is no breath left in his viscera. I am afraid that he will pass away within seven days.” When the various ministers heard this statement, they paled with fright.

In this state of alarm, they again heard that Taizong had summoned Xu Mougong, Huguo Gong, and Yuchi Gong to appear before him. The three ministers hurried into the auxiliary palace, where they prostrated themselves. Speaking somberly and with great effort, Taizong said, “My worthy subjects, since the age of nineteen I have been leading my army in expeditions to the four corners of the Earth. I have experienced much hardship throughout the years, but I have never encountered any kind of strange or weird thing. This day, however, I have seen ghosts!”

“When you established your empire,” said Yuchi Gong, “you had to kill countless people. Why should you fear ghosts?”

“You may not believe it,” said Taizong, “but outside this bedroom of mine at night, there are bricks thrown and spirits screaming to a degree that is truly unmanageable. In the daytime it’s not too bad, but it’s intolerable at night!”

“Let Your Majesty be relieved,” said Shubao, “for this evening your subject and Jingde will stand guard at the palace gate. We shall see what sort of ghostly business there is.”

Taizong agreed to the proposal, and Mougong and the other ministers retired after expressing their gratitude.

That evening the two ministers, in full battle dress and holding golden bludgeon and battle-ax, stood guard outside the palace gate.

Dear generals! Look how they are attired:

*They wore on their heads bright glimmering golden helmets,
And on their bodies cuirasses of dragon scales.
Their jeweled breastplates glow like hallowed clouds:
With lion knots tightly drawn,
And silk sashes newly spun.
This one had phoenix eyes facing the sky to frighten the stars:
The other had brown eyes glowering like lightning and the shining moon.
They were once warriors of the greatest merit;
But now they’ve become
For all time the guardians of the gates,
In all ages the protectors of the home.*

The two generals stood beside the door for the entire night and did not see the slightest disturbance. That night Taizong rested peacefully in the palace; when morning came he summoned the two generals before him and thanked them profusely, saying, “Since falling ill, I haven’t been able to sleep for days, and only last night did I manage to get some rest because of your presence. Let our worthy ministers retire now for some rest so that we may count on your protection once again at night.”

The two generals left after expressing their gratitude, and for the following two or three nights their standing guard brought continued peace. However, the royal appetite diminished and the illness became more severe. Taizong, moreover, could not bear to see the two generals overworked. So once again he called Shubao, Jingde, the ministers Du and Fang into the palace, saying to them, “Though I got some rest these past two days, I have imposed on the two generals the hardship of staying up all night. I wish to have portraits made of both of them by a skilled painter and have these pasted on the door, so that the two generals will be spared any further labor. How about it?”

The various ministers obeyed; they selected two portrait painters, who made pictures of the two generals in their proper battle attire. The portraits were then mounted near the gate, and no incident occurred during the night.

So it was for two or three days, until the loud rattling of bricks and tiles was again heard at the rear gate of the palace. At dawn the emperor called together the various ministers, saying to them, “For the past few days there have been, happily, no incidents at the front of the palace, but last night the noises at the back door were such that they nearly frightened me to death.” Mougong stepped forward and said, “The

disturbances at the front door were driven off by Jingde and Shubao. If there is disturbance at the rear gate, then Wei Zheng ought to stand guard.”

Taizong approved the suggestion and ordered Wei Zheng to guard the rear door that night. Accepting the charge, Wei donned his full court regalia that evening; holding the sword with which he had slain the dragon, he stood at attention before the rear gate of the palace. What splendid heroic stature! Look how he is attired:

*Green satin turban swaths his brow:
The silk robe's jade belt is waist-hung;
Windblown, craned-down sleeves fly like drifting snow.
He bests Lü and Shu's divine looks.
His feet wear black boots most supple;
His hands hold a blade sharp and fierce.
With glaring eyes he stared at all four sides.
Which deviant god dares approach?*

A whole night went by and no ghost appeared. But though there were no incidents at either the front or the rear gate, the emperor's condition worsened. One day the queen mother sent for all the ministers to discuss funeral arrangements. Taizong himself also summoned Xu Mougong to his bedside to entrust to him the affairs of state, committing the crown prince to the minister's care as Liu Bei did to Zhuge Liang.

When he had finished speaking, he bathed and changed his garments, waiting for his time to come. Wei Zheng then stepped out from the side and tugged the royal garment with his hand, saying, “Let Your Majesty be relieved. Your subject knows something that will guarantee long life for Your Majesty.”

“My illness,” said Taizong, “has reached the irremediable stage; my life is in danger. How can you preserve it?”

“Your subject has a letter here,” said Wei, “which I submit to Your Majesty to take with you to Hell and give to the Judge of the Underworld, Jue.”

“Who is Cui Jue?” asked Taizong.

“Cui Jue,” said Wei, “was the subject of the deceased emperor, your father: at first he was the district magistrate of Cizhou, and subsequently he was promoted to vice president of the Board of Rites. When he was alive, he was an intimate friend and sworn brother of your subject. Now that he is dead, he has become a judge in the capital of the Underworld, having in his charge the chronicles of life and death in the region of darkness. He meets with me frequently, however, in my dreams. If you go there presently and hand this letter to him, he will certainly remember his obligation toward your lowly subject and allow Your Majesty to return here. Surely your soul will return to the human world, and your royal countenance will once more grace the capital.” When Taizong heard these words, he took the letter in his hands and put it in his sleeve; with that, he closed his eyes and died. Those queens and concubines from three palaces and six chambers, the crown prince and the two rows of civil and military officials, all put on their mourning garb to mourn him, as the imperial coffin lay in state at the Hall of the White Tiger, but we shall say no more about that. We do not know how the soul of Taizong came back; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

ELEVEN

*Having toured the Underworld, Taizong returns to life
Having presented melons and fruits, Liu Quan marries again*

The poem says:

*A hundred years pass by like flowing streams;
Like froth and foam a lifetime's work now seems.
Yesterday faces had a peach's glow;
Today the temples float up flakes of snow.
Termites disband—illusion then you'll learn!
Cuckoos call gravely for your early return.
Secret good works will always life prolong.
Virtue's not needy for Heav'n's care is strong.*

We now tell you about Taizong, whose soul drifted out of the Tower of Five Phoenixes. Everything was blurred and indistinct. It seemed to him that a company of imperial guardsmen was inviting him to a hunting party, to which Taizong gladly gave his consent and went off with them. They had journeyed for a long time when suddenly all the men and horses vanished from sight. He was left alone, walking the deserted fields and desolate plains. As he anxiously tried to find his way back, he heard someone from beyond calling in a loud voice:

“Great Tang Emperor, come over here! Come over here!”

Taizong heard this and looked up. He saw that the man had

*A black gauze cap on his head;
Rhinoceros horns around his waist.
His head's black gauze hat dangled pliant bands:
His waist's rhino horns displayed plates of gold.
He held an ivory plaque sheathed in hallowed mist;
He wore a silk robe circled by holy light.
His feet put on a pair of white-soled boots
For treading cloud and climbing fog;
He grasped by his heart a book of life and death,
Which determined one's fate.
His hair, luxuriant, flew above his ears:
His beard fluttered and danced around his jaws.
He was once a prime minister of Tang:
Now he judged cases to serve Yama King.*

Taizong walked toward him, and the man, kneeling at the side of the road, said to him, “Your Majesty, please pardon your subject for neglecting to meet you at a greater distance.”

“Who are you,” asked Taizong, “and for what reason did you come to meet me?”

The man said, “Half a month ago, your lowly subject met in the Halls of Darkness the Dragon Ghost of the Jing River, who was filing suit against Your Majesty for having him executed after promising to save him. So the great king Qinguang of the

first chamber immediately sent demon messengers to arrest you and bring you to trial before the Three Tribunes. Your subject learned of this and therefore came here to receive you. I did not expect to come late today, and I beg you to forgive me.”

“What is your name,” said Taizong, “and what is your rank?”

“When your lowly subject was alive,” said that man, “he served on Earth before the previous emperor as the district magistrate of Cizhou. Afterwards I was appointed vice president of the Board of Rites.

My surname is Cui and my given name is Jue. In the Region of Darkness I hold a judgeship in the Capital of Death.”

Taizong was very glad; he went forward and held out his royal hands to raise the man up, saying, “I am sorry to have inconvenienced you. Wei Zheng, who serves before my throne, has a letter for you. I’m glad that we have a chance to meet here.”

The judge expressed his gratitude and asked where the letter was. Taizong took it out of his sleeve and handed it over to Cui Jue, who received it, bowing, and then opened it and read:

Your unworthily beloved brother Wei Zheng sends with bowed head this letter to the Great Judge, my sworn brother the Honorable Mr. Cui. I recall our former goodly society, and both your voice and your countenance seem to be present with me. Several years have hastened by since I last heard your lofty discourse. I could only prepare a few vegetables and fruits to offer to you as sacrifices during the festive times of the year, though I do not know whether you have enjoyed them or not. I am grateful, however, that you have not forgotten me, and that you have revealed to me in my dreams that you, my elder brother, have ascended to an even higher office. Unfortunately, the worlds of Light and Darkness are separated by a gulf wide as the Heavens, so that we cannot meet face to face. The reason that I am writing you now is the sudden demise of my emperor, the accomplished Taizong, whose case, I suppose, will be reviewed by the Three Tribunes, so that he will certainly be given the opportunity to meet you. I earnestly beseech you to remember our friendship while you were living and grant me the small favor of allowing His Majesty to return to life. This will be a very great favor to me, for which I thank you once more.

After reading the letter, the judge said with great delight, “The execution of the old dragon the other day by the human judge Wei is already known to your subject, who greatly admires him for this deed. I am, moreover, indebted to him for looking after my children.

Since he has written such a letter now, Your Majesty need have no further concern. Your lowly subject will make certain that you will be returned to life, to ascend once more your throne of jade.”

Taizong thanked him.

As the two of them were speaking, they saw in the distance two young boys in blue robes holding banners and flags and calling out, “The King of the Underworld has an invitation for you.”

Taizong went forward with Judge Cui and the two boys. He suddenly saw a huge city, and on a large plaque above the city gate was the inscription in gold letters, “The Region of Darkness, The Gate of Spirits.” Waving the banners, the blue robes led Taizong into the city. As they walked along, they saw at the side of the street the emperor’s predecessor Li Yuan, his elder brother Jiancheng, and his deceased brother Yuanji, who came toward them, shouting, “Here comes Shimin!

Here comes Shimin!”

The brothers clutched at Taizong and began beating him and threatening vengeance. Having no place to dodge, the emperor fell into their clutch; and only when

Judge Cui called a blue-faced, hook-tusked demon to drive them away could he escape and continue his journey.

They had traveled no more than a few miles when they arrived at a towering edifice with green tiles. This building was truly magnificent. You see

*Lightly ten thousand folds of colored mists pile high;
Dimly a thousand strands of crimson brume appear.
Heads of wild beasts rear up from the eaves aglow.
Pairs of lambent roof tiles rise in tiers of five.
Rows of red-gold nails bore deeply into doors;
Crosswise, slabs of white jade make up the rails.
Windows near the lights release morning smoke.
The screens, the curtains, flash like fiery bolts.
High-rising towers reach to the azure sky.
Criss-crossing hallways join the treasure rooms.
Fragrance from beast-shaped tripods line royal robes;
Scarlet silk lanterns brighten the portals' leaves.
On the left, hordes of fierce Bull-heads stand;
On the right, gruesome Horse-faces line up.
Gold placards turn to greet the ghosts of the dead;
White silk descends to lead the deceased souls.
It bears this name: The Central Gate of Hell,
The Darkness Hall of the Princes of Hades.*

As Taizong was looking at the place, there came from within the tinkling of girdle jade, the mysterious fragrance of divine incense, and two pairs of torch candles followed by the Ten Kings of the Underworld coming down the steps. The Ten Kings were:

King Qinguang, King of the Beginning River, King of the Song Emperor, King of Avenging Ministers, King Yama, King of Equal Ranks, King of the Tai Mountain, King of City Markets, King of Complete Change, and King of the Turning Wheel. Coming out of the Treasure Hall of Darkness, they bowed to receive Taizong, who, feigning modesty, declined to lead the way. The Ten Kings said, "Your Majesty is the emperor of men in the World of Light, whereas we are but the kings of spirits in the World of Darkness. Such are indeed our appointed stations, so why should you defer to us?"

"I'm afraid that I have offended all of you," said Taizong, "so how can I dare to speak of observing the etiquette of ghosts and men, of Light and Darkness?" Only after much protestation did Taizong proceed into the Hall of Darkness. After he had greeted the Ten Kings properly, they sat down according to the places assigned to hosts and guests.

After a little while, King Qinguang folded his hands in front of him and came forward, saying, "The Dragon Spirit of the Jing River accuses Your Majesty of having him slain after promising to save him. Why?"

"I did promise him that nothing would happen," said Taizong, "when the old dragon appealed to me in my dream at night. He was guilty, you know, and was condemned to be executed by the human judge Wei Zheng. It was to save him that I invited Wei Zheng to play chess with me, not anticipating that Wei Zheng could have performed the execution in his dream! That was indeed a miraculous stratagem devised

by the human judge, and, after all, the dragon was also guilty of a mortal offense. I fail to see how I am to blame.” When the Ten Kings heard these words, they replied, bowing, “Even before that dragon was born, it was already written on the Book of Death held by the Star of South Pole that he should be slain by a human judge. We have known this all along, but the dragon lodged his complaint here and insisted that Your Majesty be brought down so that his case might be reviewed by the Three Tribunes. We have already sent him on his way to his next incarnation through the Wheel of Transmigration. We regret, however, that we have caused Your Majesty the inconvenience of this journey, and we beg your pardon for pressing you to come here.” When they had finished speaking, they ordered the judge in charge of the Books of Life and Death to bring out the records quickly so that they could ascertain what the allotted time of the emperor was to be. Judge Cui went at once to his chamber and examined, one by one, the ages preordained for all the kings in the world that were inscribed in the books. Startled when he saw that the Great Tang Emperor Taizong of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent was destined to die in the thirteenth year of the period Zhenguan, he quickly dipped his big brush in thick ink and added two strokes before presenting the book. The Ten Kings took one look and saw that “thirtythree years” was written beneath the name Taizong. They asked in alarm, “How long has it been since Your Majesty was enthroned?”

“It has been thirteen years,” said Taizong. “Your Majesty need have no worry,” said King Yama, “for you still have twenty years of life. Now that your case has been clearly reviewed, we can send you back to the World of Light.” When Taizong heard this, he bowed to express his gratitude as the Ten Kings ordered Judge Cui and Grand Marshal Chu to accompany him back to life.

Taizong walked out of the Hall of Darkness and asked, saluting the Ten Kings once again, “What’s going to happen to those living in my palace?”

“Everyone will be safe,” said the Ten Kings, “except your younger sister. It appears that she will not live long.”

“When I return to the World of Light,” said Taizong, bowing again to thank them, “I have very little that I can present you as a token of my gratitude. Perhaps I can send you some melons or other kinds of fruit?” Delighted, the Ten Kings said, “We have eastern and western melons here, but we lack southern melons.” “The moment I get back,” said Taizong, “I shall send you some.” They bowed to each other with hands folded, and parted.

The marshal took the lead, holding a flag for guiding souls, while Judge Cui followed behind to protect Taizong. They walked out of the Region of Darkness, and Taizong saw that it was not the same road. He asked the judge, “Are we going on the wrong way?”

“No,” said the judge, “for this is how it is in the Region of Darkness: there is away for you to come, but there is no way out. Now we must send Your Majesty off from the region of the Wheel of Transmigration, so that you can make a tour of Hell as well as be sent on your way to reincarnation.” Taizong had little alternative but to follow their lead.

They had gone only a few miles when they came upon a tall mountain. Dark clouds touched the ground around it, and black mists shrouded the sky. “Mr. Cui,” said Taizong, “what mountain is this?” The judge said, “It’s the Mountain of Perpetual Shade in the Region of Darkness.”

“How can we go there?” asked Taizong fearfully. “Your Majesty need not worry,” said the judge, “for your subjects are here to guide you.” Shaking and quaking, Taizong followed the two of them and ascended the slope. He raised his head to look around and saw that

*Its shape was both craggy and curvate,
And its form was even more tortuous.
Rugged like the Shu peaks;
Tall like the Lu summits;
It was not a famed mountain in the World of Light,
But a treacherous place in the Region of Darkness.
Thickets of thorns sheltered monsters;
Tiers of stone ridges harbored demons.
No sound of fowl or beast came to one's ears;
Only ghosts or griffins walked before one's eyes.
The howling cold wind;
The endless black mist—
The howling cold wind was the huffing of infernal hosts;
The endless black mist was the puffing of demonic troops.
There was no scenic splendor though one looked high and low;
All was desolation when one stared left and right.
At that place there were mountains
And peaks,
And summits,
And caves,
And streams;
Only no grass grew on the mountains;
No peaks punctured the sky;
No travelers scaled the summits;
No caves ever harbored the clouds;
No water flowed in the streams.
They were all specters on the shores,
And bogies beneath the cliffs.
The phantoms huddled in the caves,
And lost souls hid on stream-floors.
All around the mountain,
Bull-heads and Horse-faces wildly clamored;
Half hidden and half in sight,
Hungry ghosts and needy souls often wept.
The judge in quest of souls,
In haste and fury delivered his summons;
The guard who chased the spirits,
Snorted and shouted to present his papers.
The Swift of Foot:
A boiling cyclone!
The Soul Snatcher:
A spreading dark mist!*

Had he not trusted in the judge's protection, Taizong would have never made it across this Mountain of Perpetual Shade.

As they proceeded, they came to a place where there were many halls and chambers; everywhere they turned, melancholy cries blasted their ears and grotesque sights struck terror in their hearts. "What is this place?" asked Taizong again. "The Eighteenfold Hell behind the Mountain of Perpetual Shade," said the judge. "What is that?" said Taizong. The judge replied, "Listen to what I have to say:

*The Hell of the Rack,
The Hell of Gloomy Guilt,
The Hell of the Fiery Pit:
All such sorrow,
All such desolation,
Are caused by a thousand sins committed in the life before;
They all come to suffer after they die.
The Hell of Hades,
The Hell of Tongue- Pulling,
The Hell of Skin- Shredding:
All those weeping and wailing,
All those pining and mourning,
Await the traitors, the rebels, and the Heaven baiters;
He of Buddha-mouth and serpent-heart will end up here.
The Hell of Grinding,
The Hell of Pounding,
The Hell of Crushing;
With frayed skin and torn flesh,
Gaping mouths and grinding teeth,
These are they who cheat and lie to work injustice,
Who fawn and flatter to deceive.
The Hell of Ice,
The Hell of Mutilation,
The Hell of Evisceration:
With grimy face and matted hair,
Knitted brow and doleful look,
These are they who fleece the simple with weights unjust,
And so bring ruin upon themselves.
The Hell of Boiling Oil,
The Hell of Grim Darkness,
The Hell of the Sword Mountain:
They shake and quake;
They sorrow and pine:
For oppressing the righteous by violence and fraud
They now must cower in their lonely pain.
The Hell of the Pool of Blood,
The Hell of Avīci.
The Hell of Scales and Weights:
All the skins peeled and bones exposed,
The limbs cut and the tendons severed,
Are caused by murder stemming from greed,*

*The taking of life of both humans and beasts.
 Their fall has no reversal in a thousand years—
 Eternal perdition without release.
 Each is firmly bound and tightly tied,
 Shackled by both ropes and cords.
 The slightest move brings on the Red-hair demons,
 The Black-face demons,
 With long spears and sharp swords;
 The Bull-head demons,
 The Horse-face demons,
 With iron spikes and bronze gavels,
 They strike till faces contort and blood flows down,
 But cries to Earth and Heaven find no response.
 So it is that man ought not his own conscience betray,
 For gods have knowledge, who could get away?
 Thus vice and virtue will at last be paid:
 It differs only in coming soon or late."*

When Taizong heard these words, he was terror-stricken. They went on for a little while and came upon a group of demon soldiers, each holding banners and flags and kneeling beside the road. "The Guards of the Bridges have come to receive you," they said. The judge ordered them to make way and proceeded to lead Taizong across a golden bridge. Looking to one side, Taizong saw another silver bridge, on which there were several travelers who seemed to be persons of principle and rectitude, justice and honesty. They too were led by banners and flags. On the other side was another bridge, with icy wind churning around it and bloody waves seething below. The continuous sound of weeping and wailing could be heard. "What is the name of that bridge?" asked Taizong. "Your Majesty," said the judge, "it is the No-Option Bridge. When you reach the World of Light, you must have this recorded for posterity.

For below the bridge there is nothing but

*A vast body of surging water;
 A strait and treacherous path;
 Like bales of raw silk flowing down the Long River,
 Or the Pit of Fire floating up to Earth,
 This cold air, oppressive, this bone-piercing chill;
 This foul stench both irksome and nauseous.
 The waves roll and swirl;
 No boat comes or goes to ferry men across;
 With naked feet and tangled hair
 Those moving here and there are all damned spirits.
 The bridge is a few miles long
 But only three spans wide.
 Its height measures a hundred feet;
 Below, a thousand fathoms deep.
 On top are no railways for hands to hold;
 Beneath you have man-seizing savage fiends
 Who, bound by cangues and locks,
 Fight to flee No-Option's parlous path.
 Look at those ferocious guardians beside the bridge*

*And those damned souls in the river—how truly wretched!
 On branches and twigs
 Clothes of green, red, yellow, and purple silk hang;
 Below the precipice
 Strumpets crouch for having abused their own in-laws.
 Iron dogs and brass serpents will strive to feed on them.
 Their fall's eternal—there is no way out."*

The poem says:

*Ghosts are heard wailing; demons often cry
 As waves of blood rise ten thousand feet high.
 Horse-faces and Bull-heads by countless scores
 This No- Option Bridge grimly fortify.*

While Taizong and his guides were speaking, the several Guardians of the Bridge went back to their station. Terrified by his vision, Taizong could only nod his head in silent horror. He followed the judge and the grand marshal across the malicious water of the No- Option River and the bitter Realm of the Bloody Bowl. Soon they arrived at the City of the Dead, where clamoring voices were heard proclaiming distinctly, "Li Shimin has come! Li Shimin has come!" When Taizong heard all this shouting, his heart shook and his gall quivered. Then he saw a throng of spirits, some with backs broken by the rack, some with severed limbs, and some headless, who barred his way and shouted together, "Give us back our lives! Give us back our lives!" In terror Taizong tried desperately to flee and hide, at the same time crying, "Mr. Cui, save me! Mr. Cui, save me!"

"Your Majesty," said the judge, "these are the spirits of various princes and their underlings, of brigands and robbers from sundry places. Through works of injustice, both theirs and others', they perished and are now cut off from salvation because there is none to receive them or care for them. Since they have no money or belongings, they are ghosts abandoned to hunger and cold. Only if Your Majesty can give them some money will I be able to offer you deliverance."

"I came here," said Taizong, "with empty hands. Where can I get money?"

"Your Majesty," said the judge, "there is in the World of the Living a man who has deposited great sums of gold and silver in our Region of Darkness. You can use your name for a loan, and your lowly judge will serve as your voucher; we shall borrow a roomful of money from him and distribute it among the hungry ghosts. You will then be able to get past them."

"Who is this man?" asked Taizong. "He's a man from the Kaifeng District in Henan Province," said the judge. "His given name is Liang and his surname is Xiang. He has thirteen rooms of gold and silver down here. If Your Majesty borrows from him, you can repay him when you return to the World of Light."

Highly pleased and more than willing to use his name for the loan, Taizong at once signed a note for the judge. He borrowed a roomful of gold and silver, and the grand marshal was asked to distribute the money among the ghosts. The judge also instructed them, saying, "You may divide up these pieces of silver and gold among yourselves and use them accordingly. Let the Great Tang Father pass, for he still has a long time to live. By the solemn word of the Ten Kings I am accompanying him to return to life. When he reaches the world of the living, he has been instructed to hold a Grand Mass of Land and Water for your salvation. So don't start any more trouble."

When the ghosts heard these words and received the silver and gold, they obeyed and turned back. The judge ordered the grand marshal to wave the flag for guiding souls, and led Taizong out of the City of the Dead. They set out again on a broad and level path, leaving quickly with light, airy steps.

They traveled for a long time and arrived at the junction of the Sixfold Path of Transmigration. They saw some people who rode the clouds wearing embroidered capes, and some with Daoist amulets of gold fish dangling from their waists; there were in fact monks, nuns, Daoists, and secular persons, and all varieties of beasts and fowls, ghosts and spirits. In an unending stream they all ran beneath the Wheel of Transmigration to enter each into a predestined path. "What is the meaning of this?" asked the Tang emperor. "Your Majesty," said the judge, "as your mind is enlightened to perceive the pervasive immanence of the Buddha-nature in all things, you must remember this and proclaim it in the World of the Living. This is called the Sixfold Path of Transmigration. Those who perform good works will ascend to the way of the immortals; those who remain patriotic to the end will advance to the way of nobility; those who practice filial piety will be born again into the way of blessing; those who are just and honest will enter once more into the way of humans; those who cherish virtue will proceed to the way of riches; those who are vicious and violent will fall back into the way of demons." When the Tang emperor heard this, he nodded his head and sighed, saying,

*"Ah, how truly good is goodness!
To do good will never bring illness!
In a good heart always abide.
On a good way your door fling wide.
Let no evil thoughts arise,
And all mischief you must despise.
Don't say there's no retribution,
For gods have their disposition."*

The judge accompanied the Tang emperor up to the very entrance to the way of nobility before he prostrated himself and called out, "Your Majesty, this is where you must proceed, and here your humble judge will take leave of you. I am asking Grand Marshal Zhu to accompany you a little further."

The Tang emperor thanked him, saying, "I'm sorry, sir, that you have had to travel such great distance on my account."

"When Your Majesty returns to the World of Light," said the judge, "be very certain that you celebrate the Grand Mass of Land and Water so that those wretched, homeless souls may be delivered. Please do not forget! Only if there is no murmuring for vengeance in the Region of Darkness will there be the prosperity of peace in your World of Light. If there are any wicked ways in your life, you must change them one by one, and you must teach your subjects far and wide to do good. You may be assured then that your empire will be firmly established, and that your fame will go down to posterity."

The Tang emperor promised to grant each one of the judge's requests.

Having parted from Judge Cui, he followed Grand Marshal Zhu and entered the gate. The grand marshal saw inside a black-maned bay horse complete with rein and saddle. Lending the emperor assistance from left and right, he quickly helped him mount it. The horse shot forward like an arrow, and soon they reached the bank of the

Wei River, where a pair of golden carps could be seen frolicking on top of the waves. Pleased by what he saw, the Tang emperor reined in his horse and stopped to watch. “Your Majesty,” said the grand marshal, “let’s hurry and get you back into your city while there is still time.”

But the emperor persisted in his indulgence and refused to go forward. The grand marshal grabbed one of his legs and shouted, “You still won’t move? What are you waiting for?” With a loud splash, he was pushed off his horse into the Wei River, and thus he left the Region of Darkness and returned to the World of Light.

We shall now tell you about those who served before the Throne in the Tang dynasty. Xu Mougong, Qin Shubao, Hu Jingde, Duan Zhixian, Ma Sanbao, Cheng Yaojin, Gao Shilian, Li Shiji, Fang Xuanling, Du Ruhui, Xiao Yu, Fu Yi, Zhang Daoyuan, Zhang Shiheng, and Wang Guei constituted the two groups of civil and military officials. They gathered with the crown prince of the Eastern Palace, the queen, the ladies of the court, and the chief steward in the Hall of the White Tiger for the imperial mourning. At the same time, they discussed issuing the obituary proclamation for the whole empire and crowning the prince as emperor. From one side of the hall, Wei Zheng stepped forward and said, “All of you, please refrain from doing anything hasty. If you alarm the various districts and cities, you may bring about something undesirable and unexpected. Let’s wait here for another day, for our lord will surely come back to life.”

“What nonsense you are talking, Prime Minister Wei,” said Xu Jingzong, coming from below, “for the ancient proverb says, ‘Just as spilled water cannot be retrieved, so a dead man can never return!’ Why do you mouth such empty words to vex our minds? What reason do you have for this?”

“To tell you the truth, Mr. Xu,” said Wei Zheng, “I have been instructed since my youth in the arts of immortality. My calculations are most accurate, and I promise you that His Majesty will not die.”

As they were talking, they suddenly heard a loud voice crying in the coffin, “You’ve drowned me! You’ve drowned me!” It so startled the civil and military officials, and so terrified the queen and the ladies, that every one of them had

*A face brown as autumnal mulberry leaves,
A body limp as the willow of early spring.
The legs of the crown prince buckled,
He could not hold the mourning staff to finish his rites.
The soul of the steward left him,
He could not wear the mourning cap to show his grief
The matrons collapsed;
The ladies pitched sideways;
The matrons collapsed
Like weak hibiscus blasted by savage wind.
The ladies pitched sideways
Like lilies overwhelmed by sudden rain.
The petrified lords—
Their bones and tendons feeble—
Trembled and shook,
All dumb and awestruck.
The whole White Tiger Hall was like a bridge with broken beams;*

The funeral stage resembled a temple wrecked.

Every person attending the court ran away, and no one dared approach the coffin. Only the upright Xu Mougong, the rational Prime Minister Wei, the courageous Qin Qiong, and the impulsive Jingde came forward and took hold of the coffin. “Your Majesty,” they cried, “if there’s something bothering you, tell us about it. Don’t play ghost and terrify your relatives!”

Then, however, Wei Zheng said, “He’s not playing ghost. His Majesty is coming back to life! Get some tools, quick!”

They opened the top of the coffin and saw indeed that Taizong was sitting up inside, still shouting, “You’ve drowned me! Who bailed me out?” Mougong and the rest of them went forward to lift him up, saying, “Don’t be afraid, Your Majesty, and wake up. Your subjects are here to protect you.” Only then did the Tang emperor open his eyes and say, “How I suffered just now! I barely escaped attack by spiteful demons from the Region of Darkness, only to encounter death by drowning!”

“Have no fear, Your Majesty,” said the ministers. “What kind of calamity occurred in the water?”

“I was riding a horse,” the Tang emperor said, “when we came near the Wei River where two fishes were playing. That deceitful Grand Marshal Zhu pushed me off my horse into the river, and I was almost drowned.”

“His Majesty is still not entirely free from the influences of the dead,” said Wei Zheng. He quickly ordered from the imperial dispensary medicinal broth designed to calm his spirit and fortify his soul. They also prepared some rice gruel, and only after taking such nourishments once or twice did he become his old self again, fully regaining his living senses. A quick calculation revealed that the Tang emperor had been dead for three days and nights and then returned to life to rule again. We have thus a testimonial poem:

*From ancient times how oft the world has changed!
History is full of kingdoms that rise and fall.
Countless were the wonders of Zhou, Han, and Jin.
Which could match King Tang’s from death to life recall?*

By then it was dusk; the various ministers withdrew after they had seen the emperor retire. The next day, they took off their mourning garb and changed into their court attire: everyone had on his red robe and black cap, his purple sash and gold medal, waiting outside the gate to be summoned to court. We now tell you about Taizong, who, having received the medicine prescribed for calming his spirit and fortifying his soul, and having taken the rice broth several times, was carried into his bedchamber by his attendants. He slept soundly that whole night, and when he arose at dawn, his spirit was fully revived. Look how he was attired:

*He donned a tall, royal cap;
He wore a dark ocher robe;
He put on a belt of green jade from Blue Mountain;
He trod a pair of empire-building carefree boots.
His stunning looks
Surpassed anyone in court:
With power to spare
He resumed his reign.*

*What a great Tang emperor of justice and truth,
The Majestic Li who rose again from the dead!*

The Tang emperor went up to the Treasure Hall of the Golden Carriage and gathered together the two groups of civil and military officials, who, after shouting "Long live the emperor" three times, stood in attention according to rank and file. Then they heard this loud announcement:

"If there is any business, come forth and make your memorial; if there is no business, you are dismissed from court."

From the east came the row of civil officials and from the west came the row of military officials; they all went forward and prostrated themselves before the steps of white jade. "Your Majesty," they said, "may we inquire how you awoke from your slumber, which lasted so long?"

"On that day, after we had received the letter from Wei Zheng," said Taizong, "we felt that our soul had departed from these halls, having been invited by the imperial guardsmen to join a hunting party. As we were traveling, the men and horses both disappeared, whereupon my father, the former emperor, and my deceased brothers came to hassle us. We would not have been able to escape them had it not been for the arrival of someone in black cap and robe; this man happened to be the judge Cui Yue, who managed to send my deceased brothers away. We handed Wei Zheng's letter over to him, and as he was reading it, some boys in blue came to lead us with flags and banners to the Hall of Darkness, where we were met by the Ten Kings of the Underworld. They told us of the Jing River Dragon, who accused us of having him slain after promising to save him. We in turn explained to them what happened, and they assured us that our case had been jointly reviewed by the Three Tribunes. Then they asked for the Chronicles of Life and Death to examine what was to be our allotted age. Judge Cui presented his books, and King Yama, after checking them, said that Heaven had assigned us a portion of thirty-three years. Since we had ruled for only thirteen years, we were entitled to twenty more years of living.

So Grand Marshal Zhu and Judge Cui were ordered to send us back here. We took leave of the Ten Kings and promised to thank them with gifts of melons and other fruits. After our departure from the Hall of Darkness, we encountered in the Underworld all those who were treasonous to the state and disloyal to their parents, those who practiced neither virtue nor righteousness, those who squandered the five grains, those who cheated openly or in secret, those who indulged in unjust weights and measurements—in sum, the rapists, the thieves, the liars, the hypocrites, the wantons, the deviates, the connivers, and the lawbreakers. They were all suffering from various tortures by grinding, burning, pounding, sawing, frying, boiling, hanging, and skinning. There were tens of thousands of them, and we could not make an end of this ghastly sight.

Thereafter we passed by the City of the Dead, filled with the souls of brigands and bandits from all over the Earth, who came to block our path. Fortunately, Judge Cui was willing to vouch for us, and we could then borrow a roomful of gold and silver from Old Man Xiang of Henan to buy off the spirits before we could proceed once more. We finally parted after Judge Cui had repeatedly instructed us that when we returned to the World of Light we were to celebrate a Grand Mass of Land and Water for the salvation of those orphaned spirits. After leaving the Sixfold Path of Transmigration, Grand Marshal Zhu asked us to mount a horse so swift it seemed to be flying, and brought me to the bank of the Wei River. As we were enjoying the sight of

two fishes playing in the water, he grabbed our legs and pushed us into the river. Only then did we come back to life.” When the various ministers heard these words, they all praised and congratulated the emperor. A notice was also sent out to every town and district in the empire, and all the officials presented gratulatory memorials, which we shall mention no further.

We shall now tell you about Taizong, who proclaimed a general amnesty for the prisoners in the empire. Moreover, he asked for an inventory of those convicted of capital crimes, and the judge from the Board of Justice submitted some four hundred names of those awaiting death by beheading or hanging. Taizong granted them one year’s leave to return to their families, so that they could settle their affairs and put their property in order before going to the marketplace to receive their just deserts. The prisoners all thanked him for such grace before departing. After issuing another edict for the care and welfare of orphans, Taizong also released some three thousand court maidens and concubines from the palace and married them off to worthy military officers. From that time on, his reign was truly a virtuous one, to which we have a testimonial poem:

*Great is the virtue of the Great Tang Ruler!
Surpassing Sage Kings, he makes his people prosper.
Five hundred convicts may now leave the prison;
Three thousand maidens find release from the palace.
The empire’s officials all wish him long life.
The ministers at court all give him high praise.
Such good heart, once stirred, the Heavens should bless,
And pass such weal to seventeen generations.*

After releasing the court maidens and convicts, Taizong also issued another proclamation to be posted throughout the empire. The proclamation read:

*The cosmos, though vast,
Is brightly surveyed by the sun and the moon;
The world, though immense,
Approves not villains in Heaven or on Earth.
If your intent is trickery,
Even this life will bring retribution;
If your giving exceeds receiving,
There’s blessing not only in the life hereafter.
A thousand clever designs
Are not as living according to one’s duties;
Ten thousand men of violence
Cannot compare with one frugal and content.
If you’re bent on good works and mercy,
Need you read the sūtras with diligence?
If you intend to harm others,
Even the learning of Buddha is vain!*

From that time on, there was not a single person in the empire who did not practice virtue.

Meanwhile, another notice was posted asking for a volunteer to take the melons and other fruits to the Region of Darkness. At the same time, a roomful of gold and silver from the treasury was sent with the Imperial Duke of Khotan, Hu Jingde, to the

Kaifeng District of Henan so that the debt to Xiang Liang could be repaid. After the notice had been posted for some days, a worthy came forth to volunteer his life for the mission. He was originally from Zunzhou; his surname was Liu and his given name Quan, and he belonged to a family of great wealth. The reason he came forward was that his wife, Li Cuilian, happened to have given a gold hairpin from her head, by way of alms, to a monk in front of their house.

When Liu Quan chided her for her indiscretion in flaunting herself outside their home, Li became so upset that she promptly hanged herself, leaving behind her a pair of young children, who wept piteously day and night. Liu Quan was so filled with remorse by the sight of them that he was willing to leave life and property to take the melons to hell. He therefore took down the royal notice and came to see the Tang emperor. The emperor ordered him to go to the Lodge of the Golden Pavilion, where a pair of southern melons were put on his head, some money in his sleeve, and some medicine in his mouth.

So Liu Quan died by taking poison. His soul, still bearing the fruits on his head, arrived at the Gate of Spirits. The demon guardian at the door shouted, "Who are you that you dare to come here?"

"By the imperial command of the Great Tang Emperor Taizong," said Liu Quan, "I came here especially to present melons and other fruits for the enjoyment of the Ten Kings of the Underworld."

The demon guardian received him amiably and led him to the Treasure Hall of Darkness. When he saw King Yama, he presented the melons, saying, "By order of the Tang emperor, I came from afar to present these melons as a token of thanks for the gracious hospitality of the Ten Kings."

Highly pleased, King Yama said, "That Emperor Taizong is certainly a man of his word!"

He accepted the melons and proceeded to ask the messenger about his name and his home. "Your humble servant," said Liu Quan, "resided originally in Junzhou; my surname is Liu and my given name is Quan. Because my wife hanged herself, leaving no one to care for our children, I decided to leave home and children and sacrifice my life for the country by helping my emperor to take these melons here as a thank offering." When the Ten Kings heard these words, they asked at once for Li, the wife of Liu Quan; she was brought in by the demon guardian, and wife and husband had a reunion before the Hall of Darkness. They conversed about what had happened and also thanked the Ten Kings for this meeting. King Yama, moreover, examined the Books of Life and Death and found that both husband and wife were supposed to live to a ripe old age. He quickly ordered the demon guardian to take them back to life, but the guardian said, "Since Li Cuilian has been back in the World of Darkness for many days, her body no longer exists. To whom should her soul attach herself?"

"The emperor's sister, Li Yuying," said King Yama, "is destined to die very soon. Borrow her body right away so that this woman can return to life."

The demon guardian obeyed the order and led Liu Quan and his wife out of the Region of Darkness to return to life.

We do not know how the two of them returned to life; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWELVE

*The Tang emperor, firmly sincere, convenes a Grand Mass
Guanyin, in epiphany, converts Gold Cicada*

We were telling you about the demon guardian who was leading Liu Quan and his wife out of the Region of Darkness. Accompanied by a swirling dark wind, they went directly back to Chang'an of the great nation. The demon pushed the soul of Liu Quan into the Golden Court Pavilion Lodge, but the soul of Cuilian was brought into the inner court of the royal palace. Just then the Princess Yuying was walking beneath the shadows of flowers along a path covered with green moss. The demon guardian crashed right into her and pushed her to the ground; her living soul was snatched away and the soul of Cuilian was pushed into Yuying's body instead. The demon guardian then returned to the Region of Darkness, and we shall say no more about that.

We now tell you that the maidservants of the palace, both young and old, when they saw that Yuying had fallen and died, ran quickly to the Hall of the Golden Chimes and reported the incident to the queen, saying, "The princess has fallen and died!"

Horried, the queen reported it to Taizong.

When Taizong heard the news, he nodded, sighing, and said, "So this has come to pass indeed! We did ask the King of Darkness whether the old and young of our family would be safe or not. He said, 'They will all be safe, but I fear that your royal sister will not live long.' Now his word is fulfilled."

All the inhabitants of the palace came to mourn her, but when they reached the spot where she had fallen, they saw that the princess was breathing.

"Stop weeping! Stop weeping!" said the Tang emperor. "Don't startle her!"

He went forward and lifted her head with the royal hand, crying out, "Wake up, royal sister!" Our princess suddenly turned over and cried, "Husband, walk slowly! Wait for me!"

"Sister," said Taizong, "we are all here." Lifting her head and opening her eyes to look around, the princess said, "Who are you that you dare touch me?"

"This is your royal brother," said Taizong, "and your sister-in-law."

"Where do I have any royal brother and sister-in-law?" asked the princess. "My family is Li, and my maiden name is Li Cuilian. My husband's surname is Liu and his given name is Quan. Both of us are from Junzhou. Because I pulled a golden hairpin to give to a monk outside our home as alms three months ago, my husband rebuked me for walking indiscreetly out of our doors and thus violating the etiquette appropriate to a woman. He scolded me, and I became so enraged that I hanged myself with a white silk cord, leaving behind a pair of children who wept night and day. On account of my husband, who was sent by the Tang emperor to the Region of Darkness to present melons, King Yama took pity on us and allowed us both to return to life. He was walking ahead; I could not keep up with him, tripped, and fell. How rude you all are! Not knowing my name, how dare you touch me!" When Taizong heard these words, he said to his attendants, "I suppose my sister was knocked senseless by the fall. She's babbling!"

He ordered that Yuying be helped into the palace and medicine be brought in from the court dispensary.

As the Tang emperor went back to the court, one of his assistants came forward to report, saying, "Your Majesty, the man Liu Quan, who went to present the melons, has returned to life. He is now outside the gate, awaiting your order."

Greatly startled, the Tang emperor at once gave the order for Liu Quan to be brought in, who then prostrated himself before the redlacquered courtyard. Taizong asked him, "How did the presentation of melons come off?"

"Your subject," said Liu Quan, "bore the melons on his head and went straight to the Gate of Spirits. I was led to the Hall of Darkness, where I met the Ten Kings of the Underworld. I presented the melons and spoke at length about the sincere gratitude of my lord. King Yama was most delighted, and he complimented Your Majesty profusely, saying, 'That Taizong emperor is indeed a man of virtue and a man of his word!'" "What did you happen to see in the Region of Darkness?" asked the Tang emperor. "Your subject did not travel far," said Liu Quan, "and I did not see much. I only heard King Yama questioning me on my native village and my name.

Your subject therefore gave him a full account of how I abandoned home and children because of my wife's suicide and volunteered for the mission. He quickly sent for a demon guardian, who brought in my wife, and we were reunited at the Hall of Darkness.

Meanwhile, they also examined the Books of Life and Death and told us that we both should live to a ripe old age. The demon guardian was dispatched to see us back to life. Your subject walked ahead, but my wife fell behind. I am grateful that I am now returned to life, but I do not know where my wife has gone."

Alarmed, the Tang emperor asked, "Did King Yama say anything about your wife?"

"He didn't say much," said Liu Quan. "I only heard the demon guardian's exclamation that Li Cuilian had been dead for so long that her body no longer existed. King Yama said, 'The royal sister, Li Yuying, should die shortly. Let Cuilian borrow the body of Yuying so that she may return to life.' Your subject has no knowledge of who that royal sister is and where she resides, nor has he made any attempt to locate her." When the Tang emperor heard this report, he was filled with delight and said to the many officials around him, "When we took leave of King Yama, we questioned him with regard to the inhabitants of the palace. He said that the old and the young would all be safe, though he feared that our sister would not live long. Just now our sister Yuying fell dying beneath the flowers. When we went to her assistance, she regained her consciousness momentarily, crying, 'Husband, walk slowly! Wait for me!' We thought that her fall had knocked her senseless, as she was babbling like that. But when we questioned her carefully, she said exactly what Liu Quan now tells us."

"If Her Royal Highness passed away momentarily, only to say these things after she regained consciousness," said Wei Zheng, "this means that there is a real possibility that Liu Quan's wife has returned to life by borrowing another person's body. Let us invite the princess to come out, and see what she has to tell us."

"We just asked the court dispensary to send in some medicine," said the Tang emperor, "for we don't know what's happening." Some ladies of the court went to fetch the princess, and they found her inside, screaming, "Why do I need to take any

medicine? How could this be my house? Ours is a clean, cool house of tiles, not like this one, yellow as if it had jaundice, and with such gaudy appointments! Let me out! Let me out!" She was still shouting when four or five ladies and two or three eunuchs took hold of her and led her outside to the court.

The Tang emperor said, "Do you recognize your husband?"

"What are you talking about?" said Yuying. "The two of us were pledged to each other since childhood as husband and wife. I bore him a boy and a girl. How could I not recognize him?"

The Tang emperor asked one of the palatial officials to help her go down from the Treasure Hall. The princess went right before the steps of white jade, and when she saw Liu Quan, she grabbed him, saying, "Husband, where have you been? You didn't even wait for me! I tripped and fell, and then I was surrounded by all these crazy people, talking nonsense! What do you have to say to this?" Liu Quan heard that she was speaking like his wife, but the person he saw certainly did not resemble her, and he dared not acknowledge her to be his own. The Tang emperor said,

"Indeed,

Men have seen mountains cracking, or the gaping of earth;

But none has seen the living exchanged for the dead!"

What a just and kindly ruler! He took his sister's toilet boxes, garments, and jewelry and bestowed them all on Liu Quan; it was as if the man was provided with a dowry. He was, moreover, exempted forever from having to engage in any compulsory service to the Crown, and was told to take the royal sister back to his home. So, husband and wife together expressed their gratitude before the steps and returned happily to their village. We have a testimonial poem:

How long, how short—man has his span of years;

He lives and dies, each foreordained by fate.

Liu Quan presented melons and returned to life;

In someone's body so did Li, his mate.

The two of them took leave of the emperor, went directly back to Junzhou, and saw that both house and children were in good order. They never ceased thereafter to proclaim the rewards of virtue, but we shall speak of them no further.

We now tell you about Yuchi Gong, who took a huge load of gold and silver and went to see Xiang Liang at the Kaifeng District in Henan. It turned out that the man made his living by selling water, while his wife, whose surname was Zhang, sold pottery in front of their home. Whatever money they made, they kept only enough for their subsistence, giving all the rest either as alms to the monks or as gifts to the dead by purchasing paper money and burning it.

They thus built up enormous merit; for though they were poor folks in the World of Light, they were, in fact, leading citizens for whom jade and gold were laid up in the other world. When Yuchi Gong came to their door with the gold and silver, Papa Xiang and Mama Xiang were terror-stricken. And when they also saw the district officials with their horses and carriages assembling outside their thatched hut, the aged couple were dumbfounded. They knelt on the floor and kowtowed without ceasing. "Old folks, please arise," said Yuchi Gong. "Though I am an imperial official, I came here with this gold and silver to repay you by order of my king." Shaking and quaking, the man said, "Your lowly servant has never lent money to others. How dare we accept such inexplicable wealth?"

“I have found out,” said Yuchi Gong, “that you are indeed a poor fellow. But you have also given alms to feed the monks. Whatever exceeds your necessities you have used to purchase paper money, which you burned in dedication to the Region of Darkness. You have thus accumulated a vast fortune down below. Our emperor, Taizong, returned to life after being dead for three days; he borrowed a roomful of gold and silver from you while he was in the Region of Darkness, and we are returning the exact sum to you. Please count your money accordingly so that we may make our report back to the emperor.” Xiang Liang and his wife, however, remained adamant.

They raised their hands to Heaven and cried, “If your lowly servants accepted this gold and silver, we should die quickly. We might have been given credit for burning paper cash, but this is a secret unknown to us. Moreover, what evidence do we have that our Father, His Majesty, borrowed our money in some other world? We simply dare not accept this.”

“His Majesty told us,” said Yuchi Gong, “that he received the loan from you because Judge Cui vouched for him, and he could bear testimony. So please accept this.”

“Even if I were to die,” said Xiang Liang, “I could not accept the gift.” Seeing that they persisted in their refusal, Yuchi Gong had no alternative but to send someone back to report to the Throne. When Taizong saw the report and learned that Xiang Liang had refused to accept the gold and silver, he said, “They are truly virtuous elders!”

He issued a decree at once that Hu Jingde should use the money to erect a temple, to build a shrine, and to support the religious services that would be performed in them. The old couple, in other words, would be repaid in this manner. The decree went out to Jingde, who, having expressed his gratitude, facing the capital, proclaimed its content for all to know. He used the money to purchase a lot of about fifty acres not needed either by the military authorities or the people. A temple was erected on this piece of land and named the Royal Xiangguo Temple.

To the left of it there was also a shrine dedicated to Papa and Mama Xiang, with a stone inscription stating that the buildings were erected under the supervision of Yuchi Gong. This is the Great Xiangguo Temple still standing today.

The work was finished and reported; Taizong was exceedingly pleased. He then gathered many officials together in order that a public notice be issued to invite monks for the celebration of the Grand Mass of Land and Water, so that those orphaned souls in the Region of Darkness might find salvation. The notice went throughout the empire, and officials of all regions were asked to recommend monks illustrious for their holiness to go to Chang'an for the Mass. In less than a month's time, various monks from the empire had arrived. The Tang emperor ordered the court historian, Fu Yi, to select an illustrious priest to take charge of the ceremonies. When Fu Yi received the order, however, he presented a memorial to the Throne that attempted to dispute the worth of Buddha.

The memorial said:

The teachings of the Western Territory deny the relations of ruler and subject, of father and son. With the doctrines of the Three Ways and the Sixfold Path, they beguile and seduce the foolish and the simpleminded. They emphasize the sins of the past in order to ensure the felicities of the future. By chanting in Sanskrit, they seek a way of escape. We submit, however, that birth, death, and the length of one's life are ordered by nature; but the conditions of public disgrace or honor are determined by human volition. These phenomena are not, as some philistines would now maintain, ordained by Buddha. The teachings of Buddha did not exist in the time of the Five Thearchs and the Three Kings, and yet those

rulers were wise, their subjects loyal, and their reigns long-lasting. It was not until the period of Emperor Ming in the Han dynasty that the worship of foreign gods was established, but this meant only that priests of the Western Territory were permitted to propagate their faith. The event, in fact, represented a foreign intrusion in China, and the teachings are hardly worthy to be believed.

When Taizong saw the memorial, he had it distributed among the various officials for discussion. At that time the prime minister Xiao Yu came forward and prostrated himself to address the throne, saying, “The teachings of Buddha, which have flourished in several previous dynasties, seek to exalt the good and to restrain what is evil. In this way they are covertly an aid to the nation, and there is no reason why they should be rejected. For Buddha after all is also a sage, and he who spurns a sage is himself lawless. I urge that the dissenter be severely punished.”

Taking up the debate with Xiao Yu, Fu Yi contended that propriety had its foundation in service to one’s parents and ruler. Yet Buddha forsook his parents and left his family; indeed, he defied the Son of Heaven all by himself, just as he used an inherited body to rebel against his parents. Xiao Yu, Fu Yi went on to say, was not born in the wilds, but by his adherence to this doctrine of parental denial, he confirmed the saying that an unfilial son had in fact no parents. Xiao Yu, however, folded his hands in front of him and declared, “Hell was established precisely for people of this kind.”

Taizong thereupon called on the Lord High Chamberlain, Zhang Daoyuan, and the President of the Grand Secretariat, Zhang Shiheng, and asked how efficacious the Buddhist exercises were in the procurement of blessings. The two officials replied, “The emphasis of Buddha is on purity, benevolence, compassion, the proper fruits, and the unreality of things. It was Emperor Wu of the Northern Zhou dynasty who set the Three Religions in order.

The Chan Master, Da Hui, also had extolled those concepts of the dark and the distant. Generations of people revered such saints as the Fifth Patriarch, who became man, or the Bodhidharma, who appeared in his sacred form; none of them proved to be inconspicuous in grace and power. Moreover, it has been held since antiquity that the Three Religions are most honorable, not to be destroyed or abolished. We beseech, therefore, Your Majesty to exercise your clear and sagacious judgment.”

Highly pleased, Taizong said, “The words of our worthy subjects are not unreasonable. Anyone who disputes them further will be punished.”

He thereupon ordered Wei Zheng, Xiao Yu, and Zhang Daoyuan to invite the various Buddhist priests to prepare the site for the Grand Mass and to select from among them someone of great merit and virtue to serve as the altar master. All the officials then bowed their heads to the ground to thank the emperor before withdrawing. From that time also came the law that any person who denounces a monk or Buddhism will have his arms broken.

The next day the three court officials began the process of selection at the Mountain-River Altar, and from among the priests gathered there they chose an illustrious monk of great merit. “Who is this person?” you ask.

*Gold Cicada was his former divine name,
As heedless he was of the Buddha’s talk,
He had to suffer in this world of dust,
To fall in the net by being born a man.
He met misfortune as he came to Earth,
And evildoers even before his birth.*

His father: Chen, a zhuangyuan from Haizhou.
His mother's sire: chief of this dynasty's court.
Fated by his natal star to fall in the stream,
He followed tide and current, chased by mighty waves.
At Gold Mountain, the island, he had great luck,
For the abbot, Qian'an, raised him up.
He met his true mother at age eighteen,
And called on her father at the capital.
A great army was sent by Chief Kaishan
To stamp out at Hongzhou the vivious crew.
The zhuangyuan Guangrui escaped his doom:
Son rejoined sire—how worthy of praise!
They saw the emperor to receive his grace;
Their names resounded in Lingyan Tower.
Declining office, he chose a monk's life
At Hongfu Temple to seek the true Way,
This old Buddha-child, nicknamed River Float,
With a religious name of Chen Xuanzang.

So that very day the multitude selected the priest Xuanzang, a man who had been a monk since childhood, who maintained a vegetarian diet, and who had received the commandments the moment he left his mother's womb. His maternal grandfather was Yin Kaishan, one of the chief army commanders of the present dynasty. His father, Chen Guangrui, had taken the prize of zhuangyuan and was appointed Grand Secretary of the Wenyuan Chamber. Xuanzang, however, had no love for glory or wealth, being dedicated wholly to the pursuit of Nirvāṇa. Their investigations revealed that he had an excellent family background and the highest moral character. Not one of the thousands of classics and sūtras had he failed to master; none of the Buddhist chants and hymns was unknown to him. The three officials led Xuanzang before the throne. After going through elaborate court ritual, they bowed to report, "Your subjects, in obedience to your holy decree, have selected an illustrious monk by the name of Chen Xuanzang."

Hearing the name, Taizong thought silently for a long time and said, "Can Xuanzang be the son of Grand Secretary Chen Guangrui?"

Child River Float kowtowed and replied, "That is indeed your subject."

"This is a most appropriate choice," said Taizong, delighted. "You are truly a monk of great virtue and possessing the mind of Chan. We therefore appoint you the Grand Expositor of the Faith, Supreme Vicar of Priests." Xuanzang touched his forehead to the ground to express his gratitude and to receive his appointment.

He was given, furthermore, a cassock of knitted gold and five colors, a Vairocana hat, and the instruction diligently to seek out all worthy monks and to rank all these ācāryas in order. They were to follow the imperial decree and proceed to the Temple of Transformation, where they would begin the ritual after selecting a propitious day and hour.

Xuanzang bowed again to receive the decree and left. He went to the Temple of Transformation and gathered many monks together; they made ready the beds, built the platforms, and rehearsed the music. A total of one thousand two hundred worthy monks, young and old, were chosen, who were then further separated into three divisions occupying the rear, middle, and front portions of the hall. All the preparations were

completed and everything was put in order before the Buddhas. The third day of the ninth month of that same year was selected as the lucky day, when a Grand Mass of Land and Water lasting forty-nine days (in accordance with the number seven times seven) would begin. A memorial was presented to Taizong, who went with all his relatives and officials, both civil and military, to the Mass on that day to burn incense and listen to the lecture. We have a poem as testimony. The poem says:

*When the year-star of Zhenguan reached thirteen,
The king called his people to hear the Sacred Books.
The boundless Law was performed at a plot of truth;
Cloud, fog, and light filled the Great Promise Hall.
By grace the king decreed this grand temple's rite;
Shell-shed Gold Cicada sought wealth of the West.
He spread wide the good works to save the damned
And held his faith to preach the Three Modes of Life.*

In the thirteenth year of the Zhenguan period, when the year stood at *jisi* and the ninth month at *jiayu*, on the third day and at the auspicious hour of *gueimao*, Chen Xuanzang, the Great Expositor-Priest, gathered together one thousand two hundred illustrious monks. They met at the Temple of Transformation in the city of Chang'an to expound the various holy sūtras. After holding court early that morning, the emperor led many officials both military and civil and left the Treasure Hall of Golden Chimes by phoenix carriages and dragon chariots. They came to the temple to listen to the lectures and raise incense. How does the imperial cortege appear? Truly it comes with

*A sky full of blessed air,
Countless shafts of hallowed light.
The favorable wind blows gently;
The omnific sun shines brightly.
A thousand lords with girdle-jade walk in front and rear.
The many flags of guardsmen stand both left and right.
Those holding gilt bludgeons,
And halberds and axes,
March in pairs and pairs;
The red silk lanterns,
The royal incense urn,
Move in solemnity.
The dragons fly and the phoenixes dance;
The falcons soar and the eagles take wing.
This Son of Heaven's an upright sage;
The righteous ministers are good.
They increase our bliss by a thousand years, surpassing Yu and Shun;
They secure peace of ten thousand ages, rivaling Yao and Tang.
We also see the curve-handled umbrella,
And robes with rolling dragons—
Their glare lighting up each other;
The jade joined-rings,
The phoenix fans,
Waving through holy mist.
Those caps of pearls and belts of jade;
The purple sashes and medals of gold.*

*A thousand rows of soldiers protect the Throne;
Two lines of marshals uphold the carriage.
This emperor, cleansed and sincere, bows to the Buddha,
Glad to raise incense and seek virtue's fruit.*

The grand cortege of the Tang emperor soon arrived in front of the temple. The emperor ordered a halt to the music, left the carriages, and led many officials in the worship of Buddha by taking up burning incense sticks in their hands. After bowing three times holding the incense, they raised their heads and looked around them. This was indeed a splendid religious hall. You see

*Dancing flags and banners;
Bright, gleaming sunshades.
Dancing flags and banners
Fill the air with strands of flashing colored mists.
Bright, gleaming sunshades
Glow in the sun as fiery bolts.
Imposing, the gold image of Lokājyeṣṭha;
Most awesome, the jade features of the arhats.
Divine flowers fill the vases.
Sandalwood incense burn in the urns.
The divine flowers filling the vases
Adorn the temple with a brilliant forest of brocade.
The sandalwood incense burning in the urns
Covers the clear sky with waves of fragrant clouds.
Piled high on red trays are fruits in season.
On colored counters, mounds of cakes and sweets rest.
Rows of noble priests chant the holy sūtras
To save from their travails those orphaned souls.*

Taizong and his officials each lifted the incense; they also worshipped the golden body of the Buddha and paid homage to the arhats.

Thereafter, the Master of the Law, Chen Xuanzang, the Grand Expositor of the Faith, led the various monks to greet the Tang emperor.

After the ceremony, they went back to their seats according to their rank and station. The priest then presented Taizong with the proclamation for the deliverance of the orphaned souls. It read:

The supreme virtue is vast and endless, for Buddhism is founded upon Nirvāṇa. The spirit of the pure and the clean circulates freely and flows everywhere in the Three Regions. There are a thousand changes and ten thousand transformations, all regulated by the forces of yin and yang. Boundless and vast indeed are the substance, the function, the true nature, and the permanence of such phenomena.

But look at those orphaned souls, how worthy they are of our pity and commiseration! Now by the holy command of Taizong, we have selected and assembled various priests, who will engage in meditation and in the proclamation of the Law. Flinging wide the gates of salvation and setting in motion many vessels of mercy, we would deliver you, the multitudes, from the Sea of Woe and save you from perdition and from the Sixfold Path. You will be led to return to the way of truth and to enjoy the bliss of Heaven. Whether it be by motion, rest, or nonactivity, you will be united with, and become, pure essences. Therefore make use of this noble occasion, for you are invited to the pleasures of the celestial city. Take advantage of our Grand Mass so that you may find release from Hell's confinement, ascend quickly and freely to ultimate bliss, and travel without restraint in the Region of the West.

The poem says:

*An urn of immortal incense.
 Some scrolls of salvific power.
 As we proclaim this boundless Law,
 Receive now Heaven's endless grace.
 All your guilt and crime abolished,
 You lost souls may leave your prison.
 May our nation be firmly blessed
 With peace long and all-embracing.*

Highly pleased by what he read, Taizong said to the monks, "Be firm, all of you, in your devotion, and do not slack in your service to Buddha. After the achievement of merit and after each has received his blessing, we shall reward you handsomely. Be assured that you will not have labored in vain."

The twelve hundred monks all touched their foreheads to the ground to express their gratitude.

After the three vegetarian meals of the day, the Tang emperor returned to the palace to wait for the formal celebration of the mass seven days hence, when he would again be invited to raise incense. As dusk was about to fall, the various officials all retired. What sort of evening was this? Look at

*The long stretch of clear sky as twilight dims,
 As specks of jackdaw drop to their perch late.
 People grow quiet, the city full of lights:
 Now's the time for Chan monks to meditate.*

We have told you about the scenery of the night. The next morning the Master of the Law again ascended his seat and gathered the monks to recite their sūtras, but we shall say no more about that.

We shall now tell you about the Bodhisattva Guanyin of the Potalaka Mountain in the South Sea, who, since receiving the command of Tathāgata, was searching in the city of Chang'an for a worthy person to be the seeker of scriptures. For a long time, however, she did not encounter anyone truly virtuous. Then she learned that Taizong was extolling merit and virtue and selecting illustrious monks to hold the Grand Mass. When she discovered, moreover, that the chief priest and celebrant was the monk Child River Float, who was a child of Buddha born from paradise and who happened also to be the very elder whom she had sent to this incarnation, the Bodhisattva was exceedingly pleased. She immediately took the treasures bestowed by Buddha and carried them out with Mokṣa to sell them on the main streets of the city. "What were these treasures?" you ask. They were the embroidered cassock with rare jewels and the nine-ring priestly staff. But she kept hidden the Golden, the Constrictive, and the Prohibitive Fillets for use in a later time, putting up for sale only the cassock and the priestly staff.

Now in the city of Chang'an there was one of those foolish monks who had not been selected to participate in the Grand Mass but who happened to possess a few strands of pelf. Seeing the Bodhisattva, who had changed herself into a monk covered with scabs and sores, barefooted and bareheaded, dressed in rags, and holding up for sale the glowing cassock, he approached and asked, "You filthy monk, how much do you want for your cassock?"

"The price of the cassock," said the Bodhisattva, "is five thousand taels of silver; for the staff, two thousand."

The foolish monk laughed and said, “This filthy monk is mad! A lunatic! You want seven thousand taels of silver for two such common articles? They are not worth that much even if wearing them would make you immortal or turn you into a buddha. Take them away! You’ll never be able to sell them!”

The Bodhisattva did not bother to argue with him; she walked away and proceeded on her journey with Mokṣa.

After a long while, they came to the Eastern Flower Gate and ran right into the chief minister Xiao Yu, who was just returning from court. His outriders were shouting to clear the streets, but the Bodhisattva boldly refused to step aside. She stood on the street holding the cassock and met the chief minister head on. The chief minister pulled in his reins to look at this bright, luminous cassock, and asked his subordinates to inquire about the price of the garment. “I want five thousand taels for the cassock,” said the Bodhisattva, “and two thousand for the staff.”

“What is so good about them,” asked Xiao Yu, “that they should be so expensive?”

“This cassock,” said the Bodhisattva, “has something good about it, and something bad, too. For some people it may be very expensive, but for others it may cost nothing at all.”

“What’s good about it,” asked Xiao Yu, “and what’s bad about it?”

“He who wears my cassock,” replied the Bodhisattva, “will not fall into perdition, will not suffer in Hell, will not encounter violence, and will not meet tigers and wolves. That’s how good it is! But if the person happens to be a foolish monk who relishes pleasures and rejoices in iniquities, or a priest who obeys neither the dietary laws nor the commandments, or a worldly fellow who attacks the sūtras and slanders the Buddha, he will never even get to see my cassock. That’s what’s bad about it!”

The chief minister asked again, “What do you mean, it will be expensive for some and not expensive for others?”

“He who does not follow the Law of Buddha,” said the Bodhisattva, “or revere the Three Jewels will be required to pay seven thousand taels if he insists on buying my cassock and my staff. That’s how expensive it’ll be! But if he honors the Three Jewels, rejoices in doing good deeds, and obeys our Buddha, he is a person worthy of these things. I shall willingly give him the cassock and the staff to establish an affinity of goodness with him. That’s what I meant when I said that for some it would cost nothing.” When Xiao Yu heard these words, his face could not hide his pleasure, for he knew that this was a good person. He dismounted at once and greeted the Bodhisattva ceremoniously, saying, “Your Holy Eminence, please pardon whatever offense Xiao Yu might have caused. Our Great Tang Emperor is a most religious person, and all the officials of his court are like-minded. In fact, we have just begun a Grand Mass of Land and Water, and this cassock will be most appropriate for the use of Chen Xuanzang, the Grand Expositor of the Faith. Let me go with you to have an audience with the Throne.”

The Bodhisattva was happy to comply with the suggestion. They turned around and went into the Eastern Flower Gate. The Custodian of the Yellow Door went inside to make the report, and they were summoned to the Treasure Hall, where Xiao Yu and the two monks covered with scabs and sores stood below the steps. “What does Xiao Yu want to report to us?” asked the Tang emperor.

Prostrating himself before the steps, Xiao Yu said, “Your subject going out of the Eastern Flower Gate met by chance these two monks, selling a cassock and a priestly staff. I thought of the priest, Xuanzang, who might wear this garment. For this reason, we asked to have an audience with Your Majesty.”

Highly pleased, Taizong asked for the price of the cassock. The Bodhisattva and Mokṣa stood at the foot of the steps but did not bow at all. When asked the price of the cassock, the Bodhisattva replied, “Five thousand taels for the cassock and two thousand for the priestly staff.”

“What’s so good about the cassock,” said Taizong, “that it should cost so much?”

The Bodhisattva said:

*“Of this cassock,
A dragon which wears but one shred
Will miss the woe of being devoured by the great roc;
Or a crane on which one thread is hung
Will transcend this world and reach the place of the gods.
Sit in it:
Ten thousand gods will salute you!
Move with it:
Seven Buddhas will follow you!
This cassock was made of silk drawn from ice silkworm
And threads spun by skilled craftsmen.
Immortal girls did the weaving;
Divine maidens helped at the loom.
Bit by bit, the parts were sewn and embroidered.
Stitch by stitch, it arose—a brocade from the heddle,
Its pellucid weave finer than ornate blooms.
Its colors, brilliant, emit precious light.
Wear it, and crimson mist will surround your frame.
Doff it, and see the colored clouds take flight.
Outside the Three Heavens’ door its primal light was seen;
Before the Five Mountains its magic aura grew.
Inlaid are layers of lotus from the West,
And hanging pearls shine like planets and stars.
On four corners are pearls that glow at night;
On top stays fastened an emerald.
Though lacking the all-seeing primal form,
It’s held by Eight Treasures all aglow.
This cassock
You keep folded at leisure;
You wear it to meet sages.
When it’s kept folded at leisure,
Its rainbowlike hues cut through a thousand wrappings.
When you wear it to meet sages,
All Heaven takes fright—both demons and gods!
On top are the rddhi pearl,
The māṇi pearl,*

*The dust-clearing pearl,
 The wind-stopping pearl.
 There are also the red cornelian,
 The purple coral,
 The luminescent pearl,
 The Śārīputra.
 They rob the moon of its whiteness;
 They match the sun in its redness.
 In waves its divine aura imbues the sky;
 In flashes its brightness lifts up its perfection.
 In waves its divine aura imbues the sky,
 Flooding the Gate of Heaven.
 In flashes its brightness lifts up its perfection,
 Lighting up the whole world.
 Shining upon the mountains and the streams,
 It wakens tigers and leopards;
 Lighting up the isles and the seas,
 It moves dragons and fishes.
 Along its edges hang two chains of melted gold,
 And joins the collars a ring of snow-white jade.*

The poem says:

*The august Three Jewels' most noble truths
 Judge all Four Creatures on the Sixfold Path.
 The mind brightened feeds on God's Law and man's;
 The nature perceived transmits the wisdom lamp.
 Solemn Vajradhātu guards one's body
 When a mind's pure like ice in flasks of jade.
 Since Buddha caused this cassock to be made,
 Which ten thousand kalpas could harm a monk?"*

When the Tang emperor, who was up in the Treasure Hall, heard these words, he was highly pleased. "Tell me, priest," he asked again, "What's so good about the nine-ring priestly staff?"

"My staff," said the Bodhisattva, "has on it

*Nine joined-rings made of iron and set in bronze,
 And nine joints of vine immortal ever young.
 When held, it scorns the sight of aging bones;
 It leaves the mount to return with fleecy clouds.
 It roamed through Heaven with the Fifth Patriarch;
 It broke Hell's gate where Luo Bo sought his Mom.
 Not soiled by the filth of this red-dust world,
 It gladly trails the god-monk up Mount Jade."*

When the Tang emperor heard these words, he gave the order to have the cassock spread open so that he might examine it carefully from top to bottom. It was indeed a marvelous thing! "Venerable Elder of the Great Law," he said, "we shall not deceive you. At this very moment we have exalted the Religion of Mercy and planted abundantly in the fields of blessing. You may see many priests assembled in the Temple

of Transformation to perform the Law and the sūtras. In their midst is a man of great merit and virtue, whose religious name is Xuanzang. We wish, therefore, to purchase these two treasure objects from you to give them to him. How much do you really want for these things?"

Hearing these words, the Bodhisattva and Mokṣa folded their hands and gave praise to the Buddha.

"If he is a man of virtue and merit," she said to the Throne, bowing, "this humble cleric is willing to give them to him. I shall not accept any money." She finished speaking and turned at once to leave. The Tang emperor quickly asked Xiao Yu to hold her back.

Standing up in the Hall, he bowed low before saying, "Previously you claimed that the cassock was worth five thousand taels of silver, and the staff two thousand. Now that you see we want to buy them, you refuse to accept payment. Are you implying that we would bank on our position and take your possession by force? That's absurd! We shall pay you according to the original sum you asked for; please do not refuse it." Raising her hands for a salutation, the Bodhisattva said, "This humble cleric made a vow before, stating that anyone who reveres the Three Treasures, rejoices in virtue, and submits to our Buddha will be given these treasures free. Since it is clear that Your Majesty is eager to magnify virtue, to rest in excellence, and to honor our Buddhist faith by having an illustrious monk proclaim the Great Law, it is my duty to present these gifts to you. I shall take no money for them. They will be left here and this humble cleric will take leave of you." When the Tang emperor saw that she was so insistent, he was very pleased. He ordered the Court of Banquets to prepare a huge vegetarian feast to thank the Bodhisattva, who firmly declined that also. She left amiably and went back to her hiding place at the Temple of the Local Spirit, which we shall mention no further.

We tell you now about Taizong, who held a noon court and asked Wei Zheng to summon Xuanzang to an audience. That Master of the Law was just leading the monks in chanting sūtras and reciting *geyas*.

When he heard the emperor's decree, he left the platform immediately and followed Wei Zheng to come before the Throne. "We have greatly troubled our Master," said Taizong, "to render exemplary good works, for which we have hardly anything to offer you in thanks. This morning Xiao Yu came upon two monks who were willing to present us with a brocaded cassock with rare treasures and a nine-ring priestly staff. We therefore call specially for you so that you may receive them for your enjoyment and use." Xuanzang kowtowed to express his thanks.

"If our Master of the Law is willing," said Taizong, "please put the garment on for us to have a look."

The priest accordingly shook open the cassock and draped it on his body, holding the staff in his hands. As he stood before the steps, ruler and subjects were all delighted. Here was a true child of Tathāgata! Look at him:

*His looks imposing, how elegant and fine!
This robe of Buddha fits him like a glove!
Its most lustrous splendor spills o'er the world;
Its bright colors imbue the universe.
Up and down are set rows of shining pearls;
Back and front thread layers of golden cords.
Brocade gilds the robe's edges all around,*

*With patterns embroidered most varied and rare.
 Shaped like Eight Treasures are the thread-made frogs.
 A gold ring joins the collars with velvet loops.
 It shows on top and bottom Heaven's ranks,
 And stars, great and small, are placed left and right.
 Great is the fortune of Xuanzang, the priest,
 Now most deserving of this precious thing.
 He seems a living arhat from the West,
 Or even better than its true elite.
 He holds his staff and all its nine rings clang,
 Benefic in his Vairocana hat.
 A true Buddha-child, it's no idle tale,
 He matches the Bodhi and that's no lie!*

The various officials, both civil and military, stood before the steps and shouted “Bravo!”

Taizong could not have been more pleased, and he told the Master of the Law to keep his cassock on and the staff in his hands. Two regiments of honor guards were ordered to accompany him along with many other officials. They left the gate of the court and proceeded on the main streets toward the temple, and the whole entourage gave the impression that a zhuangyuan was making a tour of the city. The procession was a stirring sight indeed!

The merchants and tradesmen in the city of Chang'an, the princes and noblemen, the men of ink and letters, the grown men and the little girls—they all vied to get a good view. Everyone exclaimed, “What a priest! He is truly a living arhat descended to Earth, a live bodhisattva coming to the world!” Xuanzang went right to the temple where he was met by all the monks leaving their seats. The moment they saw him wearing that cassock and holding the staff, they all said that King Kṣitigarbha had arrived! Everyone bowed to him and waited on him left and right. Going up to the main hall, Xuanzang lighted incense to honor the Buddha, after which he spoke of the emperor's favor to the multitude. Thereafter, each went back to his assigned seat, and soon the fiery orb sank westward.

So it was

*Sunset: mist hid trees and grasses;
 The capital's first chimes rang out.
 Zheng-zheng they struck thrice, and human traffic ceased;
 Streets back and front soon grew quiet.
 Though lights burned bright at First Temple,
 The lone village was hush and mute.
 The monk focused to tend the sūtras still—
 Time to smelt demons, to nurse his spirit.*

Time went by like the snapping of fingers, and the formal celebration of the Grand Mass on the seventh day was to take place. Xuanzang presented the Tang emperor with a memorial, inviting him to raise the incense. News of these good works was circulating throughout the empire. Upon receiving the notice, Taizong sent for his carriage and led many of his officials, both civil and military, as well as his relatives and the ladies of the court, to the temple. All the people of the city—young and old, nobles and commoners—went along also to hear the preaching. At the same time, the

Bodhisattva said to Mokṣa, “Today is the formal celebration of the Grand Mass, the first seventh of seven such occasions. It’s about time for you and me to join the crowd. First, we want to see how the mass is going; second, we want to find out whether Gold Cicada is worthy of my treasures; and third, we can discover what division of Buddhism he is preaching about.” The two of them thereupon went to the temple; and so it is that

*Affinity will help old comrades meet
As perfection returns to this holy seat.*

As they walked inside the temple to look around, they discovered that such a place in the capital of a great nation indeed surpassed the Ṣaḍ-varṣa, or even the Jetavana Garden of the Śrāvastī. It was truly a lofty temple of Caturdiśgaḥ, resounding with divine music and Buddhist chants. Our Bodhisattva went directly to the side of the platform of many treasures and beheld a form truly resembling the enlightened Gold Cicada. The poem says:

*All things were pure with not a spot of dust.
Xuanzang of the Great Law sat high onstage.
Lost souls, redeemed, approached the place unseen;
The city’s highborn came to hear the Law.
You give when time’s ripe: this intent’s far-reaching.
You die as you please, the Canon door’s open.
As they heard him rehearse the Boundless Law,
Young and old were glad and comforted.*

Another poem says:

*Since she made a tour of this holy site,
She met a friend unlike all other men.
They spoke of the present and of countless things—
Of merit and trial in this world of dust.
The cloud of Law extends to shroud the hills;
The net of Truth spread wide to fill all space.
Asses your lives and return to good thoughts,
For Heaven’s grace is rife as falling blooms.*

On the platform, that Master of the Law recited for a while the *Sūtra of Life and Deliverance for the Dead*; he then lectured for a while on the *Heavenly Treasure Chronicle for Peace in the Nation*, after which he preached for a while on the *Scroll on Merit and Self-Cultivation*.

The Bodhisattva drew near and thumped her hands on the platform, calling out in a loud voice, “Hey, monk! You only know how to talk about the teachings of the Little Vehicle. Don’t you know anything about the Great Vehicle?” When Xuanzang heard this question, he was filled with delight. He turned and leaped down from the platform, raised his hands and saluted the Bodhisattva, saying, “Venerable Teacher, please pardon your pupil for much disrespect. I only know that the priests who came before me all talk about the teachings of the Little Vehicle. I have no idea what the Great Vehicle teaches.”

“The doctrines of your Little Vehicle,” said the Bodhisattva, “cannot save the damned by leading them up to Heaven; they can only mislead and confuse mortals. I have in my possession Tripitaka, three collections of the Great Vehicle Laws of Buddha, which are able to send the lost to Heaven, to deliver the afflicted from their sufferings, to fashion ageless bodies, and to break the cycles of coming and going.”

As they were speaking, the officer in charge of incense and the inspection of halls reported to the emperor, “The Master was just in the process of lecturing on the wondrous Law when he was pulled down by two scabby mendicants, babbling some kind of nonsense.”

The king ordered them to be arrested, and the two monks were taken by many people and pushed into the hall in the rear. When the monk saw Taizong, she neither raised her hands nor made a bow; instead, she lifted her face and said, “What do you want of me, Your Majesty?” Recognizing her, the Tang emperor said, “Aren’t you the monk who brought us the cassock the other day?”

“I am,” said the Bodhisattva. “If you have come to listen to the lecture,” said Taizong, “you may as well take some vegetarian food. Why indulge in this wanton discussion with our Master and disturb the lecture hall, delaying our religious service?”

“What that Master of yours was lecturing on,” said the Bodhisattva, “happens to be the teachings of the Little Vehicle, which cannot lead the lost up to Heaven. In my possession is the Tripitaka, the Great Vehicle Law of Buddha, which is able to save the damned, deliver the afflicted, and fashion the indestructible body.”

Delighted, Taizong asked eagerly, “Where is your Great Vehicle Law of Buddha?”

“At the place of our lord, Tathāgata,” said the Bodhisattva, “in the Great Temple of Thunderclap, located in India of the Great Western Heaven. It can untie the knot of a hundred enmities; it can dispel unexpected misfortunes.”

“Can you remember any of it?” said Taizong. “Certainly,” said the Bodhisattva. Taizong was overjoyed and said, “Let the Master lead this monk to the platform to begin a lecture at once.” Our Bodhisattva led Mokṣa and flew up onto the high platform. She then trod on the hallowed clouds to rise up into the air and revealed her true salvific form, holding the pure vase with the willow branch. At her left stood the virile figure of Mokṣa carrying the rod. The Tang emperor was so overcome that he bowed to the sky and worshipped, as civil and military officials all knelt on the ground and burned incense. Throughout the temple, there was not one of the monks, nuns, Daoists, secular persons, scholars, craftsmen, and merchants, who did not bow down and exclaim, “Dear Bodhisattva! Dear Bodhisattva!” We have a song as a testimony.

They saw only

*Auspicious mist in diffusion
And dharmakāya veiled by holy light.
In the bright air of ninefold Heaven
A lady immortal appeared.
That Bodhisattva
Wore on her head a cap
Fastened by leaves of gold
And set with flowers of jade,
With tassels of dangling pearls,
All aglow with golden light.
On her body she had
A robe of fine blue silk,
Lightly colored
And simply fretted*

*By circling dragons
 And soaring phoenixes.
 Down in front was hung
 A pair of fragrant girdle-jade,
 Which glowed with the moon
 And danced with the wind,
 Overlaid with precious pearls
 And with imperial jade.
 Around her waist was tied
 An embroidered velvet skirt
 Of ice worm silk
 And piped in gold,
 In which she topped the colored clouds
 And crossed the jasper sea.
 Before her she led
 A cockatoo with red beak and yellow plumes,
 Which had roamed the Eastern Ocean
 And throughout the world
 To foster deeds of mercy and filial piety.
 She held in her hands
 A grace-dispensing and world-sustaining precious vase,
 In which was planted
 A twig of pliant willow,
 That could moisten the blue sky,
 And sweep aside all evil—
 All clinging fog and smoke.
 Her jade rings joined embroidered loops;
 Gold lotus grew beneath her feet.
 For three days oft she came and went:
 This very Guanshiyin who saves from pain and woe.*

So pleased by the vision was Tang Taizong that he forgot about his empire; so enthralled were the civil and military officials that they completely ignored court etiquette. Everyone was chanting, “Namo Bodhisattva Guanshiyin!”

Taizong at once gave the order for a skilled painter to sketch the true form of the Bodhisattva. No sooner had he spoken than a certain Wu Daozi was selected, who could portray gods and sages and was a master of the noble perspective and lofty vision. (This man, in fact, was the one who would later paint the portraits of meritorious officials in the Lingyan Tower.) Immediately he opened up his magnificent brush to record the true form. The hallowed clouds of the Bodhisattva gradually drifted away, and in a little while the golden light disappeared. From midair came floating down a slip of paper on which were plainly written several lines in the style of the *gāthā*:

*We greet the great Ruler of Tang
 With scripts most sublime of the West.
 The way: a hundred and eight thousand miles.
 This Mahāyāna seek earnestly.
 These Books, when they reach your fair state,
 Can redeem damned spirits from Hell.*

*If someone is willing to go,
He'll become a Buddha of gold.*

When Taizong saw the *gāthā*, he said to the various monks:

“Let’s stop the Mass. Wait until I have sent someone to bring back the scriptures of the Great Vehicle. We shall then renew our sincere effort to cultivate the fruits of virtue.” Not one of the officials disagreed with the emperor, who then asked in the temple, “Who is willing to accept our commission to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven?”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the Master of the Law stepped from the side and saluted him, saying, “Though your poor monk has no talents, he is ready to perform the service of a dog and a horse. I shall seek these true scriptures on behalf of Your Majesty, that the empire of our king may be firm and everlasting.”

Highly pleased, the Tang emperor went forward to raise up the monk with his royal hands, saying, “If the Master is willing to express his loyalty this way, undaunted by the great distance or by the journey over mountains and streams, we are willing to become bond brothers with you.” Xuanzang touched his forehead to the ground to express his gratitude. Being indeed a righteous man, the Tang emperor went at once before Buddha’s image in the temple and bowed to Xuanzang four times, addressing him as “our brother and holy monk.”

Deeply moved, Xuanzang said, “Your Majesty, what ability and what virtue does your poor monk possess that he should merit such affection from your Heavenly Grace? I shall not spare myself in this journey, but I shall proceed with all diligence until I reach the Western Heaven. If I do not attain my goal, or the true scriptures, I shall not return to our land even if I have to die. I would rather fall into eternal perdition in Hell.”

He thereupon lifted the incense before Buddha and made that his vow. Highly pleased, the Tang emperor ordered his carriage back to the palace to wait for the auspicious day and hour, when official documents could be issued for the journey to begin. And so the Throne withdrew as everyone dispersed.

Xuanzang also went back to the Temple of Great Blessing. The many monks of that temple and his several disciples, who had heard about the quest for the scriptures, all came to see him. They asked, “Is it true that you have vowed to go to the Western Heaven?”

“It is,” said Xuanzang. “O Master,” one of his disciples said, “I have heard people say that the way to the Western Heaven is long, filled with tigers, leopards, and all kinds of monsters. I fear that there will be departure but no return for you, as it will be difficult to safeguard your life.”

“I have already made a great vow and a profound promise,” said Xuanzang, “that if I do not acquire the true scriptures, I shall fall into eternal perdition in Hell. Since I have received such grace and favor from the king, I have no alternative but to serve my country to the utmost of my loyalty. It is true, of course, that I have no knowledge of how I shall fare on this journey or whether good or evil awaits me.”

He said to them again, “My disciples, after I leave, wait for two or three years, or six or seven years. If you see the branches of the pine trees within our gate pointing eastward, you will know that I am about to return. If not, I shall not be coming back.”

The disciples all committed his words firmly to memory.

The next morning Taizong held court and gathered all the officials together. They wrote up the formal rescript stating the intent to acquire scriptures and stamped it with the seal of free passage. The President of the Imperial Board of Astronomy then came with the report, "Today the positions of the planets are especially favorable for men to make a journey of great length."

The Tang emperor was most delighted. Thereafter the Custodian of the Yellow Gate also made a report, saying, "The Master of the Law awaits your pleasure outside the court."

The emperor summoned him up to the treasure hall and said, "Royal Brother, today is an auspicious day for the journey, and your rescript for free passage is ready. We also present you with a bowl made of purple gold for you to collect alms on your way. Two attendants have been selected to accompany you, and a horse will be your means of travel. You may begin your journey at once."

Highly pleased, Xuanzang expressed his gratitude and received his gifts, not displaying the least desire to linger. The Tang emperor called for his carriage and led many officials outside the city gate to see him off. The monks in the Temple of Great Blessing and the disciples were already waiting there with Xuanzang's winter and summer clothing. When the emperor saw them, he ordered the bags to be packed on the horses first, and then asked an officer to bring a pitcher of wine. Taizong lifted his cup to toast the pilgrim, saying, "What is the byname of our Royal Brother?"

"Your poor monk," said Xuanzang, "is a person who has left the family. He dares not assume a byname."

"The Bodhisattva said earlier," said Taizong, "that there were three collections of scriptures in the Western Heaven."

Our Brother can take that as a byname and call himself Tripitaka. How about it?"

Thanking him, Xuanzang accepted the wine and said, "Your Majesty, wine is the first prohibition of priesthood. Your poor monk has practiced abstinence since birth."

"Today's journey," said Taizong, "is not to be compared with any ordinary event. Please drink one cup of this dietary wine, and accept our good wishes that go along with the toast." Xuanzang dared not refuse; he took the wine and was about to drink, when he saw Taizong stoop down to scoop up a handful of dirt with his fingers and sprinkle it in the wine. Tripitaka had no idea what this gesture meant.

"Dear Brother," said Taizong, laughing, "how long will it take you to come back from this trip to the Western Heaven?"

"Probably in three years time," said Tripitaka, "I'll be returning to our noble nation."

"The years are long and the journey is great," said Taizong.

"Drink this, Royal Brother, and remember:

*Treasure a handful of dirt from your home,
But love not ten thousand taels of foreign gold."*

Then Tripitaka understood the meaning of the handful of dirt sprinkled in his cup; he thanked the emperor once more and drained the cup. He went out of the gate

and left, as the Tang emperor returned in his carriage. We do not know what will happen to him on this journey; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTEEN

*In the den of tigers, the Gold Star brings deliverance
At Double-Fork Ridge, Boqin detains the monk*

*The rich Tang ruler issued a decree,
Deputing Xuanzang to seek the source of Chan.
He bent his mind to find the Dragon Den,
With firm resolve to climb the Vulture Peak.
Through how many states did he roam beyond his own?
Through clouds and hills he passed ten thousand times.
He now leaves the throne to go to the West;
He'll keep law and faith to reach the Great Void.*

We shall now tell you about Tripitaka, who, on the third day before the fifteenth of the ninth month in the thirteenth year of the period Zhenguan, was sent off by the Tang emperor and many officials from outside the gate of Chang'an. For a couple of days his horse trotted without ceasing, and soon they reached the Temple of the Law Gate. The abbot of that temple led some five hundred monks on both sides to receive him and took him inside. As they met, tea was served, after which a vegetarian meal was presented.

Soon after the meal, dusk fell, and thus

*Shadows moved to the Star River's nearing pulse;
The moon was bright without a speck of dust.
The wild geese called from the distant sky,
And washing flails beat from nearby homes.
As birds returned to perch on withered trees,
The Chan monks conversed in their Sanskrit tones.
On rush mats placed upon a single bunk,
They sat until halfway through the night.*

Beneath the lamps the various monks discussed Buddhist doctrines and the purpose of seeking scriptures in the Western Heaven.

Some pointed out that the waters were wide and the mountains very high; others mentioned that the roads were crowded with tigers and leopards; still others maintained that the precipitous peaks were difficult to scale; and another group insisted that the vicious monsters were hard to subdue. Tripitaka, however, kept his mouth shut tightly, but he pointed with his finger to his own heart and nodded his head several times. Not perceiving what he meant, the various monks folded their hands and asked, "Why did the Master of the Law point to his heart and nod his head?"

"When the mind is active,"

Tripitaka replied, "all kinds of *māra* come into existence; when the mind is extinguished, all kinds of *māra* will be extinguished. This disciple has already made an important vow before Buddha in the Temple of Transformation, and he has no alternative but to fulfill it with his whole heart. If I go, I shall not turn aside until I have reached the Western Heaven, seen Buddha, and acquired the scriptures so that the Wheel of the Law will be turned to us and the kingdom of our lord will be secured forever." When the various monks heard this statement, everyone congratulated and

commended him, saying, “A loyal and valiant master!” They praised him unceasingly as they escorted him to bed.

Soon

*The bamboos struck down the setting moon
And the cocks crowed to gather the clouds of dawn.*

The various monks arose and prepared some tea and the morning meal. Xuanzang put on his cassock and went to worship Buddha in the main hall. “Your disciple, Chen Xuanzang,” he said, “is on his way to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. But my fleshly eyes are dim and unperceptive and do not recognize the true form of the living Buddha. Now I wish to make a vow: that throughout this journey I shall burn incense whenever I come upon a temple, I shall worship Buddha whenever I meet a Buddha, and I shall sweep a pagoda whenever I reach a pagoda. May our Buddha be merciful and soon reveal to me his Diamond Body sixteen feet tall. May he grant me the true scriptures so that they may be preserved in the Land of the East.”

He finished his prayer and went back to the hall for the vegetarian meal, after which his two attendants made ready the saddle and urged him to begin his journey. Going out of the temple’s gate, Tripitaka took leave of the monks, who grieved to see him go. They accompanied him for ten miles before turning back, tears in their eyes, as Tripitaka proceeded directly toward the West. It was the time of late autumn. You see

*Trees growing bare in hamlets as rush petals break;
From every maple column the red leaves fall.
Trekking through paths of mist and rain are few.
The fair chrysanthemums,
The sharp mountain rocks,
Cold streams and cracked lilies all make one sad.
Snow falls from a frosty sky on rushes and reeds.
One duck at dusk descends in the distant void.
Clouds o’er the wilds move through the gathering gloom.
The swallows depart;
The wild geese appear—
Their cries, though loud, are halting and forlorn.*

After traveling for several days, master and disciples arrived at the city of Gongzhou. They were met at once by the various municipal officials of that city, where they spent the night. The next morning they set off again, taking food and drink along the way, resting by night and journeying by day. In two or three days, they arrived at the District of Hezhou, which formed the border of the Great Tang Empire. When the garrison commander of the border as well as the local monks and priests heard that the Master of the Law, a bond brother of the emperor, was on his way to the Western Heaven to see Buddha by royal commission, they received the travelers with due reverence. Some chief priests then invited them to spend the night at Fuyuan Temple, where every resident cleric came to pay respect to the pilgrims. Dinner was served, after which the two attendants were told to feed the horses well, for the Master wanted to leave before dawn. At the first crowing of the cock, he called for his attendants and aroused the monks of that temple. They hastened to prepare tea and breakfast, after which the pilgrims departed from the border.

Because he was somewhat impatient to get going, the Master arose a trifle too early. The fact is that this was late autumn, when cocks crow rather early—at about the

time of the fourth watch. Facing the clear frost and the bright moon, the three of them (the horse made up the fourth member of the team) journeyed for some twenty or thirty miles, when they came upon a mountain range. It soon became exceedingly difficult for them to find their way. As they had to poke around in the grass to look for a path, they began to worry that they might be heading in the wrong direction. In that very anxious moment, they suddenly tripped; all three of them as well as the horse tumbled into a deep pit. Tripitaka was terrified; his companions all shook with fear. They were still trembling when they heard voices shouting, "Seize them! Seize them!"

A violent wind swept by, and a mob of fifty or sixty ogres appeared, who seized Tripitaka with his companions and hauled them out of the pit. Quivering and shivering, the Master of the Law stole a glance around and saw a ferocious Monster King seated up on high. Truly he had

*A figure most awesomely bold,
A face most distinctly fierce.
Light flashed from his lightninglike eyes;
All quaked at his thunderous voice.
His sawlike teeth jutted outward,
Like fangs they emerged from his jaws.
Brocade wrapped his body around,
And coiling stripes covered his spine.
They saw flesh through sparse, steely whiskers.
Keen-edged were his claws like sharp swords.
Even Huang Gong of East Sea would fear
This white-browed King of Mount South.*

Tripitaka was so frightened that his spirit left him, while the bones of his followers grew weak and their tendons turned numb.

The Monster King shouted for them to be bound, and the various ogres tied up all three of them with ropes. They were being prepared to be eaten when a clamor was heard outside the camp. Someone came in to report:

"The Bear Mountain Lord and the Steer Hermit have arrived."

Hearing this, Tripitaka looked up. The first one to come in was a swarthy fellow. "How did he look?" you ask.

*He seemed valiant and courageous,
With body both tough and brawny.
His great strength could ford the waters.
He prowled the woods, flaunting his power.
Ever a good omen in dreams,
He showed now his forceful features.
He could break or climb the green trees,
And predicted when winter was near.
Truly he was most clever.
Hence Mountain Lord was his name.*

Following behind him was another husky fellow. "How did he look?" you ask.

*A cap of twin horns rugged,
And a humpback most majestic.
His green robe showed his calm nature,*

*He walked with a slumberous gait.
 He came from a father named Bull;
 His mother's proper name was Cow.
 A great boon to people who plowed,
 He was thus called the Steer Hermit.*

The two of them swaggered in, and the Monster King hurried out to receive them. The Bear Mountain Lord said, "You are in top form, General Yin. Congratulations! Congratulations!"

"General Yin looks better than ever," said the Steer Hermit. "It's marvelous! It's marvelous!"

"And you two gentlemen, how have you been these days?" asked the Monster King. "Just maintaining my idleness," said the Mountain Lord. "Just keeping up with the times," said the Hermit. After these exchanges, they sat down to chat some more.

Meanwhile, one of Tripitaka's attendants was bound so tightly that he began to moan pitifully. "How did these three get here?" asked the swarthy fellow. "They practically presented themselves at the door!" said the Monster King. "Can they be used for the guests' dinner?" asked the Hermit, laughing. "By all means!" said the Monster King. "Let's not finish them all up," said the Mountain Lord.

"We'll dine on two of them and leave one over."

The Monster King agreed. He called his subordinates at once to have the attendants eviscerated and their carcasses carved up; their heads, hearts, and livers were to be presented to the guests, the limbs to the host, and the remaining portions of flesh and bone to the rest of the ogres. The moment the order was given, the ogres pounced on the attendants like tigers preying on sheep: munching and crunching, they devoured them in no time at all. The priest nearly died of fear, for this, you see, was his first bitter ordeal since his departure from Chang'an.

As he was nursing his horror, light began to grow in the east. The two monsters did not retire until dawn. Saying, "We're beholden to your generous hospitality today. Permit us to repay in kind in another time," they left together. Soon the sun rose high in the sky, but Tripitaka was still in a stupor, unable to discern which way was north, south, east, or west. In that half-dead condition, he suddenly saw an old man approaching, holding a staff in his hands. Walking up to Tripitaka, the man waved his hands and all the ropes snapped. He then blew on Tripitaka, and the monk began to revive. Falling on the ground, he said, "I thank the aged father for saving the life of this poor monk!"

"Get up," the old man said, returning his salute, "have you lost anything?"

"The followers of your poor monk," said Tripitaka, "have been eaten by the monsters. I have no idea where my horse is or my luggage."

"Isn't that your horse over there with the two bundles?" asked the old man, pointing with his staff. Tripitaka turned around and discovered that his belongings had indeed remained untouched. Somewhat relieved, he asked the old man, "Aged father, what is this place? How do you happen to be here?"

"It is called the Double-Fork Ridge, a place infested with tigers and wolves. How did you manage to get here?"

“At the first crow of the cock,” said Tripitaka, “your poor monk left the District of Hezhou. Little did I realize that we had risen too early, and we lost our way tramping through fog and dew. We came upon this Monster King so exceedingly ferocious that he captured me and my two followers. There was also a swarthy fellow called the Bear Mountain Lord and a husky fellow called the Steer Hermit. They arrived and addressed the Monster King as General Yin. All three of them devoured my two followers and retired only at dawn. I have no idea where I accrued the fortune and merit that caused the aged father to rescue me here.”

“That Steer Hermit,” said the old man, “is a wild bull spirit; the Mountain Lord, a bear spirit; and General Yin, a tiger spirit. The various ogres are all demons of mountains and trees, spirits of strange beasts and wolves. Because of the primal purity of your nature, they cannot devour you. Follow me now, and I shall lead you on your way.”

Tripitaka could not be more thankful. Fastening the bundles on the saddle and leading his horse, he followed the old man out of the pit and walked toward the main road. He tied the horse to the bushes beside the path and turned to thank the aged father. At that moment a gentle breeze swept by, and the old man rose into the air and left, riding on a white crane with a crimson head. As the wind subsided, a slip of paper fluttered down, with four lines of verse written on it:

*I am the Planet Venus from the West,
Who came to save you by special request,
Some pupils divine will come to your aid.
Blame not the scriptures for hardships ahead.*

When Tripitaka read this, he bowed toward the sky saying, “I thank the Gold Star for seeing me through this ordeal.”

After that, he led his horse off again on his lonely and melancholy journey.

On this ridge truly you have

*Cold and souging, the wind of the rainforest;
Purling and gurgling, the water of the brooklets;
Fragrant and musky, wildflowers in bloom;
In clutters and clumps, rough rocks piled high;
Chattering and clattering, the apes and the deer;
In rank and file, the musk and the fallow deer.
Chirping and cooing, birds frequently call.
Silent and still, not one man is in sight.
That master
Shivers and quivers to his anxious mind.
This dear horse,
Scared and nervous, can barely raise his legs.*

Ready to abandon his body and sacrifice his life, Tripitaka started up that rugged mountain. He journeyed for half a day, but not a single human being or dwelling was in sight. He was gnawed by hunger and disheartened by the rough road. In that desperate moment, he saw two fierce tigers growling in front of him and several huge snakes circling behind him; vicious creatures appeared on his left and strange beasts on his right. As he was all by himself, Tripitaka had little alternative but to submit himself to the will of Heaven. As if to complete his helplessness, his horse's back was sagging and

its legs were buckling; it went to its knees and soon lay prostrate on the ground. He could budge it neither by beating nor by tugging. With hardly an inch of space to stand on, our Master of the Law was in the depths of despair, thinking that certain death would be his fate. We can tell you, however, that though he was in danger, help was on its way. For just as he thought he was about to expire, the vicious creatures began to scatter and the monstrous beasts fled; the fierce tigers vanished and the huge snakes disappeared. When Tripitaka looked further ahead, he saw a man coming over the mountain slope with a steel trident in his hands and bow and arrows at his waist. He was indeed a valiant figure! Look at him:

*He had on his head a cap
Of leopard skin, spotted and artemisia white;
He wore on his body a robe
Of lamb's wool with dark silk brocade.
Around his waist was tied a lion king belt,
And on his feet he wore tall boots of suede.
His eyes would bulge like those of someone hung.
His beard curled wildly like a fierce god's!
A bow and poisoned arrows hung on him.
He held a huge trident of finest steel.
His voice like thunder appalled mountain cats,
And wild pheasants quaked at his truculence.*

When Tripitaka saw him draw near, he knelt at the side of the path and called out, his hands clasped in front of him, "Great king, save me! Great king, save me!"

The fellow came up to Tripitaka and put down his trident. Raising up the monk with his hands, he said, "Don't be afraid, Elder, for I'm not a wicked man. I'm a hunter living in this mountain; my surname is Liu and my given name is Boqin. I also go by the nickname of Senior Guardian of the Mountain. I came here to find some animals to eat, not expecting to run into you. I hope I didn't scare you."

"Your poor monk," said Tripitaka, "is a cleric who has been sent by his Majesty, the Tang emperor, to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. When I arrived here a few moments ago, I was surrounded by tigers, wolves, and snakes, so that I could not proceed. But when the creatures saw you coming they all scattered, and you have thus saved my life. Many thanks! Many thanks!"

"Since I live here and my livelihood depends on killing a few tigers and wolves," said Boqin, "or catching a few snakes and reptiles, I usually frighten the wild beasts away. If you have come from the Tang empire, you are actually a native here, for this is still Tang territory and I am a Tang subject. You and I both live off the land belonging to the emperor so that we are in truth citizens of the same nation. Don't be afraid. Follow me. You may rest your horse at my place, and I shall see you off in the morning."

Tripitaka was filled with delight when he heard these words, and he led his horse to follow the hunter.

They passed the slope and again heard the howling of the wind. "Sit here, Elder," said Boqin, "and don't move. The sound of that wind tells me that a mountain cat is approaching. I'll take him home so that I can make a meal of him for you." When Tripitaka heard this, his heart hammered and his gall quivered and he became rooted to the ground. Grasping his trident, that Guardian strode forward and came face to face

with a great striped tiger. Seeing Boqin, he turned and fled. Like a crack of thunder, the Guardian bellowed, “Cursed beast! Where will you flee?” When the tiger saw him pressing near, he turned with flailing claws to spring at him, only to be met by the Guardian with uplifted trident. Tripitaka was so terrified that he lay paralyzed on the grass. Since leaving his mother’s belly, when had he ever witnessed such violent and dangerous goings-on? The Guardian went after that tiger to the foot of the slope, and it was a magnificent battle between man and beast. You see

*Raging resentment,
And churning whirlwind.
In raging resentment
The potent Guardian’s hair pushed up his cap;
Like churning whirlwind
The striped prince belched dust, displaying his might.
This one bared its teeth and wielded its paws;
That one stepped sideways, yet turning to fight.
The trident reached skyward, reflecting the sun.
The striped tail stirred up both fog and cloud.
This one stabbed madly at the breast of his foe;
That one, facing him would swallow him whole.
Stay away and you may live out your years.
Join the fray and you’ll meet Yama, the king!
You hear the roar of the striped prince
And the harsh cries of the Guardian.
The roar of the striped prince
Shook mountains and streams to frighten birds and beasts;
The harsh cries of the Guardian
Unlocked the Heavens to make the stars appear.
The gold eyeballs of this one protruded,
And wrath burst from the bold heart of that one.
Lovable was Liu the Mountain Guardian;
Praiseworthy was this king of the wild beasts.
So tiger and man fought, each craving life—
A little slower, and one forfeits his soul!*

The two of them fought for about an hour, and as the paws of the tiger began to slow and his torso to slacken, he was downed by the Guardian’s trident stabbing him through the chest. A pitiful sight it was! The points of the trident pierced the heart, and at once the ground was covered with blood.

The Guardian then dragged the beast by the ear up the road. What a man! He hardly panted, nor did his face change color. He said to Tripitaka, “We’re lucky! We’re lucky! This mountain cat should be sufficient for a day’s food for the elder.”

Applauding him unceasingly, Tripitaka said, “The Guardian is truly a mountain god!”

“What ability do I have,” said Boqin, “that I merit such acclaim? This is really the good fortune of the father. Let’s go. I’d like to skin him quickly so that I can cook some of his meat to entertain you.”

He held the trident in one hand and dragged the tiger with the other, leading the way while Tripitaka followed him with his horse. They walked together past the slope and all at once came upon a mountain village, in front of which were

*Old trees soaring skyward,
Roads filled with wild creepers.
In countless canyons the wind was cool;
On many ridges came strange sounds and sights.
One path's wild blooms, their scent clung to one's body;
A few poles of bamboo, what enduring green!
The portal of grass,
The wattle-fenced yard—
A picture to paint or sketch.
The stone-slab bridge,
The white-earth walls—
How charming indeed, and rare!
Now in the wistful face of autumn,
The air was cool and brisk,
By the wayside yellow leaves fell;
Over the peaks the white clouds drifted.
In thinly-grown woods the wild fowls twittered,
And young dogs yelped outside the village gate.*

When Boqin reached the door of his house, he threw down the dead tiger and called, "Little ones, where are you?" Out came three or four houseboys, all looking rather unattractive and mean, who hauled the tiger inside. Boqin told them to skin it quickly and prepare it for the guest. He then turned around to welcome Tripitaka into his dwelling, and as they greeted each other, Tripitaka thanked him again for the great favor of saving his life. "We are fellow countrymen," said Boqin, "and there's little need for you to thank me."

After they had sat down and drunk tea, an old woman with someone who appeared to be her daughter-in-law came out to greet Tripitaka.

"This is my mother, and this my wife," said Boqin. "Pray ask your parent to take the honored seat," said Tripitaka, "and let your poor monk pay his respects."

"Father is a guest coming from great distance," said the old woman. "Please relax and don't stand on ceremony."

"Mother," said Boqin, "he has been sent by the Tang emperor to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. He met your son just now at the ridge. Since we are fellow countrymen, I invited him to the house to rest his horse. Tomorrow I shall see him on his way." When she heard these words, the old woman was very pleased. "Good! Good! Good!" she said. "The timing couldn't be better, even if we had planned to invite him. For tomorrow happens to be the anniversary of your late father's death. Let us invite the elder to perform some good deeds and recite an appropriate passage of scripture. We shall see him off day after tomorrow."

Although he was a tiger slayer, a so-called "Guardian of the Mountain," our Liu Boqin had a good deal of filial feeling for his mother. When he heard what she said, he immediately wanted to prepare the incense and the paper money, so that Tripitaka might be asked to stay.

As they talked, the sky began to darken. The servants brought chairs and a table and set out several dishes of well-cooked tiger meat, steaming hot. Boqin invited Tripitaka to begin, telling him that rice would follow. "O dear!" said Tripitaka, his hands folded. "To tell you the truth, I have been a monk since leaving my mother's womb, and I have never eaten any meat."

Hearing this, Boqin reflected awhile. He then said, "Elder, for generations this humble family has never kept a vegetarian diet. We could, I suppose, find some bamboo shoots and wood ears and prepare some dried vegetables and bean cakes, but they would all be cooked with the fat of deer or tigers. Even our pots and pans are grease-soaked! What am I to do? I must ask the elder's pardon."

"Don't fret," said Tripitaka. "Enjoy the food yourself. Even if I were not to eat for three or four days, I could bear the hunger. But I dare not break the dietary commandment."

"Suppose you starve to death," said Boqin, "what then?"

"I am indebted to the Heavenly kindness of the Guardian," said Tripitaka, "for saving me from the packs of tigers and wolves. Starving to death is better than being food for a tiger." When Boqin's mother heard this, she cried, "Son, stop such idle talk with the elder. Let me prepare a vegetarian dish to serve him."

"Where would you get such a dish?" said Boqin. "Never mind. I'll fix it," said his mother. She asked her daughter-in-law to take down a small cooking pan and heat it until much of the grease had burned off. They washed and scrubbed the pan again and again and then put it back on the stove and boiled some water in it. Taking some elm leaves from the mountain, they made soup with it, after which they cooked some rice with yellow millet mixed with Indian corn. They also prepared two bowls of dried vegetables and brought it all out to the table. "Elder," the aged mother said to Tripitaka, "please have some. This is the cleanest and purest food that my daughter-in-law and I have ever prepared."

Tripitaka left his seat to thank her before sitting down again. Boqin removed himself to another place; dishes and bowls full of unsauced and unsalted tiger meat, musk deer meat, serpent meat, fox flesh, rabbit, and strips of cured venison were set before him. To keep Tripitaka company, he sat down and was about to pick up his chopsticks when he saw Tripitaka fold his hands and begin to recite something. Startled, Boqin dared not touch his chopsticks; he jumped up instead and stood to one side.

Having uttered no more than a few phrases, Tripitaka said to him, "Please eat."

"You are a priest who likes to recite short scriptures," said Boqin. "That was not scripture," said Tripitaka, "only a prayer to be said before meals."

"You people who leave your families," said Boqin, "are particular about everything! Even for a meal you have to mumble something!"

They ate their dinner and the dishes and bowls were taken away. Evening was setting in when Boqin led Tripitaka out of the main hall to go for a walk at the back of the dwelling. They passed through a corridor and arrived at a straw shed. Pushing open the door, they walked inside, where they found several heavy bows and some quivers of arrows hanging on the walls. Two pieces of tiger skin, stinking and bloodstained, were draped over the cross beams, and a number of spears, knives, tridents, and rods were stuck into the ground at one corner. There were two seats in the middle of the shed, and Boqin invited Tripitaka to sit for a moment. Seeing that the place was so gruesome and

putrid, Tripitaka dared not linger. They soon left the shed and walked further back to a huge garden, where there seemed to be no end of thick clumps of chrysanthemum piling their gold and stands of maple hoisting their crimson. With a loud rustle, more than a dozen fat deer and a large herd of musk deer jumped out. Calm and mild-mannered, they were not at all frightened at the sight of human beings. Tripitaka said, "You must have tamed these animals."

"Like the people in your city of Chang'an," said Boqin, "where the affluent store up wealth and treasures and the landlords gather rice and grain, so we hunters must keep some of these wild beasts to prepare against dark days. That's all!"

As they walked and conversed, it grew dark, and they returned to the house to rest. As soon as the members of the family, young and old, arose next morning, they went to prepare vegetarian food to serve to the priest, who was then asked to begin his recitations. Having first washed his hands, the priest went to the ancestral hall with the Guardian to burn incense. Only after he had bowed to the house shrine did Tripitaka beat on his wooden fish and recite first the true sentences for the purification of the mouth, and then the divine formula for the purification of mind and body. He went on to the *Sūtra*

for the Salvation of the Dead, after which Boqin requested him to compose in writing a specific prayer for the deliverance of the deceased. He then took up the *Diamond Sūtra* and the *Guanyin Sūtra*, each of which was given a loud and clear recitation. After lunch, he recited several sections from the *Lotus Sūtra* and the *Amitāyus Sūtra*, before finishing with the *Peacock Sūtra* and a brief recounting of the story of Buddha healing a bhikṣu.

Soon it was evening again. All kinds of incense were burned together with the various paper horses, images of the deities, and the prayer for the deliverance of the deceased. The Buddhist service was thus completed, and each person retired.

We shall now tell you about the soul of Boqin's father, verily a ghost redeemed from perdition, who came to his own house and appeared to all the members of his family in a dream. "It was difficult," he said, "for me to escape my bitter ordeals in the Region of Darkness, and for a long time I could not attain salvation. Fortunately, the holy monk's recitations have now expiated my sins. King Yama has ordered someone to send me to the rich land of China, where I may assume my next incarnation in a noble family. All of you, therefore, must take care to thank the elder, and see that you are not negligent in any way. Now I leave you." So it is that

There is, in all things, a solemn purpose:

To save the dead from perdition and pain.

When the whole family awoke from the dream, the sun was already rising in the east. The wife of Boqin said, "Guardian, I dreamed last night that father came to the house. He said that it was difficult for him to escape his bitter ordeals in the Region of Darkness, and that for a long time he could not attain salvation. Fortunately, the holy monk's recitations have now expiated his sins, and King Yama has ordered someone to send him to the rich land of China where he may assume his next incarnation in a noble family. He told us to take care to thank the elder and not be negligent in any way. After he had finished speaking, he drifted away, despite my plea for him to stay. I woke up and it was all a dream!"

"I had a dream also," said Boqin, "one exactly like yours! Let's get up and talk to mother about this."

The two of them were about to do so when they heard the old mother calling, “Boqin, come here. I want to talk to you.”

They went in and found the mother sitting up in bed. “Son,” she said, “I had a happy dream last night. I dreamed that your father came to the house saying that, thanks to the redemptive work of the elder, his sins had been expiated. He is on his way to the rich land of China, where he will assume his next incarnation in a noble family.”

Husband and wife laughed uproariously.

Boqin said, “Your daughter-in-law and I both had this dream, and we were just coming to tell you. Little did we expect that mother’s call also had to do with this dream.”

They therefore called on every member of the family to express their gratitude and prepare the monk’s horse for travel. They came bowing before the priest and said, “We thank the elder for providing life and deliverance for our deceased father, for which we can never repay you sufficiently.”

“What has this poor monk accomplished,” said Tripitaka, “that merits such gratitude?”

Boqin gave a thorough account of the dream that the three of them had, and Tripitaka was also very pleased. A vegetarian meal was again served, and a tael of silver was presented as a token of their gratitude.

Tripitaka refused to accept so much as a penny, though the whole family begged him earnestly. He only said, “If, in compassion, you can escort me on the first part of my way, I shall ever be grateful for such kindness.”

Boqin and his mother and wife had little alternative but hastily to prepare some biscuits from unrefined flour, which Tripitaka was glad to accept. Boqin was told to escort him as far as possible. Obeying his mother’s bidding, the Guardian also ordered several houseboys to join them, each bringing hunting equipment and weapons. They walked to the main road, and there seemed to be no end to the scenic splendor of the mountains and peaks.

When they had traveled for half a day, they came upon a huge mountain so tall and rugged that it truly seemed to touch the blue sky.

In a little while the whole company reached the foot of the mountain, and the Guardian began to ascend it as if he were walking on level ground. Halfway up, Boqin turned around and stood still at the side of the road, saying, “Elder, please go on yourself. I must now take leave of you and turn back.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he rolled down from his saddle and said, “I beg you to escort me a little further.”

“You do not realize, Elder,” said Boqin, “that this mountain is called the Mountain of Two Frontiers; the eastern half belongs to our Great Tang domain, but the western half is the territory of the Tartars. The tigers and wolves over there are not my subjects, nor should I cross the border. You must proceed by yourself.”

Tripitaka became fearful; he stretched out his hands and clutched at the sleeves of the hunter, tears pouring from his eyes.

It was at this tender moment of farewell that there came from beneath the mountain a thunderous voice crying, “My master has come! My master has come!”

Tripitaka was dumbfounded, and Boqin trembled. We do not know who was crying; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FOURTEEN

*Mind Monkey returns to the Right
The Six Robbers vanish from sight*

*Mind is the Buddha and the Buddha is Mind;
Both Mind and Buddha are important things.
If you perceive there's neither Mind nor Thing,
Yours is the dharmakāya of True Mind.
The dharmakāya
Has no shape or form:
One pearl-like radiance holding myriad things.
The bodiless body is the body true,
And real form is that form which has no form.
There's no form, no void, no no-emptiness;
No coming, no leaving, no pariṇāmanā;
No contrast, no sameness, no being or nonbeing:
No giving, no taking, no hopeful craving.
Light efficacious is in and out the same.
Buddha's whole realm is in a grain of sand.
A grain of sand the chiliocosm holds;
One mind or body's like ten thousand things.
To know this you must grasp the No-mind Spell;
Unclogged and taintless is the karma pure.
Don't do the many acts of good or ill:
This is true submission to Śākyamuni.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka and Boqin, who, in fear and alarm, again heard the cry, "My Master has come!" The various houseboys said, "It must be the old ape in that stone box beneath the mountain who is shouting."

"It's he! It's he!" said the Guardian. Tripitaka asked, "Who is this old ape?"

"The ancient name of this mountain," said the Guardian, "was the Mountain of Five Phases. It was changed to the Mountain of the Two Frontiers as a result of our Great Tang ruler's western campaigns to secure his empire. A few years ago, I heard from my elders that during the time when Wang Mang usurped the throne of the Han emperor, this mountain fell from Heaven with a divine monkey clamped beneath it. He feared neither heat nor cold, and he took neither food nor drink. He had been watched and guarded by the spirits of the Earth, who fed him iron balls when he was hungry and juices of bronze when he was thirsty. He has lasted from that time until now, surviving both cold and hunger. He must be the one who is making all this noise. Don't be afraid, Elder. Let's go down the mountain to take a look."

Tripitaka had to agree and led his horse down the mountain. They had traveled only a few miles when they came upon a stone box in which there was indeed a monkey who, with his head sticking out, was waving his hands wildly and crying, "Master, why have you taken so long to get here? Welcome! Welcome! Get me out, and I'll protect you on your way to the Western Heaven!"

The priest went forward to look more closely at him. “How does he look?” you ask.

*A pointed mouth and hollow cheeks;
Two diamond pupils and fiery eyes.
Lichens had piled on his head;
Wisteria grew in his ears.
By his temples was more green grass than hair;
Beneath his chin, moss instead of a beard.
With mud on his brow,
And earth in his nose,
He looked most desperate!
His fingers coarse
And calloused palms
Were caked in filth and dirt!
Luckily, his eyes could still roll about,
And the apish tongue, articulate.
Though in speech he had great ease,
His body he could not move.
He was the Great Sage Sun of five hundred years ago.
Today his ordeal ends, he leaves Heaven's net.*

Undeniably a courageous person, that Guardian Liu went up to the creature and pulled away some of the grass at his temples and some of the moss beneath his chin. He asked, “What do you have to say?”

“Nothing to you,” said the monkey, “but ask that master to come up here. I have a question for him.”

“What's your question?” asked Tripitaka. “Are you someone sent by the great king of the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven?” asked the monkey. “I am,” said Tripitaka. “Why do you ask?”

“I am the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven,” said the monkey, “who greatly disturbed the Heavenly Palace five hundred years ago.

Because of my sin of rebellion and disobedience, I was imprisoned here by the Buddha. Some time ago, a certain Bodhisattva Guanyin had received the decree of Buddha to go to the Land of the East in quest of a scripture pilgrim. I asked her to give me some help, and she persuaded me not to engage again in violence. I was told to believe in the Law of Buddha and faithfully to protect the scripture pilgrim on his way to worship Buddha in the West, for there would be a goodly reward reserved for me when such merit is achieved. I have therefore been maintaining my vigilance night and day, waiting for the Master to come to rescue me. I'm willing to protect you in your quest of scriptures and become your disciple.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he was filled with delight and said, “Though you have this good intention, thanks to the Bodhisattva's instruction, of entering our Buddhist fold, I have neither ax nor drill. How can I free you?”

“No need for ax or drill,” said the monkey. “If you are willing to rescue me, I'll be able to get out.”

Tripitaka said, “I'm willing, but how can you get out?”

“On top of this mountain,” said the monkey, “there is a tag stamped with the golden letters of our Buddha Tathāgata. Go up there and lift up the tag. Then I’ll come out.”

Tripitaka agreed and turned to Boqin, imploring him, “Guardian, come with me up the mountain.”

“Do you think he’s speaking the truth?” asked Boqin. “It’s the truth!” the monkey shouted. “I dare not lie!”

Boqin had no choice but to call his houseboys to lead the horses. He himself supported Tripitaka with his hands, and they again started up the tall mountain. Tugging at creepers and vines, they finally arrived at the highest peak, where they beheld ten thousand shafts of golden light and a thousand folds of hallowed air. There was a huge square slab of stone, on which was taped a seal with the golden letters, *Om maṇi padme hūm*. Tripitaka approached the stone and knelt down; he looked at the golden letters and kowtowed several times to the stone. Then, facing the West, he prayed:

“Your disciple, Chen Xuanzang, was specifically commanded to seek scriptures from you. If it is so ordained that he should be my disciple, let me lift up those golden letters so that the divine monkey may find release and join me at the Spirit Mountain. If he is not predestined to be my disciple, if he is only a cruel monster trying to deceive me and to bring misfortune to our enterprise, let me not lift up this tape.”

He kowtowed again after he had prayed. Going forward, with the greatest of ease he took down the golden letters. A fragrant wind swept by immediately and blew the tag out of his hands into the air as a voice called out, “I am the prison guard of the Great Sage. Today his ordeal is completed, and my colleagues and I are returning this seal to Tathāgata.” Tripitaka, Boqin, and their followers were so terrified that they fell on the ground and bowed toward the sky. They then descended from the tall mountain and came back to the stone box, saying to the monkey, “The tag has been lifted. You may come out.”

Delighted, the monkey said, “Master, you had better walk away from here so that I can come out. I don’t want to frighten you.” When Boqin heard this, he led Tripitaka and the rest of the company to walk back eastward for five or six miles. Again they heard the monkey yelling, “Further still! Further still!” So Tripitaka and the others went still further until they had left the mountain. All at once came a crash so loud that it was as if the mountain was cracking and the earth splitting wide open; everyone was awestruck. The next moment the monkey was already in front of Tripitaka’s horse; completely naked, he knelt down and cried, “Master, I’m out!”

He bowed four times toward Tripitaka, and then, jumping up, he said to Boqin respectfully, “I thank Elder Brother for taking the trouble of escorting my master. I’m grateful also for your shaving the grass from my face.”

Having thanked him, he went at once to put the luggage in order so that it could be tied onto the horse’s back. When the horse saw him, its torso slackened and its legs stiffened. In fear and trembling, it could hardly stand up. For you see, that monkey had been a Ban-Horse-Plague, who used to look after dragon horses in the celestial stables. His authority was such that horses of this world inevitably would fear him when they saw him.

When Tripitaka saw that the monkey was truly a person of good intentions, someone who truly resembled those who had embraced the Buddhist faith, he called to him, “Disciple, what is your surname?”

“My surname is Sun,” said the Monkey King. “Let me give you a religious name,” said Tripitaka, “so that it will be convenient to address you.”

“This noble thought of the master is deeply appreciated,” said the Monkey King, “but I already have a religious name. I’m called Sun Wukong.”

“It exactly fits the emphasis of our denomination,” said Tripitaka, delighted. “But look at you, you look rather like a little *dhūta*. Let me give you a nickname and call you Pilgrim Sun. How’s that?”

“Good! Good!” said Wukong. So from then on, he was also called Pilgrim Sun.

When Boqin saw that Pilgrim Sun was definitely preparing to leave, he turned to speak respectfully to Tripitaka, saying, “Elder, you are fortunate to have made an excellent disciple here. Congratulations! This person should be most fit to accompany you. I must take leave of you now.”

Bowing to thank him, Tripitaka said, “I cannot thank you enough for all your kindness. Please be certain to thank your dear mother and wife when you return to your house. I have caused you all great inconvenience, and I shall thank you again on my way back.”

Boqin returned his salutation, and they parted.

We shall now tell you about Pilgrim Sun, who asked Tripitaka to mount his horse. He himself, stark naked, carried the luggage on his back and led the way. In a little while, as they were passing the Mountain of Two Frontiers, they saw a fierce tiger approaching, growling and waving its tail. Tripitaka, sitting on his horse, became alarmed, but Pilgrim, walking at the side of the road, was delighted. “Don’t be afraid, Master,” he said, “for he’s here to present me with some clothes.”

He put down the luggage and took a tiny needle out of his ears. One wave of it facing the wind, and it became an iron rod with the thickness of a rice bowl. He held it in his hands and laughed, saying, “I haven’t used this treasure for over five hundred years! Today I’m taking it out to bag a little garment for myself.” Look at him! He strode right up to the tiger, crying, “Cursed beast! Where do you think you’re going?”

Crouching low, the tiger lay prone on the dust and dared not move. Pilgrim Sun aimed the rod at its head, and one stroke caused its brain to burst out like ten thousand red petals of peach blossoms, and the teeth to fly out like so many pieces of white jade. So terrified was our Chen Xuanzang that he fell off his horse. “O God! O God!” he cried, biting his fingers. “When Guardian Liu overcame that striped tiger the other day, he had to do battle with him for almost half a day. But without even fighting today, Sun Wukong reduces the tiger to pulp with one blow of his rod. How true is the saying, ‘For the strong, there’s always someone stronger!’” “Master,” said Pilgrim as he returned dragging the tiger, “sit down for awhile, and wait till I have stripped him of his clothes. When I put them on, we’ll start off again.”

“Where does he have any clothes?” asked Tripitaka. “Don’t mind me, Master,” said Pilgrim, “I have my own plan.”

Dear Monkey King! He pulled off one strand of hair and blew a mouthful of magic breath onto it, crying, “Change!” It changed into a sharp, curved knife, with

which he ripped open the tiger's chest. Slitting the skin straight down, he then ripped it off in one piece. He chopped away the paws and the head, cutting the skin into one square piece. He picked it up and tried it for size, and then said, "It's a bit too large; one piece can be made into two."

He took the knife and cut it again into two pieces; he put one of these away and wrapped the other around his waist. Ripping off a strand of rattan from the side of the road, he firmly tied on this covering for the lower part of his body. "Master," he said, "let's go! Let's go! When we reach someone's house, we will have sufficient time to borrow some threads and a needle to sew this up."

He gave his iron rod a squeeze and it changed back into a tiny needle, which he stored in his ear. Throwing the luggage on his back, he asked his Master to mount the horse. As they set off, the monk asked him, "Wukong, how is it that the iron rod you used to slay the tiger has disappeared?"

"Master," said Pilgrim laughing, "you have no idea what that rod of mine really is. It was acquired originally from the Dragon Palace in the Eastern Ocean. It's called the Precious Divine Iron for Guarding the Heavenly River, and another name of it is the Compliant Golden-Hooped Rod. At the time when I revolted against Heaven, I depended on it a great deal; for it could change into any shape or form, great or small, according to my wish. Just now I had it changed into a tiny embroidery needle, and it's stored that way in my ear. When I need it, I'll take it out." Secretly pleased by what he heard, Tripitaka asked another question:

"Why did that tiger become completely motionless when it saw you? How do you explain the fact that it simply let you hit it?"

"To tell you the truth," said Wukong, "even a dragon, let alone this tiger, would behave itself if it had seen me! I, old Monkey, possess the ability to subdue dragons and tame tigers, and the power to overturn rivers and stir up oceans. I can look at a person's countenance and discern his character; I can listen merely to sounds and discover the truth. If I want to be big, I can fill the universe; if I want to be small, I can be smaller than a piece of hair. In sum, I have boundless ways of transformation and incalculable means of becoming visible or invisible. What's so strange, then, about my skinning a tiger? Wait till we come to some real difficulties—you'll see my talents then!" When Tripitaka heard these words, he was more relieved than ever and urged his horse forward. So master and disciple, the two of them, chatted as they journeyed, and soon the sun sank in the west. You see

*Soft glow of the fading twilight,
And distant clouds slowly returning.
On every hill swells the chorus of birds,
Flocking to shelter in the woods.
The wild beasts in couples and pairs,
In packs and groups they trek homeward.
The new moon, hooklike, breaks the spreading gloom
With ten thousand stars luminous.*

Pilgrim said, "Master, let's move along, for it's getting late. There are dense clumps of trees over there, and I suppose there must be a house or village too. Let's hurry over there and ask for lodging." Urging his horse forward, Tripitaka went straight up to a house and dismounted. Pilgrim threw down the bag and went to the door, crying, "Open up! Open up!"

An old man came to the door, leaning on a cane. When he pulled open the creaking door, he was panic-stricken by the hideous appearance of Pilgrim, who had the tiger skin around his waist and looked like a thunder god. He began to shout, "A ghost! A ghost!" and other such foolish words. Tripitaka drew near and took hold of him, saying, "Old Patron, don't be afraid. He is my disciple, not a ghost." Only when he looked up and saw the handsome features of Tripitaka did the old man stand still. "Which temple are you from," he asked, "and why are you bringing such a nasty character to my door?"

"I am a poor monk from the Tang court," said Tripitaka, "on my way to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. We were passing through here and it was getting late; that is why we made so bold as to approach your great mansion and beg you for a night's lodging. We plan to leave tomorrow before it's light, and we beseech you not to deny our request."

"Though you may be a Tang man," the old man said, "that nasty character is certainly no Tang man!"

"Old fellow!" cried Wukong in a loud voice, "you really can't see, can you? The Tang man is my master, and I am his disciple. Of course, I'm no sugar man or honey man! I am the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven! The members of your family should recognize me. Moreover, I have seen you before."

"Where have you seen me before?"

"When you were young," said Wukong, "didn't you gather firewood before my eyes? Didn't you haul vegetables before my face?"

The old man said, "That's nonsense! Where did you live? And where was I, that I should have gathered firewood and hauled vegetables before your eyes?"

"Only my son would talk nonsense!" said Wukong. "You really don't recognize me! Take a closer look! I am the Great Sage in the stone box of this Mountain of Two Frontiers."

"You do look somewhat like him," said the old man, half recognizing the figure before him, "but how did you get out?" Wukong thereupon gave a thorough account of how the Bodhisattva had converted him and how she had asked him to wait for the Tang Monk to lift the tag for his deliverance.

After that, the old man bowed deeply and invited Tripitaka in, calling for his aged wife and his children to come out and meet the guests. When he told them what had happened, everyone was delighted. Tea was then served, after which the old man asked Wukong, "How old are you, Great Sage?"

"And how old are you?" asked Wukong. "I have lived foolishly for one hundred and thirty years!" said the old man. "You are still my great-great-great-great-grandson!" said Pilgrim. "I can't remember when I was born, but I have spent over five hundred years underneath this mountain."

"Yes, yes," said the old man. "I remember my great-grandfather saying that when this mountain dropped from the sky, it had a divine ape clamped underneath it. To think that you should have waited until now for your freedom! When I saw you in my childhood, you had grass on your head and mud on your face, but I wasn't afraid of you then."

Now without mud on your face and grass on your head, you seem a bit thinner. And with that huge piece of tiger skin draped around your waist, what great difference is there between you and a demon?" When the members of his family heard this remark, they all roared with laughter. Being a rather decent fellow, that old man at once ordered a vegetarian meal to be prepared. Afterwards Wukong said, "What is your family name?"

"Our humble family," said the old man, "goes by the name of Chen." When Tripitaka heard this, he left his seat to salute him, saying, "Old Patron, you and I share the same illustrious clan."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "your surname is Tang. How can it be that you and he share the same illustrious ancestors?"

Tripitaka said, "The surname of my secular family is also Chen, and I come from the Juxian Village, in the Hongnong District of Haizhou in the Tang domain. My religious name is Chen Xuanzang. Because our Great Tang Emperor Taizong made me his brother by decree, I took the name Tripitaka and used Tang as my surname. Hence I'm called the Tang Monk."

The old man was very pleased to hear that they had the same surname.

"Old Chen," said Pilgrim, "I must trouble your family some more, for I haven't taken a bath for five hundred years! Please go and boil some water so that my master and I, his disciple, can wash ourselves. We shall thank you all the more when we leave."

The old man at once gave the order for water to be boiled and basins to be brought in with several lamps. As master and disciple sat before the lamps after their baths, Pilgrim said, "Old Chen, I still have one more favor to ask of you. Can you lend me a needle and some thread?"

"Of course, of course," replied the old man. One of the amahs was told to fetch the needle and thread, which were then handed over to Pilgrim. Pilgrim, you see, had the keenest sight; he noticed that Tripitaka had taken off a shirt made of white cloth and had not put it on again after his bath. Pilgrim grabbed it and put it on himself. Taking off his tiger skin, he sewed the hems together using a "horse-face fold" and fastened it round his waist again with the strand of rattan. He paraded in front of his master saying, "How does old Monkey look today compared with the way he looked yesterday?"

"Very good," said Tripitaka, "very good! Now you do look like a pilgrim! If you don't think that the shirt is too worn or old, you may keep it."

"Thanks for the gift!" said Wukong respectfully. He then went out to find some hay to feed the horse, after which master and disciple both retired with the old man and his household.

The next morning Wukong arose and woke up his master to get ready for the journey. Tripitaka dressed himself while Wukong put their luggage in order. They were about to leave when the old man brought in washing water and some vegetarian food, and so they did not set out until after the meal. Tripitaka rode his horse with Pilgrim leading the way; they journeyed by day and rested by night, taking food and drink according to their needs. Soon it was early winter. You see

*Frost-blighted maples and the wizened trees;
Few verdant pine and cypress still on the ridge.
Budding plum blossoms spread their gentle scent.*

*The brief, warm day—
 A Little Spring gift!
 But dying lilies yield to the lush wild tea.
 A cold bridge struggles against an old tree's bough,
 And gurgling water flows in the winding brook.
 Gray clouds, snow-laden, float throughout the sky.
 The strong, cold wind
 Tears at the sleeve!
 How does one bear this chilly might of night?*

Master and disciple had traveled for some time when suddenly six men jumped out from the side of the road with much clamor, all holding long spears and short swords, sharp blades and strong bows. "Stop, monk!" they cried. "Leave your horse and drop your bag at once, and we'll let you pass on alive!"

Tripitaka was so terrified that his soul left him and his spirit fled; he fell from his horse, unable to utter a word. But Pilgrim lifted him up, saying, "Don't be alarmed, Master. It's nothing really, just some people coming to give us clothes and a travel allowance!"

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "you must be a little hard of hearing! They told us to leave our bag and our horse, and you want to ask them for clothes and a travel allowance?"

"You just stay here and watch our belongings," said Pilgrim, "and let old Monkey confront them. We'll see what happens."

Tripitaka said, "Even a good punch is no match for a pair of fists, and two fists can't cope with four hands! There are six big fellows over there, and you are such a tiny person. How can you have the nerve to confront them?"

As he always had been audacious, Pilgrim did not wait for further discussion. He walked forward with arms folded and saluted the six men, saying, "Sirs, for what reason are you blocking the path of this poor monk?"

"We are kings of the highway," said the men, "philanthropic mountain lords. Our fame has long been known, though you seem to be ignorant of it. Leave your belongings at once, and you will be allowed to pass. If you but utter half a no, you'll be chopped to pieces!"

"I have been also a great hereditary king and a mountain lord for centuries," said Pilgrim, "but I have yet to learn of your illustrious names."

"So you really don't know!" one of them said. "Let's tell you then: one of us is named Eye That Sees and Delights; another, Ear That Hears and Rages; another Nose That Smells and Loves; another, Tongue That Tastes and Desires; another, Mind That Perceives and Covets; and another, Body That Bears and Suffers."

"You are nothing but six hairy brigands," said Wukong laughing, "who have failed to recognize in me a person who has left the family, your proper master. How dare you bar my way? Bring out the treasures you have stolen so that you and I can divide them into seven portions. I'll spare you then!"

Hearing this, the robbers all reacted with rage and amusement, covetousness and fear, desire and anxiety. They rushed forward crying, "You reckless monk! You haven't a thing to offer us, and yet you want us to share our loot with you!" Wielding spears and

swords, they surrounded Pilgrim and hacked away at his head seventy or eighty times. Pilgrim stood in their midst and behaved as if nothing were happening.

“What a monk!” said one of the robbers. “He really does have a hard head!”

“Passably so!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “But your hands must be getting tired from all that exercise; it’s about time for old Monkey to take out his needle for a little entertainment.”

“This monk must be an acupuncture man in disguise,” said the robber. “We’re not sick! What’s all this about using a needle?” Pilgrim reached into his ear and took out a tiny embroidery needle; one wave of it in the wind and it became an iron rod with the thickness of a rice bowl.

He held it in his hands, saying, “Don’t run! Let old Monkey try his hand on you with this rod!”

The six robbers fled in all directions, but with great strides he caught up with them and rounded all of them up. He beat every one of them to death, stripped them of their clothes, and seized their valuables. Then Pilgrim came back smiling broadly and said, “You may proceed now, Master. Those robbers have been exterminated by old Monkey.”

“That’s a terrible thing you have done!” said Tripitaka. “They may have been strong men on the highway, but they would not have been sentenced to death even if they had been caught and tried. If you have such abilities, you should have chased them away. Why did you slay them all? How can you be a monk when you take life without cause? We who have left the family should

*Keep ants out of harm’s way when we sweep the floor,
And put shades on lamps for the love of moths.*

How can you kill them just like that, without regard for black or white? You showed no mercy at all! It’s a good thing that we are here in the mountains, where any further investigation will be unlikely. But suppose someone offends you when we reach a city and you perpetrate violence again, hitting people indiscriminately with that rod of yours—would I be able to remain innocent and get away scot-free?”

“Master,” said Wukong, “if I hadn’t killed them, they would have killed you!”

Tripitaka said, “As a priest, I would rather die than practice violence. If I were killed, there would be only one of me, but you slaughtered six persons. How can you justify that? If this matter were brought before a judge, and even if your old man were the judge, you certainly would not be able to justify your action.”

“To tell you the truth, Master,” said Pilgrim, “when I, old Monkey, was king on the Flower-Fruit Mountain five hundred years ago, I killed I don’t know how many people. I would not have been a Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, if I had lived by what you are saying.”

“It’s precisely because you had neither scruples nor self-control,” said Tripitaka, “unleashing your waywardness on Earth and spreading outrage in Heaven, that you had to undergo this ordeal of five hundred years. Now that you have entered the fold of Buddhism, if you still insist on practicing violence and indulge in the taking of life as before, you are not worthy to be a monk, nor can you go to the Western Heaven. You’re wicked! You’re just too wicked!” Now this monkey had never in all his life been able to tolerate scolding. When he heard Tripitaka’s persistent reprimand, he could not suppress

the flames leaping up in his heart. "If that's what you think," he said. "If you think I'm not worthy to be a monk, nor can I go to the Western Heaven, you needn't bother me further with your nagging! I'll leave and go back!"

Before Tripitaka had time to reply, Pilgrim was already so enraged that he leaped into the air, crying only, "Old Monkey's off!"

Tripitaka quickly raised his head to look, but the monkey had already disappeared, trailed only by a swishing sound fading fast toward the East. Left by himself, the priest could only shake his head and sigh, "That fellow! He's so unwilling to be taught! I only said a few words to him. How could he vanish without a trace and go back just like that? Well, well, well! It must be also that I am destined not to have a disciple or any other companion, for now I couldn't even call him or locate him if I wanted to. I might as well go on by myself!" So, he was prepared to

*Lay down his life and go toward the West,
To be his own master and on none rely.*

The elder had little alternative but to pack up his bag and put it on the horse, which he did not even bother to mount. Holding his staff in one hand and the reins in the other, he set off sadly toward the West. He had not traveled far when he saw an old woman before him on the mountain road, holding a silk garment and a cap with a floral design. When Tripitaka saw her approach, he hastened to pull his horse aside for her to pass. "Elder, where do you come from," asked the old woman, "and why are you walking here all by yourself?"

Tripitaka replied, "Your child was sent by the Great King of the Land of the East to seek true scriptures from the living Buddha in the Western Heaven."

"The Buddha of the West," said the old woman, "lives in the Great Temple of Thunderclap in the territory of India, and the journey there is one hundred and eight thousand miles long. You are all by yourself, with neither a companion nor a disciple. How can you possibly think of going there?"

"A few days ago," said Tripitaka, "I did pick up a disciple, a rather unruly and headstrong character. I scolded him a little, but he refused to be taught, and disappeared."

The old woman said, "I have here a silk shirt and a flower cap inlaid with gold, which used to belong to my son. He had been a monk for only three days when unfortunately he died. I have just finished mourning him at the temple, where I was given these things by his master to be kept in his memory. Father, since you have a disciple, I'll give the shirt and the cap to you."

"I'm most grateful for your lavish gifts," said Tripitaka, "but my disciple has left. I dare not take them."

"Where did he go?" asked the old woman. Tripitaka replied, "I heard a swishing sound heading toward the east."

"My home is not too far away in the east," said the old woman, "and he may be going there."

I have a spell which is called the True Words for Controlling the Mind, or the Tight-Fillet Spell. You must memorize it secretly; commit it firmly to your memory, and don't let anyone learn of it. I'll try to catch up with him and persuade him to come back and follow you. When he returns, give him the shirt and the cap to wear; and if he

again refuses to obey you, recite the spell silently. He will not dare do violence or leave you again.” On hearing these words, Tripitaka bowed his head to thank her. The old woman changed herself into a shaft of golden light and vanished toward the east. Then Tripitaka realized that it was the Bodhisattva Guanyin who had taught him the True Words; he hurriedly picked up a few pinches of earth with his fingers and scattered them like incense, bowing reverently toward the East. He then took the shirt and the cap and hid them in his bag. Sitting beside the road, he began to recite the True Words for Controlling the Mind.

After a few times, he knew it thoroughly by heart, but we shall speak no more of him for the time being.

We now tell you about Wukong, who, having left his master, headed straight toward the Eastern Ocean with a single cloud somersault. He stopped his cloud, opened up a path in the water, and went directly to the Water Crystal Palace. Learning of his arrival, the Dragon King came out to welcome him. After they had exchanged greetings and sat down, the Dragon King said, “I heard recently that the ordeal of the Great Sage had been completed, and I apologize for not having congratulated you yet. I suppose you have again taken occupancy in your immortal mountain and returned to the ancient cave.”

“I was so inclined,” said Wukong, “but I became a monk instead.”

“What sort of a monk?” asked the Dragon King. “I was indebted to the Bodhisattva of South Sea,” said Pilgrim, “who persuaded me to do good and seek the truth. I was to follow the Tang Monk from the Land of the East to go worship Buddha in the West. Since entering the fold of Buddhism, I was given also the name ‘Pilgrim.’” “That is indeed praiseworthy!” said the Dragon King. “You have, as we say, left the wrong and followed the right; you have been created anew by setting your mind on goodness. But if that’s the case, why are you not going toward the West, but are returning eastward instead?” Pilgrim laughed and said, “That Tang Monk knows nothing of human nature! There were a few ruffians who wanted to rob us, and I slew them all. But that Tang Monk couldn’t stop nagging me, telling me over and over how wrong I was. Can you imagine old Monkey putting up with that sort of tedium? I just left him! I was on my way back to my mountain when I decided to come visit you and ask for a cup of tea.”

“Thanks for coming! Thanks for coming!” exclaimed the Dragon King. At that moment, the Dragon sons and grandsons presented them with aromatic tea. When they finished the tea, Pilgrim happened to turn around and saw hanging behind him on the wall a painting on the “Presentation of Shoes at Yi Bridge.”

“What’s this all about?” asked Pilgrim. The Dragon King replied, “The incident depicted in the painting took place some time after you were born, and you may not recognize what it was—the threefold presentation of shoes at Yi Bridge.”

“What do you mean by the threefold presentation of shoes?” asked Pilgrim.

“The immortal in the painting,” said the Dragon King, “was named Huang Shigong, and the young man kneeling in front of him was called Zhang Liang.

Shigong was sitting on the Yi Bridge when suddenly one of his shoes fell off and dropped under the bridge.

He asked Zhang Liang to fetch it, and the young man quickly did so, putting it back on for him as he knelt there. This happened three times. Since Zhang Liang did not

display the slightest sign of pride or impatience, he won the affection of Shigong, who imparted to him that night a celestial manual and told him to support the house of Han. Afterwards, Zhang Liang 'made his plans sitting in a military tent to achieve victories a thousand miles away.'

When the Han dynasty was established, he left his post and went into the mountains, where he followed the Daoist, Master Red Pine, and became enlightened in the way of immortality. Great Sage, if you do not accompany the Tang Monk, if you are unwilling to exercise diligence or to accept instruction, you will remain a bogus immortal after all. Don't think that you'll ever acquire the Fruits of Truth." Wukong listened to these words and fell silent for some time. The Dragon King said, "Great Sage, you must make the decision yourself. It's unwise to allow momentary comfort to jeopardize your future."

"Not another word!" said Wukong. "Old Monkey will go back to accompany him, that's all!"

Delighted, the Dragon King said, "If that's your wish, I dare not detain you. Instead, I ask the Great Sage to show his mercy at once and not permit his master to wait any longer." When Pilgrim heard this exhortation to leave, he bounded right out of the oceanic region; mounting the clouds, he left the Dragon King.

On his way he ran right into the Bodhisattva of South Sea. "Sun Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "why did you not listen to me and accompany the Tang Monk? What are you doing here?" Pilgrim was so taken aback that he saluted her on top of the clouds. "I'm most grateful for the kind words of the Bodhisattva," he said. "A monk from the Tang court did appear, lifted the seal, and saved my life. I became his disciple, but he blamed me for being too violent. I walked out on him for a little while, but I'm going back right now to accompany him."

"Go quickly then," said the Bodhisattva, "before you change your mind again."

They finished speaking and each went on his way. In a moment, our Pilgrim saw the Tang Monk sitting dejectedly at the side of the road. He approached him and said, "Master, why are you not on the road? What are you doing here?"

"Where have you been?" asked Tripitaka, looking up. "Your absence has forced me to sit here and wait for you, not daring to walk or move." Pilgrim replied, "I just went to the home of the old Dragon King at the Eastern Ocean to ask for some tea."

"Disciple," said Tripitaka, "those who have left the family should not lie. It was less than an hour since you left me, and you claim to have had tea at the home of the Dragon King?"

"To tell you the truth," said Pilgrim, laughing, "I know how to cloud somersault, and a single somersault will carry me one hundred and eight thousand miles. That's why I can go and return in no time at all."

Tripitaka said, "Because I spoke to you a little sharply, you were offended and left me in a rage. With your ability, you could go and ask for some tea, but a person like me has no other prospect but to sit here and endure hunger. Do you feel comfortable about that?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "if you're hungry, I'll go beg some food for you."

"There's no need to beg," said Tripitaka, "for I still have in my bag some dried goods given to me by the mother of Guardian Liu. Fetch me some water in that bowl."

"I'll eat some food and we can start out again." Pilgrim went to untie the bag and found some biscuits made of unrefined flour, which he took out and handed over to the master. He then saw light glowing from a silk shirt and a flower cap inlaid with gold. "Did you bring this garment and cap from the Land of the East?" he asked. "I wore these in my childhood," said Tripitaka nonchalantly. "If you wear the hat, you'll know how to recite scriptures without having to learn them; if you put on the garment, you'll know how to perform rituals without having to practice them."

"Dear Master," said Pilgrim, "let me put them on."

"They may not fit you," said Tripitaka, "but if they do, you may wear them." Pilgrim thereupon took off his old shirt made of white cloth and put on the silk shirt, which seemed to have been made especially for him. Then he put on the cap as well. When Tripitaka saw that he had put on the cap, he stopped eating the dried goods and began to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell silently.

"Oh, my head!" cried Pilgrim. "It hurts! It hurts!"

The master went through the recitation several times without ceasing, and the pain was so intense that Pilgrim was rolling on the ground, his hands gripping the flower cap inlaid with gold. Fearing that he might break the gold fillet, Tripitaka stopped reciting and the pain ceased. Pilgrim touched his head with his hand and felt that it was tightly bound by a thin metal band; it could be neither pulled off nor ripped apart, for it had, as it were, taken root on his head. Taking the needle out of his ear, he rammed it inside the fillet and started prying madly. Afraid that he might break the fillet with his prying, Tripitaka started his recitation again, and Pilgrim's head began to hurt once more. It was so painful that he did cartwheels and somersaults. His face and even his ears turned red, his eyes bulged, and his body grew weak. When the master saw his appearance, he was moved to break off his recitation, and the pain stopped as before. "My head," said Pilgrim, "the master has put a spell on it."

"I was just saying the Tight-Fillet Sūtra," said Tripitaka. "Since when did I put a spell on you?"

"Recite it some more and see what happens," said Pilgrim. Tripitaka accordingly began to recite, and the Pilgrim immediately started to hurt. "Stop! Stop!" he cried. "I hurt the moment you begin to recite."

How do you explain that?"

"Will you listen now to my instructions?" asked Tripitaka. "Yes, I will," replied Pilgrim. "And never be unruly again?"

"I dare not," said Pilgrim.

Although he said that with his mouth, Pilgrim's mind was still devising evil. One wave of the needle and it had the thickness of a rice bowl; he aimed it at the Tang Monk and was about to slam it down on him. The priest was so startled that he went through the recitation two or three more times. Falling to the ground, the monkey threw away the iron rod and could not even raise his hands.

"Master," he said, "I've learned my lesson! Stop! Please stop!"

"How dare you be so reckless," said Tripitaka, "that you should want to strike me?"

"I wouldn't dare strike you," said Pilgrim, "but let me ask you something. Who taught you this magic?"

“It was an old woman,” said Tripitaka, “who imparted it to me a few moments ago.”

Growing very angry, Pilgrim said, “You needn’t say anything more! The old woman had to be that Guanshiyin! Why did she want me to suffer like this? I’m going to South Sea to beat her up!”

“If she had taught me this magic,” said Tripitaka, “she had to know it even before I did. If you go looking for her, and she starts her recitation, won’t you be dead?” Pilgrim saw the logic of this and dared not remove himself. Indeed, he had no alternative but to kneel in contrition and plead with Tripitaka, saying, “Master, this is her method of controlling me, allowing me no alternative but to follow you to the West. I’ll not go to bother her, but you must not regard this spell as a plaything for frequent recitation either! I’m willing to accompany you without ever entertaining the thought of leaving again.”

“If that’s so,” said Tripitaka, “help me onto the horse and let’s get going.”

At that point, Pilgrim gave up all thoughts of disobedience or rebellion. Eagerly he tugged at his silk shirt and went to gather the luggage together, and they headed again toward the West. We do not know what is to be told after their departure; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTEEN

*At Serpent Coil Mountain, the gods give secret protection
At Eagle Grief Stream, the Horse of the Will is reined*

We were telling you about Pilgrim, who ministered to the Tang Monk faithfully as they advanced toward the West. They traveled for several days under the frigid sky of midwinter; a cold wind blew fiercely, and slippery icicles hung everywhere. They traversed

*A tortuous path of hanging gorges and cliffs,
A parlous range tiered with summits and peaks.*

As Tripitaka was riding along on his horse, his ears caught the distant sound of a torrent. He turned to ask:

“Wukong, where is that sound coming from?” Pilgrim said, “The name of this place, I recall, is Serpent Coil Mountain, and there is an Eagle Grief Stream in it.

I suppose that’s where it’s coming from.”

Before they had finished their conversation, they arrived at the bank of the stream. Tripitaka reined in his horse and looked around. He saw

*A bubbling cold stream piercing through the clouds,
Its limpid current reddened by the sun.
Its splatter in night rain stirs quiet vales;
Its colors glow at dawn to fill the air.
Wave after wave seems like flying chips of jade,
Their deep roar resonant as the clear wind.
It flows to join one vast stretch of smoke and tide,
Where gulls are lost with egrets but no fishers bide.*

Master and disciple were looking at the stream, when there was a loud splash in midstream and a dragon emerged. Churning the waters, it darted toward the bank and headed straight for the priest. Pilgrim was so startled that he threw away the luggage, hauled the master off his horse, and turned to flee with him at once. The dragon could not catch up with them, but it swallowed the white horse, harness and all, with one gulp before losing itself again in the water. Pilgrim carried his master to high ground and left the priest seated there; then he returned to fetch the horse and the luggage. The load of bags was still there, but the horse was nowhere to be seen.

Placing the luggage in front of his master, he said, “Master, there’s not a trace of that cursed dragon, which has frightened away our horse.”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “how can we find the horse again?”

“Relax! Relax!” said Pilgrim. “Let me go and have a look!”

He whistled once and leaped up into the air. Shading his fiery eyes and diamond pupils with his hand, he peered in all four directions, but there was not the slightest trace of the horse. Dropping down from the clouds, he made his report, saying, “Master, our horse must have been eaten by that dragon. It’s nowhere to be seen!”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “how big a mouth does that creature have that he can swallow a horse, harness and all? It must have been frightened away instead, probably

still running loose somewhere in the valley. Please take another look.” Pilgrim said, “You really have no conception of my ability. This pair of eyes of mine in daylight can discern good and evil within a thousand miles; at that distance, I can even see a dragonfly when it spreads its wings. How can I possibly miss something as big as a horse?”

“If it has been eaten,” said Tripitaka, “how am I to proceed? Pity me! How can I walk through those thousand hills and ten thousand waters?”

As he spoke, tears began to fall like rain. When Pilgrim saw him crying, he became infuriated and began to shout:

“Master, stop behaving like a namby-pamby! Sit here! Just sit here! Let old Monkey find that creature and ask him to give us back our horse. That’ll be the end of the matter.”

Clutching at him, Tripitaka said, “Disciple, where do you have to go to find him? Wouldn’t I be hurt if he should appear from somewhere after you are gone? How would it be then if both man and horse should perish?”

At these words, Pilgrim became even more enraged. “You’re a weakling! Truly a weakling!” he thundered. “You want a horse to ride on, and yet you won’t let me go. You want to sit here and grow old, watching our bags?”

As he was yelling angrily like this, he heard someone calling out in midair:

“Great Sage Sun, don’t be annoyed. And stop crying, Royal Brother of Tang. We are a band of deities sent by the Bodhisattva Guanyin to give secret protection to the scripture pilgrim.”

Hearing this, the priest hastily bowed to the ground. “Which divinities are you?” asked Pilgrim. “Tell me your names, so that I can check you off the roll.”

“We are the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light,” they said, “the Guardians of Five Points, the Four Sentinels, and the Eighteen Protectors of Monasteries. Every one of us waits upon you in rotation.”

“Which one of you will begin today?” asked Pilgrim. “The Gods of Darkness and Light,” they said, “to be followed by the Sentinels and the Protectors. We Guardians of Five Points, with the exception of the Golden-Headed Guardian, will be here somewhere night and day.”

“That being the case,” said Pilgrim, “those not on duty may retire, but the first Six Gods of Darkness, the Day Sentinel, and the Guardians should remain to protect my master. Let old Monkey go find that cursed dragon in the stream and ask him for our horse.”

The various deities obeyed. Only then did Tripitaka feel somewhat relieved as he sat on the cliff and told Pilgrim to be careful. “Just don’t worry,” said Pilgrim. Dear Monkey King! He tightened the belt around his silk shirt, hitched up his tiger-skin kilt, and went straight toward the gorge of the stream holding the golden-hooped iron rod. Standing halfway between cloud and fog, he cried loudly on top of the water, “Lawless lizard! Return my horse! Return my horse!” We now tell you about the dragon, who, having eaten the white horse of Tripitaka, was lying on the bottom of the stream, subduing his spirit and nourishing his nature. When he heard someone demanding the horse with abusive language, however, he could not restrain the fire leaping up in his heart and he jumped up quickly. Churning the waves, he darted out of the water, saying,

“Who dares to insult me here with his big mouth?” Pilgrim saw him and cried ferociously, “Don’t run away! Return my horse!” Wielding his rod, he aimed at the beast’s head and struck, while the dragon attacked with open jaws and dancing claws. The battle between the two of them before the stream was indeed fierce. You see

*The dragon extending sharp daws:
The monkey lifting his rod.
The whiskers of this one hung like white jade threads;
The eyes of that one shone like red-gold lamps.
The mouth beneath the whiskers of that one belched colored mists:
The iron rod in the hands of this one moved like a fierce wind.
That one was a cursed son who brought his parents grief;
This one was a monster who defied the gods on high.
Both had to suffer because of their plight.
They now want to win, so each displays his might.*

Back and forth, round and round, they fought for a long time, until the dragon grew weak and could fight no longer. He turned and darted back into the water; plunging to the bottom of the stream, he refused to come out again. The Monkey King heaped insult upon insult, but the dragon only pretended to be deaf.

Pilgrim had little choice but to return to Tripitaka, saying, “Master, that monster made his appearance as a result of my tongue-lashing.

He fought with me for a long time before taking fright and running. He’s hiding in the water now and refuses to come out again.”

“Do you know for certain that it was he who ate my horse?” asked Tripitaka. “Listen to the way you talk!” said Pilgrim. “If he hadn’t eaten it, would he be willing to face me and answer me like that?”

“The time you killed the tiger,” said Tripitaka, “you claimed that you had the ability to tame dragons and subdue tigers. Why can’t you subdue this one today?”

As the monkey had a rather low tolerance for any kind of provocation, this single taunt of Tripitaka so aroused him that he said, “Not one word more! Let me go and show him who is master!” With great leaps, our Monkey King bounded right to the edge of the stream. Using his magic of overturning seas and rivers, he transformed the clear, limpid water of the Eagle Grief Stream into the muddy currents of the Yellow River during high tide. The cursed dragon in the depth of the stream could neither sit nor lie still for a single moment. He thought to himself:

“Just as ‘Blessing never repeats itself, so misfortune never comes singly!’ It has been barely a year since I escaped execution by Heaven and came to bide my time here, but now I have to run into this wretched monster who is trying to do me harm.” Look at him! The more he thought about the matter, the more irritated he became. Unable to bear it any longer, he gritted his teeth and leaped out of the water, crying, “What kind of monster are you, and where do you come from, that you want to oppress me like this?”

“Never mind where I come from,” said Pilgrim. “Just return the horse, and I’ll spare your life.”

“I’ve swallowed your horse into my stomach,” said the dragon, “so how am I to throw it up? What are you going to do if I can’t return it to you?” Pilgrim said, “If you don’t give back the horse, just watch for this rod. Only when your life becomes a payment for my horse will there be an end to this matter!”

The two of them again waged a bitter struggle below the mountain ridge. After a few rounds, however, the little dragon just could not hold out any longer; shaking his body, he changed himself into a tiny water snake and wriggled into the marshes.

The Monkey King came rushing up with his rod and parted the grass to look for the snake, but there was not a trace of it. He was so exasperated that the spirits of the Three Worms in his body exploded and smoke began to appear from his seven apertures. He recited a spell beginning with the letter *om* and summoned the local spirit and the mountain god of that region. The two of them knelt before him, saying, “The local spirit and the mountain god have come to see you.”

“Stick out your shanks,” said Pilgrim, “and I’ll greet each of you with five strokes of my rod just to relieve my feelings.”

“Great Sage,” they pleaded, “please be more lenient and allow your humble subjects to tell you something.”

“What have you got to say?” said Pilgrim. “The Great Sage has been in captivity for a long time,” said the two deities, “and we had no knowledge of when you were released. That’s why we have not been here to receive you, and we beg you to pardon us.”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, “I won’t hit you. But let me ask you something. Where did that monstrous dragon in the Eagle Grief Stream come from, and why did he devour my master’s white horse?”

“We have never known the Great Sage to have a master,” the two deities said, “for you have always been a first-rank primordial immortal who submits neither to Heaven nor to Earth. What do you mean by your master’s horse?” Pilgrim said, “Of course you didn’t know about this. Because of my contemptuous behavior toward Heaven, I had to suffer for this five hundred years. I was converted by the kindly persuasion of Bodhisattva Guanyin, who had the true monk from the Tang court rescue me. As his disciple, I was to follow him to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. We passed through this place, and my master’s white horse was lost.”

“So, that’s how it is!” said the two deities. “There has never been anything evil about this stream, except that it is both broad and deep, and its water is so clear that you can see right to the bottom. Large fowls such as crows or eagles are hesitant to fly over it; for when they see their own reflections in the clear water, they are prone to mistake them for other birds of their own flock and throw themselves into the stream. Hence the name, the Steep Eagle Grief Stream. Some years ago, on her way to look for a scripture pilgrim, Bodhisattva Guanyin rescued a dragon and sent him here. He was told to wait for the scripture pilgrim and was forbidden to do any evil or violence. Only when he is hungry is he permitted to come up to the banks to feed on birds or antelopes. How could he be so ignorant as to offend the Great Sage!” Pilgrim said, “At first, he wanted to have a contest of strength with me and managed only a few bouts. Afterwards he would not come out even when I abused him. Only when I used the magic of overturning seas and rivers and stirred up the water did he appear again, and then he still wanted to fight. He really had no idea how heavy my rod was! When finally he couldn’t hold out any longer, he changed himself into a water snake and wriggled into the grass. I rushed up there to look for him, but there was no trace of him.”

“You may not know, Great Sage,” said the local spirit, “that there are countless holes and crevices along these banks, through which the stream is connected with its many tributaries. The dragon could have crawled into any one of these. But there’s no

need for the Great Sage to get angry trying to look for him. If you want to capture this creature, all you need do is to ask Guanshiyin to come here; then he'll certainly surrender." When Pilgrim heard this, he called the mountain god and the local spirit to go with him to see Tripitaka to give an account of what had happened. "If you need to send for the Bodhisattva," said Tripitaka, "when will you be able to return? How can this poor monk endure the cold and hunger?"

He had hardly finished speaking when the Golden-Headed Guardian called out from midair, "Great Sage, you needn't leave. Your humble subject will go fetch the Bodhisattva." Pilgrim was very pleased, shouting, "Thanks for taking all that trouble! Go quickly!"

The Guardian mounted the clouds swiftly and headed straight for South Sea; Pilgrim asked the mountain god and the local spirit to protect his master and the Day Sentinel to find some vegetarian food, while he himself went back to patrol the stream, and we shall say no more of that.

We now tell you about the Golden-Headed Guardian, who mounted the clouds and soon arrived at South Sea. Descending from the auspicious light, he went straight to the purple bamboo grove of the Potalaka Mountain, where he asked the various deities in golden armor and Mokṣa to announce his arrival. The Bodhisattva said, "What have you come for?"

"The Tang Monk lost his horse at the Eagle Grief Stream of the Serpent Coil Mountain," said the Guardian, "and the Great Sage Sun was placed in a terrible dilemma. He questioned the local deities, who claimed that a dragon sent by the Bodhisattva to that stream had eaten it. The Great Sage, therefore, sent me to request the Bodhisattva to go and subdue that cursed dragon, so that he might get back his horse."

Hearing this, the Bodhisattva said, "That creature was originally the son of Aorun of the Western Ocean. Because in his carelessness he set fire to the palace and destroyed the luminous pearls hanging there, his father accused him of subversion, and he was condemned to die by the Heavenly Tribunal. It was I who personally sought pardon from the Jade Emperor for him, so that he might serve as a means of transportation for the Tang Monk. I can't understand how he could swallow the monk's horse instead. But if that's what happened, I'll have to get over there myself."

The Bodhisattva left her lotus platform and went out of the divine cave. Mounting the auspicious luminosity with the Guardian, she crossed the South Sea. We have a testimonial poem that says:

*Buddha proclaimed the Tripitaka Supreme
Which the Goddess declared throughout Chang'an:
Those great, wondrous truths could reach Heaven and Earth;
Those wise, true words could save the spirits damned.
They caused Gold Cicada to cast again his shell.
They moved Xuanzang to mend his ways anew.
By blocking his path at Eagle Grief Stream,
A dragon-prince in horse-form returns to the Real.*

The Bodhisattva and the Guardian soon arrived at the Serpent Coil Mountain. They stopped the hallowed clouds in midair and saw Pilgrim Sun down below, shouting abuses at the bank of the stream. The Bodhisattva asked the Guardian to fetch him. Lowering his clouds, the Guardian went past Tripitaka and headed straight for the edge

of the stream, saying to Pilgrim, “The Bodhisattva has arrived.” When Pilgrim heard this, he jumped quickly into the air and yelled at her:

“You, so-called Teacher of the Seven Buddhas and the Founder of the Faith of Mercy! Why did you have to use your tricks to harm me?”

“You impudent stableman, ignorant red-buttocks!” said the Bodhisattva. “I went to considerable effort to find a scripture pilgrim, whom I carefully instructed to save your life. Instead of thanking me, you are finding fault with me!”

“You saved me all right!” said Pilgrim. “If you truly wanted to deliver me, you should have allowed me to have a little fun with no strings attached. When you met me the other day above the ocean, you could have chastened me with a few words, telling me to serve the Tang Monk with diligence, and that would have been enough. Why did you have to give him a flower cap, and have him deceive me into wearing it so that I would suffer? Now the fillet has taken root on old Monkey’s head. And you even taught him this so-called ‘Tight-Fillet Spell,’ which he recites again and again, causing endless pain in my head! You haven’t harmed me, indeed!”

The Bodhisattva laughed and said, “O, Monkey! You are neither attentive to admonition nor willing to seek the fruit of truth. If you are not restrained like this, you’ll probably mock the authority of Heaven again without regard for good or ill. If you create troubles as you did before, who will be able to control you? It’s only through this bit of adversity that you will be willing to enter our gate of Yoga.”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, “I’ll consider the matter my hard luck. But why did you take that condemned dragon and send him here so that he could become a spirit and swallow my master’s horse? It’s your fault, you know, if you allow an evildoer to perpetrate his villainies some more!”

“I went personally to plead with the Jade Emperor,” said the Bodhisattva, “to have the dragon stationed here so that he could serve as a means of transportation for the scripture pilgrim. Those mortal horses from the Land of the East, do you think that they could walk through ten thousand waters and a thousand hills? How could they possibly hope to reach the Spirit Mountain, the land of Buddha? Only a dragon-horse could make that journey!”

“But right now he’s so terribly afraid of me,” said Pilgrim, “that he refuses to come out of his hiding place. What can we do?”

The Bodhisattva said to the Guardian, “Go to the edge of the stream and say, ‘Come out, Third Prince Jade Dragon of the Dragon King Aorun. The Bodhisattva from South Sea is here.’ He’ll come out then.”

The Guardian went at once to the edge of the stream and called out twice. Churning the waters and leaping across the waves, the little dragon appeared and changed at once into the form of a man. He stepped on the clouds and rose up into the air; saluting the Bodhisattva, he said, “I thank the Bodhisattva again for saving my life. I’ve waited here a long time, but I’ve heard no news of the scripture pilgrim.” Pointing to Pilgrim, the Bodhisattva said, “Isn’t he the eldest disciple of the scripture pilgrim?” When he saw him, the little dragon said, “Bodhisattva, he’s my adversary. I was hungry yesterday and ate his horse. We fought over that, but he took advantage of his superior strength and defeated me; in fact, he so abused me that I dared not show myself again. But he has never mentioned a word about scripture seeking.”

“You didn’t bother to ask my name,” said Pilgrim. “How did you expect me to tell you anything?”

The little dragon said, “Didn’t I ask you, ‘What kind of a monster are you and where do you come from?’ But all you did was shout, ‘Never mind where I come from; just return my horse!’ Since when did you utter even half the word ‘Tang’?”

“That monkey,” said the Bodhisattva, “is always relying on his own abilities! When has he ever given any credit to other people? When you set off this time, remember that there are others who will join you. So when they ask you, by all means mention first the matter of scripture seeking; they will submit to you without causing you further trouble.” Pilgrim received this word of counsel amiably. The Bodhisattva went up to the little dragon and plucked off the shining pearls hanging around his neck. She then dipped her willow branch into the sweet dew in her vase and sprinkled it all over his body; blowing a mouthful of magic breath on him, she cried, “Change!”

The dragon at once changed into a horse with hair of exactly the same color and quality as that of the horse he had swallowed. The Bodhisattva then told him, “You must overcome with utmost diligence all the cursed barriers. When your merit is achieved, you will no longer be an ordinary dragon; you will acquire the true fruit of a golden body.”

Holding the bit in his mouth, the little dragon humbly accepted the instruction. The Bodhisattva told Wukong to lead him to Tripitaka, saying, “I’m returning across the ocean.” Pilgrim took hold of her and refused to let go, saying, “I’m not going on! I’m not going on! The road to the West is so treacherous! If I have to accompany this mortal monk, when will I ever get there? If I have to endure all these miseries, I may well lose my life.

What sort of merit do you think I’ll achieve? I’m not going! I’m not going!”

“In years past, before you reached the way of humanity,” said the Bodhisattva, “you were most eager to seek enlightenment. Now that you have been delivered from the chastisement of Heaven, how could you become slothful again? The truth of Nirvāṇa in our teaching can never be realized without faith and perseverance. If on your journey you should come across any danger that threatens your life, I give you permission to call on Heaven, and Heaven will respond; to call on Earth, and Earth will prove efficacious. In the event of extreme difficulty, I myself will come to rescue you. Come closer, and I shall endow you with one more means of power.” Plucking three leaves from her willow branch, the Bodhisattva placed them at the back of Pilgrim’s head, crying, “Change!”

They changed at once into three hairs with lifesaving power. She said to him:

“When you find yourself in a helpless and hopeless situation, you may use these according to your needs, and they will deliver you from your particular affliction.”

After Pilgrim had heard all these kind words, he thanked the Bodhisattva of Great Mercy and Compassion. With scented wind and colored mists swirling around her, the Bodhisattva returned to Potalaka.

Lowering the direction of his cloud, Pilgrim tugged at the mane of the horse and led him to Tripitaka, saying, “Master, we have a horse!”

Highly pleased by what he saw, Tripitaka said, “Disciple, how is it that the horse has grown a little fatter and stronger than before? Where did you find him?”

“Master, you are still dreaming!” said Pilgrim. “Just now the Golden-Headed Guardian managed to bring the Bodhisattva here, and she transformed the dragon of the stream into our white horse. Except for the missing harness, the color and hair are all the same, and old Monkey has pulled him here.”

“Where is the Bodhisattva?” asked Tripitaka, greatly surprised.

“Let me go and thank her.”

“By this time,” said Pilgrim, “the Bodhisattva has probably arrived at South Sea; there’s no need to bother about that.” Picking up a few pinches of earth with his fingers and scattering them like incense, Tripitaka bowed reverently toward the South. He then got up and prepared to leave again with Pilgrim.

Having dismissed the mountain god and the local spirit and given instructions to the Guardians and the Sentinels, Pilgrim asked his master to mount. Tripitaka said, “How can I ride a horse without harness? Let’s find a boat to cross this stream, and then we can decide what to do.”

“This master of mine is truly impractical!” said Pilgrim. “In the wilds of this mountain, where will you find a boat? Since the horse has lived here for a long time, he must know the water’s condition. Just ride him like a boat and we’ll cross over.”

Tripitaka had no choice but to follow his suggestion and climbed onto the barebacked horse; Pilgrim took up the luggage and they arrived at the edge of the stream. Then they saw an old fisherman punting downstream toward them in an old wooden raft. When Pilgrim caught sight of him, he waved his hands and called out:

“Old fisherman, come here! Come here! We come from the Land of the East to seek scriptures. It’s difficult for my master to cross, so please take us over.”

Hearing these words, the fisherman quickly punted the raft up to the bank. Asking his master to dismount, Pilgrim helped Tripitaka onto the raft before he embarked the horse and the luggage. That old fisher punted the raft away, and like an arrow in the wind, they crossed the steep Eagle Grief Stream swiftly and landed on the western shore. Tripitaka told Pilgrim to untie a bag and take out a few Tang pennies to give to the old fisherman. With a shove of his pole, the old fisherman pulled away, saying, “I don’t want any money.”

He drifted downstream and soon disappeared from sight. Feeling very much obliged, Tripitaka kept folding his hands to express his gratitude. “Master,” said Pilgrim, “you needn’t be so solicitous. Don’t you recognize him? He is the Water God of this stream. Since he didn’t come to pay his respects to old Monkey, he was about to get a beating. It’s enough that he is now spared from that. Would he dare take any money!”

The Master only half-believed him when he climbed onto the barebacked horse once again; following Pilgrim, he went up to the main road and set off again toward the West. It would be like this that they

*Through the vast Thusness reach the other shore,
And climb with hearts unfeigned the Spirit Mount.*

Master and disciple journeyed on, and soon the fiery sun sank westward as the sky gradually darkened. You see

*Clouds hazy and aimless,
A mountain moon dim and gloomy.*

*The sky, all frosty, builds the cold;
 Howling wind around cuts through you.
 One bird is lost midst the pale, wide sandbars,
 As twilight glows where the distant hills are low.
 A thousand trees roar in sparse woods;
 One ape cries on a barren peak.
 No traveler is seen on this long road
 When boats from afar return for the night.*

As Tripitaka, riding his horse, peered into the distance, he suddenly saw something like a hamlet beside the road. “Wukong,” he said, “there’s a house ahead of us. Let’s ask for lodging there and travel again tomorrow.” Raising his head to take a look, Pilgrim said, “Master, it’s no ordinary house.”

“Why not?” said Tripitaka. “If it were an ordinary house,” said Pilgrim, “there would be no flying fishes or reclining beasts decorating the ridge of its roof. That must be a temple or an abbey.” While they were speaking, master and disciple arrived at the gate of the building. Dismounting, Tripitaka saw on top of the gate three large characters:

Lishe Shrine. They walked inside, where they were met by an old man with some beads hanging around his neck. He came forward with hands folded, saying, “Master, please take a seat.”

Tripitaka hastily returned his salutation and then went to the main hall to bow to the holy images.

The old man called a youth to serve tea, after which Tripitaka asked him, “Why is this shrine named Lishe?”

The old man said, “This region belongs to the Hamil Kingdom of the western barbarians. There is a village behind the shrine, which was built from the piety of all its families. The ‘Li’ refers to the land owned by the whole village, and the ‘She’ is the God of the Soil.

During the days of spring sowing, summer plowing, autumn harvesting, and winter storing, each of the families would bring the three beasts, flowers, and fruits to sacrifice at the shrine, so that they might be blessed with good luck in all four seasons, a rich harvest of the five grains, and prosperity in raising the six domestic creatures.”

When Tripitaka heard these words, he nodded his head to show his approval, saying, “This is truly like the proverb:

‘Even three miles from home there are customs entirely distinct.’ The families in our region do not practice such good works.”

Then the old man asked, “Where is the honorable home of the master?”

“Your poor monk,” said Tripitaka, “happens to have been sent by the royal decree from the Great Tang Nation in the East to go to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. It was getting rather late when I passed your esteemed edifice. I therefore came to your holy shrine to ask for a night’s lodging. I’ll leave as soon as it gets light.”

The old man was delighted and kept saying, “Welcome! Welcome!”

He called the youth again to prepare a meal, which Tripitaka ate with gratitude.

As usual, Pilgrim was extremely observant. Noticing a rope for hanging laundry tied under the eaves, he walked over to it and pulled at it until it snapped in two. He then used the piece of rope to tie up the horse. “Where did you steal this horse?” asked the old man, laughing. “Old man,” said Pilgrim angrily, “watch what you are saying! We are holy monks going to worship Buddha. How could we steal horses?”

“If you didn’t steal it,” laughed the old man, “why is there no saddle or rein, so that you have to rip up my clothesline?”

“This rascal is always so impulsive,” said Tripitaka apologetically. “If you wanted to tie up the horse, why didn’t you ask the old gentleman properly for a rope? Why did you have to rip up his clothesline? Sir, please don’t be angry! Our horse, to tell you the truth, is not a stolen one. When we approached the Eagle Grief Stream yesterday from the east, I had a white horse complete with harness.

Little did we anticipate that there was a condemned dragon in the stream who had become a spirit, and who swallowed my horse in one gulp, harness and all. Fortunately, my disciple has some talents, and he was able to bring the Bodhisattva Guanyin to the stream to subdue the dragon. She told him to assume the form of my original white horse, so that he could carry me to worship Buddha in the Western Heaven. It has barely been one day since we crossed the stream and arrived at your holy shrine. We haven’t had time to look for a harness.”

“Master, you needn’t worry,” said the old man. “An old man like me loves to tease, but I had no idea your esteemed disciple was so serious about everything! When I was young, I had a little money, and I, too, loved to ride. But over the years I had my share of misfortunes: deaths in the family and fires in the household have not left me much. Thus I am reduced to being a caretaker here in the shrine, looking after the fires and incense, and dependent on the goodwill of the patrons in the village back there for a living. I still have in my possession a harness that I have always cherished, and that even in this poverty I couldn’t bear to sell. But since hearing your story, how even the Bodhisattva delivered the divine dragon and made him change into a horse to carry you, I feel that I must not withhold from giving either. I shall bring the harness tomorrow and present it to the master, who, I hope, will be pleased to accept it.” When Tripitaka heard this, he thanked him repeatedly. Before long, the youth brought in the evening meal, after which lamps were lit and the beds prepared. Everyone then retired.

Next morning, Pilgrim arose and said, “Master, that old caretaker promised last night to give us the harness. Ask him for it. Don’t spare him.”

He had hardly finished speaking when the old man came in with a saddle, together with pads, reins, and the like. Not a single item needed for riding a horse was lacking. He set them down in the corridor, saying, “Master, I am presenting you with this harness.” When Tripitaka saw it, he accepted it with delight and asked Pilgrim to try the saddle on the horse. Going forward, Pilgrim took up the accoutrements and examined them piece by piece. They were indeed some magnificent articles, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*The carved saddle shines with studs of silver stars.
The precious seat glows with bright threads of gold.
The pads are stacks of fine-spun woolen quilts.
The reins are three bands of purple cords of silk.
The bridle’s leather straps are shaped like flowers.
The flaps have gold-etched forms of dancing beasts.*

*The rings and bit are made of finest steel.
Waterproof tassels dangle on both sides.*

Secretly pleased, Pilgrim put the saddle on the back of the horse, and it seemed to have been made to measure. Tripitaka bowed to thank the old man, who hastily raised him up, saying, "It's nothing! What do you need to thank me for?"

The old man did not ask them to stay any longer; instead, he urged Tripitaka to mount. The priest came out of the gate and climbed into the saddle, while Pilgrim followed, hauling the luggage. The old man then took a whip out from his sleeve, with a handle of rattan wrapped in strips of leather, and the strap knitted with cords made of tiger ligaments. He stood by the side of the road and presented it with hands uplifted, saying, "Holy Monk, I have a whip here that I may as well give you."

Tripitaka accepted it on his horse, saying, "Thanks for your donation! Thanks for your donation!"

Even as he was saying this, the old man vanished. The priest turned around to look at the Lishe Shrine, but it had become just a piece of level ground. From the sky came a voice saying, "Holy Monk, I'm sorry not to have given you a better reception! I am the local spirit of Potalaka Mountain, who was sent by the Bodhisattva to present you with the harness. You two must journey to the West with all diligence. Do not be slothful in any moment."

Tripitaka was so startled that he fell off his horse and bowed toward the sky, saying, "Your disciple is of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, and he does not recognize the holy visage of the deity. Please forgive me. I beseech you to convey my gratitude to the Bodhisattva." Look at him! All he could do was to kowtow toward the sky without bothering to count how many times! By the side of the road the Great Sage Sun reeled with laughter, the Handsome Monkey King broke up with hilarity. He came up and tugged at his master, saying, "Master, get up! He is long gone! He can't hear you, nor can he see your kowtowing. Why keep up this adoration?"

"Disciple," said the priest, "when I kowtowed like that, all you could do was to stand snickering by the side of the road, with not even a bow. Why?"

"You wouldn't know, would you?" said Pilgrim. "For playing a game of hide-and-seek like that with us, he really deserves a beating! But for the sake of the Bodhisattva, I'll spare him, and that's something already! You think he dares accept a bow from old Monkey? Old Monkey has been a hero since his youth, and he doesn't know how to bow to people! Even when I saw the Jade Emperor and Laozi, I just gave them my greeting, that's all!"

"Blasphemy!" said Tripitaka. "Stop this idle talk! Let's get going without further delay." So the priest got up and prepared to set off again toward the West.

After leaving that place, they had a peaceful journey for two months, for all they met were barbarians, Muslims, tigers, wolves, and leopards. Time went by swiftly, and it was again early spring. You could see jade green gilding the mountain forest, and green sprouts of grass appearing. The plum blossoms were all fallen and the willow-leaves gently budding. As master and disciple were admiring this scenery of spring, they saw the sun sinking westward again. Reining the horse, Tripitaka peered into the distance and saw at the fold of the hill the shadow of buildings and the dark silhouette of towers. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "look at the buildings over there.

What sort of a place is that?" Stretching his neck to look, Pilgrim said, "It has to be either a temple or a monastery. Let's move along and ask for lodging over there."

Tripitaka was glad to follow this suggestion and urged his dragon-horse forward. We do not know what took place thereafter; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTEEN

*At Guanyin Hall the monks plot for the treasure
At Black Wind Mountain a monster steals the cassock*

We were telling you about the disciple and master, who urged the horse forward and arrived at the front gate of the building. They saw that it was indeed a monastery with

*Tiers of towers and turrets,
And rows of quiet chambers.
Above the temple gate
Hung the august panoply of colored nimbus;
Before the Hall of Five Blessings
Whirled a thousand strands of bright red mists.
Two rows of pines and bamboos;
One grove of juniper and cypress;
Two rows of pines and bamboos
Revealed their fair virtue unspoiled by time;
One grove of juniper and cypress
Displayed its chaste beauty in comely hues.
They saw also the tall bell tower,
The pagoda rugged,
Monks in silent meditation
And birds on trees gently cooing.
A dustless seclusion was the real seclusion,
For the quiescence of Dao was truly quiescent.*

The poem says:

*This temple, like Jetavana, hides in a jade-green grove.
Its beauty surpasses even the Şaḍ-varṣa.
Pure land among mankind is rare indeed:
This world's famed mountains are mostly held by monks.*

The priest dismounted, and Pilgrim laid down his load. They were about to walk through the gate when a monk came out. "How does he look?" you ask.

*He wore a hat pinned to the left
And a robe most spotlessly pure.
Two brass rings hung from his ears;
A silk sash was wrapped round his waist.
His straw sandals moved sedately;
His hands carried a wooden fish.
His mouth recited constantly
The Wisdom he sought most humbly.*

When Tripitaka saw him, he stood waiting by the gate and saluted with his palms pressed together in front of him. The monk returned the greeting at once and said laughing, "I'm sorry, but I don't know you!"

He then asked, "Where do you come from? Please come in for some tea."

“Your disciple,” said Tripitaka, “has been sent by royal decree from the Land of the East to go to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Temple of Thunderclap. It was getting late when we arrived here, and we would like to ask for a night’s lodging in your fair temple.”

“Please take a seat inside,” said the monk. Only then did Tripitaka call Pilgrim to lead the horse inside. When the monk caught sight of Pilgrim’s face, he became somewhat afraid and asked, “What’s that thing leading the horse?”

“Speak softly!” said Tripitaka. “He’s easily provoked! If he hears you referring to him as a thing, he’ll get mad. He happens to be my disciple.” With a shiver, the monk bit his finger and said, “Such a hideous creature, and you made him your disciple!”

Tripitaka said, “You can’t tell by mere appearance. He may be ugly, but he is very useful.”

That monk had little choice but to accompany Tripitaka and Pilgrim as they entered the temple gate. Inside, above the main hall’s entrance, the words “Guanyin Chan Hall” were written in large letters. Highly pleased, Tripitaka said, “This disciple has repeatedly benefited from the holy grace of the Bodhisattva, though he has had no opportunity to thank her. Now that we are at this Chan hall, it is as if we are meeting the Bodhisattva personally, and it is most proper that I should offer my thanks.” When the monk heard this, he told one of the attendants to open wide the door of the hall and invited Tripitaka to worship. Pilgrim tied up the horse, dropped his luggage, and went with Tripitaka up the hall. Stretching his back and then flattening himself on the ground, Tripitaka kowtowed to the golden image as the monk went to beat the drum, and Pilgrim began to strike the bell. Prostrating himself before the seat of the deity, Tripitaka poured out his heart in prayer. When he finished, the monk stopped the drum, but Pilgrim continued to strike the bell without ceasing.

Now rapidly, now slowly, he persisted for a long time. The attendant said, “The service is over. Why are you still striking the bell?” Only then did Pilgrim throw away the hammer and say, laughing, “You wouldn’t know this! I’m just living by the proverb:

‘If you are a monk for a day, strike then the bell for a day!’”

By then, the monks young and old of the monastery and the elders of upper and lower chambers were all aroused by the unruly sound of the bell. They rushed out together crying, “Who is the maniac fooling with the bell?” Pilgrim leaped out of the hall and shouted, “Your Grandpa Sun sounded it to amuse himself!”

The moment the monks saw him, they were so frightened that they tumbled and rolled on the ground. Crawling around, they said, “Father Thunder!”

“He’s only my great-grandson!” said Pilgrim. “Get up, get up! Don’t be afraid. We are noble priests who have come from the Great Tang Nation in the east.”

The various monks then bowed courteously to him, and when they saw Tripitaka, they were even more reassured. One of the monks, who was the abbot of the monastery, said, “Let the holy fathers come to the living room in the back so that we may offer them some tea.” Untying the reins and leading the horse, they picked up the luggage and went past the main hall to the back of the monastery, where they sat down in orderly rows.

After serving tea, the abbot prepared a vegetarian meal, although it was still rather early for dinner. Tripitaka had not finished thanking him when an old monk emerged from the rear, supported by two boys. Look how he was attired:

*He wore on his head a Vairocana hat
Topped by a precious, shining cat's-eye stone;
He wore on his body a brocaded woolen frock,
Piped brilliantly in gold and kingfisher feathers.
A pair of monk shoes on which Eight Treasures were set,
And a priestly staff encased with starry gems.
His face full of wrinkles,
He looked like the Old Witch of Li Mountain;
His eyes were dim-sighted,
Though he seemed a Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean.
Wind stabbed his mouth for his teeth had fallen,
And palsy had made crooked his aged back.*

The various monks made the announcement:

“The Patriarch is here.”

Tripitaka bowed to receive him, saying, “Old Abbot, your disciple bows to you.”

The old monk returned the gesture, and they were both seated. “Just now I heard the little ones announcing,” said the old monk, “that venerable fathers from the Tang court have arrived from the east. I came out specifically to meet you.”

“Without knowing any better,” said Tripitaka, “we intruded into your esteemed temple. Please pardon us!”

“Please, please!” said the old monk. “May I ask the holy father what the distance is between here and the Land of the East?”

“Since leaving the outskirts of Chang’an,” said Tripitaka, “I traveled for some five thousand miles before passing the Mountain of Two Frontiers, where I picked up a little disciple. Moving on, we passed through the Hamil Kingdom of the western barbarians, and in two months we had traveled another five or six thousand miles. Only then did we arrive at your noble region.”

“Well, you have covered the distance of ten thousand miles,” said the old monk. “This disciple truly has spent his life in vain, for he has not even left the door of the temple. I have, as the saying goes, ‘sat in the well to look at the sky.’ A veritable piece of dead wood!”

Then Tripitaka asked, “What is the honorable age of the Old Abbot?”

“Foolishly I have reached my two hundred and seventieth year,” said the old monk. When Pilgrim heard this, he said, “You are only my descendant of the tenthousandth generation!”

“Careful!” said Tripitaka, looking at him sternly. “Don’t offend people with your brashness!”

“And you, Elder,” asked the old monk, “how old are you?”

“I dare not tell,” said Pilgrim. That old monk thought it was just a foolish remark; he paid no further attention, nor did he ask again. Instead, he called for tea to be served, and a young cleric brought out a tray made of milk-white jade on which there

were three cloisonné cups with gold edges. Another youth brought out a white copper pot and poured three cups of scented tea, truly more colorful than camellia buds and more fragrant than cassia flowers. When Tripitaka saw these, he could not cease making compliments, saying, “What marvelous things! What marvelous things! A lovely drink, indeed, and lovely utensils!”

“Most disgraceful stuff!” said the old monk. “The holy father resides in the heavenly court of a great nation, and he has witnessed all kinds of rare treasures. Things like these are not worthy of your praise. Since you have come from a noble state, do you have any precious thing you can show me?”

“It’s pathetic!” said Tripitaka. “We have no precious thing in the Land of the East; and even if we had, I could not bring it with me because of the distance.”

From the side, Pilgrim said, “Master, I saw a cassock the other day in our bag. Isn’t that a treasure? Why not take it out and show it to him?” When the other monks heard him mentioning a cassock, they all began to snicker. “What are you laughing at?” asked Pilgrim.

The abbot said, “To say that a cassock is a treasure, as you just did, is certainly laughable. If you want to talk about cassocks, priests like us would possess more than twenty or thirty such garments. Take the case of our Patriarch, who has been a monk here for some two hundred and fifty years. He has over seven hundred of them!”

He then made the suggestion:

“Why not take them out for these people to see?”

That old monk certainly thought it was his show this time! He asked the attendants to open up the storage room and the dhūtas to bring out the chests. They brought out twelve of them and set them down in the courtyard. The padlocks were unlocked; clothes racks were set up on both sides, and ropes were strung all around. One by one, the cassocks were shaken loose and hung up for Tripitaka to see. It was truly a roomful of embroidery, four walls of exquisite silk! Glancing at them one by one, Pilgrim saw that they were all pieces of fine silk intricately woven and delicately embroidered, splashed with gold. He laughed and said, “Fine! Fine! Fine! Now pack them up! Let’s take ours out for you to look at.” Pulling Pilgrim aside, Tripitaka said softly, “Disciple, don’t start a contest of wealth with other people. You and I are strangers away from home, and this may be a mistake!”

“Just a look at the cassock,” said Pilgrim, “how can that be a mistake?”

“You haven’t considered this,” said Tripitaka. “As the ancients declared, ‘The rare object of art should not be exposed to the covetous and deceitful person.’ For once he sees it, he will be tempted; and once he is tempted, he will plot and scheme. If you are timid, you may end up yielding to his every demand; otherwise, injury and loss of life may result, and that’s no small matter.”

“Relax! Relax!” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey will assume all responsibility!” Look at him! He did not permit any further discussion! Darting away, he untied the bag, and brilliant rays at once came flashing through the two layers of oil-paper in which the garment was wrapped. He discarded the paper and took out the cassock. As he shook it loose, a crimson light flooded the room and glorious air filled the courtyard. When the various monks saw it, none could suppress the admiration in his heart and the praise on his lips. It was truly a magnificent cassock! It has hanging on it

Sparkling pearls—marvelous in every way—

*And Buddha's treasures in each aspect rare.
 Up and down spreads grapevine weave on gorgeous silk;
 On every side are hems of fine brocade.
 Put it on, and goblins will then be slain.
 Step in it, and demons will flee to Hell.
 It's made by those hands of gods incarnate;
 He who's not a true monk dares not wear it.*

When the old monk saw a treasure of such quality, he was indeed moved to villainy. Walking forward, he knelt down before Tripitaka, and tears began to fall from his eyes. "This disciple truly has no luck," he said. "Old Abbot," said Tripitaka, raising him up, "what do you mean?"

"It was already getting late," he said, "when the venerable father spread this treasure out. But my eyes are dim and I can't see clearly. Isn't this my misfortune?"

"Bring out the lamps," said Tripitaka, "and you can take a better look."

The old monk said, "The treasure of the father is already dazzling; if we light the lamps, it will become much too bright for my eyes, and I'll never be able to see it properly."

"How would you like to see it?" asked Pilgrim. "If the venerable father is inclined to be gracious," replied the old monk, "please permit me to take it back to my room, where I can spend the night looking at it carefully. Tomorrow I shall return it to you before you continue your journey to the west. How would that be?" Startled, Tripitaka began to complain to Pilgrim, saying, "It's all your doing! It's all your doing!"

"What are you afraid of?" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Let me wrap it up and he can take it away. If there's any mishap, old Monkey will take care of it."

Tripitaka could not stop him; he handed the cassock over to the monk, saying, "You may look at it, but you must give it back tomorrow morning, just as it is. Don't spoil or damage it in any way!"

The old monk was very pleased. After telling the young cleric to take the cassock inside, he gave instructions for the various monks to sweep out the Chan hall in front. Two rattan beds were sent for and the bedding was prepared, so that the two travelers could rest. He gave further instructions for sending them off with breakfast in the morning, after which everyone left. Master and disciple closed up the hall and slept, and we shall say no more of that.

We shall now tell you about the old monk, who had got hold of the cassock by fraud. He took it beneath the lamps in the back room and sat in front of it, bawling. The chief priest of the monastery was so startled that he dared not retire first. The young cleric, not knowing the reason for the weeping, went to report to the other monks, saying, "The aged father has been crying, and it's now the second watch and he still hasn't stopped."

Two grand disciples, who were his favorites, went forward to ask him, "Grand master, why are you crying?"

"I'm crying over my ill luck," replied the old monk, "for I cannot look at the treasure of the Tang Monk." One of the little monks said, "The aged father is becoming a little senile! The cassock is placed right before you. All you have to do is to untie the package and look at it. Why do you have to cry?"

“But I can’t look at it for long,” said the old monk. “I’m two hundred and seventy years old, and yet I have bargained in vain for those several hundred cassocks. What must I do to acquire that one cassock of his? How can I become the Tang Monk himself?”

“The grand master is erring,” said the little monk. “The Tang Monk is a mendicant who had to leave his home and country. You are enjoying the benefits of old age here, and that should be sufficient. Why do you want to be a mendicant like him?”

The old monk said, “Though I’m relaxing at home and enjoying my declining years, I have no cassock like his to put on. If I can put it on for just one day, I’ll die with my eyes shut, for then I shall not have been a monk in vain in this World of Light.”

“What nonsense!” said another monk. “If you want to put it on, what’s so difficult about that? Tomorrow we will ask them to stay for one more day, and you can wear it the whole day; if that’s not enough, we’ll detain them for ten days so that you can wear the cassock all that time. That will be the end of the matter. Why do you have to cry like this?”

“Even if they were to be detained for a whole year,” said the old monk, “I would only be able to wear it for one year. That’s not long-lasting! The moment they want to leave, we will have to return it. How can we make it last?”

As they were speaking, one of the little monks, whose name was Great Wisdom, spoke up:

“Aged Father, if you want it to last, that’s easy too!” When the old monk heard that, he brightened up. “My son,” he said, “what profound thoughts do you have?”

Great Wisdom said, “The Tang Monk and his disciple are travelers and are subjected to a lot of stress and strain. So they are fast asleep now. I suppose a few of us who are strong could take up knives and spears, break open the Chan hall, and kill them. We could bury them in the backyard, and only those of us within the family would know about it. We could also take over the white horse and the luggage, but the cassock could be kept as an heirloom. Now isn’t this a plan made to last through posterity?” When the old monk heard this, he was filled with delight. Wiping away his tears, he said, “Good! Good! Good! This plan is absolutely marvelous!”

He asked at once for knives and spears.

There was in their midst another little monk, whose name was Big Plan, who was the younger classmate of Great Wisdom. Coming forward, he said, “That plan is no good! If you want to kill them, you must first assess the situation. It’s easy to take care of the one with the white face, but the hairy face presents more difficulty. If for some reason you are unable to slay him, you might bring disaster upon yourselves. I have a plan that does not call for knives or spears. How do you feel about this?”

“My son,” said the old monk, “what sort of plan do you have?”

“In the opinion of your little grandson,” said Big Plan, “we can call up all the resident heads, both senior and junior, in the eastern wing of this monastery, asking each person and his group to bring a bundle of dried firewood. We’ll sacrifice the three rooms of the Chan hall and set fire to them; the people inside will be barred from all exits. Even the horse will be burned with them! If the families who live in front of the temple or behind it should see the fire, we can say that they caused it by their carelessness and burned down our Chan hall. Those two monks will surely be burned to

death, but no one will know any better. After that, won't we have the cassock as our heirloom?" When the monks heard this, they were all delighted. "Better! Better! Better! This plan is even more marvelous! More marvelous!" they all said. They sent for the resident heads at once to bring firewood. Alas, this single plan will have the result of

*A venerable old monk ending his life,
And the Guanyin Chan Hall reduced to dust.*

That monastery, you see, had over seventy suites and some two hundred monks resided there. Hordes of them went to fetch firewood, which they stacked around the Chan hall until it was completely surrounded. They then made plans to light the fire, but we shall say no more of that.

We must now tell you about Tripitaka and his disciple, who had already gone to rest. That Pilgrim, however, was a spiritual monkey; though he lay down, he was only exercising his breath to preserve his spirit, with his eyes half-closed. Suddenly he heard people running around outside and the crackling of firewood in the wind. "This is a time for quietness," he said to himself, his suspicion fully aroused, "so why do I hear people walking about? Could they be thieves plotting against us?" Whirling around, he leaped up, and would have opened the door to look outside, had he not been afraid of waking his master. Look at him display his abilities! With one shake of his body he changed into a bee. Truly he had

*A sweet mouth and vicious tail;
A small waist and light body.
He cut through flowers and willow like a dart;
He sought like a meteor the scented pollen.
His light, tiny body could bear much weight.
His thin wings buzzing could ride the wind.
Descending from rafters and beams,
He crawled out to get a clear view.*

He then saw that the various monks were hauling hay and carrying firewood; surrounding the Chan hall, they were about to light the fire. "What my master said has really come true!" said Pilgrim, smiling to himself. "Because they wanted to take our lives and rob us of our cassock, they were moved to such treachery. I suppose I could use my rod to attack them, but I'm afraid they wouldn't be able to withstand it. A little beating, and they would all be dead! Then Master would blame me for acting violently again. O, let it be! I shall lead the sheep astray conveniently and meet plot with plot, so that they won't be able to live here anymore."

Dear Pilgrim! With a single somersault, he leaped straight up to the South Heaven Gate. He so startled the divine warriors Pang, Liu, Gou, and Bi that they bowed, and so alarmed Ma, Zhao, Wen, and Guan that they bent low. "Good Heavens!" they cried. "That character who disrupted Heaven is here again!"

"No need to stand on ceremony, all of you!" said Pilgrim, waving his hand. "And don't be alarmed! I came to find Virūpākṣa, the Broad-Eyed Devarāja."

Before he had finished speaking, the Devarāja arrived and greeted Pilgrim, saying, "It's been a long time! I heard some time ago that the Bodhisattva Guanyin asked the Jade Emperor for the services of the Four Sentinels, the Six Gods of Light and Darkness, and the Guardians to protect the Tang Monk as he goes in quest of scriptures in the Western Heaven. She also said that you had become his disciple. How do you have the leisure to be here today?"

“Don’t mention leisure!” said Pilgrim. “The Tang Monk met some wicked people on his journey, who are about to have him burned up. It’s an extreme emergency, and that’s why I’ve come to borrow your Fire-Repelling Cover to save him. Bring it to me quickly; I’ll return it the moment I’m finished with it.”

“You are wrong,” said the Devarāja. “If wicked people are starting a fire, you should go find water to save him. Why do you want the Fire-Repelling Cover?” Pilgrim said, “You have no idea what’s behind this. If I find water to save him, the fire won’t burn, and that will benefit our enemies instead. I want this cover so that only the Tang Monk will be protected from harm. I don’t care about the rest! Let them burn! Quickly! Quickly! A little delay, and it may be too late! You will botch up my affairs down below!”

“This monkey is still plotting with an evil mind,” said the Devarāja, laughing. “After looking out for himself, he is not worried about other people.”

“Hurry!” said Pilgrim. “Stop wagging your tongue, or you’ll upset my great enterprise!”

The Devarāja dared not refuse and gave Pilgrim the cover.

Pilgrim took it and descended through the clouds to the roof of the Chan hall, where he covered up the Tang Monk, the white horse, and the luggage. He himself then went to sit on the roof of the back room occupied by the old monk in order to guard the cassock. As he saw the people lighting the fire, he pressed his fingers together to make a magic sign and recited a spell. Facing the ground to the southwest, he took a deep breath and then blew it out. At once a strong wind arose and whipped the fire into a mighty blaze. What a fire! What a fire! You see

*Rolling black smoke;
Vaulting red flames.
With rolling black smoke
All the stars vanish from the vast sky;
With vaulting red flames
The earth’s lit up, made crimson for a thousand miles.
At the beginning,
What gleaming snakes of gold!
Soon thereafter,
What imposing bloody horses!
The Three Southern Forces display their might.
The Great God of Fire reveals his power.
When dried wood burns in such fire intense,
Why speak of Sui ren drilling fire from wood ?
When colored flames shoot out of hot-oiled doors,
They match even the opened oven of Laozi.
This is how fire rages ruthlessly,
Though no worse than such intended fraud
As not suppressing misdeeds
And abetting violence.
The wind sweeps the fire
And flames fly up for some eight thousand feet;
The fire’s helped by the wind,
So ashes burst beyond the Ninefold Heaven.*

*Ping-ping, pang-pang,
 They sound like those firecrackers at year's end.
 Po-po, la-la,
 They're like the roar of cannons in the camps.
 It burns till the Buddha's image cannot flee from the scene,
 And the Temple Guardians have no place to hide.
 It's like the Red Cliff Campaign in the night,
 Surpassing the fire at Epang Palace.*

As the saying goes, "One little spark of fire can burn ten thousand acres." In a moment, the strong wind and the raging fire made the entire Guanyin Hall glowing red. Look at all those monks! They began to bring out the chests and carry out the drawers, to grab for tables and snatch up pots. A loud wailing filled the whole courtyard. Pilgrim Sun, however, stood guard at the back while the Fire-Repelling Cover securely screened off the Chan hall at the front. The rest of the place was completely lit up; truly the sky was illuminated by brilliant red flames, and bright gold light shone through the walls.

No one knew, however, that when the fire had begun, it had caught the attention of a mountain monster. For about twenty miles due south of this Guanyin Hall there was a Black Wind Mountain, where there was also a Black Wind Cave. A monster in the cave, who happened to turn over in his sleep, noticed that his windows were lit up. He thought that dawn had broken, but when he arose and took another look, he saw instead the brilliant glow of fire burning in the north. Astonished, the monster said, "Good Heavens! There must be a fire in the Guanyin Hall. Those monks are so careless! Let me see if I can help them a little!"

Dear monster! He rose with his cloud and went at once to the place of fire and smoke, where he discovered that the halls front and back were entirely empty while the fire in the corridors on both sides was raging. With great strides he ran inside and was about to call for water when he saw that there was no fire in the back room. Someone, however, was sitting on the roof whipping up the wind. He began to perceive what was happening and ran quickly inside to look around. In the living room of the old monk, he saw on the table colorful radiance emitted by a package wrapped in a blue blanket. He untied it and discovered that it was a cassock of silk brocade, a rare Buddhist treasure. Thus it is how wealth moves the mind of man! He neither attempted to put out the fire nor called for water. Snatching up the cassock, he committed robbery by taking advantage of the confusion and at once turned his cloud back toward the mountain cave.

The fire raged on until the time of the fifth watch before burning itself out. Look at those monks: weeping and wailing, they went with empty hands and naked bodies to rummage about in the ashes, trying desperately to salvage a scrap or two of metal or valuables.

Some attempted to erect a temporary shelter along the walls, while others amid the rubble tried to build a makeshift oven so that rice could be cooked. They were all howling and complaining, but we shall say no more about that.

Now we shall tell you about Pilgrim, who, taking the Fire-Repelling Cover, sent it up to the South Heaven Gate with one somersault.

He handed it back to the Broad-Eyed Devarāja, saying, "Thanks so much for lending it to me!"

The Devarāja took it back and said, “The Great Sage is very honest. I was a little worried that if you did not return my treasure, I would have a hard time finding you. I’m glad you brought it right back.”

“Do you think that old Monkey is the sort of person who steals openly?” asked Pilgrim. “As the saying goes, ‘Return what you borrow, and again you may borrow!’” “I haven’t seen you for a long time,” said the Devarāja, “and I would like to invite you to spend some time at my palace. How about it?” Pilgrim said, “Old Monkey can’t do what he did before, ‘squatting on a rotted bench and dispensing lofty discourse.’ Now that I have to protect the Tang Monk, I haven’t a moment’s leisure. Give me a rain check!”

He took leave of the Devarāja quickly and dropped down from the clouds. As the sun arose, he arrived at the Chan hall, where with one shake of his body he changed again into a bee. When he flew inside and resumed his original form, he saw that his master was still sleeping soundly.

“Master,” cried Pilgrim, “it’s dawn. Get up.” Only then did Tripitaka awake; he turned around, saying, “Yes, indeed!” Putting on his clothes, he opened the door and went out. As he raised his head, he saw crumbling walls and seared partitions; the towers, the terraces, and the buildings had all disappeared. “Ah!” he cried, greatly shaken. “How is it that the buildings are all gone? Why are there only scorched walls?”

“You are still dreaming!” said Pilgrim. “They had a fire here last night.”

“Why didn’t I know about it?” asked Tripitaka. “It’s old Monkey who safeguarded the Chan hall,” replied Pilgrim. “When I saw that Master was sound asleep, I did not disturb you.”

“If you had the ability to safeguard the Chan hall,” said Tripitaka, “why didn’t you put out the fire in the other buildings?”

“So that you may learn the truth,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “just as you predicted it yesterday. They fell in love with our cassock and made plans to have us burned to death. If old Monkey had been less alert, we would have been reduced to bone and ashes by now!” When Tripitaka heard these words, he was alarmed and asked, “Was it they who set the fire?”

“Who else?” said Pilgrim.

“Could it be,” asked Tripitaka, “that they mistreated you, and you did this?” Pilgrim replied, “Is old Monkey the sort of wretch that would indulge in such sordid business? It really was they who set the fire. When I saw how malicious they were, I admit I did not help them put the fire out. I did, however, manage to provide them with a little wind!”

“My God! My God!” said Tripitaka. “When a fire starts, you should get water. How could you provide wind instead?”

“You must have heard,” said Pilgrim, “what the ancients said:

‘If a man has no desire to harm a tiger, a tiger has no intention of hurting a man.’ If they hadn’t played with fire, would I have played with wind?”

“Where’s the cassock?” asked Tripitaka. “Has it been burned?”

“Not at all!” replied Pilgrim. “It hasn’t been burned, for the fire didn’t reach the living quarters of the old monk where the cassock was placed.”

“I don’t care!” exclaimed Tripitaka, his resentment rising. “If there’s the slightest damage, I’m going to recite that little something and you’ll be dead!”

“Master!” cried Pilgrim with alarm, “don’t start your recitation! I’ll find the cassock and return it to you, and that’ll be the end of the matter. Let me go fetch it so that we can start on our journey.”

Tripitaka led the horse while Pilgrim took up the load of luggage. They left the Chan hall and went to the room at the rear.

We now tell you about the monks, who were still grieving when they suddenly saw master and disciple approaching with the horse and the luggage. Scared out of their wits, they all said, “The wronged souls have come to seek vengeance!”

“What wronged souls are seeking vengeance?” shouted Pilgrim. “Give back my cassock quickly!”

All the monks fell to their knees at once, saying as they kowtowed, “Holy Fathers! Just as a wrong implies an enemy, so a debt has its proper creditor! If you seek vengeance, please understand that we had nothing to do with this. It was the old monk who plotted with Big Plan against you. Don’t make us pay for your lives!”

“You damnable beasts!” cried Pilgrim angrily. “Who wants you to pay with your lives? Just give me back the cassock and we’ll be going.”

Two of the monks who were less timid said to him, “Father, you were supposed to be burned to death in the Chan hall, and yet now you come to demand the cassock. Are you indeed a man, or are you a ghost?”

“This bunch of accursed creatures!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “Where was the fire? Go to the front and look at the Chan hall. Then you can come back and talk.”

The monks got up and went to the front to look; not even half an inch of the door, the window, or the screen outside the Chan hall was scorched. One and all were awestruck and became convinced that Tripitaka was a divine monk, and Pilgrim a celestial guardian. They all went forward to kowtow to them, saying, “We have eyes but no pupils, and therefore we did not recognize True Men descending to Earth.

Your cassock is at the residence of the old Patriarch at the back.”

Tripitaka was deeply saddened by the rows of crumbling walls and damaged partitions they went past before arriving at the Patriarch’s chambers, which were indeed untouched by fire. The monks dashed in, crying, “Aged Father, the Tang Monk must be a god. He hasn’t been burned to death, though we have hurt ourselves. Let’s take the cassock quickly and give it back to him.”

But the fact of the matter is that the old monk could not find the cassock. In addition, most of the buildings in his monastery had been ruined, and he was, of course, terribly distressed. When he heard the monks calling, how could he have the courage to reply? Feeling utterly helpless and incapable of solving his dilemma, he bent forward, took several great strides, and rammed his head into the wall. How pitiful! The impact made

*The brain burst, the blood flow, and his soul disperse;
His head stained the sand as his breathing stopped.*

We have a poem as a testimony, which says:

So lamentable is this blind old monk!

*In vain he lives among men to such old age.
 He wants the cassock forever to keep,
 Not knowing how uncommon is Buddha's gift.
 If you think what endures can come with ease,
 Yours will be sure failure and certain grief.
 Big Plan, Great Wisdom, of what use are they?
 To gain by others' loss—what empty dreams!*

Shocked to tears, the monks cried, "The Patriarch has killed himself. And we can't find the cassock. What shall we do?"

"It must have been you who stole it and hid it," said Pilgrim. "Come out, all of you! Give me a complete list of your names and let me check you off the roll one by one."

The head residents of all the upper and lower chambers made a thorough accounting of all the monks, the dhūtas, the young novices, and the Daoists in two scrolls, and presented Pilgrim with some two hundred and thirty names. Asking his master to take a seat in the middle, Pilgrim went through the roll and examined the monks one by one. Every person had to loosen his clothes to be searched thoroughly, but there was no cassock. They then went to hunt through the trunks and chests that had been salvaged from the fire, but again there was not the slightest trace of the garment. In dismay, Tripitaka became more and more embittered toward Pilgrim until he began reciting the spell as he sat there. Falling at once to the ground, Pilgrim gripped his head with his hands, hardly able to bear the pain. "Stop the recitation! Stop the recitation!" he cried. "I'll find the cassock."

Terrified by what they saw, the various monks went forward and knelt down to plead with Tripitaka, who only then stopped his recitation. Pilgrim leaped straight up and whipped out his rod from his ear. He would have struck at the monks, had not Tripitaka shouted for him to halt, crying, "Monkey! Aren't you afraid of your headache? Do you still want to behave badly? Don't move, and don't hurt people! Let me question them further."

The monks kowtowed and begged Tripitaka, saying, "Father, please spare us. Truly we did not see your cassock. It was entirely the fault of that old devil! After he got your cassock last night, he started crying until very late; he didn't even bother to look at it, for all he had on his mind was how he might keep it permanently as an heirloom. That was why he made plans to have you burned to death, but after the fire started, a violent wind arose also. Every one of us was only concerned with putting out the fire and trying to save something. We have no idea where the cassock has gone."

Angrily, Pilgrim walked into the Patriarch's room, pulled out the corpse of the old man rammed to death, and stripped him naked.

The body was examined carefully, but the treasure was nowhere to be seen. Even if they had dug up three feet of the ground in that room, there would have been not a trace of it. Pilgrim thought silently for awhile and then asked, "Is there any monster around here who has become a spirit?"

"If father hadn't asked," said the abbot, "he would have never known about this. Southeast of us there is a Black Wind Mountain, in which there is a Black Wind Cave. In the cave is a Black Great King, with whom this deceased old fellow of ours used to discuss the Dao frequently. He is the only monster spirit around here."

“How far is the mountain from here?” asked Pilgrim. “Only twenty miles,” said the abbot. “The peak that you can see right now is where it is.” Pilgrim laughed and said, “Relax, Master! No need for further discussion; it must have been stolen by the black monster.”

“That place is about twenty miles away,” said Tripitaka. “How can you be so sure that it was he?”

“You didn’t see last night’s fire,” said Pilgrim, “when its light illuminated great distances, and its brightness penetrated the Threefold Heaven. Not just for twenty miles, but for two hundred miles around it could be seen. I have no doubt that he saw the brilliant glow of the fire and used that opportunity to come here secretly. When he saw that our cassock was a treasure, he grabbed it in the confusion and left. Let old Monkey go find him.”

“Who will care for me while you are gone?” asked Tripitaka. “You can relax,” said Pilgrim. “You have in secret the protection of the gods; and in the open, I shall make sure that the monks wait on you.”

He then called the monks over, saying, “A few of you can go and bury that old devil, while the others can wait on my master and watch our white horse.”

The monks at once agreed. Pilgrim said again, “Don’t give me any casual reply now, only to grow slack in your service after I’m gone. Those who wait on my master must be cheerful and pleasant; those who look after the white horse must take care that water and hay are fed in proper proportions. If there’s the slightest mistake, you can count on meeting this rod. Now watch!”

He whipped out his rod and aimed it at the seared bricked wall: with one stroke, not only did he pulverize the wall, but the impact was so great that it caused seven or eight more walls to collapse. When the various monks saw this, they were all paralyzed with fear. They knelt to kowtow with tears flowing from their eyes and said, “Father, please be assured that we shall be most diligent in caring for the holy father after you are gone. We wouldn’t dream of slacking in any way.”

Dear Pilgrim! He swiftly mounted the cloud somersault and went straight to the Black Wind Mountain to look for the cassock. Thus it was that

*Truth-seeking Gold Cicada left Chang’an.
With gifts he went westward, passing blue-green hills.
There were wolves and tigers as he walked along,
Though merchants or scholars were rarely seen.
One foolish monk’s envy abroad he met;
His refuge solely was the Great Sage’s might.
The fire grew; the wind came and wrecked the Chan hall.
A Black Bear at night stole the embroidered robe.*

We do not know whether Pilgrim found the cassock or not, or whether the outcome of his search was good or bad. Let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTEEN

*Pilgrim Sun greatly disturbs the Black Wind Mountain
Guanshiyin brings to submission the bear monster*

We now tell you that when Pilgrim Sun somersaulted into the air, he so terrified the monks, the dhūtas, the young novices, and the attendants at the Guanyin Hall that every person bowed to the sky, saying, “O, Father! So you are actually an incarnate deity who knows how to ride the fog and sail with the clouds! No wonder fire cannot harm you! That ignorant old carcass of ours—how despicable he was! He used all his intelligence only to bring disaster on his own head.”

“Please rise, all of you,” said Tripitaka.

“There’s no need for regret. Let’s hope that he’ll find the cassock, and everything will be all right. But if not, I would fear for your lives; for that disciple of mine has a bad temper, and I’m afraid that none of you will escape him.” When the monks heard this, they were all panic-stricken; they pleaded with Heaven for the cassock to be found so that their lives would be preserved, but we shall say no more about them for the moment.

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun. Having leaped up into the air, he gave one twist of his torso and arrived at once at the Black Wind Mountain. Stopping his cloud, he looked carefully and saw that it was indeed a magnificent mountain, especially in this time of spring. You see

*Many streams potently flowing,
Countless cliffs vying for beauty.
The birds call but no man is seen;
Though flowers fall, the tree’s yet scented.
The rain passes, the sky’s one moist sheet of blue;
The wind comes, the pines rock like screens of jade.
The mountain grass sprouts,
The wildflowers bloom
On hanging cliffs and high ranges.
The wisteria grows,
The handsome trees bud
On rugged peaks and flat plateaus.
You don’t even meet a recluse.
Where can you find a woodsman?
By the stream the cranes drink in pairs;
On the rocks wild apes madly play.
Augustly the branches spread their luscious green,
Basking their splendor in bright mountain mist.*

Pilgrim was enjoying the scenery when suddenly he heard voices coming from beyond a lovely grass meadow. With light, stealthy steps, he inched forward and hid himself beneath a cliff to have a peep. He saw three monsters sitting on the ground: a swarthy fellow in the middle, a Daoist to the left, and a white-robed scholar to the right. They were in the midst of an animated conversation, discussing how to establish the tripod and the oven, how to knead the cinnabar and refine the mercury, the topics of

white snow and yellow sprout, and the esoteric doctrines of heterodox Daoism. As they were speaking, the swarthy fellow said, laughing, “The day after tomorrow will be the date of my mother’s labor. Will you two gentlemen pay me a visit?”

“Every year we celebrate the Great King’s birthday,” said the white-robed scholar. “How could we think of not coming this year?”

“Last night I came upon a treasure,” said the swarthy fellow, “which may be called a brocaded robe of Buddha. It’s a most attractive thing, and I think I’m going to use it to enhance my birthday. I plan to give a large banquet, starting tomorrow, and to invite all our Daoist friends of various mountains to celebrate this garment. We shall call the party the Festival of the Buddha Robe. How about that?”

“Marvelous! Marvelous!” said the Daoist, laughing. “First I’ll come to the banquet tomorrow, and then I’ll bring you good wishes on your birthday the day after.” When Pilgrim heard them speaking about a robe of Buddha, he was certain that they were referring to his own treasure. Unable to suppress his anger, he leaped clear of his hiding place and raised high the golden-hooped rod with both hands, shouting, “You larcenous monsters! You stole my cassock. What Festival of the Buddha Robe do you think you are going to have? Give it back to me at once, and don’t try to run away!” Wielding his rod, he struck at their heads. In panic, the swarthy fellow fled by riding the wind, and the Daoist escaped by mounting the clouds. The white-robed scholar, however, was killed by one stroke of the rod, and he turned out to be the spirit of a white-spotted snake when Pilgrim pulled his body over for closer examination. He picked up the corpse again and broke it into several pieces before proceeding deep into the mountain to look for the swarthy fellow. Passing pointed peaks and rugged ridges, he found himself in front of a hanging cliff with a cave dwelling below it. You see

*Mist and smoke abundant,
Cypress and pine umbrageous.
Mist and smoke abundant, their hues surround the door;
Cypress and pine umbrageous, their green entwines the gate.
Flat, dried wood supports a bridge.
Wisterias coil round the ridge.
Birds carrying red petals reach the cloudy gorge.
And deer tread on florets to comb the rocky flats.
Before that door
The flowers bloom with the season
As the wind wafts their fragrance.
Atop the dyke-shading willows orioles sing;
O’er the bank’s sweet peaches butterflies flit.
This rustic spot, though no cause for much praise,
Still rivals the beauty of Mount Penglai.*

Pilgrim went to the door and found that the two stone doors were tightly closed. On top of the door was a stone tablet, on which was plainly written in large letters, “Black Wind Mountain, Black Wind Cave.”

He lifted his rod to beat at the door, crying, “Open the door!”

A little demon who stood guard at the door came out and asked, “Who are you, that you dare beat at our immortal cave?”

“You damnable beast!” scolded Pilgrim. “What sort of a place is this, that you dare assume the title of ‘immortal’? Is the word ‘immortal’ for you to use? Hurry inside and tell that swarthy fellow to bring out your venerable father’s cassock at once. Then I may spare the lives of the whole nest of you.”

The little demon ran swiftly inside and reported:

“Great King! You won’t have a Festival of the Buddha Robe.

There’s a monk with a hairy face and a thunder-god mouth outside demanding the cassock.”

That swarthy fellow, after being chased by Pilgrim from the grass meadow, had just managed to reach the cave. He had not even been able to sit down when he again heard this announcement, and he thought to himself:

“I wonder where this fellow came from, so arrogant that he dared show up making demands at my door!”

He asked for his armor, and, after putting it on, he walked outside holding a lance with black tassels. Pilgrim stood on one side of the gate, holding his iron rod and glaring. The monster indeed cut a formidable figure:

*A bowl-like helmet of dark burnished steel;
A black-gold cuirass that shone most bright.
A black silk robe with wide wind-bagging sleeves,
And dark green sashes with long, long tassels.
He held in his hands a black-tasseled lance.
He wore on his feet two black-leather boots.
His eyes’ golden pupils like lightning flashed.
He was thus in this mountain the Black Wind King.*

“This fellow,” said Pilgrim, smiling to himself, “looks exactly like a kiln worker or a coal miner. He must scrub charcoal here for a living! How did he get to be black all over?”

The monster called out in a loud voice, “What kind of a monk are you that you dare to be so impudent around here?” Rushing up to him with his iron rod, Pilgrim roared, “No idle conversation! Return the cassock of your venerable grandfather at once!”

“What monastery are you from, bonze?” asked the monster, “and where did you lose your cassock that you dare show up at my place and demand its return?”

“My cassock,” said Pilgrim, “was stored in the back room of the Guanyin Hall due north of here. Because of the fire there, you committed robbery by taking advantage of the confusion; after making off with the garment, you even wanted to start a Festival of the Buddha Robe to celebrate your birthday. Do you deny this? Give it back to me quickly, and I’ll spare your life. If you but mutter half a ‘no,’ I’ll overturn the Black Wind Mountain and level the Black Wind Cave.

Your whole cave of demons will be pulverized!” When the monster heard these words, he laughed scornfully and said, “You audacious creature! You yourself set the fire last night, for you were the one who summoned the wind on top of the roof. I took the cassock all right, but what are you going to do about it? Where do you come from, and what is your name? What ability do you have, that you dare mouth such reckless words?” Pilgrim said, “So you don’t recognize your venerable grandfather! He is the

disciple of the Master of the Law, Tripitaka, who happens to be the brother of the Throne in the Great Tang Nation. My surname is Sun, and my given name is Wukong Pilgrim. If I tell you my abilities, you'll be frightened out of your wits and die right on the spot!"

"I won't," said the monster. "Tell me what abilities you have."

"My son," said Pilgrim, laughing, "brace yourself! Listen carefully!

*Great since my youth was my magic power;
I changed with the wind to display my might.
Long I trained my nature and practiced Truth
To flee the wheel of karma with my life.
With mind sincere I always sought the Way;
Seedlings of herbs I plucked on Mount Lingtai.
There was in that mountain an old immortal.
His age: one hundred and eight thousand years!
He became my master most solemnly
And showed me the way to longevity,
Saying that in my body were physic and pills
Which one would work in vain to seek outside.
He gave me those high secrets of the gods;
With no foundation I would have been lost.
My inner light relumed, I sat in peace
As sun and moon mated within myself. thought of nothing—all my desires gone,
My body strengthened, my six senses cleansed.
From age back to youth was an easy boon;
To join transcendents was no distant goal.
Three years without leaks made a godlike frame,
Immune to sufferings known to mortal men.
Playing through the Ten Islets and Three Isles,
I made the rounds at Heaven's very edge.
I lived like that for some three hundred years,
Though not yet ascended to the Ninefold Heaven.
Taming sea dragons brought me treasure true:
The golden-hooped rod I did find below.
As field marshal at the Flower- Fruit Mount,
Monsters I gathered at Water-Curtain Cave.
Then the Jade Emperor gave to me the name,
Equal to Heaven—such, the rank most high.
Thrice I caused havoc in Divine Mists Hall;
Once I stole peaches from the Mother Queen.
Thus came a hundred thousand men divine
To curb me with their rows of spears and swords.
The Devarāja was beaten back to Heaven,
While Naṭa in pain led his troops and fled.
Xiansheng Master knew transformations well;
With him I waged a contest and I fell.
Laozi, Guanyin, and the Jade Emperor
All watched the battle at South Heaven Gate.*

When Laozi decided to lend his help,
 Erlang brought me to Heaven's magistrate.
 To the monster-routing pillar I was tied;
 The gods were told to have my head cut off.
 Failing to harm me with either sledge or sword,
 They would blast and burn me with thunderclaps.
 What skills indeed did this old Monkey have,
 Who was not even half a whit afraid!
 Into Laozi's brazier they sent me next,
 To have me slowly cooked by fire divine.
 The day the lid was opened I jumped out
 And ran through Heaven brandishing a rod.
 Back and forth I prowled with none to stop me,
 Making havoc through all thirty-six Heavens.
 Then Tathāgata revealed his power:
 Under Mount Five Phases he had me clamped,
 And there I squirmed for a full five hundred years
 Till by luck Tripitaka left the Tang court.
 Now I go West, having yielded to Truth,
 To see Jade Eyebrows at Great Thunderclap.
 Go and ask in the four corners of the universe:
 You'll learn I'm the famous ranking daimon of all time!"

When the monster heard these words, he laughed and said, "So you are the Ban-Horse-Plague who disturbed the Celestial Palace?" What most annoyed Pilgrim was when people called him Ban-Horse-Plague. The moment he heard that name, he lost his temper. "You monstrous rogue!" he shouted. "You would not return the cassock you stole, and yet you dare insult this holy monk. Don't run away! Watch this rod!"

The swarthy fellow jumped aside to dodge the blow; wielding his long lance, he went forward to meet his opponent.

That was some battle between the two of them:

The compliant rod,
 The black-tasseled lance.
 Two men display their power before the cave:
 Stabbing at the heart and face;
 Striking at the head and arm.
 This one proves handy with a death-dealing rod;
 That one tilts the lance for swift, triple jabs.
 The "white tiger climbing the mountain" extends his paws;
 The "yellow dragon lying on the road" turns his back.
 With colored mists flying
 And bright flashes of light,
 Two monster-gods' strength is yet to be tried.
 One's the truth-seeking, Equal-to-Heaven Sage;
 One's the Great Black King who's now a spirit.
 Why wage this battle in the mountain still?
 The cassock, for which each would aim to kill!

That monster fought with Pilgrim for more than ten rounds until about noon, but the battle was a draw. Using his lance to halt the rod for a moment, the swarthy fellow said, "Pilgrim Sun, let us put away our weapons for the time being. Let me have some lunch first, and then I'll wage a further contest with you."

"Accursed beast!" said Pilgrim. "You want to be a hero? Which hero wants to eat after fighting for merely half a day? Consider old Monkey, who was imprisoned beneath the mountain for altogether five hundred years and he hadn't even tasted a drop of water. So, what's this about being hungry? Don't give me any excuses and don't run away! Give me back my cassock, and I'll allow you to go and eat."

But that monster only managed to throw one more feeble thrust with his lance before dashing into the cave and shutting his stone doors. He dismissed his little demons and made preparations for the banquet, writing out invitation cards to the monster kings of various mountains, but we shall say no more about that.

We must tell you that Pilgrim had no success in breaking down the door and so had to return to the Guanyin Hall. The clerics of that monastery had already buried the old monk, and they were all gathered in the back room to minister to the Tang Monk, serving him lunch soon after he had finished breakfast. As they were scurrying about fetching soup and hauling water, Pilgrim was seen descending from the sky. The monks bowed courteously and received him into the back room to see Tripitaka. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "so you've returned. How is the cassock?"

"At least I found the real culprit," said Pilgrim. "It was a good thing that we did not punish these monks, for the monster of Black Wind Mountain did steal it. I went secretly looking for him, and saw him seated on a beautiful grass meadow having a conversation with a white-robed scholar and an old Daoist. He was, in a sense, making a confession without being tortured, saying something about the day after tomorrow being his birthday, when he would invite all the other griffins for the occasion. He also mentioned that he had found an embroidered Buddha robe last night, in celebration of which he was planning to throw a large banquet, calling it the Festival of the Buddha Robe. Old Monkey rushed up to them and struck out with his rod; the swarthy fellow changed into the wind and left, and the Daoist also disappeared. The white-robed scholar, however, was killed, and he turned out to be a white-spotted snake who had become a spirit. I quickly chased the swarthy fellow to his cave and demanded that he come out to fight. He had already admitted that he took the cassock, but we fought to a draw after half a day of battle. The monster returned to his cave because he wanted to eat; he closed his stone doors tightly and refused to fight anymore. I came back to see how you were and to make this report to you. Since I know the whereabouts of the cassock, I'm not worried about his unwillingness to give it back to me." When the various monks heard this, some of them folded their hands while others kowtowed, all chanting, "Namo Amitābha! Now that the whereabouts of the cassock is known, we have a claim to our lives again."

"Don't celebrate yet," said Pilgrim, "for I have not yet recovered it, nor has my master left. Wait until we have the cassock so that my master can walk peacefully out of this door before you start cheering. If there's the slightest mishap, old Monkey is no customer to be provoked, is he? Have you served some good things to my master? Have you given our horse plenty of hay?"

"We have, we have, we have!" cried the monks hastily. "Our service to the holy monk has not slackened in the least!"

“You were gone only half a day,” said Tripitaka, “and I have been served tea three times and have had two vegetarian meals. They didn’t dare slight me. You should therefore make a great effort to get back the cassock.”

“Don’t rush!” said Pilgrim. “Since I know where he is, I shall certainly capture this fellow and return the garment to you. Relax! Relax!”

As they were speaking, the abbot brought in some more vegetarian dainties to serve to the holy monk Sun. Pilgrim ate some and left at once on the hallowed cloud to search for the monster. As he was traveling, he saw a little demon approaching from the main road, who had a box made of pear tree wood wedged between his left arm and his body. Suspecting that something important was inside the box, Pilgrim raised his rod and brought it down hard on the demon’s head. Alas, the demon could not take such a blow! He was instantly reduced to a meat patty, which Pilgrim tossed to the side of the road. When he opened the box, there was indeed an invitation slip, on which was written:

Your student-servant, the Bear, most humbly addresses the Exalted Aged Dean of the Golden Pool. For the gracious gifts you have bestowed on me on several occasions I am profoundly grateful. I regret that I was unable to assist you last night when you were visited by the God of Fire, but I suppose that Your Holy Eminence has not been adversely affected in any way. Your student by chance has acquired a Buddha robe, and this occasion calls for a festive celebration. I have therefore prepared with care some fine wine for your enjoyment, with the sincere hope that Your Holy Eminence will be pleased to give us a visit. This invitation is respectfully submitted two days in advance.

When Pilgrim saw this, he roared with laughter, saying, “That old carcass! He didn’t lose anything by his death! So he belonged to a monster’s gang! Small wonder that he lived to his two hundred and seventieth year! That monster, I suppose, must have taught him some little magic like ingesting his breath, and that was how he enjoyed such longevity. I can still remember how he looked. Let me change myself into that monk and go to the cave to see where my cassock is located. If I can manage it, I’ll take it back without wasting my energy.”

Dear Great Sage! He recited a spell, faced the wind, and changed at once into an exact semblance of that old monk. Putting away his iron rod, he strode to the cave, crying, “Open the door!” When the little demon who stood at the door saw such a figure, he quickly made his report inside:

“Great King, the Elder of the Golden Pool has arrived.”

Greatly surprised, the monster said, “I just sent a little one to deliver an invitation to him, but he could not possibly have reached his destination even at this moment. How could the old monk arrive so quickly? I suppose the little one did not run into him on the way, but Pilgrim Sun must have asked him to come here for the cassock. You, steward, hide the cassock! Don’t let him see it!” Walking through the front door, Pilgrim saw in the courtyard pines and bamboos sharing their green, peaches and plums competing in their glamour; flowers were blooming everywhere, and the air was heavy with the scent of orchids. It was quite a grotto-heaven. He saw, moreover, a parallel couplet mounted on both sides of the second doorway that read:

A deep mountain retreat without worldly cares.

A divine cave secluded—what joy serene.

Pilgrim said to himself, “This fellow is also one who withdraws from dirt and dust, a fiendish creature who knows his fate.”

He walked through the door and proceeded further; when he passed through the third doorway, he saw carved beams with elaborate ornaments and large windows brightly decorated. Then the swarthy fellow appeared, wearing a casual jacket made of fine dark-green silk, topped by a crow-green cape of figured damask; he wore a head-wrap of black cloth and was shod in a pair of black suede boots.

When he saw Pilgrim entering, he tidied his clothes and went down the steps to receive him, saying, "Golden Pool, old friend, we haven't seen each other for days. Please take a seat! Please take a seat!" Pilgrim greeted him ceremoniously, after which they sat down and drank tea.

After tea, the monster bowed low and said, "I just sent you a brief note, humbly inviting you to visit me the day after tomorrow.

Why does my old friend grant me that pleasure today, already?"

"I was just coming to pay my respects," said Pilgrim, "and I did not anticipate meeting your kind messenger. When I saw that there was going to be a Festival of the Buddha Robe, I came hurriedly, hoping to see the garment."

"My old friend may be mistaken," said the monster, laughing. "This cassock originally belonged to the Tang Monk, who was staying at your place. Why would you want to look at it here, since you must surely have seen it before?"

"Your poor monk," answered Pilgrim, "did borrow it, but he did not have the opportunity last night to examine it before it was taken by the Great King. Moreover, our monastery, including all our belongings, was destroyed by fire, and the disciple of that Tang Monk was rather bellicose about the matter. In all that confusion, I couldn't find the cassock anywhere, not knowing that the Great King in his good fortune found it. That is why I came specially to see it."

As they were speaking, one of the little demons out on patrol came back to report:

"Great King, disaster! The junior officer who went to deliver the invitation was beaten to death by Pilgrim Sun and left by the wayside. Our enemy followed the clue and changed himself into the Golden Pool Elder so that he could obtain the Buddha robe by fraud." When the monster heard that, he said to himself, "I was wondering already why he came today, and in such a hurried manner too! So, it's really he!" Leaping up, he grabbed his lance and aimed it at Pilgrim. Whipping out the rod from his ear, Pilgrim assumed his original form and parried the lance. They rushed from the living room to the front courtyard, and from there they fought their way out to the front door. The monsters in the cave were frightened out of their wits; young and old in that household were horror-stricken. This fierce contest before the mountain was even unlike the last one. What a fight!

*This Monkey King boldly posed as a monk;
That swarthy chap wisely concealed the robe.
Back and forth went their clever repartee,
Adapting to each instant perfectly.
He would see the cassock but had no means:
This runic treasure's a mystery indeed!
The small imp on patrol announced mishap;
The old fiend in anger showed his power.
They fought their way out of the Black Wind Cave,*

*The rod and the lance forced a trial by might.
 The rod checked the lance, their noise resounding;
 The lance met the rod, causing sparks to fly.
 The changes of Wukong, all unknown to men;
 The monster's magic skills, so rare on earth.
 This one wanted for his birthday fete a Buddha robe.
 Would that one with no cassock go home in peace?
 The bitter fight this time seemed without end.
 Even a live Buddha descending could not break them up!*

From the entrance of the cave the two of them fought up to the peak of the mountain, and from the peak of the mountain they fought their way up to the clouds. Belching wind and fog, kicking up sand and rocks, they fought until the red sun sank toward the west, but neither of them could gain the upper hand. The monster said, "Hey, Sun! Stop for a moment! It's getting too late to fight any more. Go away! Come back tomorrow morning, and we'll decide your fate."

"Don't run away, my son," cried Pilgrim. "If you want to fight, act like a fighter! Don't give me the excuse that it's getting late." With his rod, he rained blows indiscriminately on his opponent's head and face, but the swarthy fellow changed once more into a clear breeze and went back to his cave. Tightly bolting his stone doors, he refused to come out.

Pilgrim had no alternative except to go back to the Guanyin Hall. Dropping down from the clouds, he said, "Master."

Tripitaka, who was waiting for him with bulging eyes, was delighted to see him; but when he did not see the cassock, he became frightened again.

"How is it that you still have not brought back the cassock?" he asked. Pilgrim took out from his sleeve the invitation slip and handed it over to Tripitaka, saying, "Master, the monster and that old carcass used to be friends. He sent a little demon here with this invitation for him to go to a Festival of the Buddha Robe. I killed the little demon and changed into the form of the old monk to get inside the cave. I managed to trick him into giving me a cup of tea, but when I asked for the cassock, he refused to show it to me. As we were sitting there, my identity was leaked by someone on patrol in the mountain, and we began to fight. The battle lasted until this early evening and ended in a draw. When the monster saw that it was late, he slipped back into the cave and tightly bolted up his stone door.

Old Monkey had no choice but to return here for the moment."

"How's your skill as a fighter when compared with his?" asked Tripitaka. "Not much better," said Pilgrim. "We are quite evenly matched."

Tripitaka then read the invitation slip and handed it to the abbot, saying, "Could it be that your master was also a monsterspirit?"

Falling to his knees, the abbot said, "Old Father, my master is human. Because that Great Black King attained the way of humanity through self-cultivation, he frequently came to the monastery to discuss religious texts with my master. He imparted to my master a little of the magic of nourishing one's spirit and ingesting breath; hence they address each other as friends."

"This bunch of monks here," said Pilgrim, "don't have the aura of monsters: each one has a round head pointing to the sky and a pair of feet set flat on the earth.

They are a little taller and heavier than old Monkey, but they are no monsters. Look at what's written on the slip:

'your student-servant, the Bear.' This creature must be a black bear who has become a spirit."

Tripitaka said, "I have heard from the ancients that the bear and the ape are of the same kind. They are all beasts, in other words. How can this bear become a spirit?"

"Old Monkey is also a beast," said Pilgrim, laughing, "but I became the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. Is he any different? All the creatures of this world who possess the nine apertures can become immortals through the art of self-cultivation."

"You just said that the two of you were evenly matched," said Tripitaka again. "How can you defeat him and recover my cassock?"

"Lay off! Lay off!" said Pilgrim. "I know what to do."

As they were discussing the matter, the monks brought in the evening meal for master and disciple.

Afterwards, Tripitaka asked for lamps to go to the Chan hall in front to rest. The rest of the monks reclined against the walls beneath some temporary awnings and slept, while the back rooms were given to accommodate the senior and junior abbots. It was now late.

You see

*The Silver Stream aglow;
The air perfectly pure;
The sky full of bright and twinkling stars;
The river marked by receding tide.
All sounds are hushed;
All hills emptied of birds.
The fisherman's fire dies by the brook;
The lamps grow faint on the pagoda.
Last night ācāryas sounded drums and bells.
Only weeping is heard throughout this night!*

So they spent the night in the Chan hall, but Tripitaka was thinking about the cassock. How could he possibly sleep well? As he tossed and turned, he suddenly saw the windows growing bright. He arose at once and called:

"Wukong, it's morning. Go find the cassock quickly." Pilgrim leaped up with a bound and saw that the monks were bringing in washing water. "All of you," said Pilgrim, "take care to minister to my master. Old Monkey is leaving."

Getting up from his bed, Tripitaka clutched at him, asking, "Where are you going?"

"Come to think of it," said Pilgrim, "this whole affair reveals the irresponsibility of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. She has a Chan hall here where she has enjoyed the incense and worship of all the local people, and yet she can permit a monster-spirit to be her neighbor. I'm leaving for the South Sea to find her for a little conversation. I'm going to ask her to come here and demand that the monster return the cassock to us."

"When will you be back?" asked Tripitaka. "Probably right after breakfast," answered Pilgrim. "At the latest, I should be back around noon, when everything should

be taken care of. All of you monks must take care to wait on my master. Old Monkey is leaving.”

He said he was leaving, and the next instant he was already out of sight. In a moment, he arrived at the South Sea, where he stopped his cloud to look around. He saw

*A vast expanse of ocean,
Where water and sky seemed to merge.
Auspicious light shrouded the earth;
Hallowed air brightened the world.
Endless snow-capped waves surged up to Heaven;
Layers of misty billows washed out the sun.
Water flying every where;
Waves churning all around.
Water flying every where rolled like thunderclaps;
Waves churning all around boomed like cannonade.
Speak not merely of water;
Let's look more at the center.
The treasure-filled mountain of five dazzling colors:
Red, yellow, green, deep purple, and blue.
If this be Guanyin's scenic region true,
Look further at Potalaka of South Sea.
What a splendid place!
The tall mountain peak
Cut through airy space.
In its midst were thousands of rare flowers,
A hundred kinds of divine herbs.
The wind stirred the precious trees;
The sun shone on the golden lotus.
Glazed tiles covered the Guanyin Hall;
Tortoiseshell spread before the Tidal- Sound Cave.
In the shades of green willow the parrot spoke;
Within the bamboo grove the peacock sang.
On rocks with grains like fingerprints,
The guardians fierce and solemn.
Before the cornelian foreshore,
Mokṣa strong and heroic.*

Pilgrim, who could hardly take his eyes off the marvelous scenery, lowered his cloud and went straight to the bamboo grove. The various deities were there to receive him, saying, “The Bodhisattva told us some time ago about the conversion of the Great Sage, for whom she had nothing but praise. You are supposed to be accompanying the Tang Monk at this moment. How do you have the time to come here?”

“Because I am accompanying the Tang Monk,” said Pilgrim, “I had an incident on our journey about which I must see the Bodhisattva. Please announce my arrival.”

The deities went to the mouth of the cave to make the announcement, and the Bodhisattva asked him to enter. Obeying the summons, Pilgrim went before the bejeweled lotus platform and knelt down.

“What are you doing here?” asked the Bodhisattva. “On his journey my master came across one of your Chan halls,” said Pilgrim, “where you receive the services of fire and incense from the local people. But you also permitted a Black Bear Spirit to live nearby and to steal the cassock of my master. Several times I tried to get it back but without success. I have come specifically to ask you for it.”

The Bodhisattva said, “This monkey still speaks insolently! If the Bear Spirit stole your cassock, why did you come to ask me for it? It was all because you had the presumption, you wretched ape, to show off your treasure to sinister people. Moreover, you had your share of evildoing when you called for the wind to intensify the fire, which burned down one of my way stations down below. And yet you still want to be rowdy around here?” When Pilgrim heard the Bodhisattva speaking like that, he realized that she had knowledge of past and future events. Hurriedly he bowed with humility and said, “Bodhisattva, please pardon the offense of your disciple. It was as you said. But I’m upset by the monster’s refusal to give us back our cassock, and my master is threatening to recite that spell of his at any moment. I can’t bear the headache, and that’s why I have come to cause you inconvenience. I beseech the Bodhisattva to have mercy on me and help me capture that monster, so that we may recover the garment and proceed toward the West.”

“That monster has great magical power,” said the Bodhisattva, “really just as strong as yours. All right! For the sake of the Tang Monk, I’ll go with you this time.” When Pilgrim heard this, he bowed again in gratitude and asked the Bodhisattva to leave at once.

They mounted the blessed clouds and soon arrived on the Black Wind Mountain. Dropping down from the clouds, they followed a path to look for the cave.

As they were walking, they saw a Daoist coming down the mountain slope, holding a glass tray on which there were two magic pills. Pilgrim ran right into him, whipped out his rod, and brought it down squarely on his head, with one blow causing the brains to burst and blood to shoot out from the neck. Completely stunned, the Bodhisattva said, “Monkey, you are still so reckless! He didn’t steal your cassock; he neither knew nor wronged you. Why did you kill him with one blow?”

“Bodhisattva,” said Pilgrim, “you may not recognize him, but he is a friend of the Black Bear Spirit. Yesterday he was having a conversation with a white-robed scholar on the grass meadow. Since they were invited to the cave of the Black Bear Spirit, who was going to give a Festival of the Buddha Robe to celebrate his birthday, this Daoist said that he would first go to celebrate his friend’s birthday today and then attend the festival tomorrow. That’s how I recognized him. He must have been on his way to celebrate the monster’s birthday.”

“If that’s how it is, all right,” said the Bodhisattva. Pilgrim then went to pick up the Daoist and discovered that he was a gray wolf. The tray, which had fallen to one side, had an inscription on the bottom:

“Made by Master Transcending Void.” When Pilgrim saw this, he laughed and said, “What luck! What luck! Old Monkey will benefit; the Bodhisattva will save some energy. This monster may be said to have made a confession without torture, while the other monster may be destined to perish today.”

“What are you saying, Wukong?” said the Bodhisattva. “Bodhisattva,” said Pilgrim, “I, Wukong, have a saying: plot should be met with plot. I don’t know whether you will listen to me or not.”

“Speak up!” said the Bodhisattva.

“Look, Bodhisattva!” said Pilgrim. “There are two magic pills on this little tray, and they are introductory gifts that we shall present to the monster. Beneath the tray is the five-word inscription ‘Made by Master Transcending Void,’ and this shall serve as our contact with the monster. If you will listen to me, I’ll give you a plan that will dispense with weapons and do away with combat. In a moment, the monster will meet pestilence; in the twinkling of an eye, the Buddha robe will reappear. If you do not follow my suggestion, you may go back to the West, and I, Wukong, will return to the East; the Buddha robe will be counted as lost, while Tripitaka Tang will have journeyed in vain.”

“This monkey is pretty clever with his tongue!” said the Bodhisattva, laughing. “Hardly!” said Pilgrim. “But it is a small plan!”

“What’s your plan?” asked the Bodhisattva. “Since the tray has this inscription beneath it,” said Pilgrim, “the Daoist himself must be this Master Transcending Void. If you agree with me, Bodhisattva, you can change yourself into this Daoist. I’ll take one of the pills and then change myself into another pill—a slightly bigger one, that is. Take this tray with the two magic pills and present them to the monster as his birthday gift. Let the monster swallow the bigger pill, and old Monkey will accomplish the rest. If he is unwilling to return the Buddha robe, old Monkey will make one—even if I have to weave it with his guts!”

The Bodhisattva could not think of a better plan and she had to nod her head to show her approval. “Well?” said Pilgrim, laughing.

Immediately the Bodhisattva exercised her great mercy and boundless power. With her infinite capacity for transformation, her mind moved in perfect accord with her will, and her will with her body: in one blurry instant, she changed into the form of the immortal Master Transcending Void.

*Her crane-down cloak swept by the wind,
With airy steps she'd pace the void.
Her face, aged like cypress and pine,
Shows fair, fresh features never seen.
She moves with freedom without end,
A special self-sustaining Thus!
In sum all return to one Form,
But from bodies perverse set free.*

When Pilgrim saw the transformation, he cried, “Marvelous, Marvelous! Is the monster the Bodhisattva, or is the Bodhisattva the monster?”

The Bodhisattva smiled and said, “Wukong, the Bodhisattva and the monster—they both exist in a single thought.

Considered in terms of their origin, they are all nothing.” Immediately enlightened, Pilgrim turned around and changed at once into a magic pill:

*A rolling-pan steadying pearl—
Round, bright, of no known recipe.
Fused “three time three” at Mount Goulou;
Forged “six times six,” with Shao Weng’s help.
Like glazed tiles and yellow gold flames
It shines with sun and mani’s light.*

*Its coat of mercury and lead
Has power not with ease assessed.*

The pill into which Pilgrim had changed was slightly larger than the other one. Making a mental note of it, the Bodhisattva took the glass tray and went straight to the entrance of the monster's cave. She paused to look around and saw

*Deep gorges, parlous cliffs,
Clouds rising from the peaks;
Green pines and cypresses,
And wind rustling in the woods.
Deep gorges, parlous cliffs:
A place truly made for monsters and not for man!
But green pines and cypresses
Might seem fit for pious recluse to seek the Way.
The mountain has a stream,
And the stream has water,
Its current murmurs lightly as a lute
Worthy to cleanse your ears.
The cliff has deers,
The woods have cranes,
Where softly hums the music of the spheres
To lift your spirit.
So it was the bogus immortal's luck that Bodhi came:
To vouchsafe boundless mercy was her vow.*

After looking over the place, the Bodhisattva was secretly pleased and said to herself, "If this cursed beast could occupy such a mountain, it might be that he is destined to attain the Way."

Thus she was already inclined to be merciful.

When she walked up to the cave's entrance, some of the little demons standing guard there recognized her, saying, "Immortal Transcending Void has arrived." Some went to announce her arrival, while others greeted her. Just then, the monster came bowing out the door, saying, "Transcending Void, you honor my humble abode with your divine presence!"

"This humble Daoist," said the Bodhisattva, "respectfully submits an elixir pill as a birthday gift."

After the two of them had bowed to each other, they were seated.

The incidents of the day before were mentioned, but the Bodhisattva made no reply. Instead, she took up the tray and said, "Great King, please accept the humble regard of this little Daoist." She chose the large pill and pushed it over to the monster, saying, "May the Great King live for a thousand years!"

The monster then pushed the other pill over to the Bodhisattva, saying, "I wish to share this with Master Transcending Void."

After this ceremonial presentation, the monster was about to swallow it, but the pill rolled by itself right down his throat. It changed back into its original form and began to do physical exercises! The monster fell to the ground, while the Bodhisattva revealed her true form and recovered the Buddha Robe from the monster. Pilgrim then

left the monster's body through his nose, but fearing that the monster might still be truculent, the Bodhisattva threw a fillet on his head. As he arose, the monster did indeed pick up his lance to thrust at Pilgrim. The Bodhisattva, however, rose into the air and began reciting her spell. The spell worked, and the monster felt excruciating pain on his head; throwing away the lance, he rolled wildly all over the ground. In midair, the Handsome Monkey King nearly collapsed with laughter; down below the Black Bear Monster almost rolled himself to death on the ground.

"Cursed beast," said the Bodhisattva, "will you now surrender?"

"I surrender," said the monster without any hesitation, "please spare my life!"

Fearing that too much effort would have been wasted, Pilgrim wanted to strike at once. Quickly stopping him, the Bodhisattva said, "Don't hurt him; I have some use for him." Pilgrim said, "Why not destroy a monster like him, for of what use can he be?"

"There's no one guarding the rear of my Potalaka Mountain," said the Bodhisattva, "and I want to take him back there to be a Great Mountain-Guardian God."

"Truly a salvific and merciful goddess," said Pilgrim, laughing, "who will not hurt a single sentient being. If old Monkey knew a spell like that, he'd recite it a thousand times. That would finish off as many black bears as there are around here!" So, we shall tell you about the monster, who regained consciousness after a long time. Convinced by the unbearable pain, he had no choice but to fall on his knees and beg:

"Spare my life, for I'm willing to submit to Truth!"

Dropping down from the blessed luminosity, the Bodhisattva then touched his head and gave him the commandments, telling him to wait on her, holding the lance. So it was with the Black Bear:

*Today his vaulting ambition is checked;
This time his boundless license has been curbed.*

"You may return now, Wukong," instructed the Bodhisattva, "and serve the Tang Monk attentively. Don't start any more trouble with your carelessness."

"I'm grateful that the Bodhisattva was willing to come this far to help," said Pilgrim, "and it is my duty as disciple to see you back."

"You may be excused," said the Bodhisattva. Holding the cassock, Pilgrim then kowtowed to her and left, while the Bodhisattva led the bear and returned to the great ocean. We have a testimonial poem:

*Auspicious light surrounds the golden form:
What maze of colors so worthy of praise!
She shows great mercy to succor mankind,
To reveal gold lotus as she scans the world.
She comes all because of scripture seeking;
Then she withdraws, as ever chaste and pure.
The fiend converted, she leaves for the sea;
A Buddhist regains a brocade-cassock.*

We do not know what happened afterwards; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTEEN

*At Guanyin Hall the Tang Monk leaves his ordeal
At Gao Village the Great Sage casts out the monster*

Pilgrim took leave of the Bodhisattva. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he hung the cassock on one of the fragrant cedars nearby.

He took out his rod and fought his way into the Black Wind Cave. But where could he find even a single little demon inside? The fact of the matter was that when they saw the Bodhisattva's epiphany, causing the old monster to roll all over the ground, they all scattered.

Pilgrim, however, was not to be stopped; he piled dried wood around the several doorways in the cave and started a fire in the front and in the back. The whole Black Wind Cave was reduced to a "Red Wind Cave"! Picking up the cassock, Pilgrim then mounted the auspicious luminosity and went north.

We now tell you about Tripitaka, who was impatiently waiting for Pilgrim's return and wondering whether Bodhisattva had consented to come and help, or whether Pilgrim on some pretext had left him. He was filled with such foolish thoughts and wild speculations when he saw bright, rose-colored clouds approaching in the sky. Dropping at the foot of the steps and kneeling, Pilgrim said, "Master, the cassock is here!"

Tripitaka was most delighted, and not one of the monks could hide his pleasure. "Good! Good!" they cried. "Now we've found our lives again!"

Taking the cassock, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, when you left in the morning, you promised to come back either after breakfast or sometime around noon. Why do you return so late, when the sun is already setting?" Pilgrim then gave a thorough account of how he went to ask for the Bodhisattva's help, and how she in her transformation had subdued the monster. When Tripitaka heard the account, he prepared an incense table at once and worshipped, facing south. Then he said, "Disciple, since we have the Buddha robe, let us pack up and leave."

"No need to rush like that," said Pilgrim. "It's getting late, hardly the time to travel. Let's wait until tomorrow morning before we leave."

All the monks knelt down and said, "Elder Sun is right. It is getting late, and, moreover, we have a vow to fulfill. Now that we are all saved and the treasure has been recovered, we must redeem our vow and ask the venerable elders to distribute the blessing.

Tomorrow we shall see you off to the West."

"Yes, yes, that's very good!" said Pilgrim. Look at those monks! They all emptied their pockets and presented all the valuables they had managed to salvage from the fire. Everyone made some contribution. They prepared some vegetarian offerings, burned paper money to request perpetual peace, and recited several scrolls of scriptures for the prevention of calamities and deliverance from evil.

The service lasted until late in the evening. The next morning they saddled the horse and took up the luggage, while the monks accompanied their guests for a great distance before turning back. As Pilgrim led the way forward, it was the happiest time of spring.

You see

*The horse making light tracks on grassy turfs;
Gold threads of willow swaying with fresh dew.
Peaches and apricots fill the forest gay.
Creepers grow with vigor along the way.
Pairs of sun-warmed ducks rest on sandy banks;
The brook's fragrant flowers tame the butterflies.
Thus autumn goes, winter fades, and spring's half gone;
When will merit be made and the True Writ found?*

Master and disciple traveled for some six or seven days in the wilderness. One day, when it was getting late, they saw a village in the distance. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "look! There's a village over there. How about asking for lodging for the night before we travel again tomorrow?"

"Let's wait until I have determined whether it is a good or bad place before we decide," said Pilgrim. The master pulled in the reins as Pilgrim stared intently at the village. Truly there were

*Dense rows of bamboo fences;
Thick clusters of thatched huts.
Skyscraping wild trees faced the doorways;
The winding brooklet reflected the houses.
Willows by the path unfurled their lovely green;
Fragrant were the flowers blooming in the yard.
At this time of twilight fast fading,
The birds chattered every where in the woods.
As kitchen smoke arose,
Cattle returned on every lane and path,
You saw, too, well-fed pigs and chickens sleeping by the house's edge,
And the old, sotted neighbor coming with a song.*

After surveying the area, Pilgrim said, "Master, you may proceed. It appears to be a village of good families, where it will be appropriate for us to seek shelter."

The priest urged the white horse on, and they arrived at the beginning of a lane heading into the village, where they saw a young man wearing a cotton head-wrap and a blue jacket. He had an umbrella in his hand and a bundle on his back; his trousers were rolled up, and he had on his feet a pair of straw sandals with three loops. He was striding along the street in a resolute manner when Pilgrim grabbed him, saying, "Where are you going? I have a question for you: what is this place?" Struggling to break free, the man protested, "Isn't there anyone else here in the village? Why must you pick me for your question?"

"Patron," said Pilgrim genially, "don't get upset. 'Helping others is in truth helping yourself.' What's so bad about your telling me the name of this place? Perhaps I can help you with your problems." Unable to break out of Pilgrim's grip, the man was so infuriated that he jumped about wildly. "Jinxed! I'm jinxed!" he cried. "No end to the grievances I have suffered at the hands of my family elders and I still have to run into this baldheaded fellow and suffer such indignity from him!"

"If you have the ability to pry open my hand," said Pilgrim, "I'll let you go."

The man twisted left and right without any success: it was as if he had been clamped tight with a pair of iron tongs. He became so enraged that he threw away his bundle and his umbrella; with both hands, he rained blows and scratches on Pilgrim. With one hand steadying his luggage, Pilgrim held off the man with the other, and no matter how hard the man tried, he could not scratch or even touch Pilgrim at all. The more he fought, the firmer was Pilgrim's grip, so that the man was utterly exasperated.

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "isn't someone coming over there? You can ask someone else. Why hang onto him like that? Let the man go."

"Master, you don't understand," said Pilgrim, laughing. "If I ask someone else, all the fun will be gone. I have to ask him if, as the saying goes, 'there's going to be any business'!" Seeing that it was fruitless to struggle any more, the man said finally, "This place is called the Mr. Gao Village in the territory of the Kingdom of Qoco. Most of the families here in the village are surnamed Gao, and that's why the village is so called. Now please let me go."

"You are hardly dressed for a stroll in the neighborhood," said Pilgrim, "so tell me the truth. Where are you going, and what are you doing anyway? Then I'll let you go."

The man had little alternative but to speak the truth. "I'm a member of the family of old Mr. Gao, and my name is Gao Cai. Old Mr.

Gao has a daughter, his youngest, in fact, who is twenty years old and not yet betrothed. Three years ago, however, a monster-spirit seized her and kept her as his wife. Having a monster as his son-in-law bothered old Mr. Gao terribly. He said, 'My daughter having a monster as her spouse can hardly be a lasting arrangement. First, my family's reputation is ruined, and second, I don't even have any in-laws with whom we can be friends.' All that time he wanted to have this marriage annulled, but the monster absolutely refused; he locked the daughter up instead in the rear building and would not permit her to see her family for nearly half a year. The old man, therefore, gave me several taels of silver and told me to find an exorcist to capture the monster. Since then, I have hardly rested my feet; I managed to turn up three or four persons, all worthless monks and impotent Daoists. None of them could subdue the monster. A short while ago I received a severe scolding for my incompetence, and with only half an ounce more of silver as a travel allowance, I was told to find a capable exorcist this time. I didn't expect to run into you, my unlucky star, and now my journey is delayed. That's what I meant by the grievances I had suffered in and out of the family, and that's why I was protesting just now. I didn't know you had this trick of holding people, which I couldn't overcome. Now that I have told you the truth, please let me go."

"It's really your luck," said Pilgrim, "coupled with my vocation: they fit like the numbers four and six when you throw the dice! You needn't travel far, nor need you waste your money. We are not worthless monks or impotent Daoists, for we really do have some abilities; we are most experienced, in fact, in capturing monsters. As the saying goes, 'You have now not only a caring physician, but now you have cured your eyes as well!' Please take the trouble of returning to the head of your family and tell him that we are holy monks sent by the Throne in the Land of the East to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and acquire scriptures. We are most capable of seizing monsters and binding fiends."

"Don't mislead me," said Gao Cai, "for I've had it up to here! If you are deceiving me and really don't have the ability to take the monster, you will only cause

me more grievances.” Pilgrim said, “I guarantee that you won’t be harmed in any way. Lead me to the door of your house.”

The man could not think of a better alternative; he picked up his bundle and umbrella and turned to lead master and disciple to the door of his house. “You two elders,” he said, “please rest yourselves for a moment against the hitching posts here. I’ll go in to report to my master.” Only then did Pilgrim release him. Putting down the luggage and dismounting from the horse, master and disciple stood and waited outside the door.

Gao Cai walked through the main gate and went straight to the main hall in the center, but it just so happened that he ran right into old Mr. Gao. “You thick-skinned beast!” railed Mr. Gao. “Why aren’t you out looking for an exorcist? What are you doing back here?” Putting down his bundle and umbrella, Gao Cai said, “Let me humbly inform my lord. Your servant just reached the end of the street and ran into two monks: one riding a horse and the other hauling a load. They caught hold of me and refused to let go, asking where I was going. At first I absolutely refused to tell them, but they were most insistent and I had no means of freeing myself. It was only then that I gave them a detailed account of my lord’s affairs. The one who was holding me was delighted, saying that he would arrest the monster for us.”

“Where did they come from?” asked old Mr. Gao. “He claimed to be a holy monk, the brother of the emperor,” said Gao Cai, “who was sent from the Land of the East to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and acquire scriptures.”

“If they are monks who have come from such a great distance,” said old Mr. Gao, “they may indeed have some abilities. Where are they now?”

“Waiting outside the front door,” said Gao Cai.

Old Mr. Gao quickly changed his clothes and came out with Gao Cai to extend his welcome, crying, “Your Grace!” When Tripitaka heard this, he turned quickly, and his host was already standing in front of him. That old man had on his head a dark silk wrap; he wore a robe of Sichuan silk brocade in spring-onion white with a dark green sash, and a pair of boots made of rough steer hide. Smiling affably, he addressed them, saying, “Honored Priests, please accept my bow!”

Tripitaka returned his greeting, but Pilgrim stood there unmoved. When the old man saw how hideous he looked, he did not bow to him. “Why don’t you say hello to me?” demanded Pilgrim. Somewhat alarmed, the old man said to Gao Cai:

“Young man! You have really done me in, haven’t you? There is already an ugly monster in the house that we can’t drive away. Now you have to fetch this thunder-spirit to cause me more troubles!”

“Old Gao,” said Pilgrim, “it’s in vain that you have reached such old age, for you have hardly any discernment! If you want to judge people by appearances, you are utterly wrong! I, old Monkey, may be ugly, but I have some abilities. I’ll capture the monster for your family, exorcise the fiend, apprehend that son-in-law of yours, and get your daughter back. Will that be good enough? Why all these mutterings about appearances!” When the old man heard this, he trembled with fear, but he managed to pull himself together sufficiently to say, “Please come in!”

At this invitation, Pilgrim led the white horse and asked Gao Cai to pick up their luggage so that Tripitaka could go in with them. With no regard for manners, he tethered the horse on one of the pillars and drew up a weather-beaten lacquered chair for

his master to be seated. He pulled over another chair and sat down on one side. "This little priest," said old Mr.

Gao, "really knows how to make himself at home!"

"If you are willing to keep me here for half a year," said Pilgrim, "then I'll truly feel at home!"

After they were seated, old Mr. Gao asked, "Just now my little one said that you two honored priests came from the Land of the East?"

"Yes," replied Tripitaka. "Your poor monk was commissioned by the court to go to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures for Buddha. Since we have reached your village, we would like to ask for lodging for the night. We plan to leave early tomorrow morning."

"So the two of you wanted lodging?" said old Mr. Gao. "Then why did you say you could catch monsters?"

"Since we are asking for a place to stay," said Pilgrim, "we thought we might as well catch a few monsters, just for fun! May we ask how many monsters there are in your house?"

"My God!" exclaimed old Mr. Gao, "How many monsters could we feed? There's only this one son-in-law, and we have suffered enough from him!"

"Tell me everything about the monster," said Pilgrim, "how he came to this place, what sort of power he has, and so forth. Start from the beginning and don't leave out any details. Then I can catch him for you."

"From ancient times," said old Mr. Gao, "this village of ours has never had any troubles with ghosts, goblins, or fiends; in fact, my sole misfortune consists of not having a son. I had three daughters born to me: the eldest is named Fragrant Orchid; the second one, Jade Orchid; and the third, Green Orchid. The first two since their youth had been promised to people belonging to this same village, but I had hoped that the youngest would take a husband who would stay with our family and consent to have his children bear our name. Since I have no son, he would in fact become my heir and look after me in my old age. Little did I expect that about three years ago, a fellow would turn up who was passably good-looking. He said that he came from the Fuling Mountain and that his surname was Zhu (Hog). Since he had neither parents nor brothers, he was willing to be taken in as a son-in-law, and I accepted him, thinking that someone with no other family attachment was exactly the right sort of person. When he first came into our family, he was, I must confess, fairly industrious and well-behaved. He worked hard to loosen the earth and plow the fields without even using a buffalo; and when he harvested the grains, he did the reaping without sickle or staff. He came home late in the evening and started early again in the morning, and to tell you the truth, we were quite happy with him. The only trouble was that his appearance began to change."

"In what way?" asked Pilgrim. "Well," said old Mr. Gao, "when he first came, he was a stout, swarthy fellow, but afterwards he turned into an idiot with huge ears and a long snout, with a great tuft of bristles behind his head. His body became horribly coarse and hulking. In short, his whole appearance was that of a hog! And what an enormous appetite! For a single meal, he has to have three to five bushels of rice: a little snack in the morning means over a hundred biscuits or rolls. It's a good thing he keeps a

vegetarian diet; if he liked meat and wine, the property and estate of this old man would be consumed in half a year!"

"Perhaps it's because he's a good worker," said Tripitaka, "that he has such a good appetite."

"Even that appetite is a small problem!" said old Mr. Gao. "What is most disturbing is that he likes to come riding the wind and disappears again astride the fog; he kicks up stones and dirt so frequently that my household and my neighbors have not had a moment's peace. Then he locked up my little girl, Green Orchid, in the back building, and we haven't seen her for half a year and don't know whether she's dead or alive. We are certain now that he is a monster, and that's why we want to get an exorcist to drive him away."

"There's nothing difficult about that," said Pilgrim. "Relax, old man! Tonight I'll catch him for you, and I'll demand that he sign a document of annulment and return your daughter. How's that?" Immensely pleased, old Mr. Gao said, "My taking him in was a small thing, when you consider how he has ruined my good reputation and how many relatives of ours he had alienated! Just catch him for me. Why bother about a document? Please, just get rid of him for me." Pilgrim said, "It's simple! When night falls, you'll see the result!"

The old man was delighted; he asked at once for tables to be set and a vegetarian feast to be prepared. When they had finished the meal, evening was setting in. The old man asked, "What sort of weapons and how many people do you need? We'd better prepare soon."

"I have my own weapon," replied Pilgrim. The old man said, "The only thing the two of you have is that priestly staff, hardly something you can use to battle the monster," whereupon Pilgrim took an embroidery needle out of his ear, held it in his hands, and waving it once in the wind, changed it into a golden-hooped rod with the thickness of a rice bowl. "Look at this rod," he said to old Mr.

Gao. "How does it compare with your weapons? Think it'll do for the monster?"

"Since you have a weapon," said old Mr. Gao again, "do you need some attendants?"

"No need for any attendants," said Pilgrim. "All I ask for is some decent elderly persons to keep my master company and talk with him, so that I may feel free to leave him for a while. I'll catch the monster for you and make him promise publicly to leave, so that you will be rid of him for good."

The old man at once asked his houseboy to send for several intimate friends and relatives, who soon arrived. After they were introduced, Pilgrim said, "Master, you may feel quite safe sitting here. Old Monkey is off!" Look at him! Lifting high his iron rod, he dragged old Mr. Gao along, saying, "Lead me to the back building where the monster is staying so that I may have a look."

The old man indeed took him to the door of the building in the rear. "Get a key quickly!" said Pilgrim. "Take a look yourself," said old Mr. Gao. "If I could use a key on this lock, I wouldn't need you." Pilgrim laughed and said, "Dear old man! Though you are quite old, you can't even recognize a joke! I was just teasing you a little, and you took my words literally."

He went forward and touched the lock: it was solidly welded with liquid copper. Annoyed, Pilgrim smashed open the door with one terrific blow of his rod and found it was pitch black inside. "Old Gao," said Pilgrim, "go give your daughter a call and see if she is there inside." Summoning up his courage, the old man cried, "Miss Three!" Recognizing her father's voice, the girl replied faintly, "Papa! I'm over here!"

His golden pupils ablaze, Pilgrim peered into the dark shadows. "How does she look?" you ask. You see that

*Her cloudlike hair is unkempt and unbrushed;
Her jadelike face is grimy and unwashed.
Though her nature refined is unchanged,
Her lovely image is weary and wan.
Her cherry lips seem completely bloodless,
And her body is both crooked and bent.
Knitted in sorrow
The moth-brows are pallid;
Weakened by weight loss,
The speaking voice is faint.*

She came forward, and when she saw that it was old Mr. Gao, she clutched at him and began to wail.

"Stop crying! Stop crying!" said Pilgrim. "Let me ask you: where is the monster?"

"I don't know where he has gone," said the girl.

"Nowadays he leaves in the morning and comes back only after nightfall. Surrounded by cloud and fog, he comes and goes without ever letting me know where he is. Since he has learned that father is trying to drive him away, he takes frequent precautions; that's why he comes only at night and leaves in the morning."

"No need to talk anymore," Pilgrim said. "Old Man! Take your beloved daughter to the building in front, and then you can spend all the time you want with her. Old Monkey will be here waiting for him; if the monster doesn't show up, don't blame me. But if he comes at all, I'll pull out the weeds of your troubles by the roots!" With great joy, old Mr.

Gao led his daughter to the front building. Exercising his magic might, Pilgrim shook his body and changed at once into the form of that girl, sitting all by herself to wait for the monster. In a little while, a gust of wind swept by, kicking up dust and stones. What a wind!

*At first it was a breeze gentle and light.
Thereafter it became gusty and strong.
A light, gentle breeze that could fill the world!
A strong, gusty wind that nothing else could stop!
Flowers and willow snapped like shaken hemp;
Trees and plants were felled like uprooted crops.
It stirred up streams and seas, cowing ghosts and gods.
It fractured rocks and mountains, awing Heaven and Earth.
Flower-nibbling deer lost their homeward trail.
Fruit-picking monkeys all were gone astray.
The seven-tiered pagoda crashed on Buddha's head.*

*Flags on eight sides damaged the temple's top.
 Gold beams and jade pillars were rooted up.
 Like flocks of swallow flew the roofing tiles.
 The boatman lifted his oars to make a vow,
 Eager to have his livestock sacrificed.
 The local spirit abandoned his shrine.
 Dragon kings from four seas made humble bows.
 At sea the ship of yakṣa ran aground,
 While half of Great Wall's rampart was blown down.*

When the violent gust of wind had gone by, there appeared in midair a monster who was ugly indeed. With his black face covered with short, stubby hair, his long snout and huge ears, he wore a cotton shirt that was neither quite green nor quite blue. A sort of spotted cotton handkerchief was tied round his head. Said Pilgrim, smiling to himself, "So, I have to do business with a thing like this!"

Dear Pilgrim! He neither greeted the monster, nor did he speak to him; he lay on the bed instead and pretended to be sick, moaning all the time. Unable to tell the true from the false, the monster walked into the room and, grabbing his "spouse," he at once demanded a kiss. "He really wants to sport with old Monkey!" said Pilgrim, smiling to himself. Using a holding trick, he caught the long snout of that monster and gave it a sudden, violent twist, sending him crashing to the floor with a loud thud. Picking himself up, the monster supported himself on the side of the bed and said, "Sister, how is it that you seem somewhat annoyed with me today? Because I'm late, perhaps?"

"I'm not annoyed!" said Pilgrim. "If not," said that monster, "why did you give me such a fall?"

"How can you be so boorish," said Pilgrim, "grabbing me like that and wanting to kiss me? I don't feel very well today; under normal conditions I would have been up waiting for you and would have opened the door myself. You may take off your clothes and go to sleep."

The fiend did not suspect anything and took off his clothes. Pilgrim jumped up and sat on the chamber pot, while the fiend climbed into bed. Groping around, he could not feel anyone and called out, "Sister, where have you gone? Please take off your clothes and go to sleep."

"You go to sleep first," said Pilgrim, "for I have to wait until I've dropped my load."

The fiend indeed loosened his clothes and stayed in bed. Suddenly Pilgrim gave out a sigh, saying, "My luck's pretty low!"

"What's bothering you?" said the monster. "What do you mean, your luck's pretty low? It's true that I have consumed quite a bit of food and drink since I entered your family, but I certainly did not take them as free meals. Look at the things I did for your family: sweeping the grounds and draining the ditches, hauling bricks and carrying tiles, building walls and pounding mortar, plowing the fields and raking the earth, planting seedlings of rice and wheat—in short, I took care of your entire estate. Now what you have on your body happens to be brocade, and what you wear as ornaments happens to be gold. You enjoy the flowers and fruits of four seasons, and you have fresh vegetables for the table in all eight periods. Whatever makes you so dissatisfied that you have to sigh and lament, saying your luck's pretty low?"

“It isn’t quite as you say,” said Pilgrim. “Today my parents gave me a severe scolding over the partition wall, throwing bricks and tiles into this place.”

“What were they scolding you for?” asked the monster. Pilgrim said, “They said that since we have become husband and wife, you are in fact a son-in-law in their family but one who is completely without manners. A person as ugly as you is unpresentable: you can’t meet your brothers-in-law, nor can you greet the other relatives. Since you come with the clouds and leave with the fog, we really don’t know what family you belong to and what your true name is. In fact, you have ruined our family’s reputation and defiled our legacy. That was what they rebuked me for, and that’s why I’m upset.”

“Though I am somewhat homely,” said the monster, “it’s no great problem if they insist on my being more handsome. We discussed these matters before when I came here, and I entered your family fully with your father’s consent. Why did they bring it up again today? My family is located in the Cloudy Paths Cave of Fuling Mountain; my surname is based on my appearance. Hence I am called Zhu (Hog), and my official name is Ganglie (Stiff Bristles). If they ever ask you again, tell them what I have told you.”

“This monster is quite honest,” said Pilgrim to himself, secretly pleased. “Without torture, he has already made a plain confession; with his name and location clearly known, he will certainly be caught, regardless of what may happen.” Pilgrim then said to him, “My parents are trying to get an exorcist here to arrest you.”

“Go to sleep! Go to sleep!” said the monster, laughing. “Don’t mind them at all! I know as many transformations as the number of stars in the Heavenly Ladle, and I own a nine-pronged muckrake. Why should I fear any exorcist, monk, or Daoist priest? Even if your old man were pious enough to be able to get the Monster-Routing Patriarch to come down from the Ninefold Heaven, I could still claim to have been an old acquaintance of his. And he wouldn’t dare do anything to me.”

“But they were saying that they hoped to invite someone by the name of Sun,” said Pilgrim, “the so-called Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who caused havoc in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago. They were going to ask him to come catch you.” When the monster heard this name, he became rather alarmed. “If that’s true,” he said, “I’m leaving. We can’t live as a couple anymore!”

“Why do you have to leave so suddenly?” asked Pilgrim. “You may not know,” said the monster, “that that Ban-Horse-Plague who caused such turmoil in Heaven has some real abilities. I fear that I am no match for him, and losing my reputation is not my form!” When he had finished speaking, he slipped on his clothes, opened the door, and walked right out. Pilgrim grabbed him, and with one wipe of his own face he assumed his original form, shouting:

“Monster, where do you think you’re going? Take a good look and see who I am!”

The monster turned around and saw the protruding teeth, the gaping mouth, the fiery eyes, the golden pupils, the pointed head, and the hairy face of Pilgrim—virtually a living thunder god! He was so horrified that his hands became numb and his feet grew weak. With a loud ripping sound, he tore open his shirt and broke free of Pilgrim’s clutch by changing into a violent wind. Pilgrim rushed forward and struck mightily at the wind with his iron rod; the monster at once transformed himself into myriad shafts of flaming light and fled toward his own mountain. Mounting the clouds, Pilgrim

pursued him, crying, “Where are you running to? If you ascend to Heaven, I’ll chase you to the Palace of the Polestar, and if you go down into the Earth, I’ll follow you into the heart of Hell!”

Good Heavens! We do not know where the chase took them to or what was the outcome of the fight. Let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETEEN

*At Cloudy Paths Cave, Wukong takes in Eight Rules
At Pagoda Mountain, Tripitaka receives the Heart Sūtra*

We were telling you about the flaming light of the monster, who was fleeing, while the Great Sage riding the rosy clouds followed right behind. As they were thus proceeding, they came upon a tall mountain, where the monster gathered together the fiery shafts of light and resumed his original form. Racing into a cave, he took out a nine-pronged muckrake to fight. “Lawless monster!” shouted Pilgrim. “What region are you from, fiend, and how do you know old Monkey’s names? What abilities do you have? Make a full confession quickly and your life may be spared!”

“So you don’t know my powers!” said that monster. “Come up here and brace yourself! I’ll tell you!

*My mind was dim since the time of youth;
Always I loved my indolence and sloth.
Neither nursing nature nor seeking the Real,
I passed my days deluded and confused.
I met a true immortal suddenly
Who sat and spoke to me of cold and heat.
,*

*Repent,’ he said, ‘and cease your worldly way:
From taking life accrues a boundless curse.
One day when the Great Limit ends your lot,
For eight woes and three ways you’ll grieve too late!’
I listened and turned my will to mend my ways:
I heard, repented, and sought the wondrous rune.
By fate my teacher he became at once,
Pointing out passes keyed to Heav’n and Earth.
Taught to forge the Great Pill Nine Times Reversed,
I worked without pause through day and night
To reach Mud- Pill Palace topping my skull
And Jetting- Spring Points on soles of my feet.
With kidney brine flooding the Floral Pool,
My Cinnabar Field was thus warmly nursed.
Baby and Fair Girl mated as yin and yang;
Lead and mercury mixed as sun and moon.
In concord Li-dragon and Kan-tiger used,
The spirit turtle sucked dry the gold crow’s blood.
,*

*Three flowers joined on top,’ the root reclaimed;
Five breaths faced their source’ and all freely flowed.
My merit done, I ascended on high,
Met by pairs of immortals from the sky.
Radiant pink clouds arose beneath my feet;
With light, sound frame I faced the Golden Arch.
The Jade Emperor gave a banquet for gods*

Who sat in rows according to their ranks.
 Made a marshal of the Celestial Stream,
 I took command of both sailors and ships.
 Because Queen Mother gave the Peaches Feast—
 When she met her guests at the Jasper Pool—
 My mind turned hazy for I got dead drunk,
 A shameless rowdy reeling left and right.
 Boldly I barged into Vast Cold Palace
 Where the charming fairy received me in.
 When I saw her face that would snare one's soul,
 My carnal itch of old could not be stopped!
 Without regard for manners or for rank,
 I grabbed Miss Chang'e asking her to bed.
 For three or four times she rejected me:
 Hiding east and west, she was sore annoyed.
 My passion sky-high I roared like thunder,
 Almost toppling the arch of Heaven's gate.
 Inspector General told the Emperor Jade;
 I was destined that day to meet my fate.
 The Vast Cold completely enclosed airtight
 Left me no way to run or to escape.
 Then I was caught by the various gods,
 Undaunted still, for wine was in my heart.
 Bound and taken to see the Emperor Jade,
 By law I should have been condemned to death.
 It was Venus the Gold Star, Mr. Li,
 Who left the ranks and knelt to beg for me.
 My punishment changed to two thousand blows,
 My flesh was torn; my bones did almost crack.
 Alive! I was banished from Heaven's gate
 To make my home beneath the Fuling Mount.
 An errant womb's my sinful destination:
 Stiff- Bristle Hog's my worldly appellation!"

When Pilgrim heard this, he said, "So you are actually the Water God of the Heavenly Reeds, who came to earth. Small wonder you knew old Monkey's name."

"Curses!" cried the monster. "You Heaven-defying Ban-Horse-Plague! When you caused such turmoil that year in Heaven, you had no idea how many of us had to suffer because of you. And here you are again to make life miserable for others! Don't give me any lip! Have a taste of my rake!" Pilgrim, of course, was unwilling to be tolerant; lifting high his rod, he struck at the monster's head. The two of them thus began a battle in the middle of the mountain, in the middle of the night. What a fight!

Pilgrim's gold pupils blazed like lightning;
The monster's round eyes flashed like silver blooms.
This one spat out colored fog:
That one spouted crimson mist.
The spouted crimson mist lit up the dark;
The colored fog spat out made bright the night.

*The golden-hooped rod;
 The nine-pronged muckrake.
 Two true heroes most worthy of acclaim:
 One was the Great Sage descended to earth;
 One was a Marshal who came from Heaven.
 That one, for indecorum, became a monster;
 This one, to flee his ordeal, bowed to a monk.
 The rake lunged like a dragon wielding his claws:
 The rod came like a phoenix darting through flowers.
 That one said: "Your breaking up a marriage is like patricide!"
 This one said: "You should be arrested for raping a young girl!"
 Such idle words!
 Such wild clamor!
 Back and forth the rod blocked the rake.
 They fought till dawn was about to break,
 When the monster's two arms felt sore and numb.*

From the time of the second watch, the two of them fought until it was growing light in the east. That monster could hold out no longer and fled in defeat. He changed once more into a violent gust of wind and went straight back to his cave, shutting the doors tightly and refusing to come out. Outside the cave, Pilgrim saw a large stone tablet, which had on it the inscription, "Cloudy Paths Cave."

By now, it was completely light. Realizing that the monster was not going to come out, Pilgrim thought to himself, "I fear that Master may be anxiously waiting for me. I may as well go back and see him before returning here to catch the monster." Mounting the clouds, he soon arrived at Old Gao village.

We shall now tell you about Tripitaka, who chatted about past and present with the other elders and did not sleep all night. He was just wondering why Pilgrim had not shown up, when suddenly the latter dropped down into the courtyard. Straightening out his clothes and putting away his rod, Pilgrim went up to the hall, crying, "Master! I've returned!"

The various elders hurriedly bowed low, saying, "Thank you for all the trouble you have been to!"

"Wukong, you were gone all night," said Tripitaka. "If you captured the monster, where is he now?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "that monster is no fiend of this world, nor is he a strange beast of the mountains. He is actually the incarnation of the Marshal of the Heavenly Reeds. Because he took the wrong path of rebirth, his appearance assumed the form of a wild hog: but actually his spiritual nature has not been extinguished. He said that he derived his surname from his appearance, and he went by the name of Zhu Ganglie. When I attacked him with my rod in the rear building, he tried to escape by changing into a violent gust of wind; I then struck at the wind, and he changed into shafts of flaming light and retreated to his mountain cave. There he took out a nine-pronged muckrake to do battle with old Monkey for a whole night. Just now when it grew light, he could fight no longer and fled into the cave, shutting the doors tightly and not coming out any more. I wanted to break down the door to finish him off, but I was afraid that you might be waiting here anxiously. That's why I came back first to give you some news." When he had finished speaking, old Mr. Gao came forward and knelt

down, saying, "Honored Priest, I have no alternative but to say this. Though you have chased him away, he might come back here after you leave. What should we do then? I may as well ask you to do us the favor of apprehending him, so that we shall not have any further worries. This old man, I assure you, will not be ungrateful or unkind; there will be a generous reward for you. I shall ask my relatives and friends to witness the drawing up of a document, whereby I shall divide my possessions and my property equally with you. All I want is to pluck up the trouble by the root, so that the pure virtue of our Gao family will not be tainted."

"Aren't you being rather demanding, old man?" said Pilgrim, laughing. "That monster did tell me that, although he has an enormous appetite and has consumed a good deal of food and drink from your family, he has also done a lot of good work for you. Much of what you were able to accumulate these last few years you owe to his strength, so that he really hasn't taken any free meals from you. Why ever do you want to have him driven away? According to him, he is a god who has come down to earth and who has helped your family earn a living. Moreover, he has not harmed your daughter in any way. Such a son-in-law, I should think, would be a good match for your daughter and your family. So, what's all this about ruining your family's reputation and damaging your standing in the community? Why not really accept him as he is?"

"Honored Priest," said old Mr. Gao, "though this matter may not offend public morals, it does leave us with a bad name. Like it or not, people will say, 'The Gao family has taken in a monster as a son-in-law!' How can one stand remarks of that kind?"

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "if you have worked for him all this while, you might as well see him through to a satisfactory conclusion." Pilgrim said, "I was testing him a little, just for fun. This time when I go, I'll apprehend the monster for certain and bring him back for you all to see. Don't worry, old Gao! Take good care of my master. I'm off!"

He said he was off, and the next instant he was completely out of sight. Bounding up that mountain, he arrived at the cave's entrance; a few strokes of the iron rod reduced the doors to dust. "You overstuffed coolie!" he shouted, "Come out quickly and fight with old Monkey!"

Huffing and puffing, the monster was lying in the cave and trying to catch his breath. When he heard his doors being struck down and heard himself called "an overstuffed coolie," he could not control his wrath. Dragging his rake, he pulled himself together and ran out. "A Ban-Horse-Plague like you," he yelled, "is an absolute pest! What have I done to you that you have to break my doors to pieces? Go and take a look at the law: a man who breaks someone's door and enters without permission may be guilty of trespassing, a crime punishable by death!"

"Idiot!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I may have broken down the door, but my case is still a defensible one. But you, you took a girl from her family by force—without using the proper matchmakers and witnesses, without presenting the proper gifts of money and wine. If you ask me, you are the one guilty of a capital crime!"

"Enough of this idle talk," said the monster, "and watch out for old Hog's rake!" Parrying the rake with his rod, Pilgrim said, "Isn't that rake of yours just something you use as a regular farmhand to plow the fields or plant vegetables for the Gao family? Why on earth should I fear you?"

“You have made a mistake!” said the monster. “Is this rake a thing of this world? Just listen to my recital:

*This is divine ice steel greatly refined,
 Polished so highly that it glows and shines.
 Laozi wielded the large hammer and tong;
 Mars himself added charcoals piece by piece.
 Five Kings of Five Quarters applied their schemes;
 Twelve Gods of Time expended all their skills.
 They made nine prongs like dangling teeth of jade,
 And brass rings were cast with dropping gold leaves.
 Decked with five stars and six brightnesses,
 Its frame conformed to eight spans and four climes.
 Its whole length set to match the cosmic scheme
 Accorded with yin yang, with the sun and moon:
 Six- Diagram Gods etched as Heaven ruled;
 Eight- Trigram Stars stood in ranks and files.
 They named this the High Treasure Golden Rake,
 A gift for Jade Emperor to guard his court.
 Since I learned to be a great immortal,
 Becoming someone with longevity,
 I was made Marshal of the Heavenly Reeds
 And given this rake, a sign of royal grace.
 When it's held high, there'll be bright flames and light;
 When it's brought low, strong wind blows down white snow.
 The warriors of Heaven all fear it;
 The Ten Kings of Hell all shrink from it.
 Are there such weapons among mankind?
 In this wide world there's no such fine steel.
 It changes its form after my own wish,
 Rising and falling after my command.
 I've kept it with me for several years,
 A daily comrade I never parted from.
 I've stayed with it right through the day's three meals,
 Nor left it when I went to sleep at night.
 I brought it along to the Peaches Feast,
 And with it I attended Heaven's court.
 Since I wrought evil relying on wine,
 Since trusting my strength I displayed my fraud,
 Heaven sent me down to this world of dust,
 Where in my next life I would sin some more.
 With wicked mind I ate men in my cave,
 Pleased to be married at the Gao Village.
 This rake can overturn sea dragons' and turtles' lairs
 And rake up mountain dens of tigers and wolves.
 All other weapons there's no need to name,
 Only my rake is of most fitting fame.
 To win in battle? Why, it's no hard thing!
 And making merit? It need not be said!*

*You may have a bronze head, an iron brain, and a full steel frame.
I'll rake till your soul melts and your spirit leaks!"*

When Pilgrim heard these words, he put away his iron rod and said, "Don't brag too much, Idiot! Old Monkey will stretch out his head right here, and you can give him a blow. See if his soul melts and his spirit leaks!"

The monster did indeed raise his rake high and bring it down with all his might; with a loud bang, the rake made sparks as it bounced back up. But the blow did not make so much as a scratch on Pilgrim's head. The monster was so astounded that his hands turned numb and his feet grew weak. He mumbled, "What a head! What a head!"

"You didn't know about this, did you?" said Pilgrim. "When I caused such turmoil in Heaven by stealing the magic pills, the immortal peaches, and the imperial wine, I was captured by the Little Sage Erlang and taken to the Polestar Palace. The various celestial beings chopped me with an ax, pounded me with a bludgeon, cut me with a scimitar, jabbed me with a sword, burned me with fire, and struck me with thunder—all this could not hurt me one whit. Then I was taken by Laozi and placed in his eighttrigram brazier, in which I was refined by divine fire until I had fiery eyes and diamond pupils, a bronze head and iron arms. If you don't believe me, give me some more blows and see whether it hurts me at all."

"Monkey," said the monster, "I remember that at the time you were causing trouble in Heaven, you lived in the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain, in the Aolai Country of the East Pūrvavideha Continent. Your name hasn't been heard of for a long time.

How is it that you suddenly turn up at this place to oppress me? Could my father-in-law have gone all that way to ask you to come here?"

"Your father-in-law did not go to fetch me," said Pilgrim. "It's old Monkey who turned from wrong to right, who left the Daoist to follow the Buddhist. I am now accompanying the royal brother of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East, whose name is Tripitaka, Master of the Law. He is on his way to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. We passed through the Gao Village and asked for lodging; old man Gao then brought up the subject of his daughter and asked me to rescue her and to apprehend you, you overstuffed coolie!"

Hearing this, the monster threw away his muckrake and said with great affability, "Where is the scripture pilgrim? Please take the trouble of introducing me to him."

"Why do you want to see him?" asked Pilgrim. The monster said, "I was a convert of the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who commanded me to keep a vegetarian diet here and to wait for the scripture pilgrim. I was to follow him to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from the Buddha, so that I might atone for my sins with my merit and regain the fruits of Truth. I have been waiting for a number of years without receiving any further news. Since you have been made his disciple, why didn't you mention the search for scriptures in the first place? Why did you have to unleash your violence and attack me right at my own door?"

"Don't try to soften me with deception," said Pilgrim, "thinking that you can escape that way. If you are truly sincere about accompanying the Tang Monk, you must face Heaven and swear that you are telling the truth. Then I'll take you to see my master."

At once the monster knelt down and kowtowed as rapidly as if he were pounding rice with his head. “Amitāha,” he cried, “Namo Buddha! If I am not speaking the truth in all sincerity, let me be punished as one who has offended Heaven—et me be hewn to pieces!”

Hearing him swear such an oath, Pilgrim said, “All right! You light a fire and burn up this place of yours; then I’ll take you with me.”

The monster accordingly dragged in bunches of rushweed and thorns and lighted the fire; the Cloudy Paths Cave soon looked like a derelict potter’s kiln. “I have no other attachment,” he said to Pilgrim. “You can take me away.”

“Give me your muckrake and let me hold it,” said Pilgrim, and our monster at once handed it over. Yanking out a piece of hair, Pilgrim blew onto it and cried, “Change!” It changed into a three-ply hemp rope with which he prepared to tie up the monster’s hands. Putting his arms behind his back, the monster did nothing to stop himself from being bound. Then Pilgrim took hold of his ear and dragged him along, crying, “Hurry! Hurry!”

“Gently, please!” pleaded the monster. “You are holding me so roughly, and my ear is hurting!”

“I can’t be any gentler,” said Pilgrim, “for I can’t worry about you now. As the saying goes, ‘The nicer the pig, the nastier the grip!’ After you have seen my master and proved your worth, I’ll let you go.” Rising up to a distance halfway between cloud and fog, they headed straight for the Gao Family Village. We have a poem as a testimony:

*Strong is metal’s nature to vanquish wood:
Mind Monkey has the Wood Dragon subdued.
With metal and wood both obedient as one,
All their love and virtue will grow and show.
One guest and one host there’s nothing between;
Three matings, three unions—there’s great mystery!
Nature and feelings gladly fused as Last and First:
Both will surely be enlightened in the West.*

In a moment they had arrived at the village. Grasping the rake and pulling at the monster’s ear, Pilgrim said, “Look at the one sitting in a most dignified manner up there in the main hall: that’s my master.” When old Mr. Gao and his relatives suddenly saw Pilgrim dragging by the ear a monster who had his hands bound behind his back, they all gladly left their seats to meet them in the courtyard.

The old man cried, “Honored Priest! There’s that son-in-law of mine.” Our monster went forward and fell on his knees, kowtowing to Tripitaka and saying, “Master, your disciple apologizes for not coming to meet you. If I had known earlier that my master was staying in my father-in-law’s house, I would have come at once to pay my respects, and none of these troubles would have befallen me.”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “how did you manage to get him here to see me?” Only then did Pilgrim release his hold. Using the handle of the rake to give the monster a whack, he shouted, “Idiot! Say something!”

The monster gave a full account of how the Bodhisattva had converted him.

Greatly pleased, Tripitaka said at once, “Mr. Gao, may I borrow your incense table?” Old Mr. Gao took it out immediately, and Tripitaka lighted the incense after

purifying his hands. He bowed toward the south, saying, "I thank the Bodhisattva for her holy grace!"

The other elders all joined in the worship by adding incense, after which Tripitaka resumed his seat in the main hall and asked Wukong to untie the monster. Pilgrim shook his body to retrieve his hair, and the rope fell off by itself. Once more the monster bowed to Tripitaka, declaring his intention to follow him to the West, and then bowed also to Pilgrim, addressing him as "elder brother" because he was the senior disciple.

"Since you have entered my fold and have decided to become my disciple," said Tripitaka, "let me give you a religious name so that I may address you properly."

"Master," said the monster, "the Bodhisattva already laid hands on my head and gave me the commandments and a religious name, which is Zhu Wuneng (Awake to Power)."

"Good! Good!" said Tripitaka, laughing. "Your elder brother is named Wukong and you are called Wuneng; your names are well in accord with the emphasis of our denomination."

"Master," said Wuneng, "since I received the commandments from the Bodhisattva, I was completely cut off from the five forbidden viands and the three undesirable foods. I maintained a strict vegetarian diet in my father-in-law's house, never touching any forbidden food. Now that I have met my master today, let me be released from my vegetarian vow."

"No, no!" said Tripitaka. "Since you have not eaten the five forbidden viands and the three undesirable foods, let me give you another name. Let me call you Eight Rules."

Delighted, Idiot said, "I shall obey my master."

For this reason, he was also called Zhu Eight Rules.

When old Mr. Gao saw the happy ending of this whole affair, he was more delighted than ever. He ordered his houseboys immediately to prepare a feast to thank the Tang Monk. Eight Rules went forward and tugged at him, saying, "Papa, please ask my humble wife to come out and greet the granddads and uncles. How about it?"

"Worthy brother!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Since you have embraced Buddhism and become a monk, please don't ever mention 'your humble wife' again. There may be a married Daoist in this world, but there's no such monk, is there? Let's sit down, rather, and have a nice vegetarian meal. We'll have to start off soon for the West." Old Mr. Gao set the tables in order and invited Tripitaka to take the honored seat in the middle:

Pilgrim and Eight Rules sat on both sides while the relatives took the remaining seats below. Mr. Gao opened a bottle of dietary wine and filled a glass: he sprinkled a little of the wine on the ground to thank Heaven and Earth before presenting the glass to Tripitaka. "To tell you the truth, aged sir," said Tripitaka, "this poor monk has been a vegetarian from birth. I have not touched any kind of forbidden food since childhood."

"I know the reverend teacher is chaste and pure," said old Mr. Gao, "and I did not dare bring forth any forbidden foodstuff. This wine is made for those who maintain a vegetarian diet: there's no harm in your taking a glass."

“I just don’t dare use wine,” said Tripitaka. “for the prohibition of strong drink is a monk’s first commandment.”

Alarmed, Wuneng said, “Master, though I kept a vegetarian diet, I didn’t cut out wine.”

“Though my capacity is not great,” said Wukong, “and I’m not able to handle more than a crock or so, I haven’t discontinued the use of wine either.”

“In that case,” said Tripitaka, “you two brothers may take some of this pure wine. But you are not permitted to get drunk and cause trouble.” So the two of them took the first round before taking their seats again to enjoy the feast. We cannot tell you in full what a richly laden table that was, and what varieties of delicacies were presented.

After master and disciples had been feted, old Mr. Gao took out a red lacquered tray bearing some two hundred taels of gold and silver in small pieces, which were to be presented to the three priests for travel expenses. There were, moreover, three outer garments made of fine silk. Tripitaka said, “We are mendicants who beg for food and drink from village to village. How could we accept gold, silver, and precious clothing?”

Coming forward and stretching out his hand, Pilgrim took a handful of the money, saying, “Gao Cai, yesterday you took the trouble to bring my master here, with the result that we made a disciple today. We have nothing to thank you with. Take this as remuneration for being a guide; perhaps you can use it to buy a few pairs of straw sandals. If there are any more monsters, turn them over to me and I’ll truly be grateful to you.”

Gao Cai took the money and kowtowed to thank Pilgrim for his reward. Old Mr. Gao then said, “If the masters do not want the silver and gold, please accept at least these three simple garments, which are but small tokens of our goodwill.”

“If those of us who have left the family,” said Tripitaka again, “accept the bribe of a single strand of silk, we may fall into ten thousand kalpas from which we may never recover. It is quite sufficient that we take along the leftovers from the table as provisions on our way.”

Eight Rules spoke up from the side:

“Master, Elder Brother, you may not want these things. But I was a son-in-law in this household for several years, and the payment for my services should be worth more than three stones of rice! Father, my shirt was torn by Elder Brother last night; please give me a cassock of blue silk. My shoes are worn also, so please give me a good pair of new shoes.” When old Mr. Gao heard that, he dared not refuse; a new pair of shoes and a cassock were purchased at once so that Eight Rules could dispose of the old attire.

Swaggering around, our Eight Rules spoke amiably to old Mr. Gao, saying, “Please convey my humble sentiments to my mother-in-law, my great-aunt, my second aunt, and my uncle-in-law, and all my other relatives. Today I am going away as a monk, and please do not blame me if I cannot take leave of them in person. Father, do take care of my better half. If we fail in our quest for scriptures, I’ll return to secular life and live with you again as your son-in-law.”

“Coolie!” shouted Pilgrim. “Stop babbling nonsense!”

“It’s not nonsense,” said Eight Rules. “Sometimes I fear that things may go wrong, and then I could end up unable either to be a monk or to take a wife, losing out on both counts.”

“Less of this idle conversation!” said Tripitaka. “We must hurry up and leave.”

They packed their luggage, and Eight Rules was told to carry the load with a pole. Tripitaka rode on the white horse, while Pilgrim led the way with the iron rod across his shoulders. The three of them took leave of old Mr. Gao and his relatives and headed toward the West. We have a poem as testimony:

*The earth’s mist-shrouded, the trees appear tall.
The Buddha-son of Tang court ever toils.
He eats in need rice begged from many homes;
He wears when cold a robe patched a thousandfold.
Holdfast at the breast the Horse of the Will!
The Mind- Monkey is sly—let him not wail!
Nature one with feelings, causes all joined —
The moon’s full of gold light when hair is shorn.*

The three of them proceeded toward the West, and for about a month it was an uneventful journey. When they crossed the boundary of Qoco, they looked up and saw a tall mountain. Tripitaka reined in his horse and said, “Wukong, Wuneng, there’s a tall mountain ahead.

We must approach it with care.”

“It’s nothing!” said Eight Rules. “This mountain is called the Pagoda Mountain and a Crow’s Nest Chan Master lives there, practicing austerities. Old Hog has met him before.”

“What’s his business?” said Tripitaka. “He’s fairly accomplished in the Way,” said Eight Rules, “and he once asked me to practice austerities with him. But I didn’t go, and that was the end of the matter.”

As master and disciple conversed, they soon arrived at the mountain. What a splendid mountain! You see

*South of it, blue pines, jade-green junipers;
North of it, green willows, red peach trees.
A clamorous din:
The mountain fowls are conversing.
A fluttering dance:
Immortal cranes unite in flying.
A dense fragrance:
The flowers in a thousand colors.
A manifold green:
Diverse plants in forms exotic.
In the stream green water flows bubbling;
Before the cliff float petals of hallowed cloud.
Truly a place of rare beauty, a well-secluded spot;
Silence is all, not a man to be seen.*

As the master sat on his horse, peering into the distance, he saw on top of the fragrant juniper tree a nest made of dried wood and grass. To the left, musk deer carried

flowers in their mouths; to the right, mountain monkeys were presenting fruits. At the top of the tree, blue and pink phoenixes sang together, soon to be joined by a congregation of black cranes and brightly colored pheasants. “Isn’t that the Crow’s Nest Chan Master?” asked Eight Rules, pointing. Tripitaka urged on his horse and rode up to the tree.

We now tell you about that Chan Master, who, seeing the three of them approach, left his nest and jumped down from the tree.

Tripitaka dismounted and prostrated himself. Raising him up with his hand, the Chan Master said, “Holy Monk, please arise! Pardon me for not coming to meet you.”

“Old Chan Master,” said Eight Rules, “please receive my bow!”

“Aren’t you the Zhu Ganglie of the Fuling Mountain?” asked the Chan Master, startled. “How did you have the good fortune to journey with the holy monk?”

“A few years back,” said Eight Rules, “I was beholden to the Bodhisattva Guanyin for persuading me to follow him as a disciple.”

“Good! Good! Good!” said the Chan Master, greatly pleased. Then he pointed to Pilgrim and asked, “Who is this person?”

“How is it that the old Chan recognizes him,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “and not me?”

“Because I haven’t had the pleasure of meeting you,” said the Chan Master. Tripitaka said, “He is my eldest disciple, Sun Wukong.” Smiling amiably, the Chan Master said, “How impolite of me!”

Tripitaka bowed again and asked about the distance to the Great Thunderclap Temple of the Western Heaven. “It’s very far away! Very far away!” said the Chan Master. “What’s more, the road is a difficult one, filled with tigers and leopards.” With great earnestness, Tripitaka asked again, “Just how far is it?”

“Though it may be very far,” answered the Chan Master, “you will arrive there one day. But all those *māra* hindrances along the way are hard to dispel. I have a Heart Sūtra here in this scroll; it has fifty-four sentences containing two hundred and seventy characters. When you meet these *māra* hindrances, recite the sūtra and you will not suffer any injury or harm.”

Tripitaka prostrated himself on the ground and begged to receive it, whereupon the Chan Master imparted the sūtra by reciting it orally. The sūtra said:

HEART SŪTRA OF THE GREAT PERFECTION OF WISDOM When the Bodhisattva Guanzizai was moving in the deep course of the Perfection of Wisdom, she saw that the five heaps were but emptiness, and she transcended all sufferings. Śārīputra, form is no different from emptiness, emptiness no different from form; form is emptiness, and emptiness is form. Of sensations, perceptions, volition, and consciousness, the same is also true. Śārīputra, it is thus that all dharmas are but empty appearances, neither produced nor destroyed, neither defiled nor pure, neither increasing nor decreasing. This is why in emptiness there are no forms and no sensations, perceptions, volition, or consciousness; no eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, or mind; no form, sound, smell, taste, touch, or object of mind. There is no realm of sight; [and so forth], until we reach the realm of no mind-consciousness; there is no ignorance, nor is there extinction of ignorance; [and so forth], until we reach the stage where there is no old age and death, nor is there the extinction of old age and death; there is no suffering, annihilation, or way; there is no cognition or attainment. Because there is nothing to be attained, the mind of the Bodhisattva, by virtue of reliance upon the Perfection of Wisdom, has no hindrances: no hindrances, and therefore, no terror or fear; he is far removed from error and delusion, and finally reaches Nirvāṇa. All the Buddhas of the three worlds rely on the Perfection of Wisdom, and that is why they attain the ultimate and complete enlightenment. Know, therefore, that the Perfection of Wisdom is a great divine spell, a spell of great illumination, a spell

without superior, and a spell without equal. It can do away with all sufferings—such is the unvarnished truth. Therefore, when the Spell of the Perfection of Wisdom is to be spoken, say this spell: “Gate! Gate! Pāragate! Pārasaṃgate! Bodhisvāhā!”

Now because that master of the law from the Tang court was spiritually prepared, he could remember the Heart Sūtra after hearing it only once. Through him, it has come down to us this day. It is the comprehensive classic for the cultivation of Perfection, the very gateway to becoming a Buddha.

After the transmission of the sūtra, the Chan Master trod on the cloudy luminosity and was about to return to his crow’s nest.

Tripitaka, however, held him back and earnestly questioned him again about the condition of the road to the West. The Chan Master laughed and said:

*“The way is not too hard to walk;
Try listening to what I say.
thousand hills and waters deep;
Places full of goblins and snags;
When you reach those sky-touching cliffs,
Fear not and put your mind at rest.
Crossing the Rub Ear Precipice,
You must walk with steps placed sideways.
Take care in the Black Pine Forest;
Fox-spirits will likely bar your way.
Griffins will fill the capitals;
Monsters all mountains populate;
Old tigers sit as magistrates;
Graying wolves act as registrars.
Lions, elephants—all called kings!
Leopards, tigers are coachmen all!
A wild pig totes a hauling pole;
You’ll meet ahead a water sprite.
An old stone ape of many years
Now nurses over there his spite!
Just ask that acquaintance of yours:
Well he knows the way to the West.”*

Hearing this, Pilgrim laughed with scorn and said, “Let’s go. Don’t ask him, ask me! That’s enough!”

Tripitaka did not perceive what he meant. The Chan Master, changing into a beam of golden light, went straight up to his crow’s nest, while the priest bowed toward him to express his gratitude. Enraged, Pilgrim lifted his iron rod and thrust it upward violently, but garlands of blooming lotus flowers were seen together with a thousand-layered shield of auspicious clouds. Though Pilgrim might have the strength to overturn rivers and seas, he could not catch hold of even one strand of the crow’s nest. When Tripitaka saw this, he pulled Pilgrim back, saying, “Wukong, why are you jabbing at the nest of a bodhisattva like him?”

“For leaving like that after abusing both my brother and me,” said Pilgrim. “He was speaking of the way to the Western Heaven,” said Tripitaka. “Since when did he abuse you?”

“Didn’t you get it?” asked Pilgrim. “He said, ‘A wild pig totes a hauling pole,’ and insulted Eight Rules. ‘An old stone ape of many years’ ridiculed old Monkey. How else would you explain that?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “don’t be angry. This Chan Master does know the events of past and future. Let’s see if his statement, ‘You’ll meet ahead a water sprite,’ will be fulfilled or not. Let’s spare him and leave.” Pilgrim saw the lotus flowers and auspicious fog near the nest, and he had little alternative than to ask his master to mount so that they could descend from the mountain and proceed toward the West. Lo, their journey

*Thus shows that in man’s world pure leisure is rare,
But evils and ogres are rife in the hills!*

We really do not know what took place in the journey ahead; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY

*At Yellow Wind Ridge the Tang Monk meets adversity
In mid-mountain, Eight Rules strives to be first*

*The dharma is born through the mind;
It'll be destroyed, too, through the mind.
By whom it is destroyed or born,
That you must determine yourself.
If it is through your own mind,
Why do others need to tell you?
All that you need is your hard work
To draw blood out of iron ore.
Let a silk cord puncture your nose
To tie a firm knot on the void;
Fasten that to the no-work tree,
That you'd not be vicious and wild.
Regard not the thief as your son,
And forget all dharma and mind.
Let not the Other deceive me:
With one big punch strike him out first.
The manifest mind's also no mind;
Manifest Law is law that's stopped.
When both Bull and Man disappear,
The jade-green sky is bright and clear.
Any autumn moon's just as round:
You can't tell one from the other.*

This enigmatic *gāthā* was composed by Xuanzang, master of the law, after he had thoroughly mastered the *Heart Sūtra*, which had, in fact, broken through the gate of his understanding. He recited it frequently, and the beam of spiritual light penetrated by itself to his innermost being.

We turn now to tell you about the three travelers, who dined on the wind and rested by the waters, who clothed themselves with the moon and cloaked themselves with the stars on their journey. Soon, it was the scene of summer again, beneath a torrid sky. They saw

*Flowers gone, and butterflies cared not to linger;
On tall trees the cicada chirp turned brazen.
Wild worms made their cocoons, fair pomegranates their fire,
As new lilies in the ponds appeared.*

As they were traveling one day, it was growing late again when they saw a hamlet beside the mountain road. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "look at that sun setting behind the mountain, hiding its fiery orb, and the moon rising on the eastern sea, revealing an icy wheel. It's a good thing that a family lives by the road up there. Let us ask for lodging for the night and proceed tomorrow."

"You are right!" said Eight Rules. "Old Hog is rather hungry, too! Let's go and beg for some food at the house. Then I can regain my strength to pole the luggage."

“This family-hugging devil!” said Pilgrim. “You only left the family a few days ago, and you are already beginning to complain.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “I’m not like you—I can’t imbibe the wind and exhale the mist. Since I began following our master a few days ago, I’ve been half hungry all the time. Did you know that?”

Hearing this, Tripitaka said, “Wuneng, if your heart still clings to the family, you are not the kind of person who wants to leave it. You may as well turn back!” Idiot was so taken aback that he fell on his knees and said, “Master, please do not listen to the words of Elder Brother. He loves to put blame on others:

I haven’t made any complaint, but he said that I was complaining. I’m only an honest moron, who said that I was hungry so that we could find some household to beg for food. Immediately he called me a family-hugging devil! Master, I received the commandments from the Bodhisattva and mercy from you, and that was why I was determined to serve you and go to the Western Heaven. I vow that I have no regrets. This is, in fact, what they call the practice of strict austerities. What do you mean, I’m not willing to leave the family?”

“In that case,” said Tripitaka, “you may get up.” Leaping up with a bound, Idiot was still muttering something as he picked up the pole with the luggage. He had no choice but to follow his companions with complete determination up to the door of the house by the wayside. Tripitaka dismounted, Pilgrim took the reins, and Eight Rules put down the luggage, all standing still beneath the shade of a large tree. Holding his nine-ringed priestly staff and pressing down his rain hat woven of straw and rattan, Tripitaka went to the door first. He saw inside an old man reclining on a bamboo bed and softly reciting the name of Buddha. Tripitaka dared not speak loudly; instead, he said very slowly and quietly, “Patron, salutations!”

The old man jumped up and at once began to straighten out his attire. He walked out of the door to return the greeting, saying, “Honored Priest, pardon me for not coming to meet you. Where did you come from? What are you doing at my humble abode?”

“This poor monk,” said Tripitaka, “happens to be a priest from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. In obedience to an imperial decree, I am journeying to the Great Thunderclap Temple to seek scriptures from the Buddha. It was getting late when I arrived in your esteemed region, and I would beg for shelter for one night in your fine mansion. I beseech you to grant me this favor.”

“You can’t go there,” said the old man, shaking his head and waving his hand, “it’s exceedingly difficult to bring scriptures back from the Western Heaven. If you want to do that, you might as well go the Eastern Heaven!”

Tripitaka fell silent, thinking to himself, “The Bodhisattva clearly told me to go to the West. Why does this old man now say that I should head for the East instead? Where in the East would there be any scriptures?”

Terribly flustered and embarrassed, he could not make any reply for a long time.

We now tell you about Pilgrim, who had always been impulsive and mischievous. Unable to restrain himself, he went forward and said in a loud voice, “Old man! Though you are of such great age, you don’t have much common sense. We monks have traveled a great distance to come and ask you for shelter, and here you are trying to intimidate us with discouraging words. If your house is too small and there’s

not enough space for us to sleep, we'll sit beneath the trees for the night and not disturb you."

"Master!" said the old man, taking hold of Tipitaka, "you don't say anything. But that disciple of yours with a pointed chin, shriveled cheeks, a thunder-god mouth, and blood-red eyes—he looks like a demon with a bad case of consumption—how dare he offend an aged person like me!"

"An old fellow like you," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "really has very little discernment! Those who are handsome may be good for their looks only! A person like me, old Monkey, may be small but tough, like the skin around a ball of ligaments!"

"I suppose you must have some abilities," said the old man. "I won't boast," said Pilgrim, "but they are passable."

"Where did you used to live?" asked the old man, "and why did you shave your hair to become a monk?"

"The ancestral home of old Monkey," said Pilgrim, "is at the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain, in the Aolai Country of the East Pūrvavideha Continent. I learned to be a monster-spirit in my youth, assuming the name of Wukong, and with my abilities I finally became the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. Because I did not receive any acceptable appointment in Heaven, I caused great turmoil in the Celestial Palace, and incurred great calamities for myself.

I was, however, delivered from my ordeals and have turned to Buddhism instead to seek the fruits of Truth. As a guardian of my master, who is in the service of the Tang court, I am journeying to the Western Heaven to worship Buddha. Why should I fear tall mountains, treacherous roads, wide waters, and wild waves? I, old Monkey, can apprehend monsters, subdue demons, tame tigers, capture dragons—in sum, I know a little about all the matters that a person needs to know to go up to Heaven or to descend into Earth.

If by chance your household is suffering from some such disturbances as flying bricks and dancing tiles, or talking pots and doors opening by themselves, old Monkey can quiet things down for you." When that old man heard this lengthy speech, he roared with laughter and said, "So you are really a garrulous monk who begs for alms from place to place!"

"Only your son is garrulous!" said Pilgrim. "I'm not very talkative these days, because following my master on his journey is quite tiring."

"If you were not tired," said that old man, "and if you were in the mood to chatter, you would probably talk me to death! Since you have such abilities, I suppose you can go to the West successfully. How many of you are there? You may rest in my thatched hut."

"We thank the old patron for not sending us away," said Tripitaka; "there are three of us altogether."

"Where is the third member of your party?" asked the old man. "Your eyes must be somewhat dim, old man," said Pilgrim. "Isn't he over there standing in the shade?"

The old man did indeed have poor sight; he raised his head and stared intently. The moment he saw Eight Rules with his strange face and mouth, he became so terrified that he started to rush back into the house, tripping at every step. "Shut the door! Shut

the door!” he cried. “A monster is coming!” Pilgrim caught hold of him, saying, “Don’t be afraid, old man! He’s no monster; he’s my younger brother.”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said the old man, shaking all over. “One monk uglier than another!”

Eight Rules approached him and said, “You are really mistaken, Aged Sir, if you judge people by their looks. We may be ugly, but we are all useful.”

As the old man was speaking with the three monks in front of his house, two young men appeared to the south of the village, leading an old woman and several young children. All of them had their clothes rolled up and were walking barefoot, for they were returning after a day’s planting of young shoots of grain. When they saw the white horse, the luggage, and the goings-on in front of their house, they all ran forward, asking, “What are you people doing here?”

Turning his head, Eight Rules flapped his ears a couple of times and stuck out his long snout once, so frightening the people that they fell down right and left, madly scattering in every direction. Tripitaka, alarmed, kept saying, “Don’t be afraid! Don’t be afraid! We are not bad people! We are monks in quest of scriptures.”

Coming out of his house, the old man helped the old woman up, saying, “Mama, get up! Calm yourself. This master came from the Tang court. His disciples may look hideous, but they are really good people with ugly faces. Take the boys and girls back into the house.”

Clutching at the old man, the old woman walked inside with the two young men and their children.

Sitting on the bamboo bed in their house, Tripitaka began to protest, saying, “Disciples! The two of you are not only ugly in appearance, but you are also rude in your language. You have scared this family badly, and you are causing me to sin.”

“To tell you the truth, Master,” said Eight Rules, “since I started accompanying you, I have become a lot better behaved. At the time when I was living in Old Gao Village, all I needed to do was to pout and flap my ears once, and scores of people would be frightened to death!”

“Stop talking rubbish, Idiot,” said Pilgrim, “and fix your ugliness.”

“Look at the way Wukong talks,” said Tripitaka. “Your appearance comes with your birth. How can you tell him to fix it?”

“Take that rakelike snout,” said Pilgrim, “put it in your bosom, and don’t take it out.

And stick your rush-leaf-fan ears to the back of your head, and don’t shake them. That’s fixing it.”

Eight Rules did indeed hide his snout and stick his ears to the back of his head; with his hands folded in front of him to hide his head, he stood on one side of his master. Pilgrim took the luggage inside the main door, and tied the white horse to one of the posts in the courtyard.

The old man then brought a young man in to present three cups of tea placed on a wooden tray. After the tea, he ordered a vegetarian meal to be prepared. Then the young man took an old, unvarnished table full of holes and several stools with broken

legs, and placed them in the courtyard for the three of them to sit where it was cool. Only then did Tripitaka ask, "Old patron, what is your noble surname?"

"Your humble servant goes by the surname of Wang," said the old man. "And how many heirs do you have?" asked Tripitaka. "I have two sons and three grandchildren," said the old man. "Congratulations! Congratulations!" said Tripitaka. "And what is your age?"

"I have foolishly lived till my sixty-first year," the old man said. "Good! Good! Good!" said Pilgrim. "You have just begun a new sexagenary cycle."

"Old patron," said Tripitaka again, "you said when we first came that the scriptures in the Western Heaven were difficult to get. Why?"

"The scriptures are not hard to get," said the old man, "but the journey there is filled with hazards and difficulties. Some thirty miles west of us there is a mountain called the Yellow Wind Ridge of Eight Hundred Miles. Monsters infest that mountain, and that's what I meant by difficulties. Since this little priest claims that he has many abilities, however, you may perhaps proceed after all."

"No fear! No fear!" said Pilgrim. "With old Monkey and his younger brother around, we'll never be touched, no matter what kind of monster we meet." While they spoke, one of the sons brought out some rice and placed it on the table, saying, "Please eat."

Tripitaka immediately folded his hands to begin his grace, but Eight Rules had already swallowed a whole bowl of rice. Before the priest could say the few sentences, Idiot had devoured three more bowlfuls. "Look at the glutton!" said Pilgrim. "It's like we've met a *preta*!" Old Wang was a sensitive person. When he saw how fast Eight Rules was eating, he said, "This honored priest must be really hungry! Quick, bring more rice!" Idiot in truth had an enormous appetite. Look at him! Without lifting his head once, he finished over ten bowls, while Tripitaka and Pilgrim could hardly finish two. Idiot refused to stop and wanted to eat still more. "In our haste we have not prepared any dainty viands," said old Wang, "and I dare not press you too much. Please take at least one more helping."

Both Tripitaka and Pilgrim said, "We have had enough."

"Old man," said Eight Rules, "what are you mumbling about? Who's having a game of divination with you? Why mention all that about the fifth *yao* and the sixth *yao*?"

If you have rice, just bring more of it, that's all!" So Idiot in one meal finished all the rice in that household, and then he said he was only half full! The tables and dishes were cleared away, and after bedding had been placed on the bamboo bed and on some wooden boards, the travelers rested.

The next morning, Pilgrim went to saddle the horse, while Eight Rules put their luggage in order. Old Wang asked his wife to prepare some refreshments and drinks to serve them, after which the three of them expressed their thanks and took leave of their host.

The old man said, "If there is any mishap on your journey after you leave here, you must feel free to return to our house."

"Old man," said Pilgrim, "don't speak such disconcerting words. Those of us who have left the family never retrace our steps!"

They then urged on the horse, picked up the luggage, and proceeded toward the West. Alas! What this journey means for them is that

*There's no safe way which leads to the Western Realm;
There'll be great disasters brought by demons vile.*

Before the three of them had traveled for half a day, they did indeed come upon a tall mountain, exceedingly rugged. Tripitaka rode right up to the hanging cliff and looked around, sitting sideways on his saddle. Truly

*Tall was the mountain;
Rugged, the peak;
Steep, the precipice;
Deep, the canyon;
Gurgling, the stream;
And fresh were the flowers.
This mountain, whether tall or not,
Its top reached the blue sky;
This stream, whether deep or not,
Its floor opened to Hell below.
Before the mountain,
White clouds rose in continuous rings
And boulders in shapes grotesque.
Countless the soul-rending cliffs ten thousand yards deep;
Behind them, winding, twisting, dragon-hiding caves,
Where water dripped from ledges drop by drop.
He also saw some deer with zigzag horns;
Dull and dumbly staring antelopes;
Winding and coiling red-scaled pythons;
Silly and foolish white-faced apes;
Tigers that climbed the hills to seek their dens at night;
Dragons that churned the waves to leave their lairs at dawn.
If one stepped before a cave's entrance,
The dead leaves crackled;
The fowls in the grass
Darted up with wings loudly beating;
The beasts in the forest
Walked with paws noisily scratching.
Suddenly wild creatures hurried by,
Making hearts beat with fear.
Thus it was that the Due-to- Fall Cave duly faced the Due-to- Fall Cave,
The Cave duly facing the Due-to- Fall Cave duly faced the mount.
One blue bill dyed like a thousand yards of jade,
Mist-veiled like countless mounds of jade-green gauze.*

The master rode forward very slowly, while the Great Sage Sun also walked at a slower pace and Zhu Wuneng proceeded leisurely with the load. As all of them were looking at the mountain, a great whirlwind suddenly arose. Alarmed, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, the wind is rising!"

"Why fear the wind?" said Pilgrim. "This is the breath of Heaven in the four seasons, nothing to be afraid of."

“But this is a terribly violent wind, unlike the kind that comes from Heaven,” said Tripitaka. “How so?” said Pilgrim. Tripitaka said, “Look at this wind!

*Augustly it blows in a blustering key,
An immense force leaving the jade-green sky.
It passes the ridge, just hear the trees roar.
It moves in the wood, just see the poles quake.
Willows by the banks are rocked to the roots;
Blown garden flowers now soar with their leaves.
Fishing boats, nets drawn, make their hawsers taut;
Vessels with sails down have their anchors cast.
Trekking in mid-journey have lost their way;
Woodsmen in the hills cannot hold their loads.
From woods with fruits divine the apes disperse;
From clumps of rare flowers the small fawns flee.
Before the cliff cypress fall one by one;
Downstream bamboo and pine die leaf by leaf.
Earth and dust are scattered while sand explodes;
Rivers and seas overturned, waves churn and roll.”*

Eight Rules went forward and tugged at Pilgrim, saying, “Elder Brother, the wind is too strong! Let’s find shelter until it dies down.”

“You are too soft, Brother,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “when you want to hide the moment the wind gets strong. What would happen to you if you were to meet a monster-spirit face to face?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you probably haven’t heard of the proverb,

*Flee the fair sex like a foe;
Flee the wind like an arrow!*

We suffer no loss if we take shelter just for a little while.”

“Stop talking,” said Pilgrim, “and let me seize the wind and smell it.”

“You are fibbing again, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, with a laugh, “for how can the wind be seized for you to smell? Even if you manage to catch hold of it, it will slip past you at once.”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “you didn’t know that I have the magic to ‘seize the wind.’”

Dear Great Sage! He allowed the head of the wind to move past but he caught hold of its tail and sniffed at it. Finding it somewhat fetid, he said, “This is indeed not a very good wind, for it smells like a tiger or else like a monster; there’s something definitely strange about it.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when from over a hump of the mountain a fierce striped tiger with a whiplike tail and powerful limbs appeared. Tripitaka was so horrified that he could no longer sit on the saddle; he fell head over heels from the white horse and lay beside the road, half out of his wits. Throwing down the luggage, Eight Rules took up his muckrake and rushed past Pilgrim.

“Cursed beast!” he shouted. “Where are you going?”

He lunged forward and struck at the beast's head. That tiger stood straight up on his hind legs and, raising his left paw, punctured his own breast with one jab. Then, gripping the skin, he tore downward with a loud rending noise and he became completely stripped of his own hide as he stood there by the side of the road. Look how abominable he appears! Oh! That hideous form:

*All smeared with blood, the naked body;
Most sickly red, the warped legs and feet;
Like shooting flames, wild hair by the temples;
Bristlingly hard, two eyebrows pointing upward;
Hellishly white, four steel-like fangs;
With light aglow, a pair of gold eyes;
Imposing of mien, he mightily roared;
With power fierce, he cried aloud.*

"Slow down! Slow down!" he shouted. "I am not any other person. I am the vanguard of the forces commanded by the Great King Yellow Wind. I have received the Great King's strict order to patrol this mountain and to catch a few mortals to be used as hors d'oeuvres for him. Where did you monks come from that you dare reach for your weapons to harm me?"

"Cursed beast that you are!" cried Eight Rules. "So you don't recognize me! We are no mortals who just happen to be passing by; we are the disciples of Tripitaka, the royal brother of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East, who by imperial decree is journeying to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from the Buddha. You better stand aside quickly for us to pass, and don't alarm my master. Then I'll spare your life.

But if you are impudent as before, there will be no clemency when this rake is lifted up!"

That monster-spirit would not permit any further discussion. He quickly drew near, assumed a fighting pose, and clawed at Eight Rules's face. Dodging the blow, Eight Rules struck at once with his rake. Since the monster had no weapons in his hands, he turned and fled, with Eight Rules hard on his heels. Racing to the slope below, the monster took out from beneath a clump of rocks a pair of bronze scimitars, with which he turned to face his pursuer. So the two of them clashed right in front of the mountain slope, closing in again and again. Meanwhile, Pilgrim lifted up the Tang Monk and said, "Master, don't be afraid. Sit here and let old Monkey go help Eight Rules strike down that monster so that we can leave." Only then did Tripitaka manage to sit up; trembling all over, he began to recite the *Heart Sūtra*, but we shall say no more of that.

Whipping out the iron rod, Pilgrim shouted, "Catch him!"

Eight Rules at once attacked with even greater ferocity, and the monster fled in defeat. "Don't spare him," yelled Pilgrim. "We must catch him!" Wielding rod and rake, the two of them gave chase down the mountain. In panic, the monster resorted to the trick of the gold cicada casting its shell: he rolled on the ground and changed back into the form of a tiger. Pilgrim and Eight Rules would not let up. Closing in on the tiger, they intended to dispose of him once and for all.

When the monster saw them approaching, he again stripped himself of his own hide and threw the skin over a large piece of rock, while his true form changed into a violent gust of wind heading back the way he had come. Suddenly noticing the master

of the law sitting by the road and reciting the *Heart Sūtra*, he caught hold of him and hauled him away by mounting the wind. O, pity that Tripitaka,

The River Float fated to suffer oft!

It's hard to make merit in Buddha's gate!

Having taken the Tang Monk back to the door of his cave, the monster stopped the wind and said to the one standing guard at the door, "Go report to the Great King and say that the Tiger Vanguard has captured a monk. He awaits his order outside the door."

The Cave Master gave the order for him to enter. The Tiger Vanguard, with the two bronze scimitars hanging from his waist, lifted up the Tang Monk in his hands. He went forward and knelt down, saying, "Great King! Though your humble officer is not talented, he thanks you for granting him the honored command of doing patrol in the mountain. I encountered a monk who is Tripitaka, master of the law and brother to the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East. While he was on his way to seek scriptures from Buddha, I captured him to present to you here for your culinary pleasure." When the Cave Master heard this, he was a little startled. "I have heard some rumor," he said, "that the master of the law Tripitaka is a divine monk who is going in search of scriptures by imperial decree of the Great Tang. He has under him a disciple whose name is Pilgrim Sun and who possesses tremendous magical power and prodigious intelligence. How did you manage to catch him and bring him here?"

"He has, in fact, two disciples," said the Vanguard. "The one who appeared first used a nine-pronged muckrake, and he had a long snout and huge ears. Another one used a golden-hooped iron rod, and he had fiery eyes and diamond pupils. As they were chasing me to attack me, I used the trick of the gold cicada casting its shell and succeeded not only in eluding them but also in catching this monk.

I now respectfully present him to the Great King as a meal."

"Let's not eat him yet," said the Cave Master.

"Great King," said the Vanguard, "only a worthless horse turns away ready feed!"

"You haven't considered this," said the Cave Master. "There's nothing wrong with eating him, but I'm afraid his two disciples may come to our door and argue with us. Let's tie him instead to one of the posts in the rear garden and wait for three or four days. If those two don't show up to disturb us, then we can enjoy the double benefit of having his body cleaned and not having to bicker with our tongues. Then we can do what we want with him, whether we wish him boiled, steamed, fried, or sautéed; we can take our time to enjoy him."

Highly pleased, the Vanguard said, "The Great King is full of wisdom and foresight, and what he says is most reasonable. Little ones, take the priest inside." Seven or eight demons rushed up from the sides and took the Tang Monk away; like hawks catching sparrows, they bound him firmly with ropes. This is how that

Ill-fated River Float on Pilgrim broods;

The god-monk in pain calls Wuneng to mind.

"Disciples," he said, "I don't know in what mountain you are catching monsters, or in what region you are subduing goblins. But I have been captured by this demon from whom I have to suffer great injury. When shall we see each other again? Oh, what

misery! If you two can come here quickly, you may be able to save my life. But if you tarry, I shall never survive!”

As he lamented and sighed, his tears fell like rain.

We now tell you about Pilgrim and Eight Rules, who, having chased the tiger down the slope of the mountain, saw him fall and collapse at the foot of the cliff. Lifting his rod, Pilgrim brought it down on the tiger with all his might, but the rod bounced back up and his hands were stung by the impact. Eight Rules, too, gave a blow with his muckrake, and its prongs also rebounded. They then discovered that it was nothing but a piece of tigerskin covering a large slab of stone. Greatly startled, Pilgrim said, “Oh, no! Oh, no! He’s tricked us!”

“What trick?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied, “This is called the trick of the gold cicada casting its shell. He left his skin covering the stone here to fool us, but he himself has escaped. Let’s go back at once to take a look at Master. Let’s hope that he has not been hurt.”

They retreated hurriedly, but Tripitaka had long vanished. Bellowing like thunder, Pilgrim cried, “What shall we do? He has taken Master away.”

“Heavens! Heavens!” wailed Eight Rules, leading the horse, as tears fell from his eyes, “where shall we go to look for him?” With head held high, Pilgrim said, “Don’t cry! Don’t cry! The moment you cry, you already feel defeated.

They have to be somewhere in this mountain. Let’s go and search for them.”

The two of them indeed rushed up the mountain, passing the ridges and scaling the heights. After traveling for a long time, they suddenly beheld a cave dwelling emerging from beneath a cliff. Pausing to take a careful look around, they saw that it was indeed a formidable place. You see

*A pointed peak fortresslike;
An old path ever winding;
Blue pines and fresh bamboos;
Green willows and verdant wu-trees;
Strange rocks in twos below the cliff;
Rare fowls in pairs within the woods.
A stream flowing far away spills over a wall of stones;
The mountain brook reaches the sandy banks in small drops.
Wasteland clouds in clusters;
And grass as green as jade.
The sly vixen and hare scamper wildly about;
Horned deer and musk deer lock to contest their strength.
Slanted across the cliff dangles an aged vine;
Half down the gorge an ancient cedar hangs.
August and grand, this place surpasses Mount Hua;
The falling blooms and singing birds rival Tiantai’s.*

“Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “you may leave the luggage in the fold of the mountain, where it will be protected from the wind.

Then you can graze the horse nearby and you need not come out. Let old Monkey go fight with him at his door. That monster has to be caught before our master can be rescued.”

“No need for instructions,” said Eight Rules. “Go quickly!” Pulling down his shirt and tightening his belt on the tiger-skin skirt, Pilgrim grasped his rod and rushed up to the cave, where he saw six words in large letters above the door:

“Yellow Wind Cave, Yellow Wind Peak.”

He at once poised himself for battle, with legs apart and one foot slightly ahead of the other. Holding his rod high, he cried, “Monster! Send out my master at once, lest I overturn your den and level your dwelling!” When the little demons heard this, every one of them was panic-stricken and ran inside to make the report, “Great King, disaster!”

The Yellow Wind Monster, who was sitting there, asked, “What’s the matter?”

“Outside the cave door there’s a monk with a thundergod mouth and hairy face,” said one of the little demons, “holding in his hands a huge, thick, iron rod and demanding the return of his master.” Somewhat fearful, the Cave Master said to the Tiger Vanguard, “I asked you to patrol the mountain, and you should merely have caught a few mountain buffalo, wild boar, fat deer, or wild goats. Why did you have to bring back a Tang Monk? Now we have provoked his disciple to come here to create all sorts of disturbance. What shall we do?”

“Don’t be anxious, Great King,” said the Vanguard, “and put your worries to rest. Though this junior officer is untalented, he is willing to lead fifty soldiers out there and bring in that so-called Pilgrim Sun as a condiment for your meal.”

“In addition to the various officers here,” said the Cave Master, “we have some seven hundred regulars. You may pick as many of them as you want. Only if that Pilgrim is caught will we be able to enjoy a piece of that monk’s flesh with any comfort. And if that happens, I’m willing to become your bond brother. But I fear that if you can’t catch him, you may even get hurt. You mustn’t blame me then!”

“Relax! Relax! Let me go now!” said the Tiger Monster. He checked off the roll fifty of the toughest little demons, who began beating drums and waving banners. He himself took up the two bronze scimitars and leaped out of the cave, crying with a loud voice, “Where did you come from, you monkey-monk, that you dare make such a racket here?!” “You skin-flaying beast!” shouted Pilgrim.

“You were the one who used that shell-casting trick to take away my master. Why do you question me instead? You better send out my master immediately, or I’ll not spare your life.”

“I took your master,” said the Tiger Monster, “so that he could be served to my Great King as meat for his rice. If you know what’s good for you, get away from here. If not, I’ll catch you too, and you’ll be eaten along with him. It will be like ‘one free piece of merchandise with every purchase!’” When he heard this, Pilgrim was filled with anger. With grinding teeth and fiery eyes all ablaze, he lifted his iron rod and yelled, “What great ability do you have, that you dare talk like that? Don’t move! Watch this rod!” Wielding his scimitars swiftly, the Vanguard turned to meet him. It was truly some battle as the two of them let loose their power. What a fight!

*That monster is truly a goose’s egg,
But Wukong is a goose-egg stone no less!
When bronze swords fight Handsome Monkey King,
It’s like eggs coming to strike at stones.
How can sparrows quarrel with the phoenix?*

*Dare pigeons oppose the eagles and hawks?
 The monster belches wind—the mount's filled with dust;
 Wukong spits out fog and clouds hide the sun.
 They fight for no more than four or five rounds;
 The Vanguard grows weak, having no strength left.
 He turns in defeat to flee for his life,
 Hard pressed by Wukong, who seeks his death.*

Not able to hold out any longer, the monster turned and fled. But since he had boasted in front of the Cave Master, he dared not go back to the cave; instead, he fled toward the mountain slope. Pilgrim, of course, would not let him go; holding his rod, he gave chase relentlessly, shouting and crying along the way. As they reached the fold of the mountain, which formed a wind break, he happened to look up, and there was Eight Rules grazing the horse. Hearing all the shouts and clamor, Eight Rules turned around and saw that it was Pilgrim chasing a defeated Tiger Monster. Abandoning the horse, Eight Rules lifted his rake and approaching from one side brought it down hard on the monster's head. Pity that Vanguard!

*He hoped to leap clear of the brown-rope net,
 Not knowing he would meet the fisher's coop.*

One blow from Eight Rules's rake produced nine holes, from which fresh blood spurted out, and the brains of the monster's whole head ran dry! We have a poem as a testimony for Eight Rules, which says:

*Returning to True Teaching some years ago,
 He kept a chaste diet to realize the Real Void.
 To serve Tripitaka is his pious wish:
 This, a new Buddhist convert's first merit.*

Idiot put his foot on the monster's spine and brought down the rake on him once more. When Pilgrim saw that, he was very pleased, saying, "That's right, Brother! He was audacious enough to lead scores of little demons against me, but he was defeated. Instead of fleeing back to the cave, he came here seeking death. It's a good thing you are here, or else he would have escaped again."

"Is he the one who took our master with the wind?" asked Eight Rules. "Yes! Yes!" said Pilgrim. "Did you ask him the whereabouts of our master?" said Eight Rules. "This monster brought Master to the cave," said Pilgrim, "to be served to some blackguard of a Great King as meat for his rice. I was enraged, fought with him, and chased him here for you to finish him off. Brother, this is your merit! You can remain here guarding the horse and luggage, and let me drag this dead monster back to the mouth of the cave to provoke battle again.

We must capture the old monster before we can rescue Master."

"You are right, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules. "Go, go now! If you beat that old monster, chase him here and let old Hog intercept and kill him."

Dear Pilgrim! Holding the iron rod in one hand and dragging the dead tiger with the other, he went back to the mouth of the cave. So it was that

*The dharma-master met monsters in his ordeal;
 Feeling and nature in peace wild demons subdued.*

We do not know whether he managed this time to overcome the monster and rescue the Tang Monk; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-ONE

*The Vihārapālas prepare lodging for the Great Sage
Lingji of Sumeru crushes the wind demon*

We shall now tell about those fifty defeated little demons, who rushed into the cave carrying their broken drums and torn banners.

“Great King,” they cried, “the Tiger Vanguard was no match for the hairy-faced monk. That monk chased him down the eastern slope until the Vanguard disappeared.” When the old monster heard this, he was terribly upset. As he bowed his head in silent deliberation, another little demon who stood guard at the door came to report, “Great King, the Tiger Vanguard was beaten to death by the hairyfaced monk and dragged up to our door to provoke battle.”

Hearing this, the old monster became even angrier. “This fellow does not know when to stop!” he said. “I have not eaten his master, but he has killed our Vanguard instead. How insolent!” Whereupon he bellowed, “Bring me my armor. I have heard only rumors about this Pilgrim Sun, and I’m going out there to find out what sort of monk he really is. Even if he has nine heads and eight tails, I’m going to take him in here to pay for the life of my Tiger Vanguard!”

The little demons quickly brought out the armor. After having been properly buckled and laced, the old monster took a steel trident and leaped out of the cave, leading the rest of the demons. Standing in front of the door, the Great Sage watched the monster emerge with a truly aggressive appearance. Look how he is attired. You see

*Gold helmet reflecting the sun;
Gold cuirass gleaming with light.
A pheasant-tail tassel flies from the helmet;
A light yellow silk robe topped by the cuirass,
Tied with a dragonlike sash of brilliant hues.
His breastplate emits eye-dazzling light.
His boots of suede
Are dyed by locust flowers.
His embroidered kilt
Is decked with willow leaves.
Holding a sharp trident in his hands,
He seems almost the Erlang Boy of old!*

When he had come out, the old monster shouted, “Who is Pilgrim Sun?” With one foot on the carcass of the Tiger Monster and the compliant iron rod in his hands, Pilgrim replied:

“Your Grandpa Sun is here! Send my master out!”

The old monster took a careful look and saw the diminutive figure of Pilgrim—less than four feet, in fact—and his sallow cheeks. He said with a laugh:

“Too bad! Too bad! I thought you were some kind of invincible hero. But you are only a sickly ghost, with nothing more than your skeleton left!”

“Child,” said Pilgrim laughing, “how you lack perception! Your grandpa may be somewhat small in size, but if you have the courage to hit me on the head with the handle of your trident, I’ll grow six feet at once.”

“Harden your head,” said the monster, “and have a taste of my handle!” Our Great Sage was not in the least frightened. When the monster struck him once, he stretched his waist and at once grew more than six feet, attaining the height of ten feet altogether. The monster was so alarmed that he tried to use his trident to hold him down, shouting, “Pilgrim Sun, how dare you stand at my door, displaying this paltry magic of body protection! Stop using tricks! Come up here and let’s measure our real abilities!”

“My dear son,” said Pilgrim with laughter, “the proverb says:

‘Mercy should be shown before the hand is raised!’ Your grandpa is pretty heavy-handed, and he fears that you won’t be able to bear even one stroke of this rod!” Refusing to listen to any such discussion, the monster turned his trident around and stabbed at Pilgrim’s chest. The Great Sage, of course, was not at all perturbed, for as the saying goes, the expert is never exercised. He raised his rod and, using the movement of the “black dragon sweeping the ground” to parry the trident, struck at the monster’s head. The two of them thus began a fierce battle before that Yellow Wind Cave:

*The Monster King became enraged;
The Great Sage released his might.
The Monster King became enraged,
Wishing to seize Pilgrim to pay for his Vanguard.
The Great Sage released his might
To capture this spirit and to save the priest.
The trident arrived, blocked by the rod;
The rod went forth, met by the trident.
This one, a mountain-ruling captain of his hosts.
That one, the Handsome Monkey King who defends the Law.
At first they fought on the dusty earth;
Then each arose midway to the sky.
The fine steel trident;
Pointed, sharp, and brilliant.
The compliant rod:
Body black and yellow hoops.
Stabbed by them, your soul goes back to darkness!
Struck by them, you’ll face King Yama!
You must rely on quick arms and keen sight.
You must have a tough frame and great strength.
The two fought without regard for life or death;
We know not who will be safe or who will be hurt.*

The old monster and the Great Sage fought for thirty rounds, but neither could gain the upper hand. Pressing for a quick victory, Pilgrim decided to use the trick of “the body beyond the body.”

He tore from himself a handful of hairs that he chewed to pieces in his mouth. Spitting them out, he cried, “Change!”

They changed at once into more than a hundred Pilgrims: all having the same appearance and all holding an iron rod, they surrounded the monster in midair.

Somewhat alarmed, the monster also resorted to his special talent. He turned to face the ground to the southwest and opened his mouth three times to blow out some air. Suddenly a mighty yellow wind arose in the sky. Dear wind! It was indeed powerful.

*Cold and whistling, it changed Heaven and Earth,
As yellow sand whirled without form or shape.
It cut through woods and hills to break pines and plums;
It tossed up dirt and dust, cracking crags and cliffs.
Waves churned in Yellow River to cloud its floor;
Tide and current swelled up at River Xiang.
The Polestar Palace in the blue sky shook;
The Hall of Darkness was almost blown down;
The Five Hundred Arhats all yelled and screamed;
The Eight Guards of Akṣobhya all cried and shrieked.
Mañjuśrī's green-haired lion ran away;
Viśvabhadra lost his white elephant.
Snake and turtle of Zhenwu left their fold;
Aflutter were the saddle-flaps of Zitong's mule.
Traveling merchants sent their cries to Heaven,
And boatmen bowed to make their many vows—
Their mistlike lives awash in rolling waves;
Their names, their fortunes, adrift in the tide!
Caves on genie mountains were black as pitch;
The isle of Penglai was gloomy and dark.
Laozi could not tend his elixir oven;
Age Star folded his fan of grapevine leaves.
As Queen Mother went to the Peaches Feast,
The wind blew her skirt and pins awry.
Erlang lost his way to the Guanzhou town;
Naṭa found it hard to pull out his sword.
Li Jing missed the pagoda in his hand;
Lu Ban dropped his golden-headed drill.
While three stories of Thunderclap fell down,
The stone bridge at Zhaozhou broke in twain.
The orb of the red sun had little light;
The stars of all Heaven grew obscure and faint.
Birds of south mountains flew to northern hills;
Water of east lakes spilled over to the west.
Fowls with mates broke up, they ceased their calls;
Mothers and sons parted, their cries turned mute.
Dragon Kings sought yakṣas all over the sea;
Thunder gods hunted lightnings every where.
Ten Kings of Yama tried to find their judge;
In Hell, Bull- Head ran after Horse- Face.
This wind blew down the Potalaka Mount
And whipped up one scroll of Guanyin's verse.
White lotus-blooms, cut down, flew beside the sea;
Twelve halls of the Bodhisattva were blown down.
From Pan Gu till this time since wind was known,*

There never was wind with such ferocity.

Hu-la-la!

The universe did almost split apart!

The whole world was one mighty trembling mass!

This violent wind called up by the monster blew away all those little Pilgrims formed by the Great Sage's hairs and sent them reeling through the air like so many spinning wheels. Unable even to wield their rods, how could they possibly hope to draw near to fight? Pilgrim was so alarmed that he shook his body and retrieved his hairs. He then lifted the iron rod and tried to attack the monster all by himself, only to be met by a mouthful of yellow wind right on his face. Those two fiery eyes with diamond pupils of his were so blasted that they shut tightly and could not be opened. No longer able to use his rod, he fled in defeat while the monster retrieved the wind, which we shall mention no further.

We tell you now about Zhu Eight Rules, who, when he saw the violent yellow windstorm arriving and the whole of Heaven and Earth growing dim, led the horse and took the luggage to the fold of the mountain. There he crouched on the ground and refused to open his eyes or raise his head, his mouth incessantly calling on the name of Buddha and making vows. As he was wondering how Pilgrim was faring in his battle and whether his master was dead or alive, the wind stopped and the sky brightened again. He looked up and peered toward the entrance of the cave, but he could neither see any movement of weapons nor hear the sound of gongs and drums.

Idiot dared not approach the cave, since there was no one else to guard the horse and the luggage. Deeply distressed and not knowing what to do, he suddenly heard the Great Sage approaching from the west, grunting and snorting as he came. Bowing to meet his companion, he said, "Elder Brother, what a mighty wind! Where did you come from?" With a wave of his hand, Pilgrim said, "Formidable! It's truly formidable! Since I, old Monkey, was born, I have never witnessed such a violent wind! That old monster fought me with a steel trident, and we battled for over thirty rounds. It was then that I used the magic of the body beyond the body and had him surrounded. He panicked and called up this wind, which was ferocious indeed. Its force was so overwhelming that I had to suspend my operation and flee instead. Whew! What a wind! Whew! What a wind! Old Monkey also knows how to call up the wind and how to summon the rain, but it's hardly as vicious as the wind of this monster-spirit!"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "how is the martial technique of that monster?"

"It's presentable," said Pilgrim, "and he knows how to use the trident! He is, in fact, just about the equal of old Monkey. But that wind of his is vicious, and that makes it difficult to defeat him."

"In that case," said Eight Rules, "how are we going to rescue Master?" Pilgrim said, "We'll have to wait to rescue Master. I wonder if there is any eye doctor around here who can take a look at my eyes."

"What's the matter with your eyes?" asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied, "That monster blew a mouthful of wind on my face, and my eyes were so sorely blasted that they are now watering constantly."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "we are in the middle of a mountain, and it's getting late. Let's not talk about eye doctors; we don't even have a place to stay."

“It won’t be difficult to find lodging,” said Pilgrim. “I doubt that the monster has the gall to harm our master. Let’s find our way back to the main road and see whether we can stay with a family. After spending the night, we can return to subdue the monster tomorrow when it’s light.”

“Exactly, exactly,” agreed Eight Rules.

Leading the horse and carrying up the luggage, they left the fold of the mountain and went up the road. Dusk was setting in, and as they walked, they heard the sound of barking dogs toward the south of the mountain slope. Stopping to look, they saw a small cottage with flickering lamplights. Not bothering to look for a path, the two of them walked through the grass and arrived at the door of that household. They saw

*Dark clumps of purplish fungi;
Greyish piles of white stones;
Dark clumps of purplish fungi with much green grass;
Greyish piles of white stones half grown with moss:
few specks of fireflies, their faint light aglow;
A forest of wild woods stand in dense rows;
Orchids ever fragrant;
Bamboos newly planted;
A clear stream flows a winding course;
Old cedars lean o’er a deep cliff.
A secluded place where no travelers come:
Only wild flowers bloom before the door.*

Not daring to enter without permission, they both called out:

“Open the door! Open the door!”

An old man inside appeared with several young farmers, all holding rakes, pitchforks, and brooms. “Who are you? Who are you?” they asked. With a bow, Pilgrim said, “We are disciples of a holy monk from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. We were on our way to seek scriptures from the Buddha in the Western Heaven when we passed through this mountain, and our master was captured by the Yellow Wind Great King. We have yet to rescue him. Since it is getting late, we have come to ask for lodging for one night at your house. We beg you for this means of convenience.” Returning the bow, the old man said, “Pardon me for not coming to greet you. This is a place where clouds are more numerous than people, and when we heard you calling at the door just now, we were afraid that it might be someone like a wily fox, a tiger, or a bandit from the mountain. That’s why my little ones might have offended you by their rather brusque manner. Please come in. Please come in.”

The two brothers led the horse and hauled the luggage inside; after tying up the animal and putting down the load, they exchanged greetings again with the old man of the cottage before taking their seats. An old manservant then came forward to present tea, after which several bowls of sesame seed rice were brought out.

After they had finished the rice, the old man asked for bedding to be laid out for them to sleep. Pilgrim said, “We don’t need to sleep just yet. May I ask the good man whether there is in your region someone who sells eye medicine?”

“Which one of you elders has eye disease?” asked the old man. Pilgrim said, “To tell you the truth, Venerable Sir, we who have left the family rarely become ill. In fact, I have never known any disease of the eye.”

“If you are not suffering from an eye disease,” said the old man, “why do you want medicine?”

“We were trying to rescue our master at the entrance of the Yellow Wind Cave today,” said Pilgrim. “Unexpectedly that monster blew a mouthful of wind at me, causing my eyes to hurt and smart. At the moment, I’m weeping constantly, and that’s why I want to find eye medicine.”

“My goodness! My goodness!” said the old man. “A young priest like you, why do you lie? The wind of that Great King Yellow Wind is most fearsome, not comparable with any spring-autumn wind, pine-and-bamboo wind, or the wind coming from the four quarters.”

“I suppose,” said Eight Rules, “it must be brain-bursting wind, goat-ear wind, leprous wind, or migrainous wind!”

“No, no!” said the old man. “His is called the Divine Wind of Samādhi.”

“What’s it like?” asked Pilgrim. The old man said, “That wind

*Can blow to dim Heaven and Earth,
And sadden both ghosts and gods.
So savage it breaks rocks and stones,
A man will die when he’s blown!*

If you had encountered that wind of his, you think you would still be alive? Only if you were an immortal could you remain unharmed.”

“Indeed!” said Pilgrim. “I may not be an immortal (for they belong to the younger generation, as far as I am concerned), but it will take some doing to finish me off! That wind, however, did cause my eyeballs to hurt and smart.”

“If you can say that,” said the old man, “you must be a person with some background. Our humble region has no one who sells eye medicine. But I myself suffer from watery eyes when the wind blows in my face, and I met an extraordinary person once who gave me a prescription. It’s called the three-flowers and nine-seeds ointment, capable of curing all wind-induced eye maladies.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he bowed his head and said humbly, “I’m willing to ask you for some and try it on myself.”

The old man consented and went into the inner chamber. He took out a little cornelian vase and pulled off the stopper; using a small jade pin to scoop out some ointment, he dabbed it onto Pilgrim’s eyes, telling him to close his eyes and rest quietly, for he would be well by morning. After doing this, the old man took the vase and retired with his attendants. Eight Rules untied the bags, took out the bedding, and asked Pilgrim to lie down. As Pilgrim groped about confusedly with his eyes closed, Eight Rules laughed and said, “Sir, where’s your seeing-eye cane?”

“You overstuffed idiot!” said Pilgrim. “You want to take care of me as a blind man?”

Giggling to himself, Idiot fell asleep, but Pilgrim sat on the mattress and did exercises to cultivate his magic power. Only after the third watch did he sleep.

Soon it was the fifth watch and dawn was about to break. Wiping his face, Pilgrim opened his eyes, saying, “It’s really marvelous medicine! I can see a hundred times better than before!”

He then turned his head to look around. Ah! There were neither buildings nor halls, only some old locust trees and tall willows. The brothers were actually lying on a green grass meadow. Just then, Eight Rules began to stir, saying, "Elder Brother, why are you making all these noises?"

"Open your eyes and take a look," said Pilgrim. Raising his head, Idiot discovered that the house had disappeared. He was so startled that he scrambled up at once, crying, "Where's my horse?"

"Isn't it over there, tied to a tree?" said Pilgrim. "And the luggage?" asked Eight Rules.

"Isn't it there by your head?" said Pilgrim. "This family is rather shift!" said Eight Rules. "If they have moved, why didn't they give us a call? If they had let old Hog know about it, they might have received some farewell gifts of tea and fruits. Well, I suppose they must be trying to hide from something and are afraid that the county sheriff may get wind of it; so they moved out in the night.

Good Heavens! We must have been dead to the world! How could we not have heard anything when they dismantled the whole house?"

"Idiot, stop babbling!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Take a look on that tree and see what kind of paper slip is there."

Eight Rules took it down. It was a four-line poem that read:

*This humble abode's no mortal abode:
A cottage devised by the Guardians of Law,
Who gave the wondrous balm to heal your sore.
Fret not and do your best to quell the fiend.*

Pilgrim said, "A bunch of roguish deities! Since we changed to the dragonhorse, I had not taken a roll call of them. Now they are playing tricks on me instead!"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "stop putting on such airs! How would they ever let you check them off the roll?"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "you don't know about this. These Eighteen Protectors of Monasteries, the Six Gods of Darkness and Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Five Points, and the Four Sentinels all have been ordered by the Bodhisattva to give secret protection to Master. The other day they reported their names to me, but since you have been with us, I have not made use of them. That's why I haven't made a roll call."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if they were ordered to give secret protection to Master, they had reason not to reveal themselves. That's why they had to devise this cottage here, and you shouldn't blame them. After all, they did put ointment on your eyes for you yesterday, and they did take care of us for one meal. You can say that they have done their duty. Don't blame them. Let's go and rescue Master."

"Brother, you are right," said Pilgrim. "This place is not far from the Yellow Wind Cave. You had better stay here and look after the horse and luggage in the woods. Let old Monkey go into the cave to make some inquiry after the condition of Master. Then we can do battle with the monster again."

"Exactly," said Eight Rules. "You should find out whether Master is dead or alive; if he's dead, each one of us can tend to our own business; if he's not, we can do our best to discharge our responsibility." Pilgrim said, "Stop talking nonsense! I'm off!" With one leap he arrived at the entrance of the cave and found the door still shut and the

inhabitants sound asleep. Pilgrim neither made any noise nor disturbed the monsters; making the magic sign and reciting the spell, he shook his body and changed at once into a spotted-leg mosquito. It was tiny and delicate, for which we have a testimonial poem:

*A pesky small shape with sharp sting;
His tiny voice can hum like thunder!
Adept at piercing gauze nets and orchid rooms,
He likes the warm, sultry climate.
He fears incense and swatting fans,
But dearly loves bright lights and lamps.
Airy, agile, all too clever and fast,
He flies into the fiend's cave.*

The little demon who was supposed to guard the door was lying there asleep, snoring. Pilgrim gave him a bite on his face, causing the little demon to roll over half awakened. "O my father!" he said. "What a big mosquito! One bite and I already have a big lump."

He then opened his eyes and said, "Why, it's dawn!" Just then, the second door inside opened with a creak, and Pilgrim immediately flew in. The old monster was giving orders to all his subordinates to be especially careful in guarding the various entrances while they made ready their weapons. "If the wind yesterday did not kill that Pilgrim Sun," he said, "he will certainly come back today. When he comes, we'll finish him off."

Hearing this, Pilgrim flew past the main hall and arrived at the rear of the cave, where he found another door tightly shut. Crawling through a crack in the door, he discovered a large garden, in the middle of which, bound by ropes to a pole, was the Tang Monk. That master was shedding tears profusely, constantly wondering where Wukong and Wuneng were to be found. Pilgrim stopped his flight and alighted on his bald head, saying, "Master!" Recognizing his voice, the Elder said, "Wukong, I nearly died thinking of you! Where are you calling from?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "I'm on your head. Calm yourself and stop worrying. We must first capture the monster before we can rescue you. "Disciple," said the Tang Monk, "when will you be able to capture the monster?"

"The Tiger Monster who took you," said Pilgrim, "has already been slain by Eight Rules. But the wind of the old monster is a powerful weapon. I suspect we should be able to capture him today. Relax and stop crying. I'm leaving."

Having said that, he flew at once to the front, where the old monster was seated aloft, making a roll call of all the commanders of his troops. A little demon suddenly appeared, waving the command flag. He dashed up to the hall, crying, "Great King, this little one was on patrol in the mountain when he ran into a monk with a long snout and huge ears sitting in the woods not far from our entrance. If I hadn't run away quickly, he would have caught me. But I didn't see that hairy-faced monk who came here yesterday."

"If Pilgrim Sun is absent," said the old monster, "it may mean that he's been killed by the wind. Or, he may have gone to try to find help."

“Great King,” said one of the demons, “it would be our good fortune if he had been killed. But suppose he’s not dead? If he succeeds in bringing with him some divine warriors, what shall we do then?”

The old monster said, “Who’s afraid of any divine warrior? Only the Bodhisattva Lingji can overcome the power of my wind; no one else can do us any harm.”

That Pilgrim resting on one of the beams above him was delighted by this one statement. He flew out of the cave at once and, changing back into his original form, arrived at the woods. “Brother!” he cried. Eight Rules asked, “Elder Brother, where have you been? Just now a monster with a command flag came by, and I chased him away.”

“Thank you! Thank you!” said Pilgrim, laughing.

“Old Monkey changed into a mosquito to enter the cave to see how Master was doing. I found him tied to a post in the garden, weeping. After telling him not to cry, I flew around the roof to spy on them some more. That was when the fellow who held the command flag came in panting, saying that you had chased him. He also said that he had not seen me. The old monster made some wild speculations about my having been killed by the wind, or else having gone to find help. Then, without being prompted, he suddenly mentioned someone else. It’s marvelous, simply marvelous!”

“Whom did he mention?” asked Eight Rules. “He said that he wasn’t afraid of any divine warrior,” said Pilgrim, “for no one else could overpower his wind save the Bodhisattva Lingji. The only trouble is that I don’t know where this Lingji lives.”

As they were thus conversing, they suddenly saw an aged man walking by the side of the main road. Look at his appearance:

*Strong, he uses no cane to walk,
With flowing snowlike hair and beard.
Though wit and eyes are quite dim and blurry,
Thin bones and sinews are still tough.
Back and head bent he walked slowly,
With thick brows and a pink face, childlike.
Look at his features and they seem human,
Though he’s like Long- Life Star no less!*

Highly pleased when he caught sight of him, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, the proverb says:

*You want to know the way,
Hear what the tourist say.*

Why don’t you approach him and ask?”

The Great Sage put away his iron rod and straightened out his clothes. Approaching the old man, he said, “Aged Sir, receive my bow.” Somewhat reluctantly, the old man returned his greeting, saying, “What region are you from, monk? What are you doing here in this wilderness?”

“We are holy monks on our way to seek scriptures,” said Pilgrim. “Yesterday we lost our master here, and so I’m approaching you to ask where the Bodhisattva Lingji lives.”

“Lingji lives south of here,” said the old man, “about three thousand miles away. There is a mountain called the Little Sumeru Mountain, which has within it a Land of the Way, the Chan hall where the Bodhisattva lectures on sūtras. I suppose you are trying to obtain scriptures from him.”

“Not from him,” said Pilgrim, “but I have something that requires his attention. Will you please show me the way?” Pointing with his hand toward the south, the old man said, “Follow that winding path.”

The Great Sage Sun was tricked into turning his head to look at the path, when the old man changed himself into a gentle breeze and vanished. A small slip of paper was left beside the road, on which was written this quatrain:

*To tell the Equal to Heaven Great Sage,
The old man is in truth one Long Life Li!
On Sumeru's the Flying- Dragon Staff.
Lingji in years past received this Buddhist arm.*

Pilgrim took up the slip and went back down the road. “Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “our luck must have been rather bad lately.

For two days we saw ghosts in broad daylight. Who is that old man who left after changing into a breeze?” Pilgrim gave Eight Rules the slip of paper. “Who is this Long-Life Li?” asked Eight Rules, when he had read the verse. “It’s the name of the Planet Venus from the West,” said Pilgrim. Eight Rules hurriedly bowed toward the sky, crying, “Benefactor! Benefactor! Had it not been for the Gold Star, who personally begged the Jade Emperor to be merciful, I don’t know what would have become of old Hog!”

“Elder Brother,” said Pilgrim, “you do have a sense of gratitude. But don’t expose yourself. Take cover deep in the woods and carefully guard the luggage and the horse. Let old Monkey find the Sumeru Mountain and seek help from the Bodhisattva.”

“I know, I know!” said Eight Rules. “Hurry up and go! Old Hog has mastered the law of the turtle: withdraw your head when you needn’t stick it out!”

The Great Sage Sun leaped into the air; mounting the cloud-somersault, he headed straight south. He was fast, indeed! With a nod of his head, he covered three thousand miles; just a twist of his torso carried him over eight hundred! In a moment he saw a tall mountain with auspicious clouds hanging halfway up its slopes and holy mists gathered around it. In the fold of the mountain there was indeed a temple. He could hear the melodious sounds of the bells and sonorous stones and could see the swirling smoke of incense. As he approached the door, the Great Sage saw a Daoist with a string of beads around his neck, who was reciting the name of Buddha.

Pilgrim said, “Daoist, please accept my bow.”

The Daoist at once bowed in return, saying, “Where did the venerable father come from?”

“Is this where the Bodhisattva Lingji expounds the scriptures?” asked Pilgrim. “Indeed it is,” said the Daoist. “Do you wish to speak to someone?”

“May I trouble you, sir, to make this announcement for me,” said Pilgrim. “I am the disciple of the master of the Law, Tripitaka, who is the royal brother of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East; I am the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, Sun

Wukong, also named Pilgrim. I have a matter that requires me to have an audience with the Bodhisattva.”

The Daoist laughed and said, “The venerable father has given me a long announcement! I can’t quite remember all those words.”

“Just say that Sun Wukong, the disciple of the Tang Monk, has arrived,” said Pilgrim.

The Daoist agreed and made that announcement in the lecture hall, whereupon the Bodhisattva at once put on his cassock and asked for more incense to be burned to welcome the visitor. Then the Great Sage walked in the door and peered inside. He saw

*A hall full of brocade and silk;
A house most solemn and grand;
Pupils reciting the Lotus Sūtra;
An old leader tapping the golden gong.
Set before the Buddha
Were all immortal fruits and flowers.
Spread out on the altars
Were vegetarian dainties and viands.
The bright, precious candles,
Their golden flames shot up like rainbows;
The fragrant true incense,
Its jadelike smoke flew up as colored mists.
So it was that, after the lecture one would calmly meditate,
When white-cloud flakes circled the tips of pines.
The wisdom sword retired, for Māra snapped
In this space of Prajñā-pāramitā.*

The Bodhisattva straightened out his attire to receive Pilgrim, who entered the hall and took the seat of the guest. Tea was offered, but Pilgrim said, “No need for you to bother about tea. My master faces peril at the Yellow Wind Mountain, and I beseech the Bodhisattva to exercise his great dharma power to defeat the monster and rescue him.”

“I did receive the command of Tathāgata,” said the Bodhisattva, “to keep the Yellow Wind Monster here in submission. Tathāgata also gave me a Wind-Stopping Pearl and a Flying- Dragon Precious Staff. At the time when I captured him, I spared the monster his life only on condition that he would retire in the mountain and abstain from the sin of taking life. I did not know that he would want to harm your esteemed teacher and transgress the Law. That is my fault.”

The Bodhisattva would have liked to prepare some vegetarian food to entertain Pilgrim, but Pilgrim insisted on leaving. So he took the Flying-Dragon Staff and mounted the clouds with the Great Sage.

In a little while they reached the Yellow Wind Mountain. “Great Sage,” said the Bodhisattva, “this monster is rather afraid of me. I will stand here at the edge of the clouds while you go down there to provoke battle. Entice him to come out so that I may exercise my power.” Pilgrim followed his suggestion and lowered his cloud.

Without waiting for further announcement, he whipped out his iron rod and smashed the door of the cave, crying, “Monster, give me back my Master!”

Those little demons standing guard at the door were so terrified that they ran to make the report. “This lawless ape,” said the monster, “is truly ill-behaved! He would not defer to kindness, and now he has even broken my door! This time when I go out, I’m going to use that divine wind to blow him to death.”

He put on his armor as before, and took up the steel trident. Walking out of the door and seeing Pilgrim, he did not utter a word before aiming the trident at Pilgrim’s chest. The Great Sage stepped aside to dodge this blow and then faced him with uplifted rod. Before they had fought for a few rounds, the monster turned his head toward the ground in the southwest and was about to open his mouth to summon the wind. From midair, the Bodhisattva threw down the Flying- Dragon Precious Staff as he recited some kind of spell. It was instantly transformed into a golden dragon with eight claws, two of which caught hold of that monster’s head and threw him two or three times against the boulders beside the mountain cliff. The monster changed back into his original form and became a mink with yellow fur.

Pilgrim ran up and was about to strike with his rod, but he was stopped by the Bodhisattva, who said to him, “Great Sage, do not harm him. I have to take him back to see Tathāgata. Originally he was a rodent at the foot of the Spirit Mountain who had acquired the Way. Because he stole some of the pure oil in the crystal chalice, he fled for fear that the vajra attendants would seize him. Tathāgata thought that he was not guilty of death, and that is why I was asked to capture him in the first place and banish him to this region. But now he has offended the Great Sage and has attempted to harm the Tang Monk. Therefore I must take him to see Tathāgata so that his guilt may be clearly established. Only then will this merit be completed.” When Pilgrim heard this, he thanked the Bodhisattva, who left for the West, and we shall say no more of that.

We now tell you about Zhu Eight Rules, who was thinking about Pilgrim in the woods when he heard someone calling down by the slope, “Brother Wuneng, bring the horse and the luggage here.” Recognizing Pilgrim’s voice, Idiot quickly ran out of the woods and said to Pilgrim, “Elder Brother, how did everything go?”

“I invited the Bodhisattva Lingji to come here,” said Pilgrim, “to use his Flying-Dragon Staff to capture the monster. He was a mink with yellow fur who became a spirit and has now been taken by the Bodhisattva to Spirit Mountain to face Tathāgata. Let’s go into the cave to rescue Master.” Idiot was delighted. The two of them smashed their way into the cave and with their rake and rod slaughtered all the wily hares, the vixen, the musk deer, and the horned deer. Then they went to the garden in the back to rescue their master, who, after coming out, asked, “How did you two manage to catch the monster so that you could rescue me?” Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he went to seek the Bodhisattva’s help to subdue the monster, and the master thanked him profusely. Then the two brothers found some vegetarian food in the cave, which they prepared along with some tea and rice. After eating, they left and again found the road to the West. We do not know what took place hereafter; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-TWO

*Eight Rules fights fiercely at the Flowing-Sand River
Mokṣa by order receives Wuji's submission*

Now we tell you about the Tang Monk and his disciples, the three travelers, who were delivered from their ordeal. In less than a day they passed the Yellow Wind Mountain and proceeded toward the West through a vast level plain. Time went by swiftly, and summer yielded to the arrival of autumn. All they saw were some

*Cold cicadas sing on dying willows
As the Great Fire rolls toward the West.*

As they proceeded, they came upon a huge and turbulent river, its waves surging and splashing. "Disciples," exclaimed Tripitaka, "look at that vast expanse of water in front of us. Why are there no boats in sight? How can we get across?"

Taking a close look, Eight Rules said, "It's very turbulent, too rough for any boat!" Pilgrim leaped into the air and peered into the distance, shading his eyes with his hand. Even he became somewhat frightened and said, "Master, it's truly hard! Truly hard! If old Monkey wishes to cross this river, he need only make one twist of his body and he will reach the other shore. But for you, Master, it's a thousand times more difficult, for you can't traverse it even in ten thousand years!"

"I can't even see the other shore from here," said Tripitaka. "Really, how wide is it?"

"It's just about eight hundred miles wide," said Pilgrim. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "how could you determine its width just like that?"

"To tell you the truth, Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "these eyes of mine can determine good or evil up to a thousand miles away in daylight. Just now when I was up in the air, I could not tell how long the river was, but I could make out its width to be at least eight hundred miles." Sighing anxiously, the elder pulled back his horse and suddenly discovered on the shore a slab of stone. When the three of them drew closer to have a look, they saw three words written in seal-script ("Flowing-Sand River") below which there were also four lines written in regular style. It read:

*These Flowing- Sand metes, eight hundred wide;
These Weak Waters, three thousand deep.
goose feather cannot stay afloat;
A rush petal will sink to the bottom.*

As master and disciples were reading the inscription, the waves in the river suddenly rose like tall mountains, and with a loud splash from the midst of the waters a monster sprang out. Looking most savage and hideous, he had

*A head full of tousled and flame-like hair;
A pair of bright, round eyes which shone like lamps;
An indigo face, neither black nor green;
An old dragon's voice like thunderclap or drum.
He wore a cape of light yellow goose down.
Two strands of white reeds tied around his waist.
Beneath his chin nine skulls were strung and hung;*

His hands held an awesome priestly staff.

Like a cyclone, the fiend rushed up to the shore and went straight for the Tang Monk. Pilgrim was so taken aback that he grabbed his master and dashed for high ground to make the escape. Putting down the pole, Eight Rules whipped out his rake and brought it down hard on the monster. The fiend used his staff to parry the blow, and so the two of them began to unleash their power on the bank of the Flowing-Sand River. This was some battle!

*The nine-pronged rake;
The fiend-routing staff;
These two met in battle on the river shore.
This one was the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds:
That one was the Curtain-Raising Captain by the Throne.
In years past they met in Divine Mists Hall;
Today they fought and waged a test of might.
From this one the rake went out like a dragon stretching its claws;
From that one the staff blocked the way like a sharp-tusked elephant.
They stood with their limbs outstretched;
Each struck at the other's rib cage.
This one raked madly, heedless of head or face;
That one struck wildly without pause or rest.
This one was a cannibal spirit, long a lord of Flowing-Sand;
That one was a Way-seeking fighter upholding Law and Faith.*

Closing in again and again, the two of them fought for twenty rounds, but neither emerged the victor.

The Great Sage meanwhile was standing there to protect the Tang Monk. As he held the horse and guarded the luggage, he became so aroused by the sight of Eight Rules engaging that fiend that he ground his teeth and rubbed his hands vehemently. Finally he could not restrain himself—whipping out the rod, he said, “Master, sit here and don’t be afraid. Let old Monkey go play with him a little.”

The master begged in vain for him to stay, and with a loud whoop he leaped forward. The monster, you see, was just having a grand time fighting with Eight Rules, the two of them so tightly locked in combat that nothing seemed able to part them. Pilgrim, however, rushed up to the monster and delivered a terrific blow at his head with his iron rod. The monster was so shaken that he jumped aside: turning around he dove straight into the Flowing-Sand River and disappeared. Eight Rules was so upset that he leaped about wildly, crying, “Elder Brother! Who asked you to come? The monster was gradually weakening and was finding it difficult to parry my rake.

Another four or five rounds and I would have captured him. But when he saw how fierce you were, he fled in defeat. Now, what shall we do?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim laughing, “to tell you the truth, since defeating the Yellow Wind Fiend a month ago, I have not played with my rod all this time after leaving the mountain.

When I saw how delicious your fight with him was, I couldn’t stand the itch beneath my feet! That’s why I jumped up here to have some fun with him. That monster doesn’t know how to play, and I suppose that’s the reason for his departure.”

Holding hands and teasing each other, the two of them returned to the Tang Monk. “Did you catch the monster?” asked the Tang Monk. “He didn’t last out the fight,” said Pilgrim, “and he scrambled back to the water in defeat.”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “since this monster has probably lived here a long time, he ought to know the deep and the shallow parts of the river. After all, such a boundless body of weak water, and not a boat in sight—we need someone who is familiar with the region to lead us across.”

“Exactly!” said Pilgrim. “As the proverb says,

*He who’s near cinnabar turns red;
He who’s near ink becomes black.*

The monster living here must have a good knowledge of the water. When we catch him, we should not slay him, but just make him take Master across the river before we dispose of him.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “no need for further delay. You go ahead and catch him, while old Hog guards our master.”

“Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “in this case I’ve really nothing to brag about, for I’m just not comfortable doing business in water. If all I do is walk around down there, I still have to make the magic sign and recite the water-repelling spell before I can move anywhere. Or else I have to change into a water creature like a fish, shrimp, crab, or turtle before going in. If it were a matter of matching wits in the high mountains or up in the clouds, I know enough to deal with the strangest and most difficult situation. But doing business in water somewhat cramps my style!”

“When I was Marshal of the Heavenly River in former years,” said Eight Rules, “I commanded a naval force of eighty thousand men, and I acquired some knowledge of that element. But I fear that that monster may have a few relatives down there in his den, and I won’t be able to withstand him if his seventh and eighth cousins all come out. What will happen to me then if they grab me?”

“If you go into the water to fight him,” said Pilgrim, “don’t tarry. Make sure, in fact, that you feign defeat and entice him out here. Then old Monkey will help you.”

“Right you are,” said Eight Rules. “I’m off!”

He took off his blue silk shirt and his shoes; holding the rake with both hands, he divided the waters to make a path for himself. Using the ability he had developed in bygone years, he leaped through billows and waves and headed for the bottom of the river.

We now tell you about that monster, who went back to his home in defeat. He had barely caught his breath when he heard someone pushing water, and as he rose to take a look, he saw Eight Rules pushing his way through with his rake. That monster lifted his staff and met him face to face, crying, “Monk, watch where you are going or you’ll receive a blow from this!” Using the rake to block the blow, Eight Rules said, “What sort of a monster are you that you dare to bar our way?”

“So you don’t recognize me,” said the monster.

“I’m no demon or fiend, nor do I lack a name or surname.”

“If you are no demon or fiend,” said Eight Rules, “why do you stay here and take human lives? Tell me your name and surname, and I’ll spare your life.”

The monster said:

*"My spirit was strong since the time of birth.
 I once made a tour of the universe,
 Where my fame as a hero became well-known—
 A gallant type for all to emulate.
 Through countless nations I went as I pleased;
 Over lakes and seas I did freely roam.
 To learn the Way I strayed to Heaven's edge;
 To find a teacher I stumped this great earth.
 For years my clothes and alms bowl went with me:
 Not for one day did my spirit turn lax.
 For scores of times I cruised cloudlike the earth
 And walked to all places a hundred times.
 Only then a true immortal I did meet,
 Who showed me the Great Path of Golden Light.
 I took back Baby Boy and Fair Girl first;
 Then released Wood Mother and Squire of Gold.
 Bright Hall's kidney-brine flooded Floral Pool;
 The Tower's liver-fire plunged to the heart.
 Three thousand merits done, I saw Heaven's face
 And solemnly worshipped the Point of Light.
 Then the Jade Emperor exalted me;
 The Curtain-Raising Captain he made me.
 An honored one in South Heaven Gate,
 I was much esteemed at Divine Mists Hall.
 I hung at my waist the Tiger-Headed Shield:
 I held in my hands the Fiend-Routing Staff.
 Just like the sunlight my gold helmet shone;
 My body's armor flashed like radiant mists.
 I was chief of the guardians of the Throne:
 I was first as attendant of the court.
 When Queen Mother gave the Festival of Peach—
 She served her guests at Jasper Pool a feast—
 I dropped and broke a glass-like cup of jade,
 And souls from all the hosts of Heaven fled.
 Jade Emperor grew mightily enraged;
 Hands clasped, he faced his counsel on the left.
 Stripped of my hat, my armor, and my rank,
 I had my whole body pushed to the block.
 Only the Great Immortal, Naked Feet,
 Came from the ranks and begged to have me freed.
 Pardoned from death and with my sentence stayed,
 I was sent to the shores of Flowing-Sand.
 Sated, I lie wearily in the stream;
 Famished, I churn the waves to find my feed.
 The woodsman sees me and his life is gone;
 The fishers face me and they soon perish.
 From first to last I've eaten many men;*

*Over and over I took human lives.
 Since you dare to work violence at my door,
 My stomach this day has its fondest hopes!
 Don't say you're too coarse to be eaten now.
 I'll catch you, and look, that's my minced meat sauce!"*

Infuriated by what he heard, Eight Rules shouted, "You brazen thing! You haven't the slightest perception! Old Hog is tempting enough to make people's mouths water, and you dare say that I'm coarse, that I'm to be chopped up for a chopped meat sauce! Come to think of it, you would like to consider me a piece of tough old bacon! Watch your manners and swallow this rake of your ancestor!" When the monster saw the rake coming, he used the style of "the phoenix nodding its head" to dodge the blow. The two of them thus fought to the surface of the water, each one treading the waters and waves. This conflict was somewhat different from the one before.

Look at

*The Curtain- Raising Captain,
 The Marshal of Heavenly Reeds:
 Each showing most nicely his magic might.
 This one waved above his head the fiend-routing staff:
 That one moved the rake as swiftly as his hand.
 The vaulting waves rocked hills and streams;
 The surging tide the cosmos dimmed.
 Savage like Jupiter wielding banners and flags!
 Fierce like Hell's envoy upsetting sacred tops!
 This one guarded the Tang Monk devotedly;
 That one, a water fiend, perpetrated his crimes.
 The rake's one stroke would leave nine red marks:
 The staffs one blow would dissolve man's soul.
 They strove to win the fight;
 They struggled to prevail.
 All in all for the scripture pilgrim's sake,
 They vented their fury without restraint.
 They brawled till carps and perches lost their newborn scales,
 And all turtles damaged their tender shells.
 Red shrimps and purple crabs all lost their lives,
 And sundry water gods all upward bowed!
 You heard only the waves rolled and crashed like thunderclaps.
 The world amazed saw sun and moon grow dark!*

The two of them fought for two hours, and neither prevailed. It was like

*A brass pan meeting an iron broom,
 A jade gong facing a golden bell.*

We now tell you about the Great Sage, who was standing guard beside the Tang Monk. With bulging eyes he watched them fighting on the water, but he dared not lift his hands. Finally, Eight Rules made a half-hearted blow with his rake and, feigning defeat, turned to flee toward the eastern shore. The monster gave chase and was about to reach the river bank when our Pilgrim could no longer restrain himself. He abandoned his master, whipped out the iron rod, leaped to the riverside and struck at the monster's head. Fearing to face him, the monster swiftly dove back into the river. "You Ban-

Horse-Plague!” shouted Eight Rules. “You impulsive ape! Can’t you be a bit more patient? You could have waited until I led him up to high ground and then blocked his path to the river. We would have caught him then. Now he has gone back in, and when do you think he’ll come out again?”

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim laughing, “stop shouting! Let’s go talk to Master first.”

Eight Rules went with Pilgrim back to high ground to Tripitaka. “Disciple,” said Tripitaka, bowing, “you must be tired!”

“I won’t complain about my fatigue,” said Eight Rules. “Let’s subdue the monster and take you across the river. Only that plan is perfect!”

Tripitaka said, “How did the battle go with the monster just now?”

“He was just about my equal,” said Eight Rules, “and we fought to a draw. But then I feigned defeat and he chased me up to the bank. When he saw Elder Brother lifting his rod, however, he fled.”

“So what are we going to do?” asked Tripitaka. “Master, relax!” said Pilgrim. “Let’s not worry now, for it’s getting late. You sit here on the cliff and let old Monkey go beg some vegetarian food. Take some rest after you eat, and we’ll find a solution tomorrow.”

“You are right,” said Eight Rules. “Go, and come back quickly.” Pilgrim swiftly mounted the clouds and went north to beg a bowl of vegetarian food from a family to present to his master. When the master saw him return so soon, he said, “Wukong, let us go to that household which gave us the food and ask them how we may cross this river. Isn’t this better than fighting the monster?” With a laugh, Pilgrim said, “That household is quite far from here, about six or seven thousand miles, no less! How could the people there know about the water? What’s the use of asking them?”

“You are fibbing again, Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “Six or seven thousand miles, how could you cover that distance so quickly?”

“You have no idea,” said Pilgrim, “about the capacity of my cloud somersault, which with one leap can cover one hundred and eight thousand miles.

For the six or seven thousand here, all I have to do is to nod my head and stretch my waist, and that’s a round trip already! What’s so hard about that?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “if it’s so easy, all you need to do is to carry Master on your back: nod your head, stretch your waist, and jump across. Why continue to fight this monster?”

“Don’t you know how to ride the clouds?” asked Pilgrim. “Can’t you carry him across the river?”

“The mortal nature and worldly bones of Master are as heavy as the Tai Mountain,”

Eight Rules said. “How could my cloud soaring bear him up? It has to be your cloud somersault.”

“My cloud somersault is essentially like cloud soaring,” said Pilgrim, “the only difference being that I can cover greater distances more rapidly. If you can’t carry him, what makes you think I can? There’s an old proverb that says:

Move Mount Tai: it’s light as mustard seeds.

Lift a man and you won't leave the red dust!

Take this monster here: he can use spells and call upon the wind, pushing and pulling a little, but he can't carry a human into the air.

And if it's this kind of magic, old Monkey knows every trick well, including becoming invisible and making distances shorter. But it is required of Master to go through all these strange territories before he finds deliverance from the sea of sorrows; hence even one step turns out to be difficult. You and I are only his protective companions, guarding his body and life, but we cannot exempt him from these woes, nor can we obtain the scriptures all by ourselves. Even if we had the ability to go and see Buddha first, he would not bestow the scriptures on you and me. Remember the adage:

*What's easily gotten
Is soon forgotten."*

When Idiot heard these words, he accepted them amiably as instruction. Master and disciples ate some of the simply prepared vegetarian food before resting on the eastern shore of the Flowing-Sand River.

The next morning, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, what are we going to do today?"

"Not much," said Pilgrim, "except that Eight Rules must go into the water again."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you only want to stay clean, but you have no hesitation making me go into the water."

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "this time I'll try not to be impulsive. I'll let you trick him into coming up here, and then I'll block his retreat along the river bank. We must capture him."

Dear Eight Rules! Wiping his face, he pulled himself together.

Holding the rake in both hands, he walked to the edge of the river, opened up a path in the water, and went to the monster's home as before. The monster had just wakened from his sleep when he heard the sound of water. Turning quickly to look, he saw Eight Rules approaching with the rake. He leaped out at once and barred the way, shouting, "Slow down! Watch out for my staff!"

Eight Rules lifted his rake to parry the blow, saying, "What sort of mourning staff do you have there that you dare ask your ancestor to watch out for it?"

"A fellow like you," said the monster, "wouldn't recognize this!

*For years my staff has enjoyed great fame,
At first an evergreen tree in the moon.
Wu Gang cut down from it one huge limb:
Lu Ban then made it, using all his skills.
Within the hub's one solid piece of gold:
Outside it's wrapped by countless pearly threads.
It's called the treasure staff for crushing fiends,
E'er placed in Divine Mists to quell the ogres.
Since I had made a mighty general's rank,
Jade Emperor put it always by my side.
It lengthens or shortens after my desire;*

*It grows thick or thin with my command.
 It went to guard the Throne at the Peaches Feast:
 It served at court in Heaven's world above.
 On duty it saw the many sages bowed,
 And immortals, too, when the screen rolled up.
 Of numinous power one arm divine,
 It's no worldly weapon of humankind.
 Since I was banished from the gate of Heav'n,
 It roamed with me at will beyond the seas.
 Perhaps it is not right for me to boast,
 But swords and spears of man can't match this staff.
 Look at that old, rusted muckrake of yours:
 Fit only for hoeing fields and raking herbs!"*

"You unchastened brazen thing!" said Eight Rules, laughing. "Never mind whether it's fit for hoeing fields! One little touch and you won't even know how to begin putting bandages or ointment on nine bleeding holes! Even if you are not killed, you will grow old with chronic infection!"

The monster raised his hands and again fought with Eight Rules from the bottom of the river up to the surface of the water. This battle was even more different from the first one. Look at them

*Wielding the treasure staff.
 Striking with muckrake;
 They would not speak as if they were estranged.
 Since Wood Mother constrained the Spatula,
 That caused the two to fight most fiercely.
 No win or loss;
 With no regret.
 They churned up waves and billows with no peace.
 How could this one control his bitter rage;
 That one found unbearable his pain.
 Rake and staff went back and forth to show their might;
 The water rotted like poison in Flowing- Sand.
 They huffed and puffed!
 They worked and toiled!
 All because Tripitaka would face the West.
 The muckrake so ferocious!
 The staff so nimbly used!
 This one made a grab to pull him up the shore;
 That one sought to seize and drown him in the stream.
 They roared like thunder, stirring dragon and fish.
 Gods and ghosts cowered as the Heavens grew dim.*

This time they fought back and forth for thirty rounds, and neither one proved to be the stronger. Again Eight Rules pretended to be defeated and fled, dragging his rake. Kicking up the waves, the monster gave chase and they reached the edge of the river. "Wretch!" cried Eight Rules. "Come up here! We can fight better on solid ground up here."

“You are just trying to trick me into going up there,” scolded the monster, “so that you can bring out your assistant. You come down here, and we can fight in the water.”

The monster, you see, had become wise; he refused to go up to the bank and remained near the edge of the water to argue with Eight Rules.

When Pilgrim saw that the monster refused to leave the water, he became highly irritated, and all he could think of was to catch him at once. “Master,” he said, “you sit here. Let me give him a taste of the ‘ravenous eagle seizing his prey.’”

He somersaulted into the air and then swooped down onto the monster, who was still bickering with Eight Rules. When he heard the sound of the wind, he turned quickly and discovered Pilgrim hurtling down from the clouds. Putting away his staff, he dove into the water and disappeared. Pilgrim stood on the shore and said to Eight Rules, “Brother, that monster is catching on! He refuses to come up now. What shall we do?”

“It’s hard, terribly hard!” said Eight Rules. “I just can’t beat him—even when I summoned up the strength of my milk-drinking days! We are evenly matched!”

“Let’s go talk to Master,” said Pilgrim.

The two of them went up again to high ground and told the Tang Monk everything. “If it’s so difficult,” said the Elder, tears welling up in his eyes, “how can we ever get across?”

“Master, please don’t worry,” said Pilgrim. “It is hard for us to cross with this monster hiding deep in the river. So, don’t fight with him any more, Eight Rules; just stay here and protect Master. I’m going to make a trip up to South Sea.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “what do you want to do at South Sea?” Pilgrim said, “This business of seeking scriptures originated from the Bodhisattva Guanyin; the one who delivered us from our ordeals was also the Bodhisattva Guanyin.

Today our path is blocked at this Flowing-Sand River and we can’t proceed. Without her, how can we ever solve our problem? Let me go ask her to help us: it’s much better than doing battle with this monster.”

“You have a point there, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules.

“When you get there, please convey my gratitude to her for her kindly instructions in the past.”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “if you want to go see the Bodhisattva, you needn’t delay. Go, and hurry back.” Pilgrim catapulted into the air with his cloud somersault and headed for the South Sea. Ah! It did not even take him half an hour before he saw the scenery of the Potalaka Mountain. In a moment, he dropped down from his somersault and arrived at the edge of the purple bamboo grove, where he was met by the Spirits of the Twenty-Four Ways. They said to him, “Great Sage, what brings you here?”

“My master faces an ordeal,” said Pilgrim, “which brings me here specially to see the Bodhisattva.”

“Please take a seat,” said the spirits, “and allow us to make the announcement.” One of the spirits who was on duty went to the entrance of the Tidal-Sound Cave, announcing, “Sun Wukong wishes to have an audience with you.”

The Bodhisattva was leaning on the rails by the Treasure Lotus Pool, looking at the flowers with the Pearl-Bearing Dragon Princess. When she heard the announcement, she went back to the cave, opened the door, and asked that he be shown in. With great solemnity, the Great Sage prostrated himself before her.

“Why are you not accompanying the Tang Monk?” asked the Bodhisattva. “For what reason did you want to see me again?”

“Bodhisattva,” said Pilgrim, looking up at her, “my master took another disciple at the Gao Village, to whom you had given the religious name of Wuneng. After crossing the Yellow Wind Ridge, we have now arrived at the Flowing-Sand River eight hundred miles wide, a body of weak water, which is difficult for Master to get across. There is, moreover, a monster in the river who is quite accomplished in the martial arts. We are grateful to Wuneng, who fought in the water with him three times but could not beat him. The monster is, in fact, blocking our path and we cannot get across. That is why I have come to see you, hoping you will take pity and grant us deliverance.”

“Monkey,” said the Bodhisattva, “are you still acting so smug and self-sufficient that you refuse to disclose the fact that you are in the service of the Tang Monk?”

“All we had intended to do,” said Pilgrim, “was to catch the monster and make him take Master across the river. I am not too good at doing business in the water, so Wuneng went down alone to his lair to look for him, and they had some conversation. I presume the matter of scripture seeking was not mentioned.”

“That monster in the Flowing-Sand River,” said the Bodhisattva, “happens to be the incarnate Curtain-Raising Captain, who was also brought into the faith by my persuasion when I told him to accompany those on their way to acquire scriptures. Had you been willing to mention that you were a scripture pilgrim from the Land of the East, he would not have fought you; he would have yielded instead.” Pilgrim said, “That monster is afraid to fight now; he refuses to come up to the shore and is hiding deep in the water. How can we bring him to submission? How can my master get across this body of weak water?”

The Bodhisattva immediately called for Hui’an. Taking a little red gourd from her sleeves, she handed it over to him, saying, “Take this gourd and go with Sun Wukong to the Flowing-Sand River. Call ‘Wujing,’ and he’ll come out at once. You must first take him to submit to the Tang Monk. Next, string together those nine skulls of his and arrange them according to the position of the Nine Palaces.

Put this gourd in the center, and you will have a dharma vessel ready to ferry the Tang Monk across the boundary formed by the Flowing-Sand River.” Obeying the instructions of his master, Hui’an left the Tidal-Sound Cave with the Great Sage carrying the gourd.

As they departed the purple bamboo grove in compliance with the holy command, we have a testimonial poem:

*The Five Phases well matched as Heaven’s truth,
His former master he can recognize.
Refine the self as base for wondrous use;
Good and bad discerned will reveal the cause.
Metal returns to nature—the same kind are both.
Wood begs for favor: they’ll all be redeemed.
Two- Earths completes merit to reach the void:*

Water and fire blended, dustless and clean.

In a little while the two of them lowered their clouds and arrived at the Flowing-Sand River. Recognizing the disciple Mokṣa, Zhu Eight Rules led his master to receive him. After bowing to Tripitaka, Mokṣa then greeted Eight Rules, who said, “I was grateful to be instructed by Your Reverence so that I could meet the Bodhisattva. I have indeed obeyed the Law, and I am happy recently to have entered the gate of Buddhism. Since we have been constantly on the road, I have yet to thank you. Please forgive me.”

“Let’s forget about these fancy conversations,” said Pilgrim. “We must go and call that fellow.”

“Call whom?” asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim replied, “Old Monkey saw the Bodhisattva and gave her an account of what happened. The Bodhisattva told me that this monster in the Flowing-Sand River happened to be the incarnation of the Curtain-Raising Captain. Because he had sinned in Heaven, he was banished to this river and became a monster. But he was converted by the Bodhisattva, who had told him to accompany you to the Western Heaven.

Since we did not mention the matter of seeking scriptures, he fought us bitterly. Now the Bodhisattva has sent Mokṣa with this gourd, which that fellow will turn into a dharma vessel to take you across the river.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he bowed repeatedly to Mokṣa, saying, “I beseech Your Reverence to act quickly.”

Holding the gourd and treading half on cloud and half on fog, Mokṣa moved directly above the surface of the Flowing-Sand River. He cried with a loud voice, “Wujing! Wujing! The scripture pilgrim has been here for a long time. Why have you not submitted?” We now tell you about that monster who, fearful of the Monkey King, had gone back to the bottom of the river to rest in his den.

When he heard someone call him by his religious name, he knew that it had to be the Bodhisattva Guanyin. And when he heard, moreover, that the scripture pilgrim had arrived, he no longer feared the ax or the halberd. Swiftly he leaped out of the waves and saw that it was the disciple Mokṣa. Look at him! All smiles, he went forward and bowed, saying, “Your Reverence, forgive me for not coming to meet you. Where is the Bodhisattva?”

“My teacher did not come,” said Mokṣa, “but she sent me to tell you to become the disciple of the Tang Monk without delay. You are to take the skulls around your neck and this gourd, and to fashion with them a dharma vessel according to the position of the Nine Palaces so that he may be taken across this body of weak water.”

“Where is the scripture pilgrim?” asked Wujing. Pointing with his finger, Mokṣa said, “Isn’t he the one sitting on the eastern shore?” Wujing caught sight of Eight Rules and said, “I don’t know where that lawless creature came from! He fought with me for two whole days, never once saying a word about seeking scriptures.” When he saw Pilgrim, he said again. “That customer is his assistant, and a formidable one, too! I’m not going over there!”

“That is Zhu Eight Rules,” said Mokṣa, “and that other one is Pilgrim Sun, both disciples of the Tang Monk and both converted by the Bodhisattva. Why fear them? I’ll escort you to the Tang Monk.” Only then did Wujing put away his precious staff and straighten his yellow silk shirt.

He jumped ashore and knelt before Tripitaka, saying, “Master, your disciple has eyes but no pupils, and he failed to recognize your noble features. I have greatly offended you, and I beg you to pardon me.”

“You bum!” said Eight Rules. “Why did you not submit in the first place? Why did you only want to fight with me? What do you have to say for yourself?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “don’t berate him. It’s really our fault for not mentioning that we were seeking scriptures, and we didn’t tell him our names.”

“Are you truly willing to embrace our faith?” said the elder. “Your disciple was converted by the Bodhisattva,” said Wujing. “Deriving my surname from the river, she gave me the religious name Sha Wujing. How could I be unwilling to take you as my master?”

“In that case,” said Tripitaka, “Wukong may bring over the sacred razor and shave off his hair.”

The Great Sage indeed took the razor and shaved Wujing’s head, after which he came again to pay homage to Tripitaka, Pilgrim, and Eight Rules, thus becoming the youngest disciple of the Tang Monk. When Tripitaka saw that he comported himself very much like a monk, he gave him the nickname of Sha Monk. “Since you have embraced the faith,” said Mokṣa, “there’s no need for further delay. You must build the dharma vessel at once.” Not daring to delay, Wujing took off the skulls around his neck and strung them up with a rope after the design of the Nine Palaces, placing the gourd in the middle. He then asked his master to leave the shore, and our elder thus embarked on the dharma vessel. As he sat in the center, he found it to be as sturdy as a little boat. He was, moreover, supported by Eight Rules on his left and Wujing on his right, while Pilgrim Sun, leading the dragon-horse, followed in the rear, treading half on cloud and half on fog. Above their heads Mokṣa also took up his post to give them added protection. In this way our master of the Law was safely ferried across the boundary of the Flowing-Sand River: with the wind calm and waves quiet he crossed the weak water. It was truly as fast as flying or riding an arrow, for in a little while he reached the other shore, having been delivered from the mighty waves. He did not drag up mud or water, and happily both his hands and feet remained dry. In sum, he was pure and clean without engaging in any activity. When master and disciples reached solid ground again, Mokṣa descended from the auspicious clouds. As he took back his gourd, the nine skulls changed into nine curls of dark wind and vanished. Tripitaka bowed to thank Mokṣa and also gave thanks to the Bodhisattva. So it was that Mokṣa went straight back to the South Sea, while Tripitaka mounted his horse to go to the West. We do not know how long it took them to achieve the right fruit of scripture acquisition; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-THREE

*Tripitaka does not forget his origin
The Four Sages test the priestly mind*

*A long journey westward is his decree,
As frosted blooms fall in autumn's mild breeze.
Tie up the sly ape, don't loosen the ropes!
Hold back the mean horse, and don't use the whip!
Wood Mother was once fused with Metal Squire;
Yellow Dame and Naked Son ne'er did differ.
Bite open the iron ball—there's mystery true:
Perfection of wisdom will come to you.*

The principal aim of this chapter is to make clear that the way to acquire scriptures is no different from the way of attending to the fundamentals in one's life.

We now tell you about master and disciples, the four of them, who, having awakened to the suchness of all things, broke free from the fetters of dust. Leaping clear from the sea of nature's flowing sand, they were completely rid of any hindrance and proceeded westward on the main road. They passed through countless green hills and blue waters; they saw wild grass and untended flowers in endless arrays. Time was swift indeed and soon it was autumn again. You see

*Maple leaves redden the mountain;
Yellow blooms endure the night-wind.
Old cicada's song turns languid;
Sad crickets ever voice their plaint.
Cracked lotus leaves like green silk fans;
Fragrant oranges like gold balls.
Lovely, those rows of wild geese,
In dots they spread to distant sky.*

As they journeyed, it was getting late again. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "it's getting late. Where shall we go to spend the night?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "what you said is not quite right. Those who have left home dine on the winds and rest beside the waters; they sleep beneath the moon and lie on the frost; in short, any place can be their home. Why ask where we should spend the night?"

"Elder Brother," said Zhu Eight Rules, "all you seem to care about is making progress on the journey, and you've no concern for the burdens of others. Since crossing the Flowing-Sand River, we have been doing nothing but scaling mountains and peaks, and hauling this heavy load is becoming rather hard on me. Wouldn't it be much more reasonable to look for a house where we can ask for some tea and rice, and try to regain our strength?"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "your words sound as if you begrudge this whole enterprise. If you think that you are still back in the Gao Village, where you can enjoy the comfort that comes to you without your exerting yourself, then you won't make it! If you have truly embraced the faith of Buddhism, you must be willing to endure pain and suffering; only then will you be a true disciple."

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “how heavy do you think this load of luggage is?” Pilgrim said, “Brother, since you and Sha Monk joined us, I haven’t had a chance to pole it. How would I know its weight?”

“Ah! Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “just count the things here:

*Four yellow rattan mats;
Long and short, eight ropes in all.
To guard against dampness and rain,
There are blankets—three, four layers!
The flat pole’s too slippery, perhaps?
You add nails on nails at both ends!
Cast in iron and copper, the nine-ringed priestly staff.
Made of bamboo and rattan, the long, large cloak.*

With all this luggage, you should pity old Hog, who has to walk all day carrying it! You only are the disciple of our master:

I’ve been made into a long-term laborer!”

“Idiot!” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “to whom are you protesting?”

“To you, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules. “If you’re protesting to me,” said Pilgrim, “you’ve made a mistake! Old Monkey is solely concerned with Master’s safety, whereas you and Sha Monk have the special responsibility of looking after the luggage and the horse. If you ever slack off, you’ll get a good whipping in the shanks from this huge rod!”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “don’t mention whipping, for that only means taking advantage of others by brute force. I realize that you have a proud and haughty nature, and you are not about to pole the luggage. But look how fat and strong the horse is that Master is riding: he’s only carrying one old monk. Make him take a few pieces of luggage, for the sake of fraternal sentiment!”

“So you think he’s a horse!” said Pilgrim. “He’s no earthly horse, for he is originally the son of Aorun, the Dragon King of the Western Ocean. Because he set fire to the palace and destroyed some of its pearls, his father charged him with disobedience and he was condemned by Heaven. He was fortunate to have the Bodhisattva Guanyin save his life, and he was placed in the Eagle Grief Stream to await Master’s arrival. At the appropriate time, the Bodhisattva also appeared personally to take off his scales and horns and to remove the pearls around his neck. It was then that he changed into this horse to carry Master to worship Buddha in the Western Heaven. This is a matter of achieving merit for each one of us individually, and you shouldn’t bother him.” When Sha Monk heard these words, he asked, “Elder Brother, is he really a dragon?”

“Yes,” replied Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, I have heard an ancient saying that a dragon can breathe out clouds and mists, kick up dust and dirt, and he even has the ability to leap over mountains and peaks, the divine power to stir up rivers and seas. How is it that he is walking so slowly at the moment?”

“You want him to move swiftly?” said Pilgrim. “I’ll make him do that. Look!”

Dear Great Sage! He shook his goldenhooped rod once, and there were ten thousand shafts of colorful lights! When that horse saw the rod, he was so afraid that he might be struck by it that he moved his four legs like lightning and darted away. As his hands were weak, the master could not restrain the horse from this display of its mean

nature. The horse ran all the way up a mountain cliff before slowing down to a trot. The master finally caught his breath, and that was when he discovered in the distance several stately buildings beneath some pine trees. He saw

*Doors draped by hanging cedars:
Houses beside a green hill;
Pine trees fresh and straight.
And some poles of mottled bamboo.
By the fence wild chrysanthemums glow with the frost:
By the bridge orchid reflections redden the stream.
Walls of white plaster;
And fences brick-laid.
A great hall, how noble and august:
A tall house, so peaceful and clean.
No oxen or sheep are seen, nor hens or dogs.
After autumn's harvest farm chores must be light.*

As the master held on to the saddle and slowly surveyed the scenery, Wukong and his brothers arrived. "Master," said Wukong, "you didn't fall off the horse?"

"You brazen ape!" scolded the elder. "You were the one who frightened the horse! It's a good thing I managed to stay on him!"

Attempting to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, "Master, please don't scold me. It all began when Zhu Eight Rules said that the horse was moving too slowly: so I made him hurry a little."

Because he tried to catch up with the horse, Idiot ran till he was all out of breath, mumbling to himself, "I'm done, done! Look at this belly of mine, and the slack torso! Already the pole is so heavy that I can hardly carry it. Now I'm given the additional bustle and toil of running after this horse!"

"Disciples," said the elder, "look over there. There's a small village where we may perhaps ask for lodging." When Pilgrim heard these words, he looked up and saw that it was covered by auspicious clouds and hallowed mists. He knew then that this place had to be a creation of buddhas or immortals, but he dared not reveal the Heavenly secret. He only said, "Fine! Fine! Let's go ask for shelter." Quickly dismounting, the elder discovered that the towered entrance gate was decorated with carved lotus designs and looped slits in the woodwork; its pillars were carved and its beams gilded. Sha Monk put down the luggage, while Eight Rules led the horse, saying, "This must be a family of considerable wealth!" Pilgrim would have gone in at once, but Tripitaka said, "No, you and I are priests, and we should behave with circumspection. Don't ever enter a house without permission. Let's wait until someone comes out, and then we may request lodging politely."

Eight Rules tied up the horse and sat down, leaning against the wall. Tripitaka sat on one of the stone drums while Pilgrim and Sha Monk seated themselves at the foot of the gate. They waited for a long time, but no one came out.

Impatient by nature, Pilgrim leaped up after a while and ran inside the gate to have a look. There were, in fact, three large halls facing south, each with its curtains drawn up highly. Above the door screen hung a horizontal scroll painting with motifs of long life and rich blessings. And pasted on the gold lacquered pillars on either side was this new year couplet written on bright red paper:

*Frail willows float like gossamer, the low bridge at dusk:
Snow dots the fragrant plums, a small yard in the spring.*

In the center hall, there was a small black lacquered table, its luster half gone, bearing an old bronze urn in the shape of a beast. There were six straight-backed chairs in the main hall, while hanging screens were mounted on the walls east and west just below the roof.

As Pilgrim was glancing at all this furtively, the sound of footsteps suddenly came from behind the door to the rear, and out walked a middle-aged woman who asked in a seductive voice, "Who are you, that you dare enter a widow's home without permission?"

The Great Sage was so taken aback that he could only murmur his reply:

"This humble monk came from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, having received the royal decree to seek scriptures from Buddha in the West. There are four of us altogether. As we reached your noble region, it became late, and we therefore approached the sacred abode of the old Bodhisattva to seek shelter for the night." Smiling amiably, the woman said, "Elder, where are your other three companions? Please invite them to come in."

"Master," shouted Pilgrim in a loud voice, "you are invited to come in." Only then did Tripitaka enter with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who was leading the horse and carrying the luggage as well. The woman walked out of the hall to greet them, where she was met by the furtive, wanton glances of Eight Rules. "How did she look?" you ask.

*She wore a gown of mandarin green and silk brocade,
Topped by a light pink vest,
To which was fastened a light yellow embroidered skirt;
Her high-heeled, patterned shoes glinted beneath.
A black lace covered her stylish coiffure,
Nicely matching the twin-colored braids like dragons coiled.
Her ivory palace-comb, gleaming red and halcyon-blue,
Supported two gold hair-pins set aslant.
Her half-grey tresses swept up like phoenix wings;
Her dangling earrings had rows of precious pearls.
Still lovely even without powder or rouge,
She had charm and beauty like one fair youth.*

When the woman saw the three of them, she became even more amiable and invited them with great politeness into the main hall.

After they had exchanged greetings one after the other, the pilgrims were told to be seated for tea to be served. From behind the screen a young maid with two tufts of flowing locks appeared, holding a golden tray with several white-jade cups. There were

*Fragrant tea wafting warm air,
Strange fruits spreading fine aroma.*

That lady rolled up her colorful sleeves and revealed long, delicate fingers like the stalks of spring onions; holding high the jade cups, she passed the tea to each one of them, bowing as she made the presentation. After the tea, she gave instructions for vegetarian food to be prepared. "Old Bodhisattva," said Tripitaka bowing, "what is your noble surname? And what is the name of your esteemed region?"

The woman said, “This belongs to the West Aparagodānīya Continent. My maiden surname is Jia (Unreal), and the surname of my husband’s family is Mo (Nonexisting). Unfortunately, my in-laws died prematurely, and my husband and I inherited our ancestral fortune, which amounted to more than ten thousand taels of silver and over fifteen thousand acres of prime land. It was fated, however, that we should have no son, having given birth only to three daughters. The year before last, it was my great misfortune to lose my husband also, and I was left a widow. This year my mourning period is completed, but we have no other relatives beside mother and daughters to inherit our vast property and land. I would have liked to marry again, but I find it difficult to give up such wealth. We are delighted, therefore, that the four of you have arrived, for we four, mother and daughters, would like very much to ask you to become our spouses. I do not know what you will think of this proposal.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he turned deaf and dumb; shutting his eyes to quiet his mind, he fell silent and gave no reply. The woman said, “We own over three hundred acres of paddies, over four hundred and sixty acres of dried fields, and over four hundred and sixty acres of orchards and forests. We have over a thousand head of yellow water buffalo, herds of mules and horses, countless pigs and sheep. In all four quarters, there are over seventy barns and haystacks. In this household there is grain enough to feed you for more than eight or nine years, silk that you could not wear out in a decade, gold and silver that you might spend for a lifetime. What could be more delightful than our silk sheets and curtains, which can render spring eternal? Not to mention those who wear golden hairpins standing in rows! If all of you, master and disciples, are willing to change your minds and enter the family of your wives, you will be most comfortable, having all these riches to enjoy. Will that not be better than the toil of the journey to the West?” Like a mute and stupid person, Tripitaka refused to utter a word.

The woman said, “I was born in the hour of the Cock, on the third day of the third month, in the year Dinghai. As my deceased husband was three years my senior, I am now forty-five years old. My eldest daughter, named Zhenzhen, is twenty; my second daughter, Aiai, is eighteen; and my youngest daughter, Lianlian, is sixteen.

None of them has been betrothed to anyone. Though I am rather homely, my daughters fortunately are rather good-looking. Moreover, each of them is well trained in needlework and the feminine arts. And because we had no son, my late husband brought them up as if they were boys, teaching them some of the Confucian classics when they were young as well as the art of writing verse and couplets. So, although they reside in a mountain home, they are not vulgar or uncouth persons; they would make suitable matches, I dare say, for all of you. If you elders can put away your inhibitions and let your hair grow again, you can at once become masters of this household. Are not the silk and brocade that you will wear infinitely better than the porcelain almsbowl and black robes, the straw sandals and grass hats?” Sitting aloft in the seat of honor, Tripitaka was like a child struck by lightning, a frog smitten by rain. With eyes bulging and rolling upward, he could barely keep himself from keeling over in his chair. But Eight Rules, hearing of such wealth and such beauty, could hardly quell the unbearable itch in his heart! Sitting on his chair, he kept turning and twisting as if a needle were pricking him in the ass. Finally he could restrain himself no longer. Walking forward, he tugged at his master, saying, “Master! How can you completely ignore what the lady has been saying to you? You must try to pay some attention.” Jerking back his head, the priest gave such a hostile shout that Eight Rules backed away hurriedly. “You cursed

beast!” he bellowed. “We are people who have left home. How can we possibly allow ourselves anymore to be moved by riches and tempted by beauty?”

Giggling, the woman said, “Oh dear, dear! Tell me, what’s so good about those who leave home?”

“Lady Bodhisattva,” said Tripitaka, “tell me what is so good about those of you who remain at home?”

“Please take a seat, elder,” said the woman, “and let me tell you the benefits in the life of those of us who remain at home. If you ask what they are, this poem will make them abundantly clear.

*When spring fashions appear I wear new silk;
Pleased to watch summer lilies I change to lace.
Autumn brings fragrant rice-wine newly brewed.
In winter’s heated rooms my face glows with wine.
I may enjoy the fruits of all four climes
And every dainty of eight seasons, too.
The silk sheets and quilts of the bridal eve
Best the mendicant’s life of Buddhist chants.”*

Tripitaka said, “Lady Bodhisattva, you who remain in the home can enjoy riches and glory; you have things to eat, clothes to wear, and children by your side. That is undeniably a good life, but you do not know that there are some benefits in the life of those of us who have left home. If you ask what they are, this poem will make them abundantly clear.

*The will to leave home is no common thing:
You must tear down the old stronghold of love!
No cares without, tongue and mouth are at peace;
Your body within has good yin and yang.
When merit’s done, you face the Golden Arch
And go hack, mind enlightened, to your Home.
It beats the life of lust for household meat:
You rot with age, one stinking bag of flesh!”*

When the woman heard these words, she grew terribly angry, saying, “How dare you to be so insolent, you brazen monk! If I had had no regard for the fact that you have come from the Land of the East, I would have sent you away at once. Now, I was trying to ask you, with all sincerity, to enter our family and share our wealth, and you insult me instead. Even though you have received the commandments and made the vow never to return to secular life, at least one of your followers could become a member of our family.

Why are you being so legalistic?” Seeing how angry she had become, Tripitaka was intimidated and said, “Wukong, why don’t you stay here.” Pilgrim said, “I’ve been completely ignorant in such matters since the time I was young. Let Eight Rules stay.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “don’t play tricks on people. Let’s all have some further discussion.”

“If neither of you is willing,” said Tripitaka, “I’ll ask Wujing to stay.”

“Listen to the way Master is speaking!” said Sha Monk. “Since I was converted by the Bodhisattva and received the commandments from her, I’ve been waiting for

you. It has been scarcely two months since you took me as your disciple and gave me your teachings, and I have yet to acquire even half an inch of merit. You think I would dare seek such riches! I will journey to the Western Heaven even if it means my death! I'll never engage in such perfidious activities!" When the woman saw them refusing to remain, she quickly walked behind the screen and slammed the door to the rear. Master and disciples were left outside, and no one came out again to present tea or rice.

Exasperated, Eight Rules began to find fault with the Tang Monk, saying, "Master, you really don't know how to handle these matters! In fact, you have ruined all our chances by the way you spoke! You could have been more flexible and given her a vague reply so that she would at least have given us a meal. We would at least have enjoyed a pleasant evening, and whether we would be willing to stay tomorrow or not would have been for us to decide. Now the door is shut and no one is going to come out. How are we going to last through the night in the midst of these empty ashes and cold stoves?"

"Second Brother," said Wujing, "why don't you stay here and become her son-in-law?"

Eight Rules said, "Brother, don't play tricks on people. Let's discuss the matter further."

"What's there to discuss?" said Pilgrim. "If you are willing, Master and that woman will become in-laws, and you will be the son-in-law who lives in the girl's home. With such riches and such treasures in this family, you will no doubt be given a huge dowry and a nice banquet to greet the kinsfolk, which all of us can also enjoy. Your return to secular life here will in fact benefit both parties concerned."

"You can say that all right," said Eight Rules, "but for me it's a matter of fleeing the secular life only to return to secular life, of leaving my wife only to take another wife."

"So, Second Brother already has a wife?" said Sha Monk. "You didn't realize," Pilgrim said, "that originally he was the son-in-law of Mr. Gao of the Old Gao Village, in the Kingdom of Qoco. Since I defeated him, and since he had earlier received the commandments from the Bodhisattva, he had little choice but to follow the priestly vocation. That's the reason he abandoned his former wife to follow Master and to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven. I suppose he has felt the separation keenly and has been brooding on it for some time. Just now, when marriage was mentioned, he must have been sorely tempted. Idiot, why don't you become the son-in-law of this household? Just make sure that you make a few extra bows to old Monkey, and you won't be reprimanded!"

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said Idiot. "Each one of us is tempted, but you only want old Hog to be embarrassed. The proverb says, 'A monk is the preta of sensuality,' and which one of us can truly say that he doesn't want this? But you have to put on a show, and your histrionics have ruined a good thing. Now we can't even get a drop of tea or water, and no one is tending the lamps or fires. We may last through the night, but I doubt that the horse can: he has to carry someone tomorrow and walk again, you know. If he goes hungry for a night, he might be reduced to a skeleton. You people sit here, while old Hog goes to graze the horse."

Hastily, Idiot untied the reins and pulled the horse outside. "Sha Monk," said Pilgrim, "you stay here and keep Master company. I'll follow him and see where he is going to graze the horse."

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “you may go and see where he’s going, but don’t ridicule him.”

“I know,” said Pilgrim. The Great Sage walked out of the main hall, and with one shake of his body he changed into a red dragonfly. He flew out of the front gate and caught up with Eight Rules.

Idiot pulled the horse out to where there was grass, but he did not graze him there. Shouting and whooping, he chased the horse instead to the rear of the house, where he found the woman standing outside the door with three girls, enjoying the sight of some chrysanthemums. When mother and daughters saw Eight Rules approaching, the three girls slipped inside the house at once, but the woman stood still beside the door and said, “little elder, where are you going?” Our Idiot threw away the reins and went up to greet her with a most friendly “Hello!”

Then he said, “Mama, I came to graze the horse.”

“Your master is much too squeamish,” said the woman. “If he took a wife in our family, he would be much better off, wouldn’t he, than being a mendicant trudging to the West?”

“Well, they all have received the command of the Tang emperor,” said Eight Rules, with a laugh, “and they haven’t the courage to disobey the ruler’s decree. That’s why they are unwilling to do this thing. Just now they were all trying to play tricks on me in the front hall, and I was somewhat embarrassed because I was afraid that Mama would find my long snout and large ears too offensive.”

“I don’t, really,” said the woman. “And since we have no master of the house, it’s better to take one than none at all. But I do fear that my daughters may find you somewhat unattractive.”

“Mama,” said Eight Rules, “please instruct your noble daughters not to choose their men that way. Others may be more handsome, but they usually turn out to be quite useless. Though I may be ugly, I do live by certain principles.”

“And what are they?” asked the woman. Eight Rules replied,

*“Though I may be somewhat ugly,
I can work quite diligently.
A thousand acres of land, you say?
No need for oxen to plow it.
I’ll go over it once with my rake,
And the seeds will grow in season.
When there’s no rain I can make rain.
When there’s no wind I’ll call for wind.
If the house is not tall enough,
I’ll build you a few stories more.
If the grounds are not swept I’ll give them a sweep.
If the gutter’s not drained I’ll draw it for you.
All things both great and small around the house
I am able to do most readily.”*

“If you can work around the house,” said the woman, “you should discuss the matter again with your master. If there’s no great inconvenience, we’ll take you.”

“No need for further discussion,” said Eight Rules, “for he’s no genuine parent of mine. Whether I want to do this or not is for me to decide.”

“All right, all right,” said the woman. “Let me talk to my girls first.” She slipped back inside immediately and slammed the rear door shut. Eight Rules did not graze the horse there either, but led it back to the front. Little did he realize, however, that Great Sage Sun had heard everything. With wings outstretched, the Great Sage flew back to see the Tang Monk, changing back into his original form. “Master,” he said, “Wuneng is leading the horse back here.”

“Of course he’s leading the horse,” said the Tang Monk, “for if he doesn’t, it may run away in a fit of mischief.” Pilgrim started to laugh and gave a thorough account of what the woman and Eight Rules had said, but Tripitaka did not know whether to believe him or not.

In a little while Idiot arrived and tied up the horse. “Have you grazed him?” asked the elder. “There’s not much good grass around here,” said Eight Rules, “so it’s really no place to graze a horse.”

“It may not be a place to graze the horse,” said Pilgrim, “but is it a place to lead a horse?”

When Idiot heard this question, he knew that his secret was known. He lowered his head and turned it to one side; with pouting lips and wrinkled brows, he remained silent for a long time. Just then, they heard the side door open with a creak, and out came a pair of red lanterns and a pair of portable incense burners. There were swirling clouds of fragrance and the sounds of tinkling girdle-jade when the woman walked out leading her three daughters. Zhenzhen, Aiai, and Lianlian were told to bow to the scripture pilgrims, and as they did so, standing in a row at the main hall, they appeared to be most beautiful indeed. Look at them!

*Each mothlike eyebrow painted halcyon-blue:
Each pretty face aglow with springlike hues.
What beguiling, empire-shaking beauty!
What ravishing, heart-jolting charm!
Their filigreed headgears enhance their grace;
Silk sashes afloat, they seem wholly divine.
Like ripe cherries their lips part, half-smiling,
As they walk slowly and spread their orchid-scent.
Their heads full of pearls and jade
Atop countless hairpins slightly trembling.
Their bodies full of delicate aroma,
Shrouded by exquisite robes of fine golden thread.
Why speak of lovely ladies of the South,
Or the good looks of Xizi?
They look like the fairy ladies descending from the Ninefold Heaven,
Or the Princess Change leaving her Vast Cold Palace.*

When he saw them, Tripitaka lowered his head and folded his hands in front of him, while the Great Sage became mute and Sha Monk turned away completely. But look at that Zhu Eight Rules! With eyes unblinking, a mind filled with lust, and passion fast rising, he murmured huskily, “What an honor it is to have the presence of you immortal ladies! Mama, please ask these dear sisters to leave.”

The three girls went behind the screen, leaving the pair of lanterns behind.

The woman said, "Have you four elders made up your mind which one of you shall be betrothed to my daughters?"

"We have discussed the matter," said Wujing, "and we have decided that the one whose surname is Zhu shall enter your family."

"Brother," said Eight Rules, "please don't play any tricks on me. Let's discuss the matter further."

"What's there to discuss?" said Pilgrim. "You have already made all the arrangements with her at the back door, and even call her 'Mama.' What's there to discuss anymore? Master can be the in-law for the groom while this woman here will give away the bride; old Monkey will be the witness, and Sha Monk the go-between. There's no need even to consult the almanac, for today happens to be the most auspicious and lucky day. You come here and bow to Master, and then you can go inside and become her son-in-law."

"Nothing doing! Nothing doing!" said Eight Rules. "How can I engage in this kind of business?"

"Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "Stop this fakery! You have addressed her as 'Mama' for countless times already! What do you mean by 'nothing doing'? Agree to this at once, so that we may have the pleasure of enjoying some wine at the wedding."

He caught hold of Eight Rules with one hand and pulled at the woman with the other, saying, "Mother-in-law, take your son-in-law inside." Somewhat hesitantly, Idiot started to shuffle inside, while the woman gave instructions to a houseboy, saying, "Take out some tables and chairs and wipe them clean. Prepare a vegetarian dinner to serve these three relatives of ours. I'm leading our new master inside." She further gave instructions for the cook to begin preparation for a wedding banquet to be held the next morning. The houseboys then left to tell the cook. After the three pilgrims had eaten their meal, they retired to the guest rooms, and we shall say no more of them for the moment.

We now tell you about Eight Rules, who followed his mother-in-law and walked inside. There were row upon row of doorways and chambers with tall thresholds, causing him constantly to stumble and fall. "Mama," said Idiot, "please walk more slowly. I'm not familiar with the way here, so you must guide me a little."

The woman said, "These are all the storerooms, the treasuries, the rooms where the flour is ground. We have yet to reach the kitchen."

"What a huge house!" said Eight Rules. Stumbling along a winding course, he walked for a long time before finally reaching the inner chamber of the house. "Son-in-law," said the woman, "since your brother said that today is a most auspicious and lucky day, I have taken you in. In all this hurry, we have not had the chance of consulting an astrologer, nor have we been prepared for the proper wedding ceremony of worshipping Heaven and Earth and of spreading grains and fruits on the bridal bed. Right now, why don't you kowtow eight times toward the sky?"

"You are right, Mama," said Eight Rules. "You take the upper seat also, and let me bow to you a few times. We'll consider that my worship of Heaven and Earth as well as my gesture of gratitude to you. Doing these two things at once will save me some trouble."

"All right, all right," said his mother-in-law, laughing. "You are indeed a son-in-law who knows how to fulfill your household duties with the least effort. I'll sit down, and you can make your bows."

The candles on silver candlesticks were shining brightly throughout the hall as Idiot made his bows. Afterwards he said, "Mama, which one of the dear sisters do you plan to give me?"

"That's my dilemma," said his mother-in-law. "I was going to give you my eldest daughter, but I was afraid of offending my second daughter. I was going to give you my second daughter, but I was afraid then of offending my third daughter. And if I were to give you my third daughter, I fear that my eldest daughter may be offended. That's why I cannot make up my mind."

"Mama," said Eight Rules, "if you want to prevent strife, why not give them all to me? That way, you will spare yourself a lot of bickering that can destroy the harmony of the family."

"Nonsense!" said his mother-in-law. "You mean you alone want to take all three of my daughters?"

"Listen to what you're saying, Mama!" said Eight Rules. "Who doesn't have three or four concubines nowadays? Even if you have a few more daughters, I'll gladly take them all. When I was young, I learned how to be long-lasting in the arts of love. You can be assured that I'll render satisfactory service to every one of them."

"That's no good! That's no good!" said the woman. "I have a large handkerchief here, with which you can cover your head, blindfold yourself, and determine your fated marriage that way. I'm going to ask my daughters to walk past you, and the one you can catch with your hands will be betrothed to you." Idiot accepted her suggestion and covered his head with his handkerchief. We have a testimonial poem that says:

*The fool knows not the true causes of things;
Beauty's sword can in secret wound the self.
The Duke of Zhou of old had fixed the rites.
But a bridegroom today still veils his head!*

After Idiot had tied himself up properly, he said, "Mama, ask the dear sisters to come out."

"Zhenzhen, Aiai, Lianlian," cried his mother-in-law, "you all come out and determine your fated marriage, so that one of you may be given to this man." With the sounds of girdle-jade and the fragrance of orchids, it seemed that some immortal ladies had suddenly appeared. Idiot indeed stretched forth his hands to try to catch hold of one of the girls, but though he darted about madly this way and that, he could not lay hands on anyone on either side of him. It seemed to him, to be sure, that the girls were making all kinds of movement around him, but he could not grab a single one of them. He lunged toward the east and wrapped his arms around a pillar; he made a dive toward the west and slammed into a wooden partition. Growing faint from rushing about like that, he began to stumble and fall all over the place — tripping on the threshold in front of him, smashing into the brick wall behind him! Fumbling and tumbling around, he ended up sitting on the floor with a bruised head and a swollen mouth.

"Mama," he cried, panting heavily, "you have a bunch of slippery daughters! I can't catch a single one of them! What am I to do? What am I to do?"

Taking off his blindfold, the woman said, “Son-in-law, it’s not that my daughters are slippery; it’s just that they are all very modest. Each defers to the other so that she may take you.”

“If they are unwilling to take me, Mama,” said Eight Rules, “why don’t you take me instead?”

“Dear son-in-law,” said the woman, “you really have no regard for age or youth, when you even want your mother-in-law! My three daughters are really quite talented, for each one of them has woven a silk undershirt studded with pearls. Try them on, and the one whose shirt fits you will take you in.”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said Eight Rules. “Bring out all three undershirts and let me try them on. If all fit me, they can all have me.”

The woman went inside and took out one undershirt, which she handed over to Eight Rules. Taking off his blue silk shirt, Idiot took up the undergarment and draped it over his body at once. Before he had managed to tie the strings, however, he suddenly fell to the floor. The undershirt, you see, had changed into several pieces of rope which had him tightly bound. As he lay there in unbearable pain, the women vanished.

We now tell you about Tripitaka, Pilgrim, and Sha Monk, who woke up when it began to grow light in the East. As they opened their eyes, they discovered that all the noble halls and buildings had vanished. There were neither carved beams nor gilded pillars, for the truth of the matter was that they had all been sleeping in a forest of pines and cedars. In a panic, the elder began to shout for Pilgrim, and Sha Monk also cried, “Elder Brother, we are finished! We have met some ghosts!”

The Great Sage Sun, however, realized fully what had happened. Smiling gently, he said, “What are you talking about?”

“Look where we’ve been sleeping!” cried the elder.

“It’s pleasant enough in this pine forest,” said Pilgrim, “but I wonder where that Idiot is going through his ordeal.”

“Who is going through an ordeal?” asked the elder.

Pilgrim answered with a laugh. “The women of that household happened to be some bodhisattvas from somewhere, who had waited for us to teach us a lesson. They must have left during the night, but unfortunately Zhu Eight Rules has to suffer.” When Tripitaka heard this, he quickly folded his hands to make a bow. Then they saw a slip of paper hanging on an old cedar tree, fluttering in the wind. Sha Monk quickly took it down for his master to read. On it was written the following eight-line poem:

*Though the old Dame of Li Shan had no desire,
Guanyin invited her to leave the mount.
Mañjuśrī and Viśvabhadrā, too, were guests
Who took in the woods the form of maidens fair.
The holy monk’s virtuous and truly chaste,
But Eight Rules’s profane, loving things mundane.
Henceforth he must repent with quiet heart,
For if he’s slothful, the way will be hard.*

As the elder, Pilgrim, and Sha Monk recited this poem aloud, they heard a loud call from deep in the woods:

“Master, the ropes are killing me! Save me, please! I’ll never dare do this again!”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “is it Wuneng who is calling us?”

“Yes,” said Sha Monk. “Brother,” said Pilgrim, “don’t bother about him. Let us leave now.”

“Though Idiot is stupid and mischievous,” said Tripitaka, “he is at least fairly honest, and he has arms strong enough to carry the luggage. Let’s have some regard for the Bodhisattva’s earlier intention, let’s rescue him so that he may continue to follow us. I doubt that he’ll ever dare do this again.” Sha Monk thereupon rolled up the bedding and put the luggage in order, after which Great Sage Sun untied the horse to lead the Tang Monk into the woods to see what had happened. Ah! So it is that

*You must take care in the pursuit of truth
To purge desires, and you’ll enter the Real.*

We do not know what sort of good or evil was in store for the Idiot; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-FOUR

*At Long Life Mountain the Great Immortal detains his old friend
At Five Villages Abbey, Pilgrim steals the ginseng fruit*

We shall tell you about the three of them who, on entering the forest, found Idiot tied to a tree. He was screaming continuously because of the unbearable pain. Pilgrim approached and said to him, laughing, “Dear son-in-law! It’s getting rather late, and you still haven’t got around to performing the proper ceremony of thanking your parents or announcing your marriage to Master. You are still having a grand old time playing games here! Hey! Where’s your mama? Where’s your wife? What a dear son-in-law, all bound and beaten!” When Idiot heard such ridicule, he was so mortified that he clenched his teeth to try to endure the pain without making any more noise.

Sha Monk, however, could not bear to look at him; he put down the luggage and went forward to untie the ropes. After he was freed, Idiot could only drop to his knees and kowtow toward the sky, for he was filled with shame. For him we have as a testimony this lyric to the tune of “Moon Over West River”:

*Eros is a sword injurious:
Live by it and you will be slain.
The lady so fair and lovely at sixteen
Is more vicious than a yakṣa!
You have but one principal sum;
You can’t add profit to your purse.
Guard and keep well your precious capital,
Which you must not squander and waste.*

Scooping up some dirt and scattering it like incense, Eight Rules bowed to the sky. “Did you recognize those bodhisattvas at all?” asked Pilgrim. “I was in a stupor, about to faint,” replied Eight Rules. “How could I recognize anyone?” Pilgrim then handed him the slip of paper. When Eight Rules saw the *gāthā*, he was more embarrassed than ever. “Second Brother does have all the luck,” said Sha Monk with a laugh, “for you have attracted these four bodhisattvas here to become your wives!”

“Brother,” said Eight Rules, “let’s not ever mention that again! It’s blasphemy! From now on, I’ll never dare do such foolish things again. Even if it breaks my bones, I’ll carry the pole and luggage to follow Master to the West.”

“You are finally speaking sensibly,” said Tripitaka.

Pilgrim then led his master up the main road, and after journeying for a long time, they suddenly came upon a tall mountain. Pulling in the reins, Tripitaka said, “Disciples, let’s be careful as we travel up this mountain before us, for there may be monsters seeking to harm us.”

“Ahead of your horse you have the three of us,” said Pilgrim. “Why fear the monsters?” Reassured by these words, the elder proceeded. That mountain is truly a magnificent mountain:

*A tall mountain most rugged,
Its shape both lofty and grand.
Its root joins the Kunlun ranges;
Its top reaches to the sky.*

*White cranes come oft to perch on junipers;
 Black apes hang frequently on the vines.
 As the sun lights up the forest,
 Strands upon strands of red mist are circling;
 As wind rises from dark gorges,
 Ten thousand pink cloud pieces soar and fly.
 Hidden birds sing madly in green bamboos;
 Pheasants do battle amidst wildflowers.
 You see that Thousand- Year Peak,
 That Five- Blessings*

*Peak,
 And the Hibiscus Peak—
 They all glow and shimmer most awesomely;
 That Ageless Rock,
 That Tiger- Tooth Rock,
 And that Three- Heaven Rock—
 Where auspicious air rises endlessly.
 Below the cliff, delicate grass;
 Atop the ridge, fragrant plum.
 The thorns and briars are thick;
 The orchids are pale and pure.
 The deep woods's phoenix musters a thousand fowls;
 An old cave's unicorn rules countless beasts.
 Even the brook seems caring:
 She twists and turns as if looking back.
 The peaks are continuous:
 Row upon row circling all around.
 You also see those green locust trees,
 Those mottled bamboos,
 And those verdant pines—
 Rivals ever fresh in their dense lushness;
 Those pears milk-white,
 Those peaches red,
 And those willows green—
 All competing in their Triple- Spring hues.
 Dragons sing and tigers roar;
 The cranes dance and the apes wail;
 The musk deer from flowers walk out;
 The phoenix cries facing the sun.
 It's a mount divine, land of true blessings,
 The same as Penglai, wondrous fairy land.
 See those flowers blooming and dying—this mountain scene,
 Where clouds draw near or leave the soaring peaks.*

With great delight, Tripitaka said as he rode along, “Disciples, since I began this journey to the West, I have passed through many regions, all rather treacherous and difficult to traverse. None of the other places has scenery like this mountain, which is

extraordinarily beautiful. Perhaps we are not far from Thunderclap, and, if so, we should prepare in a dignified and solemn manner to meet the World's Honored One."

"It's early, much too early!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "We are nowhere near!"

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "how far is it for us to reach Thunderclap?"

"One hundred and eight thousand miles," said Pilgrim, "and we have not even covered one-tenth of the distance."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "how many years do we have to travel before we get there?"

"If we were talking about you two, my worthy brothers," said Pilgrim, "this journey would take some ten days. If we were talking about me, I could probably make about fifty round trips in a day and there would still be sunlight. But if we are talking about Master, then don't even think about it!"

"Wukong," said the Tang Monk, "tell us when we shall be able to reach our destination." Pilgrim said, "You can walk from the time of your youth till the time you grow old, and after that, till you become youthful again; and even after going through such a cycle a thousand times, you may still find it difficult to reach the place you want to go to. But when you perceive, by the resoluteness of your will, the Buddha-nature in all things, and when every one of your thoughts goes back to its very source in your memory, that will be the time you arrive at the Spirit Mountain."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "even though this is not the region of Thunderclap, a place of such scenic splendor must be the residence of a good man."

"That's an appropriate observation," said Pilgrim, "for this can hardly be a place for demons or goblins; rather, it must be the home of a holy monk or an immortal. We can walk leisurely and enjoy the scenery." We shall say no more about them for the time being.

We now tell you about this mountain, which had the name of the Long Life Mountain. In the mountain there was a Daoist Abbey called the Five Villages Abbey; it was the abode of an immortal whose Daoist style was Master Zhenyuan and whose nickname was Lord, Equal to Earth. There was, moreover, a strange treasure grown in this temple, a spiritual root that was formed just after chaos had been parted and the nebula had been established prior to the division of Heaven and Earth. Throughout the four great continents of the world, it could be found in only the Five Villages Abbey in the West Aparagodānīya Continent. This treasure was called grass of the reverted cinnabar, or the ginseng fruit. It took three thousand years for the plant to bloom, another three thousand years to bear fruit, and still another three thousand years before they ripened. All in all, it would be nearly ten thousand years before they could be eaten, and even after such a long time, there would be only thirty such fruits. The shape of the fruit was exactly that of a newborn infant not yet three days old, complete with the four limbs and the five senses. If a man had the good fortune of even smelling the fruit, he would live for three hundred and sixty years; if he ate one, he would reach his forty-seven thousandth year.

That day, the Great Zhenyuan Immortal happened to have received a card from the Celestial Worthy of Original Commencement, who invited him to the Miluo Palace in the Heaven of Highest Clarity to listen to the discourse on "The Daoist Fruit of the Chaotic Origin."

That Great Immortal, you see, had already trained countless disciples to become immortals; even now he had with him some forty-eight disciples, all Daoists of the Quanzhen Order who had acquired the Way. When he went up to the region above to listen to the lecture that day, he took forty-six disciples along with him, leaving behind two of the youngest ones to look after the temple. One was called Clear Breeze, and the other was named Bright Moon. Clear Breeze was only one thousand two hundred and twenty years old, while Bright Moon had just passed his one thousand two hundredth birthday. Before his departure, Master Zhenyuan gave instructions to the two young lads, saying, “I cannot refuse the invitation of the Great Honorable Divine, and I’m leaving for the Miluo Palace to attend a lecture. You two must be watchful, for an old friend of mine will be passing by here any day. Don’t fail to treat him kindly: you may, in fact, strike down from the tree two of the ginseng fruits for him to eat as a token of our past friendship.”

“Who is this friend of yours, Master?” asked one of the lads. “Tell us, so that we may take good care of him.”

“He is a holy monk serving the Great Tang Emperor in the land of the East,” said the Great Immortal, “and his religious name is Tripitaka. He is now on his way to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures from Buddha.”

“According to Confucius,” said one of the lads, laughing, “One does not take counsel with those who follow a different Way.”

We belong to the Mysterious Fold of the Great Monad. Why should we associate with a Buddhist monk?”

“You should know,” said the Great Immortal, “that that monk happens to be the incarnate Gold Cicada, the second disciple of Tathāgata, the Aged Sage of the West. Five hundred years ago, I became acquainted with him during the Feast of the Ullambana Bowl, when he presented me tea with his own hands as the various sons of Buddha paid me their respect. That’s why I consider him an old friend.” When the two immortal lads heard these words, they accepted them as the instruction of their master. As the Great Immortal was about to leave, he cautioned them again, saying, “Those fruits of mine are all numbered. You may give him two, but no more.”

“When the garden was opened to the public,” said Clear Breeze, “we shared and ate two of the fruits; there should be still twenty-eight of them on the tree. We wouldn’t think of using any more than you have told us to.”

The Great Immortal said, “Though Tripitaka Tang is an old friend, his disciples, I fear, may be somewhat rowdy. It’s best not to let them know about the fruits.”

After he had finished giving these instructions to the two lads, the Great Immortal ascended to the region of Heaven with all his disciples.

We tell you now about the Tang Monk and his three companions, who were making a tour of the mountain. Looking up, they suddenly discovered several tall buildings by a cluster of pines and bamboos. “Wukong,” said the Tang Monk, “what sort of place do you think that is over there?”

After taking a look at it, Pilgrim said, “It’s either a Daoist abbey or a Buddhist monastery. Let’s move along, and we’ll find out more about it when we get there.”

They soon arrived at the gate, and they saw

A pine knoll cool and serene;

*A bamboo path dark and secluded;
 White cranes coming and leaving with clouds afloat;
 And apes climbing up and down to hand out fruits.
 Before the gate, the pond's wide and trees cast long shadows;
 The rocks crack, breaking the moss's growth.
 Palatial halls dark and tall as the purple Heaven;
 And towers aloft from which bright red mists descend.
 Truly a blessed region, a spiritual place
 Like the cloudy cave of Penglai:
 Quiet, untouched by the affairs of man;
 Tranquil, fit to nurse the mind of Dao.
 Bluebirds may bring at times a Queen Mother's note;
 A phoenix oft arrives with a Laozi scroll.
 There's no end to the sight of this noble Daoist scene:
 It's the spacious home of immortals indeed!*

As the Tang Monk dismounted, he saw on the left a huge stone tablet, on which the following inscription was written in large letters:

*The Blessed Land of the Long Life Mountain.
 The Cave Heaven of the Five Villages Abbey.*

“Disciples,” said the Elder, “it’s indeed a Daoist abbey.”

“Master,” said Sha Monk, “with such splendid scenery, there must be a good man living in this temple. Let us go in and take a look. When we return to the East after completing our merits, this may be the place for another visit because of its marvelous scenery.”

“Well spoken,” said Pilgrim, and they all went inside. On both sides of the second gate they saw this New Year couplet:

*Long-living and ever young, this immortal house.
 Of the same age as Heaven, this Daoist home.*

Pilgrim said with a snicker, “This Daoist is mouthing big words just to intimidate people! When I, old Monkey, caused disturbance in the Heavenly Palace five hundred years ago, I did not encounter such words even on the door of Laozi!”

“Never mind him!” said Eight Rules. “Let’s go inside! Let’s go inside! You never know, maybe this Daoist does possess some virtuous accomplishment.” When they passed through the second gate, they were met by two young lads who were hurrying out. Look how they appear:

*Healthy in bone and spirit with visage fair,
 On their heads were short bundled tufts of hair.
 Their Daoist gowns, free falling, seemed wrapped in mists;
 Their feathered robes, more quaint, for the wind-blown sleeves.
 Dragon-heads had their sashes knotted tight;
 Silk cords laced lightly their sandals of straw.
 Such uncommon looks were of no worldly-born;
 They were Clear Breeze and Bright Moon, two lads divine.*

The two young lads came out to meet them, bowing and saying, “Old Master, forgive us for not coming to meet you. Please take a seat.”

Delighted, the elder followed the two lads to the main hall to look around. There were altogether five huge chambers facing south, separated by floor-length windows that had carved panes and were translucent at the top and solid at the bottom. Pushing open one of these, the two immortal lads invited the Tang Monk into the central chamber, with a panel hanging on the middle wall on which two large characters—"Heaven, Earth"—were embroidered in five colors. Beneath the panel was a cinnabar-red lacquered incense table, on which there was an urn of yellow gold. Conveniently placed beside the urn were several sticks of incense.

The Tang Monk went forward and with his left hand, took up some incense to put into the urn. He then prostrated himself three times before the table, after which he turned around and said, "Immortal lads, your Five Villages Abbey is in truth a godly region of the West. But why is it that you do not worship the Three Pure Ones, the Thearchs of Four Quarters, or the many Lords of High Heaven? Why is it that you merely put up these two words of Heaven and Earth to receive the oblation of fire and incense?" Smiling, one of the lads said, "To tell you the truth, Master, putting these two words up is an act of flattery on the part of our teacher, for of these two words, the one on top, may deserve our reverence, but the one below is hardly worthy of our fire and incense."

"What do you mean by an act of flattery?" asked Tripitaka. The lad replied, "The Three Pure Ones are friends of our teacher; the Four Thearchs, his old acquaintances; the Nine Luminaries, his junior colleagues; and the God of the New Year, his unwanted guest!" When Pilgrim heard this remark, he laughed so hard that he could barely stand up. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "why are you laughing?"

"Talk about the shenanigans of old Monkey!" said Pilgrim. "Just listen to the flimflam of this Daoist kid!"

"Where is your honorable teacher?" asked Tripitaka. "Our teacher," said the lad, "had been invited by the Honorable Divine of the Origin to attend a lecture on 'The Daoist Fruit of the Chaotic Origin' at the Miluo Palace in the Heaven of Highest Clarity. He's not home." No longer able to restrain himself after hearing these words, Pilgrim shouted:

"You stinking young Daoists! You can't even recognize people! Whom are you trying to hoodwink? What kind of taradiddle is this? Who is that Heavenly Immortal in the Miluo Palace who wanted to invite this wild bull shank of yours? And what sort of lecture is he going to give?" When Tripitaka saw how aroused Pilgrim was, he feared that the lads might give some reply that would lead to real trouble. So he said, "Wukong, stop being quarrelsome. If we leave this place the moment after we arrive, it is hardly a friendly gesture. The proverb says, 'The egrets do not devour the egret's flesh.' If their teacher is not here, why bother them? You go to graze the horse outside the temple gate; let Sha Monk look after the luggage and Eight Rules fetch some grain from our bags. Let's borrow their pans and stove to prepare a meal for ourselves. When we are done, we can pay them a few pennies for firewood and that will be the end of the matter. Attend to your business, each of you, and let me rest here for a while. After the meal, we'll leave."

The three of them duly went about their business.

Clear Breeze and Bright Moon, filled with admiration, said softly to each other:

"What a monk! Truly the incarnation of a lovable sage of the West, whose true origin is not at all obscured! Well, our master did tell us to take care of the Tang Monk

and to serve him some ginseng fruits as a token of past friendship. He also cautioned us about the rowdiness of his disciples, and he couldn't have been more correct. It's a good thing that those three, so fierce in their looks and so churlish in their manners, were sent away. For had they remained, they would certainly have to see the ginseng fruits."

Then Clear Breeze said, "Brother, we are still not quite certain whether that monk is really an old acquaintance of Master. We had better ask him and not make a mistake."

The two lads therefore went forward again and said, "May we ask the old master whether he is Tripitaka Tang from the Great Tang Empire, who is on his way to fetch scriptures from the Western Heaven?" Returning their bows, the elder said, "I am, indeed. How is it that the immortal youths know my vulgar name?"

"Before our master's departure," said one of them, "he gave us instructions that we should go some distance to meet you. We did not expect your arrival to be so soon, and thus we failed in the proper etiquette of greeting you. Please take a seat, Master, and allow us to serve you tea."

"I hardly deserve that," said Tripitaka, but Bright Moon went quickly back to his room and brought back a cup of fragrant tea to present to the elder. After Tripitaka had drunk the tea, Clear Breeze said, "Brother, we must not disobey our master's command. Let's go and bring back the fruit."

The two lads took leave of Tripitaka and went back to their room, where one of them took out a gold mallet and the other a wooden tray for carrying elixir. They also spread out several silk handkerchiefs on the tray before going to the Ginseng Garden. Clear Breeze then climbed on the tree to strike at the fruits with the mallet, while Bright Moon waited below, holding the tray. In a moment, two of the fruits dropped down and fell onto the tray. The young lads returned to the main hall and presented the fruits to the Tang Monk, saying, "Master Tang, our Five Villages Abbey is situated in the midst of wild and desolate country. There's not much that we can offer you except these two fruits, our local products. Please use them to relieve your thirst." When the elder saw the fruits, he trembled all over and backed away three feet, saying, "Goodness! Goodness! The harvest seems to be plentiful this year! But why is this abbey so destitute that they have to practice cannibalism here? These are newborn infants not yet three days old! How could you serve them to me to relieve my thirst?"

"This monk," said Clear Breeze quietly to himself, "has been so corrupted by the fields of mouths and tongues, by the sea of strife and envy, that all he possesses are but two fleshly eyes and a worldly mind. That's why he can't recognize the strange treasures of our divine abode!"

Bright Moon then drew near and said, "Master, this thing is called ginseng fruit. It's perfectly all right for you to eat one."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said Tripitaka. "Their parents went through who knows how much suffering before they brought them to birth! How could you serve them as fruits when they are less than three days old?"

Clear Breeze said, "Honestly, they were formed on a tree."

"Rubbish! Rubbish!" said the elder. "How can people grow on trees? Take them away! This is blasphemy!" When the young lads saw that he absolutely refused to eat them, they had no choice but to take the tray back to their own room. The fruit, you see, is peculiar: if it is kept too long, it will become stiff and inedible. So, when the two of

them reached their room, they each took one of the fruits and began to eat them, sitting on the edge of their beds.

Alas, now this is what has to happen! That chamber of theirs, you see, was immediately adjacent to the kitchen; joined, in fact, by a common wall. Even the whispered words from one room could be heard in the other, and Eight Rules was busily cooking rice in the kitchen. All that talk, moments before, about taking the golden mallet and the elixir tray had already caught his attention. Then, when he heard how the Tang Monk could not recognize ginseng fruits that were served him, and how they had to be eaten by the young lads in their own room, he could not stop his mouth watering, and said to himself, "How can I try one myself?" Since he himself was reluctant to do anything, he decided to wait for Pilgrim's arrival so that they could plan something together. Completely distracted by now from tending the fire in the stove, he kept sticking his head out of the door to watch for Pilgrim. In a little while, he saw Pilgrim arrive, leading the horse. Having tied the horse to a locust tree, Pilgrim started to walk toward the rear, when Idiot waved to him madly with his hands, crying, "Come this way! Come this way!" Pilgrim turned around and went to the door of the kitchen, saying, "Idiot, why are you yelling? Not enough rice, perhaps? Let the old monk have his fill first, and we can beg more rice from some big household along our way."

"Come in," said Eight Rules. "This has nothing to do with the amount of rice we have. There's a treasure in this Daoist temple. Did you know that?"

"What kind of treasure?" asked Pilgrim.

"I can tell you," said Eight Rules with a laugh, "but you have never seen it; I can put it before you, but you won't recognize it."

"You must be joking, Idiot," said Pilgrim. "Five hundred years ago, when I, old Monkey, searched for the Way of Immortality, I went all the way to the corner of the ocean and the edge of the sky. What can there be that I have never seen?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "have you ever seen the ginseng fruit?" Somewhat startled, Pilgrim said, "That I really have never seen! But I have heard that ginseng fruit is the grass of the reverted cinnabar. When a man eats it, his life will be prolonged. But where can one get ahold of it?"

"They have it here," said Eight Rules. "The two lads brought two of these fruits for Master to eat, but that old monk could not recognize them for what they were. He said that they were infants not yet three days old and dared not eat them. The lads themselves were quite disobliging; if Master would not eat, they should have given them to us. Instead, they hid them from us."

Just now in the room next door, each had a fruit to himself and finished it with great relish. I got so excited that I was drooling, wondering how I could have a taste of this fruit. I know you are quite tricky. How about going to their garden and stealing a few for us to have a taste of them?"

"That's easy," said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey will go, and they will be at the reach of his hands!"

He turned quickly and began to walk to the front. Eight Rules caught hold of him and said, "Elder Brother, I heard them talking in the room, and they mentioned something about using a gold mallet to knock down the fruits. You must do it properly, and without being detected."

“I know! I know!” exclaimed Pilgrim.

Our Great Sage used the magic of body concealment and stole into the Daoist chamber. The two Daoist lads, you see, were not in the room, for they had gone back to the main hall to speak to the Tang Monk after they had finished eating the fruits. Pilgrim looked everywhere for the gold mallet and discovered a stick of red gold hanging on the window pane: it was about two feet long and as thick as a finger. At the lower end there was a knob about the size of a clove of garlic, while the upper end had a hole through which a green woolen thread was fastened. He said to himself:

“This must be the thing called the gold mallet.”

Taking it down, he left the Daoist chamber, went to the rear, and pushed through a double-leaf door to have a look. Ah, it was a garden! You see

*Vermilion fences and carved railings;
Artificial hills ruggedly built.
Strange flowers rival the sun in brightness;
Bamboos match well the clear sky in blueness.
Beyond the flowing-cup pavilion,
One curvate band of willows like mists outspread;
Before the moon-gazing terrace,
Bands of choice pines like spilled indigo.
Shining red,
Pomegranates with brocade-like sacs;
Fresh, tender green,
Grass by the ornamental stools;
Luxuriant blue,
Sand-orchids like jade;
Limpid and smooth,
The water in the brook.
The cassia glows with the wutong by the golden well;
The locust trees stand near the red fences and marble steps.
Some red and some white: peaches with a thousand leaves;
Some fragrant and some yellow: chrysanthemums of late fall.
The rush-flower supports
Complement the peony pavilion;
The hibiscus terrace
Connects with the peony plot.
There are countless princely bamboos that mock the frost,
And noble pines that defy the snow.
There are, moreover, crane hamlets and deer homes,
The square pool and the round pond.
The stream spills chips of jade;
The ground sprouts mounds of gold.
The winter wind cracks and whitens the plum blossoms;
A touch of spring breaks open the begonia's red.
Truly it may be called the best fairy land on Earth,
The finest floral site of the West.*

Pilgrim could not take his eyes off this marvelous place. He came upon another door that he pushed open and found inside a vegetable garden,

*Planted with the herbs of all four seasons:
Spinach, celery, mare's tail, beet, ginger, and seaweed;
Bamboo shoot, melon, squash, and watercress;
Chive, garlic, coriander, leek, and scallion;
Hollow water-lotus, young celery, and bitter su;
The gourd and the eggplant that must be trimmed;
Green turnip, white turnip, and taro deep in the earth;
Red spinach, green cabbage, and purple mustard plant.*

Pilgrim smiled to himself and said, "So he's a Daoist who eats his homegrown food!"

He walked past the vegetable garden and found another door, which he pushed open also. Ah! There was a huge tree right in the middle of the garden, with long, healthy branches and luxuriant green leaves that somewhat resembled those of the plantain. Soaring straight up, the tree was over a thousand feet tall, and its base must have measured sixty or seventy feet around. Leaning on the tree, Pilgrim looked up and found one ginseng fruit sticking out on one of the branches pointing southward. It certainly had the appearance of an infant with a tail-like peduncle. Look at it dangling from the end of the branch, with limbs moving wildly and head bobbing madly! It seemed to make sounds as it swung in the breeze. Filled with admiration and delight, Pilgrim said to himself, "What a marvelous thing! It's rarely seen! It's rarely seen!" With a swish, he vaulted up the tree.

The monkey, you see, was an expert in climbing trees and stealing fruits. He took the gold mallet and struck lightly at the fruit, which dropped at once from the branch. Pilgrim leaped down after it but the fruit was nowhere to be seen. Though he searched for it all over the grass, there was not a trace of it. "Strange! Strange!" said Pilgrim. "I suppose it could walk with its legs, but even so, it could hardly have jumped across the wall. I know! It must be the local spirit of this garden who will not allow me to steal the fruit; he must have taken it." Making the magic sign and reciting a spell that began with the letter *om*, he summoned the local spirit of the garden, who came bowing to Pilgrim and said, "Great Sage, what sort of instructions do you have for this humble deity?"

"Don't you know," said Pilgrim, "that old Monkey happens to be the world's most famous thief? When I stole the immortal peaches, the imperial wine, and the efficacious pills that year, there was no one brave enough to share the spoils with me. How is it, therefore, when I steal just one of their fruits today, that you have the gall to snatch away the prime portion? Since these fruits are formed on a tree, I suppose even the fowls of the air may partake of them. What's wrong with my eating one of them? How dare you grab it the moment I knock it down?"

"Great Sage," said the local spirit, "you have made a mistake in blaming me. This treasure is something that belongs to an earthbound immortal, whereas I am only a ghost immortal.

Would I dare take it? I don't even have the good fortune to smell it!"

"If you hadn't snatched it," said Pilgrim, "why did it disappear the moment it fell?"

"You may know only about its power to prolong life, Great Sage," said the local spirit, "but you don't know its background."

“What do you mean by background?” said Pilgrim. “This treasure,” said the local spirit, “will bloom only once in three thousand years; it will bear fruit after another three thousand years; and the fruit won’t ripen for yet another three thousand years. All in all, one must wait for almost ten thousand years before there are thirty of these fruits. A person lucky enough to smell it once will live for three hundred and sixty years; if he eats one, he will live for forty-seven thousand years. However, the fruit is resistant to the Five Phases.”

“What do you mean by resistant to the Five Phases?” asked Pilgrim. The local spirit replied, “This fruit will fall when it encounters gold; it will wither when it encounters wood; it will melt when it encounters water; it will dry up if it encounters fire; and it will be assimilated if it encounters earth. That is why one has to use an instrument of gold to knock it down, but when it falls, it has to be held by a tray cushioned with silk handkerchiefs. The moment it touches wood, it will wither and will not prolong life even if it’s eaten.

When it is eaten, it should be held in a porcelain container and should be dissolved with water. Again, fire will dry it up and it will be useless. Finally, what is meant by its assimilation into earth may be illustrated by what happened just now, for when you knocked it down, it at once crawled into the ground. This part of the garden will last for at least forty-seven thousand years. Even a steel pick will not be able to bore through it, for it is three or four times harder than raw iron. That is why a man will live long if he eats one of the fruits. If you don’t believe me, Great Sage, strike at the ground and see for yourself.” Whipping out his golden-hooped rod, Pilgrim gave the ground a terrific blow. The rod rebounded at once, but there was not the slightest mark on the ground. “Indeed! Indeed!” said Pilgrim. “This rod of mine can turn a boulder into powder; it will leave its mark even on raw iron. How is it that there’s not even a scratch on the ground? Well, in that case, I have made a mistake in blaming you. You may go back.”

The local spirit thus went back to his own shrine.

The Great Sage, however, had his own plan: after climbing up on the tree, he held the golden mallet in one hand and, with the other, pulled up the front of his silk shirt to make a little sack. Parting the leaves and branches, he knocked three of the fruits into the sack. He jumped down from the tree and ran straight to the kitchen. “Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules smiling, “do you have them?”

“Aren’t these the ones?” said Pilgrim. “I reached and took, that’s all! But we shouldn’t let Sha Monk pass up the chance of tasting this fruit.

You call him.”

Eight Rules waved his hands and cried, “Wujing, come!” Setting down the luggage, Sha Monk ran into the kitchen and said, “Elder Brother, why did you call me?” Opening the sack, Pilgrim said, “Brother, take a look. What are these?” When Sha Monk saw them, he said, “Ginseng fruits.”

“Fine!” said Pilgrim. “So, you recognize them! Where did you taste them before?”

“I have never tasted the fruit before,” said Sha Monk. “But when I was the Curtain-Raising Captain, I waited on the Throne to attend the Festival of Immortal Peaches, and I once saw many immortals from beyond the sea presenting this fruit to the

Lady Queen Mother as a birthday gift. So I have seen it, but I have never tasted it. Elder Brother, will you let me try a little?"

"No need to say anymore," said Pilgrim.

"There's one for each of us brothers."

The three of them took the fruits and began to enjoy them. That Eight Rules, of course, had a huge appetite and a huge mouth. When he heard the conversation of the young lads earlier, he already felt ravenous. The moment he saw the fruit, therefore, he grabbed it and, with one gulp, swallowed it whole. Then he rolled up his eyes and said in a roguish manner to Pilgrim and Sha Monk, "What are you two eating?"

"Ginseng fruit," said Sha Monk. "How does it taste?" asked Eight Rules. "Wujing," said Pilgrim, "don't listen to him. He ate it first. Why all these questions now?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "I ate it somewhat too hurriedly, not as the two of you are doing, mincing and munching little by little to discover its taste. I swallowed it without even knowing whether it had a pit or not! Elder Brother, if you are helping someone, help him to the end. You have roused the worms in my stomach! Please fetch me another fruit so that I can take time to enjoy it."

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "you really don't know when to stop! This thing here is not like rice or noodles, food to stuff yourself with. There are only thirty such fruits in ten thousand years! It's our great fortune to have eaten one already, and you should not regard this lightly. Stop now! It's enough."

He stretched himself and threw the gold mallet into the adjacent room through a little hole on the window paper without saying anything more to Eight Rules.

Idiot, however, kept muttering and mumbling to himself. When the two Daoist lads unexpectedly came back to the room to fetch some tea for the Tang Monk, they heard Eight Rules complaining about "not enjoying my ginseng fruit," and saying that it would be much better if he could have a taste of another one. Hearing this, Clear Breeze grew suspicious and said, "Bright Moon, listen to that monk with the long snout; he said he wanted to eat another ginseng fruit. Before our master's departure, he told us to be wary of their mischief. Could it be that they have stolen our treasures?"

Turning around, Bright Moon said, "Elder Brother, it looks bad, very bad! Why has the golden mallet fallen to the ground? Let's go into the garden to take a look."

They ran hastily to the back and found the door to the flower garden open. "I closed this door myself," said Clear Breeze. "Why is it open?"

They ran past the flower garden and saw that the door to the vegetable garden was also open. They dashed into the ginseng garden; running up to the tree, they started to count, staring upward. Back and forth they counted, but they could find only twenty-two of the fruits. "You know how to do accounting?" asked Bright Moon. "I do," said Clear Breeze, "give me the figures!"

"There were originally thirty fruits," said Bright Moon. "When Master opened the garden to the public, he divided two of them for all of us, so that twenty-eight fruits were left. Just now we knocked down two more for the Tang Monk, leaving twenty-six behind. Now we have only twenty-two left. Doesn't that mean that four are missing? No need for further explanation; they must have been stolen by that bunch of rogues. Let's go and chide the Tang Monk."

The two of them went out of the garden gate and came directly back to the main hall. Pointing their fingers at the Tang Monk, they berated him with all kinds of foul and abusive language, accusing him of being a larcenous baldhead and a thievish rat. They went on like this for a long time, until finally the Tang Monk could not endure it any longer. “Divine lads,” he said, “why are you making all this fuss? Be quiet a moment. If you have something to say, say it slowly, but don’t use such nonsensical language.”

“Are you deaf?” asked Clear Breeze. “Am I speaking in a barbarian tongue that you can’t understand? You stole and ate our ginseng fruits. Do you now forbid me to say so?”

“What is a ginseng fruit like?” asked the Tang Monk. “Like an infant,” said Bright Moon, “as you said when we brought two of them for you to eat just now.”

“Amitāha Buddha!” exclaimed the Tang Monk. “I only had to take one look at that thing and I trembled all over! You think I would dare steal one and eat it? Even if I had a case of bulimia, I would not dare indulge in such thievery. Don’t blame the wrong person.”

“You might not have eaten them,” said Clear Breeze, “but your followers wanted to steal them and eat them.”

“Perhaps you are right,” said Tripitaka, “but there’s no need for you to shout. Let me ask them. If they have stolen them, I will ask them to repay you.”

“Repay!” said Bright Moon. “You couldn’t buy these fruits even if you had the money!”

“If they can’t buy them with money,” said Tripitaka, “they can at least offer you an apology, for as the proverb says, ‘Righteousness is worth a thousand pieces of gold.’ That should be sufficient. Moreover, we are still not sure whether it is my disciples who took your fruits.”

“What do you mean, not sure?” said Bright Moon. “They were arguing among themselves, saying something about the portions not being equally divided.”

“Disciples,” cried Tripitaka, “come, all of you.” When Sha Monk heard this, he said, “It’s terrible! We’ve been discovered! Old master is calling us, and the Daoist lads are making all this racket. They must have found out!”

“It is extremely embarrassing!” said Pilgrim. “This is just a matter of food and drink. But if we say so, that means we are stealing for our mouths! Let’s not admit it.”

“Yes! Yes!” said Eight Rules. “Let’s deny it!”

The three of them had no choice, however, but to leave the kitchen for the main hall. Alas, we do not know how they would be able to deny the charges; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*The Zhenyuan Immortal gives chase to catch the scripture monk
Pilgrim Sun greatly disturbs Five Villages Abbey*

We were telling you about the three brothers, who went to the main hall and said to their master, "The rice is almost done. Why did you call us?"

"Disciples," said Tripitaka, "I didn't want to ask you about the rice. They have something called the ginseng fruit in this Abbey, which looks like a newborn infant. Which one of you stole it and ate it?"

"Honestly," said Eight Rules, "I don't know anything about it, and I haven't seen it."

"It's the one who is laughing! It's the one who is laughing!" said Clear Breeze. "I was born with a laughing face!" snapped Pilgrim. "Don't think because you have lost some kind of a fruit that you can keep me from laughing!"

"Disciple, don't get angry," said Tripitaka. "Those of us who have left the family should not lie, nor should we enjoy stolen food. If you have in truth eaten it, you owe them an apology. Why deny it so vehemently?" When Pilgrim perceived how reasonable this advice of his master was, he said truthfully, "Master, it's not my fault. It was Eight Rules who overheard those two Daoist lads eating some sort of ginseng fruit. He wanted to try one to see how it tasted and told me to knock down three of the fruits; each of us brothers had one. It's true that we have eaten them. What's to be done about that?"

"He stole four of the fruits," said Bright Moon, "and still this monk could claim that he's not a thief!"

"Amitābha Buddha!" said Eight Rules. "If you stole four of them, why did you only bring out three for us to divide among ourselves? Didn't you skim something off the top already?" So saying, Idiot began to make a fuss again. When the immortal lads found out the truth, they became even more abusive in their language; the Great Sage became so enraged that he ground his steel-like teeth audibly and opened wide his fiery eyes. He gripped his golden-hooped rod again and again, struggling to restrain himself and saying to himself, "These malicious youths! They certainly know how to give people a lashing with their tongues! All right, so I have to take such abuse from them. Let me offer them in return 'a plan for eliminating posterity,' and none of them will have any more fruit to eat!"

Dear Pilgrim! He pulled off a strand of hair behind his head and blew on it with his magic breath, crying "Change!" It changed at once into a specious Pilgrim, standing by the Tang Monk, Wujing, and Wuneng to receive the scolding from the Daoist lads. His true spirit rose into the clouds, and with one leap he arrived at the ginseng garden. Whipping out his golden-hooped rod, he gave the tree a terrific blow, after which he used that mountain-moving divine strength of his to give it a mighty shove. Alas,

*Leaves fell, limbs cracked, and roots became exposed;
The Daoists lost their grass of reverted cinnabar.*

After the Great Sage had pushed down the tree, he tried to look for the fruits on the branches but he could not find even half a fruit. The treasure, you see, would fall when it met with gold, and both ends of his rod were wrapped in gold. Moreover, iron is

also one of the five metallic elements. The blow of the rod, therefore, shook loose all the fruits from the tree, and when they fell, they became assimilated to the earth once they touched the ground, so that there was not a single fruit left on the tree. "Fine! Fine!" he said. "Now all of us can scam!"

He put away his iron rod and went back to the front. With a shake of his body he retrieved his hair, but the rest of the people, like those of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, could not perceive what had taken place.

We now tell you about the two immortal lads, who ranted at the pilgrims for a long time. Clear Breeze said, "Bright Moon, these monks do take our reproach quite well. We have been upbraiding them as if they were chickens all this time, but not once have they even attempted to answer us. Could it be that they really did not steal the fruits? With the tree so tall and the leaves so dense, we could have made a mistake in our tallying, and we might have chided them unjustly. We should go and investigate further."

"You are right," said Bright Moon, and the two of them accordingly went back to the garden. But what they saw was only a tree on the ground with broken boughs and fallen leaves, without so much as a single fruit on it. Clear Breeze was so aghast that his legs gave way and he fell to the ground; Bright Moon shook so violently that he could hardly stand up. Both of them were scared out of their wits! We have, as testimony, this poem:

*Tripitaka went westward to the Long Life Mount;
Wukong cut down the grass of reverted cinnabar.
Boughs broken and leaves fallen, the divine root exposed:
Clear Breeze and Bright Moon were horrified!*

The two of them lay on the ground, hardly able to speak coherently. They could only blurt out, "What shall we do? What shall we do? The magic root of our Five Villages Abbey is severed! The seed of this divine house of ours is cut off! When our master returns, what shall we tell him?"

Then Bright Moon said, "Elder Brother, stop hollering! Let's pull ourselves together and not alarm those monks. There's no one else here; it has to be that fellow with a hairy face and a thundergod beak who used magic unseen to ruin our treasure. If we try to talk to him, he will probably deny it, and further argument may well lead to actual combat. In the event of a fight, how do you suppose the two of us could stand up to the four of them? It would be better if we deceived them now by saying that the fruits were not missing, and that since we made a mistake in our counting, we were offering them our own apology. Their rice is almost cooked. When they eat, we shall even present them with a few side dishes. When each of them is holding a bowl, you stand on the left of the door and I'll stand on the right, and we'll slam the door shut together. We'll lock it and all the other doors of this Abbey too, so that they will not be able to escape. We can then wait for Master to return and let him do with them what he wills. Since the Tang Monk is an old acquaintance of Master, he might decide to forgive them, and that would be his act of kindness. Should he decide not to, however, we have at least managed to catch the thieves, for which we ourselves might be forgiven." When he heard these words, Clear Breeze said, "You are right! You are right!"

The two of them forced themselves to look cheerful as they walked back to the main hall from the rear garden. Bowing to the Tang Monk, they said, "Master, our coarse and vulgar language just now must have offended you. Please pardon us!"

“What are you saying?” asked Tripitaka. “The fruits were not missing,” said Clear Breeze, “but we couldn’t see them clearly because of the dense foliage. We went back again to have a second look and we found the original number.”

Hearing this, Eight Rules chimed in at once. “You lads, you are young and impulsive, quick to condemn before you even know the truth of the matter. You throw out your castigations at random, and you have accused us unjustly. It’s blasphemy!” Pilgrim, however, understood what was going on; though he did not say anything, he thought to himself, “It’s a lie! It’s a lie! The fruits were done with! Why do they say such things? Could it be that they have the magic of revivification?” Meanwhile, Tripitaka said to his disciples, “In that case, bring us some rice. We’ll eat and leave,”

Eight Rules went at once to fetch the rice, while Sha Monk set the table and chairs. The two lads brought out seven or eight side dishes, including pickles, pickled eggplants, radishes in wine sauce, string beans in vinegar, salted lotus roots, and blanched mustard plants for master and disciples to eat with their rice. They also brought out a pot of fine tea and two mugs, and stood on either side of the table to wait on them. As soon as the four of them had taken up their bowls, however, the lads, one on each side, took hold of the door and slammed it tightly shut. They then bolted it with a double-shackle brass lock. “You lads made a mistake,” said Eight Rules with a laugh, “or else your custom here is rather strange. Why do you shut the door before you eat?”

“Indeed!” said Bright Moon. “For good or ill, we will not open the door until after we have eaten.”

Then Clear Breeze lashed out at them, saying, “You bulimic and gluttonous bald thieves! You stole and ate our divine fruits, and you were thus already guilty of eating the produce of someone’s garden without permission. Now you have even knocked over our divine tree and destroyed this immortal root of our Five Villages Abbey. And you still dare to speak to us defiantly? If you think you can reach the Western Heaven to behold the face of Buddha, you will have to ride the Wheel of Transmigration and do it in the next incarnation!” When Tripitaka heard these words, he threw down his rice bowl and sat there weighed down as if by a huge boulder on his heart. The lads then went to lock both the front gate and the second gate before returning to the main hall to revile them once more with the most abusive language. Calling them thieves again and again, the two lads assailed them until it was late, when they then left to eat. After the meal, the lads went back to their own room.

The Tang Monk began to complain at Pilgrim, saying, “You mischievous ape! Every time it’s you who cause trouble! If you stole and ate their fruits, you should have been more forbearing to their reproach. Why did you have to knock down even their tree? If you were brought into court, even if your old man were the judge, you would not be able to defend yourself when you behave like that!”

“Don’t scold me, Master,” said Pilgrim. “If those lads have gone to sleep, let them sleep. We’ll leave tonight.”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “all the doors have been locked securely. How can we leave?” Pilgrim said with a laugh, “Never mind! Never mind! Old Monkey will find a way!”

“You have a way, all right!” said Eight Rules. “All you need to do is to change into some sort of an insect, and you can fly out through a hole or a crack in the window. But what about those of us who don’t know how to change into these tiny things? We have to stay and take the blame for you.”

“If he does something like that,” said the Tang Monk, “and leaves us behind, I’ll recite that *Old-Time Sūtra* and see whether he can take it!” When he heard this, Eight Rules did not know whether to laugh or not.

“Master,” he said, “what are you saying? I have only heard the *Sūraṅgama Sūtra*, the *Lotus Sūtra*, the *Peacock Sūtra*, the *Guanyin*

Sūtra, and the *Diamond Sūtra* in Buddhism, but I have never heard of anything called the *Old-Time Sūtra*.”

“You don’t know about this, Brother,” said Pilgrim. “This fillet that I wear on my head was given to Master by the Bodhisattva Guanyin. Master deceived me into wearing it, and it took root, as it were, on my head so that it could never be removed. There is, moreover, the Tight-Fillet Spell or the Tight-Fillet Sūtra. The moment he recites that, I’ll have a terrible headache, for it’s the magic trick designed to give me a hard time. Master, don’t recite it. I won’t betray you. No matter what happens, all of us will leave together.”

As they spoke, it grew dark and the moon rose in the East. Pilgrim said, “When all is quiet and the crystal orb is bright, this is the time for us to steal away.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “stop this hocus-pocus. The doors are all locked. Where are we going to go?”

“Watch my power!” said Pilgrim. He seized his golden-hooped rod and exercised the lock-opening magic; he pointed the rod at the door and all the locks fell down with a loud pop as the several doors immediately sprung open. “What talent!” said Eight Rules, laughing. “Even if a little smith were to use a lock pick, he wouldn’t be able to do this so nimbly.” Pilgrim said, “This door is nothing! Even the South Heaven Gate would immediately fly open if I pointed this at it!”

They asked their master to go outside and mount the horse; Eight Rules poled the luggage and Sha Monk led the way toward the West. “Walk slowly, all of you,” said Pilgrim. “Let me go and see to it that the Daoist lads will sleep for a month.”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “don’t harm them, or you will be guilty of murder as well as robbery.”

“I won’t harm them,” said Pilgrim.

Going inside again, he went to the door of the room where the lads were sleeping. He still had around his waist a few sleep-inducing insects, which he had won from the Devarāja Virūpākṣa when they had played a game of guess-fingers at the East Heaven Gate.

Taking out two of these insects, he filliped them through a hole in the window. They headed straight for the faces of the lads who fell at once into a sleep so deep that it seemed nothing could arouse them. Then Pilgrim turned around and caught up with the Tang Monk, and all of them fled, following the main road to the West.

Throughout that whole night, the horse did not pause to rest, and they journeyed until it was almost dawn. “Monkey,” said the Tang Monk, “you have just about killed me! Because of your mouth, I’ve had to spend a sleepless night.”

“Stop this complaining!” said Pilgrim. “It’s dawn now, and you may as well take some rest in the forest here by the road. After you have regained a little strength, we’ll move on.”

All that elder could do was to dismount and use a pine root as his couch. As soon as he put down the luggage, Sha Monk dozed off, while Eight Rules fell asleep with a rock as his pillow. The Great Sage Sun, however, had other interests. Just look at him! Climbing the trees and leaping from branch to branch, he had a grand time playing. We shall leave them resting and make no further mention of them now.

We now tell you about the Great Immortal, who left the Tushita Palace with the lesser immortals after the lecture was over.

Descending from the Green Jasper Heaven and dropping down from the auspicious clouds, they arrived before the Five Villages Abbey at the Long Life Mountain, where they found the gates wide open and the grounds neat and clean. "Well," said the Great Immortal, "Clear Breeze and Bright Moon are not that useless after all! Ordinarily, they don't even bestir themselves when the sun is high, but today when we are away, they are willing to rise early to open the gates and sweep the grounds."

All the lesser immortals were delighted, but when they reached the main hall, they discovered neither fire and incense nor any trace of a human person. Clear Breeze and Bright Moon were simply nowhere to be seen! "Because of our absence, the two of them must have stolen away with our things," said the rest of the immortals. "Nonsense!" said the Great Immortal. "How could those who seek the way of immortality dare to engage in such wickedness? They must have forgotten to close the gates last night and gone to sleep. They are probably not yet awake this morning." When they all reached the door of the Daoist lads, they found the door tightly shut and heard heavy snoring from within. They pounded on the door and attempted to rouse them, but the lads could not be wakened by all that clamor. Finally, the immortals managed to pry open the door and pull the lads off their beds; even then they did not wake up. "Dear immortal lads!" said the Great Immortal, laughing. "Those who have attained immortality should not be so desirous of sleep, for their spirits are full. Why are they so fatigued? Could it be that someone has played a trick on them? Quickly, bring me some water!" One of the lads brought half a cup of water to the Great Immortal, who recited a spell before spitting a mouthful of water on the lads' faces. The Sleep Demon was thus exorcised.

Both lads woke up, and as they opened their eyes and wiped their faces, they suddenly saw all the familiar faces of their teacher, Lord, Equal to Earth, and the other immortals. Clear Breeze and Bright Moon were so startled that they knelt down at once and kowtowed, saying, "Master, your old friends, the monks who came from the East, were a bunch of vicious thieves!"

"Don't be afraid!" said the Great Immortal, smiling. "Take your time and tell me about them."

"Master," said Clear Breeze, "Shortly after you left that day, a Tang Monk from the Land of the East did indeed arrive with three other monks and a horse. In obedience to your command, your disciples, having ascertained their origin, took two of the ginseng fruits and served them. That elder, however, had worldly eyes and a foolish mind, for he could not recognize the treasures of our immortal house. He insisted that they were newborn infants not yet three days old and absolutely refused to eat them. For this reason, each of us ate one of the fruits instead. We didn't expect, however, that one of his three disciples, a fellow whose surname was Sun and whose given name was Wukong Pilgrim, would steal and eat four of the fruits. When we discovered the theft, we tried to reason with him, speaking rather forthrightly to that monk. But he refused to

listen to us and instead used the magic of the spirit leaving the body to— oh, this is painful!” When the two lads reached this point in their discourse, they could not hold back their tears. “Did that monk strike you?” asked the rest of the immortals. “He did not hit us,” said Bright Moon, “but he struck down our ginseng tree.” When the Great Immortal heard this, he was not angry. Instead, he said, “Don’t cry! Don’t cry! What you don’t know is that the fellow with the name of Sun is also a minor immortal of the Great Monad; he has great magic power and has caused much disturbance in Heaven. If our treasure tree is struck down, all I want to know is whether you will be able to recognize these monks if you see them again.”

“Certainly,” said Clear Breeze. “In that case,” said the Great Immortal, “follow me. The rest of you disciples can prepare the instruments of punishment. When I return, they shall be whipped.”

The various immortals took this instruction, while the Great Immortal mounted the auspicious luminosity with Clear Breeze and Bright Moon to give chase to Tripitaka. In a moment they had covered a thousand miles, but when the Great Immortal looked toward the West at the tip of the cloud, he could not see the Tang Monk anywhere. When he turned around and stared eastward instead, he found that he had overtaken the pilgrims by some nine hundred miles, for that elder, even with his horse galloping nonstop all night, had managed to travel only one hundred and twenty miles. Reversing the direction of his cloud, the Great Immortal made the trip back in an instant. “Master,” said one of the lads, “that’s the Tang Monk sitting beneath a tree by the road.”

“I see him,” said the Great Immortal. “You two go back and prepare the ropes. Let me capture them by myself.”

Clear Breeze and Bright Moon went back to the Abbey at once.

Dropping down from the clouds, the Great Immortal changed himself into a mendicant Daoist with one shake of his body. “How was he dressed?” you ask.

*A priestly robe patched a hundred times
And a sash in the style of Mr. Lü.
His hands waved a yak’s-tail
And lightly tapped a fish-drum.
Straw sandals with three loops shod his feet;
A sinuous turban wrapped around his head.
With wind-filled sleeves all flutter,
He sang of the rising moon.*

He came straight to the tree and said in a loud voice to the Tang Monk, “Elder, this poor Daoist raises his hands!”

Hastily returning the salutation, the elder said, “Pardon me for not paying respects to you first.”

“Where did the elder come from,” asked the Great Immortal, “and why is he sitting in meditation here beside the road?”

Tripitaka said, “I am a scripture seeker sent by the Great Tang of the Land of the East to the Western Heaven.”

Feigning surprise, the Great Immortal said, “When you came from the East, did you pass through my humble mountain abode?”

“Which precious mountain is the abode of the venerable immortal?” asked the elder. The Great Immortal said, “The Five Villages Abbey in the Long Life Mountain is where I reside.”

The moment he heard this, Pilgrim, having something very much on his mind, replied, “No! No! We came by another route up there.” Pointing a finger firmly at him, the Great Immortal said with a laugh, “Brazen ape! Who are you trying to fool? You struck down my ginseng fruit tree in my Abbey, and then you fled here in the night. You dare deny this? Why try to cover up? Don’t run away! Go quickly and bring back another tree for me!” When Pilgrim heard this, he grew angry and whipped out his iron rod; without waiting for further discussion, he struck at the head of the Great Immortal. Stepping aside to dodge the blow, the Great Immortal trod on the auspicious luminosity and rose into the air, closely followed by Pilgrim, who also mounted the clouds. The Great Immortal changed back into his true form in midair, and this was how he appeared:

*He wore a cap of purple gold,
And a carefree gown trimmed with crane’s down.
He had on his feet a pair of shoes;
A silk sash was tied round his waist.
His body seemed that of a lad
His face, that of a lady fair,
But with flowing moustaches and beard.
Some crow feathers adorned his hair.
He faced Pilgrim but without a weapon,
Save a jade yak’s-tail which he twirled in his hand.*

Above and below, Pilgrim struck wildly with his rod, only to be parried again and again by the Great Immortal wielding his jade yak’s tail. After two or three rounds of fighting, the Great Immortal displayed his magic of the cosmos in the sleeve. Standing on the tip of a cloud and facing the wind, he gently flipped open the wide sleeve of his gown and sent it toward the earth in a sweeping motion. All four of the monks and the horse were at once scooped up into the sleeve. “This is dreadful!” said Eight Rules. “We have been placed in a clothes bag!”

“It isn’t a clothes bag, Idiot!” said Pilgrim. “We’ve been scooped up into his sleeve.”

“In that case,” said Eight Rules, “it shouldn’t be too difficult! Let me use my rake and make a hole in his gown. When we make our escape, we can claim that he was careless and didn’t hold us securely, so that we fell out of his sleeve.” Idiot started to dig into the garment madly with his rake, but all to no avail: although the material was soft to the touch, it was harder than steel when it came into contact with the rake.

Turning around the direction of his auspicious cloud, the Great Immortal went back to the Five Villages Abbey and sat down, ordering his disciples to fetch some ropes. As the little immortals went about their business, he fished out the pilgrims one by one like puppets from his sleeve: first he brought out the Tang Monk and had him bound to one of the large pillars in the main hall. Then he took out the three disciples and had them tied to three other pillars. Finally he took out the horse and had it tied up in the courtyard; it was given some hay while the luggage was thrown into one of the corridors. “Disciples,” said the Great Immortal, “these monks are persons who have left home, and they should not be harmed by knives or spears, hatchets or battle-axes. Bring

out my leather whip instead and give them a beating—as an act of vengeance for my ginseng fruit!” Some of the immortals went quickly to fetch the whip—not the sort made of cow hide, sheep hide, suede, or buffalo hide. It was, rather, a whip of seven thongs made of dragon hide. After soaking it in water for a while, one of the more robust little immortals took it up and asked, “Master, which one shall be flogged first?”

The Great Immortal replied, “Tripitaka Tang is the unworthy senior member of his party. Beat him first.” When Pilgrim heard what he said, he thought to himself, “That old monk of mine cannot stand such flogging. If he’s destroyed by the whip, wouldn’t that be my sin?” Unable to remain silent any longer, he said, “Sir, you are mistaken! It was I who stole the fruits, and it was I who ate the fruits. Moreover, I also pushed down the tree. Why don’t you flog me first? Why do you have to whip him?”

“This brazen ape,” said the Great Immortal, laughing, “does know how to speak courageously! All right, let’s flog him first.”

“How many lashes?” asked the little immortal. “As many as the original number of the fruits,” said the Great Immortal. “Thirty lashes.” Lifting high the whip, the little immortal was about to strike. Fearing that this weapon of an immortal’s house might be a formidable one, Pilgrim opened his eyes wide to see where he was going to be struck and found that the little immortal was about to flog his legs.

With a twist of his torso, Pilgrim said, “Change!” and his two legs became hard as steel, all ready to be flogged. With measured strokes, the little immortal gave him thirty lashes before putting down the whip.

It was already almost noon when the Great Immortal said again, “We should now give Tripitaka a flogging, since he did not know how to discipline his mischievous disciples and permitted them to indulge in unruly behavior.”

As the immortal took up the whip again, Pilgrim said, “You are again mistaken, sir. When the fruits were stolen, my master was conversing in this hall with the two lads; he had no knowledge whatever of what we brothers had perpetrated. Though he might be guilty of not being strict enough in his discipline of us, those of us who are his disciples should receive the punishment for him. Flog me again.”

“This lawless ape!” said the Great Immortal. “Though he is sly and devious, he does possess some filial sentiments! In that case, let’s flog him again.”

The little immortal again gave him thirty lashes. When Pilgrim lowered his head to take a look, he saw that his two legs had been beaten until they were shining like mirrors, though he had no sensation whatever, either of pain or of itching. By this time it was getting late, and the Great Immortal said, “Soak the whip in water. Wait until tomorrow, and then we shall punish them again.”

The little immortals retrieved the whip and placed it in water, after which everyone retired to his own chamber. When they had finished their evening meal, all went away to sleep, and we shall say no more of them now.

With tears flowing from his eyes, the elder began to complain bitterly to his three disciples, saying, “You all have caused this trouble, but I have to suffer with you in this place. What are you going to do about it?”

“Stop this complaining,” said Pilgrim. “They flogged me first, and you haven’t even had a taste of it yet. Why do you have to grumble like that?”

“Though I have not been flogged,” said the Tang Monk, “this rope is causing me to ache all over.”

“Master,” said Sha Monk, “there are others here who are your companions in bondage!”

“Stop this racket, all of you!” said Pilgrim. “In a little while, we’ll all be on our way again.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you are fibbing again. We are tightly bound now in hemp ropes sprayed with water. They are not like the locks on those doors that you opened so easily with your magic!”

“This is no exaggeration,” said Pilgrim, “but I’m not afraid of a three-ply hemp rope sprayed with water. Even if it were a coir cord as thick as a small bowl, I would consider it as insubstantial as the autumn wind!”

Hardly had he finished speaking when it became completely quiet everywhere. Dear Pilgrim! He contracted his body and at once freed himself from the ropes, saying, “Let’s go, Master!”

“Elder Brother,” said a startled Sha Monk, “save us, too!”

“Speak softly! Speak softly!” said Pilgrim. He untied Tripitaka, Sha Monk, and Eight Rules; they put on their clothes, saddled the horse, and picked up the luggage from the corridor. As they walked out of the Abbey gate, Pilgrim said to Eight Rules, “Go to the edge of the cliff there and bring back four willow trees.”

“What do you want them for?” asked Eight Rules. “I have use for them. Bring them quickly.” Idiot did possess some sort of brutish strength. He did as he was told, and with one shove of his snout he felled one of the willow trees. Knocking down three more, he gathered them up into a bundle and hauled them back. Pilgrim stripped the branches off the trunks, and the two of them carried the trunks inside, where they fastened them to the pillars with the ropes with which they had earlier been tied up themselves. Then the Great Sage recited a spell; biting the tip of his own tongue, he spat some blood on the trees and cried, “Change!” One of them changed into the elder, another changed into a figure like himself, and the two other trees changed into Sha Monk and Eight Rules. They all seemed to look exactly alike; when questioned, they knew how to make replies; when their names were called, they knew how to answer. Only then did the two of them run back out and catch up with their master. As before, the horse did not pause to rest for that whole night as they fled the Five Villages Abbey. When morning arrived, however, the elder was nodding on the horse, hardly able to remain in the saddle. When Pilgrim saw him like that, he called out, “Master, you are terribly soft! How is it that a person who has left home like yourself has so little endurance? If I, old Monkey, went without sleep even for a thousand nights, I still would not feel fatigue. Well, you had better get off the horse, so that travelers won’t see your condition and laugh at you.

Let’s find a temporary shelter beneath the mountain slope and rest awhile before we move on again.” We shall not tell you any more now about master and disciples resting by the way; we shall tell you instead of the Great Immortal, who rose at the crack of dawn and went out at once to the main hall after taking his morning meal. He said, “Bring out the whip. It’s Tripitaka’s turn today to be flogged.”

The little immortal wielded the whip and said to the Tang Monk, “I’m going to beat you.”

“Go ahead,” said the willow tree, and he was given thirty lashes. Changing the direction of his whip, the little immortal said to Eight Rules, “I’m going to flog you.”

“Go ahead,” said the other willow tree, and the one that was changed into the form of Sha Monk gave the same reply when it was his turn. By the time they reached Pilgrim, the real Pilgrim, resting by the wayside, was suddenly sent into a violent shudder. “Something’s wrong!” he exclaimed. “What do you mean?” asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim said, “I transformed four willow trees into the four of us, thinking that since they flogged me twice yesterday, they would not beat me again today. But they are giving my transformed body a beating, and that’s why my true body is shivering. I had better stop the magic.”

Hastily, Pilgrim recited a spell to suspend the magic.

Look at those frightened Daoist lads! The one who was doing the flogging threw away the whip and ran to report, saying, “Master, at first I was beating the Great Tang Monk, but now I am only striking at some willow roots!” When the Great Immortal heard these words, he laughed bitterly, saying, “Pilgrim Sun! Truly a marvelous Monkey King! It was rumored that when he caused great disturbance in Heaven, even the cosmic nets that the gods set up could not hold him. I suppose there must be some truth to that! So, you escaped! But why did you have to tie up these willow trees here to impersonate you and your companions? I’m not going to spare you! I’ll pursue you!” Saying this, the Great Immortal at once rose into the clouds; he peered toward the West and saw the monks fleeing, poling the load of luggage and riding the horse. The Great Immortal dropped down from the clouds, crying, “Pilgrim Sun! Where are you running to? Give me back my ginseng tree!”

Hearing this, Eight Rules said, “We’re finished! Our foe is here again!”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “let’s pack up that little word ‘Kindness’ for the moment. Allow us to indulge in a little violence and finish him off so that we can make our escape.” When the Tang Monk heard these words, he trembled all over, hardly able to reply. Without even waiting for his answer, however, Sha Monk lifted his precious staff, Eight Rules brought out his muck-rake, and the Great Sage wielded his iron rod. They all rushed forward to surround the Great Immortal in midair and began to strike at him furiously. For this vicious battle, we have the following poem as testimony:

*Wukong knew not that Zhenyuan Immortal—
Lord, Equal to Earth—was wondrous and strange.
Though three weapons divine showed forth their might,
One yak’s-tail flew up with natural ease
To parry the thrusts on the left and right,
To block the blows struck at the front and back.
Night passed, day came, still they could not escape!
How long would it take them to reach the West?*

The three brothers all raised their divine weapons and attacked the immortal together, but the Great Immortal had only the fly brush with which to meet his adversaries. The battle, however, had not lasted for half an hour when the Great Immortal spread open his sleeve and with one scoop, recaptured the four monks, the horse, and their luggage. Reversing the direction of his cloud, he went back to his Abbey, where he was greeted by the other immortals. The Master Immortal took a seat in the main hall and again took out the pilgrims one by one from his sleeve. The Tang Monk was bound to a short locust tree in the courtyard, while Sha Monk and Eight

Rules were fastened to two other trees, one on each side. Pilgrim, however, was tightly bound but left on the ground. "I suppose," thought Pilgrim to himself, "they are going to interrogate me."

After the immortals had finished tying up the captives, they were told to bring out ten large bales of cloth. "Eight Rules," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "this gentleman must have the good intention of making us some clothes! He might as well be more economical and just cut us a few monks' bells!"

After the little immortals had brought out the homespun cloth, the Great Immortal said, "Wrap up Tripitaka Tang, Zhu Eight Rules, and Sha Monk entirely in the cloth."

The little immortals obeyed and wrapped the three of them completely. "Fine! Fine! Fine!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "We are prepared to be buried alive!"

After they were wrapped, the Daoists brought out some lacquer that they had made themselves, and the Great Immortal gave the order that the wrappings of the pilgrims be completely coated with the varnish. Only their faces were left uncovered. "Sir," said Eight Rules, "I'm all right on top, but leave me a hole down below so that I can unburden myself!"

The Great Immortal next gave the order that a huge frying pan be brought out. "Eight Rules, we are lucky!" said Pilgrim, laughing.

"If they are hauling out a pan, they must want to cook some rice for us to eat."

"That's all right with me," said Eight Rules. "If they let us eat some rice, we'll be well-fed ghosts even if we die!"

The various immortals duly brought out a huge pan, which they set up before the steps of the main hall. After giving the order that a big fire be built with plenty of dry firewood, the Great Immortal said, "Fill the pan with clear oil. When it boils, dump Pilgrim Sun into the pan and fry him! That'll be his payment for my ginseng tree!" When Pilgrim heard this, he was secretly pleased, saying to himself, "This is exactly what I want! I haven't had a bath for some time and my skin is so dry that it's getting itchy. For good or ill, I'll enjoy a little scorching and be most grateful for it." In a moment, the oil was about to boil. The Great Sage, however, was quite cautious; fearing that this might be some form of formidable divine magic that would be difficult for him to handle once he was in the pan, he looked around quickly. In the east he saw a little terrace with a sundial on top, but to the west he discovered a stone lion. With a bound, Pilgrim rolled himself toward the west; biting the tip of his tongue, he spat a mouthful of blood on the stone lion, crying, "Change!" It changed into a figure just like himself, all tied up in a bundle. His true spirit rose into the clouds, from where he lowered his head to stare at the Daoists.

Just then, one of the little immortals gave this report, "Master, the oil is sizzling in the pan."

"Pick up Pilgrim Sun and throw him in!" said the Great Immortal. Four of the divine lads went to carry him, but they could not lift him up; eight more joined them, but they had no success either. They added four more, and still they could not even budge him. "This monkey loves the earth so much that he can't be moved!" said one of the immortals. "Though he may be rather small, he's quite tough!"

Finally, twenty little immortals managed to lift him up and hurl him into the pan; there was a loud splash, big drops of boiling oil flew out in every direction, and the faces of those little Daoists were covered with blisters. Then they heard the lad who was tending the fire crying, “The pan’s leaking! The pan’s leaking!”

Hardly had he uttered these words when all the oil was gone. What they saw in the pan with its bottom punctured was a stone lion.

Enraged, the Great Immortal said, “That wretched ape! He’s wicked indeed! And I’ve allowed him to show off right in front of my nose! So, he wanted to escape, but why did he have to ruin my pan? I suppose it’s exceedingly difficult to catch the wretched ape, and even if one does catch him, trying to hold him is like trying to grasp sand or handle mercury, to catch a shadow or seize the wind! All right! All right! Let him go. Untie Tripitaka Tang and bring out a new pan. We’ll fry him instead in order to avenge my ginseng tree.”

The various little immortals accordingly went to untie the lacquer cloth, but Pilgrim, who heard this clearly in the air, thought to himself, “Master is utterly helpless! If he arrives in the pan, the first boiling bubble will kill him and the second will burn him up; by the time the oil sizzles three or four times, he’ll be a messy monk! I had better go and save him!”

Dear Great Sage! He lowered the direction of his cloud and went back to the main hall. With his hands at his waist, he said, “Don’t untie the lacquer wrapping to fry my master. Let me go into the pan of boiling oil instead.”

“You wretched ape!” cried a somewhat startled Great Immortal. “How dare you display such tricks to wreck my stove?”

“If you have the misfortune of meeting me,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “your stove deserves to be overturned! Why blame me? Just now, I was about to receive your kind hospitality in the form of oily soup, but I suddenly had the urge to relieve myself. If I opened up right in the pan, I was afraid that I might spoil your hot oil so that it could not be used for cooking. Now that I’m completely relieved, I feel quite good about going into the pan. Don’t fry my master; fry me instead.” When the Great Immortal heard these words, he laughed menacingly and ran out of the hall to catch hold of Pilgrim. We do not know what sort of things he has to say to him, or whether Pilgrim manages to escape again. Let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-SIX

*Amid the Three Islands Sun Wukong seeks a cure
With sweet dew Guanshiyin revives a tree*

*Hold fast in life the "sword" above the "heart."
Recall the "long" beside the "suffering."
The proverb says the sword's the law of life,
But think thrice to check both anger and pride.
"The noblest" is peaceful—it's taught long ago;
"The sage loves virtue"—a truth for all times.
The strong man will meet someone stronger still:
Come to naught at last he surely will!*

We were telling you about the Zhenyuan Great Immortal, who grabbed Pilgrim and said, "I know your abilities, and I have heard of your reputation. But you have been most deceitful and unscrupulous this time. You may indulge in all sorts of wizardry, but you can't escape from my hands. I'll argue with you all the way to the Western Heaven to see that Buddhist Patriarch of yours, but you won't get away from having to restore to me the Ginseng Fruit Tree. So stop playing with your magic!"

"Dear Sir!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "How petty you are! If you want the tree revived, there's no problem. If you had said so in the first place, we would have been spared this conflict."

"No conflict!" said the Great Immortal. "You think I would let you get away with what you have done?"

"Untie my master," said Pilgrim, "and I'll give you back a living tree. How's that?"

"If you really possess the power," said the Great Immortal, "to make the tree alive again, I'll go through the proper ceremony of 'Eight Bows' with you and become your bond-brother."

"Relax!" said Pilgrim. "Let them go, and you can be certain that old Monkey will give you back a living tree."

The Great Immortal reckoned that they could not escape; he therefore gave the order to free Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk.

"Master," said Sha Monk, "I wonder what sort of tricks Elder Brother is up to this time."

"What sort of tricks?" asked Eight Rules. "This is called the trick of 'Pulling Wool Right over Your Eyes.' The tree is dead! You think it could be cured and revived? He's just putting out some empty formula for show. On the pretext of going to find medicine to cure the tree, he will flee and take to the road all by himself. You think he has any care for us?"

"He won't dare leave us behind," said Tripitaka. "Let's ask him where he is going to find the cure."

He then called out, "Wukong, how did you manage to deceive the Immortal Master and have us freed?"

“Old Monkey is speaking the truth, only the truth,” said Pilgrim. “What do you mean by deceiving him?”

Tripitaka asked. “Where will you go to find the cure?” Pilgrim replied, “According to an old proverb, ‘The cure comes from the seas.’ I want to go now to the Great Eastern Ocean and make a complete tour of the Three Islands and the Ten Islets. I want to visit all the Immortals and Aged Sages to ask for a method of revivification that will revive the tree for him.”

“How long do you need to be away before returning?” said Tripitaka. “Only three days.”

“All right,” said Tripitaka. “As you said, I’ll give you three days. If you return by that time, everything will be fine. If you don’t come back after three days, I’ll begin reciting that ‘Old-Time Sūtra’!”

“I hear you! I hear you!” said Pilgrim.

Look how he quickly straightened his tiger-skin kilt. As he walked out the door, he said to the Great Immortal, “You need not worry, sir. I leave now, but I’ll be back very soon. But you must take good care of my master; see that he lacks none of the three meals and the six teas of the day. If my master’s clothes become soiled or wrinkled, wash and starch them. Should he want anything, old Monkey will settle the account with you when he returns. I’ll finish puncturing all the pans for you! If my master’s face pales even a little, I won’t take him back; and if he becomes a trifle thin, I’ll not leave this place.”

“Go, go,” said the Great Immortal. “I’ll see to it that he doesn’t starve!”

Dear Monkey King! He mounted his cloud somersault quickly and left the Abbey of Five Villages, heading straight for the Great Eastern Ocean. Moving through the air like lightning and meteor, he soon arrived at the immortal region of Penglai.

He lowered his cloud and took a careful look below: it was a lovely place indeed, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*A great land divine, the sages’ domain,
These Penglai islands calm the winds and waves.
Jasper towers’ cool the heavens with their shades;
Tall arches’ bright reflections float on the sea.
Mists of five colors veil the jade-green sky;
High on the gold turtle stars and moon shine.
The Queen of the West would this place frequent
For Three Immortals with peaches as present.*

Before he had finished looking at this divine scenery, Pilgrim was already entering Penglai. As he walked, he saw three old men playing encirclement chess in the shade of some pine trees outside the White-Cloud Cave. The one watching the game was the Star of Longevity, while the two playing were the Star of Blessing and the Star of Wealth. Pilgrim approached them, crying, “Old brothers, receive my bow!” When the Three Stars saw him, they pushed away the chess board and returned his salutation. “Great Sage, why did you come here?” they asked. “I came especially to have some fun with all of you,” said Pilgrim. “I heard that the Great Sage, who forsook Daoism to follow Buddhism,” said the Star of Longevity, “had won back his freedom to protect the Tang Monk on his journey to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. He must be traveling over rugged roads every day. Where would he find time to have fun with us?”

Pilgrim said, "To tell all of you the truth, old Monkey has run into a little obstacle halfway on the journey to the West. That's why I came to request some assistance, but I don't know whether you are willing to help me or not."

"At what place?" asked the Star of Blessing. "What sort of obstacle? Tell us plainly so that we may decide."

"We were stopped while passing the Abbey of Five Villages at the Long Life Mountain."

"The Abbey of Five Villages is the divine residence of the Zhenyuan Great Immortal," said one of the three old men, who were astonished. "Could it be that you stole and ate his ginseng fruits?"

"So I stole and ate them," said Pilgrim with a laugh. "How much could they be worth?"

"You ape!" said one of the three old men. "You *are* dumb! A man who takes one whiff of that fruit will live to be three hundred and sixty years old; he eats one and he'll last forty-seven thousand years. That's why it bears the name of 'The Long-Life Grass of Reverted Cinnabar.' The level of cultivation in Dao of that Great Immortal far surpasses ours! With such a thing in his possession, he can easily have the same age as Heaven, whereas we still have to nourish our spermal essence, cultivate our breaths, fortify our spirits, harmonize the tiger and the dragon, catch the *kan* to fill up the *li*—in short, we have to spend a lot of time and effort just to attain immortality. How could you say, 'How much could they be worth?' Throughout the whole world, that's the only kind of spiritual root there is."

"Spiritual root! Spiritual root!" said Pilgrim. "I have already uprooted it!"

"What do you mean by 'uprooted it'?" asked the three old men, greatly alarmed. Pilgrim said, "When we went to the Abbey the other day, the Great Immortal was not home, and only two lads received my master. They served him two ginseng fruits, but my master did not realize that they were fruits. Thinking that they were infants not yet three days old, he absolutely refused to eat them. The lads took them away and ate them without bothering even to share them with us. So, old Monkey went and stole three of the fruits for us three brothers to eat, but those two lads, without any sense of propriety, kept on calling us thieves. Old Monkey got mad and gave the tree a blow with his rod. When it fell to the ground, the fruits on it disappeared, the branches snapped, the leaves dropped, and it died with all its roots exposed. The lads tried to imprison us, but old Monkey broke their lock and left. Early next morning, their master came back and gave chase; we had a few rough exchanges with him which led eventually to a fight. In a flash, he flipped open that sleeve of his and bagged all of us. We were bound and shackled, interrogated and whipped for a whole day, but we managed to escape again that night. He caught up with us once more and took us captive. Mind you, there was not an inch of steel on him! He had only that yak's tail to parry our blows, but none of the three weapons of us brothers could even touch him. And so he gave us more of the same treatment, wrapping my master and my two younger brothers in cloth coated with varnish but putting me in a pan of boiling oil. I then showed him my special talent for escape, but not before I had punctured his pan. When he saw that he could not hold me captive, he became somewhat intimidated, and that was when I sweet-talked him into freeing my master and my brothers with the promise that I would revive his tree for him. That's how we came to a temporary truce. When I remembered the saying, 'The cure comes from the seas,' I decided to pay you three old Brothers a visit in this lovely

place. If you have any formula to cure the tree, please pass it on to me at once so that I can rescue the Tang Monk from his ordeal.” When the Three Stars heard these words, they became distressed also. One of them said, “Monkey, you’re completely ignorant of people! That Master Zhenyuan is the patriarch of earthbound immortals, while we belong to the lineage of divine immortals. You may have some sort of position in Heaven, but you are only an irregular number in the Great Monad clan, and you have yet to attain an authentic rank. How could you possibly expect to escape from him? If you had killed some beast or bird, some insect or scaly creature, all you would need is one grain of my millet-elixir and it would be revived. The ginseng fruit, however, is the very root of all divine trees. How could it be healed? There’s no cure for it!” When Pilgrim heard that there was no cure available, his brow became completely furrowed.

“Great Sage,” said the Star of Blessing, “though there is no cure here, there may be one in another place. Why are you so dejected?” Pilgrim said, “Of course, I don’t mind going to another place to seek a cure. It would have been a small matter indeed, even if I had to journey to the edge of the seas or make a complete tour of the thirty-six Heavens. But that Elder Tang of mine, who is neither tolerant nor magnanimous, has given me a limit of three days. If I don’t return with something after three days, he’ll start reciting the Tight-Fillet Spell.”

“Good! Good! Good!” said the Three Stars, laughing. “Had it not been for this little means of control, you would be crawling all over Heaven again!”

Then the Star of Longevity said, “Relax, Great Sage. Don’t worry. Though that Great Immortal is our senior, he does know us. As we have not visited him for a long time, and as it is for the sake of the Great Sage, we three shall go and call on him right now. We’ll express your concern to the Tang Monk and tell him not to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. Three days, four days—what’s the difference? We won’t leave them until you come back with the cure.”

“Thank you! Thank you!” said Pilgrim. “Please get on with your journey, old Brothers. I’m off.” So the Great Sage took leave of them, and we shall say no more of that.

We tell you now about the Stars, who mounted the auspicious luminosity and went straight to the Abbey of Five Villages. The crowd at the Abbey was milling about when suddenly the cries of cranes could be heard in the sky to announce the arrival of the three elders.

You could see

*A sky lit up by sheens of auspicious light,
As sweet, unending fragrance filled the air.
Colored mist—a thousand strands—veiled the feathered gowns;
Fleecy clouds in petals held up the Immortals’ feet
(
As green phoenixes flew
And red phoenixes soared).
Their sleeves sent a scented breeze to sweep the earth;
Their staffs, like hanging dragons, brought laughter gay;
Their beards swayed before them like medals of jade.
Their blithe, youthful features showed no grief or care;
Their strong, healthy frames were those of the blessed.
They held tallies of stars*

*To fill up the sea-mansions;
 From their waists hung the gourds and precious scrolls.
 Ten thousand decades—so grand was their age.
 On the Three Islands and Ten Islets they freely lived.
 They came to this world often to grant their boons
 And increase man's blessings a hundredfold.
 The whole, wide world
 Bright with glory and wealth!
 To have now endless blessing and endless life!
 Three elders riding on halos saw the Immortal Great:
 What boundless peace and blessing filled the hall!*

When an immortal lad saw this, he ran to make the report, “Master, the Three Stars from the sea have arrived.” Master Zhenyuan was just chatting with the Tang Monk and his disciples. Hearing the announcement, he went down the steps into the courtyard to receive the visitors. When Eight Rules saw the Star of Longevity, he grabbed him and said with a laugh, “You blubbery old codger! I haven’t seen you for a long time, and you still look so dashing! Why, you didn’t even bring along a hat!”

Taking off his own monk’s cap, he plopped it on the head of the Star, clapped his hands, and roared with laughter. “Fine! Fine! Fine!” he cried. “As the saying goes, ‘Put on the cap to increase riches!’”

Throwing away the cap, the Star of Longevity snapped back, “You stupid coolie! You have absolutely no manners!”

“I’m no coolie,” said Eight Rules, “but you are all knaves.”

“You are indeed a stupid coolie,” said the Star of Blessing, “and you even dare to call people knaves?”

“If you are not the knaves of some household,” said Eight Rules again, laughing, “how is it that you come bearing the names ‘Increase Age,’ ‘Increase Blessing,’ and ‘Increase Wealth?’”

At that moment, Tripitaka ordered Eight Rules to step back while he straightened his clothes quickly to greet the Three Stars, who in turn saluted the Great Immortal as a senior colleague before they dared take a seat. After they were seated, the Star of Wealth said, “We apologize for not coming to pay our respects for such a long time. We came now especially to see you since we learned that the Great Sage Sun had caused some disturbance here.”

“Has Pilgrim Sun been to Penglai already?” asked the Great Immortal. “Yes,” said the Star of Longevity. “As he had damaged the cinnabar tree of the Great Immortal, he came to our place to seek a cure. When he found out that we didn’t have any, he went elsewhere in search of it. He was afraid, however, that he would exceed the time limit of three days set by the holy monk and provoke him to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. That is the reason why we came to see you and to ask you for an extension of the limit.” When Tripitaka heard this, he said repeatedly, “I won’t recite it! I won’t recite it!”

As they talked, Eight Rules came running in again to tug at the Star of Blessing. Demanding that he be given some fruits to eat, he began to give the Star a complete search, poking into his sleeves, frisking his waist, and even lifting up the hem of his robe. “What sort of bad manners is that, Eight Rules?” asked Tripitaka with a laugh. “I’m not ill-mannered,” said Eight Rules. “This is called ‘Every Turn’s a Blessing.’”

Tripitaka again ordered him to leave. As he slogged toward the door, Idiot turned and stared fiercely at the Star of Blessing. “Stupid coolie!” said the Star. “How have I offended you that you should be so mad at me?”

“I’m not mad at you,” said Eight Rules. “I’m just doing what they call ‘Turning Your Head to Look for Blessing’!” When Idiot went out of the door, he ran into a little lad holding four teaspoons while searching in the hall for the cups with which he could present tea. Eight Rules grabbed the spoons and ran into the main hall; picking up a sonorous stone, he began to strike it wildly with the spoons as he pranced about. “This monk,” said the Great Immortal, “is becoming more and more undignified!”

“I’m not undignified,” said Eight Rules, laughing. “This is called the ‘Joyful Festivities of Four Seasons.’”

We shall now stop telling you about the pranks of Eight Rules and turn instead to Pilgrim, who mounted the auspicious clouds to leave Penglai and soon arrived at the Fangzhang Mountain. It was a lovely mountain indeed, for which we have the following testimonial poem.

*The soaring Fangzhang, a Heaven itself,
The primal palace where immortals meet:
Purple towers light up the three pure paths;
Floral scent floats up with five-colored mists.
Gold phoenixes oft pause on the pearly arch.
Who floods with jade cream the agaric fields?
Pink peaches and purple plums newly ripened
Announce an aeon’s change among the gods.*

Pilgrim lowered his cloud, but he was in no mood to enjoy the scenery. As he proceeded, he was met by a gentle scented breeze and by the sounds of black cranes. Then he saw in the distance an immortal, from whom

*Ten thousand motley beams lit up the sky;
Colored mists soared in endless shafts of light.
His red phoenix’s mouth held flowers fresh;
His green phoenix flew with canorous cries.
With luck like the sea and age like a mount,
He looked like a boy of sound, healthy frame.
His vase kept the cave-heaven’s ageless drug;
A seal old as the sun hung from his waist.
He brought blessings to mankind severally
And saved the world a few times from distress.
King Wu summoned him to add to his age.
He always attended the Festival of Peach.
He taught the monks to break their worldly ties,
Revealing like lightning a great way to them.
He crossed the seas to wish a man long life,
And saw Buddha often at Spirit Mount.
His holy title: Grand Thearch of the East,
First of the immortals midst smoke and mist.*

Somewhat shamefacedly, Pilgrim Sun met him and said, “Grand Thearch, I’m raising my hands!”

The Grand Thearch hastened to return the salutation, saying, "Great Sage, forgive me for not going to meet you. Please come to my place and let me serve you tea."

He then took the hands of Pilgrim and led him inside. It was truly a divine palace, where there were countless arches studded with pearloyster shells, jasper pools, and jade terraces. As they sat down to wait for their tea, a little lad stepped out from behind the jade screen.

"How was he dressed?" you ask.

*His body wore a Daoist robe of lustrous hues;
A bright silk sash was tied around his waist;
He trod the Dipper wearing a silk head wrap;
His feet shod straw sandals to tour fairy haunts.
Refining the pristinely real
He shed his original shell.
Merit achieved, he could do as he pleased.
He learned the source of spirit, sperm, and breath
As a master would know without mistake.
He fled from fame, now owning ageless life—
The months, the seasons had no hold on him.
Passing winding corridors
To ascend royal towers,
He palmed from Heaven gods' peaches three times.
In colored mist he left the kingfisher screens,
This lowly immortal named Dongfang Shuo.*

When Pilgrim saw him, he laughed and said, "So, this little crook is here! But there's no peach at the Grand Thearch's place for you to steal and eat."

Dongfang Shuo bowed to him and replied, "Old burglar! Why did you come? There's no divine elixir at my master's place for you to steal and eat."

"Stop blabbering, Manqian," cried the Grand Thearch. "Bring us some tea." Manqian, you see, was the religious name of Dongfang Shuo. He hurried inside to fetch two cups of tea. After they had finished drinking, Pilgrim said, "Old Monkey came here to ask of you a favor. Will you grant me that?"

"What favor?" said the Grand Thearch. "Please tell me."

"I recently became guardian of the Tang Monk on his westward journey," said Pilgrim. "We were passing by the Abbey of Five Villages at the Long Life Mountain, where we were insulted by two young lads. My anger of the moment made me topple their Ginseng Fruit Tree, which led to the Tang Monk being detained for the time being. That's why I came to ask you for a cure. I hope you'll be generous about the matter."

"You ape," said the Grand Thearch. "You have no care for anything except to cause trouble everywhere. Master Zhenyuan of the Abbey of Five Villages, with the holy title of 'Lord, Equal to Earth,' happens to be the patriarch of earthbound immortals. How did you manage to offend someone like him? That Ginseng Fruit Tree of his, you know, is the grass of the reverted cinnabar. If you had stolen it and eaten it, you would be guilty already. Now you have gone so far as to knock the tree down. You think he'll let you get away with that?"

“Exactly,” said Pilgrim. “We did escape, but he caught up with us and scooped us up in his sleeve as if we were handkerchiefs.

It’s a troublesome affair: since I could not prevail, I had to promise him that the tree would be cured. That’s why I came to beg you.”

The Grand Thearch said, “I have one grain of the Great Monad Elixir of Nine Reversions. It can cure all the sentient creatures in the world, but it cannot cure trees. For trees are the spirits of earth and wood, nourished by Heaven and Earth. Moreover, the Ginseng Fruit Tree is no tree of the mortal world; if it were, you might find a cure for it. But the Long Life Mountain happens to be a Heavenly region, and the Abbey of Five Villages is a cave-heaven of the West Aparagodānīya Continent. And the Ginseng Fruit Tree produced there is a spiritual root that came into existence at the time of creation. How could it be healed? I have no cure, none whatever!”

“If you have no cure, old Monkey will take his leave,” said Pilgrim. The Grand Thearch would have liked to offer him a cup of jade nectar, but Pilgrim said, “This is emergency business; I dare not linger.”

He then mounted the clouds to proceed to the island of Yingzhou. This, too, was a lovely place, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*The elegant pearl tree aglow in purple mists;
Yingzhou’s arches and towers touching the sky;
Green hills, blue waters, and fair coralline blooms;
Jade nectar, red steel, and the hard iron stone.
The five-colored cock crows at the sea’s sunrise;
The red phoenix, ageless, breathes in scarlet mists.
In vain mortals would seek this gourd-held scene,
An endless spring beyond the world of forms.*

Our Great Sage arrived at Yingzhou, where before the red cliffs and beneath the pearl trees sat several figures with luminous white hair and beards, immortals of youthful complexion. They were playing chess and drinking wine, telling jokes and singing songs. Truly there were

*Hallowed clouds all filled with light;
Auspicious mists with fragrance afloat;
Colorful phoenixes calling at the cave’s entrance;
Dark cranes dancing on top of the mountain.
Jadelike lotus roots and peaches went well with wine;
Magic pears and fire dates prolonged the years.
None of them had need to heed a royal summons,
Though the divine record had each of their names.
Wholly at ease, they could wander and play;
With no work or care, they could do as they please.
The months, the years had no hold on their lives;
Throughout the great world they were completely free.
How lovely were the black apes
Who came in pairs, bowing, to present the fruits!
How friendly are the white deer
Who lay down two by two with flowers in their mouths!*

Those old men were enjoying themselves when our Pilgrim walked up to them and cried, “How about letting me have some fun too?” When the immortals saw him, they quickly rose to greet him. We have a poem as a testimony, and the poem says:

*The spirit roots of the Ginseng Fruit Tree snapped;
The Great Sage called on the gods for a wondrous cure.
As scarlet light poured from the divine grove,
He was met by the Nine Elders of Yingzhou.*

Recognizing the Nine Elders, Pilgrim said, laughing, “Old Brothers, how content you are!”

“If the Great Sage in years past had persevered in the truth,” said the Nine Elders, “and had not disrupted Heaven, he would be even more content than we are. But you are all right now. We heard that you had returned to the truth to seek Buddha in the West. Where do you find such leisure to come here?” Pilgrim then gave a thorough account of his efforts to find a cure for the tree. Astounded, the Nine Elders said, “You cause too much trouble! Just too much trouble. Honestly, we don’t have any cure.”

“If you don’t,” said Pilgrim, “I shall take leave of you.”

The Nine Elders asked him to stay and drink some jade nectar and eat some lotus root. Pilgrim would not sit down but, standing, drank a glass of nectar and ate a piece of lotus. He then left Yingzhou swiftly and headed straight for the Great Eastern Ocean. Soon the Potalaka Mountain came in sight. Dropping down from the clouds, he went straight to the top of the mountain, where he saw the Bodhisattva Guanyin giving a lecture to the various celestial guardians, dragon-ladies, and Mokṣa in the purple bamboo grove. As a testimony, we have a poem which says:

*The sea-mistress city’s tall with thick hallowed air.
Here you see countless marvelous things.
Know that the thousand vague and varied forms
Are all found in a book’s one soundless leaf.
Four Noble Truths conferred will bear right fruit:
Six Stages, when listened to, will set you free.
This young grove has pleasures special and true:
Trees full of reddened fruits and fragrant flowers.*

The Bodhisattva was the first to notice Pilgrim’s arrival, and she asked the Great Mountain Guardian to go meet him. As he came out of the grove, the guardian shouted, “Sun Wukong, where are you going?” Raising his head, Pilgrim cried, “Bear rascal! Is Wukong the name for you to take in vain? If old Monkey hadn’t spared you back then, you would have been a corpse on the Black Wind Mountain. Today you are a follower of the Bodhisattva, for you have received the virtuous fruit and you have been made a resident of this immortal mountain so that you can listen frequently to the dharma teachings. Now, with all these benefits, can’t you address me as ‘Venerable Father’?”

That Black Bear, you see, had indeed attained the right fruit, but the fact that he was made a guardian of the Potalaka and given the title “Great Guardian” was something that he owed to Pilgrim. So he really could not do anything but smile and say, “Great Sage, the ancients said, ‘The princely man does not dwell on old faults.’ Why mention my past? The Bodhisattva asked me to come meet you.” Our Pilgrim at once became solemn and earnest as he followed the Great Guardian to bow down to the Bodhisattva in the purple bamboo grove.

“Wukong,” said the Bodhisattva, “where has the Tang Monk reached in his journey?”

“The Long Life Mountain, in the West Aparagodānīya Continent,” said Pilgrim. “In that Long Life Mountain,” said the Bodhisattva, “there is an Abbey of Five Villages, which is the home of the Zhenyuan Great Immortal. Did you come across him?”

Banging his head on the ground, Pilgrim said, “It was all because of your disciple, who did not know the Zhenyuan Great Immortal at that Abbey of Five Villages. I offended him by damaging his tree, and he in turn held up my master, preventing him from making any progress in his journey.”

“You mischievous monkey!” scolded the Bodhisattva, who already had knowledge of the whole affair. “You don’t know any better! That Ginseng Fruit Tree of his is the spiritual root planted by Heaven and nourished by Earth. Master Zhenyuan himself is also the patriarch of earthbound immortals, and even I must be somewhat deferential to him. Why did you damage his tree?”

Bowing low again, Pilgrim said, “Your disciple was truly ignorant. The day when we arrived at the Abbey, Master Zhenyuan was not home, and only two immortal lads were there to receive us. It was Zhu Wuneng who discovered that they had these fruits, and he wanted to try one. Your disciple stole three such fruits, which we three brothers divided up among ourselves. When the lads found out, they kept on chiding us until I became so angry that I pushed down the tree. Their master returned the following day and caught up with us; after he had scooped us up with his sleeve, he had us bound and whipped, interrogating and torturing us for a whole day. We escaped that night, but he caught up with us again and took us captive as before. Two or three times it went on like this, and when I became convinced that it was impossible for us to flee, I promised him that I would heal the tree. I have just made a complete tour of the Three Islands seeking a cure from the sea, but none of the immortals was able to give me one. That’s why your disciple has come to bow before you in all sincerity. I beg the Bodhisattva in her compassion to grant me a cure, so that the Tang Monk can soon journey toward the West.”

“Why didn’t you come see me earlier?” asked the Bodhisattva. “Why did you go looking instead on the islands?” When Pilgrim heard these words, he was secretly pleased and said to himself, “What luck! What luck! The Bodhisattva must have a cure!”

He went forward again to beg some more, and the Bodhisattva said, “The sweet dew in my immaculate vase can heal divine trees or spirit roots.”

“Have you tried this before?” asked Pilgrim. “Indeed,” said the Bodhisattva. “When?” asked Pilgrim.

The Bodhisattva said, “Some years ago Laozi had a wager with me: he took my willow twig and placed it in his elixir-refining brazier until it was completely dried and charred. Then he gave it back to me, and I stuck it in my vase. After one day and one night, I had my green twig and leaves again, as lovely as before.” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “I’m lucky! Truly lucky! If a scorched willow could be revived, what’s so difficult about a tree that has been knocked over?”

The Bodhisattva then gave this order to the rest of her followers:

“Maintain your vigilance in the grove. I’ll be back soon.” She left, balancing the immaculate vase in her hand; the white parrot flew ahead of her, while the Great Sage Sun followed from behind. We have a testimonial poem, and the poem says:

*The world can’t limn this jade-browed golden form:
A God who pities and saves us from woes.
As stainless Buddha she met kalpas past.
A self which can do she has now attained.
She calms passion’s billows in many lives;
Her moral nature is wholly unsoiled.
The sweet dew, long charged with true wondrous might,
Will bring the precious tree eternal life.*

We now tell you about the Great Immortal, who was just having lofty conversations with the Three Elders when all at once they saw the Great Sage Sun drop down from the clouds and shout, “The Bodhisattva has arrived. Come meet her quickly! Come meet her quickly!”

The Three Stars, Master Zhenyuan, Tripitaka, and his disciples all hurried out of the main hall. Stopping her sacred cloud, the Bodhisattva first exchanged greetings with Master Zhenyuan before bowing to the Three Stars. After the ceremony, she took the seat of honor as Pilgrim led the Tang monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk to bow to her. After that, the various immortals in the Abbey also came to greet her. “Great Immortal,” said Pilgrim, “there’s no need for further delay. You may as well prepare the table of incense at once and ask the Bodhisattva to heal that fruit tree of yours.”

Bowing low to thank the Bodhisattva, the Great Immortal said, “Why should the trivial affair of this plebeian be such a concern to the Bodhisattva that she would take the trouble of coming here?”

“The Tang Monk is my disciple,” said the Bodhisattva. “If Sun Wukong has wronged you, it’s only reasonable that he should make recompense and return your precious tree.”

“In that case,” said the Three Stars, “there’s no further need for polite talk. May we ask the Bodhisattva to go to the garden and see what can be done?”

The Great Immortal gave the order to prepare an incense table and to sweep the grounds in the rear garden. The Bodhisattva was asked to lead the way, followed by the Three Elders, Tripitaka, his disciples, and the various immortals of the Abbey. When they arrived at the garden, they saw the tree lying on the ground—with the soil around it turned up, its roots exposed, its leaves fallen, and its branches dried up. “Wukong,” cried the Bodhisattva, “stretch out your hand.” Pilgrim stretched out his left hand. Dipping the willow twig into the sweet dew of her vase, the Bodhisattva then used it as a brush and drew on the palm of Pilgrim a charm that had revivifying power. She told him to place his hand at the base of the tree and watch for the sign of water spurting out. His hand closed tightly, Pilgrim went to the base of the tree and placed his fist on the roots. In a little while, a clear spring welled up from the ground.

The Bodhisattva said, “That water cannot be touched by any instrument containing any one of the Five Phases. It must be scooped up by a jade ladle. Push the tree back up into an upright position; pour the water over it from the top down. The bark and the roots will grow back together again; the leaves will come out, the branches will turn green, and the fruits will appear.”

“Little Daoists,” said Pilgrim, “bring me a jade ladle, quickly.”

“Your humble Daoist lives in a rural area,” said Master Zhenyuan, “and there is no jade ladle available. We have only jade tea cups and jade wine goblets. Can they be used?”

“As long as they are made of jade,” said the Bodhisattva, “and capable of bailing water, they will be all right. Bring them here.”

The Great Immortal asked the little lads to take out some thirty jade tea cups and some fifty wine goblets with which they scooped up the clear water. Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk raised the tree into an upright position and covered its base with topsoil. They then handed the jade cups one by one to the Bodhisattva, who sprinkled the sweet liquid onto the tree with her willow branch as she recited a spell. Before long, she stopped sprinkling, and the tree turned green all at once with thick leaves and branches. Twenty-three ginseng fruits could be seen on top. Clear Breeze and Bright Moon, the two lads, said, “When we discovered our loss the day before, we came up with only twentytwo fruits even after we had counted them over and over. Why is there an extra one today after it has been revived?”

“Time will disclose the true intent of man,” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey took only three the other day; the fourth one dropped to the ground and disappeared, for as the local spirit told me, this treasure would become assimilated once it touched earth. Eight Rules kept hollering about my skimming something off the top, and that was how my act was discovered. Only today is this whole mess cleared up.”

The Bodhisattva said, “That’s why I didn’t use any instrument containing the Five Phases just now, for I know that this thing and the Five Phases are mutually resistant.”

Highly pleased, the Great Immortal asked for the gold mallet at once and had ten of the fruits knocked down. He then invited the Bodhisattva and the Three Elders to go back to the main hall, where a Festival of Ginseng Fruits would be given in their honor. The little immortals duly set the tables and took out the cinnabar trays, while the Bodhisattva was asked to take the seat of honor in the center. The Three Elders were seated at the table to the left, the Tank Monk was placed at the right, and Master Zhenyuan as the host took up the seat down below. We have a testimonial poem that says:

*At Long Life Mountain’s cave-heaven of old,
Ginseng fruits ripen every nine thousand years.
The spirit root exposed, hurting twigs and shoots;
The sweet dew revives, fruits and leaves made whole.
Three Elders gladly meet all these old chums;
The four monks find by luck friends foreordained.
Now they have learned to eat the ginseng fruits;
They’ll all be immortals who never age.*

Presently the Bodhisattva and the Three Elders each ate a fruit. Finally convinced that this was a treasure of the immortals, the Tang Monk also ate one. Each of the three disciples also ate one, and Master Zhenyuan himself took one to keep his guests company. The last one of the fruits was divided among the other residents of the Abbey. Pilgrim thanked the Bodhisattva and the Three Stars, who went back to the Potalaka Mountain and Penglai Island, respectively. Master Zhenyuan also prepared

some vegetarian wine for a banquet, during which he and Pilgrim became bond-brothers. As the proverb says,

*Without fighting they would not know each other;
But now the two parties have become one household.*

Happily, master and disciples spent a restful night there. Thus it was with that Elder, who was

*Lucky to have tasted the grass of reverted cinnabar;
His long life would endure the ordeals of ogres.*

We do not know how they will part the following day; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-SEVEN

*The cadaver demon three times mocks Tripitaka Tang
The holy monk in spite banishes Handsome Monkey King*

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his disciples, who made preparations to leave the next morning. Our Master Zhenyuan, however, had become such a fast friend of Pilgrim since the two were made bond-brothers that he refused to let them leave. He gave orders instead that they should be feted for five or six days. Ever since he took the grass of the reverted cinnabar, the elder's spirit had been strengthened and his body made healthier; he felt as if his entire physical frame had been renewed. As he was intent on acquiring the scriptures, he refused to stay, and so they departed.

After taking their leave, master and disciples took to the road and soon came upon a tall mountain. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "the mountain ahead appears to be rugged and steep, and I fear that the horse may not be able to proceed so easily. Every one of you should be careful."

"Have no fear, Master," said Pilgrim. "We know how to take care of everything."

Dear Monkey King! He led the way; carrying his rod horizontally across both his shoulders, he opened up a mountain path and led them up to a tall cliff. They saw

*Peaks and summits in rows;
Streams and canyons meandrous;
Tigers and wolves running in packs;
Deer and fallow deer walking in flocks;
Countless musks and boars massed together;
A mountain swarming with foxes and hares.
The huge python of a thousand feet;
The long snake of ten thousand feet.
The huge python blew out awful mists;
The long snake belched dreadful air.
By the road thorns and thistles sprawled unending;
On the peak pines and cedars grew resplendent.
Wild hems and creepers filled their eyes;
Fragrant plants reached up to the sky.
Light descended from the northern pole;
Clouds parted at the south pole star.
Ten thousand fathoms of mountain holding old, primal breath;
A thousand peaks stood august in the cold sunlight.*

The elder on the horse became fearful, but our Great Sage Sun was ready to show off his abilities. Wielding the iron rod, he let out such a fearful cry that wolves and serpents retreated, that tigers and leopards took flight. Master and disciples thus journeyed into the mountain. As they reached the summit, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, we've been traveling for almost a day, and I'm getting hungry. Go somewhere and beg some vegetarian food for me."

"Master, you aren't very smart!" said Pilgrim, attempting to placate him with a smile. "We are in the middle of a mountain, with no village in sight ahead of us nor any

inn behind us. Even if we had money, there's no place for us to buy anything. Where do you want me to go to find vegetarian food?" Irritated, Tripitaka began to berate his disciple.

"You ape!" he cried. "Don't you remember what sort of condition you were in at the Mountain of Two Frontiers? Pinned down by Tathāgata in that stone box, you could move your mouth but not your feet, and you owed it to me for saving your life. Now that you have become my disciple by having your head touched and receiving the commandments, why are you not willing to exert yourself a bit more? Why are you always so lazy?"

"Your disciple," said Pilgrim, "has been rather diligent. Since when have I been lazy?"

"If you are that diligent," said Tripitaka, "why don't you go and beg me some vegetarian food? How can I journey if I am hungry? Moreover, this mountain is filled with pestilential vapors, and if I become ill, how can I hope to reach Thunderclap?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "please don't get upset. No more words. I know that yours is a proud and haughty nature. A little offense and you will recite that little something spell! Dismount and rest awhile. Let me find out whether there's any family for me to beg some vegetarian food." With a bound, Pilgrim leaped up to the edge of the clouds. Using his hand to shade his eyes, he peered all around. Alas! The journey to the West was a lonely journey, one with neither villages nor hamlets. There were abundant trees and shrubbery, but there was no sign of human habitation. Having looked around for some time, Pilgrim saw toward the south a tall mountain, where on the eastern slope there seemed to be some tiny specks of red. Lowering his cloud, Pilgrim said, "Master, there's something to eat."

The elder asked what it was, and Pilgrim said, "There's no household here for me to beg for rice. But there's a stretch of red on a mountain south of here, and I suppose that must be ripe mountain peaches. Let me go and pick a few for you to eat."

Delighted, Tripitaka said, "For a person who has left the family to have peaches is already the highest blessing!" Pilgrim took the alms bowl and mounted the auspicious luminosity.

Look at that brilliant somersault, with cold vapor trailing! In an instant, he was heading straight for the peaches on the south mountain, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

Now, the proverb says:

*A tall mountain will always have monsters;
A rugged peak will always produce fiends.*

In this mountain there was indeed a monster-spirit, who was disturbed by the Great Sage Sun's departure. Treading dark wind, she came through the clouds and found the elder sitting on the ground. "What luck! What luck!" she said, unable to contain her delight.

"For several years my relatives have been talking about a Tang Monk from the Land of the East going to fetch the Great Vehicle. He is actually the incarnation of the Gold Cicada, and he has the original body that has gone through the process of self-cultivation during ten previous existences. If a man eats a piece of his flesh, his age will be immeasurably lengthened. So, this monk has at last arrived today!"

The monster was about to go down to seize Tripitaka when she saw two great warriors standing guard on either side of the elder, and that stopped her from drawing near. Now, who could these warriors be, you ask? They were, of course, Eight Rules and Sha Monk. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, you see, might not have great abilities, but after all, Eight Rules was the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds and Sha Monk was the Great Curtain-Raising Captain. Their authority had not been completely eroded, and that was why the monster dared not approach them. Instead, the monster said to herself, "Let me make fun of them a bit, and see what happens."

Dear monster! She lowered her dark wind into the field of the mountain, and, with one shake of her body, she changed into a girl with a face like the moon and features like flowers. One cannot begin to describe the bright eyes and the elegant brows, the white teeth and the red lips. Holding in her left hand a blue sandstone pot and in her right a green porcelain vase, she walked from west to east, heading straight for the Tang Monk.

*The sage monk resting his horse on the cliff
Saw all at once a young girl drawing near:
Slender hands hugged by gently swaying green sleeves;
Tiny feet exposed beneath a skirt of Hunan silk.
Perspiring her face seemed flower bedewed;
Dust grazed her moth-brows like willows held by mist.
And as he stared intently with his eyes,
She seemed to be walking right up to his side.*

When Tripitaka saw her, he called out, "Eight Rules, Sha Monk, just now Wukong said that this is an uninhabited region. But isn't that a human being who is walking over there?"

"Master," said Eight Rules, "you sit here with Sha Monk. Let old Hog go take a look." Putting down his muckrake and pulling down his shirt, our Idiot tried to affect the airs of a gentleman and went to meet her face to face. Well, it was as the proverb says:

*You can't determine the truth from afar.
You can see clearly when you go near.*

The girl's appearance was something to behold!

*Ice-white skin hides jadelike bones;
Her collar reveals a milk-white bosom.
Willow brows gather dark green hues;
Almond eyes shine like silver stars.
Her features like the moon are coy;
Her natural disposition is pure.
Her body's like the willow-nested swallow;
Her voice's like the woods' singing oriole.
A half-opened haitong caressed by the morning sun.
A newly bloomed peony displaying her charm.*

When Idiot saw how pretty she was, his worldly mind was aroused and he could not refrain from babbling. "Lady Bodhisattva!" he cried. "Where are you going? What's that you are holding in your hands?"

This was clearly a fiend, but he could not recognize her! The girl immediately answered him, saying, “Elder, what I have in the blue pot is fragrant rice made from wine cakes, and there’s fried wheat gluten in the green vase. I came here for no other reason than to redeem my vow of feeding monks.” When Eight Rules heard these words, he was very pleased. Spinning around, he ran like a hog maddened by plague to report to Tripitaka, crying, “Master! ‘The good man will have Heaven’s reward!’ Because you are hungry, you ask Elder Brother to go beg for some vegetarian food. But we really don’t know where that ape has gone to pick his peaches and have his fun! If you eat too many peaches, you are liable to feel a bit stuffed and gaseous anyway! Take a look instead. Isn’t that someone coming to feed the monks?”

“Coolie, you’re just clowning!” said an unbelieving Tang Monk. “We’ve been traveling all this time and we haven’t even run into a healthy person! Where is this person who’s coming to feed the monks?”

“Master,” said Eight Rules, “isn’t this the one?” When Tripitaka saw the girl, he jumped up and folded his hands. “Lady Bodhisattva,” he said, “where is your home? What sort of family is yours? What kind of vow have you made that you have to come here to feed the monks?”

This was clearly a fiend, but our elder could not recognize her either! When that monster heard the Tang Monk asking after her background, she at once resorted to falsehood. With clever, specious words, she tried to deceive her interrogator, saying, “Master, this mountain, which turns back serpents and frightens wild beasts, bears the name of White Tiger. My home is located due west of here. My parents, still living, are frequent readers of sūtras and keen on doing good works. They have fed liberally the monks who come to us from near and far. Because my parents had no son, they prayed to the gods, and I was born. They would have liked to marry me off to a noble family, but, wary of helplessness in their old age, they took in a son-in-law instead, so that they would be cared for in life and death.”

Hearing this, Tripitaka said, “Lady Bodhisattva, your speech is rather improper! The sage classic says, ‘While father and mother are alive, one does not travel abroad; or if one does, goes only to a proper destination.’

If your parents are still living, and if they have taken in a husband for you, then your man should have been the one sent to redeem your vow. Why do you walk about the mountain all by yourself? You don’t even have an attendant to accompany you. That’s not very becoming of a woman!” Smiling broadly, the girl quickly tried to placate him with more clever words. “Master,” she said, “my husband is at the northern fold of this mountain, leading a few workers to plow the fields. This happens to be the lunch I prepared for them to eat. Since now is the busy season of farm work, we have no servants; and as my parents are getting old, I have to run the errand myself. Meeting you three distant travelers is quite by accident, but when I think of my parents’ inclination to do good deeds, I would like very much to use this rice as food for monks. If you don’t regard this as unworthy of you, please accept this modest offering.”

“My goodness! My goodness!” said Tripitaka. “I have a disciple who has gone to pick some fruits, and he’s due back any moment. I dare not eat. For if I, a monk, were to eat your rice, your husband would scold you when he learns of it. Will it then not be the fault of this poor monk?” When that girl saw the Tang Monk refuse to take the food, she smiled even more seductively and said, “O Master! My parents, who love to feed the monks, are not even as zealous as my husband. For his entire life is devoted to the construction of bridges and the repairing of roads, in reverence for the aged and pity for

the poor. If he heard that the rice was given to feed Master, his affection for me, his wife, would increase manyfold.”

Tripitaka, however, simply refused to eat, and Eight Rules on one side became utterly exasperated. Pouting, our Idiot grumbled to himself, “There are countless priests in the world, but none is more wishy-washy than this old priest of ours! Here’s ready-made rice, and three portions to boot! But he will not eat it. He has to wait for that monkey’s return and the rice divided into four portions before he’ll eat.” Without permitting further discussion, he pushed over the pot with one shove of his snout and was about to begin.

Look at our Pilgrim! Having picked several peaches from the mountain peak in the south, he came hurtling back with a single somersault, holding the alms bowl in his hand. When he opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils to take a look, he recognized that the girl was a monster. He put down the bowl, pulled out his iron rod, and was about to bring it down hard on the monster’s head.

The elder was so aghast that he pulled his disciple back with his hands. “Wukong,” he cried, “whom have you come back to hit?”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “don’t regard this girl in front of you as a good person. She’s a monster, and she has come to deceive you.”

“Monkey,” said Tripitaka, “you used to possess a measure of true discernment. How is it that you are talking nonsense today? This Lady Bodhisattva is so kind that she wants to feed me with her rice. Why do you say that she’s a monster?”

“Master,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “how could you know about this? When I was a monster back at the Water-Curtain Cave, I would act like this if I wanted to eat human flesh. I would change myself into gold or silver, a lonely building, a harmless drunk, or a beautiful woman. Anyone feeble-minded enough to be attracted by me I would lure back to the cave. There I would enjoy him as I pleased, by steaming or boiling. If I couldn’t finish him off in one meal, I would dry the leftovers in the sun to keep for rainy days.

Master, if I had returned a little later, you would have fallen into her trap and been harmed by her.”

That Tang Monk, however, simply refused to believe these words; he kept saying instead that the woman was a good person.

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “I think I know what’s happening. Your worldly mind must have been aroused by the sight of this woman’s beauty. If you do have the desire, why not ask Eight Rules to cut some timber and Sha Monk to find us some grass. I’ll be the carpenter and build you a little hut right here where you can consummate the affair with her. We can each go our own way then. Wouldn’t that be the thing to do? Why bother to undertake such a long journey to fetch the scriptures?”

The elder, you see, was a rather tame and gentle person. He was so embarrassed by these few words that his whole bald head turned red from ear to ear.

As Tripitaka was struck dumb by his shame, Pilgrim’s temper flared again. Wielding his iron rod, he aimed it at the monster’s face and delivered a terrific blow. The fiend, however, had a few tricks of her own. She knew the magic of Releasing the Corpse.

When she saw Pilgrim's rod coming at her, she roused her spirit and left, leaving behind the corpse of her body struck dead on the ground.

Shaking with horror, the elder mumbled, "This ape is so unruly, so obdurate! Despite my repeated pleadings, he still takes human life without cause."

"Don't be offended, Master," said Pilgrim, "just come see for yourself what kind of things are in the pot." Sha Monk led the elder near to take a look. The fragrant rice made from wine cakes was nowhere to be found; there was instead a potful of large maggots with long tails. There was no fried wheat gluten either, but a few frogs and ugly toads were hopping all over the place. The elder was about to think that there might be thirty percent truthfulness in Pilgrim's words, but Eight Rules would not let his own resentment subside. He began to cast aspersions on his companion, saying, "Master, this woman, come to think of it, happens to be a farm girl of this area. Because she had to take some lunch to the fields, she met us on the way. How could she be deemed a monster? That rod of Elder Brother is quite heavy, you know. He came back and wanted to try his hand on her, not anticipating that one blow would kill her. He's afraid that you might recite that so-called Tight-Fillet Spell, and that's why he's using some sort of magic to hoodwink you. It's he who has caused these things to appear, just to befuddle you so that you won't recite the spell."

This single speech of Eight Rules, alas, spelled disaster for Tripitaka! Believing the slanderous suasion of our Idiot, he made the magic sign with his hand and recited the spell. At once Pilgrim began to scream, "My head! My head! Stop reciting! Stop reciting! If you've got something to say, say it."

"What do I have to say?" asked the Tang Monk. "Those who have left the family must defer to people every time, must cherish kindness in every thought. They must

*Keep ants out of harm's way when they sweep the floor,
And put shades on lamps for the love of moths.*

And you, you practice violence with every step! Since you have beaten to death this innocent commoner, what good would it do even if you were to go acquire the scriptures? You might as well go back."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "where do you want me to go back to?"

The Tang Monk said, "I don't want you as my disciple."

"If you don't want me as your disciple," said Pilgrim, "I fear that you may not make it on your way to the Western Heaven."

"My life is in the care of Heaven," said the Tang Monk. "If it's ordained that I should be food for the monster, even if I were to be steamed or boiled, it's all right with me. Furthermore, do you think really that you have the power to deliver me from the great limit? Go back quickly!"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "it's all right for me to go back, but I have not yet repaid your kindness."

"What kindness have I shown you?" asked the Tang Monk. When the Great Sage heard this, he knelt down immediately and kowtowed, saying, "Because old Monkey brought great disruption to the Celestial Palace, he incurred for himself the fatal ordeal of being clamped by Buddha beneath the Mountain of Two Frontiers. I was indebted to the Bodhisattva Guanyin who gave me the commandments, and to Master

who gave me freedom. If I don't go up to the Western Heaven with you, it will mean that I

*Knowing kindness without repaying am no princely man.
Mine will be forever an infamous name."*

Now the Tang Monk, after all, is a compassionate holy monk. When he saw Pilgrim pleading so piteously with him, he changed his mind and said, "In that case, I'll forgive you this time. Don't you dare be unruly again. If you work violence again as before, I'll recite this spell over and over twenty times."

"You may recite it thirty times," said Pilgrim, "but I won't hit anyone again."

Helping the Tang Monk to mount the horse, he then presented the peaches that he picked. The Tang Monk indeed ate a few of the peaches on the horse to relieve his hunger momentarily.

We now tell you about the monster who escaped by rising into the sky. That one blow of Pilgrim's rod, you see, did not kill her, for she fled by sending away her spirit. Standing on top of the clouds, she gnashed her teeth at Pilgrim, saying spitefully to herself, "The last few years I have heard nothing but people talking about his abilities, but I've discovered today that his is not a false reputation.

Already deceived by me, the Tang Monk was about to eat the rice. If he had just lowered his head and taken one whiff of it, I would have grabbed him and he would have been all mine. Little did I anticipate that this other fellow would return and bust up my business.

What's more, I almost received a blow from his rod. If I had let this monk get away, I would have labored in vain. I'm going back down there to make fun of him once more."

Dear monster! Lowering the direction of her dark cloud, she dropped into the fold of the mountain further ahead and changed with one shake of her body into a woman eighty years old, having in her hands a bamboo cane with a curved handle. She headed toward the pilgrims, weeping each step of the way. When Eight Rules saw her, he was horrified. "Master," he said, "it's terrible! That old Mama approaching us is looking for someone."

"Looking for whom?" asked the Tang Monk. Eight Rules said, "The girl slain by Elder Brother has to be the daughter. This one must be the mother looking for her."

"Stop talking nonsense, Brother," said Pilgrim. "That girl was about eighteen, but this woman is at least eighty. How could she still bear children when she was sixty-some years old? She's a fake! Let old Monkey go have a look."

Dear Pilgrim! In big strides he walked forward to look at the monster, who

*Changed falsely into an old dame,
With temples white as snow.
She walked ever so slowly
With steps both small and sluggish.
Her frail body was most slender;
Her face, a leaf dried and wilted.
Her cheek bones jutted upward;
Her lips curled downward and out.
Old age is not quite like the time of youth:*

The whole face is wrinkled like lotus leaves.

Recognizing the monster, Pilgrim did not even bother to wait for any discussion; he lifted up the rod and struck at the head at once.

When the monster saw the uplifted rod, she again exercised her magic and her spirit rose into the air, leaving behind once more the corpse of her body struck dead beside the road. The sight so frightened the Tang Monk that he fell from his horse. Lying on the road, he did not speak another word except to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell back and forth exactly twenty times. Alas, poor Pilgrim's head was reduced to an hourglass-shaped gourd! As the pain was truly unbearable, he had to roll up to the Tang Monk and plead, "Master, please don't recite anymore. Say what you have to say."

"What's there to say?" asked the Tang Monk. "Those who have left the family will listen to the words of virtue to avoid falling into Hell. I have tried my best to enlighten you with admonition. Why do you persist in doing violence? You have beaten to death one commoner after another. How do you explain this?"

"She's a monster," said Pilgrim. The Tang Monk said, "This monkey is babbling nonsense. You tell me that there are that many monsters! You are a person lacking any will to do good, one who is only bent on evil. You'd better go."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "are you sending me away again? All right, I'll go back. But there's something which I find disagreeable."

"What do you find disagreeable?" asked the Tang monk. "Master," said Eight Rules, "he wants you to divide up the luggage with him! You think he wants to go back empty-handed after following you as a monk all this time? Why don't you see whether you have any old shirt or tattered hat in your wrap there and give him a couple of pieces." When Pilgrim heard these words, he became so incensed that he jumped up and down, crying, "You loud-mouthed overstuffed coolie! Ever since old Monkey embraced the teachings of complete poverty, he has never displayed the least bit of envy or greed. What are you talking about, dividing up the luggage?"

"If you show neither envy nor greed," said the Tang Monk, "why don't you leave?"

"To tell you the truth, Master," said Pilgrim, "when old Monkey lived at the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain five hundred years ago, he was hero enough to receive the submission of the demons of seventy-two caves and to command forty-seven thousand little fiends. I was quite a man then —wearing on my head a purple gold cap, putting on my body a red and yellow robe, tying around my waist a jade belt, having on my feet a pair of cloud-treading shoes, and holding in my hands the compliant golden-hooped rod. But ever since Nirvāṇa delivered me from my sins, when with my hair shorn I took the vow of complete poverty and followed you as your disciple, I had this gold fillet clamped on my head. If I go back like this, I can't face the folks at home. If Master doesn't want me anymore, please recite the Loose-Fillet Spell so that I may get rid of this thing from my head and return it to you. I'll find that most pleasant and agreeable then. After all, I have followed you all this time; surely you would not deny me this bit of human kindness!"

Greatly startled, the Tang Monk said, "Wukong, I only received the Tight-Fillet Spell in secret from the Bodhisattva. There was no Loose-Fillet Spell."

"If there was no Loose-Fillet Spell," said Pilgrim, "then you'd better still take me along."

The elder had no alternative but to say, “You’d better get up. I’ll forgive you one more time, but you must not do violence again.”

“I won’t dare do so,” said Pilgrim, “I won’t dare do so.”

He helped his master to mount up once more and then led the way forward.

We now tell you about that monster who, you see, had not been killed by Pilgrim’s second blow either. In midair, the fiend could not refrain from praising her opponent, saying, “Marvelous Monkey King! What perception! He could recognize me even when I had changed into that form! These monks are moving on rather quickly; another forty miles westward beyond the mountain and they will leave my domain. If some demons or fiends of another region pick them up, people would laugh till their mouths crack up, and I would eat my heart out! I’ll go down and make fun of them one more time.”

Dear Monster! Lowering the dark wind again into the fold of the mountain, she shook her body and changed herself into an old man. Truly he had

*Flowing white hair like Pengzu’s,
And beard more frosty than the Age Star’s.
A jade stone rang in his ears,
And gold stars flashed in his eyes.
Holding a curved dragon-head cane,
He wore a light crane’s-down cloak.
Grasping in his hands some beads,
He chanted a Buddhist sūtra.*

When the Tang Monk on his horse saw this old man, he was very pleased. “Amitābha!” he cried. “The West is truly a blessed region! This dear old man can hardly walk, but he still wants to recite the sūtras!”

“Master,” said Eight Rules, “stop praising him. He’s the root of disaster!”

“What do you mean the root of disaster?” said the Tang Monk. Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother killed his daughter as well as his wife, and now you see this old man groping his way here. If we run smack into him, Master, you’ll pay with your life since you are guilty of death. Old Hog is your follower, so he’ll be banished to serve in the army; Sha Monk carries out your orders, so he’ll be sentenced to hard labor. But our Elder Brother, of course, will use some kind of escape magic to get away. Now, won’t that leave the three of us here to take the blame for him?”

Hearing this, Pilgrim said, “This root of idiocy! Won’t this kind of absurdity alarm our master? Let old Monkey go and have another look.”

He put away his rod and went forward to meet the fiend. “Aged Sir,” he called, “where are you going? Why are you walking and reciting a sūra as well?” Our monster this time somehow misread, as it were, the balance of the steelyard, and she thought that Great Sage Sun was after all an ordinary fellow. Hence she said, “Elder, this old man has lived here for generations. My whole life is devoted to doing good and feeding the monks, to reading scriptures and chanting sūras. Fate did not give me a boy, and I had only a girl, for whom I took in a son-in-law. This morning she went off to take rice down to the fields, and we fear that she might have been made food for the tiger instead. My old wife went searching for her, but she, too, did not return. In fact, I have absolutely no idea what has happened to them. That’s why this old man came seeking to

see if they have been harmed in any way. If so, I have little alternative but to take back their bones and have them buried properly on our ancestral site.”

“I’m the ancestor in pulling pranks!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “How dare you sneak up on me and try to deceive me with something up your sleeve? You can’t fool me. I can see that you are a monster.”

The monster was so startled that she could not utter another word.

Wielding his rod, Pilgrim was about to strike, but he said to himself:

“If I don’t hit her, she’s going to pull some trick again, but if I hit her, I fear that Master will recite that spell again.”

He thought to himself some more:

“But if I don’t kill her, she can grab Master the moment she has the opportunity, and then I’ll have to make all that effort to save him. I’d better strike! One blow will kill her, but Master will surely recite that spell. Well, the proverb says:

‘Even the vicious tiger will not devour its own.’ I’ll have to use my eloquence, my dexterous tongue, to convince him, that’s all.”

Dear Great Sage! He recited a spell himself and summoned the local spirit and the mountain god, saying to them, “This monster made fun of my master three times. This time I’m going to make sure I’ll kill her, but you must stand guard in the air. Don’t let her get away.” When the deities heard this command, neither dared disobey it, and they both stood guard on the edge of the clouds. Our Great Sage lifted up his rod and struck down the demon, whose spiritual light was extinguished only then.

The Tang Monk on the horse was again so horrified by what he saw that he could not even utter a word, but Eight Rules on one side snickered and said, “Dear Pilgrim! His delirium is acting up again! He has journeyed for only half a day and he has slaughtered three persons!”

The Tang Monk was about to recite the spell when Pilgrim dashed up to the horse, crying, “Master! Don’t recite! Don’t recite! Just come and take a look at how she looks now.”

There was in front of them a pile of flour-white skeletal bones. “Wukong,” said the Tang Monk, greatly shaken, “this person has just died. How could she change all at once into a skeleton?” Pilgrim said, “She’s a demonic and pernicious cadaver, out to seduce and harm people. When she was killed by me, she revealed her true form. You can see for yourself that there’s a row of characters on her spine; she’s called ‘LadyWhiteBone.’” When the Tang Monk heard what he said, he was about to believe him, but Eight Rules would not desist from slander. “Master,” said he, “his hand’s heavy and his rod’s vicious. He has beaten someone to death, but, fearing your recital, he deliberately changed her into something like this just to befuddle you.” Indeed a shilly-shally person, the Tang Monk believed Eight Rules once more and started his recital. Unable to bear the pain, Pilgrim could only kneel beside the road and cry, “Don’t recite! Don’t recite! If you have something to say, say it quickly.”

“Monkey head!” said the Tang Monk. “What’s there to say? The virtuous deeds of those having left the family should be like grass in a garden of spring: though their growth is invisible, they multiply daily. But he who practices evil is like a whetstone: though its ruin is invisible, it diminishes daily. You manage to get away even after beating to death altogether three persons only because there’s no one here to oppose

you, to take you to task in these desolate wilds. But suppose we get to a crowded city and you suddenly start hitting people regardless of good or ill with that mourning staff of yours, how would I be able to go free from that kind of great misfortune caused by you? You'd better go back."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "you have really wronged me. This is undeniably a monstrous spirit, bent on hurting you. I have helped you to ward off danger by killing her, but you can't see it. You believe instead those sarcastic and slanderous remarks of Idiot to such an extent that you try to get rid of me several times. The proverb says, 'Nothing can occur three times'! If I don't leave you, I'll be a base and shameless fellow. I'll go! I'll go! It's no big deal, in fact, for me to leave, but then you will have no man to serve you."

Turning angry, the Tang Monk said, "This brazen ape is becoming even more unruly. So you think that you are the only man around here? Wuneng and Wujing, they are not men?" When the Great Sage heard this statement about the other two disciples, he was so deeply hurt that he could not but say to the Tang Monk, "O misery! Think of the time when Liu Boqin was your companion as you left Chang'an. After you delivered me from the Mountain of Two Frontiers and made me your disciple, I penetrated ancient caves and invaded deep forests to capture demons and defeat monsters. I was the one who, having experienced countless difficulties, subdued Eight Rules and acquired Sha Monk. Today, 'banishing Wisdom just to court Folly,' you want me to go back. That's how it is:

*When the birds vanish,
The bow is hidden;
When the hares perish,
The hounds are eaten.*

All right! All right! There's only one thing left for us to settle, and that's the Tight-Fillet Spell."

The Tang Monk said, "I won't recite that again."

"That's hard to say," said Pilgrim. "For when the time comes for you to face those treacherous demons and bitter ordeals, and when you, because Eight Rules and Sha Monk cannot rescue you, think of me and cannot stop yourself from reciting it, I'll have a headache even if I'm one hundred thousand miles away. I'll have to come back to see you, so why don't you let this matter drop now." When the Tang Monk saw that Pilgrim was so long-winded, he became angrier than ever. Rolling down from his horse, he told Sha Monk to take out paper and brush from one of the wraps. Fetching some water from a brook nearby and rubbing out some ink with an ink-slab on a rock, he wrote at once a letter of banishment. Handing it over to Pilgrim, he said, "Monkey head! Take this as a certificate. I'll never want you as a disciple. If I ever consent to see you again, let me fall into the Avīci Hell!"

Taking the letter of banishment, Pilgrim said quickly, "Master, no need to swear. Old Monkey will leave."

He folded up the letter and put it in his sleeve.

Attempting once more to placate the Tang Monk, he said, "Master, after all, I have followed you for all this time because of the Bodhisattva's instructions. Today I have to quit in midjourney and am not able to attain the meritorious fruit. Please take a seat and let me bow to you, so that I can leave in peace."

Tang Monk turned his back and refused to reply, mumbling only, “I’m a good priest, and I won’t take the salutation of an evil man like you!” When the Great Sage saw that the Tang Monk refused to answer, he resorted to the magic of the Body beyond the Body. Pulling three pieces of hair from the back of his head, he blew on them a magic breath and cried, “Change!”

They changed at once into three Pilgrims, who along with himself surrounded the master on all four sides. The master tried to turn left and right, but he was unable to dodge anymore and had to receive a bow from one of them.

Jumping up, the Great Sage shook his body and retrieved his hair. Then he gave the following instructions to Sha Monk, saying, “Worthy Brother, you are a good man. Do be careful, however, that you don’t listen to the foolish nonsense of Eight Rules. You must also exercise caution on the journey. If there should be a time when a monster catches hold of Master, you just say that old Monkey happens to be his senior disciple. When those clumsy fiends of the West get wind of my abilities, they’ll not dare to harm my master.”

“I’m a good priest,” said the Tang Monk, “and I’ll never mention the name of an evil man like you. Go back.” When the Great Sage saw that the elder simply refused to change his mind, he had no alternative but to leave. Look at him:

*In tears he kowtowed to part with the priest;
In grief he took care to instruct Sha Monk.
He used his head to dig up the meadow’s grass
And both feet to kick up the ground’s rattan.
Like a wheel spinning he entered Heav’n and Earth,
Most able to overleap mountains and seas.
All at once he completely disappeared;
In no time he left on the way he came.*

Look at him! He suppressed his outrage and took leave of his master by mounting the cloud-somersault to head straight for the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain. As he was traveling, alone and dejected, he suddenly heard the roar of water. The Great Sage paused in midair to look and discovered that it was the high tide of the Great Eastern Ocean. The moment he saw this, he thought of the Tang Monk and could not restrain the tears from rolling down his cheeks. He stopped his cloud and stayed there for a long time before proceeding. We do not know what will happen to him as he goes away; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-EIGHT

*At Flower-Fruit Mountain a pack of fiends hold assembly
At the Black Pine Forest Tripitaka meets demons*

We were telling you about the Great Sage, who, though he was banished by the Tang Monk, was nevertheless filled with regret and nostalgia when he saw the Great Eastern Ocean. He said to himself, "I haven't come this way for five hundred years!"

This is what he saw as he looked at the ocean:

*Vast, misty currents;
Huge, far-reaching waves—
Vast, misty currents that join the Milky Way;
Huge, far-reaching waves that touch the pulse of Earth.
The tide rises in salvos;
The water engulfs the bays—
The tide rises in salvos
Like the clap of thunder in Triple Spring;
The water engulfs the bays
As violent gales that blow in late summer.
Those old, blessed dragon-drivers
Would travel no doubt with knitted brows;
Those young, immortal crane-riders
Would surely pass by anxious and tense.
No village appears near the shore;
Few fishing boats hug the water.
Waves roll like a thousand year's snow;
Wind howls as if autumn's in June.
Wild birds can come and go at will;
Water fowls may stay afloat or dive.
There's no fisher before your eyes;
Your ears hear only the sea gulls.
Deep in the sea fishes frolic;
Across the sky wild geese languish.*

With a bound, our Pilgrim leaped across the Great Eastern Ocean and soon arrived at the Flower-Fruit Mountain. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he stared all around. Alas, that mountain had neither flowers nor plants, while the mist and smoke seemed completely extinguished: cliffs and plateaus had collapsed and the trees had dried and withered. How had it all become like this, you ask. When Pilgrim disrupted Heaven and was taken captive to the Region Above, this mountain was burned to total ruin by the Illustrious Sage, Erlang God, who was leading the Seven Bond-Brothers of Plum Mountain. Our Great Sage became more grief stricken than ever, and he composed the following long poem in ancient style as a testimony. The poem says:

*I view this divine mountain and tears fall;
I face it and my sorrows multiply.
The mountain, I thought then, would not be harmed;
Today I know this place has suffered loss.*

*Hateful was that Erlang who vanquished me,
 That heinous Little Sage who oppressed me.
 In violence he dug up my parental tombs;
 With no cause he broke up my ancestral graves.
 All Heaven's mists and fog are now dispersed;
 The whole land's wind and clouds both dissipate.
 None can hear a tiger's roar on eastern peaks;
 Who sees a white ape howling on western slopes?
 The northern gorge has no trace of fox or hare;
 All deer have vanished from the southern glen.
 Green rocks are burned to form a thousand bricks;
 The bright sand's changed to a pile of dirt.
 Tall pines outside the cave have fallen down;
 Green cedars before the cliff are thin and scarce.
 Chun, shan, huai, kui, li, and tan all are scorched;
 Peach, pear, prune, plum, almond, and date are gone.
 How could silkworms be fed with no mulberry?
 Midst few bamboos and willows birds cannot live.
 Well-formed rocks on the peak have turned to dust;
 The brook's water has dried up—all is grass.
 No orchid grows on parched earth below the cliff;
 Creepers o'erspread the brown mud by the road.
 To what region have birds of past days flown?
 To which mountain have the beasts of old retired?
 This gutted spot that snakes and leopards loathe!
 This blasted place that cranes and serpents shun!
 It must be for evil deeds in former times
 That I should this day suffer so much pain.*

As the Great Sage was thus expressing his grief, seven or eight small monkeys suddenly leaped out with a cry from among the tall grass and bushes on the slope. They rushed forward to surround him and kowtow, shouting, "Father Great Sage! You've come home today?"

"Why aren't you all having a little fun?" asked the Handsome Monkey King. "Why is everyone in hiding? I've been back for quite a while, and I haven't seen even the shadow of one of you! Why is that?" When the several monkeys heard these words, every one of them began to weep. "Since the Great Sage was taken captive to the Region Above," they said, "we have been suffering from the hands of hunters, truly an unbearable affliction. How could we withstand those sharp arrows and strong bows, those yellow hawks and wicked hounds, those ensnaring nets and sickle-shaped spears! To preserve our lives, none of us dares come out to play; instead, we conceal ourselves deep in the cave dwelling or take refuge in some distant lairs. Only in hunger do we go steal some grass on the meadow for food, and in thirst we drink the clear liquid from downstream. Just now we heard the voice of our Father Great Sage, and that was why we came to receive you. We beg you to take care of us." When the Great Sage heard these words, he became more distressed. He then asked, "How many of you are there still in this mountain?"

"Young and old," said the monkeys, "altogether no more than a thousand."

The Great Sage said, "In former times, I had forty-seven thousand little monsters here. Where did they go?"

The monkeys said, "When Father left, this mountain was burned by the Bodhisattva Erlang, and more than half of them were killed by the fire. Some of us managed to save our lives by squatting in the wells, diving into the brook, or hiding beneath the sheet iron bridge. When the fire was extinguished and the smoke cleared, we came out to find that flowers and fruits were no longer available for food. The difficulty in finding sustenance drove another half of the monkeys away, leaving those of us to suffer here in the mountain. These two years saw our number dwindle even further by more than half when hunters came to abduct us."

"For what purpose?" asked Pilgrim. "Talk about those hunters," said the monkeys, "they are truly abominable! Those of us who were shot by arrows, pierced by spears, or clubbed to death they took away for food to be served with rice. The dead monkeys would be skinned and boned, cooked with sauce and steamed with vinegar, fried with oil, and sauteed with salt. Those of us who were caught by the net or the trap would be led away live; they would be taught to skip ropes, to act, to somersault, and to do cartwheels. They would have to beat the drum and the gong on the streets and perform every kind of trick to entertain humans." When the Great Sage heard these words, he became terribly angry. "Who is in charge in the cave now?" he asked. "We still have Ma and Liu, the two marshals," said the little fiends, "Peng and Ba, the two generals: they are in charge."

"Report to them at once," said the Great Sage, "and say that I've returned."

Those little fiends dashed inside the cave and cried, "Father Great Sage has come home!" When Ma, Liu, Peng, and Ba heard the report, they rushed out of the door to kowtow and to receive him inside the cave. The Great Sage took a seat in the middle as the various fiends all lined up before him to pay homage. "Father Great Sage," they said, "we heard recently that you had regained your life so that you could protect the Tang Monk on his journey to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Why are you not heading toward the West? Why do you come back to this mountain?"

"Little ones," said the Great Sage, "you have no idea that the Tang Monk is wholly ignorant of who is worthy and who is foolish."

For his sake, I caught fiends and overcame demons throughout the journey, using all my abilities. Several times I slew a monster, but, accusing me of doing evil and violence, he disowned me as his disciple and banished me back here. He even wrote me a formal letter of banishment as proof that he would never want to use me again."

Clapping their hands and roaring with laughter, the monkeys said, "Lucky! Lucky! What do you want to be a monk for? Come home and you can lead us to have a few years' fun. Quick! Let's bring out the coconut wine for the reception of Father."

"Let's not drink wine just yet," said the Great Sage. "Let me ask you, how often do those hunters come to our mountain?"

"Great Sage," said Ma and Liu, "there's no telling of time. They are here every day to make trouble."

The Great Sage asked, "Why aren't they here today?" Ma and Liu replied, "Just wait and you'll see them come."

The Great Sage gave this order:

“Little ones, go up to the mountain and bring me the rocks that have been burned to small pieces.

Pile them up around here in piles of thirty or sixty pieces. I have use for them.”

Those little monkeys were like a cloud of bees; they swarmed all over the mountain and brought back the rock pieces and piled them together. When the Great Sage saw that, he said, “Little ones, go hide in the cave. Let old Monkey exercise his magic.” Our Great Sage went straight up to the peak to look around, and he saw over a thousand men and horses approaching from the southern half of the mountain. Beating drums and striking gongs, they were holding spears and swords, leading hawks and hounds. When the Monkey King stared carefully at them, they appeared to be most ferocious indeed. Dear men! Truly fierce! He saw

*Fox skins covered their heads and backs;
Silk brocades wrapped around their torsos;
Quivers full of wolf-teeth arrows;
And carved bows hung on their thighs.
The men seemed mountain-prowling tigers;
The horses, like brook-leaping dragons.
The whole group of men led their hounds,
As hawks perched on all their shoulders.
They hauled fire cannons in baskets.
They had also eagles most fierce,
And hundreds of poles with birdlimes,
And thousands of forks to catch rabbits;
Dragnets like those used by bullheads,
And lassos tossed by King Yama.
They yelled and shrieked altogether,
Causing confusion far and near.*

When the Great Sage saw those men swarming up his mountain, he became terribly angry. Making the magic sign with his fingers and reciting a spell, he drew in a breath facing the southwest and blew it out. At once a violent wind arose. Marvelous wind!

*It threw up dust and scattered dirt;
It toppled trees and cut down forests.
The ocean waves rose like mountains;
They crashed fold upon fold on the shore.
The cosmos grew dim and darkened;
The sun and the moon lost their light.
The pine trees, once shaken, roared like tigers;
The bamboos, hit abruptly, sang like dragons.
All Heaven's pores let loose their angry breaths
As rocks and sand flew, hurting one and all.*

The Great Sage called up this mighty wind that blew up and scattered those rock pieces in every direction. Pity those thousand-odd hunters and horses! This was what happened to every one of them:

*The rocks broke their dark heads to pieces;
Flying sand hurt all the winged horses.*

*Lords and nobles confounded before the peak,
 Blood stained like cinnabar the earth.
 Fathers and sons could not go home.
 Could fine men to their houses return?
 Corpses fell to the dust and lay on the mountain,
 While rouged ladies at home waited.*

The poem says:

*Men killed, horses dead—how could they go home?
 Lost, lonely souls floundered like tangled hemp.
 Pity those strong and virile fighting men,
 Whose blood, both good and bad, did stain the sand!*

Lowering the direction of his cloud, the Great Sage clapped his hands and roared with laughter, saying, “Lucky! Lucky! Since I made submission to the Tang Monk and became a priest, he has been giving me this advice:

*Do good a thousand days,
 But the good is still insufficient;
 Do evil for one day,
 And that evil is already excessive.’*

Some truth indeed! When I followed him and killed a few monsters, he would blame me for perpetrating violence. Today I came home and it was the merest trifle to finish off all these hunters.”

He then shouted, “Little ones, come out!” When those monkeys saw that the violent wind had passed and heard the Great Sage calling, they all jumped out. “Go down to the south side of the mountain,” said the Great Sage, “and strip the dead hunters of their clothes. Bring them back home, wash away the bloodstains, and you all can wear them to ward off the cold. The corpses you can push into the deep mountain lake over there. Pull back here also the horses that are killed; their hides can be used to make boots, and their meat can be cured for us to enjoy slowly. Gather up the bows and arrows, the swords and spears, and you can use them for military drills again. And finally, bring me those banners of miscellaneous colors; I have use for them.”

Every one of the monkeys obeyed these instructions. Pulling down the banners and washing them clean, the Great Sage then patched them together into a large banner of many colors, on which he wrote the following words in large letters:

The Flower-Fruit Mountain Rebuilt, the Water-Curtain Cave Restored—Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. A flagpole was erected outside the cave to hang up the banner. Thereafter, he gathered together more fiends and beasts by the day, and he stored up all kinds of foodstuff. The word “monk” was never mentioned again. As he enjoyed wide friendship and great power, he had no trouble in borrowing some sweet, divine water from the Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans to wash his mountain and make it green again. He next planted elms and willows in front, pines and cedars in the back; peach, pear, date, and plum—he had them all. He then sett led down to enjoy life without a care, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We now tell you about the Tang Monk, who listened to Crafty Nature and banished the Monkey of the Mind. He mounted his horse to head for the West as Eight Rules led the way in front, while Sha Monk poled the luggage in the rear. After they

passed the White Tiger Ridge, they came upon a large forest, full of vines and creepers, green pines and cedars. “Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “the mountain road is already rough and difficult to negotiate. And now we have a thick and dark pine forest. Do be careful. I fear that we may run into some fiends or monstrous beasts.”

But look at Idiot! Rousing his energies, he told Sha Monk to take hold of the horse, while he himself used his muckrake to open up a path in front and led the Tang Monk directly into the pine forest. As they journeyed, the elder stopped the horse and said, “Eight Rules, I’m getting really hungry today. Where can you find me some vegetarian food to eat?”

“Please dismount, Master,” said Eight Rules, “and let old Hog go find some for you.”

The elder descended from his horse. Sha Monk put down his load and took out the alms bowl to hand over to Eight Rules. Eight Rules said, “I’m off!”

“Where to?” asked the elder. “Never mind,” said Eight Rules. “Once I go, I will

*Drill ice for fire to find your maigre,
And press snow for oil to beg your rice.”*

Look at him! He left the pine forest and walked toward the West for over ten miles, but he did not come upon even a single household.

It was truly a place more inhabited by tigers and wolves than by humans. When Idiot became tired from walking, he thought to himself, “When Pilgrim was here, whatever that old priest wanted he got. Today, it’s my turn to serve, and it’s like what the proverb says:

*You know the cost of rice and firewood when you run a house;
You realize your parents’ kindness when you bring up a child!*

Where in the world can I go to beg for food?”

He walked some more and became rather drowsy. He thought to himself, “If I go back now and tell that old priest that there’s no place here for me to beg for vegetarian food even after traveling all this distance, he won’t believe me. I must find some means to while away another hour or so before I go back to answer him. Well, well! Let’s take a nap here in the grass.” Idiot indeed put his head in the grass and lay down. At the time, he thought that he would doze for awhile and then get up, but little did he realize how fatigued he was from all that walking. Once he lay down his head, he fell into a deep, snoring slumber.

For the time being, we shall speak no more of Eight Rules asleep in this place. We tell you instead about the elder in the forest, who grew so restless and anxious that his ears became flushed and his eyes began to tic. He turned quickly and said to Sha Monk, “Why hasn’t Wuneng returned from his trip to beg for food?”

“Master,” said Sha Monk, “don’t you understand? When he sees how many families there are in this region of the West who love to feed monks, he’s not going to worry about you, is he, especially when he has so large a stomach! He’s not going to come back until he’s completely filled!”

“You are right,” said Tripitaka. “But if he is staying at some place just to satisfy his hankering for food, where are we going to meet him? It’s getting late, and this is no place to live. We better find some lodging.”

“Don’t worry, Master,” said Sha Monk, “you sit here and let me find him.”

“Yes, yes,” said Tripitaka, “it doesn’t matter whether there’s food or not. But it’s important for us to find a place to stay.”

Grasping his precious staff, Sha Monk left the pine forest to search for Eight Rules.

The elder, sitting alone in the forest, became so weary and fatigued that he had to force himself to summon enough energy to get up.

Putting the luggage together in a pile and tying the horse to a tree, he took off his wide splint hat, stuck his priestly staff into the ground, and straightened his clerical robe in order to take a walk in this secluded forest just to rid himself of his depression. He looked at all the wild grass and untended flowers, but he did not hear any chattering of birds heading homeward. The forest, you see, was a place of tall grass and small paths. Because he was rather confused he soon lost his way. He had, to be sure, wanted to dispel his boredom in the first place, and to find Eight Rules and Sha Monk in the second. Little did he realize that they were proceeding westward, whereas he himself, after going in circles for awhile, was heading south. As he emerged from the pine forest, he raised his head and saw all at once flashes of golden light and colorful mists ahead of him. He looked more carefully and found that it was a bejeweled pagoda, whose golden dome was gleaming in the rays of the setting sun. “This disciple truly has no affinity!” he said to himself. “When I left the Land of the East, I made a vow to burn incense in every temple, to worship Buddha when I saw an image of Buddha, and to sweep a pagoda if I came upon a pagoda. Isn’t that a golden pagoda that is so brilliant over there? Why didn’t I take this road before? Beneath the pagoda there must be a temple, inside of which there must also be a monastery. Let me walk over there.

It’s all right, I suppose, to leave the white horse and the luggage here since there is no one passing by. If there’s any space there, I’ll wait till my disciples return and we can all ask for lodging for the night.”

Alas, the time of that elder’s misfortune has indeed arrived! Look at him! He strode forward and went up to the side of the pagoda.

There he saw

*Boulders ten thousand feet tall;
A large bluff reaching the green sky:
Its roots joining the thick earth,
Its peaks sticking into Heaven.
Several thousand trees of all kinds on both sides;
A hundred miles of snarled creepers front and back.
Bright flowers on grass tips, the wind had its shadows.
In flowing water’s parted clouds the moon had no root.
Fallen logs rested in deep streams;
Dried tendrils entangled bare summits.
Beneath a stone bridge
Flowed a bubbling clear stream;
On top of a terrace
Grew flourlike white blossoms.
When seen from afar it seemed the Paradise of Three Isles;
When you drew near it appeared like the lovely Penglai.*

*Purple bamboos and scented pines enclosed the mountain brook;
 Crows, magpies, and monkeys cut through the rugged ridge.
 Outside a cave
 There were herds of wild beasts coming and going;
 In the woods
 There were flocks of birds leaving or returning.
 In lovely green the fragrant plants thrived;
 Radiantly the wild flowers bloomed.
 This region, nonetheless, was an evil place.
 It was the elder's bad luck to come barging in!*

The elder strode up to the door of the pagoda and found a mottled bamboo curtain hanging inside. Walking inside the door, he lifted up the curtain to proceed further when suddenly he saw before him a monster asleep on a stone couch. "How does he look?" you ask.

*Indigo face,
 Long white fangs,
 And a big gaping mouth!
 Tousled hair on the head's two sides
 Seemed as if it had been dyed red by rouge.
 A few stubs of deep purple beard
 Bore the look of lychee sprouting.
 A nose curvate like a parrot's beak,
 And eyes glowing like the morning stars.
 His two huge fists
 Had the shape of a monk's alms bowl.
 Two blue-veined feet
 Forked like branches dangling down a cliff.
 Half covered by a light yellow robe,
 Better than the silk-brocade cassock,
 He still grasped a scimitar
 Which gleamed and glittered.
 He slept on a slab of stone
 Both flawless and smooth.
 He had led young fiends to make formations like ants,
 And old demons to rule with order like bees.
 Look at his awesome bearing,
 When all his subjects
 Raised the cry, "Sire!"
 He had made the moon his third friend as he sipped his wine;
 He had felt the wind grow beneath his arms as tea was poured.
 Look at his vast magic power!
 In the twinkling of an eye
 He could tour all the Heavens.
 In his wild woods screeched birds and fowls;
 In his dens slept dragons and snakes.
 Immortals tilled his fields to grow white jade;
 Daoists calmed his fire to raise cinnabar.
 A door of a small cave*

*Did not, of course, lead to the Hell, Avīci;
But such an ugly monster
Seemed truly a bullheaded yakṣa!*

When the elder saw that kind of appearance, he retreated in horror as his body turned numb and his legs flabby. He tried to turn and run, but just as he got out of the door, the monster, who was a rather alert creature, opened his demonic eyes with golden pupils and shouted, “Little ones, go see who is outside our door!”

A little fiend stuck his head out the door and saw that it was a baldheaded elder.

He ran quickly inside and reported, “Great King! It’s a priest outside. He has a round head and a large face, with two ears hanging down to his shoulders. He has a body full of tender flesh and very fine skin. He’s a good-looking priest!” When the monster heard these words, he laughed aloud, saying, “This is like what the proverb says:

*Flies atop a serpent’s head—
Food by itself presented!*

You, little ones. Chase him down and bring him back here. I have great rewards for you.”

Those little fiends rushed out of the door like a swarm of bees.

When Tripitaka saw them, his mind wanted him to move like an arrow and his feet wanted to fly; but he quivered and shook, and his feet were numb and flaccid. Moreover, the mountain road was rugged, the forest was dark, and it was getting late. How could he possibly move fast enough? The little fiends ran him down and hauled him back bodily. Truly, it is like

*The dragon in shallow water teased by shrimps,
The tiger on level ground mocked by dogs.
A noble venture may have many snags.
Who’s like the Tang Monk when he faces the West?*

Look at those little fiends! After having carried the elder back and put him down outside the bamboo curtain, they ran happily to make this report:

“Great King, we have caught the monk and brought him back.”

The old monster stole a glance at Tripitaka and saw that he had an erect head and a handsome face. He was indeed a good-looking priest. The monster thought to himself, “Such a goodlooking priest must be someone from a noble nation. I can’t treat him lightly. If I didn’t show him who’s boss here, would he willingly submit to me?” Like a fox affecting the authority of a tiger, he all at once bristled up his red hairs and whiskers while his eyes split wide open. “Bring that monk in!” he bellowed. “Yes, sir!” the various fiends shouted in response, as they shoved Tripitaka inside. As the proverb has it,

*Standing beneath low-pitched eaves,
How could one not bow his head?*

Tripitaka had no choice but to fold his hands and greet him.

“From what region are you, monk?” demanded the monster. “Where did you come from? Where are you going? Tell us quickly!”

"I'm a monk from the Tang court," said Tripitaka. "Having received the imperial decree of the Great Tang Emperor to seek scriptures in the West, I passed by your noble mountain and decided to seek an audience with the sage beneath this pagoda. I have no intention to disturb Your Eminence. Please forgive me. When I return to the Land of the East after acquiring scriptures in the West, your illustrious name will be recorded gratefully for posterity." When the monster heard these words, he roared with laughter, saying, "I said to myself that you were from a noble nation. So you are indeed! You're exactly the person I want to eat! It's marvelous that you presented yourself here. Otherwise, I might have missed you. You are ordained to be the food of my mouth. Since you have barged in here all by yourself, I couldn't let you go even if I wanted to. And you couldn't escape even if you wanted to!"

He then ordered the little fiends, "Tie up that monk."

The little fiends rushed forward and fastened the elder firmly with ropes to the Spirit-Soothing Pillar.

Grasping his scimitar, the old monster asked again, "Monk, how many persons are there in your entourage? Don't tell me you dare go up to the Western Heaven all by yourself!" When Tripitaka saw him picking up the scimitar, he said candidly, "Great King, I have two disciples named Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk. They all left the pine forest to go beg for food. I have, moreover, one load of luggage and a white horse, which I left in the forest."

"That's luckier yet!" said the old monster. "Two disciples including you make three, and there are really four of you if we count the horse. That's enough for a meal!"

"Let's go and catch them too," said the little fiends. "Don't go out," said the old monster, "but shut the door instead. After begging the food, those disciples would bring it to their master; when they can't find him, they will surely come seeking right up to our door."

The proverb says, 'Business at one's own door is easier to do.' Let's take our time and catch them then."

The little fiends indeed closed the front door.

We speak no more of Tripitaka who met disaster; we tell you instead about Sha Monk, who left the pine forest looking for Eight Rules. He walked for over ten miles but did not see even a village or hamlet. He went up to a knoll to look all around when suddenly he heard someone speaking in the grass down below. Pushing the tall grass apart hurriedly with his staff, he found Idiot inside talking in his sleep. Sha Monk gave one of the huge ears a hard tug and cried, "Dear Idiot! Master told you to beg for food. Did he give you permission to sleep here?" Idiot woke up with a start, mumbling, "Brother, what time is it?"

"Get up, quick!" said Sha Monk. "Master said that it didn't matter whether there was food or not. He told us to try finding a place to stay instead." Picking up the alms bowl and toting his muckrake, Idiot walked back stupidly with Sha Monk. When they reached the forest, their master was nowhere to be seen. Sha Monk began to berate him, saying, "It's all because of you, Idiot, for taking such a long time to find some food. Master must have been seized by a monster."

"Brother," said Eight Rules, laughing, "don't talk nonsense. This forest is a pure, lovely place and it definitely cannot harbor a monster. It must be that that old priest cannot sit still and has gone sightseeing somewhere. Let's go find him."

The two of them picked up the hat and the priestly staff before they left the pine forest, leading the horse and poling the luggage as they searched for their master.

It happened that the Tang Monk at this time was not yet destined to die. Having looked for him for some time to no avail, his two disciples saw beams of golden light coming from the south. "Brother," said Eight Rules, "the blessed will only receive more blessings! Master, you see, must have gone to that bejeweled pagoda over there that is giving off that light. Who will dare to be inhospitable at a place like that? They must insist on preparing vegetarian food and his staying to enjoy it. Why aren't we moving? We should get there and have something, too."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "you can't tell whether it's a good place or not. Let's go and have a look first."

The two of them walked boldly up to the door of the edifice and found that it was closed. Across the top of the door was a slab of white jade on which were written in large letters the following words:

Casserole Mountain, Current-Moon Cave.

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "this is no monastery. It's a cave-dwelling of a monster. Even if Master were here, I doubt if we could see him."

"Don't be alarmed, Brother," said Eight Rules. "Tie up the horse and stand guard over our luggage. Let me question them."

Holding high his muckrake, Idiot went forward and shouted, "Open the door! Open the door!"

The little fiend who was standing guard inside opened the door. When he saw the two of them, he ran quickly to report, "Great King, business is here."

"What sort of business?" asked the old monster. "There is a monk with large ears and a long mouth outside our cave," replied the little fiend, "and there is also another monk with the gloomiest appearance. They came calling at our door."

Greatly pleased, the old monster said, "They have to be Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk! Ho-ho! They know where to look all right! How did they manage to find our door so swiftly? Well, if they appear so audacious, let's not treat them casually. Bring me my armor!"

The little fiend brought it out and helped him put it on.

Grasping the scimitar, the old monster walked out of the door.

Eight Rules and Sha Monk were waiting outside the door when they saw this savage fiend emerge. "How did he look?" you ask.

*Green face, red beard, and floppy scarlet hair.
His yellow gold cuirass both sparkled and gleamed.
A belt inlaid with ribbed shells wrapped his waist;
A silk sash wound tightly round his armored chest.
The wind howled when he stood idly on the mount;
The waves churned when he glumly roamed the seas.
A pair of hands with veins both brown and blue
Grasped firmly the soul-snatching scimitar.
If you would learn this creature's given name,
Remember Yellow Robe, two famous words.*

That Old Monster Yellow Robe came out of the door and asked at once, “Where are you from, monk, that you dare cause this racket before my door?”

“My child,” said Eight Rules, “don’t you recognize me? I’m your venerable father! I’m one sent by the Great Tang to go to the Western Heaven, for my master happens to be the royal brother, Tipitaka. If he’s in your house, send him out at once.

That’ll spare me having to level it with my rake!”

“Yes, yes,” said the fiend with a laugh, “there’s a Tang Monk in my house, and I haven’t denied him any hospitality either. I was just preparing some buns filled with human flesh for him to enjoy. You two can go inside and have one also. How about it?” Idiot indeed would have gone inside immediately if Sha Monk had not pulled him back, saying, “Elder Brother, he’s deceiving you.

Since when did you start eating human flesh again?” Only then did Idiot realize his mistake. Raising his muckrake, he brought it down hard on the monster’s face. The monster stepped aside to dodge the blow and then turned to meet him with uplifted scimitar. The two of them, summoning their magic powers, mounted the clouds to fight in midair. Sha Monk abandoned the luggage and the white horse; wielding his precious staff, he joined the fray also. At this time, two fierce monks and one brazen monster began a savage battle on the edge of the clouds. Thus it was that

*The staff rose high, met by the scimitar;
The muckrake came, blocked by the scimitar.
One demon warrior used his power;
Two divine monks displayed their might.
The nine-pronged rake, how truly heroic!
The fiend-routing staff, ferocious indeed!
Their blows fell left and right, in front and back,
But squire Yellow Robe showed no fear at all.
See his steel scimitar shining like silver!
And, in truth, his magic power was great.
They fought till all the sky
Was fogbound and beclouded;
And in midmountain
Stones cracked and cliff sides collapsed.
This one, for the sake of his fame,
How could he give up?
That one for the sake of his master
Would surely show no fear.*

The three of them closed in again and again in midair for scores of times but a decision could not be reached. Though each of them cared for his life, none of them was about to be separated. We do not know how the disciples manage to rescue the Tang Monk; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-NINE

*Free of his peril, River Float arrives at the kingdom
Receiving favor, Eight Rules invades the forest*

The poem says:

*Vain thoughts cannot be slain by force.
Why must you seek after Suchness?
Refine before Buddha your self-existent mind—
Are not illusion and enlightenment the same?
Enlightened, you reach instantly the Right;
Deluded, you sink in ten thousand kalpas.
If you can cultivate one thought with Truth,
Sins vast as Ganges' sand are wiped out.*

We were telling you about Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who fought with that monster for over thirty rounds but a decision could not be reached. Why not, you ask. If it were a matter of matching abilities, you needn't speak of two monks. Even if there were twenty monks, they would still be unable to withstand that monster. It was only because of the fact that the Tang Monk was not yet fated to die that his followers could count on the help of certain deities. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, therefore, were assisted in secret in the air by the Six Gods of Light and Six Gods of Darkness, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, and the Eighteen Guardian-Spirits of monasteries.

For the moment we shall speak no more of the battle between the three of them. We tell you instead about the elder, who was weeping piteously in the cave and thinking about his disciples. As tears fell from his eyes, he said to himself, "Wuneng, I don't know in which village you have met a friend of truth and are enjoying being fed. O, Wujing! Where have you gone to search for him, and how will you be able to meet him? Will you two realize that I met a demon, that I'm suffering here? When will I see you both again? When will I escape from this great ordeal so that I can reach the Spirit Mountain soon?"

As he was giving voice to his grief in this manner, he suddenly saw a woman walk out from inside the cave. Holding on to the Spirit-Soothing Pillar, she said, "Elder, where did you come from? Why are you bound here by him?" When the elder heard this, he turned his teary eyes to steal a glance at her and found that she was about thirty years old. "Lady Bodhisattva," he said, "no need for further questions. I must have been fated to die when I entered your door. If you want to devour me, go ahead. Why bother to question me?"

The woman said, "I don't eat people! About three hundred miles west of here is my home, a city by the name of the Precious Image Kingdom.

I'm the third princess of its king, and my childhood name is Hundred Flowers' Shame. Thirteen years ago, on the eve of the fifteenth of the eighth month, I was enjoying the sight of the moon when this monsterspirit kidnapped me and brought me here in a violent wind. I was forced to become his wife for all these thirteen years and to bear his children. It was impossible, of course, for me to send any news back to the Court, and I couldn't see my parents even though I thought of them frequently. But where did you come from, and how did he catch you?"

“This poor monk,” said the Tang Monk, “is someone sent to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. I was taking a walk when I bumped into this place. Now he wants to catch my two disciples also so that we will all be steamed and eaten together.”

“Elder, please don’t worry,” said the princess with a smile. “If you are a scripture pilgrim, I can save you, for the Precious Image Kingdom is right on your main path to the West. All I ask of you is to deliver a letter for me to my parents and I’ll ask my husband to let you go.” Nodding his head, the Tang Monk said, “Lady Bodhisattva, if you can save the life of this poor monk, I shall be glad to serve as your messenger.” Quickly running inside, the princess wrote a letter and had it properly sealed. She then went back out to the pillar and untied him before handing him the letter. After he was freed, the Tang Monk held the letter in his hands and said, “Lady Bodhisattva, thank you for saving my life. When this poor monk reaches your kingdom, he will certainly deliver the letter to the king. I fear, however, that such a lengthy separation will make it difficult for your parents to recognize anything from you. What shall I do then? They would not accuse me of lying, would they?”

“No fear,” said the princess. “My parents have no son; all they have are us three sisters. When they see this letter, they will look after you.”

Tucking the letter deep into his sleeve, Tripitaka thanked the princess again and started to walk out. “You can’t go out the front door!” said the princess, tugging at him. “Those monster-spirits, great and small, are all outside waving the banners and beating the drums and gongs to assist the Great King, who is at this very moment fighting with your disciples. You’d better leave by the back door. If the Great King seizes you, he will at least interrogate you. But if the little fiends catch hold of you, they may slaughter you on the spot without further ado. Let me go instead to the front and speak a word on your behalf. If the Great King is willing to let you go, your disciples can take that as a favor and leave with you.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he kowtowed to the princess before taking leave of her. After walking out of the back door, he dared not proceed; instead, he hid himself in some bushes and waited.

We tell you now about the princess, who had devised a clever plan. She ran out the front door and pushed her way through the vast throng of monsters. All she could hear was the jangle of weapons, for Eight Rules and Sha Monk were still doing battle in midair with that fiend. The princess shouted, “Lord Yellow Robe!” When the monster king heard the call of the princess, he abandoned Eight Rules and Sha Monk and dropped down from the clouds. Holding his scimitar with one hand, he took the hand of the princess with the other and said, “Mistress, what do you want?”

“Husband,” said the princess, “I was sleeping just now within the silk curtains, and I saw in my dream a golden-armored deity.”

“That golden-armored deity,” said the demon, “what does he want at my door?”

The princess said, “During my youth when I was living in the palace, I made a secret vow that if I found a good husband, I would ascend the famous mountains, visit the immortal abodes, and feed the monks. Since I married you, ours had been such great happiness that I never had the opportunity to mention this to you. Just now that golden-armored deity came to demand that I fulfill my vow; he was shouting at me so vehemently that I woke up with a start. Even though it was all a dream, I made haste to come to tell you about it. Then I saw a monk all tied up on that pillar. I beg you, husband, to be compassionate for my sake and spare that monk. Just regard the matter as if it were my feeding the monks to redeem my vow. Are you willing?”

“Mistress,” said the fiend, “you’re so gullible! I thought it was something important! All right! If I wanted to eat humans, I can catch a few anywhere. This one monk, what does he amount to? I’ll let him go.”

“Husband,” said the princess, “let him go out the back door.”

The monster said, “What nuisance! Just let him go. Why bother about the back door or front door?” He gripped his steel scimitar and shouted, “You, Zhu Eight Rules! Come over here! I’m not afraid of you, but I won’t fight with you anymore; for the sake of my wife, I’m going to spare your master. Go quickly to our back door and find him so that you can leave for the West. If you ever trespass our territory again, I will not spare you.”

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard these words, they felt as if they had been released from the gate of Hell! Leading the horse and poling the luggage, they darted like rodents past the Current-Moon Cave. When they reached the back door, they cried, “Master!” The elder recognized their voices and answered from the thorny bushes. Sha Monk parted the grass and picked up his master, who mounted the horse hurriedly. So,

*Almost harmed by the vicious blue-faced spirit,
He met by luck the zeal of Hundred Flowers’ Shame.
The scorpaenid has from the golden hook escaped:
He wags his head and tail to swim with the waves.*

Eight Rules led the way in front while Sha Monk brought up the rear. They left the pine forest and proceeded on the main road. Look at the two of them! Still bickering and grumbling, they were trying to put the blame on each other, and Tripitaka had to spend all the time attempting to pacify them. At night they sought a place to rest; when the cock crowed they looked at the sky. Stage by stage, they soon traveled some two hundred and ninety-nine miles. When they raised their heads one day, they saw a beautiful city. It was the Precious Image Kingdom, a marvelous place indeed!

*How boundless the clouds!
How vast the journey!
Though the land is a thousand miles away,
Its condition is no less prosperous.
Auspicious mist and smoke surround it;
Bright moon and clear wind befriend it.
Green, towering distant mountains
Spread out like a painted scroll;
The flowing stream, surging and bubbling,
Throws up pieces of white jade.
Arable fields, joined by roadways and paths;
Worthy of food, dense sprouting rice crops;
Hooked by the fisherman, three winding brooks of a few households;
Gathered by the woodsman, one load of pepper-wood from two hills.
Each corridor and each rampart
Are made strong as if by metal and liquid;
Every house and every home
Vies with one another in felicity.
Nine-tiered towers rise like palace halls;
Layered terraces soar like beacons.
There are also the Great Ultimate Hall,*

*The Bright Cover Hall,
 The Burn Incense Hall,
 The Text- Viewing Hall,
 The Policy- Proclaiming Hall,
 And the Talent- Engaging Hall—
 Every hall lined with jade threshold and gold steps,
 With civil and military officials.
 There are also the Great Light Palace,
 The Bright Sun Palace,
 The Long- Lasting Pleasure Palace,
 The Bright Clear Palace,
 The Memorial- Establishing Palace,
 And the Never- Ending Palace—
 Each palace, with its chimes, drums, pipes, and vertical flutes,
 Releases its boudoir sorrows and springtime griefs.
 There are in the forbidden courtyard
 Young, fresh faces like flowers bedewed;
 There are on the palace moat
 Slender waists like willows dancing in the wind.
 On the broad boulevard
 There may be one who is capped and sashed,
 Who, elaborately dressed,
 Mounts a five-horse chariot.
 At a secluded spot
 There may be one holding bow and arrows
 Who, pushing through fog and clouds,
 Would pierce a pair of hawks.
 Alleys of flowers and willows;
 Towers of pipes and strings:
 Spring breeze here's no lighter than at Luoyang Bridge!
 Our scripture-seeking elder
 Recalls the Tang court and his bowels almost burst;
 Our disciples, flanking their master,
 Rest in a post-house and lose their souls in dreams.*

There was no end to the sight of such fine scenery at the Precious Image Kingdom. Master and disciples, the three of them, brought the luggage and the horse to a post-house and rested.

Afterwards, the Tang Monk walked to the gate of the court and said to the gate official, "A priest from the Tang court has arrived to seek an audience with the throne and to have my travel rescript certified. Please make this report for me."

The Custodian of the Yellow Gate hurried inside and went before the white jade steps to say, "Your Majesty, there is an illustrious monk from the Tang court, who wishes to have an audience with you in order to have his travel rescript certified." When the king heard that an illustrious monk had arrived from such a great nation as the Tang, he was very pleased and consented at once. "Summon him to come in," he said. When Tripitaka was summoned before the golden steps, he went through an elaborate court ceremony to pay homage to the ruler. None of the civil and military officials lining up

on both sides of the court could refrain from saying, “Truly a man from a noble nation! What exquisite manners!”

The king said, “Elder, why did you come to our Kingdom?”

“This humble monk,” said Tripitaka, “is a Buddhist from the Tang court. I have received the decree of my emperor to go to acquire scriptures in the West. The travel rescript that I originally received should be certified once I arrive at the kingdom of Your Majesty. This is the reason why I dare intrude upon your Dragon Presence.”

“If you have the rescript from the Tang Son of Heaven,” said the king, “bring it up here for me to look at.” Presenting it with both hands, Tripitaka placed the document on the imperial desk and unfolded it. The rescript says:

The travel rescript of the Tang Son of Heaven, who succeeds under the guidance of Heaven to the throne of the Great Tang Empire in the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. Though we humbly acknowledge our poor display of virtue, we are the lawful descendant of a great heritage. In the service to the gods and the government of men, we try to be vigilant night and day, as if we were approaching a deep abyss or walking on thin ice. Some time ago, we failed to save the life of the Old Dragon of Jing River, for which we were chastised by the Most High August One. Our soul and spirit, drifting to the Region of Darkness, had already become a guest of impermanence. Because our allotted age was not yet exhausted, however, we were indebted to the Ruler of Darkness, who released us and returned us to life. Thereafter, we convened a grand mass and established the ritual field for the dead. It was at this time also that the One who saves from afflictions, the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, revealed to us her golden form, and enlightened us with the knowledge that the West had both Buddha and scriptures, able to redeem the dead and deliver the orphaned spirits. For this reason we now commission Xuanzang, master of the law, to traverse a thousand mountains in order to acquire such scriptures. When he reaches the many nations of the West, it is our hope that they will not extinguish the goodly affinity and allow him to pass through because of this rescript. This is a necessary-to-be-sent document.

An auspicious day in the autumn of the thirteenth year, in the Zhenguan period of the Great Tang. An imperial document. (There were also the marks of nine precious seals on it.)

When the king read it, he took the jade seal of his own nation and stamped it before handing it back to Tripitaka.

After he thanked the king and put away the travel rescript, Tripitaka said, “This humble priest came first of all to have the document certified, and secondly to present to Your Majesty a family letter.”

Delighted, the king said, “What kind of family letter?”

“Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka, “the third princess was kidnapped by the Yellow Robe Fiend of the Current-Moon Cave at the Casserole Mountain. This humble priest met her by chance and it was she who asked me to send you this letter.” When the king heard this, his eyes brimmed with tears. “Thirteen years ago,” he said, “we lost our princess. For that, we banished countless officials, both civil and military, and we did not know how many ladies-in-waiting and eunuchs we had caned to death throughout the palace. For we thought that she had walked out of the palace and lost her way. Since we did not know where to look, we interrogated countless households in the city, but there was not a trace of her. How would we know that a monster had kidnapped her? When I receive this word today, I cannot hold back my grief or tears.”

Thereupon Tripitaka took out the letter from his sleeve and presented it. When the king took it and saw the address on the envelope, his hands turned feeble and could not open the letter. He therefore gave the order to have the Grand Secretary of the Hanlin Academy come before the throne and read the letter. The Grand Secretary ascended the steps as all the civil and military officials before the court and all the

imperial concubines and palace ladies behind the court listened attentively. Opening the letter, the Grand Secretary began to read:

The unfilial daughter, Hundred Flowers' Shame, touches her head to the ground a hundred times before the Dragon-Phoenix Palace to honor Father King of the highest virtue. Long may he live! I bow also before the Bright Sun Palace to my Queen Mother, Queen of the Three Palaces, and to all worthy ministers, both civil and military, of the entire court. Ever since it was my good fortune to have been born into the queen's palace, I have been indebted to you for the countless acts of grievous labor you undertook on my behalf. I regret that I have not done the utmost to please you, nor have I discharged with all my strength my filial duties. It was on the fifteenth day of the eighth month thirteen years ago that Father King, on that lovely evening and auspicious occasion, gave his gracious command for banquets to be prepared in the several palaces so that we might enjoy the moonlight and celebrate the glorious Festival of Immaculate Heavens. During the moment of festivity, a sudden gust of fragrant wind brought forward a demon king with golden pupils, indigo face, and green hair who took hold of your daughter. Mounting the auspicious luminosity, he carried me away directly to an uninhabited region midway in the mountain and absolutely forbade me to leave. He exploited his fiendish power and forced me to become his wife; I had no alternative but to suffer such ignominy for these thirteen years. Two monster children were born to me, all seeds of this fiend. To speak of this, in fact, is to corrupt the great human relations and to pervert our morals. I should not, therefore, send you such an offensive and insulting letter, but I fear that there would be no explanation should your daughter pass away. As I was thinking of my parents with deep sorrow, I learned that a holy monk from the Tang court was also taken captive by the demon king. It was then that your daughter wrote this letter in tears and made bold to obtain release for the priest, so that he might deliver this small document as an expression of my heart. I beg Father King in his compassion to send his noble generals quickly to capture the Yellow Robe Fiend at the Current-Moon Cave of the Casserole Mountain and bring your daughter back to the court. Yours will be the deepest favor to me. Please pardon my disrespect in writing this letter in haste, and whatever has not been said I hope to tell you face to face. Your disobedient daughter, Hundred Flowers' Shame, kowtows again and again.

When the Grand Secretary finished reading the letter, the king burst into loud wailing; all the three palaces shed tears and the various officials were also overborne by grief.

After the king had wept for a long time, he asked the two rows of civil and military officials, "Who dares lead the troops and captains to capture the monster for us and rescue our Hundred Flowers princess?"

He asked the question several times, but there was not a single person courageous enough to respond. Like generals carved out of wood and ministers molded with clay, they all turned dumb! Sorely distressed, the king wept till tears streamed down his face, whereupon many officials prostrated themselves and memorialized, saying, "Your Majesty, we beseech you to desist from your sorrow. The princess was lost, and for thirteen years there had been no news from her. Although she met by chance the holy monk from the Tang court so that she was able to send us this letter, we are still not fully informed about her situation. Moreover, your subjects are merely mortal creatures. We have studied military manuals and tactics, of course, but our knowledge is limited to placing troops in formations and pitching camps in order to protect the frontiers of our nation from any invasion. The monster-spirit, however, is someone who comes by the fog and goes with the clouds.

Unless we could meet him face to face, how could we attack him and rescue the princess? The scripture pilgrim from the Land of the East is, we believe, a holy monk from a noble nation. As a priest

*Whose vast power tames dragons and tigers,
Whose great virtue awes demons and gods,*

he must know the art of subduing monsters. As the proverb says,

*He who comes and tells of some affair
Is himself involved in that affair.*

Let us ask this elder to subdue the monster and rescue our princess; this is our safest policy.” When the king heard these words, he turned quickly to Tripitaka and said, “Elder, if you have the ability to release your dharma power and catch the monster so that my child can return to the court, you need not go worship Buddha in the West. You can let your hair grow again, for we will become bond-brothers with you. You may sit on the dragon couch with us and enjoy our riches together.

How about it?”

“This poor monk,” said Tripitaka hurriedly, “knows a little of chanting the name of Buddha, but truly he does not know how to subdue monsters.”

“If you don’t,” said the king, “how dare you go seek Buddha in the Western Heaven?” No longer able to hide the truth, the elder had to mention his two disciples. “Your Majesty,” he said, “your poor monk would find it very difficult indeed to come here if he were all by himself. I have, however, two disciples, most capable of opening up a pathway in the mountains and building bridges when we come upon the rivers. They have accompanied me here.”

“You are an insensitive monk,” said the king, chiding him. “If you have disciples, why did you not bring them to see us also? When they enter my court, even if we had no intention to reward them, we could provide at least some food.”

Tripitaka said, “The disciples of this poor monk are rather ugly in their appearances, and they dare not enter the court without permission. For I fear that they might cause too great a shock to your Majesty.”

“Look at how this monk talks,” said the king with a laugh. “Do you think really that we’ll be afraid of them?”

“It’s hard to tell,” said Tripitaka. “My elder disciple has the surname of Zhu, and his given names are Wuneng and Eight Rules. He has a long snout and fanglike teeth, tough bristles on the back of his head, and huge, fanlike ears. He is coarse and husky, and he causes even the wind to rise when he walks. My second disciple has the surname of Sha, and his religious names are Wujing and Monk. He is twelve feet tall and three span wide across his shoulders. His face is like indigo, his mouth, a butcher’s bowl; his eyes gleam and his teeth seem a row of nails. With looks like those, how could they dare enter the court without permission?”

“Since you have now given them a thorough description,” said the king, “we wouldn’t be afraid of them. Summon them in.”

He then gave the order that an invitation by a golden plaque should be sent at once to the post-house.

When Idiot saw the invitation, he said to Sha Monk, “Brother, you were saying previously that we should perhaps not deliver that letter. Now you can see what benefits delivering that letter can bring. It must be that after Master had delivered the letter, the king said that a messenger should not be lightly treated and insisted on giving a banquet for him. He has no stomach for that sort of thing, but at least he’s considerate toward the two of us by mentioning our names. That’s why a golden plaque has been sent to invite us. Let’s go and have a good meal then, and we can leave tomorrow.”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “we still don’t know the true reason for this.

Let's go and find out."

They therefore turned over the luggage and the horse to the care of the post-house master. Taking their weapons with them, they followed the golden plaque into court and went before the white jade steps. Standing on the left and on the right, they made one bow and then remained erect without moving again. Every member of those civil and military officials was deeply shaken.

"These two monks," they said, "are not only ugly, they are downright uncouth! How could they see our king and not prostrate themselves? After one bow, they just stand there and remain erect. It's preposterous! It's preposterous!"

Eight Rules heard this and he said, "Don't complain, all of you. That's how we are! At first glance, we may appear ugly, but after awhile, you'll get used to us." When the king saw how hideous they were, he was immediately frightened. By the time he heard what Idiot had said, he was shaking so hard that he fell down from his dragon couch. Fortunately, there were attendants nearby who took hold of him and helped him up. The Tang Monk was so terrified that he knelt before the court and kowtowed without ceasing, saying, "Your Majesty, this monk deserves ten thousand deaths, ten thousand deaths! I said that my disciples were ugly and that they should not be granted an audience because it might injure your dragon body. Now, they have indeed alarmed the Throne." Still trembling, the king went forward to raise up the priest, saying, "Elder, it's a good thing that you told me about them before. If you hadn't, the sudden sight of them would have scared me to death!"

After he had calmed down, the king said, "Elder Zhu and Elder Sha, which one of you is good at subduing monsters?"

Foolishly Idiot answered, "Old Hog knows how."

"In what way?" asked the king. "I am the Marshal of the Heavenly Reeds," said Eight Rules.

"Because I transgressed Heaven's decree, I fell to the Region Below where luckily I could embrace the truth and become a monk.

Since our journey from the Land of the East, I have been the one most capable of subduing monsters."

The king said, "If you are a celestial warrior who has descended to Earth, you must know very well the magic of transformation."

"I shouldn't boast," said Eight Rules, "but I do know a few little tricks."

"Try to change into something for me to have a look," said the king. Eight Rules said, "Give me a subject, and I'll change into its form."

The king said, "Change into something big, then."

That Eight Rules happened to know thirty-six kinds of transformation. He stood before the steps and showed off his ability; making the magic sign with his fingers and reciting a spell, he shouted, "Grow!"

He straightened his torso and at once attained the height of eighty or ninety feet just like a pathfinding deity. The two rows of civil and military officials shook in their boots; the ruler and the subjects of the entire kingdom were terror-stricken. One of the palace guardian-generals managed to ask, "Elder, when will you stop growing? Is there a limit to your height?" Idiot could not refrain from spouting idiotic words. "It depends

on the wind,” he said. “It’s all right if the east wind is blowing, and the west wind is okay, too. But if the south wind rises, I’ll bore a great hole in the blue sky!”

Horried, the king said, “Retrieve your magic. I know your power of transformation.” Squatting down, Eight Rules changed back into his original form at once and stood before the steps. “Elder,” asked the king once more, “what sort of weapons do you intend to bring with you to do battle on this expedition?”

Eight Rules took out his muckrake and said, “What old Hog uses is a pronged rake.”

“That’s shameful!” said the king with a chuckle. “We have here whips, maces, gilt bludgeons, mallets, scimitars, spears, halberds with crescent-shaped blades, battle-axes, swords, halberds, lances, and battle sickles. You can pick anything you like and take it with you.

How could you regard that rake of yours as a weapon?”

“You have no idea about this, Your Majesty,” said Eight Rules. “This rake may seem a rather crude instrument, but it is one that has stayed with me since my youth. When I was commanding some eighty thousand sailors in the naval department at the Heavenly River, I relied solely on the strength of this rake. Now that I have descended to this mortal world to accompany my master, that which

*Plows through the mountain dens of tigers and wolves
And overturns the water homes of dragons and snakes*

is all the work of this rake!” Most delighted and reassured by what he heard, the king turned to some of his ladies in the court, saying, “Bring me my own special wine. Take the whole bottle, in fact, so that we can send the elder off properly.”

He then poured a goblet of it and presented it to Eight Rules, saying, “Elder, this cup of wine is for the labor you are about to undertake. Wait till you capture the monster and bring back our little girl. We shall have a huge banquet and a thousand pieces of gold to thank you.” Idiot took hold of the cup in his hands; though he was a rude and rowdy person, he could act courteously when he wanted to. Bowing deeply to Tripitaka, he said, “Master, you should be the first one to drink this wine. But since it is the king who bestows it on me, I dare not refuse. Please permit old Hog to drink this wine first. It should help inspire me to catch the monster.” Idiot drained the goblet with one gulp before filling it again to hand it to his master. Tripitaka said, “I don’t drink. You brothers may take it.” Sha Monk went forward to receive the cup, while the clouds sprouted beneath Eight Rules’s feet and lifted him straight into the air. When the king saw this, he said, “So Elder Zhu knows even cloud soaring!” Idiot left, and after draining the goblet also with one gulp, Sha Monk said, “Master, when that Yellow Robe Fiend caught you, two of us could only battle him to a draw. If Second Brother goes by himself now, I fear that he may not be able to withstand him.”

“You are right, disciple,” said Tripitaka. “You may go to lend him some assistance.”

Hearing this, Sha Monk leaped up and left soaring on the clouds. The king became alarmed and caught hold of the Tang Monk, saying, “Elder, please sit with us for awhile. Don’t you go away too, soaring on the clouds.”

The Tang Monk said, “Pity! Pity! I can’t even move half a step like that!”

At this time, the two of them chatted in the palace, and we shall speak of them no further.

We tell you now about Sha Monk, who caught up with Eight Rules, saying, “Elder Brother, I’m here.”

Eight Rules said, “Brother, why did you come?”

“Master told me to come help you,” said Sha Monk. Highly pleased, Eight Rules said, “Well said, and welcome! United in our minds and efforts, the two of us can go catch that monster. It may not be much, but we’ll spread our fame a little in this kingdom.” Look at them:

*Swathed in hallowed light they passed the kingdom’s edge;
Borne by auspicious air they left the capital.
They went by the king’s decree to the mountain cave
To catch with all diligence the monster-spirit.*

In a little while, the two of them arrived at the mouth of the cave and lowered the direction of their clouds. Raising his rake, Eight Rules delivered a blow on the door of the Current-Moon Cave with all his might: at once a hole about the size of a barrel appeared in the stone door. The little fiends standing guard at the entrance were so startled that they opened the door immediately and found that it was the two monks. They ran inside to report, crying, “Great King, it’s terrible! The monk with a long snout and huge ears and the monk with the gloomiest complexion have returned and busted our door.” Surprised, the monster said, “These two have to be Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk. I spared their master already. How dare they come back and wreck my door!”

A little fiend said, “They must have left behind something and returned to get it.”

“Rubbish!” cried the old fiend. “You leave something behind and then you go and break down someone’s door? There has to be another reason.”

He quickly put on his armor, grasped his scimitar, and walked outside. “Monks,” he asked, “I have already spared your master. For what reason do you dare come back and break down my door?”

Eight Rules said, “You lawless monster, you have really done something all right!”

“What?” asked the old demon. “You abducted the third princess of the Precious Image Kingdom to this cave and forced her to be your wife,” said Eight Rules. “It’s been thirteen years, about time that you give her up. I have been decreed by the king specially to capture you. Go inside quickly and come out again after tying yourself up. That’ll save old Hog from having to raise his hands.” When that old monster heard these words, he grew enraged. Look at him!

*Noisily, he ground his teeth;
Round and round, his eyes glowered;
In fury, he lifted his scimitar;
With bloody thought, he slashed at the head.*

Eight Rules stepped aside to dodge the blow and returned one with his pronged rake. Immediately, Sha Monk wielded his precious staff and rushed forward to join the battle. This conflict waged on the peak was different from the one before. Truly,

Wrong words and irksome speech arouse one’s wrath;

*Malice and rancor make one's anger grow.
 The scimitar of this big demon king
 Slashes at the head;
 The nine-pronged rake of that Eight Rules
 Confronts him at the face.
 Sha Wujing unleashes the precious staff;
 The demon king parries this weapon divine.
 One savage fiend
 And two godlike monks
 Move back and forth, taking their time to fight!
 This one says, "You defraud a nation and are worthy of death!"
 That one says, "You're wrongly indignant at someone's affairs!"
 This one says, "You raped a princess and brought her country shame!"
 That one says, "It's none of your business, so stop meddling!"
 It is all because of a letter sent
 That both monks and demon are not at peace.*

They battled for eight or nine rounds before the mountain, and Eight Rules began to weaken steadily; he could hardly lift his rake and he was rapidly losing his strength. Why couldn't he prevail against the monster, you ask? When they fought previously, you see, there were the dharma-protecting deities who gave the disciples secret assistance because of the Tang Monk's presence in the cave.

That was why they fought to a draw. At this time, however, all the gods had gone to the Precious Image Kingdom to guard the Tang Monk, and the two disciples by themselves could not withstand their adversary. Idiot said, "Sha Monk, you come up and fight with him for awhile. Let old Hog go shit first!" Not showing the slightest care for Sha Monk, he dove right into a thicket of bramble bushes; without regard for good or ill, without any concern that the thorns were pricking his face and tearing up his scalp, he rolled right inside and lay down, refusing to come out at all. Only half of his ear was left outside, so that he could hear the rattle and learn how the battle was faring.

When the monster saw that Eight Rules had run away, he went after Sha Monk. Completely flustered, Sha Monk did not even have time to try to escape, and he was seized by the monster and hauled back to the cave, where he was bound hand and foot behind his back by the little fiends. We do not know what will happen to his life; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY

A deviant demon attacks the true Dharma
The Horse of the Will recalls Mind Monkey

We were telling you about the fiend who, having had Sha Monk firmly bound, did not proceed to kill him or beat him. He did not, in fact, utter so much as an abusive word to his prisoner. Holding on to his scimitar, he thought to himself instead, “The Tang Monk is a man from a noble nation, who must know the meaning of propriety and righteousness. How could he possibly send his disciples to try to seize me, when it was I who spared his life in the first place? Aha! It has to be some sort of letter sent by that wife of mine back to her kingdom, and that’s how the news is leaked! Let me go ask her.”

Turning savage all of a sudden, the monster wanted to kill the princess.

The princess, alas, was still in the dark about the whole matter. After putting on her makeup, she was walking along when she saw the fiend approaching with bulging eyes and knitted brows, fiercely grinding his teeth together. Smiling broadly, she said to him, “Husband, what’s bothering you so terribly?”

“You filthy bitch!” cried the fiend. “You don’t have any regard for human relations! When I first brought you here, you didn’t utter half a word of protest. You had silk to wear and gold to put on; whatever you needed I went out to procure. You have been enjoying the goods of all four seasons and my deep affection every day. Why do you still think only of your parents, with no care at all for our marriage?” When the princess heard what he said, she was so terror-stricken that she knelt on the ground at once. “Husband,” she said, “why are you speaking such words of separation today?”

“I don’t know whether it’s you or I who wants separation!” said the fiend. “I caught the Tang Monk and wanted very much to enjoy him. Why did you promise him release before you even consulted me? The fact of the matter had to be that you wrote a letter in secret and asked him to deliver it for you. If it weren’t so, why did those two monks come fighting back to my door and demand your return? Didn’t you do all this?”

“Husband, you wrong me,” said the princess. “Since when did I send any letter?”

“Still trying to deny it, huh?” said the fiend. “I’ve caught someone here who’s going to be a witness.”

“Who’s he?” asked the princess. The old fiend said, “Sha Monk, the second disciple of the Tang Monk.” Now, no human person is likely to accept death willingly even if death is near. Determined to deny everything, the princess said, “Husband, calm yourself and let us go question him. If there were a letter, I would gladly let you beat me to death. But if there were no such letter, wouldn’t you have slain me unjustly?” When the fiend heard these words, he did not wait for further discussion. Stretching forth his indigo hand that had the size and shape of a winnow, he grabbed the princess by those ten thousand locks of long, lovely hair and pulled her all the way to the front. He threw her to the ground and then went forward, scimitar in hand, to question the prisoner.

“Sha Monk,” he bellowed, “since the two of you dared fight up to our door, I ask you this: was it because this girl had sent a letter back to her country that the king told you to come?” When the shackled Sha Monk saw how furious the monster was, hurling

the princess to the ground and threatening to kill her with the scimitar, he thought to himself, "Of course she sent a letter. But she also saved my master, and that was an incomparably great favor. If I admitted it freely, he would kill the princess on the spot and that would have meant our repaying kindness with enmity. All right! All right! Old Sand, after all, has followed Master all this time and I haven't made the merest of merit. Today, I'm already a bound captive here; I might as well offer my life to repay my master's kindness."

He then shouted, "Monster, don't you dare be unruly! What kind of letter did she send that made you want to accuse her and take her life? There was another reason for us to come to demand from you the princess. Because you had imprisoned my master in the cave, he had the chance to catch a glimpse of the princess, her looks and her gestures. By the time we reached the Precious Image Kingdom and had our travel rescript certified, the king was making all kinds of inquiry about the whereabouts of his daughter with a painted portrait of hers. He showed my master that portrait and asked us whether we had seen her on the way. When my master described the lady he saw at this place, the king knew it was his daughter. He bestowed on us his own imperial wine and commanded us to come here to take you captive and bring his princess back to the palace. This is the truth. Since when was there a letter? If you want to kill someone, you can kill old Sand! But don't harm an innocent bystander and add to your sins!" When the fiend heard how heroically Sha Monk had spoken, he threw away his scimitar and lifted the princess up with both his hands, saying, "I was quite rough with you just now, and I must have offended you deeply. Please forgive me!"

He helped her straighten her hair again and reset the bejeweled ornaments with great tenderness and amiability, hugging her and teasing her as they walked inside. He then asked her to take a seat in the middle of the chamber and apologized again. The princess, after all, was a rather fickle woman; when she saw how penitent he became, she, too, had a change of heart. "Husband," she said, "if you have regard for our love, please loosen those ropes on Sha Monk a little." When the old fiend heard that, he ordered the little ones to untie Sha Monk and lock him up instead. After he was freed and locked up, Sha Monk stood up, secretly pleased and thinking to himself, "The ancients said, 'Kindness to others is really kindness to oneself.' If I were not kind to her, she wouldn't make him untie me, would she?"

The old fiend, meanwhile, asked also for wine and food to be served as a means of making further amends to the princess and calming her fears. After drinking until they were half tipsy, the old fiend suddenly changed into a brightly colored robe and girded a sword on his waist. "Mistress," he said, caressing the princess with his hand, "you stay home and drink some more. Look after our two kids and don't let Sha Monk get away. While the Tang Monk is still in the kingdom, I'm going there to get acquainted with my kin."

"To get acquainted with what kin?" asked the princess. "Your Father King," said the old fiend. "I'm his imperial son-in-law and he's my father-in-law. Why shouldn't I go and get acquainted?"

The princess said, "You can't go."

"Why not?" said the old fiend. The princess said, "My Father King did not win his empire by might on horseback; he inherited it from his ancestors. Since he ascended his throne in his youth, he hasn't even left the gate of the city. We have no violent men with looks so savage and gruesome as yours. If you meet him, you might scare him and that wouldn't be a good thing. It's better that you not go to get acquainted."

“If you put it like that,” said the old fiend, “let me change into a handsome fellow and go there.”

“Change and let me look at you first,” said the princess.

Dear monster! Right before the dining table, he shook his body once and changed into a very comely person. Truly he had

*Most elegant features
And a rugged physique.
He spoke like a mandarin
And moved with the grace of youth.
Gifted as Zijian he could rhyme with ease;
He looked like Pan An when they tossed him fruits.
He put on his head a crow-tail cap,
His hair gathered in smoothly;
And wore on his body a lined, white silk robe
With wide, billowy sleeves.
Beneath his feet were patterned black boots;
Around his waist shone the five-colored belt.
He had the true bearing of a striking man:
Handsome, tall, dignified, and full of strength.*

The princess was most pleased by what she saw. “Mistress,” said that fiend laughing, “is it a good transformation?”

“Marvelous! Marvelous!” said the princess. “Just remember this: once you enter the court, many officials, both civil and military, will no doubt invite you to banquets, since it’s my Father King’s policy never to reject any relatives. You must be extra careful when you drink not to reveal your original appearance. For once you show yourself in your true form, you don’t look that civilized.”

“No need for all that instruction,” said the old fiend. “I know what to do.” Look at him. He mounted the clouds and soon arrived at the Precious Image Kingdom. Lowering their direction, he went before the court and said to the guardian of the gate, “The third imperial son-in-law came especially to seek an audience with the Throne. Please report this for me.”

The Custodian of the Yellow Gate went before the white jade steps and made the report, saying, “Your Majesty, the third imperial son-in-law has come to seek an audience with the Throne. He is outside the gate of the court and awaits your summons.”

The king was just conversing with the Tang Monk; when he heard of the third imperial son-in-law, he asked his ministers, “We have only two sons-in-law. How is it that there is a third?”

“The third imperial son-in-law,” said several of the ministers, “must be that monster.”

“Shall we summon him in?” asked the king. Already apprehensive, the elder said, “Your Majesty, it’s a monster-spirit! If he’s not a spirit, he will not be intelligent. He must know the future and the past, for he is able to mount the clouds and ride the mists. He’ll come when you summon him, but even if you did not, he would come in

anyway. You might as well summon him in so that we might be spared any kind of hassle.”

The king gave his consent and ordered the fiend be summoned before the golden steps. He, too, went through an elaborate performance of court ritual to pay homage to the king. When all the officials saw how handsome he was, they dared not consider him a monster-spirit; being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, they regarded him as a good man instead. When the king saw how lofty and dignified he appeared, he also thought that this was a man of distinguished abilities, fit to govern the world. “Son-in-law,” he said, “where is your home? What region are you from? When did you marry our princess? Why did you wait until today before coming to be recognized as our kin?”

“My lord,” said the old fiend, kowtowing, “your subject comes from a household east of this city, in the Current-Moon Cave of the Casserole Mountain.”

The king asked, “How far is your mountain from our place?”

“Not far,” replied the old fiend, “only about three hundred miles.”

“Three hundred miles,” said the king. “How could our princess possibly get there to marry you?” With clever words and the intent to deceive, the monster-spirit replied, “My lord, your subject has been fond of archery and riding since his youth, for I earn my livelihood by hunting. Thirteen years ago, I led scores of houseboys up to the mountain, and we were just sending out our hawks and hounds when we saw a large, striped tiger. It was going down the slope of the mountain carrying a young girl. It was your subject who shot the tiger with a single arrow and brought the girl back to our village, where she was revived with some warm liquids. When I questioned her about her home after saving her life, she never mentioned the word ‘princess.’ Had she declared that she was the third princess of your Majesty, would I dare be so insolent as to marry her without your consent? I would have tried to enter the golden palace and seek some kind of appointment, however lowly, in order to be worthy of her. Because she claimed, however, that she was a girl from some peasant household, your subject asked her to remain in my village. We seemed to be ideally suited for each other, and we were both willing; that’s why we’ve been married for these thirteen years. After our wedding, I was about to slaughter the tiger and use it to fete the relatives. The princess, however, requested me not to do so, and she put her reason aptly in these poetic lines:

*Heaven and Earth made us husband and wife;
With no broker or witness we were wed.
Red threads did bind our feet in previous lives:
That’s why the tiger is our go-between.*

Because of what she said, your subject untied the tiger and spared its life. Claws flailing and tail wagging, it ran away still carrying the arrow wound. Little did I anticipate that after a few years, the tiger thus spared managed to become a spirit in the mountain through self-cultivation, bent on seducing and hurting people. Some years ago, your subject had heard of several scripture pilgrims, all priests sent by the Great Tang. The tiger, I think, must have taken their lives; he probably got hold of the travel documents and changed into one of their forms to come here to deceive my lord. My lord, the person sitting on that brocaded cushion over there is none other than the tiger which carried away the princess thirteen years ago. He is not a real scripture pilgrim.” Look at that capricious ruler! His foolish, undiscerning eyes of the flesh could not recognize the monster-spirit; instead, he regarded that entire specious speech to be the

truth. “Worthy son-in-law,” he said, “how could you tell that this monk is a tiger, the one which carried away our princess?”

“My lord,” said the fiend, “what your subject feeds on in the mountain are tigers; what he wears are also tigers. I sleep with them and rise with them. How could I not recognize them?”

“In that case,” said the king, “make him appear in his true form.”

The fiendish creature said, “Please give me half a cup of clean water, and your subject will make him appear in his true form.”

The king ordered an official to fetch the water for the imperial son-in-law. Taking the cup in his hand, the fiend got up and went forward to exercise the Dim-Eyes, Still-Body Magic. He recited a spell and spat a mouthful of water on the Tang Monk, crying, “Change!”

The true body of the elder at once became invisible; what everyone saw in the palace was a ferocious striped tiger instead.

In those worldly eyes of the king and his subjects, the tiger truly had

*A white brow and a round head,
A striped body and lightning eyes.
Its four huge paws
Were straight and rugged;
Its twenty claws
Were hooklike and sharp.
Sawlike teeth filled its mouth;
Pointed ears joined its eyebrows.
Savage, it bore the form of a big cat;
Raging, it had the shape of a brown steer.
Steel hairs stood rigidly like silver strips;
A red tongue, daggerlike, belched nasty air.
It was indeed a striped, ferocious thing,
Blasting the palace with its awesome breaths.*

When the king saw it, his soul melted and his spirit fled, while many of his subjects were frightened into hiding. A few courageous military officials led the captains and guards to rush forward and began hacking away with their weapons. If it had not been for the fact that the Tang Monk this time was not yet fated to die, even twenty monks would have been reduced to minced meat. Fortunately, he had at this time the secret protection of Light and Darkness, the Guardians, the Sentinels, and the Protectors of the Faith in the air. For that reason, the weapons of those people could not harm him. The chaos in the palace lasted until evening, when the officials decided to capture the tiger alive and lock it up with chains before placing it in an iron cage. It was then stored in one of the palace chambers.

The king then gave the decree that the Court of Imperial Entertainments prepare a huge banquet to thank the imperial son-in-law for saving him from the monk. After the officials retired from court, the demon entered that evening into the Silver Peace Hall, where eighteen young palace ladies attended him; they sang, danced, and poured his wine for him. Sitting all by himself at the head table, he had on both sides of him all those lovely beauties. Look at him drink and enjoy! By about the hour of the second watch, he got drunk and could no longer refrain from mischief. Leaping up all of a

sudden, he laughed hysterically for a moment and changed back into his original form. He grew violent then and grabbed one of the girls playing the *pipa* with that big winnowlike hand of his. With a crunch, he bit off her head. The other seventeen palace girls were so terrified that they dashed madly for hiding and shelter. Look at them:

*The palace ladies panicked;
The maids-of-honor took fright—
The palace ladies panicked
Like rain-struck hibiscus bearing the night rain.
The maids-of-honor took fright
Like wind-blown peonia dancing in the spring wind.
They smashed their pipas, eager to live;
They broke their zithers, fleeing for life.
They dashed out the doors, not knowing north or south!
They quit the main hall, flying both east and west!
They scraped their jadelike features;
They bruised their lovely faces.
Every one scrambled for her life;
Each person darted for safety.*

Those people ran out, but they dared not even scream or holler for fear of disturbing the Throne so late at night. Quaking and shaking, they sought to hide beneath the eaves of the low palace wall and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you now about that fiendish creature who sat in the hall, pouring wine and drinking all by himself. After draining a glass, he would haul the bloody corpse near him and take a couple of bites. As he was thus enjoying himself inside, the people outside the palace began to spread a wild rumor that the Tang Monk was a monster-spirit. All the hubbub soon reached the Golden Lodge posthouse.

At that time, there was no one at the post-house except the white horse, which was consuming hay and feed in the stall. He was originally the dragon prince of the Western Ocean, you recall, but because of past offense against Heaven, his horns were sawed off and his scales were shorn. He was changed into the white horse so that he could carry the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the West.

When he suddenly heard people saying that the Tang Monk was a tiger spirit, he thought to himself, "My master is definitely a true man. It had to be that fiend who changed him into a tiger spirit in order to harm him. What's to be done? What's to be done? Big Brother is long gone, and there is no news from either Sha Monk or Eight Rules."

He waited until it was about the second watch, and then he said to himself, "If I don't try to rescue the Tang Monk now, this merit will be undone. Finished!" No longer able to contain himself, he bit through the reins and shook off the saddle; all at once he changed himself once more into a dragon and mounted the dark clouds to rise into the air. We have a testimonial poem for him, and the poem says:

*The priest goes West to seek the World-Honored One,
Though foul and fiendish vapors clog the way.
Tonight he's a tiger, what hopeless ordeal!
The white horse drops reins his master to save.*

In midair the young dragon prince saw that the Silver Peace Hall was aglow with lights, for there were eight huge candelabra standing inside with all their candles lit. As he lowered the direction of his clouds, he looked carefully and saw the monster seated alone at the head table and gorging himself with wine and human flesh. “What a worthless fellow!” said the dragon with a laugh. “He has shown his hand! He’s revealed himself! It’s not very smart, is it, to eat people! Since I don’t know the where-abouts of Master and I have only this lawless demon before me, I might as well go down there and have some fun with him. If I succeed, I might be able to catch the monster-spirit first and then rescue my master.”

Dear dragon prince! With one shake of his body, he changed himself into a palace maid, truly slender of body and seductive in appearance. She walked swiftly inside and bowed to the demon, saying, “Imperial son-in-law, please don’t hurt me. I came to pour wine for you.”

“Pour then,” said the fiend. Taking up the wine pot, the little dragon began pouring until the wine was about half an inch higher than the rim of the goblet, but the wine did not spill. This was, in fact, the Magic of Water Restriction used by the little dragon, though the fiend did not know it even when he saw it. “What uncanny ability you have,” he said, highly pleased. The little dragon said, “I can pour and make it go even higher.”

“Pour some more! Pour some more!” cried the fiend. The little dragon took the pot and kept on pouring, until the wine rose like a pagoda of thirteen layers with a pointed top; not a drop of it was spilled. The fiendish creature stuck out his mouth and finished a whole goblet before he picked up the carcass and took another bite. Then he said, “You know how to sing?”

“A little,” said the little dragon, who selected a tune and sang it before presenting another goblet of wine to the fiend. “You know how to dance?” said the monster. The little dragon said, “A little also, but I’m empty-handed, and the dance won’t be attractive.” Lifting up his robe, the fiend unbuckled the sword he wore on his waist and pulled the blade out of the sheath.

The little dragon took the sword from him and began to dance in front of the dining table; wielding the sword up and down, left and right, she created intricate patterns of movement.

Waiting until the fiend was completely dazzled by the dance, the little dragon suddenly broke the steps and slashed him with the sword. Dear monster! He lunged sideways and the blow barely missed him; the next thrust of the dragon was met by a candelabrum made of wrought iron and weighing about eighty or ninety pounds, which the monster picked up in a hurry. The two of them left the Silver Peace Palace as the little dragon changed back to his original form to do battle with the fiend in midair. This battle in the darkness was something! “How was it?” you ask.

This one was a monster born and formed on Casserole Mount;

That one was a chastised true dragon of the Western Ocean.

This one gave off bright light

Like white lightning;

That one belched out potent air

Like bursting red cloud.

This one seemed a white-tusked elephant let loose among mankind;

That one seemed a golden-clawed wild cat flown down to earth.

*This one was a jade pillar propping up Heaven;
 That one was a golden beam bridging the seas.
 The silver dragon flew and danced;
 The yellow demon flipped and flopped.
 The precious sword, left and right, did not slow down;
 The candelabrum, back and forth, went on and on.*

After the two of them had fought at the edge of the clouds for about eight or nine rounds, the little dragon's hand grew weak and his limbs turned numb. The old demon, after all, was strong and powerful; when the little dragon found that he could no longer withstand his adversary, he aimed the sword at the monster and threw it at him. The monster, however, was not unprepared for this desperate move; with one hand, he caught the blade, and with the other, he hurled the candelabrum at the little dragon. Unnerved, the dragon did not duck fast enough and one of his hind legs was struck by it. Hastily he dropped down from the clouds, and it was his luck that the imperial moat was there to save his life. Chased by the demon, the little dragon dove headfirst into the water and all at once became invisible. Whereupon the demon took the sword and picked up the candelabrum to go back to the Silver Peace Palace; there he drank as before till he fell asleep, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We tell you instead about the little dragon, who hid himself at the bottom of the moat. When he did not hear a sound after half an hour, he gritted his teeth to endure the pain in his leg and leaped up. Treading the dark clouds, he returned to the post-house where he changed once more into a horse and lay down in the stall. He looked pitiful indeed—completely soaked and wounded on his leg! At this time,

*Horse of the Will and Ape of the Mind are all dispersed;
 Metal Squire and Wood Mother are both scattered;
 Yellow Dame is wounded, from every one divorced;
 With reason and right so parted, what can be achieved?*

Let us say no more about how Tripitaka met disaster and the little dragon encountered defeat. We tell you instead about that Zhu Eight Rules, who, since abandoning Sha Monk, stuck his head deep into the bushes and lay there like a hog snoozing in a pool of mud. The nap, in fact, lasted till the middle of the night, and only at that time did he awake. When he became conscious, he did not even know where he was at first; only after he rubbed his eyes and collected his thoughts a little did he manage to cock his ears to listen to whatever might be happening. Well, what happened was that

*This deep mountain had no dog barking;
 These spacious wilds lacked even cock crowing.*

Looking up at the stars, he figured that it was about the hour of the third watch and he thought to himself, "I would like to try to rescue Sha Monk, but

*One silk fiber is no thread;
 A single hand cannot clap!*

Okay! Okay! Let me go back and see Master first. If I could persuade the king to give me some more help, old Hog would return to rescue Sha Monk tomorrow." Idiot mounted the clouds quickly and went back to the city; in a little while, he reached the post-house. The moon was bright and people had become quiet at this time, but he searched the corridors in vain to find any trace of his master. All he saw was the white horse lying there: his whole body was soaked and on one of his hind legs was the mark

of a bruise about the size of a pan. "This is doubly unfortunate!" said Eight Rules, greatly startled. "This loser hasn't traveled. Why is he sweating like that, and with a bruise on his leg? It must be that some evil men have robbed our master, wounding the horse in the process."

The white horse recognized that it was Eight Rules; assuming human speech suddenly, he called out:

"Elder Brother!" Idiot was so shaken that he fell on the ground. Pulling himself up, he was about to dash outside when the white horse caught hold of the monk's robe by his teeth, saying again, "Elder Brother, don't be afraid of me."

"Brother," said Eight Rules, still shaking, "why are you talking today? When you talk like that, it has to mean that some great misfortune is about to befall us."

The little dragon said, "Did you know that Master had landed in a terrible ordeal?"

"No, I didn't," said Eight Rules.

The little dragon said, "Of course, you didn't! You and Sha Monk were flaunting your abilities before the king, thinking that you could capture the demon and be rewarded for your merit. You didn't expect that the demon was so powerful and you were the ones no doubt who were beaten. At least one of you could have returned to give us the news, but there was not one word from either of you.

That monster-spirit had changed himself into a handsome scholar and broken into the court to present himself to the king as an imperial relative. Our master was changed by him into a ferocious striped tiger, who was then taken captive by the officials and locked up in an iron cage in one of the palace chambers. When I heard how Master suffered, my heart felt as if it had been stabbed by a sword.

But you were gone for nearly two days, and I was afraid that any further delay might mean that Master would be killed. So I had no choice but to change back into my dragon body to go and try to rescue him. When I reached the court, I couldn't find Master, but I met the monster in the Silver Peace Palace. I changed into the form of a palace maid, trying to deceive him. He asked me to do a sword dance, during which I tried to slash him. He escaped my blow and defeated me instead with a candelabrum. I tried desperately to hit him when I threw the sword at him, but he caught it instead and gave me a blow on my hind leg with that candelabrum. I dived into the imperial moat and saved my life; the bruise on my leg was caused by the candelabrum." When Eight Rules heard these words, he said, "Is that all true?"

"You think I'm deceiving you?" said the little dragon. Eight Rules asked, "What are we going to do? What are we going to do? Can you move at all?"

"If I can," said the little dragon, "what then?"

"If you can move at all," said Eight Rules, "move into the ocean then. Old Hog will pole the luggage back to the Old Gao Village to pick up my wife again." When the little dragon heard this, he clamped his mouth onto Eight Rules's shirt and refused to let go. As tears fell from his eyes, he said, "Elder Brother, you mustn't become indolent."

"Why not?" said Eight Rules. "Brother Sha has already been caught by him, and I can't beat him. If we don't scatter now, what are we waiting for?"

The little dragon thought for some time before he spoke again, tears streaming down his cheeks. "Elder Brother, don't mention the word scatter. If you want to save Master, you have to go and ask a person to come here."

"Who is that?" asked Eight Rules. The little dragon said, "You'd better hurry and mount the clouds to go to the Flower-Fruit Mountain, so that you can invite our Big Brother, Pilgrim Sun, to come back. Most certainly he has dharma power great enough to subdue this fiend and rescue Master, avenging at the same time the shame of our defeat."

"Brother," said Eight Rules, "let me go ask someone else. That monkey and I are not on the best of terms, you know. When he killed that Lady White Bone back there on the White Tiger Ridge, he was mad at me already for wheedling Master into reciting the Tight-Fillet Spell. I was just being frivolous, and I didn't think that the old priest would really recite it and even banish him. I don't know how he hates me now, and I'm certain also that he won't come back. Suppose we have a little argument then: that funeral staff of his is pretty heavy, you know. If he doesn't know any better at that moment and gives me a few strokes, you think I'll be able to live?"

The little dragon said, "He won't hit you, because he is a kind and just Monkey King. When you see him, don't say that Master is in peril; just tell him that Master is thinking of him and deceive him into coming. When he gets here and sees what's happening, he will not get mad. He will want most certainly to have it out with the monster-spirit instead. Then the demon will surely be caught and Master will be saved."

"All right, all right!" said Eight Rules. "You are so dedicated. If I don't go, it'll mean that I'm not dedicated. I'll go, and if indeed Pilgrim consents to come, I'll return with him. But if he is unwilling, then don't expect me, because I won't be coming back either."

"Go! Go!" said the little dragon. "He will certainly come." Idiot indeed put away his muckrake and straightened his shirt. He leaped up and mounted the clouds, heading straight toward the East. It so happened that the Tang Monk was not yet fated to die. The wind was blowing in the right direction; all Idiot had to do was to stick up his huge ears, and he sped across the Eastern Ocean as if sails were hoisted on him. The sun was just rising when he dropped from the clouds to find his way in the mountain. As he was walking, he heard someone talking. He took another careful look and found Pilgrim sitting on a huge boulder in a mountain valley. Before him some one thousand and two hundred monkeys lined up in ranks, all shouting, "Long live our Father Great Sage!"

Eight Rules said, "What pleasures! What pleasures! No wonder he doesn't want to be a monk and wants only to come home! Look at all these goodies! Such a huge household, and so many little monkeys to serve him! If old Hog has a large farm like this, I'm not going to be a monk either. Since I've arrived, what shall I do? I suppose I'll have to see him."

But Idiot was in truth afraid of Pilgrim, and he dared not show himself openly. Sliding down the grassy meadow, he crawled stealthily into the midst of those thousand-odd monkeys and began to kowtow also along with them. He had no idea how high the Great Sage was sitting and how sharp his vision was. Having seen everything all at once, the Monkey King asked, "Who is that barbarian in the ranks who's bowing in such a confused manner? Where does he come from? Bring him up here!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when the little monkeys, like a swarm of bees, pushed Eight Rules to the front and pressed him to the ground.

Pilgrim said, "Barbarian, where did you come from?"

"I dare not accept the honor of your questioning me," said Eight Rules, his head lowered. "I'm no barbarian, I'm an acquaintance." Pilgrim said, "All the monkeys under the command of the Great Sage here have similar features, not like that lubberly face of yours."

You must be some fiendish demon from another region. If so, and if you want to be a subject of mine, you should have first presented us with your name and the particulars of your age and antecedents on a card so that I can take your roll when you are assigned to our ranks here. But you haven't even done that, and you dare kneel here to bow to me?" With his head and snout lowered, Eight Rules said, "Oh, for shame! I'll show you my face! I have been a brother of yours now for a few years, and you still claim that you don't recognize me, calling me some kind of barbarian!"

"Raise your head and let me have a look," said Pilgrim with a chuckle. Sticking his snout upward, Idiot said, "Look! Even if you can't recognize me, you can at least recognize this snout of mine!" Pilgrim could not refrain from laughing and saying, "Zhu Eight Rules."

As soon as he heard this, he jumped up, crying, "Yes! Yes! I am Zhu Eight Rules."

He thought to himself also, "If he recognizes me, then it's easier to speak." Pilgrim said, "Why aren't you accompanying the Tang Monk to go fetch scriptures? Why are you here? Could it be that you, too, have offended Master and he banished you also? Do you have any letter of banishment? Let me see it."

"I didn't offend him," said Eight Rules, "and he didn't give me any letter of banishment. Nor did he dismiss me."

"If there's no letter and he didn't dismiss you, why are you here?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules replied, "Master has been thinking of you; he told me to come and invite you to go back."

"He didn't think of me, nor did he invite me," said Pilgrim. "He swore to Heaven that day and he wrote the letter of banishment himself. How could he think of me and ask me to go back? I definitely will not go back."

Eight Rules lied conveniently, saying, "He really did think of you! He really did think of you!"

"What made him think of me?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, "As Master was riding on the horse, he called out at one point, 'Disciple.' I didn't hear him, and Sha Monk claimed that he was somewhat deaf! Master at once thought of you, saying that we were worthless and that only you were smart and alert enough to answer once you were called, to give ten replies to one question. That's how he thought of you, and he has sent me specially to ask you to go back. Please do so, at least for the sake of his expectation and for the sake of my having traveled all this distance." When Pilgrim heard these words, he jumped down from the boulder. Taking the hand of Eight Rules, he said, "Worthy Brother, sorry that you have to travel such a great distance to come. Let's you and I go and have some fun."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "this place is quite far away, and I fear that Master might be kept waiting. I don't want to play." Pilgrim said, "After all, this is your

first time here. Take a look at least at my mountain scenery.” Idiot dared not persist in his refusal and had to walk away with him.

The two of them proceeded hand in hand, while the little monsters followed behind to go up to the highest spot on the Flower-Fruit Mountain. Marvelous mountain! Ever since the Great Sage’s homecoming, it had been completely made new by his labor these few days. You see the mountain

*Green as carved jade,
Tall like a cloud-scraper.
All around are tigers crouched and dragons coiled;
On four sides are frequent calls of apes and cranes.
At dawn the clouds blockade the summit;
At dusk the sun is poised above the forest.
The flowing stream murmurs like tingling girdle-jade;
The brook sounds drop by drop a psaltery note.
Before the mountain are ridges and tall cliffs;
Behind the mountain are flowers and dense woods.
It touches the jade-girl’s hair-washing bowl above;
It joins a branch of Heaven’s River down below.
This cosmos-formed beauty surpasses Penglai,
A true cave-mansion born of primal breaths.
Even master artists find it hard to sketch,
Nor can wise immortals depict it all.
Like openworks carved finely fantastic rocks
In fantastic colors soar up at the top.
The sun moves in a thousand purple rays;
Auspicious air forms countless strands of red mist.
A cave-heaven, a blessed place among mankind:
A mountain full of fresh blossoms and fresh trees.*

Delighted by the endless splendor of the scenery, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, what a lovely place! Truly the number one mountain in the whole world!”

“Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “think you can pass the time here?”

“Look at the way Elder Brother talks!” chuckled Eight Rules. “This precious mountain is a cave-heaven, a land of blessing. How could you say ‘pass the time’?”

The two of them chatted amiably for a long time before descending from the peak. They met on the way several little monkeys, all holding purple grapes, fragrant pears, bright golden loquats, and dark red strawberries. Kneeling by the road, they cried, “Father Great Sage, please have some breakfast.”

“My Brother Zhu,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “has a huge appetite, and he doesn’t take fruits for breakfast.

Nonetheless, please don’t be offended by such trifles; use them as snacks and take a few.”

Eight Rules said, “Though I have a huge appetite, I do as the natives do anywhere. Yes, by all means bring them up here. I’ll try a few for taste.”

The two of them ate the fruits, and the sun was fast rising high. Afraid that there might not be enough time to save the Tang Monk, Idiot tried to urge his companion to leave, saying, “Elder Brother, Master is waiting for us. Please hurry and go.”

“Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “I’m inviting you to have some fun with me at the Water-Curtain Cave.”

Eight Rules at once declined, saying, “I appreciate your kind thoughts, Old Brother, but Master has waited for a long time already. There’s really no need for us to enter the cave.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “I dare not detain you. I’ll say good-bye right here.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “aren’t you going with me?” Pilgrim said, “Go where? This place of mine is neither governed by Heaven nor controlled by Earth. I’m completely free here. Why shouldn’t I enjoy this? Why should I become a monk again? I will not go. You have to go back by yourself. And please tell the Tang Monk that once he has dismissed me, don’t ever think of me again.” When Idiot heard these words, he dared not press any further, for he was afraid that Pilgrim’s temper might flare and he would then receive a couple of strokes from the rod. He had no alternative but to take leave meekly and find his way back.

When Pilgrim saw him leave, he ordered two agile little monkeys to follow him and to find out what he was going to say. Indeed, when that Idiot descended the mountain, he did not cover more than three or four miles before he turned around and pointed his finger at the direction of Pilgrim. “You ape,” he cried, “you don’t want to be a priest! You choose to be a monster instead. What an ape! I came here with good intentions to ask him to go back, but he refused. All right! If you don’t want to go, you don’t have to!”

He took a few steps and began his castigations again. The two little monkeys ran back to report, “Father Great Sage, that Zhu Eight Rules is rather sneaky! He’s ranting at you as he walks away.” Pilgrim grew angry and shouted, “Seize him!”

All the little monkeys rushed after Eight Rules and pushed him to the ground. Clutching at his mane and tugging at his ears, pulling his tail and grabbing his hair, they hauled him bodily back to the cave. We do not know how he will be treated or what will happen to him; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-ONE

*Zhu Eight Rules provokes the Monkey King to chivalry
Pilgrim Sun with wisdom defeats the monster*

*Righteousness joined to fraternal feelings,
The dharma returning to its own nature:
Docile Metal and Gentle Wood will bear right fruit.
Mind Monkey and Wood Mother fuse with elixir source—
Both ascending to the world of ultimate bliss,
Both arriving at the gate of undivided truth.
Sūtras are the main path of self-cultivation;
Buddha should unite with one's own spirit.
Brothers, elder and younger, make the kinship of the three;
Forms of monsters and demons match the Five Phases.
Exterminate the Sixfold Path
And you'll reach the Great Thunderclap.*

We were telling you about Idiot, who was caught by those monkeys; pulling and tugging at him, they ripped open his shirt as they hauled him away. Over and over again, he muttered to himself, “Finished! I’m finished! This time, I’m going to be beaten to death!” In no time at all, they reached the entrance of the cave, where the Great Sage was sitting again on top of the boulder. “You overstuffed coolie!” he shouted. “You should have just left. Why did you abuse me?” Kneeling on the ground, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, I did not abuse you. If I did, I would bite off this tongue! I only said that if you didn’t want to go, I would go back to tell Master and that would have been the end of it. How would I dare abuse you?”

“How could you possibly deceive me?” asked Pilgrim. “If I pull up this left ear of mine, I can find out who’s speaking up in the Thirty-third Heaven; if I pull down this right ear of mine, I can discover how the Ten Kings of Hell are settling the cases with the judges. You were maligning me as you walked away, and you thought that I couldn’t hear you?”

Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, now I know. You are something of a crook and a shakedown artist! You must have changed into some kind of creature and followed me. That’s how you found out.”

“Little ones,” cried Pilgrim, “select for me a large cane! Give him twenty strokes on his shanks as a greeting; then give him another twenty on his back. Thereafter let me use my iron rod to send him on his way!”

Eight Rules was so terrified that he kowtowed at once, saying, “Elder Brother, I beg you to spare me for the sake of Master.”

“O, Master is so just and kind!” said Pilgrim.

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules again, “if not for the sake of Master, at least for the sake of the Bodhisattva, please forgive me.” When Pilgrim heard him mention the Bodhisattva, he relented somewhat, saying, “Brother, if you put it that way, I won’t hit you for the moment. But you must be honest with me and not try to deceive me. Where is that Tang Monk facing an ordeal that has caused you to come and call for me?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “there’s no ordeal. He is truly thinking of you.”

“Coolie, you must love to be beaten!” shouted Pilgrim. “Why are you still trying to dupe me? Though old Monkey’s body has returned to the Water-Curtain Cave, his heart follows the scripture monk. Our master faces an ordeal with each step of the way; he is fated to suffer at every place. You better tell me quickly, or you’ll be whipped!” When Eight Rules heard such words, he kowtowed and said, “Elder Brother, I did quite clearly attempt to deceive you into going, but I had no idea how smart you were. Please spare me from a beating and let me tell you standing up.”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, “rise and talk.”

The monkeys took away their hands and Idiot, jumping up at once, began to look wildly left and right. Pilgrim said, “What are you doing that for?”

“To see which road is wide and smooth so that I can run,” said Eight Rules. “To where?” asked Pilgrim. “I’ll let you have a three days’ head start, and old Monkey still has the ability to chase you back. You’d better speak up! If you get me mad again, I won’t spare you this time.”

Eight Rules said, “To tell you the truth, Elder Brother, since you left us, Sha Monk and I accompanied Master to go forward and we arrived at a black pine forest. Master dismounted and told me to go beg for vegetarian food. Because I didn’t find even a single household after walking a great distance, I got a bit tired and napped a little in the grass. Sha Monk, I didn’t realize, also left Master to try to find me. You know that Master couldn’t sit still, and he took a walk by himself in the forest to enjoy the scenery. When he got out of the forest, he saw a luminescent jeweled pagoda of yellow gold, which he thought was some sort of monastery. He didn’t know that there was a monster-spirit beneath the pagoda, who had the name of Yellow Robe, and he was caught by the fiend. Later, when Sha Monk and I returned to look for him, we saw only the white horse and the luggage, but we didn’t see Master. We searched until we went to the door of the cave, where we fought the fiend. Meanwhile, Master met a saving star inside, who happened to be the third princess of the Precious Image Kingdom, abducted some time ago by that fiend. She wrote a letter to her family and wanted Master to send it for her; that was the reason why she persuaded the monster to let Master go. When we arrived at the kingdom, we presented the letter, whereupon the king asked Master to subdue the monster. Elder Brother, you should know. How could that old priest subdue any monster? It had to be the two of us again who went back to do battle, but the magic power of the fiend was tremendous and he seized Sha Monk instead. I managed to escape by hiding in the grass. Thereafter, the monster changed himself into a handsome scholar to gain admittance into the court and imperial recognition. Master, on the other hand, was changed by him into a tiger. That evening, it was fortunate that the white dragon-horse revealed himself to go search for Master; he didn’t find him, but he saw the fiend drinking in the Silver Peace Palace. Changing into a palace maid, the dragon poured wine for him, did a sword dance, and was about to use that opportunity to try to kill the monster. He was wounded instead by him with a candelabrum, and it was the dragon who told me to come get you. He said that Elder Brother was a just and benevolent gentleman, one who would not dwell on old wrongs and would be willing to go and save Master. I beg you, Elder Brother, remember the truth of ‘Once a teacher, always a father,’ and do try to save him.”

“You Idiot!” said Pilgrim. “At the time of my leaving, I told you again and again that if Master were caught by a monstrous demon, you should tell him that old Monkey was his eldest disciple. Why didn’t you say so?”

Eight Rules thought to himself, “To ask a warrior is not as effective as to provoke a warrior. Let me provoke him a bit.”

He said therefore, “Elder Brother, it would have been better had I not mentioned you. Once I said something about you, the monster became even more impudent.”

“What do you mean?” asked Pilgrim.

Eight Rules replied, “I said, ‘Monster, don’t you dare be insolent, and don’t you dare harm my master. I still have an elder brother, who is called Pilgrim Sun. His magic power is great and he is especially capable of subduing monsters. When he gets here, he’ll make you die without picking a place for burial.’ When that fiend heard my words, he became more aroused, crying, ‘Who’s this Pilgrim Sun that I should be afraid of him? If he shows up, I’ll skin him alive, I’ll pull out his tendons, I’ll debone him, and I’ll devour his heart. He might be thin, this monkey, but I’ll still chop him to pieces and fry him in oil.’” When Pilgrim heard these words, he became so enraged that he jumped up and down, madly scratching his cheeks and pulling at his ears. “Who is this that dares abuse me thus?” he bellowed. Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, calm yourself. It’s the Yellow Robe Fiend who is thus abusing you. I was just giving you a rehearsal of what he said.”

“Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “get up. I’ve got to go. If that monster-spirit dared abuse me so, it would be impossible for me not to subdue him. I’ll go with you. When old Monkey caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago, all the divine warriors of Heaven would bend their backs and bow to him when they saw him. Every one of them addressed me as the Great Sage. This fiend is truly impudent. He dares abuse me behind my back! I’ll go, I’ll catch him, and I’ll smash him to pieces to avenge myself for being so insulted. When I’ve done that, I’ll come back.”

“Exactly, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules. “You go and catch the monster first, and when you have avenged yourself, you can then decide whether you want to come back or not.” Leaping down at once from the boulder, the Great Sage dashed into the cave and took off his monster garment. Tucking in his silk shirt and tightly fastening his tiger-skin kilt, he walked right out of the door holding his iron rod. Startled, the various monkeys barred the way and asked, “Father Great Sage, where are you going? Isn’t it better that you look after us and have fun with us for a few more years?” Pilgrim said, “Little ones, watch what you are saying. My accompaniment of the Tang Monk is no private matter, for Heaven and Earth know that Sun Wukong is his disciple. He didn’t banish me back here; he told me to come home and relax a little before joining him again. That’s what this whole thing is about. You all must take good care of our property and don’t fail to plant the willows and the pines in due seasons. Wait till I finish accompanying the Tang Monk and taking the scriptures back to the Land of the East.

After that merit is achieved, I’ll return to enjoy the joys of nature with you.”

Each monkey obeyed the instructions.

The Great Sage then mounted the clouds with Eight Rules to leave the cave and cross the Great Eastern Ocean. When they reached the western shore, he stopped the

cloudy luminosity, saying, "Brother, please stop for a moment and let me go down to the ocean to clean up my body."

"We are in a hurry," said Eight Rules. "Why do you need to clean up your body?" Pilgrim said, "You have no idea that the few days since I went back there have caused me to pick up some monster odor. Master loves cleanliness, and I fear that he might be disgusted with me." Only then did Eight Rules fully realize that Pilgrim was utterly sincere. In a moment the Great Sage finished bathing and mounted the clouds again to proceed westward. Soon they saw the luminescent gold pagoda, to which Eight Rules pointed and said, "Isn't that the house of the Yellow Robe Fiend? Sha Monk is still inside."

"Stay in the air," said Pilgrim, "and let me go down to his door to see what I can do about fighting with the monster."

Eight Rules said, "Don't go, the monster is not at home."

"I know," said Pilgrim. Dear Monkey King! Lowering his auspicious luminosity, he went straight to the entrance of the cave, in front of which he found two young boys playing field hockey. One was about eight or nine years of age, and the other was over ten years old.

As they were playing, Pilgrim rushed forward and, with no regard at all for whichever family they belonged to, grabbed them by the tufts of their hair and picked them up. Terrified, the boys began to brawl and scream so loudly that the little fiends in the Current-Moon Cave ran to report to the princess, saying, "Lady, some unknown person has carried off the two young princes."

The two boys, you see, were the sons of the princess and the monster.

When the princess heard that, she ran out of the cave, where she saw Pilgrim holding the two boys. Standing on top of a cliff, he was about to dash them to the ground below. "Hey, you!" screamed the horrified princess. "I have no quarrel with you. Why did you take them away? Their old man is rather mean, and if anything happens to them, he won't let you get away with it."

"You don't recognize me?" said Pilgrim. "I'm Pilgrim Sun Wukong, the eldest disciple of the Tang Monk. My younger brother, Sha Monk, is in your cave."

You go and release him, and I'll return these boys to you; two for one, you're getting a bargain already." When the princess heard what he said, she went quickly inside and told the few little monsters guarding the door to step aside. With her own hands, she untied Sha Monk. "Princess, you'd better not untie me," said Sha Monk. "When your fiend comes home and demands the prisoner from you, I fear that you would take the blame again."

The princess said, "Elder, you are my benefactor; not only did you send a letter to my home in my behalf, but you also saved my life. I was trying to think of a way to release you when your eldest brother Sun Wukong showed up at the door of our cave. He told me to release you."

Holla! When Sha Monk heard the name of Sun Wukong, he felt as if his head had been anointed with mellow wine, as if his heart had been moistened with sweet dew. Joy flooded his countenance; his whole face lit up with spring. He did not behave like someone who heard the announcement of a person's arrival, but rather like someone who had just discovered a block of gold or jade. Look at him! Flapping his

hands to brush off the dust on his clothes, he ran out the door and bowed to Pilgrim, saying, "Elder Brother, you have truly descended from Heaven! Save me, I beseech you."

"O, you Sandy Bonze!" said Pilgrim with a chuckle. "When Master recited the Tight-Fillet Spell, were you willing to say a word for me? You were just as much a braggart! Why aren't you accompanying Master to go to the West? What are you squatting here for?"

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "no need to talk like that anymore. A gentleman forgives and forgets. We are commanders of a defeated army, hardly worthy to speak of courage. Please save us." Pilgrim said, "Come up," and Sha Monk leaped up to the cliff.

When Eight Rules, who was standing in midair, saw Sha Monk coming out of the cave, he dropped down from the clouds, crying, "Brother Sha! You've had a hard time!" Seeing him, Sha Monk said, "Second Elder Brother, where did you come from?"

Eight Rules said, "After I was defeated yesterday, I went into the city at night where I learned from the white horse that Master was in great difficulty. He was changed into a tiger by the magic of Yellow Robe. The white horse suggested to me that I should go ask Big Brother to come back."

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "let's not chitchat. Each of you take one of these boys and go into the Precious Image City to provoke the fiend to come here, so that I can slay him."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "how do you want us to provoke him?" Pilgrim said, "The two of you should mount the clouds and stand above the Palace of the Golden Chimes. Don't bother about the consequence: just hurl the boys down to the ground before the white jade steps. If anyone asks you whose kids they are, just tell them that they are the sons of the Yellow Robe monster caught by the two of you. When the fiend hears this, he will certainly want to return here. I don't want to fight with him inside the city because our battle will scatter cloud and mist, throw up dirt and dust. The officials of the court and the city's whole populace will then be disturbed."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules with a giggle, "the moment you do anything, you start to bamboozle us."

"What do you mean?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules replied, "These two kids, after having been seized by you like that, are already shocked beyond cure. Just now they cried till they became voiceless; after awhile, they will die for sure. If we hurl them to the ground from the air, they'll turn into meat patties. You think the fiend will let us go once he catches up with us? He will surely make us pay with our lives, while you get away scot free. There's not even a witness against you! Aren't you bamboozling us?"

"If he tangles with the two of you," said Pilgrim, "just lure him here. We have a smooth and wide battlefield at this place, and I'll be waiting for him."

"Exactly, exactly," said Sha Monk. "Big Brother is right. Let's go." Riding on the power and assurance of Pilgrim, the two of them picked up the boys and left.

Pilgrim leaped down from the boulder and went before the door of the pagoda. "Hey, Monk," said the princess, "you are completely untrustworthy. You said that you would give me back my boys once your younger brother was released. Now that he is, you are still detaining my boys. What are you doing here instead?" Pilgrim smiled at her

and said, "Don't be offended, princess. You have been here for a long time, and I thought that we should take your sons to present them to their maternal grandfather."

The princess said, "Monk, you'd better behave! My husband, Yellow Robe, is no ordinary person. If you have frightened my boys, you should try to comfort them first."

"Princess," said Pilgrim with a chuckle, "do you know what is considered a crime for a human being living in this world?"

"I do," said the princess. Pilgrim said, "You are a woman! What do you know?"

"Since the time of my youth in the palace," said the princess, "I was taught by my parents. I recall an ancient book said, 'Set against the Five Punishments are some three thousand crimes, but none is greater than an unfilial act.'"

Pilgrim said, "You are precisely an unfilial person. Remember:

*O my father, who begot me!
O my mother, who had nursed me! . . .
Pity my father and mother,
How hard they toiled to bear me!*

Therefore, filial piety is the foundation of a hundred virtuous acts, the source of all morality. How could you entrust your body to be the mate of a monster-spirit and not think of your parents at all? Haven't you committed the crime of an unfilial act?" When the princess heard these words of rectitude, she was so embarrassed that she blushed for a long time before blurting out her reply, saying, "The words of the elder are most righteous. How could I not think of my parents? But all my troubles began when the monster kidnapped me here. His orders are very strict, and I cannot travel at all. The distance, furthermore, is great and there is no one able to send word for me. I wanted to commit suicide, but I was afraid that my parents would suspect that I had eloped with someone, and the whole matter would not be cleared up. I had, therefore, no alternative but to prolong my fragile existence. Indeed, I am a great criminal in this whole wide world!" When she finished speaking, tears streamed down her face.

Pilgrim said, "Princess, there's no need for you to be sorrowful. Zhu Eight Rules did tell me that you wrote a letter and you saved my master's life. You did express your thoughts for your parents in the letter. Now that old Monkey has arrived, you may be assured that he will catch the monster for you and bring him back to court to see the Throne. You can then find a worthy mate and look after your parents in their old age. How about it?"

"Monk," said the princess, "don't look for certain death. Those two younger brothers of yours were quite tough, but they could not overcome my husband, Yellow Robe, during the fight yesterday. Now look at you! You look like a ghost with more tendons than bones! You look like a crab or a walking skeleton! What kind of ability do you have that you dare speak of catching the monster?" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "You really don't have much judgment, and you can't discriminate between persons. As the common saying has it,

*A urine bladder, though large, has no weight;
A steelyard weight, though small, licks a thousand pounds.*

They may look big, but they are useless: creating wind resistance as they walk and wasting cloth when they put on clothes. They may be big as a mountain but they are hollow inside; their heads may touch door frames but they are slack of torsos; and they

may eat a lot but food won't do them any good. I, old Monkey, am small, all right, but hardy."

"You really have the skills?" asked the princess. "Nothing that you have ever seen," said Pilgrim, "but I specialize in subduing monsters and taming demons."

"You'd better not get me into trouble," said the princess. "Certainly not," said Pilgrim. "If you are able to subdue monsters and tame demons," said the princess, "how will you go about catching him?" Pilgrim said, "You'd better be out of sight, or else I can't really move when he gets here. I'm afraid that you still have a lot of feelings for him and can't give him up."

"What do you mean by not giving him up?" said the princess. "My remaining here is not of my choice!"

"If you have been husband and wife for thirteen years," said Pilgrim, "you can't be wholly without affection. But when I see him, I won't be fooling around: a stroke of the rod will be a stroke, and a punch will be a punch. I have to slay him before I can take you back to court to see the Throne."

The princess indeed followed Pilgrim's advice and went off to a secluded spot. Her marriage to the monster, moreover, was fated to end, and that was why the Great Sage made his appearance. After he had the princess hidden, the Monkey King shook his body once and changed into the form of the princess to enter the cave and wait for the monster.

We tell you now about Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who took the two boys to the Precious Image Kingdom and dashed them to the ground before the white jade steps. Alas! They were reduced to two meat patties; their bones were all crushed and blood splattered all over. "Terrible! Terrible!" cried the officials in court. "Two persons have been thrown down from the sky!"

"These boys," shouted Eight Rules from above, "are the sons of the monster, Yellow Robe. They were caught by old Hog and Brother Sha." Still under the effect of wine, the fiend was sleeping in the Silver Peace Palace when he heard someone shouting his name. He turned over and looked up: there were Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk standing on the edge of the clouds hollering. The monster thought to himself:

"If it were just Zhu Eight Rules, I could understand this, but Sha Monk was tied up in my house. How could he get here? Why would my wife let him go? How could my boys land in their hands? Could it be that Zhu Eight Rules, fearful of my unwillingness to do battle with him, is using this to trick me? I can take the bait and go fight with him. Hey! I'm still hungover. If he gives me a whack with his rake, I'll lose all my credibility. Let me go home first and see if they are indeed my sons or not. Then I can speak to these monks."

Dear monster! Without taking leave of the king, he headed straight for his cave in the mountain forest to investigate. At this time, people in the court knew full well that he was indeed a monster. For, you see, he ate one of the palace maids during the night, but the seventeen others who escaped made a thorough report to the king after the hour of the fifth watch. Since he left so abruptly, they knew all the more that he was without doubt a monster. All the king could do was to order the many officials to guard the specious tiger, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We now tell you about the fiend, who went back to the cave. When Pilgrim saw him arriving, he at once devised a plan of deception.

He blinked a few times and tears began to fall like rain; stamping his feet, pounding his chest, and calling for the boys all the time, he bawled lustily in the cave. So sudden an encounter made it impossible for the fiend to recognize that this was not his wife. He went forward instead and embraced Pilgrim, saying, "Mistress, why are you so upset?" With artful invention, with imaginative fable, the Great Sage said tearfully, "Dear Husband! As the proverb says,

*If a man has no wife, his wealth has no boss;
If a girl has no mate, she's completely lost!*

After you went into court yesterday to present yourself to the kinfolds, why didn't you return? This morning Zhu Eight Rules came back and robbed us of Sha Monk. Furthermore, they took away our two boys by force despite my desperate pleadings. They said that they would also bring the boys into court to present them to their maternal grandfather. Half a day has gone by already and there's no sight of our boys or even news of whether they are alive or dead. And you didn't turn up until just now. How could I part with my babies? That's why I'm so broken up." When the fiend heard those words, he grew very angry, saying, "Did that really happen to my sons?"

"Yes," said Pilgrim, "and they were taken away by Zhu Eight Rules."

The demon was so incensed that he jumped about madly, crying, "Undone! Undone! My sons have been dashed to death by him! They can't be revived! The only thing left is to catch that monk and make him pay with his life. Mistress, don't cry. How do you feel now? Let's take care of you first."

"I'm all right," said Pilgrim, "but I miss my babies so much, and all that weeping has caused my heart to ache."

"No need to worry," said the demon. "Get up first. I have a treasure here; all you need to do is to rub it on the painful spot and it will not hurt anymore. But you must be careful not to fillip your thumb onto the treasure, for if you do, my true form will reveal itself." When Pilgrim heard this, he said, smiling, to himself, "This brazen creature! He's quite honest; even without torture he has made a confession already. Wait till he brings out his treasure. I'm going to strike at it with my thumb and see what kind of monster he is." Leading Pilgrim, the fiend took his companion into the murky depth of the cave before spitting out from his mouth a treasure having the size and shape of a chicken egg. It was an internal elixir, formed crystalline white like a śarīra.

Secretly delighted, Pilgrim said to himself, "Marvelous thing! God knows how many sedentary exercises had been performed, how many years of trials and sufferings had elapsed, how many times the union of male and female forces had taken place before this śarīra of internal elixir was formed. What great affinity it has today that it should encounter old Monkey!"

The monkey took it over. Of course, he did not have any pain, but he rubbed it deliberately on his body somewhere before filliping his thumb at it. Alarmed, the fiend immediately stretched forth his hand to try to snatch it away. Think of it! This monkey is just too slick and shifty a character! He popped the treasure in his mouth and with one gulp swallowed it whole. The demon raised his fist and punched at him, only to be parried by the arm of Pilgrim. With his other hand, Pilgrim wiped his own face once and changed back to his original appearance, crying, "Monster, don't be unruly! Take a look! Who am I?" When the fiend saw what he saw, he was greatly shaken, saying "Gosh, Mistress! How did you manage to bring out a face like that?"

“You impudent imp!” chided Pilgrim. “Who’s your mistress? You can’t even recognize your own ancestor!” Suddenly comprehending, the fiend said, “I think I know you.” Pilgrim said, “I won’t hit you just yet, take another look.”

The fiend said, “Though you do look familiar, I just can’t think of your name at the moment. Who indeed are you? Where do you come from? Where have you moved my wife? How dare you come to my house to cheat me of my treasure? This is most reprehensible!”

“So you don’t recognize me,” said Pilgrim. “I am the eldest disciple of the Tang Monk, and my name is Pilgrim Sun Wukong. I’m also your old ancestor of five hundred years ago!”

The fiend said, “No such thing! No such thing! When I caught the Tang Monk, I found out that he had only two disciples named Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk. No one had ever mentioned that there was someone by the name of Sun.

You must be a fiend from somewhere who came here to deceive me.”

“The reason why I didn’t accompany the two of them,” said Pilgrim, “was because my habitual slaying of monsters had offended my master. A kind and compassionate person, he dismissed me when I slaughtered one too many. That’s why I was not traveling with him. Are you still ignorant of your ancestor’s name?”

“How feckless you are!” said the fiend. “If you were banished by your master, how could you have the gumption to face people here?” Pilgrim said, “You impudent creature! You wouldn’t know about the sentiment of ‘Once a teacher, always a father,’ nor would you know that ‘Between father and son, there’s no overnight enmity.’ If you plan to harm my master, you think I wouldn’t come to rescue him? And you didn’t stop at that; you even abused me behind my back. What have you got to say to that?”

“Since when did I abuse you?” asked the fiend. Pilgrim replied, “Zhu Eight Rules said you did.”

“Don’t believe him,” said the fiend.

“That Zhu Eight Rules, with his pointed snout, has a tongue like an old maid’s! Why do you listen to him?”

“No need for such idle talk,” said Pilgrim. “I’ll just say that during old Monkey’s visit to your house today, you have not shown your distant guest sufficient hospitality. Though you may not have food and wine to entertain your visitor, you have a head. Stick it over here quickly and let old Monkey beat it once with the rod. I’ll consider that my taking tea.” When the fiend heard this, he roared with laughter, saying, “Pilgrim Sun, you’ve miscalculated! If you wanted to fight, you shouldn’t have followed me here. The various imps under my command, young and old, number in the hundreds. Though you may have arms all over your body, you won’t be able to fight your way out.” Pilgrim said, “Don’t talk rot! And don’t mention a few hundreds! Even if you have hundreds of thousands, just call them up one by one and I’ll slay them. Every stroke of my rod will find its mark. I guarantee that they will be wiped out! Exterminated!” When the monster heard these words, he quickly gave the order and called up all the monsters before and behind the mountain, all the fiends in and out of the cave. Each holding weapons, they lined up thickly and completely barricaded the several doors inside the cave. When Pilgrim saw this, he was delighted. Gripping his rod with both hands, he shouted “Change!” and changed at once into a person having three heads and six arms. One wave of the golden-hooped rod and it changed into three

golden-hooped rods. Look at him! Six arms wielding the three rods, he plunged into the crowd—like a tiger mauling a herd of sheep, like an eagle alighting on chicken coops. Pity those little fiends! One touch, and heads were smashed to pieces! One brush, and blood flowed like water! He charged back and forth, as if he had invaded an uninhabited region. When he finished, there was only one old monster left, who chased him out the door, crying, “You brazen ape! You are nasty and noxious! You dare oppress people right at their own door!” Spinning around, Pilgrim waved at him, crying, “Come! Come! It’s no merit until I’ve struck you down.” Lifting his scimitar, the monster aimed at his opponent’s head and hacked away, as dear Pilgrim brandished the iron rod to face him. This time they fought on top of the mountain, halfway between mist and cloud.

*Great Sage had great magic power;
The demon had vast abilities.
This one struck sideways with the raw iron rod;
That one raised aslant the steel scimitar.
The scimitar rose softly, and bright mist glowed;
The rod parried lightly, and colored clouds flew.
Back and forth it circled to protect the head;
Round and round it turned to guard the body.
One followed the wind to change his looks;
One shook his body standing on the ground.
This one widened his fiery eyes and stretched his simian arms;
That one flared his golden pupils and bent his tigerlike waist.
Coming and going, they fought round and round—
Rod and scimitar giving blow for blow.
The Monkey King’s rod conformed to battle art;
The fiend’s scimitar followed the rules of war.
One had always worked his skills to be a demon-lord;
One had used his vast power to guard the Tang Monk.
The fierce Monkey King became more fierce;
The violent monster grew more violent.
Heedless of life or death they fought in the air,
All for Tang Monk’s quest for Buddha from afar.*

The two of them fought for over fifty rounds, but a decision could not be reached. Secretly pleased, Pilgrim thought to himself, “The scimitar of this brazen monster is quite a match for the rod of old Monkey! Let me pretend to blunder and see if he can detect it.”

Dear Monkey King! He raised the rod above his head with both his hands, using the style of “Tall-Testing the Horse.”

The fiend did not perceive that it was a trick. When he saw that there was a chance, he wielded the scimitar and slashed at the lower third of Pilgrim’s body. Pilgrim quickly employed the “Great Middle Level” to fend off the scimitar, after which he followed up with the style of “Stealing Peaches beneath the Leaves” and brought the rod down hard on the monster’s head. This one blow made the monster vanish completely. He retrieved his rod to look around, but the monster-spirit was nowhere to be seen. Greatly startled, Pilgrim said, “O my child! You can’t take much beating! One stroke, and you’re dead! But even if you were beaten to death, there had to be some blood or pus left. Why isn’t there a trace of you? You must have escaped, I suppose.” Leaping up quickly to the edge of the clouds, he stared in all four directions, but there was not the

faintest movement anywhere. “These two eyes of old Monkey,” he said, “can see everything anywhere. How could he vanish just like that? Ah, I know! That fiend said that he recognized me somewhat, and that meant that he couldn’t possibly be an ordinary monster of this world. Most likely he was a spirit from Heaven.” Unable to suppress his anger, the Great Sage somersaulted all at once and leaped up to the South Heavenly Gate, wielding his iron rod. Pang, Liu, Gou, Bi, Zhang, Tao, Deng, Xin, and the other celestial captains, were so startled that they bowed on both sides of the gate and dared not stop him. He fought his way in and arrived before the Hall of Perfect Light. Zhang, Ge, Xu, and Qiu, the Celestial Masters, asked him, “Why did the Great Sage come here?”

“Because I accompanied the Tang Monk until the Precious Image Kingdom,” said Pilgrim, “where there was a demon who had seduced the princess and sought to harm my master. Old Monkey waged a contest with him, but as we were fighting I suddenly lost him. I don’t think he’s an ordinary fiend of Earth; he has to be a spirit from Heaven. I came especially to investigate whether any monster deity has left the ranks.” When the Celestial Masters heard this, they entered the Hall of Divine Mists to make the report, and an order immediately was issued to take the roll among the Nine Luminaries, the Twelve Branches, the Five Planets of the Five Quarters, the numerous gods of the Milky Way, the Gods of the Five Mountains, and the Four Rivers. Every one of the Heavenly deities was present, for none dared to leave his post. The investigation was then extended beyond the Big Dipper Palace, and the count, back and forth among the Twenty-eight Constellations, had turned up only twenty-seven members. Revatī, the Wood-Wolf Star, was missing.

The Preceptors returned to report to the Throne, saying “Revatī, the Wood-Wolf Star, has left for the Region Below.”

The Jade Emperor said, “For how long has he been away from Heaven?”

“He was absent for four muster-roll calls,” said the Preceptors. “The roll is taken once every three days, so today is the thirteenth day.”

“The thirteenth day in Heaven,” said the Jade Emperor, “is the thirteenth year on Earth.”

He thereupon gave the order for the Star’s own department to recall him back to Heaven.

After having received the decree, the Twenty-seven Constellations went out of the Heavenly Gate and each of them recited a spell, which aroused Revatī. “Where was he hiding?” you ask. The Star, actually, had been a celestial warrior who was terror stricken when the Great Sage caused great disturbance in Heaven previously. Just now, the Star hid himself in a mountain stream, and the water vapor had covered up his monster-cloud. That was why he could not be seen. Only when he heard his own colleagues reciting their spells did he dare emerge and follow the crowd to return to the Region Above. He was met by the Great Sage at the gate, who wanted to hit him, but fortunately the other Stars managed to put a stop to it. He was then taken to see the Jade Emperor. Taking out the golden plaque from his waist, the fiend knelt below the steps of the hall and kowtowed, admitting his guilt.

“Revatī, the Wood-Wolf Star,” said the Jade Emperor, “there is boundless beauty in the Region Above. Instead of enjoying this, you chose to visit in secret another region. Why?”

“Your Majesty,” said Revatī the Star, kowtowing, “please pardon the mortal offense of your subject. The princess of the Precious Image Kingdom is no ordinary mortal; she is actually the jade girl in charge of incense in the Spread Incense Hall. She wanted to have an affair with your subject, who was afraid, however, that this act would defile the noble region of the Celestial Palace. Longing for the world, she went first to the Region Below where she assumed human form in the imperial palace. Your subject, not wanting to disappoint her, changed himself into a demon. After I occupied a famous mountain, I abducted her to my cave dwelling where we became husband and wife for thirteen years. Thus ‘not even a sup or a bite is not foreordained,’ and it is fated that Great Sage Sun should accomplish his merit at this time.” When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he ordered that the Star’s golden plaque be taken away from him; he was then banished to the Tushita Palace to be a paid fire-tender for Laozi, with the stipulation that he would be restored to his rank if he made merit, and that he would be punished further if he did not.

When Pilgrim saw how the Jade Emperor disposed of the matter, he was so pleased that he bowed deeply to the Throne. Then he said to the other deities, “All of you, thanks for taking the trouble.”

“This ape,” said one of the Masters, laughing, “is still so uncouth! We have taken captive for him the monster-god, and instead of showing his gratitude to the Heavenly Grace properly, he leaves after only taking a bow.”

The Jade Emperor said, “We count it our good fortune already if he doesn’t start any trouble and leaves Heaven in peace.” Lowering the direction of his auspicious luminosity, the Great Sage went back directly to the Current-Moon Cave of the Casserole Mountain, where he found the princess. As he was just giving her an account of all that went before, they heard Eight Rules and Sha Monk shouting in midair, “Elder Brother, save a few monster-spirits for us to beat, too.”

“They are all finished,” said Pilgrim. “In that case,” said Sha Monk, “nothing should detain us here. Let’s bring the princess back to court. Brothers, let’s do the magic of Shortening the Ground.”

All the princess heard was the rushing of wind, and in a moment, they were back in the city. The three of them brought the princess up to the Palace of the Golden Chimes, where she bowed reverently to her parents and met again her sisters. Thereafter, the various officials all came to pay their respects. “We are truly beholden to Elder Sun,” said the princess to the Throne, “whose boundless dharma power subdued the Yellow Robe Fiend and brought me back to our kingdom.”

“What kind of monster is that Yellow Robe?” asked the king. Pilgrim said, “The son-in-law of Your Majesty happens to be the Star Revatī from the Region Above, and your daughter was the jade girl in charge of incense. Because of her longing for the world, they both descended to Earth to assume human forms. It was no small thing that they should consummate a marriage contracted in their previous existence. When old Monkey went to the Celestial Palace to report to the Jade Emperor, it was discovered that the fiend had not answered the muster-roll for four times. This meant that he had left Heaven for thirteen days, and correspondingly thirteen years had passed on Earth, for a day in Heaven is a year down here. The Jade Emperor ordered the Constellations of his department to recall him to the Region Above, where he was then banished to work for further merit in the Tushita Palace. Old Monkey was then able to bring back your daughter.”

After the king had thanked Pilgrim for his kindness, he said, "Let's go and take a look at your master."

The three disciples followed the king and descended from the treasure hall to go into one of the chambers in the court, where the officials brought out the iron cage and loosened the chains on the specious tiger. Everyone still saw the tiger as a tiger, but Pilgrim alone saw him as a man. The master, you see, was imprisoned by diabolical magic; though he understood everything, he could neither walk nor open his eyes or mouth. "Master," said Pilgrim, laughing, "you are a good monk. How did you manage to end up with a fearsome look like that? You blamed me for working evil and violence and banished me. You claimed that you wanted to practice virtue single-mindedly. How did you acquire such features all at once?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "please save him. Don't just ridicule him."

"You pick on me in everything," said Pilgrim, "and you are his favorite disciple. Why don't you save him? Why do you ask old Monkey instead? Remember what I said originally, that after I had subdued the monster to avenge myself from his abuse, I would go back." Sha Monk drew near and knelt down, saying, "Elder Brother, the ancients said, 'If you don't regard the priest, do regard the Buddha.' If you are here, I beseech you to save him. If we could do so, we wouldn't have traveled all that distance to plead with you." Raising him with his hands, Pilgrim said, "How could I possibly be content not to save him? Get me some water, quick!"

Eight Rules rushed back to the post-house and took out the purple gold alms bowl from the luggage. He returned and handed to Pilgrim the bowl half-filled with water. As he took the water in his hand, Pilgrim recited a magic spell and spat a mouthful of water on the tiger. At once the diabolical magic was dispelled and the tigerish illusion was broken.

After the elder had appeared in his original body, he recovered sufficiently to open his eyes and recognize Pilgrim, whom he took hold of with his hands immediately. "Wukong," he cried, "where did you come from?" Standing to one side, Sha Monk gave a thorough account of what had taken place, and Tripitaka was filled with gratitude, saying, "Worthy disciple, I owe you everything! I owe you everything! Let's hope that we'll reach the West soon. When we return to the Land of the East, I'll report to the Tang emperor that yours is the highest merit."

"Don't mention it! Don't mention it!" said Pilgrim with laughter. "Just don't recite that little something, and your living kindness will be most appreciated." When the king heard this, he also gave thanks to all four of them before preparing a huge vegetarian banquet for them in the Eastern Palace. After they had enjoyed these royal favors, master and disciples took leave of the king and headed for the West. The king led all his ministers through great distance to send them off. So it was that

The king returned to the palace, his empire secured;

The monk went to worship Buddha at Thunderclap.

We do not know what took place thereafter or when they would reach the Western Heaven; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-TWO

*On Level-Top Mountain the sentinel brings a message
At Lotus-Flower Cave Wood Mother meets disaster*

We were telling you about the Tang Monk, who acquired again the service of Pilgrim Sun; master and disciples thereupon embarked on the road to the West, united once more in heart and mind. After they had rescued the princess of the Precious Image Kingdom and been sent off by its king and officials, they journeyed without ceasing, taking food and drink when they hungered and thirsted, resting by night and traveling by day. Soon it was again the time of Triple Spring, a season when

*Light breezes blow on willow green as silk,
A lovely scene most fit for verse.
The times hasten bird songs;
The warmth kindles flowers,
Fragrant blooms all around.
A pair of swallows comes to the apple court,
Just in time to enjoy spring:
Red dust on purple paths,
Strings, pipes, and the silk gowns,
Games and passing the wine cups.*

As master and disciples walked and enjoyed the scenery, they found another mountain barring their way. “Disciples,” said the Tang Monk, “please be careful. We have a tall mountain before us, and I fear that tigers and wolves might be here to obstruct us.”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “a man who has left the family should not speak as those who remain in the family. Don’t you remember the words of the *Heart Sūtra* given to you by that Crow’s Nest Priest:

‘No hindrances, and therefore, no terror or fear; he is far removed from error and delusion’? Only you must

*Sweep away the filth of your mind,
And wash off the dust by your ears.
Not tasting the most painful of pain,
You’ll never be a man among men.*

You mustn’t worry, for if you have old Monkey, everything will be all right even if the sky collapses. Don’t be afraid of any tiger or wolf!” Pulling in the reins of his horse, the elder said, “Since I

*Departed Chang’an that year by decree,
My sole thought fixed on Buddha in the West—
That bright, golden image in Śārī-land,
Those jade-white brows in the pagoda blessed.
I searched through this world’s waters without name;
I climbed all the mountains unscaled by man.
Fold upon fold the mists and waves extend,
When can I myself true leisure attain?”*

When Pilgrim heard what he said, he roared with laughter, saying, “If Master wants true leisure, it’s not that difficult! When you achieve your merit, then all the nidānas will cease and all forms will be but emptiness. At that time, leisure will come to you most naturally.”

Hearing these words, the elder had to be content to put aside his anxiety and urge his horse on. Master and disciples began to ascend the mountain, which was truly rugged and treacherous. Marvelous mountain!

*The tall, rugged peak;
The sharp, pointed summit.
Within the deep, winding brook—
Beside the lone, rugged cliff—
Within the deep, winding brook
You hear water loudly splashing as a serpent turns;
Beside the lone, rugged cliff
You see the big mountain tiger wagging its tail.
Look above:
The jutting peaks stab through the green sky.
Turn your eyes:
The canyon’s deep and dark as the empyrean.
Start climbing:
It’s like a ladder, a stair.
Walk down there:
It’s like a moat, a ditch.
It’s truly a weird, hillocked range;
It’s indeed a steep-banked precipice.
On top of the hillocked range
The herb-picker is wary of walking;
Before the precipice
The woodsman finds it hard to move an inch!
Foreign goats and wild horses madly gallop;
Wily hares and mountain bulls seem to form in ranks.
The mountain’s height does hide the sun and stars;
One often meets strange creatures and white wolves.
Through dense grassy path the horse can hardly pass.
How could one see Buddha at Thunderclap?*

As the elder pulled back his horse to survey this mountain, which was so difficult to ascend, he saw a woodcutter standing on the green slope above. “How was he dressed?” you ask.

*His head wore an old rain hat of blue felt;
He had on him a monk-robe of black wool.
The old rain hat of blue felt:
Indeed a rare thing to ward off sunlight and mists;
The monk-robe of black wool:
A sign of utter contentment rarely seen.
His hands held a steel ax polished highly;
He tied his machete-cut firewood firmly.
The spring hues at the ends of his pole*

*Quietly overflowed in all four seasons;
His carefree life as a recluse
Had always been blessed by the Three Stars.
He resigned himself to grow old in his lot.
What glory or shame could invade his world?*

That woodcutter

*Was just chopping firewood before the slope,
When the elder came abruptly from the East.
He stopped his ax to go out of the woods
And walked with big strides up the rocky ledge.*

In a severe voice, he cried out to the elder, “The elder who is going toward the West, please stop for a moment. I have something to tell you. There is a bunch of vicious demons and cruel monsters in this mountain devoted to eating travelers who come from the East and go toward the West.” When the elder heard what he said, his spirit left him and his soul fled. He shook so violently that he could hardly sit on the saddle.

Turning around quickly, he shouted to his disciples, “Did you hear what the wood-cutter said about the vicious demons and cruel monsters? Which of you dare go and ask him in greater detail?”

“Master, relax!” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey will go and question him thoroughly.”

Dear Pilgrim! He strode up the mountain and addressed the woodcutter as “Big Brother” before bowing to him with folded hands.

The woodcutter returned his greeting, saying, “Elder, why did you people come here?”

“To tell you the truth, Big Brother,” said Pilgrim, “we were sent from the Land of the East to go acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. That one on the horse is my master.

He is rather timid; when he heard just now what you said about vicious demons and cruel monsters, he asked me to question you. For how many years have there been demons and monsters? Are they real professionals, or are they just amateurs? Let Big Brother take the trouble to tell me, so that I may order the mountain god and the local spirit to send them away in custody.” When the woodcutter heard these words, he faced the sky and roared with laughter, saying, “So, you are really a mad monk!”

“I am not mad,” said Pilgrim, “and this is the honest truth.”

“If you are honest,” said the woodcutter, “how dare you talk about sending them away in custody?” Pilgrim said, “The way you are magnifying their power, the way you have stopped us with your foolish announcement and silly report, could it be that you are somehow related to these monsters? If you are not a relative, you must be a neighbor; if not a neighbor, you must be a friend.”

“You mad, impudent monk!” said the woodcutter, laughing. “You are so unreasonable! My intentions were good and that was why I made a special effort to bring this message to you, so that you could take precaution at all times when you journey. Now you are blaming me instead. Let’s not say just yet that I don’t know

anything about the origin of those monsters. But suppose you have found that out, how would you dispose of them? Where would you send them away in custody?"

"If they are demons from Heaven," said Pilgrim, "I'll send them to see the Jade Emperor. If they are demons of Earth, I'll send them to the Palace of Earth. Those of the West will be returned to Buddha; those of the East will be returned to the sages; those of the North will be returned to Zhenwu; those of the South will be returned to Mars.

If they are dragon spirits, they will be sent to the Lords of Oceans; if they are ghosts and ogres, they will be sent to King Yama. Every class has its proper place and direction, and old Monkey is familiar with all of them. All I need to do is to issue a court order, and they will be sent off in a hurry. Even at night!"

The woodcutter could hardly stop his scornful laughter, saying, "You mad, impudent monk! You must have made a pilgrimage to some place and learned some paltry magic of drawing up charms and casting spells with water. You may be able to drive away demons and suppress ghosts, but you have never run into such vicious and cruel monsters."

"In what way are they vicious and cruel?" asked Pilgrim. The woodcutter said, "The length of this mountain range is about six hundred miles, and it's called the Level-Top Mountain.

In the mountain is a cave by the name of Lotus-Flower Cave. There are two old demons in the cave who had portraits made with the intent to catch the priests, and who had names and surnames written down because they insisted on eating the Tang Monk. If you have come from another region, you might get by, but if you are in any way associated with the word 'Tang' you'll never pass here."

"We are exactly those who have come from the Tang court," said Pilgrim. The woodcutter said, "And they specifically want to devour you."

"Lucky! Lucky!" said Pilgrim. "How would they like to eat us?"

"Why do you ask?" said the woodcutter. "If they want to eat me headfirst," said Pilgrim, "it's still manageable, but if they want to eat me feetfirst, it'll be more bothersome."

The woodcutter asked, "What's the difference between eating you headfirst and feetfirst?"

"You haven't experienced this," replied Pilgrim. "If he eats me headfirst, one bite will kill me, of course. Even if he were to fry, saute, braise, or boil me thereafter, I wouldn't know the pain. But if he eats me feetfirst, he can start by munching on my shanks and then proceed to gnaw on my thighs. He can devour me up to my pelvic bones, and I still might not die in a hurry. Will I not be left to suffer bit by bit? That's why it is bothersome."

"Monk," said the woodcutter, "he is not going to spend all that effort on you. All he wants is to catch you and have you bound in a large steamer. Once you are cooked, he'll eat you whole!"

"That's even better! That's even better!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "There won't be pain; I have to endure a little stuffiness, that's all."

"Don't be so sassy, monk," said the woodcutter, "for those monsters have with them five treasures which possess tremendous magic powers. Even if you happen to be the jade pillar that holds up the sky, or the golden bridge that spans the ocean, if you

want to protect the priest of the Tang court and pass this place safely, you will have to become a little mad.”

“For how many times?” asked Pilgrim. “At least three or four times,” replied the woodcutter. Pilgrim said, “That’s nothing! Throughout a year, we must have become mad for seven or eight hundred times. These three or four—what’s that to us? A little madness and we are through.”

Dear Great Sage! He was not at all afraid. Eager only to accompany the Tang Monk, he abandoned the woodcutter and returned with big strides to where the horse was standing before the mountain slope. “Master, it’s nothing serious,” he said. “There are a couple of puny monster-spirits, to be sure, but people around here are rather timid and overly concerned. You have me, so why worry? Let’s get going! Let’s get going!” When the elder heard what he said, he had no choice but to proceed. As they walked, the woodcutter vanished.

The elder said, “Why did that woodcutter who brought us the message disappear all at once?”

“Our luck must be rather poor,” said Eight Rules, “we have met a ghost in broad daylight.”

“He must have crawled back into the forest to find firewood,” said Pilgrim. “Let me take a look.”

Dear Great Sage! He opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils to scan the mountain far and near, but there was no trace of the woodcutter. He raised his head and suddenly saw the Day Sentinel on the edge of the clouds. Mounting the clouds, he gave chase immediately, shouting several times, “Clumsy devil!” When he caught up with the deity, he said, “If you had something to say, why didn’t you present yourself and speak plainly? Why did you have to put on all that transformation to make fun of old Monkey?”

The sentinel was so frightened that he bowed before he said, “Great Sage, please do not take offense at my tardiness in bringing you the news. Those fiends do have great magic powers, and they know many ways of transformation. It’s up to you to use all your cleverness, to exercise all your divine intelligence to guard your master carefully. If you are the slightest bit negligent, you can’t get through this road to reach the Western Heaven.” When Pilgrim heard this, he drove away the sentinel, though the words he kept firmly in his mind. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he returned to the mountain. As he saw the elder proceeding with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, he thought to himself, “If I give an honest account of what the sentinel said to Master, he will weep for sure. He’s so weak! If I don’t tell him the truth, I can put something over him and lead him forward. But as the proverb says, ‘Wading suddenly into a swamp, you can’t tell if it’s deep or shallow.’ If Master indeed were to be taken by the monsters, won’t old Monkey be asked to expend his energy again? Let me take good care of Eight Rules instead. I’m going to make him go and wage a battle with those monsters first and see what happens; if he wins, we will consider that to be his merit. If his abilities are no good and he is caught by the monsters, there will still be time for old Monkey to go rescue him. I can display my powers then and further spread my fame.” Using the mind to question the mind, he was thus deliberating with himself:

“I fear that Eight Rules is so lazy that he will refuse to volunteer his service. Master, moreover, is so protective toward him. I’ll have to use some gimmick.”

Dear Great Sage! Look at the chicanery he's resorting to! Rubbing his eyes for awhile, he managed to squeeze out some tears as he walked back facing his master. When Eight Rules saw that, he cried out at once, "Sha Monk, put down your pole. Bring the luggage over here and we two will divide it up."

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "Why divide it up?"

"Divide it!" said Eight Rules.

"You can then go back to the River of Flowing Sand and become a monster again. Old Hog will return to the Old Gao Village to see how my wife is doing; we can sell the white horse and buy a coffin for Master in preparation for his old age. All of us can scatter. Why bother about going to the Western Heaven?" When the elder heard this on the horse, he said, "This coolie! We are still journeying. What's all this babble?"

"Only your son babbles!" said Eight Rules. "Don't you see that Pilgrim Sun is weeping over there as he walks toward us? He's a stalwart warrior who's not afraid of hacking by the ax, burning by fire, or even a pot of boiling oil, one who can penetrate Heaven and pierce the Earth.

Now he has put on a cap of sorrow and arrived gushing tears. It has to be that the mountain is rugged, and that the monsters are truly vicious. How then do you expect weaklings like us to proceed?"

The elder said, "Stop this nonsense! Let me question him and see what he says."

He therefore asked, "Wukong, if you have something to say, let's discuss the matter face to face. Why are you so distressed all by yourself? Are you trying to frighten me with that tearful face of yours?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "just now the one who brought us the message happened to be the Day Sentinel. He said that the monster-spirits were most vicious, making this place a difficult one to pass through. It is indeed a treacherous road through a tall mountain. I don't think we can go through it now; we may as well wait for another time." When the elder heard these words, he was greatly shaken. Tugging at Pilgrim's tiger-skin kilt, he said, "Disciple, we have covered almost half the journey. Why are you speaking such discouraging words?"

"I'm not undevoted to our cause," said Pilgrim, "but I fear that the demons are many and my strength is limited if I have no help. As the saying goes, 'Even if it's a piece of iron in the furnace, how many nails can you beat out of it?'" "Disciple," said the elder, "you have a point there. It is difficult for a single person to handle this matter, for as the military book says, 'The few cannot withstand the many.' But I have Eight Rules and Sha Monk here, both my disciples. I permit you to command and use them as you wish, so that they can serve as your helpers, someone to protect your flank. Only you should work together to clear up a path and lead me across this mountain. Will we not then be attaining the right fruit?"

All that legerdemain of Pilgrim, you see, was aimed at eliciting from the elder these few words. He wiped away his tears, saying, "Master, if you want to cross this mountain, Zhu Eight Rules has to agree to do two things for me. Only then will we have about a third of a chance to get by. If he doesn't agree to help me, you might as well forget about the whole matter."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if we can't do it, let's scatter. Don't drag me down."

“Disciple,” said the elder, “let’s ask your Elder Brother first and see what he wants you to do.” Idiot indeed said to Pilgrim, “Elder Brother, what do you want me to do?”

“The first thing is to look after Master,” said Pilgrim, “and the second is to go patrol the mountain.”

Eight Rules said, “Looking after Master means sitting right here, whereas to patrol the mountain means taking a walk somewhere. Do you want me to sit awhile and walk awhile? How can I do two things at once?”

“I’m not telling you to do two things at once,” said Pilgrim, “but to select one only.”

“That’s easier to decide,” said Eight Rules, chuckling, “but I don’t know what’s involved in looking after Master or in patrolling the mountain. Tell me something of my duties and I can then carry them out accordingly.”

“To look after Master,” said Pilgrim, “means that if he wants to move his bowels, you wait on him; if he wants to journey, you assist him; if he wants to eat, you go to beg for vegetarian food. If he suffers from hunger even slightly, you’ll be beaten; if he pales a little, you’ll be beaten; if he loses some weight, you’ll be beaten.”

Horried, Eight Rules said, “This is terribly difficult! Terribly difficult! To wait on him or to help him to walk—that’s nothing, and even if I have to carry him bodily, it’s still an easy matter. But if he wants to send me to beg for food, I fear that there might be those on this road to the West who won’t recognize that I’m a monk seeking scriptures. They might think that I’m a healthy hog just reaching maturity and then have me surrounded by many people with brooms, rakes, pitchforks, and all. I’ll be taken to their homes, slaughtered, and cured for the new year. Wouldn’t that be like meeting the plague?”

“Then go and patrol the mountain,” said Pilgrim.

“What does that involve?” asked Eight Rules.

Pilgrim replied, “Go into the mountain and find out how many monsters there are, what kind of mountain this is, and what kind of cave there is. We can then make plans to pass through.”

“This is a small thing,” said Eight Rules. “Old Hog will go patrol the mountain.”

Hitching up his garment at once, Idiot held high his muckrake and strode energetically up the road leading into the mountain.

As he watched Eight Rules leave, Pilgrim could not suppress his giggles. “You impudent ape!” scolded the elder. “As a brother, you haven’t shown the least bit of sympathy or kindness. You are constantly envious of one another. With all that base cunning, all those ‘clever words and an ingratiating appearance,’ you have managed to trick him already into the so-called patrolling the mountain. Now you are even mocking him with your laugh!”

“I’m not mocking him,” said Pilgrim, “because there’s another meaning in my laughter. You see that Eight Rules has left, but he will not go to patrol the mountain, nor will he dare to face the monsters. He will go instead somewhere to hide for awhile and then come back to deceive us with some story that he has made up.”

“How do you know that about him?” asked the elder. Pilgrim replied, “I suspect that’s how he will behave. If you don’t believe me, let me follow him and find out. I can also lend him some assistance in subduing the monsters, and see at the same time whether he is earnest in seeking the Buddha.”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said the elder, “but you must not play tricks on him.” Pilgrim agreed and ran up the slope of the mountain. Shaking his body once, he changed into a tiny mole cricket, indeed a delicate and lightsome transformation. You see

*Thin wings dance in the wind without effort;
A small waist sharp as a pin.
He darts through rushes and the floral shades
Faster than even a comet.
Eyes that are shining bright;
A voice that’s soft and faint.
Of insects he’s one of the smallest:
Slender, shapely, and sly.
A few times he rests idle in the secluded woods—
His whole body out of sight,
Lost to a thousand eyes.*

Spreading his wings, he flew with a buzz up there, caught up with Eight Rules, and alighted on his neck beneath the bristles behind his ear. Idiot was intent on traveling; how could he know that someone had landed on his body? After walking for seven or eight miles, he dropped his muckrake, turned around, and faced the direction of the Tang Monk. Gesturing vehemently with hands and feet, he began to let loose a string of abuses. “You doddering old priest!” he said. “You unscrupulous Ban-Horse-Plague! You sissy Sha Monk! All of you are enjoying yourselves, but you trick old Hog into stumping the road. All of us seeking the scriptures hope to attain the right fruit, but you have to make me do this so-called patrolling the mountain. Ha, ha, ha! If there are monsters known to be in this place, we should have taken cover and tried to get by undetected. But that’s not sufficient for you; you have to make me go find them instead! Well, that’s your bad luck! I’m going to find some place and take a nap. When I am through sleeping, I’ll go back and give you a vague story about having patrolled the mountain, and that will be that!” It was the good fortune of the moment for Idiot. As he walked further along, carrying his muckrake, he discovered a clump of red grass in the fold of the mountain. He crawled inside at once and used his muckrake to create for himself some sort of floor mat. Lying down and stretching himself, he said, “O joy! Even that Ban-Horse-Plague is not as comfortable as I am now!”

But Pilgrim, you see, who had stationed himself behind his ear, heard every word. No longer able to contain himself, Pilgrim flew up and decided to badger him a little. With one shake of his body he changed again into a small woodpecker. You see

*A fine bill iron hard and glossy red
And bright, gleaming patterned plumage.
Owning a pair of steel claws sharp as nails,
Famished he fears not quiet woods.
He loves best the dried trunks worm-rotted;
He cares, too, for the lonely old tree.
Round-eyed, fan-tailed, he’s very perky—
His pecking sounds are worth hearing!*

This creature was neither too big nor too small, weighing perhaps only several ounces. Armed with a red bronze-hard bill and black iron claws, he hurtled straight down from the air. Eight Rules was just sleeping soundly with head upturned when his snout received a terrific bite. So startled was Idiot that he scampered up at once, madly shouting, "A monster! A monster! He stabbed me with the lance! Oh, my mouth is sore!"

He rubbed it with his hands and blood spurted out. "That's weird!" he said, "I'm not involved in any happy event. Why has my mouth been painted red?"

He stared at his bloody hands, muttering to himself confusedly, but he could not detect the least trace of movement around him. He said, "There's no monster. Then why was I stabbed by a lance?"

He raised his head to look upward and suddenly discovered a small woodpecker flying in the air. Gritting his teeth, Idiot shouted, "You wretched outcast! Isn't it enough that Ban-Horse-Plague should oppress me? Why must you, too, oppress me? Ah, I know! He must not have recognized that I'm a human, thinking instead that my snout is a charred, rotted tree trunk with worms inside. He's looking for worms to eat and that's why he gives me a bite. Let me hide my snout in my chest."

Tumbling on the ground, Idiot again lay down to sleep. Pilgrim flew down once more and gave the base of his ear another bite.

Alarmed, Idiot jumped up, saying, "This wretched outcast! He's really harassing me! This must be where his nest is located, and he's worried that I have taken his eggs or offspring. That's why he's harassing me. All right! All right! All right! I'm not going to sleep anymore." Poling his rake, he left the red grass meadow and started up the road again. Meanwhile, Pilgrim Sun nearly broke up with amusement, the Handsome Monkey King almost collapsed with laughter. "This coolie!" he said. "Even those wide open eyes couldn't recognize one of his own!"

Dear Great Sage! Shaking his body and changing again into a mole cricket, he attached himself firmly to Idiot's ear once more.

After walking four or five miles deep into the mountain, Idiot came upon in a valley three square slabs of green rock, each about the size of a table. Putting down his rake, Idiot bowed deeply to the rocks. Laughing silently to himself, Pilgrim said, "This Idiot! The rocks are no humans; they know neither how to talk nor how to return his greeting. Why bow to them? That's truly blind homage!"

But Idiot, you see, pretended that the rocks were the Tang Monk, Sha Monk, and Pilgrim. Facing the three of them, Idiot was rehearsing what he would say. Said he, "This time when I go back to see Master, I'll say that there are monsters, should they ask me. And if they ask me what kind of mountain this is, I'll say that it's molded of clay, made of mud, wrought of tin, forged by copper, steamed with flour, plastered with paper, and painted with the brush. If they claim that I'm speaking idiotic words, I'm going to say some more. I'll say that this is a rocky mountain. If they ask me what sort of a cave there is, I'll say there is a rocky cave. If they ask me what kind of doors there are, I'll say there are sheet-iron doors studded with nails. If they ask me how deep is the cave inside, I'll say that there are some three sections in the dwelling. If they persist in trying to learn everything, such as how many nails there are on the door, I'll only say that old Hog is too preoccupied to remember the exact number. Well, now that I have everything all made up, I'm going to go back to hoodwink that Ban-Horse-Plague."

Having fabricated his story, Idiot dragged his rake along to retrace his steps. He did not know, however, that Pilgrim heard everything behind his ear. When Pilgrim saw him turning back, he stretched his wings and flew back first, changing back to his original form to see his master. “Wukong, so you have come back,” said the master. “Why don’t we see Wuneng also?”

“He’s just making up some lies,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “He’ll be here soon.”

The elder said, “A person like him who has his eyes covered by his ears has to be a stupid fellow. What sort of lies can he make up? It’s got to be some hum-buggery of yours again, trying to put the blame on him.”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “you are always covering up his faults. What I have to tell you, however, is based on evidence.”

He thereupon gave a complete account of how Idiot crawled into the clump of grass to sleep and was bitten by the woodpecker, and how he bowed to the rocks and made up the story on monster-spirits in the rocky mountain, in the rocky cave with the sheet-iron doors.

After he finished, Idiot came walking back in a little while. As he was afraid that he might forget what he had made up, he was still rehearsing with head bowed when Pilgrim shouted at him, “Idiot, what are you reciting?” Sticking up his ears so that he could glance around, Eight Rules said, “I’m back at the old homestead!”

He went forward and knelt down, but the elder raised him up, saying, “Disciple, you must be tired!”

“Yes,” said Eight Rules, “the person who walks or climbs mountains is the one most tired.”

“Are there any monsters?” asked the elder. Eight Rules said, “Yes, yes! There is a whole bunch of them!”

“How did they treat you?” asked the elder. Eight Rules said, “They called me Ancestor Hog and Grandfather Hog; they also prepared some vegetarian food and soup noodles for me to eat, saying that they would put on a big parade to take us across this mountain.”

“Could this be your talking in your dreams, after you have fallen asleep in the grass?” asked Pilgrim. When Idiot heard the question, he was so astounded that he almost lost two inches of his height, saying, “O Father! How could he know about my sleeping?” Pilgrim went forward and caught hold of him, saying, “You come over here! Let me ask you!” Idiot became even more alarmed; trembling all over, he said, “You can ask me anything. Why do you have to grab me like that?”

“What kind of a mountain is there?” asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, “It’s a rocky mountain.”

“What kind of a cave?”

“It’s a rocky cave,” he said. “What kind of doors are there?” Pilgrim asked. “There are sheet-iron doors studded with nails,” he said. “How deep is the cave inside?”

“There are three sections inside,” he said. “No need for you to say any more,” said Pilgrim. “I can remember the last part quite clearly, but because I fear that Master still won’t believe me, I’ll say that for you.”

“You sneak!” said Eight Rules. “You didn’t even go with me! What do you know that you can say for me?”

“How many nails are there on the doors?” said Pilgrim, laughing, “Just say that old Hog is too preoccupied to remember clearly. Isn’t that about right?” Idiot was so frightened that he fell on his knees at once. Pilgrim said, “You bowed to the rocks and began speaking to them as if they were the three of us. Isn’t that right? You also said, ‘Let me make up this story so that I can go hoodwink that Ban-Horse-Plague.’ Isn’t that right also?”

“Elder Brother,” said Idiot, kowtowing unceasingly, “could it be that you accompanied me when I went to patrol the mountain?”

“You overstuffed coolie!” scolded Pilgrim. “This is an important area. We asked you to go patrol the mountain, and you went to sleep instead. If the woodpecker hadn’t jabbed you up, you would still be sleeping there. After you were roused, you even made up such a big lie. You could completely ruin our important enterprise, couldn’t you? Stick out your shanks at once, and you’ll receive five strokes of the rod as a keepsake.”

Horrified, Eight Rules said, “That funeral staff is very heavy: a little touch and my skin will collapse, a little brush and my tendons will snap. Five strokes mean certain death for me.” Pilgrim said, “If you are afraid of being beaten, why do you lie?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “it’s just this once. I’ll never dare do that again.”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, “I’ll give you just three strokes this time.”

“O Father!” said Eight Rules. “I can’t even bear half a stroke!” Without any alternative, Idiot caught hold of the master and said, “You must speak for me.”

The elder said, “When Wukong told me that you were making up this lie, I would not believe him. Now that it is really so, you certainly deserve to be beaten. But we are trying to cross this mountain at the moment, and we need everyone we can use. So Wukong, you may as well spare him now. Let’s cross the mountain first, and then you can beat him.” Pilgrim said, “The ancients said, ‘To obey the sentiments of one’s parents is to perform a great filial act.’ If Master tells me not to beat you, I’ll spare you for the moment. You must go to patrol the mountain again. If you start lying and botch things up once more, I’ll not spare you from even one stroke!” Idiot had no choice but to scamper up and leave on the main road. Look at him! As he walked along this time, he was haunted by suspicion, supposing with every step of the way that the transformed Pilgrim was following him. As soon as he came upon an object or thing, he would immediately suspect that it was Pilgrim. After he had gone for about seven or eight miles, he saw a tiger running across the slope. Undaunted, he lifted up his muckrake and said, “Elder Brother, did you come again to listen to my fibs? I told you I wouldn’t do that anymore.”

As he walked further, a violent mountain gust toppled a dead tree, which rolled up to him. Pounding his chest and stamping his feet, he cried, “Elder Brother! Why did you do this? I told you I would not try to deceive you anymore. Why did you have to change into a tree to strike at me?”

He proceeded still further and saw in the air a white-necked old crow, which squawked several times overhead. He said again, “Elder Brother, aren’t you ashamed of yourself? I told you I wouldn’t lie anymore.

Why did you still change into an old crow? Are you trying to eavesdrop on me again?"

But this time Pilgrim, you see, did not follow him; he was simply ridden with suspicion and surmise, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We now tell you about the mountain, which was named Level-Top Mountain, in which there was a cave called the Lotus-Flower Cave. There were two fiends in the cave: one had the name of the Great King Golden Horn and the other, the Great King Silver Horn.

As they sat in the cave that day, Golden Horn said to Silver Horn, "Brother, how long has it been since we patrolled the mountain?" Silver Horn said, "It's been half a month."

"Brother," said Golden Horn, "go and patrol it today." Silver Horn said, "Why today?"

"You don't know what I heard recently," said Golden Horn, "that the Tang emperor in the Land of the East had sent his royal brother, the Tang Monk, to worship Buddha in the West. He has three other companions by the names of Pilgrim Sun, Zhu Eight Rules, and Sha Monk; including the horse, there are five of them altogether. Go see where they are and capture them for me." Silver Horn said, "If we want to eat people, we can catch a few anywhere. Where can these monks be? Let them pass."

Golden Horn said, "You don't know about this. The year when I left the Heavenly Region, I heard people say that the Tang Monk is the incarnation of the Elder Gold Cicada, a man who has practiced religion for ten existences, and one who has not allowed any of his yang energy to be dissipated. If anyone can have a taste of his flesh, his age will be vastly lengthened."

"If eating his flesh," said Silver Horn, "can lengthen our age and prolong our lives, what need we to practice sedentary meditation, to arrive at certain attainment, to cultivate the dragon and the tiger, or to achieve the union of the male and the female?"

We should just eat him. Let me go and catch him at once."

Golden Horn said, "Brother, you are rather impulsive. Let's not hurry. If you walk out this door and grab any monk that comes along, you would be breaking the law unnecessarily if he were not the Tang Monk. I still recall how the real Tang Monk looks. Let's have portraits made of the master and his disciples that you can take along with you. When you see some monks, you can check whether they are the real ones."

He thereupon had portraits drawn up, and the name of each person was written beside the picture.

Taking the sketches with him, Silver Horn left the cave after calling up thirty little fiends to follow him to patrol the mountain.

We now tell you about Eight Rules, whose fortune was about to take a turn for the worse. As he walked along, he ran right into the various demons, who barred his way and asked, "Who is he that's approaching?" Raising his head and pushing his ears aside, Idiot saw that they were demons and he became quite frightened. He said to himself, "If I say that I'm a monk going to seek scriptures, they may want to seize me. I'd better say I'm only a traveler."

The little fiends reported back to their master, saying, "Great King, it's a traveler."

Among those thirty little fiends, there were some who did not recognize Eight Rules. There were a few, however, who found his face somewhat familiar, and pointing at him, they said, "Great King, this monk looks like the portrait of Zhu Eight Rules."

The old fiend told them at once to hang up the picture so that they could examine it more closely. When Eight Rules saw it, he was greatly shaken, muttering to himself, "No wonder I feel somewhat dispirited of late! They have caught my spirit in this portrait!"

As the little fiends held up the picture with their spears, Silver Horn pointed with his hand, saying, "This one riding the white horse is the Tang Monk, and this one with a hairy face is Pilgrim Sun."

Hearing this, Eight Rules said, "City Guardian, it's all right if I'm not included! I'll present you with three hog's heads, twenty-four portions of pure libation . . ." Mumbling to himself repeatedly, he kept making all sorts of vows.

The fiend, meanwhile, went on to say, "That long dark one is Sha Monk, and this one having a long snout and huge ears is Zhu Eight Rules." When Idiot heard what he said, he was so startled that he lowered his snout toward his chest and tried to conceal it. "Monk, stick out your mouth," cried the fiend. "It's a birth defect," said Eight Rules. "I can't stick it out."

The fiend told the imps to pull it out with hooks, and Eight Rules became so alarmed that he stuck out his snout at once, saying, "It's no more than a homely feature! Here it is! If you want to look at it, just look. Why do you want to use hooks?" Recognizing that it was Eight Rules, the fiend took out his precious blade and hacked away. Idiot parried the blow with his rake, saying, "My child, don't be brazen! Watch my rake!"

The fiend said with a chuckle, "This man became a monk in the middle of life."

"Dear child!" said Eight Rules. "You do have some intelligence! How do you know right away that your father became a monk in the middle of life?"

"If you know how to use the rake," said the fiend, "you must have stolen it after hoeing the fields or gardens of some household."

Eight Rules said, "My child, you won't recognize the rake of your father, for it is not like any ordinary rake for hoeing the ground. We have here

*Huge teeth made in the shape of dragon claws,
Adorned with gold and like a tiger formed.
When used in battle it draws down cold wind;
When brought to combat it emits bright flames.
It can for Tang Monk all barriers remove,
Catch all monsters on this road to the West.
When it's wielded, mists hide the sun and moon;
When it's held high, clouds make dim the pole stars.
It knocks down Mount Tai and tigers panic;
It o'erturns oceans and dragons cower.
Though you, monster, may have many skills,
One rake will nine bloody holes produce!"*

The fiend heard the words, but he was not ready to step aside. Wielding his sword of seven stars, he charged Eight Rules and they closed in again and again in the

mountain. Even after some twenty rounds, neither appeared to be the stronger one. Growing more and more fierce, Eight Rules began to fight as if he had no regard whatever for his life. When the fiend saw how his opponent flapped his huge ears and spat out saliva, whooping and yelling all the time, he became somewhat frightened. He therefore turned around to call up all his little fiends to do battle. Now, if it were a one-to-one combat, it would have been manageable for Eight Rules. But when he saw all those little fiends approaching, he panicked and turned to flee. The road, however, was not very smooth and he immediately tripped over some vines and dried creepers along the way. As he was struggling to run, one of the little fiends made a flying tackle at his legs, and he hit the ground headfirst like a dog eating shit! The others swarmed all over him, pressing him on the ground, pulling at his mane and his ears, grabbing his legs, and tugging at his tail. They hoisted him up bodily to return to the cave. Alas! Thus it is that

*A whole body bursting with demons is hard to destroy;
Ten thousand ills arise, they are tough to remove.*

We do not know what happens to the life of Zhu Eight Rules; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-THREE

Heresy deludes the True Nature
Primal Spirit helps the Native Mind

We were telling you about that fiend who hauled Eight Rules into the cave, crying, "Elder Brother, we caught one!"

Delighted, the old demon said, "Bring him here for a look."

"Isn't this the one?" said the second demon. "Brother," said the old demon, "you caught the wrong one. This monk is useless."

Eight Rules at once jumped at this opportunity and said, "Great King, please release a useless monk and let him go. It's a crime!"

"Elder Brother," said the second demon, "don't release him. Even if he's useless, he is part of the Tang Monk's company, and he's called Zhu Eight Rules. Let's soak him thoroughly in the pure water pool in the back; when the bristles are plucked and the hide is peeled after the soaking, we can pickle him with salt and sun him dry. He'll be a good appetizer with wine on a cloudy day." When Eight Rules heard these words, he said, "What rotten luck! I've met up with a monster who traffics in pickled food!"

The little fiends hauled Eight Rules inside and threw him into the water, and we shall speak of him no further.

We tell you now about Tripitaka sitting before the slope; his ears became flushed and his heart began to pound. Growing very restless, he called out, "Wukong, why is it that Wuneng has taken so long to patrol the mountain this time and hasn't returned?" Pilgrim said, "Master still doesn't know anything of how his mind works!"

"How does it work?" asked Tripitaka. "Master," said Pilgrim, "if this mountain truly has monsters, he will find it difficult to advance even half a step. Instead, he will run back to report to us with all sorts of exaggerations. I suppose, however, that there are no monsters, and he must have gone ahead directly when he found the road quiet and safe."

"If he really has gone ahead," said Tripitaka, "where shall we meet him? This a wild, mountainous region, not like somewhere in a village or town." Pilgrim said, "Don't worry, Master, please mount up. That Idiot is rather lazy, and without doubt he moves very slowly. Urge your horse a little and we'll certainly catch up with him to proceed together again."

The Tang Monk indeed climbed on his horse; as Sha Monk poled the luggage, Pilgrim led the way in front to ascend the mountain.

We tell you now instead about the old fiend, who said to the second demon, "Brother, if you have caught Eight Rules, there must also be the Tang Monk somewhere. Go and patrol the mountain again, and make certain that you don't miss him."

"At once! At once!" said the second demon, who immediately called up some fifty little fiends to go patrol the mountain with him. As they journeyed, they saw auspicious clouds and luminous ether circling. The second demon said, "Here comes the Tang Monk!"

“Where is he?” asked the various little fiends. The second demon said, “Auspicious clouds will alight on the head of a virtuous man, whereas the black ether emitted from the head of a wicked man will rise up to the sky. That Tang Monk is actually the incarnation of the Elder Gold Cicada, a virtuous man who has practiced austerities for ten existences. That’s why he is encircled by these auspicious clouds.”

Those little fiends, however, still could not perceive where the monk was. Pointing with his finger, the second demon said, “Isn’t that he?” Immediately, Tripitaka on the horse shuddered violently; the demon pointed again, and Tripitaka shuddered once more. This went on for three times, and Tripitaka grew very anxious, saying, “Disciples, why am I shuddering like this?”

“You must have an upset stomach,” said Sha Monk, “and that’s why you are feeling the chill.”

“Nonsense!” said Pilgrim. “Going through this tall mountain and rugged cliff must have made Master rather apprehensive, that’s all.

Don’t be afraid! Don’t be afraid! Let old Monkey put on a show for you with my rod to calm your fears somewhat.”

Dear Pilgrim! Whipping out his rod, he began to go through a sequence of maneuvers with the rod as he walked before the horse: up and down, left and right, the thrusts and parries were made in perfect accord with the manuals of martial arts. What the elder saw from the horse was a sight incomparable anywhere in the world! As Pilgrim led the way toward the West, the monster, who was watching on top of the mountain, almost fell over with fear. Scared out of his wits, the monster blurted out, “I have heard about Pilgrim Sun for several years, but today I know that this is no false rumor.”

Drawing closer to him, the various fiends said, “Great King, why do you ‘magnify the determination of others to diminish your own authority’? Of whom are you boasting?”

“Pilgrim Sun,” said the second demon, “truly possesses vast magical powers. We won’t be able to eat the Tang Monk.”

“Great King,” said the fiends, “if you don’t have the abilities, let a few of us go and report to the Great, Great King. Ask him to call up all the fighters, young and old, of our cave, and we will all join to form a solid battle front. You fear that he’ll be able to escape then?”

“Can’t you all see that iron rod of his?” asked the second demon. “It’s powerful enough to vanquish ten thousand foes. We have but four or five hundred soldiers in the cave, and they won’t be able to take even a single stroke of his rod!”

The fiends said, “If you put it that way, the Tang Monk certainly will not be our food. Doesn’t that mean that we have also made a mistake in seizing Zhu Eight Rules? Let’s return him to the monks.”

“We haven’t quite made a mistake,” said the second demon, “nor should we send him back so easily. In the end, we are determined to devour the Tang Monk, but we can’t do it just yet.”

“If you put it that way,” said the fiends, “should we wait for a few more years?”

The second demon said, “No need for a few more years. I perceive now that that Tang Monk must be sought for with virtue and not be taken by violence. If we want to

use force to catch him, we won't be able to get even a whiff of him. The only way we can move him is to feign virtue, so that his mind will be made to fuse with our minds, in the process of which we shall plot against him, exploiting the very virtue of his."

The fiends said, "If the Great King wants to devise a plan to catch him, will you want to use us?"

"Each of you may return to our camp," said the second demon, "but you are not permitted to report this to the Great King. If you disturb him and leak the news, my plan may be ruined. I have my own power of transformation, and I can catch him."

The various monsters dispersed; the demon by himself leaped down from the mountain. Shaking his body by the road, he changed into an aged Daoist. "How was he dressed?" you ask. You see

*A shining star-patterned cap,
And tousled whitish hair;
A feathered gown wrapped in silk sash,
And sandals tied with yellow coir;
Nice features and bright eyes like a man divine,
A light, healthy body as the Age Star's.
Why speak of the Blue Buffalo Daoist?
He's as strong as White Tablet Master—
A specious form disguised as the true form,
Falsehood feigning to be the honest truth!*

By the side of the main road, he masqueraded himself as a Daoist with a bloody, broken leg, whimpering constantly and crying, "Save me! Save me!" We were telling you about Tripitaka, who, relying on the strength of Great Sage Sun and Sha Monk, was proceeding happily when they heard repeatedly the cry, "Master, save me!" When this reached the ears of Tripitaka, he said, "My goodness! My goodness! There is all around not a single village in the wilderness of this mountain. Who could it be that's calling? It must be, I suppose, someone terrified by the tiger or the leopard." Reining in his fine horse, the elder called out, "Who is the person facing this ordeal? Please show yourself."

The fiend crawled out of the bushes and at once banged his head on the ground without ceasing, facing the elder's horse.

When Tripitaka saw that it was a Daoist, and an elderly one at that, he felt sorry for him. Dismounting at once, he tried to take hold of him with his hands, saying, "Please get up! Please get up!"

The fiend said, "It hurts! It hurts!" When Tripitaka released his hold, he discovered that the man's leg was bleeding. "O Master," said the startled Tripitaka, "where did you come from? How is it that your leg is wounded?" With clever speech and specious tongue, the fiend answered falsely, saying, "Master, west of this mountain is a clean and secluded temple, of which I am a Daoist."

Tripitaka said, "Why are you not tending the incense and fires or rehearsing the scriptures and the rituals in the temple? Why are you walking around here?"

"A patron at the southern part of this mountain," said the demon, "invited the Daoists to pray to the stars and distribute the blessings day before yesterday. Last night my disciple and I were walking home when we ran into a ferocious striped tiger in a deep canyon. It seized my disciple and dragged him away in its mouth, while your

terrified Daoist, madly attempting to flee, broke his leg when he fell on a pile of rocks. I couldn't even find my way back. But it must be a great Heavenly affinity that caused me to meet Master today, and I beseech you in your great compassion to save my life. When I get to our temple, I will repay your profound kindness even if it means selling myself into slavery!" When Tripitaka heard these words, he thought they were the truth and said to him, "O Master, we two belong to the same calling— I'm a monk and you're a Daoist. Though our attire may differ, the principles in cultivation, in the practice of austerities, are the same.

If I don't save you, I shouldn't be ranked among those who have left the family. But though I intend to save you, I see that you can't walk."

"I can't even stand up," said the fiend, "so how can I walk?"

"All right, all right!" said Tripitaka. "I can still walk. I'll let you take my horse for this distance. When you get to your temple, you can return the horse to me."

The fiend said, "Master, I'm grateful for your profound kindness, but my inner thigh is hurt. I can't ride."

Tripitaka said, "I see," and he said to Sha Monk, "Put the luggage on my horse, and you carry him."

"I'll carry him," said Sha Monk.

Stealing a quick glance at Sha Monk, the fiend said, "O Master, I was so terrified by that ferocious tiger. Now that I see this priest with such a gloomy complexion, I'm even more frightened. I dare not let him carry me."

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "you carry him then." Pilgrim immediately answered, "I'll carry him. I'll carry him."

Having made certain that it was Pilgrim who would carry him, the monster became very amiable and did not speak anymore. "You cockeyed old Daoist!" said Sha Monk, laughing. "You don't think it's good for me to carry you, and you want him instead. When he is out of Master's sight, he'll smash even your tendons on a sharp, pointed rock!" Pilgrim, meanwhile, had agreed to put the monster on his back, but he said, chuckling, "You brazen demon, how dare you come to provoke me! You should have made some inquiry on how many years old Monkey has been around! Your fib can deceive the Tang Monk, but do you really think you could fool me? I can tell that you are a fiend of this mountain who wants to eat my master, I suppose. But is my master an ordinary person, someone for you to eat? And even if you want to devour him, you should at least have given a larger half to old Monkey!" When the demon heard Pilgrim muttering like this, he said, "Master, I am the descendant of a good family who has become a Daoist.

It's my misfortune this day to have met this adversity of the tiger. I'm no monster."

"If you fear the tiger and the wolf," said Pilgrim, "why don't you recite the Scripture of the Northern Dipper?"

When Tripitaka heard these words just as he was mounting, he chided, "This wanton ape! 'Saving one life is better than erecting a seven-tiered pagoda.' Isn't it enough that you carry him? Why speak of the Classic of the Northern Dipper or the Classic of the Southern Dipper?" When Pilgrim heard him, he said, "Lucky for this fellow! My master happens to be someone who is inclined toward compassion and

virtue, but also someone who prefers external appearance more than inward excellence. If I don't carry you, he'll blame me, so I'll carry you, all right. But I have to make it clear to you: if you want to piss or shit, tell me first. For if you pour it down my back, I can't take the stink, and there is no one around to wash and starch my clothes when they are soiled."

"Look at my age," said the fiend, "you think I don't understand what you said?" Only then did Pilgrim pull him up and put him on his back before setting out on the main road to the West with the elder and Sha Monk. When they reached a spot in the mountain where the road became bumpy, weaving up and down, Pilgrim took care to walk more slowly, allowing the Tang Monk to proceed first. Before they had gone four or five miles, the master and Sha Monk descended into a fold of the mountain and became completely out of sight. More and more annoyed, Pilgrim thought to himself, "Master is such a fool even though he's a grown man! Traveling this great distance, one gets weary even if one were empty-handed—and he tells me instead to carry this monster! I wish I could throw him off! Let's not say he's a monster; even if he were a good man, he should die without regret for having lived so long. I might as well dash him to the ground and kill him. Why carry him any further?"

As the Great Sage was about to do this, the monster knew instantly of his plan. Knowing how to summon mountains, he resorted to the magic of Moving Mountains and Pouring out Oceans. On Pilgrim's back he made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell, sending the Sumeru Mountain into midair and causing it to descend directly on Pilgrim's head. A little startled, the Great Sage bent his head to one side and the mountain landed on his left shoulder. Laughing, he said, "My child, what sort of press-body magic are you using to pin down old Monkey? This is all right, but a lopsided pole is rather difficult to carry."

The demon said to himself, "One mountain can't hold him down."

He recited a spell once more and summoned the Emei Mountain into the air. Pilgrim again turned his head and the mountain landed on his right shoulder. Look at him! Carrying two mountains, he began to give chase to his master with the speed of a meteor! The sight of him caused the old demon to perspire all over, muttering to himself, "He truly knows how to pole mountains!"

Exerting his spirit even more, he recited another spell and sent up the Tai Mountain to press down on Pilgrim's head. With this magic of the Tai Mountain Pressing the Head, the Great Sage was overpowered as his strength ebbed and his tendons turned numb; the weight was so great that the spirits of the Three Worms inside his body exploded and blood spouted from his seven apertures.

Dear monster! After he used his magic power to pin down Pilgrim, he himself mounted quickly a gust of violent wind to catch up with the Tang Monk. From the edge of the clouds, he stretched down his hand to try to seize the rider of the horse. Sha Monk was so startled that he threw away the luggage and whipped out his fiend-routing staff to block the attempt. Wielding the sword of the seven stars, the demon met him head on and it was some battle!

*The sword of seven stars,
The fiend-routing staff,
All flashed golden beams as lightning bright.
This one, eyes glowering, seemed the black god of death;
That one, iron-faced, was the true Curtain-Raising Captain.*

*The fiend before the mountain showed his power,
Solely bent on catching Tripitaka Tang.
This man, earnestly guarding the true monk,
Would not let go e'en at the threat of death.
The two belched fog and cloud to reach Heaven's Palace;
They sprayed dirt and dust to cover the stars.
They fought till the red sun grew dim and lost its light—
The great earth, the cosmos, turned dusky all.
Back and forth they scuffled for eight, nine rounds:
Twas quick defeat for which Sha Monk was bound!*

The demon was exceedingly ferocious; the thrusts and slashes of his sword fell on his opponent like meteor showers. Growing weaker by the moment, Sha Monk could no longer withstand him and turned to flee, when the precious staff was forced aside and he was seized by a huge hand. Wedging Sha Monk beneath his left arm, the demon dragged Tripitaka off the horse with his right hand; with the tip of his feet hooked on to the luggage and his mouth tugging at the mane of the horse, he used the magic of removal and brought them all to the Lotus-Flower Cave in a gust of wind. Shouting at the top of his voice, he cried, "Elder Brother, all the monks are caught and brought here!" When the old demon heard these words, he was very pleased, saying, "Bring them here for me to have a look."

"Aren't these the ones?" asked the second demon. "Worthy brother," said the old demon, "you caught the wrong ones again."

"But you told me to catch the Tang Monk," said the second demon. The old demon said, "It was the Tang Monk, all right, but you did not manage to catch the able Pilgrim Sun. We have to catch him first before we can enjoy eating the Tang Monk. If we haven't caught him, be sure not to touch any of his companions. That Monkey King, you see, has vast magic powers and knows many ways of transformation. If we devour his master, you think he'll accept that? He will certainly come to quarrel with us at our door and we will never be able to live in peace."

"Elder Brother," said the second demon with a laugh, "you know only how to exalt others! According to your words, that monkey is unique on Earth, and rare even in Heaven. But as I see him, he's so-so only, with not many abilities."

"You caught him, then?" asked the old demon. "He has already been pinned down by three large mountains that I summoned," said the second demon, "and he can't move even an inch. That's how I managed to transport the Tang Monk, Sha Monk, the white horse, and even the luggage back here." When the old demon heard these words, he was filled with delight, saying, "What luck! What luck! Only after we have caught this fellow can the Tang Monk be food in our mouths."

He thereupon said to the little fiends, "Prepare some wine at once. Let's present to our Second Great King the goblet of merit."

The second demon said, "Elder Brother, let's not drink wine yet. Let's order the little ones to scoop Zhu Eight Rules out of the water and hang him up."

Eight Rules was thus hung up in the east side of the cave, Sha Monk in the west side, and the Tang Monk in the middle. The white horse was placed in a stable while the luggage was brought inside the cave.

Smiling, the old demon said, “Worthy Brother, what marvelous ability! You went out twice and you caught three monks. Though Pilgrim Sun, however, has been pressed beneath the mountains, we must find a way to bring him here so that he can be steamed together with the others.”

The second demon said, “If Elder Brother wants to bring Pilgrim Sun here, there’s no need for us to move.

Please take a seat. We need only order two little monsters to put him in two treasures of ours and bring him here.”

“Which treasures should they take along with them?” asked the old demon. The second demon said, “Take my red gourd of purple gold and your pure mutton-jade vase.”

Bringing out the treasures, the old demon said, “Whom should we send?”

The second demon said, “Let’s send Sly Devil and Wily Worm, the two of them.”

He then gave the instructions to the two, saying, “Take these treasures and go to the tallest peak of the three mountains. Turn one of them upside down so that its mouth will face the ground and its bottom, the sky. Call out the name, ‘Pilgrim Sun,’ and if he answers, he will be sucked immediately inside. You will then seal the container with the tape bearing the words, ‘May Laozi Act Quickly According to This Command.’

In one and three-quarter hours, he will be reduced to pus.”

The two little fiends kowtowed before they left to fetch Pilgrim, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Great Sage, who was pressed beneath the mountains by the magic of the demon.

*Suffering, he thought of Tripitaka;
In adversity, he recalled the holy monk.*

He cried out with a loud voice, “O Master! I remember how you went to the Mountain of Two Frontiers to lift up the tape that had me pressed down, and it was then that old Monkey escaped his great ordeal to embrace the vow of complete poverty. Thanks to the Bodhisattva, I was given the dharma decree so that you and I could stay together and practice religion together, so that we would be brought under the same affinity and attain the same enlightenment and knowledge. How should I expect that we would run into such a demonic obstacle here, and that I would be pinned down again by his mountains. O pity it all! You may be fated to die, but pity Sha Monk, Eight Rules, and the little dragon who took all that trouble of changing into a horse. Truly as the saying goes,

*A tall tree beckons the wind, the wind will rock the tree;
A man lives for his name, his name will wreck the man.”*

When he finished this lamentation, tears rained down his cheeks.

All that noise, however, immediately disturbed the mountain god, the local spirit, and the Guardians of Five Quarters, who came together with the Golden-Headed Guardian. The last one said, “Whose mountains are these?”

“Ours,” said the local spirit. “Do you know who it is that you have pinned down beneath the mountains?”

“No, we don’t,” said the local spirit. “So, you don’t know,” said the Guardian, “but he happens to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, the Pilgrim Sun Wukong who caused tremendous disturbance in Heaven five hundred years ago. Now he has embraced the right fruit to follow the Tang Monk as his disciple. How could you permit the demon to borrow these mountains to pin him down? You are as good as dead! If he ever finds release and comes out, you think he’ll spare you? Even if he lets you all go lightly, the local spirit will be demoted to an attendant in a post-house, the mountain god will be banished to military service, and even we will be placed under a terrible obligation.” Only then did the mountain god and the local spirit become frightened; they said, “We really didn’t know. All we heard was the spell for moving mountains recited by the demon and we transferred the mountains here. How could we know that it was the Great Sage Sun?”

The Guardian said, “Don’t be afraid now. The Law says, ‘The ignorant will not be held culpable.’ You and I can discuss the matter and see how we can release him without making him beat us.”

“This is becoming rather ridiculous,” said the local spirit. “Will he beat us even after we have released him?”

“You have no idea,” said the Guardian, “that he possesses a compliant golden-hooped rod, a most powerful weapon indeed. One stroke of it means death; one touch, a bad wound! A small tap and the tendons snap, a tiny brush and the skin collapses!”

Growing more and more alarmed, the mountain god and the local spirit had a discussion with the Guardians of Five Quarters before walking up to the front of the three mountains and crying, “Great Sage, the mountain god, the local spirit, and the Guardians of Five Quarters have come to see you.”

Dear Pilgrim! Though he might be like a lean tiger at the moment, his prowess remained. When he heard the announcement, he replied at once resolutely in a ringing voice, “Why do you want to see me?”

The local spirit said, “Allow me to report this to the Great Sage. I ask your permission to move the mountains away so that the Great Sage might come out and pardon the crime of disrespect unknowingly committed by this humble deity.” Pilgrim said, “Move the mountains away. I won’t hit you.” When he said this, it was as if an official pardon had been announced! The various gods began reciting their spells and the mountains were sent back to their original locations.

Once released, Pilgrim leaped up; shaking off the dirt and tightening up his skirt, he whipped out his rod from behind his ear and said to the mountain god and the local spirit:

“Stick out your shanks. Each of you will receive two strokes so that old Monkey may find some relief for his misery!”

Terrified, the two gods said, “Just now the Great Sage promised to pardon us. How could you change your word, now that you have come out, and want to hit us?”

“Dear local spirit! Dear mountain god!” said Pilgrim. “You are not afraid of old Monkey, you are afraid of the monsters instead!”

The local spirit said, “Those demons have vast magical powers. With their incantations and spells, they would summon us into their cave and we would have to take turns to be on duty.” When Pilgrim heard these two words “on duty,” he, too, was

quite shaken. Lifting his head to face the sky, he cried in a loud voice, “O Azure Heaven! Since the division of chaos and the creation of Heaven and Earth, and since the Flower-Fruit Mountain gave birth to me, I did search all around for the enlightened teacher to transmit to me the secret formula for longevity. Think of it, I can change with the wind, tame the tiger, and subdue the dragon; I even caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace and acquired the name Great Sage. But I never dared to be so insolent as to order a mountain god or a local spirit around. These demons today are truly lawless! How could they be so arrogant as to make the mountain god and the local spirit their servants, forcing them to take turns to be on duty? O Heaven, if you had given birth to old Monkey, why did you give birth to these creatures also?”

As the Great Sage was thus sighing, he saw in the distance beams of light rising from a mountain valley. “Mountain god, local spirit,” said Pilgrim, “since you have been on duty in the cave, you must know what objects are those emitting the light.”

“They must be the luminescent treasures of the demons,” said the local spirit. “Some monster spirits, I suppose, are coming with the treasures to subdue you.” Pilgrim said, “This is a lot more fun! Let me ask you quickly, who would socialize with them in the cave?”

The local spirit said, “Those they love are persons who heat the cinnabar and refine the herbs; those whom they delight in are the Quanzhen Daoists.”

“No wonder he changed into an old Daoist to lure my master away,” said Pilgrim. “Since this is the case, your beating will be deferred for the moment. You may leave, let old Monkey himself catch them.”

The various deities rose into the air and left.

This Great Sage shook his body once and changed into an old adept. “How was he dressed?” you ask.

*His head had two buns of hair;
He wore a clerical robe;
His hand struck a bamboo fish;
A Master Lü sash circled his waist.
Reclining by the main road,
He waited for the little fiends.
In awhile the fiends arrived;
The Ape King released his tricks.*

In no time at all, the two little fiends came before him and Pilgrim stuck out his golden-hooped rod. Unprepared for this, one of the little fiends tripped on it and fell; only when he scrambled up did he see Pilgrim. “Villainy! Villainy!” he began to cry. “If our Great Kings didn’t have a special fondness for your kind of people, I would scrap with you.”

“What’s there to scrap about?” said Pilgrim, smiling amiably. “A Daoist meeting a Daoist, we are all in the same family!”

“Why did you lie here,” said the fiend, “and cause me to stumble?” Pilgrim said, “A Daoist youth like you, when you run into an aged Daoist like me, must take a fall—it’s a sort of substitute for presenting an introductory gift.”

The fiend said, "Our Great Kings only demand a few ounces of silver as introductory gifts. Why do you insist on someone taking a fall? This must be the custom of another region, and you can't possibly be a Daoist from around here."

"Indeed, I'm not," said Pilgrim, "for I came from Penglai Mountain."

The fiend said, "But Penglai is an island in the territory of immortals."

"If I'm not an immortal," said Pilgrim, "who's an immortal?"

Turning all at once from anger to delight, the fiend approached him and said, "Old Immortal, Old Immortal! We are of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, and that's why we can't recognize you. Our words have offended you. Please pardon us."

"I won't blame you," said Pilgrim, "for as the saying goes, 'The immortal frame does not tread on ground profane.' How could you know? The reason why I have landed on your mountain today is that I want to enlighten a good man to become an immortal, to understand the Dao. Which of you is willing to follow me?" Sly Devil said, "Master, I'll follow you," while Wily Worm also said, "Master, I'll follow you."

Though he knew the reason already, Pilgrim nonetheless asked, "Where did you two come from?"

"From the Lotus-Flower Cave," said one of the fiends.

"Where are you going?"

"Our Great Kings have ordered us," said the fiend, "to go capture Pilgrim Sun."

"To capture whom?" asked Pilgrim. "To capture Pilgrim Sun," said the fiend again. Pilgrim said, "Could it be Pilgrim Sun, the one who's following the Tang Monk to seek scriptures?"

"Exactly, exactly," said the fiend. "You know him too?"

"That monkey is rather rude," said Pilgrim. "I know him all right, and I am a little mad at him. I'll go with you to capture him; we'll consider this my assisting you in making merit."

"Master," said the fiend, "no need for you to assist us in making merit. Our Second Great King has considerable magic powers: he summoned three huge mountains and had that monkey pinned down, unable to move even an inch. He then told us to come with treasures to store him up."

"What kind of treasures?" asked Pilgrim. Sly Devil said, "Mine is a red gourd, while his is a pure jade vase."

"How do you plan to store him up?" asked Pilgrim. The little fiend replied, "Turn my treasure upside down so that its mouth will face the earth and its bottom the sky. I'll then call him once, and if he answers me, he will at once be sucked inside. I will then seal the treasure with a tape bearing the words, 'May Laozi Act Quickly According to This Command.' In one and three-quarter hours, he will be reduced to pus." When Pilgrim heard that, he said to himself in secret alarm, "Formidable! Formidable! Previously the Day Sentinel said that they had five treasures, and these must be two of them. I wonder what sort of things are the other three?"

He smiled and said to the two of them, "Could you two permit me to have a look at the treasures?"

Completely unsuspecting, the little fiends took out from their sleeves at once the two treasures and presented them to Pilgrim with two hands. When Pilgrim saw them, he was delighted, saying to himself, “Marvelous things! Marvelous things! I could wag my tail once and leap clear of this place, making off with the treasures as if they had been presented to me as gifts.”

He then thought to himself, “It’s no good! I can rob them of these things, but old Monkey’s reputation will be ruined. This is nothing but committing robbery in broad daylight.”

He therefore returned the treasures to the fiends, saying, “You haven’t seen my treasure yet.” One of the fiends said, “What kind of treasure does Master have? Would you permit us profane people to have a look, to ward off calamities, perhaps?”

Dear Pilgrim! Stretching forth his hand, he pulled off a piece of hair from his tail and gave it a squeeze, crying “Change!” It changed at once into a huge red gourd of purple gold, about seventeen inches tall. He took it out from his waist, saying, “You want to see my gourd?”

Having received it in his hands and examined it, Wily Worm said, “Master, your gourd is big, and it has nice form. It’s good to look at all right, but I’m afraid that it’s not good to use.”

“What do you mean by not good to use?” asked Pilgrim. The fiend said, “Each one of our treasures can store up to a thousand people.”

“So,” said Pilgrim, “yours can store up people. What’s so rare about that? This gourd of mine can even store up Heaven!”

“It can?” said the fiend. “Indeed,” said Pilgrim. “I’m afraid you are lying,” said the fiend. “Store it up for us to see and we’ll believe you; otherwise, we’ll never believe you.”

“If Heaven irritates me,” said Pilgrim, “I usually store it up seven or eight times within a single month. If it doesn’t bother me, I will not store it up for as long as half a year.”

“Elder Brother,” said Wily Worm, “a treasure that can store up Heaven! Let’s exchange ours with his.” Sly Devil said, “How would he be willing to exchange his with ours, which can only store up people?”

“If he’s unwilling,” said Wily Worm, “we’ll make it good with our vase also.” Secretly delighted, Pilgrim thought to himself:

*A gourd repays a gourd,
We add a vase of jade.
Two things exchanged for one:
That’s what I call fair trade!*

He therefore went forward and caught hold of Wily Worm, saying, “If I store up Heaven, you will trade with me?”

“If you do, yes,” said the fiend. “If I don’t, I’ll be your son!”

“All right! All right!” said Pilgrim. “I’ll store it up for you to see.”

Dear Great Sage! Bowing his head and making the magic sign, he recited a spell that brought him the God of Day Patrol, the God of Night Patrol, and the Guardians of Five Quarters, to whom he gave the following instruction:

“Report for me at once to the Jade Emperor and say that old Monkey has embraced the right fruit to accompany the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. Our path has been blocked at a tall mountain, where my master encounters grievous calamity. I would like to entice certain demons, who possess some treasures, into trading with me. I therefore beseech His Majesty with due reverence to let old Monkey borrow Heaven to be stored up for half an hour so that I may accomplish my task. If he but utters half a ‘No,’ I shall ascend to the Divine Mists Hall and start a war!”

The deities went past the South Heaven Gate and stood below the Hall of Divine Mists to report to the Jade Emperor. “This impudent ape!” said the Jade Emperor. “He still speaks in such an unruly manner. Some time ago when Guanyin came to inform us that he had been released to accompany the Tang Monk, we even sent him the Guardians of the Five Quarters and the Four Sentinels to take turns ministering to him. Now he even wants to borrow Heaven to be stored up! How could Heaven be stored up?”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the Third Prince Nata stepped forward from the ranks and memorialized, saying, “Your Majesty, Heaven, too, can be stored up.”

“How?” inquired the Jade Emperor.

Nata said, “When Chaos first divided, that which was pure and light became Heaven, and that which was heavy and turbid became Earth. Heaven, then, is a round mass of clear ether that nonetheless supports the Jasper Palace and the Heavenly ramparts. In principle, therefore, Heaven cannot be stored up. However, the matter of Pilgrim Sun’s accompaniment of the Tang Monk journeying westward to acquire scriptures is itself a source of blessings great as Mount Tai and deep as the sea. Today we should help him to succeed.”

The Jade Emperor said, “How would our worthy minister help him?”

“Let Your Majesty issue a decree,” said Nata, “and ask Zhenwu, the Lord of the North at the North Heaven Gate, to lend us his banner of black feathers, which should then be unfurled across the South Heaven Gate. The sun, the moon, and the stars will be covered, and it will be so dark on Earth that people cannot see each other even if they are standing face to face. The fiends will be deceived into thinking that Heaven has been stored up, and that is how we may help Pilgrim to succeed.”

The Jade Emperor gave his consent to this suggestion, and the prince received the command to go to the North Heaven Gate, where he gave the account to Zhenwu. The patriarch at once handed the banner to the prince.

Meanwhile, the Day Patrol God swiftly returned to the Great Sage and whispered in his ear, “Prince Nata has come to help you.” Looking up, Pilgrim saw auspicious clouds looming up: indeed a deity was approaching. He turned to the little fiends, saying, “I’m going to store up Heaven.”

“Go ahead,” said one of them. “Why keep dragging your feet?”

“I was just exercising my spirit and reciting a spell,” said Pilgrim. The two little fiends stood there wide-eyed and determined to find out how he was going to store up Heaven.

Pilgrim gave the specious gourd a mighty heave and tossed it up into the air. Think of it: that gourd was changed from a piece of hair.

How heavy could it be? Lifted up by the mountain wind, it drifted here and there for at least half an hour before dropping down.

Meanwhile, Prince Naṭa at the South Heaven Gate flung wide the black banner and in one instant covered the sun, the moon, and all the planets. Truly

*The cosmos seemed dyed by ink,
The world was made indigo.*

Astounded, the little fiends said, “It was just about noon when we were talking. How is it that it’s dusk already?”

“Heaven has been stored up,” said Pilgrim. “You can’t tell time! How can it not be dusk?”

“Why is it so dark?” they cried. Pilgrim said, “The sun, the moon, and the stars are all contained inside. There’s no light outside. How can it not be dark?”

“Master,” said one of the little fiends, “where are you speaking?”

“Am I not in front of you?” asked Pilgrim. The little fiend stretched out his hand to try to touch him, saying, “I can hear you, but I can’t see your face. Master, where are we?”

To deceive them further, Pilgrim said, “Don’t move. This is the shore of the Gulf of Zhili. If you stumble and fall into the sea, you won’t reach bottom even after seven or eight days.”

“Stop! Stop! Stop!” cried the horrified fiends. “Release Heaven, please! We know now how it is stored up. If we fool around anymore and drop into the sea, we’ll not get home.”

Dear Pilgrim! When he saw that they took the whole thing for the truth, he recited the spell again to alert the prince, who rolled up the banner and the sunlight of noon was seen once more. “Marvelous! Marvelous!” cried the little fiends, laughing. “Such fantastic treasure, if we don’t exchange for it, we are certainly no better than bastards!” Sly Devil at once took out the gourd and Wily Worm the pure vase; both of them then handed the treasures to Pilgrim. In return, Pilgrim gave them the specious gourd. After the exchange, Pilgrim wanted to make certain that the bargain stuck. Pulling off a piece of hair from beneath his belly, he blew on it and it changed into a copper penny. “Young man,” he said, “take this penny and buy us a piece of paper.”

“What for?” asked the little fiend. “So that I can draw up a contract with you,” said Pilgrim. “The two of you used your human-storing treasures to exchange with me a single piece of Heaven-storing treasure. I fear that you may not consider that quite fair and that after a few years you will come to regret our deal.

That’s why I want a contract for all of us.”

“We don’t even have brush or ink around here,” said one of the fiends. “Why bother about writing a document? Let’s exchange vows instead.”

“What kind of vow?” asked Pilgrim. The two little fiends said, “We gave two human-storing treasures to you in exchange for one Heaven-storing treasure. If we ever regret our decision, may we be stricken with plague in all four seasons.”

“I’ll never regret mine,” said Pilgrim, smiling. “If I do, may I also be stricken like you.”

After he made this vow, he leaped up and with one wag of his tail arrived before the South Heaven Gate, where he thanked Prince Naṭa for unfurling the banner and lending him assistance. The prince then went back to the palace to report to the Jade Emperor and to return the flag to Zhenwu. Pilgrim, meanwhile, stood in the air and looked at those little fiends. We do not know what happens thereafter; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-FOUR

The demon king's plotting entraps Mind Monkey
The Great Sage, ever adroit, wangles the treasures

We were telling you about those two little fiends who took the specious gourd in their hands and, for some time, fought to examine it.

Raising their heads, they suddenly discovered that Pilgrim had vanished. "Elder Brother," said Wily Worm, "even an immortal would lie. He said that after we had exchanged our treasures he would enlighten us to become immortals. Why did he leave without even telling us?" Sly Devil said, "When you tally up the score, we are the ones who have by far the greater gain. Why worry about his leaving? Give me the gourd. Let me store up Heaven, just for practice!"

He indeed tossed the gourd up into the air, but it plopped down again immediately. "Why doesn't it work?" asked a startled Wily Worm. "Could it be that Pilgrim Sun had changed into a false immortal and used a specious gourd to trade off our real one?"

"Don't talk nonsense!" said Sly Devil. "Pilgrim Sun is pinned down by those three mountains. How could he come out? Give it to me again. Let me recite those few words of the spell he said and see if it will store up Heaven."

Again the fiend tossed the gourd up into the air, crying, "If there is but half a 'No,' we shall ascend to the Divine Mists Hall and start a war."

Before he had even finished saying that, the thing plopped down again. "It doesn't work! It doesn't work!" shrieked the little fiends. "It's got to be a fake!"

As they were clamoring like this, the Great Sage Sun saw and heard everything in midair. Fearing that they might learn the truth if they played with the thing too long, he shook his body and retrieved the piece of hair that had been changed into the gourd. The two fiends were left with four empty hands. "Brother," said Sly Devil, "give me the gourd."

"You were holding it," said Wily Worm. "My God! How come it disappeared?"

They searched madly on the ground and in the bushes; they stuck their hands into their sleeves and slapped their waists. But there was nothing to be found. Stupefied, the two fiends mumbled, "What shall we do? What shall we do? The Great King at the time gave us the treasures and told us to capture Pilgrim Sun. Not only have we not caught Pilgrim Sun, but we have even lost the treasures now. How dare we go back to give our report? We will simply be beaten to death. What shall we do? What shall we do?"

After a while, Wily Worm said, "We'd better go."

"Where?" asked Sly Devil. "Never mind where," said Wily Worm. "If we go back and say that we have no treasures, we will lose our lives for sure." Sly Devil said, "Don't run away, let's go back instead. The Second Great King is ordinarily quite good to you; I'll put a little blame on you. If he is in the mood to be somewhat lenient, our lives may be spared; if not, we'll at least be beaten to death at home but we won't be left dangling here. Let's go. Let's go."

After they had discussed the matter, the fiends began their walk back to their mountain.

When Pilgrim in midair saw them leaving, he shook his body again and changed into a fly to follow them. If he changed into a fly, you might ask, where did he put those treasures? If he left them by the road, or even if he hid them in the grass, people could pick them up if they saw them, and all his efforts would have been in vain. No, he had to take them with him, carrying the treasures on his body.

But a fly is no bigger than the size of a pea. How could he carry them? The treasures, you see, were just like his golden-hooped rod; they were also called compliant Buddha-treasures. They would transform according to the size of the body: they could become large or small, and that was why even a tiny body like a fly could hold them. With a buzz, Pilgrim thus flew down and steadfastly followed the fiends till in no time they reached the cave.

The two head demons were sitting there and drinking wine when the little fiends faced them and knelt down. Pilgrim alighted on the door frame and listened. "Great Kings," said the little fiends. "Have you returned?" said the second demon, putting down his cup.

"Yes," said the little fiends. "Have you caught Pilgrim Sun?" he asked again. The little fiends began to kowtow, not daring to make a sound. The old demon asked again, but they did not dare reply; all they did was to kowtow. Questioned again and again, they finally prostrated themselves on the ground and said, "Please pardon your little ones for the crime of ten thousand deaths! Please pardon your little ones for the crime of ten thousand deaths! When we took the treasures and reached the middle of the mountain, we ran into an immortal from Penglai Mountain. He inquired where we were going and we told him that we were going to catch Pilgrim Sun. When the immortal heard this, he said that he, too, was mad at Pilgrim Sun and wanted to give us assistance. We told him that there was no need for his assistance and explained how our treasures could store up humans. That immortal also had a gourd most capable of storing up Heaven. Moved by vain hopes and illicit desires, we thought we should exchange our treasures, which could only store up people, with his, which could store up Heaven. Originally, we wanted to exchange gourd for gourd, but Wily Worm decided to make good the deal by adding the pure vase. We had no idea that his immortal object could not be touched by the hands of the profane. Just as we were experimenting with it, it disappeared completely with the man, too. We beseech you to pardon our mortal offense." When the old demon heard this, he was so aroused that he bellowed thunderously, "Undone! Undone! This has to be Pilgrim Sun who masqueraded himself as an immortal to dupe them. That ape has great magic powers and vast acquaintances. I don't know which clumsy deity has let him out, and he has wangled our treasures."

The second demon said, "Don't be so angry, Elder Brother. I didn't expect that ape head to be so insolent. If he has the ability, he can escape and that's all right. Why did he have to wangle our treasures? If I don't catch him, I'll never be a monster on this road to the West!"

"How will you catch him?" asked the old demon. The second demon said, "We have five treasures; two are gone but we still have three others. We must make certain that Pilgrim Sun will be caught by one of these."

"Which three do we have now?" asked the old demon. "I still have with me the sword of the seven stars and the palm-leaf fan," said the second demon, "but the yellow-gold rope is kept at the Crush-Dragon Cave of the Crush-Dragon Mountain, the place of our aged mother. We should now send two little fiends to invite mother to come to dine on the Tang Monk's flesh, and tell her at the same time to bring that yellow-gold rope to capture Pilgrim Sun."

The old demon said, "Whom should we send?"

"Not these useless creatures," said the second demon, and then he shouted to them, "Get up!"

"Lucky! Lucky!" said the two of them. "We were neither beaten nor scolded. We are let go just like that!"

The demon said, "Ask Hill-Pawing Tiger and Sea-Lolling Dragon, who often accompany me to come here."

The two little fiends arrived and knelt down. "You must be careful," instructed the second demon. "We shall be careful," they replied. "You two must be cautious."

"Yes, we shall be cautious," they replied. "Do you know where the Old Madam's home is?" asked the second demon again.

"Yes, we do," they replied. "If you do, get there quickly, and when you reach her house, inform her reverently that she is invited to come here to dine on the flesh of the Tang Monk. Tell her also to bring along the yellow-gold rope in order that we may catch Pilgrim Sun."

The two little fiends obeyed and raced out of the cave; they did not know that Pilgrim on one side had heard everything clearly.

Stretching his wings, he flew out of the cave, caught up with Hill-Pawing Tiger, and landed on his body. After they had gone for two or three miles, he was about to slay them when he thought to himself, "To kill them is hardly difficult, but that Old Madam of theirs has the yellow-gold rope, and I don't know where she lives. Let me question them a bit first before I slaughter them."

Dear Pilgrim! He darted away with a buzz and allowed the little fiends to walk ahead for about a hundred steps. Then with one shake of his body he also changed into a little monster wearing a fox-skin cap and a tiger-skin kilt hitched up to the waist. Running up to them, he said, "You on the road, wait for me."

Turning around, Sea-Lolling Dragon asked, "Where did you come from?"

"Dear Brother," said Pilgrim, "you can't even recognize someone from the same clan?"

"You are not in our clan," said the little fiend. "What do you mean?" said Pilgrim. "Take another look."

"You don't look familiar at all," said the little fiend. "We haven't met before."

"Indeed," said Pilgrim, "you have never seen me. I belong to the external division."

The little fiend said, "I haven't met any officer from the external division at all. Where are you going?" Pilgrim said, "The Great King told you two to invite Old Madam to dine on the flesh of the Tang Monk as well as to bring along the yellow-gold

rope to capture Pilgrim Sun. But he fears that the two of you would not walk fast enough, and your love of play would delay this important enterprise. That's why he sent me along also to tell you to hurry." When the little fiends saw that his words went straight to the bottom of the truth, they did not suspect anything, thinking instead that Pilgrim indeed was a member of the same clan. Hurriedly, they sprinted forward for eight or nine miles.

"We have run too fast," said Pilgrim. "How far have we gone since we left home?"

"About sixteen miles," said the little fiend.

Pilgrim said, "How much farther do we have to go?" Pointing with his finger, Sea-Lolling Dragon said, "Inside the dark forest up ahead—that's it." Pilgrim raised his head and saw a large dark forest not far away, and he figured that the old fiend had to be within that vicinity. He stood still, allowing the other two little fiends to proceed; then he caught up with them and gave them a swiping blow with the iron rod. Alas, they were no match for the rod at all and were reduced instantly to two meat patties! Pilgrim picked them up and hid them inside some bushes by the road. Pulling off a piece of hair, he blew on it a magic breath, crying "Change!" It changed at once into Hill-Pawing Tiger, while he himself changed into Sea-Lolling Dragon. The two specious monsters then proceeded directly to the Dragon-Crushing Cave to invite the old madam. This is what we call

Seventy-two transformations—what magic might!

Ever adroit with things—such great ability!

With four, five leaps, he bounded right into the forest. As he was looking around, he saw two stone doors half-closed nearby. Not daring to enter abruptly, he had to call out, "Open the door, open the door."

A female monster standing guard inside opened wide the door and asked, "Where did you come from?" Pilgrim said, "I came from the Lotus-Flower Cave of the Level-Top Mountain with an invitation for Old Madam."

"Inside," said the female monster. When Pilgrim reached the second door, he stuck his head inside to take a look and found an old woman sitting squarely in the middle. "How did she look?" you ask. You see

Snow-white hair all tousled,

And starlike eyes all aglow.

Her face, though ruddy, has many wrinkles;

She's full of spirit though few teeth remain.

Charming—like the frosted chrysanthemum;

Rugged—like an old pine tree after rain.

A scarf of fine-spun white silk wraps her head,

And bejeweled gold rings hang from her ears.

After he had seen her, the Great Sage Sun did not go inside at once. Instead, he remained crestfallen outside the second door and began to weep silently. "Why did he weep?" you ask. Could it be that he was afraid of her? Even if he were, he would hardly weep.

Moreover, he was courageous enough to have bilked the monsters of their treasures and slain the little fiends. Why then did he weep? In times past, he could have entered a giant tripod of boiling oil, and even if he had been fried for seven or eight

days, he would not have shed half a tear. It was, however, the thought of the misery inflicted on him on account of the Tang Monk's going to acquire scriptures that moved him to tears. He thought to himself, "If old Monkey had displayed his ability and changed into a little fiend to invite this aged monster, there would be absolutely no reason for him to speak standing up. I must kowtow when I see her! A hero all my life, I have only kowtowed to three persons:

I bowed to Buddha of the Western Heaven, Guanyin of the South Sea, and four times to Master when he saved me at the Mountain of Two Frontiers. For him I have used up even my innards and my bowels! Ah, how much could a roll of scripture be worth? Yet, I'm forced to prostrate myself before this fiend today. If I don't, I'll be discovered for sure. O misery! In the last analysis, Master is in sad straits and that's why I have to bear such humiliation." When he came to that point in his thoughts, he had no choice but to race inside and kneel down, facing her. "Madam," he said, "please receive my kowtow."

The fiend said, "My child, stand up."

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" said Pilgrim to himself. "That's an honest address!"

"Where did you come from?" asked the old fiend. "From the Lotus-Flower Cave of the Level-Top Mountain," said Pilgrim. "I received the order of the two Great Kings to invite Madam to go and dine on the flesh of the Tang Monk. You have also been requested to bring along the yellowgold rope to catch Pilgrim Sun."

Exceedingly pleased, the old fiend said, "What filial sons!" She at once called for her sedan chair. "O my child!" said Pilgrim to himself. "Even monsters ride in sedan chairs!"

From behind, two female monsters carried out a sedan chair made of fragrant rattan, on which they hung curtains of blue silk. The old fiend walked out of the cave and sat in the chair, followed by several little female monsters carrying toilet boxes, mounted mirrors, towels, and a perfume box. "Why did you all have to come out?" asked the old fiend. "I'm going to my own home, and you think that there will be no one there to serve me? We don't need your big mouths there. Go back! Shut the doors and look after the house!"

Those few little monsters indeed went back, and only two remained to pole the sedan chair. "What are the names of those two who have been sent here?" asked the old fiend. "He's called Hill-Pawing Tiger," said Pilgrim quickly, "and my name is Sea-Lolling Dragon."

The old fiend said, "Walk in front, the two of you. Shout and clear the way for me."

"This had to be my misfortune!" thought Pilgrim. "We have not yet acquired the scriptures, but I have to be her slave at this moment!"

He did not dare refuse; walking ahead, he shouted to clear the way.

After they had gone for five or six miles, he sat down on a slab of stone to wait for the two carrying the sedan chair. When they arrived, Pilgrim said, "How about resting awhile? Your shoulders must be getting sore."

The little fiends did not suspect anything, of course, and they put down the sedan chair. Walking behind it, Pilgrim pulled off a piece of hair from his chest and changed it

into a huge biscuit, which he held and began to munch on. "Officer," said one of the chair carriers, "what are you eating?"

"I'm embarrassed to tell you," said Pilgrim, "but we have walked all this distance to invite Old Madam, and she didn't give us any reward. I'm getting hungry, and that's why I'm eating some of our own dried goods before we move again."

"Please give us some, too," said the carriers.

Pilgrim said, "Come on. We all belong to the same family. Why do you ask?" Not knowing any better, the little fiends both surrounded Pilgrim to divide the dried food. Whipping out his iron rod, Pilgrim gave their heads a terrific blow: the one hit directly was reduced at once to pulp, while the other who was swiped by the rod did not die immediately and was still moaning. When the old fiend heard someone moan and stuck her head out to look, Pilgrim leaped before the sedan chair and slammed the rod down on her head. Brains burst out and blood spurted in every direction from the gaping hole. Pilgrim dragged her from the sedan chair and discovered that she was a nine-tailed fox.

"Cursed beast!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Who are you that you should be called Old Madam? If you are addressed as Old Madam, you should call old Monkey as your great, grand ancestor!"

Dear Monkey King! He searched and found the yellow-gold rope, which he stuffed into his own sleeve, saying happily, "Those lawless demons may be powerful, but three treasures now belong to him whose name is Sun."

He yanked off two pieces of hair (which he changed into Hill-Pawing Tiger and Sea-Lolling Dragon), and two more (which he changed into the fiends who carried the sedan chair). He himself changed into the form of the old woman and sat in the sedan chair. They then started out on the main road once more.

In a little while, they reached the entrance of the Lotus-Flower Cave. Those little fiends which were changed from the hairs cried out in front, "Open the door! Open the door!"

The little fiends inside who were guarding the door opened it and said, "Hill-Pawing Tiger and Sea-Lolling Dragon, have you two returned?"

"Yes," said the pieces of hair. "Where is Old Madam whom you were to invite?"

"Isn't she there inside the sedan chair?" said the pieces of hair, pointing. "Stay here," said one of the little fiends. "Let me go and report." When the two head demons heard the announcement, "Great King, Old Madam has arrived," they gave the order at once that an incense table be prepared to receive her. When Pilgrim heard this, he was delighted, saying to himself, "What luck! Now it's my turn to be somebody! When I first changed into a little fiend to go invite that old monster, I kowtowed to her once. But now that I have changed into the old monster, who is supposed to be their mother, they must perform the ceremony of four bows. It may not be much, but I'm reaping the profit of two heads kowtowing to me!"

Dear Great Sage! He descended from the sedan chair and, shaking off the dirt from his clothes, retrieved the four pieces of hair onto his body. The little fiends who stood guard at the door carried the empty sedan chair inside, and he followed them slowly from behind, mincing all the while to imitate the gait of the old fiend. When they went inside, the entire flock of monsters, old and young, all came to receive him, as

drums and flutes were played harmoniously and curls of fragrant smoke rose from the Boshan urn.

He arrived at the main hall and sat down, facing south; the two head demons knelt before him and kowtowed, saying, "Mother, your children are bowing."

"My sons," said Pilgrim, "please rise." We tell you now about Zhu Eight Rules, who, hanging there on the beam, suddenly let out a guffaw. "Second Brother," said Sha Monk, "this is quite marvelous! They hang you till you laugh out loud!"

"Brother," said Eight Rules, "I have a reason for laughing." Sha Monk asked, "What reason?"

"We were afraid," said Eight Rules, "that when Madam arrived, we would be steamed and eaten."

Now I see that it's not Madam; it's the dear old thing."

"What dear old thing?" asked Sha Monk. "Ban-Horse-Plague is here," said Eight Rules, chuckling. Sha Monk said, "How could you recognize him?"

"When he bent his back to return their greetings, saying, 'My sons, please rise,'" said Eight Rules, "that monkey tail of his flipped up from behind. I'm hung higher than you, and that's why I can see more clearly." Sha Monk said, "Let's not talk, let's hear what he has to say."

"Exactly, exactly," said Eight Rules.

Sitting in the middle, the Great Sage Sun asked, "My sons, why did you invite me here?"

"Dear Mother," said one of the demons, "for days your children have not had the opportunity to fulfill our filial responsibilities. This morning we managed to catch the Tang Monk from the Land of the East, but we dared not eat him all by ourselves. We therefore invited Mother to come so that he might be presented live to you, and then he will be steamed as your food to prolong your life."

"My sons," said Pilgrim, "I'm not at all keen to dine on the Tang Monk's flesh, but I hear that the ears of one Zhu Eight Rules are quite marvelous. Why don't you cut them down and fix them up as appetizers for my wine?" Startled by what he heard, Eight Rules said, "Plague on you! Did you come here to cut down my ears? If I announce aloud who you are, it won't sound very good!"

Alas! This one careless statement of Idiot at once unmasked the transformation of the Monkey King. Just then, a few little fiends who went to patrol the mountain and a few others who stood guard at the door all rushed in also, saying, "Great King, disaster! Pilgrim Sun has beaten to death Old Madam, and he disguised himself to come here." When the head demon heard these words, he did not wait for any further report; pulling out his sword of seven stars, he slashed at the face of Pilgrim. Dear Great Sage! He shook his body once, and brilliant red light filled the cave as he made his escape. Such abilities made the whole episode fun and games for him. For truly he had mastered this secret: coming together he took on form, but dispersing he became ether. So shaken were the inhabitants of the cave that the old demon's spirit left him, and the various monsters bit their fingers and shook their heads.

"Brother," said the old demon, "take the Tang Monk, Sha Monk, Eight Rules, the white horse, and the luggage—take them all and return them to Pilgrim Sun. Let's shut the door on conflict."

“What are you saying, Elder Brother?” said the second demon. “You have no idea how much effort I spent in devising this plan to bring back all those monks. And now intimidated by Pilgrim Sun’s trickery you want to return them to him unconditionally. You have become, in fact, a person who fears the knife and shuns the sword. Is that manliness? Sit down and don’t be afraid. I heard you say that Pilgrim Sun had vast magic powers; though I met him, I have yet to wage a contest with him. Bring me my armor. Let me fight three rounds with him: if he can’t defeat me in those three rounds, the Tang Monk is still our food. If I can’t prevail against him in those three rounds, there’s still time then for us to return the Tang Monk to him.”

The old demon said, “You are right, Worthy Brother.”

He ordered at once for the armor to be brought out.

After the various fiends hauled out his armor, the second demon suited up himself properly and walked out the door, holding the treasure sword. “Pilgrim Sun,” he cried, “where have you gone to?”

At the time, you see, the Great Sage had already reached the edge of the clouds. When he heard his name called, he turned quickly and saw that it was the second demon. “How is he dressed?” you ask.

*He wears a phoenix helmet whiter than snow
And an armor made of bright Persian steel.
The belt on his waist is dragon’s tendon.
Plum-flower shaped gaiters top his goat-skin boots.
He seems the living Lord of Libation Stream;
He looks no different from Mighty Spirit.
He holds in his hands the sword of seven stars,
Stern and imposing in a towering rage.*

“Pilgrim Sun,” cried the second demon, “give us back quickly our mother and our treasures. I’ll let you and the Tang Monk go to acquire scriptures.” Unable to contain himself any longer, the Great Sage roared, “This impudent monster! You’ve made a mistake in thinking that your Grandpa Sun will let you go so easily! Return at once my master, my younger brothers, the white horse, and our luggage, and give us, moreover, some travel money for us to take on our road to the West. If half a ‘No’ leaks through your teeth, you might as well hang yourself with rope. That’ll save your Grandpa from having to raise his hands.” When the second demon heard these words, he leaped up to the clouds swiftly and stabbed with the sword. Pilgrim met him face to face with the uplifted iron rod, and it was some battle between the two of them in midair.

*The chess master finding his match,
The general meeting a good warrior—
Finding his match the chess master can’t suppress his joy;
Meeting a good warrior the general must apply himself.
When those two divine fighters come together,
They seem like tigers brawling on South Mountain
Or dragons striving in North Sea.
As dragons strive,
Their scales sparkle;
When tigers brawl,
Teeth and claws strike madly.*

*Teeth and claws strike madly like silver hooks,
 And sparkling scales upturn like iron leaves.
 This one all in all
 Uses a thousand ways to attack;
 That one back and forth
 Does not let up for half a moment.
 The golden-hooped rod
 Is only three-tenths of an inch from the head.
 The seven-stars sword,
 Poised at the heart, needs only one thrust.
 The imposing air of this one chills the Great Dipper;
 The angry breaths of that one menace like thunder.*

The two of them fought for thirty rounds but no decision was reached.

Secretly delighted, Pilgrim said to himself, “This lawless monster does manage to withstand the iron rod of old Monkey. But I have already acquired three of his treasures. If I continue to fight bitterly like this with him, won’t it just delay what I want to do? Perhaps I should use the gourd or the pure vase to store him up.”

He then thought further, “No good! No good! The proverb says, ‘Each thing has its master.’ If I call him and he doesn’t answer, it will just defeat my purpose. Let me use the yellow-gold rope to lasso his head.”

Dear Great Sage! He used one hand to wield his iron rod while his other hand whipped out the rope and lassoed the demon’s head. The demon, however, knew a Tight-Rope Spell and a Loose-Rope Spell. If the rope had bound another person, he would recite the Tight-Rope Spell and that person would not be able to escape. But if the rope had been fastened on one of his own, he would recite the Loose-Rope Spell and no harm would come to the person. When he saw, then, that it was his own treasure, he recited at once the Loose-Rope Spell; the rope loosened itself and he came out of the noose. Taking the rope, he threw it at Pilgrim instead and it caught hold of the Great Sage instantly. The Great Sage was about to exercise his magic of thinning the body when the demon recited the Tight-Rope Spell and it had him firmly bound. It was impossible for him to escape, for when the rope was drawn down to his neck, one end of it changed into a gold ring tightly enclosing him. The fiend then gave the rope a tug and pulled Pilgrim down before he gave that bald head seven or eight blows with the sword. The skin on Pilgrim’s head did not even redden at all.

“This monkey,” said the demon, “has quite a hard head! I won’t hack at you anymore. Let me take you back to the cave first before I hit you again. But you’d better return my other two treasures right now.”

“What treasures have I taken from you?” asked Pilgrim, “that you should ask me for them?”

The demon searched Pilgrim carefully and found both the gourd and the vase. Using the rope as a leash, he brought Pilgrim back to the cave, saying, “Elder Brother, I’ve caught him.”

The old demon said, “Whom did you catch?”

“Pilgrim Sun!” said the second demon. “Come and look! Come and look!”

The old demon took one look and recognized that it was indeed Pilgrim. He smiled happily and said, "It's he! It's he! Tie him up with a long rope to the pillar just for fun."

They indeed had Pilgrim tied to a pillar, after which the two demons went to the hall in the back to drink.

As the Great Sage was crawling around beneath the pillar, he was seen by Eight Rules. Hanging on the beam, Idiot laughed loudly, saying, "Elder Brother, you can't quite manage to eat my ears!"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "are you comfortably hung up there? I'll get out right now, and you can be certain that I'll rescue all of you."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" asked Eight Rules. "You can't even escape yourself, and you want to rescue others. O, let it be, let it be! Master and disciples might as well die together so that we could ask for our way in the Region of Darkness." Pilgrim said, "Stop babbling nonsense! You watch me leave here."

"I'll see how you leave here," said Eight Rules. Though the Great Sage was talking to Eight Rules, his eyes were fixed on those two demons. He saw that they were drinking inside, and there were a few little fiends running madly back and forth to bring in the dishes and to pour wine. When their guard lapsed momentarily and no one stood near the Great Sage, he at once exercised his divine powers. Slipping out his rod, he blew on it, saying, "Change!" and it changed instantly into a file of pure steel. Gripping the gold ring on his neck, he filed it through with four or five strokes and freed himself by pulling the ring apart. Yanking off a piece of hair, he commanded it to change into a specious form of himself tied to the pillar; his true self, however, changed with one shake of the body into a little monster and stood to one side.

"Bad news! Bad news!" cried Eight Rules once more on the beam. "The one tied up is a false product. The one hanging is genuine." Putting down his cup, the old demon asked, "What's that Zhu Eight Rules yelling about?" Pilgrim, who had changed into a little monster, went forward to say, "Zhu Eight Rules is trying to persuade Pilgrim Sun to escape by transformation, but Sun isn't willing."

That's why Zhu is hollering."

"And we say that Zhu Eight Rules is without guile!" said the second demon. "Now I see what a sneak he is! He should have his mouth caned twenty times." Pilgrim indeed went to get a cane for the beating. "You'd better hit me lightly," said Eight Rules. "If the strokes are even slightly heavy, I'll yell again that I recognize you." Pilgrim said, "It's for the sake of all of you that old Monkey has undergone the transformation. Why did you have to let the truth leak out? All the monster-spirits of this cave can't recognize me. Why does it have to be you who can recognize me?"

"Though you have changed your features," said Eight Rules, "your ass hasn't been changed! Aren't those two patches of red still on your buttocks? That's why I can recognize you." Pilgrim slipped out to the kitchen and wiped some soot off the pots to blacken his buttocks before returning to the front. When Eight Rules saw him, he said, chuckling, "This monkey must have gone somewhere to mess around so that he has now come back with a black ass!" Pilgrim still remained standing there for he wanted to steal their treasures. Indeed a clever person, he walked up the hall and halfkneled to the fiend, saying, "Great King, look how that Pilgrim Sun is crawling all over the pillar. The

yellow-gold rope, I fear, may be ruined by all that rubbing and stretching. We should get something thicker to tie him up.”

“You are right,” said the old demon, and he took off a belt with a lion buckle from his own waist to hand to Pilgrim. Taking the belt, Pilgrim fastened his false form to the pillar, but the rope he stuffed instantly into his own sleeve. Then he pulled off another piece of hair, which with one blow of his breath he changed into a fake yellow-gold rope, and which he presented with both hands to the fiend. Eager only for his wine, the fiend did not bother to examine it before putting it away. This is what we mean by

The Great Sage, ever versatile, displays his skills:

The hair is now exchanged for the golden rope.

As soon as he had acquired this treasure, he leaped out the door and changed back into his true form. “Monster!” he shouted. A little fiend guarding the door asked, “Who are you, that you dare shout here?”

“Go in quickly,” said Pilgrim, “and report to those lawless demons that a Grimpil Sun is here.”

The little fiend indeed made the report as he was told.

Highly startled, the old demon said, “We have caught Pilgrim Sun already! How is it that there is a Grimpil Sun?”

“Elder Brother,” said the second demon, “Why fear him? The treasures are all in our hands. Let me take the gourd out and have him stored up.”

“Brother,” said the old demon, “do be careful.”

The second demon took out the gourd and walked out the door, where he encountered someone who seemed to be an exact image of Pilgrim Sun but only a little shorter. “Where did you come from?” he asked. Pilgrim said, “I’m the brother of Pilgrim Sun. When I heard that you caught my elder brother, I came to settle the score with you.”

“Yes, I caught him all right,” said the second demon, “and he’s locked up in the cave. Now that you have arrived, you want to fight with me, I suppose, but I won’t cross swords with you. Let me call your name once. Do you dare answer me?”

“Even if you call me a thousand times, I won’t be afraid,” said Pilgrim. “I’ll answer you ten thousand times!” Leaping into the air with his treasure held upside down, the demon called out, “Grimpil Sun!” Pilgrim dared not reply, thinking to himself, “If I answer him, I’ll be sucked inside.”

“Why don’t you answer me?” said the demon.

“My ears are a little stuffed up,” said Pilgrim, “and I can’t hear you. Call louder.”

The fiend indeed shouted, “Grimpil Sun!” Squeezing his fingers together to do some calculations down below, Pilgrim thought to himself, “My real name is Pilgrim Sun, but this Grimpil Sun is a fake name that I’ve made up. With the real name I can be sucked inside, but how could it work with a false name?”

He could not refrain from answering, and instantly he was sucked into the gourd, which was then sealed by the tape. That treasure, you see, had no regard for whether the name called out was true or false: if one even breathed an answer, one would be sucked inside instantly.

When the Great Sage arrived inside the gourd, he found only total darkness. He tried to push up with his head but to no avail at all, for whatever was stopping the mouth of the gourd was exceedingly tight. Growing anxious, he thought to himself, “Those two little fiends I met on the mountain at the time told me that if a man was sucked into either the gourd or the vase, he would be reduced to pus in one and three-quarter hours. Could I be dissolved like that?”

He thought further to himself, “It’s nothing. I can’t be dissolved! When old Monkey caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago and was refined for forty-nine days in the eighthtrigram brazier of Laozi, the process in fact gave me a heart strong as gold and viscera hardy as silver, a bronze head and an iron back, fiery eyes and diamond pupils. How could I be reduced to pus in one and three-quarter hours? Let me follow him inside and see what he does.”

The second demon went inside with the gourd, saying, “Elder Brother, I’ve caught him.”

“Caught whom?” asked the old demon.

The second demon said, “Grimpil Sun has been stored up in the gourd by me.”

Delighted, the old demon said, “Worthy Brother, please take a seat. Don’t move the gourd. We’ll shake it after awhile and we’ll lift the seal only if it swashes.”

Hearing this, Pilgrim thought to himself, “If my body remains like this, how could it swash? I have to be reduced to liquid before the gourd can swash when shaken.

Let me leave some urine here; when he shakes it and it swashes, he will certainly lift up the seal and I can then beat it!”

But he thought again, “No good! No good! The urine can make the noise, but my shirt will be soiled. I’ll wait until he shakes the gourd, and then I’ll spit out a lot of saliva. All that drippy mess will deceive him into lifting the seal, and old Monkey can then escape.”

The Great Sage made this preparation, but the fiend was busy drinking and did not try to shake the gourd at all. Devising another plan to deceive them, the Great Sage suddenly cried out, “Heavens! My shanks have dissolved!”

The demons did not shake the gourd, and the Great Sage cried out again, “O Mother! Even my pelvic bones are gone!”

“When his waist is gone,” said the old demon, “he’s almost finished. Lift up the seal and take a look.” When the Great Sage heard this, he pulled off a piece of hair, crying “Change!” It changed into half a body stuck at the bottom of the gourd, while his true self was changed into a tiny insect attached to its mouth. As soon as the second demon lifted up the seal, the Great Sage flew out at once and with a roll changed instantly again into the form of Sea-Lolling Dragon, that little fiend who was sent formerly to fetch the Old Madam. He stood to one side, while the old demon took hold of the gourd and peered inside. Half a body was squirming down below, and he did not wait to determine whether it was genuine or not before he shouted, “Brother, cover it up, cover it up! He hasn’t been completely dissolved yet.”

The second demon again taped on the seal, not realizing that the Great Sage on one side was snickering to himself, saying, “You don’t know that old Monkey is right over here!”

Taking the wine pot, the old demon poured a full cup of wine and presented it with both hands to the second demon, saying, “Worthy Brother, let me toast you with this cup.”

The second demon said, “Elder Brother, we have drunk wine for quite a while already. Why do you have to toast me with the cup now?”

“It’s no big thing, perhaps, that you caught the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk,” said the old demon, “but you even managed to tie up Pilgrim Sun and store up Grimpil Sun. For making such great merit, you should be toasted with many cups more.” When the second demon saw how his elder brother sought to honor him, he dared not refuse, but he dared not accept the cup with one hand either, for he was holding the gourd with the other. Quickly passing the gourd to Sea-Lolling Dragon, he then received the cup with both hands. Little did he realize, of course, that Sea-Lolling Dragon was in fact the transformed Pilgrim Sun. Look at him! He waited on the demons with great attentiveness. After the second demon took the wine and drank it, he wanted to return the toast. “No need to toast me,” said the old demon. “Here, I’ll drink a cup with you.”

The two of them kept exchanging niceties like that for some time, while Pilgrim, holding the gourd, fixed his eyes on them. When he saw them passing the wine cup back and forth without the slightest regard for what he was doing, he slipped the gourd into his sleeve and used another piece of hair to form a specious gourd exactly the same as the genuine one. The demon, after presenting wine for awhile, took the gourd out of Pilgrim’s hands without bothering to examine it. They sat down at their tables again and continued to drink as before. Having acquired the treasure again, the Great Sage turned and left, highly delighted and saying to himself,

*Though this demon has his wizardry,
The gourd’s still owned by the Sun family!*

We do not know what he had to do thereafter to exterminate the fiends and rescue his master; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-FIVE

*Heresy uses power to oppress the proper Nature
Mind Monkey, bagging treasures, conquers deviate demons*

*His nature's perfect: thus he knows the Way.
Turning, he leaps clear of the net and snare.
To learn transformation's no easy thing,
Nor is it common to achieve long life.
Luck changes him to things pure and impure;
Free of fated kalpas he moves at will.
For countless aeons he is fancy-free—
A ray divine fixed always on the void.*

The meaning of this poem, you see, subtly corresponds to the wonders of the Dao attained by the Great Sage Sun. Since he had acquired the true treasure from that demon, he concealed it in his sleeve, saying happily to himself, “Though that lawless demon tries so hard to capture me, his efforts are no better than the attempt to fish the moon out of water. But when old Monkey wants to catch him, it’s as simple as melting ice over fire!”

Hiding the gourd, he slipped out the door and changed back into his original form.

“Monster spirits,” he shouted, “open the door!”

A little fiend said, “Who are you that you dare make noises here?” Pilgrim answered, “Report at once to those old lawless demons that a Sun Pilgrim has arrived.”

The little fiend dashed inside to make the report, saying, “Great King, there is a so-called Sun Pilgrim showing up outside our door.”

“Worthy Brother,” said the old demon, deeply shaken, “that’s bad! We have stirred up a whole nest of pestilence! Look! The yellowgold rope has caught a Pilgrim Sun, while the gourd has stored up a Grimpil Sun. How can it be that there is another Sun Pilgrim? It must be that they have several brothers and they have all arrived.”

“Relax, Elder Brother,” said the second demon. “This gourd of ours can hold up to a thousand people, and we have only one Grimpil Sun inside. Why worry about another Sun Pilgrim? Let me go out and take a look. I’ll store him up also.”

“Do be careful, Brother,” said the old demon.

Look at that second demon! Holding the specious gourd, he walked out the door as resolutely and confidently as before. “Who are you,” he cried, “that you dare make noises around here?” Pilgrim said, “So, you don’t recognize me!

*I lived at Flower- Fruit Mountain.
My home: the Water-Curtain Cave.
For disturbing Heaven's Palace
I ceased to strive for a long time.
Lucky to be freed of my woes,
I left Dao and followed a monk
To reach, obedient, Thunderclap,
To seek scriptures and right knowledge.*

*When I meet wild, lawless demons,
I work with my mighty magic.
Return my monk of Great Tang
That we go West to see Buddha.
Our conflict will then be ended,
And each one can enjoy his peace.
Don't stir up old Monkey's ire,
Or your stale life will expire!"*

"You come over here for a moment" said the demon, "but I'm not going to fight with you. I'm about to call your name once. You dare answer me?"

"If you call me," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "I'll answer you. But if I call you, will you answer me?"

"I call you," said that fiend, "only because I have a treasure gourd which can store up people. What do you have that makes you want to call me?" Pilgrim said, "I, too, have a little gourd."

"If you do," said the fiend, "take it out for me to have a look." Pilgrim took the gourd out of his sleeve, saying, "Lawless demon, you look!"

He waved it once and stuffed it immediately back into his sleeve, for he was afraid that the demon might want to snatch it away.

When the demon caught sight of the gourd, he was greatly shaken, saying, "Where did that gourd of his come from? How is it that it is exactly like mine? Even if it grew from the same branch, there ought to be some difference in size or shape. How could they be exactly alike?" With complete seriousness, he said, "Sun Pilgrim, where did your gourd come from?" Pilgrim, of course, did not know the history of the gourd, but he turned the question around and asked instead, "Where did yours come from?" Not realizing that it was a trick, the demon thought that it was an honest query and he proceeded to give a complete account of its origin, saying, "This gourd of mine came into existence during the time when chaos divided and Heaven and Earth were created. There was then a Supreme Primordial Old Patriarch, who through death changed himself into Nüwa and took on her name. She melted stones in order to repair the heavens and save the mundane world. When she reached a crack in the northwest region at the base of the Kunlun Mountain, she discovered a strand of immortal creeper on which was formed this red gourd of purple gold. It is, therefore, something handed down by Laozi until now." When the Great Sage heard this story, he at once used it as a model for his own account, saying, "My gourd also came from the same spot."

"How so?" asked the demon. "Since the division of the pure and the turbid," said the Great Sage, "Heaven was incomplete at the northwest corner, and Earth was incomplete in the southeast corner. The Supreme Primordial Daoist Patriarch through death changed himself into Nüwa.

After she had repaired the heavens, she journeyed to the base of the Kunlun Mountain, where there was a strand of immortal creeper on which two gourds had formed. The one I have is a male, while yours is a female."

The fiend said, "No need to distinguish the sexes; if it can store up people, it's a good treasure."

"You are right," said the Great Sage, "I'll let you try first."

Highly pleased, the fiend leaped into the air, held up the gourd, and cried, “Sun Pilgrim!” When he heard the call, the Great Sage replied in one breath eight or nine times without stopping, but nothing happened to him at all. Dropping down from the air, the demon beat his breast and stamped his feet, crying, “Heavens! And we say that only human life has not changed in the world! Even a treasure like this is afraid of her mate: when the female meets the male, it ceases to be effective!”

“Why don’t you put yours away,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “for it’s old Monkey’s turn to call you.” Swiftly somersaulting into the air, he turned the gourd upside down and took aim at the demon, crying, “Great King Silver Horn!” Not daring to close his mouth, the fiend made his reply, and instantly he was sucked into the gourd, which was then sealed by Pilgrim with the tape bearing the words, “May Laozi Act Quickly According to This Command.” Secretly pleased, Pilgrim said, “My child, you are going to try something new today!”

He descended from the cloud, holding the gourd, and headed straight for the Lotus-Flower Cave, every thought of his set on rescuing his master. The road on that mountain, you see, was pockmarked with holes, and he, moreover, was somewhat bowlegged. As he scurried along, the gourd was shaken repeatedly, and soon there came from within a loud swashing sound continuously. “How is it that it swashes already?” you ask. The Great Sage, you see, had a body which had been so thoroughly refined that he could not be dissolved speedily. On the other hand, the fiend might know some such paltry magic as mounting the clouds and riding the fog, but he had not been completely delivered from his mortal constitution. The moment he was sucked into the treasure, he was dissolved.

Pilgrim, however, did not quite believe that that had been the case. “O my child,” he said, laughing, “I don’t know whether you are pissing or gargling! But this sort of business is most familiar to old Monkey. Not until after seven or eight days, when you have become thin liquid, will I lift the cover to look. Why hurry? What’s the rush? When I think of how easily I got out, I wouldn’t spy on you for a thousand years!”

As he held the gourd and talked to himself like that, he soon arrived at the entrance of the cave. He gave the gourd a shake and it was swashing even more loudly. “This sounds like the rattle of a fortune-telling tube,” he said. “Old Monkey should make an inquiry to see when Master can come out of this door.” Look at him! He shook the thing in his hand constantly while reciting, “The *Classic of Change* of King Wen, Great Sage Confucius, Master Zhou of *Lady Peach-Blossom*, Master Ghost Valley.”

When the little fiends in the cave saw that, they cried, “Great King, disaster! Sun Pilgrim has stored up our Second Great King in the gourd and he’s using that for fortune-telling now.” When the old fiend heard these words, he was so horrified that his spirit left him and his soul fled, his bones weakened and his tendons turned numb. He fell on the ground and began to wail, crying, “O Worthy Brother! When you and I left the Region Above in secret and found our lives in this mortal world, our hope was to enjoy together riches and glory as permanent lords of this mountain cave. How could I know that, because of this monk, your life would be taken away and our fraternal bond be broken?” The various fiends of the entire cave all began to wail aloud.

When Zhu Eight Rules, hanging there on the beam, heard the wailing of the whole family, he could not refrain from calling out, “Monster, don’t cry! Let old Hog tell you something. The Pilgrim Sun who arrived first, the Grimpil Sun who came next, and finally the Sun Pilgrim who came last—all three of them are in fact a single person, my elder brother. He is very versatile, knowing seventytwo ways of transformation. It

was he who stole your treasure and had your brother stored up. Since your brother is now dead, there is no need for you to mourn like that. You should clean up your pots and pans quickly and fix up some dried mushrooms, fresh butt on mushrooms, bean sprouts, bamboo shoots, soybean cakes, wheat glutens, wood ears, and vegetables. Invite us master and disciples for a meal, and we will be pleased to recite for you once the *Receive Life Sūtra*.” Infuriated by what he heard, the old demon said, “I thought Zhu Eight Rules was a guileless person, but he’s actually most sassy. He dares to make fun of me at this moment! Little ones, stop mourning. Untie Zhu Eight Rules and steam him until he’s soft and tender.

Let me have a full stomach first, and then I’ll go catch Pilgrim Sun to avenge my brother.”

Turning to Eight Rules, Sha Monk chided him, saying, “Isn’t that nice? I told you not to talk so much! Now your talking means that you’ll be steamed and eaten.” Idiot himself became somewhat alarmed, but a little fiend then spoke up, saying, “Great King, it’s not good to steam Zhu Eight Rules.”

“Amitābha Buddha!” said Eight Rules. “Which elder brother is trying to pile up secret merits? I’m indeed no good if I’m steamed.”

Another fiend said, “After he’s skinned, he’ll then be good to steam.”

Horrified, Eight Rules said, “I’m all right! I’m all right! Though my bones and skins are coarse, I’ll be tender the moment the water boils.”

As they were speaking, another little fiend came from the front door to report, “Sun Pilgrim is reviling us at our door!”

“This fellow,” said a startled old demon, “abuses us because he thinks there is nobody here.”

He then gave the order, “Little ones, hang up Zhu Eight Rules as before, and find out how many treasures there are still in the house.”

A little fiend, who was the housekeeper, said, “There are three treasures yet in the cave.”

“Which three?” asked the old demon. “The sword of seven stars,” said the housekeeper, “the palm-leaf fan, and the pure-jade vase.”

“That vase is useless!” said the old demon. “It was supposed to store up anyone who answered when his name was called, but the formula was somehow passed on to that Pilgrim Sun and now our own brother has been put away. I won’t use the vase; leave it here at home. Bring me the sword and the fan, quickly.”

The housekeeper handed over the two treasures to the old demon, who stuck the fan into his collar behind his neck and held the sword in his hand. He then called up about three hundred monsters, young and old, and told all of them to arm themselves with spears, clubs, ropes, and knives. The old demon himself also put on helmet and cuirass, covered with a flaming red silk cape. As the monsters rushed out the door, they lined up in battle formation, intent on catching the Great Sage Sun. Knowing by now that the second demon had been dissolved in the gourd, the Great Sage fastened the gourd to the belt around his waist while his hands held high the golden-hooped rod to prepare for combat. As red banners unfurled, the old fiend leaped out the door.

How was he dressed?

*His helmet's tassel shimmered on his head,
 And from his belt fresh, radiant colors rose.
 He wore a cuirass knit like dragon scales,
 Topped with a long red cape like crackling flames.
 His round eyes opened wide and lightning flashed;
 Wiry whiskers flared up like turbid fumes.
 His hand held lightly the seven-star sword,
 His shoulder half-hidden by the palm-leaf fan.
 He moved like clouds rushing past the ocean's peaks;
 Like thunder his voice shook mountains and streams.
 An awesome Heaven-defying warrior,
 Leading many monsters, he stormed out of the cave.*

After ordering the little fiends to take their battle stations, the old demon shouted, "You ape! You are utterly wretched! You murdered my brother and broke up our fraternal bond. You are truly despicable!"

"Monster, you are the one who's asking for death!" replied Pilgrim, "Do you mean to tell me that one life of a monster-spirit is worth more than those of four creatures like my master, my younger brothers, and the white horse? You think that I can bear the thought of their being hung up in the cave at this moment? That I would agree to that? Bring them out at once and return them to me.

You can add also some travel expenses and send off old Monkey amiably. Then I might spare this cur-like life of yours!"

The fiend, of course, would not permit any further exchanges; lifting his treasure sword, he slashed at the head of the Great Sage, who met him with uplifted iron rod. This was quite a battle outside the entrance of the cave. Aha!

*The seven-star sword and the golden-hooped rod
 Clashed, and sparks flared up like lightning bright;
 The spreading cold air brought oppressive chill
 As vast dark clouds concealed the peaks and cliffs.
 This one because of his fraternal bond
 Would not let up a bit.
 That one on account of the scripture monk
 Would not slow down one whit.
 Each one hated with the same kind of hate;
 Both parties cherished such hostility.
 They fought till Heaven and Earth darkened, scaring gods and ghosts;
 The sun dimmed, the smoke thickened, as dragons and tigers quaked.
 This one ground his teeth like filing down jade nails;
 That one grew so mad that flames leaped out his eyes!
 Back and forth they showed their heroic might,
 And kept on brandishing both sword and rod.*

The old demon fought with the Great Sage for twenty rounds, but neither could gain the upper hand. Pointing with his sword, the old demon shouted, "Little fiends, come up together!"

Those three hundred monster-spirits rushed up together and completely surrounded Pilgrim. Dear Great Sage! Not in the least afraid, he wielded his rod and

lunged left and right, attacking with it in front and protecting himself in the rear. Those little fiends, however, all had some abilities; the longer they fought, the more ferocious they became—like cotton floss sticking to one's body, they tackled Pilgrim at the waist and tugged at his legs, refusing to be beaten back. Alarmed, the Great Sage resorted to the magic of the Body beyond the Body. He plucked off a handful of hairs from under his left arm, chewed them to pieces, and spat them out, crying, "Change!"

Every piece of the hair changed into a Pilgrim. Look at all of them! The tall ones wielded rods, the short ones boxed with their fists, and the tiniest ones grabbed the monsters' shanks and began to gnaw on them. They fought till all the fiends were scattered in every direction, crying, "Great King, we're finished! We can't fight anymore! The mountain is full of Pilgrim Suns!"

The magic of the Body beyond the Body thus sent the flock of monsters into a hasty retreat: only an old demon was left in the middle, surrounded on all sides, sorely pressed but with no way to run at all.

Terribly frightened, the demon switched the treasure sword to his left hand; with his right, he reached behind his neck and pulled out the palm-leaf fan. Facing the direction of due south (which is the direction of fire), he made a sweeping motion with the fan from the left and fanned at the ground once. Flames leaped up instantly from the ground. The treasure, you see, could produce fire just like that.

An unrelenting person, the fiend fanned at the ground for seven or eight more times, and a fierce fire raged everywhere. Marvelous fire!

*The fire was neither the fire of Heaven
Nor the fire of a brazier;
Neither the wild fire on the meadows
Nor the fire inside an oven.
It was a spark of spiritual light taken naturally from the Five Phases.
The fan also was no common thing in the mortal world,
Nor was it made by any human skill.
It was a true treasure formed since the time chaos parted.
When the fan was used to start this fire,
Bright and brilliant,
It was like the red bolts of lightning;
Clear and ablaze,
It seemed mists iridescent.
There was not even a strand of blue smoke,
Only a mountain full of scarlet flames.
It burned till the summit pines became fire trees,
And cedars changed into lanterns before the cliff.
The beasts of the caves, eager to live,
Dashed to the east and the west;
The birds of the woods, zealous for their feathers,
Flew high and retreated wide.
This divine, air-filling holocaust
Burned till rocks broke, rivers dried up, and all the ground turned red!*

When the Great Sage saw how ferocious the fire was, he, too, became quite shaken, crying, "It's bad! I can stand it myself, but my hairs are no good. Once they fall into the fire, they will be burned up." Shaking his body once, he retrieved all his hairs

except one piece, which he used to change into a specious form of himself, pretending to flee the fire. His true body, making the fire-resisting sign with his fingers, somersaulted into the air and leaped clear of the blaze. He then headed straight for the Lotus-Flower Cave with the intent of rescuing his master. As he sped up to the entrance of the cave and lowered the direction of his cloud, he saw a hundred-odd little fiends outside the door, every one of them with head wounds or broken legs, with lesions and bruises. They were the ones injured by his magic of the Body beyond the Body, all standing there whimpering and in pain. When the Great Sage saw them, he could not suppress the savagery in his nature; lifting up the iron rod, he fought all the way inside. How pitiful it was that he should bring at once to nothing

*The fruits of bitter exercise to acquire human forms!
They all became again old pieces of hair and hide!*

After the Great Sage had finished off all the little fiends, he raced into the cave with the intent of untying his master. Just then he saw again a fiery glow inside, and he became terribly flustered, crying, “Undone! Undone! If this fire is starting again even at the back door, old Monkey will find it hard to save Master.”

As he was thus in alarm, he looked again more carefully. Ah! It was not the glow of fire, but actually a beam of golden light. Composing himself, he walked inside to have another look and found that the source of the glow was the pure mutton-jade vase. Filled with delight, he said to himself, “What a lovely treasure! This vase was glowing also when the little fiends took it up the mountain. Then old Monkey got it, only to have it taken away again by the monster. It’s hidden here and today it’s still glowing.” Look at him! He stole the vase at once and turned quickly to walk out of the cave, not even bothering to try to rescue his master. As soon as he came out the door, he ran into the demon returning from the south, holding the treasure sword and the fan. The Great Sage did not have time to hide himself, and the demon lifted his sword instantly to slash at his head. Mounting his cloud somersault, the Great Sage leaped up and vanished immediately.

When the fiend arrived at his own door, he saw corpses lying everywhere, all the monster-spirits under his command. He was so stricken that he lifted his face toward Heaven and sighed loudly before bursting into tears, crying “O misery! O what bitterness!”

For him we have a testimonial poem, and the poem says:

*Hateful are the sly ape and the froward horse!
The seeds divine who came to the world of dust,
For one erring thought of leaving Heaven,
Fell on this mountain and destroyed themselves.
What bitter grief when flocks of birds break up!
How tears flow when monster troops are wiped out!
When will the scourge end, the chastisement cease,
That they may return to their primal forms?*

Overborne by grief, the old demon wailed step by step into the cave; he saw that the furniture and other belongings remained, but not even a single person was in sight. In this total silence, he became sadder than ever: as he sat all by himself in the cave, he placed his head on a stone table, his sword he leaned against the table, and the fan he stuck back into his collar. Soon, he fell into a deep sleep, just as the proverb says:

Your spirit is full when you are happy;

Once dejected you tend to be sleepy!

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun, who turned the direction of his cloud somersault around and stood before the mountain, thinking again of trying to rescue his master. Fastening the vase tightly to his belt, he returned to the entrance of the cave to see what was happening. The two doors he found wide open, but not a sound could be heard. With light, stealthy steps he slipped inside and discovered the demon sleeping soundly, leaning on the stone table. The palm-leaf fan was sticking out of his collar, half covering the back of his head, while the sword of seven stars was placed against the table. He tiptoed near the demon, pulled out the fan, and turned at once to flee outside. The fan, however, scraped against the hair of the fiend when it was pulled out, rousing him from his sleep.

When he lifted his head to look and found that his fan had been stolen by Pilgrim Sun, he gave chase at once with the sword. The Great Sage leaped out the door and, having stuck the fan into his waist, met the fiend with both hands wielding the iron rod. This was a marvelous battle!

*The maddened demon king,
His cap raised by angry hair,
Wanted to swallow with one gulp his foe—
But e'en that was no relief!
He reviled the monkey thus:
"You mock me far too much!
You took our many lives.
You steal my treasure now.
This time I'll not spare you,
I'll see that you are dead!"*

*The Great Sage rapped the demon:
"You don't know what's good for you!
A student wants to fight old Monkey?
How could an egg smash up a rock?"*

*The treasure sword came,
The iron rod moved:
The two would no longer cherish kindness.
Again and again a contest they waged;
Over and over they used their martial skill.
Because of the scripture monk
Who sought at Spirit Mount a place,
Bringing discord to Metal and Fire,
The Five Phases, confused, lost their peace.
They showed their awe-inspiring, magic power;
They kicked up dust and stones to flaunt their might.
They fought till the sun was about to sink:
The demon grew weak and retreated first.*

The demon fought with the Great Sage for more than thirty rounds; when the sky darkened, the demon fled in defeat and headed for the southwest in the direction of the Crush-Dragon Cave. We shall speak no more of him for the moment.

Lowering the direction of his cloud, the Great Sage dashed into the Lotus-Flower Cave and untied the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk. After they were freed, they thanked Pilgrim while asking, "Where did the demons go?"

"The second demon has been stored up in the gourd," said Pilgrim, "and he must be completely dissolved by now. The old demon was defeated by me just now and he fled toward the Crush-Dragon Cave in the southwest. Over half of the little fiends of the cave have been killed by the body-division magic of old Monkey, and the rest who were defeated have also been wiped out by me. Only after that could I come in here to rescue and free all of you." Profoundly grateful, the Tang Monk said, "Disciple, you must have worked awfully hard!"

"Indeed," said Pilgrim, laughing, "though all of you had to bear the pain of being hung up, old Monkey hasn't been able even to rest his legs! I had to be on the go even more frequently than the postal messenger: coming in and getting out, there was never a moment's pause. Only after having managed to steal his treasures could I defeat the demons."

"Elder Brother," said Zhu Eight Rules, "take out the gourd and let us have a look inside. The second demon, I suppose, must have been dissolved by now."

The Great Sage first untied the pure vase; he then took out the gold rope and the fan before he held the gourd in his hands. Then he said, "Don't look! Don't look! Just now he had old Monkey stored up, and only after I deceived him into opening the lid by feigning some gargling noise did I escape. We must not, therefore, lift up the lid, for he may still pull some tricks and escape."

Thereafter master and disciples happily searched the cave and found some of the monsters' rice, noodles, and vegetables; after heating and washing some of the pots and pans, they prepared a vegetarian meal and ate their fill. They rested in the cave for the night and soon it was morning again.

We tell you now about that old demon, who went straight to the Crush-Dragon Mountain and gathered together all the female fiends, to whom he gave a thorough account of how his mother was beaten to death, how his brother was sucked into the gourd, how his monster soldiers were wiped out, and how his treasures had been stolen. The female fiends all burst into tears, wailing for a long time.

Then the old demon said, "Stop crying, all of you. I still have with me the sword of seven stars, and I plan to go with all of you, female soldiers, to the back of this Crush-Dragon Mountain to borrow some more troops from my maternal relative. I'm determined to capture that Pilgrim Sun to exact vengeance."

Before he had even finished speaking, a little fiend came from the door to report, saying, "Great King, your Venerable Maternal Uncle from behind the mountain has led his troops here." When the old demon heard this, he quickly changed into mourning garments of plain white silk and bowed to receive his visitor. The Venerable Maternal Uncle, you see, was the younger brother of his mother who went by the name, Great King Fox Number Seven. Because he had already received the report from some of his monster soldiers out on patrol that his elder sister was beaten to death by Pilgrim Sun, who then changed into the form of his sister to swindle treasures from his nephew, and that there had been fighting for several days on the Level-Top Mountain, he called up some two hundred soldiers from his own cave to offer his assistance. He stopped first at his sister's home to find out whether indeed she had died. The moment he walked in the door, however, he saw the old demon in mourning garments, and the two of them burst

into loud wailing. After some time, the old demon knelt down to give a complete account of what had taken place. Growing very angry, Number Seven ordered the old demon to take off his mourning garments, to pick up his treasure sword, and to call up all the female monsters. Together they mounted the wind and the cloud, speeding toward the northeast.

The Great Sage just then was telling Sha Monk to prepare breakfast so that they could journey after the meal, when suddenly he heard the sound of the wind. Walking out the door, he found a horde of fiendish troops approaching from the southwest. Somewhat startled, Pilgrim dashed inside, calling to Eight Rules, "Brother, the monster-spirit has brought fresh troops to help him." When Tripitaka heard these words, he paled with fright, saying, "Disciple, what shall we do?"

"Relax, relax!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Give me all of his treasures."

The Great Sage fastened the gourd and the vase to his waist, stuffed the gold rope into his sleeve, and stuck the palm-leaf fan into his collar. Wielding the iron rod with both hands, he told Sha Monk to stand and guard their master sitting in the cave, while he and Eight Rules holding the muckrake went out to meet their adversaries.

The fiendish creatures ranged themselves in battle formation, and the one at the very forefront was the Great King Number Seven, who had a jadelike face, a long beard, wiry eyebrows, and knifelike ears. He wore a golden helmet on his head and a knitted cuirass on his body; his hands held a "square-sky" halberd.

In a loud voice he shouted, "You audacious, lawless ape! How dare you oppress people like that! You stole our treasures, slaughtered our relatives, killed our soldiers, and you even had the nerve to take over our cave dwelling. Stick out your neck quickly and accept death, so that I can avenge my sister's murder!"

"You reckless hairy lump!" cried Pilgrim. "You don't know what your Grandpa Sun can do! Don't run away! Take a blow from my rod!"

The fiend stepped aside to dodge the blow before turning again to meet him with the halberd. The two of them fought back and forth on the mountain for three or four rounds, and the fiend grew weak already. As he fled, Pilgrim gave chase and encountered the old demon, who also fought with him for three rounds. Then the Number Seven Fox turned around and attacked once more. When Eight Rules on this side saw him, he quickly stopped him with the nine-pronged rake; so, each of the pilgrims took on a monster and they fought for a long time without reaching a decision. The old demon shouted for all the monster soldiers to join the battle also.

We tell you now about the Tang Monk, who was seated in the cave when he heard earth-shaking cries coming from outside. "Sha Monk," he said, "go and see how your brothers are doing in the battle." Lifting high his fiend-routing staff, Sha Monk gave a terrific cry as he raced outside, beating back at once many of the monsters. When Number Seven saw that the tide was turning against them, he spun around and ran, only to be caught up by Eight Rules, who brought the rake down hard on his back.

*This one blow caused nine spots of bright red to spurt out;
Pity one spirit's true nature going to the world beyond.*

When Eight Rules dragged him aside and stripped off his clothes, he found that the Great King, too, was a fox spirit.

When the old demon saw that his maternal uncle was slain, he abandoned Pilgrim and attacked Eight Rules with the sword. Eight Rules blocked the blow with the

muckrake; as they fought, Sha Monk charged near and struck with his staff. Unable to withstand the two of them, the demon mounted wind and cloud to flee toward the south with Eight Rules and Sha Monk hard on his heels. When the Great Sage saw that, he swiftly leaped into the air, untied the vase, and took aim at the old demon, crying, "Great King Golden Horn!"

The fiend thought that it was one of his defeated little demons calling him, and he turned to give his reply. Instantly he was sucked also into the vase, which was then sealed by Pilgrim with the tape bearing the words, "May Laozi Act Quickly According to This Command."

The sword of seven stars dropped to the ground below and it, too, became the property of Pilgrim. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, coming up to meet Pilgrim, "you've got the sword. But where's the monster-spirit?"

"Finished!" said Pilgrim, chuckling, "He's stored up in this vase of mine." When they heard this, Sha Monk and Eight Rules were utterly delighted.

After they had completely wiped out the ogres and monsters, they went back to the cave to present the good news to Tripitaka, saying, "The mountain has been purged of all monsters. Let Master mount up so that we may journey again."

Highly pleased, Tripitaka finished the morning meal with his disciples, whereupon they put in order the luggage and the horse and found their way to the West.

As they walked, a blind man suddenly appeared from the side of the road and caught hold of Tripitaka's horse, saying, "Monk, where are you going? Give me back my treasures!"

Horried, Eight Rules cried, "We are finished! Here's another old monster coming to ask for his treasures!" Pilgrim looked at the man carefully and saw that he was actually Laozi. Hurriedly he drew near and bowed, saying, "Venerable Sir, where are you going?"

The old patriarch swiftly mounted his jade throne, which rose and stopped in midair. "Pilgrim Sun," he said, "return my treasures."

The Great Sage also rose into the air saying, "What treasures?"

"The gourd," said Laozi, "is what I use to store elixir, while the pure vase is my water container. The treasure sword I use to subdue demons, the fan is for tending my fires, and the rope is actually a belt of my gown. Those two monsters happen to be two Daoist youths: one looks after my golden brazier, while the other my silver brazier. I was just searching for them, for they stole the treasures and left the Region Above. Now you have caught them, this will be your merit."

The Great Sage said, "Venerable Sir, you are not very honorable! That you would permit your kin to become demons should make you guilty of oversight in the governance of your household."

"It's really not my affair," said Laozi, "so don't blame the wrong person."

These youths were requested by the Bodhisattva from the sea three times; they were to be sent here and transformed into demons, to test all of you and see whether master and disciples are sincere in going to the West." When the Great Sage heard these words, he thought to himself, "What a rogue is this Bodhisattva! At the time when she delivered old Monkey and told me to accompany the Tang Monk to procure scriptures in the West, I said that the journey would be a difficult one. She even promised that she

herself would come to rescue us when we encounter grave difficulties, but instead, she sent monsterspirits here to harass us. The way she double-talks, she deserves to be a spinster for the rest of her life!”

He then said to Laozi, “If Venerable Sir didn’t show up personally, I would never have returned these things to you. But since you have made the appearance and told me the truth, you can take them away.”

After receiving the five treasures, Laozi lifted the seals of the gourd and the vase and poured out two masses of divine ether. With one point of his finger he transformed the ether again into two youths, standing on his left and right. Ten thousand strands of propitious light appeared as

They all drifted toward the Tushita Palace;

Freely they went straight up to Heaven’s canopy.

We do not know what happens thereafter, how the Great Sun accompanies the Tang Monk, or at what time they reach the Western Heaven; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-SIX

*When Mind Monkey is rectified, the nidānas cease
Smash through the side door² to view the bright moon*

We were telling you about Pilgrim, who lowered the direction of his cloud and presented to his master a thorough account of how the Bodhisattva requested for the youths and how Laozi took back his treasures. Tripitaka was deeply grateful; he redoubled his efforts and determination to go to the West at all costs. He mounted the horse once more; while Zhu Eight Rules poled the luggage, Sha Monk took hold of the bridle, and Pilgrim Sun took up his iron rod to lead the way down the tall mountain. As they proceeded, we cannot tell you in full how they rested by the waters and dined in the wind, how they were covered with frost and exposed to the dew. Master and disciples journeyed for a long time and again they found a mountain blocking their path.

“Disciples,” said Tripitaka loudly on the horse, “Look how tall and rugged is that mountain. We should be most careful, for I fear that there may be some demonic miasmas coming to attack us.” Pilgrim said, “Stop thinking foolish thoughts, Master. Compose yourself and keep your mind from wandering; nothing will happen to you.”

“O Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “why is it so difficult to reach the Western Heaven? I remember that since leaving the city Chang’an, spring has come and gone on this road several times, autumn has arrived to be followed by winter—at least four or five years must have gone by. Why is it that we still haven’t reached our destination?”

“It’s too early! It’s too early!” said Pilgrim, roaring with laughter. “We haven’t even left the main door yet!”

“Stop fibbing, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules. “There’s no such big mansion in this world.”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “we are just moving around in one of the halls inside.” Laughing, Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother, stop talking so big to scare us. Where could you find such a huge house? Even if there were, you wouldn’t be able to find cross beams that were long enough.”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “from the point of view of old Monkey, this blue sky is our roof, the sun and moon are our windows, the five sacred mountains our pillars, and the whole Heaven and Earth is but one large chamber.” When Eight Rules heard this, he sighed, “We’re finished! We’re finished! All right, move around some more and we’ll go back.”

“No need for this kind of silly chatter,” said Pilgrim. “Just follow old Monkey and move.”

Dear Great Sage! Placing the iron rod horizontally across his shoulders, he led the Tang Monk firmly up the mountain road and went straight ahead. As the master looked around on the horse, he saw some lovely mountain scenery. Truly

*The rugged summits touch the dipper stars,
And treetops seem to join the sky and clouds.
Within piles of blue mist
Ape cries oft arise from the valley;
In the shades of riotous green*

*You hear cranes calling beneath the pines.
 Howling mountain sprites rear up in the streams
 To mock the woodsman;
 Aged fox spirits sit beside the cliff
 To frighten the hunter.
 Marvelous mountain!
 Look how steep it is on all sides,
 How precipitous every where!
 Strange knotty pines topped by green canopies;
 Dried, aged trees dangling creepers and vines.
 The stream surges,
 Its piercing cold chills e'en the hairs of man;
 The peak shoots up,
 Its eye-smarting clear wind makes one skittish.
 Frequently you listen to big cats roar;
 Now and then you hear mountain birds call.
 Flocks of fallow deer cut through the brambles,
 Leaping here and there;
 Hordes of river deer seeking food of the wilds
 Stampede back and forth.
 Standing on the meadow,
 One can't see any traveler;
 Walk in the canyons
 And there are wolves on all sides.
 It's no place for Buddha to meditate,
 Wholly the domain of darting birds and beasts.*

With fear and trembling, the master entered deep into the mountain. Growing more melancholy, he stopped the horse and said, "O Wukong! Once

*I was resolved to make that mountain trip,
 To send me from the city the king did not wait.
 I met on the way the three-cornered sedge;
 I pushed hard my horse decked with bridle bells.
 To find scriptures I searched steep slopes and streams;
 To bow to Buddha's spirit I scaled the peaks.
 If myself I guard to complete my tour,
 When may I go home to bow to the court?"*

When the Great Sage heard these words, he roared with laughter, saying, "Master, don't be so anxious and impatient. Relax and push forward. In due time, I assure you that 'success will come naturally when merit's achieved.'"

As master and disciples enjoyed the mountain scenery while they walked along, the red orb soon sank toward the west. Truly

*No traveler walked by the ten-mile arbor,
 But stars appeared in the ninefold heavens.
 Boats of eight rivers returned to their piers;
 Seven thousand towns and counties shut their gates.
 The lords of six chambers and five bureaus all retired;
 From four seas and three rivers fish-lines withdrew.*

*Gongs and drums sounded on two tall towers;
One orb of bright moon filled the universe.*

As he peered into the distance on the back of the horse, the master saw in the fold of the mountain several multistoried buildings.

“Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “it’s getting late now and we are fortunate to find some buildings over there. I think it must be either a Daoist abbey or a Buddhist monastery. Let’s go there and ask for lodging for the night, and we can resume our journey in the morning.” Pilgrim said, “Master, you are right. Let’s not hurry, however; let me examine the place first.” Leaping into the air, the Great Sage stared intently and found that it was indeed a Buddhist monastery. He saw

*Eight-word brick wall painted muddy red;
Doors on two sides studded with nails of gold;
Rows of tiered-terrace sheltered by the peak;
Buildings, multistoried, hidden in the mount.
Buddhas Alcove faced the Tathāgata Hall;
The Morning- Sun Tower met the Great Hero*

*Gate.
Clouds rested on a seven-tiered pagoda,
And glory shone from three honored Buddhas.
Mañjuśrī Platform faced the monastic house;
Maitreya Hall joined the Great Mercy Room.
Blue light danced outside the Mount- Viewing Lodge;
Purple clouds bloomed above the Void- Treading Tower.
Pine retreats and bamboo courts—fresh, lovely green.
Abbot rooms and Zen commons—clean every where.
Gracefully, quietly services were held.
Solemn but joyful priests walked the grounds.
Chan monks lectured in the Chan classrooms,
And instruments blared from music halls.
Udumbara petals dropped from the Wondrous- Height Terrace;
Pattra leaves grew beneath the Law- Expounding Platform.
So it was that woods sheltered this land of the Three Jewels,
And mountains embraced this home of a Sanskrit Prince.
Half a wall of lamps with flickering lights and smoke;
A row of incense obscured by fragrant fog.*

Descending from his cloud, the Great Sage Sun reported to Tripitaka, saying, “Master, it’s indeed a Buddhist monastery. We can go there to ask for lodging.”

The master urged his horse on and went straight up to the main gate. “Master,” said Pilgrim, “what monastery is this?”

“The hoofs of my horse have just come to a stop, and the tips of my feet have yet to leave the stirrups,” said Tripitaka, “and you ask me what monastery this is? How thoughtless you are!” Pilgrim said, “You, your venerable self, have been a monk since your youth, and you must have studied the Confucian classics before you proceeded to lecture on the dharma sūtras. You must have mastered both literature and philosophy before you received such royal favors from the Tang Emperor. There are big words on the door of this monastery. Why can’t you recognize them?”

“Impudent ape!” snapped the elder. “You mouth such senseless words! I was facing the west as I rode and my eyes were momentarily blinded by the glare of the sun. There might be words on the door, but they are covered by grime and dirt.

That’s why I can’t make them out.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he stretched his torso and at once grew to over twenty feet tall.

Wiping away the dirt, he said, “Master, please take a look.”

There were seven words in large characters:

“Precious Grove Monastery Built by Imperial Command.”

After Pilgrim changed back into his normal size, he said, “Master, which one of us should go in to ask for lodging?”

“I’ll go inside,” said Tripitaka, “for all of you are ugly in your appearance, uncouth in your speech, and arrogant in your manner. If you happen to offend the local monks, they may refuse our request, and that won’t be good.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “let Master go in at once. No need for words anymore.”

Abandoning his priestly staff and untying his cloak, the elder straightened out his clothes and walked inside the main gate with folded hands. There he found behind red lacquered railings a pair of Vajra-guardians, whose molten images were fearsome indeed:

*One has an iron face and steel whiskers as if alive;
One has bushy brows and round eyes that seem real.
On the left, the fist bones like raw iron jut out;
On the right, the palms are cragged like crude bronze.
Golden chain armor of splendid luster;
Bright helmets and wind-blown sashes of silk.
Offerings in the West to Buddha are bounteous:
In stone tripods the incense fires glow red.*

When Tripitaka saw this, he nodded and gave a lengthy sigh, saying, “If in our Land of the East there are enough people who would mold such huge bodhisattvas with clay and worship them with fires and incense, this disciple would have no need to go to the Western Heaven.”

As he was saying this to himself, he reached the second gate, where he discovered inside the images of the Four Devarājas:

Dhṛtarāṣṭra, Vaiśravaṇa, Virūḍhaka, and Virūpākṣa. Each of them, stationed according to his position in the east, north, south, and west, was also symbolic of his powers to make the winds harmonious and the rains seasonal. After he entered the second gate, he saw four tall pines, each of which had a luxuriant top shaped like an umbrella. As he raised his head, he discovered that he had arrived before the Precious Hall of the Great Hero. Folding his hands with complete reverence, the elder prostrated himself and worshipped; afterwards, he arose and went past the Buddha platform to reach the rear gate. There he found the image of the reclining Guanyin, who proffered deliverance to the creatures of South Sea.

On the walls were carvings—all done by skillful artisans—of shrimps, fishes, crabs, and turtles; sticking out their heads and flapping their tails, they were frolicking

in the billows and leaping over the waves. The elder again nodded his head four or five times, sighing loudly, "What a pity! Even scaly creatures would worship Buddha! Why is it that humans are unwilling to practice religion?"

As he was thus speaking to himself, a worker emerged from the third gate. When he saw the uncommon and handsome features of Tripitaka, he hurried forward and bowed, saying, "Where did the master come from?"

"This disciple," said Tripitaka, "was sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven and seek scriptures from Buddha. It was getting late when we arrived at your honored region, and I came to ask for lodging for one night."

"Please do not be offended, Master," said the worker, "but I can't assume responsibility here. I'm just a manual laborer in charge of sweeping the grounds and tolling the bell."

There's an old master inside who is the head of the household. Let me go in and report to him; if he wishes to ask you to stay, I'll come out to give you the invitation; if not, I dare not detain you."

Tripitaka said, "Sorry for all that inconvenience."

The worker hurried to the abbot chamber and reported, "Venerable Father, there's someone outside."

The monk-official arose immediately, changed his clothes, adjusted his Vairocana hat, and put on a cassock before he went to open the door to receive his visitor. "What man has arrived?" he asked the worker, who pointed with his finger and replied, "Isn't that a man there behind the main hall?"

Bald-headed, wearing a Bodhidharma gown that was in shreds and a pair of sandals muddy and wet, Tripitaka was reclining by the door. When the monk-official saw him, he became enraged, saying, "Worker, you deserve to be flogged! Don't you know that a monk-official like me would come out and receive only the gentlemen from the cities who come here to offer incense? For this sort of a monk, why did you give me a phony report and ask me to receive him? Just look at his face! He can't be an honest man! He has to be some kind of mendicant who wants to sleep here now that it's getting late. You think I'm going to permit him to mess up our abbot chamber? Tell him to squat in the corridor. Why bother me?"

He turned around and left immediately.

When the elder heard these words, tears filled his eyes and he said, "How pitiful! How pitiful! Truly 'a man away from home is cheap!' This disciple left home from his youth to become a monk. I did not

*Do penance while eating meat with wicked glee,
Or read scriptures in wrath to soil the mind of Chan.*

Nor did I

*Cast tiles and stones to damage Buddha's hall,
Or rip down the gold from an arhat's face.*

Alas, how pitiful! I don't know which incarnation it was that I had offended Heaven and Earth, so that I have to meet unkind people so frequently in this life. Monk, if you don't want to give us lodging, that's all right. But why must you say such nasty

things, telling us to go and squat in the corridors? I'd better not repeat these words to Pilgrim, for if I did, that monkey would come in and a few blows of his iron rod would break all your shanks. All right! All right! The proverb says, 'Man must put propriety and music first.' Let me go inside and ask him once more and see what he really intends to do with us."

Following the tracks of the monk-official, the master went up to the door of the abbot chamber, where he found the monk-official who, having taken off his outer garments, was sitting inside, still panting with rage. He was not reciting the sūtras, nor was he drawing up any service for a family; all the Tang Monk could see was a pile of papers on a table beside him. Not daring to walk inside abruptly but standing instead in the courtyard, Tripitaka bowed and cried out, "Old Abbot, this disciple salutes you." Somewhat annoyed by the fact that Tripitaka followed him inside, the monk only pretended to return the greeting, saying, "Where did you come from?"

"This disciple," replied Tripitaka, "has been sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven and seek scriptures from the Living Buddha. I passed through your honored region, it was getting late, and I came to ask for lodging for one night. Tomorrow, I'll leave before daybreak. I beseech the Old Abbot to grant me this request." Only then did the monk-official get up from his seat and say, "Are you that Tripitaka Tang?"

Tripitaka said, "Yes."

"If you are going to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures," said the monk-official, "how is it that you don't even know your way?"

Tripitaka said, "Your disciple has never passed through your honored region and that's why he doesn't know the way here."

"Due west of here," he said, "about four or five miles is a Thirty-Mile Inn, in which there is also someone selling food. It will be convenient for you to stay there, whereas it's not convenient here for me to entertain a monk like yourself who has come from a great distance."

"Abbot," said Tripitaka with hands folded, "the ancients declared that 'A Daoist abbey or a Buddhist monastery all may be considered a lodge for a priest, who has a claim for three percent of the food the moment he sees the temple gate.' Why do you refuse me?"

"You mendicant monk!" shouted the monk-official angrily. "All you know is how to cajole and wheedle!"

Tripitaka said, "What do you mean by cajole and wheedle?"

The monk-official said, "Remember what the ancients said?

*A tiger comes to town;
Each house will shut the door.
Though no one is bitten,
Its name's already poor!"*

"What do you mean by 'Its name's already poor'?" asked Tripitaka.

"A few years ago," said the monk-official, "there was a group of mendicants who arrived and sat in front of our monastery gate. I took pity on their hardship when I saw how destitute they were, every one of them bald-headed and barefooted, shoeless and in rags.

So I invited them into the abbot chamber, gave them honored seats, and fed them a vegetarian meal. Moreover, I even gave each of them an old suit of clothes to wear and asked them to stay for a few days. How would I know that they could become so greedy for easy food and clothing that they would remain for seven or eight years, never giving a thought to leaving again? I didn't mind even their staying, but they indulged in all sorts of shabby activities."

"What kind of shabby activities?" asked Tripitaka. The monk-official said, "Just listen to my tale:

*Idle, they threw tiles by the pale;
Bored, they pulled nails off the wall.
In winter they fed fires with ripped window panes,
Leaving torn doors, when hot, on the road.
They pulled banners to make leggings;
Gluttonous, they stole our turnips.
From glass vases they often poured our oil,
Gaming by grabbing bowls and dishes!"*

When Tripitaka heard these words, he said to himself, "How pitiful! Is this disciple that kind of spineless monk?"

He was about to cry, but he feared also that the old monk in the monastery would laugh at him. Swallowing his pride and his annoyance while wiping away his tears secretly with his robe, he walked out quickly and met his three disciples. When Pilgrim saw how angry his master looked, he went forward to ask, "Master, did the monks in the monastery strike you?"

"They didn't," said the Tang Monk. "They must have done so," said Eight Rules, "for if they haven't, why is your voice cracking?"

"Have they scolded you?" asked Pilgrim. The Tang Monk said, "They haven't either."

"If they haven't struck you," said Pilgrim, "or scolded you, why are you upset? You must be getting homesick."

"Disciples," said the Tang Monk, "they say that it's not convenient here."

"They must be Daoists here, then?" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Only a Daoist abbey has Daoists," said the Tang Monk, raging. "There are only monks in a monastery." Pilgrim said, "You are useless! If there are monks here, they are the same as we. The proverb says,

*Gathered in Buddha's assembly
Are all men of affinity.*

You sit here, and let me go inside to look around."

Dear Pilgrim! Giving the fillet on his head a squeeze and tightening the skirt around his waist, he went straight up to the Precious Hall of the Great Hero, holding his iron rod. There he pointed at the statues of the three Buddhas and said, "You are actually idols molded with clay and adorned with gold. You don't possess one whit of efficacy inside! Or do you? Old Monkey, who is accompanying the Tang Monk to go to the Western Heaven and seek the true scriptures from Buddha, has come here tonight specially to ask for lodging. You'd better hurry and announce my arrival. If you don't put us up, my rod will smash the golden bodies and reveal your original forms of mud!"

As the Great Sage was making his threats and intimidations, a worker in charge of vespers arrived with several sticks of lighted incense to be placed in the urn before the images of Buddha. One snarl of Pilgrim sent him tumbling; when he scrambled up and saw the face, he fell down again. Stumbling all over, he fled into the abbot chamber and made the report, saying, “Holy Father, there’s a monk outside.”

“All of you workers deserve to be flogged!” said the monk-official. “I told you people before that they should be sent to squat in the corridors up front. Why make another announcement? One more word and I’ll give you twenty lashes!”

“Holy Father,” said the worker, “this monk is not the same as the other one; he’s mean and fierce looking.”

“How does he look?” asked the monk-official. The worker replied, “He’s someone with round eyes, forked ears, a face full of hairs, and a beak like the thunder god’s. He has a rod in his hands, furiously grinding his teeth to find someone to beat.”

“Let me go out and have a look,” said the monk-official.

The moment he opened the door, he saw Pilgrim barging in. It was a hideous sight indeed! A bumpy, scabrous face, a pair of yellow eyeballs, a sunken forehead, and long, protruding fangs—he seemed virtually an overcooked crab with meat inside and cartilage outside! So panic-stricken was the old monk that he slammed shut the door of the abbot chamber at once. Pilgrim, however, rushed up to it and smashed it to pieces, crying, “Hurry up and clean out one thousand rooms! Old Monkey wants to take a nap!”

As he attempted to hide in the room, the monk-official said to the worker, “No wonder he’s so ugly! Talking big has caused him to end up with a face like that! Our place here, including abbot chambers, Buddha halls, bell-and-drum towers, and the two corridors, has barely three hundred rooms. He wants a thousand for him to take a nap. Where are we going to get these rooms?”

“Master,” said the worker, “I’m a man whose gall has been busted by fear. I’ll let you answer him any way you please.”

Trembling all over, the monk-official said in a loud voice, “The elder who wants lodging, please hear me. It’s truly inconvenient for this small, humble monastery of ours to entertain you. Please go somewhere to stay.” Pilgrim transformed his rod until it had the circumference of a basin’s; then he stuck it straight up in the courtyard. “Monk,” he said, “if it’s inconvenient, you move out.”

The monk-official said, “We have lived here since our youth; our grand-masters passed the place on to our masters, and they in turn to us. We want to give it to our heirs. What sort of a person is he that he would so rashly ask us to move?”

“Venerable Father,” said the worker, “we can’t muddle through like this. Why not move out? That pole of his is going to come smashing in!”

“Stop babbling!” said the monk-official. “We have altogether five hundred monks here, old and young. Where are we going to move to? Even if we do move out, we have no other place to stay.”

Hearing this, Pilgrim said, “Monk, if you have no place to move, one of you must come out and be caned.”

The old monk said to the worker, “You go out and take the caning for me.”

Horried, the worker said, "O Father! With that huge pole, and you ask me to take the caning!"

The old monk said, "As the proverb says, 'It may take a thousand days to feed an army, but only one day to use it.' Why don't you go out?"

"Don't speak of being caned by that huge pole," said the worker. "Even if it just falls on you, you'll be reduced to a meat patty."

"Yes," said the old monk, "let's not speak of falling on someone. If it remains standing in the courtyard, one can crack his head bumping into it at night if one forgets it's there."

"Master," said the worker, "if you know that's how heavy it is, why do you ask me to go out and take the caning for you?"

After he asked this question, the two of them began to quarrel between themselves.

Hearing all that noise, Pilgrim said to himself, "They really can't take it. If I kill each of them with one blow of my rod, Master will accuse me again of working violence. Let me find something to strike at and show them what I can do."

He lifted his head and discovered a stone lion outside the door of the abbot chamber. Raising up the rod, he slammed it on the lion and reduced it to powder.

The monk caught sight of the blow through a tiny hole in the window and, almost paralyzed with fear, began crawling under the bed while the worker tried desperately to creep into the opening of the kitchen range, yelling all the time:

"Father! The rod's too heavy! The rod's too heavy! I can't take it! It's convenient! It's convenient!" Pilgrim said, "Monk, I won't hit you now. I'm asking you, how many monks are there in this monastery?" Shaking all over, the monk-official said, "There are two hundred and eighty-five chambers back and front, and we have altogether five hundred certified monks."

"Go quickly and call up every one of those five hundred monks," said Pilgrim. "Tell them to put on their long robes and receive my master in here. Then I won't hit you."

"Father," said the monk-official, "if you won't hit us, we'll be glad even to carry him inside."

"Go now!" said Pilgrim. The monk-official said to the worker, "Don't tell me that your gall has been busted by fear. Even if your heart is busted, you still have to go and call up these people to welcome the Holy Father Tang." With no alternative at all, the worker had to risk his life. He dared not, however, walk out the door, but crawled out instead in the back through the dog hole from where he went to the main hall in front. He began striking the bell on the west and beating the drum on the east. The sounds of these two instruments soon aroused all the monks living in their quarters along the two corridors. They arrived at the main hall and asked, "It's still early. Why do you beat the drum and strike the bell?"

"Change your clothes quickly," said the worker, "and line yourselves up to follow Old Master to go out of the gate in order to welcome a Holy Father from the Tang court."

The various monks indeed arranged themselves in order to go out of the gate for the reception; some of them put on their cassocks, while others put on their togas. Those who had neither wore long, bell-shaped gowns, while the poorest ones folded up their skirts and draped them over both their shoulders. When Pilgrim saw them, he asked, "Monks, what kind of clothes do you have on?" When the monks saw how fierce and ugly he looked, they said, "Father, don't hit us. Let us tell you what we have on. The cloth was donated to us by the families in the city. As we don't have any tailor around here, we have to make our own clothes. The style is called A Wrap of Woe." Smiling silently to himself when he heard these words, Pilgrim guarded the monks and saw to it that each one of them walked out of the gate and kneeled down. After he kowtowed, the monk-official cried out:

"Venerable Father Tang, please go to the abbot chamber and take a seat." When Eight Rules saw what was happening, he said, "Master is so incompetent! When you walked inside just now, you returned not only with tears, but you were pouting so much that you looked as if two flasks of oil had been hung on your lips.

Now, what sort of cunning does Elder Brother have that makes them kowtow to receive us?"

"You Idiot!" said Tripitaka. "You don't know what's going on! As the proverb says, 'Even ghosts are afraid of nasty people.'" When the Tang Monk saw them kowtowing, he was very embarrassed and he approached them, saying, "Please rise, all of you."

The various monks continued to kowtow, saying, "If the Venerable Father could speak on our behalf to your disciple and ask him not to hit us with that pole, we would be willing to kneel here for a whole month."

"Wukong," cried the Tang Monk, "don't hit them."

"I haven't," said Pilgrim, "for if I did, they would have been exterminated." Only then did those monks get up; some went to lead the horse while others took up the pole of luggage. They lifted up the Tang Monk, carried Eight Rules, and took hold of Sha Monk—all crowded inside the monastery gate and headed for the abbot chamber in the back.

After the pilgrims took their seats, the monks came again to do obeisance. "Abbot, please rise," said Tripitaka. "There's no need for you to go through such ceremony anymore, or your poor monk will find it much too burdensome. You and I, after all, are all disciples within the gate of Buddha."

"The Venerable Father," said the monk-official, "is an imperial envoy of a noble nation, and this humble monk has not properly welcomed you when you reached our desolate mountain. Our vulgar eyes could not recognize your esteemed countenance, though it was our good fortune that we should meet. Permit me to ask the Venerable Father to tell me whether he was eating meat or vegetarian food on the way. We can then prepare your meal."

"Vegetarian food," said Tripitaka. "Disciples," said the monk-official, "this Holy Father prefers vegetarian food." Pilgrim said, "We, too, have been eating vegetarian food. We have maintained such a diet, in fact, even before we were born."

"O Father!" exclaimed that monk. "Such violent men would eat vegetarian food, too?"

Another monk, who was slightly more courageous, drew near and asked again, “If the Venerable Fathers prefer vegetarian food, how much rice should we cook?”

“You cheapskates!” said Eight Rules. “Why ask? For our family, cook a picul of rice.”

The monks all became frightened; they went at once to scrub and wash the pots and pans and to prepare the meal. Bright lamps were brought in as they set the table to entertain the Tang Monk.

After master and disciples had eaten the vegetarian dinner, the monks took away the dishes and the furniture. “Old Abbot,” said Tripitaka, thanking him, “we are greatly indebted to you and your hospitality.”

“Not at all, not at all,” said the monk-official, “we haven’t done anything for you.”

Tripitaka asked, “Where should we sleep?”

“Don’t be impatient, Venerable Father,” said the monkofficial.

“This humble cleric has everything planned.”

He then asked, “Worker, do you have some people there who are free to work?”

“Yes, Master,” said the worker. The monk-official instructed them, saying, “Two of you should go and get some hay to feed the horse of Venerable Father Tang. The rest can go to the front and clean up three of the Chan halls; set up bedding and mosquito nets so that the Venerable Fathers can take their rest.”

The workers obeyed and each of them finished the preparation before returning to invite the Tang Monk to go take his rest. Master and disciples led the horse and toted the luggage; they left the abbot chamber and went to the door of the Chan halls, where they saw inside brightly lit lamps and four rattan beds with bedding all laid out. Pilgrim asked the worker who brought the hay to haul it inside the Chan halls, where they tied up the white horse also. The workers were then told to leave. As Tripitaka sat down beneath the lamps, two rows of monks—all five hundred of them—stood on both sides and waited upon him, not daring to leave. Tripitaka got up and said, “Please go back, all of you. This humble cleric can then rest comfortably.”

The monks refused to retire, for the monk-official had given them this instruction:

“Wait upon the Venerable Father until he retires. Then you may leave.” Only after Tripitaka said, “I’m all cared for, please go back,” did they dare disperse.

The Tang Monk stepped outside the door to relieve himself, and he saw a bright moon high in the sky. “Disciples,” he called out, and Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk all came out to wait on him. Moved by the bright, pure light of the moon—a round orb loftily hung to illumine the great Earth—and filled with longing for his homeland, Tripitaka composed orally a long poem in the ancient style.

The poem said:

*The bright soul, mirror-like, hangs in the sky,
Her radiance pervades the whole, vast world:
Pure light fills jasper towers and jade halls;
Crisp air swaths an ice tray, a silver pan.
Ten thousand miles are all made luminous;*

*Her beams tonight are this year's brightest—
 Like a cake of frost leaving dark blue sea,
 Or an ice-wheel hung on the jade-green sky.
 When one guest pines by an inn's cold transoms,
 Or an old man sleeps in a mountain lodge,
 She comes to the Han court to shock grey hair
 And hastens late makeup, reaching towers of Qin.
 For her Yu Liang has verse for History of Jin,
 And Yuan Hong stays up to sail his river skiff.
 Floating on cup rims she's a cold, weak gleam;
 Lighting the yard, she's brilliant as god.
 By each window one can sing of white snow
 And press in every house the icy strings.
 Now her pleasure comes to a monastery.
 When will she join me to return back home?*

When Pilgrim heard these words, he approached him and said, "Master, all you know is that the moonlight fills you with longing for home, but you don't understand that the moon may symbolize the rules and regulations of nature's many modes and forms.

When the moon reaches the thirtieth day, the metal; [phase] in its yang spirit is completely dissolved, whereas the water; [phase] of its yin soul is filled to the brim of the orb. This is the reason for the designation of that day with the term Obscure, for the moon is completely dark and without light. It is at this moment also that the moon copulates with the sun, and during the time of the thirtieth day and the first day of the month, it will become pregnant by the light of the sun. By the third day, one; [stroke] of the yang will appear, and two; [strokes] of the yang will be born by the eighth day. At this time, the moon will have half of its yang spirit in the middle of its yin soul, and its lower half is flat like a rope. That is the reason why the time of the month is called the Upper Bow. By the fifteenth day, all three; [strokes] of the yang will be ready, and perfect union will be achieved. That is why this time of the month is called To Face.

On the sixteenth day, one; [stroke] of the yin will be born, and the second stroke will make its appearance on the twenty-second day. At that time half of the yin soul will be in the middle of the yang spirit, and its upper half is flat like a rope. That is the reason why this time of the month is called the Lower Bow. By the thirtieth day, all three; [strokes] of the yin will be ready, and the moon has then reached the state of obscurity once more. All this is the symbol of the process of cultivation practiced by nature. If we can nourish the Two Eights until we reach the perfection of Nine Times Nine, then it will be simple for us at that moment to see Buddha, and simple also for us to return to our home. The poem says:

*After the First Quarter and before the Last:
 Medicine well-blended, the outlook's perfect.
 What you acquire from picking, smelt in the stove—
 Determination's fruit is Western Heaven."*

When the elder heard what he said, he was immediately enlightened and understood completely these words of realized immortality.

Filled with delight, he thanked Wukong repeatedly.

On one side, Sha Monk smiled and said, “Though Elder Brother spoke most appropriately concerning how the first quarter of the moon belonged to the yang and the last quarter belonged to the yin, and how in the midst of yin and in the middle of yang one could obtain the metal of water, he did not mention

*Water and fire mixed—each to the other drawn—
Depend on Earth Mother to make this match.
Three parties thus fused face no war or strife:
Water’s in Long River, the moon’s in the sky.”*

When the elder heard that, his dull mind was again opened up. Thus it was that

*Truth, grasped by the heart’s one hole, clears up a thousand.
Once you solve the riddle of no birth, you are a god.*

Then Eight Rules walked up to the elder and tugged at him, saying, “Master, don’t listen to all their babblings and delay your sleep.

This moon,

*After it wanes, will soon grow round again.
Like me it was born none too perfectly!
At meals I’m disliked for too large a maw;
I drool too much, they say, on bowls I hold.
They have their blessings earned through cleverness;
I have affinity stocked by foolishness.
I tell you that
Fetching scriptures will end your three karmic paths.
Wagging head and tail you’ll go up to Heav’n!”*

“All right, Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “you must be tired from all this journeying. You may go to sleep first, and let me meditate on this roll of scripture.”

“Master, you must be mistaken,” said Pilgrim. “You left the family in your youth to become a monk. How could you not be completely familiar with all the scriptures you studied when you were young? Then you received the command from the Tang emperor to go to the Western Heaven and see Buddha for the True Canon of Mahāyāna. But at this moment, your merit has not been perfected, you have not seen the Buddha, and you have not yet acquired the scriptures. Which roll of scripture do you want to meditate on?”

Tripitaka said, “Since I left Chang’an, I have been traveling day and night, and I fear that the scriptures I learned in my youth might slip away from me. Tonight there’s a little time, and I want to do some reviewing.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “we’ll go to sleep first.”

The three disciples indeed lay down on three of the rattan beds. Closing the door of the Zen hall and turning up the lamp, the elder opened his roll of scripture and began to read and meditate in silence. Truly it was that

*First watch struck from a tower, human bustle ceased,
When fishing-boat fires by wild banks went out.*

We don’t know how that elder will depart from the monastery; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-SEVEN

*The ghost king visits Tripitaka Tang at night
Wukong, through wondrous transformation, leads the child*

We were telling you about Tripitaka sitting in the Chan hall of the Precious Grove Monastery. He meditated for awhile beneath the lamps on the *Water Litany of King Liang*, and he read for awhile the *True Sūtra of the Peacock*. Not until about the hour of the third watch did he wrap up the scriptures again in his bag. He was just about to get up and walk over to his bed when he heard the weird moan of a strong gust outside the door. Fearing that it might blow out the lamp, he tried hurriedly to shade it with the sleeve of his gown. When he saw the lamp flicker, he began to tremble, but at the same time, he was overcome by fatigue and soon dozed off with his head resting on the reading desk. Though his eyes were closed, he still seemed to be half conscious, able to hear all the time the continuous sighing of the dark wind outside his window. What a wind! Truly it

*Whistled and whiffled—
It swayed and scattered—
It whistled and whiffled as fallen leaves flew;
It swayed and scattered the floating clouds.
Heaven's stars and planets were all darkened;
The whole Earth's dust and sand were strewn afar.
For awhile it was fierce;
For awhile it was mild.
When mild, bamboos and pines beat out their pure rhymes;
When fierce, waves of lakes and rivers heaved and churned.
It blew till mountain birds grew restless, their voices choked,
And sea fishes had no peace as they tossed and turned.
Windows and doors fell off in both east and west halls;
Gods and ghosts glowered in hallways front and back.
The Buddha Hall's flower vase was blown to the ground;
The oil chalice tumbled and wisdom-lamp grew faint;
The incense urn turned over and ashes spilled out;
The candlesticks were tilted as flames changed to smoke.
Banners, sacred canopies were all awry.
Bell-and-drum towers were shaken to the roots!*

In his dream the elder seemed to hear, after the wind had passed, a faint voice outside the Chan hall crying, "Master!"

He raised his head in his dream to look and discovered a man standing outside the door who was soaked from head to toe. As tears rolled down from his eyes, he kept calling, "Master!"

Tripitaka rose up and said, "Could you be a goblin or a ghost, a fiend or a demon, coming to mock me at the depth of night? I am neither a rapacious nor a wrathful person, but rather an honest and upright priest. Having received the imperial decree from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, I am on my way to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. I have three disciples under my command, all valiant men able to tame tigers and subdue dragons, heroic warriors capable of repelling

demons and extirpating monsters. If they see you, you will be reduced to powder and dust. Take note, therefore, of my compassionate intent and my mind which knows how to use skillful means.

Leave this place, go somewhere far away while there's still time, and don't come up to the door of our Chan hall." Reclining firmly by the door of the hall, the man said, "Master, we are not a demon or monster, nor are we a goblin or bogie."

"If you are not that kind of a creature," said Tripitaka, "why are you here so late in the night?"

"Open wide your eyes, Master," said the man, "and look at us."

The elder indeed fixed his gaze on his visitor. Ah!

*His head had on it a rising-to- Heaven cap;
A green-jade belt he tied around his waist.
He wore on his body a reddish brown robe with dancing phoenixes and flying dragons;
His feet trod on a pair of carefree boots of embroidered cloud pattern;
His hands held a white jade token adorned with planets and stars.
His face seemed the immortal King of Tai Mountain;
His form was like the civilized Lord Wenchang.*

When Tripitaka saw this figure, he paled with fright and hurriedly bowed low before his visitor, shouting, "Which dynasty do you belong to, Your Majesty? Please take a seat."

He then tried to take hold of his visitor's hands, only to find that he succeeded in grasping nothing but thin air. Spinning around, he sat down and looked: there was the man again. The elder asked once more, "Your Majesty, in what region are you a king? Of what empire are you a ruler? Could it be that there is strife in your kingdom and you are so oppressed by treacherous ministers that you have to flee for your life and arrive here at night? What do you have to say? Please tell me." Only then did the man,

*As tears rolled down his cheeks, describe events of old;
As sorrow knitted his brow, disclose the former cause.*

"Master," he said, "our home is located due west of here, only about forty miles away, where there is a city, the place we founded our kingdom."

"What is its name?" asked Tripitaka. "To tell you the truth," said the man, "when we established our reign, we gave it the name Black Rooster Kingdom."

"Why is it that Your Majesty seems so frightened," said Tripitaka, "and for what reason did you come to this place?"

The man replied, "O Master! Five years ago we had a drought here, so severe that no vegetation could grow and the people were all starving to death. It was dreadful." When Tripitaka heard these words, he nodded and smiled, saying, "Your Majesty, the ancients said, 'When the kingdom is upright, then even the Mind of Heaven is agreeable.' You must not have been treating your subjects with compassion. If there were drought and famine in the land, how could you forsake your domain? You should have opened up your warehouses in order to bring relief to the people; you should repent of all the sins you have committed and try to do good henceforth. When you have freed and pardoned those who were unjustly accused and condemned, then the

Mind of Heaven will be pacified and the winds and the rains will become timely and auspicious once more.”

“The warehouses in my kingdom,” said the man, “were all empty and both our revenue and food were exhausted. The salaries for our civil and military officials had to be stopped, and there was not meat in our royal diet. I attempted to imitate the way King Yu conquered the flood, by suffering with our people, by ritual cleansing, maintaining a vegetarian diet, and practicing abstinence. Night and day we offered prayers and incense to Heaven. This went on for three years, but all we had as a result were parched rivers and dried wells. As we reached our most desperate moment, there came to us suddenly from Zhongnan Mountain a Daoist of the Complete Truth Order, who was able to summon the wind and call for rain, to transform rock into gold.

He first presented himself to the civil and military officials, and then he met with us. We, of course, invited him to ascend the liturgical platform and offer prayers, which were indeed efficacious. As he struck aloud his ritual placard, torrential rain came down in a moment. We thought that three feet of rain would be quite sufficient, but he said that since the drought had been so severe for such a long time, he would ask for an extra two inches. When we saw how magnanimous he was, we went through the ceremony of Eight Bows with him and became bond-brothers.”

“This,” said Tripitaka, “had to be the greatest joy for Your Majesty.”

“What joy was there?” asked the man.

Tripitaka said, “If the Daoist had that kind of abilities, you could tell him to make rain when you wanted rain, and to make gold when you wanted gold. What need was there that made you leave the city and come here now?”

“Indeed, we became so intimate with him that we shared our food and rest together for two years,” said the man, “when it was the time of spring again. As flowers bloomed seductively on the apricot and peach trees, every household in the kingdom was going out to enjoy the lovely scenery. At the time when our officials retired to their residences and our consorts to their chambers, we walked hand-in-hand with the Daoist into the imperial garden. When we came near our well with octagonal marble walls, he threw something in it that emitted myriad shafts of golden light and tricked us into approaching the side of the well to see what sort of treasure was in it.

Moved to treachery all at once, he pushed us into the well, which he then covered with a slab of stone. He sealed off the entire well with mud and dirt, and he even transplanted a plantain tree on it. Alas, pity us! We have been dead now for three years, a ghost who lost his life in the well and whose wrong has yet to be avenged.” When the Tang Monk heard that the man was in fact a ghost, he turned numb with fear as his hairs stood on end. He had, however, no choice but to question his visitor further, saying, “Your Majesty, there is something unreasonable in what you have just said. If you have indeed been dead for three years, how could those civil and military officials, those consorts of three palaces, not miss you and seek you when they had to attend court once every third morning?”

The man said, “Master, when one speaks of the Daoist’s abilities, they are truly rare in the world. Since he murdered us, he shook his body once in the garden and transformed himself into an exact image of us. Then and there he took over our empire and usurped our kingdom. Our two divisions of civil and military officials—some four hundred court ministers—and the consorts and ladies of three palaces and six chambers now all belong to him.”

“Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka, “you are too timid.”

“Why timid?” asked the man. Tripitaka said, “Your Majesty, that fiend indeed must have some magic powers in order to change into your form and usurp your kingdom. The civil and military officials might not recognize him, and the consorts might not realize what has happened. But you understand, even though you have died. Why didn’t you file suit against him before King Yama in the Region of Darkness? You can at least give an account of the wrongs perpetrated.”

“His magic powers are great indeed,” said the man, “and he’s intimate with most of the divine officials. The city’s tutelary guardian drinks with him frequently; the ocean’s dragon kings are his relatives; Equal-to-Heaven of the Tai Mountain is his dear friend, and the Ten Kings of Hell happen to be his bond-brothers. That’s why we have no place to go even to file suit.”

Tripitaka said, “Your Majesty, if you cannot bring suit against him in the Region of Darkness, why do you come here to the World of Light?”

“O Master,” said the man, “you think that this slip of a wronged soul would dare approach your gate? Before this monastery you have the various tutelary devas, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, and the Eighteen Guardians of the Faith, all of them closely watching over you and your horse. Just now it was the Night Patrol God who brought us in here with a gust of divine wind. He said that our water ordeal of three years is now fulfilled, and that we should come to seek an audience with you. He told us that you have under your command a senior disciple, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who is able to slay fiends and subdue demons. We have come with all sincerity to plead with you. We beseech you to go to our kingdom and seize the demon, so that the true and the deviate can properly be distinguished. To repay the kindness of Master, we shall imitate those who express their gratitude by weaving grass ropes or holding bracelets in the mouth.”

“Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka, “so you came here to ask my disciple to get rid of those monsters for you?”

“Exactly! Exactly!” said the man. Tripitaka said, “My disciple may not be good in doing something else, but if you ask him to subdue demons and catch fiends, the work will suit him to a tee. But Your Majesty, though you may order him to seize the monster, I fear that he may find it difficult to carry out.”

“Why should it be difficult?” asked the man.

Tripitaka replied, “If that fiend indeed possesses such great magic powers that he has managed to transform himself into an exact image of you, then it will mean also that all the civil and military officials of the court and all your consorts have been nothing but friendly and amiable toward him. Though my disciple may be able, he would not engage in warfare recklessly. For if we were caught by the officials, who should accuse us of plotting against the kingdom and charge us with the crime of treason, we would be imprisoned in your city. Wouldn’t our efforts then be like the failed attempt of drawing a tiger or carving a heron and turning it into another creature?”

“I still have someone in the city,” said the man. Tripitaka said, “That’s good, that’s good! He must be, I suppose, an hereditary prince of the first order, dispatched to a command post somewhere.”

“No,” said the man, “I have in the palace a prince, an heir apparent of my own begetting.”

“Has the prince been banished by the demon?” asked Tripitaka. “Not yet,” said the man, “but he has been asked to remain in the Hall of Golden Chimes, either to discuss the classic texts with one of the secretaries, or to sit on the throne with the Daoist. For these three years, the prince was forbidden to enter the palace and unable to see his mother.”

Tripitaka asked, “For what reason?”

The man said, “This was a plan of that fiend, for he feared that if mother and son had a chance to meet, their casual conversations might lead them to discover the truth.”

“Though your ordeal no doubt has been preordained of Heaven,” said Tripitaka, “it is nonetheless similar to what I had to undergo.

Long ago my father was killed by a pirate, who also took my mother by force. After three months, she gave birth to me, and I escaped with my life in the waters. It was my good fortune that a gracious master at the Gold Mountain Monastery reared me till I was grown.

Come to think of it,

*I had neither father nor mother when I was young,
And the prince at this place has lost his parents.*

How pitiful indeed! But let me ask you, though you may have a prince still in court, how can I possibly get to meet him?”

“Why not?” asked the man. Tripitaka said, “He’s now guarded by the demon, and he cannot even see his own mother. I’m only a monk. For what reason would I be able to have an audience with him?”

The man said, “But he is leaving the court tomorrow.”

“What for?” asked Tripitaka. The man said, “During the time of the early court tomorrow, the prince plans to lead three thousand men and horses, together with falcons and dogs, to go hunting outside the city. Master will certainly have a chance to meet him; when you do and if you are willing to tell him what I told you, he will believe you.”

“He’s of fleshly eyes and mortal stock,” said Tripitaka. “Having been deceived by the demon into remaining in the hall, was there a day when he did not address the spurious ruler as father king? How could he possibly believe my words?”

“If you are afraid that he won’t believe you,” said the man, “we shall leave with you a sign to indicate that you are telling the truth.”

“What kind of sign?” asked Tripitaka. The man put down the white jade token inlaid with gold he had in his hands and said, “This thing can be a sign.”

“What’s the significance of this thing?” asked Tripitaka. The man said, “After the Daoist had changed into our form, all he lacked was this treasure.

When he entered the palace, he claimed that the rain-making Daoist had robbed him of this jade token, which for three years now he had not been able to recover. If our prince sees it, the sight of the thing will remind him of its true owner, and our wrongs will be avenged.”

“All right,” said Tripitaka, “let me have it, and I’ll ask my disciple to take care of you. Will you wait here?”

“We dare not,” said the man. “We plan to ask the Night Patrol God to use another gust of divine wind and send us into the inner palace, where we shall appear in a dream to our true queen of the central palace. We want to make certain that mother and son will be of one mind with all of you.”

Tripitaka nodded in agreement and said, “Please go.”

The wronged soul bowed to take leave of Tripitaka, who was trying to walk outside to send him off. Somehow he tripped and fell, and when Tripitaka woke up with a start, it was all a dream. As he faced the dim, flickering lamp in fear, he cried repeatedly, “Disciples! Disciples!”

“What’s all this hollering for the local spirit?” mumbled Eight Rules, beginning to stir. “I used to be a man of might dedicated to passing my days by devouring humans, and I loved the taste of blood and meat. What enjoyment! You have to leave the family and ask us to protect you on a journey. I thought I was to be a monk, but in fact I’m a slave! During the day I have to pole the luggage and lead the horse, while at night, I have to carry the night pot and smell someone’s stinky feet by sharing his bed. And even at this hour, you are not asleep! What are you calling disciples for?”

“Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “just now I fell asleep on the table and had a weird dream.” Leaping up all at once, Pilgrim said, “Dreams arise from your thoughts. Before you ascended a mountain, you were afraid of monsters already. You worried over the distance to Thunderclap, which you have yet to reach; you also thought of Chang’an and wondered when you would be able to return.

When your mind is restless, you have many dreams. But look at old Monkey! With true single-mindedness I seek to see Buddha in the West, and that’s why I don’t have even the tiniest dream!”

Tripitaka said, “Disciple, this dream of mine is not a homesick dream. When I closed my eyes just now, a violent gust of wind brought into my view a king standing outside the door of our chamber. He said that he was the ruler of the Black Rooster Kingdom, but his whole body was dripping wet and he was weeping.”

He then proceeded to give a thorough account of their conversation in the dream to Pilgrim. “No need to say anything more,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “If he appears in this dream of yours to you, he’s plainly trying to take care of old Monkey by giving me some business. There must be a fiend there trying to usurp the throne and seize the kingdom. Let me distinguish the true from the false for those people. When my rod reaches that place, success is assured.”

“But disciple,” said Tripitaka, “he said that the fiend has great magic power.”

“Don’t be afraid of whatever greatness he has!” said Pilgrim. “Just remember that when old Monkey arrives, he’ll have no place to run.”

Tripitaka said, “I also remember that he left us something as a sign.”

“Master, don’t fool around,” said Eight Rules. “It’s just a dream. Why keep up this chit-chat?” Sha Monk said, “As the saying goes,

*Don’t believe the honesty of the honest;
Guard against the unkindness of the kind.*

Let us fetch some torches and open our door, then we can see what has happened.” Pilgrim indeed opened the door, and as they looked together, they saw in the light of the stars and moon there was truly a white jade token inlaid with gold placed on the steps. Eight Rules walked forward and picked it up, saying, “Elder Brother, what is this?”

“This is a treasure usually held by a king,” said Pilgrim, “and it’s called a jade token. Master, since we do have such a thing, the matter of your dream has to be true. You can depend entirely on old Monkey for catching the fiend tomorrow. But I want you to face three unlucky things.”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said Eight Rules. “It’s enough to have a dream. You have to tell him about it, too! Since when has this fellow failed to play tricks on people? Now he wants you to face three unlucky things.”

As he walked back inside, Tripitaka asked, “What three things?” Pilgrim said, “Tomorrow I want you to take the blame, take abuse, and catch the plague.”

“Just one of these is bad enough,” said Eight Rules, laughing. “How could one bear all three of them?”

The Tang Monk, after all, was an intelligent elder. He therefore asked, “Disciple, can you tell me more about what these three things involve?”

“No need to tell you,” said Pilgrim, “but first let me give you these two objects.”

Dear Great Sage! Pulling off one of his hairs, he blew on it a mouthful of divine breath and cried, “Change!” It changed instantly into a red lacquered box plated in gold. After he placed the white jade token inside the box, he said, “Master, in the morning, you should hold this thing in your hands and put on your brocade cassock. Then go sit in the main hall and recite some sūtras. Let me go first to the city to have a look; if there is indeed a fiend, I’ll slay him so that we can achieve some merit at this place. But if there is no fiend, we ought not to incur calamity on ourselves.”

“Exactly! Exactly!” said Tripitaka. Pilgrim said, “If the prince doesn’t leave the city, then there may not be much that I can do. But if he indeed comes out of the city in accordance with your dream, I will certainly bring him here to see you.”

“What shall I say to him when I see him?” asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim replied, “When he arrives, let me first come in and announce him. You can then pull the cover of the box open slightly, and I shall change into a tiny monk about two inches tall so that I, too, can be placed inside the box. You can hold the whole thing in your hands. When the prince enters the monastery, he will most certainly want to pay homage to Buddha. Let him bow all he wants, but don’t you pay him any attention. When he sees that you do not even rise before him, he will surely order you seized. Let him do that—in fact, let him beat you, tie you up, or execute you.”

“Hey!” said Tripitaka. “He’s capable of issuing a high military order. If he truly wants to have me executed, what shall I do?”

“No fear, for I’m around,” said Pilgrim. “When you get to the crucial moment, I’ll be there to protect you. If he asks who you are, you can identify yourself as a monk sent by imperial decree from the Land of the East to present treasures to Buddha and to acquire scriptures from him in the Western Heaven. If he asks what sort of treasure you have, you can tell him about the brocade cassock of yours. Say to him, however, that it is only a third-class treasure, and that you have in your possession good things that

belong to the first and second classes. When he asks you some more, you can then tell him that there is a treasure in this box, which has knowledge of the past five hundred years, the present five hundred years, and the future five hundred years. All in all, this treasure has complete knowledge of the events of past and future for a period of one thousand five hundred years. Let old Monkey come out then, and I shall tell the prince what you heard in your dream. If he believes me, I'll go catch the demon, so that his father king may be avenged and our reputation may be established at this place. If he doesn't believe me, we can then show him the white jade token. I fear that he might be a bit young even to recognize the token." When Tripitaka heard these words, he was very pleased, saying, "O Disciple, this is a most marvelous plan! But talk about these treasures, one will be called brocade cassock and the other white jade token. What shall be the name of that treasure you will change into?"

"Let's call him King-Making Thing," said Pilgrim.

Tripitaka agreed and kept these words in his heart. That whole night master and disciples did not, of course, have any sleep.

Impatiently waiting for the dawn, they wish they could

*By nodding their heads call forth the eastern sun,
And with one breath disperse all Heaven's stars.*

In a little while, the eastern sky paled with light. Pilgrim thereupon gave the following instruction to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "Don't disturb the monks, so that they won't be milling about in the monastery. When I have accomplished what I must do, then we'll journey again."

He took leave of them and somersaulted at once into the air. Opening wide his fiery eyes to look toward the West, he discovered that there was indeed a city. "How could he see it so readily?" you ask. The fact of the matter was that the city, as we told you before, was only forty miles away. So, the moment Pilgrim rose into the air, he saw it immediately.

As Pilgrim drew near the city and stared at it carefully, he saw that it was shrouded by unending layers of eerie mists and battered by constant gusts of demonic wind. Sighing to himself in the air, Pilgrim said,

*If a true king ascends his precious throne,
Auspicious light and clouds will this place enfold.
Since a fiend has usurped the dragon seat,
Rising black mist seals up the doors of gold.*

He was thus speaking to himself when he heard the loud booms of cannons. As the eastern gate swung open, a troop of men and horses appeared, indeed a hunting corps most fearsome in appearance. You see them:

*Leaving the capital at dawn,
They go to hunt on the meadow.
Bright banners unfurl in the sun;
White stallions race against the wind.
The lizard-skin drums roll and roll
As tasseled lances strike in pairs.
The falconers are ferocious,
And whippers-in both mean and strong.
Fire cannons rattle the heavens*

*And birdlime poles glow in the sun.
 Each one props up his arrows;
 Every man wears his carved bows.
 Spreading their nets beneath the slope,
 They pull taut the ropes in the paths.
 At one crack like a thunderclap,
 A thousand steeds charge leopards and bears.
 Tricky hares cannot save their lives;
 Wily deer are at their wits' end;
 Foxes are fated to expire;
 Antelopes perish in the midst.
 If pheasants can't fly to escape,
 Could wild fowls find refuge from harm?
 All of them ransack the mountain range to capture wild beasts,
 And cut down the forest to shoot at flying things!*

After those people had come out of the city, they spread out in the countryside toward the east, and in a little while they reached the rice fields on the highland some twenty miles away. In the midst of the troops there was a young warrior, who

*Wore a helmet
 And a cuirass;
 A cummerbund, too,
 Of eighteen layers.*

His hands held a treasure sword of blue steel and he rode a brown warhorse. A fully strung bow also hung from his waist. Truly

*He seemed faintly like a king,
 A ruler with noble looks.
 His features were not uncouth:
 Like a true dragon he moved.*

Secretly pleased in the air, Pilgrim said to himself, "That one has to be the crown prince. Let me tease him a little."

Dear Great Sage! He lowered his cloud and darted straight into the army of the prince. Shaking his body once, he changed instantly into a little white rabbit, scampering about before the prince's horse. When the prince saw it, he could not have been more delighted. Pulling out an arrow, he stretched his bow to the fullest and shot the rabbit squarely with it.

The Great Sage, of course, had made it possible for the prince to hit him; being quick of hand and eye, he actually had caught the arrow. After dropping some of the arrow's feathers on the ground, he turned and sped away. When the prince saw the arrow had found its mark on the rabbit, he urged his horse on to give chase all by himself. He did not realize that he was being led away deliberately: when the horse galloped, Pilgrim ran like the wind, but when the horse slowed down, Pilgrim also took up a more leisurely pace just to stay slightly ahead of him. Mile after mile it went on like this, until the prince was lured right up to the gate of the Precious Grove Monastery. Changing back into his true form (the rabbit thus disappeared and only the hawk-feathered arrow was stuck on the doorpost), Pilgrim raced inside yelling to the Tang Monk, "Master, he's here, he's here!"

He changed again, this time into a tiny monk about two inches tall, and crawled at once into the red box.

We now tell you about the prince, who chased his prey right up to the monastery gate; he could not find the white rabbit, but he saw an eagle-plumed arrow stuck on the doorpost. Greatly startled and turning pale, the prince said, "Strange! Strange! I clearly shot the white rabbit with my arrow. How could the rabbit disappear, and only the arrow be seen here? It must be that after years and months, the rabbit has turned into a spirit."

He pulled out the arrow and raised his head to look: there on top of the gate of the monastery were written seven words in large characters, "Precious Grove Monastery Built by Imperial Command."

"Now I know," said the prince.

"Years ago my father king, I recall, did send some officials from the Hall of Golden Chimes to take some gold here so that the monks could redecorate the images and the halls. I didn't expect that I would be here today. Truly,

*There, in a bamboo-shaded walk,
With a good monk I fell to talk.
So in this tedious mortal round
One afternoon of peace I found.*

Let me go inside for a walk." Leaping down from the horse, the prince was about to enter the monastery, when those three thousand men and horses who were accompanying him also arrived. As they crowded into the monastery, the resident monks hurriedly came kowtowing to receive them into the main hall so that they could pay homage to the images of Buddha. Afterwards, they raised their eyes to look about, intending to tour the corridors and enjoy the scenery, when they suddenly discovered that there was a monk sitting right in the middle of the hall.

Becoming enraged at once, the prince said, "This monk is terribly rude! Half a throne of this dynasty has entered this monastery.

Though I have issued no decree for this visit so that he has been spared from meeting us at a great distance, he should now at least get up when soldiers and horses are at the door. How dare he sit there unmoved? Seize him!"

He said "Seize," and the guards on both sides immediately attempted to catch hold of the Tang Monk so that they could bind him with ropes. Sitting in the box, Pilgrim recited in silence a spell, saying, "You various Guardians of the Faith, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, I am drawing up a plan to subdue a fiend. This prince, ignorant of the matter, is about to have my master bound with ropes. All of you must protect him. If he's really bound, you all will be found guilty." When the Great Sage gave such an order in secret, who would dare disobey him! The deities indeed gave protection to Tripitaka in such a way that those people could not even touch his bald head. It was as if a brick wall had come between them, so that they could not approach him at all.

"Where did you come from, monk," said the prince, "that you dare use this magic of body concealment to mock me?"

Tripitaka walked up to him instead and saluted him, saying, "This poor monk does not know any magic of body concealment. I am the Tang Monk from the Land of

the East, a priest going to present treasures to Buddha and to acquire scriptures from him in the Western Heaven.”

The prince said, “Though your Land of the East is actually the central plains, it is incomparably poor. What kind of treasures do you have? You tell me!”

“The cassock I have on my body,” said Tripitaka, “is a treasure of the third class. But I have in addition those of the first and second classes as well, and they are even better things.”

“That garment of yours,” said the prince, “covers only one side of your body, while your arm sticks out on the other side. How much could it be worth that you dare call it a treasure?”

Tripitaka said, “Though this cassock does not completely cover the body, I have several lines of a poem which will reveal its excellence. The poem says:

*The Buddha's gown's a half robe, there's no need to say.
It hides within the Real, free of worldly dust.
Countless threads and stitches perfect this right fruit;
Eight treasures and nine pearls fuse with the primal soul.
Maidens divine did make it reverently
To give to a monk to cleanse his sullied frame.
It's all right to see but not to greet the Throne.
But you, your father's wrong unrequited, have lived in vain!”*

When the prince heard these words, he grew very angry, saying, “This brazen Chan monk is talking rubbish! Your clever mouth and slippery tongue may boast all you will of that half a piece of garment. But since when have I not requited my father's wrong? You tell me.”

Taking a step forward, Tripitaka folded his hands and said, “Your Highness, how many favors does a man receive as he lives in this world?”

“Four favors,” said the prince. “Which four?” asked Tripitaka. “The favor of shelter and support provided by Heaven and Earth,” said the prince, “the favor of the luminous presence of the sun and the moon, the favor of provisions from the ruler and his land, and the favor of his parents' breeding and nurture.” With a smile, Tripitaka said, “The words of Your Highness are not quite right.

A man has only the shelter and support of Heaven and Earth, the luminous presence of the sun and the moon, and the provisions from the land of his king. Where does he get his parent's breeding and nurture?”

“This monk,” said the prince angrily, “is an idle and ungrateful man, who shaves his hair only to commit treason! If a man has no parental breeding and nurture, where does his body come from?”

“Your Highness,” said Tripitaka, “this humble monk does not know the answer, but inside this red box is a treasure called the King- Making Thing. He has knowledge of events of the past five hundred years, the present five hundred years, and the future five hundred years. All in all, he knows completely the events of past and future for a period of one thousand five hundred years, and he knows that there is no such favor of parental breeding and nurture. It is he who has ordered your poor monk to wait here for you for a long time.”

Hearing this, the prince gave the order, “Bring him here for me to see.”

Tripitaka pulled open the box's cover; Pilgrim leaped out and began to hobble all over the place. The prince said, "This little midget! What can he know?" When Pilgrim heard this remark about his size, he at once resorted to magic. Straightening up his torso, he grew about three and a half feet instantly. "If he can grow that rapidly," said the soldiers, highly startled, "it will only be a few days before he pierces the sky." When Pilgrim reached his normal height, however, he stopped growing. Then the prince asked him, "King-Making Thing, this old monk claims that you have the knowledge of past and future, of good and evil. Do you divine by the tortoise shell, by the stalks of plants, or do you use books to determine human fortunes?"

"None of these," said Pilgrim, "for

*I need my three-inch tongue solely,
When I know all things completely."*

"This fellow, too, is babbling!" said the prince. "Since the time of antiquity, the book, *Classic of Change* of the Zhou dynasty, has proved to be supremely marvelous in determining throughout the world good and evil for man to seek or avoid. Therefore tortoise shells or plant stalks are used for divination. But if one relies solely on your words, what evidence is there? Your empty words on luck or misfortune can only vex the minds of people." Pilgrim said, "Please do not be hasty, Your Highness. You are actually a prince begotten of the King of the Black Rooster Kingdom.

Five years ago, you had a severe drought here and all the people were in such great suffering that your king and his subjects had to offer fervent prayers. Though not a drop of rain came, a Daoist arrived from the Zhongnan Mountain, who was an expert in summoning wind and rain and in transforming stone into gold. The king was so fond of him that he became his sworn brother. Is all this true?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the prince. "Say some more." Pilgrim said, "After three years, the Daoist disappeared, and who is he now who uses the royal 'we'?"

The prince said, "There was indeed a Daoist, with whom father king swore to be his brother. In fact, they ate together and rested together. Three years ago when they were enjoying the sights of the imperial garden, the Daoist used a gust of magic wind and transported back to Zhongnan Mountain the gold inlaid white jade token that father king had in his hands. Even now, however, father king still misses him, and because of his absence, has closed down the garden for three years. But who is now ruling, if not my father king?" When Pilgrim heard these words, he began to snicker. The prince asked him again, but instead of replying, he only continued to snicker some more. "Why don't you speak when you should?" said the prince angrily. "Why do you snicker like that?"

"I still have plenty to say," said Pilgrim, "but there are so many people around and it's not convenient for me to speak up." When the prince saw that there might be some reason for such a statement, he waved his sleeve once to dismiss the soldiers. The captain of the guards immediately gave the order to have the three thousand men and horses stationed outside the monastery gate. The hall was thus nearly emptied of people, with only the prince sitting in the middle, the elder standing before him, and Pilgrim to his left.

After even the resident monks retired, then Pilgrim went forward and said to him soberly, "Your Highness, the one who left with the wind is actually your true father, but the one who occupies the throne now is the Daoist who made rain."

“Nonsense! Nonsense!” said the prince. “Since the departure of the Daoist, my father has governed so well that the wind and rain are seasonal, the country is prosperous, and the people are secure. But if what you say is true, then the present ruler is not my father king.

It’s a good thing that I am young and I can be somewhat tolerant. If my father king hears such treasonous words from you, he will have you seized and hewn to pieces.”

He dismissed Pilgrim with a snort. Turning to the Tang Monk, Pilgrim said, “You see? I said that he wouldn’t believe me, and indeed he does not. Take the treasure now and present it to him. After certifying our rescript, we can proceed to the Western Heaven.” Tripitaka handed the red box over to Pilgrim, who having received it, shook his body and the box disappeared. It was, you see, actually the transformation of his hair that was retrieved by him. With both hands, Pilgrim presented the white jade token to the prince.

When he saw the object, the prince shouted, “What a monk! What a monk! You were the Daoist of five years ago who came to cheat our household of this treasure. Now you are disguised as a monk to present it back to us? Seize him!” When he shouted the order like that, the elder was so frightened that he pointed at Pilgrim and said, “You Ban-Horse-Plague! You have a special knack for causing trouble and bringing calamity on me!”

“Don’t shout!” said Pilgrim, walking up to the prince to stop him. “Don’t let this thing leak out.

I’m not called King-Making Thing, for I have a real name.” “You come up here!” said the prince angrily. “Answer me with your real name so that I can send you to the bureau of justice to sentence you.”

Pilgrim said, “I’m the senior disciple of this elder, and my name is Wukong Pilgrim Sun. Because my master and I were on our way to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven, we arrived last night and found lodging here. My master was reading the sūtras in the night, and at about the hour of the third watch, he dreamed that your father appeared to him. Your father claimed that he was harmed by that Daoist, who pushed him into the octagonal well with the marble wall in the imperial garden. The Daoist changed into the form of your father, and this was not known to any of the court officials nor to you since you were so young. You were forbidden to enter the inner palace, and the garden was shut down so that the truth could not be discovered, I suppose. Your father king came specially in the night to ask me to subdue this demon. At first, I was afraid that the murderer was not a demon, but when I surveyed the city in midair, I could see that there was a monster-spirit all right. I was about to seize him when you came out of the city to hunt. The white rabbit that you shot with your arrow happened to be this old Monkey, who led you here to the monastery to see my master. Every word that we have said to you is the truth. If you could recognize this white jade token, how could you possibly not think of your father’s care and love and seek vengeance for him?”

When the prince heard these words, he became grief stricken, thinking to himself sorrowfully, “Even if I don’t believe him, his words seem to have at least thirty percent truth. But if I believe him, how could I face the father king now in the palace?” This is what we call

To advance or retreat is hard, so the mind asks the mouth;

To think thrice, to have patience—as the mouth asks the mind.

When Pilgrim saw how perplexed he was, he said again, “Your Highness, there’s no need for perplexity. Let Your Highness return to your kingdom, and make inquiry of your queen mother. Ask her whether the feelings between her and her husband are the same as three years before. Just this one question will reveal the truth.” Persuaded by this, the prince said, “Yes, let me go and inquire of my mother.” Leaping up, he took hold of the white jade token and wanted to leave. Pilgrim, however, tugged at him, saying, “If all these men and horses of yours return with you, someone is bound to leak out information, and it’ll be hard for me to succeed. You must, therefore, go back alone, and don’t make a show of yourself. Don’t go through the Central Gate of the Sun, but enter the palace through the Rear Gate of the Servants. When you get to see your mother in the palace, you must remember not to speak loftily or loudly; you must speak quietly and in a subdued manner. For I fear that the fiend has great magic powers, and if he ever gets wind of the news, it’ll be difficult to preserve the lives of you and your mother.”

The prince obeyed this instruction; walking out the door, he gave this order to the officers; “Stay and camp here. Don’t move. I have something to attend to. When I return, we shall go back to the city together.” Look at him!

*He gave his troops the order to pitch their camp,
And sped to his city on a flying horse.*

As he left, we do not know what they have to say when he sees his mother; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-EIGHT

*The child queries his mother to learn of deviancy and truth
Metal and Wood, reaching the deep, see the false and the real*

*I meet you to speak just on the cause of birth
That'll make you one of Buddha's assembly.
One calm thought sees Him in this realm of dust;
The whole world watches the god who subdues.
If you'd know today's true, enlightened lord,
You must ask your mother of former years.
There's another world you have never seen,
For each step in life may bring something new.*

We were telling you about the prince of the Black Rooster Kingdom, who, after he took leave of the Great Sage, soon returned to his city. Indeed, he did not approach the gate of the court, nor did he dare announce his arrival. Going instead to the Rear Gate of the Servants, he found that it was guarded by several eunuchs. When they saw the prince approaching, however, they dared not stop him and let him pass. Dear prince! Pressing his horse, he galloped inside and went straight up to the Brocade Fragrance Pavilion, in which the queen was seated, with scores of palace maidens waving their fans on both sides. The queen, however, was reclining on the carved railings of the pavilion and shedding tears. Why was she shedding tears, you ask? For at the hour of the fourth watch, you see, she too had a dream, but she could remember only half of it. She was trying very hard to recall the other half when the prince dismounted and knelt beneath the pavilion, saying, "Mother!"

Forcing herself to appear delighted, the queen cried out, "Son, what joy! What joy! For these two or three years, you have been staying in the front palace to study with your father king and I have not been able to see you. How I have thought of you! How is it that you have the leisure today to come see me instead? This is truly my greatest joy, my greatest joy! O son, why do you sound so sad? Your father king, after all, is getting on in his years. There will be a day when the dragon returns to the jade-green sea and the phoenix will go back to the scarlet heavens. You will then inherit the throne. What could there possibly be to make you unhappy?"

The prince kowtowed before he said, "Mother, permit me to ask you: who is he that is on the throne now? Who is the man who uses the royal 'we'?" When the queen heard this, she said, "This child has gone mad! The one who is ruling is your father king. Why do you ask such questions?"

Again kowtowing, the prince said, "I beseech my mother to grant her son a pardon first. Only then would I dare present a further question. If you do not, I'll dare not ask."

"Between mother and son," said the queen, "how could there be any criminal offense? Of course I'll pardon you. Speak up, quickly!"

The prince said, "Let me ask you this: are your relations with your husband just as warm and intimate as three years before?" When the queen heard this question, her spirit left her and her soul fled. She dashed out of the pavilion and embraced the prince tightly as tears fell from her eyes. "My child," she said, "I haven't seen you for such a long time. Why do you come to the palace today and ask this question?"

“Mother,” said the prince, becoming irritated. “If you have something to say, say it. If you don’t speak up, you might jeopardize a very important affair.” Only then did the queen dismiss all her attendants and spoke, quietly weeping, “This matter, if you, son, did not ask me, would never have come to light even when I reached the Nine Springs down below. Since you have asked me, listen to what I have to say:

*Three years ago he was loving and warm;
For three years now he has been cold as ice.
By the pillows I’ve pressed him long and hard;
He said, ‘
I’m old, I’m frail, I can’t make that something rise!’”*

When the prince heard these words, he at once struggled free and mounted his horse once more. Clutching at him desperately, the queen said, “Child, what are you doing? Why do you leave before we finish speaking?”

Again the prince knelt on the ground and said, “Mother, I dare not speak, though I must! During the time of the early court this morning, I went out by imperial decree to hunt with falcons and dogs. By chance I met a holy monk sent by the Throne in the Land of the East to fetch scriptures. He has under him a senior disciple by the name of Pilgrim Sun, who is an expert in the subjugation of fiends. I was told that my real father king had been murdered in the imperial garden; he died, in fact, in the well with the octagonal marble walls. It was the Daoist, who falsely changed into the form of father king and usurped his dragon seat. Last night, father king appeared to the monk in a dream and asked him to send his disciple to the city to catch this fiend. Your child did not dare believe them completely and that was why I came specially to question you. Now that mother has spoken like this, I know that there must be a monster-spirit here.”

“O son,” said the queen, “how could you take the words of some stranger outside as the truth?”

The prince said, “I did not, but father king left them a sign.” When the queen asked what sort of sign it was, the prince took out that white jade token inlaid with gold and handed it to her. Recognizing at once it was a treasure that had belonged to the king, the queen could not hold back the torrents of tears. “My lord!” she cried. “How could you not come to see me first, if you had been dead for three years? How could you go to see the sage monk first, and then the prince afterwards?”

“Mother,” said the prince, “what are you saying?”

The queen said, “My child, I also had a dream last night at about the hour of the fourth watch. I dreamed that your father king stood before me dripping wet, and he told me himself that he was dead. His spirit, he said, had gone to plead with the Tang Monk to subdue the specious king and to save his former body. I clearly recall these words, but there is another half of the dream which I just cannot remember. I was speculating just now by myself when you arrived with your questions and this treasure. Let me put away the jade token for the moment. You should go and ask the sage monk to do what he must do quickly, so that the demonic miasma may be dispelled and the perverse and true can be distinguished. That’s the way you can repay your father king’s kindness in rearing you.” Swiftly mounting his horse, the prince went out of the Rear Gate of the Servants and slipped away from the city. Truly

*Holding back his tears, he kowtowed to leave the queen;
In grief he went to bow again to the Tang Monk.*

In a little while, he was out of the city gate and went straight to the gate of the Precious Grove Monastery, where he dismounted. As the soldiers came to receive him, the sun began to set. The prince gave the order for the soldiers to remain where they were stationed.

Again by himself, he walked inside after straightening out his clothes to solicit Pilgrim's assistance.

Just then the Monkey King swaggered out from the main hall, and the prince at once went to his knees, saying, "Master, I've returned." Pilgrim went forward to raise him, saying, "Please rise. Did you ask anyone when you reached the city?"

"I did," said the prince, and he gave a complete account of the conversation with his mother. Smiling gently, Pilgrim said, "If he is that cold, he must be the transformation of some kind of coldblooded creature. Don't worry! Don't worry! Let old Monkey get rid of him for you. But it's getting late now, and I can't move. You go back first, and I'll arrive tomorrow morning." Kowtowing repeatedly, the prince said, "Master, I'll stay here to wait upon you until tomorrow, and then I can travel with you."

"That's no good," said Pilgrim. "If we enter the city together, the fiend would become suspicious; instead of a chance meeting, he'll think that you have gone somewhere especially to fetch me. The whole arrangement will make him blame you, will it not?"

"Even if I go back now," said the prince, "he will still blame me."

"Why?" asked Pilgrim. The prince said, "I was commanded during the early court to lead this number of men and horses, of falcons and dogs, to leave the city. But when I go back today, I have no game to present to the throne. If he accuses me of being incapable and has me jailed in Youli, whom would you rely on when you enter the city in the morning? There is no one, after all, in the ranks who knows about this."

"That's nothing!" said Pilgrim. "You should have told me earlier about this, and I'd have found some game."

Dear Great Sage! Look at the way he shows off before the prince! With a bound he leaped straight up to the clouds, made the magic sign, and recited the spell, Let *Om* and *Ram* purify the Dharma-realm, which summoned a mountain god and a local spirit. They arrived and bowed to him in midair, saying, "Great Sage, what is your wish when you command these humble deities to appear?" Pilgrim said, "Old Monkey arrives here in the company of the Tang Monk, and he now intends to catch a wicked demon. Unfortunately, the prince did not catch any game during the hunt and he dared not return to the court. I am, therefore, going to ask you for a small favor. Please find for us some fallow deer, antelopes, wild hares, and fowls—a few pieces of each kind—so that we can send him off." Not daring to disobey when they heard this instruction, the mountain god and the local spirit inquired as to how many heads of wild game were needed. "It doesn't matter," said the Great Sage, "just bring us some."

The two deities, leading the demon soldiers under their command, called up a strong gust of dark wind to round up the wild animals. They caught some grouse and pheasants; horned deer and fat fallow deer; foxes, badgers, and hares; tigers, leopards, and wolves—all in all, several hundred of these which they brought before Pilgrim. Pilgrim said, "Old Monkey has no need of these. Pull out their leg tendons and place them on both sides of the forty-mile road leading back to the city. Those people will

then be able to take them back without having to use falcons and dogs, and this will be counted as your merit.”

The deities obeyed; calming the dark wind, they placed the game beside the road.

Pilgrim dropped down from the clouds and said to the prince, “Your Highness, please go back. There is game on the road that you may collect.”

After having seen the kind of power Pilgrim displayed on top of the clouds, the prince had no doubts whatever. He kowtowed to take leave of Pilgrim before walking out of the monastery gate to order the soldiers to return to the city. As they journeyed, they found indeed a large number of wild game laid out on both sides of the road. Without releasing falcons and dogs, the soldiers caught them by merely lifting their hands. All of them, therefore, shouted bravos and congratulated the prince, saying that it was his great luck that brought them the game, but not knowing, of course, that it was the might of old Monkey. Listen to their songs of triumph as they proceeded back to the city! Pilgrim, meanwhile, returned to protect Tripitaka. When those monks in the monastery saw how intimate the pilgrims had become with the prince, how could they dare not be reverent? They again prepared a vegetarian meal to serve to the Tang Monk, who then rested once more in the Zen hall. By about the hour of the first watch, Pilgrim, who had something on his mind, was unable to fall asleep. Rolling off his bed, he dashed up to the Tang Monk and cried, “Master.”

The elder at this time actually was not yet asleep, but knowing that Pilgrim could be rather restless and frenetic, he pretended that he was and did not respond. Pilgrim caught hold of his bald head and started to shake it violently, crying, “Master, how is it that you are already asleep?”

“You rascal!” said the Tang Monk, growing angry. “You aren’t going to sleep at this hour? What are you clamoring for?”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “I have a little matter that I want to discuss with you.”

“What matter?” asked the elder.

Pilgrim said, “During the day I boasted to the prince that my abilities were higher than a mountain and greater than an ocean. To catch that monster-spirit, I said, was as easy as reaching for something in my pocket—all I had to do was to stretch forth my hand and take it. Now I can’t sleep, and when I think about the matter, I find that there’s some difficulty.”

“If you say that it’s going to be difficult,” said the Tang Monk, “then let’s not try to catch him.”

“We still have to,” said Pilgrim, “but we cannot justify our action.”

The Tang Monk said, “This ape is babbling again! The monster-spirit has usurped the throne of a ruler.

What do you mean that we cannot justify our action?” Pilgrim said, “Your venerable self only knows how to recite sūtras and worship Buddha, how to sit and meditate. Since when have you ever seen the legal codes established by Xiao He?

The proverb says, ‘If you arrest a thief, you must seize him with the stolen goods.’ That fiend has been a king for three years, but he has not permitted his secret to leak out in any way. He has slept with the ladies of the three palaces, and he has ruled

amiably with his two rows of civil and military officials. Even if old Monkey has the ability to arrest him, it will not be easy to convict him of his crime.”

“Why not?” asked the Tang Monk. Pilgrim said, “Even if he is a mouth-less gourd, he will have a row with you for awhile. Can’t you hear him? ‘I’m the king of the Black Rooster Kingdom. What offense against Heaven have I committed that you dare come to arrest me?’ What evidence do I have with which I can argue with him?”

“What do you plan to do, then?” said the Tang Monk.

With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, “The plan of old Monkey is already made, but one obstacle I have to face right now is that you, Dear Sir, have a tendency to dote on people.”

“What do you mean?” asked the Tang Monk. Pilgrim said, “Eight Rules is rather stupid, but you are somewhat partial to him.”

“How am I partial to him?” asked the Tang Monk. “If you are not,” said Pilgrim, “then you should try to be more courageous and stay here with Sha Monk. Let old Monkey and Eight Rules take this opportunity now to go into the Black Rooster Kingdom first and find the imperial garden. We will break open the marble well and fish out the corpse of the true king, which we will wrap in our bags. When we enter the city tomorrow, we won’t bother with having our rescript certified; as soon as we see the fiend, I’ll attack him with my rod. If he has anything to say, we’ll show him the skeleton and tell him, ‘You killed this man!’ We can tell the prince to come out and mourn his father, the queen to give recognition to her husband, and the various officials to see their true lord. Old Monkey and the brothers, meanwhile, can lift our hands to fight. Now, that’s what I call a worthwhile litigation because there’s something we can go on!” Secretly pleased by what he heard, the Tang Monk nevertheless said, “My only fear is that Eight Rules is unwilling to go with you.”

“You see!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “I told you that you doted on him! How did you know that he would be unwilling to go? Perhaps you think that he’ll be like you when I called you just now, and after half an hour, I would give up. But watch me! If you let me go near him, I’ll use only my healthy, three-inch tongue to persuade him. Never mind that he is Zhu Eight Rules; even if he were Zhu Nine Rules, I would have the ability to make him go with me.”

“All right,” said the Tang Monk, “you may go and rouse him.” Walking away from his master, Pilgrim went straight up to the side of Eight Rules’s bed and shouted, “Eight Rules! Eight Rules!” Idiot, after all, was a man overcome by travel fatigue: once he put his head down, he snored so hard that nothing could wake him.

Pilgrim finally grabbed his ears and took hold of his bristles; giving a terrific pull, he yanked Eight Rules right up while shouting, “Eight Rules!” Idiot was still shuddering when Pilgrim hollered again. Idiot mumbled, “Let’s sleep! Don’t play around! We have to travel tomorrow.”

“I’m not playing,” said Pilgrim. “There’s some business that you and I must attend to.”

“What business?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, “Did you happen to hear what the prince said?”

“I haven’t even seen him,” said Eight Rules. “I haven’t heard what he had to say.”

“The prince told me,” said Pilgrim, “that that monster-spirit had in his possession a treasure that could overwhelm ten thousand warriors. When we enter the city tomorrow, we can’t avoid doing battle with him; but if that fiend brings out his treasure and defeats us, that won’t be good. So, I thought that if we couldn’t vanquish him, we should do something first. You and I, in fact, should go and steal his treasure. Isn’t that much better?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you are trying to persuade me to be a thief! Well, I know this sort of business, so I can be your customer. But let me say this to you clearly first: when we have stolen the treasure and subdued the monster-spirit, I won’t put up with this niggardly practice of dividing the loot. I’m going to keep the treasure.”

“What for?” asked Pilgrim. “I’m not eloquent like all of you,” said Eight Rules, “and it’s not easy for me to beg for food. This body of old Hog is sluggish, and his words are dull. Moreover, I can’t even recite sūtras. When I get to those wild, uninhabited places, I have hopes that I can exchange the treasure for food.” Pilgrim said, “Old Monkey is only concerned with acquiring a reputation, not a treasure. Of course I’ll give it to you.” When Idiot heard that it was to be given to him, he was delighted and scrambled up at once. Climbing into his clothes, he left with Pilgrim. Truly as the saying goes:

*Even clear wine reddens a man’s face,
And yellow gold moves the mind of Dao.*

The two of them opened the door stealthily and slipped away from Tripitaka; mounting the auspicious luminosity, they headed straight for the city.

In a little while, they reached their destination; as they lowered their clouds, they heard the sound of the second watch struck from a tower. “Brother,” said Pilgrim, “it’s the second watch.”

“Just right!” said Eight Rules. “Everybody is sleeping soundly inside.” Instead of heading for the Central Gate of the Sun, the two of them went to the Rear Gate of the Servants, where they heard also the sound of the rattle struck by guards on patrol. “Brother,” said Pilgrim, “the front and rear gates are all tightly guarded. How can we get in?”

Eight Rules said, “Have you ever seen a thief walking through a door? Let’s just jump over the wall.” Pilgrim agreed and leaped at once onto the palace wall, followed by Eight Rules. Sneaking inside, the two of them searched for their way to the imperial garden.

As they walked along, they came upon a towered gate with triple eaves and flying white banners. Painted on top of the gate were three large words that were luminescent in the light of the stars and moon:

“The Imperial Garden.” When Pilgrim drew near and saw that the gate was locked and sealed with several layers of crossed strips of paper, he told Eight Rules to go to work. Idiot lifted up his iron rake and brought it down on the gate as hard as he could: the gate was pulverized at once. Pilgrim led the way to enter the garden, but no sooner had he stepped inside when he began to jump up and down, whooping and howling. Eight Rules was so startled that he ran forward to tug at him, saying, “Elder Brother, you scare me to death! I have never seen a thief bellowing like that! If you wake up the people and they catch us and send us to court, even if we are not executed we would be banished to our native province for military service.”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “you may wonder why I’m making such a fuss. Just look at those

*Carved and painted railings in ruin;
 Bejeweled sheds and towers crumbling;
 Banks of sedges and smart-weeds all buried in dirt;
 Peonia and tumi both wilted.
 The scent of jasmines and roses is slight;
 Tree-peonias and lilies bloom vainly.
 Hibiscus, a few kinds, give way to bushes and shrubs;
 Rare flowers and plants all perish.
 Artificial rock mountains collapse;
 Ponds dry up and fishes decline.
 Green pines, purple bamboos—they’re like dried firewood;
 Wormwood and artemisia grow rank on the paths.
 From cassia and peach trees twigs break off;
 Roots of pear and plum trees are upturned.
 There’s green moss on the bridge-head’s winding path:
 The scene of this garden’s desolate!”*

“Why waste your breath in this lamentation?” said Eight Rules. “Let’s go finish our business quickly.”

Though Pilgrim was saddened by what he saw, he also thought of the dream of the Tang Monk, when he was told that the well could be found only beneath a plantain tree. As they walked along, they saw indeed such a tree, whose luxuriant growth was quite different from the other plants.

Truly she is

*A fine, spiritual root of a kind,
 Her empty self’s
 Heaven-endowed.
 Every branch is thin like paper;
 Every leaf can fold like a petal;
 A thousand fine strands of green
 Enclose one cinnabar heart within.
 She grieves when saddened by night rain
 And droops for fear of autumn’s wind.
 She grows in the primal strength of Heav’n;
 Her nurture’s the work of Creation.
 A parchment forms her wondrous usage;
 As a fan she makes rare merit.
 How could phoenix plumes approximate her?
 Could e’en phoenix tails resemble her?
 Bathed in droplets of light dew,
 Swathed in slender wisps of smoke,
 Her green shade shrouds windows and doors;
 Her green shadow mounts curtains and screens.
 Wild geese aren’t allowed to perch here,
 Nor may horses be tied to her.*

*A frigid sky will make her dejected,
 A moonlit night her colors faint.
 She can only dispel high heat
 And protects from the scorching sun.
 Bashful for lacking the peach and pear's charm,
 She stands alone east of the white wall.*

"Eight Rules," said Pilgrim, "let's get started. The treasure's buried beneath the plantain tree." Idiot lifted his rake with both hands and toppled the plantain tree, after which he used his snout to burrow into the ground. After digging up some three or four feet of dirt, he discovered a slab of stone. Delighted, Idiot said, "Elder Brother, we're lucky! There's indeed a treasure here, covered by a slab of stone. I wonder if it's contained in a jar or a box."

"Lift the stone up and take a look," said Pilgrim.

Idiot indeed used his snout to give the slab of stone a shove; immediately, glimmering shafts of light shot up. Laughing, Eight Rules said, "Lucky! Lucky! The treasure's glowing."

He went forward to take another careful look and saw that it was actually the glow of the stars and moon reflected in the water of a well. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "when you want to do something, you ought to get to the bottom of it."

"How so?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, "This is a well. If you had told me in the monastery that the treasure would be found in a well, I would have brought along those two ropes we use to tie our bags. Then we would have been able to find a way to lower old Hog down there. Now we're empty-handed. How could we go down there to fetch the thing up here?"

"You want to go down there?" asked Pilgrim. "Of course," said Eight Rules, "but we have no ropes."

"Take off your clothes," said Pilgrim, "and I'll give you the means."

Eight Rules said, "I don't have any good clothes! All I have to do is untie this shirt."

Dear Great Sage! He took out his golden-hooped rod and gave both its ends a pull, crying, "Grow!" It grew to about seventy or eighty feet long. "Eight Rules," he said, "you grab hold of one end, and I'll let you down the well."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you can do that, but when we reach the surface of the water, you stop."

"I know," said Pilgrim. Idiot then wrapped himself around the rod at one end, and with no effort at all Pilgrim picked him up and lowered him into the well. In a little while, they reached the edge of the water and Eight Rules said, "We're touching water." When Pilgrim heard that, he gave the rod a plunge downward and with a loud splash Idiot fell into the water headfirst. Abandoning the iron rod, he began at once to tread water, muttering to himself, "Damn him! I told him to stop when we reached water, but he gave me a plunge instead." Pilgrim retrieved his rod and said, laughing, "Brother, is there any treasure?"

"What treasure?" said Eight Rules, "only a well of water!" Pilgrim said, "The treasure has sunk deep into the water. Why don't you go below and feel around?" Idiot indeed knew well the nature of water; he ducked his head under the surface and dove

straight down. Ah, the well was extremely deep! He plunged hard a second time before opening his eyes to look around, and he saw all at once a towered edifice, on which were written the three words, “Water Crystal Palace.”

Highly shaken, Eight Rules said, “Undone! Undone! I got on the wrong way. I must have fallen into the ocean, for only the ocean has a Water Crystal Palace. How could there be one in a well?”

Eight Rules, you see, did not know that this happened to be the palace of the Well Dragon King.

As Eight Rules was speaking to himself, a yakṣa on patrol opened the gate of the palace. When he saw what he saw, he ran inside to report, saying, “Great King, disaster! From the well above fell a monk with a long snout and huge ears, stark naked and without a stitch of clothing. He isn’t dead yet, and he is talking.” When the Well Dragon King heard this, he was greatly startled. “This must be the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. Last night the Night Patrol God came here by imperial decree from above to take the soul of the king of the Black Rooster Kingdom to see the Tang Monk. They were to ask the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, to subdue a fiend. This has to be the Great Sage and the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. We should not treat them rudely. Hurry, we must welcome them.” Straightening out his clothes, the dragon king led his water kinsmen out the door and cried in a loud voice, “Marshal of Heavenly Reeds, please take a seat inside.”

Eight Rules became very pleased and said to himself, “So there’s a friend here!” Without regard for etiquette or decency, Idiot walked right into the Water Crystal Palace and, still stark naked, took the honored seat above. “Marshal,” said the dragon king, “I heard recently that your life was spared when you embraced the Buddhist faith to accompany the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. For what reason have you come here?”

“I was just about to tell you that,” said Eight Rules. “My elder brother, Sun Wukong, wanted to send you his most earnest greetings. He told me to come to ask you for a certain treasure.”

“That’s pitiful!” said the dragon king. “Where do I have any treasure around here? I’m not like those other dragon kings of such big rivers as the Yangzi, the Yellow River, the Huai, and the Ji. When they can fly and soar through the air most of the time to transform, they will have treasures. I have been stuck here for a long time; I can’t even get to see the sun and the moon regularly. Where would I get any treasures?”

“Don’t refuse me,” said Eight Rules. “If you have any, bring them out.”

“I do have just one treasure,” said the dragon king, “but I can’t bring it out. The Marshal himself will have to go and take a look. How about it?”

“Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful!” said Eight Rules. “I’ll go and take a look.”

The dragon king walked in front, while Idiot followed. They passed the Water Crystal Palace and came upon a long corridor, inside of which they found a six-foot corpse. Pointing with his finger, the dragon king said, “Marshal, that’s the treasure.”

Eight Rules went forward to look at it. Ah, it was actually a dead king; still wearing a rising-to-Heaven cap, a reddish brown robe, a pair of carefree boots, and a jade belt, he lay there stiff as a board. “Hard! Hard! Hard!” said Eight Rules, chuckling.

“This can’t be considered a treasure! When I recall the time when old Hog was a monster in the mountain, this thing was frequently used as food. Don’t ask me how many such things I have seen—even as far as eating was concerned, I have consumed countless numbers. How could you call this a treasure?”

“So you don’t know, Marshal,” said the dragon king, “that he is actually the corpse of the king of the Black Rooster Kingdom. Since he reached the well, I have embalmed him with a feature-preserving pearl so that he won’t deteriorate. If you are willing to carry him out of here on your back to see the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who, by the way, may have the wish to revive him, don’t speak of treasures—you can have anything you want.”

“In that case,” said Eight Rules, “I’ll carry him out on my back for you. But how much cartage are you going to pay me?”

The dragon king said, “I don’t have any money.”

“You want to use people free!” said Eight Rules.

“If you really don’t have any money, I won’t carry him.”

“If you don’t,” said the dragon king, “please go.”

Eight Rules left at once.

The dragon king, however, ordered two powerful yakṣas to haul the corpse out of the Water Crystal Palace’s gate. They threw him down, took off the water-repelling pearl, and water began to close in on all sides noisily.

Turning around quickly to look, Eight Rules could no longer see the gate of the Water Crystal Palace. When he stretched out his hands, all he could lay hold of was the corpse of the king, the touch of which made his legs weaken and his tendons turn numb with fear. He darted up to the surface of the water; with his hands clinging to the wall of the well, he shouted, “Elder Brother, stick your rod down here to save me!”

“Is there any treasure?” asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, “There isn’t any! Beneath the water, however, there’s a Well Dragon King, who told me to carry a dead man on my back. I wouldn’t do it, and he sent me out the door; that was when his Water Crystal Palace disappeared also. When I felt that corpse, I was so scared that my hands grew weak and my tendons turned numb; I could hardly move. Elder Brother, for good or ill please save me.”

“That’s precisely the treasure,” said Pilgrim. “Why won’t you carry him up here?”

Eight Rules said, “He must have been dead for quite awhile. Why should I carry him on my back?”

“If you won’t,” said Pilgrim, “I’ll go back.”

“Where?” asked Eight Rules.

“I’m going back to the monastery,” said Pilgrim, “to get some sleep with Master.”

“You mean I can’t go with you?” said Eight Rules.

Pilgrim said, “If you can climb up here, I’ll take you back with me; if you can’t, well that’s it!”

Eight Rules was horrified, for how could he possibly climb up the well. “Take a look,” he yelled. “Even the city wall was hard to scale already, whereas this well is large down below with a small mouth on top. All around the circular wall is straight up and down. Moreover, it has been such a long time since anyone has bailed water from this well that it’s covered with moss everywhere. It’s terribly slippery. How could I possibly climb it? Elder Brother, let’s not upset our fraternal feelings, let me go and carry him up on my back.”

“Exactly,” said Pilgrim. “Do it quickly, and I’ll go back with you to sleep.” Idiot put his head underwater again and dove straight down; after he found the corpse, he pulled it onto his back and shot back up to the surface. Supporting himself on the wall of the well, he cried, “Elder Brother, I’m carrying him.” Pilgrim stared into the well and saw that the body was indeed placed on Eight Rules’s back. Only then did he lower the golden-hooped rod into the well. A man who had been sorely tried, Idiot opened his mouth and held on to the tip of the iron rod with his teeth; he was then lifted up out of the well by Pilgrim with no effort at all.

Putting down the corpse, Eight Rules grabbed his own clothes and put them on. When Pilgrim took a look, he found that the features of the dead king had not altered in the slightest—it was as if he were still alive. “Brother,” said Pilgrim, “this man has been dead for three years. How could his features not deteriorate?”

“You have no idea about this,” said Eight Rules. “This Well Dragon said to me that he had embalmed the corpse with a feature-preserving pearl, and that’s why it has not deteriorated.”

“Lucky! Lucky!” said Pilgrim.

“This has to mean that his wrong has yet to be requited, and that we are fated to succeed. Brother, put him on your back again quickly and we’ll leave.”

“Where do you want me to carry him?” asked Eight Rules.

“To see Master,” said Pilgrim.

Eight Rules began to grumble, saying, “How am I going to live with this? I was sleeping nicely when this monkey fooled me with his clever talk into doing this so-called business with him. It turns out to be this sort of enterprise—carrying a dead man on my back! When I carry him, some putrid stinking fluid is bound to drip on me and soil my clothes, and there is no one ready to wash and starch them for me. The few patches on my garment may even turn damp again when the sky is grey. How can I wear them?”

“Look, you just carry him,” said Pilgrim, “and when we get to the monastery, I’ll exchange clothes with you.”

“Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?” asked Eight Rules. “You have hardly anything to wear, and you are going to exchange clothes with me?” Pilgrim said, “Oh, you are so smart mouthed! You aren’t going to carry him?”

“No!” said Eight Rules. “Stick out your shanks then,” said Pilgrim, “and I’ll give you twenty strokes of my rod!”

Horried, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, that’s a heavy rod! If you give me twenty strokes, I’d be like this king!”

“If you are afraid of being beaten,” said Pilgrim, “then hurry up and put him on your back so that we can leave.”

Eight Rules was indeed afraid of being beaten; rather listlessly, he yanked the corpse over and put it on his back before turning to walk out of the garden.

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and sucked in a mouthful of air facing the ground in the southwest. When he blew it out, a violent gust immediately arose and lifted Eight Rules out of the palace. They left the city instantly; as the wind subsided, the two of them dropped to the ground and proceeded slowly on foot. Nursing his rage in silence, Idiot planned to repay Pilgrim in kind, saying to himself, "This monkey has pulled a nice prank on me, but when I get to the monastery I'm going to pull one on him, too. I'm going to persuade Master to insist on restoring the king back to life. If that monkey can't do it, I'll make Master recite that Tight-Fillet Spell until this monkey's brains burst. That will give me some relief!"

He walked along and thought further to himself, "No good, no good! If you make him heal the man, all he has to do is to go and ask King Yama for the soul, and the man will live again. I must set the conditions so that he won't be permitted to go to the Region of Darkness; the king has to be restored to life through some means found in the World of Light. Only such a plan is good."

Hardly had he finished speaking to himself when they reached the gate of the monastery. Eight Rules walked right through it and went up to the door of the Chan hall, where he threw down the corpse and cried, "Master, get up and look at this." Unable to sleep, Tripitaka was just chatting with Sha Monk on how Pilgrim had deceived Eight Rules into going with him, and how they did not return after such a long time. When he heard the call, the Tang Monk quickly arose and said, "Disciple, what do you want me to look at?"

"The grandpa of Pilgrim," said Eight Rules, "whom old Hog has brought back on his back."

"You pie-eyed Idiot!" said Pilgrim.

"Where do I have a grandpa?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if he isn't your grandpa, why did you ask old Hog to bear him here? You don't know how much energy I've wasted!"

The Tang Monk and Sha Monk opened the door to look, and they discovered that the countenance of the king had not altered at all.

Turning sad all at once, the elder said, "Your Majesty, in which previous existence did you incur an enemy who had to catch up with you in this one and cause you to lose your life? Alas, you left your wife and your child, unknown to all the civil and military officials! Pity your wife who's still in the dark! Who will burn incense or pour tea for you?"

He was so broken up that he could not speak anymore as tears rained down his cheeks.

"Master," said Eight Rules, laughing, "what does his death have to do with you? He isn't one of your ancestors. Why weep for him?"

"O disciple!" said the Tang Monk, "the fundamental principle of life for those who have left the family is compassion. How could you be so hardhearted?"

"I'm not hardhearted," said Eight Rules, "for Elder Brother told me that he could restore him to life. If he couldn't, I wouldn't have carried him back here."

This elder, after all, had a head full of water! Shaken by these few words of Idiot, he said at once, “Wukong, if you indeed have the ability to restore this king to life, you would have accomplished something greater than building a seven-storied stūpa. And even we would have been benefited as if we had worshipped Buddha in the Spirit Mountain.” Pilgrim said, “Master, how could you believe the nonsense of this Idiot! When a man dies, he can pass through the periods of three times seven or five times seven; at most, he may wait for seven hundred days, when after having suffered for all the sins committed in the World of Light, he will then proceed to the next incarnation. This man here died three years ago. How could I revive him?” When Tripitaka heard these words, he said, “Oh, all right!” Still bitterly resentful, however, Eight Rules said, “Master, don’t believe him. He’s a little sick in his brain! Just recite that little something of yours, and you are certain to get a living man.”

The Tang Monk indeed began to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell, and the monkey had such a headache that his eyes bulged. We do not know how he managed to heal the dead king; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-NINE

*One pellet of cinnabar elixir found in Heaven
A king, dead three years, lives again on Earth*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who could hardly bear his headache. “Master,” he pleaded pitifully, “stop reciting! Stop reciting! Let me try to heal him.”

“How?” asked the elder. Pilgrim said, “All I need to do is to go to the Region of Darkness and find out in which of the Ten Kings’ chambers his soul is residing. I’ll fetch it and he’ll be saved.”

“Master, don’t believe him,” said Eight Rules. “He told me originally that he needn’t go to the Region of Darkness, that his real ability could not be seen unless a cure was found in the World of Light.”

Believing in such perverse tattle, the elder began to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell once more. Pilgrim was so horrified that he had to say repeatedly, “I’ll find some means in the World of Light! I’ll find some means in the World of Light!”

“Don’t stop,” said Eight Rules, “just keep reciting!”

“You idiotic cursed beast!” chided Pilgrim. “You are just trying to coax Master into putting that spell on me!” Laughing until he nearly collapsed, Eight Rules said, “O Elder Brother! You only know how to pull tricks on me, but you don’t realize that I can do the same on you.”

“Master, please stop,” said Pilgrim, “and let old Monkey find a cure in the World of Light for the king.”

“Where would you find it in the World of Light?” asked Tripitaka. “With a single cloud somersault,” said Pilgrim, “I shall penetrate the South Heaven Gate, but I’ll not go into the Big Dipper Palace nor into the Divine Mists Hall. Instead, I shall go straight up to the Thirty-third Heaven, to the Tushita Palace of the Griefless Heaven. When I see Laozi there, I shall beg him for one pellet of his Soul-Restoring Elixir of Nine Reversions, which will certainly make this man live again.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he was very pleased and said, “Go quickly and come back.”

“It’s about the hour of the third watch at this moment,” said Pilgrim, “but by the time I get back, it’ll be dawn. The trouble with this man sleeping here like this is that the whole atmosphere seems so dull and heartless. Someone here should mourn him and that’ll be more like it.”

“It goes without saying,” said Eight Rules, “that this monkey would like me to mourn the king.”

“Yes, but I’m afraid that you won’t,” said Pilgrim. “If you won’t, I can’t heal him either!”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you may go. I’ll mourn him.” Pilgrim said, “There are several ways of mourning: when you merely open your mouth to make noises, that’s called howling; when you squeeze out some tears, that’s weeping. When you mourn with both tears and feelings, then we may call that wailing.”

"I'll give you an example of how I can wail!" said Eight Rules, who pulled out a scrap of paper from somewhere and rolled it into a thin strip, which he stuck into his nostrils twice.

Look at him! After sneezing a few times, tears and snivel all came out and he began to wail, mumbling and muttering protests all the time as if someone in his family had actually died. He bawled lustily, and when his passion rose to a terrific pitch, even the Tang elder was moved to tears. "That's the sort of grief I want you to show," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "and you are not permitted to stop. For if you, Idiot, think that you can quit mourning after I leave, you are mistaken, for I can still hear you. You'll be all right if you keep this up, but the moment I discover that your voice has stopped, your shanks will be given twenty strokes."

"You go!" said Eight Rules, chuckling. "Once I start to mourn, it will take me a couple of days to finish." When Sha Monk heard how stern Pilgrim's reprimand of Eight Rules was, he went and lit a few sticks of incense to bring to offer to the dead king. "Fine! Fine! Fine!" said Pilgrim, laughing.

"When the whole family shows reverence like that, old Monkey can then exert his efforts."

Dear Great Sage! At this hour of midnight, he took leave of master and disciples, the three of them; mounting the cloud somersault, he entered at once the South Heaven Gate. Indeed, he did not go before the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, nor did he ascend to the Big Dipper Palace. Treading on his cloudy luminosity, he went straight to the Griefless Heaven, the Tushita Palace of the Thirty-third Heaven. The moment he walked inside the door, he discovered Laozi sitting in the elixir chamber: in the process of making elixir, he and a few divine youths were tending the fires with plantain fans. When he saw Pilgrim approaching, he immediately instructed the youths with these words:

"Take care, each of you. The thief who once stole our elixir is here."

Bowing to him, Pilgrim said with laughter, "Venerable Sir, don't be so silly! Why take such precaution against me? I don't do those things anymore!"

"Monkey," said Laozi, "when you caused great disruption in Heaven five hundred years ago, you stole and consumed countless efficacious elixirs of mine. And when we sent the Little Sage Erlang to arrest you and bring you to the Region Above, you were sent to be refined in my elixir brazier for forty-nine days and made me squander who knows how much charcoal. You were lucky to have regained your freedom when you embraced the Buddhist fruit and resolved to accompany the Tang Monk to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. But even then, you were still giving me a hard time when I asked you for my treasures after you had subdued the demons some time ago on the Level-Top Mountain. What are you doing here today?"

"I didn't give you a hard time," said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey at the time gave you back your five treasures without delay. Why are you still so suspicious?"

"Why aren't you on the road then?" asked Laozi. "Why did you sneak into my palace?" Pilgrim said, "After we parted, we proceeded toward the West until we came to the Black Rooster Kingdom. The king there had been murdered by a monster-spirit masquerading as a Daoist able to summon wind and rain. The monster then changed himself into the form of the king, and now he sits in the Hall of Golden Chimes. When my master read the sūtras during the night before last in the Precious Grove Monastery,

the king's spirit appeared to him and requested earnestly for old Monkey to subdue the fiend for him.

Because old Monkey considered the problem of evidence, he went to the imperial garden with Eight Rules to look for the burial site.

Within a well of octagonal marble walls, we fished out the king's corpse, so perfectly preserved that neither his color nor his appearance had changed. When we brought him back to my master, he was moved by compassion and wanted me to revive him. The condition was set, however, that I could not go to the Region of Darkness to fetch his soul, and that I must find some means to revive him in the World of Light. I concluded that there was no other remedy available, and that was why I came especially to see you. I beseech the Patriarch of Tao to be merciful and lend me one thousand tablets of your Soul-Restoring Elixir of Nine Reversions, so that old Monkey can save the king."

"This ape is babbling!" said Laozi. "What are you saying—one thousand tablets, two thousand tablets! You eat them like rice? You think they are kneaded with mud? That easy? No! Go quickly! I have none!"

"All right," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "how about a hundred tablets?"

"I don't have any," said Laozi. "Just ten tablets, then," said Pilgrim. "This wretched ape is an absolute pest!" said Laozi angrily. "I don't have any. Get out! Get out!"

"You really don't have any?" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I'll go somewhere to look for help then."

"Go! Go! Go!" shouted Laozi. Turning around, the Great Sage strode out at once.

Laozi suddenly thought to himself, "This monkey is such a rogue! When I told him to go, he left, but I fear that he might sneak back in and start stealing."

He ordered a divine youth to call Pilgrim back at once, saying, "You ape, you have itchy hands and feet! I'll give you one tablet of my Soul-Restoring Elixir."

"Venerable Sir," said Pilgrim, "if you know the talent of old Monkey, you will bring out your golden elixir at once and divide up what you have with me equitably. That'll be your good fortune! Otherwise, I'm going to swipe them clean for you."

Taking out his gourd, the patriarch turned it upside down and poured out one pellet of golden elixir. He handed it over to Pilgrim, saying, "That's all I have. Take it, take it! I'm *giving* it to you, you know, and when that king is revived, it'll be counted as your merit." Pilgrim took it and said, "Let's not hurry! I'm going to have a taste of it first, for I'm not going to be duped by some bogus pill!"

He popped it into his mouth at once. The old patriarch was so startled that he dashed forward and grabbed the skin on Pilgrim's head. Holding high his fist, he shouted, "You wretched ape! If you dare swallow it, I'll kill you!"

"Shame on you!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Don't be so petty! Who's going to eat your stuff! How much could it be worth, this flimsy stuff? Isn't it right here?"

The monkey, you see, had a little pouch just beneath his jowl, and that was where he kept the golden elixir. After the patriarch had felt it with his fingers, he said, "Go away! Don't bother me here anymore!"

Then the Great Sage thanked the old patriarch and left the Tushita Heaven Palace. Look at him!

*In countless hallowed beams he left the arches of jade;
On myriad auspicious clouds he went to the world of dust.*

In a moment, he left the South Heaven Gate behind and, as the sun came up, he dropped from the clouds and arrived at the gate of the Precious Grove Monastery.

Eight Rules's weeping could still be heard when he approached, crying, "Master."

"Wukong has returned," said Tripitaka, delighted.

"Do you have any elixir or medicine?"

"I do," said Pilgrim. "He couldn't possibly not have it!" said Eight Rules. "He would have brought back something even if he had to steal it!"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "you can get out of the way, I don't need you anymore. Wipe away your tears, or you can go somewhere to weep. Sha Monk, please fetch me some water." Sha Monk hurried to the well in the rear where there was a bucket nearby. He bailed out half an alms bowl of water and brought it to Pilgrim. After he took it, Pilgrim spat out the elixir and placed it inside the lips of the king. Then with both hands, he pulled the jaws of the king apart, and using a mouthful of clean water, he flushed the golden elixir down to the king's stomach. After about half an hour, loud gurgling noises came from the belly of the king, although his body remained immobile. "Master," said Pilgrim, "even my golden elixir seems unable to revive him! Could it be that old Monkey's going to be finished off by blackmail?"

Tripitaka said, "Nonsense! There's no reason for him not to live. How could he swallow that water if he had been only a corpse dead for a long time? It had to be the divine power of that golden elixir, which entrance into his stomach now causes the intestines to growl. When that happens, it means that circulation and pulse are in harmonious motion once more. His breath, however, is still stopped and cannot flow freely. But that's to be expected when a man has been submerged in a well for three years; after all, even raw iron would be completely rusted. That's why his primal breath is all used up, and someone should give him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation."

Eight Rules walked forward and was about to do this when he was stopped by Tripitaka. "You can't do it," he said. "Wukong still should take over."

That elder indeed had presence of mind, for Zhu Eight Rules, you see, had been a cannibal since his youth, and his breath was unclean. Pilgrim, on the other hand, had practiced self-cultivation since his birth, the food sustaining him being various fruits and nuts, and thus his breath was pure. The Great Sage, therefore, went forward and clamped his thundergod beak to the lips of the king: a mighty breath was blown through his throat to descend the tiered towers.

Invading the bright hall, it reached the cinnabar field and the jetting-spring points beyond before it reversed its direction and traveled to the mud-pill chamber of the crown. With a loud swoosh, the king's breath came together and his spirit returned; he turned over and at once flexed his hands and feet, crying, "Master!"

Going then to his knees, he said, "I remember my soul as a ghost did see you last night, but I did not expect this morning my spirit would return to the World of Light."

Tripitaka hurriedly tried to raise him, saying, “Your Majesty, I didn’t do anything. You should thank my disciple.”

“Master, what are you saying?” said Pilgrim with laughter. “The proverb says, ‘A household does not have two heads.’ You should accept his bow.”

Greatly embarrassed nonetheless, Tripitaka raised the king up with both hands and they went together into the Chan hall. The king insisted on greeting Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk before he would take a seat. The resident monks of the monastery had just finished preparing the morning meal and they were about to present it when they discovered a king with soaking wet garments.

Everyone became frightened; each of them began to speculate. Pilgrim Sun, however, leaped into their midst and said, “Monks, don’t be so alarmed. This is in fact the king of the Black Rooster Kingdom, the true ruler of all of you. Three years ago he was murdered by a fiend, but old Monkey revived him last night. We plan to go with him to the city presently to distinguish the perverse from the true. If you have some vegetarian food prepared, bring it here, so that we can start our journey after we eat.”

The monks then presented hot water also so that the king could wash up and change his clothes. The royal reddish brown robe was discarded, and he put on instead two cloth shirts given to him by the monk-official. They took off the jade belt and tied him up with a yellow silk sash; after the carefree boots were removed, he was given a pair of old monk sandals. Then they had their vegetarian breakfast before going to saddle the horse.

“Eight Rules,” said Pilgrim, “how heavy is your luggage?”

“I’ve been toting it every day,” said Eight Rules, “and I really don’t know how heavy it is.” Pilgrim said, “Divide one and let the king take up the other one. We should get to the city early to do our work.”

Delighted, Eight Rules said, “Lucky! Lucky! When I brought him here on my back, I used up a lot of my strength. I had no idea that he could be my substitute after he had been healed.” Resorting at once to mischief, Idiot divided the luggage; he carried the lighter load with a flat pole that he acquired from the monastery, whereas the heavier load he gave to the king to pole. “Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim with a chuckle, “I hope you don’t mind our treatment, dressing you in that manner and asking you to pick up a pole to follow us?” Kneeling down immediately, the king said, “Master, you are like parents who have given me a new birth. Don’t mention anything about poling some luggage. I’m even willing to pick up the whip and hold the stirrups to look after the Venerable Father and follow him all the way to the Western Heaven.” Pilgrim said, “There’s no need for you to do that, but I have a reason for making you do this at the moment. You can help us carry the luggage for these forty miles until we have entered the city and caught the monster-spirit. Then you can become a king again, and we will go and fetch our scriptures.”

Hearing this, Eight Rules said, “In that case, he is going to pole for only forty miles. After that, old Hog will remain as a long-term laborer!”

“Brother, no more foolish talk!” said Pilgrim. “Get out there and lead the way.”

Eight Rules indeed walked with the king in front to lead the way, while Sha Monk helped his master to mount the horse and Pilgrim took up the rear. Arranged in an orderly formation, the five hundred monks of that monastery followed them all the way to the gate, playing and blowing their musical instruments. Smiling, Pilgrim said, “No

need for you monks to accompany us any further. I fear that if any of this is leaked to the officials, our enterprise will be ruined. Go back quickly! Go back quickly! Only see to it that the king's clothing and belt are cleaned and prepared. Send them to the city either late tonight or early tomorrow morning. I'll ask for some reward for you."

The monks obeyed and returned to their quarters, while Pilgrim in big strides caught up with his master to proceed with him. So it is that

*The West has mystery, it's good to seek the truth.
Wood and Metal in concord, then spirit can be refined.
The elixir mother recalls in vain a foolish dream;
The child deplores deeply how powerless he is.
You must seek at a well's bottom the enlightened lord,
And then bow to Laozi in the Hall of Heaven.
Back to your own nature once you see form's emptiness,
You're thus truly a Buddha-led man of affinity.*

It did not take master and disciples even half a day on the road when they saw a city approaching. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "I suppose that must be the Black Rooster Kingdom ahead of us."

"Exactly," said Pilgrim. "Let's enter the city quickly so that we can do our business."

After they entered the city, master and disciples found the population well-mannered and engaged in a great deal of bustling activities. As they walked along, they soon came upon the phoenix bowers and dragon towers, exceedingly grand and ornate edifices for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*These outland buildings are like the sovereign state's;
Like those of old Tang, people sing and dance.
Flowers greet jeweled fans trailed by roseate clouds;
Fresh robes, sun-lit, glimmer in jade-green fog.
Peacock screens open and fragrant mist pours out;
Pearly shades roll up as colored flags unfurl.
A picture of peace most worthy of praise:
Quiet rows of nobles but no memorials.*

"Disciples," said Tripitaka as he dismounted, "we might as well go right into the court to have our rescript certified and not be bothered by some bureaucratic office."

"That's reasonable," said Pilgrim. "We brothers will go in with you; it's easier to talk when you have more people on your side."

The Tang Monk said, "If all of you are going inside, you must not be rowdy. Let's go through the proper ceremony of greeting a ruler before we do any talking."

"If you want to go through that," said Pilgrim, "it means that you have to prostrate yourself."

"Exactly," said the Tang Monk, "we have to undertake the grand ceremony of five bows and three kowtows."

"Master, you are too insipid!" said Pilgrim with a chuckle. "It's so unwise of you to want to pay homage to that character! Let me go in first, for I know what I'm going to do. If he has anything to say to us, let me answer him. If I bow, you all can bow with me; if I crouch, you crouch also." Look at that mischievous Monkey King! He

went straight up to the gate of the court and said to the guardian official, “We have been sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and to acquire scriptures from him. Having arrived in this region, we would like to have our rescript certified. May we trouble you to report this to the king so that the act of virtuous fruit will not be delayed.”

The Custodian of the Yellow Gate went at once to the gate of the main hall and knelt before the vermilion steps to memorialize, saying, “There are five monks outside the gate of the court, who claim that they have been sent by imperial decree from the Tang nation in the Land of the East to go to see Buddha for scriptures in the Western Heaven. They would like to have their rescript certified, but they dare not enter the court, and they await your summons.”

The demon king at once gave the order to summon them inside. The Tang Monk then proceeded to walk inside the court followed by the king who had been revived. As they walked, the king could not stop the tears from rolling down his cheeks, thinking to himself, “How pitiful indeed! My bronze-guarded empire, my iron-clad domain, had been secretly taken over by him.”

“Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim softly, “you must not show your sorrow at this moment, for we may reveal everything. The rod in my ear is getting rather restless. In a moment, it will achieve a great merit by beating a demon to death and banishing all perversity. Your empire will soon be returned to you.”

The king dared not disobey; pulling up his robe to wipe away the tears, he followed them resolutely up to the Hall of Golden Chimes.

The rows of civil and military officials, some four hundred of them, all stood there with great sobriety and noble looks. Pilgrim led the Tang Monk up to the white jade steps; he then stood still and remained erect. All those officials beneath the steps became terrified, saying, “This monk is most foolish and base! When he sees our king, why does he not prostrate himself, nor does he express his praise? He does not even give a bow! How audacious and rude!”

Before they even finished speaking, the demon king asked, “Where did this monk come from?” Pilgrim replied boldly, “I am from the Great Tang nation in the Land of the East, in the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, someone sent by imperial decree to go seek the living Buddha in the Great Thunderclap Monastery of India in the Western Territories for true scriptures. Having reached this region, I do not want to pass through it without having our travel rescript certified.” When the demon king heard what he said, he became angry, saying, “So what if you are from the Land of the East? We are not paying tribute in your court, nor have we any intercourse with your nation. How dare you neglect your etiquette and not bow to us?” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “Our celestial court in the Land of the East was established in antiquity, and ours had been called the superior state for a long time. Yours is only a state of the hinterlands in an inferior region. Haven’t you heard of the ancient saying?

*The king of the superior state
Is father and ruler;
The king of the inferior state
Is son and subject.*

You haven’t even received me properly, and you dare chide me for not bowing to you?” Infuriated, the demon king shouted to the civil and military officials, “Seize

this wild monk!" When he said, "Seize," all the officials surged forward. Pointing immediately with his finger, Pilgrim cried, "Cease!"

That, you see, was the magic of immobilization, which made the various officials unable to move at all. Truly

*The captains before the steps looked like idols of wood,
And marshals in the palace resembled men of clay.*

When the demon king saw how Pilgrim had rendered immobile all the officials, he leaped up from the dragon couch and was about to seize Pilgrim himself. Secretly pleased, the Monkey King thought, "Good! Exactly what old Monkey wanted! The moment you come near, your head, even if it's made of raw iron, is going to have a gaping hole when my rod finds it."

He was about to strike, when suddenly a saving star appeared from one side. "Who was it?" you ask. It was none other than the prince of the Black Rooster Kingdom. Dashing up to tug at the demon king's garment, the prince knelt before him and said, "Let the anger of father king subside."

"What do you want to say, my child?" asked the monster-spirit.

"Let me report this to father king," said the prince. "Three years ago I heard already that there was a sage monk sent by the Throne of the Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven, but I did not expect that he would arrive this day. The honored nature of father king is powerful and ferocious, I know. But if you seize this monk and have him executed, the great Tang could be greatly angered if ever they should learn of this one day. Remember that Li Shimin who, since he established his throne, did succeed in uniting his empire. Still not content, he went on various expeditions of conquest to foreign lands. If he discovers that our king has murdered the sage monk, his bond-brother, he will most certainly call up troops and horses to war with us. When we realize then how small is our army and how weak our generals are, it will be too late for regrets. Let the father king approve the memorial of his son, let him make a thorough investigation of the background of these four monks. We must first establish why they would not pay homage to the Throne before we convict them."

This entire speech, you see, was motivated by the prince's caution, who feared that the Tang Monk might be hurt and that was why he deliberately stopped the demon. The prince, of course, did not know that Pilgrim was about to strike. Consenting indeed to the words of the prince, the demon king stood before the dragon couch and loudly asked, "When did this monk leave the Land of the East? For what reason did the Tang emperor ask you to seek scriptures?"

Again Pilgrim replied boldly, "My master is the bond-brother of the Tang emperor, and his honorific is Tripitaka. There is a prime minister before the Tang throne whose name is Wei Zheng, and who has by the decree of Heaven beheaded an old dragon of the Jing River. Because of this, the Great Tang emperor also had to tour the Region of Darkness in his dream, and after he was revived, he opened wide the plot of truth by giving a Grand Mass of Land and Water to redeem the wronged souls and damned spirits. As my master recited and performed the sūtras to magnify the power of compassion, the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin of South Sea revealed to him suddenly that he should journey to the West. Making a grand promise, my master accepted the commission freely and gladly to serve his nation, and that was when the emperor bestowed on him the rescript. On the third day before the fifteenth, during the ninth

month of the thirteenth year in the Zhenguan period of the Great Tang, he left the Land of the East. When he reached the Mountain of Two Frontiers, he accepted me as his disciple. My surname is Sun, and my name is Wukong Pilgrim. Next, we arrived at the Gao Family Village of the Qoco Kingdom, where my master made his second disciple; his surname is Zhu, and his name is Wuneng Eight Rules.

At the Flowing Sand River, the third disciple joined the fold; his surname is Sha, and his name is Wujing Monk. The day before yesterday at the Precious Grove Monastery Built by Imperial Command, we newly acquired a mendicant worker who now helps us with poling the luggage.”

After the demon king heard this speech, he found it difficult to turn up an excuse for examining the Tang Monk further, and it was even more difficult for him to try to overwhelm Pilgrim with deceptive interrogation. Glowering, he said, “You, monk! When you first left the Land of the East, you were all by yourself, but then you accepted all these four persons into your company. Those three monks may be all right, but this worker looks most suspicious. This mendicant must have been kidnapped from somewhere. What is his name? Does he have a certificate of ordination? Bring him up here and let him make a deposition.”

Trembling all over, the king said, “O Master! How shall I make this deposition?”

Giving him a pinch, Pilgrim said, “Don’t be afraid. Let me do it for you.”

Dear Great Sage! He strode forward and said to the fiend in a loud voice, “Your Majesty, this old worker is not only dumb, but he is also somewhat deaf. We took him on because he knew the way to the Western Heaven, having gone there himself in his younger days.

I know everything about him—his background, his origin, his rise and fall. I beg your Majesty’s pardon, but let me make the deposition for him.”

“Do it quickly and truthfully,” said the demon king, “lest he be convicted of a serious offense.” Pilgrim said,

*Of this deposition the mendicant’s quite old;
Deaf, dumb, and dim-witted, he’s also poor!
A man whose native home was in this place,
He met defeat and ruin five years ago.
With no rain from the sky,
Folks turned shriveled and dry.
King and subjects all fasted and abstained;
They bathed and burned incense to pray to Heav’n,
But no cloud was seen for ten thousand miles.
While people starved as though hung upside down,
There came from Zhongnan a Complete Truth fiend
Who called up wind and rain to show his power,
And then took in secret the king’s own life.
The victim was pushed down a garden well;
The dragon seat was taken unknown to man.
Luckily I came.
My merit was great:
No snag it was to bring life back from death.*

*Willing to submit as a mendicant,
He would follow the monk to face the West.
That specious king is a Daoist in fact;
This worker is in truth the rightful king.*

When that demon king on the Hall of Golden Chimes heard this speech, he became so frightened that his heart pounded like the feet of a young deer and his face was flushed with red clouds. He wanted to run away at once, but he did not even have a weapon in his hands. Turning around, he saw one of the captains of palace guards, who had a scimitar buckled to his waist and who had been rendered a dumb and stupid person standing there by Pilgrim's magic of immobilization. Dashing up to him, the demon king took this scimitar and then immediately mounted the clouds to escape in the air. Sha Monk and Zhu Eight Rules were so annoyed by this turn of events that they screamed at Pilgrim, "You impatient ape! Why did you have to say all those things at once? You could have tricked him into staying if you had used a slower approach. Now that he has mounted the clouds and escaped, where would you go to search for him?"

"Don't scream madly like that, brothers," said Pilgrim with laughter. "Let me ask the prince to come out and bow to his father and the queen to greet her husband first. Let me then recite another spell to release those ministers from my magic so that they can learn the truth about what has happened and pay homage to the real king. Then I can go look for him."

Dear Great Sage! After he had disposed of everything he said he would do, he told Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "Take care to guard ruler and subjects, father and son, husband and wife, and our master. I'm off!"

Hardly had he finished speaking before he was completely out of sight.

Rising straight up to the clouds of the Ninefold Heaven, Pilgrim opened wide his eyes to stare all around: the demon king, having escaped with his life, was fleeing toward the northeast. Pilgrim caught up with him in no time, shouting, "Fiend, where are you going? Old Monkey's here." Swiftly turning around, the demon king brought out his scimitar and said with a loud voice, "Pilgrim Sun, what a rogue you are! I took the throne of another man, but that didn't concern you. Why did you have to be involved in someone's affairs and reveal my secret?" Roaring with laughter, Pilgrim said, "You audacious, lawless fiend! You think you ought to be permitted to be a king? If you recognized old Monkey, you should have fled at the earliest opportunity to the farthest place. How dare you try to give my master a hard time, asking for that so-called deposition? That deposition I gave you just now, was that accurate or not? Don't run away now! If you're a man, have a taste of old Monkey's rod!"

The demon king stepped aside to dodge the blow before he wielded the scimitar to meet his opponent. The moment their weapons joined, it was a marvelous battle. Truly

*The Monkey King is fierce,
The demon king is strong—
Rod and scimitar dare each other oppose.
This day the Three Regions are bedimmed by fog,
All for a king's restoration to his court.*

After the two of them fought for a few rounds, the demon king could no longer withstand the Monkey King and fled instead back into the city on the way he came. Hurling himself into the two rows of civil and military officials before the white jade

steps, the demon king gave his body a shake and changed into an exact image of Tripitaka Tang, both of them standing hand-in-hand before the steps. The Great Sage arrived and was about to strike with the rod when the fiend said, "Disciple, don't hit me! It's I!" Pilgrim turned the rod toward the other Tang Monk who also said, "Disciple, don't hit me! It's I!"

There were two Tang Monks exactly alike and most difficult to distinguish. Thinking to himself, "If I kill the monster spirit with one blow of the rod, it would be my merit, all right; but what would I do if that blow happens to kill my true master?" Pilgrim had to stop and ask Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "Which is the fiend and which is our master? Point him out to me so that I can strike at him."

"You two were yelling and fighting in midair," said Eight Rules, "and when I blinked my eyes, I saw two masters the next moment. I don't know who is real and who is false." When Pilgrim heard these words, he made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell, which called together the various deva guardians, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, the Eighteen Guardians of the Faith, the local spirit, and the mountain god of that region. He said to them, "Old Monkey is trying to subdue a monster here, who has changed himself into the likeness of my master. Both their form and substance seem exactly the same and it's difficult to tell them apart. But you may be able to distinguish them in secret; if so, make my master walk up the steps into the main hall so that I can catch this demon."

The fiend, you see, was accomplished in magic; when he heard these words of Pilgrim, he quickly bounded into the Hall of Golden Chimes. Pilgrim raised his rod and brought it down hard on the Tang Monk. Alas! If it had not been for desperate efforts of those several deities summoned to this place, the blow would have reduced even twenty Tang Monks to meat patties! Fortunately the various deities managed to block the blow, saying, "Great Sage, the fiend knows his magic. He has gone up to the hall first." Pilgrim gave chase at once, and the demon king ran outside the hall to catch hold of the Tang Monk once more in the crowd. After this confusion, they again could not be distinguished.

Pilgrim was highly displeased, and when he saw, moreover, that Eight Rules was snickering on one side, he became enraged, saying, "What's the matter with you, stupid coolie? Now you have two masters whose calls you must answer and whom you must serve. Are you overjoyed?" Laughing, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, you say I'm dumb; well, you're even dumber! If you can't recognize who is the real master, why waste all this energy? You try to endure a little pain on your head for a moment and ask Master to recite that little something of his. Sha Monk and I will each hold on to one of them and listen: that person who does not know how to recite the spell must be the monster. What's so difficult about that?"

"Thank you, Brother," said Pilgrim. "You've got it. That little something indeed is known only to three persons: born of the very mind of our Buddha Tathāgata, it was transmitted to the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who then imparted it to my master. There is no other person who has knowledge of it. All right, Master, start your recital." In truth the Tang Monk began to recite, but how could the demon king know what to do? All he could do was mumble something, and Eight Rules said, "This one mumbling is the monster!"

He let go and raised his muckrake to strike at the demon king, who leaped up and tried to flee, treading the clouds.

Dear Eight Rules! With a shout, he mounted the clouds also to give chase. Sha Monk hurriedly abandoned the Tang Monk and brought out his precious staff to do battle. Only then did the Tang Monk stop reciting his spell; the Great Sage Sun, enduring his headache, dragged his iron rod up to midair. Ah, look at this battle! Three fierce monks have surrounded a brazen demon! The demon king, you see, was attacked left and right by Eight Rules with his rake and Sha Monk with his staff. Chuckling to himself, Pilgrim said, “If I go attack him face to face, he will try to escape as he is already somewhat afraid of me. Let old Monkey get up higher and give me a garlic-pounding blow from the top down. That’ll finish him off!” Mounting the auspicious luminosity, the Great Sage rose to the Ninefold Heaven and was about to show his decisive hand when a loud voice came from a petal of colored cloud in the northeast:

“Sun Wukong, don’t do it!” When Pilgrim turned to look, he discovered the Bodhisattva Mañjuśrī. Quickly putting away his rod, he drew near and bowed, saying, “Bodhisattva, where are you going?”

“I came,” said Mañjuśrī, “to put away this fiend for you.” Pilgrim thanked him and said, “I’m greatly obliged.”

Taking out an imp-reflecting mirror from his sleeve, the Bodhisattva aimed it at the fiend and the image of its original form became visible at once.

Pilgrim called Eight Rules and Sha Monk to come to greet the Bodhisattva and to look into the mirror. Exceedingly ferocious in appearance, that demon king had

*Eyes like large goblets of glass;
A head like a cooking vat;
A body of deep summer green;
And four paws like autumn’s frost;
Two large ears that flipped downward;
A tail as long as a broom;
Green hair full of fighting ardor;
Red eyes emitting gold beams;
Rows of flat teeth like jade slabs;
Round whiskers rearing up like spears.
The true form seen in the mirror
Was Mañjuśrī’s lion king.*

“Bodhisattva,” said Pilgrim, “so this is the green-haired lion who serves as your beast of burden. How was it that he had been turned loose so that he could become a spirit here? Aren’t you going to make him submit to you?”

“Wukong,” said the Bodhisattva, “he was not turned loose. He had been sent by the decree of Buddha to come here.” Pilgrim said, “You mean that this beast’s becoming a spirit to usurp the throne of a king was a decree of Buddha? If that’s the case, old Monkey, who is accompanying the Tang Monk through all his trials, should have been given several imperial documents!”

The Bodhisattva said, “You don’t know that this king of the Black Rooster Kingdom was dedicated to virtue and to the feeding of monks at first. The Buddha sent me to lead him to return to the West so that he could attain the golden body of an arhat. I could not, of course, reveal myself to him in my true form, and so I changed myself into an ordinary mortal monk to beg some food from him.

During our conversation a few words of mine put him on the spot; not realizing that I was a good man after all, he tied me up with a rope and sent me into the imperial moat. I soaked in there for three days and nights before the Six Gods of Darkness rescued me back to the West. Tathāgata therefore sent this creature here to push him down the well and have him submerged for three years, in order to exact vengeance for my water adversity of three days. Thus ‘not even a sup or a bite is not foreordained,’ and we had to wait for all of you to arrive and achieve this merit.”

“You might have repaid the private grievance of your so-called one sup or one bite,” said Pilgrim, “but who knows how many human beings that fiendish creature has harmed.”

“He has not,” said the Bodhisattva. “In fact, these three years after his arrival have seen nothing but winds and rains in season, prosperity for the kingdom, and peace for the inhabitants. Since when has he harmed anyone?”

“Even so,” said Pilgrim, “those ladies of the three palaces did sleep with him and rise with him. His body has defiled many and violated the great human relations countless times. And you say that he has not harmed anyone?”

The Bodhisattva said, “He has not defiled anyone, for he’s a gelded lion.” When Eight Rules heard this, he walked near and gave the creature a pat, saying with a chuckle, “This monster-spirit is truly a ‘red nose who doesn’t drink’! He bears his name in vain!”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, “take him away. If the Bodhisattva did not come here himself, I would never have spared his life.” Reciting a spell, the Bodhisattva shouted, “Beast, how long are you going to wait before you submit to the Right?”

The demon king at once changed back to his original form, after which the Bodhisattva released the lotus flower seat to be placed on the back of the lion. He then mounted the lion, who trod on the auspicious luminosity and left. Aha!

*He went straight to the Wutai Mountain;
To hear sūtras explained before the lotus seat.*

We do not know finally how the Tang Monk and his disciples leave the city; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*The child's playful transformations confuse the Chan Mind
Ape, Horse, Spatula gone, Wood Mother, too, is lost*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun and his two brothers, who lowered their clouds and returned to the court. They were met by the king, the queen, and their subjects—all of them lined up in rows to bow and to express their thanks. Pilgrim then gave a complete account of how the Bodhisattva came to subdue the monster, and all the officials in court touched the top of their heads to the ground in adoration. As they were thus rejoicing, the Custodian of the Yellow Gate arrived to announce, “My lord, there are four more monks who have arrived at the gate.”

A little apprehensive, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, could it be that the monster-spirit, having used magic to disguise himself as the Bodhisattva Mañjuśrī to deceive us, has now changed again into some kind of monk to match wits with us?”

“How could that be?” said Pilgrim, who then asked that the monks be summoned inside.

After the civil and military officials transmitted the order and the visitors entered, Pilgrim saw that they were monks from the Precious Grove Monastery, who came bearing the rising-to-Heaven cap, the green-jade belt, the brownish yellow robe, and the carefree boots. Highly pleased, Pilgrim said, “It’s wonderful that you’ve come!”

He asked the mendicant worker to step forward: his head-wrap was taken off and the rising-to-Heaven cap was placed on his head; the cloth garment was stripped off and he put on the brownish yellow robe instead; after he untied the silk sash and took off the monk sandals, he buckled on the jade-green belt and climbed into the carefree boots. The prince was then told to bring out the white jade token so that the king might hold it in his hands, and he was asked to ascend the main hall to be the king once more. As the ancient proverb said, “The court should not be one day without a ruler.”

But the king absolutely refused to sit on the throne; weeping profusely, he knelt on the steps and said, “I’ve been dead for three years, and I’m indebted to Master for making me return to life. How could I dare assume such honor again? Let one of these masters be the ruler; I’ll be perfectly content to go with my wife and child outside the city to live as a commoner.”

Tripitaka, of course, would have none of this, for he was intent on going to worship Buddha and to acquire the scriptures. The king then turned to Pilgrim, who said to him, smiling, “To tell you the truth, if old Monkey wanted to be a king, he would have been one throughout the myriad kingdoms in the world. But all of us are used to the leisurely and carefree existence of monks. If I become a king, I will have to let my hair grow again; I won’t be able to retire when it’s dark, nor will I be able to sleep beyond the hour of the fifth watch. I’ll be anxious when reports from the borders arrive; I’ll have endless worries when there are disasters or famines. How could I live with these things? So, you may as well be the king, and we shall continue to be monks to cultivate our merit.”

After pleading with them bitterly to no avail, the king had no choice but to ascend the treasure hall once more to face south and resume the use of the royal “we.”

After giving a general pardon throughout his empire, he also bestowed huge rewards on the monks of the Precious Grove Monastery before they left. Then he opened up the eastern palace to give a banquet to honor the Tang Monk; at the same time, painters were summoned into the palace to make portraits of the four pilgrims, so that these could be permanently revered in the Hall of Golden Chimes.

After they had securely established the kingdom, master and disciples, reluctant to stay too long, were about to take leave of the throne to face the West. The king, the queen, the prince, and all their subjects took out the crown treasures together with gold, silver, and silk to present to the master as tokens of gratitude, but Tripitaka refused to accept any of these. All he wanted was to have his travel rescript certified so that he could tell Wukong and his brothers to saddle the horse and leave. Feeling very keenly that he had not expressed his gratitude in an adequate manner, the king called for his imperial chariot and invited the Tang Monk to sit in it. The two rows of civil and military officials were told to lead the way in front, while he, the prince, and the ladies of the three palaces pushed the chariot themselves. Only after they had gone out of the city wall was the Tang Monk permitted to descend from the dragon chariot to take leave. "O Master," said the king, "when you have reached the Western Heaven and retrace your steps with your scriptures, you must pay our region a visit."

"Your disciple obeys you," said Tripitaka, and the king went back to the city tearfully with his subjects.

The Tang Monk and his three disciples again took up the labyrinthine path, their minds intent only on bowing at the Spirit Mountain. It was now the season of late autumn and early winter, and they saw

*Frost blighting the maples to make each forest sparse,
And rain-ripened millet, plenty every where.
Warmed by the sun, summit plums spread their morning hues;
Rocked by the wind, mountain bamboos voice their chilly plaint.*

After they left the Black Rooster Kingdom, master and disciples journeyed during the day and rested at night; they had been on the road for more than half a month when they came upon another tall mountain, truly Heaven-touching and sun-obstructing. Growing alarmed on the horse, Tripitaka quickly pulled in his reins to call Pilgrim. "What do you want to say, Master?" asked Pilgrim. "Look at that huge mountain with those rugged cliffs before us," said Tripitaka. "You must take caution and be on your guard, for I fear that some deviate creature all of a sudden will come to attack me again."

"Just get moving," said Pilgrim with a chuckle. "Don't be suspicious. Old Monkey has his defense."

The elder had to banish his worries and urged his horse to enter the mountain, which was truly rugged. You see,

*Whether tall or not,
Its top reaches the blue sky;
Whether deep or not,
A stream with depth like Hell down there.
Before the mountain
Are often seen rings of white clouds rising
And boiling waves of dark fog;
Red plums and jadelike bamboos;*

*Verdant cedars and green pines;
 Behind the mountain
 Are soul-rending cliffs ten thousand yards deep,
 Behind which are strange, grotesque, demon-hiding caves,
 In which water drips down from rocks drop by drop,
 Leading to a winding, twisting brooklet down below.
 You see also fruit-bearing apes prancing and leaping,
 And deer with horns forked and zigzagged;
 Dull and dumbly staring antelopes;
 Tigers climbing the hills to seek their dens at night;
 Dragons churning the waves to leave their lairs at dawn.
 When steps at the cave's entrance snap and crackle,
 The fowls dart up with wings loudly beating.
 Look also at these beasts pawing noisily through the woods.
 When you see this horde of birds and beasts,
 You will be stricken with heart-pounding fear.
 The Due-to- Fall Cave faces the Due-to- Fall Cave;
 The cave facing the Due-to- Fall Cave faces a god.
 Green rocks are dyed like a thousand pieces of jade;
 Blue-green gauze enshrouds ten thousand piles of mist.*

As master and disciples became more and more apprehensive, they saw a red cloud rising up from the fold of the mountain ahead of them; after it reached midair, it condensed and took on the appearance of a fireball. Greatly alarmed, Pilgrim ran forward to catch hold of one of the Tang Monk's legs and pulled him from the horse, crying, "Brothers, stop! A monster is approaching!"

Eight Rules and Sha Monk quickly took out their muckrake and precious staff and surrounded the Tang Monk.

Let us now tell you that there was indeed a monster-spirit inside the ball of red light. Several years ago he heard people saying that the Tang Monk sent from the Land of the East to acquire scriptures from the Western Heaven was the incarnation of the elder, Gold Cicada, a good man who had practiced austerities for ten existences. Any person who could taste a piece of his flesh, they said, would be able to prolong his life until it became the same as Heaven and Earth. Every morning, therefore, he waited in the mountain, and suddenly he found that the pilgrim had arrived. As he watched in midair, he saw that the Tang Monk beside the horse was surrounded by three disciples, all ready to fight. Marveling to himself, the spirit said, "Dear monk! This white-faced, chubby cleric riding a horse was just coming into my view, when all of a sudden these three ugly monks had him surrounded. Look at them! Everyone is rolling up his sleeves, stretching out his fists and wielding his weapon—as if he is about to fight with someone. Aha! One of them with some perception, I suppose, must have recognized me. Well, if it's going to be like this, it'll be difficult for anyone trying to get a taste of the Tang Monk's flesh."

As he thought to himself, questioning his mind with mind like that, he said, "If I try to overpower them, I may not even get near them, but if I try to use the good to deceive them, I may succeed. As long as I am able to beguile their minds, I can trick them even with the good. Then I'll catch them for sure. Let me go down and tease them a little."

Dear monster! He made the red light disperse and lowered his cloud toward the fold of the mountain. Shaking his body, he changed immediately into a little mischievous boy, about seven years of age and completely naked, who was bound by a rope and suspended from the top of a pine tree. “Help! Help!” he cried without ceasing.

We were just telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who raised his head and found that the red cloud had completely dissipated and the flames all vanished. He therefore said, “Master, please mount up again for the journey.”

“You just told us that there was a fiend approaching,” said the Tang Monk. “Do we dare proceed now?”

“A little while ago,” said Pilgrim, “I saw a red cloud rising up from the ground, and by the time it reached midair, it condensed into a flaming ball of fire. It had to be a monster-spirit. But now the red cloud has dissipated, and so it must be a monster who’s a passerby and who does not dare harm people. Let’s go.”

“Elder Brother is truly clever with words,” said Eight Rules, chuckling. “Even monster-spirits can be passersby!”

“How would you know?” asked Pilgrim. “If some demon king of a certain cave in a certain mountain has sent out invitations to spirits of sundry mountains and caves to attend a festival, monster-spirits from all quarters—north, south, east, and west—would respond. Perhaps he’s just interested in going to the festival and not in harming people. That’s a monster-spirit who’s a passerby.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he was only half-convinced, but he had little alternative other than to climb on his saddle to journey into the mountain. As they proceeded, they heard suddenly repeated cries of “Help!”

Highly startled, the elder said, “O Disciples! Who’s calling out in the midst of this mountain?” Pilgrim walked forward and said to him, “Master, keep moving. Don’t harp on such things as human carriage, donkey carriage, open carriage, or reclining carriage. Even if there were a carriage in a place like this, there wouldn’t be anyone to carry you.”

“I’m not talking about carriages,” said the Tang Monk. “I’m referring to someone calling us.”

“I know,” said Pilgrim with laughter, “but mind your own business. Let’s move on.”

Tripitaka agreed and urged his horse forward once more. Before they had traveled a mile, they heard again the call, “Help!”

“Disciple,” said the elder, “the sound of this call can’t be that of a demon or a goblin, for if it were, there would be no echo. Just listen to it: there was a call a moment ago, and now we have another one. It must have come from a man in dire difficulty. Let’s go and help him.” Pilgrim said, “Master, please put away your compassion just for today! When we have crossed this mountain, you can be compassionate then. If you know those stories about strange plants and possessed vegetations, you should know that everything can become a spirit. In most cases, they may not be too dangerous, but if you should run into something like a python, which has become an evil spirit after prolonged self-cultivation, you’d be in trouble. A spirit like that can even possess knowledge of a person’s nickname.

If he should call out, hiding in the bushes or in the fold of the mountain, a person may get by if he does not answer him, but if he does answer, the spirit can snatch away his primal soul, or he can follow that person and take his life that night. Let's get away! Let's get away! As the ancients said, 'If you escape, just thank the gods.' Please don't listen to this call."

The elder had little alternative but to agree and he whipped his horse to go forward. Pilgrim thought to himself, "I wonder where this brazen fiend is hollering. Let old Monkey give him a taste of 'Cancer in opposition to Capricornus' so that the two will never meet."

Dear Great Sage! He said to Sha Monk, "Hold on to the horse and walk slowly. Old Monkey's going to take a leak." Look at him! He let the Tang Monk walk slightly ahead and then recited a spell to exercise the magic of shortening the ground and moving the mountain. He pointed his golden-hooped rod backward once, and master and disciples immediately went past the peak of the mountain, leaving behind the fiendish creature. In big strides, the Great Sage caught up with the Tang Monk and they proceeded. Just then Tripitaka heard again a call coming from the mountain behind him, crying "Help!"

The elder said, "O Disciple! That person in adversity truly has no affinity, for he has not run into any of us. We must have passed him, for you can hear that he is crying out from the mountain behind us."

"Or he may be still ahead of us," said Eight Rules, "but perhaps the wind has changed."

"Never mind whether the wind has changed or not," said Pilgrim. "Just keep moving."

As a result, everyone fell silent and concentrated on trying to pass the mountain, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you instead about that monster-spirit in the mountain valley: he cried out for three or four times but no one appeared. He thought to himself, "When I saw the Tang Monk just now, he couldn't have been more than three miles away. I've been waiting for him all this time. Why hasn't he arrived? Could it be that he had taken another road down the mountain?" Shaking his body, he loosened the rope at once and mounted the red light once more to rise into the air. Unwittingly the Great Sage Sun was looking back with head upturned, and when he saw the light, he knew that it was the fiendish creature. Once more he grabbed the legs of the Tang Monk and pushed him off the horse, crying, "Brothers, take care! Take care! That monster-spirit is approaching again!"

Eight Rules and Sha Monk were so alarmed that they wielded their rake and staff to surround the Tang Monk as before.

When that spirit saw what happened in midair, he could not stop marveling, saying to himself, "Dear monks! I just saw that whitefaced priest riding on the horse. How is it that he is now surrounded again by the three of them? Now I realize, after what I've seen, that I must overthrow the one who has perception before I can seize the Tang Monk. If not,

*My exertions are vain for I can't get my thing;
My efforts notwithstanding, all is nothing!"*

He lowered his cloud and transforming himself as before, he hung himself high on top of a pine tree. This time, however, he positioned himself only about half a mile away.

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun, who when he raised his head and found that the red cloud had dispersed, requested once more that his master mount up and proceed. "You just told us that the monster-spirit was approaching again," said Tripitaka. "Why do you ask me to move on?" Pilgrim said, "This monster-spirit is a passerby. He doesn't dare bother us."

The elder grew angry and said, "You brazen ape! You're just playing with me! When there is a demon, you say it's nothing. But when we are in this peaceful region, you are out to frighten me, yelling all the time about a monster-spirit. There's more falsehood than truth in your words, and without regard for good or ill, you grab my legs and throw me off the horse. Now you come up with an explanation about this monster-spirit who's a so-called passerby! If I got hurt from the fall, would you be able to live with yourself? You, you . . ."

"Please don't be offended, Master," said Pilgrim. "If your hands and feet got hurt from the fall, we could still take care of you, but if you were abducted by a monster-spirit, where would we go to look for you?"

Enraged, Tripitaka would have recited the Tight-Fillet Spell had not Sha Monk desperately pleaded with him. Finally he mounted his horse and proceeded once more.

Before he could even sit properly on the saddle he heard another cry:

"Master, please help me!"

As he looked up, the elder found that it came from a little child, completely naked, who was suspended on top of a tree. He pulled in the reins and began to berate Pilgrim, saying, "You wretched ape! How villainous you are! You don't have the tiniest bit of kindness in you! Every thought of yours is bent on making mischief and working violence! I told you that it was a human voice calling for help, but you have to spend countless words to claim it was a monster. Look! Isn't that a person hanging on the tree?" Seeing how the master was putting the blame on him and also the form before his face, the Great Sage lowered his head and dared not reply, for there was nothing he could do at the moment and he was afraid that his master would recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. He had little choice, in fact, but to permit the Tang Monk to approach the tree. Pointing with his whip, the elder asked, "Which household do you belong to, child? Why are you hung here? Tell me, so that I can rescue you."

Alas! Clearly this is a monster-spirit who has transformed himself in this manner, but that master is a man of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, completely unable to recognize what he saw.

When that demon heard the question, he became even more bold in his chicanery. With tears welling up in his eyes, he said, "O Master! West of this mountain there is a Withered Pine Brook, by the side of which there is a village where my family is located. My grandfather's name is Red, and because he has amassed a huge fortune, he was given the name Red Millions. He has, however, been dead for a long time after having lived to a ripe old age, and his estate was left to my father. Recent business reversals have gradually fribbled away our possessions, and my father for that reason has changed his name to Red Thousands. He has been, you see, befriending many men of valor, to whom he had lent gold and silver with the hope of reaping some profits.

Little did he realize that these were all rootless men out to swindle him, and he lost both principal and interest. My father therefore vowed that he would never lend out another penny, but those borrowers, after having squandered what they had, banded together and plundered our house in broad daylight, holding lit torches and staffs. Not only did they rob us of all our money and possessions, but they killed my father also. And when they saw that my mother was somewhat attractive, they decided to abduct her and take her with them to be some kind of camp lady. Unwilling to abandon me, my mother carried me along in her bosom and, weeping, followed the thieves to this mountain, where they wanted to kill me also. Fortunately, my mother pleaded with them and I was spared the knife; I was tied with ropes and hung here to die of hunger and exposure instead. I don't know what sort of merit I've accumulated in another existence that brings me the luck of meeting Master here. If you are willing to be compassionate and save my life so that I can return home, I shall try to repay your kindness even if I have to sell myself. Even when the yellow sand covers my face, I will not forget your kindness." When Tripitaka heard these words, he thought they were the truth and immediately asked Eight Rules to loosen the ropes and rescue the child. Not knowing any better either, Idiot was about to act when Pilgrim on one side could not restrain himself any longer. "You brazen thing!" he shouted. "There's someone here who recognizes you! Don't think you can use your humbuggery to hoodwink people! If your possessions were stolen, if your father was killed and your mother taken by thieves, to whom would we entrust you once we rescued you? With what would you thank us? Your fables don't add up!" When the fiend heard these words, he became frightened, realizing that the Great Sage was an able man to be reckoned with.

Trembling all over, the fiend spoke as tears flowed down his face, "Master, though my parents are lost and gone, and though the wealth of our family is reduced to nothing, I still have some land and relatives."

"What sort of relatives do you have?" asked Pilgrim. The fiend said, "The household of my maternal family lives south of this mountain, while my aunties reside north of the peak. Li Four at the head of the brook is the husband of my mother's sister, and Red Three in the forest is a distant uncle. I have, moreover, several cousins living here and there in the village. If Venerable Master is willing to save me and take me to see these relatives at the village, I shall certainly give them a thorough account of your kindness, and you will be handsomely rewarded when we sell some of our land." When Eight Rules heard what he said, he pushed Pilgrim aside, saying, "Elder Brother, this is only a child! Why keep on interrogating him? What he told us was that the thieves had robbed them of their liquid assets. They couldn't take their houses and land, could they? If he will speak to his relatives, we may have huge appetites, but we can't eat up the price of ten acres of land. Let's cut him down." Idiot, of course, thought only of food; he had no further regard for good or ill, and using the ritual razor, he ripped open the ropes to free the fiend. Facing the Tang Monk tearfully, the fiend knelt beneath the horse and kept on kowtowing. A compassionate man, the elder called out, "Child, get up on the horse. I'll take you there."

"O Master," said the fiend, "my hands and feet are numb from the hanging, and my torso hurts. Moreover, I'm a rural person and not used to riding horses."

The Tang Monk at once asked Eight Rules to carry him, but the fiend, after glancing at Idiot, said, "Master, my skin is frostbitten, and I dare not let myself be carried by this master. He has such a long mouth and large ears, and the hard bristles behind his head can be frightfully prickly!"

“Let Sha Monk carry you then,” said the Tang Monk. After glancing at him also, the fiend said, “Master, when those robbers came to plunder our house, each one of them had his face painted; they wore false beards and they held knives and staffs. I was terribly frightened by them, and now when I see this master with such a gloomy complexion, I’m even more intimidated. I just don’t dare to ask him to carry me.”

The Tang Monk therefore told Pilgrim Sun to put the fiend on his back. Laughing uproariously, Pilgrim said, “I’ll carry him! I’ll carry him!” Secretly pleased, the fiendish creature gave himself willingly to Pilgrim to carry. When Pilgrim pulled him up from the side of the road to test his weight, he found that the fiend weighed no more than three catties and ten ounces. “You audacious fiend!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “You deserve to die today! How dare you pull tricks before old Monkey? I recognize you to be ‘that something.’” “I’m the offspring of a good family,” said the fiend, “and it is my misfortune to face this great ordeal. What do you mean by ‘that something’?”

“If you are an offspring of a good family,” said Pilgrim, “why are your bones so light?”

“They are small,” said the fiend. “How old are you now?” said Pilgrim, and the fiend said, “I’m seven years old.”

“Even if you put on only one catty of weight per year,” said Pilgrim, “you should now weigh seven catties. How is it that you are not even a full four catties?”

“I didn’t get enough milk when I was a baby,” said the fiend. Pilgrim said, “All right, I’ll carry you, but if you want to piss, you must tell me.”

Tripitaka then walked in front with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, while Pilgrim followed behind with the child on his back. As they proceeded toward the West, we have a poem as a testimony, and the poem says:

*Though virtue’s lofty, demonic blocks are high.
Chan promotes stillness, but stillness breeds fiends.
Lord of the Mind’s upright, he takes the middle way;
Wood Mother’s naughty, he walks a wayward path.
Horse of the Will’s silent, nursing want and greed;
Yellow Dame’s wordless, feeling his unease.
Guest- Error succeeds but his joys are vain—
They will, at last, be melted by the Right.*

As the Great Sage Sun carried the demon on his back, he began to brood over his resentment toward the Tang Monk, thinking to himself, “Master truly does not know how difficult it is to traverse this rugged mountain; it’s hard enough to do so when you are empty-handed, but he has to ask old Monkey to carry someone else, not to mention a fellow who’s a monster no less. Even if he were a good man, it would be worthless to carry him along, since he had already lost both parents. To whom would we carry him? I might as well smash him dead!”

At once the fiendish creature became aware of what Pilgrim was thinking and he, therefore, resorted to magic: taking four deep breaths from the four quarters, he blew them onto the back of Pilgrim, and his bearer immediately felt as if a weight of a thousand pounds were on him. “My child,” said Pilgrim, chuckling, “you are using the heavy-body magic to crush your venerable father?” When the fiend heard those words, he became afraid that the Great Sage might harm him. He liberated himself from his corpse and his primal soul rose into the air and stood there, while the weight on

Pilgrim's back grew heavier. Growing angry, the Monkey King grabbed the body on his back and hurled it against some rocks at the side of the road; the body was reduced to a meat patty.

Fearing that it would still be resistant, Pilgrim tore off the four limbs and smashed them to pieces, also by the road.

When the fiend saw clearly what happened in midair, he could not restrain the fire leaping up in his heart, saying to himself, "This monkey monk! How villainous of him! Even if I am a demon plotting to harm your master, I have yet to raise my hand. How could you seek to inflict on me such injury? It's a good thing that I have enough foresight to leave with my spirit; otherwise, I would have unwittingly lost my life. I might as well make use of this opportunity to seize the Tang Monk, for if I delay any further, he might get even smarter."

Dear monster! He at once caused to rise in midair a truly fierce whirlwind, which threw up rocks and kicked up dirt.

Marvelous wind!

*Angrily it whipped up clouds and waters rank,
As rising black ether blotted out the sun.
All summit trees were pulled out by their roots;
Wild plums were wholly leveled with their branches.
Yellow sand dimmed the eyes, so men could not walk.
Strange rocks battered the road, how could it be smooth?
It churned and tossed to darken all the plains
While birds and beasts howled throughout this whole mount.*

The wind blew until Tripitaka could hardly stay on the horse, until Eight Rules refused to look up and Sha Monk lowered his head and covered his face. Only the Great Sage Sun knew that it was a wind sent up by the fiend, but when he ran forward to try to catch up with the others, the fiend riding on the head of the wind had already caught hold of the Tang Monk and whisked him away. Instantly they vanished without a trace, so that there was no way for the disciples to know even where to look for them.

In a little while, the wind began to subside and sunlight appeared once more. Pilgrim walked forward and saw that the white dragon horse was still trembling and neighing uncontrollably. The load of luggage was thrown by the road, Eight Rules lay sprawled beneath a ledge moaning, and Sha Monk was making noises while crouching on the slope. "Eight Rules!" shouted Pilgrim. When Idiot heard the voice of Pilgrim and looked up, the violent wind had calmed. He scrambled up and tugged at Pilgrim, saying, "O Elder Brother, what a terrific wind!" Sha Monk also came up and said, "Elder Brother, this is a whirlwind."

Then he asked, "Where's Master?"

Eight Rules said, "The wind was so strong that we all hid our heads and covered our eyes, each trying to find shelter. Master seemed to have put his head down also on the saddle."

"But where is he now?" asked Pilgrim. "He must have been made of straw," said Sha Monk, "and got blown away!" Pilgrim said, "Brothers, it's time for us to disband."

"Exactly," said Eight Rules, "while there's still time. It's better for each of us to find our own way off. The journey to the Western Heaven is endless and limitless!

When will we ever get there?” When Sha Monk heard these words, he was so shocked that his whole body began to turn numb. “Elder Brother,” he said, “how could you say something like that? Because we committed crimes in our previous lives, we were lucky to be enlightened by the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who touched our heads, gave us the commandments, and changed our names so that we could embrace the Buddhist fruit.

We willingly accepted the commission to protect the Tang Monk and follow him to the Western Heaven to worship Buddha and acquire scriptures, so that our merits would cancel out our sins. Today we are here and everything seems to come to an end abruptly when you can talk about each of us finding our own way off, for then we would mar the good fruits of the Bodhisattva and destroy our virtuous act. Moreover, we would provoke the scorn of others, saying that we know how to start but not how to finish.”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “what you say is right, of course, but what are we to do with Master, who refuses to listen to people? I, old Monkey, can with this pair of fiery eyes and diamond pupils discern good and evil. Just now this wind was called up by that child hanging on the tree, for I could tell that he was a monster-spirit. But you didn’t know, nor did Master; all of you thought that he was an offspring of some good family and told me to carry him along instead. Old Monkey was planning to take care of him when he tried to crush me with the heavy-body magic. Then I smashed his body to pieces, but he resorted to the magic of the liberation of the corpse and kidnapped Master with the whirlwind. Because Master so frequently refused to listen to my words, I became terribly discouraged and that was why I said we should disband. Now that you, Worthy Brother, have shown such faithfulness, old Monkey finds it difficult to make up his mind. Well, Eight Rules, what exactly do you want to do?”

Eight Rules said, “I was stupid enough just now to mouth some foolish words, but we truly should not disband. We have no choice really, Elder Brother, but to listen to Younger Brother Sha and try to find the monster and save Master.”

Brightening up all at once, Pilgrim said, “Brothers, we shall unite our minds to do what we must; after we have picked up the luggage and the horse, we shall ascend this mountain to find the monster and save Master.” Pulling at creepers and vines, descending into ravines and crossing streams, the three of them journeyed for some seventy miles without turning up anything. That mountain did not have a single bird or beast, though old cedars and pines were often sighted.

Growing more and more anxious, the Great Sage Sun leaped up to the summit with a bound and shouted, “Change!”

He changed into someone with three heads and six arms, just as he did when he caused great disturbance in Heaven. Waving the golden-hooped rod once, he changed it into three rods, which he wielded and began to strike out madly in both directions of east and west. When Eight Rules saw him, he said, “Sha Monk, this is bad! Elder Brother is so mad because he can’t find Master that he’s having a fit.”

After awhile, the mock combat of Pilgrim brought out a band of indigent deities, all dressed in rags; their breeches had no seats and their trousers had no cuffs. Kneeling before the mountain, they cried, “Great Sage, the mountain gods and the local spirits are here to see you.” Pilgrim said, “How is it that there are so many mountain gods and local spirits?” Kowtowing, the various deities said, “Let us report to the Great Sage, this mountain has the name of Roaring Mountain of the Six-Hundred-Mile Awl-Head Peak.

There are one mountain god and one local spirit for each ten-mile distance; altogether we have, therefore, thirty mountain gods and thirty local spirits. We heard yesterday already that the Great Sage had arrived, but since we could not assemble all at once, we were tardy in our reception and caused the Great Sage to be angry. Please pardon us.”

“I’ll pardon you for the moment,” said Pilgrim, “but let me ask how many monster-spirits there are in this mountain?”

“O Father!” said the deities, “there’s only one monster-spirit, and he has just about worn our heads bald! He has been such a plague that we have little incense and no paper money, and we are completely without offerings. Every one of us has hardly enough clothes to wear and food for our mouths. How many more monster-spirits could we stand?” Pilgrim said, “Where is this monster-spirit living, before or behind the mountain?”

“Neither place,” said the deities, “for in this mountain is a stream, which has the name of Dried Pine Stream. By the stream is a cave, which has the name of Fiery Cloud Cave. In the cave there is a demon king of vast magic powers, who frequently abducts us local spirits and mountain gods there to do such menial tasks for him as tending fire, guarding the door, beating the rattle, and shouting passwords at night. The little fiends under him also ask us frequently for payola.”

“You are the immortals of the Region of Darkness,” said Pilgrim. “Where would you have money?”

“Exactly,” said the deities. “We don’t have any money to give them, and all we can do is to catch a few mountain antelopes or wild deer to pay off this gang of spirits now and then. If we don’t have any presents for them, they will come to wreck our temples and strip our garments, giving us such harrassment that we can’t possibly lead a peaceful existence. We beseech the Great Sage to stamp out this monster for us and rescue the various living creatures on this mountain.”

“If all of you are under his thumb so that you have to be in his cave frequently,” said Pilgrim, “you must know the name of this monster-spirit and where he is from.”

“When we speak of him,” said the deities, “perhaps even the Great Sage knows of his origin. He is the son of the Bull Demon King, reared by Rākṣasī. After he had practiced selfcultivation at the Blazing Flame Mountain for three hundred years, he perfected the true fire of Samādhi and his magic powers were great indeed. The Bull Demon King told him to come and guard this Roaring Mountain; his childhood name is Red Boy, but his fancy title is Great King Holy Child.”

Highly pleased by what he heard, Pilgrim dismissed the local spirits and mountain gods and changed back into his original form.

Leaping down from the summit, he said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, “Brothers, you may relax. No need to worry anymore. Master won’t be harmed, for the monster-spirit is related to old Monkey.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules with a laugh, “don’t lie! You grew up in the East Pūrvavideha Continent, but this place here belongs to the West Aparagodānīya Continent. The distance is great, separated by ten thousand waters and a thousand hills, and by at least two oceans. How could he be related to you?” Pilgrim said, “Just now this bunch of deities that appeared to me happen to be the local spirits and mountain gods of this region. When I questioned them on the origin of the monster, they told me

that he was the son of the Bull Demon King reared by Rākṣasī. His name is Red Boy, and he also has the fancy title of Great King Holy Child. I remember that when old Monkey caused great disturbance in Heaven five hundred years ago, I made a grand tour at the time of the famous mountains in the world to search for the heroes of this great Earth. The Bull Demon King at one time joined old Monkey and others to form a fraternal alliance of seven; of the some five or six demon kings in this alliance, only old Monkey was quite small in size. That was the reason why we addressed the Bull Demon King as big brother.

Since this monster-spirit is the son of the Bull Demon King, who is an acquaintance of mine, I should be regarded as his old uncle if we begin to talk about relations. How would he dare harm my master? Let's get to his place quickly." With laughter, Sha Monk said, "O Elder Brother! As the proverb says,

*Three years not showing at the door,
A relative is one no more.*

You were parted from him for five, perhaps six hundred years; you haven't even drunk a cup of wine with him, nor have you exchanged invitations or seasonal gifts. How could he possibly think of himself as your relative?"

"How could you measure people this way?" said Pilgrim. "As the proverb says,

*If lotus leaf can to the ocean flow,
Where would people not meet as they come and go?*

Even if he doesn't admit the fact that we are relatives, it will still be unlikely that he would harm my Master. If we don't expect him to give us a banquet, we most certainly may expect him to return to us the Tang Monk whole." So, the three brothers in all earnestness led the horse, which carried the luggage on its back, and found the main road to proceed.

Without stopping night or day, they came upon a pine forest after having traveled for over a hundred miles. Inside the forest was a winding brook in which clear green water swiftly flowed. At the head of the brook there was a stone-slab bridge, which led directly up to the entrance of a cave dwelling. "Brothers," said Pilgrim, "look at that craggy cliff over there with all those rocks. It must be the home of the monster-spirit. Let me discuss the matter with you: which of you is going to stand and guard the luggage and the horse, and which of you will follow me to subdue the fiend?"

Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, old Hog can't sit still for too long. Let me go with you."

"Fine! Fine!" said Pilgrim. "Sha Monk, hide the luggage and the horse deep in the forest, and guard them carefully. The two of us will go up there to search for Master." Sha Monk agreed; Eight Rules then followed Pilgrim to move forward, each of them holding his weapon. Truly

*The child's not smelted and demonic fire triumphs,
But Wood Mother and Mind Monkey have mutual support.*

We don't know what will be the outcome when they walk up to the cave; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-ONE

*Mind Monkey is defeated by fire
Wood Mother is captured by demons*

*Good and evil—a moment's false thoughts;
Shame and honor, neither concerns you.
Failure or success, let it come and go;
Live as you need, within your lot.
Composed, you've peace deep and lasting;
Muddled, you're besieged by demons.
Five Phases hobbled wreck the grove of Chan,
Certain as rising wind's frigid.*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who, along with Eight Rules, took leave of Sha Monk. Leaping over the Dried Pine Stream, they went before a cliff full of strange rocks and discovered that there was indeed a cave dwelling. The scenery all around was most unusual. You see

*A winding old path silent and remote;
E'en wind and moon heed the black cranes singing.
White clouds part and the river's full of light;
Water flows past a bridge—what a scene divine.
Apes and birds call amid rare flowers and plants
And rocks entwined by creepers and orchids fair.
The cliff's rustling green scatters mist and smoke;
Verdant pines and bamboos the phoenix beckon.
Distant summits rise like vertical screens.
Fronting stream and mountain's a true divine cave,
Its source coming from the Kunlun ranges,
To be enjoyed only by one ordained.*

When they went up to the entrance of the cave, they found a slab of stone on which an inscription was written in large letters:

“Fiery Cloud Cave, Dried Pine Stream, Roaring Mountain.”

Before the entrance was a mob of little imps prancing around with swords and spears. In a loud voice, the Great Sage Sun cried out, “You punks! Go quickly and report this to your cave master. Tell him to send out our Tang Monk at once, so that the lives of all these spirits in your cave may be spared. If you whisper but half a ‘No,’ I’ll overturn your residence and level your cave!” When those little fiends heard these words, they turned and dashed inside the cave, slamming shut the two doors of stone. Then they ran to make this report:

“Great King, disaster!” We now tell you about that fiend, who captured Tripitaka and brought him back to the cave. The monk was stripped of his garments, hog-tied with all four limbs behind his back, and left in the rear yard. The little fiends were ordered to scrub him clean with water so that he might be steamed and eaten. When the announcement of disaster was suddenly heard, the demons stopped their activities and went to the front to ask, “What disaster is there?”

“A monk with a hairy face and a thunder-god beak,” said one of the little fiends, “leading another monk with large ears and long snout, is demanding the return of their master, someone by the name of the Tang Monk, in front of our cave. If we but whisper half a ‘No,’ they said, they would overturn our residence and level our cave.” Smiling scornfully, the demon king said, “These two happen to be Pilgrim Sun and Zhu Eight Rules. They truly know where to look! From the spot halfway in the mountain where I caught their master to our place is a distance of some one hundred and fifty miles. How did they manage to find our door so quickly?”

He then gave this order:

“Little ones, those of you who look after the carts, push them out!” Several of the little fiends opened the door and pushed out five small carts. When he saw them, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, these monster-spirits must be afraid of us. They have hauled out their carts to move to another place.”

“No,” said Pilgrim, “look at the way they are placing the carts over there.”

The little fiends indeed placed the carts at five locations corresponding to the Five Phases of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth; five of the fiends stood guard beside the carts while five others went inside again to make their report. “Everything set?” asked the demon king. “All set,” they replied. “Bring me my lance,” he ordered. Those fiends who looked after weapons had two of them carry out an eighteen-foot fire-tipped lance to hand over to the monster king. With no other armor except a battle kilt of embroidered silk and with naked feet, the monster king took up the lance and walked outside. When Pilgrim and Eight Rules raised their heads to look, they found a fiendish creature who had

*A face as if it had been powdered white,
And lips so ruddy, they seemed brushed with paint.
No dye could create such dark, lovely hair;
His eyebrows curved like new moons carved with knives.
Phoenix and dragon coiled on his battle kilt;
More husky than Nata's a frame he had.
With air imposing he lifted up his lance
And walked out the door, swathed in hallowed light.
He roared like thunder in the time of spring;
His striking eyes flashed like lightning bright.
If one would know his true identity,
Remember Red Boy, a name of lasting fame.*

After that Red Boy monster had emerged from the door, he shouted, “Who is here making all these noises?” Smiling as he drew near, Pilgrim said, “My worthy nephew! Stop fooling around! This morning when you were hung high on top of a pine tree by the mountain road, you presented yourself as a thin, frightened boy with jaundice and deceived my master. I carried you on my back with all good intention, you know, but you used a little wind to abduct my master here. Even though you appear before me now like this, you think I can't recognize you? You might as well send my master out quickly. Stop behaving like a callow youth and take care not to upset the feelings of kinship. For I fear that if your father gets wind of this, he might blame old Monkey for oppressing youth with age, and that wouldn't be quite right.”

Enraged by the words he heard, the fiend shouted back, “You brazen ape! What feelings of kinship do I share with you? What sort of balderdash are you mouthing around here? Who’s your worthy nephew?”

“O brother!” said Pilgrim. “You wouldn’t know, would you? At the time when your father and I became bond-brothers, we didn’t even know where you were.”

“This ape is babbling more nonsense!” said the fiend. “Where do you come from, and where do I come from? Think about this! How could my father and you become bond-brothers?”

“Of course, you wouldn’t know about this,” said Pilgrim. “I am Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who greatly disturbed the Heavenly Palace five hundred years ago. But before I caused such disturbance, I made extensive tours of all the Four Great Continents, and there was not a spot on Earth or in Heaven that I did not set foot on, for I was most eager to befriend all the valiant and heroic persons. Your father, the Bull Monster King, called himself the Great Sage, Parallel with Heaven. He and old Monkey formed a fraternal alliance of seven, and we all made him the big brother.

There were also a Dragon Monster King, who called himself the Great Sage, Covering the Ocean, and became the second brother; a Garuda Monster King, who called himself Great Sage, United with Heaven, and became the third brother; a Lion Monster King, who called himself the Great Sage, Mover of Mountains, and became the fourth brother; a Female Monkey King, who called herself the Fair Wind Great Sage and became the fifth member; and a Giant Ape Monster King, who called himself the God-Routing Great Sage and became the sixth brother. Old Monkey, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, was rather small in size, and so he was number seven. At the time when we old brothers were having fun, you weren’t even born!” Refusing to believe a word he heard, the fiend lifted up his fire-tipped lance to stab at Pilgrim. An expert, as they said, would not be exercised, and Pilgrim at once stepped aside to dodge the blow before striking out with his iron rod, yelling at the same time, “You little beast! You don’t know what’s good for you! Watch my rod!”

The monster-spirit also parried the blow, yelling at the same time, “Brazen ape! You are so ignorant of the ways of the world! Watch my lance!”

The two of them thus refused to give any consideration for kinship relation; changing colors all at once, they used their magic and leaped to the edge of the clouds. What a fight!

*Pilgrim enjoyed great fame;
The demon king had vast powers.
One raised up the golden-hooped rod sideways;
One lunged forward with the fire-tipped lance.
Mist spread out to shroud the Three Regions;
Clouds spewed forth to hide the four quarters.
Violent air and savage noise did fill the sky;
The sun, the moon, the stars—all lost their light.
Not one kind word was spoken,
They felt such hatred and scorn.
That one’s contempt made him lose all manners;
This one’s wrath killed all regard for relations.
The rod struck with increasing might;*

*The lance came with growing fury.
 One was the primordial, true Great Sage;
 One was Child Sudhana of the right fruit.
 They drove themselves, each trying hard to win,
 All for the Tang Monk, who would greet the dharma king.*

The demon and the Great Sage Sun fought for more than twenty rounds without reaching a decision. Standing on one side, Zhu Eight Rules saw clearly what was going on: although the monster-spirit was not about to be defeated, he was only parrying the blows left and right, and did not attack his opponent at all; and, although Pilgrim did not seem able to prevail all at once, he was, after all, such an adroit and skillful warrior that the rod back and forth never seemed to leave the vicinity of the monster's head. Eight Rules thought to himself, "That's good! Pilgrim is so tricky! He could fake something and deceive the demon into drawing closer. One blow of that iron rod then would wipe out my chance of making any merit!" Look at him! He roused his spirit, lifted up his nine-pronged rake, and brought it down hard on the monster-spirit's head. Terrified by what he saw, the fiend quickly turned around and fled, dragging his lance behind him. "Chase him! Chase him!" shouted Pilgrim to Eight Rules.

The two of them gave chase up to the entrance of the cave, where they saw the monster-spirit standing in one of the five carts, the one set up in the middle. With one hand he held on to his fire-tipped lance; with the other fist, he gave his own nose a couple of punches. Laughing, Eight Rules said, "Shame on him! This fellow's indulging in roguery! He wants to bust his own nose, make himself bleed a little, and smear his face red so that he may go somewhere to file suit against us."

After that demon gave himself two punches, he recited a spell and immediately flames shot out from his mouth as thick smoke sprouted from his nose. In an instant, flames darted up from all five carts. The demon opened his mouth a few more times and a huge fire shot up to the sky, burning so fiercely that the entire Fiery Cloud Cave was hidden from sight by the flames and smoke. Horrified, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, it's getting sticky! Once we are caught in that fire, we are finished. Old Hog will be roasted, and after some spices are added, they can just enjoy me! Quickly! Run!"

He said he would run, and the next moment he had already crossed the stream without any regard for Pilgrim.

Pilgrim, however, had vast magic powers; making the fire-repellent sign by kneading together his fingers, he hurled himself into the fire to search for the fiend. When the fiend saw him approaching, he spat out a few more mouthfuls of flame and the fire grew even more intense. Marvelous fire!

*Torrid and fierce, a blaze reaching the sky;
 Hot and brilliant, it reddens the whole earth.
 It's like a fiery wheel flying up and down,
 Like charcoals aglow dancing east and west.
 This fire is not from Suiren drilling wood,
 Or from Laozi roasting cinnabar;
 It's not fire from Heaven,
 Nor is it a wildfire.
 It's the realized samādhi fire born of the demon's self-cultivation.
 The five carts conform to the Five Phases
 That grow and transform to beget the flame.*

*The liver's wood can make the heart's fire strong;
 The heart's fire can calm the earth of the spleen;
 The spleen's earth begets metal, which changes into water;
 Water can beget wood, thus the magic's complete.
 Growth and transformation, all are caused by fire,
 For all things flourish when fire fills the sky.
 The fiend, long enlightened, summons samādhi.
 He rules the West forever as number one.*

Because the fire and smoke were so intense, Pilgrim could not even see the way before the cave's entrance and therefore he could not search for the fiend. Turning quickly, he leaped clear of the blaze at once. Having seen clearly what took place before his own cave, the monster-spirit retrieved his fire equipment after Pilgrim left, and led the various fiends back inside. After the stone doors were shut, the little fiends were told to prepare for a joyous victory celebration, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who vaulted over the Dried Pine Stream. As he dropped from the clouds, he heard Eight Rules and Sha Monk conversing loudly in the pine forest. "You idiot!" shouted Pilgrim as he approached Eight Rules. "You haven't one whit of manliness! You could be so terrified by the demonic fire that you would abandon old Monkey to flee for your own life. It's a good thing that I can still take care of myself!"

"Elder Brother," said Zhu Eight Rules, chuckling, "what that monster-spirit said of you was certainly correct, for you truly are ignorant of the ways of the world. The ancients said, 'He who knows the ways of the world shall be called a hero.' The monster-spirit did not want to talk kinship with you, but you insisted on presenting yourself as his kin. When he fought with you and let loose that kind of ruthless fire, you wouldn't run but still wanted to tangle with him."

"How's the fiend's ability compared with mine?" asked Pilgrim. "Not as good," said Eight Rules.

"How about his skill with the lance?"

"No good, either," said Eight Rules. "When old Hog saw that he had a hard time withstanding you, I came to lend you a little assistance with my rake. Little did I expect that he was so puny that he would retreat in defeat at once and start the fire in such an unconscionable way." Pilgrim said, "Indeed you shouldn't have stepped forward. I was about to find a way to give him a blow with my rod after a few more rounds. Wouldn't that have been better?"

The two gave themselves entirely to discussing the ability of the monster-spirit and the viciousness of his fire, but Sha Monk, leaning on the trunk of a pine tree, was laughing so hard that he could barely stand up.

"Brother," said Pilgrim, after he noticed him, "why are you laughing? If you had the ability to capture that demon and destroy his fire defense, that would be a benefit to all of us. As the proverb says, a few feathers will make a ball. If you could seize the demon and rescue our master, it would be your great merit."

"I don't have that kind of ability," said Sha Monk, "nor can I subdue the fiend. But I am laughing because both of you are so absentminded."

“What do you mean?” asked Pilgrim. Sha Monk said, “Neither the ability of that monster-spirit nor his skill with the lance can be a match for you, but the only reason why you two cannot prevail against him is because of his fire. If I have anything to say about this, I’ll say that you should overcome him by mutual production and mutual conquest.

What’s so difficult about that?” When Pilgrim heard these words, he roared with laughter and said, “Brother, you are right! Indeed, we are absentminded, and we have forgotten about the whole matter. If we consider the principles of mutual production and mutual conquest, then it is water that can overcome fire. We must find water somewhere to put out this demonic fire. We would be able to rescue Master then, wouldn’t we?”

“Exactly,” said Sha Monk. “No need for further delay.” Pilgrim said, “Stay here, the two of you, but don’t fight with him. Let old Monkey go to the Great Eastern Ocean and request some dragon soldiers to come with water. After we have put out the demonic fire, we will rescue Master.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “feel free to go. We can look after ourselves here.”

Dear Great Sage! Mounting the clouds to leave that place, he arrived at the Eastern Ocean in a moment. He was too busy, however, to linger and enjoy the scenery; using the water-division magic, he opened up a pathway for himself through the waves. As he proceeded, he ran into a *yakṣa* on patrol. When the *yakṣa* saw that it was the Great Sage Sun, he went quickly back to the Water- Crystal Palace to report to the old Dragon King. Aoguang immediately led the dragon sons and grandsons together with shrimp soldiers and crab lieutenants to meet his visitor outside the gate. Pilgrim was invited to take a seat inside and also tea. “No need for tea,” said Pilgrim, “but I do have a matter that will cause you some trouble. My master, who’s on his way to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha, happens to be passing through the Fiery Cloud Cave at the Dried Pine Stream of the Roaring Mountain.

A Red Boy monster-spirit, with the fancy title of the Great King, Holy Child, has captured my master. When old Monkey made his search up to his door and fought with him, he let out some fire which we couldn’t put out. Since we thought of the fact that water could prevail over fire, I came especially to ask you for some water. You can start a big rainstorm for me to put out that fire so that the Tang Monk will be delivered from this ordeal.”

“You are mistaken, Great Sage,” said the Dragon King, “for if you want rainwater, you shouldn’t have come to ask me.”

“You are the Dragon King of Four Oceans, the principal superintendent of rain and dew. If I don’t ask you, whom should I ask?”

The Dragon King said, “Though I’m in charge of rain, I can’t dispense it as I will. We must have the decree of the Jade Emperor, specifying where and when, the number of feet and inches, and the hour when the rain is to begin. Moreover, three officials have to raise their brushes to draft the document, which then must be dispatched by the North Star. Thereafter, we must also assemble the Thunder God, the Lightning Mother, the Wind Uncle, and the Cloud Boy, for as the proverb says, ‘The dragon can’t move without clouds.’” “I have no need for wind, cloud, thunder, or lightning,” said Pilgrim, “only some rainwater to put out a fire.”

“In that case,” said the Dragon King, “I still would not be able to help you all by myself. Let my brothers give you a hand to achieve this merit for you. How about that?”

“Where are your brothers?” asked Pilgrim. The Dragon King said, “They are Aoqin, Dragon King of the Southern Ocean; Aorun, Dragon King of the Western Ocean; and Aoshun, Dragon King of the Northern Ocean.” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “If I have to go and tour the three oceans, I might as well go to the Region Above to ask for the Jade Emperor’s decree.”

The Dragon King said, “There’s no need for the Great Sage to go there. All we have to do here is to beat our iron drum and sound the golden bell, and they will arrive momentarily.”

Hearing this, Pilgrim said, “Old Dragon King, please beat the drum and sound the bell.” In a moment, the three Dragon Kings rushed in and asked, “Big Brother, why did you summon us here?”

Aoguang said, “The Great Sage Sun is here asking for our assistance; he needs rain to subdue a fiend.”

The three brothers were led to greet Pilgrim, who then gave an account of why he needed water. Each one of the deities was willing to oblige. They at once called up

*The shark, so ferocious, to lead the troops,
And the big-mouthed shad to be the vanguard.
The carp marshal leaped through the tide and waves;
The bream viceroy spewed forth wind and fog;
The mackerel grand marshal screamed passwords in the east;
The culter-fish commander urged the troops in the west;
Red-eyed mermaids danced along in the south;
Black-armored generals rushed forward from the north;
The sturgeon sergeant took command at the center;
Soldiers of five quarters were all valiant.
Astute and clever, the sea-turtle lord chancellor;
Shrewd and subtle, the tortoise counselor;
Full of plots and wisdom, the iguana minister;
Agile and able, the sand-turtle commander.
Wielding long swords, crab warriors walked sideways;
Stretching heavy bows, shrimp amazons leaped straight up.
The sheatfish vice-director checked his books with care
To call up the dragon soldiers to leave the waves.*

We have also a testimonial poem that says:

*Dragon Kings of four seas are pleased to help
At the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven’s request;
When Tripitaka meets an ordeal on the way,
Water is sought to put out the fiery red.*

Leading those dragon troops, Pilgrim soon arrived at the Dried Pine Stream on the Roaring Mountain. “Worthy Ao Brothers,” said Pilgrim, “I’m sorry for asking you to traverse such a distance. This is the habitat of the demon. Please remain for the moment in the air and do not reveal yourselves. Let old Monkey go fight with him; if I win, there’s no need for you to catch him, and even if I lose, there’s no need for all of

you to help me. Only when he starts his fire will I call on you, and then you can send down your rain.”

The Dragon Kings all agreed to heed his command.

Pilgrim lowered his cloud and went straight into the pine forest, where he shouted “Brothers” to Eight Rules and Sha Monk. “Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you’ve returned very quickly. Have you been able to fetch the Dragon Kings?”

“They are all here,” said Pilgrim. “You two had better be careful not to let the luggage get wet by the torrential rain. Old Monkey will go fight with him.” Sha Monk said, “Go right ahead, Elder Brother, we’ll take care of everything here.” Leaping over the stream, Pilgrim dashed up to the entrance of the cave and shouted, “Open the door!”

The little fiends went at once to report, “Great King, Pilgrim Sun is here again.” Raising his head, Red Boy laughed aloud and said, “That monkey, I suppose, has not been burned by the fire and that’s why he has returned. Well, I’ll not spare him this time, for I won’t stop until his skin is charred and his flesh is seared.”

As he leaped up to take hold of his lance, he gave the order:

“Little ones, push out the carts!”

After he rushed out the door, he said to Pilgrim, “Why are you here again?”

“Return my master,” said Pilgrim. “Monkey head,” said the fiend, “you are indeed obtuse! If the Tang Monk can be your master, can’t he also be our hors d’oeuvre for wine? Forget him! Forget him!” When Pilgrim heard these words, he was infuriated; pulling out his golden-hooped rod, he struck at the fiend’s head. The monster-spirit quickly raised his fire-tipped lance to parry the blow, and their battle this time was not the same as theirs last time. Marvelous battle!

*The wild demon, greatly enraged;
The Monkey King, highly incensed.
This one just wished to save the scripture monk;
That one would eat Tripitaka Tang.
Changed minds quelled all kinship feelings;
Estranged, they allowed no concession.
This one wished he could be caught and skinned alive;
That one wished he could be seized and dipped in sauce.
Truly so ferocious!
Indeed so strong and fierce!
The rod blocked by the lance, thus the contest raged;
The lance met by the rod, each strove to win.
They raised their hands to fight for twenty rounds,
Both persons’ abilities were just the same.*

The demon king fought Pilgrim for some twenty rounds, and when he saw that he could not prevail, he made a fake thrust with his lance and turned quickly to give his own nose two punches with his fist. Fire and smoke poured out at once from his eyes and mouth as a huge blaze leaped up from the carts set before the cave’s entrance. Turning his head skyward, the Great Sage Sun shouted, “Dragon Kings, where are you?” Leading their aquatic kin, the Dragon King brothers sent a torrential downpour of rain toward the fire of the monster-spirit. Marvelous rain! Truly

Drizzling and sprinkling—

*Pouring and showering—
 Drizzling and sprinkling,
 It's like the meteors falling from the sky;
 Pouring and showering,
 It's like waves churning in a sea upturned.
 At first the raindrops seem the size of a fist;
 In awhile they fall by the buckets and pans.
 The whole earth's o'erflowed with duck-head green,
 And tall mountains are washed blue like Buddha's head.
 Water flies down the canyon like sheets of jade;
 The stream swells in a thousand silver strands.
 Roads forked three ways are all filled up;
 So is a river which has nine bends.
 The Tang Monk facing an ordeal is helped by dragons divine
 Who o'erturn Heaven's river and pour it down.*

The rain descended in torrents but it could not extinguish the fiend's fire at all. The fact of the matter was that what the Dragon Kings let loose happened to be unauthorized rain, capable of putting out worldly fires. How could it extinguish the true fire of samādhi cultivated by that monster-spirit? It was, in fact, like adding oil to the fire, making the blaze all the more intense. "Let me make the magic sign," said the Great Sage, "and penetrate the flames." Wielding the iron rod, he searched for the fiend. When the fiend saw him approaching, he blew a mouthful of smoke right at his face. Pilgrim tried to turn away swiftly, but he was so dazed by the smoke that tears fell from his eyes like rain. This Great Sage, you see, could not be hurt by fire but he was afraid of smoke. For during that year when he greatly disturbed the Heavenly Palace, he was placed in the eight-trigram brazier of Laozi, where he had been smelted for a long time.

He managed to crawl into the space beneath the compartment which corresponded to the Sun trigram and was not burned.

The smoke whipped up by the wind, however, gave him a pair of fiery eyes and diamond pupils, and that was the reason why even now he was afraid of smoke. Once more, the fiend spat out a mouthful of smoke and the Great Sage could no longer withstand it.

Mounting the clouds, he fled hurriedly while the demon retrieved his fire equipment and returned to his cave.

His whole body covered by flame and smoke, the Great Sage found the intense heat unbearable and he dove straight into the mountain stream to try to put out the fire. Little did he anticipate that the shock of the cold water was so great that the heat caused by the fire was forced inward into his body and he fainted immediately. Alas!

*His breath caught in his chest, his tongue and throat grew cold;
 His spirit fled, his soul left, and his life was gone!*

Those Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans were so terrified that they put a stop to the rain and yelled loudly, "Marshal Heavenly Reeds and Curtain-Raising Captain! Stop hiding in the forest! Start looking for your elder brother!" When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard that they were addressed by their holy titles, they quickly untied the horse and poled the luggage to dash out of the forest. With no regard for the mud and slush, they began searching along the banks of the stream when the bubbling currents swept down from above the body of a person. When Sha Monk saw it, he leaped into the water

fully clothed and hauled the body back to shore. It was the body of the Great Sage Sun. Alas, look at him!

*His four limbs were bent and they could not be stretched;
His whole body up and down was cold as ice.*

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, as tears filled his eyes, “what a pity you have to go like that! You were

*Someone who never aged through countless years.
Now you have died young in the middle of the way.”*

With a chuckle, Eight Rules said, “Brother, stop crying. This ape is pretending to be dead, just to scare us. Feel him a little and see if there’s any warmth left in his breast.”

“The whole body has turned cold,” said Sha Monk. “Even if there were a little warmth left, how could you revive him?”

Eight Rules said, “If he is capable of seventy-two transformations, he has seventy-two lives. Listen, you stretch out his legs while I take care of him.” Sha Monk indeed straightened Pilgrim’s legs while Eight Rules lifted his head and straightened his upper torso. They then pushed his legs up and folded them around the knees before raising him into a sitting position. Rubbing his hands together until they were warm, Eight Rules covered Pilgrim’s seven apertures and began to apply a Chan method of massage on him. The cold water, you see, had had such a traumatic effect on Pilgrim that his breath was caught in his cinnabar field and he could not utter a sound. He was lucky, therefore, to have all that rubbing, squeezing, and kneading by Eight Rules, for in a moment his breath went through the three passes, invaded the bright hall, and burst through his apertures. “O Master,” he began to say.

Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother, when you were alive, you lived for Master, and his name’s on your lips even when you are dead! Wake up first. We are all here.” Opening his eyes, Pilgrim said, “Are you here, Brothers? Old Monkey’s a loser this time!”

“You fainted,” said Eight Rules Zhu, chuckling, “and if old Hog hadn’t saved you, you would have been finished. Aren’t you going to thank me?” Pilgrim got up slowly and raised his head, saying, “The Ao Brothers, where are you?”

The Dragon Kings of Four Oceans replied in midair, “Your little dragons wait upon you here.”

“I am sorry to have caused you to travel all this distance,” said Pilgrim, “but we have not accomplished our merit. Please go back first and I shall thank you again in another day.”

The Dragon Kings led their large group of followers to return to their residences, which need not concern us here.

Sha Monk then supported Pilgrim and led him back into the pine forest to sit down. In a little while, Pilgrim felt more collected and his breathing became more even, but he could not restrain the tears from rolling down his cheeks. Again he cried out, “O Master!

*Think of your leaving the Great Tang that year,
When you saved me from woe beneath that mount.
On waters and hills we face demonic foes;*

*Our bowels are torn by ten thousand pains.
 We eat with an alms bowl, whether bare or filled;
 In houses or woods we meditate at night.
 Our hearts are set on achieving the right fruit.
 How could I know I would be hurt this day?"*

Sha Monk said, "Elder Brother, please do not worry. Let us devise a plan soon and see where we can go to ask for help to rescue Master."

"Where shall we go to seek help?" asked Pilgrim. Sha Monk said, "I remember when the Bodhisattva first gave us the instruction that we should accompany the Tang Monk, she also gave us the promise that when we called on Heaven, Heaven would respond, or when we called on Earth, Earth would reply. We just have to decide where we should go to seek help."

"When I caused great disturbance in the Heavenly Palace," said Pilgrim, "all those divine soldiers were no match for old Monkey. This monster-spirit, however, has considerable magic powers, and so our helper must be someone stronger than even old Monkey. Neither the gods in Heaven nor those deities on Earth will be adequate. If we want to catch this demon, we must go to ask the Bodhisattva Guanyin. But unfortunately, my bones and muscles are sore and my torso is weak. I can't perform my cloud somersault. How can I go?"

"If you have any instruction," said Eight Rules, "tell me. I'll go." Smiling, Pilgrim said, "All right! You can go, but when you appear before the Bodhisattva, don't stare at her face. You must lower your head and bow with reverence, and when she asks you, you may then tell her the names of this place and the fiend and beseech her to come to rescue Master. If she's willing, the fiendish creature will, of course, be taken."

After Eight Rules heard this, he mounted the clouds and mists at once and headed toward the south.

We now tell you about that demon king, who was celebrating in his cave. Merrily he said to his subjects, "Little ones, Pilgrim Sun truly has suffered loss this time. Though he may not die, he will be in a big coma! Holla! I fear that they might want to go find help somewhere. Open the doors quickly! Let me see where they are going."

The fiends opened the doors and when the monster-spirit rose into the air to look all around, he discovered Eight Rules heading toward the south. The south, the monster-spirit thought to himself, could mean only one thing:

Eight Rules was going to seek the help of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. Dropping quickly from the clouds, the fiend cried, "Little ones, find that leather bag of mine and take it out. It hasn't been used for quite some time and I fear that the rope around its mouth is not strong enough. Change the rope for me and place the bag beneath the second door. Let me go and capture Eight Rules by deception; when he is brought back here, we'll store him in the bag. Then he'll be steamed until he's flaky so that all of you may enjoy him with wine."

The monster-spirit, you see, had a compliant leather bag, which those little fiends took out and fastened a new rope to its mouth. They placed it beneath the second door as they were told, and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you instead about that demon king, who had lived in this place for a long time; the whole region, in fact, was familiar to him, and he knew which route to South

Sea was the shorter one and which the longer. Taking the shorter route, he mounted the clouds and at once went past Eight Rules. He then lowered himself onto a tall ridge, sat down solemnly, and changed into a specious form of Guanshiyin to wait for Eight Rules.

Treading his clouds, Idiot was on his way when he saw suddenly the Bodhisattva. He could not, of course, distinguish the true from the false; like foolish men of the world, he regarded all images as real Buddhas! Stopping his cloud, Idiot bowed low and said, "Bodhisattva, your disciple Zhu Wuneng kowtows to you."

The monster-spirit said, "Why aren't you protecting the Tang Monk on his way to fetch scriptures? Why have you come to see me?"

"It was because your disciple and his master met on their way a Red Boy monster-spirit, who resided in the Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Stream in the Roaring Mountain. He abducted our master, but your disciples found the way to his door and fought with him. He happened to be someone who knew how to start a fire; during our first battle, we could not prevail, and during our second one, we could not extinguish the fire even after we asked the Dragon Kings to assist us with rain. Since Elder Brother suffered burns so severe that he could not move, he asked me to come to plead with the Bodhisattva. We beg you to be merciful and save our master from his ordeal."

"That master of the Fiery Cloud Cave," said the monster-spirit, "is not prone to take human lives. It must be that you have offended him."

"Not I," said Eight Rules, "but Elder Brother did offend him. The fiend changed himself at first into a small child hung on a tree to test Master. Our Master, of course, had a most kindly disposition; he told me to untie the child and Elder Brother to carry him for a distance. Elder Brother wanted to dash him to the ground, and that was when he abducted Master."

The monster-spirit said, "Get up and follow me into the cave to see the cave-master. I'll speak on your behalf, and you can salute him; the two of us will ask him then to release your master."

"O Bodhisattva," said Eight Rules. "If he's willing to return our master, I'll be glad to kowtow to him."

"Follow me then," said the demon king.

Idiot, of course, did not know any better; instead of proceeding to the South Sea, he followed the fiend right back to the entrance of the Fiery Cloud Cave. When they reached the cave, the monster-spirit proceeded to walk inside, saying, "Don't be suspicious, for he's my acquaintance. You come in, too." Idiot had no choice but to stride inside also. With a terrific shout, the various fiends seized him all at once and stuffed him into the leather bag. After the rope around its mouth was pulled tight, the bag was drawn up high to a beam and hung there. Changing back into his true form, the monster-spirit took a seat in the middle and said, "Zhu Eight Rules, what sort of abilities do you have that you dare accompany the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures? That you dare go ask the Bodhisattva to subdue me? Open your pair of eyes, take a good look, and see if you recognize me, the Great King Holy Child! Now you are caught, you'll be hung for four or five days before you'll be steamed and served as hors d'oeuvre to my little fiends for their wine." When Eight Rules heard these words, he began screaming inside the bag, saying, "You brazen fiend! Don't you dare be so insulting! So, you've

plotted and planned to deceive me, but if you dare eat me, every one of you will be stricken with the Heaven-sent plague of swollen head!" Idiot thus persisted in his expostulation for a long time, but we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage Sun who sat in the forest with Sha Monk. A gust of putrid wind blew past and, sneezing immediately, he said, "Bad! Bad! This wind betokens misfortune more than good luck! Zhu Eight Rules, I think, must have taken the wrong way."

"If he did," said Sha Monk, "couldn't he ask someone?" Pilgrim said, "He must have run into the monster-spirit."

"If he ran into the monster-spirit," said Sha Monk, "couldn't he run back to us?"

"It's not right," said Pilgrim. "You sit here and guard our belongings. Let me dash over the stream and find out what's going on over there." Sha Monk said, "Your body is still sore, Elder Brother, and I fear that you'll be hurt even more by him. Let me go."

"You won't do," said Pilgrim, "let me go instead."

Dear Pilgrim! Gritting his teeth to endure the pain, he took up his iron rod and ran across the stream to reach the entrance to the Fiery Cloud Cave. "Brazen monster!" he cried, and those fiends guarding the door ran inside to report, "Pilgrim Sun is shouting again at the door!"

The demon king gave the order for him to be seized, and all those little fiends, teeming with spears and swords, rushed out the door shouting, "Seize him! Seize him!" Pilgrim indeed was too weak to fight and he dared not oppose them. Diving to one side of the road, he recited a spell, crying, "Change!"

He changed at once into a cloth wrapper adorned with gold. When the little fiends saw it, they took it inside and reported, "Great King, Pilgrim Sun is scared. When he heard the word 'seize,' he was so frightened that he dropped this wrapper and fled." Laughing, the demon king said, "That wrapper is not worth much! All it contains must be the torn shirts of those monks and their old hats. Bring it in and wash it clean; the piece of material can be used for mending or lining." One of the little fiends put the wrapper on his back to carry it inside, not knowing that it was the transformation of Pilgrim. Pilgrim said, "That's good! That's how you ought to carry this cloth wrapper adorned with gold!" Not thinking much about the thing, the monsterspirit left it inside the door.

Dear Pilgrim! Even in the midst of falsehood he knew greater falsehood, and each fakery of his produced more fakery! He pulled off one piece of his hair on which he blew a mouthful of divine breath: it changed at once into the wrapper, while his true body took on the form of a tiny fly that alighted on the door post. Then he heard Eight Rules moaning and muttering somewhere in a muffled voice, somewhat like a hog stricken with plague! With a buzz, Pilgrim flew up to look around and saw at once that there was a leather bag hung high on the beam. When he alighted on the bag, he heard Eight Rules expostulating the demon in all sorts of vile language.

"Wretched fiend," he said, "how dare you change yourself into a specious Bodhisattva Guanyin to trick me here? How dare you hang me up and want to eat me? One day, when my Elder Brother

*Uses his boundless power, equal to Heav'n,
All monsters of this mountain will then be caught.*

*When I'm freed after this leather bag's untied,
I'll rake you a thousand times before I stop!"*

When Pilgrim heard these words, he laughed silently, saying to himself, "Though the idiot must be suffocating in there, he hasn't dropped his banner or spear yet! Old Monkey must catch hold of this fiend! If I don't, I'll not be able to rid myself of my hostility!"

He was just trying to think of a plan to rescue Eight Rules when he heard the call of the demon king:

"Where are the six mighty commanders?"

There were, you see, six little fiends who became special friends of his, and these spirits received the appointment of mighty commander. Their names were:

Cloud-in-Fog, Fog-in-Cloud, Quick-as-Fire, Swift-as-Wind, Hurly-Burly, and Burly-Hurly.

The six mighty commanders went forward and knelt down. The demon king asked, "Do you all know the way to the house of the Venerable Great King?"

"We do," they replied. The demon king said, "Go at once, and journey in the night if you have to, to give this invitation to the Venerable Great King. Tell him that I have caught the Tang Monk, who will be steamed and served for him to eat so that his age may be lengthened a thousandfold." Obeying this order, the six fiends swarmed out of the door and left. With a buzz, Pilgrim flew away from the bag and followed those fiends to leave the cave. We do not know who they want to invite to come here; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-TWO

*The Great Sage diligently calls at South Sea
Guanyin with compassion binds the Red Boy*

We were telling you about those six mighty commanders, who walked out of the cave entrance and followed the road directly toward the southwest. Pilgrim thought to himself, "They wanted to extend an invitation for the Venerable Old King to eat my master, and that Venerable Old King has to be the Bull Demon King. Since old Monkey met him that year, our friendship was a deep one, as ours were the most congenial spirits and sentiments. Now I have returned to the path of rectitude; though he's still a perverse demon, I can remember his looks despite our lengthy separation. Let old Monkey transform himself into the Bull Monster King and see if they could be deceived."

Dear Pilgrim! He slipped away from those six little fiends; spreading his wings, he flew to a distance of some ten miles ahead. With one shake of his body he changed into the form of Bull Monster King and, pulling off several strands of hair, he cried, "Change!"

They changed into several little fiends who were mounting falcons, leading hounds, and brandishing bows and arrows as if they were hunting in the fold of the mountain. There they waited for the six mighty commanders.

As that motley crew shuffled along, they suddenly saw the Bull Monster King seated before them. So startled were Burly-Hurly and Hurly-Burly that they fell to their knees at once, crying, "Venerable Great King is here!" Since Cloud-in-Fog, Fog-in-Cloud, Quick-as-Fire, and Swift-as-Wind were all of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, how could they possibly distinguish between the true and the false? They all knelt down also and kowtowed, saying, "Father, these little ones have been sent by the Great King Holy Child from the Fiery Cloud Cave. We are here to invite Father Venerable Great King to dine on the flesh of the Tang Monk, so that your age will be lengthened a thousandfold."

"Children," rejoined Pilgrim, "get up. Follow me home; I'll go with you after I've changed my clothes." Kowtowing again, the little fiends said, "We beg our Father not to stand on ceremony. There's no need to return to your residence. The distance is great, and we fear that our Great King will chide us for our delay. We beseech you to begin your journey at once." Laughing, Pilgrim said, "What nice children you are! All right, all right! Clear the way and I'll go with you."

The six fiends roused their spirits and shouted to clear the way, while the Great Sage followed them.

In no time at all they returned to their own place. Swift-as-Wind and Quick-as-Fire dashed into the cave, crying, "Great King, Father Venerable Great King has arrived."

Delighted, the monster king said, "All of you are quite useful! You've returned so quickly!"

He at once gave the order for all his captains to arrange their troops and to unfurl the flags and drums to receive the Venerable Great King.

The fiends of the entire cave all obeyed this command and they formed an orderly formation all the way out to the entrance. Shaking his body once to retrieve his hairs, who were leading dogs and falcons, Pilgrim with chest thrust forward walked loftily inside in big strides. After he took a seat in the middle facing south, Red Boy faced him and knelt down to kowtow to him. "Father King," he said, "your child gives you obeisance." Pilgrim said, "My child is exempted from such ceremonies." Only after he had prostrated himself four times did the monster king rise from the ground and stand below the seat of Pilgrim.

"My child," said Pilgrim, "why did you ask me to come here?"

Bowing again, the monster king said, "Though your child is not talented, he has managed to capture a certain person yesterday, a monk from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. I have often heard people say that he is someone who has practiced self-cultivation for ten incarnations. If anyone eats a piece of his flesh, this person will enjoy the same age as an immortal from P'êng-lai or Ying-chou. Your foolish boy does not dare eat the Tang Monk by himself. That is why I have invited Father King especially to enjoy with me the flesh of the Tang Monk, so that your age may be lengthened a thousandfold." When Pilgrim heard these words, he shuddered and said, "My child, which Tang Monk is this?"

"The one journeying to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures," said the monster king. "My child," said Pilgrim, "is he the master of Pilgrim Sun?"

"Indeed," said the monster king. Waving his hand and shaking his head, Pilgrim said, "Don't provoke him! You can provoke others, but you don't know what sort of person that Pilgrim Sun happens to be! My worthy boy, you haven't met him, I suppose? That monkey has vast magic powers and knows many ways of transformation. Once when he caused great disturbance in the Heavenly Palace, the Great Jade Emperor sent against him one hundred thousand celestial soldiers, but they did not succeed in capturing him even after they had set up the cosmic nets. How dare you want to eat his master? Quickly, send him back to his disciple, and don't provoke that monkey. If he finds out that you have eaten his master, he need not come to fight with you; all he has to do is use that golden-hooped rod of his to drill a hole halfway into the mountain and he will shovel it right out of its roots! My child, where will you find shelter then? Who will take care of me when I grow old?"

"Father King," said the monster king, "what are you saying? You are magnifying the powers of others to belittle the abilities of your son. Though that Pilgrim Sun and his two brothers—together three of them—attempted to lead the Tang Monk to cross our mountain, they permitted me to use a transformation to abduct their master back here. Afterwards, he and Zhu Eight Rules searched their way to our door, and he then made some such foolish claim that he was a kin of ours. I grew angry and fought with him, though the several rounds we went through did not indicate that he was such a hot shot! Zhu Eight Rules stepped in from the side to join the fray, and that was when your child spat out his true fire of samādhi and defeated them all at once. They were so frightened, in fact, that they went to ask the Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans to assist them with rain, but the rainwater, of course, could not extinguish my true fire of samādhi. Pilgrim Sun was so severely burned this time that he went into a little coma! Then he told Zhu Eight Rules to seek help from the Bodhisattva Guanyin of the South Sea. I changed into a specious Guanyin and tricked Eight Rules back here; he's now hung in our compliant bag waiting to be steamed and fed to the little ones. This morning, that Pilgrim returned to our door to make noises once more; when I gave the

order to seize him, he was so frightened that he even abandoned a wrap of his and fled. It was then that I decided to invite Father King to come here so that you can see him live before he is steamed for food. My hope is for your age to lengthen, so that you will enjoy long life without ever growing old.”

Chuckling, Pilgrim said, “My worthy boy! You know only that you can overpower him with your true fire of samādhi. You don’t know that he knows seventy-two ways of transformation.”

“He can change into whatever he wants to,” said the monster king, “but I can still recognize him. I don’t think he dares enter our door.”

“My child,” said Pilgrim, “you may recognize him when he changes into something big, and that will be difficult indeed for him to get inside your door. But if he changes into something small, it will be difficult for you to recognize him.”

“Let him!” said the monster king. “Every door of mine here has four or five little fiends standing guard over it. How could he possibly enter?” Pilgrim said, “So you don’t know about this! He is able to change into a fly, a mosquito, a flea, or a bee, a butterfly, a mole cricket, or some such creature. He can even change into a form like me! How could you possibly recognize him?”

“Don’t worry!” said the monster king. “Even if he had a gall of iron and a heart of bronze, he wouldn’t dare approach my door.”

“According to what you have told me, my worthy boy,” said Pilgrim, “you certainly are more than able to withstand him, and this explains why you are eager to invite me to come and dine on the Tang Monk’s flesh. Unfortunately, however, I can’t eat it today.”

“Why not?” asked the monster king. Pilgrim said, “I’m feeling my age these days, and your mother often tells me to do some good deeds. There’s not much I can do, I thought, but I have decided to keep a vegetarian diet.”

The monster king said, “Is Father King keeping a permanent one or a monthly diet?”

“Neither,” said Pilgrim, “but mine is called a ‘Thunder Vegetarian Diet,’ and I keep it for only four days in a month.”

“Which four?” asked the monster king. Pilgrim said, “During those three days when the celestial stem *xin*

appears in the sexagesimal representations and during the sixth day of the month. Today happens to be the day of *xinyou*:

I should maintain a vegetarian diet in the first place, and in the second place, a *you* day means that I myself should not meet any guests.

Therefore, let’s wait until tomorrow; I’ll personally see to it that the Tang Monk is scrubbed clean to be steamed and enjoyed along with all of you.” When the monster king heard these words, he thought to himself, “My Father King has always fed on humans; that’s been his livelihood, in fact, for over a thousand years. How is it that he has taken up a vegetarian diet now? He has, after all, committed many evil acts. How could three or four days of vegetarian diet atone for them? His words make no sense! Something’s fishy!”

He turned at once and walked out the second door, calling together the six mighty commanders to ask them, "Where did you find the Venerable Great King?"

The little fiends said, "On our way."

"I remarked that you all returned so quickly," said the monster king. "Didn't you reach his house?"

"No," said the little fiends, "we did not."

"That's bad!" said the monster king. "We have been deceived by him! This is no Venerable Great King."

All those little fiends knelt down immediately, saying, "Great King, can't you even recognize your own father?"

"The features and the gestures seem genuine," said the monster king, "but he doesn't talk like him. I fear that we may be deceived by him and become his victim. Take care, all of you: those who use swords unsheath your swords; those who use spears keep your spears sharp; those who use staffs and ropes have them ready. Let me question him some more and see how he talks. If indeed he is the Venerable Great King, we can wait even a month until he is pleased to eat the Tang Monk. But if his words are not right, I'll give a yell and all of you will attack together."

The various demons obeyed.

This monster king went inside again and bowed once more to Pilgrim. "My child," said Pilgrim, "there's no need to stand on ceremony in the family. No need to bow to me. If you have something to say, say it." Prostrating himself on the ground, the monster king said, "Your foolish boy invited you to come here for two reasons: first, I wanted to present to you the flesh of the Tang Monk, and second, I have a small question to ask you. Some days ago, I was taking a leisure trip; as I mounted the auspicious luminosity to rise to the Ninefold Heaven, I ran suddenly into Master Zhang Daoling, the Daoist Patriarch."

"Is he the Celestial Master?" asked Pilgrim.

"Yes," said the monster king. Pilgrim said, "What did he have to say?"

"When he saw how well formed my features were," said the monster king, "and how level were my shoulders, he inquired after the hour, date, month, and year of my birth. Your child, however, was too young to remember the exact time. An expert in astrological divination, the Master wanted to tell my fortune through calculations based on the five planets. That is the reason why I have asked Father King to come here. Please tell me the times of my birth, so that I can ask him to tell my fortune the next time I see him." When Pilgrim heard these words, he sat smiling to himself, thinking, "Dear monster! Since old Monkey has returned to the Buddhist fruit, I have caught, as a guardian of Master Tang, several monster-spirits on our way, but none of them matches this one for jugglery! If he asks me about some trivial matters in the household, I can fabricate an answer with whatever comes into my mind. But now he wants to have the date, month, and year of his birth! How could I know?"

Dear Monkey King! He was most resourceful indeed! Sitting augustly in the middle, he did not betray the slightest fear; instead, his face beaming with pleasure, he said, smiling, "My worthy boy, please rise. Because of my age, I have been troubled by all sorts of things of late, and I have quite forgotten the exact time of your birth. Let me ask your mother when I return home tomorrow."

The monster king said to himself, “Father King has never stopped talking about the eight nativity characters of my birth, saying that I have an age as lengthy as Heaven’s. How could he forget them today? Nonsense! He has to be false!”

He gave a yell, and the various fiends rushed forward to hack at Pilgrim’s head and face with their spears and swords. Using the golden-hooped rod to parry the blows, this Great Sage changed back into his original form and said to the monster-spirit, “My worthy child! How unreasonable you are! How could a son attack his own father?”

Filled with embarrassment, the monster king did not even dare look at him, as Pilgrim transformed himself into a beam of golden light and left the cave dwelling. “Great King,” said the little fiends, “Pilgrim Sun has escaped.”

The monster king said, “All right, all right! Let him go! I’ll admit defeat this time! Let’s shut the door and say nothing to him. We will wash and scrub the Tang Monk so that he can be steamed and eaten.” We now tell you about that Pilgrim who held on to his iron rod and walked toward the stream, roaring with laughter. When Sha Monk heard him, he quickly left the woods to meet him, saying, “Elder Brother, you have been gone for nearly half a day, and you have returned laughing. Could it be that you have succeeded in rescuing Master?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “though I have not rescued Master, I have won a round.”

“What do you mean?” asked Sha Monk. Pilgrim said, “Zhu Eight Rules, you see, was tricked by that fiend, who changed himself into the form of Guanyin. He is caught and hung now in a leather bag. I was trying to devise a plan to rescue him when I heard that these so-called six mighty commanders were sent to invite a Venerable Great King to dine on Master’s flesh. Old Monkey thought that that Great King had to be the Bull Monster King; so I changed into his form, bluffed my way in, and took the seat in the middle. The fiend called me Father King, and I answered him; he kowtowed to me, and I accepted it. It was a pleasure indeed! That was the round I won.”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “the way you covet small advantages will make it difficult, I fear, for Master’s life to be preserved.”

“Don’t worry,” said Pilgrim. “Let me go and ask the Bodhisattva to come here.”

“But your torso is still sore,” said Sha Monk. “Not anymore!” said Pilgrim. “The ancients said, ‘A happy affair cheers one’s spirit.’ You look after the luggage and the horse; let me go.”

“You’ve given that monster a grudge against you,” said Sha Monk, “and I fear that he might harm our master. Go and come back quickly.” Pilgrim said, “I’ll come back quickly all right! In the time of a meal, I’ll be back.”

Dear Great Sage! As he was speaking, he slipped away from Sha Monk; using his cloud somersault, he headed straight for the South Sea. It took him much less than half an hour in the air when he saw the scenery of the Potalaka Mountain. In a moment, he lowered his cloud and dropped down on the mountain cliff, where he was met by a group of twenty-four devas who asked, “Where are you going, Great Sage?”

After Pilgrim bowed to them, he said, “I want to see the Bodhisattva.”

“Wait a moment,” said the devas, “and let us announce you.”

Then the deva Hārītī went before the Cave of Tidal Sound to announce, “Let the Bodhisattva know that Sun Wukong is here to have an audience with you.” When the

Bodhisattva heard the announcement, she ordered him to enter. Straightening out his attire, the Great Sage walked inside solemnly and prostrated himself before the Bodhisattva.

“Wukong, why aren’t you leading Master Gold Cicada to the West to seek scriptures?” asked the Bodhisattva. “Why are you here?” Pilgrim said, “Permit me to make this known to the Bodhisattva. Your disciple was accompanying the Tang Monk on his journey, when we reached the Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Stream at the Roaring Mountain. There is a monster-spirit called Red Boy, whose name is also the Great King Holy Child, and who has abducted my master. Your disciple and Zhu Wuneng found our way to his door and fought with him. He let loose his samādhi fire and we could not prevail against him nor could we rescue Master. I went swiftly to the Great Eastern Ocean and managed to return with the Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans. They gave us rainwater, but we still could not win. In fact, your disciple was burned so badly that he almost lost his life.”

The Bodhisattva said, “If his is the samādhi fire and if he has such magic powers, why did you go seek the aid of the Dragon Kings? Why did you not come see me?”

“I was about to come,” said Pilgrim, “but your disciple was badly hurt by the smoke, unable to mount the clouds. I therefore told Zhu Eight Rules to come and seek the assistance of the Bodhisattva.”

“But Wuneng never appeared,” said the Bodhisattva. “Indeed he did not reach your treasure mountain,” said Pilgrim, “for he was deceived by that monster-spirit, who changed into your image and has taken Wuneng into his cave. Right now, Wuneng is hanging in a leather bag, about to be steamed and eaten.”

Hearing this, the Bodhisattva grew terribly angry, crying, “How dare that brazen fiend change into my image!”

As she cried, she flung into the ocean the immaculate porcelain vase set with precious pearls which she held in her hand. Pilgrim was so startled that his hairs stood on end, and he stood up at once to stand in waiting down below, saying to himself, “This Bodhisattva still has quite a fiery temper! Well, old Monkey should have known better than to speak like that and provoke her into ruining her virtue by smashing the immaculate vase. What a pity! What a pity! If I had known it earlier I would have asked her to give it instead to old Monkey. That would be some gift, wouldn’t it?”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the vase appeared again at the crest of some gigantic waves swelling up in the middle of the ocean. The vase, you see, was borne on the back of a strange creature, which Pilgrim stared at intently. How does this creature look?

*The “Helper of Mud” is his primal name,
He adds luster to water to show his might.
Reclusive, he knows the laws of Heav’n and Earth;
Retired, he sees yet the mysteries of ghosts and gods.
Safely he hides once his head and tail withdraw,
But legs outstretched will make him fly and soar.
As King Wen drew trigrams and Zeng Yuan divined,
He frequented, too, the courtyards of Fu Xi.
His nature displays a thousand charms*

*When he sports and plays in the rising tide.
 His armor's knit by strands of golden cord;
 Spot by spot, that's how his shell has been adorned.
 His robe shows Eight Trigrams and Nine Palaces,
 And richly ornate is his gown of green.
 Brave when he's living—so he's loved by Dragon Kings;
 The Buddha's tablet he bears e'en after death.
 If you want to know this strange creature's name,
 He's the fierce black tortoise making winds and waves.*

Carrying the vase on his back, the tortoise climbed ashore and nodded his head at the Bodhisattva twenty-four times to indicate that he had given her twenty-four bows.

When Pilgrim saw him, he smiled and thought to himself, "So the guardian of the vase is here. If the vase ever gets lost, I suppose we can ask him for it."

The Bodhisattva said, "Wukong, what are you saying down there?"

"Nothing," said Pilgrim. "Then bring the vase up here," commanded the Bodhisattva. Pilgrim went forward at once to pick up the vase. Alas! He could not do so at all! It was as if a dragonfly attempted to rock a stone pillar—how could he even budge it? Pilgrim approached the Bodhisattva and knelt down, saying, "Your disciple cannot pick it up."

"Monkey head," said the Bodhisattva, "all you know is how to brag! If you can't even pick up a small vase, how can you subdue fiends and capture monsters?"

"To tell you the truth, Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, "I might be able to do it ordinarily, but today I just can't pick it up. I must have been hurt by the monster-spirit, and my strength has weakened."

The Bodhisattva said, "Normally it's an empty vase, but once it has been thrown into the ocean, it has traveled through the three rivers, the five lakes, the eight seas, and the four big rivers. It has, in fact, gathered together from all the aquatic bodies in the world an oceanful of water, which is now stored inside it. You may be strong, but you don't possess the strength of upholding the ocean. That's why you cannot pick up the vase." Pressing his hands together before him, Pilgrim said, "Yes, your disciple is ignorant of this." Walking forward, the Bodhisattva used her right hand and picked up the immaculate vase with no effort at all and placed it on the middle of her left palm. The tortoise nodded his head again before he crawled back into the water. "So this is a coolie who serves the household and looks after the vase!" said Pilgrim. After the Bodhisattva took her seat again, she said, "Wukong, the sweet dew in my vase is not like that unauthorized rain of the Dragon Kings; it can extinguish the samādhi fire of the monster-spirit. I want you to take it with you, but you are unable to pick up the vase. I want the Dragon Girl Skilled in Wealth to go with you, but I fear that you are not a person of kindly disposition. All you know is how to hoodwink people. When you see how beautiful my Dragon Girl is, and what a treasure is my immaculate vase, you will try to steal it. If you succeed, where would I find time to go look for you? You'd better leave something behind as a pledge."

"How pitiful!" said Pilgrim. "Bodhisattva, you are so suspicious! Since your disciple embraced complete poverty, he has never indulged in such activities. You tell me to leave a pledge, what shall I use? This silk shirt on my body is a gift from you. And this tigerskin skirt, how much can it be worth? The iron rod—well, I need it for protection night and day. Only this little fillet on my head is made of gold, but you used

some tricks to make it grow on my head so that it could not be taken down. If you want a pledge, I'm willing now to give that to you as a pledge. You can recite a Loose-Fillet Spell and remove it from me. Otherwise, what shall I use as a pledge?"

"You are rather smug, aren't you?" said the Bodhisattva. "I don't want your clothes, your iron rod, or your gold fillet. Pull off one strand of that lifesaving hair behind your head and give it to me." Pilgrim said, "These hairs were also your gift; I fear that if I pull one off, they will be broken up in such a way that they will no longer be able to save my life."

"You ape!" scolded the Bodhisattva.

"You are so stingy that you won't even uproot one hair!

That makes it difficult for me also to dispense my Goodly Wealth!" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Bodhisattva, you are truly suspicious! But as the saying goes, 'If you don't have regard for the monk, at least have regard for the Buddha.' I beg you to save my master from his ordeal."

Then the Bodhisattva

*Freely and gladly left the lotus seat
And walked up the rocky cliff with scented steps.
Since the holy monk was threatened with harm,
She would subdue the fiend and give him help.*

Highly pleased, the Great Sage Sun followed Guanyin out of the Tidal Sound Cave, as the various devas stood at attention on the Potalaka Peak. "Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "let's cross the ocean." Pilgrim bowed and said, "Let the Bodhisattva go first."

"You go first," said the Bodhisattva. Kowtowing, Pilgrim said, "Your disciple dares not display his power before the Bodhisattva. If I use the cloud somersault, my clothes may flip up and reveal my body, and I fear that the Bodhisattva will take offense at my irreverence." When the Bodhisattva heard these words, she told the Dragon Girl Skilled in Wealth to pick from the lotus pond one petal of lotus flower and drop it into the ocean below the mountain ridge. Then she said to Pilgrim, "Get up on that lotus flower petal and I'll send you across the ocean." Seeing the flower, Pilgrim said, "Bodhisattva, this petal of flower is so light and thin. How could it bear me up? I'll tumble into the water for sure, and won't my tiger-skin kilt be soaked? If it loses its tan, how can I wear it when the weather turns cold?"

"Get up there and see what happens!" shouted the Bodhisattva. Not daring to disobey, Pilgrim risked his life and jumped onto the flower. At first, it did seem rather light and small, but when he alighted on it, he found that the flower was actually somewhat larger than a small boat. Delighted, Pilgrim said, "Bodhisattva, it should hold me."

"In that case," said the Bodhisattva, "why can't you cross the ocean?" Pilgrim said, "There is neither pole nor oar, neither sail nor mast. How could I cross the ocean?"

"No need for that," said the Bodhisattva, who blew a mouthful of air lightly onto the lotus flower and immediately it drifted away from the shore. Another breath of the Bodhisattva sent Pilgrim across the bitter sea of the Southern Ocean until he reached the other shore. When his feet touched solid ground again, Pilgrim laughed and said, "This

Bodhisattva truly knows how to display her powers! She's able to summon old Monkey hither and thither with no effort at all!"

The Bodhisattva then gave instructions for all the devas each to stand guard in his station, and for the Dragon Girl Skilled in Wealth to shut the gate of the cave. Mounting the auspicious cloud, she departed from the Potalaka Peak. When she reached the backside of the mountain, she called out, "Hui'an, where are you?"

Hui'an, you see, whose common name was Mokṣa, happened to be the second prince of the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja Li, and he, as the pupil taught personally by the Bodhisattva, never strayed from her side. His name was Disciple Hui'an, the Dharma Guardian. Pressing his hands together before him, Hui'an bowed to the Bodhisattva, who said to him, "Go quickly to the Region Above and borrow the Swords of Constellations from your Father King."

"How many swords do you want, Teacher?" asked Hui'an. "The entire set," said the Bodhisattva.

Obedying her command, Hui'an mounted the clouds and went through the South Heaven Gate to reach the Palace of Cloudy Towers.

He kowtowed to his Father King, who asked him, "Why has my son come here?" Mokṣa replied, "Sun Wukong came to ask my teacher to subdue a fiend; she in turn told your child to borrow the Swords of Constellations from Father King."

The devarāja at once asked Naṭa to take out the swords, all thirty-six of them, to hand over to Mokṣa, who said to Naṭa, "Brother, please go and bow to mother. I have urgent business; when I return the swords, I shall kowtow to her then."

They parted hurriedly; Mokṣa mounted the auspicious luminosity and returned to South Sea, where he presented the swords to the Bodhisattva.

After she received them, the Bodhisattva threw them into the air as she recited a spell: the swords were transformed into a thousandleaf lotus platform. Leaping up, the Bodhisattva sat solemnly in the middle. On one side, Pilgrim snickered to himself, "This Bodhisattva is so prudent and penurious! In that pond of hers she has her own five-colored treasure lotus platform, but she can't bear to use it. She has to borrow someone else's things!"

"Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "stop talking! Follow me!"

They all mounted the clouds and left the ocean, the white cockatoo flying ahead while Great Sage Sun and Hui'an followed from behind.

In a moment, they reached the peak of a mountain. "This is the Roaring Mountain," said Pilgrim, "and from here to the door of the monster-spirit is a distance of approximately four hundred miles." When the Bodhisattva heard this, she lowered her auspicious cloud and recited a spell that began with the letter, *Om*. At once, various deities and demons appeared from the left and right of the mountain, all local spirits and mountain deities of the region. They came to kowtow before the Bodhisattva's treasure lotus seat. "Don't be alarmed, all of you," said the Bodhisattva. "I'm here to seize this demon king, but I want you all to sweep this area clean. Not a single living creature is to remain within three hundred miles around here. Take the small beasts in their lairs, the young creatures in their nests, and send them up to the peak so that their lives may be preserved."

The various deities obeyed and left; they returned momentarily to report that their work was done.

The Bodhisattva said, “If the region is cleared, all of you may return to your shrines.” She turned her immaculate vase upside down and all at once a torrent of water thundered forth. Truly it

*Surged over the summit,
And dashed over stone walls.
Surging over the summit it seemed the swelling sea;
Dashing over stone walls it seemed the vast ocean.
Black mists arose, damping the entire sky;
Green waves reflecting the sun beamed chilly light.
The whole cliff gushed jadelike sprays;
The whole sea sprouted gold lotus.
The Bodhisattva let loose her awesome might,
Her sleeve revealed the Dharmakāya of Chan.
This place was changed to Potalaka’s scene,
Truly a perfect image of South Sea.
Udumbara bloomed from lovely rushes;
Fresh palmyra leaves spread from scented grass.
On purple bamboos the cockatoo paused;
Amid some green pines red partridges called.
Waves ten thousand fold and lotus all around,
Hear the wind roar, the water surging up to Heav’n.*

When the Great Sage Sun saw this, he marveled to himself, “Truly a Bodhisattva of great mercy and compassion! If old Monkey had this kind of dharma power, he would simply pour the little vase on the mountain. Who cares about fowls and beasts, crawling or winged creatures?”

“Wukong,” cried the Bodhisattva, “stretch forth your hand.”

Hurriedly rolling up his sleeve, Pilgrim stretched out his left hand. The Bodhisattva pulled out a twig of her willow branch after having dipped it in the sweet dew of her vase and wrote on his palm the word “Delusion.” She said to him, “Hold your fist and go quickly to provoke battle with the monster-spirit. You are permitted not to win but to lose; let him defeat you and chase you back here. I have my power to subdue him.” Obeying the instruction, Pilgrim turned his cloudy luminosity and headed straight for the entrance of the cave. Holding his left hand in a fist and the iron rod with his right, he shouted, “Fiends, open the door!”

Those little fiends again went inside to report, “Pilgrim Sun is here again.”

“Shut the door tightly,” said the monster king, “and don’t mind him.”

“Dear boy!” shouted Pilgrim. “You chased your old man out the door, and you still wouldn’t open up!”

The little fiends reported again:

“Pilgrim Sun is using that little something to insult you.”

All the monster said was, “Don’t listen to him!”

After he had shouted for a couple of times and found the door still tightly shut, Pilgrim became enraged. He lifted the iron rod and with one blow punched a big hole in the door. The little fiends were so terrified that they ran inside, crying, "Pilgrim Sun has smashed our door!" When the monster king heard these reports and discovered that the front door was smashed, he bounded out the door and, holding the lance, yelled at Pilgrim, "You ape! You really don't know when to stop! I let you take some advantage of me and you are still not content. You dare come again to oppress me by smashing my door. What sort of punishment should you receive?"

"My child," said Pilgrim, "you dare chase your old man out your door. What sort of punishment should *you* receive?"

Embarrassed as well as enraged, the monster king picked up his lance and stabbed at Pilgrim's chest, who also lifted his iron rod to parry and return the blow. They fought for four or five rounds when Pilgrim, still making a fist, retreated with his rod trailing behind him. The monster king stood still before the mountain and said, "I'm going to wash and scrub the Tang Monk instead."

"My dear boy," said Pilgrim, "Heaven is watching you! Won't you come?" When the monster-spirit heard these words, he grew even more enraged.

With a yell, he dashed before Pilgrim and attempted to stab him with the lance once more. Our Pilgrim wielded his iron rod and fought with him for several rounds before retreating again. "Monkey," scolded the monster king, "you were able to fight before for at least twenty or thirty rounds. Why are you running away now when we are just sett ling down to do battle? Why?"

"Worthy child," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "your old man is afraid that you will start a fire!"

The monster-spirit said, "I'm not going to start the fire. You come up here."

"If you are not," said Pilgrim, "step over here. A gallant fellow should not beat up people in front of his own house."

The monster-spirit, of course, did not know that this was a trick; he lifted his lance and gave chase once more. Dragging his rod, Pilgrim opened up his left fist and the monster king was completely deluded; all he had in mind was to give chase to his adversary. The one running ahead was like a falling meteor; the one chasing from behind was like an arrow leaving the bow.

In less than a moment, they saw the Bodhisattva. Pilgrim said, "Monster-spirit, I'm scared of you. Let me go. You have chased me to the South Sea, the residence of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. Why aren't you turning back?"

The monster king refused to believe it; gritting his teeth, he persisted in his chase. Pilgrim, with one shake of his body, slipped into the divine luminosity that surrounded the body of the Bodhisattva and disappeared. When the monster-spirit suddenly discovered that Pilgrim was gone, he walked up to the Bodhisattva with bulging eyes and said to her, "Are you the reinforcement Pilgrim Sun brought here?"

The Bodhisattva did not reply.

Rolling the lance in his hands, the monster king bellowed, "Hey! Are you the reinforcement Pilgrim Sun brought here?" Still the Bodhisattva did not reply. The monster-spirit lifted his lance and jabbed at the heart of the Bodhisattva, who at once changed herself into a beam of golden light and rose into the air. Pilgrim followed her

on her way up and said to her, “Bodhisattva, you are trying to take advantage of me! The monster-spirit asked you several times. How could you pretend to be deaf and dumb and not make any noise at all? One blow of his lance, in fact, chased you away, and you have even left behind your lotus platform.”

“Don’t talk,” said the Bodhisattva, “let’s see what he will do.”

At this time, Pilgrim and Mokṣa both stood in the air shoulder to shoulder and stared down; they found the monster-spirit laughing scornfully and saying to himself, “Brazen ape, you’re mistaken about me! What sort of person do you think that I, Holy Child, happen to be? For several times you could not prevail against me, and then you had to go and fetch some namby-pamby Bodhisattva. One blow of my lance now has made her vanish completely. Moreover, she has even left the treasure lotus platform behind. Well, let me get up there and take a seat.”

Dear monster-spirit. He imitated the Bodhisattva by sitting in the middle of the platform with hands and legs folded. When he saw this, Pilgrim said, “Fine! Fine! Fine! This lotus platform has been given to someone else!”

“Wukong,” said the Bodhisattva, “what are you mumbling again?”

“Mumbling what? Mumbling what?” replied Pilgrim. “I’m saying that the lotus platform has been given to someone else. Look! It’s underneath his thighs. You think he’s going to return it to you?”

“I *wanted* him to sit there,” said the Bodhisattva. “Well, he’s smaller than you,” said Pilgrim, “and it seems that the seat fits him even better than it fits you.”

“Stop talking,” said the Bodhisattva, “and watch the dharma power.” She pointed the willow twig downward and cried, “Withdraw!”

All at once, flowers and leaves vanished from the lotus platform and the auspicious luminosity dispersed entirely. The monster king, you see, was sitting actually on the points of those swords. The Bodhisattva then gave this command to Mokṣa:

“Use your demon-routing cudgel and strike back and forth at the sword handles.”

Dropping from the clouds, Mokṣa wielded his cudgel as if he were demolishing a wall: he struck at the handles hundreds of times. As for that monster-spirit,

*Both his legs were pierced till the points stuck out;
Blood spouted in pools as flesh and skin were torn.*

Marvelous monster! Look at him! Gritting his teeth to bear the pain, he abandoned the lance so that he could use both hands to try to pull the swords out from his body.

“O Bodhisattva,” said Pilgrim, “that fiendish creature is undaunted by the pain. He’s still trying to pull out the swords.” When the Bodhisattva saw this, she said to Mokṣa, “Don’t harm his life.” She then pointed downward again with her willow twig and recited a spell beginning with the letter, *Om*. Those Swords of Constellations all changed into inverted hooks, sharp and curved like the teeth of wolves, which could not be pulled out at all. Only then was the monster-spirit overcome by fear. Holding onto the points of the swords, he pleaded pitifully in pain, “Bodhisattva, your disciple has eyes but no pupils, and he could not perceive your vast dharma power. I beseech you to be merciful and spare my life. I’ll never dare practice violence again. I’m willing to enter the gate of dharma to receive your commandments.” When the Bodhisattva heard

these words, she lowered her golden beam and approached the monster-spirit with her two disciples and the white cockatoo. “Are you willing to receive my commandments?” she asked. Nodding his head as tears fell, the monster king said, “If you spare my life, I’m willing to receive the commandments.”

The Bodhisattva asked, “You wish to enter my fold?”

“If you spare my life,” replied the monster king, “I’m willing to enter the dharma gate.”

“In that case,” said the Bodhisattva, “I’ll touch your head and give you the commandments.” She took out from her sleeve a golden razor and approached the fiend. With a few strokes, she shaved his hair off and turned it into the style of the Tai Mountain Crowning the Head: the top was completely bald, but three tufts of hair were left around the edge so that they could be knotted together into three tiny braids. Grinning broadly on one side, Pilgrim said, “How unfortunate for this monster-spirit! He looks like neither boy nor girl! I don’t know what he looks like!”

“Since you have received my commandments,” said the Bodhisattva, “I won’t treat you lightly. I’ll call you the Boy Skilled in Wealth. How’s that?”

The fiend nodded his head in agreement, for all he hoped for was that his life be spared. The Bodhisattva pointed with her finger and called out, “Withdraw!”

The Swords of Constellations dropped to the ground, and the boy did not bear even a single scar on his body.

Then the Bodhisattva said, “Hui’an, you take the swords back to Heaven to return them to your Father King. You needn’t return here to meet me, but go back to the Potalaka Peak to wait for me with the other devas.” Mokṣa obeyed and sent the swords back to Heaven before returning to the South Sea, and we shall speak no more of him.

We tell you now that the wildness in that boy had not been wholly removed. When he saw that his pains were gone and that his thighs had healed and, moreover, that the hair on his head had been made into three tiny braids, he picked up the lance and said to the Bodhisattva, “You don’t have any true dharma power to subdue me! It’s a kind of chicanery, that’s all! I won’t take your commandments! Watch the lance!”

He lunged at the face of the Bodhisattva, and Pilgrim was so mad that he wielded his iron rod and was about to strike. “Don’t hit him,” the Bodhisattva cried. “I have my punishment for him.” She took out from her sleeve a golden fillet, saying, “This treasure used to belong to our Buddha, who gave it to me when he sent me to search for the scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. There were three fillets altogether: the Golden, the Constrictive, and the Prohibitive. The Constrictive Fillet was given to you first to wear, while the Prohibitive Fillet was used to make the guardian of my mountain submit.

I have been unwilling to part with this Golden Fillet. Now that this fiend is so audacious, I’ll give it to him.”

Dear Bodhisattva! She took the fillet and waved it at the wind once, crying, “Change!” It changed into five fillets, which she threw at the body of the boy, crying, “Hit!” One fillet enveloped the boy’s head, while the rest caught his two hands and two feet. “Stand aside, Wukong,” said the Bodhisattva, “and let me recite for a while the Golden-Fillet Spell.”

Horried, Pilgrim said, “O Bodhisattva, I asked you to come here to subdue a fiend. Why do you want to cast that spell on me?”

“This spell,” said the Bodhisattva, “is not the Tight-Fillet Spell, which is the spell cast on you. It is the Golden-Fillet Spell, reserved especially for that boy.”

Greatly relieved, Pilgrim stood to one side of her to listen to the Bodhisattva’s recital. Making the magic sign with her fingers, she went through her recitation several times, and the monster-spirit scratched his ears and clawed at his cheeks; he curled himself into a ball and rolled all over the ground.

*Truly One word could reach the whole region of sand,
This dharma power so vast, boundless, and deep.*

We do not know how that boy manages to make his submission; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*An evil demon at Black River captures the monk
The Western Ocean's dragon prince catches the iguana*

We were telling you about the Bodhisattva, who went through her recitation several times before she stopped. As the pain subsided, the monster-spirit collected himself and sat up to discover that there were golden fillets clasped tightly around his neck, his wrists, and his ankles. He wanted to take them off, but he could not even move them one whit. The treasure, you see, had taken root in the flesh, and the more he tried to loosen the fillets, the more painfully tight they felt. Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Darling boy! The Bodhisattva fears that you can't be reared. That's why she has made you wear a necklace and some bracelets!"

Enraged by this remark, the youth picked up the lance once more and stabbed madly at Pilgrim. Dashing immediately behind the back of the Bodhisattva, Pilgrim cried, "Recite the spell! Recite the spell!"

The Bodhisattva dipped her willow twig in the sweet dew and sprinkled it at the youth, crying, "Close!" Look at him! He dropped the lance all at once, and his two hands were pressed together so tightly before his chest that he could not move them apart at all. This is thus the origin of the "Guanyin Twist," a posture assumed by the attendant of the Bodhisattva which you can see in portraits and paintings to this day. When the youth found that he could not use his hands nor could he pick up the lance, he realized at last how deep and mysterious the dharma power was. He had no alternative but to bow his head in submission. The Bodhisattva then recited some magic words as she tilted the immaculate vase to one side; the oceanful of water was retrieved entirely and not half a drop was left behind. She said to Pilgrim, "Wukong, this monster-spirit is vanquished, but his unruliness has not been completely eliminated. Let me make him take a bow with each step of the way—all the way back to the Potalaka Mountain—before I call off my power. Go quickly now into the cave to rescue your master."

Turning to kowtow to her, Pilgrim said, "I thank the Bodhisattva for taking the trouble of traveling for so great a distance. Your disciple should escort you for part of the journey."

"No need for that," said the Bodhisattva, "for I don't want to jeopardize master's life." When Pilgrim heard these words, he was delighted and kowtowed again to take leave of the Bodhisattva. The monster-spirit thus returned to the right fruit; with fifty-three bows, he made submission to Guanyin.

We tell you no more about the Bodhisattva's making a disciple of the youth. Instead, we speak of Sha Monk, who sat in the woods for a long time and waited in vain for Pilgrim to appear. At last, he put the luggage on the back of the horse, and with one hand holding the reins and the other the fiend-routing treasure staff, he left the pine forest to look toward the south. Momentarily, he found a happy Pilgrim approaching. Sha Monk went forward to meet him, saying, "Elder Brother, why did it take you until now to return from your trip to seek assistance from the Bodhisattva? I almost died from the anxious waiting!"

"You are still dreaming!" said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey has not only brought the Bodhisattva here, but she has also subdued the fiend already."

Then he gave a thorough account of the Bodhisattva's exercise of her dharma power, and Sha Monk was exceedingly pleased, saying, "Let's go then to rescue Master!"

The two of them leaped across the stream and dashed up to the cave entrance. After tying up the horse, they lifted their weapons together and broke into the cave to exterminate all the fiends. They then lowered the leather bag to free Eight Rules. "Elder Brother," said Idiot after having thanked Pilgrim, "where is that monster-spirit? Let me rake him a few times, just to relieve my feelings!" Pilgrim said, "Let's find Master first,"

The three of them went to the rear and found their master bound in the courtyard, all naked and weeping. Sha Monk hurriedly untied the ropes and Pilgrim brought forth clothes for him to wear. The three of them then knelt down and said, "Master, you have suffered!"

Tripitaka thanked them, saying, "Worthy disciples, you've worked hard! How did you manage to subdue the demon?" Pilgrim again gave a thorough account of how the Bodhisattva came to make submission of the youth, and when Tripitaka heard this, he quickly knelt down to bow toward the south. Pilgrim said, "No need to thank her, for we also have been instrumental in providing her with the blessing of making submission of a young boy."

This is thus the basis of the story that we hear even today, about the boy who gave fifty-three bows to Guanyin, and who was given the vision of Buddha after three bows.

Thereafter, Sha Monk was told to pick up all the treasures stored in the cave, while the rest of the disciples found some rice to prepare for their master. That elder

*Retained his life,
All because of the Great Sage Sun;
And acquired true scriptures,
Helped by the Handsome Monkey- Spirit.*

Master and disciples, after leaving the cave, found their way again and headed steadfastly toward the West. They had traveled for more than a month when all at once the sound of flowing water filled their ears. "O disciples!" cried Tripitaka, highly startled, "where is this sound of water coming from?"

"You old Master!" said Pilgrim, chuckling, "you are so full of worries! There are four of us altogether, but only you happen to hear some sort of water sound. You have quite forgotten again the *Heart Sūtra*."

"The *Heart Sūtra*," said the Tang Monk, "was imparted to me orally by the Crow's Nest Zen Master of the Pagoda Mountain.

It has fifty-four sentences, all in all, two hundred and seventy characters. I memorized it at the time and up till now, I have recited it often. Which sentence do you think I have forgotten?" Pilgrim said, "Old Master, you have forgotten the one about 'no eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, or mind.' Those of us who have left the family should see no form with our eyes, should hear no sound with our ears, should smell no smell with our noses, should taste no taste with our tongues; our bodies should have no knowledge of heat or cold, and our minds should gather no vain thoughts. This is called the extermination of the Six Robbers.

But look at you now! Though you may be on your way to seek scriptures, your mind is full of vain thoughts: fearing the demons you are unwilling to risk your life; desiring vegetarian food you arouse your tongue; loving fragrance and sweetness you provoke your nose; listening to sounds you disturb your ears; looking at things and events you fix your eyes. You have, in sum, assembled all the Six Robbers together. How could you possibly get to the Western Heaven to see Buddha?" When Tripitaka heard these words, he fell into silent thought for a long time before he said, "O disciple!

*Since I left our sage ruler that year,
I've moved most diligently night and day:
My sandals sweep open the mountain mists;
My coir hat bursts through the summit clouds.
At night the apes wail to make me sigh;
I grieve to hear in moonlight the bird cries.
When will I end the work of Double Three
And acquire Tathāgata's wondrous scripts?"*

When Pilgrim heard this, he could not refrain from clapping his hands and roaring with laughter, saying, "So Master just can't get rid of his homesickness! If you want to complete the work of Double Three, there's no difficulty! The proverb says, 'Success will come when meritorious service is done.'" "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if we have to face all these evil barriers and wicked miasmas, we'll never finish our meritorious service even after a thousand years!" Sha Monk said, "Second Elder Brother, you and I are very much alike, and we shouldn't rub Big Brother the wrong way with our foolish tongues and stupid mouths. Just concentrate on carrying the loads on our backs; there will be a day when the service is completed."

As master and disciples conversed, they proceeded steadily when they saw before them all at once a huge body of surging black water blocking the path of the horse. Standing at the shore, the four of them stared at the water carefully and they saw

*Tiers of dense billows;
Layers of turbid waves;
Tiers of dense billows like dark sap spilling;
Layers of turbid waves like black oil rolling.
No reflection appears when you walk near;
No trees or woods you can see from afar.
Boiling, an earth full of ink!
Rippling, a thousand miles of ashes!
Like piles of charcoal water bubbles float;
Like o'eturned coals the breakers undulate.
Cattle and sheep will not drink here;
Crows and magpies cannot fly over.
Cattle and sheep won't drink, disdaining the black;
Crows and magpies can't fly, fearing the opaque.
Only the shore's reeds and rushes know the seasons,
And the bank's flowers and grass display their green.
There are lakes, streams, and rivers in all the world,
And many brooks and lagoons both great and small,
Which one in one's life may come upon.
But who has seen the Black River of the West?*

Dismounting, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, why is the water so black?"

Eight Rules said, "Some families must have overturned their dye barrels!"

"If not," said Sha Monk, "it has to be someone washing his brushes and ink-stones." Pilgrim said, "Stop speculating and babbling, both of you! We have to find a way to get Master across."

"If old Hog wants to cross this river," said Eight Rules, "it's not difficult: all I need to do is to mount the clouds or tread the waters, and I shall cross it in the time of a meal."

"If you ask old Sand," said Sha Monk, "I, too, need only to mount the clouds or ride the waters, and I'll cross it in no time." Pilgrim said, "Of course, it's easy for us, but it'll be difficult for Master."

"Disciples," said Tripitaka, "how wide is the river?"

"Approximately ten miles," said Eight Rules. Tripitaka said, "You three had better determine which of you will carry me across." Pilgrim said, "Eight Rules can do it."

"No, I can't," said Eight Rules. "For if I carry him on my back and try to mount the clouds, I can't even rise three feet from the ground. As the proverb says, 'A mortal is heavier than a mountain!' If I carry him and tread water, he will push me down below with him." While master and disciples were having this discussion by the river, they suddenly saw a man approaching from the upper reach of the river and rowing a small boat. Delighted, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, we have a boat. Ask him to take us across." Shouting loudly, Sha Monk called, "Boatman, come and ferry us across this river."

The man in the boat said, "I don't have a ferry boat. How could I take you across?" Sha Monk said, "In Heaven or on Earth, the most important thing is to perform deeds of kindness to others."

Though yours may not be a ferry boat, we are not people who will often bother you. We are the sons of Buddha sent by imperial command in the land of the East to acquire scriptures. Please be kind to us and take us across the river. You will have our gratitude." When the man heard these words, he rowed the boat near the shore and, holding his oar, he said, "Master, my boat is small and there are many of you. How could I take you all across?" When Tripitaka walked closer and took a look, he saw that the boat was actually a canoe dug out of a log, and its hull could at most seat only two persons besides the boatman. "What shall we do?" said Tripitaka. "With this boat," said Sha Monk, "we will have to take two trips."

Always sly and slothful, Eight Rules immediately said, "Wujing, you and Big Brother can remain here to watch the luggage and the horse. Let me escort Master and cross over first. Then the boat can return to take you and the horse. Big Brother can simply leap across." Nodding, Pilgrim said, "You are right."

After Idiot had helped the Tang Monk into the boat, the boatman punted the boat away from shore and began rowing it forward. As they approached the middle of the river, a violent gust of wind suddenly arose with a roar, whipping up the waves to darken the sky and the sun. Marvelous wind!

In midair a band of dark clouds rises up;

In midstream black waves surge a thousand tiers tall.

*At both banks flying sand blots out the sun;
 On all sides trees fall to this Heav'n-shaking howl.
 Seas and rivers o'erturned, dragon gods take fright;
 Mud and dirt flown up, plants and flowers fade.
 The wind roars like thunder in times of spring,
 And growls like a famished tiger on and on!
 Crabs, turtles, shrimps, and fishes bow their heads;
 Fowl and beast have all lost their nests and lairs.
 The sailors of Five Lakes are victims all;
 The households of Four Seas all fear for their lives.
 If fishers in the stream can't lower their hooks;
 How could the river's boatmen punt their poles?
 With tiles and bricks upturned the houses fall;
 With Heaven and Earth shaken, Mount Tai quakes.*

This wind, you see, was called up by the man rowing the boat, who happened to be a fiendish creature in this Black River. The disciples saw with their own eyes that the Tang Monk and Zhu Eight Rules, along with the boat, were sinking into the water. In no time at all, they vanished without a trace.

Deeply dismayed on the shore, Sha Monk and Pilgrim cried, "What shall we do? The old master faces adversity every step of the way. He just escaped from one demonic ordeal and journeyed safely for a little while before he is in the clutches again of these black waters."

Then Sha Monk said, "Could it be that the boat has capsized? Perhaps we should search for them downstream."

"No," said Pilgrim, "it couldn't be, for if the boat had capsized, Eight Rules with his aquatic skills could easily have picked up Master and trod water to carry him out. Just now I thought I saw something perverse about that boatman. I suppose that fellow must have called up the wind and dragged Master beneath the water." When Sha Monk heard these words, he said, "Elder Brother, why didn't you speak up earlier? You watch the luggage and the horse. Let me go into the water to search for them." Pilgrim said, "The color of this water is hardly normal. I don't think you should go in there."

"You think this water's more formidable than my Flowing-Sand River?" asked Sha Monk. "I can go! I can go!"

Dear monk! Taking off his shirt and his socks, he lifted up his fiend-routing treasure staff and dove into the waves with a splash.

Opening up the water before him, he went forward in big strides. Just as he was walking, he heard the sound of someone speaking. Sha Monk stepped to one side to sneak a glance around and he discovered ahead of him a pavilion; across its front door were written these large characters:

"Hengyang Ravine, Residence of the Black River God."

Then he heard the fiendish creature, sitting in the pavilion, say, "I have gone through some hard times and only now have I found something nice. This monk is a good man who has practiced self-cultivation for ten incarnations. If I manage to eat a piece of his flesh, I'll be a man of longevity who never grows old. I have waited for him long enough, and today I have realized my hopes. Little ones, bring out the iron cages quickly. Steam these two monks whole, while I prepare an invitation card to be sent to

our second uncle. We want to celebrate his birthday for him.” When Sha Monk heard these words, he could not restrain the fire leaping up in his heart. Lifting his treasure staff, he banged madly at the door, crying, “Brazen creature! Send out quickly my master, the Tang Monk, and my brother Eight Rules.”

The little demons standing guard at the door were so frightened that they dashed inside to report, “Disaster!”

“What sort of disaster?” asked the old fiend.

The little fiends said, “There’s a monk with gloomy complexion outside. He’s banging on our door and demanding the return of some monks.” When the fiend heard these words, he at once asked for his armor, which was brought out by the little fiends. After the old fiend suited himself up properly, he took up in his hands a steel riding crop with bamboo-like joints.

As he walked out the door, he looked mean and vicious indeed! You see

*A square face and round eyes flashing colors bright;
Curled lips and a mouth like a bloody bowl.
A few sparse whiskers wave like iron wires;
His temple’s flanked by hair like cinnabar.
He has the form of Jupiter revealed
And the face of a thunder god in rage.
He wears a suit of iron flower-adorned,
A gold helmet with jewels thickly set.
He holds the steel crop with bamboo-like joints,
And violent wind churns as he walks along.
At birth he was a creature of the waves;
He shed his origin. What fearsome change!
You ask for this fiend’s true identity:
Small iguana-dragon is his former name.*

“Who is beating on my door?” bellowed the fiend. Sha Monk said, “You ignorant brazen fiend! How dare you use your paltry magic and change into a ferryman to abduct my master here with your boat? Return him at once, and I’ll spare your life.”

The fiend roared with laughter and said, “This monk doesn’t care about his life! Your master has been caught by me, all right, and now I’m about to have him steamed to be served to my invited guests. You come up here and match strength with me. If you can withstand me for three rounds, I will return your master. If you can’t withstand me, I’ll have you steamed and eaten also. Don’t bother to dream about your going to the Western Heaven!” Maddened by what he heard, Sha Monk brought the treasure staff down on the fiend’s head, but the latter raised his steel crop to parry the blow. The two of them thus began a fierce battle at the bottom of the river.

*With fiend-routing staff and crop of bamboo joints
Two men, growing enraged, both strove to win.
One, the Black River’s thousand-year-old fiend;
One, a former immortal of Divine Mists.
This one longed to eat Tripitaka’s flesh;
That one would guard the Tang Monk’s piteous life;
At the river’s bottom they met to fight,
Each craving success and nothing else.*

*They fought till pairs of shrimp and fish concealed themselves,
 Till crabs and turtles in twos withdrew their heads.
 Hear the water-home's fiends all beat their drums
 And monsters shouting madly before their gate.
 This dear Wujing—what a true Buddhist priest—
 Did show all alone his prowess and strength!
 Waves tossed and churned and they fought to a draw
 As the crop met and tangled with the staff.
 Think of it! It was all for the monk of Tang
 Who'd seek scriptures and bow in Buddha's Heav'n.*

The two of them fought for some thirty rounds and neither proved to be the stronger. Sha Monk thought to himself, "This fiendish creature is indeed my match. Since I cannot prevail, I may as well entice him out of the waters so that my elder brother can beat him." Making one final feeble blow, Sha Monk turned quickly and ran with the staff trailing behind him. The monster-spirit, however, did not give chase and said instead, "You may go! I'm not going to fight with you anymore, for I have to prepare a card to invite a guest." Panting heavily, Sha Monk leaped out of the water and said to Pilgrim, "Elder Brother, this creature is unruly!"

"Since you were down there for quite awhile, did you find out what sort of monster he is?" asked Pilgrim. "Have you seen Master?"

"There's a pavilion down there," said Sha Monk, "and across the top of the gate outside are written these large characters:

Hengyang Ravine, Residence of the Black River God. I sneaked up to it and heard him speaking inside, telling his little ones to wash and scrub some iron cages so that Master and Eight Rules can be steamed alive. He also wanted to invite his uncle to come for a birthday celebration. I got mad and pounded at the door; that was when the fiendish creature came out with a steel crop with bamboo-like joints.

He fought with me for this half a day, about thirty rounds in all, and it was a draw. I faked defeat, thinking that I could lure him out here so that you could help me. But that fiendish creature was quite smart. He refused to chase me; all he wanted to do was to prepare his card to invite his guest. I came back up then."

"What sort of a monster is he?" asked Pilgrim. Sha Monk replied, "He looks like a big turtle, or else he has to be an iguana."

"I wonder," said Pilgrim, "who is his uncle?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when a man emerged from a bend downstream. Kneeling down at a distance, he cried, "Great Sage, the water god of the Black River kowtows to you."

"Could you be that monster who rowed the boat," said Pilgrim, "returning to deceive me again?"

The old man kowtowed and wept, saying, "Great Sage, I'm not a monster. I'm the true god of this river. It was the fifth month of last year during high tide that this monster-spirit arrived from the Western Ocean, and he immediately waged a battle against me. An old and feeble person like myself could not withstand him, of course, and he therefore took by force my official residence, the Hengyang Ravine. Since he had also taken the lives of many of my water kin, I had no choice but to file suit against him in the ocean. I didn't expect that the Dragon King of the Western Ocean was his

maternal uncle, who threw out my plaint and told me instead that I should allow the monster to stay in my home. I wanted to go to Heaven to bring charges, but a humble deity and minor official like me would not get an audience with the Jade Emperor. When I heard that the Great Sage had arrived, I came especially to see you. I beg the Great Sage to exert his great power on my behalf and avenge my wrongs.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he said, “According to what you have said, the Dragon King of the Western Ocean is definitely guilty. Now this monster-spirit has abducted my master and my younger brother, boasting that he wants to have them steamed and served to his maternal uncle for his birthday. I was about to try to seize this fiend when luckily you came to inform me. All right, river god, you stay here and stand guard with Sha Monk. Let me go into the ocean to bring the Dragon King here so that he can capture the creature.”

“I’m deeply indebted to the Great Sage’s kindness,” said the river god. Pilgrim at once mounted the clouds and went straight to the Western Ocean. He stopped his somersault and, making the water-repellent sign with his fingers, he divided the waves and walked right in. As he traveled, he ran into a black fish-spirit, holding a golden box and darting up like an arrow from the depths down below. Pilgrim whipped out his iron rod and gave his head a terrific blow: alas, the brains burst out and the jaw bones cracked open.

With a swish, the corpse drifted up to the water surface. When Pilgrim opened the box, he saw an invitation card inside on which this message was written:

Your foolish nephew, Clean Iguana, touches his head to the ground a hundred times to inform you, Venerable Mr. Ao, my esteemed Second Uncle. Frequently I have enjoyed your goodly gifts, for which I am most grateful. I have recently acquired two creatures, who happen to be monks from the Land of the East. Since they are rare treasures in the world, your nephew dares not enjoy them by himself. As I recall that Uncle’s sacred birthday is near, I have specially prepared a small banquet to wish you the addition of a thousand years. It is my earnest hope that you will honor us with your presence.

“This fellow,” said Pilgrim chuckling to himself, “has handed over a formal complaint first to old Monkey!”

He put the card in his sleeve and proceeded. Soon a yakṣa on patrol saw him and darted quickly back to the Water-Crystal Palace to make the report:

“Great King, Father Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has arrived.”

The Dragon King Aoshun at once led his water kinsmen out of the palace to receive his visitor. “Great Sage,” he said, “please enter this small palace and take a seat, so that we may present you with tea.”

“I haven’t yet drunk your tea,” said Pilgrim, “but you have drunk my wine first.” Smiling, the Dragon King said, “Since the Great Sage has made submission in the gate of Buddha, he no longer touches meat or wine. Since when have you invited me to drink?”

“You haven’t gone to drink wine,” said Pilgrim, “but you have committed a crime of drinking nonetheless.”

Greatly startled, Aoshun said, “What kind of crime has this small dragon committed?”

Taking the card out of his sleeve, Pilgrim handed it over to the Dragon King.

When the Dragon King read it, his spirit left him and his soul fled. Hurriedly going to his knees, he kowtowed and said, “Great Sage, please pardon me! That fellow

is the ninth child of my sister. Because my brother-in-law had made an error in administering wind and rain by not releasing the prescribed amount, the Heavenly Judge issued a decree and he was beheaded by the human judge, Wei Zheng, during a dream.

My sister had no place to go and it was your little dragon who brought her here and had her cared for. Year before last she died of illness, but since her son did not have a home, I told him to stay at the Black River where he could nourish his nature and cultivate the arts of realized immortality. I did not expect him to commit such wicked crimes. This little dragon will send someone immediately to arrest him.”

“How many sons did your sister have?” asked Pilgrim. “Are they all monsters somewhere?”

The Dragon King said, “My sister has nine sons altogether, but eight of them are good ones. The first, Little Yellow Dragon, lives in the Huai River; the second, Little Black Dragon, lives in the Ji River; the third, Blue-Backed Dragon, lives in the Yangzi River; the fourth, Red-Whiskered Dragon, lives in the Yellow River; the fifth, Futile Dragon, strikes the bell for the Buddhist Patriarch; the sixth, Reclining-Beast Dragon, guards the roof beam in the palace of the Daoist Patriarch; the seventh, Reverent Dragon, guards the imperial commemorative arches for the Jade Emperor; and the eighth, Sea-Serpent Dragon, remains at the place of my elder brother and guards the Taiyue Mountain of Shanxi Province. The ninth son is the Iguana Dragon; because of his youth and lack of official appointment, he was told last year to live in the Black River to nourish his nature. When he acquired a name, I would have transferred him to another post. I didn’t anticipate that he would disobey my decree and offend the Great Sage.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he smiled and said, “How many husbands did your sister have?”

“Only one,” said Aoshun, “and he was the Dragon King of the Jing River who was beheaded. My sister lived here as a widow and died year before last.”

“One husband and one wife,” said Pilgrim. “How could they manage to produce so many different kinds of offspring?”

Aoshun said, “This is what the proverb means when it says that ‘A dragon will produce nine species, and each species is different from the others.’” Pilgrim said, “Just now I was so vexed that I was about to use the invitation card as evidence and file suit against you at the Heavenly court, charging you with conspiracy with a fiend and kidnapping. But according to what you have told me, it’s really the fault of that fellow who disobeys your instructions. I’ll pardon you this time—for the sake of my relationship with you and your brothers, and on account of the fact that that dragon is young and ignorant after all. And also, you have no knowledge of that matter.

Quickly dispatch someone to arrest him and rescue my master. We’ll then decide what to do next.”

Aoshun at once gave this command to the prince, Moang:

“Call up immediately five hundred young soldiers of shrimps and fishes; arrest that iguana and bring him back here for indictment. Meanwhile, let us prepare some wine and a banquet as our apology to the Great Sage.”

“Dragon King,” said Pilgrim, “you needn’t be so edgy. I told you just now that I would pardon you. Why bother to prepare wine and food? I must go now with your son, for I fear that Master may be harmed and my brother is waiting for me.” Unable to detain his guest with even desperate pleadings, the old dragon asked one of his

daughters to present tea. Pilgrim drank one cup of the fragrant tea while standing up and then took leave of the old dragon. He and Moang led the troops from the Western Ocean and soon arrived in the Black River. “Worthy Prince,” said Pilgrim, “take care to catch the fiend. I’m going ashore.”

“Have no worry, Great Sage,” said Moang. “This little dragon will arrest him and take him up here for the Great Sage to convict him of his crime. Only after your master has been sent up also will I dare take him back to the ocean to see my father.” Very pleased, Pilgrim left him and made the water-repellent sign with his fingers to leap out of the waves. As he reached the eastern shore, Sha Monk (who led the river god to meet him) said, “Elder Brother, you left by the air but why did you return from the river?” Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he slew the fish-spirit, acquired the invitation card, confronted the Dragon King, and led troops back with the dragon prince. Sha Monk was exceedingly pleased; all of them then stood on the bank to wait to receive their master, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you now about Prince Moang, who sent a soldier of his to go before the water residence and make this announcement to the fiend:

“Prince Moang has been sent here by the Venerable Dragon King of the Western Ocean.”

The fiend was sitting inside when he heard this report and thought to himself, “I sent the black fish-spirit to present an invitation card to my second maternal uncle, and I haven’t received any answer since. Why is it that my uncle has not come? Why has he sent my elder cousin instead?”

As he was thus deliberating with himself, a little fiend sent out to patrol the river also returned to make this report:

“Great King, there is a regiment of soldiers stationed to the west of our water residence, and one of the banners has these words clearly written:

Young Marshal Moang, Crown Prince of the Western Ocean.”

“This elder cousin is indeed arrogant,” said the fiend. “I suppose my uncle cannot come, and that’s why the prince has been sent in his place to attend our banquet. But if he’s coming for a banquet, why bring along soldiers and warriors? Aha! I fear that there’s another reason behind this. Little ones, bring out my armor and have my steel crop ready, for I fear that he may turn violent suddenly. Let me go out to receive him and see what’s happening.”

Having received this instruction, all the little fiends rubbed their fists to prepare themselves.

When the iguana-dragon walked out of the door, he saw that there was in truth a regiment of marine soldiers encamped on the right.

He saw

*Banners with sashes aflutter;
Halberds arranged in bright mists;
Treasure swords amassing luster;
Long lances twirling flower tassels;
Curved bows like many new moons;
Arrows as wolves’ teeth stuck up;
Scimitars big and gleaming;*

*Short cudgels both rough and hard.
 Sea serpents, oysters, and whales,
 Crabs, turtles, fishes, and shrimps—
 Big and small they stood in order,
 Their weapons dense and thick like hemp.
 If the gen'ral did not command it,
 Who'd dare step out of line one bit?*

The iguana fiend went before the gate of the camp and cried out in a loud voice, “Big Cousin, your younger brother awaits you respectfully. Please come out.”

A snail on patrol in the camp went hurriedly to the middle tent to report, “Your Highness, the iguanadragon is outside calling for you.” Pressing down the golden helmet on his head and tightening the treasure belt around his waist, the prince picked up a three-cornered club and ran out of the camp in great strides. “Why did you ask me to come out?” he asked.

Bowing, the iguana-dragon said, “Your younger brother sent an invitation card to Uncle this morning. But I suppose he has declined my invitation and sent you instead. If my Big Cousin is here for the banquet, why have you called up the troops? You did not enter the water residence but you pitched camp here instead. And you even put on armor and held a weapon. Why?”

“Why did you invite your uncle to come?” asked the prince.

The fiend replied, “It was his kindness which bestowed this place on me as a residence, but I have not seen him for a long time nor have I had an opportunity to express my filial love for him. Yesterday I happened to have caught a monk from the Land of the East who, so I have heard, possesses an original body that has practiced self-cultivation for ten incarnations. If a person eats him, his age will be lengthened. I was hoping to ask Venerable Uncle to look this monk over before I put him in an iron cage and have him steamed for Venerable Uncle to celebrate his birthday.”

“You are so dim-witted!” shouted the prince. “Who do you think this monk is?”

“He is a monk from the Tang court,” said the fiend, “a priest on his way to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures.”

The prince said, “You know only that he is the Tang Monk, but you don’t know how formidable his disciples are.”

The fiend said, “He has under him a monk with a long snout, whose name is Zhu Eight Rules. I have caught him also and am about to have him steamed and eaten together with the Tang Monk. There is another disciple of his by the name of Sha Monk, a fellow rather dark in color and gloomy in complexion who uses a treasure staff. Yesterday this monk made a demand in front of my door for the return of his master, but I called out the river troops to face him. Several blows from my steel crop made him flee for his life. I don’t see how he could be called formidable!”

“You are ignorant!” said the prince. “The Tang Monk still has another disciple, his eldest, who happens to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a golden immortal of the Great Monad who did cause great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago. Now he is the guardian of the Tang Monk on his way to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven, and his name has been changed to Pilgrim Sun Wukong at the time of his conversion by the great and merciful Bodhisattva Guanyin of the Potalaka Peak. Don’t you have any other thing to do but to cause such a great disaster as this? It was

that Pilgrim Sun who ran into your messenger in our ocean; he took your invitation card and went straight into the Water-Crystal Palace, charging us father and son with the crimes of ‘conspiracy and kidnapping.’ You’d better send the Tang Monk and Eight Rules back to the shore of the river immediately and return them to the Great Sage Sun. You can then rely on my apologies to him to preserve your life. But if you utter only half a ‘No,’ you might as well forget about your life or any further opportunity to live in this place!” When the fiend heard this statement, he grew terribly angry, saying, “I’m an intimate first cousin of yours. How could you side with someone else? If I listen to you, I’ll have to send out the Tang Monk—just like that! You think there’s such an easy thing in this whole wide world? You may be afraid of that Sun Wukong, but you think I’m afraid of him, too? If he has any ability, let him come to the front of my water residence and fight with me for three rounds. I’ll return his master then, but if he can’t withstand me, I’ll capture him also and have him steamed together with his master. I won’t recognize any relative, nor will I invite any more guests! I’ll shut my door and ask my little ones to sing and dance. I’ll take the honored seat above to enjoy myself. You bet I’ll eat his mother’s!” When the prince heard this, he opened his mouth wide and expostulated, “You brazen demon! You are truly audacious! Let’s not ask the Great Sage Sun to face you. Do you dare hold a contest with me?”

“If I want to be a hero,” said the fiend, “you think I’ll be afraid of any contest?”

He shouted to his little fiends, “Bring me my armor!”

His cry immediately made those little fiends on his left and right bring up his armor and the steel crop. Changing their colors all at once, the two of them unleashed their strength and gave the order for the drums to sound on both sides. This battle was quite different from the previous one in which Sha Monk took part. You saw

*Flags and banners luminous;
Spears and halberds ablaze.
On that side the camps were quickly broken;
On this side the doors were widely open.
Prince Moang held high his golden club,
Met by fiend iguana wielding his crop.
The cannon’s one boom made river soldiers fierce;
Three strokes of the gong aroused marine troops.
Shrimps fought with shrimps;
Crabs strove with crabs;
The whale swallowed the red carp;
The bream downed the yellow zhang;
The shark devoured the mullet and the mackerel fled;
The rock oyster caught the clam and the mussel panicked.
Hard like an iron rod was the stingray’s whip;
Sharp like a razor was the swordfish’s jaw.
The sturgeon chased the white eel;
The whitebait seized the black pomfret.
A river full of water fiends took up the fight;
Dragon troops on both sides did join the fray
And brawled for a long time as billows churned.
Mighty as Indra was the prince Moang,
Who with a cry brought down his golden club
And caught the king of mischief, the iguana fiend.*

Holding his three-cornered club, the prince feigned an opening and the monster-spirit, not realizing that it was faked, lunged forward to attack. Sidestepping quickly from his opponent's charge, the prince brought the club down hard on the monster-spirit's right arm and knocked him to the ground. The prince rushed up to him and gave him another kick that sent him sprawling. The marine soldiers all surged forward to pin the monster-spirit to the ground; his arms were hog-tied behind his back and his chest bone was pierced and bound with an iron chain. He was taken up to the shore to appear before Pilgrim Sun, as the prince said, "Great Sage, your little dragon has caught the monster iguana. Let the Great Sage decide what shall be done with him." When Pilgrim saw this, he said to the monster-spirit, "You have been disobedient to what you were told. When your Venerable Uncle gave you permission to live here, he intended for you to nourish your nature to preserve your body. At the time when you acquired a name, he would have transferred you to another post. How dare you use force to occupy the residence of the water god and abuse the kindness of your elders? How dare you exercise your paltry magic to deceive my master and my younger brother? I would like to give you a stroke of my rod, but this rod of old Monkey is quite heavy. One slight touch and your life will be finished. Let me ask you instead, where have you placed my master?" Kowtowing without ceasing, the fiend said, "Great Sage, this little iguana has no knowledge of the Great Sage's reputation. Just now, I violated reason and morality to resist my elder cousin, who had me arrested."

Now that I have seen you, I am eternally grateful to the Great Sage for sparing my life. Your master is still tied up in the water residence. I beg the Great Sage to loosen my iron chain and untie my hands. Let me go into the river and escort him out here." On one side Moang said, "Great Sage, this is a rebellious fiend and most devious. If you turn him loose, I fear that he may plot something wicked."

"I know his residence," said Sha Monk, "let me go and find Master."

He and the river god at once leaped into the waves and went to the water residence down below, where they found the doors wide open but not a single little fiend. When they walked inside to reach the pavilion, they found the Tang Monk and Eight Rules still bound there and completely naked. Sha Monk hurriedly untied his master as the river god loosened the ropes on Eight Rules, after which they placed the freed prisoners on their backs and darted back to the surface of the water. When Eight Rules discovered the monster-spirit on the shore all tied up with ropes and chains, he lifted his rake and wanted to strike him, crying, "You perverse beast! You still want to eat me?" Pilgrim tugged at him, saying, "Brother, let's spare him. Have regard for the feelings of Aoshun and his son."

Bowing, Moang said, "Great Sage, your little dragon dares not linger any longer. Since we have succeeded in rescuing your master, I must bring this fellow back to see my father. Though the Great Sage has spared his life, my father will most certainly not permit him to go unpunished. He will dispose of him in some way, I'm sure, and then we shall report to the Great Sage along with our apologies once more."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "you may take him and leave. Please bow to your Honored Father for me and I shall thank him in person another time."

The prince at once led the marine soldiers and the monster-spirit into the water, where they found their way directly back to the Great Western Ocean and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you now about the river god of the Black River, who gave thanks to Pilgrim, saying, “I am deeply indebted to the Great Sage for the recovery of my water residence.”

The Tang Monk said, “Disciples, we are still stranded on the eastern shore. How shall we cross this river?”

The river god said, “Venerable Father, please do not worry and mount your horse. This humble deity will open up a path for Venerable Father to cross the river.”

The master indeed climbed onto the white horse, while Eight Rules held the reins, Sha Monk poled the luggage, and Pilgrim took up the rear. The river god then exercised his magic of blocking the water; as the upper reaches of the river were dammed up, the lower part of the river soon turned dry, and a wide road was thus created. Master and disciples walked safely to the western shore and, after thanking the river god, they proceeded to high ground to set out again on their way. So it was that

With help the Chan monk could now face the West;

With no waves on earth, they could cross Black River.

We do not know how finally they manage to see Buddha and acquire scriptures; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-FOUR

*The dharma-body in primal cycle meets the force of the cart
The mind, righting monstrous deviates, crosses the spine-ridge pass*

The poem says:

*To seek scriptures and freedom they go to the West,
An endless toil through countless mounts of fame.
The days fly by like darting hares and crows;
As petals fall and birds sing the seasons go.
A little dust—the eye reveals three thousand worlds;
The priestly staff—its head has seen four hundred isles.
They feed on wind and rest on dew to seek their goal,
Not knowing which day they may all return.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka Tang and his disciples, who found the main road to the West. Truly they had to face the wind and brave the snow, to be capped by the moon and cloaked by the stars. They journeyed for a long time and soon it was the time of early spring. You see

*The cycled return of triple yang;
The radiance of all things.
The cycled return of triple yang
Makes all Heavens beguiling like a painted scroll;
The radiance of all things
Means flowers spread brocade through all the earth.
The plums fade to a few specks of snow;
The grains swell with the valley clouds.
Ice breaks gradually and mountain streams flow;
Seedlings sprout completely and unparched.
Truly it is that
The God of the Year rides forth;
The God of the Woods takes a drive.
Warm breezes waft floral fragrance;
Light clouds renew the light of the sun.
Willows by the wayside spread their curvate green;
The rains give life; all things bear the looks of spring.*

As master and disciples traveled slowly along the road, enjoying the scenery as they proceeded, they suddenly heard a loud cry that seemed the roar of ten thousand voices. Tripitaka Tang was so startled that he immediately pulled in his reins and refused to go forward. Turning back, he said, “Wukong, where did that terrible din come from?”

“Yes, it sounded as if the earth were splitting apart and the mountains were toppling,” said Eight Rules. “More like the crack of thunder I’d say,” said Sha Monk. Tripitaka said, “I still think it’s men shouting or horses neighing.” With a chuckle, Pilgrim Sun said, “None of you has guessed correctly. Stop here and let old Monkey go take a look.”

Dear Pilgrim! He leaped up at once and rose into midair, treading on the cloudy luminosity. He peered into the distance and discovered a moated city; when he looked more carefully, he saw that it was veiled by auspicious luminosity after all and not by any baleful vapor. "This is a nice place," Pilgrim thought to himself. "Why should there be such an ear-splitting roar? There are no banners or spears in sight in the city, and what we heard couldn't possibly be the roar of cannons. Why is it then that we hear this hubbub of men and horses?"

As he was thus thinking to himself, a large group of monks came into his sight: on a sandy beach outside the city gate they were trying to pull a cart up a steep ridge. As they strained and tugged, they cried out in unison to call on the name of the Bodhisattva King Powerful for help, and this was the noise that startled the Tang Monk. Pilgrim lowered his cloud gradually to take a closer look. Aha! The cart was loaded with bricks, tiles, timber, earth clods, and the like. The ridge was exceedingly tall, and leading up to it was a small spine-like path flanked by two perpendicular passes, with walls like two giant cliffs. How could the cart possibly be dragged up there? Though it was such a fine warm day that one would expect people to dress lightly, what the monks had on were virtually rags. They looked destitute indeed! Pilgrim thought to himself, "I suppose they must be trying to build or repair a monastery, and since a region like this undoubtedly yields a bountiful harvest, it must be difficult for them to find part-time laborers. That's why these monks themselves have to work so hard."

As he was thus speculating, he saw two young Daoists swagger out of the city gate.

"How were they dressed?" you ask.

*Star caps crowned their heads;
Brocades draped their bodies;
Luminous star caps crowned their heads;
Colorful brocades draped their bodies.
Cloud-headed boots held up their feet;
Fine silk sashes tied up their waists.
Like full moons their faces were handsome and bright;
They had the fair forms of jade- Heaven gods.*

When the monks saw the two Daoists, they were terrified; every one of them redoubled his effort to pull desperately at the cart. "So, that's it!" said Pilgrim, comprehending the situation all at once. "These monks must be awfully afraid of the Daoists, for if not, why should they be tugging so hard at the carts? I have heard someone say that there is a place on the road to the West where Daoism is revered and Buddhism is set for destruction. This must be the place. I would like to go back and report this to Master, but I still don't know the whole truth and he might blame me for bringing him surmises, saying that even a smart person like me can't be counted on for a reliable report. Let me go down there and question them thoroughly before I give Master an answer."

"Whom would he question?" you ask. Dear Great Sage! He lowered his cloud and with a shake of his torso, he changed at the foot of the city into a mendicant Daoist of the Complete Truth order, with an exorcist hamper hung on his left arm. Striking a hollow wooden fish with his hands and chanting lyrics of Daoist themes, he walked up to the two Daoists near the city gate. "Masters," he said, bowing, "this humble Daoist

raises his hand.” Returning his salute, one of the Daoists said, “Sir, where did you come from?”

“This disciple,” said Pilgrim, “has wandered to the corners of the sea and to the edges of Heaven. I arrived here this morning with the sole purpose of collecting subscriptions for good works. May I ask the two masters which street in this city is favorable toward the Dao, and which alley is inclined toward piety? This humble Daoist would like to go there and beg for some vegetarian food.” Smiling, the Daoist said, “O Sir! Why do you speak in such a disgraceful manner?”

“What do you mean by disgraceful?” asked Pilgrim. “If you want to *beg* for vegetarian food,” said the Daoist, “isn’t that disgraceful?” Pilgrim said, “Those who have left the family live by begging. If I didn’t beg, where would I have money to buy food?”

Chuckling, the Daoist said, “You’ve come from afar, and you don’t know anything about our city. In this city of ours, not only the civil and military officials are fond of the Dao, the rich merchants and men of prominence devoted to piety, but even the ordinary citizens, young and old, will bow to present us once they see us. It is, in fact, a trivial matter, hardly worth mentioning. What’s most important about our city is that His Majesty, the king, is also fond of the Dao and devoted to piety.”

“This humble cleric is first of all quite young,” said Pilgrim, “and second, he is indeed from afar. In truth I’m ignorant of the situation here. May I trouble the two masters to tell me the name of this place and give me a thorough account of how the king has come to be so devoted to the cause of Dao—for the sake of fraternal feelings among us Daoists?”

The Daoist said, “This city has the name of the Cart Slow Kingdom, and the ruler on the precious throne is a relative of ours.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he broke into loud guffaws, saying, “I suppose that a Daoist has become king.”

“No,” said the Daoist. “What happened was that twenty years ago, this region had a drought, so severe that not a single drop of rain fell from the sky and all grains and plants perished. The king and his subjects, the rich as well as the poor—every person was burning incense and praying to Heaven for relief. Just when it seemed that nothing else could preserve their lives, three immortals suddenly descended from the sky and saved us all.”

“Who were these immortals?” asked Pilgrim.

“Our masters,” said the Daoist.

“What are their names?” asked Pilgrim. The Daoist replied, “The eldest master is called the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal; the second master, the Deer-Strength Great Immortal; and the third master, Goat-Strength Great Immortal.”

“What kinds of magic power do your esteemed teachers possess?” asked Pilgrim. The Daoist said, “Summoning the wind and the rain for my masters would be as easy as flipping over one’s palms; they point at water and it will change into oil; they touch stones and change them into gold, as quickly as one turns over in bed. With this kind of magic power, they are thus able to rob the creative genius of Heaven and Earth, to alter the mysteries of the stars and constellations. The king and his subjects have such profound respect for them that all of us Daoists are claimed as royal kin.” Pilgrim said, “This ruler is lucky, all right. After all, the proverb says, ‘Magic moves ministers!’ He certainly can’t lose to claim kinship with your old masters, if they possess such powers.

Alas! I wonder if I had even the tiniest spark of affinity, such that I could have an audience with the old masters.”

Chuckling, the Daoist replied, “If you want to see our masters, it’s not difficult at all. The two of us are their bosom disciples. Moreover, our masters are so devoted to the Way and so deferential to the pious that the mere mention of the word ‘Dao’ would bring them out of the door, full of welcome. If we two were to introduce you, we would need to exert ourselves no more vigorously than to blow away some ashes.”

Bowing deeply, Pilgrim said, “I am indebted to you for your introduction. Let us go into the city then.”

“Let’s wait a moment,” said one of the Daoists. “You sit here while we two finish our official business first. Then we’ll go with you.” Pilgrim said, “Those of us who have left the family are without cares or ties; we are completely free. What do you mean by official business?”

The Daoist pointed with his finger at the monks on the beach and said, “Their work happens to be the means of livelihood for us. Lest they become indolent, we have come to check them off the roll before we go with you.” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “You must be mistaken, Masters.

Buddhists and Daoists are all people who have left the family. For what reason are they working for our support? Why are they willing to submit to our roll call?”

The Daoist said, “You have no idea that in the year when we were all praying for rain, the monks bowed to Buddha on one side while the Daoists petitioned the Pole Star on the other, all for the sake of finding some food for the country. The monks, however, were useless, their empty chants of sūtras wholly without efficacy. As soon as our masters arrived on the scene, they summoned the wind and the rain and the bitter affliction was removed from the multitudes. It was then that the court became terribly vexed at the monks, saying that they were completely ineffective and that they deserved to have their monasteries wrecked and their Buddha images destroyed. Their travel rescripts were revoked and they were not permitted to return to their native regions. His Majesty gave them to us instead and they were to serve as bondsmen: they are the ones who tend the fires in our Abbey, who sweep the grounds, and who guard the gates. Since we have some buildings in the rear that are not completely finished, we have ordered these monks here to haul bricks, tiles, and timber for the construction. But for fear of their mischief, indolence, and unwillingness to pull the cart, we have come to investigate and make the roll call.” When Pilgrim heard that, he tugged at the Daoists as tears rolled from his eyes. “I said that I might not have the good affinity to see your old masters,” he said, “and true enough I don’t.”

“Why not?” asked the Daoist.

“This humble Daoist is making a wide tour of the world,” said Pilgrim, “both for the sake of eking out a living and for finding a relative.”

“What sort of relative do you have?” asked the Daoist. Pilgrim said, “I have an uncle, who since his youth had left the family and shorn his hair to become a monk. Because of famine some years ago he had to go abroad to beg for alms and hadn’t returned since.

As I remembered our ancestral benevolence, I decided that I would make a special effort to find him along the way. It’s very likely, I suppose, that he is detained

here and cannot go home. I must find him somehow and get to see him before I can go inside the city with you.”

“That’s easy,” said the Daoist. “The two of us can sit here while you go down to the beach to make the roll call for us. There should be five hundred of them on the roll. Take a look and see if your uncle is among them. If he is, we’ll let him go for the sake of the fact that you, too, are a fellow Daoist. Then we’ll go inside the city with you. How about that?” Pilgrim thanked them profusely, and with a deep bow he took leave of the Daoists. Striking up his wooden fish, he headed down to the beach, passing the double passes as he walked down the narrow path from the steep ridge. All those monks knelt down at once and kowtowed, saying in unison, “Father, we have not been indolent. Not even half a person from the five hundred is missing—we are all here pulling the cart.” Snickering to himself, Pilgrim thought, “These monks must have been awfully abused by the Daoist. They are terrified even when they see a fake Daoist like me. If a real Daoist goes near them, they will probably die of fear.” Waving his hand, Pilgrim said, “Get up, and don’t be afraid! I’m not here to inspect your work, I’m here to find a relative.” When those monks heard that he was looking for a relative, they surrounded him on all sides, every one of them sticking out his head and coughing, hoping that he would be claimed as kin. “Which of us is his relative?” they asked. After he had looked at them for awhile, Pilgrim burst into laughter.

“Father,” said the monks, “you don’t seem to have found your relative. Why are you laughing instead?” Pilgrim said, “You want to know why I’m laughing? I’m laughing at how immature you monks are! It was because of your having been born under an unlucky star that your parents, for fear of your bringing misfortune upon them or for not bringing with you additional brothers and sisters, turned you out of the family and made you priests. How could you then not follow the Three Jewels and not revere the law of Buddha? Why aren’t you reading the sūtras and chanting the litanies? Why do you serve the Daoists and allow them to exploit you as bondsmen and slaves?”

“Venerable Father,” said the monks, “are you here to ridicule us? You must have come from abroad, and you have no idea of our plight.”

“Indeed I’m from abroad,” said Pilgrim, “and I truly have no idea of what sort of plight you have.”

As they began to weep, the monks said, “The ruler of our country is wicked and partial. All he cares for are those persons like you, Venerable Father, and those whom he hates are us Buddhists.”

“Why is that?” asked Pilgrim. “Because the need for wind and rain,” said one of the monks, “caused three immortal elders to come here. They deceived our ruler and persuaded him to tear down our monasteries and revoke our travel rescripts, forbidding us to return to our native regions. He would not, moreover, permit us to serve even in any secular capacity except as slaves in the household of those immortal elders. Our agony is unbearable! If any Daoist mendicant shows up in this region, they would immediately request the king to grant him an audience and a handsome reward; but if a monk appears, regardless of whether he is from nearby or afar, he will be seized and sent to be a servant in the house of the immortals.” Pilgrim said, “Could it be that those Daoists are truly in possession of some mighty magic, potent enough to seduce the king? If it’s only a matter of summoning the wind and the rain, then it is merely a trivial trick of heterodoxy. How could it sway a ruler’s heart?”

The monks said, “They know how to manipulate cinnabar and refine lead, to sit in meditation in order to nourish their spirits. They point to water and it changes into oil; they touch stones and transform them into pieces of gold. Now they are in the process of building a huge abbey for the Three Pure Ones, in which they can perform rites to Heaven and Earth and read scriptures night and day, to the end that the king will remain youthful for ten thousand years. Such enterprise undoubtedly pleases the king.”

“So that’s how it is!” said Pilgrim. “Why don’t you all run away and be done with it?”

“Father, we can’t!” said the monks. “Those immortal elders have obtained permission from the king to have our portraits painted and hung up in all four quarters of the kingdom.

Although the territory of this Cart Slow Kingdom is quite large, there is a picture of monks displayed in the marketplace of every village, town, county, and province. It bears on top the royal inscription that any official who catches a monk will be elevated three grades, and any private citizen who does so will receive a reward of fifty taels of white silver. That’s why we can never escape. Let’s not say monks—but even those who have cut their hair short or are getting bald will find it difficult to get past the officials. They are everywhere, the detectives and the runners! No matter what you do, you simply can’t flee. We have no alternative but to remain here and suffer.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “you might as well give up and die.”

“Venerable Father,” said the monks, “many of us have died. There were altogether some two thousand monks caught and brought here: some six or seven hundred of them have perished because they could not bear the suffering and the persecution, or because they could not endure the cold or adjust to the climate. Another seven or eight hundred committed suicide. Only we five hundred failed to die.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Pilgrim. The monks said, “When we tried to hang ourselves, the ropes snapped; when we tried to cut ourselves, the blades were blunt; when we hurled ourselves into the river, we floated back up instead; and when we took poison, nothing happened to us.” Pilgrim said, “You are very lucky! Heaven must be desirous of prolonging your lives!”

“The last word is not quite right, Venerable Father,” said the monks, “for surely you mean prolonging our torments! Our daily meals are thin gruel made of the coarsest grains, and at night, we have nowhere to rest but this exposed piece of sandy beach. When we close our eyes, however, there will be deities here to protect us.”

“You mean the hard work during the day,” said Pilgrim, “causes you to see ghosts at night.”

“Not ghosts,” said the monks, “but the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, together with the Guardians of Monasteries. When night falls, they will appear to protect us and, in fact, prevent those who want to die from dying.” Pilgrim said, “These gods are rather unreasonable. They should rather let you die early so that you could reach Heaven at once. Why are they guarding you like that?”

The monks said, “They try to comfort us in our dreams, telling us not to seek death but to endure our suffering for awhile until the arrival of the holy monk from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, the arhat who is journeying to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Under him, we are told, there is a disciple who is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and who has vast magic powers. He is, moreover, a person of

rectitude and kindness, one who will avenge the injustices of the world, assist those who are needy and oppressed, and comfort the orphans and the widows. We are told to wait for his arrival, for he will reveal his power and destroy the Daoists, so that the teaching of Chan and complete poverty will be honored once more.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he said silently to himself, smiling,

*“Don’t say old Monkey has no competence,
For gods proclaim early his eminence.”*

Turning quickly and striking up again the wooden fish, he left the monks to return to the city gate to meet the Daoists. “Sir,” said the Daoists as they greeted him, “which of them is your relative?”

“All five hundred of them are relatives of mine,” said Pilgrim.

Laughing, the two Daoists said, “How could you have that many relatives?”

“One hundred are neighbors to my left,” said Pilgrim, “and one hundred are neighbors to my right; one hundred belong to my father’s side, and one hundred belong to my mother’s side.

Finally, one hundred happen to be my bond-brothers. If you are willing to let these five hundred persons go, I’ll be willing to enter the city with you. If you are not, I won’t go with you.”

The Daoists said, “You must be a little crazy, for all at once you are babbling! These monks happen to be gifts from the king. If we want to release even one or two of them, we will have to go first before our masters to report that they are ill. Then, we have to submit a death certificate before we can consider the matter closed. How could you ask us to release them all? Nonsense! Nonsense! Why, not to speak of the fact that we would be left without servants in our household, but even the court might be offended. The king might send some officials to look into the work here or he himself might come to investigate. How could we dare let them go?”

“You won’t release them?” said Pilgrim. “No, we won’t!” said the Daoists. Pilgrim asked them three times and his anger flared up. Whipping out his iron rod from his ear, he squeezed it once in the wind and it had the thickness of a rice bowl. He tested it with his hand before slamming it down on the Daoists’ heads. How pitiful! This one blow made

*Their heads crack, their blood squirts, their bodies sink low;
Their skin split, their necks snap, their brains outflow!*

Those monks on the beach, when they saw in the distance that he had slain the Daoists, all abandoned the cart and ran toward him, crying, “What disaster! You’ve just killed royal kin.”

“What royal kin?” asked Pilgrim. The monks had him completely surrounded, crying, “Their masters would not bow to the king when they walk into court, and when they walk out, they need not take leave of the lord. His Majesty addresses them constantly as Messrs. Preceptors of State, Elder Brothers. How could you come here and cause such a terrible disaster? Their disciples came out to this place to supervise our work and they did not offend you. How could you beat them to death? If those immortal elders claimed that you were here only to supervise our labor and that we were the ones who took their lives, what would happen to us? We must go into the city with you and have you confess your guilt first.”

“Stop hollering, all of you,” said Pilgrim, laughing. “I am no mendicant Daoist of the Complete Truth order. I’m here to save you.”

“You have murdered two men,” said the monks, “and we are likely to be blamed for it. Look what you have added to our burdens! How could you be our savior?” Pilgrim said, “I am Pilgrim Sun Wukong, the disciple of the holy monk of the Great Tang. I have come especially to save your lives.”

“No! No!” cried the monks. “You can’t be, for we can recognize that venerable father.”

“You haven’t even met him,” said Pilgrim, “so how could you recognize him?”

The monks said, “We have met in our dreams an old man who identified himself as the Gold Star Venus. He told us over and over again how Pilgrim Sun was supposed to look so that we wouldn’t make a mistake in identifying him.”

“What did he tell you?” asked Pilgrim. The monks said, “He said that the Great Sage has

*A bumpy brow, and golden eyes flashing;
A round head and a hairy face jowl-less;
Gaping teeth, pointed mouth, a character most sly;
He looks more strange than thunder god.
Using a golden-hooped iron rod,
He once broke Heaven’s gates apart.
He now follows Truth, protecting a monk,
And saves humankind from distress.”*

When Pilgrim heard these words, he was both pleased and annoyed; pleased, because the gods had spread wide his fame, but also annoyed, because those old rogues, he thought, had revealed to mortals his primal form. He blurted out all at once, “Indeed all of you can see that I am not Pilgrim Sun, but I am a disciple of his, just learning how to cause some trouble for fun! Look over there! Isn’t that Pilgrim Sun who is approaching?”

He pointed to the East with his finger and tricked the monks into turning their heads. As they did so, he revealed his true form, which the monks recognized immediately. Every one of them went to his knees, saying, “Father, we are of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, and we failed to know that you appeared to us in transformation. We beg Father to avenge our wrongs and dispel our woes by entering the city quickly and exterminating the demonic ones.”

“Follow me,” said Pilgrim, and the monks all followed him closely.

The Great Sage walked to the beach. Exerting his magic power, he yanked the cart through the two passes and up the spine ridge before picking it up and smashing it to pieces. He then tossed all those bricks, tiles, and timber down a ravine. “Go away!” he bellowed to the monks. “Don’t crowd around me. Let me see the king tomorrow and destroy those Daoists.”

“O Father!” said those monks. “We dare not go very far away, for we fear that we might be caught by the officials. Then we would be brought back for beatings and for ransom, and there would be no end to our woes.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “let me give you some means of protection.”

Dear Great Sage! He plucked a handful of hairs that he chewed into small pieces. To each of the monks he gave a piece with the instruction:

“Stick it into the nail of your fourth finger and then make a fist. You can walk as far as you want. Don’t do anything if no one comes to seize you, but if there should be someone trying to arrest you, hold your fist up tightly and cry, ‘Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.’ I will come at once to protect you.”

“Father,” said the monks, “if we walk too far away and you can’t see or hear us, what good will it do?”

“Relax,” said Pilgrim, “for even if you are ten thousand miles away, I guarantee that nothing will happen to you.” One of the monks who was somewhat courageous indeed held up his fist and whispered, “Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.”

At once a thunder spirit stood in front of him, holding an iron rod. He looked so formidable that not even a thousand cavalry would dare charge near him. Several scores of the monks made the call also, and several scores of Great Sages at once appeared. The monks kowtowed, crying, “Father, truly an efficacious manifestation!”

“When you want it to disappear,” said Pilgrim, “all you have to say is the word, ‘Cease.’”

They cried, “Cease!” and the hairs appeared again in their nails. The monks were overjoyed and began to disperse. “Don’t go too far away,” said Pilgrim, “but listen for news of me in the city. If a proclamation requesting for monks to return to the city is published, you may then enter the city and give me back my hairs.”

Those five hundred monks then scattered in all directions, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you now instead about the Tang Monk by the wayside. While he waited in vain for Pilgrim to come back with a report, he told Zhu Eight Rules to lead the horse forward toward the West. As they proceeded, they met some monks hurrying by, and when they drew near the city, they saw Pilgrim standing there with a dozen or so monks who had not dispersed. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka said, “Wukong, you were sent here to find out about the strange noise. Why did it take you so long and still you didn’t return?” Leading those monks to bow before the Tang Monk’s horse, Pilgrim gave a thorough account of what had happened. Horrified, Tripitaka said, “If this is the situation, what shall we do?”

“Please have no fear, Venerable Father,” said those monks. “Father Great Sage Sun is an incarnation of a Heavenly god, and his vast magic powers will no doubt prevent you from coming to any harm. We are priests of the Wisdom Depth Monastery of this city, an edifice built by imperial command of the late king, the father of the present ruler. Since the image of the late king is still inside the monastery, it has not been torn down along with all the other monasteries, big and small, of the city. Let us invite the venerable father to go into the city and rest in our humble dwelling. We are certain that the Great Sage Sun will know what to do by the time of the morning court tomorrow.”

“What you say is quite right,” said Pilgrim. “All right! We might as well enter the city first.”

The elder dismounted and went up to the city gate. The sun was setting as they walked across the drawbridge and inside the triple gates. When people on the streets

saw that priests from the Wisdom Depth Monastery were toting luggage and leading a horse, they all drew back and avoided them. Before long they reached the entrance of the monastery, where they saw hanging high above the gate a huge plaque on which was written in gold letters:

“The Wisdom Depth Monastery, Built by Imperial Command.” Pushing open the gates, the monks led them through the Vairocana Hall. They then opened the door to the main hall; the Tang Monk draped the cassock over his body and prostrated himself before the golden image. Only after he had paid homage to Buddha in this manner did he walk inside the main hall. “Hey, you who are looking after the house!” cried the monks, and an old priest emerged. When he saw Pilgrim, he fell on his knees at once and cried, “Father, have you arrived?”

“Who am I?” asked Pilgrim. “Why should you address me and honor me in this manner?”

“I recognize you to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, the Father Sun,” said the priest. “Every night we dream of you, for the Gold Star Venus frequently appears to us in our dreams, telling us that we can preserve our lives only when you come to us. Today, I can tell immediately that you are the one whom we saw in our dreams. O Father, I’m so glad that you have arrived in time.

After one or two more days, we may all become ghosts!”

“Please rise! Please rise!” said Pilgrim with laughter. “Tomorrow you will see some results!”

The monks all went to prepare for them a vegetarian meal, after which they swept clean the abbot’s residence for the pilgrims to rest.

Pilgrim, however, was so preoccupied that he could not sleep even by the time of the second watch. From somewhere nearby also came the sound of pipes and gongs, and he became so aroused that he rose quietly and slipped on his clothes. He leaped into midair to have a better look and at once discovered that there was the bright glare of lamps and torches due south of him. Lowering his cloud, he peered intently and found that the Daoists of the Three Pure Ones Abbey were making supplications to the stars. He saw

*The spiritual realm of a tall chamber;
The blessed place of a magic hall.
The spiritual realm of a tall chamber,
August like the features of Mount Penglai;
The blessed place of a magic hall,
Immaculate like the Palace of Transformed Joy.
Daoists on both sides played their strings and pipes;
Masters at the center held up their tablets of jade.
They expounded the Woe-Dispelling Litany;
They lectured on the Classic of the Way and Virtue.
To raise dust a few times they wrote out their charms;
To make the supplication they prostrated themselves.
With spell and water they sent a dispatch
As flames of torches shot up to the Region Above.
They sought and questioned the stars
As fragrant incense rose through the azure sky.*

*Before the stands were fresh offerings;
On top of tables were victuals sumptuous.*

On both sides of the hall's entrance was hung a pair of yellow silk scrolls on which the following parallel couplet in large characters was embroidered:

*For wind and rain in due season,
We invoke the Celestial Worthies' boundless power.
As the empire's peaceful and prosperous,
May our lord's reign exceed ten thousand years.*

There were three old Daoists resplendent in their ritual robes, and Pilgrim thought they had to be the Tiger-Strength, Deer-Strength, and Goat-Strength Immortals. Below them there was a motley crew of some seven or eight hundred Daoists; lined up on opposite sides, they were beating drums and gongs, offering incense, and saying prayers. Secretly pleased, Pilgrim said to himself, "I would like to go down there and fool with them a bit, but as the proverb says,

*A silk fiber is no thread;
A single hand cannot clap.*

Let me go back and alert Eight Rules and Sha Monk. Then we can return and have some fun." Putting his auspicious cloud on a descending path, he headed straight back to the abbot's hall, where he found Eight Rules and Sha Monk asleep head to foot in one bed. Pilgrim tried to wake Wujing first, and as he stirred, Sha Monk said, "Elder Brother, you aren't asleep yet?"

"Get up now," said Pilgrim, "for you and I are going to enjoy ourselves."

"In the dead of night," said Sha Monk, "how could we enjoy ourselves when our mouths are dried and our eyes won't stay open?" Pilgrim said, "There is indeed in this city an Abbey of the Three Pure Ones. Right now the Daoists in the Abbey are conducting a mass, and their main hall is filled with all kinds of offerings. The buns are big as barrels, and their cakes must weigh fifty or sixty pounds each. There are also countless rice condiments and fresh fruits. Come with me and we'll go enjoy ourselves!" When Zhu Eight Rules heard in his sleep that there were nice edibles, he immediately woke up, saying, "Elder Brother, aren't you going to take care of me, too?"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "if you want to eat, don't make all these noises and wake up Master. Just follow me."

The two of them slipped on their clothes and walked quietly out the door. They trod on the cloud with Pilgrim and rose into the air.

When Idiot saw the flare of lights, he wanted immediately to go down there had not Pilgrim pulled him back. "Don't be so impatient," said Pilgrim. "Wait till they disperse. Then we can go down there."

Eight Rules said, "But obviously they are having such a good time praying. Why would they want to disperse?"

"Let me use a little magic," said Pilgrim, "and they will."

Dear Great Sage! He made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell before he drew in his breath facing the ground toward the southwest. Then he blew it out and at once a violent whirlwind assailed the Three Pure Ones Hall, smashing flower vases and candle stands and tearing up all the ex-votos hanging on the four walls. As lights and torches were all blown out, the Daoists became terrified. Tiger-Strength

Immortal said, “Disciples, let’s disperse. Since this divine wind has extinguished all our lamps, torches, and incense, each of us should retire. We can rise earlier tomorrow morning to recite a few more scrolls of scriptures and make up for what we miss tonight.”

The various Daoists indeed retired.

Our Pilgrim, leading Eight Rules and Sha Monk, lowered their clouds and dashed up to the Three Pure Ones Hall. Without bothering to find out whether it was raw or cooked, Idiot grabbed one of the cakes and gave it a fierce bite. Pilgrim whipped out the iron rod and tried to give his hand a whack. Hastily withdrawing his hand to dodge the blow, Eight Rules said, “I haven’t even found out the taste yet, and you’re trying to hit me already?”

“Don’t be so rude,” said Pilgrim. “Let’s sit down with proper manners and then we may treat ourselves.”

“Aren’t you embarrassed?” asked Eight Rules. “You are stealing food, you know, and you still want proper manners! If you were invited here, what would you do then?” Pilgrim said, “Who are these bodhisattvas sitting up there?”

“What do you mean by who are these bodhisattvas?” chuckled Eight Rules. “Can’t you recognize the Three Pure Ones?”

“Which Three Pure Ones?” asked Pilgrim. “The one in the middle,” said Eight Rules, “is the Celestial Worthy of Commencement; the one on the left is the Daoist Lord of Numinous Treasures; and the one on the right is the Most High Aged Lord, Laozi.” Pilgrim said, “We have to take on their appearances. Only then can we eat safely and comfortably.” When he caught hold of the delicious fragrance coming from the offerings, Idiot could wait no longer. Climbing up onto the tall platform, he gave the figure of Laozi a shove with his snout and pushed it to the floor, saying, “Old fellow, you have sat here long enough! Now let old Hog take your place for awhile!” So Eight Rules changed himself into Laozi, while Pilgrim took on the appearance of the Celestial Worthy of Commencement and Sha Monk became the Daoist Lord of Numinous Treasures. All the original images were pushed down to the floor. The moment they sat down, Eight Rules began to gorge himself with the huge buns. “Could you wait one moment?” said Pilgrim. “Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “we have changed into their forms. Why wait any longer?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “it’s a small thing to eat, but giving ourselves away is no small matter! These holy images we pushed on the floor could be found by those Daoists who had to rise early to strike the bell or sweep the grounds. If they stumbled over them, wouldn’t our secret be revealed? Why don’t you see if you can hide them somewhere?”

Eight Rules said, “This is an unfamiliar place, and I don’t even know where to begin to look for a hiding spot.”

“Just now when we entered the hall,” Pilgrim said, “I chanced to notice a little door on our right. Judging from the foul stench coming through it, I think it must be a Bureau of Five-Grain Transmigration. Send them in there.” Idiot, in truth, was rather good at crude labor! He leaped down, threw the three images over his shoulder, and carried them out of the hall. When he kicked open the door, he found a huge privy inside. Chuckling to himself he said, “This Ban-Horse-Plague truly has a way with words! He even bestows on a privy a sacred title! The Bureau of Five-Grain

Transmigration, what a name!” Still hauling the images on his shoulders, Idiot began to mumble this prayer to them:

*“O Pure Ones Three,
I’ll confide in thee:
From afar we came,
Staunch foes of bogies.
We’d like a treat,
But nowhere’s cozy.
We borrow your seats
For awhile only.
You’ve sat too long,
Now join the privy.
In times past you’ve enjoyed countless good things
By being pure and clean Daoists.
Today you can’t avoid facing something dirty
When you become Celestial Worthies Most Smelly!”*

After he had made his supplication, he threw them inside with a splash and half of his robe was soiled by the muck. As he walked back into the hall, Pilgrim said, “Did you hide them well?”

“Well enough,” said Eight Rules, “but some of the filth stained my robe. It still stinks. I hope it won’t make you retch.”

“Never mind,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “you just come and enjoy yourself. I wonder if we could all make a clean getaway!”

After Idiot changed back into the form of Laozi, the three of them took their seats and abandoned themselves to enjoyment. They ate the huge buns fist; then they gobbled down the side dishes, the rice condiments, the dumplings, the baked goods, the cakes, the deep-fried dishes, and the steamed pastries—regardless of whether these were hot or cold. Pilgrim Sun, however, was not too fond of anything cooked; all he had were a few pieces of fruit, just to keep the other two company. Meanwhile Eight Rules and Sha Monk went after the offerings like comets chasing the moon, like wind mopping up the clouds! In no time at all, the food was completely devoured. When there was nothing left for them to eat, instead of leaving, they remained seated there to chat and wait for the food to digest.

Alas! This was what had to happen! There was, you see, in the east corridor a young Daoist, who, just when he had lain down, scrambled up again all at once when he thought to himself, “I left my handbell in the hall. If I lost it, the masters would rebuke me tomorrow.”

He said to his companion, “You sleep first. I’ve got to go find something.” Without even putting on his undergarments, he threw a shirt on himself and went to the main hall to search for his bell. Groping this way and that in the darkness, he finally found it.

As he was turning to leave, he suddenly heard sounds of breathing. Terribly frightened, the Daoist began to rush out of the hall, and as he did so, he stepped on a lychee seed, which sent him crashing to the floor and the bell was smashed to pieces. Unable to restrain himself, Zhu Eight Rules burst into roars of laughter, frightening the

little Daoist out of his wits. He scrambled up only to fall down once more; stumbling all over, he managed to reach the master residence.

“Grand-Masters,” he screamed as he pounded on the door, “It’s terrible! Disaster!”

The three old Daoists had not yet fallen asleep.

They opened the door to ask, “What disaster?”

Trembling all over, the young Daoist said, “Your disciple left behind his handbell, and he went to the main hall to search for it. I heard someone roaring with laughter, and it almost frightened me to death.” When the old Daoists heard these words, they cried, “Bring some light. Let’s see what kind of perverse creature is around.”

The Daoists sleeping along the two corridors, old and young, were all aroused, and they at once scrambled up to the main hall with lamps and torches. We do not know what was the result; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-FIVE

*At the Three Pure Ones Abbey the Great Sage leaves his name
At the Cart Slow Kingdom the Monkey King shows his power*

We now tell you about the Great Sage Sun, who used his left hand to give Sha Monk a pinch, and his right to give Zhu Eight Rules a pinch. Immediately understanding what he meant, the two of them fell silent and sat with lowered faces on their high seats. They allowed those Daoists to examine them back and front with uplifted lamps and torches, but the three of them seemed no more than idols made of clay and adorned with gold.

“There are no thieves around,” said the Tiger-Strength Immortal, “but then, why are all the offerings eaten?”

“It definitely looks as if humans have eaten them,” said the Deer-Strength Immortal. “Look how the fruits are skinned and their stones spat out. Why is it that we don’t see any human form?”

“Don’t be too suspicious, Elder Brothers,” said the Goat-Strength Immortal. “I think that our piety and sincerity of reciting scriptures and saying prayers here night and day, all in the name of the court, must have aroused the Celestial Worthies. The Venerable Fathers of the Three Pure Ones, I suppose, must have descended to earth and consumed these offerings. Why don’t we take advantage of the fact that their holy train and crane carriages are still here and make supplication to the Celestial Worthies? We should beg for some golden elixir and holy water with which we may present His Majesty. Wouldn’t his long life and perpetual youth be in fact our merit?”

“You are right,” said the Tiger-Strength Immortal. “Disciples, start the music and recite the scriptures. Bring us our ritual robes. Let me tread the stars to make our supplication.”

Those little Daoists all obeyed and lined themselves up on both sides. At the sound of the gong, they all recited in unison the scroll of *True Scriptures of the Yellow Court*. After having put on his ritual robe, the Tiger-Strength Immortal held high his jade tablet and began to kick up the dust with dancing. Intermittently he would fall to the ground and prostrate himself. Then he intoned this petition:

*“In fear and dread,
We bow most humbly.
To stir up our faith
We seek Purity.
Vile priests we quell
To honor the Way.
This hall we build
The king to obey.
Dragon flags we raise,
And off’rings display;
Torches by night,
Incense by day.
One thought sincere
Doth Heaven sway.*

*Chariots divine
Now come to stay.
Grant unto us some elixir and holy water,
Which we may give to His Majesty
That he may gain longevity."*

When Eight Rules heard these words, he was filled with apprehension. "This is our fault! We've eaten the goods and should be on our way. Now, how shall we answer such supplication?" Pilgrim gave him another pinch before suddenly opening his mouth and speaking out loud, "You immortals of a younger generation, please stop your recitation. We have just returned from the Festival of Immortal Peaches, and we have not brought along any golden elixir or holy water. In another day we shall come to bestow them on you." When those Daoists, old and young, heard that the image had actually spoken, every one of them trembled violently till even their garments quaked. "O Fathers!" they cried, "the living Celestial Worthies have descended to earth. We must not let them go. We must insist on their giving us some sort of magic formula for eternal youth."

Then the Deer-Strength Immortal went forward also to prostrate himself and intone this supplication:

*"Our heads to the dust,
We pray earnestly.
Your subjects submit
To the Pure Ones Three.
Since we came here,
The Way was set free.
The king is pleased
To seek longevity.
This Heavenly Mass
Chants scriptures nightly.
We thank the Celestial Worthies
For revealing their presence holy.
O hear our prayers!
We seek your glory!
Do leave some holy water behind,
That your disciples long life may find!"*

Sha Monk gave Pilgrim a pinch and whispered fiercely, "Elder Brother! They are at it again! Just listen to the prayer!"

"All right," said Pilgrim, "let's give them something."

"Where could we find it?" muttered Eight Rules. "Just watch me," said Pilgrim, "and when you see that I have it, you'll have it too!"

After those Daoists had finished their music and their prayers, Pilgrim again spoke out loud, "You immortals of a younger generation, there's no need for your bowing and praying any longer. I am rather reluctant to leave you some holy water, but I fear then that our posterity will die out. If I gave you some, however, it would seem to be too easy a boon." When those Daoists heard these words, they all prostrated themselves and kowtowed. "We beseech the Celestial Worthies to have regard for the reverence of your disciples," they cried, "and we beg you to leave us some. We shall

proclaim far and near the Way and Virtue. We shall memorialize to the king to give added honors to the Gate of Mystery.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “bring us some vessels.”

The Daoists all touched their heads to the ground to give thanks. Being the greediest, the Tiger-Strength Immortal hauled in a huge cistern and placed it in the hall. The Deer-Strength Immortal fetched an earthenware garden vase and put it on top of the offering table. The Goat-Strength Immortal pulled out the flowers from a flowerpot and placed it in the middle of the other two vessels. Then Pilgrim said to them, “Now leave the hall and close the shutters so that the Heavenly mysteries will not be seen by profane eyes. We shall leave you some holy water.”

The Daoists retreated from the hall and closed the doors, after which they all prostrated themselves before the vermilion steps.

Pilgrim stood up at once and, lifting up his tiger-skin kilt, filled the flowerpot with his stinking urine. Delighted by what he saw, Zhu Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, you and I have been brothers these few years but we have never had fun like this before. Since I gorged myself just now, I have been feeling the urge to do this.” Lifting up his clothes, our Idiot let loose such a torrent that it sounded as if the Lüliang Cascade had crashed onto some wooden boards! He pissed till he filled the whole garden vase. Sha Monk, too, left behind half a cistern. They then straightened their clothes and resumed their seats solemnly before they called out, “Little ones, receive your holy water.” Pushing open the shutters, those Daoists kowtowed repeatedly to give thanks. They carried the cistern out first, and then they poured the contents of the vase and the pot into the bigger vessel, mixing the liquids together. “Disciples,” said the Tiger-Strength Immortal, “bring me a cup so that I can have a taste.”

A young Daoist immediately fetched a teacup and handed it to the old Daoist. After bailing out a cup of it and gulping down a huge mouthful, the old Daoist kept wiping his mouth and puckering his lips. “Elder Brother,” said the Deer-Strength Immortal, “is it good?”

“Not very good,” said the old Daoist, his lips still pouted, “the flavor is quite potent!”

“Let me try it also,” said the Goat-Strength Immortal, and he, too, downed a mouthful. Immediately he said, “It smells somewhat like hog urine!” Sitting high above them and hearing this remark, Pilgrim knew that he could no longer fool them. He thought to himself, “I might as well display my abilities and leave them our names too.”

He cried out in a loud voice,

*“O Daoists, Daoists,
You are so silly!
Which Three Pure Ones
Would be so worldly?
Let our true names
Be told most clearly.
Monks of the Great Tang
Go West by decree.
We come to your place
This fine night carefree.
Your offerings eaten,*

*We sit and play.
Your bows and greetings
How could we repay?
That was no holy water you drank.
Twas only the urine we pissed that stank!"*

The moment the Daoists heard this, they barred the door. Picking up pitchforks, rakes, brooms, tiles, rocks, and whatever else they could put their hands on, they sent these hurtling inside the main hall to attack the impostors. Dear Pilgrim! Using his left hand to catch hold of Sha Monk and his right to take hold of Eight Rules, he crashed out of the door and mounted the cloudy luminosity to go straight back to the Wisdom Depth Monastery. When they arrived at the abbot's residence, they dared not disturb their master; each went to bed quietly and slept until the third quarter of the fifth watch. At that time, of course, the king began to hold his morning court, where two rows of civil and military officials—some four hundred of them—stood at attention. You see

*Bright lamps and torches midst purple gauze;
Fragrant clouds rising from treasure tripods.*

As soon as Tripitaka Tang woke up, he said, "Disciples, help me to go and have our travel rescript certified." Rising quickly, Pilgrim, Sha Monk, and Eight Rules slipped on their clothes and stood to one side to wait on their master. They said, "Let it be known to our master that this king truly believes only the Daoists and is eager to exalt the Way and to exterminate the Buddhists. We fear that any illspoken word may cause him to refuse to certify our rescript. Let us therefore accompany Master to enter the court."

Highly pleased, the Tang Monk draped the brocaded cassock on himself while Pilgrim took out the travel rescript; Wujing was told to hold the alms bowl and Wuneng to take up the priestly staff. The luggage and the horse were placed in the care of the monks of the Wisdom Depth Monastery. They went before the Five-Phoenix Tower and saluted the Custodian of the Yellow Gate. Having identified themselves, they declared that they were scripture pilgrims from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, who wished to have their travel rescript certified and would therefore like the custodian to announce their arrival. The official of the gate went at once into court and prostrated himself before the golden steps to memorialize to the king, saying, "There are four Buddhist monks outside who claim that they are scripture pilgrims from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. They wish to have their travel rescript certified, and they now await Your Majesty's decree before the Five-Phoenix Tower." When the king heard this, he said, "These monks have nowhere to court death and, of all places, they have to do it here! Why didn't our constables arrest them at once and bring them here?"

A Grand Preceptor before the throne stepped forward and said, "The Great Tang in the Land of the East is located in the South Jambūdvīpa Continent; it's the great nation of China, some ten thousand miles from here. As the way is infested with monsters and fiends, these monks must have considerable magic powers or they would not dare undertake this westward journey. I implore Your Majesty to invite them in and certify their rescript so that they may proceed, for the sake of the fact that they are the distant monks from China and for the sake of not destroying any goodly affinity."

The king gave his consent and summoned the Tang Monk and his followers before the Hall of Golden Chimes. After master and disciples arrived before the steps, they presented the rescript to the king. The king opened the document and was about to

read it, when the Custodian of the Yellow Gate appeared to announce, "The three Preceptors of State have arrived."

The king was so flustered that he put away the rescript hurriedly and left the dragon seat. After having ordered his attendants to set out some embroidered cushions, he bent his body to receive his visitors. When Tripitaka and his followers turned around to look, they saw those three great immortals swagger in, followed by a young acolyte with two tousled pigtailed. Not daring even to lift their eyes, the two rows of officials all bowed deeply as they walked by. After they ascended the Hall of Golden Chimes, they did not even bother to salute the king.

"State Preceptors," said the king, "we have not invited you. How is it that you are pleased to visit us today?"

"We have something to tell you," said one of the old Daoists, "and that's why we're here. Those four monks down there, where do they come from?"

The king said, "They were sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to fetch scriptures, and they presented themselves here to have their travel rescript certified."

Clapping their hands together, the three Daoists burst out laughing and said, "We thought they had fled. So they are still here!" Somewhat startled, the king said, "What do you mean, Preceptors? When we first heard of their arrival, we wanted to arrest them and send them to serve you, had not our Grand Preceptor on duty intervened and presented a most reasonable memorial."

Since we had regard for the fact that they had traveled a great distance, and since we did not wish to destroy our goodly affinity with China, we summoned them in here to verify their rescript. We did not expect you to raise any question about them. Could it be that they have offended you in some way?"

"Your Majesty wouldn't know about this," said one of the Daoists, chuckling. "Hardly had they arrived yesterday when they slew two of our disciples outside the eastern gate. The five hundred Buddhist prisoners were all released and the cart was smashed to pieces."

As if that weren't enough, they sneaked into our temple last night, vandalized the holy images of the Three Pure Ones, and devoured all the imperial offerings. We were fooled by them at first, thinking that the Celestial Worthies had descended to Earth. We therefore even asked them to give us some golden elixir and holy water with which we might present Your Majesty, so that you would be blessed with eternal youth. We hardly expected that they would trick us by leaving us their urine. We found out all right, after each of us had tasted a mouthful! Just when we were about to seize them, they managed to escape. We didn't think that they would dare remain here today. As the proverb says, 'The road for fated enemies is narrow indeed!'" When the king heard this, he became so irate that he would have had the four priests executed at once. Pressing his palms together, the Great Sage Sun cried out in a loud voice, saying, "Your Majesty, let your thunderlike wrath subside for the moment and permit this monk to present his memorial."

"You offended the State Preceptors!" said the king. "Do you dare imply that their words might be erroneous?" Pilgrim said, "He claimed that yesterday we slaughtered two of his disciples outside the city. But who could be a witness? Even if we were to confess to this crime, and that would be a gross injustice, only two of us

need be asked to pay with our lives, and two of us should be released so that we might proceed to acquire the scriptures. He claimed further that we wrecked their cart and released their Buddhist prisoners. Again, there is no witness, and moreover, this is hardly a mortal offense and only one of us should be punished for this if it were true. Finally, he charged us with vandalizing the images of the Three Pure Ones and causing disturbance in their temple. This is clearly a trap they set for us.”

“How could you say that it’s a trap?” asked the king.

“We monks are from the Land of the East,” said Pilgrim, “and we’ve just arrived in this region. We can’t even tell one street from another. How could we know about the affairs of their temple, and at night no less? If we could leave them our urine, they should have been able to arrest us right then and there. Why did they wait until this morning to accuse us? In this whole wide world, there are countless people who use false identities. How could they know for certain that we are guilty? I beg Your Majesty to withhold your anger and make a thorough investigation.”

The king, after all, had always been rather muddle-headed. When he heard this lengthy speech by Pilgrim, he became more confused than ever.

Just then, the Custodian of the Yellow Gate again came to make this announcement:

“Your Majesty, there are outside the gate many village elders who await your summons.”

“For what reason?” asked the king. He ordered them brought in, and thirty or forty village elders came before the hall. “Your Majesty,” they said as they kowtowed, “there has been no rain this year for the entire spring, and we fear that there will be a famine if it remains dry like this through summer. We have come especially to request that one of the Holy Fathers, the Preceptors of State, pray for sweet rain that will succor the entire population.”

The king said, “Let the village elders withdraw. Rain will be forthcoming.”

The village elders gave thanks and left.

Then the king said, “You, priests of the Tang court, why do you think that we honor the Dao and seek to destroy Buddhism? It was because in years past, the monks of this dynasty attempted to pray for rain, and they could not produce even a single drop. It was our good fortune that these Preceptors of State descended from Heaven and saved us from our bitter affliction. Now all of you have offended the Preceptors of State no sooner than you arrived from a great distance, and you should be condemned. We shall pardon you for the moment, however, and ask whether you dare to have a rainmaking competition with our Preceptors. If your prayers could bring us the rain to assuage the needs of the people, we would pardon you, certify your rescript, and permit you to journey to the West. If you fail in your competition and no rain comes, all of you will be taken to the block and beheaded publicly.” With a laugh, Pilgrim said, “This little priest has some knowledge of prayers, too!” When the king heard this, he at once asked for an altar to be built. Meanwhile, he also gave the command that his carriage be brought out. “We want personally to ascend the Five-Phoenix Tower to watch,” he said. Many officials followed the carriage up the tower and the king took his seat. Tripitaka Tang, followed by Pilgrim, Sha Monk, and Eight Rules, stood at attention down below, while the three Daoists also accompanied the king and took their seats on the tower. In a

little while, an official came riding with the report, "The altar is ready. Let one of the Father Preceptors of State ascend it."

Bowing with his hands folded before him, the Tiger-Strength Immortal took leave of the king and walked down the tower. "Sir," said Pilgrim, barring his way, "where are you going?"

"To ascend the altar and pray for rain," said the Great Immortal. "You do have a sense of self-importance," said Pilgrim, "absolutely unwilling to defer to us monks who have come from a great distance. All right! As the proverb says, 'Even a strong dragon is no match for a local worm!' But if the master insists on proceeding first, then he must make a statement first before the king."

"What statement?" asked the Great Immortal. Pilgrim said, "Both you and I are supposed to ascend the altar to pray for rain. When it comes, how could anyone tell whether it's your rain or mine? Who could tell whose merit it is?" When the king above them heard this, he was secretly pleased and said, "The words of this little priest are quite gutsy!" When Sha Monk heard this, he said to himself, smiling, "You don't know that his stomach's full of gutsiness! He hasn't shown much of it yet!"

The Great Immortal said, "There's no need for me to make any statement. His Majesty is quite familiar with what I am about to do."

"He may know it," said Pilgrim, "but I am a monk who came from a distant region. I have never met you and I'm not familiar with what you are about to do. I don't want us to end up accusing each other later, for that wouldn't be good business. We must settle this first before we act."

"All right," said the Great Immortal, "when I ascend the altar, I shall use my ritual tablet as a sign. When I bang it loudly on the table once, wind will come; the second time, clouds will gather; the third time, there will be lightning and thunder; the fourth time, rain will come; and finally the fifth time, rain will stop and clouds will disperse."

"Marvelous!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I have never seen this before! Please go! Please go!" With great strides, the Great Immortal walked forward, followed by Tripitaka and the rest. As they approached the altar, they saw that it was a platform about thirty feet tall. On all sides were flown banners with the names of the Twenty-Eight Constellations written on them. There was a table on top of the altar, and on the table was set an urn filled with burning incense. On both sides of the urn were two candle stands with huge, brightly lit candles. Leaning against the urn was a tablet made of gold, carved with the names of the thunder deities. Beneath the table were five huge cisterns full of clear water and afloat with willow branches. To the branches was attached a thin sheet of iron inscribed with the charms used to summon the agents of the Thunder Bureau. Five huge pillars were also set up around the table, and written on these pillars were the names of the barbarian thunder lords of Five Quarters. There were two Daoists standing on both sides of each pillar; each of the Daoists held an iron bludgeon used for pounding on the pillar. There were also many Daoists drawing up documents behind the altar. Before them there were set up a brazier for burning papers and several statues, all representing the messengers of charms, the local spirits, and patron deities.

The Great Immortal, without affecting the slightest degree of modesty, walked straight up to the altar and stood still. A young Daoist presented him with several charms written on yellow papers and a treasure sword. Holding the sword, the Great

Immortal recited a spell and then burnt a charm on the flame of a candle. Down below several Daoists picked up a document and a statue holding a charm and had these burned also. With a bang the old Daoist high above brought down his ritual tablet on the table and at once a breeze could be felt in the air. "O dear! O dear!" muttered Eight Rules. "This Daoist is certainly quite capable! He bangs his tablet once and indeed the wind's rising."

"Be quiet, Brother," said Pilgrim. "Don't speak to me anymore. Just stand guard over Master here and let me do my business."

Dear Great Sage! He pulled off a piece of hair and blew on it his immortal breath, saying, "Change!" It changed at once into a spurious Pilgrim, standing next to the Tang Monk. His true body rose with his primal spirit into midair, where he shouted, "Who is in charge of the wind here?"

He so startled the Old Woman of the Wind that she hugged her bag while the Second Boy of the Wind pulled tight the rope at the mouth of the bag. They stepped forward to salute Pilgrim, who said, "I am accompanying the holy monk of the Tang court to go to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. We happen to pass through the Cart Slow Kingdom and are now waging a rainmaking contest with that deviant Daoist. How could you not help old Monkey and assist that Daoist instead? I'll pardon you this time, but you'd better call in the wind. If there's just the tiniest breeze to make the whiskers of the Daoist flutter, each of you will receive twenty strokes of the iron rod!"

"We dare not! We dare not!" said the Old Woman of the Wind, and so, there was no sign of any wind. Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules began to holler, "You Sir, please step down! You've banged aloud the tablet. How is it that there's no wind? You come down, and let us go up there."

Holding high his tablet, the Daoist burned another charm before bringing down his tablet once more. Immediately, clouds and fog began to form in midair, but the Great Sage Sun shouted again, "Who is spreading the clouds?"

He so startled the Cloud-Pushing Boy and the Fog-Spreading Lad that they hurriedly came forward to salute him. After Pilgrim had given his explanation as before, the Cloud Boy and the Mist Lad removed the clouds, so that

*The sun came out and shone most brilliantly;
The sky was cloudless for ten thousand miles.*

Laughing, Eight Rules said, "This master may deceive the king and befool his subjects. But he hasn't any real abilities! Why, the tablet has sounded twice! Why is it that we don't see any clouds forming?"

Becoming rather agitated, the Daoist loosened his hair, picked up his sword, and recited another spell as he burned a charm. Once more he brought down his tablet with a bang, and immediately the Heavenly Lord Deng arrived from the South Heaven Gate, trailed by the Squire of Thunder and the Mother of Lightning. When they saw Pilgrim in midair, they saluted him, and he gave his explanation as before. "What powerful summons," he said "brought you all here so quickly?"

The Heavenly Lord said, "The proper magic of Five Thunder exercised by that Daoist was not faked."

He issued the summons and burned the document, which alerted the Jade Emperor.

The Jade Emperor sent his decree to the residence of the Primordial Celestial Worthy of All-Pervading Thunderclap in the Ninefold Heaven. We in turn received his command to come here and assist with the rainmaking by providing thunder and lightning.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “just wait a moment. You can help old Monkey instead.”

There was, therefore, neither the sound of thunder nor the flash of lightning.

In sheer desperation now, that Daoist added more incense, burned his charms, recited more spells, and struck his tablet more loudly than ever. In midair, the Dragon Kings of Four Oceans all arrived together, only to be met by Pilgrim, who shouted, “Aoguang, where do you think you’re going?”

Aoguang, Aoshun, Aoqin, and Aorun all went forward to salute him, and Pilgrim gave his explanation as before. He thanked the Dragon Kings moreover, saying, “I needed your help in times past, but we have not yet reached our goal.

Today, I must rely on your assistance once more to help me achieve this merit right now. That Daoist has struck his tablet four times, and it’s now old Monkey’s turn to do business. But I don’t know how to burn charms, issue summons, or strike any tablet. So all of you must play along with me.”

The Heavenly Lord Deng said, “If the Great Sage gives us the order, who would dare disobey? You must, however, give us a sign, so that we may follow your instructions in an orderly manner. Otherwise, thunder and rain may be all mixed up, and that will not be to the credit of the Great Sage.” Pilgrim said, “I’ll use my rod as the sign.”

“O Dear Father!” cried the Squire of Thunder, horrified. “How could we take the rod?”

“I’m not going to strike you,” said Pilgrim. “All I want from you is to watch the rod. If I point it upwards once, you’ll make the wind blow.”

“We’ll make the wind blow!” snapped the Old Woman of the Wind and the Second Boy of the Wind in unison.

“When the rod points upward a second time, you’ll spread the clouds.”

“We’ll spread the clouds! We’ll spread the clouds!” cried the Cloud-Pushing Boy and the Mist-Spreading Lad.

“When I point the rod upwards for the third time, I want thunder and lightning.”

“We’ll provide the service! We’ll provide the service!” said the Squire of Thunder and the Mother of Lightning.

“When I point the rod upwards the fourth time, I want rain.”

“We obey! We obey!” said the Dragon Kings.

“And when I point the rod upwards the fifth time, I want sunshine and fair weather. Don’t make any mistake!”

After he had given all these instructions, Pilgrim dropped down from the clouds and retrieved his hair back to his body. Being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, how could those people know the difference? Pilgrim then cried out with a loud voice, “Sir,

please stop! You have struck aloud the tablet four times, but there's not the slightest sign of wind, cloud, thunder, or rain. You should let me take over."

The Daoist had no choice but to leave his place and come down the altar for Pilgrim to take his turn. Pouting, he went back to the tower to see the throne. "Let me follow him," said Pilgrim, "and see what he has to say."

He arrived and heard the king asking the Daoist, "We have been listening here most eagerly for the sounds of your tablet. Four times it struck and there was neither wind nor rain. Why is that?"

The Daoist said, "Today the dragon deities are not home." Pilgrim shouted with a loud voice, "Your Majesty, the dragon deities are home all right, but the magic of your National Preceptor is not efficacious enough to bring them here. Allow us priests to summon them here for you to see."

"Ascend the altar at once," said the king, "and we shall wait for the rain here."

Having received this decree, Pilgrim dashed back to the altar and tugged at the Tang Monk, saying, "Master, please go up to the altar."

"Disciple," said the Tang Monk, "I don't know how to pray for rain."

"He's trying to set you up," said Eight Rules, laughing. "If there's no rain, they'll put you on the pyre and finish you off with a fire." Pilgrim said, "Though you may not know how to pray for rain, you know how to recite scriptures. Let me help you."

The elder indeed ascended the altar and solemnly took a seat on top. With complete concentration, he recited silently the Heart Sūtra. Suddenly an official came galloping on a horse with the question, "Why are you monks not striking the tablet and burning charms?" Pilgrim answered in a loud voice, "No need for that! Ours is the quiet work of fervent prayers."

The official left to give this reply to the king, and we shall mention him no further.

When Pilgrim heard that his old master had finished reciting the sūtra, he took out his rod from his ear and one wave of it in the wind gave it a length of twelve feet and the thickness of a rice bowl. He pointed it upwards in the air; when the Old Woman of the Wind saw it, she immediately shook loose her bag as the Second Boy of the Wind untied the rope around its mouth. The roar of the wind could be heard instantly, as tiles and bricks flew up all over the city and stones and dust hurtled through the air. Just look at it! It was truly marvelous wind, not at all similar to any ordinary breeze. You saw

*Snapped willows and cracked flowers;
Fallen trees and toppled woods;
Nine-layered halls with chipped and broken walls;
A Five- Phoenix Tower of shaken pillars and beams;
The red sun losing its brightness in Heav'n;
The yellow sand taking wings on Earth;
Alarmed warriors before the martial hall;
Frightened ministers in the letters bower;
Girls of three palaces with frowzy locks;
Beauties of six chambers with tousled hair.
Tassels dropped from gold caps of marquises and earls;*

*The prime minister's black gauze did spread its wings.
 Attendants had words but they dared not speak;
 The Yellow Gate held papers that could not be sent.
 Goldfishes and jade belts stood not in rows;
 Ivory tablets and silk gowns had broken ranks.
 Colored rooms and turquoise screens were all damaged;
 Green windows and scarlet doors were all destroyed.
 Tiles of Golden Chimes Hall flew off with bricks;
 Carved doors of Brocade- Cloud Hall all fell apart.
 This violent wind was violent indeed!
 It blew till king and subjects, fathers and sons, could not meet,
 Till all streets and markets were emptied of men,
 And doors of ten thousand homes were tightly shut.*

As this violent gust of wind arose, Pilgrim Sun further revealed his magic power. Giving his golden-hooped rod a twirl, he pointed it upwards a second time. You saw

*The Cloud- Pushing Boy,
 The Fog- Spreading Lad—
 The Cloud- Pushing Boy revealed his godly power
 And a murky mass dropped down from Heaven;
 The Fog- Spreading Lad displayed his magic might
 And dense, soaring mists covered the Earth.
 The three markets all grew dim;
 The six avenues all turned dark.
 With wind clouds left the seas
 And Kunlun, trailing the rain.
 Soon they filled Heav'n and Earth
 And blackened this world of dust.
 Twas opaque like chaos of yore;
 None could see Phoenix Tower's door.*

As thick fog and dense clouds rolled in, Pilgrim Sun gave his golden-hooped rod another twirl and pointed it upwards a third time. You saw

*The Squire of Thunder raging,
 The Mother of Lightning irate—
 The Squire of Thunder, raging,
 Rode a fiery beast backward to descend from Heaven's pass;
 The Mother of Lightning, irate,
 Wielded gold snakes madly as she left the Dipper Hall.
 Hu-la-la cracked the thunder,
 Shattering the Iron Fork Mountain;
 Xi-li-li flashed the scarlet sheets,
 Flying out of the Eastern Ocean.
 Loud rumbles of chariots came on and off;
 Like fires and fumes the grains and rice shot up.
 Myriad things sprouted, their spirits revived.
 Countless insects were from dormancy aroused.
 King and subjects both were terrified;*

Traders and merchants were awed by the sound.

Ping-ping, pang-pang, the thunder flashed and roared so ferociously that it seemed as if mountains were toppling and the earth was splitting apart. So terrified were the city's inhabitants that every house lighted incense, that every home burned paper money. "Old Deng," shouted Pilgrim. "Take care to look out for those greedy and corrupt officials, those churlish and disobedient sons. Strike down many of them for me to warn the public!"

The peal of thunder grew louder than ever. Finally, Pilgrim pointed the iron rod once more and you saw

*The dragons gave order,
And rain filled the world,
Strong as Heavens river spilling o'er the dikes,
Quick as the clouds rushing through a channel.
It pattered on top of towers;
It splashed outside the windows.
The Silver Stream ran down from Heaven,
And whitecaps surged through the streets.
It spurted like vases upturned;
It gushed forth like basins poured out.
With houses almost drowned in hamlets,
The water rose to rural bridges' height.
Truly mulberry fields became vast oceans,
And billows all too soon raced through the land.
Dragon gods came to lend a helping hand
By lifting up the Yangzi and throwing it down!*

The torrential rain began in the morning and did not stop even after the noon hour. So great was the downpour that all the streets and gulleys of the Cart Slow Kingdom were completely flooded. The king therefore issued this decree:

"The rain's enough! If we had any more, it might damage the crops and that would have made things worse."

An official messenger below the Five-Phoenix Tower at once galloped through the rain to make this announcement:

"Holy monk, we have enough rain." When Pilgrim heard this, he pointed the golden-hooped rod upwards once more and, instantly, the thunder stopped and the wind subsided, the rain ended and the clouds dispersed. The king was filled with delight, and not one of the various civil and military officials could refrain from marveling, saying, "Marvelous priest! This is truly that 'for the strong, there's someone stronger still!' Even when our Preceptors of State were capable of making the rain, a fine drizzle would go on for virtually half a day before it stopped completely. How is it that the weather can turn fair the moment the priest wants it to be fair? Look, the sun comes out instantly and there is not a speck of cloud anywhere!"

The king gave the command for the carriage to be returned to the palace, for he wanted to certify the travel rescript and permit the Tang Monk to pass through. Just as he was about to use his treasure seal, the three Daoists all went forward and stopped him, saying, "Your Majesty, this downpour of rain cannot be regarded as the monk's merit, for it still owes its origin to the strength of the Daoist Gate."

The king said, “You just claimed that the Dragon Kings were not home and that was why it didn’t rain. He walked up there, exercised his quiet work of fervent prayers, and rain came down at once. How could you strive with him for credit?”

The Tiger-Strength Immortal said, “I issued my summons, burned my charms, and struck my tablets several times after I ascended the altar. Which Dragon King would dare not show up? It had to be that someone else somewhere was also requesting their service, and that was the reason that the Dragon Kings along with the officers of the other four bureaus—of wind, cloud, thunder, and lightning—did not appear at first. Once they heard my summons, however, they were in a hurry to get here, and by that time it happened that I was leaving the altar already. The priest, of course, made use of the opportunity and it rained. But if you thought about the matter from the beginning, the dragons were those which I summoned here and the rain was that which we called for. How could you regard this, therefore, as their meritorious fruit?” When that dim-witted king heard these words, he became all confused again.

Pilgrim walked one step forward, and pressing his palms together he said, “Your Majesty, this trivial magic of heterodoxy is hardly to be considered anything of consequence. Let’s not worry about whether it’s his merit or ours. Let me tell you instead that there are in midair right now the Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans; because I have not dismissed them, they dare not withdraw. If that Preceptor of State could order the Dragon Kings to reveal themselves, I would concede that this was his merit.” Very pleased, the king said, “We have been on the throne for twenty-three years, but we have never laid eyes on a living dragon. Both of you can exercise your magic power, regardless whether you are a monk or a Daoist. If you could ask them to reveal themselves, it would be your merit; if you couldn’t, it would be your fault.”

Those Daoists, of course, had no such power or authority. Even if they were to give the order, the Dragon Kings would never dare show themselves on account of the presence of the Great Sage. Thus, the Daoists said, “We can’t do this. Why don’t you try?” Lifting his face toward the air, the Great Sage cried out in a loud voice:

“Aoguang, where are you? All of you brothers, show your true selves!” When those Dragon Kings heard this call, they at once revealed their original forms—four dragons dancing through clouds and mists toward the Hall of Golden Chimes. You see them

*Soaring and transforming,
Encircling clouds and mists.
Like white hooks the jade claws hang;
Like bright mirrors the silver scales shine.
Whiskers float like white silk, each strand’s distinct;
Horns rise ruggedly, each prong is clear.
Those craggy foreheads;
Those brilliant round eyes.
They, hidden or seen, can’t be fathomed;
They, flying or soaring, can’t be described.
Pray for rain, and rain comes instantly;
Ask for fair sky, and it’s here at once.
Only these are the true dragon forms, most potent and holy,
Their good aura surrounds the court profusely.*

The king lighted incense in the hall, and the various officials bowed down before the steps. “It was most kind of you to show us your precious forms,” said the king. “Please go back, and we shall say a special mass another day to thank you.”

“All of you deities may now retire,” said Pilgrim, “for the king has promised to thank you with a special mass on another day.”

The Dragon Kings returned to the oceans, while the other deities all went back to Heaven. Thus this is

*The true magic might, so boundless and vast;
Heresy's pierced by nature enlightened.*

We don't know how the deviant is finally exorcised; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-SIX

*Heresy flaunts its strength to mock orthodoxy
Mind Monkey in epiphany slays the deviates*

We were telling you that when the king saw Pilgrim Sun's ability to summon dragons and command sages, he immediately applied his treasure seal to the travel rescript. He was about to hand it back to the Tang Monk and permit him to take up the journey once more, when the three Daoists went forward and prostrated themselves before the steps of the Hall of Golden Chimes. The king left his dragon throne hurriedly and tried to raise them with his hands. "State Preceptors," he said, "why do you three go through such a great ceremony with us today?"

"Your Majesty," said the Daoists, "we have been upholding your reign and providing security for your people here for these twenty years. Today this priest has made use of some paltry tricks of magic and robbed us of all our credit and ruined our reputation. Just because of one rainstorm, Your Majesty has pardoned even their crime of murder. Are we not being treated lightly? Let Your Majesty withhold their rescript for the moment and allow us brothers to wage another contest with them. We shall see what happens then."

That king was in truth a confused man: he would side with the east when they mentioned east, and with the west when they mentioned west. Indeed, putting away the travel rescript, he said, "State Preceptors, what sort of contest do you wish to wage with them?"

"A contest of meditation," said the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal. "That's no good," said the king, "for the monk is reared in the religion of meditation. He must be well trained in such mysteries before he dares receive the decree to acquire scriptures. Why do you want to wage such a contest with him?"

"This contest," said the Great Immortal, "is not an ordinary one, for it has the name of the Epiphany of Saintliness by the Cloud Ladder."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the king. The Great Immortal said, "We need one hundred tables, fifty of which will be made, by piling one on top of the other, into an altar of meditation. Each contestant must ascend to the top without using his hands or a ladder, but only with the help of a cloud. We shall also agree on how many hours we shall remain immobile while sitting on the top of the altar." When he learned that it was to be such a difficult contest, the king put the question to the pilgrims, saying, "Hey, monks! Our State Preceptor would like to wage with you a contest of meditation, called the Epiphany of Saintliness by the Cloud Ladder. Can any one of you do it?" When Pilgrim heard this, he fell silent and gave no reply. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "why aren't you saying anything?"

"Brother, to tell you the truth," said Pilgrim, "I'm quite capable of performing such difficult feats as kicking down the sky or overturning wells, stirring up oceans or upending rivers, carrying mountains or chasing the moon, and altering the course of stars and planets. I'm not afraid, in fact, of even having my head split open or cut off, of having my stomach ripped apart and my heart gouged out, or of any such strange manipulations. But if you ask me to sit and meditate, I'll lose the contest even before I begin! Where could I, tell me, acquire the nature to sit still? Even if you were to chain

me to an iron pillar, I would still try to climb up and down. I can never manage to sit still.”

“But *I* know how to sit and meditate,” the Tang Monk blurted out suddenly. “Marvelous! Just marvelous!” said Pilgrim, highly pleased. “How long can you do this?”

“I met some lofty Chan masters when I was young,” said Tripitaka, “who expounded to me the absolutely crucial foundation of quiescence and concentration in order to preserve my spirit. Shut up alone in the so-called Life-and- Death Meditative Confinement, I had managed to sit still for two or three years at least.”

“If you do that, Master,” said Pilgrim, “we won’t need to go acquire scriptures! At most, I don’t think it will be necessary for you to sit for more than three hours here before you will be able to come down.”

“But Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “I can’t get up there.”

“You step forward and accept the challenge,” said Pilgrim. “I’ll send you up there.” Indeed, the elder pressed his palms together before his chest and said, “This humble priest knows how to sit in meditation.”

The king at once gave the order for the altars to be built. Truly, a nation has the strength to topple mountains! In less than half an hour, two altars were built on the left and right of the Hall of Golden Chimes.

Coming down from the hall, the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal went to the middle of the courtyard. He leaped into the air and at once a mat of clouds formed under his feet and took him up to the altar to the west, where he sat down. Pilgrim meanwhile pulled off one strand of his hair and caused it to change into a spurious form of himself, standing down below to accompany Eight Rules and Sha Monk. He himself changed into an auspicious cloud of five colors to carry the Tang Monk into the air and lift him to sit on the altar to the east. He then changed himself into a tiny mole cricket and flew to alight on Eight Rules’s ear to whisper to him, “Brother, look up and watch Master with care. Don’t speak to the substitute of old Monkey!” Laughing, Idiot said, “I know! I know!” We tell you now about the Deer-Strength Great Immortal sitting on the embroidered cushion in the hall, where he watched the two contestants for a long time and found them quite equally matched. This Daoist decided to give his elder brother some help: pulling a stubby piece of hair from the back of his head, he rolled it with his fingers into a tiny ball and filliped it onto the head of the Tang Monk. The piece of hair changed into a huge bedbug and began to bite the elder. At first, the elder felt an itch, after which it changed to pain. Now, one of the rules in meditation is that one cannot move one’s hands; when one does, it is an immediate admission of defeat. As the elder found the itch and pain to be quite unbearable, he sought to find relief by wriggling his head against the collar of his robe. “Oh dear!” said Eight Rules. “Master is going to have a fit!”

“No,” said Sha Monk, “he might be having a headache.”

Hearing this, Pilgrim said, “My master is an honest gentleman. If he said he knew how to practice meditation, he would be able to do it. A gentleman does not lie! Stop speculating, the two of you, and let me go up to take a look.”

Dear Pilgrim! He buzzed up there and alighted on the head of the Tang Monk, where he discovered a bedbug about the size of a bean biting the elder. Hurriedly, he removed it with his hand, and then he gave his master a few gentle scratches. His itch

and pain relieved, the elder once more sat motionless on the altar. “The bald head of a priest,” thought Pilgrim to himself, “can’t even hold a louse! How could a bedbug get into it? It must be, I suppose, a stunt of that Daoist, trying to harm my master. Ha! Ha! Since they haven’t quite reached a decision yet in this contest, let old Monkey give him a taste of his own tricks!”

Flying up into the air until he reached a height beyond the roof of the palace, he shook his body and changed at once into a centipede at least seven inches in length. It dropped down from the sky and landed on the Daoist’s upper lip before his nostrils, where it gave him a terrific bite. Unable to sit still any longer, the Daoist fell backwards from the altar head over heels and almost lost his life. He was fortunate enough to have all the officials rush forward to pull him up. The horrified king at once asked the Grand Preceptor before the Throne to help him go to the Pavilion of Cultural Florescence to be washed and combed. Pilgrim, meanwhile, changed himself again into the auspicious cloud to carry his master down to the courtyard before the steps, where he was declared the winner.

The king wanted to let them go, but the Deer-Strength Great Immortal again said to him, “Your Majesty, my elder brother has been suffering from a suppressed chill; when he goes up to a high place, the cold wind he’s exposed to will bring on his old sickness. That was why the monk was able to gain the upper hand. Let me now wage with them a contest of guessing what’s behind the boards.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked the king. Deer-Strength said, “This humble Daoist has the ability to gain knowledge of things even if they were placed behind boards. Let’s see if those monks are able to do the same. If they could outguess me, let them go; but if not, then let them be punished according to Your Majesty’s wishes so that our fraternal distress may be avenged and that our services to the kingdom for these twenty years may remain untainted.”

Truly that king is exceedingly confused! Swayed by such fraudulent words, he at once gave the order for a red lacquered chest to be brought to the inner palace. The queen was asked to place a treasure in the chest before it was carried out again and set before the white-jade steps. The king said to the monks and the Daoists, “Let both sides wage your contest now and see who can guess the treasure inside the chest.”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “how could we know what’s in the chest?” Pilgrim changed again into a mole cricket and flew up to the head of the Tang Monk. “Relax, Master,” he said, “let me go take a look.”

Dear Great Sage! Unnoticed by anyone, he flew up to the chest and found a crack at the base, through which he crept inside. On a red lacquered tray he found a set of palace robes: they were the empire blouse and cosmic skirt. Quickly he picked them up and shook them loose; then he bit open the tip of his tongue and spat a mouthful of blood onto the garments, crying, “Change!”

They changed instantly into a torn and worn-out cassock; before he left, however, he soaked it with his bubbly and stinking urine. After crawling out again through the crack, he flew back to alight on the Tang Monk’s ear and said, “Master, you may guess that it is a torn and worn-out cassock.”

“He said that it was some kind of treasure,” said Tripitaka. “How could such a thing be a treasure?”

“Never mind,” said Pilgrim, “for what’s important is that you guess correctly.”

As the Tang Monk took a step forward to announce what he guessed was in the chest, the Deer-Strength Great Immortal said, "I'll guess first. The chest contains an empire blouse and a cosmic skirt."

"No! No!" cried the Tang Monk. "There's only a torn and wornout cassock in the chest."

"How dare he?" said the king. "This priest thinks that there is no treasure in our kingdom. What's this wornout cassock that he speaks of? Seize him!"

The two rows of palace guards immediately wanted to raise their hands, and the Tang Monk became so terrified that he pressed his palms together and shouted, "Your Majesty, please pardon this humble priest for the moment."

Open the chest; if it were indeed a treasure, this humble priest would accept his punishment. But if it were not, wouldn't you have wrongly accused me?"

The king had the chest opened, and when the attendant to the throne lifted out the lacquered tray, sitting on it was indeed one torn and worn-out cassock! "Who put this thing here?" cried the king, highly incensed, and from behind the dragon seat the queen of the three palaces came forward. "My lord," she said, "it was I who personally placed the empire blouse and the cosmic skirt inside the chest. How could they change into something like this?"

"Let my royal wife retire," said the king, "for we are well aware of the fact that all the things used in the palace are made of the finest silk and embroidered materials. How could there be such a shabby object?"

He then said to his attendants, "Bring us the chest. We ourselves will hide something in it and try again."

The king went to his imperial garden in the rear and picked from his orchard a huge peach, about the size of a rice bowl, which he placed in the chest. The chest was brought out and the two parties were told to guess once more. "Disciples," said the Tang Monk, "he wants us to guess again."

"Relax," said Pilgrim. "Let me go and take another look." With a buzz, he flew away and crawled inside the chest as before. Nothing could have been more agreeable to him than what he found: a peach. Changing back into his original form, he sat in the chest and ate the fruit so heartily that every morsel on both sides of the groove was picked clean. Leaving the stone behind, he changed back into the mole cricket and flew back onto the Tang Monk's ear, saying, "Master, say that it's a peach's pit."

"Disciple," said the elder, "don't make a fool of me! If I weren't so quick with my mouth just now, I would have been seized and punished. This time we must say it's some kind of treasure. How could a peach's pit be a treasure?"

"Have no fear," said Pilgrim. "You'll win, and that's all that matters!"

Tripitaka was just about to speak when the Goat-Strength Great Immortal said, "This humble Daoist will guess first: it is a peach."

"Not a peach," said Tripitaka, "but a fleshless peach's pit."

"It's a peach we put in ourselves," bellowed the king. "How could it be a pit? Our third Preceptor of State has guessed correctly."

"Your Majesty," said Tripitaka, "please open the chest and see for yourself."

The attendant before the throne went to open the chest and lifted up the tray: it was in truth a pit, entirely without any peel or flesh.

When the king saw this, he became quite frightened and said, "O State Preceptors, don't wage any more contests with them. Let them go! The peach was picked by our own hands, and now it turns out to be a pit. Who could have eaten it? The spirits and gods must be giving them secret assistance." When Eight Rules heard the words, he grinned sardonically to Sha Monk, saying, "Little does he realize how many years of peach eating are behind this!" Just then, the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal walked out from the Pavilion of Cultural Florescence after he had been washed and combed. "Your Majesty," he said as he walked up the hall, "this monk knows the magic of object removal. Give me the chest, and I'll destroy his magic. Then we can have another contest with him."

"What do you want to do?" asked the king. Tiger-Strength said, "His magic can remove only lifeless objects but not a human body. Put this Daoist youth in the chest, and he'll never be able to remove him."

The youth indeed was hidden in the chest, which was then brought down again from the hall to be placed before the steps. "You, monk," said the king, "guess again what sort of treasure we have inside."

Tripitaka said, "Here it comes again!"

"Let me go and have another look," said Pilgrim. With a buzz, he flew off and crawled inside, where he found a Daoist lad. Marvelous Great Sage! What readiness of mind! Truly

Such agility is rare in the world!

Such cleverness is uncommon indeed!

Shaking his body once, he changed himself into the form of one of those old Daoists, whispering as he entered the chest, "Disciple."

"Master," said the lad, "how did you come in here?"

"With the magic of invisibility," said Pilgrim. The lad said, "Do you have some instructions for me?"

"The priest saw you enter the chest," said Pilgrim, "and if he made his guess a Daoist lad, wouldn't we lose to him again? That's why I came here to discuss the matter with you. Let's shave your head, and we'll then make the guess that you are a monk."

The Daoist lad said, "Do whatever you want, Master, just so that we win. For if we lose to them again, not only our reputation will be ruined, but the court also may no longer revere us."

"Exactly," said Pilgrim. "Come over here, my child. When we defeat them, I'll reward you handsomely."

He changed his golden-hooped rod into a sharp razor, and hugging the lad, he said, "Darling, try to endure the pain for a moment. Don't make any noise! I'll shave your head." In a little while, the lad's hair was completely shorn, rolled into a ball, and stuffed into one of the corners of the chest. He put away the razor, and rubbing the lad's bald head, he said, "My child, your head looks like a monk's all right, but your clothes don't fit. Take them off and let me change them for you." What the Daoist lad had on was a crane's-down robe of spring-onion white silk, embroidered with the cloud pattern and trimmed with brocade. When he took it off, Pilgrim blew on it his immortal breath,

crying, “Change!” It changed instantly into a monk shirt of brown color, which Pilgrim helped him put on. He then pulled off two pieces of hair which he changed into a wooden fish and a tap. “Disciple,” said Pilgrim, as he handed over the fish and the tap to the lad, “you must listen carefully. If you hear someone call for the Daoist youth, don’t ever leave this chest. If someone calls ‘Monk,’ then you may push open the chest door, strike up the wooden fish, and walk out chanting a Buddhist sūtra. Then it’ll be complete success for us.”

“I only know,” said the lad, “how to recite the *Three Officials*

Scripture, the *Northern Dipper Scripture*, or the *Woe-Dispelling Scripture*. I don’t know how to recite any Buddhist sūtra.” Pilgrim said, “Can you chant the name of Buddha?”

“You mean Amitābha,” said the lad. “Who doesn’t know that?”

“Good enough! Good enough!” said Pilgrim. “You may chant the name of Buddha. It’ll spare me from having to teach you anything new. Remember what I’ve told you. I’m leaving.”

He changed back into a mole cricket and crawled out, after which he flew back to the ear of the Tang Monk and said, “Master, just guess it’s a monk.”

Tripitaka said, “This time I know I’ll win.”

“How could you be so sure?” asked Pilgrim, and Tripitaka replied, “The sūtras said, ‘The Buddha, the Dharma, and the Saṅgha are the Three Jewels.’ A monk therefore is a treasure.”

As they were thus talking among themselves, the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal said, “Your Majesty, this third time it is a Daoist youth.”

He made the declaration several times, but nothing happened nor did anyone make an appearance. Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka said, “It’s a monk.” With all his might, Eight Rules screamed, “It’s a monk in the chest!”

All at once the youth kicked open the chest and walked out, striking the wooden fish and chanting the name of Buddha. So delighted were the two rows of civil and military officials that they shouted bravos repeatedly; so astonished were the three Daoists that they could not utter a sound. “These priests must have the assistance from spirits and gods,” said the king. “How could a Daoist enter the chest and come out a monk? Even if he had an attendant with him, he might have been able to have his head shaved. How could he know how to take up the chanting of Buddha’s name? O Preceptors! Please let them go!”

“Your Majesty,” said the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal, “as the proverb says, ‘The warrior has found his peer, the chess player his match.’ We might as well make use of some martial arts we learned in our youth at Zhongnan Mountain and challenge them to a greater competition.”

“What sort of martial arts did you learn?” asked the king. Tiger-Strength replied, “We three brothers all have acquired some magic abilities: cut off our heads, and we can put them back on our necks; open our chests and gouge out our hearts, and they will grow back again; inside a cauldron of boiling oil, we can take baths.”

Highly startled, the king said, “These three things are all roads leading to certain death!”

“Only because we have such magic power,” said Tiger-Strength, “do we dare make so bold a claim. We won’t quit until we have waged this contest with them.”

The king said in a loud voice, “You priests from the Land of the East, our Preceptor of States are unwilling to let you go. They wish to wage one more contest with you in head cutting, stomach ripping, and going into a cauldron of boiling oil to take a bath.” Pilgrim was still assuming the form of the mole cricket, flying back and forth to make his secret report. When he heard this, he retrieved his hair that had been changed into his substitute, and he himself changed at once back into his true form. “Lucky! Lucky!” he cried with loud guffaws. “Business has come to my door!”

“These three things,” said Eight Rules, “will certainly make you lose your life. How could you say that business has come to your door?”

“You still have no idea of my abilities!” said Pilgrim. “Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you are quite clever, quite capable in those transformations. Aren’t those skills something already? What more abilities do you have?” Pilgrim said,

*“Cut off my head and I still can speak,
Sever my arms, I still can beat you up!
My legs amputated, I still can walk.
My belly, ripped open, will heal again,
Smooth and snug as a wonton people make:
A tiny pinch and it’s completely formed.
To bathe in boiling oil is easier still;
Like warm liquid cleanse me of dirt it will.”*

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard these words, they roared with laughter. Pilgrim went forward and said, “Your Majesty, this young priest knows how to have his head cut off.”

“How did you acquire such an ability?” asked the king. “When I was practicing austerities in a monastery some years ago,” said Pilgrim, “I met a mendicant Chan master, who taught me the magic of head cutting. I don’t know whether it works or not, and that’s why I want to try it out right now.”

“This priest is so young and ignorant!” said the king, chuckling. “Is head cutting something to try out? The head is, after all, the very fountain of the six kinds of *yang* energies in one’s body. If you cut it off, you’ll die.”

“That’s what we want,” said Tiger-Strength. “Only then can our feelings be relieved!”

Besotted by the Daoist’s words, the foolish ruler immediately gave the decree for an execution site to be prepared.

Once the command was given, three thousand imperial guards took up their positions outside the gate of the court. The king said, “Monk, go and cut off your head first.”

“I’ll go first! I’ll go first!” said Pilgrim merrily. He folded his hands before his chest and shouted, “State Preceptors, pardon my presumption for taking my turn first!”

He turned swiftly and was about to dash out. The Tang Monk grabbed him, saying, “O Disciple! Be careful! Where you are going isn’t a playground!”

“No fear!” said Pilgrim. “Take off your hands! Let me go!”

The Great Sage went straight to the execution site, where he was caught hold of by the executioner and bound with ropes. He was then led to a tall mound and pinned down on top of it. At the cry "Kill," his head came off with a swishing sound. Then the executioner gave the head a kick, and it rolled off like a watermelon to a distance of some forty paces away. No blood, however, spurted from the neck of Pilgrim. Instead, a voice came from inside his stomach, crying, "Come, head!" So alarmed was the Deer-Strength Great Immortal by the sight of such ability that he at once recited a spell and gave this charge to the local spirit and patron deity:

"Hold down that head. When I have defeated the monk, I'll persuade the king to turn your little shrines into huge temples, your idols of clay into true bodies of gold."

The local spirit and the god, you see, had to serve him since he knew the magic of the Five Thunders. Secretly, they indeed held Pilgrim's head down. Once more Pilgrim cried, "Come, head!"

But the head stayed on the ground as if it had taken root; it would not move at all. Somewhat anxious, Pilgrim rolled his hands into fists and wrenched his body violently. The ropes all snapped and fell off; at the cry "Grow," a head sprang up instantly from his neck. Every one of the executioners and every member of the imperial guards became terrified, while the officer in charge of the execution dashed inside the court to make this report:

"Your Majesty, that young priest had his head cut off, but another head has grown up."

"Sha Monk," said Eight Rules, giggling, "we truly had no idea that Elder Brother has this kind of talent!"

"If he knows seventy-two ways of transformation," said Sha Monk, "he may have altogether seventy-two heads!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Pilgrim came walking back, saying, "Master."

Exceedingly pleased, Tripitaka said, "Disciple, did it hurt?"

"Hardly," said Pilgrim, "it's sort of fun!"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "do you need ointment for the scar?"

"Touch me," said Pilgrim, "and see if there's any scar." Idiot touched him and he was dumbfounded. "Marvelous! Marvelous!" he giggled. "It healed perfectly. You can't feel even the slightest scar!"

As the brothers were chatting happily among themselves, they heard the king say, "Receive your rescript. We give you a complete pardon. Go away!" Pilgrim said, "We'll take the rescript all right, but we want the Preceptor of State to go there and cut his head off too! He should try something new!"

"Great Preceptor of State," said the king, "the priest is not willing to pass you up. If you want to compete with him, please try not to frighten us."

Tiger-Strength had no choice but to go up to the site, where he was bound and pinned to the ground by several executioners. One of them lifted the sword and cut off his head, which was then kicked some thirty paces away. Blood did not spurt from his trunk either, and he, too, gave a cry, "Come, head!"

Hurriedly pulling off a piece of hair, Pilgrim blew on it his immortal breath, crying, "Change!" It changed into a yellow hound, which dashed into the execution site, picked up the Daoist's head with its mouth, and ran to drop it into the imperial moat. The Daoist, meanwhile, called for his head three times without success. He did not, you see, have the ability of Pilgrim, and there was no possibility that he could produce another head. All at once, bright crimson gushed out from his trunk. Alas!

*Though for wind and rain he can send and call,
Gainst a right-fruit god he's no match at all.*

In a moment, he fell to the dust, and those gathered about him discovered that he was actually a headless tiger with yellow fur.

The officer in charge of the execution went again to memorialize. "Your Majesty," he said, "the Great Preceptor of State's head was cut off, but it could not grow back again. He perished in the dust and then he became a headless tiger with yellow fur." On hearing this, the king paled with fright and stared at the remaining two Daoists with unblinking eyes. Rising from his cushion, Deer-Strength said, "My Elder Brother must have been fated to die at this particular moment. But how could he be a yellow tiger? This has to be that monk's roguery. He is using some kind of deceptive magic to change my elder brother into a beast. I won't spare him now. I insist on having a competition of stomach ripping and heart gouging." When the king heard this, he calmed down and said, "Little priest, our Second Preceptor of State wants to wage another contest with you."

"This little priest," said Pilgrim, "has not eaten much prepared food for a long time. The other day when we were journeying to the West, a kind patron kept asking us to eat and I stuffed myself with more pieces of steamed bread than I should have taken. I have been having a stomachache since, and I fear that I may have worms. This contest, therefore, can't be more timely, for I want very much to borrow Your Majesty's knife to rip open my stomach, so that I may take out my viscera and clean out my stomach and spleen before I dare proceed to see Buddha in the Western Heaven." When the king heard this, he gave the order, "Take him to the execution site."

A throng of captains and guards came forward to pull and tug at Pilgrim, who pushed them back, saying, "I don't need people to hold me.

I'm going to walk there myself. There's one thing, however. I don't want my hands tied, for I want to wash and clean out my viscera."

The king at once gave the order, "Don't tie his hands." With a swagger, Pilgrim walked down to the execution site. Leaning himself on a huge pillar, he untied his robe and revealed his stomach. The executioner used a rope and tied his neck to the pillar; down below, another rope strapped his two legs also to the pillar.

Then he wielded a sharp dagger and ripped Pilgrim's chest downward, all the way to his lower abdomen. Pilgrim used both his hands to push open his belly, and then he took out his intestines, which he examined one by one. After a long pause, he put them back inside, coil for coil exactly as before. Grasping the skins of his belly and bringing them together with his hands, he blew his magic breath on his abdomen, crying, "Grow!"

At once his belly closed up completely. So astonished was the king that he presented with both his hands the rescript to Pilgrim, saying, "Holy monk, please do not delay your westward journey any further. Take your rescript and leave."

“The rescript is a small matter,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “How about asking Second Preceptor of State to go through with the cutting and ripping?”

“Don’t put the blame on us,” said the king to Deer-Strength. “It’s you who wanted to be his opponent. Please go! Please go!”

“Relax!” said Deer-Strength. “I don’t think I’ll ever lose to him!” Look at him! He even imitated the swagger of Pilgrim Sun as he headed for the execution site. There he was bound with ropes, and then his stomach was also ripped open by the dagger of the executioner. He, too, took out his guts and manipulated them with his hands. Pilgrim at once pulled off a piece of his hair, on which he blew a mouthful of his divine breath, crying, “Change.” It changed into a hungry hawk; spreading its wings and claws, it flew up to the Daoist and snatched him clean of his guts. Then it flew off somewhere to enjoy its catch leisurely, while the Daoist was reduced to

*Of torn belly and empty trunk a ghost so drippy,
With less innards and no guts a soul most ditsy!*

Kicking down the pillar, the executioner dragged the corpse over to have a closer look. Ah! It was actually a white-coated deer with horns.

The officer in charge of the execution again ran hurriedly to make the report:

“Second Preceptor of State is most unlucky! As his stomach was ripped open, his viscera were snatched away by a hungry hawk. After he perished, his original form was a white-coated deer with horns.” More and more alarmed, the king asked, “How could he turn into a deer with horns?”

The Goat-Strength Great Immortal said, “Yes, how could my elder brother die and turn into the form of a beast? It has to be the magic of that monk, used by him to plot against us. Let me avenge the deaths of my elder brothers.”

“With what magic can you triumph over him?” asked the king, and Goat-Strength replied, “I’m going to wage with him the contest of bathing in a cauldron of hot oil.”

The king indeed sent for a huge cauldron filled with fragrant oil and told them to begin the contest. “I thank you for your kindness,” said Pilgrim, “for this young priest has not had a bath for a long time. My skin, in fact, has been rather dried and itchy these past two days, and I must have it scalded to take away the irritation.”

The attendant before the throne indeed lighted a great fire on a huge pile of wood, and the oil in the cauldron was heated to boiling.

When he was asked to step into it, Pilgrim pressed his palms together in front of him and asked, “Will it be a civil or a military bath?”

“What’s the difference?” asked the king. Pilgrim said, “A civil bath means that I shall not remove my clothing. With my hands on my hips, I’ll jump in and jump out again after one little roll, so swiftly, in fact, that the clothes are not permitted to be soiled. If there’s the tiniest speck of oil on the garments, I lose. A military bath, however, will require a clothes rack and a towel. I’ll undress before I dive in, and I shall be permitted to play in there as I wish, including doing somersaults and cartwheels.”

The king said to Goat-Strength, “How do you want to compete with him? A civil or a military bath?”

“If we take the civil bath,” said Goat-Strength, “I fear that his robes may have been treated so that oil will slide off him. Let’s have the military bath.” Stepping forward instantly, Pilgrim said, “Pardon me again for the presumption of taking my turn first.” Look at him! He took off his shirt and untied his tiger-skin kilt. With a bound, he leaped straight into the cauldron, splashing and frolicking in the boiling oil as if he were swimming in it.

When Eight Rules saw this, he bit his finger and said to Sha Monk, “We truly have misjudged this ape! During those sarcastic exchanges and the banter between us all this time, I thought he was simply joking! Little did I realize that he really had such ability!”

They could hardly refrain from their marveling, but when Pilgrim saw them whispering back and forth to each other, he became highly suspicious and thought to himself, “That Idiot must be laughing at me! This is what the proverb means:

‘Intelligence has its work and incompetence its leisure.’ Old Monkey has to go through all this, and he’s quite comfortable over there! Let me put some ropes on him and see whether he’ll be more cautious!”

As he bathed himself, he suddenly dove toward the bottom of the cauldron with a splash.

There he changed himself into a small tack and all but disappeared.

The officer in charge of the proceedings went forward again to make the report:

“Your Majesty, the young priest has been fried to death by the boiling oil.”

Delighted, the king gave the order for the bones to be fished out for him to see, and the executioner went forward to rake the oil with an iron strainer. The holes in the strainer, however, were quite large, whereas the tack into which Pilgrim had changed himself was very tiny, and repeatedly, it fell through the holes after it had been scooped up. The officer had no choice but to come back with this word:

“The priest’s body is tender and his bones are frail. He seems to have melted completely!”

The king at once shouted, “Seize those three monks!” Seeing how savage were the looks of Eight Rules, the palace guards rushed at him first and threw him to the ground, tying both of his hands behind his back. Tripitaka was so terrified that he cried out in a loud voice, “Your Majesty, please pardon this humble cleric for the moment. Since that disciple of mine embraced our faith, he has made merit again and again. Today his affront to the Preceptor of State has led to his death in a cauldron of oil, and this humble cleric certainly has no desire to cling to my own life. Moreover, just as the officials are ruling over the people, so are you the ruler above all, and if you as king ask me, your subject, to die, how could I dare not die? But the one who died first has already become a spirit, and this is the reason I beg you for a moment’s grace. Grant me half a cup of cold water or a bowl of thin gruel; give me also three paper horses and permit me to go before the cauldron to present these offerings and to express my regard for him as a disciple. Then I will accept whatever punishment you have for me.” On hearing this, the king said, “All right! The Chinese are a very loyal people indeed!”

He asked that the Tang Monk be given the rice gruel and paper money.

The Tang Monk requested that Sha Monk go with him below the steps, while a few of the guards dragged Eight Rules by the ears up to the cauldron. Facing it, the Tang Monk offered the following invocation:

“My dear disciple, Sun Wukong!

*Since taking precepts at the grove of Chan,
What love you showed me on our westward way.
We hoped jointly to perfect the Great Dao.
How could I know you would perish this day!
You lived for finding scriptures when alive;
In death your mind from Buddha must not stray.
Your gallant soul afar should wait to rise
To Thunderclap as ghost from Hades' dark sway.”*

On hearing this prayer, Eight Rules said, “Master, that’s not the proper invocation. Sha Monk, hold up the rice offering for me. Let me pray!”

Bound and pinned to the ground, Idiot gasped out these words:

*“You brazen, disaster-courting ape!
You ignorant Ban
Horse
Plague.
You brazen, death-deserving ape!
You deep-fried Ban
Horse
Plague!
Monkey is bumped off!
Horse
Plague’s uprooted!”*

Pilgrim Sun was, of course, still in the bottom of the cauldron. When he heard these castigations from Idiot, he could no longer restrain himself and at once changed back into his original form. Standing up stark naked in the cauldron, he shouted, “You overstuffed coolie! Whom are you castigating?”

“Disciple,” said the Tang Monk when he saw Pilgrim, “you almost frightened me to death!” Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother simply loves to play dead!”

The civil and military officials all rushed up the steps to report:

“Your Majesty, that priest did not die. He has emerged again from the cauldron.”

Fearing that he might be found guilty of making a false report to the throne, the officer in charge of execution said, “He is dead all right. But today happens to be a rather inauspicious day and the ghost of that young priest is now manifesting itself.” Maddened by what he heard, Pilgrim leaped out of the cauldron, dried himself from the oil, and threw on his clothes. Dragging that officer over, he whipped out his iron rod and one blow on the head reduced him to a meat patty. “What ghost is this who’s manifesting itself?” he huffed. Those officials were so terrified that they freed Eight Rules at once and knelt on the ground, pleading, “Pardon us! Pardon us!”

The king, too, wanted to leave his dragon throne, but he was caught by Pilgrim, who said, “Your Majesty, don’t walk away. Tell your third Preceptor of State to go into the cauldron also.”

Trembling all over, the king said, “Third Preceptor of State, save our life. Go into the cauldron quickly so that the monk won’t hit us.”

Goat-Strength went down the steps from the hall and took off his clothes like Pilgrim. Leaping into the cauldron of boiling oil, he began to cavort and bathe himself.

Letting go of the king, Pilgrim approached the cauldron and told the fire tenders to add more wood while he put his hand into the oil.

Aha! That boiling oil felt ice cold. He thought to himself:

“It was very hot when I took the bath, but feel how cold it is now that he’s washing in there. I know. It has to be some dragon king who is giving him protection here.” Leaping into the air, he recited a spell that began with the letter *Om* and instantly summoned the Dragon King of the Northern Ocean to his side. “You horn-growing earthworm!” said Pilgrim to him. “You scaly lizard! How dare you assist that Daoist by coiling a cold dragon around the bottom of the cauldron? You want him to display his power and gain the upper hand on me?”

Terribly intimidated, the Dragon King stammered out his answer:

“Aoshun dares not do that! Perhaps the Great Sage has no knowledge of this: this cursed beast did go through quite an austere process of self-cultivation, to the point where he was able to cast off his original shell. He has acquired the true magic of the Five Thunders, while the rest of the magic powers he has are all those developed by heterodoxy, none fit to lead him to the true way of the immortals. The performance of this right now is also part of the Great Ripoff, which he has learned in the Little Mao Mountain, but the magic of his two associates had already been destroyed by the Great Sage and they had to reveal their original forms. This cold dragon which he has managed to cultivate by himself may deceive worldly folks, but how could it ever deceive the Great Sage? I shall arrest that cold dragon at once, and you can be certain that he will be deep-fried—bones, skins, and all!”

“Take him away,” said Pilgrim, “and you’ll be spared a whipping!”

Changing into a violent gust of wind, the Dragon King swooped down to the cauldron and dragged the cold dragon back to the ocean.

Pilgrim dropped down from the air and stood again before the steps with Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk. They saw that the Daoist was bobbing up and down in the oil, but his desperate efforts to get out were all to no avail. Every time he climbed up the wall of the cauldron, he would slip back down; in no time at all, his flesh dissolved, his skin was charred, and his bones left his body. “Your Majesty,” another officer in charge of execution went forward to report, “the Third Preceptor of State has passed away!”

As tears streamed from his eyes, the king clutched at the imperial table before him and sobbed uncontrollably, crying:

*“The human form is hard, hard indeed, to get!
Make no elixir when there’s no true guide.
You have charms and water to send for gods
But not the pill to make your life abide.
If perfection’s undone,
Could Nirvāṇa be won?
Your life’s precarious, your efforts are vain.”*

*If you knew before such hardships you'd meet,
Why not stay safely in the mount? Abstain!"*

Truly

*To touch gold, to smelt lead—of what use are they?
To summon wind, to beckon rain—still all is vain!*

We do not know what will happen to master and disciples; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*The holy monk's blocked at night at Heaven-Reaching River
Metal and Wood, in compassion, rescue little children*

We were telling you that the king, who was leaning on his dragon table, wept without ceasing until night fell, his tears gushing forth like a stream. Finally Pilgrim went up to him and shouted, "How could you be so dimwitted? Look at the corpses of those Daoists: one happens to be that of a tiger and the other, a deer. Goat-Strength was, in fact, an antelope. If you don't believe me, let his bones be bailed out for you to see. How could humans have skeletons like that? These three Daoists were all mountain beasts which had become spirits, united in their efforts to come here and plot against you. When they saw that your nodal fate was still in strong ascendancy, they dared not harm you as yet. After two or more years when your nodal fate declines, they would have taken your life and your entire kingdom would have been theirs. It was fortunate that we came in time to exterminate these deviates and save your life. And you are still weeping? What for? Bring us our rescript at once and send us on our way." Only when he had heard this from Pilgrim did the king return to his senses. The civil and military officials also went forward to report to him, saying, "The dead indeed turn out to be a white deer and a yellow tiger, while bones in the cauldron do belong to an antelope. It is unwise not to listen to the words of the holy monk."

"In that case," said the king, "we are grateful to the holy monk. It's late already. Let the Grand Preceptor escort the holy monks back to Wisdom Depth Monastery to rest. During early court tomorrow, we shall open up the Eastern Pavilion and command the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a huge vegetarian banquet to thank them."

The priests were escorted back to the monastery.

At the time of the fifth watch the following morning, the king held court for many officials. He at once issued a decree to summon the Buddhist monks to return to the city, and this decree was to be posted on every road and on all four gates. After also giving the order for the preparation of a huge banquet, he sent his imperial chariot to the Wisdom Depth Monastery to invite Tripitaka and followers back to the Eastern Pavilion for the feast, and we shall speak no more of that.

We tell you now instead about those monks who succeeded in escaping with their lives. When they heard of the decree that was promulgated, every one of them was delighted and began to return to the city to search for the Great Sage Sun, to thank him, and to return his hairs. Meanwhile, the elder, after the banquet was over, obtained the rescript from the king, who led the queen, the concubines, and two rows of civil and military officials out the gate of the court to see the priests off. As they came out, they found many monks kneeling on both sides of the road, saying, "Father Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, we are the monks who escaped with our lives on the beach. When we heard that Father had wiped out the demons and rescued us, and when we further heard that our king had issued a decree commanding our return, we came here to present to you the hairs and to thank you for your Heavenly grace."

"How many of you came back?" asked Pilgrim, chuckling. They replied, "All five hundred. None's missing." Pilgrim shook his body once and immediately retrieved

his hairs. Then he said to the king and the lay people, “These monks indeed were released by old Monkey.

The cart was smashed after old Monkey moved it beyond the double passes and through the interlocking spinal ridge, and it was Monkey also who beat to death those two perverse Daoists. After such pestilence has been exterminated this day, you should realize that the true way belongs to the gate of Chan. Hereafter you should never believe foolishly in any doctrine that comes along. I hope you will honor the unity of the Three Religions: revere the monks, revere also the Daoists, and take care to nurture the talented. Your kingdom, I assure you, will be secure forever.”

The king gave his assent and his thanks repeatedly before he escorted the Tang Monk out of the city.

And so, their journey had as its purpose

*A diligent search for the three canons;
A strenuous quest for the primal light.*

As they proceeded, they walked by day and rested by night; they drank when they were thirsty and ate when they were hungry.

Spring ended, summer waned, and soon it was again the time of autumn. One day toward evening, the Tang Monk reined in his horse and said, “Disciples, where shall we find shelter for the night?”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “a man who has left the family should not speak as one who remains in the family.”

Tripitaka said, “How would a man in the family speak? And how would a man who has left the family speak?”

“In this time of the year,” said Pilgrim, “a man who remains in the family will enjoy the benefits of a warm bed and snug blankets; he has his children in his bosom and his wife next to his legs. That’s how comfortably he will sleep! Now, how could we who have left the family expect to enjoy such things? We must be cloaked by the stars and wrapped by the moon; we must dine on the winds and rest by the waters. We move on if there’s a road, and we stop only when we come to its end.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you know only one thing, but you can’t see its implications. Look how treacherous is this road we’re walking on! I have such a heavy load on me that I find it difficult even to walk. Please find some place where I can have a good night’s rest and regain my strength. By morning, I can face the load once more. Otherwise, I’ll die of fatigue!”

“Let’s move on a little further then in this moonlight,” said Pilgrim, “and we can stop when we reach some place where there are houses.” Master and disciples had no choice but to follow Pilgrim forward.

They did not journey long before they heard the sound of rushing water. “Finished!” said Eight Rules. “We’ve come to the end of the road!”

“We are blocked by a torrent of water,” said Sha Monk. The Tang Monk asked, “How could we get across?”

“Let me test it to discover how deep it is first,” said Eight Rules. Tripitaka said, “Wuneng, don’t speak such nonsense! How could you test the depth or shallowness of water?”

“I’ll find an egg-shaped pebble,” said Eight Rules, “and throw it in: if it splashes and foam comes up, it’s shallow; if it sinks down with a gurgling sound, then it’s deep.”

“Go and test it,” said Pilgrim. Our Idiot groped on the ground and found a stone, which he threw into the water; all they heard was a gurgling sound as if fishes were releasing bubbles as the stone sank down to the bottom. “Deep! Deep! Deep!” he said. “We can’t cross it!”

“Though you may have discovered its depth,” said the Tang Monk, “you may not know how wide it is.”

“Indeed not! Indeed not!” said Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, “Let me have a look.”

Dear Great Sage! He somersaulted at once into the air and fixed his gaze on the water. He saw

*The moon soaked in vast sheens of light;
The sky’s image drenched in the deep;
A spirit branch gulping mountains;
A long river feeding hundred streams;
A thousand foaming layers churn;
Ten thousand folds of mountlike waves;
(
No fisher-fires lit up the banks
But egrets rested by the beach.)
An oceanlike vast expanse,
With no boundaries in sight.*

He dropped down quickly from the clouds to the bank of the river, saying, “Master, it’s very wide! Very wide! We can’t get across! These fiery eyes and diamond pupils of old Monkey can discern good and evil up to a thousand miles during the day, and even at night, they can cover a distance of four or five hundred miles. Just now I couldn’t even see the other shore. How could I tell the width of the river?”

Horried, Tripitaka could not say a word for a long time. Then he sobbed out, “O Disciple! What shall we do?”

“Master, please don’t cry,” said Sha Monk. “Look over there! Isn’t that a man standing by the water?” Pilgrim said, “He could be a fisherman lowering his nets, I suppose. Let me go and ask him.”

Holding his iron rod, he sprinted forward to have a closer look. Ah! It was not a man, but only a stone monument, on which were written three large words in seal script and two rows of smaller words down below. The three large words were:

Heaven-Reaching River. The two rows of smaller words read:

*A width of eight hundred miles
Which few, from days of old, have crossed.*

“Master,” Pilgrim called out, “come and look.” When Tripitaka saw the monument, tears rolled down his cheeks, saying, “O Disciple! When I left Chang’an that year, I thought that the way to the Western Heaven was quite easy. How could I know of the obstacles of demons and monsters, the long distance over mountains and waters!”

“Master,” said Eight Rules, “listen for a moment. Isn’t that the sound of drums and cymbals coming from somewhere? It must be that some family is feasting the monks. Let’s go over there and beg for some vegetarian food and make inquiry concerning the possibility of finding a boat to take us across tomorrow.”

Cocking his ears as he rode, Tripitaka indeed heard the sound of drums and cymbals. “These are not the musical instruments of Daoists,” he said. “It has to be some religious service conducted by us Buddhists.

Let us go over there.” Pilgrim led the horse in front and all of them proceeded toward where the music was coming from. There was actually no road for them to walk on, only a rolling sandy beach. Presently, they saw a group of well-built houses, about four or five hundred of them altogether. They saw that these houses were

*Close by the hill and the roads,
Next to the shores and the stream.
Every where the wooden fences were shut;
The bamboo yard of each house was closed.
Egrets resting on sand dunes had peaceful dreams;
Birds nesting on willows voiced their chilly tunes.
The short flutes were silent;
The washing flails had no rhythm.
Red smartweed twigs quaked in moonlight;
Yellow rush leaves battled the wind.
A village dog barked through sparse field fences;
An old fisher slept on his ford-moored boat,
Where lights were low,
And human bustles, quiet.
The bright moon seemed a mirror hung in the air,
The scent of duckweed blossoms all at once
Was sent by the west wind from the far shore.*

As Tripitaka dismounted, he saw a house at the head of a path; before the house was erected a pole with a banner flying, while the inside was ablaze with lamps and candles and filled with fragrant incense. “Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “what we have here is certainly better than either the fold of the mountain or the edge of the river. At least the eaves of the roof can provide some shelter from the night mists, and we can rest without fears. You, however, should stay behind first, and let me go up to that patron’s door to make known our request. If he is willing to let us stay, I’ll call for you; but if he’s unwilling, all of you are not to let loose any mischief. You are, after all, quite ugly in your appearances, and I fear that you may frighten them. Offending these people may mean that we shall have nowhere at all to stay.”

“What you say is quite right,” said Pilgrim. “Please go first, Master, and we’ll wait for you here.”

Taking off his broad-brimmed bamboo hat, the elder shook the dirt from his clerical robe and went up to the door of the house, holding the priestly staff in his hands. He found the door half-closed; not daring to enter without permission, the elder stood still and waited for a brief moment, when an old man, with some beads hanging around his neck, emerged from the house, chanting the name of Buddha as he walked. Seeing that the old man was about to shut the door, however, the elder hurriedly pressed his

palms together and cried out, “Old Benefactor, this humble priest salutes you.” Returning his greeting, the old man said, “You are too late, monk.”

“What do you mean?” said Tripitaka. “I mean that you won’t get anything because you are late,” said the old man. “If you had come earlier, you would have found that we were feasting the monks. After you have eaten your fill, you would then be given an additional three ounces of cooked rice, a bale of white cloth, and ten strings of copper pennies. Why do you come at this hour?”

“Old Benefactor,” said Tripitaka, bowing, “this humble priest is not here to be feasted.”

“If you are not,” said the old man, “then why have you come here?”

Tripitaka said, “I am someone sent by imperial decree of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. It was late when we arrived at your region. When we heard the sound of drums and cymbals from your house, we came to ask you for one night’s lodging. We’ll leave by morning.”

“Monk,” said the old man, waving his hand gently, “a man who has left the family should not lie. The distance between our place here and your Great Tang in the Land of the East happens to be fifty-four thousand miles. A single person like you, how could you come here all by yourself?”

“That’s an exceptionally accurate observation, Old Benefactor,” said Tripitaka, “but I am not alone. I have three disciples, who have opened up a path through the mountains and built bridges when we came upon the waters. It was because of their being my escorts that I could arrive here today.”

“If you have disciples,” said the old man, “why haven’t they come with you? Please invite them forth at once! My house has enough room for all of you.”

Turning around, Tripitaka said, “Disciples, come here.” Now, Pilgrim was by nature rather impulsive, Eight Rules was born without manners, and Sha Monk, too, happened to be very impetuous. The moment the three of them heard their master beckoning, they rushed like a cyclone toward the house, dragging the horse and the luggage along. When the old man caught sight of them, he was so terrified that he fell on the ground, crying repeatedly, “Monsters are here! Monsters are here!” Raising him with his hands, Tripitaka said, “Don’t be afraid, Benefactor. They are not monsters. They are my disciples.”

Trembling all over, the old man said, “Such a handsome master! Why did you take such ugly disciples?”

“Though they are not good to look at,” said Tripitaka, “they are quite knowledgeable in taming tigers and subduing dragons, in seizing monsters and capturing fiends.” Not fully believing what he heard, the old man supported himself on the Tang Monk and walked slowly with him inside.

We tell you now about those three rogues, who dashed into the hall, where they dropped their luggage and tied up the horse. There were at that time several priests in the hall reciting sūtras. Sticking out his long snout, Eight Rules shouted at them, “Hey monks! Which sūtra are you reciting?” On hearing this, those monks raised their heads and all at once

*They saw a visitor,
With long snout and huge ears,*

*A thick frame and wide shoulders,
 A voice that boomed like thunder.
 But Pilgrim and Sha Monk
 Were in looks e'en uglier.
 Of those priests in the hall
 None was not in terror.
 They tried to keep reciting
 But were stopped by their leader.
 They left their stones and bells
 And forsook the graven Buddhas.
 The lamps were all blown out,
 And torches all smothered.
 They scrambled and they stumbled,
 The doorsills falling over.
 Like gourds when props were down,
 Their heads bumped one another.
 A pure, serene plot of ritual
 Became a cause of great laughter!*

When the three brothers saw how those priests stumbled and fell all over, they clapped their hands and roared with laughter. More terrified than ever, those priests banged into one another as they fled for their lives and deserted the place. Tripitaka led the old man up the hall, but the lights and lamps were completely out, while the three of them were still in guffaws. “You brazen creatures!” scolded the Tang Monk. “You are so wicked! Haven’t I taught you every day, admonished you every morning? The ancients said,

*To be virtuous without instruction,
 Is this not sagacity?
 To be virtuous after instruction,
 Is this not nobility?
 To be virtueless even after instruction,
 Is this not stupidity?*

The way you have perpetrated mischief has just shown you to be people of the greatest baseness and stupidity! You barged into someone’s door without any manners! You have frightened the old Benefactor and scattered the priests reciting the sūtras, completely spoiling the good works of others. Wouldn’t I be blamed for all this?”

He spoke with such vehemence that they dared not utter a word in reply, and only then did the old man become convinced that they were his disciples. He turned quickly to bow to Tripitaka, saying, “Venerable Father, it doesn’t matter! It doesn’t matter! They were putting out the lights just now because the ceremony was almost done anyway.”

“If it’s over,” said Eight Rules, “bring out the end-of-service feast so that we can enjoy it and sleep.”

“Bring out the lights! Bring out the lights!” cried the old man. Some of the members of his household, when they heard him, began to complain to themselves, “There are enough candles already in the hall for the religious service. Why is he calling for lights?”

A few houseboys came out to see for themselves and they found the hall in complete darkness. Returning hurriedly with torches and lanterns, they suddenly saw the forms of Eight Rules and Sha Monk. So terrified by the sight they were that they dropped their torches and dashed inside, slamming shut the mid-level door and shouting all the time, "There are monsters here! There are monsters here!" Picking up one of the torches, Pilgrim relit the lamps and the candles before he pulled a chair to the middle of the hall for the Tang Monk to sit on. Then he and his brothers sat down on both sides and the old man took a seat in front of all of them. As they settled into their seats, they heard the inner door open and another old man walked out, supporting himself on a staff. "What kind of perverse demons are you," he said, "that you dare enter the door of a virtuous family in the dark of night?"

The old man, who was seated, quickly arose and met him behind the screens, saying, "No need to clamor, Elder Brother. They are no perverse demons, but arhats sent to acquire scriptures by the Great Tang in the Land of the East. Though they look vicious, they are actually quite gentle." Only then did the other old man put down his staff and bow to greet all four of the visitors, after which, he also took a seat in the front of the hall.

"Bring out the tea," he cried, "and prepare us some vegetarian food."

He had to call several times before several houseboys, still trembling, emerged, though they still did not dare walk near the visitors.

Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules said, "Old man, why are your servants milling about on both sides?"

"I told them to bring out some vegetarian food to serve to the Venerable Fathers," said the old man. Eight Rules asked, "How many are there to serve us?"

"Eight of them," said the old man. "Which of us are they going to serve?" said Eight Rules. "Why, all four of you!" said the old man.

Eight Rules said, "That pale-faced master requires only one person to serve him; the one with the hairy face and thunder-god beak needs only two. But the one with the gloomy complexion will have to have eight persons, and, as for me, nothing less than twenty attendants will do."

"If I understand you correctly," said the old man, "you are trying to tell me that you have a large appetite."

"It's passable, passable," said Eight Rules. "Well," said the old man, "there are plenty of people here." Young and old, he managed to summon thirty servants to come out.

As the two old men spoke amiably with the monks, the rest of the household felt more at ease. A table was set up in the middle of the hall and the Tang Monk was asked to take the honored seat. Three other tables were set up on both sides for the disciples, while the two old men were seated at another table facing all of them. Fruits and vegetables were presented first, after which they brought out glutenous rice, plain rice, side dishes, and soup with vermicelli. After the food was laid out properly, the elder Tang lifted his chopsticks and recited the *Fast-Breaking Sūtra*. Our Idiot, however, was an impulsive eater for one thing, and he was hungry for another. Without waiting for the Tang Monk to finish his recitation, he grabbed one of the red lacquered wooden bowls and hurled a whole bowl full of rice into his mouth. Every grain of it immediately vanished! One of the young attendants on the side said, "This Venerable Father is not

very smart! If you want to snatch something and hide it in your sleeve, why don't you take some steamed buns? Why do you snatch a bowl of rice instead? Won't it soil your clothing?"

"I didn't put it in my sleeve," said Eight Rules, chuckling. "I ate it!"

"You have hardly moved your mouth," said the young man. "How could you have eaten it?"

"Only your son would lie!" said Eight Rules. "Of course I ate it! If you don't believe me, I'll eat some more for you to see!"

The young man indeed picked up the bowl, filled it with rice once more, and handed the bowl to Eight Rules. Idiot took it, and instantly he gulped it all down with a flick of his hand. When the houseboys saw this, they cried, "O Father! You must have a throat lined with polished bricks! It's so level and smooth!"

Before the Tang Monk had finished reciting one sūtra, Idiot had downed five or six bowls of rice. After that, they raised their chopsticks to enjoy the other kinds of food. Without regard for whether they were fruits, rice, glutenous rice, or side dishes, Idiot simply scooped them all up with his hands and stuffed them into his mouth, calling all the time, "More rice! More rice! Where are you all disappearing to?"

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "please don't eat so much! We are already much better off than trying to endure hunger in the fold of the mountain. It's good enough if you are half-filled."

"Never mind," said Eight Rules. "As the proverb says,

The priest half-fed

Is worse than dead!"

"Take away the housewares," said Pilgrim. "Don't mind him!"

Bowing, the two old men said, "To tell you the truth, there is no problem whatever if it is during the day, for we can easily feed over a hundred priests like our big-bellied elder here. But it's late now.

We have put away the leftovers, and we have managed to steam only one stone of glutenous rice and five barrels of plain rice together with a few tablefuls of vegetarian food. We were about to invite a few neighbors to disperse the blessings with the priests. When all of you arrived, the priests became frightened and left, and we dared not even ask our neighbors or kin to come here. Everything that had been prepared was already presented to you. But if you are not yet filled, we can steam some more."

"Steam some more! Steam some more!" said Eight Rules.

After they finished eating, the tables and dishes were put aside. Tripitaka stood up and bowed to the two old men to thank them for the feast. Then he asked, "Old Benefactors, what is your honored name?" One of them said, "Our surname is Chen." Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka said, "We share the same illustrious ancestors."

"So the Venerable Father also has the surname of Chen?" asked one of the old men. "Yes," said Tripitaka, "that is the name of my secular home. May I ask what kind of religious service was held just now?"

“Why do you ask, Master?” said Eight Rules, laughing. “Can’t you guess? It has to be a service for harvest, or for peace, or for the completion of a building. Nothing more!”

“No, no,” said the old man. “Truly, what was it for then?” asked Tripitaka again. The old man replied, “It’s a preparatory mass for the dead.” Laughing so hard that he could hardly remain seated, Eight Rules said, “Grandpa, you aren’t very perceptive! We are experts in half-truths, masters of humbug! How could you hope to deceive us with that fraudulent title? You think that monks are ignorant of masses and religious services? You may hold a preparatory mass for the transference of merit, or for the presentation of a votive offering. Since when was there ever a preparatory mass for the dead? There is no one in your house who has died. How could you have a mass for the dead?” When Pilgrim heard these words, he was secretly pleased and thought to himself, “This Idiot is getting smarter!”

Then he said, “Old Grandpa, you must have been mistaken. What is this preparatory mass for the dead?” Instead of replying at once, the two old men bowed and said, “How did all of you turn from the main road to acquire scriptures and arrive at our place?” Pilgrim said, “We were walking along the main road, but it was barred by a torrent of water and we could not cross it. Then we heard the sound of cymbals and drums, and that led us here to ask you for a night’s lodging.”

“When you reached the edge of the water,” said the old man, “did you see anything?”

“Only a stone monument,” said Pilgrim, “with the three-word inscription, Heaven-Reaching River. Below it, there were the words:

*A width of eight hundred miles
Which few, from days of old, have crossed.*

There was no other thing.”

“If you had gone about a mile inland from the monument,” said one of the old men, “you would have come upon a temple of the Great King of Numinous Power. But you didn’t see it?”

“We did not,” said Pilgrim. “Tell us, old Grandpa, what is this Numinous Power?”

At once the two old men began to shed tears as they said, “O Venerable Father! That Great King was

*Potent to move one place to build his shrine;
Numinous to bless people far and near.
He sends us sweet rains from month to month,
And auspicious clouds from year to year.”*

Pilgrim said, “Sending sweet rains and auspicious clouds indicate good intentions, but you are so sad and dejected. Why?”

Beating their chests and stamping their feet, the old men sighed deeply and said, “O Venerable Father!

*Though favors abound, there’s also spite.
He would hurt life even when he is kind.
For his love to eat virgin boys and girls,
He is no patent god of righteous mind!”*

“So he likes to devour virgin boys and girls?” asked Pilgrim. “Yes,” said the old men. Pilgrim said, “I suppose it’s your family’s turn now?”

“Indeed it is,” said one of the old men. “Our village here consists of over one hundred families, and it belongs to the Yuanhui County of the Cart Slow Kingdom. The name of this village of ours is the Chen Village. Every year this Great King requires the sacrifice of a virgin boy and a virgin girl in addition to the offering of various kinds of livestock like hogs and sheep. When he has devoured all of these to his satisfaction, he would bless us with wind and rain in due season. If there is no such sacrifice for him, he will inflict upon us all kinds of calamity.”

“How many esteemed sons do you have in your family?” asked Pilgrim. “Alas! Alas!” said the older of the two men, beating his breast. “Why mention ‘esteemed sons’? The term would only embarrass us to death! This is my brother, Chen Qing, and I am called Chen Cheng.

He is fifty-eight and I am sixty-three, both badly off for children. Since I had no children even when I was fifty, friends and relatives urged me to take a concubine. I had no choice but to do so and a girl was born later. Her name is One Load of Gold, and she is barely eight this year.”

“What an expensive name!” said Eight Rules. “Why was she given it?”

The old man said, “Since I was childless for so many years, I persisted in repairing bridges and roads, in erecting temples and stūpas, and in the feasting of monks. I kept a record of all I spent—a few ounces here and a few ounces there—and by the time my daughter was born, I had spent exactly thirty pounds of gold. Thirty pounds make one load, and that was how she got her name.”

“And does he have a son?” asked Pilgrim. The old man said, “He has, indeed, a son born also of a concubine. He is only seven years old, and his name is Chen Guanbao.”

“Why such a name?” asked Pilgrim, and the old man said, “Because our family worships the Holy Father Guan, and the child was conceived after prayers were offered to the Holy Father. That’s why he has such a name. The joint age of my brother and me is over one hundred and twenty, but we have only these two children to perpetuate our families. How could we ever anticipate that the turn to provide the victims would fall on us! We dare not, of course, refuse, but it is difficult to give up our precious children. It was for the welfare of their souls that we established this plot of ritual in advance, and that was the reason I named it the preparatory mass for the dead.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he could not restrain the tears from rolling down his cheeks and he said, “Truly it’s like what the proverb says:

*Instead of yellow plums only green plums drop.
Old Heaven’s doubly harsh to a childless man!”*

Pilgrim, however, smiled and said, “Let me question him a bit more. Old Grandpa, how much property do you have?”

The two old men said together, “Quite a bit. We have at least some seven hundred and fifty acres of paddy fields and over a thousand acres of dry fields. There must be some ninety pasture fields, three hundred water buffalos, some thirty horses and mules, and countless numbers of hogs, sheep, chickens, and geese. There is more grain in our warehouses than we can consume and more clothing in our houses than we can wear. Our property and our wealth, as you can see, are quite sizable.”

"If you own so much," said Pilgrim, "it's pathetic that you are so stingy!"

"How did you come to that conclusion?" said one of the old men. Pilgrim said, "If you are so well-off, how could you permit your own children to be sacrificed? Throw away fifty ounces of silver and you can buy a virgin boy; throw away another hundred ounces and you can buy a virgin girl. You need spend no more than two hundred ounces of silver for all expenses and you will preserve posterity for you and your family. Isn't that much better?" Shedding copious tears, the two old men said, "Venerable Father! You aren't aware of the fact that the Great King is truly so powerful that he knows everything. Why, he even comes frequently to the families here." Pilgrim said, "When he came through, did you ever discover how he looked or how tall he was?"

"We have never seen his form," said the two old men. "But whenever we felt a fragrant breeze, it was a sign that the Father Great King had arrived. Then we had to burn hurriedly lots of incense and all of us, young and old, had to bow toward the wind. He knows everything there is to know of our families here; he can remember even the birth dates and hours of young and old. He will not consider it a treat unless he can devour children who are truly ours. Don't speak of two or three hundred ounces of silver; even if we were to spend several thousand ounces, we had nowhere to purchase a boy or a girl of exactly the same appearance and age."

"So, that's how it is!" said Pilgrim. "All right, all right! Bring out your son and let me take a look at him."

Chen Qing went inside at once and carried his son Guanbao out to the front hall, placing him before the lamps. The child, of course, was wholly unaware of the disaster that was about to descend on him. With two sleeves stuffed with preserved fruits and candies, he danced about as he munched on the goodies. On seeing him, Pilgrim recited a spell silently and shook his body: at once he changed into a boy with the exact appearance of that child Guanbao. Now there were two boys holding hands and dancing before the lamps! The old man was so startled that he fell on his knees, causing the Tang Monk to cry out, "Venerable Father, this is blasphemy! Blasphemy!"

The old man said, "But this Venerable Father was just speaking to us. How did he manage to take on the appearance of my child all at once? Look, you give them a call, and both of them answer together! We are the ones who are not worthy! Please show your true form! Please show your true form!" With a wipe of his own face Pilgrim changed back into his true form. Remaining on his knees, the old man said, "So the Venerable Father has this kind of ability!"

"Did I look like your son?" asked Pilgrim, laughing. "Very much! Very much!" said the old man. "You had exactly the same features, the same voice, the same clothes, and the same height!"

"You haven't even examined me closely," said Pilgrim. "Bring out the scale and see if I'm of the same weight as his."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said the old man. "I could tell that you were exactly of the same weight."

"You think I could serve as the sacrifice?" asked Pilgrim. "It's marvelous! Just marvelous!" said the old man. "Of course, you could serve as the sacrifice." Pilgrim said, "I'll exchange my life for your boy's so that your family's posterity will be preserved. I'll present myself as a sacrifice to that Great King." Kowtowing as he knelt

on the ground, Chen Qing said, "If in your compassion you are willing to present yourself as a substitute, I shall present Father Tang with a thousand ounces of white silver as his travel expenses to the Western Heaven."

"And you are not going to thank old Monkey?" said Pilgrim. "If you are a sacrificial substitute," said the old man, "you will be finished."

"What do you mean finished?" said Pilgrim. "The Great King will devour you," said the old man, and Pilgrim said, "Does he dare?"

"If he doesn't eat you," said the old man, "it will only be because you are too smelly for his taste."

"May Heaven's will be done!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "If he eats me, it'll mean that I am to die young; if he does not, it's my luck. Anyway, I shall be your sacrificial substitute."

Chen Qing not only kowtowed to thank him, but also promised to give the monks an additional five hundred ounces of silver. Chen Cheng, however, neither kowtowed nor gave thanks; leaning on one of the screens, he wept profusely. Understanding his plight, Pilgrim went up to tug at him and said, "Number One, you are not promising me anything nor are you thanking me. I suppose you must feel terrible about parting with your daughter?"

Going to his knees at once, Chen Cheng said, "No, I can't part with her. I am indebted to you, Venerable Father, for your kindness, and it should be enough that you have saved our nephew. But this old moron has no other children except his daughter. If I should die, she would weep bitterly, too! How could I ever part with her?"

"Then go quickly and steam five more barrels of rice," said Pilgrim. "Prepare some fine vegetarian dishes also and let that long-snout master of ours enjoy himself. Then we can ask him to change into the form of your daughter, and we two brothers will be your sacrificial substitutes."

By saving the lives of your daughter and son, we shall accrue to ourselves secret merit. How about that?"

Horried by what he heard, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, you can show off your energy as you please! But don't drag me into this venture without any regard for my life!"

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "the proverb says, 'Even chickens can eat only food they work for!' The moment we entered their house, they feted us with a huge banquet, while you were complaining that you were only half-filled! How could you be unwilling to assist them in their difficulties?"

"O Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "I don't know anything about transformation."

"What do you mean?" said Pilgrim. "You know thirty-six modes of transformation."

"Wuneng," cried Tripitaka, "what your elder brother has just said is certainly right, and what he has proposed is most appropriate. The proverb says, 'The saving of one life is better than the construction of a seven-tiered pagoda.' In the first place, we should repay their great kindness to us; in the second, we should make merit whenever possible by the performance of good works. Since there is no other thing you must attend to in this cool night, you and your brother can go and have some fun."

“Look at the way Master talks!” said Eight Rules. “I may know how to change into a mountain, a tree, a rock, a scabby elephant, a water buffalo, or a stout fellow. But it’ll be rather difficult for me to change into a small young girl!”

“Don’t believe him, Number One,” said Pilgrim. “Bring out your precious daughter.”

Chen Cheng dashed inside and brought out his child, One Load of Gold. At the same time, his whole family, including his wife and his concubine, young and old, all came out to the front hall to kneel before the monks and kowtow, begging them to save the girl’s life.

The girl was wearing on her head a patterned emerald fillet with dangling pearl and precious stone pendants; she had on a coat of red silk shot with yellow, covered by a cape of mandarin green satin with chess-board patterned collar. Around her waist was tied a silk skirt with bright red flowers. She also had on a pair of gold-kneed trousers and a pair of light pink toad’s head patterned shoes made of hemp thread. And she, too, was munching on some fruits. “Eight Rules,” said Pilgrim, “that’s the girl. Change into her form quickly, so that we can be sacrificed.”

“O Brother!” said Eight Rules. “She’s so delicate and lovely! How could I do it?”

“Quick!” said Pilgrim.

“Don’t ask for a beating!”

Alarmed, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, don’t beat me! Let me try and see what happens!”

This Idiot recited a spell and shook his head several times, crying, “Change!” Indeed, his head took on the features of the little girl, but his belly remained as big as ever so that his hulking frame bore hardly any resemblance to the girl’s. “Change some more!” cried Pilgrim, laughing. “You can beat me all you want,” said Eight Rules, “but I can’t change anymore. What am I to do?”

“You can’t take on the head of a girl,” said Pilgrim, “and the body of a priest! You would be neither boy nor girl, and that wouldn’t be good, would it? Why don’t you assume the star posture and see what I can do for you?”

He blew a mouthful of magic breath onto Eight Rules, whose body at once took on the form of the little girl. Then Pilgrim said to the two old men, “Please take your relatives, your son, and your daughter inside so that we will not be confused with them. I fear that after awhile, my brother may become slothful and sneak inside, and it will be difficult for you to tell them apart. Give your children plenty of nice fruits and candies and make certain that they don’t cry. I don’t want that Great King to get wind of our plans. We two will have some fun and be off.”

Dear Great Sage! He gave instructions for Sha Monk to stand guard over the Tang Monk, while he and Eight Rules assumed the exact forms of Chen Guanbao and One Load of Gold. After the two of them made all the preparations, Pilgrim asked, “How are we to be presented, trussed up or just bound? Steamed or chopped to pieces?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “don’t pull any more tricks on me! I don’t have that kind of ability!”

“No, No!” said one of the old men. “All we need are two red lacquered trays, on which we will ask both of you to sit. The trays will be placed on top of two tables, which will then be carried to the temple by some of our houseboys.”

“Fine! Fine!” said Pilgrim. “Bring out the trays and let us try them.”

The old man took out the lacquered trays; Pilgrim and Eight Rules sat in them, after which four houseboys lifted up two tables and walked into the courtyard. Delighted, Pilgrim said, “Eight Rules, a couple of turns like this and we shall be priests who have ascended the tray-platform!”

“If they carry us inside,” said Eight Rules, “and carry us out again, I won’t be afraid even if they go back and forth until tomorrow morning. But once they take us into the temple, we’ll be devoured, and that’s no game!”

“Just watch me,” said Pilgrim. “When he seizes me and tries to eat me, you can flee.”

“But how would I know whom he will eat first?” asked Eight Rules. “If he eats the virgin boy first, I can flee, of course. But if he wants to eat the virgin girl first, what am I to do?”

“During one of the sacrifices some years ago,” said the old man, “a few people courageous enough hid themselves behind the temple or beneath the offering tables. They saw that he ate the boy first before he devoured the girl.”

Eight Rules said, “That’s my luck! That’s my luck!”

As the brothers were talking, a loud din of gongs and drums could be heard outside the house, now lit up also by the light of many torches and lamps. The people of the same village came to pound at the front gate, crying, “Bring out the virgin boy and the virgin girl!”

As the old men wept and wailed, the four houseboys lifted the tables and carried the two of them away. We truly do not know what happened to their lives; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-EIGHT

*The demon, raising a cold wind, sends a great snow fall
The monk, intent on seeing Buddha, walks on layered ice*

We tell you now about those worshippers from the Chen Village, who carried Pilgrim and Eight Rules, along with various offerings of livestock, straight to the Temple of Numinous Power. The virgin boy and girl were placed on top of the offerings. Pilgrim turned his head and saw that there were incense, flowers, and candles on the offering tables, in the middle of which there was also a tablet inscribed in gold letters with the title:

“God of the Great King of Numinous Power.”

There was no other image of any deity. After the worshippers had set out everything properly, they knelt down and kowtowed toward the tablet, saying in unison, “Great King Father, in this year, this month, this day, and this hour, Chen Cheng, the one in charge of the sacrifice and the leader of all the faithfuls of the Chen Village, young and old, does follow our annual custom and offer to you a virgin boy by the name of Chen Guanbao and a virgin girl by the name of One Load of Gold. Hogs and sheep in the same number are presented to you also for your enjoyment. We pray that you will grant us rain and wind in due season and a rich harvest of the five grains.”

After they made this invocation, they burned paper money and horses before returning to their houses.

When Eight Rules saw that the people had dispersed, he said to Pilgrim, “Let’s go home, too.”

“Where’s your home?” asked Pilgrim.

Eight Rules said, “I want to go back to old Chen’s house to sleep.”

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim, “you are babbling again! If you have agreed to do this for him, you have got to finish the job.”

“You call me an idiot,” said Eight Rules. “Aren’t you the real idiot? We were supposed to have some fun with the Chens and fool with them a bit. You can’t be serious that you want us sacrificed?”

“If we help someone,” said Pilgrim, “we must help him to the end. We must wait until that Great King arrives and devours us before we can consider a perfect end to our efforts! If he has no sacrifice, he will send calamities to the village, and that will not be right.”

As he spoke, they heard the wind howl outside. “O dear!” said Eight Rules. “When the wind blows like that, it must mean that the thing is here!”

“Shut up!” cried Pilgrim. “Let me do the talking!” In a moment, a fiend arrived at the door of the temple. Look at the way he appears:

*Gold helmet and cuirass both bright and new;
A treasure sash like red clouds wrapped his waist.
His eyes seemed big stars blazing in the night;
His teeth resembled those of a heavy saw.
Waves of mists did encircle both his legs,*

*And steamy fog surrounded all his frame.
 He walked and a cold wind stirred repeatedly;
 He stood and baleful aura rose in tiers.
 He looked like the Curtain-Raising Captain
 Or the great god of a monastery's gate.*

Standing right at the doorway, the fiend asked, "Which family this year is providing the sacrifice?" Laughing merrily, Pilgrim said, "Thank you for asking! Those in charge are Chen Cheng and Chen Qing." Puzzled by this answer, the fiend thought to himself, "This virgin boy is not only bold, but also articulate. Usually the victims in the past could not even reply to the first question, and they would be frightened out of their wits at the second one. By the time I seized them with my hands, they would already be as good as dead.

How is it that this virgin boy today can still respond so intelligently?" Not bold enough to seize his prey immediately, the fiend asked once more, "What are the names of the boy and the girl?" With a laugh, Pilgrim said, "The virgin boy is called Chen Guanbao, and the virgin girl is called One Load of Gold."

"This sacrifice," said the fiend, "happens to be an annual custom. Now that you have been offered to me, I'm going to eat you."

"I dare not resist you," said Pilgrim. "Please feel free to enjoy yourself." When the fiendish creature heard this, he was even more reluctant to raise his hands. Standing there in the doorway, he shouted, "Don't you dare be impudent! In years past I would eat the virgin boy first. But this year, I'm going to eat the virgin girl first."

"O Great King," said Eight Rules, horrified, "please follow the old way! Don't eat by breaking a usual custom!" Without permitting further discussion, the fiend stretched out his hands to seize Eight Rules. With a bound Idiot leaped down from the offering table and changed back into his true form. Whipping out his rake, he brought it down hard on the hands of the fiend. The fiend retreated hurriedly and tried to flee, but not before the blow of Eight Rules sent something to the ground with a clang. "I've punctured his armor!" shouted Eight Rules. As he changed back into his true form also, Pilgrim stepped forward to have a look and found that there were two fish scales about the size of ice dishes. "Chase him!" he yelled, and the two of them leaped into the air. Since that creature thought he was coming to a feast, he brought no weapon along. With bare hands he stood on the edge of the clouds and asked, "Monks, where did you come from? How dare you come to oppress me here, rob me of my offerings, and ruin my name?"

"So, you're an ignorant, brazen creature!" said Pilgrim. "We are disciples of the holy monk Tripitaka from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, who was sent by royal decree to go to the Western Heaven for scriptures. When we stayed with the Chen family last night, we heard that there was a perverse demon who falsely assumed the title of Numinous Power. Every year he demands a virgin boy and a virgin girl as sacrifice. In compassion we wanted to save lives and arrest you, you lawless creature. Confess at once. How many years have you called yourself Great King of this place, and how many boys and girls have you devoured? Give us a detailed account, and we may spare your life." When that fiend heard these words, he turned and fled immediately. Eight Rules tried to strike at him again with the muckrake but did not succeed, for the fiend changed into a violent gust of wind that faded into the Heaven-Reaching River.

“No need to chase him anymore,” said Pilgrim. “This fiend has to be a creature of the river. Let’s wait till tomorrow before we try to catch him and ask him to take Master across the river.”

Eight Rules agreed and both of them returned to the temple and hauled all the offerings and livestock, including the tables on which they were laden, back to the Chen house. At that time, the elder, Sha Monk, and the Chen brothers were all waiting for some news of them, when suddenly, they saw the two disciples dumping the sacrificial animals and offerings in the courtyard. “Wukong,” said Tripitaka, going forward to meet them, “how did the sacrifice go?” Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how they revealed their names and how the fiend disappeared into the river. The two old men were most pleased, and they at once gave the order for rooms to be made ready and bedding laid out for master and disciples to rest. There we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about that fiend, who escaped with his life and went back to his watery palace. After he sat down, he fell completely silent for such a long time that his watery kinsfolk, young and old, all gathered about him to ask, “Great King, you are usually quite happy when you come home after the sacrifice. Why is it that you seem so annoyed this year?”

“After I’ve satisfied myself in past years,” said the fiend, “I usually managed to bring some leftovers for you to enjoy. Today, however, not even I myself got anything to eat. I was so unlucky that I ran into an adversary and almost lost my life.”

“Which adversary was that, Great King?” they asked. The fiend said, “A disciple of a holy monk of the Great Tang in the Land of the East, who was on his way to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. He took on the form of a virgin girl, while another disciple became the boy, both sitting in the temple. When they changed back into their original forms, I was nearly killed by the two of them. I have long heard that Tripitaka Tang happened to be a good man who had been practicing self-cultivation for ten incarnations. To eat even one piece of his flesh would prolong one’s life indefinitely, but I didn’t realize that he had such disciples under him. Not only has my reputation been ruined by them, but also the offerings due me were taken away. I would like very much to catch hold of that Tang Monk, but I fear that I may not be able to.”

From among the watery kinsfolk stepped a stripe-coated perch-mother who wriggled and bowed toward the fiend, saying with a smile, “Great King, if you want to catch the Tang Monk, it isn’t difficult at all. But I wonder if you would be willing to reward me with some wine and meat once you catch hold of him.”

“If you could devise a plan and succeed in capturing the Tang Monk,” said the fiend, “I would become your bond-brother. We two shall share the same table to feast on him.”

After thanking him, the perch-mother said, “I’ve known for a long time that the Great King possesses the magic to summon winds and rains and to stir up seas and rivers. May I ask whether you are able to cause snow to descend?”

“Of course,” said the fiend. She asked again, “How about making ice and causing things to freeze over?”

The fiend said, “Certainly.”

“In that case,” said the perch-mother, clapping her hands and laughing, “it’s most easy! It’s most easy!”

“Tell me what it is that’s most easy,” said the fiend.

The perch-mother said, “When it is about the hour of the third watch this night, the Great King should exercise his power without any further delay. Call up a cold wind and send down a great snowfall so that the entire Heaven-Reaching River will be solidly frozen.

Those of us capable of transformation will assume human forms: carrying luggage, holding umbrellas, and pushing carts, we will follow the direction of the main road to the West and walk continuously on the ice on top of the river. That Tang Monk must be rather impatient to get to the scriptures, and when he sees people walking about like that, he too will want to cross the river by walking on the ice. The Great King can sit quietly at the heart of the river; as soon as you hear the sound of their footsteps, crack open the ice so that he and his disciples will fall into the water. All of them will be captured then.” When that fiend heard these words, he was exceedingly pleased. “Marvelous! Marvelous!” he cried, and he left his water residence at once to rise into the air. There he began to raise up a cold wind to bring snow and to cause everything to freeze up, but we shall mention him no further.

We tell you now instead about the Tang elder and his disciples, the four of them, sleeping in the Chen household. Just before dawn, all of them began to feel the chill even inside their blankets and their pillows turning cold. Sneezing and shivering, Eight Rules could no longer sleep, and he called out, “Elder Brother, it’s very cold!”

“Idiot, why don’t you grow up!” said Pilgrim. “Those who have left the family cannot be touched by heat or cold. How could you be afraid of the cold?”

Tripitaka said, “Disciple, it is indeed cold. Look! Even the

*Heavy quilts provide no warmth,
And hands in sleeves feel like ice.
Presently frost buds dangle from withered leaves,
And icy bells form on the hoary pines.
The ground cracks for the severe cold;
The pond’s level as the water’s frozen.
No old fisher is seen on any boat,
Nor a monk at the mountain temple.
Wood is scarce and the woodman’s sad;
Charcoals added, and the noble’s glad.
The soldier’s beard is like iron;
The poet’s brush is all hardened.
A leather coat still seems too thin;
A fur robe feels even too light.
On straw mats old priests turn stiff;
By paper screens no traveler can sleep.
Though brocade covers are heavy,
Your whole body shivers and shakes!”*

Neither master nor disciples could sleep any longer; they scrambled up, and after putting on their clothes they opened the door to look outside. Ah! It was completely white, for it was snowing. “No wonder you were complaining of the cold,” said Pilgrim. “It’s snowing heavily!”

The four of them stared at it. Marvelous snow! You see

Dark clouds densely formed—
 Gray fog thickly gathered—
 Dark clouds densely formed,
 As a frigid wind howls throughout the sky;
 Gray fog densely gathered,
 As a great snowfall covers the earth.
 Truly it is like
 A flower that blooms six times,
 Each petal a precious jasper;
 Or a thousand-tree forest,
 Each plant bedecked with jade.
 In a moment: piles of flour!
 In an instant: heaps of salt!
 The white parrot has lost its essence;
 The frosty crane can't boast of its cost.
 You add to all rivers of Wu and Chu
 Or press down plum blossoms of the southeast.
 Now it seems like vanquished jade dragons, some three million strong—
 Indeed like torn scales and ripped armor flying through the air.
 Where can one find Dongguo's shoes,
 Yuan An's resting place,
 Or the glow by which Sun Kang studied?
 Nor can one see Ziyong's boat,
 Wang Gong's robe,
 Or blankets which fed Su Wu.
 All you have are some village huts of silver bricks,
 And a country side kneaded out of jade.
 Marvelous snow—
 Willow fleeces o'erspreading bridges;
 Pear blossoms coating houses.
 Willow fleeces o'erspreading bridges
 As a fisher hangs up his coir-coat by the bridge;
 Pear blossoms coating houses
 As wild codgers burn tree roots in houses.
 The guests find it hard to buy wine;
 The old servant can't find the plums.
 Flitting and fluttering like butterfly wings;
 Drifting and soaring like goose down;
 Churning and rolling it follows the wind;
 In heaps and mounds it hides the roads.
 In waves the chilly might pierces the screens;
 Souging, the cold air penetrates the drapes.
 A good year's fine omens drop from the sky
 To wish humans in their affairs success.

That snow came down fluttering, like flying threads of silk and finely cut chips of jade. After master and disciples gazed at it for a while, admiring its beauty, they saw the elder Chen approaching as two houseboys swept open a path. Two more brought along hot water for them to wash their faces, after which others presented hot tea and

milk cakes. Then they carried charcoal fires into the parlor and invited master and disciples to sit inside. “Old Benefactor,” asked the elder, “may I inquire whether the seasons of your region are divided into spring, summer, autumn, and winter?” With a smile, the elder Chen said, “Though ours is a rather out-of-the-way region, only our people and our customs are different from those of a noble nation. But all the grains and livestock share the benefits of the same Heaven and the same sun. How could the four seasons be lacking?”

“If so,” said Tripitaka, “how is it that we have such a great snowfall at this time of the year and such a terrible cold?”

The elder Chen said, “Though this is only the seventh month, we just passed White Dew yesterday, and that means that we are approaching the eighth month. In this place of ours, we have frost and snow during the eighth month.”

“That’s quite different from our Land of the East,” said Tripitaka, “for we never have snow back there until winter actually arrives.”

As they conversed, the servants came forward once more to set the tables for them to dine on rice gruel. After the meal, the snow fell even more heavily, and soon it was two feet deep on the ground. Growing more and more anxious, Tripitaka began to weep.

“Venerable Father, please do not worry,” said the elder Chen. “Please don’t let the deep snow bother you. We have stored up in our house a considerable amount of food, and, I dare say, sufficient to feed all of you for quite a long time.”

Tripitaka said, “You don’t understand my sorrow, Old Benefactor. In that past year when I was entrusted with the decree to acquire scriptures, His Majesty personally escorted me outside the capital. With his own hand holding the goblet to toast me, the Tang emperor asked me, ‘When can you return?’ Not having any idea of the dangers of mountains and waters, this humble priest replied rather casually, ‘After three years I shall be able to return to our nation with the scriptures.’ Since we parted, it has been seven or eight years, and I have yet to see the face of Buddha. I have great fear that I might have exceeded the imperial limit, and I also am troubled by the viciousness of demons and monsters. Today it is my good fortune to live in your great mansion. After the small service rendered you by my foolish disciples last night, I had hopes that I could ask you for a boat to cross the river. Little did I expect that Heaven would send down this great snowfall to block and cover all the roads. Now I wonder when I would attain my goal and be able to return home.”

“Relax, Venerable Father,” said the elder Chen, “for after all, many days of your journey have passed already. It does not matter if you spend a few more days here. When the weather clears and the ice melts, this old moron will see to it that you cross the river, even if I have to exhaust my wealth to do it.” Just then, a houseboy came to invite them to breakfast. After they finished that in the front hall, they hardly had time to converse when lunch was served also. Troubled by the sight of the elaborately prepared meal, Tripitaka said in great earnestness, “If you are kind enough to take us in, you must treat us as ordinary members of the family.”

“Venerable Father,” said elder Chen, “we are deeply indebted to you for saving our children’s lives. Even if we were to feast you every day, we could never repay you sufficiently.”

Thereafter the snow stopped, and people soon began to come and go once more. When the elder Chen saw how unhappy Tripitaka appeared to be, he asked that the garden be swept out. After a huge brazier with fire was sent for, he invited the whole party to spend some time in a snow cave. "This old fellow doesn't quite use his head!" said Eight Rules, laughing. "One can admire the garden in the second or the third month during the time of spring. But after such a big snowfall, and it's so cold now, what's there for us to admire?" Pilgrim said, "Idiot, you *are* ignorant! The scenery of snow quite naturally has a mysterious calm, something which not only we can enjoy but which also can console our master."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said the elder Chen. Following his beckoning, they went to the garden and they saw

*A scenery of late autumn,
When prospects of La appeared.
Jadelike buds formed on hoary pines;
Silver blooms hung on lifeless willows.
Jade-moss beneath the steps heaped up powder;
Bamboos before the window sprouted jasper roots.
On artificial mountains—
In domestic fish ponds—
On artful rockeries
Pointed peaks were ranged like shoots of jade;
In garden fish ponds
The clear, running water became ice trays.
By the banks the color of hibiscus faded
And their tender twigs all drooped near the ridge.
Begonia plants
Were completely crushed;
Winter-plum trees
Brought forth new branches.
The peony arbor,
The pomegranate arbor,
And the cassia arbor—
Every arbor was piled high with goose down;
The place of enjoyment,
The place of entertainment,
The place of amusement—
Each place was covered with butterfly wings.
Two fences of chrysanthemum: white jade framed in gold;
A few maple trees: lovely red lined with white.
Since countless courtyards were too cold to reach,
You might admire the snow cave chilly as ice.
Inside sat a beast-face brazier with elephant legs,
In which a hot charcoal fire had just begun.
All around were some lacquered armchairs draped with tiger skins
By the paper windows set so warm and soft.*

Inside the cave, there were hung on walls several old paintings by famous hands, the themes of which all had to do with

*Seven worthies going through the pass,
 A cold river's lonely fisher,
 The scenes of snow-bound mountain plateaus;
 Su Wu feeding on his blanket,
 Breaking a plum-twigg for the mailman,
 And frigid art wrought by trees and plants of jade.
 You can't begin to describe
 The house by the waters where fishes are easily bought,
 Or how scarce is wine when snow buries the roads.
 Truly this is a place most worthy to linger in.
 Think of it, and you needn't visit Penghu.*

After they had admired the scenery for a long while, they sat down in the snow cave and chatted with some of the aged neighbors on the matter of acquiring scriptures. When they finished drinking some fragrant tea, the elder Chen asked again, "Would the several Venerable Fathers take some wine?"

"This humble cleric does not drink," said Tripitaka, "but my disciples may drink a few cups of vegetarian wine."

Delighted, the elder Chen at once gave the order:

"Bring fruits and vegetables, and warm the wine. We would like to help our guests ward off the chill."

The houseboys and servants brought forth tables and small braziers for heating the wine. The pilgrims and the neighbors each drank a few cups before the utensils were taken away.

Soon it was dusk, and they were taken back to the front hall again for dinner. Just then, someone walking on the street was heard saying, "What chilly weather! Even the Heaven-Reaching River is frozen!" On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, if the river is frozen, what shall we do?"

"This sudden cold," said the elder Chen, "must have frozen only the shallow parts of the river near the bank."

But the man walking on the street was saying, "All eight hundred miles across the river are so solidly frozen that its surface is smooth like a mirror. Even people are walking on it." When Tripitaka heard that there were people walking on the river, he immediately wanted to go and look. "Please be patient, Venerable Father," said the elder Chen, "for it's getting late now. We shall go tomorrow."

They took leave of the neighbors, and after dinner, they rested in the parlors as they had the night before.

When they arose the next morning, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, last night was even colder. The river, I suppose, must be solidly frozen."

Facing the door, Tripitaka knelt down and bowed toward Heaven, saying, "All you great Guardians of the Faith, your disciple has with complete sincerity resolved to journey to the West to see Buddha. Throughout the bitter experience of traversing mountains and streams, I have never once complained. Having reached this place, I thank Heaven for providing assistance by freezing the river.

Your disciples therefore wish to offer you our thanksgiving first. After we have acquired the scriptures, we shall inform the Tang emperor so that he may repay this favor of yours with all due reverence.”

After he finished praying, he ordered Wujing immediately to saddle the horse so that they could walk on the ice to cross the river. “Please be patient,” said the elder Chen again. “Wait for a few days until the snow and ice melt away. This old moron will prepare a boat to take you across.”

“I don’t think we should settle on staying or leaving,” said Sha Monk, “for what we hear is not as reliable as what we see. Let me saddle the horse, but Master should go personally to the river to have a look.”

“You are right,” said the elder Chen. “Little ones, go and saddle six horses at once. But don’t saddle Father Tang’s horse yet.” With six houseboys following, all of them went to the bank of the river to look. Truly there were

*Snow piles rising up like hills,
As sunlight broke up the clouds of dawn.
The southern border froze to turn barren all peaks;
Ice formed to make lakes and rivers flat and smooth.
The wind was cold and biting;
The ground was hard and slippery.
Pond fishes cuddled dense weeds;
Wild birds hugged dead branches.
Travelers abroad all lost their fingers;
The river boatman’s teeth madly chattered.
Snake bellies split;
Bird feet snapped.
Truly the icebergs rose a thousand feet tall.
Cold silver floated in countless ravines;
The whole river seemed one cold piece of jade.
The East might think that they produced silkworms,
But the North in truth had their caves of rats.
Here Wang Xiang lay;
Here Guangwu crossed.
In one night e’en the river bottom all hardened!
The winding stream formed jagged layers;
The deep river turned frozen blocks.
Not a ripple throughout the water’s width,
It seemed a road on land, just bright and smooth.*

When Tripitaka and the others came up to the river’s edge, they stopped the horses to look, and true enough, there were people walking on to the ice from the main road. “Benefactor,” said Tripitaka, “where are those people going on the ice?”

The elder Chen said, “On the far side of the river is the Western Kingdom of Women, and these people must be traders. Things worth a hundred pennies on our side can fetch a hundred times more over there, and their things worth a hundred pennies can similarly fetch a handsome price over here. In view of such heavy profits, it is understandable that people want to make this journey without regard for life or death. Usually, five or seven people, and the number may even swell to more than ten, will crowd into a boat to cross the river.

When they see that the river is frozen now, they are risking everything to try to cross it on foot.”

“Profit and fame,” said Tripitaka, “are regarded as most important in the affairs of the world; for profit, men would give up their own lives. But the fact that this disciple strives so hard to fulfill the imperial decree may also be taken as his quest for fame. Am I so different really from those people?”

He turned around and said, “Wukong, go quickly back to our Benefactor’s home and pack. Saddle up the horse, too. Let’s make use of the ice and leave for the West at once.” Smiling broadly, Pilgrim obeyed.

“O Master,” said Sha Monk, “the proverb says, ‘In a thousand days, you only eat a thousand pecks of rice.’ You are already indebted to the hospitality of Mr. Chen. Why not stay a few more days and wait until the weather turns warmer, when we can cross with a boat? Otherwise, I fear that all this hurry may cause us to make mistakes.”

“Wujing,” said Tripitaka, “how could you be so unthinking? If this were during the second month of the year, one might well expect the weather to warm up day by day and the snow to melt eventually. But this is after all the eighth month, and it will grow colder and colder from now on. How could you expect the ice to break so readily? If we were to wait, wouldn’t our trip be delayed, perhaps even up to half a year?” Leaping down from the horse, Eight Rules said, “Stop arguing, all of you, and let old Hog test it to see what’s the thickness of the ice.”

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim, “you threw a stone the other night and succeeded in testing the depth of the water. But the ice now is solid and heavy. How could you test it?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you don’t realize that I can give the ice a blow with my rake. If it breaks open, it will be too thin for us to walk on, but if it does not, it will be thick enough. There’s no reason for us not to want to walk on it.”

“Yes,” said Tripitaka, “what you said is quite reasonable.”

Hitching up his robe and walking forward in great strides, Idiot went to the edge of the river. He raised the muckrake high with both hands and brought it down with all his might. A loud thud could be heard and nine white marks were left on the ice, while Idiot’s hands were momentarily numbed by the impact. “You can walk on it! You can walk on it!” said he, laughing. “Even the bottom is solid!” When Tripitaka heard this, he was very pleased. He went back hurriedly to the Chen household and all he could say was that they had to leave at once. When those two old men found that all their earnest pleas for him to remain fell only on deaf ears, they had no alternative but to prepare some such dried food as baked biscuits and breads to give to the pilgrims. As the whole family came out to kowtow to them, the old men also brought out a tray of gold and silver. Going to their knees, they said, “We thank you again, Venerable Fathers, for saving our children. Please take this, just for a meal on your way.” Shaking his head and waving his hand, Tripitaka refused to accept it, saying, “This humble monk is a person who has left the family. I have no need of money. Even if I were to keep it, I wouldn’t dare use it on our way, for begging is our proper means of livelihood. It is more than enough for us to take the dried goods.”

The two old men pleaded with him again and again; so Pilgrim stuck his finger into the tray and lifted up a tiny piece, approximately as heavy as four or five drams, which he handed over to the Tang Monk, saying, “Master, keep it as their offering so that these two will not be too disappointed.”

They thus said farewell and the pilgrims went to the river, but when the horse stepped onto the ice, it began to slip and slide and Tripitaka was almost thrown off its back. "Master," shouted Sha Monk, "we can't go!"

"Stop for a moment," said Eight Rules, "and let's ask Mr. Chen for some straw."

"What for?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules replied, "You wouldn't have any idea about this! The straw will be used to wrap up the hoofs of the horse, so that Master won't fall down." When the elder Chen heard on the shore what Eight Rules said, he told someone to fetch the straw at once. After the Tang Monk returned to the bank and dismounted, Eight Rules wrapped all four hoofs of the horse with straw and that enabled it to step on the ice without slipping.

Having taken leave of the Chen clan at the edge of the river, they proceeded for no more than three or four miles when Eight Rules handed the nine-ringed priestly staff to the Tang Monk, saying, "Master, put this across your saddle."

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "don't be so sly! You're supposed to carry this priestly staff. Why are you asking Master to do it?"

"Since you have no experience in walking on ice," said Eight Rules, "you will not think of this. Even the thickest of ice has holes; step on one of them and you will plunge into the water. Without something like this held crosswise, you will sink rapidly while the ice above closes in like a huge wok cover. You can never crawl out again unless you have something like this to stop your fall." Snickering, Pilgrim said to himself, "This Idiot must have walked on ice for years!" So, all of them followed what Eight Rules told them to do: the elder held the staff crosswise across his saddle; Pilgrim and Sha Monk each carried his iron rod and his fiend-routing treasure staff across his shoulders. Eight Rules, who was poling the luggage, tied the rake sideways at his waist. Master and disciples then felt perfectly safe to proceed.

They journeyed until evening; after eating some dried goods, they dared not stop at all. As the stars and the moon lighted up the ice, turning it into brilliant patches of white, they pressed forward. Indeed, the horse never stopped trotting for the entire night; master and disciples never once closed their eyes. By morning, they ate some more of their provisions and again set out toward the West. As they journeyed, a rending sound came from the bottom of the ice, so frightening the white horse that it almost fell. Greatly astonished, Tripitaka said, "O Disciples, why was there such a sound?"

"This river is so solidly frozen," said Eight Rules, "that the ice formed from top to bottom must be grating the river bed. That may be the sound we heard."

Astonished but pleased by what he was told, Tripitaka urged his horse on and they started out once more.

We now tell you about that fiend, who led various spirits from the water residence and sat waiting for a long time beneath the ice.

Finally, when the sound of the horse's hoofs became audible, he at once exercised his magic power and caused the ice to break open.

The Great Holy Sun managed to leap at once into the air, but his three companions and the white horse all plunged into the water.

After catching hold of Tripitaka, the fiend led the spirits back to the water residence, where he shouted aloud, "Where are you, perch-sister?"

The old perch-mother met him at the door, bowing, and said, "Great King, I'm not worthy of it!"

"Worthy Sister, why do you say that?" said the fiend. "For 'Even a team of horses cannot overtake the word that has left my mouth!' I promised you that if your plan could enable me to catch the Tang Monk, I would become your bond-brother. Today your marvelous plan did materialize, and the Tang Monk had been caught. You think I would retract my promise?"

He then gave the order, "Little ones, bring out the tables and the sharp knives. Cut up this monk: take out his heart, skin him, and debone him. Meanwhile, start the music. I'm going to share him with my worthy Sister, so that both of us will gain longevity."

"Great King," said the perch-mother, "let's not eat him yet, for I fear that his disciples may spoil our party should they come here to search for him. Wait a couple of days, and if no one appears, we can then cut him up. Great King can take your honored seat, while the watery kinsfolk can surround you with singing and dancing. His flesh will be presented to you, and you can take your time to enjoy your feast. Isn't that much better?"

The fiend agreed; the Tang Monk was placed in a lidded stone box about six feet long which was then hidden in the rear of the palace, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We tell you now about Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who managed to recover the luggage in the water. After they had placed it on the white horse, they opened up a path in the water and trod on the waves to rise to the surface. Pilgrim saw them from midair and asked at once, "Where is Master?"

"He changed his family name to Sink," said Eight Rules, "and his given name is To-the-Bottom. We don't know where to look for him. Let's get to shore before we decide what to do."

Eight Rules, you see, happened to be the incarnation of the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds, who in past years was a commander of eighty thousand marines stationed in the Heavenly River. Sha Monk came from the Flowing-Sand River, and the white horse, too, was the descendant of Dragon King of the Western Ocean. That was why all of them felt so comfortable in the water. Led by the Great Sage in the air, they soon returned to the eastern shore, where they brushed down the horse and stripped themselves of their wet garments. After the Great Sage dropped down from the clouds, they went together to the Chen Village. At once someone went to make this report to the two old men:

"Four Fathers went to seek the scriptures, but only three have come back."

The two brothers went quickly out the door to receive them, and they found the clothing of the pilgrims still dripping wet.

"Venerable Fathers," they said, "we pleaded with you to stay and you refused. You would stop only when you came to this! Now, where is Father Tripitaka?"

Eight Rules said, "He's no longer named Tripitaka, for he has changed it to Sink To-the-Bottom."

As tears fell, the two old men said, “How pitiful! How pitiful! We said we would prepare a boat for him to cross the river, but he absolutely refused and that cost him his life.”

“Old fellow,” said Pilgrim, “it’s no use worrying for the dead. But I have a hunch that Master is going to live for a long time yet. Old Monkey knows! It has to be that Great King of Numinous Power, who has planned all this and abducted him. Don’t worry now. Wash our clothes for us and dry our rescript. Make sure our white horse is fed, and let us brothers go and find that fellow. We will not only rescue our master, but we will root out also this evil for your entire village, so that you will be able to live peacefully forever.” When the two brothers heard these words, they were delighted and asked for food for the pilgrims at once.

After the three brothers had a big meal, they gave the horse and the luggage to the Chen family to look after. Each wielding his own weapon, they went straight to the river to search for their master and seize the fiend. Truly

Wrong to walk on thick ice, nature is hurt.

What’s perfection when great elixir leaks?

We do not know in what way they succeeded in rescuing the Tang Monk, and you must listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*Tripitaka meets disaster and sinks to a water home
To bring salvation, Guanyin reveals a fish basket*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk, who took leave of the elder Chen and went to the edge of the river. “Brothers,” said Pilgrim, “the two of you must decide which one will go first into the water.”

Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, neither of us is particularly capable. You are the one who should enter the water first.”

“To tell you the truth, Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “if this were a monster-spirit in a mountain, there would be no need for both of you to exert yourselves. But I can’t quite do business in water. If I were to go into the ocean or walk in a river, I would have to make the water-repelling sign with my fingers, or else I would have to change into a fish or a crab before I could go in. Since I had to make the sign, I would not be able to use my iron rod properly to attack the fiend. But both of you are used to water, and that’s why I am asking you to go.”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “we can go in all right, but we don’t know what to expect once we reach the river bottom. I think we should all go in; you can change into some kind of creature, and I can carry you along as I open up a path in the water. Once we find the lair of the fiend, you can then go inside and scout the place. If Master is still there unharmed, we can begin our assault at once with all our might. But if it were not this fiend who used the magic, or if Master had been drowned or eaten already by him, then there would be no need for us to engage in this bitter quest. We might as well go off in another direction as quickly as possible. How about that?”

“What you said, Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “is most reasonable. Which one of you will carry me?” Secretly pleased, Eight Rules thought to himself, “I don’t know how many times this ape has made a fool of me! So he doesn’t know how to handle himself in water. Let old Hog carry him and give him a taste of his tricks!” Laughing amiably, Idiot said, “Elder Brother, I’ll carry you.”

At once perceiving his intentions, Pilgrim nonetheless played along with him, saying, “All right, that’s fine. Your arms might be even a bit stronger than Wujing’s.”

Thus Eight Rules carried Pilgrim on his back.

As Sha Monk divided the water to make a path, the three brothers all plunged into the Heaven-Reaching River. After journeying for over a hundred miles toward the bottom, that Idiot was about to play a trick on Pilgrim, who at once pulled off a piece of hair, which he changed into a spurious form of himself clinging to the back of Eight Rules. His true self was changed into a hog louse securely lodged in one of Eight Rules’s ears. As Eight Rules walked along, he suddenly and deliberately stumbled so that Pilgrim was sent flying over his head. The spurious form, however, was only a transformed piece of hair; once it left the back of Eight Rules, it drifted away with the current and soon vanished. “Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “how would you explain this? Why didn’t you walk more carefully? It would have been all right if you had fallen in the mud. Now the jolt has sent Big Brother off to who knows where!”

Eight Rules said, “That monkey can’t even stand a fall: just once and he’s melted already. Brother, don’t worry whether he’s dead or alive.

You and I can go search for Master.”

“It’s no good,” said Sha Monk, “for we must have him. Though he may not feel at home in water, he is far more agile than we. If he’s not around, I shall not go with you.” Unable to contain himself any longer, Pilgrim inside Eight Rules’s ear shouted with a loud voice, “Wujing, old Monkey’s right here!” On hearing this, Sha Monk laughed and said, “O dear! This Idiot is as good as dead! How dared you try to play a trick on him? Now you can hear him but you can’t see him. What are you going to do?”

Eight Rules became so frightened that he went to his knees in the mud and kowtowed, saying, “Elder Brother, it’s my fault! Wait till we rescue Master, and I shall apologize to you once more on the shore. Where are you making all this noise from? I’m scared to death! Please reveal your original form. I’ll carry you, and I’ll never dare offend you again.” Pilgrim said, “You are still carrying me, all right! I won’t trick you. Let’s get going quickly!” Still muttering his apologies, Idiot scrambled up and proceeded with Sha Monk.

They journeyed for another hundred miles or so when they came upon a towered building all at once, on which there was, in large letters, the inscription:

“Sea-Turtle House.”

“This must be the residence of the monster-spirit,” said Sha Monk, “but we don’t know that for sure. How could we go up to the door to provoke battle?”

“Wujing,” said Pilgrim, “is there any water around the gate?” Sha Monk said, “No.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “the two of you go and hide on both sides of the door. Let Old Monkey go and scout around.”

Dear Great Sage! Crawling free of Eight Rules’s ear, he shook his body once and changed again into a shrimp-mother with long legs. With two or three leaps, he bounded right inside the gate. As he looked around, he saw the fiend sitting up there while his watery kinsfolk stood in two rows beneath him. There was also a striped-coated perch-mother sitting by his side. They were all having a discussion on how to eat the Tang Monk. Pilgrim looked left and right with great care, but he could not find his master at all. Just then he saw a large-bellied shrimp-mother come out and stand still in the western corridor. Pilgrim leaped up to her and greeted her, saying, “Mama, the Great King is discussing with the others how to eat the Tang Monk. But where is the Tang Monk?”

“He was captured yesterday,” said the shrimp-mother, “after the Great King brought down the snow and created the ice. He is now imprisoned in a stone box at the rear of the palace. If by tomorrow his disciples do not show up to cause any trouble, we will make music and feast on him.”

After he heard this, Pilgrim chatted further with her for awhile before moving toward the rear of the palace. He looked, and sure enough there was a stone box, somewhat like a pigsty that people use in a pigpen or a stone coffin. Measuring it, he found it to be approximately six feet in length. He crawled on top of it and soon heard the pitiful sound of Tripitaka’s weeping coming from inside.

Not uttering a word, Pilgrim cocked his ear to listen. Grinding his teeth in sheer frustration, the master said:

I loathe River Float, a life plagued by woes!

*How many water perils bound me at birth!
 I left my mother's womb to be tossed by waves;
 I plumbed the deep, seeking Buddha in the West.
 I met disaster at Black River before;
 Now in this ice-break, my life will expire.
 I know not if my pupils can come here,
 Or if with true scriptures I can go home.*

Pilgrim could not refrain from calling out, "Master, don't be annoyed. The *Water-Calamity Book* says,

*Earth is the mother of the Five Phases;
 But water is their very source.
 Without earth there is no life;
 Without water there is no growth.*

Old Monkey has arrived!" On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "O Disciple! Please save me!"

"Try to relax," said Pilgrim. "Wait till we seize the monster-spirit and you will be freed from your ordeal."

"Get moving quickly!" said Tripitaka. "One more day and I'll suffocate!"

"That won't happen! That won't happen!" said Pilgrim. "I'm off!"

Turning around, he leaped right out of the gate and changed back into his original form. "Eight Rules!" he shouted. Idiot and Sha Monk drew near, saying, "Elder Brother, what did you find out?"

"It was this fiend all right," said Pilgrim, "who captured Master. He is not yet hurt, but he is imprisoned in a stone box. The two of you should provoke battle at once after old Monkey has gone back up to the surface of the water. If you two can capture him, do so; but if you can't, feign defeat and entice him out to the surface. I'll attack him then."

"Have no worry, Elder Brother," said Sha Monk. "You leave first and let us size up the situation." Making the water-repelling sign with his fingers, Pilgrim darted out of the river and stood on the bank to wait for them.

Look how violent that Eight Rules could become! Dashing up to the gate, he shouted in a severe voice, "Brazen fiend! Send my master out!"

The little monsters inside the gate were so alarmed that they went hurriedly to report, "Great King, someone at the gate is demanding his master."

"That must be one of those brazen monks," said the monster. "Bring out my armor!"

The little fiends took it out quickly. After he was properly suited up, the monster picked up his weapon and walked out the gate. Facing him on the left and on the right were Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who stared intently at him. Dear monster! Look at him!

*His head wore a gleaming helmet of gold.
 A gold cuirass he had that flashed red light.
 Pearl- and jade-studded, a belt wrapped his waist.
 His feet wore strange boots of tobacco brown.*

*The bridge of his nose rose high like a ridge.
 His forehead seemed like a dragon's, broad and wide.
 Both round and fierce his blazing eyes would glare.
 His teeth, like steel swords, were even and sharp.
 His tousled short hair did shoot up like flames.
 His long beard was groomed like a golden awl.
 His mouth held a pond weed, tender and green.
 His hands gripped a nine-grooved red bronze mallet.
 As the gates swung wide open with a creak,
 He bellowed like the thunder of triple spring.
 Features like his are rare in human world.
 Hence he's called Great King of Numinous Power.*

After the fiend walked out of the gates, about a hundred little imps, all wielding lances and swords, followed him out and stood in two columns behind him. "From which monastery have you come," he asked Eight Rules, "and why are you causing a disturbance here?"

"You brazen creature!" shouted Eight Rules. "You were almost beaten to death! You argued with me the other night, and yet you dare play ignorant and ask me again today? I am a disciple of a holy monk from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, and a pilgrim journeying to see Buddha in the Western Heaven for scriptures. Be-fooling the people with your empty magic, you are even audacious enough to call yourself Great King of Numinous Power and indulge in devouring virgin boys and girls from the Chen village. I am One Load of Gold from the family of Chen Qing. Can't you recognize me?"

"Monk," said the monster, "you are quite unreasonable! For taking on the form of One Load of Gold, you should be charged with the crime of false identity. Not only did I not eat you, but the back of my hand was also wounded by you. I have yielded to you already.

How dare you come seeking trouble right up to my door?"

"If you had yielded," said Eight Rules, "then why did you raise up the cold wind and send down the great snowfall? Why did you make the ice to trap my master? Send him out quickly and all will be well. If but half a 'No' escapes from your teeth, I'll never spare you! Just look at this rake in my hands!" On hearing this, the fiend smiled sarcastically and said, "Monk, you are wagging your tongue and bragging! It was I, indeed, who brought the snow and froze the river to abduct your master. Now you are clamoring at my door and demanding his return, but this time, I fear, is not quite the same as the time before. Previously, I brought no weapon with me as I thought I was attending a feast, and you took advantage of me. Don't run away now, because I'm going to fight with you for three rounds. If you can withstand me, I will return your master; if you cannot, I'll eat you also."

"My darling child!" said Eight Rules. "That's the way to talk! Take care, watch my rake!"

"So you became a monk midway in your life," said the fiend. Eight Rules said, "My dear boy, you do have a little Numinous power! How did you know that I became a monk midway in my life?"

“Since you are using a rake,” said the fiend, “you must have been hired as a gardener somewhere, and now you have stolen even your master’s rake!”

“Son,” said Eight Rules, “this rake of mine is no garden tool. Look!

*The huge teeth are forged like dragon claws;
Its handle, white-gold wrapped, is serpent shaped.
When it’s used in battle, cold wind swoops down;
When it’s put to combat, bright flames spring up.
Able to smite fiends for the holy monk,
It catches monsters on the westward way.
When I move it, mist hides the sun and moon.
When I use it, bright, colored lights will shine.
Mount Tai’s toppled, and a thousand tigers cringe.
The sea’s upturned, ten thousand dragons fear.
Though you may have Numinous power,
One blow will give you nine big, gaping holes!”*

That fiend, of course, would not take such words seriously! He raised his bronze mallet and brought it down on Eight Rules’s head.

Using his muckrake to parry the blow, Eight Rules said, “You brazen creature! So, you too, became a spirit midway in your life!”

“How could you tell that I became a spirit midway in my life?” asked the fiend. “If you know how to use a bronze mallet,” said Eight Rules, “you must have been a laborer hired by some silversmith to tend the fires. You took advantage of him and stole his mallet!”

The fiend said, “This is no mallet for forging silver. Look!

*Nine segments formed like petals of a flow’r;
Though hollow the stem’s made of evergreen.
It’s not anything of this mortal world,
It has its birth and name in the house of gods.
Green seeds and cases aged in the jasper pool;
Pure scent and nature born of a jade-green pond.
Since I toiled to temper and refine it,
It’s charged with magic and it’s hard as steel.
Swords, halberds, and spears—all can’t rival it.
Axes and lances—none can withstand it.
Though your rake may be like a sharp-edged sword,
My mallet will break it as it breaks a nail!”*

When Sha Monk saw how the two of them engaged in such exchanges, he could no longer restrain himself from approaching them and shouting, “Fiend! Stop this boasting! The ancients said, ‘What’s spoken proves nothing; only deeds are visible!’ Don’t run away.

Have a taste of my staff!” Using the mallet to parry the blow, the fiend said, “So, you also are someone who became a monk midway in your life!”

“How did you know?” asked Sha Monk. “The way you look,” said the fiend, “you resemble someone who used to work in a pastry shop.” Sha Monk said, “How could you tell that I used to work in a pastry shop?”

“If you didn’t work there,” said the fiend, “how could you learn to use a rolling pin, like the one they made noodles with?”

“You cursed thing!” scolded Sha Monk. “Of course, you haven’t seen anything like this before!

*This kind of weapon is rare in the world;
That’s why you don’t know the treasure staff’s name.
It came from the moon—the shadowless spot—
Carved from a piece of divine śāla wood.
Outside it’s decked with jewels luminous;
Within, a hub of gold’s most glorious.
In bygone days it attended royal feasts;
Now it follows Right and guards the Tang Monk.
Few may know it on the way to the West;
Great fame it has in the Region Above.
It’s called the fiend-routing treasure staff:
One blow and it will surely crack your skull!”*

In no mood to talk further, the fiend charged him; the three of them turned ferocious all at once and began a fierce battle at the bottom of the river.

*Bronze mallet, treasure staff, and muckrake:
Wuneng and Wujing both engaged the fiend.
One was Heavenly Reeds descending to earth;
One was a divine warrior coming from the sky.
Both attacked the water fiend, showing their power.
This one withstood alone the god-monks—a laudable show!
Proper affinity can perfect the great Dao:
Mutual growth or conquest holds Ganges’ sand.
Earth conquers water,
And the bottom’s seen when water dries up;
Water begets wood
Which, flourishing, will bloom like flowers.
Chan and Dao, nurtured, lead to the same essence;
Elixir, refined and forged, tames the three parties.
Earth is mother
Sprouting golden shoots;
Gold begets divine water and the baby’s born.
Water’s the source
To moisten wood.
And wood, thriving, brings forth strong, bright fire.
The conjoined Five Phases will all differ:
That’s why they strive, each changing colors.
Look! Each petal of that bronze mallet was fine and bright;
The treasure staff was wrapped in a thousand strands of silk.
The rake, made according to yin-yang and the stars,
Dealt sundry blows without style or number.
They risked their lives for the monk’s ordeal;
They courted death for Śākyamuni’s sake.
The bronze mallet was kept busy all the time,*

Blocking staff on the left and rake on the right.

The three of them fought for some two hours underneath the water and no decision could be reached. Supposing that they could not prevail against him, Eight Rules winked at Sha Monk, and the two of them at once feigned defeat. They turned and fled, their weapons trailing behind them. "Little ones," ordered the fiend, "stay here. Let me catch up with these fellows and bring them back for you to eat." Look at him! Like the wind blowing dead leaves and the rain beating down the withered flowers, he pursued them right up to the surface of the water.

On the eastern shore, the Great Sage Sun was staring at the water with unblinking eyes. Suddenly huge waves arose in the river and there were shouts and roars. Eight Rules was the first to leap ashore, crying, "He's coming! He's coming!" Sha Monk, too, rushed up to the bank, crying, "He's coming! He's coming!"

He was pursued by the fiend, who yelled, "Where are you running to?" No sooner did he clear the water, however, than he was met by Pilgrim, shouting, "Watch the rod!" Quickly swerving to dodge the blow, the fiend met him with upraised mallet. One of them churned up the waves near the edge of the river, while the other showed forth his power on the bank. Before they reached even three rounds after they closed in, the fiend had already weakened. With a splash he plunged back into the river and disappeared; the wind and the waves thus subsided.

Pilgrim went back to high ground and said, "Brothers, you've worked very hard!"

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "this monsterspirit might not do so well on land, but he was quite formidable beneath the water. Second Elder Brother and I attacked him left and right and both of us could only manage to fight him to a draw. What shall we do to rescue Master?"

"Let's not dillydally," said Pilgrim, "for I fear that he may harm Master."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "we'll go and try to entice him to come out again. You be quiet and wait for him in midair. Once his head emerges, you give him one of those garlic-pounding blows squarely on the top of his skull. Even if you don't kill him, you'll knock him dazed. Old Hog can then finish him off with one blow of the rake."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said Pilgrim. "That's what we call mutual cooperation. Only that can accomplish anything."

The two of them dove into the water again, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that fiend, who fled in defeat and returned to his residence. As the various fiends met him, the perch-mother went up to him and said, "Great King, where did you chase those two monks to?"

The fiend said, "I didn't realize that those monks have another helper, who, when they leaped ashore, tried to hit me with an iron rod. I dodged the blow and fought with him. God knows how heavy that rod of his is! My bronze mallet could not stand up to it at all. Before we finished three rounds, I had to flee in defeat."

"Great King," said the perch-mother, "can you remember how that helper looked?"

“He has a hairy face and a thunder-god beak,” said the fiend, “forked ears and broken nose. A monk with fiery eyes and diamond pupils.” When the perch-mother heard this, she shuddered and said, “O Great King! It was smart of you to flee, and you escaped with your life! Three more rounds and you won’t live at all! I know who that monk is.”

“Who is he?” asked the fiend. “Some years back I was living in the Great Eastern Ocean,” said the perch-mother, “and I heard the old Dragon King talking about him and his reputation. This monk is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, the Handsome Monkey King who is a golden immortal of the great monad and of the primal chaos in the Region Above. Five hundred years ago, he caused great havoc in the Celestial Palace, but now he has embraced Buddhism to accompany the Tang Monk to go to the Western Heaven for scriptures. He has changed his name to Pilgrim Sun Wukong. He has tremendous magic powers and knows many ways of transformation. Great King, how could you tangle with him? From now on, you must not fight with him at all.”

Hardly had she finished speaking when one of the little imps dashed in to report, “Great King, those two monks are here again to provoke battle.”

The monster-spirit said, “My worthy sister’s opinion is very sound! I’m not going to face them again. See what they can do!”

He gave hurriedly this order, “Little ones, shut the gates. As the proverb says,

*You may call outside the door;
Your cries I’ll wholly ignore!*

They may even stay here for a couple of days, but when they get tired of it, they’ll leave. Then we can freely and leisurely enjoy the Tang Monk.”

All those little fiends started to haul rocks and mud to seal up the entrance to the residence. When Eight Rules and Sha Monk shouted repeatedly without receiving any reply, Idiot in perturbation began to batter the gates with his rake. The gates, of course, were tightly shut, but a few blows of the rake broke them down. Inside the gates, however, was a solid wall of mud and rocks piled sky-high. When Sha Monk saw it, he said, “Second Elder Brother, this fiend is terribly afraid, and that’s why he shuts himself up and refuses to come out. You and I should go back up to shore and discuss the matter with Big Brother.”

Eight Rules agreed and they returned to the eastern shore.

Halfway between cloud and fog, Pilgrim stood waiting and holding his iron rod. When he saw the two of them emerge without the fiend, he lowered his cloud and met them on the bank. “Brothers,” he asked, “how is it that that thing has not come up?” Sha Monk said, “The fiend has shut his doors tightly and refused to come out to meet us. When Second Elder Brother broke the doors, we ran into a solid wall of mud and rocks inside. That’s why we could not even do battle with him. We decided to return to talk to you and see how we could make plans to rescue Master.”

“If that’s how he behaves,” said Pilgrim, “it’s quite hard to think of anything to overcome him.

You two had better patrol the banks to make certain that he doesn’t escape to another place. Let me make a trip.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “where are you going?” Pilgrim said, “I’m going to the Potalaka Mountain to make inquiry of the Bodhisattva. I want to find out

the origin of this monster, his name, and how I may search out his ancestral home. After I have seized his kinsfolk and all his relations, I can return here to rescue Master.” With a laugh, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, the way you do things will waste a lot of time and energy!”

“I won’t waste any time or energy!” said Pilgrim. “I go, and I’ll be back at once!”

Dear Great Sage! Mounting the auspicious luminosity quickly, he left the river and headed straight for the South Sea. In less than half an hour, the Potalaka Mountain came into sight as he lowered his cloud and went up to the summit. The Twenty-four devas, the Great Mountain-Guardian, the disciple Mokṣa, Child Sudhana, and the Pearl-Bearing Dragon Girl all came forward to greet him. “Why did the Great Sage come here?” they asked, and Pilgrim said, “I must see the Bodhisattva.”

“The Bodhisattva left the cave this morning,” said the deities, “and forbade anyone to follow her. She went by herself into the bamboo grove, though she left word that you would arrive today and that we should be here to receive you. She said she would not be able to see you immediately and she asked you to be seated before the cliff for awhile and wait for her to come out.” Pilgrim obeyed and before he had even taken a seat, the Child Sudhana approached him bowing and said, “Great Sage Sun, I must thank you for your past kindness. The Bodhisattva was gracious enough to take me in and I have been her constant companion, waiting upon her beneath her lotus platform. She has, in fact, shown me great favors.” Recognizing that he was formerly the Red Boy, Pilgrim said with a laugh, “In the past you were gripped by demonic delusions. Now that you have attained the right fruit, you must realize that old Monkey is a good person!”

After having waited for a long time, Pilgrim grew very anxious, and he said, “Please make the announcement for me, all of you. If there’s further delay, I do fear for my master’s life.”

“We dare not,” said the deities, “for the Bodhisattva gave specific instruction that you should wait for her to come out.”

As he had always been impulsive, Pilgrim, of course, could stand it no longer and dashed all at once into the bamboo grove. Aha!

*This Handsome Monkey King
Was by nature most impulsive.
The devas could not detain him
When he wished to go inside.
Deep into the grove he strode,
His open eyes stealing a glance.
There the salvific Honored- One
Sat, cross-legged, on bamboo leaves.
Carefree and without makeup
She looked so gentle and mild.
Her tresses, undone, flowed down;
She had no headgear with fringes.
Her blue robe she did not wear,
But only a small waistcoat.
A silk skirt wrapped round her waist.
Her two feet were both naked.*

*Her cloak's silk sash was untied;
Her two arms were completely bare.
Her jadelike hand held up a knife
With which she peeled off bamboo skin.*

When Pilgrim saw her, he could not refrain from calling aloud, "Bodhisattva, your disciple, Sun Wukong, pays you sincere homage."

"Wait outside," commanded the Bodhisattva. Pilgrim went to his knees to kowtow, saying, "Bodhisattva, my master is facing a terrible ordeal. I came especially to ask you concerning the origin of the fiend at Heaven-Reaching River."

"Go out of the grove," said the Bodhisattva, "and wait till I come out." Not daring to force her, Pilgrim had no choice but to walk out of the bamboo grove. He said to the various devas, "The Bodhisattva seems to be all wrapped up today in her domestic affairs. Why is she not sitting at her lotus platform? Why is she not made up? Why does she look so gloomy, making bamboo slips in the grove?"

"We don't know," said the deities. "When she left the cave this morning, she went at once into the grove before she was even properly dressed. She told us also to wait for the Great Sage, and she must be doing something for your affairs." Pilgrim could do nothing but wait.

After awhile, the Bodhisattva emerged from the grove holding a purple-bamboo basket. "Wukong," she said, "I'll go with you to rescue the Tang Monk." Kneeling down hurriedly, Pilgrim said, "Your disciple dares not press you. Let the Bodhisattva dress and ascend her seat first."

"No need to dress," said the Bodhisattva. "I can go with you just like this."

Abandoning the devas, the Bodhisattva mounted the auspicious clouds immediately and rose into the air. Great Sage Sun had to follow her! In a moment, they arrived at the Heaven-Reaching River. On seeing them, Eight Rules said to Sha Monk, "Elder Brother is so impulsive! I wonder what sort of wild clamor he made at South Sea that forced an undressed and unadorned Bodhisattva to come here!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when the Bodhisattva landed on the bank. Bowing, the two disciples said, "Bodhisattva, we have intruded upon you. Please forgive us!" Untying her sash from her vest, the Bodhisattva fastened it to the basket and rose halfway into the air on the clouds. She held the sash and lowered the basket into the river, pulling it toward the upper reach. Then she recited a spell, saying, "The dead depart; the living remain! The dead depart, the living remain!" She repeated this seven times and then lifted up the basket. Inside was a shiny goldfish, still blinking its eyes and tossing about.

"Wukong," cried the Bodhisattva, "go into the water quickly and rescue your master."

"But we have not yet captured the fiend," said Pilgrim. "How could we rescue Master?"

"Isn't the fiend in the basket?" asked the Bodhisattva. Bowing, Eight Rules and Sha Monk said, "How could the little fish get to be so powerful?"

"He is a goldfish reared in my lotus pond," said the Bodhisattva. "Every day, he would float with the current to the surface to listen to my lectures, and his powers were acquired from his self-cultivation. That nine-petaled bronze mallet is a stalk supporting

an unopened lotus bud, which the process of his magic cultivation has made into a weapon. I don't know which day it was when high tide carried him to this place. When I watched my flowers leaning on the railing this morning, this fellow did not come out to greet me. I made calculations then by consulting the grooves on my fingers and learned that he had become a spirit here, seeking to harm your master. That was why I did not even bother to put on my clothes or jewels, for I was exercising my divine powers to fashion this basket to catch him."

"Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, "please remain here for a moment. Let me go and call together the believers in the Chen village so that they may gaze upon your golden visage. This will be your great favor toward them, and, moreover, the account of how you have captured the fiend will help these mortal humans to become your devout worshippers."

"All right," said the Bodhisattva. "Go and call them together quickly."

Eight Rules and Sha Monk sprinted back to the village, screaming, "Come, all of you, to see the living Bodhisattva Guanyin!"

The inhabitants of the entire village, young and old, all rushed to the edge of the river. Without regard for the mud and water, they all knelt down and kowtowed. Someone skilled in painting among them at once made a portrait of the goddess, and that was how the picture of the Guanyin with a fish basket came about. Thereafter, the Bodhisattva returned to South Sea.

Opening a path in the water, Eight Rules and Sha Monk went straight to the Sea-Turtle House to search for their master. The watery fiends and fish spirits inside were all dead. They went to the rear of the palace and opened the stone box. Then they carried the Tang Monk to leave the waves and to be reunited with the others on the shore. Chen Qing and his brother in gratitude kowtowed to them, saying, "Venerable Father, you should have listened to our pleadings and you would not have had to undergo such suffering."

"No need to say that anymore," said Pilgrim. "You people here will have no need to make any more sacrifices next year, for the Great King has been done away with. He will take no more lives. Mr. Chen, now we must count on you to find a boat to take us across the river."

"We have one! We have one!" said Chen Qing. He at once gave the order to build a boat; when the villagers heard this, everyone responded with enthusiasm. One of them said that he would purchase the mast and another volunteered to get the oars. Some of them wanted to bring the ropes, while still others promised to hire the sailors.

As they were making such clamor by the bank of the river, they suddenly heard this cry coming from the middle of the water:

"Great Sage Sun, there is no need for a boat that will only be a waste of money and materials. I'll take you four across the river." When the people heard this, they were so frightened that the timid ones fled back to the village, while the more courageous among them, trembling all over, stole glances at where the voice was coming from. Instantly, out crawled a strange creature from the depths. "How did he look?" you ask. He is

*A square-headed divine not of this world;
His name: a water god most subtle and shrewd.
His tail can life prolong a thousand years;*

*He hides himself in a hundred rivers deep.
Vaulting on waves and currents he comes to shore;
Facing the sun and wind he lies on the beach.
Truly enlightened he nourishes his breath,
An old turtle, scabby headed and white shelled.*

“Great Sage,” cried the old sea-turtle again, “don’t build the boat. I’ll take all of you, master and disciples, across the river.” Raising high his iron rod, Pilgrim said, “Cursed creature! If you dare approach me, I’ll kill you with one blow of my rod!”

“I am grateful to the kindness of the Great Sage,” said the old turtle, “and that’s why I want to help all of you with the best intention. Why do you want to hit me instead?”

“What kindness have I shown you?” asked Pilgrim.

The old turtle said, “Great Sage, you don’t realize that the Sea-Turtle House down below happens to be my residence, a place my ancestors handed down to me from generation to generation. Since I had awakened to my source and origin, I succeeded in nourishing my numinous breath to enable me to practice self-cultivation here. The house had been rebuilt by me and named the Sea-Turtle House.

Nine years ago, that fiend arrived during a huge tidal wave, and at once he let loose his violence and fought with me. He slew many of my children and robbed me of many of my kinsfolk. I was no match for him, and my house was taken away by force. Now I am truly indebted to the Great Sage, who in his attempt to rescue his master, has succeeded in bringing the Bodhisattva Guanyin here to disperse all the fiendish miasma. With the monster seized, the house belongs to me once again. Now I can be reunited with my kin, young and old; I can occupy my old home again without having to rest on earth or recline on mud. This favor of yours is indeed great as a mountain and deep as the sea. But it is not just I myself who am indebted to you. The entire village here has been exempted from ever having to make the annual sacrifice, and countless children’s lives are spared. This is indeed a case of the double gain with a single move. Dare I not show my gratitude and try to repay you?” Secretly pleased by what he heard, Pilgrim put away his iron rod and said, “Are you really sincere about this?”

The old turtle said, “I’m a recipient of the Great Sage’s profound kindness. How dare I play false?”

“Swear to Heaven that you are telling the truth,” said Pilgrim. Opening wide his huge red mouth toward the sky, the old turtle said, “If I do not truly intend to send the Tang Monk across the Heaven-Reaching River, may my body turn into blood!”

“You come here then,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. Swimming to the edge of the river, the old turtle then crawled up the bank. When the people gathered about him to take a look, they found a huge white globe of a shell, about forty feet in its circumference. “Master,” said Pilgrim, “we can get on him and cross over.”

Tripitaka said, “Disciple, even that thick ice before gave us difficulty. I wonder if this turtle’s carapace is safe at all.”

“Please do not worry, Master,” said the old turtle, “I’m much safer than that thick ice! If I make even one slip, I’ll not achieve my merit.”

“O Master!” said Pilgrim. “It is not likely for a creature who has acquired human speech to lie. Brothers, bring us the horse! Quick!”

As they went to the edge of the river, the entire Chen village, young and old, all came to bow to them. After Pilgrim led the horse up onto the back of the old turtle, he asked the Tang Monk to stand to the left of the horse's neck, Sha Monk to the right, and Eight Rules at the back. Pilgrim himself stood in front of the horse. Fearing that the turtle might cause trouble nevertheless, he untied the sash of his tiger-skin kilt and fastened it to the nose of the turtle, pulling it up like a rein. He placed one foot on the turtle's back and the other foot on its head; one hand held the iron rod while the other held the rein. "Old Turtle," said he, "go slowly. One wrong move and I'll give your head a blow!"

"I dare not! I dare not!" said the old turtle. Stretching forth his four legs, the turtle trod on the surface of the water as smoothly as if he were walking on level ground. The people on shore all burned incense and kowtowed, everyone chanting, "Namo Amitābha!" It was truly as if real arhats were descending to earth and living Bodhisattvas revealing themselves. The people worshipped until they could no longer see the pilgrims before they dispersed, and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you instead about the master riding on the white turtle; in less than a day, they crossed the Heaven-Reaching River of eight hundred miles. With dry hands and feet, they went ashore. As Tripitaka landed, he pressed his palms together to give thanks, saying, "I have troubled you, old Turtle, but there is nothing I can give you. Let me acquire the scriptures first, and when I come back, I'll thank you then with a gift."

The old turtle said, "There's no need for any gift from you, old Master. But I have heard that the Buddhist Patriarch in the Western Heaven has not only transcended the process of birth and death, but he has also the knowledge of past and future. I have practiced self-cultivation here for a full thirteen hundred years. Though I have lengthened my age and lightened my body, and I have also acquired the knowledge of human speech, I find it difficult to shed my original shell. When you get to the Western Heaven, I beg the old Master to inquire of the Buddhist Patriarch and see when I may cast off my original shell to acquire a human body."

Tripitaka said, "I promise to ask."

Then the old turtle turned around and plunged back into the water. Pilgrim helped Tang Monk to mount the horse, Eight Rules poled the luggage, and Sha Monk took up the rear. Master and disciples found the main road and started out again toward the West. Thus it was that

*The holy monk sought Buddha by decree
Through a vast distance and many ordeals.
His mind was steadfast, undaunted by death;
He crossed Heaven River on a turtle's back.*

We don't know exactly how far they still have to go, or whether good or evil befalls them; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY

*Nature follows confused feelings through lust and desire
Faint spirit and moved mind meet a demon chief*

The poem says:

*Sweep often the grounds of the mind;
Wipe clean the dust of affections.
Let not the pit ensnare your Buddha-self.
Only when essential self's clean
May you your primal source convene.
You must lift and trim nature's wick
To breathe thus freely at Caoxi.
Keep the horse and the ape from sounding harsh:
Through night and day a breath serene
Will let all your technique be seen.*

The tune of this lyric poem is called A Southern Branch. It is meant to describe the Tang Monk and how he escaped from his ordeal of ice in the Heaven-Reaching River and how he ascended the other shore by standing on the white turtle. Master and the disciples, the four of them, followed the main road and set out again toward the West. It was the time of midwinter, and they saw

*Faint outlines of woodlands in the mists,
Clear frames of bare mountains in the stream.*

As master and disciples walked along, they again came upon a huge mountain blocking their way. The road turned exceedingly narrow and the cliffs were tall; moreover, there were many rocks and the ridges were so steep that it would be difficult for humans or horses to proceed. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka called out, "Disciples." Pilgrim led Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk forward, saying, "Master, what do you have to say?"

"Look how tall the mountain is ahead of us," said Tripitaka. "I fear that tigers and wolves might run rampant up there, or strange beasts might come out to attack us. Be careful!"

"Please do not worry, Master," said Pilgrim. "We three brothers are united in a single effort to embrace the Right and seek the Real. We will exercise our power to disperse monsters and subdue fiends. You needn't be afraid of any tigers or wolves!" On hearing his words, Tripitaka felt more assured and urged his horse forward to ascend the cliff. As they did so, they glanced around and saw that it was quite a mountain indeed.

*Rugged and soaring—
Pointed and towering—
Rugged and soaring it rises to the sky;
Pointed and towering it blocks the blue heavens.
Strange rocks piled high like tigers sitting;
Hoary pines aslant like dragons flying.
Atop the peak a bird sings a pretty song;
Before the cliff the plums waft a strong, sweet scent.*

*The brook swells and surges, its water cold;
 The clouds assail the summit, dense and dark.
 You also feel the drifting snow,
 The biting wind,
 And the mountain's roaring, famished tiger.
 Jackdaws pick through the trees but find no nest;
 Wild deer search in vain for a place to rest.
 Pity the travelers, who can hardly walk:
 Crestfallen, downcast, they cover their heads!*

Master and disciples, the four of them, braved the snow and cold to scale, shivering, the rugged peak. After they passed it, they saw in the distance a towered building in the fold of the mountain and some charming buildings nearby. Delighted, the Tang Monk said on his horse, "O Disciples, I feel so cold and hungry today! It's a good thing that there are in the fold of the mountain that building and the houses. It has to be either a village, a mansion, an abbey, or a monastery. Let's go and beg for some food. We can move on after we have a meal." When Pilgrim heard this, he opened wide his eyes to look and saw that the place was shrouded with baleful clouds and diabolical air. "Master," he turned to speak to the Tang Monk, "that's not a good place."

"There are buildings and houses," said Tripitaka. "Why isn't it a good place?"

"O Master," said Pilgrim with a snicker, "how could you know? There are plenty of monsters and demons on the way to the West, and they are most capable of devising some form of houses or dwellings. It doesn't matter whether it is a towered building or a pavilion, or some such edifice; any one of these can be merely a transformation to deceive people.

You have heard of the saying that 'a dragon can beget nine kinds of offspring.' One of them is the giant clam; the breath this creature emits is luminous and takes on the appearance of buildings and houses. When a big river is caught in inclement weather, that's when the giant clam produces such a mirage. If some birds or crows happen to fly by and decide to rest their wings on these specious buildings, the clam will swallow them with one gulp. It's a vicious trap. When I see how baleful the aura is over there, I must tell you not to approach it."

"So we can't go over there," said Tripitaka, "but I'm really hungry!"

"If you are, Master, please dismount," said Pilgrim. "Sit here on level ground and let me go somewhere to beg some vegetarian food for you to eat."

Tripitaka consented and dismounted. After Eight Rules took hold of the reins, Sha Monk put down the luggage and untied the wrap to take out the alms bowl to hand over to Pilgrim. Taking it in his hand, Pilgrim gave this instruction to Sha Monk:

"Worthy Brother, don't go forward. Just stand guard over Master sitting here. Wait until I come back with the food and we can then set out again to the West." Sha Monk obeyed, and Pilgrim said once more to Tripitaka, "Master, that place in front of us betokens more evil than good. Don't ever leave here and go elsewhere.

Old Monkey is off to beg for food."

"Don't talk anymore," said the Tang Monk. "Just go quickly and come back. I'll wait for you here." Pilgrim turned and was about to leave, but he walked back again to say, "Master, I realize you can't sit still for very long. Let me provide you with some means of safety."

He took out his golden-hooped rod and drew on the level ground a large circle. The Tang Monk was asked to sit in its middle, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk stood by either side of him. The horse and the luggage, too, were placed near them. Then Pilgrim pressed his palms together to bow to the Tang Monk, saying, "The circle drawn by old Monkey here is as strong as an iron wall. No matter what they are—tigers, wolves, ogres, or demons—they will not dare come near you. But you must not step out of the circle. Remain seated inside and no harm will come to you. But if you leave the circle, you will in all likelihood meet with danger. Please take heed of my words! Please take heed of my words!"

Tripitaka agreed and all three of them sat down solemnly in the circle.

Mounting the clouds, Pilgrim went south to search for a place to beg for food. Suddenly he saw some tall, aged trees, near which was a village. He lowered his cloud and took a careful look. He saw

*Snow abusing weak willows
And ice frozen in the square pond;
Sparse bamboos waving their blue;
Dense pine trees holding their green;
A few thatched huts half decked with silver;
A small, slanted bridge powder-dusted;
Half-bloomed narcissus by the fence;
Long icicles dangling beneath the eaves.
The piercing cold wind wafted a rare scent,
But snow hid the place where plum flowers bloomed.*

As Pilgrim admired the scenery of the village, he heard one of the wooden gates open with a creak and out walked an old man, who wore a lamb's-wool hat, a long robe full of holes, and a pair of grass sandals. Supporting himself with a staff, he looked up to the sky and said, "Ah, the northwest wind is rising. It'll be fair tomorrow."

Hardly had he finished speaking when a Pekingese ran out from behind him and barked furiously at Pilgrim. Only then did the old man turn around.

Pilgrim stood before him holding the alms bowl and bowed, saying, "Old Benefactor, this priest happens to be someone sent by imperial decree of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. We are passing through your region and my master is hungry. I have come to your honorable residence to beg you for some vegetarian food." When the old man heard this, he shook his head and struck the ground several times with his staff, saying, "Elder, you shouldn't beg for food just yet, for you have taken the wrong road."

"I have not," said Pilgrim. The old man said, "The main road to the Western Heaven is due north of here, over a thousand miles away. You should go and find that road at once." Pilgrim laughed and said, "Yes, it is due north of here, and my master right now is sitting beside that road and waiting for me to beg for food."

"This monk is babbling!" said the old man. "If your master is indeed waiting at the main road for you to beg for food, a distance of a thousand miles will require six or seven days of traveling one way, even if you happen to be an exceptionally adroit traveler. When you go back to him, it will take another week or so. By then, he would be long starved to death, wouldn't he?" Pilgrim laughed again and said, "To tell you the truth, Old Benefactor, I left my master not long ago, and it took me no more than the

time of drinking a cup of tea to get to this place. Once I succeed in begging some food, I shall rush back to serve it to him for lunch.” On hearing this, the old man became terribly frightened, thinking to himself, “This priest is a ghost! A ghost!”

He turned around and began to dash inside. Pilgrim made a grab at him and said, “Benefactor, where are you going? If you have some food, donate it to us.”

“It’s not convenient! It’s not convenient!” said the old man. “Go to some other family.”

“Benefactor,” said Pilgrim, “you aren’t very considerate! As you said, this place is over a thousand miles away from the main road. If I go to another family, it may take another thousand miles. Wouldn’t my master be really starved to death then?”

“To tell you the truth,” said the old man, “there are altogether six or seven people in my family, and we have just washed and placed three pints of rice in the cauldron. It’s not even fully cooked yet. Please go somewhere else to look for your food.” Pilgrim said, “As the ancients said, ‘Walking to three other houses is not like sitting in one.’ This humble priest will sit here and wait.” When the old man saw how persistent Pilgrim was, he became angry; lifting his staff, he struck out at Pilgrim. Not the least intimidated, Pilgrim allowed the old man to hit his bald head seven or eight times without a flinch—it was as if someone were scratching an itch for him! “This is a priest with a collision-proof head!” said the old man. “Venerable Sir,” said Pilgrim, chuckling, “you can hit me all you want. But you’d better remember the number of blows you give me: one blow will cost you one pint of rice! You can take your time and measure it!” On hearing this, the old man quickly dropped his staff and ran inside. He slammed the door shut, yelling, “A ghost! A ghost!”

The entire household was so terrified that both the front and the back doors were at once tightly bolted.

When Pilgrim saw that the doors were shut, he thought to himself, “This old rogue said that they had just washed the rice and placed it in the cauldron. I wonder if he was telling the truth. As the proverb says, ‘The Daoists beg from the worthies but the Buddhists from the fools.’ Let old Monkey go in and take a look.”

Dear Great Sage! He made the magic sign with his fingers and used the magic of invisibility to walk straight into the kitchen: steam was indeed rising from the cauldron, for there was inside it half a cauldron of dried rice. He stuffed the alms bowl into the cauldron and gave it a strong scoop to fill the alms bowl with rice. He then mounted the clouds to go back to his master, and we shall not speak of him for the moment.

We tell you now instead about the Tang Monk sitting in the circle. He waited for a long time without seeing Pilgrim returning. Half rising, he said dejectedly, “Where did that ape go to beg for food?”

“Who knows!” said Eight Rules on one side, snickering. “He must have gone somewhere to play around! You think he’s going to beg for food? He just wants us imprisoned here!”

“What do you mean by imprisoned?” asked Tripitaka. “Don’t you know, Master?” said Eight Rules. “The ancients drew on the ground to establish a jail.

That’s what he did! He drew a circle with his rod, and he claimed that it was stronger than a wall of iron. But if some tigers or ferocious beasts really showed up, how could this circle protect us? We might as well give ourselves to them for food!”

“Wuneng,” said Tripitaka, “what do you propose to do?”

Eight Rules said, “This place can’t shelter us from the wind or the cold. If you agree with old Hog, we should follow this road and start out toward the West once more. If Elder Brother manages to get some food, he will no doubt return quickly, riding on his cloud. He should have no difficulty catching up with us, and when there is food, we can stop and eat first before we move on. Sitting here all this time will only make our feet grow cold!” It was the bad luck of Tripitaka to have heard these words! He agreed with Idiot and all of them walked out of the circle. Eight Rules led the horse while Sha Monk poled the luggage; the elder did not even climb on the horse. Following the road, he walked right up to the towered building and found that it was an edifice facing south. Outside the door was a brick wall painted white with corners like the word eight, which connected with a small towered-gate decorated with carvings of lovebirds hung upside down and painted with five colors. The door of the building was half closed. Eight Rules tied the horse to one of the stoneware door wedges, and Sha Monk put down his pole. As he was sensitive to the cold wind, Tripitaka sat on the threshold. “Master,” said Eight Rules, “this must be the residence of a noble man or an official. If we can’t see anyone near the front door, all the inhabitants must be inside warming themselves by the fire. You two sit here, and let me go inside to take a look.”

“Take care!” said the Tang Monk. “Don’t offend people!” Idiot said, “I know! Since I was converted and entered the gate of Chan, I have acquired some manners! I’m not like one of those village fools!”

Tying the muckrake to his waist, Idiot straightened out his blue silk shirt and walked inside in a civil manner. He saw three large front halls with all the curtains drawn up; the whole place was quiet and without a trace of any human inhabitant. There were neither furniture nor utensils. Passing the screens, he walked further inside and came upon a long corridor, behind which was a tall, two-story building. The windows on top were half opened, and one could see parts of a set of yellow silk curtains in the room. “The people must be afraid of the cold,” said Idiot to himself. “They are still sleeping!” With no regard for manners, Idiot strode right up to the second story of the building. When he drew the curtains apart to take a look, he was so startled that he stumbled and fell. Inside the curtains, you see, and lying on top of an ivory bed was a skeleton of sickly white. The skull was big as a jar and the leg bones, straight as poles, were about four or five feet long. After he had calmed down, Idiot could not restrain the tears rolling down his cheeks. Shaking his head and sighing, he said to the skeleton, “I wonder you are

*The remains of a marshal of which nation,
Or of which domain or state a great general.
Once you were a hero striving to win;
Today how piteously you show your bones.
Your children and wife aren’t here to serve you;
No soldiers burn incense to honor you.
You are truly most lamentable a sight:
You, who used to seek rule by might or right!”*

As Eight Rules thus lamented, he suddenly saw a flare of light behind the curtains. “Someone must be here after all to offer incense to him,” said Idiot. He went behind the curtains hurriedly to look and found that rays of light were coming through some screens set up in a side room. Behind the screens was a lacquered table, on which

there were several garments made of embroidered silk brocade. When Idiot picked them up, he saw that they were three silk vests.

Without regard for good or ill, he took the vests and came down the building. He went back through the front halls to walk out the door. "Master," he said, "there's no trace of anyone living inside. It's in fact a residence of the deceased. Old Hog went inside and walked upstairs to the tall tower, where there was a skeleton inside some yellow silk curtains. In a side room there were three silk vests, which I've brought with me. This has to be our luck, at least a little of it! Since it's turning cold now, we can make good use of them. Master, take off your outer garment and put on one of those vests. Enjoy, so you won't feel the cold so much."

"No! No!" said Tripitaka. "For the *Code Book* says, 'To take things, whether in open or in secret, is thievery.' If someone found out and caught up with us, the officials would undoubtedly charge us with the crime of theft. Take them back and put them at the place you found them. We can sit here for awhile to escape from the wind, and when Wukong arrives, we'll move on. Those of us who have left the family should not be so covetous of small gains!"

Eight Rules said, "There's not a single person around, even dogs or chickens are unaware of our presence. Only we know what we have done. Who will file charges against me? Who will be a witness? It was as if I had picked up these vests from the road. What do you mean by taking in open or in secret?"

"You act foolishly!" said Tripitaka. "Though man may not know it, will Heaven be ignorant of it? Xuandi left this instruction:

*He may conscience slyly despise,
But like lightning are the god's eyes.*

Return them quickly! Don't be greedy for things which do not belong to you." Idiot, of course, refused to listen. Laughing, he said to the Tang Monk, "O Master! Since I became a human, I have worn several vests, but none made with such lovely brocade. If you won't want to put it on, let old Hog put it on. I'm going to try something new, and I want to warm my back a bit. When Elder Brother arrives, I'll take it off and we'll move on."

"If that's the way you put it," said Sha Monk, "I'll try one, too!"

The two of them took off their shirts and put on the vests. They were just trying to tighten the straps when all of sudden they could no longer stand up and tumbled to the ground. The vests, you see, somehow turned out to be like two straitjackets; in an instant, the two of them had their arms twisted backwards and firmly bound behind their backs. Tripitaka was so taken aback that he stamped his feet and chided them; he then went forward to try to untie them, but it was all to no avail. As the three of them made continuous clamor over there, a demon was soon alerted.

That towered building, you see, had indeed been devised by a monster-spirit, who had spent the days ensnaring people at the place.

As he sat in his own cave, he suddenly heard noises of complaint and expostulation. When he hurried out to have a look, he found two victims all tied up. The demon called up his little imps quickly and did away with the buildings and towers. The Tang Monk was seized, along with the white horse and the luggage. Then they herded all of them, including Eight Rules and Sha Monk, into the cave.

After the old demon took his seat high in the middle, the little fiends pushed the Tang Monk forward and forced him to kneel down.

“Where did you come from, monk?” asked the old demon. “How dare you be so bold as to steal my garments?”

As tears rolled down, the Tang Monk said, “This poor monk is someone sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. Stricken with hunger just now, I told my senior disciple to go to beg for food and he hasn’t returned.

He told us to remain seated in the mountain, and if we had listened to him, we would not have trespassed your immortal court to find shelter from the cold wind. It was here that these two young disciples of mine grew covetous of small things after they found your clothes. Your poor monk certainly had no evil intentions, and they were told to return the vests to where they were found. Refusing to listen to me, they wanted to wear them just to warm their backs, and that was how they fell into the traps set by the Great King. Since you have caught me, I beg you to be merciful and spare my life so that I may proceed to acquire the true scriptures. I shall always be grateful for your grace and kindness, which I shall forever proclaim when I return to the Land of the East.”

“I have often heard,” said the demon, chuckling, “that if anyone eats a piece of the Tang Monk’s flesh, his white hair will turn black, and his fallen teeth will grow back once more. Today it is my good fortune that you have arrived without my beckoning. And you still expect me to spare you? What is the name of your big disciple? Where did he go to beg for food?” On hearing the question, Eight Rules said loudly and boastfully, “My Elder Brother is Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who caused great havoc in Heaven five hundred years ago.” When the demon heard that declaration, he became rather apprehensive. Though he did not utter a word, he thought to himself, “I have heard for a long time that that fellow has vast magic powers. I didn’t expect that I would meet him by chance like this.”

Then he gave the order:

“Little ones, tie them up also with two new ropes. Put them all in the rear. Wait until I have caught their big disciple.

Then we can steam them all together to eat them.”

The little fiends obeyed with a shout and tied up all three of them before they were carried to the rear. The white horse was chained in the stable and the luggage was left in the house. Then the various monster-spirits began sharpening their weapons to prepare to catch Pilgrim, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim Sun, who after he had stolen an alms bowlful of rice from the village in the south, mounted his cloud to return to where he began. By the time he reached the slope of the mountain and lowered his cloud, he saw that the Tang Monk was gone. The circle he drew with his rod could be seen on the ground, but neither the people nor the horse were anywhere in sight. He quickly turned his head to look toward the towered buildings and found that these, too, had disappeared. All he saw were strange rocks and mountain ridges. Aghast, Pilgrim said, “That’s it! They must have fallen into danger!”

Following the tracks of the horse he hurried along the road toward the West.

He journeyed for about five or six miles, and as he became more and more dejected, he heard all at once someone speaking on the northern slope. When he looked, he saw that it was an old man, who had on a thick woolen robe, and his head was covered by a warm hat. On his feet he had on a pair of half-new leather boots which had been nicely waxed. He supported himself with a staff that had a dragon head, and he was followed by a young houseboy. The old man also carried a twig of winter-plum blossoms in his hand, and as he walked down the slope, he was humming some kind of song. Putting down his alms bowl, Pilgrim faced him and bowed, saying, "Old Grandpa, this humble priest salutes you." Returning his bow, the old man said, "Where did you come from, elder?" Pilgrim said, "We came from the Land of the East, on our way to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. Master and disciples, there were altogether four of us. Because my master was hungry, I was sent to beg for some vegetarian food. I told the three of them to sit on a level spot by the mountain slope back there to wait for me. By the time I came back, however, they had disappeared. I don't know which road they took. May I ask, Old Grandpa, whether you have seen them?" When the old man heard this, he snickered and said, "Was there someone with a long snout and huge ears among those three?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said Pilgrim.

"Was there also someone with a gloomy complexion tugging a white horse and leading a pale-faced stoutish monk?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said Pilgrim. The old man said, "You have taken the wrong road, all of you! Don't bother to look for them. Each of you should flee for your life!" Pilgrim said, "The pale-faced one is my master, and those strange-looking priests are my younger brothers. They and I were united in our determination to go to the Western Heaven for scriptures. How could I not go to search for them?"

"I passed through this region some time ago," said the old man, "and I saw them taking the wrong road, which had to lead them straight into the mouth of demons."

"Old Grandpa," said Pilgrim, "please tell me what kind of a demon there is and where does he live, so that I may demand their return at his door."

The old man said, "This mountain is named the Golden Helmet Mountain, and in it there is a Golden Helmet Cave. The master of the cave is the Great King One-Horned Buffalo, who has vast magic powers and who is most capable in the martial arts. Your three companions this time must have lost their lives, and if you go there to search for them, I fear that you, too, may get yourself killed.

Perhaps it's better for you not to go. I don't want to keep you from going, but I certainly am not going to encourage you either. It's your decision."

Bowing again and again to thank him, Pilgrim said, "I am grateful to the Old Grandpa for his instructions. But I cannot possibly give up my search!"

He was about to pour out the rice that he took from the village in the south to give to the old man so that he could put away the empty bowl when the old man lay down his staff and took away the alms bowl. All at once the houseboy and the old man both revealed their true forms and went to their knees to kowtow. "Great Sage," they cried in unison, "these humble deities dare not hide anything from you. We are the mountain god and the local spirit of this region, and we have come to receive you here. Let us keep the bowl and the rice for the moment, so that the Great Sage can exercise

his power. When the Tang Monk is rescued, the rice will then be presented to him and he will appreciate what reverence and devotion the Great Sage has shown him.”

“You are asking to be beaten, clumsy ghosts!” bellowed Pilgrim. “If you knew that I had arrived, why didn’t you show up earlier to meet me? Why must you come in shabby disguises?”

“The Great Sage is rather impetuous,” said the local spirit, “and this humble deity dares not confront you directly. That’s why we camouflage ourselves to report to you.”

Calming down more and more, Pilgrim said, “I’ll only make a note of your beating this time! Take care of that alms bowl for me, and let me go and catch that monster-spirit.”

The local spirit and the mountain god obeyed.

Tightening his sash on his tiger-skin kilt which he hitched up, our Great Sage dashed into the mountain to look for the fiend’s cave, holding high his golden-hooped rod. He passed one of the cliffs and saw more strange boulders and two stone doors just beneath a green ledge. In front of the doors were many little imps, wielding lances and waving swords. Truly there were

*Mists in auspicious folds;
Moss in bluish clumps;
Strange rugged rocks stood in array;
Rough winding paths coiled round and round.
Apes cried and birds sang in this lovely scene;
Phoenixes, male and female, danced as in Peng- Ying.
A few plums, facing the east, began to bloom;
Warmed by the sun, the bamboos displayed their green.
Beneath the steep ridge—
Within the deep brook—
Beneath the steep ridge snow piled high like powder;
Within the deep brook water froze as ice.
Pines and cedars fresh for a thousand years;
Bunches of mountain tea all glowing red.*

As he did not go there merely to admire the scenery, our Great Sage strode up to the doors and cried out in a severe voice, “Little imps! Go inside quickly and tell your cave master that I am Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and the disciple of the holy monk from the Tang court. Tell him to send out my master quickly so that all of your lives may be spared.”

That group of fiends dashed inside to report, “Great King, there is a hairy-faced priest with a curved beak outside. He calls himself Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and he has come to demand the return of his master.” When he heard this announcement, the demon king was delighted. “I wanted him to come!” he said. “Since I left my former palace and descended to earth, I have never had a chance to practice martial art. Today he is here and he will be a worthy opponent.”

He gave the order at once for his weapon to be brought out, and every one of those fiends, young and old, in the cave aroused himself. They hurriedly hauled out a twelve-foot-long spotted-steel lance to present to the old fiend. Then the old fiend gave this order:

“Little ones, all of you must follow orders. Those who advance will be rewarded; those who retreat will be executed.”

The fiends all obeyed and followed the old demon, who, when he walked out of the cave, asked aloud, “Who is Sun Wukong?” On one side Pilgrim took a look at that demon king and saw that he was ugly and ferocious indeed:

*A jagged, single horn;
A pair of gleaming eyes;
Coarse skin swelling up from his head;
Dark flesh glowing beneath his ears.
A long tongue oft' licking his nose;
A wide mouth full of yellow teeth.
His hide is like indigo blue;
His tendons are tough as steel.
Rhino-like, though he can't light up the stream;
Steer-like, though he can't plow the fields.
He has no use at all for tilling the soil,
Though he has the strength to shake Heav'n and Earth.
His two dyed-blue hands with tendons brown
Grasp firmly the long, straight, spotted-steel lance.
You'll see why, if you stare at his fierce form,
He's called Great King One- Horned Buffalo.*

Pilgrim Sun walked up to him and said, “Your Grandpa Sun is here! Give me back my master quickly, and you will suffer no harm.

Utter but half a ‘No,’ and I’ll see to it that you die faster than you can select your burial ground!”

“You audacious, brazen monkeyspirit!” shouted the demon. “What abilities do you have that you dare indulge in such tall talk?”

“You brazen fiend,” said Pilgrim, “it’s only you who has never seen the abilities of old Monkey!”

The demon said, “Your master stole some garments of mine and I caught him all right. And now I am just about to have him steamed and eaten. What kind of a warrior are you that you dare demand his return at my door?”

“My master is an honest and upright priest,” said Pilgrim. “It’s impossible that he should want to steal things from a fiend like you!”

The demon replied, “I created an immortal village beside the mountain, and your master sneaked into one of the buildings.

What he saw he coveted, and he took three of my vests of silk brocade and put them on. I had proof derived from both the stolen goods and witnesses, and that was why I seized him. If you indeed are able, you should try your hand with me. If you can withstand me for three rounds, I will spare your master’s life. If you can’t, I’ll send you to the Region of Darkness!” With a laugh, Pilgrim said, “Brazen creature! No need for this bravado! If you speak of trying my hand, you are after old Monkey’s own heart. Come up here and have a taste of my rod!”

The fiendish creature, of course, was in no wise afraid of any combat. Raising his lance, he stabbed at Pilgrim’s face. This was quite a marvelous battle! Look at

*The golden-hooped rod upraised—
 The long-shafted lance going out—
 The golden-hooped rod upraised
 Is brilliant as the golden snakes of lightning.
 The long-shafted lance going out
 Is radiant like a dragon leaving the ink-dark sea.
 The little imps beat the drums before the door
 As they spread in formation to help the fight.
 Over here our Great Sage uses his might
 To reveal, back and forth, his abilities.
 On that side there is a lance,
 Alert and spirited;
 On our side there is a rod—
 Such lofty art of combat!
 Truly a hero has met a hero true;
 A foe has found another worthy foe.
 That demon king belches purple breath like lightning coils;
 This Great Sage's eyes flash forth rays like brocade clouds.
 Because a Great Tang Monk faces an ordeal,
 They, without forbearance, strive bitterly.*

Closing again and again for more than thirty times, they could not reach a decision. When that demon king saw how perfect Wukong's style was in using his rod, how there was not even the slightest false move, he was so pleased that he shouted bravos repeatedly, saying, "Marvelous ape! Marvelous ape! Truly abilities like these are worthy to cause havoc in Heaven!"

That Great Sage, too, was also pleased by the methodical way in which the demon king wielded his lance: as he parried left and right, every blow and every thrust were in perfect form. "Marvelous spirit! Marvelous spirit!" cried the Great Sage also. "Truly a demon capable of stealing elixir!"

The two of them therefore fought for twenty more rounds.

Using the tip of his lance to point at the ground, the demon king shouted for the little imps to attack together. All those brazen fiends, wielding swords, scimitars, staffs, and spears, rushed forward at once and surrounded the Great Sage Sun completely. Entirely undaunted, Pilgrim only cried, "Welcome! Welcome! That's exactly what I want!"

He used his golden-hooped rod to cover his front and back, to parry blows east and west, but that gang of fiends refused to be beaten back. Growing more agitated, Pilgrim tossed his rod up into the air, shouting, "Change!" It changed immediately into iron rods by the hundreds and thousands; like flying snakes and soaring serpents, they descended onto the fiends from the air. When those monster-spirits saw this, everyone was frightened out of his wits. Covering their heads and necks, they fled toward their cave for their lives. The old demon king, however, stood still and, laughing with scorn, said, "Monkey, don't be impertinent! Watch my trick!"

He at once took out from his sleeve a white, shiny fillet and tossed it up in the air, crying, "Hit!" With a swish, all the iron rods changed back into a single rod, which was then sucked up by the fillet. The Great Sage Sun, completely empty-handed, had to use his somersault desperately in order to escape with his life. Thus

*The demon, in victory, returned to his cave,
But Pilgrim, in a daze, knew not what to do.*

Truly it is that

*The Dao is one foot but demons are ten feet tall.
Nature reels, feelings faint—the wrong home you find.
Dharma-self, alas, has no proper seat:
His act that time stems from a faulty mind!*

We do not know what is the end of all this; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-ONE

*Mind Monkey in vain uses a thousand tricks
Futile water and fire makes it hard to smelt demons*

We were telling you about the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who fled in defeat, empty-handed. He went to the back of the Golden Helmet Mountain, and as he sat down, big drops of tears fell from his eyes. “O Master!” he cried. “I had hopes that you and I,

*Since Buddha's grace had both kindness and peace,
Would find same youth, same life, as my lasting wish:
To live, to work, to seek the same release,
With same will, same mercy to show our spirits' fruit;
To reason and think the same, our minds truly one;
To know and behold the same open way.
I knew not I would lose the staff of my will.
How could I prosper with empty hands and feet?”*

After lamenting like this for a long time, the Great Sage thought to himself, “That monster-spirit recognized me! When we were fighting just now, I remember him paying me the compliment:

‘Truly someone worthy to cause havoc in Heaven!’ Judging from this, I can’t imagine that he is a fiend of this mortal world; he has to be some evil star of Heaven who descended to Earth out of longing for the world. I wonder what sort of demon he really is and where he dropped down from. I’ll have to go to the Region Above to make an investigation.”

Thus it was that Pilgrim, using the mind to question the mind, deliberated with himself and thereby gained control of himself.

Leaping up, he mounted the auspicious cloud and went straight before the South Heaven Gate. As he raised his head, he was suddenly met by the Devarāja Virūpākṣa, who bowed low and said to him, “Where is the Great Sage going?”

“I must have an audience with the Jade Emperor,” said Pilgrim. “What are you doing here?” Virūpākṣa said, “Today it’s my turn to patrol the South Heaven Gate.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when Ma, Zhao, Wen, and Guan, the four grand marshals, all appeared and greeted Pilgrim, saying, “Great Sage, we are sorry that we have not come to meet you. Please have some tea with us.”

“But I’m busy,” said Pilgrim, whereupon he took leave of Virūpākṣa and the four grand marshals and went inside the South Heaven Gate. When he arrived before the Hall of Divine Mists, he ran into Zhang Daoling, Immortal Ge, Xu Jingyang, Qiu Hongzhi, the six officers of the Southern Dipper, and the seven heads of the Northern Dipper. Meeting Pilgrim before the hall, they all raised their heads to greet him, saying, “Why has the Great Sage come here?” Immediately thereafter, they asked again, “Have you perfected the merit of accompanying the Tang Monk?”

“It’s still too early! It’s still too early!” said Pilgrim. “With so large a distance and so many demons, we have managed to accomplish only half the merit. Right now

we are stranded in the Golden Helmet Cave of the Golden Helmet Mountain, where a bovine monster has Master Tang captured in the cave. Old Monkey found the way to his door and fought with him, but that fellow had such vast magic powers that he managed to rob old Monkey of his golden-hooped rod. That's why it is so difficult to arrest that demon king. I suspect that he has to be some evil star from the Region Above who has descended to Earth out of longing for the world, but I really don't know what sort of demon he is or where he comes from. For this reason old Monkey came to seek the Jade Emperor and to charge him with the offense of not keeping his household under control."

"This ape head," chuckled Xu Jingyang, "is still so mischievous!"

"I'm not being mischievous," said Pilgrim. "It's just that old Monkey has been inquisitive all his life, and that's how he finds things out."

"No need to talk further," said Zhang Daoling, "let's announce his arrival for him."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Pilgrim.

The four Celestial Masters indeed went into Divine Mists to make the announcement and led Pilgrim to have an audience with the Jade Emperor. Bowing deeply to the throne, Pilgrim said, "Venerable Sir, I'm sorry to have troubled you! I'm sorry to have troubled you. Since old Monkey began to accompany the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven, our journey has encountered more misfortune than good luck. But that goes without saying, I suppose! Right now a bovine monster has captured the Tang Monk in the Golden Helmet Cave of the Golden Helmet Mountain, and I don't know whether my master will be steamed, cooked, or sun-dried.

Old Monkey found the way to his door and fought with the fiend, who seemed to recognize old Monkey vaguely. His magic powers, however, are great indeed; he even managed to rob old Monkey of his golden-hooped rod, thus making it difficult for me to seize any monster. I have a suspicion that this monster is an evil star from Heaven, who descended to the Region Below out of longing for the world. For this reason old Monkey came especially to memorialize to you. I beg the Celestial Worthy in his compassion to grant me my request. Please issue a decree to find out the identity of the evil star and to send troops to arrest this demon. Old Monkey makes this request with the utmost fear and trembling."

Bowing deeply again, he said, "Such is my petition to be made known." On one side, Immortal Ge chuckled and said, "How is it that our ape behaves so haughtily at first and so humbly afterwards?"

"How should I dare?" asked Pilgrim. "I'm not acting haughtily at first and humbly afterwards, but right now I'm a monkey who has no rod to play with."

When the Jade Emperor heard this memorial, he at once gave a decree to the Kehan Bureau, saying, "In accordance with the memorial of Wukong, conduct an investigation among all the stars and planets of various Heavens and among all the divine kings of the various galaxies to see if anyone has been led to leave the Region Above out of longing for the world. Return to make your report as soon as you have fulfilled the decree. Such is our statement to be made known."

The adept Perfected Lord Kehan received the decree and went at once with the Great Sage to conduct this investigation. They first examined the various officials under the command of the devarājas of the four Heaven Gates; next, they examined the

various realized immortals, young and old, among the Three Forbidden Enclosures; then they checked through Tao, Zhang, Xin, Deng, Gou, Bi, Pang, and Liu, the thunder deities; and finally, they searched through all thirty-three Heavens, but no disturbance was found in any of them.

They then examined the twenty-eight lunar mansions: the seven mansions of the East containing the constellations Citrā, Niṣṭyā, Viśākhā, Anurādhā, Bāhu,

Mūlabarhaṇī, and Pūrva-Aṣādhā; the seven mansions of the West containing the constellations Uttara-Aṣādhā, Abhijit, Śravaṇā, Śraviṣṭha, Śatabhiṣā, Pūrva-Proṣṭhapada, and Uttara-Proṣṭhapada. What they found was that all of these mansions, including those of the North seven mansions and South seven mansions, were peaceful and quiet. They then examined the Sun, the Moon, Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, Mars, and Saturn—the Seven Regulators—together with Rahu, Ketu, Qi, and Bo, the four Stars of Excesses. Of all the stars and planets in Heaven, there was not a single one who left for the Region Below out of longing for the world. “Since this is the case,” said Pilgrim, “old Monkey has no need to return to the Hall of Divine Mists. After all, it’s not good to disturb the Jade Emperor once again. You may go back to make your report, and I’ll wait here to see if there is any further message for me.”

The adept Perfected Lord Kehan agreed. As Pilgrim Sun waited there, he composed a poem to record his impressions. The poem says:

*Clear wind and fair clouds make felicity;
Quiet gods and bright stars show propitious signs.
The cosmos at peace, Earth and Heaven prosper.
At all five quarters arms and banners recline.*

After having made a thorough search everywhere, the adept Perfected Lord and Master of the Kehan Bureau returned to report to the Jade Emperor with this memorial:

“None is missing among the stars and mansions of Heaven; the divine warriors of all quarters are present. There is no one who has left for the Region Below out of longing for the world.” When the Jade Emperor heard this, he gave the order:

“Let Wukong select a few celestial warriors to help him to capture the demon in the Region Below.”

The four Celestial Masters, having received this decree, went out of the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists and said to Pilgrim, “O Great Sage, since there is no god in the Celestial Palace who longs for the world, the Jade Emperor in his great mercy has asked you to select a few divine warriors instead to help you capture the demon.”

Bowing his head, Pilgrim thought to himself, “Those warriors in Heaven whose abilities are not as good as old Monkey’s are plentiful, but those just as good are few. Remember when I caused great havoc in the Celestial Palace: the Jade Emperor sent out one hundred thousand Heaven soldiers with cosmic nets, but there is not a single person who could stand up to me. They found my match only when they called up the Little Sage Erlang. Now this fiend has abilities as strong as old Monkey’s. How could we prevail against him?” Perceiving the meaning of his silence, Xu Jingyang said, “This time is not quite the same as last time! As the proverb says, ‘One thing will vanquish specifically another.’ You can’t quite disobey the decree, can you? Use your judgment and select your celestial warriors. Don’t allow your hesitation to cause unnecessary blunder.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “I am grateful for the imperial favor.

Indeed, I do not want to disobey the decree, nor does old Monkey wish to make this trip in vain. Let me trouble Jingyang to report to the Jade Emperor that I would like to be accompanied by Devarāja Li, the Pagoda Bearer, and Prince Naṭa. They have quite a few weapons designed to capture fiends. Let us go down below to do battle once with that fiend and see how things stand. If we manage to capture him, it will be the luck of old Monkey; if not, we can then decide what to do next.”

And so that Celestial Master made the report to the Jade Emperor, who gave an order at once for Devarāja Li, father and son, to lead an army of celestial soldiers to assist Pilgrim. The devarāja accepted the order and came to meet Pilgrim, who said again to the Celestial Master, “I cannot thank the Jade Emperor enough for sending along the devarāja. There’s one more request which I must trouble you to make known for me: we need the service of two thunder squires. When the devarājas fight with that demon, the thunder squires stationed at the edge of the clouds can aim their thunderbolts at the crown of his head. Isn’t that a good plan for killing the monster?”

“Marvelous! Marvelous! Marvelous!” said the Celestial Master, laughing, and he indeed presented this plan to the Jade Emperor. The Jade Emperor issued another decree to the Mansion of Ninefold Heaven, where Deng Hua and Zhang Fan, the two thunder squires, were ordered to assist the devarāja in capturing the monster. They therefore went out of the South Heaven Gate with the devarāja and the Great Sage Sun.

In a moment they arrived at their destination. “This mountain,” said Pilgrim, “is the Golden Helmet Mountain, and the Golden Helmet Cave is right in the middle. Please decide among yourselves which of you will go there to provoke battle first.” Lowering the direction of his cloud, Devarāja Li ordered the celestial soldiers to pitch camp on the south slope of the mountain. “The Great Sage,” he said, “has always known that my son Naṭa once subdued the demons of ninety-six caves. Most adroit in transformations, he carries with him many weapons for the subjugation of fiends. Let him go into battle first.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “let old Monkey be the prince’s guide.” Rousing his heroic powers, that prince leaped with the Great Sage into the tall mountain and arrived at the cave’s entrance. They found the door tightly shut and not a single spirit below the rocky ledge. Walking forward, Pilgrim shouted:

“Brazen demon, open the door quickly! Return my master!”

The little fiends standing guard at the doors inside the cave hurriedly made the report:

“Great King, Pilgrim Sun is leading a boy to provoke battle in front of our door.”

“The iron rod of the monkey,” said the demon king, “was taken by me. Since he can’t fight with empty hands, he must have gotten help now. Fetch my weapon!”

Gripping the lance in his hands, the demon king walked out the door to have a look: he found a little boy with rare and refined features and who had a sturdy build. Truly

*His coy, jadelike face is like a full moon;
Ruddy lips and square mouth show silver teeth.
Protrusive eyeballs give lightning-like gaze;
Bangs crowd his broad forehead like gathered mists.
His sash like flying flames dances in the wind;*

*Sunlit, his brocade robe sheds golden blooms.
Brilliant straps hold up his heart-guarding disk;
Lustrous armor matches his battle boots.
Though small of body, his voice rings loud and strong:
This faith-defender, fierce Naṭa of Three Heav'ns.*

With a laugh the demon king said, “You are the third child of Devarāja Li who bears the name Prince Naṭa. Why are you clamoring at my door?”

“Because of the disorder perpetrated by you, brazen demon!” said the prince. “So you seek to imprison and harm the holy monk from the Land of the East. By the golden decree of the Jade Emperor, I have come especially to arrest you.”

Growing very angry, the demon king said, “You must have been asked by Sun Wukong to come here. I’m the evil star of that Tang Monk, all right! But what sort of martial skill does a small boy like you possess that you dare mouth such arrogant words? Don’t run away! Have a taste of my lance!” Wielding his fiend-cutting sword, the prince met him head-on. As the two of them joined hands and began their contest, the Great Sage dashed past the mountain slope and cried out:

“Thunder squires, where are you? Get down there quickly and aim your thunderbolts at the demon. Help the prince to subdue him.”

Treading on the cloudy luminosity, Deng and Zhang, the two squires, were just about to attack when they saw the prince resorting to magic. Shaking his body, he changed himself into someone with three heads and six arms holding six kinds of weapons to attack the demon. The demon king also changed himself into someone with three heads and six arms, using three long lances to defend himself. Exercising his fiend-routing power even further, the prince tossed his six weapons in the air. “Which six weapons are these?” you ask. They are a monster-cleaving sword, a monster-slashing scimitar, a monster-binding rope, a monster-taming club, an embroidered ball, and a fiery wheel. “Change!” he roared, and the weapons changed into hundreds and thousands. Like a thundershower and a sleet storm, these weapons rained down on the head of the demon. Not the least bit daunted, the demon king took out with one hand that somber white fillet. He tossed it into the air, crying, “Hit!” With a loud whoosh, the six weapons were all sucked away by it. In desperation Prince Naṭa fled for his life with empty hands, while the demon king turned back in triumph.

In midair Deng and Zheng, the two thunder squires, smiled nervously to themselves and said, “It was a good thing that we looked over the situation first and didn’t release the thunderbolts immediately. If they had been sucked away by him, how could we go back to face the Celestial Worthy?” Lowering the direction of their clouds, the two squires went with the prince to the southern slope and said to Devarāja Li, “That demon indeed has vast magic powers!”

Giggling, Wukong said on one side, “His powers are only so-so, but that fillet of his is formidable. I wonder what kind of treasure it is that can suck away things like that.”

“This Great Sage is not very mature!” grumbled Naṭa angrily. “We have lost our weapons and we have fled in defeat—we are sorely distressed all because of you. And you are giggling there instead! Why?”

“You speak of being distressed,” said Pilgrim, “you think old Monkey in the last analysis is not distressed? But I have neither plan nor alternative at the moment. I can’t cry, and that’s why I am giggling!”

The devarāja asked, “How are we going to bring this to an end?”

“You may discuss the matter some more,” said Pilgrim, “but one thing is certain: whatever object cannot be sucked away by that fillet will be able to seize that fiend.”

“Only water and fire can resist being sucked away,” said the devarāja, “for as the proverb says, ‘Water and fire are ruthless.’” When he heard this, Pilgrim said, “You may be right! Sit and wait here. Let old Monkey make another trip to Heaven.”

“What for?” asked Deng and Zhang, the two squires. Pilgrim said, “When old Monkey gets there, he will not memorialize to the Jade Emperor. I will only go to the Red Aura Palace inside the South Heaven Gate and ask Mars, the Star of Fiery Virtue, to come here and start a fire to burn up that fiend. Perhaps the fillet, too, will be reduced to ashes, and then the demon will be arrested. First, we will be able to recover your weapons for you to take back to Heaven, and second, we will rescue my master from his ordeal.” When the prince heard these words, he was delighted and said, “No need for further delay. Let the Great Sage go and come back quickly. All of us will wait for you here.” Mounting the auspicious luminosity, Pilgrim again went before the South Heaven Gate. Virūpākṣa and the four marshals met him, saying, “Why has the Great Sage come here again?” Pilgrim said, “Devarāja Li told the prince to fight, but they only did battle once when his weapons were snatched away by that demon king. Now I want to go to the Red Aura Palace and request assistance from the Star of Fiery Virtue.” Not daring to detain him, the four marshals permitted him to enter the gate. When he reached the Red Aura Palace, the deities of the Fire Department went inside to make the report:

“Sun Wukong wishes to see our lord.”

The Third Pneuma of the South, the Star of Fiery Virtue, at once straightened his clothes and went out of his gates to meet his visitor. Then he said, “Yesterday Kehan Bureau inspected this humble palace, but there’s no one here who longs for the world.”

“I know that,” said Pilgrim, “but Devarāja Li and the prince have lost their first battle and their weapons. I came especially to ask you to give us some help.”

The Star said, “Naṭa happens to be the great god presiding over the Grand Assembly of Three Platforms.

When he embarked on his official career, he once subdued the demons of ninety-six caves. If he with his vast magic powers could not do the job, how could this humble deity hope to assist you?” Pilgrim said, “I discussed the matter with Devarāja Li, and both of us thought that the most effective elements between Heaven and Earth are water and fire. That fiend has a fillet most capable of sucking away the possessions of others.

We have no idea what sort of treasure it is. Since we know, however, that fire can destroy virtually everything, I have come to ask you to go to the Region Below and start a fire to burn up the demon and save my master from this one ordeal.” When he heard this, the Star of Fiery Virtue immediately called up the divine soldiers of his department and went with Pilgrim to the south slope of the Golden Helmet Mountain. After they greeted the devarāja and the thunder squires, the devarāja said, “Great Sage Sun, you must go again to provoke that fellow to come out. Let me fight with him; when he takes out his fillet, I’ll move out of the way and ask Fiery Virtue to burn him.”

“Exactly,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “I’ll go with you.”

They left to provoke battle, while Fiery Virtue stood on the tall peak with the prince and the two thunder squires.

When he reached the entrance of the cave, the Great Sage shouted:

“Open the door! Return my master quickly!”

The little fiends again hurried inside to report:

“Sun Wukong is here once more!”

The demon led his troops out of the cave to say to Pilgrim, “You brazen ape! What sort of help have you acquired this time?”

From this side the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja stepped forward, crying, “Lawless demon! You recognize me?”

“Devarāja Li,” said the demon king with a laugh, “you want to exact vengeance for your son, I suppose, and you want to recover your weapons?”

“For one thing I want to exact vengeance,” said the devarāja, “and for another I want to arrest you so that we can rescue the Tang Monk. Don’t run away! Have a taste of my scimitar!” Stepping aside to dodge the blow, the fiendish creature lifted his long lance and turned to meet his opponent. In front of the cave the two of them had quite a battle! Look at the

*Devarāja’s scimitar slashing;
The fiend’s lance upraised;
The scimitar slashes and frosty light emits bright flames;
The lance rises and the will to fight pierces doleful clouds.
One is the fiendish creature reared in the Golden Helmet Mountain;
One is the deity sent from the Divine Mists Hall.
That one for mocking Chan nature unleashes his power;
This one, to lift the master’s ordeal, shows the great relation.
Using magic the devarāja lets fly sand and stone;
Striving to win the fiend sprays mud and dirt.
Spraying dirt can darken Heaven and Earth;
Flying sand may becloud rivers and seas.
The two work hard to make a merit
Because the Tang Monk bows to the World- Honored One.*

When the Great Sage Sun saw the two of them had begun to fight, he turned at once and leaped up to the tall summit and said to the Star of Fiery Virtue, “Take care, Third Pneuma!” Look at them! The demon fought the devarāja for some time, and in the heat of the battle, he again took out the fillet. When the devarāja saw it, he at once turned his auspicious luminosity around and fled in defeat. On the tall summit the Star of Fiery Virtue quickly gave the command for the various gods of his department to start the fire. It was some fire, all right! Marvelous! The classic says:

*“The South is the spirit of fire.”
A few tiny sparks
Can burn up ten thousand acres,
For the power of the Third Pneuma
Can change into a hundred-point fire.*

*Now there are fire lances,
 Fire scimitars,
 Fire bows,
 And fire arrows—
 Such the gods of sundry bureaus
 Use in different fashions.
 You see in midair
 Fire crows flying and cawing;
 And all over the mount
 Fire steeds swiftly galloping.
 Red rats in pairs—
 Fire dragons in twos—
 Red rats in pairs throw out mighty flames
 And ten thousand miles are reddened;
 Fire dragons in twos belch thick smoke
 And every corner turns black.
 Fire carts are pushed out;
 Fire gourds are opened.
 Fire banners wave on a skyful of mists;
 Fire rods stir up an earthful of blaze.
 Why speak of Ning Qi whipping the ox?
 This is more fierce than Mr. Zhou at Red Cliff.
 This is a Heaven, not a worldly fire—truly awesome.
 Crackling and roaring it's a holocaust.*

When the demon saw the fire coming, he was not in the least afraid. He tossed the fillet in the air and with a loud whoosh, it sucked away all those fire dragons, fire horses, fire crows, fire rats, fire bows, and fire arrows. Then he turned toward his cave and went back in triumph.

The only thing left in the Star of Fiery Virtue's clutch was a banner, which he used to recall all his warriors to join the devarāja and his followers. As they sat down in the south slope of the mountain, the Star said to Pilgrim, "O Great Sage, truly one seldom sees a vicious demon like this one! Now I've lost my fire gear. What shall I do?"

"No need to grumble," said Pilgrim with a smile. "All of you, please take a seat for awhile. Old Monkey will make another trip."

"Where are you going this time?" asked the devarāja, and Pilgrim said, "If that fiendish creature is not afraid of fire, he must be afraid of water. The proverb says, 'Water can overcome fire.' Let old Monkey go to the Northern Heaven Gate and ask the Star of Watery Virtue to let loose his water and flood the cave. When that demon king is drowned, I'll get back your possessions."

"Though this is a good plan," said the devarāja, "I fear that your master, too, will be drowned."

"Don't worry," said Pilgrim. "If my master is drowned, I have a way to revive him. But if I cause you all any further inconvenience, it will not be proper."

"In that case," said Fiery Virtue, "please go! Please go!"

Dear Great Sage! Again he mounted the cloud somersault and went before the North Heaven Gate, where he ran at once into the Devarāja Vaiśravaṇa. “Where is the Great Sage Sun going?” asked the devarāja, bowing. Pilgrim said, “I must enter the Dark Vastness Palace and see the Star of Watery Virtue on a certain matter. What are you doing here?” Vaiśravaṇa replied, “Today happens to be my turn to patrol the gate.”

As they spoke, the four grand marshals—Pang, Liu, Gou, and Bi—all came forward to greet Pilgrim and invited him to have tea with them. “Don’t trouble yourselves!” said Pilgrim. “My affair’s most urgent.”

Taking leave of the deities, he went straight up to the Dark Vastness Palace and asked the deities of the water department to announce him. When the Star of Watery Virtue heard the announcement that the Great Sage Sun Wukong had arrived, he at once commanded that the four seas, the five lakes, the eight rivers, the four great rivers, the three mighty streams, and the nine tributaries be thoroughly searched. The dragon kings at these places were also asked to retire. He then straightened out his clothes to walk out of the palace door to greet his visitor. As they walked back into the palace, the Star said, “Yesterday, Kehan Bureau came to inspect our humble palace, for he feared that some god in this department might have longed for the world. We are still making a thorough investigation of the gods of rivers and seas, and it’s not finished yet.”

“That demon king isn’t a god of the rivers,” said Pilgrim, “but a much more powerful spirit. At first the Jade Emperor was kind enough to send Devarāja Li, his son, and two thunder squires to try to arrest him down below. He came up with his fillet and six divine weapons were sucked away. Old Monkey had no other choice but to go to the Red Aura Palace and ask the Star of Fiery Virtue to start a fire with the various gods of his department. Once more, the fillet sucked away the fire dragons, the fire horses, and the like. I thought that if this thing was not afraid of fire, it had to be afraid of water. I have come, therefore, especially to ask the Star to unleash your water power, capture that monster-spirit for us, and recover the weapons for the Heaven warriors. The ordeal of my master will also be lifted.” When Watery Virtue heard this, he at once gave this order to the Divine King Water Lord of the Yellow River:

“Follow the Great Sage and give him assistance.”

Taking out a small white jade chalice from his sleeve, Water Lord said, “I have something here to hold water.”

“Look at that!” said Pilgrim. “How much can this small chalice hold? How could it drown the demon?”

“To tell you the truth, Great Sage,” said Water Lord, “this chalice of mine contains the water of the Yellow River. Half a chalice means half a river, and one whole chalice will hold an entire river.”

Delighted, Pilgrim said, “Half a chalice is quite enough!”

He took leave of Watery Virtue at once and slipped away from the Heaven arches with the Yellow River God.

After he had bailed out half of the Yellow River’s water with his chalice, Water Lord followed the Great Sage to the Golden Helmet Mountain, where they met the devarāja, the prince, the thunder squires, and Fiery Virtue. “No need for going into the details,” said Pilgrim. “Just let Water Lord follow me there and let me command the fiend to open the door. Don’t wait for him to come out. You just pour the water into the cave and the whole nest of that fiend will be drowned. I’ll go and fish out the corpse of

my master, and there'll be lots of time to revive him." Water Lord agreed and walked right behind Pilgrim, who went around the slope to go up to the cave entrance. "Fiend, open the door!" he cried. Those little fiends standing guard at the door recognized that it was the voice of the Great Sage Sun and they hurried inside to report:

"Sun Wukong is here again." When the demon heard this, he picked up his treasure and his long lance and began to walk out. The stone door opened with a crash and Water Lord immediately emptied the content of his white jade chalice toward the inside of the cave. When he saw the water rushing in, the fiend dropped his long lance and took out the fillet, holding it high at the second door. Not only was the water blocked right there, but it reversed its course and gushed back out of the cave. So startled was the Great Sage Sun that he somersaulted immediately into the air and, together with Water Lord, leaped up to the tallest peak. The other deities also mounted the clouds to follow them; they all stood on the peak to watch the water swelling to tremendous height and force. Marvelous water! Truly

*One spoonful of it
Will make it unfathomable;
For when it's propelled by divine force,
It benefits all things and flows to swell a hundred streams.
You hear its loud splashes rocking the valley;
You see its giant crest surging up to Heaven.
Its mighty roar seems like thunder rumbling;
Its violent waves seem like summit-snow swirling.
Billows, a thousand feet tall, cover the roadways;
Ripples, ten-thousand-layered, surge o'er the peaks.
Gurgling, like spilled jade;
Clanging, like plucked strings.
Hitting the rocks, it foams like chips of jade tossed high;
Rounding the curves, it breaks out in eddies unending.
It flows through the lowlands and depressions,
Filling up brooklets and joining both their reaches.*

Alarmed by what he saw, Pilgrim said, "That's bad! The water is flooding the rice fields of people everywhere, but it hasn't even touched the inside of his cave. What shall we do?"

He asked Water Lord to retrieve the water at once, but Water Lord said, "Your humble deity only knows how to let loose the water but he doesn't know how to retrieve it."

As the proverb says, "Water thrown out cannot be retrieved."

Ah! Fortunately, that mountain was rather tall and rugged, so that all the water flowed swiftly downward. In a moment, it drained into all the brooks and ravines and disappeared.

A few little fiends leaped out of the cave afterwards, and when they saw that the water had receded, they began to play there happily —shouting and hollering, boxing with their fists, and wielding their rods and lances. "So this water never reached the inside of the cave," said the devarāja, "and all our efforts have been vain!" Pilgrim could not restrain the anger flaring up in his heart; wielding both his fists, he dashed up to the door of the demon and shouted:

“Don’t run away! Watch out for a beating!”

These several little fiends were so terrified that they all dropped their rods and lances to dash into the cave. Trembling all over, they made the report:

“Great King, it’s terrible! He’s going to give us a beating!”

Holding high his long lance, the demon king went out of the door to meet his adversary, saying, “This brazen ape is such a rascal! You have lost to me several times, and not even your water or fire can touch me.

Why is it that you have still come to give up your life?”

“My son is twisting the facts!” said Pilgrim. “I don’t know whether I’m the one who will give up my life, or whether you are the one! Come over here and have a taste of your old Grandpa’s fists!”

“This monkey is desperately forcing the issue!” said the demon with a chuckle. “I’m using the lance, but he is using only his fists. That pair of hands is nothing but skin and bones, and no bigger than walnut pits! How could you call them ‘pounders’? All right! All right! I’ll put down my lance and box with you.” Laughing, Pilgrim replied, “That’s the way to speak! Come up here!”

Hitching up his clothes and walking forward, the fiend assumed a boxing posture; his two fists upraised looked truly like two iron sledge hammers. Our Great Sage also loosened his legs at once and moved his body to attack; right before the cave entrance, he began to box with the demon king. This was quite a fight! Aha!

*The four limbs are stretched out;
The double-kicking feet fly up.
They pound the ribs and chests;
They stab at galls and hearts.
“The Immortal Pointing the Way”;
“Laozi Riding the Crane”;
“A Hungry Tiger Pouncing on the Prey” is most hurtful;
“A Dragon Playing with Water” is quite vicious.
The demon king uses a “Serpent Turning Around”;
The Great Sage employs a “Deer Letting Loose its Horns.”
The dragon plunges to Earth with heels upturned;
The wrist twists around to seize Heaven’s bag.
A green lion’s open-mouthed lunge;
A carp’s snapped-back flip.
Sprinkling flowers over the head;
Tying a rope around the waist;
A fan moving with the wind;
The rain driving down the flowers.
The monster-spirit then uses the “Guanyin Palm,”
And Pilgrim counters with the “Arhat Feet.”
The long punch, stretching, is more slack, of course.
How could it compare with the short, sharp jabs?
The two of them fought for many rounds—
None was the stronger, for they’re evenly matched.*

As the two of them boxed in front of the cave entrance, those standing high on the peak were so thrilled by the spectacle that Devarāja Li shouted bravos and the Star of Fiery Virtue clapped his hands in acclaim. Then the two thunder squires and Prince Naṭa led the other deities in rushing forward and tried to help their colleague. On the other side, the little monsters immediately surged forward also to cover their master, waving banners and beating drums, wielding swords and brandishing scimitars. When the Great Sage saw that the situation might turn against him, he yanked off a handful of hairs from his own body and tossed them into the air, crying, “Change!”

At once they changed into some fifty little monkeys, who swarmed all over the demon—grabbing his legs, tugging at his torso, gouging his eyes, and pulling at his hair. The fiendish creature became so alarmed that he immediately took out his fillet.

When the Great Sage and his companions saw that object, they mounted the clouds at once and fled toward the tall summit. Tossing the fillet up into the air, the fiend changed those fifty monkeys back into their true forms and then they were sucked away again with a loud whoosh. After he had gained this victory, the fiend led his troops back to his cave, closed the door, and celebrated.

“The Great Sage Sun is still a marvelous fighter!” said the prince. “The way you box, it’s truly like adding flowers to the embroidery, and the way you use your body-division magic is indeed the display of nobility before others.”

“As you watched from afar,” said Pilgrim, smiling, “how did the abilities of the fiend compare with old Monkey’s?”

“His punches were slack,” said Devarāja Li, “and his kicks were slow; he certainly could not match the Great Sage for his speed and tightness. He was quite flustered already by the sight of our arrival, and when he saw your magic of body-division, he grew even more desperate and resorted to his fillet.”

“It’s simple to deal with the demon king,” said Pilgrim, “but it’s difficult to overcome that fillet.”

Both Fiery Virtue and Water Lord said together, “If we want to win, we must acquire his treasure first before we try to arrest him.”

“How could we acquire his treasure,” asked Pilgrim, “unless we try to steal it?”

“If we want to practice the ritual of stealing,” said a thunder squire, chuckling, “there is no one more able than the Great Sage.

Remember that year when you caused great havoc in Heaven, how you stole imperial wine, immortal peaches, dragon’s liver, phoenix’s marrow, and the elixir of Laozi? What a talent that was! Today is the time to put that to use again.”

“Thanks for the compliment!” said Pilgrim. “Thanks for the compliment! If that’s what you think we should do, take a seat here and let old Monkey go to make some investigation.”

Dear Great Sage! He leaped down from the peak and crept up to the cave entrance; with one shake of his body he changed himself into a tiny fly. Truly graceful! Look at him!

*His wings thin as skin of bamboo;
A body small like a flower’s heart.
His arms and his legs just thicker than hairs;
Beady eyes both shining and bright.*

*Good at chasing scent and fragrance,
 He flies swiftly riding the wind.
 His frame barely pulls down the steelyard weight;
 So cute he's even of some use.*

Ever so lightly he flew up to the door and crawled inside through a crack. There he found many fiends, young and old; some were singing and dancing, while others stood in rows on both sides. Sitting high on his throne was the old demon king, and before him were placed dishes of serpent meat, venison, bear-paw, camel-hump, mountain vegetables, and fruits. There were wine pots made of blue porcelain, from which came fragrant goat's milk and coconut wine. In big bowlfuls he and his other fiends were drinking with abandon. Dropping down into the crowd of little fiends, Pilgrim at once changed into a badger-head spirit and inched his way toward the throne of the demon king. He looked everywhere for a long time, but he could not discover where the treasure was placed. Dashing behind the throne, he found the fire dragons and fire horses hung up high in the rear hall, all whining and neighing. As he raised his head, he suddenly saw his own golden-hooped rod leaning against the east wall. So delighted was he by this discovery that he even forgot about changing into his true form before running forward to seize his iron rod. Only after he had picked it up did he reveal his original form and fought his way out with his rod. All those fiends were terrified, while the old demon king was caught completely off guard. Thus Pilgrim was able to push down three monsters on one side and bring down two on the other; opening up a bloody path, he went directly out of the cave. So it is that

*The demon, so arrogant, lets down his guard;
 The lordly staff returns to the rightful man.*

We don't know whether good or evil will befall him; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-TWO

*Wukong greatly disturbed the Golden Helmet Cave
Tathāgata reveals in secret the true master*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who recovered his golden-hooped rod and fought his way out of the door. He was filled with delight as he leaped up to the tall summit to face the various gods. “How did you do this time?” asked the Devarāja Li. “By his transformation,” said Pilgrim, “old Monkey managed to get inside the cave. That fiend and his subordinates were all singing and dancing, drinking their victory wine. I did not succeed in detecting where he put his treasure, but when I went to the rear of the cave, I heard horses neighing and dragons whining and I knew that they had to be the belongings of the fire department. The golden-hooped rod was leaning against the east wall; old Monkey picked it up and fought his way out.”

“You got your treasure,” said the deities, “but when could we get back ours?”

“It’s easy! It’s easy!” said Pilgrim. “When I have this iron rod, I’ll strike him down and recover your treasures for you, no matter what.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when they heard a great din coming from below the mountain slope punctuated by the roll of drums and the sounding of gongs. The Bovine Great King, you see, was leading the various spirits to give chase to Pilgrim, who, when he saw the throng approaching, shouted:

“Good! Good! Good! This is exactly my wish! Have a seat, all of you, and let old Monkey go again to catch him.”

Dear Great Sage! Lifting high his iron rod, he met them head-on, crying, “Brazen demon, where are you going? Watch my rod!” Using his lance to parry the blow, the fiend scolded him:

“You thievish ape! You’re indeed ill-behaved! How dare you rob me in broad daylight?”

“You cursed beast!” said Pilgrim. “You don’t know that you’re about to die. You are the one who robbed us in broad daylight with your fillet. Which of these things really belongs to you? Don’t run away. Have a taste of your Venerable Father’s rod!” What a great battle this was!

*The Great Sage displays his might;
The demon’s no longer tame.
The two wage a fierce contest,
For neither’s willing to quit.
This one’s iron rod seems like a dragon’s tail;
That one’s long lance resembles a python’s head.
From this one, the strokes of the rod roar like the wind;
From that one, the blows of the lance flow like strong currents.
You see colored mists close in to darken the peaks
And auspicious clouds hover o’er the woods.
The birds in the air all stop their wings;
The beasts in the wilds all hide their heads.*

*On the battlefield the little fiends cheer;
 On this side the Great Sage rouses himself.
 His one iron rod that none can withstand
 Has fought throughout the West's ten thousand miles.
 But that long lance is truthfully his match,
 E're ruling Golden Helmet with all success.
 They meet this time and they won't leave in peace;
 Till one obtains a victory they'll never cease.*

For three hours the demon king fought with the Great Sage Sun, but no decision could be reached. Soon it was getting dark. Using the lance to hold back the rod, the demon said, "Wukong, you stop now. When it's dark everywhere, it's no time to fight. Let's each of us take some rest. We'll resume our contest tomorrow morning."

"Shut up, you lawless beast!" scolded Pilgrim. "Old Monkey's just getting inspired! Who cares if it's getting late! I'm determined to find out which of us is better." With a shout, however, the fiend turned and fled, leading all those fiends and their arms back into the cave, after which they had the door tightly shut.

As the Great Sage walked back to the peak with his rod trailing behind him, the Heaven deities all congratulated him with these words:

"Truly a mighty power Equal to Heaven! What boundless, what limitless powers!"

"Thanks for the compliments! Thanks for the compliments!" said Pilgrim. "We haven't exaggerated in our praise," said Devarāja Li, drawing near. "You are indeed quite a man! The way you fought just now reminded us of the time when you defied the cosmic nets."

"Let's not revive old gossip," said Pilgrim.

"After he had fought with old Monkey all this while, that fiend must be tired. I won't complain of fatigue; while all of you sit here and relax, I want to go into the cave to find out where he has hidden that fillet of his. I'm determined to steal it and to catch the fiend. Then we can find your weapons so that you all may return to Heaven."

"It's getting late," said the prince. "Why not rest for the night and go there tomorrow morning?" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Our little boy is still ignorant of the ways of the world! Who has ever seen a thief starting something in daytime? To sneak inside, one must go during the night, undetected; that's how this business is done!"

Both Fiery Virtue and one of the thunder squires said, "Don't talk anymore, Third Prince. This sort of thing may be foreign to us, but the Great Sage is an expert. He has to make use of this time, for the demon is tired and his guard may be down during the night. Let the Great Sage go now. Go quickly!"

Dear Great Sage! Grinning broadly, he put away his iron rod and leaped down from the tall summit to go once more before the cave.

He shook his body once and immediately changed into a small cricket. Truly he has

*Hard mouth, long whiskers, and black skin,
 With keen eyes and legs forked like branches.
 Midst bright moon and clear breeze he chirps on the wall,
 Like someone speaking in silent night.*

*He weeps when dew saddens prospect,
A proud voice, though halting and faint.
The window's pensive guest dreads hearing him,
This lodger 'neath the steps or the bed.*

Stretching forth his long legs, he jumped up to the door with three or four leaps and crawled inside through a crack. He squatted near the foot of the wall and, by the light of lamps and torches inside, looked carefully around. The various fiends, young and old, were just wolfing down their dinners. Pilgrim creaked and cricked for a while, and soon after, the fiends finished eating and put away their utensils. After laying out their bedding, all the fiends retired. Not until the time of the first watch did Pilgrim go to the rear chamber, where he heard the old demon give this command:

“All the little ones guarding the doors should sleep lightly. I fear that Sun Wukong may change into something to come in here to steal again.”

Those who were taking turns to stand watch began to beat their rattles or ring their bells. Our Great Sage, however, was most eager to do what he came to do! After he crawled into the bedroom, he found a stone bed, on both sides of which were several mountain ghosts or tree spirits all powdered and rouged. They were making the bed and helping the old demon to retire; some were unlacing his boots while others were untying his robe. After the demon king took off his clothes, at once the fillet—all ghostly white—could be seen. It was attached to his left shoulder like an armlet made of a string of pearls. Look at him! Instead of taking the fillet off, he pushed it up a couple of times until it was snugly clamped to his shoulder. Only then did he lie down to sleep. With one shake of his body again, Pilgrim changed into a flea with yellow skin. Leaping onto the stone bed and crawling inside his covers, he crept up to the left shoulder of the fiend and gave him a sturdy bite. The fiend was so stung by it that he turned over, shouting, “These slaves! They ought to be beaten more often! They didn’t shake the covers, nor did they brush the bedding. Now I’ve been bitten by I don’t know what!”

He gave his fillet two further shoves before dozing off once more. Crawling above the fillet, Pilgrim gave him another bite. Unable to sleep, the fiend sat up, yelling, “I’m itching to death!” When Pilgrim saw how carefully he guarded the fillet, refusing to let it leave his body for even a moment, Pilgrim knew that he would not be able to steal it. He leaped down from the bed, changed once more into a cricket, and left the bedroom to go to the rear, where he again heard dragons whining and horses neighing. Behind two doors tightly locked, you see, fire dragons and fire horses all hung inside. Pilgrim changed back to his original form as he walked up to the door to exercise his lock-opening magic. He recited a spell and gave the padlock a wipe: immediately the double patches snapped open. Pushing open the doors, he walked into a room so brightly lit by fire equipment that it seemed like daylight. Several weapons were seen leaning against the east and the west walls: they were the fiend-slashing scimitar of the prince, the fire bows and fire arrows of Fiery Virtue, and the like. In the glow of the light, Pilgrim looked carefully around and saw on top of a stone table behind the door a small basket woven of bamboo. Inside was placed a bunch of hairs. Filled with delight, the Great Sage picked up the hairs and blew on them two mouthfuls of hot air, crying, “Change!”

They changed at once into forty or fifty little monkeys, who were then told to pick up the scimitar, the sword, the club, the wheel, together with the bows, the arrows, the lances, the carts, the gourds, the fire crows, the fire rats, and the fire horses—all those things sucked away by the fillet. After they had mounted the fire dragons, they

started a huge blaze that burned outward from deep inside the cave. All you could hear were the snapping and cracking—bing-bing, bang-bang—as if thunderbolts or fire cannons were let loose inside. Those monster-spirits, young and old, were utterly terrified; in a stupor, they hugged their blankets or covered their heads, some screaming, some weeping. None of them knew which way to run and more than half of them were burned to death by the fire. The Handsome Monkey King thus returned to his camp in triumph at about the hour of the third watch.

We now tell you about Devarāja Li and his companions on the tall summit. They suddenly saw a bright flare of lights rushing toward them, and then they discovered Pilgrim riding on a dragon and shouting commands to a team of little monkeys as they ascended the mountain. After reaching the peak, he yelled:

“Come and get your weapons! Come and get your weapons!”

Fiery Virtue and Naṭa immediately answered his call, while Pilgrim shook his body to retrieve his hairs. Prince Naṭa took back his six weapons, and Fiery Virtue told his subordinates to put away the fire dragons and other equipment. All of them were full of smiles and praises for Pilgrim, and we shall leave them there for the moment.

We tell you instead about the Golden Helmet Cave, where flames were still shooting up everywhere. The Bovine Great King was scared out of his wits; dashing out of his room, he held his fillet up high with both hands. He pushed it toward the fire this way and that way, and it immediately went out. Though the air was filled with flame and smoke, they all subsided after he and his treasure had run through the entire cave. He tried to rescue the other fiends, but over half of them had been burned to death. Those who survived, male and female, did not number a hundred. Then he went to inspect the place where he had hidden the weapons, but not a single item could be found. Finally, he reached the rear of the cave where he saw Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and the elder still securely bound. The white dragon horse was tied to the stall, and even the load of luggage remained in the room. Angrily, the demon said, “I wonder which of the little fiends was so careless that he started the fire and brought all this on us!”

“Great King,” one of the attendants by his side said, “This fire could not have been started by any one of our own. It had to be the work of someone intent on raiding our camp; after he had released the equipment of the fire department, he also stole the divine weapons.” Only then did the old demon realize what had happened. “There is *no* one else!” he said. “It has to be that thief, Sun Wukong! No wonder I had such a hard time when I tried to sleep just now! That larcenous ape must have gotten in here by means of transformation and gave my shoulder a couple of bites.

Undoubtedly he wanted to steal my treasure, but when he saw how tightly it was attached to my body, he could not do it. That was the reason he stole the other weapons instead and let loose the fire dragons. How vicious of him! He wanted to burn me to death! Oh thievish ape! You’ve made vain use of your trickery! When I have this treasure on me, I can’t be drowned even when I plunge into the ocean, nor can I be burned if I leap into a pool of fire. But when I catch you, thief, this time, I’m going to skin and cut you up alive.

Only then will I be satisfied.”

He spoke sullenly in this manner for a long time, and soon thereafter it was dawn. On the tall summit, the prince, holding his six weapons that had just been recovered, said to Pilgrim, “Great Sage, it’s getting bright. Let’s not wait any further. We should make use of this opportunity when that demon’s will to fight has been

blunted by you. With the help of the fire department, let us go again to do battle with him. Most probably he'll be captured this time."

"You are right," said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Let us unite and go have some fun!" In high spirits and eager to fight, each of them went up to the cave entrance. "Lawless demon, come out!" bellowed Pilgrim. "Come and fight with old Monkey!"

The two stone doors of the cave, you see, had been reduced to ashes the night before by the intense heat.

At the moment, several little fiends by the entrance were just in the process of gathering up the ashes and sweeping the ground. When they saw the various sages approach, they were so terrified that they abandoned their brooms and ash forks and dashed inside to report:

"Sun Wukong has led many gods to provoke battle outside our door!" So astounded was he by this report that the bovine fiend gnashed his teeth and rolled his ringlike eyes. He picked up his lance and his treasure, and no sooner had he emerged from the door when he began to castigate his adversary, saying, "You thievish ape! You camp-raider and arsonist! What skills do you have that you dare treat me so contemptuously?" Smiling broadly, Pilgrim said, "You brazen fiend! If you want to know my skills, come up here and listen to my recital.

*My skills were great since the time of my birth,
As was my name throughout the universe.
Enlightened, I practiced the transcendent way;
In days past came the means to eternal youth.
I willed to bow at the place of the Heart,
To seek with reverence the home of a sage.
I learned how to change with endless power,
Taking as my playground the whole cosmos.
At leisure I tamed tigers on the mount;
When bored I subdued dragons in the sea.
I claimed a throne at native Flower- Fruit,
Flaunting my strength in Water-Curtain Cave.
A few times I lusted for Heaven's realm;
Ignorant, I robbed the Region Above.
My royal name: Great Sage, Equal to Heaven;
I was called also Handsome Monkey King.
When the Feast of Peaches was under way,
I took offense for no invitation came.
In secret I stole jade juice at Jasper Pool
And drank it in stealth at the treasure tower.
Dragon and phoenix organs I did taste;
A hundred dainties I would steal and eat.
Millennial peaches I freely enjoyed,
Stuffing my guts with long-life drugs and pills.
Strange things of Heav'n I took piece by piece,
And rare goods from sage mansions bit by bit.
When Jade Emperor learned what great skills I had,
He sent divine soldiers to the battlefield.
I banished those fierce Nine Luminaries;*

*And wounded the Five Quarters' Vicious Stars.
 All Heaven's warriors were no match of mine;
 A hundred thousand troops dared not meet me.
 Hard pressed, the Jade Emperor gave a decree:
 Libation Stream's Little Sage then raised his sword.
 Seventy-two transformations we struggled through,
 Each rousing his spirit, each showing his might.
 Guanyin of South Sea came, too, at length
 To lend them her help with willow and vase.
 Laozi then made use of his diamond snare
 To have me captured and brought up there
 To see, bound firmly, the Great Emperor Jade,
 As judge and tribunal indicted me.
 They told God Powerful to cut me dead,
 But sparks flew up when knives fell on my head.
 Since no means was found to put me to death,
 They sent me all shackled to Laozi's hall:
 A brazier, watched by the Six Gods of Light,
 Refined me till I became hard as steel.
 With vessel opened on day forty-ninth,
 I leaped out to work violence yet once more.
 When gods hid themselves and none withstood me,
 The sages agreed that Buddha be called.
 Tathāgata's power was mighty indeed!
 His wisdom, truly vast and limitless!
 A somersault match waged upon his hand
 Made a mountain press me, now no more strong.
 When the Emperor gave the Feast of Heaven's Peace,
 The West regained its name of Ultimate Bliss.
 Old Monkey jailed for full five hundred years
 Did not once taste a bit of tea or rice.
 But when Elder Gold Cicada came to earth,
 The East sent him to go to Buddha's home
 To fetch true scriptures for a noble state,
 Where the Great Tang ruler might save the dead.
 Guanyin taught me to submit to the Good
 And let faith held firmly my wildness check.
 Free of my ordeal at that mountain root,
 I now go West to fetch the scripture texts.
 Lawless demon, cease your foxlike cunning!
 Return my Tang Monk, bow to Dharma King!"*

When he heard these words, he pointed at Pilgrim and cried, "So, you were the big thief who robbed Heaven! Don't run away! Swallow my lance!"

The Great Sage met him with the rod and the two of them began to fight. On this side Prince Naṭa became angry and the Star of Fiery Virtue grew vicious: they hurled those six divine weapons together with the fire equipment at the demon. The Great Sage Sun fought even more fiercely as the thunder squires took up their thunderbolts and the devarāja his scimitar to rush at their enemy. Smiling scornfully, the demon calmly took

out from his sleeve his treasure and tossed it in the air, crying, “Hit!” With a loud whoosh, the six divine weapons, the fire equipment, the thunderbolts, the scimitar of the devarāja, and the rod of Pilgrim were all snatched away. Once again, the deities and the Great Sage Sun were empty-handed. After the demon returned in triumph to his cave, he gave this order:

“Little ones, gather rocks and boulders to rebuild our doors, and tidy up our rooms and hallways. When we finish our work, we shall slaughter the Tang Monk and his companions to thank the Earth. Then all of us can disperse the blessing and enjoy.”

The little fiends all obeyed, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Devarāja Li, who led the rest of the gods back to the tall summit. Fiery Virtue then began to rail at Naṭa for being too impulsive, while the thunder squires blamed the devarāja for acting too recklessly. Water Lord, however, stood to one side and sulked. When Pilgrim saw how distraught they looked, he had little alternative but to appear cheerful and said to them, forcing a smile, “Please don’t be so distressed, all of you. After all, the ancient proverb says, ‘Victory or defeat is a common thing for the soldier.’ If we want to consider the demon’s fighting skill, it’s no more than so-so. The reason he can cause so much harm is that fillet in his possession, which has again sucked away all our weapons. Nonetheless, try to relax. Let old Monkey go and see if he can find out something more about his pedigree.”

“When you first presented your memorial to the Jade Emperor,” said the prince, “there was a thorough search made throughout the celestial realm, but not a trace of this monster could be found. Now where are you going to make further investigation?” Pilgrim replied, “Come to think of it, the dharma power of Buddha is boundless. I shall go now to the Western Heaven to question our Buddha Tathāgata; I shall ask him to scan with his eye of wisdom the four great continents of Earth and see where this fiend was born and raised. I want to learn what sort of treasure his fillet is, and no matter what, I’m determined to have him arrested. Only then will all of you be avenged and have a happy trip back to Heaven.”

“If that’s your intention,” said the gods, “don’t delay. Go quickly! Go quickly!”

Dear Pilgrim! He said he would go, and at once he mounted his cloud-somersault. Instantly he arrived at the Spirit Mountain.

Lowering his auspicious luminosity, he looked everywhere. Marvelous place!

*The noble Mount Spirit,
Fine, pure cloud-layers;
A divine summit touching jade-green sky.
A great town seen in Western Heaven,
Its form, its air surpassing even China’s.
The primal breath flows to widen Heav’n and Earth;
Strong wind scatters a platform full of flowers.
Long notes of bells and stones are often heard,
And clear, loud scripture recitations.
You see, too, lay-sisters lecturing beneath green pines
And arhats walking among jadelike cedars.
White cranes with feelings come to Vulture Peak;
Blue phoenixes wish to stand by quiet arbors.
Black apes in pairs hold up immortal fruits;*

*Aged deer in twos present purple blooms.
 Rare birds call often like some tale-telling,
 And flowers too strange and fair to have names.
 The ranges turn and circle, fold upon fold;
 The old path meanders, though it's level.
 A place where pure void of spirit's the norm—
 Buddha's solemn and great awakened form.*

As Pilgrim enjoyed the sight of the mountain scenery, he heard someone calling him:

“Sun Wukong, where did you come from? Where are you going?”

He turned quickly and found that it was the Honored One Bhikṣuṇi.

The Great Sage greeted her and said, “I have a matter that requires an audience with Tathāgata.”

“You rascal!” said Bhikṣuṇi, “if you want to see Tathāgata, why don’t you ascend the treasure temple? Why stay here to look at the mountain?”

“This is the first time I have been to this noble region,” replied Pilgrim, “and that’s why I am acting boldly.”

“Follow me quickly,” said Bhikṣuṇi, and Pilgrim ran after her up to the gate of the Thunderclap Monastery, where their way was barred by the heroic figures of the Eight Great Diamond Guardians.

“Wukong,” said Bhikṣuṇi, “wait here for a moment and let me announce your arrival.” Pilgrim had no choice but to wait outside the gate. Going before the Buddha, Bhikṣuṇi pressed her palms before her and said, “Sun Wukong needs to have an audience with Tathāgata.” Whereupon Tathāgata commanded him to enter, and only then did the diamond guardians allow him to pass.

After Pilgrim touched his head to the ground, Tathāgata asked, “Wukong, I heard previously that after the Honored One Guanyin had freed you, you made submission to Buddhism and agreed to accompany the Tang Monk to seek scriptures here. Why have you come all by yourself? What is the matter?”

Again touching his head to the ground, Pilgrim said, “Let me report this to our Buddha.

Since your disciple embraced the faith, he has followed the master from the Tang court in his journey west. We reached the Golden Helmet Cave of the Golden Helmet Mountain, where we ran into an evil demon, who had the name of Bovine Great King. He had such vast magic powers that he abducted my master and brothers into his cave. Your disciple demanded their return, but he had no good will at all and we fought it out. My iron rod was snatched away by a ghostly white fillet of his. As I suspected that he might be some celestial warrior who longed for the world, I went to the Region Above to investigate. The Jade Emperor was kind enough to lend me the assistance of the father-and-son team of Devarāja Li, only to have him rob the prince of his six weapons. Then I asked the Star of Fiery Virtue to burn him with fire, but he took the fire equipment also. Next we asked the Star of Watery Virtue to drown him with water, but we couldn’t even touch a single hair of his. After your disciple spent enormous energy to steal back the iron rod and other things, we went again to provoke battle. Once again his fillet sucked away all our weapons, and we are powerless to subdue him.

That's why I have this special request for our Buddha, in his great compassion, to survey the world and find out what is the true origin of this creature. I shall then be able to capture his kin or neighbor so that it will facilitate the arrest of the demon and the rescue of my master. All of us then will be able to bow, with palms pressed together and with utter sincerity, to seek the right fruit."

After Tathāgata heard this, he trained his eyes of wisdom to peer into the distance and immediately he had knowledge of the whole affair. "Though I've learned the identity of that fiendish creature," he said to Pilgrim, "I can't reveal it to you because you have such a loose, apish tongue. If somehow you pass on the fact that it was I who disclosed his identity, he would not fight with you but he would start a quarrel up here in Spirit Mountain. That would cause me a lot of trouble. Let me give you the assistance of my dharma power instead to help you capture him."

Bowing deeply again, Pilgrim thanked him and said, "What sort of dharma power will you bestow on me?"

Tathāgata immediately ordered the Eighteen Arhats to open the treasury and take out eighteen grains of golden cinnabar sand to assist Wukong. "What will this golden cinnabar sand do?" asked Pilgrim. "Go before the cave," said Tathāgata, "and ask the demon for a contest. Entice him to come out and the arhats will at once release the sand, which will entrap him. Since he won't be able to move his body or raise his feet, you can beat him up at will."

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" cried Pilgrim, laughing. "Bring them out quickly!" Not daring to delay, the arhats at once took out the golden cinnabar sand and walked out of the gate. After Pilgrim thanked Tathāgata again, he ran after the crowd and found there were only sixteen arhats. "What sort of a place is this," yelled Pilgrim, "that you are taking bribes and releasing prisoners?"

"Who is taking bribes and releasing prisoners?" asked the arhats, and Pilgrim said, "Originally eighteen of you were sent. Why is it that there are only sixteen now?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Dragon Subduer and Tiger Tamer, the two Honored Ones, walked out from inside. "Wukong," they said, "how could you be so mischievous? The two of us remained behind because Tathāgata had further instructions for us."

"That's a wretched way to take bribes!" said Pilgrim. "If I waited even a moment in hollering, you probably would not come out." Laughing uproariously, the arhats mounted the auspicious clouds.

In a moment, they arrived at the Golden Helmet Mountain, where they were met by Devarāja Li leading the rest of the deities. "No need to go into the details," said one of the arhats. "Go quickly and ask him to come out."

Holding his fists high, our Great Sage went before the cave entrance and shouted, "Blubbery fiend! Come out quickly and try your hands with your Grandpa Sun."

Again those little fiends dashed inside to make the report. Infuriated, the demon king said, "This thievish ape! I wonder whom he has invited to come make a nuisance here!"

"There's no other warrior," said the little fiends, "he's all by himself."

“I’ve already taken away his rod,” said the demon king. “How is it that he shows up all by himself again? Could it be that he wants to box some more?” Picking up his treasure and his lance, he ordered the little fiends to move away the boulders and leaped out of the cave. “Larcenous ape!” he scolded.

“For several times you haven’t been able to gain the upper hand, and that should make you stay away. Why are you here again making noises?” Pilgrim said, “This brazen demon doesn’t know good or evil! If you don’t want your Grandpa to show up at your door, you make submission, apologize, and send out my master and brothers. Then I’ll spare you.”

“Those three monks of yours,” said the fiend, “have been scrubbed clean. Soon they will be slaughtered. And you are still making a fuss? Go away!” When Pilgrim heard the word “slaughter,” fire leaped up to his cheeks. Unable to suppress the anger of his heart, he wielded his fists and attacked the demon with hooks and jabs. Spreading out his long lance, the fiend turned to meet him. Pilgrim jumped this way and that to deceive the monster. Not knowing it was a trick, the demon left the entrance of the cave and gave chase toward the south. At once Pilgrim shouted for the arhats to pour the golden cinnabar sand down on the demon. Marvelous sand! Truly,

*Like fog, like mist, it spreads out at first;
In great profusion it drops from afar.
One mass of white
Blinding vision every where.
A dark expanse
Flaring up to lead you astray.
The working woodsman has lost his partner;
The fairy youth picking herbs can’t see his home.
It drifts and soars like fine wheat-flour;
Some grains are coarse like sesame.
The world seems opaque as the summits darken;
The sun’s hidden and the sky disappears.
It’s not quite the noise and dust at a horse’s heels,
Nor the light fluffiness chasing a scented car.
This sand is by nature a ruthless thing
Which can blot out the world to seize the fiend.
Because a demon assails the right Way,
The arhats by Law release their power.
Though your hand may hold a bright shiny pearl,
Soon the blown sand will your eyesight obscure.*

When the demon saw that the flying sand was clouding up his vision, he lowered his head and discovered that his feet were already standing in three feet of the stuff. He was so horrified that he tried to jump upward; before he could even stand up properly the sand grew another foot. In desperation, the fiend tried to pull up his legs while taking out his fillet. Throwing it up into the air, he cried, “Hit!” With a loud whoosh, the eighteen grains of golden cinnabar sand were sucked away. The demon then strode back to the cave.

All of those arhats with bare hands stopped their clouds, while Pilgrim drew near and asked, “Why are you not sending down the sand?”

“There was a sound just now,” one of them said, “and instantly our golden cinnabar sand vanished.”

“That little something has sucked them away again!” sighed Pilgrim with a laugh. “If he’s so hard to catch,” said Devarāja Li to the rest, “how could we ever arrest him? When will we be able to return to Heaven? How could we face the Emperor?” On one side, Dragon Subduer and Tiger Tamer, the two arhats, said, “Wukong, did you know why we delayed in coming out of the door just now?”

“Old Monkey only feared that you were trying to find some pretense not to come,” said Pilgrim. “I don’t know any other explanation.” One of the two arhats replied, “Tathāgata told the two of us that the demon had vast magic powers. If we lost the golden cinnabar sand, he said, we should ask Sun Wukong to search for his origin at the place of Laozi, the Tushita Palace of the Griefless Heaven. The demon would be caught with one stroke.” When Pilgrim heard this, he said, “That’s most despicable! Even Tathāgata is trying to hornswoggle old Monkey! He should have told me right then and there, and there would have been no need for all of you to travel.”

“If Tathāgata made such a clear revelation,” said Devarāja Li, “let the Great Sage go up there quickly.”

Dear Pilgrim! “I’m off!” he said, and at once he mounted the cloud somersault to enter the South Heaven Gate. There he was met by the four grand marshals, who raised their folded hands to their chins to salute him, asking, “How’s the affair of arresting that monster?”

Answering them as he walked along, Pilgrim said, “It’s unfinished! It’s unfinished! But I’m on his trail now!”

The four grand marshals dared not detain him and permitted him to walk inside the Heaven Gate. Going neither to the Hall of Divine Mists nor to the Dipper Palace, he went instead straight up to the Tushita Palace of the Griefless Heaven, which was beyond the thirty-third Heaven. Two immortal youths were standing outside the palace. Without announcing who he was, however, Pilgrim walked right inside the door, so startling the youths that they tugged at him, crying, “Who are you? Where are you going?” Only then did Pilgrim say, “I’m the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. I wish to see Laozi, Mr. Li.”

“Why are you so rude?” asked one of the youths. “Stand here and let us announce you.”

But Pilgrim would have none of that. With a shout, he dashed inside and ran smack into Laozi, who was just coming out.

Bowing low hurriedly, Pilgrim said, “Venerable Sir, haven’t seen you for awhile.”

“Why is this ape not going to seek scriptures?” said Laozi, chuckling. “What’s he doing here?” Pilgrim replied,

*Scripture-seeking—
Toil unending.
My way was blocked:
I came shuffling.*

“If the road to the Western Heaven is blocked,” said Laozi, “what has that got to do with me?”

Again Pilgrim said,

*Ah, Heaven West!
Stop your protest!
I find my trail:
You I'll contest.*

"This place of mine," said Laozi, "is an incomparable immortal palace. What sort of trail can you find?"

Eyes unblinking, Pilgrim went inside and looked left and right. He walked past several corridors and all at once he discovered a boy sound asleep by the corral. The green buffalo, however, was not inside. "Venerable Sir," said Pilgrim, "your buffalo has escaped! Your buffalo has escaped!"

"When did this cursed beast escape?" asked Laozi, highly astonished. All that clamor woke up the boy, who immediately went to his knees and said, "Father, your disciple fell asleep. I don't know when he escaped."

"How could you fall asleep, you rogue?" scolded Laozi. The boy kowtowed several times before he answered, "Your disciple picked up one pellet of elixir in the elixir chamber. As soon as I ate it, I fell asleep."

"It must be the Elixir of Seven Returns to the Fire that we made the other day. One pellet fell out, and this rogue picked it up and ate it. Well, anyone who eats one of those pellets will sleep for seven days. Because you fell asleep, no one looked after that cursed beast, and he took the opportunity to go to the Region Below. Today is the seventh day." Immediately Laozi wanted to make an investigation to see if any treasure was stolen, but Pilgrim said, "He doesn't have any treasure except a fillet, and it is quite formidable." Laozi made a quick inventory; everything was there except the diamond snare. "This cursed beast stole my diamond snare!" said Laozi. "So, that's the treasure!" said Pilgrim. "It was the same snare that hit me that time!"

Now it's going wild down below, sucking away who knows how many things."

"Where's the cursed beast now?" asked Laozi. Pilgrim replied, "At the Golden Helmet Cave of the Golden Helmet Mountain. He caught my Tang Monk first and robbed me of my golden-hooped rod. When I asked the celestial soldiers to come help me, he also took away the divine weapons of the prince. When the Star of Fiery Virtue arrived, his equipment was also taken. Only Water Lord did not lose anything to him, but his water could not drown the demon either. Finally, I asked Tathāgata to order the arhats to use sand, but even that golden Cinnabar sand was snatched away. When someone like you, Venerable Sir, lets loose a fiendish creature to rob and harm people, with what kind of crime should we charge him?" Laozi said, "That diamond snare of mine is a treasure perfected since the time of my youth, and it was also an instrument with which I converted the barbarians when I passed through the Hangu Pass.

Whatever weapons you may have, including fire and water, you can't touch it. If the demon had stolen my plantain-leaf fan also, then even I would not be able to do anything to him."

Thereafter, Laozi took up his plantain-leaf fan and mounted the auspicious cloud, followed by a happy Great Sage. They left the celestial palace, went through the South Heaven Gate, and lowered their clouds on the Golden Helmet Mountain. There they were met by the eighteen arhats, the thunder squires, Water Lord, Fiery Virtue, and Devarāja Li and his son, to whom they gave a thorough account of what had taken

place. “Sun Wukong,” said Laozi, “may go again to entice him to come out; I’ll put him away then.” Jumping down from the summit, Pilgrim again shouted, “You cursed blubbery beast! Come out quickly and submit to death!” Once more the little fiends went inside to report, and the old demon said, “This larcenous ape has asked someone to come again.” Quickly he took up his lance and treasure and walked out of the door. “You brazen demon!” scolded Pilgrim. “This time you will die for sure! Don’t run away. Have a taste of my palm!”

He leaped right onto the chest of the demon and gave him a terrific whack on the ear before turning to flee. Wielding his lance, the demon gave chase, only to hear someone calling on the tall summit:

“If that little buffalo doesn’t come home now, what’s he waiting for?” When the demon raised his head and saw that it was Laozi, his heart shook and his gall quivered. “This thievish ape,” he said, “is truly a devil of the Earth! How did he manage to find my master?” Reciting a spell, Laozi fanned the air once with his fan. The fiend threw the fillet at Laozi, who caught it immediately and gave him another fan. All at once the fiend’s strength fled him and his tendons turned numb; he changed back into his original form, which was that of a green buffalo. Blowing a mouthful of divine breath on the diamond snare, Laozi then used it to pierce the nostrils of the fiend.

Next, he took off the sash around his waist and fastened one end of it to the snare while his hand held the other. Thus the custom of leading the buffalo with a ring in its nose was established, a custom in use even now. This is also what we call *binlang*.

After he took leave of the various deities, Laozi climbed onto the back of his green buffalo.

*Mounting colored clouds,
He went back to Tushita Palace;
Having bound the fiend,
He ascended to the Griefless Heaven.*

Then the Great Sage Sun fought his way with the other deities into the cave and slaughtered all the remaining little fiends, some one hundred of them. Each of the gods recovered his weapons, after which the father-and-son team of Devarāja Li went back to Heaven; the thunder squires to their mansions; Fiery Virtue to his palace; Water Lord to his rivers; and the arhats to the West. Pilgrim then took back his iron rod and untied the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk, who also gave thanks to him. After they got the horse and the luggage ready, master and disciples left the cave and found the main road to journey once more.

As they proceeded, they heard someone by the road calling, “Holy Tang Monk, eat the food first before you go.”

The elder was terribly frightened. We do not know who it was that called them; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-THREE

*Imbibing, the Chan Lord conceives a ghostly child
Yellow Dame brings water to end the weird fetus*

*Perform eight hundred virtuous acts;
Make three thousand unknown merits.
Treating justly thing and self, kin and foe,
Will fit Western Heaven's basic vow.
Bull-demon fears no knife or sword;
In vain water and fire have toiled.
Laozi subdues it, turns its face to Heav'n—
Laughing, he now the green buffalo leads.*

We were telling you that someone by the road was calling the pilgrims. “Who could it be?” you ask. They were actually the mountain god and the local spirit of the Golden Helmet Mountain. Holding up the almsbowl of purple gold, they cried, “O Holy Monk! This bowl of rice was one which the Great Sage Sun succeeded in begging from a good place. Because all of you did not listen to sound advice, you fell by mistake into the hands of a demon. The Great Sage had to toil and struggle most pitifully before he managed to rescue you today. Come and eat the rice first before you journey. Don't abuse the filial reverence of the Great Sage.”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “I'm deeply indebted to you, and I can't thank you enough. If I had known it before, I would have never left that circle of yours and there would have been no such mortal danger.”

“To tell you the truth, Master,” said Pilgrim, “because you did not believe in my circle, you had to be placed in someone else's circle. What suffering you had to bear! It's lamentable!”

“What do you mean by someone else's circle?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied, “Coolie, it was the doing of your cursed mouth and cursed tongue that landed this great ordeal on Master. What old Monkey dug up in Heaven and on Earth—the fire, the water, the celestial soldiers, and the cinnabar sand of the Buddha—they were all sucked away by a ghostly white fillet of his. Through two arhats, however, Tathāgata secretly revealed to old Monkey the origin of that fiend, and only then could we ask Laozi to come here to subdue him. It was his green buffalo that was causing all the trouble.” When Tripitaka heard this, he thanked him profusely, saying, “Worthy disciple, after this experience, I will certainly listen to you next time.” Whereupon the four of them divided up the rice to eat, rice that was still steaming hot. “This rice has been here for a long time,” said Pilgrim. “Why is it still hot?” Kneeling down, the local spirit said, “Since this humble deity has learned that the Great Sage has achieved his merit, he heated up the rice first before serving it.” In a moment, they finished the rice and put away the almsbowl.

Having taken leave of the mountain god and the local spirit, the master mounted his horse to pass the tall mountain. Thus it was that

*Mind purged of care, they the Buddha's wisdom embrace;
They dine on wind and rest by water to journey West.*

After traveling for a long time, it was again early spring and they heard

*Purple swallows murmuring
And orioles warbling.
Purple swallows murmur, tiring their scented beaks;
Orioles warble, their artful notes persist.
Ground full of fallen blooms like brocade spread out;
Whole mountain birthing green like mounds of moss.
On the peak green plums are budding;
The cliff's cedars detain the clouds.
Faint, misty lights o'er the meadows;
Sandbars warmed by bright sunshine.
In few gardens floral stamens unfold;
The sun back to earth turns willow strands gold.*

As they walked along, they came upon a small river of cool, limpid currents. The elder Tang reined in his horse to look around and saw in the distance several thatched huts beneath willows hanging jadelike. Pointing in that direction, Pilgrim said, "There must be someone running a ferryboat in those houses."

"It's likely," said Tripitaka, "but since I haven't seen a boat, I don't dare open my mouth."

Dropping down the luggage, Eight Rules shouted, "Hey, ferryman! Punt your boat over here."

He yelled several times and indeed, from beneath the shade of willows a boat emerged, creaking as it was punted. In a little while, it approached the shore while master and disciples stared at it. Truly,

*As a paddle parts the foam,
A light boat floats on the waves,
With olive cabins brightly painted
And a deck made of flat, level boards.
On the bow, iron cords encircle;
At the stern, a shining rudder stem.
Though it may be a reed of a boat,
It will sail the lakes and the seas;
Though without fancy cables and tall masts,
It has, in fact, oars of cedar and pine.
It's unlike the divine ship of great distance,
But it can traverse a river's width.
It comes and goes only between two banks;
It moves only in and out of ancient fords.*

In a moment, the boat touched the bank, and the person punting called out:

"If you want to cross the river, come over here."

Tripitaka urged his horse forward to take a look at the boatman and saw that the person had

*On the head a woolen wrap
And on the feet, two black silk shoes;
On the body, an often patched cotton coat;*

*A thousand-stitched, old cloth skirt hugged the waist.
 The wrists had coarse skin and the tendons, strength;
 Dim eyes, knitted brows showed features of age.
 The voice like an oriole's was soft and coy;
 An old woman appeared on closer look.*

Walking to the side of the boat, Pilgrim said, "You are the one ferrying the boat?"

"Yes," said the woman. "Why is the ferryman not here?" asked Pilgrim. "Why is the ferrywoman punting the boat?"

The woman smiled and did not reply; she pulled out the gangplank instead and set it up. Sha Monk then poled the luggage into the boat, followed by the master holding onto Pilgrim. Then they moved the boat sideways so that Eight Rules could lead the horse to step into it. After the gangplank was put away, the woman punted the boat away from shore and, in a moment, rowed it across the river.

After they reached the western shore, the elder asked Sha Monk to untie one of the wraps and take out a few pennies for the woman.

Without disputing the price, the woman tied the boat to a wooden pillar by the water and walked into one of the village huts nearby, giggling loudly all the time. When Tripitaka saw how clear the water was, he felt thirsty and told Eight Rules:

"Get the almsbowl and fetch some water for me to drink."

"I was just about to drink some myself," said Idiot, who took out the almsbowl and bailed out a full bowl of water to hand over to the master. The master drank less than half of the water, and when Idiot took the bowl back, he drank the rest of it in one gulp before he helped his master to mount the horse once more.

After master and disciples found their way to the West they had hardly traveled half an hour when the elder began to groan as he rode. "Stomachache!" he said. Eight Rules, who was behind him, also said, "I have a stomachache, too." Sha Monk said, "It must be the cold water you drank."

But before he even finished speaking, the elder cried out:

"The pain's awful!"

Eight Rules also screamed, "The pain's awful!"

As the two of them struggled with this unbearable pain, their bellies began to swell in size steadily. Inside their abdomens, there seemed to be a clot of blood or a lump of flesh, which could be felt clearly by the hand, kicking and jumping wildly about. Tripitaka was in great discomfort when they came upon a small village by the road; two bundles of hay were tied to some branches on a tall tree nearby. "Master, that's good!" said Pilgrim. "The house over there must be an inn. Let me go over there to beg some hot liquid for you. I'll ask them also whether there is an apothecary around, so that I can get some ointment for your stomachache."

Delighted by what he heard, Tripitaka whipped his white horse and soon arrived at the village. As he dismounted, he saw an old woman sitting on a grass mound outside the village gate and knitting hemp. Pilgrim went forward and bowed to her with palms pressed together saying, "*Popo*, this poor monk has come from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. My master is the royal brother of the Tang court. Because he drank some water from the river back there after we crossed it, he is having a stomachache."

Breaking into loud guffaws, the woman said, "You people drank some water from the river?"

"Yes," replied Pilgrim, "we drank some of the clean river water east of here."

Giggling loudly, the old woman said, "What fun! What fun! Come in, all of you. I'll tell you something." Pilgrim went to support Tang Monk while Sha Monk held up Eight Rules; moaning with every step, the two sick men walked into the thatched hut to take a seat, their stomachs protruding and their faces turning yellow from the pain. "*Popo*," Pilgrim kept saying, "please make some hot liquid for my master. We'll thank you." Instead of boiling water, however, the old woman dashed inside, laughing and yelling, "Come and look, all of you!" With loud clip-clops, several middle-aged women ran out from within to stare at the Tang Monk, grinning stupidly all the time.

Enraged, Pilgrim gave a yell and ground his teeth together, so frightening all of them that they turned to flee, stumbling all over.

Pilgrim darted forward and caught the old woman, crying, "Boil some water quick and I'll spare you!"

"Sire!" said the old woman, shaking violently, "boiled water is useless to cure their stomachaches. Let me go, and I'll tell you." Pilgrim released her, and she said, "This is the Women State of Western Liang.

Not even a single male but only women live in our state. That's why we were amused when we saw you. That water your master drank is not the best, for the river is called Child-and-Mother River. Outside our capital we also have a Male Reception Post-house, by the side of which there is also a Pregnancy Reflection Stream. Only after reaching her twentieth year would someone from this region dare go and drink that river's water, for she would feel the pain of conception soon after she took a drink. After three days, she would go to the Male Reception Post-house and look at her reflection in the stream. If a double reflection appears, it means that she will give birth to a child. Since your master drank some water from the Child-and-Mother River, he, too, has become pregnant and will give birth to a child. How could hot water cure him?" When Tripitaka heard this, he paled with fright. "O disciple," he cried, "what shall we do?"

"O father!" groaned Eight Rules as he twisted to spread his legs further apart, "we are men, and we have to give birth to babies? Where can we find a birth canal? How could the fetus come out?" With a chuckle Pilgrim said, "According to the ancients, 'A ripe melon will fall by itself.' When the time comes, you may have a gaping hole at your armpit and the baby will crawl out." When Eight Rules heard this, he shook with fright, and that made the pain all the more unbearable. "Finished! Finished!" he cried.

"I'm dead! I'm dead!"

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, laughing, "stop writhing! Stop writhing! You may hurt the umbilical cord and end up with some sort of prenatal sickness." Our Idiot became more alarmed than ever. Tears welling up in his eyes, he tugged at Pilgrim and said, "Elder Brother, please ask the *Popo* to see if they have some midwives here who are not too heavy-handed.

Let's find a few right away. The movement inside is becoming more frequent now. It must be labor pain. It's coming! It's coming!"

Again Sha Monk said, chuckling, “Second Elder Brother, if it’s labor pain, you’d better sit still. I fear you may puncture the water bag.”

“O *Popo*,” said Tripitaka with a moan, “do you have a physician here? I’ll ask my disciple to go there and ask for a prescription.

We’ll take the drug and have an abortion.”

“Even drugs are useless,” said the old woman, “but due south of here there is a Male-Undoing Mountain. In it there is a Child Destruction Cave, and inside the cave there is an Abortion Stream. You must drink a mouthful of water from the stream before the pregnancy can be terminated. But nowadays, it’s not easy to get that water. Last year, a Daoist by the name of True Immortal Compliant came on the scene and he changed the name of the Child Destruction Cave to the Abbey of Immortal Assembly. Claiming the water from the Abortion Stream as his possession, he refused to give it out freely. Anyone who wants the water must present monetary offerings together with meats, wines, and fruit baskets. After bowing to him in complete reverence, you will receive a tiny bowl of the water. But all of you are mendicants. Where could you find the kind of money you need to spend for something like this? You might as well suffer here and wait for the births.” When Pilgrim heard this, he was filled with delight. “*Popo*,” he said, “how far is it from here to the Male-Undoing Mountain?”

“About three thousand miles,” replied the old woman. “Excellent! Excellent!” said Pilgrim. “Relax, Master! Let old Monkey go and fetch some of that water for you to drink.”

Dear Great Sage! He gave this instruction to Sha Monk:

“Take good care of Master. If this family ill behaves and tries to hurt him, bring out your old thuggery and scare them a little. Let me go fetch the water.” Sha Monk obeyed. The old woman then took out a large porcelain bowl to hand over to Pilgrim, saying, “Take this bowl and try to get as much water as possible. We can save some for an emergency.” Indeed, Pilgrim took over the bowl, left that thatched hut, and mounted the cloud to leave. Only then did the old woman fall to her knees, bowing to the air, and cried, “O father! This monk knows how to ride the clouds!” She went inside and told the other women to come out to kowtow to the Tang Monk, all addressing him as arhat or bodhisattva. Then they began to boil water and prepare rice to present to the pilgrims, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun on his cloud somersault; in a little while, he saw the peak of a mountain blocking his path. Dropping down from his cloudy luminosity, he opened wide his eyes to look around. Marvelous mountain! He saw

*Rare flowers spreading brocade;
Wild grass unrolling blue;
Plunging streams—one after another;
Brooks and clouds, both leisurely.
Canyons, packed together, rank with creepers and vines;
Ranges, stretching afar, dense with forests and trees.
Birds call, and wild geese glide by;
Deer drink, and monkeys clamber.
A mountain green like a jade screen;
A ridge blue like locks of hair.
Difficult indeed to reach from this world of dust!*

*Rocks and water splashing, a sight that never tires!
 One often sees immortal lads leave, picking herbs.
 One often meets woodsmen come, bearing loads.
 Truly it's almost the scenery of Tiantai,
 Surpassing perhaps the three peaks of Mount Hua.*

As the Great Sage stared at the scenery, he discovered also a building with its back on the dark side of the mountain and from where the sound of a dog barking could be heard. Going down the mountain, the Great Sage went toward the building, which was also a rather nice place. Look at the

*Stream piercing a small bridge;
 Thatched huts nestling a green hill.
 A dog barks near the lonely fence;
 The recluse comes and goes at will.*

In a moment he came up to the gate, where he found an old Daoist sitting cross-legged on the green lawn. When the Great Sage put down his porcelain bowl to bow to him, the Daoist rose slightly to return his greeting, saying, "Where did you come from? For what purpose have you come to this humble Abbey?" Pilgrim replied, "This poor monk is a scripture pilgrim sent by imperial commission of the Great Tang in the Land of the East.

Because my master mistakenly drank water from the Child-and-Mother River, he is suffering from a swollen belly and unbearable pain. We asked the natives there and learned that the pregnancy thus formed has no cure. We are told, however, that there is an Abortion Stream in the Child Destruction Cave of the Male-Undoing Mountain, and its water can eliminate the conception. This is why I have come especially to see the True Immortal Compliant, in order to beg from him some water to save my master. May I trouble the old Daoist to lead me to him?"

"This used to be the Child Destruction Cave," said the Daoist, chuckling, "but it's now changed to the Abbey of Immortal Assembly. I am none other than the eldest disciple of the venerable father, True Immortal Compliant. What's your name? Tell me so I can announce you."

"I am the eldest disciple of Tripitaka Tang, master of the Law," said Pilgrim, "and my humble name is Sun Wukong."

"Where are your monetary gifts?" asked the Daoist. "Your offerings of wine?" Pilgrim said, "We are mendicants on a journey, and we haven't prepared them."

"You are quite mad!" said the Daoist, chuckling again. "My old master is now the protector of this mountain stream, and he has never given its water free to anyone. You go back and bring some gifts, and I'll announce you. Otherwise, please leave. Don't think about the water!" Pilgrim said, "Goodwill can be more powerful than an imperial edict. If you go and announce the name of old Monkey, I am sure that he will express his goodwill. Perhaps he will turn over the entire well of water to me."

This statement of Pilgrim gave the Daoist little alternative but to go inside to make the announcement. As the True Immortal was just playing the lute, the Daoist had to wait until he finished playing before saying, "Master, there is a Buddhist monk outside who claims to be Sun Wukong, the eldest disciple of Tripitaka Tang. He wants some water from the Abortion Stream to save his master." It would have been better if

the True Immortal had not heard the name, for the moment he came upon those words, Wukong,

*Anger flared in his heart,
Wrath sprouted from his gall.*

Jumping down quickly from his lute couch, he took off his casual garment and put on his Daoist robe. He picked up a compliant hook and leaped out of the door of the Abbey. "Where is Sun Wukong?" he shouted. Pilgrim turned his head to see how that True Immortal was dressed.

*A star cap of bright colors crowned his head;
He wore a red magic robe with golden threads.
His cloud shoes were topped by patterned brocade;
An elegant treasure belt wrapped around his waist.
A pair of stockings of embroidered silk;
Half visible, a patterned woolen kilt.
His hands held a compliant golden hook:
The blade, sharp; the handle, dragonlike and long.
Phoenix eyes glowed with brows going straight up;
Sharp, steely teeth within a blood-red mouth.
A beard soared like bright flames beneath his chin;
Like rushes flared his temple's scarlet hair.
His form seemed as violent as Marshal Wen's,
Although their clothing was not the same.*

When Pilgrim saw him, he pressed his palms together before him and bowed, saying, "This poor monk is Sun Wukong."

"Are you the real Sun Wukong," said the master with a laugh, "or are you merely assuming his name and surname?"

"Look at the way the master speaks!" said Pilgrim. "As the proverb says, 'A gentleman changes neither his name when he stands, nor his surname when he sits.' What would be the reason for me to assume someone else's name?"

The master asked, "Do you recognize me?"

"Since I made repentance in the Buddhist gate and embraced with all sincerity the teaching of the monks," said Pilgrim, "I have only been climbing mountains and fording waters. I have lost contact with all the friends of my youth. Because I have never been able to visit you, I have never beheld your honorable countenance before. When we asked for our way in a village household west of the Child-and-Mother River, they told me that the master is called the True Immortal Compliant. That's how I know your name."

The master said, "You are walking on your way, and I'm cultivating my authentic immortality. Why did you come to visit me?"

"Because my master drank by mistake the water of the Child-and-Mother River," replied Pilgrim, "and his stomachache turned into a pregnancy. I came especially to your immortal mansion to beg you for a bowl of water from the Abortion Stream, in order that my master might be freed from this ordeal."

“Is your master Tripitaka Tang?” asked the master, his eyes glowering. “Yes, indeed!” answered Pilgrim. Grinding his teeth together, the master said spitefully, “Have you run into a Great King Holy Child?”

“That’s the nickname of the fiend, Red Boy,” said Pilgrim, “who lived in the Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Stream, in the Roaring Mountain. Why does the True Immortal ask after him?”

“He happens to be my nephew,” replied the master, “and the Bull Demon King is my brother. Some time ago my elder brother told me in a letter that Sun Wukong, the eldest disciple of Tripitaka Tang, was such a rascal that he brought his son great harm. I didn’t know where to find you for vengeance, but you came instead to seek me out. And you’re asking me for water?”

Trying to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, “You are wrong, Sir. Your elder brother used to be my friend, for both of us belonged to a league of seven bond brothers when we were young. I just didn’t know about you, and so I did not come to pay my respect in your mansion. Your nephew is very well off, for he is now the attendant of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. He has become Sudhana, the Boy Skilled in Wealth, with whom even we cannot compare. Why do you blame me instead?”

“You brazen monkey!” shouted the master. “Still waxing your tongue! Is my nephew better off being a king by himself, or being a slave to someone? Stop this insolence and have a taste of my hook!” Using the iron rod to parry the blow, the Great Sage said, “Please don’t use the language of war, Sir. Give me some water and I’ll leave.”

“Brazen monkey!” scolded the master. “You don’t know any better! If you can withstand me for three rounds, I’ll give you the water. If not, I’ll chop you up as meat sauce to avenge my nephew.”

“You damned ignorant fool!” scolded Pilgrim. “You don’t know what’s good for you! If you want to fight, come up here and watch my rod!”

The master at once countered with his compliant hook, and the two of them had quite a fight before the Abbey of Immortal Assembly.

*The sage monk drinks from this procreant stream,
And Pilgrim must the Immortal Compliant seek.
Who knows the True Immortal is a fiend
That safeguards by force the Abortion Stream?
When these two meet, they speak as enemies
Feuding, and resolved not to give one whit.
The words thus traded engender distress;
Rancor and malice so bent on revenge.
This one, whose master’s life is threatened, comes seeking water;
That one for losing his nephew declines to yield the stream.
Fierce as a scorpion’s the compliant hook;
Wild like a dragon’s the golden-hooped rod.
Madly it stabs the chest, what savagery!
Aslant, it hooks the legs, what subtlety!
The rod aiming down there inflicts grave wounds;
The hook, passing shoulders, will whip the head.
The rod slaps the waist—“a hawk holds a bird.”*

*The hook swipes the head—"a mantis hits its prey."
 They lunge here and there, both striving to win;
 They turn and close in again and again.
 The hook hooks, the rod strikes, without letup—
 Victory cannot be seen on either side.*

The master fought the Great Sage for over ten rounds and then he began to weaken. The Great Sage, however, grew more fierce, the blows of his rod raining on his opponent's head like a meteor shower. His strength all gone, the master fled toward the mountain with his compliant hook trailing behind him.

Instead of chasing after him, the Great Sage wanted to go into the Abbey to look for the water, but the Daoist had long had the door tightly shut. Holding the porcelain bowl, the Great Sage dashed up to the door and kicked it down with all his might. He rushed inside and saw the Daoist leaning on the well, covering its mouth with his body. The Great Sage lifted high his rod and shouted that he was about to strike, causing the Daoist to flee to the rear. Then he found a bucket, but just as he tried to bail some water, the master dashed out from the rear and caught hold of one of his legs with the compliant hook. One hard tug sent the Great Sage tumbling beak-first to the ground. Clambering up, the Great Sage at once attacked with his iron rod, but the master only retreated to one side. With hook in hand, he cried, "See if you could take away my water!"

"Come up here! Come up here!" yelled the Great Sage. "I'll beat you to death!"

But the master refused to go forward to fight; he just stood there and refused to permit the Great Sage to bail out the water. When the Great Sage saw that his enemy was motionless, he wielded his iron rod with his left hand while his right hand tried to let the rope down the well. Before the pulley had made several turns, however, the master again struck with his hook. As the Great Sage could hardly protect himself with only one hand, the hook once more caught hold of one of his legs, causing him to stumble and the rope to fall into the well, bucket and all. "This fellow is quite rude!" said the Great Sage, who clambered up and, holding the iron rod now with both hands, showered his opponent's body and head with blows. Not daring to face him and fight, the master fled away as before. Again the Great Sage wanted to get the water, but this time he had no bucket, and moreover, he was afraid that the master would return to attack him. He thought to himself:

"I must go and find a helper."

Dear Great Sage! He mounted the clouds and went straight back to the village hut, crying, "Sha Monk." Inside Tripitaka was moaning to endure the pain, while the groans of Eight Rules were continuous. Delighted by the call, they said, "Sha Monk, Wukong's back." Sha Monk hurried out the door to ask, "Big Brother, have you brought water?"

The Great Sage entered and gave a thorough account to the Tang Monk. Shedding tears, Tripitaka said, "O disciple! How is this going to end?"

"I came back," said the Great Sage, "to ask Brother Sha to go with me. When we reach the Abbey, old Monkey will fight with that fellow and Sha Monk can use the opportunity to get that water to save you."

Tripitaka said, "Both of you who are healthy will be gone, leaving behind the two of us who are sick. Who will look after us?"

The old woman waiting on them said, "Relax, old arhat. You don't need your disciples. We will serve you and take care of you. When you first arrived, we were already fond of you. Then we saw how this bodhisattva traveled by cloud and fog, and we knew that you had to be an arhat or bodhisattva. We'll never dare to harm you again."

"You are all women here," snapped Pilgrim. "Whom do you dare to harm?"

"O dear father!" said the old woman, giggling. "You're lucky to have come to my house. If you had gone to another one, none of you would have remained whole."

"What do you mean," said Eight Rules, still groaning, "by not remaining whole?"

The old woman replied, "The four or five of us in this family are all getting on in years. We have given up the activities of love. If you go to another family, there may be more youthful members than old ones. You think the young ones will let you go? They will want to have intercourse with you, and if you refuse, they will take your lives. Then they will cut you up to use your flesh to make fragrant bags."

"In that case," said Eight Rules, "I won't be hurt. They all smell nice, and they'll be good for fragrant bags. I'm a stinking hog, and even when I'm cut up, I still stink. That's why I can't be hurt."

"Don't be so talkative!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Save your strength, so you can give birth."

The old woman said, "No need for delay. Go quickly to get the water."

"Do you have a bucket in your house?" asked Pilgrim. "Please lend us one."

The old woman went to the back to take out a bucket and rope to hand over to Sha Monk, who said, "Let's bring two ropes. We may need them if the well is deep."

After Sha Monk received the bucket and the ropes, he followed the Great Sage out of the village hut and they left together, mounting the clouds. In less than half an hour, they arrived at the Male-Undoing Mountain. As they lowered their clouds to go before the Abbey, the Great Sage gave Sha Monk this instruction:

"Take the bucket with the ropes and hide yourself. Old Monkey will go and provoke battle. When we are in the thick of fighting, you can use the opportunity to go inside, get the water, and leave." Sha Monk obeyed.

Wielding his iron rod, the Great Sage Sun approached the door and shouted:

"Open the door! Open the door!"

The Daoist who stood guard at the door hurried inside to report, "Master, that Sun Wukong is here again."

Greatly angered, the master said, "This brazen ape is insolent indeed! I have always heard that he has considerable abilities, and today I know it's true. That rod of his is quite difficult to withstand."

"Master," said the Daoist, "his abilities may be great, but yours are not inferior. You are, in fact, exactly his match."

"But twice before," said the master, "I lost to him."

“Only in a contest of sheer violence,” said the Daoist. “Later, when he tried to bail water, your hook made him fall twice. Haven’t you equalized the situation? He had little alternative but to leave at first, and now he’s back. It must be that Tripitaka’s pregnancy is so advanced and his body so heavy that his complaints have driven this monkey to return, against his better judgment. He must feel rather contemptuous toward his master, and I’m sure that you will win.” When the True Immortal heard these words, he became

*Delighted and filled with elation;
Full of smiles and brimming with power.*

Holding straight his compliant hook, he walked out of the door and shouted, “Brazen simian! Why are you here again?”

“Only to fetch water,” answered the Great Sage. “That water,” said the True Immortal, “happens to be in my well. Even if you are a king or a prime minister, you must come begging with offerings of meat and wines, and then I will only give you a little. You are my enemy no less, and you dare to ask for it with empty hands?”

“You really refuse to give it to me?” asked the Great Sage. The True Immortal replied, “Yes! Yes!”

“You damned fool!” scolded the Great Sage. “If you don’t give me the water, watch my rod!”

He opened up at once and rushed at the True Immortal, bringing down the rod hard on his head. Stepping aside quickly to dodge the blow, the True Immortal met him with the hook and fought back. This time, it was even more ferocious a battle than last time. What a fight!

*Golden-hooped rod,
Compliant hook,
Two angry men so full of enmity.
The cosmos darkens as sand and rocks fly up;
Sun and moon sadden as dirt and dust soar high.
The Great Sage seeks water to save his master,
Denied by the fiend for his nephew’s sake.
The two exert their strength
To wage a contest there.
Teeth are ground together
To strive for a victory.
More and more alert,
They arouse themselves.
They belch cloud and fog to sadden ghosts and gods.
Bing-bing and bang-bang clash both hook and rod,
Their cries, their shouts shake up the mountain range.
The fierce wind, howling, ravages the woods;
The violent airs surge past the dipper stars.
The Great Sage grows happier as he strives;
The True Immortal’s gladder as he fights.
They do this battle with whole heart and mind;
They will not give up until someone dies.*

The two of them began their fighting outside the Abbey, and as they struggled and danced together, they gradually moved to the mountain slope below. We shall leave this bitter contest for a moment.

We tell you instead about our Sha Monk, who crashed through the door, holding the bucket. He was met by the Daoist, who barred the way at the well and said, “Who are you that you dare come to get our water?”

Dropping the bucket, Sha Monk took out his fiendrouting treasure staff and, without a word, brought it down on the Daoist’s head. The Daoist was unable to dodge fast enough, and his left arm and shoulder were broken by this one blow. Falling to the ground, he lay there struggling for his life. “I wanted to slaughter you, cursed beast,” scolded Sha Monk, “but you are, after all, a human being. I still have some pity for you, and I’ll spare you. Let me bail out the water.”

Crying for Heaven and Earth to help him, the Daoist crawled slowly to the rear, while Sha Monk lowered the bucket into the well and filled it to the brim. He then walked out of the Abbey and mounted the cloud and fog before he shouted to Pilgrim, “Big Brother, I have gotten the water and I’m leaving. Spare him! Spare him!” When the Great Sage heard this, he stopped the hook with his iron rod and said, “I was about to exterminate you, but you have not committed a crime. Moreover, I still have regard for the feelings of your brother, the Bull Demon King. When I first came here, I was hooked by you twice and I didn’t get my water. When I returned, I came with the trick of ‘Enticing the Tiger to leave the Mountain’ and deceived you into fighting me, so that my brother could go inside to get the water. If old Monkey is willing to use his real abilities to fight with you, don’t say there is only one of you so-called True Immortal Compliant. Even if there are several of you, I would beat you all to death. But to kill is not as good as to let live, and so I’m going to spare you and permit you to have a few more years. From now on if anyone wishes to obtain the water, you must not blackmail the person.” Not knowing anything better, that bogus immortal brandished his hook and once more attempted to catch Pilgrim’s legs. The Great Sage evaded the blade of his hook and then rushed forward, crying, “Don’t run!”

The bogus immortal was caught unprepared and he was pushed head over heels to the ground, unable to get up. Grabbing the compliant hook the Great Sage snapped it in two; then he bundled the pieces together and, with another bend, broke them into four segments. Throwing them on the ground, he said, “Brazen, cursed beast! Still dare to be unruly?”

Trembling all over, the bogus immortal took the insult and dared not utter a word. Our Great Sage, in peals of laughter, mounted the cloud to rise into the air, and we have a testimonial poem.

The poem says:

*For smelting true lead true water you need;
True water well mixed dries true mercury.
True mercury and lead have no maternal breath;
Elixir are numinous drugs and grains.
In vain baby boy has a pregnant form;
Earth Mother has achieved merit with ease.
Heresy pushed down, right faith they learn;
The Lord of the Mind, all smiles, would return.*

Mounting the auspicious luminosity, the Great Sage caught up with Sha Monk. Having acquired the true water, they were filled with delight as they returned to where they belonged. After they lowered the clouds and went up to the village hut, they found Zhu Eight Rules leaning on the door post and groaning, his belly huge and protruding. Walking quietly up to him, Pilgrim said, "Idiot, when did you enter the delivery room?"

Horrified, Idiot said, "Elder Brother, don't make fun of me. Did you bring the water?" Pilgrim was about to tease him some more when Sha Monk followed him in, laughing as he said, "Water's coming! Water's coming!"

Enduring the pain, Tripitaka rose slightly and said, "O disciples, I've caused you a lot of trouble."

That old woman, too, was most delighted, and all of her relatives came out to kowtow, crying, "O bodhisattva! This is our luck! This is our luck!" She took a goblet of flowered porcelain, filled it half full, and handed it to Tripitaka, saying, "Old master, drink it slowly. All you need is a mouthful and the pregnancy will dissolve."

"I don't need any goblet," said Eight Rules. "I'll just finish the bucket."

"O venerable father, don't scare people to death!" said the old woman. "If you drink this bucket of water, your stomach and your intestines will all be dissolved." Idiot was so taken aback that he dared not misbehave; he drank only half a goblet.

In less than the time of a meal, the two of them experienced sharp pain and cramps in their bellies, and then their intestines growled four or five times. After that, Idiot could no longer contain himself: both waste and urine poured out of him. The Tang Monk, too, felt the urge to relieve himself and wanted to go to a quiet place. "Master," said Pilgrim, "you mustn't go out to a place where there is a draft. If you are exposed to the wind, I fear that you may catch some postnatal illness."

At once the old woman brought to them two night pots so that the two of them could find relief. After several bowel movements, the pain stopped and the swelling of their bellies gradually subsided as the lump of blood and flesh dissolved. The relatives of the old woman also boiled some white rice congee and presented it to them to strengthen their postnatal weakness. "*Popo*," said Eight Rules, "I have a healthy constitution, and I have no need to strengthen any postnatal weakness. You go and boil me some water, so that I can take a bath before I eat the congee."

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "you can't take a bath. If water gets inside someone within a month after birth, the person will be sick."

Eight Rules said, "But I have not given proper birth to anything; at most, I only have had a miscarriage. What's there to be afraid of? I must wash and clean up." Indeed, the old woman prepared some hot water for them to clean their hands and feet. The Tang Monk then ate about two bowls of congee, but Eight Rules consumed over fifteen bowls and he still wanted more. "Coolie," chuckled Pilgrim, "don't eat so much. If you get a sand-bag belly, you'll look quite awful."

"Don't worry, don't worry," replied Eight Rules.

"I'm no female hog. So what's there to be afraid of?"

The family members indeed went to prepare some more rice.

The old woman then said to the Tang Monk, "Old master, please bestow this water on me." Pilgrim said, "Idiot, you are not drinking the water anymore?"

“My stomachache is gone,” said Eight Rules, “and the pregnancy, I suppose, must be dissolved. I’m quite fine now. Why should I drink any more water?”

“Since the two of them have recovered,” said Pilgrim, “we’ll give this water to your family.”

After thanking Pilgrim, the old woman poured what was left of the water into a porcelain jar, which she buried in the rear garden. She said to the rest of the family, “This jar of water will take care of my funeral expenses.”

Everyone in that family, young and old, was delighted. A vegetarian meal was prepared and tables were set out to serve to the Tang Monk. He and his disciples had a leisurely dinner and then rested.

At dawn the next day, they thanked the old woman and her family before leaving the village. Tripitaka Tang mounted up, Sha Monk toted the luggage, Zhu Eight Rules held the reins, and the Great Sage Sun led the way in front. So, this is how it should be:

The mouth washed of its sins, the self is clean;

Worldly conception dissolved, the body’s fit.

We don’t know what sort of affairs they must attend to when they reach the capital; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-FOUR

*Dharma-nature, going west, reaches the Women State
Mind Monkey makes a plan to flee the fair sex*

We tell you now about Tripitaka and his disciples, who left the household at the village and followed the road westward. In less than forty miles, they arrived at the state border of Western Liang. Pointing ahead as he rode along, the Tang Monk said, “Wukong, we are approaching a city, and from the noise and hubbub coming from the markets, I suppose it must be the Women State. All of you must take care to behave properly. Keep your desires under control and don’t let them violate the teachings of our gate of Law.”

Hearing this, the three disciples obeyed the strict admonition.

Soon they reached the head of the street that opened to the eastern gate. The people there, with long skirts and short blouses, powdered faces and oily heads, were all women regardless of whether they were young or old. Many of them were doing business on the streets, and when they saw the four of them walking by, they all clapped their hands in acclaim and laughed aloud, crying happily, “Human seeds are coming! Human seeds are coming!”

Tripitaka was so startled that he reined in his horse; all at once the street was blocked, completely filled with women, and all you could hear were laughter and chatter. Eight Rules began to holler wildly:

“I’m a pig for sale! I’m a pig for sale!”

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim, “stop this nonsense. Bring out your old features, that’s all!” Indeed, Eight Rules shook his head a couple of times and stuck up his two rush-leaf fan ears; then he wriggled his lips like two hanging lotus roots and gave a yell, so frightening those women that they all fell and stumbled. We have a testimonial poem, and the it says:

*The sage monk, seeking Buddha, reached Western Liang,
A land full of females but without one male.
Farmers, scholars, workers, and those in trade,
The fishers and plowers were women all.
Maidens lined the streets, crying “Human seeds!”
Young girls filled the roads to greet the comely men.
If Wuneng did not show his ugly face,
The siege by the fair sex would be pain indeed.*

In this way, the people became frightened and none dared go forward; everyone was rubbing her hands and squatting down. They shook their heads, bit their fingers, and crowded both sides of the street, trembling all over but still eager to stare at the Tang Monk.

The Great Sage Sun had to display his hideous face in order to open up the road, while Sha Monk, too, played monster to keep order.

Leading the horse, Eight Rules stuck out his snout and waved his ears. As the whole entourage proceeded, the pilgrims discovered that the houses in the city were

built in orderly rows while the shops had lavish displays. There were merchants selling rice and salt; there were wine and tea houses—

*All bell and drum towers with goods piled high;
Bannered kiosks and hostels with screens hung low.*

As master and disciples followed the street through its several turns, they came upon a woman official standing in the street and crying, “Visitors from afar should not enter the city gate without permission. Please go to the post-house and enter your names on the register. Allow this humble official to announce you to the throne. After your rescript is certified, you will be permitted to pass through.”

Hearing this, Tripitaka dismounted; then he saw a horizontal plaque hung over the gate of an official mansion nearby, and on the plaque were the three words, Male Reception Post-house. “Wukong,” said the elder; “what that family in the village said is true.

There is indeed a Male Reception Post-house.”

“Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, laughing, “go and show yourself at the Pregnancy Reflection Stream and see if there’s a double reflection.”

Eight Rules replied, “Don’t play with me! Since I drank that cup of water from the Abortion Stream, the pregnancy has been dissolved. Why should I show myself?”

Turning around, Tripitaka said to him, “Wuneng, be careful with your words.”

He then went forward to greet the woman official, who led them inside the post-house.

After they took their seats in the main hall, the official asked for tea to be served. All the servants working here combed their hair into three braids, and their garments were worn in two sections. Look at them! Even those serving tea were tittering. In a moment, they finished tea, and the official rose and asked, “Where did the visitors come from?” Pilgrim replied, “We are people from the Land of the East, sent by imperial commission of the Great Tang Emperor to worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and to seek scriptures. My master, the royal brother of the Tang emperor, bears the title of Tripitaka Tang. I’m Sun Wukong, his eldest disciple, and these two— Zhu Wuneng and Sha Wujing—are my brothers. There are five of us altogether, including the horse. We have with us a travel rescript, and we beg you to certify it so that we may pass through.”

After the woman official wrote this in the register with a brush, she came forward to kowtow, saying, “Venerable Fathers, please pardon me. This humble official is the clerk at the Male Reception Post-house. I did not know that such dignitaries from a noble nation were on their way, and therefore I did not go to a distance to meet you.”

After she kowtowed, she rose and immediately gave an order to the housekeeper to prepare food and drink. “Let the venerable fathers sit here for a while,” she said, “and this humble official will enter the capital to present a memorial to our ruler. We will certify your rescript and use our seals, so that you can be sent on your way to the West.”

Delighted, Tripitaka sat down and we shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you now about that clerk of the post-house, who, after she had put on the proper attire, went to the Five Phoenix Tower inside the capital and said to the Custodian of the Yellow Gate, “I’m the clerk of the Male Reception Post-house, and I must have an audience with the throne.”

The Yellow Gate at once presented the memorial, and the clerk was summoned up to the main palace hall.

The queen asked, "Why does the Clerk of the post-house wish to see us?"

"Your humble subject," said the clerk, "has just received in the post-house Tripitaka Tang, the royal brother of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East. He has three disciples by the names of Sun Wukong, Zhu Wuneng, and Sha Wujing; there are altogether five of them, including a horse. They are on their way to seek scriptures from the Buddha in the Western Heaven. I have come especially to report this to my queen and to ask whether they may have their travel rescript certified and the permission to pass through." When the queen heard this report, she was filled with delight.

"Last night," she said to the civil and military officials, "we dreamed that

*Luminous hues grew from the screens of gold,
Refulgent rays spread from the mirrors of jade.*

That had to be a good omen for today."

"Mistress," said the women officials in unison as they prostrated themselves before the vermilion steps, "how could you tell that it was a good omen?"

The queen said, "This man from the Land of the East is a royal brother of the Tang court. In our country, the rulers of various generations since the time when chaos divided had never seen a man come here.

Now the royal brother of the Tang emperor has arrived, and he must be a gift from Heaven. We will use the wealth of an entire nation to ask this royal brother to be king; we are willing to be his queen. Such a sexual union will produce children and grandchildren, and the perpetuity of our kingdom will be assured. When you consider this, is not our dream a good omen?"

The women officials all kowtowed to express their delight and acclaim.

Then the clerk of the post-house said, "What our mistress has proposed is good for extending the familial line to ten thousand generations. But those three disciples of the royal brother are savage men; their appearances are most unsightly."

"According to what you have seen, worthy subject, how does that royal brother look?" asked the queen. "And how do his disciples look?"

"The royal brother," said the clerk, "has features most dignified and handsome, truly befitting a man who belongs to the Heavenly court of a noble nation, the China of South Jambūdvīpa. His three disciples, however, have such savage looks that they appear to be spirits."

"In that case," said the queen, "let us provide his disciples with some supplies and certify the travel rescript for them. We shall send them off to the Western Heaven, and only the royal brother will remain here. Anything wrong with that?"

Again the officials bowed to say, "The words of our mistress are most appropriate, and your subjects obey your instruction. The affair of marriage, however, requires a matchmaker, for as the ancients have declared,

*The marriage contract depends on red leaves;
A couple's joined by the moon-man's scarlet threads."*

“We shall follow the counsel of our subjects,” replied the queen. “Let the present Grand Preceptor serve as our marriage go-between, and the clerk of the Male Reception Post-house as the one who officiates the ceremony. Let them go first to the post-house to propose to the royal brother. If he consents, we shall take our carriage out of the capital to receive him.”

The Grand Preceptor and the clerk accepted this decree and left the court.

We now tell you about Tripitaka and his disciples, who were just enjoying their vegetarian meal at the hall of the post-house when someone came in to report:

“The Grand Preceptor and our own governess have arrived.”

Tripitaka said, “Why does the Grand Preceptor come here?”

“Perhaps the queen wants to give us an invitation,” said Eight Rules. “If not that,” said Pilgrim, “then to offer a proposal of marriage.”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “if they hold us and want to force us to marry them, what shall we do?”

“Master,” replied Pilgrim, “just say Yes to them. Old Monkey will take care of the matter.”

They had hardly finished speaking when the two women officials arrived and bowed deeply to the elder, who returned their salutations one by one, saying, “This humble cleric is someone who has left the family. What virtue or talent do I have that I dare let you bow to me?” When the Grand Preceptor saw how impressive the elder looked, she was delighted and thought to herself, “Our nation is truly quite lucky! Such a man is most worthy to be the husband of our ruler.”

After the officials made their greetings, they stood on either side of the Tang Monk and said, “Father royal brother, we wish you ten thousand happinesses!”

“I’m someone who has left the family,” replied Tripitaka. “Where do those happinesses come from?”

Again bending low, the Grand Preceptor said, “This is the Women State in the Western Liang, and since time immemorial, there is not a single male in our country. We are lucky at this time to have the arrival of father royal brother. Your subject, by the decree of my ruler, has come especially to offer a proposal of marriage.”

“My goodness! My goodness!” said Tripitaka. “This poor monk has arrived at your esteemed region all by himself, without the attendance of either son or daughter. I have with me only three mischievous disciples, and I wonder to which of us is offered this marriage proposal.”

The post-house clerk said, “Your lowly official just now went into court to present my report, and my ruler, in great delight, told us of an auspicious dream she had last night. She dreamed that

*Luminous hues grew from the screens of gold,
Refulgent rays spread from the mirrors of jade.*

When she learned that the royal brother is a man from the noble nation of China, she was willing to use the wealth of her entire nation to ask you to be her live-in husband. You would take the royal seat facing south to be called the man set apart from others, and our ruler would be the queen. That was why she gave the decree for the Grand Preceptor to serve as the marriage go-between and this lowly official to officiate

at the wedding. We came especially to offer you this proposal.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he bowed his head and fell into complete silence. “When a man finds the time propitious,” said the Grand Preceptor, “he should not pass up such an opportunity. Though there is, to be sure, such a thing in the world as asking a husband to live in the wife’s family, the dowry of a nation’s wealth is rare indeed. May we ask the royal brother to give his quick consent, so that we may report to our ruler?”

The elder, however, became more dumb and deaf than ever.

Sticking out his pestlelike snout, Eight Rules shouted, “Grand Preceptor, go back and tell your ruler that my master happens to be an arhat who has attained the Way after a long process of cultivation. He will never fall in love with the dowry of a nation’s wealth, nor will he be enamored even with beauty that can topple an empire. You may as well certify the travel rescript quickly and send them off to the West. Let me stay here to be the live-in husband. How’s that?” When the Grand Preceptor heard this, her heart quivered and her gall shook, unable to answer at all. The clerk of the post-house said, “Though you may be a male, your looks are hideous. Our ruler will not find you attractive.”

“You are much too inflexible,” said Eight Rules, laughing. “As the proverb says,

The thick willow’s a basket, the thin, a barrel—

Who in the world will take a man as an ugly fellow?”

Pilgrim said, “Idiot, stop this foolish talk. Let Master make up his mind: if he wants to leave, let him leave, and if he wants to stay, let him stay. Let’s not waste the time of the marriage go-between.”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “What do you think I ought to do?”

“In old Monkey’s opinion,” replied Pilgrim, “perhaps it’s good that you stay here. As the ancients said, ‘One thread can tie up a distant marriage.’ Where will you ever find such a marvelous opportunity?”

Tripitaka said, “Disciple, if we remain here to dote on riches and glory, who will go to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven? Won’t the waiting kill my emperor of the Great Tang?”

The Grand Preceptor said, “In the presence of the royal brother, your humble official dares not hide the truth. The wish of our ruler is only to offer you the proposal of marriage. After your disciples have attended the wedding banquet, provisions will be given them and the travel rescript will be certified, so that they may proceed to the Western Heaven to acquire the scriptures.”

“What the Grand Preceptor said is most reasonable,” said Pilgrim, “and we need not be difficult about this. We are willing to let our master remain here to become the husband of your mistress. Certify our rescript quickly and send us off to the West. When we have acquired the scriptures, we will return here to visit father and mother and ask for travel expenses so that we may go back to the Great Tang.”

Both the Grand Preceptor and the clerk of the post-house bowed to Pilgrim as they said, “We thank this teacher for his kind assistance in concluding this marriage.”

Eight Rules said, “Grand Preceptor, don’t use only your mouth to set the table! Since we have given our consent, tell your mistress to prepare us a banquet first. Let us have an engagement drink. How about it?”

“Of course! Of course!” said the Grand Preceptor. “We’ll send you a feast at once.” In great delight, the Grand Preceptor left with the clerk of the posthouse.

We tell you now about our elder Tang, who caught hold of Pilgrim immediately and berated him, crying, “Monkey head! Your tricks are killing me! How could you say such things and ask me to get married here while you people go to the Western Heaven to see Buddha? Even if I were to die, I would not dare do this.”

“Relax, Master,” said Pilgrim, “old Monkey’s not ignorant of how you feel.

But since we have reached this place and met this kind of people, we have no alternative but to meet plot with plot.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Tripitaka.

Pilgrim said, “If you persist in refusing them, they will not certify our travel rescript nor will they permit us to pass through. If they grow vicious and order many people to cut you up and use your flesh to make those so-called fragrant bags, do you think that we will treat them with kindness? We will, of course, bring out our abilities that are meant to subdue demons and dispel fiends. Our hands and feet are quite heavy, you know, and our weapons ferocious. Once we lift our hands, the people of this entire nation will be wiped out.

But you must think of this, however. Although they are now blocking our path, they are no fiendish creatures or monster-spirits; all of them in this country are humans. And you have always been a man committed to kindness and compassion, refusing to hurt even one sentient being on our way. If we slaughter all these common folk here, can you bear it? That would be true wickedness.” When Tripitaka heard this, he said, “Wukong, what you have just said is most virtuous. But I fear that if the queen asks me to enter the palace, she will want me to perform the conjugal rite with her. How could I consent to lose my original *yang* and destroy the virtue of Buddhism, to leak my true sperm and fall from the humanity of our faith?”

“Once we have agreed to the marriage,” said Pilgrim, “she will no doubt follow royal etiquette and send her carriage out of the capital to receive you. Don’t refuse her. Take a ride in her phoenix carriage and dragon chariot to go up to the treasure hall, and then sit down on the throne facing south. Ask the queen to take out her imperial seal and summon us brothers to go into court. After you have stamped the seal on the rescript, tell the queen to sign the document also and give it back to us. Meanwhile, you can tell them to prepare a huge banquet; call it a wedding feast as well as a farewell party for us.

After the banquet, ask for the chariot once more on the excuse that you want to see us off outside the capital before you return to consummate the marriage with the queen. In this way, both ruler and subjects will be duped into false happiness; they will no longer try to block our way, nor will they have any cause to become vicious. Once we reach the outskirts of the capital, you will come down from the dragon chariot and Sha Monk will help you to mount the white horse immediately. Old Monkey will then use his magic of immobility to make all of them, ruler and subjects, unable to move. We can then follow the main road to the West. After one day and one night, I will recite a spell to recall the magic and release all of them, so that they can wake up and return to the city. For one thing, their lives will be preserved, and for another, your primal soul will not be hurt. This is a plot called Fleeing the Net by a False Marriage. Isn’t it a doubly advantageous act?” When Tripitaka heard these words, he seemed as if he were snapping out of a stupor or waking up from a dream. So delighted was he that he forgot

all his worries and thanked Pilgrim profusely, saying, "I'm deeply grateful for my worthy disciple's lofty intelligence."

And so, the four of them were united in their decision, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that Grand Preceptor and the clerk of the post-house, who dashed inside the gate of the court without even waiting for summons and went before the white-jade steps. "The auspicious dream of our mistress is most accurate," they cried, "and nuptial bliss will soon be yours." When the queen heard this report, she had the pearly screen rolled up; descending from the dragon couch, she opened her cherry lips to reveal her silvery teeth and asked, full of smiles and in a most seductive voice, "What did the royal brother say after our worthy subjects saw him?"

"After your subjects reached the post-house," said the Grand Preceptor, "and bowed to the royal brother, we immediately presented to him our proposal of marriage. The royal brother still expressed some reluctance, but it was fortunate that his eldest disciple gave his consent for them without hesitation. He was willing to let his master become the husband of our ruler and call himself king, facing south. All he wanted was to have their travel rescript certified so that the three of them could leave for the West. On their way back after acquiring the scriptures, they will come here to bow to father and mother and ask for travel expenses to go back to the Great Tang."

"Did the royal brother say anything more?" asked the queen, smiling. The Grand Preceptor said, "The royal brother did not say anything more, but he seemed to be willing to marry our mistress."

His second disciple, however, wanted to drink to their consent first." When the queen heard this, she at once ordered the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a banquet. She also requested that her imperial cortege be readied so that she might go out of the capital to receive her husband. The various women officials, in obedience to the queen's command, began to sweep and clean the palaces and to prepare the banquet with the utmost haste. Look at them! Though this State of Western Liang happens to be a dominion of women, the carriage and chariot are not less opulent than those of China. You see

*Six dragons belching colors—
Two phoenixes bringing luck—
Six dragons, belching colors, support the chariot;
Two phoenixes, bringing luck, lift up the carriage.
Strange fragrance in endless waves;
Auspicious airs continuously rise.
Fish-pendants of gold or jade worn by many ministers;
Rows and rows of lovely locks and bejeweled hair.
A royal carriage shielded by mandarin-duck fans;
Through pearly screens glisten the phoenix hairpins.
Melodic pipes,
Harmonious strings.
What great sense of joy reaching to the sky!
What boundless bliss leaving the Estrade Numina.
Three-layered canopies wave above the royal house;
Five-colored banners light up the imperial steps.
This land has ne'er seen the nuptial cup exchanged;*

Today the queen marries a gifted man.

In a moment, the imperial cortege left the capital and arrived at the Male Reception Post-house. Someone went inside to announce to Tripitaka and his disciples:

“The imperial cortege has arrived.” On hearing this, Tripitaka straightened out his clothes and left the main hall with the three disciples to meet the carriage. As the queen rolled up the screen to descend from the carriage, she asked, “Which is the royal brother of the Tang court?” Pointing with her ringer, the Grand Preceptor said, “The one in a clerical robe standing behind the incense table outside the post-house gate.” Lifting her moth-brows and opening wide her phoenix-eyes, the queen stared at him and found that this was an uncommon figure indeed. Look at him!

*What handsome features!
What dignified looks!
Teeth white like silver bricks,
Ruddy lips and a square mouth.
His head's flat-topped, his forehead, wide and full;
Lovely eyes, neat eyebrows, and a chin that's long.
Two well-rounded ears betoken someone brave.
He is all elegance, a gifted man.
What a youthful, clever, and comely son of love,
Worthy to wed Western Liang's gorgeous girl!*

Utterly ravished by what she saw, the queen was swept away by amorous passion. Opening her tiny, cherrylike mouth, she cried out:

“Royal brother of the Great Tang, aren't you coming to take and ride the phoenix?” When Tripitaka heard these words, his ears turned red and his face, scarlet; filled with embarrassment, he dared not lift his head at all.

On one side, however, Zhu Eight Rules stuck up his snout and stared with glassy eyes at the queen, who was quite beguiling herself.

Truly she had

*Brows like kingfisher hair,
And flesh like mutt on jade.
Peach petals bedeck her face;
Her bun piles gold-phoenix hair.
Her eyes' cool, liquid gaze—such seductive charm.
Her hands' young, tender shoots—such dainty form.
Colors flutter from a red sash hung aslant;
Bright gleams flash forth from jade and pearl pinned high.
Don't speak of the beauty of Zhaojun,
She indeed surpasses even Xi Shi.
The willow waist bends slightly to gold-pendant sounds;
The light, lotus steps move the jadelike limbs.
The lunar goddess cannot come up to her,
Nor can the maids of Heaven compare with her.
Her fair, palace style's not of a worldly school;
She's like Queen Mother from Jasper Pool.*

As our Idiot gazed at this pleasing figure, he could not restrain the saliva from drooling out of his mouth and the deer pounding at his heart. All at once, he grew weak

and numb and simply melted away like a snow lion faced with fire! The queen went forward and caught hold of Tripitaka. In a most seductive voice, she said, “Royal brother darling, please ascend the dragon chariot so that we may go to the Treasure Hall of Golden Chimes and become husband and wife.” Shaking so hard that he could barely stand up, our elder behaved as if he were drunk or mesmerized. Pilgrim on one side whispered to him, “Master, don’t be too modest. Please get in the carriage with our mistress. Go and have our rescript certified quickly so that we may proceed to fetch the scriptures.”

The elder did not dare reply; he tugged at Pilgrim a couple of times and he could no longer stop the tears from falling down. “Master, you must not be distressed,” said Pilgrim. “Look at all these riches! If you don’t enjoy them now, when are you going to do it?”

Tripitaka had little alternative but to acquiesce. Wiping away his tears, he forced himself to appear happy and joined the queen as they,

*Holding hands together,
Rode the dragon carriage.
In great delight the queen wanted to get married;
In great fear the elder wished only to worship Buddha.
One desired amorous play in the bridal chamber;
One sought to see the World- Honored One at Mount Spirit.
The queen was sincere;
The monk pretended,
The queen was sincere,
Hoping to reach old age in harmony.
The monk pretended,
Guarding his feelings to nurse his primal spirit.
One was so glad to see a man
That she would couple with him in broad daylight.
One dreaded to meet a woman
And thought only to flee and go to Thunderclap.
The two mounted jointly the chariot.
Who knew Tang Monk was of another mind!*

When those civil and military officials saw that their ruler and the Tang Monk had ascended the phoenix carriage and sat side by side together, every one of them beamed with pleasure. The entire entourage turned around and went back into the capital.

Meanwhile, the Great Sage Sun told Sha Monk to pole the luggage and lead the white horse to follow the imperial cortege. Zhu Eight Rules, however, scurried ahead and ran madly up to the Tower of Five Phoenixes first, shouting all the while, “What comfort! What an opportunity! But this can’t be done until we have drunk the wedding wine and presented ourselves to the kinfolk first.”

Those officials who were attending the cortege were so terrified that they went to the chariot and said, “My Lady, that monk who has a long snout and huge ears is shouting in front of the Five Phoenix Towers for wedding wine to drink.” When the queen heard this, she leaned her fragrant shoulder over to the elder and put her peachlike cheeks up to his face. Opening her scented mouth, she said softly, “Royal brother darling, which disciple of yours is that one with a long snout and huge ears?”

“He’s my second disciple,” said Tripitaka, “and he has a huge appetite. In fact, he loves to indulge his mouth throughout his life. He must be given some food and drink first before we can proceed with our business.”

The queen asked hurriedly, “Has the Court of Imperial Entertainments finished preparing the banquet?”

“It has,” reported one of the officials. “There are both meat and vegetarian dishes set up in the East Hall.”

“Why both?” asked the queen again. “We fear that the royal brother of the Tang court,” said the official, “and his disciples are accustomed to keeping a vegetarian diet. That is why we have both meat and vegetarian dishes.”

Full of smiles, the queen again snuggled close to the elder and said, “Royal brother darling, do you eat meat, or are you keeping a vegetarian diet?”

Tripitaka said, “This humble priest observes a vegetarian diet, but my disciples have not abstained from wine. My second disciple would like very much to have a few cups of dietary wine.”

They had not finished speaking when the Grand Preceptor approached them and said, “Please go to the East Hall to attend the banquet. Today is an auspicious day, and Your Majesty can marry the venerable royal brother. Tomorrow Heaven will reveal the Yellow Road, and we shall invite the venerable royal brother to ascend the treasure hall and face south. He can then designate the name of his reign and assume the throne.”

Highly pleased, the queen held hands with the elder to descend from the dragon chariot and enter the main palace gate. They were met by

*Music divine, wind-waft ed from the towers,
As the jade carriage moved through palace gates.
Phoenix doors flung wide to bright flares of light;
The palace now opened with rows of brocade.
The unicorn hall was draped o’er by incense smoke;
Bright corridors wound round the peacock screens.
Towers rose rugged like the noble state’s,
With jade halls, gold horses more wondrous still.*

When they reached the East Hall,

*They heard a choir of melodious strings and pipes;
They saw two rows of winsome, graceful maids.*

Two kinds of sumptuous repast were set up in the central hall: on the head table to the left was the vegetarian spread, whereas meat dishes were placed on the right. Two rows of single tables were also set up toward the front of the hall. Rolling up her sleeves to reveal her dainty, pointed fingers, the queen immediately picked up a jade cup to toast her guests. Pilgrim went forward to say, “We are all keeping a vegetarian diet. Let our master be seated at the head table on the left. Then we three brothers may take the single tables on both sides of him.”

“Yes! Yes!” said the Grand Preceptor in delight. “Master and disciples are just like father and sons. They should not sit side by side.”

The various officials hurriedly set up the tables in proper order, after which the queen toasted each of them as he took his seat. Thereafter, Pilgrim gave the Tang Monk a look, indicating to his master to return the salutation. Tripitaka, therefore, left his seat

and, holding the jade goblet, also toasted the queen. The other civil and military officials all knelt to thank the imperial favor before they took the other seats on both sides according to their ranks. The music stopped and they began to drink and eat.

As Eight Rules was bent on satisfying his stomach, he had little regard for consequence. It did not matter that the food before him was corn, steamed breads, sweet pastries, butt on mushrooms, black mushrooms, tender bamboo shoots, wood-ears, Chinese cabbage, seaweed, laver, green turnips, taros, white turnips, yams, or yellow sperms—in big gulps, he finished them all, washing down the food with seven or eight cups of wine. “Bring us more food!” he hollered. “Bring some big steins! After we drink a few more steins, each of us will attend to our business.”

“Such a fine feast and you don’t want to enjoy some more?” asked Sha Monk. “What sort of business do you want to attend to?” With a laugh, our Idiot said, “As the ancients said,

*Let the bow-maker make his bow,
The arrow-maker his arrow.*

At this time, those of us who want to take a wife may take a wife, and those of us who want to marry a husband may marry a husband.

Those who want to acquire scriptures need to be on their way to acquire scriptures. We can’t let the coveted cup delay our affairs. Let’s have our rescript certified quickly. As the saying goes,

*If the general does not dismount,
Every man will go his own way.”*

When the queen heard this, she asked for big cups, and the attendants quickly took out several parrot cups, cormorant-shaped ladles, gold beakers, silver chalices, glass goblets, crystal basins, Penglai bowls, and amber steins. They filled these with the mellowest of wines and all of the disciples drank a round.

Tripitaka then rose from the table and bowed to the queen with hands folded, saying, “Your Majesty, thank you for this lavish feast.

We have drunk quite enough. Please ascend the treasure hall and certify our rescript. While there is still light, let us send the three of them on their way.”

The queen agreed. After the banquet had been dismissed, she led the elder by the hand up to the Hall of Golden Chimes and immediately wanted the elder to take the throne. “No! No!” said Tripitaka. “Just now the Grand Preceptor said that tomorrow would be the proper auspicious day, and only then would this poor monk dare assume the throne and call myself the man set apart. Today you should use your seal on the rescript so that they may be sent away.”

Again the queen agreed and sat down on the dragon couch. A golden high-backed chair was placed on the left of the couch for the Tang Monk to sit on. Then the disciples were asked to bring forth the travel rescript. After Sha Monk untied the wrap and took it out, the Great Sage presented the rescript with both hands to the queen. When she examined it, she found on the document the marks of nine treasure seals of the Great Tang Emperor, together with the seals of the Precious Image Kingdom, the Black Rooster Kingdom, and the Cart Slow Kingdom. After the queen had looked at the document, she said again, smiling seductively, “So royal brother darling also bears the name of Chen?”

“That is the surname of my secular family,” said Tripitaka, “and my religious name is Xuanzang. Because the Tang emperor in his imperial kindness took me as his brother, he bestowed on me the name of Tang.”

“Why is it,” asked the queen, “that the rescript does not contain the names of your disciples?”

“My three mischievous disciples,” replied Tripitaka, “are not people from the Tang court.”

“If they are not,” asked the queen once more, “how is it that they are willing to follow you on your journey?”

“My eldest disciple,” answered Tripitaka, “comes from the Aolai Country in the East Pūrvavideha Continent; the second disciple, from a village in Qoco in the West Aparagodānīya Continent; and the third, from the River of Flowing Sand. All three of them had transgressed the decrees of Heaven. The Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, however, liberated them from their sufferings, as a result of which they were willing to make submission and hold fast the good. So that their merits might atone for their sins, they resolved to accompany me and protect me on my journey to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Since they became my disciples when I was already on my way, their names therefore had not been recorded on the rescript.”

“Let me add them on for you, all right?” asked the queen. Tripitaka replied, “Your Majesty may do as you please.”

The queen asked at once for brush and ink; after the ink had been rubbed out and the brush nicely soaked in it, she wrote at the end of the rescript declaration the names of Sun Wukong, Zhu Wuneng, and Sha Wujing. Then she took out her imperial seal with which she neatly stamped the rescript before she signed her own name. The document was passed down again to the Great Sage Sun, who gave it to Sha Monk to put into the wrap. Picking up a tray of small pieces of gold and silver, the queen left the dragon couch to hand it to Pilgrim, saying, “Take this, the three of you, as travel money, and may you reach the Western Heaven at an early date. When you return after you have acquired the scriptures, we shall have greater rewards for you.” Pilgrim said, “We are those who have left the family, and we cannot accept gold or silver. There will be places on our way where we may beg for our living.” When the queen saw that he refused, she took out ten bales of silk brocade and said to Pilgrim, “Since you are rushing away, there’s no time for measurement or sewing. Take this and have some clothes made on the way to protect you from the cold.”

“Those who have left the family,” said Pilgrim, “are not permitted to wear silk brocade. We have cloth garments to cover our bodies.” When the queen saw that he refused again, she gave this order:

“Take three pints of imperial rice, and you can use it for a meal on the road.” When Eight Rules heard the word “meal,” he at once accepted it and put the rice in the wrap. “Brother,” said Pilgrim, “the luggage is getting heavier. You have the strength to pole it?”

“You wouldn’t know,” chuckled Eight Rules, “but what’s good about rice is that it’s a product for daily consumption. One meal will finish it off.”

They all pressed their palms together to thank the queen.

Tripitaka said, "Let Your Majesty take the trouble to accompany this poor monk, who will send them off outside the capital. Let me give them a few instructions so that they may leave for the West. I will return and then I can enjoy forever with Your Majesty riches and glory. Only without such burdens or cares can we enter into conjugal bliss."

The queen, of course, did not know that this was a trick, and she asked at once for the imperial cortege. Leaning her fragrant shoulder on Tripitaka, she ascended the phoenix carriage with him and proceeded to the west of the capital. At that time, all the people in the capital lined the streets with containers filled with clean water and urns with the finest incense. Wishing to see the cortege of the queen and the male form of the royal brother were all powdered faces and cloudlike hair; old and young, they crowded into the streets. In a moment, the imperial cortege went out of the capital and stopped before the western gate.

After putting everything in order, Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk faced the imperial carriage and cried out in unison, "The queen need not go any further. We shall take our leave now."

Descending slowly from the dragon chariot, the elder raised his hands toward the queen and said, "Please go back, Your Majesty, and let this poor monk go to acquire scriptures." When the queen heard this, she paled with fright and tugged at the Tang Monk. "Royal brother darling," she cried, "I'm willing to use the wealth of my entire nation to ask you to be my husband. Tomorrow you shall ascend the tall treasure throne to call yourself king, and I am to be your queen. You have even eaten the wedding feast. Why are you changing your mind now?" When Eight Rules heard what she said, he began to act as if he were delirious. Pouting his snout and flapping his ears wildly, he charged up to the carriage, shouting, "How could we monks marry a powdered skeleton like you? Let my master go on his journey!" When the queen saw that hideous face and ugly behavior, she was scared out of her wits and fell back into the carriage. Sha Monk pulled Tripitaka out of the crowd and was just helping him to mount the horse when another girl dashed out from somewhere and shouted, "Royal brother Tang, where are you going? Let's you and I make some love!"

"You stupid hussy!" cried Sha Monk and, whipping out his treasure staff, brought it down hard on the head of the girl. Suddenly calling up a cyclone, the girl carried away the Tang Monk with a loud whoosh and both of them vanished without a trace. Alas! Thus it was that

*Having just left the fair sex net,
Then the demon of love he met.*

We do not know whether that girl is a human or a fiend, or whether the old master will die or live; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-FIVE

*Deviant form makes lustful play for Tripitaka Tang
Upright nature safeguards the untainted self*

We were just telling you of the Great Sage Sun and Zhu Eight Rules, who were about to use magic to render those women immobile when they heard the shouts of Sha Monk and the howl of the wind. They turned quickly to look, only to discover that the Tang Monk had vanished. "Who is it that has abducted Master?" asked Pilgrim, and Sha Monk said, "It's a girl. She called up a cyclone and whizzed Master away." When Pilgrim heard this, he leaped straight up to the edge of the clouds; using his hand to shade his eyes, he peered all around and found a roiling mass of wind and dust hurtling toward the northwest. "Brothers," he shouted to them down below, "mount the clouds quickly to pursue Master with me."

Eight Rules and Sha Monk tied the luggage to the horse, and with a whoosh they all shot up to midair and left.

Those women of the State of Western Liang, ruler and subjects, were so terrified that they knelt on the ground, all crying, "So these are arhats who can ascend to Heaven in broad daylight!"

Then the officials said to the queen, "Let not our ruler be frightened or vexed anymore. The royal brother of Tang has to be a Buddhist monk who has attained the Way. Since none of us possesses true discernment, we could not recognize these Chinese men for what they are and all our schemings have been wasted. Let our mistress ascend the carriage to go back to court."

The queen herself became quite embarrassed, and as she went back to the capital with all her officials, we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage Sun with his two brothers, who trod on air and fog to give chase to that cyclone. In a little while, they came upon a tall mountain, where they saw the dust had died down and the wind subsided. Not knowing where the fiend had gone to, the three brothers lowered their clouds and began to search for the way. It was then that they saw on the side of the mountain a huge slab of stone, all shiny and green, that looked like a screen. The three of them led the horse to the back of the screen and discovered two stone doors, on which there was in large letters the following inscription:

Toxic Foe Mountain, Cave of the Lute.

As he had always been rather stupid, Eight Rules immediately wanted to break down the doors with his rake, but he was quickly stopped by Pilgrim. "Don't be so hasty, Brother," he said. "After we followed the cyclone here, we had to search for awhile before we found these doors. We don't even know the long and short of the matter. Suppose this is the wrong door. Won't your action offend the owner? I think the two of you should look after the horse and wait in front of that stone screen. Let old Monkey go inside to do some detection before we start anything."

Greatly pleased by what he heard, Sha Monk said, "Very good! This is what I call caution in recklessness, composure in urgency." So, the two of them led the horse away.

The Great Sage Sun, meanwhile, displayed his divine power: making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and with one shake of his body changed into a bee—truly agile and light. Look at him!

*His thin wings go soft with wind;
His waist in sunlight is trim.
A mouth once sweetened by flowers;
A tail that stripe-toads has tamed.
What merit in honey-making!
How modest his home-returning!
A smart plan he now conceives
To soar past both doors and eaves.*

Crawling inside through a crack in the door, Pilgrim flew past the second-level door and came upon a flower arbor in the middle of which sat a female fiend. Attending her on both sides were several young girls dressed in colored silk and with parted bangs on their foreheads. All of them appeared to be in a most pleasant mood, talking with great animation about something. Ever so lightly our Pilgrim flew up there and alighted on the trellis of the arbor. As he cocked his ear to listen, he saw two other girls with disheveled hair walking up to the arbor, each holding a plate of steaming hot pastries. “Madam,” they said, “on this plate are buns stuffed with human flesh, and on the other buns stuffed with red bean paste.”

“Little ones,” said the female fiend with a giggle, “help the royal brother of Tang to come out.”

The girls dressed in colored silk went to one of the rear chambers and led the Tang Monk out by his hands. The master’s face, however, had turned yellow and his lips, white; his eyes were red and brimming with tears. “Master has been poisoned!” sighed Pilgrim to himself.

The fiend walked out of the arbor and extended her dainty, spring-onion-like fingers to catch hold of the elder, saying, “Relax, royal brother! Though our place here is not like the palace of the Western Liang State of Women and cannot compare with their wealth and luxury, it is actually less hectic and more comfortable. You will find it perfect for chanting the name of Buddha and reading scriptures.

I’ll be your companion on the Way, and we’ll enjoy a harmonious union until old age.”

Tripitaka would not utter a word. “Stop worrying,” said the fiend again. “I know that you didn’t eat much when you attended the banquet in the State of Women. Here are two kinds of flour goods, meat and vegetarian, and you may take whatever you want, just to calm your fear.”

Tripitaka thought to himself, “I can remain silent and refuse to eat anything, but this fiend is not like the queen. The queen, after all, is a human being whose action is governed by propriety. This fiend is a monster-spirit most capable of hurting me. What shall I do? I wonder if my three disciples know that I am held in custody here. If she does harm me because of my stubbornness, wouldn’t I have thrown away my life?”

As he questioned his mind with mind like that, he had no alternative but to force himself to open his mouth.

“What’s the meat made of and what’s the vegetarian made of?” he asked. The fiend said, “The meat bun has human flesh stuffing, while the vegetarian has red bean paste stuffing.”

“This poor monk,” said Tripitaka, “keeps a vegetarian diet.”

“Girls,” said the female fiend, giggling, “bring us some hot tea so that the elder of your household can eat the vegetarian buns.” One of the girls brought out a cup of fragrant tea and placed it in front of the elder. Picking up a vegetarian bun, the fiend broke it in half and handed the pieces to Tripitaka, who in turn took a meat bun and presented it whole to the fiend. “Royal brother,” asked the fiend, laughing, “why didn’t you break it first before you handed it to me?”

Tripitaka pressed his palms together before he replied, “As someone who has left the family, I dare not break open food made with meat.”

“If you as someone who has left the family dare not break open food made with meat,” said the fiend, “how is it that you were willing to eat water pudding the other day at the Child-and- Mother Stream? Having done that, do you still insist on eating red bean paste stuffing today?”

Tripitaka replied:

*“At high tide a boat leaves quickly;
In sand traps a horse trots slowly.”*

Pilgrim on the trellis heard everything. Fearing that such banter might confound the real nature of his master, he could no longer contain himself. He revealed his true form at once and whipped out his iron rod. “Cursed beast!” he shouted. “You’re so unruly!” When the female fiend saw him, she blew out immediately from her mouth a ray of misty light to cover up the entire arbor. “Little ones,” she cried, “take away the royal brother!” Picking up a steel trident, she leaped out of the arbor and yelled, “Lawless simian rascal! How dare you sneak into my house and play Peeping Tom? Don’t run away! Have a taste of your mama’s trident!” Using the iron rod to parry her blows, the Great Sage fought back as he retreated.

The two of them fought their way out of the cave. Eight Rules and Sha Monk were waiting in front of the stone screen; when they saw the combatants emerging, Eight Rules hurriedly pulled the white horse out of the way, saying, “Sha Monk, you guard the horse and the luggage. Let old Hog go and help with the fight.”

Dear Idiot! Lifting high the rake with both his hands, he rushed forward and shouted, “Elder Brother, stay back! Let me beat up this bitch!” When the fiend saw Eight Rules approaching, she summoned up some more of her abilities. With one snort fire spurted out from her nostrils as smoke licked out from her mouth. She shook her body once and there were now three tridents dancing and thrusting in the air, wielded by who knows how many hands. As she charged like a cyclone into the fray, she was met by Pilgrim and Eight Rules on both sides.

“Sun Wukong,” cried the fiend, “you really have no judgment! I recognize you, but you can’t recognize me. But even your Buddha Tathāgata at the Thunderclap Monastery is afraid of me. Two clumsy oafs like you, you think you’ll get anywhere! Come on up, both of you, and I’ll give each of you a beating!”

“How was this battle?” you ask.

The female fiend’s power expanded;

*The Monkey King's vigor increased.
 The Heavenly Reeds Marshal, striving for merit,
 Wielded wildly his rake to show his vim.
 That one with many hands and fast tridents the misty light encircled;
 From these two—impulsive, with strong weapons—foggy air rose up.
 The fiend wished only to seek a mate;
 The monk refused to leak his primal sperm.
 Yin and yang at odds would do battle now,
 Each flaunting its might in this bitter strife.
 Quiet yin, to nourish being, quickened in lust;
 Tranquil yang purged desires to guard its health.
 To these two parties thus came discord;
 A contest was waged by trident, rake, and rod.
 This one's rod was strong,
 The rake, more potent—
 But the fiend's trident met them blow for blow.
 Three unyielding ones before Mount Toxic Foe;
 Two ruthless sides outside Cave of the Lute.
 That one was pleased to seize the Tang Monk for her spouse;
 These two with the elder resolved to seek true writ.
 To do battle they stirred up Heaven and Earth
 And fought till sun and moon darkened and planets moved.*

The three of them fought for a long time and no decision was reached. Leaping suddenly into the air, the female fiend resorted to the Horse-Felling Poisoned Stake and, unseen, gave the Great Sage a terrific stab on his head. “Oh, misery!” cried Pilgrim and at once fled in severe pain. When Eight Rules saw that the tide was turning, he too retreated with the rake trailing behind him. The fiend thus retrieved her tridents and returned in triumph.

Gripping his head, with brows contracted and face woe-laden, Pilgrim kept crying, “Horror! Horror!”

Eight Rules went up to him and asked, “Elder Brother, how is it that, when you were just enjoying the fight, you suddenly ran away, whining up a storm?” Pilgrim gripped his head and could only say, “It hurts! It hurts!”

“It must be your migraine,” said Sha Monk. “No! No!” cried Pilgrim, jumping up and down. “Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “I didn’t see that you were wounded. But now your head hurts. Why?”

“Lord, it’s terrible!” said Pilgrim with a groan. “I was just fighting with her. When she saw that I was breaking through her defense with the trident, she suddenly leaped into the air. I don’t know what kind of weapon it was that gave my head a stab, but the pain is unbearable.

That was why I fled.”

“You have always bragged about that head of yours when things were quiet,” said Eight Rules with a laugh, “saying that it has gone through such a long process of cultivation. How is it now that it can’t even take a stab?”

“Indeed,” replied Pilgrim. “Since I achieved the art of realized immortality, and since I stole and ate the immortal peaches, celestial wine, and the golden elixir of Laozi,

this head of mine cannot be harmed. When I caused great disturbance in Heaven, the Jade Emperor sent the Demon King Powerful and the Twenty-Eight Constellations to take me outside the Dipper Star Palace and have me executed. What those divine warriors used on me were swords, axes, scimitars, bludgeons, thunderbolts, and fire. Thereafter Laozi placed me within his brazier of eight trigrams and smelted me for forty-nine days. But there wasn't even a scratch on my head. I don't know what sort of weapon this woman used today, but she certainly wounded old Monkey!"

"Take away your hands," said Sha Monk, "and let me see if the skin has been torn."

"No, it hasn't," replied Pilgrim.

"I'll go to the State of Western Liang and ask for some ointment to tape on you," said Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, "There's no swelling, and it's not an open wound. Why should you want to tape ointment on it?"

"Brother," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "I didn't come down with any pre- or postnatal illness, but you are getting a brain tumor."

"Stop joking, Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk. "It's getting late! Big Brother's head has been hurt and we don't know whether Master is dead or alive. What shall we do?"

"Master's all right," said Pilgrim with a groan. "I changed into a bee to fly inside, and I found that woman sitting inside a flower arbor. In a little while, two maids brought out two plates of buns: one had human flesh for stuffing and the other, red bean paste. Then she asked two other maids to help Master out to eat, just to calm his fear. She also said something about her desire to be Master's companion on the Way. At first, Master did not say anything to the woman, nor did he eat the buns. Later, perhaps it was because of all her sweet talk or some other odd reason, he began to speak with her and told her that he kept a vegetarian diet. The woman broke one of those vegetarian buns into halves to hand to Master, and he presented her with a meat one whole. 'Why didn't you break it?' the woman asked, and Master said, 'Those who have left the family dare not break into something made with meat.' 'In that case,' asked the woman, 'how was it that you were willing to eat water pudding the other day? And you still insist on eating stuffing made of red bean paste?' Master didn't quite understand her puns, and he replied:

At high tide a boat leaves quickly;

In sand traps a horse trots slowly.'

I heard everything on the trellis, and I was afraid that Master's nature might be confounded. That was when I revealed my true form and attacked her with my iron rod. She, too, used her magic power; blowing out some mist or fog to cover the arbor, she shouted for the girls to take away the 'royal brother' before she picked up her steel trident and fought her way out of the cave with old Monkey." When Sha Monk heard this, he bit his finger and said, "We've been picked up and followed by this bitch from who knows where, but she certainly has knowledge of what has happened to us recently."

"If you put it that way," said Eight Rules, "it looks as if we wouldn't be able to rest, doesn't it? Let's not worry if it's dusk or midnight. Let's go up to her door and

provoke battle. At least our hubbub will prevent them from sleeping, so that she can't pull a fast one on our master."

"My head hurts," said Pilgrim. "I can't go!" Sha Monk said, "No need to provoke battle. In the first place, Elder Brother has a headache, and in the second, our master is a true monk. He won't allow either form or emptiness to confound his nature."

Let us sit here for the night beneath the mountain slope where there's no draft and regain our energy. Then we can decide what to do by morning."

And so, the three brothers, after having tied up the white horse firmly, rested beneath the mountain slope, guarding the luggage.

We now tell you about that female fiend, who banished violence from her mind and once again took on a pleasant appearance.

"Little ones," she said, "shut the front and back doors tightly."

Two little fiends were instructed to stand watch against the intrusion of Pilgrim. If there were any sound at all at the door, they were told to report at once. Then she gave this order also:

"Maids, fix up the bedroom nicely. After you have lit the candles and the incense, go and invite royal brother Tang to come here. I want to make love with him."

They therefore brought out the elder from the rear. Putting on her most seductive charms, she caught hold of the Tang Monk and said, "As the proverb says,

*Though gold may have its price,
Our pleasure's more worthwhile.*

Let's you and I play husband and wife and have some fun!"

Gritting his teeth, our elder would not permit even a sound to escape from his mouth. He was about to refuse her invitation, but he was afraid that she might decide to take his life. He had no alternative but to follow her into the perfumed room, trembling all the while. Completely in a stupor, he raised neither his eyes nor his head; he did not see what sort of coverlets or bedding there was in the room, nor was he eager to find out what kinds of furniture or dresser were placed therein. As for all the amorous declaration and sultry speech of the female fiend, he did not hear a word. Marvelous monk! Truly

*His eyes saw no evil form;
His ears heard no lustful sound;
He regarded as dirt and dung this coy, silken face,
This pearl-like beauty as ashes and dust.
His one love in life was to practice Chan,
Unwilling to step once beyond Buddha-land.
How could he show affection and pity
When all he knew was religion and truth?
That fiend, all vibrant
With boundless passion;
Our elder, most deadpan
And filled with Buddhist zeal.
One was like soft jade and warm perfume;
One seemed like cold ashes or dried wood.
That person undid her collar,*

*Her passion overflowing;
 This person tied up his robe,
 His resolve unswerving.
 That one wanted to mate, breast to breast with thighs entwined;
 This one wished to face the wall and seek Bodhidharma in the mount.
 The fiend loosened her clothes
 To display her fine, scented flesh;
 The Tang Monk bundled up his cloak
 To hide his coarse and thickset skin.
 The fiend said, "My sheets and pillows are ready, why don't you sleep!"
 The Tang Monk said, "How could my bald head and strange clothes join you there!"
 That one said, "I'm willing to be the former period's Liu Cuicui."
 This one said, "This humble monk is not a lovesick priest!"
 The fiend said, "I'm pretty as Xi Shi and e'en more lissome."
 The Tang Monk said, "Like King Yue I have long been mortified!"
 The fiend said, "Royal brother, remember
 He who dies beneath the flowers;
 E'ven his ghost's a happy lover."
 The Tang Monk said, "My true yang is treasure most precious.
 How could I give it to a powdered cadaver?"*

The two of them prattled on like that deep into the night, but the elder Tang showed no sign whatever that he had been aroused.

Though the female fiend tugged and pulled at him and refused to let go, our master doggedly rejected her advances. By midnight, all this hassle made the fiend mad, and she shouted, "Little ones, bring me a rope!"

Alas! The dearly beloved was at once trussed up until he looked like a shaggy ape! After telling her subordinates to drag the monk back to the corridor, she blew out the lamps and all of them retired.

Soon the cock crowed three times, and beneath the mountain slope our Great Sage Sun rose up, saying, "I had a headache for quite awhile, but now my head feels neither painful nor numb. In fact, I have a little itch."

"If you have an itch," chuckled Eight Rules, "how about asking her to give you another stab?" Pilgrim spat at him and said, "Go! Go! Go!"

Eight Rules laughed again and replied, "Go! Go! Go! But it was Master last night who went wild! Wild! Wild!"

"Stop gabbing, the two of you," said Sha Monk. "It's light. Go quickly to catch the monster."

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "stay here to guard the horse and don't move. Zhu Eight Rules will go with me."

Arousing himself, our Idiot straightened out his black silk shirt and followed Pilgrim; they took their weapons and leaped up to the mountain ledge to go before the stone screen. "Stand here," said Pilgrim to Eight Rules, "for I fear that the fiend might have harmed Master during the night. Let me go inside to snoop around a bit. If Master truly had lost his primal yang and his virtue because of her deception, then all of us could scatter. If he has not been confounded and if his Chan mind has remained

unmoved, then we could in all diligence fight to the end, slaughter the monster-spirit, and rescue Master to go to the West.”

“You are quite numbskulled!” said Eight Rules. “As the proverb says, ‘Could dried fish be used for a cat’s pillows?’ Like it or not, it would receive a few scratches!” Pilgrim said, “Stop babbling! I’ll go and see.”

Dear Great Sage! He left Eight Rules in front of the stone screen and shook his body again to change into a bee. After he flew inside, he found two maids sleeping, their heads resting on the watch-rattles. He went up to the flower arbor to look around. The monsterspirit, you see, had struggled for half the night; she and her attendants were all very tired. Everyone was still fast asleep, not knowing that it was dawn already. Flying to the rear, Pilgrim began to hear the faint moans of the Tang Monk, and then he saw that the priest was left, hogtied, in the corridor. Pilgrim gently alighted on his head and whispered, “Master.” Recognizing the voice, the Tang Monk said, “Have you come, Wukong? Save my life, quick!”

“How were the night’s activities?” asked Pilgrim. Tripitaka, clenching his teeth, replied, “I would rather die than do anything of that sort!”

“I thought,” said Pilgrim, “I saw her showing you a good deal of tenderness yesterday. How is it that she is putting you through such torment today?”

“She pestered me for half the night,” answered Tripitaka, “but I did not even loosen my clothes or touch her bed. When she saw that I refused to yield to her, she had me tied up like this. Please rescue me, so that I can go acquire the scriptures.”

As master and disciples spoke to each other like that, they woke up the monster-spirit. Though she was furious at the Tang Monk, she was still very fond of him. When she stirred and heard something about going to acquire scriptures, she rolled off the bed at once and shouted:

“You mean to tell me that you don’t want to get married and still want to go and seek scriptures?” Pilgrim was so startled that he abandoned his master, spread his wings, and flew out of the cave. “Eight Rules,” he cried, and our Idiot came around the stone screen, saying, “Has that thing been concluded?”

“Not yet! Not yet!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “She worked on the old master for quite some time, but he refused. She got mad and had him hogtied. He was just telling me all this when the fiend woke up, and I became so startled that I came back out here.”

Eight Rules asked, “What did Master actually say?”

“He said,” replied Pilgrim, “that he did not even loosen his clothes nor did he touch her bed.”

“Good! Very good!” chuckled Eight Rules. “He’s still a true monk! Let’s go rescue him!”

As he had always been a roughneck, our Idiot did not wait for further discussion. Lifting high his muckrake, he brought it down on the stone doors with all his might, and with a loud crash they broke into many pieces. The two maids sleeping on the watch-rattles were so terrified that they ran back to the second-level door and screamed:

“Open up! Those two ugly men of yesterday have come again and smashed our doors!”

The female fiend was just leaving her room. “Little ones,” she cried, “bring some hot water for me to wash my face. Carry the royal brother, all tied up like that, and hide him in the rear room. I’m going out to fight them.”

Dear monster-spirit! She ran out with her trident uplifted and shouted:

“Brazen ape! Wild boar! You don’t know when to stop, do you? How dare you break my doors?”

“You filthy bitch!” scolded Eight Rules. “You have our master imprisoned, and you still dare to talk with such insolence? Our master was only your kidnapped husband! Send him out quickly, and I’ll spare you. If you dare but utter half a no, the blows of old Hog’s rake will level even your mountain.”

The monster-spirit, of course, did not permit such words to intimidate her. With enormous energy and using magic as before, she attacked with her steel trident while her nose and mouth belched fire and smoke. Eight Rules leaped aside to dodge her blow before striking back with his rake, helped by the Great Sage Sun and his iron rod on the other side. The power of that fiend was tremendous indeed! All at once she seemed to have acquired who knows how many hands, waving and parrying left and right. After they fought for several rounds, she again used some kind of weapon and gave the lip of Eight Rules a stab. His rake trailing behind him and his lips pouting, our Idiot fled in pain for his life. Pilgrim also became somewhat envious of him; making one false blow with the rod, he, too, fled in defeat. After the fiend returned in triumph, she told her little ones to place rock piles in front of the door.

We now tell you about Sha Monk, who was grazing the horse before the mountain slope when he heard some hog-grunting. As he raised his head, he saw Eight Rules dashing back, lips pouted and grunting as he ran. “What in the world . . .?” asked Sha Monk, and our Idiot blurted out:

“It’s awful! It’s awful! This pain! This pain!”

Hardly had he finished speaking when Pilgrim also arrived. “Dear Idiot!” he chuckled. “Yesterday you said I had a brain tumor, but now you are suffering from the plague of the swollen lip!”

“I can’t bear it!” cried Eight Rules. “The pain’s acute! It’s terrible! It’s terrible!”

The three of them were thus in sad straits when they saw an old woman approaching from the south on the mountain road, her left hand carrying a little bamboo basket with vegetables in it. “Big Brother,” said Sha Monk, “look at that old lady approaching. Let me find out from her what sort of a monster-spirit this is and what kind of weapon she has that can inflict a wound like this.”

“You stay where you are,” said Pilgrim, “and let old Monkey question her.” When Pilgrim stared at the old woman carefully, he saw that there were auspicious clouds covering her head and fragrant mists encircling her body. Recognizing all at once who she was, Pilgrim shouted, “Brothers, kowtow quickly! The lady is Bodhisattva!” Ignoring his pain, Eight Rules hurriedly went to his knees while Sha Monk bent low, still holding the reins of the horse. The Great Sage Sun, too, pressed his palms together and knelt down, all crying, “We submit to the great and compassionate, the efficacious savior, Bodhisattva Guanshiyin.” When the Bodhisattva saw that they recognized her original light, she at once trod on the auspicious clouds and rose to midair to reveal her true form, the one which carried the fish basket. Pilgrim rushed up there also to say to her, bowing, “Bodhisattva, pardon us for not receiving you properly. We were

desperately trying to rescue our master and we had no idea that the Bodhisattva was descending to earth. Our present demonic ordeal is hard to overcome indeed, and we beg the Bodhisattva to help us.”

“This monsterspirit,” said the Bodhisattva, “is most formidable. Those tridents of hers happen to be two front claws, and what gave you such a painful stab is actually a stinger on her tail. It’s called the Horse-Felling Poison, for she herself is a scorpion spirit. Once upon a time she happened to be listening to a lecture in the Thunderclap Monastery. When Tathāgata saw her, he wanted to push her away with his hand, but she turned around and gave the left thumb of the Buddha a stab. Even Tathāgata found the pain unbearable! When he ordered the arhats to seize her, she fled here. If you want to rescue the Tang Monk, you must find a special friend of mine, for even I cannot go near her.”

Bowing again, Pilgrim said, “I beg the Bodhisattva to reveal to whom it is that your disciple should go to ask for assistance.”

“Go to the East Heaven Gate,” replied the Bodhisattva, “and ask for help from the Star Lord Orionis in the Luminescent Palace. He is the one to subdue this monster-spirit.” When she finished speaking, she changed into a beam of golden light to return to South Sea.

Dropping down from the clouds, the Great Sage Sun said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, “Relax, Brothers, we’ve found someone to rescue Master.”

“From where?” asked Sha Monk. Pilgrim replied, “Just now the Bodhisattva told me to seek the assistance of the Star Lord Orionis. Old Monkey will go immediately.” With swollen lips, Eight Rules grunted, “Elder Brother, please ask the god for some medicine for the pain.”

“No need for medicine,” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “After one night, the pain will go away like mine.”

“Stop talking,” said Sha Monk. “Go quickly!”

Dear Pilgrim! Mounting his cloud somersault, he arrived instantly at the East Heaven Gate, where he was met by the Devarāja Virūḍhaka. “Great Sage,” said the devarāja, bowing, “where are you going?”

“On our way to acquire scriptures in the West,” replied Pilgrim, “the Tang Monk ran into another demonic obstacle. I must go to the Luminescent Palace to find the Star God of the Rising Sun.”

As he spoke, Tao, Zhang, Xin, and Deng, the four Grand Marshals, also approached him to ask where he was going. “I have to find the Star Lord Orionis,” said Pilgrim, “and ask him to rescue my master from a monster-spirit.” One of the grand marshals said, “By the decree of the Jade Emperor this morning, the god went to patrol the Star-Gazing Terrace.”

“Is that true?” asked Pilgrim. “All of us humble warriors,” replied Grand Marshal Xin, “left the Dipper Palace with him at the same time. Would we dare speak falsehood?”

“It has been a long time,” said Grand Marshal Tao, “and he might be back already. The Great Sage should go to the Luminescent Palace first, and if he’s not there, then you can go to the Star-Gazing Terrace.”

Delighted, the Great Sage took leave of them and arrived at the gate of the Luminescent Palace. Indeed, there was no one in sight, and as he turned to leave, he saw a troop of soldiers approaching, followed by the god, who still had on his court regalia made of golden threads. Look at

*His cap of five folds ablaze with gold;
His court tablet of most lustrous jade.
A seven-star sword, cloud patterned, hung from his robe;
An eight-treasure belt, lucent, wrapped around his waist.
His pendant jangled as if striking a tune;
It rang like a bell in a strong gust of wind.
Kingfisher fans parted and Orionis came
As celestial fragrance the courtyard filled.*

Those soldiers walking in front saw Pilgrim standing outside the Luminescent Palace, and they turned quickly to report:

“My lord, the Great Sage Sun is here.” Stopping his cloud and straightening his court attire, the god ordered the soldiers to stand on both sides in two rows while he went forward to salute his visitor, saying, “Why has the Great Sage come here?”

“I have come here,” replied Pilgrim, “especially to ask you to save my master from an ordeal.”

“Which ordeal,” asked the god, “and where?”

“In the Cave of the Lute at the Toxic Foe Mountain,” Pilgrim answered, “which is located in the State of Western Liang.”

“What sort of monster is there in the cave,” asked the god again, “that has made it necessary for you to call on this humble deity?” Pilgrim said, “Just now the Bodhisattva Guanyin, in her epiphany, revealed to us that it was a scorpion spirit. She told us further that only you, sir, could overcome it. That is why I have come to call on you.”

“I should first go back and report to the Jade Emperor,” said the god, “but the Great Sage is already here, and you have, moreover, the Bodhisattva’s recommendation. Since I don’t want to cause you delay, I dare not ask you for tea. I shall go with you to subdue the monster-spirit first before I report to the throne.” When the Great Sage heard this, he at once went out of the East Heaven Gate with the god and sped to the State of Western Liang.

Seeing the mountain ahead, Pilgrim pointed at it and said, “This is it.”

The god lowered his cloud and walked with Pilgrim up to the stone screen beneath the mountain slope. When Sha Monk saw them, he said, “Second Elder Brother, please rise. Big Brother has brought back the star god.”

His lips still pouting, Idiot said, “Pardon! Pardon! I’m ill, and I cannot salute you.”

“You are a man who practices self-cultivation,” said the star god. “What kind of sickness do you have?”

“Earlier in the morning,” replied Eight Rules, “we fought with the monster-spirit, who gave me a stab on my lip. It still hurts.”

The star god said, “Come up here, and I’ll cure it for you.”

Taking his hand away from his snout, Idiot said, "I beg you to cure it, and I'll thank you most heartily."

The star god used his hand to give Eight Rules's lip a stroke before blowing a mouthful of breath on it. At once, the pain ceased. In great delight, our Idiot went to his knees, crying, "Marvelous! Marvelous!"

"May I trouble the star god to touch the top of my head also?" said Pilgrim with a grin. "You weren't poisoned," said the star god. "Why should I touch you?" Pilgrim replied, "Yesterday, I was poisoned, but after one night the pain is gone. The spot, however, still feels somewhat numb and itchy, and I fear that it may act up when the weather changes. Please cure it for me."

The star god indeed touched the top of his head and blew a mouthful of breath on it. The remaining poison was thus eliminated, and Pilgrim no longer felt the numbness or the itch.

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, growing ferocious, "let's go and beat up that bitch!"

"Exactly!" said the star god. "You provoke her to come out, the two of you, and I'll subdue her." Leaping up the mountain slope, Pilgrim and Eight Rules again went behind the stone screen. With his mouth spewing abuses and his hands working like a pair of fuel-gatherer hooks, our Idiot used his rake to remove the rocks piled up in front of the cave in no time at all. He then dashed up to the second-level door, and one blow of his rake reduced it to powder. The little fiends inside were so terrified that they fled inside to report:

"Madam, those two ugly men have destroyed even our second-level door!"

The fiend was just about to untie the Tang Monk so that he could be fed some tea and rice. When she heard that the door had been broken down, she jumped out of the flower arbor and stabbed Eight Rules with the trident. Eight Rules met her with the rake, while Pilgrim assisted him with his iron rod. Rushing at her opponents, the fiend wanted to use her poisonous trick again, but Pilgrim and Eight Rules perceived her intentions and retreated immediately.

The fiend chased them beyond the stone screen, and Pilgrim shouted, "Orionis, where are you?" Standing erect on the mountain slope, the star god revealed his true form. He was, you see, actually a huge, double-combed rooster, about seven feet tall when he held up his head. He faced the fiend and crowed once: immediately the fiend revealed her true form, which was that of a scorpion about the size of a lute. The star god crowed again, and the fiend, whose whole body became paralyzed, died before the slope. We have a testimonial poem for you, and the poem says:

*Like tasseled balls his embroidered neck and comb,
With long, hard claws and angry, bulging eyes,
He perfects the Five Virtues forcefully;
His three crows are done heroically.
No common, clucking fowl about the hut,
He's Heaven's star showing his holy name.
In vain the scorpion seeks the human ways;
She now her true, original form displays.*

Eight Rules went forward and placed one foot on the back of the creature, saying, "Cursed beast! You can't use your Horse-Felling Poison this time!" Unable to

make even a twitch, the fiend was pounded into a paste by the rake of the Idiot. Gathering up again his golden beams, the star god mounted the clouds and left, while Pilgrim led Eight Rules and Sha Monk to bow to the sky, saying, "Sorry for all your inconvenience! In another day, we shall go to your palace to thank you in person."

After the three of them gave thanks, they took the luggage and the horse into the cave, where they were met by those maids, who knelt on both sides to receive them. "Fathers," they cried, "we are not fiends. We are all women from the State of Western Liang who have been kidnapped by this monster-spirit some time ago. Right now your master is weeping in a scented room in the rear." On hearing this, Pilgrim stared at them and saw that there was indeed no demonic aura about them. He therefore went to the rear, crying, "Master!" When the Tang Monk saw them, he was very pleased. "Worthy disciples," he said, "I have caused you a lot of trouble. What happened to that woman?"

"She was a huge female scorpion," replied Eight Rules. "We are fortunate to have received the revelation from the Bodhisattva Guanyin, whereupon Big Brother went to Heaven to acquire the assistance of the Star Lord Orionis. He came here and subdued her, and she has been reduced to mud by old Hog. Only then did we dare walk in here to see your face."

The Tang Monk could not end his thanks to them. Then they found some rice and noodles with which they prepared a meal, after which they showed the way home to those girls who had been taken captive. Lighting up a fire, they burned out the entire cave-dwelling before they found the main road to the West once more. Thus it was that

They cut worldly ties to leave beauty and form;

They drained the gold sea to know the mind of Chan.

We do not know how many more years they still need in order to perfect the art of realized immortality; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-SIX

*Wild Spirit slays brutish bandits
Wayward Way sets loose Mind Monkey*

The poem says:

*That mind is called pure when it holds nothing—
All quiet with not one thought arising.
Firmly restrain the monkey and the horse.
Guard both spirit and sperm to stay on course.
Discard the Six Robbers;
Awake to the Three Wains;
Causations halted, all things will be plain.
Depraved forms destroyed, to true realm you rise
To sit and enjoy the Western paradise.*

We were telling you about our Tripitaka Tang, who, with such grim determination that he would have bitten through an iron nail, had managed to preserve his body from ruin. Moreover, he was fortunate enough to have had Pilgrim and his other assistants slaughter the scorpion spirit and rescue him from the Cave of the Lute. As they set out on their journey, it was the season of clear, clement weather again, when

*Warm breezes oft wafted the wild-orchid scent;
Young bamboos cooled off as cleansing rain ceased.
None picked the moxa leaves all o'er the hills;
Rush flowers filled the streams to display their hues.
Bright pomegranates pleased the wandering bees.
Yellow birds bustled in the brook's willow-shade.
Rice-cakes were not wrapped on a long journey
Though dragon boats now mourned at Miluo Stream.*

As master and disciples enjoyed this scenery of the Double Fifth Festival season when the sun was high in the sky, they found once more a tall mountain blocking their path. Reining in his horse, the elder turned his head to address his disciples:

“Wukong, there’s a mountain ahead of us. I fear that it may breed fiends. Please be careful.”

“Please don’t worry, Master,” replied Pilgrim. “We make submission to the faith in complete obedience. Why worry about fiends?”

Delighted by what he heard, the elder urged his horse forward, and in a little while they arrived at a tall ledge on the mountain. This was what they saw as they looked around:

*The peak's pines and cedars join the clouds in blue;
Wild creepers hang on the cliff's briars and thorns.
Ten thousand feet, lofty—
A thousand tiers, sheer hanging—
Ten thousand feet of lofty, rugged peak;
A thousand tiers of sheer, hanging buff.*

*Jade-green moss and lichen on dark rocks spread;
 Large forests formed by tall junipers and elms.
 Deep in the forest,
 Listen to the birds:
 Their skillful voices make singable songs.
 The brooklet's water flows like splashing jade;
 The roadside's petals rest as mounds of gold.
 This wretched mount
 So hard to scale!
 Walk ten steps and not even one is flat!
 Travelers meet in pairs the foxes and deer;
 They face in twos both black apes and white fawns.
 All at once there's a fearsome tiger-roar,
 Or the crane-cry that reaches Heaven's court.
 Yellow plums, red apricots make worthy fruits;
 Wild grass and flowers are of name unknown.*

The four of them entered the mountain and journeyed slowly for a long time. After they passed the summit, they went down the west slope until they came to a piece of level ground. Attempting to show off his energy, Zhu Eight Rules asked Sha Monk to pole the luggage while he raised high his muckrake with both his hands and went forward to drive the horse. The horse, however, was not at all afraid of him; though Eight Rules whooped and hollered, he kept on trotting slowly. "Brother," said Pilgrim, "why are you driving him? Let him walk slowly."

"It's getting late," answered Eight Rules, "and we've been walking for a whole day since we ascended this mountain. I'm getting hungry. Let's hurry and see if we can find a house where we can beg some food." When Pilgrim heard this, he said, "In that case, let me make him run."

He waved the golden-hooped rod once and gave a shout: immediately, the horse shot away like an arrow on the level road. For what reason, you say, is the horse afraid of Pilgrim and not of Eight Rules? Pilgrim, you see, was appointed an official, the title being Ban-Horse-Plague, at the Imperial stable in Heaven by the Jade Emperor five hundred years ago.

Ever since that time, horses have been afraid of apes. Unable to hang on to the reins, our elder at this moment could only cling to the saddle and allow the horse to go in a gallop some twenty miles before it slowed again as it came upon some open fields.

At that moment, a sudden clang of gongs brought out from both sides of the road some thirty men, all armed with spears, scimitars, staffs, and rods. They barred the way and cried, "Monk! Where are you off to?"

The Tang Monk was so terrified and shaking so violently that he fell down from the horse. Crouching in the bushes by the road, he could only say, "Great kings, spare me! Please spare me!"

Two burly men at the head of the band said, "We won't hit you, but you must leave us your travel money." Only then did the elder realize that these were bandits. As he got up slowly, he stole a glance at them and saw that

*One had a green face with fangs beating Jupiter's;
 One had round and bulging eyes like Death himself.*

*Their temples' red hair seemed like soaring flames;
 Like pins stuck to their chins were their yellow beards.
 The two had striped tiger-skin caps on their heads
 And sable battle kilts around their waists.
 One held in his hands a wolf-teeth club,
 And on one's shoulder rested a knotty staff.
 Indeed, this one was no less than a hill-pawing tiger!
 Truly, that one looked like a dragon darting out of water!*

When he saw how ferocious they were, Tripitaka had no choice but to get up, and pressing his palms together before him, he said, "Great kings, this humble priest is someone sent by the Tang emperor in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Since I left our capital, Chang'an, it has been many years; even if I had any travel money, I have long spent it. Those of us who have left the family live by begging. Where do I have cash? I beg the great kings to be kind and let this humble priest pass through."

The two bandit chiefs drew near and said, "We have resolved to stand guard by this main road like a tiger with the sole intention of picking up some cash or money. What do you mean by kindness? If you don't have any money, take off your clothes quickly and leave us the white horse, too. We'll let you pass then."

"Amitabha!" replied Tripitaka. "The robe on this poor priest has been made from cloth begged from one family and needles from another. It is a garment, in fact, that has come from patchwork begging! Wouldn't it be just like killing me if you stripped me of it? You might be valiant men in this life, but you might become beasts in the next."

Angered by what he heard, one of the bandits wielded a big rod and wanted to hit the elder, who did not say a word but thought to himself, "Alas! Now you boast of your rod, but you have little idea of my disciple's rod!"

The bandit, of course, did not permit any further discussion; lifting his rod, he started to shower the elder with blows. Now, our elder had never lied in his life before, but faced with such a dilemma, he had no choice but to mouth falsehood. "Please do not raise your hands, great kings, both of you," he said. "I have a young disciple, who should arrive any moment. He has on him several ounces of silver, which I'll be glad to give to you."

"This monk," said the bandit, "can't take any pain. Let's tie him up."

His followers acted at once and bound their victim with a rope, after which he was hung high on a tree.

We tell you now about those three rowdy troublemakers, who were chasing the horse from behind. Laughing uproariously, Eight Rules said, "Master has gone off so quickly! I wonder where he's waiting for us."

Then he caught sight of the elder hanging on a tree in the distance, and he said, "Look at master! He should have just waited for us. But no, he's so spirited that he has to climb a tree for fun, swinging back and forth on a vine!" When Pilgrim saw that, he said, "Idiot, don't babble! Isn't master being hung up there? The two of you stay back, and let me go take a look."

Dear Great Sage! He jumped up to a knoll nearby, and when he stared in front of him, he recognized at once that there was a group of bandits. Secretly pleased, he thought to himself:

“Lucky! Lucky! Business is at the door!” Walking down from the knoll, he changed with one shake of his body into a young priest wearing a clerical robe. He was only about sixteen years old, and he had a blue cloth-wrap on his shoulder. In big strides, he came up to where his master was, crying, “Master, what do you have to say for yourself? Who are these bad men?”

“O disciple,” replied Tripitaka, “aren’t you going to rescue me? Why all these questions?”

“What sort of business are they engaged in?” asked Pilgrim. Tripitaka replied, “They are highwaymen; they barred my way and asked for toll money. As I had nothing on me, they tied me up and hung me here. They are waiting for you to show up to finish the discussion with them. If nothing works, we may have to give them this horse of ours.” On hearing this, Pilgrim chuckled and said, “Master, you are so weak! There are many monks in the world, but few are as thinskin as you. The Tang emperor, Taizong, sent you to see Buddha in the Western Heaven. But who told you to give away this dragon horse?”

“O disciple!” said Tripitaka. “They’ve already tied me up like this. If they want to beat me for fun, what shall I do?”

“What did you say to them anyway?” asked Pilgrim. “They threatened me with beatings,” said Tripitaka, “until I had no choice but to make a confession about you.”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “you are such a lark! What kind of confession did you make about me?”

Tripitaka replied, “I said that you had some travel money, just to make them stop hitting me. It was something to get me out of a jam.”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said Pilgrim. “Thanks for doing me this favor! That’s exactly the sort of confession about me I want! If you can make it seventy or eighty times a month, old Monkey will have lots of business.” When those bandits saw him chatting with his master like that, they spread out and had them entirely surrounded. “Little monk,” one of them said. “Your master told us that you had some travel money. Take it out quickly and your lives will be spared. If you but utter half a no, both of you will die on the spot!” Putting down his cloth wrap, Pilgrim said, “Officers, don’t make a clamor! There is some travel money, not much, in this wrap: about twenty shoes of gold and perhaps thirty ingots of polished silver. I haven’t made a count of the small change. If you want it, take the wrap, too, but please don’t hit my master. As an ancient book says:

*Virtue is fundamental;
Riches are accidental.*

What you want is really the most peripheral thing. We are those who have left the family, and there will be other places for us to beg.

When we run into some aged person who wishes to feed and supply the monks, we will have allowances and we will have clothing.

How much can we use or spend? I just hope that you will release my master, and I’ll offer you everything.” When those bandits heard these words, they were most

pleased, all saying, “That old monk is so stingy, but this young one is quite generous.” One of the chiefs gave this command:

“Release him!” When that elder got his life again, he leaped on the horse; without another thought for Pilgrim, he took whip in hand and headed straight back on the road from which he came.

“You are going the wrong way!” shouted Pilgrim hurriedly. Picking up his wrap, he gave chase at once, only to be barred by the bandits. “Where do you think you are going?” said the bandit leader. “Put your money down, before I start the torture!”

“As I was saying,” chuckled Pilgrim, “the travel money ought to be divided into three portions.”

“This young priest,” said a bandit chief, “is pretty cagey! Now he wants to keep a little for himself after his master’s gone. All right! Take it out first and let’s have a look. If there’s enough, we’ll let you have a tiny bit—so that you can buy some goodies to eat when you are by yourself.”

“Oh, dear elder brother,” said Pilgrim, “that’s not what I meant. You think I really have travel money? What I meant was, that gold and silver you robbed from other people you must divide with me.” When the thief heard this, he became enraged. “This monk doesn’t know what’s good for him!” he hollered. “You are not willing to give me anything, and you ask me instead for something? Bah! Watch the beating!”

He raised up his knotty staff and gave the bald head of Pilgrim seven or eight blows, but Pilgrim behaved as if nothing whatever had happened. “Dear elder brother,” he said, full of smiles, “if that’s how you hit people, you can hit me until next spring and I won’t consider you doing it for real.”

Horried, the bandit said, “This monk has quite a hard head!”

“Hardly! Hardly!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “You praise me too much! It’s just passable!” Without permitting further discussion, two more of the bandits joined their leader and started to shower blows on Pilgrim. “Please calm your anger, all of you,” said Pilgrim. “Let me take out something.”

Dear Great Sage! He gave his ear a rub and brought out a tiny embroidery needle. “Sirs,” he said, “I’m someone who has left the family, and I haven’t any travel money with me. I have only this needle, which I’ll be glad to give to you.”

“What rotten luck!” said the bandit. “We released a wealthy priest and we have caught instead this poor, bald ass! You must be quite good at tailoring, I suppose.

What do I need a needle for?” When Pilgrim heard that he did not want the needle, he waved it once in his hand and it changed immediately into a rod with the thickness of a rice bowl. Growing fearful, the bandit said, “Though this monk appears to be young, he knows magic.” Sticking the rod into the ground, Pilgrim said to them, “If any of you can pick it up, it’s yours.”

The two bandit chiefs at once went forward to try to grab it, but alas, it was as if dragonflies were attempting to shake a stone pillar. They could not even budge it half a whit! This rod, you see, happened to be the compliant golden-hooped rod, which tipped the scale in Heaven at thirteen thousand, five hundred pounds.

How could those bandits have knowledge of this? The Great Sage walked forward and picked up the rod with no effort at all.

Assuming the style of the Python Rearing its Body, he pointed at the bandits and said, "Your luck's running out, for you have met old Monkey!" One of the bandit chiefs approached him and gave him another fifty or sixty blows. "Your hands must be getting tired!" chuckled Pilgrim. "Let old Monkey give you one stroke of the rod. I won't do it for real either!" Look at him! One wave of the rod and it grew to about seventy feet, its circumference almost as big as a well. He banged it on the bandit, and he at once fell to the ground: his lips hugging the earth, he could not make another sound.

The other bandit chiefs shouted, "This baldy is so audacious! He has no travel money, but he has killed one of us instead!"

"Don't fret! Don't fret!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I'll hit every one of you, just to make sure that all of you will be wiped out!" With another bang he beat to death the other bandit chief. Those small thieves were so terrified that they abandoned their weapons and fled for their lives in all directions.

We tell you now about that Tang Monk, who rode toward the east and was caught by Eight Rules and Sha Monk. "Master," they said, "where are you going? You are heading in the wrong direction."

The elder pulled in his reins, saying, "Oh, disciples, go quickly and tell your elder brother to be merciful with his rod. Tell him not to kill all those bandits."

"Master, stay here," said Eight Rules, "and let me go." Idiot ran all the way back to the spot, shouting, "Elder Brother, Master tells you not to hit people."

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "since when have I hit any people?"

"Where did those bandits go?" asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied:

"All of them have scattered, but there are two of them sleeping here."

"Plague on you two!" said Eight Rules with a laugh. "You must have been up all night, if you can take hardship like this! Why not go elsewhere? Of all places, you have to sleep here!" Idiot walked up to them and took a closer look. "They are just like me," he said, "sleeping soundly with their mouths open, they are drooling just a little."

"One stroke of old Monkey's rod," said Pilgrim, "has brought out their bean curd!"

"How could there be bean curd in people's heads?" asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied, "I beat their brains out!" On hearing this, Eight Rules ran back hurriedly to say to the Tang Monk, "They have disbanded!"

"My goodness! My goodness!" said Tripitaka. "Which road did they take?"

Eight Rules said, "They have been beaten until their legs are stiff and straight. You think they can walk somewhere?"

"Why, then, did you say that they have disbanded?" asked Tripitaka.

"They have been beaten to death!" said Eight Rules. "Isn't that disbanding?"

"How do they look now?" asked Tripitaka again, and Eight Rules said, "Two gaping holes in their heads."

"Untie the wrap," said Tripitaka, "and take out a few pennies. Go somewhere quickly and see if you can buy two tapes with ointment to tape them up."

“You aren’t serious,” said Eight Rules, laughing. “Ointment can be taped on living people for their sores or boils. How could you cure the gaping holes of dead men?”

“Are they really beaten to death?” asked Tripitaka, and he became terribly upset, so much so that he began to berate Pilgrim under his breath, calling him wretched ape and miserable simian as he turned around the horse. Soon, he and his two disciples arrived at the spot where they found two bloody corpses lying beneath the mountain slope.

Unable to bear the sight, the elder at once commanded Eight Rules:

“Use your muckrake quickly and dig a hole to bury them. I’ll recite for them a scroll of scripture for the dead.”

“You’ve asked the wrong man, Master,” said Eight Rules. “It was Pilgrim who killed these people, and he should be asked to bury them. Why do you make old Hog the grave-digger?” Pilgrim, however, was irritated by his master’s castigations, and therefore he shouted at Eight Rules, “You lazy coolie! Bury them quickly! A little tardiness and you, too, will get the rod!”

Horried, Idiot began digging at once beneath the slope. After the hole had reached a depth of about three feet, rocks and boulders in the ground resisted the rake. Abandoning his tool, our Idiot resorted to his snout to remove the rocks. When he hit the soft element again, one shove of his snout took away about two and a half feet of dirt and two shoves created a hole of about five feet.

Thus the two bandits were buried and a mound was raised. “Wukong,”

Tripitaka called out, “bring me some incense and candles, so that I may say a prayer and recite the scriptures.”

“What silliness!” said Pilgrim, pouting. “Halfway up this mountain, when there is no village in front and no store behind us, where can I ask for incense and candles? There’s no place for us to buy some even if we have the money.”

“Move aside, ape head!” said Tripitaka spitefully. “Let me pinch some dirt to use as incense and then I’ll pray.”

And so,

*Tripitaka left the saddle to mourn at a rustic grave;
The sage monk in kindness prayed to a lonely mound.*

This was his supplication:

*I bow to you noble ones,
Listen to all my reasons:
Have regard for this student,
From the East a Tang person.
The emperor Taizong by his own decree
To fetch scripture texts from the West sent me.
I came to this very place
And met you all face to face—
Natives of some prefecture or some district
Who have formed a gang on this hilly place.
With good words and kind*

*I begged you earnestly,
 But you wouldn't change your mind
 And instead grew so angry.
 When you met up with Pilgrim,
 Two of you fell by his rod.
 I pity greatly your corpses exposed,
 And I cover you with moundfuls of sod.
 I break bamboo for candles—
 Though lightless,
 They mean well.
 I take stones for offerings;
 Though tasteless,
 Truth they tell.
 If you should protest at the Hall of Darkness
 And dig up the past,
 Remember that his name is Sun
 And my name is Chen.
 A wrong has its wrongdoer,
 And a debt its creditor.
 Please don't accuse this scripture seeker!*

“Master,” said Eight Rules, chuckling, “you have neatly passed the buck! But when he hit these people, we weren’t around either.”

Tripitaka indeed scattered another pinch of dirt and prayed:

“Noble ones, when you file suit, file it against Pilgrim only. Eight Rules and Sha Monk have nothing to do with this.” When the Great Sage heard these words, he could no longer refrain from snickering.

“Master,” he said, “there’s not much kindness in you, is there? Because of your enterprise of seeking scriptures, I don’t know how much energy or exertion I’ve spent. Now I’ve slaughtered these two crummy thieves, and you tell them instead to go file suit against old Monkey. Though it was I who raised my hands to kill them, I did it only for you. If you hadn’t resolved to go to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven, and if I hadn’t become your disciple, how could I end up killing people at this place? Now that you have said all those things, I might as well give them a little benediction!”

He lifted up his iron rod and pounded it three times on the grave mound, saying, “You plague-ridden bandits! Listen to me! You gave me seven whacks here and eight whacks there with your rods, beating me until I was sorely annoyed because your blows caused me neither itch nor pain. So, I made the mistake of beating you to death. You may go anywhere you like to file suit against me, but old Monkey is not afraid.

*The Jade Emperor knows me;
 The devarājas follow me;
 The Twenty- Eight Constellations fear me;
 The Nine Luminaries are afraid of me;
 The prefectural, district, and municipal deities kneel before me;
 Equal to Heaven, the guardian of Mount Tai dreads me;
 The Ten Kings of Hell once served as my attendants;
 The Five Grand Deities have been my houseboys;
 Whether they be Five Bureaus of the Three Realms,*

*Or the Sundry Gods of the Ten Quarters,
They regard me as an intimate friend.*

You may go anywhere you like to lodge your complaint!" When Tripitaka heard him using such strong language, he was quite shocked. "Oh, disciple," he said, "my prayer was meant to make you appreciate the reverence for life and become a virtuous person. Why are you taking it so hard?"

"Master," replied Pilgrim, "what you've said is no joke! Anyway, let's go find shelter for the night." Still nursing his anger, the elder forced himself to mount the horse.

Thus the Great Sage Sun harbored feelings of hostility, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk, too, were swayed by enmity. In fact, master and disciples, as they followed the main road westward, only appeared to be cordial. Presently a village north of the road came into sight, and, pointing with his whip, Tripitaka said, "Let's go over there to ask for shelter."

"Very good," replied Eight Rules.

They went up to the village where the Tang Monk dismounted. As they looked about, they found that it was a rather nice place after all. You see

*On the path wild blooms parade;
Motley trees the door blockade.
Mountain streams from distant banks flow;
On level fields mallow and wheat grow.
Sedge and reed dew-moistened, a small gull rests.
Willows in gentle breeze, a tired bird nests.
Fresh cedars, pine-studded, rival in green.
Red smartweeds' bright hues with rushes are seen.
Village dogs bark;
Vesper cocks crow;
Cattle well-fed, cowboys now homeward go.
Yellow millet's cooked for smoke's in sight
From mountain homes at time of fading light.*

As the elder walked forward, he saw an old man emerging from one of the village huts. The elder immediately greeted him, and the old man asked, "Where does the priest come from?"

"This humble cleric," replied Tripitaka, "is someone sent by imperial commission to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. It is getting late as I pass through your honored region, and that is why I have come to ask for a night's lodging." With a chuckle, the old man said, "It is an enormous journey from your place to mine. How is it that you have scaled the mountains and forded the waters all by yourself?"

"This humble cleric," said Tripitaka, "also has three disciples in my company."

"Where are your honored disciples?" asked the old man, and Tripitaka pointed with his hand to reply, "Those three standing near the main road." Lifting his head, the old man discovered how hideous they looked and he immediately turned to try to flee inside. He was caught by Tripitaka, however, who said, "Old patron, I beg you to be merciful. Please grant us shelter for one night."

Trembling all over, the old man could hardly speak. He waved his head and his hand, saying, “No! No! No! These can’t be human beings! They must be monster-spirits!”

Attempting to placate him with a smile, Tripitaka said, “Please don’t be afraid, patron. My disciples are born like that. They are not monster-spirits.”

“Oh, my father!” cried the old man. “One is a yakṣa, one is a horse-face, and one is a thunder squire.” On hearing this, Pilgrim shouted back, “The thunder squire is my grandson, the yakṣa is my great-grandson, and the horse-face is my great-great grandson.” When the old man heard this, his spirit left him and his soul fled; his face drained of all color, he only wanted to go inside.

Tripitaka took hold of him and entered the thatched hall. Smiling again, he said, “Old Patron, don’t be afraid of them. All of them are quite rude, and they don’t know how to speak properly.”

As he was thus trying to pacify the old man, an old woman leading a child about five or six years old walked out from the rear.

“Papa,” she said, “why are you fretting like that?” Only then did the old man say, “Mama, bring us some tea.”

The old woman indeed left the child behind to go inside and brought out two cups of tea. After he drank it, Tripitaka turned to bow to the old woman, saying, “This humble cleric is someone sent by the Great Tang of the Land of the East to go acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. I just arrived in your region and wanted to beg from you a night’s lodging. Because my three disciples are rather ugly in their appearances, the elder of your family has been struck with false alarm.”

“If you are so intimidated by ugly appearances,” said the old woman, “what would happen if you faced tigers or wolves?”

“Oh, Mama,” replied the old man, “it’s all right if they look ugly, but they are more scary once they open their mouths. I made the remark that they looked like a yakṣ, a horse-face, and a thunder squire, and one of them shouted back, saying that the thunder squire was his grandson, the yakṣ his great-grandson, and the horse-face his great-great grandson. I was quite terrified by what I heard.”

“No! No!” said the Tang Monk. “The one who looks like a thunder squire happens to be my eldest disciple, Sun Wukong; the one with the horse-face is my second disciple, Zhu Wuneng, and the one who looks like a yakṣ is my third disciple, Sha Wujing. Though they may be ugly, they have embraced the faith of utter poverty and made submission to the virtuous fruit. They are no vicious demons or ferocious fiends. Why fear them?”

Greatly relieved by what they heard, the old couple said, “Please come in, please come in.”

The elder walked out of the door to instruct his disciples, saying, “Just now the old man found you three most repulsive. When you go in now to meet him and his family, don’t offend them. All of you should behave more courteously.”

“I’m both handsome and civilized,” said Eight Rules, “and I’m not sassy like elder brother.”

“Indeed!” chuckled Pilgrim. “You’re a fine man, if it weren’t for that long snout, those big ears, and that hideous face!”

“Stop wrangling,” said Sha Monk. “This isn’t the place for you to be smart-alecks. Let’s go in! Let’s go in!”

Thereupon they brought the luggage and the horse inside, and after they reached the thatched hall, they made a bow before taking their seats. As she was both good and kind, the old woman took the little boy inside and then asked for rice to be cooked and a vegetarian meal to be prepared for master and disciples. After they ate, it grew dark and lamps were brought into the thatched hall so that the pilgrims could sit and chat. “Patron,” asked the elder, “what is your noble surname?”

The elder replied, “My surname is Yang.” When asked about his age, the old man replied that he was seventy-four. “How many sons do you have?” asked Tripitaka again. The old man said, “Only one. Just now, the one following Mama is our little grandson.”

“I would like to greet your son,” said the elder, “if he’s willing to meet us.”

“That fellow,” replied the elder, “is not worthy of your bow. Life is rather cruel to this old moron, because I can’t seem to be able to rear him. He’s no longer staying with us.”

“Where is he then,” said Tripitaka, “and what sort of profession does he have?”

“Pity! Pity!” sighed the old man, shaking his head. “If he had a profession somewhere, that would be lucky for me. Unfortunately he is wicked in thought and has no regard for his origin. All he cares for is to plunder and rob, to kill and burn. His friends are all rascals and ruffians. He went out about five days ago, and he hasn’t been back since.” When Tripitaka heard this, he dared not reply, thinking to himself, “Perhaps he’s one of those beaten to death by Wukong . . .”

As he grew more anxious, the elder rose from his seat and exclaimed, “My goodness! My goodness! How could such fine parents give birth to such a rebellious son!”

Approaching them, Pilgrim said, “Venerable Sir, such a vile and pernicious offspring can only implicate his parents in dire troubles. Why keep him? Let me go find him and slay him for you!”

“I would like to send him away, too,” said the old man, “but I have no other heir. Though he lacks talents, I must still leave him behind to dig my grave.” Smiling, both Eight Rules and Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother, you should mind your own business. You and I are not officials. If his family is unwilling, this affair should no longer concern us. Let us ask the patron for a bundle of hay instead so that we may make our bedding somewhere. By morning, we should be on our way.”

The old man got up and took Sha Monk to the rear to pick up two bundles of hay. Then they were told to rest in a barn in the rear garden. After Pilgrim led the horse and Eight Rules poled the luggage to the barn, they retired, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the son of the old man Yang, who was indeed one of those bandits. After Pilgrim had beaten to death the two chiefs on the mountain slope, the thieves scattered and fled for their lives. By about the time of the fourth watch, however, they had regrouped and came to knock on the door of the Yang house. When he heard the noise, the old man put on his clothes at once and said, “Mama, he’s back.”

“If he’s here,” said the old woman, “go open the door and let him in.” No sooner had he opened the door when those thieves swarmed inside, all crying, “We’re hungry! We’re hungry!”

The son of old Yang hurried inside to wake up his wife, so that she could cook some rice. As there was no more firewood in the kitchen, he had to bring back some from the rear garden. Then he asked his wife in the kitchen, “Whose white horse is that in the rear garden?”

“It belongs to some monks from the Land of the East,” said the wife, “who are on their way to seek scriptures. They came to ask for lodging last night, and Papa and Mama fed them dinner before they were sent to sleep in the barn back there.” When the fellow heard this, he ran out to the thatched hall in front, laughing and clapping his hands. “Brothers,” he said, “we’re very lucky! Our foes are in the house!”

“Which foes?” asked the thieves. The fellow replied, “The monks who killed our chiefs came to our house to ask for shelter. They are sleeping in the haystacks in our barn.”

“How marvelous!” said the bandits. “Let’s catch these bald asses, and we’ll chop each of them into minced meat. For one thing, we’ll get the luggage and the horse; for another, we’ll avenge our leaders.”

“Don’t be hasty,” said the fellow. “All of you should sharpen your knives right now. Wait until the rice is cooked; after we have a full meal, we can attack them together.”

The thieves indeed went to sharpen their knives and spears.

When the old man heard them talking like that, however, he went quietly to the rear garden and woke up the Tang Monk and his three disciples. “That fellow has led a band of his friends here,” he said, “and when they discovered that you were here, they planned to harm you. Mindful of the fact that you have traveled a great distance to reach our place, this old moron can’t bear the thought of your getting hurt. Pack your bags quickly, and I’ll let you out the back door.” When Tripitaka heard this, he shook all over as he kowtowed to thank the old man. Then he called Eight Rules to lead the horse, Sha Monk to pole the luggage, and Pilgrim to pick up the nineringed priestly staff. After the old man let them out of the back door, he returned to the front and quietly went to bed once more.

We tell you now about the fellow and his companions. When they had sharpened their knives and spears and eaten their fill, it was already about the time of the fifth watch. They rushed together into the rear garden, but no one was to be seen. Quickly lighting torches and lamps, they searched all around for a long time, but not a trace could be detected. Then they found that the back door was open, and they all said, “They’ve escaped from the back door!” With a shout, they gave chase immediately.

Every bandit was darting forward like an arrow, and by sunrise, they caught sight of the Tang Monk. When the elder heard shouts behind him, he turned to look and discovered a band of some thirty men rushing toward him, all armed with knives and spears. “Oh, disciples,” he cried, “the brigand troops are catching up with us. What shall we do?”

“Relax, relax!” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey will go finish them off!”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka as he stopped his horse, “you must not hurt these people. Just frighten them away.” Unwilling, of course, to listen to his master, Pilgrim turned quickly to face his pursuers, saying, “Where are you going, sirs?”

“You nasty baldie!” cried the thieves. “Give us back the lives of our great kings!”

As they encircled Pilgrim, the bandits lifted their spears and knives to stab and hack away madly. The Great Sage gave one wave of his rod and it had the thickness of a bowl; with it, he fought until those bandits dropped like stars and dispersed like clouds. Those he bumped into died at once, those he caught hold of perished immediately, those he tapped had their bones broken, and those he brushed against had their skins torn. The few smart ones managed to escape, but the rest of the dumb ones all went to see King Yama! When Tripitaka saw that many men had fallen, he was so aghast that he turned and galloped toward the West, with Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk hard on the horse’s heels. Pilgrim pulled over one of the wounded bandits and asked, “Which is the son of old Yang?”

“Father,” groaned the thief, “the one in yellow.” Pilgrim went forward to pick up a knife and beheaded the one in yellow. Holding the bloody head in his hand, he retrieved his iron rod and, in great strides, caught up with the Tang Monk. As he arrived before the horse, he raised the head and said, “Master, this is the rebellious son of old Yang, and he’s been beheaded by old Monkey.” Paling with fright, Tripitaka fell down from the horse, crying, “Wretched ape! You’ve scared me to death! Take it away! Take it away!”

Eight Rules went forward and kicked the head to the side of the road, where he used the muckrake to bury it.

Sha Monk, meanwhile, put down the luggage and took hold of the Tang Monk, saying, “Master, please get up.”

After he regained composure, the Tang Monk stood on the ground and began to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. The head of Pilgrim was clamped so painfully tight that his entire face turned scarlet, his eyes bulged, and dizziness overtook him. Rolling on the ground, all he could mutter was; “Stop that recital! Stop that recital!”

The elder, however, went on for more than ten times, and still he would not stop.

Pilgrim was doing somersaults and handstands, for the pain was truly unbearable. “Master, please forgive my sins!” he cried. “If you have something to say, say it. Just stop that recital!” Only then did Tripitaka halt his recitation and say, “I have nothing to say to you. I don’t want you as my follower. Go back.” Kowtowing despite his pain, Pilgrim said, “Master, how is it that you are chasing me away?”

“Brazen ape,” said Tripitaka, “you’re just too vicious! You are no scripture pilgrim. When you slaughtered those two bandit chiefs below the mountain slope yesterday, I took offense already at your lack of human kindness. When we reached that old man’s house last night, he was good enough to give us lodging and food, and moreover, it was *he* who opened his back door to let us escape with our lives. Though his son is no good, he has not done anything to us to deserve this kind of execution. As if that’s not enough, you have taken so many lives that you have practically destroyed the sentiment of peace in this world. I have tried to admonish you so many times, but there’s not a single thought of kindness in you. Why should I keep you? Be gone, quickly! Or I will start reciting the magic words once more!”

“Stop it! Stop it!” cried a horrified Pilgrim. “I’m going!”

He said he would go, and immediately he vanished without a trace by his cloud somersault. Alas, thus it is that

Elixir will not ripen with a violent mind;

When spirit’s unstable, the Way’s hard to find.

We don’t know to which direction the Great Sage rushed off; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*True Pilgrim lays bare his woes at Mount Potalaka
False Monkey King transcribes texts at Water-Curtain Cave*

We were telling you about a dejected Great Sage Sun, who rose into midair. He was about to return to the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain, but he was afraid that those little fiends might laugh at him, for how could he be a true hero if he could betray his own word? He thought of seeking shelter in the celestial palace, but he feared that he would not be given permission to stay there long. He next thought of the islands in the sea, but then he was ashamed to face the resident immortals. Finally, he considered the dragon palace, but he could not stomach the idea of approaching the dragon kings as a suppliant. Truly, he had absolutely no place to go, and he thought sadly to himself, “All right! All right! All right! I’ll go to see my master again, for only that will bear the right fruit.”

He dropped down from the clouds and went before the horse of Tripitaka, saying, “Master, please forgive this disciple one more time! I’ll never dare work violence again. I promise I’ll accept all your admonitions, and I beg you to let me accompany you to the Western Heaven.” When the Tang Monk saw him, however, he even refused to reply. As soon as he reined in the horse, he recited the Tight-Fillet Spell. Over and over again, he went through it for more than twenty times until the Great Sage fell prostrate to the ground, the fillet cutting an inch into his flesh. Only then did the elder stop and say, “Why don’t you leave? Why have you come to bother me again?” Pilgrim could only reply, “Don’t recite anymore! Don’t recite anymore! I can spend my days somewhere, but without me I fear that you can’t reach the Western Heaven.”

Growing angry, Tripitaka said, “You are a murderous ape! Heaven knows how many times you’ve brought troubles on me! I absolutely don’t want you anymore. Whether I can reach there or not, it’s no concern of yours. Leave quickly! If you don’t, I’ll start the magic word again, and this time, I won’t stop—not until your brains are squeezed out!” When the Great Sage saw that his master refused to change his mind, and as the pain was truly unbearable, he had no alternative but to mount his cloud somersault once more and rise into the air. Then he was struck by the thought:

“If this monk is so ungrateful to me, I’ll go to the Bodhisattva Guanyin at Mount Potalaka and tell on him.”

Dear Great Sage! He turned his somersault around and in less than an hour reached the Great Southern Ocean. Lowering his auspicious luminosity, he descended on the Potalaka Mountain and sped at once into the purple bamboo grove. There he was met by the disciple Mokṣa, who greeted him, saying, “Where is the Great Sage going?”

“I must see the Bodhisattva,” replied Pilgrim. Mokṣa led him to the entrance of the Tidal Sound Cave, where the Boy Skilled in Wealth also greeted him, saying, “Why has the Great Sage come here?”

“I have something to tell on the Bodhisattva,” Pilgrim said.

When he heard the words “to tell on,”

Skilled in Wealth laughed and said, “What a smart-mouthed ape! You think you can oppress people just like the time I caught the Tang Monk. Our Bodhisattva is a holy

and righteous goddess, one who is of great compassion, great promise, and great conveyance, one who with boundless power saves us from our sufferings. What has she done that you want to bring an accusation against her?" Pilgrim was already deeply depressed; what he heard only aroused him to anger and he gave such a snarl that the Boy Skilled in Wealth backed off at once. "You wicked, ungrateful little beast!" he shouted. "You are so dimwitted! You were once a fiend, a spirit, but it was I who asked the Bodhisattva to take you in. Since you have made your submission to the Right, you have been enjoying true liberty and long life—an age as everlasting, in fact, as Heaven's. Instead of thanking me, how dare you be so insulting? I said that I was going to tell something on the Bodhisattva. How dare you say that I'm smart-mouthed?"

Trying to placate him with a smile, Skilled in Wealth said, "You're still an impulsive ape! I was just teasing you. Why do you change color so suddenly?"

As they were thus conversing, a white cockatoo came into view, flying back and forth before them for a couple of times, and they knew that this was the summons of the Bodhisattva. Whereupon Mokṣa and Skilled in Wealth led the way to the treasure lotus platform. As Pilgrim went to his knees to bow to the Bodhisattva, he could no longer restrain the tears from gushing forth and he wailed loudly. Asking Mokṣa to lift him up, the Bodhisattva said, "Wukong, tell me plainly what's causing you such great sorrow. Stop crying! I'll relieve your suffering and dispel your woe." Pilgrim, still weeping, bowed again before he said, "In previous years, when has your disciple ever consented to be snubbed by anyone? When, however, I was liberated by the Bodhisattva from my Heaven-sent calamity, and when I took the vow of complete poverty to accompany the Tang Monk on his way to see Buddha for scriptures in the Western Heaven, I was willing to risk my very life. To rescue him from his demonic obstacles was like

*Snatching a tender bone from the tiger's mouth,
Scraping off one scale, live, from a dragon's back.*

My only hope was to be able to return to the Real and attain the right fruit, to cleanse myself of sins and destroy the deviates. How could I know that this elder could be so ungrateful! He cannot recognize any virtuous cause, nor can he distinguish between black and white."

"Tell me," said the Bodhisattva, "a little about the black and white." Whereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he had beaten to death the brigands, which provoked the misgivings of the Tang Monk; how without distinguishing black and white, the Tang Monk had used the Tight-Fillet Spell to banish him several times; and how he had to come to lay bare his woes to the Bodhisattva because there was no place on Earth or in Heaven where he could find refuge. Then the Bodhisattva said to him:

"When Tripitaka Tang received the imperial decree to journey to the West, his sole intention was to be a virtuous monk, and therefore he most certainly would not lightly take even one human life. With your limitless magic power, why should you beat to death these many bandits? Those brutish bandits are no good, to be sure, but they are, after all, human beings and they don't deserve such punishment. They are not like those fiendish fowl or monstrous beasts, those demons or griffins. If you kill or slaughter those things, it's your merit, but when you take human lives, then it's your wickedness. Just frighten them away, and you would still be able to protect your master. In my opinion, therefore, you have not acted in a virtuous manner." Still tearful, Pilgrim kowtowed and said, "Though I may not have acted in a virtuous manner, I should have been given a chance to use my merit to atone for my sins. I don't deserve to be banished like this. I beg now the Bodhisattva to have compassion on me and recite the Loose-

Fillet Spell. Let me be released from the golden fillet and I'll give it back to you. Let me go back to the Water-Curtain Cave with my life." Smiling at him, the Bodhisattva replied, "The Tight-Fillet Spell was imparted to me originally by Tathāgata, who sent me in that year to go find a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. He gave me three kinds of treasure: the brocade cassock, the nine-ringed priestly staff, and three fillets named the golden, the tight, and the prohibitive. I was also taught in secret three different spells, but there was no such thing as the Loose-Fillet Spell."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "let me take leave of the Bodhisattva."

The Bodhisattva asked, "Where are you going?"

"To the Western Heaven," replied Pilgrim, "where I'll beg Tathāgata to recite the Loose-Fillet Spell."

"Wait a moment," said the Bodhisattva, "and let me scan the fortune for you."

"No need for that," said Pilgrim. "This sort of misfortune is all I can take!"

"I'm not scanning yours," said the Bodhisattva, "but the Tang Monk's."

Dear Bodhisattva! As she sat solemnly on the lotus platform, her mind penetrated the three realms and her eyes of wisdom surveyed from a distance the entire universe. In a moment, she opened her mouth and said, "Wukong, your master will soon encounter a fatal ordeal. Before long, he will be looking for you, and I will tell him then to take you back so that both of you can acquire the scriptures to attain the right fruit."

The Great Sage Sun had no choice but to obey; not daring to misbehave, he stood at attention beneath the lotus platform where we shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you now about the elder Tang, who, after he had banished Pilgrim, told Eight Rules to lead the horse and Sha Monk to pole the luggage. All four of them headed toward the West. When they had traveled some fifty miles, Tripitaka stopped the horse and said, "Disciples, we left the village at the early hour of the fifth watch, and then that Ban-Horse-Plague made me terribly upset. After this half a day, I'm quite hungry and thirsty. Which of you will go beg me some food?"

"Please dismount, Master," said Eight Rules, "and let me see if there's a village nearby for me to do so." On hearing this, Tripitaka climbed down from the horse, while Idiot rose on the clouds. As he stared all around, he found mountains everywhere, but there was not a single house in sight. Dropping down, Eight Rules said to Tripitaka, "There's no place to beg food. I couldn't see a village anywhere."

"If there's no place to beg food," said Tripitaka, "let's get some water for my thirst."

Eight Rules said, "I'll go fetch some water from the brooklet south of the mountain." Sha Monk therefore handed the almsbowl over to him, and supporting it with his palm, Eight Rules left on the clouds and fog. The elder sat by the road to wait for him, but after a long while, he still did not return. The bitter thirst, alas, was becoming quite unbearable, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*To nurse breath and spirit, that's extraction:
Feelings and nature are in form the same.
Ailments arise from spirit and mind distraught;
When shape and sperm fail, the Way declines.
Three flowers fizzle and your labor's vain;*

*All Four Greats wither and you strive for naught.
Earth and wood sterile, metal and water die.
When will true self, so sluggish, be attained?*

When Sha Monk saw how greatly Tripitaka was suffering from his hunger and thirst, and Eight Rules still had not returned with the water, he had no alternative but to put down the wraps and tie up the white horse. Then he said, "Master, please sit here for a moment; let me go and see if I can hurry him back with the water."

Tears welling up in his eyes, the elder could only nod his head to give his reply. Quickly mounting the cloudy luminosity, Sha Monk also headed for the south of the mountain.

As he sat there all by himself enduring his agonies, the elder suddenly heard a loud noise near him. He was so startled that he jumped up, and then he saw that Pilgrim Sun was kneeling on one side of the road, his two hands holding high a porcelain cup.

"Master," he said, "without old Monkey, you don't even have water. This is a cup of nice, cool water. Drink it to relieve your thirst, and let me then go beg some food for you."

"I won't drink your water!" replied the elder. "If I die of thirst on the spot, I'll consider this my martyrdom! I don't want you anymore! Leave me!"

"Without me," said Pilgrim, "you can't go to the Western Heaven."

"Whether I can or not," said Tripitaka, "is no business of yours! Lawless ape! Why are you bothering me again?"

Changing his color all at once, that Pilgrim became incensed and shouted at the elder, "You cruel bonze! How you humiliate me!"

He threw away the porcelain cup and slammed the iron rod on the back of the elder, who fainted immediately on the ground. Picking up the two blue woolen wraps, the monkey mounted his cloud somersault and went off to some place.

We now tell you about Eight Rules, who went to the south slope of the mountain with his almsbowl. As he passed the fold of the mountain, a thatched hut, the sight of which had been blocked previously by the mountain, came into view. He walked up to it and discovered that this was some sort of human residence. Idiot thought to himself, "I have such an ugly face. They will no doubt be afraid of me and refuse to give me any food. I must use transformation . . ."

Dear Idiot! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and shook his body seven or eight times. At last he changed into a yellowish, consumptive monk, still rather stoutish. Moaning and groaning, he staggered up to the door and called out:

"Patron,

*If your kitchen has surplus rice,
Let it starved wayfarers suffice.*

This humble cleric is from the Land of the East, on his way to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. My master, now sitting by the road, is hungry and thirsty. If you have any cold rice or burnt crusts, I beg you to give us some." Now, the men of the household, you see, had all gone to plant the fields, and only two women remained behind. They had just finished cooking lunch and filled two large bowls with rice to be sent to the fields, while some rice and crusts were still in the pot.

When they saw his sickly appearance, and when they heard all that muttering about going to the Western Heaven from the Land of the East, they thought that he was babbling because of his illness. Afraid, moreover, that he might fall dead right before their door, the women hurriedly packed the almsbowl with the leftovers, crust and all, which Idiot gladly received. After he left on the road from which he came, he changed back into his original form.

As he proceeded, he heard someone calling, "Eight Rules!" Raising his head, he found that it was Sha Monk, standing on a cliff and shouting, "Come this way! Come this way!"

Then he leaped down from the cliff and approached Eight Rules, saying, "There's lovely, clean water here in the brook. Why didn't you bail some? Where did you run off to?"

"When I reached here," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "I saw a house in the fold of the mountain. I went there and succeeded in begging from them this bowl of dried rice."

"We can use that," said Sha Monk, "but Master is terribly thirsty. How can we bring back some water?"

"That's easy," replied Eight Rules.

"Fold up the hem of your robe, and we'll use that to hold the rice. I'll take the alms-bowl to bail some water." In great spirits, the two of them went back to the spot by the road, where they saw Tripitaka lying down with his face hugging the earth. The reins were loosened, and the white horse was rearing up and neighing repeatedly by the road. The pole with the luggage, however, was nowhere to be seen. Eight Rules was so shaken that he stamped his feet and beat his breast, shouting, "This has to be it! This has to be it! The cohorts of those bandits whom Pilgrim Sun beat to death must have returned to kill Master and take the luggage."

"Let's tie up the horse first," said Sha Monk, and then he too began to shout:

"What shall we do? What shall we do? This is truly the failure that comes in midway!"

As he turned to call but once "Master," tears streamed down his face and he wept bitterly. "Brother," said Eight Rules, "stop crying. When we have reached this stage of affairs, let's not talk about that scripture business. You watch over Master's corpse, and let me ride to some village store in whatever county or district nearby and see if I can buy a coffin. Let's bury Master and then we can disperse." Unwilling, however, to give up on his master, Sha Monk turned the Tang Monk over on his back and put his own face up to the corpse's face. "My poor master!" he wailed, and presently, the elder's mouth and nose began to belch hot air as a little warmth could also be felt on his chest. "Eight Rules," cried Sha Monk hurriedly, "come over here. Master's not dead!" Our Idiot approached them and lifted up the elder, who woke up slowly, groaning all the time. "You lawless ape!" he exclaimed. "You've just about struck me dead!"

"Which ape is this?" asked both Sha Monk and Eight Rules, and the elder could do nothing more than to sigh. Only after he drank several gulps of water did he say, "Disciples, soon after both of you left, that Wukong came to bother me again. Because I adamantly refused to take him back, he gave me a blow with his rod and took away our blue woolen wraps." When Eight Rules heard this, he clenched his teeth as fire leaped

up from his heart. “This brazen ape!” he said. “How could he be so insolent? Sha Monk, you look after Master and let me go to his home to demand the wraps.”

“Stop being so angry,” said Sha Monk.

“We should take Master to that house in the fold of the mountain and beg for some hot liquids to warm up the rice we managed to get just now. Let’s take care of Master first before you go look for him.”

Eight Rules agreed; after having helped their master to mount up, they held the almsbowl and carried the cold rice up to the house’s door, where they found only an old woman inside. Seeing them, she quickly wanted to hide. Sha Monk pressed his palms together and said, “Old Mama, we are those from the Land of the East sent by the Tang court to go to the Western Heaven. Our master is somewhat indisposed, and that is why we have come here especially to your house to beg some hot tea or water, so that he may eat some rice.”

“Just now,” said the old woman, “there was a consumptive monk who claimed to have been sent from the Land of the East. We have already given him some food. How is it that you are also from the Land of the East? There’s no one in the house. Please go to someplace else.” On hearing this, the elder held onto Eight Rules and dismounted. Then he bent low and said, “Old *Popo*, I had originally three disciples, who were united in their efforts to accompany me to see Buddha for scriptures at the Great Thunderclap Monastery in India. My eldest disciple, whose name is Sun Wukong, has unfortunately practiced violence all his life and refused to follow the virtuous path. For this reason, I banished him. Little did I expect him to return in secret and give my back a blow with his rod. He even took our luggage and our clothing. I must now send a disciple to go find him and ask for our things, but the open road is no place to sit. Hence we have come to ask your permission to use your house as a temporary resting place. As soon as we get back our luggage, we’ll leave, for we dare not linger.”

“But there was a yellowish, consumptive monk just now,” said the old woman, “who received our food. He also claimed to be part of a pilgrimage going to the Western Heaven from the Land of the East. How could there be so many of you?” Unable to restrain his giggles, Eight Rules said, “That was I. Because I have this long snout and huge ears, I was afraid that your family might be frightened and refuse me food. That was why I changed into the form of that monk. If you don’t believe me, just take a look at what my brother’s carrying in the fold of his robe. Isn’t that your rice, crust and all?” When the old woman saw that it was indeed the rice that she had given him, she no longer refused them and asked them to go inside and take a seat. She then prepared a pot of hot tea, which she gave to Sha Monk for him to mix with the rice. After the master had eaten several mouthfuls, he felt more calm and said, “Which of you will go ask for the luggage?”

“In that year when Master sent him back there,” said Eight Rules, “I went to look for him. So I know the way to his Flower-Fruit Mountain and the Water-Curtain Cave.

Let me go! Let me go!”

“You can’t go!” replied the elder. “That monkey has never been friendly with you, and you are so rough with your words. A tiny slip when you talk to him and he may want to attack you. Let Wujing go.”

“I’ll go! I’ll go!” said Sha Monk agreeably, whereupon the elder gave him this further instruction:

“You must size up the situation as soon as you get there. If he’s willing to give you our wraps, just pretend to thank him and take them. If he’s unwilling, be sure not to argue or fight with him. Go directly to the Bodhisattva’s place at the South Sea and tell her everything. Ask the Bodhisattva to demand the luggage from him.”

After he had listened most attentively, Sha Monk said to Eight Rules, “When I’m gone, you must not be slack in your care of Master. And don’t cause any mischief in this family, for I fear that they would not serve you rice then. I’ll be back soon.”

“I know,” said Eight Rules, nodding. “But you must come back quickly, whether you succeed or not in getting our things back. I don’t want something to happen like ‘Hauling firewood with a pointed pole: you lose at both ends’!”

And so, Sha Monk made the magic sign and mounted the cloudy luminosity to head for the East Pūrvavideha Continent. Truly,

*Body’s here but spirit has flown its lodge.
How could fireless oven heat elixir?
Yellow Dame leaves her lord to seek Metal Squire;
Wood Mother bids a teacher in sickly looks.
This journey’s of unknown returning date,
A time, hard to surmise, of coming home.
Five Phases work no smooth conquest or growth.
Wait till Mind Monkey reenters the pass.*

Only after he had traveled in the air for three nights and days did Sha Monk finally reach the Great Eastern Ocean. As the sound of waves reached his ears, he lowered his head and saw that

*Black fog swelling skyward makes the dark air dense;
The brine holds the sun to chill the light of dawn.*

He was, of course, too preoccupied to enjoy the scenery. Passing the immortal island of Yingzhou, he hurried toward the Flower-Fruit Mountain, riding on the oceanic wind and tide.

After a long while, he saw towering peaks jutting up like rows of halberds and sheer cliffs like hanging screens. He dropped down on the highest summit and began to search for his way to the Water-Curtain Cave. As he drew near his destination, he began to hear a noisy din made by countless monkey spirits living in the mountain. Sha Monk walked closer and found Pilgrim Sun sitting high on a rock terrace, his two hands holding up a piece of paper from which he was reading aloud the following statement:

Emperor Li, King of the Great Tang in the Land of the East, now commands the sage monk, Chen Xuanzang, royal brother before the throne and master of the Law, to go to India in the West, and ask for scriptures in all sincerity from the Buddhist Patriarch, Tathāgata, in the Great Thunderclap Monastery on the Spirit Mountain.

Because of grave illness invading our body, our soul departed for the region of Hades. It was our good fortune to have our life span unexpectedly lengthened, and the Kings of Darkness kindly returned us to life. Whereupon we convened a vast and goodly assembly to erect a Plot of the Way for the redemption of the dead. We were indebted to the salvific and woe-dispelling Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who appeared to us in her golden form and revealed that there were both Buddha and scriptures in the West, which could deliver and redeem the lost souls of the dead. We have, therefore, commissioned Xuanzang, master of the Law, to traverse a thousand mountains in order to acquire such scriptures. When he reaches the various

states of the Western region, we hope that they will not destroy such goodly affinity and allow him to pass through on the basis of this rescript.

This is an imperial document promulgated on an auspicious day in the autumn of the thirteenth year in the Zhenguan reign period of the Great Tang.

Since leaving my noble nation, I have passed through several countries, and in midjourney, I have made three disciples: the eldest being Pilgrim Sun Wukong, the second being Zhu Wuneng Eight Rules, and the third being Sha Wujing Monk.

After he read it aloud once, he started again from the beginning. When Sha Monk realized that it was the travel rescript, he could no longer contain himself. Drawing near, he shouted:

“Elder Brother, this is Master’s rescript. Why are you reading it like that?” When that Pilgrim heard this, he raised his head but could not recognize Sha Monk. “Seize him! Seize him!” he yelled. The other monkeys immediately had Sha Monk surrounded; pulling and tugging at him, they hauled him before that Pilgrim, who bellowed, “Who are you, that you dare approach our immortal cave without permission?” When Sha Monk saw how he had changed color and refused to recognize his own, he had little choice but to bow low and say, “Let me inform you, Elder Brother. Our master previously was rather impetuous and wrongly put the blame on you. He even cast the spell on you several times and banished you home. Your brothers did not really try to pacify Master for one thing, and for another, we soon had to look for water and beg for food because of Master’s hunger and thirst. We didn’t expect you to come back with all your good intentions. When you took offense at Master’s adamant refusal to take you in again, you struck him down, left him fainted on the ground, and took the luggage. After we rescued him, I was sent to plead with you. If you no longer hate Master, and if you can recall his previous kindness in giving you freedom, please give us back the luggage and return with me to see Master. We can go to the Western Heaven together and accomplish the right fruit. But if your animosity is deep and you are unwilling to leave with me, please give me back the wraps at least. You can enjoy your old age in this mountain, and you will have done at the same time all of us a very good turn.” When he heard these words, that Pilgrim laughed scornfully and said, “Worthy Brother, what you said makes little sense to me. I struck the Tang Monk and I took the luggage not because I didn’t want to go to the West, nor because I loved to live in this place. I’m studying the rescript at the moment precisely because I want to go to the West all by myself to ask Buddha for the scriptures. When I deliver them to the Land of the East, it will be my success and no one else’s. Those people of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent will honor me then as their patriarch and my fame will last for all posterity.”

“You have spoken amiss, Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, smiling, “Why, we have never heard anyone speaking of ‘Pilgrim Sun seeking scriptures’! When our Buddha Tathāgata created the three canons of true scriptures, he also told the Bodhisattva Guanyin to find a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. Then she wanted us to traverse a thousand hills and search through many states as protectors of that pilgrim. The Bodhisattva once told us that the scripture pilgrim was originally Tathāgata’s disciple, whose religious designation was the Elder Gold Cicada. Because he failed to listen attentively to a lecture of the Buddhist Patriarch, he was banished from the Spirit Mountain to be reborn in the Land of the East. He was then instructed to bear the right fruit in the West by cultivating once more the great Way. Since it was preordained that he should encounter many demonic obstacles in his journey, we three were liberated so that we might become his guardians. If Elder Brother does not wish to

accompany the Tang Monk in his quest, which Buddhist Patriarch would be willing to impart to you the scriptures? Haven't you dreamed up all this in vain?"

"Worthy Brother," said that Pilgrim, "you've always been rather blockish! You know one thing, but you fail to perceive another. You claim that you have a Tang Monk who needs both of us to protect him. Do you really think that I don't have a Tang Monk? I have already selected here a truly enlightened monk, who will go acquire the scriptures and old Monkey will only help him. Is there anything wrong with that? We have, in fact, decided that we'll begin the journey tomorrow. If you don't believe me, let me show you."

He then cried:

"Little ones, ask the old master to come out quickly please."

The little fiends indeed ran inside and led out a white horse, followed by a Tripitaka Tang, an Eight Rules poling the luggage, and a Sha Monk carrying the priestly staff.

Enraged by the sight, Sha Monk cried, "Old Sand here changes neither his name when he walks nor his surname when he sits. How could there be another Sha Monk? Don't be impudent! Have a taste of my staff!"

Dear Sha Monk! Lifting high his fiend-routing staff with both his hands, he killed the specious Sha Monk with one blow on the head. He was actually a monkey spirit. That Pilgrim, too, grew angry; wielding his golden-hooped rod, he led the other monkeys and had Sha Monk completely surrounded. Charging left and right, Sha Monk managed to fight his way out of the encirclement. As he fled for his life by mounting the cloud and fog, he said to himself:

"This brazen ape is such a rogue! I'm going to see the Bodhisattva to tell on him!" When that Pilgrim saw that the Sha Monk had been forced to flee, he did not give chase. He went back to his cave instead and told his little ones to have the dead monkey skinned. Then his meat was taken to be fried and served as food along with coconut and grape wines. After they had their meal, that Pilgrim selected another monkey monster who knew transformation to change into a Sha Monk. He again gave them instructions on how to go to the West, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Once Sha Monk had left the Eastern Ocean by mounting the clouds, he reached the South Sea after journeying for a day and night.

As he sped forward, he saw the Potalaka Mountain approaching, and he stopped his cloud to look around. Marvelous place it was! Truly

*This secret spot of Heaven,
This hidden depth of Earth,
Where a hundred springs join to bathe both sun and stars,
Where the wind blows as the moon beams her rippling light.
When the tide rises, the great fishes change:
When the waves churn, the huge scorpaenids swim.
Here water joins the northwest sea,
Its billows the Eastern Ocean fuse.
The four seas are linked by the same Earth pulse;
Each isle immortal has its fairy homes.
Speak not of Penglai every where.
Let's look at Cave Potalaka.*

What fine scenery!
The peak's bright colors show prime essence strong.
Auspicious breeze wafts moonlight beneath the ridge.
Through groves of purple bamboo peacocks fly;
On willow-branch a sentient parrot speaks.
Jade grass, jasper flowers bloom fair each year:
Gold lotus, jewelled trees grow annually.
A few times the white cranes fly up the peak;
The phoenix comes often to the mount-kiosk.
E'en fishes by nature seek authentic Truth,
For to hear scriptures they leap through the waves.

Descending slowly from the Potalaka Mountain as he admired the scenery, he was met by the disciple, Mokṣa, who said to him, "Sha Wujing, why aren't you accompanying the Tang Monk to procure scriptures? Why are you here?"

After Sha Monk returned his bow, he said, "I have a matter that requires my having an audience with the Bodhisattva. Please take the trouble to announce me." Mokṣa already knew that it had to do with his search for Pilgrim, but he did not mention it. He went instead inside first and said to the Bodhisattva, "The youngest disciple of the Tang Monk, Sha Wujing, is outside seeking an audience." When Pilgrim Sun heard that beneath the platform, he chuckled and said, "This has to be that the Tang Monk has met some kind of ordeal, and Sha Monk is here to seek the assistance of the Bodhisattva."

The Bodhisattva at once asked Mokṣa to call him in, and Sha Monk went to his knees to kowtow. After his bow, he raised his head and was about to tell the Bodhisattva what had happened, when all of a sudden he saw Pilgrim Sun standing on one side. Without even a word, Sha Monk whipped out his fiend-routing staff and aimed it at Pilgrim's face. Pilgrim, however, did not fight back; he only stepped aside to dodge the blow. "You brazen ape!" screamed Sha Monk. "You rebellious simian guilty of ten evil deeds! So, you are even here to hoodwink the Bodhisattva!"

"Wujing!" shouted the Bodhisattva. "Don't raise your hands! If you have a complaint, tell it to me first." Putting away his treasure staff, Sha Monk knelt down before the platform, and, still huffing, said to the Bodhisattva, "This monkey has performed countless violent acts along the way. The day before, he beat two highwaymen to death beneath the mountain slope, and Master already found fault with him. Little did we expect that that very night we had to live right in the bandit camp, and he slaughtered a whole band of them. As if that weren't enough, he took a bloody head back to show to Master, who was so aghast that he fell down from his horse. It was then that Master gave him a reprimand and banished him. After we separated, Master found the hunger and thirst unbearable at one place and told Eight Rules to go find water. When he didn't return after a long while, I was told to go find him. When Pilgrim Sun saw that we both had left, he sneaked back and gave Master a blow with his iron rod, after which he took away our two blue woolen wraps. When we finally returned, we managed to revive Master, and then I had to make a special trip to his Water-Curtain Cave to demand from him the wraps. How could I know that he would change his face and refuse to recognize me? Instead, he was reciting back and forth the travel rescript of Master. When I asked him why, he said that he was no longer willing to accompany the Tang Monk. He wanted to go procure scriptures in the Western Heaven and take them all by himself to the Land of the East. That, he said, would be his sole merit, and the people would honor him as their patriarch while his fame would be everlasting. I told him,

‘Without the Tang Monk, who would be willing to give you scriptures?’ He said then that he had already selected a true, enlightened monk, and he brought out a Tang Monk, all right, including a white horse, followed by an Eight Rules and a Sha Monk for me to see. ‘I’m the Sha Monk,’ I said, ‘so how could there be another Sha Monk?’ I rushed up to this impostor and gave him a blow with my treasure staff; it turned out to be a monkey spirit. Then this ape led his followers to try to capture me, and that was when I fled and decided to come here to inform the Bodhisattva. He must have used his cloud somersault and arrived first, and I don’t know what sort of balderdash he has mouthed to dupe the Bodhisattva.”

“Wujing,” said the Bodhisattva, “don’t blame another person wrongly. Wukong has been here for four days, and I haven’t let him go anywhere. How could he have gone to find another Tang Monk to go fetch scriptures by themselves?”

“But,” said Sha Monk, “I saw a Pilgrim Sun in the Water-Curtain Cave. You think I’m lying?”

“In that case,” said the Bodhisattva, “don’t get upset. I’ll tell Wukong to go with you to take a look at the Flower-Fruit Mountain. Truth is indestructible, but falsehood can easily be eliminated. When you get there, you’ll find out.” On hearing this, our Great Sage and Sha Monk took leave at once of the Bodhisattva and left. And so, the result of their journey will be that

*Before Mount Flower- Fruit black and white will be made distinct;
By the Water-Curtain Cave the true and perverse will be seen.*

We don’t know, however, how that will be accomplished; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-EIGHT

*Two Minds cause disorder in the great cosmos
It's hard for one body to realize true Nirvāṇa*

After our Pilgrim and Sha Monk kowtowed to take leave of the Bodhisattva, they rose on two beams of auspicious light and departed from the South Sea. Now, the cloud somersault of Pilgrim, you see, was much faster than the mere cloud soaring of Sha Monk. He therefore wanted to speed ahead, but Sha Monk pulled him back, saying, "Elder Brother, you need not try to cover up or hide your tracks by getting there first. Let me travel right beside you."

The Great Sage, of course, was full of good intentions, whereas Sha Monk at that moment was filled with suspicion.

So, the two of them rode the clouds together and in a little while, they spotted the Flower-Fruit Mountain. As they lowered their clouds to glance around, they found indeed outside the cave another Pilgrim, sitting high on a stone ledge and drinking merrily with a flock of monkeys. His looks were exactly the same as those of the Great Sage: he, too, had a gold fillet clamped to his brownish hair, a pair of fiery eyes with diamond pupils, a silk shirt on his body, a tiger kilt tied around his waist, a golden-hooped iron rod in one of his hands, and a pair of deerskin boots on his feet. He, too, had

*A hairy face, a thunder god beak,
An empty jowl unlike Saturn's;
Two forked ears on a big, broad head,
And huge fangs that have outward grown.*

His ire aroused, our Great Sage abandoned Sha Monk and rushed forward, wielding his iron rod and crying, "What sort of a fiend are you that you dare change into my appearance, take my descendants captive, occupy my immortal cave, and assume such airs?" When that Pilgrim saw him, he did not utter a word of reply; all he did was meet his opponent with the iron rod. The two Pilgrims closed in, and you could not distinguish the true one from the false. What a fight!

*Two iron rods,
Two monkey sprites,
This fight of theirs is truly no light thing!
They both want to guard the royal brother of Tang,
Each seeking merit to acquire great fame.
The true ape accepts the poverty faith;
The specious fiend utters false Buddhist claims.
Their magic gives them transformations vast:
They're exact equals, that's the honest truth!
One is the Equal to Heaven Sage of the unified breath of Composite Prime;
One is a long-cultivated sentient spirit, able to shorten the ground.
This one is the compliant golden-hooped rod;
That one is the acquiescent staff of iron.
They block and parry and fight to a draw;*

*They buck and resist and neither can win.
They join hands at first outside the cave;
Soon they rise to do battle in midair.*

Treading on the cloudy luminosity, the two of them rose into the sky to fight. On the side, Sha Monk did not have the courage to join the battle, for he found it truly difficult to distinguish between the two of them. He wanted very much to lend his assistance, but he feared that he might inadvertently inflict harm on the real Pilgrim. After waiting patiently for a long while, he leaped down from the mountain cliff and wielded his fiend-routing staff to disperse the various fiends outside the Water-Curtain Cave. He then overturned the stone benches and smashed to pieces all those eating and drinking utensils before searching for his two blue woolen wraps. They were, however, nowhere to be seen. The cave, you see, was located actually behind a huge waterfall, which had the entrance neatly hidden as if it were behind a white curtain. That was the reason for the name, Water-Curtain Cave. Sha Monk, of course, had no idea of its history or its layout, and it was therefore difficult for him to make his search.

Unable to recover his wraps, Sha Monk again mounted the clouds to rush up to midair. He held high his treasure staff, but he simply dared not strike at either of the combatants. "Sha Monk," said the Great Sage, "if you can't help me, go back to Master and tell him about our situation. Let old Monkey do battle with this fiend all the way to the Potalaka Mountain of South Sea so that the Bodhisattva can distinguish the true from the false." When he finished speaking, the other Pilgrim also said the same thing. Since both of them had exactly the same appearance and there was not even the slightest difference even in their voices, Sha Monk could not distinguish one from the other. He had no choice but to change the direction of his cloud and go back to report to the Tang Monk. We shall now leave him for the moment.

Look at those two Pilgrims instead! They fought as they journeyed; soon they arrived at the Potalaka Mountain in the South Sea, trading blows and insults all the time. All the continuous uproar quickly alerted the various guardian deities, who rushed inside the Tidal Sound Cave to say, "Bodhisattva, there are indeed two Sun Wukongs who have arrived fighting!"

The Bodhisattva immediately descended from her lotus platform to go out of the cave with her disciples Mokṣa, the Boy Skilled in Wealth, and the Dragon Girl.

"Cursed beasts," she cried, "where do you two think you are going?" Still entangled together, one of them said, "Bodhisattva, this fellow indeed resembles your disciple. We started our battle from the Water-Curtain Cave, but we have not yet reached a decision even after such a long bout. The fleshy eyes of Sha Wujing were too dim and dull to tell us apart, and thus he couldn't help us even if he had the strength. Your disciple told him to go back to the road to the West and report to my master. I have fought with this fellow up to your treasure mountain because I want you to lend us your eyes of wisdom. Please help your disciple to distinguish the true from the false, the real from the perverse." When he finished speaking, the other Pilgrim also repeated the same words. The various deities and the Bodhisattva stared at the two for a long time, but none could tell them apart. "Stop fighting," said the Bodhisattva, "and stand apart.

Let me look at both of you once more."

They indeed let go of each other and stood on opposite sides. "I'm the real one," said one side.

"He's a fake!" said the other.

Asking Mokṣa and Goodly Wealth to approach her, the Bodhisattva whispered to them this instruction:

“Each of you take hold of one of them firmly, and let me start reciting in secret the Tight-Fillet Spell. The one whose head hurts is the real monkey; the one who has no pain is specious.” Indeed, the two disciples took hold of the two Pilgrims as the Bodhisattva recited in silence the magic words.

At once the two of them gripped their heads and rolled on the ground, both screaming, “Don’t recite! Don’t recite!”

The Bodhisattva stopped her recital, and the two of them again became entangled together, fighting and shouting as before. Unable to think of anything else, the Bodhisattva asked the various deities and Mokṣa to go forward to help, but the gods were afraid that they might hurt the real person and they, therefore, dared not raise their hands. “Sun Wukong,” called the Bodhisattva, and the two of them answered in unison.

“When you were appointed Bimawen,” she said, “and when you brought chaos to Heaven, all those celestial warriors could certainly recognize you. You go up to the Region Above now and they should be able to distinguish between the two of you.”

This Great Sage thanked her and the other Pilgrim also thanked her.

Tugging and pulling at each other, screaming and hollering at each other, the two of them went before the South Heaven Gate. The Devarāja Virūpākṣa was so startled that he led Ma, Zhao, Wen, and Guan, the four great celestial warriors, and the rest of the divine gate attendants to bar the way with their weapons. “Where are you two going?” they cried. “Is this a place for fighting?”

The Great Sage said, “I was accompanying the Tang Monk on his way to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. Because I slayed some thieves on the way, that Tripitaka banished me, and I went to tell my troubles to the Bodhisattva Guanyin at the Potalaka Mountain. I have no idea when this monster-spirit assumed my form, struck down my master, and robbed us of our wraps. Sha Monk went to look for our things at the Flower-Fruit Mountain and discovered that this monster-spirit had taken over my lair. Thereafter, he went to seek the assistance of the Bodhisattva, and when he saw me standing at attention beneath the platform, he falsely accused me of using my cloud somersault in order to cover up my faults. The Bodhisattva, fortunately, was righteous and perceptive; she didn’t listen to Sha Monk and told me to go with him instead to examine the evidence at the Flower-Fruit Mountain. I discovered there that this monster-spirit indeed resembled old Monkey. We fought just now from the Water-Curtain Cave to the place of the Bodhisattva, but even she found it difficult to tell us apart. That’s why we came here. Let all of you deities take the trouble of using your perception and make distinction between the two of us.” When he finished speaking, that Pilgrim also gave exactly the same account. Though the various gods stared at them for a long time, they could not tell the difference. “If all of you can’t recognize us,” the two of them shouted, “stand aside and let us go see the Jade Emperor!” Unable to resist them, the various deities had to let them through the Heaven Gate, and they went straight up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists. Marshal Ma dashed inside with Zhang, Ge, Xu, and Qiu, the Four Celestial Masters, to memorialize, saying, “There are two Sun Wukongs from the Region Below who have fought their way into the Heaven Gate. They claim they want to see the Emperor.”

Hardly had they finished speaking when the two monkeys brawled their way in. The Jade Emperor was so taken aback that he stood up and came down the treasure hall

to ask, "For what reason did the two of you enter the celestial palace without permission? Are you seeking death with your brawling before us?"

"Your Majesty! Your Majesty!" cried our Great Sage. "Your subject has already made submission and embraced the vow of poverty."

I would never dare be so audacious as to mock your authority again. But because this monster-spirit has changed into the form of your subject, . . ." whereupon he gave a thorough account of what had taken place, ending with the words, "I beg you to do this for your subject and distinguish between the two of us."

That Pilgrim also gave exactly the same account.

Issuing a decree at once to summon Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer, the Jade Emperor commanded:

"Let us look at those two fellows through the imp-reflecting mirror, so that the false may perish and the true endure."

The devarāja took out the mirror immediately and asked the Jade Emperor to watch with the various celestial deities. What appeared in the mirror were two reflections of Sun Wukong: there was not the slightest difference between their golden fillets, their clothing, and even their hair. Since the Jade Emperor found it impossible to distinguish them, he ordered them chased out of the hall.

Our Great Sage was laughing scornfully, while that Pilgrim also guffawed jovially as they grabbed each other's head and neck once more to fight their way out of the Heaven Gate. Dropping down to the road to the West, they shouted at each other, "I'll go see Master with you! I'll go see Master with you!" We now tell you about that Sha Monk, who since leaving them at the Flower-Fruit Mountain, traveled again for three nights and days before he arrived at the mountain hut. After he told the Tang Monk all that had taken place, the elder was filled with regret, saying, "I thought at that time that it was Sun Wukong who gave me a blow with his rod and who robbed us of our wraps. How could I know that it was a monster-spirit who had assumed the form of Pilgrim?"

"Not only did that fiend do that," said Sha Monk, "but he had someone change into an elder, and another into Eight Rules poling our wraps. In addition to a white horse, there was still another fiend who changed into the likeness of me. I couldn't restrain my anger and killed him with one blow of my staff. He was actually a monkey spirit. I left in a hurry to go to inform the Bodhisattva, who then asked Elder Brother to go with me to see for ourselves back at the Water-Curtain Cave. When we arrived, we discovered that that fiend was indeed an exact copy of Elder Brother. I couldn't tell them apart and it was difficult, therefore, for me to lend any assistance. That's why I came back first to report to you." On hearing this, Tripitaka paled with fright, but Eight Rules laughed uproariously, saying, "Fine! Fine! Fine! The *Popo* of our patron's house has spoken true! She said that there had to be several groups of pilgrims going to procure scriptures. Isn't this another group?"

The members of that family, old and young, all came to ask Sha Monk, "Where have you been these last few days? Did you go off to seek travel money?"

"I went to the place of my Big Brother," said Sha Monk with a laugh, "at the Flower-Fruit Mountain of the East Pūrvavideha Continent to look for our luggage. Next I went to have an audience with the Bodhisattva Guanyin at the Potalaka Mountain of

South Sea. Then I had to go back to the Flower-Fruit Mountain again before I came back here.”

“What was the distance that you had to travel?” asked the old man. “Back and forth,” replied Sha Monk, “it had to be about two hundred thousand miles.”

“Oh, Sire,” said the old man, “you mean to tell me that you have covered all that distance in these few days? You must have soared on the clouds, or you would never have made it.”

“If he didn’t soar on the clouds,” said Eight Rules, “how could he cross the sea?”

“We haven’t covered any distance,” said Sha Monk. “If it were my Big Brother, it would take only a couple of days for him to get there and return.” When those family members heard what he said, they all claimed that their visitors had to be immortals. “We are not immortals,” said Eight Rules, “but the immortals are really our juniors!”

As they were speaking, they suddenly heard a great uproar in the middle of the sky. They were so startled that they came out to look, and they found two Pilgrims locked in battle as they drew near. On seeing them, Eight Rules’s hands began to itch, and he said, “Let me see if I can tell them apart.”

Dear Idiot! He leaped into the air and cried, “Elder Brother, don’t fret! Old Hog’s here!”

The two Pilgrims cried out at the same time, “Brother, come and beat up this monster-spirit!”

The old man was so astonished by the sight that he said to himself, “So we have in our house several arhats who can ride the clouds and mount the fog! Even if I had made a vow to feed the monks, I might not have been able to find this kind of noble people.” Without bothering to think of the cost, he wanted at once to bring out more tea and rice to present to his visitors. Then he muttered to himself, “But I fear that no good can come out of these two Pilgrims fighting like that. They will overturn Heaven and Earth and cause terrible calamity who knows where!” When Tripitaka saw that the old man was openly pleased, though he was, at the same time, full of secret anxiety, he said to him, “Please do not worry, old Patron, and don’t start any lamentation. When this humble cleric succeeds in subduing his disciple and in inducing the wicked to return to virtue, he will most certainly thank you.”

“Please don’t mention it! Please don’t mention it!” said the old man repeatedly. “Please don’t say anything more, Patron,” said Sha Monk. “Master, you sit here while I go up there with Second Elder Brother. Each of us will pull before you one of them, and you can start reciting that little something. We’ll be able to tell, for whoever has pain will be the real Pilgrim.”

“You are absolutely right,” said Tripitaka.

Sha Monk indeed rose to midair and said, “Stop fighting, the two of you, and we’ll go with you to Master and let him distinguish the true from the false.” Our Great Sage desisted, and that Pilgrim also dropped his hands. Sha Monk took hold of one of them and said, “Second Elder Brother, you take the other one.”

They dropped down from the clouds and went before the thatched hut. As soon as he saw them, Tripitaka began reciting the Tight-Fillet Spell, and the two of them

immediately screamed, "We've been fighting so bitterly already. How could you still cast that spell on us? Stop it! Stop it!"

As his disposition had always been kind, the elder at once stopped his recitation, but he could not tell them apart at all. Shrugging off the hold of Sha Monk and Eight Rules, the two of them were again locked in battle. "Brothers," said our Great Sage, "take care of Master, and let me go before King Yama with him to see if there could be any way of discriminating us."

That Pilgrim also spoke to them in the same manner. Tugging and pulling at each other, the two of them soon vanished from sight.

"Sha Monk," said Eight Rules, "when you saw the false Eight Rules poling the luggage in the Water-Curtain Cave, why didn't you take it away?" Sha Monk said, "When that monster-spirit saw me slaying his false Sha Monk with my treasure staff, he and his followers surrounded me and wanted to seize me. I had to flee for my life, you know. After I told the Bodhisattva and went back to the entrance of the cave with Pilgrim, the two of them fought in midair while I went to overturn their stone benches and scattered the little fiends. All I saw then was a huge cascade flowing into a stream, but I could not find the cave entrance anywhere nor could I locate the luggage. That's why I came back to Master empty-handed."

"You really couldn't have known this," said Eight Rules. "When I went to ask him to return that year,

I met him first outside the cave. After I succeeded in persuading him to come, he said he wanted to go inside to change clothes. That was when I saw him diving right through the water, for the cascade is actually the cave entrance. That fiend, I suppose, must have hidden our wraps in there."

"If you know where the entrance is," said Tripitaka, "you should go there now while he is absent and take out our wraps. Then we can go to the Western Heaven by ourselves. Even if he should want to join us again, I won't use him."

"I'll go," answered Eight Rules. "Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "there are over a thousand little monkeys in that cave of his. You may not be able to handle them all by yourself."

"No fear, no fear," said Eight Rules, laughing. He dashed out of the door, mounted the cloud and fog, and headed straight for the Flower-Fruit Mountain to search for the luggage.

We tell you now instead about those two Pilgrims, who brawled all the way to the rear of the Mountain of Perpetual Shade. All those spirits on the mountain were so terrified that they, shaking and quaking, tried desperately to hide themselves. A few managed to escape first and they rushed inside the fortified pass of the nether region and reported in the Treasure Hall of Darkness:

"Great Kings, there are two Great Sages, Equal to Heaven, who are fighting their way down from the Mountain of Perpetual Shade." King Qinguang of the First Chamber was so terrified that he at once passed the word to King of the Beginning River in the Second Chamber, King of the Song Emperor in the Third Chamber, King of Complete Change in the Fourth Chamber, King Yama in the Fifth Chamber, King of Equal Ranks in the Sixth Chamber, King of Tai Mountain in the Seventh Chamber, King of City Markets in the Eighth Chamber, King of Avenging Ministers in the Ninth Chamber, and King of the Turning Wheel in the Tenth Chamber. Soon after the word had passed

through each chamber, the ten kings assembled together and they also sent an urgent message to King Kṣitigarbha to meet them at the Hall of Darkness. At the same time, they called up all the soldiers of darkness to prepare to capture both the true and the false. In a moment, they felt a gush of strong wind and then they saw dense, dark fog rolling in, in the midst of which were two Pilgrims tumbling and fighting together.

The Rulers of Darkness went forth to stop them, saying, “For what purpose are the Great Sages causing trouble in our nether region?”

“I had to pass through the State of Western Liang,” replied our Great Sage, “because I was accompanying the Tang Monk on his way to procure scriptures in the Western Heaven. We reached a mountain shortly thereafter, where brigands attempted to rob my master. Old Monkey slaughtered a few of them, but my master took offense and banished me. I went instead to the Bodhisattva at South Sea to make known my difficulties. I have no idea how this monster-spirit got wind of it, but somehow he changed into my likeness, struck down my master in midjourney, and robbed him of his luggage. My younger brother, Sha Monk, went to my native mountain to demand the wraps, but this fiend falsely claimed that he wished to go to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven in the name of Master. Fleeing to South Sea, Sha Monk informed the Bodhisattva when I was standing right there. The Bodhisattva then told me to go with him to look for myself at the Flower-Fruit Mountain, and I discovered that indeed my old lair was occupied by this fellow. I strove with him until we reached the place of the Bodhisattva, but in truth his appearance, his speech, and the like are exactly like mine. Even the Bodhisattva found it hard to distinguish us. Then we fought our way up to Heaven, and the gods couldn’t tell us apart.

We next went to see my master, and when he recited the Tight-Fillet Spell to test us, this fellow’s head hurt just like mine. That’s why we brawl down to the nether region, in hopes that you Rulers of Darkness will examine for me the Register of Life and Death and determine what is the origin of the specious Pilgrim. Snatch away his soul at once, so that there will not be the confusion of two Minds.”

After he finished speaking, the fiend also repeated what he said in exactly the same manner.

On hearing this, the Rulers of Darkness summoned the judge in charge of the register to examine it from the beginning, but there was, of course, nothing written down that had the name “specious Pilgrim.”

He then studied the volume on hairy creatures, but the one hundred and thirty some entries under the name “monkey,” you see, had already been crossed out by the Great Sage Sun with one stroke of the brush, in that year when he caused great havoc in the region of darkness after he had attained the Way.

Ever since that time, the name of any species of monkey was not recorded in the register. After he finished examining the volume, he went back to the hall to make his report. Picking up their court tablets to show their solemn intentions, the Rulers of Darkness said to both of the Pilgrims, “Great Sages, there is nowhere in the nether region for you to look up the impostor’s name. You must seek discrimination in the world of light.”

Hardly had they finished speaking when the Bodhisattva Kṣitigarbha said, “Wait a moment! Wait a moment! Let me ask Investigative Hearing to listen for you.”

That Investigative Hearing, you see, happens to be a beast that usually lies beneath the desk of Kṣitigarbha. When he crouches on the ground, he can in an instant perceive the true and the false, the virtuous and the wicked among all short-haired creatures, scaly creatures, hairy creatures, winged creatures, and crawling creatures, and among all the celestial immortals, the earthly immortals, the divine immortals, the human immortals, and the spirit immortals resident in all the cave Heavens and blessed lands in the various shrines, rivers, and mountains of the Four Great Continents. In obedience, therefore, to the command of Kṣitigarbha, the beast prostrated himself in the courtyard of the Hall of Darkness, and in a little while, he raised his head to say to his master, “I have the name of the fiend, but I cannot announce it in his presence. Nor can we give assistance in capturing him.”

“What would happen,” asked Kṣitigarbha, “if you were to announce his name?”

“I fear then,” replied Investigative Hearing, “that the monster-spirit might unleash his violence to disturb our treasure hall and ruin the peace of the office of darkness.”

“But why,” asked his master again, “can’t we give assistance in capturing him?” Investigative Hearing said, “The magic power of that monster-spirit is no different from the Great Sage Sun’s. How much power do the gods of the nether region possess? That’s why we cannot capture him.”

“How, then, shall we do away with him?” asked Kṣitigarbha. Investigative Hearing answered, “The power of Buddha is limitless.” Waking up all at once, Kṣitigarbha said to the two Pilgrims, “Your forms are like a single person, and your powers are exactly the same. If you want clear distinction between the two of you, you must go to the Thunderclap Monastery, the abode of Śākyamuni.”

“You are right! You are right!” shouted both of them in unison. “We’ll go to have this thing settled before the Buddhist Patriarch in the Western Heaven.”

The Rulers of Darkness of all Ten Chambers accompanied them out of the hall before they thanked Kṣitigarbha, who returned to the Jade Cloud Palace. The ghost attendants were then told to close up the fortified passes of the nether region, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Look at those two Pilgrims! Soaring on cloud and darting on fog, they fought their way up to the Western Heaven, and we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

*If one has two minds, disasters he’ll breed;
He’ll guess and conjecture both far and near.
He seeks a good horse or the Three Dukes’ office,
Or the seat of first rank there in Golden Chimes.
He’ll war unceasing in the north and south;
He’ll not keep still assailing both east and west.
You must learn of no mind in the gate of Chan,
And let the holy babe be formed thus quietly.*

Tugging and pulling at each other, the two of them brawled in midair as they proceeded, and finally, they reached the Thunderclap Treasure Monastery on the Spirit Vulture Mountain in the great Western Heaven.

At that time the Four Great Bodhisattvas, the Eight Great Diamond Kings, the five hundred arhats, the three thousand guardians of the faith, the mendicant nuns and the mendicant monks, the upāsakas and the upāsikās—all this holy multitude was

gathered beneath the lotus seat of seven jewels to listen to a lecture by Tathāgata. His discourse had just reached the point on

*The existent in the nonexistent;
 The nonexistent in the non-nonexistent;
 The form in the formlessness;
 The emptiness in the nonemptiness.
 For the nonexistent is the existent,
 And the non-nonexistent is the nonexistent.
 Formlessness is verily form;
 Nonemptiness is verily emptiness.
 Emptiness is indeed emptiness;
 Form is indeed form.
 Form has no fixed form;
 Thus form is emptiness.
 Emptiness has no fixed emptiness;
 Thus emptiness is form.
 The knowledge of emptiness is not emptiness;
 The knowledge of form is not form.
 When names and action mutually illuminate,
 Then one has reached the wondrous sound.*

As the multitude bowed their heads in submission and chanted in unison these words of the Buddha, Tathāgata caused celestial flowers to descend upon them in profusion. Then he said to the congregation, “You are all of one mind, but take a look at two Minds in competition and strife arriving here.” When the congregation looked up, there were indeed two Pilgrims locked in a clamorous battle as they approached the noble region of Thunderclap. The Eight Great Diamond Kings were so aghast that they went forward to bar the way, crying, “Where do you two think you are going?”

“A monster-spirit,” replied our Great Sage, “has assumed my appearance. I want to go below the treasure lotus platform and ask Tathāgata to make distinction between us.”

The Diamond Kings could not restrain them, and the two monkeys brawled up to the platform. “Your disciple,” said our Great Sage as he knelt before the Buddhist Patriarch, “was accompanying the Tang Monk to journey to your treasure mountain and to beg you for true scriptures. I have exerted I don’t know how much energy on our way in order to smelt demons and bind fiends. Some time ago, we ran into some bandits trying to rob us, and in truth, your disciple on two occasions did take a few lives. Master took offense and banished me, refusing to allow me to bow with him to the golden form of Tathāgata. I had no choice but to flee to South Sea and tell Guanyin of my woes. Little did I anticipate that this monster-spirit would falsely assume my voice and my appearance and then strike down Master, taking away even our luggage. My younger brother, Wujing, followed him to my native mountain, only to be told by the crafty words of this fiend that he had another true monk ready to be the scripture pilgrim. Wujing managed to escape to South Sea to inform Guanyin of everything. Whereupon the Bodhisattva told your disciple to return with Wujing to my mountain, as a result of which the two of us fought our way to South Sea and then to the celestial palace. We went also to see the Tang Monk as well as the Rulers of Darkness, but no one could tell us apart. For this reason I make bold to come here, and I beg you in your great compassion to fling wide the great gate of means. Grant unto your disciple your

discernment of the right and the perverse, so that I may again accompany the Tang Monk to bow to your golden form in person, acquire the scriptures to bring back to the Land of the East, and forever exalt the great faith.” What the congregation heard was one statement made by two mouths in exactly the same voice, and none of them could distinguish between the two Pilgrims. Tathāgata, however, was the only one who had the perception; he was about to make his revelation when a pinkish cloud floating up from the south brought to them Guanyin, who bowed to the Buddha.

Pressing his palms together, our Buddha said, “Guanyin, the Honored One, can you tell which is the true Pilgrim and which is the false one?”

“They came to your disciple’s humble region the other day,” replied the Bodhisattva, “but I truly could not distinguish between them. They then went to both the Palace of Heaven and the Office of Earth, but even there they could not be recognized. I have come, therefore, especially to beg Tathāgata to do this on the true Pilgrim’s behalf.” Smiling, Tathāgata said, “Though all of you possess vast dharma power and are able to observe the events of the whole universe, you cannot know all the things therein, nor do you have the knowledge of all the species.” When the Bodhisattva asked for further revelation, Tathāgata said, “There are five kinds of immortals in the universe, and they are: the celestial, the earthbound, the divine, the human, and the ghostly. There are also five kinds of creatures, and they are: the short-haired, the scaly, the hairy, the winged, and the crawling. This fellow is not celestial, earthbound, divine, human, or ghostly, nor is he short-haired, scaly, hairy, winged, or crawling.

But there are, however, four kinds of monkeys which also do not belong to any of these ten species.”

“May I inquire,” said the Bodhisattva, “which four kinds they are?”

“The first,” said Tathāgata, “is the intelligent stone monkey, who

*Knows transformations,
Recognizes the seasons,
Discerns the advantages of earth,
And is able to alter the course of planets and stars.*

The second is the red-buttocked baboon, who

*Has knowledge of yin and yang,
Understands human affairs,
Is adept in its daily life
And able to avoid death and lengthen its life.*

The third is the bare-armed gibbon, who can

*Seize the sun and the moon,
Shorten a thousand mountains,
Distinguish the auspicious from the inauspicious,
And manipulate planets and stars.*

The fourth is the sixth-eared macaque, who has

*A sensitive ear,
Discernment of fundamental principles,
Knowledge of past and future,
And comprehension of all things.*

These four kinds of monkeys are not classified in the ten species, nor are they contained in the names between Heaven and Earth. As I see the matter, that specious Wukong must be a six-eared macaque, for even if this monkey stands in one place, he can possess the knowledge of events a thousand miles away and whatever a man may say in that distance. That is why I describe him as a creature who has

*A sensitive ear,
Discernment of fundamental principles,
Knowledge of past and future,
And comprehension of all things.*

The one who has the same appearance and the same voice as the true Wukong is a sixth-eared macaque.” When the macaque heard how Tathāgata had announced his original form, he shook with fear; leaping up quickly, he tried to flee.

Tathāgata, however, at once ordered the Four Bodhisattvas, the Eight Diamond Kings, the five hundred arhats, the three thousand guardians of the faith, the mendicant monks, the mendicant nuns, the upāsakas, the upāsikās, Guanyin, and Mokṣa to have him completely encircled. The Great Sage Sun also wanted to rush forward, but Tathāgata said, “Wukong, don’t move. Let me capture him for you.”

The macaque’s hair stood on end, for he supposed that he would not be able to escape. Shaking his body quickly, he changed at once into a bee, flying straight up. Tathāgata threw up into the air a golden almsbowl, which caught the bee and brought it down.

Not perceiving that, the congregation thought the macaque had escaped. With a smile, Tathāgata said, “Be silent, all of you. The monster-spirit hasn’t escaped. He’s underneath this almsbowl of mine.”

The congregation surged forward and lifted up the almsbowl; a sixth-eared macaque in his original form indeed appeared. Unable to contain himself anymore, the Great Sage Sun raised his iron rod and killed it with one blow on the head. To this day this species of monkey has remained extinct.

Moved to pity by the sight, Tathāgata exclaimed, “My goodness! My goodness!”

“You should not have compassion on him, Tathāgata,” said our Great Sage. “He wounded my master and robbed us of our wraps. Even according to the law, he was guilty of assault and robbery in broad daylight. He should have been executed.”

Tathāgata said, “Now you go back quickly to accompany the Tang Monk here to seek the scriptures.”

As he kowtowed to thank the Buddha, the Great Sage said, “Let me inform Tathāgata, that it is certain that my master will not want me back. If I go to him now and he rejects me, it’s simply a waste of effort. I beg you to recite the Loose-Fillet Spell instead so that I can give back your golden fillet. Let me return to secular life.”

“Stop such foolish thought,” said Tathāgata, “and don’t be mischievous! If I ask Guanyin to take you back to your master, you should have no fear that he will reject you. Take care to protect him on his journey, and in due time

*When merit’s done and Nirvāṇa’s home,
You, too, will sit on a lotus throne.”*

When she heard that, Guanyin pressed together her palms to thank the sage’s grace, after which she led Wukong away by mounting the clouds. They were followed

at once by her disciple, Mokṣa, and the white cockatoo. Soon they arrived at the thatched hut, and when Sha Monk saw them, he quickly asked his master to bow at the door to receive them. “Tang Monk,” said the Bodhisattva, “the one who struck you the other day was a specious Pilgrim, a sixth-eared macaque. It was our good fortune that Tathāgata recognized him, and subsequently he was slain by Wukong. You must now take him back, for the demonic barriers on your journey are by no means entirely overcome, and only with his protection can you reach the Spirit Mountain and see the Buddha for scriptures. Don’t be angry with him anymore.” Kowtowing, Tripitaka replied, “I obey your instruction.”

At that moment when he and Sha Monk were thanking the Bodhisattva, they heard a violent gust of wind blowing in from the east: it was Zhu Eight Rules, who returned riding the wind with two wraps on his back. When Idiot saw the Bodhisattva, he fell on his knees to bow to her, saying, “Your disciple took leave of my master the other day and went to the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain to look for our luggage. I saw indeed a specious Tang Monk and another specious Eight Rules, both of whom I struck dead.

They were two monkeys. Then I went inside and found the wraps, and examination revealed that nothing was missing. I mounted the wind to return here. What, may I ask, has happened to the two Pilgrims?”

The Bodhisattva thereupon gave him a complete account of how Tathāgata had revealed the origin of the fiend, and Idiot was thoroughly delighted. Master and disciples all bowed to give thanks.

As the Bodhisattva went back to South Sea, the pilgrims were again united in their hearts and minds, their animosity and anger all dissolved. After they also thanked the village household, they put in order their luggage and the horse to find their way to the West once more. Thus it is that

*Midway parting upsets the Five Phases;
The fiend's defeat fuses primal light.
Spirit returns to Mind and Chan is still.
Six senses subdued, elixir's in sight.*

We do not know when Tripitaka will be able to face the Buddha and ask for the scriptures; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-NINE

*Tripitaka Tang's path is blocked at Mountain of Flames
Pilgrim Sun baits for the first time the palm-leaf fan*

*Seed-natures are basically the same:
The sea accepts without end.
Ten thousand thoughts and cares are folly all;
Each form, each kind's in harmony.
One day with work and merit complete,
Perfected real nature towers on high.
Let no thing amiss slip to east or west;
Lock on and tighten your hold.
Pick and safekeep it in th'elixir stove
For smelting until it's red like the sun—
Bright and brilliant, all aglow.
Astride the dragon you'll come and go.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka, who obeyed the instruction of the Bodhisattva and took back Pilgrim. Along with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, he severed the Two Minds and shackled both Ape and Horse. United in mind and effort, they pressed on toward the Western Heaven. We cannot begin to describe how time flies like an arrow, how the seasons pass like the weaver's shuttle. After the torrid summer, the frosty scenery of late autumn again appeared. You see

*Thin broken clouds as a west wind turns brisk;
Distant cranes cry, woods frosted like brocade.
What a scene of timely sadness
Where endless hills stretch endless streams!
To north borders the wild geese fly;
To south lanes blackbirds return.
The wayfarer's road is lonesome;
The monk's robe swiftly grows cold.*

However, as master and disciples, the four of them, proceeded, they gradually felt a stifling heat. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka said, "It's now autumn. How is it that the heat is so intense?"

"You may not know of this," said Eight Rules, "but there is, on the journey to the West, a Sūrya Kingdom.

It is the place where the sun sets, and that's why its popular name is 'The Edge of Heaven.' During the time of late afternoon each day, the king will send people up to the battlements to beat the drums and blow the bugles, in order to dilute and weaken the sound of the sea boiling. For the sun, you see, is the true fire of grand yang, and when it drops into the Western Sea, it's like flames plunging into water and creating a deafening sizzle. If there were no drums or bugles to lessen the impact, the children in the city would all be killed. With this stifling heat here, this place must be where the sun sets." When the Great Sage heard this, he could not hold back his laughter, saying, "Idiot, don't talk nonsense. If it's the Sūrya Kingdom you're thinking of, it's much too early. When you consider the sort of delays the Master has had to face night and day, it may

take him several lifetimes—from youth to old age and back again—and even then he may not get there.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “if you say that this is not the place where the sun sets, then why is it so hot?”

“There must be something wrong with the climate,” said Sha Monk, “so that you have summer weather in autumn.”

As the three of them debated like that, they came upon several buildings by the road, all having red tiles on the roof, red bricks on the wall, red painted doors, and red lacquered-wood benches. Everything, in fact, was red. As Tripitaka dismounted he said, “Wukong, go and ask in that house and see if you can uncover the reason for the heat.” Putting away his golden-hooped rod, the Great Sage straightened out his clothes and affected a civil manner as he left the main road to walk up to the house. Just then an old man emerged from the main door,

*Who wore a not quite yellow
And not quite red robe of grass cloth;
His head had on a not quite blue
And not quite black hat of bamboo-splint;
His hands held a not quite crooked
And not quite straight staff of knotted bamboo;
His feet trod on a pair of not quite new
And not quite old calf-length leather boots.
His face was like red bronze;
His beard seemed like white chains.
Two aged eyebrows topped his lustrous eyes;
One grinning mouth revealed some teeth of gold.*

When he caught sight of Pilgrim all of a sudden, the old man was somewhat startled. Leaning on his bamboo staff, he shouted, “What sort of a weird creature are you, and where are you from? What are you doing here before my door?”

Bowing deeply, Pilgrim said, “Old Patron, please don’t be afraid of me. I’m no weird creature. This poor monk has been sent by imperial commission of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the West. There are altogether four of us, master and disciples. We have just arrived in your noble region, and when we feel how hot the weather is, we want very much to know what the reason is for it and what is the name of the land here. I have come especially to seek your instruction.”

Greatly relieved, the old man smiled and said, “Elder, please don’t be offended. This old man was somewhat dim-sighted just now, and I couldn’t quite recognize you.”

“Not at all,” replied Pilgrim. Then the old man asked him again, “Where is your master?”

“Over there,” said Pilgrim, “the one standing on the main road south of us.”

“Please ask him to come! Please ask him to come here!” said the old man. Delighted, Pilgrim waved at Tripitaka, who immediately approached with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, leading the white horse and poling the luggage. They all bowed to the old man.

When the old man saw how distinguished Tripitaka appeared and how strange Eight Rules and Sha Monk looked, he was both startled and delighted. He had no

choice, however, but to invite them inside to be seated before he asked his houseboys to serve tea and to prepare a meal. When Tripitaka heard him, he rose to thank him, saying, “May I ask the *Gong-gong* why it is that such intense heat returns to the autumn of your noble region?”

“Our humble region,” replied the old man, “is named the Mountain of Flames. There’s neither spring nor autumn here; all four seasons are hot.”

“Where is this mountain?” asked Tripitaka. “Is it on the way to the West?”

“You can’t go to the West,” replied the old man, “for that mountain, about sixty miles from here, sits squarely on the main road. It’s covered with flames for over eight hundred miles, and all around not even a single blade of grass can grow. If you walk on this mountain, you will turn to liquid even if you have a bronze skull and an iron body.” Paling with horror, Tripitaka dared not ask another question.

Just then, a young man passed by the front door, pushing a red cart and calling, “Rice-puddings!” Pulling off one piece of hair, which he changed into a copper penny, the Great Sage went out to the young man to buy his puddings. After taking the money, and without dicker over the price, the man at once untied the wrap on his cart and took out a piece of steaming hot rice-pudding to hand over to Pilgrim. When it touched the palm of his hands, Pilgrim felt as if he had received a piece of lit charcoal or glowing nail taken from the blacksmith’s stove. Look at him! He switched the pudding from the left hand to the right hand and back again to the left, and all he could say was “Hot! Hot! Hot! I can’t eat this!”

“If you’re afraid of heat,” said the man, chuckling, “don’t come here. It’s this hot around this place.”

“Look, fella,” said Pilgrim, “you’re not quite reasonable. The proverb says,

*Without heat or cold,
Five grains will not grow.*

But the heat of this place is intense! Where do you get your flour for the pudding?”

The man said,

*If you rice-pudding flour desire,
Immortal Iron-Fan inquire.*

“What has Immortal Iron-Fan got to do with it?” asked Pilgrim. The man said, “That Immortal Iron-Fan happens to have a palm-leaf fan. If he lets you have it, one wave of the fan will extinguish the fire; the second will produce a breeze, and the third will start the rain.

Only then can we sow and reap in due seasons, and that is how we produce the five grains. Without the immortal and the fan, not a blade of grass will grow in this region.” On hearing this, Pilgrim dashed inside and handed the piece of rice-pudding to Tripitaka, saying, “Relax, Master! Don’t get anxious before you have to. Eat the pudding first, and I’ll tell you something.”

Holding the pudding in his hand, the elder said to the old man of the house, “*Gong-gong*, please take some pudding.”

"I haven't even served you tea or rice," answered the old man. "Would I dare eat your pudding?" Smiling, Pilgrim said, "Dear Sir, you need not bestow on us any tea or rice. But let me ask you instead, where does the Immortal Iron-Fan live?"

"Why do you ask?" said the old man.

Pilgrim said, "Just now the pudding peddler said that this immortal has in his possession a palm-leaf fan. If he lets us have it, one wave of the fan will extinguish the fire, the second will bring on a breeze, and the third will start the rain. Then the people of your region can sow and reap the five grains for your livelihood. I would like to find him and ask for the fan to extinguish the Mountain of Flames. We'll be able to pass then, and you people may also find a more stable existence by being able to plant and harvest according to the seasons."

"Yes," replied the old man, "what the peddler said was correct. But you people don't have any gifts, and I fear that the sage will be unwilling to come here."

"What sort of gifts does he want?" asked Tripitaka. The old man said, "The families of the region will seek an audience with the immortal once every ten years, and, as First Meeting presents, they must offer four hogs and four sheep, rare flowers and fine fruits in season, chickens, geese, and mellow wine. After cleansing themselves in ritual baths, they will go up in all sincerity to his immortal mountain to beg him come here to exercise his power."

"Where is that mountain located," asked Pilgrim, "and what's its name? How many miles away? I'll go ask him for the fan."

"The mountain," replied the old man, "is southwest of here, and it bears the name of Jade Cloud Mountain. In the mountain there is a cave by the name of the Palm-Leaf Cave. When the believers from our region go to worship on that mountain, the round trip takes approximately a month, for the distance is slightly over one thousand four hundred and fifty miles."

"That doesn't matter," said Pilgrim with a laugh. "I'll be back in no time."

"Wait a moment," said the old man, "take some food first, and let us prepare you some dried goods. You will need two other companions, for there's no human habitation on that road, but there are plenty of tigers and wolves.

You can't reach there in one day. It's not fun, you know."

"No, no! I don't need any of that," said Pilgrim, laughing. "I'm going now!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when he immediately disappeared. "Oh, Sire!" said the old man, greatly alarmed. "So you are a divine man who can soar on cloud and fog!" We'll not continue to tell you how that family doubled its effort to be hospitable to the Tang Monk. We tell you instead about our Pilgrim, who arrived at the Jade Cloud Mountain instantly. He stopped his auspicious luminosity, and as he searched for the entrance of the cave, he heard the sound of a woodcutter chopping in the forest. When Pilgrim drew near, he heard the man chanting:

*By yonder clouds my dear, old forest I'll know,
Though wild grass, rough boulders hide the path below.
When I see morning rain in western hills,
The south brook, as I return, will overflow.*

Pilgrim went forward to salute him, saying, "Brother Woodsman, please accept my bow."

The woodcutter dropped his ax to return the greeting, saying, "Where are you going, Elder?"

"May I inquire," said Pilgrim, "whether this is the Jade Cloud Mountain?"

The woodcutter replied, "It is."

"There is, I understand, a Palm-Leaf Cave that belongs to the Immortal Iron-Fan," said Pilgrim. "Where is it?" Smiling, the woodcutter said, "We have a Palm-Leaf Cave, all right, but there is no Immortal Iron-Fan. There is only a Princess Iron-Fan, who also bears the name of Rākṣasī."

"People claim that this immortal has a palm-leaf fan," said Pilgrim, "which can extinguish the Mountain of Flames. Is she the one?"

"Exactly, exactly!" replied the woodcutter. "Because the sage has in her possession this treasure which can extinguish the fire and protect the families of other regions, she is commonly called the Immortal Iron-Fan. But the families of *our* region have no use for her; we only know her as Rākṣasī, who also happens to be the wife of the Mighty Bull Demon King." When Pilgrim heard these words, he was so startled that he paled visibly. He thought to himself, "I'm up against another fated enemy! In a previous year, we brought to submission that Red Boy, who was said to have been reared by this woman. When I ran into his uncle at the Child Destruction Cave of the Male-Undoing Mountain, he already was filled with desire for vengeance and absolutely refused to give me the needed water. Now it is his parents that I have to face! How could I possibly succeed in borrowing the fan?" When the woodcutter saw that Pilgrim had become lost in his deliberations, sighing to himself repeatedly, he said with a smile, "Elder, you're someone who has left the family, and you should have *no* anxious thoughts. Just follow this path eastward and you'll find the Palm-Leaf Cave in less than five miles. Don't worry."

"To tell you the truth, Brother Woodsman," said Pilgrim, "I'm the eldest disciple of the Tang Monk, a scripture pilgrim sent by the Tang court in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven. Some years back I had a small feud with Red Boy, the son of Rākṣasī, at the Fiery Cloud Cave. I feared that her hostility might cause her to refuse me the fan, and that was the reason for my anxiety."

"A man," replied the wood-cutter, "must determine another's appearance by examining his color. You should go now with the sole purpose of borrowing the fan and not be bothered by any old grudge. I'm sure you'll succeed." On hearing this, Pilgrim bowed deeply and said, "I thank Brother Woodsman for this instruction. I'll go."

He thus took leave of the woodcutter and went up to the entrance of the Palm-Leaf Cave, where he found both of its doors tightly shut but lovely scenery outside. Marvelous place! Truly

*This mountain uses rocks for bones,
And rocks form the essence of earth.
The mist keeps moisture overnight;
Lichen and moss then add fresh green.
The rugged shape soars to top Isle Peng,
Its secluded blooms as fragrant as Yingzhou's.
Beneath a few knotty pines the wild cranes rest;
On some sad willows the orioles speak.
It's indeed an ancient spot of a thousand years,*

*An immortal site of ten thousand years.
 The phoenix sings in green paulownia trees;
 And living streams hide aged dragons.
 The path winds as beans and vines dangle;
 The stone steps ascend with the creepers.
 Apes of the peak wail, saddened by the moon rising;
 Birds sing on tall trees, gladdened by the bright sky.
 Two forests of bamboo, their shade cool as rain;
 One path of dense flowers, thick little brocade.
 From distant hills will white clouds often show;
 Formless, they drift where gentle breezes blow.*

Walking forward, Pilgrim cried out:

“Big Brother Bull, open the door! Open the door!” With a creak, the doors opened and out walked a young girl who had in her hands a flower basket and on her shoulder a little rake. Truly

*She had no adornment but only rags on herself;
 Her spirit was full, for she had the mind of Dao.*

Pilgrim approached her with palms pressed together and said, “Little girl, please take the trouble of announcing me to your princess.

I’m actually a monk journeying to acquire scriptures. It’s hard for me to cross the Mountain of Flames on this road to the West, and I’ve come especially to borrow your palm-leaf fan.”

The little girl said, “To which monastery are you attached and what is your name? Tell me and I’ll announce you.”

“I’m a priest from the Land of the East,” replied Pilgrim, “and my name is Sun Wukong.”

The young girl turned around and went inside to kneel before Rākṣasī, saying, “Madam, there is a priest outside our cave by the name of Sun Wukong, who has come from the Land of the East. He wants to see you and ask to borrow the palm-leaf fan, so that he may cross the Mountain of Flames.” When that Rākṣasī heard Sun Wukong, those three words, it was as if salt was added to a fire and oil was poured on flames.

*Billowlike, redness swelled in her cheeks;
 Savage anger flared in her heart.*

“This wretched ape!” she cried. “So he’s here today! Maids, bring out my armor and my weapons.” She put on her armor at once, and holding two treasure swords of blue blade, she walked out of the cave. Pilgrim stepped aside to steal a glance at her and saw that she wrapped on

*Her head a flower-patterned scarf,
 And wore a brocade priestly robe.
 A belt—two tiger tendons—bound her waist;
 Her silk skirt was slightly hitched up.
 Phoenix-bill shoes, just three inches;
 Trousers with knee-fringes of gold.
 Gripping treasure swords and shrieking she came,
 Looking more fierce than the moon dame.*

As she walked out of the door, Rākṣasī shouted, “Where’s Sun Wukong?” Pilgrim went forward to meet her, bowing, and said, “Sister-in-law, old Monkey’s here to greet you.”

“Who’s your sister-in-law?” hissed Rākṣasī, “and who wants your greeting?”

“The Bull Demon King of your household,” replied Pilgrim, “and old Monkey once formed a fraternal alliance; there were, in fact, seven of us bond-brothers.

I understand that you, princess, are the consort proper of Big Brother Bull. Would I dare not address you as sister-in-law?”

“Wretched ape!” said Rākṣasī. “If you have any regard for fraternal relations, then why did you ensnare my son?” Pretending not to know, Pilgrim asked, “Who’s your son?”

“He’s the Red Boy,” answered Rākṣasī, “The Great King Holy Child of the Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Stream at the Roaring Mountain, who was brought down by you. I was just wondering where I could go to find you for vengeance, and you delivered yourself at the door. You think I would spare you?” Smiling as broadly as he could to try to placate her, Pilgrim said, “Sister-in-law, you haven’t quite probed to the depth of the matter, and you’ve wrongly blamed old Monkey. Your boy took my master captive and even wanted to steam or boil him. It was fortunate that the Bodhisattva Guanyin subdued him and rescued my master. Now he has become the Boy Skilled in Wealth at the Bodhisattva’s place; having received from her the right fruit, he now undergoes neither birth nor death and he experiences neither filth nor cleanliness. He shares the same age as Heaven and Earth, the same longevity as the sun and the moon. Instead of thanking old Monkey for the kindness of preserving your son’s life, you blame me. Is that fair?”

“You smart-mouthed ape!” said Rākṣasī. “Though my son was not killed, how could I ever get him back so that I could see him again?” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “If you want to see your boy, that’s easy. Lend me your fan so that I can extinguish the fire. After I accompany my master across the mountain, I’ll go at once to the Bodhisattva of South Sea and bring him back for you to see, and I’ll return your fan at the same time. Is there anything wrong with that? At that time, you can examine him thoroughly to see if there’s any harm done to him. If there is, then you can rightfully blame me. But if you find him even more handsome than ever, then you should thank me indeed.”

“Monkey devil!” cried Rākṣasī. “Stop wagging your tongue. Stretch out your head and let me hack you a few times with my sword.

If you can endure the pain, I’ll lend you the fan. If you can’t, I’ll send you to see King Yama right away.”

Folding his hands before him, Pilgrim walked forward and said, laughing, “Sister-in-law, no need for further talk. Old Monkey will stretch out his bald head right now and you may hack me as many times as you please. You may stop when your strength runs out. But you must lend me your fan then.” Without permitting further discussion, Rākṣasī raised her hands and chopped at Pilgrim’s head some ten or fifteen times. Our Pilgrim thought that it was all a game. Growing fearful, Rākṣasī turned around and wanted to flee. “Sister-in-law,” said Pilgrim, “where are you going? Lend it to me quickly.”

“My treasure,” said Rākṣasī, “is not to be lent lightly.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “have a taste of your brother-in-law’s rod!”

Dear Monkey King! With one hand he caught hold of her, and with the other he took out from his ear the rod, which with one shake grew to the thickness of a bowl. That Rākṣasī, however, managed somehow to struggle free and turned to meet him with upraised swords. Pilgrim, of course, followed up at once and struck her with the rod. Before the Jade Cloud Mountain, the two of them discarded any fraternal sentiments; they were driven only by animosity. This was some battle!

*The lady’s a fiend deft in magic arts,
Who hates the monkey because of her son.
Though Pilgrim’s anger has been much aroused,
He still, for master’s sake, defers to her,
Saying at first he wants the palm-leaf fan
And not using might on the gentle one.
Foolish Rākṣasī slashes with her sword,
Though Monkey King would claim relations first.
(
How could a woman battle with a man
Who, after all, would a woman suppress?)
How ferocious is this one’s golden-hooped iron rod!
How thick and fast are that one’s blue and frosty blades!
A blow on the face—
A slash on the head—
They bitterly fight and refuse to quit.
Left and right they parry with martial skill;
Back and front they cover most craftily.
In their battle they are so wholly rapt
That they hardly notice the sun has set.
Swiftly Rākṣasī takes out her true fan
And one wave brings the gods and ghosts distress.*

Rākṣasī fought with Pilgrim until dark; when she saw how heavy the rod of Pilgrim was and what great skills he had as a fighter, she knew that she could not prevail against him. She took out her palm-leaf fan and fanned Pilgrim once: a strong gust of cold wind at once blew him completely out of sight while she returned to her cave in triumph.

Drifting and soaring in the air, our Great Sage could not stop at all: he sank to the left but he was unable to touch ground; he dropped to the right but he could not remain still. The wind bore him away like

*A cyclone dispatching fallen leaves,
A stream sweeping some withered flowers.*

On he tumbled for a whole night, and only by morning did he finally drop down on a mountain. Hugging a rock on the summit with both his hands, he rested for a long while before he looked around. Then he recognized that this was the Little Sumeru Mountain.

Heaving a lengthy sigh, our Great Sage said, “What a formidable woman! How in the world did she manage to send old Monkey back to this place? I remember I once

asked for the assistance of the Bodhisattva Lingji here some years past to subdue the fiend Yellow Wind in order to rescue my master.

The Yellow Wind Ridge is about three thousand miles due north of here. Since I'm blown back here from the road to the West, I must have traveled in a southeasterly direction for who knows how many tens of thousands of miles. I think I'd better go down there to talk to the Bodhisattva Lingji and see if I can find my way back."

As he thought to himself like that, he heard loud chiming bells. He hurried down the slope to reach the temple, where he was recognized by the worker at the front gate, who immediately went inside to announce:

"The hairy-faced Great Sage who came some years back to ask the Bodhisattva to go subdue the fiend Yellow Wind is here again." Knowing it was Wukong, the Bodhisattva quickly left his treasure throne to meet his visitor and to greet him, saying, "Congratulations! Have you acquired the scriptures already?"

"Not quite, not quite!" replied Wukong. "It's still too early."

"If you have not yet reached Thunderclap," said Lingji, "why is it that you have returned to this humble mountain?" Pilgrim said, "Since that year when you were kind enough to help us subdue the fiend Yellow Wind, we have gone through countless ordeals on our journey. We have now arrived at the Mountain of Flames, but we can't proceed. When we asked the natives there, they said that the palm-leaf fan belonging to an Immortal Iron-Fan could extinguish the fire. Old Monkey went to visit her and discovered that that immortal was in fact the wife of the Bull Demon King, the mother of Red Boy. Because she claimed that she could no longer see her son frequently since I had sent him to be the youth attendant of the Bodhisattva Guanyin, she regarded me as her worst enemy, refused to lend me the fan, and fought with me. When she saw how heavy my rod was, she fanned me once with her fan and I drifted all the way back here before I dropped down. That's why I have intruded upon your abode to ask you for the way back. How many miles are there from here to the Mountain of Flames?" Laughing, Lingji replied, "That woman is named Rākṣasī, and she's also called Princess Iron-Fan. Her palm-leaf fan happens to be a spiritual treasure begotten of Heaven and Earth at the back of Mount Kunlun at the time when chaos divided. It is a finest leaf of the supreme yin, and that is why it can extinguish all fires. If a man is fanned by it, he will drift for eighty-four thousand miles before the cold wind subsides. There are only some fifty thousand miles between my place here and the Mountain of Flames. It is only because the Great Sage has the ability to halt the clouds that he is able to stop. No mortal person can possibly stand still after such a short distance!"

"Formidable! Formidable!" exclaimed Pilgrim. "How could my master overcome this hurdle?"

"Relax, Great Sage," said Lingji. "It is actually the affinity of the Tang Monk that you have landed here. This will ensure your success."

"How so?" asked Pilgrim, and Lingji said, "In years past when I received the instructions from Tathāgata, I was given a Flying-Dragon Staff and a Wind-Arresting Elixir. The staff was used to subdue the wind demon, but the elixir has never been used. I'll give it to you now, and you can be certain that that fan will not be able to move you. You can take the fan, extinguish the fire, and achieve your merit then." Pilgrim bowed deeply at once to thank him, whereupon the Bodhisattva took out from his sleeve a tiny silk bag in which there was the Wind-Arresting Elixir. The pellet was firmly sewn onto the underside of Pilgrim's collar with needle and thread. Then the Bodhisattva saw

Pilgrim out the door, saying, “There’s not time for me to entertain you. Go toward the northwest and you’ll find the mountain home of Rākṣasī.”

Taking leave of Lingji, Pilgrim mounted the cloud somersault and went back to the Jade Cloud Mountain. In a moment he arrived and, beating the door with his iron rod, shouted:

“Open the door! Open the door! Old Monkey wants to borrow the fan!”

The maid inside the door hurriedly went to report:

“Madam, the person who wants to borrow the fan is here again.” On hearing this, Rākṣasī became fearful, saying, “This wretched ape’s truly able! When I fan someone with my treasure, he’ll have to drift eighty-four thousand miles before he can stop. This ape was blown away not long ago. How could he return so soon? This time, I’m going to fan him three or four times so that he won’t be able to come back at all.” She got up quickly, and after putting on her armor properly, she picked up both of her swords and walked out of the door, saying, “Pilgrim Sun, aren’t you afraid of me? Are you here seeking death once more?”

“Don’t be so stingy, Sister-in-law,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Please lend me your fan. I’m a gentleman with an excess of honesty, not a small man who doesn’t return what he borrows.”

“You brazen baboon!” scolded Rākṣasī. “You’re so impudent, so empty-skulled! I have yet to avenge the wrong of having my son taken. How could I possibly grant you the wish of borrowing the fan? Don’t run away! Have a taste of this old lady’s swords!” Our Great Sage, of course, was not to be intimidated; he wielded the iron rod to meet her. The two of them charged each other and closed in some six or seven times, when Rākṣasī’s arms began to weaken even as Pilgrim Sun grew stronger than ever. When she saw that the tide was turning against her, she took out the fan and fanned Pilgrim once. He, however, stood there without moving at all. Putting away his iron rod, he said to her, full of smiles, “This time is not the same as last time! You can fan all you want. If old Monkey budes a teeny bit, he’s not a man!” Rākṣasī indeed gave him a couple more, but he remained unmoved. Horrified, Rākṣasī put away her treasure and dashed inside the cave, tightly shutting the doors behind her.

When Pilgrim saw her shutting the doors, he resorted to his other abilities. Tearing open his collar, he took out the Wind-Arresting Elixir and placed it in his mouth instead. With one shake of his body, he changed into a tiny mole cricket and crawled inside through a crack in the door. There he found Rākṣasī crying, “I’m terribly thirsty! Bring me some tea.”

The maid attending her took up a pot of fragrant tea and filled the cup so hurriedly that bubbles welled up. Delighted by what he saw, Pilgrim spread his wings and dived right into the bubbles.

As she was extremely thirsty, Rākṣasī grabbed the tea and finished it in two gulps. Pilgrim by then already reached her stomach; changing back into his true form, he shouted, “Sister-in-law, lend me your fan!”

Turning white, Rākṣasī cried, “Little ones, have you shut the front door?”

“We have,” they all replied. “If you have shut the door,” she said, “then how is it that Pilgrim Sun is making noises in our house?”

“He’s making noises in your body,” said one of the maids.

“Pilgrim Sun,” said Rākṣasī, “where are you playing your tricks?”

“Old Monkey in all his life hasn’t known how to play tricks,” said Pilgrim. “What I rely on are all real competences, genuine abilities. I’m now having a little fun in my esteemed Sister-in-law’s stomach! I am, as the saying goes, seeing right through you! I know how thirsty you must be, so let me send you a ‘sitting bowl’ to relieve your thirst.” Suddenly he shoved his foot down hard and unbearable pain shot through Rākṣasī’s lower abdomen, sending her tumbling to the floor and moaning. “Please don’t refuse me, Sister-in-law,” said Pilgrim, “I’m presenting you with an added snack for your hunger.”

He jerked his head upward, and unbearable pain coursed through Rākṣasī’s heart. She began to roll all over the ground, the pain turning her face yellow and her lips white. All she could do was to cry out, “Brother-in-law Sun, please spare my life!” Only then did Pilgrim stop his movements, saying, “Do you now recognize me as your brother-in-law? I’ll spare you for the sake of Big Brother Bull. Bring out the fan quickly for me to use.” Rākṣasī said, “Brother-in-law, I have the fan. You come out and take it.”

“Bring it out and let me see it first,” said Pilgrim.

Rākṣasī told one of her maids to hold up a palm-leaf fan and stand on one side. When Pilgrim crawled up to her throat and saw it, he said, “Since I’m going to spare you, Sister-in-law, I’ll not scratch a hole in your rib cage to come out. I’ll leave through your mouth.

Open it three times.”

That Rākṣasī did as she was told, and Pilgrim at once flew out as a mole cricket, which then alighted on the palmleaf fan. Rākṣasī did not even see him; she opened her mouth three times and kept saying, “Brother-in-law, please come out.”

Changing at once into his original form, Pilgrim took the fan in his hand and said, “I’m right here. Thanks for lending it to me.”

He started to walk out of the cave in big strides; the little ones hurriedly opened the door to let him out of the cave.

Mounting the clouds, our Great Sage headed back toward the east and, in a moment, arrived at his destination, dropping down beside the red-brick wall. Eight Rules was delighted when he saw him. “Master,” he shouted, “Elder Brother has returned!”

Tripitaka came out of the house with the old man and Sha Monk to greet Pilgrim, and they all went back inside. Pilgrim stood the fan to one side and asked, “Sir, is this the fan?”

“It is, it is,” replied the old man.

Highly pleased, the Tang Monk said, “Worthy disciple, you have made a great merit, but you must have worked very hard to acquire this treasure.”

“No need to talk about the hard work,” replied Pilgrim, “but who do you think is that Immortal Iron-Fan? It’s actually the wife of the Bull Demon King, the mother of Red Boy, whose name is also Rākṣasī. She is also called the Princess Iron-Fan. I went to her cave to try to borrow the fan, but she wanted to settle the old score with me, hacking me a few times with her swords. I used the rod to frighten her, and that was when she brought out this thing and gave me a fan. I drifted all the way back to the Little Sumeru Mountain, where I was fortunate enough to see the Bodhisattva Lingji. He gave me a

Wind-Arresting Elixir and pointed out to me the way back to the Jade Cloud Mountain. I saw Rākṣasī again, and when she couldn't drive me away with her fan this time, she retreated back into her cave. Old Monkey then changed into a mole cricket to fly inside. She was just asking for tea, so I dived inside the tea bubbles and managed to get inside her stomach. When I waved my hands and feet, she had such unbearable pain that she couldn't stop calling me brother-in-law and asking me to spare her. When she was finally willing to lend me her fan, I did spare her and brought back this fan. After we have crossed the Mountain of Flames, I'll take it back to her." On hearing this, Tripitaka thanked him repeatedly. Then master and disciples took leave of the old man.

They proceeded westward for some forty miles, and they began to feel the heat growing more intense and more oppressive. "My feet are on fire!" Sha Monk could only cry. "They are killing me!" said Eight Rules. Even the horse was trotting more rapidly than usual, but because the ground was becoming hotter all the time, they found it exceedingly difficult to go forward. "Master," Pilgrim said at length, "please dismount. And don't move, Brothers. Let me use the fan to extinguish the fire. Allow the wind and rain to cool off the earth first before we try to cross this mountain." Lifting high the fan, Pilgrim dashed up to the flames and fanned at them with all his might. On that mountain the blaze grew brighter than ever. He waved the fan a second time and the fire became more intense a hundredfold. He tried for a third time and the fire leaped ten thousand feet tall, roaring toward him. Pilgrim dashed away but already the hair on both his thighs was completely burnt off. He ran back to the Tang Monk, shouting, "Go back! Go back! The fire's coming!"

Climbing on the horse, our elder galloped toward the east, followed by Eight Rules and Sha Monk. They retreated for some twenty miles before they rested. "Wukong," said the elder, "what happened?"

"It's a mess!" replied Pilgrim, throwing the fan away. "She has tricked me!" On hearing this, Tripitaka became utterly dejected. Tears streaming down his face, he could only say, "What shall we do?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "why did you yell for us to go back so hurriedly?"

"I fanned at the mountain once," said Pilgrim, "and the blaze grew brighter. I did it a second time and the fire became even more intense. A third wave of the fan made the flames leap up ten thousand feet tall. If I hadn't run fast enough, all my hair would have been burned away." With a chuckle, Eight Rules said, "You have often made the claim that you can be hurt neither by thunder nor by fire. How is it that you are afraid of fire now?"

"Oh, Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "You just don't know anything! On those occasions, I was always prepared, and therefore I could not be hurt.

Today I was only trying to extinguish the fire with the fan, and I did not even make the fire-repellant sign, nor did I use magic to protect my body. So, the hair on both my thighs is burned up."

"If the fire's so intense," said Sha Monk, "and there's no way to get to the West, what's to be done?"

"Let's head for the direction where there's no fire," said Eight Rules. "Which direction?" asked Tripitaka. Eight Rules said, "There's no fire in the east, the south, and the north."

“But which direction has scriptures?” Tripitaka asked again.

Eight Rules said, “The West.”

“I only want to go where the scriptures are,” said Tripitaka. Sha Monk said

“Where there are scriptures, there’s fire.

Where there’s no fire, there are no scriptures.

We are in some dilemma!”

As master and disciples were chatting like that, they heard someone calling, “Great Sage, please do not be distressed. Take some food first before you think of what you want to do.”

The four of them turned to look and they saw an old man,

Who wore a wind-wafted cape

And a cap of half-moon shape;

Who held a dragon-head cane

And trod on iron-gaitered boots.

He was followed by a demon with a hawk beak and a fish jowl. The demon’s head was supporting a copper pan in which were placed some steamed cakes, puddings, and rice of yellow millet. The old man stood by the road and bowed, saying, “I’m the local spirit of the Mountain of Flames. When I learned that the Great Sage and the holy monk could not proceed, I came to present you a meal.”

“Food is of small concern to us at the monent,” said Pilgrim. “How can we extinguish this fire so that my master can cross over the mountain?”

“If you want to extinguish the fire,” said the local spirit, “you must ask the Rākṣasī for the palm-leaf fan.” Picking up the fan from the side of the road, Pilgrim said, “Isn’t this the fan? But the blaze grew bigger than ever when I fanned at it. Why?” When the local spirit saw it, he laughed and said, “This is not the real fan. You’ve been tricked.”

“How can I get the real one?” asked Pilgrim. Again bowing and smiling gently, the local spirit said,

“If you the real palm-leaf fan desire,

Then King Powerful you must inquire.”

We do not know for what reason they must seek the Mighty King; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY

*Bull Demon King stops fighting to attend a lavish feast
Pilgrim Sun baits for the second time the palm-leaf fan*

The local spirit said, “King Powerful is, in fact, the Bull Demon King.”

“So, this fire of the mountain was set by the Bull Demon King,” said Pilgrim, “and it was erroneously named the Mountain of Flames, right?”

“No, no,” replied the local spirit, “but I dare not speak plainly unless the Great Sage is willing to pardon this humble deity.”

“What offense is there?” said Pilgrim. “Go ahead and tell us.”

The local spirit said, “This fire originally was set by the Great Sage.”

“Where could I have been at the time?” said Pilgrim, his anger growing. “How could you babble like that? Am I an arsonist?”

“You can’t possibly recognize me now,” said the local spirit. “There was no such mountain in this place originally. Five hundred years ago, when the Great Sage caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, you were caught by Illustrious Sagacity and taken in custody to Laozi. He placed you inside the brazier of eight trigrams, and after the process of refinement, the reactionary vessel was opened. You jumped out, kicking over the elixir oven in the process, and a few bricks still on fire dropped down to this spot. They were transformed into the Mountain of Flames. I was then the Daoist worker attending the brazier in the Tushita Palace. Since Laozi blamed me for carelessness, I was banished to become the mountain’s local spirit.”

“No wonder you are dressed like this!” said Eight Rules, somewhat annoyed. “You were actually a Daoist!” Only half-believing what he heard, Pilgrim said, “Tell me further, why did you say that I had to fight King Powerful?”

“King Powerful,” said the local spirit, “happens to be the husband of Rākṣasī, but he left her some time ago and is currently residing at the Cloud-Touching Cave of the Hoard-Thunder Mountain. A fox king of ten thousand years used to be the cave-master there, but he passed away, leaving behind a daughter by the name of Princess Jade Countenance and a vast fortune with no one to care for it. Two years ago, when she learned that the Bull Demon King had enormous magic powers, she was willing to give up all her wealth as dowry and take him in as her consort. The Bull King thus abandoned Rākṣasī and hasn’t paid her a visit since. Only if the Great Sage succeeds in finding him can you acquire the real fan. If he is willing to lend it to you, you will be able to do three good deeds: one, enable your master to proceed on his journey; two, eliminate the blight of fire for the people of this region; and three, obtain a pardon for me so that I may return to Laozi in Heaven.”

“Where is this Hoard-Thunder Mountain,” asked Pilgrim, “and how far away is it?”

“Due south of here,” said the local spirit, “about three thousand miles.” On hearing this, Pilgrim told Eight Rules and Sha Monk to protect their master with care, and he gave instruction as well to the local spirit to remain and keep them company. With a loud whoosh, he at once disappeared.

In less than half an hour he came upon a tall mountain. He lowered his cloud and stood on the peak to look all around. It was indeed a fine mountain:

*Tall or not,
Its top touches the blue sky;
Deep or not,
Its roots reach the yellow spring.
Before the mountain the sun's warm;
Behind the mountain the wind's cold;
Before the mountain the sun's warm,
Though the winter plants do not know of it;
Behind the mountain the wind's cold:
Ice, e'en in late summer, stays unmelted.
The dragon lagoon joins a flowing brook;
Flowers bloom early by the cliff's tiger lair.
Water flows like countless strands of flying jade,
And flowers bloom like bunches of brocade.
Sinuous trees twist round the sinuous peak;
Craggy pines grow beyond the craggy rocks.
Truly we have
The mountain that's tall,
The cliff that's sheer,
The stream that's deep,
The flower that's fragrant,
The fruit that's pretty,
The wisteria that's red,
The pine that's blue,
The willow that's jade-green—
Their features in all climes remain the same;
Their hues stay vibrant in ten thousand years.*

After he looked at this scenery for a long time, our Great Sage walked down from the pointed summit to search for the way. He did not, in truth, know quite where to turn when a lissome young woman emerged from a shady pine forest, her hand holding a twig of fragrant orchid. Hiding himself behind some boulders, the Great Sage stared at her. How did she look, you ask?

*A coy, empire-toppling beauty,
In slow, sedate steps she walks.
With a face like Wang Qiang's,
With features like a girl of Chu,
She seems like a flower able to speak;
She resembles a fragrant figure of jade.
Her jet black hair-bun smartly rises high;
Her eyes, mascara-greened, shine like autumn's pools.
Beneath her silk skirt tiny shoes half-appear;
From sleeves, just upturned, extend long, white wrists.
How shall we speak of such seductive airs?
Truly she has pearl-like teeth, ruddy lips,
And moth-brows soft and smooth like the River Jin;*

She surpasses even Wenjun and Xue Tao.

Gradually, the girl drew near to the boulders. Bowing low to salute her, the Great Sage said slowly, “Lady Bodhisattva, where are you going?”

As the girl did not notice him at first, she raised her head only when she heard his voice, and all at once she discovered how ugly the appearance of the Great Sage was. Terrified, she could neither retreat nor advance, and, trembling all over, she forced herself to reply, “Where have you come from? To whom are you addressing your question?”

The Great Sage thought to himself, “If I mention the business of seeking scriptures, I fear that she may be related to the Bull King.

I’d better say something like I am some sort of a relative who has come here to invite the demon king to return home. Perhaps that may be acceptable. “When the girl, however, saw that he did not reply, her color changed and she said with anger in her voice, “Who are you and how dare you question me?”

Bowing again and smiling, the Great Sage said, “I have come from the Jade Cloud Mountain. As this is my first visit to your noble region, I don’t know my way. May I ask the Lady Bodhisattva whether this is the Hoard-Thunder Mountain?”

“Yes,” said the girl.

“There is a Cloud-Touching Cave,” said the Great Sage. “Where is it located?”

“Why do you want to find the cave?” asked the girl.

The Great Sage said, “I have been sent here by the Princess Iron-Fan of the Palm-Leaf Cave at Jade Cloud Mountain to fetch the Bull Demon King.”

Enraged by this one statement, the girl grew red from ear to ear and began to scream, “That filthy slut! She’s a real numbskull! It hasn’t been two years since the Bull King arrived in my house, and during that time, he has sent back to her God knows how many pieces of jewels and precious stones, how many bolts of silk and satin. He provides her with firewood by the year and with rice by the month so that she can enjoy her life to her heart’s content. Doesn’t she know shame at all? Why does she want you to fetch him now?” When the Great Sage heard these words, he knew that the girl had to be the Princess Jade Countenance. Deliberately pulling out his golden-hooped rod, he bellowed at her:

“You bitch! You used your wealth to buy the Bull King. Indeed, you got your man by throwing money away. Aren’t *you* ashamed? And you dare castigate someone else?” When that girl saw his savage appearance, she was so terrified that her spirit left her and her soul fled. Shaking all over, she turned and ran, while the Great Sage gave chase from behind, still shouting and hollering at her. After they went through the pine forest, the entrance of the Cloud-Touching Cave immediately came into view. The girl dashed inside and slammed the door shut. Only then did the Great Sage put away his golden-hooped rod and pause to glance about. Lovely place!

*Luxuriant forest;
Precipitous cliffs;
The broken shades of wisteria;
The sweet, pure scent of orchids.
A stream, gurgling jade, cuts through old bamboos;
Canny rocks know how to sport fallen blooms.*

*Mist enshrouds the distant hills;
 The sun and moon shine through cloud-screens.
 Dragons chant and tigers roar;
 Cranes cry and orioles sing.
 A loveable spot of pure serenity
 Where jade flowers and grass are ever bright—
 No less divine than a Tiantai cave,
 It surpasses e'en Peng- Ying of the seas.*

Let's not speak anymore of Pilgrim enjoying the scenery; we tell you instead about the girl, who ran until she perspired heavily and her heart pounded. She dashed into the library, where the Bull Demon King was quietly studying some books on elixir. Full of anguish, the girl fell onto his lap and began to wail, pinching her ears and scratching her cheeks. The Bull King smiled broadly and tried to placate her, saying, "Pretty Lady, don't be distressed. What's the matter?"

"Wretched demon!" cried the girl, jumping up and down. "You've just about killed me!"

"Why are you scolding me?" said the Bull King, laughing. "Because I lost my parents," said the girl, "I took you in so that I could have protection and care. You have the reputation in the world of being a hero, but you are actually a henpecked nitwit!" On hearing this, the Bull King embraced her and said, "Pretty Lady, where have I done wrong? Tell me slowly, and I'll apologize."

"Just now," said the girl, "I was taking a leisurely stroll outside the cave beneath the flowers to pick my orchids. I was stunned by a hairy-faced monk with a thunder god beak who suddenly barred my way and bowed to me. When I regained my composure and asked for his identity, he claimed that he was someone sent here by that Princess Iron-Fan to fetch the Bull Demon King. I tried to tell him off, but he gave me a severe reprimand instead and even chased me with a rod. If I hadn't run away so fast, I would have been struck to death by him. Isn't this calamity brought on by you? You're killing me!" When the Bull King heard what she said, he apologized to her and treated her with great tenderness. Only after a long time was the girl pacified, but then the Demon King became annoyed and said, "Pretty Lady, to tell you the truth, though that Palm-Leaf Cave is an out of the way place, it's an unsullied and comfortable spot. My wife, who has practiced self-cultivation since her youth, is also an immortal who has attained the Way. She presides, in fact, over a rather strict household, and there is not a single male within it at the moment, not even a baby boy. How could she have sent a man with a thunder god beak to make demands here? This has to be a fiend from somewhere who has falsely assumed her name to search for me. Let me go out and have a look."

Dear Demon King! He strode out of the library and went up to the main hall to put on his armor. After he was suited up properly, he picked up a cast-iron rod and went out of the door, crying, "Who is being so rowdy at my place?" When Pilgrim caught sight of him, the figure he saw was quite different from that of five hundred years ago. He saw that

*He had had on a wrought-iron helmet, water polished and silver bright;
 He wore a yellow gold cuirass lined with silk brocade;
 His feet were shod in a pair of pointed-toe and powdered-sole buckskin boots;
 His waist was tied with a lion king belt of triple-braided silk.
 A pair of eyes that shone like bright mirrors;*

*Two thick eyebrows that glowed like red lightning.
 His mouth seemed like a bloody bowl;
 His teeth stood like slabs of bronze.
 A roaring snort that made mountain gods cringe;
 An imposing stride that vile spirits feared.
 Famed in the four seas, he was named World- Wrecker,
 The Powerful of the West called Demon King.*

Straightening his clothes, our Great Sage walked forward and bowed deeply, saying, "Eldest Brother, do you still recognize me?" Returning his bow, the Bull King said, "Aren't you Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?"

"Indeed, I am," replied the Great Sage. "I have not had the privilege of bowing to you for a long time. Just now I had to ask a girl before I got to see you again. You look better than ever. Congratulations!"

"Stop this clever talk!" bellowed the Bull King. "I heard that as a result of your causing great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, you were pinned beneath the Mountain of Five Phases by the Buddhist Patriarch. Recently liberated from your Heaven-sent calamity, you were accompanying the Tang Monk to see Buddha for scriptures in the Western Heaven. But why did you bring harm to my son, Bull Holy Child, the master of Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Brook on Roaring Mountain? I'm quite mad at you already. Why are you here also looking for me?"

Bowing again to him, the Great Sage said, "Don't wrongly blame me, Eldest Brother. At that time your son caught my master and wanted to eat his flesh. Your youngest brother was not able to get near him at all, and it was fortunate that the Bodhisattva Guanyin came to rescue my master. She persuaded your son to return to the right. Now he has become the Boy of Goodly Wealth, a rank higher even than yours, and he's enjoying the halls of ultimate bliss and the joys of everlasting life. Is there anything wrong with that? Why blame me instead?"

"You smart-mouthed ape!" scolded the Bull King. "I'll let you talk yourself free of the charge of hurting my son.

But why did you insult my beloved concubine and attack her right at my door?" With a laugh, the Great Sage said, "Because I had a hard time trying to find you, I questioned that girl, but I had no idea that she was my second Sister-in-law. She scolded me a little, and I lost my head momentarily and treated her rather roughly. I beg Eldest Brother to pardon me, please!"

"If you put it that way," said the Bull King, "I'll spare you for old time's sake. Leave!"

"I can't thank you enough," said the Great Sage, "for your great kindness. But I still have another matter that I must bring to you, and I beg you to be hospitable."

"Monkey," scolded the Bull King, "you don't know your limits! I've spared you already. Instead of going away, you stay here to pester me. What's this business about being hospitable?"

"To tell you the truth, Eldest Brother," said the Great Sage, "I was accompanying the Tang Monk on his westward journey, but our path was blocked by the Mountain of Flames and we couldn't proceed. When we asked the natives of that region, we learned that my esteemed Sister-in-law, Rāṣṣī had in her possession a palm-leaf fan. Since it could be used to extinguish the fire, we went to your house and begged

her to lend it to us. She adamantly refused. That's why I now come to you and beg you to extend to us the compassion of Heaven and Earth. Go with me to the place of my big Sister-in-law and persuade her to lend us the fan. As soon as the Tang Monk has safely crossed the Mountain of Flames, we shall return it to you." When he heard these words, the Bull King could not suppress the fire leaping up in his heart. He gritted his teeth and shouted, "You claimed you weren't rowdy, but you wanted the fan all along. You must have insulted my wife first, and when she refused, you came to find me. What's more, you even chased my beloved concubine around! As the proverb says,

*Ye must not slight
A friend's wife of thine,
Nor must ye snub
A friend's concubine.*

You have, in fact, insulted my wife and snubbed my concubine. How insolent can you be? Come up here and have a taste of my rod!"

"If you mention fight," said the Great Sage, "you won't frighten me. But I have come to beg you for the fan in all earnestness. Please lend it to me!"

The Bull King said, "If you can withstand me for three rounds, I'll tell my wife to give it to you. If not, I'll kill you—just to relieve my wrath!"

"You are right, Eldest Brother," replied the Great Sage. "I have been rather remiss in visiting you, and I don't know whether your martial skill is as good as previous years. Let us practice a little with our rods." Without permitting further talk, the Bull King wielded his cast-iron rod and brought it down hard on his visitor's head, and it was met by the golden-hooped rod of the Great Sage. The two of them thus began quite a battle:

*The golden-hooped rod,
The cast-iron rod—
Their colors change and they speak no more as friends.
That one says, "I still blame you, Monkey, for hurting my son!"
This one says, "Your son has attained the Way, so don't get mad!"
That one says, "How dare you be so brash as to approach my door?"
This one says, "I have good reason to give you a request."
One wants the fan to protect the Tang Monk;
One is too stingy to lend the palm-leaf.
Words are exchanged, their old amity's gone;
Friendship destroyed, they have but anger left.
The Bull King's rod like a dragon rears up;
The Great Sage's rod comes, gods and ghosts take flight.
Before the mountain they battle at first;
Then they rise jointly on auspicious clouds
To show in midair their great magic might,
To flaunt their powers in five-colored lights.
Two rods resound to shake the gates of Heav'n—
None's the stronger, they're evenly matched.*

Our Great Sage and the Bull King fought for over one hundred rounds, but no decision could be reached.

In that moment when it was virtually impossible to separate the two of them, someone suddenly called out from the mountain peak:

“Sire Bull, my Great King sends you his earnest invitation. Please come early so that the banquet may begin.” On hearing this, the Bull King stopped the golden-hooped rod with his cast-iron rod and said, “Monkey, you stop for a moment. I have to attend a banquet in a friend’s house first.”

He dropped down at once from the clouds and went inside the cave to say to Princess Jade Countenance, “Pretty Lady, that man just now with a thundergod beak happens to be the monkey, Sun Wukong, who has been driven away by the blows of my rod. He won’t dare return. I am off to drink in a friend’s house.”

He took off his armor and put on instead a duck-green silk jacket.

Walking outside, he mounted a water-repellent golden-eyed beast, and, after giving instructions to the little ones to guard the door, departed midway between cloud and fog toward the northwest.

When the Great Sage, standing on the tall summit, saw him leave, he thought to himself, “I wonder what sort of friend that old Bull has, and where he is going to attend a banquet. Let old Monkey follow him.”

Dear Pilgrim! With one shake of his body he changed into a gust of wind to catch up with the Bull King and proceed with him. In a little while, they arrived at a mountain, and the Bull King soon disappeared. Collecting himself to change back into his true form, the Great Sage entered the mountain to look around, and he came upon a deep lagoon with lovely clear water. There was, beside the lagoon, a stone tablet, on which there was in large letters this inscription:

Scattered-Rocks Mountain, Green Wave Lagoon. The Great Sage thought to himself, “That old Bull must have gone into the water, and an aquatic fiend has to be some kind of dragon spirit, fish spirit, or turtle spirit. Let old Monkey go in also to have a look.”

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and with one shake of his body changed into a crab; neither too big nor too small, it weighed about thirty-six pounds. He leaped into the water with a splash and sank quickly to the bottom of the lagoon. There he saw all at once a towered gateway with finely carved openwork. Beneath the arch there was tied the waterrepellent golden-eyed beast, but it was waterless inside the gateway. Crawling through, the Great Sage stared all around and he heard the sound of music coming from buildings still further in. This is what he saw:

*Scarlet halls and shelled arches
Not commonly found in this world;
Roof tiles made of yellow gold;
Door frames formed by milk-white jade;
Railings built from coral twigs;
Spread screens of tortoise-shell inlay.
Auspicious clouds hang o’er the lotus throne—
Above, the Three Lights, below, the Milky Way.
Though it’s not Heav’n or the sea’s treasure chest,
This place quite rivals the island of Peng.
Guests and hosts gather in a tall banquet hall;*

*Pearls stud the caps of officials great and small.
 They beckon jade girls to serve their ivory trays;
 They urge divine maids to make merry tunes.
 Long whales squeal;
 Huge crabs dance;
 Scorpaenids play flutes;
 Iguanas roll drums.
 Rare, lustrous pearls light up the food and drink;
 Nature's patterns are carved on kingfisher screens.
 Shrimp-whiskered curtains hang o'er corridors.
 Eight instruments play in divine harmony,
 Their glorious tones resound throughout the sky.
 Green-headed perch-cocottes stroke the zithers,
 And red-eyed young boys blow the flutes of jade.
 Perch matrons present the venison stripes;
 Gold-phoenix hairpins crown the dragon girls.
 What they have to eat:
 The eight treasure dainties of Heaven's kitchen;
 What have they to drink:
 The rich mellow brew from the purple mansion.*

Sitting above in the middle honored seat was the Bull Demon King, while several female dragon spirits sat on his immediate left and right. Facing him was an old dragon spirit, attended by scores of dragon sons, dragon grandsons, dragon grandmothers, and dragon daughters on both sides. They were toasting one another and drinking with abandon when the Great Sage Sun walked right in. The old dragon caught sight of him, and he at once gave the order:

“Seize that wild crab!”

The various dragon sons and grandsons surged forward and took hold of the Great Sage, who assumed human speech, crying, “Spare me! Spare me!”

The old dragon said, “Where did you come from, wild crab? How dare you barge into our hall and hobble around without permission? Confess quickly, and we'll spare your life!”

Dear Great Sage! With specious words of a lyric to the tune of “Moon Over West River,” he made this confession:

*Since birth the lake's my livelihood,
 I dwell in a cave by the ridge.
 Of late time's passage has my body freed—
 My rank, Private Sidewise- Carriage.
 Treading on grass and trailing mud,
 I've ne'er learned to walk properly.
 Untaught in law, I your kingly might offend;
 I beg your Grace to pardon me.*

When those spirits attending the banquet heard what he said, they all rose to bow to the old dragon and to say, “This is the first time that Private Crab has entered the royal palace, and he's unfamiliar with the proper etiquette. We beg our lord to pardon him.”

The old dragon expressed his consent, and one of the spirits gave this command:

“Release him. We’ll stay the sentence of flogging. Let him go outside and wait on us.”

The Great Sage dutifully gave his obedient reply before fleeing outside. Once he reached the towered gateway, he thought to himself, “This Bull King is so fond of his cup. How could I wait for him to leave here? And even when he leaves, he won’t lend me the fan. Why don’t I steal his golden-eyed beast, change into his appearance, and go deceive that Rākṣasī? I can then wangle her fan and help my master cross the mountain. That’s a much better move.”

Dear Great Sage! Changing back into his original form all at once, he untied the reins of the golden-eyed beast and mounted the carved saddle. He rode it out of the lagoon’s bottom and went up to the surface of the water. He then changed himself into the form of the Bull King; whipping the beast and mounting the clouds, he reached the entrance of the Palm-Leaf Cave on the Jade Cloud Mountain in no time. “Open the door!” he cried, and two maids inside immediately opened the door when they heard his call. When they saw, moreover, that it was the Bull King, they rushed inside to report:

“Madam, our sire has come home.” On hearing this, Rākṣasī quickly straightened her hairdo and walked out of her room to receive him. Our Great Sage thus

*Dismounted
To lead in the golden-eyed beast;
In boldness
He would deceive the fair lady.*

As Rākṣasī had only eyes of flesh, she could not recognize him. They entered the cave hand in hand, and she told the maids to present tea. When the whole family saw that the master had returned, each member treated him with great respect.

In not time at all, the couple were exchanging greetings. “Madam,” said the specious Bull King, “it’s been a long time!”

“I wish the Great King ten thousand blessings,” replied Rākṣasī, and then she said, “the Great King is so partial toward his newlywed that he has forsaken this humble maid. Which gust of wind today has blown you back here?” Smiling at her, our Great Sage said, “I dare not forsake you. Since I was invited to join Princess Jade Countenance, however, I was plagued by all kinds of domestic concerns as well as by the affairs of my friends. That’s why I have stayed away for so long, as I had to take care of another household. Anyway, I heard recently that the fellow Wukong, in the company of the Tang Monk, is about to arrive at the Mountain of Flames. I fear that he may want to ask you for the fan. I hate him, and we have yet to avenge our son’s wrongs.

When he comes, send someone to report to me at once so that I can seize him and have him chopped to pieces. Only that can bring us satisfaction.” On hearing this Rākṣasī fell to weeping and said, “Great King, the proverb says:

*A man without wife, his wealth has no boss;
A woman with no husband herself has no boss.*

My life was nearly taken by this monkey!” When he heard that, the Great Sage pretended to be outraged. “When did this wretched ape pass through here?” he cried. “He hasn’t yet,” replied Rākṣasī. “But he came here yesterday to borrow our fan. Because he brought harm to our son, I put on my armor and went outside to hack at him

with my swords. Enduring the pain, he addressed me even as sister-in-law, saying that he was once your bond-brother.”

“There were indeed seven of us,” said the Great Sage, “who entered into a fraternal alliance some five hundred years ago.”

“He didn’t dare answer me at first,” said Rākṣasī, “even when I scolded him, nor did he dare raise his hands when I hacked him with the swords. Afterwards, I fanned him once and sent him away. But he found some sort of wind-arresting magic somewhere and came to our door again this morning to make noises. I used the fan on him once more, but this time I couldn’t budge him at all. When I attacked him then with the swords, he wasn’t so kind anymore. I was intimidated by the weight of his rod and ran inside the cave, tightly shutting the door. I didn’t know where or how he got through, but he managed to crawl into my stomach and almost took my life. I had to address him several times as brother-in-law and give him the fan.”

Again feigning dismay the Great Sage pounded his chest and said, “What a pity! What a pity! You have made a mistake, Madam! How could you give our treasure to that monkey? I’m so upset I could die!” Laughing, Rākṣasī said, “Please don’t get mad, Great King, I gave him a fake fan, just to get him away.”

“Where did you put the real one?” asked the Great Sage. “Relax! Relax!” replied Rākṣasī. “It’s in my possession.”

After she ordered the maids to prepare wine to welcome him, she took up the cup herself and presented it, saying, “Great King, you may have your newfound joy, but don’t ever forget your proper wedded wife. Please have a cup of home brew.”

The Great Sage did not dare refuse it; he had no choice, in fact, but to raise the cup and say to her, full of smiles, “Madam, please drink first. Because I had to look after external property, I was away from you for a long time. You have been good enough to watch over our home day and night. Please accept my thanks.” Rākṣasī took the cup and filled it some more before handing it to the Great King again, saying, “As the ancients put it, a wife is one who manages, but the husband is like a father who provides support. What is there to thank me for?”

Thus the two of them conversed with great courtesy before they sat down to drink and eat in earnest. Not daring to break his vegetarian diet, the Great Sage took only a few fruits to keep the conversation going.

After drinking a few rounds, Rākṣasī felt somewhat tipsy and her passion was gradually aroused. She began to move closer to the Great Sage Sun, rubbing against him and leaning on him.

*Holding hands with him,
She murmured affection;
Shoulder to shoulder,
She whispered endearment.*

She took a mouthful of wine, and then he took also a mouthful of wine from the same cup. They also traded fruits with their mouths.

The Great Sage, of course, was feigning tenderness in all this, although he had no choice but to laugh and dally with her. Truly

*“The muse’s hook”—
“The sorrow’s broom”—*

*To banish all cares nothing's better than wine!
 The man resolves to act with less restraint;
 The girl has slackened and begins to laugh.
 Her face reddens like a ripe peach;
 Her body sways like young willow.
 They mumble and murmur, thus the prattle grows;
 They pinch and they fondle with flirtatious glee.
 Often she strokes her hair
 And wields her dainty hands.
 Her tiny feet she'd wiggle frequently
 And shake her sleeves a few times purposely.
 She'd lower her creamy neck;
 She'd twist her slender waist.
 Amorous words would never leave her lips;
 Gold buttons loosened, her bosom's half-revealed.
 Her reason truly totters for she's drunk.
 Rubbing her glazed eyes, she's almost disgraced.*

When the Great Sage saw that she was acting with such abandon, he took care to bait her with the words, “Madam, where have you put the real fan? You must be careful constantly, for I fear that Pilgrim Sun with his many ways of transformation will sneak in somehow and wangle it.”

Giggling, Rākṣasī spat out a tiny fan no bigger than an almond leaf. Handing it over to the Great Sage, she said, “Isn’t this the treasure?” When he held it in his hand, the Great Sage could not believe what he saw, and he thought to himself, “This little thing! How could it extinguish the flames? Could this be another false one?” When Rākṣasī saw him staring at the treasure in complete silence, she could not refrain from putting her powdered face up to Pilgrim’s and calling out, “Dearest, put away the treasure and drink. What are you thinking of, anyway?” Immediately the Great Sage took this opportunity to follow up with the question, “A tiny thing like this, how could it extinguish eight hundred miles of flames?” Since the wine had virtually overwhelmed her true nature, Rākṣasī felt no constraint whatever and she at once revealed the truth, saying, “Great King, in these two years of separation, you must have given yourself over to pleasures night and day, allowing that Princess Jade Countenance to dissipate even your intelligence! How could you possibly forget how your own treasure works? Use your left thumb to press the seventh red thread attached to the fan’s handle and utter the magic words, *Hui-xu-he-xi-xi-chui-hu*, and it will grow to twelve feet long. This treasure can change in boundless ways. You may have eighty thousand miles of flames, but one wave of the fan will extinguish them all.”

Tucking these words firmly in his memory, the Great Sage put the fan inside his mouth before giving his own face a wipe to change back to his original form. “Rākṣasī,” he shouted, “take a good look at me to see if I’m your dear husband! How you’ve pestered me with all your shameful doings! Aren’t you embarrassed?” So astonished was that woman by the sight of Pilgrim that she fell to the ground, kicking over the tables and chairs. She was smitten with such terrible shame that she could only cry, “I’m so mad I could die! I’m so mad I could die!” Our Great Sage, of course, had no regard for her whether she was dead or alive. Struggling free, he left the Palm-Leaf Cave in big strides; truly

With no desire for such beauty,

He triumphed in gaiety.

Leaping up, he mounted the auspicious cloud to rise to the tall summit, where he spat out the fan at once to test its magic. Using his left thumb to press on the seventh red thread attached to the fan's handle, he recited:

"Hui-xu-he-xi-xi-chui-hu." Immediately it grew to twelve feet long. When he examined it carefully in his hand, he found that it was indeed quite different from the one before. The whole fan was shrouded by auspicious light and hallowed airs, and it was covered by thirty-six strands of red threads, plaited warp and weft.

Pilgrim, however, had only acquired the magic of enlarging it, and he had not thought of asking Rākṣasī for the oral formula to make it small again. After fussing with the fan for some time without being able to alter its size at all, he had no choice but to carry it on his shoulder and find his way back. We shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you instead about that Bull Demon King, who finally ended the banquet with those various spirits at the bottom of the Green Wave Lagoon. When he walked out of the door, he discovered that the water-repellent golden-eyed beast had disappeared. Calling the spirits together, the old dragon king asked, "Who stole the golden-eyed beast of Sire Bull?"

The spirits all knelt down and said, "No one would dare steal the beast. After all, all of us were presenting wines and serving the trays before the banquet, while others sang and made music. There was no one out in front."

"No member of this family," said the old dragon, "would ever dare do such a thing, I know. But did any stranger come in?"

"Shortly after we took our seats," said one of the dragon sons, "there was a crab spirit who got in here. He was a stranger, all right." On hearing this, the Bull King at once realized what had happened. "No need to talk anymore," he said. "At the time when the invitation of my worthy friend arrived, I was just doing battle with one Sun Wukong, who was accompanying the Tang Monk to seek scriptures. When they could not pass the Mountain of Flames, Sun came to ask me for the palm-leaf fan. I refused and we fought to a draw. Then I left him to attend your great banquet, but that ape has extraordinary intelligence and vast abilities. He must have taken the form of the crab spirit to spy on us, steal the beast, and then go off to my wife's place to try to wangle that palm-leaf fan." When they heard this, all those spirits shook with fear. "Is this the Sun Wukong who caused great disturbance in the celestial palace?" they asked.

The Bull King said, "The very same. All of you should take care to avoid offending him on the road to the West."

"In that case," said the old dragon, "what will you do about your beast of burden, Great King?"

"Don't worry," said the Bull King, laughing. "Please go away now. Let me chase him down."

He opened up a path in the water and leaped out of the lagoon. Mounting a yellow cloud, he soon arrived at the Palm-Leaf Cave in the Jade Cloud Mountain, where he heard Rākṣasī wailing loudly, beating her chest and stamping her feet. He pushed open the door and saw the water-repellent golden-eyed beast tied up inside. "Madam," shouted the Bull King, "where has Sun Wukong gone to?" When the maids saw the Bull Demon, they all went to their knees to say, "Sire, have you returned?"

Catching hold of the Bull King, Rākṣasī began to ram him with her head as she screamed:

“You wretched reprobate! How could you be so careless and allow that ape to steal your golden-eyed beast, change into your appearance, and deceive me here?”

Gritting his teeth, the Bull King said, “Where did that ape go?” Rākṣasī pounded her own chest some more and screamed again. “After he wangled our treasure, that miserable ape changed back into his original form and left. Oh, I’m so mad I could die!”

“Madam,” said the Bull King, “please take care of yourself, and don’t be distressed. Let me catch up with the ape and get back our treasure. I’ll skin him, I’ll break his bones, and I’ll gouge out his heart—just to give you satisfaction!”

Then he bellowed, “Bring me my weapon!” One of the maids said, “But your weapon isn’t here.”

“Then bring me the weapons of your mistress,” said the Bull King.

The maids at once took out the two blue-bladed treasure swords. Taking off his duck-green silk jacket that he wore to the banquet, the Bull King tightened the belt around his undershirt before he took up the swords with both hands and walked out of the Palm-Leaf Cave to give chase toward the Mountain of Flames. So it was that

*The ungrateful man
Had the silly wife deceived;
The fiery demon
Now approached the disciple.*

We do not know whether good or ill will befall him after he leaves; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-ONE

*Zhu Eight Rules assists in defeating the demon king
Pilgrim Sun baits for the third time the palm-leaf fan*

We tell you now about that Bull Demon King, who caught up with the Great Sage Sun. When he saw that the Great Sage was carrying the palm-leaf fan on his shoulder and walking merrily along, he was greatly shaken. “So this monkey,” said the Demon King to himself, “has succeeded in swindling even the method of operating the fan! If I ask him for it face to face, he will certainly refuse me.

Moreover, if he fans at me once, he will send me one hundred and eight thousand miles away. Wouldn’t that be to his liking? I have heard that the Tang Monk on his journey is also accompanied by a Hog spirit and a Flowing-Sand spirit, both of whom I met in previous years when they were fiends. Let me change into the appearance of that Hog spirit to deceive the monkey instead. I suppose he’s so pleased with his own success that he must have thrown caution to the winds.”

Dear Demon King! He, too, was capable of undergoing seventy-two types of transformation, and his martial skill was about the same as that of the Great Sage, albeit his body was huskier, less agile, and not as nimble. Putting away his treasure swords, he recited a spell and, with one shake of his body, changed into the exact appearance of Eight Rules. He sneaked up to the road in front and then walked back facing the Great Sage, calling out:

“Elder Brother, I’m here.” Our Great Sage was indeed quite pleased with himself! As the ancients said,

The cat triumphant purrs like a tiger.

He was thinking only of his own prowess and hardly paid attention to the design of this person drawing near. When he saw a figure resembling Eight Rules, he at once spoke up:

“Brother, where are you going?”

“When Master saw that you didn’t return after such a long time,” replied the Bull Demon King, working his ploy, “he was afraid that the Bull Demon King was too powerful for you to overcome, and that it would be difficult for you to get his treasure. He therefore asked me to come to meet you.”

“Don’t bother,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “I’ve made it.”

“How did you make it?” asked the Bull King.

Pilgrim said, “That old Bull tangled with me for over a hundred rounds and we fought to a draw. Then he left me to drink with a bunch of female dragons and dragon spirits at the bottom of the Green Wave Lagoon in the Scattered-Rocks Mountain. I followed him secretly by changing into the form of a crab:

I stole the water-repellent golden-eyed beast on which he was riding and then changed into the form of the old Bull to go deceive that Rākṣasī in the Palm-Leaf Cave. That woman and old Monkey became a bogus couple for awhile, during which time I managed to wangle the treasure from her.”

“You’ve been sorely taxed, Elder Brother,” said the Bull King, “and you’re working too hard. Let me carry the fan for you.”

As the Great Sage Sun had no concern to distinguish between the true and the false, he handed over the fan immediately.

That Bull King, of course, knew how to make the fan grow big or small. After he took it in his hands, he recited some kind of a spell and it at once became as tiny as an almond leaf. Changing back into his true form, he shouted, “Wretched ape! Can you recognize me?” On seeing him, Pilgrim sighed, “It’s my fault this time!”

Then he stamped his feet and bellowed, “Damn! I’ve been shooting wild geese for years, but now a tiny goose has pecked me blind!”

He became so enraged that he whipped out his iron rod and slammed it down hard on the Bull King’s head. Stepping aside, the Demon King at once used the fan on him. He did not know, however, that when the Great Sage changed previously into a tiny mole cricket to enter the stomach of Rākṣasī, he still had in his mouth that Wind-Arresting Elixir, which he swallowed unwittingly. All his viscera had become firm; his skin and bones were wholly fortified. No matter how hard the Bull King fanned at him, he could not be moved. Horrified, the Bull King tossed the treasure into his own mouth so that he could wield the swords with both of his hands to slash at his opponent. It was some battle that the two of them waged in midair:

*The Great Sage Sun, Equal to Heaven—
The world-wrecker, lawless Bull King—
Because of the palm-leaf fan,
They met, each flaunting his might.
The careless Great Sage had people deceived;
The audacious Bull King did swindle the fan.
For this one, the golden-hooped rod uplifted could no mercy show,
For that one, the double blue-blades had both power and skill.
The Great Sage exerting his vigor belched colored fog;
The Bull King letting loose violence spat out white rays.
A test of strength
By two dogged foes;
Gritting their teeth, they loudly huffed and puffed.
Spraying dirt and dust made dim Heav’n and Earth;
Flying rocks and sand awed both ghosts and gods.
This one said, “You dare be so foolish as to trick me back?”
That one said, “Would my wife permit you to checkmate her?”
Their words grew rough;
Their tempers flared.
That one said, “You cheat someone’s wife, and you deserve to die!
You’ll be found guilty when I file my charge!”
The sly Equal to Heaven Sage—
The ferocious King Powerful—
They wished only to kill
And no discussion allowed.
The rod struck, the swords came, both working hard.
A little slackness will make you see Yama King!*

We shall leave this intense conflict between the two of them for the moment and tell you instead about the Tang Monk, who was sitting by the road racked by heat, thirst, and anxiety. He said to the local spirit of the Mountain of Flames, “May I inquire of the honorable deity, how powerful is that Bull Demon King?”

“That Bull King,” replied the local spirit, “has vast, boundless magic powers. He is, in fact, the real match of the Great Sage Sun.”

“Wukong is usually quite able when it comes to traveling,” said Tripitaka. “A couple of thousand miles hardly requires very much time for him to be back. How is it that he’s gone for a whole day today? He must be fighting with the Bull King.”

Then he called out:

“Wuneng, Wujing, which of you would like to go meet your elder brother? If you happen to see him fighting our adversary, you can lend him assistance, so that all of you can acquire the fan to relieve my distress. Once we get across this mountain, we can be on our way again.”

“It’s getting late,” said Eight Rules. “I’d like to go meet him, but I don’t know my way to the Hoard-Thunder Mountain.”

“This humble deity knows the way,” said the local spirit. “Let’s ask the Curtain-Raising Captain to keep your master company. I’ll go with you.”

Highly pleased, Tripitaka said, “Thank you for taking the trouble. I’ll express my gratitude once more when merit is achieved.” Rousing himself, Eight Rules tightened his black silk shirt and put the rake on his shoulder before rising with the local spirit on cloud and fog to head for the east. As they proceeded, they suddenly heard terrific shouts and the howling of wind. When he stopped his cloud to look, Eight Rules discovered that Pilgrim Sun was just doing battle with the Bull King. “Go forward, Heavenly Reeds,” said the local spirit. “What are you waiting for?”

Firmly gripping his muckrake, our Idiot shouted, “Elder Brother, I’m here!”

“Coolie,” said Pilgrim spitefully, “how you’ve upset my great enterprise!”

“Master told me to come meet you,” said Eight Rules, “but since I didn’t know the way, I had to discuss the matter before the local spirit agreed to lead me here. I know I’m late, but what do you mean by upsetting your great enterprise?”

“I’m not blaming you for your tardiness,” said Pilgrim. “It’s this wretched bull who is most audacious! I got hold of the fan from Rākṣasī, but this fellow changed into your appearance, saying that he came here to meet me. I was so pleased at that moment that I handed over the fan to him. He then changed back to his true form and strove with old Monkey at this place. That’s what I meant by upsetting my great enterprise.” Infuriated by what he heard, our Idiot lifted high his muckrake and screamed, “You bloody plague! How dare you change into the form of your ancestor, deceive my elder brother, and cause enmity to rise among us brothers?” Look at him! He charged into the fray and showered blows madly on the Bull King with his rake. The Bull King, after all, had fought with Pilgrim for nearly one whole day; when he saw how savagely Eight Rules was attacking him with his rake, he could no longer stand his ground and retreated in defeat.

His way was barred, however, by the local spirit leading a host of ghost soldiers. “King Powerful,” said the local spirit, “you’d better stop! There is no god who would not protect the Tang Monk on his journey to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven, no

Heaven who would not grant him his blessing. This enterprise is known throughout the Three Regions; it has the support of all ten quarters. Quickly use your fan to extinguish the flames so that he may cross the mountain unharmed and unhindered. Otherwise, Heaven will find you guilty and you will certainly be executed.”

“Local spirit,” said the Bull King, “you’re completely unreasonable! That wretched ape robbed me of my son, insulted my concubine, and deceived my wife. These were his misdeeds time and again. I hate him so much I wish I could swallow him whole and reduce him to dung to feed the dogs! How could I give him my treasure?”

Hardly had he finished speaking when Eight Rules caught up with him, screaming, “You bezoardic bull! Take out the fan quickly, and I’ll spare your life!”

The Bull King had no choice but to turn and fight Eight Rules again with the treasure swords, while the Great Sage Sun raised his rod to help his companion. This was again some battle!

*A spirit-boar,
A fiend-bull,
And an ape who stole to Heav’n to gain the Way.
As always Chan nature knows smelting and strife,
For earth must be used to fuse the primal cause.
The rake’s nine prongs are both pointed and sharp;
The treasure swords’ two blades are quick and smooth.
The iron rod in use is determination’s staff;
Earth god assists to make elixir-head.
Three parties together thus feud and strive,
Each showing his talents to try to win.
Seize the bull to plow and gold coins will grow;
Recall hog to stove, and wood breath’s retrieved.
With absent mind, how could one practice Dao?
To make spirit guard home’s to bind the ape.
They brawl and growl
In bitter quest:
Three kinds of weapon thus crackle and clang.
The rake rakes, the swords cut with wicked aim
And with good cause rises the gold-hooped rod.
They fight till stars lose their brightness and the moon its light,
Till the sky’s full of cold fog dense and dark.*

Plunging into the battle with fresh courage, the Demon King fought as he moved along. They strove for a whole night but no decision could be reached. By morning, they had arrived at the entrance of the Cloud-Touching Cave of the Hoard-Thunder Mountain.

The deafening din created by the three fighters, the local spirit, and the band of ghost soldiers soon alerted the Princess Jade Countenance, who asked the maids to see who was making all the racket. The little fiends came back to report:

“It’s the sire of our family fighting with the fellow who came here yesterday, the one who had a thunder-god beak. Joining the battle are also a monk with long snout and huge ears and the local spirit of the Mountain of Flames with his followers.” When she heard this, Princess Jade Countenance at once summoned the captains, young and old,

of the external guards and ordered them to give armed assistance to her husband. The various soldiers, tall and short, that they managed to call up numbered over a hundred, all of them eager to show off their vigor. Gripping lances and waving rods, they swarmed out of the door, shouting, “Sire Great King, by the order of Madam, we have come to assist you.”

Highly pleased, the Bull King said, “Welcome! Welcome!”

The fiends rushed forward to attack. Taken completely by surprise, Eight Rules could not fend off so many opponents and he fled in defeat, his rake trailing behind him. The Great Sage too mounted his cloud somersault to leap free of the encirclement, and the various ghost soldiers immediately scattered. Having thus achieved his victory, the old Bull gathered back the various fiends to return to the cave and to shut the door tightly, where we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who, after getting away, said to Eight Rules and the local spirit, “This fellow’s very tough! Since about the hour of *shen* yesterday, he fought with old Monkey until nightfall and we couldn’t reach a decision. Then the two of you arrived to relieve me. But after we went through the bitter struggle of half a day and one whole night, he still didn’t seem to tire very much. And the band of little fiends who came out just now also appeared to be quite tough. Now that he has shut his door tightly and refused to come out, what shall we do?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you left Master yesterday in the morning. How was it that you didn’t start fighting with him until some time in the afternoon? Where were you during those few hours in between?” Pilgrim said, “Since I left you people, I was on this mountain in an instant. I ran into a young woman whom I saluted, and she turned out to be the Princess Jade Countenance, his beloved concubine. I gave her a scare with my iron rod, and she ran into the cave to bring out the Bull King, who harangued old Monkey for some time before we began to fight. After about two hours, someone came to invite him to a banquet. I followed him to the Green Wave Lagoon at the Scattered-Rocks Mountain, where I spied on him and his hosts by changing into a crab. I then succeeded in stealing his water-repellent golden-eyed beast and took on the appearance of the Bull King.

Returning to the Palm-Leaf Cave on the Jade Cloud Mountain, I fooled Rākṣasī and wangled the fan from her. After leaving her door, I tried to work the magic: the fan was enlarged all right, but I forgot to ask her for the formula to make it small again. As I journeyed back carrying the fan on my shoulder, the Bull King met me, having assumed your features, and wangled the fan back. That’s what happened during all that time.”

Eight Rules said, “It’s like what the proverb says,

*A bean-curd boat capsized in the ocean—
In liquid they come,
In water they go!*

If it’s so difficult to get his fan, how can we help Master cross this mountain? Let’s go back, find another way, and scat!”

“Please don’t be anxious, Great Sage,” said the local spirit, “and you shouldn’t slacken, Heavenly Reeds. When you mention finding another way, you are bound to fall into heterodoxy, and you are no longer someone concerned with the proper method of cultivation.

As the ancients said, where can one walk but on the main road? How can you possibly think of finding another way? Remember your master, now sitting with bulging eyes by the road and waiting for you to succeed!”

Growing vehement, Pilgrim said, “Exactly! Exactly! Don’t talk nonsense, Idiot! What the local spirit said is quite right. With that demon we are just about to

*Wage a contest
And try our gifts.
Let me exploit my vast transforming powers.
Since coming West I’ve ne’er met a true foe,
For Bull King in fact was from Mind Monkey changed.
Now’s the best time for us to meet the source.
We must fight to borrow the treasure fan.
With pure and cool
To snuff the flames,
The stubborn void smashed, we’ll see Buddha’s face.
Merit fulfilled we’ll rise to ultimate bliss:
We’ll all then attend Buddha’s Birthday Feast!”*

Greatly inspired by these words he heard, Eight Rules exerted himself even more and replied earnestly:

*Yes! Yes! Yes!
Go! Go! Go!
Who cares if the Bull King says yes or no!
Wood’s born at Boar, the hog’s its proper mate,
Who’ll lead back the Bull to return to earth.
Monkey is the metal born under shen:
Peaceful and docile, how harmonious!
Use the palm-leaf
As water’s sign.
When flames are extinct, Completion’s attained.
In hard work we persist both night and day
And rush, merit done, to Ullambana Feast.*

Leading the local spirit and the ghost soldiers, the two of them rushed forward and, with their muckrake and iron rod, smashed to pieces the front door of the Cloud-Touching Cave. The captain of the external guards was so terrified that he dashed inside to make his report, trembling all over:

“Great King, Sun Wukong has led a crowd to break down our front door!”

The Bull King was just telling the Princess Jade Countenance all that had taken place and how deeply he hated Pilgrim. When he heard that his front door had been broken down, he became enraged. Putting on his armor hurriedly, he took up the iron rod and came out. “Wretched ape!” he expostulated as he emerged. “How big do you think you are, that you let loose such violence here and break down my door?”

Eight Rules rushed forward and roared, “You old carcass! What sort of a person are you that you dare measure someone else? Don’t run away! Watch my rake!”

“An overgorged coolie like you,” shouted the Bull King, “isn’t that impressive! Tell that monkey to come up here quickly!”

“You stupid grass-eater!” said Pilgrim. “Yesterday, I was still talking to you as a bond-brother, but today you are my enemy. Take care to taste my rod!”

Boldly the Bull King met the two of them, and the conflict this time was even more fierce than the last one. Three valiant persons, all tangled together. What a battle!

*Muckrake and rod exert their godly might.
They lead ghost soldiers the old bull to fight,
Who displays alone his violent trait
And his magic powers vast as Heaven.
One uses his rake to rake;
One uses his rod to strike;
The heroic iron's more uncanny still.
Three kinds of weapon make clangorous sounds:
They block, they parry, they will yield to none.
He claims he's the first;
He claims he's on top.
Ghost soldiers, looking on, can't separate
Wood and earth feuding and darting up and down.
These two say, "Why don't you lend us the palm-leaf fan?"
That one says, "How dare you be so bold as to trick my wife?
I have yet to avenge my hunted mistress and my son,
When you alarm us some more by breaking our door."
This one says, "You just watch out for my compliant rod.
One tiny brush and it will tear your skin!"
That one says, "Do try to dodge the rake's sharp teeth!
One wound will make nine bloody holes!"
Undaunted the Bull Demon lets loose his power;
His iron rod held high, he waits for his chance.
They churn up rain and cloud, going back and forth.
They belch out wind and fog and do as they please.
For this bitter struggle they risk their lives.
They, full of hate, with each other strive.
The stylized limbs
Go up and down;
They cover the front, the back without let up.
Two brothers together now strain and toil;
One man with one rod performs all alone.
From dawn till late morning they fight and fight;
At last the Bull Demon will leave with his hands tied.*

With no thought for life or death, the three of them again fought for over one hundred rounds, when Eight Rules, his idiotic nature aroused and strengthened by the magic power of Pilgrim, began to attack madly with his rake. No longer able to ward off the blows, the Bull King fled in defeat and headed straight for the cave's entrance. Leading the ghost soldiers to bar the way, the local spirit shouted, “King Powerful, where are you fleeing to? We are here!” Unable to enter the cave, the old Bull turned swiftly and saw Eight Rules and Pilgrim rushing toward him. He became so flustered that he abandoned his armor and his iron rod; with one shake of his body, he changed into a swan and flew into the air.

When Pilgrim saw it, he chuckled and said, "Eight Rules, the old Bull's gone!"

That Idiot was completely ignorant of the matter, and the local spirit did not perceive either what had happened. All of them were staring this way and that, madly searching before and behind the Hoard-Thunder Mountain. "Isn't he up there flying in the air?" said Pilgrim as he pointed with his finger. "That's a swan," said Eight Rules. "A transformation of the old Bull," said Pilgrim. "In that case," said the local spirit, "what shall we do?"

"Fight your way in, the two of you," said Pilgrim, "and exterminate all those fiends. In short, we'll break up his lair and cut off his retreat. Let old Monkey go and wage a contest of transformation with him."

Eight Rules and the local spirit followed his instruction and we shall leave them for the moment.

Putting away his golden-hooped rod, the Great Sage shook his body and changed into a Manchurian vulture, which spread its wings and darted up to a hole in the clouds. It then hurtled down and dropped onto the swan, seeking to seize its neck and peck at the eyes.

Knowing also that this was a transformation of Pilgrim Sun, the Bull King hurriedly flapped his wings and changed himself into a yellow eagle to attack the vulture. At once Pilgrim changed himself into a black phoenix, the special foe of the yellow eagle.

Recognizing him, the Bull King changed next into a white crane which, after a long cry, flew toward the south.

Pilgrim stood still, and shaking his feathers, changed into a scarlet phoenix that uttered a resounding call. Since the phoenix was the ruler of all the birds and fowl, the white crane dared not touch him. Spreading wide his wings, he dived instead down the cliff and changed with one shake of the body into a musk deer, grazing rather timorously before the slope. Recognizing him, Pilgrim flew down also and changed into a hungry tiger which, with wagging tail and flying paws, went after the deer for food. Greatly flustered, the demon king then changed into a huge spotted leopard to attack the tiger. When Pilgrim saw him, he faced the wind and, with one shake of his head, changed into a golden-eyed Asian lion, with a voice like thunder and a head of bronze, which pounced on the huge leopard. Growing even more anxious, the Bull King changed into a large bear, which extended his paws to try to seize the lion. Rolling on the ground, Pilgrim at once turned himself into a scabby elephant, with a trunk like a python and tusks like bamboo shoots.

Whipping up his trunk, he tried to catch hold of the bear.

With a loud guffaw, the Bull King then revealed his original form of a gigantic white bull, with a head like a rugged mountain and eyes like bolts of lightning. The two horns were like two iron pagodas, and his teeth were like rows of sharp daggers. From head to toe, he measured more than ten thousand feet, while his height from hoof to neck was about eight hundred.

"Wretched ape!" he roared at Pilgrim. "What will you do with me now?" Pilgrim also changed back to his true form; yanking out his golden-hooped rod, he bent his back and then straightened out, crying, "Grow!"

At once he grew to a height of one hundred thousand feet, with a head like Mount Tai, eyes like the sun and the moon, a mouth like a bloody pond, and teeth like doors. Lifting high his iron rod, he brought it down on the bull's head, and it was met by a pair of flinty horns. This battle truly rocked the ridges and the mountains, alarmed both Heaven and Earth. We have a testimonial poem, and it says:

*Dao is one foot, though the demon's ten thousand feet,
Which clever Mind Monkey must toil to beat.
If one wants the mountain flameless to be,
The treasure fan must bring cold purity.
Yellow Dame's resolved the elder to uphold;
To clear the fiends Wood Mother makes bold.
Five Phases, peaceful, to right fruit return
And, ascending West, dirt and demons spurn.*

Releasing their vast magic powers, the two of them battled in midmountain, and it soon alerted all those deities inhabiting the empty void: the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, and the Eighteen Guardians of Monasteries all came to surround the Demon King, who was not the least daunted. Look at him!

*He headed east,
He headed west,
With two erect and gleaming iron horns
Charging back and forth;
He bunted north,
He bunted south,
His dark, hairy hard tendonous tail
Whipping left and right.*

The Great Sage Sun met him head-on, while the various deities attacked him from all sides. Exasperated, the Bull King rolled on the ground and changed back into his original form to flee to the Palm-Leaf Cave. Changing back to his normal size, Pilgrim also gave chase from behind with the deities. Dashing inside the cave, the Demon King shut the door and refused to come out, while the gods had the Jade Cloud Mountain tightly surrounded.

As they were about to charge the door, they heard the noisy arrival of Eight Rules, the local spirit, and his band of ghost soldiers.

When Pilgrim saw them, he asked, "What happened at the Cloud-Touching Cave?"

"The mistress of that old Bull," replied Eight Rules, chuckling, "was killed by one blow of my rake. When I stripped her, she turned out to be a white-faced fox. The rest of the fiends were all donkeys, asses, cows, stallions, badgers, foxes, musk deer, goats, tigers, antelopes, and the like—they have all been wiped out. We set fire also to his cave-dwelling. The local spirit then told me that he has another household in this mountain, and that's why we've come back here to make a clean sweep of them."

"You have achieved great merit, Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim. "Congratulations! Old Monkey has waged in vain a contest of transformation with him, for I have not yet achieved a victory. He finally changed into the biggest possible white bull, and I therefore assumed the appearance that imitated Heaven and Earth. As I

clashed with him, the various deities were kind enough to descend on us and have him completely surrounded. He then changed back into his original form and fled inside the cave.”

“Is this that Palm-Leaf Cave?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, “Indeed it is. This is where Rākṣasī lives.”

“In that case,” said Eight Rules, growing more vehement, “why don’t we fight our way in, attack him, and demand from him the fan? Why should we let him wait and get wiser, or let him enjoy the company of his wife?”

Dear Idiot! Rousing his strength, he lifted high his rake and brought it down on the door; with a loud crash, both the door and one side of the ledge collapsed. One of the maids fled into the cave to report, “Sire! Someone has wrecked our front door!”

The Bull King had just dashed inside; still panting, he was telling Rākṣasī about how he took the fan from Pilgrim and then waged the contest with him. When he heard the report, he became enraged. Spitting out the fan, he handed it over to Rākṣasī, who, when she received it, began to weep. “Great King,” she said, “let’s give that monkey the fan so that he’ll withdraw his troops.”

“Oh Madam,” said the Bull King, “the fan’s a small thing, but my hatred is deep. You sit here, while I go to contend with them once more.” Putting on his armor again, the demon took up the two treasure swords and walked out. Eight Rules was still using his rake on the door; when the old Bull saw him, he hacked away with his swords without another word. Eight Rules retreated a few steps, protecting himself with the upraised rake. After they left the doorway, the Great Sage immediately joined them with his iron rod. Mounting a violent gust of wind, the Bull Demon leaped clear of the cave-dwelling, and they began a fresh skirmish above the Jade Cloud Mountain, encircled by the many gods, the local spirit, and the band of ghost soldiers. This was again some battle!

*Clouds conceal the world;
Mist shrouds the cosmos;
Dark wind blows sighing, sand and rocks roll;
Angry breaths rise up and ocean waves churn.
Two swords are sharpened again;
The whole body’s armed once more.
There’s hatred deep as the sea,
As anger grows from enmity.
Watch the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven who, for merit’s sake,
Rejects now a friend he has known for years.
Eight Rules uses his power to seek the fan;
The gods hunt the Bull King to protect the Law.
The Bull King’s two hands will not stop or pause:
With vigor they parry both left and right.
They fight till the birds fold their wings and cease to fly,
Till fishes stop leaping and submerge their scales,
Till ghosts and gods wail as Heav’n and Earth grow faint,
Till tigers and dragons cower as sunlight fades.*

Abandoning any regard for his life or limb, the Bull King fought them for over fifty rounds before he weakened and was forced to retreat in defeat. As he fled toward the north, he was met at once by the Diamond Guardian Dharma Diffusion of vast

magic powers and of the Cliff of Mysterious Demons in the Mountain of Five Platforms, who shouted at him, “Bull Demon, where are you going? I have been sent by the Buddhist Patriarch Śākyamuni to set up cosmic nets here to capture you.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the Great Sage, Eight Rules, and the other deities came rushing toward them, so frightening the demon king that he turned and fled toward the south. He ran right into the Diamond Guardian Victorious Ultimate of immeasurable dharma-power and of the Pure-Cool Cave in the Emei Mountain, who shouted at him, “I received the Buddha’s decree to capture you.”

His legs turning weak and his heart growing faint, the Bull King hurriedly tried to head toward the east, when he was met by the Diamond Guardian Great Strength, a Vaiśramaṇa ascetic from the Ear-Touching Ridge of the Sumeru Mountain, who shouted at him:

“Where are you going, old Bull? By the secret command of Tathāgata, I am here to arrest you.”

Backing off in fear, the Bull King fled toward the west, but he was greeted by the Diamond Guardian Ever Abiding, the indestructible honored rāja of the Golden Beam Summit at the Kunlun Mountain, who shouted at him, “Where is this fellow going? I am stationed here by the personal order of the aged Buddha in the Great Thunderclap Monastery of the Western Heaven. Who’ll let you get away?” In fear and trembling, the Bull King did not have time even for regret when he saw Buddhist warriors and celestial generals approaching from all sides with cosmic nets spread so wide that there was virtually no way to escape. In that abject moment, he heard Pilgrim and other pursuers closing in, and he had to mount the clouds to try to flee toward the sky.

Just then, Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer, and Prince Naṭa led Fish-Bellied Vajrayakṣa and Celestial General Mighty-Spirit to block his path in midair. “Slow down! Slow down!” they cried. “By the decree of the Jade Emperor, we are here to arrest you.” In desperation, the Bull King shook his body as before and changed into a huge white bull, wielding his two iron-like horns to try to gore the devarāja, who met him with his scimitar.

Meanwhile, Pilgrim Sun arrived at the scene. “Great Sage,” shouted Prince Naṭa, “we have our armor on, and we can’t salute you properly. Yesterday we father and son saw Tathāgata, who asked us to present a memorial to the Jade Emperor and inform him that the journey of the Tang Monk has been blocked at the Mountain of Flames, and that it was difficult for the Great Sage Sun to bring the Bull Demon King to submission. The Jade Emperor therefore issued a decree for my father king to lead the troops here to lend you assistance.”

“But this fellow has considerable magic powers,” said Pilgrim. “Now he has changed into such a body. What shall we do?”

“Great Sage, don’t worry!” said the prince with a laugh. “Watch me capture him!” Shouting “Change!”, the prince immediately changed into a figure having three heads and six arms. He leaped onto the bull’s back and brought his monster-cleaving sword down on the bull’s neck: the bull was beheaded at once. Putting away his scimitar, the devarāja was about to greet Pilgrim when another head emerged from the torso of the bull, his mouth belching black air and his eyes beaming golden rays. Naṭa lifted his sword once more and cut off the bull’s head; as soon as it dropped to the ground, another head came out. It went on like this more than ten times. At last, Naṭa

took out his fiery wheel and hung it on the Bull's horn. The wheel at once started a great blaze of true immortal fire, which burned so fiercely that the bull began to growl and roar madly, shaking his head and wagging his tail. He would have liked to use transformation to escape, but the Devarāja Pagoda-Bearer trained his imp-reflecting mirror steadfastly on him so that he could not change out of his original form. As he had no way to flee, he could only cry, "Don't take my life! I'm willing to make submission to Buddhism."

"If you do pity your own life," said Naṭa, "bring out the fan quickly."

The Bull King said, "The fan is being kept by my wife." On hearing this, Naṭa took out his monster-tying rope and draped it around the bull's neck. Then he threaded the rope through his nostrils so that the bull could be pulled with the hand. Pilgrim then collected together the Four Great Diamond Guardians, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Monasteries, the Devarāja Pagoda-Bearer, the Celestial General Mighty-Spirit, Eight Rules, the local spirit, and the ghost soldiers. Surging around the white bull, they all went back to the entrance of the Palm-Leaf Cave. "Madam," called the old bull, "please bring out the fan to save my life." When Rākṣasī heard the call, she took off her jewels and her colored clothing. Tying up her hair like a Daoist priestess and putting on a plain colored robe like a Buddhist nun, she took up with both hands the twelve-foot long palm-leaf fan to walk out of the door.

When she caught sight of the Diamond Guardians, the devarāja and his son, and the other sages, she hurriedly went to her knees to kowtow and say, "I beg the Bodhisattvas to spare our lives. We are willing to give this fan to Brother-in-law Sun so that he may achieve his merit." Pilgrim drew near and took up the fan; then all of them mounted the auspicious clouds to return toward the east.

We tell you now about Tripitaka and Sha Monk, who were alternately sitting and standing by the main road as they waited for Pilgrim. They were indeed full of anxiety because he did not return for such a long time. Then, all of a sudden, auspicious clouds filled the sky and hallowed lights flooded the earth, as the various divine officers drifted near. Turning quite apprehensive, the elder said, "Wujing, who are those divine warriors approaching us?" Recognizing the figures he saw, Sha Monk replied, "Master, those are the Four Great Diamond Guardians, the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Monasteries, and other deities of the air. The one leading the bull is Third Prince Naṭa, and the one holding the mirror is Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer. Big Brother is carrying the palm-leaf fan, followed by Second Elder Brother and the local spirit. All the rest happen to be celestial guards." On hearing this, Tripitaka put on his Vairocana hat and changed into his cassock before he led Wujing to bow to the sages, saying, "What virtue does this disciple possess that he should cause all you honored sages to descend to the mortal world?"

"You should be congratulated, sage monk," said one of the Four Great Diamond Guardians, "for your perfect merit is nearly achieved.

We have come to assist you by the decree of Buddha. You must persist in your cultivation with all diligence, and you must not slacken at all."

Tripitaka kowtowed repeatedly to receive this instruction.

Holding the fan, the Great Sage Sun walked near the mountain and waved the fan once with all his might. Immediately the flames on the mountain subsided and there was only the faintest glow left. He fanned at it a second time and a cool, gentle breeze rustled through the region. He fanned at the mountain a third time, and as

*Hazy clouds filled the sky,
A fine rain drizzled down.*

We have a testimonial poem, and it says:

*Eight hundred miles long, this Mountain of Flames,
The light of its fire has worldwide fame.
Elixir can't ripen with five senses scorched;
When Three Passes are burned, the Dao's impure.
At times the palm-leaf may bring dew and rain;
By luck Heaven's hosts lend their godly pow'r.
Lead the bull to Buddha, let it sin no more:
Nature is calm when water's joined with fire.*

At this time Tripitaka was liberated from heat and delivered from distress; his mind was purified and his will made quiescent. The four pilgrims renewed their submission and thanked the Diamond Guardians, who returned to their treasure mountains. The Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light then rose into the air to provide continual protection, while the other deities all scattered. The deva-rāja and the prince led the bull to return to see Buddha. Only the local spirit remained to watch Rākṣasī, who was still standing at attention on one side.

“Rākṣasī,” said Pilgrim, “how is it that you are not on your way? Why are you still standing here?”

Going to her knees, Rākṣasī said, “I beg the Great Sage to be merciful and give me back my fan.”

“You bitch!” shouted Eight Rules. “You don’t know when to stop! Isn’t it enough that we spare your life? You still want your fan? After we have taken it across the mountain, you think we won’t trade it for a snack? We are not going to give it back to you after we have expended all this energy! Look how the rain drizzles! Why don’t you go back!”

“The Great Sage,” said Rākṣasī, bowing again, “said originally that he would return the fan to me once the fire was extinguished. I didn’t listen to you at first, and now it’s too late for regret after such a battle. Because of our recalcitrance, an army had to be sent here to toil and fight. I would, however, like to tell you that we have actually attained the way of humanity, though we have not returned to the right fruit. Now that I have witnessed the epiphany of the true body returning to the West, I shall never dare misbehave again. I beg you to give me back my fan, so that I may start a new life in self-cultivation.”

“Great Sage,” said the local spirit, “since this woman knows the means by which the flames can forever be extinguished, you should ask her for it before you return the fan to her. This humble deity will remain in this region to care for its populace and beg from them some offering for my livelihood. You will have done us all an act of grace.”

“When I spoke to the local people,” said Pilgrim, “they told me that when the fan extinguished the fire on this mountain, they could only harvest the five grains for one year. Then the fire would start again. How could it be extinguished forever?”

“If you want it extinguished forever,” replied Rākṣasī, “you must fan at the mountain forty-nine times. It will never start again.” When he heard this, Pilgrim indeed took the fan and fanned with all his strength at the summit forty-nine times: a great torrential rain descended on the mountain. It was truly a treasure, for the rain came

down on only the area where there was fire before; where there was no fire, the sky remained clear. Master and disciples thus stood on the spot where there was no fire and they did not get wet at all. After staying there for the night, they put in order the luggage and the horse the next morning and gave the fan back to Rākṣasī.

Pilgrim said to her, “If old Monkey didn’t do this, I fear that people might say that my words are not trustworthy. You go back to a mountain with your fan now and don’t start any trouble. I spare you because you have already attained a human body.”

After she received the fan, Rākṣasī recited a spell, and it changed again back into an almond leaf, which she placed in her mouth. She bowed to thank the pilgrims and went off somewhere to practice self-cultivation as a recluse. In the end she, too, attained the right fruit and a lasting reputation in the sūtras.

As Rākṣasī and the local spirit thanked them and walked to send them off, Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk were again accompanying Tripitaka to move forward, truly with their bodies pure and cool and with moisture beneath their feet. This is what we mean by

Kan and Li completed, true origin’s fused;

Water and fire balanced, the great Dao is born.

We don’t know in what year they will return to the Land of the East; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-TWO

*To wash off filth, to bathe the mind, just sweep a pagoda
To bind demons and return to the lord is self-cultivation*

*In all twelve hours you must never forget
To reap the fruit of night and day.
For five years—one hundred and eight thousand rounds—
Let not spirit water run dry,
Nor let fire-light cause you distress.
There's no harm where fire and water blend well;
Five Phases would join as if enchained.
Yin and yang at peace raise you up cloudy tower:
Ride the phoenix to reach Heaven;
Mount the crane to head for Yingzhou.*

The tune of this lyric is “Immortal by the River,” which we use solely to depict Tripitaka and his three disciples. Since they attained the condition wherein water and fire were in perfect equilibrium, their own natures became pure and cool. Successful in their endeavor to borrow the treasure fan of pure yin, they managed to extinguish the large mountain of torrid flames; and in less than a day, they traversed the distance of eight hundred. Leisurely and carefree, master and disciples proceeded toward the West. As it was the time of late autumn and early winter, this was what they saw:

*Wild chrysanthemum drop their blooms;
Tender buds emerge from new plums.
At each village they harvest grains;
Every where they eat fragrant fare.
The woods shed their leaves and distant hills are seen;
By brookside frost thickens, cleansing the ravine.
Moved by the wintry breeze,
The insects stop their work.
Pure yin now becomes yang,
The month's ruled by Yuanming.
Water virtue's strong,
For peace reigns in bright, clear days.
Earth's aura descends;
Heaven's aura rises;
The rainbow leaves without a trace;
Ice slowly forms in pools and ponds.
Dangling by the ridges, wisteria flowers fade;
Absorbing cold, pines and bamboos grow more green.*

After they traveled for quite awhile, the four of them again found themselves approaching a moated city. Reining in his horse, the Tang Monk called out to his disciple:

“Wukong, look at those tall, towering buildings over there. What kind of a place do you think it is?” Pilgrim raised his head to look and saw that it was indeed a moated city. Truly it has

*The shape of a coiled dragon,
This crouched-tigerlike strong city.
On all sides bright canopies overhang it;
With many turns royal plains level out.
Beasts of jade and stone form the bridges’ railings;
Statues of worthies stand on golden mounts.
Truly it seems like a capital of China,
A metropolis of Heaven;
A secure domain of ten thousand miles,
A prosperous empire of a thousand years.
Barbarians yield to the ruler’s far-reaching grace;
Mountains and seas pay tribute to the sages’ court.
The royal steps are clean;
The royal path’s serene;
The taverns bustle with songs;
Flowered towers are full of joy.
Evergreens outside the Weiyang Palace
Should let the phoenix sing to greet the dawn.*

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “that moated city has to be the domain of a ruler or king.”

“In this world,” said Eight Rules with a laugh, “there are cities that belong to a prefecture, and there are cities that belong to a district. How do you know that this is the domain of a ruler or a king?”

“Don’t you know,” said Pilgrim, “that the domain of a king or a ruler is quite different from a prefecture or a district? Just look at those gates on all four sides of the city: there must be over ten of them. The circumference around it has to be over a hundred miles.

The buildings are so tall that there are clouds and fog hovering over them. If this is not a royal capital of some sort, how could it have so grand and noble an appearance?”

“You have good eyes, Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “and you may recognize that it’s a royal city. Do you know its name?” Pilgrim replied, “There are neither banners nor plaques. How could I know its name? We have to make inquiries inside the city, and then we’ll know.” Urging his horse on, the elder soon arrived at the gate, where he dismounted to walk across the moat-bridge. As he looked around after he entered the gate, he discovered flourishing trades in all three markets and the six boulevards; and he saw, moreover, that in their elegant attire, the people looked most distinguished. As they walked along, they suddenly caught sight of a score of monks begging from door to door, everyone carrying the cangue and wearing a lock. They looked most destitute indeed! “When the hare dies,” sighed Tripitaka, “the fox will grieve, for a creature will mourn its kind.”

Then he called out:

“Wukong, go up there and question them. Why are they so condemned?” Obeying his master’s words, Pilgrim said, “Hey, monks! Which monastery do you belong to? Why are you carrying the cangue and wearing the lock?”

Going to their knees, the monks said, “Father, we are monks of the Golden Light Monastery who have been grievously wronged.”

“Where is this Golden Light Monastery?” asked Pilgrim. “Just around the corner there,” said one of the monks.

Pilgrim brought them before the Tang Monk before he asked them again, “What do you mean by grievously wronged? Tell me.”

“Father,” said the monks, “we don’t know where you came from, though you seem quite familiar to us. We dare not tell you here.

Please come to our humble residence, and we will disclose our woes.”

“That is more appropriate,” said the elder. “Let’s go to their monastery, and we can then question them carefully.”

They went together up to the monastery gate, where they found in gold letters this horizontal inscription:

Golden Light Monastery Built by Imperial Command. As master and disciples entered the gate, they saw

*Cold scented lamps in aged halls;
Windswept leaves in vacant corridors.
Atop the clouds, a thousand-foot pagoda;
To nourish one’s nature, a few pine trees.
The ground’s flower-strewn, but no guests pass by;
The eaves are amply screened by spider webs.
Drums mounted in vain;
Bells hung up unused;
The walls are dust-covered, the murals blurred.
The lectern’s so quiet for no monk is seen;
The Chan Hall’s silent, only birds you’ll meet.
Such lamentable plight!
Such endless, lonely pain!
Though incense urns are before the Buddhas placed,
The ashes cool, the petals wilt, and all are vain.*

Grief-stricken, Tripitaka could not restrain the tears welling up in his eyes. Wearing the cangues and locks, the monks pushed open the door to the main hall and invited our elder to worship the Buddha. After he entered the hall, the elder could only offer the incense of his heart, though he touched his face to the ground three times. Then they went to the back, where they found another six or seven young priests chained to the pillar before the abbot’s hall, an intolerable sight for Tripitaka. When they reached the abbot’s hall, the monks leading the way all came to kowtow, and one of them asked, “The features of our Venerable Fathers are not all the same. Do you happen to be those who have come from the Great Tang in the Land of the East?”

“You monks must know the magic of foreknowledge without divination,” said Pilgrim, laughing. “We’re indeed such persons. But how did you recognize us?”

“Father,” said the monk, “what sort of foreknowledge without divination do you think we really possess? It’s just that we’ve been grievously wronged, and there’s nowhere for us to turn for justice except to call on Heaven and Earth day in and day out. We must have disturbed the gods, I suppose, for each of us had a dream last night, where we were told that a holy monk arriving from the Great Tang in the Land of the East would be able to save our lives. Our grievances, too, would be rectified. When we came upon the strange appearances of you Venerable Fathers today, we were thus able to recognize you.”

Highly pleased by these words, Tripitaka said, “What is the name of your region here? What sort of grievances do you have?”

The monks all knelt down again, and one of them said, “Holy Father, this city is called the Sacrifice Kingdom, and it is a major city in the Western Territories. In years past, barbaric tribes of all four quarters came to pay us tribute: to the south, the Yuetuo Kingdom, to the north, the Qoco Kingdom; to the east, the State of Western Liang; and to the west, the Benbo Kingdom. They brought annually fine jade and lustrous pearls, beautiful girls, and spirited horses. Without our use of arms or expeditionary forces, all of them would of their own accord venerate us as the superior state.”

“If they do that,” said Tripitaka, “it must be because you have an upright king, worthy civil officers, and noble military officers.”

“Holy Father,” said the monk, “neither our civil officers are worthy, nor our military officers noble. And the king is not upright either. It has to do with this Golden Light Monastery of ours, which from the beginning had auspicious clouds covering our treasure pagoda and hallowed mists rising from our whole edifice. At night beams of light flashed from the building and people as far away as ten thousand miles had seen them; by day, colored airs sprouted and all four of our surrounding nations had witnessed them. This is why we have been regarded as the divine capital of a Heavenly prefecture, and why we have enjoyed the tributes of the four barbaric tribes. But three years ago, during the first day of the first month of winter, a rainstorm of blood descended upon us at the hour of midnight. By morning every household was fearful; every home was grief-stricken. The various ministers made haste to memorialize to the king, with all sorts of speculation on why such chastisement was sent by the Heavenly Lord. At the time, Daoists were summoned to say their mass and Buddhists their scriptures in order to pacify Heaven and Earth. Who would have suspected, however, that, since our treasure pagoda of gold had been defiled by that rainstorm, the foreign nations would stop coming to pay tribute these last two years? Our king wanted to send out expeditionary forces, but he was restrained by the ministers, who accused the monks of this monastery of stealing the treasure in the pagoda. That was the reason they gave for the disappearance of the auspicious clouds and hallowed mists and for the cessation of tribute on the part of the foreign nations. The dim-witted ruler never gave the matter another thought; at once those venal officials had us monks arrested and inflicted on us endless tortures and interrogations. There were altogether three generations of monks in this monastery; two of them, unable to withstand such terrible treatments, died. The rest of us are now locked up in cangues and locks, still accused of this crime. Think of it, Venerable Father—how could we dare be so bold as to steal the treasure in the pagoda? We beg you in your great compassion to have regard for the special affinity of our kind. Vouchsafe your great mercy and exercise your mighty dharma power to save our lives.” When Tripitaka heard this, he nodded his head and sighed, saying, “There are certainly hidden aspects to this matter that have not yet come to light. For one thing, the court has been remiss in its rule, and for another, all of you may be faced with a fated calamity.

But if it was the shower of blood sent by Heaven that had defiled the treasure pagoda, why didn't you people at the time prepare a memorial to present to your ruler, so that you would be spared such affliction?"

"Holy Father," said the monk, "we are only common folks. How could we know the will of Heaven? Moreover, if our senior colleagues could not determine what to do, how would we be able to settle the matter?"

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "what time is it now?"

"About the hour of *shen*," replied Pilgrim. "I would like to have an audience with the ruler," said Tripitaka, "so that our travel rescript may be certified. But we have not yet fully understood what has happened to the monks here, and it's hard for me to speak to the ruler about this matter. After I left Chang'an, I made a vow in the Temple of the Law Gate that on my journey to the West, I would burn incense in every temple, I would bow to Buddha in every monastery, and I would sweep a pagoda whenever I came across a pagoda.

Today we have met you monks who have been grievously wronged because of a treasure pagoda. Why don't you people fetch me a new broom? Let me bathe first, and then I'll go up there to sweep it clean. Let me see if I can discover exactly what has caused the defilement and the loss of the pagoda's brilliance. Once we determine that, we can memorialize to their ruler and deliver them from this affliction." When they heard this, some of those monks carrying the cangues and locks dashed into the kitchen and picked up a kitchen knife to hand over to Eight Rules, saying, "Father, please take the knife and see if you can sever the chains on the pillar over there, so that those young priests can be freed. They can then go to prepare a meal and a scented bath for the holy fathers here. We'll go to the streets to beg a new broom for him to use to sweep the pagoda."

"It's so easy to open locks!" said Eight Rules, chuckling. "There's no need for a knife or an ax. Ask that hairy-faced father. He's a seasoned lock-picker." Pilgrim indeed went forward and, using the lock-opening magic, gave the shackles a wipe with his hand. Immediately, all the chains and locks fell to the ground. Those young priests ran into the kitchen to scrub the pots and pans and prepare a meal. After Tripitaka and his disciples ate, it was gradually turning dark when some of these monks still cangued and locked came in with two brooms. Tripitaka was very pleased.

As he spoke with them, another young priest came in with a lamp to invite him to go take his bath. By then, the moon and the stars were shining brilliantly outside as the sound of bamboo drums started from the watchtowers. Truly

*At four walls the cold wind arose;
In every house the lamps burned bright.
Shutters in all six lanes went up;
Doors of three markets were shut tight.
Fishing boats retired to the woods;
Ploughmen their short ropes forsook.
The woodcutter's ax now rested;
A student recited his book.*

After he finished bathing, Tripitaka put on a short-sleeve undershirt, which he tied with a sash. He changed into a pair of soft-soled shoes and picked up a new broom. "You should all go to sleep," he said to the monks, "and let me go sweep the pagoda."

“If the pagoda had been defiled by a bloody rainstorm,” said Pilgrim, “and if it had grown dark for such a long time already, some vicious things might have been bred up there. If you go up all by yourself in this cold, windy night, you may run into something unexpected.

How about letting old Monkey be your companion?”

“Very good! Very good!” replied Tripitaka.

Each of them thus took up a broom. They went first to the main hall and lit the glass chalice and burned fresh incense. Tripitaka went to his knees before the Buddha image and prayed, saying, “Your disciple, Chen Xuanzang, by the decree of the Great Tang in the Land of the East, was sent to worship our Buddha Tathāgata in the Spirit Mountain and to ask for scriptures. Arriving here at the Golden Light Monastery of the Sacrifice Kingdom, I was told by the monks of this monastery that the treasure pagoda had been defiled. The king suspected that the monks had stolen the treasure, and they were wrongly charged with a crime, the cause of which no one, in fact, had knowledge. In all earnestness, therefore, your disciple has decided to sweep this pagoda. I beg our Buddha to reveal quickly by his mighty spirit the true source of the pagoda’s defilement, so that the innocence of these mortal men can be established.”

After his prayer, he and Pilgrim opened the door of the pagoda and began to sweep it, beginning with the lowest tier. Truly this pagoda

*Leans ruggedly toward the sky
And rises, towering, in the air.
It’s justly called a pagoda of five-colored glass,
A śārī-peak of a thousand gold;
Its stairs winding like a tunnel;
An open cage when its doors unfold.
Its treasure vase reflects the moon in the sky;
Its golden bells ring with the wind of the sea.
You can see the empty eave saluting the stars
And the lofty top detaining the clouds.
The empty eave saluting the stars
Creates a phoenix piercing strange rocks and flowers;
The lofty top detaining the clouds
Brings forth a pagoda-dragon fog-entwined.
Your gaze on top will reach a thousand miles;
Up there it’ll feel like the Ninefold Heaven.
In glass lamp at the door of each tier,
There’s dust but no fire;
On white-jade railings before every eave
Gather dirt and flying insects.
Inside the pagoda,
Above the votive tables,
Smoke and incense all extinguished;
Outside the windows,
Or before the images,
Cobwebs opaque and widespread.
There’s more rat dung in the urns
Than there’s oil in the chalice.*

*Because a treasure was in secret lost,
Priests have been killed, their lot made bitter and vain.
Since Tripitaka wills to sweep it clean,
The pagoda's old form will, of course, be seen.*

The Tang Monk used his broom to sweep clean one tier before going up to another tier. By the time he reached the seventh tier, it was already the hour of the second watch, and the elder began to tire. "You're getting tired," said Pilgrim. "Sit down, and let old Monkey do the sweeping for you."

"How many tiers are there on this pagoda?" asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim replied, "I'm afraid there are at least thirteen tiers."

Attempting to endure his fatigue, the elder said, "I must finish sweeping it to fulfill my vow."

He swept three more tiers, and his torso and legs ached so badly that he had to sit down on the tenth tier. "Wukong," he said, "you sweep clean the rest of the three tiers for me and then come back down." Rousing his energy, Pilgrim went up to the eleventh tier, and in a moment, he ascended to the twelfth tier. As he swept the floor, he heard someone speaking on the top of the pagoda. "That's strange! That's strange!" said Pilgrim. "It has to be about the hour of the third watch now. How could there be anyone speaking on the pagoda top? This has to be some sort of deviant creature. Let me go and have a look."

Dear Monkey King! Stealthily he picked up the broom and put it under his arm; hitching up his clothes, he crawled out of the door and rose into the clouds to look around. There in the middle of the thirteenth tier of the pagoda were seated two monster-spirits, and before them were placed a basin of coarse rice, a bowl, and a wine pot. They were drinking and playing the finger-guessing game.

Using his magic, Pilgrim abandoned the broom and whipped out the golden-hooped rod. He stood at the doorway and shouted, "Dear fiends! So *you* stole the treasure on the pagoda!"

Terrified, the two fiendish creatures quickly got up and pelted Pilgrim with the pot and the bowl, but he blocked the blows with his iron rod and said, "If I slay you, there'll be no one to make the confession." With the rod, he backed them against the wall until they could not move at all, and all they could say was, "Spare us! Spare us! It has nothing to do with us. Someone else took the treasure." Using the magic of seizure, Pilgrim grabbed them with one hand and went back to the tenth tier. "Master," he announced, "I have caught the thieves who stole the treasure."

Tripitaka was just dozing: when he heard this, he was both startled and pleased. "Where did you catch them?" he asked. Pilgrim pulled the two fiends forward and made them kneel down. "They were having fun on top of the pagoda," he said, "drinking and playing the finger-guessing game. When old Monkey heard all that noise, I mounted the cloud to leap up there and block their escape with no effort at all. But I feared that if I killed them with one blow of the rod, no one would make the confession. That's why I brought them here. Master, you can take their testimony and see where they came from and where they have stashed the treasure."

Trembling all over, the two fiends could only utter, "Spare us!"

Then one of them made this honest confession:

“We have been sent here to patrol the pagoda by the All Saints Dragon King of the Green Wave Lagoon in the Scattered-Rock Mountain. He is called Busy Bubble, and I am called Bubble Busy. He’s a sheatfish spirit, and I’m a black fish spirit. This all came about because our All Saints Old Dragon once gave birth to a daughter by the name of Princess All Saints, who was blessed with the loveliest features and the most extraordinary talents. She took in a husband by the name of Nine-Heads, who also had vast magic powers. Year before last, he came here with the Dragon King and, exerting great divine strength, sent down a rainstorm of blood to have the treasure pagoda defiled.

Then he stole the śarīra Buddhist treasure from the building. Thereafter the princess also went up to the great Heaven where she stole the nine-leaved agaric, which the Lady Queen Mother planted before the Hall of Divine Mists. The plant and the Buddhist treasure are both kept now at the bottom of the lagoon, lighting up the place with their golden beams and colored hues night and day. Recently we received the news that there was one Sun Wukong on his way to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. We are told not only that he has vast magic powers, but also that he loves to meddle with the faults of others. That’s why we’ve been sent here frequently to patrol the area, so that we’ll be prepared when that Sun Wukong arrives.” Laughing scornfully at what he heard, Pilgrim said, “How audacious are these cursed beasts! No wonder he sent for the Bull Demon King the other day to attend their banquet! So, he was in league with this bunch of brazen demons who specialize in evil deeds!”

Hardly had he finished speaking when Eight Rules and a few young priests holding two lanterns walked up from below. “Master,” he said, “why haven’t you gone to bed after you finished sweeping the pagoda? Why are you still sitting here and talking?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “it’s a good thing you’ve come, The treasure on the pagoda was stolen by the All Saints Old Dragon. He was the one who sent two little fiends to patrol the pagoda here and to spy on our movements, but they were caught by me just now.”

“What are their names,” asked Eight Rules, “and what sort of monster-spirits are they?”

“They just gave us a confession,” said Pilgrim. “One of them is called Busy Bubble, and the other is called Bubble Busy. One is a sheat fish spirit, and the other is a black fish spirit.” Whipping out his rake, Eight Rules wanted to strike at them, saying, “If they are monster-spirits who have made their confession, why not beat them to death? What are we waiting for?” Pilgrim said, “You haven’t thought about this. If we keep them alive, it’ll be easier for us to go speak to the king about this matter, and they can be used as informants too, for catching the thieves and recovering the treasure.”

Dear Idiot! He indeed put away the rake; he and Pilgrim then each picked up a fiend and pulled him down the pagoda. All the fiends could say was “Spare us!”

Eight Rules said to them, “We were just looking for some sheat fish and black fish like you, so that we could make some soup for those wronged priests.”

The several young priests, in great delight, held their lanterns high to lead the elder down the pagoda. One of them ran ahead to report to the other monks, crying, “It’s great! It’s great! We’ve finally seen the day! The fiends who stole our treasure have been caught by the fathers.” Pilgrim gave this order:

“Bring us some iron chains, pierce their lute bones, and lock them up here. You people stand guard over them and we’ll go to sleep. We’ll dispose of them tomorrow.”

Those monks indeed watched over the fiends with great care while Tripitaka and his disciples rested.

Soon it was dawn, and the elder said, “I’ll go into the court with Wukong to have our travel rescript certified.” Whereupon he changed into his brocaded cassock and put on his Vairocana hat. In full clerical attire, he strode forward, accompanied by Pilgrim, who also tightened his tiger-skin kilt and straightened out his silk shirt after he took out the travel rescript. “Why aren’t you bringing along the two fiendish thieves?” asked Eight Rules. “Let us inform the king first,” said Pilgrim, “and there will be royal summoners sent here to fetch them.”

They walked before the gate of the court, and there were endless scenes of scarlet birds and yellow dragons, of divine capitals and celestial arches. Approaching the East Flower Gate, Tripitaka saluted the grand official of the gate and said, “I beg Your Honor to make this announcement for us: this humble cleric has been sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. We seek an audience with your ruler in order to have our travel rescript certified.” Willing, indeed, to grant this request, the Custodian of the Yellow Gate went before the steps to memorialize:

“There are two monks of strange features and attire outside who claim to have been sent by the Tang court in the Land of the East of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent to go seek scriptures from Buddha in the West. They wish to have an audience with our king in order to have their travel rescript certified.” On hearing this, the king gave the order to have the visitors summoned, and the elder thus led Pilgrim to walk into court. When the civil and military officials caught sight of Pilgrim, they all became frightened, some saying that this was a monkey priest while others observing that he was a monk with a thunder-god beak. All of them were so alarmed that they dared not stare at him for long. While the elder went through elaborate ritual before the steps to salute the throne, Pilgrim stood with hands folded before him and remained unmoved. Then the elder spoke:

“Your priestly subject has been sent as a scripture pilgrim by the Great Tang nation in the Land of the East of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent to worship Buddha at the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the India of the West. Our journey takes us to your noble region, and we dare not pass through without permission. We have with us a travel rescript, which we beg you to certify before we leave.”

Greatly pleased by what he heard, the king gave the order for the sage monk of the Tang court to ascend the Hall of Golden Chimes.

A cushion of embroidered silk was granted him as his seat. Going up the hall by himself, the elder first presented the rescript before he took the seat. After the king had read carefully the rescript from beginning to end, he was delighted. He said to Tripitaka, “Though the Great Tang Emperor was indisposed, he was fortunate to have been able to select a noble priest who was willing to seek scriptures from Buddha without any fear of the lengthy distance. But the priests of our region are good only for stealing, for bringing ruin upon our nation and ruler.” When he heard this, Tripitaka folded his hands before his chest and said, “In what way do they bring ruin upon your nation and ruler?”

“This kingdom of ours,” said the king, “is a superior state of the Western Territories. In the past, the four barbaric tribes frequently came to us to pay tribute, all

on account of the Golden Light Monastery within our kingdom. In that monastery was a treasure pagoda of yellow gold, the luster and brilliance of which filled the sky. Recently, however, the larcenous monks of the monastery secretly have stolen the treasure, and for the last three years, there was no brilliance at all. The foreign nations during this time also stopped their tributes, and this matter has aroused our deepest hatred.”

“Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka with a smile, his hands still folded,

*“To err by a hair’s breadth
Is to miss by a thousand miles!”*

When this humble priest arrived at your Heavenly domain last evening, I caught sight of some ten priests, all carrying cangues and wearing locks, the moment I entered the city gate. I questioned them on their crime, and they told me that they were innocent victims from the Golden Light Monastery. An even more thorough investigation I made after my arrival at their monastery disclosed that the priests there had nothing to do with this, for when I swept the pagoda at night, I caught the fiendish thieves who stole the treasure.”

“Where are these fiendish thieves?” asked the king, highly pleased. Tripitaka said, “They have been locked up by my humble disciple in the Golden Light Monastery.”

Hurriedly issuing a golden tablet, the king gave this decree:

“Let the Embroidered-Uniform Guard bring back the fiendish thieves from the Golden Light Monastery. We ourselves will then interrogate them.”

“Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka, “though you may want to send the Imperial Guard, it is better that my humble disciple accompany him.”

“Where is your noble disciple?” asked the king.

Pointing with his finger, Tripitaka said, “He’s the one standing by the jade steps.” When the king saw Pilgrim, he was astounded, saying, “The sage monk has such elegant features! How is it that your noble disciple has that sort of appearance?” When the Great Sage Sun heard this, he spoke up in a loud voice, “Your Majesty,

*Do not judge a man by his face,
Nor measure the sea by a vase.*

If you only cared for men of good appearance, how could you seize the fiendish thieves?”

These words of Pilgrim turned the king’s astonishment to delight, and he said, “What the sage monk says is true indeed. We shall not select talents according to their appearances. All we want is to catch the thieves and return the treasure back to the pagoda.”

He then gave the order for the court attendant to prepare a canopied carriage, and for the Imperial Guard to wait on the sage monk in all diligence when he went to fetch the fiendish thieves.

The court attendant at once sent for a huge carriage and a yellow umbrella. The Embroidered-Uniform Guard also summoned the guardsmen; Pilgrim was placed in the carriage that was borne by four people in front and four behind, while four outriders shouted to clear the way as they headed toward the Golden Light Monastery. This

entourage soon disturbed the populace of the whole city, and not one failed to show up to try to see the sage monk and the fiendish thieves.

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard the shouts for clearing the way, they thought that some official sent by the king had arrived, and they hurried out of the monastery to receive him. Pilgrim, they discovered, was the one sitting in the carriage. Facing him, our Idiot said, giggling, "Elder Brother, you've acquired your true form!" Pilgrim descended from the carriage and took hold of Eight Rules, asking, "What do you mean?"

Eight Rules replied, "You have a yellow umbrella above you, and your carriage is borne by eight carriers. Don't these betoken the office of Monkey King? That's why I said you've acquired your true form."

"Don't make fun of me!" said Pilgrim. He untied the two fiendish creatures so that they could be taken to see the king. "Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "please take us along."

"But you should stay here to guard the luggage and the horse," said Pilgrim. One of the priests who were still cangued and locked said, "Let the fathers go to enjoy imperial favor. We will remain here to watch your things."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "let us go report to the king first. Then we'll come to free you."

Eight Rules grabbed one of the fiendish thieves, while Sha Monk took hold of the other; the Great Sage Sun climbed into the carriage as before. The entire entourage returned to court with the fiendish thieves in custody.

In a moment, they arrived before the white jade steps to address the king:

"We've brought the fiendish thieves here."

Coming down from his dragon couch, the king led the Tang Monk and the various officials, both civil and military, to look at the fiends: one had pouchy jowls and black scales, a pointed mouth and sharp teeth, while the other had smooth skin and a huge belly, a large mouth and long whiskers. Though they had legs that could walk, they barely looked human. "Where are you from, monster-spirits," asked the king, "and in what year did you invade our domain to steal our treasure? How many thieves are there altogether, and what are their names? Make your confession, in truth and in detail."

The two fiends went to their knees before him (though their necks were dripping with blood, they did not seem to mind the pain), and made this confession:

*Three years ago,
On the first of the seventh month,
There was one All Saints Dragon King,
Who led many of his kindred
To settle southeast of this state
From here miles some one hundred.
His lagoon's called Green Wave;
His mountain, Scattered- Rock.
To him was born a daughter
Most pretty and seductive,
Who took a husband named Nine- Heads*

*Of magic powers matchless.
 Learning of your pagoda's treasure,
 He joined the Dragon King as bandits.
 First they sent down a bloody rainstorm;
 Then the pagoda's sâri they lifted.
 Now it lights up the dragon palace,
 Making bright days out of darkness.
 As well the princess plotted
 In deep and silent secret;
 She stole the Queen Mother's agaric,
 With which the lagoon's treasure she nourished.
 We two are no bandit leaders:
 The Dragon King sent only privates.
 Tonight we've been captured;
 Our confession's most honest.*

"If you have made your confession," said the king, "why don't you reveal your names?" One of the fiends said, "I'm called Busy Bubble, and he's called Bubble Busy. I'm a sheat fish spirit, and he's a black fish spirit."

The king instructed the Embroidered-Uniform Guard to jail them, after which he issued this decree:

"The monks of the Golden Light Monastery will be freed at once from their cangues and locks. Let the Court of Imperial Entertainments prepare a banquet quickly, and we will thank the sage monks in the Unicorn Hall for capturing these thieves. We will also discuss the matter of asking the sage monks to arrest the bandit chief."

The Court of Imperial Entertainments at once prepared a banquet composed of both vegetarian and meat dishes. After the king invited the Tang Monk and his three disciples to take their seats in the Unicorn Hall, he asked, "Sage Monk, what is your honored style?"

"The secular family of this humble cleric," replied the Tang Monk with folded hands, "goes by the name of Chen, and my religious name is Xuanzang. I also had bestowed on me the surname of Tang by my emperor, and my humble style is Tripitaka."

"And what are the honored styles of your noble disciples?" asked the king.

"My disciples are without styles," said Tripitaka. "The first one is called Sun Wukong; the second, Zhu Wuneng; and the third, Sha Wujing. These names were given by the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin of the South Sea. Since they made submission to this humble cleric and addressed me as master, I have also named Wukong Pilgrim. Wuneng I have named Eight Rules, and Wujing is now called Monk." When he finished speaking, the king asked Tripitaka to take the head table, Pilgrim Sun to take the side table to his left, and Zhu Eight Rules with Sha Monk to take the side table to his right. Spread upon the tables were all vegetarian foods, fruits, teas, and rice. Facing them, the king took the table that had on it meat dishes, while the rest of the civil and military officials occupied over a hundred tables down below, all with meat dishes. After the officials thanked the king and the disciples excused themselves to their master, they were all seated. The king lifted his cup, but Tripitaka dared not drink; only the three disciples accepted the seat-taking toast. From down below came the harmonious strains of pipes and strings provided by the Office of Music. Look at the appetite of Eight

Rules! It did not matter whether fruits or vegetables were set on the table; he wolfed them down and finished them all. A little while later, additional soup and rice were brought to him, and these he also cleaned up completely. When the wine stewards came by, he never once refused the cup. And so, this banquet lasted well past the hour of noon before it ended.

As Tripitaka gave thanks for this lavish banquet, the king tugged at him to say, “This is merely to thank you for capturing the fiends.

Let’s change the banquet quickly to Jianzhang Palace, where we shall ask the sage monk for the plan to arrest the bandit chief and return the treasure to the pagoda.”

“If you want us to do that,” said Tripitaka, “there is no need for another banquet. All of us humble clerics will take leave of you, Your Majesty, and we shall go to capture the fiends.”

The king, however, would have none of it, and he insisted that they proceed to the Jianzhang Palace, where they were fêted once more. Raising a cup of wine, the king said, “Which one of you sage monks will lead the troops to go arrest the fiends?”

“We’ll send Sun Wukong our eldest disciple,” said Tripitaka, and the Great Sage saluted him with folded hands to signify his obedience. “If Elder Sun is willing to go,” said the king, “how many men and horses do you need? When do you want to leave the city?” No longer able to restrain himself, Eight Rules said in a loud voice, “Who needs men and horses! Who cares what time it is! While we are still full of wine and rice, let me go with Elder Brother. We’ll just stretch our hands and bring them back at once.”

Highly pleased, Tripitaka said, “You’re quite diligent nowadays, Eight Rules!”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “let Brother Sha Monk protect Master. We two will go.”

“If the two elders do not need men or horses,” said the king, “do you want any weapons?”

“The weapons that you have,” said Eight Rules, chuckling, “are of no use to us. We brothers have our own weapons that accompany us wherever we go.” On hearing this, the king asked for a large goblet of wine with which he wanted to send them off. “We won’t drink wine now,” said the Great Sage Sun, “but ask the Embroidered-Uniform Guard to bring out the two little fiends. We’ll take them along as informants.”

The king ordered them brought out at once; taking hold of the two fiends and mounting the wind, the two disciples employed the magic of traction to head for the southeast. Lo!

*When Ruler and subjects saw them mounting wind and fog,
They knew master and disciples to be sage monks.*

We do not know how they will capture the other monsters; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-THREE

*Two monks, quelling fiends, disturb the dragon palace
The sages, destroying deviates, acquire the treasures*

We were telling you about the king of the Sacrifice Kingdom and the various officials, both great and small. When they saw how the Great Sage Sun and Eight Rules mounted the wind and fog and glided away, each holding one of the little fiends, all those dukes and marquises bowed toward the sky, saying, "It's indeed the truth! Not until today did we realize that there *are* such immortals, such living Buddhas!" When the two disciples vanished from sight, the king then turned to thank Tripitaka and Sha Monk, saying, "This Solitary One is of fleshly eyes and mortal stock. We only thought that your worthy disciples had sufficient power to capture the fiendish thieves. Little did we realize that they are actually superior immortals who can ride the fog and mount the clouds!"

"This humble cleric," said Tripitaka, "has hardly any magic power, and he's dependent on these three lowly disciples throughout the journey." Sha Monk said, "To tell you the truth, Your Majesty, my Big Brother happens to be the converted Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. Once he caused great havoc in Heaven, using a golden-hooped rod, and among one hundred celestial warriors there was none who could withstand him. Even the Jade Emperor and Laozi were intimidated by him. My Second Elder Brother is none other than the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds who has embraced the right fruit. He used to command a mighty force of eighty thousand marines of the Celestial River. Compared with them, this disciple has very little magic power, but I, too, happen to be the Curtain-Raising Captain who has received the commandments. We brothers may not be very good at doing other things, but if you want something like catching fiends and binding monsters, seizing thieves and arresting fugitives, taming tigers and subduing dragons, kicking down Heaven and pulling up wells—including even stirring up seas and overturning rivers—we know a little of these. As for activities such as mounting the cloud and riding the fog, calling up rain and summoning wind, moving the stars and changing the dipper, poling the mountains to chase after the moon, they are simple matters, hardly worth mentioning." When the king heard this, he became even more respectful toward them; asking the Tang Monk to take the honored seat, he addressed him as "Venerable Buddha," while Sha Monk and his companions were given the title, "Bodhisattva."

The civil and military officials of the entire court were all delighted, while the people of the whole kingdom paid them homage, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We now tell you about the Great Sage Sun and Eight Rules who, astride the violent wind, brought the two young fiends to the Green Wave Lagoon at the Scattered-Rock Mountain. After they stopped their clouds, the Great Sage blew a mouthful of divine breath onto his golden-hooped rod, crying, "Change!" It changed at once into a ritual razor, with which he cut off the ears of the black fish spirit and the lower lip of the sheat fish spirit. After casting the fiends into the water, Pilgrim shouted to them, "Go quickly and make a report to that All Saints Dragon King. Tell him that his Venerable Father Sun the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has arrived. Tell him to bring out immediately the original treasure taken from the top of the Golden Light Monastery in

the Sacrifice Kingdom, and the lives of his whole family will be spared. If he but utters half a no, I'll clean out this lagoon, and everyone in his household, both old and young, will be executed!"

Those two little fiends were only too glad to have their lives back. Enduring their pain and dragging along their iron chains, they fled by darting into the water. The spirits of fishes, shrimps, crabs, sea turtles, iguanas, and huge tortoises were so startled that they swarmed around them and asked, "Why are you two draped with ropes and chains?" One of the two, hands still hugging the sides of his head, kept wagging his tail and shaking his head; the other one, holding his mouth, stamped his feet and beat his breast. In a noisy throng, they went up to the palace of the Dragon King and the two made this report:

"Great King, disaster!"

The All Saints Dragon King was just drinking wine with Nine-Heads, his son-in-law. When he saw them dashing in, he put down his glass and inquired about the disaster. "We were on patrol last night," said one of the two fiends, "when we were caught by the Tang Monk and Pilgrim Sun, who happened to be sweeping the pagoda. We were, in fact, bound by iron chains. This morning we were taken to see the king, after which that Pilgrim and Zhu Eight Rules hauled the two of us back here; one of us had his ears cut off and the other, his lower lip. They then threw us into the water and told us to make this report. They are demanding from us the treasure taken from the pagoda top." When they gave a thorough account of what had happened, and when the old dragon heard the name Pilgrim Sun, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, he was so terrified that his spirit fled his body and his soul floated up to the Ninefold Heaven.

Shaking all over, he said to Nine-Heads, "Oh, worthy son-in-law! It may be all right if another person shows up, but if it's he, then we're in a bad situation!"

"Relax, great father-in-law!" said the son-in-law with a laugh. "Since his youth your foolish son-in-law has mastered the rudiments of the martial arts. Within the four seas he has, moreover, met quite a few stalwart warriors. Why fear *him*? Let me go out now and fight three rounds with him. I promise you that that fellow will bow his head in submission, not daring even to look up!"

Dear fiend! He leaped up at once and put on his armor, picking up a weapon which had the name of crescent-tooth spade.

Striding out of the palace, he opened a path in the water and rose to the surface, crying, "What sort of Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, is here? Come over quickly and yield your life!" Standing on the shore, Pilgrim and Eight Rules stared at the monster-spirit to see how he was attired.

*He wore a bright silver helmet,
Its luster whiter than snow;
He had on a cuirass of steel
Luminous as autumn's frost,
Which topped a damask martial robe
Patterned like colored clouds enfolding jade.
His waist had a belt of rhinoceros grain,
Which seemed like a python spotted with gold.
His hands held the crescent-tooth spade
Flashing with beams of light;*

*His feet wore two pigskin boots
Which parted water and waves.
Seen from afar he had one head and one face;
Drawing near, he seemed human all around.
Eyes in front,
Eyes behind,
He could see all eight quarters.
A mouth on the left,
A mouth on the right,
Nine mouths talking at once!
One shout he gave and it shook the distant void,
As if a crane's cry had punctured the stars.*

When the monster-spirit found no reply, he shouted once more:

“Who is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?”

Giving his golden fillet a pinch and his iron rod a bounce, Pilgrim replied, “Old Monkey's the person.”

The fiend asked, “Where do you live? Where did you come from originally? How did you get to the Sacrifice Kingdom to become the guard of the pagoda for that king? How dare you capture my captains and work further violence by provoking battle on my treasure mountain?”

“You thievish fiend!” scolded Pilgrim. “So, you don't recognize your Grandfather Sun! Come up here and listen to my recital.

*Mount Flower- Fruit's where old Monkey once had lived,
At the great ocean's Water-Curtain Cave.
I've wrought a perfect body since my youth;
Emperor Jade made me Sage Equal-to- Heav'n.
When I caused great havoc in the Dipper Hall,
The gods in Heaven found me hard to beat.
The Buddha, asked to lend his wondrous might,
Used his boundless wisdom transcendently.
In a somersault wager—a test of might—
His hand formed a mountain to have me pressed
Beneath it till now, a full five hundred years.
My life was spared when Guanyin intervened:
Great Tang's Tripitaka would go to the West
To seek on Spirit Mountain the Buddhist verse.
To give him protection I found release
And cultivation, purging imps and fiends.
At Sacrifice Kingdom of the West we met
Priests wrongly blamed, three generations all.
In mercy we inquired about the cause
And learned the pagoda had lost its light.
My master swept it to get to the truth:
The night reached third watch when all sounds had ceased,
We caught two monsters who at once confessed.
You all, they claimed, had the treasure stolen;*

*The gang of thieves e'en had a dragon king,
 To which a princess added her name, All Saints.
 By raining blood on the pagoda's beams,
 She took someone's treasure for her own use.
 That true statement before the court obtained,
 We sped to this place by the king's command
 That we might find you and provoke a fight.
 There's no need to ask for Father Sun's name.
 Return the treasure quickly to the king
 And we'll spare your kin's lives, both old and young.
 If you're so foolish as to want to strive,
 I'll drain your water, topple your mountain, and stamp you out!"*

When the son-in-law heard these words, he smiled scornfully and said, "So, you're a monk on your way to fetch scriptures. Don't you have anything more important to do than to meddle in someone's affairs? You're to seek your scriptures from Buddha, and I am the one who steals treasures. What has that to do with you? Why must you come here to fight with me?"

"This thievish fiend," said Pilgrim, "has very little understanding! Of course, I'm not a recipient of the king's favor, nor do I feed on his water or rice, and thus I'm not obliged to serve him. But you stole not only his treasure and defiled his pagoda, you also brought suffering to the priests of the Golden Light Monastery. They belong, after all, to the same community as we. How could I not exert my strength on their behalf and bring their injustice to light?"

"In that case," said the son-in-law, "you must want to do battle. As the proverb says, 'War is an unkindly act.' When I raise my hands, I fear I'll not spare you. I may take your life all of a sudden, and that may upset your scripture enterprise!"

Enraged, Pilgrim shouted, "You brazen thievish fiend! What power do you have that you dare mouth such big words? Come up here and have a taste of your father's rod!" Not in the least intimidated, the son-in-law parried the blow with his crescent-tooth spade; a marvelous battle thus broke out on top of that Scattered-Rock Mountain.

*Monsters stole treasures and the stupa grew dark.
 Pilgrim caught fiends and informed the king.
 Into the water two little fiends fled;
 The old dragon took counsel, all in dread.
 His son-in-law, Nine- Heads, would flaunt his might;
 He armed himself to go to show his power
 And roused the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven's ire,
 Whose iron rod, upraised, was hard and strong.
 That fiend
 Had on nine heads eighteen eyes
 All ablaze both back and front;
 This Pilgrim,
 Whose steely arms could raise a thousand pounds,
 Did spread auspicious rays around.
 The spade looked like the moon at the first stroke of yang;
 The rod seemed like frost flying o'er ten thousand miles.
 The rod met the spade as both strove to win,*

But none had yet won on this battlefield.

Charging back and forth, the two of them fought for more than thirty rounds but no decision could be reached.

Zhu Eight Rules was standing all this time before the mountain slope; he waited until the battle had reached its sweetest moment before he lifted high his muckrake and brought it down hard on the back of the monster-spirit. The fiend, you see, possessed nine heads, and on each one of them he had eyes that could see clearly. When he saw Eight Rules coming at him at the back, he immediately used the lower part of the spade to block the rake while the upper part parried the iron rod. They fought thus for another six or seven rounds when the monster could no longer withstand the double offensive, front and back. He somersaulted at once into the air and changed into his original form: it was a nine-headed insect, exceedingly ugly and ferocious. Look at his appearance! You'd be scared to death! He had

*Feathers like brocade spread out,
A stoutish body with curly fleece.
His size, at least twelve feet in length—
A shape like the turtle's or iguana's.
His two feet were pointed and sharp like hooks;
Nine heads joined together to form a ring.
He could fly so well when he spread his wings
That e'en the roc was no match for his strength.
Crying out he could shake the Heaven's edge,
Able to call louder than a mythic crane.
With eyes flashing beams of golden light,
Not like the common bird's his was a proud sight.*

Horried by what he saw, Eight Rules cried, "Elder Brother! I've never seen such a vicious thing in all my life! Which creature of blood and breath would bring forth a beast like this?"

"It's rare! It's rare, all right!" replied Pilgrim. "Let me get up there to strike him."

Dear Great Sage! Quickly mounting the auspicious cloud, he leaped into the air and aimed a blow of his iron rod at the creature's heads. To display his abilities, that fiendish creature spread his wings and flew to one side. Rolling over, he suddenly darted down the side of the mountain as another head popped out from the middle of his torso. A huge, gaping mouth like a butcher bowl caught hold of Eight Rules's bristles with one bite. Tugging and pulling his victim, he hauled him into the water of the Green Wave Lagoon. When he reached the dragon palace, he changed back into his previous form and threw Eight Rules on the ground. "Little ones, where are you?" he cried. Those spirits of mackerels, culters, carps, and perches along with the turtle, iguana, and sea turtle fiends all surged forward, shouting, "We're here!"

"Take this priest," said the son-in-law, "and tie him up over there. I want to avenge our soldiers who were sent on patrol."

The raucous mob of spirits carried Eight Rules inside as a delighted old dragon king came out saying, "Worthy son-in-law, you've made great merit! How did you manage to capture him?"

After the son-in-law gave a thorough account of what took place, the old dragon immediately ordered a banquet to celebrate this victory, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim Sun, who was quite dismayed when he saw how Eight Rules had been captured by the monster-spirit.

"This is a formidable fellow!" he thought to himself. "I would like to go back to see Master in the court, but I'm afraid the king would laugh at me. If I make noises to provoke battle again, I'll have to face them single-handedly. Moreover, I'm not used to doing business in water. I'd better transform myself to go inside and see what that fiend is going to do to Idiot. If there's a chance, I'll smuggle him out again so that we may proceed with our business."

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he shook his body, changed into a crab to splash into the water, and went before the towered gateway. This was a familiar way to him, you see, for he had traveled it before when he spied on the Bull Demon King and stole his golden-eye beast. After he crawled sideways through the arch, Pilgrim saw inside the old Dragon King drinking merrily with the nine-headed insect and other members of their family. Not daring to go near them, Pilgrim crawled over to the east corridor where there were several shrimp and crab spirits frolicking. After he had listened to their chatter for awhile, Pilgrim imitated their manner of speech and asked, "That priest with a long snout caught by our venerable son-in-law, has he died?"

"Not yet," the spirits replied. "The one tied up in the west corridor and moaning, isn't he the one?" On hearing this, Pilgrim crawled silently over to the west corridor, and indeed he discovered our Idiot bound to a pillar and moaning.

"Eight Rules," whispered Pilgrim as he approached him, "you recognize me?" When Eight Rules heard the voice, he knew it was Pilgrim and said, "Elder Brother, what shall we do? I've been caught by this fellow instead!" When Pilgrim glanced around and saw no one, he snapped the ropes with his claws and told Eight Rules to leave. After he was freed, Idiot said, "Elder Brother, my weapon was taken by him. What are we to do?"

"Do you know where he has put it?" asked Pilgrim, and Eight Rules replied, "It must have been taken up to the main hall by that fiend." Pilgrim said to him, "Go beneath the towered gateway and wait for me."

Fleeing for his life, Eight Rules slipped out quietly, while Pilgrim turned and crawled up to the main hall once more. A luminous object he saw on the left side was actually the rake of Eight Rules. Using the magic of Body Concealment, he stole it and went to the towered gateway. "Eight Rules, take your weapon," he said.

After Idiot took the rake, he said, "Elder Brother, you leave first and let old Hog fight his way into the palace. If I win, I'll seize their entire family. If I'm defeated, I'll flee outside and you can come to my assistance by the edge of the lagoon."

Highly pleased, Pilgrim told him to be careful. "No fear," said Eight Rules, "for I do have some abilities in water." Pilgrim left him and swam back to the surface of the water.

Straightening out his black cotton shirt and gripping his rake with both hands, our Eight Rules gave a shout and fought his way into the palace. Those aquatic relatives, both young and old, were so startled that they dashed up to the main hall,

screaming, “It’s terrible! That long-snout priest has broken out of the ropes and he’s attacking us!”

The old dragon, the nine-headed insect, and their family members were hardly prepared for this; jumping up, they scattered in every direction and tried to hide themselves. Our Idiot, however, had no regard for life or death; crashing into the main hall, he wielded his rake to fracture doors, demolish tables and chairs, and shatter all those drinking utensils. We have for him a testimonial poem, and the poem says:

*Wood Mother was caught by a water fiend;
Mind Monkey, unyielding, searched hard for him
And used a clever trick to pick the lock.
They then displayed their power and deepest ire.
The son-in-law with his princess quickly hid;
The Dragon King fell silent in fear and dread.
As palatial arches and windows broke up,
Dragon sons and grandsons all lost their wits.*

This time the tortoise-shelled screens were pulverized by Eight Rules and the coral plants were smashed to pieces. After he had safely hidden the princess inside, the nine-headed insect grabbed his crescent-tooth spade to rush back to the front palace, shouting, “Lawless swine! How dare you be so insolent as to frighten my kin?”

“You thievish fiend!” scolded Eight Rules. “How dare you capture me? It’s not my fault now! It’s *you* who have invited me to bust up your household. Return the treasures quickly so that I can go back to see the king. That’ll be the end of it. Otherwise, I’ll definitely not spare the lives of your entire family!”

The fiend, of course, was not about to yield. Clenching his teeth, he plunged into battle with Eight Rules. Only then did the old dragon manage to collect himself sufficiently to lead his son and grandson, armed with scimitars and spears, to mount an attack also. When Eight Rules saw that the tide was turning against him, he dealt a weak blow with his rake before turning to flee, followed by the old dragon and his companions. In a moment, they all darted out of the water, bobbing up and down on the surface of the lagoon.

We tell you now about Pilgrim Sun, who stood waiting on the shore. When all at once he saw Eight Rules leaving the water, chased by his opponents, he quickly rose on cloud and fog and wielded his iron rod, crying, “Don’t run away!” One blow and the old dragon’s head was all smashed up. Alas!

*As blood spilled in the lagoon, red water swelled.
The corpse floated on the waves with dying scales.*

The dragon son and grandson were so terrified that they all fled for their lives. Only the son-in-law, Nine-Heads, retrieved the corpse and retreated to the palace.

Pilgrim and Eight Rules, however, did not give chase immediately; they went back to the shore instead to talk about what had happened. “This fellow’s will to fight has been blunted now,” said Eight Rules. “With my rake, I fought my way in and caused tremendous wreckage. They were frightened out of their wits. I was just fighting with that son-in-law when the old dragon chased me out. It was a good thing that you beat him to death. When they get back inside, they will undoubtedly prepare for mourning and the funeral, and they certainly will not come out again. It’s getting late also. What shall we do?”

“Why worry about the time?” said Pilgrim. “You should make use of this opportunity and go down to attack them once more. We must recover the treasure before we can return to the court.” Our Idiot, however, had turned slothful and indolent, refusing to go with all sorts of excuses. “Brother,” urged Pilgrim, “there’s no need for all your deliberations. Just entice them to come as before and I’ll attack them.”

As the two were conversing like that, they suddenly saw a vast expanse of dark fog moved by a churning, violent gale from the east toward the south. When Pilgrim took a more careful look, he found that it was Erlang of Illustrious Sagacity traveling with the Six Brothers of Plum Mountain.

Leading hawks and hounds, they were also poling foxes, hares, deer, and antelopes. Each of them had a curved bow dangling from his waist and a sharp blade in his hand as they sped forward astride the wind and fog. “Eight Rules,” said Pilgrim, “those seven sages happen to be my bond-brothers. We should detain them and ask them to help us do battle. If we succeed, it’ll be a wonderful opportunity for us.”

“If they’re your brothers,” replied Eight Rules, “we should indeed ask them to stay.”

“But they have in their midst Big Brother Illustrious Sagacity,” said Pilgrim, “who once defeated me. I’m a little embarrassed about showing myself abruptly to him. Why don’t you block the path of their clouds and say, ‘Lord Immortal, please stop for a moment. The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, is here to pay you respect.’ When he hears that I’m here, he will certainly stop. When he settles down, it’ll be easier for me to see him.” Our Idiot indeed mounted the clouds and rose quickly to the peak of the mountain. “Lord Immortal,” he cried with a loud voice, “please slow your horses and chariots. The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, wishes to see you.” On hearing this, that holy father gave the order for the six brothers to stop. After they met Eight Rules, he asked, “Where is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?”

Eight Rules said, “He awaits your summons below there in the mountain.”

“Brothers,” said Erlang, “please invite him to come here.”

The six brothers, being Kang, Zhang, Rao, Li, Guo, and Zhi, all ran out of the camp and cried, “Elder Brother Sun Wukong, Big Brother requests your presence.” Pilgrim went forward and, after he greeted each of them, they went up the mountain together. He was met by the Holy Father Erlang, who extended his hands to him and said, “Great Sage, you were delivered from the great ordeal and received the commandments in the Gate of Sand. The days may be counted when your merit will be achieved and you will ascend your lotus throne. You are to be congratulated!”

“Hardly,” said Pilgrim. “I received great kindness from you in the past, and I have yet to repay you. Though I have been delivered from my ordeal and am now journeying toward the West, I have no idea what sort of merit I shall accomplish. We are passing through at this moment the Sacrifice Kingdom, and in order to rescue some priests from their calamity, we have come here to capture fiends and demand the return of a treasure. By accident we saw the noble entourage of Elder Brother, and we make bold to request your assistance. We have no knowledge as to where you have come from or whether you will be pleased to grant us our wish.”

“Because I had nothing to do,” said Erlang with a smile, “I went hunting with the brothers, from which we were just returning. The Great Sage is most kind in asking us to stop, which is ample proof of how greatly he cherishes an old friend. If you want

me to help you defeat some fiends, dare I not obey you? But what fiendish thieves are occupying this region?"

"You must have quite forgotten, Big Brother," said one of the six sages. "This is the Scattered-Rock Mountain, and below it is the Green Wave Lagoon, the dragon palace of All Saints." Somewhat startled, Erlang said, "But the old dragon All Saints doesn't cause any trouble. How would he dare steal a pagoda treasure?"

"He recently took in a son-in-law," said Pilgrim, "a nine-headed insect who had become a spirit. The two of them conspired together as thieves and brought down a rain shower of blood on the Sacrifice Kingdom, after which they took away the śarīra Buddhist treasure on top of the Golden Light Monastery. Not perceiving the truth of the matter, the king bitterly persecuted and tortured the priests of that monastery instead. My master in mercy was moved to sweep the pagoda during the night, during which I caught two small fiends on the top. They were sent there on patrol, and when we took them into court this morning, they made an honest confession. The king therefore asked our master to subdue the fiends, and that was how we were sent here. During our first encounter, Eight Rules was hauled away by that nine-headed insect when an additional head popped out of his torso. I went into the water by means of transformation and managed to rescue Eight Rules. We had another fierce battle when I slew the old dragon, whose corpse was taken away by that fellow and his cohorts. We were just in the midst of discussing how to provoke battle again when you and your noble companions arrived. Hence our imposition on you."

"If you did smite the old dragon," said Erlang, "this is the best time to attack them. They'll not be prepared, and we can exterminate the whole nest of them."

"That may be so," said Eight Rules, "but after all, it's getting late now."

Erlang replied, "As the military theorist says, 'An army does not wait for the times.' Why worry about how late it is?" Kang, one of the brothers, spoke up:

"There's no hurry, Big Brother. Since his family members live here, that fellow is not about to run away. Now, since Second Elder Brother Sun is our honored guest, and since Stiff Bristles Hog also has returned to the right fruit, we should have a party right now, especially when we have brought wine and food along to our camp. The little ones can start a fire and we can set it up right at this place. We may toast the two of them and enjoy a nice visit together this evening. By morning, we can then provoke battle, and there'll be still plenty of time."

Exceedingly pleased, Erlang said, "Our worthy brother has spoken well!" and he gave the order at once for the little ones to prepare the banquet. "We dare not decline the noble sentiments of all of you," said Pilgrim, "but since becoming priests, we have been observing the dietary laws. I hope we'll not cause any inconvenience."

"But we do have fruits and the like," replied Erlang, "and even our wines are dietary."

And so, by the light of the moon and the stars, the brothers lifted their cups in friendship, using Heaven as their tent and Earth as their mat.

Truly the lonely watches are long, but a happy night is all too short. Soon, the east turned pale with light. A few goblets of wine had given Eight Rules enormous inspiration, and rousing himself, he said, "It's about dawn. Let old Hog go into the water to provoke battle."

“Do be careful, Marshal,” said Erlang. “Just trick him into coming out and we brothers will do our part.”

“I know! I know!” said Eight Rules, laughing. Look at him! Tightening his clothes and gripping the rake, he used the water-division magic and leaped down there. The moment he arrived before the towered gateway, he gave a shout and fought into the palace hall.

At the time, the dragon son, having draped himself with a mourning gown of hemp, was standing guard over his father’s corpse and weeping. The dragon grandson and that son-in-law were busily preparing a coffin in the back. Shouting abuses, our Eight Rules rushed forward and his upraised hands delivered a heavy blow with his rake. Nine gaping holes at once appeared on the head of that dragon son. The dragon dame was so aghast that she ran madly inside, wailing, “That long-snout monk has killed my son also!” When he heard this, the son-in-law immediately took up his crescent-tooth spade and led the dragon grandson out to do battle. Lifting his rake to oppose them, our Eight Rules fought as he retreated, and soon they arrived on the surface of the water. All at once, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven and the seven brothers swarmed all over them, and in no time at all, the showering blows of swords and spears reduced the dragon grandson to a few meat patties.

When that son-in-law saw that things were going badly, he rolled on the ground immediately and changed back into his original form. Spreading his wings, he soared into the air. Erlang took out his golden bow, affixed a silver pellet, and sent it hurtling toward the insect. The fiend quickly flapped his wings and darted down, wanting to bite Erlang. Just when another head popped out from the middle of his torso, however, the small hound of Erlang leaped into the air with a terrific bark and bit it clean off. In great pain, the fiend fled toward the north sea. Eight Rules was about to give chase, but he was stopped by Pilgrim, who said, “Let’s not follow him.

As the proverb has it, ‘The desperate fugitive should not be chased.’ One of his heads has been bitten off by the small hound, and it’s unlikely that he’ll survive. Let me change into his appearance instead, and you open up a path in the water. Chase me into his palace.

After we find the princess, we can wangle back the treasure.”

Erlang said, “I suppose it’s all right that we don’t track him down. But if this kind of creature remains in the world, it will undoubtedly bring great harm to people in posterity.”

Thus we have even today the blood-dripping nine-headed insect, which is, in fact, the descendant of that creature.

Eight Rules, meanwhile, agreed to what Pilgrim told him and opened up a path in the water. Pilgrim, having changed into the appearance of the fiend, ran ahead while Eight Rules followed behind, shouting and hollering. As they drew near the dragon palace, they were met by the princess All Saints, who asked, “Son-in-law, why are you in such a panic?”

“That Eight Rules has defeated me,” replied Pilgrim, “and is chasing me here. I don’t think I can resist him anymore. You’d better hide the treasures quickly.” In such a hurry the princess, of course, could not distinguish truth from falsehood. She immediately took out from the rear hall a golden box to hand over to Pilgrim, saying, “This is the Buddhist treasure.”

After that, she took out also a white jade box and gave it to Pilgrim, saying, "This is the nine-leaf divine agaric. You take these treasures and hide them. Let me battle Zhu Eight Rules for a few rounds just to slow him down. After you have put away the treasures, you can come out and fight with him again."

Having taken over the boxes, Pilgrim gave his face a wipe and changed back into his original form, saying, "Princess, take a good look and see if I'm the son-in-law!"

Thoroughly shaken, the princess tried to make a grab for the boxes, but Eight Rules rushed in and one blow of the rake on her shoulder sent her to the ground.

There was only an old dragon dame left; she turned and tried to flee, only to be caught hold of by Eight Rules. He was about to hit her with the rake, too, but was stopped by Pilgrim, who said, "Wait a moment. Let's not kill her. We should take a live one back to the capital so that we may announce our merit."

Eight Rules, therefore, dragged her up to the surface of the water, followed by Pilgrim holding the two boxes. He said to Erlang, "We're indebted to the authority and power of Elder Brother. We have recovered the treasures and wiped out the fiendish thieves."

Erlang said, "We owe this rather to the excellent luck of the king in the first place, and to the boundless magic power of you two worthy brothers in the second. What have I done?"

His brothers also said, "Since Second Elder Brother Sun has accomplished his merit, we should leave at once." Pilgrim could not stop thanking them; he would have liked to get them to go see the king, but they steadfastly refused. The sages thus left and returned to the River of Libation.

Pilgrim took up the boxes while Eight Rules dragged along the dragon dame; moving midway between cloud and fog, they reached the kingdom in an instant. Those priests who had been freed in the Golden Light Monastery, you see, were waiting outside the city.

When they saw the two of them stopping their cloud and fog, they went forward, bowing, to receive them into the city. At that time, the king and the Tang Monk were conversing. Forcing himself to be bold, one of the monks ran ahead and went into the gate of the court to memorialize:

"Your Majesty, the two venerable fathers, Sun and Zhu, have returned, bringing with them the treasures and the thief." On hearing this, the king left the hall quickly with the Tang Monk and Sha Monk. As he met the two disciples and praised them repeatedly for their divine merit, he also gave the command that a thanksgiving banquet be prepared. "There's no need for you to bestow on us food and drink as yet," said Tripitaka. "Let my humble disciples restore the treasure to the pagoda first. Then we may drink and feast."

He then turned to Pilgrim to ask, "You two left the kingdom yesterday. How was it that you did not return until today?" Whereupon Pilgrim gave a detailed account of how they fought with the son-in-law and the Dragon King, how they met the lord immortal, how they defeated the monster-spirits, and how they finally wangled the treasures. Tripitaka, the king, and all his civil and military officials could not have been more pleased.

“Does the dragon dame know human speech?” asked the king. Eight Rules said, “She is the wife of the Dragon King who has given birth to many sons and grandsons. How could she not know human speech?”

“If she does,” said the king, “let her give us a complete account of the robbery.”

The dragon dame said, “I know nothing of stealing the Buddhist treasure. It was entirely the work of my deceased husband and our son-in-law, Nine-Heads. When they discovered that the radiance on top of your pagoda was emitted by a Buddhist relic, they brought down a rain shower of blood three years ago and therewith stole the treasure.”

“How did you steal the divine agaric plant?” asked the king. The dragon dame said, “That was the work of my daughter, Princess All Saints, who sneaked into Heaven and stole from before the Hall of Divine Mists the nine-leaf divine agaric planted by the Lady Queen Mother of the West. Nourished by the divine breath of this plant, the śarīra would remain indestructible for a thousand years and luminous in all ages. Even if you just wave it slightly on the ground or in the fields, it will emit myriad shafts of colored rays and a thousand strands of auspicious beams. Now you have seized these things, and moreover, you have slaughtered my husband and my sons, you have done away with my son-in-law and my daughter. I beg you to spare my life.”

“We’re not about to spare *you*, of all persons!” said Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, “Guilt cannot be borne by an entire family. We’ll spare you. But you are required to be the perpetual guardian of the pagoda for us.”

“Even a good death is not as good as a wretched existence!” replied the dragon dame. “If you spare my life, you can do whatever you please with me.” Pilgrim at once asked for an iron chain. After the attendant before the throne brought it out, Pilgrim pierced the lute bone of the dragon dame with the chain before saying to Sha Monk, “Invite the king to witness how we secure the pagoda.”

Hurriedly asking for his carriage, the king left the court hand in hand with Tripitaka. Accompanied by many civil and military officials, they went to the Golden Light Monastery and ascended the pagoda. The śarīra was placed carefully inside a treasure vase on the thirteenth floor of the pagoda, while the dragon dame was chained to a pillar in the center. Pilgrim recited the magic words to summon together the local spirit of the capital, the city deity, and the guardian spirits of that monastery. Food and drink were to be brought to the dragon dame once every three days, they were told, but if she ever dared misbehave, she would be executed at once. The various gods obeyed in silence. The Pilgrim used the agaric plant as a broom and swept each of the thirteen layers of the pagoda clean before returning it to the vase to nourish the śarīra. Thus it was the old had become the new once more, with myriad shafts of colored beams and a thousand strands of auspicious air. Once more the eight quarters could witness the radiance, and the four surrounding nations could wonder at the treasure. After they walked out of the pagoda’s door, the king said, “If the old Buddha and the three Bodhisattvas had not come this way, how could we ever get to the bottom of this affair?”

“Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim, “the two words, Golden Light, are not the best, for neither of these is a thing of permanence. Gold, after all, is an unstable substance, and light is air that flickers. Since this humble priest has already exerted such efforts for you, he would suggest that you change the monastery’s name to Dragon-Subduing Monastery. It will last forever, I assure you.”

At once the king ordered the name be changed, and a new plaque, bearing the words Dragon-Subduing Monastery Built by Imperial Command, was hung across the main gate in front. He asked for an imperial banquet also and for the painter to make portraits of the four pilgrims.

Their names, too, were recorded in the Five-Phoenix Tower. Thereafter, the king took the pilgrims personally in his own carriage out of the city to see them off. When they were offered gold and jade as a reward, master and disciples refused to take even a penny. Truly it was that

Fiends extirpated, all realms are cleansed;

The pagoda light's restored, the great earth is bright.

Then they departed. We do not know what their journey ahead will be like; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-FOUR

*At Bramble Ridge Wuneng exerted great effort
At Shrine of Sylvan Immortals Tripitaka discusses poetry*

We were telling you about the king of the Sacrifice Kingdom, who expressed his thanks to Tripitaka Tang and his disciples for recovering the treasure and capturing the fiends by offerings of jade and gold to them, which they refused to accept. The king therefore ordered the attendant before the throne to have two suits of clothing made for each of the pilgrims, according to the style that they had been wearing. Two pairs of shoes and socks and two silk sashes were also made for each person. In addition to these, dried goods—both baked and roasted foods—were also prepared. After their travel rescript had been certified, the king called for the imperial cortege; many civil and military officials, the people of the entire capital, and the monks of the Dragon-Subduing Monastery followed him to send the four out of the city, accompanied by the sonorous sounds of pipes and drums. When they had gone for some twenty miles, they took leave of the king first, while the rest of the officials and people retired after another twenty miles. Those priests from the Dragon-Subduing Monastery, however, refused to turn back even after walking with the pilgrims for some fifty or sixty miles, a few insisting that they would travel with the pilgrims to the Western Heaven, and a few others saying that they would practice austerities while serving the pilgrims on their way. When Pilgrim saw that none of them was willing to turn back, he had to use his magic. Pulling off some thirty strands of his hair, he blew a mouthful of divine breath on them, crying, “Change!”

They changed at once into a herd of ferocious striped tigers, prowling and growling, which had the main road completely blocked. Only then did these monks become frightened and dared not proceed, so that the Great Sage could tell his master to urge his horse forward. In a little while, they faded in the distance, and the monks burst into loud wailing, all crying, “Most gracious and kind fathers! You’re unwilling to save us because we have no affinity!” Leaving those monks behind, we tell you instead about the master and his three disciples who headed toward the West. Only after they had gone for quite a distance did Pilgrim retrieve his hairs. Truly the seasons were quick to change, and soon it was the end of winter and the beginning of spring. Neither too hot nor too cold, it was a pleasant time to travel. As they walked along, they came upon a long ridge over which the main road had to pass. When Tripitaka reined in his horse to look at the place, he saw that the ridge was covered with brambles and clogged with creepers and vines. Though there was a faint trace of the road, it was flanked by the prickly thorns of brambles crowding in from left and right. “Disciples,” the Tang Monk called out, “how could we walk through this road?”

“Why not?” asked Pilgrim.

“Oh, disciples!” said the Tang Monk. “Below’s the faded path; above are the brambles. Only reptiles or insects creeping on the ground can get through. Even for you, it means walking while bending double. How could I possibly stay on horseback?”

“Don’t worry,” said Eight Rules. “Let me show you my ability to rake firewood and spread open the brambles for you. Don’t speak of riding a horse. Even if you were to ride a carriage, you would be able to get through.”

“Though you may have the strength,” said Tripitaka, “you can’t last over a long distance. I wonder how wide this ridge is. Where can we find the energy?” Pilgrim replied, “No need to discuss this anymore. Let me go and have a look.”

He leaped into the air and what he saw was an endless stretch. Truly

*They cloak the earth and fade into the sky,
They gather mist and hold up rain—
These soft, disheveled mats flanking the road,
These jade-green tops shading the mount.
Dense and luxuriant the newly sprouted leaves;
Rank and prolific they thrive and bloom.
They seem from a distance to have no end;
Close up they look like a vast green cloud.
Furry and lush,
In fresh dark green,
They rustle loudly in the wind
As the bright sun makes them glow.
In their midst are pines, cedars, and bamboos;
Many plums, willows, and mulberries even more.
Creepers wind around old trees
And wisteria, the drooping willows.
Laced together like a prop,
They seem like a matted cot.
There are flowers blooming like brocade,
And wild buds send fragrance far away.
Which man has not met some brambles during his life?
Who has e’er seen such vast thickets of the West?*

After he had stared at the region for a long time, Pilgrim lowered his cloud and said, “Master, this ridge is enormous!”

“How enormous is it?” asked Tripitaka. “I can’t see the end of it,” replied Pilgrim. “It seems to be at least a thousand miles long.”

Horried, Tripitaka said, “What shall we do?”

“Please don’t worry, Master,” said Sha Monk with a laugh. “Let’s follow the example of those who burn off the land and set fire to the brambles so that you may pass through.”

“Stop babbling!” said Eight Rules. “To burn off the land, you must do it around the time of the tenth month when the vegetation has dried up and is readily ignitable. Right now it is growing luxuriantly. How could it be burned?”

“Even if you could,” added Pilgrim, “the flame would be quite terrifying.”

“How are we to get across then?” asked Tripitaka.

“If you want to get across,” said Eight Rules with a laugh, “you’ll have to do as I say!”

Dear Idiot! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and gave his torso a stretch, crying, “Grow!”

At once he reached the height of some two hundred feet. Shaking his muckrake, he cried, “Change!” and the handle of the rake attained the length of some three hundred feet. In big strides, he walked forward and, his two hands wielding the rake, pushed away the brambles left and right. “Let Master follow me!” he said, and a highly pleased Tripitaka quickly urged his horse forward, followed by Sha Monk poling the luggage and Pilgrim, also using his iron rod to clear up the path.

That whole day they did not rest at all and journeyed for some one hundred miles. By evening they arrived at a small clearing, where they came upon a stone monument. On top were inscribed in large letters the words, Bramble Ridge. Down below there were two rows of smaller characters, which read:

*Eight hundred miles of brambles intertwined,
A road that few since days of old have trod.*

When Eight Rules saw the monument, he said, laughing, “Let old Hog add two more lines to the inscription:

*But now Eight Rules’s able to clear a path
Straight to the West, which is level and broad.”*

Delighted, Tripitaka dismounted and said, “Oh, disciple! We’ve tired you out! Let’s spend the night here, and we’ll journey again when it’s light tomorrow.”

“Don’t stop now, Master,” said Eight Rules. “While the sky is still fair and we’re inspired, we should clear the path right through the night and get on with it!”

The elder had to comply.

Eight Rules went forward and again made a great effort; with the rider not resting his hands and the horse not stopping its trotting, master and disciples journeyed for one whole night and another day. Once more it was getting late, but what lay before them was a bosky sight. They also heard the song of wind-whipped bamboos and the sound of rustling pines as they came upon another stretch of clearing, in the center of which was an old shrine. There, outside the door, were pines and cedars arrested in green, peaches and plums vying to display their beauty.

After he dismounted, Tripitaka and his three disciples looked around. What they saw was

*An old shrine atop a cool stream before the cliff,
And desolate grounds, mist-wrapped, met one’s eye.
For clumps of sāla trees long years had passed;
A mossed-terrace stood there as seasons went by.
Like swaying jade the bamboos seemed to speak,
And grief was told by a bird’s fading cry.
Scant traces of man, or of beast and fowl;
Just wild blooms and creepers on walls most high.*

After he had surveyed the region, Pilgrim said, “This place portends more evil than good. We shouldn’t stay here long.”

“Elder Brother, aren’t you overly suspicious?” asked Sha Monk. “There’s not even a trace of humans here, let alone of a weird beast or a fiendish bird. What’s there to be afraid of?”

He had hardly finished speaking when a gust of cold wind brought out from behind the shrine door an old man. He had on his head a square turban, a simple robe on

his body, a cane in his hand, and a pair of straw sandals on his feet. He was followed by a demon attendant who had a red beard and a scarlet body, a green face with jutting tusks, and who had on his head a platter of wheat cakes. Going to his knees, the old man said, "Great Sage, this humble deity is the local spirit of the Bramble Ridge. Having learned of your arrival, I have little to offer you except this platter of specially prepared steamed cakes. I present this to all of you venerable masters and ask you to have a meal. Throughout this region of eight hundred miles, there is no human household. So, please take some cakes for the relief of your hunger."

Delighted, Eight Rules walked forward with outstretched hands and was about to take one of the cakes. Pilgrim, however, who had had the old man under scrutiny for some time, shouted immediately, "Stop! This isn't a good fellow! Don't you dare be impudent! What sort of a local spirit are you that you dare come to deceive old Monkey? Watch my rod!" When the old man saw him attacking, he spun around and at once changed into a gust of cold wind. With a loud whoosh, it swept the elder high into the air. Tumbling over and over, he soon vanished from sight. The Great Sage was so taken aback that he did not know how to begin to search for his master, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk stared at each other, paling with consternation. Even the white horse neighed in fear. The four of them, three brothers and the horse, seemed to be in a trance; they looked far and near but there was not a trace of their master. We shall leave them there, busily searching.

We tell you now instead about that old man and his demon attendant, who hauled the elder before a mist-shrouded stone house and then lowered him gently. Taking the hand of the elder, the old man said, "Holy monk, please don't be afraid. We are not bad people.

I'm actually the Squire Eight-and-Ten of Bramble Ridge. Since ours happens to be a night of clear breeze and bright moonlight, I have brought you here especially to meet a few friends and to talk about poetry, just to spend a pleasant moment of leisure." Only then did the elder manage to collect himself. As he glanced about carefully, this was truly what he found:

*A haunt of misty clouds obscure,
A house in scenes divinely pure,
Good for keeping the self pure in training,
For flower and bamboo planting.
Cranes on verdant cliffs will be seen;
Frogs croak from ponds lovely and green.
Tiantai's magic hearth it surpasses,
Brighter than Mount Hua's air masses.
Fishing and plowing need we mention?
Worthy is this place of reclusion.
Sit still and your thoughts turn serene
As faint moonlight ascends the screen.*

As Tripitaka enjoyed the scenery, he felt that the moon and the stars grew even brighter. Then he heard voices, all saying, "Squire Eight-and-Ten has succeeded in inviting the holy monk here." When the elder raised his head, he saw three old men: the first bore frostlike features, the second had flowing green hair and beard, and the third was meek-mannered and dark colored. They each had different looks and different garments, and they all came to salute Tripitaka. Returning their bows, the elder said,

“What merit or virtue does this disciple possess that he should win such kind attention from these aged immortals?”

“We have always heard,” replied Squire Eight-and-Ten with a smile, “that the holy monk is possessed of the Way. Having waited for you for a long time, we are fortunate indeed to be able to meet you now. If you are willing to share with us the pearl and jade of your wisdom, we beg you to sit and chat with us, as we long to know the true teachings, the mysteries of Chan.”

Again bending low, Tripitaka said, “May I ask the honorable styles of the aged immortals?”

“The one with the frostlike features,” replied Squire Eight-and-Ten, “is called Squire Lonesome Rectitude. The green-haired one has the name of Master Void-Surmounting, and the humble one goes by the title of Cloud-Brushing Dean. This old moron bears the name of Knotty Virtue.”

“And what is the honorable age of the immortals?” asked Tripitaka.

Squire Lonesome Rectitude said,

*My age has a thousand years attained:
Dense leaves, ever young, reach toward the sky.
Thick, fragrant boughs shaped like dragons and snakes;
A frame of luscious shade frost and snow did try.
Hardy since childhood and not worn by time,
E'er upright, I on magic arts rely.
The phoenix, no common bird, finds shelter here—
Lush and lofty, from this world's dust raised high.*

Smiling, Master of Void-Surmounting said,

*A thousand years old, I've braved wind and frost
With tall, spiritual stems by nature strong.
My sounds hum like rain in a quiet night;
My shade spreads cloudlike all autumn day long.
My roots are coiled for endless life I've known;
I've been taught of eternal youth the song.
My guests are cranes and dragons, no worldly life.
Vibrantly green, with gods I dwell along.*

Smiling, Cloud-Brushing Dean said,

*A thousand cold winters I, too, have passed:
Old but cheerful, my form's both pure and quaint.
Aloof, I shun mixing with worldly dust and noise,
Still romantic though by frost and snow untaint.
Seven Worthies are my friends of the Way;
Six Hermits would join me in verse to paint.
Not ditties or jingles, we make noble rhymes.
I am by nature friend of long-life saints.*

Smiling, Knotty Virtue, Squire Eight-and-Ten, said,

*I, too, am over a thousand years old.
Still fair and true, I am naturally green.
My strength is lovely, born of dew and rain;*

*The world's creative mystery I did glean.
 Only I thrive in all gorges' mist and wind;
 In all four climes none's more than I serene.
 I spread a hood of jade to shade my guests,
 Discussing Dao or with lute and chess are seen.*

Thanking them, Tripitaka said, "All four of you immortals are enjoying long life. Why, Master Knotty Virtue is more than a thousand years old! Having attained the Way at such an advanced age, and blessed with such extraordinary and refined features, could you be the Four White-Haired Ones of the Han?"

"You praise us far too much!" replied the four old men together. "We are not the Four White-Haired Ones, but only the Four Disciplined Ones deep in the mountain. May we ask in turn the holy monk for his age?" With hands folded before his chest and bowing, Tripitaka replied:

*I left mother's womb forty years ago:
 Even before my fate on earth was woe!
 Fleeing for life, I tossed on waves manifold;
 I cast my shell, meeting by luck Mount Gold.
 Myself I trained and sūtras read with zeal;
 Buddha's true worship was my sole ideal.
 Now my King sends me to go to the West.
 Your divine presence thus favors my quest.*

The four old men all joined in praising him, and one of them said, "From the moment he left his mother's womb, the holy monk has followed the teachings of Buddha. He has indeed practiced austerities from childhood, and thus he is in truth a superior monk who possesses the Way. Now that we have this good fortune of receiving your honorable presence, we make bold to seek from you your great doctrine. We beg you to instruct us on the rudiments of the law of Chan, and that would gratify our lifelong desire." When he heard these words, the elder was not in the least daunted. He began to speak to the four of them, saying, "Chan is quiescence, and the Law is salvation. But the salvation of quiescence will not be accomplished without enlightenment. The cleansing of the mind and the purgation of desires, the abandonment of the worldly and departure from the dust—that is enlightenment. Now, it's a rare opportunity to attain a human body, to be born in Middle Land, and to encounter the correct doctrine of Buddha. There is no greater blessing than the possession of these three things. The wondrous ways of ultimate virtue, vast and boundless, can neither be seen nor heard. It can, however, extinguish the six organs of sense and the six kinds of perception. Thus, perfect wisdom has neither birth nor death, neither want nor excess; it encompasses both form and emptiness, and it reveals the nonreality of both saints and commoners. To contact the truth, you must know the mallet and tong of Primal Origin; to intuit the Real, you must realize the technique of Śākyamuni. Exercise the power of mindlessness; tread and shatter Nirvāṇa. By means of the awakening of awakening, you must comprehend the enlightenment of enlightenment.

*One spark of spirit light would protect all.
 Let the fierce flame shine like a dancer's robe,
 Sweeping the dharma realm as one thing seen.
 Pierce the dark and tenuous;
 Fortify also the strong.
 This mysterious pass, thus mentioned, who can go through?*

*Mine's the originally practiced Chan of great awakening,
Retained and known just by those of affinity and will."*

The four elders showed boundless delight when they received this instruction. With hands folded and bowing in submission, all of them said, "The holy monk is indeed the very source of enlightenment in the principle of Chan!"

Then Cloud-Brushing Dean said, "Though Chan is quiescence and the Law, salvation, it is still required of us to be firm in our nature and sincere in our mind. Even if we became the true immortal of great awakening, it is, in the end, the way of no birth.

The mystery we live by, you see, is greatly different from yours."

"The Way is indeed extraordinary," said Tripitaka, "but while substance and function are one, how could there be any difference?" Smiling, Cloud-Brushing Dean said, "Since we were born hardy and strong, our substance and function differ from yours. Indebted to Heaven and Earth for giving us a body, we're beholden to rain and dew for our colors' nourishment. Smiling, we disdain the wind and frost and pass the days and months. Not one leaf of ours would wither; all our branches hold firm to virtue. Our words are unlike yours which, instead of consulting the *Liezi*, cling to those of Sanskrit. Now, the Dao was originally established in China. Instead, you seek its illumination in the West. You're squandering your straw sandals! I wonder what it is that you are after? A stone lion must have gouged out your heart! Your bones must have been pumped full of wild foxes' saliva! You forget your origin to practice Chan, vainly seeking the Buddha's fruit. Yours are like the prickly riddles of my Bramble Ridge, like its tangled enigmas. This sort of superior man, how could he teach and lead? With this kind of model, how could he transmit truth's imprint?

*You must examine the appearances before you,
For there's life by itself in quiescence.
The bottomless bamboo basket will draw water;
The rootless iron tree will bring forth flowers.
Plant your feet firmly on the Lingbao summit;
Maitreya's fine congress you'll attend back home."*

When Tripitaka heard these words, he kowtowed to thank the speaker, but he was raised by Squire Eight-and-Ten. As Squire Lonesome Rectitude also came forward to pull him up, Master Void-Surmounting let out a loud guffaw and said, "The words of Cloud-Brushing are obviously shot full of holes. Please rise, holy monk, and don't believe all he says. In this moonlight we never intended at all to discuss the theories of self-cultivation. Let's indulge rather in the composing and chanting of poetry."

"If you want to do that," said Cloud-Brushing with a smile, "Let's go inside our little shrine for a cup of tea. How about it?"

The elder leaned forward to stare at the stone house, which had on top of its entrance an inscription of four words written in large characters:

Shrine of Sylvan Immortals. They walked together inside and took their proper seats. Then the scarlet-bodied demon attendant came to serve them with a platter of China Root pudding and five goblets of fragrant liquid. The four old men invited the Tang Monk to eat first, but he was so suspicious that he dared not take it right away. Only after the four old men partook of the food did Tripitaka also eat two pieces of the pudding. Each of them then drained the fragrant liquid and the goblets were taken away.

As he glanced cautiously around, Tripitaka saw that it was so bright and luminous inside the shrine that they seemed to be sitting directly beneath the moon.

*From rock edges water flowed out
And from flowers came forth fragrance.
Unsoiled by half a speck of dust,
This place of grace and elegance.*

Gladdened and comforted by such heavenly scenery, the elder could not refrain from chanting the following line:

The mind of Chan seems like the dustless moon.

With a broad grin, the elder Knotty Virtue immediately followed the lead and chanted:

On us our muse shines as the cloudless noon.

Squire Lonesome Rectitude said,

Fine phrases are cut like rolled-out brocade;

Master Void-Surmounting said,

Like rare gems good lines are fashioned and made.

Cloud-Brushing Dean said,

*Six Periods are purged of their vain conceits;
The Book of Odes a new compiler meets.*

“This disciple,” said Tripitaka, “has in an unguarded moment blurted out a few words. It’s like wielding the axe before the Carpenter God! When I heard just now the fresh and elegant lines of you immortals, I knew I had met poetic masters.”

The elder Knotty Virtue said, “No need for idle chatter, holy monk. Those who have left the family must finish the work they started. If you begin a poem, you can’t avoid finishing it, can you? We hope you will complete it.”

“This disciple can hardly do that,” replied Tripitaka. “May I trouble Squire Eight-and-Ten to find the concluding lines and render the poem whole? That’ll be wonderful!”

“How cruel you are!” said Knotty Virtue. “You had the first line, after all. How could you refuse the last two? To withhold your talents is hardly reasonable.”

Tripitaka had no choice but to finish the last two lines by reciting:

*Ere the tea darkens as pine breezes sing,
This gay mood of songs fills my heart with spring.*

“Bravo!” said Squire Eight-and-Ten. “What a magnificent line—‘*This gay mood of songs fills my heart with spring*’!”

“Knotty Virtue,” said Squire Lonesome Rectitude, “since you are verily addicted to poetry, you love to mull over every line. Why not start another poem?”

Without hesitation, Squire Eight-and-Ten said, “I’ll begin in the manner of ‘Pushing the Needle’:

*Spring quickens me not, nor does winter dry;
For me they are nothing, though clouds float by.”*

Master Void-Surmounting said, “I’ll follow you in that manner also.

*By me, though windless, is formed a dancing shade.
One loves such blessing and long life displayed."*

Then Cloud-Brushing Dean said,

*Displayed like West Mountain's noble sire,
I'm pure as southland's empty-hearted squire.*

Finally, Squire Lonesome Rectitude said,

*Squired by slanting growth of highest grade,
I yield the crossbeams of the king's estrade.*

On hearing this, the elder was full of praise for them, saying, "This is truly the most sublime poetry, its nobility reaches up to Heaven! Though this disciple is without talents, he would make bold to begin another two lines."

"Holy monk," said Squire Lonesome Rectitude, "you are someone accomplished in the Way, someone who has received profound nurture. There's no need for you to do another linking verse. Please grant us an entire poem by yourself, and we shall make the utmost effort to reply in kind." Tripitaka had no alternative but to compose, smiling, a poem in the style of the regulated verse:

*A priest goes West to seek the dharma king;
To farthest shores some wondrous scripts he'd bring.
"Thrice-blooming plants the poet's luck augment;
Jewel-tree blossoms waft the Buddha scent."
To reach beyond the highest heights he'll strive
And try in all the worlds his office to live.
When he the noble jade form captivates,
The field of rites lies before Nirvāṇa's gates.*

When the four old men heard this, they paid him the highest compliments.

Then Squire Eight-and-Ten said, "This old moron has no other abilities except audacity. I shall force myself to answer your poem with this one of mine:

*Aloof's Knotty Virtue, I scorn the sylvan king.
My fame spreads wider than this long-lived thing!
Tall, serpentine shade o'er the mount is bent;
The stream drinks my millennial, amber scent.
I reach out to enhance the universe,
Though wind and rain will my act and aim reverse.
Declining I lack those immortal bones,
With naught but fungi as my own gravestones."*

"This poem," said Squire Lonesome Rectitude, "begins with a heroic line, and the middle parallel couplets, too, show tremendous strength. But the concluding lines are far too modest. How admirable! How admirable! This old moron will also reply with this poem:

*My frosty face oft pleases the avian kings.
My talents thrive by the Hall of Four Great Things.
Pearl drops of dew adorn my jade-green tent;
A gentle breeze will spread my chilly scent.
My murmurs at night the long porches attend;
An old shrine in autumn my shadows befriend.*

*To spring I give birthday gifts on new year's day;
I'm the old master of the mountain way."*

"Marvelous poem! Marvelous poem!" said Master Void-Surmounting, laughing. "Truly it's as if the moon is putting the center of Heaven under duress. How could this old moron reply in kind? But I shouldn't allow this opportunity to pass by, I suppose, and so, I'll have to throw together a few lines:

*Of towering talents close to lords and king,
My fame by Grand Pure Palace once did spring.
On kiosks are seen green ether's descent;
By darkened walls passes my faint, crisp scent.
Upright forever I retain my mirth,
For these roots are formed deep within the earth.
Above the clouds my dancing shadow soars,
Beyond those vainglorious, floral corps."*

"The poems of the three squires," said Cloud-Brushing Dean, "are most noble and elegant; they show the finest purity and simplicity.

Truly they can be said to have come from a brocaded pouch. My body has little strength and my bowels have little talents, but the instruction I received from the three squires has opened up my mind. So, I, too, will offer this doggerel. Please don't laugh at me!

*In Qi- Yu gardens I delight a sage king.
Through fields of Wei*

*I'm free to sway and swing.
No Naiad's tears my jadelike skin had stained,
But mottled sheaths had Han histories contained.
By frost my leaves their true beauty reveal.
Could mist henceforth my stems' luster conceal?
With Ziyu's passing my true friends are few,
Though scholars' praise my fame ever renews."*

"The poems of the various immortal elders," said Tripitaka, "truly resemble pearls emitted by phoenixes. Not even Ziyu and Zixia, those two disciples of Confucius, could surpass you. Moreover, I'm extremely grateful for your kindness and hospitality. It is, however, deep in the night, and I fear that my three humble disciples are waiting for me somewhere. Your student, therefore, cannot remain here long. By your boundless love, let me leave now and go find them. I beg you to point out to me the way back."

"Please don't worry, holy monk," said the four old men, laughing. "Ours is an opportunity that comes but once in a thousand years. Though the night is deep, the sky is fair and the moon is very bright. Please sit here for awhile longer. By morning we shall escort you across the ridge, and you'll without fail meet up with your disciples."

As they were thus speaking, there walked in from outside the stone house two blue-robed maidens, holding a pair of red-gauze lanterns and followed by an immortal girl. She was twirling in her hand a sprig of apricot blossoms, and smiling broadly, she walked in to greet them. How did she look, you ask. She had

A young face kingfisher adorned,

*And colors better than rouge;
 Luminous starlike eyes;
 Moth brows neat and refined.
 Down below: a light pink skirt patterned with five-colored plums;
 Up above; a maroon blouse without collar or sleeves.
 Small slippers pointed like phoenix beaks,
 And slender stockings of silk brocade.
 Seductive and coy like a Tiantai goddess,
 She seems to be the fair Daji of old.*

“To what do we owe this visit, Apricot Immortal?” asked the four old men as they rose to greet her. After the girl had bowed to all of them, she said, “I learned that a charming guest is being entertained here and I’ve come especially to make his acquaintance. May I meet him?”

“The charming guest is right here,” said Squire Eight-and-Ten, pointing at the Tang Monk. “There’s no need for you to ask to see him.”

Bending low, Tripitaka dared not utter a word. “Bring us some tea, quickly!” cried the girl, and two more yellow-robed maidens walked in with a red-lacquered tray, on which there were six small porcelain tea cups, several kinds of exotic fruits, and a spoon for stirring placed in the middle. One of the maidens also carried a tea pot of white iron set in yellow copper, from which arose the overpowering aroma of fine tea. After tea had been poured, the girl revealed ever so slightly her slender fingers and presented a cup of it to Tripitaka first. Then she gave the drink to the four old men before taking one herself.

“Why doesn’t the Apricot Immortal take a seat?” asked Master Void-Surmounting, and only then did she take a seat. When they finished their tea, the girl bowed again and said, “You immortals are reveling in great pleasures this evening. May I be instructed a little by your excellent verses?”

“Ours are all crude and vulgar utterances,” said Cloud-Brushing Dean, “but the compositions of the Holy Monk can truly be considered a product of the high Tang. They’re most admirable.”

“If it’s not too great an imposition,” said the girl, “I would like to hear them.” Whereupon the four old men gave a thorough rehearsal of the elder’s poems and his discourse on Chan.

Smiling broadly, the girl said to them, “I’m so untalented, and I really shouldn’t air my incompetence. But since I’ve had the privilege of hearing such magnificent poetry, I shouldn’t allow myself to go uninspired. I shall exert myself to the utmost to respond in kind to the second poem of the holy monk with a regulated verse of my own. How about that?” She thus chanted loudly:

*My fame was made lasting by Hanwu King;
 To me his pupils did Confucius bring.
 Dong Xian’s affection would my growth foment;
 Sun Chu once loved my Feast-of- Cold- Food scent.
 How tender and coy is this rain-moistened bloom!
 What fresh verdant hues half veiled in misty gloom!
 Ripeness makes me a little tart, I know.
 Banished each year to wheat fields, that’s my woe.*

When those four men heard this poem, they all congratulated her, saying, "It's most elegant and sublime! And the lines are so full of vernal longings. Such a marvelous line—'*How tender and coy is this rain-moistened bloom!*'" Smiling in a coquettish manner, the girl said, "I'm in fear and trepidation! The composition of the holy monk just now was something that could be said to have come from a mind of silk and a mouth of brocade. Let me say to him: if you can be persuaded to show us your talent, how about granting me another of your poems?"

The Tang Monk, however, dared not reply. As the girl gradually became amorous, she began to sidle closer to where he was seated. "What's the matter with you, charming guest?" she asked softly. "If you don't have some fun on such a beautiful night, what else are you waiting for? The span of a life time, how long could that be?"

"If the Apricot Immortal," said Squire Eight-and-Ten, "entertained such genial feelings, how could the holy monk not reciprocate by giving his consent? If he withholds his favors, then he doesn't know how lucky he is."

"But the holy monk," said Squire Lonesome Rectitude, "is a gentleman of fame and accomplishment in the Way, who certainly will not indulge in anything improper. If we insist on such activities, it is we who are guilty of impropriety: we would be soiling a man's fame and spoiling his virtue. That's hardly the proper thing to do! If Apricot Immortal is indeed so inclined, let Cloud-Brushing Dean and Squire Eight-and-Ten serve as gobetweens.

Master Void-Surmounting and I can be the witnesses. They can then seal this marital contract. Wouldn't that be nice?" On hearing this, Tripitaka turned red in anger. Leaping up all at once, he shouted, "You are all fiendish creatures! How you've tried to tempt me! At first, I allowed your platitudes to goad me into discussing the mysteries of Dao, and that was still all right. But how could you use this 'beauty trap' now to try to seduce me? What have you to say to this?" When the four elders saw how enraged Tripitaka had become, they became so startled that every one of them bit his fingers and fell completely silent. The scarlet-bodied demon attendant, however, grew very angry and bellowed, "Monk, you can't even tell when someone's trying to do you a favor! Is there anything bad about this dear sis of mine? Look at her refinement and talents, her lovely jadelike features. Let's not talk about her skills in the feminine arts. Just a single poem of hers has already demonstrated that she is a worthy match for you. Why do you so brusquely refuse her? You'd better not let this opportunity slip by. What Squire Lonesome Rectitude says is most appropriate. If you refuse to do anything improper, let me serve as your marriage official."

Tripitaka turned pale with fright, but he refused to give his assent no matter how urgently they pleaded with him. "You foolish priest!" said the demon attendant again. "We speak to you in a kindly manner, and you refuse us. If you arouse our wild and unruly passions and make us abduct you to another region, where you neither can pursue your priestly life nor take a wife, won't you have lived in vain?" With a mind like metal or stone, that elder adamantly refused to comply. He thought to himself, "I wonder where my disciples are looking for me . . ." So speaking to himself, he could not restrain the tears from rolling down his cheeks. Trying to placate him with a smile, the girl sat down close to him and took out from her sleeve a honey-scented handkerchief to wipe away his tears.

"Charming guest," she said, "don't be so upset! Let's you and I nestle in jade and perfume and have some fun!" Uttering a loud cry, the elder bounded up and tried to

dash out of the door, only to be grabbed by all those people. They brawled and struggled like that until dawn.

Suddenly another cry could be heard:

“Master, Master, where are you speaking?”

The Great Pilgrim Sun, you see, together with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, had been leading the horse and poling the luggage for a whole night without stopping. Going through brambles and thorns, searching this way and that, they managed to cover the entire eight hundred miles of the Bramble Ridge halfway between cloud and fog. By morning they reached the western edge of the ridge, and that was when they came upon the noises made by the Tang Monk. They responded with the cry, and the elder somehow managed to struggle out of the door, yelling, “Wukong, I’m here! Come and save me, quick!” In a flash, those four old men, the demon attendant, the girl, and her maidens all disappeared.

Soon Eight Rules and Sha Monk arrived, saying, “Master, how did you get here?”

Tugging at Pilgrim, Tripitaka said, “Oh, disciples! I’ve been a great burden on you. That old man we saw last night, who claimed to be the local spirit coming to offer us food, was the person who hauled me to this place when with a shout you were about to hit him. He led me inside the door by the hand and introduced me to three other old men, all addressing me as the holy monk. Every one of them was quite refined in speech and manner, and they were all able poets. We spent our time in the exchange of verses until about midnight, when a beautiful girl accompanied by lanterns also arrived to meet me. She, too, composed a poem and addressed me as the charming guest. Then because of my looks she wanted to marry me. I woke up to their scheme all at once and refused. They began to put pressure on me, one wanting to be the go-between, another the marriage official, and still another the witness. I swore I would not comply, arguing with them and desperately trying to struggle free. Out of the blue you people arrived. I suppose partly because it was getting light already, and partly because they seemed to be afraid of you, they all vanished suddenly, though they were still pulling and tugging at me just a moment ago.”

“If you talked and discussed poetry with them,” said Pilgrim, “did you not ask them for their names?”

“I did ask them for their styles,” replied Tripitaka. “The first old man called himself Squire Eight-and-Ten, and his style was Knotty Virtue. The second was styled Squire Lonesome Rectitude; the third, Master Void-Surmounting; and the fourth, Cloud-Brushing Dean. They addressed the girl as Apricot Immortal.”

“Where are these creatures located?” asked Eight Rules. “Where did they go?”

Tripitaka said, “I don’t know where they went, but the place where we discussed poetry was not far from here.”

As the three disciples looked around with their master, they discovered a cliff nearby, and on the cliff was a plaque bearing the words, Shrine of Sylvan Immortals. “It was right here,” said Tripitaka. When Pilgrim examined the place more carefully, he saw nearby a huge juniper tree, an old cypress tree, an old pine tree, and an old bamboo. Behind the bamboo was a scarlet maple tree. As he looked toward the far side of the cliff, he saw also an old apricot tree, flanked by two stalks of winter plum and two cassia plants.

“Have you people found the fiends?” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “Not yet,” replied Eight Rules. “Don’t you know,” said Pilgrim, “it is these several trees right here that have become spirits?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “how do you know that?”

“Squire Eight-and-Ten,” replied Pilgrim, “is the pine; Squire Lonesome Rectitude is the cypress; Master Void-Surmounting is the juniper; Cloud-Brushing Dean is the bamboo; the scarlet-bodied demon is the maple; Apricot Immortal is, of course, the apricot tree, while the maids are the cassia and the winter plum.” When Eight Rules heard this, he rushed forward without further ado: using his rake along with several shoves of his snout, he brought to the ground those winter plum, cassia, old apricot, and maple. From beneath the roots of these trees, fresh blood indeed spurted out. Tripitaka walked forward to pull at him, saying, “Wuneng, don’t hurt them.

Though they have reached the stage of becoming spirits, they have done me no harm. Let us find our way and leave.”

“Master, you shouldn’t pity them,” said Pilgrim. “For I fear that they may become great fiends later, and then they will bring much harm to humans.” Our Idiot thus decided to work his rake some more and toppled the pine, cypress, juniper, and bamboo as well. Only after that did they help their master to mount up and all proceeded along the main road to the West once more. We do not know what the future holds for them, and you must listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-FIVE

*Fiends set up falsely the Small Thunderclap
The four pilgrims all meet a great ordeal*

*This chapter's karmic import
Is to persuade man to do good
And to shun all evil works.
Even a single thought
Is known to all the gods,
Do whatever you will.
Folly or cleverness, how would you learn?
No-mind is still the cure for both of these.
While yet alive, the Way you should cultivate;
Don't drift or roam.
Recognize your source
And cast your shell.
To seek long life,
You must catch it.
Be ever enlightened;
Let ghee annoint you.
Pump through Three Passes to fill the dark sea
Will make the virtuous ride the phoenix and crane.
Then compassion will with mercy unite
As you reach ecstasy.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka, who was most single-minded in his piety and sincerity. We need not mention how he was protected by the gods above; even such spirits as those of grass and wood also came to keep him company. After one night of elegant conversation on the arts, he was delivered from the thorns and thistles, no longer encumbered by vines or creepers. As he and his three disciples journeyed westward, they traveled for a long time, and it was again the end of winter. This was, in truth, a day of spring:

*All things thrive and flourish
For the Dipper's handle returns to yin.
Young grasses cover the earth with green,
And verdant willows line the banks.
A ridge of peach blossoms red like brocade;
Half a stream of silky water like green jade.
How rain and wind persist
To one's endless feelings!
The sun enhances the flowers' grace;
The swallows fetch light mossy buds.
Like Wang Wei painting's the mountain's dark and light;
Birds chatter with the sharp tongue of Jizi.
No one's here to joy in such fancy fineries
Save dancing butterflies and singing bees.*

Master and his disciples proceeded with the slow trotting of the horse, enjoying themselves all the while by searching out the fragrant flowers and treading on the green meadows. As they walked along, they came upon a tall mountain which, from a distance, seemed to touch the sky. “Wukong,” said Tripitaka, pointing with his whip, “I wonder how tall that mountain is. It seems that it is actually touching the blue sky, or it may have even punctured the azure heavens!” Pilgrim said, “I remember two lines of an ancient poem that say:

*Only the sky remains high above;
No mountain can equal its height.*

These two lines are trying to describe the extreme height of one particular mountain, such that no other mountain could be compared with it. But how could a mountain actually touch the sky?”

“If it did not,” said Eight Rules, “then why did people call Mount Kunlun ‘the pillar of Heaven’?” Pilgrim replied, “Don’t you know the old adage,

Heaven was not filled in the northwest.

Now, Mount Kunlun is located in the northwest, at the position of *qian*, and that’s why it is commonly thought to be a mountain that can hold up the sky by filling the void. Hence the name, Pillar of Heaven.”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, laughing, “don’t give him all these nice explanations! When he hears them, he will try to outsmart someone else. Let’s get moving. When we’ve climbed the mountain, then we’ll know how tall it is.” Our Idiot tried to lunge at Sha Monk to smack him, and as the two of them tangled while proceeding, the old master urged the horse into a gallop. In a moment, they drew near to the mountain cliff. As they ascended the mountain step by step, what they saw was

*A forest where the wind was howling,
A brook where the water was gurgling.
No crow or bird flew over this mountain;
Even immortals might say, “It’s hard!”
Ten thousand cliffs and ravines,
A million twists and turns.
No man reaching this place of churning dust;
No end the sight of strange, ghostly rocks.
Clouds at some spots seemed like shimmering pools;
Trees every where filled with birds’ raucous calls.
Deer left, holding agaric;
Apes returned, bearing peaches.
Foxes and badgers jumped about the ledge;
Antelopes played on the mountain peak.
A sudden roar of the tiger made one cringe
As striped leopards and grey wolves barred the road.*

The moment that Tripitaka caught sight of this, he was terrified, but Pilgrim Sun displayed his vast magic powers. Look at him with his golden-hooped rod! He gave one shout and all those wolves, tigers, and leopards scattered. Opening up a path, he led his master straight up the tall mountain. After they passed the summit, they descended westward until they reached a plateau, where they suddenly came upon rays of divine light and strands of colored mists. There was in the distance a magnificent building,

from which the faint, harmonious sounds of bells and sonorous stones could be heard. “Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “take a look and see what kind of place that is.” Shading his eyes with his hand, Pilgrim lifted his head to stare at the building. It was a good place indeed! Truly

*A bejewelled edifice,
A noble monastery.
An empty valley that augments the music of earth;
A quiet place that diffuses nature’s fragrance,
Verdant pines, rain-soaked, shroud the tall towers;
Green bamboos, cloud-wrapped, guard the lecture hall.
Lights radiate from this distinctive dragon palace;
Colors flutter around this Buddhist domain.
Scarlet rails and jade portals;
Painted pillars and carved beams.
Sūtras explained, incense fills the seats.
Mysteries exposed, the moon lights up the screens.
Birds sing within the scarlet trees;
Cranes drink at the pebbled brook.
Flowers bloom every where in this Jetavana park;
On three sides Śrāvastī light spills through open doors.
Doors of rugged buildings face the mountain range.
Hollow bells and stones strike languidly and long.
The opened windows in a gentle breeze,
The rolled up screen in curls of smoke.
With monks here the life’s ascetic,
A peace not marred by things profane.
Truly a place divine which the world can’t touch:
A quiet monastery, a good field of rites.*

After Pilgrim had looked over the place, he turned to Tripitaka, saying, “Master, that is a monastery over there. I don’t know why, however, within the aura of Chan and the auspicious lights there seems to be an air of violence as well. When I look at this scenery, it reminds me greatly of Thunderclap, but the road just does not seem right. When we reach the building, don’t walk in immediately, for I fear that some sinister hand may bring us harm.”

“If this place reminds you of Thunderclap,” said the Tang Monk, “could it be verily the Spirit Mountain? You’d better not slight my sincerity and delay the very purpose of my journey.”

“No! No!” said Pilgrim. “I have traveled on the way to the Spirit Mountain several times before. How could it be this one?”

“Even if it is not,” said Eight Rules, “there must be a good person staying here.” Sha Monk said, “We don’t have to be so suspicious. This road has to take us right past that door. Whether it is Thunderclap or not, one look will tell us.”

“What Wujing says,” said Pilgrim, “is quite reasonable.” Urging his horse with the whip, the elder soon arrived before the monastery gate, on top of which he saw the three words, The Thunderclap Monastery. He was so astonished that he rolled off the horse and fell to the ground. “You wretched ape!” he scolded.

“You’ve just about killed me! It is The Thunderclap Monastery, and you still want to deceive me!”

Attempting to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, “Don’t get upset, Master. Take another look. There are four words on the gate of the monastery, and you have only seen three of them. And you still blame me?”

Trembling all over, the elder scrambled up and took another look. There were indeed these four words:

The Small Thunderclap Monastery.

“If it’s only The Small Thunderclap Monastery,” said Tripitaka, “there must be a Buddhist patriarch inside. The sūtras mentioned some three thousand Buddhas, but I suppose they can’t be all in one place. Guanyin, after all, is in South Sea, Viśvabhadrā is located at Mount Emei, and Mañjuśrī lives on the Mountain of Five Platforms. I wonder which Buddhist patriarch presides over this field of rites.

The ancients said,

With Buddhas there are scriptures;

Without temples there are no treasures.

We should go inside.”

“You shouldn’t,” said Pilgrim. “This place portends more evil than good. If you run into calamity, don’t blame me.”

“Even if there’s no Buddha,” said Tripitaka, “there must be his image. This disciple has made avow that I shall bow to Buddha whenever I encounter him. How could I blame you?” Whereupon he ordered Eight Rules to take out his cassock. After he changed into his clerical cap and tidied his clothing, Tripitaka strode forward.

As they walked inside the monastery gate, they heard a loud voice saying, “Tang Monk, you came all the way from the Land of the East to seek an audience with our Buddha. How dare you be so insolent now?” On hearing this, Tripitaka at once prostrated himself; Eight Rules, too, kowtowed as Sha Monk went to his knees. Only the Great Sage, however, led the horse and remained behind, picking up the luggage. When they went inside the second door, they came upon the great hall of Tathāgata. Outside the great hall door and beneath the treasure throne stood in rows the five hundred arhats, the three thousand guardians of the faith, the Four Great Diamond Kings, the mendicant nuns, and the upāsakas, along with countless sage monks and workers. Truly, there were also glamorous fragrant flowers and auspicious rays in abundance. The elder, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk were so overcome that they touched their heads to the ground with each step they took, inching their way toward the spirit platform. Only Pilgrim remained boldly erect.

Then they heard another loud voice coming from the top of the lotus throne, saying, “You, Sun Wukong! How dare you not bow down before Tathāgata?” Little did anyone expect that Pilgrim would look up and carefully scrutinize the one who spoke. When he recognized that it was a specious Buddha, he at once abandoned the horse and the luggage. Gripping the rod in his hands, he shouted, “You bunch of accursed beasts! You are audacious! How dare you take in vain the Buddha’s name and soil the pure virtue of Tathāgata! Don’t run away!” Wielding the rod with both his hands, he attacked at once.

With a loud clang a pair of golden cymbals dropped from midair; falling on Pilgrim, they had him enclosed completely from head to foot. Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk were so aghast that they reached for their rake and staff, but they were overwhelmed at once by those arhats, guardians, sage monks, and workers who surged forward to surround the three pilgrims. Tripitaka, too, was thus caught, and all three of them were then firmly bound by ropes.

The one who appeared as the Buddhist patriarch sitting on the lotus throne, you see, was actually a monster-king, and those arhats were all little fiends. After they put away their Buddha appearances, they revealed again their fiendish forms and hauled the elder and his two disciples to the rear so that they could be locked up. Pilgrim was to remain sealed in the golden cymbals and never to be released. With the cymbals placed on the jewelled platform, he was expected to be reduced to pus and blood in the period of three days and nights. Thereafter the other pilgrims were to be steamed in an iron cage and eaten. Truly

*Green-eyed Monkey knew the false from the real.
 Chan Mind bowed low on gold form's appeal.
 Yellow Dame paid homage like a blind mule,
 And Wood Mother conversed, too, like a fool.
 A fiend, growing strong, oppressed one's true self—
 The natural man duped by a wicked elf.
 Dao had little but the demon, big gain.
 A wrong turn to Side Door, their work was vain!*

At the time, the various fiends shut up the Tang Monk and his two disciples in the rear, and there they tied the horse also. After they placed his cassock and his clerical cap inside the luggage wrap, they hid these also in a guarded place. We shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that Pilgrim, who had been enclosed within the golden cymbals. It was pitch black inside, and he became so exasperated that he perspired all over. He tried pushing left and shoving right, but he could not get out. Then he struck madly at the cymbals with his iron rod, but he could not dent them even one whit. With no further alternative, he wanted to break the cymbals by sheer brute force. Making a magic sign with his fingers, he at once grew to thousands of feet tall, but the cymbals also grew with him.

There was not even the slightest crack to let in a ray of light. He made the magic sign again and at once his body diminished in size until he became as small as a mustard seed. The cymbals grew smaller, too, with his body, so that there was not the tiniest hole.

Gripping the iron rod, Pilgrim blew on it a divine breath, crying, "Change!" It changed into a flagpole, which he used to hold up the cymbals. Then he selected two of his longer hairs behind his head and pulled them off, crying, "Change!"

They changed immediately into a plum-flower-like, five-pointed drill; along the base of the rod, he drilled away for over a thousand times. There were loud scraping noises from the drill, but he could not puncture the cymbals at all.

In sheer desperation, Pilgrim made the magic sign again and recited the spell:

*Let Om and Ram purify the dharma realm.
 Key: Primary Reception Beneficial for Determination.*

With this he summoned the Guardian of Five Quarters, the Six Gods of Light and the Six Gods of Darkness, and the Eighteen Guardians of Monasteries, who gathered outside the golden cymbals, saying, “Great Sage, we were all giving protection to your master so that the demons could not harm him. Why did you summon us?”

“That master of mine,” said Pilgrim, “refused to listen to me! It’s no big loss even if he were put to death! But what I want you to do is think of some way quickly to pry open these cymbals and let me out. Then we can take care of other matters. Right now, there’s not a bit of light inside, and I’m so hot that I’m about to suffocate.”

The various deities indeed tried to pry open the cymbals, but they were so tightly closed up that they seemed to have grown together. The gods could not even budge them. “Great Sage,” said the Golden-Headed Guardian, “we don’t know what sort of treasure this pair of cymbals is, but from top to bottom, they have become one whole piece now. Your humble deities are too weak to pry them loose.”

“I don’t know how much magic power I’ve used inside,” said Pilgrim, “but I can’t budge them either.” On hearing this, the Guardian told the Six Gods of Light to protect the Tang Monk and the Six Gods of Darkness to watch over the golden cymbals. As the various other Guardians of Monasteries took up positions of patrol front and back, he mounted the auspicious luminosity and, in a moment, went straight through the South Heaven Gate. Without waiting for further summons, he went up to the Hall of Divine Mists and prostrated himself before the Jade Emperor. “My lord,” he said, “your subject is the Guardian of Five Quarters. I commend to you the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who is accompanying the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures. Passing through a mountain, they came upon The Small Thunderclap Monastery. By mistake the Tang Monk thought it was the Spirit Mountain and he entered the monastery to worship. It was actually an edifice set up by a fiendish monster to ensnare the master and his disciples.

At this moment, the Great Sage is imprisoned within a pair of golden cymbals, from which he cannot be extracted at all. He is about to die, and that’s why I’ve come here especially to memorialize to you.”

The Jade Emperor at once gave this decree:

“Let the Twenty-Eight Constellations go quickly to subdue the fiends and bring deliverance to the pilgrims.” Not daring to linger, the Constellations followed the Guardian to leave the Heaven gate and arrived inside the monastery. It was about the time of the second watch at night; those monster-spirits, both great and small, having been rewarded by the old fiend for capturing the Tang Monk, had all gone to sleep. Without disturbing them, the Constellations gathered outside the cymbals and reported:

“Great Sage, we are the Twenty-Eight Constellations sent here by the Jade Emperor to rescue you.”

Exceedingly pleased by what he heard, Pilgrim said immediately, “Use your weapons and break the thing. Old Monkey will be out at once.”

“We dare not do so,” replied the stars. “This thing is of metallic substance. If we strike at it, there’ll be noises and the demon will be awakened. Then it’ll be hard for us to rescue you. Let us use our weapons instead and see if we can puncture it. Wherever you detect even the faintest speck of light, you’ll be able to escape.”

“Exactly,” said Pilgrim.

Look at them! Wielding spears, swords, scimitars, and axes, they began to pry at the pair of cymbals and stab at them, hauling them back and forth. They did this until about the time of the third watch, but the cymbals could not be loosened at all. The pair seemed to be like a wonton that had been forged together. Pilgrim inside was looking this way and that; he crawled over here and rolled to the other side, but he could not detect even the faintest speck of light.

“Oh, Great Sage,” said Gullet the Gold Dragon,

“please be more patient. As I see it, this treasure must be a compliant thing which knows transformation also. Try to feel with your hands inside along the edges where the cymbals come together. I’m going to use the tip of my horn and see if I can wedge it inside. Then you can use some kind of transformation and escape through the spot where it comes apart.” Pilgrim agreed and started to use his hands to feel along the edges. Meanwhile, this Constellation made his body smaller until his horn became like a pointed needle. At the top of the cymbals where they were joined, he tried to stick the horn through. Alas, he had to use every ounce of his strength before he managed to reach inside. Then he caused his body and his horn to take on the dharma form, crying, “Grow! Grow! Grow!”

The horn grew to the thickness of a rice bowl. The edge of the cymbals, however, did not behave like any metallic object at all; instead, they seemed to have been made of skin and flesh, which had the horn of Gullet the Gold Dragon in a viselike grip. There was not the slightest crack anywhere around the horn. When Pilgrim felt the horn with his hands, he said, “It’s no use! There’s no crack above or below! I have no choice. You must bear a little pain and take me out.” Marvelous Great Sage! He changed the golden-hooped rod into a steel drill and drilled a hole on the tip of the horn. Transforming his body into the size of a mustard seed, he stuck himself inside the hole and yelled, “Pull the horn out! Pull the horn out!”

Again, the Constellation exerted who knows how much strength before he yanked it out and fell exhausted to the ground.

As soon as Pilgrim crawled out from the hole he drilled in the tip of the Constellation’s horn and changed back into his true form, he whipped out the iron rod and slammed it down with a crash on the cymbals. It was as if a copper mountain had been toppled, a gold mine blown open. What a pity! An instrument belonging to the Buddha was instantly reduced to a thousand fragments of gold! The Twenty-Eight Constellations were terrified and the Guardian of Five Quarters’ hair stood on end. All those various fiends, old and young, were roused from their dreams, and even the old monster-king was startled in his sleep. He scrambled up, and as he put on his clothes, he ordered a roll of drums to assemble the rest of the fiends and arm them. It was about dawn at this time when they rushed beneath the treasure throne. There they saw Pilgrim Sun and the various Constellations hovering over the pieces of the golden cymbals.

Paling with fright, the monster-king gave this order:

“Little ones! Shut the front door quickly and don’t let anyone out.” On hearing this, Pilgrim led the star spirits to mount the clouds and rose into the air. After the monster-king had put away the gold fragments, he ordered his troops to line up in formation outside the monastery gate. Nursing his anger, the monster-king hurriedly put on his armor and picked up a short, pliant wolf-teeth club to walk out of his camp, crying, “Pilgrim Sun, a brave man shouldn’t run away! Step forward quickly and fight

three rounds with me!” Unable to contain himself, Pilgrim led the star spirits to lower their clouds and to take a good look at that monster-spirit. They saw he had

*Disheveled hair,
Strapped down by a thin and flat gold band;
Glowing eyes,
Topped by thick, bushy yellow brows;
A gall-like nose
With nostrils flaring;
A four-square mouth
With sharp, pointed teeth.
He wore a cuirass of chain mail.
Tied with a sash spun with raw silk.
His feet were shod in calfskin boots;
His hands held up a wolf-teeth club.
His form was beastlike, though he was no beast;
With looks nonhuman, still he seemed like man.*

Sticking out his iron rod, Pilgrim shouted, “What kind of fiendish creature are you, that you dare play the Buddhist patriarch, occupy this mountain, and falsely set up the Small Thunderclap Monastery?”

“So, the little monkey doesn’t know my name!” replied the monster-king, “and that’s why you’ve transgressed the territory of this divine mountain! This place is called the Little Western Heaven. By my self-cultivation I have attained the right fruit, and thus Heaven bestowed on me these treasure bowers and precious towers. My name is the Old Buddha of Yellow Brows, but the people of this region, ignorant of that, address me as the Great King Yellow Brows or Holy Father Yellow Brows. I have known all the while that you are on your way to the West, and that you have some abilities. That’s why I displayed my powers and set up the image to lure your master to enter. I want to make a wager with you. If you can withstand me, I’ll spare you all, master and disciples, so that you, too, can perfect the right fruit. If you can’t, I’ll slay all of you, and I’ll go myself to see Tathāgata for the scriptures, so that I can attain the right fruit for China.”

“Monster-spirit,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “no need to brag! If you want this wager, come up quickly and receive the rod!” Very amiably the monster-king met him with the wolf-teeth club, and this was some battle!

*The club and rod
Are not the same.
To speak of them, they have their own form and shape!
One is a short and pliant Buddhist arm;
One is a deep-sea treasure stiff and hard.
Both can transform according to one’s wish;
They join this time and each strives to be strong.
The short, pliant wolf-teeth’s jewel bedecked;
The sturdy golden-hooped is dragonlike.
They can turn thick or thin, how marvelous!
They can grow long or short with perfect ease.
Demon and ape
Together fight
A hot, furious battle—that’s not a lie!*

*The ape tamed by faith Mind Monkey becomes;
 The fiend mocks Heaven in his image false.
 Raging and fuming, they both turn cruel;
 Vicious and violent they both look the same.
 This one aims at the head and refuses to quit;
 That one stabs at the face with no let up.
 Spat-out clouds darken the sun;
 Belched-out fog cover the mount.
 Rod and club, as they join, swing back and forth;
 For Tripitaka they slight life or death.*

Look at the two of them! They closed in for more than fifty times, but no decision could be reached. Before the gate of the monastery, those various monster-spirits began to shout their encouragements, beating their drums and gongs at the same time and waving their banners. On this side, the Twenty-Eight Constellations, the Guardian of Five Quarters, and the other sages immediately uttered a cry and, each wielding his weapon, had the demon surrounded. The fiends before the monastery were so terrified that they could no longer beat the drums; trembling all over, they could hardly sound the gongs.

The old fiendish demon, however, was not in the least afraid. With one hand he used his wolf-teeth club to fence off all those weapons; with his other hand he untied from his waist a little wrap made of old white cloth. He flung the wrap skyward and, with a loud whoosh, the Great Sage Sun, the Twenty-Eight Constellations, and the Guardian of Five Quarters were all wrapped up inside it.

Retrieving the wrap, the monster swung it on his shoulder and turned to stride back to his camp, while all those little fiends were elated by this sudden triumph.

Asking his little ones to fetch him several dozen ropes, the old fiend told them to untie the wrap: as each of the prisoners was fished out, he was immediately bound. All of the deities were weak and numb, and even their skin seemed to be wrinkled and their appearance emaciated. After they were bound, they were hauled to the rear of the monastery and thrown to the ground. Then the monster-king ordered a large banquet for himself and his subjects, and they drank until dusk before scattering to retire. We shall thus leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun, who was tied up along with the other deities. By about midnight there suddenly came to them the sound of someone weeping. When the Great Sage listened closely, he discovered that it was the voice of Tripitaka, who wailed, "Oh, Wukong!

*I loathe myself for not not giving you heed,
 Thus landing us all in such dire need!
 Now you are hurt in the cymbals of gold.
 I am rope bound, which person had been told?
 Most bitter fate caused what we four had met;
 Merits, three thousand, have been all upset.
 What will grant us from this bondage reprieve
 That we may reach smoothly the West and leave?"*

On hearing this, Pilgrim was moved to compassion, saying to himself, "Though that master refused to believe my words and landed in this calamity, he nonetheless does think of old Monkey when he is in such straits. Since the night is quiet and the

fiend is sleeping, I may as well make use of this unguarded moment and go free the rest of them.”

Dear Great Sage! Using the Magic of Body-Vanishment, he caused his body to shrink and immediately became free of the ropes. He approached the Tang Monk and whispered, “Master!” Recognizing his voice, the elder said, “How did you get here?” Softly Pilgrim gave him a thorough account of what had happened, and the elder was exceedingly pleased. “Disciple,” he said, “please rescue me quickly! Whatever happens hereafter I’ll listen to you. I won’t ever overrule you again.”

Then Pilgrim raised his hands and freed his master, after which he untied Eight Rules, Sha Monk, the Twenty-Eight Constellations, and the Guardian of Five Quarters. Dragging the horse over, he told them to hurry out the door. Just as they stepped outside, however, he remembered the luggage and wanted to go back inside to search for it.

“You really value things more than the person!” said Gullet the Gold Dragon. “Isn’t it enough that you have saved your master? Why must you look anymore for luggage?”

“The person’s important, of course,” said Pilgrim, “but the cassock and the bowl are even more important. In our wrap are the imperial travel rescript, the brocaded cassock, and the almsbowl of purple gold, all superior Buddhist treasures. How could we not want them?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you go look for them, and we will wait for you by the road.” Look at those star spirits who had the Tang Monk surrounded! Using the Magic of Displacement, they called up a gust of wind and had themselves taken clear out of the high walls. After they reached the main road, they headed straight down the mountain slope until they arrived at a level region. There they waited.

It was about the hour of the third watch that the Great Sage Sun walked slowly and stealthily inside. The doors at every level, you see, were tightly shut. When he climbed to the tallest tower to take a look, he found that even the windows and casements were completely closed. He wanted, of course, to go inside down below, but afraid that windows or the shutters might make a noise, he dared not push at them. Making the magic sign with his fingers, therefore, he shook his body once and changed into a divine mouse, commonly called the bat. How does he look, you ask?

*A pointed head like a rat’s,
Like it his eyes shine, too.
With wings he comes out at dusk;
Sightless he sleeps in the day.
He hides in hollow tiles
To find mosquitoes for food.
He loves most the bright, fair moon
And knows when to fly and soar.*

Through the space that was not sealed up between the rafters and the roof tiles, he crawled inside. Passing through several doors, he reached the very center of the building, where under the third-level casement he came upon something glowing. It was not the light of lamps or fireflies, neither the glow of twilight nor the blaze of lightning. Half leaping and flying, he went near there to have another look and found that it was the wrap of their luggage that was emitting the glow. That monster-spirit, you see, had stripped the Tang Monk of his cassock, and instead of folding it properly, he merely

stuffed it inside the wrap again. The cassock was, after all, a Buddhist treasure which had on it compliant pearls, Mani pearls, red cornelian beads, purple coral, relics, and the night-luminescent pearls. That was why it glowed.

Exceedingly pleased by this discovery, Pilgrim changed back into his own form and picked up the luggage. Without even bothering to check whether the ropes were properly attached to the pole or not, he threw the load on his shoulder and began to walk out. One end of the luggage unexpectedly slipped off the pole and fell with a thud to the floor. Alas! This was what had to happen! The old monsterspirit was sleeping on the floor immediately down below, and he was wakened by that loud thud. Jumping up, he screamed, "Someone's here! Someone's here!"

Those various fiends, old and young, all arose and lit torches and lamps. In a noisy throng, they rushed about to inspect the front and rear. One of them arrived to say, "The Tang Monk has escaped!"

Another came to report:

"Pilgrim and the rest are gone, too!"

The old fiend immediately gave this order:

"Guard all the doors!" When he heard this, Pilgrim feared that he might fall into their net again. Abandoning his load of luggage, he mounted the cloud somersault and leaped clear of the building through a window.

The monster-spirit led a thorough search for the Tang Monk at the front and back of the monastery but they failed to turn up anyone.

When he saw that it was almost light, he took his club and led his troops to give chase. Beneath the mountain slope, still shrouded by cloud and fog, were the Twenty-Eight Constellations, the Guardian of Five Quarters, and the other deities. "Where do you think you're going?" shouted the monster-king. "Here I am!"

"Brothers!" cried Horn the Wood Dragon, "the fiendish creature's here!" Whereupon Gullet the Gold Dragon, Woman the Earth Bat, Chamber the Sun Hare, Heart the Moon Fox, Tail the Fire Tiger, Winnower the Water Leopard, Dipper the Wood Unicorn, Ox the Gold Bull, Base the Earth Badger, Barrens the Sun Rat, Roof the Moon Swallow, House the Fire Hog, Wall the Water Porcupine, Straddler the Wood Wolf, Harvester the Gold Hound, Stomach the Earth Hog, Mane the Sun Rooster, Net the Moon Crow, Beak the Fire Monkey, Triaster the Water Ape, Well the Wood Hound, Ghost the Gold Ram, Willow the Earth Antelope, Star the Sun Horse, Spread the Moon Deer, Wing the Fire Serpent, and Axeltree the Water Earthworm led the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Silver-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Light and Darkness, the Guardians of Monasteries, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk to meet their pursuers. Abandoning the Tripitaka Tang and forsaking the white dragon horse, they rushed into battle, each with weapon in hand.

When this monster-king saw them, he laughed scornfully and gave a loud whistle. Immediately some four or five thousand monsterspirits, old and young, surged forward, all strong and sturdy, and they began a terrific battle on the west mountain slope. Marvelous fight!

The vile, vicious demon mocks the true Self.

The true Self's so gentle, what could it do?

A hundred plans used up, they can't escape their pain.

*A thousand schemes cannot achieve their peace.
 The gods lend their protection;
 The sages help with their arms.
 Wood Mother may still be kind,
 But Yellow Dame has made up its mind.
 Their brawl stirs Heaven and shakes the Earth;
 Their fight expands like a net spread out.
 On this side, banners wave and soldiers shout;
 On that side, they roll drums and beat gongs.
 A mass of swords and spears coldly gleaming;
 Thick rows of halberds veiled in deathly pall.
 The fiendish troops are so fierce and brave,
 What could those divine fighters do?
 Wretched clouds hide both sun and moon;
 Grievous fog shroud mountains and streams.
 They strain and struggle in a bitter row,
 All for to Buddha Tang Monk's faulty bow.*

Growing more fierce all the time, the monster-spirit led his troops to charge again and again. Just at that moment when neither side proved to be the stronger, they heard the roar of Pilgrim:

“Old Monkey's arrived!”

Eight Rules met him and asked, “Where's the luggage?”

“Old Monkey almost lost his life already,” answered Pilgrim. “Don't mention any luggage!”

Gripping his precious staff, Sha Monk said, “Stop talking now! We must go fight the monster-spirit!”

The star spirits and those Gods of Darkness and Light by now were encircled completely by the various fiends, and the old fiend wielded his club to attack the three of them. Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk opened up their rod, staff, and rake to meet him head-on. They fought till truly the Heaven grew dim and the Earth darkened, but they could not prevail against the demon. They fought some more until the sun sank down in the west and the moon arose in the east.

When the fiend saw that it was getting late, he signaled his subjects to be on guard by whistling loudly; then he took out his treasure.

When Pilgrim saw clearly that the fiend had untied his wrap and held it in his hand, he cried, “Look out! Let's run!” Without further regard for Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and the other dēvas, he somersaulted all the way up to the Ninefold Heaven. The gods and his companions, however, were not quick enough to understand why he fled, and they were all captured once more inside the wrap after the monster-spirit had thrown it in the air. Only Pilgrim thus managed to escape.

After the monster-king and his troops returned to the monastery, he asked for ropes again and ordered the prisoners to be tied up as before. The Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk were to be hung up high on the rafters, while the white horse was to be tied up in the back. After the deities had been trussed up, they were to be thrown into the cellar and the entrance would be covered and sealed.

The little fiends obeyed each of his instructions, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who had leaped up to the Ninefold Heaven and succeeded in preserving his life. When he saw the withdrawal of the fiendish troops with banners lowered, he knew that his companions had been captured. Lowering his auspicious luminosity onto the eastern slope of the mountain,

*He hated, teeth grinding, the fiend;
He thought of the monk, shedding tears.
Lifting his face to stare skyward,
He sighed sadly and voiced his fears.*

“O, Master!” he cried. “In which previous incarnation did you incur such ordeals of bondage, that you must in this life face monsterspirits every step of the way! It’s so hard now to rid you of your sufferings. What shall we do?”

He lamented like that all by himself for a long time, and then he began to calm himself and think, allowing the mind to question the mind. “I wonder what sort of wrap this fiendish demon has,” he thought to himself, “that can hold so many things. Now he has even hauled away all those celestial warriors! I would go seek the Jade Emperor for assistance, but I fear he might take offense. I recall, however, that there’s a True Warrior of the North, whose style is the Demon-Conquering Celestial Worthy, and who lives in the Wudang Mountain of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. Let me go fetch him here to rescue Master from this ordeal. Truly it is that,

*The immortal way undone, ape and horse disperse;
Five Phases dry up when mind and spirit are lost.*

We do not know what is the result of his journey; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-SIX

*Many gods meet injury
Maitreya binds a fiend*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who had no alternative but to mount an auspicious cloud by means of his somersault to head directly for the Wudang Mountain on the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, where he hoped to solicit the help of the Demon- Conquering Celestial Worthy to rescue Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk, and the various celestial warriors from their ordeal.

Without a moment's pause in midair, he soon caught sight of the patriarch's immortal realm. Gently lowering his cloud, he stared around. A marvelous place, it was!

*Grandly it guards the southeast,
This towering divine mountain.
The soaring Hibiscus Peak:
The rugged Purple- Canopy Summit.
Nine Streams flow from it to distant Jing and Yang.
It joins the Yue mountains reaching the state of Chu.
On top are the treasure cave of Grand- Void,
The numinous estrades of Zhu and Lu.
Golden stones resound in thirty-six halls,
Where to offer incense ten thousand pilgrims come.
King Shun visits it and King Yu prays at this place,
Adorned with jade tablets and letters of gold.
Bluebirds fly about the towers;
Banners flap like scarlet skirts.
A land set on a mountain famed in all the world,
A Heav'n-born region touching the spacious void.
A few sprigs of plum trees just now in bloom;
A mountain of rare grasses spreading their verdure.
Dragons lie beneath the brooks;
Tigers crouch by the cliffs.
The birds sound as if they're talking;
By people tame deer are walking.
White cranes perch with clouds on old junipers;
Facing the sun, blue and red phoenixes sing.
This has the looks of a true, immortal realm,
Where portals of gold and mercy rule the world.*

The august patriarch was the off spring of King Pure Joy and Queen Triumphant Virtue, who was conceived with child after she dreamed that she had swallowed the sun. After carrying the child for fourteen months, she gave birth to him in the palace at noon on the first day of the third month, in the *jiachen* year, which was the first year of the Kaihuang reign period. This Holy Father was

*Fierce and bold in his youth,
Astute and keen when he grew up.*

*Declining the throne of kingship,
 He sought only austerities.
 His parents could not stop him
 From leaving the royal palace.
 The mysteries and meditation
 He embraced on this mountain.
 Merit and work accomplished,
 He rose in daylight to Heaven.
 The Jade Emperor forthwith decreed
 That he be titled Zhenwu.
 Above, the dark void blessed him;
 Below, the snake and turtle joined him.
 The entire Heaven and Earth
 Addressed him as All Efficacious,
 From whom no secret was hidden,
 For whom no act e'er met failure.
 From start to end of each kalpa,
 He routed the demon-spirits.*

As he was enjoying the sight of this immortal scenery, the Great Sage Sun soon arrived before the Palace of Grand Harmony, having passed through the first, the second, and the third Heaven gates. There in the midst of hallowed light and auspicious air he found a group of five hundred spirit-ministers, who met him and said, "Who are you?"

"I'm Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven," replied the Great Sage, "and I'd like to have an audience with the patriarch."

After the spirit-ministers went inside to make the report, the patriarch left the main hall to escort his visitor into the Palace of Grand Harmony. Pilgrim saluted the patriarch and said, "I must trouble you with a matter."

"What is it?" the patriarch asked.

"I was accompanying the Tang Monk on his way to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures," said Pilgrim, "and our path has landed us in a dangerous ordeal. At the West Aparagodānīya Continent, there is a mountain by the name of the Little Western Heaven, in which a demonic fiend has set up a Little Thunderclap Monastery. When my master entered the monastery gate and laid eyes on rows of arhats, guardians, bikṣus, and sage monks, he thought that he had come upon the real Buddha. Just as he bent low to bow to them, he was seized and bound. I, too, was caught off guard and was clamped within a pair of gold cymbals that the fiend threw up into the air. Those cymbals had me completely sealed inside, and there was not even the slightest crack for me to escape. It was a good thing that the Golden-Headed Guardian went to memorialize to the Jade Emperor, who commanded the Twenty-Eight Constellations to descend to earth that very night. Even they, however, could not pry the cymbals open. Luckily, Gullet the Gold Dragon managed to pierce the cymbals with his horn and took me out with him. I smashed the cymbals afterwards and aroused the fiendish creature. When he gave chase and fought with us, he threw up a white cloth wrap which had all of us, including the Twenty-Eight Constellations, stored away. We were tied up with ropes once more, but that evening I managed to escape and free the Constellations and our Tang Monk. Thereafter, my search for our robe and almsbowl again disturbed the

fiend, who chased us down once more to do battle with the celestial warriors. When that fiend took out his white cloth wrap and fiddled with it, I recognized his tune and fled at once. The rest of my companions were stored up by him as before. I had no other alternative but to come here to beg assistance from the patriarch.”

The patriarch said, “In years past, I ruled over the north and that was the reason I had assumed the position of Zhenwu to extirpate the fiends and deviates of the world by the decree of the Jade Emperor. Thereafter, by the command of the Celestial Worthy of Original Commencement I led, with loosened hair and naked feet and with the soaring serpent and divine turtle under my feet, the Five Thunder Deities, the huge-maned lion, and various ferocious beasts and poisonous dragons to subjugate the dark and fiendish miasmas of the northeast. Today I am enjoying the peace of Wudang Mountain and the serenity of the Palace of Grand Harmony, the calm seas and clear universe, only because the fiendish demons and devious spirits have all been exterminated in our South Jambūdvīpa Continent and in our North Uttarakuru Continent. Now that the Great Sage has come to make this request, it is difficult for me not to respond, but without the decree from the Region Above, it is also difficult for me to respond in arms. If I were to send forth the gods with my formal command, I fear that the Jade Emperor would be offended. But if I refuse the Great Sage, I would go utterly against human sentiments. I suppose, however, that those fiends on the road to the West could not be too terribly formidable. I’ll ask Turtle and Serpent, the two generals, and the Five Divine Dragons to assist you. I’m certain they will capture the monster-spirit and rescue your master from this ordeal.”

After he bowed to thank the patriarch, Pilgrim went back to the region of the West accompanied by Serpent, Turtle, and the dragon deities, all wielding their powerful weapons. In less than a day, they arrived at the Little Thunderclap Monastery, where they dropped from the clouds and began to provoke battle before the monastery gate.

We tell you now about that Great King Yellow Brow, who gathered the various fiends below his treasure tower and said, “These two days Pilgrim Sun has not even shown up. I wonder where he has gone to seek help.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the little fiend guarding the gate came in to report:

“Pilgrim is leading several persons with the looks of dragon, serpent, and turtle to provoke battle outside our gate.”

“How did this little monkey,” said the demon, “manage to acquire people with looks like that? Where did such people come from?”

He put on his armor immediately and walked out of the monastery gate, crying, “What dragon deities are you that you dare transgress our immortal territory?” With looks most rugged and spirited, the five dragons and the two generals shouted, “You brazen fiend! We are the Five Dragon Deities and Turtle and Serpent, the two generals, before the Demon-Conquering Celestial Worthy, who is the Pontiff of Composite Prime in the Palace of Grand Harmony, located on Wudang Mountain. By the invitation of the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and the amulet summons of the Celestial Worthy, we came here to arrest you. You, monster-spirit, send out the Tang Monk and the Constellations quickly and we shall spare your life. If not, we will hew to pieces the fiends of this entire mountain, and we will burn to ashes your several buildings!” On hearing this, the fiend grew enraged. “You beasts!” he cried. “What great magic power

do you have that you dare mouth big words like that? Don't run away! Have a taste of my club!" Whereupon these five dragons churned up cloud and rain, and those two generals sprayed dust and dirt, as they rushed forward together to attack with spears, scimitars, swords, and halberds. The Great Sage Sun, too, followed them, wielding his iron rod. This was another terrific battle:

*The vicious demon used force—
 Pilgrim sought armed assistance—
 The vicious demon used force
 As he took a precious tower to set up the Buddha's form;
 Pilgrim sought armed assistance,
 Going far to a treasure region for the dragon gods.
 Turtle and Serpent started water and fire;
 The fiend raised weapons and arms.
 Five dragons were ordered to the Westward way,
 Followed by Pilgrim for his master's sake.
 Swords and halberds flashed like electric bolts;
 Spears and knives glowed like lightning bright.
 The wolf-teeth club of this one,
 Strong but short and pliant;
 The golden-hooped rod of that one,
 Both yielding and compliant.
 You hear loud bangs and booms like firecrackers,
 And clanging chords like gold being struck.
 Water and fire came to conquer the fiend;
 Arms and weapons encircled a monster-spirit.
 Their cries startled tigers and wolves;
 Their brawl alarmed spirits and gods.
 This raucous battle had just reached a draw,
 When the demon seized the treasures once more.*

Leading the five dragons and the two generals, Pilgrim battled the demon for half an hour. Then the fiend untied his wrap and held it in his hand. Alarmed by what he saw, Pilgrim shouted, "Be careful, all of you!" Not realizing why they had to be careful, the dragon deities, the turtle, and the serpent all lowered their weapons and stepped forward to look. With a loud whoosh, the monster-spirit threw up the wrap again. Unable to care for the five dragons and the two generals any longer, the Great Sage Sun leaped up to the Ninefold Heaven with his somersault and fled. Those dragon deities along with the turtle and the serpent were stored up also in the wrap and taken captive. After the monster-spirit returned to the monastery in triumph, he had his prisoners bound with ropes and locked in the underground cellar, where we shall leave them for the moment.

Look at the Great Sage, who dropped down from the clouds! Reclining listlessly on the mountain slope, he said spitefully to himself, "This fiendish creature is most formidable!" Unwittingly, his eyes became shut and he looked as if he had fallen asleep. Suddenly, he heard someone crying, "Great Sage, don't sleep! Go get help quickly! Your master's life won't last very long!" Opening wide his eyes and leaping up, Pilgrim saw that it was the Day Sentinel. "You clumsy deity!" shouted Pilgrim. "Where have you been all this time lusting after your bloody offerings? You haven't shown up to answer your roll call, and yet you dare come to disturb me today! Stick out your shanks,

and let old Monkey give you a couple of strokes of my rod—just to relieve my boredom!”

Bowing hurriedly, the sentinel said, “Great Sage, you are the joyous immortal among men. How could *you* be bored? By the decree of the Bodhisattva, all of us are to give secret protection to the Tang Monk. We thus work with the local spirits and the like, not daring to leave him at all. That’s why we have not come to see you. How could you blame us instead?”

“If you’re giving him protection,” said Pilgrim, “tell me where has that monster-spirit imprisoned my master, the Constellations, the guardians, the protectors of monasteries, and the rest of them? What sort of suffering are they enduring now?”

“Your master and your brothers,” replied the sentinel, “are all hanging in the corridor by the side of the treasure hall, while the Constellations have been herded into the underground cellar to suffer there. We haven’t had any news from you for these two days.

Only when we saw just now that the monster-spirit had captured some divine dragons, a turtle, and a snake, and sent these, too, into the cellar did we realize that they were warriors fetched here by the Great Sage. Your humble deity came especially to find you. The Great Sage must not grow weary. You must go again quickly to seek help.” When he heard these words, Pilgrim began to shed tears as he said to the sentinel, “At this moment,

*I’m ashamed to go up to Heaven,
I’m embarrassed to go down to the seas.
I dread the Bodhisattva’s queries;
I’m sad to see the Buddha’s jade mien.*

Those who had been taken captive just now were Turtle, Snake, and the Five Dragon sages of Patriarch Zhenwu. I have no other place to go for help. What am I to do?” Smiling, the sentinel said, “Please do not worry, Great Sage. Your humble deity can think of another powerful army which, if you succeed in bringing it here, will certainly subdue this monster. Just now, the Great Sage went to Wudang of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. Well, this army is also stationed at the same continent, in the city of Bincheng on the Xuyi Mountain, what is now called Sizhou. Located there is the Preceptor of State-King Bodhisattva, who has vast magic powers. Under his tutelage is a disciple of his by the name of Prince Little Zhang. He has in his service also four great divine warriors, who brought to submission in years past the Lady Water Mother. If you go there now in person and ask for his kind assistance, I am certain that the fiend will be captured and your master rescued.”

Delighted, Pilgrim said, “You go back to protect my master and don’t let him be harmed. Let old Monkey go for help.” Mounting his cloud somersault, Pilgrim left the fiend’s place and headed straight for the Xuyi Mountain. He arrived there in less than a day. As he stared at it carefully, it was a marvelous place indeed!

*To the south it’s near river fords;
To the north, it presses on the River Huai;
To the east it reaches the sea coast;
To the west it connects with Fengfou.
On the peak there are towering edifices;
In its fold there are surging streams.
Strange, craggy boulders;*

*Handsome, knotty pines;
 A hundred kinds of fruits all in season and fresh;
 A thousand sprigs of flowers blooming in the sun.
 People, teeming like ants, go back and forth;
 Like rows of wild geese the boats come and leave.
 On top there are the Temple of Auspicious Cliff,
 The Palace of Eastern Mountain,
 The Shrine of Five Miracles,
 And the Monastery of Turtle Mountain,
 Where bell-tones and incense rise toward the sky.
 There are also the Crystal Stream,
 The Five Pagoda Valley,
 The Immortals Terrace,
 And the Apricot Garden—
 All lighting up the city with their pastoral hues.
 Languid white clouds stretch o'erhead;
 Birds, though tired, serenely sing.
 Why mention the charm of Tai, Song, Heng, and Hua?
 Here's immortal beauty like Peng and Ying!*

The Great Sage could hardly make an end of enjoying this scenery. After he passed the River Huai, he went through the city of Bincheng and went up to the gate of the Great Sage Chan Monastery, where he found magnificent halls and elegant long corridors. There was, moreover, a towering pagoda, truly

*A thousand cubits tall, jabbing clouds and sky,
 A golden flask piercing the jade-green void.
 Up and down its halo holds the universe;
 Not one shade darkens its screens both east and west.
 Treasure bells, windblown, will make celestial chimes;
 Shell-bark pines, sun-drenched, face this Sanskrit hall.
 Spirit birds, in flight or rest, speak frequently
 When you gaze on the Huai's endless eddy.*

Enjoying the scenery as he walked along, Pilgrim went straight up to the second-level door. By then, the Preceptor of State-King Bodhisattva had already learned of his arrival and he went out of the door with Prince Little Zhang to meet his visitor. After they saluted each other, Pilgrim said, "I'm accompanying the Tang Monk to go to the Western Heaven for scriptures. On our way we ran into The Little Thunderclap Monastery, where a Yellow Brow Fiend disguised himself as the Buddhist patriarch. Unable to distinguish the true from the false, my master immediately bowed before him and was caught. The fiend then had me sealed inside a pair of cymbals, but fortunately I was rescued by the Constellations descending from Heaven. I smashed his cymbals and fought with him, but he used a cloth wrap and took captive all of the gods, the guardians, my master, and my brothers. I went just now to the Wudang Mountain to seek the help of the August One of the Mysterious Heaven, who ordered the Five Dragons, Turtle, and Serpent to capture the fiend. But they, too, were caught by his wrap. Your disciple now has neither refuge nor home, and that's why he has come especially to see the Bodhisattva. I beg you to exercise your mighty power—the magic that brought the Water Mother to submission and the wondrous potency that redeemed the multitudes—and go with your disciple to rescue his master from this ordeal. When

we succeed in acquiring the scriptures so that they may be forever implanted in China, we shall proclaim the wisdom of our Buddha and his everlasting perfection.”

“Your affair today,” said the Preceptor of State-King, “indeed concerns the prosperity of our Buddhist religion, and I should go with you in person. But this is early summer, a time when the River Huai threatens to overflow. It was only recently that I brought to submission the Great Sage Water Ape.

That fellow, however, tends to grow restless whenever he comes into contact with water. I fear that my departure from this place will lure him into mischief, and there’s no other god who can bring him under control. Let me ask my young disciple and four other warriors under his command to go with you. They’ll assist you in capturing this demon.” Pilgrim gave thanks before mounting the clouds with Prince Little Zhang and the four warriors to return to the Little Thunderclap Monastery.

Prince Little Zhang used a mulberry-white lance while the four warriors all wielded red-steel swords. When they went forward with the Great Sage Sun to provoke battle, the little fiends again went inside to report. Leading the rest of the monsters, the fiendish king came roaring out and cried, “Monkey! What other persons have you brought here this time?” Ordering the four warriors forward, Prince Little Zhang shouted, “You lawless monster-spirit! You have no flesh on your face and no pupils in your eyes, and that’s why you can’t recognize us.”

“Where are you from, little warrior,” said the fiendish king, “that you dare come here to give him assistance?”

“I’m the disciple of the Preceptor of State-King Bodhisattva,” replied the prince, “the Great Sage of Sizhou. These are the four divine warriors under my command, who have been ordered here to arrest you.” With a laugh, the fiendish king said, “What sort of martial prowess does a little boy like you possess that you dare to be so insulting?”

“If you want to know about my martial prowess,” said the prince, “listen to my recital:

*The state, Flowing Sand, was my ancestral home.
My father was Flowing Sand Kingdom’s king.
Illness plagued me at the time of youth,
A victim of a baleful natal star.
For long life I sought a teacher far away;
I was lucky to meet him and be giv’n a cure.
Half a pellet and my ailments dispelled,
I left my princeship to follow his way
And acquired the art of ne’er growing old.
My features are those of eternal youth!
I have attended Buddha’s Birthday Feast.
I have trod the clouds to reach his great hall.
I’ve caught a water fiend with the wind and fog;
I’ve tamed tigers and dragons on the mount.
The grateful race built me a pagoda tall,
And śarī light illumed the deep, calm sea.
My mulberry lance is quick to bind a fiend;
My cleric sleeve can a monster subdue.
In Bincheng now a peaceful life I lead;*

The earth resounds with fame of Little Zhang."

When the fiendish king heard what was said, he smiled scornfully, saying, "Prince, what method of longevity did you manage to cultivate, when you left your own country and followed that Preceptor of State-King Bodhisattva? Good enough, I suppose, to capture a water fiend of the River Huai! How could you allow those false and specious words of Pilgrim Sun to goad you across a thousand hills and ten thousand waters and into surrendering your life here? You think you still have long life without growing old when you look me up!"

Enraged by what he heard, Little Zhang picked up the lance and stabbed at his opponent's face, while the four great warriors also joined in the attack at once. The Great Sage Sun, too, struck with his iron rod. Dear monster-spirit! Not the least daunted, he wielded his short, pliant, wolf-teeth club and parried the blows left and right, charging forward and sideways. This was another fierce battle!

*The youthful prince,
His mulberry-white lance,
And four even stronger red-steel swords.
Wukong, too, used his golden-hooped rod
To encircle together the fiendish king,
Who, in truth, possessed vast magic powers.
Not daunted at all, he charged left and right.
The wolf-teeth club being a Buddhist prize
Could not be harmed by blows of spear and sword.
You could only hear the howl of violent gale;
You could only see the dark, baleful air.
That one in worldly lust would show his ability;
That one steadfastly sought Buddha for the holy writ.
They dashed about a few times;
They battled now and again.
Belched out cloud and fog
Concealed the Three Lights.
Their anger and wrath would do each other ill.
All for the Three Vehicles' perfect law
A hundred arts engaged in bitter strife.*

The multitude fought for a long time but no decision could be reached. Once more the monster-spirit untied his wrap, and again Pilgrim cried out, "Be careful, all of you!"

The prince and the rest of the warriors, however, did not comprehend what Pilgrim meant by "be careful"! With a loud whoosh, the fiend also wrapped up the prince and the four great warriors. Only the prescience of Pilgrim enabled him to escape. Returning in triumph to the monastery, the fiendish king again had his prisoners bound with ropes and sent to be locked up in the underground cellar, where we shall leave them for the moment.

Mounting his cloud somersault, our Pilgrim rose to midair, and he lowered his auspicious luminosity only after he saw the fiend had withdrawn his troops and shut the gates. As he stood on the west mountain slope, he wept dejectedly, saying, "Oh, Master!

*Since I entered by faith the grove of Chan,
When from my ordeal Guanyin set me free,*

*I squired you westward to seek the great Way,
And, by mutual help, hoped Thunderclap to see.
We thought our twisted path would smooth out at last,
Not knowing such fiendish seige there would be.
A thousand plans seem hard to have you saved.
Vain efforts east and west had stalked my plea."*

As the Great Sage was thus grieving, he suddenly saw toward the southwest a colored cloud descending to earth as torrential rain fell on the mountain. "Wukong," someone called out, "do you recognize me?" Running forward to have a look, Pilgrim came upon a person with

*Huge ears, jutting jaw, and a squarelike face;
Broad shoulders, large belly, and stoutish grace.
His complexion was filled with joys of spring;
Two autumnal pools were his eyes sparkling.
His wide sleeves flapped and fluttered with good luck;
In smart straw sandals he looked full of pluck.
The first among the blissful ones of worth,
All hail to Matireya, the monk of mirth!*

On seeing him, Pilgrim quickly kowtowed, saying, "Buddhist Patriarch coming from the East, where are you going? Your disciple has improperly barred your way! I'm guilty of ten thousand crimes!"

"I came," replied the Buddhist patriarch, "especially on account of the fiend in the Little Thunderclap."

"I'm grateful for the profound grace and virtue of the holy father," said Pilgrim. "May I ask from what region did that fiend originate? What sort of treasure is that wrap of his? I beg the holy father to reveal it to me."

The patriarch said, "He happens to be a yellow-browed youth in charge of striking the sonorous stone before me. On the third day of the third month, I went to attend a festival of Original Commencement and left him to guard my palace. He stole several treasures of mine and, disguising himself as Buddha, became a spirit. That wrap is my fertility bag, its common name being 'The Bag of Human Seed.' That wolf-teeth club is the mallet for striking the sonorous stone." On hearing this, Pilgrim raised his voice to a shout:

"Dear laughing monk! You let this boy escape to give himself the false name of Buddhist patriarch and to ensnare old Monkey. Aren't you guilty of negligence in domestic governance?"

"It is my negligence in the first place," said Maitreya, "but it is also because you and your master have yet to pass through all your *mara* hindrances. That is why a hundred deities must descend to earth to inflict upon you your fated ordeals. I've come now to bring this fiend to submission for you."

"But the monster-spirit," said Pilgrim, "has vast magic powers. You don't even have a weapon. How could you bring him to submission?" Laughing, Maitreya said, "I'll set up below this mountain slope a grass hut and a huge melon field. You go to provoke battle, but you are not permitted to win when you fight with him. Lure him to my melon field. All my melons, however, will be raw, but you yourself will change into

a large, ripe melon. When he arrives, he will certainly want to eat some melon, and I'll present you for him to eat.

When he swallows you into his stomach, you may do whatever you please with him. By then, I should be able to retrieve that wrap from him and take him back inside it."

"Although this is a marvelous plan," said Pilgrim, "I wonder how you would be able to recognize the ripe melon that will be my transformation. Moreover, how would he be willing to follow me here?" Laughing again, Maitreya replied, "I'm the Worthy who governs the world. How could my percipient eyes of wisdom not recognize you? You may change into whatever you like and I'll recognize you. But fearing that the fiend might not want to pursue you, I'll teach you some magic."

"What he most certainly wants to do," said Pilgrim, "is to catch me with that wrap of his. He *won't* chase me here! What sort of magic do you have that will make him come here?" Smiling, Maitreya said, "Stretch forth your hand." Pilgrim stretched out his left palm; dipping his right index finger into his mouth, Maitreya wrote on his palm the word, restrain, with the divine saliva. Pilgrim was told to hold his left hand in a fist and open it only toward the face of the monster-spirit. Then the monster-spirit would certainly follow him.

Holding fast his fist and obeying amiably these instructions, Pilgrim wielded his iron rod with a single hand and went before the monastery gate. "Fiendish demon," he cried, "your Holy Father Sun's here again! Come out quickly so that we may decide who's the stronger!"

Those little fiends again dashed inside to make the report. "How many warriors has he brought with him this time?" asked the fiendish king. "There are no other warriors," replied one of the little fiends. "He's the only one."

"That little monkey has used up all his plans and exhausted his strength," said the fiendish king, laughing. "He has nowhere to go to ask for help, and he has just come to give up his life for sure."

After he had put on his armor properly, the fiend took his treasure and held up his light and soft wolf-teeth club to walk out of the door. "Sun Wukong," he cried, "you can't struggle anymore this time!"

"Brazen fiend!" scolded Pilgrim. "What do you mean that I can't struggle anymore?"

"I see that you have used up all your plans and exhausted your strength," said the fiendish king. "You have nowhere to go for help, and you've forced yourself here to do battle. There won't be any divine warriors to assist you this time, and that's why I say you can't struggle anymore." Pilgrim said, "This fiend doesn't know what's good for him! Stop bragging! Have a taste of my rod!" When the fiendish king saw that he was wielding the rod with only one hand, he could not refrain from laughing. "This little ape!" he said. "Look how mischievous he is! Why are you fooling around with only one hand?"

"My son," said Pilgrim, "you can't stand up to the attack of both my hands! If you don't use your wrap, even if there are three or five of you, you won't be able to overcome this one hand of old Monkey." On hearing this, the fiendish king said, "All right, all right! I won't use my treasure. I'll fight in earnest with you this time, and we'll see who's the stronger."

Thereupon he raised his wolf-teeth club to rush into battle. Aiming directly at his face, Pilgrim let loose his fist before gripping the iron rod with both his hands. The monster-spirit was immediately bound by the spell; with no thought at all for retreat or for using the wrap, he only had in mind using the club to attack his opponent. After delivering a weak blow with his rod, Pilgrim immediately retreated, and the monster-spirit chased him all the way to the west mountain slope.

When Pilgrim saw the melon field, he rolled right into it and changed at once into a huge melon, both ripe and sweet. The monster-spirit stood still and glanced everywhere, but he did not know where Pilgrim had gone to. When he ran up to the grass hut, he cried, "Who's the planter of these melons?"

Having changed himself into a melon farmer, Maitreya walked out of the hut, saying, "Great King, I'm the one who has planted them."

"You have any ripe ones?" asked the fiendish king. "Yes," replied Maitreya. "Pick a ripe one for me to relieve my thirst," cried the fiendish king.

Maitreya at once presented with both hands the melon into which Pilgrim had changed himself. Without even examining it, the fiendish king took it and began to bite at it. Using this opportunity, Pilgrim somersaulted at once down his throat, and without waiting for another moment, he began to flex his limbs. He grabbed the intestines and bent the stomach; he did handstands, cartwheels, and whatever he felt like doing at the time. The pain was so intense that the monster-spirit clenched his teeth and opened wide his mouth as big drops of tears welled up in his eyes. He rolled so hard on the ground that the patch of melon field was completely flattened like a plot of land for pounding grain. "Finished! Finished!" he could only mutter. "Who will save me?"

Changing into his original form, Maitreya giggled loudly and said, "Cursed beast! You recognize me?" When the fiend raised his head and saw the figure before him, he went hurriedly to his knees. Hugging his stomach with both hands and pounding his head on the ground, he cried, "My lord! Please spare my life! Please spare my life! I'll never dare do this again!" Maitreya strode forward and grabbed the fiend. After he had untied the bag of fertility and taken away the mallet for striking the sonorous stone, he cried, "Sun Wukong, for my sake, please spare him." Pilgrim, however, was so bitter that he started punching and kicking left and right, madly pounding and scratching inside. Unable to bear the terrible pain, the fiend slumped to the ground.

"Wukong," cried Maitreya again, "he has had enough! Spare him!" Only then did Pilgrim cry, "Open wide your mouth, and let old Monkey come out."

Though that fiend had been racked by sharp pains in his stomach, his heart had not yet been hurt. As the proverb says,

Before the heart breaks a person can't die;

Flowers fade and leaves drop when roots are dry.

When he heard that he should open wide his mouth, he did so at once, trying desperately to endure the pain. Pilgrim leaped out, and, as he changed back into his original form, he wanted immediately to strike with his rod. The monster-spirit, however, had already been stuffed into the wrap by the Buddhist patriarch and fastened to his waist. Picking up the sonorous stone mallet, the patriarch said, "Cursed beast! Where are the stolen cymbals?"

Having only concern for his life, the fiend in the bag of fertility moaned, "The gold cymbals were smashed by Sun Wukong."

"If they have been smashed," said the Buddhist patriarch, "return my gold."

The fiend said, "The gold fragments are piled on the lotus throne in the hall."

Holding the bag and the mallet, the Buddhist patriarch said, giggling, "Wukong, I'll go look for my gold with you." When Pilgrim saw this kind of dharma power, he did not dare tarry another moment. He had no other alternative, in fact, than to lead the Buddha up the mountain to return to the monastery, where they found the gates tightly shut. The Buddhist patriarch pointed his mallet at them and at once the gates flew open. When they went inside, all the little fiends were just in the process of packing and fleeing, having learned already that the old fiend had been captured. When Pilgrim ran into them, he struck them down one by one, until some seven hundred of them were slain. As they revealed their original forms, they were all spirits of mountains and trees, the monsters of beasts and fowl.

After the Buddhist patriarch had gathered the gold fragments together, he blew at them a mouthful of divine breath and recited a spell.

Immediately they changed back into their original form of a pair of gold cymbals. He then took leave of Pilgrim and mounted the auspicious clouds to return to the world of ultimate bliss.

Thereafter our Great Sage untied the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk from the rafters. Having been hung for several days, our Idiot was so hungry that he did not even bother to thank the Great Sage. His torso bent low, he dashed into the kitchen to try to find rice to eat. The fiend, you see, was just preparing lunch, but he was interrupted when Pilgrim came to provoke battle. When Idiot saw the rice, he ate half a pot first before taking two large bowls to his master and brother. Then they thanked Pilgrim and asked about the defeat of the fiend. Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he went first to solicit the help of the Taoist patriarch and his two warriors, turtle and serpent, how he went next to see the Great Sage and the prince, and finally how Maitreya brought the fiend to submission.

When Tripitaka heard this, he could not make an end of his thanksgiving for all the devas. "Disciple," he said afterwards, "where are these gods and sages imprisoned?"

"The Day Sentinel told me yesterday that they had all been sent to an underground cellar," replied Pilgrim. "Eight Rules, you and I must go and free them."

After he had had some food, our Idiot had grown strong once more. Picking up his muckrake, he went to the rear with the Great Sage and broke open the cellar door to untie all the prisoners. When they came back out to the jewelled tower, Tripitaka put on his cassock to bow to each one of the deities to thank them. Thereafter the Great Sage sent the five dragons and two warriors back to Wudang, Prince Little Zhang and the four warriors back to Bincheng, and finally the Twenty-Eight Constellations back to Heaven. The guardians and the protectors of monasteries, too, were released to return to their stations.

Master and disciples then rested for half a day at the monastery, where they also fed the white horse and tidied up the luggage before starting out again in the morning. As they left, they lit a fire and had all those jeweled towers, treasure thrones, tall turrets, and lecture halls reduced to ashes. So it was that,

Without care or hindrance, they escaped their ordeal;

Their calamity dispelled, they were free to leave.

We do not know how long it was before they reached the Great Thunderclap; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-SEVEN

*Having rescued Tuoluo, Chan Nature is secure
Escaping filthiness, the Mind of Dao is pure*

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his three disciples, who set out on the road once more, glad to have left the Little Western Heaven. They spent about a month traveling, and now it was the time of late spring when flowers blossomed. They saw the green fading at various gardens and groves, and a sudden squall of wind and rain brought the evening near. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka said, "O disciples, it's getting late! Which road shall we take to find lodging?"

"Master, relax!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Even if there's no place for us to ask for lodging, the three of us at least have some abilities.

You may ask Eight Rules to chop some grass and Sha Monk to cut down a few pine trees. Old Monkey knows how to play carpenter. I can build for you right by the road a little thatched hut in which you can live for at least a year. Why are you so anxious?"

"Oh, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "a place like this is not fit to be lived in! The whole mountain is full of tigers and wolves, and there are spirits and goblins everywhere. Even in daylight it's difficult enough to get through. How dare you rest here at night?"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "you're regressing more and more! Old Monkey isn't bragging, but this rod I hold in my hands can even hold up the sky—if it collapses!"

As master and disciples were conversing like that, they suddenly caught sight of a mountain village not far away. "Marvelous!" said Pilgrim. "We've a place for the night."

"Where?" asked the elder. Pointing with his finger, Pilgrim replied, "Isn't that a household over there beneath the trees? We can go over there to ask for one night's lodging. Tomorrow we'll leave."

Delighted, the elder urged on his horse and went up to the entrance of the village before he dismounted. As the wooden gates were tightly shut, the elder knocked on them, saying, "Open the door! Open the door!"

From within a house an old man emerged: he had a staff in his hands, rush sandals on his feet, a black cloth wrap on his head, and a plain white robe on his body. As he opened the door, he asked immediately, "Who's making all these noises here?"

Folding his hands before his chest, Tripitaka bowed deeply and said, "Old patron, this humble priest is one sent from the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. It was getting late when we arrived at your honored region. We have come, therefore, especially to ask you for one night's lodging. I beg you to grant us this boon."

"Monk," said the old man, "you may want to go to the West, but you can't get there. This is only the Little Western Heaven. If you want to go to the Great Western Heaven, the distance is exceedingly great, not to mention all the difficulties ahead of you. Even this region here will be hard for you to pass through."

“What do you mean by hard to pass through?” asked Tripitaka. Pointing with his hand, the old man said, “Approximately thirty miles west of our village there is a Pulpy Persimmon Alley, located in a mountain by the name of Seven Extremes.”

“Why do you call it Seven Extremes?” asked Tripitaka again.

The old man said, “The mountain is about eight hundred miles across, and the whole mountain is full of persimmon fruit. According to the ancients, ‘There are seven types of extreme characteristics of the persimmon tree. They are: long-lasting, shady, without birds’ nests, wormless, lovely leaves when frosted, hardy fruits, and large, luxuriant branches.’

Hence it is called the Mountain of Seven Extremes. Our humble region here, however, is large but sparsely inhabited, and since the time of antiquity, hardly anyone has ever journeyed deep into the mountain. Every year the persimmons, ripened and rotted, would fall on the ground and completely fill up the mountain path, which is shaped like an alley flanked by boulders on both sides. After the frost and snow of the winter and the heat of the summer, the road would become one of such horrid filth that the families of this region nicknamed it Slimy Shit Alley. Whenever the west wind rises, a terrible stench would drift here, fouler than any privy you may want to clean. Right now it happens to be late spring and we have this brisk southeast wind. That’s why you can’t smell it yet.” On hearing this, Tripitaka fell silent, utterly dejected.

Unable to contain himself, Pilgrim shouted, “Oldie, you’re rather block-headed! We’ve come from great distance to ask you for lodging, and you have to tell us all these things to frighten us! If your house is so crowded that there’s no room for us to sleep in, we can just squat here beneath the trees to spend the night. Why must you be so windy?”

Greatly startled by the hideous figure before him, the old man stopped talking for a moment. Then he gathered up enough courage to point his staff at Pilgrim and say in a loud voice, “You! Look at your skeleton face, flattened brow, collapsed nose, jutting jowl, and hairy eyes. A consumptive ghost, no doubt, and yet, without any manners at all, you dare use your pointed mouth to offend an elderly person like me!”

Trying to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, “Venerable Sir, so you have eyes but no pupils, and thus you can’t recognize the worth of this consumptive ghost! As the books on physiognomy would say, ‘The features may be strange and bizarre, but it is a piece of fine jade hidden in the stone.’ If you judge people only by their looks, you’re completely wrong. I may be ugly, but I have some abilities!”

“Where are you from?” asked the old man. “What are your name and surname? What sort of abilities do you have?” With a smile, Pilgrim said

*Pūrvavideha was my ancestral home,
I did cultivation on Mount Flower- Fruit.
I bowed to the Patriarch of Heart and Mind
And perfected with him the martial arts.
I can tame dragons, stirring up the seas;
I can tote mountains to chase down the sun.
In binding fiends and demons I’m the best;
Moving stars and planets, I scare ghosts and gods.
Stealing from Heav’n and Earth gives me great fame,
Of boundless change, Handsome Stone Monkey’s my name.*

On hearing these words, the old man's displeasure turned to delight. He bowed, saying, "Please, please come inside to rest in our humble dwelling."

The four pilgrims thus led the horse and toted their luggage inside, where they saw thorny bushes on both sides of the yard. The second-level door was flanked by stone walls, which were covered also by briars and thistles. Finally, they reached three tiled houses in the center. The old man at once pulled some chairs over for them to be seated and asked for tea to be served. He also gave an order for rice to be prepared. In a little while, some tables were brought out on which were placed dishes of fried wheat gluten, bean curds, taro sprouts, white radishes, mustard greens, green turnips, fragrant rice, and mallow soup made with vinegar. Master and disciples thus enjoyed a full meal.

After they finished eating, Eight Rules tugged at Pilgrim and whispered to him, "Elder Brother, this oldie at first didn't want to give us lodging. Now he gives a sumptuous feast. Why?"

"How much could a meal like this be worth?" replied Pilgrim. "Just wait till tomorrow. He's going to send us off with ten kinds of fruit and ten different dishes!"

"Don't you have any shame?" said Eight Rules. "So, you managed to wangle a meal from him with those few big words of yours."

Tomorrow you'll be leaving. Why should he entertain you some more?"

"Don't worry," replied Pilgrim, "I'll take care of this." In a little while, it was almost completely dark, and the old man asked for lamps to be brought out. "Gonggong," said Pilgrim, bowing, "what is your noble surname?"

"It is Li," replied the old man. "I suppose this must be Li Village then," said Pilgrim.

"No," replied the old man, "for this is called the Tuoluo Village. There are over five hundred families living here, with many other surnames. Only I go by the name of Li."

"Patron Li," said Pilgrim, "what particular good intention has moved you and your family to bestow on us this rich vegetarian feast?" Rising from his seat, the old man said, "I heard you say just now that you are an expert in catching fiends. We have one here, and I'd like to ask you to catch him for us. You shall have a handsome reward."

Bowing immediately to him, Pilgrim said, "Thanks for giving me some business!"

"Look how he causes trouble!" exclaimed Eight Rules. "When someone asks him to catch fiends, that person is dearer to him than his maternal grandpa! Without further ado, he bows already."

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "you don't know about this. My bow is actually like a down payment. He isn't going to ask anyone else." On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "This little monkey is so egocentric in everything. Suppose that monster-spirit has such vast magic powers that you can't succeed in catching him. Wouldn't that make you, someone who has left the family, guilty of falsehood?"

"Master, don't be offended," said Pilgrim, laughing. "Let me question him further."

“On what?” asked the old man. Pilgrim said, “Your noble region here seems to be a clean and peaceful piece of land. There are, moreover, many families living together, hardly a remote area. What sort of monster-spirit is there who dares approach your high and noble gates?”

“To tell you the truth,” said the old man, “our region has enjoyed peace and prosperity for a long time. But three years ago, a violent gust of wind arose during the time of the sixth month. At the time, all the people of our village were out in the fields busily planting rice or beating grain. Quite alarmed by the wind, they thought that the weather had changed. Little did they expect that after the wind a monster-spirit would descend on us and devour all the cattle and livestock left grazing outside. He ate chickens and geese whole, and he swallowed men and women alive. Since that time, he has returned frequently during these past three years to harass us. O elder! If you indeed have the abilities to catch this fiend and cleanse our land, all of us will most surely give you a big reward. We won’t treat you lightly!”

“This kind of monster,” Pilgrim said, “is quite difficult to catch.”

“Difficult indeed!” exclaimed Eight Rules. “We’re only mendicants—we want a night’s lodging from you, and tomorrow we’ll leave. Why should we catch any monster-spirit?”

“So, you’re actually priests out to swindle a meal!” said the old man. “When we first met, you were boasting of how you could move planets and stars, how you could bind fiends and monsters. But when I tell you now about the matter, you pass it off as something very difficult.”

“Oldie,” said Pilgrim, “the monster-spirit is not hard to catch. It is hard *only* because the families in this region are not of one mind in their efforts.”

“In what way are they not of one mind?” asked the old man.

“For three years,” Pilgrim replied, “this monster-spirit has been a menace, taking the lives of countless creatures. If each family here were to donate an ounce of silver, I should think that five hundred families would yield at least five hundred ounces. With that amount of money, you could hire an exorcist anywhere who would be able to catch the fiend for you. Why did you permit him to torture you for these three years?”

“If you bring up the subject of spending money,” said the old man, “I’m embarrassed to death! Which one of our families did not indeed disburse three or four ounces of silver? The year before last we found a monk from the south side of this mountain and invited him to come. But he didn’t succeed.”

“How did that monk go about catching the fiend?” asked Pilgrim. The old man said,

*That man of the Saṅgha,
He had on a kasāya.
He first quoted the Peacock;
He then chanted the Lotus;
Burned incense in his urn;
Grasped with his hand a bell.
As he thus sang and chanted,
He aroused the very fiend.
Astride the clouds and wind,
He came to this village.*

*The monk fought with the fiend,
 In truth some tall tale to tell!
 One stroke delivered a punch,
 One stroke delivered a scratch.
 The monk tried to respond:
 In response his hair was gone!
 In a while the fiend triumphed
 And went back to mist and smoke.
 (
 Mere dried scabs being sunned!)
 We draw near to take a look:
 The bald head was beaten like a rotten watermelon!*

“When you put it like that,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “he really lost out!”

The old man said, “He only paid with his life; we were the true victims. We had to buy the coffin for his funeral, and we had to give some money to his disciple. That disciple, however, has yet to be satisfied, and wants to bring litigation against us even now. What a mess!”

“Did you try to find someone else to catch the monster?” asked Pilgrim again. The old man replied, “We found a Daoist last year.”

“How did that Daoist go about catching him?” asked Pilgrim. “That Daoist,” said the old man,

*Wore on his head a gold cap,
 And on himself, a ritual robe.
 He banged aloud his placard;
 He waved his charms and water.
 He sent for gods and spirits
 But summoned only the ogre.
 A violent gale blew and churned,
 And black fog dimmed every where.
 The monster and the Daoist,
 The two went forth to battle.
 They fought till dusk had set in
 When the fiend left with the clouds.
 The cosmos was bright and fair,
 And we were all assembled.
 Going to search for the Daoist,
 We found him drowned in a brook.
 We fished him out for a better look:
 He seemed like a chicken poached in soup!*

“The way you put it,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “he, too, lost out!”

“He, too, only paid with his life,” said the old man, “but we again had to spend all sorts of unnecessary money.”

“Don’t worry! Don’t worry!” said Pilgrim. “Let me catch him for you.”

“If you really have the ability to seize him,” said the old man, “I will ask several elders of our village to sign a contract with you. If you win, you may ask whatever

amount of money you wish, and we won't withhold from you even half a penny. But if you get hurt, don't accuse us of anything. Let all of us obey the will of Heaven."

"This oldie is weary of being wrongly accused!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I'm not that kind of person. Go and fetch the elders quickly."

Filled with delight, the old man immediately asked a few houseboys to go and invite eight or nine elders to his house—all neighbors, cousins, and in-laws of his. After they met the Tang Monk and had been told of the matter of catching the fiend, they were all very pleased. "Which noble disciple will go forth to catch him?" one elder asked.

With his hands folded before his chest to salute them, Pilgrim said, "This little priest will."

Astonished, the elder said, "That won't do! That won't do! The monster-spirit has vast magic powers and a hulking body. A lean and tiny priest like you probably won't even fill the cracks of his teeth!"

"Venerable Sir," said Pilgrim, laughing, "you haven't guessed correctly about me! I may be tiny, but I'm quite hardy. 'Having drunk a few drops off the whetstone, I've been sharpened up!'" On hearing this, those elders had no alternative but to give their consent.

"Elder," they said, "how much reward do you want after you've caught the monster-spirit?"

"Why mention reward?" replied Pilgrim. "As the saying goes,

*Gold dazzles your eyes;
Silver is not shiny;
Copper pennies are stinky!*

We're priests trying to accumulate merit, and we certainly do not desire cash rewards."

"The way you speak," said one of the elders, "indicates that you're all noble priests who take your commandments seriously. You may not want cash rewards, but we can't allow you to work for us for free. Now, all of us either farm or fish for our livelihood. If you truly can rid us of this cursed fiend and purify our region, each family will donate two acres of the finest land—a thousand acres in all—which will be set aside at one place. All of you, master and disciples, can then build on the land a nice temple or monastery, in which you can meditate and practice Chan. That's much better than wandering with the clouds all over the world." Laughing again, Pilgrim said, "That's even messier! If you give us land, we'll have to graze and groom horses, to find feed and make hay. At dusk, we can't go to bed, and by dawn, we still cannot rest. That sort of a life will kill us!"

"If you don't want all these," said the elder, "just what do you want as your reward?"

"We're people who have left the family," replied Pilgrim. "Give us some tea and rice, and that's sufficient reward."

The elders were very pleased. "That sort of reward is easy," said one of them, "but we'd like to know your plan to catch him?"

"When he comes," said Pilgrim, "I'll do it."

“But that fiend is huge,” said another elder. “He touches Heaven above and Earth beneath.

He comes with the wind and departs with the fog. How can you even get near him?”

“If he’s a monster-spirit able to summon the wind and ride the fog,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “I’ll just treat him as my grandson. If he’s big in size, I still can hit him.”

As they chatted, they suddenly heard the howling of the wind, which so terrified those eight or nine elders that they all quaked and quivered. “This priest has such a bad luck mouth!” they cried. “He speaks of the monster-spirit, and at once the monster-spirit shows up!”

Flinging wide the side door, that Old Li herded the Tang Monk and his relatives inside, crying, “Come in! Come in! the fiend’s here.”

Eight Rules and Sha Monk were so intimidated that they, too, wanted to follow them in entering the house. Pilgrim, however, yanked them back with both hands, saying, “Have you lost your senses? Priests like you, how could you behave like that? Stand still! Stay with me in the courtyard so that we can find out what kind of a monster-spirit this is.”

“Oh, Elder Brother!” cried Eight Rules. “These are all savvy people! When the wind howls, it means the fiend’s coming, and that’s why they are hiding. We are neither kinfolk nor acquaintances of theirs, neither bond relatives nor old friends. What’s the point of looking at this monster?” Pilgrim, however, was so strong that he was able to hold them down right there in the courtyard as the wind grew even more fierce.

Marvelous wind!

*It felled woods and trees, daunting tigers and wolves;
It stirred seas and rivers, alarming gods and ghosts;
It toppled rocks of Mount Hua’s triple peaks;
It upturned the world’s four great continents.
Rustic homes and households all shut their doors;
The whole village’s children all hid their heads.
Massive black clouds covered the starry sky.
Lamps and lights faded as the whole earth grew dark.*

Eight Rules was so terrified that he fell on the ground; digging a hole with his snout, he buried his head in it and lay prone as if he had been nailed to the Earth. Sha Monk, too, covered up his head and face, for he found it difficult even to open his eyes.

Only Pilgrim sniffed at the wind to try to determine what sort of fiend that was. In a little while the wind subsided and the faint glow of what seemed to be two lanterns appeared in midair. Lowering his head, Pilgrim said, “Brothers, the wind’s gone! Get up and take a look!” Pulling out his snout, our Idiot shook off the dirt and raised his head skyward. When he saw the two lights, he burst out laughing, crying, “What fun! What fun! So, this monster-spirit is someone who knows properly when to move or rest! We should befriend him.”

“In a dark night like this,” said Sha Monk, “you haven’t even seen his face yet. How could you know what sort of a person he is?”

Eight Rules replied, “The ancient said,

To move by lights at night is best;

When there are no torches, we rest.

Look at him now! He has a pair of lanterns leading the way. He must be a good man.”

“You’re wrong!” said Sha Monk. “Those aren’t lanterns. They’re the glimmering eyes of the monster-spirit!” Our Idiot was so appalled that he lost three inches of his height. “Holy Father!” he cried. “If those are his eyes, how big is his mouth?”

“Don’t be afraid, Worthy Brothers,” said Pilgrim. “Stay here and guard our master. Let old Monkey go up there and demand a confession. We’ll see what kind of monster-spirit he is.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “don’t confess that we are here.”

Dear Pilgrim! He whistled loudly and leaped into the air. Gripping his iron rod, he cried out in a loud voice, “Slow down! Slow down! I’m here!” When the fiend saw Pilgrim, he stood erect and began to wave a long lance back and forth in the air. Holding high his rod to assume a position of combat, Pilgrim asked, “From what region a fiend are you? Of what place a spirit are you?”

The fiend gave no reply whatever; all he did was to wave his lance. Pilgrim asked again, but still there was no reply from the fiend, who only persisted in waving the lance. Smiling to himself, Pilgrim said, “You’ve got to be both deaf and dumb! Don’t run away! Watch my rod!”

The fiend, however, was not frightened in the least; brandishing his lance, he parried Pilgrim’s blows, and the two of them charged back and forth, up and down, in midair. They fought till it was about the hour of the third watch and no decision was reached. Standing down below in the courtyard, Eight Rules and Sha Monk saw everything clearly. The fiend, you see, only wielded the lance to parry the blows, but he did not attack his opponent at all. Pilgrim’s rod, therefore, hardly ever left the head of the fiend. “Sha Monk,” said Eight Rules with a laugh, “you stand guard here, and let old Hog go and help with the fight. We can’t allow that monkey to make this merit all by himself, or he’ll be rewarded with the first goblet of wine.”

Dear Idiot! He leaped up to the edge of the clouds and attacked at once with his rake, which was met by another lance of the fiendish creature. The two lances danced in the air like flying serpents and flashing thunderbolts. Praising him, Eight Rules said, “This monsterspirit shows great technique with the lance! He’s not using the style of the ‘Mountain-Back Lance,’ but it’s more like the ‘Winding-Silk Lance.’ It’s not the ‘Ma-Family Lance,’ but it probably has the name of the ‘Flabby-Handle Lance.’” “Stop babbling, Idiot!” said Pilgrim. “There’s no such thing as the ‘Flabby-Handle Lance!’”

Eight Rules said, “Just look at how he uses the pointed ends of the lances to parry our blows, but the handles of the lances are nowhere to be seen. Where has he hidden them, I wonder?”

“Maybe it is the ‘Flabby-Handle Lance,’” said Pilgrim, “but what’s important is that this fiendish creature does not know how to speak, because he has not yet attained the way of humans. He is still heavily under the influence of the yin aura. In the morning when the yang aura grows stronger, he will certainly want to flee. We must give chase and not let him get away.”

“Exactly! Exactly!” said Eight Rules.

They fought for a long time and then the east paled with light. Not daring to linger, the fiend turned and fled, while Eight Rules and Pilgrim gave chase together. As they sped along, they suddenly encountered an oppressively foul stench rising from the Pulpy Persimmon Alley of the Seven Extremes Mountain. "Which family is cleaning its privy?" cried Eight Rules. "Wow! The smell's horrible!"

Clamping a hand over his nose, Pilgrim could only mutter, "Chase the monster-spirit! Chase the monster-spirit!"

Darting past the mountain, the fiend at once changed back into his original form: a huge, red-scaled python. Look at him!

*His eyes flashed forth the stars of dawn;
His nose belched out the morning fog.
His teeth, like dense rows of steel swords;
His claws curved like golden hooks.
From the brow rose a horn of flesh
That seemed to be formed by a thousand pieces of carnelian;
His whole body was draped in red scales
That resembled a million flakes of rouge.
Coiled up on earth, he could be confused with a brocade quilt;
Flying in the air, he could be mistaken for a rainbow.
Where he rested, putrid fumes rose to the sky;
When he moved, scarlet clouds covered his body.
Big enough?
People on his east end couldn't see the west.
Long enough?
He was like a mountain stretching from pole to pole.*

"So, it's such a long snake!" said Eight Rules. "If it wants to devour people, one meal will probably take five hundred persons, and it'll still not be filled." Pilgrim said, "That 'Flabby-Handle Lance' has to be his forked tongue. He has been weakened by our chase. Let's hit him from behind!"

Bounding forward, our Eight Rules brought his rake down hard on the fiendish creature, who darted swiftly into a hole. Only seven or eight feet of the tail remained outside when it was grabbed by Eight Rules, abandoning his rake. "I got him! I got him!" he cried, as he used all his might to try to pull the fiend out of the hole, but he could not even budge him.

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, laughing, "leave him inside. I know what to do. Don't try to pull a snake backward like that!"

Eight Rules indeed let go and the fiend slithered inside the hole. "Before I let go just now," complained Eight Rules, "half of him was already ours."

Now he has slithered inside. How could we make him come out again? Isn't this what you call no more snake to play with?" Pilgrim said, "This fellow has quite a hefty body. The hole is so small that he can never turn around inside. He has to move in a straightforward manner, and there has to be also a rear entrance. Go find it quickly and bar the hole. I'll attack him from the front entrance here." Idiot dashed past the mountain, where he indeed discovered another hole. He paused, but he had hardly stood still when Pilgrim at the front entrance sent a terrific jab with his rod into the hole. In great pain, the fiendish creature darted out of the rear entrance. Caught off guard, Eight

Rules was struck down by his tail and, unable to get up again, he lay on the ground to nurse his pain.

When Pilgrim saw that the hole was empty, he picked up his rod and ran over to the rear, shouting for Eight Rules to chase the fiend.

On hearing Pilgrim's voice, Eight Rules became so embarrassed that, regardless of his pain, he scrambled up and began to beat the ground madly with his rake. When he saw him, Pilgrim laughed and said, "The fiend's gone! What are you doing that for?"

Eight Rules said, "Old Hog's here 'Beating the Bush to Stir the Snake.'" "What a living Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "Let's chase him!"

The two of them ran past a brook, when they found the fiend had coiled himself into a mound on the ground. Rearing his head, he opened wide his huge mouth and wanted to devour Eight Rules. Terrified, Eight Rules turned and fled, but our Pilgrim went forward to meet him and was swallowed by the fiend in one gulp. Pounding his chest and stamping his feet, Eight Rules screamed, "Alas, Elder Brother! You're dead!" Inside the stomach of the monster-spirit, Pilgrim held up his iron rod and said, "Don't worry, Eight Rules. Let me ask him to build a bridge for you to see!"

He stuck his rod up a bit more, and the fiendish creature had to raise his torso until he resembled a bow-shaped bridge. "He looks like a bridge, alright," said Eight Rules, "but no one would dare walk on it."

"Let me ask him again to change into a boat for you to see," said Pilgrim. He plunged the iron rod downward; with the stomach hugging the ground and the head upraised, the fiendish creature looked like a sloop from the Kan River district.

"He may look like a boat," said Eight Rules, "but there is no top mast for him to use the wind."

"Get out of the way," said Pilgrim, "and I'll make him use the wind for you to see." Using all his strength, Pilgrim pushed his iron rod upward from the spine of the fiendish creature until it reached a height of some seventy feet and the shape of a mast. In desperate pain and struggling for his life, the fiend shot forward, faster than any windblown vessel, and made for the road on which he came. Some twenty miles down the mountain, he finally fell motionless to the dust and expired. Eight Rules caught up with him from behind and attacked him madly once more with his rake. Meanwhile, Pilgrim ripped a big hole in the creature's body and crawled out, saying, "Idiot, he's dead already."

Why use your rake on him?"

"Oh, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "don't you know that old Hog all his life has loved to strike at dead snakes?"

They thus put away their weapons and dragged the creature back by his tail.

We tell you now about the Old Li in the Tuoluo Village; he and the rest of the people said to the Tang Monk, "For a whole night your two disciples have not returned. They must have lost their lives."

"I don't think it's that serious," said Tripitaka. "Let us go out to have a look first." Soon they caught sight of Pilgrim and Eight Rules approaching, dragging a huge python behind them and shouting to clear the way. Only then did the people become delighted; the old and young, the men and women of the entire village all came to kowtow and say, "Holy Fathers, this is the very monster-spirit that has taken many lives

here. We are fortunate to have you exercise your power today and extirpate the fiendish deviate, for now our lives are secure.”

All the households were filled with gratitude, so much so that each one of them insisted on thanking the pilgrims with gifts and feasting. Master and disciples were detained for nearly a week, and only after much pleading on their part were they permitted to leave.

When the people saw that the pilgrims refused to accept any kind of monetary rewards, they all prepared some dried goods and fruits.

With laden horses and mules, colored banners and red ribbons, they came to say farewell. There were only five hundred families in the region, but those who came to send them off numbered more than seven hundred.

They journeyed amiably, and in a little while they arrived at the entrance of the Pulpy Persimmon Alley in the Mountain of Seven Extremes. When Tripitaka smelled the wretched odor and saw how clogged the road was, he said, “Wukong, how could we pass through?”

Clamping his hand over his nose, Pilgrim said, “This is rather difficult!” When Tripitaka heard him say “difficult,” tears dropped from his eyes. Old Li and others went forward and said, “Father, please do not be anxious. When we accompanied you here, we had already made up our minds. Since your noble disciples subdued the monster-spirit for us and delivered the entire village from such calamity, we are all determined to open up a road for you to pass through.”

“Oldie,” said Pilgrim, smiling, “your words aren’t very reasonable! You told us earlier that the distance across this mountain is some eight hundred miles. You are no celestial engineers under the command of the Great Yu, Conqueror of the Flood. How could you blast open mountains and build roads? If you want my master to get across the ridge, it’s up to us again to exert ourselves. None of you can do something like this.”

As he dismounted, Tripitaka said, “Wukong, how are you going to exert yourself?”

“If you want to cross this mountain in the twinkling of an eye,” said Pilgrim, smiling, “that’s difficult. If you want to build another road, that’s difficult, too. We have to push through, using the old alley, but right now, I fear that no one will take care of our meals.”

“Don’t talk like that, Elder!” said Old Li. “No matter how long you four are delayed here, we can support you. How could you say that no one would take care of your meals!”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “go and prepare two piculs of dried rice, and make some steamed buns and breads also. Let that priest of ours with a long snout eat to his fill. He’ll then change into a huge hog to shovel out the old road. Our master will ride the horse and we’ll accompany him. We’ll get across.” On hearing this, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, all of you want to be clean. How could you ask old Hog alone to become stinky?”

“Wuneng,” said Tripitaka, “if you truly have the ability to shovel out the alley and lead me across the mountain, I’ll have it recorded that you are ranked first in merit on this occasion.” With a laugh, Eight Rules said, “Master, you and the rest of our venerable patrons here should not tease me. I, old Hog, after all, am capable of thirty-six

kinds of transformation. If you want me to change into something delicate, elegant, and agile, I simply can't do it. But if it's a mountain, a tree, a boulder, an earth mound, a scabby elephant, a graded hog, a water buffalo, or a camel, I can change into all these things. The only thing is that if I change into something big, my appetite is going to be even bigger. I must be satisfactorily fed before I can work."

"We have the stuff! We have the stuff!" cried the people. "We have all brought along dried goods, fruits, baked biscuits, and assorted pastries. We were planning to present them to you after you had crossed the mountain. We'll take them out now for you to enjoy. When you have assumed your transformation and begun your work, we'll send people back to the village to prepare more rice for you."

Filled with delight, Eight Rules took off his black cloth shirt and dropped his nine-pronged rake. "Don't tease me!" he said to the people. "Watch old Hog achieve this stinky merit!"

Dear Idiot! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he shook his body once and changed indeed into a huge hog. Truly he had

*A long snout and short hair—all rather plump.
He fed on herbs of the mountain since his youth.
A black face with round eyes like the sun and moon;
A round head with huge ears like plantain leaves.
His bones were made lasting as Heaven's age;
Tougher than iron was his thick skin refined.
In deep nasal tones he made his oink-oink cry.
What guttural grunts when he puffed and huffed!
Four white hoofs standing a thousand feet tall;
Swordlike bristles topped a hundred-yard frame.
Mankind had long seen fatted pigs and swine,
But never till today this old hog elf.
The Tang Monk and the people all gave praise;
At such high magic pow'r they were amazed.*

When Pilgrim Sun saw this transformation of Eight Rules, he ordered those people who accompanied them to put their dried goods into a huge pile so that Eight Rules could enjoy the foodstuff. Without regard for whether it was cooked or raw, Eight Rules went forward and gulped down all of it. Then he proceeded to shovel out a path. Pilgrim asked Sha Monk to take off his shoes and to pole the luggage with care. He told his master to sit firmly on the carved saddle, while he himself also took off his boots. Then he gave this instruction to the people:

"If you are grateful, go and prepare some rice quickly for my brother's sustenance." Over half of those seven hundred people who accompanied the pilgrims to send them off came along with horses and mules; they, therefore, dashed back to the village like shooting stars to prepare the rice. The rest of the people, some three hundred of them, had come on foot, and these stood below the mountain and watched the pilgrims depart. The distance between the village and the mountain, you see, was some thirty miles. By the time the people went back to the village and returned with the rice, master and disciples were almost a hundred miles away. Not willing to let them go, however, the people urged their horses and mules into the alley and spent the night traveling. Only by morning did they succeed in catching up with the pilgrims. "Holy Fathers who are going to acquire scriptures," they cried, "please slow down! Please

slow down! We are bringing you rice!” On hearing these words, the elder was filled with gratitude. “Truly they are kind and faithful people!” he said. Then he asked Eight Rules to stop so that he could take some rice for strength. Our Idiot had been shoveling for one whole day and night, and he was beginning to feel keenly his hunger. Though there were more than seven or eight piculs of rice brought by those people, he gulped it all down, regardless of whether it was rice or other types of grain. After a hearty meal, he proceeded again to shovel out the road.

Tripitaka, Pilgrim, and Sha Monk thanked the people and took leave of them. So it is that

*The Tuoluo villagers return to their homes,
While Eight Rules opens up a mountain path.
Divine might upholds devout Tripitaka;
Wukong shows magic and the demon fails.
An aeon's Pulp Persimmons this day are cleansed;
Henceforth the Seven Extremes' Alley is unclogged.
Six forms of desires having all been purged.
In peace, unhindered, they'll bow to lotus seats.*

We do not know how great a distance they still must travel or what sort of fiends they may encounter; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-EIGHT

*At Scarlet-Purple Kingdom the Tang Monk speaks of past eras
Pilgrim Sun performs on an arm broken in three places*

*Virtue attained, all causations dead,
Your fame through four great continents will spread.
Wise and enlightened you ascend yonder shore.
The wind will sigh
As hazy cirrus rises in the sky.
Those Buddhas will all greet you;
Forever at Jade Terrace you'll live thereto.
Break up the human dream of butterfly.
Let it all end!
Where dust is cleansed no worries attend.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his disciples who,
*Having washed out an alley of sullage,
Now walked on the path of freedom.*

Time went by swiftly and again it was torrid summer, when
*Pomegranates spread ornate fruits,
And lotus leaves split like green pans.
In two rows of willow young swallows hide,
To flee the heat the travellers wave their fans.*

As they proceeded, they suddenly saw a moated city looming up. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka called out, "Disciples, take a look.

What kind of a place is that?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "so you are actually illiterate! How could you have accepted the decree of the Tang emperor to leave the court?"

"I became a priest when I was still a child," replied Tripitaka. "I have mastered thousands of sūtras. How could you say I'm illiterate?"

"If you are literate," said Pilgrim, "why couldn't you recognize those three big words written plainly on the apricot-yellow banner? Why did you have to ask what sort of a place this is?"

"Brazen ape!" bellowed the Tang Monk. "You're babbling! That banner is whipped by the wind. There might be words on it, but I can't see them clearly!"

"Of all persons," said Pilgrim, "why is it that old Monkey's able to see them?"

"Master," both Eight Rules and Sha Monk said, "don't listen to Elder Brother's jabberings! From this distance, we can hardly see the moated city clearly. Who could see any words?"

"Aren't those words, the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom?" asked Pilgrim. Tripitaka said, "The Scarlet-Purple Kingdom must be a state in the Western domain. That means we must have our rescript certified."

"That goes without saying," said Pilgrim.

In a little while, they arrived before the gate of the city, where Tripitaka dismounted. As they strolled through the triple-layered gates, they found that it was a marvelous national capital indeed. What they saw were

*Soaring towered gates,
Orderly parapets.
Around the city running water flowed freely;
North and south, it fronted on tall mountains.
Cargoes heaped up in its streets and markets;
Business flourished in every house and home.
Truly it was a meeting place of royalty,
A great capital, a Heavenly residence.
Towered boats came from distant shores.
Laden with foreign jades and gems.
Its noble form joined distant hills;
Its palaces reached the clear void.
Its three passes firmly secured,
Therein peace forever prospered.*

As master and disciples walked through the main boulevards, they found the looks of the people distinguished and imposing, their attire orderly and neat, and their language clear and resonant. Truly it was no different from the world of the Great Tang.

Now, when those people on both sides busily engaged in buying and selling suddenly discovered the ugly visage of Eight Rules, the dark face and tall frame of Sha Monk, and the hairy features of Pilgrim Sun, they all abandoned their businesses and crowded around the pilgrims to stare at them. Tripitaka felt compelled to call out, "Don't start any trouble! Lower your heads and walk on!" Obeying his master, Eight Rules stuffed his lotus-rootlike mouth inside his bosom, and Sha Monk dared not raise his head. Only Pilgrim kept staring left and right as he walked closely beside the Tang Monk. After they had looked at the pilgrims for a while, those people who were more sensible went back to their own activities. The loiterers and the mischievous youths, however, all surged around Eight Rules; laughing and clamoring, they threw tiles and bricks at Eight Rules to tease him. The Tang Monk became so nervous that he was perspiring. All he could say was, "Don't start anything!" Our Idiot dared not lift his head.

In a moment, they turned the corner and came upon a large residence surrounded by an outer wall. On top of its entrance were the words, College of Interpreters.

"Disciples," said the Tang Monk, "let's go inside this official mansion."

"What for?" asked Pilgrim.

"The College of Interpreters," said the Tang Monk, "is a meeting place for people from all parts of the world. Even we can make use of it. Let us go in and rest ourselves. After I have seen the throne and have had our rescript certified, we can then leave the city and be on our way once more." On hearing this, Eight Rules brought out his snout and frightened off several scores of those people following them. "What Master says is quite right," he said as he walked forward. "Let's hide inside so that we won't be bothered by the cacklings of these birdbrains!"

They thus entered the college, and the people gradually dispersed.

We tell you now that there were two officials inside the college, a minister proper and a vice-minister. They were both taking the roll in the great hall and preparing to meet other officials arriving. Startled by the sight of the Tang Monk walking in, they both said, "Who are you? Who are you? Where do you think you are going?"

Folding his hands before his chest, Tripitaka said, "This humble cleric has been sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. We came upon your treasure region, and we dared not pass through without permission. We would like to have our travel rescript certified, and we would like to ask for temporary lodging in your noble mansion." When those two college ministers heard what he said, they asked their attendants on both sides to step back. Fixing up their caps and tightening their belts, the ministers left the main hall to greet the Tang Monk. At once they asked that guest rooms be cleaned out for the pilgrims to rest, and they also ordered the preparation of vegetarian meals. After Tripitaka thanked them, the two officials departed with their staff, leaving only a few attendants to look after the priest. As Tripitaka began to walk out, Pilgrim said spitefully, "These rogues! Why didn't they allow old Monkey to stay in the main suite?"

The Tang Monk said, "Their territory here is not governed by our Great Tang, nor do we have any formal diplomatic relations.

Moreover, the college is frequently visited by distinguished guests or high rank officials. That's probably why they find it difficult to entertain us here."

"If you put it that way," said Pilgrim, "I would want them all the more to entertain us here."

As they were speaking, a steward came in with some supplies: a large bowl of white rice, a large bowl of wheat flour, two bunches of green vegetables, four cakes of bean curd, two fried wheat gluten, one dish of dried bamboo shoots, and one dish of wood-ears.

Tripitaka told his disciples to accept these and thanked the steward. The steward said, "In the west rooms there are clean pots and pans.

The fires and stoves are ready. Please go there and cook the meal yourselves."

"Let me ask you this," said Tripitaka. "Is the king still in the main hall?"

"His Majesty has not held court for a long time," replied the steward. "Today happens to be an auspicious day, and at this very moment he is discussing with many civil and military officials the publication of a special proclamation. If you want to have your travel rescript certified, you should hurry there for you may still catch him. By tomorrow, you will not be able to have an audience with him, and I don't know how long you'll have to wait for another opportunity."

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "all of you stay here and prepare our meal. Let me hurry there to have our rescript certified. I'll then come back, eat, and we will leave." Quickly Eight Rules took out the cassock and the travel rescript: after Tripitaka put on the proper attire, he told his disciples not to leave the college and cause trouble outside before he went into court.

In a moment, he arrived before the Five Phoenix Tower, and we cannot begin to tell you how magnificent were those palatial halls and buildings. He went before the front gate proper and requested the imperial messenger to make known to the Heavenly

Court his desire to have the rescript certified. The Custodian of the Yellow Gate indeed went before the white jade steps to memorialize:

“Outside the gate of the court, there is a priest from the Great Tang in the Land of the East who, by imperial commission, is journeying to the Thunderclap Monastery in the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. Desirous of having his travel rescript certified, he awaits our royal summons.” On hearing this, the king said in delight, “We have been ill for a long time and we have not ascended our throne. What a happy coincidence this is that the moment we appear in the main hall with the intent to find a good physician through the promulgation of a special proclamation, a noble priest immediately appears.”

He at once had the priest summoned to the hall, where Tripitaka prostrated himself to pay the king homage. The king then asked him to take a seat in the golden hall, after which the Court of Imperial Entertainments was asked to prepare a vegetarian banquet. Having thanked the king for his royal favors, Tripitaka presented the travel rescript.

After he read the document, the king was very pleased. “Master of the Law,” he said, “through how many successions of rulers and how many generations of ministers has your Great Tang passed? As for the Tang emperor, how did he return to life from his illness, so that he could ask you to traverse mountains and rivers to seek scriptures?”

Faced with these questions, the elder bowed with hands folded to make his reply, saying, “In the native land of your humble cleric,

*Three August Ones ruled our world;
Five Thearchs set relations.
Yao and Shun defined kingship;
Yu and Tang gave the people peace.
But descendants of Cheng and Zhou
All desired independence.
Using might to oppress the weak,
They laid claim to sundry kingdoms.
They totaled eighteen rulers,
Dividing land and borders.
They decreased to twelve later,
And the world became tranquil.
For want of chariots and horses,
They again devoured each other.
Seven powers strove together,
And six states all bowed to Qin.
But Heaven gave birth to Pei of Lu,
Each envious of the other.
The empire then became Han's,
Which fixed laws for all to obey.
Then Han succumbed to Sima,
And Jin, too, became unruly.
North and South twelve states in all—
Such as Song, Qi, Liang, and Chen—
Lasted in close succession
Till Great Sui became the true heir.*

*Then came a lecher and despot
 Who made the people suffer.
 Our king with Li as his surname
 Took Tang as his empire's title.
 After emperor Gaozu departed,
 Shimin became our present ruler.
 Our rivers are clean, our seas tranquil,
 For great is his kindness and virtue.
 Now, north of the capital Chang'an,
 Lived a water sprite, a dragon god,
 Who reduced some sweet rain
 And thus deserved to perish.
 Through a dream at night, however,
 He begged our king for assistance.
 The king promised him pardon,
 And summoned a worthy subject,
 Who was kept within the palace
 To play chess slowly with the king.
 When the time reached the noon hour,
 That worthy subject slew the dragon in a dream."*

On hearing what Tripitaka said, the king suddenly groaned a few times and said, "Master of the Law, from which country did that subject come?"

"He was the prime minister before the throne of our emperor," replied Tripitaka. "His surname is Wei and his given name is Zheng.

He knows astronomy and geography, and he can distinguish between yin and yang. He is truly a great minister and helper, one who knows how to secure the empire and establish the state. Because he executed the Dragon King of the Jing River in his dream, the dragon king filed suit in the region of darkness, accusing our emperor of reneging on his promise to spare his life. That was why our emperor became mortally ill. Then Wei Zheng wrote a letter for our emperor to take to the region of darkness and give to Cui Jue, a judge in the Capital of Death. When the Tang emperor indeed expired after a little while, he came back to life three days later all because of Wei Zheng, who moved Judge Cui to alter a document and add twenty more years to the emperor's age. Thereafter when the emperor gave a Grand Mass of Land and Water, he commissioned this humble cleric to traverse a great distance through many nations in order that I may seek from the Buddhist Patriarch the three baskets of Mahayāna scriptures, which will help redeem the cursed and wretched souls to Heaven."

Groaning some more, the king sighed, "Truly yours is a nation and a Heavenly Court! Your ruler is righteous, and your ministers are upright! Look at us! We have been ill for a long time, but not one minister is able to assist us." When he heard this, the elder stole a glance at the king and saw that his face looked yellow and his body seemed emaciated. His whole appearance, in fact, was weary and spiritless. The elder was about to question him further when the official from the Court of Imperial Entertainments approached to invite the Tang Monk to dine. The king at once gave this command:

"Set out our meal at the Hall of Unfurling Fragrance. We shall dine with the Master of the Law."

Tripitaka thanked him, and we shall leave them dining together.

We tell you now about Pilgrim in the College of Interpreters, who asked Sha Monk to make tea and rice and to prepare some vegetarian dishes. Sha Monk said, "It's easy to make the tea and the rice, but it won't be easy to prepare the vegetarian dishes."

"Why?" asked Pilgrim. "Oil, salt, soy sauce, and vinegar," replied Sha Monk, "none of these can be found here." Pilgrim said, "I have a few pennies of small change. Tell Eight Rules to go buy some on the streets."

At once turning lazy, our Idiot said, "I dare not go. My features aren't that nice looking, and I fear that Master will blame me if I cause any trouble."

"We are doing business fair and square!" said Pilgrim. "We aren't begging, and we aren't robbing. How could you cause any trouble?"

"Haven't you seen what I could do just now?" said Eight Rules. "I yanked out my snout before the door and scared off over ten persons. If I go to the bustling market, I don't know how many persons will be frightened to death."

"All you know is the bustling market," said Pilgrim, "but have you seen what they are selling in this market?"

"Master told me to walk with my head bowed," replied Eight Rules, "so as not to cause any trouble. In truth I haven't seen anything." Pilgrim said, "There are wine shops, rice dealers, mills, and fabric stores, which we need not mention in detail. There are truly fine tea houses, noodle shops, huge biscuits, and gigantic buns. Moreover, the restaurants display nice soups and rice, fine spices, and excellent vegetables. I saw also exotic puddings, steamed goods, pastries, rolls, fried goods, and honey cakes—in fact, countless goodies. I'll go buy some of these to treat you. How's that?" When our Idiot heard this, saliva drooled from his mouth and his throat gurgled as he swallowed hard a few times. "Elder Brother," he said, leaping up. "I'll let you treat me this time. I'll save some money so that next time I can return your favor." Smiling to himself, Pilgrim said, "Sha Monk, be careful in cooking the rice. We'll go and buy some seasoning." Knowing that he was making fun of Idiot, Sha Monk played along and replied, "Go ahead, both of you. After you've fed yourself, bring back a lot of seasoning." Picking up a container, our Idiot followed Pilgrim out the door. Two officials asked, "Where are the elders going?"

"To buy seasoning," replied Pilgrim. "Go west on this street," said one of them, "and make a turn at the corner watchtower. You'll find the Zheng family grocery, where you can buy however much you like. Oil, salt, soy sauce, vinegar, ginger, pepper, and tea—they have them all."

The two of them, arm in arm, followed the street to the west. Pilgrim walked right past several teahouses and restaurants, refusing to buy what ought to be bought, to eat what ought to be eaten. "Elder Brother,"

Eight Rules called out, "let's not be so choosy. Just buy something here and we'll enjoy it." Pilgrim, who had wanted to sport with him, refused, of course, to buy anything. "Worthy Brother," he said, "don't be such a spendthrift! Let's walk a bit further, and we'll buy something big to eat."

As the two of them chatted, they again caused many people to follow them, staring. In a little while, they reached the watchtower, beneath which they found a large, noisy crowd blocking the street. On seeing them, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, I'm

not going over there. Look at the mob. I fear that they may want to arrest monks, especially those who are strangers. If they seize me, what'll happen to me?"

"Nonsense!" said Pilgrim. "Monks haven't broken the law. Why should they want to arrest us? Let's walk past them so that we can buy some seasoning from the Zheng family store."

"All right! All right! All right!" said Eight Rules. "I won't cause any trouble. I'll just squeeze into the crowd, flap my ears a couple of times, and frighten them into falling down. Let a few of them fall to their deaths, and I'll just pay with my life!"

"If you put it that way," said Pilgrim, "why don't you stand still here at the base of the wall. Let me go to the store and get the seasoning. Then I'll buy some vegetarian noodles and biscuits for you to eat."

Handing the container over to Pilgrim, our Idiot faced the wall, stuck his snout against it, and stood absolutely still.

Pilgrim walked up to the tower, and it was crowded indeed. As he pushed his way through the throng, he learned that a special royal proclamation had been mounted beneath the tower, and that was why so many people fought to look at it. When he finally squeezed through to where the document was, Pilgrim opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils to stare at it, and this was what he read:

Since we, the king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom in the West Aparagodānīya Continent, assumed our throne, the four quarters have remained submissive and the populace have enjoyed leisure and peace. Recently, however, the affairs of state have turned inauspicious, for we have been gravely ill, and recovery has been most difficult even after a long time. The college of imperial medicine of our nation has administered repeatedly its excellent prescriptions, but these have not given us cure. Therefore, we publish now this proclamation for all the worthy scholars throughout the world, regardless of whether they are going to the North, coming from the East, or are even natives of China, the foreign state. If there is anyone skillful in medicine and the therapeutic arts, let him ascend the treasure hall and restore our health. We most solemnly pledge that the moment we are healed, we will divide the kingdom with him. For this reason we have mounted this necessary proclamation.

When he finished reading it, Pilgrim was filled with delight, saying to himself, "The ancients said, 'Moving about may bring us riches!' We certainly shouldn't have sat idly in the college, nor is there any need now to buy seasoning. Let's delay for one day this business of fetching scriptures and allow old Monkey to play physician for a bit."

Dear Great Sage! He stooped low and left the container on the ground; picking up a pinch of dirt, he flung it up into the air and recited a spell. Immediately, the Magic of Body-Concealment rendered him invisible, so that he could walk up to the proclamation and gently peel it off. Then he faced the ground toward the southwest and sucked in a deep breath before blowing the air out again. At once a strong whirlwind arose and scattered the multitude. He turned around and went back to where Eight Rules was standing. There he found Eight Rules leaning on the base of the wall with the support of his snout and appearing as if he had fallen asleep. Without disturbing him, Pilgrim folded up the proclamation and gently stuck it in Eight Rules's bosom. In big strides he then went back first to the College of Interpreters, where we shall leave him.

We tell you now instead about those people beneath the watchtower. When the wind arose, all of them covered their heads and shut their eyes. Little did they anticipate that after the wind had passed, the royal proclamation would be nowhere to be seen, and each one of them was terrified. Originally, you see, the proclamation was accompanied by twelve eunuchs and twelve palace guards as it left the court that morning. It had not

been hung up for more than three hours when it was blown away by the wind. Trembling all over, those eunuchs and guards searched for it left and right, and that was when they suddenly caught sight of a slip of paper sticking out from the bosom of Zhu Eight Rules. "Did you peel off the proclamation?" shouted the officials as they ran up to him.

All at once that Idiot raised his head and stuck out his snout, so frightening those several palace guards that they stumbled backwards and fell down. He turned around and wanted to flee, but he was pulled back by several of the braver ones. "You took down the royal proclamation for the recruitment of physicians," they cried. "Where do you think you are going if you aren't going into court to heal His Majesty?" More and more flustered, our Idiot said, "Your son is the one who peeled off the royal proclamation! Your grandson is the one who knows anything about healing!" One of the palace guards spoke up:

"What's that you have in your bosom?" Only then did Idiot lower his head and find that there was indeed a piece of paper there. When he spread it open and took one look, he clenched his teeth and cried, "That wretched ape has killed me!"

He became so furious that he would have ripped up the document if the people had not stopped him.

"You *are* dead!" they shouted. "This is a proclamation of our reigning monarch. Who dares to tear it up? If you have taken it down and stuffed it into your bosom, you must be a physician able to heal him. Go with us, quickly!"

"You have no idea," shouted Eight Rules, "that I did not take down this proclamation. It was taken down by my elder brother, Sun Wukong. After he stuck it secretly in my bosom, he abandoned me and left. If you want to get to the bottom of this matter, I have to go find him for you."

"What sort of wild talk is that?" said the people. "You think 'We'd forsake a ready-made bell to strike one about to be forged'? You took down the proclamation! And you tell us now to find someone else! Never mind you! We'll haul you back to see our lord!" Without further investigation of the matter, that group of people began to push and shove Idiot. Our Idiot, however, stood perfectly still, and he seemed to have taken root in the earth. Not even a dozen people could budge him. "All of you don't know any better!" said Eight Rules. "If you pull at me some more, you will pull out my idiotic ire! Don't blame me then!" Soon the entire neighborhood was aroused by all that hubbub to come and have Eight Rules surrounded. Among the people were two elderly eunuchs, who said to him, "Your looks are strange and your voice sounds unfamiliar. Where have you come from, and why are you so headstrong?"

"We are those from the Land of the East sent to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven," replied Eight Rules. "My master is a Master of the Law and the bond-brother of the Tang emperor. Just now he has gone into court to have his travel rescript certified. My elder brother and I came here to buy seasoning. When I saw the crowd beneath the watchtower, I dared not go forward, and my elder brother told me to wait for him here. When he saw the proclamation, he called up a whirlwind and had it taken off and stuck secretly in my bosom. Then he left me."

"Just now," said one of the eunuchs, "I saw a stoutish priest with a white face heading straight for the gate of the court. He, I suppose, must be your master."

"He is indeed," said Eight Rules.

“Where has your elder brother gone to?” asked the eunuch. Eight Rules said, “There are altogether four of us. Our master has gone to have our travel rescript certified, but the rest of us—three disciples, a horse, and our luggage—are all resting at the College of Interpreters. After my elder brother had played this trick on me, he must have returned to the college.”

“Palace guards,” said the eunuch, “stop tugging at this man. Let us go with him to the college, and we’ll know the whole truth of the matter.”

“These two mamas are far more sensible!” said Eight Rules.

“This priest is truly uninformed!” said one of the palace guards. “How could you address the papas as mamas?”

“Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?” said Eight Rules, laughing. “*You* are the one who’s switching the sexes! These two old mamas should be addressed as *popos* or madams. And you want to call them papas?”

“Stop your saucy tongue!” the people said. “Go find your elder brother quickly.”

By that time the noisy crowd had grown to over five hundred people, all surging up to the entrance of the college. “Stop here, all of you,” said Eight Rules. “My elder brother is not like me, who allows you this spoofing. He is rather hot-tempered, and terribly serious.

When you meet him, you must extend to him a grand salutation and address him as Venerable Father Sun. Then he’ll do business with you. Otherwise, he may change his colors and you won’t succeed with your enterprise.”

“If your elder brother truly has the ability to heal our king,” said the eunuchs and the palace guards, “he will inherit half the kingdom. He certainly deserves our bow.” While the idlers milled about noisily before the college, Eight Rules led the troop of eunuchs and palace guards inside, where they heard Pilgrim laughing and telling Sha Monk the trick he had played on Eight Rules. Eight Rules dashed forward and grabbed him, screaming, “Some person you are! You tricked me out there and promised to buy vegetarian noodles, biscuits, and buns for me to eat.

They’re all fibs! Then you brought on the whirlwind and took down this so-called royal proclamation to have it stuck secretly in my bosom. You are playing me for a fatso! Is that how you treat your brother?” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “Idiot, you must have taken the wrong road and gone off to someplace else! I passed the watchtower, bought the seasoning, and came back quickly to where you were, but I couldn’t find you. So, I returned here first. Where did I peel off any royal proclamation?”

“The officials guarding the proclamation are right here,” said Eight Rules. Hardly had he finished speaking when those several eunuchs and palace guards went forward to bow deeply to Pilgrim. “Venerable Father Sun,” they said, “today our king must be exceedingly fortunate, for Heaven has sent you to descend to us. We beseech you to exercise your great talents in healing and your profound knowledge in the therapeutic arts. If you succeed in curing our king, you will have claim to half the kingdom.” On hearing these words, Pilgrim became more sober. He took the proclamation and asked the people, “Are you the officials guarding the proclamation?” Kowtowing, the eunuchs said, “Your slaves are palace officials belonging to the Directorate of Ceremonials. These are the Embroidered-Uniform Guards.”

“This proclamation for recruitment of physicians,” said Pilgrim, “was indeed taken down by me. I purposely arranged for my brother to lead you to see me. Your lord is indisposed, but as the proverb says,

*Medicines are not lightly bought;
A doctor's not casually sought.*

You go back and ask the king to come here in person to invite me. I guarantee that when I stretch forth my hand, his illness will at once disappear.” When they heard these words, all of the eunuchs were astonished. “A stupendous claim like this can be made only by someone in the know,” said one of the palace guards. “Half of us will remain here to continue our silent entreaty. Half of us will return to memorialize to the throne.” Whereupon four eunuchs and six palace guards, without waiting for any summons, went inside the court and memorialized before the steps, saying, “My lord, ten thousand happinesses have come upon you!”

Having finished his meal, the king was just having a quiet chat with Tripitaka. When he heard this, he asked, “Where has this happiness come from?” One of the eunuchs said, “This morning your slaves took the royal proclamation for the recruitment of physicians to have it mounted beneath the watchtower. It was taken down by Elder Sun, a sage monk sent from the distant Land of the East to acquire scriptures. He is now residing in the College of Interpreters and desires the personal appearance of the king to invite him. He has promised us that when he stretches forth his hand, the illness will disappear. That is why we have come to memorialize to you.” On hearing this, the king was filled with delight. He turned to ask the Tang Monk, “Master of the Law, how many noble disciples do you have?”

“This humble cleric,” replied Tripitaka with hands folded before him, “has three mischievous disciples.”

“Which of them is conversant with the therapeutic arts?” asked the king.

“To tell you the truth, Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka, “my mischievous disciples are all ordinary men of the wilds. Their knowledge is confined to pulling the horse and toting the luggage, to fording streams and leading your poor monk across the mountains. When we pass through the more dangerous regions, they may even be able to subjugate demons and fiends, to tame tigers and dragons. But that’s all! None of them knows anything about the nature of medicine.”

“Why must you be so modest, Master of the Law?” said the king. “It is truly a Heavenly affinity that you should arrive on this very day when we ascend the main hall. If your noble disciple were not an able physician, how would he be willing to take down our proclamation and demand our going there in person to invite him? He must have the ability to heal the highest ruler of the state.”

Then the king gave this order:

“Let our civil and military subjects represent us, for our body is weakened and our strength depleted, and we dare not ride the imperial chariot. You must therefore proceed beyond the court to extend our most earnest invitation to Elder Sun to come and examine our illness. When you see him, you must be careful not to treat him discourteously. You must address him as Elder Sun, the divine monk, and you must greet him as if he were your ruler.”

Having received this decree, the various officials went with the eunuchs and the palace guards to the College of Interpreters.

Standing in rows according to their ranks, they paid homage to Pilgrim. Eight Rules was so taken aback that he dashed inside a side room while Sha Monk ran out to stand beneath the wall. Look at our Great Sage! He sat firmly in the middle of the room and remained unmoved. "This wretched ape," grumbled Eight Rules to himself, "is hanging himself alive with all these undeserved honors! How could he not return the bow of these many officials? Why, he won't even stand up!" Soon the ceremony was over, and the officials separated into two files before they presented this memorial, saying, "Let us inform Elder Sun, the divine monk, that we are the subjects of the king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom. By royal decree, we come to honor the divine monk with due reverence and ceremony. We beseech you to enter the court and examine a patient." Only then did Pilgrim stand up and say to them, "Why didn't your king come here?"

"Because his body is weakened and his strength depleted," replied the officials, "our king dares not ride the chariot. He has commanded us subjects to observe this ceremony on his behalf and invite you, the divine monk."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "please lead the way, all of you, and I'll follow."

The various officials departed in groups, in accordance with their ranks, while Pilgrim walked behind them after having tidied his clothes. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "don't you put us up to anything now!"

"I won't," said Pilgrim, "but I want you two to accept the medicines for me."

"What medicines?" asked Sha Monk. "There will be some medicines sent to us," said Pilgrim. "Accept them in the quantities that they are delivered. I'll make use of them when I return."

The two of them agreed, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Our Pilgrim soon arrived at court with the many officials, who walked ahead to report to the king. As the pearly screen was rolled up, the king opened his phoenix eyes and dragon pupils to look at his visitor and his golden mouth to say, "Who is the divine monk, Elder Sun?"

Taking a big step forward, Pilgrim said in a loud voice, "Old Monkey's the one!" When the king heard this savage voice and encountered the bizarre countenance, he shook so violently that he fell back onto the dragon couch. Those harem girls and palace attendants hurriedly had him borne inside the palace, and all the king could say was, "We are scared to death!"

All the officials began to chide Pilgrim, saying, "How could this monk be so rude and impetuous? How could you be so audacious as to take down the proclamation?"

Hearing these words, Pilgrim smiled and said, "All of you have wrongly taken umbrage at me! If that's how you treat people, the illness of your king won't be cured for another thousand years!"

"How long can a man live," asked the officials, "that he should be ill for a thousand years?" Pilgrim said, "That man at the moment is a sick ruler. After he dies, he'll be a sick ghost. Even in the next incarnation, he will still be a sick man. Isn't it true then that he won't be cured for a thousand years?"

Growing angry, the officials said, "Monk, you have absolutely no manners! How dare you mouth such nonsense?"

“That’s no nonsense!” replied Pilgrim with a laugh. “Listen to what I have to say:

*Most mysterious is the physician’s art;
His mind must ever be alert and keen.
To look, listen, ask, and take—these four things—
If one is missing, his craft’s not complete.
One, we look at the patient’s complexion:
Is it moist, dry, fat, or thin in waking or sleep?
Two, we listen for clear or turbid voice
When he speaks lucid or frenetic words.
Three, we ask for the ailment’s cause and length.
For how he eats, drinks, and eliminates.
Four, we scan the conduits by taking the pulse,
To learn how submerged or floating in and out.
If we do not look, listen, ask, and take,
In this life his ailment will ne’er him forsake!”*

Amid those two rows of military and civil officials standing in attendance, there was the royal physician who, when he heard these words, spoke up with great approbation. “What this monk says,” he said, “is most reasonable. Even an immortal examining a patient must look, listen, ask, and take—these very activities accord well with the efficacy of gods and sages.” Persuaded by this statement, the officials asked a palace attendant to send in the message:

“The elder would like to exercise the principles of looking, listening, asking, and taking, before he could diagnose the illness and prescribe the medicine.” Lying on his dragon bed, the king gasped out his answer:

“Tell him to go away! We can’t bear to see an unfamiliar face!”

The attendant walked out of the palace and said, “Monk, our king decrees you to leave, for he can’t bear to see an unfamiliar face.”

“If he can’t do so,” replied Pilgrim, “I know that art of ‘Dangling a Thread to take the Pulse.’”

The various officials were secretly pleased, saying to themselves, “We have heard of this rare technique, but we have never seen it.”

They said to the attendant, “Go and memorialize once more.”

Again the attendant went inside the palace to say, “My lord, if that elder is not permitted to see your face, he can dangle a thread to take the pulse.”

The king thought to himself, “We have been sick for three years but we’ve never tried this.”

He therefore gave the reply, “Summon him in.” Immediately the attendant transmitted the message:

“Our lord has given him the permission to take the pulse by dangling a thread. Summon Elder Sun quickly into the palace.” Pilgrim at once started to ascend the treasure hall, only to be met by the scolding of Tang Monk. “Wretched ape!” he cried. “You’ve injured me!” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “Dear Master, I have put you in the limelight! How could you say that I’ve injured you?”

“Which person did you manage to cure,” shouted Tripitaka, “during these few years you’ve been following me? You don’t even know the nature of medicines, nor have you read any medical texts. How could you be so audacious as to rush into this big calamity?” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “Master, you didn’t know about this. I know a few herbal prescriptions which can cure even grave illnesses.

All they care is that I heal him. But even if I kill him, all I’ll be guilty of is merely manslaughter because of medical incompetence. I won’t be executed. Why are you so worried? Relax! Relax! Take a seat and see if I’m any good at taking the pulse.”

The elder again said, “Have you ever seen what sort of sentences there are in the *Candid Questions, The Classic of Medical*

Problems, the pharmacopoeias, and the *Formulas of the Pulse*?

Do you know their proper gloss and exegesis? How could you babble like this about some dangling the thread to take the pulse?” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “I carry with me some threads of gold which you have never seen.”

He reached back with his hand and pulled off three strands of hair from his tail. Giving them a pinch, he cried, “Change!”

They changed at once into three threads, each twenty-four feet long and thus corresponding to the Twenty-Four Solar Terms. Holding them in his hands, he said to the Tang Monk, “Aren’t these my golden threads?”

The attending eunuch spoke up from the side, “Let the elders refrain from further conversation. Please enter the palace to examine the patient.”

Taking leave of the Tang Monk, Pilgrim followed the attendant to walk inside the palace. Truly it was that

*The mind’s secret prescription can heal a state;
Its wondrous formula will assure long life.*

After he had gone inside, we do not know what sort of illness he was able to discern or what kind of medicines he prescribed. If you want to know the result, let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-NINE

*At night the Lord of the Mind refines medicines
At a banquet the king speaks of the perverse fiend*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who went with the palace attendant to the interior division of the royal palace. He stood still only after he had reached the door of the royal bedchamber. Then he told the attendant to take the three golden threads inside along with the instruction:

“Ask one of the palace ladies or eunuchs to tie these three threads to the inch, the pass, and the foot sections of His Majesty’s left hand where the radial pulse are felt. Then pass the other ends of the threads out to me through the window shutters.”

The attendant followed his instruction. The king was asked to sit up on the dragon bed, while the three sections of his pulse were tied by the golden threads, and their other ends were then passed out to Pilgrim. Using the thumb and the index finger of his right hand to pick up one of the threads, Pilgrim first examined the pulse of the inch section; next, he used his middle finger and his thumb to pick up the second thread and examine the pulse of the pass section; finally, he used the thumb and his fourth finger to pick up the third thread and examine the pulse of the foot section.

Thereafter Pilgrim made his own breathing regular and proceeded to determine which of the Four Heteropathic Pneumatics, the Five Stases, the Seven External Images of the Pulse, the Eight Internal Images of the Pulse, and the Nine Pulse Indications were present. His pressure on the threads went from light to medium to heavy, and from heavy to medium to light, until he could clearly perceive whether the condition of the patient was repletion or depletion of energy and its cause. Then he made the request that the threads be untied from the king’s left wrist and be attached as before to the positions on his right wrist. Using now the fingers on his left hand, he then examined the pulse on the right wrist section by section. When he had completed his examination, he shook his body once and retrieved his hairs.

“Your Majesty,” he cried in a loud voice, “on your left wrist the pulse of your inch section feels strong and tense, the pulse of your pass section feels rough and languid, and the pulse of your foot section feels hollow and sunken. On your right wrist the pulse of your inch section feels floating and smooth, the pulse of your pass section feels retarded and hesitant, and the pulse of your foot section feels accelerated and firm. Now, when the pulse of your left inch section feels strong and tense, it indicates an internal energetic depletion with pain in the cardiac system of functions. When the pulse of your left pass section feels rough and languid, it indicates sweating that has led to numbness in the flesh. When the pulse of your left foot section feels hollow and sunken, it indicates a pink tinge to your urine and blood in your stool. When the pulse of the inch section on your right wrist feels floating and smooth, it indicates a congestion blocking the pneumatic energy circulation and leading to cessation of menses.

When the pulse of your right pass section feels retarded and hesitant, it indicates a stasis of alimentary matter in the stomach system with retention of fluids. When the pulse of your right foot section feels accelerated and firm, it indicates discomfort caused by sensations of stuffiness and chills caused by energetic depletion. To sum up, your illness has been caused by fear and anxiety, and it may be the manifestation type of an

illness called the 'Paired Birds in Severance.'" On hearing these words, the king was so delighted that he roused himself to answer loudly:

"Your fingers have brought out the truth! Your fingers have brought out the truth! This is indeed our illness. Please go outside and prescribe us some medicines." Only then did the Great Sage walk slowly out of the palace, while the eunuchs who saw everything clearly from the side had already reported the result to the rest of the people. In a moment, Pilgrim walked out and he was questioned by the Tang Monk. "I have examined the pulse," said Pilgrim, "and now I have to prescribe some medicines for the illness."

Approaching him, the officials said, "Just now the divine monk said that this might be the manifestation type of an illness called the 'Paired Birds in Severance.' What does that mean?" Smiling, Pilgrim said, "There are two birds flying together, one male and one female. Suddenly they are separated by violent wind and rain, so that the female cannot see the male, nor can the male see the female. The female longs for the male and the male longs for the female. Is this not the 'Paired Birds in Severance'?" On hearing this, all the officials cried in unison, "Bravo! Truly a divine monk! Truly a divine physician!"

Then the imperial physician said, "You have already diagnosed the illness. What medicines would you use to cure it?"

"No need to write a prescription," said Pilgrim. "I'll take all the medicines you can give me."

"But according to a classic," said the physician, "'There are eight hundred and eight flavors of medicine, and a human may have four hundred and four kinds of illness.' All of those illnesses cannot be found in a single person. How could all the medicines be used? Why do you want everything?" Pilgrim replied, "The ancients said, 'Medicines are not confined to prescriptions; they are to be used as one sees fit.' That is why I must have all the medicines so that I can add or subtract as I see fit." Not daring to argue any further, the physician went out of the gate of the court and sent those on duty in his bureau to go to all the pharmaceutical stores of the city and purchase three pounds of each kind of medicine, both raw and cooked, for Pilgrim to use. Pilgrim said, "This is not the place to prepare the proper drug. Take the medicines and the necessary drug-making utensils and send them all to the College of Interpreters. Let my brothers receive them for me."

The physician obeyed. Three pounds each of the eight hundred and eight flavors of medicine, along with grinders, rollers, drug mortars and pestles and the like, were sent to the college, where they were received item by item.

Pilgrim went back up the hall to ask his master to go with him to the college so that they might prepare the drug. As the elder rose from his seat, a decree was issued from the internal palace, requesting that the Master of the Law remain behind to spend the night at the Wenhua Palace Hall.

After the king had taken the drug in the morning and had been restored to health, all of them would be rewarded and the rescript would be certified to permit their departure. Greatly alarmed, Tripitaka said, "O disciple! This means that he wants me kept here as security. If he is cured, he'll send us off with delight. If he is not, my life will be finished. You'd better take extra caution and prepare a specially effective drug!"

“No need to worry, Master,” said Pilgrim, smiling. “Enjoy yourself here. Old Monkey has the ability to bring healing to the state.”

Dear Great Sage! He took leave of Tripitaka and the various officials and went straight to the college. When Eight Rules met him, he smiled and said, “Elder Brother, now I know you!”

“What do you know about me?” asked Pilgrim. “You must have realized,” said Eight Rules, “that this scripture-seeking enterprise will not succeed, but you don’t have any capital to start a business. When you see today how prosperous this region is, you are drawing up plans to open a pharmacy.”

“Stop babbling!” snapped Pilgrim. “When we have cured the king, we’ll be content to leave the court and journey once more. What are you talking about, opening up a pharmacy?”

“If you are not,” said Eight Rules, “what do you want to do with all these medicines? There are eight hundred and eight different kinds, and you ordered three pounds for each variety. Altogether, there are two thousand four hundred and twenty-four pounds. How many pounds can you use just to cure one person? I wonder how many years it’ll take him to finish your prescription?”

“You think I really need that much?” said Pilgrim. “But those imperial physicians are all stupid and blind. I asked for such a huge amount of medicines only to prevent them from ever guessing what are the exact flavors I have used. It’ll be difficult for them to learn my ingenious prescription.”

As they were speaking, the two college officials came in, knelt before them, and said, “We invite the Holy Fathers, the divine monks, to dinner.” Pilgrim said, “You treated us rather casually in the morning. Now you kneel to inform us of a meal. Why?” Kowtowing again, the officials said, “When the Venerable Fathers arrived, these lowly officials had eyes but no pupils, and we did not recognize your esteemed countenances. Now we have heard that you are exercising your profound knowledge in the therapeutic arts to bring healing to the ruler of our state. If your lord is indeed cured, the Venerable Father will share in his empire, and we will all be your subjects. Proper etiquette, therefore, requires us to kneel to address you.” On hearing this, Pilgrim ascended the main hall in delight and took the middle seat, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk sat on both sides of him. As they were served the vegetarian meal, Sha Monk asked, “Elder Brother, where is Master?”

“He is being kept by the king as security,” replied Pilgrim, laughing. “Only after the king has been cured will he be thanked and permitted to leave.”

“Does he get to enjoy anything?” asked Sha Monk again. Pilgrim said, “How could anyone in the company of the king be without enjoyment? When I left, Master already had three Senior Secretaries hovering about him as they proceeded toward the Wenhua Palace Hall.”

“Listening to what you’ve said,” said Eight Rules, “I think Master is certainly more exalted than we are. He has the company of three Senior Secretaries, while we are being served by only two college officials. But never mind, let old Hog enjoy a full meal!”

The three brothers thus ate to their hearts’ content.

It was getting late, and Pilgrim said to the officials, "Take away the bowls and dishes, and bring us plenty of oil and candles. We must wait until late at night before we can prepare the drug."

The officials indeed brought in a great deal of oil and candles before they retired. By midnight, human traffic had ceased and the whole place was quiet. Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, what kind of drug do you want to prepare? Let's do it now, for I'm getting drowsy."

"Bring me an ounce of *dahuang*," said Pilgrim, "and grind that into powder." Sha Monk spoke up:

"*Dahuang* is bitter in flavor; its disposition is cold and nonpoisonous. Its nature is sinking and not rising, and its function concerns movement and not fortification. It can take away various kinds of pent-up feelings and unclog congestion; it can conquer chaos and bring about peace. Hence its name is 'General,' for it is a laxative. I fear, however, that prolonged illness has weakened the person, and perhaps you should not use it." Smiling, Pilgrim said, "Worthy Brother, you don't realize that this medicine will loosen phlegm and facilitate respiration; it will also sweep out the chill and heat congealed in one's stomach. Don't mind me. You go also and fetch me an ounce of *badou*."

Shell it and strip away the membranes. Pound away also the oil, and then grind it to powder."

"The flavour of *badou*," said Eight Rules, "is slightly acrid; its nature is hot and poisonous. Able to pare down the hard and the accumulated, it will therefore sweep out the submerged chills of one's internal cavities. Able to bore through clottings and impediments, it will therefore facilitate the paths of water and grain. This is a warrior who can break down doors and passes, and it should be used lightly."

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "you, too, don't realize that this medicine can break up congestion and drain the intestines. It can also take care of swellings at the heart and dropsy in the abdomen. Prepare it quickly, for I still must use an auxiliary flavor to lend the medicines further assistance."

After the two of them had ground the medicines into powder, they said, "Elder Brother, what other flavors will you use?"

"None," replied Pilgrim.

Eight Rules said, "There are eight hundred and eight flavors, each of which you have three pounds, but you use only these two ounces. You are truly playing tricks on someone!" Picking up a flowered porcelain flask, Pilgrim said, "Worthy Brother, don't talk so much. Take this flask and scrape me half a flask of soot from the bottom of the frying pan."

"What do you want it for?" asked Eight Rules. "For the drug," replied Pilgrim. "This little brother," said Sha Monk, "has never seen the use of soot for a drug." Pilgrim said, "The proper name for this kind of soot is 'Hundred-Grass Frost,' and you have no idea that it can soothe a hundred ailments." Our Idiot indeed brought him half a flask of the soot, which was also ground into powder. Then Pilgrim gave him the flask once more and said, "Go and fetch me half a flask of urine from our horse."

"What for?" asked Eight Rules. "I want it to make some pills," replied Pilgrim.

Laughing, Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother, this is no joking matter! Horse urine is both pungent and stinky. How could you put that into the medicines? I have seen pills made from vinegar, aged rice soups, clarified honey, or pure water, but never from horse urine.

That stuff is so foul and pungent, the moment a person with a weakened stomach smells it, he will vomit. If you feed him further with *badou* and *dahuang*, he’ll be throwing up on top and purging down below. You think that’s funny?”

“But you don’t realize,” said Pilgrim, “that our horse is no mortal horse of this world. Remember he was originally a dragon from the Western Ocean. If he is willing to urinate, it will cure any kind of disease a human may have when it is ingested. The only problem is that you can’t get it in a hurry.” On hearing this, Eight Rules ran out to the stable, where he found the horse lying prone on the ground and asleep. A few swift kicks by our Idiot, however, roused him immediately, whereupon our Idiot positioned the flask below his abdomen and waited for a long time. When he saw that the horse did not urinate at all, he ran back and said to Pilgrim, “O Elder Brother, let’s not try to heal the king. Go quickly to heal the horse first. That outcast has dried up! He hasn’t even pissed a drop!”

“I’ll go with you,” said Pilgrim, smiling. Sha Monk said, “I, too, will go and take a look.”

As the three of them approached the horse, he leapt up and assumed human speech, saying to them in a loud voice, “Elder Brother, don’t you know? I was originally a flying dragon of the Western Ocean. The Bodhisattva Guanyin rescued me after I had disobeyed Heaven; she sawed off my horns, stripped off my scales, and changed me into a horse to carry Master to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. My merit thus accrued will atone for my sins. If I leave my urine while passing through water, the fishes who drink it will turn into dragons. If I leave my urine in the mountain, the grasses there will change into divine agaric, to be picked by immortal lads as their plants of longevity. How could I be willing to part with it so lightly in this world of dust?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “do be careful with what you say. This is a kingdom in the West, not just any worldly region. You are not parting with it lightly either. As the proverb says, ‘Many pelts are needed for a coat.’ We need your help to cure the king’s illness. If he is healed, all of us will share the glory. Otherwise, I fear we may not be able to leave this place in peace.” Only then did the horse reply, “Wait for it!” Look at him! His front legs lunged forward while he squatted somewhat with his hind ones, and he clenched his teeth so hard that they ground together noisily. All he could squeeze out after all these efforts were a few drops before he stood straight up once more.

“This wretch!” said Eight Rules. “Even if it’s potable gold, he can certainly piss a little bit more!” When Pilgrim saw that they had received slightly less than half a flask already, he said, “It’s enough! It’s enough. Take it away.” Sha Monk was delighted.

The three of them went back into the hall, where they mixed the horse urine into the other medicines. They then kneaded the paste into three large pills. “Brothers,” said Pilgrim, “they’re too big.”

“No more than the size of a walnut,” said Eight Rules. “If I’m going to take them, they won’t be enough for a mouthful!”

They stored the pills in a small box before they all retired, still fully dressed.

In the morning, the king attended court once more in spite of his illness. After he had asked the Tang Monk to meet him in the hall, he immediately ordered the various officials to hurry over to the College of Interpreters so that they could bow to the divine monk, Elder Sun, and ask for the drug.

The officials arrived at the college and prostrated themselves before Pilgrim, saying, "Our king has commanded us to bow to receive your wondrous prescription."

After Pilgrim asked Eight Rules to take out the box, he took away the cover and handed the box over to the officials. "What is the name of this drug?" asked one of them. "We have to tell the king when we see His Majesty." Pilgrim said, "This is called the Elixir of Black Gold." Smiling, Eight Rules and Sha Monk said to themselves, "There's soot mixed in it. It has to be black gold!"

"What sort of medical supplement will be needed?" asked the official again. Pilgrim answered, "There are two kinds of supplements that can be used, but only one is easily obtainable. I need six items to be boiled in water, and the liquid will then be used for the king to take the pills."

"Which six items?" asked the official. Pilgrim replied,

*The fart of an old crow flying in the air;
The piss of a carp in swift flowing streams;
The face powder of the Lady Queen Mother;
The elixir ashes in Laozi's brazier;
Three pieces of the Jade Emperor's torn head-wrap;
And five strands of whiskers from a tired dragon.
The drug taken with the liquid boiled with these six things
Will in no time banish the woe and ailment of your king.*

On hearing this, the various officials said, "None of these things can be found in the world. May we ask what is the other supplement?" Pilgrim said, "Take the drug with sourceless water." Smiling, one of the officials said, "That's easy to get."

"How do you know?" asked Pilgrim.

"According to the people of our region here," said the official, "this is the way to get sourceless water: take a container to a river or a well, fill it with water, and go straight back to the house without spilling a drop or looking back. When you return to the house, that will be considered sourceless water with which the person who is sick may take the medicine."

"But the water in a well or a river," said Pilgrim, "both have sources. That's not what I mean by sourceless water. What I need is water that drops from the sky, and you drink it without letting it first touch ground. That's what I mean by sourceless water."

"Well, even that is easy to get," said the official. "All we have to do is to wait until it rains before we take the medicine."

They thanked Pilgrim and returned to present the medicine to the king.

Highly pleased, the king asked his attendant to bring the medicine up for him to look at. "What kind of pills are these?" he asked.

One of the officials replied, "The divine monk told us that this is the Elixir of Black Gold. You are to take it with sourceless water."

At once the king asked some palace stewards to go fetch sourceless water, but the official said, "According to the divine monk, sourceless water is not to be found in either rivers or wells. Only that dropping from the sky and without having touched the ground may be considered the true sourceless water."

The king immediately ordered the official before the throne to command the official in charge of magic to pray for rain. As the officials issued the decree, we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who remained at the hall of the College of Interpreters. He said to Zhu Eight Rules, "Just now I told them that the medicine could be taken only with water dropping from the sky. But how could we get rainwater all at once? As I look at the king, I think he's undoubtedly a ruler of great worthiness and virtue. Let's you and I help him to get some rain. How about it?"

"How shall we help him?" asked Eight Rules. "Stand on my left," said Pilgrim, "and be my assistant star. Sha Monk, you stand on my right, and be my supportive lodge. Let old Monkey help him get some sourceless water."

Dear Great Sage! He began to tread the stars and recite a spell. In no time at all, a dark cloud from the east drifted near until it was directly over their heads. "Great Sage," a voice came from midair, "Aoguang, the Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean is here to see you."

"I wouldn't have bothered you for nothing," said Pilgrim, "for I have asked you to come here to lend us some sourceless water for the king to take his medicine."

The Dragon King said, "When the Great Sage summoned me, he did not mention anything about water. This humble dragon came all by himself without bringing any rain gear. I do not have the assistance of wind, cloud, thunder, and lightning either. How could I make rain?"

"There's no need for wind, cloud, thunder, and lightning at this time," said Pilgrim, "nor do we require much rain.

Actually, all we need is a little water to act as medical supplement."

"In that case," said the dragon king, "let me sneeze a couple of times and give him some of my saliva to take his medicine."

Exceedingly pleased, Pilgrim said, "That's the best! That's the best! Don't wait anymore! Please do it at once!"

From midair, the old dragon lowered his dark cloud gradually until it hovered above the royal palace. With his whole body hidden by the cloud, the dragon spat out a mouthful of saliva that changed into rain. The officials of the entire court shouted "Bravos" in unison, crying, "Ten thousand happinesses to our lord! Heaven has sent down sweet rain to us!"

At once the king gave this decree:

"Set out vessels to store it. Let everyone, inside and outside the palace, of high rank or low, store up this divine water so that we may be saved." Look at those many civil and military officials, those ladies of three palaces and six chambers, those three thousand colorful girls, and those eight hundred tender maidens! Every one of them held up a cup or flask, a bowl or pan, to receive this sweet rain. In midair above the royal palace the old dragon kept up this transformation of his saliva for nearly an hour before he took leave of the Great Sage to return to the ocean. When the officials brought back

their containers, some managed to gather two or three drops, others acquired four or five drops, while there were those who did not receive even one drop. They poured the contents together and there were about three flasks of the rain to be presented to the royal table. Truly

*Strange fragrance filled the Hall of Golden Chimes;
Goodly scent wafted through the royal court.*

Taking leave of the Master of the Law, the king took the Elixir of Black Gold and the sweet rain back to his palace. He swallowed first one pill with one flask of the rain; then he took another with the second flask. He went through this for a third time, swallowing all three pills and drinking all three flasks of the rain. In a little while, his stomach began to make a loud, rumbling noise, and he had to sit on the night pot and move his bowels four or five times. Thereafter, he took a little rice soup before he reclined on the dragon bed. Two palace ladies went to examine the pot; the filth and phlegm were indescribable, in the midst of which there was also a lump of glutinous rice. The ladies approached the dragon bed to report:

“The root of the illness has been purged.”

Delighted by what he heard, the king took some more rice gruel, and after a little while, his chest and abdomen began to feel more at ease. As his configurative energies and his blood became harmoniously balanced once more, his spirit was fully aroused. Rising from his dragon couch, he put on the court attire and ascended the treasure hall. The moment he encountered the Tang Monk, he bowed low.

The elder hurriedly returned his salute. After the bow, the king took hold of the elder's hand and gave this command to his attendants:

“Prepare a formal invitation card at once, and write on it such words as, ‘We beseech you with head touching the ground.’ Send some officials to invite with all reverence the three noble disciples of the Master of the Law. Open up the entire East Hall, and ask the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a thanksgiving banquet.” In obedience to the decree, many officials went to work on it at once: some prepared the invitation card, while others arranged the banquet. Truly a state has the strength of moving mountains, and in a moment everything was accomplished.

When Eight Rules saw the officials arriving and bearing an invitation card, he could not be more pleased. “O Elder Brother,” he cried, “it's marvelous medicine indeed! Now they've come to thank us, all because of your merit.” Sha Monk said, “Second Elder Brother, that's no way to talk! As the proverb says,

*One man's good fortune,
Will bless the whole commune.*

Since we all participated here in mixing the medicines, we are all meritorious persons. Let's go enjoy ourselves and don't talk anymore!”

Ah! Look at those three brothers! In great delight, they went into court.

The various officials met them and led them to the East Hall, where the king, the Tang Monk, and the Senior Secretaries of the Hall were already sitting at the banquet. Our Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk bowed to their master, while the various officials followed in. There were four vegetarian tables laden with so many dishes of fine food that one could only eat a small amount and stare at the rest. A huge banquet table in front was also heaped with all kinds of delicacies. On both sides, several hundred small, single tables were set out, arranged in orderly rows.

As the ancients said,

*"A hundred kinds of rare viand;
A thousand bowls of fine grain;
Jadelike fats and mellow wines;
Ornate slices and plump redness."
Bright, colorful decorations
And fruits rich in taste and fragrance.
Large candies shaped like lions and immortals;
Cakes and biscuits baked like phoenix pairs.
For meat, there were pork, lamb, chicken, goose, fish, duck, and every other kind.
For vegetables, there were greens, bamboo shoots, wood ears, and mushrooms.
A few kinds of dumplings;
Various candy brittles.
Yellow millet soft and smooth;
Rice gruel fresh and pure.
Noodle soups of all kinds, both fragrant and hot;
And many, many dishes so nice and sweet.
Ruler and subjects made their very first toast;
Then according to rank they passed the cup.*

With his royal hands holding high the goblet, the king wanted to make the first "Settle the Banquet" toast to the Tang Monk. Tripitaka, however, said to him, "This humble cleric does not know how to drink wine."

"It's made for those keeping a religious diet," said the king. "Let the Master of the Law drink just one goblet. How about it?"

"But wine," replied Tripitaka, "is the first prohibition of a priest."

Feeling rather badly about the matter, the king said, "If the Master of the Law is prohibited from drink, what shall we use to pay our respect?"

Tripitaka said, "Let my three mischievous disciples represent me in drinking."

Delighted, the king took his gold goblet and handed it to Pilgrim. After he had bowed to the rest of the people, Pilgrim drained the goblet. When the king saw how readily he drank the wine, he presented him another goblet of it. Pilgrim did not refuse and drank that, too. Chuckling, the king said, "Please drink a Three Jewels round." Pilgrim did not refuse and drank that, too. Asking that the goblet be filled once more, the king said, "Please drink the Four Seasons round!" Seated on one side and eyeing the wine, which never seemed to come his way, Eight Rules could hardly refrain from swallowing hard his own saliva. When he saw, moreover, that the king was intent on toasting only Pilgrim, he started to holler, "Your Majesty, you owe it to me, too, for the medicine you took. In that medicine, there's horse . . ." On hearing this and fearing that Idiot might reveal everything, Pilgrim immediately handed the wine in his hand to Eight Rules, who took it and drank without saying a further word. The king asked, "The divine monk said that there was horse in the medicine. What kind of horse is that?"

Taking it upon himself quickly to answer the question, Pilgrim said, "That's the way my brother speaks all the time. Whenever he has a tried and true prescription, he would share it with everyone. The medicine that you took this morning, Your Majesty, did contain Horse-Saddle-Bell."

“What kind of medicine is this Horse-Saddle-Bell,” asked the king, “and what does it cure?”

The imperial physician by his side said, “My lord, this Horse-Saddle-Bell

*Tastes bitter, being cold, nonpoisonous;
Cutting phlegm and wheezing makes its merit chief.
It loosens breath and rids one of poisoned blood;
Quiets cough, fights exhaustion, and brings relief.”*

“Well used! Well used!” said the king, smiling. “Elder Zhu should take another goblet.” Without uttering a word, our Idiot also drank a Three Jewels round. Then the king handed the wine to Sha Monk, who also drank three goblets before everyone took his seat.

After they drank and feasted for some time, the king again took up a huge goblet to present to Pilgrim. “Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim, “please be seated. Old Monkey will drink all the rounds. I’ll never dare refuse you.”

“Your great kindness to me,” said the king, “is as weighty as a mountain, and we can’t begin to thank you enough. No matter what, please drink this huge goblet of wine first, and then we have something to tell you.”

“Please tell me first,” said Pilgrim, “and old Monkey will be happy to drink this.”

“Our illness of several years,” replied the king, “was caused by great anxiety. The single formula of efficacious elixir prescribed by the divine monk, however, broke through the cause and that’s how I recovered.” With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, “When old Monkey examined Your Majesty yesterday, I knew already that the illness had been caused by anxiety. But I don’t know what you were anxious about.”

The king said, “According to the ancients, ‘The disgrace of a family should never be spread without.’ But the divine monk, on the other hand, is our benefactor. If you do not laugh at us, we shall tell you.”

“How could I dare laugh at you?” said Pilgrim. “You need not hesitate to tell me.”

“As you journeyed from the East,” said the king, “how many states have you passed through?”

“About five or six,” replied Pilgrim. “How do they address the consorts of the king?” he asked again. Pilgrim said, “The ranking wife of a king would be called the Central Palace, and those two consorts next in rank would be called the East Palace and the West Palace, respectively.”

“The titles here are slightly different,” said the king. “Our Central Palace bears the name of the Golden Sage Palace, the East Palace is called the Jade Sage Palace, and the West Palace has the title of Silver Sage Palace. At the moment, we have only the Jade and Silver consorts with us.”

“Why is the Golden Sage Palace absent?” asked Pilgrim.

As tears fell from his eyes, the king said, “She hasn’t been with us for three years.”

“Where has she gone to?” asked Pilgrim again.

The king said, "Three years ago, during the time of the Double Fifth Festival, we were all gathered with our consorts inside the Pomegranate Pavilion of our garden, cutting up rice cakes, affixing the artemisia plant to our garments, drinking wine made from the calamus and realgar, and watching the dragon boat races. Suddenly a gust arose and a monster-spirit appeared in the air. Calling himself Jupiter's Rival, he claimed that he lived in the Cave of the Mythic Beast at the Unicorn Mountain. Because he did not have a wife, he made investigation and learned of the great beauty of our Golden Sage Palace. He demanded that we turn her out, and if we did not after his asking us three times, he would first eat us alive and then proceed to devour the various officials and the people of the entire capital. Burdened, therefore, by the care of the state and the people at the time, we had no alternative but to push Golden Sage Palace out of the Pomegranate Pavilion, where she was immediately abducted by the fiend with a single sound. That incident, of course, gave us a great fright, and the glutinous rice cakes we ate thus remained undigested in our body. Moreover, we were ridden with anxious thoughts night and day, which led to three long years of bitter illness. Now that we have the good fortune of taking the efficacious elixir of the divine monk, we have purged several times, and all that waste accumulated three years ago has been eliminated. That's why our frame has turned healthy and our body has lightened, and we feel as energetic as before. The life I regain today is entirely a gift of the divine monk. Even the weight of Mount Tai cannot compare with the magnitude of your favor!" When Pilgrim heard these words, he was filled with delight, so much so that he drank in two gulps that huge goblet of wine. Smiling broadly, he said to the king, "So, that was the cause of Your Majesty's fear and anxiety. Now you've met old Monkey, and you are lucky to be cured. But do you want the Golden Sage Palace returned to your kingdom?" Shedding tears again, the king replied, "There's not a day or a night that we do not yearn for her presence, but no one is able to arrest the monster-spirit for us. How could I not want her return?"

"Let old Monkey go and bring that perverse fiend to submission," said Pilgrim. "How about it?"

The king immediately went to his knees and said, "If you can rescue our queen, we are willing to lead all the residents of this palace and all my consorts out to the city to live as common people. We shall present our entire kingdom to you and let you be the ruler." When Eight Rules on the side saw the king speak and act in this manner, he could not refrain from laughing uproariously. "This king has lost his sense of propriety!" he cried. "How could he refuse his kingdom just for the sake of his wife and kneel to a monk?"

Hurrying forward to raise the king, Pilgrim said, "Your Majesty, since he has abducted the Golden Sage Palace, has that monster-spirit ever returned?"

"After he took away the Golden Sage Palace during the fifth month year before last," replied the king, "he returned during the tenth month to demand two palace maidens to serve our queen. We immediately gave him what he requested. Last year, in the third month, he came to ask for two more palace maidens; by the seventh, he took away two more; and in the second month of this year, he came again for still two more. We do not know when he will come to make his demand anew."

"After he has come so many times," said Pilgrim, "aren't you afraid of him?"

The king said, "His many visits have frightened us indeed, and, moreover, we fear that he may even harm us further. In the fourth month of last year, we ordered the engineers to build us a Fiend Shelter. Whenever we hear the sound of the wind and

know that he's coming, we will hide in the shelter with our two consorts and nine concubines."

"If your Majesty is willing," said Pilgrim, "please take old Monkey to have a look at the Fiend Shelter. How about it?" Using his left hand to take hold of Pilgrim, the king left the banquet as all the officials rose to their feet. "Elder Brother," said Zhu Eight Rules, "you are so unreasonable! All this imperial wine and you refuse to drink it. You have to break up the nice party! Why must you go look at this shelter?" On hearing this, the king realized that Eight Rules's only interest was his mouth. He at once ordered the stewards to carry two tables of vegetarian food and wine to the shelter and wait there for them. Only then did Idiot stop his complaints and say to his master and Sha Monk, laughing, "Let's change to another banquet!" Led by a row of civil and military officials, the king went with Pilgrim through the palace to the rear imperial garden, but there was not a single building in sight. "Where's the Fiend Shelter?" asked Pilgrim. Hardly had he finished speaking when two eunuchs, gripping two red lacquered poles, pried loose from the ground a huge slab of stone. The king said, "That is the shelter. It's more than twenty feet deep down there, with nine dug-out chambers. Placed in there are four huge cisterns filled with clear oil, which is used for keeping the lamps lit night and day. When we hear the sound of the wind and go in there to hide, people outside will close up the hole with the stone slab." Pilgrim chuckled and said, "That monster-spirit obviously does not wish to harm you. If he does, you think you can hide from him down there?"

He had not quite finished his sentence when a powerful gust of wind roared in from due south, spraying dirt and dust into the air.

Those officials became so frightened that they all protested in unison, "This monk has such an ill-luck mouth! He speaks of the monster-spirit, and at once the monster-spirit shows up!"

Abandoning Pilgrim, the terrified monarch at once crawled into the hole in the ground, followed by the Tang Monk and all the other officials.

Eight Rules and Sha Monk, too, wanted to hide, but they were pulled back by Pilgrim's two hands. "Brothers," he said, "don't be afraid. Let's you and I try to discover what kind of monster-spirit this is."

"You must be jesting!" said Eight Rules. "Why do you want to make such a discovery? The officials have hidden themselves, Master has gone out of sight, and the king has stepped aside. Why don't we just leave? Who cares about his pedigree!" Our Idiot twisted left and right, but he could not struggle free of Pilgrim's firm grip. After some time, there emerged in midair a monster-spirit. Look how he appears!

*A nine-foot long body, savage and fierce;
A pair of round eyes flashing like gold lamps.
Two large forked ears like protruding fans,
And four sharp teeth like steel nails sticking up.
Red hair flanked his head, his eyebrows sprouted flames.
A bottle-nose dangled with nostrils flaring.
A few strands of beard like thick scarlet threads;
His cheekbones were rugged, his face was green.
Two arms of red veins, two indigo hands,
And ten pointed claws holding high a lance.
A leopard-skin kilt wrapped around his waist:*

A ghost with tousled hair and naked feet!

When he saw the monster, Pilgrim asked, “Sha Monk, do you recognize him?”

“I haven’t made his acquaintance,” replied Sha Monk. “How could I recognize him?” Pilgrim asked again, “Eight Rules, do you recognize him?”

“I have never had tea or wine with him,” replied Eight Rules, “nor am I a friend or neighbor of his. How could I recognize him?” Pilgrim said, “He rather looks like the demon gatekeeper with golden pupils and shriveled face under the command of Equal to Heaven, the Eastern Mountain.”

“No! No!” said Eight Rules. “How do you know that?” asked Pilgrim.

“A demon,” said Eight Rules, “is a spirit of darkness, and it will make its appearance only late in the day, say, between the hour of Monkey and that of the Boar.

Right now it’s still noon. Which demon would dare come out? Even if he’s a demon, he can’t mount the clouds. And if he knows how to use the wind, he will only be able to summon a little whirlwind, not a violent wind like this. Perhaps he is the very Jupiter’s Rival.”

“Dear Idiot!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “You have a point there! You two stand guard here, and let old Monkey go ask for his name.

Then we can rescue the Golden Sage Palace for the king.”

“If you want to go, go,” said Eight Rules, “but don’t reveal that we are here.” Without further reply, Pilgrim mounted the auspicious luminosity to leap into the air. Ah! So it is that

To secure a state one must first cure the king’s disease;

To safeguard the Way one must purge the evil-loving heart.

We do not know, as he rises into the air, whether he will win or lose, or how he manages to capture the fiend and rescue the Golden Sage Palace. Let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY

*The monstrous demon's treasures release smoke, sand, and fire
Wukong by stratagem steals the purple-gold bells*

We were telling you about that Pilgrim Sun, who, arousing his divine might and gripping his iron rod, trod on the auspicious luminosity to rise into the air. Facing the fiend, he shouted, "Where did you come from, perverse demon? Where do you think you're going to perpetrate your lawlessness?"

The fiendish creature replied in a loud voice, "I am none other than the vanguard under the command of the Great King Jupiter's Rival, the master of the Cave of Mythic Beast at Unicorn Mountain. By the order of the great king, I have come here to fetch two palace maidens for the service of Lady Golden Sage. Who are you that you dare question me?"

"I'm Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven," said Pilgrim. "I am passing through this kingdom because I am giving protection to the Tang Monk from the Land of the East, who is on his way to worship Buddha in the Western Heaven. When I learned how you bunch of perverse demons were making a mockery of the ruler here, I resolved to exercise my talents to heal the state and drive out the bogies. I was just wondering where to look for you when you arrived to give up your life."

Though he heard these words, that fiend did not know any better than to pick up the lance to stab at Pilgrim. Pilgrim met him headon with upraised iron rod, and a marvelous battle began in midair.

*The rod's a dragon hall's sea-ruling treasure;
The lance is but iron refined by man.
How could mortal arms compare with one divine,
A tiny stroke of which would dispel your soul?
The Great Sage is first a Great Monad god;
The monster's only a demon accursed.
How could a ghost approach a righteous man?
One righteous mite would smite all things perverse.
That one uses wind and sprays dirt to scare the king;
This one treads the fog and clouds to hide the sun and moon.
They assume fighting postures to try to win.
Which weakling would dare claim a hero's name?
In the end the Great Sage's the stronger man:
Pingpang cracks the rod and the lance does snap.*

As his lance was broken in two by one blow of Pilgrim's iron rod, the terrified monster-spirit changed the direction of his wind and fled for his life toward the west.

Deciding not to give chase for the moment, Pilgrim dropped from the clouds and went up to the Fiend Shelter. "Master," he cried, "please ask His Majesty to come out. The fiendish creature's gone."

The Tang Monk used his hands to support the king as both of them climbed out of the hole. The entire sky had cleared up and there was not the slightest appearance of a fiend anywhere. The king walked up to one of the banquet tables, picked up the wine

pot himself, and filled a golden goblet to present to Pilgrim, saying, "Divine monk, just a little thanks!"

The Pilgrim took the goblet in his hand, but before he could make his reply, an official rushed in from outside the court to say, "There's a fire at the west gate of the capital!" On hearing this, Pilgrim flung the wine-filled goblet into the air. When it fell with a clang to the ground, the startled king bowed quickly and said, "Divine monk, please forgive me! Please forgive me! It was indeed our fault! Proper etiquette requires that you ascend the main hall to receive our thanks. It was because the wine was placed conveniently here that I presented it to you. You threw the cup away. Are you offended?"

"No! No!" replied Pilgrim, laughing. "You have got it all wrong!" Just as they were speaking, another official came in to report:

"What a marvelous rain! Just now a fire broke out at the west gate, but a great shower extinguished it. The streets are filled with water that smells like wine!"

"Your Majesty," said Pilgrim, still laughing, "when you saw me throwing away the cup, you thought I was offended. But actually, I was not. That fiend fled toward the west in defeat; because I did not give chase, he started a fire. That goblet of wine was what I used to extinguish the fiendish fire and save the families located in the western part of the capital. That was all!" More than ever filled with delight and respect, the king invited Tripitaka and his three disciples to return to the treasure hall, where he was ready to abdicate his throne and hand it over to the priests. "Your Majesty," said Pilgrim, smiling, "that monster-spirit just now claimed that he was a vanguard in the command of Jupiter's Rival, sent here to demand two more palace maidens. Since he was defeated, he would certainly flee to his master to report, and his master would certainly want to come strive with me. I fear that when he brings his troops here, it will be difficult to prevent them from frightening the populace and alarming Your Majesty. I'd like to meet him in midair instead and capture him right there, but I don't know which is the proper direction. What's the distance between here and his mountain cave?"

The king said, "We did send some military scouts to go there once to make investigation. The round trip took some fifty days, as the cave was about three thousand miles due south of here." On hearing this, Pilgrim said, "Eight Rules, Sha Monk, stand guard here. Old Monkey will make a trip there."

Tugging at him, the king said, "Divine monk, please wait for another day. Let us prepare some dried and baked goods for you, give you some travel money, and select a speedy horse for you. Then you may go." With a laugh, Pilgrim said, "What you are referring to, Your Majesty, is the laborious way of scaling mountains and peaks by those who must stay on their feet. To tell you the truth, old Monkey can traverse these three thousand miles and be back here before the wine poured out turns cold in the goblet."

"Divine monk," said the king, "don't be offended by what we have to say, but your estimable countenance resembles that of an ape. How could you possess such magic power to move so quickly?" Pilgrim replied,

*Though I'm numbered among the simian kind,
I've cut since my youth a path through birth and death.
I've sought tutors far to teach me the Way;
For countless days I've trained before the mount.*

*With Earth as oven and Heaven its top,
 Two kinds of drug whirled round the hare and crow.
 I picked yin and yang, mating water and fire;
 In time I broke through the mysterious pass.
 I relied on the stars' transportive power,
 And on the Dipper for moving my steps.
 Most punctual to boost or reduce the fire,
 I watched to add quicksilver or pull out lead.
 Five Phases conjoined, creation began.
 Four images well mixed and times were fixed.
 With Two Breaths returned to the Yellow Way,
 Three Parties met on the Gold Elixir road.
 These laws, all realized, now move my four limbs;
 My somersault works like I'm helped by gods.
 One skip will land me beyond Mount Taihang;
 One flip sends me past Cloud- Transcending Stream.
 Who would fear ten thousand folds of tall peak,
 Or long wide rivers by hundreds and scores?
 My transformation no hurdle can block:
 One leap, a hundred and eight thousand miles!*

Both astonished and delighted by this recital of Pilgrim's, the king took a goblet of imperial wine and, smiling broadly, presented it to Pilgrim, saying, "Divine monk, you have to travel far. Take this to prepare for your journey."

As our Great Sage was intent on leaving to subdue the fiend, how could he care about drinking wine anymore? All he could say was, "Please put it down. Let me drink it after I return."

Dear Pilgrim! He said he was leaving, and with a whistle, he vanished from sight. We shall leave those astonished ruler and subjects for the moment.

We tell you now about our Pilgrim, who leaped into the air and soon discovered a mountain rearing up at the edge of the fog. He lowered his cloud immediately and stood on the peak to survey the region. Marvelous mountain!

*It rushes the sky and overruns the earth;
 It blots out the sun and begets the clouds.
 Where it rushes the sky,
 Pointed peaks rise erect.
 Where it overruns the earth,
 Wide ranges spread unending.
 What blots out the sun
 Are fresh thick pines of the summit.
 What begets the clouds
 Are sharp, jagged rocks beneath the cliff.
 Fresh thick pines
 Remain ever green in all four seasons;
 Sharp jagged rocks
 Stay unchanged in ten thousand years.
 You'll hear now and then apes wailing in the woods,
 And often monstrous serpents passing through the brook;*

*Screeches of mountain fowl;
 Grunts and growls of mountain beasts.
 Mountain deer and antelope
 Dash about here and there in pairs and twos;
 Mountain crows and magpies
 In flocks and tight formations soar and fly.
 The endless sight of mountain flowers and grass;
 The timely glow of mountain peaches and fruits.
 Though it's too treacherous a passageway,
 It's a bogus immortal's reclusive spot.*

Thoroughly delighted by this scenery, our Great Sage was just about to search for the entrance of the cave when all at once he saw a roaring fire leaping up from the fold of the mountain. In an instant the sky was filled with red flames, in the midst of which there arose also a nasty column of smoke, more vicious than even the fire. Marvelous smoke! He saw

*A flare shining like ten thousand gold lamps;
 And fumes leaping like a thousand red rainbows.
 The smoke was no oven's or stove's,
 Nor that of grass and wood.
 That smoke had five colors:
 Green, red, white, black, and yellow.
 It scorched the pillars of the South Heavenly Gate;
 It seared the beams of the Divine Mists Hall.
 It burned till the beasts in their lairs rotted with their skins,
 And feathers on the forest fowl all dissolved.
 When one saw such venomous smoke, how then
 Could one enter the mount to tame the fiend king?*

As the Great Sage stared at this in astonishment, a sandstorm also erupted from within the mountain. Marvelous sand, truly concealing Heaven and blanketing Earth! Look at that

*Great, whirling shower spreading through the sky;
 The huge, blinding mass all over the earth;
 The fine dust dimming one's sight every where;
 Thick ashes rolling downhill like sesame.
 The herb-picking lad has his partner lost;
 The working woodsman cannot find his house.
 Though your hands may hold a luminous pearl.
 You will soon reel under this blowing sand.*

Spellbound by what he saw, Pilgrim did not notice that some sand and dust flew into his nose until the itch made him sneeze a couple of times. He turned and picked up from beneath the ledge two small pebbles, which he used to stop up his nostrils. Shaking his body once, he changed into a sparrowhawk able to penetrate fire. He flew right into the smoke and flame, but all of a sudden, the sand and dust vanished, and even the smoke and fire subsided. Quickly he changed back into his true form and dropped down from the air.

As he looked about, there came to his ears the loud clanging of a brass gong. "I must have taken the wrong road!" he thought to himself. "This can't be where the

monster-spirit lives. The gong sounds like one of those belonging to a postal soldier. This must be a state highway, and some postal soldier is on his way to deliver a document. Let old Monkey go and question him a bit.”

As he walked along, he saw a little fiend with a yellow banner on his shoulder and an official document bag on his back. Banging aloud the gong, the fiend was running swiftly toward him. “So this is the fellow who’s beating the gong!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “I wonder what sort of document he’s carrying. Let me eavesdrop on him.”

Dear Great Sage! With a shake of his body he changed into a midge and gently alighted on the fiend’s document bag. All he heard was the monster-spirit banging the gong and mumbling to himself, “Our great king is quite vicious! Three years ago he abducted the Golden Sage Queen from the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom, but he didn’t have the affinity even to touch her. Only those palace maidens brought here as substitutes were the ones who suffered. Two of them came, and they were driven to death; then four arrived, and they, too, were driven to death. Year before last, he wanted the maidens; last year, he wanted more; this year, he wanted more; and even now, he still wants some more. But he has run into an adversary, for that vanguard sent to make demands for the palace maidens has been defeated by some Pilgrim Sun. Angered by this, our great king wanted to go into war with that kingdom and asked me to send them some declaration of war. Once I deliver this document, that king had better decide not to fight, for any war would only go against him.

When our great king uses his smoke, fire, and flying sand, none of them, the king and his subjects, can ever hope to remain alive. We will certainly occupy their city; our great king will become emperor and we will become his officials. High or low, we will have some appointments or ranks, but I fear that our action would be intolerable to Heaven.” When Pilgrim heard this, he was secretly delighted. “Even a monster-spirit,” he thought to himself, “can have good intentions. Just listen to what he has said about how their ‘action would be intolerable to Heaven.’ Isn’t he a good man? But concerning the Golden Sage Queen, I don’t quite understand what he means by the fiend king not having affinity to touch her body. Let me question him a bit.” With a buzz, he flew away from the monster-spirit and darted ahead for several miles. A shake of his body changed him into a little Daoist lad:

*His head had two tufts of hair;
He wore a patched cleric robe.
Tapping a wooden-fish drum,
A Daoist hymn he hummed.*

Rounding the mountain slope, he met the little fiend and saluted him with hand upraised, saying, “Officer, where are you going? What’s the document you are delivering?”

Behaving as if he knew his interrogator, the fiendish creature stopped his gong and, giggling loudly, returned the greeting. “Our great king,” said he, “has sent me to deliver a declaration of war to the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom.”

“Has that someone from the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom,” continued Pilgrim, “mated with the great king?”

“Almost immediately after she had been abducted,” replied the little fiend, “an immortal presented to her as a gift a five-colored divine robe. Once she had put it on, however, needlelike prickles sprouted all over her body. Our great king didn’t even dare

to give her the slightest touch, for the merest contact would inflict terrific pain on his hand. We don't know how those prickles grew, but that's the reason for his not claiming her body from the beginning until now. Earlier this morning, he sent his vanguard to demand two palace maidens for his service, but the vanguard was defeated by one so-called Pilgrim Sun. Our great king was angered, and that was why he sent me to deliver a declaration of war. He is going to do battle with him tomorrow."

"Is the great king still angry?" asked Pilgrim.

"Indeed he is," replied the little fiend. "You should go cheer him up with a Daoist song or two."

Dear Pilgrim! After a bow with hands folded, he turned and walked away, while the fiend struck up his gong and journeyed as before. Unleashing his violence all at once, Pilgrim whipped out his rod, turned around again, and delivered a blow on the back of the little fiend's head. Alas! This one blow made

*The head shatter, the blood flow, the brains burst out;
The skin rift, the neck split, and his life expire.*

As he put away the rod, he was smitten with regret, saying to himself, "I'm a little too impatient! I hadn't even asked his name. Oh, all right!"

He took down the declaration of war document to put in his own sleeve; the yellow banner and the brass gong were stuffed into the grass by the road. As he picked up the fiend by the legs and was about to throw him into the brook, a gold-plated nameplate dropped down from his waist with a clang. On the plate was the following inscription:

*One trusted junior officer by the name of Going and Coming:
rather short, pimply face, beardless. To be worn at all times.
The person without this plate is an imposter.*

"So this fellow has the name of Going and Coming," chuckled Pilgrim, "but my rod has rendered him Going without Coming."

He took down the nameplate and attached it to his waist. He was about to throw away the corpse when the thought of the threat of smoke and fire stopped him from searching further for the cave-dwelling. Raising his rod instead, he punched it through the chest of the little fiend, toted the corpse to rise to the air, and went back to the kingdom to announce his first merit. Look at him! Thinking and wondering to himself, he soon arrived at the capital.

Before the Hall of Golden Chimes, our Eight Rules was standing guard over the king and his master, when all of a sudden he saw Pilgrim approaching in midair and toting a monster-spirit. "Ah, this fribble business!" he muttered to himself. "If I had known it earlier, old Hog would have gone to arrest the fiend. That would have been counted as my merit, wouldn't it?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Pilgrim lowered his cloud and threw the monster-spirit before the steps. Dashing up to the corpse, Eight Rules gave him a blow with his rake, crying, "This is the merit of old Hog!"

"What merit of yours is that?" asked Pilgrim. "Don't cheat me out of it!" replied Eight Rules. "I have evidence here. Aren't those nine holes made by the rake?"

"Take another look," said Pilgrim, "and see if he has a head or not."

“So, he’s headless!” said Eight Rules, chuckling. “I was wondering why he didn’t move at all when I struck him with my rake.”

“Where’s Master?” asked Pilgrim, and Eight Rules said, “Talking with the king in the hall.”

“Go and ask him to come out,” said Pilgrim.

Eight Rules ran up to the hall and nodded his head, whereupon Tripitaka rose and descended the hall to meet Pilgrim. Pilgrim took out the declaration of war and stuffed it into the sleeve of Tripitaka, saying, “Put it away, Master, and don’t let the king see this.”

As they were speaking, the king also came down the hall and met Pilgrim. “Divine monk, you’ve returned,” he said. “How did the matter of arresting the fiend go?” Pointing with his finger, Pilgrim said, “Isn’t that a monster-spirit who has been slain by old Monkey?”

The king took one look and said, “It is the corpse of a fiend, but he’s no Jupiter’s Rival, whom we have seen twice with our own eyes. The archfiend is eighteen feet tall, and his shoulders are five times as wide as other men’s. His face resembles a golden beam, and his voice is like thunder. He is no vulgar-looking midget like this one.” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “Your Majesty, you are perceptive, for this is indeed no Jupiter’s Rival, but only a little fiend serving as a messenger, who ran into old Monkey. I slew him and toted him back to announce my merit.”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said the king, highly pleased. “This should be considered your first merit. We have often sent our people out there to gather intelligence, but we have never managed to turn up anything substantial. The moment the divine monk goes forth, he’s able to bring back a captive. That’s true magic power!”

Then he called out, “Warm up the wine, so that we may congratulate the elder for his merit.”

“Drinking wine is a trivial matter,” said Pilgrim. “Let me ask your Majesty, did the Golden Sage Palace leave you any memento when she departed? If she did, give it to me.” When the king heard him mention the word, “memento,” he felt as if a sword had run his heart through and he wept aloud, saying,

*When we toasted brightness and warmth that year,
The vicious Jupiter uttered his cries.
He took by force our queen to be his wife;
We yielded her up for the people’s sake.
There were no words of greeting or farewell,
No tender partings by the wayside stands.
Mementos, scented purse—every thing is gone,
Except myself, all bitter and forlorn.*

“Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim, “your pain is near its end. Why torture yourself like that? If our lady did not leave you any memento, are there objects in the palace that she is most fond of? Give me one of these.”

“Why do you want them?” asked the king. Pilgrim said, “That fiend king does have magic powers. When I saw the smoke, the fire, and the sand he released, I knew it would be difficult to bring him to submission. Even if I were to succeed, I fear that our lady would refuse to accompany me, a stranger, to return to the kingdom. She will trust

me only if she sees me entrusted with some object most dear to her when she was in the palace. That's why I must take such an object along with me."

"In the dressing alcove," said the king, "at the Palace of the Bright Sun, there is a pair of gold bracelets, originally worn by our Golden Sage Palace. Because that day was the festival when she had to tie five colored threads to her arms, she took off the bracelets.

As these were some of her favorite things, they are still kept in a jewel box. Because of the way we were separated, however, we could not bear the sight of these bracelets, for they reminded us so much of her lovely face. The moment we see them, we would be sicker than ever."

"Let's not talk about illness anymore," said Pilgrim. "Bring me the bracelets. If you can part with them, give them to me. If not, I'll just take one of them."

The king asked the Jade Sage Palace to take them out. When the king saw the bracelets, he cried several times, "Dearest, dearest Lady," before handing them over to Pilgrim. After Pilgrim took them, he put them on his arm.

Dear Great Sage! He refused the wine of merit and mounted the cloud somersault instead. With a whistle he arrived once more at the Unicorn Mountain. Too preoccupied to enjoy the scenery, he at once began searching for the cave. As he walked along, he heard the raucous noise of people speaking. When he stood still to look more carefully, he found soldiers posted at the entrance of the Cave of Mythic Beast, some five hundred of them,

*All tightly lined up,
And densely arrayed.
Tightly lined up, they held spears and swords
Which gleamed in the sun;
Densely arrayed, they unfurled the banners
Which fluttered in the wind.
Tiger generals, bear captains, all able to change;
Leopard warriors, striped-cat marshals, most spirited.
Grey wolves, how savage!
Brown elephants, still more potent!
Sly hare, clever deer, wielding halberds and swords;
Long snakes, huge serpents, hung with sabers and bows.
The chimpanzee who understands human speech
Leads the troops, secures the camp as one informed.*

When Pilgrim saw them, he dared not proceed; instead, he turned and walked back out the way he came. Why did he turn back, you ask? It was not because he was afraid of them. Actually, he returned to the spot where he had slain the little fiend and found again that brass gong and that yellow banner.

*Facing the wind, he made the magic sign;
Thinking the image, he went into motion.*

With one shake of his body, he changed himself into the form of Going and Coming. Banging loud his gong, he stepped forward in great strides and marched right up to the Cave of the Mythic Beast. Just as he was looking over the cave, he heard the chimpanzee say, "Going and Coming, are you back?" Pilgrim had no alternative but to reply, "I'm back."

“Get inside quickly!” said the chimpanzee.

“The great king is waiting for your reply at the Skinning Pavilion.” On hearing this, Pilgrim strode inside the front door, still beating his gong. Once inside, he saw hanging cliffs and precipitous walls, rock chambers and quiet rooms. There were exotic grasses and flowers on the left and right, and there were plenty of old cedars and aged pines front and back.

Soon he walked through the second-level door, where he saw an octagonal pavilion with eight translucent windows. In the middle of the pavilion was a gold inlaid armchair, on which was seated solemnly a demon king. Truly he had a savage appearance! You see

*Colored nimbus soaring up from his head
And violent air bursting forth from his chest.
Pointed teeth protrude like rows of sharp swords;
His temple's tousled locks flare like red fume.
Whiskers like arrows stick onto his lips;
Hairs wrap his body like blanket layers.
Mocking Jupiter are two copper-bell eyes;
An iron club he holds looks tall as the sky.*

Though Pilgrim saw him, he was bold enough to make light of the monster-spirit. Without in the least affecting good manners, Pilgrim turned his back on him and kept beating the gong. “Have you returned?” asked the fiend king, but Pilgrim did not answer him. “Going and Coming, have you returned?” he asked again, and still Pilgrim did not answer him. The fiend king walked up to him and tugged at Pilgrim, saying, “Why are you still beating the gong after you have come home? I ask you a question, and you don’t answer me.

Why?”

Dashing the gong to the ground, Pilgrim cried, “What’s this ‘Why, Why, Why’? I told you I didn’t want to go, and you insisted that I should. When I got there, I saw countless men and horses already arrayed in battle formations. The moment they saw me, they cried, ‘Seize the monster-spirit! Seize the monster-spirit!’ Pushing and shoving, they hauled me bodily into the city to see the king, who at once ordered me executed. It was fortunate that counselors from both rows of ministers invoked the old maxim that ‘When two states are at war, the envoys are never executed.’ They spared me and took away the declaration of war. Then they sent me out of the city, where before the entire army they caned me thirty times on my legs. I was released to tell you that they would be here soon to do battle with you.”

“As you have put the matter,” said the fiend king, “you have lucked out! No wonder you didn’t answer me when I questioned you.” Pilgrim said, “I was silent not because of anything. It’s just that I was nursing my pain, and that’s why I didn’t reply.”

“How many horses and men do they have?” asked the fiend king one more time. Pilgrim said, “I was scared silly, and I was further intimidated by their beatings. You think I would be able to account for the number of their horses and men? All I saw in thick rows were

*Bows, arrows, sabers, mail, and armor;
Lances, swords, halberds, and tasseled banners;
Poleaxes, crescent spades, and head-coverings;*

*Huge axes, round shields, and iron caltrops;
 Long battle staffs;
 Short, fat cudgels;
 Steel tridents and petards and helmets, too.
 To be worn are tall boots, head gear, and quilted vests.
 Crops and whips, sleeve-pellets, and bronze mallets."*

When the fiendish king heard this, he laughed and said, "That's nothing! That's nothing! A little fire and all such weapons will be wiped out. You should go now and tell our Lady Golden Sage not to worry. When she heard that I was growing angry and about to go into battle, she was already full of tears. Why don't you go now and tell her that the men and horses of her country are most fearsome and that they will certainly prevail against me. That ought to give her some relief for awhile." On hearing this, Pilgrim was very pleased, saying to himself, "Old Monkey can't ask for anything better!" Look at him! He seems to be peculiarly familiar with the way! Rounding a small side door, he passed through halls and chambers. Deep inside the cave, you see, were all tall buildings and edifices, quite unlike what was in front. When he reached the rear palace where the Lady Golden Sage lived, he saw brilliantly colored doors. Walking through these to look around, he found two choirs of fiendish vixen and deer, all made up to appear as beautiful maidens standing on the left and right. In the middle was seated the lady, who held her chin in her hand as tears fell from her eyes. Indeed she had

*Soft, youthful features,
 Seductive good looks.
 Too lazy to do her hair,
 She left it piled up loosely;
 Loathful of make-up,
 She wore neither pins nor bracelets.
 Her face had no powder,
 She being scornful of rouge.
 Her hair had no oil,
 For she kept unkempt her tresses.
 Her cherry lips pouted
 As she clenched her silvery teeth;
 Her moth brows knitted
 As tears drenched her starlike eyes.
 All her heart
 Yearned for the Scarlet- Purple ruler;
 All her thoughts
 Dwelled on fleeing at once this snare and net.
 Truly it had been thus:
 The fate of fair ladies was always harsh.
 Weary and silent, she faced the east wind.*

Walking up to her and bowing, Pilgrim said, "Greetings!"

"This insolent imp!" barked the lady. "How brash could he be! During the time when I shared the glory with the Scarlet-Purple ruler, those grand preceptors and prime ministers would prostrate themselves before me and dared not even raise their heads. How could this wild fiend just address me with a 'Greetings'? Where did this rustic boor come from?" Some of the maids went forward and said, "Madam, please do not be

angry. He is a trusted junior officer of Father Great King, and his name is Going and Coming. He was the one sent to deliver the declaration of war this morning.” On hearing this, the lady suppressed her anger and said, “When you delivered the declaration, did you reach the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom?”

“I took the declaration,” replied Pilgrim, “straight into the capital, reaching, in fact, the Hall of the Golden Chimes. After I saw the king in person, I took his reply back here.”

“When you saw the king,” said the lady, “what did he have to say?” Pilgrim said, “He claimed he was ready to fight, and just now, I have already told the great king about how the enemy forces were being disposed. That ruler, however, also expressed great longing for Madam. He wanted to convey a few words of special interest to you, but there are too many people around and I can’t speak here.” On hearing this, the lady shouted for the two rows of vixen and deer to leave. After he closed the palace door, Pilgrim gave his own face a wipe and changed back into his original form. He said to the lady, “Don’t be afraid of me. I am a priest sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go seek scriptures from Buddha in the Thunderclap Monastery of India in the Great Western Heaven. My master is Tripitaka Tang, the bond-brother of the Tang emperor, and I am Sun Wukong, his eldest disciple. When we passed through your kingdom and had to have our travel rescript certified, we saw a royal proclamation issued for the recruitment of physicians. I exercised my great ability in the therapeutic arts, and I cured the king of his illness of ardent longing. During the banquet he gave to thank me, he told me while we were drinking about how you were abducted by the fiend. Since I have the knowledge of subduing dragons and taming tigers, he asked me specially to come arrest the fiend and rescue you back to the kingdom. It was I who defeated the vanguard, and it was I, too, who slew the little fiend. When I saw, however, how powerful the fiend was outside the gate, I changed myself into the form of Going and Coming in order to take the risk of contacting you here.” On hearing what he said, the lady fell silent. Whereupon Pilgrim took out the treasure bracelets and presented them with both hands, saying, “If you don’t believe me, take a good look at these objects.”

The moment she saw them, the lady began to weep, as she left her seat to bow to Pilgrim, saying, “Elder, if you could indeed rescue me and take me back to the kingdom, I would never forget your great favor!”

“Let me ask you,” said Pilgrim, “what sort of a treasure that is that releases fire, smoke, and sand?”

“It’s no treasure!” replied the lady. “They are actually three golden bells. When he gives the first bell one wave, he can release up to three thousand feet of fire to burn people. When he waves the second one, he can release three thousand feet of smoke to fumigate people. When he waves the third one, he can release three thousand feet of yellow sand to confound people. The smoke and the fire are not even as potent as the yellow sand, which is most poisonous. If it gets into someone’s nostrils, the person will die.”

“Formidable! Formidable!” said Pilgrim. “I had the experience, all right, and even I had to sneeze a couple of times! Where, I wonder, does he put these bells?”

“You think he’d put them down!” said the lady. “He has them tied to his waist, and whether he is in or out of doors, whether he is up or lying down, they’ll never leave his body.”

“If you still have some feelings for the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom,” said Pilgrim, “if you want to see the king once more, you must banish for the moment all sorrow and melancholy. Put on your looks of pleasure and romance, and allow him to enjoy with you the sentiments of wedlock. Tell him to let you keep the bells for him. Then, when I have stolen them and brought this fiendish creature into submission, it will be simple to take you back to your dear mate so that both of you can enjoy peace and harmony once more.”

The lady agreed.

Our Pilgrim changed again into that trusted junior officer and opened the palace door to summon the various maids. Then the lady called out, “Going and Coming, go to the pavilion in front quickly and ask the great king to come here. I want to speak to him.”

Dear Pilgrim! He shouted his consent and dashed out to the Skinning Pavilion to say to the monster-spirit, “Great King, Lady Sage Palace desires your company.”

Delighted, the fiend king said, “Normally our lady has nothing but abuse for me. How is it that she desires my company today?”

“Our lady,” replied Pilgrim, “asked me about the ruler of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom, and I told her, ‘He doesn’t want you anymore. He has chosen another queen from among his subjects.’ When our lady heard this, she had to stop thinking about him, and that was why she asked for you.”

Exceedingly pleased, the fiend king said, “You are quite useful! When I have destroyed that kingdom, I’ll appoint you a special court assistant.”

Thanking him casually for his promised favor, Pilgrim walked quickly with the fiend king to the entrance of the rear palace, where the lady met them amiably and reached out with her hands to greet the monster. Backing off immediately and bowing, the fiend king said, “I’m honored! I’m honored! Thank you for your love, but I’m afraid of the pain in my hands, and I dare not touch you.”

“Please take a seat, Great King,” said the lady, “for I want to speak to you.”

“Please do so without hesitation,” replied the fiend king.

The lady said, “It has been three years since you first bestowed your love on me. Though we have not been able to share a bed together, it is still our foreordained affinity that we should become husband and wife. I think, however, that you must have some sentiments against me, and you are not treating me truly as your spouse. For I can recall the time when I was queen at the Scarlet- Purple Kingdom. Whenever the foreign nations presented their tributary treasures, the queen was asked to keep them after the king had inspected them. You have hardly any treasures here, of course; what you wear are furs, and what you eat are raw meats. I haven’t seen any silks or damasks, any gold or pearls. All our coverings are only skins and furs. You may have some treasures, I suppose, but the distance you feel toward me prevents you from letting me see them or asking me to keep them for you. I have heard that you have some kind of bells or gongs—three of them, in fact—which, I suppose, must be treasures. Or else why would you keep them with you when you are walking or when you are seated? You should let me keep them for you, and when you need them, I can take them out.

After all, we *are* husband and wife, and you should at least show me some trust. If you don’t, you must feel that I’m still an outsider!”

Breaking into loud guffaws as he bowed to her, the fiend king said, “Madam, your reprimands are just! Your reprimands are just! The treasures are right here. Today, I turn them over to you for safekeeping.”

He at once hitched up his clothes to take out the treasures.

With unblinking eyes on one side, Pilgrim saw that after the fiend had hitched up two or three layers of clothing, he had tied to his body three small bells. These he took down and, having stuffed some cotton into the mouths of the bells, had them wrapped up in a piece of leopard skin before he handed them over to the lady. “Though these are lowly objects,” he said, “you must guard them with care. Never shake or rattle them.”

Taking them over with her hands, the lady said, “I know. I’ll put them right here on my dressing table. No one will shake them.”

Then the lady said, “Little ones, prepare us some wine. I want to drink a few cups with the great king to celebrate our happiness and love.” On hearing this, the servant girls at once spread out a table full of vegetables and fruits and laden with venison and rabbit meat.

After they poured out some coconut wine, the lady put on her most seductive charms to deceive the monster-spirit.

On the side Pilgrim Sun also began his work; slipping slowly up to the dresser, he gently picked up those three golden bells before he inched his way out of the palace. When he arrived at an empty spot before the Skinning Pavilion, he opened up the leopard skin wrap to look at the contents. The middle bell was about the size of a tea mug, while the two on both ends were as big as fists. Not knowing how formidable these objects were, he yanked out the cotton. All he heard was a loud clang, and then the flame, the smoke, and the yellow sand poured out from the bells. He tried desperately to stuff the cotton back into the bells but to no avail. Instantly, flames leaped up and engulfed the pavilion.

Those monsters and fiends were so terrified that they rushed into the rear palace to report to the fiend king, who shouted, “Go put out the fire! Go put out the fire!” When he dashed out with the rest to the pavilion, he saw Going and Coming with the golden bells in his hands. “You wretched slave!” bellowed the fiend king, rushing up to him. “How dare you steal my treasure bells and mess with them here? Seize him! Seize him!”

Those tiger warriors, bear commanders, leopard captains, striped-cat marshals, brown elephants, grey wolves, clever deer, sly hare, long serpents, huge pythons, and the chimpanzee all mobbed the pavilion.

Terribly flustered, our Pilgrim dropped the bells and changed back into his original form. Whipping out his golden-hooped compliant rod, he plunged into the crowd and fought furiously. After the fiend king had put away his treasures, he shouted the order:

“Shut the front door!” On hearing this, some of the fiends went to shut the door while others surrounded Pilgrim to do battle.

Suspecting that it would be difficult for him to flee, Pilgrim put away his rod and, with one shake of his body, changed himself into a tiny fly which alighted on one

of the stone walls that was not burning. When the various fiends could not find him, they said, "Great King, the thief has escaped!"

"Did he walk out of the door?" asked the fiend king. "The front door is firmly bolted," they replied. "He hasn't left that way."

"Then search carefully!" said the fiend king. Some of the fiends put out the fire with water, while others conducted a careful search all around, but there was not a trace of the thief.

"Who is the thief," said the fiend king angrily, "who is so audacious that he dared change into the shape of Going and Coming, come in here to speak to me, and stay by my side until he found the chance to steal my treasures? It's a good thing that he didn't take the bells out of the cave. If he had taken them up to the summit and had exposed them to natural wind, I wouldn't know what to do!"

"It's partly the profound luck of the Great King," said the tiger general, approaching him, "and partly the fact that we are not yet destined to perish. That's why we were able to discover him in time."

"Great King," said the bear commander, "this thief is not just any other person. He must be that Sun Wukong who has defeated our vanguard. He probably ran into Going and Coming on the way and took our officer's life. After he robbed him of his yellow banner, brass gong, and nameplate, he changed into his appearance to come here and deceive you."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said the fiend king. "What you say is quite right! Little ones, continue the search, and be careful that you do not let him slip out the door." So, that was how things stood:

A clever move has turned to folly;

A playful act becomes something real.

We do not know how Pilgrim Sun managed to escape from the fiend's door; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-ONE

*By a false name Pilgrim defeats the fiendish wolf
In epiphany Guanyin subdues the monster-king*

*Form's emptiness, that's ancient truth;
Emptiness, too, is so-called form.
If one fully knows Chan's emptiness-form,
Who needs cinnabar ground and burnt?
Don't slack in work on virtue and act;
Your labor requires bitter toil.
You will face Heaven when merit's fulfilled
With godly features e'er preserved.*

We tell you now about that Jupiter's Rival, who ordered all the front and back doors tightly shut in order to search for Pilgrim. All the commotion lasted until dusk, but not a trace of the intruder could be found. Taking a seat in the Skinning Pavilion, the fiend king assembled the rest of the fiends and gave the order that guards were to be posted at all the doors, holding handbells and shouting passwords, beating drums and rattles. Every one of them was to put the arrow to the bow and go on patrol through the night with drawn swords. However, the Great Sage Sun, you see, had changed into a tiny fly and alighted on a doorpost. When he saw that the front was tightly guarded, he spread his wings and flew instead into the rear palace, where he found the Lady Golden Sage slumped on a table.

*In clear drops the tears rolled down;
In low tones she voiced her grief.*

Flying through the door, Pilgrim gently landed on her disheveled black tresses to listen to how she was weeping. In a little while, the lady suddenly cried out, "O, my lord! You and I must have burned

*The broken-head incense in our former lives,
So that we meet in this one a fiend king.
Parted for three years, which day will we meet?
Stranded at two places—that is our grief.
The elder you sent has just conveyed the news;
Our union's thwarted when he lost his life.
Since it's hard to untie the bells of gold,
Our longings are keener than those of old."*

When Pilgrim heard this, he moved up to the base of her ear and whispered, "Lady Sage Palace, I'm Elder Sun, the divine monk sent here by your country, and I haven't lost my life. What happened had to do with my impetuousness. When you were drinking with the fiend king, I approached the dresser and stole the golden bells. I managed to slip out to the pavilion in front, but I couldn't resist untying the wrap to take a look. Little did I realize that when I pulled out the cotton stuffed in the bells, smoke, fire, and yellow sand would pour out all at once with a clang. I was so flustered that I dropped the bells and changed back into my original form. I wielded my iron rod to wage a bitter battle, but when I couldn't break free, I feared that I might be harmed. That was why I changed into a tiny fly to fly up to a doorpost and hide until now. Now

the fiend king is guarding the place more tightly than ever and refuses to open the doors. You must, therefore, trick him, in the name of conjugal duties, into coming in here to rest. Then I'll be able to escape and make another plan to rescue you."

The moment the lady heard these words,

*She shook all over
As if gods were pulling her hair;
Weak and fearful,
She felt her heart thump and pound.*

"Are you," she asked tearfully, "a ghost or a human being?"

"I'm neither a human," replied Pilgrim, "nor am I a ghost. At the moment, I have changed into a tiny fly here. Don't be afraid. Go quickly and invite the fiend king to come."

The lady refused to believe him.

Shedding tears, she said softly, "You're not trying to bewitch me?"

"Why would I want to bewitch you?" said Pilgrim. "If you don't believe me, spread open your palm and I'll land on it for you to see."

The lady indeed stretched forth her left palm, and Pilgrim gently alighted on her lovely hand. How he seemed like

*A black pea nailed to the lotus bud;
A bee resting on peony flower;
A grape having landed on silk brocade;
A thick black dot by the lily branch!*

Holding high her jadelike hand, the Golden Sage Palace uttered the cry, "Divine monk!"

"I'm the transformation of the divine monk," answered Pilgrim with a buzz. Only then did the lady believe him.

"When I manage to get that fiend king here," she whispered to him, "how will you proceed?" Pilgrim said, "As one ancient person put the matter,

To ruin one's whole life there's only wine.

And he also said,

To break up all cares there's nothing like wine.

There are many uses for wine, and so the best thing you can do is still to make him drink. Summon now one of the maids closest to you and point her out to me. I'll change into her appearance and serve you by your side. When there's a chance, I'll act."

The lady indeed agreed, and she called out, "Spring Grace, where are you?"

From behind a screen stepped forth a white-faced vixen, who knelt down and said, "Madam, what is your pleasure?"

"Tell the rest of the maids," replied the lady, "to light up gauze lanterns, burn the musk-gland, and accompany me to the front court to ask the king to retire." Spring Grace at once went out to summon seven or eight deer fiends and vixen spirits, who came in with a pair of lanterns and a pair of portable urns. They stood on both sides of the lady, who arose with hands folded while the Great Sage soared into the air.

Dear Pilgrim! Spreading his wings, he headed straight for the head of the white-faced vixen. There he pulled off one piece of hair and blew a mouthful of immortal breath on it, crying, "Change!" It changed at once into a sleep-inducing insect, which he gently placed on her face. The moment that this insect reaches a person's face, you see, it will crawl toward one's nostril, and when it gets inside, the person will fall asleep. Our Spring Grace, therefore, gradually felt so fatigued that she could hardly remain on her feet.

Rocking from side to side and nodding her head, she ran back to her previous resting place, laid down her head, and snored away.

Pilgrim flew down and with one shake of his body changed into the form of Spring Grace. He walked out from behind the screen to stand at attention with the rest of the maids, and we shall leave them there for the moment.

We tell you now about that Lady Golden Sage Palace, who was walking out to the front. When the little fiends saw her, they immediately reported to Jupiter's Rival:

"Great King, Madam has arrived."

The fiend hurried out of the Skinning Pavilion to meet her.

"Great King," said the lady, "the smoke and the fire have subsided, and the thief, too, has vanished. The night is deep, and I have come especially to ask you to retire."

Highly pleased, the fiend said, "Madam, please take care of yourself. Just now that thief was actually sun Wukong, who, having overcome my vanguard and slain my trust junior officer, came in here by means of transformation in order to deceive us. We have conducted a most careful search, but there's not a trace of him. This is why I feel quite uneasy about the matter."

"That fellow must have escaped," said the lady. "You should not worry anymore, Great King. Let's retire and rest." When the monster-spirit saw the lady standing there with this earnest invitation, he dared not refuse. After he had given the order to the rest of the fiends to be careful with the torches and candles and to look out for thieves and robbers, he went back to the rear palace with the lady. Pilgrim, who had changed into the form of Spring Grace, was led inside also along with the two rows of maids. "Prepare us some wine," cried the lady, "so that we may relieve the great king of his weariness."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said the fiend king, laughing. "Bring us wine quickly. I will help the dear lady to calm her fears."

The specious Spring Grace and other fiends thereupon brought out some bowls of fruit and several dishes of game as they set up tables and chairs. The lady picked up a goblet, and the fiend king also presented her with a goblet. After the two of them had exchanged their cups, the specious Spring Grace picked up the wine pot on the side and said, "Since the great king and madam did not exchange their cups until this very night, you should drain the cups so that I can pour you a Double Happiness round."

They did so; again their cups were filled, and they drank that, too.

The specious Spring Grace spoke up once more:

"This is such a happy meeting between the great king and madam! Let those maids who can sing sing, and those who can dance dance!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when the entire hall was filled with the sound of songs and harmonious melodies; those who could dance did dance, and those who could sing did sing, as the two of them drank a good deal more wine. Then the lady stopped the song and dance, and all the maids were again divided into two choirs to leave and stand beyond the screen. Only the specious Spring Grace stayed behind to pour the wine back and forth. The lady did nothing but engage in conjugal talk with the fiend king. Look at her! She displayed such sultry looks and amorous charms that the fiend king went limp with desire. But he simply had no luck in touching her. What a pity! Truly, he felt like “a cat biting on a urine bubble—all empty delight!”

After they flirted for a while and laughed for awhile, the lady asked, “Great King, were the treasures damaged?”

“These treasures,” replied the fiend king, “had been forged by the elemental powers of nature. How could they be damaged? When the thief pulled out the cotton, however, the leopard-skin wrap was burned.”

“How did you pack them up again?” asked the lady. The fiend king said, “No need to do that, for I’ve tied them again to my waist.” On hearing this, the specious Spring Grace pulled off a handful of hair, which he chewed to pieces. He quietly approached the fiend king and placed these pieces of hair on his body. Blowing three mouthfuls of immortal breath on them, he whispered, “Change!”, and at once they became three kinds of vicious thing: lice, fleas, and bedbugs. They penetrated the fiend king’s garments and began to bite him madly. Ridden by unbearable itch, that fiend king put his hands inside his bosom to rub and scratch himself. When his fingers caught hold of several of the lice, he took them up to the lamps to have a closer look. When she saw the insects, the lady said wistfully, “Great King, your undergarments must have been soiled, I suppose. They haven’t been washed for a long time, and that’s why these things are growing on you.”

Terribly embarrassed, the fiend king said, “I have never had these things grow on me before. Why does it have to be this very night that I disgrace myself?” Laughing, the lady said, “There’s no disgrace! As the proverb says, ‘Even an emperor’s body may have three lice!’ Take off your clothes, and I’ll try to catch some of them for you.”

The fiend king indeed began to loosen his belt and his clothes.

On one side the specious Spring Grace stared at the fiend king’s body: on every layer of his clothing fleas were hopping about, and every garment had rows of big bedbugs. Those lice, big and small, were so thick that they resembled ants pouring out of their hills! By the time the third layer of clothing was hitched up, one could see countless insects swarming all over the golden bells. The specious Spring Grace said, “Great King, give me the bells, so that I, too, can catch some lice for you.”

The fiend king was both so embarrassed and frightened that he could not tell the true from the false. He handed over the bells, and the specious Spring Grace took them over and played with them for a long time in his hands. When he saw the fiend king lower his head to shake his clothing, he immediately hid the bells. Pulling off three strands of hair, he changed them into three exact copies of the golden bells, which he deliberately turned over and examined before the lamps. Then, as he swayed and wriggled here and there, he shook his body slightly and at once retrieved all those lice, fleas, and bedbugs. The specious golden bells were returned to the fiend, who, when he took them in his hands, was more unperceiving than ever. Unable to tell the difference at all, he held up the bells with both hands and presented them to the lady, saying, “This

time you put them away most carefully, so that nothing like last time will happen again.”

The lady gently opened her garment trunk, put the specious bells inside, and bolted the trunk with a lock of yellow gold. After she drank a few more cups of wine with the fiend king, she gave this order to her maids:

“Brush clean our ivory bed and roll down the silk coverlets. I’ll sleep with the great king.”

“I don’t have the luck! I don’t have the luck!” said the fiend king repeatedly. “I dare not join you. Let me take a palace maiden and go to the west palace instead. Madam, please rest by yourself.”

They all retired, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the specious Spring Grace, who succeeded in stealing the treasures. These he tied to his own waist before he changed into his original form. With a shake of his body he retrieved also the sleep-inducing insect. As he walked along, he heard the sound of rattle and gong announcing the hour of the third watch. Dear Pilgrim! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and exercised the Magic of Body Concealment to reach the front door. When he saw, however, that it was tightly bolted, he took out his golden-hooped rod and pointed it at the door; this Lock-Opening Magic immediately flung wide the door and he strode out quickly. “Jupiter’s Rival,” he cried with a loud voice as he stood before the door, “return my Lady Golden Sage!”

He yelled for two or three times, and all the fiends, old and young, were aroused. They dashed out to look around and found the front door ajar. As some of them brought the lamps over to have the door locked up once more, a few of the fiends ran inside to report, “Great King, someone outside our main door is addressing you by name and demanding the return of Lady Golden Sage!”

The maids inside slipped out of the palace door and whispered, “Don’t shout! The great king has just fallen asleep.” Meanwhile, Pilgrim yelled some more in front of the main door, but those little fiends dared not go disturb the fiend king. Three or four times it went on like this, but they did not report the disturbance. Outside the cave-dwelling, the Great Sage brawled until dawn, and he was unable to control himself any longer. Wielding the iron rod with both hands, he went forward and smote the door. Those various fiends were terrified; while some of them pushed against the door, others ran inside to report. Having just awakened, the fiend king heard a raucous tumult.

He dressed hurriedly and emerged from the silk curtains to ask, “What’s all this noise?”

The maids knelt down and said, “Father, we don’t know who it was who shouted abuses at us for half the night outside. Now he is even striking at the door.”

As the fiend king walked out of the palace door, he ran into several little fiends, who kowtowed rather timidly and said, “Someone outside is shouting abuses and demanding the Lady Golden Sage Palace! When we said ‘No’ to him, he spewed out countless insults, simply awful stuff. When he saw that the great king did not go out even at daybreak, he began to strike at our door.”

“Don’t open it yet,” said the fiend. “Go and ask for his name and where he came from. Hurry back to report to me.” One of the little fiends ran out and asked through the

door, "Who is here striking at our door?" Pilgrim replied, "I'm External Grandpa; [Waigong] sent here by the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom to take Lady Sage Palace back to her own country!" When the little fiend heard this, he returned with these words as his report and the fiend king set out for the rear palace to make further investigation of his intruder. The lady, you see, had just risen, and she had not yet washed or had her hair combed when her maid said, "Father is here."

Tidying her clothes hurriedly but leaving her hair unpinned, the lady met him outside the palace. After they took their seats and before she could even ask why the fiend king had come in, another little fiend dashed in to report:

"That External Grandpa has smashed our door!" With a laugh, the fiend said, "Madam, how many generals and commanders do you have at court?"

The lady said, "We have fortyeight Brigades and a thousand fine generals. At the various borders, there are countless marshals and commanders."

"Is there someone with the surname of External?" asked the fiend king.

"Inside the palace," replied the lady, "all I knew was how to assist the ruler by giving admonitions and supervision to the palace ladies night and day. The external affairs are endless. How could I remember any name or surname?"

The fiend king said, "Our visitor calls himself External Grandpa, but no such surname, I'm sure, appears in the *Hundred Family*

Names. Since you have come from an aristocratic family and you are so intelligent by nature, you must have read all kinds of books and chronicles when you were at the royal palace. Do you remember whether this surname has appeared in any text at all?"

"Only in the *Thousand-Character Treatise*" replied the lady, "there is the phrase, 'Externally one learns from the tutor's instruction.'

I suppose that must be it."

Delighted, the fiend king said, "Indeed, it is! Indeed, it is!"

He rose and took leave of the lady to go to the Skinning Pavilion. After he had suited up his armor properly, he summoned his fiendish troops and went straight out the front door, his hands holding a spreading-flower ax. "Who is the External Grandpa who comes from the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom?" he cried in a loud voice.

Gripping the golden-hooped rod with his right hand, Pilgrim pointed with his left hand at the fiend king and said, "Worthy nephew, why are you addressing me?" When the fiend king saw him, he was filled with anger. "Look at you!" he bellowed,

*Your features are an ape's;
Your looks are a monkey's.
Seven percent a ghost,
And yet you dare mock me?*

"Lawless fiend," replied Pilgrim with a laugh, "you are the one insulting Heaven and making a mockery of the ruler! And you have no eyes either! When I caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago, all those divine warriors of the Ninefold Heaven wouldn't have dared address me without the word 'Venerable' when they saw me. Now you call me your grandpa. Is that too much of a loss for you?"

“Tell me quickly your name and surname,” snapped the fiend king, “and what sort of martial art you have learned that you dare act with such insolence around here.” Pilgrim said, “You’d have been better if you hadn’t asked about that. For when I announce my name and surname, I fear that you wouldn’t know where to stand! Step closer, stand firmly, and listen to my recital:

*My parents who begot me were Heav’n and Earth;
 The sun and moon’s essence had me conceived
 And carried in a stone for countless years.
 A spirit root formed and nursed me—
 O, how strange!
 As spring quickened nature, I was born that year.
 Today I’m an immortal for all times.
 Once a captain of many gathered fiends,
 I made monsters bow before the red cliffs.
 A summons issued the Great Emperor Jade;
 The Gold Star Venus with a decree came
 To ask me to hold an office in Heav’n,
 But I was not pleased with Ban
 Horse, the rank.
 I plotted at first rebellion at my cave;
 Then I disturbed with arms the royal court.
 Deva Pagoda- Bearer and his prince
 Both shrank back in terror after our fight.
 Gold Star addressed the Cosmic King again
 Who sent next a pacifying decree
 To make me Equal to Heav’n, true Great Sage—
 A proper name for fine talent of the state.
 Because I disturbed, too, the Peaches Feast,
 Wrath I incurred when I stole pills, half-drunk,
 Laozi himself before the throne appeared;
 The West Queen Mother at Jade Terrace bowed.
 Learning that I had mocked the laws of kings,
 Soldiers they called up and dispatches sent—
 A hundred thousand savage planetoids,
 And dense rows of halberds, lances, and swords.
 As cosmic nets were spread throughout the mount,
 We raised up our arms for a mighty meet.
 The fight was fierce but neither side could win,
 And Erlang arrived on Guanyin’s advice.
 To find out who was stronger we two fought,
 Though he had the Plum Mountain Brothers’ aid.
 As we transformed ourselves to show our strength,
 Three sages in Heaven pushed the clouds aside:
 Laozi at once threw his diamond snare down,
 The gods caught and brought me to the steps of gold.
 A lengthy confession I need not make;
 I should be hacked to pieces for my crimes.
 Axes and mallets could not take my life,*

*Nor was I harmed by scimitars and swords.
 Fire and thunder could only do so much—
 They could not hurt longevity's offspring.
 They sent the captive to Tushita then
 To be refined in all ways as they wished.
 Not till the right time was the tripod opened,
 But I from the center at once leaped out;
 My hands holding high the compliant rod,
 I fought my way to Jade Dragon Terrace.
 Into hiding went each planet and star;
 I was free to havoc through Heaven's halls.
 Lord Inspector quickly sought the Buddha's help;
 With me Śākyamuni a contest waged.
 I, somersaulting from within his palm,
 Did tour all Heavens before turning back.
 The Buddha deceived me, foreknowing this;
 I was pinned down by him at Heaven's edge
 Till now afterwards some five hundred years.
 My lowly self freed, I frolic once more.
 To guard the Tang Monk going to the West—
 This, Wukong the Pilgrim well understands.
 He must on the western path the fiends subdue.
 Which monster would dare not to fear him?"*

When the fiend king heard the announcement of Wukong, the Pilgrim, he said, "So you're that fellow who caused great disturbance at the Celestial Palace! If you have been released to accompany the Tang Monk to the West, you should simply stay on your journey.

Why must you mind someone's business? Why must you serve the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom as a slave and come here to look for death?"

"You thief! You lawless fiend!" shouted Pilgrim. "You mouth such words of ignorance! I receive the most reverent invitation from the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom, and I am beholden to the king's most gracious hospitality. Old Monkey is regarded there as being a thousand times more exalted than the throne, who honors me as his parents and reveres me as a god. How dare you mention the word 'slave'? You are but a fiend who lies to Heaven and makes a mockery of the ruler! Don't run away! Have a taste of your grandpa's rod!"

A little flustered, the fiend jumped aside to dodge the blow before wielding the spreading-flower ax to strike at his opponent's face. This was a marvelous battle! Take a look!

*The golden-hooped compliant rod,
 The sharp spreading-flower ax.
 One clenched his teeth as he turned violent;
 One gritted them as he showed his strength.
 This one was the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, descending to Earth;
 That one was a mischievous fiend king coming to the world.
 The two of them belched out cloud and fog to darken Heaven;
 They kicked up rocks and sand to hide the dipper halls.*

*Back and forth they went through many styles;
Up and down they emitted golden lights.
Together they used their power,
Each testing his magic might.
This one wanted to take the lady to the capital;
That one enjoyed staying with the queen at the mount.
This whole battle truly had no other cause:
For a king each had life and death forgot!*

The two of them battled for fifty rounds, but no decision could be reached. When the fiend king saw how powerful Pilgrim was, he knew that he could not prevail against him. Using the ax to stop the iron rod, he said, "Pilgrim Sun, let's pause for a moment. I haven't had my breakfast today. Let me take my meal first, and then I'll come to fight to the finish with you." Pilgrim realized that he wanted to get the bells, but he put away his iron rod and said, "'A good hunter doesn't run down a tired hare!' Go! Go! Eat heartily, and return to receive your death!"

Turning around, the fiend dashed inside and said to the lady, "Take out the treasures quickly."

"What for?" she asked. "The person who was shouting to provoke battle this morning," replied the fiend king, "happened to be the disciple of a priest on his way to acquire scriptures. His name is Sun Wukong, the Pilgrim, and 'External Grandpa' is only a false name. I fought with him for a long time but I could not prevail against him. Let me take my treasures out there so I can start a fire to burn this ape."

The lady was quite dismayed by what she heard. She did not want to take out the bells, but she was afraid to offend him; if she took them out, however, she feared that Pilgrim might lose his life. As she hesitated, the fiend king again urged her, saying, "Take them out quickly!"

The lady had no alternative but to open the lock and hand the three bells over to the fiend king, who grabbed them and ran outside the cave. As tears poured down her face, the lady sat down in the palace, wondering whether Pilgrim could escape with his life.

Neither she nor the fiend king, you see, knew that these were specious bells.

As soon as he got outside, the fiend king stood at the upper hand spot of the wind. "Pilgrim Sun," he cried out, "don't run away! Watch me shake my bells a little!" With a laugh, Pilgrim replied, "If you have bells, you think I have none? If you can shake them, you think I can't shake them?"

"What sort of bells do you have?" said the fiend king. "Take them out for me to see." Pilgrim gave his iron rod a pinch to reduce it to the size of an embroidery needle, which he stored in his ear. Then he untied from his waist those three true treasures and said to the fiend king, "Aren't these my purple-gold bells?"

Greatly startled by what he saw, the fiend king said to himself, "Odd! Very odd! How could his bells be exactly like mine? Even if they were cast in the same mold, there ought to be some mark here or a blemish there. How could they be exactly alike?"

He therefore asked, "Where did your bells come from?"

"Worthy nephew," said Pilgrim, "where did yours come from?"

An honest person, the fiend king said right away, “My bells belonged originally to

*Lord Grand Purity, most steeped in the Way.
In eight-trigram stove gold with a long stay
Did forge these bells now called perfected gems
And left behind by Laozi till this day.”*

Laughing, Pilgrim said, “Well, the bells of old Monkey also come from that time.”

“Where did they come from?” asked the fiend king. Pilgrim said,

*In Tushita Hall the Dao Patriarch hale
Had his stove forged these gold bells without fail.
Two threes are six—cyclic treasures they are:
My bells are female whereas yours are male.*

“These bells,” said the fiend king, “are treasures forged in the same process as that of the golden elixir. They are not fowl or beasts.

How could you use sex to distinguish them? If you can shake something valuable out of them, then they are good treasures.”

“It’s useless to talk,” replied Pilgrim, “when only action’s the proof. I’ll let you shake them first.”

The fiend king indeed shook the first bell three times, but no fire came out; he shook the second bell three times, but no smoke came out; and he shook the third bell three times, but no sand came out. Terribly flustered, the fiend king said, “How strange! How strange! The ways of the world have changed! These must be hen-pecked bells! The male sees the female, and that’s why nothing comes out!”

“Stop shaking, worthy nephew!” said Pilgrim. “Let me shake mine for you to see.” Marvelous monkey! He grasped the three bells in his hand and shook them altogether. Just look at the red fire, green smoke, and yellow sand! They poured out together and began at once to engulf the mountain and trees. The Great Sage also recited a spell and, facing the ground toward the southwest, shouted, “Come, wind!” Indeed, a strong gust whipped up the fire, and the fire exploited the power of the wind.

*In flaming red
And massive black,
The sky was full of fire and smoke,
And the earth full of yellow sand.*

Scared out of his wits, that Jupiter’s Rival wanted to flee but could not find a way out. For in the midst of that kind of fire, how could he possibly escape with his life? Suddenly a loud voice came from midair:

“Sun Wukong, I’ve arrived!”

As he turned his head upward quickly, Pilgrim saw that it was the Bodhisattva Guanyin; her left hand was supporting the immaculate vase, while her right hand was sprinkling sweet dew with her willow twig to put out the fire. Pilgrim was so startled that he quickly tucked the bells in his waist, folded his hands before his chest, and bowed low. After the Bodhisattva had sprinkled a few drops of the sweet dew, the smoke and fire all vanished in an instant and there was not a trace of the yellow sand. Kowtowing, Pilgrim said, “I did not know the Great Compassion had descended to

Earth, and I have caused offense by not avoiding your sacred presence. May I ask where the Bodhisattva is going?"

"I have come," replied the Bodhisattva, "especially to bring this fiend to submission."

"What was this fiend's origin," said Pilgrim, "that it should necessitate your golden form revealing itself in order to bring him to submission?"

The Bodhisattva said, "He is actually the golden-haired wolf that I ride on. Because the lad who looks after him fell asleep, this cursed beast managed to bite through the iron chains and come here to dispel calamity for the king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom." On hearing this, Pilgrim quickly bowed and said, "The Bodhisattva is twisting the truth! The fiend has mocked the ruler and cheated him of his queen here; he has corrupted the customs and violated the mores. He has, in fact, brought calamity to the ruler. How could you say that he has helped the king to dispel calamity?"

The Bodhisattva replied, "You have no idea that when the deceased king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom was still on the throne, the present king, then the crown-prince, was exceedingly fond of hunting when he was still young. Leading men and horses, mounting hawks and hounds, he once came before the Phoenix-Down Slope, where two young birds, one male and another female, were perching. These happened to be the offsprings of the Bodhisattva Great King Peacock.

When the young prince stretched his bow, he wounded the male peacock, and the female one too, returned to the West with an arrow stuck in her body. After the Buddha Mother had pardoned him, she decreed that he should be punished by being separated from his mate for three years and that his body should be inflicted with the illness of yearning. At the time, I was riding this wolf when I heard the sentence pronounced. Little did I realize that this cursed beast would remember it and come here to abduct the queen and dispel calamity for the king. It has been three years now, and his preordained chastisement has been fulfilled. You are to be thanked for arriving to heal the king, and I've come especially to bring the fiend to submission."

"Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, "the story may go like this, but he has also defiled the queen, corrupted the customs, upset the relations, and perverted the law. He is worthy of death. Now that you have arrived in person, I shall spare his life but not his living punishment.

Let me give him twenty strokes of my rod, and then you may take him away."

"Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "if you appreciate my epiphany, then you must, for my sake, grant him a plenary pardon. This will be considered entirely your merit, that of bringing the fiend to submission. If you raise your rod, he will be dead!"

As he dared not disobey, Pilgrim had no choice but to bow and say, "After the Bodhisattva has taken him back to South Sea, he must not be permitted to return in secret to the human world again, for he can cause a lot of harm." Only then did the Bodhisattva cry out, "Cursed beast! If you don't return to your origin now, when will you do so?" Rolling once on the ground, the fiend immediately appeared in his original form. As he shook out his furry coat, the Bodhisattva mounted his back, only to discover with one look that the three bells beneath his collar were nowhere to be seen. "Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "return my bells."

"Old Monkey doesn't know anything about bells!" replied Pilgrim.

“You thievish ape!” snapped the Bodhisattva. “If you hadn’t succeeded in stealing the bells, even ten of you would not be able to approach him. Bring them out quickly!”

“But really, I haven’t seen them!” chuckled Pilgrim. “In that case,” said the Bodhisattva, “allow me to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell a little.”

At once alarmed, Pilgrim could only mutter, “Don’t recite! Don’t recite! The bells are here!”

Thus it is that

*From the wolf’s collar who’ll untie the bells?
The one untying asks the one who ties.*

After the Bodhisattva had slipped the bells back onto the collar of the wolf, she mounted his back again. Look at him!

*Beneath his four legs lotus blossoms grow;
O’er all his body thick golden threads glow.*

The Great Compassion went back to South Sea, where we shall leave her.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage Sun, who, having tightened his kilt, wielded the iron rod to fight his way into the Cave of the Mythic Beast and slew all the rest of the fiends. Then he went into the palace to beckon the Lady Golden Sage Palace to return to her country. The lady could not have been more grateful after Pilgrim gave her a thorough account of how the Bodhisattva had brought the fiend to submission and why she had to be separated from her mate. Then Pilgrim found some grass that he tied together to make a straw dragon. “Madam,” he said, “climb on this and close your eyes. Don’t be afraid. I’m taking you back to court to see your lord.”

The lady followed his instruction as Pilgrim began to exercise his magic power: all she heard was the sound of the wind.

In the period of half an hour they arrived at the capital. As they dropped from the clouds, he said, “Madam, please open your eyes.”

The queen opened her eyes and at once those dragon towers and phoenix bowers, which she readily recognized, gave her immense delight. She abandoned the straw dragon to ascend the treasure hall with Pilgrim. When the king saw her, he hurried down from the dragon couch. Taking the hand of the lady, he wanted to tell her how much he missed her when all of a sudden, he fell to the ground crying, “Oh my hand! It hurts! It hurts!”

Eight Rules broke out in loud guffaws, saying, “O dear! You just don’t have the luck to enjoy her. The moment you see her you are smitten to death!”

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim, “you dare give her a tug?”

“What’ll happen if I do?” asked Eight Rules.

Pilgrim said, “The lady’s body is covered with poisonous prickles, and her hands are full of vicious stings. Since she reached the Unicorn Mountain these three years, that fiend Jupiter’s Rival has never claimed her body. For the moment he touched her, his body or his hands would be pained.” On hearing this, the various officials exclaimed, “What shall we do?” So the officials outside the court became vexed, and the ladies of the palace, too, were alarmed. Meanwhile, Jade Sage and Silver Sage, the two other consorts, helped the ruler to his feet.

As they stood there in confusion, they heard someone calling out in midair, “Great Sage, I’ve arrived!” Pilgrim raised his head to look, and he heard

*Majestic crane cries in the sky,
As someone drifted down to court.
Auspicious radiance encircling;
Creative auras tremulous.
A coir and grass coat wrapped in cloud and mist,
He trod straw sandals rarely seen.
He held a fly-swat of rushes;
A silk sash wound around his waist.
Throughout the world he had formed human ties;
Footloose, he roamed all the great earth.
This was the Great Heaven’s Immortal Purple Cloud,
Bringing salvation this day to earth.*

Going forward to meet him, Pilgrim said, “Zhang Ziyang, where are you going?”

The Realized Immortal Ziyang went before the court and bowed, saying, “Great Sage, this humble immortal Zhang Boduan raises my hand to salute you.” Returning his bow, Pilgrim said, “Where have you come from?”

The realized immortal said, “Three years ago, I was on my way to a Buddha festival when I passed through this region. When I saw that the king was destined to be separated from his mate, I feared that the fiend might defile the queen and upset the human relations, so that afterwards it would be difficult for the king and queen to be reunited.

I therefore changed an old coir coat of mine into a new shining robe, radiant in five colors, to present to the fiend king as an addition to the queen’s wardrobe. The moment when she put it on, poisonous prickles sprouted on her body, but actually those prickles were the transformation of the coir coat. Now that I have learned of the Great Sage’s success, I have come to bring deliverance.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “we are indebted to you for coming from such a great distance. Please deliver her, quickly.”

The realized immortal walked forward and pointed at the lady with his finger; immediately, the coir coat came off and the lady’s entire body was smooth as before. Shaking out the coat, the realized immortal draped it over himself and said to Pilgrim, “I beg your pardon, Great Sage, for this humble immortal must take leave of you.”

“Please wait for a moment,” replied Pilgrim, “and allow the ruler to thank you.”

“No need, no need,” said the immortal, laughing. He gave a long bow and rose into the air. The king, the queen, and all the officials were so astonished that they all bowed toward the sky.

Thereafter, the king gave the order for the Eastern Hall to be opened in order that the four priests might be thanked with a huge banquet. After the king led his subjects to kowtow to the pilgrims, he was reunited with his wife. As they drank merrily, Pilgrim said, “Master, take out that declaration of war.”

The elder took it out from his sleeve to hand over to Pilgrim, who passed it to the king and said, “This document was to be sent here by a junior officer of the fiend.

The officer had been beaten to death by me at first, and I took him here to announce my merit. When I went back to the mountain afterwards, I changed into the form of the officer to get inside the cave. That was how I got to see the lady. After I succeeded in stealing the golden bells, I was almost caught by the fiend. Then I had to undergo transformation to steal the bells again. When he fought with me, it was my fortune that the Bodhisattva Guanyin arrived and brought him to submission. She also told me of the reason why you and your queen had to be separated.”

After he gave a thorough account of what had taken place, the king and all his subjects were full of gratitude and praise.

“It was the great good fortune of a worthy ruler in the first place,” said the Tang Monk, “and it was also the merit of our humble disciple. This lavish banquet you have given us is perfection indeed! We must bow to take leave of you now. Do not delay this humble cleric’s journey to the West.”

Having failed to persuade the priests to stay longer even with earnest pleading, the king had the rescript certified. Then he asked the Tang Monk to take a seat in the imperial chariot, while he and his consorts pushed it with their own hands to send the pilgrim out of the capital before they parted. Truly,

*With affinity, your anxious ailment’s purged;
Without thought or desire your mind’s at peace.*

As they go forth, we do not know what sort of good or evil will befall them; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-TWO

*At Cobweb Cave Seven Passions delude the Origin
At Purgation Spring Eight Rules forgets all manners*

We were telling you about Tripitaka, who took leave of the king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom and proceeded westward on his horse.

He passed over numerous mountains and forded countless waterways. Soon, autumn departed and even winter faded, and it was again the bright, attractive season of spring. As master and disciples stepped on the green and enjoyed the scenery, they came upon some houses shaded by trees. Rolling over on his saddle, Tripitaka dismounted and stood by the main road. "Master," asked Pilgrim, "why are you not moving on when this road is so level and smooth?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you are quite insensitive! Master must be rather tired of sitting on the horse. You can let him get down to catch his breath a little."

"I'm not trying to catch my breath," said Tripitaka, "but I see that there's a household over there. I would like to go and beg some maigre for us to eat."

"Look at the way Master speaks!" said Pilgrim, smiling. "If you want to eat, I'll go and do the begging. As the proverb says, 'Once a teacher, always a father.' How could the disciples remain seated while the master goes to beg for food?"

"It's not like that," replied Tripitaka. "Usually we look out into the endless horizon, and regardless of how far you have to travel, you go to beg for food. Today, there's a household nearby, close enough for me to call you if I need help. You should therefore let me go and do the begging."

"But Master," said Eight Rules, "you're not thinking properly. As the proverb says, 'When three persons go out, the youngest child suffers.' You belong to the paternal generation, and all of us are your disciples. As an ancient text says, 'When there's any hard work to be undertaken, the young must do it.'

Let old Hog go."

"O disciples," said Tripitaka, "today the weather's fair and bright, unlike the times of wind and rain. In those days, you will, of course, do it, even if you have to cover great distances. Let me go now to this household; when I find out whether there's food or not, we'll leave."

"Elder Brothers," said Sha Monk, smiling on one side, "no need to talk further. Master's temperament is like that, and you need not contradict him. If you offend him, he won't eat the food even if you succeed in begging it."

Eight Rules agreed and took out the almsbowl for him. After Tripitaka changed his hat and cloak, he strode up to the village to look around. It was quite a nice dwelling.

You see

*A stone bridge arching up;
Aged trees thick and neat.
Where the stone bridge arches up,*

*Gurgling water flows to meet a long brook;
 Where aged trees are thick and neat,
 The songs of hidden birds reach distant hills.
 On the bridge's other side are a few thatched huts,
 Quaint and elegant like an immortal shrine;
 There's also a window overlaid with reeds
 That make it seem clearly a Daoist home.
 Before the window four lovelies appear,
 All stitching phoenixes and doing needlework.*

When the elder saw that there was no man but only four young women in the house, he dared not enter. He stood still beneath the trees and found that each one of them seemed to have

*An orchid nature fine like spring,
 A womanly mind firm as stone.
 Pink hues adorned her lovely face;
 Her rouged lips were most smoothly done.
 Her moth brows were slanted crescents;
 Her hair piled up a cobweb bun.
 If she stood among the flowers,
 The bees would mistake her for one.*

He waited there for at least half an hour, but the whole place was quiet, without even a sound from chickens or dogs. He thought to himself, "If I truly don't have the ability to beg a meal, I'll make my disciples laugh at me. They'll dare say, if the master could not even succeed in begging food, how could the disciples go and worship Buddha?"

The elder could not think of a better alternative; though he knew perhaps he should not proceed, he nonetheless walked up the bridge. After he had taken several steps, he could see that there was within the courtyard of the thatched hut a small pavilion made of sandalwood. Inside the pavilion, there were three other young women kicking a ball filled with air.

Look at these three girls, who were quite different from the other four. You see

*Halcyon blue sleeves fluttering;
 Light yellow skirts swaying.
 Halcyon blue sleeves fluttering
 Enshroud dainty, jade-white fingers.
 Light yellow skirts swaying
 Half reveal shoes slender and shapely.
 Their postures and styles are perfection all;
 Moving or still, their heels take many forms.
 To pass overhead they must gauge the height;
 The long pass must be accurate and true.
 A turning kick is "Flower Beyond the Wall";
 Backing up becomes "Traversing the Sea."
 Trapping gently a lump of dirt;
 Charging alone to tackle legs.
 When "A Pearl Ascends Buddha's Head,"
 They seize and separate with the toe.*

*They can pick up a slender brick;
 They kick, bending back, their feet arched.
 They squat with a straight torso;
 They twist and kick with their heels.
 Knees bent they can call for a pass,
 Their shoulders swing like donning capes.
 Through the legs the ball freely goes
 Or it loops and swings round the neck.
 They kick like the Yellow River flowing upstream,
 Or like gold fishes beached on the sand.
 That one by mistake thinks it is the head;
 This one whirling bumps at once the waist.
 Firmly the ball's held by the calf;
 Squarely they slam with their toes.
 Heels lifted, straw sandals fall;
 Scissor kicks send backward the prize.
 Step back for the shoulder-pass style;
 The hairpin only once goes awry .
 As the hamperlike net hangs low,
 They will then kick toward the gate.
 When the ball hits squarely the goal,
 All the fair ladies shout, "Bravo!"
 So, each one's silk gowns is sweat-soaked and her makeup's messy;
 Only when zeal's all spent will they cry enough.*

We cannot end the description; therefore we offer also another testimonial poem. The poem says:

*Third month's the time they kick ball in a field,
 These fair ones blown down by immortal wind.
 Their faces perspire like flowers bedewed;
 Their dusty moth brows are willows in mist.
 Shrouding their fingers, the blue sleeves hang low;
 Light yellow skirts awhirl, they show their feet.
 They finish their kicking all faint and fair
 With jewels askew and disheveled hair.*

Tripitaka watched them until he could no longer tarry. He had to walk up to the arch of the bridge and call out in a loud voice, "Lady Bodhisattvas, this humble cleric has come here to beg for whatever amount of food you care to give me." When they heard his voice, all the girls abandoned their needlework and their ball. Smiling broadly, they came out of the door to say, "Elder, pardon us for not coming to meet you first when you arrived at our rustic village. Since we dare not feed a priest by the wayside, please take a seat inside." On hearing this, Tripitaka thought to himself, "My goodness! My goodness! The West is truly the land of the Buddha. If women are concerned to feed the priests, how could men not revere the Buddha?"

The elder walked forward and bowed before he followed the girls into the thatched hut. After they passed the pavilion made of sandalwood, he looked around. Ah! There were actually neither rooms nor corridors, only

Towering summits,

*Extensive ranges.
 Towering summits that touch the cloud and mist;
 Extensive ranges that reach sea and isle.
 The door's near a stone bridge,
 Borne by flowing water of nine twists and turns;
 The yard's planted with plums and peaches,
 Vying for splendor with a thousand stalks and fruits.
 Vines and creepers dangle from several trees;
 Orchid spreads its scent through ten thousand flowers.
 From afar the cave seems better than Isle Peng;
 Up close the mountain and woods surpass Mount Hua's.
 It's the bogus immortals' reclusive place;
 No other household takes its neighboring space.*

One of the girls walked forward, pushed open two stone doors, and asked the Tang Monk to take a seat inside. The elder had little alternative but to walk inside, where he discovered no other furniture but stone tables and benches. It was dark, and the air seemed to have turned very chilly all of a sudden. Becoming alarmed, the elder thought to himself, "This place betokens more evil than good. It's not a nice place at all." Still all smiles, the girls said, "Please be seated, elder."

The elder had no choice but to sit down, and after awhile, he was so cold that he began to shiver. "From which monastery did you come, elder?" asked one of the girls. "What sort of alms are you seeking? To repair bridges and roads, to build a monastery or a pagoda, or to fund a festival and print scriptures? Please take out your alms book for us to see."

"I'm not a priest begging for alms," replied the elder. "If you are not," said the girl, "why have you come here?"

The elder said, "I'm someone sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Great Thunderclap in the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Passing through your honored region, I became hungry, and that was the reason for my approaching your lovely mansion. After I have begged a meal from you, I shall leave."

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" said the girls. "As the proverb says, 'Monks coming from afar can read sūtras better.' Sisters, we must not slight our guest. Let us prepare a vegetarian meal quickly."

At that time, three of the girls kept the elder company by speaking with him, rather animatedly, on the subject of karma. Four of the girls, however, rolled up their sleeves and dashed into the kitchen, where they added fire and scrubbed the pans. What did they prepare, you ask? Human flesh sauteed and fried in human lard until black enough that it could pass for pieces of fried wheat gluten. They also pan-fried some freshly gouged human brains, which they then cut up to look like pieces of bean curd. Two dishes of these they took out to set on the stone table and said to the elder, "Please eat. In such a hurry, we haven't been able to prepare a good vegetarian meal for you. But do eat some food to relieve your hunger; there's more of it in the back."

Taking a whiff of the dishes, the elder clamped his mouth shut when he found the food to be so stinky and putrid. He rose and bowed with hands folded, saying, "Lady Bodhisattvas, this humble cleric has kept a vegetarian diet since his birth."

"Elder," replied one of the girls, laughing, "these *are* vegetarian dishes."

“Amitābha!” cried the elder. “If I, a priest, partake of such vegetarian dishes, I won’t ever get to see the World-Honored One or acquire the scriptures.”

“Elder,” said the girl, “you are someone who has left the home. You should never be choosy with your patrons!”

“Would I dare? Would I dare?” said the elder. “Since this priest received the decree of the Great Tang to go West, he has not destroyed even the tiniest creature and he has tried to relieve suffering wherever he sees it.

*I feed myself, picking up grain by grain;
I clothe myself, knitting threads one by one.*

How could I dare be choosy with my patrons?”

“Though you may not be choosy with your patrons, elder,” said another girl, laughing, “you are not afraid to put the blame on people after walking in the door. Don’t despise the coarse and the unseasoned. Eat a little, please!”

“Indeed, I dare not,” replied the elder, “for I fear I may break the commandment. To nourish a life is not as good as delivering a life, lady Bodhisattvas. Please let me go.”

The elder tried to struggle out of the door, but the girls barred the way, refusing, of course, to let him go. “A business right at our door,” they cried, “and you expect us not to do it? ‘You want to cover up a fart with your hand?’ Where do you think you are going?”

All of them, you see, knew a little martial art, and they were also quite dexterous with their hands and feet. Grabbing the elder, they yanked him forward like a sheep and flung him to the ground. He was pinned down by all of them, trussed up with ropes, and pulled over a crossbeam to be hung up high. The way in which he was hung, in fact, had a name to it: it was called “Immortal Pointing the Way.” One of his arms, you see, was stretched forward and suspended by a rope; the other arm was tied up alongside the body, and the rope was then used to hang up the midsection. His two legs were bound together and hung up by a third rope. The elder thus dangled facedown from the crossbeam, held by three ropes. Racked by pain, his eyes brimming with tears, the elder thought morosely to himself, “How bitter is the fate of this priest! I thought that I could beg a meal from a good family, but I landed in a fiery pit instead! O disciples, come quickly to save me, and we’ll be able still to see each other again. Two more hours and my life will be finished!”

Though the elder was sorely distressed, he nonetheless was also observing the girls carefully. After they had tied and hung him up properly, they began to take off their clothes. Greatly alarmed, the elder thought to himself, “They are disrobing because they want to beat me, or they may want to devour me.”

But the girls were only taking off their upper garments. After they had their bellies exposed, they began to exercise their magic power. Out from their navels poured coils of thread, with the thickness of a duck egg; like bursting jade and flying silver, the threads had the entire village gate covered up in a moment.

We tell you now instead about Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk, all waiting by the wayside. Two of them were watching the luggage and grazing the horse, but Pilgrim, always the mischievous one, was leaping from branch to branch as he picked the leaves and searched for fruits. He chanced to turn his head toward the direction his master had gone and saw all at once a mass of light. So alarmed was he that he leaped down from the tree, shouting, “It’s bad! It’s bad! Master’s luck is turning rotten!”

Then he pointed with his fingers and said to his companions, "Look what happened to that village!"

Eight Rules and Sha Monk stared at the place and saw the mass of light bright as snow and shiny as silver. "Finished! Finished!" cried Eight Rules. "Master must have run into monsterspirits! Let's go rescue him, quickly!"

"Don't shout, Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "for you haven't seen the truth of the matter. Let old Monkey go up there."

"Be careful, Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, and Pilgrim replied, "I know what to do."

Dear Great Sage! Tightening up his tiger-skin skirt and whipping out his golden-hooped rod, he bounded up there in two or three leaps. There he discovered a dense mass of cords that had to be a thousand layers thick, weaving up and down in a weblike pattern. He touched the cords with his hand, and they felt soft and sticky. Not knowing quite what it was, Pilgrim lifted his iron rod and said to himself, "One blow of my rod can surely snap ten thousand layers of this thing, let alone a thousand layers!"

He was about to strike when he stopped and thought to himself some more:

"I can snap something hard, but this is quite soft. All I can do probably is to flatten it a little. But if I disturb whatever it is, it may have Old Monkey all tangled up, and that won't be good. Let me ask a few questions first before I strike." Whom would he question, you ask? He made the magic sign, you see, and recited a spell, which had the immediate effect of causing an old local spirit to walk round and round in his shrine as if he were turning a millstone. His wife said to him, "Oldie, why are you spinning round and round? Is your epilepsy acting up?"

"You wouldn't know about this! You wouldn't know about this!" cried the local spirit. "There's here a Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. I haven't gone to meet him, and now he's summoning me."

"Go and see him then," said his wife. "What are you spinning around here for?"

"If I go see him," replied the local spirit, "I'll have to see his heavy rod also. Without regard for good or ill, he'll strike at me."

His wife said, "When he sees how old you are, he won't strike you."

The local spirit said, "All his life,

He loves to drink wine free

And beat old folks specially!"

The two of them thus chatted for a while, but he could find no other alternative than to walk out of the shrine. Trembling all over, he went to his knees by the road and called out, "Great Sage, the local spirit of this region kowtows to you."

"Get up," said Pilgrim, "and don't look so harried without a reason. I'm not going to beat you, I'll just leave it standing on your account. Let me ask you, what is this place?"

"Where did the Great Sage come from?" asked the local spirit. "We were going to the West from the Land of the East," replied Pilgrim.

The local spirit said, "Did the Great Sage pass through a mountain ridge?"

“We are still up there,” said Pilgrim. “Can’t you see our horse and luggage over there?”

“That,” said the local spirit, “is the Cobweb Ridge, beneath which is a Cobweb Cave. There are seven monster-spirits inside the cave.”

“Are they male or female fiends?” asked Pilgrim, and the local spirit said, “Female.”

“What sort of magic powers do they possess?” asked Pilgrim again.

The local spirit said, “This humble deity has little strength or authority, and he can’t determine what sort of abilities they may have. I only know that three miles due south of here, there’s a Purgation Spring, which is a natural hot spring. Originally, it was the bathing place for the Seven Immortal Dames of the Region Above. Since the monster-spirits arrived, they took over the Purgation Spring, and the Immortal Dames did not even bother to contend with them. They simply let the monster-spirits have the place. If, then, even

*Heaven’s gods did not pick with these fiends a fight,
Such spirits had to have great magic might.”*

“Why did the monster-spirits want the spring?” asked Pilgrim. The local spirit said, “After these fiends took it over, they bathed in it three times a day. They did once already today during the Hour of the Serpent, and they would come back again by noon.” On hearing this, Pilgrim said, “Local spirit, you may go back. Let me catch them by myself.”

After kowtowing one more time, the local spirit, still trembling, went back to his own shrine.

Our Great Sage all alone now exercised his magic power; with a shake of his body he changed into a tiny fly, alighted on a blade of grass by the road, and waited. In a moment, all he heard was loud breathing noises,

*Like silkworms devouring leaves,
Like tide rising from the sea.*

In approximately the time it took to drink half a glass of tea, all the threads disappeared and the village came into sight once more as before. Then he heard the wooden gates open with a creak, and loud, laughing chatter brought out seven young women. As Pilgrim stared at them secretly, he saw that all of them walked side by side and hand in hand. Laughing and joking, they proceeded to cross the bridge. Some beauties indeed! They appeared to be

*Jadelike but far more fragrant;
Flowerlike but their words were real.
Willow brows arched like distant hills;
Scented mouths framed by cherry lips.
Kingfisher plumes rose on hair pins;
Small feet gleamed beneath crimson skirts.
They seemed like Chang’e coasting to the world below,
And immortals going down to earth.*

“No wonder my master wanted to beg a meal at this place!” chuckled Pilgrim to himself. “So there are such lovely creatures around here. If my master is kept by these seven beauties, he won’t even make one meal for them, nor will he be able to last for

two days if they use him. If they take turns to handle him, he'll die on the spot. Let me eavesdrop on them and see what they plan to do."

Dear Great Sage! With a buzz, he flew off and alighted on one of the hair buns. After they crossed the bridge, one of the girls walking behind called out to those up front, "Elder Sisters, after we take our bath, let's go back and have that fat monk steamed for food."

"This fiendish creature," chuckled Pilgrim to himself, "is so headless! Boiling will save them some firewood. Why does she want him steamed?" Picking flowers and fencing with blades of grass as they headed south, those girls soon arrived at the bathing pool, which was enclosed by a magnificent wall.

*Wildflowers lushly fragrant covered the ground;
On all sides were orchids both fresh and dense.*

The girl in the back walked forward and pushed open two doors with a loud crack; inside there was indeed a large pool of hot water.

*At the time of creation,
The original number of suns was set at ten.
Later, Hou Yi, the archer, stretched his bow
And shot down nine of these suns,
Leaving only one sun behind,
The true fire of supreme yang.
There are nine hot springs in the world,
All transformations of the former suns.
These magic springs of yang are:
Fragrant- Cold Spring,
Mountain- Mate Spring,
Hot Spring,
Eastern- Fusion Spring,
Mountain- Flooding Spring,
Filial- Peace Spring,
Wide- Whirling Spring,
And Torrid Spring.
This is the Purgation Spring.*

We have also a testimonial poem, which says:

*One climate without heat or cold,
E'en in autumn it's ever spring.
Hot ripples like a boiling cauldron's;
Snowy waves like newly made soup.
Spilling out it warms the crops;
Its still body washes our dust.
Its bubbles seem like swelling tears;
It churns like jade liquified.
Such moisture was never brewed;
Self-heated, it's clear and smooth.
A good sign of auspicious land,
Truly it's Heaven's creation,
Where beauties wash their smooth and ice-white skins:*

All dirt removed, their jadelike frames renewed.

This bathing pool was about fifty feet wide and over one hundred feet long. Inside, it was about four feet deep, the water being so clear that one could see to the bottom. A jet of water, like rolling pearls and swelling jade, continued to bubble up from the base, and there were on all four sides some six or seven outlets for the water to drain. By the time it reached some rice paddies two or three miles away, the water would still be warm. Adjacent to the pool were three small pavilions; behind the middle one was placed an eightlegged bench, on both ends of which there were also color lacquered garment racks. Secretly delighted by what he saw, Pilgrim spread his wings and landed with a buzz on one of those racks.

Seeing how warm and clear the water was, the girls immediately wanted to bathe in it. They took off their clothes, put them on the racks, and leaped into the pool together. Pilgrim saw them

*Undoing their buttons and clasps,
Untying their sashes of silk.
Their bosoms were white like silver;
Their bodies all resembled snow.
Their limbs appeared gilded in ice;
Their shoulders seemed kneaded with dough.
Their bellies looked soft and yielding;
Their backs were both shiny and smooth.
Their knees and wrists were round and small;
Their feet, no wider than three inches.
Desire ringed their midsections,
Showing their apertures of love.*

After jumping into the pool, the girls began to leap and bounce on the water as they swam and frolicked. "If I want to hit them," thought Pilgrim to himself, "all I have to do is to stick my rod in the pool and give it a stir. That's called:

*Pouring hot water on the rats,
You wipe out the entire nest.*

Pity! Pity! I can kill them all right, but old Monkey's fame will diminish somewhat. As the proverb says, 'A man does not fight with a woman.' A fellow like me would look rather feckless if I beat to death a few of these scullions. No, I won't strike at them. I'll devise a plan that'll make them unable to move. That ought to do some good."

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign and reciting a spell, he changed with one shake of his body into an old, hungry hawk. You see

*Feathers like snow and frost,
And eyes bright as the stars.
Seeing him, the fiendish fox loses its wits;
Meeting him, the wily hare's terrified.
Steel-like claws gleaming and quick
Make his looks fierce and heroic.
He uses his old fists to serve his mouth,
Ready to chase himself all things that fly.
He soars through vast stretches of frigid air,*

Boring clouds, grasping things, without a care.

With a flap of his wings, the hawk flew up to the pavilion, stretched out his sharp claws, and picked the racks clean of the seven suits of clothing left draping there before darting back to the ridge, where he changed into his original form to meet Eight Rules and Sha Monk.

Look at our Idiot now! He met Pilgrim and said, laughing, “So Master has been imprisoned in a pawn shop!”

“How do you know?” asked Sha Monk. “Don’t you see,” said Eight Rules, “that Elder Brother has robbed it of all its clothing?” Putting them down, Pilgrim said, “These are things worn by monster-spirits.”

“How could there be so many?” asked Eight Rules.

Pilgrim said, “There are seven suits altogether.”

“How could you strip them so easily,” asked Eight Rules, “and so well?”

“I didn’t need to,” replied Pilgrim. “This place, you see, is called the Cobweb Ridge, and that village actually bears the name of Cobweb Cave.

Inside the cave are seven girls who, having captured our master and hung him up, went to take a bath in the Purgation Spring. That spring is actually a hot spring formed by Heaven and Earth. After they took their baths, the monster-spirits were planning to steam Master for food. I followed them there, and when I saw them disrobing and getting into the water, I wanted to strike at them. But I feared that I might soil my rod and lower my reputation, and that was why I didn’t move my rod. Instead, I changed into a hungry, old hawk and grabbed all of their clothing. Too embarrassed to leave the pool, they just squatted in the water. Let us go quickly to untie Master and we can be on our way.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules with a chuckle, “whenever you do anything, you always leave something behind. If you have seen monster-spirits, how could you not kill them and want instead to go untie Master? Though they are too embarrassed to leave the pool now, they’ll come out once it is night. They must have some old clothes at home, which they can put on and then chase us down. Even if they don’t chase us, they can remain here, and after we have acquired the scriptures, we will have to take this road back. As the proverb says,

Rather give up your travel expenses;

Never lack what your fist dispenses.

If they bar our way and give us trouble by the time we return from the West, we will meet up with enemies, won’t we?”

“What do you want to do then?” asked Pilgrim. “As I see it,” said Eight Rules, “we must first slay the monster-spirits before we go untie Master. This is the plan of ‘Mowing the Grass by Rooting It Out.’” “I don’t want to strike at them,” said Pilgrim. “If you do, you go ahead.”

Elated with delight, Eight Rules held high his muckrake and ran up to the pool with big strides. After he pushed open the doors to look, he found those seven girls all squatting in the water and casting abusive profanities at the hawk, shouting, “That flattened-hair beast! That wretched outcast! May a big cat gnaw on his head! He seized our clothes! How could we move?”

“Lady Bodhisattvas,” said Eight Rules, hardly able to contain his giggles, “so you are taking a bath here. How about asking a priest like me to join you?” When they saw him, the fiends became angry. “You are a very rude priest!” they cried. “We are women in a home, and you are a man who has left the home. The ancient book said, ‘By the seventh year, a man and a woman are not to sit on the same mat.’”

How could you bathe in the same pool with us?”

“It’s so hot now,” said Eight Rules, “that there’s no alternative. Don’t be so fussy and let me wash with you. Stop throwing the book at me! What’s all this about sitting and not sitting on the same mat!” Refusing to permit any further discussion, our Idiot abandoned his rake, took off his black silk shirt, and leaped into the water with a splash. More incensed than ever, the fiends rushed forward and wanted to hit him. Little did they know that Eight Rules could be extremely agile once he landed in water. With a shake of his body he changed at once into a sheat fish spirit. All the fiends reached for him with their hands and tried to catch the fish; but as they dove toward him in the east, he darted to the west with a swoosh, and when they plunged their hands down in the west, he spurted to the east once more. All slimy and slippery, he darted madly between their legs. The water, you see, was about chest deep; after Eight Rules swam around on top of the water for awhile, he dove straight for the bottom, so tiring the fiends that they all collapsed, panting, in the pool.

Only then did Eight Rules leap out of the pool, change back into his original form, put on his shirt, and take up his muckrake once more. “Who do you think I am?” he bellowed. “Just a sheat fish spirit?” When they saw him, the fiends were terrified. “You are the priest who came in just now,” said one of them. “You changed into a sheat fish when you leaped into the water, and we couldn’t catch hold of you. Now you look like this again. Where, in fact, did you come from? You must give us your name.”

“So, you bunch of lawless fiends really don’t recognize me!” said Eight Rules. “I’m the disciple of the Tang elder, someone from the Great Tang in the Land of the East who is on his way to acquire scriptures. I am Zhu Wun-eng, Eight Rules, the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. You have my master hung up in a cave, and you are planning to have him steamed for food. My master! Steamed for food? Stretch out your heads at once, and receive a blow, each of you. I want to finish you off!” When they heard these words, the fiends were frightened out of their wits. Going to their knees in the water, they cried, “We beg the Venerable Father to forgive us. We have eyes but no pupils and we caught your master by mistake. Though he is hanging there now, he has not been tortured. Please spare our lives in your mercy. We are willing to give you some travel money instead to send your master to the Western Heaven.” Waving his hand, Eight Rules replied, “Don’t talk like that! The proverb has put the matter very well:

*Once the candy salesman did me deceive,
I could never the sweet talker believe.*

No matter what, I’m going to give you a blow of my rake. Then each of us can be on our way!”

As he had always been rather crude and rough, more intent on displaying his power than on showing pity and tenderness to women, our Idiot lifted up his rake and, without further regard for good or ill, rushed forward to attack them. Terribly flustered, the fiends were no longer concerned with embarrassment than with the far more important matter of preserving their lives. Shielding their private parts with their hands, they leaped out of the water and stood by the pavilions to exercise their magic. All at

once the threads began to pour out of their navels, and in no time at all, Eight Rules was enclosed inside what appeared to be a huge silk tent. Discovering, when he raised his head, that the sky and the sun had suddenly disappeared, our Idiot wanted to run away, but alas, he could hardly even take a step! All over the ground ropes and cords were strewn to trip him up. The moment he moved his legs, he began to stumble: he headed to the left and his face hugged the ground; he went to the right and he fell head over heels; he turned around and his snout kissed the earth; he scrambled up only to do a handstand. He tumbled over countless times until his body turned numb and his legs flaccid, until his head swam and his eyes could not see straight. Unable even to crawl, all he could do was lie on the ground and moan. After the fiends had him trapped like that, they did not beat him or harm him in any way. Leaping out of the door of the pool, they ran back to the cave instead, using the cobweb as a shelter.

Having passed the stone bridge, they stood still and recited the magic spell again to retrieve the web. Then they darted into the caves, all naked, and ran past the Tang Monk, giggling and still covering their private parts with their hands. After they took out some old clothes to put on from one of the stone chambers, they went to the rear door and cried, "Children, where are you?"

Each of the monster-spirits, you see, had an adopted son, their names being Bee, Hornet, Cockroach, Cantharis, Grasshopper, Maggot, and Dragonfly. Those monster-spirits, you see, once set up a huge web to have these seven insects captured and were about to devour them.

But as the ancients said, "Fowl have fowl talk, and beasts have beast language."

The insects pleaded for their lives, declaring their willingness to honor their captors as mothers. From that time since,

*They picked a hundred spring flowers to serve the fiends;
They searched out summer plants to feed monster-spirits.*

When the insects now heard the summons, they immediately gathered before the monster-spirits to say, "Mothers, why did you send for us?"

"Sons," replied the fiends, "earlier this morning we provoked by mistake a priest who came from the Tang court. His disciple just now had us trapped in the pool; not only were we put to dreadful shame, but we almost lost our lives also. You must exert your strength and go out to make him turn back. If you prevail, you may then go to your uncle's house to meet us."

And so, having escaped with their lives, the fiends went to their elder brother's house, where their damnable mouths would stir up greater calamity, and where we shall leave them for the moment. Look at those insects! Rubbing their hands and fists eagerly, they all went forth to battle their enemy.

We tell you now about that Eight Rules, who grew faint and dizzy from all those falls. After awhile, however, he managed to raise his head a little and found that all the cords and threads had disappeared. He scrambled up rather cautiously; taking a step at a time and nursing his pain, he found his way back. When he saw Pilgrim, he tugged at him and said, "Elder Brother, is my face swollen and bruised?"

"What happened to you?" asked Pilgrim.

Eight Rules replied, "I was completely covered up by cords and threads that those fiends let out. They even had tripping tethers set up on the ground. I don't know how many times I fell, but my torso went limp and my back was about to break, unable

to move even a single step. I got my life back and returned here only because the ropes and cords disappeared after awhile.” When he heard that, Sha Monk cried, “Finished! Finished! You have caused a disaster! Those fiends must have gone to the cave to harm Master. Let’s go quickly to rescue him!” On hearing this, Pilgrim began to run toward the village, followed by Eight Rules pulling the horse. When they arrived at the stone bridge, their way was barred by seven little fiends, who cried, “Slow down! Slow down! We are here!”

Taking a look at them, Pilgrim said to himself, “How laughable! They’re all so tiny! Even the tallest is no more than two and a half feet, and the heaviest can’t be more than ten pounds.”

He then bellowed at them, “Who are you?”

The fiends replied, “We are the sons of the seven immortal dames.

You have insulted our mothers, and now you dare even fight up to our door. Don’t run away! Look out for yourself!”

Dear fiendish creatures! They rushed forward and mounted a wild attack. Our Eight Rules was already sorely annoyed by his falls; when he saw how tiny those insects were, he grew vicious and began to strike out with his rake.

When those fiends saw how savage Eight Rules was, each of them changed back into his original form and flew up into the air, crying, “Change!” Instantly, one changed into ten, ten into a hundred, a hundred into a thousand, and a thousand into ten thousand—there were in no time at all countless insects. You see

*The sky full of flying maggots,
The ground covered by dragonflies;
Bees, hornets, diving at your heads;
Cockroaches going for your eyes.
Cantharides bite your front and back,
And grasshoppers, your crown and feet.
A huge, black mass striking your face,
Its chirr would gods and spirits faze.*

Alarmed, Eight Rules said, “O Elder Brother, they may say that scriptures are easy to get, but on the road to the West, even insects bully people!”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “don’t be afraid. Go and attack them quickly!”

“My face, my head,” cried Eight Rules, “all over my body, there must be over ten layers of them! How am I going to attack them?”

“It’s nothing! It’s nothing!” cried Pilgrim. “I have my abilities!”

“O Elder Brother,” cried Sha Monk, “whatever ability you have, bring it out! My bald head’s swollen from their bites!”

Dear Great Sage! He pulled off a bunch of hair and chewed them to pieces before spitting them, crying, “Change! Yellow, spar . . .”

“Elder Brother,” interrupted Eight Rules, “what sort of street talk are you using again? Yellow? Spar?”

“You don’t realize,” replied Pilgrim, “that yellow means yellow hawk and spar is the sparrowhawk. We have also the kite, the gerfalcon, the eagle, the fishhawk, and

the harrier. Those sons of the monster-spirits are seven kinds of insect, and my hairs have changed into seven kinds of hawk.”

The hawks, of course, were most able to peck at insects; one peck of their bills and a whole insect was devoured. They attacked also with their claws, and they knocked the insects down with their wings. Soon the insects were eliminated; not a trace of them could be found in the air, but there was over a foot of their corpses on the ground.

The three brothers then raced past the bridge to go into the cave, where they found their old master suspended from the beam and weeping. “Master,” said Eight Rules, walking up to him, “because you wanted to be hung for fun in here, you have made me fall who knows how many times!” Sha Monk said, “Let’s untie Master first before we say anything more.” Pilgrim at once had the rope cut and lowered his master. “Where did the monster-spirits go?” he asked. The Tang Monk said, “They ran to the back, all naked, to call for their sons.”

“Brothers,” said Pilgrim, “come with me to go look for them.”

Holding their weapons, the three of them searched in vain for the fiends in the rear garden, even after they had climbed some of the peach and pear trees. “They are gone! They are gone!” said Eight Rules. Sha Monk said, “No need to look for them anymore. We should go and wait on Master.”

The brothers returned to the front to ask the Tang Monk to mount up. “You two take Master out first,” said Eight Rules. “Let old Hog use my rake on their residence so that they’ll have no place to live if they return.”

“Using your rake is a waste of strength,” chuckled Pilgrim. “Why don’t you find some firewood, and you’ll finish everything off for them.”

Dear Idiot! He indeed located some rotted pine, broken bamboo, dried willow, and dead creepers; he started a fire and soon the entire cave-dwelling was burned to the ground. Master and disciples then felt more at ease to proceed. Aha! After their departure, we do not know what will happen to the fiends; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-THREE

*Passions, because of old enmity, beget calamity
Demon-trapped, the Mind Lord with luck breaks the light*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun who supported the Tang Monk to proceed on the main road to the West with Eight Rules and Sha Monk. In a little while, however, they came upon some towered buildings with palatial features and ornaments. Reining in his horse, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, can you tell what sort of a place that is?" Raising his head to look, Pilgrim saw

*Mountains ringing the buildings;
A brook rounding the arbors;
A dense variety of trees before the door;
Most fragrant wild flowers outside the house.
An egret resting in the willows
Seemed like jade immaculate in the mist;
An oriole singing amidst the peach
Appeared as brilliant gold within the flames.
Wild deer in pairs
Trod on green grass without a thought or care;
Mountain fowl by twos
Flew and chattered high above the red wood tips.
Truly it seemed like Liu and Ruan's Tiantai cave,
A fairy haunt, an immortal's house no less.*

"Master," said Pilgrim, "that is neither the residence of kings or dukes nor a house of the noble or the rich. It looks rather like a Daoist Abbey or a Buddhist monastery, and we'll know for sure when we get there." On hearing this, Tripitaka whipped his horse forward. As they arrived before the door, master and disciples discovered a stone plaque mounted on the door, which had on it the inscription, Yellow Flower Abbey. Tripitaka dismounted.

Eight Rules said, "A Yellow Flower Abbey has to be the home of a Daoist. It might be good for us to go in and meet him. Our attire may be different, but we follow the same practices of austerity."

"You are right," said Sha Monk. "We can go in and enjoy the scenery a bit in the first place, and we can also graze and feed the horse in the second. If it's convenient, we can ask them to prepare some food for Master to eat."

The elder agreed and the four of them went inside. On both sides of the second-level door was mounted the following new year couplet:

*Yellow sprout, white snow—an immortal's house;
Jasper grass, jade flowers—a feathered one's home.*

"This," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "is a can-carrying Daoist, who burns rushes, refines herbs, and works the fire in the reaction vessels."

Giving him a pinch, Tripitaka said, “Be careful with your words! Be careful with your words! We are not acquaintances or relatives of his, and we’re staying here temporarily. Why should we mind what he’s doing?”

He had not quite finished the sentence when they went through the second-level door. The main hall was entirely closed up, but in the east corridor they saw a Daoist sitting there and making drugs and pills. How was he attired, you ask?

*He wore a lacquered gold cap of scintillating red
And a dark, long robe of luminous black.
He trod on cloud-patterned shoes of spreading green;
He knotted a Master Lü sash of swaying yellow.
His face seemed like an iron gourd;
His eyes shone like bright stars.
His nose loomed up like a Mohammedan’s;
His lips curled outward like a Tartar’s.
Thunderbolts lay hidden in his Daoist mind,
Taming tigers and dragons, a true feathered one.*

Seeing him, Tripitaka said in a loud voice, “Old immortal, this humble cleric bows to you.” Jerking up his head and startled by the sight, the Daoist abandoned the drugs in his hands, pressed down his hair pin hurriedly, tidied his clothes, and walked down the steps to say, “Old master, forgive me for not coming to meet you. Please be seated inside.”

Delighted, the elder went up to the main hall; pushing open the door, he saw the sacred images of the Three Pure Ones, before which were urns and incense laid out on a long sacrificial table. The elder took up several sticks of incense and stuck them into the urns. Only after he had bowed three times to the images did he greet the Daoist once more and took the guest seats with his disciples. The Daoist called for tea to be served at once, whereupon two young lads rushed inside to look for the tea tray, to wash out the tea cups, to scrub the tea spoons, and to prepare tea fruits. All their scurrying about soon disturbed those several fated enemies.

The seven female fiends of the Cobweb Cave, you see, were once schoolmates of this Daoist when they studied the magic arts together. After they had put on the old clothes and given instruction to their adopted sons, they came to this place. At this moment, they were cutting up cloth for clothes when they saw the lads busily preparing tea. “Lads,” they asked, “who are the guests who have arrived that send you into such a frenzy?”

“Four monks walked in just now,” replied the lads, “and Master asked for tea to be served at once.”

“Was there a white, stoutish priest?” asked one of the female fiends. “Yes,” they replied. “Another one with long snout and huge ears?” she asked again. “Yes,” they replied. “Go take the tea outside quickly,” said the female fiend, “and wink to your master as you do so. Ask him to come in, for I have something important to tell him.”

The divine lads indeed took five cups of tea out to the main hall; smoothing out his clothes, the Daoist picked up a cup and presented it with both hands to Tripitaka. Then he served Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and Pilgrim. After tea, the cups were collected, and as they did so, one of the lads winked at the Daoist. At once he arose and said,

“Please be seated all of you. Lads, put away the trays and keep our guests company. I’ll be back soon.”

The master and his disciples went outside of the hall with one lad to enjoy the scenery, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that Daoist, who went back to the abbot chamber, where he found those seven girls all going to their knees and saying, “Elder Brother! Elder Brother! Listen to what your sisters have to say.” Raising them with his hands, the Daoist said, “When you first came, you told me already that you wanted to speak to me. It just so happened that the drugs I was preparing today had to avoid being exposed to females, and that was why I did not respond. Now there are guests outside. Can we talk later?”

The fiends said, “What we have to tell you, Elder Brother, can be told only with the arrival of your guests. When they leave, there’ll be no need for us to tell you anymore.”

“Look at the way my worthy sisters speak!” said the Daoist with a chuckle. “What do you mean that it can be told only when the guests are here? Are you mad? Let’s not say that I am one of those who cultivates the art of immortality in purity and quiescence. Even if I were a profane person burdened with the care of wife, children, and other domestic affairs, I would still have to wait for the guests to leave before I took care of my own business. How could you be so ill-behaved and cause me such embarrassment? Let me go out.”

All tugging at him, the fiends said, “Elder Brother, please don’t be angry. Let us ask you, where did those guests come from?” Red in the face, the Daoist did not answer them.

One of the fiends said, “Just now the lads came in to fetch tea, and I heard that they were four monks.”

“So what if they are monks?” said the Daoist angrily. “Among these four monks,” said the fiend, “there is a rather plump one with a white face, and there is also one who has a long snout and huge ears. Have you asked them where they came from?”

“There are indeed two monks like that,” replied the Daoist, “but how did you know? Have you seen these two somewhere before?”

“Elder Brother,” said one of the girls, “you really don’t know all the intricacies behind the matter. That monk with the white face happens to be someone sent by the Tang court to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. This morning he came to our cave to beg for food. Since your sisters have long heard of the reputation of the Tang Monk, we seized him.”

“Why did you want to do that?” asked the Daoist.

The girl said, “We have long heard people say that the Tang Monk possesses a true body that has practiced self-cultivation for ten incarnations. Anyone who eats a piece of his flesh will attain longevity. That’s why we seized him. Later, we were trapped in the Purgation Stream by that priest with a long snout and huge ears. First he robbed us of our clothing; then he grew even bolder and wanted to bathe with us in the same pool. We couldn’t stop him, of course. After he jumped into the water, he changed into a sheat fish spirit and darted back and forth between our legs. He was such a rogue that we thought he would surely assault us. Then he leaped out of the water and changed

back into his original appearance. When he saw that we would not yield to him, he took up a nine-pronged muckrake and tried to kill us all. If we hadn't used a little of our intelligence, we would have been slain by him. We managed to flee, though terror-stricken, with our lives, and then we told your nephews to go fight with the monk. We didn't tarry, however, to learn whether they remained dead or alive, for we came straight here to find refuge. We beg you, for the sake of our friendship as schoolmates once, to exact vengeance this day for us." When he heard these words, the Daoist became so angry that his color changed and his voice quivered. "So, these monks are so insolent, so villainous!" he said. "Relax, all of you. Let me take care of them!"

Thanking him, the girls said, "If Elder Brother wants to fight, we'll help you."

"No need to fight! No need to fight!" said the Daoist. "As the proverb says, 'You suffer three percent loss already once you fight!' Follow me instead, all of you."

The girls followed him into his room; placing a ladder behind his bed, he climbed up to the crossbeam and took down a small leather case, approximately eight inches high, a foot long, four inches wide, and bolted by a small copper lock. From his sleeve the Daoist also took out a goose-yellow handkerchief, tied to the fringes of which was a tiny key. He opened the lock and took out a small package of medicine, which was, you see,

*The dung of all mountain birds
Collected to a thousand pounds.
When cooked in a copper pot,
The time and heat were both even.
A thousand pounds made just one cup,
Which was reduced to three pinches.
Three pinches were then pan-fried,
Cooked, and refined still some more.
This poison was produced at last,
Rare as previous jewels and gems.
Any person who took one taste
Would behold King Yama in haste!*

"Sisters," said the Daoist to the girls, "if I want to feed this treasure of mine to an ordinary mortal, all I need is a thousandth part of a tael and the person will die when it reaches his stomach. Even an immortal will perish if he ingests three-thousandth parts of a tael.

These monks, I suppose, might be fairly accomplished in the Way, and they'll need the larger dosage. Bring me a scale quickly." One of the girls quickly took up a small scale and weighed in twelve-thousandth parts of a tael of this poison, which she then divided into four portions. The Daoist then took twelve red dates, into each of which he added about a thousandth part of the drug after he had crushed the date slightly with his fingers. The twelve dates were then placed inside four tea mugs, while two black dates were placed in another tea mug. After the mugs were filled with tea and put on a tray, he said to the girls, "Let me go question them. We'll let them go if they are not from the Tang court. But if they indeed came from the court, I will ask for a change of tea, and you will send the lads out with this tea. The moment they drink this, every one of them will perish. You will be avenged, and your anguish will be relieved."

The girls could not have been more grateful.

Putting on a new robe to affect a show of courtesy, the Daoist walked out and asked the Tang Monk and his disciples to take the guest seats once more. "Please forgive me for my absence, old master," he said. "Just now I had to go inside to give instruction for my young students to pick green vegetables and white turnips, so that they could prepare a meal for you."

"This humble cleric," replied Tripitaka "came to see you with empty hands. How could I dare accept a meal from you?"

Chuckling, the Daoist said, "You and I are both persons who have left the home. The moment we see an Abbey's gate, we can count on receiving a little emolument. How could you mention empty hands? May I ask the old master, which monastery do you belong to? Why are you here?"

"This humble cleric" said Tripitaka, "has been sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go acquire scriptures from the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the Western Heaven. We were just passing through your immortal residence and we came in to see you in all sincerity." On hearing this, the Daoist beamed and said, "The master is a Buddha of great virtue and great piety. This humble Daoist was ignorant of this, and he was remiss in going the proper distance to wait for you. Pardon me! Pardon me!"

He then called out, "Lad, go and change the tea quickly, and tell them to hurry up with the food."

The little lad ran inside, and he was met by the girls who said to him, "There's fine tea here, all prepared. Take it out."

The lad indeed took out the five tea mugs.

Immediately the Daoist presented with both hands one of the mugs containing the red dates to the Tang Monk. When he saw how huge a person Eight Rules was, he took him for the senior disciple, while Sha Monk he regarded as the second disciple. Pilgrim, being the smallest, was taken to be the youngest disciple, and only the fourth mug was given to him.

Pilgrim was exceedingly perceptive. The moment he accepted the tea mug, he saw that the one left on the tray had two black dates in it. "Sir," he said at once, "let me exchange my mug with yours."

"To tell you the truth, elder," said the Daoist, smiling, "a poor Daoist in the mountains does not always have on hand the proper tea condiments. Just now I personally searched in the back for fruits and found only these twelve red dates, with which I made four mugs of tea to serve to you. Your humble Daoist did not want to fail to bear you company, and that was why I made a fifth cup of tea with dates of less desirable color. It's an expression of respect from this poor Daoist."

"How could you say that?" replied Pilgrim with a chuckle. "As the ancients said,

He who is at home is never poor;

It's real poverty when he's on tour.

You live here. How could you claim to be poor? Only mendicants like us are really poor! Let me exchange with you. Let me exchange with you." On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, this is truly the hospitality of our immortal. Drink it. Why do you want to exchange it?" Pilgrim had no choice but to hold the mug in his left hand; he covered it with his right and stared at the rest of his companions.

We tell you now about that Eight Rules, who was both hungry and thirsty, and he had always had a huge appetite. When he saw that there were three red dates in the tea, he picked them up and swallowed them in two gulps. His master ate them, and Sha Monk, too, ate them. In a moment, however, Eight Rules's face turned pale, tears rolled down from Sha Monk's eyes, and the Tang Monk foamed at the mouth. Unable to remain in their seats, all three of them fainted and fell to the ground.

Realizing that they had been poisoned, our Great Sage hurled the tea mug in his hand at the face of the Daoist. The Daoist shielded himself with upraised hand, his sleeve stopping the mug and sending it crashing to the floor. "How boorish can you be, priest!" snapped the Daoist angrily. "How dare you smash my tea mug?"

"You beast!" scolded Pilgrim. "What do you have to say about those three persons of mine? What have we done to you that you should want to use poisoned tea on us?"

"Yokel," said the Daoist, "you've caused great calamity! Don't you know?"

"We've just entered your door," replied Pilgrim, "and we've barely announced where we came from. We haven't even engaged in any lofty debate.

How could we cause any calamity?"

"Didn't you beg for food at the Cobweb Cave? Didn't you bathe at the Purgation Spring?" asked the Daoist. Pilgrim said, "Those bathing in the Purgation Spring were seven female fiends. If you mention them, you must know them, and that means you, too, have to be a monster-spirit. Don't run away! Have a taste of my rod!"

Dear Great Sage! He pulled out the golden-hooped rod from his ear and gave it a wave; immediately it grew to have the thickness of a rice bowl. He struck at the face of the Daoist, who stepped aside quickly to dodge the blow before meeting his opponent with a treasure sword.

As the two of them brawled and fought, the noise aroused the female fiends inside, who surged out, crying, "Spare your efforts, Elder Brother. Let your sisters capture him." When Pilgrim saw them, he became angrier than ever. Wielding the iron rod with both hands, he hurled himself into their midst and attacked them wildly. All seven of the fiends at once loosened their clothes and exposed their snow-white bellies to exercise their magic. From their navels threads and cords poured out, which became, in no time at all, a huge awning that had Pilgrim entirely covered down below.

Sensing that the tide was turning against him, Pilgrim at once recited a spell and somersaulted right through the top of the awning to escape. He suppressed his anger to stand still in midair to look at those bright shiny cords produced by the fiends: weaving back and forth, up and down, as if guided by a shuttle, they formed a huge web that in an instant had the entire Yellow Flower Abbey enshrouded and removed it clean out of sight. "Formidable! Formidable!" said Pilgrim to himself. "It was a good thing that I didn't fall into their hands! No wonder Zhu Eight Rules fell so many times! But what shall I do now? My master and my brothers have been poisoned, and I have no idea even of the background of these fiends who have banded themselves together. I'd better go and question that local spirit once more."

Dear Great Sage! He lowered his cloud, made the magic sign with his fingers, and recited a spell beginning with the letter *Om* to summon once more the local spirit. Trembling all over, the aged god knelt by the road and kowtowed, saying, "Great Sage, you were going to rescue your master. Why did you turn back here?"

“We did manage to rescue my master earlier,” said Pilgrim, “but we ran into a Yellow Flower Abbey not far from where we left you.

We went inside with our master to have a look, and we were met by the Abbey master. As we visited with him, my master and my brothers were poisoned by his tea. Luckily, I didn’t drink it and I attacked him with my rod. He began to talk about begging food at the Cobweb Cave and bathing in the Purgation Spring, and I knew that that fellow was also a fiend. Just as we were fighting, the seven girls came out and emitted their silk cords, but old Monkey was smart enough to escape. Since you have been a god here for some time, I thought you must know their background. What kind of monster-spirits are they? Tell me the truth, and I’ll spare you a beating.” Kowtowing, the local spirit said, “The monster-spirits haven’t quite lived here for a decade. This humble deity made some investigation three years ago and uncovered their original form: they are seven spider spirits. Those silk cords they produce happen to be cobwebs.”

Delighted by what he heard, Pilgrim said, “If what you say is true, it’s nothing unmanageable. You go back, and let me exercise my magic to bring them to submission.”

After one more kowtow the local spirit left.

Pilgrim went up to the Yellow Flower Abbey and pulled off from his tail seventy pieces of hair. Blowing a mouthful of immortal breath on them, he cried, “Change!”

They changed into seventy small Pilgrims. Then he blew also on the golden-hooped rod, crying, “Change!” and it changed into seventy rods forked at one end. To each of the small Pilgrims he gave one of these rods, while he himself took up one also. They stood by the mass of silk cords and plunged the rods into the web; at a given signal, they all snapped the cords and then rolled them up with their rods. After each of them had rolled up over ten pounds of the cords, they dragged out from inside seven huge spiders, each about the size of a barrel. With arms and legs flailing, with their heads bobbing up and down, the spiders cried, “Spare our lives! Spare our lives!”

But those seventy small Pilgrims had them completely pinned down and refused to let go.

“Let’s not hit them yet,” said Pilgrim. “Let’s tell them to return our master and our brothers.”

“Elder Brother,” screamed the fiends, “return the Tang Monk to him and save our lives!”

Dashing out, the Daoist said, “Sisters, I wanted to eat the Tang Monk. I can’t save you.” Infuriated by what he heard, Pilgrim cried, “If you don’t return my master, take a good look at what your sisters will become!”

Dear Great Sage! One wave of the forked staff and it changed back into his original iron rod, which he raised with both hands to smash to pulp those seven spider spirits. After he had retrieved all his hairs with two shakes of his tail, he wielded the iron rod and sped inside all by himself to search for the Daoist.

When the Daoist saw his sisters being beaten to death, he was struck by remorse and immediately met his opponent with upraised sword. In this battle each of them was full of hate as he unleashed his magic powers. What a marvelous fight!

*The fiend wielded his treasure sword;
 The Great Sage raised his golden-hooped rod.
 Because of the Tang court's Tripitaka,
 All seven girls were first sent to their deaths.
 Now the hands of rectitude showed their might
 To work with magic the golden-tipped rod.
 The Great Sage was strong in spirit,
 The bogus immortal, audacious.
 Their bodies went through the most florid moves;
 Their two hands like a windlass spun and turned.
 The sword and the rod banged aloud;
 Low-hung and grey were the clouds.
 With cutting words
 And clever schemes,
 As in a picture they charged back and forth.
 They fought till the wind howled and sand flew to scare tigers and wolves;
 Till Heav'n and Earth darkened, and the stars themselves removed.*

That Daoist withstood the Great Sage for some fifty rounds when he gradually felt his hands weakening. All at once he seemed to have been completely drained of his strength. He therefore quickly untied his sash and took off his black robe with a loud flap. "My son!" said Pilgrim with a chuckle. "If you're no match for someone, stripping isn't going to help you!"

But after the Daoist took off his clothes, you see, he raised up both of his hands and exposed a thousand eyes grown on both ribs. Emitting golden beams, they were terrifying indeed!

*Dense yellow fog,
 Bright golden beams.
 Dense yellow fog
 Spurted out from his two armpits like clouds;
 Bright golden beams
 Jetted from these thousand eyes like flames—
 Like barrels of gold left and right,
 Like copper bells both east and west.
 This was a bogus immortal's magic,
 The divine might of a Daoist.
 Blinding the eyes, the sky, and the sun and moon
 This dried hot air descended like a coop
 And had the Great Sage Sun, Equal to Heaven,
 Confined in golden beams and yellow fog.*

Terribly flustered, Pilgrim spun around and around in the golden beams, unable even to take a step forward or backward. It was as if he had been imprisoned inside a barrel. As the blast of heat became unbearable, he got desperate and leaped straight up into the air to try to pierce the golden beams. The beams were too strong, however, and he was sent hurtling back to the ground head over heels. Then he felt pain, and when he touched quickly that part of his head where it had rammed the golden beams, he could feel that the skin had softened somewhat. Sorely annoyed, he thought to himself, "What rotten luck! What rotten luck! Even this head of mine today has become useless! In

former times, the blows of scimitars and axes could not harm it one whit. How could slamming into the golden beams now soften the skin? It may fester afterwards, and I may end up with a permanent sore even if it heals.”

After awhile, the blast of heat was again becoming unbearable, and he thought to himself further, “I can’t go forward or backward, I can’t move left or right. I can’t even crash out of here by going upward. What shall I do? All right, I’d better take the low road and get the mother out of here!”

Dear Great Sage! Reciting a spell, he changed with one shake of his body into a pangolin, also named scaly anteater. Truly

*His four iron claws
Could bore through hills and rocks like sifting flour;
His scaly frame
Could pierce cliffs and ridges like cutting scallions.
Two luminous eyes
Seemed like a pair of refulgent stars;
A sharp, pointed beak,
Stronger than any steel chisel or diamond drill.
This was pangolin of medical fame;
Scaly anteater was his vulgar name.*

Look at him! Hardening his head, he burrowed right into the ground and did not emerge again until he was some twenty miles away.

The golden beams, you see, had managed to cover a distance of only some ten or twelve miles. After he changed back to his original form, he was overcome by fatigue and his whole body ached. Bursting into tears, he wailed:

O Master!

*Since I left by faith the mountain that year,
We came West together in unceasing toil.
We had no fear for billows of the sea.
How could we capsize in a small gully?*

As the Handsome Monkey King vented his grief, he suddenly heard someone weeping also behind the mountain. He rose, wiped away his tears, and turned to look; a woman in garb of heavy mourning, with a bowl of cold rice soup in her left hand and a few pieces of yellow paper money in her right, came toward him, sobbing every step of the way. Nodding his head, Pilgrim sighed to himself, “Truly as they say,

*The person shedding tears meets the tearful one;
He whose heart’s broken sees the broken heart.*

I wonder why this woman is crying. Let me question her a bit.” In a short while, the woman came up to where he was standing, and Pilgrim bowed to say, “Lady Bodhisattva, for whom are you weeping?”

“My husband,” said the woman, blinking back her tears, “had a dispute with the master of the Yellow Flower Abbey when he tried to buy some bamboos from him, and he was poisoned to death by that master with poisoned tea. I am taking some money to his grave to be burned, in order to repay his kindness as a spouse.” When Pilgrim heard these words, tears rolled down his cheeks. On seeing that, the woman said to him

angrily, “You are so senseless! I grieve on account of my husband. How dare you mock me with your tears and your sorrowful countenance?”

Bending low, Pilgrim said, “Lady Bodhisattva, please don’t be angry. I am Pilgrim Sun Wukong, the senior disciple of Tripitaka Tang, the bond-brother and royal envoy of the Great Tang in the Land of the East. We were journeying to the Western Heaven when we had to rest the horse in the Yellow Flower Abbey. We ran into a Daoist in that Abbey, some kind of a monster-spirit, who had made a fraternal alliance with seven spider spirits. Those spider spirits wanted to harm my master in the Cobweb Cave, but Eight Rules, Sha Monk, my two brothers, and I succeeded in having him rescued. The spider spirits, however, went to the Abbey to tattle on us, claiming instead that we intended to assault them. My master and my brothers were poisoned by the tea offered by the Daoist, and all three of them, including our horse, are now trapped in the Abbey. Only I didn’t drink his tea. When I smashed his tea mug, he fought with me, and those seven spider spirits also came out to let loose their silk cords to try to ensnare me. When I escaped through my magic power, I questioned the local spirit and learned of their original form. Then I used my Magic of Body-Division and pulled out the fiends by rolling up their webs. After I beat them all to death with my rod, the Daoist wanted to avenge them and fought once more with me. When he was about to be defeated after some sixty rounds, he took off his clothes to expose a thousand eyes on his two ribs.

They emitted countless golden beams to have me completely enclosed, and I found it practically impossible to move at all. That was when I had to change into a scaly anteater to escape by boring through the ground. I was grieving just now when I heard you weeping, and that was why I questioned you. When I saw that you had at least paper money to repay your husband but I had nothing at all to thank my late master, I grieved even more. How could I dare mock you?” Putting down her rice soup and paper money, the woman bowed to Pilgrim and said, “Don’t be offended. I had no idea that you, too, are a victim. According to what you’ve told me, I can tell that you don’t recognize that Daoist. He is actually the Demon Lord of a Hundred Eyes, and he is also called the Many-Eyed Fiend. But if you are capable of such a transformation that you could do battle with him for so long and still escape his golden beams, you must have great magic powers. Nevertheless, you still can’t get near that fellow. Let me recommend a holy worthy to you; with her assistance, you will surely be able to overcome those golden beams and bring the Daoist to submission.” On hearing this, Pilgrim bowed hurriedly and said, “Lady Bodhisattva, if you have such information, please instruct me. Tell me who is the holy worthy so that I can go and solicit her assistance. If I succeed in getting her here, I shall be able to rescue my master and avenge your husband’s death.”

“Even if I tell you, however,” said the woman, “and even if you manage to get her here to subdue the Daoist, I fear that you will be able only to exact vengeance. You won’t be able to rescue your master.”

“Why not?” asked Pilgrim.

The woman said, “That fellow’s poison is most potent. After a person has been poisoned by the drug, even his bones and marrow will deteriorate after three days. Your journey to find her may prevent you from saving your master in time.”

“I know how to move fast on the road,” replied Pilgrim. “No matter how great the distance is, half a day is all I need.”

The woman said, "In that case, listen to me. About a thousand miles from here there is a mountain by the name of the Purple Cloud Mountain. At the Thousand Flowers Cave in the mountain, there is a holy worthy by the name of Pralambā.

She is able to subdue this fiend."

"Where is this mountain?" asked Pilgrim. "Which direction should I take?" Pointing with her finger, the woman answered, "Due south of here." When Pilgrim turned to look, the woman immediately vanished.

Pilgrim was so startled that he bowed hurriedly, saying, "Which one of the Bodhisattvas are you? Your disciple has been somewhat dazed from all that burrowing in the ground and he can't recognize you. I beg you to leave me your name so that I can thank you properly."

From midair came the announcement:

"Great Sage, it's I." Pilgrim looked up quickly and found that it was the Old Dame of Li Mountain.

He rushed up to midair to thank her, saying, "Old Dame, where did you come from to enlighten me?"

The Old Dame said, "I was just going home from the Festival of the Dragon-Flower Tree. When I learned of your master's ordeal, I revealed myself under the guise of a mourning wife in order to deliver him from death. You must go to Pralambā quickly, but you must not reveal that it was I who gave you the instruction. That sage tends to put blame on people."

After Pilgrim thanked her, they parted. Mounting his cloud somersault, Pilgrim at once arrived at the Purple Cloud Mountain. As he stopped his cloud, he saw the Thousand Flowers Cave, outside of which

*Fresh pines enshroud the lovely scene;
Jade cedars surround a home divine;
Green willows fill the mountain paths;
Strange blossoms clog the brook and rill;
Fragrant orchids ring a stone house;
Scented grass on the ridges glistens.
The flowing stream's jade-green throughout;
Clouds seal up aged hollow trunks.
Wild fowl sing melodiously;
Quiet deer walk leisurely.
Each bamboo's refined, stalk by stalk;
Each red plum unfurls, leaf by leaf.
A cold crow rests on an old tree;
A spring bird squeals on a tall bough.
Summer wheat grows wide as the fields;
Autumn grain aplenty on the ground.
No leaf would fall in four seasons;
All flowers bloom in eight periods.
Auspicious air will rise often to the sky
And hallowed clouds will reach the great grand void.*

In great delight, our Great Sage walked inside, level by level, and there was no end to the sight of this gorgeous scenery. But there was not a person in view; the place was completely silent, with not even the sound of a chicken or a dog. “Could it be,” he thought to himself, “that the sage is not home?”

He walked further in for another few miles when he came upon a Daoist nun sitting on a couch.

How did she look, you ask.

*She wore a five-flower patterned silk cap;
She had on a robe of knitted gold threads.
She trod on cloud-patterned phoenix-beak shoes;
A double-tassel silk sash wrapped her waist.
Her face had age like autumn after frost;
Her voice cooed like spring swallows before the shrine.
She had long known the Three Vehicles Law,
Her mind often fixed on the Four Great Truths.
The void intuited bore true right fruit;
Intelligence formed gave freedom complete.
This was the Buddha of Thousand Flowers Cave,
Who was called Pralambā, a noble name.*

Without stopping, Pilgrim walked right up to her and called out:

“Bodhisattva Pralambā, I salute you.”

Descending from her couch, the Bodhisattva folded her hands to return his greeting and said, “Great Sage, sorry for not coming to meet you. Where did you come from?”

“How could you recognize me as the Great Sage all at once?” asked Pilgrim.

Pralambā said, “When you brought great disturbance to the Celestial Palace that year, your image was spread throughout the universe. Which person would not know and recognize you?”

“Indeed,” replied Pilgrim, “as the proverb says,

*The good thing will not leave the door;
The evil deed will go a thousand miles.*

I bet you didn’t know that I have repented and entered the Buddhist gate.”

“When did you do that?” said Pralambā. “Congratulations! Congratulations!”

“I escaped with my life recently,” said Pilgrim, “in order to give protection to the Tang Monk, who had been commissioned to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. My master ran into the Daoist of the Yellow Flower Abbey and was poisoned by his poisoned tea. When I fought with that fellow, he had me enclosed in his golden beams, though I escaped through my magic power. When I heard that the Bodhisattva could extinguish his golden beams, I came here especially to solicit your assistance.”

“Who told you that?” asked the Bodhisattva. “Since attending the Feast of Ullambana Bowl, I haven’t left my door for over three hundred years. With my name completely hidden, no one knows me. How did you know?”

“I’m a devil in the earth!” replied Pilgrim.

“No matter where you are, I can find you.”

“All right! All right!” said the Bodhisattva. “I shouldn’t leave, but if the Great Sage comes here in person, I will not destroy the good deed of scripture seeking. I’ll go with you.”

After he thanked her, Pilgrim said, “Pardon my ignorance and my urging. But what sort of weapon do you need to take along?”

The Bodhisattva said, “I have a little embroidery needle which can undo that fellow.” Pilgrim could not resist saying, “Old Dame has misled me! If I had known that only an embroidery needle was needed, I wouldn’t have troubled you. Old Monkey himself can supply a whole load of such needles!” Pralambā said, “That needle of yours is only made of steel or metal, and it can’t be used. This treasure of mine is not made of steel, iron, or gold. It is rather a product cultivated in the eyes of my son.”

“Who is your son?” asked Pilgrim. “The Star Lord Orionis,” replied Pralambā. Pilgrim was quite astonished. Soon, they saw the bright, golden beams, and Pilgrim said to her, “That’s where the Yellow Flower Abbey is.” Whereupon Pralambā took out from underneath her collar an embroidery needle, not more than half an inch long and as slim as a piece of eyebrow hair. Holding it in her hand, she threw it into the air, and after a little while, a loud crack at once dissipated the golden beams.

“Bodhisattva,” cried Pilgrim, exceedingly pleased, “it’s marvelous! Just marvelous! Let’s find the needle! Let’s find the needle!”

“Isn’t this it?” asked Pralambā as she held out her palm. Pilgrim dropped down from the clouds with her and walked inside the Abbey, where they found that Daoist sitting there with tightly shut eyes and unable to move. “You brazen fiend!” scolded Pilgrim. “You’re pretending to be blind!”

He whipped out the rod from his ear and wanted to strike, but Pralambā tugged at him, saying, “Don’t hit him, Great Sage. Let’s go see your master first.” Pilgrim went directly back to the guest chambers, where the three pilgrims were still lying on the ground and foaming at their mouths. “What’ll I do? What’ll I do?” cried Pilgrim, shedding tears.

“Please don’t grieve, Great Sage,” said Pralambā. “Since I came out the door today, I might as well accumulate some secret merit.

I’m going to give you three tablets which will serve as an antidote to the poison.”

As Pilgrim bowed quickly to receive them, the Bodhisattva took out from her sleeve a small, punctured paper wrap. Inside were three red pills that she handed over to Pilgrim, telling him to put one in each of the pilgrim’s mouths. Prying open their teeth, Pilgrim stuffed the pills into their mouths; in a little while, as the medicine reached their stomachs, they began to retch. After the poisonous substance had been thrown up, they regained consciousness. Our Eight Rules was the first to scramble up, crying, “This nausea’s killing me!”

Tripitaka and Sha Monk also woke up, both crying, “I’m so dizzy!”

“You’ve all been poisoned by the tea,” said Pilgrim, “and you should now thank the Bodhisattva Pralambā for rescuing you.”

Tripitaka arose and tidied his clothes to thank her.

Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, where is that Daoist? Let me question him why he wants to harm us in this manner.” Pilgrim at once gave a thorough account of what the spider spirits had done. More and more incensed, Eight Rules said, “If this fellow has formed a fraternal alliance with spider spirits, he, too, must be a monster-spirit.”

“There he is now,” said Pilgrim, pointing with his finger, “standing outside the Abbey and pretending to be blind.”

Eight Rules took up his rake and tried to rush out, but he was stopped by Pralambā, who said to him, “Heavenly Reeds, please calm yourself. The Great Sage knows that there’s no other person at my cave.

I would like to take the Daoist back and make him guard my door.” Pilgrim said, “We are all indebted to your great kindness. How could we not comply? But please make him change back into his original form for us to see.”

“That’s easy,” replied Pralambā, who went forward and pointed at the Daoist. Immediately, he fell to the dust and appeared in his true form: a huge centipede some seven feet long. Lifting him up with her small finger, Pralambā at once mounted the auspicious clouds to head for the Thousand Flowers Cave. Raising his head to stare after her, Eight Rules said, “This Mama is quite formidable! How could she overpower such a vicious creature just like that?” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “I asked her whether she needed any weapon to break up the golden beams, and she told me that she had a tiny embroidery needle, a product cultivated in the eyes of her son. When I asked for his identity, she said that it was Star Lord Orionis. Now, the Star Lord is a rooster; so this Mama, I suppose, must be a hen. Chickens are the deadliest foes of centipedes, and that’s why she could bring him to submission.” On hearing this, Tripitaka kowtowed some more before saying, “Disciples, let’s pack up and leave.” Sha Monk found some rice and grain inside, with which he prepared a meal. After master and disciples ate their fill, they led the horse and poled the luggage out. Once his master walked out the door, Pilgrim started a fire in the kitchen, which reduced the entire Abbey to ashes in no time at all. Truly

Thanks to Pralambā, the Tang Monk came to life;

Enlightened nature destroyed the Many- Eyed Fiend.

We do not know what will happen to them as they proceed; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-FOUR

*Long Life reports how vicious the demons are
Pilgrim displays his transformation power*

*Desires and feelings come from the same cause;
It's natural to have feelings and desires.
For all ascetics in the Gate of Sand,
Chan is desires gone and feelings severed.
You must take care
To persevere,
Like the bright moon, spotless, high in the sky.
Make no mistake as work and merit advance;
Perfection yields a great enlightened god.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his disciples, who broke through the web of desires and leaped clear of the stronghold of passions. Urging the horse, they journeyed to the West, and soon it was the end of summer and the beginning of autumn, when the fresh cool permeated their bodies. You see

*The rains the waning heat assail
As one Paulownia leaf turns pale.
Fireflies dot the sedged path at night;
Crickets chirp in the moon's bright light.
The mallows unfurl in the dew;
Red smartweeds the sandbars endue.
Rushes are first to decline
When cicadas sadly repine.*

As they walked along, Tripitaka suddenly saw a tall mountain whose summit pierced the green void, truly touching the stars and blocking the sun. Alarmed, the elder called out to Wukong, "Look at the mountain ahead of us! It's so tall, I wonder if there's a road to take us through it."

"What are you talking about, Master?" asked Pilgrim, chuckling. "As the proverb says,

*The tall mountains will have their passageways;
The deep waters will have their ferry boats.*

How could there be no road to take us through! You may proceed without worry." On hearing this, the elder smiled in delight and urged his horse to go straight up the tall ridge.

They had not traveled more than a few miles when they came upon an old man with flowing white hair all tousled and sparse whiskers like swaying silver threads. He had a string of beads around his neck and held a dragon-headed staff. Standing far up the mountain slope, he cried out in a loud voice, "The elder going to the West, you must stop your horse and pull back the reins. There is a group of fiendish demons in this mountain who have devoured all the mortals in the world. You can't proceed!" On hearing these words, Tripitaka paled with fright. The road was already none too level, and the announcement made him even more insecure on the saddle, so much so that he

fell down at once from the horse with a thud and lay moaning in the grass, hardly able to move. Pilgrim went over to raise him up, saying, "Don't be afraid! Don't be afraid! I'm here."

"Just listen to that old man on the tall cliff," said the elder. "He said that there is a group of fiendish demons in this mountain who have devoured all the mortals of the world."

Who is courageous enough to go question him and learn the truth of the matter?"

"You sit on the ground first," said Pilgrim, "and let me go question him."

Tripitaka said, "But your looks are hideous and your words, vulgar. If you offend him, I fear that you'll not be able to get to the truth." Laughing, Pilgrim said, "I'll change into someone more attractive to go question him."

"You change first for me to see," said Tripitaka.

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he shook his body and changed at once into a neat young priest, truly with

*Lovely eyes and clear brow,
A round head and a square face.
When he moved, he acted like a gentleman;
When he spoke, he used no vulgar language.*

Shaking loose his silk shirt, he ran up to the Tang Monk and said, "Master, is this a good transformation?"

"It is, indeed!" said Tripitaka, exceedingly pleased. "How could it not be!" remarked Eight Rules. "But he has put all of us down! Even if old Hog rolled around for two, three years, he couldn't change into someone this attractive!"

Dear Great Sage! Slipping away from them, he walked right up to the old man and bowed, saying, "Dear *Gonggong*, this humble cleric salutes you." When the old man saw how young the priest was, though most attractive in looks, he hesitated a little before returning his salute halfheartedly. Patting the head of Pilgrim with his hand, the old man giggled and said, "Little priest, where did you come from?"

"We came from the Great Tang in the Land of the East," replied Pilgrim, "on our way specially to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. When we arrived here, we heard your announcement about the fiends. My master was quite frightened, and he asked me to come question you to learn exactly who these monster-spirits are who dare cut short our way. May I trouble you to tell me in detail, so that I can send them into exile." With a laugh, the old man said, "You are so young a priest that you don't know any better. That's why you mouth these inappropriate words. The magic powers of those demons are enormous. How dare you say that you would send them into exile?"

"The way you put the matter," said Pilgrim, laughing also, "seems to indicate that you feel rather protective toward them. You must be a relative of theirs, or at least an intimate neighbor. Otherwise, why would you exalt their intelligence, magnify their virtues, and refuse to disclose thoroughly their background?" Nodding his head, the old man smiled and said, "You *are* a priest who knows how to wag your tongue! You must have followed your master as a mendicant into the world and picked up a little magic here and there. You can summon a ghost or bind a spirit, I suppose, and exorcise a few houses for someone. But you haven't run into those truly vicious fiends!"

“How vicious?” asked Pilgrim. The old man said, “One letter of those monster-spirits to the Spirit Mountain, and all five hundred of those arhats will come to meet them. One tiny card sent to the Celestial Palace, and each of the Eleven Great Luminaries will honor it.

The dragons of the Four Oceans have been their friends, and the immortals of the Eight Caves have met with them frequently. The Ten Kings of Hell address them as brothers, and all the deities of major shrines and cities regard them as friends.” When he heard this, the Great Sage could not restrain his loud guffaws. Tugging at the old man with his hand, he said, “Stop talking! Stop talking! If those monster-spirits were the servants and houseboys, the brothers and friends of mine, then what they are about to do would not be so significant. Let me tell you this: when they see this young priest coming, they’ll move to someplace else this very night. They won’t even wait for the morning!”

“Little priest, you’re babbling!” said the old man. “That’s blasphemy! Which gods or sages are your servants and houseboys?” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “To tell you the truth, the ancestral home of this young priest used to be the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower- Fruit Mountain, located in the Aolai Country. My surname is Sun, and my name is Wukong. Some years ago, I was also a monsterspirit who performed great deeds. During a party with some other demons, I drank a few cups of wine too many and fell asleep. In my dream two men took me to the Region of Darkness with a summons, and I was so riled that I used my golden-hooped rod to beat up the spirit judge and terrify King Yama. I almost overturned, in fact, the entire Hall of Darkness. Those presiding judges were so frightened that they brought out papers, on which the Ten Kings of Hell affixed their signatures, declaring that if I spared them a beating, they would serve me as my servants and houseboys.”

“Amitābha!” cried the old man, on hearing this. “This monk has told such a tall tale that he will never grow any taller!”

“Sir,” replied Pilgrim, “I’m tall enough now!”

“How old are you?” asked the old man. “Give it a guess,” said Pilgrim. The old man said, “Seven or eight perhaps.” With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, “I am about ten thousand times seven or eight years old! Let me bring out my old features for you to see. But you must not be offended.”

“How could you have some other features?” said the old man. “This young priest,” said Pilgrim, “has in truth seventy-two features.”

As that old man was somewhat dim-witted, he kept urging the Great Sage, who gave his own face a wipe and changed back into his original form. With protruding fangs and a gaping mouth, with two bright red buttocks half-covered by a tiger skin kilt, and with a golden-hooped rod in his hands, he stood verily like a living thunder god below the ledge. When the old man saw him, he paled with fright as his legs turned numb. Unable to stand up, he fell down with a thud, and when he scrambled up, he stumbled once more.

“Venerable Sir,” said the Great Sage, approaching him, “don’t be afraid of nothing. I’m ugly but kindly disposed. Don’t be afraid! Don’t be afraid! I am grateful to you for informing us of the demons. Just how many are there, tell me the whole truth, so that I can thank you properly.”

Trembling all over, the old man could not utter a word; pretending also to be deaf, he refused to reply.

When Pilgrim saw that he would not talk, he turned and went back down the slope. "Wukong," said the elder, "have you returned? Did you find out anything?"

"It's nothing! It's nothing!" answered Pilgrim, laughing. "There is, to be sure, a handful of monster-spirits near the Western Heaven. The people here, however, are quite timid, and they worry about them. It's nothing! It's nothing. *I am here!*"

"Have you asked him," said the elder, "what mountain this is, what kind of a cave there is in it, how many fiends there are, and which road can take us to Thunderclap?"

Eight Rules spoke up, saying, "Master, don't be offended by what I have to say. If we are interested in waging a contest in transformations, in playing hide-and-seek, and in pulling pranks on people, even five of us are no match for Elder Brother. But if you consider honesty, then even a column of him cannot rival me."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said the Tang Monk. "You are more honest."

"I don't know," said Eight Rules, "why it is that he always takes care of the head but disregards the tail. He has only asked a couple of questions, and then he runs back lamely. Let old Hog go now and find out the truth."

"Wuneng," said the Tang Monk, "do be careful."

Dear Idiot! He stuffed the muckrake into his belt and tidied his shirt before swaggering up the mountain slope and calling out to the old man, "*Gonggong*, I'm bowing to you."

After the old man had seen Pilgrim walking off, he managed to struggle up with the help of his staff and, still trembling all over, was about to leave. When he caught sight of Eight Rules, however, he became more terrified than ever. "Holy Father!" he cried. "What sort of nightmare is this, that I have to meet up with this bunch of nasty people? That monk who left just now was hideous all right, but he had at least three percent human looks. But just look at the pestle mouth, the rush-leaf fan ears, the sheet iron face, and the bristled neck of this monk! He doesn't even look one percent human!"

"This old *Gonggong*," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "is not too pleasant, for he loves to criticize people. How do you regard me, really? I may be ugly, but I can stand scrutiny. Just wait a moment, and I'll look more attractive." When the old man heard him speaking at least in a human fashion, he had no choice but to ask him, "Where did you come from?"

Eight Rules said, "I'm the second disciple of the Tang Monk, and my religious name is Wuneng Eight Rules. Just now the priest who questioned you was called Wukong Pilgrim, my Elder Brother. Because my master blamed him for offending you and for not being able to obtain the truth, he sent me specially to question you again. We would like to know what mountain this is, what's the name of the cave in the mountain, how many fiends there are in the cave, and which is the main road to the West. May we trouble you to point these out to us?"

"Are you being truthful with me?" asked the old man. Eight Rules said, "There has never been the teeniest fakery in my whole life."

"You are not," said the old man, "putting on a highfalutin show like the priest before."

“No, I’m not like him,” said Eight Rules.

Leaning on his staff, the old man said to Eight Rules, “The mountain is called the Lion-Camel Ridge of eight hundred miles, and in it there is a Lion-Camel Cave where you will find three archdemons.”

“Pshaw!” cried Eight Rules. “You’re too fussy an old man! Only three demons, and you have to take all that trouble to announce them to us!”

“Aren’t you afraid?” asked the old man. “To tell you the truth,” replied Eight Rules, “one blow of my Elder Brother’s rod will kill one of them, and one blow of my rake will kill another; I have a younger brother, too, and one blow of his fiend-routing staff will kill the third one. When all three of the demons are slain, my master will cross this ridge. What’s so difficult about that?” Smiling, the old man said, “This monk is completely ignorant! The magic powers of those three archdemons are vast indeed! Moreover, those small fiends under their command number five thousand on the south summit, and five thousand also on the north summit. Those stationed to guard the road leading east number ten thousand, and another ten thousand are guarding the road leading west. There must be five thousand on the patrol teams, and those guarding the cave entrance must run to another ten thousand. There are countless fiends tending the fires and gathering firewood. All in all, they must have some forty-seven or forty-eight thousand troops, each equipped with a nameplate. They devote themselves to devouring humans in this place.” When our Idiot heard these words, he ran back, trembling all over. As he approached the Tang Monk, he dropped his rake and, instead of giving his report, began to evacuate his bowels. “Why aren’t you giving us a report?” snapped Pilgrim. “Why are you squatting there?”

“I’m so scared,” replied Eight Rules, “that even my shit has come out! There’s no further need for me to talk. Let’s scatter while there’s still time to save our lives!”

“This root of idiocy!” said Pilgrim. “I never was frightened when I asked the questions. How is it that when you go, you lose your mind?”

“What is in fact the matter?” asked the elder.

Eight Rules replied, “The old man told me that this mountain is named the Lion-Camel Mountain. In it there is a Lion-Camel Cave, where three old fiends and forty-eight thousand little fiends reside and devote themselves to devouring humans. The moment we put one step on the side of their mountain, we’ll become food in their mouths. We can’t ever proceed!” On hearing this, Tripitaka began to shake all over as his hairs stood on end, saying, “Wukong, what shall we do?”

“Master, relax,” said Pilgrim, laughing. “It’s no big thing! There may be a few monster-spirits here, I suppose, but the people of this region are very timid. They frighten themselves with all this rumor about how many fiends there are and how big they are. Look, you have me!”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you shouldn’t talk that way! I’m not like you, and what I learn is the truth. It’s not a rumor. The whole mountain and the whole valley are filled with fiendish demons. How could we go forward?”

“The mouth and face of an idiot!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Allow nothing to scare you! If the whole mountain and the whole valley are full of fiendish demons, old Monkey will use his rod. Half a night and they’ll all be exterminated!”

“Shame on you! Shame on you!” said Eight Rules. “Stop the big talk! It’ll take seven or eight days for those monster-spirits just to take their roll call. How could you exterminate them so readily?”

“How do you think I’m going to slay them?” asked Pilgrim. “Suppose they let you grab them,” replied Eight Rules, “bind them, or stop them dead with the Magic of Immobilization. Even then, you can’t kill all of them so quickly.” With a laugh, Pilgrim said, “No need for grabbing or binding. I give this rod of mine a yank on both ends, crying, ‘Grow!’, and it’ll be four hundred feet long. Next, I wave it once, crying, ‘Thicken!’ and it’ll have an eighty-foot circumference. I roll it toward the south of the mountain once, and five thousand fiends will be crushed to death; I roll it toward the north of the mountain once, and another five thousand will be crushed to death. Then I roll it once from east to west, and forty or fifty thousand, who cares how many, will be reduced to meat patties.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “if you roll them down like you roll out dough for noodles, you might finish them off by the second watch.”

“Master,” said Sha Monk, laughing on one side, “what are you afraid of when Big Brother has such vast magic powers? Mount up and get going!” When the Tang Monk heard them debating about their abilities, he had no choice but to calm himself and climb up on the horse.

As they proceeded, they discovered that the old man who came to inform them had vanished. “He must be a fiend,” said Sha Monk, “who exploited deliberately the reputation and power of the demons to come and frighten us.”

“Don’t jump to any conclusion,” said Pilgrim. “Let me go have a look.”

Dear Great Sage! Leaping up to the peak, he looked all around without spotting anyone. As he turned his face, however, he saw colored mists flickering in the air. He immediately leaped upon the clouds to give chase and soon he caught sight of the Gold Star Venus. Rushing up to the god, Pilgrim tugged at him with his hands and used his vernacular name to address him, saying, “Long Life Li! Long Life Li! You’re such a rogue! If you have anything to say, you should have said it to my face. Why did you assume the appearance of an old country bumpkin to beguile me?”

The Gold Star saluted him hurriedly and said, “Great Sage, I’m sorry for not informing you sooner. Please forgive me! Please forgive me! These archdemons, possessive of vast magic powers, indeed make for a rugged hurdle. If you exercise all your powers in transformation and all your cleverness, you may pass through. If you but slacken a little, it’ll be difficult for you to proceed.”

Thanking him, Pilgrim said, “I’m grateful! If this is such a difficult place to traverse, please go to the Region Above and request from the Jade Emperor some celestial soldiers to assist old Monkey.”

“We have plenty of those for you,” replied the Gold Star. “Once I bring your message up there, we can round up even one hundred thousand celestial soldiers if you need them.” Pilgrim took leave of the Gold Star and dropped from the clouds to face Tripitaka. “That old man,” he said, “who came to bring us the information happened to be the Star Venus.”

Folding his hands before him, the elder said, “Disciple, catch up with him quickly, and ask him whether there is another road we can take.”

“There’s no detour,” said Pilgrim, “for this mountain as it is is eight hundred miles across. I don’t even know how wide it is on both sides. How could we take a detour?” On hearing this, Tripitaka could not restrain the tears flowing from his eyes. “Disciple,” he said, “if it’s so difficult, how could I ever hope to worship Buddha?”

“Stop crying! Stop crying!” Pilgrim said, “Once you cry, you become completely feeble. This information of his can’t be all true, for his main purpose is to arouse our vigilance. As the saying goes, ‘To tell is to exaggerate.’ Please dismount and sit here for the moment.”

“What sort of discussion are we having now?” asked Eight Rules.

“No discussion,” replied Pilgrim. “You just stand here and guard Master with all diligence, while Sha Monk can watch the horse and the luggage. Let old Monkey go up the ridge to do a little detection to see just how many fiends there are. I’ll catch one of them and question him thoroughly; if need be, I’ll even make him write up a confession and list in detail the names of all their old and young.

Then I’ll order them to close up their cave and forbid them from barring our way, so that Master will be able to go through this place peacefully and quietly. Only then will you perceive the ability of old Monkey!”

All Sha Monk could say to him, however, was, “Be careful! Be careful!”

“No need for all your instructions!” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “Once I get up there,

*I’ll open a pathway even if it’s the Great Eastern Sea;
I’ll punch an opening if it’s an ironclad mountain.”*

Dear Great Sage! Whistling, he mounted the cloud somersault to leap up to the tall summit, where he pushed aside the creepers and vines to look all around. There was, however, not a sound or a trace of human beings. He spoke aloud to himself, “I’ve made a mistake! I’ve made a mistake! I should never have let the oldie Gold Star go. He was actually trying to frighten me. If there’s any monster-spirit around here, he would have jumped out and played in the wind, or he would fool with his lance or rod to practice his martial art. How is it that there is no one . . .”

As he was thus talking to himself, he heard the loud bangs of a rattle behind the mountain. Turning hurriedly to look, he discovered a little fiend, hauling a banner on his shoulder which had on it the inscribed word, command. He had a bell tied to his waist, and he was beating a rattle with his hand as he walked from north to south. Pilgrim stared at him and thought that he was about twelve feet in height. Smiling to himself, Pilgrim said, “He must be a postal soldier on his way to deliver a document. Let me eavesdrop on him to see what he has to say.”

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and changed, with one shake of his body, into a fly. He flew up to his cap and alighted gently on it to eavesdrop on the fiend. After he had turned onto the main road, the little fiend kept beating his rattle and shaking his bell, while he mumbled to himself, “Those of us patrolling the mountain should all be on guard against that Pilgrim Sun. He knows how to change into a fly.”

Astounded by what he heard, Pilgrim said to himself, “He must have seen me! How could he know my name and how could he know I might change into a fly, if he hadn’t?”

But that little fiend, you see, had not seen him. It was actually those archdemons who somehow managed to give this instruction to the little fiends, and this one was just repeating what he heard. Pilgrim, of course, did not know this; suspecting that he had been seen, he was about to slay the fiend with the rod when he thought to himself, "I recall that the Gold Star told Eight Rules that there were three old fiends and some forty-seven or forty-eight thousand little fiends. If those little fiends are like this one, another forty thousand won't make a bit of difference. But I wonder how powerful are those three old demons. Let me go question him, then I can raise my hands."

Dear Great Sage! How is he going to question him, you ask? He leaped down from his cap and alighted instead on a tree to allow the little fiend to walk a few steps ahead. Quickly he changed into another little fiend, having, in fact, the same clothes and like him, beating the rattle, shaking the bell, hauling the banner, and mumbling the same words. The only difference was that he was several inches taller than the other fiend. He ran up to the other little fiend and called out, "You on the road, wait for me."

Turning around, the little fiend said, "Where did you come from?"

"My good man!" said Pilgrim with a giggle. "Can't you recognize someone from the same family?"

"You're not in our family," said the little fiend. "What do you mean?" said Pilgrim. "Take a good look."

"But you look unfamiliar," said the little fiend. "I don't recognize you! I don't recognize you!"

"I know I look unfamiliar," replied Pilgrim. "I'm one of those who tend the fires, and you've seldom met me." Shaking his head, the little fiend said, "Never! Never! Even among those brothers in our cave who tend the fires, there's no one with a pointed mouth like yours." Pilgrim thought to himself, "I've made my mouth a little too pointed."

He lowered his head at once and gave his mouth a rub, saying, "My mouth's not pointed!" Immediately, his mouth was not pointed anymore.

"Just now," said the little fiend, "your mouth *was* pointed. How could it change like that after you gave it a rub? How baffling! You can't very well belong to our family! I have never seen you before! It's too suspicious! Moreover, the domestic laws of our great kings are very strict: those who tend the fires always tend the fires, and those who patrol the mountain will patrol the mountain. They couldn't have asked you to tend the fires, and then asked you also to patrol the mountain, could they?"

Exceedingly clever with his mouth, Pilgrim at once replied, "You have no idea that our great kings had promoted me, when they saw how good I was at tending the fires, and asked me to patrol the mountain."

The little fiend said, "All right. There are forty of us who patrol the mountain to one platoon, and we have altogether ten platoons.

Each of us is different in age, and each has a different name. To prevent confusion among the ranks and to facilitate taking the roll, our great kings gave us each a nameplate. Do you have one?" Now Pilgrim had changed into a semblance of only what he could see of the little fiend; namely, how he was dressed and what he was doing. Since he had not seen the plate, he, of course, did not have it on him. Dear Great Sage! Refusing to admit that he had none, he followed the drift of the question instead

and said, "How could I not have a plate? I just received a brand new one. But you take out yours first for me to have a look."

Completely unaware that this was a trick, that little fiend hitched up his clothes and pulled out for Pilgrim to see a gold-lacquered plate, which was tied to his body with a small cotton thread. On the back of the plate Pilgrim saw the inscription, In Command of All Demons. In front there were three printed words:

Little Wind Cutter. He thought to himself, "It goes without saying that those who patrol the mountain will be named some sort of Wind Cutters."

He therefore said to the little fiend, "Lower your clothes now, and let me show you my plate."

Turning to one side, Pilgrim yanked off a small piece of hair from the tip of his tail and gave it a pinch, whispering, "Change!" It changed at once into another gold-lacquered plate that had a small cotton thread attached to it. On it were the three printed words:

Chief Wind Cutter. When he took it out and showed it to him, the little fiend was greatly taken aback. "We are all named Little Wind Cutters," he cried, "but how could you have the name of Chief Wind Cutter?"

As he had always acted with the greatest calculation and spoken with the utmost shrewdness, Pilgrim immediately said, "You really have no idea that our great kings promoted me to be a patrol commander when they saw how well I tended the fires. They also gave me a new plate with the name, Chief Wind Cutter, and the charge that I would lead the forty of you in this platoon." On hearing this, the fiend bowed hurriedly, saying, "Captain, Captain, you've just been commissioned, and that's why you look unfamiliar. Please forgive me for offending you with my words."

"I won't blame you," chuckled Pilgrim as he returned his bow. "But I do have a request: an introductory gift of five ounces of silver per person."

"Don't be too impatient, Captain," said the little fiend. "Let me join up with my platoon at the south of the ridge, and we'll all chip in."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "I'll go with you." Indeed, the little fiend walked ahead, while the Great Sage followed him.

In less than a few miles, they came upon a pen peak. Why was it called a pen peak, you ask? On that mountain the peak rose straight up for some forty or fifty feet, as a pen sticking up from its rack. Hence the name. After Pilgrim went up there, he gave his tail a wag and leaped to the tallest point to sit down. "Wind Cutters," he cried, "gather around!"

All those Little Wind Cutters bowed to him down below, saying, "Captain, we wait on you."

"Do you know," asked Pilgrim, "why the great kings sent me out here?"

"No, we don't," replied the little fiends.

Pilgrim said, "The great kings want to devour the Tang Monk, but their only fear is that Pilgrim Sun has vast magic powers. He is capable of many transformations, they claim, and they are afraid that he may change into a Little Wind Cutter to walk on this road to spy on us. They therefore have promoted me to Chief Wind Cutter and asked me to make an investigation, to see whether there is any specious one among your platoon."

“Captain,” all those Little Wind Cutters said in unison, “we are all genuine.”

“If you are,” said Pilgrim, “do you happen to know what sort of abilities our great kings possess?” One of the Little Wind Cutters said, “I do.”

“If you do,” said Pilgrim, “tell me quickly. If I agree with you, you are genuine, but if you make the slightest error, you are a specious one. I’ll certainly arrest you and take you to see the great kings.” When that Little Wind Cutter saw him sitting loftily on the peak and wielding his authority left and right, he had little choice but to speak the truth, saying, “Our great great king has vast magic powers and enormous abilities. With one gulp, he once swallowed one hundred thousand celestial warriors.” On hearing this, Pilgrim bellowed, “You’re false!”

Horried, the Little Wind Cutter said, “Father Captain, I’m real. How could you say that I’m false?”

“If you are,” said Pilgrim, “why did you babble? How big is the great great king that he can swallow with one gulp one hundred thousand celestial warriors?”

The Little Wind Cutter said, “Perhaps the captain does not know that our great king is capable of such transformation that he can be big enough to reach the celestial hall when he wants to, or he can become as small as a vegetable seed. When the Lady Queen Mother convened the Festival of Immortal Peaches in a former year and did not send an invitation to our great great king, he wanted to strive with Heaven. The Jade Emperor sent one hundred thousand celestial warriors to bring him to submission, but our great king exercised his magic body of transformation and opened his mouth big and wide as a city gate. He charged at the celestial warriors, so terrifying them that they dared not do battle and closed up the South Heaven Gate instead. That’s what I meant when I said that he once swallowed one hundred thousand celestial warriors with one gulp.” On hearing this, Pilgrim smiled silently to himself, saying, “If it’s this kind of ability, old Monkey is quite capable of it.”

He spoke out loud again, saying, “What sort of abilities does second great king possess?”

Another Little Wind Cutter replied, “Our second great king is about thirty feet tall; he has silkworm-like eyebrows, phoenix eyes, a lovely lady’s voice, and teeth like long flat poles. His nose, moreover, resembles a dragon. When he fights with someone, all he needs to do is to wrap his nose around his enemy. Though that person may have an iron back and a bronze body, his spirit will expire and his soul will perish!”

“A monster-spirit,” said Pilgrim to himself, “with a trunk like that is not difficult to catch.”

He spoke out loud once more, saying, “What sort of abilities does the third great king possess?”

Another Little Wind Cutter said, “Our third great king is no fiendish creature of the mortal world, for he has the name of the Roc of Ten Thousand Cloudy Miles. When he moves, he whips up the wind and transports the seas; he reaches the north and rules the south. On his person he also carries a treasure, called the yin-yang double-force vase. If a person is placed inside it, he will turn to liquid within one and three-quarter hours.” When he heard this, Pilgrim became alarmed, saying to himself, “I’m not scared of the demon, but I’d better be careful about his vase.”

He spoke out loud again, saying, “You have all spoken quite accurately about the abilities of our three great kings, as accurately as I have known them to be. But do you know which of the great kings would like to devour the Tang Monk?”

“Captain,” said another Little Wind Cutter, “do you mean that you don’t know?”

“Don’t I know more than you?” snapped Pilgrim. “You are the ones who may not know the truth of the matter, and that’s why I was sent to give you a thorough interrogation.”

The Little Wind Cutter said, “Our great great king and the second great king have long resided in the Lion-Camel Cave of the Lion-Camel Ridge. Our third great king, however, did not live here, for his original residence was located about four hundred miles west of here, in a city by the name of the Lion-Camel State. Five hundred years ago, he devoured the entire city—the king, the civil and military officials, the populace, male and female, old and young—and took over the kingdom. All the inhabitants of that city now are fiends. I don’t know which year it was that he learned that the Tang court in the Land of the East had commissioned a monk to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. That Tang Monk, so the saying goes, is a good man who has practiced austerities for ten incarnations. If anyone eats a single piece of his flesh, he will gain longevity and never grow old. But fearing his disciple, Pilgrim Sun, who is said to be exceedingly formidable, our third great king was afraid that he couldn’t quite handle the situation all by himself. He came, therefore, to become a bond-brother with the two great kings at this place. The three of them are thus united in their determination and efforts to catch that Tang Monk.” When Pilgrim heard this, he was filled with anger. “These brazen fiends are so audacious! I am protecting the Tang Monk so that he may attain the right fruit. How could they plan to devour my man?”

He was so mad that he clenched his teeth, whipped out his iron rod, and leaped down from the tall peak. All he had to do was to slam the rod down on the heads of the little fiends, and they were immediately reduced to meat patties! When he saw them like that, however, he was moved somewhat to pity. “Alas,” he said to himself, “they were kind enough after all to have spilled everything about their family to me. How could I finish them off just like that? All right! All right! What’s done is done!”

Dear Great Sage! Because of the impediment in his master’s way, he had no choice but to do something like this. He took down one of the nameplates and tied it to his own waist. The banner with the word, “command,” he hauled on his shoulder, the bell he hung on his belt, and he took up the rattle. Facing the wind, he made the magic sign and recited a spell to change with one shake of his body into the appearance of that Little Wind Cutter whom he first met on the road. In big strides, he followed the road back to search for the cave and to do some more detection on those three old fiendish demons. Truly, these were

The Handsome Monkey King’s ten thousand ways to change!

Ten thousand permutations, what real abilities!

He dashed deeply into the mountain, following the path on which he came. As he ran along, he suddenly heard people shouting and horses neighing. When he raised his eyes to look, he saw that the noise was coming from a huge mob of little fiends in front of the Lion-Camel Cave, all equipped with columns of scimitars, lances, spears, and halberds, with flags and banners. Delighted, our Great Sage said to himself, “Long Life Li’s words are not far off the mark!”

The way that those little fiends were arrayed, you see, had an order to it: two hundred and fifty of them made up one huge column, to which was assigned a tall colored flag. When he spotted some forty such flags, he knew that there had to be at least ten thousand troops right there before the cave.

Thereupon he thought further to himself, “Old Monkey has already changed into a Little Wind Cutter. Once I step inside, I would have to give some answers should those old demons question me on patrolling the mountain. If I am recognized because of some slipup in my words, how am I going to get away? Even if I want to run out the door, how could I get out with so many of them barring the door? If I want to seize the fiendish kings inside the cave, I must get rid of these fiends before the door first.”

How could he get rid of the fiends, you ask? Marvelous Great Sage! He thought some more to himself:

“Though those old demons have never met my face, they have already known the reputation of old Monkey. Let me rely on that reputation, then, and exploit its power; let me give some big talk to frighten them a bit, and see whether those creatures of Middle Land indeed have sufficient affinity to be rewarded by us taking the scriptures back to them. If they do, a few bravado sentences of mine will frighten the fiends enough to scatter them. If those creatures, however, do not have sufficient affinity so that we cannot acquire the true scriptures, then

*Even if I preach till the lotus flowers appear,
I shall not dispel the spirits before the cave.”*

His mind thus questioning his mouth, and his mouth thus questioning the mind, he beat his rattle and shook his bell as he marched up to the entrance of the Lion-Camel Cave. He was immediately met by the little fiends of the forward camp who said, “Little Wind Cutter, have you returned?” Instead of answering them, Pilgrim lowered his head and walked on.

At the second-level camp, he was stopped again by some more little fiends who said, “Little Wind Cutter, have you returned?”

“I have,” replied Pilgrim. “When you went on patrol this morning,” said the fiends, “did you run into Pilgrim Sun?”

“I have,” replied Pilgrim, “he’s polishing his pole at the moment.”

A little frightened, those little fiends said, “What does he look like? What sort of a pole is he polishing?” Pilgrim said, “He was squatting there by the side of a brook, and he still seemed like a trailblazing deity. If he stood up, he would have to be over a hundred feet tall! He had in his hands an iron rod that resembled a huge pole, so thick it was that it had to have the thickness of a rice bowl. As he sprinkled some water on the stone ledge, he rubbed his rod on it while he mumbled to himself, ‘O dear pole! I haven’t taken you out for awhile to show your magic powers. Now that you have been taken out, may you beat to death for me all those monster-spirits, even if there are one hundred thousand of them! Then let me slay also those three arch-demons and offer them as sacrifices to you!’ Once he has polished his rod so that it shines, he will no doubt slaughter first those ten thousand of you before the door.” When those little fiends heard these words, every one of their hearts quivered and their galls shook, as their souls melted and their spirits dispersed. “Think on this, all of you,” said Pilgrim again. “The flesh of that Tang Monk doesn’t amount to many pounds, you know, and I doubt

if we'll ever get to receive our portions even if he were divided up. Why should we withstand that pole for them? Why don't we ourselves just scatter?"

"You are right," said the various fiends. "Let's look after our own lives and leave."

All of these fiends, you see, were no more than wolves, tigers, leopards, and the like. With a roar, all these beasts and fowl simply dispersed in every direction. And so, those few subversive sentences of the Great Sage Sun worked like the songs of Chu when they scattered some eight thousand troops.

Secretly delighted, Pilgrim said to himself, "Marvelous! Those old fiends are good as dead! If words will make them run, how would they dare meet me face to face? When I get inside, however, I'd better repeat what I said. For if I miss saying something, a couple of those little fiends who have run inside just now may reveal my secret." Look at him!

*He was set to approach the ancient cave;
With boldness he walked deep inside the door.*

We do not know whether good or evil would befall him when he saw the old demons; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-FIVE

*Mind Monkey drills through the yin-yang body
Demon lords return to the true great Way*

We were telling you about that Great Sage Sun, who walked inside the cave to look left and right. He saw

*A mound of skeletons,
A forest of dead bones;
Human hair packed together as blankets,
And human flesh trodden as dirt and dust;
Human tendons knotted on the trees
Were dried, parched, and shiny like silver.
In truth there were mountains of corpses and seas of blood;
Indeed the putrid stench was terrible!
The little fiends on the east
Gouged out flesh from living persons;
The brazen demons on the west
Boiled and cooked fresh human meat.
Only Handsome Monkey King had such heroic gall;
No other mortal would dare enter this door.*

After a little while, he walked through the second-level door to look around inside. Ah! What he saw in here was quite different from the outside; it was a place both quiet and elegant, both handsome and spacious. On the left and right were exotic grass and rare flowers; there were old pines and aged bamboos front and back. He had to walk, however, for another seven or eight miles before he reached the third-level door, through which he stole a glance. Inside the door and sitting loftily on three high seats were three old fiends, who appeared most savage and hideous. The middle one had

*Teeth like files and saws,
A round head and a square face.
He had a voice like thunder
And flashing eyes like lightning.
His nose curled skyward;
His brows sprouted flames.
When he moved,
All other beasts trembled;
When he sat,
All demons shook and quivered.
This was the king of beasts,
The green-haired lion fiend.*

The one to his left had

*Phoenix eyes and golden pupils,
Yellow tusks and stubby legs,
Long nose and silver hair,
A head that seemed tail-like;*

*Knotted brows beneath his round forehead
And a huge, rugged torso.
He had a soft voice like a lissome beauty,
But his white face was a bull-head demon's.
A brute of prolonged self-cultivation,
This was the yellow-tusked old elephant.*

The one to his right had

*Golden wings and leviathan head,
Starlike pupils and leopard eyes.
He ruled the north, governed the south—
Fierce, strong, and courageous.
Coming alive he could fly and soar
While quails quaked and dragons dreaded.
When he shook his feathers,
All the birds went into hiding;
When he stretched his sharp claws,
All the fowl cowered in terror.
Able to reach a cloudy distance of ninety-thousand miles,
This was the great eagle-roc.*

Below them stood some one hundred captains, all in complete armor and military regalia, and looking most truculent and fierce.

When Pilgrim saw them, however, he was filled with delight. Not the least bit frightened, he marched through the door in big strides, and after he dropped his rattle, he lifted his head and said, "Great Kings." Smiling broadly, the three old demons said, "Little Wind Cutter, have you returned?"

"I have indeed," replied Pilgrim in a ringing voice.

"Have you found out anything about Pilgrim Sun when you were on patrol in the mountain?"

"In the presence of the great kings," replied Pilgrim, "I dare not speak."

"Why not?" asked the first old demon.

"By the command of the great kings," said Pilgrim, "I went forward, beating my rattle and shaking my bell. As I walked along, I suddenly caught sight of a person squatting by a brook. Even then he looked like a trailblazing deity, and if he had stood up, he would have been undoubtedly over a hundred feet tall. Bailing some water from the brook, he was polishing with it a huge pole on a rock. As he did so, he kept mumbling to himself that up till now, he hadn't been able to show off the magic power of his pole. Once he had polished the pole enough to make it glow, he said he would come and use it on the great kings. I knew he had to be that Pilgrim Sun, and that's why I have returned to make my report." When that old demon heard these words, he perspired profusely. Shaking all over, he said, "Brothers, I told you not to bother the Tang Monk. His disciple has such vast magic powers that he has already made plans for us. Now he is polishing his rod to beat us up.

What shall we do?"

Then he gave this order:

“Little ones, summon all the soldiers outside the cave to come in. Shut the door, and let those priests pass.” One of the captains who knew what had happened said immediately, “Great King, the little fiends guarding the door outside have all scattered.”

“How could they have all scattered?” asked the old demon. “They must have heard the bad news, too. Shut the door quickly! Shut the door quickly!”

The various fiends hurriedly banged the front and back doors shut and bolted them.

Becoming somewhat alarmed, Pilgrim thought to himself, “After they close the doors, they might question me on some other business in their house. If I can’t answer them, I will give myself away. Won’t I be caught then? Let me scare them a little bit more, so that they’ll open the doors again for me to flee if I need to.”

He therefore went forward again and said, “Great Kings, that Pilgrim Sun said something that’s even more dreadful.”

“What else did he say?” asked the old demon.

Pilgrim said, “He said that when he had caught hold of the three of you, he would skin the great great king, he would debone the second great king, and he would pull out the tendons of the third great king. If you shut your doors and refuse to go out, he is capable of transformations, you know. He may well change into a tiny fly, come in through a crack in the door, and seize all of us. What shall we do then?”

“Brothers,” said the old demon, “be careful. There is hardly a fly in our cave. If you see a fly coming in here, it has to be that Pilgrim Sun.” Smiling to himself, Pilgrim thought, “I’ll give him a fly to scare him a bit. Then he’ll open the doors.”

The Great Sage stepped to one side and pulled off a piece of hair behind his head. Blowing a mouthful of immortal breath on it, he whispered, “Change!” and it at once changed into a gold-headed fly, which darted up and flew smack into the face of the old demon.

“Brothers, this is awful!” cried a horrified old demon. “That little something has entered our door!”

Those fiends, young and old, were so terrified that they took up pitchforks and brooms to swat madly at the fly.

Unable to contain himself, our Great Sage broke into loud giggles, which, alas, he should have never permitted himself to do. For once he laughed, his original features also appeared. When the third old demon saw him, he leaped forward and grabbed him, crying, “Elder Brothers, we were almost fooled by him!”

“Who is fooling whom?” asked the first old demon.

“The one who was speaking to us just now,” replied the third fiend, “was no Little Wind Cutter. He is Pilgrim Sun. He must have run into Little Wind Cutter, slain him somehow, and changed into his appearance to deceive us here.”

Greatly shaken, Pilgrim said to himself, “He has recognized me!” Rubbing his face hurriedly with his hand to correct his features, he said to those fiends, “How could I be Pilgrim Sun! I am the Little Wind Cutter. The great king has made a mistake.”

“Brother,” said the old demon, smiling, “he *is* Little Wind Cutter. For three times every day he answers my roll call. I know him.”

Then he asked Pilgrim, “Do you have your nameplate?”

“I do,” replied Pilgrim, and he took it out at once from inside his clothes.

More convinced than ever, the old fiend said, “Brother, don’t falsely accuse him.”

“Elder Brother,” said the third fiend, “didn’t you see him? He was giggling just now with his face half turned, and I saw for a moment a thunder god beak on him. When I grabbed him, he changed back immediately into his present looks.”

He then called out:

“Little ones, bring me some ropes.”

The captains took out ropes immediately. Wrestling Pilgrim to the ground, the third fiend had him hog-tied before they hitched up his clothes to examine him. It became apparent at once that he was *the* Ban-Horse-Plague all right! Pilgrim, you see, was capable of seventy-two kinds of transformation. If it was a matter of changing into a fowl, a beast, a plant, a utensil, or an insect, his entire body could be transformed. But when he had to change into another person, only his face but not his body could be transformed. When they lifted up his clothes, therefore, they saw a body full of brown fur, two red buttocks, and a tail.

When he saw this, the first old fiend said, “Though he may have the face of Little Wind Cutter, it’s the body of Pilgrim Sun. It’s he.

Little ones, bring us some wine first, so that I may present to the third great king a cup of merit. Since we have caught Pilgrim Sun, there is no doubt that the Tang Monk will be the food of our mouths.”

“Let’s not drink wine just yet,” said the third fiend. “Pilgrim Sun is an exceedingly slippery character, for he knows many ways of escape. I fear we may lose him. Tell the little ones to haul out our vase and put Pilgrim Sun inside it. Then we can drink.”

“Exactly! Exactly!” said the old demon, laughing loudly. He at once summoned thirty-six little fiends to go to their weapons chamber and haul out the vase.

How big was the vase, you ask? Why would it need thirty-six persons to carry it? Though it was no more than twenty-four inches tall, that vase was a treasure governed by the double primal forces of yin and yang. Its magic reactions inside were activated by the seven jewels, the eight trigrams, and the twenty-four solar terms. Only thirty-six persons, a number which corresponded to the number of constellations in the Heavenly Ladle group, would have sufficient strength to lift it up. In a little while, the little fiends had the treasure vase hauled out and set before the third-level door. After they had unpacked it from its wrappings and removed the stopper, they untied Pilgrim and stripped him naked. Then they carried him up to the mouth of the vase, and immediately he was sucked inside with a loud whoosh by the immortal breath of the vase. It was then covered again with its stopper, on top of which they added a tape to seal it. Beckoning his companions to join him to drink, the old fiend said, “Now that this little ape has entered my treasure vase, he’d better not think of the road to the West anymore. If he ever wanted to worship Buddha and acquire scriptures, he might as well turn his back, take up the wheel of transmigration, and seek Buddhist treasure in the next incarnation!” We tell you now about that Great Sage, who found the vase to be quite small for his body once he reached the inside. He decided, therefore, to transform

himself into someone smaller and squat in the middle of the vase. Finding it to be quite cool after some time, he could not refrain from chuckling to himself and saying out loud, “These monster-spirits are banking on their false reputation! How could they tell people that once someone was placed inside the vase, he would change into pus and blood after one and three-quarter hours? If it’s cool like this, I can live here for seven or eight years with no trouble!”

Alas! The Great Sage, you see, had no idea of how that treasure worked: if someone who had been placed within it remained silent for a whole year, then it would remain cool for all that time. But the moment that person spoke, fire would appear to burn him. Hardly had the Great Sage spoken, therefore, when he saw that the entire vase was engulfed in flames. Fortunately, he was not without abilities; sitting in the middle, he made the fire-repellent magic sign with his fingers and faced the flames calmly. After about half an hour, some forty snakes crawled out from every side and began to bite him. Pilgrim stretched forth his hands, picked up the snakes, and with a violent wrench tore them into eighty pieces. In a little while, however, three fire dragons emerged and had him encircled top and bottom.

As the situation was fast becoming unbearable, Pilgrim was rather flustered, saying to himself, “I can take care of other things, but these fire dragons are hard to deal with. If I don’t get out of here, the fire and the heat may overwhelm me after awhile. What then? I think I’d better push my way out by making my body bigger.”

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers and reciting a spell, he cried, “Grow!”

At once his body reached the height of over a hundred feet, but the vase also grew in size with him. Reversing his magic, he reduced the size of his body, but the vase, too, grew smaller with him.

Greatly alarmed, Pilgrim said, “Hard! Hard! Hard! How could it grow big or small with me like that? What shall I do?”

He had hardly finished speaking when he felt some pain on his shanks. Rubbing them hurriedly with his hand, he found his shanks were turning flaccid because of the fire. More and more anxious, he thought to himself, “What’s to become of me? Even my shanks are weakened by the fire. I’ll be reduced to a cripple!”

He was hardly able to hold back his tears. Thus it was that

*He thought of Tripitaka, having met demons and woes;
He missed the sage monk, when beset by fatal ordeals.*

“O Master!” he cried. “Since that year when I embraced the truth because of the Bodhisattva Guanyin’s persuasion and was delivered from my Heaven-sent calamity, I suffered with you the trek through various mountains and subdued many fiends, including the bringing to submission of Eight Rules and Sha Monk. All my labor, all my bitter toil were done with the hope that we would reach the West together and attain the right fruit. Little did I realize that I would meet such vicious demons today! Having been thrown in here by my mistake, old Monkey will lose his life, and you will be stranded halfway up the mountain, unable to proceed. Could it be that my past misdeeds were what brought on my present ordeal?”

As he grieved like that, he suddenly thought to himself, “On the Serpent Coil Mountain that year, the Bodhisattva gave me as a gift three life-saving hairs. I wonder if I still have them. Let me search for them.”

He touched his whole body with his hands and found three hairs on the back of his neck to be especially stiff. Delighted, he said to himself, “All my hairs are quite soft, and only these three happen to be stiff. They must be my lifesavers!”

Clenching his teeth to endure the pain, he pulled off the hairs and blew on them a mouthful of immortal breath, crying, “Change!” One of the hairs changed into a diamond drill, the second one into a strip of bamboo, and the third into a piece of cotton rope. Bending the strip into the shape of a bow, he tied the rope to both ends and used it to guide the drill to drill away at the bottom of the vase. After awhile, light filtered in through a small hole. “Lucky! Lucky!” he said, highly pleased. “I can get out now!”

As he was about to use transformation to escape, the vase suddenly turned cool once more. Why, you ask? Once he drilled through the vase’s bottom, you see, the two forces of yin and yang leaked out.

Dear Great Sage! He retrieved his hairs and, shrinking the size of his body, changed into a mole cricket, so delicate that it was no thicker than a strand of whisker and no longer than a piece of eyebrow hair. He crawled out of the hole, but instead of leaving, he flew directly up to the old demon’s head and alighted on it. The old demon was drinking merrily when all of a sudden, he put down his cup and said, “Third Younger Brother, has Pilgrim Sun melted?”

“It’s about time, isn’t it?” said the third demon, smiling.

The old demon gave the order for the vase to be brought up to the table, and those thirty-six little fiends immediately went to haul it.

When they discovered, however, that the vase had become very light, the terrified fiends cried, “Great Kings, the vase has turned light.”

“Nonsense!” snapped the old demon. “Our treasure is the perfect product of the double forces of yin and yang. How could it have turned light?” One of the more courageous little fiends picked up the vase all by himself and brought it near the table, saying, “See for yourself whether it’s lighter or not.” Removing the stopper, the old demon peered inside and, when he saw a speck of light coming from the bottom, he burst out, “The vase is empty!” Unable to contain himself, the Great Sage shouted on his head, “My dear child! I’m gone!”

“He’s gone! He’s gone!” cried the other fiends. “Close the doors! Close the doors!” With one shake of his body, Pilgrim retrieved the clothes they took from him, and, changing back into his original form, bounded out of the cave. “Monster-spirits, don’t you dare be unruly!” he shouted back at them as he left. “The vase has been punctured, and it can’t be used on humans anymore. It’s only good for a night pot!” Merrily and noisily, he trod the clouds and went back to the place where he left the Tang Monk. The elder at the time was just saying a prayer toward the sky, using pinches of dirt as incense. Pilgrim stopped his cloud to hear what he was saying. With his hands folded before his chest, the elder bowed to the sky and said,

*I pray to all immortals of cloud and mist,
All devas, and Gods of Darkness and Light:
May they my good pupil, Pilgrim, assist
And grant him vast and boundless magic might.*

When the Great Sage heard such words, he was moved to even greater diligence. Causing the cloudy luminosity to subside, he drew near and said, “Master, I’ve returned.”

The elder took him by the hand and said, "Wukong, you've worked very hard! When you didn't come back after having gone deep into the mountain, I was very worried. Tell me truly what sort of good or evil may we expect in this mountain." With a smile, Pilgrim replied, "My trip was a successful one this time only because the creatures of the Land in the East are blessed with goodly affinity; and secondly, because the merit and virtue of my master are boundless and limitless; and thirdly, because your disciple has some magic powers." Whereupon he gave a thorough account of how he disguised himself as the Little Wind Cutter, how he was trapped inside the vase, and how he escaped. "Now that I can behold the countenance of my master once more," he said, "I feel like I have gone through another incarnation."

Thanking him profusely, the elder asked, "You didn't fight with the monster-spirits this time?"

"No, I didn't," replied Pilgrim. "You can't therefore, escort me across the mountain, can you?" asked the elder.

As he had always been a person who loved to win, Pilgrim began to shout, "What do you mean that I can't escort you across this mountain?"

"You haven't quite proven that you can prevail against them," said the elder. "Everything seems so muddled at the moment. How could I dare proceed?"

"Master," replied Pilgrim with a laugh, "you are not very perceptive! As the proverb says,

*A little yarn is no thread;
A single hand cannot clap.*

There are three old demons, thousands and thousands of little fiends, and only one old Monkey. How could I possibly fight with them?"

"The few cannot withstand the many," replied the elder. "I quite understand that you can't cope with them all by yourself. But Eight Rules and Sha Monk both have abilities. I'll tell them to go with you, so that your united efforts will sweep clean the mountain path and escort me through it."

"What you say is quite right," said Pilgrim, turning somewhat pensive. "Sha Monk, however, should stay here to guard you. Let Eight Rules go with me."

Terribly alarmed, our Idiot said, "Elder Brother, you're the one who is imperceptive! I'm rather crude, and I don't have much ability.

Even when I walk along, I resist the wind. Of what use am I to you?"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "even though you may not have great abilities, you are still another person. As the common folks say, 'Even a fart is additional air!' You can at the very least build up my courage."

"All right! All right!" said Eight Rules. "I hope you'll look after me a bit. When things become tight, don't play tricks on me."

"Do be careful, Eight Rules," said the elder. "Sha Monk and I will remain here."

Arousing his spirit, our Idiot mounted a gust of violent wind with Pilgrim and rode on the fog and the cloud to go up the tall mountain. When they arrived before the door of the cave, they found the door tightly shut and no one in sight. Pilgrim walked forward and, holding his iron rod, cried out in a loud voice, "Fiends, open your door! Come out quickly to fight with old Monkey!" When the little fiends in the cave reported

this, the old demon was deeply shaken. “The rumor spreading for years about how powerful that ape is,” he said, “has been proven true today!”

“Elder Brother, what do you mean?” asked the second fiend on one side. The old demon replied, “When that Pilgrim changed into Little Wind Cutter earlier this morning to sneak in here, we couldn’t recognize him. It was fortunate that our Third Worthy Brother spotted him at last and we managed to put him inside the vase. But he had the ability to drill through the vase and he escaped after he retrieved his clothes. Now he’s provoking battle outside. Who has enough courage to face him in the first fight?”

To this question of his, however, no one made a reply. He asked again, but still there was no answer, for everyone inside the cave was playing deaf and dumb.

His anger rising, the old demon said, “We’re earning ourselves an ugly reputation on the main road to the West. When Pilgrim Sun today can mock us like this and we do not go out to face him in battle, our fame will surely diminish. Let me risk this old life of mine to go have three rounds with him. If I can withstand him for three rounds, the Tang Monk will be the food of our mouths. If I can’t, let’s close up our door and let them pass.”

He put on his armor and opened the door to walk out. Pilgrim and Eight Rules stood by the door to stare at him, and he was some fiendish creature indeed!

*A jeweled helmet topped his iron-hard head,
With dangling tassels colorful and bright.
Like flashing lightning his two eyes did glow;
Like shining mist hair on both temples flowed.
His claws were like silver, both quick and sharp;
His sawlike teeth were even and thickset.
The armor he wore was one solid gold piece;
A smart dragon-head sash wrapped round his waist.
His hands held a shiny scimitar of steel:
The world rarely saw such heroic might.
With one bellow loud as a thunderclap
He asked, “Who on our door would dare to rap?”*

Turning around, the Great Sage said, “It’s your Venerable Father Sun, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.”

“Are you Pilgrim Sun?” asked the old demon with a laugh. “You audacious ape! I’m not bothering you. Why are you provoking battle here?” Pilgrim replied, “As the proverb says,

*The waves will only rise with the wind;
Water will subside without the tide.*

If you didn’t bother me, you think I would come looking for you? It’s because you bunch of thugs and hoodlums have banded together to plot against my master, planning to devour him. That’s why I’ve come to do this.”

“You show up at our door in such a menacing manner,” said the old demon. “Does that mean that you want to fight?”

“Exactly,” replied Pilgrim. “Stop acting with such insolence!” said the old demon. “If I ordered out my fiend troops, placed them in formation, raised the flags, and beat the drums to fight with you, all I would be doing is to show simply that I’m the

local tiger trying to take advantage of you. I'll face you alone, one to one, and no other helper will be permitted." On hearing this, Pilgrim said, "Zhu Eight Rules, step aside. Let's see what he'll do with old Monkey." Idiot indeed walked away to one side.

"You come over here," said the old demon, "and act as my chopping block first. If your bald head can withstand three blows of my scimitar, I'll let you and your Tang Monk go past. But if you can't, you'd better turn him over quickly to me as a meal." When he heard this, Pilgrim smiled and said, "Fiend! If you have brush and paper in your cave, take them out and I'll sign a contract with you. You can start delivering your blows from today until next year, and I won't regard you seriously!"

Arousing his spirit, the old demon stood firmly with one foot placed in front of the other. He lifted up his scimitar with both hands and brought it down hard on the head of the Great Sage. Our Great Sage, however, jerked his head upward to meet the blow. All they heard was a loud crack, but the skin on the head did not even redden. Greatly astonished, the old demon said, "What a hard head this monkey has!"

Chuckling, the Great Sage said, "You don't realize that old Monkey was

*Born with a bronze head and a crown of steel
That no one possessed in Heav'n or on Earth.
Unbreakable by the mallet or the ax,
It has gone in my youth into Laozi's stove.
Its making Four Dipper Stars had overseen
And Twenty- Eight Lodges applied their work.
It could not be wrecked though drowned a few times,
For tough sinews circled it all around.
Fearing still that it was not strong enough,
The Tang Monk added a fillet of gold!"*

"Stop bragging, ape!" said the old demon. "Watch the second blow of my scimitar! It'll not spare your life!"

"Why talk like that?" replied Pilgrim. "Isn't it enough that you hack away?"

"Monkey," said the old demon, "you have no idea that my scimitar is

*Metal in the furnace forged,
Wrought by the gods' drawn out work.
The fine blade and its mighty pow'r
Conform to military science.
It looks like the tail of a fly
And also a white serpent's waist.
In the mountain clouds would gather;
In the ocean waves would pile high.
Pounded and polished countless times,
It has been a hundred ways refined.
Though it's kept in an ancient cave,
It'll win once in battle it's placed.
I'll grab that nice, bald, priestly head of yours
And make two gourd halves with one mighty whack!"*

"This monster-spirit is so blind!" chuckled the Great Sage. "So, you think that old Monkey's head is a gourd! All right. I won't delay you. You can give me another blow."

The old demon lifted his blade to hack away once more, and again the Great Sage met it with his head. With a loud crack, the head was split in two, but the Great Sage also rolled on the ground immediately and changed into two bodies. Terrified by what he saw, the fiend lowered his scimitar. From a distance, Eight Rules saw everything and said, laughing, "The old demon should strike again, and there'll be four persons!" Pointing at Pilgrim, the old demon said, "I have heard that you are capable of the Magic of Body-Division.

But why are you exercising it in my presence?"

"What do you mean by the Magic of Body-Division?" asked the Great Sage.

"Why didn't you move when I gave you the first blow?" asked the old demon. "Why did you become two persons after the second one?"

"Fiend, don't be afraid," said the Great Sage, laughing. "If you cut me ten thousand times, I'll give you twenty thousand persons!"

"Monkey," said the old demon, "you may be able to divide your body, but I doubt whether you can retrieve your bodies. If you have the ability to become one again, you may give me a blow with your rod."

"No lying, now," said the Great Sage. "You said you wanted to hack me three times with your scimitar, and you have only done it twice. Now you want me to give you a blow with my rod. If I strike you even half a blow more, I'll give up my surname Sun!"

"Well said," replied the old demon.

Dear Great Sage! He embraced the other half of himself and, with a roll, became one person again. Picking up his rod, he slammed it down on the old demon, who parried the blow with his scimitar and said, "Brazen ape, don't you dare be unruly! What sort of a funeral staff is that that you dare use it to hit someone right before his door?"

"If you ask me about this rod of mine," snapped the Great Sage, "you should know that it has a reputation both in Heaven and on Earth."

"What kind of reputation?" asked the old demon. The Great Sage said,

*The rod of steel nine cyclic times refined
Was forged in the stove by Laozi himself.
King Yu took it, named it "Treasure Divine,"
To fix the Eight Rivers and Four Seas' depth.
In it were spread out tracks of planets and stars,
Its two ends were clamped in pieces of gold.
Its dense patterns would frighten gods and ghosts;
On it dragon and phoenix scripts were drawn.
Its name was one Rod of Numinous Yang,
Stored deep in the sea, hardly seen by men.
Well-formed and transformed it wanted to fly,
Emitting bright strands of five-colored mist.
Enlightened Monkey took it back to the mount
To experience its pow'r for boundless change.
At times I would make it thick as a drum
Or small and tiny as an iron wire.*

Huge like South Mountain or fine as a pin,
 It lengthened or shortened after my desire.
 Move it gently and colored clouds would rise.
 Like flashing lightning it would soar and fly.
 Its cold air, far-reaching, would bring you chills;
 Its deadly aura could imbue the sky.
 To tame tigers and dragons it I kept;
 With me it toured all four corners of earth.
 I once disturbed with this rod the Hall of Heav'n;
 Its might broke up the Festival of Peach.
 Fighting it the devarāja had no chance;
 Against it Naṣa found the task most hard.
 Struck by the rod, the gods had no place to hide;
 One hundred thousand soldiers ran and fled.
 With thunder gods guarding Divine Mists Hall
 I leaped and fought to Hall of Perfect Light.
 All flustered were the ministers at court,
 And all divine officers were most confused.
 I raised my rod to topple the Dipper Hall
 And, turning, smashed the South Pole Palace.
 When Emperor Jade saw how fierce was my rod,
 Tathāgata was asked to face my wrath.
 Twas natural for a fighter to win or lose,
 But harsh confinement was my certain lot,
 Which lasted for a full five hundred years;
 Then came kind counsels from South Sea's Guanyin.
 There was, she told me, a priest of Great Tang
 Who offered to Heaven a stupendous vow:
 To save the souls from the City of Death,
 He would seek scriptures from the Spirit Mount.
 But demons infested the westward way;
 The journey thus was no convenient trek.
 Knowing the rod had in the world no match,
 She begged me to be his guardian on the way.
 Perverts, touched by it, would go to Hades,
 Their bones turning to flour, their flesh to dust.
 Every where fiends had died beneath the rod,
 In hundreds and thousands and countless scores.
 Above, it busted the Dipper Palace;
 Below, it smashed up all of Darkness Hall.
 In Heaven it chased the Nine Planetoids
 And wounded on Earth the summoner-judge.
 It dropped from midair to rule mountains and streams,
 Much stronger than Jupiter's new year sword.
 To guard the Tang Monk I bank on this rod,
 Having beaten this world's all monster-gods!

When he heard these words, the demon trembled and shook, though he risked his life and raised the scimitar to strike. Beaming broadly, the Monkey King met him

with the iron rod. At first the two of them fought before the cave; after a while, they leaped up to do battle in midair. What a marvelous battle it was!

*A treasure that fixed Heaven River's depth
Was the rod, named Compliant, this world's prize.
Such vaunting talents the demon displeased,
Who raised his scimitar with magic might.
A conflict before the door might one resolve.
How could any be spared in a midair fight?
After his own feelings one changed his looks;
One's torso grew taller without delay.
They fought till clouds thickened in the sky
And fog drifted up from the ground.
That one made plans a few times to devour Tripitaka;
That one exercised his vast pow'r to guard the Tang Monk.
Because the Buddha wished the scriptures to impart,
Evil and good became clear, locked in bitter strife.*

The old demon and the Great Sage fought for over twenty rounds, but no decision could be reached. When Eight Rules down below saw, however, how intense a battle the two of them were waging, he could no longer stand idly by. Mounting the wind, he leaped into the air and delivered a terrific blow with his rake, aiming it at the monster's face. The demon was horrified, for he did not know that Eight Rules was a blunderer, someone without any real stamina. When he saw that long snout and those huge ears, the demon thought that the hands would also be heavy and the rake vicious. Abandoning his scimitar therefore, he turned and fled in defeat. "Chase him! Chase him!" shouted the Great Sage.

Relying on his companion's authority, our Idiot raised high the muckrake and went after the fiend. When the old demon saw him approaching, he stood still before the mountain slope and, facing the wind, changed back into his original form. Opening wide his huge mouth, he wanted to swallow Eight Rules, who was so terrified by the sight that he dove quickly into the bushes by the wayside. He crawled in there, without regard for thorns or prickles and with no thought of the pain of the scratches on his head; trembling all over, he stayed in the bushes to see what would develop.

In a moment, Pilgrim arrived, and the old fiend also opened wide his mouth to try to devour him, little knowing that this was exactly what Pilgrim desired. Putting away his iron rod, Pilgrim ran up to the fiend, who swallowed him in one gulp. Our Idiot in the bushes was so shaken that he muttered to himself, "How stupid is this Ban-Horse-Plague! When you saw the fiend coming to devour you, why didn't you run away? Why did you go up to him instead? You might still be a priest today inside his stomach, but tomorrow you'd be a big pile of droppings!" Only after the demon left in triumph did our Idiot crawl out from the bushes and slip away on the road he came.

We tell you now about Tripitaka, who waited with Sha Monk beneath the mountain slope. All of a sudden they saw Eight Rules running back and panting heavily. Horrified, Tripitaka said, "Eight Rules, how is it that you look so desperate? Where is Wukong?"

"Elder Brother," sobbed our Idiot, "has been swallowed by the monster-spirit in one gulp." When he heard this, Tripitaka collapsed on the ground, and only after a long time could he stamp his feet and pound his chest. "O disciple!" he cried. "I thought that

you were so adept in subduing the fiends that you could lead me to see Buddha in the Western Heaven. How could I know that you would perish in the hands of this fiend? Alas! Alas! The merit of this disciple and others have all turned to dust now!”

The master was beside himself with grief. But look at our Idiot! Instead of trying to comfort his master he called out, “Sha Monk, bring me the luggage. The two of us will divide it up.”

“Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “why do you want to divide it?”

“When we have divided it,” replied Eight Rules, “each of us can go our own way; you can return to Flowing Sand River to be a cannibal, and I’ll go back to the Old Gao Village to see my wife. We’ll sell the white horse, and that should enable us to buy a coffin for our master in his old age!”

The elder was already heaving in anguish. When he heard these words, he began to wail, calling on Heaven to help him all the time and we shall leave him there for the moment.

We tell you about that old demon, who thought it a smart thing to have swallowed Pilgrim. When he reached his own cave, the various fiends came to greet him and asked him about the battle. “I caught one,” said the old demon. Delighted, the second demon asked, “Which one did you catch, Big Brother?”

“It’s Pilgrim Sun,” replied the old demon. “Where have you caught him?” asked the second demon. The old demon said, “He has been swallowed into my stomach in one gulp.”

Horried, the third demon said, “O Big Brother, I’m sorry I haven’t told you, but Pilgrim Sun is inedible!”

“I’m very edible!” said the Great Sage in the belly. “Moreover, I satisfy! You’ll never be hungry again!”

The little fiends were so frightened that one of them said, “Great King, it’s terrible! Pilgrim Sun is talking inside your stomach!”

“I’m not afraid of his talking!” said the old demon. “If I have the ability to devour him, you think I have no ability to handle him? Go and boil me some salt water quickly. Let me pour it down my stomach and throw him up. Then we can have him slowly fried and eaten with wine.”

The little fiends indeed went and brought back half a pan of hot salt water, which the old demon immediately drained. Opening wide his mouth, he retched in earnest, but our Great Sage seemed to have taken roots in the stomach. He did not even budge. The old demon pressed his own throat and retched again and again until he became dizzy and dim of sight. Even his gall seemed to have been busted! But Pilgrim remained unmoveable as ever. After he panted for awhile, the old demon cried, “Pilgrim Sun, aren’t you coming out?”

“It’s too early!” replied Pilgrim. “I don’t feel like coming out!”

“Why not?” asked the old demon. “You’re not a very smart monsterspirit!” said Pilgrim. “Since I became a monk, I have led a rather penurious life. It’s the cool autumn now, and all I have on is an unlined shirt. This belly of yours is quite warm, and it has no draft. This is exactly where I should spend my winter.” On hearing this, all the fiends said, “Great King, Pilgrim Sun wants to spend the winter in your belly.”

“If he wants to do that,” said the old demon, “I’ll practice meditation. With my magic of hibernation, I’ll not eat for a whole winter and starve that Ban-Horse-Plague.”

“My son,” said the Great Sage, “you are so dumb! On this journey in which old Monkey is accompanying the Tang Monk to go seek scriptures, we passed through Canton and I picked up a portable frying pan, excellent for cooking chop suey.

If I take time to enjoy your liver, chitterlings, stomach, and lungs, I think I can last easily till spring!”

“O Elder Brother,” cried a horrified second demon, “this ape is capable of doing this!”

“O Elder Brother,” said the third demon, “it’s all right to let him eat the chop suey, but I wonder where he is going to set up the frying pan.”

“On the fork of his chest bone, of course!” replied Pilgrim. “That’s bad!” cried the third demon. “If he sets up the pan there and starts a fire, you’ll sneeze if the smoke rises to your nostrils, won’t you?”

“Don’t worry,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Let old Monkey punch a hole through his head with my golden-hooped rod. That will serve both as a skylight and a chimney.” On hearing this, the old demon became quite frightened, even though he pretended to be brave and said, “Brothers, don’t be afraid.

Bring me our medicinal wine. I’ll drink a few goblets and kill that ape with the drug.” Smiling to himself, Pilgrim said, “When old Monkey caused great disturbance in Heaven five hundred years ago, he devoured the elixir of Laozi, the wine of the Jade Emperor, the peaches of the Lady Queen Mother, and all kinds of dainties like phoenix marrow and dragon liver. What, in fact, have I not tasted before? What kind of medicinal wine is this that he dares use to drug me?”

After the little fiends went and bailed two pots of the medicinal wine, they filled a large goblet and handed it to the old demon. The moment he took it in his hands, however, our Great Sage could smell the wine’s fragrance even inside the belly of the demon. “I won’t allow him to drink it!” he said to himself. Dear Great Sage! With a twist of his head, he turned his mouth into the shape of a trumpet which he placed immediately below the throat of the old demon. When the old demon drank in one gulp the goblet of wine, it was immediately swallowed by Pilgrim. When he drank the second goblet, it, too, was swallowed by Pilgrim, and in this way seven or eight goblets went down the throat of the demon. Putting down the goblet, the old demon said, “I’m not drinking anymore. It used to be that two goblets of this wine would make my stomach feel like fire. I drank seven or eight goblets just now, and my face hasn’t even reddened!”

But our Great Sage, you see, could not take too much wine. After he had swallowed seven or eight gobletfuls from the old demon, he became so delirious that he began to do calisthenics without pause inside the demon’s belly. He did jumping jacks and cartwheels; he let loose high kicks; grabbing the liver he used it for a swing, and he went through handstands and somersaults, prancing madly here and there. So unbearable was the pain that the fiend slumped to the ground. We do not know whether he died or not; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-SIX

*Mind-Spirit dwells at home, and demons revert to nature
Wood Mother together subdues the fiend's true self*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who dallied inside the belly of the old demon for quite a while until the latter dropped to the ground, hardly breathing or speaking a word. Thinking that the demon might be dead, the Great Sage released his hold somewhat on the demon's innards, and, having caught his breath once more, the demon chief called out, "Most compassionate and merciful Bodhisattva Great Sage, Equal to Heaven!" When he heard that, Pilgrim said, "Son, don't waste your energy! Spare a few words and just address me as Grandpa Sun!"

As he had great regard for his own life, that fiendish demon did indeed cry out, "Grandpa, grandpa! It's my fault! I made a terrible mistake in swallowing you, and now you're in a position to harm me. I beg the Great Sage to be merciful and have regard for the life-seeking wish of an ant. If you spare my life, I'm willing to send your master across this mountain." Now, though the Great Sage was a warrior, he thought only of the Tang Monk's progress. When he, a person not unreceptive to compliments, heard how pitifully the fiendish demon was begging him, he became kindhearted again. "Fiend," he cried, "I'll spare you. But how will you send my master off?"

"We have no silver or gold, pearl or jade, cornelian, coral, crystal, amber, tortoiseshell, or any such precious treasure to give to you," said the old demon. "But we three brothers will carry your master on a palanquin made of scented vines, and that's how we will send your master across this mountain."

"If you're going to take him across in a palanquin," said Pilgrim, laughing, "that's better than giving us treasures. Open your mouth wide and I'll come out."

The demon chief did open his mouth wide, but the third demon walked up to him and whispered, "Big Brother, when he's about to get out, bite down hard. Chew that little monkey to pieces and swallow him. Then he won't be able to torture you any more." Pilgrim, however, heard everything. Instead of crawling out himself, he stuck out his golden-hooped rod ahead of him to see if the way was clear. The fiend gave it a terrific bite; with a loud crack, one of his front teeth broke to pieces. Withdrawing his rod, Pilgrim said, "Dear fiend! I have already spared your life, but you want to bite me and kill me instead! I'm not coming out! I'm going to torture you until you drop! No, I'm not coming out!"

"Brother," complained the old demon to the third demon, "you've victimized your own kin! It would have been better if we had invited him to come out. You told me to bite him instead. He has not been bitten, but my teeth have been sorely hurt. What shall we do now?" When that third demon saw that the blame was put on him, he resorted to the method of "Piquing the General."

"Pilgrim Sun," he cried in a loud voice, "Your fame has been so loudly proclaimed that it strikes the ear like a crack of thunder! I have been told how you displayed your power before the South Heavenly Gate, how you showed your form beneath the Hall of Divine Mists, and how you have subdued monsters and bound demons on the way to the Western Heaven. But you are really nothing but an apish small-timer!"

“In what way am I a small-timer?” asked Pilgrim. The third fiend said, “As the proverb says,

*The valiant stays in the clear;
His fame spreads both far and near.*

If you come out and let me fight with you, then you may consider yourself a hero. How can you be satisfied with fooling about in someone’s stomach? If you’re not a small-timer, what are you?” When Pilgrim heard these words, he thought to himself, “Yes, yes, yes! If I pull his intestines apart and bust up his bladder, I can finish off this fiend right now. What’s so difficult about that? Yet that will truly ruin my reputation. All right! All right! You open your mouth wide, and I’ll come out to wage a contest with you. But the entrance to your cave is too narrow for us to use our arms. You must get out to a more spacious area.” On hearing this, the third demon called up at once all the fiends; young and old, there were more than thirty thousand of those monster-spirits. Each grasping a sharp weapon, they went out of the cave to arrange themselves in the formation of the Three Forces and do battle with Pilgrim once he came out. The second fiend supported the old demon as he walked out of the door, crying, “Pilgrim Sun, if you’re a hero, come out! There’s a fine battlefield right here for you to fight on.”

Even inside the demon’s stomach the Great Sage could hear the din and hubbub outside, and he knew that they had arrived at a spacious region. He thought to himself, “If I don’t go out, it’ll mean that I have gone back on my word. If I do, however, I don’t know what this monster-spirit with his human face but bestial heart is capable of doing. He said at first that he would send my master across the mountain, but actually he was trying to deceive me and bite me. Now he has even ordered his troops here . . . All right! All right! I’m going to take care of two things at once for him. I’ll go out, but I will plant a root firmly in his stomach.”

He reached behind him and pulled off a piece of hair from his tail, blew his immortal breath on it, and cried, “Change!” It changed at once into a rope no thicker than a piece of hair but some four hundred feet long. (The rope, you see, would grow thicker once it was exposed to wind.) He fastened one end of the rope to the heart of the monstrous fiend, but he left the knot loose enough so as not to hurt the fiend for the moment. Taking hold of the other end, he smiled and said to himself, “Even after I get out, he will have to send my master across the mountain. If he refuses and raises arms against me, I won’t even bother to fight with him. All I need to do is to tug at this little rope, and it’ll be as if I’m still in his belly.”

He then reduced the size of his own body and began to crawl out; when he reached the lower part of the fiend’s throat, he saw that the monster-spirit had opened wide his square mouth, with fine teeth standing above and below like rows of sharp swords. Quickly he thought to himself, “That’s not good! That’s not good! If I leave through his mouth and then try to tug at this rope, he’ll bite through it once he begins to hurt. I must get out through some place where he has no teeth.”

Dear Great Sage! Dragging the rope along, he crawled further up the throat of the fiend until he entered one of the nasal passages. A sudden itch in the old demon’s nose caused him to “Ah-choo” loudly, and Pilgrim was sneezed right out.

The moment Pilgrim was exposed to the wind, he stretched his waist once and immediately grew to some thirty feet tall, with one hand holding the rope and the other grasping the iron rod. Not knowing any better, the demon chief, as soon as he saw Pilgrim, lifted up his steel scimitar and hacked away at his opponent’s face. Pilgrim

parried the blow with one hand holding the iron rod. At the same time, the second fiend, using a lance, and the third fiend, using a halberd, both rushed forward and rained blows on him. Putting away his iron rod and letting the rope hang loose, the Great Sage leaped up to the clouds and dashed away. He was afraid, you see, that once the little fiends had surrounded him, he would not be able to carry out his plan. He therefore jumped clear of their camp to reach a spacious spot on the peak of the mountain. Dropping down from the clouds, he grabbed the rope with both hands and tugged with all his strength, and immediately a sharp pain shot through the heart of the old demon. To lessen the pain, the demon clawed his way into the air also, but the Great Sage gave his rope another yank. When the little fiends saw what was happening out there, they all cried out:

“O Great King! Don’t provoke him anymore! Let him go! This little monkey has no sense of the seasons! Clear Brightness hasn’t arrived yet, but he’s flying a kite over there already!” When he heard this, the Great Sage gave the rope yet another mighty tug: hurtling through the air like a spinning wheel, the old demon fell to the ground with a thud, making a crater about two feet deep in the hardened loess beneath the mountain slope.

The second and the third fiends were so terrified that they both dropped down from the clouds and went forward to take hold of the rope. “Great Sage,” they pleaded as they both knelt down, “we thought you were a lenient and magnanimous immortal, but you are no better than a slippery sneak. We wanted to lure you out to fight with you, and that’s the honest truth. How could we know that you would fasten this rope onto the heart of our elder brother?”

“You bunch of lawless demons,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “you have a lot of nerve! Last time you tried to bite me when you tricked me to come out, and this time you bring up all these troops against me. Look at those thousands of fiend soldiers confronting me, and I’m single-handed! That’s not quite reasonable, is it? No, I’m yanking you along! I’m yanking you along to see my master!” Kowtowing along with his brothers, the old demon said, “Be merciful, Great Sage. Spare my life, and I’ll be willing to send the Venerable Master across this mountain.”

“If you want your life,” said Pilgrim with another laugh, “all you need to do is to cut the rope with a knife.”

“Holy Father!” said the old demon. “I may be able to cut off the rope, but there’s still another strip of it fastened to my heart. It’s sticking to my throat and making me retch. What shall I do?”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “open wide your mouth and I’ll go in again to untie the rope.”

Greatly alarmed, the old demon said, “Once you go in, you might refuse to come out again. That’s too hard! That’s too hard!” Pilgrim said, “I have the ability to untie the rope from the outside. After I have done so, are you really planning to escort my master across this mountain?”

“The moment you untie it,” replied the old demon, “we’ll escort him at once. I dare not lie.” When he ascertained that the old demon was speaking the truth, the Great Sage shook his body once and retrieved his hair; immediately the fiend felt no pain in his heart. (That was the deceptive magic of the Great Sage Sun, you see, when he fastened the demon’s heart with a piece of hair. When the hair was retrieved, the fiend’s heart no longer ached.) Leaping up together, the three fiends thanked the Great Sage,

saying, "Please go back first, Great Sage, and tell the Tang Monk to pack up his things. We'll bring a palanquin along to escort him."

The various fiends all put away their weapons and went back to their cave.

After the Great Sage had put away his rope, he went straight back to the east side of the mountain, where from a great distance he could already see the Tang Monk rolling all over the ground and wailing loudly. Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk had the wrap untied and were just in the process of dividing up the contents. "I needn't be told whose doing this is!" sighed Pilgrim to himself. "Eight Rules must have informed Master that I was devoured by the monster-spirit. Master is wailing because he can't bear to part with me, but that Idiot is dividing things up so he can run off. Alas, I wonder if I've got the right interpretation! I'll call Master and see what happens."

He dropped down from the clouds and cried, "Master!" On hearing this, Sha Monk at once began to berate Eight Rules, saying, "You are

*A sure coffin-maker
Who does in ev'ry taker!*

Elder Brother is still alive, but you said he was dead so you could engage in your shoddy business here. Isn't he the one calling now?"

"I clearly saw him being swallowed by the monster-spirit with one gulp," said Eight Rules. "This must be an unlucky day, I suppose, and his spirit has returned to haunt us."

Going straight up to him, Pilgrim gave Eight Rules's face a whack that sent him stumbling.

"Coolie," he shouted, "am I haunting you?" Rubbing his face, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, you were devoured by that fiend. You . . . how could you come alive again?"

"I'm no useless moron like you!" replied Pilgrim. "So he ate me, but I scratched his guts and pinched his lungs. I also put a rope through his heart and pulled at him until the pain was unbearable. Every one of them kowtowed and pleaded with me. Only then did I spare their lives. They are now preparing a palanquin to take our master across this mountain." When he heard these words, our Tripitaka scrambled up at once and bowed to Pilgrim, saying, "O disciple! I have caused you great inconvenience! If I had believed Wuneng's words completely, I would have been finished." Raising his fists to punch at Eight Rules, Pilgrim scolded him, saying, "This overstuffed coolie! He's so slothful and so callow! Master, please don't worry any more. Those fiends are coming to take you across the mountain."

Even Sha Monk felt embarrassed by these words, so much so that he hurriedly offered a few excuses for Eight Rules. They then gathered up the luggage and loaded it once more onto the horse's back. We shall now leave them for the moment waiting by the wayside.

We tell you instead about those three demon chiefs, who led the flock of spirits to return to their cave. "Elder Brother," said the second fiend, "I thought Pilgrim Sun was someone endowed with nine heads and eight tails, but I can see what he actually is—a puny little ape! Nevertheless, you shouldn't have swallowed him. If we had just fought with him, he could never have withstood you and me. With these thousands of monster-spirits in our cave, we could have drowned him just by spitting. But you had to swallow him into your stomach, where he could exercise his magic to make you suffer.

We certainly didn't dare wage any contest with him then. Just now we said we were planning to escort the Tang Monk. That was all pretense, of course, because your life was more important than anything else. Once we tricked him into coming out, we would never escort that monk."

"Worthy brother," said the old demon, "what is your reason for reneging?"

"Give me three thousand little fiends," replied the second fiend, "and put them in battle formation. I have ability enough to capture that ape-head!"

"Don't ask for a mere three thousand," said the old demon. "You have my permission to call up the whole camp! Just catch him, and everyone will have made merit."

The second demon at once called up three thousand little fiends and had them spread out by the side of the main road. A blue banner-carrier was sent to convey this message:

"Pilgrim Sun, come out quickly and fight with our Second Father Great King." When Eight Rules heard this, he laughed and said, "O Elder Brother! As the proverb says,

A liar can't fool his fellow-villager.

What sort of skulduggery, what sort of hanky-panky is this when you tell us that you've subdued the monster-spirits, that they are fetching a palanquin to escort Master? Now they are here to provoke battle. Why?"

"The old fiend," said Pilgrim, "was subdued by me. He wouldn't dare show himself, for if he had caught even a whiff of the name Sun, he would have a headache now! This has to be the second fiendish demon, who can't stand the thought of escorting us. That's the reason for this challenge to battle. Let me tell you something, Brother. Those monster-spirits happen to be three brothers, and they all behave gallantly toward each other. We are also three brothers, but there's no gallantry at all among ourselves. I have already subdued the eldest demon. Now that the second demon has shown himself, the least you can do is to fight with him a bit. Is that too much to ask of you?"

"I'm not scared of him," replied Eight Rules. "Let me go and wage a battle with him."

"If you want to go," said Pilgrim, "go!" Laughing, Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother, I'll go. But lend me that little rope of yours."

"What for?" asked Pilgrim. "You don't have the ability to crawl inside his stomach, nor are you capable of fastening it to his heart. Why do you want it?"

"I want it fastened around my waist," said Eight Rules, "as a lifeline! You and Sha Monk should take hold of it at the other end and then let me go out there to do battle. If you see that I'm winning, loosen the rope and I'll be able to capture the monster. If I lose, however, you must pull me back, so that he won't be able to grab me." Pilgrim smiled to himself, saying, "This will be some trick on Idiot!"

He did indeed tie the rope around Eight Rules's waist and urged him to do battle.

Lifting high his muckrake, our Idiot ran up to the ledge of the mountain and cried, "Monster-spirit, come out and fight with your ancestor Zhu!"

The blue banner-carrier went quickly to report:

“Great King, a priest with a long snout and big ears has arrived.”

The second fiend left the camp at once; when he saw Eight Rules, he did not utter a word but lifted his lance to stab at his opponent’s face.

Our Idiot went forward to face him with upraised rake, and the two of them joined in battle before the mountain slope. Hardly had they gone for more than seven or eight rounds, however, when Idiot’s hands grew weak and could no longer withstand the demon. Turning his head quickly, he shouted, “Elder Brother, it’s getting bad! Pull the lifeline! Pull the lifeline!” When the Great Sage on this side heard those words, he slackened the rope instead and let go of it. Our Idiot was already fleeing in defeat. The rope tied to his waist, you see, was no hindrance when he was going forward. But when he turned back, because it was hanging loose it quickly became a stumbling-block and tripped him up. He scrambled up only to fall down again. At first he only stumbled, but thereafter he fell snout-first to the ground. Catching up with him, the monster-spirit stretched out his drag-onlike trunk and wrapped it around Eight Rules. Then he went back to the cave in triumph, surrounded by the little fiends all singing victory songs.

When Tripitaka below the mountain slope saw what happened, he berated Pilgrim, saying, “Wukong, I can’t blame Wuneng for cursing you to death. I see that there’s no love or amity between you brothers at all, only mutual hatred and envy! He was yelling for you to pull the lifeline. How could you not do that and let go of the rope instead? Now he’s been harmed. What shall we do?”

“Master,” replied Pilgrim, laughing, “you’re always so protective, so partial! All right, when old Monkey was taken captive, you didn’t show much concern. I was quite dispensable! But no sooner had this Idiot been taken captive than you began to blame me. I want him to suffer a little, for only then will he realize how difficult it is to fetch the scriptures.”

“O disciple,” said Tripitaka, “you think I wasn’t concerned about you when you were captured? But you, after all, are most capable of transforming yourself, and I thought that surely you would not be harmed. That Idiot, however, has a rather cumbersome build, and he’s not agile at all. When’s he’s taken like this, he’ll meet more ill than good. You must go rescue him.”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “don’t complain any more. Let me go rescue him.”

He bounded quickly up the mountain, but he said spitefully to himself, “Since Idiot wanted to curse me to death, I’m not about to gratify him so easily. I’ll follow the monster-spirits and see how they plan to treat him. Let him suffer a little first, and then I’ll rescue him.”

Thereupon he recited a magic spell; with one shake of his body, he changed into a tiny mole cricket. Darting away, he alighted on the base of one of Eight Rules’s ears and went back to the cave with the monster-spirits. The second demon led the three thousand little fiends, all blowing bugles and beating drums, up to the entrance of the cave where they were to be stationed. He himself took Eight Rules inside and said, “Elder Brother, I’ve caught one.”

The old fiend said, “Bring him here and let me have a look.”

The second demon loosened his trunk and flung Eight Rules on the ground, saying, “Isn’t this the one?”

“This one,” said the old fiend, “is quite useless!” On hearing this, Eight Rules spoke up:

“Great King, let the useless one go. Find the useful one instead and catch him.”

“Though he may be useless,” said the third fiend, “he is still Zhu Eight Rules, a disciple of the Tang Monk. Let’s tie him up and send him to soak in the pond in the back. When his hairs are soaked off, we’ll rip open his belly, cure him with salt, and sundry him. He’ll be good with wine when it turns cloudy.”

Horried, Eight Rules said, “Finished! Finished! I’ve run into a fiend who’s a pickle merchant.”

The various fiends all joined in and had Idiot hog-tied before hauling him to the edge of the pond. After shoving him out toward the center of the pond, they turned and left. The Great Sage flew up into the air to have a look, and he found our Idiot half floating and half submerged in the pond, with his four legs turned upward and his snout downward, snorting and blowing water constantly. He was a laughable sight indeed, like one of those huge black lotus roots of late autumn that has cast its seeds after frost. When the Great Sage saw those features, he was moved to both anger and pity. “What am I to do?” he thought to himself. “He is, after all, a member of Buddha’s Birthday Feast. But I’m so mad at him, for at the slightest excuse he will divide up the luggage and try to run off. And he’s always egging Master on to cast that Tight-Fillet Spell on me. I heard from Sha Monk the other day that he had managed to put away some private savings. I wonder if it’s true.

Let me give him a scare!”

Dear Great Sage! Flying near Eight Rules’s ear, he assumed a different voice and called out:

“Zhu Wuneng! Zhu Wuneng!”

“Of all the rotten luck!” mumbled an apprehensive Eight Rules. “Wuneng happens to be a name given to me by the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin.

Since I followed the Tang Monk, I have also been called Eight Rules. How is it that someone at this place should know me as Wuneng?” Unable to restrain himself, Idiot asked, “Who is calling me by my religious name?”

“It is I,” replied Pilgrim. “Who are you?” asked Idiot, and Pilgrim said, “I’m a summoner.”

“Officer,” said Idiot, growing more and more alarmed, “where did you come from?” Pilgrim said, “I’ve been sent by the Fifth Yama King to summon you.”

“Officer,” said Idiot, “please go back. Inform the Fifth Yama King that, for the excellent friendship he enjoys with my elder brother, Sun Wukong, I should be spared one more day. Have me summoned tomorrow.”

“Rubbish!” replied Pilgrim. “As the proverb says,

*When Yama at third watch wants you to die,
Who dares detain you till fourth watch goes by?*

Hurry up and follow me, so I don’t have to put the rope on you and pull you along.”

“Officer,” said Idiot, “I’m asking no big favor of you. Just look at my face. You think I can live? I know I’m going to die, but I want to wait one more day—until those monster-spirits have my master and the rest of them captured and brought here. We can then enjoy a last reunion before we all expire.”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, smiling to himself, “I have about thirty other people here to be rounded up. Let me go get them first, and that’ll give you another day. You have any travel money? Give me some.” Idiot said, “How pitiable! Where does a person who has left home have any travel money?”

“If not,” said Pilgrim, “I’ll rope you up and you can follow me!”

“Officer,” cried Eight Rules, horrified, “please don’t rope me! I know that little rope of yours has the name of the Life-Dispatching Cord. Once you put it on me, I’ll breathe my last. Yes! Yes! Yes! I do have a little, but not much.”

“Where is it?” demanded Pilgrim. “Take it out quickly!”

“Pity! Pity!” replied Eight Rules. “Since I became a priest, I have bumped into a few philanthropic families who wanted to feed the monks. When they saw that I had a large appetite, they handed me a few pennies more than they gave my companions. Altogether I have managed to save about five maces of silver, but all that loose cash is hard to carry. When I last visited a city, I asked a silversmith to have it forged into a single piece. He turned out to be most unscrupulous, for he stole a few candareens and I was left with a piece of silver weighing but four maces and six candareens. You may take it.”

“This Idiot,” said Pilgrim to himself, smiling, “doesn’t even have a pair of pants on him. Where can he be hiding it?”

He asked, “Hey, where’s your silver?”

“It’s stuffed inside my left ear,” replied Eight Rules. “I’m all tied up, and I can’t get it for you. Take it out yourself.” On hearing this, Pilgrim reached into the ear and found the piece of silver: shaped like a saddle, it did in fact weigh about four mace and six candareen. When he took hold of it, he could no longer refrain from letting out a loud guffaw. Recognizing at once that it was the voice of Pilgrim, our Idiot, floating in the water, began to let loose a string of abuses. “You damned Ban-Horse-Plague!” he cried.

“I’m in such straits already, and you have to come extort money from me!”

“You overstuffed pig!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “In his attempt to protect Master, old Monkey has undergone who knows how much affliction. But you even manage to stash away private savings!”

“Shame on you!” replied Eight Rules. “What sort of private savings is this? It’s something that has been shaved off my teeth! I couldn’t bring myself to spend it on my mouth. I was hoping to save it for one garment on my back, but you have to scare it out of me. Give me back a little of that silver!”

“Not even half a candareen,” answered Pilgrim.

“I’ll give it to you as ransom money then,” scolded Eight Rules, “but you’d better rescue me.”

“Don’t be impatient,” said Pilgrim.

“I’ll rescue you.”

He put away the silver and changed back into his original form; with the iron rod he teased and guided Idiot in and then hauled him out of the pond by his feet. After he was untied, Eight Rules leaped up and took off his shirt to wring out the water. Shaking it a couple of times, he draped it on his body again, still dripping wet. "Elder Brother," he said, "open the back door and let's scam!"

"Escaping through the back door," said Pilgrim, "is that manly behavior? Let's fight our way out through the front door."

Eight Rules said, "But my feet are numb from being tied up. I can't move."

"Just be quick and follow me," said Pilgrim.

Dear Great Sage! He opened up with his iron rod and fought his way out; Eight Rules, though still feeling the numbness, had no choice but to follow him. When they reached the second-level door, they found the muckrake standing there. Pushing the little fiends aside, Eight Rules grabbed his weapon and began to rain blows left and right. After he and Pilgrim went through those three or four levels of door in this manner, they managed to slaughter countless little fiends. When the old demon heard of it, he said to the second demon, "That's some fine person you've caught! Now look at what Pilgrim Sun has done! He has robbed us of Zhu Eight Rules and they have struck down the little fiends at our door!" Leaping up hurriedly, the second demon grasped the lance and ran out of the main gate. "Brazen ape!" he shouted in a loud voice.

"You insolent creature! How dare you insult us like this!" On hearing this, the Great Sage stood still, while the fiendish creature, without another word, attacked at once with the lance.

Pilgrim, the expert (as it were) was not exercised; wielding his iron rod, he faced his opponent head on. Thus the two of them began a magnificent battle outside the cave:

*Old, yellow-tusked elephant became a man
And sworn bond-brother to a lion king.
Because the big demon prodded and urged,
They all plotted to eat the priest of Tang.
Great Sage, Equal to Heav'n, of vast magic powers
Would help the Right to quell spirits perverse.
Inept Eight Rules fell to malicious hands,
But Wukong saved him, got him out the door.
When the fiend king gave chase, flaunting his strength,
Rod and lance joined up, each showing its might.
The lance of that one came like a python slicing through the woods;
The rod of this one soared like a dragon rising from the sea.
The dragon, cloud-shrouded, rose from the sea;
The python, mist-enwrapped, sliced through the woods.
Come to think of it, 'twas for the Tang Monk
That they strove bitterly without restraint.*

Though that Eight Rules saw the Great Sage fighting with the monster-spirit, he did not step forward to help his companion at all.

Standing the muckrake on the ground at the mouth of the mountain, he merely stood there and stared dumbly at them. When the monster-spirit saw how heavy Pilgrim's rod was, how tautly executed were his thrusts and parries, without the slightest hint of weakness or mistake, he blocked the rod with his lance and stretched

out his trunk to seize his opponent. Pilgrim, however, knew exactly what was happening; raising the golden-hooped rod horizontally high above his own head with both hands, he permitted the monster-spirit to wrap his trunk around his waist, but his hands remained free. Look at him! His two hands played with the rod on top of the monster-spirit's trunk like a drum majorette twirling a baton! When he saw that, Eight Rules beat his breast and cried, "Alas, that monster-spirit's so unfortunate! When he caught hold of a ruffian like me, he had even my hands wrapped up so that I could not move at all. But when he caught hold of a slippery creature, he didn't bother to wrap up his hands. All those two hands need to do is to jab the rod into his trunk. There'll be pain and snivel in that nostril. How could he hold on to his prisoner?" Now Pilgrim actually had not thought of doing that, but this time Eight Rules managed to give him an idea. Waving the rod once to turn it into a staff over ten feet long and having the thickness of a chicken egg, he jabbed it into the monster's trunk. Horrified, the monster-spirit loosened his hold at once with a loud snort. Pilgrim changed hands and, grabbing hold of the trunk, gave it a mighty tug.

To lessen his pain, the monster-spirit walked forward in the direction he was pulled. Only then did Eight Rules have the courage to approach them and rain blows onto the monster-spirit's side with his muckrake.

"No! No!" cried Pilgrim. "You have sharp teeth on your rake. If you puncture his skin and make him bleed, Master will blame us again for hurting life when he sees this. Just hit him with your rake handle."

Accordingly, our Idiot lifted the rake handle and gave the monster a blow with each step he took, while Pilgrim pulled him in front by the trunk. Like two elephant tenders, they herded the monster down the slope, where Tripitaka stood waiting with unblinking eyes. When he caught sight of them approaching noisily, he called out, "Wujing, can you see what it is that Wukong is dragging along?" Sha Monk took one look and said, smiling, "Master, Big Brother is pulling a monster-spirit by his trunk. What a lovely sight!"

"My goodness! My goodness!" said Tripitaka. "Such a huge monster-spirit! And what a long nose he has! Go and tell him, if he is gracious enough to escort us across this mountain, we'll spare him. We shouldn't hurt his life."

Hurrying forward to meet them, Sha Monk said in a loud voice, "Master says not to hurt him if that fiend is willing to escort us across this mountain." On hearing this the fiend immediately went to his knees and made a sort of wheezing reply. Since his trunk was gripped by Pilgrim, you see, he sounded as if he had a severe cold. "Venerable Father Tang," he huffed, "if you're willing to spare my life, we'll fetch a palanquin to escort you." Pilgrim said, "We master and disciples are all gracious winners. We believe you, and we'll spare your life. Go fetch the palanquin quickly. If you change your mind again, we'll certainly not spare you once we capture you."

After he had been freed, the fiend kowtowed and left, while Pilgrim and Eight Rules gave a full report to the Tang Monk. Overcome by embarrassment, Eight Rules began sunning his clothes in front of the slope to dry them, and we shall leave them for the moment.

The second demon, trembling all over, went back to the cave. Before he arrived, the little fiends had already made the report that he was taken captive and led away by the trunk. In dismay, the old demon and the third demon were just in the process of leading the troops out when they saw the second demon returning alone. After they had

welcomed him back and asked him what had happened, the second demon gave them a complete account of the Tang Monk's kind words and the claim of being a gracious winner. As they stared at each other, no one dared speak up for a long time. Then the second demon said, "Elder Brother, are we ready to escort the Tang Monk?"

"What are you saying, Brother?" asked the old demon. "Pilgrim Sun is in truth a kind and benevolent ape. When he was first in my belly, he could have finished me off a thousand times if he wanted to harm me. Just now, when he caught hold of your trunk, he could have given you a lot of trouble if he had refused to set you free and squeezed the tip of your trunk until it was punctured. Let's make the necessary preparations quickly and go escort them."

"Yes, let's escort them! Let's escort them!" said the third demon with a laugh.

"Worthy Brother," said the old demon, "you sound as if you are miffed. If you don't want to escort them, the two of us will go instead."

"Let me inform my two elder brothers," said the third demon, laughing some more. "If those priests did not want us to escort them and simply chose to sneak across this mountain, they would have been lucky. But since they insisted on our escorting them, they would certainly fall into my ploy of 'Seducing the Tiger to Leave Its Mountain.'" "What do you mean by 'Seducing the Tiger to Leave Its Mountain?'" asked the old fiend.

"Call up all the fiends in our cave," replied the third fiend. "We'll select one thousand from ten thousand of them, one hundred from that thousand, and then sixteen from that hundred. In addition, we want to select thirty more."

"Why is it," asked the old fiend, "that you want to select sixteen little fiends and then thirty more?"

"The thirty little fiends," replied the third demon, "will be selected for their culinary skills. We'll give them some fine rice, thin noodles, bamboo shoots, tea sprouts, fragrant mushrooms, straw mushrooms, bean curds, and wheat glutens, along with the order that they should set up camp at every twenty- or thirty-mile interval to prepare meals for the Tang Monk."

"And what do you want the sixteen fiends for?" asked the old fiend.

"Eight of them will haul the palanquin," said the third fiend, "and eight will shout to clear the way. We three brothers will accompany all of them for a distance. Some four hundred miles west of here will be my city, where I will have my men and horses to relieve us. Once we get near the city, all we need do is this, this, and this, so that those master and disciples will have no chance at all to look after each other. If we want to seize the Tang Monk, we'll have to rely on those sixteen demons to bring us success." When he heard these words, the old fiend could not have been more pleased; it was as if he indeed had snapped out of a hangover or awakened from a dream. "Marvelous! Marvelous! Marvelous!" he cried, and he at once called together all the fiends. He first selected the thirty members to whom he gave the foodstuff. Then he selected sixteen of them and they were told to haul out a palanquin made of fragrant vines. As they walked out the door, he gave them this instruction also:

"You are not permitted to wander off somewhere in the mountain. Pilgrim Sun happens to be a monkey full of suspicions. If he sees all of you milling about, he may suspect something and see through our plot." Leading the throng up to the side of the main road, the old fiend cried out in a loud voice:

“Venerable Father Tang, today does not clash with the dread day of Red Sand.

We are here to invite the Venerable Father to cross this mountain.” On hearing this, Tripitaka said, “Wukong, who are those people that are calling me?” Pointing with his finger, Pilgrim said, “That’s the monster-spirit old Monkey subdued. He has brought a palanquin to escort you.”

“My goodness! My goodness!” said Tripitaka, his palms pressed together as he bowed to Heaven. “If it hadn’t been for the ability of my worthy disciple, how would I be able to proceed?”

He then went forward to salute the various fiends, saying, “I am greatly beholden to your love. When this disciple returns eastward with the scriptures, he will proclaim your virtuous fruits to the multitudes of Chang’an.”

As they kowtowed, the fiends said, “Let the Venerable Father ascend the carriage.”

Being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, that Tripitaka did not perceive that this was a trick. The Great Sage Sun, too, was a golden immortal of the Great Monad, who was by nature honest and upright. Since he thought that the experience of captivity and release had truly subdued the fiend, he did not expect any intrigue nor did he examine the situation carefully before he complied with his master’s wishes. After telling Eight Rules to load the luggage onto the horse and Sha Monk to follow the rear, he himself took up the lead, his iron rod resting across his shoulders. Eight of the little fiends lifted up the palanquin while eight others shouted to clear the way. With the fiend chiefs supporting the carryingpoles of the palanquin on both sides, the master sat amiably in the middle of the carriage as they took the main road up to the tall mountain.

Little did they realize, however, that once they were under way, sorrow would arrive in the midst of gladness. As a Classic says, “At prosperity’s end reversal’s born.

*They’ll meet Jupiter in their fated hour
And baleful spirits of those hung to death!*

That group of fiendish demons, of course, were most united in their efforts to gather around Tripitaka and most diligent in their service to him night and day. Hardly had they traveled thirty miles before they presented him with a vegetarian meal, and when they reached fifty miles, they fed him again. They even stopped before it was quite dark so that the master could rest. Throughout this leg of the journey, the fiends behaved most properly, and the pilgrims in their daily meals were fed to their hearts’ content. When they paused to rest, they found a nice place where they could sleep soundly.

They proceeded in this manner toward the West for some four hundred miles, and they suddenly found themselves approaching a city. The Great Sage, his iron rod uplifted, was walking about a mile ahead of the entourage, when the sight of that city gave him such a fright that he fell to the ground, hardly able to get up. Since he had always been so bold, you ask, what was it about the sight of that city that so terrified him? He discovered, you see, that the city was full of vicious miasmas. It was

*Crowded with fiends and monstrous demons;
At four gates were all rapacious spirits.
Their commander was an old striped tiger;
Their captain, a white-faced, ferocious cat.
Deer with jagged horns did carry their mail,*

*And wily foxes walked along the roads.
 Circling the city were thousand-foot snakes
 And huge, long serpents blocked the thoroughfares.
 Grey wolves barked orders beneath the towers;
 Leopards guarding arbors roared like humans.
 Those waving flags and beating drums were fiends all;
 Watchmen and patrol, all mountain spirits.
 Cunning hares opened doors to ply their trade;
 Wild boars toted their loads to do commerce.
 This in years past was a great and noble court.
 Now it's a city of tigers and wolves.*

As the Great Sage lay there nursing his fear, he suddenly heard the sound of wind behind his ears. He spun around to discover the third demon with both hands aiming a square-sky halberd directly at his head. Leaping up, the Great Sage wielded his golden-hooped rod to face his adversary. The two of them, both thoroughly aroused,

*Huffed and puffed, without exchanging a word;
 Clenched their teeth, as each wanted to fight.*

Then the old demon chief appeared and, after shouting an order, lifted up his steel scimitar to hack at Eight Rules. Hurriedly abandoning the horse, Eight Rules attacked with his muckrake. The second demon also grasped his lance to stab at Sha Monk, who parried the blow at once with his fiend-routing staff. Thus three demon chiefs and three monks, each engaging the other, began a most bitter battle right on top of that mountain. Those sixteen little fiends, all obeying the command, immediately went into action: they grabbed the white horse and the luggage before they overpowered Tripitaka in his palanquin, hauling him forward until they reached the edge of the city. "By the scheme of our Father Great Kings," they shouted, "we've caught the Tang Monk here!"

Those monster-spirits in the city, old and young, all ran down and opened wide the city gate. At the same time, they immediately gave the order that all the banners should be rolled up and the drums stopped; there were to be no battle cries or the beating of gongs.

"The Great King had told us before," they said, "that we were not to frighten the Tang Monk. The Tang Monk could not withstand fear, for once he was frightened, his flesh would turn sour, and he wouldn't be good to eat."

All those fiends,

*In great delight, beckoned Tripitaka;
 Each bowing, they received the master priest.*

They took the Tang Monk and his palanquin and carried him right up to the Hall of Golden Chimes, where they invited him to take a seat in the center and presented him with tea and rice. As they swarmed all over him, the elder was in a daze, for not a single person familiar to him met his sight. We do not know what will happen to his life; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-SEVEN

*A horde of demons affront native Nature
The One Body bows to True Suchness*

We shall not tell you for the moment about the affliction of the Elder Tang. Instead, we shall speak of those three demon chiefs, all united in their minds and efforts, who were engaged in a strenuous conflict with the Great Sage and his brothers halfway up the mountain east of the city, a battle that was something like

*An iron brush scrubbing a copper pan:
Each party's tough and hard.*

What a fight!

*Six substances and forms, six weapons;
Six body features and six sentiments;
Six evils of six organs from six desires;
A contest waged on six paths—six forms of birth.
In the comforts of spring of Thirty-six Halls,
Each of six forms or features had a name.
This one's golden-hooped rod
Had thousands of styles;
That one's square-sky halberd
Was fierce in a hundred ways.
Eight Rules's muckrake was savage and strong;
The second fiend's lance, able and in good form.
Young Sha Monk's treasure staff, no common thing,
Had intent to kill;
Old demon chief's steel scimitar, fine and sharp,
Would spare none, once upraised.
These three were a true monk's guardians whom none could face;
Those three were brazen wild spirits who mocked both lord and law.
At first it was so-so,
Then the battle turned fierce;
When six persons all used the magic of flight,
They each tumbled and turned on the edge of clouds.
In a moment the belched out mist and fog darkened Heaven and Earth,
And all you heard were the growls and roars.*

The six of them fought for a long time until gradually dusk sett led in; since the sky was already misty and a strong gust was blowing, it became completely dark in no time at all.

Now Eight Rules already had huge ears that hovered over his eyes, making the world seem more opaque than ever to him. His arms and legs slackened, and he no longer was able to parry the blows. As he turned to flee in defeat, his muckrake trailing behind him, the old demon gave him a blow with the scimitar that almost took his life. It was fortunate that he missed Eight Rules's head, but a few bristles on his neck were shaved off. He was, however, chased down by the old demon, who opened wide his

mouth and caught Eight Rules by the collar. The demon took his prisoner into the city, threw him to the little fiends to have him bound in the Hall of Golden Chimes, and then mounted the clouds once more to join in the battle.

When Sha Monk saw that things were going badly, he turned to flee after one last halfhearted blow with his treasure staff. The second fiend flung out his trunk with a snort and wrapped him up, hands and all. He was brought into the city, where the little fiends were instructed to have him bound beneath the steps of the hall also. Then the second fiend rose into the air to try to capture Pilgrim.

When Pilgrim saw that his two brothers had fallen into captivity, he realized he was unable to oppose three adversaries. As the saying goes,

*Even a good hand can't withstand two fists;
And two fists can't oppose four hands.*

With a cry, he broke through the weapons of those three fiendish demons and fled by mounting the cloud somersault. When the third fiend saw Pilgrim somersaulting away, he shook himself and revealed his original form. Flapping both his wings, he immediately caught up with the Great Sage.

How could he do this so readily, you ask? When Pilgrim caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, even one hundred thousand warriors from Heaven could not catch hold of him, for a single cloud somersault of his would traverse the distance of one hundred and eight thousand miles. But one flap of this monster-spirit's wing, however, could cover ninety thousand miles, and thus two flaps, in fact, would send him past the Great Sage. That was how the Great Sage fell into his clutches. The grip of the fiend was so firm that he could not move left or right at all, nor could he even exercise his magic power to escape; for when he enlarged himself, the fiend's clutch would loosen somewhat, and when he reduced his size, the fiend tightened his grip accordingly. He was thus taken back to the city, dropped to the ground, and he too was bound and placed together with Eight Rules and Sha Monk. As the old demon and the second demon came forward to meet him, the third demon joined them to ascend the treasure hall. Ah! Little did they realize that they had not bound Pilgrim; it was more like sending him off! It was about the hour of the second watch, when all those fiends, after they had greeted each other, pushed the Tang Monk down the steps of the hall. When the lamplight revealed to the elder his three disciples all bound up and lying on the ground, he fell down at Pilgrim's side. "O disciple!" he sobbed. "When we met with an ordeal, it was customary for you to exercise your magic powers outside so that you could seek assistance, when necessary, to subdue the demons. This time even *you* have been taken. How could this poor monk lay claim to his life?" When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard these words of anguish from their master, they, too, began to wail. Pilgrim, however, replied with a smile, "Master, relax! And stop crying, brothers! Let them do what they will, but you will not be harmed. Let the old demons quiet down first, and we'll be on our way."

"O Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you're fibbing again! Look at the way I'm tied up! When the ropes are just the least bit loosened, they immediately spit some water on them to make them tighter. A skinny fellow like you probably doesn't feel a thing, but that's a plague on a fatso like me! If you don't believe me, just look at my shoulders. The ropes have cut at least two inches into my flesh. How could we escape?"

“Not to mention the fact that we’re bound by hemp ropes,” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “Even if they use coir cables as thick as a rice bowl, I’ll treat the matter as lightly as an autumn breeze blowing past my ears! You needn’t wonder about that!”

As the three brothers were conversing, they also heard the old demon say, “Our Third Worthy Brother is most capable and most intelligent! His marvelous plan did indeed succeed in capturing the Tang Monk! Little ones, five of you will go bail water; seven of you will scrub the pots; ten of you will start the fire; and twenty of you will go fetch the iron steamer. Let’s have those four monks steamed for us brothers to enjoy. We’ll give each of you a small piece of their flesh so that you can all attain long life too.” On hearing this, Eight Rules shook all over and said, “Elder Brother, listen to that! That monster-spirit’s planning to have us steamed and eaten!”

“Don’t be afraid,” said Pilgrim. “Let me see if he’s a rookie or an old pro of a monster-spirit.”

“O Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “stop this idle chitchat! We’re about to become neighbors of King Yama, and you’re still talking about rookie or old pro!”

He had barely finished speaking when they heard the second fiend say, “It’s not easy to steam Zhu Eight Rules.”

Delighted, Eight Rules said, “Amitābha! Who’s accumulating secret merit by saying it’s not easy to steam me?”

“If it isn’t,” said the third fiend, “let’s skin him first before we steam him.”

Horried, Eight Rules yelled, “Don’t skin me! I may be coarse, but the moment the water gurgles, I’ll turn soft!”

The old fiend said, “The one not easily steamed should be placed in the bottom layer.”

“Don’t be afraid, Eight Rules,” said Pilgrim, laughing. “He’s a rookie, not an old pro.”

“How d’you know?” asked Sha Monk.

Pilgrim said, “Whenever you steam anything, the stuff placed on top always gets done first. That’s why you always put the toughest foodstuff in the top layer of the steamer; build up the fire until the hottest steam gets up there, and everything will be fine. But if it is placed in the bottom layer where the steam doesn’t get through that easily, you can steam the stuff for half a year and it still may not be cooked. He said just now that Eight Rules was not easy to steam, but he still wanted to put him in the bottom layer. Isn’t he a rookie?”

“O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “The way you talk, you sound as if you wanted me to be tortured alive! When they are hardpressed and see that I’m not fully steamed, they’ll pull off the steamer, flip me over, and build up the fire again. I’ll then be cooked on both sides but still raw inside, won’t I?”

As they were thus conversing, one of the little fiends went up to report:

“The water’s boiling.”

The old fiend gave the order at once for the various fiends to haul Eight Rules into the bottom layer and Sha Monk into the second. Suspecting that he would be next, Pilgrim decided it was time to leave, saying to himself, “I should be able to do something by this lamplight!”

He pulled off a piece of hair and blew his immortal breath onto it, crying, "Change!" It changed at once into a Pilgrim bound by the hemp ropes. His true body rose with his spirit into the air, where he stood still and peered downward. Those fiends, of course, could not tell the true from the false: the moment they came upon the false Pilgrim, they lifted him up and placed him inside the third layer. Only then did they push the Tang Monk to the ground, hog-tie him, and place him in the fourth layer. Fueled by dried wood, a terrific blaze soon flared up.

Perched on the edge of the clouds, the Great Sage sighed to himself, "That Eight Rules and Sha Monk of mine can still manage to withstand perhaps two seconds of boiling. But my master, all it takes is one second and he'll turn soft! If I don't use magic to save him, he'll perish this instant!"

Dear Pilgrim! Making the magic sign in midair, he recited:

and Ram purify the dharma realm;

Key: Primary Reception Beneficial for Determination.

This spell at once caused the Dragon King of North Sea to arrive in the midst of a dark cloud, crying, "Aoshun, the little dragon from North Sea, kowtows to you."

"Please rise! Please rise!" said Pilgrim. "I wouldn't have bothered you without cause. I came here with Master Tang, who was caught by these vicious demons. He has been placed inside that iron steamer to be steamed. Please go and give him some protection so that he won't be destroyed."

The dragon king immediately changed himself into a cold gust of wind that blew toward the large pan. As it circled and coiled around the bottom of the pan, the three inside the steamer felt no heat at all, and that was how their lives were preserved.

Toward the end of the hour of the third watch, the old demon was heard saying, "Subordinates, we plotted and strained ourselves in order to catch the Tang Monk and his three companions, but that effort in escorting them cost us four sleepless days and nights. Now that they are bound inside the steamer, I doubt that they will be able to escape. All of you, however, should take good care in guarding them, and ten of you little fiends should take turns in tending the fire. Let us retire to our bedchambers and rest a little. By the fifth watch, when it's about dawn, they will certainly be soft ened. You may prepare minced garlic, salt, and vinegar and awake us for the feast."

The fiends all obeyed this instruction, while the three demon chiefs went to their bedrooms.

Standing on the edge of the clouds, Pilgrim heard everything clearly. He then lowered the direction of his cloud slightly, but he could hear no voices coming from the steamer. "When the fire is built up," he thought to himself, "there must be heat. Why aren't they afraid of it? And there's not a word from them? Ha, could they be dead already? I'll go nearer and listen again."

Dear Great Sage! As he trod the clouds, he shook his body and changed immediately into a little black fly to alight on the trellised frame of the steamer.

"What rotten luck! What rotten luck!" he heard Eight Rules mumbling inside. "I wonder if we are being steamed the stuffy or the airy way."

"What do you mean by that, Second Elder Brother?" asked Sha Monk. "The stuffy way," replied Eight Rules, "the cover of the steamer will be put on. The airy way, the cover will not be used."

“Disciples,” answered Tripitaka from the very top layer, “the steamer hasn’t been covered.”

“How lucky!” exclaimed Eight Rules.

“We’re not going to die yet tonight. This is steaming the airy way.” When Pilgrim heard them speaking like that, he knew that they had not been harmed. Flying up, he picked up the cover of the iron steamer and gently put it on. “Disciples,” said a horrified Tripitaka, “it’s covered now!”

“We’re finished!” said Eight Rules. “This is steaming the stuffy way. This night we’ll die for sure!” Whereupon Sha Monk and the elder began to weep.

“Let’s not cry just yet,” said Eight Rules. “I think a fresh batch of fiends have come to tend the fire.”

“How do you know?” asked Sha Monk. “When we were first placed in the steamer,” said Eight Rules, “it was an ideal situation for me. I’m suffering from a little arthritis, and I want that hot steam. Right now, however, there seems to be cold air coming up from the pan instead. Hey, you officers tending the fire! Why don’t you add some wood? What are you good for?”

“This coolie!” said Pilgrim to himself, unable to restrain a giggle. “Doesn’t he know that he can withstand the chill, but heat will kill him? If he talks any more like that, everything will be revealed. I must hurry and rescue him. But wait! To rescue him I must change back into my true form. When those ten fiends tending the fire see me, they will certainly make a raucous noise and disturb the old fiends. Wouldn’t that be a nuisance? Let me send them a little of my magic; I remember that when I was a Great Sage in Heaven, I once had a game of finger-guessing with Dhṛtarāṣṭra at the North Heaven Gate.

I won some sleep-inducing insects from him, and I still have a few of them here. Let me give them to the fiends.”

He felt around his waist and found that he had a dozen of those insects left. “I’m going to send them ten of these,” he said to himself, “and I’ll keep two for breeding.”

He flung the insects on the faces of those little fiends; as soon as they crawled into their nostrils, the fiends began to snore and fell asleep. One of them, however, was in charge of the fire fork and could not be induced to sleep soundly. Rubbing his head and face, this little fiend pinched and tweaked his own nose left and right, sneezing constantly. “This fellow,” said Pilgrim, “seems to know the business! I’ll give him a ‘Double-Handled Lamp.’”

He threw one more insect on the fiend’s face, thinking to himself:

“With two insects running in and out of his nostrils, at least one should pacify him!”

After two or three huge yawns, that little fiend stretched, abandoned his fire tong, and fell fast asleep without moving again.

“This little magic,” said Pilgrim to himself, “is truly both marvelous and efficacious!”

He changed back into his original form to walk near the steamer, crying, “Master!” On hearing this, the Tang Monk said, “Wukong, save me!”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “are you calling from the outside?”

“If I’m not outside,” said Pilgrim, “you think I’m suffering with you inside?”

“O Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “it’s always the same! The slippery one will slip away, but we are left behind to suffocate in here!”

“Don’t make so much noise, Idiot,” said Pilgrim, laughing. “I’m here to rescue you.”

“If you want to rescue me, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you must do a thorough job of it. Don’t let them put me back in the steamer!” Pilgrim then lifted up the cover and untied his master. After shaking himself to retrieve his hair that had changed into the specious Pilgrim, he went through the other two layers to free Sha Monk and Eight Rules. The moment he was untied, our Idiot wanted to flee.

“Don’t be in such a hurry! Don’t be in such a hurry!” said Pilgrim, and recited a spell to dismiss the dragon god. Finally, he said to Eight Rules, “There are still tall mountains and rugged peaks in the rest of our journey to the Western Heaven. Without a beast of burden, Master will find it exceedingly difficult to proceed. I must still go get our horse.” Look at him! With nimble hands and feet, he dashed inside the Hall of Golden Chimes, where he saw that the various fiends, old and young, were all asleep. Without disturbing any of them, he managed to untie the reins. Now, that animal was originally a dragon horse; if someone unfamiliar had untied him, he would have let fly both his hind legs and neighed. But Pilgrim, you see, had been a stableman; in fact, he had received the rank of Pi-ma-wên. Moreover, the horse recognized him; so he neither kicked nor neighed.

Quietly leading him forward, Pilgrim tightened the girth and fixed up the saddle properly before asking his master to mount. After the elder, still trembling all over, had climbed onto the horse, he too wanted to leave at once.

“Let’s not hurry,” said Pilgrim. “There are kings out there on the road to the west. We must have our travel rescript before we can proceed. Otherwise, what sort of passport do we have? Let me go find the luggage.”

“I recall,” the Tang Monk said, “that after we entered the door, these fiends placed our luggage to the left of the main hall. Even the pole is standing there below the steps.”

“I know,” replied Pilgrim.

He bounded into the treasure hall to look, and all at once he caught sight of flashes of light, which made him realize that the luggage was there. How did he know, you ask? Because the Tang Monk’s brocaded cassock had on it the luminescent pearl that glowed at night. As Pilgrim drew near, he saw that both the luggage and the pole were untouched. He brought them out quickly and told Sha Monk to pick up the pole.

With Eight Rules leading the horse and Pilgrim the way, they headed straight for the Central Gate of the Sun in front. Soon, however, the loud rattle of sentinel bells could be heard, and they saw that the door had a lock, and a seal was taped over the lock.

“How could we penetrate this kind of defense?” asked Pilgrim. “Let’s go to the back door instead,” said Eight Rules.

Pilgrim led the way toward the back door, only to return with this observation:

“I can hear sentinel bells outside the Rear Gate of the Servants as well, and that door too is locked and sealed. What shall we do? In such a situation, if it hadn’t been for

the mortal frame of the Tang Monk, the three of us could certainly escape by mounting the clouds and wind, regardless of where we were. But the Tang Monk has yet to transcend the three realms, for he still appears within the world of the five phases. His whole body has nothing but carnal bones bequeathed by his parents. He can't rise into the air. It'll be hard for us to escape."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "there's no need for further talk. Let's find some place where there are no sentinel bells or guards.

We'll lift Master up the wall and let him climb over it."

"That's not so good," replied Pilgrim, laughing. "Right now we may be forced to drag him over the wall like that, but when we return with the scriptures, I'm afraid that your loose idiotic mouth will be spreading word everywhere that we're wall-climbing priests!"

"But you can't worry about behavior now!" said Eight Rules. "We've got to flee for our lives!" Pilgrim had little choice but to agree with him; they located a section of the wall that was unguarded and began to scale it.

Alas, this was what had to happen! The star of calamity, as it were, had refused to release Tripitaka. As those three demon chiefs slept in their chambers, they were suddenly awakened by some commotion about the Tang Monk having escaped. Dressing hurriedly, they all ascended to the treasure hall and shouted the question, "How many times has the water boiled?"

Those little fiends tending the fire who had been put out by the sleep-inducing insects were sleeping so soundly that they could not be awakened even when beaten. Several others, who had no particular responsibilities, started up and answered confusedly, "Se- . . .

se- . . . se- . . . seven times!"

As they ran up to the pan, however, they saw that the several layers of the steamer were all thrown on the ground, while those supposed to tend the fire were still fast asleep. Horrified, the little fiends ran back to report, "Great King, they . . .

they . . . they have escaped!"

Hurrying down the hall, the three demon chiefs went forward to take a careful look at the pan: indeed they discovered that the layers of the steamer were strewn on the ground while both water and pan had turned cold because the fire was about to die out. Those tending the fire, however, were still snoring away. So astonished were the various fiends that they all shouted:

"Seize the Tang Monk quickly! Seize the Tang Monk quickly!"

All that hubbub immediately aroused the rest of the monster-spirits, old and young. Clutching cutlasses and lances, they swarmed from front and back up to the Central Gate of the Sun, where they found that neither lock nor seal had been touched, and heard the continuous rattle of the sentinel bells. They asked those on night patrol outside the door, "Where did the Tang Monk escape?"

The reply was that no one had come through the door. When they then rushed to the Rear Gate of the Servants, again they found that the seal, the lock, and the sentinel bells were like those out in front. The entire throng then spread out with torches and lanterns, lighting up the whole place until it was bright as day, and then they caught clear sight of the four pilgrims attempting to scale the wall.

“Where are you running?” roared the old demon as he dashed up to them. His legs weakened and his tendons numbed by fear, the elder fell down at once from the wall and was caught by the old demon. While the second demon seized Sha Monk and the third demon pinned down Eight Rules, the rest of the fiends took the luggage and the white horse. Only Pilgrim managed to escape. “Damn him! Damn him!” muttered Eight Rules as he was caught. “I told him to do a thorough job of rescuing us. Now it’s back to the steamer for us!”

The various demons took the pilgrims back to the main hall, but they did not want to steam them anymore. Instead, Eight Rules was tied to a pillar in front of the hall, and Sha Monk was taken to be bound to a pillar at the rear of the hall. The old demon, however, held on to the Tang Monk and refused to let go. “Big Brother,” said the third fiend, “why are you holding him like that? Are you going to swallow him alive? But that’ll take all the pleasure out of eating, for this creature can’t be compared with those foolish, common mortals that you can devour as a meal. He’s a rare creature from a superior state. You must take time, when you have the leisure, to prepare him like a gourmet dish. And you eat him to the accompaniment of good game, fine wines, and soft music.”

“What you say is quite right, of course, Worthy Brother,” said the old demon, smiling, “but in the meantime Pilgrim Sun will sneak back in here to steal him.”

“In this palace of mine,” said the third demon, “there is a pavilion of brocade-fragrance, inside which there is also an iron chest.

Listen to me: hide the Tang Monk in the chest and close up the pavilion. Spread the rumor—so that the little fiends all over our city will be talking about it—that the Tang Monk has been devoured alive by us. Undoubtedly that Pilgrim will come back to snoop around; when he hears the news, he will lose all hope and leave. After four or five days, when he’s stopped coming back to harass us, we can then take out the Tang Monk and enjoy him at our leisure. How about that?”

Highly pleased, both the old and second fiends said, “Yes! Yes! Yes! What our brother said makes perfect sense!”

And so they put the poor Tang Monk that very night into the iron chest, after which the pavilion was closed. The rumor that he had been eaten alive soon spread through the entire city, and we shall leave that for the moment.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who had to abandon the Tang Monk in the middle of the night and mount the clouds to escape. He went straight to the Lion-Camel Cave instead, attacked persistently with his rod, and succeeded in killing all ten thousand plus of those little fiends. Then he hurried back; when he reached the edge of the city, the sun was just rising in the east. He dared not, however, provoke battle. For

silk fiber is no thread;

A single hand cannot clap.

As he descended from the clouds, he shook his body once and changed into a little fiend to steal into the city. Through large boulevards and small alleys he tried to learn what was happening, and all he heard was:

“The Tang Monk has been devoured live by the great kings during the night.” Wherever he went in the city, that was the news he was told. Becoming more anxious, Pilgrim strode to the Hall of Golden Chimes to look around, and he saw many spirits in front of the hall, all wearing leather caps dusted with gold, and yellow cloth jackets.

With red-lacquered wooden staffs in their hands and ivory plaques dangling from their waists, they were marching back and forth. Pilgrim thought to himself, "These must be monster-spirits authorized to work in the palace. I'll change into one of them to snoop around inside."

Dear Great Sage! He really did change into an exact version of one of those fiends and sneaked inside. As he walked about, he caught sight of Eight Rules tied to one of the pillars in front of the hall and moaning. Pilgrim drew near and whispered, "Wuneng." Recognizing his voice, our Idiot said, "Elder Brother, are you here? Please rescue me."

"I will," replied Pilgrim, "but do you know where Master is?"

"Master's gone!" said Eight Rules. "Last night he was eaten alive by those monster-spirits." When he heard these words, Pilgrim let out a sob, and tears poured from his eyes.

"Elder Brother, don't cry," said Eight Rules. "I only heard the wild talk of the little fiends, but I didn't see it with my own eyes."

Don't let yourself be fooled. You should do some more investigating." Only then did Pilgrim stop weeping and walk further inside to investigate. There he saw Sha Monk tied to one of the pillars in the rear of the hall. He approached him at once, rubbed Sha Monk's chest with his hand, and said "Wujing." Sha Monk, too, recognized his voice and said, "Elder Brother, did you come in through transformation? Please save me! Save me!"

"Saving you is easy," replied Pilgrim. "But do you know where Master is?"

As tears dripped from his eyes, Sha Monk said, "O Elder Brother! The monster-spirits couldn't wait to steam Master. He was eaten alive!" When the Great Sage heard that the words of both his brothers were the same, he felt as if a knife had run through his heart. Not even bothering to rescue Eight Rules and Sha Monk, he leaped at once into the air and went back to the mountain east of the city. As he dropped down from the clouds, he broke into loud wailing, crying, "O Master!

*When, mocking Heaven, I landed in the snare,
You came to free me from my great despair.
seek the Buddha we set our heart and mind;
Ourselves we trained and demons we refined.
I did not know this day you'd meet with harm.
Now I can't take you to the wondrous palm.
It's not your lot to reach the blessed West.
What can I do when spirit leaves your chest?"*

As Pilgrim was grieving in this manner, he thought to himself, questioning mind with mind:

"This has to be all the fault of our Buddha Tathāgata! Sitting idly in that region of ultimate bliss, he had nothing better to do than to dream up those three baskets of scriptures! If he truly cared about the proclamation of virtue, he should have sent the scriptures to the Land of the East. Wouldn't his name then be an everlasting glory? But he wouldn't part with them so readily, and all he knew was to ask us to go seek them. Who would expect that Master, after the painful experience of a thousand mountains, would lose his life at this miserable place? All right! All right! All right! Let old Monkey mount his cloud somersault to visit Tathāgata and tell him about this. If he's

willing to let me send the scriptures to the Land of the East, it'll still mean the proclamation of the virtuous fruit in the first place, and the fulfillment of our vow in the second.

But if he's unwilling, I'll ask him to recite the Loose-Fillet Spell to release me from this band. Old Monkey will hand it back to him, go back to his own cave, and play king once more."

Dear Great Sage! Leaping up at once, he mounted his cloud somersault to head straight for India. It was hardly an hour before the Spirit Mountain came into view. In a moment, he dropped down from the clouds to land on the Vulture Peak, where he was immediately met by the Four Great Diamond Guardians, crying, "Where are you going?"

Bowing to them, Pilgrim said, "I must see Tathāgata on some business."

"This ape," snapped the Diamond Guardian Ever Abiding, the indestructible rāja of the Golden Beam Summit on Kunlun Mountain, "has a lot of gall! You have yet to thank us for exerting ourselves on your behalf some time ago when we restrained the Bull Demon.

But there's hardly even any show of courtesy when you see us today. If you have some business, we must make the report first, and you may enter only when you're summoned. This isn't the same as the South Heavenly Gate, where you can rush in and out at will.

Bah! Aren't you going to step aside?" Now the Great Sage was already sorely distressed. When he received this affront, he became so incensed that he thundered forth his protests, which soon reached the ears of Tathāgata.

Our Buddhist Patriarch was sitting solemnly on the lotus throne of nine grades and discussing the sūtras with the Arhats of Eighteen Heavens. He said to them, "Sun Wukong has arrived. All of you go out and usher him in here." Obeying this decree of Buddha, the arhats with two rows of sacred banners and treasure canopies went outside and intoned:

"Great Sage Sun, our Tathāgata has issued a summons for you." Only then did those Four Great Diamond Guardians step aside to allow Pilgrim to enter the monastery. After being led by the arhats up to the treasure lotus platform, he prostrated himself before Tathāgata as two streams of tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Wukong," said Tathāgata, "why are you weeping so sadly?"

"By the grace of your teachings vouchsafed repeatedly to him," replied Pilgrim, "this disciple has entered the gate of Holy Father Buddha. Since I returned to the right fruit, I became the protector of the Tang Monk, honoring him as my teacher and sustaining unspeakable hardships on our journey. The moment we arrived at the Lion-Camel City of the Lion-Camel Mountain, three vicious demons—they're a lion king, an elephant king, and a great roc—had my master captured. Even your disciple became their prisoner, and we were all bound inside a steamer to suffer the affliction of water and fire.

Fortunately your disciple managed to escape and call up the dragon king for assistance. That night we stole out with Master, but, unable to shake loose from the star of calamity, we were taken prisoners again. By morning, when I stole into the city to try to get some news, I learned that these vicious demons had devoured my master alive

during the night. Not a single piece of his flesh or bone was left behind! I saw only my younger brothers Wuneng and Wujing, who were bound there also. They too will soon lose their lives, I suppose. Your disciple had no choice but to come here to plead with Tathāgata. I beg you in your great compassion to recite the Loose- Fillet Spell and take off this band from my head. It will be returned to Tathāgata, and your disciple will be released once more to frolic on the Flower-Fruit Mountain.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when his tears streamed forth, as he sobbed uncontrollably.

“Wukong,” said Tathāgata with a smile, “don’t be so sad. You are hurting because one of those monster-spirits has vast magic powers and you can’t prevail against him.” Kneeling beneath Buddha’s throne and pounding his chest, Pilgrim said, “To tell you the truth, this disciple in years past brought great disturbance to the Celestial Palace and assumed the name of Great Sage. Since I acquired the way of humanity, I have never suffered loss, but this time I’m the victim of this vicious demon!” On hearing this Tathāgata said, “Cease your anguish. I do recognize that monster-spirit.”

All at once Pilgrim blurted out, “Tathāgata! I have heard people say that that monster-spirit is related to you!”

“This insolent ape!” said Tathāgata. “How could a monster-spirit be related to me?”

“If not,” replied Pilgrim with a laugh, “how could you recognize him?”

“By my eyes of wisdom,” said Tathāgata, “that’s how I recognize all three of them. The old fiend and the second fiend both have their proper masters. Ānanda and Kāśyapa, come! The two of you will mount the clouds and go your separate ways to Mount Five- Platforms and Mount E’mei. Summon Mañjuśrī and Viśvabhadra to come for an audience.”

The two honored ones departed at once with the decree.

“Mañjuśrī and Viśvabhadra,” said Tathāgata, “are the proper masters of those two fiends. But now that you mention it, the third fiend is indeed somewhat related to me.”

“On the paternal party,” asked Pilgrim, “or the maternal one?”

Tathāgata said, “At the time when Chaos parted, Heaven opened at the epoch of *Zi*, Earth developed at the epoch of *Chou*, and Man came into existence at the epoch of *Yin*.

*When Heaven and Earth mated,
Then myriad things were born.*

The myriad things consisted of beasts and fowl: of the beasts, the unicorn was the head, and the phoenix was the head of the fowl.

After having been fertilized by the aura of procreation, the phoenix also gave birth to the peacock and the great roc. When the peacock first came into the world, it was a most savage creature, able to devour humans. In fact, it could suck in a human being with one breath from a distance of some forty miles. I was on top of the Snow Mountain, having just perfected my sixteen-foot diamond body, when the peacock sucked me into his stomach. I could have escaped through his anal passage, but fearing that my body might be defiled, I cut my way out through his back and rode him back to

the Spirit Mountain. I was about to take his life, but the various buddhas stopped me with the observation that to hurt the peacock would be like hurting my own mother. That was why I detained him at the mountain instead and appointed him Buddha-Mother, the Bodhisattva Mahārāja Mayūra.

Since the great roc had the same parent as the peacock, it could be said that he was somewhat related to me.” On hearing this, Pilgrim said with a smile, “Tathāgata, according to what you’ve told me, you should be regarded as the nephew of that monster-spirit!”

“Only my presence, I fear, will bring that fiend to submission,” said Tathāgata. Touching his head to the ground, Pilgrim said, “I beg you to make this journey at once.”

Tathāgata left the lotus throne and went out of the monastery gate with the rest of the buddhas. There they saw Ānanda and Kāśyapa leading Mañjuśrī and Viśvabhadra on their way to the monastery also. As the two bodhisattvas bowed to him, Tathāgata asked, “How long have your beasts of burden been gone from your mountains?”

“Seven days,” replied Mañjuśrī. “Seven days in the mountain,” said Tathāgata, “are equivalent to several thousand years on earth. I wonder how many lives they have taken down there. You must follow me quickly if we are to retrieve them.” With one bodhisattva standing on each side of him, the Buddha and his followers rose into the air. You see

*Auspicious clouds adrift in all the sky,
As Buddha in mercy his wisdom doth ply:
He shows forth Heaven’s law of procreation,
Explaining Earth’s patterned transformation.
Before his face five hundred arhats stand;
Behind three thousand guardians form a band.
Ānanda, Kāśyapa follow left and right;
Mañ and Viśva the monstrous fiends will smite.*

It was as a peculiar favor granted him that the Great Sage succeeded in eliciting the assistance of the Buddhist Patriarch and his followers. In a little while, they caught sight of the city. “Tathāgata,” said Pilgrim, “the spot releasing black vapors over there is the Lion-Camel Kingdom.”

“Go down first,” said Tathāgata, “and provoke battle with those monster-spirits. You are permitted to lose but not to win. When you retreat back here, I’ll bring them to submission.”

The Great Sage lowered his cloud and landed on the city wall; his feet planted on the merlons of the battlement, he shouted, “Damned lawless beasts! Come out quickly to fight with old Monkey!”

Those little fiends standing on the rampart were so terrified that they dashed down to report:

“Great Kings, Pilgrim Sun is provoking battle on the battlement!”

“This ape hasn’t shown himself for about two days,” said the old fiend. “If he returns to provoke battle this morning, could it be that he has succeeded in getting some help?”

“We’re not afraid of whatever help he has gotten, are we?” said the third demon. “Let’s all go and have a look.”

Each grasping his weapon, the three demon chiefs rushed up to the battlement. When they saw Pilgrim, they raised their arms without a word and attacked. Pilgrim wielded his iron rod to meet them; after seven or eight rounds, however, he feigned defeat and fled, with the fiend kings all roaring, “Where are you going?”

The Great Sage shot up to midair with one somersault, but those three spirits all mounted the clouds to give chase. Immediately Pilgrim hurled himself into the golden radiance of Father Buddha and vanished from sight. What did appear were the three images of Buddha—Past, Present, and Future—together with five hundred arhats and three thousand guardians, who fanned out on all sides.

They had the three fiend kings surrounded so tightly that not even water could have seeped through! “Brothers, it’s bad!” cried the old demon, completely unnerved. “This monkey is truly a devil in the earth! How did he manage to bring our masters here?”

“Don’t be frightened, Big Brother,” said the third demon. “We’ll all go forward together and use our weapons to cut down that Tathāgata and take over his Thunderclap Treasure Monastery.” Not knowing any better, our demon chief accordingly charged forward and tried to attack madly with his scimitar. Mañjuśrī and Viśabhadra, after quickly reciting a magic spell, shouted in unison, “If these cursed beasts do not submit now, are they waiting for another incarnation?”

The old fiend and the second fiend were so terror-stricken that they dared not struggle any longer. Dropping their weapons, they rolled over once and changed back into their original forms. The two Bodhisattvas tossed two lotus thrones onto their backs and then leaped up to take their seats on top. In this way, the two fiends lowered their ears and submitted.

Since the two bodhisattvas had thus subdued the green lion and the white elephant, only the third demon refused to surrender.

Throwing away his halberd, the fiend spread out his wings and soared into the air, his sharp claws seeking to strike at the Monkey King. The Great Sage was still hiding in the luminosity around the Buddha, and the fiend actually had no way of getting near him, though he would have liked very much to do so. Perceiving the roc’s intentions, Tathāgata faced the wind and gave his head (which had once supported the nests of magpies) a shake. The head changed at once into a piece of meat dripping with fresh blood.

Stretching out his claws, the monster-spirit drew near and tried to clutch at the piece of meat. Our Father Buddha pointed at him with his finger and immediately the monster-spirit felt such cramps throughout his huge wings that he could not fly away. All he could do was to hover over the Buddha’s head in his true form: a golden-winged great roc.

“Tathāgata,” he cried, “why did you exercise your mighty dharma power to constrain me?”

“Your wickedness,” replied Tathāgata, “has incurred for you a heavy debt of retribution in this place. Follow me, and you may acquire merit beneficial to you.”

“But your place allows for only a strict vegetarian diet,” said the monster-spirit. “It’s a condition of extreme poverty and hardship. I can enjoy human flesh here to my endless delight. If you starve and destroy me, you will have sinned, too.”

“In the four great continents of my domain,” said Tathāgata, “there are countless worshippers. I shall ask those who wish to do good to sacrifice first to your mouth.” Since that great roc could neither flee nor escape, though he sorely wished to do so, he had no choice but to make submission.

Only then did Pilgrim step out of the golden radiance to kowtow to Tathāgata, saying, “Father Buddha, you have put away the monster-spirits and eliminated great evils. But my master is gone.”

“Wretched ape!” said the great roc through clenched teeth, “You had to find such a cruel fellow to constrain me! Since when did we devour that old priest of yours? He’s still hidden in an iron chest at the pavilion of brocade-fragrance.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he kowtowed hurriedly to thank the Buddhist Patriarch, who had the roc firmly detained on top of his halo as a guardian. Then the entire entourage left on the clouds to return to the treasure monastery.

Pilgrim lowered himself from the clouds and entered the city, where he could find not a single little fiend. So it was that

A snake without head would not crawl;

A bird without wings could not fly.

When they saw that the fiend kings had made submission to the Buddhist Patriarch, each of them fled for his life. Pilgrim released Eight Rules and Sha Monk and also found the luggage and the horse. “Master has not been eaten,” he said to the two of them. “Follow me!”

He led his two brothers to the interior court and found the pavilion of brocade-fragrance. Opening the door, they located the iron chest, inside of which they could hear the sound of Tripitaka weeping. Wedging open the chest with his fiend-routing staff, Sha Monk called out:

“Master!” When he saw them, Tripitaka wailed aloud:

“O disciples! How did you manage to subdue the demons? How did you find me here?”

Thereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough rehearsal of what had taken place, from beginning to end, and Tripitaka was filled with gratitude. Master and disciples found some rice and foodstuff in the palace with which they prepared a meal for themselves. After they had eaten their fill, they packed up and set out once more on the main road toward the West. Thus it was that

True scriptures must be by true people sought;

Restless minds and raging wills will come to naught.

We do not know when they will get to face Tathāgata; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-EIGHT

*At Bhikṣu he pities the infants and summons the night gods;
In the golden hall he knows the demon speaking on the way and virtue*

*One thought will stir up a demonic crew!
So bitter's training, though what can you do?
Rely on washing to remove the dust;
The body harness and refine you must.
Sweep clean all causations, to stillness return;
Stamp out every fiend without concern.
Of shackle and snare you'll surely leap free
And rise, when work is done, to Great Canopy.*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who, having exerted every effort, succeeded in eliciting the assistance of Tathāgata to subdue the fiends. When the ordeal finally ended, Tripitaka and his disciples left the Lion-Camel Kingdom and journeyed westward.

After several months, it was again the time of winter. You see

*The peak's jadelike plums half-blooming,
The pond's water slowly icing.
The red leaves have all dropped away
And pines turn more verdant and gay.
The pale clouds are about to snow;
Dried grass on the mountain lies low.
What frigid scene now fills the eyes
As bone-piercing chill multiplies!*

Braving the cold and plunging through the chill, resting in the rain and feeding on the wind, master and disciples proceeded until they saw another city. "Wukong," asked Tripitaka, "what sort of a place is that over there?"

"When you get there," replied Pilgrim, "you'll know. If it's a kingdom of the West, we'll have to have our rescript certified. If it's merely a district, county, or prefecture seat, we'll just pass through."

Hardly had master and disciples finished speaking than they arrived at the foot of the city gate.

Tripitaka dismounted, and the four of them entered the outer wall of the city, where almost immediately they found an old soldier huddled against the wind and sleeping beneath a wall exposed to sunlight. Pilgrim walked up to him and shook him gently, saying, "Officer." Waking with a start and blinking several times, the old soldier finally caught sight of Pilgrim. Immediately he went to his knees and kowtowed, crying, "Holy Father!"

"Stop making all this fuss!" said Pilgrim. "I'm no evil spirit! Why should you address me as Holy Father?"

"Aren't you Holy Father Thundergod?" asked the old soldier, still kowtowing.

"Certainly not!" said Pilgrim. "I am a priest from the Land of the East on his way to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. I just arrived, and I came to ask you for

the name of your region.” Only when he heard those words did the old soldier calm down; with a big yawn he scrambled up to stretch himself and say, “Elder, Elder, pardon me! This place was originally the Bhikṣu Kingdom, but now the name has been changed to the Young Masters’ City.”

“Is there a king in the city?” asked Pilgrim.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” replied the old soldier. Pilgrim turned back to say to the Tang Monk, “Master, this place originally was called the Bhikṣu Kingdom, but it has been changed now to the Young Masters’ City. I don’t know why they changed the name.”

“If it was Bhikṣu,” said a perplexed Tang Monk, “why then should it be called Young Masters?”

Eight Rules said, “It must be that the Bhikṣu king had died. The one newly occupying the throne is a young master, and that’s why it’s called the Young Masters’ city.”

“Nonsense! Nonsense!” said the Tang Monk. “Let’s go inside the city first. We may make further inquiry on the streets.”

“Exactly,” said Sha Monk. “That old soldier is probably ignorant, or he may have been frightened into babbling by Big Brother. Let’s go into the city to make inquiry.”

They walked through three levels of city gates before they reached the big thoroughfares. As they paused to look around, they found that the people here all seemed to be good-looking and handsomely dressed. What they came upon were

*Wine shops and song bars full of raucous din.
Tall colors adorned a teahouse or inn.
Business was good at every gate and door;
Abundant wealth packed both mart and store.
People, like ants, traded brocade and gold;
For fame and for profit they bought and sold.
What solemn manners! Such prosperous scene
Of calm seas and rivers—a year serene!*

Toting the luggage and leading the horse, master and disciples walked for a long time on the main boulevards, where the sight of prosperity seemed endless. Then they began to notice that in front of each household was a geese coop.

“O Disciples!” said Tripitaka. “All the people here put a geese coop in front of their house. Why is that?” On hearing this, Eight Rules looked left and right, and he saw that indeed there were these geese coops lined with silk curtains of five colors.

“Master,” said our Idiot with a giggle, “this must be an auspicious day for marriage or for meeting friends. The people must all be performing some rituals.”

“Rubbish!” snapped Pilgrim. “How could every household be performing a ritual? There must be a reason for this. Let me go and take a look.”

“You’d better not go,” said Tripitaka, tugging at him. “Your hideous features will offend people.”

“I’ll go in transformation then,” replied Pilgrim. Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign, he recited a spell and changed with one shake of his body into a little bee. Wings outstretched, he flew up to one of the coops and crawled inside the curtains.

There he discovered a little child sitting in the middle. When he went to another coop, he found another child also. In fact, he discovered the same thing in front of eight or nine households: they were all little boys, and there were no girls at all. Some of them were playing in the coops; others merely sat and cried; still others were eating fruit or sleeping.

After seeing that, Pilgrim changed back into his original form to report to the Tang Monk:

“There are little boys in the coops; the older ones cannot be more than seven years old, and some of the younger ones are barely five. I don’t know why they are in there.”

His words made Tripitaka more perplexed than ever.

A turn on the street brought them all at once up to the gate of an official mansion, the Golden Pavilion Postal Station. “Disciples,” said Tripitaka, highly pleased, “let’s go inside this postal station. We can ask them about the place, feed our horse, and request lodging for the night.”

“Exactly! Exactly!” said Sha Monk. “Let’s get inside quickly!”

As the four of them entered amiably, the officers on duty at once announced their arrival to the station master, who ushered them inside. After they had exchanged greetings and taken their seats, the station master asked, “Elder, where did you come from?”

“Your humble cleric,” replied Tripitaka, “has been sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. Having arrived in your noble region, we would like to have our travel rescript certified and to beg you to grant us one night’s lodging in your lofty mansion.”

The station master immediately requested tea and asked those on duty to prepare the tokens of hospitality. Having thanked him, Tripitaka asked again, “Is it possible for me to enter the court today and have an audience with the throne and get my rescript certified?”

“You can’t do it tonight,” said the station master. “Wait until early court tomorrow. Please spend the night and rest here in our humble dwelling.” In a little while, when the preparation had been finished, the station master invited the four pilgrims to partake of a vegetarian meal. His subordinates were ordered to sweep clean the guest room for the pilgrims to rest. After thanking him repeatedly, Tripitaka sat down and said to the station master, “There is something that this humble cleric must ask you to explain. How do the people of your noble region rear young children?”

The station master said, “As there are no two suns in Heaven, so there are no two rational principles on Earth. The rearing of children begins with the sperm of the father and the blood of the mother. After the tenth month of conception, the child will be born in due time; and after birth, the child will be fed with milk for at least three years, until the bodily features are fully formed. You think we do not know about this?”

“According to what you have just told me,” replied Tripitaka, “the people here are no different from those of my humble nation. But when I entered the city just now, I saw that there was placed in front of each household a geese coop, inside of which was placed a little boy. I don’t understand this, and that’s why I dare request an explanation.”

“Elder, don’t mind that!” said the station master, at once lowering his voice and whispering into Tripitaka’s ear. “Don’t ask about that, and don’t be concerned with that! Don’t speak of it, even! Please rest now, and you can be on your way tomorrow.” On hearing this, however, the elder tugged at the station master and persisted in his request for an explanation. As he shook his head and wagged his finger, all the station master could mutter was, “Be careful with what you say!” Refusing to let go, Tripitaka insisted that he be told the reason. The station master had little choice but to send away all his official attendants, after which he said quietly, alone, by the light of the lamps, “The matter of the geese coops that you mentioned just now happens to be instigated by the unruliness of our lord. Why do you persist in asking about it?”

“What do you mean by unruliness?” asked Tripitaka. “You must help me understand before I can rest.”

“This country,” said the station master, “used to be called the Bhikṣu Kingdom, but recent folk songs have changed the name to the Young Masters’ City. Three years ago, an old man disguised as a Daoist arrived with a young girl, barely sixteen and with a face as beautiful as Guanyin’s. He presented her as a tribute to our Majesty, who became so infatuated with her that he gave her the title of Queen Beauty. In recent times he would not even look at any of the royal consorts dwelling in the six chambers and three palaces.

Night and day he cares only to indulge in amorous dalliance with this one girl until he is reduced to a physical wreck. Constantly fatigued, emaciated, and unable to eat or drink, he has not long to live. The royal hospital has tried all its best prescriptions, but no cure has been found. However, that Daoist, who has been appointed the royal father-in-law, claims to possess a secret formula from beyond the ocean which can lengthen our lord’s life. Some time ago he went, in fact, to the Ten Islets and the Three Isles to gather herbs. After his return and the preparation of all the medications, he still requires the terrible medical supplement of one thousand one hundred and eleven hearts of young boys. When the medicine is taken with soup made from boiling these boys’ hearts, the king, so the Daoist claims, will live to a thousand years without aging. Those little boys you saw in the geese coops are the selected ones, who are being fed and nurtured before they are slaughtered. Fearing the law of the king, the parents dare not even weep. They can only express their outrage by nicknaming this place the Young Masters’ City. When you go to court tomorrow, please confine your business to certifying your travel rescript. You mustn’t mention this matter at all.”

He ended his speech and immediately withdrew.

Our elder was so horrified by what he heard that his bones weakened and his tendons turned numb. Unable to restrain the tears rolling down his cheeks, he blurted out:

“Ah, befuddled king! So you grew ill on account of your incontinence and debauchery. But how could you take the lives of so many innocent boys? O misery! O misery! This pain kills me!”

For this we have a testimonial poem that says:

*One foolish tyrant who misses the truth
Has harmed himself with the pleasure he craves.
He seeks long life by taking lives of boys;
He kills the plebs to lighten Heaven’s scourge.
Steadfast in compassion the monk remains;*

*Unheard-of horror the master reveals.
As he sighs and sheds tears in the lamplight,
Buddha's disciple is overcome by pain.*

Drawing near to Tripitaka, Eight Rules said, "Master, what's the matter with you? 'You're always picking up someone's coffin and crying over it in your own house!' Don't be so sad! Remember the adage:

*The ruler wants the subject to die,
And the subject who does not is disloyal;
The father wants the son to perish,
And the son who does not is unfilial.*

He is hurting his own people, but what does that have to do with you? Come, let's shed our robes and sleep. 'Let's not worry on behalf of the ancients!'" Still shedding tears, Tripitaka said, "O disciple, you are so hardhearted! Those of us who have left the family must accumulate merit by multiplying our virtuous acts; our very first obligation must be the practice of appropriate means. How could this befuddled king indulge in such a lawless act? I have never heard of such nonsense that eating people's hearts can lengthen one's life. How could I not grieve over something like this?"

"Please do not grieve just yet, Master," said Sha Monk. "Wait till tomorrow when we have our rescript certified. We can boldly discuss the matter with the king, and if he doesn't listen to us, we can also ascertain what kind of person this royal father-in-law is.

Perhaps it is a monster-spirit, desirous of devouring human hearts, that has devised such a plan. That may well be the case."

"Wujing is perfectly right," said Pilgrim. "Master, you should sleep now. Let old Monkey enter court with you tomorrow and scrutinize the royal father-in-law. If he is a man, he may have embarked on the path of heterodoxy, being ignorant of the proper Way and thinking that only herbs and medicines will achieve realized immortality. Let old Monkey disclose to him the essential themes of cultivation by means of one's natural endowments and enlighten him into embracing the truth. If he's a monster or a fiend, I'll arrest him for the king to see, so that he may learn continence and find out how to nourish his own body. I most certainly will not allow the king to take the lives of those boys." When Tripitaka heard these words, he quickly bowed to Pilgrim and said, "O disciple, what you've proposed is most marvelous! Most marvelous! When you see that befuddled king, however, you shouldn't ask about this matter right away. For I fear that the befuddled king, without looking properly into the matter, would immediately find us guilty of listening to false rumors. What would we do then?"

"Old Monkey has his own magic power," said Pilgrim, smiling. "First, I will remove these boys in the geese coops from the city, so that tomorrow he will have no one from whom he can take out the hearts. The officials of the land will undoubtedly report to the throne, and that befuddled king will surely respond by discussing the matter with the royal father-in-law or by asking for more boys to be selected. At that point we will memorialize to him also. Then he will not blame us."

Highly pleased, Tripitaka said again, "How can you make those boys leave the city? If you can, the virtue of my worthy disciple is great as Heaven! You should do this quickly. If you delay, you may be too late."

Arousing his spiritual powers, Pilgrim rose at once and gave this instruction to Eight Rules and Sha Monk:

“Sit here with Master and let me act. When you see a gust of cold wind blowing, you’ll know that the boys are leaving the city.” Whereupon the three of them, Tripitaka and his two disciples, began chanting:

“We submit to the Life-Saving Buddha of Medicine!

We submit to the Life-Saving Buddha of Medicine!” Once our Great Sage had gone out the door, he rose with a whistle to midair, where he made the magic sign and recited the magic words:

“Let *Oṃ* purify the dharma realm!” With this he summoned the god of the city, the local spirit, the god of the soil, and various immortal officials together with the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, the Six Gods of Darkness and Six Gods of Light, and the Guardians of Monasteries, who arrived in the air to bow to him, saying, “Great Sage, for what urgent business have you summoned us in the thick of night?”

“Because we came upon an unruly king in the Bhikṣu kingdom,” replied Pilgrim, “who has listened to some monstrous pervert’s tale that the hearts of little boys, when taken as a medical supplement, would grant him longevity. My master is so disturbed that he has resolved to save lives and exterminate the fiend. That is why old Monkey has asked each one of you to come here; I want you to use your magic powers and move all these boys, including the geese coops, out of the city. Take them into a mountain valley or deep into a forest and supply them with fruit to eat so that they won’t starve. You must also provide them with secret protection and prevent them from crying or being frightened. When I have eliminated the perversity and restored the king to the proper rule of his state, you may then return the boys just as we are about to leave.” When the various gods heard this command, each of them exercised his magic power as they dropped down from the clouds. The city immediately was filled with churning cold wind and spreading fog.

*The cold wind darkened a sky full of stars;
The fog spreading bedimmed the radiant moon.
At the very first
They drifted and floated down;
But thereafter
They roared and rumbled through—
Drifting and floating down,
They sought to save the boys from every house;
Roaring and rumbling through,
They found the geese coops to help flesh and blood.
People stayed home for the invading chill,
And piercing cold turned garments iron-hard.
Parents fretted in vain
And kinfolk were aggrieved,
As cold wind churned the earth
remove the boys in coops.
This night they may be lonely;
By dawn they will all be pleased.*

We have also a poem as a testimonial, which says:

*Since mercy e'er abounds in Buddha's gate,
 Goodness perfected is what's called the Great.
 All saints and sages must virtue increase;
 The sum of Triratna and five laws is peace.
 Had not a king at Bhikṣu state gone bad,
 A thousand youngsters' fate would still be sad.
 When Pilgrim saves them for his master's sake,
 Merit above salvation he will make.*

It was about the hour of the third watch during that night when the various deities transported those geese coops to be hidden at another place.

Lowering his auspicious luminosity, Pilgrim went to the courtyard of the posthouse, where he could hear his three companions still chanting, "We submit to the Life-Saving Buddha of Medicine!" In great delight, he drew near and called out, "Master, I've returned! What do you think of the cold wind?"

"That was some cold wind!" replied Eight Rules.

"But what about rescuing the boys?" asked Tripitaka.

"They have already been taken out one by one," replied Pilgrim, "and will be escorted back to the city by the time we're ready to leave."

Tripitaka thanked him again and again before retiring.

By dawn, Tripitaka began to dress the moment he awoke, saying, "Wukong, I want to attend the morning court so that our travel rescript may be certified."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "if you go by yourself, I fear that you may not be able to accomplish much. Let old Monkey go with you to ascertain whether the kingdom is governed by rectitude or perversity."

"But you usually refuse to perform the proper ceremony when you greet a king," said Tripitaka, "and I fear he may be offended."

"I won't show myself," said Pilgrim. "I'll follow you in secret, and I can protect you at the same time."

Highly pleased, Tripitaka instructed Eight Rules and Sha Monk to watch the luggage and the horse, and then departed. When the station master saw them off, he noticed that the attire of the elder was quite different from that of the day before:

*He wore a brocade cassock lined with strange treasures.
 A gold-tipped Vairocana hat topped his head.
 His hands held up a nine-ringed priestly staff;
 chest enclosed one wondrous, godly spark.
 The travel rescript he had on himself,
 Packed in a silk purse placed inside the wrap.
 He walked like an arhat come down to earth,
 With a genuine, living Buddha's face.*

After greeting Tripitaka, the station master whispered in his ear and told him to mind his own business. As Tripitaka nodded and murmured his assent, the Great Sage stepped to one side of the door and recited a spell; with one shake of his body he changed into a mole cricket and flew up to alight on top of Tripitaka's hat. The elder left the postal station and headed straight for the court.

On arriving, he ran into the Custodian of the Yellow Gate, to whom he bowed and said, "This humble priest is someone sent by the Great Tang of the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. It is proper for me, after arriving in your noble region, to have my travel rescript certified. I therefore wish to have an audience with the throne. I beg you to make this known for me." Upon which, that Custodian of the Yellow Gate made his report.

In delight, the king said, "A priest from a distant land must be most accomplished in the Way. Show him in quickly."

The Custodian thus summoned the elder to enter the court; after going through the ceremonial greetings beneath the steps, he was granted permission to take a seat in the royal hall. As he thanked the king and sat down, the elder noticed that the king had

*Emaciated features
And a listless spirit.
He raised his hands
But could barely salute;
And when he spoke,
His voice started and stopped.*

When the elder presented him with the rescript, the king stared at it with unseeing eyes for a long time before he was able to affix his treasure seal on the document and hand it back to the elder.

The king was just about to question our elder further on the reason for seeking scriptures when the official attending the throne reported, "The royal father-in-law has arrived."

At once supporting himself on a young palace eunuch, the king struggled down from the dragon couch in order to receive the visitor. Our elder was so taken aback that he too leaped up and stood to one side. As he turned to look, he discovered an old Daoist swaggering up from the jade steps. The man Tripitaka saw

*on his head a cloud-patterned, priestly wrap of pale yellow damask,
And he wore a crane-feathered gown of brown silk fretted with plum designs.
A blue sash, braided with three silk and woolen cords, wrapped his waist;
His feet trod cloud-patterned slippers woven of grass-linen and hemp.
His hand held a nine-jointed staff of dried vine carved like a coiling dragon.
Down his chest hung a silk purse embroidered with raised dragon-and-phoenix patterns.
His jadelike face was shiny and smooth;
A white beard flowed down his chin;
His pupils blazed golden flames;
His eyes were longer than his brows.
Clouds moved with each step he took,
And fragrant mists encircled him.
Hands folded, all officials beneath the steps
Shouted: "The royal father-in-law has entered court!"*

When that royal father-in-law arrived at the front of the treasure hall, he did not even bother to pay homage to the king. His head held high, he walked boldly up the steps while the king bowed and said, "We are delighted that the royal father-in-law has honored us with his divine presence this morning."

He was at once asked to be seated on the cushioned couch on the left.

Taking a step forward, Tripitaka also bent low to greet him, saying, "Sir royal father-in-law, this humble cleric salutes you." Sitting loftily on his couch, the royal father-in-law did not return the greetings at all; instead, he turned to say to the king, "Where did this monk come from?"

"He happens to be someone sent by the Tang court in the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven," replied the king. "He's here to have his travel rescript certified."

"The journey leading to the West," said the royal father-in-law with a laugh, "is shrouded in darkness!

What's so good about that?"

Tripitaka said, "Since ancient times the West has been the noble region of ultimate bliss. How could it not be good?"

The king asked, "We have heard from the ancients too that monks are the disciples of Buddha. We would like to know in truth whether a monk is able to transcend death, whether submission to Buddha can bring a person longevity." On hearing this, Tripitaka quickly pressed his palms together in front of his breast to give his reply:

*For the person who's a monk,
All causal relations have been abolished;
And to him who understands reality,
All things are but emptiness.
of great knowledge, both wide and comprehensive,
Exists placidly in the realm of no birth;
The true mysteries perceived in silence,
He roams freely in peace and tranquillity.
With no attachments in the Three Realms, all elementary principles are known;
Since his six senses are purged, he has insights into all causes.
He who would strengthen knowledge and consciousness
Must perforce know the mind;
For a mind purified shines in solitary enlightenment,
And a mind preserved pierces all mental projections.
The face of truth, without want or excess,
Can be seen even in a previous life;
But shapes of delusion, though formed, decline at last.
Why seek them beyond bounds?
Sedentary meditation
Is the very source of concentration;
Almsgiving and charity
Are the foundation of austerity.
He who has great wisdom will appear foolish,
For he knows how not to act in every affair;
He who's good at planning will not scheme,
For he needs must let go in every instant.
Once the mind's made immovable,
All your actions are perfected.*

*But if you dwell on picking the yin to nourish the yang,
 You speak but foolish words;
 And to bait the eye with long life
 Amounts to an empty promise.
 You must abandon all particles of defilement,
 Regard all phenomena as emptiness.
 When you, plain and simple, reduce your desire,
 You will with ease an endless life acquire.*

When that royal father-in-law heard these words, he smiled sarcastically and pointed his finger at the Tang Monk. “Ha! Ha! Ha!” he cried. “Your mouth, monk, is full of balderdash! Those within the fold of Nirvāṇa all talk about the knowledge of reality. But you don’t even know how reality is to be extinguished! Sedentary meditation—why, that’s nothing but the practice of blind cultivation! As the proverb says, ‘

*Sit, sit, sit!
 Your ass will split!
 Play with fire
 you’ll land in the pit!’
 You have no idea that I,
 Who seek immortality,
 Possess the hardest of bones;
 Who comprehend the Way,
 Am most intelligent in spirit.
 I carry basket and gourd to visit friends in the mountain;
 I gather a hundred herbs to help people in the world.
 Divine flowers I pick to make a hat;
 Fragrant orchids I pluck to form a mat.
 I sing to clapping of hands
 And rest on clouds after I dance.
 Explaining the principles of Dao,
 I exalt the true teachings of Laozi;
 Dispensing amulets and water,
 I rid the human world of monstrous miasmas.
 I rob Heaven and Earth of their energies
 And pluck from sun and moon their essences.
 Yin and yang activated, the elixir gels;
 Fire and Water harmonized, the embryo’s formed.
 When the yin of Two Eights recedes,
 It’s both dim and blurry;
 When the yang of Three Nines expands,
 It’s both dark and obscure.
 In accord with the four seasons I gather herbs;
 By nine cylindrical turns my elixir’s perfected.
 Astride the blue phoenix,
 I ascend the purple mansion;
 Mounting the white crane,
 I reach the capital of jade,
 Where I join all Heaven’s luminaries*

*In zealous display of the wondrous Way.
 Could this be compared with the quiescence of your Buddhism,
 The dark divinity of your tranquillity?
 The stinking corpse bequeathed by Nirvāṇa
 That can never leave the mortal dust?
 Of the Three Religions mine's the highest mystery.
 Dao alone is noble since the dawn of history!"*

On hearing this, the king was filled with delight, while the officials of the entire court shouted, "Bravo! Indeed, Dao alone is noble since the dawn of history! Dao alone is noble since the dawn of history!" When the elder saw that everyone had praise for the Daoist, he was terribly embarrassed. The king, nevertheless, asked the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a vegetarian meal so that the priest from distant lands could eat before he departed again for the West.

Tripitaka gave thanks as he withdrew; he descended from the main hall and was just about to walk out when Pilgrim flew down from his hat and whispered in his ear:

"Master, this royal father-in-law is a perverse fiend, and the king is under his influence. You go back first to the postal station to wait for the meal. Let old Monkey remain here to learn something more of him."

Tripitaka understood and left, and we shall leave him for the moment.

Look at our Pilgrim! He soared up and alighted on one of the kingfisher screens in the Hall of Golden Chimes, when the Commander of Five Military Commissions stepped from the ranks to say, "My lord, there was a gust of cold wind last night which swept away, without a trace, all the little boys lodged in the geese coops in front of the houses." When the king heard this memorial, he was both frightened and angered. "This means," said he to the royal father-in-law, "that Heaven wants to destroy us! We have been sick for months, and the imperial physician has been wholly ineffectual. It was fortunate that the royal father-in-law has bestowed on us a divine prescription. We were just waiting for the noon hour today to lift the knife and take out these boys' hearts and use them as our medical supplement. How could they all be swept away by a gust of cold wind? What explanation could there be other than that Heaven wanted to destroy us?" With a smile, the royal father-in-law said, "Your Majesty, please do not worry. The fact that these boys have been swept away means quite the contrary; this is precisely a gift of long life that Heaven is sending to Your Majesty."

"How could you say that," asked the king, "when those boys in the coops have all been blown away?"

"When I entered court just now," replied the royal father-in-law, "I noticed an absolutely marvelous medical supplement, far surpassing those one thousand one hundred and eleven young boys' hearts. Those hearts, you see, could only lengthen your life for about a thousand years. But taken with the newfound supplement, my divine medicine will lengthen your Majesty's life for thousands and thousands of years." Since the king, however, did not understand at all what medical supplement the Daoist was referring to, he pressed for an explanation.

Then the royal father-in-law said, "I have noticed that the monk who has been sent by the Land of the East to seek scriptures is possessed of pure and orderly features. They reveal that he has, in fact, a true body which has practiced religion for at least ten incarnations, and that he has been a monk since childhood. He is, in truth, someone who has never dissipated his original yang, someone ten thousand times better than all those

little boys put together. If you can get his heart to make soup and take my divine medicine, you will certainly acquire the age of ten thousand years.”

Believing completely what he had heard, the befuddled ruler said, “Why didn’t you tell us sooner? If it had that kind of efficacy, I would have detained him just now and not let him go.”

“But that’s not difficult!” said the royal father-in-law. “Just now the Court of Imperial Entertainments was told to prepare a vegetarian meal for him. He will undoubtedly eat first before leaving the city. Issue an edict right now for all the city gates to be closed. Call up the troops, have the Golden Pavilion Postal Station surrounded, and tell them to bring back the monk. First, ask for his heart politely. If he agrees, cut him up and take it out at once. You may promise him an imperial burial and a shrine erected in his honor, so that he may enjoy perpetual sacrifice. If he does not comply with your request, we’ll show him the ugly power of force. Tie him up at once, and then cut out his heart. Isn’t that easy?”

The befuddled ruler indeed followed his suggestion; he gave the decree at once that the city gates should be shut. The imperial guards and their captains were sent to have the postal station surrounded.

When Pilgrim heard this, he spread his wings and darted back to the postal station and changed back to his true form to say to the Tang Monk, “Master, disaster! Disaster!”

Tripitaka was just enjoying the imperial banquet with Eight Rules and Sha Monk. These sudden words so terrified him that the spirits of Three Cadavers left him and smoke poured out of his seven apertures. He fell to the ground at once, his body covered with sweat. All he could do was roll his eyeballs; he could not utter a word. Sha Monk hurried forward to take hold of him, crying, “Master, wake up! Master, wake up!”

“What disaster? What disaster?” asked Eight Rules. “Speak slowly, will you please! Must you frighten Master like that?”

“Since Master left the court,” replied Pilgrim, “old Monkey stayed behind and ascertained that that royal father-in-law was indeed a monster-spirit. Soon afterward, the Commander of Five Military Commissions reported that the cold wind had blown away the little boys. The king was frustrated, but the Daoist told him to be happy instead, saying that it was actually Heaven’s gift of long life to him.

He wanted to ask for Master’s heart to be the medical supplement, something he claimed would grant the king an age of ten thousand years. Believing such a perverse suggestion, the befuddled ruler called up his troops to come and surround the postal station. Moreover, the Embroidered-uniform Guards have been sent here to ask for Master’s heart.”

“You have exercised marvelous compassion!” said Eight Rules with a laugh. “You have saved marvelous boys! You have called up marvelous cold wind! But this time you have also brought disaster on us!”

Trembling all over, Tripitaka scrambled up to tug at Pilgrim and plead with him, “O worthy disciple! How will we face this?”

“If you want to face this,” said Pilgrim, “the old must become the young.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Sha Monk. Pilgrim said, “If you want to preserve your life, the master will have to become the disciple, and the disciple will have to become the master.”

“If you can save my life,” said Tripitaka, “I’m willing to be your disciple and grand disciple.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “no need to hesitate any longer. Eight Rules, hurry and get me some mud.” Idiot immediately used his muckrake to rake up some dirt; not daring, however, to go outside to fetch water, he hitched up his clothes instead and pissed on the ground. With the urine he managed to mix a lump of stinking mud, which he handed to Pilgrim. Pilgrim, too, had little alternative but to flatten the mud and press it on his own face and, after a little while, succeeded in making an apelike mask. Asking the Tang Monk to stand up but without uttering another word, Pilgrim pasted the mask on his master’s face and recited a magic spell. He then blew his immortal breath onto the mask, crying, “Change!”

At once the elder took on the appearance of Pilgrim. He was told to take off his own garments and switch clothes with Pilgrim, who made the magic sign and then recited another spell to change into the form of the Tang Monk. The two of them looked so alike their own true selves that even Eight Rules and Sha Monk could not distinguish them.

As soon as they finished dressing, they heard the sounds of gongs and drums and saw a forest of scimitars and lances approaching.

The captains of the imperial guards, you see, had arrived with three thousand troops to have the postal station surrounded. Then an Embroidered-uniform guard walked into the courtyard to ask, “Where is the elder from the Tang court in the Land of the East?” Shaking and quaking, the station master went to his knees and said, pointing with his finger, “In one of those guest rooms down there.”

The guard walked to the guest room and said, “Elder Tang, my king invites you to the palace.” While Eight Rules and Sha Monk stood on two sides to guard the false Pilgrim, the false Tang Monk came out the door and bowed, saying, “Sir Embroidered-uniform, what does His Majesty have to say when he asks for this poor cleric?” Rushing forward to grab him, the guard replied, “I’ll go with you into court. He must have some use for you.”

Also, so it is that

*Fiendish lies triumph o’er compassion;
Compassion’s met instead with violence.*

We do not know what will happen to his life when he leaves; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-NINE

*Searching the cave for the fiend he meets Long Life
The proper lord of the court sees the babies*

We were telling you about that Embroidered-uniform Guard, who yanked the spurious Tang Monk out of the postal station. At once the imperial guards had them surrounded before they all headed for the gate of the court. There they said to the Custodian of the Yellow Gate:

“We have brought the Tang Monk here. Please report this for us.”

The custodian sent in the memorial hurriedly, and the befuddled king sent for the guest at once. While all the officials knelt down at the foot of the steps to bow to the king, the spurious Tang Monk stood erect at the center of the steps and shouted, “King Bhikṣu, why did you ask this humble cleric to come?” With a smile, the king said, “An illness has afflicted us for many days and no cure has been found. Fortunately, our royal father-in-law has bestowed on us a prescription for which all the medicines have been prepared. All we need now is one particular supplement, which we must seek from you. If we are cured of our illness, we promise that we shall build a shrine for the elder. You will enjoy sacrifices in all four seasons and perpetual incense fires of the state.”

“I am a person who has left the family,” replied the spurious Tang Monk. “I came here with hardly any possessions on me. Would Your Majesty please ask the royal father-in-law what sort of thing he wants of me for the medical supplement?”

“What we need,” said the befuddled king, “is the heart of the elder.”

The spurious Tang Monk said, “To tell you the truth, Your Majesty, I have quite a few hearts. Which color or shape would you like?”

“Priest,” said the royal father-in-law, who was standing on one side, pointing with his finger, “we want your black heart.”

“In that case,” said the spurious Tang Monk, “bring me the knife quickly, so that I may cut open my chest. If I have a black heart, I’ll be pleased to present it to you.”

Delighted, the befuddled king thanked him and asked the attendant to the throne to hand the spurious monk a curved dagger. Taking the dagger, the monk untied his robe and stuck out his chest. As he rubbed his belly with his left hand, he plunged the dagger into himself with his right hand and, with a loud ripping noise, tore open his own chest. A mass of hearts rolled out, so terrifying the onlookers that the civil officials paled in fright and the military officers turned numb. When he saw that, the royal father-in-law said in the hall, “This is a monk of many hearts!”

The spurious monk took those bloody hearts and manipulated them one by one for all to see: a red heart, a white heart, a yellow heart, an avaricious heart, a greedy heart, an envious heart, a petty heart, a competitive heart, an ambitious heart, a scornful heart, a murderous heart, a vicious heart, a fearful heart, a cautious heart, a perverse heart, a nameless obscure heart, and all kinds of wicked hearts. There was, however, not one single black heart! That befuddled king was so stupefied that he could hardly utter a word. Trembling all over, he could only mutter:

“Take them away! Take them away!” Unable to hold back any longer, the spurious Tang Monk retrieved his magic. As he changed back into his original form, he said to the befuddled ruler, “Your Majesty, you have no perception whatever. In priests like us there are only good hearts, but your father-in-law is the one who has a black heart that can be used as the medical supplement.

If you don’t believe me, let me take it out for you to see.” On hearing this, that royal father-in-law opened his eyes wide to take a careful look, and he saw that the monk had quite changed his appearance. He no longer looked the same. Aha!

*He recognized the Great Sage Sun of old,
Who had great fame five hundred years ago.*

Swirling around, he mounted the clouds to rise up, only to be blocked by Pilgrim, who bounded into the air with one somersault.

“Where are you running to?” he bellowed. “Have a taste of my rod!”

The royal father-in-law wielded his coiled-dragon staff to meet his adversary, and the two of them began a marvelous battle in midair.

*The compliant rod,
The coiled-dragon staff
Spread out the clouds to fill the airy void.
The father-in-law, a monster-spirit,
Claimed for his fiendish daughter beauteous looks.
The ruler’s indulgence brought him disease;
The monster wanted to slaughter young boys.
The Great Sage came to show his magic might:
He seized the fiend and saved the populace.
The iron rod aimed fiercely at the head
Was met by a praiseworthy crooked staff.
They fought till a skyful of mist darkened the city,
Each member of the households paled with fright;
souls of all officials left in flight,
All palace girls and consorts changed their looks.
They frightened Bhikṣu’s muddled ruler into frantic hiding
And violent trembling, not knowing what to do.
The rod rose like a tiger springing from the mount;
The staff soared like a dragon breaking from the sea.
Now this great disturbance at Bhikṣu state
Would make distinct the righteous and perverse.*

That monster-spirit fought bitterly with Pilgrim for some twenty rounds, but the coiled-dragon staff was no match for the goldenhooped rod. After one half-hearted blow, the royal father-in-law changed into a cold beam of light and sped into the inner chamber of the palace to pick up the fiendish queen whom he had presented as a tribute to the king. Both of them changed into cold beams of light and vanished at once.

Dropping down from the clouds, Pilgrim went to the palace to say to the various officials, “You people have some royal father-in-law!”

The officials all began to bow to give thanks to the divine monk. “Stop bowing,” said Pilgrim. “See where your befuddled lord has gone.”

“When our lord saw the fight,” one of the officials replied, “he was driven by fear into hiding. We have no idea which palace he has gone to.”

“Search for him quickly!” commanded Pilgrim. “Don’t let Queen Beauty abduct him.” When they heard these words, the officials did not care whether they were permitted to enter the inner chambers or not. Together with Pilgrim they headed straight for the room of Queen Beauty, but not a trace of the king could be found. Even Queen Beauty herself had disappeared. Meanwhile, the queen, the girl’s consort of the Eastern Palace, the consort of the Western Palace, and the concubines of the Six Chambers all came to bow to give thanks to the Great Sage.

“Please rise, all of you,” said the Great Sage. “It’s not time for you to thank me yet. Let’s go find your lord first.” In a little while they saw four or five eunuchs support the befuddled ruler walking out from behind the Hall of Careful Conduct.

Prostrating themselves on the ground, the various officials said in unison, “Our lord! Our lord! We are indebted to the divine monk, who came to distinguish for us the true from the false. That royal father-in-law is a perverse fiend. Even Queen Beauty has disappeared.” When the king heard that, he immediately asked Pilgrim to leave the inner palace and go to the treasure hall with him. “Elder,” he said, as he bowed to Pilgrim to thank him, “when you arrived this morning, you looked so handsome. How is it that you’ve changed your appearance now?”

“To tell you the truth, Your Majesty, the person who came here this morning was my master,” replied Pilgrim, laughing. “He is Tripitaka, the bond-brother of the Tang court, and I’m Sun Wukong, his disciple. I have two other younger brothers—Zhu Wuneng and Sha Wujing—who are now at the Golden Pavilion Postal Station. Because we knew that you believed in the monstrous suggestion and wanted my master’s heart for medical supplement, old Monkey changed into his appearance to come here especially to subdue the fiend.” On hearing this, the king at once commanded one of the chief ministers of the Grand Secretariat to go to the postal station and fetch the master and his disciples.

By this time our Tripitaka had learned that Pilgrim, who had changed back to his original form, was trying to subdue the fiend in midair. The elder was frightened out of his wits, and it was fortunate that Eight Rules and Sha Monk were by his sides to support him.

But he was still depressed by that lump of stinking mud that he had to wear on his face. It was then that he heard someone calling, “Master of the Law, we are the chief ministers of the Grand Secretariat sent by the king of the Bhikṣu state. We are here especially to invite you to court so that you may receive our thanks.”

“Master, don’t be afraid! Don’t be afraid!” said Eight Rules, grinning. “They are not inviting you so that they can demand your heart. I think Elder Brother must have won, and they want to thank you.”

“That may well be the case,” replied Tripitaka, “but how can I face people with this stinking face?”

“You’ve no choice,” said Eight Rules. “Let’s go see Elder Brother first, and we’ll find a solution.”

That elder indeed had little choice but to follow Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who toted the luggage and led the horse out into the courtyard. When the chief minister

caught sight of them, he was aghast, crying, "Holy Father! What a bunch of goblins and monsters!"

"Minister, please don't be offended by our ugliness," said Sha Monk. "We were born this way. But when my master sees my elder brother, he'll become handsome." When the three of them arrived at court, they did not wait for the summons but walked right up to the hall. The moment Pilgrim saw them, he ran down the steps and pulled the lump of mud from his master's face. Blowing his immortal breath on him, Pilgrim cried "Change!" and the Tang Monk at once assumed his original form, feeling more energetic and spirited than before. Meanwhile, the king himself descended the steps to meet them, addressing the Tang Monk as "Venerable Buddha, Master of the Law."

After master and disciples had tethered the horse, they all went up to the hall to exchange greetings.

"Your Majesty," said Pilgrim, "do you happen to know where that fiend came from? Let old Monkey go there and seize him, so that any evil consequence will be eliminated." When all those palace ladies and concubines standing behind the kingfisher screens heard Pilgrim speaking of eliminating any evil consequence, they ignored the observance of proper etiquette between men and women and all walked out together to bow to him, saying, "We beg the divine monk, the venerable buddha, to exercise his mighty magic power.

Please pull the grass up by the root and exterminate him thoroughly. For this profound act of kindness we shall repay you handsomely." Returning their bows hurriedly, Pilgrim pressed the king for the address of the Daoist. Somewhat abashed, the king spoke up:

"When he arrived three years ago, we did question him, and he told us that he lived not too far from here, in Pure Florescence Village on the Willow Slope south of the city some seventy miles away. Though the royal father-in-law was aged, he had no son, only a daughter by his second wife. Having just turned sixteen, she had not been betrothed to anyone, and he was willing to present her as a tribute to us.

Since we loved the girl, we accepted her and took her in as a palace consort. Then we were afflicted by illness, which the repeated efforts of the imperial physician could not alleviate. The royal father-in-law told us that he had a divine formula, which required the hearts of young boys to make soup for supplement. It was our folly to have believed in his words so readily. The boys were selected, and the noon hour today, in fact, was to be the appointed time for their hearts to be gouged out. Little did we anticipate that the divine monk would descend to our realm. When we discovered that the boys in the coops had disappeared, he convinced us that the divine monk, who had practiced the cultivation of realized immortality for ten incarnations, had never permitted his original yang to dissipate.

If we could acquire his heart, he said, it would be ten thousand times better than the hearts of the little boys. That was the reason for our misguided affront offered to you. We did not know that the divine monk would recognize the fiendish demon. We beseech you to exercise your vast magic power and eliminate all evil consequences, for which we shall thank you with the wealth of a nation."

"To tell you the honest truth," said Pilgrim smiling, "those boys in the coops were hidden by me on the merciful request of my master. Don't speak of repaying us with any wealth or riches. When I've caught the fiend, that'll be my merit."

He then called out:

“Eight Rules, follow me quickly!”

“I’m glad to obey you, Elder Brother,” replied Eight Rules, “but my stomach’s so empty I can hardly exert myself.”

The king immediately asked the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a vegetarian meal, which soon arrived.

After he had eaten his fill, Eight Rules roused himself and mounted the clouds to rise into the air with Pilgrim. The king, the queens, and all those civil and military officials were so taken aback that they fell to their knees and kowtowed to the sky, all crying, “True immortals, true buddhas have descended to earth!”

The Great Sage took Eight Rules straight to a place some seventy miles south of the city, where they stopped the wind and cloud to look for the fiend’s dwelling. All they could see, however, was a clear brook flanked by thousands of willows on both sides, but the Pure Florescence Village was nowhere to be found. Truly

*Acres of wild paddies, an endless sight;
Banks of misty willows but no human trace.*

After the Great Sage Sun had searched in vain for the fiend, he made the magic sign and recited the immortal word *Om*, with which he at once summoned into his presence the local spirit. Trembling all over, the deity drew near to kneel down, saying, “Great Sage, the local spirit of Willow Slope kowtows to you.”

“Don’t be frightened,” said Pilgrim, “for I’m not going to beat you. I have a question for you instead. This Pure Florescence Village of Willow Slope, where is it?”

“There is here a Pure Florescence Cave,” replied the local spirit, “but no Pure Florescence Village. This humble deity now perceives that the Great Sage perhaps has come here from the Bhikṣu Kingdom?”

“Yes, yes!” said Pilgrim. “The Bhikṣu king had been duped by a monster-spirit, but old Monkey recognized the fiend when I reached the city. When that fiend was defeated by me in battle, he changed into a cold beam of light and vanished. I asked the Bhikṣu king, who told us that he did inquire after the fiend’s residence three years ago when he presented a beautiful girl as tribute. The fiend claimed then that he used to live in the Pure Florescence Village on Willow Slope, some seventy miles south of the city. Just now I searched my way here and all I saw was the slope. Since I didn’t find any village, I thought I would ask you.”

“May the Great Sage pardon me!” said the local spirit, kowtowing. “Since the Bhikṣu king, after all, is also the lord of this land, it is the proper duty of this humble deity to take note of his plight. But the monster-spirit has vast magic powers; once I betray his secret, he will come and oppress me. That’s why he has not been brought to justice. Now that the Great Sage has arrived, all you need do is to go up to a willow tree with nine branches at the south bank of the brook. Circle around the trunk three times from left to right and then three more times from right to left. Lean on the trunk with both hands and call three times, ‘Open the door.’ The Pure Florescence Cave will appear.” On hearing this, the Great Sage dismissed the local spirit before leaping over the brook with Eight Rules to continue their search.

Soon they found the tree, which had indeed nine stems forking out from a single trunk. Pilgrim gave this instruction to Eight Rules:

“Stand still at a distance, and let me call the door open. When I find the fiend and chase him out here, you may back me up.”

Eight Rules agreed and stood about a quarter mile away.

Following the words of the local spirit, our Great Sage circled the trunk three times from left to right and three times right to left; leaning with both hands on the tree, he cried, “Open the door! Open the door! Open the door!” Instantly two leaves of a door opened with a loud creak while the tree vanished entirely from sight. The inside was lit up by bright, luminous mists, but again there was no hint of any human inhabitant. Rousing his magic powers, Pilgrim dashed into the cave, and he discovered a nice place indeed:

*Mist and smoke luminous;
Oblique rays of the sun and moon;
White clouds that often leave the cave;
Green moss that densely coats the yard.
A pathful of strange blossoms vying for glamour;
A stepful of rare grasses most luxuriant.
Warm, temperate air
Makes perpetual spring.
The place seems like Langyuan;
It's no worse than Peng and Ying.
Long creepers spread o'er smooth benches;
Tousled vines dangle from a flat bridge.
Bees, red stamens in their mouths, come to the cave;
Butterflies, playing with orchids, pass a rock screen.*

With big strides, Pilgrim dashed forward to take a careful look, and he saw four big words etched on the rock screen:

Pure Florescence Immortal Residence. Unable to restrain himself, he leaped around the screen to look further, and there he saw the old fiend hugging a beautiful girl to his bosom. Both panting hard, they were in the midst of discussing the affairs of the Bhikṣu Kingdom. “What a marvelous opportunity!” they said together. “Something we’ve been planning for three years, and it would have been completed today.

But it’s ruined by that ape-head now!”

Darting up to them, Pilgrim whipped out his rod and cried, “You bunch of hairy lumps! What marvelous opportunity? Have a taste of my rod!”

Abandoning his beauty, the old fiend picked up his coiled-dragon staff hurriedly to meet him. The two of them began another fierce battle in front of the cave that was quite different from the one before.

*The upraised rod beamed golden light;
The wielded staff belched viciousness.
The fiend said, “You fool! How dare you barge inside my door?”
Pilgrim said, “I intend to subdue a fiend!”
The fiend said, “My tie to the king’s not your concern.
For what reason must you come oppress me?”
Pilgrim said, “The priest’s vocation is on mercy based.
can’t bear seeing young boys put to death.”
Their words went back and forth, each full of hate.*

*The staff met the rod, they aimed at the heart.
 They snapped strange flowers, watching for their lives;
 They kicked up lichens as they slipped and slid.
 They fought till the cave's bright mists had lost their glow,
 Till the ledge's fine blossoms all collapsed.
 Bing-bangs grounded the birds in fear;
 Their shoutings scared the beauty into flight.
 Only the old fiend and the Monkey King remained
 As violent gusts of wind howled through the earth.
 They fought on and on till they left the cave,
 When Wuneng aroused his moronic might.*

Eight Rules, you see, was standing outside; when he heard them brawling inside, he became so excited that he could hardly contain himself. Whipping out his muckrake, he knocked down the willow tree with nine branches with one terrific blow. As he raked the fallen trunk some more, fresh blood sprouted from the root and it emitted a sort of moaning sound. "This tree has become a spirit!" said Eight Rules. "This tree has become a spirit!"

He lifted his rake and was about to bring it down again when he saw Pilgrim emerging with the fiend. Without a word our Idiot rushed forward and attacked with the rake. The old fiend was already finding it difficult to withstand Pilgrim; the sight of Eight Rules's rake, therefore, completely unnerved him. Turning to flee, he shook his body once and changed into a cold beam of light to head for the east. Unwilling to let up at all, the two of them instantly gave chase.

As they shouted to close in for the kill, they suddenly heard the calls of phoenix and crane and saw the glow of auspicious luminosity. Then they caught sight of the Aged Star of South Pole, who had held down the cold beam of light. "Slow down, Great Sage," he cried, "and stop chasing, Heavenly Reeds. This old Daoist salutes you!"

"Brother Aged Star," said Pilgrim, returning his greeting, "where have you come from?" With a chuckle, Eight Rules said, "You blubbery codger! Since you've held down the cold beam of light, you must have caught the fiend."

"He's here, he's here," replied the Aged Star, smiling back at him. "I hope the two of you will spare his life."

"That old fiend's not related to you, old Brother," said Pilgrim. "Why are you speaking up for him?"

"He happens to be my beast of burden," replied the Aged Star with a smile, "and sneaked here to turn into a fiend."

"If he's a creature of yours," said Pilgrim, "ask him to change back to his true form for us to see." When he heard this, the Aged Star released the cold beam of light and shouted, "Cursed beast! Show your true form quickly, and we'll pardon your mortal offense!" Rolling over, the fiend at once revealed himself as a white deer. "This cursed beast!" said the Aged Star as he picked up the staff. "He has even managed to steal my staff!" Prostrate on the ground, the white deer could not utter a word; all he did was kowtow and shed tears. You see

*His whole body striped like a token of jade,
 Two upthrust horns like seven jagged blades.
 In hunger he would the herb garden seek*

*And drink, in thirst, from the cloud-swollen creek.
 Aged, he had the pow'r of flight attained,
 And o'er the years a face that changed he gained.
 When he at this time hears his master's call,
 He'll show his form and in submission fall.*

After the Aged Star had thanked Pilgrim, he mounted the deer to leave, only to be grabbed by Pilgrim. "Old Brother," he said, "please don't leave yet. There are two unfinished matters."

"What sort of unfinished matters?" asked the Aged Star, and Pilgrim said, "We have yet to catch the beautiful girl, who must be some kind of fiendish creature, and we must return together to report to that befuddled ruler of the Bhikṣu kingdom."

"If you put it that way," said the Aged Star, "I'll be patient and wait a while. You and Heavenly Reeds go inside the cave and capture the beautiful girl. Then we can go together to let the king see these creatures in their true forms."

"Just wait a moment, old Brother," said Pilgrim, "we'll be back soon."

Arousing his spirit, Eight Rules followed Pilgrim into the Pure Florescence Divine Residence, both shouting, "Catch the monsterspirit! Catch the monster-spirit!"

The beautiful girl was still shaking so violently that she could hardly think of fleeing; when she heard the shouts, she dashed behind the rock screen, but there was no back door for her to leave through. "Where are you going?" roared Eight Rules. "Watch my rake, you stinking, man-deceiving spirit!"

As the beautiful girl did not even have a weapon in her hand, she could only step aside and change at once into a cold beam of light to try to flee. She was, however, met by the Great Sage, who slammed his rod down hard on the beam. Immediately the fiend tumbled to the ground and revealed her true form: that of a whitefaced vixen. Unable to hold back his hands, our Idiot raised his rake and gave her head a terrific blow. Alas!

*The smile that shakes a city and a state
 Into a hairy, lumpish fox is made!*

"Don't mash her up!" cried Pilgrim. "Leave her body for that befuddled ruler to see." Not bothered by the filth, our Idiot took her by the tail and yanked her body along to follow Pilgrim out the door. The Aged Star at that moment was just rubbing the deer's head and scolding him. "Dear cursed beast!" he cried. "How could you turn your back on your master and come here to be a spirit? If I hadn't arrived, you would have been struck to death by the Great Sage Sun."

"What are you saying, old Brother?" asked Pilgrim as he bounded out. "Just instructing the deer! Just instructing the deer!" replied the Aged Star. Throwing the dead vixen in front of the deer, Eight Rules asked, "Is this your daughter?" Nodding his head a few times, the deer stretched out his muzzle to sniff her and bleated several times, as if he could not bear parting with the vixen. He was given a whack on the head by the Aged Star, who said, "Cursed beast! Isn't it enough that you got your life? Why smell her?"

He then untied the sash of his robe and fastened it around the neck of the deer to drag him along. "Great Sage," he said, "I'll go see the Bhikṣu king with you."

"Just a moment!" replied Pilgrim. "We might as well clean out the inside first, so that this place will not breed any more monstrosity in the years to come." When he

heard this, Eight Rules lifted up his rake and showered blows on the willow trunk. Pilgrim recited again the magic word *Om* to summon the local spirit, to whom he gave this instruction:

“Find me some dried wood and make a good fire. I am trying to rid this place of monstrous calamity, so that you may be spared from any further oppression.”

Turning round, the local spirit mounted gusts of cold winds with his ghostly troops to gather some frost-receiving grass, autumn-green grass, smartweeds, mountain-bud grass, dried southernwood, dried dragon-bones, and dried rushes—all withered plants that had been parched for more than a year and that could feed a fire like oil or fat. “Eight Rules,” Pilgrim cried, “no need to take the tree. Just stuff these things into the cave and light the fire. We’ll destroy the place.”

As soon as the fire started, it did indeed turn the Pure Florescence monster residence into a flaming pit.

He then dismissed the local spirit before returning to face the king in the royal hall, accompanied by the Aged Star leading the deer and Eight Rules dragging the dead vixen. Pilgrim said to the king, “Here’s your Queen Beauty! You want to dally with her some more?”

The bladder of the king quivered and his heart shook, and then his queens and consorts were all frightened into bowing by the sight of the Aged Star leading the white deer. Pilgrim went forward to raise up the king, saying to him with a chuckle, “Don’t bow to me. Here’s your father-in-law. You should bow to him!”

Terribly embarrassed, the king could only murmur, “I thank the divine monk’s Heavenly grace for saving the boys of my nation.”

He at once ordered the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a huge vegetarian banquet. The East Hall was opened wide so that the Old Man of South Pole, the Tang Monk, and his three disciples could be seated to receive proper thanks. After Tripitaka and Sha Monk bowed to greet the Aged Star, they both asked, “If the white deer belonged to the Venerable Aged Star, how could it get here to harm people?”

The Aged Star answered, smiling, “Sometime ago the Supreme Ruler of the East passed by my mountain, and I asked him to stay for chess. Hardly had we finished one game when this cursed beast ran away. When we couldn’t find him after the guest’s departure, I calculated by bending my fingers and realized that he had come to this place. I came to search for him and ran into the Great Sage just in the process of demonstrating his power. If I had come a little later, this beast would have been finished.”

Hardly had he spoken when the report came that the banquet was ready. Marvelous vegetarian banquet!

*The doorways decked with five colors;
The seats full of strange fragrance;
Tables draped with glowing brocade damask;
Floors spread with luminous red carpets.
From duck-shaped urns
Curled smoke of sandalwood incense;
Before the royal table
Came the fresh scent of vegetables.
Look at the fruit crouque-en-bouche on the dish,*

*The sweet pastries shaped like dragons or beasts.
 Mandarin-duck cakes
 And lion candies
 All looked so real;
 The parrot goblet
 And the egret handle
 All seemed lifelike.
 Every fruit item on display was rich;
 Every maigre dish on the table was fine.
 Robustly round chestnuts,
 Fresh lychees and peaches;
 Dates and persimmons with the sweetest flavor;
 Pine-seed and grape wines of the mellowest scent.
 Several kinds of honey-glazed food
 And a few steamed pastries.
 Viands deep-fried or sugar-coated,
 Made like blossoms or brocade.
 buns piled high on golden trays;
 Fragrant rice filled many silver bowls.
 Hot and spicy—the long rice noodles cooked in soup;
 Potently scented—one bowl or dish after another.
 You could not describe all the mushrooms,
 The wood ears, the tender shoots, the Yellow Sperms;
 Vegetables of ten varieties
 And a hundred rare delicacies.
 Presented back and forth without a pause
 Were all kinds, all species of rich fare.*

At the time, they took their seats according to rank: the Aged Star occupied the head table, while the elder remained next to him. The king went to the table in front, and Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk sat on one side. There were three other chief ministers on both sides to keep them company. As the Office of Music was told to begin the serenade, the king held up his purple-mist cup to toast each person in turn, though the Tang Monk was the only one who did not drink. Eight Rules then said to Pilgrim, “Elder Brother, I’ll leave the fruits to you, but you must let us enjoy rice, soup, and the rest.” Without regard for good or ill, that Idiot attacked the foodstuff madly and ate it up in no time at all.

After the banquet was over, the Aged Star got up to leave, but the king went forward to kneel to him to beg for a method that would eliminate illness and lengthen his years. With a smile the Aged Star said, “I was looking for my deer and I didn’t bring along any elixir or herbs. I would have liked to impart to you the formula for cultivation, but your tendons have so deteriorated and your spirit has been so impaired that it would be impossible for you to accomplish the reversion of the elixir.

In my sleeve here, however, are three fire dates which were the presents of the Supreme Ruler of the East for my tea. I haven’t eaten them yet, and I would like to give them to you now.”

After the king had swallowed the dates, he felt as if a great weight had been lifted gradually from his body as his illness receded. In fact, the longevity those descendants of his later attained might be traced to this.

When Eight Rules saw that the king had received such a gift, he cried out, “Old Age, if you have any more fire dates, give me some, too.”

“I haven’t brought any more along,” replied the Aged Star. “Another day I’ll send you a few pounds.”

He walked out of the East Hall, and having thanked his host once more, he ordered the white deer to stand up and leaped onto its back. They both rose immediately into the air and left treading on the clouds. The ruler, his consorts, and the populace of the city all bowed to the ground and burned incense.

Then Tripitaka said, “Disciples, start packing so that we may take leave of the king.”

The king, however, begged them to stay and instruct him. “Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim, “from now on you must lessen your sensual pursuits and increase instead your unpublicized good deeds. In all affairs you should allow your strength to compensate for your weakness, and you will find that this is quite sufficient to stave off sickness and lengthen your life. Such is the instruction I have for you.”

Thereafter the king also presented them with two trays of gold and silver pieces as travel money, but the Tang Monk refused to accept even a penny. The king had no alternative but to send for his imperial cortege and asked the Tang Monk to be seated on the phoenix carriage in the dragon chariot. He and his consorts all put their hands on the carriage and pushed it out of the court. At the same time, all the main boulevards were lined with citizens who added pure water to their sacrificial vases and true incense in the urns to send the pilgrims out of the city.

Just then, a roar of the wind from midair brought down to both sides of the road one thousand, one hundred and eleven geese coops with some crying young boys inside. The local spirit, city god, god of the soil, immortal officials, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, the Six Gods of Darkness and Six Gods of Light, and the guardians of monasteries who gave secret protection to the children all announced in a loud voice:

“Great Sage, you told us previously to take away these boys in the geese coops. Now that your merit has been achieved and you are about to leave, we have brought them back one by one.”

The king, the queens, and all the citizens bowed down as Pilgrim said to the air, “I thank you all for your help. Please return to your shrines, and I will ask the people to offer you their thanksgiving sacrifices.” Sighing and sighing, the gust of cold wind rose once more and then quickly subsided.

When Pilgrim then asked the households of the city to come retrieve their children, the news was spread abroad at once and all the people came to identify and claim the boys in the coops. In great delight they were lifted out of the cages, hugged, and addressed as “darling” and “precious.” Jumping about and laughing, the people all shouted, “We must take hold of the Holy Fathers of the Tang court and bring them back to our homes. We must thank them for this profound act of kindness!”

And so the people went forward, young and old, male and female, without the slightest fear of how ugly the pilgrims might look: they hauled Zhu Eight Rules up bodily, they put Sha Monk on their shoulders, they supported the Great Sage Sun with their heads, and they lifted up Tripitaka with their hands. Leading the horse and toting the luggage, they surged back to the city; not even the king could restrain them.

While one family gave a banquet, another prepared a feast; those who did not have time to take their turns made priestly caps and sandals, clerical robes and cloth stockings, and all manner of inner and outer garments to be presented as gifts. Indeed, the pilgrims had to linger for nearly a month in that city before they could leave. Before their departure, the people also made portraits of them, with their names inscribed on plaques below the pictures, so that perpetual sacrifices and incense could be offered. Truly it was that

*This secret good deed weighty as a mount
Has saved a hundred and a thousand lives.*

We do not know what happened thereafter; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY

*The fair girl, nursing the yang, seeks a mate
Mind Monkey, guarding his master, knows a monster*

We were telling you about the Bhikṣu king who, along with his subjects, escorted the Tang Monk and his disciples out of the city; they journeyed for some twenty miles and still the king refused to turn back. At last Tripitaka insisted on leaving the imperial chariot and mounted the horse to take leave of the escorts, who waited until the pilgrims were out of sight before returning to their own city.

The four pilgrims traveled for some time until both winter and spring faded; there was no end to the sight of wildflowers and mountain trees, of lovely and luxuriant scenery. Then they saw in front of them a tall, rugged mountain. Growing alarmed, Tripitaka asked, “Disciples, is there any road on that tall mountain ahead? We must be careful!”

“Your words, Master,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “hardly sound like those of a seasoned traveler! They seem more like those of a prince or nobleman who sits in a well and stares at the sky. As the ancient proverb says,

*A mountain does not block a road,
For a road passes through a mountain.*

Why ask about whether there is any road or not?”

“Perhaps the mountain does not block the road,” replied Tripitaka, “but I fear that such a treacherous region will breed some fiends, or that monster-spirits will emerge from the depth of the mountain.”

“Relax! Relax!” said Eight Rules. “This place is probably not too far from the region of ultimate bliss, and it’s bound to be peaceful and safe.”

As master and disciples were thus conversing, they soon reached the base of the mountain. Taking out his golden-hooped rod, Pilgrim went up a rocky ledge and called out:

“Master, this is the way to go around the mountain. It’s quite walkable. Come quickly! Come quickly!”

The elder had little choice but to banish his worry and urge the horse forward. “Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “you tote the luggage for awhile.”

Eight Rules accordingly took over the pole while Sha Monk held on to the reins so that the old master could sit firmly on the carved saddle and follow Pilgrim on the main road as they headed for the mountain. What they saw on the mountain were

*Cloud and mist shrouding the summit
And rushing torrent in the brook;
flowers clogging the road;
Ten thousand trees both thick and dense;
Blue plums and white pears;
Green willows and red peaches.
The cuckoo weeps for spring’s about to leave,*

*And swallows murmur to end the seedtime rites.
 Rugged rocks;
 Jade-top pines;
 A rough mountain path,
 Bumpy and jagged;
 Precipitous hanging cliffs
 With thickets of creepers and plants.
 A thousand peaks noble like halberd rows;
 Through countless ravines a grand river flows.*

As the old master looked leisurely at this mountain scenery, the sound of a bird singing filled him again with longing for home. He pulled the horse to a stop and called out, "Disciples!

*Since Heaven's plaque conveyed the royal decree,
 The rescript I took beneath brocaded screens.
 At Lantern Feast, the fifteenth, I left the East,
 From Emperor Tang parted as Heav'n from Earth.
 Just when dragons, tigers met with wind and cloud,
 Master and pupils fell to horses and men.
 On all twelve summits of Mount Wu I've walked.
 When can I face my lord and see my king?"*

"Master," said Pilgrim, "you are always so full of longing for home that you are hardly like someone who has left home. Just relax and keep moving! Stop worrying so much! As the ancients said,

*If wealth in life you wish to see,
 Deadly earnest your work must be."*

Tripitaka said, "What you say is quite right, disciple, but I wonder how much more there is of this road that leads to the Western Heaven!"

"Master,"

Eight Rules said, "it must be that our Buddha Tathāgata is unwilling to part with those three baskets of scriptures.

Knowing that we want to acquire them, he must have moved. If not, why is it that we just can't reach our destination?"

"Stop that foolish talk!" said Sha Monk. "Just follow Big Brother. Exert yourself and endure it. There'll be a day when we all arrive at our destination."

As master and disciples chatted in this manner, they came upon a huge, dark pine forest. Becoming frightened, the Tang Monk called out once more, "Wukong, we've just passed through a rugged mountain path. Why is it that we must face this deep, dark pine forest? We must be on guard."

"What's there to be afraid of?" asked Pilgrim. Tripitaka replied, "Stop talking like that! As the proverb says,

*You don't believe the honesty of the honest;
 You guard against the unkindness of the kind.*

You and I have gone through several pine forests, but none was as deep and wide as this one. Just look at it!

*Densely spread out east and west—
 In thick columns north and south—
 Densely spread out east and west it pierces the clouds;
 In thick columns north and south it invades the sky.
 Lush thistles and thorns are growing on all sides;
 Creepers and weeds wind up and down the trunks.
 The vines entwine the tendrils—
 The tendrils entwine the vines—
 The vines entwine the tendrils
 To impede the east-west traveler;
 The tendrils entwine the vines
 To block the north-south trader.
 In this forest
 One may spend half a year
 Not knowing the seasons,
 Or walk a few miles
 Without seeing the stars.
 Look at those thousand kinds of scenery on the shady side
 And ten thousand bouquets in the sunny part.
 There are also the millennial locust tree,
 The immortal juniper,
 The cold-enduring pine,
 The mountain peach,
 The wild peony,
 The dry-land hibiscus—
 In layers and clumps they pile together,
 So riotous that e'en gods can't portray them.
 You hear also a hundred birds:
 The parrot's squeal;
 The cuckoo's wail;
 The magpie darting through the branches;
 crow feeding her parents;
 The oriole soaring and dancing;
 A hundred tongues making melody;
 A call of red partridges,
 And the speech of purple swallows.
 The mynah learns to speak like a human;
 Even the grey thrush can read a sūtra.
 You see, too, a big creature wagging its tail
 And a tiger grinding its teeth;
 An aged fox disguised as a lady,
 An old grey wolf growling through the woods.
 Even if the devarāja Pagoda- Bearer comes here,
 He'll lose his wits though he can subdue a monster!"*

Not daunted in the least, however, our Great Sage Sun used his iron rod to open up a wide path and led the Tang Monk deep into the forest. Footloose and carefree, they proceeded for half a day but they had yet to reach the road leading out of the forest.

The Tang Monk called out:

“Disciples, our journey to the West has taken us through countless mountains and forests, all rather treacherous. This particular spot, I’m glad to say, is quite nice and the road seems safe enough. The strange flowers and rare plants of this forest are certainly pleasing to behold. I want to sit for a while here—to rest the horse and to relieve my hunger—if you can go somewhere to beg us a vegetarian meal.”

“Please dismount, Master,” said Pilgrim, “and I’ll go beg the meal.”

That elder indeed dismounted; as Eight Rules tethered the horse to a tree, Sha Monk put down his load of luggage and took out the alms-bowl to hand to Pilgrim. “Master,” said Pilgrim, “you may feel quite safe sitting here. Don’t be frightened. Old Monkey will return shortly.” While Tripitaka sat solemnly in the pine shade, Eight Rules and Sha Monk amused themselves by going off to search for flowers and fruits.

We tell you now about our Great Sage, who somersaulted into midair. As he paused in his cloudy luminosity to look back, he saw that the pine forest was veiled by hallowed clouds and auspicious mists. So moved was he by the sight that he unwittingly blurted out, “Marvelous! Marvelous!” Why did he say that, you ask? He was giving praise to the Tang Monk, you see, and recalling to himself the fact that his master was verily the incarnation of the Elder Gold Cicada, a good man who has practiced austerities for ten incarnations. That was why his head was surrounded by such an auspicious halo. “Consider old Monkey,” he thought to himself. “At the time when I brought great disturbance to the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago, I toured with the clouds the four corners of the sea and roamed freely the edges of Heaven. I assembled various monster-spirits to call myself the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven; taming the tiger and subduing the dragon, I even removed our names from the register of death. My head wore a triple-decker gold crown, and my body a yellow gold cuirass; my hands held the golden-hooped rod and my feet were shod in cloud-treading shoes. Some forty-seven thousand fiends under my command all addressed me as Venerable Father Great Sage, and that was some life I led. Now that I’m delivered from my Heaven-sent calamity, I must humble myself and serve this man as his disciple. But if my master’s head has the protection of such hallowed clouds and auspicious mists, he will, I suppose, end up with something good once he returns to the Land of the East, and old Monkey undoubtedly will also attain the right fruit.”

As he thought to himself in this manner and gave praise to his master, he caught sight of a mass of black fumes boiling up from south of the forest. Greatly startled, Pilgrim said, “There must be something perverse in those black fumes! Our Eight Rules and Sha Monk can’t release black fumes like that . . .” In midair our Great Sage at once tried to determine where those black fumes came from, and we shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you instead about Tripitaka, who was sitting in the forest with mind enlightened by the vision of the Buddha-nature in all things. As he recited with utmost concentration the *Mahāprajñā-parāmitāhṛ-daya Sūtra*, he suddenly heard a faint cry, “Save me! Save me!”

“My goodness! My goodness!” said Tripitaka, highly astonished. “Who would be crying out like that deep in the forest? It must be someone scared by tigers or wolves. Let me take a look.” Rising and striding forward, the elder went by the millennial cedars and the immortal pines; he climbed over creepers and vines to take a clear look. Tied to

the trunk of a huge tree was a girl: the upper half of her body was bound by vines, while the lower half of her body was buried in the ground.

Stopping before her, the elder asked, “Lady Bodhisattva, for what reason are you bound here?”

Alas! She was clearly a monster, but the elder, being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, could not recognize her. When the fiend heard the question, she released a torrent of tears. Look at her!

*As tears dripped from her peachlike cheeks,
She had features that would sink fishes and drop wild geese;
As grief flashed from her starlike eyes,
She had looks that would daunt the moon and shame the flowers.*

In truth not daring to approach her, our elder asked again, “Lady Bodhisattva, what possible crime could you have committed? Speak up so that this humble cleric may rescue you.” With clever and deceptive words, with false and specious sentiments, the monster-spirit replied hurriedly, “Master, my home is located in the Bimbāna Kingdom, some two hundred miles from here. My parents, still living and exceedingly devoted to virtue, have in all their lives been kind to friends and peaceable toward relatives. As this is the time of Clear Brightness, they invited various kinfolk and the young and old of our family to sweep clean our ancestral graves and offer sacrifices to the dead. A whole row of carriages and horses went out into the desolate wilds. We had just set up the sacrifices and finished burning paper money and horses when the sound of gongs and drums brought out a band of strong men wielding knives, waving staffs, and screaming to kill as they fell on us. We were scared out of our wits. My parents and my relatives managed to escape on horseback or in the carriages. Being so young and unable to run, I fell in terror to the ground and was abducted by these brigands. The Big Great King wanted me to be his mistress; the Second Great King desired me for his wife; the Third and the Fourth, too, admired my beauty. A heated quarrel thus began among some seventy or eighty of them, and when they could not resolve their anger, they had me tied up in the forest before they scattered. I have been here like this for five whole days and nights, and I expect my life will expire any moment. I don’t know which generation of my ancestors accumulated sufficient merit to acquire for me the good fortune this day of meeting the venerable master at this place. I beseech you in your great mercy to save my life. I shall never forget your kindness, even when I reach the Nine Springs of Hades!” When she finished speaking, her tears fell like rain.

Always a merciful person, Tripitaka could not refrain from shedding tears himself. In a choking voice, he called out, “Disciples!” Our Eight Rules and Sha Monk were just searching for flowers and fruits in the forest when they suddenly heard the melancholy cry of their master. “Sha Monk,” said Idiot, “Master must have recognized one of his relatives here.”

“You’re driveling, Second Elder Brother!” said Sha Monk, laughing. “We haven’t met one good man after walking all this time. Where would this relative come from?”

“If it weren’t a relative,” replied Eight Rules, “you think Master would be weeping with someone else? Let’s you and I go take a look.” Sha Monk agreed to go back to the original spot with him. As they drew near, leading the horse and toting the luggage, they said, “Master, what’s up?” Pointing to the tree, the Tang Monk said,

“Eight Rules, untie that lady bodhisattva over there so that we may save her life.” Without regard for good or ill, our Idiot immediately proceeded to do so.

We tell you now about the Great Sage in midair, who saw that the black fumes were growing thicker all the time until they had the auspicious luminosity completely covered. “That’s bad! That’s bad!” he exclaimed. “When the black fumes have covered the auspicious luminosity, it may mean that some monstrous perversity has harmed Master. Begging for vegetarian food is a small matter now. I’d better go see my master first.” Reversing the direction of his cloud, he dropped down into the forest, where he found Eight Rules busily trying to untie the ropes. Pilgrim went forward, grabbed one of his ears, and flung him with a thud to the ground. As he raised his head to look and scramble up, Idiot said, “Master told me to rescue this person. Why did you have to strongarm me and give me this tumble?”

“Brother, don’t untie her,” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “She is a monster-spirit who’s using some jugglery to deceive us.”

“You brazen ape!” snapped Tripitaka. “You’re babbling again! How could you tell that this girl is a fiend?”

“Master, you may have no idea about this,” replied Pilgrim, “but it’s the kind of business old Monkey has done before. This is the way monster-spirits try to get human flesh to eat. How could you know about that?” Pouting with his snout stuck out, Eight Rules said, “Master, don’t believe the lies of this Ban-Horse-Plague. This girl belongs to a family here, whereas we came from the distant Land of the East. We’re no acquaintances or kinfolk of hers. How could we say that she is a monster-spirit? He wants us to abandon her and go on our way so that he can use his magic and somersault back here to have a nice time with her. He wants to sneak in through the back door!”

“Coolie, don’t you dare mouth such nonsense!” snapped Pilgrim. “During this journey to the West, since when has old Monkey ever been slothful or unruly? I’m no miserable bum like you who loves sex more than life, and who will sell out his friends for a price.

Remember how dumb you were when you were deceived by that household’s offer to take you in as a son-in-law and ended up being tied to a tree?”

“All right! All right!” said Tripitaka. “Eight Rules, your elder brother has always been quite right in his perception. If he puts it that way, let’s not mind her. Let’s leave.”

“Marvelous!” said Pilgrim, highly pleased. “Master will be able to preserve his life. Please mount up. After we get out of the pine forest, I’ll go to some household to beg you a vegetarian meal.”

The four of them indeed abandoned the fiend and proceeded.

Still bound to the tree, the fiend said to herself through clenched teeth, “I have heard people say for several years that Sun Wukong has vast magic powers. What I can see of him today certainly confirms the rumor. Since that Tang Monk has begun practicing austerities in his youth, he has never allowed his original yang to leak out. I was hoping that I could seize him and mate with him so that I might become a golden immortal of the Grand Monad. Hardly did I anticipate that this ape would see through my disguise and take him away instead. If he had untied me and let me down, the Tang Monk would have fallen right into my hands. He would have indeed been mine, wouldn’t he? If I let him get away now just because of a few casual remarks, it means I have planned and worked in vain. Let me call him a couple more times and see what

happens. Still tied up in the ropes, the monster-spirit instead employed a gentle breeze to waft some virtuous sentences faintly into the ears of the Tang Monk. What did she say, you ask? This was how she called out to him:

“O Master!

*If you a living human passed by and refused to free,
What Buddha or scriptures could such blindness hope to see?”*

Hearing a summons like that as he rode along, the Tang Monk immediately reined in the horse and called out, “Wukong, let’s go and free the girl.”

“Master, you’re moving along just fine,” said Pilgrim. “What makes you think of her again?”

“She’s calling after me!” replied the Tang Monk.

“Did you hear anything, Eight Rules?” asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, “My oversized ears must have blocked it. I didn’t hear a thing.”

“Sha Monk, did you hear anything?” asked Pilgrim again. Sha Monk said, “I was walking ahead, toting the luggage, and I didn’t pay any attention. I didn’t hear anything either.”

“Nor did old Monkey,” said Pilgrim. “Master, what did she say? Why are you the only one who heard the call?”

The Tang Monk replied, “The way she called me makes a lot of sense. She said,

*If you a living human passed by and refused to free,
What Buddha or scriptures could such blindness hope to see?*

As the proverb also puts the matter,

*Saving one life
Is better than building a seven-tiered stūpa.*

Let’s go quickly and rescue her. It’ll be as good as fetching scriptures and worshipping Buddha.”

“Master,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “when you want to do good, there’s no drug in the world that can cure you! Think how many mountains you have crossed since you left the Land of the East and how many monsters you have encountered since you began your journey to the West. Without fail they managed to have you captured and brought into their caves. When old Monkey came to rescue you, the iron rod he used had beaten thousands upon thousands to death. Today there’s only one life of a monster-spirit, and you can’t leave her. Do you have to rescue her?”

“O disciple!” said the Tang Monk. “As the ancients said,

*Don’t fail to do good even if it’s small;
Don’t engage in evil even if it’s small.*

Let’s go rescue her.”

“If you put it that way, Master,” said Pilgrim, “you must assume the responsibility, because old Monkey can’t bear it. If you have made up your mind to rescue her, I dare not admonish you too much. For if I do, you’ll get mad after a while. You may go and rescue her as you please.”

“Don’t talk so much, ape-head!” said the Tang Monk. “You sit here, while Eight Rules and I go rescue her.” Returning to the pine forest, the Tang Monk asked Eight Rules to untie the ropes that had the girl bound to the tree from the waist up, and to use his rake to dig the lower half of her body out from the ground. Stamping her feet and straightening out her skirt, the fiend followed the Tang Monk out of the forest most amiably. When they met up with Pilgrim, he began to snicker uncontrollably.

“Brazen ape!” scolded the Tang Monk. “Why are you laughing?”

“I’m laughing replied Pilgrim, “because

*When times are right good friends you will hail;
A fair lady will greet you should fortune fail!”*

“Wretched ape!” scolded the Tang Monk again. “What rubbish! The moment I left my mother’s belly, I became a priest. Now I’m journeying westward by imperial decree and trying to worship Buddha in all sincerity. I’m no seeker of profit or status. How could there be a time when my fortune fails?”

“Master,” replied Pilgrim with a laugh, “though you may have been a monk since your youth, all you know is how to read sūtras and chant the name of Buddha. You aren’t familiar with the codes and laws of a state. This girl is both young and pretty, and we are after all persons who have left the family. If we travel with her, we may run into wicked people who will send us to court. Regardless of how we profess to be scripture seekers and Buddha worshippers, they may accuse us of fornication. Even if we are cleared of that charge, they may still have us convicted of kidnapping. You will be expelled from your priesthood and beaten till you’re half-dead; Eight Rules will be sent into the army and Sha Monk will be sentenced to hard labor. Even old Monkey will find it hard to extricate himself from such a messy affair. I may be smart-mouthed, but no amount of haggling on my part will clear us of indiscretion.”

“Stop this nonsense!” snapped Tripitaka. “I’m determined to save her life. How could she involve us in any trouble? We’re taking her with us. If anything arises, I’ll assume the responsibility myself.”

“You may talk like that, Master,” said Pilgrim, “but you don’t realize that what you are doing won’t save her but will only harm her.”

Tripitaka said, “I rescued her out of the forest so that she might live. How could she be harmed instead?”

“When she was tied up in the forest,” replied Pilgrim, “she might have lasted five to seven days, possibly up to half a month, but without rice to eat, she would have starved to death. Even in that situation, however, she would have died with her body preserved intact. Now you’ve freed her and brought her with you, without realizing, of course, that you happen to be riding a horse swift as the wind. We may be able to follow you on our feet, not having really any choice in the matter, but the girl has such tiny feet that she moves with great difficulty. How could she possibly keep up with you? If by chance she drops behind, she may well run into a tiger or a leopard, which will swallow her with one gulp. In that case, haven’t you harmed her life?”

“Indeed!” said Tripitaka. “It’s a good thing you saw things this way. What shall we do?”

“Lift her up and let her ride with you,” said Pilgrim. “How can I ride with her?” asked Tripitaka, and he fell into silent thought.

“How can she proceed?” pressed Pilgrim. “Let Eight Rules carry her on his back,” said Tripitaka. Laughing, Pilgrim said, “Idiot’s getting lucky!”

“A long distance has no light load!” said Eight Rules. “How can I be getting lucky if I’m asked to carry someone on my back?”

“But you’ve such a long snout,” said Pilgrim, “long enough, in fact, to stick it behind you to flirt with her once she is on your back.

Don’t you have an advantage there?” When Eight Rules heard this, he pounded his chest and jumped up and down. “That’s no good! That’s no good!” he bellowed. “If Master wants to beat me a few times, I’m willing to take the pain, but it’ll be quite messy for me if I put her on my back. All his life, Elder Brother has loved to set people up by planting false evidence. I can’t carry her!”

“All right, all right!” said Tripitaka. “I can still manage to walk a few steps. Let me get down and walk slowly with her. Eight Rules can lead the horse.”

Breaking into loud guffaws, Pilgrim said, “Idiot is really getting the business. Master’s looking after you by asking you to lead the horse!”

“This ape-head is mouthing absurdity again!” said Tripitaka. “The ancients said, ‘Though a horse can travel a thousand miles, it can’t get there without human guidance.’ If I walk slowly on the road, would you like to leave me behind, too? If I move slowly, you must also move slowly; we can certainly walk down the mountain with this lady bodhisattva. When we arrive at some human household, we can leave her there, and that will have completed our task of rescuing her.”

“What Master says is quite reasonable,” said Pilgrim. “Please proceed quickly.”

As Tripitaka walked forward, Sha Monk toted the luggage, Eight Rules led the horse and the girl, and Pilgrim held up his iron rod. They had not covered more than twenty or thirty miles when it was getting late, and there came into their view again a towered building with ornate roof carvings. “Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “that must be either a monastery or temple. Let’s ask for one night’s lodging, and we can proceed tomorrow.”

“You spoke well, Master,” said Pilgrim. “Let’s move along, all of us.”

As soon as they reached the gate, Tripitaka gave them this instruction:

“Stand away from the door, all of you, and let me go ask for lodging. If it’s convenient, someone will come to call you.”

All of them stood beneath the shade of some willow trees, but Pilgrim, gripping his iron rod, stood guard over the girl.

The elder strode forward and saw that the temple gate was so badly rotted that it was all crooked and bent. When he pushed it open to have another look, he was filled with grief, for he found

*The long corridors quiet,
An old temple desolate.
Mosses filled the courtyard
And weeds choked the path.
Only the fireflies served as lanterns,
And frog-croaks acted for water clocks.*

All at once the elder could not hold back his tears. Truly

*The walls were unused and collapsing;
 The chambers, forlorn and crumbling.
 Over ten piles of broken bricks and tiles
 There all bent pillars and snapped beams.
 Green grasses grew both front and back;
 Dust buried the incense alcove.
 The bell tower stood in ruin, the drum had no skin;
 The crystal chalice was cracked and chipped.
 Buddha's gold frame lacked luster;
 Arhats lay prone east and west.
 Guanyin, rain-soaked, was reduced to clay,
 Her willow vase fallen to earth.
 No priests would enter during the day;
 Only foxes rested here by night.
 You heard only the wind's thunderous roar
 In this hiding place of all tigers and leopards.
 Walls on all four sides had collapsed,
 Without doors to fence in the house.*

We have also a testimonial poem that says:

*A very old temple in disrepair:
 Decayed, declining—no one seems to care.
 fierce wind fractures the guardians' faces,
 And heavy rain the buddha-heads defaces.
 The arhats have fallen, they're strewn about;
 Homeless, a local spirit sleeps without.
 Two sorry sights for one to look upon:
 The bronze bell's grounded for the belfry's gone.*

Forcing himself to be bold, Tripitaka walked through the second-level door and found that the belfry and the drum tower had both collapsed. All there was left was a huge bronze bell standing on the ground: the upper half was white as snow and the lower half was blue-green like indigo. It had been there for many years, you see: rain had whitened the upper part of the bell and the dampness of the earth had coated the lower part with copperas. Rubbing the bell with his hand, Tripitaka cried out:

“O bell! You used to

*Make thunderous peal, on a tow'r hung high,
 Or boom carved-beam tones to the distant sky,
 Or ring in the dawn when the roosters crow,
 Or send off the twilight when the sun dropp'd low.
 The bronze-melter, I wonder where he is,
 And whether the smith who forged you still exists.
 These two, I think, are now for Hades bound:
 They have no traces and you have no sound!”*

As the elder loudly lamented in this manner, he unwittingly disturbed a temple worker who was in charge of incense and fire. When he heard someone speaking, he scrambled up, picked up a piece of broken brick, and tossed it at the bell. The loud clang so scared the elder that he fell to the ground; he struggled up and tried to flee, only to

trip over the root of a tree and stumble a second time. Lying on the ground, the elder said, "O bell!

*While this humble cleric laments your state,
A loud clang suddenly reaches my ears.
No one takes the road to Western Heav'n, I fear,
And thus you've become a spirit o'er the years."*

The temple worker rushed forward and raised him up, saying, "Please rise, Venerable Father. The bell has not turned into a spirit. I struck it, and that is why it clanged." When he raised his head and saw how ugly and dark the worker looked, he said, "Could you be some sort of goblin or fiend? I'm no ordinary human, but someone from the Great Tang. Under my command are disciples who can subdue the dragon and tame the tiger. If you run into them, it won't be easy to preserve your life!"

Going to his knees, the temple worker said, "Don't be afraid, Venerable Father. I'm no fiend, only a temple worker in care of the fire and incense in this monastery. When I heard your virtuous lament just now, I was about to step out and receive you. Then I was afraid you might be some kind of perverse demon knocking at our door, so I picked up a piece of brick to toss at the bell—just to calm my own fears before I dared come out. Venerable Father, please rise." Only then did the Tang Monk collect his wits and say, "Keeper, you nearly frightened me to death! Please take me in."

The worker led the Tang Monk straight through the third-level door, the inside of which he found to be quite different from the outside. He saw

*Walls of cloud-patterns built by bluish bricks,
And a main hall roofed in green glazed tiles.
Yellow gold trimmed the saintly forms;
White jade slabs made up the steps.
Green light danced on the Great Hero Hall;
Zealous airs rose from the Pure Alcove.
On Mañjuśrī Hall
Colorful designs soared like clouds;
On the Transmigration Hall
Painted flowers heaped up elegance.
A pointed vase tipped the triple-layered eave;
A brocade top lined the Five- Blessings Tower.
A thousand bamboos rocked the priestly beds;
Ten thousand green pines lit up the Buddhist gate.
Golden light shone within the Jade- Cloud Palace;
Auspicious hues fluttered in the purple mists.
With dawn a fragrant breeze blew to all four quarters;
By dusk the painted drum rolled from a tall mountain.
If one could face the sun to mend a cloak,
Would he not by moonlight finish the Book?
They saw, too, lamplight glowing on half the backyard wall
And scented mists flooding the whole of central mall.*

When Tripitaka saw all this, he dared not enter. "Worker," he called out, "from the front, your place looks so run down, but it's so nicely maintained back here. How can this be?" With a laugh the worker said, "Venerable Father, there are many perverse fiends and bandits in this mountain. In fair weather they used to rob and plunder all over

the region, but they would seek shelter in this monastery when the skies were grey. They took down holy images and used them for seat cushions, and they pulled up shrubbery and plants for starting fires. As the monks in our monastery are too weak to contend with them, the ruined buildings up front have been turned over to the bandits as their resting place. New patrons were found to build another monastery in the back, so that the pure and the profane could remain distinct. That's how things are in the West!"

"I see!" replied Tripitaka.

As they walked inside, Tripitaka saw on top of the monastery gate these five words written large:

Sea-Pacifying Chan Grove Monastery. Hardly had they crossed the threshold when they saw a monk approaching. How did he look, you ask?

*He wore a cap of wool-silk pinned to the left;
A pair of copper rings dangled from his ears.
He had on himself a robe of Persian wool;
Like silver his two eyes were white and clear.
His hand waving a rattle from Pamirs,
He chanted some scripture barbaric and queer.
Tripitaka could in no way recognize
This lama cleric of the Western sphere.*

Coming through the door, the lama priest saw what lovely, refined features Tripitaka possessed: broad forehead and a flat top, shoulder-length ears, hands that reached beyond the knees—so handsome, in fact, that he seemed verily an incarnate arhat. Walking forward to take hold of him, the lama priest, full of smiles, gave Tripitaka's hand and leg a couple of pinches; he also rubbed Tripitaka's nose and pulled at his ear to express his cordial sentiments.

After taking Tripitaka into the abbot's chamber and greeting him, he asked, "Where did the venerable master come from?"

"This disciple," replied Tripitaka, "is someone sent by imperial commission of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Great Thunderclap Monastery of India in the West to seek scriptures from the Buddha. As we arrive in your precious region at this late hour of the day, I come especially to ask for one night's lodging in your noble temple. Tomorrow we'll set out once more. I beg you to grant us this request."

"Blasphemy! Blasphemy!" said the priest, laughing. "People like you and me didn't leave the family with noble intentions. It's usually because the times of our births happened to have offended the Floriate Canopy.

Our families were too poor to rear us, and that gave us the resolve to leave home. Since we have all become the followers of Buddha, we should never speak fraudulent words."

"But mine were honest words!" replied Tripitaka.

"What a distance it is to travel from the Land of the East to the Western Heaven!" said the priest. "There are mountains on the road, there are caves in the mountains, and there are monsters in the caves. You are all by yourself and you seem so young and gentle. You don't look like a scripture seeker!"

“The abbot’s perception is quite correct,” said Tripitaka. “How could this poor cleric reach this place all by himself? I have three other disciples who are able to open up a road in the mountains and build a bridge across the waters. It is their protection that has enabled me to reach your noble temple.”

“Where are your three worthy disciples?” asked the priest.

“Waiting outside the monastery gate,” replied Tripitaka.

“Master,” said the priest, growing alarmed, “you probably have no idea that there are tigers and wolves, fiendish thieves, and weird goblins out to harm people in this region. Even in daytime we dare not travel very far, and we shut our doors before it gets dark. How could you leave people outside at this hour? Disciples, ask them to come in quickly!”

Two young lamas ran out, but at the sight of Pilgrim they immediately fell down in fright; when they saw Eight Rules, they stumbled again. Scrambling to their feet, they dashed to the rear, crying, “Holy Father, you’ve rotten luck! Your disciples have disappeared.

There are just three or four fiends standing outside the gate.”

“What do they look like?” asked Tripitaka. One of the young priests said, “One had a thundergod beak, another a pestlelike snout, and a third had a blue-green face with fangs. By their side there was a girl, rather heavily made up.”

“You could not possibly know that those three ugly creatures happen to be my disciples,” said Tripitaka, smiling. “The girl, however, is someone whose life I saved back in a pine forest.”

“O Holy Father!” cried the young priest. “Such a handsome master like yourself, why did you find such ugly disciples?”

“They may be ugly,” replied Tripitaka, “but they are all useful. You’d better hurry and invite them inside. If you wait a while longer, that one with the thundergod beak, being no human offspring, loves to cause trouble and he may want to fight his way in.”

The young priest hurried out, trembling all over, fell to his knees, and said, “Venerable Fathers, Father Tang asks you to enter.”

“O Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, giggling, “all he has to do is to invite us to enter. Why is he shaking so hard?”

“Because he’s afraid,” replied Pilgrim, “seeing how ugly we are.”

“How absurd!” said Eight Rules. “We were born like this! We don’t look ugly just for the fun of it!”

“Let’s try to fix up the ugliness somewhat,” said Pilgrim. Our Idiot indeed lowered his head to hide his snout in his bosom; while he led the horse and Sha Monk toted the luggage, Pilgrim herded the girl with his rod in the rear as all of them walked inside. Going through the ruined buildings and three levels of doors, they reached the inside, where they tethered the horse and set the luggage on the ground before entering the abbot’s chamber to greet the lama priest. When they had taken their proper seats, the priest led out some seventy young lamas who also greeted the pilgrims. Then they began preparing a vegetarian meal to entertain the guests. Truly

Merit must start with a merciful thought;

A priest lauds a monk when Buddhism thrives.

We do not know how they will leave the monastery; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-ONE

*At Sea-Pacifying Monastery Mind Monkey knows the fiend
In the black pine forest three pupils search for their master*

We were telling you how Tripitaka and his disciples arrived at the Sea-Pacifying Chan Grove Monastery, where they had a vegetarian meal prepared by the local monks. After the four had eaten, and the girl too had received some nourishment, it was getting late and lamps were lit in the abbot's chamber. Because they wanted to ask the Tang Monk the reason for seeking scriptures, and because they coveted a glimpse of the girl, the various monks all crowded into the chamber and stood in rows beneath the lamps. Tripitaka said to the lama he had met earlier, "Abbot, when we leave your treasure temple tomorrow, what's the rest of the journey to the West like?"

At once the priest went to his knees, so startling the elder that he hurriedly tried to raise him, saying, "Please rise, abbot. I am asking you about the journey. Why are you performing ceremony instead?"

"Your journey tomorrow, Master," replied the priest, "should proceed along a smooth and level path, and you need not worry. But at this very moment there is a small but rather embarrassing matter. I wanted to tell you the moment you entered our gate, but I feared that I might offend you. Only after we have served you a meal do I make so bold as to tell you. Since the venerable master has come from such a long way in the East, you must be tired, and it is perfectly all right that you should rest tonight in the room of this humble cleric. But it will not be convenient for this lady bodhisattva, and I wonder where I should send her to sleep."

"Abbot," said Tripitaka, "you needn't suspect that we master and disciples are harboring some perverse intentions. We passed through a black pine forest earlier and found this girl bound to a tree. Sun Wukong, my disciple, refused to rescue her, but I was moved by my Buddhist compassion to have her released and brought here. Wherever the abbot now wishes to send her to sleep is all right with me."

"Since the master is so kind and generous," said the priest gratefully, "I'll just ask her to go to the Devarāja Hall. I'll make a bed of straw behind Holy Father Devarāja, and she can sleep there."

"Very good! Very good!" said Tripitaka. Thereupon the young priests led the girl to go to sleep at the back of the hall.

After the elder had bidden the other priests good night, everyone left. "You all must be tired," said Tripitaka to Wukong. "Let's rest now so that we may rise early."

All of them thus slept in the same place, for they wanted to guard their master and dared not leave his side. Gradually the night deepened. Truly

*All sounds had ceased as the moon rose high;
The temple grew silent for no one walked by.
The silver stream glistened with astral showers
When tower-drums hastened the change of hours.*

Leaving them to rest through the night, we tell you now about Pilgrim, who rose by dawn and at once told Eight Rules and Sha Monk to pack and ready the horse, so that

they might ask their master to set out again. The elder, however, was still sleeping at that moment.

Pilgrim walked up to him and called out, “Master.”

The master raised his head slightly but did not answer. “Master,” asked Pilgrim, “what’s the matter with you?”

“I don’t know why,” replied the elder with a groan, “but my head seems light, my eyes feel puffy, and I ache all over!” On hearing this, Eight Rules touched him and found him feverish. “I know,” said Idiot, giggling. “You saw last night that the rice was free, and you ate one bowl too many and then went to sleep with a blanket over your head. You’ve got indigestion!”

“Rubbish!” snapped Pilgrim. “Let me find out from master what is the true reason.”

“I got up in the middle of the night to relieve myself, and I forgot to put on my cap,” said Tripitaka. “I must have been chilled by the wind.”

“That’s more like it,” replied Pilgrim. “Can you travel at all?”

“I can’t even sit up,” said Tripitaka. “How could I mount the horse? But then, I don’t want to delay our journey either!”

“You shouldn’t speak like that, Master!” said Pilgrim. “As the proverb says,

*Once a teacher,
Always a father.*

Since we have become your disciples, we are like your sons. The proverb also says:

*You need not rear your children with silver and gold;
That they treat you kindly is good to behold.*

If you don’t feel well, you needn’t mention anything about delaying our journey. Stay here for a few days. What’s wrong with that?”

Thus the brothers all ministered to their master, hardly realizing that

*dawn passed, the noon came, and dusk set in;
The good night withdrew at the break of day.*

Time went by swiftly, and two days had passed before the master sat up on the third day and called out, “Wukong, I was so sick these last two days that I did not think of asking you: that lady bodhisattva who got back her life, did anyone send her some rice to eat?”

“Why worry about her?” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “You should be concerned with your own illness.”

“Indeed! Indeed!” said Tripitaka. “Please help me get up, and bring out my paper, brush, and ink. Go and borrow an inkstand from the monastery.”

“What for?” asked Pilgrim.

“I want to write a letter,” said the elder, “in which I’ll also enclose the travel rescript. You may take that up to Chang’an and ask for an audience with Emperor Taizong.”

“That’s easy,” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey may not be very able in other matters, but I’m the best postman in the whole wide world.

When you finish your letter, I’ll send it to Chang’an and hand-deliver it to the Tang emperor with one somersault. Then I’ll come back here with another somersault—before your brush and inkstand are dry! But why do you want to send a letter? Tell me a little of its contents, and then you may write.” Shedding tears, the elder said, “This is what I intend to write:

*Three times your priestly subject bows his head
To greet my sage ruler, long may he live!
By lords civil and martial let this be read,
Let four hundred nobles hear what is said:
When I left the East that year by decree,
Buddha on Spirit Mount I had hoped to see.
I did not such ordeals anticipate
Or in midway such afflictions foresee.
This monk, now gravely ill, cannot proceed,
And Buddha’s gate seems far as Heaven’s gate.
I’ve no life for scriptures, my toil is vain;
Some other seeker I beg you ordain.”*

When Pilgrim heard these words, he could not refrain from breaking into uproarious laughter. “Master,” he said, “you’re just too weak! A little illness, and you already entertain such thoughts! If you get any worse, if it truly becomes a matter of life and death, all you need is to ask me. Old Monkey has ability enough to pose the following questions:

‘Which Yama king dares make this decision? Which judge of Hell has the gall to issue the summons? And which ghostly summoner would come near to take you away?’ If I’m the least bit annoyed, I may well bring out that temperament that greatly disturbed the Celestial Palace and, with my rod flying, fight my way into the Region of Darkness. Once I catch hold of the Ten Yama Kings, I’ll pull their tendons one by one, and even then I’ll not spare them!”

“O Disciple!” said Tripitaka. “I *am* gravely ill! Please don’t talk so big!” Walking up to them, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, Master says the situation is not good, and you insist that it is. That’s awfully embarrassing! We should make plans early to sell the horse and hock the luggage so that we can buy a coffin for his funeral before we scatter.”

“You’re babbling again, Idiot!” said Pilgrim. “You don’t realize that Master was the second disciple of our Buddha Tathāgata, and originally he was called Elder Gold Cicada. Because he slighted the Law, he was fated to experience this great ordeal.”

“O Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “even if Master did slight the Law, he had already been banished back to the Land of the East where he took on human form in the field of slander and the sea of strife. After he made his vow to worship Buddha and seek scriptures in the Western Heaven, he was bound whenever he ran into monster-spirits and he was hung high whenever he met up with demons. Hasn’t he suffered enough? Why must he endure sickness as well?”

“You wouldn’t know about this,” replied Pilgrim. “Our old master fell asleep while listening to Buddha expounding the Law. As he slumped to one side, his left foot

kicked down one grain of rice. That is why he is fated to suffer three days' illness after he has arrived at the Region Below."

Horried, Eight Rules said, "The way old Hog sprays and splatters things all over when he eats, I wonder how many *years* of illness I'd have to go through!"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "you have no idea either that the Buddha is not that concerned with you and other creatures. But as people say:

*Rice stalks planted in noonday sun
Take root as perspiration runs.
Who knows of this food from the soil
Each grain requires most bitter toil?*

Master still has one more day to go, but he'll be better by tomorrow."

Tripitaka said, "I feel quite different from yesterday, for I'm terribly thirsty. Could you find me some cool water to drink?"

"That's good!" remarked Pilgrim. "When Master wants to drink, it's a sign that he's getting better. Let me go fetch some water."

Taking out the almsbowl, he went immediately to the incense kitchen at the rear of the monastery to fetch water. There, however, he came upon many priests who were sobbing, their eyes all red-rimmed, though they dared not weep aloud. "How could you priests be so petty?" asked Pilgrim. "We stay here for a few days, but we fully intend to thank you and pay you back for the rice and firewood when we leave. Why do you behave in such a low-class manner?"

Greatly flustered, the priests knelt down to say, "We dare not! We dare not!"

"What do you mean by you dare not?" said Pilgrim. "I suppose the big appetite of the priest with a long snout has hurt your assets."

"Venerable Father," replied one of the priests. "Even in this desolate temple of ours, there are altogether over a hundred monks, old and young. If one of us were to feed one of you for one day, we could still manage to take care of all of you for over a hundred days.

Would we dare be so niggardly and particular about your upkeep?"

"If not," asked Pilgrim, "why are you crying?"

"Venerable Father," said another priest, "we don't know what sort of perverse fiend has invaded this monastery of ours. Two nights ago two young priests were sent to toll the bell and beat the drum, but they never came back. When we searched for them in the morning, we found their caps and sandals abandoned in the rear garden; their skeletons remained, but their flesh was eaten. You have all stayed in our monastery for three days and we have lost six priests. That is why we brothers cannot help fretting and grieving. Since your venerable master is indisposed, however, we dare not make this known to you, though we can't refrain from shedding tears in secret." On hearing this, Pilgrim was both startled and delighted, saying, "No need to say any more. There must be a fiendish demon here causing harm to people. Let me exterminate it for you."

"Venerable Father," said a priest, "the monster who is not a spirit will not possess spiritual powers. But those who are will undoubtedly have the ability to soar on the cloud and fog and to penetrate and leave the Region of Darkness. The ancients have put the matter quite well:

*Don't believe the honesty of the honest;
Be wary of the unkindness of the kind.*

Venerable Father, please forgive me for what I'm about to say: if you could catch this monster for us and rid our desolate temple of this root of calamity, it would indeed be our greatest fortune. But if you cannot catch him, there'll be quite a few inconveniences."

"What do you mean by quite a few inconveniences?" asked Pilgrim.

"To tell you the truth, Venerable Father," replied the priest, "though there are some one hundred monks in our rustic temple, they all left their homes in childhood.

*find knives to cut hair grown long;
They patch often their unlined garments.
Once they rise at dawn and wash their faces,
They bow with pressed palms
To embrace the Great Way;
At night they take pains to burn incense,
Sincere and earnest,
To chant Buddha's name.
Raising their heads to gaze at Buddha's form
On the ninth-grade lotus,
The Triyāna means,
And the vessel of mercy afloat on the dharmamega,
The world-honored Śākya of Jetavana they vow to see.
Lowering their heads to search their hearts.
Having received the five prohibitions,
Having transcended the world,
Amid the myriad creatures and phenomena
The stubborn void and formless form they would perceive.
When the dānapatis are present,
The old and the young,
The tall and the short,
The fat and the thin—
Each one will beat the wooden fish
And strike the golden stone,
Hustling and bustling,
To chant two scrolls of the Lotus Sūtra
Or a book of the Water Litany of King Liang.
When the dānapatis are absent,
The new and the old,
The unfamiliar and the familiar,
The rustic and the urbane—
Each one will press his palms together
And close his eyes,
In silence and darkness,
To meditate on the rush mat
And bolt the gate beneath the moon.
We leave those orioles and birds to chatter and bicker by themselves:
They don't belong in our convenient, merciful Mahāyāna.*

*That is why
 We are not able to tame tigers,
 Nor are we able to subdue dragons;
 We have no knowledge of fiends,
 can we recognize spirits.
 If you, Venerable Father, manage to annoy that fiendish demon,
 He may find a hundred of us priests barely sufficient for one meal.
 Then we'll all fall upon the Wheel of Transmigration;
 Second, our Chan grove and old temple will be destroyed;
 And third, at Tathāgata's assembly
 We'll not enjoy even half a mite of glory.*

These are some of those inconveniences!" When Pilgrim heard the priest delivering a speech like that,

*Anger flared up from his heart,
 And wrath sprouted by his bladder.*

"How stupid can you monks be?" he shouted. "All you know is about the monster-spirit. Haven't you any idea of old Monkey's exploits?"

"In truth we do not," replied the priests softly.

"I'll give you only a brief summary today," said Pilgrim. "Listen to me, all of you!"

*I did tame tigers and subdue dragons on Mount Flower- Fruit;
 I did ascend to Heaven's Palace to cause great havoc.
 In hunger I picked up Lord Lao's elixir
 And chewed up—not many—just two or three pellets!
 In thirst I took up the Jade Emperor's wine
 And drank—so lightly—six or seven cups!
 When my gold-pupil eyes, not black or white, flare wide open,
 The sky will pale
 And the moon darken;
 When I hold up one golden-hooped rod, not too long or short,
 I'll come and go
 Without a trace.
 Why mention big spirits or small fiends!
 Who's afraid of their hex or devilry!
 The moment when I give chase,
 The fleeing will flee,
 The shaking will shake,
 The hiding will hide,
 And the fearful will fear;
 The moment when I catch them,
 They will be sawed,
 They will be burned,
 They will be ground,
 And they will be pounded.
 Something like Eight Immortals crossing the sea,
 Each revealing magic ability.*

*Monks and priests,
I'll seize this monster-spirit for you to see.
Only then will you realize I'm old Monkey!"*

When those various monks heard this, they all nodded and said to themselves, "There has to be some basis for this burglar bonze to open his big mouth and utter these big words!"

Each of them, therefore, responded to Pilgrim agreeably, but the lama priest spoke up:

"Wait a moment! Since your master is indisposed, you shouldn't feel so eager to catch this monster-spirit. As the proverb says,

*A prince at a banquet
Will either be drunk or fed;
A hero on the field
Will either be hurt or dead.*

If the two of you engage in battle, you may well involve your master in some difficulty, and that's not too appropriate."

"Right you are!" replied Pilgrim. "Let me take some cold water to my master first and then I'll return." Picking up the almsbowl and filling it with water, he left the incense kitchen and went directly back to the abbot's chamber. "Master," he cried, "drink some cold water." Racked by thirst, Tripitaka raised his head, held the water to his mouth, and took a mighty draught. Truly

*In thirst one drop of liquid's like sweet dew;
The true cure arrives and the illness heals.*

When Pilgrim saw that the elder was gradually regaining his strength and that his features seemed to brighten, he asked, "Master, can you take some rice soup?"

"This cold water," replied Tripitaka, "is so much like an efficacious elixir that at least half of my illness is gone. If there is any rice soup, I can eat some."

At once Pilgrim shouted repeatedly, "My master's well. He wants some soup and rice."

His cries sent those monks scampering to wash the rice, cook it, make noodles, bake biscuits, steam breads, and make rice-noodle soup. They brought in, in fact, four or five tables of food, but the Tang Monk could take only half a bowl of rice soup. Pilgrim and Sha Monk managed to finish one tableful, while the rest all went into Eight Rules's stomach. After they had cleared away the utensils and lighted the lamps, the monks retired.

"How many days have we stayed here?" asked Tripitaka.

Pilgrim said, "Three whole days. By dusk tomorrow, it'll be the fourth day."

"How much have we fallen behind in our journey?" asked Tripitaka again. "Master," said Pilgrim, "you can't make that sort of calculation. Let's leave tomorrow."

"Exactly," said Tripitaka. "Even if I'm still not quite well, I'd better get going."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "I'd better catch a monster-spirit tonight."

"What sort of monster-spirit do you want to catch this time?" asked Tripitaka, growing alarmed.

“There’s a monster-spirit in this monastery,” said Pilgrim. “Let old Monkey catch it for them.”

“O Disciple!” said the Tang Monk. “I’m not even recovered yet, and you want to start something like this already! Suppose that fiend has great magic powers and you can’t catch it. Wouldn’t you put me in jeopardy?”

“You do love to put me down!” said Pilgrim. “As old Monkey goes about subduing fiends everywhere, have you ever seen him an underdog? I may not move my hands, but the moment I do, I’ll win.”

Tugging at him, Tripitaka said, “Disciple, the proverb puts the matter well:

*Do someone a favor when you have that favor;
Spare a person when you can afford to spare.
Can restiveness compare with contentedness?
Is tolerance nobler than belligerence?”*

When the Great Sage Sun heard his master pleading so passionately with him, refusing to let him subdue a fiend, he had little choice but to tell the truth, saying, “Master, I don’t want to hide this from you, but the fiend has devoured humans at this place.”

Horried, the Tang Monk asked, “What humans has the fiend devoured?”

“We have stayed in this monastery for three days,” replied Pilgrim, “and six young priests of the monastery have been devoured.”

The elder said, “‘When a hare dies, the fox grieves; for a creature will mourn its own kind.’ If a fiend has devoured the priests of this monastery, I, too, am a priest. I’ll let you go, but you must be careful.”

“No need to tell me that,” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey will eliminate it the moment he raises his hands.” Look at him! In the lamplight he gave instructions for Eight Rules and Sha Monk to guard their master, and then leaped out of the abbot’s chamber jubilantly. When he reached the main Buddha hall to look around, he found that there were stars in the sky though the moon had not yet risen. The hall was completely dark, so he exhaled some immortal fire from within himself to light the crystal chalice; then he went to strike the bell on the east and toll the bell on the west. Thereafter with one shake of his body he changed into a young priest no more than twelve or thirteen years of age. Draped in a clerical robe of yellow silk and wearing a white cloth shirt, he chanted scriptures as his hand struck a wooden fish. He waited there in the hall till about the hour of the first watch and nothing happened. By the hour of the second watch, when the waning moon had just risen, he heard all at once a loud roar of the wind.

Marvelous wind!

*Its black fog blotted out the sky;
Its somber clouds bedimmed the earth.
All four quarters seemed splashed with ink
Or coated with some indigo paint.
At first it lifted up dust and sprayed dirt;
Afterwards it toppled trees and felled forests.
Though stars glistened through lifted dust and sprayed dirt,
The moon paled as trees toppled and forests fell.*

*It blew till Chang'e tightly hugged the suoluo tree,
 The jade hare spinning searched for its dish of herbs;
 Nine Star Officials all shut their doors,
 Dragon Kings of Four Seas all closed their gates;
 City gods looked for young demons in their shrines,
 But midair divines could not soar on clouds.
 Yama of Hades sought to find horse-faces,
 As judges dashed madly to run down their wraps.
 It rocked the boulders on Kunlun summit
 And churned up the waves in rivers and lakes.*

When the wind subsided, he immediately felt the fragrance of orchids and perfumes and he heard the tinkling of girdle jade. He rose slightly and raised his head to look. Ah! It was a beautiful young girl, walking straight up the hall.

"Oo-li, oo-la!" chanted Pilgrim, pretending to recite scriptures. The girl walked up to him and hugged him, saying, "Little elder, what sort of scriptures are you chanting?"

"What I vowed to chant!" replied Pilgrim. "Everyone's enjoying his sleep," said the girl.

"Why are you still chanting?"

"I made a vow!" replied Pilgrim. "How could I not do so?"

Hugging him once more, the girl kissed him and said, "Let's go out back and play."

Turning his face aside deliberately, Pilgrim said, "You are kind of dumb!"

"Do you know physiognomy?" asked the girl.

"A little," replied Pilgrim. "Read my face," said the girl, "and see what sort of a person I am."

"I can see," said Pilgrim, "that you are somewhat of a slut or debauchee driven out by your in-laws!"

"You haven't seen a thing!" exclaimed the girl. "You haven't seen a thing!

*am no slut or debauchee
 Whom my in-laws compelled to flee.
 By my former life's poor fate
 I was given too young a mate,
 Who knew nothing of marriage rite
 And drove me to leave him this night.*

But the stars and the moon, so luminous this evening, have created the affinity for you and me to meet. Let's go into the rear garden and make love." On hearing this, Pilgrim nodded and said to himself, "So those several stupid monks all succumbed to lust and that was how they lost their lives. Now she's trying to fool even *me*!"

He said to her, "Lady, this priest is still very young, and he doesn't know much about lovemaking."

"Follow me," said the girl, "and I'll teach you." Pilgrim smiled and said to himself, "All right! I'll follow her and see what she wants to do with me."

They put their arms around each other's shoulders, and, hand in hand, the two of them left the hall to walk to the rear garden.

Immediately tripping Pilgrim up with her leg so that he fell to the ground, the fiend began crying "Sweetheart" madly as she tried to pinch his stinky root.

"My dear child!" exclaimed Pilgrim. "You do want to devour old Monkey!"

He caught her hand and, using a little tumbling technique, flipped the fiend on to the ground. Even then, the fiend cried out, "Sweetheart, you certainly know how to make your old lady fall!" Pilgrim thought to himself, "If I don't move against her now, what am I waiting for? As the saying goes,

*Strike first and you're the stronger;
Delay and you won't live longer!"*

Hands on his hips, he snapped his torso erect and leaped up to change into the magic appearance of his true form. Wielding his goldenhooped iron rod, he struck at the girl's head.

The fiend, too, was somewhat startled, thinking to herself, "This young priest is quite formidable!" She opened her eyes wide to take a careful look and found that her opponent was in fact the disciple of Elder Tang, the one with the surname of Sun. She was, however, not the least intimidated. What kind of spirit was she, you ask? She has

*A nose of gold
And fur like snow.
She dwells in tunnels underground
Where every part's both safe and sound.
A breath she nourished three hundred years before
Had sent her a few times to Mount Spirit's shore.
candles and flowers once she ate her fill,
She was banished by Tathāgata's will
To be Pagoda- Bearer's cherished child;
Prince Nāga took her as his sister mild.
She's no mythic, sea-filling bird of the air
Nor a turtle that a sacred mountain bears.
Of Lei Huan's magic sword she has no fear;
To her, Lü Qian's cutlass cannot go near.
Scurrying here and there,
She defies the River Han or Yangzi's breadth and length;
Scampering up and down
The heights of Mount Tai or Heng is her special strength.
When you behold her looks seductive and sweet,
Who'd think that she's a rodent-spirit in heat?*

Proud of her own vast magic powers, she casually picked up a pair of swords and began to parry left and right, to slash east and west, causing loud janglings and clangings. Though Pilgrim was somewhat stronger, he could not quite overtake her. A cold gust rose everywhere, and the waning moon had now lost its light. Look at the two of them engaged in this marvelous battle in the rear garden!

*A cold wind rose from the ground;
The waning moon released faint light.
Quiet was the Buddhist palace*

*And forlorn the spirit porch.
 But the rear garden was some battlefield!
 Great Master Sun,
 A sage from Heav'n,
 And the furry girl,
 A queen of women,
 They took up a contest in magic powers.
 One hardened a woman's heart to scold this black bonze;
 One widened his eyes of wisdom to glower at a girl.
 When the swords in both hands flew,
 Who'd recognize a "lady bodhisattva"?
 When the single rod attacked,
 He was more vicious than a live vajra-guardian.
 The golden-hooped crackled like thunderbolts;
 The white steel flashed forth like luminous stars.
 Kingfishers dropped from jade towers;
 Mandarin ducks broke on the golden hall.
 wailed as the Szechwan moon dimmed;
 Wild geese called from the vast southern sky.
 The eighteen arhats
 All shouted bravos in secret;
 The thirty-two devas
 All became terror-stricken.*

As the Great Sage Sun became more and more energetic, the blows of his rod hardly ever slackening, the monster-spirit suspected that she would not be able to withstand him much longer. All at once her knitted brows gave her a plan, and she turned to flee.

"Lawless wench!" shouted Pilgrim. "Where are you going? Surrender instantly!"

But the monster-spirit refused to answer and kept retreating. She waited until Pilgrim was about to catch up with her and then ripped off her flower slipper from her left foot. Reciting a spell and blowing a mouthful of magic breath on it, she cried "Change!" and it changed into her appearance, both hands wielding the swords to attack. Her true self in a flash turned into a clear gust and disappeared. Alas! Is she not once more the star of calamity for Tripitaka? She swept into the abbot's chamber and immediately abducted Tripitaka Tang. Silently and invisibly they rose straight to the clouds, and in a twinkling of an eye they reached Mount Void-Entrapping. After they entered the Bottomless Cave, she asked her little ones to prepare a vegetarian wedding feast, and there we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who fought on anxiously till he found an opening and struck down the monster-spirit with one blow of the rod. Only then did he discover that it was merely a flower slipper. Realizing that he had been duped, Pilgrim rushed back to see his master, but he was nowhere to be found. Only Idiot and Sha Monk were there, chattering noisily about something. Maddened, Pilgrim lost all regard for good or ill as he raised high his rod and screamed, "I'm going to slaughter both of you! I'm going to slaughter both of you!" Our Idiot was so terrified that he did not know where to flee. Sha Monk, however, was a general from Mount Spirit after all. When he saw that things had become complicated, he turned gentle and mild as he walked forward and went to his knees. "Elder Brother," he said, "I think I know what

the matter is. You want to strike both of us dead so that you can go home and not go rescue Master.”

“I’ll slaughter both of you,” replied Pilgrim, “and then I’ll go rescue him by myself.”

“Elder Brother, how can you speak like that?” said Sha Monk with a smile. “Without the two of us, you’ll be reduced to the condition of the proverb:

*Silk fiber is no thread;
A single hand cannot clap.*

O Elder Brother! Who’s going to look after the luggage and the horse for you?

*Better that we emulate Guan and Bao dividing their gold
Than to imitate Sun and Pang in their matching of wits.*

As the ancients said,

*To fight the tiger you need brothers of the same blood;
To go to war requires a troop of fathers and sons.*

I beg you to spare us from this beating. By morning we’ll unite with you in mind and effort to go search for Master.”

Though Pilgrim had vast magic powers, he was also a most sensible person. When he saw Sha Monk pleading like that, he at once relented, saying, “Eight Rules, Sha Monk, get up, both of you. We have to exert ourselves tomorrow to find Master.” When Idiot learned that he was spared, he was ready to promise Pilgrim half of the sky! “O Elder Brother,” he said, “let old Hog take care of everything!” With so much on their minds the three brothers, of course, could hardly sleep. How they wished that

*One nod of their heads would bring forth the rising sun,
One blow of their breaths would scatter all the stars!*

Sitting up till dawn, the three of them immediately prepared to leave. Some of the monks in the monastery soon appeared, asking, “Where are the venerable fathers going?”

“It’s hard for me to say this!” replied Pilgrim, chuckling. “I boasted yesterday that I would catch the monster-spirit for you. I haven’t succeeded, but I have lost our master instead. We’re about to go find him.”

Growing fearful, the monks said, “Venerable Father, such a small matter of ours has now caused your master trouble. Where do you plan to go to look for him?”

“There’ll be a place for us to look,” replied Pilgrim.

“In that case,” said one of the monks quickly, “there’s no need to hurry. Please have some breakfast first.”

Thereupon they brought in several bowls of rice soup, and Eight Rules finished them all. “Good monks!” he cried. “After we have found our master, we’ll return for some more fun!”

“So you still want to come back here to eat!” said Pilgrim. “Why don’t you go to the Devarāja Hall instead and see if that girl is still around?”

“No, she isn’t, she isn’t!” said another priest hurriedly. “She stayed there for one night, but she vanished the next day.” In great delight Pilgrim at once took leave of the monks and asked Eight Rules and Sha Monk to tote the luggage and lead the horse to

head for the east. “You’ve made a mistake, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules. “Why do you want to head for the east instead?”

“How could you know?” asked Pilgrim. “That girl who was tied up in the black pine forest the other day—these fiery eyes and diamond pupils of old Monkey have long seen through her. All of you thought that she was such a fine person! It was she who devoured the monks, and it was she who abducted Master. You rescued a fine lady Bodhisattva indeed! Now that Master is taken, we have to search for him on the road we came from.”

“Very good! Very good!” said the two of them, sighing with admiration. “Truly there’s finesse in your roughness! Let’s go! Let’s go!”

The three of them hurried back to the forest, and all they saw were

*Endless clouds,
Boundless fog,
Layered rocks,
Winding path;
Criss-crossing tracks of foxes and hare;
Tigers, wolves, and leopards crowding there.
Of the fiend in the woods there was no trace,
Where Tripitaka was they knew not the place.*

Growing more anxious, Pilgrim whipped out his rod and, with one shake of his body, changed into that appearance that had greatly disturbed the Celestial Palace: with three heads and six arms wielding three rods, he delivered blows madly all over the forest.

When he saw that, Eight Rules said, “Sha Monk, Elder Brother has gone berserk. Unable to locate Master, he’s having a fit of anger!” Pilgrim’s rampage, however, managed to turn up two old men; one was the mountain god, and the other the local spirit. “Great Sage,” they said as they went to their knees, “the mountain god and the local spirit have come to see you.”

“What a miraculous stick!” exclaimed Eight Rules. “He waved it around and beat out both this mountain god and this local spirit. If he beat it around some more, he might even get himself Jupiter!”

“Mountain god, local spirit,” said Pilgrim as he began his interrogation. “How ill-behaved you are! You have persisted in making bandits your allies in this place, and when they succeed, they undoubtedly sacrifice livestock in your honor. Now you even band together with a monster-spirit and join her in abducting my master. Where have you hidden him? Confess at once, and I’ll spare you a beating!”

Horried, the two deities said, “The Great Sage has wrongly blamed us. That monster-spirit is not in this mountain, nor is she subject to our dominion. But these minor deities do happen to know a little about the source of the wind last night.”

“If you know,” said Pilgrim, “tell it all!”

The local spirit said, “That monster-spirit has abducted your master to a place about one thousand miles due south of here. There is a mountain there by the name of Void-Entrapping, in which there is a cave called Bottomless. The mistress of the cave is the monsterspirit who took your master.” Startled by what he heard, Pilgrim dismissed

the deities and retrieved his magic appearance. In his true form he said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "Master is very far away."

"If he's very far," said Eight Rules, "let's soar on the clouds to get there."

Dear Idiot! He mounted a violent gust to rise first, followed by Sha Monk astride the clouds. Since the white horse was originally a dragon prince, he too trod on the wind and fog with the luggage on his back. Then the Great Sage also mounted his cloud somersault, and they all headed straight for the south. In a little while they saw a huge mountain blocking their path. Pulling back the horse, the three of them stopped their clouds to find that the mountain had

*A peak rubbing the blue sky,
A top joining the green void.
Divers trees by the thousands grew all around;
Birds and fowl, cacophonous, flew here and there.
Tigers, leopards walked in bands;
Deer, antelope moved in herds.
Where it faced the sun,
Rare flowers and plants grew fragrant;
On the shady parts
The ice and snow stayed stubborn.
The rugged summits;
Steep precipices;
A tall peak erect;
A deep winding brook.
Dark pine trees
And scaly rocks—
A sight that struck fear in a traveler's heart!
No shadow of one woodsman was ever seen,
Nor a trace of an herb-gathering youth.
Wild beasts before you could raise the fog
As foxes all around called up the wind.*

Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother! Such a rugged mountain must harbor fiends!"

"That goes without saying!" replied Pilgrim. "For as the proverb puts it,
*tall mountain will always have fiends.
Could rugged peaks be without spirits?*

Sha Monk, you and I will remain here, and Eight Rules can go down to the mountain fold to see which is the better road to take. He should also find out whether there is in fact a cave, and whether its doors are open, and after he has made a thorough investigation, we can then go find Master and rescue him."

"Old Hog's so unlucky!" said Eight Rules. "You always put me up to something first!" Pilgrim said, "You said last night that you would take care of everything. How could you go back on your word now?"

"No need to start a quarrel!" said Eight Rules. "I'll go." Putting down his muckrake, Idiot shook loose his clothes and leaped down the mountain empty-handed. As he left, we do not know whether good or ill would befall him; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-TWO

*The fair girl seeks the yang
Primal spirit guards the Way*

We were telling you about Eight Rules, who, having bounded down the mountain, discovered a narrow path, which he followed for some five or six miles. Suddenly he caught sight of two female fiends bailing water from a well. How did he know so readily, you ask, that they were female fiends? Because he saw that each of them had a chignon on her head about fifteen inches tall and adorned with tiny bamboo strips. It was a most unfashionable style! Our Idiot walked up to them and cried, "Monstrous fiends!" Infuriated by what they heard, the fiends said to each other, "This monk is such a rogue! We don't know him, nor have we ever tittletattled with him. How can he address us as monstrous fiends just like that?"

Greatly annoyed, the fiends picked up the poles they had brought along for carrying water and brought them down on Eight Rules's head.

Since Idiot had no weapons to ward off the blows, they succeeded in whacking him quite a few times. Holding his head, he ran back up the mountain, crying, "O Elder Brother, let's go back! Those fiends are fierce!"

"How fierce?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules replied, "In the mountain valley there were two female monster-spirits bailing water from a well. I called them once and they beat me several times with poles."

"What did you call them?" asked Pilgrim. "I called them monstrous fiends," answered Eight Rules.

"That," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "was too small a beating!"

"Thanks for looking after me!" said Eight Rules. "My head's swollen, and you claim that it's too small a beating!" Pilgrim said, "Haven't you heard of the proverb?

*Gentility gets through the world;
Obduracy takes you nowhere.*

They are monsters of this region, but we are monks who came from afar. Even if you possessed arms all over your body, you would still have to be more tactful. You walk up to them and immediately call them monstrous fiends! Would they overlook you and want to hit me instead? 'A human person must put propriety and music first.'" "I'm even more ignorant of that!" said Eight Rules.

Pilgrim said, "When you were devouring humans in the mountain during your youth, did you have any knowledge of two kinds of wood?"

"No, what are they?" asked Eight Rules. "One is poplar, and the other's rosewood," said Pilgrim. "Poplar is quite pliant by nature, and it is used by craftsmen for carving holy images or making Tathāgatas. The wood is dressed in gold and painted; it is decorated with jade and other ornaments. Tens of thousands of people burn incense before it in their worship, and it enjoys countless blessings. Rosewood, on the other hand, is hardy and tough by nature. Oil factories, therefore, harvest it to make caskets: they bind the planks with iron rings, and then they hammer them with mallets. The wood's toughness, you see, is what causes it to suffer like that."

“O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “If you had told me a story like that a bit sooner, I would have been spared their beating.”

“You must go back and question them further,” said Pilgrim. “But they’ll recognize me,” protested Eight Rules. “You may go in transformation,” Pilgrim answered. Eight Rules asked, “Even if I go in transformation, Elder Brother, how should I question them?” Pilgrim replied, “After you have transformed yourself, walk up to them and give them a proper greeting. See how old they are. If they’re about the same age as we are, address them as Ladies. If they are somewhat older, then call them Mesdames.”

“What poppycock!” said Eight Rules, chuckling. “This place is so far from home. Why bother to be so intimate?”

“It’s not a matter of intimacy,” said Pilgrim, “but of getting information from them. If they had indeed abducted Master, we could move against them immediately. If not, we certainly don’t want to be delayed from going elsewhere to finish our business, do we?”

“You’re right,” said Eight Rules, “I’ll go back.”

Dear Idiot! Stuffing the rake inside the sash around his waist, he walked down to the mountain valley, where with one shake of his body he changed into a dark, stoutish priest. He swaggered up to the fiends and bowed deeply, saying, “Mesdames, this humble cleric salutes you.”

Delighted, the two of them said to each other, “Now this priest is quite nice! He knows how to bow, and he knows how to greet people properly.”

“Elder,” asked one of them, “Where did you come from?”

“Where did I come from,” said Eight Rules.

“Where are you going to?” she asked again.

“Where am I going to,” he replied again.

“What is your name?” she asked a third time.

“What is my name,” he replied a third time.

Laughing, the fiend said, “This priest is nice all right, but he doesn’t seem to know anything, not even his own history, except to repeat what people say.”

“Mesdames,” asked Eight Rules, “why are you bailing water?”

The fiend said, “You may not know this, priest, but last night the mistress of our house abducted a Tang Monk into our cave whom she wanted to entertain. Since the water in our cave is not clean enough, she sent the two of us here to fetch fine water that is a product of yin-yang copulation.

She is also having a vegetarian banquet prepared for the Tang Monk, for she wants to marry him this evening.” When he heard this, our Idiot turned quickly to race up the mountain, crying, “Sha Monk, bring out the luggage quickly and let’s divide it up!”

“Second Elder Brother,” asked Sha Monk, “why do you want to divide it up again?”

“After we’ve divided it up,” replied Eight Rules, “you may return to the River of Flowing Sand to devour humans, and I’ll go back to the Gao Village to see my in-laws.

Big Brother can go to Mount Flower-Fruit to call himself a sage, while the white horse can return to the ocean to become a dragon.

Master, you see, has already married the monster-spirit in the cave. We should all scatter to pursue our own livelihood.” Pilgrim said, “This Idiot is babbling again!”

“Only your son’s babbling!” replied Eight Rules. “Just now, those two monster-spirits bailing water told me that they were preparing a vegetarian banquet for the Tang Monk. After he has been fed, they will be married.”

“That monster-spirit may have Master imprisoned in the cave,” said Pilgrim, “but he must be waiting with bulging eyes for us to go rescue him. And you are speaking in this manner!”

“How are we going to rescue him?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, “The two of you can lead the horse and pole the luggage while we follow those two female fiends. We’ll let them lead us up to their door, and then we’ll begin the attack together.” Our Idiot had little choice but to comply. From a great distance Pilgrim trained his eyes on those two fiends, who walked deep into the mountain for some twenty miles and then vanished from sight. “Master must have been seized by daytime ghosts!” exclaimed a startled Eight Rules.

“What fine perception!” said Pilgrim. “How could you tell their true forms so readily?”

Eight Rules said, “Those fiends were carrying their water as they walked along, and then they suddenly disappeared. Aren’t they daytime ghosts?”

“I think they have crawled inside a cave instead,” said Pilgrim. “Let me take a look.”

Dear Great Sage! He opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils to scan the entire mountain, but he saw no movement whatsoever. Below a sheer cliff, however, there was a small terrace with elegant openwork carvings decorated with floral patterns of five colors and a towered gate with triple eaves and white banners. When he walked up to the terrace with Eight Rules and Sha Monk to look, he saw these large words inscribed on the gate:

Mount Void-Entrapping, Bottomless Cave.

“Brothers,” said Pilgrim, “that monster-spirit has erected this edifice here, but I wonder where she has put the door.”

“It can’t be very far,” said Sha Monk. “Let’s make a careful search.”

As they turned to look around, they discovered a huge boulder, the surface area of which had to be over ten square miles, beneath the towered gate at the foot of the mountain. In the center of this boulder there was an opening to a cave, roughly the size of a large earthen vat, which had been crawled over so frequently that the surface of the entrance had grown shiny and smooth.

“O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “This is the entrance through which the monster-spirit goes in and out.” When he looked at it, Pilgrim said, “How strange! Both of you know that old Monkey has captured quite a few monster-spirits since he became a guardian of the Tang Monk. But I have never seen a cave-dwelling quite like this.

Eight Rules, you go down first and see how deep it is. Then I can go in and try to rescue Master.” Shaking his head, Eight Rules said, “This is hard! Very hard! Old Hog is quite ponderous. If I trip and fall in, I wonder if I can reach bottom after two or three years!”

“Is it that deep?” asked Pilgrim. “Just look!” said Eight Rules.

The Great Sage prostrated himself at the rim of the cave opening and peered downward. Egads! It was deep! All around it had to be more than three hundred miles. “Brothers,” he said, turning around, “it’s very deep indeed!”

“You may as well go back!” said Eight Rules. “You can’t rescue Master!”

“How can you talk like that!” replied Pilgrim. “You must not be lazy, nor should you be slothful. Let’s put the luggage down and tether the horse to the pillar of the towered gate. Use your rake and Sha Monk can use his staff to bar the entrance. I’ll go in to investigate. If Master is indeed inside, I’ll use my iron rod to attack the monster-spirit and chase her out. When she reaches the entrance up here, you two can cut off her escape route. That’s cooperation from within and without. Only after we have slaughtered the spirits in this way can we hope to rescue Master.”

The two of them obeyed. With a bound, Pilgrim leaped into the cave, as

*Ten thousand colored clouds rose beneath his feet;
Auspicious air, in layers, veiled his side.*

In a little while, he reached the depths of the cave, which, however, he found to be bright and clear. Like the outside world, this place had sunlight, the rustle of wind, flowers, fruits, and trees. Delighted, Pilgrim said to himself, “What a marvelous place! It makes me think of the Water-Curtain Cave, which Heaven bestowed on old Monkey when he came into the world. But this place is also a cave- Heaven, a blessed region!”

As he looked about, he saw also a double-eaved towered gate surrounded by pines and bamboos. Inside the gate there were many buildings, and he thought to himself again, “This has to be the residence of the monster-spirit. Let me go in and do a little detection.

But wait! If I enter like this, she’d recognize me. I’ll go in transformation.” Making the magic sign and shaking himself, he changed at once into a fly and flew silently up to the towered gate to spy on the monster-spirit. There he could see that the fiend was sitting in the center of a thatched pavilion. She appeared vastly different from the way she looked at the time when she was rescued in the pine forest or when Pilgrim fought with her in the monastery. Her makeup was lovelier than ever:

*Her tresses piled high in a crow-nest bun,
She wore a flow’ry jacket of green wool.
A pair of tiny feet like lily hooks;
Her ten fingers looked like spring’s tender shoots.
Her round, powdered face was a silver disc;
Smooth like a cherry were her lips of rouge.
Solemn and proper seemed her beauteous form,
More delightful than Chang’e’s of the moon.
This day she caught the scripture-seeking monk,
With whom at once she would share her bed.*

Pilgrim did not make any noise so that he could hear what she had to say.

After a little while, she parted her cherry lips and called out in a most amiable manner: "Little ones, prepare the vegetarian feast quickly! After Brother Tang Monk has been fed, he and I will be married."

"So, she means business!" said Pilgrim, smiling to himself. "I thought that Eight Rules was talking nonsense, just for fun. I'll fly in there and search around for Master. I wonder how stable his mind is at this time. If he has been moved by this fiend, I'll leave him here."

He spread his wings at once and flew in; there beyond the east corridor, in a room shuttered with red, translucent paper on top and opaque ones at the bottom, the Tang Monk was seated.

Crashing headfirst right through the papered trellis, Pilgrim darted onto the bald head of the Tang Monk and cried, "Master!"

Tripitaka recognized his voice immediately and said, "Disciple, save me!"

"I can't do that, Master!" replied Pilgrim. "That monster-spirit is preparing a banquet for you, after which she plans to marry you. If she bears you a boy or a girl, that will be your priestly posterity. Why are you so sad?" On hearing this, the elder spoke through clenched teeth:

"Disciple, after I left Chang'an, I took you in at the Mountain of the Two Frontiers. Since we began our journey westward, when did I ever use meat? On which day did I ever harbor a perverse thought? Now I am caught by this monster-spirit who wants me as her mate. If I lose my true yang, let me fall upon the Wheel of Transmigration and be banished to the rear of the Mountain of Darkness! Let me never find release!"

"Don't swear!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "If you truly desire to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven, old Monkey will take you there."

"But I have quite forgotten the way we came in," said Tripitaka.

Pilgrim said, "Don't tell me that *you* have quite forgotten the way! This cave of hers is not a place where you can walk in and out casually. It's a cave you crawl in from above; after I rescue you, we must crawl back out from below. If we're lucky, we'll find the mouth of the cave and get out. If we're unlucky, we may not find the entrance and we may suffocate."

"If it's so difficult, what are we going to do?" asked Tripitaka, his eyes brimming with tears.

"That's nothing! That's nothing!" said Pilgrim. "The monster-spirit wants to drink with you, and you have no choice but to comply. But when you pour for her, do it rather quickly so that there will be bubbles. I'll change into a mole cricket and fly into the wine bubbles. When she swallows me inside her stomach, I'll squeeze through her heart and tear her guts apart. After I kill the monster-spirit like that, you'll be able to get out."

"Disciple," said Tripitaka, "what you tell me is rather inhuman."

"If all you want to practice is virtue," said Pilgrim, "your life will be finished. A monster spirit is the very cause of harm for humans. How can you pity her?"

"All right! All right!" said Tripitaka. "But you must stay close to me."

Truly

*That Great Sage Sun firmly guarded Tripitaka Tang;
The scripture monk relied solely on Handsome Monkey King.*

Hardly had the master and disciple finished their discussion than the monster-spirit, having completed her preparations, walked near the east corridor and opened the locked door. "Elder," she called out, but the Tang Monk dared not reply. She called him again, but he still did not dare reply.

Why is it that he dared not reply, you ask? Because he thought of the proverb:

*The mouth parts, and energy disperses;
The tongue moves, and strife comes to birth.*

Then he reflected further on the fact that if he absolutely refused to open his mouth, she might grow violent and instantly end his life.

Truly it was that

*Caught between two ills, his mind asked his mouth;
Patient, thinking hard, his mouth asked his mind.*

As he pondered his dilemma, she called out to him once more, "Elder!"

The Tang Monk had little choice but to answer her, saying, "Lady, I'm here." When the elder gave a reply like that, he felt as if his flesh had been drawn down to Hell by the weight of a thousand pounds! Now, everyone has been saying that the Tang Monk was a priest wholly sincere in his determination to go worship Buddha and seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. How could he answer a monster like that? Well, you who ask such a question must not realize that this was a moment of the gravest danger, a time of life and death. He did this because he simply had no alternative. Though he gave such a reply on the outside, he was not in any way swayed by lust within.

When the monster-spirit heard such a reply from the elder, however, she pushed open the door and raised up the Tang Monk with her hands. She then held his hand and put her arm around his back, nuzzling him with her head and whispering into his ear. Look at her! She put on a thousand kinds of coy looks and romantic airs, hardly realizing that Tripitaka was filled up to his neck with annoyance! Smiling secretly to himself, Pilgrim said, "I wonder if Master will be swayed by such seductive behavior of hers!" Truly

*The true monk meets beauty, for he's demon-chased.
This lissome fiend is most worthily praised!
Like willow leaves part her faintly drawn brows;
Her pink cheeks match peach-blossoms on the boughs.
Two tiny feet her embroidered shoes half show;
Chignons, on both sides, rise like nests of crow.
When she, all smiles, takes up the master's hand,
The cassock's perfumed by sweet orchid-gland.*

The monster-spirit led Tripitaka near the thatched pavilion and said, "Elder, I've prepared a cup of wine which I'd like to drink with you."

"Lady," replied the Tang Monk, "this humble cleric keeps a special diet."

"I know that," said the monster-spirit. "Since the water in our cave is unclean, I have sent specially for the pure water from the summit, a product of the copulation of yin and yang. I have also ordered a vegetarian banquet for your enjoyment." The Tang Monk stepped inside the pavilion with her to look around. Indeed he saw

*Beneath the door
 Drapes of colorful silk,
 And filling the court
 Incense from golden beasts.
 Laid out there were black enameled tables
 And black lacquered bamboo trays.
 the black enameled tables
 Were many fine dainties;
 The bamboo trays
 Had rare vegetarian goods.
 Crabapples, olives, lotus meat, and grapes;
 Muskberries, hazelnuts, lychees, and lungans;
 Chestnuts, water chestnuts, dates, and persimmons;
 Walnuts, almonds, kumquats, and oranges;
 The fruits of one whole mountain,
 And vegetables most in season.
 Bean curds, wheat glutens, wood ears,
 Fresh bamboo shoots, butt on mushrooms,
 Flat mushrooms, mountain herbs,
 Yellow Sperms, white and yellow-flowered
 Vegetables sauteed in clear oil;
 Flat and round string beans
 Mixed in mellow sauces;
 Cucumbers, calabashes,
 Gingko nuts, and rape-turnips.
 Skinned eggplants made like partridges,
 And winter melons carved like fangdan.
 Taros cooked till soft and sugar-coated,
 And white turnips boiled with vinegar.
 Hot peppers and gingers, best of every kind;
 The salty and plain well balanced one will find.*

Revealing her slender, jadelike fingers and holding high a shiny gold cup, she filled it with fine wine and handed it to the Tang Monk, saying, “Brother Elder, you wonderful man, please drink this cup of love!”

Terribly embarrassed, Tripitaka took the wine, sprayed a few drops of it toward the air with his fingers, and said this silent prayer:

“Those various guardian devas, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, hear me. This disciple, Chen Xuanzang, since leaving the Land of the East, has been indebted to the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin for sending you deities to give me secret protection so that I may bow at Thunderclap and seek scriptures from the Buddha. Now I’m caught on the way by a monster-spirit who wants to force me to marry her. She’s handing me this cup of wine to drink. If this wine is indeed fit to drink by someone keeping a vegetarian diet, your disciple will make an effort to drink it, in hopes that he will still be able to see Buddha and achieve his merit. If it is unfit to drink, if the wine indeed causes this disciple to transgress his commandment, may he fall into eternal perdition!”

The Great Sage Sun, however, had taken on a delicate transformation, and at that critical moment he was whispering into his master's ear. His words, of course, could be heard only by Tripitaka and no one else. Since he knew that his master was rather fond of dietary wine made of grapes, he told him now to drink it. Having no choice but to follow his disciple's prompting, the master drank it and hurriedly poured another cup to present to the fiend. Indeed, he poured it so quickly that there were some bubbles. Pilgrim changed at once into a tiny mole cricket and flew right into the bubbles.

The monster-spirit, however, took the cup in her hand and, instead of drinking immediately, bowed a couple of times to the Tang Monk. Only after she had bashfully said a few words of love to him did she raise the cup. By now the bubbles had already dissipated and the insect was fully visible. Not able to recognize that it was a transformation of Pilgrim, the monster-spirit thought that it was a mere insect and immediately scooped it up with her little finger and tried to throw it away. When Pilgrim saw that things were not turning out as he had hoped, he knew that it would be difficult to get inside her stomach. At once he changed into a hungry old hawk.

Truly he has

*Jade claws, golden eyes, and iron quills;
A brave, fierce form for battling the clouds.
The sly fox, the wily hare on seeing him
Will swiftly flee to farthest land.
Hungry, he hunts birds in the wind;
Sated, he soars to Heaven's gate.
His old fists, most deadly, are hard as steel;
E'en the sky he finds too low in flight.*

He darted up and stretched out his jadelike claws; with a loud crash he overturned the banquet tables and smashed to pieces all those fruits and vegetables, all those saucers and cups. Then he flew out of the place, abandoning the Tang Monk.

The heart and bladder of the monster-spirit almost burst with fear, and the bones and flesh of the Tang Monk too turned numb.

Trembling all over, the monster-spirit embraced him and said, "Brother Elder, where did this creature come from?"

"Your poor monk has no idea," replied Tripitaka.

"I have taken great pains," said the fiend, "to prepare this vegetarian banquet for your enjoyment. But I wonder where this wretched hairy beast came from to smash up all my utensils?"

"Mistress," said the various little fiends, "smashing the utensils is not half as bad as spilling all those dietary foods on the ground.

How can they be used now that they are defiled?"

Tripitaka, of course, knew that this was the power of Pilgrim, but he dared not reveal it.

That monster-spirit said, "Little ones, I know. It must be that Heaven and Earth are displeased by my seizure of the Tang Monk and they send down this creature. Take away the broken utensils and prepare some other wine and food. It doesn't matter whether they are dietary or not. I'll ask Heaven to be the marriage go-between and Earth to be the witness. Then the Tang Monk and I will be married."

Thereupon they sent the elder back to the room in the east corridor, and we shall leave him there for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who flew up out of the place and changed into his true form as he reached the entrance of the cave.

“Open up,” he cried. Eight Rules laughed and said, “Sha Monk, Elder Brother’s here.”

The two of them lowered their weapons for Pilgrim to jump out.

Eight Rules walked forward to tug at him, saying, “Is there a monster-spirit? Is our master there?”

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” replied Pilgrim.

“Master must be suffering in there,” said Eight Rules. “Is he tied up or is he trussed up? Do they want to steam him or boil him?”

“Nothing of that sort,” said Pilgrim. “She only wants to prepare a vegetarian banquet so that she can do that thing with him.”

“Lucky you! Lucky you!” said Eight Rules. “You must have drunk some wedding wine!”

“O Idiot!” said Pilgrim. “Master’s life is in danger! What wedding wine have I drunk?”

“Why did you come back then?” asked Eight Rules.

Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he found the Tang Monk and how he went into transformation. Then he said, “Brothers, no more of these foolish thoughts. Master is here. When old Monkey goes back this time, he will certainly rescue him.”

At once he entered the cave again and changed into a fly to alight on the towered gate. There he heard the fiend panting hard and giving the following instruction:

“Little ones, just bring me some food for the offering. I don’t care whether it’s vegetarian or not. I’ll entreat Heaven and Earth to be my go-between and witness, for I am determined to marry that priest.” On hearing this, Pilgrim smiled and said to himself, “This monster-spirit is completely shameless! She has a priest locked up at home in broad daylight for fun and games! But let’s not rush things. Let old Monkey go inside to have a look first.” With a buzz he flew to the east corridor, where he saw his master sitting in the room with clear teardrops rolling down his cheeks.

Pilgrim crawled in there and landed on his bald head, crying, “Master!” Recognizing his voice, the elder jumped up all at once and said spitefully through clenched teeth, “Wretched ape! Any other person who has the gall to do something, at least the gall is wrapped inside the person’s body. But in your case, it’s your gall that has you wrapped inside! How much could those utensils that you smashed by flaunting your magic transformation be worth? But if you provoke the monster-spirit and arouse her lechery, she won’t bother about dietary laws and will insist on copulating with me. What am I to do then?”

“Master,” said Pilgrim softly, trying to placate him, “please don’t be offended. I have a plan to rescue you.”

“How will you rescue me?” asked the Tang Monk.

“When I flew up just now,” replied Pilgrim, “I noticed that she has a garden in the rear. Trick her to go play with you in the garden.

I’ll rescue you then.”

“How will you rescue me in the garden?” asked the Tang Monk once more.

Pilgrim said, “When you get to the garden with her, you should stop walking once you reach the peach trees. Let me fly up to one of the branches and change into a red peach. You pretend that you want to eat a fruit and pluck off the red one that I change into.

Undoubtedly she will want to pluck one off also. Insist on giving yours to her. The moment she takes a bite, I’ll enter her stomach.

Then I’ll punch through her belly and tear her guts apart. When she’s dead, you’ll be free.”

“If you have the ability,” said Tripitaka, “all you need is to fight with her. Why must you want to get inside her belly?”

“Master, you’re just not too sensible!” said Pilgrim. “If this cave of hers were easy to get into and out of, then I could fight with her.

But it is not; in fact, the crooked paths here are exceedingly hard to negotiate. If I move against her, the whole nest of them, old and young, may have me bogged down. What shall I do then? I have to use this underhanded method to mop things up!” Nodding his head in belief, Tripitaka said only, “You must stay close to me.”

“I know! I know!” said Pilgrim. “I’m on your head!”

After master and disciple had formulated their plan, Tripitaka got up and, supporting himself on the shutters, called out:

“Lady! Lady!” When the monster-spirit heard him, she ran near to him and said, giggling, “Dear Wonderful Man, what do you want?”

“Lady,” said Tripitaka, “Since I left Chang’an to journey westward, there was not a day when I did not have to climb a mountain or ford a river. When I stayed at the Sea-Pacifying Monastery the other day, I caught a bad cold. Only today has my condition improved somewhat, for I have been perspiring. I am grateful to you for bringing me to your immortal residence, but having sat here all day I feel sickly again. Is there a place where you can take me for some relaxation?”

Highly pleased, the fiend said, “If dear Wonderful Man shows this kind of interest, I’ll be delighted to take you strolling in the garden.” She then cried out:

“Little ones, bring me the key to open the garden. Sweep out the path.” Pushing open the shutters, this monster-spirit led the Tang Monk out by the hand. Look at those many little fiends of hers, all with oiled hair and powdered faces, all sinuous and lissome! They surged around the Tang Monk and headed straight for the garden.

Marvelous monk!

*He found no ease in this troop of satin and silk;
He played deaf and dumb in such brocaded grove.
He only could face Buddha, who had an iron mind and heart;
No mortal fond of wine and sex would succeed in scripture-fetching.*

When they reached the entrance of the garden, the monster-spirit whispered lovingly to him, saying, "Dear Wonderful Man, enjoy yourself here. You may truly relax and unwind." Walking hand in hand with her into the garden, the Tang Monk raised his head to look around. It was indeed a lovely place. What he saw were

*Paths twisting and turning,
 Profusely coated with specks of green moss;
 Handsome silk-gauze windows,
 Each faintly enclosed by embroidered screens.
 When a gentle breeze rises,
 Western silk and eastern damask spread out fluttering;
 When a fine rain recedes,
 Ice-flesh and jade-substance appear seductive.
 The sun warms fresh apricots,
 Red like the skirts that immortals hang out to dry;
 The moon illumines the plantain,
 Green like feathered fans whirled by a goddess.
 By the painted walls on four sides
 Orioles sing amid ten thousand willows;
 Around the leisure cottage
 Butterflies swirl through the yard's cherry-apples.
 Look further at the fragrance-holding alcove,
 The green-moth alcove,
 The wine-dispelling alcove,
 And the romance alcove,
 One on top of the other where
 The rolled-up red curtains
 Are drawn by hooks like shrimp-whiskers.
 Look also at the grief-relieving kiosk,
 purity-draped kiosk,
 The brow-painting kiosk,
 And the four rains kiosk,
 Each a noble edifice
 With floriate plaques
 Inscribed with seal scripts.
 Look at the crane-bathing pool,
 The goblet-washing pool,
 The moon-pleasing pool,
 And the tassel-cleansing pool,
 Where golden scales glisten among green lilies and reeds;
 There are, too, the ink-flower arbor,
 The strange-chest arbor,
 The proper-weal arbor,
 And the cloud-adoring arbor,
 Where mellow wine floats within jade flasks and cups.
 Beyond and before the pools and kiosks
 There are rocks from Lake Tai,
 Purple-blooming rocks,
 Parrot-falling rocks,*

*And rocks of Sichuan rivers,
 Around which the green tiger-whisker rush are planted.
 East and west of the alcoves and arbors,
 There are false wooden hills,
 Kingfisher-screen hills,
 Wind-whistling hills,
 Jade-agaric hills,
 On each grow thickets of phoenix-tail bamboos.
 props
 And the cinnamon rose props
 Near the stand of swing,
 They all seem like brocade curtains and silk drapes.
 The pine-and-cypress kiosk,
 The magnolia kiosk,
 Facing the rose bush kiosk,
 Both resemble a green city's embroidered veils.
 The shaoyao rails,
 The peony groves,
 Their flowers vie for denseness in purple and red;
 terrace,
 The white jasmine fence,
 Both bring forth grace and glamor year after year.
 magnolia adorned with drops of dew
 Should be sketched or drawn;
 The hibiscus blazing red toward the sky
 Should be hymned or sung.
 Speaking of scenery,
 Let's not boast of Langyuan or Penglai;
 To compare such beauty
 One need not count Yao's yellow or Wei's purple.
 In late spring when one fences with grass,
 This garden lacks only divine blooms of jade.*

The elder, walking hand in hand with the fiend to enjoy the garden, could hardly look at all the rare flowers and exotic plants. After going past many arbors and kiosks and entering gradually, as it were, the lovely scenery, he saw all at once that they had arrived in front of the peach orchard. Pilgrim gave his master's head a pinch and the elder knew immediately what he meant.

Flying up to one of the branches, Pilgrim with one shake of his body changed into a peach, a lovely red one. The elder said to the monster-spirit, "Lady, you have here

*Fragrant blooms in the yard,
 Ripened fruits on the boughs—
 Fragrant blooms in the yard that bees vie to sip;
 Ripened fruits on the boughs that birds fight to pluck.*

But why is it that on this particular peach tree the peaches are both red and green?" With a giggle the monster-spirit said, "When Heaven is lacking in yin and yang, the sun and the moon will not shine; when the Earth is lacking in yin and yang, male and female cannot be distinguished. The same principle applies to the fruits of this

peach tree. Those on the sunny side are ripened first by the warmth, and that's why they are red; those on the shady side will grow but without the benefit of the sun, and that's why they are still green. This is the principle of yin and yang."

"I thank my lady for the instruction," said Tripitaka, "for this humble cleric indeed had no idea this was so."

He immediately reached forward and plucked a red peach, and the monster-spirit too went and plucked a green one. Bowing, Tripitaka presented the red peach to the fiend, saying, "Lady, you are fond of colors, so please take this red peach. Give me the green one to eat."

The monster-spirit indeed exchanged it with him, saying in secret delight to herself, "Dear monk! A true man indeed! We aren't husband and wife even for one day, and he's already so affectionate!"

Her delight, in fact, caused her to behave more cordially than ever to the Tang Monk. When he took the green peach and began eating it at once, the monster-spirit was only too pleased to keep him company. Opening her cherry lips to reveal her silvery teeth, she was about to take a bite. But Pilgrim Sun had always been impetuous.

Before she could sink her teeth into the fruit, he immediately rolled inside her mouth and somersaulted through her throat down to her stomach. Terribly frightened, the monster-spirit said to Tripitaka, "O Elder, this fruit is really something! How could it roll down there before I even bit it?"

"Lady," said Tripitaka, "a newly ripened fruit is most edible. That's why it goes quickly."

"But I haven't even spat out the pit," said the monster-spirit, "and it has gone down already."

"When you're in such an excellent mood, Lady," replied Tripitaka, "you have a good appetite. That's why it goes down even before you manage to spit out the pit." In her stomach, Pilgrim changed back to his true form and cried, "Master, don't banter with her. Old Monkey has already scored!"

"Disciple, do try not to be too harsh," replied Tripitaka. Hearing that, the monster-spirit said, "Whom are you talking to?"

"To my disciple, Sun Wukong," replied Tripitaka.

"Where is Sun Wukong?" asked the monster-spirit.

"In your stomach, of course!" replied Tripitaka. "Isn't he the red peach you just ate?"

Horried, the monster-spirit said, "Finished! Finished! If this ape-head has crawled inside my belly, I'm as good as dead! Pilgrim Sun, what do you plan to do after using all your schemes and plots to get inside my belly?"

"Not much!" replied Pilgrim spitefully inside her. "I'll just devour

*Your six loaves of liver and lung,
Your triple-haired and seven-holed heart.
All five viscera I'll clean out,
One rattling spirit you'll become!"*

On hearing this, the monster-spirit was scared out of her wits. Trembling all over, she embraced the Tang Monk to say, "O Elder! I thought we were

*Fated to be by one scarlet thread bound,
Two hearts as one like fish in water found.
Who knows birds of love will thus be parted,
That spouses will sever brokenhearted?
Our affair fails for Blue Bridge tide is high;
Our meeting's vain as temple incense dies.
to each other we must now disperse.
Which year will I once more with you converse?"*

Inside her belly Pilgrim heard her speaking in this manner, and he was afraid that the compassionate elder might be deceived again. At once he began to wave his fists and stamp his feet, to assume boxing postures and do gymnastic exercises with his four limbs, nearly punching through her leather bag in the process. Unable to endure the pain, the monster-spirit dropped to the ground and dared not speak for a long time.

When Pilgrim found that she was silent, he thought that she might be dead and decided to ease up somewhat. Catching her breath, she cried, "Little ones, where are you?" When those little fiends, you see, entered the garden, they all knew how to behave. Instead of congregating in one place, they scattered to play—plucking flowers or fencing with grasses—so as to allow the monster-spirit to flirt freely with the Tang Monk. When they suddenly heard the summons, they ran to the spot and found the monster-spirit fallen to the ground, pale and groaning, hardly able even to crawl. Hurriedly they tried to raise her as they crowded around, all asking, "Mistress, what's wrong? Are you having a heart attack?"

"No! No!" replied the monster-spirit. "Don't ask, but I have someone in my stomach! Just get this monk out, quickly, so that my life may be preserved."

Those little fiends indeed went forward and tried to pull the elder out.

"Don't any of you dare raise your hand!" yelled Pilgrim inside her belly. "If you want to, you yourself must present my master to the outside world. When we get there, I'll spare you."

The monster-spirit, of course, had no other motivation than pity for her own life. Struggling to her feet, she swiftly placed the Tang Monk on her back and strode toward the outside. Running after her, the little fiends asked, "Mistress, where are you going?"

The monster-spirit said, "Let's get this fellow outside!

*If we the moon above the five lakes retain,
There's always a spot to drop the hook again!*

Let me find someone else instead."

Dear monster-spirit! She mounted the cloudy luminosity and immediately reached the entrance of the cave, where a loud clangor of arms could be heard. "Disciple," said Tripitaka, "I can hear the sound of weapons outside." Pilgrim said, "It has to be Eight Rules wielding his muckrake. Call him."

Tripitaka at once called out:

"Eight Rules!"

Eight Rules heard him and said, "Sha Monk, Master has come out!"

The two of them removed the rake and the staff, and the monster-spirit carried the Tang Monk outside. Aha! Truly it is that

*Mind Monkey, responding within, subdues a fiend;
Wood and Earth guarding the door receive a sage monk.*

We do not know whether the monster-spirit will preserve her life; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-THREE

*Mind Monkey knows the elixir source
Fair girl returns to her true nature*

We were telling you about Tripitaka, who was escorted out of the cave by the monster-spirit. Sha Monk drew near and asked, “Master, you’ve come out, but where’s Elder Brother?”

“He’s calculating enough,” said Eight Rules, “so he must have accompanied Master out here somehow.” Pointing at the monster-spirit, Tripitaka said, “Your Elder Brother is in her belly.”

“How dirty and smelly!” said Eight Rules with a giggle. “What’s he doing in her belly? Come out!” Pilgrim cried out from within:

“Open wide your mouth and let me come out!”

The fiend opened her mouth as bidden. Pilgrim reduced his size and crawled up to her throat; he was about to go out, but fearing that she might bite him, he took out the iron rod and blew his immortal breath onto it, crying, “Change!” It changed into a small nail, which propped up the roof of her mouth. With a bound he leaped clear of her mouth, taking along with him the iron rod as he jumped. One stretch of his torso helped him to assume his characteristic appearance, as he struck with uplifted rod. The monster-spirit also picked up her pair of treasure swords and blocked his blow with a loud clang. The two of them thus began a fierce battle on the top of the mountain:

*Double swords flying that slash at the face;
A golden-hooped rod that aims at the head.
One is a Heav’n-born ape with a mind-monkey frame;
One is an Earth-born spirit with a fair-girl form.
The two of them
Are full of hate;
Gladness breeds rancor, causing a mighty bout.
That one desires primal yang to be her mate;
This one fights pure yin to form the holy babe.
The upraised rod fills the sky with chilly fog;
The sword goes forth, the land roils with black dirt.
Because the elder’s
In quest of Buddha,
They strive bitterly, showing great power.
Water wars with fire to hurt the basic way; yang cannot unite, each drifting free.
The two engage in such a lengthy brawl
That mountain and earth quake as forests sprawl.*

When Eight Rules saw them battling in this manner, he began to murmur against Pilgrim. Turning to Sha Monk, he said, “Brother, Elder Brother’s twiddling! When he was in her just now, he could have sent her a belly-full-of-red with his fists and crawled out by punching through her stomach. That way he would have had done with her, wouldn’t he? Why did he have to come out through her mouth and fight with her, allowing her to be so insolent?”

“You’re quite right,” replied Sha Monk, “but Elder Brother, after all, has worked very hard to have Master rescued from a deep cave.

Now that he has to fight some more with the monster-spirit, I think Master should sit by himself while you and I go with our weapons to lend some assistance to Elder Brother. Let’s go and knock down that monster-spirit.”

“No! No! No!” said Eight Rules, waving his hand. “He has magic powers, but we’re quite useless.”

“What are you saying?” asked Sha Monk. “That’s something that will benefit everyone. We may be useless, but even our fart can add to the wind!”

That Idiot did become aroused for the moment; whipping out his rake, he cried, “Let’s go then!”

Abandoning their master, they both mounted the wind and rushed forward to battle, madly delivering blows to the monster-spirit with their rake and staff. The monster-spirit was already having difficulty withstanding Pilgrim by herself; when she saw the two of them, she knew that defeat was certain. Twirling around, she tried to flee.

“Brothers, catch her!” snapped Pilgrim. When the monster-spirit saw that they were pressing, she yanked off the flower slipper from her right foot and blew her immortal breath on it, crying, “Change!” It at once took on her appearance, attacking her pursuers with two swords. She herself, with one shake of her body, changed into a clear gust of wind and sped away. Now, you may think that we were only speaking of her defeat and of her retreat out of regard for her own life. How could you know that *this* had to be the turn of events? It must be that the star of calamity had not withdrawn its influence over Tripitaka. As the monster-spirit sped by the cave entrance, she saw Tripitaka sitting all alone beneath the towered gate. Rushing up to him, she snatched him and the luggage as well and bit through the reins; she succeeded in abducting both person and horse into the cave, where we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about Eight Rules, who found an opening and struck down the monster-spirit with one blow of his rake. Then he discovered that it was only a flower slipper. “You two idiots!” said Pilgrim. “It’s enough for you to look after Master. Who asked you to come and help?”

“There you are, Sha Monk!” said Eight Rules. “Didn’t I tell you not to come? This monkey’s sick in his brains! We help him to subdue the fiend, but he blames us instead!”

“Where on earth did you subdue a fiend?” Pilgrim said. “When she fought with me yesterday, that fiend tricked me by this ploy of dropping her slipper. I wonder how Master is faring now that you two have left his side. Let’s hurry back and look!”

The three of them hurried back, but their master indeed had vanished. There was not even a trace of the luggage or the white horse.

So astonished was Eight Rules that he dashed back and forth in confusion, while Sha Monk searched hither and yon. The Great Sage Sun too was racked by anxiety as he looked everywhere, and then he saw half a rein lying by the side of the road. Picking it up, he could not stop the tears flowing from his eyes. “O Master!” he cried aloud. “When I left I took leave of both man and horse; when I returned I could see only this rope!”

Thus it was that

*Seeing the saddle he recalled the horse;
Shedding tears he thought of his kin.*

When Eight Rules saw him shedding tears, however, he broke into loud guffaws with face raised toward the sky.

“You coolie!” scolded Pilgrim. “You want to disband again!”

“O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules, still laughing. “It’s not like that. Master must have been abducted into the cave once more by the monster-spirit. As the proverb says, ‘Success comes only with a third try.’ You have entered the cave twice. Now go in a third time, and I’m sure that you’ll be able to bring out Master.” Wiping away his tears, Pilgrim replied, “All right! Since things are this way, I have little choice but to go in again. Now that you don’t even have to worry about the luggage and the horse, you must take care to guard the entrance.”

Dear Great Sage! He turned and leaped into the cave; not undergoing transformation, he merely retained his characteristic appearance. Truly

*Of strange-looking cheeks and a valiant mind,
He grew up a fiend with great magic strength.
His face like a saddle curved up and down;
His eyes flashed gold beams that blazed like fire.
Hard like needles were his whole body’s furs;
His tiger-skin kilt jingled with loud floral bells.
In Heav’n he crashed through ten thousand clouds;
rod in the sea lifted mountainous waves.
That day his might beat up the devarājas
And repelled one hundred and eight thousand foes.
Appointed Great Sage, the Handsome Monkey Sprite,
He used, by custom, a golden-hooped rod.
In the West today displaying his might,
To save Tripitaka he enters the cave.*

Look at him! He stopped the cloudy luminosity after he reached the residence of the monster-spirit, where he found the towered gates were all shut. Without regard for good or ill, he broke through with one blow of his rod and barged in. It was completely quiet and not a trace of the inhabitants could be found. The Tang Monk was no longer seen by the east corridor; the furniture in the pavilion and the various utensils had all disappeared.

There were, you see, some three hundred miles of living space inside the cave, and the monster-spirit had many residences. When she had brought the Tang Monk to this particular spot the time before, Pilgrim had found them. Now that she had abducted the Tang Monk again, she feared that Pilgrim would return to the same place, and so she immediately moved somewhere else. Our Pilgrim was so exasperated that he pounded his chest and stamped his feet, crying, “O Master! You are a misfortune-begotten Tripitaka Tang, a scripture monk forged by calamity! Alas! This road is familiar enough to me. Why aren’t you here? Where should old Monkey look for you?”

As he was shouting like this in great annoyance, his nose suddenly caught a whiff of scented breeze. Calming down all at once, he said to himself, “This incense drifted out from the rear. They must be back there.”

Gripping the iron rod, he strode in but found no movement whatever—only three small chambers. At the back of one of these chambers was a lacquered sacrificial table with openmouthed dragons carved on both sides. On the table was a huge incense urn of melted gold from which fragrant incense smoke curled upward. Above the urn was hung a large plaque with the following inscription in gold letters:

The Tablet of Honored Father, Devarāja Li. Slightly below it to one side was another inscription:

The Tablet of Honored Brother Naṭa, the Third Prince. Filled with delight by what he saw, Pilgrim immediately abandoned his search for the fiend or the Tang Monk. He gave his iron rod a squeeze to change it back into an embroidery needle, which he could store in his ear. Stretching forth his hands, he took the plaque and the urn and trod on his cloudy luminosity to go back out to the entrance of the cave, hee-hawing in continuous laughter on the way.

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard him, they stepped aside to meet him, saying, “Elder Brother, you must have succeeded in rescuing Master, and that’s why you’re so happy.”

“No need for us to go rescue Master,” said Pilgrim, still guffawing, “just make our demand known to this plaque.” O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “This plaque is no monster-spirit, nor does it know how to speak. Why should we make our demand known to it?”

“Take a look, both of you,” said Pilgrim as he placed the plaque on the ground. Sha Monk approached and saw the inscriptions:

The Tablet of Honored Father Devarāja Li, and The Tablet of Honored Brother Naṭa, the Third Prince. “What’s the meaning of this?” he asked.

“It’s something to which the monster-spirit makes offerings,” replied Pilgrim. “When I broke into her residence, I found that both persons and things had disappeared. There was only this plaque. She has to be the daughter of Devarāja Li, the younger sister of the third prince, who has descended to the Region Below out of profane longings. Disguised as a fiend, she has abducted our master. If we don’t demand of the persons whose names appear on this plaque, whom should we ask? While the two of you stand guard here, let old Monkey take the plaque and go up to Heaven to file charges before the Jade Emperor. That’ll make Devarāja Li and his son return our master.”

“O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “As the proverb says, ‘To charge someone with a mortal offense is itself a mortal offense.’ You can’t do it unless your cause is just. Besides, do you think that filing charges before the throne is an easy thing? You’d better tell me how you plan to go about it.”

“I have my way,” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “This plaque and this urn I shall use as evidence. In addition, I shall file a formal, written complaint.”

“What are you going to put in that complaint?” asked Eight Rules. “Let’s hear it.” Pilgrim said, “This is what I plan to say:

The plaintiff Sun Wukong, whose age and birthday are recorded here in the document, is the disciple of the priest, Tripitaka Tang, who has been sent by the Tang Court in the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. The complaint I lodge concerns the crime of abetting a monster in kidnapping a human. I hereby accuse Li Jing, the Pagoda-Bearer Devarāja, along with Prince Naṭa, his son, of gross negligence in domestic affairs, which caused his own daughter to become a runaway. At the Region

Below she had assumed the form of monstrous perversity in the Bottomless Cave of Mount Void-Entrapping, bringing vexation and harm to countless humans. She has, at the moment, abducted my master into the crooked recesses of her habitation, where he cannot be found at all. I have no choice but to charge father and son with an act of great atrocity, for allowing the daughter to become a spirit and to harm people. I beg you, therefore, to sustain in your great mercy my complaint and arrest the culprits, so that perversity may be brought to submission, my master may be rescued, and the guilt of the offenders may be clearly established. In anticipation of your kind assistance, I hereby submit my complaint.

On hearing these words, Eight Rules and Sha Monk were terribly pleased, both saying, "O Elder Brother, your complaint is most reasonable! You will undoubtedly win the case. You'd better go there at once, for we fear that a little delay may result in the monsterspirit's taking our master's life."

"I'll hurry! I'll hurry!" said Pilgrim. "It'll take me no more than the time needed for boiling tea, or at most for rice to be cooked, to get back here."

Dear Great Sage! Holding the plaque and the urn, he leaped up to mount the auspicious cloud and went straight before the South Heaven Gate. When Devarājas Powerful and Dhṛtarāṣṭra, who were standing guard at the gate, saw him, both bent low to bow to him and dared not bar his way. He was permitted to go straight up to the Hall of Perfect Light, where he was greeted by Zhang, Ge, Xu, and Qiu, the four Celestial Masters. "Why has the Great Sage come?" they asked.

"I have a document here," replied Pilgrim, "which I intend to file as a formal complaint."

"This caster of blame!" said one of the astonished masters. "I wonder whom he plans to accuse."

They had no choice but to lead him into the Hall of Divine Mists to announce his arrival. He was then summoned into the presence of the Jade Emperor.

After putting down the plaque and the urn and paying homage to the throne, he presented his plaint, which the Immortal Ge received and spread out on the imperial desk. When the Jade Emperor had read its content from beginning to end, he signed the document and endorsed it as an imperial decree. Then he commanded Gold Star Venus, Longevity of the West, to take the decree and go to the Cloud-Tower Palace to summon Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer, to appear before the throne.

"I beg the Heaven Lord to punish him properly," said Pilgrim, walking forward, "or else he may start some other trouble."

The Jade Emperor gave this order also:

"Let the plaintiff go along."

"Should old Monkey really go along?" asked Pilgrim.

"Since His Majesty has already issued the decree," said one of the Celestial Masters, "you may go with the Gold Star." Pilgrim indeed mounted the clouds with the Gold Star to reach the Cloud-Tower Palace, which was, you see, the residence of the devarāja. There was a divine youth standing in front of the gate who recognized the Gold Star. He went inside at once and announced, "The Holy Father Gold Star Venus has arrived."

The devarāja went out to meet his guest; when he saw that the Gold Star was bearing an imperial decree, he asked immediately for incense to be lighted. Then he caught sight of Pilgrim following the Gold Star in, and the devarāja stirred with anger.

Why was he angered, you ask? During the time when Pilgrim caused great disturbance at the Celestial Palace, the Jade Emperor once appointed the devarāja as the Demon-Subduing Grand Marshal and Prince Naṭa as the God of the Three Charities Grand Assembly. They were to lead the Heaven hosts against Pilgrim, but they could not prevail even after several engagements. The defeat of five hundred years ago, you see, still rankled him, and that was why he became angry. Unable to restrain himself, he asked, “Old Longevity, what’s that decree you’re bearing?”

“It happens to be a complaint,” replied the Gold Star, “lodged against you by the Great Sage Sun.”

The devarāja was already sorely annoyed; when he heard this, he became enraged, saying, “What’s he accusing me of?”

“The crime of abetting a monster in kidnapping a human,” replied the Gold Star. “After you’ve lit the incense, you may read it for yourself.” Panting hard, the devarāja hurriedly set out the incense table; after he had expressed his gratitude toward the sky and kowtowed, he spread out the decree. A careful reading of the document, however, sent him into such a rage that he gripped the table with both hands and said, “This ape-head! He has so wrongly accused me!”

The Gold Star said, “Don’t get so mad! He happens to have a plaque and an urn for evidence before the throne, and he claims that all those objects point to your own daughter.”

“But I have only three sons and a daughter,” said the devarāja. “The eldest is Suvarṇaṭa, who serves Tathāgata as the vanguard of the Law. My second son is Mokṣa, who is the disciple of Guanshiyin at South Sea. My third son Naṭa is with me and attends court night and day as an imperial guardsman. My only daughter, named Zhenying, happens to be only seven years old. She doesn’t even know much of human affairs. How could she be a monster-spirit? If you don’t believe me, let me carry her out for you to see. This ape-head is mighty insolent! Let’s not say that I am a marshal in Heaven, who has received such a high appointment that I’m permitted to execute someone first before memorializing to the throne. Even if I were one of the common people in the Region Below, I should not be falsely accused. The Law says, ‘A false accusation should receive a thrice-heavy penalty.’”

He turned to his subordinates with the order:

“Tie up this ape-head with the fiend-binding rope!”

The Mighty-Spirit God, General Fish-Belly, and Marshal Vajrayakṣa, who were standing in a row down at the courtyard, immediately surged forward and tied up Pilgrim. “Devarāja Li,” said the Gold Star, “you’d better not start any trouble! He is one of the two persons decreed by the throne to come here to summon you. That rope of yours is quite heavy. If you hurt him in any way, you’ll be the loser!”

“O Gold Star!” said the devarāja. “How could you allow him to file false charges and disturb the peace like that? Please be seated, while I cut off this ape-head with the fiend-hacking scimitar. Then I’ll return with you to see the throne.” When the Gold Star learned that he was about to raise the scimitar, his heart quivered and his bladder shook as he said to Pilgrim, “You’ve made a mistake! Filing charges before the throne is no light thing! Why didn’t you try to ascertain the truth first? All your foolish doings now may cause you to lose your life. What’ll you do?” Not frightened in the

least, Pilgrim said, full of smiles, “Relax, old Minister, it’s nothing! Old Monkey has to do his own business this way: he must lose first, and then he’ll win.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the devarāja wielded his scimitar and brought it down hard on Pilgrim’s head. All at once the third prince rushed forward and parried the blow with the fiend-hacking sword, crying, “Father King, please calm your anger!”

The devarāja turned pale with alarm.

Ah! When the father saw the son parrying the scimitar with his own sword, he should have commanded the son to turn back. Why should he turn pale with alarm? This is the reason, you see:

When this child was born to the devarāja, he had on his left hand the word Na, and on his right the word Ṭa, and that was why he was named Naṭa. On the third morning after he was born, this prince already decided to bathe in the ocean and caused a great disaster.

He overturned the water-crystal palace and wanted to pull out the tendons of one of the dragons to use them for a belt. When the devarāja learned of the incident, he feared that his son might prove to be a calamity afterward and sought to have him killed. Naṭa became enraged; knife in hand, he cut off his own flesh to give it back to his mother and carved up his bones to give them back to his father. After he had, as it were, repaid his father’s sperm and his mother’s blood, his soul went to the region of ultimate bliss in the West to complain to Buddha.

Buddha at the time was lecturing to the various bodhisattvas when he heard someone on the sacred banners and parasol calling, “Save me!” One look with his eyes of wisdom and Buddha knew it was the soul of Naṭa. Using the root of the lotus for bones and its leaves for garment, he recited the magic words of revivification and restored Naṭa to life. With his newfound divine strength, Naṭa succeeded in subduing the fiendish demons of ninety-six caves. His magic powers were so great that he later wanted to kill the devarāja in order to exact vengeance for self-immolation.

The devarāja had little choice but to plead with Tathāgata, who, of course, was an advocate of peace. He therefore bestowed on the devarāja a compliant, yellow-gold treasure pagoda of the finest openwork carving and filled with śārī-relics; the pagoda, in fact, symbolized Buddha on each level, and the entire edifice was bathed in luminosity. The sight of the pagoda thus would remind Naṭa of Buddha, who was to be revered as the prince’s true father, and that is how the enmity was dissolved. This is the reason also for Li Jing to be named the Devarāja Pagoda-Bearer.

Since he was at home today, at leisure, the devarāja had not been carrying his pagoda, and he thought that Naṭa had been seized by the desire for vengeance again. That was the reason he paled with fear. Immediately reaching for the gold treasure pagoda on the stand and holding it high, he asked Naṭa, “Son, you’ve parried my scimitar with your sword. What do you want to say to me?”

Abandoning his sword and kowtowing, Naṭa replied, “Father King, you do have a daughter at the Region Below.”

“Son,” said the devarāja, “I have had only the four of you. What other daughter do I have?”

“You have quite forgotten, Father King,” said Naṭa. “That other daughter was originally a monster-spirit. Some three hundred years ago she became a fiend who stole and devoured the fragrant flowers and treasure candles of Tathāgata at Spirit Mountain. Tathāgata sent us, father and son, to lead an expedition against her. When she was caught, she should have been beaten to death, but Tathāgata gave us this instruction:

For fishes reared in the ponds you never fish;

For deer fed in the mountains long life’s your wish.

At that time, therefore, we spared her life, and in gratitude she took you as her father and your child as her elder brother. She was to set up our tablets down below, to which she would offer perpetual incense fires. Who would have expected her to become a spirit again and conspire to harm the Tang Monk? When Pilgrim Sun searched through her lair, the tablets were found and charges were thus filed before the throne. This is your daughter by the bond of grace, not a sister of mine by blood.”

Astounded by what he heard, the devarāja said, “My child, I have indeed forgotten the whole matter. What’s her name?”

“She has three of them,” replied the prince. “At her birthplace she was originally called the Golden-Nosed White-Haired Rodent-Spirit. Because she had stolen the fragrant flowers and treasure candles, her name was changed to Bisected Guanyin. When she was spared and sent to the Region Below, she changed her name again to Mistress Ground-Rushing.” Only then did the devarāja realize what had happened. Immediately he wanted to untie Pilgrim with his own hands, but Pilgrim had turned rowdy. “Who dares untie me?” he cried. “You can take me in ropes to see the throne! Old Monkey will then win his litigation!”

The hands of the devarāja turned numb with fear, the prince became speechless, and the various subordinate officers retreated shamefacedly.

Rolling all over the place in a tantrum, the Great Sage insisted that the devarāja appear before the throne with him. Having no alternative, the devarāja could only plead pitifully with the Gold Star to speak on his behalf. The Gold Star said, “As the ancients put the matter, ‘One should be lenient in all things.’ The way you do things, however, is rather hasty! You’ve bound him, and you even wanted to kill him. This monkey happens to be notorious in casting blame. Now what do you want me to do? According to what your son has told us, she is not your daughter by blood but only by bond. Nonetheless, that is still an important tie of kinship. No matter how you dispute the matter, you are somewhat guilty.”

The devarāja said, “If the venerable Star would speak on my behalf, then my guilt will be absolved.”

“I would like indeed to pacify you both,” said the Gold Star, “but I don’t quite know how to plead for you.”

“Why don’t you,” said the devarāja, “just mention the former incident, when you went to him on your mission of pacification and gave him his appointment?”

The Gold Star did indeed go forward to touch Pilgrim and said, “Great Sage, for my sake let us untie you so that we may all go see the throne.”

“Old Minister,” said Pilgrim, “you needn’t untie me. I know how to roll, and I’ll roll my way there!”

“Monkey, you’re quite unfeeling!” said the Gold Star, chuckling. “I was, after all, rather kind to you in times past. Now you refuse me even in a trivial matter like this.”

“What sort of kindness have you shown me?” asked Pilgrim.

The Gold Star said, “In those years when you were a fiend in Mount Flower-Fruit, when you tamed tigers and subdued dragons, when you abolished the register of death by force, and when you assembled various monsters to perpetrate your delinquency, Heaven above wanted to arrest you. It was this old man who boldly memorialized to the throne to issue a decree of pacification and have you summoned to the Celestial Palace and appointed you a Ban-Horse-Plague. After you had drunk the immortal wine of the Jade Emperor and needed pacification once more, it was this old man’s bold memorial also that got you the appointment of Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. But you did not behave and went on to steal peaches, filch wine, and rifle elixir from Lord Lao. Only after this and that did you attain a state of birthlessness and deathlessness. But if it hadn’t been for me, would you have reached this day?” Pilgrim said, “The ancients truly had put the matter well: even in death you should not share a grave with an old man! Like it or not, he knows how to carp! What’s so big that I did? I merely disturbed the Celestial Palace as Ban-Horse-Plague. All right! All right! For your sake, Venerable Sir, I’ll relent, but he himself must untie me.” Only then did the devarāja dare approach and untie the rope.

Pilgrim was then invited to tidy his clothes and take the honored seat, after which the various deities went forward one by one to pay their respects.

Facing the Gold Star, Pilgrim said, “Old Minister, how about it? Didn’t I tell you that I would lose first, and then win? That’s how one should do business! Let’s urge him to go see the throne quickly, lest my master is harmed.”

“Let’s not rush things,” said the Gold Star. “Having squandered all this time already, let’s have a cup of tea first.”

“If you drink his tea,” said Pilgrim, “you’re in fact accepting his bribe. What sort of crime should you be charged with, when you free the felon on a bribe and slight the imperial decree?”

“I won’t drink his tea! I won’t drink his tea!” exclaimed the Gold Star. “Now you’re even casting blame on me! Devarāja Li, go quickly! Go quickly!”

But the devarāja, of course, dared not go with Pilgrim to see the Throne, for he was terribly afraid that the ape might turn rowdy once more. If he were to mouth all kinds of accusations before the Jade Emperor, how could the devarāja hope to refute them? He had no choice but again to plead with the Gold Star to speak up for him.

At length the Gold Star said to Pilgrim, “I have just one word for you! Will you agree to it?”

“I have already overlooked for *your* sake the affront of being bound and hacked by the scimitar,” said Pilgrim. “Do you have anything more to say? Speak up! Speak up! If it’s good, I’ll listen; if not, don’t blame me!”

The Gold Star said, “Remember the proverb, ‘One day’s litigation will take ten days to settle.’ You file a charge before the throne, claiming that the monster-spirit is the daughter of the devarāja, and he denies it. The two of you can argue this matter back and forth before the Jade Emperor. Meanwhile, let me remind you that one day in

Heaven is equivalent to one year in the Region Below. For this whole year the monster-spirit has had your master imprisoned in the cave. Let's not mention a wedding ceremony. Even if it's a makeshift affair, by now she must have produced a little monk for him! Hasn't your delay upset the great enterprise?" Lowering his head, Pilgrim thought to himself, "Yes, indeed! When I left Eight Rules and Sha Monk, I told them that I would return after a time no longer than it takes tea to boil, or at most for rice to be cooked. I've messed around here all this while. Am I too late?"

He said thereby to the Gold Star, "Old Minister, how should we return this imperial decree?"

"Let's ask Devarāja Li to summon his troops to go down with you to subdue the fiend," replied the Gold Star. "I'll return the decree."

"What will you say as your report?" asked Pilgrim.

"That the plaintiff has fled," said the Gold Star, "and that the defendant has been dismissed from the case."

"How nice!" said Pilgrim with a laugh. "For *your* sake I'm dropping my charges, and you claim instead that *I* have fled! Tell him to call up the troops and wait for me outside the South Heaven Gate. I'll go with you to return the decree."

Growing alarmed once more, the devarāja said, "If he starts talking once he gets inside the palace, I may end up with the crime of treason."

"What sort of person do you take old Monkey for?" said Pilgrim. "I, too, am a true man! 'Once my word is given, horses can't retrieve it.' You think I would smear you with slander?"

The devarāja then thanked Pilgrim, who left with the Gold Star to return the decree. The devarāja at once called up the troops under his command and had them stationed outside the South Heaven Gate. Going before the throne with Pilgrim, the Gold Star said to the Jade Emperor, "The person who has imprisoned the Tang Monk happens to be a gold-nosed, white-furred rodent which has become a spirit. She is also the one who has set up the tablets of Devarāja Li and his son. Since learning of this, the devarāja has already called up his troops for an expedition against the fiend. I beg the Celestial-Honored One to pardon him." Since the Jade Emperor had already known of this, he at once extended his Heaven grace and pardon. Pilgrim turned back his cloudy luminosity to go out of the South Heaven Gate, where he found the devarāja, the prince, and the Heaven hosts waiting in smart formation. Behold! Those divine warriors, in churning wind and fog, received the Great Sage and then lowered their clouds to descend to Mount Void-Entrapping. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, with bulging eyes, were waiting on the mountain when they saw Pilgrim arriving with the Heaven hosts. Bowing to the devarāja, Idiot said to him, "We've troubled you!"

"Marshal Heaven Reeds," said the devarāja, "we have something to tell you: we, father and son, may have enjoyed one stick of her incense, but the monster-spirit has thereby grown audacious enough to have your master imprisoned. Please don't blame us for this tardy arrival. Is this Mount Void-Entrapping? I wonder which direction the entrance of her cave faces."

"I'm familiar enough with the way in," said Pilgrim. "Her cave here is named the Bottomless Cave, and its inside is about three hundred miles in circumference. The monster-spirit actually must have many lairs. Previously she had my master detained

within a double-eaved towered gate. Now it's so quiet there that you won't see even the shadow of a ghost! I have no idea where she has moved to."

The devarāja said, "No matter.

*Let her maneuver in a thousand ways;
She'll n'er escape the net of Heav'n and Earth.*

Let's approach the entrance first, and then we'll decide what to do."

All of them immediately proceeded. Ah! After some ten miles they reached the big boulder. Pointing to the entrance about the size of a huge barrel, Pilgrim said, "That's it."

"Without entering the tiger's lair," said the devarāja, "how could one capture the tiger cubs? Who dares lead the way?"

"I do," said Pilgrim.

"Since I'm to subdue a fiend by imperial decree," said the prince, "I'll lead the way."

At that moment our Idiot became even more impetuous. "Old Hog will be the one to lead the way!" he shouted.

"No need to make so much noise!" said the devarāja. "Let me give the order: the Great Sage Sun and the prince will lead the troops down there. We three will stand guard up here at the entrance. We shall coordinate our efforts within and without, so that she will have no route to flee to Heaven and no door to enter Earth. Only then will we truly show our power."

All of them responded with a resounding "Yes!" Look at Pilgrim and the prince! Leading the captains and troops, they slid inside the cave and immediately mounted the cloudy luminosity. As they looked about, it was a fine cave indeed!

*The sun and moon's familiar orbs
Shine on the same mountains and streams;
Pearly deeps, jade wells warmed and sheathed in mist,
And e'en many more lovely sights.
Red painted towers in layers,
Scarlet walls and green fields endless.
Late autumn lotus and willows of spring—
Such a cave-heaven's rarely seen.*

In a moment, they stopped their cloudy luminosity right before the old residence of the monster-spirit. Noisily the celestial warriors began a door-to-door search; they looked everywhere, spreading out through all those three hundred miles, but neither a single monster-spirit nor a Tripitaka could be seen at all.

"This cursed beast," said the warriors, "must have left the cave and removed herself far away." Little did they know that there was another small cave at the dark southeast corner; there was a tiny door in the cave and a house built rather low, surrounded by a few pots of flowers and several stalks of bamboo. It was a place shrouded in darkness and faint fragrance. Here the old fiend had brought Tripitaka and wanted to force him to marry her, thinking that Pilgrim would never be able to find them. She did not realize, of course, that her fate was about to overtake her. As those little fiends crowded together inside, you see, one of the more courageous ones stuck out his head to take a peek outside, and he ran directly into the celestial warriors.

“They’re here!” they cried, and Pilgrim became so aroused that he went crashing in, his hand gripping the golden-hooped rod. The whole nest of monster-spirits was packed in that small and narrow place. When the prince and his troops surged forward, where could any of the fiends run to hide? Pilgrim soon located the Tang Monk, the luggage, and the dragon horse. When the old fiend realized that there was no way for her to flee, she faced Prince Naṭa and kowtowed repeatedly, begging for her life. The prince said, “Our expedition here to arrest you is decreed by the Jade Emperor, and it’s no small thing. We, father and son, by enjoying one stick of your incense, nearly brought on ourselves colossal calamity!”

Thereupon he bellowed:

“Celestial soldiers, take out the fiend-binding ropes and tie up all those monsterspirits!”

The old fiend, you see, could not avoid a little suffering.

The company then turned around their cloudy luminosity and went outside the cave, with Pilgrim chortling loudly all the way. The devarāja left his post at the entrance to meet Pilgrim, saying, “This time you’ve seen your master!”

“Thank you! Thank you!” replied Pilgrim, and at once led Tripitaka to bow to thank the devarāja and the prince. Sha Monk and Eight Rules would have liked very much to hack the old spirit into tiny pieces, but the devarāja said, “Since she was arrested by imperial decree, she should not be easily disposed of. We have yet to return to make a report to the throne.” So the devarāja and the third prince led the divine warriors and celestial soldiers to guard the monster-spirit and take her back to face judgment before Heaven’s tribunal. Meanwhile Pilgrim and Sha Monk scurried around the Tang Monk to pack as Eight Rules steadied the horse for him to mount. They headed for the main road together. Thus it is that

*The silk threads are sundered to dry the golden sea;
The jade lock’s broken and he leaves the bird-cage.*

We do not know what happens as they journey forth; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-FOUR

*“Priests are hard to destroy” completes great awakening
The Dharma-king attains the right, his body’s naturalized*

We were telling you about how Tripitaka Tang had safeguarded his primal yang and escaped the bitter ordeal of the fair sex. As he followed Pilgrim to head for the West, it was soon again the time of summer, when warm breezes freshly stirred, and rain of the plum season drizzled down in fine strands. Marvelous scenery, it is:

*Lush and dense is the green shade;
In light breeze young swallows parade.
New lilies unfold on the ponds;
Old bamboos spread slowly their fronds.
The sky joins the meadows in green;
Mountain blooms o’er the ground are seen.
Swordlike, rushes stand by the brook;
Pomegranates redden this sketchbook.*

Master and disciples, the four of them, had to endure the heat, of course.

As they proceeded, they came upon two rows of tall willows flanking the road; from within the willow shade an old woman suddenly walked out, leading a young child by the hand. “Priest,” she cried aloud to the Tang Monk, “you must stop right now! Turn your horse around and return to the East quickly! The road to the West leads only to death!” So startled was Tripitaka that he leaped down from the horse and bowed to her, saying, “Old Bodhisattva, as the ancients have said,

*The ocean is wide so fishes may leap;
The sky is empty so birds may fly.*

How could it be that a road to the West is lacking?” Pointing westward with her finger, the old woman said, “About five or six miles from here is the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom. In some previous incarnation somewhere the king must have contracted evil karma so that in this life he sins without cause. Two years ago he made a stupendous vow that he would kill ten thousand Buddhist priests. Until now he has succeeded in slaughtering nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-six nameless monks. All he is waiting for now are four more monks, preferably with names, and the perfect score of ten thousand will be reached. If you people arrive at his city, you will all become life-giving king bodhisattvas!”

Terror-stricken by these words, Tripitaka said, trembling all over, “Old Bodhisattva, I’m profoundly grateful for your kindness, and I can’t thank you enough. May I ask whether there is another road that conveniently bypasses the city? This poor monk will gladly take such a road and proceed.” With a giggle, the old woman replied, “You can’t bypass the city! You simply can’t! You might do so only if you could fly!”

At once Eight Rules began to wag his tongue and said, “Mama, don’t speak such scary words! We’re all able to fly!” With his fiery eyes and diamond pupils, however, Pilgrim was the only one who could discern the truth: the old woman and the child were actually the Bodhisattva Guanyin and the Boy Skilled in Wealth. So alarmed was he that he went to his knees immediately and cried, “Bodhisattva, pardon your disciples for failing to meet you!”

Gently the bodhisattva rose on a petal of pink cloud, so astounding the elder Tang that he did not quite know where to stand. All he could do was to fall on his knees to kowtow, and Eight Rules and Sha Monk too went hurriedly to their knees to bow to the sky. In a moment, the auspicious cloud drifted away to return to South Sea. Pilgrim got up and raised his master, saying, "Please rise, the bodhisattva has returned to her treasure mountain."

As he got up, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, if you had recognized the bodhisattva, why didn't you tell us sooner?"

"You couldn't stop asking questions," replied Pilgrim, laughing, "whereas I immediately went to my knees. Wasn't that soon enough?"

Eight Rules and Sha Monk then said to Pilgrim, "Thanks to the bodhisattva's revelation, what lies before us has to be the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom. What are we all going to do when there's this determination to kill monks?"

"Idiot, don't be afraid!" said Pilgrim. "We have met quite a few vicious demons and savage fiends, and we have gone through tiger lairs and dragon lagoons, but we have never been hurt. What we have to face here is a kingdom of common people. Why should we fear them? Our only trouble right now is that this is no place to stay. Besides, it's getting late, and if any villagers returning from business in the city catch sight of us priests and begin to spread the news, that won't be very convenient. Let's lead Master away from the main road and find a more secluded spot. We can then make further plans."

Tripitaka indeed followed his suggestion; all of them left the main road and went over to a small ditch, in which they sat down.

"Brothers," said Pilgrim, "the two of you stay here and guard Master. Let old Monkey go in transformation to look over the city.

Perhaps I can find a road that's out of the way, which will take us through the region this very night."

"O Disciple!" urged the Tang Monk. "Don't take this lightly, for you're going against the law of a king. Do be careful!"

"Relax! Relax!" replied Pilgrim with a smile. "Old Monkey will manage!"

Dear Great Sage! When he finished speaking, he leaped into the air with a loud whistle. How fantastic!

*Neither pulled from above by strings,
Nor supported below by cranes,
Like us all, two parents he owns,
But only he has lighter bones.*

Standing at the edge of the clouds, he peered below and saw that the city was flooded by airs of gladness and auspicious luminosity.

"What a lovely place!" Pilgrim said. "Why does it want to destroy the dharma?"

As he stared at the place, it gradually grew dark. He saw that

*At letter-ten crossings lamps flared brightly;
At nine-tiered halls incense rose and bells tolled.
Seven glowing stars lit up the blue sky;
In eight quarters travelers dropped their gear.*

*From the six-corps camps
 The painted bugles just faintly sounded;
 In the five-watch tower,
 By drop the copper pot began dripping.
 On four sides night fog thickened;
 At three marts chilly mist spread out.
 Spouses, in twos, entered the silken drapes,
 When one bright moon ascended the east.*

He thought to himself:

“I would like to go down to the business districts to look over the roadways, but with a face like mine, people will undoubtedly holler that I’m a priest if they see me. I’ll transform myself.” Making the magic sign and reciting a spell, he changed with one shake of his body into a moth:

*A small shape with light, agile wings,
 He dives to snuff candles and lamps.
 By metamorphosis he gains his true form,
 Most active midst rotted grasses.
 He strikes flames for love of hot light,
 Flying, circling without ceasing.
 Purple-robed, fragrant-winged, chasing the fireflies,
 He likes most the deep windless night.*

You see him soaring and turning as he flew toward those six boulevards and three marts, passing eaves and rafters. As he proceeded, he suddenly caught sight of a row of houses at the corner of the street ahead, each house having a lantern hung above its door.

“These families,” he thought to himself, “must be celebrating the annual Lantern Feast. Why would they have lighted lanterns by the row?” Stiffening his wings, he flew near and looked carefully. The house in the very middle had a square lantern, on which these words were written:

Rest for the Traveling Merchant. Below there were also the words:

Steward Wang’s Inn. Pilgrim knew therefore that it was a hotel.

When he stretched out his neck to look further, he saw that there were some eight or nine people, who had all finished their dinner.

Having loosened their clothes, taken off their head wraps, and washed their hands and feet, they had taken to their beds to sleep.

Secretly pleased, Pilgrim said, “Master may pass through, after all!”

How did he know so readily that his master might pass through, you ask? He was about to follow a wicked scheme: waiting until those people were asleep, he would steal their clothes and wraps so that master and disciples could disguise themselves as secular folks to enter the city.

Alas! There had to be this disagreeable development! As he was deliberating by himself, the steward went forward and gave this instruction to his guests:

“Sirs, do be careful, for our place caters to both gentlemen and rogues. I’d like to ask each of you to take care of your clothing and luggage.”

Think of it! People doing business abroad, would they not be careful with everything? When they heard such instruction from the innkeeper, they became more cautious than ever. Hastening to their feet, they said, "The proprietor is quite right. Those of us fatigued by travel may not easily wake up once we're asleep. If we lose our things, what are we going to do? Please take our clothes, our head wraps, and our money bags inside. When we get up in the morning, you may return them to us." Steward Wang accordingly took all of their clothes and belongings into his own residence.

By nature impulsive, Pilgrim at once spread his wings to fly there also and alighted on one of the head-wrap stands. Then he saw Steward Wang going to the front door to take down the lantern, lower the cloth curtain, and close the door and windows. Only then did Wang return to his room to take off his own clothes and lie down. The steward, however, also had a wife sleeping with two children, and they were still making so much noise that none of them could go to sleep right away. The wife, too, was patching some garment and refused to retire.

"If I wait until this woman sleeps," thought Pilgrim to himself, "won't Master be delayed?"

Fearing also that the city gates might be closed later in the night, he could no longer refrain from flying down there and threw himself on the taper. Truly

risked his life to dive into flames;

He scorched his brow to tempt his fate.

The taper immediately went out. With one shake of his body he changed again into a rat. After a squeak or two he leaped down, took the garments and head wraps, and began to drag them out. Panic-stricken, the woman said, "Old man, things are bad! A rat has turned into a spirit!" On hearing this, Pilgrim flaunted his abilities some more. Stopping at the door, he cried out in a loud voice, "Steward Wang, don't listen to the babblings of your woman. I'm no rodent-spirit. Since a man of light does not engage in shady dealings, I must tell you that I'm the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who has descended to earth to accompany the Tang Monk on his way to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. Because your king is without principles, I've come especially to borrow these caps and gowns to adorn my master.

Once we've passed through the city, I'll return them."

Hearing that, Steward Wang scrambled up at once. It was, of course, pitch black, and he was in a hurry besides. He grabbed his pants, thinking he had his shirt; but no matter how hard he tried, slipping them on this way and that, he could not put them on.

Using his magic of abduction, the Great Sage had already mounted the clouds to leave the city and return to the ditch by the road. In the bright light of the stars and moon, Tripitaka was standing there staring when he saw Pilgrim approaching. "Disciple," he asked, "can we go through the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom?" Walking forward and putting down the garments, Pilgrim said, "Master, if you want to go through the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom, you can't remain a priest."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "whom are you trying to fool? It's easy not to remain a priest: just don't shave your head for half a year, and your hair will grow."

"We can't wait for half a year!" said Pilgrim. "We must become laymen right now!"

Horried, our Idiot said, "The way you talk is most unreasonable, as always! We are all priests, and you want us to become laymen this instant! How could we even wear a head wrap? Even if we tighten the edges, we have nothing on our heads to tie the strings with!"

"Stop the wisecracks!" snapped Tripitaka. "Let's do what's proper! Wukong, what is your plan?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "I have inspected the city here. Though the king is unprincipled enough to slaughter monks, he is nevertheless a genuine son of Heaven, for his city is filled with joyful and auspicious air. I can recognize the streets in the city, and I can converse in the local dialect. A moment ago I borrowed several garments and head wraps from a hotel. We must disguise ourselves as laymen and enter the city to ask for lodging. At the fourth watch we should rise and ask the innkeeper to prepare us a meal—vegetarian, of course. By about the hour of the fifth watch, we will walk close to the wall of the city-gate and find the main road to the West. If we run into anyone who tries to detain us, we can still give the explanation that we have been commissioned by the court of a superior state. The Dharma-Destroying King would not dare hinder us. He'll let us go." Sha Monk said, "Elder Brother's plan is most proper. Let's do as he tells us." Indeed, the elder had little choice but to shed his monk's robe and his clerical cap and to put on the garment and head wrap of a layman. Sha Monk too changed his clothes. Eight Rules, however, had such a huge head that he could not wear the wrap as it was.

Pilgrim had to rip open two wraps and sew them together with needle and thread to make one wrap and drape it over his head. A larger garment was selected for him to put on, after which Pilgrim himself also changed into a different set of clothing. "Once we get moving," he said, "you all must put away the words 'master and disciples.'" "Without these terms," said Eight Rules, "how shall we address ourselves?" Pilgrim said, "We should do so as if we were in a fraternal order:

Master shall be called Grand Master Tang, you shall be Third Master Zhu, Sha Monk shall be called Fourth Master Sha, and I shall be called Second Master Sun. When we reach the hotel, however, none of you should talk; let me do all the talking. If they ask us what sort of business we're in, I'll say that we're horse traders, using this white horse of ours as a sample. I'll tell them that there are altogether ten of us in this fraternal order, but the four of us have come first to rent a room in the hotel and sell our horse. The innkeeper will certainly take care of us. If we receive his hospitality, I'll pick up by the time we leave some bits or pieces of broken tiles and change them into silver to thank him. Then we'll get on with our journey."

The elder had no alternative but to comply reluctantly.

The four of them, leading the horse and toting the luggage, hurried into the city. It was fortunate that this happened to be a peaceful region, so that the city gates had not yet been closed even as the time of the night watch began. When they reached the door of the Steward Wang's Hotel, they heard noises from inside, crying, "I've lost my head wrap!"

Another person cried, "I've lost my clothes."

Feigning ignorance, Pilgrim led them to another hotel, catercorner from this one. Since that hotel had not yet even taken down its lantern, Pilgrim walked up to the door and called out:

“Innkeeper, do you have a room for us to stay in?” Some woman inside replied at once, “Yes! Yes! Yes! Let the masters go up to the second floor.” She had hardly finished speaking when a man arrived to take the horse, which Pilgrim handed over to him. He himself led his master behind the lamplight and up to the door of the second floor, where lounge tables and chairs had been placed. He pushed open the shutters, and moonlight streamed in as they took their seats. Someone came up with lighted lamps, but Pilgrim barred the door and blew out the lamps with one breath. “We don’t need lamps when the moon’s so bright,” he said.

After the person with the lamps had been sent away, another maid brought up four bowls of pure tea, which Pilgrim accepted. From below, a woman about fifty-seven or fifty-eight years old came straight up to the second floor. Standing to one side, she asked, “Gentlemen, where have you come from? What treasure merchandise do you have?”

“We came from the north,” replied Pilgrim, “and we have a few ordinary horses to sell.”

“Well,” said the woman, “we haven’t seen many guests who sell horses.”

“This one is Grand Master Tang,” said Pilgrim, “this one is Third Master Zhu, and this one is Fourth Master Sha. Your humble student here is Second Master Sun.”

“All different surnames,” said the woman with a giggle.

“Indeed, all different surnames but living together,” said Pilgrim. “There are altogether ten of us in our fraternal order; we four have come first to seek lodging at your hotel, and the six others are resting outside the city. With a herd of horses, they don’t dare enter the city at such an hour. When we have located the proper place for them to stay, they’ll come in tomorrow morning. Once we have sold the horses, we’ll leave.”

“How many horses are there in your herd?” asked the woman.

“Big and small, there are over a hundred,” said Pilgrim, “all very much like the horse we have here. Only their colors vary.”

Giggling some more, the woman said, “Second Master Sun is indeed a merchant in every way! It’s a good thing that you’ve come to our place, for any other household would not dare receive you. We happen to have a large courtyard here, complete with stalls and stocked with feed. Even if you had several hundred horses, we can take care of them. You should be aware, too, that our hotel has been here for years and has gained quite a reputation. My late husband, who unfortunately died long ago, had the surname of Zhao, and that’s why this hotel is named Widow Zhao’s Inn. We have three classes of accommodation here. If you will kindly allow impoliteness to precede courtesy, I will discuss the room rates with you, so I’ll know what to charge you.”

“What you say is quite right,” said Pilgrim. “What three classes of accommodation do you have in your hotel? As the saying goes,

*High, medium, and low, are three prices of goods,
Guests, far and near, are not treated the same.*

Tell me a little of your three classes of accommodation.” Widow Zhao said, “What we have here are the superior, moderate, and inferior classes of accommodation. For the superior, we will prepare a banquet of five kinds of fruits and five courses, topped by lion-head puddings and peck-candies. There will be two persons per table,

and young hostesses will be invited to drink and rest with you. The charge per person is five coins of silver, and this includes the room.”

“What a bargain!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Where I came from, five coins of silver won’t even pay for the young ladies!”

“For the moderate,” said the widow again, “all of you will share one table, and you’ll get only fruits and hot wine. You yourselves may establish your drinking rules and play your finger-guessing games, but no young hostesses will be present. For this, we charge two coins of silver per person.”

“That’s even more of a bargain,” said Pilgrim. “What’s the inferior class like?”

“I dare not describe that in front of honored guests,” replied the woman.

“You may tell us,” said Pilgrim. “We’ll find our bargain and do our thing.”

The woman said, “In the inferior class there’s no one to serve you. You may eat whatever rice there is in the pot, and when you’ve had your fill, you can get some straw and make yourself a bed on the ground. Find yourself a place to sleep, and in the morning you may give us a few pennies for the rice. We won’t haggle with you.” On hearing this, Eight Rules said, “Lucky! Lucky! That’s old Hog’s kind of bargain! Let me stand in front of the pot and stuff myself with rice. Then I’ll have a nice damn snooze in front of the hearth!”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “what are you saying? You and I, after all, have managed to earn a few ounces of silver here and there in the world, haven’t we? Give us the superior class!”

Filled with delight, the woman cried, “Bring some fine tea! Tell the chefs to start their preparations.” She dashed downstairs and shouted some more:

“Slaughter some chickens and geese. Have them cooked or cured to go with the rice. Slaughter a pig and a lamb too; even if we can’t use them today, we may use them tomorrow. Get the good wine. Cook white-grain rice, and take bleached flour to make biscuits.” When he heard her from upstairs, Tripitaka said, “Second Master Sun, what shall we do? She is planning to slaughter chickens, geese, a pig, and a lamb. When she brings these things up, which one of us, keepers of a perpetual vegetarian diet that we are, dare take one bite?”

“I know what to do,” replied Pilgrim, and he went to the head of the stairs and tapped the floor with his foot. “Mama Zhao, please come up here,” he said. The mama came up and said, “What instructions do you have for me, Second Master?”

“Don’t slaughter anything today,” said Pilgrim, “for we’re keeping a vegetarian diet.”

Astonished, the widow asked, “Do the masters keep a perpetual diet or a monthly diet?”

“Neither,” replied Pilgrim, “for ours is named the *gengshen* diet. Since the cyclical combination for today is, in fact, *gengshen*, we must keep the diet. Once the hour of the third watch is past, it will be the day of *xinyou*, and we’ll be able to eat meat. You may do the slaughtering tomorrow. Please go now and prepare us some vegetarian dishes. We’ll pay you the price of the superior class just the same.”

The woman was more delighted than ever. She dashed downstairs to say, “Don’t slaughter anything! Don’t slaughter anything! Take some wood ears, Fujian bamboo-

shoots, bean curds, wheat glutens, and pull some greens from our garden to make vermicelli soup. Let the dough rise so that we can steam some rolls. We can cook the white-grain rice and brew fragrant tea also.”

Aha! Those chefs in the kitchen, accustomed to do this every day, finished their preparations in no time at all. The food was brought upstairs, along with readymade lion-puddings and candied fruits, so that the four could enjoy themselves to their hearts' content.

“Do you take dietary wine?” the woman asked again. Pilgrim said, “Only Grand Master Tang doesn't drink, but the rest of us can use a few cups.”

The widow then brought up a bottle of hot wine.

Hardly had the three of them finished pouring when they heard loud hangings on the floor down below.

“Mama,” said Pilgrim, “did something fall downstairs?”

“No,” replied the widow. “A few hired hands from our humble village who arrived rather late tonight with their monthly payment of rice were told to sleep downstairs. Since you masters have come, and we haven't enough help right now, I've asked them to take the carriages to go fetch the young hostesses here to keep you company. The poles on the carriages must have accidentally backed into the boards of the staircase.”

“It's a good thing that you mention this,” said Pilgrim. “Quickly tell them not to go. For one thing we're still keeping the diet, and for another our brothers have not yet arrived. Wait till they come in tomorrow, then we'll invite some call girls for the whole order to have some fun right here. After we've sold our horses, we'll leave.”

“Good man! Good man!” said the widow. “You've not destroyed the peace, but you've saved your own energy at the same time!” She called out, “Bring back the carriages. No need to fetch the girls.”

After the four had finished the wine and rice, the utensils were taken away, and the attendants left.

Tripitaka whispered behind Pilgrim's ear, “Where shall we sleep?”

“Up here,” replied Pilgrim. “It's not quite safe,” said Tripitaka.

“All of us are rather tired. When we're asleep, if someone from this household chances to come by to fix things up and notices our bald heads if our caps roll off, they will see that we're monks. What shall we do if they begin yelling?”

“Indeed!” replied Pilgrim. He went again to the head of the stairs to tap his foot, and the widow came up once more to ask, “What does Master Sun want?”

“Where shall we sleep?” asked Pilgrim. “Why, up here, of course!” said the woman. “There are no mosquitoes. You may open wide the windows, and with a nice southerly breeze, it's perfect for you to sleep.”

“No, we can't,” said Pilgrim. “Our Third Master Zhu here is somewhat allergic to dampness, and Fourth Master Sha has arthritic shoulders. Big Brother Tang can only sleep in the dark, and I, too, am rather sensitive to light. This is no place to sleep.”

The mama walked downstairs and, leaning on the counter, began to sigh. A daughter of hers, carrying a child, approached and said, “Mother, as the proverb says,

*For ten days you sit on the shore;
In one day you may pass nine beaches.*

Since this is the hot season, we haven't much business, but by the time of the fall, business may increase so much that we can't even cope with it. Why are you sighing?"

"Child," replied the woman, "I'm not worrying about lack of business, for at dusk today I was ready to close shop. But at the hour when the night watch began, four horse traders came to rent a room. Since they wanted the superior-class accommodation, I was hoping to make a few pennies' profit from them. But they keep a vegetarian diet, and that completely dashes my hopes. That's why I'm sighing."

Her daughter said, "If they have eaten our rice, they can't leave and go to another household. Tomorrow we can prepare meat and wine for them. Why can't we make our profit then?"

"But they are all sick," said the woman again, "afraid of draft, sensitive to light; they all want to sleep in a dark place. Come to think of it, all the buildings in our household are covered by single-tiered transparent tiles. Where are we going to find a dark enough place for them? I think we'd better consider donating the meal to them and ask them to go someplace else."

"Mother," said her daughter, "there's a dark place in my building, and it has no draft. It's perfect!"

"Where is that?" asked the woman. The daughter said, "When father was alive, he made a huge wardrobe trunk about four feet wide, seven feet long, and at least three feet deep. Six or seven people can probably sleep in it. Tell them to go inside the wardrobe and sleep there."

"I wonder if it's acceptable," said the woman. "Let me ask them. Hey, Master Sun, our humble dwelling is terribly small, and there is no dark place. We have only a huge wardrobe trunk which neither wind nor light can get through. How about sleeping in that?"

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" replied Pilgrim. Several of the hired hands were asked at once to haul out the wardrobe and remove the door before they were told to go downstairs. With Pilgrim leading his master and Sha Monk picking up the pole of luggage, they walked behind the lamplight to the wardrobe. Without regard for good or ill, Eight Rules immediately crawled in. After handing him the luggage, Sha Monk helped the Tang Monk in before entering himself.

"Where's our horse?" asked Pilgrim. One of the attendants on the side replied, "It's tethered at the rear of the house and feeding."

"Bring it, along with the feed," said Pilgrim, "and tether it tightly beside the wardrobe." Only then did he himself enter the wardrobe. He cried, "Mama Zhao, put on the door, stick in the bolt and lock it up. Then take a look for us and see whether there are any holes anywhere that light may get through. Paste them up with paper. Tomorrow, come early and open the wardrobe."

"You're much too careful!" said the widow. Thereafter everyone left to close the doors and sleep, and we shall leave those people for the moment.

We tell you now about the four of them inside the wardrobe. How pitiful! For one thing, it was the first time they had ever worn head wraps; for another, the weather

was hot. Moreover, it was very stuffy because no breeze could get in. They all took off their wraps and their clothes, but without fans they could only wave their monk caps a little. Crowding and leaning on one another, they all began to doze by about the hour of the second watch.

Pilgrim, however, was determined to be mischievous! As he was the only one who could not sleep, he stretched out his hand and gave Eight Rules's leg a pinch. Pulling back his leg, our Idiot mumbled, "Go to sleep! Look how miserable we are! And you still find it interesting to pinch people's arms and legs for fun?"

As a lark, Pilgrim began to say, "We originally had five thousand taels of silver.

We sold some horses previously for three thousand taels, and right now, there are still four thousand taels left in the money bags. We can also sell our present herd of horses for three thousand taels, and we'll have both capital and profit. That's enough! That's enough!"

Eight Rules, of course, was a man intent on sleeping, and he refused to answer him.

Little did they know that the waiters, the water haulers, and the fire tenders of this hotel had always been part of a band of thieves.

When they heard Pilgrim speaking of so much silver, some of them slipped out at once and called up some twenty other thieves, who arrived with torches and staffs to rob the horse traders. As they rushed in, Widow Zhao and her daughter were so terrified that they slammed shut the door of their own building and let the thieves do what they pleased. Those bandits, you see, did not want anything from the hotel; all they desired was to find the guests. When they saw no trace of them upstairs, they searched everywhere with torches and came upon the huge wardrobe in the courtyard. To one of the legs a white horse was tethered. The wardrobe was tightly locked, and they could not pry open the door.

The thieves said, "Worldly people like us have to be observant! If this wardrobe is so heavy, there must be luggage and riches locked inside. What if we steal the horse, haul the wardrobe outside the city, break it up, and divide the contents among ourselves—wouldn't that be nice?" Indeed, those thieves did find some ropes and poles, with which they proceeded to haul the wardrobe out of the hotel. As they walked, the load swayed from side to side.

Waking up with a start, Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother, please go to sleep! Why are you shaking us?"

"Don't talk!" said Pilgrim.

"No one's shaking you."

Tripitaka and Sha Monk also woke up and cried, "Who is carrying us?"

"Don't shout! Don't shout!" said Pilgrim. "Let them carry us. If they haul us all the way to the Western Heaven, it'll save us some walking!" When those thieves succeeded in getting away from the hotel, they did not head for the West; instead, they hauled the chest toward the east of the city, where they broke out after killing some of the guards at the city gate. That disturbance, of course, alerted people in the six boulevards and three marts, the firemen and guards living in various stations. The reports went quickly to the Regional Patrol Commander and the East City Warden's office. Since this was an affair for which they had to assume responsibility, the

commander and the warden at once summoned the cavalry and archers to pursue the thieves out of the city. When the thieves saw how strong the government troops were, they dared not contend with them. Putting down the huge wardrobe and abandoning the white horse, they fled in every direction. The government troops did not manage even to catch half a thief, but they did take the wardrobe and caught the horse, and they returned in triumph. As he looked at the horse beneath the lights, the commander saw that it was a fine creature indeed:

*Its mane parts like silver threads;
 Its tail dangles as strips of jade.
 Why mention the Eight Noble Dragon Steeds?
 This one surpasses Suxiang's slow trotting.
 Its bones would fetch a thousand gold,
 This wind-chaser through ten thousand miles.
 He climbs mountains oft to join the green clouds,
 Neighs at the moon, and fuses with white snow.
 Truly a dragon that has left the isles,
 A jade unicorn that man loves to own!*

The commander, instead of riding his own horse, mounted this white horse to lead his troops back into the city. The wardrobe was hauled into his official residence, where it was then sealed with an official tape issued jointly by him and the warden. Soldiers were to guard it until dawn, when they could memorialize to the king to see about its disposal. As the other troops retired, we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about the elder Tang inside the wardrobe, who complained to Pilgrim saying, "You ape-head! You've just about put me to death! If we had stayed outside and been caught and sent before the king of the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom, we could still argue with him. Now we are locked up in a wardrobe, abducted by thieves, and then recovered by government troops. When we see the king tomorrow, we'll be ready-made victims for him to complete his number of ten thousand!" Pilgrim said, "There are people outside right now! If they open the wardrobe and take us out, we'll either be bound or hanged! Do try to be more patient, so that we don't have to face the ropes. When we see that befuddled king tomorrow, old Monkey has his own way of answering him. I promise you that you'll not be harmed one whit. Now relax and sleep."

By about the hour of the third watch, Pilgrim exercised his ability and eased his rod out. Blowing his immortal breath on it, he cried, "Change!" and it changed into a three-pointed drill. He drilled along the bottom edge of the wardrobe two or three times and made a small hole. Retrieving the drill, he changed with one shake of his body into an ant and crawled out. Then he changed back into his original form to soar on the clouds into the royal palace. The king at that moment was sleeping soundly.

Using the Grand Magic of Body-Division in the Assembly of Gods, Pilgrim ripped off all the hairs on his left arm. He blew his immortal breath on them, crying, "Change!"

They all changed into tiny Pilgrims. From his right arm he pulled off all the hairs, too, and blew his immortal breath on them, crying, "Change!"

They changed into sleep-inducing insects. Then he recited another magic spell, which began with the letter *Om*, to summon the local spirits of the region into his presence. They were told to lead the small Pilgrims so that they could scatter throughout the royal palace, the Five Military Commissions, the Six Ministries, and the residences

of officials high and low. Anyone with rank and appointment would be given a sleep-inducing insect, so that he would sleep soundly without even turning over.

Pilgrim also took up his golden-hooped rod; with a squeeze and a wave, he cried, “Treasure, change!” It changed at once into hundreds and thousands of razor blades. He took one of them, and he told the tiny Pilgrims each to take one, so that they could go into the palace, the commissions, and the ministries to shave heads. Ah! This is how it was:

*King would the boundless dharmā destroy,
Which fills the world and reaches the great Way.
All dharma-causes are of substance one;
wondrous forms are all the same.
The jade cupboard’s drilled through, the truth is known;
Gold hairs are scattered and blindness is removed.
Dharma-king will surely the right fruit attain:
Birthless and deathless, in the void he’ll remain.*

The shaving activities that went on for half the night were completely successful. Thereafter Pilgrim recited his spell to dismiss the local spirits. With one shake of his body he retrieved the hairs of both his arms. The razor blades he squeezed back into their true and original form—one golden-hooped rod—which he then reduced in size to store in his ear once more. He next assumed the form of an ant to crawl back into the wardrobe before changing into his original appearance to accompany the Tang Monk in his confinement.

There we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about those palace maidens and harem girls in the inner chambers of the royal palace, who rose before dawn to wash and do their hair. Everyone of them had lost her hair. The hair of all the palace eunuchs, young and old, had also vanished. They crowded outside the palatial bedchambers to start the music for waking the royal couple, all fighting hard to hold back their tears and not daring to report their mishap.

In a little while, the queen of the three palaces awoke, and she too found that her hair was gone. Hurriedly she moved a lamp to glance at the dragon bed: there in the midst of the silk coverlets a monk was sleeping!

Unable to contain herself, the queen began to speak and her words awoke the king. When the king opened his eyes, all he saw was the bald head of the queen. Sitting bolt upright, he said, “My queen, why do you look like this?”

“But my lord is also like this!” replied the queen. One touch of his own head sent the king into sheer panic, crying, “What has become of us?” In that moment of desperation, the consorts of six halls, the palace maidens, and the eunuchs young and old all entered with bald heads. They knelt down and said, “Our lord, we have all become Buddhist priests!” When the king saw them, tears fell from his eyes. “It must be the result of our slaughtering the monks,” he said. Whereupon he gave this decree:

“You are forbidden, all of you, to mention your loss of hair, for we fear that the civil and military officials would criticize the unrighteousness of the state. Let’s prepare to hold court at the main hall.” We tell you now about all those officials, high and low, in the Five Commissions and Six Ministries, who were about to have an audience with the throne at dawn. As each one of them, you see, had also lost his hair during the night,

they were all busily preparing memorials to report the incident. Thus you could hear that

*Three times the whip struck as they faced the king:
The cause of their shorn hair they would make known.*

We do not know what has happened to the stolen goods recovered by the commander of the government troops; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

*Mind Monkey envies Wood Mother
The demon lord plots to devour Chan*

We were telling you about the morning court of the king, during which many civil and military officials presented their memorials, saying, "Our Lord, please pardon your subjects for being remiss in their manners."

"Our worthy ministers have not departed from their customary good deportment," replied the king. "What is remiss in your manners?"

"O Our Lord!" said the various ministers; "we do not know the reason, but during the night all your subjects lost their hair."

Clutching those memorials that complained of loss of hair, the king descended from his dragon couch to say to his subjects, "Indeed we do not know the reason either, but we and the other members of the royal palace, high and low, also lost all our hair."

As tears gushed from their eyes, ruler and subjects said to one another, "From now on, we wouldn't dare slaughter monks!"

Then the king ascended his dragon couch once more as the officials returned to standing in ranks. The king said, "Let those who have any business leave their ranks to present their memorials; if there is no further business, let the screen be rolled up so that the court may retire."

From the ranks of military officials the city patrol commander stepped out, and from the ranks of the civil officials the east city warden walked forward. Both came up to the steps to kowtow and say, "By your sage decree your subjects were on patrol last night, and we succeeded in recovering the stolen goods of one cupboard and one white horse. Your lowly subjects dare not dispose of these by our own authority, and we beg you to render a decision."

Highly pleased, the king said, "Bring us both horse and cupboard."

As soon as the two officials went back to their offices, they immediately summoned their troops to haul out the cupboard. Locked inside, Tripitaka became so terrified that his soul was about to leave his body. "Disciples," he said, "what do we say once we appear before the king?" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Stop fussing! I have made the proper arrangements! When they open the cupboard, they'll bow to us as their teachers. Just tell Eight Rules not to wrangle over seniority!"

"To be spared from execution," said Eight Rules, "is already boundless blessing! You think I dare wrangle?"

Hardly had they finished talking when the cupboard was hauled to the court; the soldiers carried it inside the Five-Phoenix Tower and placed it before the vermilion steps.

When the subjects asked the king to inspect the cupboard, he immediately commanded that it be opened. The moment the cover was lifted, however, Zhu Eight Rules could not refrain from leaping out, so terrifying the various officials that they were all struck dumb.

Then they saw the Tang Monk emerging, supported by Pilgrim Sun, while Sha Monk brought out the luggage. When Eight Rules caught sight of the commander holding the horse, he rushed forward and bellowed, “The horse is ours! Give it to me!”

The commander was so scared that he fell backward head over heels.

As the four of them stood on the steps, the king noticed that they were all Buddhist priests. Hurrying down from his dragon couch, the king asked all his consorts of the three palaces to join his subjects in descending from the Treasure Hall of Golden Chimes and bowing with him to the clerics. “Where did the elders come from?” the king asked.

Tripitaka said, “We are those sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to India’s Great Thunderclap Monastery in the West to seek true scriptures from the living Buddha.”

“If the Venerable Master had come from such a great distance,” said the king, “for what reason did you choose to rest in a cupboard?”

“Your humble cleric,” replied Tripitaka, “had learned of Your Majesty’s vow to slaughter monks. We therefore dared not approach your superior state openly. Disguising ourselves as laymen, we came by night to an inn in your treasure region to ask for lodging. As we were afraid that people might still recognize our true identity, we chose to sleep in the cupboard, which unfortunately was stolen by thieves. It was then recovered by the commander and brought here. Now that I am privileged to behold the dragon countenance of Your Majesty, I feel as if I had caught sight of the sun after the clouds had parted. I beg Your Majesty to extend your grace and favor wide as the sea to pardon and release this humble cleric.”

“The Venerable Master is a noble priest from the heavenly court of a superior state,” replied the king, “and it is we who have been remiss in our welcome. The reason for our vow to slaughter monks stems from the fact that we were slandered by certain priests in years past. We therefore vowed to Heaven to kill ten thousand monks as a figure of perfection. Little did we anticipate that we would be forced to become monks instead, for all of us—ruler and subjects, king and consorts—now have had our hair shorn off. We, in turn, beg the Venerable Master not to be sparing in your great virtue and accept us as your disciples.” When Eight Rules heard these words, he roared with laughter, saying, “If you want to be our disciples, what sort of presentation gifts do you have for us?”

“If the Master is willing,” said the king, “we would be prepared to offer you the treasures and wealth of the state.”

“Don’t mention treasures and wealth,” said Pilgrim, “for we are the sort of monks who keep to our principles. Only certify our travel rescript and escort us out of the city. We promise you that your kingdom will be secure forever, and you will be endowed with blessings and long life in abundance.” When the king heard that, he at once ordered the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a huge banquet. Ruler and subjects, meanwhile, prostrated themselves to return to the One. The travel rescript was certified immediately, and then the king requested the masters to change the name of his kingdom. “Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim, “the name of Dharma Kingdom is an excellent one; it’s only the word ‘Destroying’ that’s inadequate. Since we have passed through this region, you may change its name to Dharma-Honoring Kingdom. I promise that you will

Prosper a thousand years in calm rivers and seas,

With rain and wind in season and in all quarters peace."

After thanking Pilgrim, the king asked for the imperial cortege and the entire court to escort master and disciples out of the city so they could leave for the West. Then ruler and subjects held fast to virtue to return to the truth, and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you now about the elder, who took leave of the king of the Dharma-Honoring Kingdom. As he rode along, he said in great delight, "Wukong, you've employed an excellent method this time, and you've achieved a great merit."

"O Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "where did you find so many barbers to shave off so many heads during the night?"

Thereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he underwent transformations and exercised magic powers. Master and disciples laughed so hard they could hardly get their mouths shut. In that very moment of gaiety, they suddenly saw a tall mountain blocking their path.

Reining in his horse, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, look how rugged that mountain is. We must be careful!"

"Relax! Relax!" said Pilgrim with a laugh. "I guarantee you there's nothing to be afraid of!"

"Stop saying there's nothing!" replied Tripitaka. "I can see how precipitous the mountain peak is, and even from a great distance there appear to be violent vapors and savage clouds soaring up from it. I'm getting more and more apprehensive; my whole body's turning numb, and I'm filled with troubled thoughts." Still laughing, Pilgrim said, "And you've long forgotten the Heart Sūtra of the Crow's Nest Zen Master."

"I do remember it," said Tripitaka. "You may remember the sūtra," said Pilgrim, "but there are four lines of gāthā which you have forgotten."

"Which four lines?" asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim said,

*not afar for Buddha on Spirit Mount;
Mount Spirit lives only inside your mind.
There's in each man a Spirit Mount stūpa;
Beneath this stūpa you must be refined.*

"Disciple," said Tripitaka, "you think I don't know this? According to these four lines, the lesson of all scriptures concerns only the cultivation of the mind."

"Of course, that goes without saying," said Pilgrim. "For when the mind is pure, it shines forth as a solitary lamp, and when the mind is secure, the entire phenomenal world becomes clarified. The tiniest error, however, makes for the way to slothfulness, and then you'll never succeed even in ten thousand years. Maintain your vigilance with the utmost sincerity, and Thunderclap will be right before your eyes. But when you afflict yourself like that with fears and troubled thoughts, then the Great Way and, indeed, Thunderclap seem far away. Let's stop all these wild guesses. Follow me." When the elder heard these words, his mind and spirit immediately cheered up as all worries subsided.

The four of them proceeded, and a few steps brought them into the mountain. This was what met their eyes:

*The mountain's truly a good mountain.
Look closely, it's mixed colors show!*

*On top the clouds wander and drift;
 Tree shades are cool before the cliff.
 Birds screechy and shrill;
 Beasts savage and fierce.
 A thousand pines in the forest;
 A few bamboos on the summit.
 Those snarling are grey wolves fighting for food;
 Those growling are tigers struggling for feed.
 Wild apes wail long as they search for fresh fruits;
 The deer climb o'er flowers to reach the peak.
 A souging breeze
 And gurgling stream,
 Where oft you hear the coos of birds unseen.
 In a few places creepers pull and tug;
 By the brook orchids mix with fine grasses.
 Strange rocks sharply etched;
 Hanging cliffs sheer and straight.
 Foxes and raccoons dash by in packs;
 Badgers and gibbons frolic in bands.
 traveler, troubled by such ruggedness,
 Can do little with an old path's curviness!*

Wary and cautious, master and disciples walked along, and all at once they heard the howling of a strong gust. Becoming fearful, Tripitaka said, "A wind has risen!" Pilgrim said, "Spring has a temperate wind, summer a warm one. Autumn has a west wind, and winter has a north wind. There are winds in all four seasons. Why fear a gust of wind now?"

"But this wind has blown up so quickly," replied Tripitaka, "that it cannot possibly be a natural wind."

"From ancient times," said Pilgrim, "wind has risen from the ground and clouds have emerged from mountains. How could there be such a thing as a natural wind?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when they also saw fog rising. That fog truly

*Spreads out to make the sky opaque
 As darkness the earth overtakes.
 The sun wholly loses its light;
 All singing birds vanish from sight.
 It seems like Chaos returning,
 Like dust both flying and churning.
 When summit trees all disappear,
 Could one an herb-picker go near?*

Becoming more alarmed than ever, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, the wind has hardly subsided. Why is there such fog rising?"

"Let's not jump to any conclusion," replied Pilgrim. "Let our master dismount, and the two brothers can stand guard here. I'll go see whether the situation is evil or auspicious."

Dear Great Sage! One snap of his torso shot him up to midair: shading his brows with his hand, he opened wide his fiery eyes to peer downward and at once discovered that there was, indeed, a monster-spirit sitting by a hanging cliff. Look how he appears:

*A burly body swathed in colored hues,
Stalwart and tall, he seems most spirited.
His fangs push through his mouth like drills of steel;
His nose in the center's a hook of jade.
His golden eyes flaring, fowl and beasts take fright.
His silver beard bristling, god and ghosts grow sad.
Perched firmly by the ledge he flaunts his might;
By belching wind and fog he plies his wiles.*

Standing in rows to the left and right of him were some thirty or forty little fiends, all watching his magic exercise as he belched out wind and spat out fog.

Chuckling to himself, Pilgrim said, "My master does have a little prescience! He said it was no natural wind, and indeed it was a stunt of this monster's that brought it forth. If old Monkey uses his iron rod now to deliver a blow downward, it will be nothing but a 'Garlic Pounder.' I'll strike him dead, but it'll also ruin old Monkey's reputation." Valiant all his life, Pilgrim never quite knew how to stab people in the back. He said to himself instead, "I'll go back and give some business to Zhu Eight Rules. Let him come first to do battle with this monster-spirit. If Eight Rules is capable of defeating this monster, it'll be his good fortune. If he's not strong enough and gets himself captured, then I'll go rescue him. That's the proper way to enlarge my fame. But wait! Usually he's quite lazy and refuses to take the initiative in anything. Nonetheless he's hoggish and loves to eat. Let me trick him a little and see what he'll say." Instantly dropping down from the clouds, he went before Tripitaka, who asked, "Wukong, how's the situation in the wind and fog?"

"It seems to have cleared up right now," replied Pilgrim, "for there's hardly any wind or fog."

"Yes," said Tripitaka, "they do seem to have subsided."

"Master," said Pilgrim with a chuckle, "my eyesight is usually quite good, but this time I've made a mistake. I had thought that there might be a monster in the wind and fog, but there wasn't."

"What is it then?" asked Tripitaka.

"There's a village not too far ahead," said Pilgrim, "and the families there are quite devoted to good works. They are steaming white-grain rice and bleached-flour buns to feed the monks. The fog, I suppose, could have been the steam coming from their steamers, a sure sign of their good works." When Eight Rules heard this, he thought it was the truth. Pulling Pilgrim aside, he said softly, "Elder Brother, did you take a meal with them before you came back?"

"I didn't eat much," said Pilgrim, "for the vegetable dishes were a bit too salty for my taste."

"Bah!" exclaimed Eight Rules. "No matter how salty they might be, I would have eaten until my stomach was filled. If I'm too thirsty, I'll come back and drink water."

"Do you want to eat?" asked Pilgrim.

“Of course,” replied Eight Rules, “because I’m just feeling a little hungry! I would like very much to go and eat something. What do you think?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “you shouldn’t mention this. An ancient book said, ‘When the father is present, the son should not act on his own.’

If Master remains here, who dares go there first?”

“If you don’t speak up,” said Eight Rules, giggling, “I’ll be able to go.”

“I won’t,” said Pilgrim. “I’d like to see how you manage to get away.”

That Idiot, you see, was peculiarly endowed with gluttonish intelligence. Walking forward, he bowed deeply and said, “Master, just now Elder Brother told us that there are families in the village ahead who are feeding the monks. Our horse here, however, is bound to bother people once we get there. Won’t it be a nuisance when we have to find feed or hay for him? It’s a good thing that the sky is now cleared of wind and fog. Why don’t you sit here for a while and let me go find some nice, tender grass to feed the horse? Then we may proceed to beg for our meal from those households.”

“Marvelous!” said a delighted Tang Monk. “How is it that you’re so industrious today? Go, and return quickly!”

Chuckling to himself, that Idiot left at once, only to be pulled back by Pilgrim, saying, “Brother, those families there will feed only handsome monks, not ugly ones.”

“If you put it that way,” said Eight Rules, “it means I have to undergo transformation again.”

“Exactly,” said Pilgrim, “you’d better change a little.”

Dear Idiot! He too had the ability of thirty-six transformations. After he walked into the fold of the mountain, he made the magic sign and recited a spell; with one shake of his body he changed into a rather thin and short priest. His hand striking a wooden fish, he began to mutter something as he walked. He knew nothing of chanting scriptures, of course, and all he could mumble was “Noble Eminence!” We tell you now about that fiend who, after he had retrieved the wind and fog, ordered the various fiends to form a circle at the entrance of the main road and wait for the travelers. Our Idiot had the misfortune to walk right into the circle. The various fiends at once had him surrounded; some tugged at his clothes while others pulled at his sash. As they surged around him, Eight Rules said, “Stop pulling! I’ll eat from you, house by house!”

“Monk,” said the fiends, “what do you want to eat?”

“You people want to feed the monks,” said Eight Rules, “and I have come to take my meal.”

“So, you think we’re feeding the monks,” said one of the monsters. “You don’t know that we specialize in eating monks here. Since we are monstrous immortals who have attained the Way in the mountain, we are particularly fond of catching monks and bringing them into our house to have them steamed in steamers. And you want to eat our meals instead!” On hearing this, Eight Rules was so horrified that he began to castigate Pilgrim, saying, “This Ban-Horse-Plague is such a rogue! He lied to me about the feeding of monks in this village. What village is there, and what feeding of monks? These are monster-spirits!”

Exasperated by their pulling, our Idiot at once changed back into his original form and took out his muckrake from his waist. A few wild blows sent those little monsters retreating. They dashed back, in fact, to report to the old fiend:

“Great King, disaster!”

“What sort of disaster?” asked the old fiend. One of the little monsters said, “From the front of the mountain arrived a monk who looked quite neat. I said that we should take him home to be steamed, and if we couldn’t finish him immediately, we could have parts of him cured and left for bad weather. I didn’t expect him to know how to change.”

“What did he change into?” asked the old monster.

“Nothing that looks human!” said the little monster. “Long snout, huge ears, and a tuft of hair behind his head. Wielding a muckrake with both his hands, he delivered blows madly at us. We were so scared that we ran back to report to the great king.”

“Don’t be afraid,” said the old fiend. “Let me go look.”

He held up an iron club and walked forward, only to discover that Idiot was ugly indeed. This was how he appeared:

*A snout, pestlelike, over three feet long
And teeth protruding like silver prongs.
Bright like lightning a pair of eyeballs round,
Two ears that whip the wind in hu-hu sound.
Arrowlike hairs behind his head are seen;
His whole body’s skin is both coarse and green.
His hands hold up a thing bizarre and queer:
A muckrake of nine prongs which all men fear.*

Forcing himself to be bold, the monster-spirit shouted:

“Where did you come from? What is your name? Tell me quickly, and I’ll spare your life!” With a chuckle Eight Rules said, “My child, so you don’t recognize your Ancestor Zhu! Come up here and I’ll recite for you:

*With huge mouth and fangs I’ve great magic might.
Emperor Jade made me Marshal Heavenly Reeds.
The boss of Heaven’s eighty-thousand marines,
Comforts and joys I had in the halls of light.
Because I mocked Chang’e when I was drunk
And flaunted my strength at a wrongful hour—
One shove of my snout toppled Tushita;
Queen Mother’s divine herbs I then devoured—
Emperor Jade pounded me two thousand times
And banished me from the Three Heavens realm.
Though told to nourish my primal spirit,
I became again a monster down below.
About to marry at the Village Gao,
I met Brother Sun—’twas my wretched fate!
defeated by his golden-hooped rod,
I had to bow and take the Buddhist vow:
A coolie who bears luggage and leads the horse,*

*Who owes, in former life, the Tang Monk a debt!
This iron-legged Heavenly Reed's name is Zhu;
And my religious name is Zhu Eight Rules."*

On hearing these words, the monster-spirit snapped, "So you're the disciple of the Tang Monk. I've always heard that the flesh of the Tang Monk is most edible. Now that you've barged in here, you think I'll spare you? Don't run away! Watch my club!"

"Cursed beast!" said Eight Rules. "So you used to be a Doctor in Dyeing!"

"Why was I a Doctor in Dyeing?" asked the monster-spirit.

"If you weren't," replied Eight Rules, "how would you know the use of a stirring club?"

The fiend, of course, did not permit any further chatter; he drew near and struck madly. The two of them thus began quite a furious battle in the fold of the mountain:

*The nine-pronged muckrake,
One single iron club—
The rake in motion churned like violent wind;
The club used deftly flew like sudden rain.
One was a nameless, vile fiend blocking the mountain path;
One was sinful Heavenly Reeds helping Nature's lord.
With Nature righted, why fear demons or fiends?
On tall mountains, earth would not beget gold.
That one's club parried like a serpent bolting from the deep;
This one's rake came like a dragon breaking from the banks.
Their shouts, thunderous, rocked mountains and streams;
Their cries, heroic, stirred the depths of earth.
Two valiant fighters each showing his power
To wage a life-risking contest of might.*

Summoning his own powers, Eight Rules engaged the monster-spirit, who also shouted for the little fiends to have his opponent encircled.

We shall leave them for the moment and tell you instead about Pilgrim, who, standing behind the Tang Monk, burst out laughing all of a sudden. "Elder Brother," asked Sha Monk, "why are you snickering?"

"Zhu Eight Rules is truly idiotic!" said Pilgrim. "When he heard that people were feeding monks, he was deceived into leaving immediately and still hasn't returned after all this time. If his rake managed to beat back a monster-spirit, you would be able to watch him come back in triumph and clamor for merit. But if he could not withstand him and got himself captured, then that would be my misfortune also, for I don't know how many times, backward and forward, he would castigate me as Ban-Horse-Plague. Wujing, stop talking to me for a while. Let me go see what's happening."

Dear Great Sage! Without letting the elder know, he quietly pulled a hair from the back of his head and blew his immortal breath on it, crying, "Change!" It changed into his appearance to accompany both Sha Monk and the elder. His true body left with his spirit to shoot up into the air and look: he soon discovered that Idiot, surrounded by the fiends, was gradually losing ground, the movements of his muckrake slackening.

Pilgrim could no longer restrain himself; lowering his cloud, he cried out in a loud voice, "Don't worry Eight Rules! Old Monkey's here!" When that Idiot heard

Pilgrim's voice, he was stirred to greater strength than ever as he attacked madly with his rake. Unable to withstand him, the monster-spirit said, "A moment ago this monk was beginning to weaken. Why is it that he has turned more ferocious all at once?"

"My child," said Eight Rules, "you shouldn't try to oppress me! A family member of mine has arrived!"

Ever more fiercely he delivered blows at his opponent's head and face, until the monster-spirit could hardly parry his blows and led the other monsters to retreat in defeat. When Pilgrim saw the monster-spirit flee, however, he did not draw near. Turning his cloud around, he went back to where he had been, and with one shake retrieved his hair. Being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, the elder did not perceive what had taken place.

In a little while, Idiot also returned; though he was the winner, he had been so exercised that he was sniveling from the nose and foaming at the mouth. Panting hard, he walked near to call out, "Master!"

Astonished by the sight of him, the elder said, "Eight Rules, you went to cut some grass for the horse. How is it that you're returning in such terrible shape? Could it be that people on the mountain are guarding the grass and refuse to let you cut it?" Putting down his rake, Idiot began to slap his head and stamp his feet, saying, "Master, don't ask! If I told you, I'd be embarrassed to death!"

"Why?" asked the elder.

Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother tricked me! He said at first that there was no monster-spirit in the wind and fog, that there was no evil omen. It was, he said, a village, and its families were devoted to virtue. They were steaming white-grain rice and bleached-flour buns to feed the monks. Since I thought it was the truth and was feeling so hungry, I wanted to get there and beg some first, on the excuse that I was cutting grass for the horse. Little did I expect that there would be quite a few fiends, who had me surrounded. I have been fighting bitterly with them all this time. If it hadn't been for the assistance lent by Elder Brother's mourning staff, I would have never escaped the net and come back here." On one side Pilgrim began to laugh, saying, "This Idiot's babbling! The moment you become a thief, you like to shift the blame on a whole bunch of people. I was watching Master right here. Since when did I leave his side?"

"That's right!" said the elder. "Wukong hasn't left me at all." Jumping up and down, Eight Rules screamed, "Master, you just don't know. He has an alibi!"

The elder said, "Wukong, are there really fiends?" Knowing that he could no longer fool him, Pilgrim bowed and said, chuckling, "There are a few small ones, but they don't dare bother us. Eight Rules, come over here. I want to entrust you with something truly worthwhile. When we escort Master through this rugged mountain road, we should act as if we were on military maneuvers."

"What would we do if we were?" asked Eight Rules.

"You can be the path-finding general and open up the road in front," replied Pilgrim. "You needn't do anything if the monster-spirit doesn't show up, but if he appears, you fight with him. If you prevail, it will be regarded as your meritorious fruit."

Eight Rules calculated that the monster-spirit's abilities were about the same as his, and so he said, "I don't mind dying at his hands! Let me lead the way!"

"This Idiot!" said Pilgrim with a chuckle, "If he mouths such unlucky words first, how can he make any progress?"

Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, do you know the proverb?

*A prince at a banquet
Will either be drunk or fed;
A fighter on the field
Will either be hurt or dead.*

I want to say something amiss first, and then I may prove to be the stronger afterward."

Delighted, Pilgrim saddled the horse at once and asked the master to mount. With Sha Monk toting the luggage, they all followed Eight Rules into the mountain, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about that monster-spirit, who led those several defeated little fiends back to their own cave. Taking a seat high on a rocky edge, he fell completely silent. Many of the little fiends who had remained behind as household guards crowded around him to ask, "Great King, when you go out, you frequently return in a happy mood. Why are you so troubled today?"

"Little ones," replied the old monster, "normally when I go out to patrol the mountain, I grab a few humans or beasts—regardless of where they are from—to take back home for you to feast on. Today my luck's rather poor, for I ran into an adversary."

"What adversary?" asked the little monsters.

"He happens to be a monk," replied the old monster, "a disciple of the scripture-seeker Tang Monk from the Land of the East, whose name is Zhu Eight Rules. I was defeated by blows from his muckrake. I'm damn mad! For years I've heard people say that the Tang Monk is an arhat who has practiced austerities in ten incarnations. If someone eats a piece of his flesh, his age will be lengthened, and he'll attain longevity. Little did I expect him to arrive this day at our mountain. I wanted so badly to seize him and have him steamed for food, but I didn't know he had a disciple like that under him."

He had hardly finished speaking when a little monster stepped forward from the ranks. Facing the old monster above, he sobbed three times aloud and then he laughed three times. "Why are you weeping and crying?" snapped the old monster. The little monster knelt down to say, "Just now the great king says that he wants to eat the Tang Monk, but I would like to tell you that this monk's flesh is impossible to eat."

The old monster said, "People everywhere claim that one piece of his flesh will enable one to live long without growing old, to acquire an age as lasting as Heaven's. Why do you say that it's impossible to eat?"

"If it were possible," replied the little monster, "he wouldn't have made it here, for he would have been devoured by monster-spirits elsewhere. He has three disciples under him, you see."

"Do you know which three?" asked the old monster. "His eldest disciple is Pilgrim Sun," said the little monster, "and his third disciple is Sha Monk. This Zhu Eight Rules is his second disciple."

“How strong is Sha Monk when compared with Zhu Eight Rules?” asked the old monster.

“About the same,” replied the little monster.

“What about that Pilgrim Sun? How does he compare with Zhu?” Sticking out his tongue, the little monster said, “I dare not speak! That Pilgrim Sun has vast magic powers and knows many ways of transformation! Five hundred years ago, he caused great disturbance at the Celestial Palace. Those Twenty-eight Constellations from the Region Above, the Nine Luminaries, the Twelve Horary Branches, the Five Nobles and Four Ministers, the Stars of East and West, the Gods of North and South, the Deities of the Five Mountains and the Four Rivers, and the divine warriors of entire Heaven could not tangle successfully with him. How could you have the nerve to want to eat the Tang Monk?”

“How do you know so much about him?” asked the old monster.

The little monster said, “I used to live with the great kings of the Lion-Camel Cave at the Lion-Camel Ridge.

Those great kings, not knowing anything better, wanted to devour the Tang Monk. When Pilgrim Sun used his golden-hooped rod to fight inside our door, alas, he reduced us to the condition like the title of a domino combination:

Minus One, Abolish Six! I was intelligent enough, fortunately, to slip out the back door and come here to be received by the great king. That’s how I found out about his abilities!” When the old monster heard these words, he paled with fright, for as the saying goes, “Even a great general is afraid of augury.” When he heard a member of his own household speaking like that, how could he not be frightened? At that anxious moment, another little monster went forward to say, “Great King, don’t be upset, and don’t be frightened. The proverb tells us that ‘Success comes step-by-step.’ If you desire to devour the Tang Monk, let me offer you a plan to seize him.”

“What sort of plan do you have?” asked the old monster.

“One called ‘The Plan of Plum Blossoms with Parted Petals,’” answered the little monster. “What do you mean by that?” asked the old monster.

The little monster said, “Take a roll call of all the monsters in the cave, young and old; select a hundred out of the thousands, ten out of the hundred, and finally three out of those ten. These three must all have abilities and the capacity for transformation. They will all change into the great king’s appearance, wearing his armor and holding his club, and then be placed in ambush. The first one will engage Zhu Eight Rules in battle; the next, Pilgrim Sun; and the third, Sha Monk. We shall risk these three little monsters to induce those three brothers to leave their master. Then the great king will be able to stretch forth his hand from midair to seize the Tang Monk like ‘Fetching Things from One’s Pocket,’ like ‘Squeezing a Fly in the Fish Bowl.’ That’s not too difficult, is it?” On hearing this the old monster was filled with delight. “This is a most marvelous plan!” said he. “When we set out, I won’t do anything if we can’t catch the Tang Monk. But if we do catch him, I’ll not treat you lightly. I’ll appoint you as our vanguard officer.”

The little monster kowtowed to thank him before giving the order for the roll call. When all the monster-spirits of the cave, young and old, were summoned into their presence, three able little monsters were indeed selected. All of them were told to

change into the form of the old monster; each holding the iron club, they were placed in ambuscade to wait for the Tang Monk, and we shall leave them there for the moment.

We tell you now about our Elder Tang who, free of cares and worries, followed Eight Rules up the main road. After they had proceeded for a long time, a loud pop from the side of the road suddenly brought out a little monster, who rushed forward and attempted to seize the elder. "Eight Rules," cried Pilgrim Sun, "the monster-spirit is here! Why don't you do something?" Without bothering to distinguish one from the other, our Idiot whipped out his muckrake and dashed forward to attack madly the monster-spirit, who met his blows with an iron club. Back and forth, the two of them fought beneath the mountain slope, when another fiend leaped out from some bushes with a pop and headed straight for the Tang Monk.

"Master, things are going wrong!" cried Pilgrim. "Eight Rules is so blind that he has allowed the monster-spirit to slip by him to come here to grab you. Let old Monkey go beat him off!"

Hurriedly he wielded his rod and rushed forward, bellowing, "Where are you going? Watch my rod!" Without uttering a word, the monster-spirit lifted his club to meet him. Beneath the grassy knoll the two of them thus rushed together, and as they fought, another monster-spirit leaped out from behind the mountain to the howling of a strong gust and headed straight for the Tang Monk.

When Sha Monk saw him, he was horrified. "Master!" he cried. "Both Big Brother and Second Elder Brother must be so dim of sight that they allowed the monster-spirit to slip past them and come to grab you! Sit here on the horse, and let old Sand go capture him!"

This monk, without distinguishing between good and ill either, immediately wielded the staff to block the iron club of the monster-spirit. They strove together most bitterly, shouting and screaming at each other as they gradually drifted away. When the old fiend, flying through the air, discovered the Tang Monk sitting all alone on the horse, he reached down with his five steellike claws; with one grasp he lifted the master away from the horse and stirrup. The monster-spirit then took him away in a gust of wind. How pitiful! This is why it's hard for

*Chan-nature, demon-plagued, can't bear right fruit.
River Float meets again his Ill-luck Star!*

Lowering the wind, the old monster brought the Tang Monk into the cave, shouting, "Vanguard!"

The little fiend who planned all this ran forward to kneel down, saying, "I dare not accept the title! I dare not accept the title!"

"Why do you say this?" asked the old monster. "When a great general gives his word, it's as if the white has been dyed black! Just now I told you that I wouldn't do anything if we couldn't catch the Tang Monk, but if we did, you would be appointed vanguard of our forces. Today your marvelous plan indeed succeeded. How could I betray you? You may bring the Tang Monk over here, and ask the little ones to fetch water and scrub the pan, to haul in the wood and start a fire. Steam him a bit, so you and I can eat a piece of his flesh to lengthen our age."

"Great King," said the vanguard, "let's not eat him just yet."

The old fiend said, "We've captured him. Why shouldn't we eat him?"

The vanguard replied, "Of course the great king may eat him, and if you do, both Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk even may be persuaded that they should overlook the matter. But that bossy Pilgrim Sun, I fear, may let loose his viciousness once he learns that we have devoured his master. He doesn't even have to come fight with us. All he needs do is plunge that golden-hooped rod of his into the midriff of our mountain; it'll create such a gaping hole that the mountain itself will topple over. Then we won't even have a place to stay."

"Vanguard," said the old fiend, "what sort of noble opinion do you have?"

"As I see the matter," replied the vanguard, "you should send the Tang Monk into the back garden and tie him to a tree. Don't feed him any rice for two or three days. That'll clean up his inside, for one thing, and for another, it should give us the time we need until his three disciples stop searching for him at our door. When we know for certain that they have left, we'll then take him out and enjoy him at our leisure. Isn't that better?"

"It is, it is!" said the old fiend, laughing. "What the vanguard says makes perfect sense!"

The order was immediately given that the Tang Monk would be brought into the back garden, where he was bound to a tree with a rope. Then the little fiends all went back to the front to wait on the old monster.

Look at that elder! Enduring most bitterly the tight fetter and the restraint of ropes, he could not stop the tears from rolling down his cheeks. "O disciples!" he cried. "In which mountain are you trying to capture fiends, and on what road are you chasing monsters? I have been brought by a brazen demon to suffer here. When will we ever meet again? The pain's killing me!"

As tears streamed from both his eyes, he heard someone calling from a tree opposite him, saying, "Elder, so you, too, have entered here!"

Calming down, the elder said, "Who are you?"

The man said, "I'm a woodcutter from this mountain who was captured by that mountain lord and brought here. I have been bound for three days, and I imagine that they want to eat me."

"O woodcutter!" said the elder, as tears began to flow once more. "If you die, you are all by yourself and you don't have any worries. I, however, cannot die in such a carefree manner."

"Elder," said the woodcutter, "you are someone who has left home. You have neither parents above you nor wife and children below you. If you die, you die. What cares or concerns do you have?"

The elder said, "I am someone sent by the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. By the decree of Emperor Taizong of the Tang court, I am to bow to the living Buddha and acquire from him the true scriptures, which will be used for the redemption of those orphaned lost souls in the Region of Darkness. If I lose my life here, would that not have dashed the expectation of the emperor and the high hopes of his ministers? Would that not grievously disappoint those countless mistreated souls in the City of Wrongful Death? They would never be redeemed, and all this attempt at meritorious fruit would be reduced to wind and dust! How could I die carefree and without concern?" When the woodcutter heard these words, he too began to shed tears

as he said, “Elder, if you must die in this manner, then my death is even more grievous. I lost my father in childhood, and I have lived all my life with my widowed mother. We have no other livelihood except my gathering fire-wood. My old mother is now eighty-three and I’m her sole support. If I lose my life, who will take care of her or bury her? O misery! O misery! This pain is killing me.” On hearing this, the elder wailed aloud, crying, “How pitiful! How pitiful!

*If mountain rustics still long for their kin,
This poor monk’s been trained to chant sūtras in vain.*

To serve the ruler or to serve one’s parents follows the same principle. You live by the kindness of your parents, and I do by the kindness of my ruler.”

Truly it is that

*The tearful eye beholds a tearful eye;
A broken heart escorts a broken heart!*

We shall leave for the moment Tripitaka in suffering and confinement. We tell you instead about Pilgrim Sun, who, having defeated the little monster beneath the grassy knoll, hurried back to the side of the main road. His master had vanished; only the white horse and the luggage remained. He was so horrified that he began searching toward the summit at once, leading the horse and poling the luggage.

Alas! This is how

*Woe-beset River Float keeps meeting more woes!
The demon-routing Great Sage is by demons plagued!*

We do not know whether he finally succeeds in locating his master; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-SIX

*Wood Mother, lending power, conquers the fiendish creature
Metal Squire, using his magic, extirpates the deviates*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun who, as he led the horse and toted the luggage, was searching and calling for his master all over the summit. It was then that he saw Zhu Eight Rules run up to him, panting hard and saying, "Elder Brother, why are you hollering?"

"Master has disappeared," replied Pilgrim. "Have you seen him?"

"Originally," said Eight Rules, "I followed the Tang Monk to be a priest. But you have to make fun of me again, telling me to play the general! I took enormous risk to fight with that monster-spirit for quite some time before I came back here with my life. You and Sha Monk, however, were supposed to be guarding Master. How is it that you're asking me instead?" Pilgrim said, "Brother, I'm not blaming you. Perhaps you were a little dazed and didn't realize that you had allowed the monsterspirit to slip back here to seize Master. I went to strike at the monster-spirit, relying on Sha Monk to guard Master. Now even Sha Monk has disappeared!"

"Sha Monk," said Eight Rules with a giggle, "must have taken Master somewhere to drop his load!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Sha Monk appeared. "Sha Monk," asked Pilgrim, "where has Master gone?"

"Both of you must have been seeing double," said Sha Monk, "and that's why you allowed the monster-spirit to slip back here to try to seize Master. Old Sand took off to fight with him, but Master should be sitting by himself on the horse."

All at once Pilgrim became so enraged that he jumped up and down as he cried, "We've fallen for their plan! We've fallen for their plan!"

"What sort of a plan?" asked Sha Monk.

"This," replied Pilgrim, "is called 'The Plan of Plum Blossoms with Parted Petals,' which they used to split us brothers apart before they dashed right into our midst to haul Master away. Heavens! Heavens! Heavens! What shall we do?"

As he spoke, he could hardly hold back the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Don't cry!" said Eight Rules. "Once you cry, you turn into a namby-pamby! He can't be very far, for he has to be somewhere in this mountain. Let's go search for him." With no better alternative, the three of them had to enter the mountain to begin their search. After they had journeyed some twenty miles, they reached a cave-dwelling beneath a hanging cliff, with

*summits half appearing,
And strange rocks so rugged;
Rare blossoms and plants most fragrant,
Red apricots, green peaches most luscious.
The old tree before the ledge,
Its skin, forty spans, is frost-white and rain-resistant;
The hoary pine beyond the door,
Its jade-green hues rise skyward two thousand feet.*

*Wild cranes in pairs
 Come oft before the cave to dance in the breeze;
 Mountain fowl in twos
 Would perch on the boughs to sing in the sun.
 Clusters of yellow vines like hanging ropes;
 Rows of misty willows like dripping gold.
 A square pond storing up water—
 A deep cave close to the mountain—
 A square pond storing up water
 Conceals an aged dragon which has yet to change;
 In a deep cave close to the mountain
 Lives one man-eating old fiend of many years.
 In truth no less than an immortal's lair,
 This place that gathers in the wind and air.*

On seeing the cave-dwelling, Pilgrim in two or three steps bounded right up to the door to examine it more closely. The stone door was tightly closed, but across the top of the door was a slab of stone bearing this inscription in large letters:

The Mist-Concealing Mountain; the Broken-Peak, Joined-Ring Cave.

"Eight Rules," said Pilgrim, "let's move! This is where the monster-spirit lives, and Master has to be in the house." Strengthened by the presence of his companions, our Idiot unleashed his violence and delivered as hard a blow as he could on the stone door, making a huge, gaping hole in it. "Fiend," he cried, "send my master out quickly, lest this muckrake tear down the door and finish off your entire household!"

Those little monsters guarding the door hurried inside to report:

"Great King, we've brought on a disaster!"

"What disaster?" asked the old fiend.

"Someone has broken through our front door," replied one of the little monsters, "yelling for his master."

Astounded, the old fiend said, "I wonder whoever could have found his way here."

"Don't be afraid!" said the vanguard. "Let me go out and have a look."

This little fiend dashed up to the front door and stuck his head out sideways through the hole to look around. When he saw the huge snout and large ears, he at once turned back and called out, "Great King, don't be afraid of him! This is Zhu Eight Rules, who has not much ability and won't dare be unruly. If he does, we'll open our door and take him in here to be prepared and steamed. The only person we need fear is the monk with a hairy face and a thundergod beak." When he heard this through the door, Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother! He's not afraid of me but only of you. Master has to be in his house. You go forward quickly."

"Lawless cursed beast!" shouted Pilgrim. "Your Grandpa Sun is here! Send out my master and I'll spare your life!"

"Great King," said the vanguard, "it's bad! Pilgrim Sun has found his way here!"

The old fiend began to reprehend him, saying, "It's all because of that so-called 'Parted Petals' plan of yours that disaster has descended on our door! How will this end?"

"Please relax, Great King," said the vanguard, "and don't find fault with me. I recall that Pilgrim Sun happens to be a kind and forbearing ape. Though he may possess vast magic powers, he also loves flattery. Let us take out a fake human head to deceive him a little, and flatter him a little, too, with a few words. Just tell him that we have devoured his master. If we can deceive him, the Tang Monk will be ours for enjoyment. If we can't, we'll try something else."

"Where shall we find a fake human head?" asked the old fiend. The vanguard said, "Let's see if I could make one." Marvelous fiend! Using a steel ax, he cut off a lump of willow root, shaped it into a skull, and threw some human blood on it. In this gory fashion the head was taken out to the door on a lacquered tray by a small fiend, who called out:

"Holy Father Great Sage, please calm your anger and allow me to report to you." Pilgrim Sun was indeed susceptible to flattery; when he heard the 'Holy Father Great Sage,' he stopped Eight Rules, saying, "Let's not move yet and see what they have to say."

"After your master had been taken into the cave by our Great King," said the little fiend holding the tray, "those uncouth young fiends of ours did not know any better than to try to swallow him at once. Some tore at him, while others gnawed at him. Your master was thus devoured, and all we have left here is his head."

"It's all right if he's been devoured," said Pilgrim, "but show me the head and let me see if it's real."

The little fiend threw out the head through the hole in the door. The moment Zhu Eight Rules saw it, he began to weep, saying, "How pitiful! We had one kind of master entering through this door, but now we have this kind of master coming out."

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "why don't you try to determine whether this is a real human head before you start weeping?"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" said Eight Rules. "Could there be a false human head?"

"*This* happens to be a false one," replied Pilgrim. "How can you tell?" asked Eight Rules. "If you threw down a real human head," said Pilgrim, "it would fall on the ground with a dull thud, whereas a false head would make a loud rattle. If you don't believe me, let me throw it down for you to hear."

He took it up and hurled it against a boulder, and it produced a loud clang.

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "it rattles, all right."

"If it rattles," said Pilgrim, "it's a false one. Let me bring out its true form." Whipping out his golden-hooped rod, he cracked it open with one blow. Eight Rules looked more closely and discovered that it was only a lump of willow root. Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules began to utter a string of abuses, crying, "You bunch of hairy clods! You have already hidden my master in the cave, and yet you dare use a lump of willow root to deceive your Ancestor Hog! Could my master have been a willow spirit?"

The little fiend who held the tray was so horrified that he shook all over as he ran back to report:

“Hard! Hard! Hard! Hard! Hard! Hard!”

“Why so many hards?” asked the old fiend.

The little fiend said, “Both Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk were deceived, but Pilgrim Sun happens to be an antique dealer who knows his stuff! He recognized the fact that it was a false human head. If you could find a real head for him, you might be able to send him away.”

“Where could I find one?” said the old fiend. “Ah, I know! In our skinning pavilion we still have several human heads that haven’t been eaten yet. Go pick one out for us.”

A few of the fiends went immediately to the pavilion and selected a fresh head, which they then gnawed at until it was slick and smooth. The little fiend carried it out to the front again on a tray, crying, “Holy Father Great Sage, the previous one was indeed a false head. This one, however, is the true head of Father Tang. Our Great King has kept it as a talisman for the house, but we’re presenting it to you now.” With a thud, the head was thrown out through the hole in the door, and it rolled all over, still dripping blood.

When Pilgrim Sun saw that it was a real human head, he had no choice but to weep. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, too, joined in the loud wailing. As he tried to hold back his tears, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, let’s not cry just yet. The weather isn’t so good right now, and I fear that it may stink. Let me take it somewhere to have it buried while it’s still fresh. Then we can cry some more.”

“You’re quite right,” replied Pilgrim.

Not revolted, our Idiot hugged the head to his bosom and ran up the mountain ledge. Having found a spot facing the sun where the wind and air would be collected, he used his rake to dig a hole to try to bury the head. Then he built a grave mound, and called out to Sha Monk, “You and Elder Brother can stay here and weep. Let me go find something to use for offering.”

Going over to the side of the brook, he selected several large twigs of willow and picked up some egg-shaped pebbles, which he brought back to the graveside.

The willow twigs were planted on both sides, and the pebbles were placed in a pile in front.

“What do you mean by this?” asked Pilgrim.

“We can pretend that these twigs are pines and cypresses,” replied Eight Rules, “so that Master will have a bit of shade on top. The pebbles may be taken as pastries, so that Master will enjoy a small offering.”

“Coolie!” snapped Pilgrim. “The man’s dead! And you still want to offer him pebbles?”

Eight Rules said,

*Mere sentiment of the living
To show our filial feeling.*

“Let’s stop this horseplay!” said Pilgrim. “Sha Monk can remain here to guard the grave, the horse, and the luggage. You and I will go and tear down the cave-dwelling. When we capture the fiendish demon, we’ll cut him into ten thousand pieces to avenge our master.”

“What Elder Brother says is perfectly right,” said Sha Monk, still shedding tears. “The two of you should put your hearts to this. I’ll stand guard here.” Marvelous Eight Rules! He took off his black silk shirt and tightened his undergarment before lifting his rake high to follow Pilgrim.

Striding forward, the two of them, without waiting for further discussion, smashed down the stone door. “Give us back a living Tang Monk!” they thundered so loudly that the heavens shook.

Those various fiends inside the cave, old and young, were so terrified that they all cast their blame on the vanguard as the old fiend asked him, “These monks have smashed their way inside our door. What shall we do?”

The vanguard replied, “The ancients have put the matter well:

*Put your hand in the fish basket
And you can’t avoid the stink!*

Never retreat once you start something! Let’s call up the left and right commanders to lead our soldiers out to slaughter those monks!”

As he had no better plan than what he heard, the old fiend thereupon gave the order:

“Little ones, be of one mind and pick up your best weapons. Follow me out to battle.” With a roar, they stormed out of the cave.

Our Great Sage and Eight Rules quickly retreated a few steps down to a level spot in the mountain. As they faced the various fiends, they shouted, “Who is the leader who has a name? Who is the fiend who has captured our master?”

The various fiends pitched camp immediately and unfurled an embroidered floral banner. Grasping an iron club, the old fiend answered the call in a loud voice, saying, “Brazen monk, don’t you recognize me? I am the Great King of South Mountain, and I have held this place in my sway for several centuries. I’ve captured and devoured your Tang Monk. What do you propose to do about that?”

“You audacious hairy clod!” scolded Pilgrim. “How many years have you lived that you dare assume the title, South Mountain? Old Lord Li happens to be the patriarch of creation, but he still sits to the right of Supreme Purity. The Buddha Tathāgata is the honored one who governs the world, and yet he still sits beneath the great roc. Kong the Sage is the founder of Confucianism, but he assumes the mere title of Master. And you, a cursed beast, dare call yourself some Great King of South Mountain, holding this place in your sway! Don’t try to escape! Have a taste of your Grandfather’s rod!” Stepping aside to dodge the blow, the monster-spirit wielded his club to parry the iron rod and said, his eyes glowering, “Your features are those of an ape, and yet you dare insult me with so many words! What abilities do you have that you dare behave in such a rowdy manner in front of my door?”

“You nameless cursed beast!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “Of course, you don’t know anything of old Monkey! Stand still, be brave, and listen to my recital:

At Pūrvavideha, my ancestral home,

*Through thousands of years conceived of Heav'n and Earth
 One stone egg immortal on Mount Flower- Fruit
 Did break and beget me, its progeny.
 By birth I thus was not of mortal stock,
 For sun and moon did this sage body forge.
 Myself, cultivated, was no small thing—
 Alert and keen, a great elixir source.
 Named the Great Sage, I lived among the clouds
 And fought the stars, relying on my power.
 Ten thousand gods could not approach me even;
 T'was easy to beat all planets of Heaven.
 My fame was known in the world's every part;
 My wiles left a trail through the universe.
 By luck I've now embraced the Buddhist faith
 To help an elder on his westward way.
 No one blocks the path I open on the mount
 Though fiends worry when I build a bridge.
 I'll seize the forest tigers with my might;
 My hands will tame leopards before the cliff.
 East's Right Fruit is coming to the West:
 Which monstrous deviate dares show his head?
 Since you, cursed beast, dare my master devour,
 Your life will surely perish within this hour."*

Alarmed and angered by these words, the fiend clenched his teeth, leaped forward, and struck out at Pilgrim with his iron club.

Casually parrying the blow with his rod, Pilgrim wanted to talk some more with him, but our Eight Rules could not hold back any longer. He lifted his rake and madly attacked the vanguard of the fiend, who met him head-on with the other monsters. This was some brawl on the mountain meadow, truly a marvelous battle:

*A priest from an eastern superior state
 Went seeking true scriptures from the blissful West.
 The South Mount's great leopard belched wind and mist
 And blocked the path; showing alone his might,
 With a clever plan
 And a wily scheme,
 He bagged in ignorance the Great Tang Monk.
 He met then the Pilgrim of vast magic power
 And Eight Rules also of great renown.
 When fiends on the mountain meadow fought,
 Dust and dirt flew up to bedim the sky.
 Little fiends shouted over there,
 Madly raising their swords and spears;
 Divine monks bellowed over here,
 Lifting up both rake and rod.
 The Great Sage was a hero without match;
 Wuneng was both stalwart and strong in years.
 The South Mountain old fiend*

*And his subject, the vanguard,
 All because of the Tang Monk's one piece of flesh,
 Had quite forgotten the fear of life or death.
 These two turned hostile for their master's sake;
 Those two grew violent, desiring the Tang Monk.
 Back and forth they battled for quite a while;
 Clashing and bumping, they fought to a draw.*

When the Great Sage Sun saw how ferocious those little fiends were, how they refused to step back even when they were repeatedly attacked, he resorted to his Magic of Body-Division. Ripping out a bunch of his own hairs, he chewed them to pieces before spitting them out, crying, "Change!"

At once they all assumed his appearance, each wielding a golden-hooped rod, and began to push in from the front line of the battle. Those one or two hundred little fiends found it difficult, of course, to look after both their front and their rear. Parrying the blows from the left, they could not attend to those coming from their right, and so all of them fled for their lives and retreated to the cave. As our Pilgrim and Eight Rules also fought their way out from the center of the battle, pity those monster-spirits who did not know any better: those running into the rake received nine bleeding holes, while those hugged by the rod had their bones and flesh turned into putty. That Great King of South Mountain was so terrified that he fled for his life by mounting fog and wind. The vanguard, however, could not transform, and he was struck down by one blow of Pilgrim's rod. His original form emerged as an ironbacked gray wolf. Dragging him closer and flipping him over for another look, Eight Rules said, "I wonder how many piglets and lambkins this fellow has stolen from people and eaten since his youth!" With one shake of his body Pilgrim retrieved his hair, saying, "Idiot, we must not delay! Let's chase down the old fiend quickly and ask him to pay for Master's life." When he turned his head and did not see those little Pilgrims, Eight Rules said, "The magic forms of Elder Brother have all disappeared?"

"I've retrieved them," said Pilgrim.

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" said Eight Rules, and the two of them returned in delight and triumph.

We tell you now about that old fiend, who, when he fled back into his cave with his life, ordered the little fiends to move boulders and pole mud to the front door. Trembling all over, those fiends who managed to save their lives did indeed barricade the door and dared not show their heads at all. When our Pilgrim led Eight Rules to chase up to the front door, their shouts brought no answer from within, and when Eight Rules used his rake to strike at the barrier of mud, he could not budge it one whit. Realizing what had happened, Pilgrim said, "Eight Rules, don't waste your strength. They have barricaded the door."

"In that case," said Eight Rules, "how shall we avenge our master?"

"Let's go back to the grave to see how Sha Monk's doing," said Pilgrim.

The two of them went back to the site and found Sha Monk still weeping. Ever more grief-stricken, Eight Rules abandoned his rake and flung himself on the grave. As he pounded the dirt with his hands, he wailed, "O ill-fated Master! O far-removed Master! Where shall I ever get to see you again?"

“Brother, please calm your sorrow,” said Pilgrim. “If this monster-spirit has his front door stopped up, there must be a back door for him to go in and out. The two of you remain here, and let me go back to have another look around.”

“O Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, shedding tears. “Do be careful! If they manage to grab even you, it’ll be difficult for us to weep. A sob for Master and a sob for Elder Brother—we’ll be all confused!”

“Don’t worry!” replied Pilgrim. “I’ll be able to take care of myself.”

Dear Great Sage! Putting away his rod and tightening his skirt, he went past the mountain slope and immediately heard the sound of gurgling water. He saw, turning his head, that it came from a brook tumbling down from the peak. Then he discovered a little entrance on the other side of the brook, to the left of which there seemed to be a drainage sewer. “It goes without saying,” he thought to himself, “that this must be the back door. If I present my face like this, some little fiends opening the door might recognize me. I’ll change into a little water snake to get through—but wait! If the ghost of Master knew that I’d changed into a snake, he would blame me because a serpentine creature would ill become a priest. Why not a little crab then? That’s no good either, for Master’ll blame me for being a busybody priest.”

Finally he changed into a water rat and, with a whoosh, darted across the brook. Through the drainage sewer he crawled into the courtyard and looked around: at the spot facing the sun were several little fiends hanging up, piece by piece, slabs of human flesh to be dried.

“O my dear children!” said Pilgrim to himself. “That has to be Master’s flesh! They couldn’t finish all of him, and so they want to cure some strips for inclement weather. I would like to reveal my true form, rush up there, and slaughter them all with one stroke of my rod, but that’ll only show that I have courage but little wisdom. I’ll change again and go inside to find the old fiend to see what’s happening.”

He leaped out of the sewer and with one shake of his body changed into a tiny, winged ant. Truly

*His name’s Dark Horse, a small and feeble thing,
But long cultivation has formed his wings.
In idle moments by a bridge he’d flit
Or roam beneath a bed to test his wit.
He seals his hole, knowing when rain would come;
Weighed down by dust he would ashes become.
So airy and agile he can quickly soar
A few times, unknown, past the firewood door.*

Stretching his wings, without a shadow or sound, he flew directly into the center hall, where he found the old fiend sitting dejectedly.

From behind him a small monster leaped out to say, “Great King, ten thousand delights attend you!”

“Where do these delights come from?” asked the old monster.

The little monster said, “Just now I was doing a bit of intelligence work by the brook at our rear entrance, and I heard someone wailing. When I climbed up the peak to take a further look, I found that it was Zhu Eight Rules, Pilgrim Sun, and Sha Monk who were mourning before a grave. They must have believed that human head was the

Tang Monk's and buried it. Now they are weeping beside the grave they dug." When Pilgrim heard this, he was secretly pleased, saying to himself, "If he could say this, my master must still be hidden here somewhere. He hasn't been devoured. Let me go search further to find out indeed whether Master is dead or alive before I discuss the matter with these monsters."

Dear Great Sage! Soaring high in the center hall, he looked this way and that and discovered to one side a little door, which was tightly shut. Crawling through a crack in the door, he found a large garden inside, from the center of which faint sounds of grief could be heard. When he flew deep into the garden, he came upon a clump of tall trees, beneath which two persons were tied: one of them was none other than the Tang Monk. Pilgrim was so excited by the sight that he could not refrain from changing back into his original form and approaching to say, "Master." Recognizing him, the elder said, as his tears fell, "Wukong, so you've come! Save me quickly! Wukong! Wukong!"

"Stop calling my name, Master!" said Pilgrim. "There are still people up front, and I fear that they may get wind of this. As long as you're still alive, I can save you. That fiend told us that you had been devoured, using a false human head to deceive us. We have already fought bitterly with him. Please relax, Master. Just bear with me a bit longer. When I've knocked down that monster-spirit, I'll be able to come back here to free you." Reciting a spell, the Great Sage at once changed back into an ant to return to the center hall and alight on the main beam. A crowd of those little monsters who had not lost their lives were milling about noisily. From their midst one little monster suddenly dashed out to say, "Great King, when they see that the door is barricaded and that they cannot break it open, they must also give up all hopes of recovering the Tang Monk. After all, the false human head has been turned into a grave. They'll mourn for a day today and for another tomorrow. By the day after tomorrow, they should have fulfilled the obligation of three-day mourning and they will leave. When we have made sure that they have scattered, we can then bring out the Tang Monk and have him finely diced. Pan-fry him with some star anise and Sichuan pepper, and we can enjoy a nice fragrant piece to lengthen our lives."

"Stop talking like that!" said another little monster, clapping his hands. "He'll taste much better if we steam him."

"But not as economical as plain boiling," said another. "At least we can save some firewood that way."

"He is, after all, a rare thing," another spoke up. "We really should cure him with salt, so that we may enjoy him much longer." When he heard this, perched on the beam, Pilgrim was filled with rage, saying to himself, "What sort of enmity do you have against my master that you should make such elaborate plans to devour him?" Pulling out a bunch of his own hairs and chewing them to pieces, he spat them out lightly and recited in silence a magic spell. The hairs all changed into sleep-inducing insects, which he threw onto the faces of the monsters. As the insects crawled into their noses one by one, the little monsters gradually dropped off until, in no time at all, they had all fallen fast asleep. Only the old monster, however, remained restless as he continued to scratch his head and rub his face with both hands. He was sneezing repeatedly so that he kept pinching his nose.

"Could it be that he has found out something?" said Pilgrim. "Let's give him a double-wick lamp!" Pulling off another piece of hair, he fashioned another creature like the ones before and threw it onto his face. Now he had two insects, one entering through his left nostril and the other through his right. Struggling up for a moment, the old

monster stretched and yawned a couple of times, and then he too fell into a snoring slumber. Delighted, Pilgrim leaped down and changed back into his original form. Taking out his rod from his ear, he waved it once and it attained the thickness of a duck egg. With a loud clang he smashed the side door to pieces and ran into the rear garden, shouting, "Master!"

"Disciple, untie me quickly," said the elder, "for I'm about to be ruined!"

"Don't hurry, Master," Pilgrim said. "Let me slay the monster-spirit first before I come rescue you."

He turned and dashed back into the center hall. As he was about to strike with upraised rod, he stopped and said, "No good! Let me untie Master first before I strike at him."

He rushed back into the garden, only to think to himself, "I'll slay him first before the rescue."

He went back and forth like this two or three times before finally dancing his way into the garden. This sight of him gave the elder some delight even in his sorrow.

"Monkey," he said, "it must be that you are overjoyed by the sight of my being still alive, and that is why you are dancing in this manner." Pilgrim then walked up to him to untie his ropes. As he led his master away, they heard the person tied to another tree facing them call out, "Venerable Father, please exercise your great mercy and save my life, too!" Standing still, the elder said, "Wukong, please untie that person also."

"Who is he?" asked Pilgrim. "He's a woodcutter," replied the elder, "who had been captured a day before I was seized. He told me that he has an aged mother, whom he thinks of constantly. He's a most filial person, and we might as well rescue him, too." Pilgrim agreed and untied the man's ropes also; they went out through the rear entrance together and ascended the cliff to cross the swift-flowing brook. "Worthy disciple," said the elder, "I thank you for saving his life and mine! Wuneng and Wujing, where are they?"

"The two of them are mourning you," replied Pilgrim. "You may call out to them now."

And the elder cried out in a loud voice:

"Eight Rules! Eight Rules!"

As he had been weeping till he was half dazed, our Idiot wiped his snout and eyes and said, "Sha Monk, Master must have come home to reveal his soul! Isn't it he who's calling us from somewhere?" Rushing forward, Pilgrim shouted, "Coolie! Who's revealing his soul? Isn't this Master who has returned?" When Sha Monk lifted his head and saw them, he fell to his knees and said, "Master, how you must have suffered! How did Elder Brother manage to rescue you?" Whereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough account of what had taken place.

When he heard this, Eight Rules grew so infuriated that he raised his rake, clenched his teeth, and hacked away the grave mound.

Digging out the head, he pounded it to pieces. "Why did you beat it up?" asked the Tang Monk.

"O Master!" said Eight Rules. "I don't know which family this outcast belongs to, but he has caused me to weep for him for a long time."

“You should thank him instead for saving my life,” said the Tang Monk. “When you brothers fought your way to their door and demanded my return, the monsters used him as a substitute to ward you off. If it hadn’t been for him, I would have been killed. You should have him buried, simply as an expression of our priestly gratitude.” When he heard these words of the elder, our Idiot indeed packed up the mess of flesh and bones and buried it again by digging another grave.

With a chuckle Pilgrim said, “Master, please sit here for a moment, and let me go and finish them off.”

He leaped down from the cliff and crossed the brook to return to the cave. Taking into the center hall the ropes that had been used to tie the Tang Monk and the woodcutter, he found the old monster still sleeping. After having hog-tied him, Pilgrim used his golden-hooped rod to lift the bundle up and carried it on his shoulder to leave by the rear entrance. When Eight Rules caught sight of them from a distance, he said, “Elder Brother just loves this lopsided business! Wouldn’t it be better if he had found another monster to give him a balanced load?” Pilgrim drew near and dropped down the old monster, and Eight Rules was about to strike with his rake. “Wait a moment!” said Pilgrim. “We haven’t seized the little monsters in the cave yet.”

“O Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “lead me to them so I can hit them!”

“Hitting them is such a waste of energy,” said Pilgrim. “It’s better to find some firewood and finish them off that way.” On hearing this, the wood-cutter immediately led Eight Rules to the eastern valley to find some broken bamboos, leafless pines, hollow willows, snapped-off vines, yellow artemisia, old reeds, rushes, and parched mulberry. After they had hauled bundles of these into the rear entrance, Pilgrim lit a fire while Eight Rules fanned up a breeze with his ears. As he leaped out of the cave, our Great Sage shook his body once to retrieve his hairs. By the time those little monsters awoke, both smoke and fire were pouring out. Alas! Not even half a monster managed to escape, for the cave-dwelling was completely burned out.

When the disciples returned to their master, the elder saw that the old monster was stirring, and he called out:

“Disciples, the monster-spirit is awake.”

Going forward, Eight Rules slew the old fiend with one blow of his rake; its original form appeared to be that of a spotted leopard. “This sort of spotted leopard,” said Pilgrim, “can even devour a tiger. Now it has managed to assume human form.

Putting it to death will prevent it from causing any further trouble.”

The elder thanked them over and over again before climbing once more into the saddle.

“Venerable Father,” said the woodcutter, “toward the southwest not far from here is my humble abode. I would like to invite you there to meet my mother, so that she may bow to thank you all for saving my life. Then we will escort you to the main road.”

Delighted, the elder dismounted and headed southwest with the wood-cutter and the three disciples. After a short distance they came upon

*A path of flagstones moss-lined
And wood gates wistaria-entwined.
On four sides are mountains lambent*

*And trees filled with birdsong strident.
Pines and bamboos join in thick green;
Profusive rare blossoms are seen.
Deep in the clouds and out of the way
Is a bamboo-fenced thatched hut to stay.*

From a long way away they caught sight of an old woman, leaning on the wooden gate and weeping bitterly, crying out for her son all the while. When the woodcutter saw his own mother, he abandoned the elder and rushed up to the wooden gate. As he went to his knees, he cried, "Mother, your son's here!"

Embracing him, the old woman said, "O my child! When you did not return home these last few days, I supposed that you were seized by the mountain lord and killed, and the very thought of it gave me unbearable pain. If you weren't harmed, why did you wait till today before returning? Where are your ropes, your pole, and your ax?"

The woodcutter kowtowed before replying, "Mother, your son indeed was taken away by the mountain lord and tied to a tree. It would have been truly difficult to preserve my life if it hadn't been for these several venerable fathers. That one happens to be an arhat sent by the Tang court of the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. He too was captured by the mountain lord and bound to a tree. His three disciples, however, possess vast magic powers. They succeeded in slaying the mountain lord, who turned out to be the spirit of a spotted leopard. Then they burned to death a great number of the little monsters. When they freed and rescued that old venerable father, they rescued your child as well. Their kindness to me is high as Heaven and thick as Earth! If it hadn't been for them, your child would certainly have perished. Now the mountain is quite safe, and even if your child journeys through the night, there'll be no danger." When the old woman heard these words, she bowed with each step she took to receive the elder and the three disciples into her thatched cottage. After they were seated, mother and son kowtowed repeatedly to thank them before rushing into the kitchen to prepare a vegetarian meal.

"Brother woodcutter," said Eight Rules, "I realize that yours is a humble livelihood. You may feed us a simple meal, but please don't go to the trouble of making any elaborate preparation."

"To tell you the truth, Venerable Father," replied the woodcutter, "ours indeed is a lowly abode in the mountains. There are no large black mushrooms, butt on mushrooms, Szechwan peppers, or star anise. We have only a few items of wild vegetation to present to you all as a mere token of our gratitude."

"Sorry to have caused you such inconvenience!" said Eight Rules, chuckling. "Just make it snappy, for we're getting awfully hungry!"

"In a moment! In a moment!" said the woodcutter. Indeed, in a moment the tables and chairs were spread out and wiped clean, and several dishes of wild vegetation were brought out. What you see are the

*Yellow cabbage lightly blanched
And white beans pickled and minced.
Water polygonum and purslane,
Shepherd's purse and Wild-goose-intestine.
The Swallow-not-coming both fragrant and tender;
Bean sprouts with small buds both crisp and green.
Horse-blue roots cooked till soft;*

Dog-footprints plainly toasted.
Cat's-ears dropped in the wilds.
The Ashen-stalk, cooked very soft, is esculent.
The Scissors'-handle
And Cow's-pool-profit,
The Hollow-snail upturned and filled, the broomlike shepherd's purse.
The broken-rice-qi,
Wocaiqi —
These few items are both fragrant and smooth.
flowers fried in oil
And most praiseworthy water-chestnuts.
Rushes' stems and tender watercress—
Four aqueous plants truly rich and pure.
The Wheat-wearing-lady
Is coy and good;
The Torn-worn-cassock,
No need to wear it;
Below the bitter hemp are bamboo props.
The Little-bird's-cotton-coat
And the Monkey's-footprints
Are so oily when fried that you have to eat them.
The Slanted hao, the Green hao, and the Mother-hugging hao;
Some tiny moths have flown atop the flat buckwheat.
To bare Goat-ears
Gouqi roots
You add but Black-blue and there's no need for oil.
These wild vegetations and a meal of rice
The woodman truly offers as gifts of thanks.

After master and disciples had eaten their fill, they at once made preparation to leave. Not daring to detain them for long, the woodcutter asked his mother to come out to thank and bow to their visitors once more while he kowtowed repeatedly. Having tidied his clothes, the woodcutter then took up a staff made from the trunk of a date tree to escort the pilgrims out the door. While Sha Monk led the horse, Eight Rules toted the luggage, and Pilgrim followed closely to one side, the elder, riding the horse, folded his hands before his chest and said, "Brother woodcutter, please lead the way. We shall take proper leave of you when we reach the main road."

They then descended from the heights and headed for the slope, following the turns of the brook. Musing as he rode, the elder said, "O disciples!

Since leaving my lord to go to the West,
I've walked the path of an unending quest.
In mountains and streams disasters await;
My life has been the fiends' and monsters' bait.
Tripitaka's the sole thought on my mind;
The Ninefold Heaven's all I hope to find.
When will I from such toil my respite earn
And, merit done, to the Tang court return?"

On hearing this, the woodcutter said, “Venerable Father, please cast aside your worries. In less than a thousand miles on this main road to the West will be the Kingdom of India, the home of ultimate bliss.” When he heard this, the elder at once dismounted and said, “We’ve caused you inconvenience to come this far. If that is the main road before us, let me urge you to return to your house, brother woodcutter, and do thank your honored mother for us for that sumptuous vegetarian repast. This humble cleric has few tokens of gratitude to offer except the promise of reciting scriptures morning and evening on your behalf, so that both of you, mother and son, will be blessed with peace and long life of a hundred years.”

The woodcutter respectfully agreed and walked back, while master and disciples headed straight for the West. Truly,

The fiend subdued, they leave their hard ordeal;

The kindness received, they journey with zeal.

We do not know how many more days it will take them to reach the Western Heaven; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-SEVEN

*The Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture offends Heaven and suffers drought
The Great Sage Sun advocates virtue and provides rain*

*The Great Way's hidden and deep—
How it waxes and wanes,
Once told, will astonish both gods and spirits:
Enfolding the universe,
Cutting through one's native light,
It grants the world true, matchless bliss.
Before the Spirit Vulture Peak,
The treasure pearl, when taken out,
Will blaze forth five kinds of radiance
To illumine all life in the cosmos;
Those who know live long as mountains and seas.*

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his three disciples, who took leave of the woodcutter and descended the Mist-Concealing Mountain to proceed on the main road. After traveling for several days, they found themselves approaching a city.

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “can you see whether the city ahead of us is the Kingdom of India?”

“No! No!” replied Pilgrim, waving his hands. “Though the place of Tathāgata is named Ultimate Bliss, there is no city as such, only a large mountain in which there are terraces and towered buildings. The name there is the Great Thunderclap Monastery of the Spirit Mountain. Even if we have arrived at the Kingdom of India, it doesn't mean that that's where Tathāgata lives. Heaven knows how great a distance there is between the kingdom and the Spirit Mountain! The city over there, I suppose, must be some sort of outer prefecture of India, but we'll know more once we get near it.” In a little while they reached the outside of the city. Dismounting, Tripitaka and his disciples walked through the triple gates. Inside they found little human activity, and the streets seemed rather desolate. When they reached the edge of the market, they saw many people wearing blue robes standing in rows left and right; a few who had on official caps and belts were standing beneath the eaves of a building. The four pilgrims proceeded along the street, but the people would not step aside for them at all. As Zhu Eight Rules had always been a country bumpkin, he stuck out his long snout and yelled, “Get out of the way! Get out of the way!” When those people raised their heads and caught sight of a shape like that, they turned numb with fear and fell all over the place. “A monster-spirit's here! A monster-spirit's here!” they yelled. Trembling all over, those with official caps and belts bowed and said, “Where are you people from?”

Fearing that his disciples might cause trouble, Tripitaka immediately went to the front to answer the question. “This humble priest,” he said, “is the subject of the Great Tang in the Land of the East and has been sent to the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the Kingdom of India to seek scriptures from the Buddhist Patriarch. As we pass through your treasure region, we have yet to learn of your country's name and seek shelter from a household. Having just entered the city, we fail to give right of way to others, and I beg you various officials to pardon us.” One of the officials returned the greetings and said, “This is the outer prefecture of India, and the name of the region is

Phoenix- Immortal. Because we have had a severe drought for several years, the prefect ordered us to put up here a public notice seeking a priest to pray for rain and save the people.” On hearing this, Pilgrim said, “Where’s your notice?”

“Right here,” replied the officials. “We’ve been sweeping clean the wall and the eave just now, and we have yet to hang it up.”

“Bring it here and let me have a look,” said Pilgrim, and the various officials rolled out the notice at once and hung it beneath the eave. As Pilgrim and his companions drew near, this was the notice they found:

The Prefect Shangguan of the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture in the Great Kingdom of India hereby promulgates a public notice to seek an enlightened master for the performance of a mighty religious deed. Though the territory of our prefecture is spacious, and though both our military and civilians have been affluent, we have suffered drought and famine for several consecutive years. The fields of the people are unplowed, and the military lands are infertile; the rivers have receded and the ditches have dried out. There is neither water in the wells nor liquid in the streams. The wealthy can barely subsist, but the poor can hardly remain alive. A bushel of grain costs a hundred gold, while five ounces of silver is the price of one bundle of wood. A ten-year-old girl is given in exchange for three pints of rice, while a five-year-old boy is taken away at will. Those fearful of the law in the city would pawn their clothes and possessions to preserve themselves, but those abusing the public in the countryside will rob and plunder to save their lives. For this reason we have promulgated this notice to plead with the worthy and wise of all quarters to pray for rain and save the people. Such kindness will be heavily rewarded with the payment of a thousand gold, and this is a sure promise.

After he had read it, Pilgrim asked the various officials, “What does the Prefect Shangguan mean?”

“Shangguan happens to be his surname, and it’s also the name of our prefecture,” they replied. “But that’s quite a rare name,” said Pilgrim, chuckling.

“So Elder Brother hasn’t gone to school, after all!”

Eight Rules said. “Don’t you know that toward the end of *The Book of a Hundred Family Names* there is the phrase, Shangguan Ouyang?”

“Disciples,”

Tripitaka said, “let’s stop this idle chatter. Whichever one of you knows how to pray for rain should do so on their behalf in order to bring relief to the populace. This is a most virtuous deed. If you cannot, we should leave and not delay our journey.”

“What’s so difficult about praying for rain?” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey can overturn rivers and seas, alter the course of the planets, topple Heaven and upturn a well, belch out fog and cloud, chase down the moon while carrying a mountain, call up the wind and the rain. Which one of these things, in fact, has not been the sport of my youth? There’s nothing to marvel at!” When the various officials heard what he said, two of them quickly went to the prefectural office to report, “Venerable Father, ten thousand happinesses have arrived!”

The prefect was just in the midst of uttering a silent prayer before stalks of lighted incense. When he heard the announcement, he asked, “What happinesses?” One of the officials replied, “Having received the public notice today, we were about to mount it at the entrance of the market when four monks arrived. They claimed to be pilgrims sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Great Thunderclap Monastery of the Kingdom of India. When they saw the notice, they also told us of their ability to pray for rain, and that is why we came especially to report to you.”

The prefect immediately tidied his clothing and began walking toward the market, not even waiting for carriage or horses to be summoned, in order that he might solicit with great courtesy the help of these priests. When someone on the street announced, “The Venerable Father Prefect has arrived,” the crowd stepped aside. As soon as he caught sight of the Tang Monk, the prefect started bowing low in the middle of the street, not intimidated at all by the hideous appearances of the monk’s disciples. “Your lowly official named Shangguan,” he said, “is the prefect of the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture. With burned incense, and having ritually cleansed myself, I bow to implore the master to pray for rain and save the people. I beg the master to dispense widely his mercy, exercise his magic potency, and answer our needs!” Returning his salutation, Tripitaka said, “This is hardly the place for conversation. Allow this humble cleric to reach a monastery or temple, where it’ll be easier for us to do what we must do.”

“Let the master come to our humble residence,” said the prefect. “There will be an unsullied area for you to stay.” Master and disciples thereupon led the horse and toted the luggage to the official residence. After he had greeted each one of them, the prefect at once ordered tea and a vegetarian meal to be served. When the food arrived in a little while, our Eight Rules ate with abandon like a hungry tiger, so terrifying those holding dishes and trays that their hearts quivered and their gallbladders shook. Back and forth they scurried about to fetch more soup and rice, moving like revolving lanterns. They could barely keep up with the demand, but they did not stop until the pilgrims had satisfied themselves. After the meal, the Tang Monk expressed his thanks and then asked, “Sir Prefect, for how long has your noble region been afflicted with drought?”

The prefect said,

*At India’s Kingdom, this, our nation great,
Of Phoenix-Immortal I’m the magistrate.
For three long years a drought has laid us low:
The five grains perished—not even grass would grow!
Commerce is hard for households big and small;
Ten doors or nine portals are tearful all.
Two-thirds of us have been by hunger slain,
While one-third like a wind-blown torch remains.
When I this public notice promulgate,
It’s our luck that true monks have reached our state.
If you with one inch of rain the people bless,
A thousand gold I’ll give for such kindness.*

On hearing this, Pilgrim showed great delight and said, with a roar of laughter, “Don’t say that! Don’t say that! If you mention a thousand gold as repayment, you’ll not receive even half a drop of rain. But if you wish to accumulate merit and virtue, old Monkey will present you with a torrential shower.”

That prefect, you see, was indeed an upright and honest official who had great love for his people. He immediately asked Pilgrim to take the honored seat; he bowed low and said, “Master, if you would indeed extend your mercy, this lowly official will never dare turn my back on virtue.”

“Let’s not talk anymore,” said Pilgrim, “and please rise. May I trouble you to take good care of my master, so that old Monkey can act?”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “how will you act?”

“You and Eight Rules come over here,” replied Pilgrim. “Stand at the foot of the steps of the hall there and serve as my ritual assistants. Let old Monkey summon the dragon here to make rain.”

Eight Rules and Sha Monk obeyed; when the three of them all stood at the foot of the steps of the hall, the prefect burned incense and worshipped, while Tripitaka sat and recited a sūtra.

As Pilgrim recited a magic spell, immediately a dark cloud arose from the east and gradually drifted down to the courtyard in front of the hall; it was actually Aoguang, the old Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean. After the cloud had been retrieved, Aoguang took on human form and walked forward to bow and salute Pilgrim, saying, “In what capacity may this humble dragon serve the Great Sage who has summoned me?”

“Please rise,” said Pilgrim. “I’ve troubled you to come from a great distance only for one purpose, and that is to ask you why you have not provided rain to relieve a drought of several years here at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal.”

“Let me humbly inform the Great Sage,” said the old dragon. “Though I may be able to make rain, I am subject to the will of Heaven. If Heaven above has not authorized me, how could I dare come here to make rain?” Pilgrim said, “Because I passed through this region and saw how the people suffered from such a prolonged drought, I asked you especially to come and bring relief. Why are you making excuses?”

“Would I dare do that?” said the dragon king. “When the Great Sage recited his magic spell, I would never dare not show up. But I have not been authorized by Heaven in the first place, and, second, I have not brought along the divine warriors in charge of making rain. How could I start anything? If the Great Sage indeed has such eleemosynary intentions, allow this little dragon to return to the sea and summon his troops. Meanwhile, let the Great Sage make a memorial at the Celestial Palace and ask for an imperial decree authorizing the descent of rain. Request the aquatic officials to let loose the dragons, and then I’ll be able to make rain according to the amount specified by the decree.”

As Pilgrim could not quite controvert this proper argument that the old dragon offered, he had to let him return to the sea. He himself then jumped out of the star-treading pattern to give the Tang Monk a thorough account of what had happened. “In that case,” said the Tang Monk, “you may go and do your duty, but you must not utter even a word of falsehood.” Pilgrim at once gave this injunction to Eight Rules and Sha Monk:

“Guard the master, for I’m going up to the Celestial Palace.”

Dear Great Sage! He said he was leaving and at once vanished from sight. Quaking with fear, the prefect asked, “Where has Venerable Father Sun gone to?”

“He mounted the clouds to ascend to Heaven,” said Eight Rules, chuckling. The prefect became more respectful than ever. An order was hurriedly dispatched to the broad boulevards and narrow alleys, asking all the people—whether they be nobles or plebeians, civilian or military—to set up a placard for the dragon king in front of each household. Clean water jars with willow twigs stuck inside were to be placed by the doors, and incense was to be burned so that all could worship Heaven. Here we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who reached the West Heaven Gate with a single cloud somersault. The Devarāja Dhṛtarāṣṭra led a group of celestial soldiers and *vīra* to greet him with the question:

“Great Sage, have you completed the enterprise of scripture seeking?”

“The end can’t be too far off,” replied Pilgrim. “We have reached the border of the Kingdom of India, where there is an outer prefecture by the name of Phoenix-Immortal. That place has not had rain for three years, and the people are in terrible straits. Old Monkey wanted to pray for rain to bring relief, but when I summoned the dragon king there, he claimed that he dared not do it on his own authority. I have come here, therefore, to request a decree from the Jade Emperor.”

“I am quite sure that rain is forbidden at that particular place,” said the devarāja, “for I have heard that the prefect, because of some mischief, has offended Heaven and Earth. As a punishment, the Jade Emperor established a rice mountain, a noodle mountain, and a huge square lock of gold. Until these three things are overturned, there will be no rain for the region.” Not knowing, however, what the devarāja was speaking of, Pilgrim insisted on an audience with the Jade Emperor. The devarāja dared not bar his way, and he was permitted to go inside till he reached the Hall of Perfect Light. He was then met by the Four Celestial Masters, who asked, “What is the Great Sage doing here?”

“While escorting the Tang Monk,” said Pilgrim, “I arrived at the border of the Kingdom of India. Because of a severe drought at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal, the prefect sought magicians to make rain. When old Monkey managed to summon the dragon king and ask him to make rain, he said that he dared not do it without the explicit decree of the Jade Emperor. Hence I’ve come to request a decree to relieve the people’s suffering.”

“But it should not rain at that region,” said the Celestial Masters.

With a laugh, Pilgrim said, “Whether it should or not, please announce my presence and see whether old Monkey can win this favor.”

The Immortal Ge said, “As the proverb has it, ‘A fly wraps around a net—what a large countenance!’”

“Stop this babbling!” said Xu Jingyang. “Let’s take him inside.”

Thereupon Qiu Hongzhi, Zhang Daoling, Ge, and Xu—these four realized immortals—led the visitor into the Hall of Divine Mists to memorialize, saying, “Your Majesty, we have here Sun Wukong, who is passing through the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture of the Kingdom of India. Wishing rain for the people, he has come especially to seek your decree.”

“On the twenty-fifth day of the twelfth month three years ago,” said the Jade Emperor, “we were out on tour to inspect the myriad heavens and float through the Three Realms. When we arrived at that particular region, we had occasion to witness that Shangguan right in the midst of his wickedness. He pushed over the sacrificial maigre intended for offering to Heaven and fed it to dogs instead.

Furthermore, he even made obscene utterances and committed the sin of blasphemy. For this reason, we established three things in the Fragrance-Draping Hall, to which all of you should lead Sun Wukong to see. If these things have been

overturned, we shall grant him a decree; if not, he should be told to mind his own business.”

The four Celestial Masters at once led Pilgrim to the hall to look around. There they came upon a mountain of rice, about one hundred feet tall, and a mountain of noodles, about two hundred feet in height. At the side of the rice mountain was a chicken no larger than a human fist, which was pecking at the rice at a rather irregular pace—now speeding up, now slowing down. Over at the noodle mountain was a golden-haired puppy, a Peking pug, which, with an occasional flick of his tongue, was lapping up some of the noodles.

On the left side of the hall, moreover, there was an iron rack with a large square lock, at least fifteen inches in length, hanging from it.

Beneath the key of the lock, no thicker than a human finger, was a small lamp, its tiny flame barely touching the key.

Not knowing what to make of the sight, Pilgrim turned to ask the Celestial Masters, “What does this mean?” One of them replied, “Because that fellow has offended Heaven, the Jade Emperor established these three things. Not until the chicken has finished pecking the rice, the dog has lapped up all the noodles, and the lamp has burned through the key of the lock will there be rain in that region.” When he heard these words, Pilgrim was so taken aback that he paled with fright. Not daring to present another memorial to the Emperor, he walked out of the hall, visibly embarrassed. “The Great Sage need not be overly perplexed,” said one of the preceptors.

“This affair can only be resolved by virtue, for if there is a single thought of kindness and mercy to stir up Heaven above, the rice and noodle mountains will topple immediately, and the lock key too will snap at once. You must go and persuade that prefect to do good, and blessing will be on its way.” Pilgrim agreed.

*Not taking leave of the Jade Emperor at Divine Mists,
He went straightaway below to answer a mortal man.*

In a moment he arrived at the West Heaven Gate, where he saw Devarāja Dhṛtarāṣṭra again. “Did you succeed in getting a decree?” asked the devarāja. Having given an account of the matter of the rice mountain, the noodle mountain, and the golden lock, Pilgrim said, “He did refuse to grant me a decree, as you told me he would. But when the Celestial Masters sent me off just now, they also instructed me to persuade that fellow to return to virtue, and blessing would come to him as before.”

Thus they parted, and Pilgrim descended on a cloud to the Region Below.

When he arrived, the prefect, Tripitaka, Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and all the officials, great and small, crowded around him to question him about his journey. Pilgrim singled out the prefect and bellowed at him, “Because you offended Heaven and Earth three years ago, on the twenty-fifth day of the twelfth month, you brought a great ordeal on your people, for Heaven now refuses to grant you rain.”

These words so astonished the prefect that he fell prostrate on the ground, asking, “How did the master learn of the incident three years ago?”

“How could you,” said Pilgrim, “push down sacrificial maigre intended for offering to Heaven and feed it to dogs? You’d better give us an honest account!” Not daring to conceal anything, the prefect said, “On the twenty-fifth day of the twelfth month three years ago, we indeed offered sacrificial maigre to Heaven in our residence. Because of my wife’s ill behavior—she taunted me, in fact, with some nasty words—I

was momentarily blinded by anger and pushed down the votive table, spilling all the vegetarian food. At that point I did in fact get the dogs to come and eat it up. Since then this incident has lingered in my memory and often driven me to distraction, but I know of no way to present an explanation. I hadn't realized that Heaven above took offense and brought harm to the people on my account. Now that the master has descended again to this region, I beg you to reveal to me how Heaven intends to reckon with me." Pilgrim said, "That day happened to be the epiphany of the Jade Emperor to the Region Below. When he saw you feeding the sacrificial maigre to dogs and mouthing obscene words, he at once set up three things as reminders of your transgression."

"What three things?" asked Eight Rules.

"At the Fragrance-Draping Hall," replied Pilgrim, "a rice mountain approximately one hundred feet tall and a noodle mountain about two hundred feet in height were set up. By the rice mountain there was a chicken no larger than a fist, pecking away rather leisurely at the rice. At the noodle mountain there was a golden-haired Peking pug, lapping up some of the noodles with an occasional flick of his tongue. On the left side of the hall, moreover, there was an iron rack with a huge lock made of yellow gold hanging from it, its key as thick as a finger. Below the key is a lamp, but the flame is barely touching the key. Not until the chicken has finished pecking the rice, the dog lapping up the noodles, and the lamp burning through the key is there to be rain in this region."

Chuckling, Eight Rules said, "No problem! No problem! If Elder Brother is willing to take me there, I'll undergo magical transformation and finish off all that rice and noodle in a single meal. We'll break the key, too, and there'll be rain."

"Stop babbling, Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "This happens to be a device of Heaven. How could you undo it?"

"In that case," said Tripitaka, "what shall we do?"

"It's not too difficult! It's not too difficult!" said Pilgrim. "When I was about to come back, the Four Celestial Masters told me that this matter could be resolved only by doing good." Prostrating himself on the ground, the prefect pleaded, "I beg the master to inform me. This lowly official will obey all your instructions."

"If you indeed repent and return to virtue," said Pilgrim, "and make it your early practice to worship Buddha and read scriptures, I shall see what I can do for you. But if you refuse to change, even I cannot undo your miseries. Before long Heaven will decree your execution, and your life will not be spared."

Touching his head to the ground, the prefect vowed that he would submit to religion. At once he gave the order for Buddhist and Daoist clerics of his region to begin performing services for three days, about which they had to write up detailed documents, burn them, and send them to Heaven above. The prefect himself personally led his subjects in worship and in the presentation of incense in order to appease Heaven and Earth and do penance. Tripitaka, too, also recited sūtras for him. In the meantime, another order was dispatched with all speed to every household within and without the city: each man and woman was to burn incense and chant the name of Buddha. From that moment on the sound of good works could be heard everywhere.

Highly pleased by what he saw and heard, Pilgrim said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "The two of you should take care to guard our master. Let old Monkey make another trip for him."

“Elder Brother,” asked Eight Rules, “where do you want to go this time?”

“Since this prefect has believed the words of old Monkey,” replied Pilgrim, “and has received indeed our teachings, and since he is now chanting the name of Buddha with due reverence, compassion, and sincerity, I will go again to memorialize to the Jade Emperor and beg some rain for him.”

“If you wish to go, Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “you need not hesitate so that our journey will not be delayed. Do finish this rain service for them in order that our right fruit, too, may be perfected.”

Dear Great Sage! Mounting the clouds, he reached the Heaven Gate, where he was greeted by the question of Devarāja Dhṛtarāṣṭra, “Why are you here again?”

“That prefect,” replied Pilgrim, “has already returned to virtue.”

The devarāja, too, was delighted. As they conversed, they saw the Messenger of Direct Talismans arrive, holding Daoist documents and Buddhist rescripts to be sent through the Heaven Gate. When the messenger saw Pilgrim, he saluted him, saying, “This is the merit of the Great Sage in his evangelical work.”

“Where are you sending these documents?” asked Pilgrim.

“To the Hall of Perfect Light,” replied the messenger, “so that the Celestial Masters may present them before the Jade Emperor, the Great Celestial Honored One.”

“In that case,” Pilgrim said, “you walk ahead, and I’ll follow you.”

As the talismans messenger entered the gate, Devarāja Dhṛtarāṣṭra said, “Great Sage, there’s no need for you to have an audience with the Jade Emperor. You need only to go to the Bureau of Appointed Seasons of the Ninefold Heaven and ask for the thunder deities. When you have started the thunder and lightning, rain will be on its way.” Indeed Pilgrim followed his advice; after entering the Heaven Gate, he did not proceed to seek another decree at the Hall of Divine Mists. Instead, turning his step on the clouds, he went straight to the Bureau of Appointed Seasons of the Ninefold Heaven. He was met by the Thunder Gate Messenger, the Recorder of Collective Registry, and the Recorder of the Provincial Judicial Commission, who saluted him and asked, “To what do we owe this visit, Great Sage?”

“There’s something,” replied Pilgrim, “for which I must have an audience with the Celestial Worthy.”

The three messengers at once went in to make the announcement, and the Celestial Worthy walked out from behind the royal cinnabar screen adorned with nine phoenixes. After having tidied his attire, he met his visitor. When they had finished their exchange of greetings, Pilgrim said, “I’ve come with a special request.”

“What is it?” asked the Celestial Worthy. Pilgrim said, “I escorted the Tang Monk to the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal. When he saw how severe a drought they have been having, I promised the people that I would seek rain on their behalf. Now I’ve come specially to request the assistance of your officers to go there and provide thunder.”

“I happen to know that the prefect has offended Heaven,” said the Celestial Worthy, “as a result of which three conditions have been established. I wonder if it should rain in that region.” Pilgrim said, “Yesterday I went to request a decree from the Jade Emperor, and he told the Celestial Masters to lead me to the Fragrance-Draping Hall to look at those three conditions. They were actually a rice mountain, a noodle

mountain, and a golden lock. The condition was that only when the mountains topple and the key snaps would there be rain. I was deeply troubled by the difficulty of meeting these conditions, but the Celestial Masters instructed me to go and persuade the prefect and his subjects to do good. Their idea was that

*When man has a virtuous thought,
Heaven will grant him support.*

They assured me, in fact, that the works of virtue would alter the Mind of Heaven and bring deliverance to the people's suffering. Now that a virtuous thought has indeed sprung up in the prefect and that the sound of virtue can be heard everywhere in that region, the Messenger of Direct Talismans has already reported to the Jade Emperor with documents recording such deeds of repentance and penance. That is the reason old Monkey has come to your honored residence to request the assistance of your thunder officials."

"In that case," said the Celestial Worthy, "I'll send the Squires of Thunder—Deng, Xin, Zhang, and Tao—who will lead the Mother of Lightning to follow the Great Sage to the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal to sound the thunder." In a little while, the four warriors, on arriving at the region of Phoenix-Immortal with the Great Sage, immediately began to exercise their magic in midair. All you could hear were powerful peals of thunder, and all you could see were blinding flashes of lightning. Truly

*Electric flash like purple-gold snake,
And thunder like all creatures aroused.
Ablaze are the flying flames;
The cracks topple mountain caves.
The lightning lights up the heavens;
The tumult unhinges the earth.
One scarlet gold flash the seedlings quickens;
A whole, large empire is rocked and shaken.*

For three full years the people at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal, regardless of whether they were civilians or military personnel, or whether they lived inside or outside of the city, had not heard the sound of thunder. When they encountered both thunder and lightning this day, all of them fell to their knees. Some of them held up incense braziers on their heads, while others picked up willow twigs; all of them chanted, "Namo Amitābha! Namo Amitābha!" Such a cry of virtue indeed alerted Heaven above, just as the ancient poem said:

*One wish born in the heart of man
Is known throughout Heaven and Earth.
vice or virtue lacks reward,
Unjust must be the universe.*

Let us leave the Great Sage for a moment, as he directed the deities who were producing thunder and lightning at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal. We tell you instead of the Messenger of Direct Talismans in the Region Above, who escorted the documents of both Buddhists and Daoists up to the Hall of Perfect Light. They were then taken by the Four Celestial Masters to present to the Jade Emperor. The Emperor said, "If those fellows down there have turned their thoughts to good, we should take a look at the three conditions."

Even as he was speaking, a guard from the Fragrance-Draping Hall arrived to make this report:

“Not only have the rice and noodle mountains toppled, but all the rice and noodles have vanished in an instant. The key to the lock is also broken.” No sooner had he finished this memorial when a celestial court attendant arrived, leading the local spirit, the city deity, and the spirits of land and grain at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal. All the gods bowed to the Jade Emperor and memorialized, “The prefect and the entire population of our region have repented. There is not a single household, indeed not a single person, which has not embraced the fruit of virtue by worshipping Buddha and revering Heaven. We beg you now, therefore, to extend your mercy and let the sweet dew descend to succor the people.”

Filled with delight by what he heard, the Jade Emperor at once issued this decree:

“Let the Bureau of Wind, the Bureau of Clouds, and the Bureau of Rain follow our instruction to go to the Region Below. Within the territory of the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal at this day and hour, let them sound the thunder, deploy the clouds, and lower three feet and forty-two drops of rain.”

The Four Celestial Masters transmitted this decree to the various bureaus, the deities of which all roused themselves to exercise their divine power in the world below.

Pilgrim and the thunder gods, meanwhile, were telling the Mother of Lightning to ply her tricks in midair when they were joined by the other arriving deities. In no time at all, clouds and wind came together and sweet rain descended in torrents. Marvelous rain!

*Endless dense clouds,
Boundless black fog,
Thunder cracking,
Lightning flashing,
Violent wind churning,
Sudden rain pouring.
This is how one thought could move Heaven
all people realize their hopes.
Since the Great Sage has caused decisive change,
The empire grows dark for ten thousand miles—
A good rain likes seas and rivers upturned,
Obscuring land and sky.
A cascade hangs before the eaves,
And chimes resound beyond the screens.
In every door people chant the Buddha's name,
And water runs wild through six streets and marts.
Rivers, east and west, are filled to the brim;
Streams are flowing freely both north and south.
Shriveled sprouts are moistened;
Withered woods now revive.
In the fields hemp and wheat flourish;
In the village grains and beans increase.
The traders find joy in commerce;
The farmers once more love their plowing.
From henceforth millet and grain will prosper,
Their tillage yield naturally rich harvests.*

*With rain and wind in season the people rest
And in calm seas and rivers enjoy peace.*

In a single day there descended the full measure of three feet and forty-two drops of rain. As the various deities gradually halted their activities, the Great Sage cried out in a loud voice:

“Let the deities of the Four Bureaus temporarily stay their cloudy attendants. Allow old Monkey to go ask the prefect to make his proper expression of thanks. All of you can then sweep aside the mist and cloud to reveal your true forms. When these common mortals have seen you with their own eyes, they will then believe and sacrifice to you with constancy.” On hearing this, the gods had no choice but to remain in midair.

Lowering the direction of his cloud, Pilgrim went to the prefecture, where he was met by Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk. The prefect made a bow with each step he took to express his gratitude. “You shouldn’t thank me,” said Pilgrim, “but I have managed to detain the deities of the Four Bureaus here for the moment. Assemble many of your people quickly and thank them, so that they will return in the future to grant you rain.”

The prefect accordingly sent out an immediate dispatch to all the people that they should hold lighted incense and bow to the sky. When the mist and clouds moved apart, what the people saw were the revealed true forms of the deities of the Four Bureaus, these being the Rain Bureau, the Thunder Bureau, the Cloud Bureau, and the Wind Bureau. This was what they saw:

*dragon king’s revealed form,
The thundergod’s exposed body.
The Cloud- Boy’s appearance,
The Earl of Wind’s true image.
The dragon king’s revealed form:
Such silver beard and hoary face matchless in the world.
The thundergod’s exposed body:
Such incomparable hooked mouth and forceful mien.
The Cloud- Boy’s appearance:
Who could rival his jadelike face and head of gold?
The Earl of Wind’s true image:
Who resembles his round eyes and bushy brows?
Jointly they emerge in the blue heavens,
Each showing in turn his holy presence.
Phoenix- Immortal people then believe;
Worship with incense, and their evils leave.
Once they have seen Heaven’s warriors this day,
They cleanse their hearts and virtue now obey.*

The various deities lingered for an hour, and the people did not cease in their worship. Pilgrim Sun rose again into the air to salute them, saying, “We’ve troubled you! We’ve troubled you! Please return to your bureaus, all of you. Old Monkey will make certain that the households in this prefecture are faithful in their offerings and make oblation in due season to thank you. From now on, please return every fifth day to give the people wind, and every tenth day to give them rain. Do come back, all of you, and vouchsafe your salvation to them.”

The deities agreed, and they all returned to their bureaus, where we shall leave them.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage, who dropped down from the clouds and said to Tripitaka, "Our affair's concluded, and the people are safe. We can pack and move on." On hearing this, the prefect quickly saluted them, saying, "How could you say that, Venerable Father Sun? What you have accomplished here are kindness and merit without limits. This lowly official has already asked for a small banquet to be prepared as a token of our gratitude for your great kindness. We intend also to buy some land from the people so that we may build a monastery, in truth, to establish a living shrine to you. Your names will be inscribed on steles so that you may enjoy our offerings in all four seasons. But even if I were to engrave your deed on my bones and carve it on my heart, I could not repay a fraction of your kindness. How can you say, then, that you want to leave?"

"Though you may find it appropriate to say what you said, Your Excellency," said Tripitaka, "you must realize also that we are but mendicants journeying to the West. We dare not stay long. In a day or two we shall certainly leave."

The prefect, of course, would not let them go. He gave the order that preparations for the banquet be made immediately, and also that work begin that very night for the building of the shrine.

The next day a grand banquet was given, in which the Tang Monk was asked to take the honored seat. The Great Sage Sun, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk all had their own tables, while the prefect and his subordinates, high and low officials, all took turns to present food and drinks to the accompaniment of fine music. The entertainment lasted one whole day, and it was a delightful occasion indeed, for which we have a testimonial poem:

*After a long drought the fields meet sweet rain.
Commerce and rivers freely flow again.
We have to thank the divine monks' advent
And the Great Sage who to Heav'n's Palace went.
Three things of former evil now undone,
One thought contrite has fruits of virtue won.
Henceforth may it e'er be like Yao-Shun times:
Rich harvests and rains due in all four climes.*

There was a party one day, and there was a banquet the next—it went on like that for almost half a month, during which time they were also waiting for the monastery to be built and the living shrine to be finished.

One day the prefect asked the four pilgrims to go look at the building. "It's an enormous labor," said an astonished Tang Monk.

"How can you get it finished so quickly?"

"This lowly official," replied the prefect, "has ordered the laborers to work night and day in order that they might complete their task speedily. Now I'm inviting the Venerable Fathers especially to go see it."

"You're indeed a worthy prefect," said Pilgrim with a smile, "one who has not only virtue but ability as well!"

They thus went to the new monastery. When they saw the towering edifices and the magnificent gates, they were full of praise.

Pilgrim then requested his master to name the monastery, and Tripitaka said, “Yes, let us call it the Monastery of Salvific Rain.”

“Very good! Very good!” exclaimed the prefect. Brushed gold notices were then set up to recruit qualified priests to attend the fires and incense. On the left of the main hall, living shrines were erected to the four pilgrims, at which offerings would be made in all four seasons. There were plans also to build shrines to the thunder deities and dragon deities as tokens of gratitude for their divine works.

After witnessing all of this, the pilgrims decided to leave.

Knowing that their benefactors could no longer be detained, the populace of the entire prefecture came with gifts and cash, but not even a penny was accepted. Thereupon the officials and the civilians of the entire region formed a huge entourage, with the waving of banners and the beating of drums, to escort the pilgrims out of the city. Even after some thirty miles they could not quite bring themselves to part with the pilgrims, whom they escorted yet another distance with tearful eyes. Only when the pilgrims disappeared from sight did the people turn back. Thus it is that

A virtuous divine monk leaves Salvation behind;

The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, spreads his kindness wide.

We do not know how many days must pass before they get to see Tathāgata; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-EIGHT

*Reaching Jade-Flower, Chan convenes an assembly
Mind Monkey, Wood, and Earth instruct disciples*

We were telling you about the Tang Monk, who took leave of the prefect. Riding along, he spoke most amiably to Pilgrim:

“Worthy disciple, your virtuous fruit this time far surpasses even that of the occasion when you rescued the children of the Bhikṣu Kingdom.

This is entirely your merit!”

“At the Bhikṣu Kingdom,” said Sha Monk, “only one thousand, one hundred and eleven young boys were saved. How can that compare with this torrential rain, which provided moisture everywhere and revived hundreds and thousands of lives? This disciple, too, has been secretly admiring Elder Brother for his great magic strength which can move Heaven and for his compassion which covers the Earth.” With a giggle, Eight Rules said, “Yes, Elder Brother has kindness, and he has virtue! Unfortunately, he practices benevolence and righteousness only on the outside, and he harbors malicious designs within. Whenever he walks with old Hog, he steps on people!”

“When did I ever step on you?” asked Pilgrim.

“Enough! Enough!” said Eight Rules. “Frequently you took care to see that I was bound, that I was hung up, that I was cooked, that I was steamed! Since you have extended your kindness and mercy to hundreds and thousands of people at the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture, you should have stayed there at least half a year. That way I would have been able to enjoy a few leisurely meals, eating my fill. But all you did was hurry us on our way!” On hearing this, the elder snapped at him, “This Idiot! All you can think of is something to stuff down your throat! Get moving quickly, and don’t you dare talk back!” Not daring to utter a word, Eight Rules pouted a little; he toted the luggage and guffawed a few times as master and disciples headed down the main road. Time went by like a weaver’s shuttle, and soon it was late autumn. You see

*Water lines recede,
Mountain rocks turn bare.
Red leaves flutter about,
A time of yellow blossoms.
The frost glows, you feel the night lengthen;
The white moon pierces the paper screens.
and smoke in all households, the twilight’s long;
The lake surfaces a cold gleam every where.
Fragrant white duckweeds,
And dense red smartweeds.
Oranges yellow and green,
Droopy willows and handsome grains.
The wild geese drop by a hamlet midst rush like snow;
Soy beans are reaped as the inn’s roosters crow.*

After the four of them had journeyed for a long time, they again saw the shadow of city walls looming. Lifting his crop to point toward the distance, the elder called out:

“Wukong, look! There’s another city over there. I wonder what sort of a place it is?”

“You and I haven’t even reached it,” said Pilgrim. “How could we know? Let’s go up there and ask some people.” Just as he finished speaking, an old man walked out from a clump of trees. Holding a bamboo staff in his hands, he wore a light garment on his body, a pair of coir sandals on his feet, and a thin belt around his waist. The Tang Monk was so startled that he rolled down from his saddle at once, walked up to him, and saluted him. Leaning on his staff, the old man returned his greetings and asked, “Where have you come from, Elder?” Pressing his palms together in front of him, the Tang Monk said, “This humble cleric is someone sent by the Tang court in the Land of the East to Thunderclap to seek scriptures from Buddha. Arriving at your treasure region, I see a rampart ahead of us. Since I do not know what place it is, I ask the old patron especially for instruction.” On hearing this, the old man exclaimed, “A Chan Master who possesses the Way! Our humble region here happens to be the lower prefecture of the Kingdom of India. The name of this place is the Jade-Flower District. As the county magistrate is a member of the royal household of the King of India, he has been appointed the Jade-Flower Prince. He is a most virtuous ruler, one who pays special reverence to Buddhists and Daoists and loves the common people dearly. If the old Chan Master goes to have an audience with him, he will undoubtedly grant you special honor.”

Tripitaka thanked him, and the old man left by walking through the forest.

Then Tripitaka turned to give a thorough account to his three disciples, who were all delighted and tried to help their master to mount. “It’s not too far,” said Tripitaka. “I need not ride the horse.”

The four of them, therefore, walked up to the city streets to look around. Most of the households over there, you see, were busily engaged in buying and selling. The place seemed to be densely populated, and business too seemed to be flourishing. Listen to their voices and look at their features: they seem no different from those of China. “Disciples,” admonished Tripitaka, “do be careful and don’t be rowdy.”

Eight Rules at once lowered his head and Sha Monk put a hand over his face. Pilgrim, however, took his master’s arm to give him support, and soon people on both sides began to crowd them, vying to take a look at these strange travelers. “We have here noble priests who can tame dragons and subdue tigers,” they cried, “but we have never seen such hog-taming and monkey-subduing monks!” Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules stuck out his snout and said, “Have you ever seen a hog-taming king of a priest?”

He so frightened those people on the street that they stumbled and fell, scattering right and left. “Idiot,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “hide your snout quickly. Stop being so histrionic, and watch your steps. You’re about to cross a bridge.” Lowering his head, our Idiot kept giggling as they crossed the drawbridge to enter the city gates. On the big boulevards they could see many wine shops and song houses, all prospering and bustling in activities. It was indeed a capital city right out of China, for which we have a testimonial poem.

The poem says:

*A royal city and fortress ever strong
Where all things seem fresh near hills and rivers long.
The marts with a hundred goods the lake-boats ply;*

*To sell wine a thousand shops their banners fly.
On each tower and terrace the people bustle;
In every street and lane the traders hustle.
This scene's as lovely as that of Chang'an's fame:
Roosters crow, dogs bark—they all sound the same.*

Secretly delighted, Tripitaka thought to himself, "I have heard people speaking of the various barbarians in the Western Territories, but I have never been here. When I look carefully at the place, however, I find that it's no different from our Great Tang. It certainly lives up to its name of Ultimate Bliss!"

He overheard, moreover, that a picul of white rice cost no more than four mace of silver, and that a mere penny would fetch a catty of sesame oil. It was truly a region blessed with bountiful harvests of the five grains.

They walked for a long time before they reached the residence of the Jade-Flower Prince. On both sides of the residence, there were also the residence of the Administrator of a Princely Establishment, the Investigative Hall, the Refectory, and the Guest Hostel.

"Disciples," said Tripitaka, "this is the royal residence. Let me go in to have an audience with the prince and have our rescript certified."

"If Master is going inside," said Eight Rules, "should we stand in front of this official residence?"

"Don't you see the sign on the door here?" replied Tripitaka. "It says 'Guest Hostel.' You may enter and take a seat inside. Find some hay to feed our horse. After I have seen the prince, and if he bestows some food on us, I'll call you to share it with me."

"You may go in without worry, Master," said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey will take care of things." Sha Monk then toted the luggage into the hostel. When the attendants inside saw how hideous they looked, they dared not question the visitors, nor were they bold enough to ask them to leave. They had, in fact, to permit the pilgrims to sit down, and there we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about the old master, who changed his attire, took up the travel rescript, and went to the royal residence. He was met by a protocol officer, who asked, "Where has the elder come from?"

Tripitaka answered, "I'm a priest sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures from the Buddhist Patriarch at the Great Thunderclap. Having arrived at your treasure region, I would like to have my travel rescript certified, and that is why I have come especially to have an audience with His Highness."

The protocol officer immediately announced his arrival.

The prince, who was indeed an upright and knowledgeable person, at once asked his visitor to enter. After Tripitaka had saluted him at the foot of the steps to the main hall, the prince invited him to take a seat inside. Tripitaka then presented the rescript. When the prince read it and noticed the seals of various kingdoms and their rulers' signatures, he too applied the treasure seal amiably and affixed his own signature. Folding it up again and placing it on the desk, the prince asked, "Elder National Preceptor, I see you have gone through many nations. Exactly how far is it from your Great Tang to this place?"

“This humble cleric does not quite remember the exact distance,” replied Tripitaka. “Years ago, however, the Bodhisattva Guanyin revealed herself to our emperor and left his line of the *gāthā*:

‘The way: a hundred and eight thousand miles.’

On his journey, this humble cleric has already gone through fourteen summers and winters.”

“That means fourteen years!” said the prince with a smile. “You must have had some delays on the way, I suppose.”

“I can’t even give you a brief account of them—those ten thousand beasts and a thousand demons!” replied Tripitaka. “You have no idea, Your Highness, how much I have suffered before reaching your treasure region.”

Highly pleased, the prince immediately asked the royal chef to prepare a vegetarian meal for his visitor.

“Your Highness,” said Tripitaka again. “This humble cleric has three disciples waiting outside. I dare not receive the maigre, for I fear that our journey might be delayed.”

The prince said to the court attendant, “Go quickly to invite the three disciples of the elder to come in and have a meal.”

The officer went out with the invitation, but he was greeted by the remark:

“We haven’t see them! We haven’t seen them!”

Then one of the followers said, “There are three ugly priests sitting in the Guest Hostel. They must be the ones.”

The court attendant went with his followers to the hostel and asked the official in charge, “Which ones are the noble disciples of the scripture-seeking priest of the Great Tang? Our lord has commanded that they be invited for a meal.”

Eight Rules was just seated there, dozing. The moment he heard the word *meal* he could not refrain from leaping up and replying, “We’re the ones! We’re the ones!”

The sight of him so terrified the court attendant that he screamed, shaking all over, “It’s a hogdemon! A hog-demon!” When Pilgrim heard the commotion, he tugged at Eight Rules and said, “Brother, try to be a little more civilized, and stop being such a village brute!” When those officials saw Pilgrim, they cried, “It’s a monkey-spirit! A monkey-spirit!”

Folding his hands in his sleeve before his chest, Sha Monk said, “Please do not be frightened, all of you! We three are all disciples of the Tang Monk.” On seeing him, the various officials all cried, “The god of the hearth! The god of the hearth!” Pilgrim Sun then asked Eight Rules to lead the horse and Sha Monk to tote the luggage so that they could all enter the Jade-Flower Royal Residence. The court attendant meanwhile went ahead to announce their arrival. When the prince’s eyes beheld such ugliness, he, too, became quite frightened. Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka said, “Please have no fear, Your Highness. Though my disciples look ugly, they are all goodhearted.”

Eight Rules walked forward and bowed, saying, “This humble cleric salutes you!”

The prince grew even more apprehensive.

“My disciples,”

Tripitaka said again, “were all recruited from the wilds. They are untutored in proper etiquette, and I beg you to forgive them.” Suppressing his fear, the prince told the royal chef to take the monks to the Gauze-Drying Pavilion for the vegetarian meal. After thanking him, Tripitaka left the prince and went with his disciples to the pavilion, where he immediately scolded Eight Rules. “You coolie!” he said. “You have no manners at all! You should have kept your mouth shut, and that would have been all right.

How could you be so rude! One word, and you nearly knocked down the T’ai Mountain!”

“It’s a good thing I neither spoke nor bowed,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “I’ve managed to save some energy!”

“He should have waited for us to bow together,” said Sha Monk. “Instead, he went ahead and started hollering with his snout jutting!”

“What a fuss! What a fuss!” said Eight Rules. “You told me some days ago, Master, that I should bow and make a salutation when I met someone. I did that today, and you say now that it’s no good. What am I supposed to do?”

“I told you to bow and greet people,” said Tripitaka, “but I didn’t tell you to fool with the prince! As the proverb says,

*There are different kinds of things
And different grades of people.*

How could you not distinguish between the noble and the lowly?”

As they spoke, the royal chef led the servants to spread out tables and chairs and serve the maigre. Master and disciples stopped talking as each ate his meal.

We tell you instead about the prince, who left the main hall and went inside the palace. When his three young princes saw how pale he looked, they asked, “Why does Father King seem so frightened today?”

The prince said, “Just now there was a priest sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures from Buddha. He came to have his travel rescript certified, and he seemed a rather comely person. When I asked him to stay for a meal, he told me that he had disciples waiting in front of our residence. I ordered them invited also, but when they came in after a little while, they did not pay me the respect of performing the grand ceremony. All they did was bow, and I was already displeased. But when I managed to take a look at them, each one was ugly as a monstrous demon. I grew quite frightened, and that’s why I look pale.” Now those three young princes, you see, were quite different from other people, for each of them was fond of martial arts. So they rolled up their sleeves at once and clenched their fists, saying, “Could these be monster-spirits from the mountain who have assumed human forms? Let us take our weapons out and have a look!”

Dear princes! The eldest took up a rod tall as his eyebrows; the second wielded a nine-pronged rake; and the third picked up a staff coated with black enamel. In big heroic strides, they walked out of the palace and shouted, “Who are the monks seeking scriptures? Where are they?”

The chef and other officials all went to their knees and said, “Young princes, they are having their vegetarian meal at the Gauze-Drying Pavilion.” Without regard for good or ill, the young princes barged right in and bellowed:

“Are you fiends or humans? Speak up quickly, and we’ll spare your lives.”

Tripitaka was so terrified that he paled with fright. Abandoning his rice bowl, he stood bowing and said, “Your humble cleric is someone sent by the Tang court to seek scriptures. I’m a human, not a fiend.”

“You seem like a human all right,” said one of the princes, “but those three hideous ones have to be fiends!”

Eight Rules kept right on gorging himself with rice and refused to pay them any attention. Sha Monk and Pilgrim, however, rose slightly and said, “We too are humans. Our features may seem ugly, but our hearts are good; our bodies may seem cumbersome but our natures are kind. Where have you three come from? Why are you so brash with your words?”

The royal chef, standing at their side, said, “These three are our prince’s heirs.”

Dropping down his bowl, Eight Rules said, “Your Highnesses, why are you each holding your weapon? Could it be that you want to fight with us?”

The second prince strode forward and raised his rake with both hands, about to strike Eight Rules. “That rake of yours,” said Eight Rules, giggling loudly, “only deserves to be the grandson of *my* rake!”

He at once lifted up his garment and took out his own rake from his waist. One wave of it and there were ten thousand shafts of golden light; he moved it a few times and there were a thousand strands of auspicious air. The prince was so terrified that his hands weakened and his tendons turned numb; he did not dare wield his own weapon any further.

When Pilgrim saw the eldest using a rod and hopping about, he took out from his ear the golden-hooped rod. One wave of it and it had the thickness of a rice bowl and the length of about thirteen feet. He gave the ground a stab with it and it went in about three feet.

As it stood there, Pilgrim said with a chuckle, “Allow me to present you with this rod of mine!” When he heard that, the prince threw away his own rod and went to take hold of the other. He used all his strength to try to pull it out of the ground, but he could not move it one whit. He then tried to give it a shove and a shake, but it remained there as if it had taken root.

Growing impatient, the third prince attacked with his black-enameled staff, only to be brushed aside with one hand by Sha Monk.

With his other, Sha Monk took out his fiend-routing staff, and with a little twirl it created luminous colors and radiant mists. The royal chef and other officials were struck dumb and numb with fright, while the three young princes all knelt down and said, “Divine masters! Divine masters! Being mortals we did not recognize you. We beg you to show us your abilities, so that we may honor you as our teachers.” Walking forward, Pilgrim lifted up his own rod with no effort at all and said, “It’s too cramped here. I can’t stretch my hands. Let me leap into the air and show you a little of how the rod should be used.” Marvelous Great Sage! With a loud whistle he somersaulted right up into midair, his two feet treading the auspicious cloud of five colors. At about three

hundred paces above ground, he let loose his rod to make Sprinkling Flowers over the Top and the Yellow Dragon Entwining the Body. Up and down he moved, circling left and right. In the beginning his person and the rod so complemented each other that they seemed, as the adage had it, like flowers added to brocade. By and by even the person disappeared, and all one could see was a sky full of twirling rods! Shouting a “Bravo!” down below, Eight Rules could not contain himself any longer. “Let old Hog go and sport a little too!” he cried.

Dear Idiot! Mounting on a gust of wind, he rose also to midair and let loose his rake: three strokes up and four down, five strokes left and six strokes right, seven strokes in front and eight behind. All these bodily movements made one hear only a loud continuous swish.

When the performance reached its most exciting moment, Sha Monk said to the elder, “Master, let old Sand go also and exercise!”

Dear Monk! With one leap he, too, rose into the air and wielded his staff. Now an ardent fighter swathed in golden radiance, he used both hands to make with his staff the Scarlet Phoenix Facing the Sun and the Hungry Tiger Leaping on its Prey. A tight parry and a slow block were followed by swift turns and quick lunges. The three brothers thus made a tremendous display of their magic potency, showing off their prowess and martial ability in midair. Thus it is that

*The image of true Chan's no common view:
The Great Way's causes the cosmos imbue.
In power Gold and Wood fill the dharma-sphere;
Tossing Spatula and Ubiquity cohere.
At all times divine arms can their might lay bare;
Elixir vessels are honored every where.
Though India's lofty, one must nature coerce;
Jade- Flower princes all to the Mean reverse.*

So astounded were the three young princes that they went to their knees in the dust. Those officials, of high rank or low, around the Gauze-Drying Pavilion, the old prince in the royal residence, and the entire population of the city—whether military or civilian, male or female, Buddhist monks or nuns, Daoist clergy or laymen—all began chanting the name of Buddha and kowtowing. Each household, moreover, took up lighted incense and worshipped. Truly,

*Images seen redeem monks to the real,
To bless the human world with peace and weal.
Henceforth the fruit ripens on Bodhi's way
Where all honor Chan and Buddha obey.*

After the three disciples had made a thorough display of their heroic ability, they lowered their auspicious clouds and put away their weapons. Going before the Tang Monk, they bowed and thanked their master for permission before taking their seats again. There we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about those three young princes, who hurried back to the palace to report to the old prince, saying, “Father King, ten thousand happinesses have come upon you! Unsurpassable merit may be ours this very moment! Have you seen the display in midair?”

"I only saw colorful mists in the sky," replied the old prince, "and immediately your mother and I burned incense to worship along with the rest of the residents of the palace. We have no idea what immortals have come down and congregated at this place."

"They weren't immortals from anywhere," said one of the young princes. "They were just those very ugly disciples of the scripture-seeking priest. One of them used a golden-hooped iron rod, one a nine-pronged muckrake, and the third a fiend-routing treasure staff."

Though the weapons we three use may resemble theirs, ours can in no way be compared with those three weapons. We asked them to exercise for us, and they told us that it was too cramped for them to perform on the ground. They wanted to rise to the air to give us an exhibition. When they mounted the clouds, the sky was filled with auspicious clouds meandering and hallowed air circling. They finally dropped down only a moment ago to take their seats once more in the Gauze-Drying Pavilion. Your sons are so delighted that they would like very much to honor them as teachers. If we could learn their ability to protect our nation, this would be indeed our unsurpassable merit. We wonder what our Father King thinks of this?"

The aged prince at once gave his consent to what he heard.

And so father and sons, the four of them, did not ask for the royal carriage or the imperial panoply. Instead, they walked to the Gauze-Drying Pavilion, where they found the four pilgrims packing their belongings and just about to enter the royal palace to give thanks for the meal. No sooner had the Jade-Flower and his sons entered the pavilion than they all bowed low, so startling the elder that he, too, hugged the earth to return the salutation. Pilgrim and his two brothers, however, stepped to one side and only gave a slight smile. After the bows, the prince invited the four priests to enter the main hall to take a seat, and the four amiably agreed. Then the old prince stood up and said, "Old Master Tang, we have a request to make. Do you think that your noble disciples will grant it?"

"Please tell us, Your Highness," said Tripitaka. "My humble disciples would not dare refuse you."

"When we first met you," said the old prince, "we thought that you were merely mendicants from the distant Tang court. In fact, our eyes of flesh and our mortal disposition prevented us from recognizing you, and we might have greatly offended you. Just now when we beheld how Master Sun, Master Zhu, and Master Sha performed in the air, we realized that you are immortals and buddhas. As our three unworthy sons have always been fond of martial arts, they are now most eager to become disciples in order to learn the art well."

We, therefore, beg the masters to open their hearts wide as Heaven and Earth. Spread afar your vessels of mercy and transmit your mysteries to our humble offspring. We shall thank you with the wealth of our entire city." On hearing this, Pilgrim could not refrain from laughing uproariously. "Your Highness!" he said. "You're so benighted! We are people who have left the family, and we're only too anxious to take on a few disciples. If your sons have the desire to follow virtue, you think we'd turn them down? Just don't bother with even the merest hint of payment or profit. Treat us with kindness—that shall be our sufficient reward."

The prince was delighted by Pilgrim's words, and he immediately gave the order for a huge banquet to be laid out right there in the main hall of his residence. Behold! No sooner had the decree been issued than it was carried out. You see

*Colors aflutter,
Curls of fragrant smoke,
And gold inlaid tables festooned in bright silk
To dazzle one's eyes.
Gay lacquered chairs with brocade spread out
Add stylishness to the seats.
Fresh fruits from the trees
And aromatic teas.
Four or five dishes of pastries so light and sweet;
One or two panfuls of breads both rich and neat.
More marvelous are those steamed crispies and honey-glazed;
The oily-dips and sugar-roasted are truly great!
A few bottles of fragrant glutinous rice wine
Which, when poured,
Surpasses the juice of jade;
Several cups of Yangxian divine tea offered,
Once held in hand,
Its scent o'erpowers the cassia.
There's food of every variety—
Each item is extraordinary!*

During this time the court entertainers were ordered to sing, to dance, and to play their woodwind and string instruments. Master and disciples spent a happy day together with the prince and his princes.

When night fell, the food and wine were taken away and bedding was laid out at the Gauze-Drying Pavilion for the pilgrims to rest.

By morning, the prince said, the young princes would burn incense and return with all sincerity to receive instruction in martial arts.

As each person obeyed the royal command, scented liquid was prepared for the masters to bathe in before retiring. At this time

*The birds rest aloft and all seems at peace;
He leaves the couch, the poet's chantings cease.
The Milky Way shines as the heavens brighten;
The wild path's forlorn where grasses heighten.
Washing flails jangle in a yard nearby;
Dark, distant hills where homeward longings lie.
To know one's feelings the cold cricket seems:
Its loud plaint by bedside would pierce your dreams!*

The night went by, and early in the morning, the old prince and his sons arrived once more to visit. When they were received by the elder, they greeted the priests as their teachers, even though they themselves had been honored as royalty the day before. Thus the young princes kowtowed to Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk as they made this request:

“We beg the honorable teachers to take out their weapons and allow their disciples to look at them once more.” On hearing this, Eight Rules took out amiably his muckrake and laid it on the ground, while Sha Monk leaned his treasure staff against a wall. The second and third princes leaped up at once and tried to pick up the weapons. It was, however, as if dragonflies were pummeling pillars of rock! Though both princes struggled till their heads reddened and their faces turned scarlet, they could not budge the weapons one whit. When the eldest prince saw this, he called out:

“Brothers, stop wasting your energy! You should know that the masters’ are all divine weapons, but I wonder how heavy they are.” With a chuckle, Eight Rules said, “My rake’s not too heavy! No more, in fact, than the weight of a single canon.

Including the handle, it weighs five thousand and forty-eight pounds.”

Turning to Sha Monk, the third prince asked, “Master, how heavy is your treasure staff?”

“It’s also five thousand and forty-eight pounds,” replied Sha Monk. The eldest prince then asked Pilgrim to show him his goldenhooped rod. Pilgrim at once took out a tiny needle from his ear; one wave of it in the wind and it acquired the thickness of a rice bowl.

As it stood there erect before their eyes, all the princes were frightened and all the officials grew apprehensive. Bowing, the three young princes said, “The weapons of Master Zhu and Master Sha are all carried on their persons and are taken out from beneath their clothes. Why is it that only Master Sun takes out his from his ear? Why does it grow the moment it’s exposed to the wind?” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “You don’t seem to realize that my rod isn’t just something you can pick up anywhere in this mortal world.

This happens to be

*An iron rod forged at Creation’s dawn
By Great Yu himself, the god-man of old.
The depths of all oceans, rivers, and lakes
Were fathomed and fixed by this very rod.
Having bored through mountains and conquered floods,
It stayed in East Ocean and ruled the seas,
Where after long years it turned luminous,
Able to grow or shrink or radiate.
To call it my own was old Monkey’s fate,
To make it change in any way I wish.
I want it big, it’ll fill the universe;
I want it small, it’ll be a tiny pin.
Its name’s Compliant, its style, Golden-hooped—
In Heaven and Earth something quite unique!
Its weight, thirteen thousand and five hundred pounds,
It can grow thick or thin, can wane or wax.
It helped me to havoc the House of Heav’n;
It followed me to crush the halls of Earth.
It tames tigers and dragons every where;
It smelts at all places demons and fiends.
One jab upward will make the sun grow dim*

*And daunt the gods and ghosts of Heav'n and Earth.
A treasure handed down from Chaos' time:
No worldly iron is this rod sublime!"*

When those princes heard this declaration, every one of them bowed again and again and begged with all sincerity for instruction.

"What sort of martial arts do you three want to learn?" asked Pilgrim.

One of the princes said, "The one used to wielding a rod will study the rod. The one accustomed to using a rake will study the rake, and the one fond of using the staff will study the staff."

"It's easy enough to give instruction," said Pilgrim with a smile, "but none of you has any strength, and you can't wield our weapons. I fear that you will not be able to attain mastery, and then the result will be something like, 'A poorly drawn tiger that looks like a dog!' As the ancients aptly put it,

*Instruction lacking sternness is the teacher's sloth;
Learning without accomplishment is the student's fault.*

If the three of you are indeed sincere about the matter, you may burn some incense to worship Heaven and Earth. Let me then transmit some divine strength to you first, and only thereafter can we teach you the martial arts."

Filled with delight by these words, the three young princes went to find an incense table and carried it back themselves. Having purified their hands and lighted sticks of incense, they bowed deeply to Heaven. After the ceremony, they then asked for instruction from their masters. Turning around, Pilgrim saluted the Tang Monk in turn and said, "Let me inform the honored master and ask for his pardon. Since I was delivered by your great virtue that year in the Mountain of Two Frontiers, and since I embraced the faith of Buddhism, I have followed you in your westward journey. Though I have yet to repay all the kindness of my master, I have nonetheless served you with all my heart and all my strength. Now that we have arrived at a region in Buddha's kingdom, we have the good fortune of meeting three worthy princes who have made submission to us and are desirous of learning the martial arts. If they become our disciples, they will be the grand-disciples of my master. I want to make this special report to you before I begin instruction."

Tripitaka was exceedingly pleased.

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk saw Pilgrim saluting their master, they, too, went to their knees and kowtowed to Tripitaka, saying, "Master, we are foolish persons, slow of speech and dull-witted, and we don't know how to speak. We simply beg you to take the lofty seat of dharma and allow also the two of us the pleasure of taking disciples. They'll add to our remembrance of the journey to the West." In delight Tripitaka gave his consent.

In a secluded room behind the Gauze-Drying Pavilion, Pilgrim traced out on the ground a diagram of the Big Dipper. Then he asked the three princes to prostrate themselves inside the diagram and, with eyes closed, exercise the utmost concentration. Behind them he himself recited in silence the true sayings of realized immortality and intoned the words of *Dhāraṇī* as he blew divine breaths into their visceral cavities. Their primordial spirits were thus restored to their original abodes.

Then he transmitted secret oral formulas to them so that each of the princes received the strength of a thousand arms. He next helped them to circulate and build up

the fire-phases, as if they themselves were carrying out the technique for shedding the mortal embryo and changing the bones. Only when the circulation of the vital force had gone through all the circuits of their bodies (modeled on planetary movements) did the young princes regain consciousness. When they jumped to their feet and gave their own faces a wipe, they felt more energetic than ever. Each of them, in fact, had become so sturdy in his bones and so strong in his ligaments that the eldest prince could handle the golden-hooped rod, the second prince could wield the nine-pronged muckrake, and the third prince could lift the fiend-routing staff.

When the old prince saw this, he could not have been more pleased, and another vegetarian banquet was laid out to thank the master and his three disciples. Right before the banquet tables, however, they began their instruction. The one studying the rod performed with the rod; the one studying the rake performed with the rake; and the one studying the staff performed with the staff. The princes thus succeeded in making a few turns and several movements, but they were, after all, mortals, and they found the goings rather strenuous.

After exercising for a while, they began to pant heavily. Indeed, they could not last long, though their weapons might have the ability to undergo transformation. In their advances and retreats, their attacks and offenses, the princes simply could not attain the wonder of natural transformation. Later that day the banquet came to an end.

The next day the three princes came again to thank their masters and to say:

“We thank the divine master for endowing us with strength in our arms. Though we are now able to hold the weapons of our masters, however, we find it difficult to wield and turn them.

We propose, therefore, that artisans be asked to duplicate the three weapons. They will use your weapons as models but take some of the weight off. Would the masters grant us permission?”

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” said Eight Rules. “That’s a remarkable proposal! You really can’t use our weapons in the first place, and besides, we need them for the protection of the Law and the subjugation of demons. You should indeed make three other weapons.”

The young princes immediately ordered the ironsmiths to purchase ten thousand pounds of raw iron. A tent was pitched in the front courtyard of the royal residence to serve as a temporary factory, and furnace and forge were set up. First, the iron was refined into steel in one day; the next day they asked Pilgrim and his two brothers to place the golden-hooped rod, the nine-pronged rake, and the fiend-routing staff in the tent so that the smiths could make copies of them. The weapons were thus left there day and night.

Alas! These weapons originally were treasures meant to be carried by the pilgrims on their persons and inseparable from them for one moment. Even when concealed by the pilgrims’ bodies, they would exude great radiance to protect their owners. Now that they had been placed in the tent factory for several days, the myriad shafts of luminous mist and auspicious air emitted by these weapons flooded the sky and covered the earth. One night, a monster-spirit sat up in his abode, which happened to be some seventy miles away from the city, in a mountain called Leopard’s Head and a cave named Tiger’s-Mouth. When he suddenly caught sight of the luminous mist and auspicious air, he mounted the clouds to investigate and found that the radiance was coming from the royal palace. Lowering his cloud to draw near, the monster-spirit discovered the three weapons and was moved to delight and desire. “Marvelous

treasures! Marvelous treasures!” he exclaimed. “I wonder who uses them, and why they are placed here? Hmmmmmm! This has to be my affinity! Let’s take them away! Let’s take them away!”

As his affection grew, he at once summoned a powerful gust and swept away all three weapons and returned to his own cave. Thus it is that

*Dao can't be left for a moment;
What can be left is not the Dao.
When weapons divine are stolen,
The seekers have labored in vain.*

In the end we don’t know how those weapons will be found; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-NINE

*The yellow lion-spirit in vain gives the Muckrake Feast
Gold, Wood, and Earth disturb with a scheme Mount Leopard's Head*

We were telling you about those several ironsmiths, who had been hard at work for several days and therefore slept soundly at night.

By morning, when they rose to resume their heating and hammering, they discovered that the three weapons in the tent had vanished.

Dumbfounded and panic-stricken, they searched all over the place and ran into the three young princes, who were walking out from the palace to inspect the work. The ironsmiths all kowtowed and said, "O young lords! We do not know where the weapons of the divine masters have gone!" Shaken by the words, the young princes said, "Perhaps the masters themselves put the weapons away at night."

They dashed over to the Gauze-Drying Pavilion and saw that the white horse was still tethered at the corridor. Unable to contain themselves, they cried, "Masters, are you still sleeping?"

"We're up," replied Sha Monk as he opened the door to let the princes in. When they looked around and did not see the weapons, one of them asked nervously, "Did the masters take back their weapons?"

"No, we didn't!" said Pilgrim, jumping up.

"Those three weapons of yours," said another prince, "all vanished during the night." Scrambling up hurriedly, Eight Rules asked, "Is my rake there?"

Another young prince said, "When we three came out just now, we saw people searching all over but they couldn't find them. Your disciples suspect that the weapons may already have been taken back by the masters, and that's why we've come to ask you. Since the treasures of our teachers can grow or shrink, I wonder if you haven't concealed them on your bodies again, just to make fun of your disciples."

"Really, we have not taken them back," said Pilgrim. "Let's all go look for them."

They all went to the tent in the courtyard, but there was no trace of the weapons.

"Those ironsmiths must have stolen them!" said Eight Rules. "Bring out the weapons quickly! A moment's delay and you'll be beaten to death! Beaten to death!"

Horried, the ironsmiths kowtowed and shed tears, saying, "Holy Fathers! We have been working so hard these last few days that we all slept through the night. By morning when we got up, the weapons were gone. We are all mortal men. How could we even have moved them? We beg you, Holy Father, to spare our lives! Please spare our lives!" Pilgrim said nothing in reply. Greatly annoyed, he muttered to himself, "This is our fault! Once they had copied the forms, we should have taken the weapons back. Why did we leave them here like that? Those treasures generate tremendous radiance and luminous colors. That must have disturbed some wicked person, who came and stole them during the night."

“What are you saying, Elder Brother?” asked Eight Rules, refusing to believe him. “It’s such a peaceful region here! This is no hollow mountain on the rustic countryside! How could there be any wicked people? It has to be the greed of those ironsmiths. When they saw the radiance of our weapons, they knew that these were treasures. They must have left the palace during the night and banded together with others. They must have dragged and hauled our weapons away. Let’s seize them now! Let’s beat them!”

The ironsmiths could only kowtow and swear their denial.

In the midst of all this commotion the old prince came out. When he learned what had taken place, his face, too, was drained of color. He brooded for a long time and then said, “The weapons of the divine masters are not like those of common mortals. Scores or even hundreds of men could not unlodge them or move them. Moreover, we have governed this city for almost five generations already. Not that we wish to brag or boast, but we do enjoy quite a virtuous reputation beyond these palace walls. The people of this city, be they civilians, soldiers, or artisans, do have respect for the laws of ours. They’d never dare be so unscrupulous. I beg the divine masters to reexamine the matter.”

“There’s no need to reexamine anything!” replied Pilgrim, laughing. “Nor need we persist in putting the blame on the ironsmiths.

Let me ask Your Highness, are there any mountain forests and monstrous fiends around this city of yours?”

“This question of the divine master is most reasonable,” said the prince. “There is a Leopard’s Head Mountain north of our city, and there is also a Tiger’s-Mouth Cave in it. People have frequently claimed that there are immortals in the cave, but some say also that tigers, wolves, and monstrous fiends live there. We have not been able to determine exactly what creatures there are.”

“No need to say any more,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “It must be some wicked creatures there who, having discovered our treasures, stole them during the night.”

He then called out:

“Eight Rules, Sha Monk, stay here to guard Master and protect the city. Let old Monkey go and look for our weapons.”

He also instructed the ironsmiths not to put out the fire in the furnace so that they could continue to forge the princes’ weapons.

Dear Monkey King! After taking leave of Tripitaka, he vanished completely from sight. Instantly he was standing on the Leopard’s- Head Mountain, for it was, you see, no more than thirty miles from the city. When he looked around on the peak, he saw that indeed there was a certain aura of monsters. Truly

*A lengthy dragon pulse,
A region vast and wide;
Pointed peaks, erect, that puncture the sky;
Sloping streams, dark and deep, that swiftly flow.
Before the mount’s a carpet of jade grass;
Behind the mount’s the brocade of rare blooms.
Aged pines and cypresses;
Ancient trees and bamboos.*

*Crows and magpies in confusion fly and cry;
 Wild apes and cranes all screech and squall.
 Below the hanging ledge,
 Pairs and pairs of deer;
 Before the sheer cliff,
 Badgers and foxes in twos.
 The dragon approaching rises and falls;
 With nine turns and nine bends comes the earth pulse.
 Jade- Flower District is where the ranges meet,
 A place that prospers in ten thousand years.*

As Pilgrim stared at the scenery, he suddenly heard someone speaking from behind the mountain. Turning quickly to look, he found two wolf-headed fiends walking toward the northwest, chatting loudly.

“These have to be fiendish creatures out patrolling the mountain,” mused Pilgrim. “Let old Monkey follow them and hear what they have to say.” Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and, with one shake of his torso, changed into a little butterfly.

With outstretched wings he soared and turned to catch up with them. In truth it was quite a model of transformation!

*Two wings gossamery,
 Twin feelers silvery.
 Aloft the wind he darts away
 Or dances slowly through the day.
 The waters and walls so nimbly he'll skirt;
 With fragrant catkins his delight's to flirt.
 Scents of fresh flowers his airy self most please;
 His graceful form unfolds with greatest ease.*

Wings aflutter, he alighted on the head of one of the monster-spirits to eavesdrop on them. All of a sudden, the monster said, “Second Elder Brother, our Great King has had several pieces of good luck. Last month he got himself a beautiful lady, who has been giving him a good time in the cave. Then last night he acquired these three weapons, and they're truly priceless treasures. Tomorrow he plans to give a banquet at this so-called Muckrake Festival. All of us are going to enjoy ourselves.”

“We're quite lucky, too!” said the other one. “We have these twenty taels of silver to take to buy hogs and sheep. When we reach the Northwest Market, let's have a few bottles of wine first. Let's skim two or three taels off the top so that we can buy a cotton jacket for winter. Won't that be nice?”

The two fiends thus chatted and giggled as they sped along the main road.

When Pilgrim heard that there was to be a Muckrake Festival, he was secretly pleased. He would have slain the fiends, but he had no weapon, and in any case he felt that they were not responsible for the theft. Flying ahead of them, therefore, he resumed his original form and stood still by the road. He waited until those two fiends had almost reached him and then suddenly spat a mouthful of magic saliva onto them, crying, “*Om Hūm Ṭa Li!*”

At once this magic of immobilization rendered those two wolf-headed spirits completely motionless: eyes unblinking, they could not even open the mouths; body

upright, their two legs stood absolutely still. Then Pilgrim pushed both of them over, searched through their clothes, and did indeed find the twenty taels of silver wrapped in a little bag tied to the belt around one of their waists. Each of them also had a white lacquered tablet hanging on his belt; on one was the inscription Shifty-and-Freaky, and on the other, Freaky-and-Shifty.

Dear Great Sage! He took their silver and untied their tablets, then strode back to the city. When he arrived at the royal residence, he gave a thorough account to the prince, the Tang Monk, the various officials, and the artisans. "It must be," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "old Hog's treasure that is emitting such great radiance that they have to buy hogs and sheep to feast and celebrate. Now how are we going to get it back?" Pilgrim said, "All three of us brothers ought to go there. The silver should be given to our own artisans as a reward. Let's ask His Highness for a few sheep and hogs. Eight Rules, you change into the form of Shifty-and-Freaky, and I'll change into the form of Freaky-and-Shifty. Sha Monk can disguise himself as a trader of sheep and hogs. We'll enter the Tiger's-Mouth Cave that way. When we have the chance, each of us will grab our own weapon and finish off those monstrous deviates. Then we can be on our way."

"Marvelous! Marvelous! Marvelous!" laughed Sha Monk. "We shouldn't delay! Let's go!"

The old prince indeed agreed to his scheme and asked one of his stewards to purchase about seven hogs and four or five sheep.

The three brothers took leave of their master and went out of the city to exercise their magic powers. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "since I have never laid eyes on that Shifty-and-Freaky, how could I change into his form?"

"That fiend has been rendered motionless by old Monkey's magic of immobilization," said Pilgrim, "and he won't come out of it until this time tomorrow. But I remember how he looks. Stand still, and let me show you what to change into. Like this . . . and this . . .

and you'll look like him." Instantly he was transformed into an exact image of Shifty-and-Freaky. The fiend's tablet was then hung on his waist. Pilgrim also changed into the form of Freaky-and-Shifty with the proper tablet hanging on his waist. Sha Monk then disguised himself as a trader; herding the hogs and sheep, the three of them took the main road heading straight for the mountain. In a little while they entered the fold of the mountain and again ran into a little monster. He had some vicious features indeed! Look at those

*Two round, rolling eyes
Like lamps aglow;
And red, bristling hair
Like flames ablaze.
Bottled nose,
Gaping mouth,
And sharp teeth protruding;
Biforked ears,
Caved-in brow,
And puffed up blue face.
He wore a light yellow garment
And trod a pair of rush sandals—
Strong and sturdy like a savage god,*

Brash and hasty like a wicked demon.

With a colored lacquered box for invitations tucked under his left arm, the fiend yelled at Pilgrim, "Freaky-and-Shift, have you two returned? How many animals did you buy?"

"Just look at what we're herding," replied Pilgrim.

"And who is this?" asked the fiend, facing Sha Monk. "He's an animal trader," said Pilgrim. "We still owe him a few taels of silver, and we're taking him home so that he can be paid. Where are you going?"

The fiend said, "I'm heading for the Bamboo-Knot Mountain to invite the venerable great king to attend a festival tomorrow."

Following the drift of the conversation, Pilgrim immediately asked him, "How many people are invited altogether?"

"The venerable great king will head the table, of course," said the fiend. "Including our great king and the captains of our mountain, there'll be some forty persons."

They were conversing like that when Eight Rules spoke up, "Let's get going! The animals have scattered!"

"You round them up," said Pilgrim, "while I ask him for the invitation so I can have a look."

Because he thought that Pilgrim was a member of their own family, the fiend opened the box and took out the invitation card to hand over to Pilgrim. Pilgrim unfolded it and found this message written on it:

Tomorrow morning a banquet will be reverently prepared for you so that we may celebrate the Fine Festival of the Muckrake. I pray that you will visit our mountain with your chariot and attendants. It will be our good fortune if you do not refuse. With profound gratitude I submit this invitation to my Venerable Grandmaster, the Ninefold-Numina Primal Sage. Your grand-disciple, Yellow Lion, kowtows a hundred times.

After reading it, Pilgrim handed the card back to the fiend, who put it back in the box and took off toward the southeast.

"Elder Brother," asked Sha Monk, "what does the card say?"

"It's an invitation to celebrate a festival of the muckrake. The sender identifies himself as such:

'Your granddisciple, Yellow Lion, kowtows a hundred times.' The one to whom the invitation is addressed happens to be the grandmaster, one 'Ninefold Numina Primal Sage.'" On hearing this, Eight Rules laughed and said, "This has to be old Hog's property!"

"How can you tell that it's your property?" asked Pilgrim.

Eight Rules said, "The ancients have a saying that 'A scabby sow is the special foe of the golden-haired lion.' That's why I say that this is old Hog's property."

As the three of them chatted and laughed, they herded the hogs and sheep along. Soon they caught sight of the Tiger's-Mouth Cave.

Outside the door this was the scenery they saw:

Emerald mountains all around

*Like cities in one row bound.
 Green creepers the crags entwine;
 From tall cliffs hang purple vines.
 Birdsongs the woods invade;
 Flowers the cave's entrance shade.
 A Peach Blossom Cave no less,
 Such that hermits would possess.*

When they approached the cave, they found a motley crew of monster-spirits, old and young, cavorting beneath the blossoms and trees. The "Ho! Ho!" snortings of Eight Rules as he herded the animals caught their attention, and they all came forward to meet members of their own household. As they went after the hogs and sheep and began trussing them, the commotion alerted the monsterking inside, who led a dozen little monsters to come out and asked, "So, you two have returned? How many hogs and sheep did you buy?"

"Eight hogs and seven sheep," replied Pilgrim, "altogether fifteen animals. The price of hogs should be sixteen taels of silver, the price of sheep, nine taels. We received twenty taels before. Now we still owe five taels. This is the trader, who came along to get his money." On hearing this, the monster-king gave the order:

"Little ones, fetch five taels of silver and send the man off." Pilgrim said, "This trader didn't just come for his money. He wanted to observe the festival too."

Enraged, the monster-king rebuked him, saying, "What a rogue you are, Freaky Child! You were supposed just to make the purchase. Why did you have to mention the festival to anyone?"

Eight Rules drew near and said, "My lord, the treasures you acquired are indeed rare in the world. What's wrong with letting him take a look at them?"

"You're a pest, too, Shifty Child!" snapped the monster. "I got my treasures from the city in the Jade-Flower District. If this trader sees them and spreads the news in the district, the prince may hear about it. If he then comes here to look, what am I going to do?"

"My Lord," said Pilgrim, "this trader comes from behind the Northwest Market. He's not a resident of the city. How could he go there and spread the word? Besides, he's a little hungry, and neither of us has eaten. If there's any wine and food in the house, please give him some, and then send him off."

He had hardly finished speaking when a little monster handed over five taels of silver to him.

Passing the silver to Sha Monk, Pilgrim said, "Trader, take the silver. I'll take you to the back to have some food."

Forcing himself to be bold, Sha Monk went inside the cave with Eight Rules and Pilgrim. When they reached the second-level hall, they found a votive table set up in the center, on which the nine-pronged muckrake was laid, its colorful radiance truly blinding.

Leaning on the east wall was the golden-hooped rod, and on the west a fiend-routing staff. The monster-king, who had followed them in, said, "Trader, the luminous thing in the center is the muckrake. You may look at it, but don't ever mention this to anyone after you leave." Sha Monk nodded and thanked him. Alas!

*When someone sees his property,
He will go for it certainly.*

For his entire life that Eight Rules had been an impetuous person. When he saw the muckrake, he was not about to engage in anymore small talk. Running up to the table and seizing it with both hands, he changed back into his true form and struck at the face of the monster-spirit. Our Pilgrim and Sha Monk, too, dashed to both walls to grab their own weapons and change back into their true forms.

As the three brothers began to attack madly, the fiendish king retreated hastily to the back, where he picked up a four-lights shovel with a long handle and a sharp blade. Rushing back out into the courtyard, he blocked the three weapons and shouted, “Who are you that you dare use a trick to wangle my treasures from me?”

“You larcenous hairy lump!” scolded Pilgrim. “So you don’t recognize us! We are the disciples of Tripitaka Tang, a sage monk from the Land of the East. When we had our travel rescripts certified at the Jade-Flower District, the noble prince there asked his three sons to submit to us as teachers and learn martial arts from us. Because our treasures were to serve as models for their weapons, which were being forged, we left them in the yard, and they were stolen by you larcenous hairy lump during the night. And you say instead that we use a trick to wangle your treasures! Don’t run away! Have a taste of what our three weapons can dish up for you!”

The monster-spirit immediately raised his shovel to oppose him. Thus began a battle that moved from the courtyard to beyond the front door. Look at those three monks crowding one fiend. A marvelous fight it was!

*The rod swishes like the wind;
The rake descends like the rain.
The staff lifts up to fill the sky with mist;
The shovel extends to color the clouds.
Like three gods refining great cinnabar—
The flames, the colors would awe ghosts and gods.
Pilgrim’s most able to exert his pow’r.
The monster stole treasures, how insolent!
Eight Rules, Heavenly Reeds, now shows his might;
Sha Monk, the great warrior, is good and strong.
Brothers, united, use their smart device
And stir up a fight in Tiger’s- Mouth Cave.
That fiend is tough and he exploits his wiles:
Four sturdy heroes thus have quite a match.
They brawl this time till the sun’s heading west,
When the monster grows weak and fails to stand.*

After they fought for a long time on the Leopard’s Head Mountain, the monster-spirit could no longer withstand his opponents. He shouted at Sha Monk, “Watch my shovel!” and, as Sha Monk stepped aside to dodge the blow, he escaped through the hole thus created. Mounting the wind, he sped toward the southeast. Eight Rules was about to give chase when Pilgrim said, “Let him go. As the ancient proverb has it, ‘The desperate bandit should not be pursued.’ Let’s cut off his way of retreat instead.”

Eight Rules agreed.

Going up to the entrance of the cave, the three of them slaughtered all of those hundred-odd monster-spirits, old and young alike.

They were actually tigers, wolves, leopards, horses, deer, and mountain goats. Then the Great Sage used his magic to haul up all the valuable belongings from the cave, the carcasses of the slain monsters, and the hogs and sheep that had been herded there. With dried wood Sha Monk started a fire, and Eight Rules wagged his ears to fan up a strong gust. The entire lair was thus gutted; after which, they took the stuff brought out of the cave and returned to the city.

At that time the city gates had not been closed for people had not yet retired. The old prince and his sons were waiting with the Tang Monk at the Gauze-Drying Pavilion when they suddenly found the courtyard littered with dead beasts, live hogs and sheep, and some fine jewels and clothing thrown down from midair. Then they heard the cry, "Master, we have returned in triumph!"

The prince gave thanks immediately, and Elder Tang was filled with delight. When the three young princes went to their knees, Sha Monk raised them and said, "Don't thank us yet. Let's take a look at what we have here."

"Where do they all come from?" asked the old prince.

"Those tigers, wolves, leopards, horses, deer, and mountain goats," said Pilgrim with a smile, "happen to be spirits who have become fiends. We succeeded in recovering our weapons and fought our way out of their door. The old monster is actually a goldenhaired lion. Using a four-lights shovel, he fought with us till dusk before fleeing for his life toward the southeast. Instead of giving him pursuit, we eliminated his way of retreat by slaughtering all the rest of the fiends and bringing back these valuable belongings of his."

The old prince was both delighted and alarmed by what he heard: he was delighted by the victory, but he was also alarmed by the possibility that the monster might return to exact vengeance.

"Please do not worry, Your Highness," said Pilgrim. "I have considered the matter also, and I will take appropriate action. We will certainly clean up the whole affair for you before we depart, so that no harm will come to you afterward. When we went there this noon, we ran into a red-haired, blue-faced little monster on his way to deliver an invitation. This was what I saw written on the card:

Tomorrow morning a banquet will be reverently prepared for you so that we may celebrate the Fine Festival of the Muckrake. I pray that you will visit our mountain with your chariot and attendants. It will be our good fortune if you do not refuse. With profound gratitude I submit this invitation to my Venerable Grandmaster, the Ninefold-Numina Primal Sage.

The sender was identified as 'Your granddisciple, Yellow Lion.' When that monster-spirit fled in defeat just now, he must have gone to his grandfather's place to talk. Tomorrow they will certainly come looking for us to exact vengeance. We will then make a clean sweep of these monsters for you."

The old prince thanked him and asked for the evening maigre to be served. After master and disciples had eaten, they retired, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about the monster-spirit, who headed southeast and did indeed flee to the Bamboo-Knot Mountain. In that mountain was a cave-dwelling with the name of Nine-Bends Curvate Cave. The Ninefold-Numina Primal Sage living there was the grandfather of the monster-spirit, whose legs that night never descended from

the wind. By the time of the fifth watch, he arrived at the entrance of the cave and was admitted after knocking on the door. One little monster said to him, "Great King, Little Blue Face arrived last night to deliver your invitation, and Venerable Father asked him to stay till this morning, so that he could go with him to attend your muckrake festival. How is it that you also have come at such an early hour to deliver another invitation in person?"

"I don't know what to say," replied the monster-spirit, "but there isn't going to be any festival!"

As he spoke, Little Blue Face came out and said, "Great King, why are you here? Once Venerable Father Great King gets up, he'll go with me to attend your festival."

The monster-spirit, however, could only wave his hand nervously without uttering a word.

In a little while, the old monster arose and summoned his visitor in. As the monster-spirit abandoned his weapon and went to his knees, he could not stop the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Worthy grandchild," said the old monster, "you sent me an invitation yesterday, and I was about to go attend your festival this morning. Now you have even come in person. But why are you so sad and troubled?" Kowtowing, the monster-spirit said, "Your granddisciple was taking a leisurely stroll the other night in the moonlight when he saw radiance flooding the sky over the Jade-Flower District. When I hastened to investigate, I found three luminous weapons in the courtyard of the royal residence: a muckrake with nine prongs dipped in gold, a treasure staff, and a golden-hooped rod. After your granddisciple brought them back with magic, he wanted to have a Fine Festival of the Muckrake. The little ones were told to purchase hogs, sheep, and various fruits to prepare a banquet for celebration and for the enjoyment of our grandfather. After I sent off Blue Face yesterday to deliver the invitation to you, Child Freaky, whom I asked to go buy the hogs and sheep, returned herding a few animals.

He brought a trader along, who came to collect some money we owed him and insisted on being an observer of the festival. At first your granddisciple refused, for I feared that he might spread the news to the wrong person outside. Then he claimed he was hungry and asked for food. So I told him to go inside to eat. When they walked in and saw the weapons, they claimed they were theirs. Each of them, in fact, seized one of the weapons and then changed into his original form: one was a priest with a hairy face and a thunder-god beak, one was a priest with a long snout and huge ears, and one was a priest with dark, gloomy complexion. Without regard for good or ill, they all shouted madly that they wanted to fight. Your humble grandson took up the four-lights shovel quickly to oppose them, trying at the same time to find out who they were that they dared use such deception. They claimed that they were disciples of the Tang Monk, who had been sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven. They were passing through the city and having their rescript certified when they were detained by the young princes, who wanted to learn martial arts from them.

Their three weapons were placed in the yard as models to be copied, and I stole them. That was the explanation for their angry attack on me. But I don't know the names of those three priests, who all seem very able. Your grandson alone could not withstand the three of them. So I fled in defeat to my grandfather, in hopes that you would take up arms to assist me and seize those monks to exact vengeance. That would

be a great token of your love for your grandson.” On hearing these words, the old monster reflected in silence for a while. With a chuckle, he said, “So, it’s they! My worthy grandchild, you made a mistake when you got *them* involved!”

“Do you know who they are, grandmaster?” asked the monster-spirit.

“The one with a long snout and huge ears,” said the old monster, “happens to be Zhu Eight Rules, and the one with dark, gloomy complexion is Sha Monk. These two are still all right. But the one who has a hairy face and a thundergod beak goes by the name of Pilgrim Sun. This person truly has vast magic powers. When he caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago, not even a hundred thousand warriors from Heaven could capture him. Moreover, he devotes himself to mischief-making.

Whether it’s ransacking a mountain or overturning an ocean, breaking down a cave or besieging a city, he’s a real champion at creating troubles! How could you provoke *him*? All right, I’ll go with you. I’ll capture that fellow and those princes of Jade-Flower as well, just to relieve your feelings.”

The monster-spirit kowtowed to give thanks.

Immediately the old monster summoned into his presence his various grandsons:

Gibbon-Lion,

Snow Lion, Suanyi,

Baize,

Wildcat, and Elephant-Baiter. Led by Yellow Lion, each of them took up a sharp weapon and mounted a gust of violent wind to reach the Leopard’s Head Mountain. There they encountered the powerful odor of fire and smoke and heard the sound of weeping. When they looked more carefully, they found Freaky and Shifty sobbing and crying for their lord.

“Are you the real Freaky Child or the false Freaky Child?” snapped the monster-spirit as he walked up to them.

The two fiends fell on their knees. As they kowtowed and tried to hold back their tears, the two fiends said, “How could we be false? Yesterday we took the money to go purchase hogs and sheep. When we got to the main road west of the mountain, we ran into a priest with a hairy face and a thundergod beak. He spat on us once and immediately our legs grew weak and our mouths clamped shut. We could neither talk nor walk. He pushed us over and searched out our silver. He took our tablets, too. Neither of us snapped out of our stupor until just now. When we got home, the smoke and fire had not yet died but all our buildings had been burned out. Because we couldn’t see our lord or any of the captains and officers, we stayed here and wept. How did this fire start anyway?” When he heard this, the monster-spirit could not stop the tears gushing from his eyes. As he stamped the ground with both feet, he railed spitefully, “Baldie! You’re so wicked! How could you do such a vicious thing? You have gutted my cave-dwelling, burned my pretty lady to death, and robbed me of all my family and belongings! I’m so mad I could die! I’m so mad I could die!”

The old monster asked Gibbon-Lion to drag him over and said to him, “Worthy grandchild, when things have reached this stage, getting mad won’t do you any good. Let’s conserve our vitality instead so that we may go seize those monks in the prefectural city.” Refusing to stop his wailing, the monster-spirit said, “Venerable

Father! That mountain home of mine wasn't built in a day! Now it's completely wrecked by that baldpate! What do I have to live for?"

He struggled up and would have rammed his head against a boulder to kill himself had not Snow Lion and Gibbon-Lion stopped him with their earnest pleadings. After a while, they left the mountain and headed for the city.

When their churning wind and looming fog drew near, the people outside all parts of the capital were so terrified that men and women alike fled into the city with scant regard for their homes or possessions. After they had entered, the gates were shut tightly; meanwhile, someone had sped to the palace to cry, "Disaster! Disaster!"

The princes and the Tang Monk were just enjoying breakfast in the Gauze-Drying Pavilion when they heard this report. When they stepped out to inquire, the people said, "A large band of monsterspirits are approaching the city, kicking up sand and stone and belching wind and fog."

"What shall we do?" exclaimed the old prince, horrified.

"Relax, all of you!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "This must be the monster-spirit from the Tiger's-Mouth Cave who fled in defeat yesterday toward the southeast. Now he has banded together with that so-called Ninefold-Numina Primal Sage to come here. Let us brothers go out to meet them. Order the four gates closed and call up men to guard the city."

The prince indeed gave the order for the city gates to be closed and armed men were summoned to ascend the rampart. On the city tower the prince, together with his three sons and the Tang Monk, made the roll call. Amid fluttering banners that blotted out the sun and cannon fire that filled the sky, Pilgrim and his two brothers left the city midway between cloud and fog to face their enemies. Thus it was that

*Affinity's lack had caused wise weapons' loss
ed up the demons, their perverse foes.*

We do not know how this battle will turn out; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY

*Masters and lions, teachers and pupils, all return to the One
Thieves and the Dao, snares and Buddhism, quiet Ninefold-Numina*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who went out of the city with Eight Rules and Sha Monk. When they met the monsterspirits face to face, they found them to be a bunch of lions of various colors:

Yellow Lion Spirit led in front, with Suanyi Lion and Elephant-Baiter on his left, Baize Lion and Wildcat on his right, and Gibbon-Lion and Snow Lion at the back. In the middle of the group was a nine-headed lion, and by his side was the fiend, Child Blue Face, holding a brocade pennant with raised floral patterns.

Child Shifty-and-Freaky and Child Freaky-and-Shifty held high two red banners as they all stood in an orderly fashion to the north.

Eight Rules, always foolhardy, walked up to them and began to abuse them, saying, “You larcenous fiend! Where did you go to collect these several hairy lumps to come here?”

“You lawless and vicious bonze!” cried the Yellow Lion Spirit, baring his teeth. “Yesterday three of you attacked one of me, and I was defeated. Wasn’t that enough that you had the upper hand? Why did you have to be so cruel as to burn down my cave-dwelling, ruin my mountain home, and harm all my relatives? My animosity toward you is deep as the sea! Don’t run away! Have a taste of your venerable father’s shovel.”

Dear Eight Rules! He met the lion with upraised rake.

The two of them had just come together, and no decision could yet be reached when the Gibbon-Lion, wielding an iron caltrop, and the Snow Lion Spirit, using a three-cornered club, also advanced to attack. “Welcome!” shouted Eight Rules, and on his side, Sha Monk quickly took out his fiend-routing staff to lend his assistance. Then Suanyi Spirit, Baize Spirit, Elephant-Baiter, and Wildcat all surged forward, and they were met by the Great Sage Sun grasping his golden-hooped rod. Suanyi used a cudgel, Baize a bronze mallet, Elephant-Baiter a steel lance, and Wildcat a battle ax. Those seven lion-spirits and these three savage priests thus had quite a battle!

*Mallet, cudgel, lance, and three-cornered club,
Four-lights shovel, iron caltrop, and an ax—
Seven lions with seven weapons sharp
Encircle three priests as they roar and shout.
Vicious is the Great Sage’s iron rod
rare among men, Sha Monk’s treasure staff.
Eight Rules, as if plague-ridden, sallies forth
With a radiant muckrake that terrifies.
Back and front they parry as they ply their might;
Left and right they charge for they’re fearless all.
Princes on the rampart now lend their strength
By beating gongs and drums to rouse their hearts.
Pressing back and forth they use magic power
And fight till Heaven and Earth grow obscure.*

Those monster-spirits fought for half a day with the Great Sage and his two companions, and it became late. Eight Rules was foaming at the mouth, and his legs were gradually weakening. With a last halfhearted wave of his rake, he turned to flee.

“Where are you off to? Watch out!” cried Snow Lion and Gibbon-Lion. Our Idiot did not dodge quickly enough and received a blow to his spine from the club. As he lay flat on the ground, all he could mumble was “Finished! Finished!” Seizing him by the bristles and the tail, the two spirits hauled Eight Rules away to show him to the nine-headed lion, saying, “Grandmaster, we’ve caught one.”

They had hardly finished speaking when Sha Monk and Pilgrim, too, were defeated. As the various monster-spirits gave chase together, however, Pilgrim pulled off a bunch of hairs, chewed them to pieces, and spat them out, crying, “Change!”

They changed at once to hundreds of little Pilgrims who had Baize, Suanyi, Elephant-Baiter, Wildcat, and the golden-haired lion-fiend completely surrounded. Sha Monk and Pilgrim then returned and also plunged into the fray. When night fell, they captured Suanyi and Baize, though Wildcat, Elephant-Baiter, and Golden Hair managed to escape. When the old fiend learned from his grandsons that two lions were lost, he gave this instruction:

“Tie up Zhu Eight Rules, but don’t take his life. Wait till they return our two lions, and we’ll give Eight Rules back to them. If they’re foolish enough to harm our two lions, we’ll make Eight Rules pay with his life.”

That night the various monsters rested outside the city, and there we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun, who had the two lion-spirits hauled near the city. When the old prince saw them, he ordered the city gates open and sent out some thirty guards with ropes to truss up the lion-spirits and take them inside. After he had retrieved his magic hairs, the Great Sage Sun went with Sha Monk up to the city tower to see the Tang Monk.

“That was quite a fierce battle!” said the Tang Monk. “You think Wuneng will live?”

“Relax!” replied Pilgrim. “Since we’ve caught these two monster-spirits, they will never dare harm him. Let’s have these two spirits firmly bound, so that they may be exchanged for Eight Rules tomorrow.” Kowtowing to Pilgrim, the three young princes said, “When our master first went into battle, we saw only one of you. But when you feigned defeat later, over a hundred of you suddenly appeared. By the time you had the monster-spirits captured and returned to the side of the city, you became a single person once more. What sort of magic was that?”

“On my body,” replied Pilgrim with a chuckle, “there are eighty-four thousand hairs. One of them can change into ten of me, and the ten can also change into one hundred. In fact, the transformation can grow to millions and billions. This is the magic of the body beyond the body.” One after another, the princes touched their heads to the ground to show their reverence, after which, food was brought up to the tower for them to dine right there. At each crenel on the battlement were set up lanterns and flags, watch rattles, gongs, and drums. The soldiers were told to be diligent in announcing the watches, sending communication arrows, firing cannons, and shouting battle cries.

Soon it was dawn. The old fiend summoned the Yellow Lion Spirit into his presence to give him this plan:

“All of you today should exert yourselves and try to capture Pilgrim and Sha Monk. Let me secretly soar through the air to ascend the city and seize their master along with the old prince and his sons. After that, I’ll go back first to the Nine-bends Curvate Cave to wait for your triumphal return.”

Accepting the plan, Yellow Lion led Gibbon-Lion, Snow Lion, Elephant-Baiter, and Wildcat, each grasping his weapon, and approached the city to provoke battle, in the midst of churning wind and roiling mist. On this side Pilgrim and Sha Monk leaped down from the parapet and shouted, “Lawless fiends! Return our brother Eight Rules quickly, and we’ll spare your lives! Otherwise, we’ll pulverize you!”

Those monster-spirits, of course, did not permit further conversation. As they rushed forward, our Great Sage and his companion both exercised their intelligence to oppose those five lions. This battle was quite different from that of yesterday:

*A vicious, howling wind that scrubs the earth,
A dark, heavy fog that blots out the sky.
Flying dirt and stone dismay ghosts and gods;
Toppling trees and woods alarm tigers and wolves.
The lance is cruel, the ax, luminous;
Caltrop, club, and shovel are all ruthless.
How they wish they could swallow Pilgrim whole!
Or capture alive that puny Sha Monk!
This one compliant rod of our Great Sage
thrust, turn, toss, and twist most cleverly.
That fiend-routing staff of bold Sha Monk
Has great fame beyond the Divine Mists Hall.
Their action this time has great magic powers
To sweep away the spirits of the West.*

When that battle between those five lion-spirits with coats of more than one color and Sha Monk and Pilgrim reached its most feverish moment, the old fiend mounted a dark cloud to ascend the city tower. All he had to do was to give his heads a shake, and those on the rampart—the various officials and the guards—became so terrified that they all tumbled down from the battlement. He sped inside the tower, and with wide-open mouths, caught hold of Tripitaka, the old prince, and his sons. He then went back to the spot at the north and seized Eight Rules with another mouth. He had, you see, altogether nine heads, and he therefore had nine mouths. One mouth held the Tang Monk, the second one Eight Rules, the third one the old prince, the fourth one the eldest young prince, the fifth one the second young prince, and the sixth one the third young prince. With six persons in six mouths, he still had three empty ones! “I’m leaving first!” he roared. When these five young lion-spirits saw the triumph of their grandmaster, they became more aggressive than ever.

Pilgrim, too, heard the commotion on the rampart, and he knew at once that he had fallen for their scheme. Quickly admonishing Sha Monk to be careful, he ripped off all his hairs from both arms and chewed them to pieces before spitting them out: they changed instantly into hundreds and thousands of little Pilgrims. As they surged forward to attack, they dragged down the Gibbon-Lion, captured live Snow Lion, caught hold of Elephant-Baiter, overturned Wildcat, and beat to death Yellow Lion. From this wild melee, however, Child Blue Face, Shifty-and-Freaky, and Freaky-and-Shifty managed to escape.

When the officials on the rampart saw what was happening, they opened the city gates once more and brought out ropes to tie up the five lion-spirits. After they had been dragged inside and before they had even been disposed of, a tearful queen came to bow to Pilgrim, saying, "O divine master! Our Royal Highness, his sons, and your master may have lost their lives! What is to become of this deserted city?"

"Worthy Queen, please do not grieve," said the Great Sage, bowing to her as he retrieved his magic hairs. "Because I have caught these seven lion-spirits, I don't think that my master or His Highness and his heirs will be harmed, even though they have been abducted by the magic of the old monster. Early next morning, we two brothers will go to that mountain. We promise you that we shall capture the old monster and return four princes to you." When the queen and other court ladies heard this, all of them kowtowed to Pilgrim and said, "We pray earnestly that the lives of His Highness and his heirs be preserved and that his royal dominion be established forever!"

After their bows, each of them returned to the palace, struggling to hold back her tears.

Pilgrim gave this instruction to the various officials:

"Skin that Yellow Lion Spirit that we have beaten to death, and lock up the rest of the six living ones. Bring us some vegetarian food so that we may take a rest after the meal. You can all relax, for I promise you nothing serious will occur." On the following day, the Great Sage led Sha Monk to mount the auspicious cloud, and in a little while, they arrived at the summit of the Bamboo-Knot Mountain. As they lowered the direction of their cloud to look around, they saw a marvelous tall mountain indeed, with

*A row of peaks rugged
And summits most jagged.
Deep in the stream flows a gurgling torrent;
Below the cliff blooms the ornate fragrance.
Winding ranges one after one
And ancient paths encircling.
Truly the cranes arrive to squire the pines,
But the clouds depart to make the rocks forlorn.
The apes face the sunlight to search for fruits,
And deer enjoy the warmth to find their flowers.
The bluebird's reedy songs,
The oriole's murmurous notes.
Spring peaches and plums vie for glamour;
Summer elms and willows both prosper;
Autumn spreads brocades of yellow flowers;
Winter comes with white snow aflutter.
A splendid scene in all four seasons,
As good as the immortal Isle Yingzhou.*

As they enjoyed the scenery on the summit, they suddenly caught sight of that Child Blue Face dashing out of a little valley down below, his hand gripping a small cudgel.

"Where do you think you're going?" bellowed Pilgrim. "Old Monkey's here!"

The little monster was so terrified that he tumbled down the slope, while the two brothers eagerly gave chase. In a moment, however, Blue Face disappeared. A few steps

more brought them to the front of a cave-dwelling, where they found tightly shut two doors of veined rocks. Across the top of the door was a stone placard, with the following inscription in clerkly script:

Myriad-Numina Bamboo-Knot Mountain, Nine-Bends Curvate Cave.

The little monster, you see, had dashed in and closed the doors, and had gone to the center of the cave to say to the old monster, “Venerable Father, there are two monks outside again.”

The old monster said, “Did your great king and the rest return—Gibbon-Lion, Snow Lion, Elephant-Baiter, and Wildcat?”

“I haven’t seen any of them! I haven’t seen any of them!” replied the little monster. “Only two monks high on the peak scanning the region. When I saw them, I turned and ran. They chased me back here, and I quickly bolted the door.” On hearing this, the old monster fell silent for a long time; then all at once he shed a few tears. “Woe!” he cried. “My Yellow Lion grand-disciple is dead, and the others have all been taken captive into the city by those priests. How am I to avenge myself?” Lying on one side, a melancholy Eight Rules, who had been trussed up along with the Tang Monk, the old prince, and his sons and left there to suffer, was gladdened by this statement of the old monster about his grandsons. “Master, don’t be afraid!” he whispered.

“And Your Highness, don’t worry! My elder brother has won a victory and caught several monsters. He’ll soon find his way here to rescue us.”

He finished speaking, and then he heard the old monster say, “Little ones, stand guard here. Let me go out and capture those two monks and bring them in here also for punishment.” Look at him! With neither armor on his body nor weapons in his hands, he walked in big strides up to the front, where he could hear the shoutings of Pilgrim Sun. Flinging wide the doors, he did not wait for the exchange of even one word before heading straight for Pilgrim. As Pilgrim wielded his iron rod to meet him, Sha Monk brandished his treasure staff and struck. All the old monster did was to give his head one shake, and eight other heads with open mouths appeared, four on each side. Ever so gently they caught Pilgrim and Sha Monk and brought them inside the cave. “Bring me some ropes!” he cried.

Shifty-and-Freaky, Freaky-and-Shifty, and Child Blue Face were the three who had escaped with their lives the night before. Taking out two ropes, they bound up the priests firmly.

“You wretched ape!” said the old monster. “You’ve taken my seven grandsons, but I’ve caught four of you priests and four princes.

That should be a fair exchange for my grandsons’ lives! Little ones, select some thorny willow canes. Let’s give this monkey-head a flogging, so that my Yellow Lion granddisciple may be avenged.”

Each picking up a willow cane, those three little monsters began to rain blows on Pilgrim. Pilgrim’s body, however, was one that had undergone prolonged cultivation and refinement. The effect of those willow canes on him was no more severe than scratching an itch! No matter how hard they flogged him, he neither showed concern nor made a sound. Eight Rules, the Tang Monk, and the princes, however, were petrified at the sight. After a little while, even the canes broke from the flogging and had to be replaced.

It went on like this until evening. The blows Pilgrim received were numberless. When Sha Monk saw how long Pilgrim had been beaten, he felt guilty and said, "Let me take a hundred strokes or so for him!"

"Don't be so impatient!" said the old monster. "You'll be beaten tomorrow! Each of you will have your turn!"

Horried, Eight Rules said, "Then the day after tomorrow will be old Hog's turn!"

The flogging continued for yet another while until it grew dark. "Little ones, let's stop!" cried the old monster. "Light the lamps, and take some food and drink, all of you. I'm going to my brocade den to take a nap. All three of you have suffered before in the hands of these monks, and you should therefore guard them carefully. Wait till tomorrow before we flog them some more." Moving the lamps over, the three little monsters took up the willow canes and began beating Pilgrim's skull: tick-tick-tock, tocktock- tick, now fast, now slow, it sounded as if they were beating a rattle. As the night deepened, however, the monsters all fell sound asleep.

Immediately Pilgrim exercised his magic of Passage. He shrank his body and climbed out of the ropes. Having shaken loose his fur and straightened out his clothes, he whipped out his rod from his ear. One wave of it and it acquired the thickness of a bucket and the length of twenty feet. "You cursed beasts!" he said to the three little monsters. "You have beaten your Venerable Father umpteen times, but he hasn't changed a bit. Let your Venerable Father drop this rod on you a little, and see what happens!"

Ever so lightly he dropped the rod on those three little fiends, and at once they turned into three meat patties.

Then Pilgrim pulled up the wick in a lamp and began to untie Sha Monk. As he had been hurting from the ropes, Eight Rules could not refrain from saying in a loud voice, "Elder Brother, my hands and feet are swollen! Why can't you untie me first?"

This one yell of Idiot's aroused the old monster, who scrambled up immediately, saying, "Who's untying . . . ?" When he heard that, Pilgrim blew out the lamp immediately and abandoned Sha Monk. With his iron rod he punched through several doors and escaped. The old monster went out to the center hall and called out:

"Little ones, why are the lights out? Has someone escaped?"

He shouted like that once, but no one answered him. He cried again, but still there was no answer. By the time he lit a lamp himself, the first thing he saw were three bloody meat patties on the ground. Then he saw that the old prince, his sons, the Tang Monk and Eight Rules were still there; only Pilgrim and Sha Monk had disappeared. With a lighted torch, he rushed to the back and front to search for them, and he found Sha Monk sidling along a wall in one of the porches. The old monster grabbed him, threw him on the ground, and tied him up as before. Then he continued to search for Pilgrim. When he saw that several of the doors had been smashed, he knew that Pilgrim had managed to escape. Instead of giving chase, he tried to patch up and repair the doors to guard his property. There we shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage Sun who, having emerged from the Nine-Bends Curvate Cave, went straight back to the Jade-Flower County astride the auspicious cloud. In the air above the city he was met by several local spirits of the region and the tutelary deities of the city, all bowing.

“Why did you all wait until now to come to see me?” asked Pilgrim.

“These humble deities,” replied the city god, “knew already that the Great Sage had descended upon the Jade-Flower County. Since you have been entertained by a worthy prince, we dared not intrude upon you. Now we have learned that the princes encountered fiends and that the Great Sage is in the process of subduing demons. We have therefore come especially to bow to receive you.” Pilgrim was still annoyed and was beginning to berate them when the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Darkness, and the Six Gods of Light appeared with another local spirit in their custody. As they knelt down, they said, “Great Sage, we have captured this devil-in-the-earth and brought him here.”

“Why aren’t you all protecting my master at the Bamboo-Knot Mountain?” snapped Pilgrim. “Why are you milling about at this place?” One of the Gods of Darkness and Light said, “Great Sage, after you had escaped, the monster-spirit captured again the Curtain-Raising General and had him tied up once more. When we saw how powerful his magic was, we rounded up the local spirit of the Bamboo-Knot Mountain and marched him here. He should know the origin of this monster-spirit. Let the Great Sage question him, so that he may devise the proper means to rescue the sage monk and deliver the worthy prince from his suffering.” Pilgrim was delighted by what he heard. Trembling all over, the local spirit kowtowed and said, “The year before last that old monster descended upon the Bamboo-Knot Mountain. The Nine-Bends Curvate Cave was originally a den for six lions. Since the old monster’s arrival, however, the six lions all honored him as their grandsire, who is actually a nine-headed lion. He styles himself the Nine-Numina Primal Sage. If you want to vanquish him, you must go to the Wondrous-Cliff Palace at the East Pole and fetch his master. Only that person and no one else has the power to subdue him.” When he heard this, Pilgrim thought for quite some time, musing to himself:

“The Wondrous-Cliff Palace at the East Pole, that’s the Salvific Celestial Worthy of the Great Monad. His beast of burden is precisely a nine-headed lion. In that case . . .”

He at once gave this instruction:

“Let the Guardian and the Gods of Darkness and Light return with the local spirit to their proper stations to provide secret protection for my master, my brothers, and the princes of the district. The city deities should take up their post to guard the city.”

The various deities obeyed and left.

Mounting the cloud somersault, our Great Sage journeyed through the night. By about the hour of the Tiger, he arrived at the East Heaven Gate, where he ran into Devarāja Virūpākṣa and an entourage of celestial guards and vīra. They all stopped and, folding their hands in their sleeves to salute him, asked, “Where are you going, Great Sage?”

After returning their salutation, Pilgrim said, “Making a trip to Wondrous-Cliff Palace.”

“Why aren’t you on your way to the Western Heaven?” asked the devarāja. “Why have you come to the Eastern Heaven?”

“When we arrived at the Jade-Flower County,” replied Pilgrim, “we were royally entertained by the prince. His three sons, in fact, took us three brothers in and

honored us as teachers of martial arts. Little did we expect that we would end up with a bunch of lionfiends.

I've just found out that the Salvific Celestial Worthy of the Great Monad at the Wondrous-Cliff Palace is the lion master, and I would like to ask him to subdue the fiend and rescue my master."

"It's precisely because you desired to act as someone's teacher," said the devarāja, "that you got into trouble with a den of lions."

"No doubt that's the reason! No doubt that's the reason!" chuckled Pilgrim. All the soldiers and *vīra* saluted him again with folded hands and stepped aside to let him pass. After the Great Sage entered the East Heavenly Gate, he reached in a little while the Wondrous-Cliff Palace. He saw

*Colored clouds in tiers,
Billows of purple mist,
Tiles shimmering in golden flames,
Doors guarded by rows of jade-beasts.
Flowers fill a double arch swathed in red mist;
Tall trees, sun-drenched, are encased in green dew.
Truly myriad gods surround the place
Where all sages flourish.
The buildings are layers of brocade,
All joined through windows and porches,
Watched by an old dragon circling in light
Divine and charged with thick, auspicious air.
is the realm of everlasting bliss,
The Palace of Wondrous- Cliff.*

Inside the gate of the palace stood a divine lad wearing a garment of rainbow hues. When he caught sight of the Great Sage Sun, he went inside to announce, "Holy Father, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who caused great havoc in the Celestial Palace, has arrived."

The Salvific Celestial Worthy of the Great Monad at once asked his guards and attendants to usher his visitor in. When they entered the palace, the Celestial Worthy left his lofty lotus throne of nine colors enshrouded in countless beams of auspicious radiance to greet them. Pilgrim bowed low, and the Celestial Worthy returned his salutation, saying, "Great Sage, we haven't seen you these few years. I heard some time ago that you left the Dao to embrace Buddha in order to escort the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. Your merit and work must have been accomplished."

"Not quite," replied Pilgrim, "but they are near completion. At this moment, however, my accompaniment of the Tang Monk has taken us to the Jade-Flower County, where the local prince was kind enough to have his three sons take old Monkey and his brothers as teachers of martial arts. New weapons were being forged, using ours as models, but they were stolen by a thief at night. When we looked for them in the morning, we learned that the thief was a golden-haired lion-spirit residing in the Tiger's-Mouth Cave on the Leopard's Head Mountain north of the city. A ploy of old Monkey got back our weapons, but that spirit banded together with a considerable number of other lion-spirits to brawl with me. In their midst was a nine-headed lion who possessed vast magic powers.

He caught with his mouths my master, Eight Rules, and the four princes and took them to the Nine-Bends Curvate Cave of the Bamboo-Knot Mountain. The next day old Monkey and Sha Monk followed them there, and we too were captured. Old Monkey was bound and beaten by him countless times, but I was fortunate enough to have escaped, using my magic. They are still suffering at that place. Not until I questioned the local spirit of the region did I find out that the Celestial Worthy happens to be his master. I've come especially to ask you to subdue the monster and grant deliverance." On hearing this, the Celestial Worthy immediately ordered his subordinates to fetch the lion page from the lion den and bring him forward for interrogation. The page, however, was sleeping soundly and did not wake up until some of the gods had given him a few shakes. They dragged him up to the center hall, and the Celestial Worthy asked, "Where's the lion?" Shedding tears and kowtowing, the page boy could only mutter, "Spare me! Spare me!"

"In the Great Sage Sun's presence you will not be beaten," said the Celestial Worthy. "But you'd better confess quickly how you carelessly allowed the nine-headed lion to run away."

"Holy Father," said the page, "the day before yesterday I came upon a bottle of wine in the Hall of Universal Sweet Dew. Not knowing any better, I stole it and drank it, and I fell fast asleep. I must not have locked up the beast properly, and that's why he escaped."

The Celestial Worthy said, "That wine happened to be a gift of Laozi called Jade Liquid of Transmigration. If you drank it, you'd stay drunk for three whole days. How many days has it been since the lion ran away?"

"According to the local spirit," said the Great Sage, "he descended to earth the year before last. By now it's almost three years."

"Yes! Yes!" said the Celestial Worthy with a smile. "A day in Heaven is a year in the mortal world."

Then he said to the lion page, "Get up. We'll spare you for the moment. Follow me and the Great Sage to the Region Below to retrieve him. The rest of the immortals may go back. There's no need for all of you to accompany us."

The Celestial Worthy trod the clouds with the lion page and the Great Sage to reach the Bamboo-Knot Mountain, where they were met by the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, and the local spirit of the mountain. "You who are supposed to be guardians, has my master been harmed?" asked Pilgrim.

"The monster-spirit," replied the deities, "has been rather upset and has gone to sleep. He has not inflicted punishment on anyone."

"After all," said the Celestial Worthy, "that Child Primal Sage of mine is a true spirit who has attained the Way through prolonged cultivation. One roar of his can reach the Three Sages above and penetrate the Nine Springs down below. He will not take a life casually. Great Sage Sun, please go and provoke battle at his door. Entice him to come out so that I may subdue him."

Hearing this, Pilgrim indeed whipped out his rod and leaped toward the cave's entrance, shouting, "Brazen monster-spirit! Return my people! Brazen monster-spirit! Return my people!"

He shouted several times, but there was no answer at all, for the old monster had fallen fast asleep. Growing impatient, Pilgrim wielded his iron rod and fought his way inside, shouting abuses as he moved along.

Only then was the old monster roused from his sleep. Startled and enraged, he scrambled up and roared, "To battle!"

At once he shook his head and attacked with open mouths.

Pilgrim turned back and leaped out of the cave. The monster-spirit followed him out, crying, "Monkey thief! Where are you going?" Standing on a cliff, Pilgrim said, chuckling, "You still dare be so audacious and unruly! You have no idea what's coming to you in a moment! Don't you realize that your Venerable Father Master is here?"

The monster-spirit rushed up to the cliff, only to find a Celestial Worthy reciting a spell and shouting, "Child Primal Sage, I'm here!"

The monster recognized his master, and he dared not struggle at all. Falling prostrate on all fours, he could only kowtow repeatedly. From one side the lion page dashed out and, seizing his hair on the neck with one hand, rained blows on his head with the other. "You beast!" he scolded him. "Why did you run away and make me suffer?"

The lion dared neither move nor utter a word. Only when his fist grew tired did the lion page stop punching and put the brocade saddle on. The Celestial Worthy mounted him, gave the order to leave, and the lion rode the colored clouds to return to the Wondrous- Cliff Palace.

After giving thanks toward the sky, the Great Sage entered the cave. He untied the Jade-Flower prince first, then Tripitaka Tang, and finally, Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and the three princes. Together they looted the cave's valuables before stepping outside. Eight Rules piled up dried wood front and back and started a blaze. The entire Nine-Bends Curvate Cave was reduced to a charred and gutted kiln! Then the Great Sage dismissed the other deities, though he ordered the local spirit to remain there and guard the region. Eight Rules and Sha Monk were told to exercise their magic and carry the princes back to the prefectural city on their backs, while Pilgrim himself took hold of the Tang Monk by the hands to transport him. In a short while, when the sky darkened, they all arrived at the capital and were met by the queen, the palace ladies, and various officials. Evening maigre was served at once, and they all sat down to enjoy the fare. The elder and his disciples again rested in the Gauze-Drying Pavilion, while the prince retired to the palace. They all had a peaceful night.

The next day the prince ordered another huge vegetarian banquet, for which all the officials of the palace, high and low, gave thanks.

Pilgrim also asked the butchers to slaughter the six lions and skin them, as they had done to the yellow lion. Their meat was to be prepared for the people's enjoyment. Delighted by this suggestion, the prince at once gave this command: the meat of one lion was to be saved for the residents of the palace, and that of another would be given to the Administrator of a Princely Establishment and other district officials. The rest of the five lions would be cut into small pieces, about two to three ounces each, and distributed by palace guards to the civilian and military populace in and out of the city, so that they might have a taste of lion meat to calm their fears. All the households thus acknowledged the gift with gratitude.

In the meantime, the ironsmiths had finished forging the three weapons. As they kowtowed to Pilgrim, they said, “Holy Father, our work is done.”

“What’s the weight of each of the weapons?” asked Pilgrim.

“The golden-hooped rod weighs a thousand pounds,” replied one of the ironsmiths. “The nine-pronged rake and the fiend-routing staff both weigh eight hundred pounds.”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, and he asked the three princes to come out and pick up their weapons.

“Father Prince,” said the three princes to the old prince, “today the weapons are perfected.”

“Because of them,” said the old prince, “my sons and I almost lost our lives.”

“It was fortunate that the divine master did exercise his magic to have us rescued,” said the young princes, “and to have the monstrous deviates dispersed. With all evil consequences removed, we may truly expect a peaceful world of calm seas and clear rivers.”

At once the old prince rewarded the ironsmiths; then father and sons went to the Gauze-Drying Pavilion to thank the masters.

In order that their journey would not be delayed, Tripitaka urged Pilgrim and his companions to hasten in giving lessons in martial arts to the princes. Right in the palace courtyard, therefore, each of the brothers wielded his weapon and began instructing the princes one by one. In a few days those three princes became thoroughly familiar with their drills and exercises. All the methods of offense and defense, fast and slow, indeed all seventy-two styles of movement that belonged to each weapon were mastered. The three princes, after all, were most determined to learn, and, moreover, the Great Sage Sun had endowed them with divine strength. For this reason they could now raise and move a thousand-pound rod or an eight-hundred-pound muckrake. Compared with the martial arts they formerly practiced by themselves, this was something else indeed! We have a testimonial poem, which says:

*Good luck for them has three teachers convened.
Why should martial arts bestir a lion fiend?
The empire’s safe when pervers are wiped out;
They yield to One Body and pariahs rout.
fits the principle of primal yang;
From all perfection the Dao truly sprang.
A mind informed these teachings e’er release
And grant Jade- Flower lasting joy and peace.*

Once more the princes gave a huge banquet to thank their teachers for the instruction. A large platter of silver and gold was also presented as token of their gratitude.

“Take it away! Quickly!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “We are people who have left home. What do we need it for?”

Eight Rules, sitting to one side, said, “We really can’t take the gold and silver. But this robe of mine has been torn almost to shreds by those lion-spirits. If you could provide us with a change of clothing, it would be received as a token of your great love for us.”

The princes at once asked the tailors to take several bales of blue silk, red silk, and brown silk and, following the styles and colors of what the priests were wearing, make three suits of clothing. The three pilgrims gladly received their gifts and put on their new cassocks of silk before packing to leave.

At this time there was not a single person in and out of the city who did not address them as incarnate arhats or living buddhas. All the streets were filled with the sounds of drums and music and clogged with the colors of banners and pennants. Truly

*Outside each household the incense fires burned;
Before each door colorful lanterns turned.*

Only after escorting the pilgrims a long distance would the people permit the four of them to resume their journey toward the West.

Their departure signaled their escape from the various lions and their devotion to attaining the right fruit. Truly

*Without a worry they'd reach Buddha's realm
And, with hearts unfeigned, ascend Thunderclap.*

We do not know, however, how great a distance remains for them to reach Spirit Mountain, or when they will arrive; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-ONE

*At Gold-Level Prefecture they watch lanterns on the fifteenth night
In Mysterious Flower Cave the Tang Monk makes a deposition*

*How should one strive in the practice of Chan?
Cut off quickly the wily horse and ape.
Five colors grow when they are firmly bound;
A moment's stop will land you on Three Ways.
If the sovereign elixir's caused to leak,
Jade nature dries up for such sloth and slack.
Joy, wrath, care, and thought must be swept clean:
Wondrous mystery is gained like nothing seen.*

We were just telling you about the Tang Monk and his three disciples, who left the Jade-Flower City and proceeded along a path safe and sound. In truth the region befitted the name of Ultimate Bliss. After five or six days, they again caught sight of a city.

“What sort of a place is this again?” the Tang Monk asked Pilgrim.

“It's a city,” replied Pilgrim, “but the flagpole on the rampart has no pennant. We can't tell the name of this region. Let's wait till we get near, and ask.” When they reached the suburb outside the eastern gate, they saw bustling teahouses and wine shops on both sides of the street, and flourishing rice markets and oil stores. On the streets there were a few vagabonds; when they saw the long snout of Zhu Eight Rules, the gloomy countenance of Sha Monk, and the red-rimmed eyes of Pilgrim Sun, they had the travelers surrounded. Struggling to get a closer look at these strange visitors, they nonetheless did not have the courage to question them. The Tang Monk was so nervous that he was, as it were, clinging onto his own sweat, for he feared that his disciples might cause trouble. They walked past several more alley entrances, but still they had not reached the city. It was then that they came upon the gate of a monastery with this inscription:

Mercy Cloud Temple.

“How about going in there to rest the horse,” said the Tang Monk, “and beg for a meal?”

“Good! Good!” replied Pilgrim, and the four of them all walked in. They saw

*Noble treasure towers,
Soaring bejeweled thrones,
A Buddha alcove above the clouds
And priestly chambers within the moon. red swirls about tall pagodas;
Dark green trees enshroud clean praying-wheels.
A true pure land,
A false dragon palace,
A Great Hero Hall encased in purple cloud.
Along two porches endless visitors play;
Guests climb a stūpa that's often open.
Incense in the censers is e'er ablaze;
Fragrant lamps nightly on the platforms glow.*

*When the golden bell's heard from the abbot hall,
Monks in service to Buddha will sūtras recite.*

As the four of them looked at the place, they caught sight of a priest walking out from one of the corridors. "Master, where did you come from?" he saluted the Tang Monk.

"This disciple happens to be someone who came from the Tang court of China," replied the Tang Monk. At once the monk fell on his knees to make a bow, so startling the Tang Monk that he hurriedly tried to raise him with his hands. "Abbot," he asked, "why do you honor me with such a grand ceremony?" Pressing his palms together in front of him, the monk said, "When those people inclined to virtue at our region study the sūtras and chant the name of Buddha, their ardent hope invariably is to find incarnation at your land of China. Just now when I beheld the bearing and clothing of the venerable master, I realized at once that only the cultivation of a previous life could provide you with such noble endowment. It is fitting, therefore, for me to kneel and bow to you."

"I'm terribly embarrassed!" said the Tang Monk with a smile. "This disciple is but a mendicant. What endowment could he claim? The abbot here is able to enjoy a quiet and comfortable existence. That's true blessing!"

The monk thereupon led the Tang Monk to the main hall to worship the images of Buddha. Only after that did the Tang Monk summon his disciples to enter. Pilgrim and his two companions, you see, had been standing with their faces turned away to watch the horse and luggage since their master had begun conversing with the priest. The priest thus did not pay them much attention. Not until they heard their master calling, "Disciples!" did they turn around. When the priest saw them, he was so aghast that he cried, "O Holy Father! Why is it that your noble disciples are so ugly?"

"Though they may be ugly," replied the Tang Monk, "they do possess considerable magic power. Throughout our journey I have been quite dependent on their protection."

As they chatted, several more priests walked out to salute them. The one who appeared previously said to the ones who just arrived, "This master is a person who came from the Great Tang of China. These three are his noble disciples."

Both pleased and alarmed, the monks said, "Master, why did you come here from your great nation of China?"

"By the sage decree of our Tang emperor," declared the Tang Monk, "I am seeking scriptures from the Buddha at Spirit Mountain."

Passing through your treasure region, I have come especially to your superior temple, merely to inquire about the place and to beg for a meal. Thereafter we shall leave."

Each one of those monks was delighted. They invited the pilgrims into the abbot's quarters, where there were several more priests conducting business with some donors of a vegetarian feast. One of those monks who walked in first cried, "All of you come and look at people from China. Now we know there are both handsome people and ugly people in China. The handsome is too handsome to be sketched or painted, but the ugly ones are exceedingly bizarre." Many of those monks and feast donors came to greet them. They then took their seats, and, after tea, the Tang Monk asked, "What is the name of your honored region?"

“Our is the outer prefecture of the Kingdom of India,” replied one of the monks, “the Gold-Level Prefecture.”

“How far is it from your honored prefecture to the Spirit Mountain?” asked the Tang Monk.

“It is about two thousand miles from here to the capital,” said the monk, “and this is a journey we ourselves have taken before. But we have never gone westward to the Spirit Mountain, and, not knowing the distance, we dare not offer you a fraudulent reply.”

The Tang Monk thanked him.

In a little while, they brought out a vegetarian meal, after which, the Tang Monk wanted to leave. He was, however, detained by the donors and the monks, who said to him, “Please feel free to stay for a couple of days, Venerable Master. Enjoy yourself till we have passed the Lantern Festival. Then you may go.” Somewhat taken aback, the Tang Monk said, “All this disciple knows on the road is that there are mountains and waters. What I fear most is running into fiends and demons. I have quite lost track of time. When is the fine Lantern Festival?” Smiling, one of the monks said, “The venerable master is preoccupied with the worship of Buddha and the realization of Chan, and that is why you have no concept of time. Today happens to be the thirteenth of the first month. By night the people will be trying out the lanterns. The day after tomorrow is the fifteenth proper. We don’t put away the lanterns until the eighteenth or nineteenth. The households of our region here are quite active and fond of excitement. Moreover, our prefect holds the people in great affection. So lanterns and lights will be set up high all over the place, and there’ll be music all night long. We have also a Golden-Lamp Bridge, a relic of antiquity but still a prosperous site. Let the venerable fathers stay here for a few days. Our humble monastery can certainly take care of you.”

The Tang Monk had no choice but to remain.

That night a great salvo of drums and bells could be heard coming from the main hall of Buddha when the faithful and the local residents arrived with their gifts and votive lanterns for Buddha. The Tang Monk and his companions all left the abbot’s quarters to watch these lanterns before retiring. The next day temple priests brought in more food. When they had finished eating, they took a stroll together through the rear garden. A fine place indeed!

*The time is the first month;
The season, a new spring.
A fine, wooded garden
Of charms luxuriant.
Rare blooms and plants of four seasons;
Rows upon rows of summits.
Before the steps lovely grasses stir;
On old plum boughs fragrance rises.
The red enters young peach blossoms;
The green returns to fresh willows.
Boast not of Gold- Valley’s opulence
Speak not of Felloe- Spring’s soft breezes.
Here’s one flowing stream
Where wild ducks appear now and then;
We have a thousand bamboos planted*

On which the writers make no end of verses.
The peony,
The tree-peony,
The crape flower,
The magnolia—
Their natures have just awakened.
The camelia,
The red plum,
The jasmine,
The most fragrant plant
They first display their glamour.
Though snow left on shady ledges retains its chill,
trees with mist afloat are brushed with spring.
You see, too, deer glancing at their pond-reflections
And cranes listening to strings beneath the pines.
A few buildings to the east,
A few buildings to the west,
Where guests may come to stay;
A few halls to the south,
A few stūpas to the north,
Where monks in silence meditate.
In the midst of flowers
There are a couple of towers for cultivation,
Their double eaves curving high up;
Amid hills and streams
Are three or four demon-smelting rooms
With neat tables and bright lattices.
Truly a natural place of reclusion,
There's no need to look elsewhere for Peng and Ying.

After enjoying the garden for a day, master and disciples also looked at the lanterns in the halls before going to watch the lantern shows. What they saw were

Cornelian floral cities,
Glass immortal-caves,
Palaces of crystal and mother-of-pearl
Like layers of brocade
And tiers of openwork carvings.
As the star-bridge sways and the cosmos moves,
See how a few flaming trees waver.
Pipes and drums along the six streets,
A bright moon atop a thousand doors,
And scented breeze from all households.
Here and there scorpaenid humps rear up;
There are dragons leaving the ocean
And phoenixes soaring.
Admire both lamplight and moonlight—
What harmonious blend!
Those troops of satin and silk

*All enjoy the sounds of pipe and song;
Atop both chariots and horses
There is no end of flower and jadelike faces,
Or of gallant knights,
Or of lovely scenes.*

After Tripitaka and the monks had watched the lanterns in the monastery, they also took to the streets of the suburb by the east gate to see the sights. Not until the time of the second watch did they turn back to retire.

The next day the Tang Monk said to the priests, "This disciple once made a vow to sweep a pagoda whenever I came upon a pagoda. Since this day is the fine festival of the first full moon, let me request the abbot to open the pagoda for me to fulfill my vow."

The priests accordingly opened the door, as Sha Monk took out the cassock to attend to the Tang Monk. When they reached the first level, the elder put on the cassock to worship Buddha and say prayers. Thereafter he swept out that level with a broom before taking off the cassock to hand back to Sha Monk. He then swept clean the second level and went through each one in that manner until he reached the very top. On each level of that pagoda, you see, there were images of Buddha and open windows. When one level was swept clean, the Tang Monk and his companions would remain a while to enjoy and commend the scenery. By the time the work was done, and they descended from the pagoda, it was already late, and lamps had to be lit.

This was the night of the fifteenth, the first full moon. "Venerable Master," said the priests, "we have been watching the lanterns with you these last two nights in our monastery and in the suburb. Tonight is the festival proper. How about going into the city with us to watch the lanterns there?" In delight the Tang Monk agreed. With the monks of the monastery, he and his three disciples all entered the city. Truly it is

*Fifteenth, a lovely night and feast;
Spring hues blend with the first full moon.
Floral lights o'erhang busy shops
As people sing the songs of peace.
You see only bright lights in the six streets and three marts
When a mirror rises in midair.
The moon seems like a silver dish the River God pushed up;
The lights look like brocade carpets woven by divine maidens.
The lights in moonlight
Add one measure of light;
The moon shines on the lights,
Enhancing their brilliance.
There are countless iron chains and star-bridges to see,
And endless lamp wicks and flaming torches to watch.
The snowflake lantern
And the plum-flower lantern
Seem to be chiseled from spring ice.
The silk-screen lantern
the painted-screen lantern
Are constructed with five colors.
The walnut lantern*

*And the lily lantern
 Hang high on the tower.
 The green-lion lantern
 And the white-elephant lantern
 Frolic high by the awnings.
 The little-lamb lantern
 And the rabbit lantern
 Sparkle beneath the eaves.
 The hawk lantern
 And the phoenix lantern
 Are joined side by side.
 The tiger lantern
 And the horse lantern
 Walk and run together.
 The divine-crane lantern
 And the white-deer lantern,
 These Longevity Star rides on.
 The goldfish lantern
 And the long-whale lantern,
 These Li Bo will sit on.
 The scorpaenid-hump lantern—
 A congregation of immortals.
 A revolving-horse lantern—
 Where generals do battle.
 A thousand households of glittering towers;
 Many miles of a world of cloud and smoke.
 Over there
 Clippety-clop come the jade saddles flying;
 The rumbling wheels of scented chariots pass by.
 Look at those in red-trimmed towers:
 Leaning on the rails
 Behind the screens
 Shoulder to shoulder
 Pairs and pairs of beauties eager for pleasure.
 Or those by the bridge o'er green waters:
 Noisily cavorting
 All bundled in silk
 Besotted and soused
 loud guffaws
 Two by two the tourists play in gay garments.
 Flutes and drums resound in the whole city;
 Pipes and songs rend the air throughout the night.*

We have also a testimonial poem, which says:

*From fields of brocade comes the lotus song.
 To this peaceful region flocks a great throng.
 With bright lights and moon on this fifteenth eve,
 Timely rain and wind the year will receive.*

Since this was precisely the time the nocturnal curfew was to be lifted, countless people mingled and milled about the place. Some were dancing; some were walking on stilts; there were people disguised as ghosts and others riding on elephants—a bunch here and a cluster there. You could hardly watch them all.

When the Tang Monk and the other priests finally made their way to the Golden-Lamp Bridge, they came upon three lamps with bases the size of cisterns. The coverings on top were actually two artificial towered edifices knit in the most elegant and delicate fashion with fine gold threads. Suspended inside the edifices were thin pieces of glass. The light of these lamps could rival the moon's, while their oil emitted powerful aromas.

The Tang Monk turned to ask the priests, "What sort of oil do these lamps use? Why does it have such a powerful, strange fragrance?"

"I should tell you, Venerable Master," replied one of the priests, "about the district behind our prefecture, which is called Compassionate-Heaven. This district covers some two hundred and forty square miles. Supporting the annual land taxes of this district are two hundred and forty so-called oil families. Mind you, the other taxes of the district are manageable, but the ones levied on these families are quite burdensome. Each household, in fact, must spend over two hundred taels of silver on the oil for these lamps, which is no ordinary oil. It is a specially blended fragrant oil, and each tael is worth two taels of silver. Each catty of oil thus would cost thirtysix taels of silver. The cistern of each of those three lamps holds up to five hundred catties, so three lamps would require one thousand and five hundred catties of oil. The fuel itself, therefore, would cost forty-eight thousand taels of silver. Other miscellaneous expenses would push the total sum to over fifty thousand. The lamps, however, can only last three nights."

"How could you burn up so much oil in just three nights?" asked Pilgrim.

The priest answered, "There are forty-nine large wicks in each of the cisterns. They are made of wick-straw tied together and wrapped in fine cotton. Each wick is actually about as thick as a chicken egg, but they can last only through this night. After Father Buddha has revealed himself, the oil will have disappeared by tomorrow evening and the lamps will go dim."

"It must be," giggled Eight Rules, from the side, "that Father Buddha takes away even the oil!"

"Exactly!" replied the priest. "This has been the belief handed down from antiquity by the people of the entire city. Because the oil dries up, people all say that the Buddhist Patriarch himself has put away the lamps, and that ensures a rich harvest of the five grains. If, however, there is a year when the oil does not dry up, then there will be droughts or poor harvests or wind and rain out of season. That is the reason why all the families feel compelled to make these sacrifices."

As they spoke, the howl of wind could suddenly be heard up in the sky, so terrifying the lamp spectators that they all scattered. The priests, too, found it difficult to stand on their feet. "Venerable Master," they said, "let's go back. The wind has arrived. It must be Father Buddha's auspicious descent, coming here to watch the lamps."

"How do you know it's Buddha coming to watch the lamps?" asked the Tang Monk.

“It’s like this every year,” replied one of the monks. “Hardly past the hour of the third watch the wind arrives. Knowing that it is the auspicious descent of the various Buddhas, people all get out of the way.”

“This disciple,” said the Tang Monk, “happens to be a person who thinks of Buddha, who chants the name of Buddha, and who worships Buddha. If there are indeed Buddhas making their descent on this fine occasion, I will certainly pay them homage. Even a small gesture is desirable.”

The priests begged in vain for him to leave. In a little while, three figures of Buddha indeed appeared in the wind, coming toward the lamps. The Tang Monk was so astonished that he rushed up to the top of the bridge and fell on his knees to bow to them. Hurrying forward to try to pull him up, Pilgrim shouted, “Master, these are not good people! They have to be monstrous deviates!”

Hardly had he finished speaking than the lamp light suddenly grew dim. With a loud whoosh, they scooped up the Tang Monk and left astride the wind. Alas! We do not know

*Of which mountain or cave are these real fiends,
False Buddhas who for years have watched the gold lamps.*

So terrified were Eight Rules and Sha Monk that they searched and hollered left and right.

“Brothers!” Pilgrim cried. “No need to call for Master at this place. His extreme pleasure has turned to grief, and Master has been abducted by monster-spirits.”

“Holy Father!” said those few frightened monks. “How could you tell that monster-spirits abducted him?” With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, “All of you are a bunch of mortals. You have no perception all these years, for you were deluded by those monstrous deviates. All you thought of were true Buddhas making their auspicious descent to enjoy these offerings of the lamps.

Just now when the wind passed by, those apparitions of Buddha were actually three monster-spirits. Unable to recognize them either, my master dashed to the top of the bridge and immediately bowed down. They managed to dim the lights, took away the oil with some vessels, and even abducted our master. I was a bit slow in getting up there, and that’s why the three of them could escape by changing into the wind.”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “what are we going to do, then?”

“No need for hesitation,” replied Pilgrim. “The two of you go back to the temple with the rest of them to guard our horse and luggage. Let old Monkey make use of this wind and track them down.”

Dear Great Sage! Swiftly mounting the cloud somersault, he rose to midair and, catching a whiff of putrid odor from that wind, sped toward the northeast. He chased it till dawn, and all at once the wind died down. Then he came upon a huge mountain that appeared most treacherous and truly rugged. Marvelous mountain!

*Canyons in layers,
And torrents tortuous.
From sheer cliffs hang vines and creepers;
On hollow heights stand cypress and pine.
The cranes cackle in morning mist
And geese call from the clouds of dawn.*

*Tall and erect like halberds are the peaks;
 Jagged and rough huge boulders pile up.
 The summit soars ten thousand feet;
 The peak rises in a thousand turns.
 Conscious of spring, wild woods and flowers bloom;
 Moved by the sights, nightjars and orioles sing.
 It may seem lofty and grand,
 It's in truth a precipice
 That's bizarre, rugged, treacherous, and hard.
 Stop and enjoy it, but no man's in sight:
 You hear only tigers and leopards growl.
 Musk and white deer will wander as they please;
 Jade hare and green wolves will come and go.
 deep brook flows out to a thousand miles,
 Its eddies gurgling as they strike the rocks.*

On the mountain ledge the Great Sage was searching for his way when he caught sight of four persons herding three goats down the western slope and shouting, "Begins Prosperity!"

Blinking his fiery eyes with diamond pupils, the Great Sage stared more carefully and perceived that they were the Four Sentinels of Year, Month, Day, and Hour approaching in disguises.

Immediately whipping out his iron rod which, with one wave, attained the thickness of a rice bowl and a length of about twelve feet, the Great Sage leaped down from the ledge and shouted, "Where do you dirty sneaks think you are going?" When the Four Sentinels saw that he had penetrated their disguises, they were so terrified that they shooed away the goats and changed back into their true forms. Stepping to the side of the road to make their bows, they said, "Great Sage, please forgive us!"

"Because I haven't asked for your services for a long time," said Pilgrim, "you think Old Monkey has become indulgent. Every one of you, in fact, has turned slothful, since you haven't shown up once to present yourself to me. What have you got to say to that? Why aren't you all giving secret protection to my master? Where are you off to?"

"Your master has backslid a little," replied one of the Sentinels. "Because he has been indulging in pleasures at the Mercy Cloud Temple of the Gold-Level Prefecture, his extreme prosperity has produced negativity, and the fullness of his happiness has become grief. Now he has been captured by some monstrous deviates, but at least he has the Guardians of Monastery at his side to give him protection. We know that the Great Sage has been giving chase all through the night. Fearing that the Great Sage might not know his way in this mountain forest, we have come especially to make it known to you."

"If you wanted to do that," said Pilgrim, "why did you do it in such a secretive manner? Herding three goats and shouting this and that—what for?"

The Sentinel said, "We brought along these three goats in order to symbolize the saying, 'With three yang begins prosperity.'"

That symbol should break up and dispel your master's misfortune." Pilgrim was angrily threatening to beat them, but when he heard their intention, his anger turned to

delight, and he decided to spare them. Putting away his rod, he said, "Is this the mountain where the monster-spirit lives?"

"Indeed, it is," replied the Sentinel. "This is the Green Dragon Mountain, in which there is a Mysterious Flower Cave. Inside the cave are three monster-spirits: the eldest is named Great King Cold-Deterrent; the second, Great King Heat-Deterrent; and the third, Great King Dust-Deterrent. They have lived here for a thousand years. Since their youth they have been fond of eating that specially blended fragrant oil. When they became spirits in years past, they came here disguised as the images of Buddha to dupe the officials and people of the Gold-Level Prefecture into setting up these golden lamps and using that specially blended fragrant oil as fuel. By mid-month of the first month every year, they would assume the forms of Buddha to collect oil. When they saw your master this year, they recognized that he had the body of a sage monk and they abducted him into their cave. In no time they will want to cut off your master's flesh and sauté it with that fragrant oil for food. You must work quickly to rescue him." On hearing this, Pilgrim dismissed the Four Sentinels and went past the mountain ledge to search for the cave. He had not gone more than a few miles when he came upon a huge boulder, beneath which was a stone house with two half-closed stone doors. By the side of the door was a stone tablet with these six words:

Green Dragon Mountain, Mysterious Flower Cave. Not daring to walk straight in, Pilgrim stood still and called out, "Monstrous fiend, send my master out quickly!" With a loud creak the doors were flung open and out ran several bullheaded spirits. Rather glumly and stupidly, they asked, "Who are you that you dare make all these noises here?"

"I'm the senior disciple of the sage monk, Tripitaka Tang," replied Pilgrim, "who was sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures. We passed through the Gold-Level Prefecture, and while we were watching the lanterns, my master was kidnapped by your household's demon chieftains. Return him early, and I'll spare your lives! If you don't, I'll overturn your den and reduce you spirits to pus and blood!" On hearing this, those little monsters hurried inside to say, "Great Kings, disaster! Disaster!"

The three old monsters had brought the Tang Monk deep into the cave, where without any further interrogation they were ordering their subordinates to have him stripped and scrubbed clean by water pumped from the well. They were making plans, too, to cut him or dice him so that his flesh could be sautéed for food with that specially blended fragrant oil. When they suddenly heard this announcement of disaster, Number One was astonished enough to ask why.

"In front of our main door," replied one of the little monsters, "there is a monk with a hairy face and a thundergod beak. He claims that our Great Kings have abducted his master to this place and demands that he be sent out at once. Then he'll spare our lives. But if we don't do that, he will overturn our den and reduce us all to pus and blood."

All alarmed by what they heard, the older monsters said, "We just caught this fellow, and we haven't yet had a chance to question him about his name or where he came from. Little ones, put his clothes back on him and bring him over here for us to interrogate him.

Who is he anyway, and where does he come from?"

The monsters rushed forward and untied the Tang Monk. After they had dressed him, they pushed him before the seats of the old monsters. Trembling all over, the Tang Monk knelt down and could only cry, "Great Kings, spare me! Please spare me!"

"Where did you come from, monk?" asked the three monster-spirits in unison. "When you saw the forms of Buddha, why did you not step aside? Why did you impede our cloudy path?"

As he kowtowed, the Tang Monk said, "This humble cleric is someone sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East, someone on his way to seek scriptures from the Buddhist Patriarch at the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the Kingdom of India.

Because I went to the Mercy Cloud Temple at the Gold-Level Prefecture to beg for a meal, I was asked by the priests of that temple to stay through the Lantern Festival and enjoy the lights. When the Great Kings revealed themselves in the forms of Buddha on the Golden-Lamp Bridge, this humble cleric, who has only fleshly eyes and mortal frame, nonetheless has the desire to worship Buddha whenever he beholds his image. That is the reason why I impeded your cloudy path."

"It is a long way from your Land of the East to this place," said those monster-spirits. "How many people are there altogether in your entourage? Tell us quickly, and we'll spare your life."

"My secular name is Chen Xuanzang," replied the Tang Monk, "and I have been raised a monk in the Gold Mountain Monastery since my youth. Later I was appointed a monk official by the Tang emperor at the Temple of Great Blessing. On account of prime minister Wei Zheng's execution of an old dragon of the Jing River in his dream, the Tang emperor made a tour of Hades and then returned to life. To provide redemption for the lost souls of darkness, he convened the Grand Mass of Land and Water and graciously selected me as the chief priest in charge of the ceremony and the exposition of scriptures. It was at that time that the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin revealed herself to enlighten this humble cleric, announcing to us that there were three canons of true scriptures at the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the Western Heaven. These scriptures, she said, could provide deliverance for the deceased and enable them to ascend to Heaven. The Tang emperor therefore sent this humble cleric to fetch the scriptures. He bestowed on me the style, Tripitaka, and the surname of Tang. That's why people all address me as Tripitaka Tang. I have three disciples. The first one's surname is Sun, and his names are Wukong and Pilgrim. He is actually the converted Great Sage, Equal to Heaven."

Greatly startled by the last name they heard, the monsters said, "Is this Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, the person who caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago?"

"Indeed, he is," said the Tang Monk. "My second disciple has the surname of Zhu, and his given names are Wuneng and Eight Rules. He is the incarnation of the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. My third disciple has the surname of Sha, and his given names are Wujing and Monk. He is the Curtain-Raising General who has descended to Earth." When they heard this, all three of those monster-kings were alarmed. "It's a good thing we haven't eaten him yet," they said. "Little ones, let's chain the Tang Monk in the rear. Let's wait till we capture his three disciples so that we can eat them together."

Then they called up a herd of spirits, all mountain buffaloes, water buffaloes, and yellow buffaloes. Each grasping a weapon, they walked out of the front door where with a trumpet signal, they waved their banners and rolled the drums.

In full battle dress, the three monsters went out the door also and cried, “What person is bold enough to shout and yell in front of our door?”

Half concealed upon the boulder, Pilgrim stared at them. The monster-spirits all had

*Colored faces, round eyes
And two rugged horns;
most pointed,
And sparkling intelligence;
A body full of patterns like a colored painting
Or a large piece of brocade with floral designs.
The first one
Wears on his head a cap of warm fox fur;
His face is steamy and covered with hair.
The second one
Has draped on himself thin gauze flaming red,
His four patterned hooves resemble chunks of jade.
The third one
Has a mighty roar like a thunderclap,
His jutting teeth seem sharper than silver picks.
Each one bold and fierce,
They hold three kinds of arms:
One uses a battle-ax,
And one, a huge cutlass.
But the third one, look again!
Across his shoulders rests a knotty cane.*

He saw, moreover, many monster-spirits: tall and short, fat and thin, old and young, they were all bull-heads or demonic fiends holding spears and clubs. There were three huge banners on which these titles were clearly inscribed:

Great King Cold-Deterrent, Great King Heat-Deterrent, and Great King Dust-Deterrent.

After he had stared for a while, Pilgrim could wait no longer. He went forward and shouted:

“You lawless thieves and fiends! Do you recognize old Monkey?”

“So you are the Sun Wukong who disturbed Heaven!” snapped one of the monsters. “Truly,

*Though your face is preceded by your fame,
A god who sees you would die with shame!*

You are nothing but a puny ape!”

“You oil-stealing thieves!” scolded Pilgrim, enraged. “You greasy-mouthed fiends! Stop babbling! Return my master instantly!”

He rushed forward and struck out with his iron rod. Those three old monsters met him swiftly with three kinds of weapon. That was some battle in the fold of the mountain!

*Battle-ax, cutlass, and a knotty cane
The Monkey King dares oppose with one rod.
The fiends—
Cold-, Heat-, and Dust- Deterrent—now
Recognize the Great Sage Equal to Heaven's name.
The rod rises to frighten gods and ghosts;
The ax and cutlass madly fly and slash.
What an image of true void magically fused,
Which resists three monstrous, false Buddha-forms!
Those three felons of this year who wet their noses with stolen oil
Are eager to seize the priest commissioned by a king.
This one for his master fears not mountains or distance;
Those ones for their mouths' sake want annual offerings.
Bing-bang: only ax and cutlass are heard.
: now only the rod makes the sounds.
Charging and bumping, three go against one;
Each parries and blocks to display his might.
From morning they fight till the time of night.
Who knows who will suffer and who will win?*

With that single rod of his Pilgrim Sun fought the three demons for some one hundred and fifty rounds, but no decision had been reached when the sky began to darken. After a rather feeble blow of his knotty cane, the Great King Dust-Deterrent leaped across the battle line to wave his banner. Immediately that band of bull-headed fiends surged forward and had Pilgrim surrounded in the middle.

All wielding weapons, they madly attacked him.

Seeing that the tide was turning against him, Pilgrim mounted the cloud somersault and fled in defeat. Those monsters did not pursue him; calling back their subordinates, they prepared dinner instead and ate it. A little monster was ordered to give a bowlful to the Tang Monk, who would not be prepared for cooking until Pilgrim was captured also. Because he had always kept a vegetarian diet and because he was racked by sorrow, the master did not even allow the food to touch his lips. For the moment we shall leave him there, weeping.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who mounted the clouds to return to the Mercy Cloud Temple. "Brothers!" he called out.

Eight Rules and Sha Monk were waiting for him. When they heard the call they came out together to meet him, saying, "Elder Brother, why did you go for a whole day before you came back? What actually happened to Master?"

"I followed the scent of the wind to give chase last night," replied Pilgrim with a smile, "and by morning, I arrived at a mountain.

The wind vanished, but luckily the Four Sentinels reported to me that the mountain was called the Green Dragon Mountain. In the mountain was a cave with the name of Mysterious Flower, with three monster-spirits living inside it. They had the names of Great King Cold-Deterrent, Great King Heat-Deterrent, and Great King Dust-

Deterrent. They had been stealing oil from this place for years, falsely assuming the form of Buddha to deceive the officials and people of the Gold-Level Prefecture. This year they happened to bump into us, and, not knowing any better, went so far as to abduct Master. After old Monkey had acquired this information, I ordered the Sentinels to give secret protection to Master while I provoked battle before the door. Those three fiends came out together, and they all seemed like bull-headed demons. One used a battle-ax, one a huge cutlass, and the third a cane. Behind them came a whole den of bull-headed demons, waving their banners and rolling their drums. Old Monkey battled the three chieftains for an entire day, and we fought to a draw. Then one of the monster-kings waved his banner, and the little monsters all came at me. When I saw that it was getting late, I feared that I could not prevail and I somersaulted back here.”

“It must be demon kings from the Capital of Darkness causing trouble,” said Eight Rules.

“What led you to make such a guess?” asked Sha Monk.

Chuckling, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother told us that these were all bull-headed demons. That’s how I know.”

“No! No!” said Pilgrim. “As old Monkey sees the matter, they are spirits of three rhinoceroses.”

“If they are,” said Eight Rules, “let’s capture them and saw off their horns. They are worth quite a few taels of silver!”

As they were speaking, the monks of the temple came to ask whether Father Sun would like dinner. “If it’s convenient, I’ll have some,” replied Pilgrim. “If not, I can pass.”

“Father Sun has fought for an entire day,” said a priest. “Aren’t you hungry?”

“Just a day or so, how could I be hungry?” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Old Monkey once had no taste of food or drink for five hundred years!”

Those priests, however, thought he was only joking and presently they brought him food. After he had eaten, Pilgrim said, “Let’s get ready to retire. Tomorrow we can all go together to do battle. When we capture the monster-kings, we can rescue Master.”

“What are you saying, Elder Brother?” asked Sha Monk. “As the proverb has it, ‘A pause makes one smarter!’ If that monster-spirit could not sleep tonight and brought harm to Master, what would we do then? I think it’s better for us to try to rescue Master now, and catch them off their guard. Further delay may prove to be a mistake.” When he heard that, Eight Rules became more spirited. “Brother Sha is quite right!” he said. “We should take advantage of this moonlight to go subdue the demons.” Pilgrim agreed and gave this instruction to the temple priests:

“Guard our luggage and our horse.

Wait till we capture the monster-spirits and bring them back here. We shall prove to the magistrate of this prefecture that they are specious Buddhas. The levy of oil can then be eliminated to bring relief to all the common folk of the region. Won’t that be nice?”

The priests obeyed. The three pilgrims at once mounted their auspicious clouds to leave the city. Truly and slothful, Chan nature’s confused;

dangers, the mind of Dao’s obscured.

We do not know whether they will meet victory or defeat when they get there; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-TWO

*Three priests fight fiercely at Green Dragon Mountain
Four Stars help to capture rhinoceros fiends*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who trod the wind and mounted the clouds with his two brothers and headed toward the northeast. Soon they arrived at the entrance to the Mysterious Flower Cave in the Green Dragon Mountain. As soon as they had dropped down from the clouds, Eight Rules wanted to tear down the doors with his rake. "Wait a moment!" said Pilgrim. "Let me go in and find out whether Master is dead or alive. Then we can do battle with them."

"These doors are tightly shut," said Sha Monk. "How can you get in?"

"With my magic power, of course," replied Pilgrim.

Dear Great Sage! Putting away his rod, he made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell, crying, "Change!"

At once he changed into a little firefly, truly quick and agile. Look at him!

*Wings stretched he soars like a comet.
"Grasses decayed become fireflies."
One should not take lightly such magic change:
His is a nature that endures.
Flying near the stone door to look
Through the drafty crack on one side,
With one leap he reaches the quiet yard
To spy on the demons' conduct.*

He flew inside and immediately found several buffalo sprawling all over the place. Snoring thunderously, they were all fast asleep.

Even when he reached the center hall, he did not come across any activity. The doors on all sides were closed, and he had no idea where the three monster-spirits were sleeping. Passing through the hall, he headed for the rear, his tail glowing, and he heard the sound of weeping. There he discovered the Tang Monk, who had been chained to a pillar in a back room. As Pilgrim flew quietly up to him, he heard his master sob out:

*Since leaving Chang'an o'er ten years ago,
Mountains and streams I've passed in bitter woe.
Happy to find one gala in the West,
To reach at Gold-Level the Lanternfest,
I cannot discern the lamps' false Buddha-forms,
tribulations are my poor life's norms.
If my good pupils come in strong pursuit,
Let their heroic powers soon bear fruit!*

On hearing this, Pilgrim was filled with delight and at once spread his wings to fly in front of his master.

"Ah!" said the Tang Monk, wiping away his tears. "The West is truly different! This is only the first month, a time when most insects are just beginning to stir. How

can there be fireflies already?" Unable to contain himself, Pilgrim called out, "Master, I'm here!"

"Wukong," said the Tang Monk, delighted, "I was just saying, how can there be fireflies in the first month? So, it's you!"

"O Master!" said Pilgrim as he changed back to his original form. "Because you could not distinguish the true from the specious, you have caused such delay in your journey and wasted so much effort. I shouted at you repeatedly, trying to tell you that these were not good people, but you were already making your bows. Those fiends were allowed to dim the lamps, steal the specially blended fragrant oil, and even kidnap you. I instructed Eight Rules and Sha Monk to remain in the monastery to guard our belongings. I myself followed the scent of the wind here. I didn't know, of course, the name of this region, but luckily the Sentinels came to report that this was the Mysterious Flower Cave of the Green Dragon Mountain. Yesterday I fought with those fiends until nightfall and then went back to tell my younger brothers what had happened. We didn't sleep, but we all came here instead. Fearing that it's not easy to do battle deep in the night, and not knowing either how Master is faring, I used transformation to get in here to do a bit of detection."

Highly pleased, the Tang Monk said, "So, Eight Rules and Sha Monk are outside?"

"Yes, they are," replied Pilgrim. "Just now old Monkey saw that all the monster-spirits had fallen asleep. Let me open the lock, bash down the door, and lead you out."

The Tang Monk nodded his head to thank him.

Using his lock-opening magic, Pilgrim brushed the instrument with his hand, and the lock snapped open at once by itself. As he led his master out, he suddenly heard one of the monster-kings calling out from one of the chambers by the side of the main hall, "Little ones, shut the doors tightly, and be careful with the candles and torches. How is it that there is no patrol or watch announcement? Why aren't the rattles sounded?"

That bunch of little fiends, you see, had been fighting strenuously all day and had therefore all fallen asleep. They were awakened only by these words of the old monster. When the rattle sounded, some of them picked up their weapons, struck up a gong, and headed for the rear. They ran smack into both master and disciple.

"My good monk!" shouted the little monsters in unison. "You may have twisted open the lock, but where do you think you're going?" Without permitting further explanation, Pilgrim whipped out his rod, which, with one sweep, attained the thickness of a rice bowl.

He struck, and immediately slew two of them with one blow. The rest of the little monsters abandoned their weapons and dashed back to the center hall. Hammering on the door of the bedroom, they shouted:

"Great Kings! It's bad! It's bad! The hairy-faced monk has killed right in our house!" Scrambling to their feet when they heard this, the three fiends cried, "Seize him! Seize him!" So terrified was the Tang Monk that his arms and legs turned numb.

Unable to care for his master any longer, Pilgrim wielded his rod and charged ahead. Those little monsters were in no way able to block him or stop him; he struck

down a few here, pushed over several there, and escaped after smashing through several doors.

“Brothers, where are you?” he cried as he emerged.

With upraised rake and staff, Eight Rules and Sha Monk were waiting. “Elder Brother,” they said, “how are things?”

Thereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough account of what had taken place after he had entered the cave through transformation—how he had freed his master and begun to slip out when the monsters discovered them, and how he had to leave his master behind and fight his way out. We shall leave them for the moment.

The monster-kings, having captured again the Tang Monk, had him chained as before. Gripping their cutlass and ax, with torches ablaze, they asked, “How did you open the lock? How did that monkey get in here? Confess at once, and we’ll spare your life! If you don’t, we’ll carve you in two!”

Trembling all over, the Tang Monk fell on his knees and said, “Father Great Kings, my disciple Sun Wukong knows seventy-two ways of transformation. Just now he changed into a little firefly and flew in here to try to rescue me. We didn’t expect to wake up the Great Kings or to run into the little Great Kings. Not knowing any better, my disciple wounded two of them. When they all shouted with upraised weapons and lighted torches, he abandoned me and ran out.” Laughing uproariously, the three monster-kings said, “It’s a good thing we woke up! We haven’t let *you* escape!”

They ordered their little ones to shut the doors tightly front and back, and they were to do this in complete silence.

“If they shut the doors tightly without making a noise,” said Sha Monk, “they might secretly be plotting against our master. We should get moving!”

“You are right,” said Pilgrim. “Let’s knock down the door quickly!” Our Idiot at once sought to display his magic powers. Raising his rake, he delivered a blow with all his strength and smashed the stone doors to pieces. “You oil-stealing fiends!” he cried in a loud voice. “Send out my master instantly!”

Those little monsters were so terrified that they rolled back inside to report, “Great Kings, it’s bad! It’s bad! Our front doors have been smashed by those priests.”

Greatly annoyed, those three monster-kings said, “These fellows are impudent indeed!”

They immediately sent for their armor and, grasping their weapons, led the little monsters out the door to battle. It was then about the hour of the third watch, and a radiant moon in the sky made it almost bright as day. Once outside, they wielded their weapons without exchanging one word. On this side, Pilgrim went for the battle-ax, Eight Rules opposed the huge cutlass, and Sha Monk met the large cane. This was a magnificent battle!

*Three Buddhist priests
With rod, staff, and rake,
And three monstrous demons with added spunk.
From battle-ax, cutlass, and knotty cane
One hears only the sound of wind and dust.
The first few rounds stir up such grievous fog;
Colored mists soar and scatter thereafter.*

*Around the body the rake's movements churn;
 Still more praiseworthy's the brave iron rod.
 A world's rarity is the treasure staff,
 To which the fiends are too stubborn to yield.
 The blade of the ax is both bright and sharp;
 The cane is knotty and covered with dots.
 The cutlass shimmers like a single-leaf door,
 Opposed no less by priestly magic might.
 On this side they strike fiercely for their master's life;
 On that side they claw at faces to keep the Tang Monk.
 The ax and the rod both strive hard to win;
 The rake and the cutlass both clash and meet.
 The knotty cane and the fiend-routing staff
 Go back and forth to display their power.*

Three priests and three fiends fought for a long time, and neither side proved to be the stronger.

Then that Great King Cold-Deterrent shouted, "Little ones, come up here!"

The various spirits rushed up with their weapons, and almost immediately Eight Rules tripped and fell to the ground. Tugging and pulling, several water-buffalo spirits hauled him inside the cave and tied him up. When Sha Monk saw that they had lost Eight Rules to a bellowing herd of bulls, he struck weakly at the Great King Dust-Deterrent and then turned to flee. He was, however, thrown face first to the ground by the spirits swarming over him.

Struggling in vain to get up, he too was taken captive and tied up. Pilgrim knew then that it would be difficult for him to continue fighting by himself; mounting the cloud somersault, he managed to escape.

At the sight of Eight Rules and Sha Monk who were brought before him, the eyes of the Tang Monk brimmed with tears. "What a pity," he said, "that you two have also fallen into the clutches of these vicious hands! Where's Wukong?"

"When Elder Brother saw that we were captured," replied Sha Monk, "he fled."

"If he escaped," said the Tang Monk, "he most certainly went somewhere to seek help. But I wonder when we might go free." Master and disciples were overcome by sadness, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who mounted his cloud somersault to return to the Mercy Cloud Temple. As the priests there met him, they asked, "Have you rescued Father Tang?"

"It's hard to do that!" said Pilgrim. "Very hard indeed! Those monster-spirits had vast magic powers. We three brothers fought those three for a long time. Then they summoned the little monsters to capture Eight Rules first and seize Sha Monk afterward. Old Monkey was lucky enough to escape."

Greatly frightened, the priests said, "If someone like you, Holy Father, who could mount the clouds and ride the fog, still could not arrest them, the old master will certainly be harmed."

"Not necessarily!" replied Pilgrim. "My master himself enjoys the secret protection of the Guardians of Monastery, the Guardians of Five Quarters, and the Six

Gods of Darkness and Light. Then, too, he once tasted the Grass of the Reverted Cinnabar.

I doubt that his life will be harmed. It's just that the monster-spirits are quite able, which makes it necessary for old Monkey to seek help in Heaven.

You all must take good care to guard the horse and the luggage."

Even more intimidated, the priests said, "Can Holy Father go up to Heaven?" With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, "The Celestial Palace used to be my homestead, in those years when I was the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. Because I disrupted the Festival of Immortal Peaches, I was subjugated by our Buddha. I had no choice but to escort the Tang Monk in his quest for scriptures, using my merit to atone for my sins. Throughout the journey, I have been assisting the right by dispelling the deviates. It is my master's lot, however, that he should suffer this ordeal, something none of you know anything about."

These words moved the priests to kowtow and worship. Stepping out, Pilgrim gave a loud whistle and at once vanished.

Marvelous Great Sage! He soon arrived at the West Heaven Gate, where he ran into the Gold Star Venus conversing with the Devarāja Virūdhaka and the Four Spirit Officers Yin, Zhu, Tao, and Xu. When they saw Pilgrim arrive, they hurriedly saluted him and asked, "Where's the Great Sage going?"

"As the guardian of the Tang Monk," replied Pilgrim, "I have reached the Compassionate Heaven District of the Gold-Level Prefecture, which is located on the eastern border of the Kingdom of India. My master was asked by the priests of the Mercy Cloud Temple to stay and enjoy the Lantern Festival. When we went to see the Golden-Lamp Bridge, we saw three golden lamps, in fact, which used as fuel a specially blended fragrant oil. Though that oil has the worth of some fifty thousand taels of white gold, it is nonetheless presented for the enjoyment of some Buddhas who make an auspicious descent every year. As we were looking at those lamps, three images of Buddha indeed appeared. Not knowing good or ill, my master immediately rushed up to the top of the bridge to make his bow, while I was trying to tell him they were no good. But they had already dimmed the lamps and abducted both the oil and my master in a gust of wind. I set off in pursuit of the wind and by dawn came upon a mountain. The Four Sentinels reported to me that it was the Green Dragon Mountain. The Mysterious Flower Cave of that mountain had three fiends with the names of Great King Cold-Deterrent, Great King Heat-Deterrent, and Great King Dust-Deterrent. Old Monkey quickly demanded my master's return at their door, fought with the monster-spirits, but did not gain the upper hand. Then I used transformation to gain entrance. When I saw that my master was chained but unharmed, I freed him and tried to lead him out. But we were detected, and I had to flee. Thereafter, Eight Rules and Sha Monk joined me to wage a bitter battle with them, which ended with the capture of my two brothers. For this reason, old Monkey has come to request the Jade Emperor's assistance in locating their origin and in bringing them to submission."

"If the Great Sage had already fought with them," said the Gold Star, chuckling sardonically, "couldn't he tell where they came from?"

"Of course! Of course!" replied Pilgrim. "I could tell they were a herd of bovine spirits. But because of their great magic powers, they are difficult to subdue quickly."

The Gold Star said, "Those are indeed three rhinoceros spirits. Because their bodily designs bear the patterns of Heaven, long years of cultivation have wrought immortality for them, so that they too, are able to soar on the clouds and tread on the fog. Those fiends also have a penchant for cleanliness. Invariably offended by their own reflection, they would want to leap into water to take a bath.

They have various names, too: like female rhinoceros, male rhinoceros, bull rhinoceros, striped rhinoceros, barbarian-hat rhinoceros, *duoluo* rhinoceros, and Heaven-reaching patterned rhinoceros. They are all endowed with a single aperture, triple hair, and two horns.

When they move through rivers and seas, they are able to open a path in the water. As for your Cold-Deterrent, Heat-Deterrent, and Dust-Deterrent, they are so named because of certain precious vital forces stored in their horns. That's why they have given themselves such titles as Great King so-and-so. If you want to catch them, you must seek help from the Four Wood-Creature Stars. Their mere presence will bring these beasts to submission."

Bowing hurriedly, Pilgrim asked, "And who are the Four Wood-Creature Stars? I beg Longevity to tell me plainly."

"These stars," replied the Gold Star with a smile, "are stationed at that part of the universe just outside the Dipper Palace. When you have memorialized to the Jade Emperor, you will learn the truth."

After folding his hands in front of him to indicate his gratitude, Pilgrim went inside the Heaven Gate. In a moment, he reached the lower level of the Hall of Perfect Light, where he met first with Ge, Qiu, Zhang, and Xu, the Four Celestial Masters. "Where are you heading?" they asked.

"Recently we arrived at Gold-Level Prefecture," replied Pilgrim. "Because my master has loosened slightly his hold on the nature of Zen, he was abducted by monstrous demons while watching the lights during the Lantern Festival. Old Monkey cannot bring them to submission, and I have come especially to make this known to the Jade Emperor and request assistance."

The Four Celestial Masters led Pilgrim immediately into the Hall of Divine Mists to present his memorial. After the exchange of greetings and a complete rehearsal of what took place, the Jade Emperor was about to issue a decree to call up some celestial warriors.

Pilgrim went forward and said, "Just now when old Monkey arrived at the West Heaven Gate, Star Longevity told me that those fiends were rhinoceroses who had become spirits. Only the Four Wood-Creature Stars are able to bring them to submission."

The Jade Emperor at once ordered Celestial Master Xu to go to the Dipper Palace and summon the Four Wood-Creature Stars to descend with Pilgrim to the Region Below.

When they arrived outside the palace, the Twenty-Eight Constellations were there to meet them. "By the sage decree," said the Heaven Preceptor, "I am to command the Four Wood-Creature Stars to descend to the Region Below with the Great Sage Sun in order to subdue certain monsters." Immediately Horn the Wood Dragon, Dipper the Wood Unicorn, Straddler the Wood Wolf, and Well the Wood Hound stepped forward

to answer the call. "Great Sage Sun," they said, "where do you want us to go to subdue monsters?"

"So, it's you four!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "That old Longevity is so cryptic that I can't understand him! If he had told me that I should see the Four Woods of the Twenty-Eight Constellations, I would have come directly to issue the invitation. There would have been no need for any imperial decree."

"How can you say that, Great Sage?" said the Four Woods. "Without the decree, which one of us dares leave his station? Where is this place you want us to go to? Let's get there quickly."

"It's a spot northeast of the Gold-Level Prefecture," replied Pilgrim, "at the Mysterious Flower Cave in the Green Dragon Mountain."

We have some rhinoceroses there who have become spirits."

"If rhinoceroses have become spirits," said Dipper the Wood Unicorn, Straddler the Wood Wolf, and Horn the Wood Dragon together, "you don't need all of us. Just ask Constellation Well to go with you. He can climb mountains to devour tigers, and go down to the seas to catch rhinoceroses."

"These are no moon-gazing rhinoceroses!" said Pilgrim. "They are ones who have attained the Way through prolonged cultivation, all enjoying the age of a thousand years. We have to have the four of you, and please do not refuse. If only one of you went along with me, you might not be able to catch them. Wouldn't that be a waste of our efforts again?"

"Look at the way you people talk!" said the Celestial Master. "The decree orders all four of you to go. How could you not go? Let's start flying at once, so I can go back to make my report."

Thereupon the Celestial Master took leave of Pilgrim and left.

"There's no need for you to wait any longer," said the Four Woods. "You go provoke battle first and entice them to come out. We'll then attack." Rushing forward, Pilgrim shouted, "You oil-stealing fiends! Return my master!"

The doors, you see, had been smashed by Eight Rules, but now they had been boarded up with planks by the little monsters. When they heard Pilgrim reviling them outside, they dashed in to report, "Great Kings, the monk Sun is reviling us outside!"

"He has already fled in defeat," said Dust-Deterrent. "Why is he returning a day later? Could it be that he has found some help somewhere?"

"Who's afraid of any help he might get?" asked Cold-Deterrent. "Bring our armor quickly. Little ones, make sure that you surround him this time and don't let him get away." Not knowing any better, that herd of spirits all walked out of the cave, all holding spears and knives, waving banners, and rolling drums. "Aren't you afraid of a beating, ape? You dare show up again?" they snapped at him.

Now the word "ape" was most irksome to Pilgrim. Clenching his teeth in fury, he raised the iron rod to strike. The three monsterkings ordered the little monsters to fan out and had Pilgrim entirely surrounded. On this side, however, the Four Wood-Creature Stars all brandished their weapons and shouted, "Cursed beasts, don't you dare move!" When those three monster-kings saw the Four Stars, they naturally became frightened. "It's bad! It's bad!" they all cried. "He has found our conquerors! Little ones, run for your lives!" With loud snorts and bellows, all the little monsters changed

back into their original forms: they were all mountain-buffalo spirits, water-buffalo spirits, and yellow-buffalo spirits, madly stampeding all over the mountain. The three monster-kings, too, revealed their true forms. When they lowered their two hands, they had four legs once more.

Their hooves thundering like iron cannons, they fled toward the northeast, closely pursued by the Great Sage leading Well the Wood Hound and Horn the Wood Dragon. Dipper the Wood Unicorn and Straddler the Wood Wolf, however, remained on the eastern slope, where they succeeded in either beating to death or capturing live all the rest of the buffalo spirits stranded on the summit, in the stream, or in the valley. Then they proceeded to the Mysterious Flower Cave and freed the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk.

Recognizing the two Stars, Sha Monk bowed with his companions to thank them. "How did the two of you manage to come and rescue us?" he asked.

"We were ordered here by the Jade Emperor's decree to bring those fiends to submission and rescue you," replied the two Stars, "after the Great Sage Sun presented a memorial."

"Why, then," asked the Tang Monk, shedding tears again, "didn't my disciple Wukong come here?"

"Those three old fiends happen to be three rhinoceroses," said the Star. "When they saw us, they fled for their lives toward the northeast. The Great Sage Sun led Well the Wood Hound and Horn the Wood Dragon to give chase. Having mopped up the herd of buffalo, we two came here especially to free the sage monk."

The Tang Monk again touched his forehead to the ground to thank them.

Then he prostrated himself once more to thank Heaven.

Raising him, Eight Rules said, "Master, excessive ceremony becomes insincerity. There's no need for you to keep on bowing. The Four Star Officers have done this partly because of the imperial decree of the Jade Emperor, and partly because of their regard for Elder Brother. We may have done away with the various fiends, but we have yet to find out whether those old monsters have been brought to submission. Let us take out some of the valuables in this place and then tear down the cave so that they will be permanently uprooted. Afterward we should return to the temple to wait for Elder Brother."

"Marshal Heaven Reeds is quite right," said Straddler the Wood Wolf. "You and the Curtain-Raising General should protect your master and return to rest in the temple. Let us go to the northeast to fight."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said Eight Rules. "You two must join them in pursuit. You must exterminate all of the monsters before you go back to report to the throne."

The two star officers at once left in pursuit.

Ransacking the cave, Eight Rules and Sha Monk took out a pile of valuables—all coral, cornelian, pearls, amber, ornamental gems, precious stones, fine jade, and gold. They asked their master to sit on the mountain ledge before starting a fire that had the entire cave reduced to ashes. Only then did they help the Tang Monk find their way back to the Mercy Cloud Temple. Truly,

*"Good's limit begets evil," the classics say.
Fair fortune ends in mishap? Well it may!*

*Chan nature's confused for love of floral lights;
 Pretty scenes have led the mind of Dao astray.
 The great elixir you must always guard;
 One slip and you're rewarded with dismay.
 Never slacken your firm and tight control.
 A little indolence brings on disarray.*

We'll speak no more for the moment about those three, who returned to the temple with their lives. Let us tell you instead about Dipper the Wood Unicorn and Straddler the Wood Wolf, those two star officers, who mounted the clouds and pursued the fiends toward the northeast. They looked this way and that in midair but could see no one. Then they looked toward the great Western Ocean and caught sight of the Great Sage Sun in the distance, hollering above the water. Lowering the direction of their clouds, the two of them said, "Great Sage, where have the fiends gone?"

"Why didn't the two of you join us in pursuit?" asked Pilgrim angrily. "Why do you wait till now to ask your addle-headed questions?"

"When I saw that the Great Sage with Well and Horn had defeated the fiendish demons," said Dipper the Wood Unicorn, "I thought that you would surely capture them. We two, therefore, made a clean sweep of the other monster-spirits, and then entered the Mysterious Flower Cave to rescue your master and brothers. We ransacked the mountain, burned down the cave, and entrusted your master to the care of your two brothers, who were going to bring him back to the Mercy Cloud Temple in the city. When we saw, however, that you did not return after all this while, we found our way here." Moved to delight and gratitude by these words, Pilgrim said, "In that case, you have achieved merit. Thanks for all your trouble! Thanks for all your trouble! Those three monstrous demons, however, crawled into the ocean after we chased them here. Well and Horn went after them, but they told old Monkey to remain by the shore to stand guard. Since the two of you have arrived, you can head them off here. Let old Monkey go in too."

Dear Great Sage! Gripping his iron rod and making the magic sign with his fingers, he opened up a pathway in the water and went into the depths of the ocean. There he found those three monstrous demons waging the most bitter battle with Well the Wood Hound and Horn the Wood Dragon. Leaping near, he shouted, "Old Monkey's here!"

Those monster-spirits were already hard pressed when they had to confront the two star officers. When they heard Pilgrim's cry, they turned immediately and fled for their lives toward the center of the ocean. The horns on the fiends' heads, you see, were excellent instruments for dividing the water. All you could hear were a loud splatter as they knifed through the billows, with the Great Sage Sun and the two star officers hard on their heels.

We tell you now that in the Western Ocean, there were a yakṣa and a seaman out on patrol. When they saw from a distance the rhinoceroses opening up the water, and, moreover, when they caught sight of the Great Sage Sun and the two celestial constellations, whom they recognized, they hurried to the Water Crystal Palace to report to the dragon king. "Great King," they said, somewhat apprehensively, "there are three rhinoceroses being chased by the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and two celestial constellations!" On hearing this, the old dragon king, Aoshun, summoned Prince Mo'ang and said to him, "Call up the aquatic soldiers at once! It must be that Cold-Deterrent, Heat-Deterrent, and Dust-Deterrent, those three rhinoceros spirits, have

offended Pilgrim Sun. Since they have now arrived in our ocean, we should give Sun some armed assistance.”

This order immediately made Ao Mo’ang call up the troops.

In an instant, tortoises, sea-turtles, sea-dragons, breams, carps, shrimp soldiers, and crab privates all gave their battle cries and rushed out of the Water Crystal Palace, each wielding spear or sword, to block the path of the rhinoceros spirits. Unable to advance, the spirits retreated hurriedly, only to find the Great Sage closing in with Well and Horn, the two stars. They became so flustered that they were no longer able to stay together as a herd. Scattering in three directions, each tried to flee for his life.

Soon Dust-Deterrent was surrounded by the old dragon king and his troops. Delighted by what he saw, the Great Sage Sun cried, “Hold it! Hold it! We want him alive! We don’t want to catch a carcass!”

Hearing this, Mo’ang led his troops to rush forward and pull Dust-Deterrent down. An iron hook was thrust through his nose and then he was hog-tied.

Then the old dragon king gave the command for his troops to track down the other two spirits and lend assistance to the star officers for their capture. When the young prince led his troops forward, they saw Well the Wood Hound had changed into his original form.

He had Cold-Deterrent pinned down and was, in fact, devouring him with great bites. “Constellation Well! Constellation Well!” cried Mo’ang. “Don’t bite him! The Great Sage Sun wants him alive, not dead!”

He shouted several times, but the monster’s neck had already been bitten through. Mo’ang ordered the shrimp soldiers and crab privates to haul the dead rhinoceros back to the Water Crystal Palace, while he and other soldiers set off in pursuit again with Well the Wood Hound. They ran right into Horn the Wood Dragon, who was chasing Heat-Deterrent back toward them. Ordering the tortoises and turtles to fan out, Mo’ang led his troops to encircle the spirit completely. “Spare my life! Spare my life!” the fiend could only say. Well the Wood Hound walked forward and grabbed one of his ears. Taking away his cutlass, the star officer said, “We’re not going to kill you. We’ll turn you over to the Great Sage Sun for his disposal.”

They all lowered their weapons and went back to the Water Crystal Palace, crying, “We’ve caught them all!” Pilgrim saw that one of the spirits had been beheaded; still dripping blood, the corpse lay on the ground. Another was pushed to his knees, his ear still grasped by Well the Wood Hound. As he walked forward to look more carefully, Pilgrim said, “It wasn’t a blade that cut this head off!”

“If I hadn’t yelled out,” said Mo’ang, chuckling, “Star Officer Well would have devoured the body as well!”

“It’s all right,” said Pilgrim. “Let’s saw off his two horns and skin him. We’ll take those things along, but the meat will be left here for the enjoyment of the worthy dragon king and his prince.”

A rope was threaded through the iron hook in the nose of Dust-Deterrent, so that Horn the Wood Dragon could lead him. The same treatment was given Heat-Deterrent, and Well the Wood Hound held onto the rope. “Let’s bring them up to see the chief of the Gold- Level Prefecture, so that he can make a thorough investigation of how they

have impersonated Buddha to hurt the people all these years. Then we'll decide what to do with them."

All of them agreed.

They took leave of the dragon king and his prince and left the Western Ocean, leading the two rhinoceroses. After rejoining Straddler and Dipper, the two stars, they mounted the cloud and fog to return to the Gold-Level Prefecture. Treading the auspicious luminosity, Pilgrim cried aloud in midair:

"Chief of the Gold-Level Prefecture, subordinate officials, and all you people of this region, hear me! We are sage monks sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. The creatures who pretended to be various Buddhas making their auspicious descent and who demanded sacrifices of the golden lamps each year from the households of this district and prefecture are actually these rhinoceros fiends. When we passed through here and went to look at the lamps on the night of the fifteenth, these fiends abducted both my master and the lamp oil. I, therefore, asked the gods of Heaven to bring them to submission. We have now cleaned up their mountain cave, and all the monstrous demons have been exterminated.

From now on your district and prefecture should not make any sacrifice of the golden lamps, for it only taxes the people and drains their wealth." Inside the Mercy Cloud Temple, Eight Rules and Sha Monk had just escorted the Tang Monk through the gate. When they heard Pilgrim speaking up in midair, they abandoned their master and their luggage to mount the wind and cloud and rise to the sky. When they questioned him, Pilgrim said, "One has been bitten to death by Constellation Well, but we have taken along its skin and the sawed-off horns. The two captured alive are here."

"We might as well push these two down to the city for the officials and the people to see," said Eight Rules, "so that they'll know that we are sages and deities. Moreover, we must trouble the four star officers to lower their clouds to the ground and go with us to the prefectural hall for the disposal of these fiends. The truth and their guilt have been firmly established. There's nothing more we should discuss!"

"Of late," said one of the four stars, "Marshal Heaven Reeds seems to be quite knowledgeable about principles and shows good understanding of the law. That's marvelous!"

"Being a priest for some years has taught me a few things!" replied Eight Rules.

So the various deities pushed the rhinoceroses toward the earth. When they all descended to the prefectural residence on a bouquet of colored clouds, the officials of this district and prefecture along with the populace in and out of the city were so terrified that each household set up incense tables and bowed to receive the gods from Heaven. In a little while, the priests of the Mercy Cloud Temple could be seen entering the prefectural residence also, carrying the elder in a palanquin. When he met Pilgrim, he thanked him profusely.

"I was beholden to the noble Constellation officers," said the Tang Monk, "for having us rescued. But not having seen my worthy disciple has caused me unending concern. Now I truly rejoice in your return in triumph. I would like to know, however, where you chased these fiends before they were captured."

"Since I took leave of my honored master day before yesterday," replied Pilgrim, "old Monkey ascended to Heaven to make his investigation. The Gold Star Venus was kind enough to reveal to me that these monstrous demons were actually

rhinoceroses, and that I should solicit the help of the Four Wood Creature Stars. Immediately I memorialized to the Jade Emperor, who gave his permission and his decree for the stars to descend to the cave. We fought there and they fled. Dipper and Straddler, the two Constellations, kindly rescued you, while old Monkey joined Well and Horn, the two other Constellations, to pursue the monsters. When we reached the Great Western Ocean, we were also indebted to the assistance of the dragon king, who sent his son to help us with his troops. That's why we were able to capture them and bring them back for trial."

The elder could not stop his thanksgiving and commendation. They also saw the magistrate of the district and his various subordinate officials, who were all burning tall precious candles and filling their braziers with incense as they bowed to the sky.

After a little while, Eight Rules became so aroused that he whipped out the ritual razor. With one stroke he cut off the head of Dust-Deterrent and with another, the head of Heat-Deterrent. Then he took up a saw to saw off their four horns. The Great Sage Sun was even more resolute. He at once gave this order:

"Let the four star officers take these four rhinoceros horns up to the Region Above and present them as tribute to the Jade Emperor when you hand back the imperial decree. As for the two horns we brought along, we shall deposit one at the prefectural hall, so that it may be used as a perpetual witness to posterity that the lamp-oil levy has been eliminated.

We ourselves will take along one horn to present to the Buddhist Patriarch at the Spirit Mountain."

The four stars were enormously pleased. Bowing immediately to take leave of the Great Sage, they mounted the colored clouds to go back.

The chief official, however, would not permit the master and his three disciples to leave. He ordered a huge vegetarian banquet, and asked various village officials to bear the visitors company. Meanwhile, he issued a public proclamation informing the civil and military population that no golden lamps are permitted for the following year, and that the necessity for oil purchases levied on the big households was forever removed. The butchers, too, were told to slaughter the two rhinoceroses; their hides were to be treated and dried so that they could be used to make armor, while their meat was distributed to both officials and the common people. In addition, he appropriated some of the funds already collected for oil purchases to buy land from the people. A temple commemorating the four stars subjugating the monsters was to be erected, along with living shrines to the Tang Monk and his three disciples. Placards with proper inscriptions were set up, so that their good deeds could forever be transmitted and gratefully acknowledged.

Since they could not leave at once, master and disciples made up their mind to enjoy themselves. Each of those two hundred and forty lamp-oil households took turns to entertain them; after a banquet was given by one family, another would be offered by a different household without pause. Eight Rules was determined to have complete satisfaction. Stuffing up his sleeve a few of those treasures that he had looted from the monsters' cave, he used them as tips for each of the vegetarian banquets. They lived there thus for over a month, and still they could not set out on their journey. Finally, the elder gave this instruction:

"Wukong, take the rest of the precious jewels and give them all to the priests of the Mercy Cloud Temple as a token of our thanks. Let's not tell those big households,

but let's slip away tomorrow before dawn. If we indulge in pleasure like this, our enterprise of scripture-seeking will be delayed, and I fear that we shall offend the Buddhist Patriarch and bring on further calamities. That will be most inconvenient." Pilgrim carried out his master's instructions one by one.

By the hour of the fifth watch next morning he was already up, and at once asked Eight Rules to prepare the horse. Having enjoyed his food and drink in great comfort, our Idiot slept so soundly that he was still half-dazed when he said, "Why prepare the horse so early in the morning?"

"Master tells us to get moving!" snapped Pilgrim.

Rubbing his face, Idiot said, "That elder should behave himself! All two hundred and forty of those big households have sent us invitations, but we've managed to enjoy a full meal barely thirty times. Why does he want to make old Hog endure hunger so soon?" On hearing this, the elder scolded him, saying, "Overstuffed coolie! Stop babbling! Get up quickly! If you keep up this ruckus, I'll ask Wukong to knock out your teeth with his golden-hooped rod!" When Idiot heard that, he became completely flustered. "This time Master has changed!" he cried. "Usually he cares for me, loves me, and, knowing that I am stupid, protects me. Whenever Elder Brother wants to hit me, he pleads for me. Why should he turn so vicious today as to want to beat me?"

"Because Master's offended by your gluttony," said Pilgrim, "which has delayed our journey. Hurry up! Pack the luggage and get the horse ready. You'll be spared a beating!"

As our Idiot was truly fearful of being beaten, he leaped up and put on his clothes. Then he shouted at Sha Monk:

"Get up quickly! A beating's on its way!" Sha Monk, too, leaped up, and each of them finished his preparation. Waving his hand, the elder said, "Quiet! Let's not disturb the temple priests."

He mounted the horse hurriedly. After opening the gate, they found their way and left. As they went forth this time, it was truly like

*Opening the jade cage to let the phoenix out,
Or breaking the gold lock to set the dragon free.*

We do not know how those households would react by morning; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-THREE

*At Jetavana Park he asks the aged about the cause
At the Kingdom of India he sees the king and meets his mate*

*Memory has to start with love;
Leniency will beget mishap.
Why does discernment sort out three estrades?
Merit done you'll end in primal sea.
Whether you'll be a god or buddha,
You must prepare yourself within:
Be clean, pure, and wholly removed from dust.
Fruit borne you fly to Realm Above.*

We were telling you about the priests in the temple, who discovered by dawn that Tripitaka and his disciples had vanished. “We didn’t detain them,” they all said, “we didn’t take leave of them, and we didn’t beg them! And that’s how we allowed a living bodhisattva to walk clean away!”

As they were saying this, a few members of the wealthy households in the south suburb arrived to deliver their invitations. Clapping their hands, the various priests said, “We were caught off-guard last evening, and they all mounted the clouds and left in the night.”

The people all bowed to the sky to express their gratitude. Because of what the monks had said, however, the entire population of the city—officials and commons—all learned of it. They at once requested the wealthy households to purchase the five beasts, flowers, and fruits to sacrifice at the living shrine as an expression of their gratitude. Of this we shall speak no more.

We tell you instead about the Tang Monk and his disciples, who fed on the wind and slept by the waters as they journeyed peacefully for over half a month. One day they found themselves again before a tall mountain. Growing apprehensive, the Tang Monk said, “Disciples, with that tall rugged mountain before us, we must be careful!” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “This road taking us near the land of Buddha surely does not harbor any monster or deviate. Master, you should relax and not worry.”

“Disciple,” said the Tang Monk, “it may be true that the land of Buddha is not far away. But remember what the temple priests told us the other day: the distance to the capital of the Kingdom of India is still some two thousand miles. I wonder how far have we gone already.”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “could it be that you have quite forgotten again the *Heart Sūtra* of the Crow’s Nest Chan Master?”

Tripitaka said, “That *Prajñā-pāramitā* is like a cassock or an alms bowl that accompanies my very body. Since it was taught me by that Crow’s Nest Chan Master, has there been a day that I didn’t recite it? Indeed, has there been a single hour that I didn’t have it in mind? I could recite the piece backward! How could I have forgotten it?”

“Master, you may be able to recite it,” said Pilgrim, “but you haven’t begged that Chan Master for its proper interpretation.”

“Ape-head!” snapped Tripitaka. “How dare you say that I don’t know its interpretation! Do you?”

“Yes, *I* know its interpretation!” replied Pilgrim. After that exchange, neither Tripitaka nor Pilgrim uttered another word.

At their sides, Eight Rules nearly collapsed with giggles and Sha Monk almost broke up with amusement. “What brassiness!” said Eight Rules. “Like me, he began his career as a monster-spirit. He wasn’t an acolyte who had heard lectures on the sūtras, nor was he a seminarian who had seen the law expounded. It’s sheer flimflam and pettifoggery to say that he knows how to interpret the sūtra! Hey, why is he silent now? Let’s hear the lecture! Please give us the interpretation!”

“Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “do you believe him? Big Brother is giving us a nice tall tale, just to egg Master on his journey. He may know how to play with a rod. He doesn’t know anything about explaining a sūtra!”

“Wuneng and Wujing,” said Tripitaka, “stop this claptrap! Wukong’s interpretation is made in a speechless language. That’s true interpretation.”

As master and disciples conversed like that, they managed to cover quite a distance and walk past several mountain ridges. Then they came upon a huge monastery by the side of the road. “Wukong, that’s a monastery ahead of us,” said Tripitaka. “Look at it.

Though

*Not overly big or small,
It has the roof of glazed green tiles;
Half old and half new.
It’s enclosed with red eight-word brick walls.
Vaguely one can see the canopies of green pines,
Aged things of who knows how many hundred or thousand years that have lived till
now;
And one can hear a stream’s soft murmur,
A waterway dug out in some distant dynasty that has still remained.
On the gates
Gold- Spreading Monastery’ in large letters;
On a hanging plaque
The Ruins of Antiquity’ is inscribed.”*

Pilgrim replied that indeed he too saw that it was the Gold-Spreading Monastery, and Eight Rules said the same thing.

“Gold-Spreading, Gold-Spreading,” mused Tripitaka as he rode, “could this be the territory of the Kingdom of Śrāvastī?”

“This is quite strange, Master!” said Eight Rules. “I have followed you now for several years, and I have never known you to recognize the way before. Today you seem to know where you are.”

“It’s not quite like that,” replied Tripitaka. “It’s just that in studying the sūtras I have frequently read this account, which tells of the Buddha’s experience in the Jetavana Park of the city, Śrāvastī. The park was said to be something that the Elder Anāthapiṇḍika wanted to purchase from Prince Jeta, so that it could be used as the place for Buddha to lecture on the sūtras. The prince, however, said, ‘My park is not for sale.

The only way you can buy it is for you to cover the whole park with gold.’ When Elder Anāthapiṇḍika heard this, he took gold bricks and spread them throughout the park. Only then did he succeed in purchasing the Jetavana Park from the prince and in inviting the World-Honored One to expound the Law. When I saw the Gold-Spreading Monastery just now, I thought this could be the one described in the story.”

“How fortunate!” said Eight Rules, chuckling. “If indeed it’s the one in the story, we should go and dig up a few bricks to give to people.”

They all laughed at this for a while before Tripitaka dismounted.

When they entered the monastery, they discovered sitting by the main gates a few cartfuls of people—some luggage toters, some cart pushers, and some with bags on their backs. Some were sleeping and others were chatting when they caught sight of master and disciples. The handsome features of the elder along with the hideous ones of his disciples made the people somewhat fearful, and they all stepped aside for the pilgrims to pass through. Fearing that they might stir up trouble, Tripitaka kept calling out, “Gently! Gently!” and all his disciples seemed to be behaving themselves.

After passing through the Vajra Hall, they were met by a priest whose whole bearing seemed quite devout. Truly

*His face like a full moon shone;
His body was the wisdom-tree.
His windswept sleeves hugged his staff
And sandals trod the pebbled path.*

Tripitaka saluted the moment he caught sight of him, and the priest hurriedly returned his greeting, saying, “Master, where do you come from?”

“This disciple is Chen Xuanzang,” replied Tripitaka, “who has been sent by the decree of the Great Tang emperor to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and seek scriptures. Our journey takes us past your treasure monastery, and I have taken the liberty of visiting you to ask for one night’s lodging. We’ll leave tomorrow.”

“Our humble monastery,” said the priest, “is inhabited frequently by visitors from all over the world for as long as they please. The elder, moreover, is a divine monk from the Land of the East, and it will be our very good fortune to serve you.”

Tripitaka thanked him, and then asked his three companions to follow him. They went past the winding corridor and the donation boxes to reach the abbot’s quarters. After exchanging greetings with the abbot, they took their seats proper to hosts and guests. Pilgrim and his two brothers, too, sat down with hands lowered at their sides.

We tell you that when the monastery had heard the news of scripture priests sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East, all the monks—whether they were old or young, long-term residents or temporary guests, elders or altar boys—came to present themselves.

After tea had been offered, a vegetarian meal was served.

Our elder presently was still reciting his grace, but Eight Rules was impatient enough to send the buns, vegetarian foods, and vermicelli soups tumbling down his throat. The abbot’s quarters by now were filled with people; the more intelligent ones were admiring the features of Tripitaka, but the sportier persons were all staring at the way Eight Rules ate. As Sha Monk was rather observant, he saw immediately what was happening and furtively gave Eight Rules a pinch, saying, “Gently!”

Eight Rules became so exasperated that he yelled, “Gently! Gently! But my stomach’s empty!”

Chuckling, Sha Monk said, “Second Elder Brother, you may not realize this. There are many so-called gentlemen in the world, but when it concerns the stomach, they are no different from you and me.”

These words quieted Eight Rules, while Tripitaka said a short grace to end the meal. After the eating utensils had been removed, Tripitaka thanked his hosts.

One of the priests of the monastery inquired about the history of the Land of the East. When Tripitaka spoke of certain historical ruins, he in turn asked for the reason for the name of the Gold-Spreading Monastery. That priest replied, “This originally was the Monastery of the Anāthapiṇḍika Garden in the Kingdom of Śrāvastī. It also goes by the name of the Jetavana Park. Because the Elder Anāthapiṇḍika spread gold bricks on the ground to enable the Buddha to expound the sūtras, the name was changed again to the present one. About a generation ago, this whole region was the Kingdom of Śrāvastī, and Elder Anāthapiṇḍika was living here at the time. Our monastery originally was the elder’s Jetavana Park, and that is why the full name should be Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery. Behind our monastery we still have the foundation of the Jetavana Park. In recent years, a great rainstorm would on occasion wash out some gold or silver or pearls. Those lucky enough would be able to pick them up.”

“So it’s not a false rumor but the truth!” said Tripitaka. Then he asked again, “When I entered your treasured monastery just now, I saw inside the twin corridors by the gate many merchants with their mules and horses, their luggage and carts. Why are they staying here?”

“Our mountain here is named the Hundred-Legs Mountain,” replied the priest. “In previous years it had been quite safe. Recently, however, we don’t quite know what has taken place, but it may be that the seasonal cycles have produced a few centipede spirits, which have frequently injured people on the road. Though the wounds they inflict may not be lethal, they have certainly inhibited the travelers’ movement. Beneath our mountain is a pass by the name of Cock-Crow. People dare not walk through it until the cock has crowed. Because it’s getting late now, those merchants you saw don’t want to take an unnecessary risk. So they use our humble monastery for lodging, and they’ll leave after the cock has crowed.”

“We, too, will wait till the cock crows before we leave,” said Tripitaka. As they chatted, more vegetarian food was brought in, so that the Tang Monk and his disciples dined again. Afterwards, Tripitaka and Pilgrim went out for a leisurely stroll to enjoy a bright moon in her first quarter. A workman approached them and said, “Our venerable father teacher would like to meet the visitors from China.”

Turning quickly, Tripitaka saw an old monk, a bamboo staff in his hand, who saluted him, saying, “Is this the master who has come from China?”

“I dare not accept such honor,” replied Tripitaka, returning his salutation, as the old monk began to compliment him effusively.

“What is the old master’s lofty age?” he asked.

“I have passed my forty-fifth year in vain,” said Tripitaka, “and may I ask what is the honorable age of the old abbot?” With a chuckle, the old monk said, “Rather fruitlessly I have exceeded the venerable master’s age by a sexagenary cycle.”

“You’re a hundred and five years old now,” said Pilgrim. “Can you tell how old I am?”

“Though the countenance of this master is aged,” said the old priest, “your spirit is most clear. My eyes are quite dim in the moonlight, and it’s hard for me to tell your age right away.”

After talking for a while, they went to look at the rear corridor. “Just now the old foundation of the Jetavana Park was mentioned,” said Tripitaka. “Where exactly is it?”

“Just beyond our rear gate,” replied the old monk, and asked that it be opened immediately. All they saw was a vacant lot with a few piles of rubble remaining as the foundation of the walls. Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka sighed and said,

*The good giver, Sudatta, I call to mind;
With jewels and gold he relieved poor mankind.
For all times Jetavana has its fame.
With which arhat can we the elder find?*

They all walked slowly, enjoying the sight of the moon. Having gone out of the rear gate, they reached a terrace where they sat for a while. Suddenly they heard the sound of weeping. Tripitaka listened attentively, and found that the person weeping was also making protest, something about her parents not comprehending her pain. So moved was he by the words that he himself began to shed tears also.

“Who is this person grieving here?” he turned to ask the other monks. On hearing this question, the old monk ordered the other priests to go back first to make tea. After everyone had left, he at once bowed low to Tripitaka and Pilgrim. Raising him, Tripitaka said, “Old abbot, why are you doing this?”

“Since this disciple has now exceeded one hundred years of age,” replied the old monk, “he is somewhat knowledgeable in human affairs. In the quiet hours of meditation, moreover, he has seen a few visions. And that is why this disciple can perceive that the venerable master and his disciple are quite different from other people. For only this young master here can bring to light this grievous matter.”

“Let’s hear you tell us what the problem is,” said Pilgrim.

The old monk said, “Exactly on this day a year ago, your disciple was just in the midst of meditation on the dialectical relation between our nature and the moon when a soft breeze brought to me the sounds of grief and protest. I descended from my couch to go to the foundation of the Jetavana Park to look around. There I found a pretty, comely girl. I asked her, ‘What family do you belong to? Why are you here?’ The girl replied, ‘I’m the princess of the King of India. I was enjoying the sight of flowers beneath the moon when I was blown here by a strong gust.’ Immediately I had her locked up in an empty room, which I sealed with bricks until it looked like a prison. There was only a small hole left in the door, through which one could pass a rice bowl. The next day I told this story to the other priests—that I had imprisoned a monstrous deviate. Since we priests were men of mercy, I said, I would not take its life, and I would give the prisoner two meals of coarse rice and tea daily for sustenance. The girl was clever enough to understand my intentions.

Fearing that she might be violated by the priests, she pretends to be mad, sleeping in her own piss and lying in her own shit. During the day she babbles all the time and puts on a dumb, stupid look. In the quiet of the night, however, she weeps and yearns for her parents.

Several times I myself have tried to enter the city to make inquiry about the princess, but I have had no success whatever. For this reason I have kept her tightly locked up and dare not release her. Now that we have the good fortune of seeing the venerable master's arrival at our kingdom, I beg you enter the capital and exercise your vast dharma power to shed light on this matter. Not only will you thus be able to rescue the virtuous, but you will also make manifest your divine potency." Pilgrim and Tripitaka firmly committed to their memory what they had heard. As they spoke, however, two young priests came to invite them to tea before retiring, and so they all returned to the monastery.

In the abbot's quarters Eight Rules was grumbling to Sha Monk, saying, "We have to be on our way by dawn when the cock crows.

And they still won't come to bed!"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "what are you mumbling?"

"Go to sleep!" said Eight Rules. "It's so late already. What's there to look at?"

Thereupon the old monk walked away, and the Tang Monk retired. This is precisely the time when

The moon fades, the flowers dream, and all sounds cease.

The window screens let in a soft, warm breeze.

Thrice has the clepsydra dropped low in sight;

The Milky Way glows like the brightest light.

They had not slept for very long that night when they heard the cock crow. In the front the traveling merchants all rose in a clamor as they lit their lamps and began to cook their rice. Our elder, too, woke up Eight Rules and Sha Monk so that they could saddle the horse and pack. When Pilgrim asked for lights, the priests of the monastery had already risen earlier to prepare tea and breakfast, which they waited to serve in the rear. Delighted, Eight Rules ate an entire platter of buns. Thereafter he and Sha Monk brought out the horse and the luggage, while Pilgrim and Tripitaka thanked their hosts.

Again the old monk said to Pilgrim, "Don't forget that matter of the weeping girl!"

"Indeed, I shall not!" laughed Pilgrim. "When I get to the city, I'll be able to establish the fundamental principles by listening to sounds and determine the emotions by scrutinizing countenances."

Those traveling merchants, noisy and boisterous, also followed them to the main road. By about the hour of the Tiger they passed the Cock-Crow Pass, but not until the hour of the Serpent did they catch sight of the city rampart. The city itself was truly like an iron cistern or a citadel of metal, a divine islet and a Heavenly prefecture. It has the noble form of

dragon coiled or a tiger sitting,

With colors from phoenix towers emitting.

The royal moat flows like a circling band;

Mountains, flaglike, surround this blessed land.

Banners at dawn light up the imperial way;

Pipes and drums of springtime by bridges play.

The people prosper for the king is good:

Five grains in abundance they have for food.

As they moved along the street of the eastern suburb, the various merchants went off one by one to their hotels and inns. Master and disciples walked inside the city, where they came upon a College of Interpreters and its posthouse. When Tripitaka and his companions walked in, the steward at once made this report to the clerk of the posthouse:

“There are four strange-looking priests leading a white horse in here.” When the posthouse clerk heard that there was a horse, he knew that these visitors had to be on some sort of official business. He therefore went out to the main hall to greet them. Saluting him, Tripitaka said, “This humble cleric has been sent by imperial decree of the Great Tang to go see Buddha at the Great Thunderclap of the Spirit Mountain and seek scriptures. I carry with me a travel rescript that I would like to have certified at your court. I would like also to borrow your noble residence for a short rest. We shall leave the moment our affair’s concluded.” Returning his bow, the clerk of the posthouse said, “This official residence was established precisely for the entertainment of honored guests and messengers. It is my responsibility to extend our hospitality to you. Please come in. Please come in.”

A highly pleased Tripitaka at once asked his disciples to come and present their greetings. When the posthouse clerk encountered their hideous visages, he was secretly horrified, not knowing whether these beings were human or demonic. Trembling all over, he forced himself to oversee the service of tea and maigre. Tripitaka, seeing how frightened he was, said to him, “Sir, please don’t be afraid! Though my three disciples look ugly, they all have good hearts. As the saying goes, ‘A savage face but a kindly person.’ Nothing to be afraid of!”

Calmed by these words, the posthouse clerk asked, “National Master, where is the Tang court?”

“In the land of China,” replied Tripitaka, “at the South Jambūdvīpa Continent.”

“When did you leave?” the clerk asked again.

“In the thirteenth year of the reign period, Zhenguan,” said Tripitaka. “I’ve gone through fourteen years and the bitter experience of ten thousand waters and a thousand mountains before arriving at this region.”

“Truly a divine monk, a divine monk!” exclaimed the posthouse clerk.

Then Tripitaka asked, “And what is the Heaven-allotted age of your noble state?”

“Ours is the Great Kingdom of India,” replied the posthouse clerk. “Since the time of the founder of our kingdom, Taizong, it has been some five hundred years already. The father who occupies the throne at present is a person who has peculiar fondness for mountains and streams, flowers and plants. His dynastic name is Emperor Yizong, and the title of his reign period is Jingyan.

He has been ruling for twenty-eight years.”

“This humble cleric,” said Tripitaka, “would like to have an audience with him today to have our travel rescript certified. Do you know whether court is still being held?”

“Good! Good! This is precisely a good time!” said the posthouse clerk. “Our princess, the daughter of the king, has recently celebrated her twentieth birthday. At the intersection of the major thoroughfares, a festooned tower has been erected from which

she will throw down an embroidered ball in order to determine which person she will take for her husband, the man ordained of Heaven.

Today happens to be the very day of that exciting event, and I believe our father the king has yet to retire from court. If you wish to have your rescript certified, this would be a good time to go do so."

Tripitaka was pleased, and he would have left at once had not he seen that a vegetarian meal was being served. He stayed, therefore, and ate it with the posthouse clerk and his three disciples.

It was past noon, and Tripitaka said, "I should go now."

"I'll escort you, Master," said Pilgrim.

"I'll go too," said Eight Rules. Sha Monk said, "Second Elder Brother, you shouldn't. Your features aren't the most attractive. What will you do when you arrive at the court gate? Pretend that you are fat? Let Big Brother go."

"Wujing is quite right," said Tripitaka. "Our Idiot is rough and coarse, but Wukong still has a little refinement." Pouting his snout, that Idiot said, "With the exception of Master, there's not that much difference in the way the three of us look!"

Tripitaka put on his cassock, and Pilgrim picked up the document satchel to go with him. On the street they saw all the people—scholars, farmers, laborers, merchants, writers, the learned and the ignorant—saying to one another, "Let's go see the tossing of the embroidered ball!" Standing by the side of the road, Tripitaka said to Pilgrim, "The people in this place—their clothing, their buildings, their utensils, their manner of speech and behavior—are all the same as those of our Great Tang. I'm thinking now about the deceased mother of my secular home who met the man she was destined to marry by throwing an embroidered ball, and they became man and wife. To think that they should have this custom here also!"

"Let us go, too, to have a look! How about it?" said Pilgrim.

"No! No!" said Tripitaka. "You and I are dressed improperly, as priests. People may get suspicious."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "have you quite forgotten the words of that old monk at the Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery? We should go see the festooned tower because at the same time we can distinguish truth from falsehood. In the midst of all this hurly-burly, that king must be concerned with the happy doings of his daughter. How could he be bothered with the affairs of the court at this time? There's no harm in you and me going to the crossroads." On hearing this, Tripitaka did indeed follow Pilgrim to go watch the various people waiting for the embroidered ball to be tossed. Ah! Little did they realize that their going there was like

*The fisher, casting down both hook and thread,
Would henceforth haul up some intrigues instead!*

We tell you now about that King of India, who, because of his love for mountains and streams, flowers and plants, led his queen and princess into the imperial garden last year one night to enjoy the moonlight. Their outing aroused a monstrous deviate, who abducted the true princess while she herself falsely assumed the princess's form. Knowing that the Tang Monk would reach this region at that particular hour, day, month, and year, she wangled the wealth of the state to erect a festooned tower in order to take him as her mate.

She was, you see, desirous of picking the vital energy of his true yang so that she would become a superior immortal of the Great Monad.

It was now the third quarter past the hour of noon. Pilgrim and Tripitaka pushed through the crowd and approached the tower. Just then the princess, flanked by some seventy maidens all colorfully attired, held up high the lighted stalks of incense to pray to Heaven and Earth, while an attendant stood by her holding the embroidered ball. That tower had eight exquisite windows; through one of them, the princess gazed at the crowd. When she saw the Tang Monk draw near, she picked up the ball with her own hands and tossed it at him. The ball landed on his head, knocking his Vairocana hat to one side. The Tang Monk was so startled that he tried to hold on to the ball with his hands. All at once the ball rolled into one of his sleeves.

“It hit a priest! It hit a priest!”

Those standing on the tower all began to shout.

Aha! Those merchants and tradesmen at the crossroads all pressed forward to try to take the embroidered ball away. With a thunderous roar, Pilgrim gave his torso a stretch, teeth clenched, and immediately became an imposing figure some thirty feet tall and with a most ugly face. Those people became so terrified that they tumbled and fell, not daring at all to come near. In a moment they dispersed, and Pilgrim changed back into his original form. Meanwhile, the palace maidens and eunuchs, young and old, all descended from the tower to bow to the Tang Monk, saying, “Honorable man! Honorable man! Please enter the hall of the court to be congratulated!”

Tripitaka hurriedly returned their salutations and tried to raise them with his hands before turning to grumble at Pilgrim. “You apehead!” he said. “You are making a fool of me again!”

“The embroidered ball hit *your* head,” said Pilgrim, chuckling, “and it rolled into *your* sleeve. What has that to do with me? Why blame me?”

“What am I supposed to do now?” asked Tripitaka.

“Master, please relax,” said Pilgrim. “Go into the court to have an audience with the throne, while I return to the posthouse to tell Eight Rules and Sha Monk. We shall wait for your news. If the princess does not desire to take you for a husband, you’ll simply have your travel rescript certified and leave. If she insists on taking you, you say to the king, ‘Summon my disciples so that I may give them some instructions.’ When we three are summoned into the court, I’ll be able to distinguish the true from the false. This is my plot of Subduing the Fiend through Marriage.”

The Tang Monk had no choice but to agree, and Pilgrim turned to go back to the posthouse.

That elder, surrounded by the various palace maidens, was brought to the tower. The princess came down and led him by the hand to the imperial chariot, which they then rode together. The entire entourage departed for the gate of the court. The Custodian of the Yellow Gate proceeded first to memorialize to the king, saying, “Your Majesty, the princess is leading back a monk, who probably has been hit by the ball. They are now outside the gate awaiting your summons.”

The king was not pleased by what he heard. He would have liked to send the priest away, but not knowing the wishes of the princess, he felt obliged to summon them

inside. The princess and the Tang Monk thus went up to the Hall of Golden Chimes. Truly, this was what happened:

*Husband and wife both cried, "Your Majesty!"
Both Good and Evil bowed most solemnly.*

After the ceremony, the king asked them to ascend the hall as he posed this question, "Where did you come from, priest, and how were you hit by our daughter's ball?" Prostrating himself on the ground, the Tang Monk said, "This humble cleric is someone sent by the Great Tang emperor in the South Jambūdvīpa Continent to go worship Buddha and seek scriptures from the Great Thunderclap in the Western Heaven. Since I carry with me a rescript for this lengthy journey, I have come especially to have an audience with the king to have it certified. My path took me past the crossing beneath the festooned tower, and I did not expect that I would be hit on the head by the ball that the princess tossed. This humble cleric is someone who has left the family and who belongs to a strange religion. How could I dare become the spouse of royalty? I beg you, therefore, to pardon the mortal offense of this humble cleric, certify my rescript, and send me off quickly to the Spirit Mountain. When I have faced Buddha and succeeded in acquiring scriptures to return to my homeland, I shall establish a perpetual memorial to Your Majesty's Heavenly kindness."

The king said, "If you are a sage monk from the Land of the East, you must have been, as it were, 'Drawn through a thousand miles to marriage by a thread.' Our princess has just celebrated her twentieth birthday and not yet married. Because it was determined that the year, month, day, and hour of this very day are all auspicious, we erected that festooned tower for tossing the ball to seek a good match for her. It just happened that you were hit. We are not pleased, but we do not know how our princess feels."

"Father King," said the princess as she kowtowed, "there is a proverb which says,

*If you wed a chicken, you follow a chicken;
If you marry a dog, you follow a dog.*

Your daughter, after all, made a vow earlier, when this embroidered ball was knitted. I made known to the deities of Heaven and Earth that I would marry whomever the ball struck, for that would be the foreordained person. Today the ball struck the sage monk. This has to be the affinity of a past life which makes possible our meeting in this one. Dare I alter fate? I am willing to take him as our royal son-in-law." Only then did the king show pleasure. At once he commanded the president of the Imperial Board of Astronomy to select the proper day for the wedding. He also asked for the preparation of the dowry and issued a proclamation to notify the entire kingdom. When he heard this, however, Tripitaka did not express his gratitude. All he could say instead was, "Release me and pardon me!"

"This monk is most unreasonable!" said the king. "We are using the wealth of an entire nation to take him in as a royal son-in-law."

Why doesn't he want to stay here and enjoy it? Why must every thought of his dwell on seeking scriptures? If he persists in his refusal, let the Embroidered-Uniform Guards push him out and have him beheaded!" Scared out of his wits, the elder shook all over as he knelt down to kowtow and said, "I thank Your Majesty for your Heavenly kindness! But there are four of us altogether in our company, for this humble cleric has three disciples outside. I know I should accept your gracious proposal, but I have not yet

had a chance to give them a word of instruction. I beg you, therefore, to summon them to court and certify this travel rescript, so that they may leave early and not be delayed in their journey to the West.”

The king consented and asked, “Where are your disciples?”

“They are all in the posthouse of the College of Interpreters,” replied Tripitaka. Immediately the king ordered the officials to summon the disciples to court so that they could pick up the travel rescript and leave for the West. The sage monk, however, was to remain and become the royal son-in-law. The elder had little choice but to rise and stand in waiting to one side. For this situation we have the following testimonial poem:

*The no-leak great elixir needs three perfections.
Austere works are not built on hateful relations.
A sage must teach the Dao, you the self cultivate;
Blessings are Heaven's, man must virtue aggregate.
Let not the six organs take their indulgent course.
Nature, suddenly enlightened, reveals your source.
Without love, without thought, you're naturally pure—
Transcendence you'll gain for deliverance is sure.*

At that time, officials were sent at once to the posthouse of the College of Interpreters to summon the disciples of the Tang Monk, and we shall speak no more of that.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who took leave of the Tang Monk beneath the festooned tower and walked back to the posthouse, giggling happily with each step he took. He was met by Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who asked him, “Elder Brother, why are you laughing so happily? Where's Master?”

“Master has met great happiness!” replied Pilgrim.

“We haven't reached our destination yet,” said Eight Rules, “nor have we seen the Buddha and acquired scriptures. Where does this happiness come from?”

Giggling some more, Pilgrim said, “Master and I walked to the crossroads where the festooned tower was erected. Right there he was hit directly by the embroidered ball tossed down by the princess of this dynasty. He was then taken by the palace maidens and eunuchs to meet the princess, who rode the imperial chariot with him to court. He will be taken in as the royal son-in-law. Isn't that happiness?” On hearing this, Eight Rules stamped his feet and thumped his chest, saying, “I knew I should have gone there myself! It was all because of Sha Monk's roguery! If you hadn't stopped me, I would have headed straight for the festooned tower. When the embroidered ball struck old Hog, the princess would have had to take me in. Wouldn't that be nice? Wouldn't that be marvelous? What a handsome, comely, and proper arrangement! We'd play and play! What fun!” Sha Monk walked forward and scratched Eight Rules's face with his finger, saying, “Aren't you ashamed of yourself? What a magniloquent mouth!

*With three coins you buy an old donkey
And brag about its ridability!*

If that embroidered ball struck you, a letter of annulment sent overnight wouldn't be fast enough! Would anyone dare take a catastrophe like you inside the door?”

“A blackguard like you has no feeling for anything!” said Eight Rules. “I may be ugly, but my person still exudes a certain flavor! As the ancients said, ‘Though the flesh and bones are coarse, the constitution is sturdy. Each characteristic, in fact, has its own desirability.’” “Stop babbling like that, Idiot!” said Pilgrim. “Let’s get our luggage together. I fear that Master may be so harried that he will soon be summoning us to the court to protect him.”

“You are wrong again, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules. “If Master has become the royal son-in-law, he will go into the palace to make love to the king’s daughter. He is not going to climb mountains or traipse along the roads, where he could meet fiends or encounter demons. Who needs your protection? At his age, you think he’s so ignorant of what goes on in bed that he requires your assistance?”

Grabbing him by the ears, Pilgrim shook his fist at Eight Rules and scolded him, saying, “You lecherous coolie! What sort of bunk is this?”

As they were thus quarreling, the clerk of the posthouse arrived and said, “His Majesty has issued a decree and sent an official with an invitation for you three divine monks.”

“For what specific purpose?” asked Eight Rules. The posthouse clerk replied, “The old divine monk was fortunate enough to be struck by the princess’s embroidered ball and to have been taken in as the royal son-in-law.

That is why an official has come with an invitation.”

“Where is this official?” asked Pilgrim. “Tell him to come in.”

The official, when he saw Pilgrim, at once saluted him. After the ceremony, however, he dared not raise his eyes to look at him. All he could say to himself was, “Is this a demon or a fiend? A thunder squire or a yakṣa?”

“Official,” said Pilgrim, “why don’t you speak up? What are you thinking of?”

Trembling all over, the official held up the imperial decree with both hands and blurted out, “My princess invites you to meet her kin! My princess’s kin invite you to meet her!”

“We have no instruments of torture here,” said Eight Rules, “and we have no intention to beat you. Speak slowly. Don’t be afraid.”

“You think he’s afraid of a beating?” said Pilgrim. “It’s your face he’s afraid of. Pick up the pole and the luggage quickly, and lead the horse along. We must go into court to discuss this affair.”

Truly

*It’s hard to sidestep for the way is straight;
Love will certainly be turned into hate.*

We do not know what they have to say after they have seen the king; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-FOUR

*Four priests are feted at the royal garden
One fiend vainly longs for sensual joys*

We were telling you about Pilgrim Sun and his two companions, who followed the summons official to the gate of the court. The custodian of the Yellow Gate immediately notified them to enter. The three of them walked in together and stood still, without, however, even bowing.

“Which three are the noble disciples of the sage monk, our royal son-in-law?” asked the king. “What are your names? Where do you live? For what reason did you become priests? What scriptures are you seeking?” Pilgrim strode forward and wanted to ascend to the main hall. The guardians of the throne at once shouted, “Stop! If you have anything to say, speak up at once!”

“We people who have left the family,” said Pilgrim, smiling, “will advance one step when we have the chance to take one step.”

After him Eight Rules and Sha Monk also drew near. Fearing that their vulgarity might upset the throne, the elder, standing on one side, stepped forward and said, “Disciples, His Majesty is asking for your origins. You should present a proper reply.” When Pilgrim saw that his master was standing in waiting on one side, he could not refrain from yelling, “Your Majesty, you slight others and you slight yourself! If you have taken in my master as the royal son-in-law, why do you make him stand? The world addresses your daughter’s husband as ‘Honored Man.’ How can an honored man not be allowed to sit?” When he heard that, the king paled with fright. He would have withdrawn himself immediately from the hall had he not feared impropriety. Forcing himself to be bold, he asked his attendants to bring out an embroidered cushion for the Tang Monk to sit on. Only then did Pilgrim memorialize to him, saying,

*Old Monkey’s ancestral home is located at the Water Curtain
Cave of the Flower- Fruit Mountain, in the Aolai Kingdom of
the East Pūrvavideha Continent.
My father was Heaven, my mother, Earth:
I was born when a stone burst.
Once a perfected man’s pupil,
I mastered the Great Way
Ere returning to my divine home
congregate with my kind in the cave-heaven of a blessed land.
In the ocean I subdued dragons;
On the mountains I captured beasts.
Having wiped out the register of death
And placed our names in the book of life,
I was appointed the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven,
To enjoy the towers of jade
And roam the treasure lofts.
I joined the celestial immortals
To sing and revel every day;
Living in the sages’ realm,*

*I had great pleasures each morning.
 For disrupting the Peaches Festival
 And causing great havoc in Heaven,
 I was subjugated by Buddha
 And pinned beneath the Mountain of Five Phases,
 With but iron pellets for my hunger
 And copper juice for my thirst,
 And not a drop of tea or rice for five hundred years.
 Fortunately my master left the Land of the East;
 As he headed for the West,
 Guanyin delivered me from Heaven's calamity.
 Free of my great ordeal,
 I made submission as a student of Yoga.
 My old name's Wukong,
 But people address me as Pilgrim.*

When the king heard such an important pedigree, he was so impressed that he left the dragon couch immediately to walk forward and take the elder's arm. "Royal son-in-law," he said, "this must be our affinity ordained of Heaven that we may have you as a divine kinsman."

Tripitaka thanked him profusely and asked him to ascend his throne once more. Then the king asked, "Who is your second noble disciple?" Sticking out his snout to display his authority, Eight Rules said,

*In his previous incarnation old Hog
 Was most fond of pleasure and sloth;
 My whole life was chaotic,
 My nature confused and my mind deluded.
 I never knew Heaven's height or Earth's thickness,
 Nor could I perceive this world's breadth and length.
 In that leisurely existence
 I met suddenly a realized immortal
 with half a sentence
 Untied my net of retribution,
 And with two or three words
 Punched through my door of calamity.
 Immediately coming to myself,
 I took him at once as a teacher.
 With care I cultivated the work of two-eights,
 And smelted fore and after the time of three times three.
 My work done I ascended
 Into the palace of Heaven.
 By the great kindness of the Jade Emperor
 I was appointed Marshal of Heavenly Reeds,
 In command of the troops of Heaven's river,
 Roaming freely throughout the cosmos.
 For getting drunk at the Peaches Festival
 And dallying with Chang'e,
 I was stripped of my rank*

*And exiled to this mortal world.
 An erroneous incarnation
 Made me born in the form of a hog.
 A resident of Mount Fuling,
 I committed boundless evils
 When I met Guanyin,
 Who pointed out the way of virtue.
 I submitted to the Buddhist faith
 To give the Tang Monk protection
 On his way to the Western Heaven
 To bow and seek the wondrous texts.
 My religious name's Wuneng,
 But they call me Eight Rules.*

These words made the king's spleen shake and his heart quiver, and he hardly dared look at the speaker.

Our Idiot, however, became more energetic than ever; shaking his head, sticking out his snout, and raising both ears, he laughed uproariously. Fearing again that the throne might be terrified, Tripitaka snapped, "Eight Rules, behave!" Only then did Eight Rules lower his hands, putting one over the other, and stand there pretending to be a gentleman.

Then the king asked once more, "For what reason did the third noble disciple become a priest?" Pressing his palms together, Sha Monk said,

*Old Sand was originally a mortal man.
 Fear of the karmic wheel made me seek the Way,
 cloudlike the edges of the sea
 And wandering at the shores of Heaven.
 As always my frock and almsbowl followed me;
 Long I taught my mind and spirit to stay put.
 For such sincerity
 I found an immortal mate;
 I nurtured the Baby
 And married the Fair Girl.
 When my merit reached three thousand,
 My work harmonized the Four Signs,
 I went beyond Heaven's bound
 To bow at the mysterious height.
 Made the Great Curtain- Raising Warrior,
 I attended the phoenix-and-dragon chariot
 With appointed rank of general.
 At the Peaches Festival also
 I dropped and broke a crystal chalice,
 For which I was exiled to the Flowing- Sand River.
 My head and features transformed,
 I sinned by taking lives.
 Fortunately the Bodhisattva going far to the Land of the East
 Persuaded me to repent
 And wait for a Buddhist son of the Tang court,*

*Who would go seek scriptures at the Western Heaven.
Henceforth I stood in this renewal
And sought once more the great awakening.
I use the river as my surname;
My religious name's Wujing,
And they address me as Monk.*

When the king heard that, he was filled with great joy but also great terror. What brought him joy was the fact that his daughter had taken a living Buddha in for a husband, but what brought him terror was that the man's disciples were actually three monstrous deities.

In that very moment, the chief imperial astronomer arrived to say, "The date of the wedding has been set for the fine day of *renzi*, the twelfth day of this month in this year. That day ought to be felicitous for the entire family, and it is thus fitting for a marriage to take place."

"What day is today?" asked the king.

"Today is the eighth," replied the astronomer, "the day of *moushen*, when the gibbons come to present fruits. It is thus a day appropriate for receiving the worthies and setting appointments."

Exceedingly pleased, the king immediately asked the attendants to sweep out some towered buildings in the imperial garden, so that the royal son-in-law and his three disciples could use them for lodging. Thereafter he asked for the preparation of the wedding banquet so that the princess could get married. All his subjects reverently obeyed. After the king had retired from court, the various officials dispersed, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now instead about Tripitaka and his disciples, who went together to the imperial garden. As it was getting late, a vegetarian meal was set out. Delighted, Eight Rules said, "It's about time we eat after one whole day!"

Those in charge toted in whole loads of rice and noodles. Eight Rules ate and ate; the more they brought, the more he ate. He did not stop till his guts were stuffed and his stomach was bloated. In a little while, lights were brought in and bedding spread out for each of them, so that they could sleep.

When the elder saw that they were by themselves, he shouted angrily at Pilgrim, "Wukong! You wretched ape! You put me in a bind every time! I told you that all I wanted was to have the rescript certified, and I told you not to go near the festooned tower. Why did you insist on taking me there to look? Now, have you seen anything good? We've ended up in this pickle. What are we going to do now?"

Trying to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, "The master's statement that his deceased mother, who also met the person destined for her by the tossing of an embroidered ball, whereupon the two of them became man and wife, seems to indicate a longing for the past. Only because of that did old Monkey lead you to the tower. Moreover, I thought of the words of that abbot from the Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery, and I wanted to use this occasion to examine the true and the false. Just now when I looked at the king, I noticed that his complexion was somewhat dark and swarthy. But I haven't been able to look at the princess to determine what she was like."

“What would you be able to do if you saw the princess?” asked the elder. Pilgrim said, “The moment these fiery eyes and diamond pupils of old Monkey see her face, they will be able to discern truth and falsehood, good and evil, wealth and poverty. Then I will be able to act to distinguish the right from the deviant.” With loud giggles, both Eight Rules and Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother must have recently learned the art of physiognomy!”

“Those physiognomists,” said Pilgrim, “ought to be regarded only as my grandsons!”

“Stop gabbing!” snapped Tripitaka. “It appears now that they are bent on taking me in. What should we do, really?” Pilgrim said, “Let’s wait till the twelfth, the day of the wedding ceremony, when the princess undoubtedly will appear to pay homage to her parents. Let old Monkey take a look at her from the side. If she were a real woman, it wouldn’t be too bad for you to become the royal son-in-law and enjoy the glory of a nation.”

These words sent Tripitaka into greater fury. “You wretched ape!” he cried. “You still want to injure me! As Wuneng puts it, ninety-ninths of our journey has been covered already, and you still stab me with your hot tongue! Stop wagging it, and don’t you dare open that stinking mouth of yours! If you behave with such insolence just one more time, I’ll recite that spell to make life intolerable for you!” When Pilgrim heard that he wanted to recite the spell, he was so horrified that he immediately went to his knees and said, “Don’t do that! Don’t do that! If she were a real woman, we’d wait till the time of the mutual bows, and then we would create havoc in the palace and get you out.”

As master and disciples conversed, the announcement of the night watches began. Truly

*The palace clock drips slowly;
The floral scent spreads softly.
The boudoir drops its pearly screen;
In empty yards no lights are seen.
The swings stand idle, showing only their shades;
All is quiet as a Tangut flute fades.
The moon on the blossoms confers her grace;
The stars seem brighter in a treeless space.
The nightjar ends her song;
The butterfly-dream is long.
The Milky Way crosses the sky
As white clouds to one’s homeland fly:
A time when travelers feel the keenest pain,
Saddened by the wind-swept young willow-skein.*

“Master,” said Eight Rules, “it’s late. If there’s anything important, discuss it tomorrow. Let’s go to sleep! Let’s go to sleep.” Master and disciples indeed enjoyed a restful night.

Soon the golden rooster announced the arrival of dawn, and the king ascended the main hall for his early audience. You see

*The palace open, the purple aura high;
Wind-blown, royal music rends the blue sky.*

*Clouds move the leopard's-tails and banners shake;
 The sun hits carved dragons and girdle-jades quake.
 mist heightens the palace willow green;
 Dew drops moisten the flowers' imperial sheen.
 Midst shouts and dances the ministers stand,
 For peace and harmony reign o'er the land.*

After the hundred officials, both civil and military, had paid their homage, the king gave this order:

“Let the Court of Imperial Entertainments prepare the wedding banquet for the twelfth. For today, however, let us make ready some spring wine and entertain our royal son-in-law in the imperial garden.”

He also instructed the Director of the Bureau of Ceremonies to take the three worthy kinsmen back to the College of Interpreters. There they would be served a vegetarian feast by the Court of Imperial Entertainments. The staff from the Office of Music would be asked to play at both the college and the garden, so that all could be entertained while they spent time enjoying the sight of spring.

When Eight Rules heard all this, he at once spoke up and said, “Your Majesty, since we, master and disciples, made each other's acquaintance, we have not been separated for a single moment. Today, if you plan to eat and drink in the imperial garden, take us along and let us play for a couple of days. That's the way for you to make my master your royal son-in-law. Otherwise, I fear that you may find it hard to carry out this scheme.”

The king had already noticed Eight Rules's hideous appearance and vulgar manner of speech. And when he saw him sticking out his snout and wagging his ears, constantly twisting his head and kneading his neck, he thought the speaker was showing signs of madness.

Fearing that the marriage might be ruined, the king had no choice but to agree to the demands. “Prepare two tables,” said the king, “in the Eternal Pacification of the Chinese and Barbarian Loft, where we shall sit with our royal son-in-law. Three other tables are to be set up in the Spring-Detaining Arbor for those three guests. Master and disciples, we fear, may not find it convenient to sit together.” Only then did our Idiot bow and say, “Thank you!” before each person withdrew. The king also issued this order that the official in charge of the inner palace prepare another banquet, so that the queen and the consorts of three palaces and six chambers could assist the princess in putting on her headgear and present her with her dowry, in anticipation of the fine match set for the twelfth.

By about the hour of the Serpent, the king called for his carriage and invited the Tang Monk and his companions to go to the imperial garden. As they looked around, they saw a marvelous place indeed.

*The path's made of colored stones—
 The railings bear carved patterns—
 path's made of colored stones,
 By the side of which rare blossoms grow.
 The railings bear carved patterns,
 Within and beyond which strange flora flourish.
 Lush peaches bewitch the kingfishers;*

Young willows display the orioles.
 A walk brings quiet fragrance to fill your sleeves;
 A stroll makes much pure scent cling to your robe.
 A phoenix terrace and a dragon pool;
 A bamboo garret and a pine arbor.
 On the phoenix terrace,
 A flute bids phoenixes to come courteously;
 In the dragon pool,
 Fishes raised there change into dragons to leave.
 The bamboo garret has poems,
 All lofty rhymes composed with utmost skill;
 The pine arbor has essays,
 A noble collection of pearl and jade.
 Green rocks form artificial hills;
 The winding stream's azure and deep.
 The true-peony arbor,
 The cinnamon rose props,
 Seem like thick damask and brocade spread out;
 fence,
 The pyrus patch,
 Appear as mist or jade piled up.
 The peony has exotic scent;
 The Sichuan mallow shows rare glamour;
 White pears vie with red apricots for fragrance;
 Purple orchids strive with gold daylilies for brilliance.
 lichun flower,
 The "wood-brush" flower,
 And the azalea
 Are all fresh and fiery;
 The crape-flower,
 fengxian flower,
 And the "jade-pin" flower
 Are all tall and trembly.
 Each spot of red ripeness seems like moistened rouge;
 Each clump of dense fragrance is a brocade round.
 A joy's the east wind recalling the warm sun;
 The whole garden's lit up and with charms o'errun.

The king and his several guests viewed this scenery for a long time. Then the Director of Ceremonies came to invite Pilgrim and his two brothers to go to the Spring-Detaining Arbor, while the king took the Tang Monk to the Chinese and Barbarian Loft, each party being served separately. The music and dance, the decorations and appointments, were quite extraordinary. Truly

The Heaven-gate's rugged in the morning light.
 On dragon towers auspicious mists alight.
 The soft hues of spring the flora adorn;
 Silk robes shimmer, struck by the rays of dawn.
 Like feasting of gods pipes and songs resound;
 With juices of jade the cups make their rounds.

*Joined in their fun are both subjects and king;
A world at peace must prosperity bring.*

When the elder saw what great esteem the king showed him, he had little choice but to force himself to participate in the revelry. Truly he showed delight without but harbored anxiety within.

At the place where they were sitting, there were four gilded screens hanging on the wall, on which were painted the scenes of the four seasons. Inscribed on these paintings were poems, all compositions by noted scholars of the Hanlin Academy.

*The Poem of Spring says:
The cycle of nature has made its turn.
The great earth quickens and all things seem new.
Plums vie with peaches in their beauteous blooms;
Swallows pile on carved beams their scented dust.
The Poem of Summer says:
The south wind blows to cause our thoughts delay;
The sun beams on k'uei and pomegranate.
A jade flute's soft notes stir our midday dream,
When scent of water lily spreads to the drapes.
The Poem of Autumn says:
Of golden wells' pawlonia one leaf's yellow.
Draw not the pearl screen for the night has frost.
The swallows know it's time to leave their nests,
As wild geese depart for another land.
The Poem of Winter says:
The rain clouds make the sky both dark and cold,
And wind blows the snow to build a thousand hills.
palace, of course, has a warm, red stove
When plum blossoms o'erlay with jade the rails.*

When the king saw how intently the Tang Monk was staring at the poems, he said, "If the royal son-in-law finds the flavor of poetry so attractive, he too must be skilled in the art of chanting and composition. If you are not parsimonious with your pearl and jade, please give a reply in kind to each of the poems, using the same rhymes. Will you do that?" Now the elder was someone who could lose himself in such scenery, for his mind was enlightened by the vision of seeing the Buddha-nature in all things. When he heard the king favoring him with such a request, he blurted out the sentence, "The sun melts the ice as the great earth turns."

Exceedingly pleased, the king said to one of the palace attendants, "Bring out the library's four treasures.

Record the poetic replies of our royal son-in-law, so that we may slowly savor them."

The elder did not refuse. In delight he took up the brush to write

*A Reply to the Poem of Spring:
The sun melts the ice as the great earth turns.
This day the king's garden blossoms anew.
The people are blessed with such clement clime,
For rivers and seas are rid of worldly dust.*

A Reply to the Poem of Summer:

The dipper points south to cause the day's delay.

Ablaze are the huai and pomegranate.

Orioles and swallows midst the willow sing

And send their lovely duet through the drapes.

A Reply to the Poem of Autumn:

Fragrant's the orange—green and yellow.

The verdant pine and cypress love their frost.

Brocadelike, the chrysanthemum's half in bloom.

Our songs resound through cloud and water land.

A Reply to the Poem of Winter:

The snow has stopped but still the air is cold,

When jagged rocks like jade surround the hills.

The stove's beast-shaped charcoals have warmed the milk.

We sing, hands in sleeves, and lean on the rails.

The king read the poems and he could not have been more pleased. “What a marvelous line!” he chanted. “We sing, hands in sleeves, and lean on the rails!”

At once he asked the Office of Music to set the poems to music and perform them. They spent the day that way before dispersing.

Meanwhile, Pilgrim and his two companions also abandoned themselves to enjoyment at the Spring-Detaining Arbor. Growing somewhat tipsy from the several cups of wine they each consumed, they were about to leave to look for the elder when they spotted him in a distant room with the king. His silly nature aroused, Eight Rules shouted, “What great fun! What comfort! Today I’ve had my enjoyment! As long as I’m full, it’s time to take a snooze!”

“Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, chuckling, “that’s not very dignified of you! With such a full stomach, how can you sleep?”

Eight Rules said, “You wouldn’t know about this. The proverb says,

If after a meal you don’t lie flat,

Your belly won’t get fat!”

The Tang Monk took leave of the king and went to the arbor, where he rebuked Eight Rules, saying, “You coolie! You’re getting rowdier! What sort of a place is this that you dare to shout and holler? If the king takes offense, you may lose your life!”

“It’s nothing! It’s nothing!” replied Eight Rules. “After all, we are related to him as in-laws, properly speaking, and he can’t be offended by us. As the saying goes,

You can’t cut off your kin with beating,

Nor can you your neighbor with scolding.

We’re all having some fun. Why worry about him?”

“Bring that Idiot over here!” snapped the elder. “Let me give him twenty strokes with my priestly staff!” So Pilgrim pulled him over and bent him down, while the elder raised his staff to strike.

“Father royal son-in-law!” cried Idiot. “Please pardon me! Please pardon me!”

Those officials who had borne them company during the party persuaded the Tang Monk to stop. Scrambling up, our Idiot could be heard muttering, “Dear honored

man! Dear royal son-in-law. The wedding hasn't even taken place, and you're administering royal law already!" Putting his hand over Eight Rules's mouth, Pilgrim said, "Stop jabbering! Stop jabbering! Hurry and go to sleep!"

They spent another night in the Spring-Detaining Arbor, and by dawn, they feasted once more.

They passed three or four days in such pleasure, and the auspicious day of the twelfth arrived. The officials from the three departments of the Court of Imperial Entertainments came to say, "Since receiving your decree on the eighth, your subjects have now finished building the royal son-in-law's residence, though we are still waiting for the dowry to furnish the place. The wedding banquet, too, is prepared. Altogether, both vegetarian and nondietary, there are some five hundred tables."

Delighted, the king wanted to ask his son-in-law at once to attend the banquet, when an official of the inner palace suddenly appeared and said, "Your Majesty, the queen wishes to have an audience."

The king went inside, and found the queens of the three palaces and the ladies of six chambers chatting merrily with the princess at the Zhaoyang Palace. Truly they were like bouquets of flowers and rounds of brocade! All that opulence could rival even that of the lunar palace in Heaven, and it certainly was not inferior to the divine jasper residence. As a testimonial, we have four new songs based on the words of Joy, Meet, Fine, and Mate.

*The Song of Joy says:
 Joy! Joy! Joy!
 This happiness enjoy.
 A matrimony
 Of love most seemly.
 Such smart palace fashion
 Would rouse Chang'e's passion.
 Those dragon and phoenix hairpins
 Of luminous gold threads thin;
 Those lustrous teeth and cherry lips,
 A body light as flower-slips.
 Layers of silk
 Within the five-colored groves;
 Lovely fragrance
 Rising from beauties in droves.
 The Song of Meet says:
 Meet! Meet! Meet!
 One seductive and sweet.
 Mao Qiang she rivals
 maids equals.
 A wrecker of city and state,
 Fair like flower and jade.
 Her makeup is fresh and charming;
 Her jewels are more disarming.
 An orchid mind and nature lofty,
 And ice-white flesh and face most stately.
 Like distant hills her dark brows are painted thin;*

The regiment of silk she's fairest therein.
The Song of Fine says:
Fine! Fine! Fine!
A maiden divine.
Profoundly lovely,
Truly praiseworthy.
Rare fragrances combine
With powder and carmine.
The blessed Tientai off somewhere.
Could it with a royal house compare?
She speaks and smiles in form so fair,
As pipes and music both rend the air.
Pretty are a thousand forms of flower and silk.
Scan the whole world but none is in her ilk.
The Song of Mate says:
Mate! Mate! Mate!
The orchid scents dilate.
Immortal crowd
And beauties proud.
The maidens' colors fresh-born.
The princess newly adorned:
Her coiffure rises like a crow's nest;
Phoenix skirt beneath a rainbow vest.
Celestial sonorities ahead;
Two rows of lovely purple and red.
In years past she had fixed a nuptial date;
This day she's happy to meet her fine mate.

We tell you now about that king, who arrived in his carriage. The queen led the princess along with the consorts and palace maidens to meet him. Cheerfully the king entered the Zhaoyang Palace to take his seat. After the ladies had bowed to him, the king said, "Princess, our worthy daughter, we trust that the happy meeting with the sage monk when you tossed the ball from the festooned tower on the eighth has given you great satisfaction. The officials of various bureaus and departments, moreover, have been so considerate of our interests that all the preparations are now completed. Today is the auspicious day. You must make haste to attend the wedding feast, so that the goodly hour will not be forfeited." Stepping forward, the princess went to her knees to bow low and said, "Father King, please pardon your daughter's ten thousand offenses! There is a matter about which I must speak to you. For several days I have heard the palace officials say that the Tang Monk has three disciples who are exceedingly ugly. Your daughter dares not face them, for they will surely cause me great fear and dread. I beg the Father King to send them out of the city so that my feeble body will not be harmed by fright nor our happiness ruined."

"If our child hadn't spoken of this matter," replied the king, "we would have overlooked it. They are indeed quite hideous and wild."

These past few days we've entertained them at the Spring-Detaining Arbor in the royal garden. We'll take this opportunity today to go up to the hall and certify their rescript. After they have been sent out of the city, we'll then hold our banquet."

The princess kowtowed to express her thanks. The king at once rode his carriage to the main hall, where he issued a summons for the royal son-in-law and his three disciples.

Now the Tang Monk too had been counting the days with his fingers. When he reached the twelfth, he began even before dawn to discuss the matter with his disciples, saying, "Today's the twelfth. How are we to settle this affair?"

"I could tell," said Pilgrim, "that the king has a certain gloomy aura about him. It has not, however, penetrated his body yet, and I don't think it will cause him any great harm. But I still haven't had a chance to see the princess. If only she would come out! With one glance old Monkey can tell us whether she is real or not, and only then can we do anything. You shouldn't worry, though. Today they will certainly call for us in order to send us three out of the city. You should accept the summons without fear. In the twinkling of an eye I'll be back at your side to give you protection."

As master and disciples talked, the attendant to the throne and the Director of Ceremonies indeed arrived with a summons.

Chuckling, Pilgrim said, "Let's go! Let's go! We are about to be sent off, while Master will remain for the marriage."

"To send us off," said Eight Rules, "they must present some thousand taels of gold or silver. That'll be enough for me to get some gifts to go back to *my* in-laws. We'll have another wedding and a little fun!"

"Clamp your mouth, Second Elder Brother, and stop blabbering!" said Sha Monk. "Just let Big Brother make the decision."

They took the luggage and the horse to follow the various officials to the vermilion steps. When he saw them, the king asked the three disciples to approach him, saying, "Bring us your travel rescript. We shall use our treasure seal on it. In addition, we shall increase your travel allowance and wish you a speedy arrival at the Spirit Mountain to see Buddha. When you return with the scriptures, there will be further reward. The royal son-in-law will remain here, and you need not worry about him."

Thanking him, Pilgrim asked Sha Monk to take out the rescript to hand over to the king. The king read it before applying his seal and affixing his signature. Then he presented them with ten ingots of yellow gold and twenty ingots of white gold as wedding gifts. As he had always been both lecherous and greedy, Eight Rules immediately took them, while Pilgrim gave a bow and said, "Much obliged! Much obliged!"

He turned and began to walk out. Tripitaka was so startled that he scrambled up and caught hold of Pilgrim. Teeth grinding audibly, he said, "Are you all abandoning me?" Squeezing Tripitaka's palm with his hand, Pilgrim winked at him and said, "Relax and enjoy your union here. When we have acquired the scriptures, we'll return to see you."

The elder seemed not to believe him and refused to let go. The other officials, however, thought that master and disciples were indeed bidding each other farewell. Then the king asked the royal son-in-law to ascend to the hall once more, while the other officials were to see the disciples off outside the city. The elder had to loosen his grip and went back to the hall.

Pilgrim and his two companions went out of the gate of the court and took leave of the officials. "Are we really leaving?" asked Eight Rules. Without saying a word, Pilgrim walked back to the posthouse, where they were received by the posthouse clerk. As he went to prepare rice and tea, Pilgrim said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "You two stay here and don't show yourselves. If the posthouse clerk questions you, just muddle through with some answer. Don't speak to me at all, for I'm leaving to go protect Master."

Dear Great Sage! He pulled off a piece of hair, blew his immortal breath on it, and cried, "Change!" It changed at once into a form of himself, which remained with Eight Rules and Sha Monk in the posthouse. His true self leaped into midair and changed into a bee.

You see his

*Yellow wings, sweet mouth, and sharp tail—
A mad dancer lost in the gale,
Most able to pick the buds and steal their scent,
To make through willows his descent.
He submits to both stains and dyes;
Hither and yon vainly he flies,
N'er tasting that sweetness he helps distill.
He has but his name for a will.*

Look at him! Ever so lightly he flew into the court, where he found the Tang Monk sitting most dejectedly and with furrowed brow on a brocade cushion to the left of the king. Alighting on his Vairocana hat, he crawled near his ear to whisper, "Master, I'm here. Please don't worry."

Those few words, of course, were audible only to the Tang Monk and to none of those other mortals. When the Tang Monk heard them, he felt more reassured. In a little while, a palace official came to say, "Your Majesty, the wedding banquet has been laid out in the Magpie Palace. The queen and the princess are waiting there for the presence of Your Majesty and the honorable man."

The king could not have been more pleased. At once he took the royal son-in-law inside the palace. Thus it is that

*The deviant lord loves flowers, though flowers bring woe;
The Chan-mind stirs to thought, but thought begets sorrow.*

We do not know how the Tang Monk in the palace will find deliverance, and you must listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-FIVE

*Falsely assuming true form, the jade hare's caught
True Yin returns to the right to join Numinous Source*

We tell you now about that Tang Monk, who dolefully followed the king into the inner palace, where he heard the loud noise of music and drums and encountered strong whiffs of rare perfume. Lowering his head, he dared not look up at all. Pilgrim, however, was secretly delighted. Perched on his master's Vairocana hat, he exercised his magic perception and stared everywhere with his fiery eyes and diamond pupils. Two rows of palace maidens, colorfully dressed, stood in waiting, so enhancing the place that it seemed like a flower palace or divine residence and more attractive than the silken drapes in the breeze of spring. Truly

*They are both graceful and lissome,
With substance like jade and flesh like ice.
Pairs and pairs, more charming than Chu maidens;
Two by two they rival Xi Shi in beauty.
Phoenixes rear up from coiffures piled high;
Like distant hills are moth brows faintly drawn.
That graceful playing of reeds,
That frequent blowing of flutes—
The tones—gong, shang, jue, zhi, and yu—
High and low make their lyric flow.
Wondrous songs and dances e'er lovable;
Silk and floral clusters all agreeable.*

When Pilgrim saw that his master was completely unmoved, he said to himself in silent praise, "Marvelous monk! Marvelous monk!"

*Living midst silk and satin he's not enticed;
Walking through opulence he's not beguiled."*

In a little while, the princess, with the queen and the concubines thronging around her, walked out of the Magpie Palace to receive the king, all crying, "Long live Your Majesty! Long live Your Majesty!"

The elder became so flustered that he shook all over, not knowing what to do at all. Pilgrim, on the other hand, at once perceived that there was a slight manifestation of monstrous aura on top of the princess's head, although it did not seem too virulent. He quickly crawled near his master's ear to whisper:

"Master, that princess is a false one."

"If she is not a true princess," said the elder, "how can we make her reveal her true form?"

"By showing my dharma body," replied Pilgrim, "I'll capture her immediately."

"No! No!" said the elder. "You might frighten the throne. Let the monarch and the queen retire first. Then you may exercise your magic power."

That Pilgrim, however, had been impetuous all his life. How could he permit this? With a roar he revealed his original form and dashed forward. Grabbing the

princess, he cried, “You cursed beast! You make the false become real here! Isn’t it enough for you to enjoy yourself at this place? Why must you be so greedy as to want to deceive my master and ruin his true yang to satisfy your lust?”

These words rendered the king dumb and stupid with fear, and sent the queen and concubines tumbling all over. Every one of those gaily attired girls and palace maidens darted east and west, fleeing for her life. This was what their condition was like:

*A spring wind breezy—
Autumn air blustery—
The breezy spring wind passes garden and wood
And a thousand blossoms quiver;
The blustery autumn air comes to the courts
And myriad leaves flutter.
The blasted peony falls beneath the fence,
And blown-up peony lies beside the rails.
The shore’s hibiscus trembles;
The steps’ chrysanthemum heaps up.
The pyrus turns feeble and sinks to the dust;
The rose, still fragrant, lies in the wilds.
The spring wind severs the lotus stalks;
The winter snow crushes the plum’s young buds.
Pomegranate petals
Scatter east and west in the inner palace;
Willow twigs by the shore
Dangle north and south of the royal mansion.
In one night a wild storm of wind and rain
Does with dying redness the landscape stain.*

More flustered than ever and shaking all over, Tripitaka embraced the king and said only, “Your Majesty, please don’t be afraid.

Please don’t be afraid! This is how my mischievous disciple must work his magic power to distinguish truth and falsehood.” We tell you now about that monster-spirit, who saw that things were going badly. She struggled free, ripped off her clothes, and flung away her earrings, bracelets, and jewels. Dashing into the shrine of the local spirit at the imperial garden, she took out a short, pestlelike club, turned and struck madly at Pilgrim. Pilgrim caught up with her and faced her with the iron rod. The two of them, screaming and shouting, started a battle in the garden, which continued in midair when both of them displayed their magic powers and mounted cloud and fog. In this very conflict,

*The golden-hooped rod has both name and fame,
But a club like a pestle no one knows.
One seeking true scriptures has reached this place;
One for love of strange blossoms has come to stay.
The fiend, long knowing of the Tang sage monk,
Desires to unite with his primal sperm.
Abducting the true princess the year before,
She took human form as the king’s beloved.
The Great Sage now perceives her monstrous air;*

*He would save life by making known the truth.
 The short club works violence, bashing the head;
 The iron rod with power hits the face.
 Loud and boisterous the two of them fight
 As mist and cloud remove the sun from sight.*

As the two of them waged a fierce battle in midair, they filled the populace of the whole city with horror and terrified the officials of the entire court.

Supporting the king with his hands, the elder could only say, “Please don’t be afraid! Please tell our lady, the queen, and the rest not to fear. Your princess is actually someone specious who has taken on the true princess’ form. When my disciple captures her, you will know the difference.” Several of the more courageous palace ladies took the clothing and jewels to show to the queen, saying, “These were worn by the princess. Now she has abandoned everything. Stark naked, she is fighting that monk in the sky. She must be a monstrous deviate.”

By then the king, the queen, and the royal concubines had grown calmer and began to stare at the sky. We shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that monster-spirit, who battled the Great Sage for half a day, and they fought to a draw. Tossing the rod up into the air, Pilgrim cried, “Change!”

The single rod changed into ten rods; the ten became a hundred, and the hundred turned into thousands. Like slithering snakes and gliding dragons in midair, these rods madly attacked the monstrous deviate. Completely flustered, the monstrous deviate transformed herself into a clear breeze and fled toward the region above the blue sky. Pilgrim recited a spell, which reduced the iron rods to a single piece, before mounting the auspicious luminosity to give chase. When they approached the West Heaven Gate, they could see gleaming banners fluttering.

“Those guarding the Heaven Gate,” shouted Pilgrim, “block the monster-spirit! Don’t let her escape!”

The Devarāja Dh0tarāṣṭra indeed led the Four Grand Marshals Pang, Liu, Gou, and Bi to bar the way, each wielding his weapon. Unable to proceed, the monstrous deviate spun around and began to battle with Pilgrim once more, brandishing her short club.

As he wielded his iron rod to meet her, the Great Sage stared at the club and saw that it was thick on one end and thin on the other. It resembled, in fact, a pestle used for hulling grain. “Cursed beast!” he cried. “What sort of weapon is that you have there that you dare oppose old Monkey? Submit at once, lest one blow of my rod smash your skull!”

Clenching her teeth, the monstrous deviate said, “So, you don’t know about this weapon of mine! Listen to my recital!

*This divine root’s a piece of mutt on jade,
 Its form cut and polished for countless years.
 I owned it already when Chaos parted;
 Twas my possession when the world began.
 No mortal thing could with its source compare,
 For its nature came from Heaven above.
 Its golden-light frame with Four Signs accords,
 With Three Primes fused with Five Phases’ breaths.*

*In Toad Palace it has long stayed with me,
 A frequent companion by Cassia Hall.
 For love of flowers I came down to Earth
 And went to India, posing as a girl.
 I shared the king's joys with no other wish
 Than wedding the Tang Monk to seal my fate.
 How wicked you are that you wreck our match!
 So savage that you hunt me down to fight!
 This weapon of mine has tremendous fame,
 Surpassing greatly your golden-hooped rod.
 A pestle for herbs in Vast- Cold Palace,
 Its one blow will send one to Yellow Spring."*

On hearing this, Pilgrim laughed scornfully and said, "Dear cursed beast! If you had lived in the Toad Palace, you couldn't be ignorant of old Monkey's abilities, could you? And you still dare take a stand here? Reveal your form and surrender at once, and I'll spare your life!"

"I recognize that you are the Ban-Horse-Plague," said the fiend, "who greatly disturbed the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago. I should defer to you, I suppose. But ruining one's marriage is an act of bitter enmity like murdering one's parents. Neither reason nor sentiment would allow me to give in, and that's why I'm going to fight you Heaven-defying Ban-Horse-Plague!" Now, those three words, Ban-Horse-Plague, were most irksome to the Great Sage. When he heard them, he became enraged and immediately raised his iron rod to strike at her face. The monstrous deviate wielded her club to meet him, and right before the West Heaven Gate they locked in savage combat once more. In this battle,

*The golden-hooped rod,
 The pestle for herbs,
 Two weapons divine formed a worthy match
 That one for marriage descended to Earth;
 This one protecting the Tang Monk arrived here.
 The king, actually, was not quite upright—
 His love of flowers won a fiend's delight
 And brought on this moment a bitter fight,
 Both parties stirred to stubbornness and hate.
 They charged and sallied to see who would win;
 With taunts and slurs they waged a war of words.
 The mighty pestle was rare in the world;
 The rod's divine strength had e'en more appeal.
 Golden beams flashing lit up Heaven's gate;
 Cold mists lambent spread throughout the Earth.
 They fought back and forth for over ten rounds.
 The monster, growing weak, now lost her ground.*

That monster-spirit fought more than ten rounds with Pilgrim. When she saw how taut and fast was the style of the rod, she realized that it would be difficult for her to prevail. After one feeble blow with her club, she shook her body and changed into myriad shafts of golden light to flee toward the south. The Great Sage gave chase, and they suddenly reached a huge mountain. The monster's golden light lowered and

entered a mountain cave, completely disappearing from sight. Fearing that she might sneak back to the kingdom to harm the Tang Monk, Pilgrim took careful note of the shape of that mountain before reversing the direction of his cloud to return to the kingdom himself.

This was about the hour of the Monkey. The king, tugging at Tripitaka, was still shaking all over. "Sage monk, please save me!" was all he could say. Those concubines and the queen, too, were quite apprehensive when they saw the Great Sage dropping down from the edge of the clouds.

"Master," he cried, "I'm back!"

"Stand still, Wukong," said Tripitaka, "and don't alarm His Majesty. Let me ask you what, in fact, has become of the princess?" Standing outside the gate to the Magpie Palace, with hands folded across his chest, Pilgrim said, "The false princess is a monstrous deviate. At first I fought with her for half a day. When she found that she could not prevail, she changed into a clear breeze and fled toward the gate of Heaven. I shouted for the celestial deities to bar her way. She changed back to her form and again fought over ten rounds with me. Once more she changed into shafts of golden light to flee to a mountain due south of here. I chased her there but couldn't find her. Fearing that she may come back here to harm you, I came back to look after you." When the king heard this, he tugged at the Tang Monk to ask, "If the false princess is a monstrous deviate, where is our real princess?"

"Let me catch the false princess first," Pilgrim responded at once, "and your real princess will naturally return to you." When the queen and palace ladies heard this declaration, their fears were lifted. Each one of them went forward, bowed low, and said, "I beg the sage monk to rescue our real princess and bring her back. When this whole affair has been cleared up, you will be amply rewarded."

"This is no place for us to talk," said Pilgrim. "Let His Majesty go to the main hall with my master. And let the queen and her companions return to their palaces. Have my brothers Eight Rules and Sha Monk summoned to the palace so that they may give my master protection. I can then leave to subdue the monster. In that way, proper etiquette for what is public and private will be observed, and I shall be spared from worry. Please take note of what I have said, for it betokens a great deal of energy expended."

The king was most grateful to follow his suggestion. Hand in hand, he walked with the Tang Monk to the main hall, while the queen and the ladies returned to their own palaces. The king then asked for the preparation of a vegetarian meal and sent for Eight Rules and Sha Monk. In a little while the two of them arrived, and Pilgrim gave them a thorough account of what had taken place and enjoined them to protect their master with all diligence. Mounting the cloud somersault, our Great Sage hurtled through the air and left. All those officials before the main hall bowed low to the sky, and we shall leave them there for the moment.

The Great Sage Sun headed straight for the mountain to the south of the kingdom to begin his search. The monstrous deviate, you see, had fled there in defeat; on reaching the mountain, she crawled inside her lair and used pieces of rock to stop up its entrance.

Terribly dismayed, she hid herself and kept totally out of sight. Pilgrim searched for a while, but he could detect no movement whatever. Growing anxious, he made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell to summon into his presence the local

spirit and the mountain deity for interrogation. The two gods arrived and immediately kowtowed, both crying, “We didn’t know! We didn’t know! If we had known, we would have gone far to receive you. We beg you to pardon us.”

“I’ll not hit you just yet,” said Pilgrim. “Let me question you instead. What’s the name of this mountain? How many monster-spirits are to be found here? Tell me the truth and I’ll pardon you.”

“Great Sage,” those two deities said, “this mountain is named Mount Hairbrush. It has three rabbit lairs in it.

From antiquity till now there has never been any monster-spirit, for it is a blessed land of complete circularity. If the Great Sage wishes to find monsterspirits, he’d better stick to the road to the Western Heaven.” Pilgrim said, “When old Monkey arrived at the Kingdom of India in the Western Heaven, he discovered that the princess, the daughter of the king, had been abducted by a monster-spirit and left in the wilds. The monster-spirit assumed the form of the princess to deceive the king into erecting a festooned tower, from which she would toss an embroidered ball to select her husband. When I escorted my master beneath the tower, she purposely threw the ball on the Tang Monk, for she wanted to become his mate so that she could steal his primal yang through temptation. I saw through all that and revealed myself in the palace to capture her. Stripping off her human clothes and jewelry, she fought with me for half a day, wielding a short club called a pestle for herbs. Then she changed into a clear breeze to flee, but old Monkey caught up with her before the West Heavenly Gate, and we fought for another ten rounds or more.

Realizing that she could not prevail, she changed into beams of golden light and fled here. Why is it that she can’t be seen now?” When the two deities heard this, they led Pilgrim at once to search the three rabbit lairs. They began with the one at the foot of the mountain; looking there, they could see only a few wild rabbits, which were frightened away. When they searched their way up to the hole on the peak, however, they at once spotted two huge slabs of stone blocking its entrance. “This has to be where the monstrous deviate is,” said the local spirit. “She must have crawled in there to evade your pursuit.” Pilgrim lifted away the stones with his iron rod. The monstrous deviate was indeed hiding in there. With a loud whoosh, she leaped out and attacked with upraised pestle. Pilgrim wielded his iron rod to parry the blow, so terrifying the two deities that the mountain god backed up and the local spirit darted away. “Who asked you two,” whined the monster to the two of them, “to bring him here to look for me?”

Barely able to withstand the iron rod, she fought as she retreated, rising to midair.

It was getting late, and the situation became more precarious. Growing more and more violent, Pilgrim was about to give her the coup de grace. Suddenly a voice rang out from the azure air of the Ninefold Heaven:

“Great Sage, don’t raise your hand! Don’t raise your hand! Be lenient with your rod!” Pilgrim turned to look and discovered the Star Lord of Supreme Yin, followed by the immortal Chang’e and other lunar goddesses, all descending in front of him on a pink cloud. Pilgrim was so startled that he quickly put away his iron rod and bowed to receive them, saying, “Old Supreme Yin, where are you going? Pardon old Monkey for not stepping out of the way!”

“The monstrous deviate opposing you,” said Supreme Yin, “happens to be the jade hare of my Vast-Cold Palace, the one who helps me pound the immortal drug of

mysterious frost. On her own she picked open the gold lock and jade bolt and fled the palace for a year.

I calculated that she might be in mortal danger at this moment, and that's why I have come to save her life. I beg the Great Sage to spare her for this old man's sake."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said Pilgrim. "I dare not refuse you, of course! No wonder she knows how to use a pestle for herbs! So, she is the little jade hare! But I wonder whether the old Supreme Yin knows of her kidnapping the princess of the Kingdom of India. She speciously assumed the form of the princess in order to ruin the primal yang of a sage monk, my master. Her desire and her offense are really intolerable. How could she be spared so lightly?"

"You have no knowledge of this either," said Supreme Yin. "The daughter of the king is no ordinary mortal. Originally she was the Lady White of the Toad Palace. Eighteen years ago, after giving a slap to the little jade hare, she was overcome by mortal longings and went to the Region Below. The light of her soul found conception in the belly of the queen, and she was born to the royal family.

Nursing the grudge of that single slap, this little jade hare ran away from our palace last year so that she could send Lady White into the wilds. But she should not have wanted to marry the Tang Monk, and this offense is certainly unforgivable. Fortunately you were alert enough to discern the true and the false, so that she did not have a chance to ruin your master. I beg you, therefore, to pardon her for my sake. I'll take her back now."

"When you present me with this sort of karma," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "old Monkey dares not go against your wishes. But if you take away the little jade hare now, I fear that the king may not believe me. I hope, therefore, that Lord Supreme Yin and my immortal sisters will take the trouble of bringing the little jade hare to the kingdom and giving a clear testimony. In that way, not only the ability of old Monkey will be made known, but the reason for the descent of Lady White can also be told. Then we may ask the king to send for Princess Lady White, so that the purpose of manifest retribution may be clearly established."

Consenting to what he said, Lord Supreme Yin pointed at the monstrous deviate and snapped, "Cursed beast! Aren't you returning to what is right?" Rolling over on the ground, the little jade hare revealed her true form. Truly she has

*Sharp teeth and divided lips,
Long ears with little hair.
Her body is a ball of furlike jade;
She can fly through mountains with paws outstretched.
The creamy straight nose
Seems brightly frosted or thickly powdered;
The shining red eyes
Can rival e'en white snow dotted with rouge.
Hugging the ground,
She's all fleecy like a bundle of silk;
Torso stretched out,
She's argent like a silver-threaded frame.
A number of times
She drinks at dawn the clear dew of Heaven's air,
And pounds long-life drug with a jade pestle rare.*

Delighted by the sight, the Great Sage trod the cloudy luminosity, leading the way, followed by Lord Supreme Yin, Chang'e and other lunar goddesses, and the jade hare.

They arrived at the Kingdom of India about dusk, and the moon was just rising. When they neared the city, they could hear the roll of drums on the watchtower. The king and the Tang Monk were still in the main hall, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk, along with many officials at the foot of the steps, were discussing the cessation of court. They saw a glowing sheen of colored mists approaching from due south, its luminosity making the whole place bright as day. As they stared into the sky, they heard the Great Sage Sun crying out in a loud voice:

"Your Majesty of India, please ask your queen and concubines to come out and look. Beneath this treasure canopy is the Star Lord of Supreme Yin, and the immortal sisters on both sides of him are the lunar goddesses and Chang'e. This little jade hare is the false princess of your household; she has now revealed her true form."

The king hurriedly assembled the queen, his concubines, the palace maidens, and gaily-attired girls to bow to the sky and worship.

He himself and the Tang Monk also expressed their thanks toward the sky by bowing low. All the households in the city also set up incense tables and kowtowed, chanting the name of Buddha.

As they looked up into the air, Zhu Eight Rules was moved to lust. Unable to contain himself, he leaped into the air and embraced a rainbow-skirted immortal, crying, "Sister, you and I are old acquaintances! Let's go play!" Walking forward to grab hold of him, Pilgrim gave him a couple of slaps on the face and a scolding. "You vulgar Idiot!" he said.

"Where do you think you are, that you dare vent your lust?"

"It's just a bit of slapstick," replied Eight Rules, "to dispel my boredom and have some fun! That's all!"

That Lord Supreme Yin ordered the entourage to turn. With the goddesses, they took the jade hare back to the Lunar Palace, while Pilgrim yanked Eight Rules back to the ground.

After thanking Pilgrim in the main hall, the king asked, "Since the false princess has been captured by the mighty magic power of the divine monk, where is our true princess to be found?"

"That true princess of yours," replied Pilgrim, "did not come from mortal stock either. She was actually the immortal Lady White of the Lunar Palace. Because she slapped the jade hare once eighteen years ago, she thought of this world and descended to the Region Below, where she was conceived in your queen, who gave birth to her. Nursing this former enmity, the little jade hare last year picked open the jade bolt and gold lock and escaped to this place also. She kidnapped the Lady White and left her in the wilds before assuming her form to deceive you. This entire karmic process was told to me personally by Lord Supreme Yin himself. Today the false one has been removed; tomorrow you will be asked to go search for the real one." On hearing this, the king became both embarrassed and alarmed, hardly able to hold back the tears flowing down his cheeks.

“Child!” he said. “Since I was enthroned in my youth, I have never even left the gate of the city. Where should I go look for you?” With a smile, Pilgrim said, “No need to be upset. Right now your princess is feigning madness at the Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery. Let’s retire. By morning I promise you I’ll return your true princess.”

The other officials, too, prostrated themselves and said, “Let our king put his worries to rest. These several divine monks are buddhas who are able to soar on the clouds and ride the fog. Most certainly they possess the knowledge of past and future. Let the divine monks go make a search tomorrow, and undoubtedly they will get to the end of the matter.”

The king agreed, and ordered the pilgrims again taken to the Spring-Detaining Arbor for their meals and lodging. By then it was almost the hour of the second watch. Truly

*The moon is fair, the copper pots mark their times
As wind wafts the tinklings of golden chimes.
Spring has half faded and the nightjars weep;
Petals shroud the path for the night is deep.
An idle swing the royal garden shades;
silver stream a jade-blue sky invades.
None walks the streets or visits the bazaars
When night’s aglow with a sky full of stars.*

They all rested that night, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Because his demonic aura had been dispelled, the king’s energy revived during the night. By the third quarter of the fifth watch, he appeared again to hold his morning court, after which he asked for the Tang Monk and his three disciples to come and discuss the matter of finding his daughter. The elder arrived and greeted him, while the Great Sage and his two brothers also bowed. Returning their bows, the king said, “We spoke of our child, the princess, yesterday. May I trouble the divine monks to look for her?”

The elder said, “The day before your humble cleric came from the East, by nightfall we had entered a Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery to ask for lodging. The priests there were good enough to accommodate our request. After dinner we took a stroll in the moonlight to go to look at the foundation of the old Gold-Spreading garden. Suddenly we heard the sound of lament. When we inquired into the matter, a priest of the monastery, who was already over one hundred years of age, sent away his attendants and told us, ‘This is the source of that lament:

Late spring last year, I was just meditating on the dialectical relation of the moon and our nature when a breeze brought to me the sounds of weeping and lament. When I arose from my mat and went down to the foundation of the Jetavana garden to look, I found a girl. On being questioned, she told me that she was the daughter of the King of India, blown to that place by a strong gust when she was enjoying the sight of flowers in the moonlight.’ Since that old priest was quite knowledgeable in human propriety, he locked the princess in a quiet room. Fearing that she might be defiled by other priests in the monastery, he only told them that a monster-spirit had been locked up by him. The princess, too, understood his intentions; during the day she would babble absurdities just to win some sustenance of tea and rice for herself. During the night, however, with no one present, she would think of her parents and weep. That old

priest had journeyed to the capital several times to try to ascertain the truth. When he learned that the princess, to all appearance, was in the palace and unharmed, he dared not present a memorial on the matter. When he learned, however, that my disciple had some magic powers, he urged us repeatedly to make a thorough investigation. Little did we expect that the jade hare of the Toad Palace had become a monster and, falsely fused with the true form, had taken on the appearance of the princess. The monster, moreover, was hoping to ruin my primal yang, and it was fortunate that my disciple exercised his magic power to distinguish the true from the specious. Now the hare has been taken back by the Star of Supreme Yin, but your worthy daughter may still be seen feigning madness at the Gold-Spreading Monastery.” When the king heard this meticulous account, he gave voice to loud weeping, so disturbing those in three palaces and six chambers that they arrived to make inquiry. When they learned of the cause, everyone wept profusely. After a long while, the king asked again, “How far is the Gold-Spreading Monastery from the city?”

“No more than sixty miles,” replied Tripitaka.

The king at once issued this decree:

“Let the consorts of the East and the West Palaces guard the main hall, while the court’s Grand Preceptor will defend the kingdom. We and the queen herself will take the many officials and the four divine monks to the monastery and bring our princess home.” Immediately carriages were lined up and they all went out of the court. Look at that Pilgrim! He leaped into the air and, with one twist of his torso, arrived at the monastery before them. The priests there hurriedly knelt down to receive him, saying, “When the Venerable Father left, he walked with the rest of his companions. Why did you descend from the sky today?”

“Where is that old master of yours?” asked Pilgrim, laughing. “Ask him to come out quickly, so that you may set up incense tables to receive the royal carriage. The king and queen of India, along with many officials and my master, are about to arrive.”

The various monks could not quite comprehend what he was saying, and they asked the old priest to come out.

When the old priest caught sight of Pilgrim, he bent low and said, “Venerable Father, what have you found out about the princess?”

Thereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough rehearsal of how the false princess tossed an embroidered ball to try to wed the Tang Monk, how he fought and chased her, and how Lord Supreme Yin appeared to take away the jade hare. The old priest again kowtowed to express his thanks.

Raising him with his hands, Pilgrim said, “Stop bowing! Stop bowing! Prepare quickly to receive the imperial carriage.” Only then did those priests discover that a girl had been locked up in the back room. In amazement, they all went to help set up incense tables beyond the monastery gate. After putting on the cassocks, they began to toll the bells and roll the drums as they waited. In a little while the imperial carriage did indeed arrive. Truly

*Auspicious mists and fragrance fill the sky
When to this rustic temple Grace draws nigh—
Like a timeless rainbow cleansing streams and seas,
Like springtime lightnings of sage kings’ dynasties.
Such kindness the sylvan beauty advances;*

*moisture the wild floral scent enhances.
 For relics left by an ancient elder,
 This precious hall receives a wise ruler.*

The king reached the monastery gate and was met outside by those monks in orderly rows. They all prostrated themselves to receive him. Then he saw Pilgrim standing in their midst.

“How did the divine monk manage to get here first?” asked the king.

“Old Monkey arrived here with a mere twist of his torso!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Why did you people take half a day to do it?”

Thereafter the Tang Monk and the others arrived. With the elder leading the way, they went to the room at the back of the monastery, where they found the princess still babbling and feigning madness. Going to his knees, the old priest pointed to the room and said, “Inside this room is the lady princess who was blown here last year by the wind.”

The king at once ordered the door opened, and they removed the iron lock from the door. When the king and queen caught sight of the princess and recognized her face, they rushed forward to embrace her, not at all bothered by the filth. “Our poor child!” they cried.

“What bitter fate has caused you to suffer like this here!”

Truly the reunion of parents and child is not the same as any other kind of reunion. The three of them hugged each other and wailed. After they had cried for a while and had given expression to how greatly they missed each other, the king ordered scented liquid to be sent in for the princess so that she could bathe and change her clothing.

They then climbed onto the imperial chariot together to return to the capital.

Afterward Pilgrim greeted the king once more with hands folded in front of him and said, “Old Monkey has another matter to bring to your attention.” Returning his greeting, the king said, “We shall obey whatever instruction the divine monk has for us.” Pilgrim said, “They told me that in your mountain here, the one named Hundred-Legs, there are centipedes that have become spirits recently and have harmed people during the night. The travelers and merchants have found that a great inconvenience. Since roosters are the natural foes of centipedes, I think you should select a thousand huge roosters and scatter them throughout the mountain so that these poisonous insects will be eliminated. You should change the name of this mountain also, and you should bestow a building decree to this monastery as a token of your gratitude for this monk’s care for the princess.”

Exceedingly pleased, the king immediately sent officials into the city to fetch the roosters. The name of the mountain was changed to Precious Flower. The Bureau of Labor was told to provide the necessary materials for the repair and renovation of the monastery, and its name was changed to the Royal Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery of the Precious Flower Mountain. The priest was appointed a monk-official, with the perpetual title of Patriotic and an official salary of thirty-six stones. The monks, after giving thanks, saw the imperial carriage return to court, where the princess entered the various palaces to be reunited with her kinfolk.

Large banquets were prepared for celebrating her homecoming and reunion with her family. The king and his subjects also joined in the revelry, drinking and feasting all evening.

The next morning the king issued the decree for portraits to be made of the four sage monks and mounted in the Chinese and Barbarian Loft. The princess, with fresh clothing and makeup, was asked to come out to thank the Tang Monk and his three disciples once more for her deliverance. After that, the Tang Monk wanted to take leave of the king to journey westward, but the king, of course, refused to let them go. Again they were feted for five or six days, thus providing excellent opportunities for our Idiot to stuff himself repeatedly.

When the king saw, however, how eager they were in their desire to worship Buddha, rejecting all entreaties for them to stay, he presented them with two hundred ingots of gold and silver and a platter of treasures. Master and disciples refused to take even a penny.

The king then ordered the imperial carriage for the old master to ride in and many officials to escort him to a great distance. The queen, the concubines, the officials, and the people all kowtowed without ceasing to express their thanks. When they reached the outskirts of the city, they saw the priests of the temple, too, had come to bow and see them off, reluctant to take leave of the pilgrims. When Pilgrim saw that all the people were unwilling to turn back, he had no choice but to make the magic sign with his fingers and blew a mouthful of immortal breath toward the ground on the southwest. Immediately a gust of dark wind blinded the people's eyes, and only then could the pilgrims proceed. Truly,

*Cleansed by gracious waves to return to revealing cause,
They left the sea of gold to awake to the true void.*

We do not know what the journey ahead was like; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-SIX

*Squire Kou gladly receives a noble priest
The elder Tang does not covet riches*

*The form of forms was first formless;
The void of void, too, was not void.
Hush, noise, speech, and silence the same we deem:
Why speak of dream within a dream?
The useful is in use useless;
No power empowers power,
Like ripened fruits that redden on their own.
Ask not how they are trimm'd and grown!*

We were telling you about the disciple of the Tang Monk, who used his magic power to stop those priests from the Gold-Spreading Monastery. After the dark wind subsided, the priests, no longer able to see the master pilgrim and his disciples, thought that they had witnessed the descent of living buddhas. They therefore kowtowed and returned to their own monastery, and we shall speak no more of them.

Master and disciples proceeded toward the West, and once more it was the time of late spring and early summer.

*The weather is pleasant and bright
With pond-lotus coming in sight.
Plums ripen after the rains;
Wheat in the wind its height attains.
With their young river swallows fly;
To feed their offspring pheasants cry.
The Dipper's south, the day's at its longest;
Fair and gay all things seem strongest.*

Countless times they rested at night and dined at dawn, fording the streams and climbing the slopes. On a peaceful road they journeyed for half a month, and then they saw again a city ahead of them.

"Disciples," asked Tripitaka, "what sort of place is this again?"

"I don't know! I don't know!" replied Pilgrim.

"You have taken this road before," said Eight Rules, giggling. "How could you say you don't know? There must be something uncanny about this place. You're deliberately pretending to be ignorant just to play a trick on us."

"This Idiot is completely unreasonable!" said Pilgrim. "Though I have traveled several times on this road, I did it in the air. I mounted the clouds to go back and forth. Since when did I ever make a stop on the ground? There was no reason for me to investigate what was of no concern to me. That's why I am ignorant. There's nothing uncanny here. Who wants to play a trick on you?"

As they talked, they came up to the edge of the city. Tripitaka dismounted to walk over the drawbridge and enter the gate. In a corridor by a long street, two old men

were seated and conversing. “Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “stand out in the middle of the road.

Lower your heads and behave yourselves. Let me go up to the corridor to ask what place this is.” Pilgrim and the rest indeed obeyed him and stood still.

The elder drew near, pressed his palms together, and called out, “Old patrons, this humble cleric salutes you.”

Those two old men were just having a leisurely discussion—about the rise and fall, the gains and losses of past dynasties, about who were the sages and worthies, and about the great, lamentable fact that what had once been a heroic enterprise was now reduced to nothing—when they suddenly heard this salutation. They at once returned the greeting and said, “What does the elder wish to say?”

“This humble cleric came from afar to worship Buddha,” said Tripitaka. “Having just reached your treasure region, I do not know its name. I would like to know also where I might find a family inclined to charity, so that I might beg a meal there.” One of the old men said, “This is the Bronze Estrade Prefecture, behind which is the Numinous Earth District. If the elder wishes to have vegetarian meal, there is no need for you to beg. Go past this archway, and on the street running north and south, you’ll come to a towered-gate facing east guarded by figures of sitting tigers. This is the home of Squire Kou; before his door there’s also a plaque with the inscription, Ten Thousand Monks Will Not Be Barred. A distant traveler like you can enjoy all you want. Go! Go! Go! And don’t interrupt our conversation!”

Having thanked them, Tripitaka turned and said to Pilgrim, “This is the Numinous Earth District of the Bronze Estrade Prefecture.

The two old men told me that beyond the archway on the street running north and south, there is a tiger-guarded towered gate facing east. That’s the home of Squire Kou, where before the door there is a plaque bearing the inscription, Ten Thousand Monks Will Not Be Barred. They told us to go to that household to have a meal.”

“The region of the West,” said Sha Monk, “is the land of Buddha, so there must be people who wish to feed the monks. If this is only a district or a prefecture, there’s no need for us to have our rescript certified. Let’s go beg some food, and we can leave after the meal.”

As the elder walked slowly through the long street with his three followers, they aroused again such alarm and suspicion of those people in the markets that they all crowded around the pilgrims to stare at their features. Telling his disciples to remain silent, the elder kept saying, “Behave yourselves! Behave yourselves!”

The three of them indeed lowered their heads and dared not look up. After they turned a corner, they came upon a broad street running north and south.

As they walked along, they saw a tiger-guarded towered-gate, on the other side of which there was hung on the wall a huge plaque with the inscription, Ten Thousand Monks Will Not Be Barred. “In this Buddha land of the West,” said Tripitaka, “there’s no deception in either the foolish or the wise. I was not prepared to believe what the two aged men told me, but what I see here confirms their story.”

Always rude and impulsive, Eight Rules wanted to go in at once. Pilgrim said, “Idiot, let’s stop a moment. Wait till someone comes out. When we have obtained permission, then you may enter.”

“What Big Brother says is quite right,” said Sha Monk. “If we do not observe proper etiquette, we may offend the patron.”

They rested the horse and the luggage before the gate. In a little while, an old retainer appeared, carrying in his hands a scale and a basket.

When he suddenly caught sight of the four, he was so startled that he abandoned his possessions and ran inside to report, “My lord, there are four strange-looking priests outside!”

The squire, leaning on his staff, was just taking a leisurely stroll in the courtyard, chanting repeatedly the name of Buddha. The moment he heard this report, he threw away his staff and hurried out to receive his visitors. When he saw the four pilgrims, he was not intimidated by their ugliness. All he said was, “Please come in! Please come in!” With modesty Tripitaka entered with his disciples. After going through a little alley, the squire led them to a building and said, “This building houses the Buddha hall, the sūtra hall, and the dining hall, which will entertain the Venerable Fathers. The building to the left is where this disciple and his family live.”

Tripitaka was full of compliments as he put on his cassock to worship Buddha. They ascended the hall to look around, and they saw

*Fragrant clouds of incense,
And bright flames of candles;
A hall filled with bundles of silk and flowers,
Four corners festooned with gilt and colors.
On a vermilion prop
A bell of purple gold hangs high;
On colored lacquered frames
pair of patterned drums are mounted.
A few pairs of banners
All embroidered with the eight jewels;
A thousand Buddhas
All gilded in gold.
An old bronze censer,
And an old bronze vase;
A carved lacquered table,
And a carved lacquered box.
From the old bronze censer
Arise unending curls of smoky fragrance;
Within the old bronze vase
Now and then the lotus displays its colors.
Five-colored clouds fresh on the carved lacquered table;
Mounds of scented petals in the carved lacquered box.
In a crystal chalice,
The holy water's clear and clean;
In a lamp of glass,
The fragrant oil burns brightly.
The gold stone-chime's one note
Lingers and resonates.
Truly unsoiled by red dust in this precious tower,
A household Buddha-hall nobler than a temple.*

Having purified his hands, the elder took up incense to kowtow and worship. Then he turned to go through the proper ceremony of greeting the squire, who said, however, “Just a moment! We shall do that in the sūtra room.”

There they saw

*Square and erect cases—
Jade and gold boxes—
In square and erect cases
Countless volumes of sūtra pile up;
In jade and gold boxes
Many notes and letters are collected.
On the colored lacquered table
Are paper, ink, brush, and inkstone—
All exquisite items of the study.
Before the pepper-dusted screens
Are books, paintings, a psalter, and chess—
All marvelous objects of real pleasure.
A divine stone-chime of jade o’erlaid with gold is placed there;
A grapevine mat that shields the moon and wind is hung there.
pure air makes one don a cheerful air;
A chaste mind sets free the mind of Dao.*

Having reached the place, the elder was about to go through the ceremony when he was stopped again by the squire, saying, “Please take off your Buddha robe.”

Tripitaka doffed his cassock, and only then was he allowed to give his host the proper greeting. Then the squire also exchanged greetings with Pilgrim and his two brothers. He asked his servants to feed the horse and to place the luggage in the corridor. Only then did he inquire about the pilgrims’ origin.

Tripitaka said, “Your humble cleric has been sent by royal decree of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to visit the Spirit Mountain of your treasure region in order to seek true scriptures from the Buddhist Patriarch. I heard that your honored household reveres the monks, and that’s why I came bowing. I would like to beg for a meal, and then we shall leave.”

His face beaming with pleasure, the squire smiled broadly and said, “Your disciple’s surname is Kou. My given name is Hong (Great), and my style is Dakuan (Liberality). I’m sixty-four years old. At the age of forty, I made a vow which would not be fulfilled until I had fed ten thousand monks. This has been going on for twenty-four years. I have kept a record of all those I have fed. Recently in my leisure hours, I went through the names of the monks and discovered that I have fed nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-six persons. Only four more remain before I reach the number of perfection. It is indeed my good fortune that Heaven has sent me today you four old masters to complete this number. Please leave me your honored titles, and you must stay here for a month also. Please wait until we have performed the ceremony of the completion of a vow. Your disciple will then escort you all to the mountain with horses and carriages.

Our region is only some eight hundred miles from the Spirit Mountain. It’s not very far.”

Exceedingly pleased by what he heard, Tripitaka agreed to what he proposed, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Several houseboys, old and young, went into the squire's residence to haul firewood and bail water. They also took out rice, noodles, and vegetables in order to prepare the dietary meal. All these activities led the aged wife of the squire to ask, "Where do these monks come from, that they have to receive such special treatment?"

"When our master asked these four noble priests about their origin," replied the houseboys, "one of them said that they were sent by the Great Tang emperor to worship our Holy Father Buddha in the Spirit Mountain. Who knows how great a distance they have covered to reach our place, but our master said that they came from Heaven. He told us to prepare a vegetarian meal quickly to entertain them."

Delighted also by what she heard, the old woman said to her maid, "Get me some clothes. I want to go meet them also."

"Madam," said one of the houseboys, "you want to meet only one of them, not the other three. Their features are extremely ugly!"

"You people are just ignorant," said the old woman. "When the features are ugly, strange, or extraordinary, they must belong to celestial beings descending to the Region Below. Run along now and announce my presence to your master."

The houseboys dashed out to the sūtra hall to say to the squire, "Madam is here. She wishes to meet the venerable fathers of the Land of the East." On hearing this, Tripitaka rose from his seat as the old woman arrived at the hall. She raised her eyes and scrutinized the dignified and handsome features of the Tang Monk. Then she turned to look at Pilgrim and his two companions, whose appearances were extraordinary indeed! Though she thought that they were celestial beings descended to Earth, she did feel a little nervous as she went to her knees to bow to them.

Hurriedly returning her salutation, Tripitaka said, "The Lady Bodhisattva has erroneously paid us great homage."

The old woman asked the squire, "Why aren't these four masters sitting together?" Sticking out his snout, Eight Rules said, "We three are only disciples!"

Eeeee! That one declaration of his seemed like a tiger's roar deep in the mountain! The old woman became more frightened than ever.

As they spoke, another houseboy came to say, "The two uncles have arrived."

Turning quickly to look, Tripitaka found two young scholars who walked up the sūtra hall and bent low toward the elder. Tripitaka hastily returned their greetings, while the squire tugged at him and said, "These are my two sons, named Kou Liang (Beam) and Kou Dong (Pillar). They have just returned from school and haven't had their lunch yet. Learning of the master's arrival, they have come to bow to you."

Delighted, Tripitaka said, "Excellent! Excellent! Truly

To exalt your house doing good's the rule.

To have good sons you must send them to school."

"Where did this Venerable Father come from?" the two young men asked their father.

"From a great distance," replied the squire, laughing. "He is someone sent by the Great Tang emperor in the Land of the East, at the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, to go

see the Holy Father Buddha at Spirit Mountain and acquire scriptures.” One scholar said, “I read in *A Guide through the Forest of Affairs* that the world is divided into four continents. Our region here belongs to the West Aparagodāniya Continent, and there is also an East Pūrvavideha Continent. I wonder how many years it took him to travel from South Jambūdvīpa to this place?” With a smile, Tripitaka said, “This humble cleric on his journey has spent more days in being delayed than in traveling. Frequently I fell to poisonous demons and savage fiends, to thousands of bitter ordeals. I am fortunate to have the protection of my three disciples.

Altogether I have experienced fourteen summers and winters before arriving at your treasure region.” When they heard this, the two scholars paid him effusive compliments, saying, “Truly a divine monk! Truly a divine monk!”

Hardly had they finished speaking when a young boy came to say, “The maigre has been spread out. We invite the Venerable Fathers to partake.”

The squire asked his wife to return to their residence with his sons. He himself accompanied the four pilgrims to the dining hall for the meal.

The appointments in the hall were arranged in a most orderly manner, with gilded lacquered tabletops and black-lacquered armchairs. The front row of food consisted of a *crouque-en-bouche* of five colors, created in the latest fashion by the most skillful and artistic hands. In the second row there were five platters of little dishes, while the third row had five plates of fruits. The fourth row had five big platters of snacks, every item delicious and fragrant. The vegetarian soups, the rice, the steamed dumplings and buns were all steaming hot and most appetizing. Seven or eight houseboys dashed back and forth to serve them, and four or five chefs never stopped working. Look at them! Some brought in soup while others added rice; coming and going, they were like meteors chasing the moon.

Our Zhu Eight Rules swallowed a bowlful with one gulp, and he went after the food like wind sweeping away the clouds. Master and disciples thus enjoyed a full meal.

The elder rose and, having thanked the squire for the maigre, was about to leave immediately. Stopping him, the squire said, “Old teacher, please relax and stay for a few days. As the proverb says, ‘Beginning is easy but the end is hard.’ Please wait till I have performed the rite of completion. Only then would I dare escort you on your way.” When Tripitaka saw how sincere and earnest he was, he had no choice but to remain.

Not until six or seven days had gone by did the squire invite some twenty-four local Buddhist priests to conduct a service of the completion of a vow. The priests spent three or four days to compose the service, and, having selected an auspicious date, they began the sacrifice. Their manner, of course, was no different from that of the Great Tang. They, too,

*Unfurled the huge banners
And set up the gilded images;
Lifted high the tall candles
burned incense to worship.
They rolled drums and tapped cymbals;
They blew on reeds and kneaded pipes.
The little gongs
And the flute’s pure tones
All followed the gongche notations.*

*They struck up the music
 And played for a while
 Before beginning to chant the sūtras aloud.
 First they pacified the local spirits;
 Next they called on divine warriors.
 They burned and sent off the documents,
 And they bowed to Buddha's images.
 They recited the Peacock Sūtra,
 Each sentence woe-dispelling;
 They lighted the Bhaiṣajya Lamp,
 Its flame both bright and blazing.
 They did the Water Penitential
 To dissolve guilt and enmity;
 They proclaimed the Garland Sūtra
 To remove slander and strife.
 Triyāna's wondrous law had the finest aim;
 One or two Śramaṇa were all the same.*

For three days and nights it went on like that, and at last the service was over. Thinking of Thunderclap, the Tang Monk wanted to leave. As he tried to thank his host, the squire said, "The old teacher is so eager to leave! It must be that my preoccupation with the service these last few days has caused me to slight you in some manner, and you are offended."

"I have greatly disturbed your noble residence," replied Tripitaka, "and I do not know how I can repay you. Dare I even speak of offense? It's just that when my sage ruler escorted me out of the imperial pass, he asked me when I would return. By mistake I replied that I should be back in three years. Little did I expect that I would be on the road for fourteen years! And I still don't know whether I'd be able to acquire the scriptures! By the time I have taken them back, it will probably be another twelve or thirteen years. Would I not have violated the sage decree? What unbearable crime would that be? I beg the old squire to let this humble cleric proceed. Wait till I have acquired the scriptures; then I'll come back to stay a little longer at your mansion. That should be permissible." Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules shouted, "Master, you're too insensitive to human wishes! You've no regard for human sentiments! The old squire must be a very rich man if he has been able to make such a vow to feed priests. Now that it is completed, and now that he is urging us so earnestly to stay, there's no harm in our remaining a year or so. Why must you insist on leaving? Why should we abandon such ready-made provisions and resume begging from someone else? What old father or mother's family do you have ahead of you?"

"You coolie!" snapped the elder. "All you know is eating! You never have a thought for returning to your origin. Truly you're a beast who cares only for

*Eating in the trough
 To ease your belly's itch!*

Since you crave so much to indulge in this deluded passion, I'll leave tomorrow by myself." When Pilgrim saw that even the color of his master's face had changed, he grabbed Eight Rules and pounded him with his fists.

"This Idiot," he cried, "without knowing any better, has caused Master to blame even us!"

“That’s a good beating! That’s a good beating!” said Sha Monk, chuckling. “Even when he’s silent, as he is now, he annoys people! Wait till he butts in again with his mouth!” In a huff, our Idiot stood to one side and dared not utter another word. When the squire saw that master and disciples had become agitated, he tried to placate them with a broad smile, saying, “Please calm yourself, old teacher, and bear with us for one more day. Tomorrow I shall prepare some banners and drums and invite a few relatives and neighbors to see you off.”

As they conversed, the old woman appeared and said, “Old Master, if you have come to our house, there is no need for you to rush off so eagerly. How many days have you been staying, anyway?”

“Already half a month,” replied Tripitaka.

“Let that half-month be counted as the meritorious service of the squire,” said the old woman. “I too have accumulated a little cash from sewing, and I have hopes also of feeding the old master for half a month.” She had barely finished speaking when Kou Dong and his brother also came out and said, “Please hear us, you four Venerable Masters. Our father fed the monks for over twenty years, but he had never come upon a good person. Now he is lucky enough to reach the number of perfection only because of your arrival, which has, as it were, brought radiance to a thatched hut. Your students are too young to know much about karma, but we do know the proverb:

*What pa sows pa reaps;
What ma sows ma reaps;
One who sows not, reaps not.*

The reason our father and mother wish to extend their hospitality is just so that they may each attain certain karmic reward. Why must you refuse them so bitterly? Even we foolish brothers have saved up a small sum from our school allowances, with which we, too, would like to entertain the Venerable Masters for half a month before we see you off.”

“Already I dare not accept the great kindness of your mother, the old Bodhisattva,” said Tripitaka. “How could I presume upon the affection of you worthy brothers? I truly dare not. I must leave this day, and I implore all of you to pardon me. If I remained, I would have exceeded the imperial limit, and my crime would be even greater than one punishable by execution.” When the old woman and her two sons saw that he was adamant, they grew angry and said, “Out of good intentions we wanted him to stay, but he’s bent on leaving. All right! He wants to go, let him go! No need to chatter any more!” Mother and sons thereupon got up and went inside.

Unable to restrain himself, Eight Rules spoke again to the Tang Monk, “Master, don’t overdo your playacting! As the proverb says,

*To stay’s appropriate.
Loitering irritates!*

Let us stay here for one more month, just to satisfy the wishes of mother and sons. What’s the hurry?”

“Oh?” snapped the Tang Monk, and immediately our Idiot gave his own mouth a couple of slaps, saying, “Shhhhhh! Shhhhhh! Don’t talk! You’re making noises again!” On one side Pilgrim and Sha Monk began to giggle uncontrollably.

“What are you laughing at?” said the Tang Monk to Pilgrim, sorely annoyed. Making the magic sign with his fingers, he was about to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. So

horrified was Pilgrim that he at once went to his knees to say, “Master, I wasn’t laughing! I wasn’t laughing! Don’t recite that spell, I beg you!” When the squire saw that master and disciples were becoming more and more rancorous, he dared not insist on their staying any longer. All he said was, “The Venerable Masters need not quarrel. I promise you that I shall escort you on your way tomorrow.”

He went out of the sūtra hall and told his secretary to send over a hundred invitations to his relatives and neighbors to join him in sending off in the morning the old master from the Tang court in his westward journey. In the meantime, he ordered the chefs to prepare a farewell banquet, and his steward to have twenty pairs of colored banners made up and to find a band of musicians and drummers. A group of monks from the South Advent Monastery and a group of Daoists from the East Summit Abbey were to be ready to join the party by the hour of the Serpent in the morning. His domestic staff obeyed and left. In a little while, it was nightfall. After the evening meal, they all retired. You see

*A few crows to the village homeward fly.
Drums and bells toll from distant towers high.
Human traffic ceases in the street and mart;
From all households lights and fires now depart.
In moonlight and wind blossoms show their shade;
The stars the obscure silver stream pervade.
The night has deepened for the nightjars weep;
The heavens grow silent when the earth’s asleep.*

At the time it was no more than the hour between the third and fourth watch when those houseboys in charge of various affairs all rose early in order to complete their tasks. Look at them!

*Those preparing the banquet
Rushed about in the kitchen;
Those making the colored banners
Clamored before the hall;
Those beckoning monks and priests
Sprinted on their two legs;
Those calling for musicians
Hurled themselves forward;
Those sending out invitations
Darted east and west;
Those readying horse and carriage
Shouted back and forth.*

From the hour of midnight, the tumult lasted till dawn. By about the hour of the Serpent, every business was concluded—with money, of course! We tell you now about the Tang Monk and his disciples, who also rose early, attended by all those people. The elder at once gave the instruction to pack and to hitch up the horse. When our Idiot heard that they were truly about to leave, he pouted his fat lips some more and grumbled incessantly, but he had no choice other than to pack up the cassock and almsbowl and pick up the pole and its load.

Having brushed and scrubbed down the horse, Sha Monk saddled it and waited. Pilgrim handed the nine-ringed priestly staff to his master and hung the satchel containing his travel rescript on his own chest. They were about to walk out together

when the squire came to invite them to a large sitting room in the rear, where a huge banquet was spread out. The hospitality they encountered here was quite different from what they received in the dining hall in front. They saw

*loftily hung
And screens on all four sides.
Hung in the center
Was a painting with the aged mountain and blessed sea motif;
Displayed on two walls
Were the scenes of spring, summer, autumn, and winter.
From dragon-veined tripods rose incense smoke;
Auspicious air grew in crow-tortoise urns.
The display-plates' many colors
Showed vivid bejeweled floral patterns;
The side tables' mounds of gold
Held orderly rows of lion-god candies.
Drums and dances followed the graceful notes;
Brocadelike food and fruits were placed in the hall.
Such refined vegetarian soup and rice!
Such attractive fragrant tea and wine!
Though this was a home of a commoner,
It was not different from a noble's house.
You could hear only a joyous hubbub
That truly disturbed Heaven and Earth.*

The elder was just greeting the squire when a houseboy appeared and said, "The guests have all arrived."

These were all neighbors left and right, the wife's brothers, the cousins, and the sisters' husbands. There were also squires who had jointly pledged to keep a diet, and Buddhist believers. After all of them bowed ceremoniously to the elder, they took their proper seats as pipes and strings played below the steps and the feasting went on inside the hall.

This sumptuous spread had the undivided attention of Eight Rules, who said to Sha Monk, "Brother, let yourself go and eat! When we leave the Kou home, there'll be no more rich fare like this!"

"What are you saying, Second Elder Brother!" said Sha Monk, chuckling. "As the proverb puts the matter

*The hundred flavors of rare dainties
Are no more once you've eaten your fill.
You may accumulate private savings
But not in your stomach private hoardings!"*

"You're much too feeble! Too feeble!" replied Eight Rules. "When I have eaten to the limits in one meal, I won't be hungry again even after three days!"

Hearing him, Pilgrim said, "Idiot, don't puncture your belly! We have to be on the road!"

Hardly had they finished speaking when it was almost noon. The elder, in his seat of honor, lifted his chopsticks to recite the Sūtra for the End of Maigre. So alarmed was Eight Rules that he took up the rice, downed one bowl with a gulp, and put away

five or six more bowls. Next he picked up those buns, rolls, cakes, and baked goods and stuffed both his sleeves full of them, regardless of whether they were good or bad. Only then did he leave the table, following his master. Having thanked the squire and the other guests, the elder walked out of the door, encountering many colorful banners and treasure canopies, drummers and musicians, on the other side. The two bands of Daoist priests and Buddhist monks were just arriving.

With a smile the squire said to them, "All of you are late, and the old master is eager to leave. There is no time for me to present you with the maigre. Allow me to thank you when we come back."

Those pulling the carriages, riding horses, or walking all stepped aside for the four pilgrims to proceed. As they went forward, loud strains of music and the roll of drums drifted skyward while banners and flags blotted out the sun. The whole place was clogged by people, chariots, and horses, as everyone came to see Squire Kou sending off the Tang Monk. The wealth and riches so displayed

*Surpassed the enclosures of pearl and jade,
And rivaled those silken drapes of love.*

Those monks played a Buddhist tune, after which the priests struck up a Taoist melody, as they all escorted the pilgrims out of the prefectural city. When they reached the tenth-mile wayside station, food and drink were served, and they toasted each other once more as they bade farewell. The squire, however, still could not bear to part with his guests.

Blinking back his tears, he said, "When the Venerable Master returns after acquiring the scriptures, he must come to our house to stay for a few days. That'll be the fulfillment of Kou Hong's wish."

Deeply moved, Tripitaka thanked him repeatedly, saying, "If I reach the Spirit Mountain and get to see the Buddhist Patriarch, your great virtue will be the first to be told. On my return, I shall surely stop at your door to express my thanks!" Speaking in this manner, they went on for two or three more miles. The elder earnestly bowed to take leave of his host, and the squire had to turn back, wailing loudly. Truly

*Vowing to feed monks, he'd return to wondrous knowledge;
But with no affinity he could not see Tathāgata.*

We shall speak no more of Squire Kou, who escorted the pilgrims to the tenth-mile wayside station and then returned with his other companions to his house. We tell you instead about the master and his three disciples, who journeyed for some forty or fifty miles, when the sky darkened. "It's getting late," said the elder. "Where shall we ask for lodging?"

Toting the luggage, Eight Rules pouted and said, "There's ready-made rice, but you won't eat it! There's a house built with cool tiles but you won't live in it! All you want is to hurry on some journey, like a lost soul going to a funeral! Now it's getting late. If it rains, what are we going to do then?"

"You brazen cursed beast!" scolded the Tang Monk. "You're complaining again! As the proverb says,

*Chang'an may be fine,
But it's no place to linger in.*

Wait till we reach the affinity of seeing the Buddhist Patriarch and acquire the true scriptures. When we return to the Great Tang and report to our lord, we will let you eat the rice from the imperial kitchen for several years. I hope, you cursed beast, you'll become so bloated that you'll die and become an overstuffed ghost!" Our Idiot giggled silently and dared not utter another word.

Pilgrim peered into the distance and discovered several buildings by the main road. He said quickly to his master, "Let's rest over there! Let's rest over there!"

The elder drew near and saw that it was a shrine which had collapsed. On top of the shrine was an old plaque, on which there was an inscription written in four dust-covered, faded words:

Bright Light Travel Court.

Dismounting, the elder said, "The Bodhisattva Bright Light was the disciple of the Buddha of Flames and Five Lights. Because of his expedition against the Demon King of Poisonous Fire, he was demoted and changed into the Spirit Officer of Five Manifestations.

They must have a shrine keeper here."

They all went inside, but they discovered that both rooms and corridors had toppled and there was no sign of any human person. They would have turned and gone back out were it not for the fact that dark clouds suddenly had gathered above and a torrential rain descended. They had little choice but to find whatever shelter they could in that dilapidated building and remain there in stealthy silence, fearing that they might otherwise disturb some monstrous deviates. Either sitting or standing, they endured a sleepless night. Ah! Truly

Prosperity's end breeds negativity;

In pleasure you'd meet, too, calamity.

We do not know what was their condition when they proceeded in the morning; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

Gold-dispensing external aid meets demonic harm
The sage reveals his soul to bring restoration

Let us not speak for the moment of the Tang Monk and his disciples, who spent a night of discomfort in the dilapidated shrine of Bright Light to seek shelter from the rain. We tell you now instead about a group of violent men in the city located at the Numinous Earth District of the Bronze Estrade Prefecture, who had squandered away their possessions through sleeping with prostitutes, drinking, and gambling. Without any other means of livelihood, those men—more than a dozen of them—banded together to become thieves. As they deliberated on which family in the city might be considered the richest and which the second richest for them to rob, one of them said, “There’s no need for investigation or calculation. There’s only one man here who is very rich, and he’s that Squire Kou who sent off today the priest from the Tang court. In this rainstorm tonight, people won’t be out in the streets, and the police won’t make their rounds. We should strike now and take some capital from him. Then we can go and have some more fun, whoring and gambling. Won’t that be nice?”

Delighted, the thieves all agreed. Taking up daggers, caltrops, staffs, clubs, ropes, and torches, they set out in the rain. Having broken through the gates of the Kou home, they rushed in with a shout. The members of his family, young and old, male and female, were so terrified that they all fled. The squire’s wife cowered under their bed, while the old man hid behind a door. Kou Liang, Kou Dong, and his other children all scattered in every direction.

Grasping weapons and torches, the thieves broke open the chests and trunks in the house and ransacked them for gold, silver, treasures, jewels, clothing, utensils, and other household goods. Agonized at parting with all his possessions, the squire risked his life to walk outside his house and plead with the robbers, saying, “Great Kings, please take what you need. But leave this old man a few things and some garments for his remaining years.”

Those robbers, of course, would not permit such discussion. They rushed forward, and one kick at the groin sent Squire Kou tumbling to the ground. Alas!

His three spirits gloomily drifted back to Hades;
His seven souls slowly took leave of mankind.

After their success, the thieves left the Kou residence and climbed out of the city by means of rope ladders they set up along the rampart walls. They then fled toward the west through the night rain.

Only when they saw that the thieves had left did the houseboys and servants of the Kou household dare show themselves. They immediately discovered the old squire lying dead on the ground. “O Heavens! Our master has been slain!” they cried, bursting into tears as they fell on the corpse to mourn him.

By about the hour of the fourth watch, the old woman began to think spitefully of the Tang Monk. Because of his refusal to stay and enjoy their hospitality, she thought, they had to make such lavish arrangements to send him off and brought on themselves instead this terrible calamity. Her rancor thus aroused her desire to plot against the four pilgrims. As she leaned on Kou Liang for support, she said, “Child,

there's no need for you to weep anymore. Your old man used to be so eager to feed monks. He wanted to do it one day after another. Little did he know that when he achieved perfection, he would run into a bunch of murderous monks!"

"Mother," said the two brothers, "what do you mean by murderous monks?"

"When those savage robbers broke into our room," replied their mother, "I hid under our bed. Though I was shaking all over, I managed to take a good look at them under the glare of torches and lights. Do you know who they were? The one holding a torch was the Tang Monk. Zhu Eight Rules was holding a knife and Sha Monk was dragging out our silver and gold. The one who slew your old man was Pilgrim Sun."

Thinking that what they heard was the truth, her two sons said, "If mother caught a clear glimpse of them, they had to be the robbers."

After all, the four of them spent over half a month here, and they must be completely familiar with the layout of our house—with the entrances, the walls, the casements, and the alleys. Wealth is a big temptation. That's why they have taken advantage of this night's rain to return here. Not only have they robbed us of our possessions, but they have also slain our father. How vicious can they be? In the morning we must go to the prefecture to file charges against them."

"How shall we word the complaint?" asked Kou Dong. "Exactly as mother told us," replied Kou Liang, and this was what he wrote:

*Eight Rules cried for slaughter;
The Tang Monk held the fire.
Sha Monk removed our silver and gold
While Pilgrim Sun beat to death our sire.*

The whole family was in uproar, and soon it was dawn. They sent word immediately to their relatives to prepare for the funeral and purchase the coffin. Meanwhile, Kou Liang and his brother went to the prefectural hall to file their plaint. Now, the magistrate of this Bronze Estrade Prefecture, you see, was

*Upright all his life,
And his nature, virtuous.
In his youth he had studied studiously
And had been examined at Golden Chimes.
At all times, he had been a patriot,
A man full of mercy and kindness.
His fame would spread in history for a thousand years
As if Gong and Huang reappeared;
His name would resound forever in the halls of justice
As if Zhuo and Lu were reborn.*

After he had ascended the prefectural hall and disposed of routine affairs, he ordered the display of the placard which announced that he was ready to hear and decide cases. The Kou brothers placed the placard in one of their bosoms and entered the hall. Falling to their knees, they cried, "Venerable Father, these little ones wish to file a complaint on the weighty matter of robbery and murder."

The complaint was handed over to the magistrate, who, having read its content, said, "People said yesterday that your family, by feeding four noble priests, had fulfilled a vow. Those four, we were told, happened to be arhats from the Tang court, and they were sent off by you with a lavish band of drummers and musicians clogging the streets."

How could such a thing happen to you last night?" Kowtowing, the two brothers said, "Venerable Father, Kou Hong, our father, had been feeding monks for some twenty-four years. It happened that these four monks coming from a great distance would just make up the number of ten thousand. That was why we had a ceremony of perfection and asked them to stay for half a month. They thereby became thoroughly acquainted with the layout of our house. After we had sent them off yesterday, however, they returned during the night, taking advantage of the darkness and the rainstorm. With lighted torches and weapons, they broke into our home and took away our silver and gold, our treasures and jewels, and our clothing. Moreover, they slew our father and left him on the ground. We beg the Venerable Father to grant us humble folks justice!" When the magistrate heard these words, he at once called up both cavalry and foot soldiers. Including other recruits and conscripts, they formed a posse of some hundred and fifty men. Each wielding sharp weapons, they went out of the western gate to pursue the Tang Monk and his three companions.

We tell you now about master and disciples, who waited patiently till dawn in the dilapidated building of the Bright Light Travel Court before emerging and setting out again toward the West. It so happened that those thieves who had robbed the Kou family the night before also took this same road after getting out of the city. By morning they had walked some twenty miles past the shrine.

Hiding in a valley, they were dividing up their booty and had not quite finished when they saw the four pilgrims moving up the road.

Still unsatisfied, the thieves pointed at the Tang Monk and said, "Isn't that the monk who was sent off yesterday?"

Then they laughed and said, "Welcome! Welcome! After all we are engaged in this ruthless business! These monks have traveled quite a distance.

And then they stayed for a long time in the Kou house. We wonder how much stuff they have on them. We might as well cut them off and take their belongings and the white horse. We'll split the heist, too. Won't that be a satisfying thing?" Picking up their arms, the thieves ran up the main road with a shout. They stood in a single file across the road and cried, "Monks, don't run away! Quickly give us some toll money, and your lives will be spared! If only half a no escapes from your mouth, each of you will face the cutlass. None will be spared!"

The Tang Monk, riding the horse, shook violently, while Sha Monk and Eight Rules were filled with fear. "What shall we do? What shall we do?" they said to Pilgrim. "After half a night's misery through the rain, we now face bandits blocking our path. Truly, 'Calamity always knocks twice!'" "Master, don't be afraid!" said Pilgrim with laughter. "And don't worry, Brothers! Let old Monkey question them a bit."

Dear Great Sage! Tightening his tigerskin skirt and giving his silk shirt a shake, he walked up there with folded arms and said, "What do you all do?"

"This fellow has no idea of life or death!" bellowed one of the bandits. "How dare you question me? Don't you have eyes beneath your skull? Can't you recognize that we're all Father Great Kings? Hand us the toll money quickly, and we'll let you through!" On hearing this, Pilgrim smiled broadly and said, "So you are bandits who pillage on the road!"

"Kill him!" shouted the bandits, turning savage.

Pretending to be frightened, Pilgrim said, “Great Kings! Great Kings! I’m a village priest, and I don’t know how to talk. If I’ve offended you, please pardon me. If you want toll money, you needn’t ask those three. All you need is to ask me for it, for I’m the bookkeeper. Whatever cash we have collected from reciting sūtras or holding services, whatever we’ve acquired through begging or charity, they’re all in the wrap. I’m in charge of all incomes and expenditures. Though he’s my master, the one riding the horse only knows how to recite sūtras. He has no other concern, for he has quite forgotten about wealth or sex, and he doesn’t own a penny. The one with the black face is a laborer I took in halfway in our journey, and he only knows how to care for the horse. The one with a long snout is a long-term laborer I hired, and all he knows is how to tote the luggage. If you let those three past, I’ll give you all our possessions, including the cassock and the almsbowl.” When they heard this, the thieves said, “This monk is quite honest after all. Tell those three to drop the luggage, and we’ll let them go by.” Pilgrim turned and winked at his companions. Immediately, Sha Monk dropped the pole and the luggage. He and Eight Rules led the horse and proceeded westward with their master. As Pilgrim lowered his head to untie the luggage, he managed quickly to scoop up a fistful of dirt, which he tossed into the air. Reciting a spell, he exercised the magic of immobilization. “Stop!” he cried, and those bandits—together some thirty of them—all stood erect. Each of them with teeth clenched, eyes wide open, and hands lowered, they could neither talk nor move.

Leaping clear from them into the road, Pilgrim shouted, “Master, come back! Come back!”

“That’s bad! Bad!” said Eight Rules, horrified. “Elder Brother is sacrificing us! He has no money on him, and there is neither silver nor gold in the wrap. He must be calling back Master for the horse. And he may be asking us to strip.”

“Second Elder Brother, stop that nonsense!” said Sha Monk, laughing. “Big Brother is an able person. Previously he could subdue even vicious demons and fierce fiends. You think he’s afraid of these few clumsy bandits? When he calls, he must have something to say. Let’s go back quick to have a look.”

The elder agreed; turning around the horse, he went back amiably and said, “Wukong, why do you call me back?”

“All of you see what these bandits have to say,” said Pilgrim. Eight Rules walked up to one of them and gave him a shove, saying, “Bandit, why can’t you move?”

That man, however, was completely oblivious and speechless. “He must be numb and dumb!” said Eight Rules. Chuckling, Pilgrim said, “They have been stopped by the magic of Immobilization of old Monkey.”

“You might have stopped their bodies, but not their mouths,” said Eight Rules. “Why can’t they make even a noise?” Pilgrim said, “Master, please dismount and take a seat. As the proverb says,

*There’s erroneous arrest
But no mistaken release.*

Brothers, push these bandits over and tie them up. We’ll tell them to confess, to see if they are new thieves or experienced bandits.”

“But we have no ropes!” said Sha Monk. Pilgrim pulled off some hairs and blew his immortal breath on them. At once they changed into some thirty ropes. All the

brothers worked together: they pushed over the bandits and hog-tied them. Then Pilgrim recited the spell of release, and the bandits gradually regained consciousness.

Pilgrim asked the Tang Monk to take a seat above them before the three brothers, each holding his weapon, and shouted at the thieves, "Clumsy thieves, how many of you are there altogether? For how many years have you engaged in this business? How much stuff have you plundered? Have you killed anyone? Is this the first transgression? The second? Or the third?"

"Fathers, please spare our lives," the thieves cried.

"Don't yell!" said Pilgrim. "Make an honest confession."

"Venerable Father," said the thieves, "we are not accustomed to thievery, for we are all sons of good families. Because we are stupid enough to drink, gamble, and sleep with prostitutes, we have completely squandered our inheritances and properties. We have neither abilities nor money for our livelihood. Since we learned that Squire Kou in the prefectural city of Bronze Estrade had vast possessions, we banded together yesterday and went to pillage his household last night, taking advantage of the rain and darkness. We took silver, gold, clothing, and jewels. Just now, we were dividing the loot in the valley north of the road here when we saw you coming. Someone among us recognized that you were those priests whom Squire Kou sent off, and we thought that you must have great possessions also.

When we saw, moreover, how heavy the luggage was and how swiftly the white horse trotted, we grew so greedy that we were going to try to hold you up. We didn't know that Venerable Father had such tremendous magic power to imprison us. We beg you to be merciful. Please take away the things we stole, but spare our lives." When Tripitaka heard that the Kou family had been robbed, he was so taken aback that he stood up immediately. "Wukong," he said, "the old Squire Kou is so kind and virtuous. How could he bring on himself such a terrible calamity?"

"All because of his desire to see us on our way," replied Pilgrim, chuckling. "Those color drapes and floral banners, that extravagant display of drums and music, all attracted people's attention. That's why these scoundrels moved against his house. It's fortunate that they ran into us, so that we could rob them of this great amount of silver and gold, clothing and jewelery."

"Since we have bothered the Kous for half a month but have nothing to repay their great kindness with," said Tripitaka, "we should take these belongings back to their house. Wouldn't that be a good deed?" Pilgrim agreed. With Eight Rules and Sha Monk, he went to the mountain valley and, having packed up the stolen goods, put them on the horse. Eight Rules was asked to tote another load of gold and silver, while Sha Monk toted their own luggage. Pilgrim would have liked to slaughter all those bandits with one blow of his rod, but fearing that the Tang Monk would blame him for taking human lives, he had no choice but to shake his body once to retrieve his hairs. With their hands and legs freed, those bandits scrambled up and fled for their lives. Our Tang Monk then retraced his steps to escort the stolen property back to the squire. This act of his, however, was like a moth darting into fire, a self-induced disaster! We have a testimonial poem for him, which says:

*Kindness repaying kindness is a rarity,
For kindness can change into enmity.
To save the drowning you may go amiss.
Think thrice before acting, you'll live in bliss.*

As Tripitaka and his disciples proceeded to take back the stolen goods, they suddenly caught sight of a forest of swords and spears approaching them. Greatly alarmed, Tripitaka said, "Disciples, look at those weapons coming at us! What do they mean?"

"Disaster's here! Disaster's here!"

Eight Rules said. "These must be the bandits we let go. They have taken up arms and banded together with more people so that they could return to contend with us."

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "they do not look like bandits. Big Brother, take a careful look."

"The evil star has descended once more on Master," whispered Pilgrim to Sha Monk. "These are government troops out to catch bandits."

Hardly had he finished speaking when the soldiers rushed up to them and had master and disciples completely surrounded.

"Dear monks!" they cried. "After you've robbed and plundered, you are still swaggering around here!"

They surged forward and yanked the Tang Monk off the horse. He was immediately tied up with ropes, after which Pilgrim and his two companions were also bound and hog-tied. Poles were inserted through the loops so that two soldiers could carry one prisoner on their shoulders. As the entire troop went back to the prefectural city, hauling the luggage and herding the horse, this was the condition of the pilgrims:

*Tripitaka Tang
Shook all over,
Speechless and shedding tears;
Zhu Eight Rules
Mumbled and grumbled,
His feelings grievous and sour;
the Monk,
Muttered and murmured,
Uncertain what to do;
Pilgrim Sun
Giggled and tittered,
About to show his power.*

In a little while, the throng of government troops hauled their prisoners and recovered booty back into the city. They then proceeded to the yellow hall to make this report:

"Venerable Father, the recruits have captured the bandits." Sitting solemnly in the hall, the magistrate first rewarded his troops. Then he examined the recovered property before he sent for members of the Kou family to take it back. Finally, he ordered Tripitaka and his companions brought before the hall for interrogation.

"You priests," he said, "you claim that you have come from the distant Land of the East and that you are on your way to the Western Heaven to worship Buddha. Actually, however, you are thieves who resort to clever devices to get to know the layout of a place in order to plunder and pillage!"

"Your Excellency, allow me to speak," said Tripitaka. "This humble cleric is in truth not a thief. This is no lie, for I have with me a travel rescript which you may look

at. All this came about because of our regard for the great kindness of Squire Kou, who fed us for half a month. When we ran into the bandits on our way who had robbed the squire's household, we took the stolen property and were about to return it to the Kou family as a gesture of our gratitude. Little did we expect that the soldiers would arrest us, thinking that we were the thieves. Truly we are not thieves, and I beg Your Excellency to exercise careful discernment."

"Now that you are caught by government troops," said the magistrate, "you resort to this clever talk of your gesture of gratitude. If you met the bandits on the way, why didn't you seize them also, so that you could report to the proper official and repay the squire's kindness? Why were there only four of you? Look! This is the plaint filed by Kou Liang, who named you specifically as the accused."

You still dare to struggle?" When he heard these words, Tripitaka was scared out of his wits, like someone on a boat in a boiling sea. "Wukong," he cried, "why don't you come up here to defend us?"

"The booty is real," replied Pilgrim. "What's the use of defense?"

"Exactly!" said the magistrate. "With such evidence before you, you still dare to deny the charge?"

He said to his subordinates, "Bring the head clamp. We'll give this thief's bald head a taste of the clamp before we flog him."

Terribly flustered, Pilgrim thought to himself, "Though my master is fated to meet this ordeal, he should not be allowed to suffer too much." When he saw, therefore, that the bailiffs were preparing the ropes to make the head clamp, he said, "Your Excellency, please don't clamp that monk. During the robbery of the Kou home last night, it was I who held the light and the knife, and it was I who robbed and murdered. I'm the chieftain of the thieves. If you want flogging, flog me. They have nothing to do with this. Just don't release me." On hearing this, the magistrate gave the order:

"Let's clamp the head of this one first."

Together the bailiffs looped the head clamp onto Pilgrim. When they suddenly tightened the rope, it snapped with a loud crack. They joined the rope and clamped again, and once more it snapped with a loud crack. After three or four times of clamping like this, the skin on Pilgrim's head did not even show a wrinkle. When they wanted to change ropes and make another clamp, someone came in to report, "Venerable Father, Father Junior Guardian Chen from the capital has arrived. Please go out of the city to meet him."

The magistrate immediately gave this order to the clerk of justice:

"Take the thieves into the jail and guard them carefully. Wait until I have received my superior. We'll interrogate them some more."

The clerk pushed the Tang Monk and his three disciples into the jailhouse. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, however, had to carry their own luggage in. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "how did this thing come to be?"

"Master, get in! Get in!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "There are no dogs barking here. It's rather good fun!"

Alas! The four of them were taken inside and they were all pushed onto the rack. Then belly compressors, head prongs, and chest straps were fastened to each of them. The prison guards then arrived and began a severe flogging. Hardly able to endure the

pain, Tripitaka could only cry, “Wukong, what shall we do? What shall we do?” Pilgrim said, “They want to beat some money out of us! As the saying goes,

*Settle down if you a nice place find;
Spend money when you're in a bind.*

They'll probably ease up on us if we give them some money.”

“Where do I have any money?” asked Tripitaka.

“If we have no money,” said Pilgrim, “even clothing is all right. Give him that cassock of yours.” On hearing this, Tripitaka felt as if a dagger had stabbed his heart. Since, however, he could not endure the flogging any longer, he had little choice but to say, “Wukong, do as you wish.” Immediately Pilgrim cried out, “Officers, no need for you to beat us anymore. Inside of one of those two wraps we carried in, there is a brocade cassock worth a thousand gold. Untie the wrap and take it. Please leave us.” When those prison guards heard this, they all went to untie the two wraps. There were indeed several cloth garments and a satchel, which were of no value at all. Then they came upon an object wrapped in several layers of oiled paper, with shafts of luminous radiance coming through. They knew it had to be a good thing. When they shook it loose to examine it, they saw a garment of

*Bright, wonderful pearl appliques,
Sequins of rare Buddhist treasures;
With coiled-dragon knots of brocade,
And silk pipings of phoenix made.*

As they fought to have a look at such a marvel, they disturbed the prison warden, who came to say, “Why are you all making such noises here?”

Going to their knees, the guards said, “Just now the old sire indicted these four priests, who all belonged to a large group of bandits.

When we gave them a little flogging, they offered us these two wraps. We found this object after we untied the wraps, and we didn't know what to do with it. To tear up the robe and divide it would be a great pity, but if only one of us owned it, the others would receive no benefit. Fortunately the old sire has come along. We'll leave it up to you to decide for us.”

The warden recognized that it was a cassock. He then examined the other items of clothing and the satchel. Next, he unfolded the travel rescript to have a look. When he saw the signatures and treasure seals of various nations, he said, “I'm glad I saw this in time! Otherwise you people might have brought a terrible disaster on yourselves. These monks are no bandits. Don't you dare touch their clothing! Wait till the grand sire interrogates them tomorrow, and we'll probably learn the real truth.” When the guards heard this, they handed the wraps over to him. The warden tied them up as before and put them away for safe-keeping.

Gradually the night deepened; the drum-roll began on the towers as the night patrol shouted the watches. By about the third quarter of the fourth watch, Pilgrim saw that his companions had stopped moaning and had all fallen asleep. He thought to himself, “It was fated that Master should have this one night of prison ordeal. That's the reason why old Monkey did not bother to dispute the judge or use magic power. Now that the fourth watch is almost over and the calamity is nearly completed, I must leave to make some plans so that we can get out of prison in the morning.” Look at the way he exercises his abilities! Reducing the size of his body, he at once got out of the rack and,

with one shake, changed into a midge to fly out through a crack between the roof tiles. It was a fair and quiet night of stars and a bright moon in the sky. Having determined the direction of the Kou house, he flew toward it. Soon he saw the bright flares of light coming from a house to the west.

When he flew near it to look more closely, he discovered that it belonged to a family of bean-curd makers. An old man was tending fire, while his aged wife was squeezing out the soybean milk.

Presently he heard the old man say, "Mother, Mr. Kou might have sons and wealth, but he had no age. He was, you know, a schoolmate of mine when we were young. I am five years his senior. His father's name was Kou Ming, and at that time, they had no more than a thousand acres of farmland, which they had leased out, but they couldn't even collect the proper rental. By the time the son was twenty years old, the father died and it was up to him to manage their property. It was a stroke of luck that he took for his wife the daughter of Zhang Wang (Prosperity). Her nickname was Needle-Pusher, but she certainly brought prosperity to her husband. Since her entrance into his family, their lands yielded rich harvests and their rentals excellent returns. What they bought accrued value and what they sold made profits. Their assets by now must be worth a hundred thousand cash. When he reached his fortieth year, he began to devote himself to good deeds and managed to feed ten thousand monks. Who would have thought that he would be kicked to death by bandits last night! How pitiable! He was only sixty-four years old and had reached just the right age to enjoy himself. Who would expect a person of such virtuous inclination to be rewarded by such a violent death? It's most lamentable! Most lamentable!"

Every word of this statement was heard by Pilgrim.

By then it was the first quarter of the fifth watch, and Pilgrim flew right into the house of the Kou family. The squire's coffin had been placed in the main hall so that the family could hold a wake over the dead man. Lamps were lit at the head of the coffin, flowers and fruit arranged around it. On one side his weeping wife kept vigil, and his two sons also were kneeling there and weeping. Two of his daughters-in-law were bringing in two bowls of rice for offering.

Pilgrim landed on the head of the coffin and gave a cough. The two daughters-in-law were so terrified that they ran outside, their arms and legs flailing the air. Prostrating themselves on the floor, the Kou brothers dared not move at all. All they could mutter was, "Father! Looooo! Loooo! . . ."

The old woman, however, was courageous enough to give the head of the coffin a tap and said, "Old Squire, have you come back to life?" Imitating the voice of the squire, Pilgrim replied, "No, I haven't!" More frightened than ever, the two sons continued to kowtow and shed tears. All they could mutter was, "Father! Looo! Looo! . . ."

Forcing herself to be bold, the woman asked again, "Squire, if you haven't come back to life, why are you speaking?"

"I have been sent back by King Yama in the custody of a ghost guardian," said Pilgrim, "so that I can speak to all of you. I am supposed to tell you that Needle-Pusher Zhang has used her foul mouth and slanderous tongue to injure the innocent." When the old woman heard her own nickname, she became so flustered that she fell to her knees and kowtowed, saying, "Dear old man! You're so old already, and you still want to address me by my nickname! What do you mean by my foul mouth and slanderous

tongue? Which innocent person have I injured?" Pilgrim bellowed, "Didn't you say something like this?"

*Eight Rules cried for slaughter;
The Tang Monk held the fire.
Sha Monk removed our silver and gold
While Pilgrim Sun beat to death our sire.*

Because of your slanderous words, good people have been made to suffer. Those four masters of the Tang court, when they ran into the brigands on the road, took back our stolen property. They wanted to return that to us as a token of their gratitude. What an expression of goodwill! You, however, drew up this specious plaint and asked your sons to file it with the official. Without carefully examining the case either, he sent them to prison. Now the god of the jailhouse, the local spirit, and the city deity are all so overwrought that they have reported the matter to King Yama. He in turn sent his ghost guardian to take me back home to tell you this: that you should work for the monks' release at once. Otherwise, I have been authorized to cause trouble for a solid month here in the house. The entire household, old and young, including chickens and dogs, will not be spared!"

Again kowtowing, the Kou brothers pleaded with him, saying, "Daddy, please go back. Please don't ever harm the old and the young of this house. We will hasten to the prefecture in the morning and file a petition for release and make our confession. All we want is peace for both the living and the deceased." On hearing this, Pilgrim cried, "Burn paper money! I'm going!"

The whole family gathered at once to burn paper money.

With outstretched wings Pilgrim flew up and soared straight to the magistrate's house. As he looked down, he perceived light, for the magistrate had already risen. When he flew into the central hall to look around, he saw a painting hanging in the middle, the subject of which was an official riding a horse with black spots. Behind him were several attendants, one carrying a blue umbrella and another an armchair. Pilgrim, of course, could not tell what was the story behind the painting, but he flew up to it and settled in the middle of the scroll. Presently the magistrate emerged from his room and bent low to wash his face.

Suddenly Pilgrim made a loud cough, so scaring the magistrate that he dashed back into his room. After finishing his washing and combing his hair, he donned a long coat and came out once more to burn incense before the painting and intone this petition:

"To the divine tablet of my deceased uncle, Duke Jiang Qianyi. Blessed by ancestral virtue, your filial nephew, Jiang Kunsan, succeeded in passing the second and third degrees. He is now favored with the appointment to the magistrate of the Bronze Estrade Prefecture. To you we have offered night and day without ceasing incense and fires. Why, therefore, do you make a sound this day? I beg you not to work the work of a monster or evil spirit, lest the family members be terrified."

Chuckling secretly to himself, Pilgrim said, "So, this is the picture of his father's elder brother!"

He made use of the opportunity, however, to say to the magistrate, "Kunsan, my worthy nephew, you have honored your ancestral inheritance by ever being a clean and upright official. How could you, therefore, be so foolish yesterday as to have regarded

four sage monks as bandits? Without making a thorough investigation, you sent them to jail. Now the god of the jailhouse, the local spirit, and the city deity are highly disturbed. They have reported the matter to King Yama, who sent me in the custody of a ghost guardian to inform you that you should examine every aspect of the case and quickly release them. If you don't do this, you will be asked to go and answer for yourself in the Region of Darkness."

Alarmed by what he heard, the magistrate said, "Let my uncle withdraw his presence. When your humble nephew ascends the hall, he will immediately release them."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "go burn paper money. I'll go back to report to King Yama."

The magistrate thus added incense and burned paper money to offer his thanks.

Pilgrim flew out of the hall, and he found that it was beginning to grow light in the east. By the time he reached the Numinous Earth District, he saw that the district magistrate had already seated himself in the official hall. "If a midge speaks," thought Pilgrim to himself, "and someone sees it, my identity may be revealed. That's no good."

He changed, therefore, into the huge magic body: from midair he lowered a giant leg, which completely filled the district hall. "Hear me, you officials," he cried, "I'm the Wandering Spirit sent by the Jade Emperor. I charge you that a son of Buddha has been wrongfully beaten in the jail of your prefecture, thus greatly disturbing the peace of the deities in the Three Regions. I am told to impart this message to you, that you should give him an early release. If there is any delay, my other leg will descend. It will first kick to death all the district officials of this prefecture. Then it will stamp to death the entire population of the region. Your cities finally will be trodden into dust and ashes!"

All the officials of the district were so terrified that they knelt down together to kowtow and worship, saying, "Let the noble sage withdraw his presence. We will go into the prefecture at once and report this to the magistrate. The prisoner will be released immediately. We beg you not to move your leg, for it will frighten these humble officials to death." Only then did Pilgrim retrieve his magic body. Changing once more into a midge, he flew back inside the jail through the crack between the roof tiles and crawled back to sleep in the rack.

We now tell you about the magistrate, who went up to the hall. No sooner had he displayed the placard announcing his readiness to hear a case than the Kou brothers took it in one of their bosoms and cried aloud on bended knees. The magistrate summoned them inside, where they submitted their petition for release. When the magistrate saw it, he grew angry and said, "It was only yesterday that you filed a complaint of loss. We caught the thieves for you and the stolen property was returned to you. Why did you come today to submit petition for release?" Shedding tears, the two of them said, "Venerable Father, the spirit of your humble subjects' father manifested itself last night to say to us, 'The sage monks from the Tang court were the ones who had originally captured the bandits. It was they who recovered our possessions and released the bandits. Out of goodwill they decided to send back in person the stolen goods in order to repay our hospitality. How could you turn them into thieves and send them to jail to suffer? So overwrought were the local spirit and the city deity that they reported the matter to King Yama. King Yama told me to come in the custody of a ghost guardian to tell you to file another petition with the prefecture for the release of the Tang Monk.

Only that will avert further disasters. If you don't do this, both the old and the young of the family will perish.' For this reason, we have come to submit our petition for release. We beg the Venerable Father to grant us our request." When the magistrate heard this, he thought to himself, "Their father happens to be a corpse that's still warm. A newly departed showing itself is not an unusual phenomenon. But my uncle has been dead five or six years. Why did he too show his spirit last night and ask me to release the prisoners? Hmmm . . . ! They must be wrongfully accused."

As he deliberated with himself, the district magistrate of the Numinous Earth District came running up the hall, yelling, "Your Honor! It's bad! It's bad! Just now the Jade Emperor sent the Wandering Spirit down here to order you to release quickly some good people from prison. Those monks you caught yesterday were not bandits. They are all sons of Buddha on their way to acquire scriptures. If there is any further delay, all of us officials will be kicked to death. Our cities, including the entire population, will be trodden to dust and ashes." Paling with fright, the magistrate at once commanded the clerk of justice to issue a placard for the prisoners to be brought out. When this was done immediately, Eight Rules said sadly, "I wonder what sort of beating they'll give us today!" With a laugh, Pilgrim said, "I promise that you won't receive a single stroke. Old Monkey has settled everything. When you go up to the hall, don't you kneel, for he will step down to ask us to take the seats of honor. Let me demand from him the return of our horse and luggage. If anything is missing, I'll beat him up for you to see." Just as they finished speaking, they arrived at the entrance to the hall. The magistrate, the district magistrate, and the officials of the prefecture and district all descended the hall to meet them, saying, "When the sage monks arrived yesterday, we did not manage to question you carefully, partly because of the urgent necessity to go meet our superiors, and partly because we were distracted by the sight of the stolen booty." Pressing his palms together in front of him and bowing, the Tang Monk gave another thorough account of what had happened. The various officials all confessed, saying, "We've made a mistake! We've made a mistake! Please do not blame us! Please do not blame us!"

Then they asked the Tang Monk whether he had lost anything in jail. Pilgrim now walked forward, glowering, and declared in a loud voice, "Our white horse was taken away by someone in this hall. Our luggage was snatched by the people in jail. Return them to us quickly! It's our turn today to interrogate you all. You have wrongly seized common folks and accused them of thievery! What sort of crime should you be charged with?" When the officials saw how violent he had become, there was not a single one of them that was not scared. They immediately told those who had taken the horse to bring it back, and those who had taken the luggage to return it. Even after all these items were turned over piece by piece, the three disciples continued to display their pique. Look at them! The various officials could only use the Kou family as their excuse.

Trying to be the peacemaker, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, we won't get to the bottom of this here. Let's go to the Kou household. There we can confront and interrogate any witness. Let's find out who it was who saw me as a robber."

"You are right," said Pilgrim. "Let old Monkey call up the dead and ask him to identify his murderer." Sha Monk at once helped the Tang Monk to mount the horse right there in the prefectural hall. In a body, they rushed out, shouting and bellowing. The various officials of the prefecture and the district all went to the Kou house also.

Kou Liang and his brother were so terrified that they went to their front door and kowtowed without ceasing. When the visitors were received into the living room, they could see that inside the mourning parlor members of the family were still weeping behind the funeral drapes.

Pilgrim called out:

“That old woman who used slander to injure common people, stop crying! Let old Monkey summon your husband here. Let him tell us who the real person was who slew him. That ought to put a little shame in you!”

Those officials thought that Pilgrim Sun was only jesting, but he said to them, “Sirs, please keep my master company by sitting here for a moment. Eight Rules, Sha Monk, take care to stand guard. I’ll be back soon.”

Dear Great Sage! He vaulted through the door and rose immediately into the air. All that the people could see were

*Colored mists every where shrouding the house;
The sky’s hallowed air shielding primal spirit.*

When they finally realized that this was an immortal who could mount the clouds and ride the fog, a sage who could bring life out of death, they all burned incense to worship. There we shall leave them for the moment.

With a series of cloud somersaults, that Great Sage went to the Region Below and crashed right into the Hall of Darkness. So startled were they that

*Ten Yama Kings, hands joined, saluted him;
Five Quarters ghost judges kowtowed to him.
Sword-trees, a thousand stalks, were all askew;
Dagger-hills, ten thousandfold, were all made plain.
Goblins were saved in the Wrongful- Dead City;
Ghosts were redeemed by the No- Option Bridge.
Truly like Heaven’s reprieve was one beam of divine light:
The whole Region of Darkness now turned bright.*

The Ten Yama Kings received the Great Sage; after having exchanged greetings, they asked the reason for his visit.

Pilgrim said, “Which one of you took away the soul of Kou Hong, the person who fed the monks in the Numinous Earth District of the Bronze Estrade Prefecture? Find out instantly and bring him to me.”

“Kou Hong is a virtuous person,” said the Ten Yama Kings. “We did not have to use a ghost guardian to summon him. He came by himself, but when the Golden-Robed Youth of King Kṣitigarbha met him, he led him to see the king.” Pilgrim at once took leave of them to head for the Jade Cloud Palace, where he greeted the Bodhisattva King Kṣitigarbha and gave a thorough account of what took place.

In delight the Bodhisattva said, “It was foreordained that Kou Hong should leave the world without touching a bed or a mat when his allotted age reached its end. Because he had been a person of virtue who fed the monks, I took him in and made him the secretary in charge of the records of good karma. Since the Great Sage has come to ask for him, I shall lengthen his age by another dozen years.

He may leave with you.”

The Golden-Robed Youth led out Kou Hong, who, on seeing Pilgrim, cried out, "Master! Master! Save me!"

"You were kicked to death by a robber," said Pilgrim. "This is the place of the Bodhisattva King Kṣitigarbha in the Region of Darkness. Old Monkey has come especially to take you back to the world of light so that you may give your testimony. The Bodhisattva is kind enough to release you and lengthen your age for another dozen years. Thereafter you'll return here."

The squire bowed again and again.

Having thanked the Bodhisattva, Pilgrim changed the soul of the squire into ether by blowing on him. The ether was stored in his sleeve so that they could leave the house of darkness and go back to the world of light together. Astride the clouds, he soon arrived at the Kou house. Eight Rules was told to pry open the lid of the coffin, and the soul of the squire was pushed into his body. In a moment, he began to breathe once more and revived. Scrambling out of the coffin, the squire kowtowed to the Tang Monk and his three disciples, saying, "Masters! Masters! Having suffered a violent death, I am much obliged for this master's arrival at the Region of Darkness and returning me to life. His is the kindness of a new creation!"

After thanking them repeatedly, he turned and saw all the officials standing there. Touching his head to the ground once more, he asked, "Why are all the Venerable Fathers in the house?"

"Your sons at first filed a complaint of loss," replied the magistrate, "which accused the sage monks by name. I sent people to arrest them, not realizing that the sage monks on their journey had run into those bandits who murdered you and robbed your house. They took back your possessions and were about to send them back to your home in person. My subordinates arrested them by mistake, and I sent them to jail without careful examination. Last night your soul made an appearance, and my deceased uncle also revealed himself at our home. The Wandering Spirit, too, made a descent into the district. All these epiphanies at one time led us to release the sage monks, after which that particular one went to bring you back to life." Remaining on his knees, the squire said, "Venerable Father, you have truly wronged these four sage monks. There were some thirty bandits that night who broke into our house with torches and rods. When they took away our belongings, I couldn't bear it and tried to reason with the thieves. One of them killed me with a kick at my lower parts. These four had absolutely nothing to do with the crime!"

Then he summoned his wife and sons into his presence to say, "Didn't you know who kicked me to death? How dare you file false charges? I'm going to ask the Venerable Father to convict you."

All the family members, old and young, could only kowtow at that time, but the magistrate was magnanimous enough to pardon all of them. Kou Hong then ordered a banquet to thank this great kindness of the prefecture and the district, but each of the officials returned to his official residence without lingering. The next day the squire once more displayed his plaque announcing his desire to feed monks and wanted to entertain Tripitaka some more. Tripitaka, however, steadfastly refused to stay, whereupon the squire invited his relatives and friends and prepared banners and canopies to send off the pilgrims as he had done before. Lo! Truly

*The wide earth may harbor vicious affairs,
But high Heaven will a good man vindicate.*

*Footloose they're safe on Tathāgata's way,
Certain to reach Mount Spirit's paradise gate.*

We do not know what will become of them when they see Buddha; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-EIGHT

*Only when ape and horse are tamed will shells be cast
With merit and work perfected, they see the Real*

Since Squire Kou was able to return to life, he again prepared banners and canopies, drums and music, and invited relatives and friends, Buddhists and Daoists, to escort the pilgrims on their way. We shall now leave them and tell you instead about the Tang Monk and his three disciples, who set out on the main road.

In truth the land of Buddha in the West was quite different from other regions. What they saw everywhere were gemlike flowers and jasperlike grasses, aged cypresses and hoary pines. In the regions they passed through, every family was devoted to good works, and every household would feed the monks.

*They met people in cultivation beneath the hills
And saw travelers reciting sūtras in the woods.*

Resting at night and journeying at dawn, master and disciples proceeded for some six or seven days when they suddenly caught sight of a row of tall buildings and noble lofts. Truly

*They soar skyward one hundred feet,
Tall and towering in the air.
You look down to see the setting sun
And reach out to pluck the shooting stars.
Spacious windows engulf the universe;
Lofty pillars join with the cloudy screens.
Yellow cranes bring letters as autumn trees age;
Phoenix-sheets come with the cool evening breeze.
These are the treasure arches of a spirit palace,
The pearly courts and jeweled edifices,
The immortal hall where the Way is preached,
The cosmos where sūtras are taught.
The flowers bloom in the spring;
Pines grow green after the rain.
Purple agaric and divine fruits, fresh every year.
Phoenixes gambol, potent in every manner.*

Lifting his whip to point ahead, Tripitaka said, “Wukong, what a lovely place!”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “you insisted on bowing down even in a specious region, before false images of Buddha. Today you have arrived at a true region with real images of Buddha, and you still haven’t dismounted. What’s your excuse?” So taken aback was Tripitaka when he heard these words that he leaped down from the horse. Soon they arrived at the entrance to the buildings. A Daoist lad, standing before the gate, called out, “Are you the scripture seeker from the Land of the East?”

Hurriedly tidying his clothes, the elder raised his head and looked at his interrogator.

He wore a robe of silk

And held a jade duster.
He wore a robe of silk
Often to feast at treasure lofts and jasper pools;
He held a jade yak's-tail
To wave and dust in the purple mansions.
From his arm hangs a sacred register,
And his feet are shod in sandals.
He floats—a true feathered-one;
He's winsome—indeed uncanny!
Long life attained, he lives in this fine place;
Immortal, he can leave the world of dust.
The sage monk knows not our Mount Spirit guest:
The Immortal Golden Head of former years.

The Great Sage, however, recognized the person. “Master,” he cried, “this is the Great Immortal of the Golden Head, who resides in the Jade Perfection Daoist Abbey at the foot of the Spirit Mountain.” Only then did Tripitaka realize the truth, and he walked forward to make his bow. With laughter, the great immortal said, “So the sage monk has finally arrived this year. I have been deceived by the Bodhisattva Guanyin. When she received the gold decree from Buddha over ten years ago to find a scripture seeker in the Land of the East, she told me that he would be here after two or three years.

I waited year after year for you, but no news came at all. Hardly have I anticipated that I would meet you this year!” Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka said, “I’m greatly indebted to the great immortal’s kindness. Thank you! Thank you!”

The four pilgrims, leading the horse and toting the luggage, all went inside the temple before each of them greeted the great immortal once more. Tea and a vegetarian meal were ordered. The immortal also asked the lads to heat some scented liquid for the sage monk to bathe, so that he could ascend the land of Buddha. Truly,

good to bathe when merit and work are done,
When nature's tamed and the natural state is won.
All toils and labors are now at rest;
Law and obedience have renewed their zest.
At māra's end they reach indeed Buddha-land;
Their woes dispelled, before Śramaṇa they stand.
Unstained, they are washed of all filth and dust.
To a diamond body return they must.

After master and disciples had bathed, it became late and they rested in the Jade Perfection Abbey.

The next morning the Tang Monk changed his clothing and put on his brocade cassock and his Vairocana hat. Holding the priestly staff, he ascended the main hall to take leave of the great immortal. “Yesterday you seemed rather dowdy,” said the great immortal, chuckling, “but today everything is fresh and bright. As I look at you now, you are a true son of Buddha!”

After a bow, Tripitaka wanted to set out at once.

“Wait a moment,” said the great immortal. “Allow me to escort you.”

“There’s no need for that,” said Pilgrim. “Old Monkey knows the way.”

“What you know happens to be the way in the clouds,” said the great immortal, “a means of travel to which the sage monk has not yet been elevated. You must still stick to the main road.”

“What you say is quite right,” replied Pilgrim. “Though old Monkey has been to this place several times, he has always come and gone on the clouds and he has never stepped on the ground. If we must stick to the main road, we must trouble you to escort us a distance. My master’s most eager to bow to Buddha. Let’s not dally.” Smiling broadly, the great immortal held the Tang Monk’s hand

To lead Candana up the gate of Law.

The way that they had to go, you see, did not lead back to the front gate. Instead, they had to go through the central hall of the temple to go out the rear door. Immediately behind the abbey, in fact, was the Spirit Mountain, to which the great immortal pointed and said, “Sage Monk, look at the spot halfway up the sky, shrouded by auspicious luminosity of five colors and a thousand folds of hallowed mists. That’s the tall Spirit Vulture Peak, the holy region of the Buddhist Patriarch.”

The moment the Tang Monk saw it, he began to bend low. With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, “Master, you haven’t reached that place where you should bow down. As the proverb says, ‘Even within sight of a mountain you can ride a horse to death!’ You are still quite far from that principality. Why do you want to bow down now? How many times does your head need to touch the ground if you kowtow all the way to the summit?”

“Sage Monk,” said the great immortal, “you, along with the Great Sage, Heavenly Reeds, and Curtain-Raising, have arrived at the blessed land when you can see Mount Spirit. I’m going back.”

Thereupon Tripitaka bowed to take leave of him.

The Great Sage led the Tang Monk and his disciples slowly up the mountain. They had not gone for more than five or six miles when they came upon a torrent of water, eight or nine miles wide. There was no trace of human activity all around. Alarmed by the sight, Tripitaka said, “Wukong, this must be the wrong way! Could the great immortal have made a mistake? Look how wide and swift this river is! Without a boat, how could we get across?”

“There’s no mistake!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Look over there! Isn’t that a large bridge? You have to walk across that bridge before you can perfect the right fruit.”

The elder walked up to the bridge and saw beside it a tablet, on which was the inscription “Cloud-Transcending Ferry.”

The bridge was actually a single log. Truly

*Afar off, it’s like a jade beam in the sky;
Near, a dried stump that o’er the water lies.
To bind up oceans it would easier seem.
How could one cross a single log or beam
Shrouded by rainbows often thousand feet,
By a thousand layers of silk-white sheet?
Too slipp’ry and small for all to cross its spread
Except those who on colored mists can tread.*

Quivering all over, Tripitaka said, “Wukong, this bridge is not for human beings to cross. Let’s find some other way.”

“This is the way! This is the way!” said Pilgrim, laughing.

“If this is the way,” said Eight Rules, horrified, “who dares walk on it? The water’s so wide and rough. There’s only a single log here, and it’s so narrow and slippery. How could I move my legs?”

“Stand still, all of you,” said Pilgrim. “Let old Monkey take a walk for you to see.”

Dear Great Sage! In big strides he bounded on to the single-log bridge. Swaying from side to side, he ran across it in no time at all. On the other side he shouted:

“Come across! Come across!”

The Tang Monk waved his hands, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk bit their fingers, all crying, “Hard! Hard! Hard!” Pilgrim dashed back from the other side and pulled at Eight Rules, saying, “Idiot! Follow me! Follow me!” Lying flat on the ground, Eight Rules said, “It’s much too slippery! Much too slippery! Let me go, please! Let me mount the wind and fog to get over there.” Pushing him down, Pilgrim said, “What sort of a place do you think this is that you are permitted to mount wind and fog? Unless you walk across this bridge, you’ll never become a Buddha.”

“O Elder Brother!” said Eight Rules. “It’s okay with me if I don’t become a Buddha. But I’m not going on that bridge!” Right beside the bridge, the two of them started a tug-of-war. Only Sha Monk’s admonitions managed to separate them. Tripitaka happened to turn his head, and he suddenly caught sight of someone punting a boat upstream toward the ferry and crying, “Ahoy! Ahoy!”

Highly pleased, the elder said, “Disciples, stop your frivolity! There’s a boat coming.”

The three of them leaped up and stood still to stare at the boat. When it drew near, they found that it was a small bottomless one.

With his fiery eyes and diamond pupils, Pilgrim at once recognized that the ferryman was in fact the Conductor Buddha, also named the Light of Ratnadhvaja. Without revealing the Buddha’s identity, however, Pilgrim simply said, “Over here! Punt it this way!” Immediately the boatman punted it up to the shore. “Ahoy! Ahoy!” he cried. Terrified by what he saw, Tripitaka said, “How could this bottom-less boat of yours carry anybody?”

The Buddhist Patriarch said, “This boat of mine

*Since creation’s dawn has achieved great fame;
Punted by me, it has e’er been the same.
Upon the wind and wave it’s still secure:
With no end or beginning its joy is sure.
It can return to One, completely clean,
Through ten thousand kalpas a sail serene.
Though bottomless boats may ne’er cross the sea,
This ferries all souls through eternity.”*

Pressing his palms together to thank him, the Great Sage Sun said, “I thank you for your great kindness in coming to receive and lead my master. Master, get on the

boat. Though it is bottomless, it is safe. Even if there are wind and waves, it will not capsize.”

The elder still hesitated, but Pilgrim took him by the shoulder and gave him a shove. With nothing to stand on, that master tumbled straight into the water, but the boatman swiftly pulled him out. As he stood on the side of the boat, the master kept shaking out his clothes and stamping his feet as he grumbled at Pilgrim. Pilgrim, however, helped Sha Monk and Eight Rules to lead the horse and tote the luggage into the boat. As they all stood on the gunwale, the Buddhist Patriarch gently punted the vessel away from shore. All at once they saw a corpse floating down upstream, the sight of which filled the elder with terror.

“Don’t be afraid, Master,” said Pilgrim, laughing. “It’s actually you!”

“It’s you! It’s you!” said Eight Rules also.

Clapping his hands, Sha Monk also said, “It’s you! It’s you!”

Adding his voice to the chorus, the boatman also said, “That’s you! Congratulations! Congratulations!”

Then the three disciples repeated this chanting in unison as the boat was punted across the water. In no time at all, they crossed the Divine Cloud-Transcending Ferry all safe and sound. Only then did Tripitaka turn and skip lightly onto the other shore. We have here a testimonial poem, which says:

*Delivered from their mortal flesh and bone,
A primal spirit of mutual love has grown.
Their work done, they become Buddhas this day,
Free of their former six-six senses’ sway.*

Truly this is what is meant by the profound wisdom and the boundless dharma that enable a person to reach the other shore.

The moment the four pilgrims went ashore and turned around, the boatman and even the bottomless boat had disappeared. Only then did Pilgrim point out that it was the Conductor Buddha, and immediately Tripitaka awoke to the truth. Turning quickly, he thanked his three disciples instead.

Pilgrim said, “We two parties need not thank each other, for we are meant to support each other. We are indebted to our master for our liberation, through which we have found the gateway to merit making, and fortunately we have achieved the right fruit. Our master also has to rely on our protection so that he may be firm in keeping both law and faith to find the happy deliverance from this mortal stock. Master, look at this superb scenery of flowers and grass, pines and bamboos, phoenixes, cranes, and deer. Compared with those places of illusory transformation by monsters and deviates, which ones do you think are pleasant and which ones bad? Which ones are good and which evil?”

Tripitaka expressed his thanks repeatedly as every one of them with lightness and agility walked up the Spirit Mountain. Soon this was the aged Thunderclap Monastery which came into view:

*Its top touches the firmament;
Its root joins the Sumeru range.
Wondrous peaks in rows;
Strange boulders rugged.*

*Beneath the cliffs, jade-grass and jasper-flowers;
 By the path, purple agaric and scented orchid.
 Divine apes plucking fruits in the peach orchard
 Seem like fire-burnished gold;
 White cranes perching on the tips of pine branches
 Resemble mist-shrouded jade.
 phoenixes in pairs—
 Female phoenixes in twos—
 Male phoenixes in pairs
 Make one call facing the sun to bless the world;
 Female phoenixes in twos
 Whose radiant dance in the wind is rarely seen.
 You see too those mandarin duck tiles of lustrous gold,
 And luminous, patterned bricks cornelian-gilt.
 In the east
 And in the west
 Stand rows of scented halls and pearly arches;
 To the north
 And to the south,
 An endless sight of treasure lofts and precious towers.
 The Devarāja Hall emits lambent mists;
 The Dharma-guarding Hall sends forth purple flames.
 The stūpa's clear form;
 The Utpala's fragrance.
 Truly a fine place similar to Heaven
 With lazy clouds to make the day long.
 The causes cease, red dust can't come at all:
 Safe from all kalpas is this great Dharma Hall.*

Footloose and carefree, master and disciples walked to the summit of Mount Spirit, where under a forest of green pines they saw a group of upāsikās and rows of worshippers in the midst of verdant cypresses. Immediately the elder bowed to them, so startling the upāsakas and upāsikās, the monks and the nuns, that they all pressed their palms together, saying, “Sage Monk, you should not render us such homage. Wait till you see Śākyamuni, and then you may come to exchange greetings with us.”

“He is *always* in such a hurry!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “Let’s go to bow to those seated at the top!”

His arms and legs dancing with excitement, the elder followed Pilgrim straight up to the gate of the Thunderclap Monastery. There they were met by the Four Great Vajra Guardians, who said, “Has the sage monk arrived?”

Bending low, Tripitaka said, “Yes, your disciple Xuanzang has arrived.” No sooner had he given this reply than he wanted to go inside. “Please wait a moment, Sage Monk,” said the Vajra Guardians. “Allow us to announce your arrival first before you enter.” One of the Vajra Guardians was asked to report to the other Four Great Vajra Guardians stationed at the second gate, and one of those porters passed the news of the Tang Monk’s arrival to the third gate. Those guarding the third gate happened to be divine monks who served at the great altar. When they heard the news, they quickly went to the Great Hero Hall to announce to Tathāgata, the Most Honored One, also

named Buddha Śākyamuni, “The sage monk from the Tang court has arrived in this treasure monastery. He has come to fetch the scriptures.”

Highly pleased, Holy Father Buddha at once asked the Eight Bodhisattvas, the Four Vajra Guardians, the Five Hundred Arhats, the Three Thousand Guardians, the Eleven Great Orbs, and the Eighteen Guardians of Monasteries to form two rows for the reception.

Then he issued the golden decree to summon in the Tang Monk. Again the word was passed from section to section, from gate to gate:

“Let the sage monk enter.” Meticulously observing the rules of ritual propriety, our Tang Monk walked through the monastery gate with Wukong, Wuneng, and Wujing, still leading the horse and toting the luggage. Thus it was that

*Commissioned that year, a resolve he made
To leave with rescript the royal steps of jade.
The hills he'd climb to face the morning dew
Or rest on a boulder when the twilight fades.
He totes his faith to ford three thousand streams,
His staff trailing o'er endless palisades.
His every thought's bent on seeking right fruit.
Homage to Buddha will this day be paid.*

The four pilgrims, on reaching the Great Hero Treasure Hall, prostrated themselves before Tathāgata. Thereafter, they bowed to all the attendants of Buddha on the left and right. This they repeated three times before kneeling again before the Buddhist Patriarch to present their traveling rescript to him. After reading it carefully, Tathāgata handed it back to Tripitaka, who touched his head to the ground once more to say, “By the decree of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East, your disciple Xuanzang has come to this treasure monastery to beg you for the true scriptures for the redemption of the multitude. I implore the Buddhist Patriarch to vouchsafe his grace and grant me my wish, so that I may soon return to my country.”

To express the compassion of his heart, Tathāgata opened his mouth of mercy and said to Tripitaka, “Your Land of the East belongs to the South Jambūdīpa Continent. Because of your size and your fertile land, your prosperity and population, there is a great deal of greed and killing, lust and lying, oppression and deceit. People neither honor the teachings of Buddha nor cultivate virtuous karma; they neither revere the three lights nor respect the five grains. They are disloyal and unfilial, unrighteous and unkind, unscrupulous and self-deceiving. Through all manners of injustice and taking of lives, they have committed boundless transgressions. The fullness of their iniquities therefore has brought on them the ordeal of hell and sent them into eternal darkness and perdition to suffer the pains of pounding and grinding and of being transformed into beasts. Many of them will assume the forms of creatures with fur and horns; in this manner they will repay their debts by having their flesh made for food for mankind. These are the reasons for their eternal perdition in Avīci without deliverance.

“Though Confucius had promoted his teachings of benevolence, righteousness, ritual, and wisdom, and though a succession of kings and emperors had established such penalties as transportation, banishment, hanging, and beheading, these institutions had little effect on the foolish and the blind, the reckless and the antinomian.

“Now, I have here three baskets of scriptures which can deliver humanity from its afflictions and dispel its calamities. There is one basket of vinaya, which speak of

Heaven; a basket of śāstras, which tell of the Earth; and a basket of sūtras, which redeem the damned.

Altogether these three baskets of scriptures contain thirty-five volumes written in fifteen thousand one hundred and forty-four scrolls.

They are truly the pathway to the realization of immortality and the gate to ultimate virtue. Every concern of astronomy, geography, biography, flora and fauna, utensils, and human affairs within the Four Great Continents of this world is recorded therein. Since all of you have traveled such a great distance to come here, I would have liked to give the entire set to you. Unfortunately, the people of your region are both stupid and headstrong. Mocking the true words, they refuse to recognize the profound significance of our teachings of Śramaṇa.”

Then Buddha turned to call out:

“Ānanda and Kāśyapa, take the four of them to the space beneath the precious tower. Give them a vegetarian meal first. After the maigre, open our treasure loft for them and select a few scrolls from each of the thirty-five divisions of our three canons, so that they may take them back to the Land of the East as a perpetual token of grace.”

The two Honored Ones obeyed and took the four pilgrims to the space beneath the tower, where countless rare dainties and exotic treasures were laid out in a seemingly endless spread. Those deities in charge of offerings and sacrifices began to serve a magnificent feast of divine food, tea, and fruit—viands of a hundred flavors completely different from those of the mortal world. After master and disciples had bowed to give thanks to Buddha, they abandoned themselves to enjoyment. In truth

*Treasure flames, gold beams on their eyes have shined;
Strange fragrance and feed even more refined.
Boundlessly fair the tow'r of gold appears;
There's immortal music that clears the ears.
Such divine fare and flower humans rarely see;
Long life's attained through strange food and fragrant tea.
have they endured a thousand forms of pain.
This day in glory the Way they're glad to gain.*

This time it was Eight Rules who was in luck and Sha Monk who had the advantage, for what the Buddhist Patriarch had provided for their complete enjoyment was nothing less than such viands as could grant them longevity and health and enable them to transform their mortal substance into immortal flesh and bones.

When the four pilgrims had finished their meal, the two Honored Ones who had kept them company led them up to the treasure loft.

The moment the door was opened, they found the room enveloped in a thousand layers of auspicious air and magic beams, in ten thousand folds of colored fog and hallowed clouds. On the sūtra cases and jeweled chests red labels were attached, on which the volumes of the books were written in clerkly script as follows:²

[1] *Nirvāṇa Sūtra*, [748] scrolls

[2] *Ākāśagarbha-bodhisattva-dharmi Sūtra*, [400] scrolls

[3] *Gracious Will Sūtra*, Major Collection, [50] scrolls

2. There are other versions or sequence of this list according to the account of “*Journey to the West*”.

- [4] *Prajñāpāramitā-saṃkaya gāthā Sūtra*, [45] scrolls
- [5] *Homage to Bhūtatathātā Sūtra*, [90] scrolls
- [6] *Anaṣara-granthaka-rocana-garbha Sūtra*, [300] scrolls
- [7] *Vimalakīrti-nirdeśa Sūtra*, [170] scrolls
- [8] *Vajracchedika-prajñāpāramitā Sūtra*, [100] scrolls
- [9] *Buddha-carita-kāvya Sūtra*, [800] scrolls
- [10] *Bodhisattva-piṭaka Sūtra*, [1,021] scrolls
- [11] *Sūraṅgama-samādhi Sūtra*, [110] scrolls
- [12] *Arthaviniścaya-dharmaparyāya Sūtra*, [140] scrolls
- [13] *Avataṃsaka Sūtra*, [500] scrolls
- [14] *Mahāprajñā-pāramitā Sūtra*, [916] scrolls
- [15] *Abūta-dharma Sūtra*, [1,110] scrolls
- [16] *Other Mādhyamika Sūtra*, [270] scrolls
- [17] *Kāśyapa-parivarta Sūtra*, [120] scrolls
- [18] *Pañca-nāga Sūtra*, [32] scrolls
- [19] *Bodhisattva-caryā-nirdeśa Sūtra*, [116] scrolls
- [20] *Magadha Sūtra*, [350] scrolls
- [21] *Māyā-dālamahātantra mahāyāna-gambhīra nāyaguhyā-paraśi Sūtra*, [100] scrolls
- [22] *Western Heaven Śāstra*, [130] scrolls
- [23] *Buddha-kṣetra Sūtra*, [1,950] scrolls
- [24] *Mahāprajñāpāramitā Śāstra*, [1,080] scrolls
- [25] *Original Loft Sūtra*, [850] scrolls
- [26] *Mahāmayūrī-vidyārajñī Sūtra*, [220] scrolls
- [27] *Abhidharma-kośa Śāstra*, [200] scrolls
- [28] *Mahāsaṃghaṭa Sūtra*, [130] scrolls
- [29] *Saddharma-puṇḍarika Sūtra*, [100] scrolls
- [30] *Precious Permanence Sūtra*, [220] scrolls
- [31] *Sāṅghika-vinaya Sūtra*, [157] scrolls
- [32] *Mahāyāna-śraddhotpāda Śāstra*, [1,000] scrolls
- [33] *Precious Authority Sūtra*, [1,280] scrolls
- [34] *Correct Commandment Sūtra*, [200] scrolls
- [35] *Vidyā-mātra-siddhi Śāstra*, [100 scrolls]

After Ānanda and Kāśyapa had shown all the volumes to the Tang Monk, they said to him, “Sage Monk, having come all this distance from the Land of the East, what sort of small gifts have you brought for us? Take them out quickly! We’ll be pleased to hand over the scriptures to you.” On hearing this, Tripitaka said, “Because of the great distance, your disciple, Xuanzang, has not been able to make such preparation.”

“How nice! How nice!” said the two Honored Ones, snickering. “If we imparted the scriptures to you gratis, our posterity would starve to death!” When Pilgrim saw them fidgeting and fussing, refusing to hand over the scriptures, he could not refrain

from yelling, “Master, let’s go tell Tathāgata about this! Let’s make him come himself and hand over the scriptures to old Monkey!”

“Stop shouting!” said Ānanda. “Where do you think you are that you dare indulge in such mischief and waggy? Get over here and receive the scriptures!”

Controlling their annoyance, Eight Rules and Sha Monk managed to restrain Pilgrim before they turned to receive the books. Scroll after scroll were wrapped and laid on the horse. Four additional luggage wraps were bundled up for Eight Rules and Sha Monk to tote, after which the pilgrims went before the jeweled throne again to kowtow and thank Tathāgata. As they walked out the gates of the monastery, they bowed twice whenever they came upon a Buddhist Patriarch or a Bodhisattva. When they reached the main gate, they also bowed to take leave of the priests and nuns, the upāsakas and upāsikās, before descending the mountain. We shall now leave them for the moment.

We tell you now that there was up in the treasure loft the aged Dīpaṃkara, also named the Buddha of the Past, who overheard everything and understood immediately that Ānanda and Kāśyapa had handed over to the pilgrims scrolls of scriptures that were actually wordless. Chuckling to himself, he said, “Most of the priests in the Land of the East are so stupid and blind that they will not recognize the value of these wordless scriptures. When that happens, won’t it have made this long trek of our sage monk completely worthless?”

Then he asked, “Who is here beside my throne?”

The White Heroic Honored One at once stepped forth, and the aged Buddha gave him this instruction:

“You must exercise your magic powers and catch up with the Tang Monk immediately. Take away those wordless scriptures from him, so that he will be forced to return for the true scriptures with words.” Mounting a violent gust of wind, the White Heroic Honored One swept out of the gate of the Thunderclap Monastery. As he called up his vast magic powers, the wind was strong indeed! Truly

*A stalwart Servant of Buddha
Is not like any common wind god;
The wrathful cries of an immortal
Far surpass a young girl’s whistle!
This mighty gust
Causes fishes and dragons to lose their lairs
And angry waves in the rivers and seas.
Black apes find it hard to present their fruits;
Yellow cranes turn around to seek their nests.
The phoenix’s pure cries have lost their songs;
The pheasant’s callings turn most boisterous.
Green pine-branches snap;
Blue lotus-blossoms soar.
Stalk by stalk, verdant bamboos fall;
Petal by petal, gold lotus quakes.
Bell tones drift away to three thousand miles;
The scripture chants o’er countless gorges fly.
Beneath the cliff rare flowers’ colors fade;*

*Fresh, jadelike grasses lie down by the road.
 Phoenixes can't stretch their wings;
 White deer hide on the ledge.
 Vast waves of strange fragrance now fill the world
 As cool, clear breezes penetrate the Heavens.*

The elder Tang was walking along when he encountered this churning fragrant wind. Thinking that this was only an auspicious portent sent by the Buddhist Patriarch, he was completely off guard when, with a loud crack in midair, a hand descended. The scriptures that were loaded on the horse were lifted away with no effort at all. The sight left Tripitaka yelling in terror and beating his breast, while Eight Rules rolled off in pursuit on the ground and Sha Monk stood rigid to guard the empty pannier. Pilgrim Sun vaulted into the air.

When that White Heroic Honored One saw him closing in rapidly, he feared that Pilgrim's rod might strike out blindly without regard for good or ill to cause him injury. He therefore ripped the scriptures open and threw them toward the ground. When Pilgrim saw that the scripture wrappers were torn and their contents scattered all over by the fragrant wind, he lowered the direction of his cloud to go after the books instead and stopped his pursuit. The White Heroic Honored One retrieved the wind and fog and returned to report to the Buddha of the Past.

As Eight Rules sped along, he saw the holy books dropping down from the sky. Soon he was joined by Pilgrim, and the two of them gathered up the scrolls to go back to the Tang Monk. His eyes brimming with tears, the Tang Monk said, "O Disciples! We are bullied by vicious demons even in this land of ultimate bliss!" When Sha Monk opened up a scroll of scripture that the other two disciples were clutching, his eyes perceived only snow-white paper without a trace of so much as half a letter on it.

Hurriedly he presented it to Tripitaka, saying, "Master, this scroll is wordless!" Pilgrim also opened a scroll and it, too, was wordless. Then Eight Rules opened still another scroll, and it was also wordless. "Open all of them!" cried Tripitaka. Every scroll had only blank paper.

Heaving big sighs, the elder said, "Our people in the Land of the East simply have no luck! What good is it to take back a wordless, empty volume like this? How could I possibly face the Tang emperor? The crime of mocking one's ruler is greater than one punishable by execution!"

Already perceiving the truth of the matter, Pilgrim said to the Tang Monk, "Master, there's no need for further talk. This has all come about because we had no gifts for these fellows, Ānanda and Kāśyapa. That's why we were given these wordless texts. Let's go back quickly to Tathāgata and charge them with fraud and solicitation for a bribe."

"Exactly! Exactly!" yelled Eight Rules. "Let's go and charge them!"

The four pilgrims turned and, with painful steps, once more ascended Thunderclap.

In a little while they reached the temple gates, where they were met by the multitude with hands folded in their sleeves. "Has the sage monk returned to ask for an exchange of scriptures?" they asked, laughing. Tripitaka nodded his affirmation, and the Vajra Guardians permitted them to go straight inside. When they arrived before the Great Hero Hall, Pilgrim shouted, "Tathāgata, we master and disciples had to

experience ten thousand stings and a thousand demons in order to come bowing from the Land of the East. After you had specifically ordered the scriptures to be given to us, Ānanda and Kāśyapa sought a bribe from us; when they didn't succeed, they conspired in fraud and deliberately handed over wordless texts to us. Even if we took them, what good would they do? Pardon me, Tathāgata, but you must deal with this matter!"

"Stop shouting!" said the Buddhist Patriarch with a chuckle. "I knew already that the two of them would ask you for a little present.

After all, the holy scriptures are not to be given lightly, nor are they to be received gratis. Some time ago, in fact, a few of our sage priests went down the mountain and recited these scriptures in the house of one Elder Zhao in the Kingdom of Śrāvastī, so that the living in his family would all be protected from harm and the deceased redeemed from perdition. For all that service they managed to charge him only three pecks and three pints of rice. I told them that they had made far too cheap a sale and that their posterity would have no money to spend. Since you people came with empty hands to acquire scriptures, blank texts were handed over to you. But these blank texts are actually true, wordless scriptures, and they are just as good as those with words. However, those creatures in your Land of the East are so foolish and unenlightened that I have no choice but to impart to you now the texts with words."

"Ānanda and Kāśyapa," he then called out, "quickly select for them a few scrolls from each of the volumes of true scriptures with words, and then come back to me to report the total number."

The two Honored Ones again led the four pilgrims to the treasure loft, where they once more demanded a gift from the Tang Monk.

Since he had virtually nothing to offer, Tripitaka told Sha Monk to take out the almsbowl of purple gold. With both hands he presented it to the Honored Ones, saying, "Your disciple in truth has not brought with him any gift, owing to the great distance and my own poverty. This almsbowl, however, was bestowed by the Tang emperor in person, in order that I could use it to beg for my maigre throughout the journey. As the humblest token of my gratitude, I am presenting it to you now, and I beg the Honored Ones to accept it.

When I return to the court and make my report to the Tang emperor, a generous reward will certainly be forthcoming. Only grant us the true scriptures with words, so that His Majesty's goodwill will not be thwarted nor the labor of this lengthy journey be wasted." With a gentle smile, Ānanda took the alms-bowl. All those vīra who guarded the precious towers, the kitchen helpers in charge of sacrifices and incense, and the Honored Ones who worked in the treasure loft began to clap one another on the back and tickle one another on the face. Snapping their fingers and curling their lips, every one of them said, "How shameless! How shameless! Asking the scripture seeker for a present!"

After a while, the two Honored Ones became rather embarrassed, though Ānanda continued to clutch firmly at the almsbowl.

Kāśyapa, however, went into the loft to select the scrolls and handed them item by item to Tripitaka. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "take a good look at these, and make sure that they are not like the earlier ones."

The three disciples examined each scroll as they received it, and this time all the scrolls had words written on them. Altogether they were given five thousand and forty-

eight scrolls, making up the number of a single canon. After being properly packed, the scriptures were loaded onto the horse. An additional load was made for Eight Rules to tote, while their own luggage was toted by Sha Monk. As Pilgrim led the horse, the Tang Monk took up his priestly staff and gave his Vairocana hat a press and his brocade cassock a shake. In delight they once more went before our Buddha Tathāgata. Thus it is that

*Sweet is the taste of the Great Piṭaka,
Product most refined of Tathāgata.
Note how Xuanzang has climbed the mount with pain.
Pity Ānanda who has but love of gain.
Their blindness removed by Buddha of the Past,
The truth now received they have peace at last—
Glad to bring scriptures back to the East,
Where all may partake of this gracious feast.*

Ānanda and Kāśyapa led the Tang Monk before Tathāgata, who ascended the lofty lotus throne. He ordered Dragon-Tamer and Tiger-Subduer, the two arhats, to strike up the cloudy stone-chime to assemble all the divinities, including the three thousand Buddhas, the three thousand guardians, the Eight Vajra Guardians, the five hundred arhats, the eight hundred nuns and priests, the upāsakas and upāsikās, the Honored Ones from every Heaven and cave-dwelling, from every blessed land and spirit mountain. Those who ought to be seated were asked to ascend their treasure thrones, while those who should stand were told to make two columns on both sides. In a moment celestial music filled the air as layers of auspicious luminosity and hallowed mist loomed up in the sky. After all the Buddhas had assembled, they bowed to greet Tathāgata.

Then Tathāgata asked, “Ānanda and Kāśyapa, how many scrolls of scriptures have you passed on to him? Give me an itemized report.”

The two Honored Ones said, “We have turned over to the Tang court the following: ³

- [1] *Nirvāṇa Sūtra*, [400] scrolls
- [2] *Ākāśagarbha-bodhisattva-dharmī Sūtra*, [20] scrolls
- [3] *Gracious Will Sūtra*, Major Collection, [40] scrolls
- [4] *Prajñāpāramitā-saṃkaya gāthā Sūtra*, [20] scrolls
- [5] *Homage to Bhūtatathātā Sūtra*, [20] scrolls
- [6] *Anakṣara-granthaka-rocana-garbha Sūtra*, [50] scrolls
- [7] *Vimalakīrti-nirdeśa Sūtra*, [30] scrolls
- [8] *Vajracchedika-prajñāpāramitā Sūtra*, [1] scroll
- [9] *Buddha-carita-kāvya Sūtra*, [116] scrolls
- [10] *Bodhisattva-piṭaka Sūtra*, [360] scrolls
- [11] *Sūtraṅga-samādhi Sūtra*, [30] scrolls
- [12] *Arthaviniścaya-dharmaparyāya Sūtra*, [40] scrolls
- [13] *Avatamsaka Sūtra*, [81] scrolls

3. There are other versions or sequence of this list according to the account of “Journey to the West”.

- [14] *Mahāprajñā-pāramitā Sūtra*, [600] scrolls
- [15] *Abūta-dharma Sūtra*, [550] scrolls
- [16] *Other Mādhyamika Sūtra*, [42] scrolls
- [17] *Kāśyapa-parivarta Sūtra*, [20] scrolls
- [18] *Pañca-nāga Sūtra*, [20] scrolls
- [19] *Bodhisattva-caryā-nirdeśa Sūtra*, [60] scrolls
- [20] *Magadha Sūtra*, [140] scrolls
- [21] *Māyā-dālamahātānta mahāyāna-gambhīra nāyaguhyā-paraśi Sūtra*, [30] scrolls
- [22] *Western Heaven Śāstra*, [30] scrolls
- [23] *Buddha-kṣetra Sūtra*, [1,638] scrolls
- [24] *Mahāprajñāpāramitā Śāstra*, [90] scrolls
- [25] *Original Loft Sūtra*, [56] scrolls
- [26] *Mahāmayūṛī-vidyārajñī Sūtra*, [14] scrolls
- [27] *Abhidharma-kośa Śāstra*, [10] scrolls
- [28] *Mahāsaṃghaṭṭa Sūtra*, [30] scrolls
- [29] *Saddharma-puṇḍarika Sūtra*, [10] scrolls
- [30] *Precious Permanence Sūtra*, [170] scrolls
- [31] *Sāṅghika-vinaya Sūtra*, no scrolls
- [32] *Mahāyāna-śraddhotpāda Śāstra*, [50] scrolls
- [33] *Precious Authority Sūtra*, [140] scrolls
- [34] *Correct Commandment Sūtra*, [10] scrolls
- [35] *Vidyā-mātra-siddhi Śāstra*, [10] scrolls

From the thirty-five volumes of scriptures that are in the treasury, we have selected altogether five thousand and forty-eight scrolls for the sage monk to take back to the Tang in the Land of the East. Most of these have been properly packed and loaded on the horse, and a few have also been arranged in a pannier. The pilgrims now wish to express their thanks to you.”

Having tethered the horse and set down the poles, Tripitaka led his three disciples to bow to Buddha, each pressing his palms together in front of him. Tathāgata said to the Tang Monk, “The efficacy of these scriptures cannot be measured. Not only are they the mirror of our faith, but they are also the source of the Three Religions. They must not be lightly handled, especially when you return to your South Jambūdvīpa Continent and display them to the multitude. No one should open a scroll without fasting and bathing first.

Treasure them! Honor them! Therein will be found the mysteries of gaining immortality and comprehending the Way, the wondrous formulas for the execution of ten thousand transformations.” Tripitaka kowtowed to thank him and to express his faith and obedience.

As before, he prostrated himself in homage three times to the Buddhist Patriarch with all earnestness and sincerity before he took the scriptures and left. As he went through the three monastery gates, he again thanked each of the sages, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

After he had sent away the Tang Monk, Tathāgata dismissed the assembly for the transmission of scriptures. From one side stepped forth the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who pressed her palms together to say to the Buddhist Patriarch, “This disciple received your golden decree that year to search for someone in the Land of the East to be a scripture seeker. Today he has succeeded. Altogether, his journey took fourteen years, or five thousand and forty days. Eight more days and the perfect canonical number will be attained. Would you permit me to surrender in return your golden decree?”

Highly pleased, Tathāgata said, “What you said is most appropriate. You are certainly permitted to surrender my golden decree.”

He then gave this instruction to the Eight Vajra Guardians:

“Quickly exercise your magic powers to lift the sage monk back to the East. As soon as he has imparted the true scriptures to the people there, bring him back here to the West. You must accomplish all this within eight days, so as to fulfill the perfect canonical number of five thousand and forty-eight. Do not delay.”

The Vajra Guardians at once caught up with the Tang Monk, crying, “Scripture seekers, follow us!”

The Tang Monk and his companions, all with healthy frames and buoyant bodies, followed the Vajra Guardians to rise in the air astride the clouds. Truly

*Their minds enlightened, they bowed to Buddha;
Merit perfected, they ascended on high.*

We do not know how they will pass on the scriptures after they have returned to the Land of the East; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-NINE

*Nine times nine ends the count and Māra's all destroyed
The work of three times three done, the Dao reverts to its root*

We shall not speak of the Eight Vajra Guardians escorting the Tang Monk back to his nation. We turn instead to those Guardians of the Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, and the Guardians of Monasteries, who appeared before the triple gates and said to the Bodhisattva Guanyin, “Your disciples had received the Bodhisattva’s dharma decree to give secret protection to the sage monk. Now that the work of the sage monk is completed, and the Bodhisattva has returned the Buddhist Patriarch’s golden decree to him, we too request permission from the Bodhisattva to return your dharma decree to you.”

Highly pleased also, the Bodhisattva said, “Yes, yes! You have my permission.” Then she asked, “What was the disposition of the four pilgrims during their journey?”

“They showed genuine devotion and determination,” replied the various deities, “which could hardly have escaped the penetrating observation of the Bodhisattva. The Tang Monk, after all, had endured unspeakable sufferings. Indeed, all the ordeals that he had to undergo throughout his journey have been recorded by your disciples. Here is the complete account.” The Bodhisattva started to read the registry from its beginning, and this was the content:

The Guardians in obedience to your decree
Record with care the Tang Monk’s calamities.
Gold Cicada banished is the first ordeal; [chap. 8]
Being almost killed after birth is the second ordeal; [chap. 9]
Being thrown in the river hardly a month old is the third ordeal; [chap. 9]
Seeking parents and their vengeance is the fourth ordeal; [chap. 9]
Meeting a tiger after leaving the city is the fifth ordeal; [chap. 13]
Falling into a pit and losing followers is the sixth ordeal; [chap. 13]
The Double-Fork Ridge is the seventh ordeal; [chap. 13]
The Mountain of Two Frontiers is the eighth ordeal; [chap. 13]
Changing horse at a steep brook is the ninth ordeal; [chap. 15]
Burning by fire at night is the tenth ordeal; [chap. 16]
Losing the cassock is the eleventh ordeal; [chap. 16]
Bringing Eight Rules to submission is the twelfth ordeal; [chaps. 18–19]
blocked by the Yellow Wind Fiend is the thirteenth ordeal; [chap. 20]
Seeking aid with Lingji is the fourteenth ordeal; [chap. 21]
Hard to cross Flowing-Sand is the fifteenth ordeal; [chap. 22]
Taking in Sha Monk is the sixteenth ordeal; [chap. 22]
The Four Sages’ epiphany is the seventeenth ordeal; [chap. 23]
The Five Villages Temple is the eighteenth ordeal; [chap. 24]
The ginseng hard to revive is the nineteenth ordeal; [chap. 26]
Banishing the Mind Monkey is the twentieth ordeal; [chap. 27]

Getting lost at Black Pine Forest is the twenty-first ordeal; ^[chap. 28]
 Sending a letter to Precious Image Kingdom is the twenty-second ordeal; ^[chap. 29]
 Changing into a tiger at the Golden Chimes Hall is the twenty-third ordeal; ^[chap. 30]
 Meeting demons at Level-Top Mountain is the twenty-fourth ordeal; ^[chap. 32]
 Being hung high at Lotus-Flower Cave is the twenty-fifth ordeal; ^[chap. 33]
 Saving the ruler of Black Rooster Kingdom is the twenty-sixth ordeal; ^[chap. 37]
 Running into a demon's transformed body is the twenty-seventh ordeal; ^[chap. 37]
 Meeting a fiend in Roaring Mountain is the twenty-eighth ordeal; ^[chap. 40]
 The sage monk abducted by wind is the twenty-ninth ordeal; ^[chap. 40]
 The Mind Monkey being injured is the thirtieth ordeal; ^[chap. 41]
 Asking the sage to subdue monsters is the thirty-first ordeal; ^[chap. 42]
 Sinking in the Black River is the thirty-second ordeal; ^[chap. 43]
 Hauling at Cart Slow Kingdom is the thirty-third ordeal; ^[chap. 44]
 A mighty contest is the thirty-fourth ordeal; ^[chaps. 45–46]
 Expelling Daoists to prosper Buddhists is the thirty-fifth ordeal; ^[chap. 47]
 Meeting a great water on the road is the thirty-sixth ordeal; ^[chap. 47]
 Falling into the Heaven-Reaching River is the thirty-seventh ordeal; ^[chap. 48]
 The Fish-Basket revealing her body is the thirty-eighth ordeal; ^[chap. 49]
 Meeting a fiend at Golden Helmet Mountain is the thirty-ninth ordeal; ^[chap. 50]
 Heaven's gods find it hard to win is the fortieth ordeal; ^[chaps. 51–52]
 Asking the Buddha for the source is the forty-first ordeal; ^[chap. 52]
 Being poisoned after drinking water is the forty-second ordeal; ^[chap. 53]
 Detained for marriage at Western Liang Kingdom is the forty-third ordeal; ^[chap. 54]
 Suffering at the Cave of the Lute is the forty-fourth ordeal; ^[chap. 55]
 Banishing again the Mind Monkey is the forty-fifth ordeal; ^[chap. 56]
 The macaque hard to distinguish is the forty-sixth ordeal; ^[chaps. 57–58]
 The road blocked at the Mountain of Flames is the forty-seventh ordeal; ^[chap. 59]
 Seeking the palm-leaf fan is the forty-eighth ordeal; ^[chaps. 59–60]
 Binding the demon king is the forty-ninth ordeal; ^[chap. 61]
 Sweeping the pagoda at Sacrifice Kingdom is the fiftieth ordeal; ^[chap. 62]
 Recovering the treasure to save the monks is the fifty-first ordeal; ^[chap. 63]
 Chanting poetry at the Brambled Forest is the fifty-second ordeal; ^[chap. 64]
 Meeting disaster at Little Thunderclap is the fifty-third ordeal; ^[chap. 65]
 The celestial gods being imprisoned is the fifty-fourth ordeal; ^[chap. 66]
 Being blocked by filth at Pulpy Persimmon Alley is the fifty-fifth ordeal; ^[chap. 67]
 Applying medication at the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom is the fifty-sixth ordeal; ^[chaps. 68–69]
 Healing fatigue and infirmity is the fifty-seventh ordeal; ^[chaps. 68–69]
 Subduing monster to recover a queen is the fifty-eighth ordeal; ^[chaps. 69–71]
 Delusion by the seven passions is the fifty-ninth ordeal; ^[chap. 72]
 Being wounded by Many Eyes is the sixtieth ordeal; ^[chap. 73]
 The way blocked at the Lion-Camel Kingdom is the sixty-first ordeal; ^[chaps. 74–75]

The fiends divided into three colors is the sixty-second ordeal; [chaps. 74–77]
 Meeting calamity in the city is the sixty-third ordeal; [chaps. 76–77]
 Requesting Buddha to subdue the demons is the sixty-fourth ordeal; [chap. 77]
 Rescuing the lads at Bhikṣu is the sixty-fifth ordeal; [chap. 78]
 Distinguishing the true from the deviate is the sixty-sixth ordeal; [chap. 79]
 Saving a fiend at a pine forest is the sixty-seventh ordeal; [chap. 80];
 Falling sick in a priestly chamber is the sixty-eighth ordeal; [chap. 81]
 Being imprisoned at the Bottomless Cave is the sixty-ninth ordeal; [chaps. 81–83]
 Difficulty in going through Dharma-Destroying Kingdom is the seventieth ordeal; [chap. 84]
 Meeting demons at Mist-Concealing Mountain is the seventy-first ordeal; [chaps. 85–86]
 Seeking rain at Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture is the seventy-second ordeal; [chap. 87]
 Losing their weapons is the seventy-third ordeal; [chap. 88]
 The festival of the rake is the seventy-fourth ordeal; [chap. 89]
 disaster at Bamboo-Knot Mountain is the seventy-fifth ordeal; [chap. 90]
 Suffering at Mysterious Flower Cave is the seventy-sixth ordeal; [chap. 91]
 Capturing the rhinoceroses is the seventy-seventh ordeal; [chap. 92]
 Being forced to marry at India is the seventy-eighth ordeal; [chaps. 93–95]
 Jailed at Bronze Estrade Prefecture is the seventy-ninth ordeal; [chap. 97]
 Delivered of mortal stock at Cloud-Transcending Ferry is the eightieth ordeal; [chap. 98]
 The journey: one hundred and eight thousand miles.
 The sage monk's ordeals are clearly on file.

After the Bodhisattva had read through the entire registry of ordeals, she said hurriedly, “Within our gate of Buddhism, nine times nine is the crucial means by which one returns to perfection. The sage monk has undergone eighty ordeals. Because one ordeal, therefore, is still lacking, the sacred number is not yet complete.”

At once she gave this order to one of the Guardians: “Catch the Vajra Guardians and create one more ordeal.”

Having received this command, the Guardian soared toward the east astride the clouds. After a night and a day he caught the Vajra Guardians and whispered in their ears, “Do this and this . . . ! Don't fail to obey the dharma decree of the Bodhisattva.” On hearing these words, the Eight Vajra Guardians immediately retrieved the wind that had borne aloft the four pilgrims, dropping them and the horse bearing the scriptures to the ground. Alas! Truly such is

Nine times nine, hard task of immortality!
Firmness of will yields the mysterious key.
By bitter toil you must the demons spurn;
Cultivation will the proper way return.
Regard not the scriptures as easy things.
So many are the sage monk's sufferings!
Learn of the old, wondrous Kinship of the Three:
Elixir won't gel if there's slight errancy.

When his feet touched profane ground, Tripitaka became terribly frightened. Eight Rules, however, roared with laughter, saying, “Good! Good! Good! This is exactly a case of ‘More haste, less speed’!”

“Good! Good! Good!” said Sha Monk. “Because we’ve speeded up too much, they want us to take a little rest here.”

“Have no worry,” said the Great Sage. “As the proverb says,

For ten days you sit on the shore;

In one day you may pass nine beaches.”

“Stop matching your wits, you three!” said Tripitaka. “Let’s see if we can tell where we are.” Looking all around, Sha Monk said, “I know the place! I know the place! Master, listen to the sound of water!”

Pilgrim said, “The sound of water, I suppose, reminds you of your ancestral home.”

“Which is the Flowing-Sand River,” said Eight Rules.

“No! No!” said Sha Monk. “This happens to be the Heaven-Reaching River.”

Tripitaka said, “O Disciples! Take a careful look and see which side of the river we’re on.” Vaulting into the air, Pilgrim shielded his eyes with his hand and took a careful survey of the place before dropping down once more.

“Master,” he said, “this is the west bank of the Heaven-Reaching River.”

“Now I remember,” said Tripitaka. “There was a Chen Village on the east bank. When we arrived here that year, you rescued their son and daughter. In their gratitude to us, they wanted to make a boat to take us across. Eventually we were fortunate enough to get across on the back of a white turtle. I recall, too, that there was no human habitation whatever on the west bank. What shall we do this time?”

“I thought that only profane people would practice this sort of fraud,” said Eight Rules.

“Now I know that even the Vajra Guardians before the face of Buddha can practice fraud! Buddha commanded them to take us back east. How could they just abandon us in midjourney? Now we’re in quite a bind! How are we going to get across?”

“Stop grumbling, Second Elder Brother!” said Sha Monk. “Our master has already attained the Way, for he had already been delivered from his mortal frame previously at the Cloud-Transcending Ferry. This time he can’t possibly sink in water. Let’s all of us exercise our magic of Displacement and take Master across.”

“You can’t take him over! You can’t take him over!” said Pilgrim, chuckling to himself. Now, why did he say that? If he were willing to exercise his magic powers and reveal the mystery of flight, master and disciples could cross even a thousand rivers. He knew, however, that the Tang Monk had not yet perfected the sacred number of nine times nine. That one remaining ordeal made it necessary for them to be detained at the spot.

As master and disciples conversed and walked slowly up to the edge of the water, they suddenly heard someone calling, “Tang Sage Monk! Tang Sage Monk! Come this way! Come this way!” Startled, the four of them looked all around but could not see any sign of a human being or a boat. Then they caught sight of a huge, white, scabby-headed turtle at the shoreline. “Old Master,” he cried with outstretched neck, “I have waited for you for so many years! Have you returned only at this time?”

“Old Turtle,” replied Pilgrim, smiling, “we troubled you in a year past, and today we meet again.”

Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk could not have been more pleased. “If indeed you want to serve us,” said Pilgrim, “come up on the shore.” The turtle crawled up the bank. Pilgrim told his companions to guide the horse onto the turtle’s back. As before, Eight Rules squatted at the rear of the horse, while the Tang Monk and Sha Monk took up positions to the left and to the right of the horse. With one foot on the turtle’s head and another on his neck, Pilgrim said, “Old Turtle, go steadily.”

His four legs outstretched, the old turtle moved through the water as if he were on dry level ground, carrying all five of them— master, disciples, and the horse— straight toward the eastern shore. Thus it is that

*In Advaya’s gate will Dharma profound
Reveal Heav’n and Earth and demons confound.
The original visage now they see;
Causes find perfection in one body.
Freely they move when Triyāna’s won,
And when the elixir’s nine turns are done.
The luggage and the staff there’s no need to tote,
Glad to return on old turtle afloat.*

Carrying the pilgrims on his back, the old turtle trod on the waves and proceeded for more than half a day. Late in the afternoon they were near the eastern shore when he suddenly asked this question: “Old Master, in that year when I took you across, I begged you to question Tathāgata, once you got to see him, when I would find my sought-after refuge and how much longer would I live. Did you do that?”

Now, that elder, since his arrival at the Western Heaven, had been preoccupied with bathing in the Jade Perfection Abbey, being renewed at Cloud-Transcending Ferry, and bowing to the various sage monks, Bodhisattvas, and Buddhas. When he walked up the Spirit Mountain, he fixed his thought on the worship of Buddha and on the acquisition of scriptures, completely banishing from his mind all other concerns. He did not, of course, ask about the allotted age of the old turtle. Not daring to lie, however, he fell silent and did not answer the question for a long time.

Perceiving that Tripitaka had not asked the Buddha for him, the old turtle shook his body once and dove with a splash into the depths. The four pilgrims, the horse, and the scriptures all fell into the water as well. Ah! It was fortunate that the Tang Monk had cast off his mortal frame and attained the Way. If he were like the person he had been before, he would have sunk straight to the bottom. The white horse, moreover, was originally a dragon, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk both were quite at home in the water. Smiling broadly, Pilgrim made a great display of his magic powers by hauling the Tang Monk right out of the water and onto the eastern shore. But the scriptures, the clothing, and the saddle were completely soaked.

Master and disciples had just climbed up the riverbank when suddenly a violent gale arose; the sky darkened immediately and both thunder and lightning began as rocks and grit flew everywhere. What they felt was

*One gust of wind
And the whole world teetered;
One clap of thunder
And both mountains and streams shuddered.*

*One flash of lightning
 Shot flames through the clouds;
 One sky of fog
 Enveloped this great Earth.
 The wind's mighty howl;
 The thunder's violent roar;
 The lightning's scarlet streaks;
 The fog blanking moon and stars.
 The wind hurtled dust and dirt at their faces;
 The thunder sent tigers and leopards into hiding;
 The lightning raised among the fowl a ruckus;
 The fog made the woods and trees disappear.
 That wind caused waves in the Heaven- Reaching River to toss and churn;
 That lightning lit up the Heaven- Reaching River down to its bottom;
 That thunder terrified the Heaven- Reaching River's dragons and fishes;
 That fog covered the shores of Heaven- Reaching River with a shroud of darkness.
 Marvelous wind!
 Mountains cracked as pines and bamboos toppled.
 Marvelous thunder!
 Its power stirred insects and injured humans.
 Marvelous lightning!
 Like a gold snake it brightened both land and sky.
 Marvelous fog!
 It surged through the air to screen the Ninefold Heaven.*

So terrified were the pilgrims that Tripitaka held firmly to the scripture wraps and Sha Monk threw himself on the poles. While Eight Rules clung to the white horse, Pilgrim wielded his iron rod with both hands to give protection left and right. That wind, fog, thunder, and lightning, you see, had been a storm brought on by invisible demons, who wanted to snatch away the scriptures the pilgrims had acquired. The commotion lasted all night, and only by morning did the storm subside. Soaked from top to bottom and shaking all over, the elder said, “Wukong, how did this storm come about?”

“Master, you don’t seem to understand,” said Pilgrim, panting heavily, “that when we escorted you to acquire these scriptures, we had, in fact, robbed Heaven and Earth of their creative powers. For our success meant that we could share the age of the universe; like the light of the sun and moon, we would enjoy life everlasting for we had put on an incorruptible body. Our success, however, had also incurred the envy of Heaven and Earth, the jealousy of both demons and gods, who wanted to snatch away the scriptures from us. They could not do so only because the scriptures were thoroughly wet and because they had been shielded by your rectified dharma-body, which could not be harmed by thunder, lightning, or fog. Moreover, old Monkey was brandishing his iron rod to exercise the nature of pure yang and give you protection. Now that it is morning, the forces of yang are evermore in ascendancy, and the demons cannot prevail.”

Only then did Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk realize what had taken place, and they all thanked Pilgrim repeatedly. In a little while, the sun was way up in the sky, and they moved the scriptures to high ground so that the wraps could be opened and their contents dried. To this day the boulders have remained on which the scriptures

were spread out and sunned. By the side of the boulders they also spread out their own clothing and shoes. As they stood, sat, or jumped about, truly this was their situation:

*The one pure yang body facing the light
Has put invisible demons all to flight.
Know that true scriptures will o'er water prevail.
They fear not the thunder-and-lightning assail.
Henceforth to Sambodhi they'll go in peace,
And to fairy land they'll return with ease.
Rocks for sunning scriptures are still found here,
Though no demon would ever dare come near.*

The four of them were examining the scriptures scroll by scroll to see if they had completely dried when some fishermen arrived at the shore. When they saw the pilgrims, one of the fishermen recognized them and said, "Old Masters, aren't you the ones who crossed this river some years ago on your way to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures?"

"Indeed, we are!" replied Eight Rules. "Where are you from? How is it that you recognize us?"

"We are from the Chen Village," said the fisherman. "How far is the village from here?" asked Eight Rules.

The fisherman said, "Due south of this canal, about twenty miles."

"Master," said Eight Rules, "let's move the scriptures to the Chen Village and dry them there. They have a place for us to sit and food for us to eat. We can even ask their family to starch our clothing. Isn't that better than staying here?"

"Let's not go there," replied Tripitaka. "As soon as the scriptures are dried here, we can collect them and be on our way."

The fishermen, however, went back south of the canal and ran right into Chen Cheng. "Number Two," they cried, "the masters who offered themselves as sacrifice-substitutes for your children years ago have returned."

"Where did you see them?" asked Chen Cheng.

Pointing with their hands, the fishermen said, "Near the boulders over there, where they're sunning scrolls of scriptures."

Chen Cheng took some of his farmhands and ran past the canal. When he caught sight of the pilgrims, he hurriedly went to his knees and said, "Venerable Fathers, now that you have returned, having accomplished your work and merit of acquiring scriptures, why did you not come straight to our home? Why are you loitering here instead? Please, please come to our home!"

"Wait till we've dried the scriptures in the sun," said Pilgrim, "and we'll go with you."

"How is it," asked Chen Cheng again, "that the clothing and scriptures of the venerable fathers are soaking wet?"

"In that previous year," replied Tripitaka, "we were indebted to a white turtle for taking us on his back to the western shore. This time he again offered to carry us back to the eastern shore. When we were about to reach the bank, he asked me whether I had remembered to inquire of Buddha for him about how much longer it would take for him

to achieve human form. I had actually forgotten about the matter, and he dove into the water. That was how we got wet.”

After Tripitaka had thus given a thorough account of what had taken place, Chen Cheng kowtowed and urged them to go back to the house. At length Tripitaka gave in, and they began to collect the scriptures together. They did not expect, however, that several scrolls of the *Buddha-carita-kāvya Sūtra* would be stuck to the rocks, and a part of the sūtra’s ending was torn off. This is why the sūtra today is not a complete text, and the top of that particular boulder on which the sūtra had dried still retains some traces of writing. “We’ve been very careless!” said Tripitaka sorrowfully. “We should have been more vigilant.”

“Hardly! Hardly!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “After all, even Heaven and Earth are not perfect. This sūtra may have been perfect, but a part of it has been torn off precisely because only in that condition will it correspond to the profound mystery of non-perfection. What happened isn’t something human power could anticipate or change!” After master and disciples had finished packing up the scriptures, they headed for the village with Chen Cheng.

The news of the pilgrims’ arrival was passed from one person to ten, from ten to a hundred, and from a hundred to a thousand, till all the people, old and young, came to receive them. When Chen Qing got the news, he immediately set up an incense altar in front of his door and called for drummers and musicians to play. The moment they arrived, Chen led his entire household to kowtow to the pilgrims so as to thank them once more for their previous kindness of saving their children. Then he ordered tea and maigre for them.

Since Tripitaka had partaken of the immortal victuals prepared for him by the Buddhist Patriarch, and since he had been delivered from his mortal frame to become a Buddha, he had no desire at all for profane food. The two old men begged and begged, and only to please them did he pick up the merest morsel. The Great Sage Sun, who never ate much cooked food anyway, said almost immediately, “Enough!” Sha Monk did not show much appetite either. As for Eight Rules, even he did not resemble his former self, for he soon put down his bowl.

“Idiot, aren’t you eating anymore?” asked Pilgrim.

“I don’t know why,” said Eight Rules, “but my stomach seems to have weakened all at once!” They therefore put away the food, and the two old men asked about the enterprise of scripture seeking. Tripitaka gave a thorough account of how they bathed at the Jade Perfection Abbey first, how their bodies turned light and agile at the Cloud-Transcending Ferry, how they bowed to Tathāgata at Thunderclap, and how they were feted beneath the precious tower and received scriptures at the treasure loft. He then went on to tell how the two Honored Ones, failing to obtain a gift at first, gave them wordless scriptures instead, how the second audience with Tathāgata had resulted in acquiring a canonical sum of scriptures, how the white turtle dove into the water, and how invisible demons tried to rob them. After this detailed rehearsal, he immediately wanted to leave.

The entire household of the two old men, of course, absolutely refused to let them go. “We could never have repaid,” they said, “your profound kindness in saving the lives of our son and daughter except by building a temple to your memory. We have named it the Life-Saving Monastery so that we might offer you the perpetual sacrifice of incense.”

Then they called Chen Guanbao and One Load of Gold, the son and daughter for whom Pilgrim and Eight Rules originally served as substitutes on that occasion of child sacrifice, to come out to kowtow again to their benefactors before they invited the pilgrims to view the monastery.

Leaving the scripture-wraps in front of their family hall, Tripitaka recited a scroll of the *Precious Permanence Sūtra* for their entire household. When they reached the monastery, food had already been laid out there by the Chen family. Hardly had they been seated than another banquet was sent in by another family. Before they could even raise their chopsticks, still another banquet was brought in.

There seemed, in fact, to be an unending stream of visitors and food vying for the pilgrims' attention. Not wishing to decline such sincere display of the people's hospitality, Tripitaka forced himself to make some show of tasting what was set before him. That monastery, by the way, was a handsome building indeed.

*The temple's bright red-painted doors
Reflect the work of all donors.
From that moment one edifice would rise
With two porticoes adding to its size.
Screens and casements scarlet;
Seven treasures exquisite.
Incense and clouds interlace
As pure light floods the airy space.
A few young cypresses need water still:
Pines have yet to form clusters on the hill.
A living stream in front
Reaches Heaven with its tossing billows;
A tall ridge behind,
The mountain range through which the earth pulse flows.*

After he had looked at the monastery from the outside, Tripitaka then went up to the tall tower, where he found the four statues of himself and his disciples.

When Eight Rules saw these, he gave Pilgrim a tug and said, "Your statue looks very much like you!"

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "yours has great resemblance, too. But Master's seems to look even more handsome."

"It's about right! It's about right!" said Tripitaka, and they descended the tower. In the front hall and the rear corridor, more vegetarian dishes were laid out for them.

Pilgrim asked the Chens, "Whatever happened to the shrine of that Great King?"

"It was pulled down that very year," replied the two old men. "Since this monastery was built, Venerable Father, we have been enjoying a rich harvest every year. This has to be the blessing you bestowed on us."

"It's actually the gift of Heaven!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "We have nothing to do with it. But after we leave this time, we shall try to give you all the protection we can, so that the families of your entire village may enjoy abundant posterity, the peaceful births of the six beasts, and annually wind and rain in due season." All the people kowtowed again to express their thanks.

Before and behind the monastery, there seemed to have gathered a numberless crowd all wanting to offer fruits and maigre to their benefactors. With a giggle Eight Rules said, "It's just my lousy luck! At the time when I could eat, there wasn't a single household that would give me ten meals. Today I have no appetite, but one family after another is pressing me with invitations."

Though he felt stuffed, he raised his hands slightly and once more devoured eight or nine platters of vegetarian food. Though he claimed his stomach had weakened, he nonetheless put away twenty or thirty buns. The pilgrims all ate to their fullest capacity, but still there were other households waiting to invite them. "What contribution have these disciples made," said Tripitaka, "that we should receive such great outpouring of your affection? I beg you all to call a halt tonight. Wait till tomorrow and we shall be glad to be the recipients again."

It was already deep in the night. As he wanted to guard the true scriptures, Tripitaka dared not leave. He remained seated below the tower and meditated, so as to watch his possessions. By about the hour of the third watch, Tripitaka whispered, "Wukong, the people here have already perceived that we have finished our enterprise and attained the Way. As the ancients put it,

*The adept does not show himself;
He who shows himself is no adept.*

If they detain us too long, I fear that we may lose out in our main enterprise."

"What you say is quite right, Master," replied Pilgrim. "While it is still deep in the night and people are all sound asleep, let us leave quietly." Eight Rules now had become quite alert, and Sha Monk was most understanding. Even the white horse seemed to know their thoughts. They all arose, silently loaded the packs on the saddle, took up the poles, and toted their belongings through the corridor.

When they reached the monastery gate, they found it padlocked. Using his magic, Pilgrim opened the locks on both the second-level gate and the main gate. As they were searching for the way toward the East, a voice rang out in midair. "You who are fleeing," cried the Eight Vajra Guardians, "follow us!" As the elder smelled a strange fragrance, he rose with the others into the wind. Truly

*Elixir formed, he knows the original face;
His healthy frame, natural and free, bows to his lord.*

We do not know how he finally managed to see the Tang emperor; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

ONE HUNDRED

*They return to the Land of the East
Five sages become perfected*

Let us not say anything more about how the four pilgrims departed by mounting the wind with the Vajra Guardians. We tell you instead about the multitude in the Life-Saving Monastery at the Chen Village, who rose at dawn and went at once to offer fruits and other food to their benefactors. When they arrived at the space beneath the tower, however, they found that the Tang Monk had disappeared.

Thereupon all of them hunted everywhere, but without success. They were so upset that they did not quite know what to do except to wail aloud, “We have allowed a Living Buddha to walk away!”

After a while, the entire household realized that they had no better alternative than to pile all the food and gifts on the altar up in the tower and offer them as sacrifices along with the burning of paper cash. Thereafter they made four great sacrifices and twenty-four smaller ones each year. Moreover, those who wanted to pray for healing, for safety on a journey, for the gift of a spouse, for wealth or children, and to make a vow appeared daily at every hour to present their offerings and incense. Truly,

*The gold censer continued a thousand years’ fire;
The jade chalice brightened with an eternal lamp.*

In that condition we shall leave them.

We tell you now instead about the Eight Vajra Guardians, who employed the second gust of fragrant wind to carry the four pilgrims back to the Land of the East. In less than a day, the capital, Chang’an, gradually came into view. That Emperor Taizong, you see, had escorted the Tang Monk out of the city three days before the full moon in the ninth month of the thirteenth year of the Zhenguan reign period. By the sixteenth year, he had already asked the Bureau of Labor to erect a Scripture-Watch Tower outside the Western-Peace Pass to receive the holy books. Each year Taizong would go personally to that place for a visit. It so happened that he had gone again to the tower that day when he caught sight of a sky full of auspicious mists drifting near from the West, and he noticed at the same time strong gusts of fragrant wind.

Halting in midair, the Vajra Guardians cried, “Sage Monk, this is the city Chang’an. It’s not convenient for us to go down there, for the people of this region are quite intelligent, and our true identity may become known to them. Even the Great Sage Sun and his two companions needn’t go; you yourself may go, hand over the scriptures, and return at once. We’ll wait for you in the air so that we may all go back to report to Buddha.”

“What the Honored Ones say may be most appropriate,” said the Great Sage, “but how could my master tote all those scriptures? How could he lead the horse at the same time? We will have to escort him down there. May we trouble you to wait a while in the air? We dare not tarry.”

“When the Bodhisattva Guanyin spoke to Tathāgata the other day,” said the Vajra Guardians, “she assured him that the whole trip should take only eight days, so that the canonical number would be fulfilled. It’s already more than four days now. We

fear that Eight Rules might become so enamored of the riches down below that we will not be able to meet our appointed schedule.”

“When Master attains Buddhahood,” said Eight Rules, chuckling, “I, too, will attain Buddhahood. How could I become enamored of riches down below? Stupid old ruffians! Wait for me here, all of you! As soon as we have handed over the scriptures, I’ll return with you and be canonized.” Idiot took up the pole, Sha Monk led the horse, and Pilgrim supported the sage monk. Lowering their cloud, they dropped down beside the Scripture-Watch Tower.

When Taizong and his officials saw them, they all descended the tower to receive them. “Has the royal brother returned?” asked the emperor. The Tang Monk immediately prostrated himself, but he was raised by the emperor’s own hands. “Who are these three persons?” asked the emperor once more.

“They are my disciples made during our journey,” replied the Tang Monk. Highly pleased, Taizong at once ordered his attendants, “Saddle one of our chariot horses for our royal brother to ride. We’ll go back to the court together.”

The Tang Monk thanked him and mounted the horse, closely followed by the Great Sage wielding his golden-hooped rod and by Eight Rules and Sha Monk toting the luggage and supporting the other horse. The entire entourage thus entered together the city of Chang’an. Truly

*A banquet of peace was held years ago.
When lords, civil and martial, made a grand show.
A priest preached the law in a great event;
From Golden Chimes the king his subject sent.
Tripitaka was given a royal rescript,
For Five Phases matched the cause of holy script.
Through bitter smelting all demons were purged.
Merit done, they now on the court converged.*

The Tang Monk and his three disciples followed the throne into the court, and soon there was not a single person in the city of Chang’an who had not learned of the scripture seekers’ return.

We tell you now about those priests, young and old, of the Temple of Great Blessing, which was also the old residence of the Tang Monk in Chang’an. That day they suddenly discovered that the branches of a few pine trees within the temple gate were pointing eastward. Astonished, they cried, “Strange! Strange! There was no strong wind to speak of last night. Why are all the tops of these trees twisted in this manner?”

One of the former disciples of Tripitaka said, “Quickly, let’s get our proper clerical garb. The old master who went away to acquire scriptures must have returned.”

“How do you know that?” asked the other priests.

“At the time of his departure,” the old disciple said, “he made the remark that he might be away for two or three years, or for six or seven years. Whenever we noticed that these pine-tree tops were pointing to the east, it would mean that he has returned. Since my master spoke the holy words of a true Buddha, I know that the truth has been confirmed this day.”

They put on their clothing hurriedly and left; by the time they reached the street to the west, people were already saying that the scripture seeker had just arrived and

been received into the city by His Majesty. When they heard the news, the various monks dashed forward and ran right into the imperial chariot. Not daring to approach the emperor, they followed the entourage instead to the gate of the court. The Tang Monk dismounted and entered the court with the emperor. The dragon horse, the scripture packs, Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk were all placed beneath the steps of jade, while Taizong commanded the royal brother to ascend the hall and take a seat.

After thanking the emperor and taking his seat, the Tang Monk asked that the scripture scrolls be brought up. Pilgrim and his companions handed them over to the imperial attendants, who presented them in turn to the emperor for inspection. “How many scrolls of scriptures are there,” asked Taizong, “and how did you acquire them?”

“When your subject arrived at the Spirit Mountain and bowed to the Buddhist Patriarch,” replied Tripitaka, “he was kind enough to ask Ānanda and Kāśyapa, the two Honored Ones, to lead us to the precious tower first for a meal. Then we were brought to the treasure loft, where the scriptures were bestowed on us. Those Honored Ones asked for a gift, but we were not prepared and did not give them any. They gave us some scriptures anyway, and after thanking the Buddhist Patriarch, we headed east, but a monstrous wind snatched away the scriptures. My humble disciple fortunately had a little magic power; he gave chase at once, and the scriptures were thrown and scattered all over. When we unrolled the scrolls, we saw that they were all wordless, blank texts. Your subjects in great fear went again to bow and plead before Buddha. The Buddhist Patriarch said, *‘When these scriptures were created, some Bhikṣu sage monks left the monastery and recited some scrolls for one Elder Zhao in the Śrāvastī Kingdom. As a result, the living members of that family were granted safety and protection, while the deceased attained redemption. For such great service they only managed to ask the elder for three pecks and three pints of rice and a little gold. I told them that it was too cheap a sale, and that their descendants would have no money to spend.’* Since we learned that even the Buddhist Patriarch anticipated that the two Honored Ones would demand a gift, we had little choice but to offer them that alms-bowl of purple gold that Your Majesty had bestowed on me. Only then did they willingly turn over the true scriptures with writing to us. There are thirty-five titles of these scriptures, and several scrolls were selected from each title. Altogether, there are now five thousand and forty-eight scrolls, the number of which makes up one canonical sum.”

More delighted than ever, Taizong gave this command: “Let the Court of Imperial Entertainments prepare a banquet in the East Hall so that we may thank our royal brother.” Then he happened to notice Tripitaka’s three disciples standing beneath the steps, all with extraordinary looks, and he therefore asked, “Are your noble disciples foreigners?”

Prostrating himself, the elder said, “My eldest disciple has the surname of Sun, and his religious name is Wukong. Your subject also addresses him as Pilgrim Sun. He comes from the Water Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain, located in the Aolai Country in the East Pūrvavideha Continent. Because he caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, he was imprisoned in a stone box by the Buddhist Patriarch and pressed beneath the Mountain of Two Frontiers in the region of the Western barbarians. Thanks to the admonitions of the Bodhisattva Guanyin, he was converted to Buddhism and became my disciple when I freed him. Throughout my journey I relied heavily on his protection.

“My second disciple has the surname of Zhu, and his religious name is Wuneng. Your subject also addresses him as Zhu Eight Rules. He comes from the Cloudy Paths

Cave of Fuling Mountain. He was playing the fiend at the Old Gao Village of Qoco when the admonitions of the Bodhisattva and the power of the Pilgrim caused him to become my disciple. He made his merit on our journey by toting the luggage and helping us to ford the waters.

“My third disciple has the surname of Sha, and his religious name is Wujing. Your subject also addresses him as Sha Monk. Originally he was a fiend at the Flowing-Sand River. Again the admonitions of the Bodhisattva persuaded him to take the vows of Buddhism. By the way, the horse is not the one my Lord bestowed on me.”

Taizong said, “The color and the coat seem all the same. Why isn’t it the same horse?”

“When your subject reached the Eagle Grief Stream in the Serpent Coil Mountain and tried to cross it,” replied Tripitaka, “the original horse was devoured by this horse. Pilgrim managed to learn from the Bodhisattva that this horse was originally the prince of the Dragon King of the Western Ocean. Convicted of a crime, he would have been executed had it not been for the intervention of the Bodhisattva, who ordered him to be the steed of your subject. It was then that he changed into a horse with exactly the same coat as that of my original mount. I am greatly indebted to him for taking me over mountains and summits and through the most treacherous passages. Whether it be carrying me on my way there or bearing the scriptures upon our return, we are much beholden to his strength.”

On hearing these words, Taizong complimented him profusely before asking again, “This long trek to the Western Region, exactly how far is it?”

Tripitaka said, “I recall that the Bodhisattva told us that the distance was a hundred and eight thousand miles. I did not make a careful record on the way. All I know is that we have experienced fourteen seasons of heat and cold. We encountered mountains and ridges daily; the forests we came upon were not small, and the waters we met were wide and swift. We also went through many kingdoms, whose rulers had affixed their seals and signatures on our document.” Then he called out: “Disciples, bring up the travel rescript and present it to our Lord.”

It was handed over immediately. Taizong took a look and realized that the document had been issued on the third day before the full moon, in the ninth month of the thirteenth year during the Zhenguan reign period.

Smiling, Taizong said, “We have caused you the trouble of taking a long journey. This is now the twenty-seventh year of the Zhenguan period!”

The travel rescript bore the seals of the Precious Image Kingdom, the Black Rooster Kingdom, the Cart Slow Kingdom, the Kingdom of Women in Western Liang, the Sacrifice Kingdom, the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom, the Bhikṣu Kingdom, the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom. There were also the seals of the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture, the Jade-Flower County, and the Gold-Level Prefecture. After reading through the document, Taizong put it away.

Soon the officer in attendance to the throne arrived to invite them to the banquet. As the emperor took the hand of Tripitaka and walked down the steps of the hall, he asked once more, “Are your noble disciples familiar with the etiquette of the court?”

“My humble disciples,” replied Tripitaka, “all began their careers as monsters deep in the wilds or a mountain village, and they have never been instructed in the etiquette of China’s sage court. I beg my Lord to pardon them.”

Smiling, Taizong said, “We won’t blame them! We won’t blame them! Let’s all go to the feast set up in the East Hall.”

Tripitaka thanked him once more before calling for his three disciples to join them. Upon their arrival at the hall, they saw that the opulence of the great nation of China was indeed different from all ordinary kingdoms. You see

*The doorway o’erhung with brocade.
 The floor adorned with red carpets,
 The whirls of exotic incense,
 And fresh victuals most rare.
 The amber cups
 And crystal goblets
 Are gold-trimmed and jade-set;
 The gold platters
 And white-jade bowls
 Are patterned and silver-rimmed.
 The tubers thoroughly cooked,
 The taros sugar-coated;
 Sweet, lovely butt on mushrooms,
 Unusual, pure seaweeds.
 Bamboo shoots, ginger-spiced, are served a few times;
 Malva leaves, honey-drenched, are mixed several ways.
 Wheat-glutens fried with xiangchun leaves:
 Wood-ears cooked with bean-curd skins.
 Rock ferns and fairy plants;
 Fern flour and dried wei-leaves.
 Radishes cooked with Sichuan peppercorns;
 Melon strands stirred with mustard powder.
 These few vegetarian dishes are so-so,
 But the many rare fruits quite steal the show!
 Walnuts and persimmons,
 Lung-ans and lychees.
 The chestnuts of Yizhou and Shandong’s dates;
 The South’s ginko fruits and hare-head pears.
 Pine-seeds, lotus-seeds, and giant grapes;
 melon seeds, and water chestnuts.
 “Chinese olives” and wild apples;
 Crabapples and Pyrus-pears;
 Tender stalks and young lotus roots;
 plums and “Chinese strawberries.”
 Not one species is missing;
 Not one kind is wanting.
 There are, moreover, the steamed mille-feuilles, honeyed pastries, and fine viands;
 And there are also the lovely wines, fragrant teas, and strange dainties.
 An endless spread of one hundred flavors, true noble fare.
 Western barbarians with great China can never compare!*

Master and three disciples were grouped together with the officials, both civil and military, on both sides of the emperor Taizong, who took the seat in the middle. The

dancing and the music proceeded in an orderly and solemn manner, and in this way they enjoyed themselves thoroughly for one whole day. Truly

*The royal banquet rivals the sage kings':
True scriptures acquired bring excess blessings.
Forever these will prosper and remain
As Buddha's light shines on the king's domain.*

When it became late, the officials thanked the emperor; while Taizong withdrew into his palace, the various officials returned to their residences. The Tang Monk and his disciples, however, went to the Temple of Great Blessing, where they were met by the resident priests kowtowing. As they entered the temple gate, the priests said, "Master, the top of these trees were all suddenly pointing eastward this morning. We remembered your words and hurried out to the city to meet you. Indeed, you did arrive!"

The elder could not have been more pleased as they were ushered into the abbot's quarters. By then, Eight Rules was not clamoring at all for food or tea, nor did he indulge in any mischief. Both Pilgrim and Sha Monk behaved most properly, for they had become naturally quiet and reserved since the Dao in them had come to fruition. They rested that night.

Taizong held court next morning and said to the officials, "We did not sleep the whole night when we reflected on how great and profound has been the merit of our brother, such that no compensation is quite adequate. We finally composed in our head several homely sentences as a mere token of our gratitude, but they have not yet been written down." Calling for one of the secretaries from the Central Drafting Office, he said, "Come, let us recite our composition for you, and you write it down sentence by sentence." The composition was as follows:

We have heard how the Dyadic Models which manifest themselves in Heaven and Earth in the production of life are represented by images, whereas the invisible powers of the four seasons bring about transformation of things through the hidden action of heat and cold. By scanning Heaven and Earth, therefore, even the most ignorant may perceive their rudimentary laws. Even the thorough understanding of *yin* and *yang*, however, has seldom enabled the worthy and wise to comprehend fully their ultimate principle. It is easy to recognize that Heaven and Earth do contain *yin* and *yang* because there are images. It is difficult to comprehend fully how *yin* and *yang* pervade Heaven and Earth because the forces themselves are invisible. That images may manifest the minute is a fact that does not perplex even the foolish, whereas forms hidden in what is invisible are what confuses even the learned.

How much more difficult it is, therefore, to understand the way of Buddhism, which exalts the void, uses the dark, and exploits the silent in order to succor the myriad grades of living things and exercise control over the entire world. Its spiritual authority is the highest, and its divine potency has no equal. Its magnitude impregnates the entire cosmos; there is no space so tiny that it does not permeate it. Birthless and deathless, it does not age after a thousand kalpas; half-hidden and half-manifest, it brings one hundred blessings even now. A wondrous way most mysterious, those who follow it cannot know its limit. A law flowing silent and deep, those who draw on it cannot fathom its source. How, therefore, could those benighted ordinary mortals not be perplexed if they tried to plumb its depths?

Now, this great Religion arose in the Land of the West. It soared to the court of the Han period in the form of a radiant dream, which flowed with its mercy to enlighten the Eastern territory. In antiquity, during the time when form and abstraction were clearly distinguished, the words of the Buddha, even before spreading, had already established their goodly influence. In a generation when he was both frequently active in and withdrawn from the world, the people beheld his virtue and honored it. But when he returned to Nirvāṇa and generations passed by, the golden images concealed his true form and did not reflect the light of the universe. The beautiful paintings, though unfolding lovely portraits, vainly held up the figure of thirty-two marks. Nonetheless his subtle doctrines spread far and wide to save men and beasts from the three

unhappy paths, and his traditions were widely proclaimed to lead all creatures through the ten stages toward Buddha-hood. Moreover, the Buddha made scriptures, which could be divided into the Great and the Small Vehicles. He also possessed the Law, which could be transmitted either in the correct or in the deviant method.

Our priest Xuanzang, a Master of the Law, is a leader within the Gate of Law. Devoted and intelligent since his youth, he realized early the merit of the three forms of emptiness. When grown he comprehended the principles of the spiritual, including first the practice of the four forms of patience. Neither the pine in the wind nor the moon mirrored in water can compare with his purity and radiance. Even the dew of Heaven and luminous gems cannot surpass the clarity and refinement of his person. His intelligence encompassed even those elements which seemingly had no relations, and his spirit could perceive that which had yet to take visible forms. Having transcended the lure of the six senses, he was such an outstanding figure that in all the past he had no rival. He concentrated his mind on the internal verities, mourning all the time the mutilation of the correct doctrines. Worrying over the mysteries, he lamented that even the most profound treatises had errors.

He thought of revising the teachings and reviving certain arguments, so as to disseminate what he had received to a wider audience. He would, moreover, strike out the erroneous and preserve the true to enlighten the students. For this reason he longed for the Pure Land and a pilgrimage to the Western Territories. Risking dangers he set out on a long journey, with only his staff for his companion on this solitary expedition. Snow drifts in the morning would blanket his roadway; sand storms at dusk would blot out the horizon. Over ten thousand miles of mountains and streams he proceeded, pushing aside mist and smoke. Through a thousand alternations of heat and cold he advanced amidst frost and rain. As his zeal was great, he considered his task a light one, for he was determined to succeed.

He toured throughout the Western World for fourteen years, going to all the foreign nations in quest of the proper doctrines. He led the life of an ascetic beneath twin śāla trees and by the eight rivers of India. At the Deer Park and on the Vulture Peak he beheld the strange and searched out the different. He received ultimate truths from the senior sages and was taught the true doctrines by the highest worthies. Penetrating into the mysteries, he mastered the most profound lessons. The way of the Triyāna and Six Commandments he learned by heart; a hundred cases of scriptures forming the canon flowed like waves from his lips.

Though the countries he visited were innumerable, the scriptures he succeeded in acquiring had a definite number. Of those important texts of the Mahāyāna he received, there are thirty-five titles in altogether five thousand and forty-eight scrolls. When they are translated and spread through China, they will proclaim the surpassing merit of Buddhism, drawing the cloud of mercy from the Western extremity to shower the dharma-rain on the Eastern region. The Holy Religion, once incomplete, is now returned to perfection. The multitudes, once full of sins, are now brought back to blessing. Like that which quenches the fire in a burning house, Buddhism works to save humanity lost on its way to perdition. Like a golden beam shining on darkened waters, it leads the voyagers to ascend safely the other shore.

Thus we know that the wicked will fall because of their iniquities, but the virtuous will rise because of their karmic affinities. The root causes of such rise and fall are all self-made by man. Consider the cinnamon flourishing high on the mountain, its flowers nourished by cloud and mist, or the lotus growing atop the green waves, its leaves unsoiled by dust. This is not because the lotus is by nature clean or because the cinnamon itself is chaste, but because what the cinnamon depends on for its existence is lofty, and thus it will not be weighed down by trivia; and because what the lotus relies on is pure, and thus impurity cannot stain it. Since even the vegetable kingdom, which is itself without intelligence, knows that excellence comes from an environment of excellence, how can humans who understand the great relations not search for well-being by following well-being?

May these scriptures abide forever as the sun and moon and may the blessings they confer spread throughout the universe!

After the secretary had finished writing this treatise, the sage monk was summoned. At the time, the elder was already waiting outside the gate of the court. When he heard the summons, he hurried inside and prostrated himself to pay homage to the emperor.

Taizong asked him to ascend the hall and handed him the document. When he had finished reading it, the priest went to his knees again to express his gratitude. “The style and rhetoric of my Lord,” said the priest, “are lofty and classical, while the reasoning in the treatise is both profound and subtle. I would like to know, however, whether a title has been chosen for this composition.”

“We composed it orally last night,” replied Taizong, “as a token of thanks to our royal brother. Will it be acceptable if I title this ‘Preface to the Holy Religion’?” The elder kowtowed and thanked him profusely. Once more Taizong said,

*“Our talents pale before the imperial tablets,
And our words cannot match the bronze and stone inscriptions.
As for the esoteric texts,
Our ignorance thereof is even greater.
Our treatise orally composed
Is actually quite unpolished—
Like mere spilled ink on tablets of gold.
Or broken tiles in a forest of pearls.
Writing it in self-interest,
We have quite ignored even embarrassment.
It is not worth your notice,
And you should not thank us.”*

All the officials present, however, congratulated the emperor and made arrangements immediately to promulgate the royal essay on Holy Religion inside and outside the capital.

Taizong said, “We would like to ask the royal brother to recite the true scriptures for us. How about it?”

“My Lord,” said the elder, “if you want me to recite the true scriptures, we must find the proper religious site. The treasure palace is no place for recitation.”

Exceedingly pleased, Taizong asked his attendants, “Among the monasteries of Chang’an, which is the purest one?”

From among the ranks stepped forth the Grand Secretary, Xiao Yu, who said, “The Wild-Goose Pagoda Temple in the city is purest of all.”

At once Taizong gave this command to the various officials: “Each of you take several scrolls of these true scriptures and go reverently with us to the Wild-Goose Pagoda Temple. We want to ask our royal brother to expound the scriptures to us.”

Each of the officials indeed took up several scrolls and followed the emperor’s carriage to the temple. A lofty platform with proper appointments was then erected. As before, the elder told Eight Rules and Sha Monk to hold the dragon horse and mind the luggage, while Pilgrim was to serve him by his side. Then he said to Taizong, “If my Lord would like to circulate the true scriptures throughout his empire, copies should be made before they are dispersed. We should treasure the originals and not handle them lightly.”

Smiling, Taizong said, “The words of our royal brother are most appropriate! Most appropriate!” He thereupon ordered the officials in the Hanlin Academy and the Central Drafting Office to make copies of the true scriptures. For them he also erected another temple east of the capital and named it the Temple for Imperial Transcription.

The elder had already taken several scrolls of scriptures and mounted the platform. He was just about to recite them when he felt a gust of fragrant wind. In midair the Eight Vajra Guardians revealed themselves and cried, “Recitants, drop your scripture scrolls and follow us back to the West.”

From below, Pilgrim and his two companions together with the white horse immediately rose into the air. The elder, too, abandoned the scriptures and rose from the platform. They all left soaring through the air. So startled were Taizong and the many officials that they all bowed down toward the sky. Thus it was that

*Since scriptures were the sage monk's ardent quest,
He went on fourteen years throughout the West
A bitter journey full of trials and woes,
With many streams and mountains as his foes.
Nine merits more were added to eight times nine;
three thousand works did on the great world shine.
The wondrous texts brought back to the noble state
Would in the East until now circulate.*

After Taizong and many officials had finished their worship, they immediately set about the selection of high priests so that a Grand Mass of Land and Water could be held right in that Wild-Goose Pagoda Temple. Furthermore, they were to read and recite the true scriptures from the Great Canon in order that the damned spirits would be delivered from nether darkness and the celebration of good works be multiplied. The copies of transcribed scriptures would also be promulgated throughout the empire, and of this we shall speak no more.

We must tell you now about those Eight Great Vajra Guardians, who mounted the fragrant wind to lead the elder, his three disciples, and the white horse back to Spirit Mountain. The round trip was made precisely within a period of eight days. At that time the various divinities of Spirit Mountain were all assembled before Buddha to listen to his lecture. Ushering master and disciples before his presence, the Eight Vajra Guardians said, “Your disciples by your golden decree have escorted the sage monk and his companions back to the Tang nation. The scriptures have been handed over. We now return to surrender your decree.” The Tang Monk and his disciples were then told to approach the throne of Buddha to receive their appointments.

“Sage Monk,” said Tathāgata, “in your previous incarnation you were originally my second disciple named Master Gold Cicada. Because you failed to listen to my exposition of the law and slighted my great teaching, your true spirit was banished to find another incarnation in the Land of the East. Happily you submitted and, by remaining faithful to our teaching, succeeded in acquiring the true scriptures. For such magnificent merit, you will receive a great promotion to become the Buddha of Candana Merit.

“Sun Wukong, when you caused great disturbance at the Celestial Palace, I had to exercise enormous dharma power to have you pressed beneath the Mountain of Five Phases. Fortunately your Heaven-sent calamity came to an end, and you embraced the Buddhist religion. I am pleased even more by the fact that you were devoted to the scourging of evil and the exaltation of good. Throughout your journey you made great merit by smelting the demons and defeating the fiends. For being faithful in the end as you were in the beginning, I hereby give you the grand promotion and appoint you the Buddha Victorious in Strife.

“Zhu Wuneng, you were originally an aquatic deity of the Heavenly River, the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. For getting drunk during the Festival of Immortal Peaches and insulting the divine maiden, you were banished to an incarnation in the Region Below which would give you the body of a beast. Fortunately you still cherished and loved the human form, so that even when you sinned at the Cloudy Paths Cave in Fuling Mountain, you eventually submitted to our great religion and embraced our vows. Although you protected the sage monk on his way, you were still quite mischievous, for greed and lust were never wholly extinguished in you. For the merit of toting the luggage, however, I hereby grant you promotion and appoint you Janitor of the Altars.”

“They have all become Buddhas!” shouted Eight Rules. “Why am I alone made Janitor of the Altars?”

“Because you are still talkative and lazy,” replied Tathāgata, “and you retain an enormous appetite. Within the four great continents of the world, there are many people who observe our religion. Whenever there are Buddhist services, you will be asked to clear the altars. That’s an appointment which offers you plenty of enjoyment. How could it be bad?”

“Sha Wujing, you were originally the Great Curtain-Raising Captain. Because you broke a crystal chalice during the Festival of Immortal Peaches, you were banished to the Region Below, where at the River of Flowing-Sand you sinned by devouring humans. Fortunately you submitted to our religion and remained firm in your faith. As you escorted the sage monk, you made merit by leading his horse over all those mountains. I hereby grant you promotion and appoint you the Golden-Bodied Arhat.”

Then he said to the white horse, “You were originally the prince of Dragon King Guangjin of the Western Ocean. Because you disobeyed your father’s command and committed the crime of unfiliality, you were to be executed. Fortunately you made submission to the Law and accepted our vows. Because you carried the sage monk daily on your back during his journey to the West and because you also took the holy scriptures back to the East, you too have made merit. I hereby grant you promotion and appoint you one of the dragons belonging to the Eight Classes of Supernatural Beings.”

The elder, his three disciples, and the horse all kowtowed to thank the Buddha, who ordered some of the guardians to take the horse to the Dragon-Transforming Pool at the back of the Spirit Mountain. After being pushed into the pool, the horse stretched himself, and in a little while he shed his coat, horns began to grow on his head, golden scales appeared all over his body, and silver whiskers emerged on his cheeks. His whole body shrouded in auspicious air and his four paws wrapped in hallowed clouds, he soared out of the pool and circled inside the monastery gate, on top of one of the Pillars that Support Heaven.

As the various Buddhas gave praise to the great dharma of Tathāgata, Pilgrim Sun said also to the Tang Monk, “Master, I’ve become a Buddha now, just like you. It can’t be that I still must wear a golden fillet! And you wouldn’t want to clamp my head still by reciting that so-called Tight-Fillet Spell, would you? Recite the Loose-Fillet Spell quickly and get it off my head. I’m going to smash it to pieces, so that that so-called Bodhisattva can’t use it anymore to play tricks on other people.”

“Because you were difficult to control previously,” said the Tang Monk, “this method had to be used to restrain you. Now that you have become a Buddha, naturally it will be gone. How could it be still on your head? Try touching your head and see.” Pilgrim raised his hand and felt along his head, and indeed the fillet had vanished. So at

that time, Buddha Candana, Buddha Victorious in Strife, Janitor of the Altars, and Golden-Bodied Arhat all assumed the position of their own rightful fruition. The Heavenly dragon-horse too returned to immortality, and we have a testimonial poem for them. The poem says:

*One Real Body dropped to the dusty plain
Fuses with Four Signs to tend the self again.
In Five Phases terms forms are dead and void;
The fiends' vain names one should all avoid.
Great Bodhi's the right Candana fruition;
Appointments crown this rise from perdition.
Gracious light of scriptures now worldwide dilates,
As five sages live within Advaya's gates.*

At the time when these five sages assumed their positions, the various Buddhist Patriarchs, Bodhisattvas, sage priests, arhats, guardians, bhikṣus, upāsakas and upāsikās, the immortals of various mountains and caves, the grand divinities, the Gods of Darkness and Light, the Sentinels, the Guardians of Monasteries, and all the immortals and preceptors who had attained the Way all came to listen to the proclamation before retiring to their proper stations. Look now at

*Colored mists crowding the Spirit Vulture Peak,
And hallowed clouds gathered in the world of bliss.
Gold dragons safely sleeping,
Jade tigers resting in peace;
Black hares scampering freely,
Snakes and turtles circling at will.
Phoenixes, red and blue, gambol pleasantly;
Black apes and white deer saunter happily.
Strange flowers of eight periods,
Divine fruits of four seasons,
Hoary pines and old junipers,
Jade cypresses and aged bamboos.
colored plums often blossoming and bearing fruit;
Millennial peaches frequently ripening and fresh.
A thousand flowers and fruits vying for beauty;
A whole sky full of auspicious mists.*

Pressing their palms together to indicate their devotion, the holy congregation all chanted:

I submit to Dīpaṃkara, the Buddha of Antiquity.
I submit to Bhaiṣajya-vaiḍūrya-prabhāṣa, the Physician and Buddha of Crystal Lights.
I submit to the Buddha Śākyamuni.
I submit to the Buddha of the Past, Present, and Future.
I submit to the Buddha of Pure Joy.
I submit to the Buddha Vairocana.
I submit to the Buddha, King of the Precious Banner.
I submit to the Maitreya, the Honored Buddha.
I submit to the Buddha Amitābha.

I submit to Sukhāvatīvyūha, the Buddha of Infinite Life.
 I submit to the Buddha who Receives and Leads to Immortality.
 I submit to the Buddha of Diamond Indestructibility.
 I submit to Sūrya, the Buddha of Precious Light.
 I submit to Mañjuśrī, the Buddha of the Race of Honorable Dragon Kings.
 I submit to the Buddha of Zealous Progress and Virtue.
 I submit to Candraprabha, the Buddha of Precious Moonlight.
 I submit to the Buddha of Presence without Ignorance.
 I submit to Varuna, the Buddha of Sky and Water. I submit to the Buddha Nārāyaṇa.
 I submit to the Buddha of Radiant Meritorious Works.
 I submit to the Buddha of Talented Meritorious Works.
 I submit to Svāgata, the Buddha of the Well-Departed.
 I submit to the Buddha of Candana Light.
 I submit to the Buddha of Jeweled Banner.
 I submit to the Buddha of the Light of Wisdom Torch.
 I submit to the Buddha of the Light of Sea-Virtue.
 I submit to the Buddha of Great Mercy Light.
 I submit to the Buddha, King of Compassion-Power.
 I submit to the Buddha, Leader of the Sages.
 I submit to the Buddha of Vast Solemnity.
 I submit to the Buddha of Golden Radiance.
 I submit to the Buddha of Luminous Gifts.
 I submit to the Buddha Victorious in Wisdom.
 I submit to the Buddha, Quiescent Light of the World.
 I submit to the Buddha, Light of the Sun and Moon.
 I submit to the Buddha, Light of the Sun-and-Moon Pearl.
 I submit to the Buddha, King of the Victorious Banner.
 I submit to the Buddha of Wondrous Tone and Sound.
 I submit to the Buddha, Banner of Permanent Light.
 I submit to the Buddha, Lamp that Scans the World.
 I submit to the Buddha, King of Surpassing Dharma.
 I submit to the Buddha of Sumeru Light.
 I submit to the Buddha, King of Great Wisdom.
 I submit to the Buddha of Golden Sea Light.
 I submit to the Buddha of Great Perfect Light.
 I submit to the Buddha of the Gift of Light.
 I submit to the Buddha of Candana Merit.
 I submit to the Buddha Victorious in Strife.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva, Great Power-Coming.

I submit to the Bodhisattva Mañjuśrī.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva Viśvabhadra and other Bodhisattvas.
 I submit to the various Bodhisattvas of the Great Pure Ocean.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva, the Buddha of Lotus Pool and Ocean Assembly.
 I submit to the various Bodhisattvas in the Western Heaven of Ultimate Bliss.
 I submit to the Great Bodhisattvas, the Three Thousand Guardians.
 I submit to the Great Bodhisattvas, the Five Hundred Arhats.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva, Bhikṣu-īkṣṇi.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva of Boundless and Limitless Dharma.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva, Diamond Great Scholar-Sage.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva, Janitor of the Altars.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva, Golden-Bodied Arhat of Eight Jewels.
 I submit to the Bodhisattva of Vast Strength, the Heavenly Dragon of Eight Divisions
 of Supernatural Beings.

Such are these various Buddhas in all the worlds.

*I wish to use these merits
 To adorn Buddha's pure land—
 To repay fourfold grace above
 And save those on three paths below.
 If there are those who see and hear,
 Their minds will find enlightenment.
 Their births with us in paradise
 be this body's recompense.
 All the Buddhas of past, present, future in all the world,
 The various Honored Bodhisattvas and Mahāsattvas,
 Mahā-prajñā-pāramitā!*

Here ends *The Journey to the West*.

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Title: Feng Shen Yan Yi

Author: Xi Xing Lu

Release Date: December 19, 2007 [EBook #23910]

Language: Chinese

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YI ***

Produced by Pei-Jun Hsiesh

不說聞太師安營西岐。只見報馬報進相府，報：「聞太師調三十萬人馬，在南門安營。」子牙曰：「當時吾在朝歌，不曾會聞太師；今日領兵到此，看他紀法何如。」隨帶諸將上城，眾門下相隨，同到城敵樓上，觀看聞太師行營；果然好人馬！怎見得，有讚為證：

滿空殺氣，一川鐵馬兵戈；片片征雲，五色旌旗縹緲。千枝畫戟，豹尾描金五彩旛；萬口鋼刀，誅龍斬虎青銅劍。密密鉞斧，旛旗大小水晶盤；對對長鎗，盞口粗細銀畫桿。幽幽畫角，猶如東海老龍吟；燦燦銀盔，滾滾冰霜如雪練。錦衣繡襖，簇擁走馬先行；玉帶征夫，侍聽中軍元帥。鞭抓將士盡英雄，打陣兒郎兇似虎。不亞軒轅黃帝破蚩尤，一座兵山從地起。

話說子牙觀看良久，歎曰：「聞太師平日有將才，今觀如此整練，人言尚未盡其所學。」隨下城入府，同大小門下眾將，商議退兵之策。有黃飛虎在側曰：「丞相不必憂慮，況且魔家四將不過如此，正所謂國王洪福大，巨惡自然消散。」子牙曰：「雖是如此，民不安生，軍逢惡戰，將累鞍馬，俱不是寧泰之象。」正議間，報：「聞太師差官下書。」子牙傳令：「令來。」不一時，開城，放一員大將至相府，將書呈上。子牙拆書觀看，上云：

「成湯太師兼征西天保大元帥聞仲，書奉丞相姜子牙麾下：蓋聞王臣作叛，大逆於天。今天王在上，赫赫威靈。茲爾西土，敢行不道，不尊國法。自立為王，有傷國體。復納叛逆，明欺憲典。天子累興問罪之師，不為俯首伏辜，尚敢大肆猖獗，拒敵天吏，殺軍覆將，輒敢號令張威，王法何在！雖食肉寢皮，不足以盡厥罪；縱移爾宗祀，削爾疆土，猶不足以償其失。今奉詔下征，你若若惜一城之生靈，速至轅門授首，候歸期以正國典；如若抗拒，真火焰崑岡，俱為齏粉，噬臍何及？戰書到日，速為自裁。不宣。」

子牙看書畢。子牙曰：「來將何名？」鄧忠答曰：「末將鄧忠。」子牙曰：「鄧將軍回營，多拜上聞太師，原書批回，三日後會兵城下。」鄧忠領命出城，進營回復了聞太師，將子牙回話說了一遍。不覺就是三日。只聽成湯營中砲響，喊殺之聲振天。子牙傳令：「把五方隊伍調遣出城。」聞太師正在轅門，只見西岐南門開處，一聲砲響，有四桿青旛招展，旛下四員戰將按震宮方位：

青袍青馬盡穿青，步將層層列馬兵，手挽攔牌人似虎，短劍長鎗若鐵城。二聲砲響，四桿紅旛招展，旛腳下四員戰將，按離宮方位：

紅袍紅馬絳紅纓，收陣銅鑼帶角鳴，將士雄赳跨戰騎，窩弓火炮列行營。三聲砲響，四桿素白旛招展，旛腳下有四員戰將，按兌宮方位：

白袍白馬爛銀盔，寶劍昆吾耀日輝，火焰鎗同金裝鋼，大刀猶似白龍飛。四聲砲響，四桿皂蓋旛招展，旛腳下四員戰將，按坎宮方位：

黑人黑馬皂羅袍，斬將飛翎箭更豪，斧有宣花酸棗棚，虎頭鎗配雁翎刀。五聲砲響，四桿杏黃旛招展，旛腳下四員戰將，據戊己宮方位：

金盔金甲杏黃旛，將坐中央守一元，殺氣騰騰籠戰騎，衝鋒銳卒候轅門。

話說聞太師看見子牙把五方隊伍調

出，兩邊大小將官一對對整整齊齊：哪吒登風火輪，手提火尖鎗，對著楊戩、金吒、木吒、韓毒龍、薛惡虎、黃天化、武吉等侍衛兩傍。寶纛旗下，子牙騎四不相，右手下有武成王黃飛虎坐五色神牛而出。只見聞太師在龍鳳旗下，左右有鄧、辛、張、陶四將。太師面如淡金，五柳長鬚，飄揚腦後，手提金鞭。怎見得聞太師威武：

九雲冠金霞繚繞，絳綃衣鶴舞雲飛，陰陽條結束，朝履應玄機。坐下麒麟如墨染，金鞭擺動光輝。拜上通天教下，三除五遁施為。胸中包羅天地，運籌萬斛珠璣。丹心貫乎白日，忠貞萬載名題。龍鳳旗下列旌旗，太師行兵自異。

話說子牙催騎向前，欠背打躬，口稱：「太師，卑職姜尚不能全禮。」聞太師曰：「姜丞相，聞你乃崑崙名士，為何不諳事體，何也？」子牙答曰：「尚忝玉虛門下，周旋道德，何敢違背天常。上遵王命，下順軍民，奉法守公，一循於道。敬誠緝熙，克勤天戒，分別賢愚，佐守本土，不放虐民亂政。稚子無欺，民安物阜，萬姓歡娛，有何不諳事體之處？」聞太師曰：「你只知巧於立言，不知自己有過。今天王在上，你不尊君命，自立武王。一欺君之罪，孰大於此！收納叛臣黃飛虎，明知欺君，安心拒敵。一叛君之罪，孰大於此！及至問罪之師一至，不行認罪，擅行拒敵，殺戮軍士命官。一大逆之罪，孰加於此！今吾自至此，猶恃己能，不行降服，猶自與兵拒敵，巧言飾非，真可令人痛恨！」子牙笑而答曰：「太師差矣！自立武王，固是吾國未行奏請；然子襲父蔭，何為不可。況天下諸侯盡反成湯，也是欺君不成！只是人君先自滅綱紀，不足為萬姓之主，因此皆背叛不臣，此其過豈盡在臣也。收武成王，正是『君不正，臣投外國』亦是禮之當然。今為人君，尚不自反，乃厚於責臣，不亦羞乎！若論殺朝廷命官士卒，是自到此取死討辱，尚等並不曾領一軍一卒，或助諸侯，或伐關隘。太師名振八方，今又到此，未免先有輕舉妄動之意，在尚怎敢抗拒。不若依尚愚意：老太師請暫回鸞轡，各守疆界，還是好顏相看；若太師務任一己之私，逆天行事，然兵家勝負，未可知也。還請太師三思，毋損威重。」聞太師被此數語說得面皮通紅；又見黃飛虎在寶纛之下，乃大叫曰：

「逆臣黃某，出來見我。」飛虎觀面難回，只得向前欠身曰：「未將自別太師，不覺數載；今日又會，不才冤屈庶可申明。」聞太師喝曰：

「滿朝富貴，盡在黃門，一旦負君，造反助惡，殺害命官，逆惡貫盈，還來強辯！」命：「那一員將官先把反臣拿了！」左哨上鄧忠大叫曰：

「未將願往。」走馬搖斧，來取黃飛虎。飛虎縱五色神牛，手中鎗赴面交還。張節使鎗也來助鄧忠。周營內有大將南宮适敵住。陶榮使鎗，飛馬前來助戰。這壁廂武吉撥馬搖鎗，抵住陶榮。兩陣上六員戰將，三對交鋒，來來往往，衝衝撞撞，翻騰上下交加。只殺得天愁地暗、日月無光。辛環見三將不能取勝，把脅下肉翅一夾，飛起半空，手持鎚鑽，望子牙打來。時有黃天化催開玉麒麟，兩柄銀鎚，抵住辛環。周營眾將見成湯營裏飛起一人來，虎頭冠，面如紅棗，尖嘴獠牙，猙獰惡狀，惟黃天化戰住辛環。聞太師見黃天化坐玉麒麟，知是道德之士，急催開墨麒麟

麟，使兩條金鞭，衝殺過來，忙取子牙。子牙忙催動四不相，急架相迎。二獸交加，竟生雲霧。這是聞太師頭一場西岐大戰，怎見得，讚曰：

兩下裏排門對伍，軍政司擂鼓鳴鑼。前後軍安排賭鬥，左右將準備相持。一等等有牙有爪，一等等能走能飛。狻猊、獬豸、獅子、麒麟、懼彪、怪獸、猛虎、蛟龍。狻猊鬥，狂風蕩蕩；獬豸鬥，日色輝輝；獅子鬥，寒風凜凜；麒麟鬥，冷氣森森；懼彪鬥，來往擲跳；怪獸鬥，遍地煙雲；蛟龍鬥，彩雲布合；猛虎鬥，捲起狂風。大戰一場怎肯休，英雄惡戰逞雄起。若煩解的蟲王恨，除是南山老比丘。

且說聞太師鞭法甚利，且有風雷之聲，久慣興師，四方響應，子牙如何敵得住，甚難招架。被聞太師舉起雄鞭，飛在空中，一此鞭原是兩條蛟龍化成，雙鞭按陰陽，分二氣。那鞭在空中打將下來，正中子牙肩臂，翻鞍落騎。聞太師方欲來取首級，彼時哪吒登風火輪，搖鎗大叫：「勿要傷吾師叔！」照聞太師面上一鎗，太師急架鎗時，早被辛甲將子牙救回。聞太師與哪吒戰三五回合，又舉鞭打哪吒，哪吒不曾防備，也被一鞭打下輪來。早有金吒躍步趕來，將寶劍架住金鞭，欲救哪吒。太師大怒，連發雙鞭，雌雄不定，或起或落，連打金、木二吒，又打韓毒龍。幸有楊戩在側，看見聞太師好鞭，只打得落花流水，纔把銀合馬飛走出陣，使鎗便刺。聞太師見楊戩相貌非俗，心下自忖：「西岐有這些奇人，安得不反！」便把鞭來迎戰。數合之內，祭起雙鞭，正打中楊戩頂門上，只打得火星迸出，全然不理，一若平常。太師大驚，駭然歎曰：「此等異人，真乃道德之士！」不說聞太師讚歎，且說陶榮戰武吉，見諸將未分勝負，忙把聚風旗取出，連搖數搖，霎時間飛砂走石，播土揚塵，天昏地暗。怎見得好風，只打得眾軍如風捲殘雲，丟旗棄鼓，將士盡盔歪甲斜，莫辨東西；敗下陣來。有讚為證：

霎時間天昏地暗，一會兒霧起雲迷。初起時塵砂蕩蕩，次後來捲石翻磚。黑風影裏，三軍亂竄；慘霧之中，戰將心慌。會武的刀鎗亂法，能文的顛倒慌張。聞太師金鞭龍擺尾；鄧忠闊斧似車輪；辛環肉翅世間稀；張節鎗傳天下少；陶榮奇異聚風旗。這纔是雷部神祇施猛烈；西岐眾將各逃生。棄鼓丟鑼拋滿地，屍橫馬倒不堪題。為國亡身遭劍劈，盡忠捨命定逢傷。聞太師西岐得勝，四天君掌鼓回營。

話說聞太師掌得勝鼓回營，昇了帳，眾將來賀：「太師頭陣之初，挫動西岐鋒銳，破此城只在指日矣。」

且說子牙收兵敗進城，入府，眾將上殿見子牙。子牙曰：「今日著傷諸將：李氏三人、韓毒龍等，盡被聞太師打了。」有楊戩在側，曰：「丞相且歇息一二日，再與他會戰，定勝聞仲。若得勝之時，乘機劫營，先挫其鋒，後面勢如破竹，聞仲可擒矣。」子牙曰：「善。」只至第三日，西岐砲響，眾將出城，安排廝殺。報馬報入營來。聞太師見報入營，隨即出陣。左右四將分開，太師至陣前。子牙曰：「今日與太師定決一雌雄。」各不答話，二獸相交，鞭劍併舉。子牙左有楊戩、右有哪吒，敵住太師。鄧忠走馬前來助戰；有黃飛虎前來截住廝殺。張、陶二將來助；有武吉、南宮适敵住廝殺。辛環飛來；有

黃天化阻住。聞太師酣戰之際，又把雌雄鞭起在空中。子牙打神鞭也飛將起來。一打神鞭乃玉虛宮元始所賜，此鞭有三七二十一節，一節上有四道符印，打八部正神。一聞太師鞭往下打，子牙鞭往上迎，鞭打鞭，把聞太師雌鞭一打兩斷，落在塵埃。聞太師大叫一聲：「好姜尚！今把吾寶貝傷其性命，吾與你勢不兩立！」子牙復祭打神鞭起去。聞太師難逃這一鞭之禍，一聲響，把聞太師打下騎來。幸有門下吉立、余慶催馬急救，太師借土遁去了。子牙與眾將大殺一陣，方收兵進西岐城，入相府。只見楊戩進曰：「今日劫營之事，定是大勝。」子牙曰：

「善。眾將暫退，午後聽令。」正是：挖下戰坑擒虎豹，滿天張網等蛟龍。且說聞太師敗兵進營，陞帳坐下；四將參謁。聞太師曰：「自來征伐，未嘗有敗。今被姜尚打斷吾雌鞭，想吾師秘授蛟龍金鞭，今日已絕，有何面目再見吾師也！」四將曰：「勝負軍家常事。」且說子牙掌鼓聚將上殿。子牙令黃飛虎、飛彪、黃明等衝聞太師左營；令南宮适、辛甲、辛免、四賢衝右營；令哪吒、黃天化為頭對，衝大轅門；木吒、金吒、韓毒龍、薛惡虎為二對，龍鬚虎、武吉保子牙作三對。令楊戩：「你去燒聞太師行糧；老將軍黃滾守城垣。」調遣已定。且說聞太師敗兵進營，坐於帳下，鬱鬱不樂。忽然見殺氣罩於中軍帳，太師焚香，將金錢一卜，早知其意。笑曰：「今劫吾營，非為奇計。」忙傳令：「鄧忠、張節在左營敵周將；辛環、陶榮在右營戰周將；吉立、余慶守行糧；老夫守中營，自然無虞也。」聞太師安排迎敵。卻說子牙把眾將發落已畢，只等砲響，各人行事。當日將人馬暗暗出城，四面八方，俱有號記，燈籠高挑，各按方位。時至初更，一聲砲響，三軍吶一聲喊，大轅門哪吒、黃天化先殺進來；左營黃家父子，右營乃四賢眾將，齊衝進來。這一陣不知勝敗如何，且聽下回分解。第四十三回 聞太師西岐大戰 詩曰：

黑夜交兵實可傷，拋盔棄甲未披裳。冒煙突火尋歸路，矢志丟魂覓去鄉。多少英雄茫昧死，幾許壯士夢中亡。誰知吉立多饒舌，又送天君入北邙。話說子牙與眾將來劫聞太師行營，勢如風火。只見哪吒登風火輪，持火尖鎗殺來。聞太師忙上了墨麒麟，撿鞭迎敵。黃天化自恃英雄，持兩柄銀鎚，催動玉麒麟，前來接戰，裹住聞太師不放。金、木二吒揮寶劍，上前助戰。韓毒龍、薛惡虎各持劍左右相攻。殺氣紛紛，兵戈閃灼。怎見得一夜好戰，有讚為證，讚曰：黃昏兵到，黑夜軍臨。黃昏兵到，衝開隊伍怎支持；黑夜兵臨，撞倒柵欄焉可立。馬聞金鼓之聲，驚馳亂走；軍聽喊殺喧嘩，難辨你我。刀鎗亂刺，那知上下交鋒；將士相迎，孰識東西南北。劫營將如同猛虎，踏營軍一似歡龍。鳴金小校，擂鼓兒郎。鳴金小校，灰迷二目難睜；擂鼓兒郎，兩手慌忙槌亂打。初起時，兩下抖擻精神；次後來，勝敗難分敵手：敗了的，似傷弓之鳥，見曲木而高飛；得勝的，如猛虎登崖，闖群羊而弄猛；著刀的，連肩拽背；逢斧的，頭斷身開；攔劍的，劈開甲冑；中鎗的，腹內流紅。人撞人，自相踐踏，馬撞馬，遍地屍橫。傷殘軍士，哀哀叫苦；帶箭兒郎，

慄慄之聲。棄金鼓，旛幢滿地；燒糧艸，四野通紅。只知道奉命征討，誰知道片甲無存。愁雲只上九重天，遍地屍骸真慘切。話說子牙劫聞太師行營，哪吒等把聞太師圍困垓心。黃飛虎父子衝左營，與鄧忠、張節大戰，殺得乾坤暗暗；南宮适、辛甲等衝右營，與辛環、陶榮接戰，俱係夜間，只殺得慘慘悲風，愁雲滾滾。正酣戰之際，楊戩從聞太師後營殺進去，縱馬搖鎗，只殺至糧艸堆上，放起火來。好火！怎見得，有詩為證：

烈焰沖霄勢更兇，金蛇萬道遶空中。煙飛捲蕩三千里，燒毀行糧天助功。話說楊戩借胸中三昧真火，將糧艸燒著，照徹天地。聞太師正戰之間，忽見火起，心中大驚，自思：「糧艸被燒，大營難立。」把金鞭架鎗、攔劍，無心戀戰。又見子牙騎到，把打神鞭祭於空中，聞太師難逃這一鞭之厄，只打得聞太師三昧火噴出三四尺遠近。太師把墨麒麟縱出圈子，且戰且走；黃飛虎等追襲。鄧忠、張節見中軍失守，只得保著聞太師奪路而走。南宮适等追趕辛環、陶榮。吉立、余慶見勢頭不好，護持不下，只得敗走。辛環肉翅在空中，保著聞太師，退走往岐山。不表。

且說終南山玉柱洞雲中子在碧遊床，忽然想起聞太師征伐西岐，正是雷震子下山之時，忙命金童兒：「請你師兄來。」童子去不多時，將雷震子請至碧遊床前，倒身下拜。雲中子曰：「待弟，你可往西岐，去見你兄武王姬發，便可謁見你師叔姜子牙，助他伐紂，你可立功，速去。倘或中途若遇有肉翅之人，便可立功，方不負貧道傳你兩翅玄功，以助周室。」正是：

兩枚仙杏安天下，方保周家八百年。且說雷震子出洞，把風雷翅一展，腳登天，頭往下，二翅騰開，頃刻萬里。怎見得，有讚為證：

大雨燕山曾出世，一聲雷響現無生。終南秘授先天訣，八卦爐邊師訓成。七歲臨潼曾會父，回山學藝更精明。二枚仙杏分離坎，兩翅飛騰有昊盈。洞府傳就黃金棍，展動舒開雲霧生。奉師法旨離玉柱，方見岐山舊有名。

且說雷震子離了終南，把二翅一夾，有風雷之聲；飛至西岐山，遠遠望見聞太師兵敗而來。雷震子大喜：「幸遇敗兵，正好用心殺他一陣！」且說聞太師正挫鋒銳，慌忙疾走，猛然抬頭，見空中飛有一人，面如藍靛，髮似硃砂，獠牙生於上下，好兇惡之像。聞太師叫：「辛環！你看前面飛來一人，甚是兇惡，你可仔細小心！」說猶未了，雷震子大呼曰：「吾來了！」舉棍就打。辛環鎚鑽迎面交還。空中四翅翻騰，鎚棍交加響亮。雷震子乃仙傳棍法；辛環生就英雄。怎見得，有讚為證：

四翅在空中，風雷響亮衝；這一箇殺氣三千丈；那一個靈光透九重；這一箇肉身成正道；那一箇凡體受神封；這一箇棍起生烈焰；那一箇鎚鑽逞英雄。平地征雲起，空中火焰兇。金棍光輝分上下，鎚鑽精通最有功。自來也有將軍戰，不似空中類轉蓬。

話說雷震子中途一戰，只殺得辛環抵擋不住，抽身望岐山逃走。雷震子自思：「不可追趕。見了師叔、皇兄，料他還來，終久會我。」遂望西岐城相府中來。不題。只見眾人俱在子牙府裏報功，劫營得勝，挫了聞太師的鋒銳。子牙大喜，慰勞諸將曰：「今日之

勝，皆出汝等之力，聖主社稷生民之福。」眾將答曰：「武王洪福，丞相德政，故使聞仲不識時務，失其利也。」正話間，忽報：「有一道童求見。」子牙傳：「請。」少時雷震子進府下拜，口稱：「師叔！」子牙曰：「是那座名山弟子，今至此地？」雷震子曰：「弟子乃終南山玉柱洞雲中子門下雷震子是也；今奉師命下山，一則謁師叔立功，二則見皇兄相會。」子牙曰：「你皇兄是誰？」雷震子曰：「皇兄乃是武王。」子牙問兩邊站立殿下：「你們可認得麼？」眾人曰：「認不得。」雷震子曰：「弟子七歲曾救文王出五關，弟子乃燕山雷震子。」子牙方悟，謂諸將曰：「此子一先王曾言，出五關遇雷震子救護。——今日進西岐，乃當今之洪福，得此異人。」遂引雷震子往見武王。子牙至皇城，有執殿官啟武王：「丞相候旨。」武王傳：「宣。」子牙進殿，行禮畢，奏曰：「大王御弟朝見。」武王曰：「孤弟何人？」子牙曰：「昔日先王在燕山收的雷震子，一向在終南山學藝，今日方歸。」武王命：「請來。」雷震子進內庭，倒身下拜，口稱：「皇兄。」武王稱：「御弟，昔先王曾言賢弟之功，救危出關，復回終南；今日相逢，實為慶幸！」武王見雷震子形像兇惡，不敢命入內庭，恐驚太姬等。武王曰：「相父與孤代勞，相府宴弟。」子牙曰：「雷震子持齋；只隨臣府宅，以便立功。」武王甚喜。雷震子彼時辭王回相府。不題。

且說聞太師兵敗岐山七十里，收住敗殘人馬，結下營寨查點，損折軍兵二萬有餘。太師陞帳，長歎曰：「自來提兵征伐多年，未嘗有挫鋒銳；今日到此，失機喪師，殊為痛恨！」心下十分不樂。自思無門；欲調別將，各有鎮守。太師乃丹心赤膽，恨不得一刻遂平西地，其心纔快；豈意如今失機被辱，只急得當中神目睜開，長吁短歎。吉立迎前啟曰：

「太師不必憂慮；況且三山五嶽之中，道友頗多，或請一二位，大事自然可成。」太師聽說：「老夫著軍務煩冗，紊亂心懷，一時忘卻。」遂上帳，吩咐鄧、辛二將：「好生看守大營，吾去來。」太師乘了墨麒麟，把風雲角一拍，那獸起在空中。正是：

金鰲島內邀仙友：「封神榜」上早標名。話說聞太師的墨麒麟週遊天下，霎時可至千里；其日行到東海金鰲島。太師觀看大海，青山幽靜，因嗟歎曰：「吾因為國事煩瑣，先王托孤之重，何日能脫卻煩惱，靜坐蒲團，參玄悟妙，閑看「黃庭」一卷，任烏兔如梭，何有與我。」真個好海島，有無窮奇景，怎見得，有讚為證：

勢鎮汪洋，威寧搖海。潮湧銀山魚入穴，波翻雪浪屋離淵。木火方隅高積土，東西崖畔聳危巔。丹岩怪石，峭壁奇峰。丹崖上彩鳳雙鳴；峭壁前麒麟獨臥。峰頭時聽錦鸞啼，石窟每觀龍出入。林中有壽鹿、仙狐；樹上有靈禽、玄鳥。瑤草奇花不謝；青松翠柏長春。仙桃常結果，修竹每留雲。一條澗壑藤蘿密，四面源堤艸色新。正是：百川會處擎天柱，萬劫無移大地根。

話說聞太師到了金鰲島，下了墨麒麟，看了一回，各處洞門緊閉，並無一人，不知往那裏去了，靜悄悄的。聞太師沉吟半晌，自思：「不如往別處去罷。」上了墨麒麟，方出島來，後有人叫曰：「聞

道兄！往那裏去？」聞太師回顧，見來者乃菡芝仙也。忙上前稽首曰：「道友往那裏去？」菡芝仙答曰：「特來會你。金鰲島眾道友為你往白鹿島去練陣圖。前日申公豹來請俺們往西岐助你。我如今在八卦爐中煉一物，功尚未成，若是完了，隨即就至。眾道友現在白鹿島；道兄，你可速去。」聞太師聽說大喜，遂辭了菡芝仙，逕往白鹿島來，霎時而至。只見眾道人：或帶一字巾、九陽巾，或魚尾金冠、碧玉冠，或挽雙抓髻，或陀頭樣打扮，俱在山坡前閑說，不在一處。聞太師看見，大呼曰：「列位道友，好自在也！」眾道人回頭，見聞太師，俱起身相迎。內有秦天君曰：「聞得道兄征伐西岐，前日申公豹在此相邀助你，吾等在此練十陣圖，方得完備。適道兄到臨，真是萬千之幸！」聞太師問曰：「兄練的那十陣？」秦天君曰：「吾等這十陣，各有妙用。明日至西岐擺下，其中變化無窮。」聞太師看罷，曰：「為何只有九位，卻少一位？」秦天君曰：「金光聖母往白雲島去練他的金光陣，其玄妙大不相同，因此少他一位。」董天君曰：「列位陣圖可曾完麼？」眾道人曰：「俱完了。」「既完了，我們先往西岐。聞兄在此等金光聖母同來。你意下如何？」聞太師曰：「既蒙列位道兄雅愛，聞仲感戴榮光萬萬矣。此是極妙之事。」九位道人辭了聞太師，借水遁先往西岐而來。怎見得，有詩為證：

天下嬉遊半月功，倏來倏去任西東，仙家妙用無窮際，豈似凡人駕彩虹。

不說九位道者往西岐山，到了營裏。且說聞太師坐在山坡，倚松靠石，未及片時，只見正南上五點豹斑駒上坐一人，帶魚尾金冠，身穿大紅八卦衣，腰束絲絛，腳登雲履，背一包袱，掛兩口寶劍，如飛雲掣電而來。望見白鹿島洞前不見眾人，只見一位穿紅、三隻眼、黃臉長髯的道者，卻原來是聞太師。金光聖母急下坐騎，曰：「聞兄何來？」二人施禮。問：「九位道友往那裏去了？」太師曰：「他們先往岐山去，留吾在此等候同行。」二人大喜，齊上坐騎，駕起雲光，往岐山而來，霎時便至。到了行營，吉立領眾將迎接，上中軍帳，與眾道人相見。秦天君曰：「西岐城在那裏？」聞太師曰：「因吾前夜敗兵，退至七十里安營，此處乃是岐山。」眾人曰：「我們連夜起兵前去。」聞太師令鄧忠前隊起兵，整點人馬；一聲砲響，殺奔西岐城來，安了行營，三軍放定營大砲，吶喊傳更。

子牙在相府自因得勝，與眾將逐日議論天下大事，忽聽喊聲，子牙曰：「聞太師想必取得援兵至矣。」傍有楊戩答曰：「聞太師新敗，去了半月，弟子聞此人乃截教門下，必定別請左道旁門之客，也要仔細防護。」子牙聽罷，心下疑惑，乃同哪吒、楊戩等都上城來觀看，聞太師行營今番大不相同。子牙見營中愁雲慘慘，冷霧飄飄，殺光閃閃，悲風切切；又有十數道黑氣，沖於霄漢，籠罩中軍帳內。子牙看罷，驚訝不已。諸弟子默默不言，只得下城入府，共議破敵，實是無策。

且說聞太師安了營，與十天君共議破西岐之策。袁天君曰：「吾聞姜子牙崑崙門下。想二教皈依，總是一理，如紅塵殺伐，吾等不必動此念頭；既練有十陣，我們先與他鬥智，方顯兩教中玄妙。若要倚勇鬥力，皆非

我等道門所為。」聞太師曰：「道兄之言甚善。」次日，成湯營裏砲聲一響，布開陣勢。聞太師乘墨麒麟，坐名請子牙答話。報進相府。子牙隨調三軍，擺出城來，旛分五色，眾將軒昂；子牙坐四不相上，看成湯營裏布成陣勢。只見聞太師坐麒麟，執金鞭在前，後面有十位道者，好兇惡！臉分五色：青、黃、赤、白、紅，俱皆騎鹿而來。怎見得，有詩為證：

青絲上搭一綸巾，腹內玄機動萬人。無福成仙稱道德：「封神榜」上列其身。

話說秦天君乘鹿上前，見子牙打稽首，曰：「姜子牙請了！」子牙欠背躬身答曰：「道兄請了。不知列位道兄是那座名山？何處洞府？」秦天君曰：「吾乃金鰲島煉氣士秦完是也。汝乃崑崙門客，吾是截教門人，為何你倚道術欺侮吾教？甚非你我道家體面。」子牙答曰：「道友何以見得吾欺侮貴教？」秦完曰：「你將九龍島魔家四人誅戮，還深侮吾教。我等今下山，與你見個雌雄。非是倚勇，吾等各以秘授略見功夫。吾等又不是凡夫俗子，恃強鬥勇，皆非仙體。」秦完說罷，子牙曰：「道兄通明達顯，普照四方，復始巡終，週流上下，原無二致。紂王無道，絕滅紀綱，王氣黯然。西土仁君已現，當順天時，莫迷己性。況鳴鳳於岐山，應生聖賢之兆。從來有道克無道，有福摧無福，正能克邪，邪不能犯正。道兄幼訪名師，深悟大道，豈有不明道理！」秦完曰：「據你所言，周為真命之主，紂王乃無道之君。吾等此來，助紂滅周，難道便是不應天時？——這也不在口中講。姜子牙，吾在島中曾有十陣，擺與子牙過目。不必倚強，恐傷上帝好生之仁，累此無辜黎庶，勇悍兒郎，智勇將士，遭此劫運，而糜爛其肌體也。不識子牙意下如何？」子牙曰：「道兄既有此意，姜尚豈敢違命。」只見十道人俱回騎進營，一兩個時辰，把十陣俱擺將出來。秦完復至陣前曰：「子牙，貧道十陣圖已完，請公細玩。」子牙曰：「領教了。」隨帶哪吒、黃天化、雷震子、楊戩四位門人來看陣。聞太師在轅門與十道人細看，子牙領來四人：一個站在風火輪上，提火尖鎗，是哪吒；玉麒麟上是黃天化；雷震子猙獰異相；楊戩道氣昂然。只見楊戩向前對秦天君曰：「吾等看陣，不可以暗兵、暗寶暗算吾師叔，非大丈夫之所為也。」秦完笑曰：「叫你等早晨死，不敢午時亡。豈有將暗寶傷你等之理！」哪吒曰：「口說無憑，發手可見。道者休得誇口！」四人保定子牙看陣。見頭一陣，挑起一牌，上書「天絕陣」；第二上書「地烈陣」；第三上書「風吼陣」；第四上書「寒冰陣」；第五上書「金光陣」；第六上書「化血陣」；第七上書「烈焰陣」；第八上書「落魂陣」；第九上書「紅水陣」；第十上書「紅砂陣」。子牙看畢，復至陣前。秦天君曰：「子牙識此陣否？」子牙曰：「十陣俱明，吾已知之。」袁天君曰：「可能破否？」子牙曰：「既在道中，怎不能破？」袁天君曰：「幾時來破？」子牙曰：「此陣尚未完全，待你完日，用書知會，方破此陣。請了！」聞太師同諸道友回營。子牙進城，入相府，好愁！真是雙鎖眉尖，無籌可展。楊戩在側曰：「師叔方纔言能破此陣，其實可能破得否？」姜子牙曰：「此陣乃截教傳來，皆稀奇之幻

法，陣名罕見，焉能破得？」不言子牙煩惱。且說聞太師同十位道者入營，治酒款待。飲酒之間，聞太師曰：「道友，此十陣有何妙用可破西岐？」秦天君開講十絕大陣。不知有何奧妙，且聽下回分解。第四十四回 子牙魂游崑崙山 詩曰：

左道妖魔事更偏，咒詛魘魅古今傳。傷人不用飛神劍，索魄何須取命箋。

多少英雄皆棄世，任他豪傑盡遍泉。誰知天意俱前定，一脈遊魂去復連。話說秦天君講「天絕陣」，對聞太師曰：「此陣乃吾師曾演先天之數，得先天清氣，內藏混沌之機，中有三首幡，按天、地、人三才，共合為一氣。若人入此陣內，有雷鳴之處，化作灰塵；仙道若逢此處，肢體震為粉碎，故曰『天絕陣』也。」有詩為證：

天地三才顛倒推，玄中玄妙更難猜。神仙若遇「天絕陣」，頃刻肢體化成灰。聞太師聽罷大喜。又問：「『地烈陣』如何？」趙天君曰：「吾『地烈陣』亦按地道之數，中藏凝厚之體，外現隱躍之妙，變化多端，內隱一首紅幡，招動處，上有雷鳴，下有火起。凡人、仙進此陣，再無復生之理；縱有五行妙術，怎逃此厄！」有詩為證：

「地烈」煉成分濁厚，上雷下火太無情。就是五行乾健體，難逃骨化與形傾。聞太師又問：「『風吼陣』何如？」董天君曰：「吾『風吼陣』中藏玄妙，按地、水、火、風之數，內有風、火。此風、火乃先天之氣，三昧真火，百萬兵刃，從中而出。若人、仙進此陣，風、火交作，萬刃齊攢，四肢立成齏粉。怕他有倒海移山之異術，難免身體化成膿。」有詩為證：

「風吼陣」中兵刃窩，暗藏玄妙若天羅。傷人不怕神仙體，消盡渾身血肉多。

聞太師又問：「『寒冰陣』內有何妙用？」袁天君曰：「此陣非一日功行乃能煉就，名為『寒冰』，實為刀山。內藏玄妙，中有風雷，上有冰山如狼牙，下有冰塊如刀劍。若人、仙入此陣，風雷動處，上下一磕，四肢立成齏粉。縱有異術，難免此難。」有詩為證：

玄功煉就號「寒冰」，一座刀山上下凝。若是人仙逢此陣，連皮帶骨盡無憑。

聞太師又問：「『金光陣』妙處何如？」金光聖母曰：「貧道『金光陣』，內奪日月之精，藏天地之氣，中有二十一面寶鏡，用二十一根高桿，每一面懸在高桿頂上，一鏡上有一套。若人、仙入陣，將此套拽起，雷聲震動鏡子，只一二轉，金光射出，照住其身，立刻化為膿血，縱會飛騰，難越此陣。」有詩為證：

寶鏡非銅又非金，不向爐中火內尋。縱有神仙逢此陣，須臾形化更難禁。聞太師又問：「『化血陣』如何用度？」孫天君曰：「吾此陣法用先天靈氣，中有風雷，內藏數片黑砂。但人、仙入陣，雷響處，風捲黑砂，些須著處，立化血水。縱是神仙，難逃利害。」有詩為證：

黃風捲起黑砂飛，天地無光動殺威。任你仙人聞此氣，涓涓血水濺征衣。

聞太師又問：「『烈焰陣』又是如何？」白天君曰：「吾『烈焰陣』妙用無窮，非同凡品：內藏三火，有三昧火、空中火、石中火。三火併為一氣。中有三首紅幡。若人、仙進此陣內，三幡展動，三火齊飛，須臾成為灰燼。縱有避火真言，難躲三昧真火。」有詩

為證：燧人方有空中火，煉養丹砂爐內藏。坐守離宮為首領，紅旛招動化空亡。太師問：「『落魂陣』奇妙如何？」姚天君曰：「吾此陣非同小可，乃閉生門，開死戶，中藏天地厲氣，結聚而成。內有白紙旛一首，上存符印。若人、仙入陣內，白旛展動，魄消魂散，傾刻而滅；不論神仙，隨入隨滅。」有詩為證：白紙旛搖黑氣生，煉成妙術透虛盈。從來不信神仙體，入陣魂消魄自傾。

太師又問：「如何為『紅水陣』？其中妙用如何？」王天君曰：「吾『紅水陣』內奪壬癸之精，藏天乙之妙，變幻莫測。中有一八卦臺，臺上有三個葫蘆，任隨人、仙入陣，將葫蘆往下一擲，傾出紅水，汪洋無際。若其水濺出一點粘在身上，頃刻化為血水。縱是神仙，無術可逃。有詩為證：爐內陰陽真奧妙，煉成壬癸裏邊藏。饒君就是金剛體，遇水粘身頃刻亡。聞太師又問：「『紅沙陣』畢竟愈出愈奇，更煩請教，以快愚意。」張天君曰：「吾『紅沙陣』果然奇妙，作法更精。內按天、地、人三才，中分三氣，內藏紅砂三斗一看似紅砂，著身利刃，上不知天，下不知地，中不知人。若人、仙衝入此陣，風雷運處，飛砂傷人，立刻骸骨俱成齏粉。縱有神仙佛祖，遭此再不能逃。」有詩為證：紅砂一撮道無窮，八卦爐中玄妙功。

萬象包羅為一處，方知截教有鴻濛。聞太師聽罷，不覺大喜：「今得眾道友到此，西岐指日可破。縱有百萬甲兵，千員猛將，無能為矣。實乃社稷之福也！」內有姚天君曰：「列位道兄，據貧道論起來，西岐城不過彈丸之地，姜子牙不過淺行之夫，怎經得十絕陣起！只小弟略施小術，把姜子牙處死，軍中無主，西岐自然瓦解。常言『蛇無頭而不行，軍無主而自亂。』又何必區區與之較勝負哉？」聞太師曰：「道兄若有奇功妙術，使姜尚自死，又不張弓持矢，不致軍士塗炭，此幸之幸也。敢問如何治法？」姚天君曰：「不動聲色，二十一日，自然命絕。子牙縱是脫骨神仙，超凡佛祖，也難逃躲。」聞太師大喜，更問詳細。姚斌附太師耳曰：「須……如此如此，自然命絕。又何勞眾道兄費心。」聞太師喜不自勝，對眾道友曰：「今日姚兄施大法力，為我聞仲治死姜尚，尚死諸將自然瓦解，功成至易。真所謂樽俎折衝，談笑而下西岐。大抵今皇上洪福齊天，致感動列位道兄扶助。」眾人曰：「此功讓姚賢弟行之，總為聞兄，何言勞逸。」姚天君讓過眾人，隨入「落魂陣」內，築一土臺，設一香案，臺上紮一艸人；艸人身上寫「姜尚」的名字；艸人頭上點三盞燈，足下點七盞燈，一上三盞名為催魂燈，下七盞名為促魄燈。姚天君在其中，披髮仗劍，步罡念咒於臺前，發符用印於空中，一日拜三次。連拜了三四日，就把子牙拜的顛三倒四，坐臥不安。

不說姚天君行法，且說子牙坐在相府與諸將商議破陣之策，默默不言，半籌無畫。楊戩在側，見姜丞相或驚或怪，無策無謀，容貌比前大不相同，心下便自疑惑：「難道丞相曾在玉虛門下出身，今膺重寄。況上天垂象，應運而興，豈是小可；難道就無計破此十陣，便自顛倒如此！其實不解。」楊戩甚是慮。又過七八日，姚天君在陣中，把子

牙拜吊了一魂二魄。子牙在相府，心煩意躁，進退不寧，十分不爽利；整日不理軍情，慵懶常眠。眾將、門徒俱不解是何緣故，也有疑無策破陣者，也有疑深思靜攝者。不說相府眾人猜疑不一。又過了十四五日，姚天君將子牙精魂氣魄，又拜去了二魂四魄。子牙在府，不時憨睡，鼻息如雷。且說哪吒、楊戩與眾大弟子商議曰：「方今兵臨城下，陣擺多時，師叔全不以軍情為重，只是憨睡，此中必有緣故。」楊戩曰：「據愚下觀丞相所為，恁般顛倒，連日如在醉夢之間；似此動作，不像前番，似有人暗算之意。不然丞相學道崑崙，能知五行之術，善察陰陽禍福之機，安有昏迷如是，置大事若不理者！其中定有說話。」眾人齊曰：「必有緣故。我等同入臥室，請上殿來，商議破敵之事，看是如何。」眾人至內室前，問內侍人等：「丞相何在？」左右侍兒應曰：「丞相濃睡未醒。」眾人命侍兒請丞相至殿上議事。侍兒忙入室請子牙，出得內室，門外武吉上前告曰：「老師每日安寢，不顧軍國重務，關係甚大，將士憂心，懇求老師速理軍情，以安周土。」子牙只得勉強出來，陞了殿。眾將上前，議論軍前等事。子牙只是不言不語，如痴如醉。忽然一陣風響，哪吒沒奈何，來試試子牙陰陽如何。哪吒曰：「師叔在上：此風甚是兇惡，不知主何凶吉？」子牙掐指一算，答曰：「今日正該刮風，原無別事。」眾人不肯抵觸。一看官：此時子牙被姚天君拜去了魂魄，心中模糊，陰陽差錯了，故曰「該刮風」，如何知道禍福。一當日眾人也無可奈何，只得各散。言休煩絮，不覺又過了二十日。姚天君把子牙二魂六魄俱已拜去了；止有得一魂一魄，其日竟拜出泥丸宮，子牙已死在相府。眾弟子與門下諸將官，連武王駕至相府，俱環立而泣。武王亦泣而言曰：「相父為國勤勞，不曾受享安康，一旦致此，於心何忍，言之痛心！」眾將聽武王之言，不覺大痛。楊戩含淚，將子牙身上摸一摸，只見心口還熱，忙來啟武王曰：「不要忙，丞相胸前還熱，料不能就死。且停在臥榻。」不言眾將在府中慌亂。單言子牙一魂一魄，飄飄蕩蕩，杳杳冥冥，竟往封神臺來。時有清福神迎迓，見子牙是魂魄，清福神柏鑑知道天意，忙將子牙魂魄輕輕的推出封神臺來。但子牙原是有根行的人，一心不忘崑崙，那魂魄出了封神臺，隨風飄飄蕩蕩，如絮飛騰，逕至崑崙山來。適有南極仙翁閑遊山下，採芝煉藥，猛見子牙魂魄渺渺而來，南極仙翁仔細觀看，方知是子牙的魂魄。仙翁大驚曰：「子牙絕矣。」慌忙趕上前，一把綽住了魂魄，裝在葫蘆裏面，塞住了葫蘆口，逕進玉虛宮，啟掌教老師。纔進得宮門，後面有人叫曰：「南極仙翁不要走！」仙翁及至回頭看時，原來是太華山雲霄洞赤精子。仙翁曰：「道友那裏來？」赤精子曰：「閑居無事，特來會你遊海島，適山嶽，訪仙境之高明野士，看其著棋閑耍，如何？」仙翁曰：「今日不得閑。」赤精子曰：「如今止了講，你我正得閑。他日若還開講，你我俱不得閑矣。今日反說是不得閑，兄乃欺我。」仙翁曰：「我有要緊事，不得陪兄，豈為不得閑之說。」赤精子曰：「吾知你的事：姜子牙魂魄不能入竅之說，再無他意。」仙翁曰：「你何以知

之？」赤精子曰：「適來言語，原是戲你。我正為子牙魂魄趕來。我因先到西岐山，封神臺上見清福神柏鑑，說：『子牙魂魄方纔至此，被我推出，今遊崑崙山去了。』故此特地趕來，方纔見你進宮，故意問你。今子牙魂魄果在何處？」仙翁曰：「適間閑遊崖前，只見子牙魂魄飄蕩而至，及仔細觀看方知；今已被吾裝在葫蘆內，要啟老師知之，不意兄至。」赤精子曰：「多大事情，驚動教主。你將葫蘆拿來與我，待吾去救子牙走一番。」仙翁把葫蘆付與赤精子。赤精子心慌意急，借土遁離了崑崙，霎時來至西岐，到了相府前，有楊戩接住，拜倒在地，口稱：「師伯今日駕臨，想是為師叔而來。」赤精子答曰：「然也。快為通報！」楊戩入內，報與武王。武王親自出迎。赤精子至銀安殿，對武王打個稽首。武王竟以師禮待之，尊於上坐。赤精子曰：「貧道此來，特為子牙下山。如今子牙死在那裏？」武王同眾將士引赤精子進了內榻。赤精子見子牙合目不言，仰面而臥。赤精子曰：「賢王不必悲啼，毋得驚慌，只今他魂魄還體，自然無事。」赤精子同武王復至殿上。武王請問曰：「道長，相父不絕，還是用何藥餌？」赤精子曰：「不必用藥，自有妙用。」楊戩在旁問曰：「幾時救得？」赤精子曰：「只消至三更時，子牙自然回生。」眾人俱各歡喜，不覺至晚，已到三更。楊戩來請，赤精子整頓衣袍，起身出城。只見十陣內黑氣迷天，陰雲布合，悲風颯颯，冷霧飄飄，有無限鬼哭神嚎，竟無底止。赤精子見此陣十分險惡，用手一指，足下先現兩朵白蓮花，為護身根本，遂將麻鞋踏定蓮花，輕輕起在空中。正是仙家妙用。怎見得，有詩為證：

道人足下白蓮花，頂上祥光五色呈。只為神仙犯殺戒：「落魂陣」內去留名。

話說赤精子站在空中，見十陣好生兇惡，殺氣貫於天界，黑霧罩於岐山。赤精子正看，只見「落魂陣」內姚斌在那裏披髮仗劍，步罡踏斗於雷門，又見草人頂上一盞燈，昏昏慘慘，足下一盞燈，半滅半明。姚斌把令牌一擊，那燈往下一滅，一魂一魄在葫蘆中一迸；幸葫蘆口兒塞住，焉能迸得出來。姚天君連拜數拜，其燈不滅。一大抵燈不滅，魂不絕。一姚斌不覺心中焦躁，把令牌一拍，大呼曰：「二魂六魄已至，一魂二魄為何不歸！」不言姚天君發怒連拜。且說赤精子在空中，見姚斌方拜下去，把足下二蓮花往下一坐，來搶艸人。不意姚斌拜起抬頭，看見有人落將下來，乃是赤精子。姚斌曰：「赤精子，原來你敢入吾『落魂陣』搶姜尚之魂！」忙將一把黑砂望上一灑。赤精子慌忙疾走；饒著走得快，把足下二朵蓮花落在陣裏，赤精子幾乎失陷落魂陣中；急忙駕遁，進了西岐。楊戩接住，見赤精子面色恍惚，喘息不定。楊戩曰：「老師可曾救回魂魄！」赤精子搖頭連曰：「好利害！好利害！『落魂陣』幾乎連我陷於裏面！饒我走得快，猶把我足下二朵白蓮花打落在陣中。」武王聞說，大哭曰：「若如此言，相父不能回生矣！」赤精子曰：「賢王不必憂慮，料是無妨。此不過係子牙災殃，如此遲滯，貧道如今往箇所在去來。」武王曰：「老師往那裏去？」赤精子曰：「吾去就來，你們不可走動，好生看待子牙。」吩咐已畢，赤精

子離了西岐，腳踏祥光，借土遁來至崑崙山。不一時，有南極仙翁出玉虛宮而來，見赤精子至，忙問：「子牙魂魄可曾回？」赤精子把前事說了一遍：「……借重道兄，啟師尊，問箇端的：怎生救得子牙？」仙翁聽說，入宮至寶座下，行禮畢，把子牙事細細陳說一番。元始曰：「吾雖掌此大教，事體倘有疑難。你叫赤精子可去八景宮見大老爺，便知始末。」仙翁領命出宮來，對赤精子曰：「老師吩咐：你可往八景宮去參謁大老爺，便知端的。」赤精子辭了南極仙翁，駕祥雲往玄都而來。不一時已到仙山。此處乃大羅宮玄都洞，是老子所居之地，內有八景宮，仙境異常，令人把玩不暇。有詩為證，詩曰：

仙峰巔險，峻嶺崔嵬。坡生瑞草，地長靈芝。根連地秀，頂接天齊。青松綠柳，紫菊紅梅。碧桃銀杏，火棗交梨。仙翁判畫，隱者圍棋。群仙談道，靜講玄機。聞經怪獸，聽法狐狸。彪熊剪尾，豹舞猿啼。龍吟虎嘯，翠茗鶯飛。犀牛望月，海馬聲嘶。異禽多變化，仙鳥世間稀。孔雀談經句，仙童玉笛吹。怪松盤古頂，寶樹映沙堤。山高紅日近，澗闊水流低。清幽仙境院，風景勝瑤池。此間無限景，世上少人知。

話說赤精子至玄都洞，見上面一聯云：道判混元，曾見太極兩儀生四象；鴻濛傳法，又將胡人西度出函關。赤精子在玄都洞外，不敢擅入。等候一會，只見玄都大法師出宮外，看見赤精子，問曰：「道友到此，有甚麼大事？」赤精子打稽首，曰稱：「道兄！今無甚事，也不敢擅入。只因姜子牙魂魄遊蕩的事……」細說一番：「特奉師命，來見老爺。敢煩通報。」玄都大法師聽說，忙入宮，至蒲團前行禮，啟曰：「赤精子宮門外聽候法旨。」老子曰：「招他進來。」赤精子入宮，倒身下拜：「弟子願老師萬壽無疆！」老子曰：「你等犯了此劫，『落魂陣』姜尚有愆，吾之寶『落魂陣』亦遭此厄，都是天數。汝等謹受法戒。」叫玄都大法師：「取太極圖來。」付與赤精子。將此圖……如此行去，自然可救姜尚。你速去罷。」赤精子得了太極圖，離了大羅宮，一時來至西岐。武王聞說赤精子回來，與眾將迎迓至殿前。武王忙問曰：「老師那裏去來？」赤精子曰：「今日方救得子牙。」眾將聽說，不覺大喜。楊戩曰：「老師，還到甚麼時候？」赤精子曰：「也到三更時分。」諸弟子專等至三更來請，赤精子隨即起身。出城行至十陣門前，捏土成遁，駕在空中，只見姚天君還在那裏拜伏。赤精子將老君太極圖打散抖開，一此圖乃老君劈地開天，分清理濁，定地、水、火、風，包羅萬象之寶。化了一座金橋，五色毫光，照耀山河大地，護持著赤精子往下一墜，一手正抓住艸人！望空就走。姚天君見赤精子二進「落魂陣」來，大叫曰：「好赤精子！你又來搶我艸人！甚是可惡！」忙將一斗黑砂望上一潑。赤精子叫一聲：「不好！」把左手一放，將太極圖落在陣裏，被姚天君所得。且說赤精子雖是把艸人抓出陣來，反把太極圖失了，嚇得魂不附體，面如金紙，喘息不定，在土遁內，幾乎失利；落下遁光，將艸人放下，把葫蘆取出，收了子牙二魂六魄，裝在葫蘆裏面，往相府前而來。只見眾弟子正在此等候，遠遠望見

赤精子忻然而來，楊戩上前請問曰：「老師！師叔魂魄可曾取得來麼？」赤精子曰：「子牙事雖完了，吾將掌教大老爺的奇寶失在『落魂陣』，吾未免有陷身之禍！」眾將同進相府。武王聞得取子牙魂魄已至，不覺大喜。赤精子至子牙臥榻，將子牙頭髮分開，用葫蘆口合住子牙泥丸宮，連把葫蘆敲了三四下，其魂魄依舊入竅。少時，子牙睜開眼，口稱：「好睡！」急至看時，臥榻前武王、赤精子、眾門人。子牙躍身而起。武王曰：「若非此位老師費心，焉得相父今生再面？」這會子牙方纔醒悟，便問：「道兄何以知之，而救不才也？」赤精子把「『十絕陣』內有一『落魂陣』，姚斌將你魂魄拜入艸人，腹內止得一魂一魄，天不絕你，魂遊崑崙，我為你趕入玉虛宮，討你魂魄；復入大羅宮，蒙掌教大老爺賜太極圖救你；不意失在『落魂陣』中。」子牙聽畢，自悔根行甚淺，不能具知始末：「太極圖乃玄妙之珍，今日誤陷，奈何？」赤精子曰：「子牙今且調養身體，待平復後，共議破陣之策。」武王回駕，子牙調養數日，方纔痊癒。翌日陞殿，赤精子與諸人共議破陣之法，赤精子曰：「此陣乃左道旁門，不知深奧。既有真命，自然安妥。」言未畢，楊戩啟子牙：「二仙山麻姑洞黃龍真人到此。」子牙迎接至銀安殿，行禮畢，分賓主坐下。子牙曰：「道兄今到此，有何事見諭？」黃龍真人曰：「特來西岐，共破十絕陣。方今吾等犯了殺戒，輕重有分；眾道友咫尺即來。此處凡俗不便，貧道先至，與子牙議論。可在西門外，搭一蘆篷席殿，結綠懸花，以便三山五嶽道友齊來，可以安歇。不然，有褻眾聖，甚非尊賢之理。」子牙傳令：「著南宮适、武吉起造蘆篷，安放席殿。」又命楊戩：「在相府門首，但有眾老師至，隨即通報。」赤精子對子牙曰：「吾等不必在此商議，候造篷工完，篷上議事可也。」話非一日，武吉來報工完。子牙同二位道友、眾門人，都出城來聽用，止留武成王掌府事。話說子牙上了蘆篷，鋪氈佃地，懸花結綵，專候諸道友來至。大抵武王為應天順人，仙聖自不絕而來，先來的是：

九仙山桃園洞廣成子，
太華山雲霄洞赤精子，
二仙山麻姑洞黃龍真人，
狹龍山飛雲洞懼留孫——後入釋成佛，
乾元山金光洞太乙真人，
崆峒山元陽洞靈寶大法師，
五龍山雲霄洞文殊廣法天尊——後成文殊菩薩，
九功山白鶴洞普賢真人——後成普賢菩薩，
普陀山落伽洞慈航道人——後成觀世音大士，
玉泉山金霞洞玉鼎真人，

金庭山玉屋洞道行天尊，
青峰山紫陽洞清虛道德真君。

子牙逕往迎接，上篷坐下。內有廣成子曰：「眾位道友，今日前來，興廢可知，真假自辨。子牙公幾時破十絕陣？吾等聽從指教。」子牙聽得此言，魂不附體，欠身言曰：「列位道兄，料不才不過四十年毫末之功，豈能破得此十絕陣！乞列位道兄憐姜尚才疏學淺，生民塗炭，將土水火，

敢煩那一位道兄，與吾代理，解君臣之憂煩，黎庶之倒懸，真社稷生民之福矣。姜尚不勝幸甚！」廣成子曰：「吾等自身難保無虞，雖有所學，不能克敵此左道之術。」彼此互相推讓。正說間，只見半空中有鹿鳴，異香滿地，遍處氤氳。不知是誰來至，且聽下回分解。第四十五回 燃燈議破十絕陣

詩曰：

「天絕陣」中多猛烈，若逢「地烈」更離堪。秦完湊數皆天定，袁角遭誅是性貪。雷火燒殘今已兩，緇仙縛去不成三。區區十陣成何濟，贏得「封神榜」上談。

話說眾人正議破陣主將，彼此推讓，只見空中來了一位道人，跨鹿乘雲，香風襲襲。怎見得他相貌稀奇，形容古怪？真是仙人班首，佛祖流源。有詩為證：

一天瑞彩光搖曳，五色祥雲飛不徹。鹿鳴空內九皋聲，紫芝色秀千層葉。中門現出真人相，古怪容顏原自別。神舞虹霓透漢霄，腰懸寶錄無生滅。靈鷲山下號燃燈，時赴蟠桃添壽域。

眾仙知是靈鷲山元覺洞燃燈道人，齊下篷來，迎接上篷，行禮坐下。燃燈曰：「眾道友先至，貧道來遲，幸勿以此介意。方今十絕陣甚是凶惡，不知以何人為主？」子牙欠身打躬曰：「專候老師指教。」燃燈曰：「吾此來，實與子牙代勞，執掌符印；二則眾友有厄，特來解釋；三則了吾念頭。子牙公請了！可將符印交與我。」子牙與眾人俱大喜曰：「道長之言，甚是不謬。」隨將符印拜送燃燈。燃燈受印符，謝過眾道友，方打點議破十陣之事。正是：

雷部正神施猛力，神仙殺戒也難逃。

話說燃燈道人安排破陣之策，不覺心上咨嗟：「此一劫必損吾十友。」

且說聞太師在營中請十天君上帳，坐而問曰：「十陣可曾完全？」秦完曰：「完已多時。可著人下戰書，知會早早成功，以便班師。」聞太師忙修書，命鄧忠往子牙處來下戰書。有哪吒見鄧忠來至，便問曰：「有何事至此？」鄧忠答曰：「來下戰書。」哪吒報與子牙：「鄧忠下書。」子牙命：「接上來。」書曰：

「征西大元戎太師聞仲書奉丞相姜子牙麾下：古云：『率土之濱，莫非王臣。』今無故造反，得罪於天下，為天下所共棄者也。屢奉天討，不行悔罪，反恣肆強暴，殺害王師，致辱朝廷，罪亦罔赦。今擺此十絕陣已完，與爾共決勝負。特著鄧忠將書通會，可准定日期，候爾破敵。戰書到日，即此批宣。」

子牙看罷書，原書批回：「三日後會戰。」鄧忠回見聞太師：「三日後會陣。」聞太師乃在大營中設席，款待十天君，大吹大擂飲酒。飲至三更，出中軍帳，猛見周家蘆篷裏，眾道人頂上現出慶雲瑞彩，或金燈貝葉，瓔珞垂珠，似簷前滴水，涓涓不斷。十天君驚曰：「崑崙山諸人到了！」眾皆駭異，各歸本陣，自去留心。不覺便是三日。那日早晨，成湯營裏砲響，喊聲齊起，聞太師出營，在轅門口，左右分開隊伍，乃鄧、

辛、張、陶四將；十陣主各按方向而立。只見西岐蘆篷裏，隱隱旛飄，靄靄瑞氣，兩邊擺三山五嶽門人，只見頭一對是哪吒、黃天化出來；二對是楊戩、雷震子；三對是韓毒龍、薛惡虎；四對是金吒、木吒。怎見得，有詩為證：

玉磬金鐘聲兩分，西岐城下吐祥雲。從今大破十絕陣，雷祖英名萬載聞。

話說燃燈掌握元戎，領眾仙下篷，步行排班，緩緩而行。只見赤精子對廣成子；太乙真人對靈寶大法師；道德真君對懼留孫；文殊廣法天尊對普賢真人；慈航道人對黃龍真人，玉鼎真人對道行天尊；十二位上仙，齊齊整整擺出；當中梅花鹿上坐燃燈道人；赤精子擊金鐘；廣成子擊玉磬。只見「天絕陣」內一聲鐘響，陣門開處，兩桿旛搖，見一道人，怎生模樣：面如藍靛，髮似硃砂，騎黃斑鹿出陣。但見：

蓮子箍，頭上著；絳綃衣，繡白鶴。手持四楞黃金鐃，暗帶擒仙玄妙索。蕩三山，遊東嶽，金鰲島內燒丹藥。只因煩惱共嗔痴，不在高山受快樂。

且說「天絕陣」內秦天君飛出陣來。燃燈道人看左右，暗思：「並無一個在劫先破此陣之人……」正話說未了，忽然空中一陣風聲飄飄，落下一位仙家，乃玉虛宮第五位門人鄧華是也；拎一根方天畫戟。見眾道人，打個稽首，曰：「吾奉師命，特來破「天絕陣」。」燃燈點頭自思道：「數定在先，怎逃此厄！」尚未回言，只見秦天君大呼曰：「玉虛教下誰來見吾此陣。」鄧華向前言曰：「秦完慢來，不必持強，自肆猖獗！」秦完曰：「你是何人，敢出大言？」鄧華曰：「業障！你連我也認不得了？吾乃玉虛宮門下鄧華是也。」秦完曰：「你敢來會我此陣否？」鄧華曰：「既奉敕下山，怎肯空回！」提畫戟就刺。秦完催鹿相還，步鹿交加，殺在「天絕陣」前，怎見得：

這一個輕移道步，那一個兜轉黃斑。輕移道步，展動描金五色旛；兜轉黃斑，金鐃使開龍擺尾。這一個道心退後惡心生；那一個那顧長生真妙訣。這一個藍臉上殺光直透三千丈，那一個粉臉上惡氣沖破五雲瑞。一個是雷部天君施威仗勇；一個是日宮神聖氣概軒昂。正是：

封神臺上標名客，怎免誅身戮體災。

話說秦天君與鄧華戰未及三五回合，空丟一，往陣內就走。鄧華隨後趕來；見秦完走進陣門去了，鄧華也趕入陣內。秦天君見鄧華趕急，上了板臺，一臺上有几案，案上有三首旛。秦天君將旛執在手，左右連轉數轉，將旛往下一擲，雷聲交作，只見鄧華昏昏慘慘，不知南北西東，倒在地下。秦完下板臺，將鄧華取了首級，拎出陣來，大呼曰：「崑崙教下，誰敢再觀吾「天絕陣」也！」燃燈看見鄧華首級，不覺咨嗟：「可憐數年道行，今日結果！又見秦完復來叫陣，乃命文殊廣法天尊先破此陣，燃燈吩咐務要小心！」文殊曰：「知道。領法牒。」作歌出曰：

「欲試鋒芒敢憚勞，凌霄寶匣玉龍號。手中紫氣三千丈，頂上凌雲百尺高。

金闕曉臨談道德，玉京時去種蟠桃。奉師法旨離仙府，也到紅塵走一遭。」

文殊廣法天尊問曰：「秦完，你截教無拘無束，原自快樂；為何擺此「天絕陣」陷害生靈。我今既來破陣，必開殺戒。非是我等滅卻慈悲，無非了此前因。你等勿自後悔！」秦完大笑曰：「你等是閑樂神仙，怎的也來受此苦惱。你也不知吾所陣中無盡無窮之妙。非我逼你，是你等自取大厄！」文殊廣法天尊笑曰：「也不知是誰取絕命之愆！」秦完大怒，執鐃就打。天尊道：「善哉！」將劍攔架招隔。未及數合，秦完敗走進陣。天尊趕到「天絕陣」門首，見裏風颯颯寒霧，蕭蕭悲風，也自遲疑不敢擅入。只聽得後面金鐘響處，只得要進陣去。天尊把手往下一指，平地有兩朵白蓮而出。天尊足踏二蓮，飄飄而進。秦天君大叫曰：「文殊廣法天尊！縱你開口有金蓮，垂手有白光，也出不得吾「天絕陣」也。」天尊笑曰：「此何難哉！」把口一張，有斗大一個金蓮噴出；左手五指裏有五道白光垂地倒往上捲；白光頂上有一朵蓮花；花上有五盞金燈引路。且說秦完將三首幡，如前施展，只見文殊廣法天尊頂上有慶雲升起，五色毫光內有纓絡垂珠掛將下來，手托七寶金蓮，現了化身。怎見得：

悟得靈臺體自殊，自由自在法難拘。蓮花久已朝元海，纓絡垂絲頂上珠。

話說秦天君把幡搖了數十搖，也搖不動廣法天尊。天尊在光裏言曰：「秦完！貧道今日放不得你，要完吾殺戒！」把遁龍椿望空中一撒，將秦天君遁住了。此椿按三才，上下有三圈，將秦完縛得逼直。廣法天尊對崑崙打個稽首曰：「弟子今日開此殺戒！」將寶劍一劈，取了秦完首級，拎將出「天絕陣」來。聞太師在墨麒麟上，一見秦完被斬，大叫一聲：「氣殺老夫！」催動坐騎，大叫：「文殊休走！吾來也！」天尊不理，麒麟來得甚急，似一陣黑煙滾來。怎見得，後人有詩讚曰：

怒氣凌空怎按摩，一心只要動干戈。休言此陣無贏日，縱有奇謀俱自訛。

且說燃燈後面黃龍真人乘鶴飛來，阻住聞太師，曰：「秦完「天絕陣」壞吾鄧華師弟，想秦完身亡，足以相敵。今十陣方纔破一，還有九陣未見雌雄；原是鬥法，不必持強，你且暫退！」

只聽得地烈陣一聲鐘響，趙江在梅花鹿上，作歌而出：

「妙妙妙中妙，玄玄玄更玄。動言俱演道，默語是神仙。

在掌如珠異，當空似月圓。功成歸物外，直入大羅天。」

趙天君大呼曰：「廣法天尊既破了「天絕陣」，誰敢會我「地烈陣」麼？」衝殺而來。燃燈道人命韓毒龍：「破『地烈陣』走一遭。韓毒龍躍身而出，大呼曰：「不可亂行！吾來也！」趙天君問曰：「你是何人，敢來見我？」韓毒龍曰：「道行天尊門下，奉燃燈師父法旨，特來破你『地烈陣』。」趙江笑曰：「你不過毫末道行，怎敢來破吾陣，空喪性命！」提手中劍飛來直取。韓毒龍手中劍赴面交還，劍來劍架，猶如紫電飛空，一似寒冰出谷。戰有五六回合，趙江揮一劍，望陣內敗走。韓毒龍隨後趕

來，趕至陣中。趙天君上了板臺，將五方旛搖動，四下裏怪雲捲起，一聲雷鳴，上有火罩，下上交攻，雷火齊發。可憐韓毒龍，不一時身體成為齏粉。——一道靈魂往封神臺來，有清福神祇引進去了。且說趙天君復上梅花鹿，出陣大呼：「闡教道友，別著個有道行的來見此陣，毋得使根行淺薄之人至此枉送性命！誰敢再來會吾此陣？」燃燈道人曰：「懼留孫去走一番。」懼留孫領命，作歌而來：

「交光日月煉金英，二粒靈珠透室明。擺動乾坤知道力，逃移生死見功成。

逍遙四海留蹤跡，歸在玄都立姓名。直上五雲雲路穩，紫鸞朱鶴自來迎。」

懼留孫躍步而出，見趙天君縱鹿而來。怎生粧束，但見：

碧玉冠，一點紅；翡翠袍，花一叢。絲條結就乾坤樣，足下常登兩朵雲。太阿劍，現七星，誅龍虎，斬妖精。九龍島內真靈士，要與成湯立大功。

懼留孫曰：「趙江，你乃截教之仙，與吾輩大不相同，立心險惡，如何擺此惡陣，逆天行事！休言你胸中道術，只怕你封神臺上難逃目下之災！」趙天君大怒，提劍飛來直取。懼留孫執劍赴面交還。未及數合，依前走入陣內。懼留孫隨後趕至陣前，不敢輕進；只聽得後有鐘聲催響，只得入陣。趙天君已上板臺，將五方旛如前運用。懼留孫見勢不好，先把天門開了，現出慶雲，保護其身，然後取綱仙繩，命黃巾力士將趙江拿在蘆篷，聽候指揮。但見：

金光出手萬仙驚，一道仙風透體生。「地烈陣」中施妙法，平空拎去上蘆篷。

話說懼留孫將綱仙繩命黃巾力士拎往蘆篷下一摔，將趙江跌的三昧火七竅中噴出，遂破了「地烈陣」。懼留孫徐徐而回。聞太師又見破了「地烈陣」，趙江被擒，在墨麒麟背上，聲若巨雷，大叫曰：「懼留孫莫走！吾來也！」時有玉鼎真人曰：「聞兄不必這等，我輩奉玉虛宮符命下世，身惹紅塵，來破十陣；纔破兩陣，尚有八陣未見明白。況原言過門法，何勞聲色，非道中之高明也。」把聞太師說得默默無言。燃燈道人命：「暫且回去。」聞太師亦進老營，請八陣主帥，議曰：「今方破二陣，反傷二位道友，使我聞仲心下實是不忍！」董天君曰：「事有定數。既到其間，亦不容收拾。如今把吾『風吼陣』定成大功。」與聞太師共議。不題。

且說燃燈道人回至篷上，懼留孫將趙江提在篷下，來啟燃燈。燃燈曰：「將趙江吊在蘆篷上。」眾仙啟燃燈道人：「『風吼陣』明日可破麼？」燃燈道：「破不得。這『風吼陣』非世間風也。此風乃地、水、火之風。若一運動之時，風內有萬刀齊至，何以抵當？須得先借得定風珠，治住了風，然後此陣方能破得。」眾位道友曰：「那裏去借定風珠？」內有靈寶大法師曰：「吾有一道友，在九鼎鐵叉山八寶雲光洞，度厄真人有定風珠，弟子修書，可以借得。子牙差文官一員，武將一員，速去借珠；

『風吼陣』自然可破。」子牙忙差散宜生、晁田一文武二名，星夜往九鼎鐵叉山八寶雲光洞來取定風珠。二人離了西岐，逕往大道。非止一日，渡了黃河。又過數日，到了九鼎鐵叉山。怎見得：

嵯峨矗矗，峻險巍巍。嵯峨矗矗沖霄漢；峻險巍巍礙碧空。怪石亂堆如坐虎，蒼松斜掛似飛龍。嶺上鳥啼嬌韻美，崖前梅放異香濃。澗水潺潺流出冷，巔雲黯黯過來凶。又見飄飄霧，凜凜風，咆哮餓虎吼山中。寒鴉揀樹無棲處，野鹿尋窩沒定蹤。可歎行人難進步，皺眉愁臉抱頭蒙。

話說宜生、晁田二騎上山，至洞門下馬，只見有一童子出洞。宜生曰：「師兄，請煩通報老師：西周差官散宜生求見。」童子進裏面去；少時童子道：「請。」宜生進洞，見一道人坐於蒲團之上。宜生行禮，將書呈上。道人看書畢，對宜生曰：「先生此來，為借定風珠。此時群仙聚集，會破十絕陣，皆是定數；我也不得不允。況有靈寶師兄華札，只是一路去須要小心，不可失誤！」隨將一顆定風珠付與宜生。宜生謝了道人，慌忙下山，同晁田上馬，揚鞭急走，不顧巔危跋涉。沿黃河走了兩日，卻無渡船。宜生對晁田曰：「前日來，到處有渡船；如今卻無渡船者何也？」只見前面有一人來，晁田問曰：「過路的漢子，此處如何竟無渡口？」行人答曰：「官人不知：近日新來兩個惡人，力大無窮，把黃河渡口俱被他趕個罄盡。離此五里，留個渡口，都要從他那裏過，盡他捐勒渡河錢。人不敢拗他，要多少就是多少。」宜生聽說：「有如此事，數日就有變更！」速馬前行，果見兩個大漢子，也不撐船，只用木筏，將兩條繩子，左邊上筏，右邊拽過去；右邊上筏，左邊拽過來。宜生心下也甚是驚駭：「果然力大；且是爽利。」心忙意急，等晁田來同渡。只見晁田馬至面前，他認得是方弼、方相兄弟二人，在此盤河。晁田曰：「方將軍！」方弼看時，認得是晁田，方弼曰：「晁兄，你往那裏去來？」晁田曰：「煩你渡吾過河。」方弼隨將筏牌同宜生、晁田渡過黃河上岸。方弼、方相相見，敘其舊日之好。方弼問曰：「晁兄往那裏去來？」晁田將取定風珠之事說了一遍。方弼又問：「此位是何人？」晁田曰：「此是西岐上大夫散宜生。」方弼曰：「你乃紂臣，為甚事同他走？」晁田曰：「紂王失政，吾已歸順武王。如今聞太師征伐西岐，擺下十絕陣。今要破『風吼陣』，借此定風珠來。今日有幸得遇你昆玉。」方弼自思：「昔日反了朝歌，得罪紂王，一向流落；今日得定風珠搶去，將功贖罪，卻不是好，我兄弟還可復職。」因問曰：「散大夫怎麼樣的就叫做定風珠？借吾一看，以長見識。」宜生見方弼渡他過河，況是晁田認得，忙忙取出來遞與方弼。方弼打開看過了，把包兒往腰裏面一塞：「此珠當作過河船資。」遂不答話，逕往正南大路去了。晁田不敢阻攔。一方弼、方相身高三丈有餘，力大無窮，怎敢惹他！把宜生嚇得魂飛魄散，大哭曰：「此來跋涉數千里程途，今一旦被搶去，怎生是好！將何面見姜丞相諸人！」抽身往黃河中要跳。晁田把宜生抱住，曰：「大夫不要性急。吾等死不足惜，但姜丞相命我二人取此珠破『風吼陣』，急如風火；不幸被他劫去。吾等死於黃河，姜丞相不知信音，有誤國家大事，是不忠也；中途被劫，是不智

也。我和你慨然見姜丞相，報知所以，令他別作良圖。寧死刀下，庶幾減少此不忠、不智之罪。你我如今不明不白死了，兩下耽誤，其罪更甚。」宜生歎曰：「誰知此處遭殃！」二人上馬往前，加鞭急走。行不過十五里，只見前面兩桿旗旛，飛出山口；後聽糧車之聲。宜生馬至跟前，看見是武成王黃飛虎催糧過此。宜生下馬。武成王下騎，曰：「大夫往那裏來？」宜生哭拜在地。黃飛虎答禮，問晁田曰：「散大夫有甚事，這等悲泣？」宜生把取定風珠渡黃河遇方弼搶去的事說了一遍。黃飛虎曰：「幾時劫去？」宜生曰：「去而不遠。」飛虎曰：「不妨。吾與大夫取來。你們在此略等片時。」飛虎上了神牛，一此騎兩頭見日，走八百里。一撒開轡頭，趕不多時，已自趕上。只見弟兄二人在前面愧愧蕩蕩而行。黃千歲大叫曰：「方弼、方相慢行！」方弼回頭，見是武成王黃飛虎，多年不見，忙在道旁跪下，問武成王曰：「千歲那裏去？」飛虎大喝曰：「你為何把散宜生定風珠都搶了來？」方弼曰：「他與我作過渡錢，誰搶他的？」飛虎曰：「快拿來與我！」方相雙手獻與黃飛虎。飛虎曰：「你二人一向在那裏？」方弼曰：「自別大王，我兄弟盤河過日子，苦不堪言。」飛虎曰：「我棄了成湯，今歸周國。武王真乃聖主，仁德如堯、舜，三分天下，已有二分。今聞太師在西岐征伐，屢戰不能取勝。你既無所歸，不若同我歸順武王御前，亦不失封侯之位。不然，辜負你兄弟本領。」方弼曰：「大王若肯提拔，乃愚兄弟再生之恩矣，有何不可。」飛虎曰：「既如此，隨吾來。」二人隨著武王，飛騎而來，霎時即至。宜生、晁田見方家兄弟跟著而來，嚇的魂不附體。武成王下騎，將定風珠付與宜生：「你二位先行，吾帶方弼、方相後來。」且說宜生、晁田星夜趕至西岐篷下，來見子牙。子牙問：「取定風珠的事如何？」宜生把渡黃河被劫之事說了一遍。子牙大喝：「宜生！倘然是此珠，若是國璽，也被中途搶去了！且帶罪暫退！」子牙將定風珠上篷，獻與燃燈道人。眾仙曰：「既有此珠，明日可破『風吼陣』。」不知勝負如何？且看下回分解。第四十六回 廣成子破金光陣

詩曰：

仙佛從來少怨尤，只因煩惱惹閑愁，恃強自棄千年業，用暴須拚萬劫修。幾度看來悲往事，從前思省為誰讎，可憐羽化封神日，俱作南柯夢裏遊。

話說燃燈道人次日與十二弟子排班下篷，將金鐘、玉磬頻敲，一齊出陣。只見成湯營裏一聲砲響，聞太師乘騎早至轅門，看子牙破「風吼陣」。董天君伯歌而來；騎八叉鹿，提兩口太阿劍。歌曰：

「得到清平有甚憂，丹爐乾馬配坤牛；從來看破紛紛亂，一點雲臺只自由。」

話說董天君鹿走如飛，陣前高叫。燃燈觀左右無人可先入「風吼陣」；忽然見黃飛虎領方弼、方相來見子牙，稟曰：「末將催糧，收此二將，乃紂王駕下鎮殿大將軍方弼、方相兄弟二人。」子牙大喜，猛然間，燃燈道人看見兩個大漢，問子牙曰：「此是何人？」子牙曰：「黃飛虎新

收二將，乃是方弼、方相。」燃燈歎曰：「天數已定，萬物難逃！就命方弼破「風吼陣」走一遭。」子牙遂令方弼破「風吼陣」。可憐！方弼不過是俗子凡夫，那裏知道其中幻術，便應聲：「願往！」持戟拽步如飛，走至陣前。董天君一見大漢，高三丈有餘，面如重棗，一部落腮髭鬚，四隻眼睛，甚是兇惡。董天君看罷，著實駭然，怎見得，有讚為證，讚曰：

三叉冠，烏雲蕩漾，鐵掩心，砌就龍鱗，翠藍袍，團花燦爛；畫桿戟，烈烈征雲。四日生光真顯耀，臉如重棗像蝦紅；一步落腮飄腦後，平生正直最英雄。曾反朝歌保太子，盤河渡口遇宜生，歸周末受封官爵：「風吼陣」上見奇功。只因前定垂天象，顯道封神久注名。

話說方弼見董天君大呼曰：「妖道慢來！」就是一戟。董天君那裏招架的住，只是一合，便往陣裏去了。子牙命左右擂鼓，方弼耳聞鼓聲響，拖戟趕來，至「風吼陣」門前，逕衝將進去。他那裏知道陣內無窮奧妙，只見董天君上了板臺，將黑旛搖動，黑風捲起，有萬千兵刃，殺將下來。只聽得一聲響，方弼四肢已為數段，跌倒在地。——一道靈魂往封神臺，清福神柏鑑引進去了。董天君命士卒將方弼屍首拖出陣來，董全催鹿，復至陣前，大呼曰：「玉虛道友！爾等把一凡夫誤送性命，汝心安乎！既是高明道德之士，來會吾陣，便見玉石也。」燃燈乃命慈航道人：「你將定風珠拿去，破此『風吼陣』。」慈航道人領法旨，乃作歌曰：

「自隱玄都不記春，幾回蒼海變成塵。玉京金闕朝元始，紫府丹霄悟妙真。喜集成成千歲鶴，閑來高臥萬年身，吾今已得長生術，未肯輕傳與世人。」

話說慈航道人謂董全曰：「道友，吾輩逢此殺戒，爾等最是逍遙，何苦擺此陣勢，自取滅亡！當時僉押『封神榜』，你可曾在碧遊宮，聽你掌教師尊說有兩句偈言，帖在宮門：『靜誦「黃庭」緊閉洞，如染西土受災殃。！』」董天君曰：「你闡教門下，自倚道術精奇，屢屢將吾輩藐視，我等方纔下山。道友，你是為善好樂之客，速回去，再著別個來，休惹苦惱！」慈航曰：「連你一身也顧不來，還要顧我！」董全大怒，執寶劍望慈航直取。慈航架劍，口稱：「善哉！」方纔用劍相還。來往有三五回合，董天君往陣中便走，慈航道人隨後趕來，到得陣門前，亦不敢擅入裏面去；只聽得腦後鐘聲頻催，乃徐徐而入，只見董天君上了板臺，對黑旛搖動，黑風捲起，猶如壞方弼一般。慈航道人頂上有定風珠，此風焉能得至。不知此風不至，刀刃怎麼得來，慈航將清淨琉璃瓶祭於空中，命力士將瓶底朝天，瓶口朝地。只見瓶中一道黑氣，一聲響，將董全吸在瓶中去了。慈航命力士將瓶口轉上，帶出「風吼陣」來，只見聞太師坐在黑麒麟上，專聽陣中消息，只見慈航道人出來，對聞太師曰：「『風吼陣』已被吾破矣。」命黃巾力士將瓶傾下來，只見：

絲條道服麻鞋在，渾身皮肉化成膿。

董全一道靈魂往封神臺來，清福神柏鑑引進去了。聞太師見而大呼曰：

「氣殺吾也！」將黑麒麟磕開，提金鞭衝殺過來，有黃龍真人乘鶴急止之曰：「聞太師你十陣力破三陣，何必動無明，來亂吾班次！」只聽得「寒

冰陣」主大叫：「聞太師，且不要爭先，待吾來也！」乃信口作歌曰：

「玄中奧妙人少知，變化隨機事事奇，九轉功成爐內寶，從來應笑世人痴。」

話說聞太師只得立住。那「寒冰陣」內袁天君歌罷，大叫：「闡教門下，誰來會吾此陣？」燃燈道人命道行天尊門徒薛惡虎：「你破「寒冰陣」走一遭。」薛惡虎領命，提劍蜂擁而來。袁天君見是一個道童，乃曰：「那道童速自退去，著你師父來！」薛惡虎怒曰：「奉命而來，豈有善回之理！」執劍砍來，袁天君大怒，將劍來迎；戰有數合，便走入陣內去了。薛惡虎隨後趕入陣來，只見袁天君上了板臺，用手將黑旛搖動，上有冰山，一即似刀山一樣，往下磕來；下有冰塊，一如狼牙一般，往上湊合。任你是甚麼人，湯之即為齏粉。薛惡虎一入其中，只聽得一聲響，磕成肉泥，——一道靈魂逕往封神臺去了。陣中黑氣上昇，道行天尊歎曰：「門人兩個，今絕於二陣之中！」又見袁天君跨鹿而來，便叫：「你們十二位之內，乃是上仙名士，有誰來會吾此陣？乃令此無甚道術之人來送性命！」燃燈道人命普賢真人走一遭，普賢真人作歌而來，歌曰：

「道德根源不敢忘，寒冰看破火消霜，塵心不解遭魔障，堪傷！眼前咫尺失天堂。」

普賢真人歌罷，袁天君怒氣紛紛，持劍而至。普賢真人曰：「袁角，你何苦作孽，擺此惡陣！貧道此來入陣時，一則開吾了殺戒，二則你道行功夫一旦失卻，後悔何及！」袁天君大怒，仗劍直取。普賢真人將手中劍架住，口稱：「善哉！」二人戰有三五合，袁角便走入陣中去了。普賢真人隨即走進陣來，袁天君上了板臺，將黑旛招動，上有冰山一座打將下來。普賢真人用指上放一道白光如線，長出一朵慶雲，高有數丈；上有八角；角上乃是金燈，瓔珞垂珠，護持頂上；其冰見金燈自然消化，毫不能傷。有一個時辰，袁天君見其陣已破，方欲抽身；普賢真人用吳鉤劍飛來，將袁天君斬於臺下。——袁角一道靈魂被清福神引進封神臺去了。普賢收了雲光，大袖迎風，飄飄而出。聞太師又見破了「寒冰陣」，欲為袁角報讎，只見「金光陣」主，乃金光聖母，撒開五點斑豹駒，厲聲作歌而來，歌曰：

「真大道，不多言，運用之間恆自然，放開二目見天元，此即是神仙。」

話說金光聖母騎五點斑豹駒，提飛金劍，大呼曰：「闡教門人誰來破吾『金光陣』？」燃燈道人看左右無人先破此陣；正沒計較，只見空中飄然墜下一位道人，面如傅粉，唇似丹珠。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

道服先天氣蓋昂，竹冠麻履異尋常，絲絛腰下飛鸞尾，寶劍鋒中起燁光。全氣全神真道士，伏龍伏虎仗仙方，袖藏奇寶欽神鬼：「封神榜」上把名揚。

話說眾道人看時，乃是玉虛宮門下蕭臻。蕭臻對眾仙稽首曰：「吾奉師命下山，特來破『金光陣』。」只見金光聖母大呼曰：「闡教門下誰來會吾此陣？」言未畢，蕭臻轉身曰：「吾來也！」金光聖母認不得蕭臻，

問曰：「來者是誰？」蕭臻笑曰：「你連我也認不得了！吾乃下虛門下蕭臻的便是。」金光聖母曰：「爾有何道行，敢來會吾此陣？」執劍來取，蕭臻撒步，赴面交還，二人戰未及三合，金光聖母撥馬往陣中飛走。蕭臻大叫：「不要走！吾來了！」逕趕入金光陣內。至一臺下，金光聖母下駒上臺，將二十一根桿上弔著鏡子，一鏡子上每面有一套，套住鏡子，一聖接將繩子拽起，其鏡現出，把手一放，明雷響處，振動鏡子，連轉數次，放出金光，射著蕭臻，大叫一聲。可憐！正是：

百年道行從今滅，衣袍身體影無蹤。

蕭臻一道靈魂，清福神柏鑑引進封神臺去。金光聖母復上了斑豹駒，走至陣前曰：「蕭臻已絕。誰敢會吾此陣？」燃燈道人命廣成子：「你去走一遭。」廣成子領命，作歌曰：

「有緣得悟本來真，曾在終南遇聖人。指出長生千古秀，生成玉蕊萬年新。渾身是口難為道，大地飛塵別有春，吾道了然成一貫，不明一字最艱辛。」

神仙殺戒相逢日，只得將身向火焰。黃龍真人用雙劍來迎。呂岳在金眼駝上，現出三頭六臂，大顯神通。一位是了道真仙，一位是瘟部鼻祖。不說呂岳在北門，且說東門楊戩戰周信，未及數合，楊戩恐人馬進滿，殺戮城中百姓，隨將哮天犬祭在空中，把周信夾頸子上一口咬住不放。周信欲待掙時，早被楊戩一刀揮為兩段。——一道靈魂往封神臺去了。楊戩大殺成湯人馬，三軍逃出城外，各顧性命。楊戩往中央來接應。且說哪吒在西門與李奇大戰，交鋒未及數合，李奇非哪吒敵手，被哪吒乾坤圈打倒在地，脅下復了一鎗，——一靈也往封神臺去了。玉鼎真人在南門戰朱天麟，楊戩走馬接應。只見哪吒殺了李奇，登風火輪趕殺士卒，勢如猛虎，三軍逃竄。呂岳戰黃龍真人，真人不能敵，且敗往正中央來。楊文輝大呼：「拿住黃龍真人！」哪吒聽見三軍吶喊，振動山川，急來看時，見呂岳三頭六臂，追趕黃龍真人。哪吒大叫曰：「呂岳不要恃勇！吾來了！」把鎗刺斜裏殺來。呂岳手中劍架鎗大戰。哪吒正戰，楊戩馬到，使開三尖刀，如電光耀目。玉鼎真人祭起斬仙劍，誅了朱天麟，又來助楊戩。哪吒來戰呂岳。西岐城內止有呂岳、楊文輝二人。且說子牙坐在銀安殿，其疾方愈，未能全妥。左右站立幾箇門人：雷震子、金吒、木吒、龍鬚虎、黃天化、土行孫。只聽得喊聲振地，鑼鼓齊鳴。子牙慌問；眾門人俱曰：「不知。」傍有雷震子深恨呂岳：「待弟子看來。」把風雷翅飛起空中一看，知是呂岳殺進城來，忙轉身報於子牙：「呂岳欺敵，殺入城來。」金吒、木吒、黃天化聞言，恨呂岳深入骨髓，五人喊聲大叫：「今日不殺呂岳，怎肯干休！」齊出相府。子牙阻攔不住。呂岳正戰之間，只見金吒大呼曰：「兄弟！不可走了呂岳！」忙把遁龍椿祭在空中。呂岳見此寶落將下來，忙將金眼駝拍一下，那駝四足就起風雲，方欲起去，不防木吒將吳鉤劍祭起砍來。呂岳躲不及，被劍卸下一隻膀臂，負痛逃走。楊文輝見勢不好，亦隨師敗下陣去。且說眾門人等回見子牙。黃龍真人同玉鼎真人曰：「子牙放心，此子今日之敗，再不敢正眼覷西岐了。吾等暫回山嶽，至拜將吉辰，再來拜賀。」二仙回山。不表。且說鄭倫在城外，見敗殘人馬來報：「啟爺知道：呂老爺失機走了。」鄭倫低首無語，回營見蘇侯。蘇侯暗喜曰：「今日方顯真命聖主。」俱各無語。且說那日呂岳同門人敗走，來至一山，心下十分驚懼；下了坐騎，倚松靠石，少憩片時，對楊文輝曰：「今日之敗，大辱吾九龍島聲名。如今往那裏去覓一道友，以報吾今日之恨？」話猶未了，聽得腦後有人唱道情而來，歌曰：「煙霞深處隱吾軀，修煉天皇訪道機。一點真元無破漏，拖白虎，過橋西。易消磨天地須臾。人稱我全真客，伴龍虎守茅廬，過幾世固守男兒。」呂岳聽罷，回頭一看，見一人非俗非道，頭戴一頂

盔，身穿道服，手執降魔杵，徐徐而來。呂岳立身言曰：「來的道者是誰？」其人答曰：「吾非別人，乃金庭山玉屋洞道行天尊門下韋護是也；今奉師命下山，佐師叔子牙，東進五關滅紂。今先往西岐，擒拿呂岳，以為進見之功。」楊文輝聞言大怒，大喝一聲曰：「你這廝好大膽，敢說欺心大話！」縱步執劍，來取韋護。韋護笑曰：「事有湊巧，原來此處正與呂岳相逢！」二人輕移虎步，大殺山前。只三五回合，韋護祭起降魔杵。怎見得好寶貝，有詩為證，詩曰：曾經鍛煉爐中火，製就降魔杵一根。護法沙門多有道，文輝遇此絕真魂。話說此寶拿在手中，輕如灰草；打在人身上，重似泰山。楊文輝見此寶落將下來，方要脫身，怎免此厄，正中頂上。可憐打的腦漿迸出。——一道靈魂進封神臺去了。呂岳見又折了門人，心中大怒，大喝曰：「好孽障！敢如此大膽，欺侮於我。」撿手中劍，飛來直取。韋護展開杵，變化無窮。一箇是護三教法門全真；一箇是第三部瘟部正神。兩家來往，有五七回合，韋護又祭起寶杵。呂岳觀之，料不能破此寶，隨借土遁，化黃光而去。韋護見走了呂岳，收了降魔杵，逕往西岐來；早至相府。門官通報：「有一道人求見。」子牙聽得是道者，忙道：「請來。」韋護至簷前，倒身下拜，口稱：「師叔，弟子是金庭山玉屋洞道行天尊門下韋護是也；今奉師命，來佐師叔，共輔西岐。弟子中途曾遇呂岳，兩下交鋒，被弟子用降魔杵打死了一箇道者，不知何名；單走了呂岳。」子牙聞言大悅。且說呂岳回往九龍島，煉瘟□傘。不表。且說蘇侯被鄭倫拒住，不肯歸周，心下十分不樂。自思：「屢屢得罪與子牙，如何是好？」且不言蘇護納悶。……話分兩處，且言太華山雲霄洞赤精子，只因削了頂上三花，潛消胸中五氣，閒坐於洞中，保養天元。只見有玉虛宮白鶴童子持札而至。赤精子接見。白鶴童兒開讀御札。謝恩畢，方知姜子牙金臺拜將：「請師叔西岐接駕。」赤精子打發白鶴童兒回宮。忽然見門人殷洪在傍，道人曰：「徒弟，你今在此，非是了道成仙之人。如今武王乃仁聖之君，有事於天下，伐罪弔民。你姜師叔合當封拜，東進五關，會諸侯於孟津，滅獨夫於牧野。你可即下山，助子牙一臂之力。只是你有一件事掣肘。」殷洪曰：「老師，弟子有何事掣肘？」赤精子曰：「你乃是紂王親子，你決不肯佐周。」殷洪聞言，將口中玉釘一銼，二目圓睜：「老師在上：弟子雖是紂王親子，我與妲己有百世之讎。父不慈，子不孝。他聽妲己之言，剗吾母之目，烙吾母二手，在西宮死於非命，弟子時時飲恨，刻刻痛心。怎能得此機會拿住妲己，以報我母沉冤，弟子雖死無恨！」赤精子聽罷大悅：「你雖有此意，不可把念頭改了。」殷洪曰：「弟子怎敢有負師命？」道人忙取紫綬仙衣、陰陽鏡、水火鋒，拿在手中，曰：「殷洪，你若是東進時，倘過佳夢關，有一火靈聖母，他有金霞冠戴在頭上，放金霞三四十丈，罩著他一身，他能看得見

你，你看不見他。你穿此紫綬仙衣，可救你刀劍之災。」又取陰陽鏡付與殷洪：「徒弟，此鏡半邊紅，半邊白；把紅的一晃，便是生路；把白的一晃，便是死路。水火鋒可以隨身護體。你不可遲留，快收拾去罷！吾不久也至西岐。」殷洪收拾，辭了師父下山。赤精子暗想：「我為子牙，故將洞中之寶盡付與殷洪去了。他終是紂王之子，倘若中途心變，如之奈何？那時節反為不美。赤精子忙叫：「殷洪！你且回來。」殷洪曰：「弟子既去，老師又令弟子回來，有何吩咐？」赤精子曰：「吾把此寶俱付與你，切不可忘師之言，保紂伐周。」殷洪曰：「弟子若無老師救上高山，死已多時；豈能望有今日！弟子怎敢背師言而忘之理！」赤精子曰：「從來人面是心非，如何保得到底！你須是對發個誓來。」殷洪隨口應曰：「弟子若有他意，四肢俱成飛灰！」赤精子曰：「出口有願。你便去罷！」且說殷洪離了洞府，借土遁往西岐而來。正是：

神仙道術非凡術，足踏風雲按五行。話說殷洪架土遁正行，不覺落將下來。一座古古怪怪的高山，好凶險！怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：頂巔松柏接雲青，石壁荊榛掛野藤。萬丈崔嵬峰嶺峻，千層峭險壑崖深。蒼苔碧蘚鋪陰石，

古檜高槐結大林。林深處處聽幽鳥，石磊層層見虎行。澗內水流如瀉玉，路傍花落似堆金。山勢險惡難移步，十步全無半步平。

狐狸麋鹿成雙走，野獸玄猿作對吟。黃梅熟杏真堪食，野草閑花不識名。話說殷洪看罷山景，只見茂林中一聲鑼響，殷洪見有一人，面如亮漆，海下紅鬚，兩道黃眉，眼如金鍍，皂袍烏馬，穿一付金鎖甲，用兩條銀裝鋼，滾上山來，大叱一聲，如同雷鳴，問道：「你是那裏道童，敢探吾之巢穴？」劈頭就打一鎚。殷洪忙將水火鋒急架忙迎。步馬交還。山下又有一人大呼曰：「兄長，我來了！」那人戴虎磕腦，面如赤棗，海下長鬚，用駝龍鎗，騎黃膘馬，雙戰殷洪。殷洪怎敵得過二人，心不暗想：

「吾師曾吩咐，陰陽鏡按人生死，今日試他一試。」殷洪把陰陽鏡拿在手中，把一邊白的對著二人一晃。那二人坐不住鞍轡，撞下塵埃。殷洪大喜。只見山下又有二人上山來，更是凶惡。一人面如黃金、短髮虬鬚、穿大紅、披銀甲、坐白馬、用大刀，真是勇猛。殷洪心下甚怯，把鏡子對他一晃，那人又跌下鞍轡。後面一人見殷洪這等道術，滾鞍下馬，跪而告曰：「望仙長大發慈悲，赦免三人罪愆！」殷洪曰：「吾非仙長，乃紂王殿下殷洪是也。」那人聽罷，叩頭在地，曰：「小人不知千歲駕臨，吾兄亦不知，萬望饒恕。」殷洪曰：「吾與你非是敵國，再決不害他。」將陰陽鏡把紅的半邊對三人一晃。三人齊醒回來，躍身而起，大叫曰：「好妖道！敢欺侮我等！」傍立一大呼曰：「長兄，不可造次！此乃是殷殿下也。」三人聽罷，倒身下拜，口稱：「千歲！」殷洪曰：「請問四位，高姓大名？」內一人應曰：「某等在此二龍山黃峰嶺嘯聚綠

林，末將姓龐，名弘；此人姓劉，名甫；此人姓苟，名章；此人姓畢，名環。」殷洪曰：「觀你四人，一表非俗，真是當世英雄。何不隨我往西岐去助武王伐紂，如何？」劉甫曰：「殿下乃成湯胄胤，反不佐成湯而助周武者何也？」殷洪曰：「紂王雖是吾父，奈他絕滅彝倫，有失君道，為天下所共棄。吾故順天而行，不敢違逆。你此山如今有多少人馬？」龐弘答曰：「此山有三千人馬。」殷洪曰：「既是如此，你們同吾往西岐，不失人臣之位。」四人答曰：「若干歲提攜，乃貴神所照，敢不如命。」四將隨將三千人馬改作官兵，打西岐號色，放火燒了山寨，離了高山。一路上正是：

殺氣沖空人馬進，這場異事又來侵。話說人馬非止一日，行在中途，忽見一道人跨虎而來。眾人大叫：「虎來了！」道人曰：「不妨，此虎乃是家虎，不敢傷人。煩你報與殷殿下，說有一道者要見。」軍士報至馬前曰：「啟千歲：有一道者要見。」殷洪原是道人出身，命左右：「住了人馬，請來相見。」少時，見一道者飄然而來，白面長鬚，上帳見殷洪，打箇稽首。殷洪亦以師禮而待。殷洪問曰：「道長高姓？」道人曰：「你師與吾一教，俱是玉虛門下。」殷洪欠身，口稱：「師叔。」二人坐下，殷洪問：「師叔高姓？大名？今日至此，有何見諭？」道人曰：「吾乃是申公豹也。你如今往那裏去？」殷洪曰：「奉師命往西岐，助武王伐紂。」道人正色言曰：「豈有此理！紂王是你甚麼人？」洪曰：「是弟子之父。」道人大喝一聲曰：「世間豈有子助他人，反伐父親之理！」殷洪曰：「紂王無道，天下叛之。今以天之所順，行天之罰，天必順之；雖有孝子慈孫，不能改其愆尤。」申公豹笑曰：「你乃愚迷之人，執一之夫，不知大義。你乃成湯苗裔，雖紂王無道，無子伐父之理。況百年之後，誰為繼嗣之人？你倒不思社稷為重；聽何人之言，忤逆滅倫，為天下萬世之不肖，未有若殿下之甚者！你今助武王伐紂，倘有不測，一則宗廟被他人之所壞，社稷被他人之所有。你久後死於九泉之下，將何顏相見你始祖哉？」殷洪被申公豹一篇言語說動其心，低頭不語，默默無言；半晌，言曰：「老師之言雖則有理，我曾對我師發咒，立意來助武王。」申公豹曰：「你發何咒？」殷洪曰：「我發誓說：如不助武王伐紂，四肢俱成飛灰。」申公豹笑曰：「此乃牙疼咒耳！世間豈有血肉成為飛灰之理。你依吾之言，改過念頭，竟去伐周，久後必成大業，庶幾不負祖宗廟社稷之靈，與我一片真心耳。」殷洪彼時聽了申公豹之言，把赤精子之語丟了腦後。申公豹曰：「如今西岐有冀州侯蘇護征伐。你此去與他合兵一處，我再與你請一高人來，助你成功。」殷洪曰：「蘇護女姐已將吾母害了，我怎肯與讎人之父共居！」申公豹笑曰：「『怪人須在腹，相見有何妨。』你成了天下，任你將他怎麼去報母之恨，何必在一時自失機會。」殷洪欠身謝曰：「老師之言大是有理。」申公豹說反了殷洪，跨虎而去。正是：

堪恨申公多饒舌，殷洪難免這災迺。且說殷洪改了西周號色，打著成湯字號，一日到了西岐，果見蘇侯大營紮在城下。殷洪命龐弘去令蘇侯來見。龐弘不知就裏，隨上馬到營前，大呼曰：「殷千歲駕臨，令冀州侯去見！」有探事馬報入中軍：「啟君侯：營外有殷殿下兵到，如今來令君侯去見。」蘇侯聽罷，沉吟曰：「天子殿下久已湮沒，如何又有殿下？況吾奉敕征討，身為大將，誰敢令我去見？」因吩咐旗門官曰：「你且將來人令來。」軍政司來令龐弘。龐弘隨至中軍。蘇侯見龐弘生的凶惡，相貌蹉蹉，便問來者曰：「你是那裏來的兵？是那箇殿下命你來至此？」龐弘答曰：「此是二殿下之令，命末將來令老將軍。」蘇侯聽罷，沉吟曰：「當時有殷郊、殷洪綁在絞頭樁上，被風刮不見了，那裏又有一箇二殿下殷洪也？」傍有鄭倫啟曰：「君侯聽稟：當時既有被風刮去之異，此時就有一箇不可解之理。想必當初被那一位神仙收去。今見天下紛紛，刀兵四起，特來扶助家國，亦未可知。君侯且到他行營，看其真假，便知端的。」蘇侯從其言，隨出大營，來至轅門。龐弘進營回覆殷洪曰：「蘇護在轅門等令。」殷洪聽得，命左右：「令來。」蘇侯、鄭倫至中軍行禮，欠身打躬曰：「末將甲冑在身，不能全禮。請問殿下是成湯那一支宗派？」殷洪曰：「孤乃當今嫡派次子殷洪。只因父王失政，把吾弟兄綁在絞頭樁，欲待行刑，天不亡我，有海島高人將我提拔。故今日下山，助你成功，又何必問我？」鄭倫聽罷，以手加額曰：「以今日之遇，正見社稷之福！」殷洪令蘇護合兵一處。殷洪進營陞帳，就問：「連日可曾與武王會兵以分勝負？」蘇侯把前後大戰一一說了一遍。殷洪在帳內，改換王服。次日領眾將出營請戰。有報馬報入相府：「啟丞相：外有殷殿下請戰。」子牙曰：「成湯少嗣，焉能又有殿下提兵？」傍有黃飛虎曰：「當時殷郊、殷洪綁在絞頭樁上，被風刮去，想必今日回來。末將認的他，待吾出去，便知真假。」黃飛虎領令出城，有子黃天化壓陣。黃天祿、天爵、天祥父子五人齊出城。黃飛虎在坐騎上，見殷洪王服，左右擺著龐、劉、苟、畢四將，後有鄭倫為左右護衛使，真好齊整！看殷洪出馬，怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

束髮金冠火焰生，連環鎧甲長征雲。紅袍上面團龍現，腰束攢兵走獸裙。紫綬仙衣為內襯，暗掛稀奇水火鋒。拿人捉將陰陽鏡，腹內安藏秘五行。坐下走陣逍遙馬，手提方天戟一根。龍鳳旛上書金字，成湯殿下是殷洪。」

話說黃飛虎出馬言曰：「來者何人？」殷洪離飛虎十年有餘，不想飛虎歸了西岐，一時也想不到。殷洪答曰：「吾乃當今次殿下殷洪是也。你何人，敢行叛亂？今奉敕征西，早早下騎受縛，不必我費心。莫說西岐姜尚乃崑崙門下之人，若是惱了我，連你西岐寸草不留，定行滅絕！」黃飛虎聽說，答曰：「殿下，吾非別人，乃開國武成王黃飛虎是也。」殿下暗想：「此處難道也有

箇黃飛虎？」殷洪把馬一縱，搖戟來取。黃飛虎催神牛，手中鎗急架來迎。牛馬相交，鎗戟併舉。這一場大戰，不知勝負加何，且聽下回分解。第六十回 馬元下山助殷洪 詩曰：玄門久煉紫真宮，暴虐無端性更殘。五獸貪痴成惡孽，三花善果屬欺謾。

紂王帝業桑林晚，周武軍威瑞雪寒。堪歎馬元成佛去，西岐猶自怯心剗。話說黃飛虎大戰殷洪，二騎交鋒，鎗戟上下，來往相交，約有二十回合。黃飛虎鎗法如風馳電掣，往來如飛，搶入懷中。殷洪招架不住。只見龐弘走馬來助；這壁廂黃天祿縱馬搖鎗，敵住龐弘。劉甫舞刀飛來；黃天爵也來接住廝殺。苟章見眾將助戰，也衝殺過來；黃天祥年方十四歲，大呼曰：「少待！吾來！」鎗馬搶出，大戰苟章。畢環走馬，使鋼殺來。黃天化舉雙鎚接住。且說殷洪敵不住黃飛虎，把戟一掩就走。黃飛虎趕來。殷洪取出陰陽鏡，把白光一幌。黃飛虎滾下騎來。早被鄭倫殺出陣前，把黃飛虎搶將過去了。黃天化見父親墜騎，棄了畢環，趕來救父。殷洪見黃天化坐的是玉麒麟，知是道德之士，恐被他所算，忙取出鏡子，如前一幌。黃天化跌下鞍韉，也被擒了。苟章欺黃天祥年幼，不以為意，被天祥一鎗，正中左腿，敗回行營。殷洪一陣擒二將，掌得勝鼓回營。且說黃家父子五人出城，到擒了兩箇去，止剩三箇回來，進相府泣報子牙。子牙大驚，問其原故，天爵等將「鏡子一幌，即便拿人」，訴了一遍。子牙十分不悅。只見殷洪回至營中，令：「把擒來二將抬來。」殷洪明明賣弄他的道術，把鏡子取出來，用紅的半邊一幌。黃家父子睜開二目，見身上已被繩索網住；及推至帳前，黃天化只氣得三尸神暴跳，七竅内生煙。黃飛虎曰：「你不是二殿下？」殷洪喝曰：「你怎見得我不是？」黃飛虎曰：「你既是二殿下，你豈不認得我武成王黃飛虎？當年你可記得我在十里亭前放你，午門前救你？」殷洪聽罷：「呀」的一聲：「你原來就是大恩人黃將軍！」殷洪忙下帳，親解其縛；又令放了黃天化。殷洪曰：「你為何降周？」飛虎欠身打躬曰：「殿下在上：臣愧不可言。紂王無道，因欺臣妻，故棄暗投明，歸投周主。況今三分天下，有二歸周；天下八百諸侯無不臣服。紂王有十大罪，得罪天下，醢戮大臣，炮烙正士，剖賢之心，殺妻戮子，荒淫不道，沉湎酒色，峻宇雕梁，廣興土木，天愁民怨，天下皆不願與之俱生，此殿下所知者也。今蒙殿下釋吾父子，乃莫大之恩。」鄭倫在傍，急止之曰：「殿下不可輕釋黃家父子，恐此一回去，又助惡為讐，乞殿下察之。」殷洪笑曰：「黃將軍昔日救吾兄弟二命，今日理當報之。今放過一番，二次擒之，當正國法。」叫左右：「取衣甲還他。」殷洪曰：「黃將軍，昔日之恩吾已報過了；以後併無他說。再有相逢，幸為留意，毋得自遺伊戚！」黃飛虎感謝出營。正是：昔日施恩今報德，從來萬載不生塵。且說殷洪放回黃家父子，回至城下，放進城來，到相府謁見子牙。子

牙大悅；問其故：「將軍被獲，怎能得復脫此厄？」黃飛虎把上件事說了一遍。子牙大喜：「正所謂『天相吉人』。」話說鄭倫見放了黃家父子，心中不悅，對殷洪曰：「殿下，這番再擒來，切不可輕易處治。他前番被臣擒來，彼又私自逃回。這次切宜斟酌。」殿下曰：「他救我，我理當報他。料他也走不出吾之手。」次日，殷洪領眾將來城下，坐名請子牙答話。探馬報入相府。子牙對諸門人曰：「今日會殷洪，須是看他怎樣箇鏡子。」傳令：「排隊伍。」炮聲響亮，旗旛招展出城，對子馬各分左右，諸門人鴈翅排開。殷洪在馬上把畫戟指定，言曰：「姜尚為何造反？你也曾為商臣，一旦辜恩，情殊可恨！」子牙欠身曰：「殿下此言差矣！為君者上行而下效，其身正，不令而行；其身不正，雖令不從。其所令反其所好，民孰肯信之！紂王無道，民愁天怨，天下皆與為讎，天下共叛之，豈西周故逆王命哉。今天下歸周，天下共信之，殿下又何必逆天強為，恐有後悔！」殷洪大喝曰：「誰與我把姜尚擒了？」左隊內龐弘大叱一聲，走馬滾臨陣前，用兩條銀裝鋼衝殺過來。哪吒登風火輪，搖鎗戰住。劉甫出馬來戰；又有黃天化接住廝殺。畢環助戰；又有楊戩攔住廝殺。且說蘇侯同子蘇全忠在轅門，看殷洪走馬來戰姜子牙，子牙仗劍來迎。怎見得這場惡殺：

撲咚咚陳皮鼓響，血漉漉旗磨硃砂。檳榔馬上叫活拿，便把人參捉下。暗裏防風鬼箭，烏頭便撞飛抓。好殺！只殺得附子染黃沙，都為那地黃天子駕。話說兩家鑼鳴鼓響，驚天動地，喊殺之聲，地沸天翻。且說子牙同殷洪未及三四合，祭打神鞭來打殷洪。不知殷洪內襯紫綬仙衣，此鞭打在身上，只當不知。子牙忙收了打神鞭。哪吒戰住龐弘，忙祭起乾坤圈，一圈將龐弘打下馬去，復脅下一鎗刺死。殷洪見刺殺龐弘，大叫曰：「好匹夫！傷吾大將！」棄了子牙，忙來戰哪吒。戟鎗并舉，殺在虎穴。卻說楊戩戰畢環，未及數合，楊戩放出哮天犬，將畢環咬了一口，畢環負疼，把頭一縮，湊手不及，被楊戩復上一刀，可憐死於非命。——二人俱進封神臺去了。殷洪戰住哪吒，忙取陰陽鏡照著哪吒一幌。哪吒不知那裏帳，見殷洪拿鏡子照他幌。不知哪吒乃蓮花化身，不係精血之體，怎幌的他死？殷洪連幌數幌，全無應驗。殷洪著忙，只得又戰。彼時楊戩看見殷洪拿著陰陽鏡，慌忙對子牙曰：「師叔快退後！殷洪拿的是陰陽鏡。方纔弟子見打神鞭雖打殷洪，不曾著重，此必有暗寶護身。如今又將此寶來幌哪吒，幸哪吒非血肉之軀，自是無恙。」子牙聽說，忙命鄧嬋玉暗助哪吒一石，以襄成功。嬋玉聽說，把馬一縱，將五光石掌在手上，望殷洪打來。正是：

發手石來真可羨，殷洪怎免面皮青。殷洪與哪吒大戰局中，不防鄧嬋玉一石打來，及至著傷，打得頭青眼腫：「哎喲」一聲，撥騎就走。哪吒刺斜裏一鎗，劈胸刺來，虧殺了紫綬仙衣，鎗尖也不曾刺入分毫。哪吒大驚，不敢追襲。子牙掌得勝

鼓進城。殷洪敗回大營，面上青腫，切齒深恨姜尚：「若不報今日之恥，非大丈夫之所為也！」且說楊戩在銀安殿啟子牙曰：「方纔弟子臨陣，見殷洪所掌，實是陰陽鏡。今日若不是哪吒，定然壞了幾人。弟子往太華山去走一遭，見赤精子師伯，看他如何說。」子牙沉吟半晌，方許前去。楊戩離了西岐，借土遁到太華山來，隨風而至。來到高山，收了遁術，逕進雲霄洞來。赤精子見楊戩進洞，問曰：「楊戩，你到此有何說話？」楊戩行禮，口稱：「師伯，弟子來見，求借陰陽鏡與姜師叔，暫破成湯大將，隨即奉上。」赤精子曰：「前日殷洪帶下山去，我使他助子牙伐紂，難道他不說有寶在身？」楊戩曰：「弟子單為殷洪而來。現殷洪不曾歸周，如今反伐西岐。」道人聽罷，頓足歎曰：「吾錯用其人！將一洞珍寶盡付殷洪。豈知這畜生反生禍亂！」赤精子命楊戩：「你且先回，我隨後就至。」楊戩辭了赤精子，借土遁回西岐，進相府，來見子牙。子牙問曰：「你往太華山見你師伯如何說？」楊戩曰：「果是師伯的徒弟殷洪。師伯隨後就來。」子牙心下焦悶。過了三日，門官報入殿前：「赤精子老爺到了。」子牙忙迎出府前。二人攜手上殿。赤精子曰：「子牙公，貧道得罪！吾使殷洪下山，助你同進五關，使這畜生得歸故土。豈知負我之言，反生禍亂。」子牙曰：「道兄如何把陰陽鏡也付與他？」赤精子曰：「貧道將一洞珍寶盡付與殷洪。恐防東進有礙，又把紫綬仙衣與他護身，可避刀兵水火之災。這孽障不知聽何人唆使，中途改了念頭。也罷，此時還未至大決裂，我明日使他進西岐贖罪便了。」一宿不表。次日，赤精子出城至營，大呼曰：「轅門將士傳進去，著殷洪出來見我。」話說殷洪自敗在營，調養傷痕，切齒痛恨，欲報一石之讎。忽軍士報：「有一道人，坐名請千歲答話。」殷洪不知是師父前來，隨即上馬，帶劉甫、苟章，一聲炮響，齊出轅門。殷洪看見是師父，便自置身無地；欠背打躬，口稱：「老師，弟子殷洪甲冑在身，不能全禮。」赤精子曰：「殷洪，你在洞中怎樣對我講？你如今反伐西岐，是何道理？徒弟，開口有願，出語受之，仔細四肢成為飛灰也！好好下馬，隨吾進城，以贖前日之罪，庶免飛灰之禍。如不從我之言，那時大難臨身，悔無及矣！」殷洪曰：「老師在上，容弟子一言告稟：殷洪乃紂王之子，怎的反助武王。古云：『子不言父過。』況敢從反叛而弑父哉。即人神仙佛，不過先完綱常彝倫，方可言其沖舉。又云：『未修仙道，先修人道。人道未完，仙道遠矣。』且老師之教弟子，且不論證佛成仙，亦無有教人有逆倫弑父之子。即以此奉告老師，老師當何以教我？」赤精子笑曰：「畜生！紂王逆倫滅紀，慘酷不道，殺害忠良，淫酗無忌。天之絕商久矣。故生武周，繼天立極。天心效順，百姓來從。你之助周，尚可延商家一脈；你若不聽吾言，這是大數已定，紂惡貫盈，而遺殃於子孫也。可速速下馬，懺悔往愆。吾當與你解釋此罪尤也。」殷洪

在馬上正色言曰：「老師請回。未有師尊教人以不忠不孝之事者。弟子實難從命！俟弟子破了西岐逆孽，再來與老師請罪。」赤精子大怒：「畜生不聽師言，敢肆行如此！」仗手中劍飛來直取。殷洪將戟架住，告曰：「老師何苦深為子牙，自害門弟！」赤精子曰：「武王乃是應運聖君，子牙是佐周名士，子何得逆天而行橫暴乎！」又把寶劍直砍來。殷洪又架劍，口稱：「老師，我與你有師生之情，你如今自失骨肉而動聲色，你我師生之情何在？若老師必執一偏之見，致動聲色，那時不便，可惜前情教弟子一場，成為畫餅耳。」道人大罵：「負義匹夫！尚敢巧言！」又一劍砍來。殷洪面紅火起：「老師，你偏執己見，我讓你三次，吾盡師禮；這一劍吾不讓你了！」赤精子大怒，又一劍砍來。殷洪發手，赴面交還。正是：師徒共戰掄劍戟，悔卻當初救上山。話說殷洪回手與師父交兵，已是逆命於天。戰未及數合，殷洪把陰陽鏡拿出來，欲晃赤精子。赤精子見了，恐有差訛，借縱地金光法走了，進西岐城，來至相府。子牙接住，問其詳細。赤精子從前說了一遍。眾門人不服，俱說：「赤老師，你太弱了。豈有徒弟與師尊對持之理！」赤精子無言可答，納悶廳堂。且說殷洪見師父也逃遁了，其志自高；正在中軍與蘇侯共議破西岐之策。忽轅門軍士來報：「有一道人求見。」殷洪傳令：「請來。」只見營外來一道人，身不滿八尺，面加瓜皮，獠牙巨口，身穿大紅，頸上帶一串念珠，一乃是人之頂骨，一又掛一金鑲瓢，一是人半個腦袋，一眼、耳、鼻中冒出火焰，如頑蛇吐信一般。殷洪下同諸將觀之駭然。那道人上帳，稽首而言曰：「那一位殷殿下？」殷洪答曰：「吾是殷洪。不知老師那座名山？何處洞府？今到小營，有何事吩咐？」道人曰：「吾乃骷髏山白骨洞一氣仙馬原是也；遇申公豹請吾下山助你一臂之力。」殷洪大喜，請馬元上帳坐了：「請問老師吃齋，吃葷？」道人曰：「吾乃吃葷。」殷洪傳令，軍中治酒，管待馬元。當晚已過。次日，馬元對殷洪曰：「貧道既來相助，今日吾當會姜尚一會。」殷洪感謝。道人出營，至城下，只請姜子牙答話。報馬報入府中：「啟丞相：城外有一道人請丞相答話。」子牙曰：「吾有三十六路征伐之厄，理當會他。」傳令：「排隊伍出城。」子牙隨帶眾將、諸門人出得城來。只見對面來一道人，甚是醜惡。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：髮似硃砂臉似瓜，金睛凸暴冒紅霞。竅中吐出頑蛇信，上下斜生利刃牙。大紅袍上雲光長，金葉冠拴紫玉花。腰束麻條太極扣，太阿寶劍手中拿。封神榜上無名姓，他與西方是一家。」話說子牙至軍前，問曰：「道者何名？」馬元答曰：「吾乃一氣仙馬原是也。申公豹請吾下山，來助殷洪，共破逆天大惡。姜尚，休言你闡教高妙，吾特來擒汝，與截教吐氣。」子牙曰：「申公豹與吾有隙，殷洪誤聽彼言，有背師教，逆天行事，助極惡貫盈之主，反伐有道之君。道者既是

高明，何得不順天從人，而反其所事哉。」馬元笑曰：「殷洪乃紂王親子，反說他逆天行事。終不然轉助爾等，叛逆其君父，方是順天應人。姜尚，還虧你是玉虛門下，自稱道德之士，據此看來，真滿口胡言，無父無君之輩！我不誅你，更待何人！」仗劍躍步砍來。子牙手中劍赴面交還。未及數合，子牙祭打神鞭打將來。馬元不是『封神榜』上人，被馬元看見，伸手接住鞭，收在豹皮囊裏。子牙大驚。正戰之間，忽一人走馬軍前，鳳翅盔、金鎖甲、大紅袍、白玉帶、紫驊騮，大喝一聲：「丞相，吾來也！」子牙看時，乃秦州運糧官、猛虎大將軍武榮。因催糧至此，見城外廝殺，故來助戰。一馬衝至軍前，展刀大戰。馬元抵武榮這口刀不住，真若山崩地裂，漸漸筋力難支。馬元默念咒，道聲：「疾！」忽腦袋後伸出一隻手來，五個指頭好似五個斗大冬瓜，把武榮抓在空中，望下一摔，一腳壓住大腿，兩隻手端定一隻腿，一撕兩塊，血滴滴取出心來，對定子牙、眾周將、門人：「嚙喳嚙喳」，嚼在肚裏；大呼曰：「姜尚，捉住你也是這樣為例！」把眾將嚇得魂不附體。馬元仗劍，又來搦戰。土行孫大呼曰：「馬元少待行惡，吾來也！」掄開大棍，就打馬元一棍。馬元及至看時，是一個矮子。馬元笑而問曰：「你來做甚麼？」土行孫曰：「特來拿你。」又是一棍打來。馬元大怒：「好孽障！」綽步撩衣，把劍往下就劈。土行孫身子伶俐，展動棍就勢已鑽在馬元身後，拎著鐵棍把馬元的大腿連腰，打了七八棍；把馬元打得骨軟筋酥，招架著實費力。怎禁得土行孫在穴道上打。馬元急了，念動真言，伸出那一隻神手，抓著土行孫，望下一摔。馬元不知土行孫有地行道術，摔在地下，就不見了。馬元曰：「想是摔狠了，怎麼這廝連影兒也不見了？」正是：

馬元不識地行妙，尚將雙眼使模糊。且說鄧嬋玉在馬上見馬元將土行孫摔不見了，只管在地上瞧，鄧嬋玉忙取五光石發手打來。馬元未曾提防，臉上被一石頭，只打的金光亂冒：「哎呀」一聲，把臉一抹，大罵：「是何人暗算打我？」只見楊戩縱馬舞刀，直取馬元。馬元仗劍來戰楊戩。楊戩刀勢疾如飛電，馬元架不住三尖刀，只得又念真言，復現那一隻神手，將楊戩抓在空中，往下一摔，也像撕武榮一般，把楊戩心肺取將出來，血滴滴吃了。馬元指子牙曰：「今日且饒你多活一夜，明日再來會你。」馬元回營。殷洪見馬元道術神奇，食人心肺，這等凶猛，心中甚是大悅。掌鼓回營，治酒與大小將校只飲至初更時候。不表。且說子牙進城至府，自思：「今日見馬元這等凶惡，把人心活活的吃了，從來未曾見此等異人。楊戩雖是……如此，不知凶吉。」正是放心不下。卻說馬元同殷殿下飲酒，至二更時分，只見馬元雙眉緊皺，汗流鼻尖。殷洪曰：「老師為何如此？」馬元曰：「腹中有點痛疼。」鄭倫答曰：「想必吃了生人心，故此腹中作痛；吃些熱酒沖一沖，自然無事。」馬元命取熱酒來吃了；越吃越疼。馬元忽的大叫一聲，

跌倒在地下亂滾，只叫：「疼殺我也！」腹中喟□□的響。鄭倫曰：「老師腹中有響聲，請往後營方便方便，或然無事，也不見得。」馬元只得往後邊去了。豈知是楊戩用八九元功，變化騰挪之妙，將一粒奇丹，使馬元瀉了三日，瀉的馬元瘦了一半。且說楊戩回西岐來見子牙，備言前事。子牙大喜。楊戩對子牙曰：「弟子權將一粒丹使馬元失其形神，喪其元氣，然後再做處治；諒他有六七日不能得出來會戰。」正言之間，忽哪吒來報：「文殊廣法天尊駕至。」子牙忙迎至銀安殿，行禮畢，又見赤精子，稽首坐下。文殊廣法天尊曰：「恭喜你牙公，金臺拜將，吉期甚近！」子牙曰：

「今殷洪背師言而助蘇護征伐西岐，黎庶不安；又有馬元凶頑肆虐；不肖如坐針氈。」文殊廣法天尊曰：「子牙公，貧道因聞馬元來伐西岐，恐誤你三月十五日拜將之辰，故此來收馬元。子牙公可以放心。」子牙大喜：「若得道兄相助，姜尚幸甚，國家幸甚！但不知用何策治之？」天尊附子牙耳曰：「如要伏馬元，須是……如此如此，自然成功。」子牙忙令楊戩領法旨。楊戩得令，自去策應。正是：

馬元今入牢籠計，可見西方有聖人。

話說子牙當日申牌時分，騎四不相，單人獨騎，在成湯轅門外若探望樣子，用劍指東畫西。只見巡哨探馬報入中軍曰：「稟殿下：有子牙獨自一個在營前探聽消息。」殷洪問馬元曰：「老師，此人今日如此模樣，探我行營，有何奸計？」馬元曰：「前日誤被楊戩這廝，中其奸計，使貧道有失形之累；待吾前去擒來，方消吾恨。」馬元出營，見子牙怒起，大叫：「姜尚不要走！吾來了！」綽步上前，仗劍來取。子牙手中劍急架相還。步獸相交，未及數合，子牙撥騎就走。馬元只要拿姜子牙的心重，怎肯輕放，隨後趕來。不知馬元勝負如何，且聽下回分解。第六十一回 太極圖殷洪絕命 詩曰：

太極圖中造化奇，仙凡迥隔少人知。移來幻化真玄妙，懺過前非亦浪思。

弟子悔盟師莫救，蒼天留意地難私。

當時紂惡彰弭極，一木安能挽阿誰。話說馬元追趕子牙，趕了多時，不能趕上。馬元自思：「他騎四不相，我倒跟著他跑？今日不趕他，明日再做區處。」子牙見馬元不趕，勒回坐騎，大呼曰：「馬元！你敢來這平坦之地與我戰三合，吾定擒爾！」馬元笑曰：「料你有什么力量，敢禁我來不趕？」隨綽開大步來追。子牙又戰三四合，撥騎又走。馬元見如此光景，心下大怒：「你敢以誘敵之法惑我！」咬牙切齒趕來：「我今日拿不著你，誓不回軍！便趕上玉虛宮，也擒了你來。」只管往下趕來。看看至晚，見前面一座山，轉過山坡，就不見了子牙。馬元見那山甚是險峻，怎見得，有讚為證：

那山真個好山，細看處色斑斑。頂上雲飄蕩，崖前樹影寒。飛鳥睨睨，走獸凶頑。凜凜松千幹，挺挺竹幾竿。吼叫是蒼狼奪食，咆哮是餓虎爭餐。野猿常嘯尋鮮果，麋鹿攀花上翠嵐。風灑灑，水潺潺，暗聞幽鳥語間關。幾處藤蘿牽又扯，

滿溪瑤草雜香蘭。磷磷怪石，磊磊峰岩。狐狸成群走，猿猴作對頑。行客正愁多險峻，奈何古道又灣還。話說馬元趕子牙，來至一座高山，又不見了子牙，跑的力盡筋酥；天色又晚了，腿又酸了，馬元只得倚松靠石，少憩片時，喘息靜坐，存氣定神，待明日回營，再做道理。不覺將至二更，只聽得山頂炮響。正是：

喊聲震地如雷吼，燈毬火把滿山排。馬元抬頭觀看，見山頂上姜子牙同著武王在馬上傳盃，兩邊將校一片大叫：「今夜馬元已落圈套，死無葬身之地！」馬元聽得大怒，躍身而起，提劍趕上山來。及至山上來看，見火把一幌，不見了子牙。馬元睜睛四下裏看時，只見山下四面八方，圍住山腳，只叫：「不要走了馬元！」馬元大怒，又趕下山來，又不見了。把馬元往來，跑上跑下兩頭趕，直趕到天明。把馬元跑了一夜，甚是艱難辛苦，肚中又餓了；深恨子牙，咬牙切齒，恨不能即時拿子牙方消其恨。自思：「且回營，破了西岐再處。」馬元離了高山，往前纔走，只聽得山凹裏有人聲喚叫：「疼殺我了！」其聲甚是淒楚。馬元聽得有人聲叫喊，急轉下山坡，見茂草中睡著一個女子。馬元問曰：「你是甚人，在此叫喊？」那女子曰：「老師救命！」馬元曰：「你是何人？叫我怎樣救你？」婦人答曰：「我是民婦；因回家看親，中途偶得心氣疼，命在旦夕，望老師或在近村人家討些熱湯，搭救殘喘，勝造七級浮屠。倘得重生，恩同再造。」馬元曰：「小娘子，此處那裡去尋熱湯？你終是一死，不若我反化你一齋，實是一舉兩得。」女子曰：「若救我全生，理當一齋。」馬元曰：「不是如此說。我因趕姜子牙，殺了一夜，肚中其實餓了。量你也難活，不若做個人情，化你與我貧道吃了罷。」女人曰：「老師不可說戲話。豈有吃人的理？」馬元餓急了，那裏由分說？趕上去一腳，踏住女人胸膛，一腳踏住女人大腿，把劍割開衣服，現出肚皮。馬元忙將劍從肚臍內刺將進去。一腔熱血滾將出來。馬元用手抄著血，連吃了幾口；在女人肚子裏去摸心吃。左摸右摸撈不著，兩隻手在肚子裏摸，只是一腔熱血，併無五臟。馬元看了，沉思疑惑。正在那裏撈，只見正南上梅花鹿上坐一道人仗劍而來。怎見得，有讚為證，讚曰：雙抓髻，雲分靄靄；水合袍，緊束絲條。仙風道骨任逍遙，腹隱許多玄妙。玉虛宮元始門下，十仙首會赴蟠桃。乘鸞跨鶴在碧雲霄，天皇氏修仙養道。話說馬元見文殊廣法天尊仗劍而來，忙將雙手掣出肚皮，不意肚皮竟長完了，把手長在裏面；欲待下女人身子，兩隻腳也長在女人身上。馬元無法可施，莫能掙扎。馬元蹲在一堆兒，只叫：「老師饒命！」文殊廣法天尊舉劍纔待要斬馬元，只聽得腦後有人叫曰：「道兄劍下留人！」廣法天尊回顧，認不得此人是誰：頭挽雙髻，身穿道服，面黃微鬚。道人曰：「稽首了！」廣法天尊答禮，口稱：「道友何處來？有甚事見諭？」道人曰：「原來道兄認不得我。吾有一律，說出便知端

的。詩曰：大覺金仙不二時，西方妙法祖菩提。不生不滅三三行，全氣全神萬萬慈。空寂自然隨變化，真如本性任為之。與天同壽莊嚴體，歷劫明心大法師。貧道乃西方教下準提道人也是也。『封神榜』上無馬元名諱；此人根行且重，與吾西方有緣，待貧道把他帶上西方，成為正果，亦是道兄慈悲，貧道不二門中之幸也。」廣法天尊聞言，滿面歡喜，大笑曰：「久仰大法，行教西方，蓮花現相，舍利元光，真乃高明之客。貧道謹領尊命。」準提道人向前，摩頂受記曰：「道友可惜五行修煉，枉費工夫！不如隨我上西方：八德池邊，談講三乘大法；七寶林下，任你自在逍遙。」馬元連聲喏喏。準提謝了廣法天尊，又將打神鞭交與廣法天尊帶與子牙，準提同馬元回西方。不表。且說廣法天尊回至相府，子牙接見，問處馬元一事如何；廣法天尊將準提道人的事詳細說了一遍；又將打神鞭付與子牙。赤精子在傍，雙眉緊皺，對文殊廣法天尊曰：「如今殷洪阻撓逆法，恐誤子牙拜將之期，如之奈何？」正話間，忽楊戩報曰：「有慈航師伯來見。」三人聞報，忙出府迎接。慈航道人一見，攜手上殿。行禮已畢，子牙問曰：「道兄此來，有何見諭？」慈航曰：「專為殷洪而來。」赤精子聞言大喜，便曰：「道兄將何術治之？」慈航道人問子牙曰：「當時破十絕陣，太極圖在麼？」子牙答曰：「在此。」慈航曰：「若擒殷洪，須是赤精子道兄將太極圖，須……如此如此，方能除得此患。」赤精子聞言，心中尚有不忍，因子牙拜將日已近，恐誤限期，只得如此；乃對子牙曰：「須得公去，方可成功。」且說殷洪見馬元一去無音，心下不樂，對劉甫、苟章曰：「馬道長一去，音信杳無，定非吉兆。明日且與姜尚會戰，看是如何，再探馬道長消息。」鄭倫曰：「不得一場大戰，決不能成得大功。」一宿晚景已過。次日早晨，湯營內大砲響亮，殺聲大振，殷洪大隊人馬，出營至城下，大叫曰：「請子牙答話！」左右報入相府。三道者對子牙曰：「今日公出去，我等定助你成功。」子牙不帶諸門人，領一支人馬，獨自出城，將劍尖指殷洪，大喝曰：「殷洪！你師命不從，今日難免大厄，四肢定成灰飛，悔之晚矣！」殷洪大怒，縱馬搖戟來取。子牙手中劍赴面相還。獸馬爭持，劍戟併舉。未及數合，子牙便走，不進城，落荒而逃。殷洪見子牙落荒而走，急忙趕來，隨後命劉甫、苟章率眾而來。這一回正是：

前邊布下天羅網，難免飛灰禍及身。話說子牙在前邊，後隨殷洪，過東南，看看到正南上，赤精子看見徒弟趕來，難免此厄，不覺眼中淚落，點頭歎曰：「畜生！畜生！今日是你自取此苦。你死後休來怨我。」忙把太極圖一抖放開。此圖乃包羅萬象之寶，化一座金橋。子牙把四不相一縱，上了金橋。殷洪馬趕至橋邊，見子牙在橋上指殷洪曰：「你趕上橋來，與我見三合否？」殷洪笑曰：「連吾師父在此，吾也不懼；又何怕你之幻術哉。我來了！」把馬

一拎，那馬上了此圖。有詩為證，詩曰：混沌未分盤古出，太極傳下兩儀來。四象無窮真變化，殷洪此際喪飛灰。

話說殷洪上了此圖，一時不覺杳杳冥冥，心無定見，百事攢來。心想何事，其事即至。殷洪如夢寐一般，心下想：「莫是有伏兵？」果見伏兵殺來，大殺一陣，就不見了。心下想拿姜子牙；霎時子牙來至，兩家又殺一陣。忽然想起朝歌，與父王相會；隨即到了朝歌，進了午門，至西宮，見黃娘娘站立，殷洪下拜；忽的又至馨慶宮，又見楊娘娘站立，殷洪口稱：「姨母。」楊娘娘不答應。——此乃是太極四象，變化無窮之法；心想何物，何物便見；心慮百事，百事即至。——只見殷洪左舞右舞，在太極圖中如夢如痴。赤精子看看他，師徒之情，數年慇懃，豈知有今日，不覺嗟歎。只見殷洪將到盡頭路，又見他生身母親姜娘娘大叫曰：「殷洪！你看我是誰？」殷洪抬頭看時：「呀！原來是母親姜娘娘！」殷洪不覺失聲曰：「母親！孩兒莫不是與你冥中相會？」姜娘娘曰：「冤家！你不尊師父之言，要保無道而伐有道，又發誓言，開口受刑，出口有願，當日發誓說四肢成為飛灰，你今日上了太極圖，眼下要成灰燼之苦！」殷洪聽說，急叫：「母親救我！」忽然不見了姜娘娘。殷洪慌在一堆。只見赤精子大叫曰：「殷洪！你看我是誰？」殷洪看見師父，泣而告曰：「老師，弟子願保武王滅紂，望乞救命！」赤精子曰：「此時遲了！你已犯天條，不知見何人叫你改了前盟。」殷洪曰：「弟子因信申公豹之言，故此違了師父之語。望老師慈悲，借得一線之生，怎敢再滅前言！」赤精子尚有留戀之意，只見半空中慈航道人叫曰：「天命如此，豈敢有違。毋得誤了他進封神臺時辰！」赤精子含悲忍淚，只得將太極圖一抖，卷在一處；拎著半晌，復一抖，太極圖開了，一陣風，殷洪連人帶馬，化作飛灰去。——一道靈魂進封神臺來了。有詩為證，詩曰：

殷洪任信申公豹，要伐西岐顯大才。豈知數到皆如此，魂繞封神臺畔哀。

話說赤精子見殷洪成了灰燼，放聲哭曰：「太華山再無人養道修真。見吾將門下這樣如此，可為疼心！」慈航道人曰：「道兄差矣！馬元『封神榜』上無名，自然有救撥苦惱之人；殷洪事該如此，何必嗟歎。」三位道者復進相府。子牙感謝。三位道人作辭：「貧道只等子牙吉辰，再來餞東征。」三道人別子牙回去。不表。

且說蘇侯聽得殷洪絕了，又有探馬報入營中曰：「稟元帥：殷殿下趕姜子牙，只一道金光就不見了。」鄭倫與劉甫、苟章打聽，不知所往。且說蘇侯暗與子蘇全忠商議曰：「我如今暗修書一封，你射進城去，明日請姜丞相劫營，我和你將家眷先進西岐西門，吾等不管他是與非，將鄭倫等一齊拿解見姜丞相，以贖前罪。此事不可遲誤！」蘇全忠曰：「若不是呂岳、殷洪，我等父子進西岐多時矣。」蘇侯忙修書，命全忠夤夜將書穿在箭上，射入城中。那日是南宮适巡城，看見箭上有書，知是蘇侯的，忙下城，進

相府來，將書呈與姜子牙。子牙拆開觀看，書曰：「征西元戎、冀川侯蘇護百叩頓首姜丞相麾下：護雖奉敕征討，心已歸周久矣。兵至西岐，急欲投戈麾下，執鞭役使。孰知天違人願，致有殷洪、馬元抗逆，今已授首；惟佐貳鄭倫執迷不悟，尚自屢犯天條，獲罪如山。護父子自思，非天兵壓寨，不能勦強誅逆。今特敬修尺一，望丞相早發大兵，今夜劫營。護父子乘機可將巨惡擒解施行。但願早歸聖主，共伐獨夫，洗蘇門一身之冤，肅護虔誠至意，雖肝腦塗地，護之願畢矣。謹此上啟，蘇護九頓。」話說子牙看書大喜，次日午時發令：「命黃飛虎父子五人作前隊；鄧九公衝左營；南宮适衝右營；令哪吒壓陣。」且說鄭倫與劉甫、苟章回見蘇護，曰：「不幸殷殿下遭於惡手，如今須得本上朝歌，面君請援，方能成功。」蘇護只是口應：「俟明日區處。」諸人散入各帳房去了。蘇侯暗暗打點今夜進西岐。不提。——鄭倫那裏知道？正是：

挖下戰坑擒虎豹，滿天張網等蛟龍。

話說西岐旁晚，將近黃昏時候，三路兵收拾出城埋伏。伺至二更時分，一聲砲響，黃飛虎父子兵衝進營來，併無遮擋；左有鄧九公，右有南宮适，三路齊進。鄭倫急上火眼金睛獸，拎降魔杵往大轅門來，正遇黃家父子五騎，大戰在一處，難解難分。鄧九公衝左營；劉甫大呼曰：「賊將慢來！」南宮适進右營，正遇苟章，接住廝殺。西岐城開門，發大隊人馬來接應，只殺得地沸天翻。蘇家父子已往西岐城西門進去了。鄧九公與劉甫大戰，劉甫非九公敵手，被九公一刀砍於馬下。南宮适戰苟章，展開刀法，苟章招架不住，撥馬就走，正遇黃天祥，不及提防，被黃天祥刺斜裏一鎗挑於馬下。——二將靈魂已往封神臺去了。眾將官把一箇成湯大營殺的瓦解星散。單剩鄭倫力抵眾將。不防鄧九公從旁邊將刀一蓋，降魔杵磕定不能起，被九公抓住袍帶，拎過鞍轡，往地上摔。兩邊士卒將鄭倫繩纏索綁，網將起來。西岐城一夜鬧嚷嚷的，直到天明。子牙陞了銀安殿，聚將鼓響，眾將上殿參謁，然後黃飛虎父子回令。鄧九公回令：斬劉甫，擒鄭倫。南宮适回令：大戰苟章敗走，遇黃天祥鎗刺而絕。又報：「蘇護聽令。」子牙傳令：「請來。」蘇家父子進見子牙，方欲行禮，子牙曰：「請起敘話。君侯大德，仁義素布海內，不是不忠小信之夫，識時務，棄暗投明，審禍福，擇主而仕，寧棄椒房之寵，以洗萬世污名，真英雄也！不才無不敬羨！」蘇護父子答曰：「不才父子多有罪戾，蒙丞相曲賜生全，愧感無地！」彼此遜謝。言畢，子牙傳令：「把鄭倫推來。」眾軍校把鄭倫蜂擁推至簷前。鄭倫立而不跪，睜眼不語，有恨不能吞蘇侯之意。子牙曰：「鄭倫，諒你有多大本領，屢屢抗拒？今已被擒，何不屈膝求生，尚敢大廷抗禮！」鄭倫大喝曰：「無知匹夫！吾與爾身為敵國，恨不得生擒爾等叛逆，解往朝歌，以正國法。今不幸，吾主帥同謀，誤被爾擒，有死而已，何必多言！」子牙命左右：「推去斬訖號令！」

眾軍校將鄭倫推出相府，只等行刑牌出。只見蘇侯向前跪而言曰：「啟丞相：鄭倫違抗天威，理宜正法；但此人實是忠義，似還是可用之人。況此人胸中奇術，一將難求，望丞相赦其小過，憐而用之，亦古人釋怨用仇之意。乞丞相海涵！」子牙扶起蘇侯，笑曰：「吾知鄭將軍忠義，乃可用之人，特激之，使將軍說之耳，易於見聽。今將軍既肯如此，老夫敢不如命。」蘇護聞言大喜，領令出府，至鄭倫面前。鄭倫見蘇侯前來，低首不語。蘇護曰：「鄭將軍，你為何迷而不悟？嘗言，識時務者呼為俊傑。今國君無道，天愁民怨，四海分崩，生民塗炭，刀兵不歇，天下無不思叛，正天之欲絕殷商也。今周武以德行仁，推誠待士，澤及無告，民安物阜，三分有二歸周，其天意可知。子牙不久東征，弔民伐罪，獨夫授首，又誰能挽此愆尤也！將軍可速早回頭，我與你告過姜丞相，容你納降，真不失君子見機而作；不然，徒死無益。」鄭倫長吁不語。蘇護復說曰：「鄭將軍，非我苦苦勸你，可惜你有大將之才，死非其所。你說『忠臣不事二君』，今天下諸侯歸周，難道都是不忠的？難道武成王黃飛虎、鄧九公俱是不忠的？必是君失其道，便不可為民之父母，而殘賊之人稱為獨夫。今天下叛亂，是紂王自絕於天。況古云：『良禽擇木，賢臣擇主』，將軍可自三思，毋徒伊戚。天子征伐西岐，其藝術高明之士，經天緯地之才者，至此皆化為烏有，此豈是力為之哉。況子牙門下，多少高明之士，道術精奇之人，豈是草草罷了。鄭將軍不可執迷，當聽吾言，後面有無限受用，不可以小忠小諒而已。」鄭倫被蘇護一篇言語，說得如夢初覺，如醉方醒，長歎曰：「不才非君侯之言，幾誤用一番精神。只是吾屢有觸犯，恐子牙門下諸將不能相容耳。」蘇護曰：「姜丞相量如滄海，何細流之不納。丞相門下，皆有道之士，何不見容。將軍休得錯用念頭。待我稟過丞相就是。」蘇護至殿前打躬曰：「鄭倫被末將一番說肯歸降，奈彼曾有小過，恐丞相門下諸人不能相容耳。」子牙笑曰：「當日是彼此敵國，各為其主；今肯歸降，係是一家，何嫌隙之有。」忙令左右傳令：「將鄭倫放了，衣冠相見。」少時，鄭倫整衣冠，至殿前下拜，曰：「末將逆天，不識時務，致勞丞相籌畫；今既被擒，又蒙赦宥，此德此恩，沒齒不忘矣！」子牙忙降階扶起慰之曰：「將軍忠心義膽，不佞識之久矣。但紂王無道，自絕於天，非臣子之不忠心於國也。吾主下賢禮士，將軍當安心為國，毋得以嫌隙自疑耳。」鄭倫再三拜謝。子牙遂引蘇侯等至殿內，朝見武王。行禮稱臣畢，王曰：「相父有何奏章？」子牙啟曰：「冀州侯蘇護今已歸降，特來朝見。」武王宣蘇護上殿，慰曰：「孤守西岐，克盡臣節，未敢逆天行事；不知何故，累辱王師。今卿等既捨紂歸孤，暫住西土，孤與卿等當共修臣節，以俟天子修德，再為商議。相父與孤代勞，設宴待之。」子牙領旨。蘇侯人馬盡行入城，西岐雲集群雄。不題。且言汜水關韓榮

聞得此報大驚，忙差官修本赴朝歌城來。不知吉凶如何，且聽下回分解。第六十二回 張山李錦伐西岐 詩曰： 搶攘兵戈日不寧，生民塗炭自零星。甘驅蒼赤填溝壑，忍令脂膏實羽翎。戰士有心勤國主，彼蒼無意固皇局。只因大劫人多難，致使西岐殺戮腥。

話說差官一路無詞，來到朝歌城，至館驛中歇下。次日，進午門，至文書房。那日是中大夫方景春看本，忽然接著看時，見蘇護已降岐周，方景春點首罵曰：「老匹夫！一門盡受天子寵眷，不思報本，今日反降叛逆，真狗彘之不若！」遂抱本入內庭，問侍御官曰：「天子在何處？」左右侍御對曰：「在摘星樓。」方景春竟至樓下候旨。左右啟上天子。紂王聞奏，宣上樓，朝賀畢，王曰：「大夫有何奏章？」方景春奏曰：「汜水關總兵官韓榮具本到都城，奏為冀州侯蘇護世受椒房之貴，滿門叨其恩寵，不思報國，反降叛逆，深負聖恩，法紀安在？具本申奏。臣未敢擅便，請旨定奪。」紂王見奏大驚曰：「蘇護乃朕心腹之臣，貴戚之卿，如何一旦反降周助惡，情殊痛恨！大夫暫退，朕自理會。」方景春下樓。紂王宣蘇皇后。妲己在御屏後，已聽知此事，聞宣，竟至紂王御案前，雙膝跪下，兩淚如珠，嬌聲軟語，泣而奏曰：「妾在深宮，荷蒙聖上恩寵，粉骨難消。不知父親受何人唆使，反降叛逆，罪惡通天，法當族誅，情無可赦。願陛下斬妲己之首，懸於都城，以謝天下。庶百官萬姓知陛下聖明，乾綱在握，守祖宗成法，不私貴倖，正妾之報陛下恩遇之榮，死有餘幸矣。」道罷，將香肌伏在紂王膝上，相偎相倚，悲悲泣泣，淚雨如注。紂王見妲己淚流滿面，嬌啼婉轉，真如帶雨梨花，啼春嬌鳥，紂王見如此態度，更覺動情，用手挽起，口稱：「御妻，汝父反朕，你在深宮，如何得知？何罪之有？賜卿平身，毋得自戚，有損花容。縱朕將江山盡失，也與愛卿無干。幸宜自愛。」妲己謝恩。紂王次日陞九間殿，聚眾文武，曰：「蘇侯叛朕歸周，情實痛恨！誰與孤代勞伐周，將蘇護併叛逆眾人拿解朕躬，以正其罪？」班中閃出一員大臣，乃上大大夫李定；進前奏曰：「姜尚足智多謀，知人善使，故所到者非敗即降，累辱王師，大為不軌。若不擇人而用，速正厥罪，則天下諸侯皆觀望效尤，何以懲將來！臣舉大元戎張山，久於用兵，慎事慮謀，可堪斯任，庶幾不辱君命。」紂王聞奏大喜，即命傳詔齎發，差官往三山關來。使命離了朝歌，一路上無詞。一日到了三山關館驛歇下。次日傳與管關元帥張山同錢保、李錦等來館驛，接了聖旨，至府堂上焚香案，跪聽開讀詔敕。

「詔曰：『征伐雖在於天子；功成乃在闔外元戎。姬發猖獗，大惡難驅，屢戰失機，情殊痛恨！朕欲親往討賊，百司諫阻。茲爾張山，素有才望。上大大夫李定等特薦卿得專征伐。爾其用心料理，克振壯猷，毋負朕倚托之重。俟旋凱之日，朕決不食言，以吝此茅土之賞。爾其欽哉！特詔。』」

欽差官讀罷詔旨，眾官謝恩畢，管待使臣，打

發回朝歌。張山等候交代官洪錦，交割事體明白，方好進兵。

一日，洪錦到任。張山起兵；領人馬十萬，左右先行乃錢保、李錦；佐貳乃馬德、桑元。一路上人喊馬嘶，正值初夏天氣，風和日煖，梅雨霏霏，真好光景。怎見得，有詩為證：

「冉冉綠陰密，風輕燕引雛。新荷翻沼面，修竹漸扶蘇。芳艸連天碧，山花遍地鋪。溪邊蒲插劍，榴火壯行圖。何時了王事，鎮日醉呼盧。」

話說張山人馬一路晚住曉行，也受了些饑餐渴飲，鞍馬奔馳，不一日，來到西岐北門。左右報入行營：「稟元帥：前哨人馬已至岐周北門。」張山傳令：「安營。」一聲砲響，三軍吶喊，絞起中軍帳來。張山坐定，只見錢保、李錦上帳參謁。錢保曰：「兵行百里，不戰自疲，請主帥定奪。」張山謂二將曰：「將軍之言甚善。姜尚乃智謀之士，不可輕敵。況吾師遠來，利在速戰。今日暫歇息軍士，吾明日自有調用。」二將應諾而退。

且言子牙在西岐，日日與眾門人共議拜將之期，命黃飛虎造大紅旗幟，不要雜色。黃飛虎曰：「旗號乃三軍眼目。旗分五色，原為按五方之位次，使三軍知左右前後，進退攻擊之法，不得錯亂隊伍。若純是一色紅旗，則三軍不知東南西北，何以知進退趨避之方？猶恐不便。或其中另有妙用？乞丞相一一教之。」子牙笑曰：「將軍實不知其故耳。紅者火也。今主上所居之地乃是西方；此地原自屬金，非借火煉，寒金豈能為之有用，此正興周之兆。然於旗上另安號帶，須按青、黃、赤、白、黑五色，使三軍各自認識，自然不能亂耳。又使敵軍一望生疑，莫知其故，自然致敗。兵法云：「疑則生亂。」正此故耳。又何不可之有？」黃飛虎打躬謝曰：「丞相妙算如神！」子牙又令辛甲造軍器，只見天下八百諸侯又表上西岐，請武王伐紂，會兵於孟津。子牙接表，與眾將官商議：「恐武王不肯行。」眾人正遲疑間，只見探事官報入相府，來報子牙曰：「成湯有人馬在北門安營，主將乃三山關總兵張山。」子牙聽說，忙問鄧九公曰：「張山用兵如何？」鄧九公曰：「張山原是末將交代官，此人乃一勇之將耳。」正話之時，又報：「有將請戰。」子牙傳令：「誰去走遭？」鄧九公欠身：「末將願往。」領令出城；見一員戰將，如一輪火車，滾至軍前。怎見得打扮驍勇，有讚為證，讚曰：

頂上金盔分鳳翅，黃金鎧掛龍鱗砌。大紅袍上繡團花，絲蠻寶帶吞頭異。腰下常懸三尺鋒，打陣銀鎚如猛鷲。攬山跳澗紫驊騮，斬將鋼刀生殺氣。一心分免紂王憂，萬古流傳在史記。

話說鄧九公馬至軍前，看來者乃是錢保也。鄧九公大叫曰：「錢將軍，你且回去；請張山出來，吾與他自有話說。」錢保指九公大罵曰：「反賊！紂王有何事負你！朝廷拜你為大將，寵任非輕，不思報本，一旦投降叛逆，真狗彘不若！尚有何面目立於天地之間！」鄧九公被數語罵得滿面通紅，亦罵曰：「錢保！料你一匹夫，有何能處，敢出此大言！你比聞太師何如？況他也不過如

此。早受吾一刀，免致三軍受苦。」言罷，縱馬舞刀，直取錢保。錢保手中刀急架相還。二馬盤旋，看一場大戰。怎見得：

二將坐鞍轡，征雲透九霄。急取壺中箭，忙拔紫金鏢。這一個興心安社稷，那一個用意正天朝。這一個千載垂青史；那一個萬載把名標。真如一對狻猊鬥，不亞翻江兩怪蛟。

話說鄧九公大戰錢保有三十回合，錢保豈鄧九公對手，被九公回馬刀劈於馬下，梟首級進城，來見子牙，請令定奪。子牙大悅，記功宴賀。不表。只見敗兵報與張山說：「錢保被鄧九公梟首級進城去了。」張山聞報大怒。次日，親臨陣前，坐名要鄧九公答話。報馬報入相府，言：「有將請戰，要鄧將軍答話。」鄧九公挺身而出。有女鄧嬋玉願隨壓陣。子牙許之。九公同女出城，張山一見鄧九公走馬至軍前，乃大罵曰：「反賊匹夫！國家有何事虧你，背恩忘義，一旦而事敵國，死有餘辜！今不倒戈受縛，尚敢恃強，殺朝廷命官。今日拿匹夫解上朝歌，以正大法。」鄧九公曰：「你既為大將，上不知天時，下不諳人事，空生在世，可惜衣冠著體，真乃人中之畜生耳！今紂王貪淫無道，殘虐不仁，天下諸侯不歸紂而歸周，天心人意可見。汝尚欲勉強逆天，是自取辱身之禍，與聞太師等枉送性命耳。可聽吾言，下馬歸周，共伐獨夫，拯溺救焚，上順天心，下酌民願，自不失封侯之位。若勉強支吾，悔無及矣。」張山大怒，罵曰：「利口匹夫！敢假此無稽之言，惑世誣民，碎屍不足以盡其辜！」搖鎗直取。鄧九公刀迎面還來。二將相持，一場賭鬥。怎見得，有讚為證，讚曰：

輕舉擎天手，生死在輪回。往來無定論，叱吒似春雷。一個恨不得平吞你腦袋；一個恨不得活砍你頭腮。只殺得一個天昏地暗沒三才，那時節方纔兩下分開。

話說鄧九公與張山大戰三十回合，鄧九公戰張山不下，鄧嬋玉在後陣，見父親刀法漸亂，打馬兜回，發手一石，把張山臉上打傷，幾乎墜馬，敗進大營。鄧九公父女掌得勝鼓進城，入相府報功。不表。

話言張山失機進營，臉上著傷，心上甚是急躁，切齒深恨。忽報：「營外有一道人求見。」張山傳令：「請來。」只見一道人，頭挽雙髻，背縛一口寶劍，飄然而至中軍，打稽首。張山欠身答禮，尊帳中坐下。道人見張山臉上青腫，問曰：「張將軍面上為何著傷？」張山曰：「昨日見陣，偶被女將暗算。」道人忙取藥餌敷搽，即時痊癒。張山忙問：「老師從何處而來？」道人曰：

「吾從蓬萊島而至。貧道乃羽翼仙也，特為將軍來助一臂之力。」張山感謝道人。次日，早至城下，請子牙答話。報馬報入相府：

「城外有一道人請戰。」子牙曰：「原該有三十六路征伐西岐，此來已是三十二路，還有四路未曾來至，我少不得要出去。」忙傳令：「排五方隊伍。」一聲砲響，齊出城來。羽翼仙抬頭觀看，只見兩扇門開，紛紛繞繞，俱是穿紅著綠狼虎將，攢攢簇簇，盡是敢勇當先驍騎兵。哪吒對黃天化；金吒對木吒；韋護對雷震子；楊戩

與眾門人左右排列保護；中軍武成王壓陣；子牙坐四不相，走出陣前。見對面一道者，生的形容古怪，尖嘴縮腮，頭挽雙髻，徐徐而來。怎見得，有讚為證：頭挽雙髻，體貌輕揚。皂袍麻履，形異尋常。嘴如鷹鷂，眼露凶光。葫蘆背上，劍佩身藏。蓬萊怪物，得道無疆。飛騰萬里，時歇滄浪。名為金翅，綽號禽王。

話說子牙拱手言曰：「道友請了！」羽翼仙曰：「請了。」子牙曰：「道友高姓何名？今日會尚有何事吩咐？」羽翼仙答曰：「貧道乃蓬萊島羽翼仙是也。姜子牙，我且問你，你莫非是崑崙門下元始徒弟，你有何能，對人罵我，欲拔吾翎毛，抽吾筋骨？我與你無涉，你如何這等欺人？」子牙欠身曰：「道友不可錯來怪人。我與道友並未曾會過幾次，我知道友根底？必有人搬唆，說有甚失禮得罪之處。我與道友未有半面之交，此語從何而來？道友請自三思。」羽翼仙聽得此話，低頭暗思：「此言大是有理。」乃謂子牙曰：「你話雖有理，只是此語未必無自而來。但說過，你從今百事斟酌，毋得再是如此造次，我與你不得干休。去罷！」子牙方欲勒騎，哪吒聽罷大怒：「這潑道焉敢如此放肆，渺視師叔！」登開風火輪，搖鎗刺來。羽翼仙笑曰：「原來你仗這些孽障兇頑，敢於欺人！」徹步持劍相交，槍劍併舉。黃天化忙催玉麒麟，使雙鎚，雙戰道人。雷震子把風雷翅飛起空中，黃金棍往下刷來。土行孫倒拖寶鐵棍，來打下三路。楊戩縱馬舞三尖刀，前來助戰。把羽翼仙圍裏垓心。上三路雷震子，中三路哪吒、楊戩、黃天化，下三路土行孫。且說哪吒見羽翼仙了得，先下手祭起乾坤圈打來，正中羽翼仙肩甲。道人把眉頭一皺，方欲把身逃走，被黃天化回身一攢心釘，把道人右臂打通；又被土行孫把道人腿上打了數下；楊戩復祭哮天犬把羽翼仙夾頸子一口。羽翼仙四下吃虧，大叫一聲，借土遁走了。子牙得勝，眾門人相隨進城。且說羽翼仙吃了許多的虧，把牙一挫，走進營來。張山接住，口稱：「老師今日誤中奸計，老師反被他著傷。」道人曰：「不妨，吾不曾防備他，故此著了他的手。」羽翼仙忙將花籃中取出丹藥，用水吞下一二粒，即時痊癒。羽翼仙謂張山曰：「我念『慈悲』二字，到不肯傷眾生之命；他今日反來傷我，是彼自取殺身之禍。」復對張山曰：「可取些酒來，你我痛飲。至更深時，我叫西岐一郡化為渤海。」張山大喜，忙治酒相款。不表。卻說子牙得勝進府，與諸門人將佐商議，忽一陣風把簷瓦刮下數片來。子牙忙焚香爐中，取金錢在手，占卜吉凶，只見排下卦來，把子牙唬得魂不附體；忙沐浴更衣，望崑崙下拜。拜罷，子牙披髮仗劍，移北海之水，救護西岐，把城郭罩住。只見崑崙山玉虛宮元始天尊早知詳細，用琉璃瓶中，三光神水，灑向北海水面之上，又命四偈諦神：「把西岐城護定，不可晃動。」正是：人君福德安天下，元始先差偈諦神。話說羽翼仙飲至一更時分，命張山收去了酒，出了轅門，現了本像，乃大

鵬金翅鵬。張開二翅，飛在空中，把天也遮黑了半邊。好利害！有讚為證。讚曰：二翅遮天雲霧迷，空中響亮似春雷。曾擲四海俱見底，吃盡龍王海內魚。只因怒發西岐難，還是明君福德齊。羽翼根深歸正道，至今萬載把名題。只見大鵬鵬飛在空中望下一看，見西岐城是北海水罩住。羽翼仙不覺失聲笑曰：「姜尚可謂腐朽，不知我的利害。我若稍用些須之力，連四海頃刻擲乾，豈在此一海之水！」羽翼仙展兩翅，用力連擲有七八十擲。——他不知此水有三光神水在上面，越擲越長，不見枯涸。——羽翼仙自一更時分直擲到五更天氣，那火差不多澆著大鵬鵬的腳。這一夜將氣力用盡，不能成功；不覺大驚：「若再遲延，恐到天明不好看」，自覺慚愧，不好進營來見張山，一怒飛起來，至一座山洞，甚是清奇。怎見得，有讚為證，讚曰：高峰掩映，怪石嵯峨。奇花瑤草馨香，紅杏碧桃艷麗。崖前古樹，霜皮溜雨四十圍；門外蒼松，黛色參天三千尺。雙雙野鶴，常來洞口舞清風，對對山禽，每向枝頭啼白晝。簇簇黃藤如掛索，行行煙柳似垂金。方塘積水，深穴依山。方塘積水，隱千年未變的蛟龍；深穴依山，生萬載得道之仙子。果然不亞玄都府，真是神仙出入門。話說大鵬鵬飛至山洞前，見一道人靠著洞邊默坐。羽翼仙尋思：「不若將此道人抓來吃了，以為充饑，再作道理。」大鵬鵬方欲撲來，道人用手一指，大鵬鵬撲躑的跌將下地來。道人探眉擦目，言曰：「你好沒禮！你為何來傷我？」羽翼仙曰：「實不相瞞，我去伐西岐，腹中餓了，借你充饑，不知道友仙術精奇，得罪了！」道人曰：「你腹中饑了，問吾一聲，我自然指你去。你如何就來害我？甚是非禮。也罷，我說與你知道：離此二百里，有一山，名為紫雲崖，有三山五嶽，四海道人，俱在那裡赴香齋。你速去，恐遲了不便。」大鵬鵬謝曰：「承教了。」把二翅飛起，霎時而至，即現仙形。只見高高下下，三五一攢，七八一處，都是四海三山道者赴齋。又見一童兒往來捧東西與眾道人吃。羽翼仙曰：「道童請了！貧道是來赴齋的。」那童兒聽說：「呀」的一聲，答曰：「老師來早些方好，如今沒有東西了。」羽翼仙曰：「偏我來就沒有東西了？」道童答曰：「來早就有，來遲了，東西已儘與眾位師父，安能再有？必至明日方可。」羽翼仙曰：「你揀人布施，我偏要吃！」二人嚷將起來。只見一位穿黃的道人向前問曰：「你為何事在此爭論？」童兒曰：「此位師父來遲了，定要吃齋。那裡有了，故此閑講。」那道人曰：「童兒，你看可有麵點心否？」童兒答曰：「點心還有；要齋卻沒有了。」羽翼仙曰：「就是點心也罷，快取將來。」那童兒忙把點心拿將來，遞與羽翼仙。羽翼仙一連吃了七八十個。那童兒曰：「老師可吃了？」羽翼仙曰：「有，還吃得幾個。」童兒又取十數個前來。羽翼仙共吃了一百零八個。正是：妙法無邊藏秘訣，今番捉住大鵬鵬。話說羽翼

仙吃飽了，謝過齋，復現本像，飛起往西岐來；復從那洞府過，道人還坐在那裏，望著大鵬鵬把手一指，大鵬鵬跌將下來：「哎呀」的一聲：「跌斷肚腸了！」在滿地打滾，只叫：「痛殺我也！」不知大鵬鵬性命如何，且聽下回分解。第六十三回 申公豹說反殷郊 詩曰：

公豹存心至不良，紂王兩子喪疆場。當初致使殷洪反，今日仍教太歲亡。長舌惹非成個事，巧言招禍作何忙。雖然天意應如此，何必區區話短長！話說羽翼仙在地下打滾，只叫：「疼殺我也！」這道人起身，徐徐行至面前，問曰：「你方纔去吃齋，為何如此？」大鵬答曰：「我吃了些麵點心，腹中作疼。」道人曰：「吃不著，吐了罷。」大鵬當真的去吐，不覺一吐而出，有雞子大，白光光的，連綿不斷，就像一條銀索子，將大鵬的心肝鎖住。大鵬覺得異樣，及至扯時，又扯得心疼。大鵬甚是驚駭，知是不好消息，欲待轉身，只見這道人把臉一抹，大喝一聲：「我把你這孽障！你認得我麼？」——這道人乃是靈鷲山元覺洞燃燈道人。一道人罵曰：「你這孽障！姜子牙奉玉虛符命，扶助聖主，戡定禍亂，拯溺救焚，弔民伐罪，你為何反起狼心，連我也要吃？你助惡為虐！」命黃巾力士：「把這孽障吊在大松樹上，只等姜子牙伐了紂，那時再放你不遲！」大鵬忙哀訴曰：「老師大發慈悲，赦宥弟子！弟子一時愚昧，被傍人唆使；從今知過，再不敢正眼窺視西岐。」燃燈曰：「你在天皇時得道，如何大運也不知，真假也不識，還聽傍人唆使，情真可恨，決難恕饒！」大鵬再三哀告曰：「可憐我千年功夫，望老師憐憫！」燃燈曰：「你既肯改邪歸正，須當拜我為師，我方可放你。」大鵬連忙極口稱道曰：「願拜老爺為師，修歸正果。」燃燈曰：「既然如此，待我放你。」用手一指，那一百零八個念珠還依舊吐出腹中。大鵬遂歸燃燈道人，往靈鷲山修行。不表。話說兩頭，且說九仙山桃源洞廣成子只因犯了殺戒，只在洞中靜坐，保攝天和，不理外務。忽有白鶴童子奉玉虛符命，言子牙不日金臺拜將，命眾門人須至西岐山餞別東征。」廣成子謝恩，打發白鶴童兒回玉虛去了。道人偶想起殷郊：「如今子牙東征，把殷郊打發他下山，佐子牙東進五關，一則可以見他家之故土，一則可以捉妲己報殺母之深仇。忙問：「殷郊在那裏？」殷郊在殿後聽師父呼喚，忙至前殿，見師父行禮。廣成子曰：「方今武王東征，天下諸侯相會孟津，共伐無道，正你報仇泄恨之日。我如今著你前去，助周作前隊，你可去麼？」殷郊聽罷，口稱「老師」曰：「弟子雖是紂王之子，實與妲己為仇。父王反信奸言，誅妻殺子，母死無辜，此恨時時在心，刻刻掛念，不能有忘。今日老師大發慈悲，發付弟子，敢不前往，以圖報效，真空生於天地間也。」廣成子曰：「你且去桃源洞外獅子崖前，尋了兵器來，我傳你些道術，你好下山。」殷郊聽說，忙出洞往獅子崖來尋兵器。只見白石橋那邊有一洞。怎見得，有西江

月為證：門依雙輪日月，照耀一望山川。珠淵金井煖含煙，更有許多堪羨。疊疊朱樓畫閣，凝凝赤壁青田；三春楊柳九秋蓮，兀的洞天罕見。

話說殷郊見石橋南岸有一洞府，獸環朱戶，儼若王公第宅。殷郊自思：「我從不曾到此，一一過橋去，便知端的。」來至洞前，那門雖兩扇不推而自開。只見裏邊有一石几，几上有熱氣騰騰六七枚豆兒。殷郊拈一個吃了，自覺甘甜香美，非同凡品：「好豆兒，不若一總吃了罷。」剛吃了時，忽然想起：「來尋兵器，如何在此閑玩？」忙出洞來，過了石橋，及至回頭，早不見洞府。殷郊心疑，不覺渾身骨頭響，左邊肩頭上忽冒出一隻手來。殷郊著慌，大驚失色。只見右邊又是一隻。一會兒忽長出三頭，六臂，把殷郊只唬得目瞪口呆，半晌無語。只見白雲童兒來前叫曰：「師兄，師父有請。」殷郊這一會略覺神思清爽，面如藍靛，髮似硃砂，上下獠牙，多生一目，恹恹蕩蕩，來至洞前。廣成子拍掌笑曰：「奇哉！奇哉！仁君有德，天生異人。」命殷郊進洞，至桃園內，廣成子傳與方天畫戟，言曰：「你先下山，前至西岐，我隨後就來。」道人取出番天印、落魂鐘、雌雄劍付與殷郊。殷郊即時拜辭下山。廣成子曰：「徒弟，你且住。我有一事對你說。吾將此寶盡付與你，須是順天應人，東進五關，輔周武，興弔民伐罪之師，不可改了念頭，心下狐疑，有犯天譴，那時悔之晚矣。」殷郊曰：「老師之言差矣！周武明德聖君，吾父荒淫昏虐，豈得錯認，有辜師訓。弟子如改日前言，當受犁鋤之厄。」道人大喜。殷郊拜別師尊。正是：殷郊實心扶聖主，只恐傍人起禍殃。

話說殷郊離了九仙山，借土遁往西岐前來。正行之間，不覺那遁光飄飄，落在一座高山。怎見得好山，有讚為證，讚曰：冲天占地，轉日生雲。冲天處尖峰矗矗，占地處遠脈迢迢。轉日的，乃嶺頭松鬱鬱；生雲的，乃崖下石磷磷。松鬱鬱，四時八節常青；石磷磷，萬年千載不改。林中每聽夜猿啼，澗內常見妖蟒過。山禽聲咽咽，走獸吼呼呼。山獐山鹿，成雙作對紛紛走；山鴉山雀，打陣攢群密密飛。山草山花看不盡，山桃山果應時新。雖然崎嶇不堪行，卻是神仙來往處。

話說殷郊纔看山巔險峻之處，只聽得林內一聲鑼響，見一人面如藍靛，髮似硃砂，騎紅砂馬，金甲紅袍，三隻眼，捻兩根狼牙棒，那馬如飛奔上山來，見殷郊三頭六臂，也是三隻眼，大呼曰：「三首者乃是何人，敢來我山前探望？」殷郊答曰：「吾非別人，乃紂王太子殷郊是也。」那人忙下馬，拜伏在地，口稱：「千歲為何往此白龍山上過？」殷郊曰：「吾奉師命，往西岐去見姜子牙。」話未曾了，又一人帶扇雲盔、淡黃袍、點鋼槍、白龍馬，面如傅粉，三綰長髯，也奔上山來，大呼曰：「此是何人？」藍臉的道：「快來見殷千歲。」那人也是三隻眼，滾鞍下馬，拜伏在地。二人同曰：「且請千歲上山，至寨中相見。」三人步行至山寨，進了中堂。二人將殷

郊扶在正中交椅上，納頭便拜。殷郊忙扶起，問曰：「二位高姓大名？」那藍臉的應曰：「末將姓溫，名良；那白臉的姓馬，名善。」殷郊曰：「吾看二位一表非俗，俱負英雄之志，何不同吾往西岐立功，助武王伐紂？」二人曰：「千歲為何反助周滅紂者何也？」殷郊答曰：「商家氣數已盡，周家王氣正盛，況吾父得十罪於天下，今天下諸侯應天順人，以有道伐無道，以無德讓有德，此理之常，豈吾家故業哉。」溫良、馬善曰：「千歲興言及此，真以天地父母為心，乃丈夫之所為，如千歲者鮮矣。」溫良與馬善整酒慶喜。殷郊一面吩咐嘍囉改作周兵，放火燒了寨柵，隨即起兵。殷郊三人同上了馬，離了白龍山，往大路進發，逕奔西岐而來。正是：

殷郊有意歸周主，只怕蒼天不可從。殷郊正行，嘍囉報：「啟千歲：有一道人騎虎而來，要見千歲。」殷郊聞報，忙吩咐左右旗門官：令：「安下人馬，請來相見。」道人下虎進帳。殷郊忙迎將下來打躬，口稱：「老師從何而來？」道人曰：「吾乃崑崙門下申公豹是也。殿下往那裏去？」殷郊曰：「吾奉師命，往西岐投拜姬周，姜師叔不久拜將，助他伐紂。」道人笑曰：「我問你，紂王是你甚麼人？」殷郊答曰：「是吾父王。」道人曰：「恰又來！世間那有子助外人而伐父之理！此乃亂倫忤逆之說。你父不久龍歸滄海，你原是東宮，自當接成湯之胤，位九五之尊，承帝王之統，豈有反助他人，滅自己社稷，毀自己宗廟，此亙古所未聞者也。且你異日，百年之後，將何面目見成湯諸君於在天之靈哉！我見你身藏奇寶，可安天下；形象可定乾坤，當從吾言，可保自己天下，以誅無道周武，是為長策。」殷郊答曰：「老師之言雖是，奈天數已定，吾父無道，天命人心已離，周主當興，吾何敢逆天哉！況姜子牙有將相之才，仁德數布於天下，諸侯無不響應。我老師曾吩咐我下山助姜師叔東進五關，吾何敢有背師言，此事斷難從命。」申公豹暗想：「此言犯不動他，也罷，再犯他一場，看他如何。」申公豹又曰：「殷殿下，你言姜尚有德，他的德在那裏？」殷郊曰：「姜子牙為人公平正直，禮賢下士，仁義慈祥，乃良心君子，道德丈夫，天下服從，何得小視他。」申公豹曰：「殿下有所不知。吾聞有德不滅人之彝倫，不戕人之天性，不妄殺無辜，不矜功自伐。殿下之父親固得罪於天下，可與為讎；殿下之胞弟殷洪，聞說他也下山助周，豈意他欲邀己功，竟將殿下親弟用太極圖化成飛灰，此還是有德之人做的事，無德之人做的事？今殿下忘手足而事讎敵，吾為殿下不取也。」殷郊聞言大驚曰：「老師，此事可真？」道人曰：「天下盡知，難道吾有誑語。實對你說，如今張山現在西岐住割人馬，你只問他。如果殷洪無此事，你再進西岐不遲；如有此事，你當為弟報讎。我今與你再請一高人，來助你一臂之力。」申公豹跨虎而去。殷郊甚是疑惑，只得把人馬催動，逕往西岐。殷郊一路上沉吟思想：「吾弟與天下無

讎，如何將他如此處治，必無此事。若是姜子牙將吾弟果然如此，我與姜尚誓不兩立，必定為弟報讎，再圖別議。」人馬在路，非止一日，來至西岐，果然有一支人馬打商湯旗號在此住剗。殷郊令溫良前去營裏去問：「果是張山否？」話說張山自羽翼仙當晚去後，兩日不見回來；差人打聽，不得實信。正納悶間，忽軍政官來報：「營外有一大將，口稱『請元帥接千歲大駕』，不知何故？請元帥定奪。」張山聞報，不知其故，沉思：「殿下久已身亡，此處是那裏來的？」忙傳令：「令來！」軍政官出營對來將曰：「元帥令將軍相見。」溫良進營來見張山，打躬。張山問曰：「將軍自何處而來？有何見諭？」溫良答曰：「吾奉殷郊千歲令旨，令將軍相見。」張山對李錦曰：「殿下久已身亡，如何此處反有殿下？」李錦在傍曰：「只恐是真。元戎可往相見，看其真偽，再做區處。」張山從其言，同李錦出營，來至軍前。溫良先進營回話，對殷郊曰：「張山到了。」殷郊曰：「令來。」張山進營，見殷郊三首六臂，像貌凶惡，左右立溫良、馬善，都是三隻眼。張山問曰：「啟殿下！是成湯那枝宗派？」殷郊曰：「吾乃當今長殿下殷郊是也。」因將前事訴說一番，張山聞言，不覺大悅，忙行禮，口稱：「千歲。」殷郊曰：「你可知道二殿下殷洪的事？」張山答曰：「二千歲因伐西岐，被姜尚用太極圖化作飛灰多日矣。」殷郊聽罷，大叫一聲，昏倒在地。眾人扶起。放聲大哭曰：「兄弟果死於惡人之手！」躍身而起，將令箭一枝折為兩段，曰：「若不殺姜尚，誓與此箭相同！」次日，殷郊親自出馬，坐名只要姜尚出來。報馬報入城中，進相府報曰：「城外有殷郊殿下請丞相答話。」子牙傳令：「軍士排隊伍出城。」砲聲響處，西岐門開，一對對英雄似虎，一雙雙戰馬如飛，左右列各洞門人。子牙見對營門一人，三首六臂，青面獠牙；左右二騎乃溫良、馬善，各持兵器。哪吒暗笑：「三人九隻眼，多了個半人！」殷郊走馬至軍前，叫：「姜尚出來見我！」子牙向前曰：「來者何人？」殷郊大喝曰：「吾乃長殿下殷郊是也！你將吾弟殷洪用太極圖化作飛灰，此恨如何消歇？」子牙不知其中緣故，應聲曰：「彼自取死，與我何干。」殷郊聽罷，大叫一聲，幾乎氣絕，大怒曰：「好匹夫！尚說與你無干！」縱馬搖戟來取。傍有哪吒登開風火輪，將火尖鎗直取殷郊。輪馬相交，未及數合，被殷郊一番天印把哪吒打下風火輪來。黃天化見哪吒失機，催開了玉麒麟，使兩柄銀鎚，敵住了殷郊。子牙左右救回哪吒。黃天化不知殷郊有落魂鐘。殷郊搖動了鐘；黃天化坐不住鞍轡，跌將下來。張山走馬將黃天化拿了。及至上了繩索，黃天化方知被捉。黃飛虎見子被擒，催開五色神牛來戰。殷郊也不答話，鎗戟併舉；又戰數合，搖動落魂鐘，黃飛虎也撞下神牛，早被馬善、溫良捉去。楊戩在傍見殷郊祭番天印、搖落魂鐘，恐傷了子牙，不當穩便，忙鳴金收回隊伍。子牙忙令

軍士進城，坐在殿上納悶。楊戩上殿奏曰：「師叔，如今又是一場古怪事出來！」子牙曰：「有甚古怪？」楊戩曰：「弟子看殷郊打哪吒的是番天印；此寶乃廣成子師伯的，如何反把於殷郊？」子牙曰：「難道廣成子使他來伐我？」楊戩曰：「殷洪之故事，師叔獨忘之乎？」子牙方悟。

且說殷郊將黃家父子拿至中軍。黃飛虎細觀不是殷郊。殷郊問曰：「你是何人？」黃飛虎曰：「吾乃武成王黃飛虎是也。」殷郊曰：「西岐也有武成王黃飛虎？」張山在傍坐，欠身答曰：「此就是天子殿前黃飛虎；他反了五關，投歸周武，為此叛逆，惹下刀兵；今已被擒，正所謂『天網恢恢，疏而不漏』，是彼自取死耳。」殷郊聞言，忙下帳來，親解其索，口稱：「恩人，昔日若非將軍，焉能保其今日。」忙問飛虎曰：「此人是誰？」黃飛虎答曰：「此吾長子黃天化。」殷郊急傳令也放了；因對飛虎曰：「昔日將軍救吾兄弟二人；今日我放你父子，以報前德。」黃飛虎感謝畢，因問曰：「千歲當時風刮去，卻在何處？」殷郊不肯說出根本，恐泄了機密，乃朦朧應曰：「當日乃海島仙家救我，在山學業；今特下山，來報吾弟之仇。今日吾已報過將軍大德，倘後見戰，幸為迴避。如再被擒，必正國法。」黃家父子告辭出營，至城下叫門。把門軍官見是黃家父子，忙開城門放入。父子進相府來見子牙，盡言其事。子牙大喜。次日，探馬來報：「有將請戰。」子牙問：「誰人去走一遭？」傍有鄧九公願往。子牙許之。鄧九公領令出府，上馬提刀，開放城門；見一將白馬長鎗，穿淡黃袍。怎見得：

戴一頂扇雲冠，光芒四射；黃花袍，紫氣盤旋；銀葉甲，輝煌燦爛；三股條，身後交加；白龍馬追風趕日；杵臼鎗大蟒頑蛇。修行在仙山洞府，成道行有正無邪。

話說鄧九公大呼曰：「來者何人？」馬善曰：「吾乃大將馬善是也。」鄧九公也不通名姓，縱馬舞刀，飛來直取。馬善鎗劈面相迎。兩馬往還，戰有十二三回合，鄧九公刀法如神，馬善敵不住，被鄧九公閃一刀逼開了馬善的鎗，抓住腰間條袍，拎過鞍轡，往下一摔，生擒進城，至相府來見子牙。子牙問曰：「將軍勝負如何？」九公曰：「擒了一將，名喚馬善；令在府前，候丞相將令。」子牙命：「推來。」少時，將馬善推至殿前。那人全不畏懼，立而不跪。子牙曰：「既已被擒，何不屈膝？」馬善大笑，罵曰：「老匹夫！你乃叛國逆賊。吾既被擒，要殺就殺，何必多言！」子牙大怒，令：「推出府斬訖報來！」南宮适為監斬官，推至府前，只見行刑箭出，南宮适手起一刀，猶如削菜一般。正是：

鋼刀隨過隨時長，如同切水一般同。

子牙隨帶韋護、哪吒，調三千人馬，離了汜水關，一路上滾滾征塵，重重殺氣。非止一日，來到佳夢關安營，不見洪錦的行營。子牙陞帳坐下。半晌，洪錦打聽子牙兵來，夫妻方移營至轅門聽令。子牙把洪錦令入中軍。夫妻上帳請罪，備言失機折軍之事。子牙曰：「身為大將，受命遠征，須當見機而作，如何造次進兵，致有此一場大敗！」洪錦啟曰：「起先俱得全功，不意一道姑名曰火靈聖母，有一塊金霞，方圓有十餘丈罩住他；未將看他不見，他反看得見我。又有三千火龍兵，似一座火焰山一擁而來，勢不可當；軍士見者先走，故此失機。」子牙聽罷，心下甚是疑惑：「此又是左道之術。」正思量破敵之計。

且說火靈聖母在關內連日打探洪錦不見抵關。只見這一日報馬報入城來，報：「姜子牙親提兵至此。」火靈聖母曰：「今日姜尚自來，也不負我下山一場。我必親會他，方纔甘心。」別了胡升，忙上金眼駝，暗帶火龍兵出關，至大營前，坐名要子牙答話。報馬報入中軍：「稟元帥：火靈聖母坐名請元帥答話。」子牙便帶了眾將佐，點砲出營。火靈聖母大呼曰：「來者可是姜子牙麼？」子牙答曰：「道友，不才便是。道友，你既在道門，便知天命。今紂惡貫盈，天下共怒，天下諸侯，大會孟津，觀政於商，你何得助紂為虐，逆天行事，獨不思得罪於天耶！況吾非一己之私，奉玉虛符命，以恭行天之罰，道友又何必逆天強為之哉。不若聽吾之言，倒戈納降，吾亦體上天好生之仁，決不肯廢爛其民也。」火靈聖母笑曰：「你不過仗那一番惑世誣民之談，愚昧下民。料你不過一釣叟，貪功網利，鼓弄愚民，以為己功，怎敢言應天順人之舉。且你有多大道行，自恃其能哉！」催開金眼駝，仗劍來取。子牙手中劍火速忙迎。左有哪吒，登開風火輪，使開火尖鎗，劈胸就刺；韋護持降魔杵，掉步飛騰；三人戰住聖母。正是：

大蟒逞威噴紫霧，蛟龍奮勇吐光輝。

火靈聖母那裏經得起三人惡戰，鎗杵環攻，抽身回走，用劍挑開淡黃袱，金霞冠放出金光，約有十餘丈遠近。子牙看不見火靈聖母，聖母提劍把子牙前胸一劍。子牙又無鎧甲抵擋，竟砍開皮肉，血濺衣襟，撥轉四不相望西逃走。火靈聖母大呼曰：「姜子牙！今番難逃此厄也！」三千火龍兵一齊在火光中吶喊。只見大轅門金蛇亂攪，圍子內個個遭殃，火焰沖於霄漢，赤光燒盡旌旗；一會家副將不能顧主將。正是：刀砍屍體滿地，火燒人臭難聞。

且言火靈聖母趕子牙，又趕至無躲無閃之處，前走的一似猛弩離弦；後趕的好似飛雲掣電。子牙一來年紀高大，劍傷又疼，被火靈聖母把金眼駝趕到至緊至急之處，不得相離。子牙正在危迫之間，又被火靈聖母取出一個混元鎚望子牙背上打來，正中子牙後心，翻觔斗，跌下四不相去了。火靈聖母下了金眼駝，來取子牙首級。只聽得一人作歌而來：

「一徑松竹籬扉，兩葉煙霞窗戶。三卷『黃庭』，四季花開處。新詩信手書，丹爐自己扶。垂綸菱浦，散步溪山處。坐向蒲團調動離龍

虎。功夫，披塵遠世途，狂呼，嘯傲兔和烏。」

話說火靈聖母方去取子牙首級，只見廣成子作歌而至。火靈聖母認得是廣成子，大呼曰：「廣成子！你不該來！」廣成子曰：「吾奉玉虛符命，在此等你多時矣！」火靈聖母大怒，仗劍砍來。這一個輕移道步，那一個急轉麻鞋，劍來劍架，劍鋒斜刺一團花，劍去劍迎，腦後千團寒霧滾。火靈聖母把金霞冠現出金光來；他不知廣成子內穿著掃霞衣，將金霞冠的金光一掃全無。火靈聖母大怒曰：「敢破吾法寶，怎肯干休！」氣噁噁的仗劍來砍，惡恨恨的火焰飛騰，便來戰廣成子。廣成子是犯戒之仙，他如今還存甚麼念頭？忙取番天印祭在空中。正是：

聖母若逢番天印，道行千年付水流。

話說廣成子將番天印祭起在空中，落將下來，火靈聖母那裏躲得及，正中頂門，可憐打的腦漿迸出，一一靈也往封神臺去了。廣成子收了番天印，將火靈聖母的金霞冠也收了，忙下山頭，澗中取了水，葫蘆中取了丹藥，扶起子牙，把頭放在膝上，把丹藥灌入子牙口中，下了十二重樓。有一個時辰，子牙睜開二目，見廣成子，子牙曰：「若非道兄相救，姜尚必無再生之理。」廣成子曰：「吾奉師命，在此等候多時。你該有此厄。」把子牙扶上四不相，廣成子曰：「子牙前途保重！」子牙深謝廣成子：

「難為道兄救吾殘喘，銘刻難忘！」廣成子曰：「我如今去碧遊宮繳金霞冠去。」

子牙別了廣成子，回佳夢關來。正行之際，忽然一陣風來，甚是利害，只見摧林拔樹，攪海翻江。子牙曰：「好怪！此風如同虎至一般！」話未了時，果然見申公豹跨虎而來。子牙曰：「狹路相逢這惡人，如何是好！也罷，我躲了他罷。」子牙把四不相一兜，欲隱於茂林之中，不意申公豹先看見了子牙，申公豹大呼曰：「姜子牙！你不必躲，我已看見你了！」子牙只得強打精神，上前稽首，子牙曰：「賢弟那裏來？」申公豹笑曰：「特來會你。姜子牙，你今日也還同南極仙翁在一處不好，如今一般也有單自一個撞著我！料你今日不能脫吾之手！」子牙曰：「兄弟，我與你無仇，你何事這等惱我？」申公豹曰：「你不記得在崑崙，你倚南極仙翁之勢，全無好眼相看。先叫你，你只是不睬；後又同南極仙翁辱我，又叫白鶴童兒銜我的頭去，指望害我。這是殺人冤仇，還說沒有！你今日金臺拜將，要伐罪弔民，只怕你不能兵進五關，先當死於此地也！」把寶劍照子牙砍來。子牙手中劍架住，曰：「兄弟，你真乃薄惡之人。我與你同一師尊門下，抵足四十年，何無一點情意！及至我上崑崙，你將幻術愚我，那時南極仙翁叫白鶴童兒難你，是我再三解釋，你倒不思量報本，反以為仇，你真是無情無義之人也。」申公豹大怒：「你二人商議害我，今又巧語花言，希圖饒你。……」說未了，又是一劍。子牙大怒：「申公豹！吾讓你，非是怕你，恐後人言我姜子牙不存仁義，也與你一般。你如何欺我太甚！」將手中劍來戰申公豹。大抵子牙傷痕纔愈，如何敵得過申公豹。只見子牙前心牽扯，後心疼痛，撥轉四不相，望東就走。申公豹虎踏風雲，趕來甚緊。正是子牙：

方纔脫卻天羅難，又撞冤家地網來。

話說申公豹趕上子牙，打一開天珠來，正中子牙後心。子牙坐不住四不相，滾下鞍轡。申公豹方下虎來欲害子牙，不防山坡下坐著夾龍山飛龍洞懼留孫道人，一他也是奉玉虛之命在此等候申公豹的，一乃大呼曰：「申公豹少得無禮！我在此！我在此！」連叫兩聲。申公豹回頭看見懼留孫，吃了一驚。他知道懼留孫利害，自思：「不好！」便欲抽身上虎而走。懼留孫笑曰：「不要走！」手中急祭網仙繩，將申公豹網了。懼留孫吩咐黃巾力士曰：「與我拿至麒麟崖去，等吾來發落。」黃巾力士領法旨去訖。

且說懼留孫下山，挽扶子牙，靠石倚松，少坐片時；又取粒丹藥服之，方纔復舊。子牙曰：「多感道兄救我！傷痕未好，又打了一珠，也是吾七死三災之厄耳。」子牙辭了懼留孫，上了四不相，回佳夢關。不表。

且說懼留孫縱金光法往玉虛宮來，行至麒麟崖，見黃巾力士等候。懼留孫行至宮門前，少時，見一對提幡，一對提爐，兩行羽扇分開。怎見得元始天尊出玉虛宮光景，有詩為證：

鴻蒙初判有聲名，煉得先天聚五行。頂上三花朝北闕，胸中五氣透南溟。群仙隊裏稱元始，玄妙門庭話未生。漫道香花隨輦轂，滄桑萬劫壽同庚。

話說懼留孫見掌教師尊出玉虛宮來，俯伏道傍，口稱：「老師萬壽！」元始天尊曰：「好了！你們也撥開雲霧，不久返本還元。」懼留孫曰：「奉老師法旨，將申公豹拿至麒麟崖，聽候發落。」元始聽說，來至麒麟崖，見申公豹捉在那裏。元始曰：「業障！姜尚與你何仇，你邀三山五岳人去伐西岐？今日天數皆完，你還在中途害他，若不是我預為之計，幾乎被你害了。如今封神一切事體要他與我代理，應合佐周；你如今只要害他，使武王不能前進。」命黃巾力士：「揭起麒麟崖，將這業障壓在此間，待姜尚封過神再放他！」一看官：元始天尊豈不知道要此人收聚「封神榜」上三百六十五位正神，故假此難他，恐他又起波瀾耳。黃巾力士來拿申公豹要壓在崖下。申公豹口稱：「冤枉！」元始曰：「你明明的要害姜尚，何言冤枉？也罷，我如今把你壓了，你說我偏向姜尚；你如再阻姜尚，你發一個誓來。」申公豹發一個誓願，只當口頭言語，不知出口有願。公豹曰：「弟子如再要使仙家阻當姜尚，弟子將身子塞了北海眼！」元始曰：「是了。放他去罷。」申公豹脫了此厄而去，懼留孫也拜辭去了。

且說廣成子打死了火靈聖母，逕往碧遊宮來。這個原是截教教主所居之地。廣成子來至宮前。好所在！怎見得，有賦為證：

煙霞凝瑞靄，日月吐祥光。老柏青青與山嵐，似秋水長天一色；野卉緋緋回朝霞，如碧桃丹杏齊芳。彩色盤旋。盡是道德光華飛紫霧；香煙縹緲，皆從先天無極吐清芬。仙桃仙果，顆顆恍若金丹；綠楊綠柳，條條渾如玉線。時聞黃鶴鳴皋，每見青鸞翔舞。紅塵絕跡，無非是仙子仙童來往；玉戶常關，不許那凡夫俗女閑窺。正是：無上至尊行樂地，其中妙

境少人知。

話說廣成子來至碧遊宮外，站立多時。裏邊開講「道德玉文」。少時，有一童子出來。廣成子曰：「那童子，煩你通報一聲，宮外有廣成子求見老爺。」童兒進宮，至九龍沉香輦下稟曰：「啟老爺：外有廣成子至宮外，不敢擅入，請法旨定奪。」通天教主曰：「著他進來。」廣成子至裏邊，倒身下拜：「弟子願師叔萬壽無疆！」通天教主曰：「廣成子，你今日至此，有何事見我？」廣成子將金霞冠奉上：「弟子啟師叔：今有姜尚東征，兵至佳夢關，此是武王應天順人，弔民伐罪，紂惡貫盈，理當剿滅。不意師叔教下門人火靈聖母仗此金霞冠，前來阻逆大兵，擅行殺害生靈，糜爛士卒：頭一陣劍傷洪錦併龍吉公主；第二陣又傷姜尚，幾乎喪命。弟子奉師尊之命，下山再三勸慰。彼仍恃寶行兇，欲傷弟子。弟子不得已，用了番天印，不意打中頂門，以絕生命。弟子特將金霞冠繳上碧遊宮，請師叔法旨。」通天教主曰：「吾三教共議封神，其中有忠臣義士上榜者；有不成仙道而成神道者；各有深淺厚薄，彼此緣分，故神有尊卑，死有先後。吾教下也有許多。此是天數，非同小可，況有彌封，只至死後方知端的。廣成子，你與姜尚說，他有打神鞭，如有我教下門人阻他者，任憑他打。前日我有諭貼在宮外，諸弟子各宜緊守，他若不聽教訓的，是自取咎，與姜尚無干。廣成子去罷！」廣成子出了碧遊宮，正行，只見諸大弟子在傍聽見掌教師尊吩咐「凡吾教下弟子不遵訓誨，任憑他打」，眾弟子心下甚是不服，俱在宮外等他。傍邊有最不忿的是金靈聖母、當時聖母，對眾言曰：「火靈聖母是多寶道人門下，廣成子打死了他，就是打我等一樣。他還來繳金霞冠，明明是欺讎吾教！我等師尊又不察其事，反吩咐任他打，是明明欺吾等無人物也！」此時惱了龜靈聖母，大呼曰：「豈有此理！他打死火靈聖母，還來繳金霞冠！待吾去拿了廣成子，以洩吾等之恨！」龜靈聖母仗劍砍來，大呼：「廣成子不要走！我來了！」廣成子站住，見他來的勢局不同，廣成子陪笑迎來，問曰：「道兄有何吩咐？」龜靈聖母曰：「你把吾教門人打死，還到此處來賣精神，分明是欺讎吾教，顯你等豪強，情殊可恨！不要走！我與火靈聖母報仇！」仗劍砍來。廣成子將手中劍架住，言曰：「道友差矣！你的師尊共立『封神榜』，豈是我等欺他，是他自取。也是天数該然，與我何咎！道友言替他報仇，真是不諳事體！」龜靈聖母大怒曰：「還敢以言語支吾！」不由分說，又是一劍。廣成子正色言曰：「我以禮諭你，你還是如此，終不然我怕你不成？縱是我師長，也只好讓你兩劍。」龜靈聖母又是一劍。廣成子大怒，面皮通紅，仗寶劍相還。兩家未及數合，廣成子祭番天印打來。龜靈聖母見此印打下來，招架不住，忙現原身，乃是個大烏龜。一昔蒼頡造字而有龜文羽翼之形，就是那時節得道的；修成人形，原是一個母烏龜，故此稱為「聖母」。一彼時金靈聖母、多寶道人見龜靈聖母現了原身，各人面上俱覺慚愧之極，甚是追悔。只見虯首仙、烏雲仙、金光仙、金牙仙大呼：「廣成子，你欺吾教，不是這等！」數人發怒，一齊仗劍趕來。廣成子自思：吾在他家裏，身入重地；自古道『單絲不成線』，反為不美。」廣成

子又見他們重重圍來：「不若還奔碧遊宮，見他師尊，自然解釋。乃不等通報，逕自投臺下來。通天教主曰：「廣成子，你又來有甚話說？」廣成子跪而啟曰：「師叔吩咐，弟子領命下山。不知師叔門人龜靈聖母同許多門人來為火靈聖母復仇。弟子無門可入，特來見師叔金容，求為開釋！」通天教主命水火童子：「把龜靈聖母叫來！」少時，龜靈聖母至法臺下行禮，口稱：「弟子在。」通天教主曰：「你為何去趕廣成子？」龜靈聖母曰：「廣成子將吾教下門人打死，反上宮來獻金霞冠，分明是欺讎吾教！」通天教主曰：「吾為掌教之主，反不如你等？此是你不守諭言，自取其禍，大抵俱是天數，我豈不知？廣成子把金霞冠繳來，正是遵吾法旨，不敢擅用吾寶。爾等仍是狼心野性，不守我清規，大是可惡！將龜靈聖母革出宮外，不許入宮聽講！」遂將龜靈聖母革出。兩傍惱了許多弟子，私相怨曰：「今為廣成子，反把自家門弟子輕辱，師尊如何這樣偏心？」大家俱是不忿，盡出門來。只見通天教主吩咐廣成子：「你快去罷！」廣成子拜謝了教主，方纔出了碧遊宮，只見後面一起截教門人趕來，只叫：「拿住了廣成子以洩吾眾人之恨！」廣成子聽得著慌：「這一番來得不善！欲逕往前行，不好；欲與他抵敵，寡不敵眾；不若還進碧遊宮，纔免得此厄。」看官：廣成子你原不該來！這正應了「三謁碧遊宮」。正是：

沿潭撒下釣和線，從今鉤出是非來。

話說廣成子這一番慌慌張張跑至碧遊宮臺下，來見通天教主，不知吉凶如何？且聽下回分解。

第七十三回 青龍關飛虎折兵

詩曰：

流水滔滔日夜磨，不知烏兔若奔梭。纔看苦海成平陸，又見蒼桑化碧波。熊虎將軍餐白刃，英雄俊傑飲干戈。遲蚤只因天數定，空教血淚滴婆娑。

話說廣成子三進碧遊宮，又來見通天教主，雙膝跪下。教主問曰：

「廣成子，你為何又進我宮來？全無規矩，任你胡行！」廣成子曰：「蒙師叔吩咐，弟子去了；其如眾門人不放弟子去，只要與弟子併力。弟子之來，無非敬上之道；若是如此，弟子是求榮反辱。望老師慈悲發付弟子，也不壞師叔昔日三教共立『封神榜』的體面。」通天教主聽說，怒曰：

「水火童子快把這些無知畜生喚進宮來！」只見水火童子領法旨出宮來，見眾門人，曰：「列位師兄，老爺發怒，喚你等進去。」眾門人聽師尊呼喚，大家沒意思，只得進宮來見。通天教主喝曰：「你這些不守規矩的畜生！如何師命不遵，恃強生事？這是何說！廣成子是我三教法旨扶助周武，這是應運而興。他等逆天行事，理當如此。你等如何還是這等胡為？情實可恨！」直罵得眾人們面面相覷，低頭不語。通天教主吩咐廣成子曰：「你只奉命而行，不要與這些人計較。你好生去罷！」廣成子謝過恩，出了宮，逕回九仙山去了。後有詩歎曰：

廣成奉旨涉先天，只為金霞冠欲還。不是天心原有意，界牌關下有「誅

仙」。話說通天教主曰：「姜尚乃是奉吾三教法旨，扶佐應運帝王。這三教中都有在『封神榜』上的。廣成子也是犯教之仙。他就打死火靈聖母，非是他來尋事做；這是你去尋他。總是天意。爾等何苦與他做對？連我的訓諭不依，成何體面！」眾門人未及開言，只見多寶道人跪下稟曰：「老師聖諭，怎敢不依？只是廣成子太欺吾教，妄自尊大他的玉虛教法，辱罵我等不堪，老師那裏知道？到把他一面虛詞當做真話，被他欺誑過了。」通天教主曰：「『紅花白藕青荷葉，三教原來總一般。』他豈不知，怎敢亂話欺弄。你等切不可自分彼此，致生事端。」多寶道人曰：「老師在上：弟子原不敢說，只今老師不知詳細，事已至此，不得不以直告。他罵吾教是左道傍門，『不分披毛帶角之人，濕生卵化之輩，皆可同群共處。』他視我為無物，獨稱他玉虛道法為『無上至尊』，所以弟子等不服也。」通天教主曰：「我看廣成子亦是真實君子，斷無是言。你們不要錯聽了。」多寶道人曰：「弟子怎敢欺誑老師！」眾門人齊曰：「實有此語。這都可以面質。」通天教主笑曰：「我與羽毛相並，他師父卻是何人？我成羽毛，他師父也是羽毛之類。這畜生這等輕薄！」吩咐金靈聖母：「往後邊取那四口寶劍來。」少時，金靈聖母取一包袱，內有四口寶劍，放在案上。教主曰：「多寶道人過來，聽我吩咐：他既笑我教不如，你可將此四口寶劍去界牌關擺一誅仙陣，看闡教門下那一個門人敢進吾陣！如有事時，我自來與他講。」多寶道人請問老師：「此劍有何妙用？」通天教主曰：「此劍有四名：一曰『誅仙劍』，二曰『戮仙劍』，三曰『陷仙劍』，四曰『絕仙劍』。此劍倒懸門上，發雷震動，劍光一幌，任從他是萬劫神仙，也難逃此難。昔曾有讚，讚此寶劍，讚曰：

非銅非鐵又非鋼，曾在須彌山下藏。不用陰陽顛倒煉，豈無水火淬鋒芒？「誅仙」利：「戮仙」亡：「陷仙」到處起紅光：「絕仙」變化無窮妙，大羅神仙血染裳。

話說通天教主將此劍付與多寶道人，又與一誅仙陣圖，言曰：「你往界牌關去，阻住周兵，看他怎樣對你。」多寶道人離了高山，逕往界牌關去。不表。

且說子牙自從遇申公豹得脫回佳夢關來。周營內差人四下裏打探子牙消息。只見哪吒登風火輪，四下找尋。子牙正策四不相前行，恰好遇著韋護。韋護大喜，上前安慰子牙曰：「自火龍兵衝散人馬，急切難以收聚；不意火靈聖母趕師叔去。那些兵原是左道邪術，見沒有主將作法驅逐，一時火光滅了，並無有一些手段。被我等收回兵，復一陣殺的他乾淨。只是不見師叔。如今哪吒等四路去打探，不期弟子在此得遇尊顏，我等不勝幸甚！」有探事官飛奔中軍，來報於洪錦。洪錦遠迎。子牙進轅門，眾將歡喜。收點人馬，計算又折了四五千軍卒。子牙把火靈聖母、申公豹的事對眾軍將細說一遍。眾人賀喜。子牙吩咐整頓人馬，離佳夢關五十里。住了三日，子牙方整點士卒，一聲砲響，復至關下安營。

且說胡升在關內不知火靈聖母吉凶，又聽得報馬來報，子牙兵復至關下，胡升大驚：「姜尚兵又復至，火靈聖母休矣！」急與佐貳官商議：

「前日已是降周，平空而來火靈聖母攪擾這場，使吾更變一番，雖然勝了姜子牙二陣，成得甚事！如今怎好相見？」傍有佐貳官王信曰：「如今元帥把罪名做在火靈聖母身上，彼自不罪元帥也。這也無妨。」胡升曰：

「此言也有理。」就差王信具納降文書，前往周營來見子牙。有軍政官報入中軍：「啟元帥：關內差官下文書，請令定奪。」子牙傳令：「令來。」王信來至中軍，呈上文書。子牙展於案上觀看，書曰：

「納降守關主將胡升暨大小將佐等，頓首上書於西周大元帥麾下：不職升謬承司閫，鎮守邊關，謹慎小心，希圖少盡臣節以報主知；孰意皇天不眷，降災於殷，天愁人叛，致動天下諸侯觀政於商。日者元帥率兵抵關，升弟胡雷與火靈聖母不知天命，致逆王師，自罹於禍，悔亦無及。升罪固宜罔赦，但元帥汪洋之度，好生之人，無不覆載。今特遣裨將王信薰沐上書，乞元帥下鑒愚悃，容其納降，以救此一方民，真時雨之師，萬姓頂祝矣。胡升再頓首謹啟。」子牙看書畢，問王信曰：「你主將既已納款，吾亦不究往事。明日即行獻關，毋得再有推阻。」洪錦在傍言曰：「胡升反覆不定，元帥不可輕信，恐其中有詐。」子牙曰：「前日乃是他兄弟違傲，與火靈聖母自恃左道之術故耳。以我觀，胡升乃是真心納降也。公無多言。」隨令王信：「回覆主將，明日進關。」王信領令，進關來見胡升，將子牙言語盡說一遍。胡升大喜，隨命關上軍士立起周家旗號。次日，胡升同大小將領率百姓出關，手執降旗，焚香結彩，迎子牙大勢人馬進關。來至帥府堂上坐下，眾將官侍立兩傍。只見胡升來至堂前行禮畢，稟曰：「末將胡升一向有意歸周，奈吾弟不識天時，以遭誅戮。末將先曾具納降文表與洪將軍，不意火靈聖母要阻天兵，末將再三阻擋不住，致有得罪於元帥麾下，望元帥恕末將之罪。」子牙曰：「聽你之言，真是反覆不定；頭一次納降，非你本心。你見你關內無將，故爾偷生。及見火靈聖母來至，汝便欺心，又思故主。總是暮四朝三之小人，豈是一言以定之君子。此事雖是火靈聖母主意，也要你自己肯為，我也難以准信。留你久後必定為禍。」命左右：「推出斬之！」胡升無言抵塞，追悔無及。左右將胡升綁出帥府。少時，見左右將首級來獻。子牙命拿出關前號令。子牙平定了佳夢關，令祁公鎮守。子牙把戶口查明，即日回兵至汜水關。李靖領眾將轅門迎接。子牙至後營見武王，將取佳夢關一事奏知武王。武王置酒在中軍與子牙賀功。不表。

且說黃飛虎領十萬雄師往青龍關來，一路浩浩軍威，紛紛殺氣。一日哨馬報入中軍：「啟總兵：人馬已至青龍關，請令安營。」黃總兵傳令：「安下行營。」放砲吶喊。話說這青龍關鎮守大將乃是丘引，副將是馬方、高貴、余成、孫寶等。聞周兵來至，丘引忙陞廳坐下，與眾將議曰：「今日周兵無故犯界，甚是狂悖，吾等正當效力之時，各宜盡心報國。」眾將官齊曰：「願效死力。」人人俱摩拳擦掌，個個勇往直前。

且說黃總兵陞帳曰：「今日已抵關隘，誰去見頭一陣立功？」鄧九公曰：「願往。」飛虎曰：「將軍一往，必建奇功。」鄧九公上馬出營，至關下搦戰。哨探馬報入帥府。丘引急令馬方：「去見頭陣，便知端的。」

馬方上馬提刀，開放關門，兩杆旗開，見鄧九公紅袍金甲，一騎馬飛臨陣前。馬方大呼曰：「反賊慢來！」九公曰：「馬方，你好不知天時！方今兵連禍結，眼見成湯亡於旦夕，爾尚敢來出關會戰也！」馬方大罵：「逆天潑賊，欺心匹夫，敢出妄言，惑吾清聽！」縱馬搖鎗飛來直取。鄧九公手中刀急架忙迎。二馬盤旋，大戰有三十回合。九公乃久經戰場上將，馬方那裏是他的對手，正戰間，被九公賣個破綻，大喝一聲，將馬方劈於馬下。鄧九公找了首級，掌得勝鼓回營，來見黃飛虎，將馬方首級獻上。黃總兵大喜，上九公首功，具酒相慶。

且說敗兵報進關來：「稟元帥：馬方失機，被鄧九公梟了首級，號令周營。」丘引聽報，只氣得三尸神暴跳，七竅內生煙。次日，親自提兵出關。黃飛虎正議取關一事，見哨馬報入中軍：「青龍關大隊擺開，請總兵答話。」黃飛虎傳令：「也把大隊人馬擺出。」砲聲響處，大紅旗展，好雄威人馬出來！正是：

人似歡彪攬闊潤，馬如大海老龍騰。

話說丘引見黃飛虎，左右分開大小將官，一馬當先，大叫：「黃飛虎負國忘恩，無父無君之賊！你反了五關，殺害朝廷命官，劫紂王府庫，助姬發為惡，今日反來侵擾天子關隘，你真是惡貫滿盈，必受天誅！」黃飛虎笑曰：「今天下會兵，紂王亡在旦夕，你等皆無死所！馬前一卒，有多大本領，敢逆天兵耶！」飛虎回顧左右：「那一員戰將與吾拚了丘引？」後有黃天祥應曰：「待我來擒此賊。」天祥年方十七歲，真所謂「初生之犢不懼虎」，催開戰馬，搖手中鎗衝殺過來。這壁廂有高貴搖斧接住。兩馬相交，鎗斧並舉。黃天祥也是「封神榜」上之人，力大無窮。來來往往，未及十五合，一鎗刺中高貴心窩，翻鞍下馬。丘引大呼一聲：「氣死吾也！不要走，吾來也！」丘引銀盔素鎧，白馬長鎗，飛來直取天祥。黃天祥見丘引自至，心下暗喜：「此功該吾成也！搖手中鎗劈面相還。好殺！怎見得，正是：

棋逢敵手難藏輿，將遇良才好奏功。

黃天祥使發了這條鎗，如風馳雨驟，勢不可當。丘引自覺不能勝。天祥今會頭陣，如此英勇，鎗法更神。有讚為證，讚曰：乾坤真個少，蓋世果然稀。老君爐裏煉，曾敲十萬八千鎚。磨塌太行山頂石，湛乾黃河九曲溪。上陣不沾塵世界，回來一陣血腥飛。話說黃天祥使開鎗，把丘引殺得只有招架之功，更無還兵之力。傍有丘引副將孫寶、余成兩騎馬，兩口刀，殺奔前來助戰。鄧九公見二將前來協助，鄧九公奮勇走馬，刀劈了余成，翻鞍落馬。孫寶大怒，罵曰：「好匹夫！焉敢傷吾大將！」轉回來力敵九公。話說丘引被黃天祥戰住，不得閑空，縱有左道之術，不能使出來；又見鄧九公走馬刀劈了余成，心下急躁。黃天祥賣了個破綻，一鎗正中丘引左腿。丘引大呼一聲，撥轉馬就走。黃天祥掛下鎗，取弓箭在手，拽開弓弦，往後心射來，正中丘引肩窩。孫寶見主將敗走，心下著忙，又被鄧九公一刀把孫寶揮於馬

下，梟了首級。黃飛虎掌鼓進營。正是： 只知得勝回營去，
那曉兒男大難來。話說丘引敗進高關，不覺大怒：「四員副將盡
被兩陣殺絕，自己又被這黃天祥鎗刺左腿，箭射肩窩，候明日出陣，拿
住此賊，碎屍萬段，以泄此恨！」一看官：丘引乃曲鱗得道，修成人
體，也善左道之術。此人自用丹藥敷搽，即時痊癒。到三日後，上馬提
鎗，至周營前，只叫：「黃天祥來見我！」哨馬報入中軍，黃天祥又出
來會戰。丘引見了仇人，不答話，搖鎗直取天祥。黃天祥手中鎗急架忙
迎。二馬交鋒，來往戰有三十回合。黃天祥見丘引頂上銀盔露出髮來，
暗想：「此賊定有法術，恐遭毒害。」天祥心生一計，把鎗丟了一空。
丘引要報前日之仇，乘空一鎗刺來，刺了個空，跌在黃天祥懷裏來。黃
天祥掣出銀裝鋼來一好鋼！怎見得，有贊為證，讚曰： 寶攢
玉靶，金葉廂成，綠絨繩穿就護手，熟銅抹就光輝。打大將翻鞍落馬，
衝行營鬼哭神悲。斗斷三環劍，磕折丈八鎗。寒凜凜，有甚三冬雪；冷
洩洩，賽過九秋霜。話說丘引被黃天祥一鋼，正中前面護心鏡上，打得
丘引口噴鮮血，幾乎落下鞍轡，敗進關內，閉門不出。黃天祥得勝回
營，來見父親，說丘引閉門不出。黃飛虎與鄧九公共議取關之策。不
表。且說丘引被這一鋼，打得吐血不止，忙取丹藥，一時不能痊
癒；切齒深恨黃天祥於骨髓，在關內保養傷痕。次日，周兵攻打青龍
關，丘引鋼傷未癒，上城來親自巡視，千方百計防設守關之法。大抵此
關乃朝歌保障之地，西北藩屏，最是緊要。城高濠深，急切難以攻打。
周兵一連攻打三日，不能得下。黃飛虎見此關急切難下，傳令：「鳴
金。」收回人馬，再作良謀。丘引見周兵退去，也下城來，至帥府坐
下，心中納悶。忽報：「督糧官陳奇聽令。」丘引令至殿前。陳奇打躬
曰：「催糧應濟軍需，不曾違限，請令定奪。」丘引曰：「催糧有功，
總為朝廷出力。」陳奇問：「周兵至此，元帥連日勝負如何？」丘引答
曰：「姜尚分兵取關，惟恐吾斷他糧道，連日與他會戰，不意他將佐驍
勇，鄧九公殺吾佐貳官，黃天祥鎗馬強勝，吾被他中鎗，刺箭，鋼打。
若是拿住這逆賊，必分化其屍，方泄吾恨！」陳奇曰：「元帥只管放
心，等末將拿來，報元帥之恨。」次日，陳奇領本部飛虎兵，坐火眼金
睛獸，提手中蕩魔杵，至周營搦戰。哨馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：關上有
將搦戰。」黃飛虎問曰：「誰將出馬？」鄧九公曰：「末將願領人
馬。」鄧九公綽兵刃在手，逕出營來；一見對陣鼓響，一將當先，提蕩
魔杵，坐金睛獸，鄧九公問曰：「來者何人？」陳奇曰：「吾乃督糧官
陳奇是也。你是何人？」鄧九公答曰：「吾乃西周東征副將鄧九公是
也。日者丘引失機，閉門不出，你想是先來替死，然而也做不得他的名
下！」陳奇大笑曰：「看你這匹夫如嬰兒草莽，有何能！」便催開金
睛獸，使開蕩魔杵，劈胸就打。鄧九公大杆刀赴面交還。獸馬交鋒，刀
杵併舉。兩家大戰三十回合，鄧九公刀法如神，陳奇用的是短兵器，如
何抵擋得住。陳奇把蕩魔杵一舉，他有三千飛虎兵，手執撓鉤套索，如
長蛇陣一般，飛奔前來，有拿人之狀。鄧九公不知緣故。——陳奇原是

左道，有異人秘傳，養成腹內一道黃氣，噴出口來，凡是精血成胎者，必定有三魂七魄，見此黃氣，則魂魄自散。一九公見此黃氣，坐不住鞍轡，翻身落馬，鄧九公被飛虎兵一擁上前，生擒活捉，拿進高關，三軍吶喊。丘引正坐，左右報入府來：「稟元帥：陳奇捉了鄧九公聽令。」丘引大悅，令左右：「推來！」鄧九公及至醒來，身上已是繩索綁縛，莫能轉挫；左右推至丘引面前，九公大罵曰：「匹夫以左道之術擒吾，我就死也不服！今既失機，有死而已。吾生不能啖汝血肉，死後必為厲鬼以殺叛賊！」丘引大怒，令：「推出斬之！」可憐鄧九公歸周，不能會諸侯於孟津，今日全忠於周主。正是：功名未遂扶王志，今日逢厄已盡忠。

話說丘引發出行刑牌出府，將鄧九公首級號令於關上。有哨探馬報入中軍：「啟老爺：鄧九公被陳奇口吐黃氣，拏了進關，將首級號令城上。」黃飛虎大驚曰：「鄧九公乃大將之才，不幸而喪於左道之術。」心中甚是傷感。話說丘引治酒與陳奇賀功。次日，陳奇又領兵至周營搦戰。報馬報入中軍。傍有九公佐貳官太鸞大怒曰：「末將不才，願與主將報仇。」黃飛虎許之。太鸞上馬出營，與陳奇相對，也不答話，大戰二十回合。陳奇把杵一舉，後面飛虎兵擁來。陳奇把嘴一張，太鸞依舊落馬，被眾人擒拿進關見丘引。丘引曰：「此乃從賊，且不必斬他，暫送下囹圄，俟拿了主將，一齊上囚車解往朝歌，以盡國法，又不負汝之功耳。」陳奇大喜。

且說黃總兵見又折了太鸞，心下甚是不樂。只見次日來報：「陳奇搦戰。」黃將軍問左右：「誰去走一遭？」話未了，只見傍邊走過三子黃天祿、黃天爵、黃天祥應曰：「不肖三人願往。」黃飛虎吩咐：「須要仔細！」三人同應聲曰：「知道。」弟兄三人上馬，逕出營來。陳奇問曰：「來者何人？」黃天祿答曰：「吾乃開國武成王三位殿下：黃天祿、天爵、天祥是也。」陳奇暗喜，正要拿這業畜，他恰自來送死！催開金睛獸，也不答話，使開蕩魔杵，飛來直取天祿兄弟。三人三條鎗，急架忙迎，四馬交鋒。怎見得一場好殺：

四將陣前發怒，顛開獸馬相持。長鎗悽悽閃虹霓，蕩魔杵發來峻利。這一個拚命捨死定輸贏；那三個為國忘家分軒輊。些兒失手命難存，留取清名傳萬世。三匹馬裹住了陳奇一匹金睛獸，大戰在龍潭虎穴。不知吉凶如何，且聽下回分解。

第七十四回 哼哈二將顯神通 詩曰：二將相逢各有名，青龍關遇定輸贏。五行道術皆堪並，萬劫輪回共此生。黃氣無聲能覆將，白光有影更擒兵。須知妙法無先後，大難來時命自傾。

話說黃天祿弟兄三人裹住陳奇，忽一鎗正中陳奇右腿。陳奇將坐騎跳出圈子外邊。黃天祿隨後趕來。陳奇雖然腿上有傷，他的道術自在；他把蕩魔杵一舉，只見飛虎兵蜂擁而來，將腹內煉成黃氣噴出，黃天祿滾下鞍轡，早被飛虎兵撓鉤搭住，生擒活捉去了，進關來見丘引。丘引吩咐，也把黃天祿監禁了。話說黃天爵、黃天祥回營見父，言兄被擒。黃總兵十分不樂，遣官打聽可曾號令。探事官回報：「啟老爺：不曾號令。」話說陳奇腿上有傷，自用丹藥敷搽。只見次日，丘引傷痕痊癒，要來報仇，乃不戴

頭盔，頂上戴一金箍，似頭陀樣，貫甲披袍，上馬拎鎗，來奔至周營，坐名要黃天祥決戰。報馬報入營中，天祥便欲出戰。飛虎阻攔不住。天祥上馬提鎗，出營來見丘引，大呼曰：「丘引，今日定要擒你見功！」催開馬，搖手中鎗，直刺丘引。丘引鎗赴面交還。二馬盤旋，雙鎗並舉，大戰在關下。黃天祥這根鎗如風狂雨驟，勢不可當。丘引招架不住，掩一鎗，勒回馬往關前就走。黃天祥不知好歹，隨後趕來。只見丘引頂上長一道白光，光中分開，裏面現出碗大一顆紅珠，在空中滴溜溜只是轉。丘引大呼：「黃天祥，你看吾此寶！」黃天祥不知所以，抬頭看時，不覺神魂飄蕩，一會兒辨不知南北西東，昏昏慘慘，被步下軍卒生擒下馬，繩縛二臂。及至醒時，已被捉住。丘引大喜，掌鼓進關。正是：

可惜年少英雄客，化作南柯夢裏人。且說丘引拏住黃天祥進關，陞堂坐下，傳令兩邊：「把黃天祥推來！」眾人將黃天祥推至面前。黃天祥氣沖斗牛，厲聲大呼曰：「丘引，你這逆賊，敢以妖術成功，非大丈夫也！我死不足惜，當報國恩。若姜元帥兵臨，你這匹夫有粉骨碎身之禍！既被你擒，快與我一死！吾定為厲鬼以殺賊！」丘引大怒曰：「你這叛賊，反出語傷人！你箭射、鎗打、鎗刺，你心下便自爽然。今日被擒，不自求生，又以惡語狂言辱吾！」天祥睜目大罵：「逆賊！我恨不得鎗穿你肺腑，鎗打碎你天靈，箭射透你心窩，方稱我報國忠心！今不幸被擒，自分一死，何必多言，做出那等的模樣！」丘引大怒，命左右：「先梟了首級，仍風化其屍，掛在城樓上！」少時，哨馬報入周營：「啟老爺：四公子被丘引拏了，梟了首級，把屍骸掛在城樓上，風化其屍，請軍令定奪。」黃飛虎聽報，大叫一聲，跌倒在地。眾將扶起。黃總兵放聲大哭曰：「吾生四子，不能為武王至孟津大會諸侯以立功，今方頭一座關隘，先喪吾三子！」黃飛虎思子，作詩一首以志感，詩曰：

為國捐軀赴戰場，丹心可並日爭光。幾番未滅強梁寇，左術擒兒年少亡。」話說黃總兵見事機如此，忙修告急申文，連夜差使臣往汜水關老營中，見子牙求救。使臣在路，也非一日，來至行營。旗門官報入中軍：「啟元帥：黃總兵遣官至轅門等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」使臣至帳前行禮，將申文呈上。子牙拆開看畢，大驚曰：「可惜鄧九公、黃天祥俱死於非命！著實傷悼。」只見鄧嬋玉哭上帳來：「稟上元帥：末將願去為父報仇。」子牙許之；又點先行官哪吒同往。哪吒大喜，領了將令，星夜往青龍關來。哪吒風火輪來的快，使先行；嬋玉隨營行走。只見哪吒霎時就到青龍關了。正是：

頃刻行千里，須臾至九州。話說哪吒至營前。報入中軍：「有先行官哪吒轅門聽令。」黃總兵忙叫：「請來。」哪吒進中軍行禮畢，黃總兵曰：「吾奉令分兵至此，不幸子亡兵敗，鄧九公竟被左術喪身，吾在此待罪請援。今先行官至此，吾輩不勝幸甚！」哪吒曰：「小將軍丹心忠義，為國捐軀，青史簡篇，永垂不朽，亦不辜負將軍教養之功。」次日，哪吒上風火輪，提火尖鎗，往關下搦戰。猛見黃天祥之屍，大怒曰：「吾拿住丘引，定以此為例！」大呼：

「城上報事官！快傳與丘引，早來洗頸受戮！」報馬報入帥府：「有將請戰。」丘引聽報，自恃己能，依舊是陀頭打扮，竟出關門。看見一人登風火輪而來，大呼曰：「來者莫非是哪吒麼？」哪吒大罵曰：「你這匹夫！黃天祥與你不過敵國之仇，彼此為國，不過梟首；又有何罪，你竟欲風化其屍！我今拏住你，定碎醢汝屍，為天祥泄恨！」把火尖鎗擺動，直取丘引。丘引以鎗急架相還。二馬相交，雙鎗併舉。來往戰二三十合，丘引就走。哪吒趕來，丘引依舊把頭上白氣昇出，現那一顆紅珠出來在空中旋轉。丘引把哪吒當做凡胎肉體，不知他是蓮花化身，便大叫曰：「哪吒！你看吾之寶！」哪吒接頭看見，大笑曰：「無知匹夫！此不過是個紅珠兒，你叫我看他怎我？」丘引大驚：「吾得道修成此珠，捉將擒軍，無不效驗，今日哪吒看見，如何不昏於輪下！」心中已著忙，只得勒回馬來又戰；被哪吒用乾坤圈打來，正中丘引肩窩，打的筋斷骨折，伏鞍而逃，敗回關去。哪吒得勝回營，來見黃飛虎。不表。

且說土行孫催糧至子牙大營，見元帥回令畢，土行孫下殿，不見鄧嬋玉，問其故。武吉曰：「黃飛虎求救兵，申文言你岳翁陣亡，你夫人去了。」土行孫聽得鄧九公已死，著實傷悼，忙忙領子牙催糧箭，督二運往青龍關來；不一日至轅門。探馬報入中軍，黃飛虎令：「請來。」土行孫來至帳前行禮畢，黃飛虎曰：「鄧九公為左術陣亡；吾子二人被擒，天祥被丘引逆賊風化其屍。今日先行哪吒打丘引一乾坤圈，逆賊未曾授首。」土行孫曰：「待末將今晚且將天祥屍首盜出，用棺木收殮，明日好擒丘引報此仇。」土行孫下帳來，與鄧嬋玉等相見。只到日晚，土行孫借地行術，逕進關來。先在裏邊走了一番。及行到囹圄之中，看見太鸞、黃天祿。時至二更，四下裏人聲寂靜，土行孫鑽上來，悄悄的叫：「黃天祿，我來了。你放心，不久就取關了。」黃天祿聽的是土行孫聲音，大喜曰：「速些纔妙！」土行孫曰：「不必吩咐。」土行孫說了信，逕至城樓上，把繩子割斷，天祥的屍首吊在關外。周紀收去屍首。黃飛虎看見子屍，放聲大哭曰：「年少為國，致捐其軀，真為可惜！」即用棺木收屍。黃飛虎自思想：「吾生四子，今喪三子，今日不若命黃天爵送天祥屍首回西岐去，早晚亦可侍奉吾父，一則不失黃門之後，二則使我忠孝兩全。」黃飛虎打發第三子黃天爵押送車回西岐去了。且說丘引被哪吒打傷，次日陞廳納悶。只見巡城軍士來報：

「黃天祥屍首，夜來不知被何人割斷繩子，將屍首盜去。」丘引聽報，愈加愁悶。陳奇大怒：「不才出關，拏來為主將報仇！」說罷，領本部飛虎兵至營前搦戰。探馬報入中軍。黃總兵問：「誰人見陣？」土行孫願往。鄧嬋玉欲為父親報仇，願隨掠陣。夫妻二人出營，見陳奇坐金睛獸，提蕩魔杵，滾至陣前。土行孫大罵陳奇曰：「匹夫用左道邪術，殺吾岳丈，不共戴天！今日特來擒你報仇！」陳奇大笑：「諒你這等人，真如朽腐之物，做得出甚麼事來！殺你恐污吾手！」催開坐騎，拎杵就打。土行孫手中棍急架忙迎。杵棍併舉，未及數合，陳奇見土行孫往來小巧便宜，急切不能取勝，陳奇忙把杵一擺，飛虎兵齊奔前來，陳奇對

著土行孫把嘴一張，噴出一道黃氣。土行孫站不住，一交跌倒在地。飛虎兵把土行孫拏去。陳奇不防鄧嬋玉在對面，見拏了他丈夫，發出一塊五光石來，正中陳奇嘴上，打得脣綻齒落：「哎喲」一聲，掩面而走。嬋玉又發一石，夾後心一下，把後心鏡打得粉碎。陳奇只得伏鞍而逃。只見土行孫睜開眼，渾身上了繩子，笑曰：「倒有趣！」陳奇被鄧嬋玉打傷，逃回關內，來見丘引。丘引看見陳奇鼻青嘴綻，袍帶皆鬆，忙問其故。陳奇曰：「只因拏一不堪匹夫，不防對過有一賤人，用石打傷面門，復一石又打傷脊背，致失機而回。」丘引聽說，忙令左右：「將周將拏來！」左右隨將土行孫推至階前，看見土行孫身不滿三四尺，便問陳奇曰：「這樣東西，拏他何用？」命左右：「推出去斬了號令！」土行孫也不慌不忙，來至關上。左右方欲動手，只見土行孫把身子一扭，杳無蹤跡。正是：

地行道術原無跡，盜竄偷關蓋世雄。

話說左右見土行孫不見了，只謊得目瞪口呆，慌忙報與丘引。丘引聽報，大驚曰：「周營中有此異人，所以屢伐西岐俱皆失利。今日不見黃天祥屍首，就是此人盜去，也未可知。」速傳令：「早晚各要防備關隘。」且說土行孫回見黃總兵，共議取關。忽哨探馬報入中軍：「有三運督糧官鄭倫來轅門等令。」黃總兵傳令：「令來。」鄭倫至帳前行禮畢，言曰：「奉姜元帥將令，催糧應付，軍前聽用。」黃飛虎曰：「多蒙將軍催糧有功，俟上功勞簿。」鄭倫曰：「俱是為國效用。」鄭倫偶見土行孫也在此，忙問土行孫曰：「足下係二運官，今到此何幹？」土行孫曰：「青龍關中有一人名喚陳奇，也與你一樣拏人，吾岳丈被他拏去，壞了性命，特奉元帥將令，來此救援。只他比你不同，他把嘴一張，口內噴出一道黃氣來，其人自倒，比你那鼻中哼出白氣來大不相同，覺他的便宜。昨日我被他拏去，走了一遭來。」鄭倫曰：「豈有此理！當時吾師傳我，曾言我之法蓋世無雙，難道此關又有此異人？我必定會他一會，看其真實。」

且說陳奇恨鄧嬋玉打傷他的頭面，自服了丹藥，一夜痊癒。次日出關，坐名只要鄧嬋玉出來定個雌雄。哨馬報入中軍：「啟老爺：陳奇搦戰。」鄭倫出而言曰：「末將願往。」黃飛虎曰：「你督糧亦是要緊的事，原非先行破敵之役，恐姜丞相見罪。」鄭倫曰：「俱是朝廷功績，何害於理？」黃飛虎只得應允。鄭倫上了金睛獸，提降魔杵，領本部三千烏鴉兵出營來。見陳奇也是金睛獸，提蕩魔杵，也有一隊人馬，俱穿黃號色，也拏著撓鉤套索。鄭倫心下疑惑，乃至軍前大呼曰：「來者何人？」陳奇曰：「吾乃督糧上將軍陳奇是也。你乃何人？」鄭倫曰：「吾乃三運糧總督官鄭倫是也。」鄭倫問曰：「聞你有異術，今日特來會你。」鄭倫催開金睛獸，搖手中降魔杵，劈頭就打。陳奇手中蕩魔杵赴面交還。二獸交加，一場大戰。怎見得：

二將陣前尋鬥賭，兩下交鋒誰敢阻。這一箇似搖頭獅子下山崗，那一箇不亞擺尾狻猊尋猛虎。這一箇興心定要正乾坤；那一箇赤膽要把江山輔。天生一對惡生辰，今朝相遇爭旗鼓。

話說二將大戰虎穴龍潭：這一箇惡狠狠圖睜二目；那一箇格支支咬

碎銀牙。只見土行孫同哪吒出轅門來看二將交兵，連黃飛虎同眾將也在旗門下，都來看廝殺。鄭倫正戰之間，自忖：「此人當真有此術法，打人不過先下手為妙。」把杵在空中一擺，鄭倫部下烏鴉兵行如長蛇陣一般而來。陳奇看鄭倫擺杵，士卒把撓鉤套索似有拿人之狀，陳奇搖杵，他那裏飛虎兵也有套索撓鉤，飛奔前來。正是：

人能自有能人伏，今日哼哈相會時。鄭倫鼻子裏兩道白光，出來有聲；陳奇口中黃光也自進出。陳奇跌了個金冠倒躑，鄭倫跌了個鎧甲離鞍。兩邊兵卒不敢擎人，只顧各人搶各人主將回營。鄭倫被烏鴉兵搶回；陳奇被飛虎兵搶回；各自上了金睛獸回營。土行孫同眾將笑得腰軟骨折。鄭倫自歎曰：「世間又有此異人，明日定要與他定個雌雄，方肯罷休。」不表。只說陳奇進關來見丘引，盡言前事。丘引又聞佳夢關失了，心下不安。次日，鄭倫關下搦戰。陳奇上騎出關，言曰：「鄭倫，大丈夫一言已定，從今不必用術，各賭手上工夫，你我也難得會。」催開坐下騎，又殺一日，未見輸贏。來見黃飛虎，眾將俱在帳上，共議取關之策。哪吒曰：「如今土行孫也在此，不若今夜我先進關，斬關落鎖，夜裏乘其無備，取了關為上策。」黃飛虎曰：「全仗先行。」正是：

哪吒定計施威武，今夜青龍屬武王。話說丘引在關內，修表進朝歌，遣將來此協同守關，共阻周兵。不覺是一更時分，土行孫先進關裏來，暗暗在囹圄中打點放黃天祿、太鸞。二更時分，哪吒登風火輪，飛進關來，當在城樓上祭起金磚，把守門軍將打散，隨撞開拴鎖。周兵吶一聲喊，殺進城中來，金鼓大作，天翻地覆，城中大亂，百姓只顧逃生。土行孫在囹圄中，聽得吶喊，隨放了黃天祿、太鸞，殺出本府來。丘引還不曾睡，慌忙上馬，拎鎗出府，只見燈光影裏，火把叢中，見金甲紅袍，乃武成王黃飛虎。哪吒登風火輪使鎗殺來。鄧秀、趙升、孫焰紅把丘引裹在當中。鄭倫殺進城來，正遇陳奇，二將夜兵大戰。黃天祿從後面殺出府來。土行孫倒拖寶鐵棍，往丘引馬下打來。上三路哪吒的鎗；中三路黃明、周紀的斧；下三路土行孫的棍；丘引不及堤防，被土行孫一棍，正打著他馬七寸，那馬打了箇前失，把丘引跌下馬來。黃飛虎看見，忙撓鎗刺來。丘引已借土遁去了。正是：死生有定，不該絕於此關。

且言眾將裹住陳奇，被哪吒祭起乾坤圈打中，陳奇傷了臂膊，往左一閃，被黃飛虎一鎗刺中脅下，死於非命。殺到天明，黃飛虎收兵查點，只走了丘引。飛虎陞廳，出榜安民，查明戶口冊籍，留將守青龍關。黃總兵回師，先有哪吒報捷。土行孫仍催糧去了。

且說子牙在中軍與眾將正議六韜三略，報事官報：「元帥：哪吒等令。」子牙命：「傳進來。」哪吒至中軍，備言取了青龍關事，說了一遍：

「……弟子先來報捷。」子牙大悅，謂眾將曰：「吾之先取此二關者，欲通吾之糧道；若不得此，倘紂兵斷吾糧道，前不能進，後不能退，我先首尾受敵，此非全勝之道也，一故為將先要察此。今幸俱得，可以無憂。」眾將曰：「元帥妙算，真無遺策！」正談論間，左右報：「黃飛虎等令。」子牙曰：「令來。」飛虎至中軍，打躬行禮。子牙賀過

功，因不見鄧九公、黃天祥在前、心中甚是悽楚，歎曰：「可惜忠勇之士，不得享武王之祿耳！」營中治酒權飲。次日，子牙差辛甲先下一封戰書。

話說汜水關韓榮見子牙按兵不動，分兵取佳夢關、青龍二關，速速差人打探。回報：「二關已失。」韓榮對眾將曰：「今西周已得此二關，軍威正盛，我等正當中路，必須協力共守，毋得專恃力戰也。」眾將各有不忿之色，願決一死戰。正議間，報：「報姜元帥遣官下戰書。」韓榮命：「令來。」辛甲至殿前，將書呈上。韓榮接書，展開觀看，書曰：

「西周奉天征討天寶大元帥姜尚，致書於汜水關主將麾下：嘗聞天命無常，惟有德者永獲天眷。今商王紂淫酗肆虐，暴殄下民。天愁於上，民怨於下。海宇分崩，諸侯叛亂，生民塗炭。惟我周王特恭行天之罰，所在民心效順，強梁授首；所有佳夢關、青龍二關逆命，俱已斬將奪旗，萬民歸順。今大兵至此，特以尺一之書咸使聞知，或戰，或降，早賜明決，毋得自誤。不宣。」韓榮觀看畢，即將原書批回：「來日會戰。」辛甲領書回營，見子牙曰：「奉令下書，原書批回，明日會兵。」子牙整頓士卒，一夜無詞。次日，子牙行營炮響，大隊擺開出轅門，在關下搦戰。有報馬報入關來：「今有姜元帥關下請戰。」韓榮忙整點人馬，放炮吶喊出關，左右大小將官分開，韓榮在馬上見子牙號令森嚴，一對對英雄威武。怎見得，有鷓鴣天一詞為證，詞曰：

殺氣騰騰萬里長，旌旗戈戟透寒光。雄師手仗三環劍，虎將鞍橫丈八鎗。軍浩浩，士忙忙，鑼鳴鼓響猛如狼。東征大戰三十陣，汜水交兵第一場。

話說韓榮在馬上見子牙，口稱：「姜元帥請了！『率土之濱，莫非王臣』，元帥何故動無名之師，以下凌上，甘心作商家叛臣，吾為元帥不取也！」子牙笑曰：「將軍之言差矣。君正，則居其位；君不正，則求為匹夫不可得。是天命豈可常哉，惟有德者能君之。昔夏桀暴虐，成湯伐之，代夏而有天下。今紂王罪過於桀，天下諸侯叛之。我周特奉天之罰，以討有罪，安敢有逆天命，厥罪惟鈞哉。」韓榮大怒曰：「姜子牙，我以你為高明之士，你原來是妖言惑眾之人！你有多大本領，敢出大言！那員將與吾拚了？」傍有先行王虎，走馬搖刀，飛奔前來，直奔子牙。只見哪吒已登風火輪，舉鎗忙迎。輪馬相交，刀鎗並舉。兩下裏喊聲不息，鼓角齊鳴。戰未數合，哪吒奮勇一鎗，把王虎挑於馬下。魏賁見哪吒得勝，把馬一磕，搖鎗前來，飛取韓榮。韓榮手中戟迎面交還。魏賁的鎗勢如猛虎。韓榮見先折了王虎，心下已自慌忙，無心戀戰。只見子牙揮動兵將衝殺過來。韓榮抵敵不住，敗進關中去了。子牙得勝回營。不表。

且說韓榮兵敗進關，一面具表往朝歌告急，一面設計守關。正在緊急之時，忽報：「七首將軍余化等令。」韓榮聽得余化來至，大喜，忙傳令：「令來。」余化至殿上行禮，韓榮曰：「自從將軍戰敗去後，此關反被黃飛虎走出去了，不覺數載；豈意他養成氣力，今反夥同那姜尚，三路分兵，取了佳夢關、青龍關，盡為周有。昨日會兵，不能取勝，如之奈何？」余化曰：「末將被哪吒打傷，敗回蓬萊山，見我師尊，燒煉一件

寶物，可以復我前仇。縱周家有千萬軍將，只叫他片甲無存。」韓榮大喜，治酒管待。話說次日，余化至周營討戰。子牙問：「誰去出馬？」哪吒應聲而出：「弟子願往。」哪吒道罷，登輪提鎗，出得營來，一見余化，哪吒認得他，大叫曰：「余化慢來！」余化見了仇人，把臉紅了半邊，也不答話，催開金睛獸，搖戟直取哪吒。哪吒的鎗赴面交還。輪獸相交，戟鎗雙舉。來往衝殺有二三十合，哪吒的鎗乃太乙真人傳授，有許多機變，余化不是哪吒對手。余化把一口刀，名曰「化血神刀」，祭起如一道電光，中了刀痕，時刻即死。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

丹爐曾鍛煉，火裏用功夫。靈氣後先妙，陰陽表裏扶。透甲元神喪，沾身性命無。哪吒逢此刀，眼下血為膚。余化將化血刀祭起，那刀來得甚快，哪吒躲不及，中了一刀。大抵哪吒乃蓮花化身，渾身俱是蓮花瓣兒，縱傷了他，不比凡夫血肉之軀，登時即死，該有凶中得吉。哪吒著刀傷了，大叫一聲，敗回營中；走進轅門，跌下風火輪來。哪吒著了刀傷，只是顫，不能做聲。旗門官報與子牙，子牙令扛抬至中軍。子牙叫：「哪吒！」哪吒不答話。子牙心下鬱鬱不樂。不知哪吒性命如何，且聽下回分解。第七十五回 土行孫盜騎陷身 詩曰：

余化特強自喪身，師尊何苦費精神。因燒土行反招禍，為惹懼留致起嗔。北海初沉方脫難，緬仙再縛豈能狗！從來數定應難解，已是封神榜內人。

話說余化得勝回營。至次日，又來周營搦戰。探馬報入中軍。子牙問：「誰人出馬？」有雷震子應曰：「願往。」提棍出營，見余化黃面赤髯，甚是兇惡，問曰：「來者可是余化？」余化大罵：「反國逆賊！你不認得我麼！」雷震子大怒，把二翅飛騰於空中，將黃金棍劈頭打來。余化手中戟赴面交還。一個在空中用刀，一個在獸上施威。雷震子金棍刷來，如泰山一般。余化望上招架費力，略戰數合，忙舉起化血刀來，把雷震子風雷翅傷了一刀。幸而原是兩枚仙杏化成風雷二翅，今中此刀，尚不致傷命，跌在塵埃，敗進營來，來見子牙。子牙又見傷了雷震子，心中甚是不樂。次日，有報馬報入中軍：「有余化搦戰。」子牙曰：「連傷二人，若痴呆一般，又不做聲，只是寒顫，且懸『免戰牌』出去。」軍政官將「免戰牌」挂起。余化見周營挂「免戰牌」，掌鼓回營。只見次日，有督糧官楊戩至轅門，見挂「免戰」二字，楊戩曰：

「從三月十五日拜將之後，將近十月，如今還在這裏，尚不曾取成湯寸土，連忙挂『免戰牌』，……」心下甚是疑惑：「……且見了元帥，再做道理。」探馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：有督糧官楊戩候令。」子牙曰：「令來。」楊戩上帳，參謁畢，稟曰：「弟子催糧，應付軍需，不曾違限，請令定奪。」子牙曰：「兵糧足矣；其如戰不足何！」楊戩曰：

「師叔且將『免戰牌』收了，弟子明日出兵，看其端的，自有處治。」子牙在中軍與眾人正議此事，左右報：「有一道童求見。」子牙曰：「請來。」少時，至帳前，那童子倒身下拜曰：「弟子是乾元山金光洞

太乙真人門下。師兄哪吒有厄，命弟子背上山去調理。」子牙即將哪吒交與金霞童子，背往乾元山去了。不表。且說楊戩見雷震子不做聲，只是顫。看刀刃中血水如墨。楊戩觀看良久：「此乃是毒物所傷。」楊戩啟子牙：「去了『免戰牌』。」子牙傳令：「去了『免戰牌』。」次日，汜水關哨馬報入關中：「周營已去『免戰牌』。」余化聽得，隨上了金睛獸出關，來至營前搦戰。哨馬報入中軍：「關內有將討戰。」正是：常勝不知終有敗，周營自有妙人來。話說余化至營搦戰，楊戩稟過子牙，忙提三尖刀出營。見余化光景，是左道邪說之人，楊戩大叫曰：「來者莫非余化麼？」余化曰：「然也。爾通名來。」楊戩曰：「吾乃姜元帥師姪楊戩是也。」縱馬搖三尖刀飛來直取，余化手中戟赴面交還。兩馬相交，一場大戰。未及二十餘合，余化祭起化血神刀，如閃電飛來。楊戩運動八九元功，將元神遁出，以左肩迎來，傷了一刀，也大叫一聲，敗回行營，看是甚麼毒物，來見子牙。子牙問曰：「你會余化如何？」楊戩曰：「弟子見他神刀利害，仗吾師道術，將元神遁出，以左臂迎他一刀，畢竟看不出他的果是何毒物。弟子且往玉泉山金霞洞去一遭。」子牙許之。楊戩借土遁往玉泉山來，到了金霞洞，進洞見師父，拜罷，玉鼎真人問曰：「楊戩，你此來有甚麼話說？」楊戩對曰：「弟子同師叔進兵汜水關，與守關將余化對敵。彼有一刀，不知何毒，起先雷震子被他傷了一刀，只是寒顫，不能做聲；弟子也被他傷了一刀，幸賴師父玄功，不曾重傷，然不知果是何毒物。」玉鼎真人忙令楊戩將刀痕來看，真人見此刀刃，便曰：「此乃是化血刀所傷。但此刀傷了，見血即死。幸雷震子傷的兩枚仙杏，你又有玄功，故爾如此；不然，皆不可活。」楊戩聽得，不覺大驚，忙問曰：「似此將何術解救？」真人曰：「此毒連我也不能解。此刀乃是蓬萊島一氣仙余元之物。當其修煉時，此刀在爐中，有三粒神丹同煉的。要解此毒，非此丹藥，不能得濟。」真人沉思良久，乃曰：「此事非你不可。」附耳：「……如此如此方可。」楊戩大喜，領了師父之言，離了玉泉山往蓬萊島而來。正是：真人道術非凡品，咫尺蓬萊見大功。話說楊戩借土遁往蓬萊島而來，前至東海。好個海島，異景奇花，觀之不盡。怎見得海水平波，山崖錦砌，正所謂蓬萊景致與天闕無差。怎見得好山，有讚為證：勢鎮東南，源流四海。汪洋潮涌作波濤，滂渤山根成碧闕。屋樓結彩，化為人世奇觀；蛟孽興風，又是滄溟幻化。丹山碧樹非凡，玉宇瓊宮天外。麟鳳優遊，自然仙境靈胎；鸞鶴翱翔，豈是人間俗骨。琪花四季吐精英，瑤草千年呈瑞氣。且慢說青松翠柏常春；又道是仙桃仙果時有。修竹拂雲留夜月，藤蘿映日舞清風。一溪瀑布時風雪，四面丹崖若列星。正是：百川澮注擎天柱，萬劫無移大地根。話說楊戩來至蓬萊山，看罷蓬萊景致，仗八九元功，將身變成七首將軍余化，逕進蓬萊島來。見了一氣仙余元，倒身下拜。余元見余化到此，乃問曰：「你來做甚麼？」余化曰：「弟子奉師父之命，去汜水關協同韓總兵把守關隘，不意姜尚兵來，弟

子見頭一陣，刀傷了哪吒，第二陣傷了雷震子，第三陣恰來了姜子牙師姪楊戩，弟子用刀去傷他，被他一指，反把刀指回來，將弟子傷了肩臂，望老師慈悲救援。」一氣仙余元曰：「有這等事？他有何能，取指回我的寶刀？但當時煉此寶，在爐中分龍虎，定陰陽，同煉了三粒丹藥，我如今將此丹留在此間也無用，你不若將此丹藥取了去，以備不虞。」余元隨將丹遞與余化。余化叩頭：「謝老師天恩。」忙出洞來，回周營。不表。有詩單讚楊戩玄功變化之妙：

悟到功成道始精，玄中玄妙有無生。蓬萊枉秘通靈藥，汜水徒勞化血兵。計就騰挪稱幻聖，裝成奇巧盜英明。多因福助周文武，一任奇謀若浪萍。

話說楊戩得了丹藥，逕回周營。且說一氣仙余元，把藥一時俱與了余化，靜坐思忖：「楊戩有多大本領，能指回我的化血刀？若余化被刀傷了，他如何還到得這裏？其中定有緣故。」余元掐指一算，大叫曰：「好楊戩匹夫！敢以變化玄功盜吾丹藥，欺吾太甚！」余元大怒，上了金眼駝，來趕楊戩。楊戩正往前行，只聽得後面有風聲趕至，楊戩已知余原來趕，忙把丹藥放在囊中，暗祭哮天犬存在空中。余元只顧趕楊戩，不知暗算難防，余元被哮天犬夾頸子一口。此犬正是：

牙如鋼劍傷皮肉，紅袍拉下半邊來。余元不曾提防暗算，被犬一口，把大紅白鶴衣扯了半邊。余元又吃了大虧，不能前進：「吾且回去，再整頓前來，以復此仇。」話說子牙正在營中納悶，只見左右來報：「有楊戩等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」楊戩至帳前，見子牙，備言前事：「盜丹而回。」子牙大喜，忙取丹藥救雷震子；又遣木吒往乾元山，送此藥與哪吒調理。次日，楊戩往關下搦戰。探事官報入帥府：「周營中有將討戰。」韓榮忙令余化出戰。余化上了金睛獸，提戟出關。楊戩大呼曰：「余化，前日你用化血刀傷我，幸吾煉有丹藥，若無丹藥，幾中汝之奸計也。」余化暗思：「此丹乃一爐所出，焉能周營中也有此丹？若此處有這丹，此刀無用。」催開金睛獸，大戰楊戩。二馬相交，刀戟併舉。二將酣戰三十餘合。正殺之間，雷震子得了此丹，即時全好了，心中大怒，竟飛出周營，大喝曰：「好余化！將惡刀傷吾。若非丹藥，幾至不保。不要走，吃我一棍，以泄此恨！」拎提起黃金棍，劈頭刷來。余化將手中戟架棍。楊戩三尖刀來得又勇，余化被雷震子一棍打來，將身一閃，那棍正中金睛獸，把余化掀翻下地，被楊戩復一刀，結果了性命。正是：

一腔左術全無用，枉做成湯梁棟材。楊戩斬了余化，掌鼓回營，見子牙報功。不表。且說韓榮聞余化陣亡，大驚：「此事怎好！前日遣官往朝歌去，命又不下；今無人協同守此關隘，如何是好！」正議間，余元乘了金睛五雲駝，至關內下騎，至帥府前，令門官通報。眾軍官見余元好兇惡，忙報韓榮。韓榮傳令：「請來。」道人進帥府，韓榮迎接余元。只見他生得面如藍靛，赤髮獠牙，身高一丈七八，凜凜威風，二目兇光冒出。韓榮降階而迎，口稱：「老師。」請上銀安殿。」韓榮下拜，問曰：「老師是那座名山？何處洞府？」一氣仙余元曰：「楊戩欺吾太甚，盜丹殺我弟子余

化。貧道是蓬萊島一氣仙余元是也；今特下山，以報此仇。」韓榮聞說大喜，治酒管待。次日，余元上了五雲駝，出關至周營，坐名要子牙答話。報馬報入中軍：「汜水關有一道人請元帥答話。」子牙傳令：「擺隊伍出營。」左右分五岳門人，一騎當先。只見一位道人，生的十分兇惡。怎見得：魚尾冠，金嵌成；大紅服，雲暗生。面如藍靛，獠牙冒，赤髮紅鬚古怪形。絲條飄火焰，麻鞋若水晶。蓬萊島內修仙體，自在逍遙得至清。位在監齋成神道，一氣仙名舊有聲。話說子牙至軍前問曰：「道者請了。」余元道：「姜子牙，你叫出楊戩來見我。」子牙曰：「楊戩催糧去了，不在行營。道者，你既在蓬萊島，難道不知天意。今成湯傳位六百餘年，至紂王無道，暴棄天命，肆行兇惡，罪惡貫盈，天怒人怨，天下叛之。我周應天順人，克修天道，天下歸周。今奉天之罰，以觀政於商，爾何得阻逆天吏，自取滅亡哉！道者，你不觀余化諸人皆是此例，他縱有道術，豈能扭轉天命耶！」余化大怒曰：「總是你這一番妖言惑眾！若不殺你，不足以絕禍根！」催開五雲駝，仗寶劍直取子牙。子牙手中劍赴面交還。左有李靖，右有韋護，各舉兵器，前來助戰。四人只為無名火起，眼前要定雌雄。余元的寶劍光華灼灼；子牙劍彩色輝輝；李靖刀寒光燦燦；韋護杵殺氣騰騰。余元坐在五雲駝上，把一尺三寸金光鏹祭在空中，來打子牙。子牙忙展杏黃旗，現出有千朵金蓮，擁護其身。余元忙收了金光鏹，復祭起來打李靖。不防子牙祭起打神鞭來，一鞭正中余元後背，只打的三昧真火噴出丈餘遠近。李靖又把余元腿上一鎗。余元著傷，把五雲駝頂上一拍，只見那金眼駝四足起金光而去。子牙見余元著傷而走，收兵回營。不表。

且說土行孫催糧來至，見子牙會兵，他暗暗的瞧見余元的五雲駝四足起金光而去，土行孫大喜：「我若得此戰騎，催糧真是便益。」當時子牙回營陞帳，忽報：「土行孫等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」土行孫至帳前，交納糧數，不誤限期。子牙曰：「催糧有功，暫且下帳少憩。」土行孫下帳，來見鄧嬋玉，夫妻共語，說：「余化把刀傷了哪吒，哪吒往乾元山養傷痕去了。土行孫至晚，對鄧嬋玉曰：「我方纔見余元坐騎，四足旋起金光，如雲霓縹緲而去，妙甚，妙甚！我今夜走去，盜了他的來，騎著催糧，有何不可？」鄧嬋玉曰：「雖然如此；你若要去，須稟知元帥，方可行事，不得造次。」土行孫曰：「與他說沒用，總是走去便來，何必又多一番唇舌？」當時夫婦計較停當。將至二更，土行孫把身子一扭，逕進汜水關，來到帥府裏。土行孫見余元默運元神，土行孫在地下，往上看他，道人目似垂簾，不敢上去，只得等候。卻言余元默運元神，忽然心血潮來，余元暗暗掐指一算，已知土行孫來盜他的坐騎。余元把陽神出竅，少刻，鼻息之聲如雷。土行孫在地下聽見鼻息之聲，大喜曰：「今夜定然成功。」將身子鑽了上來，拖著鐵棍，又見廊下拴著五雲駝。土行孫解了韁繩，牽到丹墀下，挨著馬臺扒上去，試驗試驗，然後又扒將下來。將這寶鐵棍執在手裏，來打余元，照余元耳門上一下，只打得七竅中三昧火冒出來，只是不動；復

打一棍，打得余元只不作聲。土行孫曰：「這潑道，真是頑皮！吾且回去，明日再做道理。」土行孫上了五雲駝，把他頂上拍了一下，那獸四足就起金雲，飛在空中。土行孫心下十分歡喜。正是：歡喜未來災又至，只因盜物惹非殃。且說土行孫騎著五雲駝，只在關裏串，不得出關去。土行孫曰：「寶貝，你還出關去！」話猶未了，那五雲駝便落將下地來。土行孫方欲下駝，早被余元一把抓住頭髮，拎著他，不令他挨地，大叫曰：「拿住偷駝的賊子！」驚動一府大小將官，掌起火把燈毬。韓榮陞了寶殿，只見余元高高的把土行孫拎著。韓榮燈光下見一矮子：「老師拎著他做甚麼？放下他來罷了。」余元曰：「你不知他會地行之術，但沿了地，他就去了。」韓榮曰：「將他如何處治？」余元曰：「你把俺蒲團下一個袋兒取來，裝著這業障，用火燒死他，方絕禍患。」韓榮取了袋兒裝起來。余元叫：「搬柴來。」少時間，架起柴來，把如意乾坤袋燒著。土行孫在火裏大叫曰：「燒死我也！」好火！怎見得，有詩為證：

細細金蛇遍地明，黑煙滾滾即時生，燧人出世居離位，炎帝騰光號火精。山石逢時皆赤土，江湖偶遇盡枯平。誰知天意歸周主，自有真仙渡此驚。話說余元燒土行孫，命在須臾。也是天數，不該如此，一只見懼留孫正坐蒲團默養元神，見白鶴童子來至曰：「奉師尊玉旨，命師兄去救土行孫。」懼留孫聞命，與白鶴童子分別，借著縱地金光法來至汜水關裏。見余元正燒乾坤袋，懼留孫使一陣旋窩風，往下一坐，伸下手來，連如意乾坤袋提將去了。余元看見一陣風來，又見火勢有景，余元掐指一算：「好懼留孫！你救你的門人，把我如意乾坤袋也拿了去！我明日自有處治。」

且說懼留孫將土行孫救出火焰之中，土行孫在內自覺得不熱，不知何故。懼留孫來至周營。那夜是南宮适巡外營。時至三更盡，南宮适問曰：「是甚麼人？」懼留孫曰：「是我。快通報子牙，我來也。」南宮适向前看，知是懼留孫，忙傳雲板。子牙三鼓時分起來，外邊傳入帳中：「有懼留孫在轅門。」子牙忙出迎接，見懼留孫拎著一個袋子，至軍前打稽首坐下。子牙曰：「道兄夤夜至此，有何見諭？」懼留孫曰：「土行孫有火難，特來救之。」子牙大驚：「土行孫昨日催糧方回，其災如何得至？」懼留孫把如意袋兒打開，放出土行孫來，問其詳細。土行孫把盜五雲駝的事說了一遍。子牙大怒曰：「你要做此事，也該報我知道，如何背違主帥，暗行辱國之事？今若不正軍法，諸將效尤，將來營規必亂。傳刀斧手，將土行孫斬首號令！」懼留孫曰：「土行孫不遵軍令，暗行進關，有辱國體，理宜斬首；只是用人之際，暫且待罪立功。」子牙曰：「若不是道兄求免，定當斬首。」令左右：「且與我放了。」土行孫謝了師父，又謝過子牙。一夜周營中未曾安靜。次日，只見一氣仙余元，出關來至周營，坐名只要懼留孫。懼留孫曰：「他來只為如意乾坤袋。我不去會他。你只須如此，自可擒此潑道也。」懼留孫與子牙計較停當。子牙點砲出營。余元一見子牙，大呼曰：「只叫懼留孫來會我！」子牙曰：「道友，你好不知天命！據道友要燒死土行孫，

自無逃躲，豈知有他師父來救他，正所謂有福之人，縱千方百計而不能加害；無福之人遇溝壑而喪其軀。此豈人力所能哉！」余元大怒曰：

「巧言匹夫尚敢為他支吾！」催開五雲駝，使寶劍來取。子牙坐下四不相，手中劍赴面相迎。二獸相交，雙劍併舉，兩家一場大戰，怎見得，有詞為證：

凜凜征雲萬丈高，軍兵擂鼓把旗搖。一個是封神都領袖；一個是監齋名姓標。這個正道奉天滅紂王；那個是無福成仙自逞高。這個是六韜之內稱始祖；那個是惡性兇心怎肯饒。自來有福催無福，天意循環怎脫逃。

話說子牙大戰余元，未及十數合，被懼留孫祭綱仙繩在空中，命黃巾力士半空將余元拿去，止有五雲駝跳進入關中。子牙與懼留孫將余元拿至中軍。余元曰：「姜尚，你雖然擒我，看你將何法治我！」子牙令李靖：「斬訖報來！」李靖領令，推出轅門，將寶劍斬之，一聲響，把寶劍砍缺有二指。李靖回報子牙，備言殺不得之事，說了一遍。子牙親自至轅門，命韋護祭起降魔杵打，只打得騰騰煙出，烈烈火飛。余元作歌曰：

「君不見天皇得道將身煉，修仙養道碧遊宮。坎虎離龍方出現，五行隨我任心遊。四海三江都走遍，頂金頂玉秘修成。曾在爐中仙火煨。你今斬我要分明，自古一劍還一劍，漫道余言說不靈。」

余元作歌罷，子牙心下十分不樂，與懼留孫共議：「如今放不得余元，且將他囚於後營，等取了關，再做區處。」懼留孫曰：「子牙，你可命匠人造一鐵櫃，將余元沉於北海，以除後患。」子牙命鐵匠急造，鐵櫃造成，將余元放在櫃內。懼留孫命黃巾力士抬定了，往北海中一丟，沉於海底。黃巾力士回復懼留孫法旨。不表。

且說余元入於北海之中，鐵櫃亦是五金之物，況又丟在水中，此乃金水相生，反助了他一臂之力。余元借水遁走了，逕往碧遊宮紫芝崖下來。余元被綱仙繩捆住，不得見截教門人傳與掌教師尊。忽聽得一個道童，唱道情而來，詞曰：

「水遙山遙，隔斷紅塵道。粗袍敞袍，袖裏乾坤倒。日月肩挑，乾坤懷抱。常自把煙霞嘯傲，天地逍遙。龍降虎伏道自高，紫霧護新巢，白雲做故交。長生不老，只在壺中一覺。」

話說余元大呼曰：「那一位師兄，來救我之殘喘！」水火童兒見紫芝崖下一道者，青面紅髮，巨口獠牙，綱在那裏，童兒問曰：「你是何人，今受此厄？」余元曰：「我乃是金靈聖母門下，蓬萊島一氣仙余原是也；今被姜子牙，將我沉於北海，幸天不絕我，得借水遁，方能到得此間。望師兄與我通報一聲。」水火童兒逕來見金靈聖母備言余元一事。金靈聖母聞言大怒，急至崖前。不見還可，越見越怒。金靈聖母逕進宮內，見通天教主行體畢，言曰：「弟子一事啟老師：人言崑崙門下欺滅吾教，俱是耳聽；今將一氣仙余元，他得何罪，竟用鐵櫃沉於北海；幸不絕生，借水遁逃至於紫芝崖。望老師大發慈悲，救弟子等體面。」通天教主曰：「如今在那裏？」金靈聖母曰：

「在紫芝崖。」通天教主吩咐：「抬將來。」少時，將余元抬至宮前。碧遊宮多少截教門人，看見余元，無不動氣。只見金鐘聲響，玉磬齊鳴，掌教師尊來至，到了宮前，一見諸大弟子，齊言：「闡教門人欺吾

教太甚！」教主看見余元，這等光景，教主也覺得難堪，先將一道符印對余元身上，教主用手一彈，只見細仙繩吊下來。古語雲：「聖人怒發不上臉。」隨命余元：「跟吾進宮。」教主取一物與余元，曰：「你去把懼留孫拿來見我，不許傷他。」余元曰：「弟子知道。」正是：

聖人賜與穿心鎖，只恐皇天不肯從。話說余元得了此寶，離了碧遊宮，借土遁而來。行得好快，不須臾，已至汜水關。有報事馬報入關中：「有余道長到了。」韓榮降階迎接到殿。欠身言曰：

「聞老師失利，被姜尚所擒，使末將身心不安。今得睹天顏，韓榮不勝幸甚！」余元曰：「姜尚用鐵櫃把我沉於北海，幸吾借小術到吾師尊那所在，借得一件東西，可以成功。可將吾五雲駝收拾，打點出關，以報此恨。」余元隨上騎，至周營轅門，坐名只要懼留孫。報馬報入中軍：

「啟元帥：余元搦戰，只要懼留孫。」幸而懼留孫不曾回山。子牙大驚，忙請懼留孫商議。懼留孫曰：「余元沉海，畢竟借水遁潛逃至碧遊宮，想通天教主必定借有奇寶，方敢下山。子牙，你還與他答話，待吾再擒他進來，且救一時燃眉之急。若是他先祭其寶，則吾不能支耳。」子牙曰：「道兄言之有理。」子牙傳令：「點砲。」帥旗展動，子牙至軍前。余元大呼曰：「姜子牙，我與你今日定見雌雄！」催開五雲駝，惡狠狠飛來直取。姜子牙手中劍赴面交還。只一合，懼留孫祭起細仙繩，命黃巾力士：「將余元拿下！」只聽得一聲響，又將余元平空拿去了。正是：

秋風未動蟬先覺，暗送無常死不知。余元不限防暗中下手。子牙見拿了余元，其心方安；進營，將余元放在帳前。子牙與懼留孫共議：「若殺余元，不過五行之術，想他俱是會中人，如何殺得他？倘若再走了，如之奈何！」正所謂：「生死有定，大數難逃。」余元正應「封神榜」上有名之人，如何逃得。子牙在中軍正無法可施，無籌可展，忽然報：「陸壓道人來至。」子牙同懼留孫出營相接。至中軍，余元一見陸壓，只認得仙魂縹緲，面似淡金，余元悔之不及。余元曰：「陸道兄，你既來，還求你慈悲我。可憐我千年道行，苦盡功夫。從今知過必改，再不敢干犯西兵。」陸壓曰：「你逆天行事，天理難容；況你是『封神榜』上之人，我不過代天行罰。」正是：

不依正理歸邪理，仗你胸中道術高。誰知天意扶真主，吾今到此命難逃。」

陸壓曰：「取香案。」陸壓焚香爐中，望崑崙山下拜，花籃中取出一個葫蘆，放在案上，揭開葫蘆蓋；裏邊一道白光如線，起在空中，現出七寸五分橫在白光頂上，有眼有翅。陸壓口裏道：

「寶貝請轉身！」那東西在白光之上連轉三匹轉，可憐余元斗大一顆首級落將下來。有詩單道斬將封神飛刀，有詩為證：

先煉真元後運功，此中玄妙配雌雄。惟存一點先天訣，斬怪誅妖自不同。

話說陸壓用飛刀斬了余元，他一靈已進封神臺去了。子牙欲要號令，陸壓曰：「不可。余元原有仙體，若是暴露，則非體矣。用土掩埋。」陸壓與懼留孫辭別歸山。

且說韓榮打聽余元已死，在銀安殿與眾將共議曰：「如今余道長已亡，再無可敵周將者。況兵臨城下，左右關

隘俱失與周家；子牙麾下俱是道德術能之士，終不得取勝。欲要歸降，不忍負成湯之爵位；如不歸降，料此關難守，終被周人所擄。為今之計，奈何，奈何！」旁有偏將徐忠曰：「主將既不忍有負成湯，決無獻關之理。吾等不如將印綬掛在殿庭，文冊留與府庫，望朝歌拜謝皇恩，棄官而去，不失盡人臣之道。」韓榮聽說，俱從其言，隨傳令眾軍士：「將府內資重之物，打點上車。」欲隱跡山林，埋名丘壑。此時眾將官各自去打點起行。韓榮又命家將搬運金珠寶玩，扛抬細軟衣帛。紛紜喧嘩，忽然驚動韓榮二子，一在後園中設造奇兵，欲拒子牙。弟兄二人聽得家中紛紛然闐亂，走出庭來，只見家將扛抬箱籠，問其緣故，家將把棄關的話說了一遍。二人聽罷：「你們且住了，我自自有道理。」二人齊來見父親。不知凶吉如何，且聽下回分解。

第七十六回 鄭倫捉將取汜水 詩曰：萬刃車凶勢莫當，風狂火聚助強梁。旗旛若焰皆逢劫，將士遭殃盡帶傷。白晝已難遮半壁，黃昏安可護三鄉。誰知督運能催命，二子逢之刻下亡。

話說韓榮坐在後廳，吩咐將士，亂紛紛的搬運物件，早驚動長子韓昇、次子韓變。二人見父親如此舉動，忙問左右曰：「這是何說？」左右將韓榮前事說了一遍。二人忙至後堂，來見韓榮曰：「父親何故欲搬運家私？棄此關隘，意欲何為？」韓榮曰：「你二人年幼，不知世務，快收拾離此關隘，以避兵燹，不得有誤。」韓昇聽得此語，不覺失聲笑曰：「父親之言差矣！此言切不可聞於外人，空把父親一世英名污了。父親受國家高爵厚祿，衣紫腰金，封妻蔭子，無一事不是恩德。今主上以此關托重於父親，父親不思報國酬恩，捐軀盡節，反效兒女子之計，貪生畏死，遺譏後世，此豈大丈夫舉止，有負朝廷倚任大臣之意。古云：『在社稷者死社稷，在封疆者死封疆。』父親豈可輕議棄去。孩兒弟兄二人，曾蒙家訓，幼習弓馬，遇異人，頗習有異術，未曾演熟；連日正自操演，今日方完，意欲進兵，不意父親有棄關之舉。孩兒願效一死盡忠於國。」韓榮聽罷，點頭歎曰：「『忠義』二字，我豈不知；但主上昏瞶，荒淫不道，天命有歸，若守此關，又恐累生民塗炭，不若棄職歸山，救此一方民耳。況姜子牙門下又多異士，余化、余元俱罹不測，又何況其下者乎！此雖是你兄弟二人忠肝義膽，我豈不喜，只恐畫虎不成，終無補於實用，徒死無益耳。」韓昇曰：「說那裏的話來！食人之祿，當分人之憂。若都是自為之計，則朝廷養士何用。不肖孩兒願捐軀報國，萬死不辭。父親請坐，俟我兄弟取一物來與父親過目。」韓榮聽罷，心中也自暗喜：「吾門也出此忠義之後。」韓昇到書房中取出一物，乃是紙做的風車兒：當中有一轉盤，一隻手執定中間一竿，周圍推轉，如飛轉盤；上有四首旛，旛上有符有印，又有「地、水、火、風」四字，名為「萬刃軍」。韓榮看罷，問曰：「此是孩兒玩耍之物，有何用處？」韓昇曰：「父親不知其中妙用，父親如不信，且下教場中，把這紙車兒試驗試驗與老爺看。」韓榮見二子之言甚是鑿鑿有理，隨命下教場來。韓昇兄弟二人上馬，各披髮仗劍，口中念念有詞，只見雲霧陡生，陰風颯颯，火焰沖天，半空中有

百萬刀刀飛來，把韓榮唬得魂不附體。韓昇收了此車。韓榮曰：「我兒，你是何人傳你的？」韓昇曰：「那年父親朝觀之時，俺弟兄閑居無事，在府前玩耍。來了一個陀頭，叫做法戒，在我府前化齋。俺弟兄就與了他一齋，他就叫我們拜他為師。我們那時見他體貌異常，就拜他為師。他說道：『異日姜尚必有兵來，我秘授你此法寶，可破周兵，可保此關。』今日正應我師之言，定然一陣成功，姜尚可擒也。」韓榮大喜，隨令韓昇收了此寶，仍問曰：「我兒還可用人馬，你此車約有多少？」韓昇曰：「此車有三千輛，那怕姜尚雄師六十萬耶！一陣管教他片甲不存！」韓榮忙點三千精銳之兵與韓昇兄弟二人，在教場操演三萬刀車。正是：

余元相阻方纔了，又是三軍屠戮災。話說韓昇用三千人馬，俱穿皂服，披髮赤腳，左手執車，右手仗刀，任意誅軍殺卒。操練有二七日期，軍士精熟。那日，韓榮父子統精兵出關搦戰。

話說子牙只因破了余元，打點設計取關，只聽得關內砲響。少時探馬報入中軍，稟曰：「汜水關總兵韓榮領兵出關，請元帥答話。」子牙忙傳令與眾門人、將士：「統大隊出營。」子牙會過韓榮一次，那裏知道有這場虧累，去提防他。子牙問曰：「韓將軍，你時勢不知，天命不順，何以為將？速速倒戈，免致後悔。」韓榮笑曰：「姜子牙，倚著兵強將勇，不知你等死在咫尺之間，尚敢耀武揚威，數白道黑也！」子牙大怒：「誰與我把韓榮拿下？」旁有魏賁，縱馬搖鎗，衝殺過來。韓榮腦後有兩員小將，乃韓昇、韓變，二人搶出陣來，截住了魏賁。魏賁大呼曰：「來者二將何人？」韓昇曰：「吾乃韓總兵長子韓昇，吾弟韓變是也。你等恃強，欺君罔上，罪惡滔天，今日乃爾等絕命之地矣！」魏賁大怒，縱馬搖鎗，飛來直取。韓昇、韓變兩騎赴面交還，未及數合，韓昇撥轉馬往後就走。魏賁不知是計，往下趕來。韓昇回頭見魏賁趕來，把頂上冠除了，把鎗一擺，三萬刀車殺將出來，勢如風火，如何抵當。只見萬刀車捲來，風火齊至。怎見得好萬刀車，有讚為證：

雲迷世界，霧罩乾坤。颯颯陰風沙石滾，騰騰煙焰蟒龍奔。風乘火勢，黑氣平吞。風乘火勢，戈矛萬道怯人魂；黑氣平吞，目不難觀前後土。魏賁中刃，幾乎墜下馬鞍鞵；武吉著刀，險些斬了三寸氣。滑喇喇風聲捲起無情石，黑暗暗刀痕剝壞將和兵。人撞人，哀聲慘戚；馬蹶馬，鬼哭神驚。諸將士慌忙亂走；眾門人借遁而行。忙壞了先行元帥；攪亂了武王行營。那裏是青天白日，恍如是黑夜黃昏。子牙今日兵遭厄，地覆天翻怎太平。

話說子牙被萬刀車一陣只殺得屍山血海，衝過大陣來，勢不可當。韓榮低頭一想，計上心來，忙傳令：「鳴金收軍！」韓昇、韓變聽得金聲，收回萬刀車。子牙方得收住人馬，計傷士卒七八千有餘。子牙陞帳，眾將官俱在帳內，彼此俱言：「此一陣利害，風火齊至，勢不可當。」子牙曰：「不知此刃是何名目？」眾將曰：「一派利刃，漫空塞地而來，風火助威，勢不可敵；非若軍士可以力敵也。」子牙心下十分不樂，納悶軍中。不表。且說韓榮父子進關，韓昇曰：「今日正宜破周，擒拿姜尚，父親為何鳴金

收軍？」韓榮曰：「今日是青天白日，雖有雲霧風火，姜尚門人俱是道術之士，自有準備，保護自身，如何得一般盡絕？我有一絕後計，使他不得整備，黑夜裏仗此道術，使他片甲不存，豈不更妙！」二人欠身曰：「父親之計，神鬼莫測！」正是：

安心要劫周營寨，只恐高人中道來。
話說韓榮打點夜劫周營，收拾停當，只等黑夜出關。不表。只見子牙在營納悶，想：「利刃風火，果是何物，來得甚惡，勢如山倒，莫可遮攔？此畢竟是截教中之惡物！」當日已晚，子牙因今日不曾打點，致令眾將著傷，心下憂煩，不曾防備今夜劫寨。也是合該如此。眾將因早間失利，俱去安歇。且說韓榮父子將至初更，暗暗出關，將那三千萬刃車雄兵殺至轅門。周營中雖有鹿角，其如這萬刃車，有風火助威，刃如驟雨，砲聲響亮，齊衝至轅門，誰敢抵當，真是勢如破竹。怎見得，正是：

四下裏大砲亂響，萬刃車刀劍如梭。三軍踴躍縱征，馬蹏人身逕過。風起處遮天迷地，火來時煙飛焰裏。軍吶喊，天翻地覆；將用法，虎下崖坡。著刀軍連聲叫苦；傷鎗將鎧甲難馱。打著的焦頭爛額；絕了命身臥沙窩。姜子牙有法難使；金、木二吒也自難摹。李靖難使金塔；雷震子止保皇哥。南宮适抱頭而走；武成王不顧兵戈。四賢八俊俱無用，馬死人亡遍地拖。正是：遍地草梢含碧血，滿田低陷壘行屍。

且說韓昇、韓變兄弟二人，夜劫子牙行營，喊聲連天，衝進轅門。子牙在中軍忽聽得劫營，急自上騎。左右門人俱來中軍護衛。只見黑雲密布，風火交加，刀刃齊下，如山崩地裂之勢，燈燭難支。三千火車兵衝進轅門，如潮奔浪滾，如何抵當。況且黑夜，彼此不能相顧，只殺得血流成渠，屍骸遍野，那分別人自己。武王上了逍遙馬，毛公遂、周公旦保駕前行。韓榮在陣後擂鼓，催動三軍，只殺得周兵七零八落，君不能顧臣，父不能顧子。只見韓昇、韓變趁勢趕子牙，幸得子牙執著杏黃旗，遮護了前面一段；軍士將領一擁奔走。韓昇、韓變二人催著萬刃車往前緊趕，把子牙趕得上天無路。直殺到天明，韓昇、韓變大叫曰：「今日不捉姜尚，誓不回兵！」望前越趕，吩咐三千兵卒曰：「不入虎穴，焉得虎子！」子牙見韓昇趕至無休，看看至金雞嶺下，只見前面兩杆大紅旗展，子牙見是催糧官鄭倫來至，其心少安。

且說鄭倫坐騎出山口，正迎子牙，忙問曰：「元帥為何失利？」子牙曰：「後有追兵，用的是萬刃車，又是風火助威，勢不可當。此是左道異術，你仔細且避其銳。」鄭倫把坐下金睛獸一磕，往前迎來。只見韓昇兄弟在前緊趕，三千兵隨後，少離半射之地。鄭倫與韓昇、韓變撞頭滿懷，鄭倫大喝曰：「好匹夫！怎敢追我元帥！」韓昇曰：「你來也替不得他！」把鎗搖動來刺。鄭倫手中杵赴面交還，鄭倫知他萬刃車利害，只見後面一片風火兵刃擁來，鄭倫知其所以，只一合，忙運動鼻子內兩道白光，一聲響，對著韓昇兄弟二人哼了一聲，韓昇、韓變兄弟二人坐不住鞍轡，翻下馬來，被烏鴉兵生擒活捉，上了繩索。兄弟兩個方睜開眼時，見已被擒捉：「呀」的一聲歎曰：「天亡我也！」後面三千兵架車前進，見主將被擒，其法已解，風

火兵刃，化為烏有，眾兵撤回身，就跑奔回來，正遇韓榮任意趕殺周兵，看見三千兵奔回，風火兵刃全無，不見二子回來，忙問曰：「二位小將軍安在？」眾兵曰：「二位將軍趕姜子牙至一山邊，只見一將出來，與二位將軍交戰，未及一合，不知怎麼跌下馬來，被他捉去。我等在後，不一時，風火兵刃全無，止有此車而已，只得敗回，幸遇老將軍，望乞定奪。」韓榮聽得二子被擒，心中惶惶，不敢戀戰，只得收兵進關。不表。

且說鄭倫擒了二將，來見子牙。子牙大喜，押在糧車上，同子牙回軍；於路遇著武王、毛公遂等，眾門人諸將齊集，大抵是夤夜交兵，便是有道術的也只顧得自己，故此大折一陣。子牙問安，武王曰：「孤幾乎諒殺！幸得毛公遂保孤，方得免難。」子牙曰：「皆是尚之罪也。」彼此安慰，治酒壓驚，一宿不表。次日，整頓雄師，便至汜水關下紮營，放砲吶喊，聲振天地，韓榮聽得砲聲響，著人打探；來報曰：「啟總兵：周兵復至關下安營。」韓榮大驚：「周兵復至，吾子休矣！」親自上城，差官打聽。

且說子牙陞帳坐下，眾將參謁畢，子牙傳令，擺五方隊伍，吾親自取關。」眾將官切齒深恨韓昇、韓變。子牙至關下叫曰：「請韓總兵答話！」韓榮在城樓上現身，大叫曰：「姜子牙，你是敗軍之將，焉敢復來至此？」子牙大笑曰：「吾雖誤中你的奸計，此關我畢竟要取你的。你知那得勝將軍今已被我擒下。」命兩邊左右：「押過韓昇、韓變來！」左右將二人押過來，在馬頭前。韓榮見二子蓬頭跣足，繩縛二臂，押在軍前，不覺心痛，忙大叫曰：「姜元帥，二子無知，冒犯虎威，罪在不赦，望元帥大開惻隱，憐而赦之，吾願獻汜水關以報之耳。」韓昇大呼曰：「父親不可獻關！你乃紂王之股肱，食君之重祿，豈可惜子之命，而失臣節也！只宜謹守關隘，俟天子救兵到日，協力同心，共擒姜尚匹夫，那時碎屍萬段，為子報仇，未為晚也。我二人萬死無恨！」子牙聽得大怒，令左右：「斬之！」只見南宮适奉令，手起刀落，連斬二將於關下。韓榮見子受誅，心如刀割，大叫一聲，往城下自墜而死。可憐父子三人，捐軀盡節，千古罕及。後人有詩讚之：

汜水滔滔日夜流，韓榮志與國同休。父存臣節孤猿泣，子盡忠貞老鶴愁。一死依稀酬社稷，三魂縹緲傲王侯。如今屈指應無愧，笑殺當年兒女儔。」

話說韓榮墜城而死，城中百姓開關，迎接子牙人馬進汜水關。父老焚香迎接武王進帥府，眾將官歡喜，查點府庫錢糧停妥，出榜安民。武王命厚葬韓榮父子，子牙傳令，治酒款待有功人員，在關上住了三四日。且說乾元山金光洞太乙真人在碧遊床靜坐，忽金霞童兒來報：「有白鶴童兒至此。」太乙真人出洞，見白鶴童兒手執玉劄降臨，言曰：「請師叔下山，同會誅仙陣。」太乙真人望崑崙謝恩畢，白鶴童子回玉虛。不表。

且說太乙真人吩咐：「叫哪吒來。」慌忙來至，見師父行禮畢，真人曰：「你如今養的傷痕痊癒，你可先下山，我隨後就來，共破誅仙陣也。」哪吒領師命，方欲下山，真人曰：「你且站住。當日玉虛宮掌教天尊也曾贈子牙三盃酒；你今下山，我也贈你三盃如何？」哪吒感謝，

真人命金霞童兒斟酒過來，贈哪吒頭一盃酒；哪吒謝過，一飲而盡。真人袖內取一枚棗兒遞與哪吒過酒。哪吒連飲三盃，吃了三枚火棗。真人送哪吒出洞府，看哪吒上了風火輪，真人方進洞去。哪吒提火尖鎗，方欲駕土遁前行，只見左邊一聲響，長出一隻臂膊來。哪吒大驚曰：「怎的了？」還不曾說得完，右邊也長出一隻臂膊來。哪吒唬得目瞪口呆。只聽得左右齊聲響，長出六隻手來，共是八條臂膊；又長出三個頭來。哪吒著慌，無可奈何，自思：「且回去，問我師父來。」只得登回風火輪，方至洞門，只見太乙真人也至門首，拍掌大笑曰：「奇哉！奇哉！」有詩為證：

瓊漿三盞透三關，火棗頻添壯士顏。八臂已成神妙術，三頭莫作等閒看。須臾變化超凡聖，頃刻風雷任往還。不是西岐多異士，只因天意惡奸讒。

話說哪吒回來見太乙真人，曰：「弟子長出這些手，丫丫叉叉，怎好用兵？」真人曰：「子牙行營有許多異士，然而有雙翼者，有變化者，有地行者，有奇珍者，有異寶者，今著你現三頭八臂，不負我金光洞裏所傳。此去進五關，也見周朝人物稀奇，個個俊傑。這法隱隱現現，但憑你自己心意。」哪吒感謝師尊恩德。太乙真人傳哪吒隱現之法，哪吒大喜，一手執乾坤圈，一手執混天綾，兩隻手擎兩根火尖鎗，還空三手。真人又將九龍神火罩，又取陰陽劍，共成八件兵器。哪吒拜辭了師父下山，逕往汜水關來。正是：

余化刀傷歸洞府，今朝變化更神通。且說姜元帥在汜水關計點軍將，收拾界牌關，忽然想起師尊偈來：「『界牌關下遇誅仙』，此事不知有何吉凶。且不可妄動。」又思：「若不進兵，恐誤誤了日期。」正在殿上憂慮，忽報：「黃龍真人來至。」子牙迎接至中堂，打稽首，分賓主坐下。黃龍真人曰：「前邊就是誅仙陣，非可草率前進。子牙可吩咐門人，搭起蘆篷席殿，迎接各處真人異士，伺候掌教師尊，方可前進。」子牙聽畢，忙令南宮适、武吉起蓋蘆篷去了。

且說哪吒現了三首八臂，登風火輪，面如藍靛，發似朱砂，丫丫叉叉，七八隻手，走進關來。軍校不知是哪吒現此化身，著忙飛報子牙：「稟元帥：外面有一個三頭八臂的將官，要進關來，請令定奪。」子牙令李靖：「去探來。」李靖出府，果見三頭八臂的人，甚是凶惡，李靖問曰：「來者何人？」哪吒見是李靖，忙叫：「父親，孩兒是三太子哪吒。」李靖大驚，問曰：「你如何得此大術？」哪吒把火棗之事說了一遍。李靖進殿回子牙，備言前事。子牙大喜，傳令：「令來。」哪吒進殿，拜見元帥。眾將觀之，無有不悅，俱來稱賀。不表。且見次日南宮适來回報曰：「稟元帥：蘆篷俱已完備。」黃龍真人曰：「如今只是洞府門人去得，以下將官一概都去不得。」子牙傳下令來：「諸位官將保武王緊守關隘，不得擅離。我同黃龍真人與諸門人弟子前去蘆篷，伺候掌教師尊與列位仙長，會誅仙陣。如有妄動者，定按軍法。」眾將領命去訖。子牙進後殿來見武王，曰：「臣先去取關，大王且同眾將住於此處。俟取了界牌關，差官來接聖駕。」武王曰：「相父前途保重。」子牙感謝畢，復至前殿，與黃龍真人同眾門弟子離了汜水關，行有四十

里，來至蘆篷。只見懸花結綵，疊錦鋪氈。黃龍真人同子牙上了蘆篷坐下。少時間，只見廣成子來至；赤精子隨至。次日，懼留孫、文殊廣法天尊、普賢真人、慈航道人、玉鼎真人來至；隨後有雲中子、太乙真人、清虛道德真君、道行天尊、靈寶大法師俱陸續來至。子牙一一上下迎接，俱至蘆篷坐下。少時，又是陸壓道人來至，稽首坐下。陸壓曰：「如今誅仙陣一會，只有萬仙陣再會一次，吾等劫運已滿，自此歸山，再圖精進，以正道果。」眾道人曰：「師兄之言正是如此。」眾皆默坐，專候掌教師尊。不一時，只聽得空中有環佩之聲，眾仙知道是燃燈道人來了，眾道人起身，降階迎上篷來，行禮坐下。燃燈道人曰：「誅仙陣只在前面，諸友可曾見麼？」眾道人曰：「前面不見甚麼光景。」燃燈曰：「那一派紅氣罩住的便是。」眾道友俱起身，定睛觀看。不表。

且說多寶道人已知闡教門人來了，用手發一聲掌心雷，把紅氣展開，現出陣來。蘆篷上眾仙正看，只見紅氣閃開，陣圖已現，好利害：殺氣騰騰，陰雲慘慘，怪霧盤旋，冷風習習，或隱或現，或昇或降，上下反覆不定。內中有黃龍真人曰：「吾等今犯殺戒，該惹紅塵，既遇此陣，也當得一會。」燃燈曰：「自古聖人云：只觀善地千千次，莫看人間殺伐臨。」內中有十二代弟子倒有八九位要去。燃燈道人阻不住，齊起身下了蘆篷，諸門人也隨著來看此陣。行至陣前，果然是驚心駭目，怪氣冷人。眾仙俱不肯就回，只管貪看。不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。第七十七回 老子一蕪化三清 詩曰：

一氣三清勢更奇，壺中妙法貫須彌。移來一木還生我，運去分身莫浪疑。

誅戮散仙根行淺，完全正果道無私。須知順逆皆天定，截教門人枉自癡。

話說眾門人來看誅仙陣，只見正東上挂一口誅仙劍，正南上挂一口戮仙劍，正西上挂一口陷仙劍，正北上挂一口絕仙劍，前後有門有戶，殺氣森森，陰風颯颯。眾人貪看，只聽得裏面作歌曰：

「兵戈劍戈，怎脫誅仙禍；情魔意魔，反起無名火。今日難過，死生在我。玉虛宮招災惹禍，穿心寶鎖，回頭纔知往事訛。咫尺起風波。這番怎逃躲。自倚才能，早晚遭折挫！」

話說多寶道人在陣內作歌，燃燈曰：「眾道友，你們聽聽作的歌聲，豈是善良之輩！我等且各自回蘆篷，等掌教師尊來，自有處治。」話猶未了，方欲回身，只見陣內多寶道人仗劍一躍而出，大呼曰：「廣成子不要走，吾來也！」廣成子大怒曰：「多寶道人，如今又是在你碧遊宮，倚你人多，再三欺我；況你掌教師尊吩咐過，你等全不遵依，又擺此誅仙陣。我等犯了殺戒，畢竟你等俱入劫數之內，故造擺此業障耳。正所謂：『閻羅註定三更死，怎肯留人到五更』！」廣成子仗劍來取多寶道人。道人手中劍赴面交還。怎見得：仙風陣陣滾塵沙，四劍忙迎影亂斜。一個是玉虛宮內真人輩；一個是截教門中根行差。一個是廣成不老神仙體；一個是多寶西方拜釋迦。二教只因逢殺運，誅仙陣上亂如麻。話說廣成子祭起番天印，多寶道人躲不及，一印正中後心，撲的打了一跌，多寶道人逃回陣中去了。燃燈曰：「且各自回去，再作商議。」眾仙俱上蘆篷坐下。只聽得半空中仙樂齊鳴，異香縹緲，從空而降。眾仙下篷來，迎掌教師尊。只見元始天尊坐九龍沉香輦，馥馥香煙，氤氳偏地。正是：提爐對對煙生霧，羽扇分開白鶴朝。話說燃燈眾人明香引道，接上蘆篷。元始坐下，諸弟子拜畢，元始曰：「今日誅仙陣上，纔分別得彼此。」元始正坐，弟子侍立兩邊。至子時正，元始頂上現出慶雲，垂珠瓔珞，金花萬朵，絡繹不斷，遠近照耀。多寶道人正在陣中打點，看見慶雲升起，知是元始降臨，自思：「此陣必須我師尊來至，方可有為；不然，如何抵得過他？」次日，果見碧遊宮通天教主來了。半空中仙音響亮，異香襲襲，隨侍有大小眾仙，來的是截教門中師尊。怎見他的好處，有詩為證：鴻鈞生化見天開，地丑人寅上法臺。煉就金身無量劫，碧遊宮內育多才。話說多寶道人見半空中仙樂響亮，如是他師尊來至，忙出陣拜迎進了陣，卜了八卦臺坐下，眾門人侍立臺下，有上四代弟子，乃多寶道人、金靈聖母、武當聖母、龜靈聖母；又有金光仙、烏雲仙、毘盧仙、靈牙仙、虯首仙、金箍仙、長耳定光仙相從在此。通天教主乃是掌截教之鼻祖，修成五氣朝元，三花聚頂，也是萬劫不壞之身。至子時，五氣沖空。燃燈已知截教師尊來至。次日天明，燃燈啟曰：「老師，今日可會誅仙陣麼？」元始曰：「此地豈久居之所？」吩咐弟子：「排班。」赤精子對廣成子；太乙真人對靈寶大法師；清虛道德真君對懼留孫；文殊廣法天尊對普賢真人；雲中子對慈航道人；玉鼎真人對道行天尊；黃龍真人對陸壓；燃燈同子牙在後；金、木二吒執提爐；韋護與雷震子並列；李靖在後；哪吒先行。只見誅仙陣內金鐘響處，一對旗開，只見奎牛上坐的是通天教主，左右立諸代門人。通天教主見元始天尊，打稽首曰：「道兄請了！」元始曰：「賢弟為何設此惡陣？這是何說？當時在你碧遊宮共議『封神榜』，當面彌封，立有三等：根行深者，成其仙道；根行稍次，成其神道；根行淺薄，成其人道，仍隨輪迴之劫。此乃天地之生化也。成湯無道，氣數

當終；周室仁明，應運當興，難道不知，反來阻逆姜尚，有背上天垂象。且當日『封神榜』內應有三百六十五度，分有八部列宿群星，當有這三山五岳之人在數，賢弟為何出乎反乎，自取失信之愆。況此惡陣，立名便自可惡。只『誅仙』二字，可是你我家道家所為的事！且此劍立有『誅』、『戮』、『陷』、『絕』之名，亦非是你我家道家所用之物。這是何說，你作此禍端？」通天教主曰：「道兄不必問我，你只問廣成子，便知我的本心。」元始問廣成子曰：「這事如何說？」廣成子把三謁碧遊宮的事說了一遍。通天教主曰：「廣成子，你曾罵我的教下不論是非，不分好歹，縱羽毛禽獸亦不擇而教，一體同觀。想吾師一教傳三友，吾與羽毛禽獸相並；道兄難道與我不是一本相傳？」元始曰：「賢弟，你也莫怪廣成子。其實，你門下胡為亂做，不知順逆，一味恃強，人言獸行。況賢弟也不擇是何根行，一意收留，致有彼此搬鬥是非，令生靈塗炭。你心忍乎！」通天教主曰：「據道兄所說，只是你的門人有理，連罵我也是應該的？不念一門手足罷了。我已是擺了此陣，道兄就破吾此陣，便見高下。」元始曰：「你要我破此陣，這也不難，待吾自來見你此陣。」通天教主兜回奎牛，進了戮仙門；眾門人隨著進去。且看元始進來破此陣。正是：

截闡道德皆正果，方知兩教不虛傳。

話說元始在九龍沉香輦上，扶住飛來椅，徐徐正行至東震地，乃誅仙門。門上挂一口寶劍，名曰誅仙劍。元始把輦一拍，命四揭諦神撮起輦來，四腳生有四枝金蓮花；花瓣上生光；光上又生花。一時有萬朵金蓮照在空中。元始坐在當中，逕進誅仙陣門來。通天教主發一聲掌心雷，震動那一口寶劍一幌，好生利害！雖是元始，頂上還飄飄落下一朵蓮花來。元始進了誅仙門，裏邊又是一層，名為誅仙闕。元始從正南上往裏走，至正西，又在正北坎地上看了一遍。元始作一歌以笑之，歌曰：

「好笑通天有厚顏，空將四劍挂中間。枉勞用盡心機術，獨我縱橫任往還。」

話說元始依舊還出東門而去。眾門人迎接，上了蘆篷。燃燈請問曰：「老師！此陣中有何光景？」元始曰：「看不得。」南極仙翁曰：「老師既入陣中，今日如何不破了他的，讓姜師弟好東行？」元始曰：「古云：『先師次長。』雖然吾掌此教，況有師長在前，豈可獨自專擅？候大師兄來，自有道理。」話說未了，只聽得半空中一派仙樂之聲，異香縹緲，板角青牛上坐一聖人，有玄都大法師牽住此牛，飄飄落下來。元始天尊率領眾門人前來迎接。怎見得，有詩為證：

不二門中法更玄，汞鉛相見結胎仙。未離母腹頭先白，纔到神霄氣已全。室內煉丹攬戊己，爐中有藥奪先天。生成八景宮中客，不記人間幾萬年。

話說元始見太上老君駕臨，同眾門人下篷迎接，二人攜手上篷坐下，眾門人下拜，侍立兩旁。老子曰：「通天賢弟擺此誅仙陣，反阻周兵，使姜尚不得東行，此是何意？吾因此來問他，看他有甚麼言語對我。」元始曰：「今日貧道自專，先進他陣中走了一遭，未曾與他較量。」老子曰：「你就破了他的罷了。他肯相從就罷；他若不肯相從，便將他掌上紫雲宮去見老師，看他如何

講。」二位教主坐在篷上，俱有慶雲彩氣上通於天，把界牌關照耀通紅。至次日天明，通天教主傳下法旨，令眾門人排班出去：「大師兄也來了，看他今日如何講？」多寶道人同眾門人擊動了金鐘玉磬，逕出誅仙陣來，請老子答話。哪吒報上篷來。少時，蘆篷裏香煙靄靄，瑞彩翩跹，你看老子騎著青牛而來。怎見得，有詩為證：

騎牛遠遠

過前村，短笛仙音隔隴聞。闢地開天為教主，爐中煉出錦乾坤。話說老子至陣前，通天教主打稽首曰：「道兄請了。」老子曰：「賢弟，我與你三人共立『封神榜』，乃是體上天應運劫數。你如何反阻周兵，使姜尚有違天命？」通天教主曰：「道兄，你休要執一偏向。廣成子三進碧遊宮，面辱吾教，惡語詈罵，犯上不守規矩。昨日二兄堅意只向自己門徒，反滅我等手足，是何道理？今兄長不責自己弟子，反來怪我，此是何意？如若要我釋怨，可將廣成子送至碧遊宮，等我發落，我便甘休；若是半字不肯，任憑長兄施為，各存二教本領，以決雌雄！」老子曰：

「似你這等說話，反是不偏向的？你偏聽門人背後之言，徹動無明之火，擺此惡陣，殘害生靈；莫說廣成子未必有此言語，便有，也罪不致此。你就動此念頭，悔卻初心，有逆天道，不守清規，有犯嗔痴之戒。你趁早聽我之言，速速將此陣解釋，回守碧遊宮，改過前愆，尚可容你還掌截教；若不聽我言，拿你去紫霄宮，見了師尊，將你貶入輪迴，永不能再至碧遊宮，那時悔之晚矣！」通天教主聽罷，須彌山紅了半邊，修行眼雙睛煙起，大怒，叫曰：「李聃！我和你一體同人，總掌二教，你如何這等欺滅我，偏心護短，一意遮飾，將我搶白，難道我不如你！吾已擺下此陣，斷不與你甘休！你敢來破我此陣？」老子笑曰：「有何難哉！你不可後悔！」正是：

元始大道今舒展，方顯玄都不

二門。老子復又曰：「既然要破我陣，我先讓你進此陣，運用停當，我再進來，毋令得你手慌腳亂。」通天道人大怒曰：「任你進吾陣來，吾自有擒你之處！」道罷，通天道人隨兜奎牛進陷仙門去，在陷仙闕下，等候老子。老子將青牛一拍，往西方兌地來；至陷仙門下，將青牛催動，只見四足祥光白霧，紫氣紅雲，騰騰而起。老子又將太極圖抖開，化一座金橋，昂然入陷仙門來。老子作歌，歌曰：

「玄

黃外兮拜明師，混沌時兮任我為。五行兮在我掌握，大道兮渡進群迷。清靜兮修成金塔，閑遊兮曾出關西。兩手包羅天地外，腹安五嶽共須彌。」話說老子歌罷，逕入陣來。

且說通天教主見老子昂然直入，卻把手中雷放出。一聲響亮，震動了陷仙門上的寶劍。這寶劍一動，任你人仙首落。老子大笑曰：「通天賢弟，少得無禮，看吾扁拐！」劈面打來。通天教主見老子進陣，如入無人之境，不覺滿面通紅，遍身火發，將手中劍火速忙迎。正在戰間，老子笑曰：「你不明至道，何以管立教宗？」又一扁拐照臉打來。通天教主大怒曰：「你有何道術，敢逆誅我的門徒？此恨怎消！」將劍攔拐，二聖人戰在誅仙陣內，不分上下，敵鬥數番。正是：

邪正逞胸中妙訣，水清處

方顯魚龍。話說二位聖人戰在陷仙門裏，人人各自施威。方至半

個時辰，只見陷仙門裏八卦臺下，有許多截教門人，一個個睜睛豎目，那陣內四面八方雷鳴風吼、電光閃灼、霧氣昏迷。怎見得，有讚為證：

風氣呼嘯，乾坤蕩漾；雷聲激烈，震動山川。電掣紅綃，鑽雲飛火；霧迷日月，大地遮漫。風刮得沙塵掩面，雷驚得虎豹藏形，電閃得飛禽亂舞，霧迷得樹木無蹤。那風只攪得通天河波翻浪滾；那雷只震得界牌關地裂山崩；那電只閃得誅仙陣眾仙迷眼；那霧只迷得蘆篷下失了門人。這風真是推山轉石松篁倒；這雷真是威風凜冽震人驚；這電真是流天照野金蛇走；這霧真是彌彌漫漫蔽九重。

話說老子在陷仙門大戰，自己頂上現出玲瓏寶塔在空中，那怕他雷鳴風吼。老子自思：「他只知仗他道術，不知守己修身，我也顯一顯玄都紫府手段與他的門人看看！」把青牛一拎，跳出圈子來；把魚尾冠一推，只見頂上三道氣出，化為三清。老子復與通天教主來戰。只聽得正東上一聲鐘響，來了一位道人，戴九雲冠，穿大紅白鶴絳綃衣，騎白而來；手仗一口寶劍，大呼曰：「李道兄！吾來助你一臂之力！」通天教主認不得，隨聲問曰：「那道者是何人？」道者答曰：「吾有詩為證：混元初判道為先，常有常無得自然。紫氣東來三萬里，函關初度五千年。」

道人作罷詩曰：「吾乃上清道人是也。」仗手中劍來取。通天教主不知上清道人出於何處，慌忙招架。只聽得正南上又有鐘響，來了一位道者，戴如意冠，穿淡黃八卦衣，騎天馬而來；一手執靈芝如意，大呼曰：「李道兄！吾來佐你共伏通天道人！」把天馬一兜，仗如意打來。通天教主曰：「來者何人？」道人曰：「我也認不得，還稱你做截教之主？聽吾道來。詩曰：函關初出至崑崙，一統華夷屬道門。

我體本同天地老，須彌山倒性還存。吾乃玉清道人是也。」通天教主不知其故：「自古至今，鴻鈞一道傳三友；上清、玉清不知從何教而來？」手中雖是招架，心中甚是疑惑。正尋思未已，正北上又是一聲玉磬響，來了一位道人，戴九霄冠，穿八寶萬壽紫霞衣；一手執龍鬚扇，一手執三寶玉如意，騎地吼而來，大呼：「李道兄！貧道來輔你共破陷仙陣也！」通天教主又見來了這一位蒼顏鶴髮道人，心上不安，忙問曰：「來者何人？」道人曰：「你聽我道來。詩曰：混沌從來不計年，鴻濛剖處我居先。參同天地玄黃理，任你傍門望眼穿。吾乃太清道人是也。」四位天尊圍住了通天教主，或上或下，或左或右，通天教主止有招架之功。

且說截教門人見三位來的道人身上霞光萬道，瑞彩千條，光輝燦爛，映目射眼，內有長耳定光仙暗思：「好一個闡教，來得畢竟正氣！」深自羨慕。不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。第七十八回 三教會破誅仙陣 詩曰：誅仙惡陣四門排，黃霧狂風雷火偕。遇劫黃冠遭劫運，墮塵羽士盡塵埋。劍光徒有吞神骨，符印空勞吐黑霾。縱有通天無上法，時逢聖主應多乖。

話說老子一氣化的三清，不過是元氣而已，雖然有形有色，裹住了通天教主，也不能傷他。一此是老子氣化分身之妙，迷惑通天教主，竟不能識。老子見一氣將消，在青牛上作詩一首，詩曰：「先天

而老後天生，借李成形得姓名。曾拜鴻鈞修道德，方知一氣化三清。」

話說老子作罷詩，一聲鐘響，就不見了三位道人。通天教主心下愈加疑惑，不覺出神，被老子打了二三扁拐。多寶道人見師父受了虧，在八卦臺作歌而來。歌曰：

「碧游宮內談玄妙，豈忍吾師扁拐傷；只今舒展胸中術，且與師伯做一場！」

歌罷，大呼：「師伯！我來了！」好多寶道人！仗劍飛來直取。老子笑曰：「米粒之珠，也放光華！」把扁拐架劍，隨取風火蒲團祭起空中，命黃巾力士：「將此道人拿去，放在桃園，俟吾發落！」黃巾力士將風火蒲團把多寶道人捲將去了。正是：

從今棄邪歸正道，他與西方卻有緣。且說老子用風火蒲團把多寶道人拿往玄都去了，老子竟不戀戰，出了陷仙門，來至蘆篷。眾門人與元始迎接坐下。元始問曰：「今日入陣，道兄見裏面光景如何？」老子笑曰：「他雖擺此惡陣，急切也難破他的；被吾打了二三扁拐。多寶道人被吾用風火蒲團拿往玄都去了。」元始曰：「此陣有四門，得四位有力量的方能破得。」老子曰：「我與你只顧得兩處，還有兩處，非眾門人所敢破之陣。此劍你我不怕，別人怎麼經得起？」正議論間，忽見廣成子來稟曰：「二位老師，外面有西方教下準提道人來至。」老子、元始二人忙下篷迎接，請上篷來，敘禮畢，坐下。老子笑曰：「道兄此來，無非為破誅仙陣來，收西方有緣；只是貧道正欲借重，不意道兄先來，正合天數，妙不可言！」準提道人曰：「不瞞道兄說，我那西方：花開見人人見我。因此貧道來東南兩土，未遇有緣；又幾番見東南二處有數百道紅氣沖空，知是有緣，貧道借此而來，渡得有緣，以興西法，故不辭跋涉，會一會截教門下諸友也。」老子曰：「今日道兄此來，正應上天垂象之兆。」準提道人問曰：「這陣內有四口寶劍，俱是先天妙物，不知當初如何落在截教門下？」老子曰：「當時有一分寶巖，吾師分寶鎮壓各方；後來此四口劍就是我通天賢弟得去，已知他今日用此作難。雖然眾仙有厄，原是數當如此。如今道兄來的恰好；只是再得一位，方可破此陣耳。」準提道人曰：「既然如此，總來為渡有緣，待我去請我教主來。正應三教會誅仙，分辨玉石。」老子大喜，準提道人辭了老子，往西方來請西方教主接引道人，共遇有緣。正是：佛光出在周王世，興在明章釋教開。且說準提來至西方，見了接引道人，打稽首坐下。接引道人曰：「道友往東土去，為何回來太速？」準提道人曰：「吾見紅光數百道俱出闌、截二教之門。今通天教主擺一誅仙陣，陣有四門，非四人不能破。如今有了三位，還少一位。貧道特來請道兄去走一遭，以完善果。」西方教主曰：「但我自未曾離清淨之鄉，恐不諳紅塵之事，有誤所委，反為不美。」準提曰：「道兄，我與你俱是自在無為，豈有不能破那有象之陣！道兄不必推辭，須當同往。」接引道人如準提道人之言，同往東土而來。只見足踏祥雲，霎時而至蘆篷。廣成子來稟老子與元始曰：「西方二位尊師至矣。」老子與元始率領眾門人下篷來迎接。見一道人，身高丈六。但見：大仙赤腳棗梨香，足踏祥雲更異常。十二蓮臺演法寶，八德池邊現白光。壽同天地言非謬，福比洪波語豈狂。修成舍利名胎息，清閑極樂是西方。話說老子與元始迎接接引、準提上了蘆篷，打稽首，坐下。老子曰：「今日敢煩，就是三教會盟，共完劫運，非吾等故作此障孽耳。」接引道人曰：「貧道來此，會有緣之客，也是欲了冥數。」元始曰：「今

日四友俱全，當早破此陣，何故在此紅塵中擾攘也！」老子曰：「你且吩咐眾弟子，明日破陣。」元始命玉鼎真人、道行天尊、廣成子、赤精子：「你四人伸手過來。」元始各書了一道符印在手心裏：「明日你等見陣內雷響，有火光沖起，齊把他四口寶劍摘去，我自有妙用。」四人領命，站過去了。又命燃燈：「你站在空中；若通天教主往上走，你可把定海珠往下打，他自然著傷。一來也知我闡教道法無邊。」元始吩咐畢，各自安息。不言。只等次日黎明，眾門人排班，擊動金鐘、玉磬。四位教主齊至誅仙陣前，傳令命左右：「報與通天教主，我等來破陣也。」左右飛報進陣。只見通天教主領眾門人齊出戮仙門來，迎著四位教主。通天教主對接引、準提道人曰：「你二位乃是西方教下清淨之鄉，至此地意欲何為？」準提道人曰：「俺弟兄二人雖是西方教主，特往此處來遇有緣。道友，你聽我道來：身出蓮花清淨臺，三乘妙典法門開。玲瓏舍利超凡俗，瓔珞明珠絕世埃。八德池中生紫焰，七珍妙樹長金苔。只因東土多英俊，來遇前緣結聖胎。」

話說接引道人說罷，通天教主曰：「你有你西方，我有我東土，如水火不同居，你為何也來惹此煩惱。你說你蓮花化身，清淨無為，其如五行變化，立竿見影。你聽我道來：混元正體合先天，萬劫千番只自然。渺渺無為傳大法，如如不動號初玄。」

爐中久煉全非汞，物外長生盡屬乾。變化無窮還變化，西方佛事屬逃禪。」話說準提道人曰：「通天道友，不必誇能鬥舌。道如淵海，豈在口言。只今我四位至此，勸化你好好收了此陣，何如？」通天教主曰：「既是四位至此，畢竟也見個高下。」通天教主說罷，竟進陣去了。元始對西方教主曰：「道兄，如今我四人各進一方，以便一齊攻戰。」接引道人曰：「吾進離宮。」老子曰：「吾進兌宮。」準提曰：「吾進坎地。」元始曰：「吾進震方。」四位教主各分方位而進。且說元始先進震方，坐四不相逕進誅仙門。八卦臺上通天教主手發雷聲，震動誅仙寶劍。那劍晃動。元始頂上慶雲迎住，有千朵金花，瓔珞垂珠，絡繹不絕，那劍如何下得來。元始進了誅仙門，立於誅仙闕。只見西方教主進離宮，乃是戮仙門。通天教主也發雷聲震那寶劍。接引道人頂上現出三顆舍利子，射住了戮仙劍。那劍如釘釘一般，如何下來得。西方教主進了戮仙門，至戮仙闕立住。老子進西方陷仙門。通天教主又發雷震那陷仙劍。只見老子頂上現出玲瓏寶塔，萬道光華，射住陷仙劍。老子進了陷仙門，也在陷仙闕立住。準提道人進絕仙門，只見通天教主發一聲雷，震動絕仙劍。準提道人手執七寶妙樹，上邊放出千青金蓮，射住了絕仙劍，也進了絕仙門來，到了絕仙闕。四位教主，齊進闕前。老子曰：「通天教主，吾等齊進了你誅仙陣，你意欲何為？」老子隨手發雷，震動四野，誅仙陣內一股黃霧騰起，迷住了誅仙陣。怎見得，騰騰黃霧，艷艷金光。騰

騰黃霧，誅仙陣內似噴雲；艷艷金光，八卦臺前如氣罩。劍戟戈矛，渾如鐵桶；東西南北，恰似銅牆。此正是截教神仙施法力，通天教主顯神通。愧眼迷天遮日月，搖風噴火憾江山。四位聖人齊會此，劫數相遭豈易逢。

且說四位教主齊進四闕之中，通天教主仗劍來取接引道人。接引道人手無寸鐵，只有一拂塵架來。拂塵上有五色蓮花，朵朵托劍。老子舉扁拐紛紛的打來。元始將三寶玉如意架劍亂打。只見準提道人把身子搖動，大呼曰：「道友快來！」半空中又來了孔雀大明王。準提現出法身，有二十四首，十八隻手，執定了瓔珞、傘蓋、花貫、魚腸、金弓、銀戟、加持神杵、寶鏃、金瓶，把通天教主裹在當中。老子扁拐夾後心就一扁拐，打的通天教主三昧真火冒出。元始祭三寶玉如意來打通天教主。通天教主方纔招架玉如意，不防被準提一加持杵打中，通天教主翻鞍滾下奎牛，教主就借土遁而起。不知燃燈在空中等候，纔待上時，被燃燈一定海珠又打下來。陣內雷聲且急，外面四仙家各有符印在身，奔入陣中，廣成子摘去誅仙劍，赤精子摘去戮仙劍，玉鼎真人摘去陷仙劍，道行天尊摘去絕仙劍。四劍既摘去，其陣已破。通天道人獨自逃歸；眾門人各散去了。

且說四位教主破了誅仙陣，元始作詩以笑之，詩曰：堪笑通天教不明，千年掌教陷群生。仗伊黨惡污仙教，番聚邪宗枉橫行。寶劍空懸成底事，元神虛耗竟無名。不知順逆先遭辱，猶欲鴻鈞說反盈。

話說四位教主上了蘆篷坐下。元始稱謝西方教主曰：「為我等門人犯戒，動勞道兄扶持，得完此劫數，尚容稱謝！」老子曰：「通天教主逆天行事，自然有敗而無勝。你我順天行事，天道福善禍淫，毫無差錯，如燈取影耳。今此陣破了，你等劫數將完，各有好處。姜尚，你去取關；吾等且回山去。」眾門人俱別過姜子牙，隨四位教主各回山去了。

子牙送別師尊，自回汜水關來會武王；眾將官來見。元帥至帥府，參見武王。王曰：「相父遠破惡陣，諒有眾仙，孤不敢差人來問候。」子牙謝恩畢，對曰：「荷蒙聖恩，仰仗天威，三教聖人親至，共破了誅仙陣，前至界牌關了，請大王明日前行。」武王傳旨治酒賀功。不表。又說通天教主被老子打了一扁拐，又被準提道人打了一加持寶杵，吃了一場大虧，又失了四口寶劍，有何面目見諸大弟子！自思：「不若往紫芝崖立一壇，拜一惡幡，名曰『六魂幡』。」——此幡有六尾，尾上書接引道人、準提道人、老子、元始、武王、姜尚六人姓名，早晚用符印，俟拜完之日，將此幡搖動，要壞六位的性命。正是：

左道兇心今不息，枉勞空拜六魂幡。不表通天道人拜幡，後在萬仙陣中用。且說界牌關徐蓋陞了銀安殿，與眾將商議曰：「方今周兵取了汜水關，駐兵不發。前日來的那多寶道人擺甚誅仙陣，也不知勝敗。如今且修本，差官往朝歌去取救兵來，共守此關。」只見差官領了本章往朝歌來，一路無詞，渡了黃

河，進了朝歌城，至午門下馬，到文書房。那日是箕子看本，見徐蓋的本大驚：姜尚兵進汜水關，取左右青龍關、佳夢關，兵至界牌關，事有燃眉之急！」箕子忙抱本來見紂王，往鹿臺來。當駕官奏知：「箕子候旨。」紂王曰：「宣來。」箕子上臺，拜罷，將徐蓋本進上。紂王覽本，驚問箕子曰：「不道姜尚作反，侵奪孤之關隘，必須點將協守，方可阻其大惡。」箕子奏曰：「如今四方不寧，姜尚自立武王，其志不小；今率兵六十萬來寇五關，此心腹大患，不得草草而已，願皇上且停飲樂，以國事為本，社稷為重，願皇上察焉！」紂王曰：「皇伯之言是也。朕與眾卿共議，點官協守。」箕子下臺。紂王悶悶不悅，無心懽暢。忽妲己、胡喜妹出殿見駕，行禮坐下。妲己曰：「今日聖上雙鎖眉頭，鬱鬱不樂，卻是為何？」王曰：「御妻不知，今日姜尚興師，侵犯關隘，已占奪三關，實是心腹之大患；況四方刀兵蜂起，使孤心下不安，為宗廟社稷之慮，故此憂心。」妲己笑而奏曰：「陛下不知下情，此俱是邊庭武將，鑽刺網利；架言周兵六十萬來犯關庭，用金賄賂大臣，誣奏陛下，陛下必發錢糧支應；故此守關將官冒破支消，空費朝廷錢糧，實為有私，何常有兵侵關。正為裏外欺君，情實可恨！」紂王聞奏，深信其言有理，因問妲己曰：「倘守關官復有本章，何以批發？」妲己曰：「不必批發，只將贖本官斬了一員，以警將來。」紂王大喜，遂傳旨：「將贖本官梟首，號令於朝歌。正是：

妖言數句江山失，一統華夷盡屬周。話說紂王信妲己之言，忙傳旨意：「將界牌關走本官即時斬首號令！」箕子知之，忙至內庭，來見紂王：「皇上為何而殺使命？」王曰：「皇伯不知，邊庭鑽刺，詐言周兵六十萬，無非為冒支府庫錢糧之計；此乃是內外欺君，理當斬首，以戒將來。」箕子曰：「姜尚興兵六十萬，自三月十五日金臺拜將，天下盡知，非是今日之奏。皇上若殺界牌關走使，不致緊要；失邊庭將士之心。」王曰：「料姜尚不過一術士耳，有何大志？況且還有四關之險，黃河之隔，孟津之阻，豈一旦而被小事所惑也。皇伯放心，不必憂慮。」箕子長吁一聲而出；看著朝歌宮殿，不覺潸然淚下，嗟歎社稷圯墟。箕子在九間殿作詩以歎之，詩曰：

「憶昔成湯放桀時，諸侯八百歸盡斯。誰知六百餘年後，更甚南巢幾倍奇！」話說箕子作罷詩回府。不表。且說姜元帥在汜水關點人馬進征，來辭武王。子牙見武王曰：「老臣先去取關，差官請駕。」武王曰：「但願相父早會諸侯，孤之幸矣。」子牙別了武王，一聲砲響，人馬往界牌關進發。一只離八十里，來之甚快。正行間，只見探馬報入中軍：

「已至界牌關下。」子牙傳令：「安營。」點砲吶喊。話說徐蓋已知關外周兵安營，隨同眾將上城來看，周兵一派盡是紅旗，鹿角森嚴，兵威甚肅。徐蓋曰：「子牙乃崑崙羽士，用兵自有調度，只營寨大不相同。」旁有先行官王豹、彭遵答曰：「主將休誇他人本

領，看末將等成功，定拿姜尚，解上朝歌，以正國法。」言罷，各自下城，準備廝殺。只見次日，子牙問帳下：「那員將官關下見頭功？」帳下應聲而出，乃魏賁曰：「末將願往。」姜子牙許之。魏賁上馬，提鎗出營，至關下搦戰。有報馬報入關上曰：「啟主帥：關下有周兵討戰。」徐蓋曰：「眾將官在此，我等先議後行。紂王聽信讒言，殺了差官，是自取滅亡，非為臣不忠之罪。今天下已歸周武，眼見此關難守，眾將不可不知。」彭遵曰：「主將之言差矣！況吾等俱是紂臣，理當盡忠報國，豈可一旦忘君徇私？古云：『食君祿而獻其地，是不忠也。』末將寧死不為！願效犬馬，以報君恩。」言罷，隨上馬出關；見魏賁連人帶馬，渾如一塊烏雲。怎見得：

幟頭純墨染，抹額襯纓紅。皂袍如黑漆，鐵甲似蒼松。鋼鞭懸塔影，寶劍插水鋒。人如下山虎，馬似出海龍。子牙門下客，驍將魏賁雄。

話說彭遵見魏賁，大呼曰：「周將通名來！」魏賁答曰：「吾乃掃蕩成湯天保大元帥姜麾下左哨先鋒魏賁是也。你乃何人？若是知機，早獻關隘，共扶周室；如不倒戈，城破之日，玉石俱焚，悔之晚矣！」彭遵大怒，罵曰：「魏賁，你不過馬前一匹夫，敢出大言！」搖鎗催馬直取。魏賁手中鎗赴面相迎。兩馬相交，雙鎗併舉，一場大戰。好魏賁！鎗刀勇猛，戰有三十回合，彭遵戰不過魏賁，掩一鎗往南敗走。魏賁見彭遵敗走，縱馬趕來。彭遵回顧，見魏賁趕下陣來，忙挂下鎗，囊中取出一物，往地下撒來。此物名曰菡萏陣，按三才八卦方位，布成一陣。彭遵先進去了。魏賁不知，將馬趕進陣來。彭遵在馬上發手一個雷聲，把菡萏陣震動，只見一陣黑煙迸出，一聲響，魏賁連人帶馬震得粉碎，彭遵掌得勝鼓進關。報馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：魏賁連人帶馬震為齏粉。」子牙聽罷，歎曰：「魏賁忠勇之士，可憐死於非命，情實可憫！」子牙著實傷悼。彭遵進關，來見徐蓋，將壞了魏賁得勝事說了一遍。徐蓋權為上了功績。次日，徐蓋對眾將曰：「關中糧草不足，朝廷又不點將協守，昨日雖則勝了他一陣，恐此關終難守耳。」正議之間，報：「有周將搦戰。」王豹曰：「末將願往。」上馬，提戟，開關，見一員周將，連人帶馬純是一片青色。王豹曰：「周將何名？」蘇護曰：「吾乃冀州侯蘇護是也。」王豹曰：「蘇護，你乃天下至無情無義之夫！你女受椒房之寵；身為國戚，滿門俱受皇家富貴，不思報本，反助武王叛逆，侵故主之關隘，你有何面目立於天地之間！」催開馬，搖戟來取蘇護。蘇護手中鎗赴面來迎。二馬相交，鎗戟併舉，蘇護正戰王豹，有蘇全忠、趙丙、孫子羽三將一齊上來，把王豹圍在垓心。王豹如何敵得住，自料寡不敵眾，把馬跳出圈子就走。趙丙隨後趕來。正趕之間，被王豹回手一個劈面雷，打在臉上，可憐隨駕東征，未曾受武王封爵之賞，趙丙翻下鞍轡。孫子羽急來救時，王豹又是一個雷放出，此劈面雷甚是利害，有雷就有火，孫子羽被雷火傷了面門，跌下馬

來，早被王豹一戟一個，皆被刺死。蘇家父子不敢向前。王豹也知機，掌鼓進關，回見徐蓋，連誅二將，得勝回兵慶喜。不表。

且說蘇護父子進營來見子牙，備言損了二將。子牙曰：「你父子久臨戰場，如何不知進退，致損二將？」蘇全忠曰：「元帥在上，若是馬上征戰，自然好招架；今王豹以幻術發手，有雷有火，打在臉上，就要燒壞面門，怎經得起，故此二將失利。」子牙曰：「誤喪忠良，實為可恨！」次日，子牙曰：「眾門人誰去關下走一遭？」言未畢，有雷震子曰：「弟子願往。」子牙許之。雷震子出營，至關下搦戰。報馬報入關中。徐蓋問：「誰去見陣走一遭？」彭遵領令出關，見雷震子十分兇惡，面如藍靛，巨口，赤鬚，獠牙上下橫生，彭遵大呼曰：「來者何人？」雷震子曰：「吾乃武王之弟雷震子是也。」彭遵不知雷震子脅有雙翅，搖手中鎗催開馬，來取雷震子。雷震子把風雷翅飛起，使開黃金棍，劈頭來打。彭遵那裏招架得住，撥馬就走。雷震子見他詐敗，忙將翅飛起，趕來甚急，劈頭一棍，彭遵馬遲，急架時，正中肩窩上，打翻馬下，梟了首級，進營來見子牙。子牙上了雷震子功績簿。且說探馬報入關中：「彭遵陣亡，將首級號令轅門。」徐蓋曰：「此關終是難守，我知順逆，你們只欲強持。」王豹聽曰：「主將不必性急，待我明日戰不過時，任憑主將處治。」徐蓋默然無語。王豹竟回私宅去了。不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。第七十九回 穿雲關四將被擒 詩曰：

一關已過一關逢，法寶多端勢更兇。法戒引魂成往事，龍安酥骨有來訃。幾多險處仍須吉，若許能時總是空。堪笑徐芳徒逆命，枉勞心思竟何從！話說徐蓋當晚默默退歸後堂。不提。只見次日王豹也不來見主將，竟領兵出關，往周營搦戰。報馬報入中軍。子牙問：「誰人見陣走一遭？」哪吒應曰：「我願往。」子牙許之。哪吒登風火輪，提火尖鎗，奔出營來。王豹見一將登風火輪而來，忙問曰：「來者莫非哪吒麼？」哪吒答曰：「然也。」搖鎗就刺。王豹的畫戟急架忙迎。王豹知哪吒是闡教門下，自思：「打人不過先下手。」正戰間，發一劈面雷來打哪吒。不知這雷只好傷別人；哪吒乃是蓮花化身之客，他見雷聲至，火焰來，把風火輪一登，輪起空中，雷發無功。哪吒祭起乾坤圈去，正中王豹頂門，打昏落馬；哪吒復一鎗刺死；梟了首級，號令回營，來見子牙，備言前事。子牙大喜。且說徐蓋聞報王豹陣亡，暗思：「二將不知時務，自討殺身之禍。不若差官納降，以免生民塗炭。」正憂疑之際，忽報：「有一陀頭來見。」徐蓋命：「請來。」道人進府，至殿前打稽首曰：「徐將軍，貧道稽首。」徐蓋曰：「請了！道者至此，有何見諭？」道人曰：「將軍不知，吾有一門徒，名喚彭遵，喪於雷震子之手；特至此為他報仇。」徐蓋曰：「道者高姓？大名？」道人曰：「貧道姓法，名戒。」徐蓋見道人有些仙風道骨，忙請上坐。法戒不謙，欣

然上坐。徐蓋曰：「姜子牙乃崑崙道德之士，他帳下有三山五岳門人，恐不能勝他。」法戒曰：「徐將軍放心，我連姜尚俱與你拿了，以作將軍之功。」徐蓋曰：「若如此，乃是老師莫大之恩。」忙問：「老師是素，是葷？」法戒曰：「持齋。我不用甚東西。」一夕無詞。次日法戒提劍在手，逕至周營，坐名要請姜子牙答話。探馬報入中軍：「有一頭陀請元帥答話。」子牙傳令，帶眾門人出營，來會這頭陀。只見對面並無士卒，獨自一人。怎見得：

赤金箍，光生燦爛；皂蓋服，白鶴朝雲。絲條懸水火，頂上焰光生。五遁三除無比賽，胸藏萬象包成。自幼根深成大道，一時應墮紅塵。封神榜上沒他名，要與子牙賭勝。子牙把四不相催至軍前見法戒，曰：「道者請了！」法戒道：「姜子牙，久聞你大名，今日特來會你。」子牙曰：「道者姓甚？名誰？」法戒曰：「我乃蓬萊島煉氣士姓法，名戒。彭遵是吾門下，死於雷震子之手。你只叫他來見我，免得你我分顏！」雷震子在旁，聽得舌尖上丟了一個「雷」字，大怒，罵曰：「討死的潑道！我來也！」把風雷二翅飛在空中，將黃金棍劈面打來。法戒手中劍急架忙迎。兩下裏大戰有四五回合，法戒跳出圈子去，取出一旛，對著雷震子一幌。雷震子跌在塵埃。徐蓋左右軍士將雷震子拿了；雖然網將起來，只是閉目不知人事。法戒大呼曰：「今番定要擒姜尚！」旁有哪吒大怒，罵曰：「妖道用何邪術，敢傷我道兄也！」登開風火輪，搖開火尖鎗，來戰法戒。法戒未及三四回合，忙把那旛取出來也幌哪吒。哪吒乃蓮花化身，卻無魂魄，如何幌得動他。法戒見哪吒在風火輪上安然不能跌將下來，已自著忙。哪吒見法戒拿一首旛在手內幌，知是左道之術，不能傷己，忙祭乾坤圈打來。法戒躲不及，打了一交。哪吒方欲用鎗來刺，法戒已借土遁去了。子牙收兵回營，見折了雷震子，心下甚惱，納悶在中軍。且說法戒被哪吒打了一圈，逃回關內。徐蓋見法戒著傷而回，便問：「老師，今日初陣如何失機？」法戒曰：「不妨，是我誤用此寶。他原來是靈珠子化身，原無魂魄，焉能擒他。」忙取丹藥，吃了一粒，即時痊癒；吩咐左右：「把雷震子抬來！」法戒對雷震子將旛連轉兩轉。雷震子睜開眼一觀，已被擒捉。法戒大怒，罵曰：「為你這廝，又被哪吒打了我一圈！」命左右：「拿去殺了！」徐蓋在旁解曰：「老師既來為我末將，且不可斬他，暫監在囹圄之中，候解往朝歌，俟天子發落，表老師莫大之功，亦知末將請老師之微功耳。」一看官：此是徐蓋有意歸周，故假此言遮飾。一法戒聽說，笑曰：「將軍之言甚是有理。」正是：徐蓋有意歸周主，不怕陀頭道術高。話說法戒次日出關，又至周營搦戰。軍政官報與子牙。子牙隨即出營會戰，大呼曰：「法戒！今日與你定個雌雄！」催開四不相，仗劍直取。法戒手中劍赴面迎來。戰未及數合，旁有李靖縱馬搖畫杆戟來助子牙。子牙祭起打神鞭早

來打法戒。不知此寶只打得神，法戒非封神榜上之人，正是：

封神榜上無名字，不怕崑崙鞭一條。話說子牙祭鞭來打法戒，不意被法戒將鞭接去；子牙著忙。忽然土行孫催糧到營前；見法戒將打神鞭接去，土行孫大怒，走向前大呼曰：「吾來也！」法戒見個矮子用條鐵棍打來，法戒仗劍迎戰。三人正殺在一處，不意楊戩也催糧來至，見土行孫大戰頭陀，走馬舞三尖刀亦來助戰。子牙見楊戩來至，心中大喜。兩員運糧官雙戰法戒。正是天數不由人，不意鄭倫催糧也到；鄭倫見土行孫、楊戩雙戰道人，鄭倫自思曰：「今日四人戰這頭陀不下，畢竟是左道之人。我也是督糧官，他成得功，我也成得功！」將金睛獸催開，衝殺過來，就把子牙喜不自勝。子牙兜回四不相，傳令軍士：「擂鼓助戰！」法戒被三運督糧官裹在垓心，不得落空，縱有法寶，如何使用？只見土行孫寶鐵棍在下三路上打了幾棍；法戒意欲逃走；鄭倫見土行孫成功，恐法戒逃遁，忙將鼻竅中兩道白光哼出來。法戒聽得，不知是甚麼東西響，忙抬頭一看，看見兩道白光。正是：

眼見白光出鼻竅，三魂七魄去無蹤。話說法戒跌倒在地，被烏鴉兵生擒活捉綁了。子牙用符印鎮住了法戒的泥丸宮，掌得勝鼓回營。法戒方睜開眼，見渾身上了繩索，歎曰：「豈知今日在此地誤遭毒手！」追悔無及。只見子牙陞帳坐下，三運官來見子牙。子牙曰：「三運得功不小！」獎諭三運官曰：

「運督軍需，智擒法戒。玄機妙算，奇功莫大！」子牙獎諭畢。三員官稱謝子牙。子牙傳令：「推法戒來。」眾軍卒將法戒推至中軍。法戒大呼曰：「姜尚，你不必開言。今日天數合該如此，正所謂『大海風波見無限，誰知小術反擒吾。』可知是天命耳。速將軍令施行！」子牙曰：「既知天命，為何不早降？」命左右：「推出去斬了！」眾軍士把法戒擁至轅門，方欲行刑，只見一道人作歌而來，歌曰：

「善惡一時忘念，榮枯都不關心。晦明隱現任浮沉，隨分飢餐餐飲。靜坐蒲團存想，昏瞶便有魔侵。故將惡念阻明君，何苦紅塵受刃。」歌罷，大呼曰：「刀下留人，不可動手！你與我報知元帥，說準提道人來見。」楊戩忙報與子牙曰：

「有西方準提道人來至。」子牙同眾門人迎接至轅門外，請準提道人進中軍。準提曰：「不必進營。貧道有一言奉告：法戒雖然違天阻逆元帥，理宜正法；但封神榜上無名，與我西方有緣。貧道特為此而來，望子牙公慈悲。」子牙曰：「老師吩咐，尚豈敢違。」傳令：「放了。」準提上前，扶起法戒曰：「道友，我那西方絕好景致，請道兄皈依：

西方極樂真幽境，風清月朗天籟定。白雲透出引祥光，流水潺潺如谷應。猿嘯鳥啼花木奇，菩提路上芝蘭勝。松搖巖壁散煙霞，竹拂雲霄招彩鳳。七寶林內更逍遙，八德池邊多寂靜，遠列巔峰似插屏，盤旋溪壑如幽磬，曇花開放滿座香，舍利玲瓏超上乘。崑崙地脈發來龍，更比崑崙無命令。」

話說準提道人逆罷西方景致，法戒只得皈依，同準提辭了眾人，回西方去了。一後來法戒舍衛國化祁它太子，得成正果，歸於佛教；至漢明、章二帝時，興教中國，大闡沙門。此是後事。不表。

且說界牌關主將見法戒被擒，忙命左右，將囹圄中雷震子放了，開關，同雷震子至營門納降。探馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：雷震子轅門等令。」子牙大喜，忙命：「令來。」雷震子至帳前對子牙曰：「徐蓋久欲歸周，屢被眾將阻撓；今特同弟子獻關納降，不敢擅入，在轅門外聽令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」徐蓋縞素進營，拜倒在地，啟曰：「末將有意歸周，無奈左右官將不從，致羈行旌，屢獲罪戾，納款已遲，死罪，死罪！望元帥海宥。」子牙曰：「徐將軍既知天命歸周，亦不為遲，何罪之有？」忙令請起。徐蓋謝過，請子牙進關安撫軍民。子牙傳令：「催人馬進關。」子牙陞銀安殿，一面迎請武王，一面清查戶口、庫藏。次日，武王駕進界牌關。眾將迎接武王上銀安殿，參謁畢，王曰：「相父勞心遠征，使孤不得與相父共享昇平，孤心不安。」子牙曰：「老臣以天下諸侯為重，民坐水火之中，故不敢逆天以圖安樂。」子牙領徐蓋拜見武王，武王曰：「徐將軍獻關有功，命設宴犒賞三軍。」一宵已過。次日，子牙傳令：「起兵前取穿雲關。」放炮起程，三軍吶喊，不過八十里一關，前哨探馬報入中軍：「前軍已抵穿雲關下。」子牙傳令：「放炮安營。」正是：

戰將東征如猛虎，營前小校似猢猻。

話說穿雲關主將徐芳乃是徐蓋兄弟。徐芳聞知兄長歸周，只急得三尸神暴跳，口鼻內生煙，大罵：「匹夫不顧父母妻子，失身反叛，苟圖爵位，遺臭萬年！」忙點聚將鼓。眾將俱上殿參謁。徐芳曰：「不幸吾兄忘親背君，苟圖富貴，獻了關隘，已降叛臣。但我一門難免戮身之罪。為今之計，必盡擒賊臣，以贖前罪方可。」只見先行官龍安吉曰：「主將放心，待末將先拿他幾員賊將解往朝歌請罪，然後俟擒渠魁，以贖前愆，以顯忠盡；則主將滿門良眷自然無事矣。」徐芳曰：「此言正合吾意。只願先行與諸將協力同心，以勤叛逆，上報主恩，是吾之願也，其他亦非所顧忌。」眾將商議。不表。

且說次日，子牙陞帳，問曰：「誰取穿雲關去走一遭？」徐蓋應聲曰：「啟元帥：穿雲關主將乃是末將之弟，不用張弓隻箭，末將說舍弟歸周，以為進身之資。」子牙大喜曰：「將軍若肯如此，真為不世之奇功，豈止進身而已！」徐蓋上馬至關下，大呼曰：「左右，開關！」守關軍卒不敢擅自開關，忙報入帥府：「啟主帥：有大老爺在關下叫關。」徐芳大喜：「快令開關，請來。」把關軍士去了。徐芳吩咐左右：

「埋伏刀斧手，兩旁伺候。」不一時，左右開關。徐蓋不知親弟有心拿他，徐蓋進關，來至府前下馬，逕至殿前。徐芳也不動身，問曰：「來者何人？」徐蓋大笑曰：「賢弟何為見我至此，而猶然若不知也？」徐芳大喝一聲，命：「左右，拿了！」兩邊跑出刀斧

手，將徐蓋拿下綁了。徐芳曰：「辱沒祖宗匹夫！你降反賊，也不顧家眷遭殃。今日你自來至此，正是祖宗有靈，不令滿門受屠戮也！」徐蓋大罵曰：「你這不知天時的匹夫！天下盡已歸周，紂王亡在旦夕，何況你這彈丸之地，敢抗拒弔民伐罪之師！你要做忠臣，你比蘇護、黃飛虎如何？洪錦、鄧九公何如？我今被你所擒，死固無足惜；但不知何人擒你，以泄吾忿也！」徐芳傳令：「把這逆命的匹夫且監候，俟拿了周武、姜尚，一齊解往朝歌正罪。」左右將徐蓋監了。徐芳問：「誰為國討頭陣走一遭？」一將應聲而出，乃正印先行官神煙將軍馬忠願往。徐芳許之。馬忠領令開關，砲聲響處，殺至周營。報馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：穿雲關有將搦戰。」子牙曰：「徐蓋休矣！」忙令哪吒去取關，就探徐蓋消息。哪吒領令，上了風火輪，出得營來，見馬忠金甲紅袍，威風凜凜。哪吒走至軍前，馬忠曰：「來者莫非哪吒否？」哪吒曰：「然也。你既知我，為何不倒戈納降？」馬忠大怒曰：「無知匹夫！你等妄自稱王，逆天反叛，不守臣節，侵王疆土，罪在不赦。不日拿住你等，粉骨碎身；尚自不知，猶且巧言饒舌！」哪吒笑曰：「我看你等好一似土蛙、腐鼠，頃刻便為齏粉，何足與言！」馬忠怒起，搖手中鎗，飛來直取。哪吒的鎗閃爍光明。輪馬相交，雙鎗併舉，殺至穿雲關下。正是：

馬忠神煙無敵手，只恐哪吒道德高。馬忠知哪吒是道德之士，手段高強，自思：「我若不先下手，恐他先弄手腳，卻是不美。」馬忠把口一張，只見一道黑煙噴出，連人帶馬都不見了。哪吒見馬忠黑煙噴出口，迷住一塊，忙將風火輪登起，把身子一搖，現出八臂三頭。藍臉獠牙，起在空中。馬忠在煙裏看不見哪吒，急收神煙，正欲回馬，只聽得哪吒大叫：「馬忠休走！吾來了！」馬忠抬頭，見哪吒三頭八臂，藍面獠牙，在空中趕來，馬忠誠得魂不附體，撥馬就走。哪吒忙將九龍神火罩拋來，罩住馬忠，復把手一拍，罩裏現出九條火龍圍繞，霎時間，馬忠化為灰燼。怎見得，有詩為證：

乾元玄妙授來真，秘有靈符法更神。火棗瓊漿原自異，馬忠應得化微塵。話說哪吒燒死馬忠，收了神火罩，得勝回營，來見子牙，備言燒死馬忠一事。子牙大喜，慶功。不表。

只見報馬報入關中：「啟主帥：馬忠被哪吒燒死。」徐芳大怒。旁邊轉過龍安吉曰：「馬忠不知淺深，自恃一口神煙，故有此敗。待未將明日成功，拿幾員反將，解往朝歌請罪。」次日，龍安吉上馬出關，前來搦戰。哨馬報入中軍。子牙問：「誰人出馬？」只見武成王黃飛虎上帳曰：「末將願往。」子牙許之。黃飛虎上了五色神牛，提鎗出營。龍安吉見一員周將，一怎見得，有詩為證：

慣戰能爭氣更揚，英雄猛烈性堅強。忠心不改歸周主，鐵面無回棄紂王。青史名標真義士，丹臺像列是純良。至今伐紂稱遺跡，留得聲名萬古香。龍安吉大呼曰：「來者何人？」飛虎曰：

「吾乃武成王是也。」龍安吉曰：「你就是黃飛虎？反叛成湯，釀禍之根，今日正要擒你！」催開馬搖手中斧來取。黃飛虎手中鎗急架忙迎。二將相交，鎗斧併舉，大戰五十餘合。二將真是「棋逢敵手，將遇作家」。龍安吉見黃飛虎的鎗法毫無滲漏，心不暗思：

「莫與他賣弄精神。」把鎗一挑，錦囊中取出一物，望空中一丟，只聽得有叮噹之聲，龍安吉曰：「黃飛虎，看吾寶貝來也！」黃飛虎不知何物，抬頭一看，早已跌下鞍韉。關內人馬吶一聲喊，將黃飛虎生擒活捉，繩纏索綁，拿進穿雲關去了。報馬報入中軍：「黃飛虎被擒。」子牙大驚曰：「是怎麼樣拿了去的？」掠陣官回曰：「正戰之間，只見龍安吉丟起一圈在空中，有叮噹之聲，黃將軍便跌下坐騎，因此被擒。」子牙聽說不悅：「此又是左道之術！」

且說龍安吉將黃飛虎拿進穿雲關來見徐芳，黃飛虎站立言曰：「吾被邪術拿來，應以一死報國恩也。」徐芳罵曰：「真是匹夫！捨故主而投反叛，今反說『欲報國恩』，何其顛倒耶！且監在監中。」徐蓋見黃飛虎來至，忙慰曰：「不才惡弟，不識天時，恃倚邪術，不意將軍亦遭此羅網之厄。」黃飛虎點頭無語，惟有咨嗟而已。話說徐芳治酒，與龍安吉賀功。次日又至周營搦戰。子牙問：「誰敢出馬？」只見洪錦出馬，來至陣前，看見是龍安吉，一龍安吉曾在洪錦帳下為偏將一洪錦曰：「龍安吉，你今見故主，為何不下馬納降，尚敢支吾耶？」龍安吉笑曰：「反將洪錦，何得多言！我正欲拿你等，解進朝歌，以正國法，爾何不知進退，尚敢巧言也。」發馬就殺，刀斧併舉。龍安吉祭起一圈，起在空中。不知此圈兩個，左右翻覆，如太極一般，扣就陰陽連環雙鎖，此圈名曰「四肢酥」。此寶有叮噹之聲，耳聽眼見，渾身四肢，骨解筋酥，手足齊軟。當時洪錦聽見空中響，抬頭一看，便坐不住鞍韉，跌下馬來，又被龍安吉拿了進關。洪錦自思：「此賊昔在吾帳下，我就不知他有這件東西，誤陷匹夫之手！」左右將洪錦推至殿前，來見徐芳。徐芳大喜曰：「洪錦，你奉命征討，如何反降逆賊？今日將何面目又見商君也！」洪錦曰：「天意如此，何必多言！吾雖被擒，其志不屈，有死而已！」徐芳傳令：「且送下監去。」黃飛虎見洪錦也至監中，各各嗟歎而已。子牙又聽得探馬報進營來，言洪錦被擒，子牙心下十分不樂。次日，報：「龍安吉又來搦戰。」子牙問：「誰去見陣？」只見南宮适出馬，與龍安吉戰有數合，被龍安吉仍用四肢酥拿進關來見徐芳。徐芳吩咐：「也送下監中。」

只見報馬報與子牙。子牙大驚。旁有正印先行哪吒言曰：「這龍安吉是何等妖術，連擒數將；待末將見陣，便知端的。」不知龍安吉性命如何，且聽下回分解。第八十回 楊任下山破瘟司 詩曰：瘟□傘蓋屬邪巫，疫癘閭浮盡若屠。列陣兇頑非易破，著人狂躁豈能蘇。須臾偏染家家盡，頃刻傳屍戶戶殂。只為子牙災未滿，穿雲關下受崎嶇。話說哪吒上了風火

輪，前來關下搦陣，大呼曰：「左右的！傳與你主將，叫龍安吉出來見我！」徐芳聞報，令龍安吉出陣。龍安吉領命，出得關來，見哪吒在風火輪上，心下暗思：「此人乃是道術之士，不如先祭此寶，易於成功。」龍安吉至軍前問曰：「來者可是哪吒麼？」道罷，哪吒未及答應，就是一鎗。哪吒的鎗赴面相迎。輪馬交還，只一合，龍安吉就祭四肢酥丟在空中，大叫：「哪吒！看我寶貝！」哪吒抬頭看時，只見陰陽扣就如太極環一般，有叮噹之聲。龍安吉不知哪吒是蓮花化身，原無魂魄，焉能落下輪來。倏然此圈落在地下。哪吒見圈落下，不知其故。龍安吉大驚。正是：

鞍轡慌壞龍安吉，豈意哪吒法寶來。話說哪吒又現出三頭八臂，祭起乾坤圈，大呼曰：「你的圈不如我的，也還你一圈！」龍安吉躲不及，正中頂門，打下馬來。哪吒復加上一鎗，結果了性命。哪吒梟了首級，進營來見子牙：「取了龍安吉首級。」子牙大喜。

且說報馬報知徐芳，徐芳大驚。只見左右無將，朝廷又不點官來協守，止得方義真一人而已，一「如之奈何？」忙修本遣官，齎赴朝歌。不表。忽見左右來報：「府前有一道人要見老爺。」徐芳忙傳令：「請來。」少時，見一道人，三隻眼，面如藍靛，赤髮獠牙，逕進府來。徐芳降階迎接，請上殿，與道人打稽首，徐芳尊道人上坐。徐芳問曰：「老師是那座名山？何處洞府？」道人曰：「貧道乃九龍島煉氣士，姓呂，名岳。吾與姜尚有不世之仇，今特來至此，借將軍之兵，以復昔日之仇。」徐芳大喜：「成湯洪福齊天，又有高人來助！」治酒相待。一宿晚景不提。卻說次日，呂岳出關至營前，請子牙答話。報馬報入中軍：

「啟元帥：有一道人請元帥答話。」子牙不知是呂岳，吩咐：「點砲出營。」來至營前，看見對陣乃是呂岳，不覺可笑。豈意子牙兩邊眾門人一見呂岳，人人切齒，個個咬牙。子牙曰：「呂道友，你不知進退，尚不愧顏！當日既得逃生而去，今日又為何復投死地也。」呂岳曰：「我今日來時，也不知誰死誰活！」只見雷震子大吼一聲，罵曰：「不知死的匹夫！吾來了！」展開二翅，飛在空中。好黃金棍，夾頭打來。呂岳手中劍急架忙迎。金吒步行，用雙劍劈頭砍來。木吒厲聲大罵：「潑道！不要走！也吃吾一劍！」李靖、韋護、哪吒眾門人一齊擁上前來，將呂岳困在垓心。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

殺氣迷空透九重，一千神聖逞英雄。
這場大戰驚天地，海沸江翻勢更兇。話說眾門人圍住了呂岳，呂岳現出三首六臂，祭起列瘟印，把雷震子打將下來。眾門人齊動手救回。子牙把打神鞭祭起空中，正中呂岳後背，打得三昧真火迸出，敗回穿雲關來。呂岳進關，徐芳接住，安慰曰：「老師，今日會戰，其實利害。」呂岳曰：「今日出去早了，等吾一道友來，再出去，便可成功。」話說子牙進營，見雷震子著傷，心下又有些不悅。且自不題。只見呂岳在關上，一連住了幾日。不

一日，來了一位道者，至府前對軍政官曰：「你與主將說，有一道人求見。」軍政官報入，呂岳曰：「請來。」少時，一道人進府，與呂岳打了稽首，與徐芳行禮坐下。徐芳問呂岳曰：「此位老師高姓大名？」呂岳曰：「此是吾弟陳庚，今日特來助你，共破子牙，併擒武王。」徐芳稱謝不盡，忙治酒款待。呂岳問陳庚曰：「賢弟前日所煉的那件寶貝，可曾完否？」陳庚答曰：「為等此寶完了，方纔趕來，所以來遲；明日可以會姜尚耳。」正是：

煉就奇珍行大惡，誰知海內有高明。一宿晚景無詞。只至次日，呂岳命徐芳選三千人馬，出關來會子牙，徐芳親自掠陣。不表。且說子牙陞帳，與眾門人曰：「今日呂岳又來阻吾之兵，你們各要仔細。」正議間，左右來報：「楊戩轅門等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」楊戩來至帳前行禮畢，言曰：「奉命催糧無誤。」子牙曰：「如今呂岳又來阻住穿雲關。」楊戩曰：「呂岳乃是失機之士，何敢又阻行旌？」話猶未了，只見軍政官來報：「呂岳會戰。」子牙忙傳令出營，率領眾將，與諸門人隨子牙來至營前。呂岳曰：「姜子牙，吾與你有勢不兩立之仇！若論兩教作為，莫非如此，且你係元始門下道德之士。吾有一陣，擺與你看，但你認得，吾便保周伐紂；若是認不得，我與你立見高低。」子牙曰：「道友，你何不自守清淨，往往要作此業障，甚非道者所為。你既擺陣，請擺來我看。」呂岳同陳庚進陣，有半個時辰，擺成一陣；復至軍前，大呼曰：「姜子牙請看吾陣！」子牙同哪吒、楊戩、韋護、李靖上前來。楊戩曰：「呂道長，吾等看陣，不可發暗器傷人。」呂岳曰：「爾乃小輩之言。我自堂堂之陣，正正之旗，豈有用暗器傷你之理！」子牙同眾人往前後看了一遍，渾然一陣，又無字跡，如何認得。子牙心中焦躁：「此必是不可攻伐之陣，又是左道之術。」子牙忽然想起元始四偈：「界牌關下遇誅仙，穿雲關底受瘟。」此莫非是瘟陣？乃對楊戩曰：「此正應吾師元始之言，莫非是瘟陣麼？」楊戩曰：「待弟子對他說。」二人商議停當，回至軍前。呂岳曰：「子牙公識此陣否？」楊戩答曰：「呂道長，此乃小術耳，何足為奇！」呂岳曰：「此陣何名？」楊戩笑曰：「此乃瘟陣。你還不曾擺全；俟擺全了，吾再來破你的。」呂岳聞楊戩之言，如石投大海，半晌無言。正是：

爐中玄妙全無用，一片雄心付水流。話說楊戩言罷，同眾人回營。子牙陞帳坐下，眾門人齊讚楊戩利齒伶牙。子牙曰：「雖然一時回得他好看，終不知此陣中玄妙，如何可破？」哪吒曰：「且答應他一時，再作道理。況且十絕惡陣與誅仙陣這樣大陣，俱也破了，何況此小小陣圖，不足為慮。」子牙曰：「雖然如此，不可不慎。古人云：『人無遠慮，必有近憂。』豈可因其小而忽略。」眾門人齊曰：「元帥之言甚善。」正議間，左右來報：「終南山雲中子來見。」眾門人曰：「武王洪福齊天，自有高人來

濟此陣之急也。」子牙忙迎出轅門，接住雲中子。二人攜手，行至帳中坐下。子牙曰：「道兄此來，必為姜尚遇此瘟□陣也。」雲中子笑曰：「特為此陣而來。」子牙欠身謝曰：「姜尚屢遭大難，每勞列位道兄動履，尚何以消受。」因請教：「此陣中有何秘術？當用何人可破？」雲中子曰：「此陣不用別人，乃是子牙公百日之災。只至災滿，自有一人來破。吾與你代掌帥印，調督軍事。其餘不足為慮。」子牙曰：「但得道兄如此，姜尚便一死又何足惜，況未必然乎！」子牙欣然，就將劍、印付與雲中子掌管。只見左右傳與武王，武王聞知雲中子說子牙有百日之災，忙至中軍。左右來報。雲中子與子牙迎接上帳，行禮坐下。武王曰：「聞相父破陣，孤心不安。往往爭持，致多苦惱，孤想不若回軍，各安疆界，以樂民生，何必如此？」雲中子曰：「賢王不知，上天垂象，天運循環，氣數如此，豈是人為，縱欲逃之不能。賢王放心。」武王默然無語。

且不言雲中子與子牙商議破敵，且說呂岳進關，同陳庚將二十一把瘟□傘安放在陣內，按九宮八卦方位，擺列停當；中立一土臺，安置用度符印，打點擒拿周將。正與陳庚在陣內調度，見左右來報：「有一道人要見呂老爺。」呂岳曰：「是誰？與我請來。」少時，那道人飄然而至。呂岳一見李平來至，忙迎住，喜曰：「道兄此來，必是來助我一臂之力，以滅周武、姜尚也。」李平曰：「不然。我特來勸你。吾在中途，聞你擺瘟□陣以阻周兵，我故此特地前來，相勸道兄。今紂王無道，罪惡貫盈，天下共叛，此天之所以滅商湯也。武王乃當世有德之君，上配堯舜，下合人心，是應運而興之君，非草澤乘奸之輩。況鳳鳴岐山，王氣已鍾久矣。道兄安得以一人扭轉天命哉。子牙奉天征討，伐罪弔民，會諸侯於孟津，正應滅紂於甲子。難道我李平反為武王，不為截教，來逆道兄之意？道兄若依我勸，可撤去此陣，但憑武王與子牙征伐取關。我們原係方外間人，逍遙散淡，無束無拘，又何名疆利鎖之不能解脫耶。」呂岳笑曰：「李兄差矣！我來誅逆討叛，正是應天順人。你為何自己受惑，反說我所為非也！你看我擒姜尚、武王，令他片甲不回。」李平曰：「不然。姜尚有七死三災之厄，他也過了；遇過多少毒惡之人，十絕『誅仙惡陣』，他也經過；也非容易至此。古云：『前車已覆，後車當鑒。』道兄何苦執迷如此？」李平五次三番勸不醒呂岳，此正是：

三部正神天數盡，李平到此也難逃。

話說呂岳不聽李平之勸，差官下書，知會姜尚，來破此陣。使命齎戰書至子牙行營，來至轅門。左右報入中軍，子牙命：「令來。」使命至中軍，朝上見體畢，呈上戰書。子牙拆開展玩，書曰：

「九龍島煉氣士呂岳致書於西岐元帥姜子牙麾下：竊聞物極必返，逆天必罰。爾西岐不守臣節，以臣伐君，以下凌上，有干綱常，得罪天地；況且以黨惡之象，屢抗敵於天兵，仗闡教之術，復屠城而殺將，惡已貫盈，入神共憤。故上

天厭惡，特假手於吾，設此瘟□陣。今差使致書，早早批宣，以決勝負。如自揣不德，急早倒戈，尚待爾不死。戰書至日，速乞自裁。」

且說子牙看罷書，將原書批回：「明日決破此陣。」來使領書，回見呂岳。不表。次日，雲中子在中軍請子牙上帳，用三道符印，一前心一道，後心一道，冠內一道；又將一粒丹藥與子牙揣在懷中。打點停當，只聽得關外砲響，報馬報進營來：「有呂岳在營前搦戰。」子牙上了四不相，武王同眾將諸門下齊至軍前掠陣。真好瘟□陣！怎見得，有讚為證，讚曰：

殺氣漫空，悲風四起。殺氣漫空，黑暗暗俱是些鬼哭神嚎；悲風四起，昏鄧鄧盡是那雷轟電掣。透心寒，怎禁他冷氣侵人；解骨酥，難當他陰風撲面。遠觀似飛砂走石，近看如霧卷雲騰。瘟疫氣陣陣飛來，水火扇翩翩亂舉。瘟□陣內神仙怕，正應姜公百日災。

話說子牙至陣前曰：「呂岳，你今設此毒陣，與你定決雌雄。只怕你禍至難逃，悔之晚矣。」呂岳忙催開金眼駝，仗劍飛來直取。子牙手中劍急架忙迎。二人戰未及數合，呂岳掩一劍，逕入陣去了。子牙催開四不相，隨後趕進陣來。呂岳上了八卦臺，將一把瘟□傘往下一蓋，昏昏黑黑，如紅沙黑霧罩將下來，勢不可當。子牙一手執定杏黃旗架往此傘。可憐！正是：

七死三災扶帝業，萬年千載竟留芳。

話說呂岳將子牙困於陣中，復出陣前大呼曰：「姜尚已絕於吾陣，叫姬發早早受死！」武王在轅門聞呂岳之言，慌問雲中子曰：「老師，相父若果絕於陣中，真痛殺孤家也！」雲中子曰：「不妨，此是呂岳謬言。子牙有百日之災。」只見後邊哪吒、楊戩、金、木二吒、李靖、韋護、雷震子一齊大呼：「拿這妖道碎屍萬段，以泄我等之恨！」呂岳、陳庚二人向前迎敵，大戰在一處。只殺的陰風颯颯，冷霧迷空。怎見得：

這幾個赤膽忠良名譽大；他兩個要阻周兵心思壞。一低一好兩相持，數位正神同賭賽。降魔杵，來得快，正直無私真寶貝。這一邊哪吒、楊戩善騰挪；那一邊呂岳、陳庚多作怪。刀鎗劍戟往來施，俱是玄門仙器械。今日穿雲關外賭神通，各逞英雄真可愛。一個兇心不息阻周兵；一個要與武王安世界。若爭惡戰豈尋常，地慘天昏無可奈！

話說眾人把呂岳、陳庚困在垓心，哪吒現出了三首八臂，把乾坤圈祭起，正中陳庚肩窩上。楊戩祭哮天犬，把呂岳頭上咬了一口。二人逕敗進瘟□陣去了。眾門人也不趕他，同武王進營。武王不見子牙，心下甚是不樂，問雲中子曰：「相父受困於陣內，幾時方能出來？」雲中子曰：「不過百日之厄，災滿自然無事。」武王大驚曰：「百日無食，焉能再生？」雲中子曰：「大王可記得在紅沙陣內，也是百日，自然無事？古云：『有福之人，千方百計莫能害他。無福之人，遇溝壑也喪性命。』」大王不必牽掛。」

且不講武王納悶在帳內，度日如年，雙眉頻鎖。且說呂岳自困住了子牙，甚是歡喜，每日入陣內三次，用傘上之功，將瘟□來毒子牙。

可憐子牙全仗崑崙杏黃旗撐住瘟□傘，陣內常放金光千百朵，或隱或現，保護其身。話說呂岳進關來，徐芳接住曰：「老師，今將姜尚困於陣內，不知他何日得死？周兵何日得勦？」呂岳曰：「吾自有法取之。」徐芳曰：「如今且把擒獲周將解往朝歌請罪，吾另外再作一本，稱讚老師功德，併請益兵防守。」呂岳曰：「不必言及吾等。你乃紂臣，理當如此；我是道門，又不受他爵祿，言之無用。只是不可把反臣留在關內，隄防不測，這倒是緊要事；併請兵協守，再作理會。」徐芳領命，忙忙把四將點名，上了囚車，差方義真押解往朝歌請罪。正是：

指望成功扶帝業，中途自有異人來。話說方義真押解四將往潼關來，算只有八十里，不一日就到。且按下下表。話說青峰山紫陽洞清虛道德真君閒暇無事，往桃園中來，見楊任在傍，真君曰：「今日正該你去穿雲關以解子牙瘟□陣之厄，並釋四將之愆。」楊任曰：「老師，弟子乃文臣出身，非是兵戈之客。」真君笑曰：「這有何難，學之自然得會；不學雖會亦疏。」真君隨入後洞，取出一根鎗，名曰「飛電鎗」，在桃園裏，傳與楊任，有歌為證，歌曰：

君不見：此鎗名號為「飛電」。穿心透骨不尋常，刺虎降龍真可羨。先天鉛汞配雌雄，煉就坎離相眷戀。也能飛，也能戰，變化無窮隨意見。今日與你破瘟□，呂岳逢之鮮血濺。話說楊任乃是封神榜上之神，自然聰慧，一見真君傳授，須臾即會。真君曰：「我把雲霞獸與你騎。還有一把五火神焰扇，你帶了下山；若進陣中，須是……如此如此，自然破他瘟□陣，何愁呂岳不滅耳！還有黃飛虎四將，有難在中途，你先可救他在關內，以為接應；破陣後，裏外夾攻，定然成功。」楊任拜辭師父下山，上了雲霞獸，把頂上角拍了一把，那騎四蹄自然生起雲彩，望空中飛來。正是：

莫道此獸無好處，曾赴蟠桃四五番。且說楊任雲時已至潼關，離城有三十里之遠，只見方義真解著犯官前進，旗旛上大書「解岐周反將黃飛虎、南宮适……」等名字。楊任落下獸來，阻住去路，大呼曰：「來將那裏去？」軍士一見楊任，生得古怪蹺蹊，眼眶裏生出兩隻手來，手心裏反有兩隻眼睛，騎著一匹神獸，五柳長鬚，飄揚腦後，軍士見之，無不駭然，飛報與方義真：「啟上將軍：前邊來了個古怪異人阻住了路。」方義真仗自己胸襟，把馬一夾，走出車前，見楊任如此行狀，從來也不曾有這樣的相貌，心中也自著驚，大呼曰：「來者何人？」楊任終是文官出身，言語自然輕柔，乃應曰：「不須問我，吾乃上大夫楊任是也。將軍，天道已歸明主，你又何必逆天行事，自取滅亡也。」方義真曰：「吾奉主將命令，押解周將往朝歌請功，你為何阻住去路？」楊任曰：「吾奉師命下山，來破瘟□陣，今逢將軍押解周將，理宜救護。我勸將軍不若和我歸了武王，正所謂應天順人，不失封侯之位，有何不可。」方義真見楊任低言悄語，不把楊任放在心上，把手中鎗一

舉，大喝曰：「逆賊休走，吃吾一鎗！」楊任忙用手中鎗急架相還。兩家大戰，未及數合，楊任恐軍士傷了被擒官將，忙用五火神焰扇照著方義真一扇搥去。楊任不知此扇利害，一聲響，怎見得，可憐！有詩為證，詩曰：

烈焰騰空萬丈高，金蛇千道逞英豪。黑煙捲地紅三尺，煮海翻波咫尺消。話說楊任把扇子一搥，方義真連人帶馬化一陣狂風去了。眾軍士見了，吶一聲喊，抱頭棄兵，奔走回關。

且說黃飛虎等見楊任這等相貌，知是異人，忙在陷車中問曰：「來者是那一位尊神？」楊任認得是黃飛虎，一俱是一殿之臣，一忙下了雲霞獸，口稱：「黃將軍，我非別人，不才便是上大夫楊任。因紂王失政，起造鹿臺，我等直諫，昏君將吾剜去二目。多虧道德真君救吾上山，將兩粒仙丹納放目中，故此生出手中之眼耳。今特著我下山，來破瘟□陣，先救將軍等，故效此微勞耳。」隨放了四將，四將謝過了楊任，只是咬牙深恨。楊任曰：「四位將軍且不必出關，且借住民家，待吾破了瘟□陣，那時率眾取關，公等可作內應。只聽砲聲為號，不可有誤。」黃飛虎等感謝楊任，自投關內民家去了。

且說楊任上了雲霞獸，出穿雲關，來至周營，下了雲霞獸。軍政官見了大驚。楊任曰：「早報於武王，吾非反臣也。」報馬報入中軍：「有異人求見。」雲中子知是楊任來了，忙傳令：「請進中軍。」諸將見了，各自駭然。楊任見雲中子下拜，曰：「師叔在此，料呂岳何能為患。」雲中子安慰，謝畢請起，與眾門人相見。楊任來見武王。武王大驚，問其原故；楊任把紂王剜目之事又說了一遍。武王大喜，命治酒款待。楊任又將救了四將事表過：「……吾師特命不才來破瘟□陣耳。」雲中子曰：「你來的正好。還差三日，正是百日之厄完滿。」眾門人見又添楊任，各有歡喜之色，不覺過了三日。次日清晨，周營砲響，大隊齊出，一千周將與眾門人併武王、雲中子齊至轅門，看楊任破瘟□陣。楊任至陣前大呼曰：「呂岳何不早來見我！」只見陣內呂岳道人現了三首六臂，手拎寶劍而出，見楊任相貌異常，心下也是驚駭，忙問曰：「你是何人？通箇名來！」楊任曰：「吾乃道德真君門下楊任是也；今奉師命下山，特來破你瘟□陣。」呂岳笑曰：「你不過一小童耳，敢出大言！」仗劍來取。楊任飛電鎗急架相迎。二獸相交，鎗劍并舉。戰未三合，呂岳掩一劍望陣中而走。楊任大呼：「吾來也！」楊任進陣，不知吉凶如何，且聽下回分解。

第八十一回 子牙潼關遇痘神 詩曰：痘疹惡疾勝瘡瘍，不信人間有異力。庖紫毒生追命藥，漿清氣絕索魂湯。

時行戶戶應多難，傳染人人盡著傷。不是武王多福蔭，枉教軍士喪疆場。

話說呂岳走進陣去，楊任趕進陣來。呂岳上了八卦臺，將瘟□傘撐起，往下一罩。楊任把五火扇一搥，那傘化作灰燼，飄揚而去；又連搥了數扇，只見那二十把傘盡成飛灰。當有瘟部神祇李平進陣來，指望勸解呂岳，不要與周兵作難，

也是天數該然，恰逢其會，常被楊任一扇子搥來，李平怎能脫逃，可憐！正是：一點誠心分邪正，反遭一扇喪微軀。

李平誤被楊任一扇子搥成灰燼。陳庚大怒，罵曰：「何處來的妖人，敢傷我弟！」舉兵刃飛取楊任。楊任把扇子連搥數扇，莫說是陳庚一人，連地都搥紅了。呂岳在八卦臺上見勢頭凶險，捏著避火訣，指望逃走，不知楊任此扇乃五火真性，攢簇而成，豈是五行之火可以趨避。呂岳見火勢愈熾，不能鎮壓，撒身往後便走，被楊任趕上前，連搥數扇，把八卦臺與呂岳俱成灰燼。——三魂俱赴封神臺去了。有詩為證，詩曰：九龍島內曾修煉，得道多年根未深。今日遭逢神火扇，可知天意滅嗔心。話說楊任破了瘟□陣，只見子牙在四不相上伏定，手執著杏黃旗，左右金花發現，擁護其身。諸門人看見，齊來攙住。子牙也不言語，面如淡金。只見四不相一躍而起。武王在轅門見武吉背負子牙而來，武王垂淚言曰：「相父不過為國為民，受過苦中之苦！」隨將子牙背至中軍，放在臥榻之上。雲中子用丹藥灌入於子牙口中，送下丹田。少時，子牙睜目，見眾將官立於左右，乃言曰：「有勞列位苦心。」武王大喜曰：「相父且自安心，仔細調理。」子牙在軍中安養了數日，只見雲中子曰：「子牙且自寬心，只有萬仙陣，我等再來助你，今日且奉別。」子牙不敢強留，雲中子回終南山去了。子牙打點取關，只見楊任上前言曰：「前日不才已暗放了四將在內，元帥可作速調遣。」子牙見楊任說有四將在內，須得裏外夾攻，方可取關。子牙傳令，點眾將攻關。且說徐芳又見破了瘟□陣，

左右來報：「方義真已死，四將不知所往。」心下十分著忙。只見門外殺聲振地，鑼鼓齊鳴，喊聲不止，如天崩地塌之狀。徐芳急上關來守禦，只見周兵大勢人馬，四面架起雲梯火炮，攻打甚急。有雷震子大怒，飛在空中，一棍刷在城敵樓上，把敵樓打塌了半邊。徐芳禁持不住，急下城來。雷震子已站於城上。哪吒登起風火輪，也上城來。守城軍士見雷震子這等兇惡，一齊走了。哪吒下城，斬落了鎖鑰，周兵一擁而入。徐芳見周營大勢人馬進關，只得縱馬搖鎗前來抵當，被周營大小眾將把徐芳圍困住當中，彼此混戰。

且說黃飛虎、南宮适、洪錦、徐蓋聽得關內喊殺，知是周兵成功，四將步行，趕至關前，見周兵已將徐芳圍住，黃飛虎大叫曰：「徐芳休走，吾來也！」徐芳正在著忙之際，又見黃飛虎等四人衝殺前來，不覺吃了一驚，措手不及，被黃飛虎一劍砍來，徐芳望後一閃，那劍竟砍落馬首，把徐芳撞下鞍轡，被士卒生擒活捉，拿縛關下。眾將收了軍卒，迎姜元帥進關，陞廳坐下，出榜安民畢。有黃飛虎、南宮适等來見子牙。子牙曰：「將軍等身受陷穽之苦，幸皇天庇祐，轉禍為福，此皆將軍等為國忠心，感動天地耳。」眾將在穿雲關安置已定，子牙吩咐：「把徐芳推來。」左右將徐芳擁至階前，徐芳立而不跪。子牙罵曰：「徐芳，你已擒兄已絕手足之

情，為臣有失邊疆之責，你有何顏尚敢抗禮？此乃人中之禽獸也！速推出斬首！」眾軍士把徐芳推出斬首，號令在穿雲關。武王設宴與眾將飲酒，犒賞三軍。翌日，子牙傳令起兵。行有八十里，兵至潼關，安營砲響，立下寨棚。子牙陞帳，眾將官參謁畢，商議取關。

且言潼關主將余化龍有子五人，乃是余達、余兆、余光、余先、余德，惟余德一人在海外出家，不在潼關，連余化龍只有父子五人守此關隘。忽聽關外砲響，探事報知：「周兵抵關下寨。」余化龍謂四子曰：「周兵此來，一路屢屢得勝，今日至此，亦是勁敵，須是要盡一番心力。」四子齊曰：「父親放心，料姜尚有多大本領，不過偶然得勝，諒他可能過得此關！」不言余化龍父子商議，再言子牙次日陞帳，問左右：「誰去取此關見陣一遭？」傍有太鸞應聲曰：「末將願往。」子牙許之。太鸞出營，至關下搦戰。哨馬報入關中。余化龍命長子余達出關。余達領令出關。太鸞見潼關內有一將，銀甲紅袍，真個齊整，滾出關來。怎見得，有讚為證，讚曰：

紫金冠，名束髮；飛鳳額，雉尾插。面如傅粉一般同，大紅袍罩連環甲。獅鸞寶帶現玲瓏，打將鋼鞭如鐵塔。銀合馬跑白雲飛，白銀鎗杵鞍下拉。大紅旗上書金字：潼關首將名余達。

話說太鸞大呼曰：「潼關來將何名？」余達曰：「吾乃余元帥長子余達是也；久聞姜尚大逆不道，興兵構怨，不守臣節，干犯朝廷關隘，是自取滅亡耳。」太鸞曰：「吾元帥乃奉天征討，東進五關，弔民伐罪，會合天下諸侯，觀政於商；五關進之有三，爾尚敢拒逆天兵哉。速宜倒戈，免汝一死；若候關破之日，玉石俱焚，追悔何及！」余達大怒，搖鎗直取。太鸞手中刀赴面來迎。二將大戰，二三十合，余達撥馬便走。太鸞隨後趕來。余達聞腦後馬至，掛下鎗，取出撞心杵，回手一杵，正中太鸞臉上。太鸞翻下鞍轡。可憐為將官的，正是：

禍福隨身於頃刻，翻身落馬項無頭。

余達把太鸞一杵打下馬來，復一鎗結果了性命，梟了首級，掌鼓進關，見父請功，將首級號令於關上。敗兵回見子牙報知，子牙聞太鸞已死，心下不樂。次日，子牙陞帳，只見蘇護上帳，欲去取關，子牙許之。蘇護上馬，至關下討戰。哨馬報知。余化龍命次子余兆出關對敵。蘇護問曰：「來者何人？」余兆曰：「吾乃余元帥次男余兆是也。爾是何名？」蘇護曰：「吾非別人，乃冀州侯蘇護是也。」余兆曰：「老將軍，末將不知是老皇親。老將軍身為貴戚，世受國恩，宜當共守王土，以圖報效，何得忘椒房之寵，一旦造反，以助叛逆，切為將軍不取！一旦武王失恃，那時被擒，身戮國亡，遺譏萬世，追悔何及。速宜倒戈，尚可轉禍為福耳。」蘇護大怒：「天下大勢，八九已非商土，豈在一潼關也！」縱馬搖鎗，直取余兆。余兆手中鎗急架忙迎。二馬來往，未及十合，余兆取一杏黃旗一展，咫尺似一道金光一晃，余兆連人帶馬就不見了。蘇護不知所往，急自左右看時，腦後馬至；慌忙轉

馬，早被余兆一鎗刺中脅下，蘇護翻鞍落馬——魂已往封神臺去了。余兆取了首級，進關來見父報功，將首級號令，慶喜。不表。

且說子牙又見折了蘇護，著實傷悼。蘇護長子蘇全忠聞報痛哭。上帳欲報父仇；子牙不得已，許之。蘇全忠領令，至關下搦戰。哨馬報進關來，余化龍令第三子余光出關對敵。蘇全忠見關中一少年將來，切齒咬牙，大喝曰：「你可是余兆？快來領死！」余光曰：「非也。吾乃是余元帥三子余光是也。」蘇全忠大怒，縱馬搖戟，衝殺過來。二馬相交，戟鎗併舉，大戰有二十餘合，余光撥馬便走。蘇全忠因父親被害，怒發如雷，大罵曰：「不殺匹夫，誓不回兵！」趕下陣來。余光按下鎗，取梅花標，回手一標，有五根一齊動手。全忠身中三標，幾乎墜於馬下，敗回周營。余光得勝，進關見父回令：「標打蘇全忠敗回。」余化龍曰：「明日待吾親會姜尚，設謀共破周兵，必取全勝。」次日，關中點砲吶喊，余總兵帶四子出關，至周營搦戰。哨馬報進營來。子牙與眾將出營拒敵，左右軍威甚齊。余化龍見子牙出兵，歎曰：「人言子牙善於用兵，果然話不虛傳。」余化龍看罷，一騎當先：「姜子牙請了！」子牙答禮曰：「余元帥，不才甲冑在身，不能全禮。不才奉天征討獨夫，以除不道，弔民伐罪，所以望風納降，俱得保全富貴；所有逆命者，隨即敗亡，國家盡失。元帥不得以昨日三次僥倖之功，認為必勝之策。倘執迷不悟，一時玉石俱焚，悔之何及？請自三思，毋貽伊戚。」余化龍笑曰：「似你出身淺薄，不知天高地厚戴戴之恩，只知妖言惑眾，造反叛主，以逞狂為；今日逢吾，只教你片甲無存，死無葬身之地矣。」大叫：「左右！誰與我拿姜尚見頭一功？」只見左右四子衝殺過來。蘇全忠戰住余達；余兆敵住武吉；鄧秀抵住余光；余先戰住黃飛虎；余化龍壓住陣腳。四對兒交兵，這場大戰，怎見得好殺，有讚為證，讚曰：兩陣上旗旛齊磨，四對將各逞英豪。長鎗闊斧並相交，短劍斜揮閃耀。蘇全忠英雄赳赳，余達似猛虎頭搖；武吉只教活拿余兆；鄧秀喊捉余光餐刀；黃飛虎恨不得鎗挑余先下馬；眾兒郎助陣似潮湧波濤。咫尺間天昏地暗，殺多時鬼哭神嚎。這一陣只殺得屍橫遍野血凝膏，尚不肯干休罷了。八員戰將，各要爭先，余達撥馬就走；蘇全忠隨後趕來，被余達回手一杵，正中護心鏡上，打得紛紛粉碎，蘇全忠翻身落馬；余達勒回馬，挺鎗來刺；早有雷震子展開雙翅，飛來且快，使開黃金棍，當頭刷來；余達只得架棍。周營內早有偏將祁恭將全忠救回。話說余化龍見雷震子敵住余達，自縱馬舞刀來取子牙；傍有哪吒登風火輪挺鎗來刺，來往衝突，兩軍殺在虎穴之中。正酣戰間，卻有楊戩催糧至營，見子牙問對交兵，楊戩立馬橫刀，看十人對敵，不分勝負。楊戩自思曰：「待我暗助他等一陣。」遠遠將哮天犬祭起。余化龍那裏知道，被哮天犬一口咬了頸子，連盔都帶去了。哪吒見余化龍著傷，急祭起乾坤圈，一圈正中

余先肩窩，大敗而走。周兵揮動人馬，衝殺一陣；只殺得屍橫遍野，血淋草稍。子牙掌鼓回營。正是：眼前得勝懼回寨，只恐飛災又降臨。話說余化龍被哮天犬所傷，余先又打傷肩臂，父子二人呻吟一夜；府中大小俱不能安。不一日，余德回家探父，家將報知：「五爺來了。」余化龍尚自呻吟不已；只見余德走近臥榻之前，見父親如此模樣，急忙請問。余化龍將前事備述一遍。余德曰：「不妨，這是哮天犬所傷。」忙取丹藥，用水敷之，即時痊癒。又用藥調治兄長余先。當日晚景休題。次日，余德出關至周營，只要姜子牙答話。哨馬報入中軍，子牙隨出大營，見一道童，頭挽抓髻，麻鞋道服，仗劍而來。子牙曰：「道者從那裏來？」余德曰：「我乃余化龍第五子余德是也。楊戩用哮天犬咬傷吾父親；哪吒用圈打傷吾兄；今日下山，特為父兄報仇。吾與汝等，共顯胸中道術，以決雌雄。」撒步仗劍，來取子牙。傍有楊戩舞刀忙迎。哪吒提鎗，顯出三首八臂，雷震子、韋護、金吒、木吒、李靖一齊上前迎敵，口稱：「拿此潑道，休得輕放！」眾門人一齊上前，把余德圍在垓心，總有奇術，不能使用。楊戩見余德渾身一團邪氣裹住，知是左道之術，把馬跳出圈子去，取彈弓在手，發出金丸，正中余德。余德大叫一聲，借土遁走了。子牙回營，楊戩見子牙曰：「余德乃左道之士，渾身一團邪氣籠罩，防他暗用妖術。」子牙曰：「吾師有言：『謹防達兆光先德。』莫非就是此余德也？」傍有黃飛虎曰：「前日四將輪戰四日，果然是余達、余兆、余光、余先、余德。」子牙大驚，憂容滿面，雙鎖眉梢，正尋思無計。且說余德著傷，敗回關上，進府來，用藥服了；不一時，身體痊癒。余德切齒深恨曰：「我若留你一個，也不是有道之士！」彼時至晚，余德與四兄曰：「你們今夜沐浴淨身，我用一術，使周兵七日內，叫他片甲無存。」四人依其言，各自沐浴更衣。至一更時分，余德取出五個帕來，按青、黃、赤、白、黑顏色，鋪在地下。余德又取出五個小斗兒來，一人拿著一個：「叫你抓著灑，你就灑；叫你把此斗往下潑，你就潑。不用張弓射箭，七日內死他乾乾淨淨。」兄弟五人，俱站在此帕上。余德步罡斗法，用先天一氣，忙將符印祭起。好風！有詩為證，詩曰：

蕭蕭颯颯竟無蹤，拔樹崩山勢更兇。莫道封夷無用處，藏妖影怪作先鋒。話說余德祭起五方雲來至周營，站立空中，將此五斗毒痘四面八方潑灑，至四更方回。不表。且說周營眾人俱肉體凡胎，如何經得起，三軍人人發熱，眾將個個不寧。子牙在中軍也自發熱。武王在後殿，自覺身疼。六十萬人馬俱是如此。三日後，一概門人、眾將，渾身上下俱長出顆粒，莫能動履；營中煙火斷絕。止得哪吒乃蓮花化身，不逢此厄；楊戩知道余德是左道之人，故此夜間不在營中，各自運度；因此上不曾侵染。只見過了五六日，子牙渾身上下俱是黑的。此痘形按五方：青、黃、

赤、白、黑。哪吒與楊戩曰：「今番又是那年呂岳之故事。」楊戩曰：「呂岳伐西岐，還有城郭可依；如今不過行營寨柵，如何抵擋。倘潼關余家父子衝殺過來，如何濟事！」二人心下甚是焦悶。

且說余化龍父子六人在潼關城上來看，周營煙火全無，空立旗旛寨柵，余達曰：「乘周營諸將有難，吾等領兵下關，一齊殺出，只此一陣成功，卻不為美！」余德曰：「長兄，不必勞師動眾，他自然盡絕，也使傍人知我等妙法無邊。——不動聲色，令周兵六十萬餘人自然滅絕。」父子五人齊曰：「妙哉！妙哉！」一看官：此正是武王有福，不然，若依余達之言，則周營兵將死無噍類。正是：

洪福已扶仁聖主，徒令余德逞奇謀。話說楊戩見子牙看看病勢危急，心下著慌，與哪吒共議曰：「師叔如此狼狽，呼吸俱難，如之奈何。」話猶未了，只見半空中黃龍真人跨鶴而來。楊戩、哪吒迎接黃龍真人至中軍坐下，真人曰：「楊戩，你師父可曾來？」楊戩答曰：「不曾來。」真人曰：「他原說先來，如今該會萬仙陣了。」話未絕時，又聽得玉鼎真人自空中來至。楊戩迎迓，拜罷；玉鼎真人起身，入內營來看子牙，見子牙如此模樣，真人點頭歎曰：「雖是帝王之師，好容易！正是你：

七死三災今已滿，清名留在簡篇中。」玉鼎真人歎息不已，隨命楊戩：「你再在火雲洞走一遭。」楊戩領命，借著土遁往火雲洞而來，如風雲一樣。看看來至山腳下，好山，真無限的景致，有奇花馥馥，異香依依。怎見得，有賦為證，賦曰：

勢連天界，名號火雲。青青翠翠的喬松，龍鱗重疊；猗猗挺挺的秀竹，鳳尾交加；蒙蒙茸茸的碧草，龍鬚柔軟；古古怪怪的古樹，鹿角丫叉。亂石堆山，似大大小小的伏虎；老藤掛樹，似灣灣曲曲的騰蛇。丹壁上更有些分分明明的金碧影；低澗中只見那香香馥馥的瑞蓮華。洞府中鎖著那氤氳氤氳的霧靄；青巒上籠著爛爛熳熳的煙霞。對對彩鸞鳴，渾似那咿咿啞啞的律呂；雙雙丹鳳嘯，恍疑是嘹嘹唳唳的笙簫。碧水跳珠，點點滴滴從玉女盤中泄出；虹霓流彩，閃閃灼灼自蒼龍嶺上飛斜。真個是：福地無如仙境好，火雲仙府勝玄都。

話說楊戩看罷景致，不敢擅入；少時，見一水火童子出來，楊戩上前稽首曰：「敢煩師兄借傳一語，楊戩求見。」童子認得楊戩，忙回禮曰：「師兄少待。」童子回言畢，進洞府來：「啟老爺：外面有楊戩求見。」伏羲聖人曰：「著他進來。」那童子復至外面：「楊戩進見。」楊戩至蒲團前，倒身下拜：「弟子楊戩願老爺聖壽無疆！」拜罷，將書呈上。伏羲展玩，書曰：

「弟子黃龍真人、玉鼎真人薰沐頓首，謹書上啟。闢天開地，昊上帝寶座下：弟子仰仗三教，演習靈文，自宜默守蒲團，豈敢冒言瀆奏。但弟子等運逢劫數，殺戒已臨，襄應運之天子，伐無道之獨夫。路至潼關，突遭余德以左道之幻術，暗毒害於生靈。茲有元戎姜尚暨門徒將士兵卒六十餘萬，驟染顆粒之瘡，莫

辨為癰為毒，懨懨待盡，至呼吸以難通，旦夕垂亡，雖水漿而莫用。自思無奈，仰叩仁慈，懇祈大開惻隱，憐繼天立極之聖君，拯無辜之性命，早施雨露，以慰倒懸。臨啟不勝待命之至！」

伏羲看罷書，謂神農曰：「今武王有事於天下，乃是應運之君，數當有此厄難，吾等理宜助一臂之力。」神農曰：「皇兄之言是也。」遂取三粒丹藥付與楊戩。楊戩得了丹藥，跪而啟曰：「此丹將何用度？」伏羲曰：「此丹：一粒可救武王；一粒可救子牙；一粒用水化開，只在軍前四處灑過，此毒氣自然消滅。」楊戩又問曰：「不知此疾何名？」伏羲曰：「此疾名為痘疹，乃是傳染之病；若少救遲，俱是死症。」楊戩又啟曰：「倘此疾後日傳染人間，將何藥能治？乞賜指示。」神農曰：「你隨我出洞至紫雲崖來。」楊戩隨了神農來至崖前，尋了一遍；神農拔一艸遞與楊戩：「你往人間，傳與後世，此藥能救痘疹之患也。」楊戩又跪懇曰：「此艸何名？」神農曰：「你聽我道來：此艸有詩為證，詩曰：

紫梗黃根八瓣花，痘瘡發表是升麻。常桑曾說玄中妙，傳與人間莫浪誇。」

話說楊戩求了丹藥，又傳下升麻，以濟後人，離了火雲洞，逕至周營，來見玉鼎真人，備言：「……求得丹藥，併升麻之艸，可救痘疹之厄。」黃龍真人忙將丹藥化開，先救武王；玉鼎真人來治子牙；楊戩與哪吒用水化開此丹，用楊枝灑起四處來。霎時間，痘疹之毒一時全消。正是：

痘疹毒害從今起，後人遇著有生亡。周營內被楊戩、哪吒在四面灑

遍。只三山五岳門人，與凡夫不同，俱是腹內有三昧真火的，又會五行之術，不覺俱先好了；人人切齒，個個咬牙。次日，子牙見眾門人臉上俱有疤痕，子牙大怒，與眾人共議取潼關泄恨。眾人齊厲聲大叫曰：「今日不取潼關，勢不回軍！」不知余化龍父子性命如何，且聽下回分解。第八十二回 三教大會萬仙陣 詩曰：

萬仙惡陣列出限，颯颯寒風劈面催。片片祥光籠斗柄，紛紛殺氣透靈臺。魚龍此際分真偽，玉石從今盡脫胎。多少修持遭此劫，三尸斬去五雲開。

話說余化龍與余達等俱聽了余德言語，不以周兵為意，逐日飲酒，只等周營兵將自己病死。那一日不覺就是第八日，余化龍對諸子言曰：「今日已是八日，不見探事官來報，我們可上城一看。」五子齊曰：「上城看看纔是。」那時離了帥府，上得城來，只見周營比起初三四日光景不同：起先營中毫無煙火；今日周營中反覺騰騰殺氣，烈烈威風，人人勇敢，個個精神，旌旗嚴整，金鼓分明，重重戈戟，疊疊鎗刀。余化龍忙問余德曰：「這幾日周營中已有復舊光景，此事如何？」余達從傍埋怨曰：「兄弟，你不從吾言，致有今日。豈有人是自家會死得盡的？」余德默然不言，暗思：「吾師傳我此術，響應隨時，豈有不準之理？其中必有原故。」乃對父兄言曰：「事已至此，遲疑無益。此必有人在暗中解了。諒他一時身弱，也不能爭戰。不若乘其不備，一戰可以成

功；遲則有變。」余化龍聽說，只得領五子殺出關來，逕奔周營，欺周將身弱，余德穿道服仗劍在前，如風馳雨驟而來，喊聲大振。姜子牙與眾門人諸將正要出營，恰逢其時，楊戩曰：「此匹夫恃強欺敵，是自取死也。」子牙坐四不相，哪吒引道，眾門人左右擁護，一齊殺出營來，大呼曰：「余化龍！今日是汝父子死期至矣！」金、木二吒氣沖牛斗；楊任腹內生煙；雷震子聲如霹靂；韋護咬碎鋼牙；李靖欲平吞他父子；龍鬚虎足踏水雲，奮勇爭先。余家父子迎上前來。周營中眾門人裹住了余家父子。未及數合，哪吒現了三首八臂，登起風火輪，先在潼關城上。軍士見哪吒三首八臂，一聲喊，散了個乾淨。余化龍父子見哪吒上關，身子被眾人裹住，不得跳出圈子，因此上出了神，被雷震子一棍，正中余光頂上，翻下馬來。余達大呼曰：「匹夫！傷吾之弟，勢不兩立！」來戰雷震子；又被韋護祭起降魔杵把余達打死，倒在塵埃。楊任將扇子一搥，余先、余兆二人化作飛灰而散。余德見兄弟已死四人，心中大怒，直奔子牙殺來。子牙身體方纔好，諒戰不過，急祭打神鞭於空中，正中余德，打翻在地，早被李靖一戟刺死。雷震子見哪吒上城，也飛進城來。余化龍見五子陣亡，潼關已歸西土，在馬上大呼曰：「紂王！臣不能盡忠扶帝業，為主報深仇，臣今拚一死而報君恩也！」余化龍仗劍自刎而亡。後人單道余化龍父子一門死節，後人有詩弔之，詩曰：鐵騎馳驅血刃紅，潼關力戰未成功。一門盡節忠商主，萬死丹心泣曉風。苟祿真能慚素位，捐生今始識英雄。清風耿耿流千載，豈在漁樵談笑中。話說余化龍自殺，子牙驅人馬進關，出榜安民，清查庫藏。子牙憐余化龍父子一門忠烈，命左右收屍厚葬。凡軍士未得平復的，俱放在潼關調理。子牙方分割已定，只見黃龍真人、玉鼎真人與子牙議曰：「前面就是萬仙陣了，可請武王也暫歇在此關；我等領人馬往前面，要路上先命人造起蘆篷席殿，迎迓三教師尊。我等只此一舉，以完劫數，了此紅塵之殺運也。」子牙不覺大喜，忙命楊戩、李靖去造蘆篷。二人領令去訖。周營眾將自從遭痘疹之厄，人人身弱，個個狼狽，俱在關上將息。又過了數日，只見李靖回令：「蘆篷俱已完備。」黃龍真人曰：「蘆篷既完，只是眾門人去得；餘者俱離四十里遠，紮下團營，俟破陣後，方許起程。」眾將得令，就駐此割。不表。且說子牙同二位真人，與諸門人弟子，前至蘆篷上。但見懸花結彩，香氣氤氳，迎接玉虛門下之客，今日萬仙陣總會一面，滿其紅塵殺戒，再去返本還元。不一時這三山五岳眾道人齊齊拍手大笑而來：廣成子、赤精子、文殊廣法天尊、普賢真人、慈航道人、清虛道德真君、太乙真人、靈寶大法師、道行天尊、懼留孫、雲中子、燃燈道人，眾道人見子牙稽首，曰：「今日之會，正完其一千五百年之劫數。」正是：元滿皈依從正道，靜心定性誦「黃庭」。子牙迎接上篷坐下，先論破陣原故。燃

燈曰：「只等師長來，自有道理。」眾皆默然端坐。且說金靈聖母在萬仙陣中，見燃燈道人頂上現了三花，沖上空中，已知玉虛門下眾道者來了；隨發一個雷聲，振開萬仙陣，一塊煙霧撒開，現出萬仙陣來。蘆篷上眾仙一見，睜目細看數番，見截教中高高下下，攢攢簇簇，俱是五岳三山四海之中雲遊道客，奇奇怪怪之人。燃燈點頭對眾道人歎曰：「今日方知截教有這許多人品。吾教不過屈指可數之人！」正是：

玄都大法傳吾輩，方顯清虛不二門。

內中有黃龍真人曰：「眾位道友，自元始以來，為道獨尊，但不知截教門中一意濫傳，遍及匪類，真是可惜工夫，苦勞心力，徒費精神；不知性命雙修，枉了一生作用，不能免生死輪迴之苦，良可悲也！」道行天尊曰：「此一會，正是我等一千五百年之劫，難逢難遇。今我等先下篷看看，如何？」燃燈曰：「吾等不必去看，只等師尊來至，自有會期。」廣成子曰：「我等又不與他爭論，又不破他的陣，遠觀何妨？」眾道人曰：「廣成子言之甚當。」燃燈阻不住眾人，只得下篷，一齊來看萬仙陣。只見門戶重疊，殺氣森然。眾仙搖首曰：「好利害！人人異樣，個個兇形，全無辦道修行意，反有爭持殺伐心。」燃燈對眾人曰：「列位道兄，你看他們可是神仙了道之品！」眾仙看罷，方欲回篷，只聽萬仙陣中一聲鐘響，來了一位道人作歌而出，歌曰：

人笑馬遂是痴仙，痴仙腹內有真玄。真玄有路無人走，惟我蟠桃赴幾千。」

馬遂歌罷，大呼曰：「玉虛門下，既來偷看吾陣，敢與我見個高低？」燃燈曰：「你們只貪看惡陣，致多生此一段是非。」黃龍真人上前曰：「馬遂，你休要這等自恃。如今吾不與你論高低，且等掌教聖人來至，自有破陣之時。你何必倚仗強橫，行兇滅教也。」馬遂躍步，仗劍來取。黃龍真人手中劍急忙來迎。只一合，馬遂祭起金箍，把黃龍真人的頭箍住了。真人頭疼不可忍，眾仙急救真人，大家回蘆篷上來。真人急忙除金箍，除又除不掉，只箍得三昧真火從眼中冒出；大家鬧在一處。不表。

且說元始天尊來會萬仙陣，先著南極仙翁持玉符先行。南極仙翁跨鶴而來，雲光縹緲。馬遂抬頭，見是南極仙翁，急駕雲光至半空中來，阻住去路。仙翁笑曰：「馬遂，你休要猖獗，掌教師尊來了。」馬遂正欲爭持，只見後面仙樂一派，遍地異香，馬遂知不可爭持，按落雲頭，回歸本陣。南極仙翁先至蘆篷，率眾仙迎鑒接駕，上篷坐下。眾門人拜畢，侍立兩傍。元始曰：「黃龍真人有金箍之厄。」忙叫：「過來。」黃龍真人走至面前；元始用手一指，金箍隨脫。真人謝畢，元始曰：「今日你等俱該圖滿此厄，各回洞府，守性修心，斬卻三尸，再不惹紅塵之難。」眾門人曰：「願老師聖壽無疆！」正靜坐間，忽聽得空中有一陣異香仙樂，飄飄而來。元始已知老子來至，隨同眾門人迎候。老子下了板角青牛，攜手上篷。眾門人禮拜畢，老子拍掌曰：「周家不過八百年基業，貧道也到紅塵

中來三番四轉；可見運數難逃，何怕神仙佛祖。」元始曰：「塵世劫運，便是物外神仙都不能免，況我等門人，又是身犯之者，我等不過來了此一番劫數耳。」二位師尊言過，端然默坐。至二更時分，只見各聖賢頂上現有瓔珞慶雲，祥光繚繞，滿空中有無限瑞靄，直冲霄漢。且不言二位掌教師尊與眾門人默坐蘆篷。不表。

且說金靈聖母在萬仙陣內，見瑞靄祥雲，知二位師伯已至，自思曰：「今日掌教師伯已來，吾師也要早至方可。」及至天明，只聽的半空中仙樂盈空，珮環之聲不絕，群仙隨通天教主離了碧遊宮，親至萬仙陣來。金靈聖母得知，率領眾仙，迎接教主，進了陣門，上了八卦臺坐下。萬仙叩謁畢，金靈聖母曰：「二位師伯俱已至此。」通天教主曰：「罷了！如今是月缺難圓，既擺此萬仙陣，必定與他見個雌雄，以定一尊之位。今日是萬仙統會，以完劫數。」隨命長耳定光仙：「你且去蘆篷上，見你二位師伯，下這一封書。」定光仙領命，逕至蘆篷下，見楊戩等俱在左右站立。哪吒問曰：「來者何人？」長耳定光仙曰：「吾是奉命下書，來見師伯的。借你通報。」哪吒上前啟知，老子曰：「命來。」哪吒下篷說知。定光仙上得篷來，見左右立著十二代門人，定光仙拜伏於地，將書呈上。老子看書畢，謂定光仙曰：「吾知道了。明日來破萬仙陣也。」定光仙下篷至萬仙陣，回復通天教主。且說次日，二位教主領眾門徒來看萬仙陣，下得篷來，至陣前一見，好萬仙陣！怎見得，有讚為證，讚曰：

一團怪霧，幾陣寒風。彩霞籠五色金光，瑞雲起千叢艷色。前後排山岳修行道士與全真；左右立湖海雲遊陀頭併散客。正東上：九華巾，水合袍，太阿劍，梅花鹿，都是道德清高奇異人；正西上：雙抓髻，淡黃袍，古定劍，八叉鹿，盡是駕霧騰雲清隱士；正南上：大紅袍，黃斑鹿，昆吾劍，正是五遁三除截教公；正北上：皂色服，蓮子箍，寶鐵鋼，跨糜鹿，都是倒海移山雄猛客。翠藍幡，青雲繞繞；素白旗，彩氣翩翩；大紅旗，火雲罩頂；皂蓋旗，黑氣施張；杏黃幡下千千條古怪的金霞，內藏著天上無、世上少、闕地開天無價寶。又是烏雲仙、金光仙、虯首仙神光赳赳；靈牙仙、毘蘆仙、金箍仙氣概昂昂；七香車坐金靈聖母，分門列戶；八虎車坐申公豹，總督萬仙；無當聖母法寶隨身；龜靈聖母包羅萬象。金鐘響，翻騰宇宙；玉磬敲，驚動乾坤；提爐排，裊裊香煙龍霧隱；羽扇搖，翩翩彩鳳離瑤池。奎牛上坐的是混沌未分、天地玄黃之外、鴻鈞教下通天截教主。只見長耳仙持定了神書奧妙道德無窮興截闡六魂幡，左右金童隨聖駕，紫霧紅雲離碧遊。通天教主身心變，只因一怒結成讎，兩教生剋終有損，天翻地覆鬼神愁。崑崙正法扶明主，山河一統屬西周。

話說老子同元始來看萬仙陣，老子一見萬仙陣，與元始曰：「他教下就有這些門人！據我看來，總是不分品類，一概濫收，那論根器深淺，豈是了道成仙之輩。此一回玉石自分，淺深互

見。遭劫者，可不枉用工夫，可勝歎息！」話猶未了，只見通天教主從陣中坐奎牛而出，穿大紅白鶴絳綃衣，手執寶劍而來。老子看通天教主全無道氣，一臉兇光。怎見得，有讚為證，讚曰：

闢地開天道理明，談經論法碧遊京，五氣朝元傳妙訣，三花聚頂演無生。頂上金光分五彩，足下紅蓮逐萬程。八卦仙衣飛紫氣，三鋒寶劍號青蘋。伏虎降龍為第一，擒妖縛怪任縱橫。徒眾三千分左右，後隨萬姓盡精英。天花亂墜無窮妙，地擁金蓮長瑞禎。度盡眾生成正果，養成正道屬無聲。對對旛幢前引道，紛紛音樂及時鳴。奎牛穩坐截教主，仙童前後把香焚。靄靄沉檀雲霧長，騰騰殺氣自氤氳。白鶴唳時天地轉，青鸞展翅海山澄。通天教主離金闕，來聚群仙百萬名。

話說通天教主見二位教主，對面打稽首，曰：「二位道兄請了！」老子曰：「賢弟可謂無賴之極！不思悔過，何能掌截教之主？前日誅仙陣上已見雌雄，只當潛蹤隱跡，自己修過，以懺往愆，方是掌教之主；豈得怙惡不改，又率領群仙布此惡陣。你只待玉石俱焚，生靈戕滅殆盡，你方纔罷手，這是何苦定作此業障耶！」通天教主怒曰：「你等謬掌闡教，自恃己長，縱容門人，肆行猖獗，殺戮不道，反在此巧言惑眾。我是那一件不如你？你敢欺我！今日你再請西方準提道人將加持杵打我就是了。不知他打我即是打你一般。此恨如何可解！」元始笑曰：「你也不必口講，只你既擺此陣，就把你胸中學識舒展一二，我與你共決雌雄。」通天教主曰：「我如今與你的仇恨難解，除是你我俱不掌教，方纔干休！」通天教主道罷，走進陣去；少時，布成一個陣勢，乃是一個陣結三個營壘，攢簇而立。通天教主至陣前問曰：「你二人可識吾此陣否？」老子大笑曰：「此乃是吾掌中所出，豈有不知之理。此是太極兩儀四象之陣耳！有何難哉！」通天教主曰：「可能破否？」元始曰：「你且聽吾道來：混元初

判道為尊，煉就乾坤清濁分。太極兩儀生四象，如今還在掌中存。」

老子問曰：「誰去破此太極陣走一遭？」赤精子大呼曰：「弟子願會此陣！」作歌而出，歌曰：

「今朝圓滿斬三尸，復整菩提在此時。太極陣中遇奇士，回頭百事自相宜。」

赤精子躍身而出。只見太極陣中一位道人，長鬚黑面，身穿皂服，腰束絲絛，跳出陣前，大呼曰：「赤精子，你敢來會吾陣麼？」赤精子曰：「烏雲仙，你不可特強，此處是你的死地了！」烏雲仙大怒，仗劍來取。赤精子手中劍赴面交還。未及三四個回合，烏雲仙腰間掣出混元鎚就打，一聲響，把赤精子打了一跤。烏雲仙纔待下手，有廣成子大呼曰：「少待傷吾道兄，吾來了！」仗劍抵住烏雲仙。二人大戰，未及數合，烏雲仙又是一鎚把廣成子打倒在地。廣成子爬將起來，往西北上走了。通天教主命烏雲仙趕去：「定然拿來！」烏雲仙領法旨，隨後趕來。廣成子前走；烏雲仙後趕。看看趕上，廣成子正無可奈何，轉過山坡，只見準提道人

來至。讓過了廣成子，準提阻住了烏雲仙，笑容滿面，口稱：「道友請了！」烏雲仙認得是準提道人，大叫曰：「準提道人，你前日在誅仙陣上傷了吾師，今又阻吾去路，情殊可恨！」仗寶劍望準提道人頂上劈來。道人把口一張，有一朵青蓮托住了劍。言曰：

「舌上青蓮能托劍，吾與烏雲有大緣。」準提曰：「道友，吾與你是有緣之客，特來化你歸吾西方，共享極樂，有何不美？」烏雲仙大呼曰：「好潑道！欺吾太甚！」又是一劍。準提用中指一指，一朵白蓮托劍。準提又曰：「道友，掌白蓮能托劍，須知極樂在西方。二六蓮臺生瑞彩，波羅花放滿園香。」烏雲仙大呼曰：「一派胡說！敢來欺我！」又是一劍。準提將手一指，一朵金蓮托住。準提曰：「烏雲仙友，吾乃是大慈大悲，不忍你現出真相，若是現時，可不有辱你平昔修煉工夫，化為烏有。我如今不過要與你興西方教法，故此善善化你，幸祈急早回頭。」烏雲仙大怒，又是一劍砍來。準提將拂塵一刷，烏雲仙手中劍只剩得一個靶兒。烏雲仙大怒，拎起混元鎚打來。準提就跳出圈子去了。烏雲仙隨後趕來。準提曰：「徒弟在那裏？」只見了一個童兒來，身穿水合衣，手執竹枝而來。不知烏雲仙凶吉如何，且聽下回分解。第八十三回 三大師收獅象狽 詩曰：

一鉤明月半輪秋，三點如星仔細求。獅象有名緣相立，慈航無著借形修。朝元最忌貪嗔敗，脫骨須知罣礙難。總為諸仙逢殺劫，披毛帶角盡皆休。

話說準提道人命水火童子：「將六根清靜竹，來釣金鰲。」童子向空中將竹枝垂下，那竹枝就有無限光華異彩，裹住了烏雲仙；烏雲仙此時難逃現身之厄。準提叫曰：

「烏雲仙，你此時不現原形，更待何時！」只見烏雲仙把頭搖了一搖，化作一個金鬚鰲魚，剪尾搖頭，上了釣竿。童子上前，按住了烏雲仙的頭，將身騎上鰲魚背上，逕往西方八德池中受享極樂之福去了。正是：八德池中間戲耍，金蓮為伴任逍遙。

話說準提道人收了金鰲，趕至萬仙陣前。通天教主看見準提，怒冲面上，眼角俱紅，大呼曰：「準提道人，你今日又來會吾此陣，吾決不與你干休！」準提道人曰：「烏雲仙與吾有緣，被吾用六根清淨竹釣去西方八德池邊，自在逍遙，無罣礙，真強如你在此紅塵擾攘也。」通天教主聽罷大怒，正欲與準提廝殺，只聽得太極陣中一人作歌而出，歌曰：

「大道非凡道，玄中玄更玄。誰能參悟透，咫尺見先天。」

話說太極陣中虯首仙提劍而出：「誰人敢進吾陣中來，共決雌雄？」準提道人曰：「文殊廣法天尊，借你去會此位有緣之客。」準提道人把文殊廣法天尊頂上一指，泥丸復開，三光迸出，瑞氣盤旋，元始天尊遞一旛與文殊，名曰盤古旛：「可破此太極陣。」文殊廣法天尊接旛作偈而出，偈曰：

「混元一氣此為先，萬劫修持合太玄。莫道此中多變化，汞鉛消盡福無邊。」

文殊廣法天尊歌罷，虯首仙大呼

曰：「今日之功，各顯其教，不必多言！」仗手中劍砍來。文殊廣法天尊手中劍急架相還。未及數合，虬首仙便往陣中而去。文殊廣法天尊縱步趕來。虬首仙進陣，便祭起符印，只見陣中如鐵壁銅牆一般，兵刃加山。文殊廣法天尊將盤古幡展動，鎮住了太極陣，廣法天尊現出一法身來。怎見得，有讚為證：

面如藍靛，赤髮紅髯。渾身上五彩呈祥，遍體內金光擁護。降魔杵滾滾紅焰飛來；金蓮邊騰騰霞光亂舞。正是：太極陣中皈依大法現威光，朵朵祥雲籠八面。

虬首仙見廣法天尊現出一位化身，甚是奇異，只見香風縹緲，瓔珞纏身，蓮花托足。虬首仙無法可治，正欲迴避；文殊忙將網妖繩祭起，命黃巾力士：「拿去蘆篷下，聽候發落。」廣法天尊收了法像，徐徐出陣，上篷來見元始，曰：「弟子已破太極陣矣。」元始命南極仙翁：「去蘆篷下，將虬首仙打出原身。」仙翁領命至篷下，見虬首仙縛住一團。南極仙翁對虬首仙口中念念有詞，道聲：「疾！還不速現原形，更待何時！」只見虬首仙把頭搖了兩搖，就地一滾，乃是一個青毛獅子，剪尾搖頭，甚是雄偉。南極仙翁回復元始天尊命令。元始吩咐：「就命廣法天尊坐騎，仍於頂下掛一牌，上書虬首仙名諱。」次日，老子與元始親臨陣前，問：「通天教主何在？」左右報與通天教主，逕出陣前。老子命文殊騎了青獅至前面，老子指與通天教主看，曰：「你的門下，長有此等之物，你還要自逞道德清高，真是可笑！」就把個通天教主羞紅滿面，大怒曰：「你再敢破吾兩儀陣麼？」老手尚未及回言，只見兩儀陣內靈牙仙大呼而出曰：「誰敢來破吾兩儀陣麼？」正是：

袖裏乾坤翻上下，兩儀陣內定高低。

靈牙仙逕出陣來，問：「誰敢來見吾此陣？」元始命普賢真人曰：「你去破此陣走一遭。」遂將太極符印付與普賢真人。真人至陣前曰：「靈牙仙，你苦行成形，為何不守本分，又來多此一番事也。只怕你咫尺間現了原形，當時悔之晚矣。」靈牙仙大怒，仗二劍飛來直取。普賢真人仗手中劍火速忙迎。未及數合，靈牙仙便往兩儀陣中而去；普賢真人趕入陣內。靈牙仙祭動兩儀妙用，逞截教玄功，發動雷聲，來困普賢真人。只見普賢真人泥丸宮現出化身，甚是兇惡。怎見得，有讚為證：

面如紫棗，巨口獠牙。霎時間紅雲籠頂上，一會家瑞彩罩金身。瓔珞垂珠掛遍體，蓮花托足起祥雲。三首六臂持利器，手內降魔杵一根。正是：有福西方成正果，真人今日已完成。

話說普賢真人現出法身，鎮住靈牙仙，仍用長虹索，命黃巾力士：「將靈牙仙拿去蘆篷下，聽候指揮。」普賢真人破了兩儀陣，逕至蘆篷上，參見老子。老子命南極仙翁：「速現靈牙仙原身。」南極仙翁領令，將三寶玉如意把靈牙仙連擊數下。靈牙仙就地一滾，現出原形，乃是一隻白象。老子吩咐：「將白象頸上也掛一牌，上書靈牙仙名諱，與普賢真人為坐騎。」復至陣前。通天教主見青獅在左，白象在右，不覺大怒，正

欲上前，只見四象陣上金光仙大呼曰：「闡教門人不要逞強，吾來也！」乃作歌而出，歌曰：「妙法廣無邊，身心合汞鉛。」

今領四象陣，道術豈多言。二指降龍虎，雙眸運太玄。誰人來會我，方是大羅仙。」元始見金光仙出得四象陣來，勇猛莫敵，忙吩咐慈航道人曰：「你將如意執定，進四象陣去，直須……如此如此，就變化無窮，何愁此陣不破也；此是你有緣之騎。」慈航道人作歌而出，歌曰：「普陀崖下有名聲，了劫歸根返玉京。今日已完收四象，夢魂猶自怕臨兵。」

慈航歌罷，金光仙躍身而出，大呼曰：「慈航道人，你口出大言，肆行無忌，好個『今日已完收四象』，只怕你死於目前！不要走，正要拿你！」仗手中劍飛來直取。慈航道人手中劍急架忙迎。未及三合，金光仙便入四象陣去了。慈航趕入陣中。金光仙將四象陣符印發開，內有無窮法寶，來治慈航道人。正是：四象陣遇金

毛吼，潮音洞裏聽談經。話說慈航道人見四象陣中變化無窮，忙將頭上一拍，有一朵慶雲籠罩，蓋住頂上，聽得一聲雷響，現出一位化身，怎見得：面如傅粉，三首六臂。二目中

火光焰裏見金龍；兩耳內朵朵金蓮生瑞彩。足踏金鰲，靄靄祥雲千萬道；手中托杵，巍巍紫氣徹青霄。三寶如意擎在手，長毫光燦燦；楊柳在肘後，有瑞氣騰騰。正是：普陀妙法甚莊嚴，方顯慈航道行。

且說金光仙看見闡教內門人這等化身，自歎曰：「真好一個玉虛門下，果然氣宇不同！」欲待逃回，早已被慈航道人祭起三寶玉如意，命黃巾力士：「把此物拿去簷下，聽候發落。」少時，力士平空把金光仙拿至蘆簷下。南極仙翁在簷下等候，忽見空中丟下金光仙來，南極仙翁見金光仙跌下簷來，遵老子命令，將金光仙頸上連拍幾下：「這業障還不速現原形，更待何時！」金光仙情知不能脫逃，就地一滾，現出原形，乃是一隻金毛吼。仙翁至蘆簷回覆法旨。元始吩咐：「也與他頸上掛一牌，書金光仙名諱，就與慈航為坐騎。」仙翁一如命施為。慈航騎了，復出陣前。——此乃是三大師收伏獅、象、吼；後興釋門，成於佛教，為文殊、普賢、觀音，是三位大士；此是後話，表過不提。且說通天教主見如此光景，心中大怒，方欲仗劍前來，以決雌雄，忽聽得後面一門人大呼曰：「老師不要動怒，吾來也！」通天教主觀之，是龜靈聖母，身穿大紅八卦衣，仗手中寶劍，作歌而來，歌曰：

「炎帝修成大道通，胸藏萬象妙無窮。碧遊宮內傳真訣，特向紅塵西破戎。」只見龜靈聖母欲來拿廣成子報仇，這壁廂有懼留孫迎上前來曰：「那業障慢來！」老子、元始、準提道人三位教主是慧眼，看見龜靈聖母行相，元始笑曰：「二位道兄，似這樣東西，如何也要成正果，真個好笑！」——你道他知何出身，有讚為證：根源出處號幫泥，水底增光獨顯威。世隱能知天地性，靈惺偏曉鬼神機。藏身一縮無頭尾，展足能行即自飛。

蒼頡造字須成體，卜筮先知伴伏羲。穿萍透荇千般俏，戲水翻波把浪吹。條條金線穿成甲，點點裝成玳瑁齊，九宮八卦生成定，散碎鋪遮緣羽衣。生來好勇龍王幸，死後還駝三教碑。要知此物名何姓，炎帝得道母烏龜。

且說龜靈聖母仗劍出來，與懼留孫大戰，未及三合，急祭起日月珠打來。懼留孫不識此寶，不敢招架，轉身往西敗走。通天教主大呼曰：「速將懼留孫拿來！」龜靈聖母飛趕前來。懼留孫一乃是西方有緣之客，久後入於釋教，大闡佛法，興於西漢。一正往西上逃走，只見迎頭來了一人，頭挽雙髻，身穿水合道服，徐徐而來，讓過懼留孫，阻住龜靈聖母，大呼曰：「不要趕吾道友。你既修成人體，理當守分安居，如何肆志亂行，作此業障。若不聽吾之言，那時追悔何及！你可速回，吾乃西方教主，大展沙門，今來特遇有緣，非是無端惹事。正是：

若有緣當早會，同上西方極樂天。」龜靈聖母大呼曰：「你是西方客，當守你巢穴，如何敢在此妖言亂語，惑吾清聽！」也不及交手，急祭日月珠劈面打來。接引道人指上放一白毫光，光上生一朵青蓮，托住此珠。西方教主曰：「青蓮托此物，眾生那得知。」龜靈聖母原非根深行滿之輩，不知進退，依舊用此珠打來。接引道人曰：「既到此間，也免不得行此紅塵之事；非是我慈悲，乃是氣數使然，我也難為自主。我且將此寶祭起，看他如何。」西方教主將念珠祭起，龜靈聖母一見，躲身不及，那念珠落下，正打在龜靈聖母背上，壓倒在地，現出原身，乃是一個大龜，只見壓得頭足齊出。懼留孫方欲仗劍斬之，西方教主急止之曰：

「道友不可殺他，若動此念，轉劫難完，相報不已。」教主呼：「童子在那裏？」西方教主言未畢，只見一童走至面前，西方教主曰：「我同此位道友去會有緣之客；你可將此畜收之。」接引道人同懼留孫赴蘆篷來。不表。且說西方白蓮童子將一小包兒打開，欲收龜靈聖母，不意走出一件好東西，甚是利害，聲音細細，映日飛來。怎見得，有詩為證：

聲若轟雷嘴若針，穿衾度幔更難禁。貪餐血食侵人體，畏避煙燭集茂林。炎熱愈威偏聒噪，寒風纔動便無情。龜靈聖母因逢劫，難免群鋒若聚簪。

話說白蓮童子打開包裹，放出蚊蟲，那蚊蟲聞得血腥氣，俱來叮在龜靈聖母頭足之上，及至趕打，如何趕得徹，未曾趕得這裏，那裏又宿滿了。不一時，把龜靈聖母吸成空殼。白蓮童子急至收時，他也自四散飛去，一翅飛往西方，把十二品蓮臺食了三品。一後來西方教主破了萬仙陣回來，方能收住，已是少了三品蓮臺，追悔無及。正是：

九品蓮臺登彼岸，千年之後有沙門。不表蚊蟲之事。且說西方教主同懼留孫來至萬仙陣前，見了紫霧紅雲，黃光繚繞，有準提道人見師兄來至，老子與元始忙迎上前，打稽首曰：「道友請了！」對面通天教主看見，大呼曰：「接引道人，你前番可惡，破吾誅仙陣；今又來此！吾與你見個高

下！」道罷，把奎牛催開，用劍來取。西方教主也不動手，只見泥丸宮舍利子升起三顆，或上或下，反覆翻騰，遍地俱是金光。通天教主寶劍架隔，不能近身。通天教主大怒，復用漁鼓打來。準提用手一指，一朵金蓮架住，亦不能近身。老子與元始請曰：「二位道兄暫回，今日且不要與他較量。」赤精子聽罷，忙鳴金鐘；廣成子又擊玉磬。四位教主皆回。通天教主又不能阻攔，心中大怒，曰：「今日且讓他暫回，明日決要會你等，以見高下！」老子曰：「你且回去，不要性急。」只見四位教主回至蘆篷上坐下，元始曰：「二位道兄此來共佐周室，若明日破陣，必盡除此教，以絕彼之虛妄。只是難為後來訪道修真之人，絕此一種耳。」接引道人曰：「貧道此來，單只為渡有緣之客。據吾觀，萬仙陣中邪者多而正者少，沒奈何，只得隨緣相得，不敢勉強耳。」老子曰：「吾等門人今已滿戒，明日速破此陣，讓他早早返本還元，以全此輩根行，也不失我等解脫一場。」元始隨命姜尚過來，問曰：「前日破誅仙陣，那四口寶劍在否？」子牙曰：「此劍俱在弟子處。」元始曰：「取來。」子牙隨取出四口劍獻上元始，乃「誅」、「戮」、「陷」、「絕」之劍。元始乃命廣成子、赤精子、玉鼎真人、道行天尊四位過來，吩咐曰：「你四人但看明日吾等進陣之時，陣裏面八卦臺前有一座寶塔升起，你四個先衝進重圍之中，祭起此劍。原是他的寶劍，還絕他的門人，非吾等故作此惡業也。」又謂子牙曰：「明日會陣之際，但凡吾門下見者，皆可進陣，以完劫數。」子牙領了法旨，來至蘆篷下，吩咐眾門人曰：「明日共破萬仙陣，爾等俱入陣中，各見雌雄，以完劫數。」眾門人聽說，喜不自勝。不表。

且說潼關眾將聽得破萬仙陣，俱在關內，一個個心癢難抓，恨不得也來看看。內有洪錦與龍吉公主曰：「我也是截教，況你又是瑤池仙子，理合去會萬仙陣，如何在此不行？」龍吉公主曰：「我們明日早去無妨。」夫妻計議停當。次日，來見武王曰：「臣辭大王，要去會萬仙陣，以完劫數，特聽姜元帥調遣。」武王曰：「卿去固好，當佐相父破敵也。」武王大喜，奉酒餞行。洪錦夫婦告別起行。一也是合該如此。正是：

萬仙陣內夫妻絕，天數安排不得差。且說元始次日下篷，吩咐眾門人，鳴動金鐘、玉磬。三教聖人率諸門人共破萬仙陣。只見通天教主吩咐長耳定光仙曰：「但吾與你師伯共西方二位道人會戰，吾叫你將六魂幡磨動，你可將幡磨動，不得有誤！」長耳定光仙曰：「弟子知道。」通天教主打點會戰。且說長耳定光仙自思：「我前只見師伯左右門人，總共十二代弟子，俱是道德之士；昨日又見西方教主，三顆舍利子頂上光華，真是道法無邊。」先自行有三分退諉。正是：從來心上修仙道，邪

正方知成大宗。話說通天教主至陣前，見老子、元始四人一至，大呼曰：「今日定要與你等見個高低，斷不草率干休！」話猶未了，只見洪錦走馬至陣前，與龍吉公主也不聽約束，舉刀刃直衝殺過去。子牙攔阻不住。一看官：此正是這二位星官該絕於此，天數使然，故不由分說，直殺過去耳。一洪錦把刀一擺，兩騎馬衝進陣中。萬仙陣不曾隄防有此衝突之患，被龍吉公主祭起瑤池內白光劍，傷了數位仙家。夫妻二人正衝殺間，只見亂騰騰殺氣迷空，黑靄靄陰風晦晝，正遇金靈聖母在七香車上布陣，忽報：「龍吉公主衝進陣來。」金靈聖母急下車看時，公主已殺至面前。聖母綽步，提飛金劍抵敵。未及數合，聖母祭起四象塔打來。公主不知此寶，躲不及，一塔正打中頂上，跌下馬來，被眾仙殺之。洪錦見公主已絕，大叫一聲：「休傷吾公主！」把刀來取聖母。聖母又祭起龍虎如意，正中洪錦頂上。可憐！自歸周土，屢得奇功，今日夫妻陣亡，以報武王。一二位清魂俱往封神臺去了。元始正欲與通天教主答話，只見洪錦夫妻已亡，元始歎謂西方教主曰：「方纔絕者乃是瑤池金母之女。天數合該如此，可見非人力所為。」只聽得萬仙陣門裏有一竿翠藍旗搖，隱隱調出一位道者，乃是按二十八宿之星，正應萬仙陣而出。元始見翠藍旗搖動，來了四位道人，俱穿青色衣。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：一字青紗腦後飄，

道袍水合束絲條。元神一現群龜滅，斬將封為角木蛟。九揚紗巾頭上蓋，腹內玄機無比賽。降龍伏虎似平常，斬將封為斗木豸。三柳髭鬚一尺長，煉就三花不老方。蓬萊海島無心戀，斬將封為奎木狼。修成道氣精光煥，巨口獠牙紅髮亂。碧遊宮內有聲名，斬將封為井木犴。元始又見一聲鐘響，一桿大紅旗搖，又來了四位道人，俱穿大紅絳綃衣，好兇惡！怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

碧玉霞冠形容古，雙手善把天地補。無心訪道學長生，斬將封為尾火虎。截教傳來煉玉樞，玄機兩濟用工大。丹砂鼎內龍降虎，斬將封為室火豬。秘授口訣仗妖邪，頂上靈雲天地遮。三花聚頂難成就，斬將封為翼火蛇。不變榮華止自修，降龍伏虎任悠遊。空為數載丹砂力，斬將封為觜火猴。老子見萬仙陣中一桿白旗搖動，又言四位道人出來，身穿大白衣，體態兇頑，各有妖氛氣概，

因謂元始曰：「似這等業障都來枉送性命，你看出來的都是如此之類。」怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

五岳三山任意遊，訪
玄參道守心修。空勞爐內金丹汞，斬將封為牛金牛。腹內珠璣貫八
方，包羅萬象道汪洋。只因殺戒難逃躲，斬將封為鬼金羊。離龍坎
虎相匹遇，煉就神丹成不朽。無緣頂上現三花，斬將封為蜚金狗。
金丹煉就脫樊籠，五遁三除大道通。未滅三尸吞六氣，斬將封為亢
金龍。

四位教主又見通天教主把手中劍望東、西、南、北指
畫，前後又是鐘鳴，陣門開處，又有四位道人出來，真好稀奇！有
詩為證，詩曰：

自從修煉玄中妙，不戀金章共紫誥。通
天教主是吾帥，斬將封為箕水豹。出世虔誠悟道言，勤修苦行反離
魂。移山倒海隨吾意，斬將封為參水猿。箬冠道服性聰敏，煉就白
氣心無損。只因無福了長生，斬將封為軫水蚓。五行妙術體全殊，
合就玄中自丈夫。悟道成仙無造化，斬將封為壁水獬。

元始
曰：「此俱是截教門中，併無一人有根行之士，俱是無福修為，該
受此劫數也，深為可悲！」又見皂蓋幡搖，出來四位道人。怎見
得，有詩為證，詩曰：

跨虎登山觀鶴鹿，驅邪捉怪神鬼
哭。只因無福了仙家，斬將封為女土蝠。頂上祥光五彩氣，包含萬
象多伶俐。無分無緣成正果，斬將封為胃上雉。採煉陰陽有異方，
五行攢簇配中黃。不歸闡教歸截教，斬將封為柳土獐。赤髮紅鬚情
性惡，游盡三山併五岳，包羅萬象枉徒勞，斬將封為氏土貉。

元始與老子同西方教主共言曰：「你看這些人，有仙之名，無
仙之骨，那裏做得修行辦道之品！」四位教主正談論之間，只見旗
門開處，又來了四位道人。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

修成大道真瀟灑，妙法玄機有真假。不能成道卻凡塵，斬將封為星
日馬。鐵樹開花怎得齊，陰神行樂跨紅霓。只因無福為仙侶，斬將
封為昂日雞。面加藍靛多威武，赤髮金睛惡似虎。呼風喚雨不尋
常，斬將封為虛日鼠。三昧真火空中露，霞光前後生百步。萬仙陣
內逞英雄，斬將封為房日兔。

話說通天教主在陣中調出第七
對來，展一桿素白幡，幡下有四位道者，兇兇惡惡，凜凜赳赳，手
提方楞鋼出來。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

道術精奇蓋
世無，修真煉性握兵符。長生妙訣貪塵劫，斬將封為畢月烏。髮似
硃砂面似靛，渾身上下金光現。天機玄妙總休言，斬將封為危月
燕。面加赤棗落腮鬚，撒豆成兵蓋世無。兩足登雲如掣電，斬將封
為心月狐。腹內玄機修二六，煉就陰陽超凡俗。誰知五氣未朝元，
斬將封為張月鹿。

話說通天教主把九曜二十八宿調將出來，
按定方位。只見四七二十八位道者，齊齊整整，左右盤旋，簇擁而
出。但見了些飛霞紅氣，紫電青光，有多少者層層密密，兇兇頑
頑，真個是殺氣騰騰，愁雲淒淒，好生利害！不知後事如何，且聽
下回分解。第八十四回 子牙兵取臨潼關 詩曰：

幽魂幡
下夜猿啼，壯士紛紛急鼓鼙。黑霧瀰漫人魄散，妖氛籠罩將星低。

只知戰勝歌刁斗，不認奸邪悔噬臍。屈死英雄遭血刃，至今城下草萋萋。

話說通天教主率領眾仙至陣前，老子曰：「今日與你決定雌雄，萬仙遭難。正應你反覆不定之罪。」通天教主怒曰：「你四人看我今番怎生作用！」遂催開奎牛，執劍砍來。老子笑曰：「料你今日作用也只如此！只你難免此厄也！」催開青牛，舉起扁拐，急架忙迎。元始天尊對左右門人曰：「今日你等俱滿此戒，須當齊入陣中，以會截教萬仙，不得錯過。」眾門人聽此言，不覺歡笑，吶一聲喊，齊殺入萬仙陣中。正是：萬仙陣上施玄妙，都向其中了劫塵。

文殊廣法天尊騎獅子，普賢真人騎白象，慈航道人騎金毛犼；三位大士各現出化身，衝將進去。靈寶大法師仗劍而來，太乙真人持寶鏢進陣，懼留孫、黃龍真人、雲中子、燃燈道人齊往萬仙陣來。後面又有姜子牙同哪吒等眾門人亦大呼曰：「吾等今日破萬仙陣，以見真偽也！」話未了時，只見陸壓道人從空飛來，撞入萬仙陣內，也來助戰。看這場大戰，正是萬劫總歸此地，神仙殺運方完。只見：老子坐青牛，往來跳躍；通天教主縱奎牛，猛勇來攻。三大士催開了青獅、象、犼；金靈聖母使寶劍飛騰。靈寶大法師面如火熱；無當聖母怒氣沖空。太乙真人動了心中三昧；毘蘆仙亦顯神通。道德真君來完殺戒；雲中子寶劍如虹。懼留孫把網仙繩祭起；金箍仙用飛劍來攻。陣中玉磬錚錚響，臺下金鐘朗朗鳴。四處起團團煙霧，八方長颯颯狂風。人人會三除五遁，個個曉倒海移峰。劍對劍，紅光燦燦；兵迎寶，瑞氣溶溶。平地下鳴雷震動，半空中霹靂交轟。這壁廂三教聖人行正道；那壁廂通天教主涉邪宗。這四位教主也動了嗔痴煩惱；那通天教主竟犯了反覆無終。正克邪，始終還正；邪逆正，到底成凶。急嚷嚷天翻地覆，鬧炒炒華岳山崩。姜子牙奉天征討，眾門人各要立功。楊戩刀猶如閃電；李靖戟一似飛龍；金吒躍開腳步；木吒寶劍齊衝；韋護祭起降魔寶杵；哪吒登開風火輪，各自稱雄；雷震子二翅半空施勇；楊任手持五火扇搗風。又來了四仙家，祭起那「誅」、「戮」、「陷」、「絕」四口寶劍，這般兵器難當其鋒，咫尺間斬了二十八宿，頃刻時九曜俱空。通天教主精神減半；金靈聖母口內喁喁；毘蘆仙已無主意；無當聖母戰戰兢兢。一時間又來了西方教主，把乾坤袋舉在空中，有緣的須當早進，無緣的任你縱橫。霎時間雲愁霧慘，一會家地暗難窮。從今驚破通天膽，一事無成有愧容。

話說老子與元始衝入萬仙陣內，將通天教主裹住。金靈聖母被三大士圍在當中，只見三大士面分藍、紅、白，或現三首六臂，或現八首六臂，或現三首八臂，渾身上下俱有金燈、白蓮、寶珠、瓔珞、華光護持，金靈聖母用玉如意招架三大士多時，不覺把頂上金冠落在塵埃，將頭髮散了，這聖母披髮大戰，正戰之間，遇著燃燈道人祭起定海珠打來，正中頂門。可憐！正是：封神正位為星首，北闕香湮萬載存。燃

燈將定海珠把金靈聖母打死。廣成子祭起誅仙劍，赤精子祭起戮仙劍，道行天尊祭起陷仙劍，玉鼎真人祭起絕仙劍，數道黑氣沖空，將萬仙陣罩住，凡封神臺上有名者，就如砍瓜切菜一般，但遭殺戮。子牙祭打神鞭，任意施為。萬仙陣中又被楊任用五火扇搗起烈火，千丈黑煙迷空，可憐萬仙遭難，其實難堪。哪吒現三首八臂，往來衝突。玉虛一干門下，如獅子搖頭，狻猊舞勢，只殺得山崩地塌。通天教主見萬仙受此屠戮，心中大怒，急呼曰：「長耳定光仙快取六魂幡來！」定光仙因見接引道人白蓮裹體，舍利現光，又見十二代弟子玄都門人俱有瓔珞、金燈、光華罩體，知道他們出身清正，截教畢竟差訛，他將六魂幡收起，輕輕的走出萬仙陣，逕往蘆篷下隱匿。正是：

根深原是西方客，躲在蘆篷獻寶幡。

話說通天教主大呼：「定光仙快取幡來！」連叫數聲，連定光仙也不見了。教主已知他去了，大怒，欲待無心戀戰，又見萬仙受此等狼狽；欲待上前，又有四位教主阻住；欲要退後，又恐教下門人笑話；只得勉強相持，又被老子打了一拐。通天教主著了急，祭起紫電鎚來打老子；老子笑曰：「此物怎能近我！」只見頂上現出玲瓏寶塔，此鎚焉能下來。通天教主正出神，不妨元始天尊又一如意，打中通天教主肩窩，幾乎落下奎牛。通天教主大怒，奮勇爭戰。只見二十八宿星官已殺得看看殆盡，止丘引見勢不好了，借土遁就走，被陸壓看見，惟恐追不及，急縱至空中，將葫蘆揭開，放出一道白光，上有一物飛出，陸壓打一躬，命：「寶貝轉身。」可憐丘引頭已落地。陸壓收了寶貝，復至陣中助戰。

且說接引

道人在萬仙陣內將乾坤袋打開，盡收那三千紅氣之客，一有緣往極樂之鄉者，俱收入此袋內。準提同孔雀明王在陣中現出三十四頭，十八隻手，執定瓔珞、傘蓋、花貫、魚腸、金弓、銀戟、白鉞、幡幢、加持神杵、寶鏹、銀瓶等物來戰通天教主。通天教主看見準提，頓起三昧真火，大罵曰：「好潑道！焉敢欺吾太甚，又來攪吾此陣也！」縱奎牛衝來，仗劍直取。準提將七寶妙樹架開。正是：

西方極樂無窮法，俱是蓮花一化身。

且說通天

教主用劍砍來，準提將七寶妙樹一刷，把通天教主手中劍打得粉碎。通天教主把奎牛一拎，跳出陣去了；準提道人收了法身，老子與元始也不趕他。群仙共破了萬仙陣，鳴動金鐘，擊響玉磬，俱回蘆篷上來。老子與元始看見定光仙，問曰：「你是截教門人定光仙，為何躲在此處也？」定光仙拜伏在地曰：「師伯在上：弟子有罪，敢稟明師伯。吾師煉有六魂幡，欲害二位師伯並西方教主、武王、子牙，使弟子執定聽用。弟子因見師伯道正理明，吾師未免偏聽逆理，造此業障，弟子不忍使用，故收匿藏身於此處。今師伯下問，弟子不得不以實告。」元始曰：「奇哉！你身居截教，心向正宗，自是有根器之人。」隨命跟上蘆篷。四位教主坐下，共論今日邪正方分。老子問定光仙曰：「你可取六魂幡來。」定光仙將幡呈

上。西方教主曰：「此幡可摘去周武、姜尚名諱，將幡展開，以見我等根行如何。」準提隨將六魂幡摘去「武王」、「姜尚」名諱，命定光仙展布。定光仙依命，將幡連展數展。只見四位教主頂上各現奇珍：元始現慶雲，老子現塔，西方二位教主現舍利子，保護其身。定光仙見了，棄幡倒身下拜，言曰：「似此吾師妄動嗔念，陷無萬生靈也！」西方教主曰：「吾有一偈，你且聽著：

極樂之鄉客，西方妙術神。蓮花為父母，九品立吾身。池邊分八德，常臨七寶園。波羅花開後，遍地長金珍。談講三乘法，舍利腹中存。有緣生此地，久後幸沙門。」西方教主曰：「定光仙與吾教有緣。」元始曰：「他今日至此，也是棄邪歸正念頭，理當皈依道兄。」定光仙遂拜了接引、準提二位教主。子牙在篷下與哪吒等曰：「今日萬仙陣中許多道者遭殃，無辜受戮，其實痛心。」門人之內，個個歡喜。不表。

且說通天教主被四位教主破了萬仙陣，內中有成神者，有歸西方教主者，有逃去者，有無辜受戮者。彼時無當聖母見陣勢難支，先自去了；申公豹也走了；毘盧仙已歸西方教主，後成為毘盧佛，此是千年後纔見佛光。當日通天教主領著二三百名散仙，走在一座山下，少憩片時，自思：「定光仙可恨將六魂幡竊去，使吾大功不能成！今番失利，再有何顏掌碧遊宮大教。左右是一不做，二不休，如今回宮，再立『地水火風』，換個世界罷！」左右眾仙俱各贊襄。通天教主見左右四個切己門徒俱喪，切齒深恨：「不若往紫霄宮見吾老師，先稟過了他，然後再行此事。」正與眾散仙商議，忽見正南上祥雲萬道，瑞氣千條，異香襲襲，見一道者，手執竹杖而來。作偈曰：

高臥九重雲，蒲團了道真。天地玄黃外，吾當掌教尊。盤古生太極，兩儀四象循。一道傳三友，二教闡截分。玄門都領秀，一氣化鴻鈞。」

話說鴻鈞道人來至，通天教主知是師尊來了，慌忙上前迎接，倒身下拜曰：「弟子願老師聖壽無疆！不知老師駕臨，未曾遠接，望乞恕罪。」鴻鈞道人曰：「你為何設此一陣，塗炭無限生靈，這是何說！」通天教主曰：「啟老師：二位師兄欺滅吾教，縱門人毀罵弟子，又殺戮弟子門下，全不念同堂手足，一味欺凌，分明是欺老師一般。望老師慈悲！」鴻鈞道人曰：「你這等欺心！分明是你自己作業，致生殺伐，該這些生靈遭此劫運；你不自責，尚去責人，情殊可恨！當日三教共僉『封神榜』，你何得盡忘之也！名利乃凡夫俗子之所爭，嗔怒乃兒女子之所事，縱是未斬三尸之仙，未赴蟠桃之客，也要脫此苦惱；豈意你三人乃是混元大羅金仙，歷萬劫不磨之體，為三教元首，為因小事，生此嗔痴，作此邪慾。他二人原無此意，都是你作此過惡，他不得不應耳。雖是劫數使然，也都是你約束不嚴，你的門徒生事，你的不是居多。我若不來，彼此報復，何日是了？我特來大發慈悲，與你等解釋冤愆，各掌教宗，毋得生事。」隨吩咐左右散仙：「你等各歸洞府，自養天真，以俟

超脫。」眾仙叩首而散。鴻鈞道人命通天教主先至蘆篷通報。通天教主不敢有違師命，只得先至蘆篷下來，心中自思：「如何好見他們？」不得已，靦面而行。話說哪吒同韋護等俱在蘆篷下，議論萬仙陣中那些光景，忽見通天教主先行，後面跟著一個老道人扶筇而行，只見祥雲繚繞，瑞氣盤旋，冉冉而來，將至篷下。眾門人與哪吒等各各驚疑未定。只見通天教主將近篷下，大呼曰：「哪吒可報與老子、元始，快來接老爺聖駕！」哪吒忙上篷來報。話說老子在篷上與西方教主正講眾弟子劫數之厄，今已圓滿，猛抬頭見祥光瑞靄，騰躍而來，老子已知老師來至，忙起身謂元始曰：「師尊來至！」急率眾弟子下篷。只見哪吒來報：「通天教主跟一老道人而來，呼老爺接駕，不知何故。」老子曰：「吾已知之。此是我等老師，想是來此與我等解釋冤愆耳。」遂相率下篷迎接，在道傍俯伏曰：「不知老師大駕下臨，弟子有失遠接，望乞恕罪。」鴻鈞道人曰：「只因十二代弟子運逢殺劫，致你兩教參商。吾特來與你等解釋愆尤，各安宗教，毋得自相背逆。」老子與元始聲諾曰：「願聞師命。」遂至篷上，與西方教主相見。鴻鈞道人稱讚：「西方極樂世界真是福地。」西方教主應曰：「不敢！」教主請鴻鈞道人拜見。鴻鈞曰：「吾與道友無有拘束。這三個是吾門下，當得如此。」接引道人與準提道人打稽首坐下。後面就是老子、元始過來拜見畢，又是十二代弟子併眾門人俱來拜見畢，俱分兩邊侍立。通天教主也在一傍站立。鴻鈞道人曰：「你三個過來。」老子、元始、通天三個走近前面。道人問曰：「當時只因周家國運將興，湯數當盡，神仙逢此殺運，故命你三個共立『封神榜』，以觀眾仙根行淺深，或仙，或神，各成其品。不意通天弟子輕信門徒，致生事端，雖是劫數難逃，終是你不守清淨，自背盟言，不能善為眾仙解脫，以致俱遭屠戮，罪誠在你，非是我為師的有偏向，這是公論。」接引與準提齊曰：「老師之言不差。」鴻鈞曰：「今日我與你講明，從此解釋。大徒弟，你須讓過他罷。俱各歸山闕，毋得戕害生靈。況眾弟子厄滿，姜尚大功垂成，再毋多言。從此各修宗教。」鴻鈞吩咐：「三人過來跪下。」三位教主齊至面前，雙膝跪下。道人袖內取出一個葫蘆，倒出三粒丹來，每一位賜他一粒：「你們吞入腹中，吾自有話說。」三位教主俱皆依師命，各吞一粒。鴻鈞道人曰：「此丹非是卻病長生之物，你聽我道來：

此丹煉就有玄功，因你三人各自攻。若是先將念頭改，腹中丹發即時斃！」鴻鈞道人作罷詩，三位教主叩首：「拜謝老師慈悲！」鴻鈞道人起身，作辭西方教主，命通天三弟子：「你隨我去。」通天教主不敢違命。只見接引道人與準提俱起身，同老子、元始率眾門人同送至篷下。鴻鈞別過西方二位教主，老子與眾門人等又拜伏道傍，俟鴻鈞發駕。鴻鈞吩咐：「你等去罷。」眾人起立拱候。只見鴻鈞與通天教主駕祥雲冉冉而去。西方教主也作辭

回西方去了。老子、元始與子牙曰：「今日來，我等與十二代弟子俱回洞府，候你封過神，從新再修身命，方是真仙。」正是：

從修頂上三花現，返本還云又是仙。子牙與元始眾仙下得蘆篷，姜子牙伏於道傍，拜求掌教師尊曰：「弟子姜尚蒙師尊指示，得進於此地，不知後會諸侯一事如何？」老子曰：「我有一詩，你謹記有驗。詩曰：險處又逢險處過，前程不必問如何。諸侯八百看看會，只待封神奏凱歌。」老子道罷，與元始各回玉京去了。廣成子與十二代仙人，俱來作別曰：「子牙，吾等與你此一別，再不能會面也！」子牙心下甚是不忍分離，在篷下戀戀不捨。子牙作詩以送之，詩曰：東進臨潼會萬仙，依依回首甚相憐。從今別後何年會？安得相逢訴舊緣。」

話說群仙作別而去，惟有陸壓握子牙之手曰：「我等此去，會面已難，前途雖有凶險之處，俱有解釋之人，只還有幾件難處之事，非此寶不可，我將此葫蘆之寶送你，以為後用。」子牙感謝不已。陸壓隨將飛刀付與，也自作別而去。話分兩頭，單表元始駕回玉虛。申公豹只因破了萬仙陣，希圖逃竄他山，豈知他惡貫滿盈，跨虎而遁；只見白鶴童子看見申公豹在前面，似飛雲掣電一般奔走，白鶴童子忙啟元始天尊曰：「前面是申公豹逃竄。」元始曰：「他曾發一誓，命黃巾力士將我的三寶玉如意把他掣在麒麟崖伺候。」童子接了如意，遞與力士。力士趕上前大呼曰：「申公豹不要走！奉天尊法旨掣你去麒麟崖聽候！」祭起如意，平空把申公豹掣了往麒麟崖來。

且說元始天尊駕至崖前，落下九龍沉香輦，只見黃巾力士將申公豹掣來，放在天尊面前。元始曰：「你曾發下誓盟，去塞北海眼，今日你也無詞。」申公豹低首無話。元始命黃巾力士：「將我的蒲團捲起他來，掣去塞了北海眼！」力士領命，將申公豹塞在北海眼裏。有詩為證：堪笑闡教申公豹，要保成湯滅武王。今日誰知身塞海，不知紅日幾滄桑。話說黃巾力士將申公豹塞了北海，回元始法旨，不表。

且說子牙領眾門徒回潼關來見武王，武王曰：「相父今日回來，兵士俱齊，可速進兵，早會諸侯，孤之幸也。」子牙傳令，起兵往臨潼關來。只八十里，早已來至關下，安下行營。且說臨潼關守將歐陽淳聞報，與副將卞金龍、桂天祿、公孫鐸共議曰：「今姜尚兵來，止得一關，焉能阻當周兵？」眾將言曰：「主將明日與周兵見一陣，如勝則以勝而退周兵，如不勝，然後堅守，修表往朝歌去告急，俟援兵協守，此為上策。」歐陽淳曰：「將軍之言是也。」次日，子牙陞帳，傳下令去：「誰去取臨潼關走一遭？」傍有黃飛虎曰：「末將願往。」子牙許之。飛虎領本部人馬，一聲砲響，至關下搦戰。報馬報入帥府：「啟主帥：有周將搦戰。」歐陽淳曰：

「誰去走一遭？」只見先行官卞金龍領命，出關來見黃飛虎，大呼曰：「來將何名？」飛虎曰：「吾乃武成王黃飛虎是也。」卞金龍

大罵：「反賊不思報國，反助叛逆！吾乃臨潼關先行卞金龍是也。」黃飛虎大怒，縱馬搖鎗，飛來直取。卞金龍手中斧急架忙迎。牛馬相交，鎗斧併舉。戰未三十回，黃飛虎賣個破綻，吼一聲，將卞金龍刺下馬來，梟了首級，掌鼓回營，來見姜元帥。子牙大喜，上了黃將軍功績。不表。且說報馬報入帥府，歐陽淳大驚，只見卞金龍家將報入本府，卞金龍妻子胥氏聽說，放聲大哭，驚動後園長子卞吉。卞吉問左右：「太太為何啼哭？」左右把家主陣亡事說了一遍。卞吉怒髮沖冠，隨換了披掛，來見母親曰：「母親不須啼哭，俟兒為父親報仇。」胥氏只是啼哭，也不管卞吉的事。卞吉上馬，至帥府前。左右報入殿庭：「啟元帥：卞先行長子聽令。」歐陽淳命：「令來。」卞吉上殿，行禮畢，含淚啟曰：「末將父死何人之手？」歐陽淳曰：「尊翁不幸，被反賊黃飛虎鎗挑下馬，喪了性命。」卞吉曰：「今日天晚，明日拏仇人為父洩恨。」卞吉回至家中，令家將扛抬一個紅櫃，隨領軍出關。卞吉率領軍士至關外，豎立一根大旗桿，將紅櫃打開，拎出一首旗，掛將起來，懸於空中，有四五丈高。好利害旗！怎見得，有詩為證：

萬骨攢成世罕知，開天闢地最為奇。周王不是多洪福，百萬雄師此處危。

話說當日卞吉將旗桿豎起，一馬竟至周營轅門前搦戰。哨馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：關內有將請戰。」子牙問：「誰人出馬？」只見南宮适領命出營。見一員小將，生的面貌兇惡，手持方天畫戟，大呼曰：「來者何人？」南宮适笑曰：「似你這等黃口孺子，定然不認得，吾是西岐大將南宮适。」卞吉曰：「且饒你一死回去，只叫黃飛虎出來！他殺我父，吾與他有不共戴天之仇。我不拏你這將生替死之輩。」南宮适聽罷大怒，縱馬舞刀，直取卞吉。卞吉手中戟急架忙迎。二馬相交，刀戟併舉。二將大戰，正是棋逢對手，將遇作家。卞吉與南宮适戰有二三十合，卞吉撥馬便走。南宮适隨後趕來。卞吉先往旗杆下過去，南宮适不知詳細，也往旗下來，只見馬到旗前，早已連人帶馬跌倒，南宮适不省人事，被左右守旗軍士將南宮适繩纏索綁，拏出旗來。南宮适方睜開二目，乃知墮入他左道之術。卞吉進關來見歐陽淳，把拏了南宮适的話說了一遍。歐陽淳命左右：「推來。」至殿前，南宮适站立不跪。歐陽淳罵曰：「反國逆賊！今已被擒，尚敢抗禮！」命：「速斬首號令！」傍有公孫鐸曰：「主將在上：目今奸佞當道，言我等守關將士俱是架言征戰，冒破錢糧，賄買功績，凡有邊報，一概不准，尚將賸本人役斬了。依末將愚見，不若將南宮适監候，俟捉獲渠魁，解往朝歌，以塞奸佞之口，庶知邊關非冒破之名。不知主將意下若何？」歐陽淳曰：「將軍之言正合吾意。」遂將南宮适送在監中。不表。且說子牙聞報，南宮适被擒，心中大驚，悶坐軍中。次日，卞吉又來搦戰，坐名要黃飛虎。飛虎帶黃明、周紀出營來。見卞吉飛馬過來，大呼曰：「來將何人？」黃飛虎曰：

「吾乃武成王黃飛虎是也。」卞吉聞言大怒，罵曰：「反國逆賊，擅殺吾父，不共戴天之仇。今日拿你碎屍萬段，以洩吾恨！」展戟來刺。黃飛虎急撥鎗來迎。戰有三十回合，卞吉詐敗，竟往旛下去了。黃飛虎不知，也趕至旛下，亦如南宮适一樣被擒。黃明大怒，搖斧趕來，欲救黃飛虎，不知至旛下，也跌翻在地，也被擒了。卞吉連擒二將，進關來報功，欲將黃飛虎斬首，以報父仇。歐陽淳曰：「小將軍雖要報父之仇，理宜斬首，只他是起禍渠魁，正當獻上朝廷正法，一則以洩尊翁之恨，一則以顯小將軍之功，恩怨兩伸，豈不為美？且將他監候。」卞吉不得已，只得含淚而退。

話說周紀見黃明又失利，不敢向前，只得敗進營來見子牙。子牙聞黃飛虎被擒，大驚，問周紀曰：「他如何擒去？」周紀曰：

「他於關外立有一旛，俱是人骨頭穿成，高有數丈。他先自敗走，竟從旛下過去；若是趕他的，只至旛下，便連帶馬倒了。黃明去救武成王，也被擒去。」子牙大驚：「此又是左道之術！待吾明日親自臨陣，便知端的。」次日，子牙與眾將門人出營來，看見此旛，懸於空中，有千條黑氣，萬道寒煙。哪吒等仔細定睛，看那白骨上俱有硃砂符印，對子牙曰：「師叔可曾見上面符印麼？」子牙曰：「吾已見了。此正是左道之術。你等今後交戰，只不往他旛下過便了。」只見報馬報入關內，歐陽淳也親自出關，來會子牙。歐陽淳不往旛下過，往傍邊走來。子牙看見歐陽淳轉將出來，對門人曰：「你看主將也不從此處過。」眾將皆點頭會意。子牙迎上前來，問曰：「來將莫非守關主將麼？」歐陽淳曰：「然也。」子牙曰：

「將軍何不知天命耶？五關止此一城，尚欲抗拒天兵哉。」歐陽淳大怒：「匹夫敢出此言！」回顧卞吉曰：「與吾拿此叛賊！」卞吉催開馬，搖手中戟飛奔過來。傍有雷震子大呼曰：「賊將慢來，有吾在此！」展開二翅，舉棍打來。卞吉見雷震子兇悍，知是異人，未及數合，就往旛下敗走。雷震子自忖：「此旛既是妖術，不若先打碎此旛，再殺卞吉未遲。」雷震子把二翅飛起，望旛上一棍打來。不知此旛週圍有一股妖氣迷住，撞著他就自昏迷，雷震子一棍打來，竟被妖氣沖著，便翻下地來，不醒人事。兩邊守旛家將，把雷震子捆綁起來。這壁廂韋護大怒，急祭起降魔杵來打此旛。此杵雖能壓鎮邪魔外道之人，不知打不得此旛。只見那杵竟落旛下。正是：

休言韋護降魔杵。怎敵幽魂百骨旛。

話說韋護見此杵竟落於旛下，不覺大驚。眾門人俱彼此看住。只見卞吉復至軍前，大呼曰：「姜尚可早下騎歸降，免你一死！」哪吒聽得大怒，登開風火輪，現出三首八臂，大喝曰：「匹夫慢來！」搖火尖鎗飛來直取。卞吉見哪吒如此形狀，先自吃了一驚。未及數合，被哪吒一乾坤圈把卞吉幾乎打下馬來，回身敗進關去了。子牙後有李靖催馬搖戟來戰。歐陽淳傍有桂天祿舞手中刀抵住了李靖，未及數合，被李靖一戟刺於馬下。歐陽淳大怒，搖手中斧來戰李靖。子牙

命左右擂鼓助戰。只見陣後衝出辛甲、辛免四賢，毛公遂、周公旦、召公奭無數周將，把歐陽淳圍在當中，又有周紀、龍環、吳謙三將也來助戰，把歐陽淳殺得只有招架之功，更無還兵之力。不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。第八十五回 鄧芮二侯歸周主 詩曰：

西山日落景寥寥，大廈將傾借小條。卞吉無辜遭屈死，歐陽熱血染霞綃。奸邪用事民生喪，妖孽頻興社稷搖。可惜成湯先世業，輕輕送入往來潮。

話說歐陽淳被一千周將圍在垓心，只殺得盔甲歪斜。汗流浹背，自料抵擋不住，把馬跳出圈子，敗進關中去了，緊閉不出。子牙在轅門又見折了雷震子，心下十分不樂。

且說歐陽淳敗進關來，忙陞殿坐下，見卞吉打傷，吩咐他且往私宅調養，一面把雷震子且送下監中，修告急文書往朝歌求救。差官在路上，正是春盡夏初時節，怎見得一路上好光景，有詩為證，詩曰：

清和天氣爽，池沼芰荷生。梅逐雨餘熟，麥隨風景成。草隨花落處，鶯老柳枝輕。江燕攜雛習，山雞哺子鳴。斗南當日永，萬物顯光明。

話說差官在路，不分曉夜，不一日進了朝歌，在館驛安歇。次日，將本齎進午門，至文書房投遞。那日是大大夫惡來看本。差官將本呈上。惡來接過手，正看那本，只見微子啟來至，惡來將歐陽淳的本遞與微子看，微子大驚：「姜尚兵至臨潼關下，敵兵已臨咫尺之地，天子尚高臥不知。奈何！奈何！」

隨抱本往內庭見駕。紂王正在鹿臺與三妖飲膳，當駕官啟駕：「有微子啟侯旨。」紂王曰：「宣來。」微子至臺上見禮畢，王曰：「皇兄有何奏章？」微子奏曰：「姜尚造反，自立姬發，興兵作叛，糾合諸侯，妄生禍亂，侵占疆土，五關已得四關，大兵見屯臨潼關下，損兵殺將，大肆狂暴，真疊卵之危，其禍不小。守關主將具疏告急，乞陛下以社稷為重，日親政事，速賜施行，不勝幸甚！」微子將表呈上。紂王接表，看罷，大驚曰：「不意姜尚作難肆橫，竟克朕之四關也。今不早治，是養癰自患也。」隨傳旨上殿。左右當駕官施設龍車鳳輦：「請陛下發駕。」只見警蹕傳呼，天子御駕早至金鑾寶殿。掌殿官與金吾大將忙將鐘鼓齊鳴，百官端肅而進，不覺威儀一新。只因紂王有經年未曾臨朝，今一旦登殿，人心鼓舞如此。怎見得，有讚為證。讚曰：

煙籠鳳閣，香靄龍樓。光搖月殿動，雲拂翠華流。侍臣燈，宮女扇，雙雙映彩；孔雀屏，麒麟殿，處處光浮。靜鞭三下響，衣冠拜冕旒。金章紫綬垂天象，管取江山萬萬秋。

話說紂王設朝，百官無不慶幸。朝賀畢，王曰：「姜尚肆橫，以下凌上，侵犯關隘，已壞朕四關，如今屯兵於臨潼關下。若不大奮乾剛，以懲其侮，國法安在！眾卿有何策可退周兵？」言未畢，左班中閃出一位上大夫李通，出班啟奏曰：「臣聞『君為元首，臣為股肱』。陛下平昔不以國事為重，聽讒遠忠，荒淫酒色，屏棄政事；以致天愁民怨，萬姓不保，天下思亂，四海分崩。陛下今日臨軒，事已晚矣。況今朝歌豈無智

能之士，賢俊之人，只因陛下平日不以忠良為重，故今日亦不以陛下為重耳。即今東有姜文煥，遊魂關晝夜毋寧；南有鄂順，三山關攻打甚急；北有崇黑虎，陳塘關旦夕將危；西有姬發，兵叩臨潼關，指日可破；真如大廈將傾，一木焉能扶得。臣今不避斧鉞之誅，直言冒瀆天聽，乞速加整飭，以救危亡。如不以臣言為謬，臣舉保二臣，可先去臨潼關，阻住周兵，再為商議。願陛下日修德政，去讒遠佞，諫行言聽，庶可少挽天意，猶不失成湯之脈耳。」王曰：「卿保舉何人？」李通曰：「臣觀眾臣之內，止有鄧昆、芮吉素有忠良之心，輔國實念，若得此二臣前去，可保無虞也。」紂王准奏，隨宣鄧昆、芮吉上殿。不一時宣至殿前，朝賀畢，王曰：「今有上大夫李通奏卿忠心為國，特舉卿二人前去臨潼關協守。朕加爾黃鉞、白旄，特專閫外。卿當盡心竭力，務在必退周兵，以擒罪首。卿功在社稷，朕豈惜茅土以報卿哉。當領朕命。」鄧昆、芮吉叩首曰：「臣敢不竭驚駭之力以報陛下知遇之恩也。」紂王傳旨：「賜二卿筵宴，以見朕寵榮至意。」二臣叩頭，謝恩下殿。須臾，左右鋪上筵席，百官與二侯把盞。微子、箕子二位殿前也奉酒與二侯，哽咽言曰：「二位將軍，社稷安危，在此一行，全仗將軍扶持國難，則國家幸甚！」二侯曰：「殿下放心。臣平日之忠肝義膽，正報國恩於今日也，豈敢有負皇上委托之隆，眾大夫保舉之恩也。」酒畢，二人謝過二位殿下與眾官，次日起兵離了朝歌，逕往孟津渡黃河而來。按下不表。

且說土行孫催糧至轅門，看見一首旛，旛下卻是韋護的降魔杵，雷震子的黃金棍。土行孫不知其故，自思：「他二人兵器如何丟在此旛下？我且見了元帥，再來看其真實。」報馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：二運督糧官等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」土行孫來至中軍，見子牙行禮畢，問曰：「弟子適纔督糧至轅門外，見那關前豎一首旛，那旛下卻有韋護、雷震子兩件兵器在那旛下，不知何故？」子牙把卞吉的事說了一遍。土行孫不信：「豈有此理？」哪吒曰：「卞吉被吾打了一圈，這幾日俱不曾出來。」土行孫曰：「待吾去便知端的。」哪吒曰：「你不可去，果是那旛利害。」土行孫只是不信。那時天色將晚，土行孫逕出營門，一頭往旛下來。方至旛下，便一交跌倒，不知人事。周營哨馬報於子牙。子牙大驚。正無可計較，只見關上軍士見旛下睡著一個矮子，報與歐陽淳。歐陽淳命：「開關拿來。」一不知若要拿人，只是卞吉的家將拿的，其餘別人皆拿不得，到不得旛下去。一彼時幾個軍士走至旛下，俱翻身跌倒，不醒人事。關上軍士看見，忙報主將。歐陽淳亦自驚疑，忙叫左右：「去請卞吉來。」卞吉此時在家調養傷痕，聞主師來呼喚，只得勉強進府中。歐陽淳將前事告訴一遍。卞吉曰：「此小事耳。」命家將：「去把那矮子拿來，將眾人放了。」家將出關，將土行孫綁了，把眾軍士拖出關外。眾人如醉方醒，各各揉眼擦面。一時將土行孫扛進關來，拿進

府中。歐陽淳問曰：「你是何人？」土行孫曰：「我見旛下有一黃金棍，拿去家裏耍子，不知就在那裏睡著了。」卞吉在傍邊罵曰：「你這匹夫！怎敢以言語來戲弄我？」命左右：「拿去斬了！」眾軍士拿出前門，舉刀就斬，只見土行孫一扭，就不見了。正是：

地行妙術真堪羨，一愧全身入土中。眾軍士忙進府中來報曰：「啟元帥：異事非常！我等拿此人，方纔下手，那矮子把身一幌，就不見了。」歐陽淳與卞吉曰：「這個就是土行孫了，倒要仔細。」彼此驚異。不表。土行孫回營，來見子牙，曰：「果然此旛利害，弟子至旛下就跌倒了，不知人事，若非地行之術，性命休矣。」次日，卞吉傷痕痊癒，領家將出關，至軍前搦戰。哨馬報入子牙。子牙問：「誰人出馬？」哪吒願往，登風火輪，搖火尖鎗出營來。卞吉見了仇人，也不答話，搖畫杆戟，劈面刺來。哪吒火尖鎗分心就刺。一場大戰。怎見得，有讚為證，讚曰：

戰鼓殺聲揚，英雄臨戰場。紅旗如烈火，征夫四臂忙。這一個展開銀杆戰；那一個發動火尖鎗。哪吒施威武；卞吉逞剛強。忠心扶社稷，赤膽為君王。相逢難下手，孰在孰先亡。話說卞吉戰哪吒，又恐他先下手，把馬一撥，預先往旛下走來。一看官：若論哪吒要往旛下來，他也來得；他是蓮花化身，卻無魂魄，如何來不得。只是哪吒天性乖巧，他猶恐不妙，便立住腳，看卞吉往旛下過去了，他便登回風火輪，自己回營。不表。且說卞吉進關來見歐陽淳，言曰：「不才欲誑哪吒往旛下來，他狡猾不來趕我，自己回營去了。」歐陽淳曰：「似此奈何？」正議間，忽探馬報：「鄧、芮二侯奉旨前來助戰，請主將迎接。」歐陽淳同眾將出府來迎接。二侯忙下馬，攜手上銀安殿。行禮畢，二侯上坐，歐陽淳下陪。鄧昆問曰：「前有將軍告急本章進朝歌，天子看過，特命不才二人與將軍協守此關。今姜尚猖獗，所在授首，軍威已挫，似全不在戰之罪也。今臨潼關乃朝歌保障，與他關不同，必當重兵把守，方保無虞。連日將軍與周兵交戰，勝負如何？」歐陽淳曰：「初次副將卞金龍失利，幸其子卞吉有一旛，名曰幽魂白骨旛，全仗此旛，以阻周兵，一次拏了南宮适，二次拏了黃飛虎、黃明，三次拏了雷震子。」鄧昆曰：「拏的可是反五關的黃飛虎？」歐陽淳曰：「正是他了。」歐陽淳此回正是：

無心說出黃飛虎，咫尺臨潼屬子牙。話說鄧昆問：「可是武成王黃飛虎？」歐陽淳曰：「正是。」鄧昆冷笑曰：「他今日也被你拏了，此將軍莫大之功也。」歐陽淳謙謝不已。鄧昆暗記在心。原來黃飛虎是鄧昆兩姨夫，眾將那裏知道。歐陽淳治酒管待二侯，眾將飲罷，各散。鄧昆至私宅，默思：「黃飛虎今已被擒，如何救他？我想天下八百諸侯，盡已歸周，此關大勢盡失，料此關焉能阻得他！不若歸周，此為上策。但不知芮吉如何？且待明日會過一戰，見機而作。」次日，二侯上殿，眾將參謁。芮吉曰：「吾等奉旨前來，

當以忠心報國。速傳令，把人馬調出關會姜尚，早定雌雄，以免無辜塗炭。」歐陽淳曰：「將軍之言甚善。」令卞吉等關中點炮吶喊，人馬一齊出關。鄧、芮二侯出了關外，見了幽魂白骨旛高懸數丈，阻住正道。卞吉在馬上曰：「啟上二位將軍：把人馬從左路上走，不可往旛下去。此旛不同別樣寶貝。」芮吉曰：「既去不得，便不可走。」軍士俱從左路至子牙營前，對左右探馬曰：「請武王、子牙答話。」哨馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：關中大勢人馬排開，請武王、元帥答話。」子牙曰：「既請武王答話，必有深意。」命中軍官速請武王臨陣。子牙傳令：「點炮吶喊。」寶纛旗磨動，轅門開處，鼓角齊鳴，周營中人馬齊出。怎見得，有讚為證，讚曰：

紅旗閃灼出軍中，對對英雄氣吐虹。馬上將軍如猛虎，步下士卒似蛟龍。騰騰殺氣沖霄漢，靄靄威光透九重。金盔鳳翅光華吐，銀甲魚鱗瑞彩橫。幟頭燦爛紅抹額，束髮冠搖雉尾雄。五岳門人多驍勇，哪吒正印是先鋒。保周滅紂元戎至，殺法森嚴姜太公。

話說鄧、芮二侯在馬上見子牙出兵，威風凜凜，殺氣騰騰，別是一般光景；又見那三山五岳門人，一班兒齊齊整整；又見紅羅傘下，武王坐逍遙馬，左右有四賢、八俊，分於兩傍，怎見得武王生成的天子儀表非俗，有詩為證，詩曰：

龍鳳丰姿迥出群，神清氣旺帝王君。三停勻稱金霞遠，五岳朝歸紫霧分。仁慈相繼同堯舜，弔伐重光過夏殷。八百十年開世業，特將時雨救如焚。

話說鄧、芮二侯在馬上大呼曰：「來者可是武王、姜子牙麼？」子牙曰：「然也。」因而問之：「二公乃何人？」鄧昆曰：「吾乃鄧昆、芮吉是也。姜子牙，你想西周不以仁義禮智輔國四維，乃擅自僭稱王號，收匿叛亡，拒逆天兵，殺軍覆將，已罪在不赦；今又大肆猖獗，欺君罔上，忤逆不道，侵占天王疆土，意欲何為！獨不思『率土之濱，莫非王臣』，而敢策惑天下後世之人心哉。」芮吉又指武王曰：「你先王素稱有德，雖羈囚羑里七年，更無一言怨尤，克守臣節，蒙紂王憐赦歸國，加以黃鉞、白旄，特專征伐，其洪恩德澤，可為厚矣。爾等當世世酌報，尚未盡涓涯之萬一；今父死未久，深聽姜尚妄語，尋事干戈，興無名之師，犯大逆之罪，是自取覆宗滅祀之禍，悔亦何及！今聽吾言，速反其干戈，退我關隘，擒其渠魁，獻俘商郊，爾自歸待罪，尚待爾以不死；不然，恐天子大奮乾剛，親率六師，大張天討，只恐爾等死無噍類矣。」子牙笑曰：「二位賢侯只知守常之語，不知時務之說。古云：『天命無常，惟有德者居之。』今紂王殘虐不道，荒淫酗暴，殺戮大臣，誅妻棄子，郊社不修，宗廟不享，臣下化之，朋家作仇，戕害百姓，無辜籲天，穢德彰聞，罪盈惡貫。皇天震怒，特命我周恭行天之討，故天下諸侯相率事周，會於孟津，觀政於商郊。二侯尚執迷不悟，猶以口舌相爭耶。以吾觀之，二侯如寄寓之客，不知誰為主；宜速倒戈，棄暗投明，亦不失封侯之位耳。速請自

裁。」鄧昆大怒，命卞吉：「拏此野叟！」卞吉縱馬搖戟，衝殺過來。傍有趙昇使雙刀前來抵住。二人正接戰間，芮吉持刀也衝將過來。這邊孫焰紅使斧抵住。只見武吉推開馬殺來助戰。傍邊惱了先行哪吒，登開風火輪，現三首八臂，衝殺過來，勢不可當。鄧昆見哪吒三頭八臂，相貌異常，只嚇得神魂飛散，急忙先走，傳令鳴金收兵，眾將各架住兵器。正是：

人言姬發過堯舜，雲集群雄佐聖君。
話說鄧昆回兵進關，至殿前坐下，歐陽淳、卞吉等俱說姜尚用兵有法，將勇兵驍，門下又有許多三山五岳道術之士，難以取勝，俱各咨嗟不已。歐陽淳只得治酒管待。至夜，各自歸於臥所。

且說鄧昆至更深，自思：「如今天時已歸西周，紂王荒淫不道，諒亦不久；況黃飛虎又是兩姨，被陷在此，使吾掣肘，如之奈何！且武王功德日盛，有龍鳳之姿，天日之表，真是應運之主。子牙又善用兵，門下又是些道術之客，此關豈能為紂王久守哉。不若歸周，以順天時。只恐芮吉不從，奈何！且俟明日以言挑他，看他意思何如，再為道理。」就思想了半夜。

不說鄧昆已有意歸周，且表芮吉自與武王見陣進關，雖是吃酒，心下暗自沉吟：「人言武王有德，果然氣宇不同。子牙善能用兵，果然門下俱是異士。今三分天下，周有其二，眼見得此關如何守！不若獻關歸降，以免兵革之苦。只不知鄧昆心上如何？且慢慢將言語探他，便知虛實。」兩下裏俱各有意。不題。

只見次日，二侯陞殿坐下，眾將官參謁畢，鄧昆曰：「關中將寡兵微，昨日臨陣，果然姜尚用兵有法，所助者又是些道術之士。國事艱難，如之奈何？」卞吉曰：「國家興隆，自有豪傑來佐，又豈在人之多寡哉！」鄧昆曰：「卞將軍之言雖是，但目下難支，奈何？」卞吉曰：「今關外尚有此旛，阻住周兵，料姜尚不能過此。」芮吉聽了他二人說話，心中自忖：「鄧昆已有意歸周。」不覺至晚，飲了數杯，各散。鄧昆令心腹人密請芮侯飲酒。芮吉聞命，欣然而來。二侯執手至密室相敘。左右掌起燭來。二侯對面傳杯。正是：

二侯有意歸真主，自有高人送信來。
且不言二侯正在密室中飲酒，欲待要說心事，彼此不好擅出其口。只見子牙在營中運籌取關，又多了那首旛，阻在路上，欲別尋路徑，又不知他關中虛實，黃飛虎等下落，無計可施。忽然想起土行孫來，隨喚土行孫吩咐：「你今晚可進關去，……如此如此，探聽，不得有誤。」土行孫得令，把精神抖擻，至一更時分，逕進關來。先往禁中，來看南宮适等三人，土行孫見看守的尚未曾睡，不敢妄動，卻往別處行走。只見來至前面，聽得鄧、芮二侯在那廂飲酒。土行孫便躲在地下聽他們說些甚麼。只見鄧昆屏退左右，笑謂芮吉曰：「賢弟，我們說句笑話，你說將來還是周興，還是紂興？你我私議，各出己見，不要藏隱，總無外人知道。」芮侯亦笑曰：「兄長下問，使弟如何敢盡言。若說我等的識見洪遠，又有所不敢言；若是模糊應

答，兄長又笑小弟是無用之物，弟終訥於言。」鄧昆笑曰：「我與你雖為各姓，情同骨肉，此時出君之口，入吾之耳，又何本心之不可說哉。賢弟勿疑！」芮吉曰：「大丈夫既與同心之友談天下政事，若不明目張膽傾吐一番，又何取其能擔當天下事，為識時務之俊傑哉。據弟愚見，你我如今雖奉敕協同守關，不過強逆天心民意，是豈人民之所願者也！今主上失德，四海分崩，諸侯叛亂，思得明主，天下事不卜可知。況周武仁德播布四海，姜尚賢能，輔相國務，又有三山五岳道術之士為之羽翼，是周日強盛，湯日衰弱，將來繼商而有天下者，非周武而誰。前者會戰，其規模氣宇已自不同。但我等受國厚恩，惟以死報國，盡其職耳。承長兄下問，故敢以實告，其他非我知也。」鄧昆笑曰：「賢弟這一番議論，足見洪謀遠識，非他人所可及者，但可惜生不逢時，遇不得其主耳。將來紂為周虜，吾與賢弟不過徒然一死而已。愚兄固當與草木同朽，只可惜賢弟不能效古人所謂『良禽擇木而棲，賢臣擇主而仕』，以展賢弟之才。」言罷，咨嗟不已。芮吉笑曰：「據弟察兄之意，兄已有意歸周，故以言探我耳。弟有此心久矣。果長兄有意歸周，弟願隨鞭鐙。」鄧昆忙起身慰之曰：「非不才敢蓄此不臣之心，只以天命人心卜之，終非好消息，而徒死無益耳。既賢弟亦有此心，正所謂『二人同心，其利斷金』，只吾輩無門可入，奈何？」芮吉曰：「慢慢尋思，再乘機會。」二人正在商議綢繆，已被土行孫在地下聽得詳細，喜不自勝，思想：「不若乘此時會他一會，有何不可？也是我進關一場。引進二侯歸周，也是功績。」正是：

世間萬事由天數，引得賢侯歸武王。話說土行孫在黑影裏鑽將上來，現出身子，上前言曰：「二位賢侯請了！要歸武王，吾與賢侯作引進。」道罷，就把鄧、芮二侯唬得半晌無言。土行孫曰：「二侯不要驚恐，吾乃是姜元帥麾下二運督糧軍官土行孫是也。」鄧、芮二侯聽罷，方纔定神，問曰：「將軍何為夤夜至此？」土行孫曰：「不瞞賢侯說，奉姜元帥將令，特來進關探聽虛實。適纔在地下聽得二位賢侯有意歸周，恨無引進，故敢輕冒，致驚大駕，幸無見罪。若果真意歸周，不才預為先容。吾元帥謙恭下士，決不致有辜二侯之美意也。」鄧、芮二侯聽說，不勝欣喜，忙上前行禮曰：「不知將軍前來，有失迎迓，望勿見罪。」鄧昆復挽土行孫之手，歎曰：「大抵武王仁聖，故有公等高明之士為之輔弼耳。不才二人昨日因在陣上，見武主與姜元帥俱是盛德之士，天下不久歸周，今日回關，與芮賢弟商議，不意為將軍得知，實吾二人之幸也。」土行孫曰：「事不宜遲。將軍可修書一封，俟我先報知姜元帥，俟將軍乘機獻關，以便我等接應。」鄧昆急忙向燈下修書，遞與土行孫，曰：「煩將軍報知姜元帥，設法取關。早晚將軍還進關來，以便商議。」土行孫領命，把身子一幌，無影無形去了。二侯看了，目瞪口呆，咨嗟不已。有詩讚之，詩曰：暗進臨

潼關事奇，二侯共議正逢時。行孫引進歸明主，不負元戎託所知。

話說土行孫來至中軍，剛有五鼓時分，子牙還坐在後帳中等土行孫消息。忽然土行孫立於面前，子牙忙問其「進關所行事體如何？」土行孫曰：「弟子奉命進關，三將還在禁中，因看守人不曾睡，不敢下手，復行至鄧、芮二侯密室，見二人共議歸周，恨無引進，被弟子現身見他，二侯大悅，有書在此呈上。」子牙接書，燈下觀看，不覺大喜：「此真天子之福也！再行設策，以候消息。」令土行孫回帳。不表。

且說鄧、芮二侯次日陞殿坐下，眾將來見。鄧昆曰：「吾二人奉敕協守此關，以退周兵，昨日會戰，未見雌雄，豈是大將之所為。明日整兵，務在一戰以退周兵，早早班師以復王命，是吾願也。」歐陽淳曰：「賢侯之言是也。」當日整頓兵馬，一宿晚景。不題。次日，鄧昆檢點士卒，砲聲響處，人馬出關，至周營前搦戰。鄧昆見幽魂白骨旛豎在當道，就在這旛上發揮，忙令卞吉：「將此旛去了。」卞吉大驚曰：「賢侯在上：此旛是無價之寶，阻周兵全在於此；若去了此旛，臨潼關休矣。」芮吉曰：「吾乃是朝廷欽差官，反走小徑；你為偏將，倒行中道，周兵觀之，深為不雅。縱有常勝，亦為不武。理當去了此旛。」卞吉自思：「若是去了此旛，恐無以勝敵人；若不去，彼為主將，我豈可與之抗禮。今既為父親報仇，豈惜此一符也。」卞吉馬上欠身曰：

「二位賢侯不必去旛，請回關中一議，自然往返無礙耳。」鄧、芮二侯具進了關，卞吉忙畫了三道靈符，鄧、芮二侯每人一道，放在幙頭裏面，歐陽淳一道放在盔裏，復出關來，數騎往旛下過，就如尋常。二侯大喜；及至周營，對軍政官曰：「報你主將出來答話。」探馬報入中軍，子牙即忙領眾將出營。鄧昆大呼曰：「姜子牙，今日與你共決雌雄也！」拍馬殺入中陣來。只見子牙背後有黃飛彪、黃飛豹二馬衝出，接住鄧、芮二侯廝殺。四騎相交，正在酣戰之下，卞吉看不過，大呼曰：「吾來助戰，二侯勿懼！」武吉出馬，接住大戰。只見卞吉撥馬往旛下就走；武吉不趕。子牙見只有鄧、芮二侯相戰，忙令鳴金，兩邊各自回軍。子牙看見鄧、芮四將往旛下逕自去了，心中著實遲疑；進營坐下，沉吟自思：「前日只是卞吉一人行走得，餘則昏迷；今日如何他四人俱往旛下行得？」土行孫曰：「元帥遲疑，莫不是為著那旛下他四人都走得麼？」子牙曰：「正為此說。」土行孫曰：「這有何難，候弟子今日再往關內去走一遭，便知端的。」子牙大喜曰：「當宜速行。」當晚初更，土行孫進關，來至鄧、芮二侯密室。二侯見土行孫來至，不勝大喜曰：「正望公來！那旛名喚幽魂白骨旛，再無法可治。今日被我二人刁難他，他將一道符與我們頂在頭上，往旛下過，就如平常，安然無事。足下可持此符獻與姜元帥，速速進兵，吾自有獻關之策也。」土行孫得符，辭了二侯，往大營來，見子牙備言前事。子牙大喜，取符一看，子牙已識得符中妙訣，取硃砂書符，吩咐眾

將。不知卞吉吉凶如何，且聽下回分解。第八十六回 澠池縣五岳歸天 詩曰：澠池小縣亦屏商，主將英雄卻異常。吐霧神駒真鮮得，地行妙術更難量。

二王年少因他死，五岳奇謀為爾亡。惟有智多楊督運，騰挪先殺老萱堂。話說子牙將所用之符畫完，吩咐軍政官擂鼓，眾將上帳參見。子牙曰：「你眾將俱各領符一道，藏在盔內，或在髮中亦可。明日會戰，候他敗走，眾將先趕去，搶了他的白骨旛，然後攻他關隘。」眾將聽畢，領了符命，無不歡喜。次日，子牙大隊而出，遙指關上搦戰。探馬報知，鄧、芮二侯命卞吉出馬。卞吉領令出關，可憐：

丹心枉作千年計，死到臨頭尚不知。卞吉上馬出關，逕往旛下來，大呼曰：「今日定拿你成功也！」縱馬搖戟，直奔子牙。只見子牙左右一千大小將官衝殺過來，把卞吉圍在垓心，鑼鼓齊鳴，喊聲四起，只殺得煙霧迷空。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

殺氣漫漫鎖太華，戈聲響亮亂交加。五關今屬西岐主，萬載名垂讚子牙。話說卞吉被眾將困在垓心，不能得出，忽然一戟刺中趙丙肩窩，趙丙閃開，卞吉乘空跳出陣來，逕往旛下逃去。周營一千眾將隨後趕來。卞吉那知暗裏已漏消息，尚自妄想拿人。卞吉復兜回馬，伺候家將拿人，只見數將趕過旛下，逕殺奔前來。卞吉大驚曰：「此是天喪成湯社稷，如何此寶無靈也！」不敢復戰，隨敗進關來，閉門不出。子牙也不趕他，命諸將先將此旛收了。韋護取了降魔杵，又將雷震子黃金棍取了，掌鼓回營。且說卞吉進關來，見鄧、芮二侯。不知二侯早已自歸周，就要尋事處治卞吉。忽報：「卞吉回見。」行至階下，芮吉曰：「想今日卞將軍擒有幾個周將。」卞吉曰：「今日末將會戰，周營有十數員大將圍裏當中，末將刺中一將，乘空敗走，引入旛下，以便擒拿他幾員；不知何故，他眾將一擁前來，俱往旛下過來。此乃天喪成湯，非末將戰不勝之罪也。」芮吉笑曰：「前日擒三將，此旛就靈驗；今日如何此旛就不準了？」鄧昆曰：「此無他說，卞吉見關內兵微將寡，周兵勢大，此關難以久守，故與周營私通，假輸一陣，使眾將一擁而入，以獻此關耳。幸軍士隨即緊閉，未遂賊計，不然，吾等皆為擄矣。此等逆賊，留之終屬後患。」喝令兩邊刀斧手：「拿下梟首示眾！」可憐！正是：

一點丹心成畫餅，怨魂空逐杜鵑啼。卞吉不及分辨，被左右拿下，推出帥府，即時斬了首級號令。歐陽淳不知其故，見斬了卞吉，目瞪口呆，心下茫然。鄧、芮二侯謂歐陽淳曰：「卞吉不知天命，故意逗留軍機，理宜斬首。我二人實對將軍說：方今成湯氣數將終，荒淫不道，人心已離，天命不保；天下諸侯久已歸周，只有此關之隔耳。今關中又無大將，足抵周兵，終是不能拒守。不若我等與將軍將此關獻於周武，共伐無道。正所謂『順天者昌，逆天者亡』。且周營俱是道術之士，我等皆非他的對手。固然我與你俱當死君之

難，但無道之君，天下共棄之，你我徒死無益耳。願將軍思之。」歐陽淳大怒，罵曰：「食君之祿，不思報本，反欲獻關，甘心降賊，屈殺卞吉，此真狗彘之不若也！我歐陽淳其首可斷，其身可碎，而此心決不負成湯之恩，甘效辜恩負義之賊也！」鄧、芮二侯大喝曰：「今天下諸侯盡已歸周，難道俱是負成湯之恩者；止不過為獨夫殘虐生民，萬姓塗炭。周武興弔民伐罪之師，汝安得以叛逆目之。真不識天時之匹夫！」歐陽淳大呼曰：「陛下誤用奸邪，反賣國求榮，吾先殺此逆賊，以報君恩！」仗劍來殺鄧、芮二侯。二侯亦仗劍來迎，殺在殿上，雙戰歐陽淳。歐陽淳如何戰得過，被芮吉吼一聲，一劍砍倒歐陽淳，梟了首級。正是：為國亡身全大節，二侯察理順天心。話說二侯殺了歐陽淳，監中放出三將。黃飛虎上殿來，見是姨丈鄧昆，二人相會大喜，各訴衷腸。芮吉傳令：「速行開關。」先放三將來大營報信。三將至轅門，軍政官報入中軍，子牙大喜，忙令進帳來。三將至中軍見禮畢，子牙問其詳細，只見左右報：「鄧昆、芮吉至轅門聽令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」二侯至中軍，子牙迎下座來，二侯下拜，子牙攙住，安慰曰：「今日賢侯歸周，真不失賢臣擇主而仕之智！」二侯曰：「請元帥進關安民。」子牙傳令，催人馬進關。武王亦起駕隨行。大軍就地歡呼，人心大悅。武王來至帥府，查過戶口冊籍；關中人民父老，俱牽羊擔酒，迎迓王師。武王命殿前治宴，管待東征大小眾將，犒賞三軍。住了數日，子牙傳令：「起兵往澠池縣。」好人馬！一路上怎見得，有詩讚之，詩曰：殺氣迷空千里長，旌旗招展日無光。層層鐵鉞鋒如雪，對對鋼刀刃似霜。人勝登山豺虎猛，馬過出水蟒龍剛。澠池此際交兵日：「五岳」齊遭劍下亡。話說子牙人馬在路前行，不一日，探馬報曰：「啟元帥：前至澠池縣了，請令定奪。」子牙傳令：「安營。」點砲吶喊。話說澠池縣總兵官張奎聽得周兵來至，忙陞帥府坐下。左右有二位先行官，乃是王佐、鄭椿，上廳來見張奎。奎曰：「今日周兵進了五關，與帝都止有一河之隔，幸賴吾在此，尚可支撐。」張奎打點禦敵。且說姜元帥次日陞帳，命將出軍，忽報：「有東伯侯差官下書。」子牙傳令：「令來。」差官至軍前行禮畢，將書呈上。子牙拆書觀看。子牙看書畢，問左右曰：「如今東伯侯姜文煥求借救兵，我這裏必定發兵纔是。」傍有黃飛虎答曰：「天下諸侯皆仰望我周，豈有坐視不救之理。元帥當得發兵救援，以安天下諸侯之心。」子牙傳令，問：「誰去取遊魂關走一遭？」傍有金、木二吒欠身曰：「弟子不才，願去取遊魂關。」子牙許之，分一支人馬與二人去了。不表。且說子牙吩咐：「誰去澠池縣取頭一功？」南宮适應聲願往，領令出營，至城下搦戰。張奎聞報，問左右先行：「誰人出馬？」有王佐願往，領兵開放城門，來至軍前。南宮适大呼曰：「五關皆為周有，止此

彈丸之地，何不早獻，以免誅身之禍。」王佐罵曰：「無知匹夫！你等叛逆不道，罪惡貫盈，今日自來送死也！」縱馬舞刀來取。南宮适手中刀拍面交還。戰有二三十回合，被南宮适手起刀落，早把王佐揮為兩段。南宮适得勝回營報功，子牙大喜。只見報馬報進城來。張奎聞報，王佐失機，心下十分不快。次日，又報：「周將黃飛虎搦戰。」鄭樁出馬，與黃飛虎大戰二十合，被黃飛虎一鎗刺於馬下，梟了首級回營。子牙大喜。話說張奎又見鄭樁失利，著實煩惱。子牙見連日斬他二將，命左右軍士一齊攻城。眾將率領軍士，放炮吶喊，前來攻城。城上士卒來報張奎，張奎在後廳聞報，與夫人高蘭英商議：「如今孤城難守，連折二將，如之奈何？」高蘭英曰：「將軍有此道術，況且又有坐騎可以成功，何懼賊兵哉？」奎曰：「夫人不知，五關之內多少英雄，俱不能阻逆，一旦至此，天意可知。今主上猶荒淫如故，為臣豈能安於枕席。」夫妻正議，又報：「周兵攻城甚急。」張奎即時上馬提刀，夫人掠陣；開放城門，一騎當先。只見子牙門下眾將左右分開，張奎大呼曰：「姜元帥慢來！」子牙上前曰：「張將軍，你可知天意？速速早降，不失封侯之位；若自執迷不悟，與五關為例。」張奎笑曰：「你逆天罔上，徼幸至此，量你今日死無葬身之地矣。」子牙笑曰：「天時人事，不問可知，只足下迷而不悟耳。此去朝歌不過數百里，一河之隔，四面八方，天下諸侯雲集，諒你區區彈丸之地，投鞭可實，何敢抗吾師哉！此正所謂大廈將傾，一木安能支撐，徒自取滅亡耳！」張奎大怒，催開馬，使手中刀，飛來直取子牙，後面姬叔明、姬叔昇二殿下走馬大呼：「少衝吾陣！」兩條鎗急架忙迎。好張奎！使開刀力戰二將。有詩為證：臂膊掄開好用兵，空中各自下無情。吹毛利刃分先後，刺骨尖鋒定死生。惡戰止圖麟閣姓，苦爭只為史篇名。張奎刀法真無比，到處成功定太平。

話說姬叔明等二將見戰張奎不下，二位殿下掩一鎗，詐敗而走，指望回馬鎗挑張奎；不知張奎的坐騎甚奇，名為「獨角烏煙獸」，其快如神。張奎讓二將去有三四射之地，他把馬上角一拍，那馬如一陣烏煙，似飛雲掣電而來。姬叔明聽得有人追趕，以為得計時，不意張奎已至後面，措手不及，被張奎一刀揮於馬下。姬叔昇見其兄落馬，及至回馬，又被張奎順手一刀，也是兩段。可憐金枝玉葉，一旦遭殃！子牙大驚，急鳴金收兵。張奎也掌鼓進城。子牙見折了二位殿下，收軍回營，心下不樂。武王聞知喪了二弟，掩面而哭，進後營去了。張奎連斬二將，心中甚喜。夫妻二人商議，具表進朝歌。不題。

且言子牙悶坐帳上，謂諸將曰：「料澠池不過一小縣，反傷了二位殿下！」只見眾將齊說：「張奎的馬有些奇異，其快如風，故此二位殿下措手不及，以致喪身。」眾將正猜疑時，忽報：「北伯侯崇黑虎至轅門求見。」子牙傳令：「請來。」崇黑虎同文聘、崔英、蔣雄上帳來，參謁子牙。子牙忙

下帳，迎接上帳，各敘禮畢，子牙曰：「君侯兵至孟津幾時了？」黑虎曰：「不才自起兵取了陳塘關，人馬已至孟津割營數月矣。今聞元帥大兵至此，特來大營奉謁，願元帥早會諸侯，共伐無道。」子牙大喜。有武成王與崇黑虎相見，感謝黑虎曰：「昔日蒙君侯相助，擒斬高繼能，此德尚未圖報，時刻不敢有忘，銘刻五內。」彼此遜謝畢。子牙吩咐營中治酒，管待崇黑虎等。正是：

死生有數天生定：「五岳」相逢絕澠池。 當日酒散。次日，子牙陞帳，眾將參謁。忽報：「張奎搦戰。」哨馬報入中軍，子牙問：「今日誰人戰張奎走一遭？」崇黑虎曰：「末將今日來至，當得效勞。」只見文聘、崔英、蔣雄三人也要同去。子牙大喜。四將同出大營，領本部人馬擺開，崇黑虎催開了金睛獸，舉雙板斧，飛臨陣前，大呼曰：「張奎！天兵已至，何不早降，尚敢逆天，自取滅亡哉！」張奎大怒，罵曰：「無義匹夫！你乃是弑兄圖位，天下不仁之賊，焉敢口出大言！」催開馬，使手中刀飛來直取。崇黑虎舉雙斧，急架忙迎。文聘大怒，發馬搖叉，衝殺過來。崔英八楞鎚一似流星；蔣雄的抓絨繩飛起；一齊上前，把張奎裹在當中。卻說子牙在帳上見黃飛虎站立在傍，子牙曰：「黃將軍，崇侯今日會戰，你可去掠陣助他，也不負昔日崇侯曾為將軍郎君報仇。」黃飛虎領令出營，見四將與張奎大戰；黃飛虎自思：「吾在此掠陣，不見我之情分，不若走騎成功，何不為美。」黃飛虎將五色神牛催開，大呼曰：「崇君侯，吾來也！」此正是「五岳逢七殺」，大抵天數已定，畢竟難逃。只見五將裹住張奎，這場大戰。怎見得，有讚為證：

只殺得愁雲慘淡，旭日昏塵，征夫馬上抖精神。號帶飄揚，千條瑞彩滿空飛；劍戟參差，三冬白雪漫陣舞。崇黑虎雙板斧紛紜上下；文聘的托天叉左右交加；崔英的八楞鎚如流星蕩漾；蔣雄的五爪抓似蒺藜飛揚；黃飛虎長鎗如大蟒出穴；好張奎，敵五將，似猛虎翻騰。刀架斧，斧劈刀，叮噹響亮；叉迎刀，刀架叉，有叱吒之聲；鎚打刀，刀架鎚，不離其身；抓分頂，刀掠處，全憑心力；鎗刺來，刀隔架，純是精神。五員將鞍轡上各施巧妙，只殺得刮地寒風聲拉雜，蕩起征塵飛鎧甲，澠池城下立功勳，數定「五岳」逢「七殺」。話說五將把張奎圍在垓心，戰有三四十回合，未分勝負。崇黑虎暗思：「既來立功，又何必與他戀戰。」把坐下金睛獸一兜，跳出圈子，詐敗就走，好放神鷹。四將知機，也便撥馬跟黑虎敗走。他不知張奎坐騎其快如風，一也是「五岳」命該如此，一只見張奎等五將去有三二箭之地，把馬頂上角一拍，一陣烏煙，即時在文聘背後，手起一刀，把文聘揮於馬下。崇黑虎急用手去揭葫蓋，已是不及，早被張奎一刀砍為兩段。崔英勒回馬來時，張奎使開刀又戰三將。忽然桃花馬走，一員女將將用兩口日月刀，飛出陣來，乃是高蘭英來助張奎。這婦人取出個紅葫蘆來，祭出四十九根太陽金針，射住三將眼目，觀看不明，早

被張奎連斬三將下馬。可憐五將一陣而亡！有詩為證，詩曰：

五將東征會渰池，時逢「七殺」數應奇。忠肝化碧猶啼血，義膽成灰永不移。千古英風垂泰嶽，萬年裡祀祝嵩屍。五方帝位多隆寵，報國孤忠史冊垂。

話說張奎連誅五將，哨馬報與子牙，子牙大驚：「如何就誅了五將？」掠陣官備言張奎的馬有些利害，故此五將俱措手不及，以致失利。子牙見折了黃飛虎，著實傷悼。正尋思之間，忽報：「楊戩催糧至轅門等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」至中軍，參謁畢，稟曰：「弟子督糧已進五關，今願繳督糧印，隨軍征伐立功。」子牙曰：「此時將會孟津，也要你等在中軍協助。」楊戩立在一旁，聽得武成王黃將軍已死，楊戩歎曰：「黃氏一門忠烈，父子捐軀，以為王室，不過留清芬於簡編耳！」又問：「張奎有何本領，先行為何不去會他？」哪吒曰：「崇君侯意欲見功，不才先要讓他，豈好占越，不意俱遭其害。」正言間，只見左右來報：「張奎搦戰。」有黃飛彪願為長兄報仇，子牙許之，楊戩掠陣。黃飛彪出營，見張奎也不答話，挺鎗直取。張奎的刀急架忙迎。兩馬相交，一場大戰，約有二三十合。黃飛彪急於為兄報仇，其力量非張奎對手，鎗法漸亂，被張奎一刀揮於馬下。楊戩掠陣，見張奎把黃飛彪斬於馬下，又見他的馬頂上有角，就知此馬有些原故：「待吾除之！」楊戩縱馬搖刀，大呼曰：「張奎休走！吾來也！」張奎問曰：「你是何人，也自來取死？」楊戩答曰：「你這匹夫，屢以邪術壞吾諸將，吾特來拿你，碎屍萬段，以泄眾將之恨！」舉三尖刀劈面砍來。張奎手中刀急架相還。二馬相交，雙刀併舉。怎見得一場大戰，有讚為證，讚曰：

二將棋逢敵手，陣前各逞豪強。翻來覆去豈尋常，真似一對虎狼形狀。這一個會騰挪變化；那一個會攪海翻江。刀來刀架兩無妨，兩個將軍一樣。

話說張奎與楊戩大戰，有三四十回合，楊戩故意賣個破綻，被張奎撞個滿懷，伸出手抓住楊戩腰帶，拎過鞍轡。正是：

張奎今日擒楊戩，眼見喪了黑煙駒。張奎活捉了楊戩，掌鼓進縣，陞廳坐下，令：「將周將推來！」左右將楊戩擁至廳前，楊戩站立。張奎大喝曰：「既被吾擒，為何不跪？」楊戩曰：「無知匹夫！我與你既為敵國，今日被擒，有死而已，何必多言！」張奎大怒，命左右：「推去斬首號令！」只見左右將楊戩斬訖，持首級號令。張奎方欲坐下，不一時，只見管馬的來報：

「啟老爺得知：禍事不小！」張奎大驚：「甚麼禍事？」管馬的曰：「老爺的馬好好的吊下頭來。」張奎聽得此言，不覺失色，頓足曰：「吾成大功，全仗此烏煙獸，豈知今日無故吊下頭來！」正在廳上急得三尸神暴跳，七竅內煙生，忽報：「方纔被擒的周將又來搦戰。」張奎頓然醒悟：「吾中了此賊奸計！」隨即換馬，提刀在手，復出城來；一見楊戩，大罵：「逆賊攪壞吾龍駒，氣殺我也！怎肯干休？」楊戩笑曰：「你仗此馬傷吾周將，我先殺此馬，

然後再殺你的驢頭！」張奎切齒大罵曰：「不要走！吃吾一刀！」使開手中刀來取。楊戩的刀急架相迎。又戰二十合，楊戩又賣個破綻，被張奎又抓住腰內絲條，輕輕拎將過去，二次擒來。張奎大怒曰：「這番看你怎能脫去！」正是：

張奎二次擒楊戩，只恐萱堂血染衣。張奎捉了楊戩進城，坐在廳上。忽報，後邊夫人高蘭英來至面前，因問其故？張奎長吁歎曰：「夫人，我為官多年，得許多大功勞，全仗此烏煙獸；今日周將楊戩用邪術壞吾龍駒，這次又被我擒來，還是將何法治之？」夫人曰：「推來我看。」傳令：「將楊戩推來。」少時，推至廳前，高蘭英一見，笑曰：「吾自有處治。將烏雞黑犬血取來，再用尿糞和勻，先穿起他的琵琶骨，將血澆在他的頭上，又用符印鎮住，然後斬之。」張奎如法製度。夫妻二人齊出府前，看左右一一如此施行。高蘭英用符印畢，先將血糞往楊戩頭上澆，手起一刀，將首級砍落在地，夫妻大喜，方纔進府來到廳前，忽聽得後邊丫環飛報出廳來，哭稟曰：「啟老爺，夫人：不好了！老太太正在香房，不知那裏穢污血糞把太太澆了一頭，隨即就吊下頭來，真是異事驚人！」張奎大叫曰：「又中了楊戩妖術！」放聲大哭，如醉如痴一般。自思：「老母養育之恩未報，今因為國，反將吾母喪命，真個痛殺我也！」忙取棺槨收殮。不表。

且說楊戩逕進中軍，來見子牙，備言：「……先斬其馬，後殺其母，先惑亂其心，然後擒張奎不難矣。」子牙大喜曰：「此皆是你不世之功。」且說張奎思報母仇，上馬提刀，來周營搦戰。不知凶吉如何，且聽下回分解。第八十七回 土行孫夫妻陣亡 詩曰：

地行妙術法應玄，誰識張奎更占先。猛獸崖前身已死，澗池城下婦歸泉。許多功業成何用，幾度勳名亦枉然。留得兩行青史在，後來成敗總由天。話說子牙在中軍正議進兵之策，忽報：「張奎搦戰。」哪吒曰：「弟子願往。」登風火輪而出，現出八臂三首，來戰張奎，大呼曰：「張奎若不早降，悔之晚矣！」張奎大怒，催開馬，仗手中刀來取。哪吒使手中鎗劈面迎來。未及三五合，哪吒將九龍神火罩祭起去，把張奎連人帶馬罩住。用手一拍，只見九條火龍一齊吐出煙火，遍地燒來。一不知張奎會地行之術，如土行孫一般。一彼時張奎見罩落將下來，知道不好，他先滾下馬，就地下去了。哪吒不曾留心看，幾乎誤了大事，只是燒死他一匹馬。哪吒掌鼓回營，見子牙，說：「張奎已被燒死。」子牙大喜。不表。

且說張奎進城，對妻子曰：「今日與哪吒接戰，果然利害，被他提起火龍罩將我罩住，若不是我有地行之術，幾乎被他燒死。」高蘭英曰：「將軍今夜何不地行進他營寨，刺殺武王君臣，不是一計成功，大事已定，又何必與他爭能較勝耶！」張奎深悟曰：「夫人之言甚是有理。只因那楊戩可惡，暗害吾老母，惑亂吾心，連日神思不定，幾乎忘了。今夜必定成功。」張奎打點收拾，暗帶利刃進營。正是：

武王洪福過堯舜，自有高人守大營。話說子牙在帳中，聞得張奎已死，議取城池。至晚，發令箭，點練士卒，至三更造飯，四更整飭，五更登城，一鼓成功。子牙吩咐已畢。這也是天意，恰好是楊任巡外營。那是將近二更時分，張奎把身子一扭，逕往周營而來，將至轅門，適遇楊任來至前營。不知楊任眼眶裏長出來的兩隻手，手心裏有兩隻眼，此眼上看天庭，下觀地底，中看人間千里。彼時楊任忽見地下有張奎提一口刀逕進轅門，楊任曰：「地下是張奎，慢來！有吾在此！」張奎大驚：「周營中有此等異人，如何是好！」自思：「吾在地下行得快，待吾進中軍殺了姜尚，他就來也是遲的。」張奎仗刀逕入，楊任一時著急，將雲霞獸一磕，至三層圈子內，擊雲板，大呼曰：「有刺客進營！各哨仔細！」不一時，合營齊起。子牙急忙陞帳，眾將官弓上弦，刀出鞘，兩邊火把燈毬，照耀如同白晝。子牙問曰：「刺客從那裏來？」楊任進帳啟曰：「張奎提刀在地下逕進轅門。弟子故敢擊雲板報知。」子牙大驚曰：「昨日哪吒已把張奎燒死，今夜如何又有個張奎？」楊任曰：「此人還在此聽元帥講話。」子牙驚疑未定，傍有楊戩曰：「候弟子天明再作道理。」就把周營裏亂了半夜。張奎情知不得成功，只得回去。楊任一隻眼只看得地下張奎走出轅門，楊任也出轅門，只送張奎至城下方回。當時張奎進城，來至府中，高蘭英問曰：「功業如何？」張奎只是搖頭道：「利害！利害！周營中有許多高人，所以五關勢如破竹，不能阻擋。」遂將進營的事細細說了一遍。夫人曰：「既然如此，可急修本竟往朝歌，請兵協守；不然，孤城豈能阻擋周兵？」張奎從其言，忙修本差官往朝歌。不表。

且說天明，楊戩往城下來，坐名叫：「張奎出來見我！」張奎聞報，上馬提刀，開放城門，正是仇人見了仇人，大罵曰：「好匹夫！暗害吾母，與你不共戴天！」楊戩曰：「你這逆天之賊，若不殺你母，你也不知周營中利害。」張奎大叫：「我不殺楊戩，此恨怎休！」舞刀直取楊戩。楊戩手中刀赴面交還。兩馬相交，雙刀併舉。未及數合，楊戩祭起哮天犬來傷張奎。張奎見此犬奔來，忙下馬，即時就不見了。楊戩觀之，不覺咨嗟。正是：

張奎道術真伶俐，賽過周營土行孫。話說楊戩回營來見子牙，子牙問曰：「今日會張奎，如何？」楊戩把張奎會地行道術說了一遍：「真好似土行孫！夜來楊任之功莫大焉！」子牙大喜，傳令：「以後只令楊任巡督內外，防守營門。」彼時張奎進城至府，見夫人高氏曰：「今會楊戩，料周營道術之士甚多，吾夫妻不能守此城也。依吾愚見，不若棄了渾池，且回朝歌，再作商議。你的意下如何？」夫人曰：「將軍之言差矣！俺夫妻在此鎮守多年，名揚四方，豈可一旦棄城而去。況此城關係非淺，乃朝歌屏障，今一棄此城，則黃河之險與周兵共之，這個斷然不可！明日待我出去，自然成功。」次日，高蘭英出城，至營前搦戰。子牙正

坐，忽報：「有一女將請戰。」子牙問：「誰可出馬？」有鄧嬋玉應聲曰：「末將願往。」子牙曰：「須要小心。」鄧嬋玉曰：「末將知道。」言罷上馬，一聲砲響，展兩杆大紅旗出營，大呼曰：「來將何人？快通名來！」高蘭英觀看，見是一員女將，心下疑惑，忙應曰：「吾非別人，乃鎮守渾池張將軍夫人高蘭英是也。你是誰人？」鄧嬋玉曰：「吾乃是督運糧儲土將軍夫人鄧嬋玉是也。」高蘭英聽說，大罵：「賤人！你父子奉敕征討，如何苟就成婚，今日有何面目歸見故鄉也！」鄧嬋玉大怒，舞雙刀來取。高蘭英一身縞素，將手中雙刀急架來迎。二員女將，一紅，一白，殺在城下。怎見得，有讚為證：

這一個頂上金盔耀日光；那一個束髮銀冠列鳳凰。這一個黃金鎖子連環鎖；那一個千葉龍鱗甲更強。這一個猩猩血染紅衲襖；那一個素白征袍似粉裝。這一個是赤金映日紅瑪瑙；那一個是白雪初施玉琢娘。這一個似向陽紅杏枝枝嫩；那一個似月下梨花露香。這一個似五月榴紅似火；那一個似雪裏梅花靠粉牆。這一個腰肢嫵娜在鞍轡上；那一個體態風流十指長。這一個雙刀幌幌如閃電；那一個二刃如鋒劈面揚。分明是：廣寒仙子臨凡世，月裏嫦娥降下方。兩員女將天下少，紅似銀珠白似霜。

話說鄧嬋玉大戰高蘭英有二十回合，撥馬就走。高蘭英不知鄧嬋玉詐敗，便隨後趕來。嬋玉聞腦後鸞鈴響處，忙取五光石回手一下，正中高蘭英面上，只打得嘴唇青腫，掩面而回。鄧嬋玉得勝進營，來見姜元帥，說高蘭英被五光石打敗進城。子牙方上功勞簿，只見左右官報：「二運官土行孫轅門等令。」子牙傳令：「來。」土行孫上帳參謁：「弟子運糧已完，繳督糧印，願隨軍征伐。」子牙曰：「今進五關，軍糧有天下諸侯應付，不消你等督運，俱隨軍征進罷了。」土行孫下帳，來見眾將，獨不見黃將軍，忙問哪吒，哪吒曰：「今渾池不過一小縣，反將黃將軍、崇君侯五人一陣而亡。昨張奎善有地行之術，比你分外精奇。前日進營，欲來行刺，多虧楊任救之。故此阻住吾師，不能前進。」土行孫聽罷：「有這樣事！當時吾師傳吾此術，可稱蓋世無雙，豈有此處又有異人也？待吾明日會他。」至後帳來問鄧嬋玉：「此事可真？」鄧嬋玉曰：「果是不差。」土行孫躊躇一夜。次早，上帳來見姜元帥：「願去會張奎。」子牙許之。傍有楊戩、哪吒、鄧嬋玉俱欲去掠陣。土行孫許之，來至城下搦戰。哨馬報與張奎，張奎出城，見一矮子，問曰：「你是何人？」土行孫曰：「吾乃土行孫是也。」道罷，舉手中棍滾將來，劈頭就打。張奎手中刀急架來迎。二人大戰，往往來來，未及數合，哪吒、楊戩齊出來助戰。哪吒忙提起乾坤圈來打張奎。張奎看見，滾下馬就不見了。土行孫也把身子一扭來趕張奎。張奎一見大驚：「周營中也有此妙術之人！」隨在地底下，二人又復大戰。大抵張奎身子長大，不好轉換；土行孫身子矮小，轉換伶俐，故此或前或後，張奎反不濟事，只得敗去。土行孫

趕了一程，趕不上，也自回來。那張奎地行術一日可行一千五百里，土行孫止行一千里，因此趕不上他，只得回營，來見子牙，言：「張奎果然好地行之術。此人若是阻住此間，深為不便。」子牙曰：「昔日你師父擒爾用指地成鋼法，今欲治張奎，非此法不可。你如何學得此法以治之？」土行孫曰：「元帥可修書一封，待弟子去夾龍山，見吾師，取此符印來，破了渑池縣，遂得早會諸侯。」子牙大喜，忙修書付與土行孫。土行孫別了妻子，往夾龍山來。可憐！正是：

土行孫逕往夾龍山去。且說張奎被土行孫戰敗回來，見高蘭英，雙眉緊皺，長吁曰：「周營中有許多異人，如何是好？」夫人曰：「誰為異人？」張奎曰：「有一土行孫，也有地行之術，如之奈何！」高蘭英曰：「如今再修告急表章，速往朝歌求救，俺夫妻二人死守此縣，不必交兵，只等救兵前來，再為商議破敵。」夫妻正議，忽然一陣怪風飄來，甚是奇異。怎見得好風，有詩為證：

走石飛砂勢更凶，推雲擁霧亂行蹤。暗藏妖孽來窺戶，又送孤帆過楚峰。風過一陣，把府前寶纛旗一折兩斷。夫妻大驚曰：「此不祥之兆也。」高蘭英隨排香案，忙取金錢，排下一卦，已解其意。高蘭英曰：「將軍可速為之！土行孫往夾龍山取指地成鋼之術，來破你也！不可遲誤！」張奎大驚，忙忙收拾，結束停當，逕往夾龍山去了。土行孫一日止行千里；張奎一日行一千五百里；張奎先到夾龍山，到個崖畔，潛等土行孫。等了一日，土行孫來至猛獸崖，遠遠望見飛雲洞，滿心歡喜：「今日又至故土也！」不知張奎豫在崖傍，側身躲匿，把刀拎起，只等他來。土行孫那裏知道，只是往前走。也是數該如此，看看至面前，張奎大叫曰：「土行孫不要走！」土行孫及至抬頭時，刀已落下，可憐砍了個連肩帶背。張奎割了首級，逕回渑池縣來號令。後人有詩歎土行孫歸周未受茅土之封，可憐無辜死於此地，有詩為證：

憶昔西岐歸順時，輔君督運未愆期。進關盜寶功為首，劫寨偷營世所奇。名播諸侯空嘖嘖，聲揚宇宙恨絲絲。夾龍山下亡身處，反本還元正在茲。話說張奎非止一日來至渑池縣，夫妻相見，將殺死土行孫一事說了一遍，夫妻大喜，隨把土行孫的首級號令在城上。只見周營中探馬見渑池縣城裏號令出頭來，近前看時，卻是土行孫的首級，忙報入中軍：「啟元帥：渑池縣城上號令了土行孫首級，不知何故，請令定奪。」子牙曰：「他往夾龍山去了，不在行營，又未出陣，如何被害？」子牙掐指一算，拍案大呼曰：「土行孫死於無辜，是吾之過也！」子牙甚是傷感。不意帳後驚動了鄧嬋玉，聞知丈夫已死，哭上帳來：「願與夫主報仇！」子牙曰：「你還斟酌，不可造次。」鄧嬋玉那裏肯住，啼泣上馬，來至城下，只叫：「張奎出來見我！」哨馬報入城中：「有女將搦戰。」高蘭英曰：「這賤人！我正欲報一石之恨，今日合該死於此地！」高蘭英

上馬提刀，先將一紅葫蘆執在手中，放出四十九根太陽神針，先在城裏提出。鄧嬋玉只聽得馬響，二目被神針射住，觀看不明，早被高蘭英手起一刀，揮於馬下。可憐！正是：孟津未會諸侯面，今日夫妻喪澠池。

話說高蘭英先祭太陽神針，射住嬋玉二目，因此上斬了鄧嬋玉，進城號令了。哨馬報入中軍，備言前事。子牙著實傷悼，對眾門人曰：「今高蘭英有太陽神針，射入二目，非同小可，諸將俱要防備。」故此按兵不動，再設法以取此縣。南宮适曰：「這一小縣，今損無限大將，請元帥著人馬四面攻打，此縣可以歷為平地。」子牙傳令，命：「三軍四面攻打！」架起雲梯火炮，三軍吶喊，攻打甚急。張奎夫妻千方百計看守此城。一連攻打兩晝夜，不能得下。子牙心中甚惱，且命：「暫退，再為設計；不然徒令軍士勞苦無益耳。」眾將鳴金收軍，回營。

且說張奎又修本往朝歌城來。差官渡了黃河，前至孟津，有四百鎮諸侯駐割人馬。差官潛蹤隱跡，一路無詞，至館驛中，歇了一宵。次日，將本至文書房投遞。那日看本乃是微子。微子接本看了，忙入內庭，只見紂王在鹿臺上宴樂。微子至臺下候旨，紂王宣上鹿臺，微子行禮稱臣畢，王曰：「皇伯有何奏章？」微子曰：「武王兵進五關，已至澠池縣，損兵折將，莫可支撐，危在旦夕。請陛下速發援兵，早來協守。不然，臣惟一死，以報君恩。何況此縣離都城不過四五百里之遠，陛下還在此臺宴樂，全不以社稷為重，孟津現有南方、北方四百諸侯駐兵，候西伯共至商郊，事有燃眉之急；今見此報，使臣身心加焚，莫知所措。願陛下早求賢士，以治國事，拜大將以剿反叛，改過惡而訓軍民，修仁政以回天變，庶不失去湯之宗廟也。」紂王聞奏大驚曰：「姬發反叛，而今已侵陷孤之關隘，覆軍殺將，兵至澠池，情殊可恨！孤當御駕親征，以除大惡。」中大夫飛廉奏曰：「陛下不可！今孟津有四百諸侯駐兵，一聞陛下出軍，他讓過陛下，阻住後路，首尾受敵，非萬全之道也。陛下可出榜招賢，大懸賞格，自有高名之士應求而至。古云：『重賞之下，必有勇夫。』又何勞陛下親御六師，與叛臣較勝於行伍哉？」紂王曰：「依卿所奏。速傳旨，懸立賞格，張掛於朝歌四門，招選豪傑，才堪督府者，不次銓除。」一四方哄動，就把個朝歌城內萬民日受數次驚慌。只見一日來了三個豪傑，來揭榜文。守榜軍士隨同三人先往飛廉府裏來參謁。門官報入中堂，飛廉道：「有請。」三人進府，與飛廉見禮畢，言曰：「聞天子招募天下賢士，愚下三人自知非才，但君父有事，願捐軀效犬馬。」飛廉見三人氣宇清奇，就命賜坐。三人曰：「吾等俱是閭閻子民。大夫在上，子民焉敢坐。」飛廉曰：「求賢定國，聘傑安邦，雖高爵重祿，直受不辭，又何妨於一坐耶。」三人告過，方纔坐下。飛廉曰：「三位姓甚？名誰？住居何所？」三人將一手本呈上，飛廉觀看，原來是梅山人氏，一名袁洪，一名吳龍，一名常昊。一此乃

「梅山七聖」；先是三人投見，以下俱陸續而來。袁洪者乃白猿精也；吳龍者乃蜈蚣精也；常昊者乃長蛇精也；俱借「袁」、「吳」、「常」三字取之為姓也。——飛廉看了姓名，隨帶入朝

門，來朝見紂王。飛廉入內庭，天子在顯慶殿與惡來奕棋，當駕官啟奏：「中大夫飛廉候旨。」王曰：「宣來。」飛廉見駕，奏曰：

「臣啟陛下：今有梅山三個傑士，應陛下求賢之詔，今在午門候旨。」紂王大悅：「傳旨宣來。」少時，三人來至殿下，山呼拜畢，紂王賜三人平身，三人謝恩畢，侍立兩傍。王曰：「卿等此來，有何妙策可擒逆賊？」袁洪奏曰：「姜尚以虛言巧語，糾合天下諸侯，鼓惑黎庶作反；依臣愚見，先破西岐，拿了姜尚，則八百諸侯望陛下降詔招安，赦免前罪，天下不戰而自平也。」紂王聞奏，龍心大悅，封袁洪為大將，吳龍、常昊為先行，命殷破敗為參軍，雷開為五軍總督，使殷成秀、雷鵬、雷鵬、魯仁傑等俱隨軍征伐。紂王傳旨，嘉慶殿排宴，慶賞諸臣。內有魯仁傑自幼多讀，廣識英雄，見袁洪行事不按禮節，暗思曰：「觀此人行事不是大將之才，且看他操演人馬，便知端的。」當日宴散，次日謝恩。三日後下教場，操演三軍。魯仁傑看袁洪舉動措置，俱不如法，諒非姜子牙敵手，但此時是用人之際，魯仁傑也只得將機就計而已。次日，袁洪朝見紂王，王曰：「元帥可先領一支人馬，往渾池縣佐張奎以阻西兵，元帥意下如何？」袁洪曰：「以臣觀之，都中之兵不宜遠出。」紂王曰：「如何不宜遠出？」袁洪奏曰：「今孟津已有南北二路諸侯駐割，以窺其後，臣若往渾池，此二路諸侯拒守孟津，阻臣糧道，那時使臣前後受敵，此不戰自敗之道。況糧為三軍生命，是軍未行而先需者也。依臣之計，不若調二十萬人馬，阻住孟津之咽喉，使諸侯不能侵攬朝歌，一戰成功，大事定矣。」紂王大悅：「卿言甚善，真乃社稷之臣！依卿所奏施行。」袁洪隨調兵二十萬，吳龍、常昊為先行，殷破敗為參贊，雷開為五軍都督，使殷成秀、雷鵬、雷鵬、魯仁傑隨軍征伐，往孟津而來。不知勝負如何，且聽下回分解。

第八十八回 武王白魚跳龍舟 詩曰：白魚吉兆喜非常，預肇周家應瑞昌。八百諸侯稱碩德，千年師帥頌匡襄。堂堂陣演三三疊，正正旗門六六行。時雨師臨民甚悅，成湯基業已消亡。話說袁洪調兵往孟津駐割，以阻諸侯咽喉。不表。且說渾池縣張奎日夕望朝歌救兵，忽有報馬報入府來：「天子招了新元帥袁洪，調兵二十萬駐割孟津，以阻諸侯；未見發兵來救渾池。」張奎聞報大驚曰：「天子不發救兵，此城如何拒守！況前有周兵，後有孟津，四百諸侯前後合攻，此取敗之道。今反捨此不救，奈何？」忙與夫人高蘭英共議。夫人曰：「料吾二人也可阻住周兵。今袁洪拒住孟津，則南北諸侯也不能抄我之後。只打聽袁洪得勝，若破了南北二侯，我再與你去合兵共破周武，再無有不勝之理。俺們如今只設法守城，不要與周將對敵；待他糧盡兵

疲，一戰成功，無有不克。此萬全之道也。」張奎心下狐疑不定。

且說子牙見澠池一個小縣，攻打不下，反陣亡了許多將官，納悶在中軍，暗暗點首嗟歎：「可憐這些扶主定國英雄，瀝膽披肝，止落得遺言在此，此身皆化為烏有！」子牙正在那裏傷悼，忽轅門官來報：「有一道童求見。」子牙傳令：「請來。」少時，只見一道童至帳下行禮曰：「弟子乃夾龍山飛龍洞懼留孫的門人。因師兄土行孫在夾龍山猛獸崖被張奎所害，家師已知應上天之數，這是救不得的；只是過澠池須有原故。家師特著弟子來此下書，師叔便知端的。」子牙接上書來，展開觀看，書曰：

「道末懼留孫致書於大元帥子牙公麾下：前者土行孫合該於猛獸崖死於張奎之手，理數難逃，貧道只有望崖垂泣而已，言之可勝長歎！今張奎善於守城，急切難下，但他數亦當終。子牙公不可遲誤，可令楊戩將貧道符印先在黃河岸邊，等楊任、韋護追趕至此擒之。取城只用哪吒、雷震子足矣。子牙公須是親自用調虎離山計，一戰成功。此去自然坦夷。只候封神之後，再圖會晤。不宣。」子牙看罷書，打發童子回山。當日子牙傳令：「哪吒領令箭，雷震子領令箭前去，……如此而行。楊戩、楊任領柬帖前去，……如此。韋護領柬帖前去，……如此。」子牙俱吩咐出畢。至晚間，周營中砲響，三軍吶喊，殺奔城下而來。張奎急上城，設法守護，百計千方防禦，急切難下。子牙知張奎善於守城，且暫鳴金收兵。次日午未末初，請武王上帳相見：「今日請大王同老臣出營，看看澠池縣城池，好去攻取。」武王乃忠厚君子，隨應曰：「孤願往。」即時同子牙出營，至城下週圍看了。用手指曰：「大王若破此城，須用轟天大砲，方能攻打；此城一時可破也。」子牙與武王指畫攻城，只見澠池城上哨探士卒報與張奎：「啟老爺：姜子牙同一穿紅袍的在城下探看城池。」張奎聽報，即上城來看時，果是子牙同武王在城下，週圍指畫。張奎自思曰：「姜尚欺吾太甚！只因連日吾堅守此城，不與他會戰，他便欺我，至吾城下，肆行無忌，藐視吾無人物也。」隨下城與夫人曰：「你可用心堅守此城，待我出城走去殺來，以除大患。」夫人上城觀戰。張奎上馬拎刀，開了城門，一馬飛來，大呼曰：「姬發、姜尚！今日你命難逃也！」正是：

計就月中擒玉兔，謀成日裏捉金烏。子牙同武王撥馬向西而走。張奎趕來，周營中一將也不出來接應，張奎放心趕來。看看趕有三十里，只聽得金鼓齊鳴，砲聲響亮，三軍吶喊，震動天地，周營中大小將官齊出營來，殺奔城下。高蘭英在城上全裝甲冑守護城池，忽聽周營中又是砲響，不知其故。忽城上落下哪吒來，現三首八臂，腳踏風火輪，搖火尖鎗殺來。高蘭英急上馬，用雙刀抵住了哪吒。二人在城上不便爭持，高蘭英走馬下城，哪吒隨後趕來。雷震子又早展開二翅，飛上城來，使開黃金棍，把城上軍士打開，隨斬關落鎖，周兵進城。高蘭英見事不好，正欲取葫蘆放

太陽神針，早已不及，被哪吒一乾坤圈，打中頂上，翻下馬來，又是一鎗，死於非命，早往封神臺去了。有詩為證，詩曰：

孤城死守為成湯，今日身亡實可傷。全節全忠名不朽，女中貞烈萬年揚。

話說雷震子、哪吒進了渾池縣，軍士見打死了主母，俱伏地請降。哪吒曰：「俱免汝死，候元帥來安民。」哪吒復向雷震子曰：「道兄且在城上拒住，吾還去接應師叔與武王，恐怕驚了主公。」雷震子曰：「道兄不可遲疑，當速行為是。」好哪吒！把風火輪登開，往正西上趕來。只見張奎正趕子牙有二十里遠近，只聽得砲聲四起，喊聲大振，心下甚是驚疑，也不去趕子牙。子牙在後面大呼曰：「張奎！你渾池已失，何不歸降？」張奎心慌，情知中計，勒轉馬望舊路而來；天色又黑，正遇哪吒現三首八臂迎來。哪吒大罵曰：「逆賊！你今日還不下馬受死，更待何時！」張奎大怒，搖刀直取。哪吒手中鎗急架相還。未及數合，哪吒復祭起九龍神火罩罩來。張奎知此術利害，把身子一扭，往地下去了。哪吒見張奎預先走了，因想起土行孫的光景，心上不覺悲悼，往前來迎武王。張奎急走至城下，見雷震子立於城上，知城池已陷，夫人不知存亡，自思：「不若往朝歌，與袁洪合兵一處，再作道理。」話說哪吒上前迎接武王與子牙，一同回渾池縣來，將大軍進城屯割，又將城上周將首級收殮，設祭祀之，仍於高阜處安葬。不表。只見張奎全裝甲冑，縱地行之術，往黃河大道而走，如風一般，飛雲掣電而來。話說楊任遠遠望見張奎從地底下來了，楊任知會韋護曰：「道兄，張奎來了。你須是仔細些，不要走了他。你看我手往那裏指，你就往那邊祭降魔杵鎮之。」韋護曰：「謹領尊命。」再說張奎正走，遠遠看見楊任騎雲霞獸，手心裏那兩隻神光射耀往下看著地，大呼曰：「張奎不要走！今日你難逃此厄也！」張奎聽得，魂不附體，不敢停滯，縱著地行法：「刷」的一聲，須臾就走有一千五百里遠。楊任在地上催著雲霞獸，緊緊追趕。韋護在上頭只看著楊任；楊任只看著張奎在地底下；如今三處看著，好趕！正是：

上邊韋護觀楊任，楊任生追「七殺神」。話說張奎在地下見楊任緊緊跟隨在他頭上：如張奎往左，楊任也往左邊來趕；張奎往右，楊任也往右邊來趕。張奎無法，只是往前飛走。看著行至黃河岸邊，前有楊戩奉柬帖在黃河岸邊專等楊任。只見遠遠楊任追趕來了，楊任也看見了楊戩，乃大呼曰：「楊道兄！張奎來了！」楊戩聽得，忙將三昧火燒了懼留孫指地成鋼的符篆，立在黃河岸邊。張奎正行，方至黃河，只見四處如同鐵桶一般，半步莫動，左撞左不能通，右撞右不能通，撒身回來，後面猶如鐵壁。張奎正慌忙無措，楊任用手往下一指；半空中韋護把降魔杵往下打來。此寶乃鎮壓邪魔護三教大法之物，可憐張奎怎禁得起。有詩為證，詩曰：

金光一道起空中，五彩雲霞協用功。鬼怪逢時皆絕跡，邪魔遇此盡成空。皈依三教稱慈

善，鎮壓諸天護法雄。今日黃河除「七殺」，千年英氣貫長虹。

話說韋護祭起降魔杵，把張奎打成齏粉，——靈也往封神臺去了。三位門人得勝，齊來見子牙，備言打死張奎，追趕至黃河之事，說了一遍。子牙大喜，在澠池縣住了數日，擇日起兵。

那日，整頓人馬，離了澠池縣，前往黃河而來。時近隆冬天氣，眾將官重重鐵鎧，疊疊征衣，寒氣甚勝。怎見得好冷，有讚為證：

重衾無暖氣，袖手似揣冰。敗葉垂霜蕊，蒼松掛凍鈴。地裂因寒甚，池平為水凝。魚舟空釣線，仙觀沒人行。樵子愁柴少，王孫喜炭增。征人鬚似鐵，詩客筆如零。皮襖猶嫌薄，貂裘尚恨輕。蒲團僵老衲，紙帳旅魂驚。莫訝寒威重，兵行令若靈。

話說子牙人馬來至黃河，左右報知中軍。子牙吩咐：「借辦民舟。」每隻俱有工食銀五錢，併不白用民船一隻，萬民樂業，無不懽呼感德，真所謂「時雨之師」。子牙傳令，另備龍舟一隻，裝載武王。子牙與武王駕坐中艙，左右鼓棹，向中流進發。只聽得黃河內潑浪滔天，風聲大作，把武王龍舟泊在浪裏顛播。武王曰：「相父，此舟為何這樣掀播？」子牙曰：「黃河水急，平昔浪發，也是不小的；況今日有風，又是龍舟，故此顛播。」武王曰：「推開艙門，俟孤看一看，何如？」子牙同武王推艙一看，好大浪！怎見得黃河疊浪千層，有詩為證：

洋洋光侵月，浩浩影浮天。靈派吞華嶽，長流貫百川。千層凶浪滾，萬疊峻波顛，岸口無漁火，沙頭有鷺眠。茫茫渾似海，一望更無邊。

話說武王一見黃河，白浪滔天，一望無際，嚇得面如土色。那龍舟只在浪裏，或上、或下。忽然有一旋窩，水勢分開，一聲響亮，有一尾白魚跳在船艙裏來，就把武王嚇了一跳。那魚在舟中，左進右跳，跳有四五尺高。武王問子牙曰：「此魚入舟，主何吉凶？」子牙曰：「恭喜大王！賀喜大王！魚入王舟者，主紂王該滅，周室當興，正應大王繼湯而有天下也。」子牙傳令：「命庖人將此魚烹來，與大王享之。」武王曰：「不可。」仍命擲之河中。子牙曰：「既入王舟，豈可捨此，正謂『天賜不取，反受其咎』，理宜食之，不可輕棄。」左右領子牙令，速命庖人烹來。不一時獻上，子牙命賜諸將。少頃，風恬浪靜，龍舟已渡黃河。

只見四百諸侯知周兵已至，打點前來迎接武王。子牙知武王乃仁德之主，豈肯欺君；恐眾諸侯尊稱武王，以致中餒，則大事去矣。須是預先吩咐過，然後相見，庶幾不露出圭角；俟破紂之後，再作區處。乃對武王曰：

「今舟雖抵岸，大王還在舟中，俟老臣先上岸，陳設器械，嚴整軍威，以示武於諸侯，立定營柵，然後來請大王。」武王曰：「聽憑相父設施。」子牙先上了岸，率大隊人馬至孟津，立下營寨。眾諸侯齊至中軍，來見子牙。子牙迎接上帳，相敘禮畢，子牙曰：「列位君侯見武王不必深言其伐君弔民之故，只以觀政於商為辭，俟破紂之後，再作商議。」眾諸侯大喜，俱依子牙之言。子牙令軍政官

與哪吒、楊戩前去迎請武王。後面又有西方二百諸侯隨後過黃河，同武王車駕而進。真個是天下諸侯會合，自是不同。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

今日諸侯會孟津，紛紛殺氣滿江塵。旌旗向日飛龍鳳，劍戟迎霜泣鬼神。

士卒赳赳歌化日，軍民濟濟慶仁人。應知世運當亨泰，四海謳吟總是春。

且說武王同西方二百諸侯來至孟津大營，探馬報入中軍帳，子牙率領南、北二方四百諸侯，又有數百小諸侯，齊來迎接。武王逕進中軍。先有：

南伯侯鄂順、
東南揚侯鍾志明、
北伯侯崇應鸞、
西南豫州侯姚楚亮、
左伯宗智明、
東北兗州侯彭祖壽、
遠伯常信仁、
夷門伯武高遠、
邠州伯丁建吉、
右伯姚庶良、
近伯曹宗、

眾諸侯進營，只有東伯侯姜文煥未曾進遊魂關，乃序武王上帳。武王不肯，彼此固遜多時，武王同眾諸侯交相下拜。天下諸侯俯伏曰：「今大王大駕特臨此地，使眾諸侯得睹天顏，仰觀威德，早救民於水火之中，天下幸甚！萬民幸甚！」武王深自謙讓曰：「予小子發，嗣位先生，孤德寡聞，惟恐有負前烈；謬蒙天下諸侯傳檄相邀，特拜相父東會列位賢侯，觀政於商。若曰予小子冒昧興師，則予豈敢，惟望列位賢侯教之！」內有豫州侯姚楚亮對曰：「紂王無道，殺妻誅子，焚炙忠良，殺戮大臣，沉湎酒色，弗敬上天，郊廟下祀，播棄黎老，昵比罪人。皇天震怒，絕命於商。予等奉大王恭行天之罰，伐罪弔民，拯萬姓於水火，正應天順人之舉，泄人神之憤，天下無不感悅。若予等與大王坐視不理，厥罪惟均，望大王裁之。」武王曰：「紂王雖不行正道，俱臣下蔽惑之耳。今只觀政於商，擒其嬖倖，令人君加改其敝政，則天下自平矣。」彭祖壽曰：「天命靡常，惟有德者居之。昔堯有天下，因其子不肖，而禪位於舜。舜有天下，亦因其子之不肖，而禪位於禹。禹之子賢，能承繼父業，於是相傳至桀而德衰，暴虐夏政，天人怨之；故湯得行天之罰，放桀於南巢，伐夏而有天下。賢聖之君六七作，至於紂，罪惡貫盈，毀棄善政，戕賊不道，皇天震怒，降災於商，爰命大王以伐殷湯，大王幸毋固辭，以灰諸侯之心。」武王謙讓未遑。子牙曰：「列位賢侯，今日亦非商議正事之時，俟至商郊，再有說話。」眾諸侯僉曰：「丞相之言是也。」武王命營中治酒，大宴諸侯。不表。

且說袁洪在營中，只見報馬啟曰：「今有武王兵至孟津下寨，大會諸

侯，請元帥定奪。」殷破敗聽得，忙上前言曰：「周武乃天下叛逆元首，自興兵至此，所在獲捷；軍威甚銳，元帥不可輕忽，務要嚴兵以待。」袁洪曰：「參軍之言固善，料姜尚不過一礪溪村夫，有何本領，此皆諸關將士不用心，以致彼僥倖成功。參軍放心，看吾一陣令他片甲不回。」次日，子牙陞帳，眾諸侯上帳參見，有夷門伯武高遠言曰：「啟元帥：諸侯六百駐兵於此，俱未敢擅於用兵，止在此拒住，只候武王大駕來臨，以憑裁奪。今日若不先擒袁洪，則匹天尚自逞強，猶不知天吏之不可戰也。望元帥早賜施行。」子牙曰：「賢侯之言甚善。吾必先下戰書，然後會兵孟津，方可以示天下之惡惟天下之德可以克之。」眾皆大喜。子牙忙修書，差楊戩往湯營內來下戰書。楊戩領命，往成湯營前下馬，大呼曰：「奉姜元帥將令，來下戰書！」探事小校報與中軍，袁洪聽得周營來下戰書，忙命左右：「令來。」只見軍政官來至營門，令楊戩進見。楊戩至中軍帳見袁洪，呈上戰書。袁洪觀看畢，乃曰：「吾不修回書，約定明日會兵便了。」楊戩回至中軍，見子牙，言明日會兵。子牙傳令與眾諸侯：「明早會兵。」俱各各準備去了。次日，周營砲響，子牙調出大隊人馬，有六百諸侯齊出，當中是子牙人馬，俱是大紅旗；左是南伯侯鄂順，右是北伯侯崇應鸞，盡是五色旛幢，真若盔山甲海，威勢如彪，英雄似虎。布成陣勢，三軍吶喊，衝至軍前，哨馬報與袁洪，袁洪與眾將出營觀看子牙大兵隊伍，只見天下諸侯鴈翅排開，分於左右，當中是元帥姜尚，左有鄂順，右有崇應鸞。有詩為證，詩曰：

諸侯共計破朝歌，正是神仙遇劫魔。百萬雄師興宇宙，奇功立在孟津河。

姜尚東征除虐政，諸侯拱手尊號令。妖氛滾滾各爭先，楊戩梅山收七聖。

話說袁洪在馬上見姜子牙身穿道服，乘四不相，來至軍前，左右排列有眾位門人，次後武王乘逍遙馬，南北分列眾位諸侯。只見袁洪銀盔素鎧，坐下白馬，使一條寶鐵棍，擔着鞍轡，英雄凜凜。怎見得袁洪好處，有讚為證：

銀盔素鎧，纓絡紅凝。左插狼牙箭，右懸寶劍鋒。橫擔寶鐵棍。白馬似神行。幼長梅山下，成功古洞中。曾受陰陽訣，又得天地靈。善能多變化，玄妙似人形。梅山稱第一，保紂滅周兵。

話說子牙向前問曰：「來者莫非成湯元帥袁洪麼？」袁洪曰：「你可就是姜尚？」子牙曰：「吾乃奉天征討掃蕩成湯天保大元帥。今天下歸周，商紂無道，天下離心離德，只在旦夕受縛，料你一杯之水，安能救車薪之火哉！汝若早早倒戈納降，尚待汝以不死；如若不肯，旦夕一朝兵敗，玉石俱焚，雖欲求其獨生，何可及哉。休得執迷，徒勞伊戚。」袁洪笑曰：「姜尚，你只知礪溪捕魚，水有深淺，今幸而五關無有將才，讓你深入重地，你敢於巧言令色，惑吾眾聽耶！」回顧左右先行曰：「誰與吾拿此鄙夫，以泄天下之憤？」傍有一人大呼曰：「元帥放心，待我成功！」走馬飛臨陣前，搖手中鎗直取姜子牙。傍有右伯侯姚庶良縱馬搖手中斧，

大呼曰：「匹夫慢來，有吾在此！」也不答話，兩馬相交，鎗斧併舉，一場大戰。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：征雲蕩蕩透虛空，劍戟兵戈擾攘中。今日姜公頭一戰，孟津血濺竹梢紅。

話說姚庶良手中斧轉換如飛，不知常昊乃是梅山一箇蛇精，姚庶良乃是真實本領，那裏知道，只要成功。常昊不覺敗下陣去，姚庶良便催馬趕來。不知性命如何，且聽下回分解。第八十九回 紂王敲骨剖孕婦 詩曰：紂王酷虐古今無，淫酗貪婪

聽美姝。孕婦無辜遭惡劫，行人有難罹兇途。遺譏簡冊稱殘賊，留與人間罵獨夫。天道悠悠難究竟，且將濁酒對花奴。

話說姚庶良隨後趕來，常昊乃是蛇精，縱馬，腳下起一陣旋風，捲起一團黑霧，連人帶馬罩住，方現出他原形，乃是一根大蟒蛇；把口一張，吐出一陣毒氣。姚庶良禁不起，隨昏於馬下。常昊便下馬取了首級，大呼曰：「今拏姜尚如姚庶良為例！」眾諸侯之內，不知他是妖精，有兗州伯彭祖壽縱馬搖鎗，大呼曰：「匹夫敢傷吾大臣！」時有吳龍在袁洪右邊，見常昊立功，忍不住使兩口雙刀，催開馬，飛奔前來，曰：「不要衝吾陣腳！」也不答話，兩騎相交，刀鎗併舉，殺在陣前。六百鎮諸侯俱在左右，看看二將交兵。戰未數合，吳龍掩一刀敗走；彭祖壽隨後趕來。吳龍乃是蜈蚣精，見彭祖壽將近，隨現出原形；只見一陣風起，黑雲捲來，妖氣迷人，彭祖壽已不知人事，被吳龍一刀揮為兩斷。眾諸侯不知何故，只見將官追下去就是一塊黑雲罩住，將官隨即絕命。子牙傍邊有楊戩對哪吒曰：「此二將俱不是正經人，似有些妖氣。我與道兄一往，何如？」只見吳龍躍馬舞刀，飛奔軍前，大呼曰：「誰來先啖吾雙刀？」哪吒登開風火輪，使火尖鎗，現三首八臂迎來。吳龍曰：「來者是誰？」哪吒曰：「吾乃哪吒是也。你這業畜，怎敢將妖術傷吾諸侯！」把鎗一擺，直刺吳龍。吳龍手中刀急架交還，未及三四合，被哪吒祭起九龍神火罩，響一聲，將吳龍罩在裏面。吳龍已化道青光去了。哪吒用手一拍，及至罩中現出九條火龍時，吳龍去之久矣。常昊見哪吒用火龍罩罩住吳龍，心中大怒，縱馬持鎗，大呼曰：「哪吒不要走！吾來也！」只見楊戩使三尖刀，縱銀合馬，同哪吒雙戰常昊。常昊見勢不好，便敗下陣去。楊戩也不趕他，取彈弓在手，隨手發出金丸，照常昊打來。只見那金丸不知落於何處。哪吒後祭起神火罩，將常昊罩住；也似吳龍化一道赤光而去。袁洪見二將如此精奇，心下甚是歡喜，傳令：「三軍擂鼓！」袁洪縱馬衝殺過來，大呼曰：「姜子牙！我與你見個雌雄！」傍有楊任見袁洪衝來，急催開了雲霞獸，使開雲飛鎗，敵住袁洪；戰有五七回合，楊任取出五火扇，照袁洪一搨，袁洪已預先走了，止燒死他一匹馬。子牙鳴金，將隊同營，陞帳坐下，歎曰：「可惜傷了二路諸侯！」心下不樂。楊戩上帳曰：「今日弟子看他三人俱是妖怪之相，不似人形。方纔哪吒祭神火罩，楊任用神火扇，弟子用金

丸，俱不曾傷他，竟化青光而去。」只見眾諸侯也都議論常昊、吳龍之術，紛紛不一。且說袁洪回營，陞帳坐下，見常昊、吳龍齊來參謁，袁洪曰：「哪吒罩兒，楊任的扇子，俱好利害！」吳龍笑曰：「他那罩與扇子只好降別人，那裏奈何得我們。只是今日指望拿了姜尚，誰知只壞了他兩個諸侯，也不算成功。」袁洪一面修本往朝歌報捷，寬免天子憂心。且說魯仁傑對殷成秀、雷鵬、雷恠曰：「賢弟，今日你等見袁洪、吳龍、常昊與子牙會兵的光景麼？」眾人曰：「不知所以。」魯仁傑曰：「此正所謂『國家將興，必有禎祥；國家將亡，必有妖孽』。今日他三將俱是些妖孽，不以人形。今天下諸侯會兵此處，正是大敵；豈有這些妖邪能拒敵成功耶。」殷成秀曰：「長兄且莫忙說破，看他後來如何。」魯仁傑曰：「總來吾受成湯三世之恩，豈敢有負國恩之理；惟一死以報國耳！」話說差官往朝歌，來至文書房內，飛廉接本觀看，見是袁洪報捷，連誅大鎮叛逆諸侯彭祖壽、姚庶良，心中大喜，忙持著本上鹿臺來見紂王。當駕官上臺啟曰：「有中大夫飛廉候旨。」紂王曰：「宣來。」左右將飛廉宣至殿前，參拜畢，俯伏奏曰：「今有元帥袁洪領敕鎮守孟津，以逆天下諸侯；初陣斬袁州侯彭祖壽，右伯侯姚庶良，軍威已振，大挫周兵鋒銳。自興師以來，未有今日之捷。此乃陛下洪福齊天，得此大帥，可計日奏功，以安社稷者也。特具本齎奏。」紂王聞奏大悅：「元帥袁洪連斬二逆，足破敵人之膽，其功莫大焉。傳朕旨意，特敕獎諭，賜以錦袍、金珠，以勵其功；仍以蜀錦百疋，寶鈔萬貫，羊、酒等件以犒將士勤勞。務要用心料理，剿滅叛逆，另行分列茅土，朕不食言。欽哉！故諭。」飛廉頓首謝恩，領旨打點解犒賞往孟津去。不表。且言妲己聞飛廉奏袁洪得勝奏捷，來見紂王曰：「妾蘇氏恭喜陛下又得社稷之臣也！袁洪實有大將之才，永堪重任。似此奏捷，叛逆指日可平，臣妾不勝慶幸，實皇上無疆之福以啟之耳。今特具觴為陛下稱賀。」紂王曰：「御妻之言正合朕意。」命當駕官於鹿臺上治九龍席，三妖同紂王共飲。此時正值仲冬天氣，嚴威凜冽，寒氣侵人。正飲之間，不覺彤雲四起，亂舞梨花。當駕官啟奏曰：「上天落雪了。」紂王大喜曰：「此時正好賞雪。」命左右煖注金樽，重斟盃罍，酣飲交歡。怎見好雪，有讚為證：彤雲密布，冷霧繽紛。彤雲密布，朔風凜凜號空中；冷霧繽紛，大雪漫漫鋪地下。真個是：六花片片飛瓊，千樹株株倚玉。須臾積粉，頃刻成鹽。白鸚渾失素，皓鶴竟無形。平添四海三江雪，壓倒東西幾樹松。卻便似：戰敗玉龍三百萬；果然是：退鱗殘甲滿空飛。但只見：幾家村舍如銀砌，萬里江山似玉圖。好雪！真個是：柳絮滿橋，梨花蓋舍。柳絮滿橋，橋邊漁叟掛蓑衣；梨花蓋舍，舍下野翁煖梢樁。客子難沽酒，蒼頭苦覓梅。灑灑瀟瀟裁蝶翅，飄飄蕩蕩剪鵝衣。團團滾滾隨風勢，颼颼冷氣透幽幃。豐年祥瑞從天降，堪賀

人間好事宜。話說紂王與妲己共飲，又見大雪紛紛，忙傳旨，命：「捲起氈簾，待朕同御妻、美人看雪。」侍駕官捲起簾幔，打掃積雪。紂王同妲己、胡喜妹、王貴人在臺上，看朝歌城內外似銀裝世界，粉砌乾坤。王曰：「御妻，你自幼習學歌聲曲韻，何不把按雪景的曲兒唱一套，俟朕漫飲三杯。」妲己領旨，款啟朱唇，輕舒鶯舌，在鹿臺上唱一個曲兒。真是：婉轉鶯聲飛柳外，笙簧嘹亮自天來。曲曰：

纔飛燕塞邊，又灑向城門外。輕盈過玉橋去，虛飄臨閭苑來。攘攘挨挨，顛倒把乾坤玉載。凍的長江上魚沉鴈杳，空林中虎嘯猿哀。憑天降，冷禍胎，六花飄墮難禁耐，砌漫了白玉階。宮幃裏冷侵衣袂，那一時暖烘烘紅日當頭晒，掃彤雲四開，現青天一派，瑞氣祥光擁出來。妲己唱罷，餘韻悠揚，嫋嫋不絕。紂王大喜，連飲三大杯。一時雪俱止了，彤雲漸散，日色復開。紂王同妲己憑欄，看朝歌積雪。忽見西門外，有一小河，一此河不是活水河，因紂王造鹿臺，挑取泥土，致成小河，適纔雪水注積，因此行人不便，必跣足過河，一只見有一老人跣足渡水，不甚懼冷，而行步且快。又有一少年人，亦跣足渡水，懼冷行緩，有驚怯之狀。紂王在高處觀之，盡得其態，問於妲己曰：「怪哉！怪哉！有這等異事？你看那老者渡水，反不怕冷，行步且快；這年少的反又怕冷，行走甚歎，這不是反其事了？」妲己曰：「陛下不知，老者不甚怕冷，乃是少年父母，精血正旺之時交姁成孕，所秉甚厚，故精血充滿，骨髓皆盈，雖至末年，遇寒氣猶不甚畏怯也。至若少年怕冷，乃是末年父母，氣血已衰，偶爾姁精成孕，所秉甚薄，精血既虧，髓皆不滿，雖是少年，形同老邁，故過寒冷而先畏怯也。」紂王笑曰：「此惑朕之言也！人秉父精母血而生，自然少壯、老衰，豈有反其事之理？」妲己又曰：「陛下何不差官去拏來，便知端的。」紂王傳旨：「命當駕官至西門，將渡水老者、少者俱拿來。」當駕官領旨，忙出朝趕至西門，不分老少，即時一併拿到。老少民人曰：「你拿我們怎麼？」侍臣曰：「天子要你去見。」老少民人曰：「吾等奉公守法，不欠錢糧，為何來拿我們？」侍臣曰：「只怕當今天子有好處到你們，也不可。」正是：平白行來因過水，誰知敲骨喪其生！

紂王在鹿臺上專等渡水人民。卻說侍駕官將二民拏至臺下回旨：「啟陛下：將老少二民拏至臺下。」紂王命：「將斧砍開二民脛骨，取來看驗。」左右把老者、少者腿俱砍斷，拿上臺看，果然老者髓滿，少者髓淺。紂王大喜，命左右：「把屍拖出！」可憐無辜百姓，受此慘刑！後人有詩歎之，詩曰：敗葉飄飄落故宮，至今猶自起悲風。獨夫只聽讒言婦，目下朝歌社稷空。

話說紂王見妲己加此神異，撫其背而言曰：「御妻真是神人，何靈異若此！」妲己曰：「妾雖係女流，少得陰符之術，其勘驗陰陽，無不奇中。適纔斷脛驗髓，此猶其易者也。至如婦人懷孕，一見便

知他腹內有幾月，是男、是女，面在腹內，或朝東、南、西、北，無不週知。」紂王曰：「方纔老少人民斷脛斷髓，如此神異，朕得聞命矣；至如孕婦，再無有不妙之理。」命當駕官傳旨：「民間搜取孕婦見朕。」奉御官往朝歌城來。正是：天降大殃臨

孕婦，成湯社稷盡歸周。話說奉御官在朝歌滿城尋訪，有三名孕婦，一齊拿往午門來。只見他夫妻難捨，搶地呼天，哀聲痛慘，大呼曰：「我等百姓又不犯天子之法，不拖欠錢糧，為何拿我等有孕之婦？」子不捨母，母不捨子，悲悲泣泣，前遮後擁，扯進午門來。只見箕子在文書房共微子、微子啟、微子衍、上大夫孫榮正議「袁洪為將，退天下諸侯之兵，不知何如」，只聽得九龍橋鬧鬧嚷嚷，呼天叫地，哀聲不絕。眾人大驚，齊出文書房來，問其情由。見奉御官拉著兩三個婦女而來。箕子問曰：「這是何故？」民婦泣曰：「吾等俱是女流，又不犯天子之法，為何拿我女人做甚麼？老爺是天子之臣，當得為國為民，救我等蟻命！」言罷哭聲不絕。箕子忙問奉御官。奉御官答曰：「皇上夜來聽娘娘言語，將老少二民敲骨驗髓，分別淺深，知其老少生育，皇上大喜。娘娘又奏，尚有剖腹驗胎，知道陰陽。皇上聽信斯言，特命臣等取此孕婦看驗。」箕子聽罷，大罵：「昏君！方今兵臨城下，將至濠邊，社稷不久丘墟，還聽妖婦之言，造此無端罪業！左右且住！待吾面君諫止。」箕子怒氣不息，後隨著微子等俱往鹿臺來見駕。且說紂王在鹿臺專等孕婦來看驗，只見當駕官啟曰：「有箕子等候旨。」王曰：「宣。」箕子至臺上，俯伏大哭曰：「不意成湯相傳數十世之天下，一旦喪於今日，而尚不知警戒修省，造此無辜惡業，你將何面目見先王之靈也！」紂王怒曰：「周武叛逆，今已有元帥袁洪足可禦敵，斬將覆軍，不日奏凱。朕偶因觀雪，見朝涉者，有老少之分，行步之異，幸皇后分別甚明，朕得以決其疑，於理何害。今朕欲剖孕婦以驗陰陽。有甚大事，你敢當面侮君，而妄言先王也！」箕子泣諫曰：「臣聞人秉天下之靈氣以生，分別五官，為天地宣猷贊化，作民父母；未聞荼毒生靈，稱為民父母者也。且人死不能復生，誰不愛此血軀，而輕棄以死耶。今陛下不敬上天，不修德政，天怒民怨，人日思亂；陛下尚不自省，猶殺此無辜婦女，臣恐八百諸侯屯兵孟津，旦夕不保。一旦兵臨城下，又誰為陛下守此都城哉。只可惜商家宗裔為他人所擄，宗廟被他人所毀，宮殿為他人所居，百姓為他人之民，府庫為他人之有，陛下還不自悔，猶聽婦女之言，敲民骨，剔孕婦，臣恐周武人馬一到，不用攻城，朝歌之民自然獻之矣！軍民與陛下作仇，只恨周武不能早至，軍民欲簞食壺漿以迎之耳。雖陛下被擄，理之當然；只可憐二十八代神主，盡被天下諸侯所毀，陛下此心忍之乎？」紂王大怒曰：「老匹夫！焉敢覲面侮君，以亡國視朕，不敬孰大於此！」命武士：「拿去打死！」箕子大叫曰：「臣死不足惜，只可惜你昏君

敗國，遺譏萬世，縱孝子慈孫不能改也！」只見左右武士扶箕子方欲下臺，只見臺下有人大呼：「不可！」微子、微子啟、微子衍三人上臺，見紂王俯伏，嗚咽不能成語，泣而奏曰：「箕子忠良，有功社稷。今日之諫，雖則過激，皆是為國之言。陛下幸察之！陛下昔日剖比干之心，今又誅忠諫之口，社稷危在旦夕，而陛下不知悟，臣恐萬姓怨憤，禍不旋踵也。幸陛下憐赦箕子，褒忠諫之名，庶幾人心可挽，天意可回耳。」紂王見微子等齊來諫諍，不得已，乃曰：「聽皇伯、皇兄之諫，將箕子廢為庶民！」妲己在後殿出而奏曰：「陛下不可！箕子當面辱君，已無人臣禮；今若放之在外，必生怨望。倘與周武構謀，致生禍亂，那時表裏受敵，為患不小。」紂王曰：「將何處治？」妲己曰：「依臣妾愚見，且將箕子剃髮囚禁，為奴宮禁，以示國法，使民人不敢妄為，臣下亦不敢瀆奏矣。」紂王聞奏大喜，將箕子竟囚之為奴。微子見如此光景，料成湯終無挽救之日，隨即下臺，與微子啟、微子衍大哭曰：「我成湯繼統六百年來，今日一旦被嗣君所失，是天亡我商也，奈之何哉！」微子與微子啟兄弟二人商議曰：「我與你兄弟可將太廟中二十八代神主負往他州外郡，隱姓埋名，以存商代裡祀，不令同日絕滅可也。」微子啟含淚應曰：「敢不如命！」於是三人打點收拾，投他州自隱。——後孔聖稱他三人曰：「微子去之；箕子為之奴；比干諫而死。」謂「殷有三仁」是也。」後人有詩讚之：

驚囀商郊百草新，成湯宮殿已成塵。為奴豈是存商祀，去國應知接後禪。剖腹丹心成往事，割胎民婦又遭連。朝歌不日歸周主，可惜成湯化鬼燐！

話說微子三人收拾行囊，投他州去了。紂王將三婦人拿上鹿臺，妲己指一婦人：「腹中是男，面朝左脅。」一婦人：「也是男，面朝右脅。」命左右用刀剖開，毫厘不爽。又指一婦人：「腹中是女，面朝後背。」用刀剖開，果然不差。紂王大悅：「御妻妙術如神，雖龜筮莫敵！」自此肆無忌憚，橫行不道，慘惡異常，萬民切齒。當日有詩為證：

大雪紛紛宴鹿臺，獨夫何苦降飛災！三賢遠遁全宗廟，孕婦身亡實可哀。

話說當日剝剔孕婦，天昏地暗，日月無光。次日，有探事軍報上臺來：「有微子等三位殿下，封了府門，不知往何處去了。」紂王曰：「微子年邁，就在此，也是沒用之人；微子啟弟兄兩人，就留在朝歌，也做不得朕之事業；他去了，又省朕許多煩絮。即今元帥袁洪屢見大功，料周兵不能做得甚事。」遂日日荒淫宴樂，全不以國事為重。在朝文武不過具數而已，併無可否。

那日招賢榜下，來了二人，生得相貌甚是凶惡：一個面如藍靛，眼似金燈，巨口獠牙，身軀偉岸；一個面似瓜皮，口如血盆，牙如短劍，髮似硃砂，頂生雙角，甚是怪異，往中大夫府謁見。飛廉一見，甚是畏懼。行禮畢，飛廉問曰：「二位傑士是那裏人氏？高姓？何名？」二人欠身曰：「某二人乃大夫之子民，成湯之百

姓。聞姜尚欺妄，侵天子關隘，吾兄弟二人願投麾下，以報國恩，決不敢望爵祿之榮，願破周兵，以洗王恥。子民姓高，名明；弟乃高覺。」通罷姓名，飛廉領二人往朝內拜見紂王，進午門逕往鹿臺見駕。紂王問曰：「大夫有何奏章？」飛廉奏曰：「今有二賢高明、高覺，願求報效，不圖爵祿，敢破周兵。」紂王聞奏大悅，宣上臺來。二人倒身下拜，俯伏稱臣。王賜平身，二人立起。紂王一見相貌奇異，甚是駭然：「朕觀二士真乃英雄也！」隨在鹿臺上俱封為神武上將軍。二人謝恩。王曰：「大夫與朕陪宴。」二人下臺冠帶了，至顯慶殿待宴，至晚謝恩出朝。次日旨意下，命高明、高覺同欽差解湯羊、御酒往孟津來。不知凶吉如何，且聽下回分解。

第九十回 子牙捉神荼鬱壘 詩曰： 眼有明兮耳有聰，能於千里決雌雄。神機纔動情先泄，密計方行事已空。 軒

廟借靈憑鬼使，棋山毓秀仗桃叢。誰知名載封神榜，難免降魔杵下紅。 話說高明、高覺同欽差官往孟津來，行至轅門，傳：

「旨意下！」旗門官報入中軍，袁洪與眾將接旨，進中軍帳開讀，詔曰：

「嘗聞：將者乃三軍之司令，係社稷之安危。將得其人，國有攸賴；苟非其才，禍遂莫測，則國家又何望焉。茲爾元帥袁洪，才兼文武，學冠天人，屢建奇功，真國家之柱石，當代之人龍也！今特遣大夫陳友解湯羊、御酒、金帛、錦袍，用酬戍外之勞，慰朕當寧之望。爾當克勤克儉，撲滅巨逆，早安邊疆，以靖海宇；朕不惜茅土重爵，以待有功。爾其欽哉！特諭。」 袁

洪謝恩畢，款待天使；又令高明、高覺進見。高明、高覺上帳參謁袁洪，行禮畢，袁洪認得他是棋盤山桃精、柳鬼；高明、高覺也認得袁洪是梅山白猿。彼此大喜，各相溫慰，深喜是一氣同枝。正是：

不是武王洪福天，焉能「七聖」死梅山。 高

明、高覺在營中與眾將相見，各各致意。次日，袁洪修謝恩本，打發天使回朝歌。不表。當日，袁洪命高明、高覺二將往周營搦戰。二人慨然出營，至周營，大呼曰：「著姜尚來見我！」哨馬報入中軍，子牙問左右：「誰去走一遭？」傍有哪吒曰：「弟子願往。」子牙許之。哪吒領令出營，忽見二人步行而來，好凶惡！怎見得：

一箇面如藍靛腮如燈；一箇臉似青松口血盆。一箇獠牙凸暴如鋼劍；一箇海下鬚鬚似赤繩。一箇方天戟上懸豹尾；一箇加銅板斧似車輪。一箇棋盤山上稱柳鬼；一箇得手人間叫高明。正是：神荼鬱壘誠如此，要阻周兵鬧孟津。

話說哪吒大呼曰：「來者何人？」高明答曰：「吾乃高明、高覺是也；今奉袁洪將軍將令，特來擒拿反叛姜尚耳。你是何人，敢來見我？」哪吒大喝曰：

「好孽畜，敢出大言！」搖手中火尖鎗，直取二將。高明、高覺舉戟、斧劈面迎來。三將交兵，大戰在龍潭虎穴。哪吒早現出三頭八臂，祭起乾坤圈，正中高覺頂門上，打得箇一派金光，散漫於地。哪吒復祭九龍神火罩，把高明罩住，用手一拍，即現九條火龍，須

史燒罷。哪吒回營來見子牙，言圈打高覺，罩住高明一事，子牙大喜。不表。

且說高明等二人進營，來見袁洪曰：「姜尚所仗無他，俱倚的是三山五岳門人，故此所在，僥倖成功，不曾遇著我等奧妙之人，莫說是姜尚幾箇門人，何怕你有通天徹地手段，豈能脫得吾輩之手也！」眾人俱各歡喜。次日，高明、高覺又往周營搦戰。哨馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：高明、高覺請元帥答話。」子牙問哪吒曰：「你昨日回我滅了二將，今日又來，何也？」哪吒曰：

「想必高明二人有潛身小術，請師叔親臨，吾等便知真實。」子牙傳令，六百諸侯齊出，看子牙用兵。高明對弟高覺曰：「哪吒言吾等有潛身小術，俱出來一看吾等真實。」言未了，只聽砲響，見周營大隊排開，似盔山甲海，射目光華。子牙乘四不相，來至軍前，看見二將相貌兇惡，醜陋不堪，大喝曰：「高明、高覺，不順天時，敢勉強而阻逆王師，自討殺身之禍也！」高明大笑曰：「姜子牙！我知你是崑崙之客，你也不曾會我等這樣高人。今日成敗定在此舉也。」說罷，二將使戟、斧衝殺過來。這邊李靖、楊任二騎衝出，也不答話，四處兵器交加。正是四將賭鬥，怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

四將交鋒在孟津，人神仙鬼孰虛真。從來劫運皆天定，縱有奇謀盡墮塵。

話說楊戩在傍，見高明、高覺一派妖氣，不是正人，仔細觀看，以備不虞。只見楊戩取出五火扇來，照高明一搨，只聽得「呼」的一聲，化一道黑光而去。李靖也祭起黃金塔來，把高覺罩在裏面，一時也不見了。袁洪同眾將正在轅門看高明兄弟二人大戰周兵，見楊戩用五火扇子搨高明，又見李靖用塔罩高覺，忙命吳龍、常昊接戰。二將大叫曰：「周將不必回營，吾來也！」哪吒登風火輪來戰吳龍；楊戩使三尖刀敵住常昊；四將大戰。袁洪心下自思曰：「今日定要成功，不可錯過。」把白馬催開，使一條寶鐵棍來戰子牙。傍有雷震子、韋護二人截住袁洪相殺。怎見得，有讚為證，讚曰：

凜凜寒風起，森森殺氣生。白猿使鐵棒；雷震棍更雄。韋護降魔杵，來往勢猶兇。捨命安天下，拚生定太平。

話說雷震子展風雷翅，飛在空中，那條棍從頂上打來。韋護祭起降魔杵，此杵豈同小可，如須彌山一般打將下來。袁洪雖是得道白猿，也經不起這一杵，袁洪化白光而去，止將鞍馬打得如泥。楊戩祭哮天犬咬常昊；常昊乃是蛇精，狗也不能傷他。常昊知是仙犬，先借黑氣走了。哪吒祭起神火罩，罩住吳龍；吳龍也化青氣走了。總是一場虛話。

子牙鳴金回營。楊戩上帳曰：「今日會此一陣，俱為無用。當時弟子別師尊時，師父曾有一言吩咐弟子說：『若到孟津，謹防梅山七聖阻隘。』教弟子留心。今日觀之，奈寶不能成功，俱化青黑之氣而走。元帥宜當設計處治，方可成功。若是死戰，終是無用。」子牙曰：「吾自有道理。」當日至晚，子牙帳中鼓響，眾將官上帳聽令。子牙命李靖領東帖：「你在八卦陣正東上，按震方，畫有符

印，用桃椿，上用犬血，……如此而行。」又命雷震子領柬帖：

「你在正南上，按離方，亦有符印，也用桃椿，上用犬血，……如此而行。」命哪吒領柬帖：「在正西上，按兌方，也用桃椿，上用犬血，……如此而行。」又命楊任：「在正北上，按坎方，也用桃椿，上用犬血，……如此而行。楊戩，你可引戰，用五雷之法，望桃椿上打下來。韋護，你用瓶盛烏雞、黑狗血，女人尿尿和勻，裝在瓶內，見高明、高覺趕上我陣中，你可將瓶打下，此穢污濁物壓住他妖氣，自然不能逃走。此一陣可以擒二賢子也。」眾門人聽令而去。子牙先出營，布開八卦，暗合九宮，將桃椿釘下。正是：

設計要擒桃柳鬼，這場辛苦枉勞神。子牙安置停當。

且說高明聽著子牙傳令安八卦方位，用烏雞、黑狗血，釘桃椿拿他兄弟，二人大笑不止：「空費心機！看你怎樣捉我二人！」次日，子牙親臨轅門搦戰。袁洪命高明、高覺出營，大呼曰：「姜子牙，你自稱掃蕩成湯大元帥。據吾看，你不過一匹夫耳！你既是崑崙之士，理當遣將調兵，共決雌雄；為何釘桃椿，安符印，週圍布八卦，按九宮，用門人將烏雞、黑狗血穢污之物壓我二人。吾非鬼魅精邪，豈懼你左道之術也！」二人道罷，放步搖斧、舉戟，直取子牙。子牙左右有武吉、南宮适二馬齊出，急架忙迎。四將交兵，鎗刀並舉。高明逞精神，如同猛虎；南宮适使氣力，一似歡龍；高覺戟刺擺長旛；武吉鎗來生殺氣。四將酣戰。子牙催四不相，仗劍也來助戰；未及數合，便往陣中敗走。高明笑曰：「不要走！吾豈懼你安排，吾來也！」兄弟二人隨後趕入陣來。剛入得八卦方位，東有李靖，南有雷震子，西有哪吒，北有楊任，四面發起符印，處處雷鳴；韋護在空中將一瓶穢污之物往下打來，那些雞犬穢血，濺得滿地。高明、高覺化陣青光，早已不見了。眾門人親自觀見，莫知去向。子牙收兵回營，陞帳坐下，大怒曰：「豈知今日本營先有奸細私透營內之情，如此何日成功也！將吾機密之事盡被高明知道，此是何說！」楊戩在傍曰：「師叔在上：料左右將官自在西岐共起義兵，經過三十六路征伐，今進五關，經過數百場大戰，苦死多少忠良，今日至此，克成湯只在目下，豈有這樣之理。據弟子觀之，此二人非是正人，定有些妖氣，那光景大不相同。望師叔詳察。今弟子往一所在去來，自知虛實。」子牙曰：「你往那裏去？」楊戩曰：「機不可泄，泄則不能成功也。」子牙許之。楊戩當晚別子牙去訖。

且說高明、高覺來見袁洪，言子牙用八卦陣，將釘桃椿的事說了一遍。袁洪具表往朝歌報捷。高覺聽的周營子牙與楊戩共議，楊戩要往一所在去，又聽見楊戩不肯說，兄弟二人曰：「憑你怎樣尋吾根腳，料你也不能知道！」二人又大笑一回。不表。

且說楊戩離了周營，借土遁往玉泉山金霞洞來，正是：遁中道術真玄妙，咫尺清風萬里程。話說楊戩來至金霞洞，見洞門緊閉，楊戩洞外敲門。多時，一童子出來，

見是師兄，忙問曰：「師兄何來？」楊戩曰：「煩賢弟通報。」童子進洞內，見玉鼎真人，啟曰：「師兄楊戩在洞府外求見。」真人起身吩咐曰：「著他進來。」楊戩來至碧遊床前下拜。真人曰：「你今到此為何？」楊戩把孟津事說了一遍。真人曰：「此業障是棋盤山桃精、柳鬼。桃、柳根盤三十里，採天地之靈氣，受日月之精華，成氣有年。今棋盤山有軒轅廟，廟內有泥塑鬼使，名曰千里眼，順風耳；二怪托其靈氣，目能觀看千里，耳能詳聽千里；千里之外，不能視聽也。你可叫姜子牙著人往棋盤山去，將桃、柳根盤掘挖，用火焚盡；將軒轅廟二鬼泥身打碎，以絕其靈氣之根；再用一重霧常鎖營寨，……如此如此，則二鬼自然絕也。」楊戩受命，離了玉泉山，復往周營而來。軍政官報與子牙，子牙令入中軍，問楊戩曰：「此去如何？」楊戩搖頭不語，猶恐泄機。子牙曰：「你今日為何如此？」楊戩曰：「弟子今日不敢言，且隨弟子行之。」子牙並依楊戩，不去阻攔。楊戩執定令旗下帳，把後隊大紅旗二千杆令三軍磨旗；又令一千名軍士擂鼓鳴鑼，恍然有驚天動地之勢。子牙見楊戩加此，不如其故。楊戩方來對子牙曰：「高明、高覺二人乃是棋盤山桃精、柳鬼。他憑托軒轅廟二鬼之靈，名曰千里眼，順風耳。如今須用旗招展不住，使千里眼不能觀看；鑼鼓齊鳴，使順風耳不能聽察。請元帥命將往棋盤山，掘挖此根，用火焚之；再令將官去把軒轅廟裏二鬼打碎；然後用大霧一重，常鎖行營，此怪方能除也。」子牙聽說：「既然如此，吾自有治度。」子牙令李靖：「領三千人馬，速往棋盤山，去挖絕其根。」又令雷震子：「去打碎泥塑鬼使。」後人有詩歎之，詩曰：虎門深山淵門龍，高明高覺逞邪蹤。當時不遇仙師指，難滅軒轅二鬼風。話說子牙安排已定，只等二門人來回令。且說高明、高覺只聽得周營中鼓響鑼鳴不止，高覺曰：「長兄，你看看怎樣？」高明曰：「一派盡是紅旗招展，連眼都幌花了。兄弟，且可聽聽看。」高覺曰：「鑼鼓齊鳴，把耳朵都震聾了，如何聽得見一些兒？」二人急躁。不表。只見李靖人馬去掘桃、柳的根盤；雷震子去打泥塑的鬼使；子牙在帳內望二人回來，方好用計破之。次日，子牙在中軍，忽報：「雷震子回來。」子牙令至中軍，問其「打泥鬼如何？」雷震子曰：「奉令去打碎了二鬼，放火燒了廟宇，以絕其根，恐再為祟；待周王伐紂功成，再重修殿宇未遲。」子牙大悅，隨在帳前令哪吒、武吉在營布起一壇，設下五行方位，當中放一鑪，四面八方俱鎮壓符印，安治停當。只見李靖掘桃、柳鬼根盤已畢，來至中軍回話。子牙大喜。正是：李靖掘根方至此，袁洪舉意劫周營。話說子牙在中軍共議：「東伯侯還不見來？」忽報：「三運督糧官鄭倫來至。」子牙令至帳前，鄭倫回令畢，交納糧印。鄭倫聽得土行孫已死，著實傷悼。不表。且說袁洪在營中自思：今與周兵屢戰，未見輸贏，枉費精神，虛費

日月。」令左右暗傳與常昊、吳龍：「令高明、高覺衝頭陣，今夜劫姜尚的營。」又令：「參軍殷破敗、雷開為左右救應，殷成秀、魯仁傑為斷後；務要一夜成功。」眾將聽令，只等黃昏行事。話說子牙在中軍，忽見一陣風從地而起，捲至帳前。子牙見風色怪異，掐指一算，早知其意。子牙大喜，傳令：「中軍帳釘下桃樁，鎮壓符印，下布地網，上蓋天羅，黑霧迷漫中軍。令各營俱不可輕動。李靖拒住東方；楊任拒住西方；哪吒拒住南方；雷震子拒住北方；楊戩、韋護在將臺左右保護。」子牙令南宮适、武吉、鄭倫、龍鬚虎等：「各防守武王營寨。」眾將得令而去。子牙沐浴上臺，等候袁洪來劫營寨。詩曰：

子牙妙算世無雙，動地驚天勢莫當。
二鬼有心施密計，三妖無計展疆場。
遭殃楊任歸神去，逃死袁洪免喪亡。莫說孟津多惡戰，連逢劫殺損忠良。

話說袁洪當晚打點人馬劫營，大破子牙，以成全功。纔至二更時分，高明、高覺為頭一隊，袁洪為二隊。魯仁傑對殷成秀曰：「賢弟，據我愚見，今夜劫營，不但不能取勝，定有敗亡之禍。況姜子牙善於用兵，知玄機變化，且門下又多道德之士，此行豈無準備。我和你且在後隊，見機而作。」殷成秀曰：「兄長之言甚善。」

不說他二人各自準備，且說高明、高覺來至周營，點起大砲，響一聲喊殺進營來。袁洪同常昊、吳龍從後接應。子牙在將臺上披髮仗劍，踏罡布斗，霎時四下裏風雲齊起，這正是子牙借崑崙之妙術，取神荼、鬱壘。不知凶吉如何，且聽下回分解。第九十一

回 蟠龍嶺燒鄒文化 詩曰：

力大排山氣吐虹，手拖扒木快如風。
行舟陸地誰堪及，破敵營門孰敢同。
擒虎英名成往事，食牛全氣化崆峒。
總來天意歸周主，空作蟠龍嶺下紅。

話說子牙在將臺上作法，只見風雲四起，黑霧彌漫，上有天羅，下有地網，昏天慘地，罩住了周營。霹靂交加，電光馳驟，火光灼灼，冷氣森森，雷響不止，喊聲大振。各營內鼓角齊鳴，若天崩地塌之狀。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

風霧濛濛電火燒，雷聲響亮鎮邪妖。
桃精柳鬼難逃躲，早把封神名姓標。

話說高明、高覺闖進周營，殺進中軍，只見鼓聲大振，三軍吶喊。一聲砲響，東有李靖，西有楊任，南有哪吒，北有雷震子，左有楊戩，右有韋護，一齊衝將出來，把高明等圍住。臺上有子牙作法。臺下四箇門人，齊把桃樁震動。上有天羅，下有地網，上下交合。子牙祭起打神鞭打將下來，高明、高覺難逃此難，只打得腦漿迸流。——靈已往封神臺去了。

且說袁洪同常昊、吳龍在後面催軍，殺進周營，被哪吒等接住大戰。此時晝夜交兵，兩軍混戰。韋護祭起降魔杵來打吳龍；吳龍早化青光去了。哪吒也祭起九龍神火罩來罩常昊；常昊化一道青氣不見了。袁洪乃是白猿得道，變化多端，把元神從頭上現出。楊任正欲取五火扇搗袁洪，不意袁洪頂上白光中元神手舉一棍打來，楊任及至躲時，已是不及，早被袁洪

一棍打中頂門，可憐！自穿雲關歸周，纔至孟津，未受封爵而死。

後人有詩歎之，詩曰：自離成湯歸紫陽，穿雲關下破

「瘟□」。孟津盡節身先喪，俱是南柯夢一場。話說楊任被袁

洪打死，兩軍混戰，至天明，子牙鳴金，兩下收兵。子牙陞帳，點

視軍將，已知楊任陣亡，著實嗟歎不已。楊戩上帳言曰：「今夜大

戰，雖然斬了高明、高覺，反折楊任一員大將。據弟子見袁洪等俱

是精靈所化，急切不能成功。大兵阻於此地，何日結局。弟子今往

終南山，借了照妖鑑來，照定他的原身，方可擒此妖魅也，不然終

無了期。」子牙許之。楊戩離了周營，借土遁往終南山而來。不多

時，早至玉柱洞前，按落遁光，至洞門聽候雲中子。少時，只見金

霞童子出來，楊戩上前稽首曰：「師兄，借煩通報，有楊戩要見師

伯。」童子忙還禮曰：「師兄少待，容吾通報。」童子進洞對雲中

子曰：「有楊戩在外面候見。」雲中子命童子：「著他進來。」童

子出洞云：「師父請見。」楊戩見雲中子，行禮畢，稟曰：「弟子

今到此，欲求師伯照妖鑑一用。目今兵至孟津，有幾箇妖魅阻住周

師，不能前進；雖大戰數場，法寶難治。因此上奉姜元帥將令，特

地至此，拜求師伯。」雲中子曰：「此乃梅山七怪也。只你可以擒

獲。」忙取寶鑑付與楊戩。楊戩辭了終南，借土遁往周營內來見

子牙，備言：「此是梅山七怪，明日俟弟子擒他。」話說袁洪在營

中與常昊、吳龍眾將議退諸侯之策，殷破敗曰：「明日元戎不大殺

一場以樹威，使天下諸侯知道利害，則彼皆不能善解。與他遷延日

月，恐師老軍疲，其中有變，那時反為不美。」袁洪從其言。次

日，整頓軍馬，砲聲大振，來至軍前。子牙亦帶領眾諸侯出營。兩

下列成陣勢。袁洪一馬當先。子牙謂袁洪曰：「足下不知天命久已

歸周，而何阻逆王師，令生民塗炭耶。速早歸降，不失封侯之位，

如若不識時務，悔無及矣。」袁洪大笑曰：「料爾不過是磻溪一釣

叟耳，有何本領，敢出此大言！」回顧常昊曰：「與吾將姜尚擒

了！」常昊縱馬挺鎗，飛來直取子牙。傍有楊戩催馬舞刀，抵住廝

殺。二馬往來，刀鎗併舉，只殺得凜凜寒風，騰騰殺氣。怎見得，

有詩為證，詩曰：殺氣騰騰鎖孟津，梅山妖魅亂紅塵。

須臾難遁終南鑑，取次摧殘作鬼燐。話說兩人大戰，未及十

五合，常昊撥馬便走。楊戩隨後趕來，取出照妖鑑來照，原來是條

大白蛇。楊戩已知此怪，看他怎樣騰挪。只見常昊在馬上忽現原

身，有一陣怪風捲起，播土揚塵，秋雲靄靄，冷氣森森，現出一條

大蛇。怎見得，有詩為證：黑霧漫漫天地遮，身如雪練

弄妖邪。神光閃灼兇頑性，久與梅山是舊家。

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8 Shangqing Scriptures as Performative Texts

Robert Ford Campany

Abstract

Using the *Upper Scripture of Purple Texts Inscribed by the Spirits* (*Huangtian shangqing jingque dijun lingshu ziwen* 皇天上清金闕帝君靈書紫文上經) as an example, Campany presents a rhetorical analysis of Shangqing Daoist scriptures. This analysis suggests a new way to see these texts as vehicles or scripts for the performance of an alternative identity as a divinely rejuvenated being or cosmic recluse in the here and now, rather than as promises for future salvation. The chapter fleshes out what that means and what difference it might make in our reading and understanding of these scriptures.

Keywords: Shangqing, Daoist religion, performance, religious role-playing, actualization

Introduction

Between 364 and 370 CE, deities known as Perfected Ones 真人 were said to have appeared in visions to the medium Yang Xi 楊羲 and others in what is now southeastern China to give instruction on a wide range of topics.¹ Deigning to descend from a hitherto unknown zone of the heavens called Supreme Purity or Shangqing 上清, they dictated to the recipient, who wrote down their words, or else they arrived bearing written scrolls, some of which they allowed to be copied. The resulting texts were shared with

¹ Works in the Ming Daoist canon are cited by title and folio page as they appear in the 1926 reprint of *Zhengtong daoze* 正統道藏 as photo-reduced in the 60-volume edition by Xinwenfeng (Taipei, 1977) and by the number (preceded by DZ) assigned them in TC. When quoting Western-language sources, I have silently converted romanizations into Pinyin.

patrons, notably members of the southeastern clan Xu 許. Within a few generations the texts circulated more widely, sometimes imitated and forged by aristocrats seeking the religious and social cachet that simply owning the scriptures could convey. This scriptural profusion prompted the Daoist master Tao Hongjing 陶弘景 around 499 (and another figure named Gu Huan 顧歡 a bit earlier²) to cull what he considered the apocryphal from the thirty-odd authentic scriptures that had survived and to compile other documents, including diary-like records of the Perfected Ones' appearances in visions and dreams. The larger of these compilations that survives was titled *Zhen'gao* 真誥 or *Declarations of the Perfected*. All this is of course well known to scholars of Daoist religion, but few of these writings have been carefully studied or translated in non-Asian-language publications. Yet they constitute one of the most fascinating textual dossiers of world religious history.

Here I want to pose the following question: What were Shangqing scriptures for? These texts prescribe a great many practices. The prescriptions certainly do not skimp on detail. Some scholars, notably Isabelle Robinet, have taken these passages at face value, summarizing or translating them and leaving it at that. But can we assume that readers put these instructions into practice, and did so expecting to attain literally the promised results? In short, what was the relationship between the texts' many detailed prescriptions and actual practice? Were these passages intended as literal instruction, or did they serve some less obvious rhetorical function? Did readers actually follow the instructions? If they did, what can such practices have been like—assuming, as I do, that practitioners did not end up physically flying into outer space? These are difficult questions. And although, thanks to Tao Hongjing, we have diary-like records on all sorts of topics, we do not, to my knowledge, have non-scriptural texts that would provide easy answers.

Michel Strickmann offered a way around these interpretive challenges by suggesting that simply *possessing* scriptures was the decisive thing:

Though the motives of a reverent and inspired poet may be clear, as may those of an able and ambitious man of letters, what of their clientèle? The Xu family's destiny was of course intimately bound up with the Heaven of Shangqing. ... Yet in the case of the prospective adept whose

2 On Gu Huan and his *Zhenji* 真迹 or *Traces of the Perfected*, a now-lost partial model for Tao's work, see Strickmann, *Le taoïsme du Mao Chan*, 12, 64; Strickmann, "On the Alchemy of T'ao Hung-ching," 140–41; Strickmann, "Mao Shan Revelations," 31–32, 54–55; and Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing*, 1:111–12, 211, and 2:314–15, 320.

fortunes were not so explicitly writ large in the book of Life, what was so compelling in these scriptures as to make him disburse the considerable sums demanded for their transmission? The ... great marketability of such texts might in itself suggest that *it was not their contents alone that were essential to the adept's salvation. Though all these works profess to expound procedures of acknowledged utility in the achievement of this goal*, it should already have become clear that *the very fact of acquisition and the further blessing of possession were in themselves factors at least as decisive in the destiny of the recipient as was objective mastery of the technical practices which the scriptures contained*. All these texts ... assured their fortunate reader that certain qualities were prerequisite if he was even so much as to behold them—qualities which were in large part determined by ancestral stocks of merit and which must, by deduction, have already been present in himself. ... Ownership of such a scripture guaranteed ... the acquisition of an honorable posthumous position ... *even should the possessor never practice the operations set forth in the text*.³

Now scholars had long assumed that doctrines are always the main point in religion and that scriptures are mere doctrine-delivery vehicles. In correctively highlighting the many other uses of canonical texts besides doctrine delivery, Strickmann here anticipated more recent scholarship.⁴ But Strickmann's bracketing of most of what the texts talk about may itself be challenged on two points. First, why prescribe so many practices in such ornate detail, supplying biographies of the gods who revealed them, if the texts' sole purpose was to assure their possessors of salvation? Wouldn't simpler works, or even talismans, have sufficed for that purpose? And second, if actually practicing the methods had been seen as irrelevant, then what, in their many songs, were Perfected consorts repeatedly calling their human recipients to do? And why did they so often express frustration at their slowness to do it?⁵

3 Strickmann, "The Mao Shan Revelations," 27–28, emphasis added.

4 See, for example, Copp, *The Body Incantatory*; Jan Yün-hua, "The Power of Recitation"; Campamy, "Notes on the Devotional Uses"; and Lowe, *Ritualized Writing*. In the Shangqing case, such uses include treating scripture copies, once acquired, in ritually specified ways; venerating them; chanting their words; undertaking rituals of purification when preparing to open and read a copy; and receiving copies of the esoteric texts in rituals designed for that purpose. Such rites of transmission, and the restrictions hedging them about, were particularly important in an esoteric tradition such as that of Shangqing, as discussed in Campamy, *Making Transcendents*, 88–129.

5 A significant portion of the Shangqing revelations, in both prose and verse, consists of poetic scoldings administered by the Perfected to their intended audience for not being diligent

I want to suggest a different answer to the question of what these scriptures were for. My answer neither takes at face value the texts' prescriptions and promised results, on the one hand, nor brackets them as irrelevant, on the other. For this purpose I will discuss one representative Shangqing scripture as an example: the *Upper Scripture of Purple Texts Inscribed by the Spirits* (*Lingshu ziwen*),⁶ which has been translated by Stephen Bokenkamp.⁷ I will deal only with its first portion, preserved in the Daoist canon as a discrete text (DZ 639), and only partially. Even this small sampling offers sufficient evidence for the general claims I wish to make.

II. Synopsis of *Upper Scripture of Purple Texts Inscribed by the Spirits*

1. Opening [1a–4a]: The text begins, as do many Daoist (and Buddhist) scriptures, by narrating its own celestial origins: the divine Grand Lord Azure Lad of the Eastern Seas 東海青童大君⁸ conducts a purification retreat, then calls upon a god of even higher rank, the Sage Lord of the Latter Age 後聖君, one of four Thearch-Lords 帝君 (a rank superior to that of Perfected Person 真人), to request this very scripture. We here learn that the scripture is the same one that the Sage of the Latter Heavens, Lord Li 後聖李君, received and practiced as a young man; that its methods were initially orally transmitted by two Celestial Thearchs 天帝 from the heavens of Jade Purity 玉清;⁹ that its practices derive from an earlier cosmic era; and that its contents were carefully redacted by gods into a single text incised on jade slats. This fair copy does not leave the Sage Lord's library. Rather,

or urgent enough in their practice. See Bokenkamp, "Declarations of the Perfected," and Kroll, "Seduction Songs of One of the Perfected."

6 For background on this text and its circumstances, see Strickmann, "The Mao Shan Revelations"; Strickmann, *Le taoïsme du Mao chan*, 60–61; Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing*, esp. 2:101–10 (providing detailed analysis and comparisons with other texts); Bokenkamp, *Early Daoist Scriptures*, 275–306; Robinet, *Taoism*, 114–48; Robinet, *Méditation taoïste*; Miller, *Way of Highest Clarity*; Zhang Chaoran, "Liuchao daojiao Shangqing pai cunsifa yanjiu"; Zhang Chaoran, "Xipu, daofa ji qi zhenghe"; Xiao Dengfu, *Liuchao daojiao Shangqing pai yanjiu*; and Zhong Guofa, *Maoshan daojiao Shangqing zong*.

7 Bokenkamp, *Early Daoist Scriptures*, 307–31. Below I rely heavily on, and often quote, Bokenkamp's excellent translation, but at points I have silently made small emendations, most of which are not flagged in footnotes.

8 On him, see Kroll, "In the Halls of the Azure Lad."

9 A level of the heavens above that of Supreme Purity or Shangqing. I depart from Bokenkamp in rendering 清 (at least in this sort of context) as "purity" rather than "clarity" and in translating 上清 as Supreme Purity rather than Higher Clarity.

it is transcribed multiple times by the Tortoise Mother (better known as the Queen Mother of the West 西王母) and the copies handed off to other deities, who store them in other celestial bookcases. It is these copies that are the source of the version transmitted orally from the Sage Lord to the Azure Lad and thence to humanity via Yang Xi. The scripture's opening also instructs readers how to treat it. It is guarded by jade maidens and lads, who scrutinize persons who come into possession of it and report their transgressions to the powers above, triggering penalties. One must treat the text reverently or it will disappear. Before opening it, one must rise, bow, wash one's hands, and burn incense. One must not divulge its contents to "those to whom the text is not to be transmitted" 非傳授者.

2. Method for collecting and ingesting the flying root and swallowing solar *qi* 採飲飛根吞日氣之法 [4a–6b]:

A. Face the rising sun and knock your teeth together nine times. Softly pronounce the secret names of the solar cloudsouls 日魂 and five thearchs 五帝, close your eyes, and seal your fists. "Actualize¹⁰ the flowing auroras in five colors" 存見五色流霞 from within the sun approaching to receive your body down to your feet. Then actualize these five *qi* rising to the top of your head. With this, the five-colored flowing auroras of sunlight enter into your mouth. Moreover, within the sunlight auroras there will also be a purple *qi*, as large as the pupil of your eye, but wrapped in several tens of layers and flashing brilliantly within the five-colored rays of sun. This is called the flying root of solar efflorescence, the jade placenta, mother of water 名之曰飛根水母.¹¹ Together with the five *qi* it enters your mouth." Facing the sun, swallow these auroras, gulping *qi* forty-nine times. Then swallow saliva nine times, clack your teeth nine times, and softly pronounce¹² an invocation:

赤廬丹氣	Cinnabar <i>qi</i> of the vermilion furnace,
圓天育精	Nurturing germs of the orbbed heavens:
剛以受柔 ...	The brittle accepts the pliant. ...
日辰元景	The primal phosphors of the solar chronogram
號曰大明	Are called the Grandly Luminous.

10 Throughout, Bokenkamp renders this key verb, *cun* 存 (and sometimes, as here, the compound *cunjian* 存見), as "visualize." I choose to emphasize the multisensoriness of this imaginative scene-creation, on which more will be said below.

11 On this "jade placenta"—which does not appear in *Lingshu ziwen* as evidenced in DZ 639 but which does appear in citations of this passage and in parallel passages elsewhere—see Bokenkamp, *Early Daoist Scriptures*, 305n23.

12 Throughout, these *sotto voce* incantations are termed *yinzhou* 陰呪 or *weizhou* 微呪.

九陽齊化	Their ninefold yang coordinates transformation,
二煙俱生	As the two smoky vapors issue forth
凝魂和魄	To congeal my cloudsouls and harmonize my whitesouls.
五氣之精	From within the germs of the five <i>qi</i>
中生五帝	The Five Thearchs emerge,
乘光御形	Riding on beams, controlling my bodily form.
採飛以虛	I grasp the flying [root] by means of emptiness,
輟根得盈 ...	Pluck the root to achieve fullness. ...
賜書玉簡	I am presented a writ on jade slats.
金閣刻名	The Golden Porte inscribes my name.
飲食朝華	Consuming the flowers of dawn,
與真合靈	I join in spirit with the Perfected,
飛仙太微	Fly in transcendence to Grand Tenuity,
上昇紫庭	Rise above to the Purple Court.

Face the sun and bow repeatedly.

B. Characterizations of this method: It is secret and rare. Only very few perfected ones or transcendents know the secret names of the solar cloudsouls; this method is unheard of by the masses. As for its effects, grain-renouncing, forest-dwelling Daoists living in purity apart from concerns for human affairs 若道士休糧山林長齋五嶽絕塵人間遠思清真者 on beginning to do this practice daily “will immediately notice their bodies exuding jade fluids and their faces emitting glowing light” 立覺體生玉澤面有流光也. Those “still involved in external human affairs” 其外累人事 will realize comparable results only after eighteen years.

C. Another component of the method, involving writing a talisman 符 in red on blue paper at midnight, saying an incantation announcing the arrival of the solar cloudsouls, then swallowing the talisman.

3. Method for collecting and swallowing the *yin* flower and swallowing lunar essence 採飲陰華吞月精之法 [6b–8b]: This section closely parallels the previous one. I here provide only part of the incantation the practitioner is to say as he completes the actualizations:

黃清玄暉	Mystic gleam, yellow and clear,
元陰上氣	Highest <i>qi</i> of primal yin,
散蔚寒歛	Scatter in profusion your chill whirlwinds,
條靈歛胃 ...	Ordering spirits to gather in my stomach. ...
赤子飛入	The fetus flies in.
嬰兒續至	The newborn babe gradually emerges.

迴陰三合	The circling yin joins thrice,
光玄萬方	Its beams mystically darkening in all directions.
和魂制魄 ...	I pacify my cloudsouls, control my whitesouls. ...
賜書玉札	I am presented with writings and jade slips.
刻名雲房	My name is inscribed in the cloudy chambers.
飲食月華	I now feed on the lunar efflorescences,
與真合同	Thereby joining with the Perfected.
飛仙紫微	I fly as a transcendent to Purple Tenuity,
上朝太皇	Paying court there to the Grand Luminaries.

In the ensuing remarks we again find two tiers of practitioners: “Those who daily practice this method will immediately notice their bodies exuding gleaming beams of light and their eyesight filled with flying essences” 立覺體生光照目有飛精也, while those who choose to remain in office and do this practice occasionally will see their cloudsouls and whitesouls refined only after eighteen years.

4. Method for securing the three cloudsouls 拘三魂之法 [8b–9b]: On the third, thirteenth, and twenty-third nights of each month one’s cloudsouls tend to roam, spelling trouble for the practitioner. To secure them, lie facing upward. Close your eyes and block your breath for the space of three normal breaths, clacking your teeth three times. “Actualize vermilion *qi* the size of a chicken’s egg coming from your heart and rising to emerge from between your eyes. After it emerges ... this vermilion *qi* will flow all over the body to the top of your head. It becomes fire. Once the body is fully encircled, cause the fire to penetrate your body as if it were igniting charcoal. You should feel slightly hot internally. Again clack your teeth three times and, actualizing them, call the three cloudsouls by name, telling them to stay put.” Softly incant:

太微玄官	Mysterious officers of Grand Tenuity
中黃始青	Central Yellow and Inaugural Green
內鍊三魂	[Now] refine within my three cloudsouls
胎光安寧	So that Embryo Light is at rest,
神寶玉室	A spirit treasure in the jade chamber.
與我俱生	They all dwell within me
不得妄動	And are not permitted to move around blindly.
鑒者太靈	Overseeing them, the Grand Spirit.
若欲飛行	Should they wish to fly about
唯得詣太極上清	They are allowed only to visit Grand Bourne or Supreme Purity.

若欲饑渴	Should they become hungry or thirsty
徊水玉精	They are allowed only Jade Essence of Swirling Solution.

5. Method for controlling the seven whitesouls 制七魄之法 [9b–11a]: This section closely parallels the previous one. I here quote only the incantation:

素氣九回	With elemental <i>qi</i> nine times wound
制魄邪凶	I control the perverse ferocity of the whitesouls.
天獸守門	Celestial beasts guard the gates,
嬌女執關	Enchanting maidens hold the passes.
鍊魄和柔	They refine the whitesouls to passive compliance,
與我相安	Granting me peace and calm.
不得妄動	You [whitesouls] are not to engage in reckless movement!
看察形源	They keep watch over the source of your shapes.
若汝饑渴	If you hunger or thirst,
聽飲月黃日丹	You are permitted to ingest [only] Lunar Yellow and Solar Cinnabar.

6. Bodily locations and secret names of the Three Primes 三元 and their palaces, as well as of the Peach Child; method for actualizing them [11a–12b]: These are here introduced because the Three Primes are to be invoked first when securing the cloudsouls and whitesouls by the methods above. The names of the upper, central, and lower primes are provided, along with the locations of their respective inner palaces (in the forehead or Muddy Pellet 泥丸, the heart or Scarlet Chamber 絳房, and a site three inches below the navel, the Lower Prime Cinnabar Field 下元丹田). Furthermore, the text specifies that the Gate of Destiny 命門 is the navel and the Mystic Pass 玄關 is the passageway which joined the placenta to the adept's viscera when he was first born. Within this passageway is the Palace of Life 生宮, and residing in it is “the Grand Sovereign named Peach Child” 大君名 桃康, of whom a description is given. The three cloudsouls stand at his side in attendance. He holds a talisman bearing an image of the Taiwei Celestial Thearch 太微天帝君 “with which he mixes and pours primal *qi* to replenish the fetus and restore the placenta” 以合注元氣補胎反胞. The method: when lying down at night, stop breathing for a space of twenty-four breaths while silently incanting the names of the Grand Sovereign. Swallow saliva fifty times, clack the teeth thrice, and softly incant:

胎靈大神	The great spirit of fetal numinousness,
皇綱天君	Celestial Lord of the Resplendent Mainstay,
手執胞符	Holds in his hands the placental talisman,
首冠紫冠	His head capped in purple.
黃迴赤轉	He cycles the yellow and the red
上精命門	As he elevates essence through the Gate of Destiny,
化神反生	Transforming my spirits and giving me life. ¹³
六合相因	The Bureau of the Six Courses relies on him.
形骸光澤	My skeletal frame gleams and glistens,
玉女棲身	And Jade Maidens lodge in my body.

If you do this for eighteen years, you will ascend to heaven in broad daylight by virtue of the actions of the Peach Child within you. A talisman-based method is then given: one writes the talisman (its design provided) in vermilion on green paper, swallowing it at midnight on the nights of the new and full moon. The talisman, bearing the image of the Taiwei Celestial Thearch, is thereby presented to the Peach Child, prompting him to “mix the primal *qi* from on high, arrange the placenta, and transport essence” 合元上氣理胞運精.” The swallowing is preceded by an incantation:

天帝玄書	This mystic writing of the Celestial Thearch,
皇象靈符	Numinous talisman bearing his image,
以合元氣	[Directs you] to mix the primal <i>qi</i> ,
運精反胞	Transport essence, and restore the placenta.
萬年嬰孩	The ten-thousand-year newborn
飛仙天樞	Flies as a transcendent to the Heavenly Pivot.
生宮大君	You, Great Lord of the Palace of Life,
披丹建朱	Robed in cinnabar and draped in vermilion,
首戴紫蓉	Wearing on your head the purple lotus [cap],
與我同謀	Are to work together with me to this end.

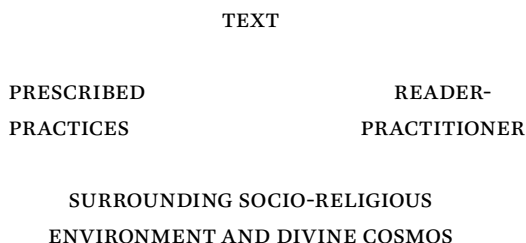
7. A closing section specifies dietary restrictions (no eating of full-blooded creatures, no cooking of domestic animals or fur-bearing animals, no eating

13 As Bokenkamp notes (*Early Daoist Scriptures*, 328n), “The cycling of the yellow and red refers to the practice of ‘merging *qi*’ to perfect the essences, the sexual rite of the Celestial Masters. Here the whole procedure is accomplished immaculately within the body.” In other words, a result accomplished in what counted as “normal,” mainstream Daoism at the time via controversial, sex-associated ritual is here achieved within the adept’s divinized body. On the controversial “merging of *qi*” (*heqi* 合氣) ritual, see Raz, “The Way of the Yellow and the Red”; Kleeman, “The Performance and Significance of the Merging the Pneumas (*Heqi*) Rite”; and Kleeman, *Celestial Masters*, 158–74.

of onions or other strong-smelling herbs), the rationale for which is that these prohibited practices and ingredients “attack and disturb the fetal *qi* and injure the newborn spirits with their stench.”¹⁴ It also criticizes the ritualized sexual methods of both the Celestial Masters and practitioners of bedchamber arts: adepts with access to the methods outlined here have no need of those dangerous practices with a female partner.

III. Text, Practices, Reader-Practitioner, and World: A Rhetorical Sketch

To lay the groundwork for my main argument (next section), I here provide a rudimentary rhetorical analysis of how the text works. We can understand its rhetorical self-positioning by considering the interrelationships among four elements:



Text and practices. Any religious text issuing prescriptions needs ways of investing them with authority in readers' eyes. Here, the instructions are textually framed in several ways, each of which lends them weight. The text's opening story of its own origin endows it, and its contents, with an impressive divine pedigree. The deities mentioned would have been recognizable to early readers. Additionally, the text promises striking results to those who come into possession of it and practice its methods. In short, the prescribed practices are claimed potent because of their promised results for the reader-practitioner and because of their divine pedigree. The text has a sacred history, and it argues that its recommendations carry the weight of that history. It is not a neutral container of instructions, much less of doctrines.

14 These dietary and anti-sacrificial strictures, common to other Daoisms at the time, served in part to differentiate practitioners from those of the popular religion surrounding them. See Campany, *Making Transcendents*, 39–87.

Text and reader-practitioner. That the reader had licitly accessed the text promises—*performs*—his future divine status, as Strickmann saw. The text pulls the reader into a mutually beneficial relationship: beneficial to the scripture in that it helped ensure its transmission in a world where manuscripts were easily lost or corrupted, and to the reader as a vehicle for becoming divine. The scripture instructs on how to ritually treat it—actions that perform its “special” status vis-à-vis other texts.¹⁵ The esoteric paradigm—that is, the text’s injunction to keep its contents secret and transmit it only to a small number of authorized individuals—again binds text to reader, fencing them off together against the outside socio-textual environment.¹⁶ The texts’ authorizations of itself and of its reader are two sides of the same coin. The more the text invests its reader-possessor with authority, the more it also undergirds its own. The more power it is perceived to have, the more power accrues to those who possess it. The scripture thus effects a mutually authorizing compact with its reader-possessor-practitioners. Neither the practices, nor the text, nor the practitioners stand alone: each is constituted as what it is by its relation to the others.

The text and its surrounding environments. The text’s provision of its divine pedigree, and its repeated injunctions to secrecy, argue that it should be deemed superior to non-Shangqing texts and practices. Its self-proclaimed secrecy creates distance between itself and non-esoteric texts, just as its methods create distance between the reader-possessor and other people. On the other hand, the scripture’s divine lineage connects it to a whole hierarchy of divine beings and other texts. The reader-possessor is linked through the scripture to that hierarchy as well. And although the text portrays itself as a pristine emanation from the higher heavens, its disparagements of its closest religious others—including run-of-the-mill sexual practices aimed at longevity, the quest for transcendence, and the Celestial Master “merging *qi*”—betray its makers’ keen awareness of contemporary repertoires of practice.

IV. Performing an Alternative Identity in Real Time

I come now to my main argument. We notice an intriguing tension in this and similar texts when it comes to what the reader-practitioner may expect.

15 On “specialness” as a marker of religious/sacred status, see Taves, *Religious Experience Reconsidered*. These ritual actions, rather than acknowledging the text’s already-instinct sacrality, help create it.

16 On this esoteric paradigm, see Campany, *Making Transcendents*, 88–129.

On the one hand, promises of the *eventual* attainment of Perfected status are sprinkled throughout. On the other hand, the most characteristic modes of practice seem, upon scrutiny, to involve realizing the projected goal *in the present*.

Scholars have focused on these texts' promises of eventual Perfected status. Such promises appear often, as we have seen. The time spans are often long—in the *Purple Texts*, eighteen years for those lingering in officialdom. And the arduousness of self-cultivation did not stop at death but extended into the afterlife portrayed in other Shangqing texts.¹⁷ But what if we were to reimagine Shangqing as, in part, a repertoire of “sudden” practices, akin less to the many-lifetimes-long bodhisattva path or the gradual Celestial Master ascent through gradations of rank than to the famous line delivered by Huineng 惠能 in the *Platform Sutra* (*Fatan jing* 法壇經), *ji foxing shi fo* 即佛行是佛, “Buddha-practice is itself Buddha”?¹⁸ What if the practices' biggest payoff was not the promised eventual goal but the experience of doing them in the present, with concomitant modifications of the practitioner's sense of his place in society and the cosmos?¹⁹

I think it would be productive to think of Shangqing scriptures as scripts for the performance—in the here-and-now—of a new role, an esoteric identity. Thinking of Shangqing scriptures in this way allows us to solve the conundrum posed near the opening of this chapter: it explains why, if merely possessing scriptures sufficed to guarantee eventual salvation, the texts nevertheless prescribe the sorts of practices they do in such detail, and why the Perfected insisted so strongly that their human interlocutors get with the divine program forthwith.

What then can we say about the roles prescribed in these scriptures and the scripts for performing them?

In the *Purple Texts*, the role performed can be summarily described as that of a *divinely rejuvenated being*, a Perfected One among other such

17 For an example, see Campany, “The Sword Scripture,” 62–63.

18 From the Dunhuang manuscript (Stein 5475) as transcribed in Yampolsky, *Platform Sutra*, p. 22 of the Chinese text. My translation differs slightly from that of Yampolsky, 168.

19 Robinet suggested something similar in a passing remark made only, to my knowledge, in the afterword to the English edition (1993) of her pioneering *Méditation taoïste* (1979): “In the religion of Great Purity, the adept can become a cosmic being made of light. The texts constantly give him an auspicious omen of this destiny and his practice is directed toward this conclusion. Gradually in the course of time, we see that, in the Lingbao texts, the luminous and cosmic qualities of the immortal are only the prerogative of the dead or the deities. The adept is robbed of the hope for the personal attainment of immortality and transfiguration.... The religion of Shangqing is a religion of the immediate present, of presence, and of epiphany. It is not a religion of promise, of waiting, or of eschatology.” See Robinet, *Taoist Meditation*, 229–30.

august personages, containing within his body various divine powers he performatively summons to dwell there. This staggering audacity is typical of Shangqing texts. Other scriptures add dimensions onto this central role, such as that of *cosmocrator* as prescribed in the *Scripture of the Rules* [Written on] Purple [Tablets], *Book of Blazing Light*, [Created by] Transformation from the Divine Mystery (*Zidu yanguang shen[xuan] bian jing* 紫度炎光神[玄]變經, DZ 1332),²⁰ or that of *cosmic recluse*, as enabled by the Shangqing update of “escape by means of a simulated corpse” (*shijie* 尸解) offered in the *Sword Scripture* for practitioners reluctant to take up a divine administrative post.²¹

How was this role performed? The key activities were of three sorts, plugged modularly into various Shangqing practice sequences: *cun* 存, imaginative actualization; *zhu* 祝, the pronouncement of invocations; and the writing and deployment of talismans 符. These are all well known, but their *performative* character has not, I think, been appreciated. In actualization, the practitioner imagines a scene in great sensory detail, inserting himself into it or absorbing it into himself in real time.²² In invocation and in the deployment of talismans, the practitioner declares the goal as being reached in the present moment.

Actualization (*cun* 存) was not just “visualization,” for the subject’s entire store of bodily experience and sensorimotor capabilities were brought into play. Actualization is performative in the basic sense that he is carrying out a deliberate, scripted action sequence, but also in that he is not *requesting* to be elevated to the role of divine being at some future point: he *performs* that role *during* the practice. He inserts himself into the scene he constructs, or inserts

20 The practice termed “summoning nothingness” (*zhao wu* 招无, 2b–7a) prescribed in this scripture allows the adept to see to the extremes in the five directions, discerning the mountains, flowers, flora and fauna, and barbarian peoples of each as clearly as if he were present there. The practitioner sees the officer of the sacred peak of each direction arrive, accompanied by loud processional music, bringing a sweet-tasting liquor (containing the essence of the outlying zone from which it comes) that he swallows. Later (27b–33a) there is a method for visualizing and ingesting the essences of the five directions, brought as tribute from the distant zones by five jade lads and jade maidens. This scripture may not have numbered among those revealed to Yang Xi, and Tao Hongjing expressed doubts about its authenticity: see Robinet, *La révélation du Shangqing*, 2:97–100, and TTC, 153–54.

21 See Campany, “The Sword Scripture.”

22 Previous studies of actualization in early medieval China include Robinet, “Visualization and Ecstatic Flight”; Robinet, *Méditation taoïste*; Timothy Wai Keung Chan, “Yixiang feixiang”; Tian Xiaofei, “Seeing with the Mind’s Eye”; and Lee Fong-mao, “Youguan yu neijing.” It should not be thought that visualization was unique to Shangqing practice: for a few examples see Campany, *To Live as Long as Heaven and Earth*, 54; Harrison, *Pratyutpanna Samādhi Sutra*; Inagaki, *Sutra on Contemplation of Amitāyus*; and Greene, “Visions and Visualizations.”

it into himself, temporarily assuming a role in a cosmic drama.²³ He acts by turns as spectator to a scene he fashions and as part of that scene—often eventually playing the key role in it, with others now becoming the witnessing audience. At the same time that he takes on the role, he also observes himself doing so; “reflexivity is the act of becoming an audience to oneself.”²⁴

Although the practitioner assumes this cosmic role in private, he does so before an audience of divine others on a cosmic stage. They do not just observe but also interact with him, even taking up residence within him, becoming part of his being. He is aware of their presence before him and aware, too, of himself standing before and welcoming them. “Performance is always performance *for* someone, some audience that recognizes and validates it as performance even when, as is occasionally the case, that audience is the self.”²⁵

As with any ritual, this one constitutes a temporary as-if space. Within it, the practitioner acts as if he were a divine being, when the whole point is that, outside the frame, he is not, and knows he is not. It is a performance in the subjunctive mode. Practicing the method in the *Purple Texts* did not make one a deity in any final, ontological sense. But, in self-conscious contrast to the practitioner’s everyday roles, it allowed him to *act as one* within the frame. As has been said of ritual generally, it “should ... be understood as working precisely out of the incongruity of the subjunctive of ritual and the actual world of lived experience.”²⁶

As for invocation and the deployment of talismans (accompanied by more invocations), these are where we see performativity in the narrower sense noted by linguistic philosopher J. L. Austin in the 1960s²⁷ and developed by subsequent theorists from John Searle to Judith Butler: they are acts of speech and writing that produce what they name. They do not simply represent states of affairs but also bring them about, or claim to.²⁸ Here, unlike a wedding ceremony or christening, the enactment is repeated and sustained, not a one-time affair, and there is no social ratification—no

23 Or, to adopt the language of Victor Turner, a cosmic *social drama*—social in several respects. See Turner, *From Ritual to Theatre*, 61–123.

24 James MacAloon, quoted in Sullivan, “Sound and Senses,” 13.

25 Carlson, *Performance*, 5.

26 Seligman, Weller, Puett, and Simon, *Ritual and its Consequences*, 27.

27 First, in fact, in the William James Lectures at Harvard in 1955, published in 1962 as *How to Do Things with Words*.

28 See Butler, *Excitable Speech*, and Butler, “Critically Queer.” In her gendered account of performativity, unlike the accounts given by Austin and Searle (in the latter’s *Speech Acts*), performance is necessarily *reiterative*.

intersubjective confirmation outside the practitioner's own experience—of what is declared to have been achieved.²⁹ The invocations are performative in the Butlerian sense that they do not *express* an already-formed identity interior to the practitioner but instead repeatedly *fashion* a new identity in words and imagination, supported by a new social and cosmic surround (the gods who witness and participate in the action sequences) and by the many promises and acknowledgments made in the scripture. Crucially, these invocations lack modal verbs such as *yuan* 願 (“I wish...” or “May it be that...”) of the sort often found in prayers and vows. Incantations are of a different genre. The speaker does not *request* a future outcome. He declares his actions and status in the present moment: “I do this, I am that.” Similarly, talismans are not requests or prayers but *commands* that the practitioner performatively declares himself authorized to make.³⁰

We might wonder what effects such practice had on the practitioner, both within and beyond the frame of practice. The answer must be suppositional, since (with an important exception discussed below) our texts offer no straightforward evidence on this question. In light of recent cognitive science studies, Shangqing actualization appears not as some exotic mystery but as an intensification of perception.³¹ Simple visualization exercises measurably enhance performance of tasks (or hinder it, depending on what is visualized).³² “False memories were more likely in cases when individuals were instructed to imagine events in great sensory detail,”³³ suggesting why we find such a rich sensorium in Shangqing texts: the greater the detail, the more real-seeming the experience. “The more times someone imagines an event, the more likely he or she will be to say that he or she has indeed experienced the event. ... Visually imagining an event from a first-person (own) perspective leads to greater imagination inflation than imagining from a third-person (observer) perspective.”³⁴ Mentally enacting an event becomes hard to distinguish from the event's actual occurrence, at least from the enactor's point of view.

29 This point needs qualification, but space does not permit me to expand on it here.

30 On the rhetorical nature of talismans, see Campany, *To Live as Long as Heaven and Earth*, 61–69.

31 This point is argued in Noë, *Action in Perception*. Suggestive comments relevant to visualization may be found in Damasio, *The Feeling of What Happens*, 168–94.

32 “People who mentally simulated lifting a heavy object reported being able to lift more weight than did participants in the no-simulation condition,” etc. See Gibbs, *Embodiment*, 126–28, for this and other examples.

33 Gibbs, *Embodiment*, 148.

34 Gibbs, *Embodiment*, 148. “Imagination inflation” is the tendency to think imagined past events really happened as imagined.

The human mirror-neuron system is one source of actualization's power. "If I observe you tearing a sheet of paper, there will be a weak and partial activation in my motor cortex, just as if I were tearing the paper myself. ... This mirroring capacity extends even to merely imagining that one is performing an action."³⁵ "*Imagining* certain motor actions activates some of the same parts of the brain that are involved in actually performing that action. Imagining a visual scene also activates areas of the brain that would be activated if we actually perceived that scene."³⁶ At the level brain activity, imagining oneself ascending to celestial palaces, say, seems not to differ in kind from ascending physically, if that were possible.

Cognitive studies also document the emotional effects of imagined or hypothetical scenarios. (Presumably the divine beings who appeared would not have been seen as *merely* hypothetical to most Shangqing practitioners.³⁷ Yet they were imaginatively constructed during the practice, rather than being experienced independently of the practitioner's own mental activity.)³⁸ A study of lottery players found that, despite being fully aware of the impossibly long odds, after the drawing they

had symptoms like those of people who have suffered severe losses, such as destruction of a house or loss of a parent. The interpretation given ... was that in the [time] between the purchase of the ticket and the drawing for the winner, these victims had fantasized, ... wittingly or not, about what they would do upon winning. ... The actual drawing made them lose everything they had acquired in the fantasy world. ... The fantasy world seems to have had profound effects on the psychological reality of the real world, given that the patients had no delusions about the odds of winning, and said so clearly.³⁹

This helps us appreciate the emotionally empowering effect Shangqing role-playing may have had on adepts, as well as the depression that may

35 Johnson, *Meaning of the Body*, 40.

36 Johnson, *Meaning of the Body*, 162; cf. Modell, *Imagination*, 183.

37 On the other hand, a binary like "belief/non-belief" surely fails to capture the complexity of individuals' relations to the claims made in scriptures like this one and to what they experienced (or didn't experience) in their practices. See Campany, *Making Transcendents*, 259–63.

38 See the discussion of "agency shift" below for subtle ways in which the wording of the text may have been engineered to enhance the sense that the imagined Perfected Ones existed and possessed agency independent of the practitioner's.

39 Fauconnier and Turner, *The Way We Think*, 231.

have descended on them as the gap between their status in the two worlds widened.

But we should not conclude that practitioners were living completely in their self-created alternate realities. For human cognition is deeply modular. We are equipped with the ability to “see ‘as if’”⁴⁰ or “run multiple conceptions simultaneously.”⁴¹ The performance model of practice again helps us here. One could, in theory, have simultaneously performed the roles of terrestrial bureaucrat and cosmic deity, entailing a capacity to maintain a frame around the latter activity—although the *Purple Texts* warns that such dual commitment greatly lengthens the time needed.⁴² One was to do the practices only at designated times and in a chamber set aside for the task. And one did so in conscious incongruity with one’s everyday roles. Three particular somatic processes were used as framing devices marking the ensuing actions as special: counting a certain number of breaths, swallowing saliva or breath a certain number of times, and clacking the teeth. These normal bodily acts thus became markers of phases in action sequences.⁴³

The text itself helped create the “reality effect”⁴⁴ in the practitioner’s experience. It did so by means of what I call agency shift, a subtle rhetorical device whereby, after the practitioner has set a scene in motion, aspects of it are textually described in ways implying their own agency. For example, one begins by imagining a cloud of *qi* of a certain size (“as big as a small bean”) and color (white). But next we read that “after a while” this cloud “will gradually enlarge to cover your body in nine layers,” then “will suddenly change into celestial beasts.” There is a shift of grammatical subject and of the textually depicted agent. The rhetorical effect is to soft-pedal the practitioner’s awareness of himself as the maker of the scene, enhancing the feeling that some events occur on their own.⁴⁵ In this way the Shangqing scriptures, as texts, approach a kind of performativity themselves.

40 Slingerland, *What Science Offers*, 182–84.

41 Fauconnier and Turner, *The Way We Think*, 232.

42 I suspect that it does so precisely as an unsubtle rhetorical device meant to urge the initial readers of these texts to abandon their official duties (and families) as soon as possible. See Campamy, “The *Sword Scripture*,” 79–83.

43 On somatic and ritual framing, see Handelman, “Framing.”

44 A concept I borrow from Greenblatt (*Learning to Curse*, 19–20), who borrowed it from Roland Barthes.

45 Eric Greene (“Visions and Visualizations”) notes that while the English “visualization” stresses the active elements of such practices (for complex reasons having to do with the history of spiritualism and Theosophy and the writings of Francis Galton, a cousin of Charles Darwin), with the practitioner as the sole agent, some key early medieval Buddhist texts stress the multivalence of agency, with phenomena often *appearing to*—not being mentally constructed

In all these respects, doing the practices must have invested the practitioner with an expanded, alternate identity. What he was engaged in can be seen as an elaborate play-acting before an imagined audience of divine others—the construction and presentation of self in socio-cosmic life.⁴⁶

How would such practice have affected the practitioner's relations to other people, his performance of social roles he was expected to play? Clearly, the more the practitioner performed the roles laid out in scriptures, the less engaged he was in his roles in this world: son, father, descendant, husband, official. A wedge was gradually driven between him and his normal social environs, not least his own family. The Perfected persistently encouraged their interlocutors to leave those environs as soon as possible. This was the central tension of Shangqing practice.

We have no more richly documented instance of it than that of Zhou Ziliang 周子良 as illuminated in *Records of Master Zhou's Communications with the Unseen* (*Zhoushi mingtong ji* 周氏冥通記, DZ 302). His case does differ in that he was receiving face-to-face visits from certain of the Perfected, not just following scriptural instructions.⁴⁷ But that only intensified the tensions among the young man's conflicting identities. While he played the roles of dutiful son, nephew, and disciple, the Perfected were summoning him to a much more exalted role. Over eighteen months he increasingly withdrew from his roles in this world to prepare for, and finally one December afternoon claim in full, his promised role in the other. An elixir was his way out. This exit-by-elixir was a different mode of subitism, but it was one for which his visionary practice constructing an alternate identity had primed him.

Conclusion

Seeing central components of Shangqing practice as imaginative role-playing in the here-and-now might help us grasp some of the force of this esoteric religion and one of its scriptures' main functions. For twelve decades, writers in the tradition of Emile Durkheim, Marcel Mauss, and Henri Hubert have spoken of culture and religion as a sort of "world-making," a "social construction of

by—the practitioner. The texts seldom specify just what causal relationship exists between the actualizing done by the practitioner and the *things seen* in the course of practice. We can add the Shangqing scriptures to the list of early medieval texts exhibiting this feature.

46 To play upon the title and central conceit of Erving Goffman's *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*.

47 See the introduction and partial translation in Bokenkamp, "Answering a Summons."

reality." In Shangqing we have a spectacular example of how this worked. If the solitary, imagined performance of divine roles does not strike us as enough to build a religion on, and if providing scripts for such performance does not seem a sufficient purpose for scriptures, perhaps the reason is that our models of how religion works have not yet approached the complexity, imaginative exuberance, and experiential power of a religion like Shangqing as it was lived by early practitioners and shaped by brilliant writers of prose and verse.

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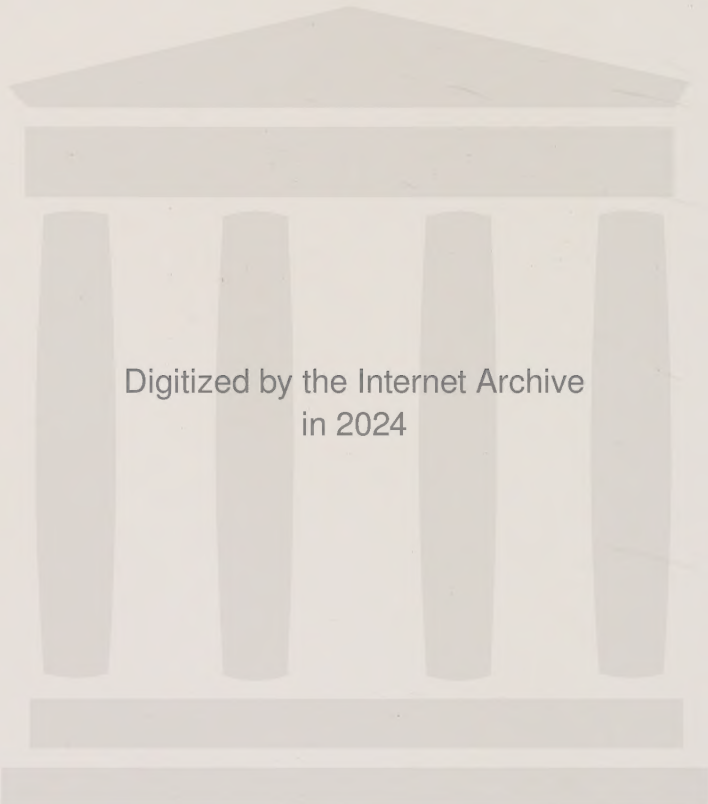
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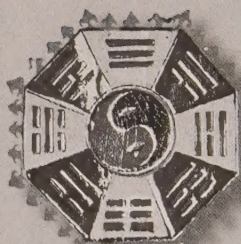
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國家圖書館出版品預行編目資料

封神演義 / 陸西星撰; 鐘伯敬評; 楊宗瑩校注; 繆天華校閱. — 二版二刷. — 臺北市: 三民, 2009
面; 公分. — (中國古典名著)

ISBN 978-957-14-4736-0 (平裝)

857.44

96002426

© 封神演義(下)

撰 者	陸西星
評 者	鐘伯敬
校 注 者	楊宗瑩
校 閱 者	繆天華
發 行 人	劉振強
著作財產權人	三民書局股份有限公司
發 行 所	三民書局股份有限公司
	地址 臺北市復興北路386號
	電話 (02)25006600
	郵撥帳號 0009998-5
門市部	(復北店) 臺北市復興北路386號
	(重南店) 臺北市重慶南路一段61號
出版日期	初版一刷 1991年4月
	二版一刷 2007年2月
	二版二刷 2009年6月
編 號	S 851930

上下冊不分售

行政院新聞局登記證局版臺業字第〇二〇〇號

有著作權，不准侵害

ISBN 978-957-14-4736-0 (平裝)

<http://www.sanmin.com.tw> 三民網路書店

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第五十四回

土行孫立功顯耀

征西將士有奇才，縮地能令濁土開。劫寨偷營如掣電，飛書走檄若轟雷。

貪趨相府幾亡命，恐失佳期被所媒。總是君明天自愛，英謀奇略盡成灰。

話說楊戩見鄧嬋玉回馬飛來要殺龍鬚虎，楊戩大呼曰：「少待傷吾師兄！」馬走如飛，搖鎗來刺。嬋玉只得架鎗。兩馬相交，未及數合，嬋玉便走，楊戩隨後趕來。嬋玉又發一石，正中楊戩，打的臉上火星迸出，往下愈趕得緊了。他不知楊戩有無限騰挪變化。嬋玉見馬勢趕得甚急，忙發一石，又中楊戩臉上，只當不知。嬋玉正是著忙，楊戩祭起哮天犬，把鄧嬋玉頸子上一口，連皮帶肉咬去了一塊。嬋玉負痛難忍，幾乎落馬，大敗進營，叫喊不止。鄧九公又見女兒著傷，心下十分不爽，納悶在帳，切齒深恨哪吒。且說楊戩救了龍鬚虎，回見子牙。子牙見龍鬚虎又著石傷，雖然楊戩哮天犬傷了鄧嬋玉，子牙心上也自不悅。

當日鄧九公父子著傷，日夜煎熬。四將在營商議：「今主帥帶傷，不能取勝西岐，奈何？」正議論間，報：「有督糧官土行孫等令。」內帳傳出令來。土行孫上帳，不見主帥，問其原因，太鸞備言其事。土行孫進帳來，見鄧九公問安。九公說：「被哪吒打傷肩臂，筋斷骨折，不能痊癒；今奉旨來征西岐，誰知如此！」土行孫曰：「主將之傷不難，末將有藥。」忙取葫蘆裡一粒金丹，用水研開，將鳥翎搽上，

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他，不防土行孫祭起細仙繩，一聲響，把哪吒平空拿了去，望轅門下一擲，把哪吒縛定，怎能得脫此厄，正是：

飛龍洞裡仙繩妙，不怕蓮花變化身。

話說土行孫得勝回營，見鄧九公，報生擒哪吒。鄧九公令來。只見軍卒把哪吒擡來，放在丹墀下。鄧九公問曰：「如何這等拿法？」土行孫曰：「各有秘傳。」鄧九公想一想，意欲斬首，但思：「奉詔征西，今獲大將，解往朝歌，使天子裁決，更尊天子之威，亦顯邊戍元戎之勇。」傳令將哪吒拘于後營。令軍政司土行孫首功，營中治酒慶功。

且說報馬進相府，報說哪吒被擒一事。子牙驚問探馬：「如何擒去？」掠陣官啟曰：「只見一道金光，就平空的拿去了。」子牙沉吟：「又是甚麼異人來了？」心下鬱鬱不樂。次日，報土行孫請戰。子牙曰：「何人會土行孫？」墮下黃天化應聲而出：「願往。」子牙許之。天化上了玉麒麟，出城看土行孫，大喝曰：「你這縮頭畜生，焉敢傷吾道兄！」手中鎚分頂門打來。土行孫實鐵棍左右來迎。鎚打棍，寒風凜凜；棍迸鎚，殺氣騰騰。戰未及數合，土行孫盜了懼留孫師父細仙繩，在這裡亂拿人，不知好歹，又祭起細仙繩，將黃天化拿了；如哪吒一樣，也拘在後營。哪吒一見黃天化也如此拿將進來，就把黃天化激得三尸神暴跳，大呼曰：「吾等不幸，又遭如此陷身！」哪吒曰：「師兄不必著急。命該絕地，急也無用；命若該生，且自寧耐。」話說子牙又聞得拿了黃天化，子牙大驚，心下不樂。相府兩邊亂騰騰的議論不表。

且言土行孫得了兩功，鄧元帥治酒慶賀，夜飲至二更，土行孫酒後狂談，自恃道術，誇張曰：「元

真如甘露沁心，立時止痛。土行孫又聽得帳後有婦女嬌怯悲慘之聲，土行孫問曰：「裡面是何人呻吟？」九公曰：「是吾女嬋玉，也被暑傷。」土行孫又取出一粒金丹，如前取水研開，扶出小姐，用藥敷上，立時止痛，鄧九公大喜。至晚，帳內擺酒待土行孫，眾將其飲。土行孫請問鄧九公：「與姜子牙見了幾陣？」九公曰：「屢戰不能取勝。」土行孫笑曰：「當時主將肯用吾征時，如今平服西岐多時了。」九公暗想：「此人必定有些本事。他無有道術，申公豹決不薦他。也罷，不若把他改作正印先行。」彼時酒散。次早陞帳，九公謂太鸞曰：「將軍今把先行印讓土行孫掛了，使他早能成功，回師奏凱，共享皇家天祿，無使遷延日月，何如？」太鸞曰：「主帥將令，末將怎敢有違？況土行孫早能建功，豈不是美事？情願讓位。」忙將正印交代。土行孫當時掛印施威，領本部人馬，殺奔西岐城下，厲聲大呼曰：「只叫哪吒出來答話！」子牙正與諸將商議，忽報湯營有將搦戰，坐名要哪吒答話。子牙命哪吒出城。哪吒登風火輪來至陣前，只管瞧，不見將官，只管望營裡看。——土行孫其身止高四尺有餘，哪吒不曾往下看。土行孫叫曰：「來者何人？」哪吒方往下一看，原來是個矮子，身不過四尺，拖一根寶鐵棍。哪吒問曰：「你是甚麼人，敢來大張聲勢？」土行孫曰：「吾乃鄧元帥麾下先行官土行孫是也。」哪吒曰：「你來作何事？」土行孫曰：「奉令特來擒你。」哪吒大笑不止，把鎗往下一戳，土行孫把棍往上迎來。哪吒登風火輪，使開鎗，展不開手。土行孫矮，只是前後跳，把哪吒殺出一身汗來。土行孫戰了一回，跳出圈子，大叫曰：「哪吒！你長我矮，你不好發手，我不好用功。你下輪來，見個輪贏。」哪吒想想：「這矮匹夫自來取死。」哪吒從其言，忙下輪來，把鎗來挑。土行孫身子矮小，鑽將過去，把哪吒腿上打了一棍。哪吒急待轉身，土行孫又往後面，又把哪吒膀子上打兩棍。哪吒急了，纔要用乾坤圈打

子牙吩咐：「小心！」楊戩領上馬，提鎗出得城來。土行孫曰：「你是何人？」楊戩道：「你將何術縋吾師叔？不要走！」搖鎗來取。土行孫發棍來迎，鎗棍交加。楊戩先自留心看他端的。未及五七合，土行孫祭縋仙繩來拿楊戩，只見光華燦爛，楊戩已被拿了。土行孫令士卒擡著楊戩，纔到轅門，一聲響，擡塌了，掉在地下，及至看時，乃是一塊石頭，眾人大驚。土行孫親曰：「觀見，心甚驚疑。正沉吟不語，只見楊戩大呼曰：『好匹夫！焉敢以此術惑吾！』」搖鎗來取。土行孫只得復身迎戰。兩家殺得長短不一。楊戩急把哮天犬祭在空中。土行孫看見，將身子一扭，即時不見。楊戩觀看，便駭然大驚曰：「成湯營裡若有此人，西岐必不能取勝。」凝思半晌，面有憂色。回進相府。子牙看見楊戩這等面色，問其故。楊戩曰：「西岐又添一患。土行孫善有地行之術，奈何！這到不可不防。這事是件沒有遮攔的，若是他暗進城來，怎能準備！」子牙曰：「有這樣事？」楊戩曰：「他前日拿師叔，據弟子看，定是縋仙繩。今日弟子被他縋著，我留心著意，仔細定睛，還是縋仙繩，分毫不差。待弟子往夾龍山飛龍洞去探問一番，何如？」子牙曰：「此慮甚遠，且防他目下進城。」楊戩亦不敢再說。

且說土行孫回營來見，鄧九公問曰：「今日勝了何人？」土行孫把擒楊戩之事說了一遍。九公曰：「但願早破西岐，旋師奏凱，不負將軍得此大功也。」土行孫暗想：「不然今夜進城，殺了武王，誅了姜尚，眼下成功，早成姻眷，多少是好！」土行孫上帳言曰：「元帥不必憂心，未將今夜進西岐，殺了武王、姜尚，領二人首級回來，進朝報功；西岐無首，自然瓦解。」九公曰：「怎得人城？」土行孫曰：「昔日吾師傳我有地行之術，可行千里。如進城，有何難事？」鄧九公大喜，治酒與土行孫賀功，晚間進西岐，行刺武王、子牙不表。

帥若早用末將，子牙已擒，武王早縛，成功多時矣。」鄧九公見土行孫連勝兩陣，擒拿二將，故此深信其言。酒至三更，眾將各回寢帳。獨土行孫還吃酒。九公失言曰：「土將軍，你若早破西岐，吾將弱女贅公為婿。」土行孫聽得此言，滿心歡喜，一夜躊躇不睡。且言次日鄧九公令土行孫早早立功，旋師奏凱，朝賀天子，共享千鍾。土行孫領命，排開陣勢，坐名要姜子牙答話。報馬報進相府來，子牙隨即出城，眾將在兩邊，見土行孫跳躍而來，大呼曰：「姜子牙，你乃崑崙之高士，吾特來擒你，可早早下馬受縛，無得使我費手。」眾將官那裡把他放在眼裡，齊聲大笑。子牙曰：「觀你形貌，不入衣冠之內，你有何能，敢來擒吾？」土行孫不由分說，將鐵棍劈面打來。子牙用劍架隔，只是撈不著他。如此往來，未及三五合，土行孫祭起綱仙繩，子牙怎逃此厄，綱下騎來。土行孫士卒來拿，這邊將官甚多，齊奮勇沖出，一聲喊，把子牙搶進城去了。惟有楊戩在後面，看見金光一道，其光正而不邪，歎曰：「又有些古怪！」且說眾將搶了子牙進相府，來解此繩解不開，用刀割此繩，且陷在肉裡，愈弄愈緊。子牙曰：「不可用刀割。」早已驚動武王，親自進相府來看，問相父安。看見子牙這等光景，武王垂淚言曰：「孤不知有何罪，天子屢年征伐，竟無寧宇，民受倒懸，軍遭殺戮，將逢陷穽，如之奈何？相父今又如此受苦，使孤日夜惶悚不安！」楊戩在旁，仔細看這繩子，卻似綱仙繩，自己沉吟：「必是此寶。」正慮之間，忽報有一道童要見丞相。子牙道：「請進來。」原來是白鶴童子，至殿前見子牙，口稱：「師叔，老爺法牒，送符印將此繩解去。」童兒把符印在繩頭上，用手一指，那繩即時落將下來。子牙忙頓首崑崙，拜謝老師慈憫。白鶴童子回宮不表。且說楊戩對子牙曰：「此繩是綱仙繩。」子牙曰：「豈有此理！難道懼留孫反來害我，決無此說！」正疑惑之間。次日，土行孫又來請戰。楊戩應聲而出：「弟子願往。」

宮裡殺了武王，再來殺姜子牙不遲。」土行孫離了相府，來尋皇城，未走數步，忽然一派笙簫之音，猛擡頭看時，已是宮內。只見武王同嬪妃奏樂飲宴，土行孫見了大喜。正所謂：

踏破鐵鞋無覓處，得來全不用功夫。

話說土行孫喜不自勝，輕輕蹲在底下等候。只見武王曰：「且止音樂。況今兵臨城下，軍民離亂，收了筵席，且回宮安寢。」兩邊宮人隨駕入宮。武王命眾宮人各散，自同宮妃解衣安寢；不一時，已有鼻息之聲。土行孫把身子鑽將上來，此時紅燈未滅，舉室通明。土行孫提刀在手，上了龍床，揭起帳幔，搭上金鉤。武王合眼朦朧，酣然熟睡。土行孫只一刀，把武王割下頭來，往床下一擲。只見宮妃尚閉目，鼾睡不醒。土行孫看見妃子臉似桃花，異香撲鼻，不覺動了慾心，乃大喝一聲：「你是何人，兀自熟睡？」那女子醒來，驚問曰：「汝是何人，夤夜至此？」土行孫曰：「吾非別人，乃成湯營中先行官土行孫是也。武王已被吾所殺，爾欲生乎，欲死乎？」宮妃曰：「我乃女流，害之無益，可憐赦妾一命，其恩非淺。若不棄賤妾貌醜，收為婢妾，得侍將軍左右，銘德五內，不敢有忘。」土行孫原是一位神祇，怎忘愛慾？心中大喜：「也罷，若是你心中情願，與我暫效魚水之歡，我便赦你。」女子聽說，滿面堆下笑來，百般應諾。土行孫不覺情逸，隨解衣上床，往被裡一鑽，神魂飄蕩，用手正欲抱攬女子，只見那女人雙手反把土行孫攬住一束，土行孫氣兒也歎不過來，叫道：「美人，略鬆著些！」那女子大喝一聲：「好匹夫！你把吾當誰！」叫左右拿住了土行孫；三軍吶喊，鑼鼓齊鳴。土行孫及至看時，原來是楊戩。土行孫赤條條的，不能展掙，已被楊戩擒住。——此是楊戩智擒土行孫。——楊戩將土行孫夾著走，不放他沿著地；若是沿著地，他就走了。土行孫自己不好看相，只是閉著眼。且說子牙在銀安殿，只聞金

且言子牙在府，慮土行孫之事，忽然一陣怪風刮來，甚是利害。怎見得，有贊為證：

淅淅蕭蕭，飄飄蕩蕩。淅淅蕭蕭飛落葉，飄飄蕩蕩捲浮雲。松柏遭摧折，波濤盡攪渾。山鳥難棲，海魚顛倒。東西鋪闔，嬾保門窗脫落；前後屋舍，怎分戶牖欹傾。真是：無蹤無影驚人膽，助怪藏妖出洞門。

子牙在銀安殿上，見大風一陣刮得來，響一聲，把寶纛幡一折兩段。子牙大驚，忙取香案，焚香爐內，將八卦搜求吉凶。子牙鋪下金錢，便知就裡，大驚拍案曰：「不好！」命左右：「忙傳請武王駕至相府！」眾門人慌問其故。子牙曰：「楊戩之言大是有理！方纔風過甚凶，主土行孫今晚進城行刺。」

命：「府前大門懸三面鏡子，大殿上懸五面鏡子，今晚眾將不要散去，俱在府內嚴備看守，須弓上弦，刀出鞘，以備不虞。」少時，諸將披執上殿。只見門官報入：「武王駕至。」子牙忙率眾將接駕至殿內，行禮畢。武王曰：「相父請孤，有何見諭？」子牙曰：「老臣今日訓練眾將六韜，特請大王筵席。」武王大喜：「難得相父如此勤勞，孤不勝感激。只願兵戈寧息，與相父共享安康也。」子牙忙令左右安排筵席，侍武王飲宴；只是談笑軍國重務，不敢說土行孫行刺一節。且說鄧九公飲酒至晚，時至初更。土

行孫辭鄧九公、眾將，打點進西岐城。鄧九公與眾將立起，看土行孫把身子一扭，杳然無跡無蹤。鄧九公撫掌大笑曰：「天子洪福，又有這等高人輔國，何愁禍亂不平！」且說土行孫進了西岐，到處找尋。來至子牙相府，只見眾將弓上弦，刀出鞘，侍立兩旁。土行孫在下面立等，不得其便，只得伺候。且說楊戩上殿來，對子牙悄悄道了幾句；子牙許之。子牙先把武王安在密室，著四將保駕。子牙白坐殿上，運用元神，保護自己不題。且言土行孫在下面久等，不能下手，心中焦躁起來，自思：「也罷！我且往

又評

或曰土行孫幸有地行之術；不然，幾為貪色所敗，可不辜負鄧九公一片熱心。這等真真該一棒打煞！予曰：若是如此，今日當不得打。

鼓大作，殺聲振地，問左右：「那裡殺聲？」只見門官報進相府：「啟丞相：楊戩智擒了土行孫。」子牙大喜。楊戩夾著土行孫在府前聽令，子牙傳令進來。楊戩把土行孫赤條條的夾到簷前來。子牙一見，便問楊戩曰：「拿將成功，這是如何光景？」楊戩夾著土行孫曰：「這人善能地行之術，若放了他，沿了地就走了。」子牙傳令：「拿出去斬了！」楊戩領令方出府，子牙批行刑箭出。楊戩方轉換手來用刀，土行孫往下一掙，楊戩急搶時，土行孫沿土去了。楊戩面面相覷，來回子牙曰：「弟子只因換手斬他，被他掙脫，沿土去了。」子牙聽說，默然不語。此時丞相府吵嚷一夜不表。且說土行孫得生，回至內營，悄悄的換了衣裳，來至營門聽令。鄧九公傳令：「令來。」土行孫至帳前，鄧九公問曰：「將軍昨晚至西岐，功業如何？」土行孫曰：「子牙防守嚴緊，分毫不能下手，故此守至天明空回。」鄧九公不知所以原故，也自罷了。且說楊戩上殿，來見子牙曰：「弟子往仙山洞府，訪問土行孫是如何出處，將網仙繩問個下落。」子牙曰：「你此去，又恐土行孫行刺；你不可遲誤，事機要緊！」楊戩曰：「弟子知道。」楊戩領令，離了西岐，往夾龍山來。不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。

評

土行孫器宇易盈，舉其對鄧九公之言，何其渺視西土？也不知子牙帳下有多少智術之士，豈在土行孫之下？真所謂初生之犢不懼虎，不過以管窺天，井中之量耳。只鄧九公竟以女許之，可稱為真愛才，真為國，予不覺三復斯言。

怎見得，有贊為證：

魚尾金冠霞彩飛，身穿白鶴絳綃衣。蕊宮玉闕曾生長，自幼瑤池養息機。只因勸酒蟠桃會，誤犯天條謫翠微。青鸞斗闕權修攝，再上靈霄啟故扉。

話說楊戩隱在松林之內，不好出來，只得待他過去，方好起身。只見道姑問左右女童：「是那裡有閑人隱在林內？走去看來。」有一女童兒往林中來，楊戩迎上前去，口稱：「道兄，方纔誤入此山，弟子乃玉泉山金霞洞玉鼎真人門下楊戩是也；今奉姜子牙命，往夾龍山去探機密事，不意駕士遁誤落于此。望道兄轉達娘娘，我弟子不好上前請罪。」女童出林見道姑，把楊戩的言語一一回覆了。道姑曰：「既是玉鼎真人門下，請來相見。」楊戩只得上前施禮。道姑曰：「楊戩，你往那裡去，今到此處？」楊戩曰：「因土行孫同鄧九公伐西岐，他有地行之術，前日險些被他傷了武王與姜子牙；如今訪其根由，覓其實跡，設法擒他。不知誤落此山，失于迴避。」道姑曰：「土行孫乃懼留孫門人，你請他師父下山，大事可定。你回西岐，多拜上姜子牙。你速回去。」楊戩躬身問曰：「請娘娘尊姓，大名，回西岐好言娘娘聖德。」道姑曰：「吾非別人，乃昊天上帝親女，瑤池金母所生。只因那年蟠桃會，該我奉酒，有失規矩，誤犯清戒，將我謫貶鳳凰山青鸞斗闕。吾乃龍吉公主是也。」楊戩躬身辭了公主，借土遁而行；未及盞茶時候，又落在低澤之旁。楊戩偏生要行此術，為何又落？只見澤中微微風起：

揚塵播土，倒樹摧林。海浪如山聳，渾波萬疊侵。乾坤昏慘慘，日月暗沉沉。一陣搖松如虎嘯，忽然吼樹似龍吟。萬竅怒號天噀氣，飛沙走石亂傷人。

話說楊戩見狂風大作，霧暗天愁，澤中旋起二三丈水頭。猛然開處，見一怪物，口似血盆，牙如銅

第五十五回

土行孫歸伏西岐

藏身匿影絕無良，水到渠成為甚忙。背卻天真貪愛慾，有違師訓逐疆場。

百千伎倆終歸正，八九元功自異常。兩國始終成好合，認由月老定鴛鴦。

話說楊戩借上遁往夾龍山來，正駕遁光，風聲霧色，不覺飄飄蕩蕩落將下來，乃是一座好山。但見：山頂嵯峨摩斗柄，樹梢彷彿接雲霄。青煙堆裡，時聞谷口猿啼；亂翠陰中，每聽松間鶴唳。嘯風山魅，立溪邊戲弄樵夫；成器狐狸，坐崖畔驚張獵戶。八面崔嵬，四圍險峻。古怪喬松盤翠嶺，樣樣老樹掛藤蘿。綠水清流，陣陣異香析馥郁；巔峰彩色，飄飄隱現白雲飛。時見大蟲①來往，每聞山鳥聲鳴。麋鹿成群，穿荊棘往來跳躍；玄猿出入，盤溪澗摘菓攀桃。竚立草坡，一望並無人走；行來深門，俱是採藥仙童。不是凡塵行樂地，實過蓬萊第一峰。

話說楊戩落下遁來，見一座山，真實罕見。往前一望，兩邊俱是古木喬松，路徑幽深，杳然難覓。行過數十步，只見一座橋梁。楊戩過了橋，又見碧瓦雕簷，金釘朱戶，上懸一扁「青鸞斗闕」。楊戩觀羨不盡，甚是清幽，不覺立在松陰之下，看玩景致。只見朱紅門開，鸞鳴鶴唳之聲；又見數對仙童，各執旗旛羽扇；當中有一位道姑，身穿大紅白鶴絳綃衣，徐徐而來；左右分八位女童，香風嫋嫋，彩瑞翩翩。

二童童求見。」子牙命來。二童人見子牙，倒身下拜，「弟子乃楊戩門徒金毛童子是也。家師中途相遇，為得刀袍，故先著弟子來。師父往夾龍山去了。特來謁叩老爺。」子牙曰：「楊戩又得門人，深為可喜。」留在本府聽用不題。

且說楊戩架土遁至夾龍山飛龍洞，逕進洞，見了懼留孫下拜，口稱：「師伯。」懼留孫忙答禮曰：「你來做甚麼？」楊戩道：「師伯可曾不見了綱仙繩？」懼留孫慌忙站起曰：「你怎麼知道？」楊戩曰：「有個土行孫同鄧九公來征伐西岐，用的是綱仙繩，將子牙師叔的門人拿入湯營，被弟子看破；特來奉請師伯。」懼留孫聽得，怒曰：「好畜生！你敢私自下山，盜吾寶貝，害吾不淺！楊戩，你且先回西岐，我隨後就來。」楊戩離了高山，回到西岐，至府前，入見子牙。子牙問曰：「可是綱仙繩？」楊戩把收金毛童子事，誤入青鸞斗闕，見懼留孫的事說了一遍。子牙曰：「可喜你又得了門下！」楊戩曰：「前緣有定，今得刀袍，無非賴師叔之大德，主上之洪福耳。」

且言懼留孫吩咐童子：「看守洞門，候我去西岐走一遭。」童子領命不題。道人駕縱地金光法來至西岐。左右報與子牙：「懼留孫仙師來至。」子牙迎出府來。二人攜手至殿，行禮坐下。子牙曰：「高徒累勝吾軍，我又不知；後被楊戩看破，只得請道兄一顧，以完道兄昔日助燃燈道兄之雅。末弟不勝幸甚！」懼留孫曰：「自從我來破十絕陣回去，自未曾檢點此寶；豈知是這畜生盜在這裡作怪！不妨，須得如此如此，頃刻擒獲。」子牙大喜。

次日，子牙獨自乘四不相往成湯轅門前後，觀看鄧九公的大營，若探視之狀。只見巡營探子報入中軍：「啟元帥：姜丞相乘騎在轅門私探，不知何故。」鄧九公曰：「姜子牙善能攻守，曉暢兵機，不可

劍，大叫一聲：「那裡生人氣？」跳上岸來，兩手撚叉來取。楊戩笑曰：「好孽障！怎敢如此！」手中鎗急架相還。未及數合，楊戩發手，用五雷訣，一聲響，霹靂交加，那精靈抽身就走。楊戩隨後趕來。往前跳至一山腳下，有斗大一個石穴，那妖精往裡面鑽了去。楊戩笑曰：「是別人不進來；遇我，憑你有多大一個所在，我也走走！」喝聲：「疾！」隨跟進石穴中來。只見裡邊黑暗不明，楊戩借三昧火眼，現出光華，照耀如同白晝。原來裡面也大，只是一個盡頭路。觀看左右，並無一物，只見閃閃灼灼，一口三尖兩刃刀，又有一包袱繫在上面。楊戩連刀帶出來，把包袱打開一看，是一件淡黃袍。怎見得，有贊為證：

淡鵝黃，銅錢厚；骨突雲，霞光透。屬戊己，按中央。黃澄澄，大花袍。渾身上下金光照。

楊戩將袍抖開，穿在身上，不長不短；把刀和鎗繫在一處，收了黃袍，方欲起身，只聽的後面大呼曰：「拿住盜袍的賊！」楊戩回頭，見兩個童兒趕來。楊戩立而問曰：「那童子，那個盜袍？」童子曰：「是你。」楊戩大喝一聲：「吾盜你的袍？把你這孽障！吾修道多年，豈犯賊盜！」二童子曰：「你是誰？」楊戩曰：「吾乃玉泉山金霞洞玉鼎真人門下楊戩是也。」二童聽罷，倒身下拜：「弟子不知老師到，有失迎迓。」楊戩曰：「二童子果是何人？」童子曰：「弟子乃五夷山金毛童子是也。」楊戩曰：「你既拜吾為師，你先往西岐去見姜丞相，你說我往夾龍山去了。」金毛童子曰：「倘姜丞相不納，如何？」楊戩曰：「你將此鎗連刀袍都帶去，自然無事。」二童辭了師父，借水遁往西岐來了。正是：

玄門自有神仙訣，腳踏風雲咫尺來。

話說金毛童子至西岐，尋至相府前，對門官曰：「你報丞相，說有二人求見。」門官進來啟丞相：「有

理當斬首。但有一說：此人子牙公後有用他處，可助西岐一臂之力。」子牙曰：「道兄傳他地行之術，他心毒惡，暗進城垣，行刺武王與我。賴皇天庇佑，風折旗旛，把吾驚覺，算有吉凶，著實防備，方使我君臣無虞，此事還多虧楊戩設法擒獲，又被他狡猾走了。這樣東西，留他作甚！」子牙道罷，懼留孫大驚，忙下殿來大喝曰：「畜生！你進城行刺武王，行刺你師叔，那時幸而無虞；若是差遲，罪係于我。」士行孫曰：「我實告師尊：弟子隨鄧九公伐西岐，一次仗師父緬仙繩拿了哪吒，二次擒了黃天化；鄧元帥與弟子贊功。三次將師叔拿了。見我屢拿有名之士，將女許我，欲贅為婿；被他催逼弟子，弟子不得已，仗地行之術，故有此舉。怎敢在師父跟前有一句虛語！」懼留孫低頭連想，默算一回，不覺嗟歎。

子牙曰：「道兄為何嗟歎？」懼留孫曰：「子牙公，方纔貧道卜算，這畜生與那女子該有繫足之緣②。前生分定，事非偶然。若得一人作伐，方可全美。若此女來至，其父不久也是周臣。」子牙曰：「吾與鄧九公乃是敵國之讎，怎能得全此事？」懼留孫曰：「武王洪福，乃有道之君。天數已定，不怕不能完全。只是選一能言之士，前往湯營說合，不怕不成。」子牙低頭沉思良久，曰：「須得散宜生去走一遭方可。」懼留孫曰：「既如此，事不宜遲。」子牙命左右去請上大夫散宜生來商議，命放了士行孫。不一時，上大夫散宜生來至，行禮畢。子牙曰：「今鄧九公有女鄧嬋玉，原係鄧九公親許士行孫為妻。今煩大夫至湯營作伐，乞為委曲周旋，務在必成，如此如此，方可。」散宜生領命出城不表。且說鄧九公在營，懸望士行孫回來，只見一去，竟無影響；令探馬打聽多時，回報：「聞得上行孫被子牙拿進城去了。」鄧九公大驚曰：「此人捉去，西岐如何能克！」心下十分不樂。只見散宜生來與上行孫議親：不

不防。」旁有土行孫大喜曰：「元帥放心，待吾擒來，今日成功。」土行孫暗暗走出轅門，大呼曰：「姜尚！你私探吾營，是自送死期，不要走！」舉手中棍照頭打來，子牙仗手中劍急架來迎。未及三合，子牙撥轉四不相就走。土行孫隨後起來，祭起網仙繩，又來拿子牙。他不知懼留孫罵著金光法隱在空中，只管接他的。土行孫意在拿了子牙，早奏功回朝，要與鄧嬋玉成親。此正是愛慾迷人，真性自昧，只顧拿人，不知省視前後一路；只是祭起網仙繩，不見落下來，也不思忖。只顧趕子牙，不上一里，把繩子都用完了；隨手一摸，只至沒有了，方纔驚駭。土行孫見勢頭不好，站立不趕。子牙勒轉四不相，大呼曰：「土行孫敢至此再戰三合否？」土行孫大怒，拖棍趕來。纔轉過城垣，只見懼留孫曰：「土行孫那裡去！」土行孫擡頭見是師父，就往地下一鑽。懼留孫用手一指，「不要走！」只見那一塊土比鐵還硬，鑽不下去。懼留孫趕上一把，抓住頂瓜皮，用網仙繩四馬攢蹄纏了，擣著他進西岐城來。眾將知道擒了土行孫，齊至府前來看。道人把土行孫放在地下。

楊戩曰：「師伯仔細，莫又走了他！」懼留孫曰：「有吾在此，不妨。」復問土行孫曰：「你這畜生，我自破十絕陣回去，此網仙繩我一向不曾檢點，誰知被你盜出。你實說，是誰人唆使？」土行孫曰：「老師來破十絕陣，弟子閑宴高山，偶逢一道人跨虎而來，問弟子叫甚名字，弟子說名與他。弟子也隨問他；他說是闡教門人申公豹。他看我不能了道成仙，只好受人間富貴，他教我往聞太師行營成功，弟子不肯。他薦我往三山關鄧九公麾下建功。師父，弟子一時迷惑，但富貴人人所欲，貧賤人人所惡，弟子動了一個貪痴念頭，故此盜了老師網仙繩，兩葫蘆丹藥，走下塵寰。望老師道心無處不慈悲，饒了弟子罷！」子牙在旁曰：「道兄，似這等畜生，壞了吾教，速速斬訖報來！」懼留孫曰：「若論無知冒犯，

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姻緣前定果天然，須信紅絲足下牽。敵國不妨成好合，仇讎應自得翩聯。

子牙妙計真難及，驚使奇謀枉用偏。總是天機難預料，紂王無福鎮坤乾。

話說散宜生出城，來至湯營，對旗門官曰：「轅門將校，報與你鄧元帥得知：岐周差上大夫散宜生有事求見。」軍政官報進中軍：「啟元帥：岐周差上大夫有事求見。」鄧九公曰：「吾與他為敵國，為何差人來見我！必定來下說詞，豈可容他進營，惑亂軍心。你與他說：『兩國正當爭戰之秋，相見不便。』」軍政官出營，回覆散宜生。宜生曰：「『兩國相爭，不阻來使。』相見何妨？吾此來奉姜丞相命，有事面決，非可傳聞。再煩通報。」軍政官只得又進營來，把散宜生言語對九公訴說一遍。九公沉吟。旁有正印先行官太鸞上前言曰：「元帥乘此機會放他進來，隨機應變，看他如何說，亦可就中取事，有何不可？」九公曰：「此說亦自有理。」命左右請他進來。旗門官出轅門，對散宜生曰：「元帥有請。」散大夫下馬，走進轅門，進了三層鹿角，行至滴水簷前，鄧九公迎下來。散宜生鞠躬，口稱元帥。九公曰：「大夫降臨，有失迎候。」彼此遜讓行禮。後人有詩單贊子牙妙計，詩曰：

子牙妙算世無倫，學費天人泣鬼神。縱使九公稱敵國，藍橋也自結姻親。

話說二人遜至中軍，分賓主坐下。鄧九公曰：「大夫，你與我今為敵國，未決雌雄，彼此各為其主，

知吉凶如何，且聽下回分解。

評

楊戩往夾龍山來，偏要落在這些山澤中得了許多東西；雖曰天數，亦是楊戩乖巧處，故到處討些便宜。

又評

或曰土行孫趕子牙，甚至將細仙繩放盡，方纔知覺，可謂癡極；然而到底是他騙了個好老婆，呆子未嘗不討便宜。然而還是癡好，還是乖好？予曰：正好與楊戩做一對。不然土行孫進西岐，楊戩不以美人弄他。旁人不覺大笑。

或于酒後賞功之際，憐才惜技之時，或以一言安慰其心，彼便妄認為實，作此痴想耳。」九公被散宜生此一句話，道出九公一腔心事。九公不覺答道：「大夫斯言，大是明見！當時土行孫被申公豹薦在吾麾下，吾亦不甚重彼；初為副先行督糧使者，後因太鸞失利，彼恃其能，改為正先行官。首陣擒了哪吒，次擒黃天化，三次擒了姜子牙，被岐周眾將搶回。土行孫進營，吾見彼累次出軍獲勝，治酒與彼賀功，以盡朝廷獎賞功臣至意。及至飲酒中間，彼曰：『元帥在上：若是早用末將為先行，吾取西岐多時矣。』那時吾酒後失口，許之曰：『你若取了西岐，吾將嬋玉贅你為婿。』一來是獎勵彼竭力為公，早完王事；今彼既以被擒，安得又妄以此言為口實，令大夫往返哉？」散宜生笑曰：『元帥此言差矣。大丈夫一言既出，駟馬難追，況且婚姻之事，人之大倫，如何作為兒戲之談？前曰元帥言之，土行孫信之；土行孫又言之，天下共信之；傳與中外，人人共信；正所謂『路上行人口似碑』。將以為元帥相女配夫，誰信元帥權宜之術，為國家行此不得已之深衷也？徒使令愛千金之軀作為話柄，閨中美秀竟作口談。萬一不曲全此事，徒使令愛有白頭之歎。吾竊為元帥惜之！今元帥為湯之大臣，天下三尺之童無不奉命；若一旦而如此，吾不知所稅駕①矣。乞元帥裁之。』鄧九公被散宜生一番言語說得默默沉思，無言可答。只見太鸞上前，附耳說：「如此如此，亦是第一妙計。」鄧九公聽太鸞之言，回嗔作喜曰：「大夫之言深屬有理，末將無不聽命。只小女因先妻早喪，幼而失教，予雖一時承命，未知小女肯聽此言。俟予將此意與小女商榷，再令人至城中回覆。」散宜生只得告辭，鄧九公送至營門而別。散宜生進城，將鄧九公言語從頭至尾說了一遍。子牙大笑曰：「鄧九公此計，怎麼瞞得我過！」懼留孫亦笑曰：「且看如何來說。」

① 稅駕：猶解駕。此散宜生指責鄧九公言而無信，不知以後吉凶如何。

豈得循私妄議。大夫今日見論，公則公言之，私則私言之，不必效舌劍唇鋒，徒勞往返耳。予心如鑽石，有死而已，斷不為浮言所搖。」散宜生笑曰：「吾與公既為敵國，安敢造次請見。只有一件大事，特來請一明示，無他耳。昨因拿有一將，係是元帥門婿；于盤問中，道及斯意。吾丞相不忍驟加極刑，以割人間恩愛，故命宜生親至轅門，特請尊裁。」鄧九公聽說，不覺大驚曰：「誰為吾婿，為姜丞相所擒？」散宜生說：「元帥不必故推，令婿乃土行孫也。」鄧九公聽說，不覺面皮通紅，心中大怒，厲聲言曰：「大夫在上：吾只有一女，乳名嬋玉，幼而喪母。吾愛惜不啻掌上之珠，豈得輕意許人？今雖及笄，所求者固眾，吾自視皆非佳婿。而土行孫何人，妄有此說也！」散宜生曰：「元帥暫行息怒，聽不才拜稟：古人相女配夫，原不專在門第。今土行孫亦不是無名小輩，彼原是夾龍山飛龍洞懼留孫門下高弟；因申公豹與姜子牙有隙，故說土行孫下山，來助元帥征伐西岐。昨日他師父下山，捉獲行孫在城，因窮其所事。彼言所以，雖為申公豹所惑，次為元帥以令愛相許，有此一段姻緣，彼因傾心為元帥而暗進岐城行刺，欲速成功，良有以也。昨已被擒，伏辜不枉。但彼再三哀求姜丞相，及師尊懼留孫曰：『為此一段姻緣，死不瞑目。』姜丞相與他師尊俱不肯赦，只予在旁勸慰：豈得以彼一時之過，而斷送人間好事哉？因勸姜丞相暫且留人。宜生不辭勞頓，特謁元帥，懇求俯賜人間好事，曲成兒女恩情，此亦元帥天地父母之心。故宜生不避斧鉞，特見尊顏，以求裁示。倘元帥果有此事，姜丞相仍將土行孫送還元帥，以遂姻親，再決雌雄耳。併無他說。」鄧九公曰：「大夫不知，此土行孫妄語耳。行孫乃申公豹所薦，為吾先行，不過一牙門裨將，吾何得驟以一女許之哉？彼不過借此為偷生之計，以辱吾女耳。大夫不可輕信。」

宜生曰：「元帥也不必固卻，此事必有他故。難道土行孫平白與此一番言語，其中定有委曲。想是元帥

倘元帥果有此言，自當以土行孫放回，以遂彼兒女之間，人間恩愛耳。幸蒙元帥見諾，俟議定回我。今將軍賜顧，元帥必有教我。」太鸞欠身答曰：「蒙丞相下問，末將敢不上陳。今特奉主帥之命，多拜上丞相，不及寫書；但主帥乃一時酒後所許，不意土行孫被獲，竟以此事倡明，主帥亦不敢辭。但主帥此女，自幼失母，主帥愛惜如珠；況此事須要成禮。後日乃吉日良辰，意欲散大夫同丞相親率土行孫入贅，以珍重其事，主帥方有體面，然後再面議軍國之事。不識丞相允否？」子牙曰：「我知鄧元帥乃忠信之士，但幾次天子有征伐之師至此，皆不由分訴，俱以強力相加；只我周這一段忠君愛國之心，併無背逆之意，不能見諒于天子之前，言之欲涕。今天假其便，有此姻緣，庶幾將我等一腔心事可以上達天子，表白于天下也。我等後日，親送上行孫至鄧元帥行營，吃賀喜筵席。乞將軍善言道達，姜尚感激不盡！」太鸞遜謝。子牙遂厚款太鸞而別。

太鸞出得城來，至營門前等令。左右報入營中：「有先行官等令。」鄧九公命：「令來。」太鸞至中軍，九公問曰：「其事如何？」太鸞將姜子牙應允後日親來言語，訴說一遍。鄧九公以手加額曰：「天子洪福，彼自來送死！」太鸞曰：「雖然大事已成，但防備不可不謹。」鄧九公吩咐：「還有力量軍士三百人，各藏短刀利刃，埋伏帳外，聽擊盃為號，左右齊出；不論子牙眾將，一頓刀剝為肉醬！」眾將士得令而退。命趙昇領一枝人馬，埋伏營左；候中軍砲響，殺出接應。又命孫焰紅領一枝人馬，埋伏營右；候中軍砲響，殺出接應。又命太鸞與子鄧秀在轅門賺住眾將。又吩咐後營小姐鄧嬋玉領一枝人馬，為三路救應使。鄧九公吩咐停當，專候後日行事。左右將佐俱去安排不表。

且說子牙送太鸞出府歸，與懼留孫商議曰：「必須如此如此，大事可成。」光陰迅速，不覺就是第

子牙曰：「動勞散大夫，俟九公人來，再為商議。」宜生退去不表。

且說鄧九公與太鸞曰：「適纔雖是暫允，此事畢竟當如何處置？」太鸞曰：「元帥明日可差一能言之士，說『昨日元帥至後營，與小姐商議，小姐已自聽允；只是兩邊敵國，恐無足取信，是必姜丞相親自至湯營納聘，小姐方肯聽信。』子牙如不來便罷，再為之計；若是他肯親自來納聘，彼必無帶重兵自衛之理，如此，只一匹夫可擒耳。若是他帶有將佐，元帥可出轅門迎接，至中軍用酒筵賺開他手下眾將，預先埋伏下驍勇將士，俟酒席中擊盃為號，擒之如囊中之物。西岐若無子牙，則不攻自破矣。」九公聞說大喜：「先行之言，真神出鬼沒之機！只是能言快語之人，臨機應變之士，吾知非先行不可。乞煩先行明日親往，則大事可成。」太鸞曰：「若元帥不以末將為不才，鸞願往周營叫子牙親至中軍，不勞苦爭惡戰，早早奏凱回軍。」九公大喜，一宿晚景不題。

次日，鄧九公降帳，命太鸞進西岐說親。太鸞辭別九公出營，至西岐城下，對守門官將曰：「吾是先行官太鸞；奉鄧元帥命，欲見姜丞相。煩為通報。」守城官至相府，報與姜丞相曰：「城下有湯營先行官太鸞求見，請令定奪。」子牙聽罷，對懼留孫曰：「大事成矣。」懼留孫亦自暗喜。子牙對左右曰：「速與我請來。」守門官同軍校至城下，開了城門，對太鸞曰：「丞相有請。」太鸞忙忙進城，行至相府下馬。左右通報：「太鸞進府。」子牙與懼留孫降階而接。太鸞控背躬身言曰：「丞相在上：末將不過馬前一卒，禮當叩見；豈敢當丞相如此過愛？」子牙曰：「彼此二國，俱係賓主，將軍不必過謙。」太鸞再四遜謝，方敢就坐。彼此溫慰畢，子牙以言挑之曰：「前者因懼道兄將土行孫擒獲，當欲斬首；彼因再四哀求，言鄧元帥曾有牽紅之約，乞我少緩須臾之死，故此著散大夫至鄧元帥中軍，問其的確。

「此是土行孫師父懼留孫也。」鄧九公忙致款曲曰：「久仰仙名，未曾拜識；今幸降臨，足慰夙昔。」懼留孫亦稱謝畢，彼此遜讓，進得轅門。子牙睜眼觀看，只見肆筵設席，結彩懸花，極其華美。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

結彩懸花氣象新，麝蘭香靄襯重茵。屏開孔雀千年瑞，色映芙蓉萬谷春。

金鼓兩傍藏殺氣，笙簫一派鬱荊榛。孰知天意歸周主，十萬貔貅化鬼燐。

話說子牙正看筵席，猛見兩邊殺氣上沖，子牙已知就裡，便與土行孫眾將丟個眼色；眾人已解其意，俱親上帳來。鄧九公與子牙諸人行禮畢，子牙命左右擡上禮來。鄧九公方纔接禮單看玩，只見辛甲暗將信香取出，忙將擡盒內大砲燃著。一聲砲響，恍若地塌山崩。鄧九公吃了一驚，及至看時，只見腳夫一擁而前，各取出暗藏兵器，殺上帳來。鄧九公措手不及，只得望後就跑。太鸞與鄧秀見勢不諧，也往後逃走。只見四下伏兵盡起，喊聲振天。土行孫綽了兵器，望後營來搶鄧嬋玉小姐。子牙與眾人俱各搶上馬騎，各執兵刃廝殺。那三百名刀斧手如何抵擋得住？及至鄧九公等上得馬出來迎戰時，營已亂了。趙昇聞砲，自左營殺來接應，孫焰紅聽得砲響，從右營殺來接應；俱被辛甲、辛免等分頭截殺。鄧嬋玉方欲前來接應，又被土行孫敵住，彼此混戰。不意雷震子、南宮适兩枝人馬從左右兩邊裹來。成湯人馬反在居中，首尾受敵，如何抵得住？後面金吒、木吒等大隊人馬掩殺上來。鄧九公見勢不好，敗陣而走；軍卒自相踐踏，死者不計其數。鄧嬋玉見父親與眾將敗下陣走，也虛閃一刀，往正南上逃走。土行孫知嬋玉善于發石傷人，遂用綱仙繩祭起，將嬋玉網了，跌下馬來，被土行孫上前綽住，先擒進西岐城去了。子牙與眾將追殺鄧九公有五十餘里，方鳴金收軍進城。鄧九公與子鄧秀併太鸞、趙昇等直至岐山下方纔

三日。先一日，子牙命：「楊戩變化，暗隨吾身。」楊戩得令。子牙命選精力壯卒五十名，裝作擣糟驢夫；辛甲、辛免、太顛、閔天，四賢、八俊等充作左右應接之人，俱各暗藏利刃。又命雷震子領一枝人馬，搶他左哨，殺入中軍接應。再命南宮适領一枝人馬，搶他右哨，殺入中軍接應。金吒、木吒、龍鬚虎統領大隊人馬，救應搶親。子牙俱吩咐暗暗出營埋伏不表。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

湯營此日瑞筵開，專等鷹揚大將來。執意子牙籌畫定，中軍砲響搶嬌才。

且說鄧九公其日與女嬋玉商議曰：「今日子牙送土行孫入贅，原是賺子牙出城，擒彼成功。吾與諸將分剖已定；你可將掩心甲緊束，以備搶將接應。」其女應允。鄧九公降帳，吩咐鋪氈搭彩，俟候子牙不題。且說子牙其日使諸將裝扮停當，乃命土行孫至前聽令。子牙曰：「你同至湯營，看吾號砲一響，你便進後營搶鄧小姐，要緊！」土行孫得令。子牙等至午時，命散宜生先行，子牙方出了城，望湯營進發。宜生先至轅門，太鸞接著，報于九公。九公降階，至轅門迎接散大夫。宜生曰：「前蒙金諾，今姜丞相已親自壓禮，同令婿至此；故特令下官先來通報。」鄧九公曰：「動煩大夫往返，尚容申謝。我等在此立等，如何？」宜生曰：「恐驚動元帥不便。」鄧九公曰：「不妨。」彼此等候良久，鄧九公遠遠望見子牙乘四不相，帶領腳夫一行不上五十人，並無甲冑兵刃。九公看罷，不覺暗喜。只見子牙同眾人行至轅門。子牙見鄧九公同太鸞、散宜生俱立候，子牙慌忙下騎。鄧九公迎上前來，打躬曰：「丞相大駕降臨，不才未得遠接，望乞恕罪。」子牙忙答禮曰：「元帥盛德，姜尚久仰芳譽，無緣未得執鞭❷；今幸天緣，得聲委曲，姜尚不勝幸甚！」只見懼留孫同土行孫上前行禮。九公問子牙曰：「此位是誰？」子牙曰：

❷ 執鞭：做馬夫，為執鞭趕車，此姜子牙謙虛之言。

進西岐。吾師與姜丞相聽得斯言，掐指一算，乃曰：「此子該與鄧小姐有紅絲繫足之緣，後來俱是周朝一殿之臣。」因此赦吾之罪，命散大夫作伐。小姐，你想：若非天緣，尊翁怎麼肯？小姐焉能到此？況今紂王無道，天下叛離，累伐西岐，不過魔家四將、聞太師、十洲三島仙眾皆自取滅亡，不能得志，天意可知，順逆已見。又何況尊翁區區一旅之師哉？古云：「良禽相木而棲，賢臣擇主而仕。」小姐今白固執，三軍已知土行孫成親。小姐縱冰清玉潔，誰人信哉？小姐請白三思！」鄧嬋玉被土行孫一席話說得低頭不語。

土行孫見小姐略有回心之意，又近前促之曰：「小姐自思，你是香閨艷質，天上奇葩；不才乃夾龍山門徒，相隔不啻天淵。今日何得與小姐玉體相親，情同夙覲？」便欲上前，強牽其衣。小姐見此光景，不覺粉面通紅，以手拒之曰：「事雖如此，豈得用強！候我明日請命與父親，再成親不遲。」土行孫此時情興已迫，按納不住，上前一把攔住；小姐抵死拒住。土行孫曰：「良時吉日，何必苦推，有誤佳期。」竟將一手去解其衣。小姐雙手推托，彼此扭作一堆。小姐終是女流，如何敵得土行孫過。不一時，滿面流汗，喘吁氣急，手已酸軟。土行孫乘隙將右手插入裡衣。嬋玉及至以手擋抵，不覺其帶已斷。反將雙手摺住裡衣，其力愈怯。土行孫得空，以手一抱，暖玉溫香，已貼滿胸懷。檀口香腮，輕輕緊搵。小姐嬌羞無主，將臉左右閃躲不得，流淚滿面曰：「如是恃強，定死不從！」土行孫那裡肯放，死死壓住。彼此推扭，又有一個時辰。

土行孫見小姐終是不肯順從，乃給③之曰：「小姐既是如此，我也不敢用強，只恐小姐明日見了尊

③ 給：音勿、欺騙。

收集敗殘人馬，查點軍卒，見沒了小姐，不覺傷感。指望擒拿子牙，孰知反中奸計，追悔無及。只得暫扎住營寨不表。

且說子牙與懼留孫大獲全勝，進城，降銀安殿坐下，諸將報功畢。子牙對懼留孫曰：「命土行孫乘今日吉日良時，與鄧小姐成親，何如？」懼留孫曰：「貧道亦是此意，時不宜遲。」子牙命土行孫：「你將鄧嬋玉帶至後房，乘今日好日子，成就你夫婦美事。明日我另有說話。」土行孫領命。子牙又命侍兒：「攙鄧小姐到後面，安置新房內去，好生伏侍。」鄧小姐嬌羞無那，含淚不語；被左右侍兒挾持往後房去了。子牙命諸將吃賀喜酒席不題。

且說鄧小姐攙至香房，土行孫上前迎接，嬋玉一見土行孫笑容可掬，便自措身無地，淚雨如傾，默默不語。土行孫又百般安慰。嬋玉不覺怒起，罵曰：「無知匹夫，賣主求榮！你是何等之人，敢妄自如此？」土行孫陪著笑臉答曰：「小姐雖千金之軀，不才亦非無名之輩，也不辱沒了你。況小姐曾受我療疾之恩，又是你尊泰山親許與我，俟行刺武王回兵，將小姐入贅，人所共知。且前日散大夫先進營與尊翁面訂，今日行聘入贅，丞相猶恐尊翁推托，故略施小計，成此姻緣。小姐何苦固執？」嬋玉曰：「我父親許散宜生之言，原是賺姜丞相之計，不意誤中奸謀，落在彀中，有死而已。」土行孫曰：「小姐差矣！別的好做口頭話，夫妻可是暫許得的？古人一言為定，豈可失信。況我等俱是闡教門人，只因誤聽中公豹唆使，故投尊翁帳下以圖報效；昨被吾師下山，擒進西岐，責吾暗進西岐行刺武王、姜丞相，有辱闡教，背本忘師，逆天助惡，欲斬吾首，以正軍法，吾哀告師尊，姜丞相定欲行刑；吾只得把初次擒哪吒、黃天化，尊翁泰山晚間飲酒將小姐許我，俟旋師命吾入贅，我只因欲就親事之心急，不得已方暗

肉至親，當如何區處？」上行孫上前曰：「嬋玉適纔正為此事與弟子商議。懇求師叔開惻隱之心，設一計策，兩全其美。此師叔莫大之恩也。」子牙曰：「此事也不難。若嬋玉果有真心為國，只消得親自去說他父親歸周，有何難處！但不知嬋玉可肯去否？」鄧嬋玉上前跪而言曰：「丞相在上：賤妾既已歸周，豈敢又蓄兩意？早晨嬋玉已欲自往說父親降周，惟恐丞相不肯信妾真情，致生疑慮。若丞相肯命妾說父親降，自不勞張弓設箭，妾父自為周臣耳。」子牙曰：「我斷不疑小姐反復；只恐汝父不肯歸周，又生事端耳。今小姐既欲親往，吾撥軍校隨去。」嬋玉拜謝子牙，領兵卒出城，望岐山前來不表。

且說鄧九公收集殘兵，駐紮一夜；至次日陞帳，其子鄧秀、太鸞、趙昇、孫焰紅侍立。九公曰：「吾自行兵以來，未嘗遭此大辱；今又失吾愛女，不知死生，正是羊觸藩籬，進退兩難，奈何！奈何！」太鸞曰：「元帥可差官齎表進朝告急，一面探聽小姐下落。」正遲疑間，左右報曰：「小姐領一枝人馬，打西周旗號，至轅門等令。」太鸞等驚愕不定。鄧九公曰：「令來。」左右開了轅門，嬋玉下馬，進轅門來，至中軍，雙膝跪下。鄧九公看見如此行徑，慌立起問曰：「我兒這是如何說？」嬋玉不覺流淚言曰：「孩兒不敢說。」鄧九公曰：「你有甚麼冤屈？站起來說無妨。」嬋玉曰：「孩兒係深閨幼女，此事俱是父親失言，弄巧成拙。父親平空將我許了上行孫，勾引姜子牙做出這番事來，將我擒入西岐，強逼為婚。如今追悔何及！」鄧九公聽得此言，誠得魂飛天下，半晌無言。嬋玉又進言曰：「孩兒今已失身為上行孫妻子，欲保全爹爹一身之禍，不得不來說明。今紂王無道，天下分崩，三分天下，有二歸周。其天意人心，不卜可知。縱有閔太師、魔家四將與十洲三島真仙，俱皆滅亡。順逆之道明甚。今孩兒不幸，歸順西岐，不得不以利害與父親言之。父親今以愛女輕許敵國，姜子牙親進湯營行禮，父親雖是謙

翁變卦，無以為信耳。」小姐忙曰：「我此身已屬將軍，安有變卦之理？只將軍肯憐我，容見過父親，庶成我之節；我若有負初心，定不逢好死。」土行孫曰：「既然如此，賢妻請起。」土行孫將一手攙抱其頸，輕輕扶起。鄧嬋玉以為真心放她起來，不曾提防，將身起時，便用一手推開土行孫之手。土行孫乘機將雙手插入小姐腰裡，抱緊了一摟，腰已鬆了，裡衣逕往下一卸。鄧嬋玉被土行孫所算，及落手相持時，已被雙肩隔住手，如何下得來！小姐展掙④不住，不得已言曰：「將軍薄倖！既是夫妻，如何哄我？」土行孫曰：「若不如此，賢妻又要千推萬阻。」小姐惟閉口不言，嬌羞滿面，任土行孫解帶脫衣。二人扶入錦被，嬋玉對土行孫曰：「賤妾係香閨幼稚，不識雲雨，乞將軍憐護。」土行孫曰：「小姐嬌香艷質，不才飲德久矣，安敢狂逞。」正是：

翡翠衾中，初試海棠新血；鴛鴦枕上，漫飄桂蕊奇香。

彼此溫存，交相慕戀，極人間之樂，無過此時矣，後人有詩單道子牙妙計，成就二人美滿前程。詩曰：

妙算神機說子牙，運籌帷幄更無差。百年好事今朝合，莫把紅絲孟浪誇。

話說土行孫與鄧嬋玉成就夫妻，一晷晚景已過。次日，夫妻二人起來，梳洗已畢。土行孫曰：「我二人可至前殿，叩謝姜丞相與我師尊撫育成就之恩。」嬋玉曰：「此事固當要謝；但我父親昨日不知敗于何地，豈有父子事兩國之理？乞將軍以此意道達于姜丞相得知，作何區處，方保兩全。」土行孫曰：「賢妻之言是也。伺上殿時，就講此事。」話猶未了，只見子牙降殿，眾將上殿參謁畢。土行孫與鄧嬋玉夫妻二人上前叩謝。子牙曰：「鄧嬋玉今屬周臣，爾父尚抗拒不服。我欲發兵前去擒勦，但你係他骨

前拜畢。紂王曰：「朕無旨宣卿，卿有何奏章？就此批宣。」張謙俯伏奏曰：「今日汜水關韓榮進有奏章，臣不敢隱匿；雖觸龍怒，臣就死無辭。」紂王聽說，命當駕官：「即將韓榮本拿來朕看。」張謙忙將韓榮本展于紂王龍案之上。紂王看未完，不覺大怒曰：「鄧九公受朕大恩，今一旦歸降叛賊，情殊可恨！待朕降殿，與臣共議，定拿此一班叛臣，明正伊罪，方泄朕恨！」張謙只得退下樓來，候天子臨軒。只見九間殿上，鐘鼓齊鳴，眾官聞知，忙至朝房伺候。

須臾，孔雀屏開，紂王駕臨，登寶座傳旨：「命眾卿面議。」眾文武齊至御前，俯伏候旨。紂王曰：「今鄧九公奉詔征西，不但不能伐叛奏捷，反將己女私婚敵國，歸降逆賊，罪在不赦；除擒拿逆臣家屬外，必將逆臣拏獲，以正國法。卿等有何良策，以彰國之常刑？」紂王言未畢，有中諫大夫飛廉出班奏曰：「臣觀西岐抗禮拒敵，罪在不赦。然征伐大將，得勝者或有捷報御前，失利者懼罪即歸伏西土，何日能奏捷音也？依臣愚見，必用至親骨肉之臣征伐，庶無二者之虞；且與國同為休戚，自無不奏捷者。」紂王曰：「君臣父子，總係至戚，又何分彼此哉？」飛廉奏曰：「臣保一人征伐西岐，姜尚可擒，大功可奏。」紂王曰：「卿保何人？」飛廉奏曰：「要克西岐，非冀州侯蘇護不可。一為陛下國戚；二為諸侯之長，凡事無有不用力者。」紂王聞言大悅：「卿言甚善。」即令軍政官速發黃旄、白鉞，使命齎詔前往冀州。不知勝負如何，且聽下回分解。

評

辭，誰肯信之！父親況且失師辱國，歸商自有顯戮。孩兒乃奉父命歸適良人，自非私奔桑濮⑤之地，父親亦無罪孩兒之處。父親若肯依孩兒之見，歸順西周，改邪歸正，擇主而仕；不但骨肉可以保全，實是棄暗投明，從順棄逆，天下無不忻悅。」九公被女兒一番言語說得大是有理，自己沉思：「欲奮勇行師，眾寡莫敵；欲收軍還國，事屬嫌疑。」沉吟半晌，對嬋玉曰：「我兒，你是我愛女，我怎的捨得你！只是天意如此。但我羞入西岐，屈膝與子牙耳。如之奈何？」嬋玉曰：「這有何難！姜丞相虛心下士，並無驕矜。父親果真降周，孩兒願先去說明，令子牙迎接。」九公見嬋玉如此說，命嬋玉先行，鄧九公領眾軍歸順西岐不題。

且說鄧嬋玉先至西岐城，入相府對子牙將上項事訴說一遍。子牙大喜，命左右排隊伍出城，迎接鄧元帥；左右聞命，俱披執迎接里餘之地。已見鄧九公軍卒來至，子牙曰：「元帥請了！」九公連在馬上欠背躬身曰：「末將才疏智淺，致蒙譴責，理之當然。今已納降，望丞相恕罪。」子牙忙勒騎向前，攜九公手，並轡而言曰：「今將軍既知順逆，棄暗投明，俱是一殿之臣，何得又分彼此。況令愛又歸吾門下師侄，吾又何敢賺將軍哉？」九公不勝感激。二人俱至相府下馬，進銀安殿，重整筵席，同諸將飲慶賀酒，一宿不題。次日，見武王，朝賀畢。

且不言鄧九公歸周，只見探馬報入汜水關，韓榮聽得鄧九公納降，將女私配敵國，韓榮飛報至朝歌。有上大夫張謙看本，見此報大驚，忙進內打聽，皇上在摘星樓，只得上樓啟奏。左右見上大夫進疏，慌忙奏曰：「啟陛下：今有上大夫張謙候旨。」紂王聽說，命：「宣上樓來。」張謙聞命上樓，至滴水簷

⑤ 桑濮：桑間、濮上之簡稱。禮樂記：「桑間、濮上之音，亡國之音也。」謂淫風流行之地。此指男女淫奔。

第五十七回

冀州侯蘇護伐西岐

蘇侯有意欲歸周，紂主江山似浪浮。紅日已隨山後卸，落花空逐水東流。

人情久欲投明聖，世局翻為急浪舟。貴戚親臣皆已散，獨夫猶自臥紅樓。

話說天使離了朝歌，前往冀州，一路無詞，翌日來至冀州館驛安下。次日，報至蘇侯府內。蘇侯即至館驛接旨。焚香拜畢，展詔開讀，詔曰：

朕聞征討之命，皆出于天子；闔外之寄，實出于元戎。建立功勳，威鎮海內，皆臣子分內事也。茲西岐姬發肆行不道，抗拒王師，情殊可恨。特敕爾冀州侯蘇護，總督六師，前往征伐；必擒獲渠魁，殄滅禍亂。俟旋師奏捷，朕不惜茅土以待有功。爾其勗哉！特詔。

話說蘇侯閱讀旨意畢，心中大喜。管待天使，齎送程費，打發天使起程。蘇侯暗謝天地曰：「今日吾方得洗一身之冤，以謝天下。」忙令後廳治酒，與子全忠、夫人楊氏共飲，曰：「我不幸生女姐己，進上朝歌。誰想這賤人盡違父母之訓，無端作孽，迷惑紂王，無所不為；使天下諸侯銜恨于我。今武王仁德播于天下，三分有二盡歸于西周。不意昏君反命吾征伐，吾得遂平生之願。我明日意欲將滿門家眷帶在行營，至西岐歸降周王，共享太平；然後會合諸侯，共伐無道，使我蘇護不得遺笑于諸侯，受譏于後世，亦不失丈夫之所為耳。」夫人大喜：「將軍之言甚善，正是我母子之心。」且說次日殿上鼓響，眾將軍

子牙收伏鄧九公，其計雖巧，然非散宜生舌辯，不能以成其巧；非太驚之贊助，不足以湊其巧，此正謂天機湊巧，特借人力以曲全之耳。若專以人力巧謀，曲取固不可；若專任天機湊合亦不可，惟善於乘時者自識之。

中鎗赴面交還。牛馬相交，鎗戟并舉。怎見得：

二將陣前勢無比，撥開牛馬定生死。這一箇鋼鎗搖動鬼神愁，那一箇畫戟展開分彼此。一來一往勢無休，你生我活誰能已？從來惡戰不尋常，攪海翻江無底止。

話說黃飛虎大戰趙丙，二十回合，被飛虎生擒活捉，拿解相府來見子牙。報入府中，子牙令飛虎進見：「將軍出陣，勝負若何？」飛虎曰：「生擒趙丙，聽令定奪。」子牙命：「推來。」士卒將趙丙擁至殿前，趙丙立而不跪。子牙曰：「既已被擒，尚何得抗禮？」趙丙曰：「奉命征討，指望成功；不幸被擒，唯死而已，何必多言！」子牙傳令：「暫且囚于禁中。」

且說蘇侯聞報趙丙被擒，低首不語。只見鄭倫在旁曰：「君侯在上：黃飛虎自恃強暴，待明日拿來，解往朝歌，免致生靈塗炭。」次日，鄭倫上了火眼金睛獸，提了降魔杵，往城下請戰。左右報入相府，子牙令黃將軍出陣走一遭。飛虎領令出城，見一員戰將，面如紫棗，十分梟惡，騎著火眼金睛獸。怎見得，有詩為證。詩曰：

道術精奇別樣粧，降魔寶杵世無雙。忠肝義膽堪稱誦，無奈昏君酒色荒。

話說飛虎大呼曰：「來者何人？」鄭倫曰：「吾乃蘇侯麾下鄭倫是也。黃飛虎，你這叛賊！為你屢年征伐，百姓遭殃，今天兵到日，尚不投戈伏誅，意若何為？」飛虎曰：「鄭倫，你且回去，請你主將出來，吾自有說話。你若是不知機變，如趙丙自投陷身之禍！」鄭倫大怒，掄杵就打，黃飛虎手中鎗急架相還。二獸相交，鎗杵并舉，兩家大戰三十回合。鄭倫把杵一擺，他有三千烏鴉兵走動，行如長蛇之勢。鄭倫竄中兩道白光往鼻子裡出來。「哼」的一聲響，黃將軍正是：

參見。蘇護曰：「天子敕下，命吾西征。眾將整備起行。」眾將得令，整點十萬人馬，即日祭寶纛旗，收拾起兵。同先行官趙丙、孫子羽、陳光、五軍救應使鄭倫，即日離了冀州，軍威甚是雄偉。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

殺氣征雲起，金鑼鼓又鳴。旛幢遮瑞日，劍戟鬼神驚。平空生霧彩，遍地長愁雲。閃翻銀葉甲，撥轉皂雕弓。人似離山虎，馬如出水龍。頭盔生燦爛，鎧甲砌龍麟。離了冀州界，西去安營。
蘇侯行兵非止一日，有探馬報入中軍：「前是西岐城下。」蘇侯傳令安營結寨，陞帳坐下。眾將參謁，立起帥旗。

且說子牙在相府，收四方諸侯本請武王伐紂。忽報馬入府：「啟老爺：冀州侯蘇護來伐西岐。」子牙問黃飛虎曰：「久聞此人善能用兵，黃將軍必知其人，請言其概。」黃飛虎曰：「蘇護秉性剛直，不似諂媚無骨之夫；名為國戚，與紂王有隙，一向要歸周，時常有書至末將處。此人若來，必定歸周，再無疑惑。」子牙聞言大悅。且說蘇侯三日未來請戰，黃飛虎上殿見子牙，曰：「蘇侯按兵不動，待末將探他一陣，便知端的。」子牙許之。飛虎領令，上了五色神牛，出得城來，一聲炮響，立于轅門，大呼曰：「請蘇侯答話！」探馬報入中軍，蘇侯令先行官見陣。趙丙領令，上馬提方天戟逕出轅門；認的是武成王黃飛虎。趙丙曰：「黃飛虎，你身為國戚，不思報本，無故造反，致起禍端，使生民塗炭，屢年征討不息；今奉旨特來擒你，尚不下馬受縛，猶自支吾！」搖戟刺來。黃飛虎將鎗架住，對趙丙曰：「你好好回去，請你主將出來答話，吾自有道理。你何必自逞其強也！」趙丙大怒：「既奉命來擒你報功，豈得猶以語言支吾！」又一戟刺將來。黃飛虎大怒：「好大膽匹夫！焉敢連刺吾兩戟！」催開神牛，手

天化眼光暴露，威風凜凜，一表非俗，立而不跪。蘇侯也命監在後營。黃天化入後營，看見父親監禁在此，大呼曰：「爹爹！我父子遭妖術成擒，心中甚是不服！」飛虎曰：「雖是如此，當思報國。」按下黃家父子，且說探馬報入相府：「黃天化又被擒去。」子牙大驚：「黃將軍說蘇侯有意歸周，不料擒他父子！」子牙心中納悶。且說鄭倫捉了二將，軍威甚盛，次日又來請戰，探馬報入相府。子牙急令：「何人走遭？」言未畢，土行孫答曰：「弟子歸周，寸功未立，願去走一遭，探其虛實，何如？」子牙許之。土行孫方領令出府；旁有鄧嬋玉上前告曰：「末將父子蒙恩，當得掠陣。」子牙並許之。鄭倫聽得城內砲響，見兩扇門開，旗旛磨動，見一女將飛來，怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

此女生來錦織成，腰肢一搦體輕盈。西岐山下歸明主，留得芳名照汗青。

話說鄭倫見城內女將飛馬而來，不曾看見土行孫出來。土行孫生得矮小，鄭倫只看了前面，未曾照看面前。土行孫大呼曰：「那匹夫！你看那裡？」鄭倫往下一看，見是箇矮子。鄭倫笑曰：「你那矮子，來此做甚麼？」土行孫曰：「吾奉姜丞相將令，特來擒爾！」鄭倫復大笑曰：「看你這廝，形似嬰孩，乳毛未退，敢出大言，自來送死！」土行孫聽見罵他甚是卑微，大叫：「好匹夫！焉敢辱我！」使開鐵棍，一滾而來，就打金睛獸的蹄子。鄭倫急用杵來迎架，只是撈不著。大抵鄭倫坐的高，土行孫身子矮小，故此往下打費力。幾個回合，把鄭倫掙了一身汗，反不好用力，心裡焦躁起來，把杵一晃，那烏鴉兵飛走而來。土行孫不知那裡響，鄭倫把鼻子裡白光噴出，哼然有聲。土行孫眼看耳聽，魂魄盡散，一交跌在地下。烏鴉兵把土行孫拿了，綁將起來。土行孫睜開眼，見渾身上了繩子，道聲：「噫！倒有趣！」土行孫綁著，鄧嬋玉看見，走馬大呼曰：「匹夫不必逞兇擒將！」把刀飛來直取。鄭倫手中杵劈面打來。

見白光三魂即散，聽聲響撞下鞍轡。

烏鴉兵用撓鉤搭住，一躍上前拿翻，剝了衣甲，繩纏索綁。飛虎上了繩子，二目方睜。飛虎點首曰：「今日之擒，如同做夢一般，真是心中不服！」鄭倫掌得勝鼓回營，來見蘇侯，入帳報功：「今日生擒反叛黃飛虎至轅門，請令發落。」蘇侯令：「推來。」小校將飛虎推至帳前，飛虎曰：「今被邪術受擒，願請一死，以報國恩。」蘇侯曰：「本當斬首，且監候，留解朝歌，請天子定罪。」左右將黃飛虎送下後營。

且說報馬報入相府，言黃飛虎被擒。子牙大驚曰：「如何擒去？」掠陣官啟曰：「蘇侯麾下有一鄭倫，與武王正戰之間，只見他鼻子裡放出一道白光，黃將軍便墜騎被他拿去。」子牙心下十分不樂：「又是左道之術！」只見黃天化在旁，聽見父親被擒，恨不得平吞了鄭倫。當日晚間不題。次日，天化上帳，請令出陣，以探父親消息；子牙許之。天化領令，上了玉麒麟，出城請戰。探馬報入營中：「有將請戰。」蘇侯曰：「誰去見陣走一遭？」鄭倫答曰：「願往。」上了金睛獸，砲聲響處，來至陣前。黃天化曰：「爾乃是鄭倫？擒武王者是你？不要走，吃吾一鎚！」一似流星閃灼光輝，呼呼風響。鄭倫忙將杵劈面相還。二將交兵，未及十合。鄭倫見天化腰束著絲絛，是個道家之士，「若不先下手，恐反遭其害。」把杵望空中一擺，烏鴉兵齊至，如長蛇一般。鄭倫鼻竅中一道白光吐出，如鐘鳴一樣。天化看見白光出竅，耳聽其聲，坐不住玉麒麟，翻身落騎。烏鴉兵依舊把天化綁縛起來。急睜目開眼，不知其身已受縛縛。

鄭倫又擒黃天化進營來見。鄭倫曰：「末將擒黃天化已至轅門等令。」蘇侯令：「推至中軍。」見

看見，心下著忙。只見鄭倫對著哪吒一聲哼，哪吒無魂魄，怎能跌得下輪來？鄭倫見用此術不能響應，大驚曰：「吾師秘授，隨時響應，今日如何不驗？」又將白光吐出鼻子竅中。哪吒見頭一次不驗，第二次就不理他。鄭倫著忙，連哼第三次。哪吒笑曰：「你這匹夫害的是甚麼病？只管哼！」鄭倫大怒，把杵劈頭亂打，又戰三十回合。哪吒把乾坤圈祭在空中，一圈打將下來。鄭倫難逃此厄，正中其背，只打得筋斷骨折，幾乎墜騎，敗回行營。哪吒得勝，回來見子牙，將「鄭倫如此如彼被乾坤圈打傷，敗回去」說了一遍。子牙大喜，上了哪吒功不表。

且說蘇侯在中軍，聞鄭倫失機來見；蘇侯見鄭倫著傷，站立不住，其實難當。蘇侯借此要說鄭倫，乃慰之曰：「鄭倫，觀此天命有在，何必強為！前聞天下諸侯歸周，俱欲共伐無道，只聞太師屢欲扭轉天心，故此俱遭屠戮，實生民之難。我今奉敕征討，你得功莫非暫時僥倖耳。吾見你著此重傷，心下甚是不忍。我與你名為主副之將，實有手足之情。今見天下紛紛，刀兵未息，此乃國家不祥，人心、天命可知。昔堯帝之子丹朱不肖，堯崩，天下不歸丹朱而歸舜。舜之子商均亦不肖，舜崩，天下不歸商均而歸禹。方今世亂如麻，真假可見，從來天運循環，無往不復。今主上失德，暴虐亂常，天下分崩，黯然氣象，莫非天意也。我觀你遭此重傷，是上天警醒你我耳。我思：『順天者昌，逆天者亡。』不若歸周，共享安康，以伐無道。此正天心人意，不卜可知。你意下如何？」鄭倫聞言，正色大呼曰：「君侯此言差矣！天下諸侯歸周，君侯不比諸侯，乃是國戚；國亡與亡，國存與存。今君侯受紂王莫大之恩，娘娘享宮闈之寵，今一旦負國，謂之不義。今國事艱難，不思報效，而欲歸反叛，謂之不仁。鄭倫竊為君侯不取也！若為國捐生，捨身報主，不惜血肉之軀以死白誓，乃鄭倫忠君之願，其他非所知也。」蘇

嬋玉未及數合，撥馬就走，鄭倫不趕。佳人掛下刀，取五光石，側坐鞍轡，回手一石。正是：

從來暗器最傷人，自古婦人為更毒。

鄭倫「哎呀！」的一聲，面上著傷，敗回營中來見蘇侯。蘇侯曰：「鄭倫，你失機了？」鄭倫答曰：「拿了一個矮子，纔待回營；不意有一員女將來戰，未及數合，回馬就走，未將不曾趕他，他便回手一石，急自躲時，面上已著了傷。如今那箇矮子拿在轅門聽令。」蘇侯傳令：「推將進來。」眾將卒將土行孫簇擁推至帳下。蘇侯曰：「這樣將官，拿他何用！推出去斬了！」土行孫曰：「且不要斬，我回去說個信來。」蘇侯笑曰：「這是個獸子！推出斬了！」土行孫曰：「你不肯，我就跑了。」眾人大笑。正是：

仙家秘授真奇妙，迎風一晃影無蹤。

眾人一見大驚，忙至帳前來，稟啟元帥：「乃纔將矮子推出轅門，他把身子一扭就不見了。」蘇侯歎曰：「西岐異人甚多，無怪屢次征伐，俱是片甲不回，無能取勝。」嗟歎不已。鄭倫在旁只是切齒；自己用丹藥敷貼，欲報一石之恨。次日，鄭倫又來請戰，坐名要女將，鄧嬋玉就要出馬。子牙曰：「不可。他此來必有深意。」哪吒應曰：「弟子願往。」子牙許之。哪吒上了風火輪，出城大呼曰：「來者可是鄭倫？」鄭倫答曰：「然也。」哪吒不答話，登輪就殺，鄭倫急用杵相還。輪獸交兵，怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

哪吒怒發氣吞牛，鄭倫惡性展雙眸。火尖鎗擺噴雲霧，寶杵施開轉捷稠。這一個傾心輔佐周王駕，那一個有意能分紂主憂。二將大戰西岐地，海沸江翻神鬼愁。

話說鄭倫大戰哪吒，恐哪吒先下手，把杵一擺，烏鴉兵如長蛇陣一般，都拿著撓鉤套索前來等著。哪吒

忠曰：「不若乘鄭倫身著重傷，修書一封，打入城中，知會子牙前來劫營，將鄭倫生擒進城，看他歸順不歸順，任姜丞相處治。孩兒與爹爹早得歸周，恐後致生疑惑。」蘇護曰：「此計雖好，只是鄭倫也是箇好人，必須周全得他方好。」全忠曰：「只是不好傷他性命便了。」蘇護大喜：「明日准行。」父子計較停當，來曰行事。有詩為證，詩曰：

蘇護有意欲歸周，怎奈門官不肯投。只是子牙該有厄，西岐傳染病無休。

話說鄭倫被哪吒打傷肩背，雖有丹藥，只是不好；一夜聲喚，睡臥不寧，又思：「主將心意歸周，恨不能即報國恩，以遂其忠悃。其如凡事不能就緒，如之奈何！」且說蘇護次日陞帳，打點行計，忽聽得把轅門旗官報入中軍：「有一道人，三隻眼穿大紅袍，要見老爺。」蘇護不是道家出身，不知道門尊大，便叫：「令來。」左右出轅門，報與道人。道人聽得叫「令來」，不曾說個「請」字，心下鬱鬱不樂；欲待不進營去，恐辜負了申公豹之命。道人自思：「且進營去，看他何如。」只得忍氣吞聲進營，來至中軍。蘇侯見道人來，不知何事。道人見蘇侯曰：「貧道稽首了！」蘇侯亦還禮畢，問曰：「道者今到此間，有何見諭？」道者曰：「貧道特來相助老將軍，其破西岐，擒反賊，以解天子。」蘇侯曰：「道者住居那裡？從何處而來？」道人答曰：「吾從海島而來。有詩為證，詩曰：

弱水行來不用船，週遊天下妙無端。陽神出竅人難見，水虎牽來事更玄。

九龍島內經修煉，截教門中我最先。若問衲子名何姓？呂岳聲名四海傳。」

話說道人作罷詩，對蘇護曰：「衲子乃九龍島聲名山煉氣士是也，姓呂，名岳；乃申公豹請我來助老將軍。將軍何必見疑乎？」蘇侯欠身請坐，呂道人也不謙讓，就上坐了。只聽得鄭倫聲喚曰：「痛殺吾也！」

護曰：「將軍之言雖是，古云：『良禽擇木而棲，賢臣擇主而事。』古人有行之不損令名者，但只是也。黃飛虎官居王位，今主上失德，有乖天意，人心思亂，故捨紂而歸周。鄧九公見武王、子牙以德行仁，知其必昌，紂主無道，知其必亡，亦捨紂而從周。所以人要見機，順時行事，不失為智。你不可執迷，恐後悔無及。」鄭倫曰：「君侯既有歸周之心，我決然不順從于反賊。待我早間死，君侯早上歸周；我午後死，君侯午後歸周。我忠心不改，此頸可斷，心不可汙！」轉身回帳，調養傷痕不題。

且說蘇侯退帳，沉思良久，命蘇全忠後帳治酒。一鼓時分，命全忠往後營，把黃飛虎父子放了，請到帳前。蘇護下拜請罪，言曰：「末將有意歸周久矣。」黃飛虎忙答拜曰：「今蒙盛德，感賜再生。前聞君侯意欲歸周，使我心懷渴想，喜如雀躍，故末將纔至營前，欲會君侯，問其虛實耳。不期被鄭倫所擒，有辱君命。今蒙開其生路，有何吩咐，愚父子惟命是從。」蘇護曰：「不才久欲歸周，不能得使。今奉敕西征，實欲乘機歸順，怎奈偏將鄭倫堅執不允。我將言語開說上古順逆有歸之語，他只是不從。今特設此酒，請大王、公子少敘心曲，以贖不才冒瀆之罪。」飛虎曰：「君侯既肯歸順，宜當速行。雖然鄭倫執拗，只可用計除之。大丈夫先立功業，共扶明主，重名竹帛，豈得區區效匹夫匹婦之小忠小諒哉！」酒至三更，蘇護起身言曰：「大王、賢公子，出後糧門，回見姜丞相，把不才心事呈與丞相，以知吾之心腹也。」遂送黃飛虎父子回城。飛虎至城下叫門，城上聽得是武成王，不敢貪夜開門，來報了牙。子牙聽得是三更天氣，報：「黃飛虎回來。」忙傳令開城門。少時，飛虎至相府來見子牙。子牙曰：「黃將軍被妖惡所獲，為何貪夜而歸？」黃飛虎把蘇護心欲歸周之事，一一說了一遍，「只是鄭倫把持，不得遂其初心。再等一兩日，他自有處治。」不表飛虎回城，且說蘇侯父子不得歸周，作何商議？蘇全

飲至二鼓方散。次日，蘇侯昇帳，又見來了四位道者，心下十分不悅，懊惱在心。呂岳曰：「今日你四人誰往西岐走一遭？」內有一道者曰：「弟子願往。」呂岳許之。那道人抖擻精神，白特胸中道術，出營步行，來會西岐。不知吉凶如何，且聽下回分解。

評

蘇侯擇主而事，棄暗投明，固是賢士；但身係紂王戚臣，不思捨身報主，效龍逢比干，以直諫死，真有愧於諸君子萬世之下。以此為口實者，蘇侯其罪之魁乎！

又評

鄭倫乃裨將也，知有君而不知有身，真是有血性男子。看其對蘇侯數語，真使蘇侯父子汗下。

呂道人問：「是何人叫苦？」蘇侯暗想：「把鄭倫扶出來，誑他一誑。」蘇侯答曰：「是吾軍大將鄭倫，被西岐將官打傷了，故此叫苦。」呂道人曰：「且扶他出來，待吾看看何如？」左右把鄭倫扶將出來。呂道人一看，笑曰：「此是乾坤圈打的，不妨，待吾救你。」豹皮囊中取出一個葫蘆，倒出一粒丹藥，用水研開，敷于上面，如甘露沁心一般，即時痊癒。鄭倫今得重傷痊癒，正是：

猛虎又生雙脇翅，蛟龍依舊海中來。

鄭倫傷痕痊癒，遂拜呂岳為師。呂道人曰：「你既拜吾為師，助你成功便了。」帳中靜坐，不語三日。蘇侯歎曰：「正要行計，又被道人所阻，深為可恨！」且說鄭倫見呂岳不出去見陣，上帳啟曰：「老師既為成湯，弟子聽候老師法旨，可見陣會會姜子牙。」呂岳曰：「吾有四位門人未曾來至，但他們一來，管取你克了西岐，助你成功。」又過數日，來了四位道人，至轅門問左右曰：「裡邊可有一呂道長麼？煩為通報：有四門人來見。」軍政官報入中軍：「啟老爺：有四位道人要見老爺。」呂岳曰：「是吾門人來也。」著鄭倫出轅門來請。

鄭倫至轅門，見四道者臉分青、黃、赤、黑，或挽抓髻，或戴道巾，或似頭陀，穿青、紅、黃、皂，身俱長一丈六七尺，行如虎狼，眼露睛光，甚是凶惡。鄭倫欠身躬身曰：「老師有請。」四位道人也不謙讓，逕至帳前，見呂道人行禮畢，口稱老師，兩邊站立。呂岳問曰：「為何來遲？」內有一穿青者答曰：「因攻伐之物未曾製完，故此來遲。」呂岳謂四門人曰：「這鄭倫乃新拜吾為師的，亦是你等兄弟。」鄭倫重新又與四人見禮畢。鄭倫欠身請問曰：「四位師兄高姓大名？」呂岳用手指著一位曰：「此位姓周，名信；此位姓李，名奇；此位姓朱，名天麟；此位姓楊，名文輝。」鄭倫也通了名姓，遂治酒管待，

滿月，三柳長髯。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

面如滿月眼如球，淡黃袍服繡花禽。絲絲上下飄瑞彩，腹內玄機海樣深。

五行道術般般會，灑豆成兵件件精。兌地行瘟號使者，正屬西方庚辛金。

話說木吒大喝曰：「你是何人？敢將左道邪術困吾兄長，使他頭疼？想就是你了！」李奇曰：「非也。那是吾道兄周信。吾乃呂祖門人李奇是也。」木吒大怒：「都是一班左道邪黨！」輕移大步，執劍當空來取李奇，李奇手中劍劈面交還。二人步戰之間，劍分上下，要賭雌雄：一個是肉身成聖的木吒，施威仗勇；一個是瘟部內有名的惡煞，展開凶光。往來未及五七回合，李奇便走，木吒隨後趕來。二人步行，趕不上一射之地，李奇取出一旛，拿在手中，對木吒連搖數搖。木吒打了一個寒噤，不去追趕。李奇也全然不理，逕進大營去了。且說木吒一會兒面如白紙，渾身上如火燎，心中似油煎，解開袍服，赤身來見子牙，只叫：「不好了！」子牙大驚，急問：「怎的這等回來？」木吒跌倒在地，口噴白沫，身似炭火。子牙命扶往後房。子牙問掠陣官：「木吒如何這樣回來？」掠陣官把木吒追趕，搖旛之事說了一遍。子牙不知其故，「此又是左道之術！」心中甚是納悶。

且說李奇進營，回見呂岳。道人問曰：「今日會何人？」李奇曰：「今日會木吒，弟子用法旛一展，無不響應，因此得勝，回見尊師。」呂岳大悅，心中樂甚，乃作一歌，歌曰：

「不負玄門訣，工夫修煉來。爐中分好歹，火內辨三才。

陰陽定左右，符印最奇哉。仙人逢此術，難免殺身災。」

呂岳作罷歌，鄭倫在旁，口稱：「老師，二日成功，未見擒人捉將；方纔聞老師作歌最奇，甚是歡喜，

第五十八回

子牙西岐逢呂岳

疫痢瘟癘幾過災，子牙端是有奇才。匡扶社稷開基域，保護黔黎脫禍胎。

劫運方來神鬼哭，兵戈時至士民哀。何年得遂清平日，祥霧氤氳萬歲臺。

話說周信提劍來城下請戰，報入相府：「有一道人請戰。」子牙聞知連曰未曾會戰，「今日竟有道人，此來畢竟又是異人。」便問：「誰去走一遭？」有金吒欠身而言曰：「弟子願往。」子牙許之。金吒出城，見一個道者，生的十分凶惡。怎見得，有詩為證：

髮似硃砂臉帶綠，獠牙上下金精口。道袍青色勢猙獰，足下麻鞋雲霧簇。

手提寶劍電光生，胸藏妙訣神鬼哭。行瘟使者降西岐，正是東方甲乙木。

話說金吒問曰：「道者何人？」周信答曰：「吾乃九龍島煉氣士周信是也；聞爾等仗崑崙之術，滅吾截教，情殊可恨！今日下山，定然與你等見一高下，以定雌雄。」綽步執劍來取，金吒用劍急架相還。未及數合，周信抽身便走，金吒隨即趕來。周信揭開袍服，取出一磬，轉身對金吒連敲三四下。金吒把頭搖了兩搖，即時面如金紙，走回相府，只叫：「頭疼殺我！」子牙問其詳細，金吒把趕周信事說了一遍，子牙不語。金吒在相府，晝夜叫苦。且說次日，又報進相府：「又有一道人請戰。」子牙問左右：「誰去見陣走一遭？」旁有木吒曰：「弟子願往。」木吒出城，見一道人，挽雙抓髻，穿淡黃服，面如

陣，子牙許之。鬚虎出城，見一道人面如紫草，髮似鋼針，頭戴魚尾金冠，身穿皂服，飛步而來。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

頂上金冠排魚尾，面如紫草眼光燁。絲縑彩結扣連環，寶劍欲開天地髓。

草履斜登寒霧生，胸藏秘訣多文斐。封神臺上有他名，正按坎宮壬癸水。

話說龍鬚虎見道人，大呼曰：「來者何人？」楊文輝一見大驚，看龍鬚虎形相古怪稀奇，問曰：「通個名來。」龍鬚虎曰：「吾乃姜子牙門人龍鬚虎是也。」楊文輝大怒，仗劍來取。龍鬚虎發手有石，只管打將下來。楊文輝不敢久戰，掩一劍便走。龍鬚虎隨後趕來。楊文輝取出一條鞭，對著龍鬚虎一頓轉。龍鬚虎忽的跳將回去，發著石頭，盡行力氣打進西岐，直打到相府，又打上銀安殿來。子牙忙著兩邊軍將：「快與吾拿下去！」眾將官用鉤連鎗鉤倒在地，綑將起來。龍鬚虎口中噴出白沫，朝著天，睜著眼，只不作聲。子牙無計可施，不知就裡。這個是瘟部中四個行瘟使者，頭一位周信按東方使者，用的磬名曰頭疼磬；第二位李奇按西方使者，用的幡名曰發爆幡；第三位朱天麟按南方使者，用的劍名曰昏迷劍；第四位楊文輝按北方使者，用的鞭名曰散瘟鞭；故此瘟部之內先著四個行瘟使者，先會門人，此乃子牙一災又至，姜子牙那裡知道？子牙正在府中，謂楊戩曰：「吾師言三十六路伐西岐，算將來有三十路矣。今又逢此道者，把吾四個門人困住，聲叫痛苦，使我心下不忍，如何是好？將奈之何？」正議間，忽門旗官報曰：「有一三隻眼道人請丞相答話。」哪吒、楊戩在旁曰：「今連戰五日，一日換一個，不知他營中有多少截教門人？師叔會他，便知端的。」子牙傳令：「擺隊伍出城。」炮聲響亮，兩扇門開，左右列興周滅紂英雄，前後立玉虛門下。且說呂岳見子牙出城，兵勢嚴整，果然比別人不同。正是：

其中必有妙用，請示其詳。」呂岳曰：「你不知吾門人所用之物俱有玄功，只略展動了，他自然絕命，何勞持刀用劍殺他。」鄭倫聽說，讚歎不已。次日，呂岳令朱天麟：「今日你去走一遭，也是你下山一場。」朱天麟領法旨，提劍至城下，大呼曰：「著西岐能者會吾！」有探事的報入相府。子牙雙眉不展，問左右曰：「誰去走一遭？」旁有雷震子曰：「弟子願去。」子牙許之。雷震子出城，見一道人生的凶惡。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

中土斜飄百合纓，面如紫棗眼如鈴。身穿紅服如噴火，足下麻鞋似水晶。

絲絲結就陰陽扣，寶劍揮開神鬼驚。行瘟部內居離位，正按南方火丙丁。

話說雷震子大呼曰：「來的妖人，仗何邪術，敢困吾一位道兄也！」朱天麟笑曰：「你白恃猙獰古怪，發此大言，誰來怕你？你也不知我是誰，吾乃九龍島朱天麟的便是。你通名來，也是我會你一番。」雷震子笑曰：「諒爾不過一草莽之夫，焉能有甚道術？」雷震子把風雷翅分開，飛起空中，使起黃金棍，劈頭就打。朱天麟手中劍急架相還。二人相交，未及數合。大抵雷震子在空中使開黃金棍，往下打將來，朱天麟如何招架得住？只得就走。雷震子方纔要趕，朱天麟將劍往雷震子一指，雷震子在空中駕不住風雷二翅，響一聲落將下來，便往西岐城內跳將進來，走至相府。子牙一見走來之勢不好，子牙出席，急問雷震子曰：「你為何如此？」雷震子不言，只是把頭搖，一交跌倒在地。子牙仔細定睛，看不出他蹣蹣原故，心中十分不樂，命擡進後廳調息。子牙納悶。且說朱天麟回見呂岳，言如法治雷震子，無不應聲而倒。呂道人大悅。次日，又著楊文輝來城下請戰。左右報入相府：「今日又是一位道人搦戰。」子牙聞報，心下躊躇：「一日換一個道者，莫非又是十絕陣之故事？」子牙心中疑惑。只見龍鬚虎要去見

來。黃天化在旗門腳下，忍不住心頭火起：「雖然是蘇侯放歸吾父子，難道我不如他們？只要成功，顧不得了！」催開玉麒麟，殺將過來，把呂岳圍在當中。且言旗門下鄭倫看見黃天化殺將過來，「呀」的一聲，幾乎墜于獸下，長吁歎曰：「誰知我為紂王擒將立功，元來主將有意歸周，反將黃家父子放回去了。」鄭倫自思：「這番捉住，即時打死，絕其他念。」急催開金睛獸，大呼黃天化曰：「吾來也！」天化見了饑人，撥轉麒麟，雙鎚并起，力戰鄭倫。哪吒見黃天化敵住了鄭倫，恐怕有失，忙登回風火輪，把鎚劈心就刺鄭倫，大叫曰：「黃公子，你去拿呂岳，吾來殺此匹夫！」鄭倫曾被哪吒乾坤圈打過一次，大抵心下十分怯他，縱戰俱是不濟，先是留心著意，防哪吒動手。且說子牙見楊戩使刀敵住呂岳，又見黃天化助力，土行孫也提邵鐵棍滾將進來。鄧嬋玉在轅門下看戰。呂岳見周將有增，隨將身手搖動，三百六十骨節，霎時現出三頭六臂，一隻手執天印，一隻手擎住瘟疫鐘，一隻手持定形瘟癘，一隻手執住止瘟劍，雙手使劍，現出青臉獠牙。子牙見了呂岳現如此形相，心下十分懼怕。楊戩見子牙怯戰，忙將馬走出圈子外，命金毛童子拿金丸在手，拽滿扣兒，一金丸正打中呂岳肩臂。黃天化見楊戩成功，把玉麒麟跳遠了，回手一火龍標，把呂岳腿上打了一標。子牙見呂岳著傷，祭起打神鞭，這一鞭正中呂岳，響一聲，墜下金眼駝來，借土遁去了。鄭倫見呂岳失機，不能取勝，心下一慌，被哪吒一鎗正中肩背，幾乎閃下獸來，敗進轅門。子牙不起，鳴金回兵。

且說蘇侯父子在轅門見呂岳失機著了重傷，鄭倫也著了傷，心中大悅：「這匹夫該當如此！」呂岳回營進中軍帳坐定，被打神鞭打的三昧火從竅中而出。四門人來問老師曰：「今日不意老師反被他取了勝。」呂岳曰：「不妨，吾自有道理。」隨將葫蘆中取藥白啖，仍復笑曰：「姜尚，你雖然取勝一時，

果然紀律分嚴整，不啻當年風后強。

話說子牙見黃龍腳下有一道人，穿大紅袍服，面如藍靛，髮似硃砂，三目圓睜，騎金眼駝，手提寶劍，大呼曰：「來者可是姜子牙麼？」子牙答曰：「然也。道兄是那座名山？何處仙府？今往西岐屢敗吾門下，道兄何所見而為？今紂主無道，周室興仁，天下共見；從來人心歸順真主，道兄何必強為！常言『順天者存，逆天者亡』。今我周鳳鳴岐山，英雄間出，似不卜可知。道兄又何得逆天而行，任一己私意哉？況道兄在道門久煉，豈不知封神榜乃三教聖人所定，非吾一己之私。今我奉玉虛符命，扶助真主，不過完天地之劫數，成氣運之遷移。今道兄既屢得勝，不過一時僥倖成功，若是劫數來臨，自有破你之術者。道兄不得恃強，無貽伊戚。」呂岳曰：「吾乃九龍島煉氣之士，名為呂岳。只因你等恃闡教門人，侮我截教，吾故令四個門人略略使你知道。今日特來會你一會，共決雌雄。只是你死日甚近，幸無追悔！你聽我道來：

截教門中我最先，玄中妙訣許多言。五行道術尋常事，駕霧騰雲只等閑。

腹內離龍併坎虎，捉來一處白熬煎。煉就純陽乾健體，九轉還丹把壽延。

八極神遊真自在，逍遙任意大羅天。今日降臨西岐地，早早投戈免罪愆。」

呂岳道罷，子牙笑曰：「據道兄所談，不過如峨嵋山趙公明，三仙島雲霄、瓊霄、碧霄之道，一旦俱成畫餅，料道兄此來，不過自取殺身之禍耳。」呂岳大怒，罵曰：「姜尚，你有什么能，敢發如此惡言？」縱開金眼駝，執手中劍，飛來直取。子牙劍急架忙迎。楊戩在旁，縱馬搖刀飛來，大呼曰：「師叔，弟子來也！」楊戩不分好歹，照頂上刺來。呂岳手中劍架刀隔劍。哪吒登開風火輪，使開火尖鎗，沖殺過

話說鄭倫見西岐城上人馬軒昂驍勇，不敢進兵，徐徐退進營來，見呂岳言曰：「城上有人。」不表。且說楊戩雖用此術，只過一時三刻，只救眼下之急，不能常久。哪吒正憂煩，聽的空中鶴唳之聲，原來是黃龍真人跨鶴而來，落在城上。哪吒、楊戩下拜，口稱：「老師。」真人曰：「你師父可曾來？」楊戩答曰：「家師不曾來。」黃龍真人至相府來看子牙，又入內庭看過武王，復出皇城，上了城，玉鼎真人方駕縱地金光法而至。黃龍真人曰：「道兄為何來遲？」玉鼎真人曰：「我借金光縱地，故此來遲。今呂岳將此異術治此一郡，眾生遭逢大厄。今著楊戩速往火雲洞見三聖大師，速取丹藥，可救此愆。」楊戩領師命，逕往火雲洞來。正是：

足踏五行生霧彩，週遊天下只須臾。

話說楊戩借土遁來至火雲洞。此處雲生八處，霧起四方；挺生秀柏，屈曲蒼松，真好所在！怎見得：

巨鎮東南，中天勝岳。芙蓉峰巒聳，紫蓋嶺巍峨。百草含香味，爐煙鶴唳蹤。上有玉虛之寶籙，朱陸之靈臺。舜巡禹禱，玉簡金書。樓閣飛青鸞，亭臺隱紫霧。地設名山雄宇宙，天開仙境透三清。幾樹桃梅花正放，滿山瑤草色皆舒。龍潛澗底，虎伏崖前。幽鳥如訴語，馴鹿近人行。白鶴伴雲棲老檜，青鸞丹鳳向陽鳴。火雲福地真仙境，金闕仁慈治世公。

話說楊戩不敢擅入，伺候多時，只見一童兒出洞府，楊戩上前稽首曰：「師兄，弟子乃玉泉山金霞洞玉鼎真人門徒楊戩，今奉師命，特到此處，參謁三聖老爺。借師兄轉達一聲。」童兒曰：「你可知道三聖人是誰？如何以老爺相稱？」楊戩欠身曰：「弟子不知。」童子曰：「你不知，不怪你。此三聖乃天、地、人三皇帝主。」楊戩曰：「多感師兄指教，其實弟子不知。」童兒進洞府，少時出來，曰：「三」

你怎逃滅一城生靈之禍！」鄭倫著傷，呂岳又將藥救之。呂岳至一更時，分命四門人，每一人拿一葫蘆瘟丹，借五行遁進西岐城。呂岳乘了金眼駝，也在當中，把瘟丹用手抓著，往城中按東、西、南、北，灑至三更方回不表。

且說西岐城中那知此丹俱入井泉河道之中，人家起來，必用水火為急濟之物，大家小戶，天子文武，士庶人等，凡吃水者，滿城盡遭此厄。不二三日，一城中煙火全無，街道上並無人走。皇城內人聲寂靜，止聞有聲喚之音；相府內眾門人也逢此難。內有二人不遭此殃：哪吒乃蓮花化身，楊戩有元功變化，故此無災。二人見滿城如此，心下十分著慌。哪吒進內庭看武王；楊戩在相府照顧，又不時要上城看守。二人計議：「城中止有二人，若是呂岳加兵攻打，如之奈何？」楊戩曰：「不妨。武王乃聖明之君，其福不小；師叔該有這場苦楚，定有高明之士來佐。」不言二人在城上商議，且說呂岳散了瘟丹，次日在帳前對蘇侯等言曰：「我今一日與汝等成功，不用張弓隻箭，六七日之內，西岐一郡生靈盡皆死絕。爾等速速奏凱回兵，不負我下山一遭。」鄭倫曰：「連日西岐不見城上有人。」呂岳曰：「一郡眾生盡逢大劫，不久身亡。」鄭倫曰：「既西岐城人民俱遭困厄，何不調一枝人馬殺進城中，剪草除根？」呂岳曰：「也使得。」鄭倫欣然領了蘇侯令，調出人馬來，方出湯營。且說楊戩在城上看見鄭倫調兵出營，哪吒著慌，問楊戩曰：「人馬殺來，我你二人焉能擋抵大眾人馬？」楊戩曰：「不要忙，吾自有退兵之策。」楊戩連忙把土與草抓了兩把，望空中一灑，喝聲：「疾！」西岐城上盡是彪軀大漢，往來耀武。鄭倫擡頭看時，見城上人馬反比前不相同，故此不敢攻城。有詩為證，詩曰：

楊戩神機妙術奇，呂岳空白費心機。武王洪福包天地，應合姜公遇難時。

聖主洪福無邊遠，呂岳何須枉用心！

話說呂岳在營過了七八日，對眾門人曰：「西岐人民想已盡絕。」蘇侯在中軍聽得呂道人之言，心下十分不樂。又過了數日，蘇侯暗出大營，來看西岐城上，只見旛幢依舊，往來不斷人行；看哪吒精神抖擻，楊戩氣概軒昂，心下大悅：「呂岳之言不過愚惑吾等耳，可將言語激他一番。」遂進中軍對呂岳曰：「老師言西岐人民盡絕，如今反有人馬往來，戰將威武，此事不實了。老師將何法處之？不可以前言為戲。」呂岳聞言，起身曰：「豈有此理！」蘇侯曰：「此不才適纔經日看將來的，豈敢造次亂言。」呂岳就出營一看，果然如此；掐指一算，不覺失聲大叫曰：「原來玉鼎真人往火雲洞借了丹藥，以救此一城生靈之厄！」忙命四門人鄭倫：「你可每門調三千人馬，乘他身弱無力支持，殺進城中，盡行屠戮。」鄭倫領命，來問蘇侯調人馬破西岐。蘇侯情知呂岳不能破子牙，遂將一萬二千人馬調出。周信領三千往東門殺來；李奇領三千往西門殺來；朱天麟領三千往南門殺來；楊文輝領三千同呂岳往北門殺來。鄭倫在城外打點進城。且說哪吒在城上看見成湯營裡發出人馬，殺奔城前，忙見黃龍真人曰：「城內空虛，止有四人，焉能護持得來？」黃龍真人曰：「不妨。」命楊戩：「你去東門迎敵，開門讓他進來，吾自有道理。哪吒，你在西門，也是如此。玉鼎真人，你在南門。我貧道在北門。把他誑進城來，我自有處治。」且說呂岳把四個門人點出來取西岐城，不知勝負如何，且聽下回分解。

評

位皇爺命你相見。」楊戩進洞府，見三位聖人：當中一位，頂生二角；左邊一位，披葉蓋肩，腰圍虎豹之皮；右邊一位，身穿帝服。楊戩不敢踐越階次，只得倒身下拜，言曰：「弟子楊戩奉玉鼎真人之命，今為西岐武王呂岳助蘇護征伐其地，不知用何道術，將一郡生民盡是臥床不起，呻吟不絕，晝夜無寧。武王命在旦夕，姜尚死在須臾。弟子奉師命，特懇金容，大發慈悲，救援無辜生靈，實乃再造洪恩，德如淵海！」楊戩訴罷。當中一位聖人乃伏羲皇帝，調左邊神農曰：「想吾輩為君，和八卦，定禮樂，並無禍亂。方今商運當衰，干戈四起，想武王德業日盛，紂惡貫盈。以周伐紂，此是天數。但申公豹扭轉天心，助惡為虐，邀請左道，大是可恨。御弟不可辭勞，轉濟周功，不負有德之業。」神農答曰：「皇兄此言有理。」忙起身入後，取了丹藥，付與楊戩，曰：「此丹三粒：一粒救武王宮眷，一粒救子牙諸多門人，一粒用水化開，用楊枝細灑西城。凡有此疾者，名為傳染之疫。」楊戩叩首在地，拜謝出洞。神農復叫楊戩，吩咐曰：「你且站住。」神農出洞府，往紫芝崖來，尋了一遍，忽然拔起一草，遞與楊戩：「你將此寶帶回人間，可治傳染之疾。若凡世間眾生遭此苦厄，先取此草服之，其疾自癒。」楊戩接草，跪而啟曰：「此草何名？留傳人間急濟寒疫，懇乞明示。」神農道：「你聽我道來，有偈為證，偈曰：

此草生來蓋世無，紫芝崖下用功夫。常桑曾說玄中妙，寒門發表是柴胡。」

話說楊戩得了柴胡草併丹藥，離了火雲洞，逕往西岐而來。早至城上，見師父回話。玉鼎真人問：「取丹藥一事如何？」楊戩把神農吩咐的言語，細細說了一遍。玉鼎真人依法而行，將三粒丹如法製度。果然好丹藥！正是：

第五十九回

殷洪下山收四將

紂王極惡已無恩，安得延綿及子孫？非是申公能反國，只因天意絕商門。

收來四將皆逢劫，自遇三災若返魂。塗炭一場成箇事，封神臺上泣啼痕。

話說周信領三千人馬殺至城下，一聲響，沖開東門，往城裡殺來。喧天金鼓，喊聲大振。楊戩見人馬俱進了城，把三尖刀一擺，大呼：「周信！是爾自來取死，不要走，吃吾一刀！」周信大怒，執劍飛來直取。楊戩的刀赴面交還。話分四路：李奇領三千人馬殺進西門，有哪吒截住廝殺。朱天麟領人馬殺進南門，有玉鼎真人截住去路。楊文輝同呂岳殺進北門，只見黃龍真人跨鶴，大喝一聲：「呂岳慢來！你欺敵擅入西岐，真如魚游釜中，鳥投網裡，自取其死！」呂岳一見是黃龍真人，笑曰：「你有何能，敢出此大言？」將手中劍來取真人，真人忙用劍遮架。正是：

神仙殺戒相逢日，只得將身向火中。

黃龍真人用雙劍來迎。呂岳在金眼駝上，現出三頭六臂，大顯神通。一位是了道真仙，一位是瘟部鼻祖。不說呂岳在北門，且說東門楊戩戰周信，未及數合，楊戩恐人馬進滿，殺戮城中百姓，隨將哮天犬祭在空中，把周信夾頸子上一口咬住不放。周信欲待掙時，早被楊戩一刀揮為兩段。一道靈魂往封神臺去了。楊戩大殺成湯人馬，三軍逃出城外，各顧性命。楊戩往中央來接應。且說哪吒在西門與李奇大戰，交鋒

蘇侯要歸周，偏有這些強神惡煞來幫助，果是天意如此。這些事須要與近日推算者商量。

又評

瘟疫，惡病也；瘟疫死者，惡煞也。今人惡之更深，避之亦力，當時便自如此，無怪近日講之。

曰：「今日之敗，大辱吾九龍島聲名。如今往那裡去覓一道友來，以報吾今日之恨？」話猶未了，聽得腦後有人唱道情而來，歌曰：

「煙霞深處隱吾軀，修煉天皇訪道機。一點真元無破漏，拖白虎，過橋西。易消磨，天地須臾。人稱我全真客，伴龍虎守茅蘆，過幾世固守男兒。」

呂岳聽罷，回頭一看，見一人非俗非道，頭戴一頂盔，身穿道服，手執降魔杵，徐徐而來。呂岳立身言曰：「來的道者是誰？」其人答曰：「吾非別人，乃金庭山玉屋洞道行天尊門下韋護是也；今奉師命下山，佐師叔子牙，東進五關滅紂。今先往西岐，擒拿呂岳，以為進見之功。」楊文輝聞言大怒，大喝一聲曰：「你這廝好大膽，敢說欺心大話！」縱步執劍，來取韋護。韋護笑曰：「事有湊巧，原來此處正與呂岳相逢！」二人輕移虎步，大殺山前。只三五回合，韋護祭起降魔杵。怎見得好寶貝，有詩為證，詩曰：

曾經煅煉爐中火，製就降魔杵一根。護法沙門多有道，文輝遇此絕真魂。

話說此寶拿在手中，輕如灰草；打在人身上，重似泰山。楊文輝見此寶落將下來，方要脫身，怎免此厄，正中頂上，可憐打的腦漿迸出，一道靈魂進封神臺去了。呂岳又見折了門人，心中大怒，大喝曰：「好孽障！敢如此大膽，欺侮於我！」撻手中劍，飛來直取。韋護展開杵，變化無窮。一箇是護三教法門全真，一箇是第三部瘟部正神。兩家來往，有五十回合，韋護又祭起寶杵。呂岳觀之，料不能破此寶，隨借土遁，化黃光而去。韋護見走了呂岳，收了降魔杵，逕往西岐來；至相府，門官通報：「有一道人求見。」子牙聽得是道者，忙道：「請來。」韋護至簷前，倒身下拜，口稱：「師叔，弟子是金庭山玉屋

未及數合，李奇非哪吒敵手，被哪吒乾坤圈打倒在地，臨下復加一鎗，一靈也往封神臺去了。玉鼎真人在南門戰朱天麟，楊戩走馬接應。只見哪吒殺了李奇，登風火輪趕殺士卒，勢如猛虎，三軍逃竄。呂岳戰黃龍真人，真人不能敵，且敗往正中央來。楊文輝大呼：「拿住黃龍真人！」哪吒聽見三軍吶喊，振動山川，急來看時，見呂岳三頭六臂，追趕黃龍真人。哪吒大叫曰：「呂岳不要恃勇！吾來了！」把鎗刺斜裡殺來，呂岳手中劍架鎗大戰。哪吒正戰，楊戩馬到，使開三尖刀，如電光耀日。玉鼎真人祭起斬仙劍，誅了朱天麟，又來助楊戩、哪吒來戰呂岳。西岐城內止有呂岳、楊文輝二人。

且說子牙坐在銀安殿，其疾方癒，未能全妥。左右站立幾箇門人：雷震子、金吒、木吒、龍鬚虎、黃天化、土行孫。只聽的喊聲振地，鑼鼓齊鳴。子牙慌問，眾門人俱曰不知。旁有雷震子深恨呂岳，「待弟子看來。」把風雷翅飛起空中一看，知是呂岳殺進城來，忙轉身報於子牙：「呂岳欺敵，殺入城來。」金吒、木吒、黃天化聞言，恨呂岳深入骨髓，五人喊聲大叫：「今日不殺呂岳，怎肯干休！」齊出相府，子牙阻攔不住。呂岳正戰之間，只見金吒大呼曰：「兄弟！不可走了呂岳！」忙把遁龍橋祭在空中。呂岳見此寶落將下來，忙將金眼駝拍一下，那駝四足就起風雲，方欲起去，不防木吒將吳鉤劍祭起攔來。呂岳躲不及，被劍卸下一隻膀臂，負痛逃走。楊文輝見勢不好，亦隨師敗下陣去。且說眾門人等回見子牙。黃龍真人同玉鼎真人曰：「子牙放心，此子今日之敗，再不敢正眼覷西岐了。吾等暫回山嶽，至拜將吉辰，再來拜賀。」二仙回山不表。且說鄭倫在城外，見敗殘人馬來報：「啟爺知道：呂老爺失機走了。」鄭倫低首無語，回營見蘇侯。蘇侯暗喜曰：「今日方顯真命聖主。」俱各無話。

且說那日呂岳回門人敗走，來至一山，心下十分驚懼；下了坐騎，倚松靠石，少憩片時，對楊文輝

殷洪收拾，辭了師父下山。赤精子暗想：「我為子牙，故將洞中之寶盡付與殷洪去了。他終是紂王之子，倘若中途心變，如之奈何？那時節反為不美。」赤精子忙叫：「殷洪！你且回來。」殷洪曰：「弟子既去，老師又令弟子回來，有何吩咐？」赤精子曰：「吾把此寶俱付與你，切不可忘師之言，保紂伐周。」殷洪曰：「弟子若無老師救上高山，死已多時，豈能望有今日！弟子怎敢背師言而忘之理！」赤精子曰：「從來人面是心非，如何保得到底！你須是對發個誓來。」殷洪隨口應曰：「弟子若有他意，四肢俱成飛灰！」赤精子曰：「出口有願，你便去罷！」且說殷洪離了洞府，借土遁往西岐而來。正是：

神仙道術非凡術，足踏風雲按五行。

話說殷洪架土遁正行，不覺落將下來。一座古古怪怪的高山，好凶險！怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

頂巔松柏接雲青，石壁荊榛掛野藤。萬丈崔嵬峰嶺峻，千層峭險壑崖深。

蒼苔碧蘚鋪陰石，古檜高槐結大林。林深處處聽幽鳥，石磊層層見虎行。

澗內水流如瀉玉，路旁花落似堆金。山勢險惡難移步，十步全無半步平。

狐狸麋鹿成雙走，野獸玄猿作對吟。黃梅熟杏真堪食，野草閑花不識名。

話說殷洪看罷山景，只見茂林中一聲鑼響，殷洪見有一人，面如亮漆，海下紅髯，兩道黃眉，眼如金鑊，皂袍烏馬，穿一付金鎖甲，用兩條銀裝鑊，滾上山來，大叱一聲，如同雷鳴；問道：「你是那裡道童，敢探吾之巢穴？」劈頭就打一鑊。殷洪忙將水火鋒急架忙迎，步馬交還。山下又有一人大呼曰：「長兄，我來了！」那人戴虎磕腦，面如赤棗，海下長鬚，用駝龍鎗，騎黃驃馬，雙戰殷洪。殷洪怎敵得過二人，心中暗想：「吾師曾吩咐，陰陽鏡按人生死，今日試他一試。」殷洪把陰陽鏡拿在手中，把一邊白的對

洞道行天尊門下韋護是也。今奉師命，來佐師叔，共輔西岐。弟子中途曾遇呂岳，兩下交鋒，被弟子用降魔杵打死了一箇道者，不知何名。單走了呂岳。」子牙聞言大悅。且說呂岳回往九龍島，煉瘟癘傘不表。

且說蘇侯被鄭倫拒住，不肯歸周，心下十分不樂。自思：「屢屢得罪子牙，如何是好？」且不言蘇護網悶。話分兩處，且言太華山雲霄洞赤精子，只因削了頂上三花，潛消胸中五氣，默坐於洞中，保養天元。只見有玉虛宮白鶴童子持札而至，赤精子接見。白鶴童子開讀御札，謝恩畢，方知姜子牙金臺拜將，「請師叔西岐接駕。」赤精子打發白鶴童子回宮。忽然見門人殷洪在旁，道人口：「徒弟，你今在此，非是了道成仙之人。如今武王乃仁聖之君，有事於天下，伐罪弔民。你姜師叔合當封拜，東進五關，會諸侯於孟津，滅獨夫於牧野。你可即下山，助子牙一臂之力。只是你有一件事掣肘。」殷洪口：「老師，弟子有何事掣肘？」赤精子口：「你乃是紂王親子，你決不肯佐周。」殷洪聞言，將口中玉釘一鏗，二曰圓睜：「老師在上：弟子雖是紂王親子，我與姐已有百世之讎。父不慈，子不孝。他聽姐已之言，劓吾母之目，烙吾母二手，在西宮死於非命。弟子時時飲恨，刻刻痛心。怎能得此機會拿住姐已，以報我母沉冤，弟子雖死無恨！」赤精子聽罷大悅：「你雖有此意，不可把念頭改了。」殷洪口：「弟子怎敢有負師命？」道人忙取紫綬仙衣、陰陽鏡、水火鋒，拿在手中口：「殷洪，你若是東進時，倘過佳夢關，有一火靈聖母，他有金霞冠戴在頭上，放金霞三四十丈，罩著他一身，他看得見你，你看不見他。你穿此紫綬仙衣，可救你刀劍之災。」又取陰陽鏡付與殷洪：「徒弟，此鏡半邊紅，半邊白；把紅的一晃，便是生路；把白的一晃，便是死路。水火鋒可以隨身護體。你不可遲留，快收拾去罷！吾不久也至西岐。」

人要見。」殷洪原是道人出身，命左右：「住了人馬，請來相見。」少時，見一道者飄然而來，白而長鬚，上帳見殷洪，打箇稽首；殷洪亦以師禮而待。殷洪問曰：「道者高姓？」道人曰：「你師與吾一教，俱是玉虛門下。」殷洪欠身，口稱師叔。二人坐下，殷洪問：「師叔高姓？大名？今日至此，有何見諭？」道人曰：「吾乃是申公豹也。你如今往那裡去？」殷洪曰：「奉師命往西岐，助武王伐紂。」道人正色言曰：「豈有此理！紂王是你甚麼人？」洪曰：「是弟子之父。」道人大喝一聲曰：「世間豈有子助他人，反伐父親之理！」殷洪曰：「紂王無道，天下叛之。今以天之所順，行天之罰，天必順之；雖有孝子慈孫，不能改其愆尤。」申公豹笑曰：「你乃愚迷之人，執一之夫，不知大義。你乃成湯苗裔，雖紂王無道，無子伐父之理。況百年之後，誰為繼嗣之人？你何不思社稷為重，聽何人之言，忤逆滅倫，為天下萬世之不肖，未有若殿下之甚者！你今助武王伐紂，倘有不測，一則宗廟被他人所壞，社稷被他人所有。你久後死於九泉之下，將何顏相見你始祖哉？」

殷洪被申公豹一篇言語說動其心，低首不語，默默無言；半晌，言曰：「老師之言雖則有理，我曾對吾師發咒，立意來助武王。」申公豹曰：「你發何咒？」殷洪曰：「我發誓說：如不助武王伐紂，四肢俱成飛灰。」申公豹笑曰：「此乃牙疼咒耳！世間豈有血肉成為飛灰之理？你依吾之言，改過念頭，竟去伐周，久後必成大業，庶幾不負祖宗廟社之靈，與我一片真心耳。」殷洪彼時聽了申公豹之言，把赤精子之語丟了腦後。申公豹曰：「如今西岐有冀州侯蘇護征伐。你此去與他合兵一處，我再與你請一高人來，助你成功。」殷洪曰：「蘇護女婿已將吾母害了，我怎肯與讎人之父共居！」申公豹笑曰：「怪人須在腹，相見有何妨。你成了天下，任你將他怎麼去報母之恨，何必在一時自失機會。」殷洪欠身

著二人一見。那二人坐不住鞍轡，撞下塵埃，殷洪大喜。只見山下又有二人上山來，更是凶惡。一人面如黃金，短髮虬鬚，穿大紅，披銀甲，坐白馬，用大刀，真是勇猛。殷洪心下甚怯，把鏡子對他一見，那人又跌下鞍轡。後面一人見殷洪這等道術，滾鞍下馬，跪而告曰：「望仙長大發慈悲，赦免三人罪愆！」殷洪曰：「吾非仙長，乃紂王殿下殷洪是也。」那人聽罷，叩頭在地，曰：「小人不知千歲駕臨，吾兄亦不知，萬望饒恕。」殷洪曰：「吾與你非是敵國，決不害他。」將陰陽鏡把紅的半邊對三人一見。三人齊醒回來，躍身而起，大叫曰：「好妖道！敢欺侮我等！」旁立一人大呼曰：「長兄，不可造次！此乃是殷殿下也。」三人聽罷，倒身下拜，口稱：「千歲！」殷洪曰：「請問四位，高姓大名？」內一人應曰：「某等在此二龍山黃峰嶺嘯聚綠林，末將姓龐，名弘；此人姓劉，名甫；此人姓荀，名章；此人姓畢，名環。」殷洪曰：「觀你四人，一表非俗，真是當世英雄，何不隨我往西岐去助武王伐紂，如何？」劉甫曰：「殿下乃成湯胄胤，反不佐成湯而助周武者何也？」殷洪曰：「紂王雖是吾父，奈他絕滅彝倫，有失君道，為天下所共棄。吾故順天而行，不敢違逆。你此山如今有多少人馬？」龐弘答曰：「此山有三千人馬。」殷洪曰：「既是如此，你們同吾往西岐，不失人臣之位。」四人答曰：「若千歲提攜，乃貴神所照，敢不如命。」四將隨將三千人馬改作官兵，打西岐號色，放火燒了山寨，離了高山，一路上前。正是：

殺氣沖空人馬進，這場異事又來侵。

話說人馬非止一日，行在中途，忽見一道人跨虎而來。眾人大叫：「虎來了！」道人曰：「不妨，此虎乃是家虎，不敢傷人。煩你報與殷殿下，說有一道者要見。」軍士報至馬前曰：「啟千歲：有一道

遍。殷洪在帳內，改換王服。次日領眾將出營請戰。有報馬報入相府：「啟丞相：外有殷殿下請戰。」子牙曰：「成湯少嗣，焉能又有殿下提兵？」旁有黃飛虎曰：「當時殷郊、殷洪鄉在絞頭樁上，被風刮去，想必今日回來。末將認的他，待吾出去，便知真假。」黃飛虎領令出城，有子黃天化壓陣。黃天祿、天爵、天祥父子五人齊出城。黃飛虎在坐騎上，見殷洪王服，左右擺著龐、劉、苟、畢四將，後有鄭倫為左右護衛使，真好齊整！看殷洪出馬，怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

束髮金冠火焰生，連環鎧甲長征雲。紅袍上面團龍現，腰束擋兵走獸裙。

紫綬仙衣為內襯，暗掛稀奇水火鋒。拿人捉將陰陽鏡，腹內安藏秘五行。

坐下走陣逍遙馬，手提方天戟一根。龍鳳旛上書金字，成湯殿下是殷洪。

話說黃飛虎出馬言曰：「來者何人？」殷洪離飛虎十年有餘，不想飛虎歸了西岐，一時也想不到。殷洪答曰：「吾乃當今次殿下殷洪是也。你是何人，敢行叛亂？今奉敕征西，早早下騎受縛，不必我費心。莫說西岐姜尚乃崑崙門下之人，若是惹惱了我，連你西岐寸草不留，定行滅絕！」黃飛虎聽說，答曰：「殿下，吾非別人，乃開國武成王黃飛虎是也。」殿下暗想：「此處難道也有箇黃飛虎？」殷洪把馬一縱，搖戟來取。黃飛虎催神牛，手中鎗急架來迎。牛馬相交，鎗戟併舉。這一場大戰，不知勝負如何，且聽下回分解。

評

謝曰：「老師之言大是有理。」中公豹說反了殷洪，跨虎而去。正是：

堪恨中公多饒舌，殷洪難免遇災殃。

且說殷洪改了西周號色，打著成湯字號，一日到了西岐，果見蘇侯大營扎在城下。殷洪命龐弘去令蘇侯來見。龐弘不知就裡，隨上馬到營前，大呼曰：「殷千歲駕臨，令冀州侯去見！」有探事馬報入中軍：「啟君侯：營外有殷殿下兵到，如今來令君侯去見。」蘇侯聽罷，沉吟曰：「天子殿下久已湮沒，如何又有殿下？況吾奉敕征討，身為大將，誰敢令我去見？」因吩咐旗門官曰：「你且將來人令來。」軍政司來令龐弘，龐弘隨至中軍。蘇侯見龐弘生的凶惡，相貌蹺蹊，便問來者曰：「你是那裡來的兵？是個殿下命你來至此？」龐弘答曰：「此是二殿下之令，命末將來令老將軍。」蘇侯聽罷，沉吟曰：「當時有殷郊、殷洪綁在絞頭樁上，被風刮不見了，那裡又有一箇二殿下殷洪也？」旁有鄭倫啟曰：「君侯聽稟：當時既有被風刮去之異，此時就有一箇不可解之理。想必當初被那一位神仙收去。今見天下紛紛，刀兵四起，特來扶助家國，亦未可知。君侯且到他行營，看其真假，便知端的。」蘇侯從其言，隨出大營，來至轅門。

龐弘進營回覆殷洪曰：「蘇護在轅門等令。」殷洪聽得，命左右：「令來。」蘇侯、鄭倫至中軍行禮，欠身打躬曰：「末將甲冑在身，不能全禮。請問殿下是成湯那一枝宗派？」殷洪曰：「孤乃當今嫡派次子殷洪。只因父王失政，把吾弟兄綁在絞頭樁，欲待行刑，天不亡我，有海島高人將吾提拔。故今日下山，助你成功，又何必問我？」鄭倫聽罷，以手加額曰：「以今日之遇，正見社稷之福！」殷洪令蘇護合兵一處。殷洪進營陞帳，就問：「連日可曾與武王會兵以分勝負？」蘇侯把前後大戰一一說了一

第六十回 馬元下山助殷洪

玄門久煉紫真官，暴虐無端性更殘。五厭貪痴成惡孽，三花善果屬欺誑。

紂王帝業桑林晚，周武軍威瑞雪寒。堪歎馬元成佛去，西岐猶自怯心剗。

話說黃飛虎大戰殷洪，二騎交鋒，鎗戟上下，來往相交，約有二十回合。黃飛虎鎗法如風馳電掣，往來如飛，搶入懷中，殷洪招架不住，只見龐弘走馬來助。這壁廂黃天祿縱馬搖鎗，敵住龐弘。劉甫舞刀飛來，黃天爵也來接住廝殺。苟章見眾將助戰，也沖殺過來。黃天祥年方十四歲，大呼曰：「少待！吾來！」鎗馬搶出，大戰苟章。畢環走馬，使鎗殺來，黃天化舉雙鎗接殺。且說殷洪敵不住黃飛虎，把戟一掩就走。黃飛虎趕來，殷洪取出陰陽鏡，把白光一晃。黃飛虎滾下馬來，早被鄭倫殺出陣前，把黃飛虎搶將過去了。黃天化見父親墜騎，棄了畢環，趕來救父。殷洪見黃天化坐的是玉麒麟，知是道德之士，恐被他所算，忙取出鏡子，如前一晃。黃天化跌下鞍轡，也被擒了。苟章欺黃天祥年幼，不以為意，被天祥一鎗，正中左腿，敗回行營。殷洪一陣擒二將，掌得勝鼓回營。

且說黃家父子五人出城，倒擒了兩箇去，止剩三箇回來，進相府泣報子牙。子牙大驚，問其原故。天爵等將鏡子一晃，即便拿人，訴了一遍；子牙十分不悅。只見殷洪回至營中，令：「把擒來二將擡來。」殷洪明明賣弄他的道術，把鏡子取出來，用紅的半邊一晃。黃家父子睜開二目，見身上已被繩索網住；

殷洪對師發誓，言猶在耳，申公豹浮言安得插入？況當日親見殺母幾遭刑戮，豈得一旦忘之哉？但申公豹之言，皆在天倫之極之處打轉他，他不得不為之轉念耳。此是赤精子失計較處。

又評

紂王罪惡貫盈，天心厭棄久矣。縱有孝子仁人，亦不能挽回愆尤，況如殷郊、殷洪二子者乎！

是看他怎樣箇鏡子。」傳令排隊伍，炮聲響亮，旗旛招展出城，對子馬各分左右，諸門人鴈翅排開。殷洪在馬上把畫戟指定，言曰：「姜尚為何造反？你也曾為商臣，一旦辜恩，情殊可恨！」子牙欠身曰：「殿下此言差矣！為君者上行而下效，其身正，不令而行；其身不正，雖令不從。其所令反其所好，民孰肯信之！紂王無道，民愁天怨，天下皆與為讎，天下其叛之，豈西周故逆王命哉。今天下歸周，天下共信之，殿下又何必逆天強為，恐有後悔！」殷洪大喝曰：「誰與我把姜尚擒了？」左隊內龐弘大叱一聲，走馬滾臨陣前，用兩條銀裝鋼沖殺過來。哪吒登風火輪，搖鎗戰住。劉甫出馬來戰，又有黃天化接住廝殺。畢環助戰，又有楊戩攔住廝殺。且說蘇侯同子蘇全忠在轅門，看殷洪走馬來戰姜子牙，子牙仗劍來迎。怎見得這場惡殺：

撲咚咚陳皮鼓響，血漉漉旗磨碌碌。檳榔馬上叫活拿，便把人參捉下。暗裡防風鬼箭，烏頭便撞飛抓。好殺！只殺得附子染黃沙，都為那地黃天子駕。

話說兩家鑼鳴鼓響，驚天動地，喊殺之聲，地沸天翻。且說子牙同殷洪未及三四合，祭打神鞭來打殷洪。不知殷洪內襯紫綬仙衣，此鞭打在身上，只當不知。子牙忙收了打神鞭。哪吒戰龐弘，忙祭起乾坤圈，一圈將龐弘打下馬去，復脇下一鎗刺死。殷洪兒刺殺龐弘，大叫曰：「好匹夫！傷吾大將！」棄了子牙，忙來戰哪吒。戟鎗併舉，殺在虎穴。卻說楊戩戰畢環，未及數合，楊戩放出哮天犬，將畢環咬了一口，畢環負疼，把頭一縮，措手不及，被楊戩復上一刀，可憐死於非命。二人俱進封神臺去了。殷洪戰住哪吒，忙取陰陽鏡照著哪吒一晃。哪吒不知就裡，見殷洪拿鏡子照他晃。不知哪吒乃蓮花化身，不係精血之體，怎見的他死？殷洪連晃數晃，全無應驗。殷洪著忙，只得又戰。彼時楊戩看見殷洪拿著

及推至帳前，黃天化只氣得三口神暴跳，七竅內生煙。黃飛虎曰：「你不是三殿下。」殷洪喝曰：「你怎見得我不是？」黃飛虎曰：「你既是三殿下，你豈不認得我武成王黃飛虎？當年你可記得我在十里亭前放你，午門前救你？」殷洪聽罷，呀的一聲：「你原來就是大恩人黃將軍！」殷洪忙下帳，親解其縛；又令放了黃天化。殷洪曰：「你為何降周？」黃飛虎欠身打躬曰：「殿下在上；臣愧不可言。紂王無道，因欺臣妻，故棄暗投明，歸投周主。況今三分天下，有二歸周；天下八百諸侯無不臣服。紂王有十大罪，得罪天下，醢戮大臣，炮烙正士，剖賢之心，殺妻戮子，荒淫不道，沉湎酒色，峻宇雕梁，廣興土木，天愁民怨，天下皆不願與之俱生，此殿下所知者也。今蒙殿下釋吾父子，乃莫大之恩。」鄭倫在旁，急止之曰：「殿下不可輕釋黃家父子，恐此一回去，又助惡為讐，乞殿下察知。」殷洪笑曰：「黃將軍昔日救我弟兄二命，今日理當報之。今放過一番，二次擒之，當正國法。」叫左右：「取衣甲還他。」殷洪曰：「黃將軍，今日之恩吾已報過了，以後併無他說。再有相逢，幸為留意，毋得自遺伊戚！」黃飛虎感謝出營。正是：

昔日施恩今報德，從來萬載不生塵。

且說黃家父子回至城下，放進城來，到相府謁見子牙。子牙大悅，問其故：「將軍被獲，怎能得復脫此厄？」黃飛虎把上件事說了一遍。子牙大喜：「正所謂天相吉人。」話說鄭倫見放了黃家父子，心中不悅，對殷洪曰：「殿下，這番再擒來，切不可輕易處治。他前番被臣擒來，彼又私自逃回。這次切宜斟酌。」殿下曰：「他救我，我理當報他。料他也走不出吾之手。」

次日，殷洪領眾將來城下，坐名請子牙答話。探馬報入相府。子牙對諸門人口：「今日會殷洪，須

赤精子曰：「子牙公，貧道得罪！吾使殷洪下山，助你同進五關，使這畜生得歸故土；豈知負我之言，反生禍亂。」子牙曰：「道兄如何把陰陽鏡也付與他？」赤精子曰：「貧道將一洞珍寶盡付與殷洪。恐防東進有礙，又把紫綬仙衣與他護身，可避刀兵水火之災。這孽障不知聽何人唆使，中途改了念頭。也罷，此時還未至大決裂，我明日使他進西岐贖罪便了。」一宿不表。

次日，赤精子出城至營，大呼曰：「轅門將士傳進去，著殷洪出來見我。」話說殷洪自敗在營調養傷痕，切齒痛恨，欲報一石之讎。忽軍士報：「有一道人，坐名請千歲答話。」殷洪不知是師父前來，隨即上馬，帶劉甫、苟章，一聲炮響，齊出轅門。殷洪看見是師父，便自置身無地；欠身打躬，口稱：「老師，弟子殷洪甲冑在身，不能全禮。」赤精子曰：「殷洪，你在洞中怎樣對我講？你如今反伐西岐，是何道理？徒弟，開口有願，出語受之，仔細四肢成為飛灰也！好好下馬，隨吾進城，以贖前日之罪，庶免飛灰之禍。如不從我之言，那時大難臨身，悔無及矣！」殷洪曰：「老師在上，容弟子一言告稟：殷洪乃紂王之子，怎的反助武王。古云：『子不言父過。』況敢從反叛而弑父哉。即人神仙佛，不過先完綱常彝倫，方可言其沖舉。又云：『未修仙道，先修人道。』人道未完，仙道遠矣。」且老師之教弟子，且不論證佛成仙，亦無有教人有逆倫弑父之理。即以此奉告老師，老師當何以教我？」赤精子笑曰：「畜生！紂王逆倫滅紀，慘酷不道，殺忠害良，淫醜無忌。天之絕商久矣，故生周武，繼天立極。天心效順，百姓來從。你之助周，尚可延商家一脈；你若不聽吾言，這是大數已定，紂惡貫盈，而遭殃於子孫也。可速速下馬，懺悔往愆。吾當與你解釋此罪尤也。」殷洪在馬上正色言曰：「老師請回。未有師尊教人以不忠不孝之事者。弟子實難從命！俟弟子破了西岐逆孽，再來與老師請罪。」赤精子大怒：「畜生不

陰陽鏡，慌忙對子牙曰：「師叔快退後！殷洪拿的是陰陽鏡。方纔弟子見打神鞭雖打殷洪，不曾著重，此必有暗寶護身。如今又將此寶來見哪吒，幸哪吒非血肉之軀，自是無恙。」子牙聽說，忙命鄧嬋玉暗助哪吒一石，以襄成功。嬋玉聽說，把馬一縱，將五光石掌在手上，望殷洪打來。正是：

發手石來真可羨，殷洪怎免面皮青。

殷洪與哪吒大戰局中，不防鄧嬋玉一石打來，及至著傷，打得頭青眼腫，哎喲一聲，撥騎就走。哪吒斜裡一鎗，劈胸刺來，虧穿了紫綬仙衣，鎗尖也不曾刺入分毫。哪吒大驚，不敢追襲。子牙掌得勝鼓進城。殷洪敗回大營，面上青腫，切齒深恨姜尚：「若不報今日之恥，非大丈夫之所為也！」

且說楊戩在銀安殿啟子牙曰：「方纔弟子臨陣，見殷洪所掌，實是陰陽鏡。今日若不是哪吒，定然壞了幾人。弟子往太華山去走一遭，見赤精子師伯，看他如何說。」子牙沉吟半晌，方許前去。楊戩離了西岐，借土遁到太華山來，隨風而至。來到高山，收了遁術，逕進雲霄洞來。赤精子見楊戩進洞，問曰：「楊戩，你到此有何說話？」楊戩行禮，口稱：「師伯，弟子來見，來借陰陽鏡與姜師叔，斬破成湯大將，隨即奉上。」赤精子曰：「前日殷洪帶下山去，我使他助子牙伐紂，難道他不說有寶在身？」楊戩曰：「弟子單為殷洪而來。此殷洪不曾歸周，如今反伐西岐。」道人聽罷，頓足歎曰：「吾錯用其人！將一洞珍寶盡付殷洪。豈知這畜生反生禍亂！」赤精子命楊戩：「你且先回，我隨後就至。」楊戩辭了赤精子，借土遁回西岐，進相府來見子牙。子牙問曰：「你往太華山見你師伯如何說？」楊戩曰：「果是師伯的徒弟殷洪。師伯隨後就來。」子牙心下焦悶。過了三日，門官報入殿前：「赤精子老爺到了。」子牙忙迎出府前。二人攜手上殿。

人曰：「吾乃吃葷。」殷洪傳令軍中治酒，管待馬元。當晚已過。次日，馬元對殷洪曰：「貧道既來相助，今日吾當會姜尚一會。」殷洪感謝。道人出營至城下，只請姜子牙答話。報馬報入府中：「啟丞相：城外有一道人請丞相答話。」子牙曰：「吾有三十六路征伐之厄，理當會他。」傳令：「排隊伍出城。」子牙隨帶眾將，諸門人出得城來。只見對面來一道人，甚是醜惡。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

髮似硃砂臉似瓜，金睛凸暴冒紅霞。竅中吐出頑蛇信，上下斜生利刃牙。大紅袍上雲光長，金葉冠拴紫玉花。腰束麻絲太極扣，太阿寶劍手中拿。封神榜上無名姓，他與西方是一家。

話說子牙至軍前，問曰：「道者何名？」馬元答曰：「吾乃一氣仙馬元是也。申公豹請吾下山，來助殷洪，共破逆天大惡。姜尚，休言你闡教高妙，吾特來擒汝，與截教吐氣。」子牙曰：「申公豹與吾有隙，殷洪誤聽彼言，有背師教，逆天行事，助極惡貫盈之主，反伐有道之君。道者既是高明，何得不順天從人，而反其所事哉？」馬元笑曰：「殷洪乃紂王親子，反說他逆天行事。終不然轉助爾等，叛逆其君父，方是順天應人？姜尚，還虧你是玉虛門下，白稱道德之士，據此看來，真滿口胡言，無父無君之輩！我不誅你，更待何人！」仗劍躍步砍來。子牙手中劍赴面交還。未及數合，子牙祭打神鞭打將來。馬元不是封神榜上人，被馬元看見，伸手接住鞭，收在豹皮囊裡。子牙大驚。正戰之間，忽一人走馬軍前，鳳翅盔，金鎖甲，大紅袍，白玉帶，紫驕驕，大喝一聲：「丞相，吾來也！」子牙看時，乃秦州運糧官、猛虎大將軍武榮。因催糧至此，見城外廝殺，故來助戰。一馬沖至軍前，展刀大戰。馬元抵武榮這口刀不住，真若山崩地裂，漸漸筋力難支。

馬元默念咒，道聲：「疾！」忽腦後伸出一隻手來，五個指頭似五個斗大冬瓜，把武榮抓在空中，

聽師言，敢肆行如此！」仗手中劍飛來直取。殷洪將戟架住，告曰：「老師何苦深為子牙，自害門弟？」赤精子曰：「武王乃是應運聖君，子牙是佐周名臣，子何得逆天而行暴橫乎！」又把寶劍直砍來。殷洪又架劍，口稱：「老師，我與你有師生之情，你如今自失骨肉而動聲色，你我師生之情何在？若老師必執一偏之見，致動聲色，那時不便，可惜前情教弟子一場，成為畫餅耳。」道人大罵：「負義匹夫！尚敢巧言！」又一劍砍來。殷洪面紅火起：「老師，你偏執己見，我讓你三次，吾盡師禮；這一劍吾不讓你了！」赤精子大怒，又一劍砍來。殷洪發手，赴面交還。正是：

師徒共戰掄劍戟，悔卻當初救上山。

話說殷洪回手與師父交兵，已是逆命於天。戰未及數合，殷洪把陰陽鏡拿出來，欲晃赤精子。赤精子見了，恐有差訛，借縱地金光法走了，進西岐城，來至相府。子牙接住，問其詳細。赤精子從前說了一遍。眾門人不服，俱說：「赤老師，你太弱了。豈有徒弟與師尊對持之理！」赤精子無言可對，納悶廳堂。

且說殷洪見師父也逃遁了，其志益高，正在中軍與蘇侯共議破西岐之策。忽轅門軍士來報：「有一道人求見。」殷洪傳令：「請來。」只見營外來一道人，身不滿八尺，面如瓜皮，獠牙巨口，身穿大紅，頸上帶一串念珠，乃是人之頂骨，又掛一金鑲瓢，是人半個腦袋，眼、耳、鼻中冒出火焰，如頑蛇吐信一般；殷殿下同諸將觀之駭然。那道人上帳，稽首而言曰：「那一位是殷殿下？」殷洪答曰：「吾是殷洪。不知老師那座名山？何處洞府？今到小營，有何事吩咐？」道人曰：「吾乃骷髏山白骨洞一氣仙馬元是也，遇申公豹請吾下山助你一臂之力。」殷洪大喜，請馬元上帳坐了，「請問老師吃齋，吃葷？」道

戰雖是……如此，不知凶吉。」正是放心不下。卻說馬元同殷殿下飲酒，至二更時分，只見馬元雙眉緊皺，汗流鼻尖。殷洪曰：「老師為何如此？」馬元曰：「腹中有點痛疼。」鄭倫答曰：「想必吃了生人心，故此腹中作痛；吃些熱酒沖一沖，自然無事。」馬元命取熱酒來吃了，越吃越疼。馬元忽的大叫一聲，跌倒在地下亂滾，只叫：「疼殺我也！」腹中嚼噪噪的響。鄭倫曰：「老師腹中有響聲，請往後營方便方便，或然無事，也不見得。」馬元只得往後邊去了。豈知是楊戩用八九元功，變化騰挪之妙，將一粒奇丹，使馬元瀉了三日，瀉的馬元瘦了一半。

且說楊戩回西岐來見子牙，備言前事，子牙大喜。楊戩對子牙曰：「弟子權將一粒丹使馬元失其形神，喪其元氣，然後再做處治；諒他有六七日不能得出來會戰。」正言之間，忽哪吒來報：「文殊廣法天尊駕至。」子牙忙迎至銀安殿，行禮畢；又見赤精子，稽首坐下。文殊廣法天尊曰：「恭喜子牙公，金臺拜將，吉期甚近！」子牙曰：「今殷洪背師言而助蘇護征伐西岐，黎庶不安；又有馬元凶頑肆虐，不肖如坐針氈。」文殊廣法天尊曰：「子牙公，貧道因聞馬元來伐西岐，恐誤你三月十五日拜將之辰，故此來收馬元。子牙公可以放心。」子牙大喜：「若是道兄相助，姜尚幸甚，國家幸甚！但不知用何策治之？」天尊附子牙曰：「如要伏馬元，須是如此如此，自然成功。」子牙忙令楊戩領法旨。楊戩得令，自去策應。正是：

馬元今人牢籠計，可見西方有聖人。

話說子牙當日申牌時分，騎四不相，單人獨騎，在成湯轅門外若探望樣子，用劍指東畫西。只見巡哨探馬報入中軍曰：「稟殿下：有子牙獨自一個在營前探聽消息。」殷洪問馬元曰：「老師，此人今日

望下一摔，一腳躡住大腿，兩隻手端定一隻腿，一撕兩塊，血滴滴取出心來，對定子牙，眾周將、門人，「囁嚅囁嚅」，囁在肚裡；大呼曰：「姜尚，捉住你也是這樣為例！」把眾將嚇得魂不附體。馬元仗劍，又來搦戰。上行孫大呼曰：「馬元少待行惡，吾來也！」掄開大棍，就打馬元一棍。馬元及至看時，是一個矮子。

馬元笑而問曰：「你來做甚麼？」上行孫曰：「特來拿你。」又是一棍打來。馬元大怒：「好孽障！」綽步撩衣，把劍往下就劈。上行孫身子伶俐，展動棍就勢已鑽在馬元身後，擣著鐵棍把馬元的大腿連腰，打了七八棍；把馬元打得骨軟筋酥，招架著實費力；怎禁得上行孫在穴道上打。馬元急了，念動真言，伸出那一隻神手，抓著上行孫，望下一摔。馬元不知上行孫有地行道術，摔在地下，就不見了。馬元曰：「想是摔狠了，怎麼這廝連影兒也不見了？」正是：

馬元不識地行妙，尚疑雙眼認模糊。

且說鄧嬋玉在馬上見馬元將上行孫摔不見了，只管在地上瞧，鄧嬋玉忙取五光石發手打來。馬元未曾提防，臉上被一石頭，只打的金光亂冒，哎呀一聲，把臉一抹，大罵「是何人暗算打我？」只見楊戩縱馬舞刀，直取馬元。馬元仗劍來戰楊戩。楊戩刀勢疾如飛電，馬元架不住三尖刀，只得又念真言，復現那一隻神手，將楊戩抓在空中，往下一摔，也像撕武榮一般，把楊戩心肺取將出來，血滴滴吃了。馬元指子牙曰：「今日且饒你多活一夜，明日再來會你。」馬元回營。殷洪見馬元道術神奇，食人心肺，這等凶猛，心下甚是大悅。掌鼓回營，治酒與大小將校直飲至初更時候不表。

且說子牙進城至府，自思：「今日見馬元這等凶惡，把人心活活的吃了，從來未曾見此等異人。楊

第六十一回 太極圖殷洪絕命

太極圖中造化奇，仙凡迥隔少人知。移來幻化真玄妙，懺過前非亦浪思。

弟子悔盟師莫救，蒼天留意地難私。當時紂惡彰彌極，一木安能挽阿誰？

話說馬元追趕子牙，趕了多時，不能趕上。馬元自思：「他騎四不相，我倒跟著他跑？今日不趕他，明日再做區處。」子牙見馬元不趕，勒回坐騎，大呼曰：「馬元！你敢來這平坦之地與我戰三合，吾定擒爾！」馬元笑曰：「料你有何力量，敢禁我來不趕？」隨綽開大步來追。子牙又戰三四合，撥騎又走。馬元見如此光景，心下大怒，「你敢以誘敵之法惑我！」咬牙切齒趕來，「我今日拿不著你，勢不回軍！便趕上玉虛宮，也擒了你來。」只管往下趕來。看看至晚，見前面一座山，轉過山坡，就不見了子牙。馬元見那山甚是險峻。怎見得，有贊為證：

那山真個好山，細看處色斑斑。頂上雲飄蕩，崖前樹影寒。飛鳥睨眄，走獸凶頑。凜凜松千幹，挺挺竹幾竿。吼叫是蒼狼奪食，咆哮是餓虎爭餐。野猿常嘯尋鮮果，麋鹿攀花上翠嵐。風灑灑，水潺潺，暗聞幽鳥語間關①。幾處藤蘿牽又扯，滿溪瑤草雜香蘭。磷磷怪石，磊磊峰岩。狐狸成群走，猿猴作對頑。行客正愁多險峻，奈何古道又彎還。

① 間關：鳥鳴聲。

如此模樣，探我行營，有何奸計？」馬元曰：「前日誤被楊戩這廝，中其奸計，使貧道有失形之累；待吾走去擒來，方消吾恨。」馬元出營，見子牙怒起，大叫：「姜尚不要走！吾來了！」綽步上前，仗劍來取，子牙手中劍急架相還；未及數合，子牙攔騎就走。馬元只要拿姜子牙的心重，怎肯輕放，隨後趕來。不知馬元勝負如何，且聽下回分解。

評

殷洪惡戰苦爭，俱是替紂王添擔子，愈顯其父惡蹟，真可稱父作了子述。

又評

馬元惡煞也，西方竟收去成佛。予嘗曰：「和尚道人心最毒。」今觀此，可見成佛的，俱要惡人。予友聞此言，深為予折辯。予因笑謂之曰：「兄何執迷太甚！彼經卷有云：『殺豬王棄屠刀，立地成佛。』斯言豈是誰言？屠戶可見善信。」予友不覺大笑。

馬元忙將劍從肚臍內刺將進去，一腔熱血滾將出來。馬元用手抄著血，連吃了幾口；在女人肚子裡去摸心吃。左摸右摸撈不著，兩隻手在肚子裡摸，只是一腔熱血，併無五臟。馬元看了，沉思疑惑。正在那裡撈，只見正南梅花廳上坐一道人仗劍而來。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

雙抓髻，雲分靄靄；水合袍，緊束絲絲。仙風道骨任逍遙，腹隱許多玄妙。玉虛宮元始門下，十仙首會赴蟠桃。乘鸞跨鶴在碧雲霄，天皇氏修仙養道。

話說馬元見文殊廣法天尊仗劍而來，忙將雙手掣出肚皮，不意肚皮竟長完了，把手長在裡面；欲待下女人身子，兩隻腳也長在女人身上。馬元無法可施，莫能掙扎。馬元蹲在一堆兒，只叫：「老師饒命！」文殊廣法天尊舉劍纔待要斬馬元，只聽得腦後有人叫曰：「道兄劍下留人！」廣法天尊回顧，認不得此人是誰；頭挽雙髻，身穿道服，面黃微鬚。道人曰：「稽首了！」廣法天尊答禮，口稱：「道友何處來？有甚事見論？」道人曰：「元來道兄認不得我。吾有一律，說出便知端的。詩曰：

大覺金仙不二時，西方妙法祖菩提。不生不滅三行，全氣全神萬萬絲。

空寂自然隨變化，真如本性任為之。與天同壽莊嚴體，歷劫明心大法師。

貧道乃西方教下準提道人也是也。封神榜上無馬元名諱；此人根行且重，與吾西方有緣，待貧道把他帶上西方，成為正果，亦是道兄慈悲，貧道不二門中之幸也。」廣法天尊聞言，滿面歡喜，大笑曰：「久仰大法行教西方，蓮花現相，舍利生光，真乃高明之客。貧道謹領尊命。」準提道人向前，摩頂受記曰：「道友可惜五行修煉，枉費功夫！不如隨我上西方，八德池邊，談講三乘大法；七寶林下，任你自在逍遙。」馬元連聲喏喏，準提謝了廣法天尊，又將打神鞭交與廣法天尊帶與子牙，準提同馬元回西方不表。

話說馬元趕子牙，來至一座高山，又不見了子牙，跑的力盡筋酥；天色又晚了，腿又酸了，馬元只得倚松靠石，少憩片時，喘息靜坐，存氣定神，待明日回營，再做道理。不覺將至二更，只聽的山頂炮響。正是：

喊聲震地如雷吼，燈毬火把滿山排。

馬元擡頭觀看，見山頂上姜子牙同著武王在馬上傳盃，兩邊將校一齊大叫：「今夜馬元已落圈套，死無葬身之地！」馬元聽得大怒，躍身而起，提劍趕上山來。及至山上來看，見火把一晃，不見了子牙。馬元睜睛四下裡看時，只見山下四面八方，圍住山腳，只叫：「不要走了馬元！」馬元大怒，又趕下山來，又不見了。把馬元往來，跑上跑下兩頭趕，只趕到天明。把馬元跑了一夜，甚是艱難辛苦，肚中又餓了，深恨子牙，咬牙切齒，恨不能即時拿子牙方消其恨。自思：「且回營，破了西岐再處。」馬元離了高山，往前纔走，只聽的山凹裡有人聲喚叫：「疼殺我了！」其聲甚是悽楚。

馬元聽得有人聲叫喊，急轉下山坡，見茂草中睡著一個女子。馬元問曰：「你是甚人，在此叫喊？」那女子曰：「老師救命！」馬元曰：「你是何人？叫我怎樣救你？」婦人答曰：「我是民婦。因回家探親，中途偶得心氣疼，命在旦夕，望老師或在近村人家討些熱湯，搭救殘喘，勝造七級浮屠。倘得重生，恩同再造。」馬元曰：「小娘子，此處那裡去尋熱湯？你終是一死，不若我反化你一齋，實是一舉兩得。」女子曰：「若救我全生，理當一齋。」馬元曰：「不是如此說。我因趕姜子牙，殺了一夜，肚中其實餓了。量你也難活，不若做個人情，化你與我貧道吃了罷。」女人曰：「老師不可說戲話。豈有吃人的理？」馬元餓急了，不由分說，趕上去一腳，踏住女人胸膛，一腳踏住女人大腿，把劍割開衣服，現出肚皮。

點頭歎曰：「畜生！畜生！今日是你自取此苦。你死後休來怨我。」忙把太極圖一抖放開。此圖乃包羅萬象之寶，化一座金橋。子牙把四不相一縱，上了金橋。殷洪馬趕至橋邊，見子牙在橋上指殷洪曰：「你敢上橋來，與我見三合否？」殷洪笑曰：「連吾師父在此，吾也不懼；又何怕你之幻術哉。我來了！」把馬一擡，那馬上了此圖。有詩為證，詩曰：

混沌未分盤古出，太極傳下兩儀來。四象無窮真變化，殷洪此際喪飛灰。

話說殷洪上了此圖，一時不覺杳杳冥冥，心無定見，百事攢來。心想何事，其事即至。殷洪如夢寐一般，心下想：莫是有伏兵？果見伏兵殺來；大殺一陣，就不見了。心下想拿姜子牙；霎時子牙來至，兩家又殺一陣。忽然想起朝歌，與父王相會；隨即到了朝歌，進了午門，至西宮，見黃娘娘站立，殷洪下拜；忽的又至馨慶宮，又見楊娘娘站立，殷洪口稱：「姨母。」楊娘娘不答應。此乃是太極四象，變化無窮之法；心想何物，何物便見，心慮百事，百事即至。只見殷洪左舞右舞，在太極圖中如夢如痴。赤精子看看他，師徒之情，數年慇懃，豈知有今日，不覺嗟歎。只見殷洪將到盡頭路，又見他生身母親姜娘娘大叫曰：「殷洪！你看我是誰？」殷洪擡頭看時：「呀！原來是母親姜娘娘！」殷洪不覺失聲曰：「母親！孩兒莫不是與你冥中相會？」姜娘娘曰：「冤家！你不尊師父之言，要保無道而伐有道，又發誓言，開口受刑，出口有願。當日發誓說四肢成為飛灰，你今日上了太極圖，眼下要成灰燼之苦！」殷洪聽說，急叫：「母親救我！」忽然不見了姜娘娘。殷洪慌在一堆。只見赤精子大叫曰：「殷洪！你看我是誰？」殷洪看見師父，泣而告曰：「老師，弟子願保武王滅紂，望乞救命！」赤精子曰：「此時遲了！你已犯天條，不知見何人叫你改了前盟。」殷洪曰：「弟子因信申公豹之言，故此違了師父之語。望老師慈悲，

且說廣法天尊回至相府，子牙接見，問起馬元一事如何？廣法天尊將準提道人的事詳細說了一遍，又將打神鞭付與子牙。赤精子在旁，雙眉緊皺，對文殊廣法天尊曰：「如今殷洪阻撓逆法，恐誤子牙拜將之期，如之奈何？」正話間，忽楊戩報曰：「有慈航師伯來見。」三人聞報，忙出府迎接。慈航道人一見，攜手上殿。行禮已畢，子牙問曰：「道兄此來，有何見諭？」慈航曰：「專為殷洪而來。」赤精子聞言大喜，便曰：「道兄將何術治之？」慈航道人問子牙曰：「當時破十絕陣，太極圖在麼？」子牙答曰：「在此。」慈航曰：「若擒殷洪，須是赤精子道兄將太極圖，須如此如此，方能除得此患。」赤精子聞言，心中尚有不忍，因子牙拜將日已近，恐誤限期，只得如此；乃對子牙曰：「須得公去，方可成功。」

且說殷洪見馬元一去無音，心下不樂，對劉甫、苟章曰：「馬道長一去，音信杳無，定非吉兆。明日且與姜尚會戰，看是如何，再探馬道長消息。」鄭倫曰：「不得一場大戰，決不能成得大功。」一宿晚景已過。次日早晨，湯營內大砲響亮，殺聲大振，殷洪大隊人馬，出營至城下，大叫曰：「請子牙答話！」左右報入相府。三道者對子牙曰：「今日公出去，我等定助你成功。」子牙不帶諸門人，領一枝人馬，獨自出城，將劍尖指殷洪，大喝曰：「殷洪！你師命不從，今日難免大厄，四賊定成飛灰，悔之晚矣！」殷洪大怒，縱馬搖戟來取，子牙手中劍赴面相還。獸馬爭持，劍戟併舉。未及數合，子牙便走，不進城，落荒而逃。殷洪兒子牙落荒而走，急忙趕來，隨後命劉甫、苟章率眾而來。這一回正是：

前邊布下天羅網，難免飛灰禍及身。

話說子牙在前邊，後隨殷洪，過東南，看看到正南上，赤精子看見徒弟趕來，難免此厄，不覺眼中淚落，

夜劫營。護父子乘機可將巨惡擒解施行。但願早歸聖主，共伐獨大②，洗蘇門一身之冤，畢矣。謹此上啟，蘇護九頓。

話說子牙看書大喜。次日午時發令：「命黃飛虎父子五人作前隊，鄧九公沖左營，南宮适沖右營，令哪吒壓陣。」且說鄭倫與劉甫、苟章回見蘇護，曰：「不幸殷殿下遭于惡手，如今須得上本朝歌，面君請援，方能成功。」蘇護只是口應：「俟明日區處。」諸人散入各帳房去了。蘇護暗暗打點今夜進西岐不題。鄭倫那裡知道？正是：

挖下戰坑擒虎豹，滿天張網等蛟龍。

話說西岐傍晚，將近黃昏時候，三路兵收拾出城埋伏。伺至二更時分，一聲砲響，黃飛虎父子兵沖進營來，併無遮擋；左有鄧九公，右有南宮适，三路齊進。鄭倫急上火眼金睛獸，攆降魔杵往大轅門來，正遇黃家父子五騎，大戰在一處，難解難分。鄧九公沖左營，劉甫大呼曰：「賊將慢來！」南宮适進右營，正遇苟章，接住廝殺。西岐城開門，發大隊人馬來接應，只殺得地沸天翻。蘇家父子已往西岐城西門進去了。鄧九公與劉甫大戰，劉甫非九公敵手，被九公一刀砍于馬下。南宮适戰苟章，展開刀法，苟章招架不住，撥馬就走，正遇黃天祥，不及提防，被黃天祥刺斜裡一鎗挑于馬下。二將靈魂已往封神臺去了。眾將官把一箇成湯大營殺的瓦解星散。單剩鄭倫力抵眾將。不防鄧九公從旁邊將刀一蓋，降魔杵碰定不能起，被九公抓住袍帶，提過鞍轡，往地上摔。兩邊士卒將鄭倫繩纏索綁，網將起來。西岐城一夜鬧嚷嚷的，直到天明。

② 獨夫：謂貪暴無道之君。

借得一線之生，怎敢再滅前言！」赤精子尚有留戀之意，只見半空中慈航道人叫曰：「天命如此，豈敢有違。毋得誤了他進封神臺時辰！」赤精子含悲忍淚，只得將太極圖一抖，卷在一處；擗著半晌，復一抖，太極圖開了，一陣風，殷洪連人帶馬，化作飛灰去。一道靈魂進封神臺來了。有詩為證，詩曰：

殷洪任信申公豹，要伐西岐顯大才。豈知數到皆如此，魂遶封神臺畔哀。

話說赤精子見殷洪成了灰燼，放聲哭曰：「太華山再無人養道修真。見吾將門下這樣如此，可為疼心！」慈航道人曰：「道兄差矣！馬元封神榜上無名，自然有救拔苦惱之人；殷洪事該如此，何必嗟歎？」三位道者復進相府，子牙感謝。三位道人作辭：「貧道只等子牙占辰，再來饒東征。」二位道人別子牙回去不表。

且言蘇侯聽得殷洪絕了，又有探馬報入營中曰：「稟元帥：殷殿下趕姜子牙，只一道金光就不見了。」鄭倫與劉甫、苟章打聽，不知所往。且說蘇侯暗與子蘇全忠商議曰：「我如今暗修書一封，你射進城去，明日請姜丞相勸營，我和你將家眷先進西岐西門，吾等不管他是與非，將鄭倫等一齊拿解見姜丞相，以償前罪。此事不可遲誤！」蘇全忠曰：「若不是呂岳、殷洪，我等父子進西岐多時矣。」蘇侯忙修書，命全忠晝夜將書穿在箭上，射入城中。那日是南宮适巡城，看見箭上有書，知是蘇侯的，忙下城進相府來，將書呈與姜子牙。子牙拆開觀看，書曰：

征西元戎冀州侯蘇護百叩頓首姜丞相麾下：護雖奉敕征討，心已歸周久矣。兵至西岐，急欲投戈麾下，執鞭役使。孰知天違人願，致有殷洪、馬元抗拒，今已授首；惟佐貳鄭倫執迷不悟，尚自屢犯天條，獲罪如山。護父子自思，非天兵壓寨，不能勉強誅逆。今特敬修尺書，望丞相早發大兵，今

語。蘇護復說曰：「鄭將軍，非我苦苦勸你，可惜你有大將之才，死非其所。你說『忠臣不事二君』，今天下諸侯歸周，難道都是不忠的？難道武成王黃飛虎、鄧九公俱是不忠的？又是君失其道，便不可為民之父母，而殘賊之人稱為獨夫。今天下叛亂，是紂王自絕于天。況古云：『良禽擇木，賢臣擇主。』將軍可自三思，毋徒伊戚。天子征伐西岐，其藝術高明之士，經天緯地之才者，至此皆化為烏有，此豈是力為之哉？況子牙門下，多少高明之士，道術精奇之人，豈是草草罷了。鄭將軍不可執迷，當聽吾言，後面有無限受用，不可以小忠小諒而已。」鄭倫被蘇護一篇言語，說得如夢初覺，如醉方醒，長歎曰：「不才非君侯之言，幾誤用一番精神。只是吾屢有觸犯，恐子牙門下諸將不能相容耳。」蘇護曰：「姜丞相量如滄海，何細流之不納。丞相門下皆有道之士，何不見容？將軍休得錯用念頭。待我稟過丞相就是。」蘇護至殿前打躬曰：「鄭倫被末將一番說肯歸降，奈彼曾有小過，恐丞相門下諸人不能相容耳。」子牙笑曰：「當日是彼此敵國，各為其主；今肯歸降，係是一家，何嫌隙之有？」忙令左右傳令：「將鄭倫放了，衣冠相見。」

少時，鄭倫整衣冠，至殿前下拜，曰：「末將逆天，不識時務，致勞丞相籌畫；今既被擒，又蒙赦宥，此德此恩，沒齒不忘矣！」子牙忙降階扶起慰之曰：「將軍忠心義膽，不佞識之久矣。但紂王無道，自絕于天，非臣子之不忠于國也。吾主下賢禮士，將軍當安心為國，毋得以嫌隙自疑耳。」鄭倫再三拜謝。子牙遂引蘇侯等至殿內，朝見武王。行禮稱臣畢，王曰：「相父有何奏章？」子牙啟曰：「冀州侯蘇護今已歸降，特來朝見。」武王宣蘇護上殿，慰曰：「孤守西岐，克盡臣節，未敢逆天行事；不知何故，累辱王師。今卿等既捨紂歸孤，暫住西土。孤與卿等當共修臣節，以俟天子修德，再為商議。相父

子牙降了銀安殿，聚將鼓響，眾將上殿參謁，然後黃飛虎父子回令。鄧九公回令：「斬劉甫，擒鄭倫，南宮适回令：大戰苟章敗走，遇黃天祥鎗刺而絕。又報：『蘇護聽令。』」子牙傳令：「請來。」蘇家父子進見子牙，方欲行禮，子牙曰：「請起敘話。君侯大德，仁義素布海內，不是小忠小信之夫。識時務，棄暗投明，審禍福，擇主而仕，寧棄椒房之寵，以洗萬世污名，真英雄也！不才無不敬羨！」蘇護父子答曰：「不才父子多有罪戾，蒙丞相曲賜生全，愧感無地！」彼此遜謝。言畢，子牙傳令：「把鄭倫推來。」眾軍校把鄭倫蜂擁推至簷前。鄭倫立而不跪，睜眼不語，有恨不能吞蘇侯之意。子牙曰：「鄭倫，諒你有多大本領，屢屢抗拒？今已被擒，何不屈膝求生，尚敢大廷抗禮！」鄭倫大喝曰：「無知匹夫！吾與爾身為敵國，恨不得生擒爾等叛逆，解往朝歌，以正國法。今不幸，吾主帥同謀，誤被爾擒，有死而已，何必多言！」子牙命左右：「推去斬訖號令！」眾軍校將鄭倫推出相府，只等行刑牌出。只見蘇侯向前跪而言曰：「啟丞相：鄭倫違抗天威，理宜正法；但此人實是忠義，似還是可用之人。況此人胸中奇術，一將難求，望丞相赦其小過，憐而用之，亦古人釋怨用仇之意。乞丞相海涵！」子牙扶起蘇侯，笑曰：「吾知鄭將軍忠義，乃可用之人，特赦之，使將軍說之耳，易于見聽。今將軍既肯如此，老夫敢不如命？」蘇護聞言大喜，領令出府，至鄭倫面前。鄭倫見蘇侯前來，低首不語。

蘇護曰：「鄭將軍，你為何迷而不悟？嘗言，識時務者呼為俊傑。今國君無道，天愁民怨，四海分崩，生民塗炭，刀兵不歇，天下無不思叛，正天之欲絕殷商也。今周武以德行仁，惟誠待士，澤及無告，民安物阜，三分有二歸周，其天意可知。子牙不久東征，弔民伐罪，獨大授首，又誰能挽此愆尤也！將軍可速早回頭，我與你告過姜丞相，容你納降，真不失君子見機而作；不然，徒死無益。」鄭倫長吁不

第六十二回 張山李錦伐西岐

槍攘兵戈日不寧，生民塗炭自零星。甘驅蒼赤填溝壑，忍令脂膏實羽翎。

戰士有心勤國主，彼蒼無意困皇局。只因大劫人多難，致使西岐殺戮腥。

話說差官一路無詞，來到朝歌城，至館驛中歇下。次日進午門，至文書房。那日是大大夫方景春看本，忽然接著看時，見蘇護已降岐周，方景春點首罵曰：「老匹夫！一門盡受天子寵着，不思報本，今日反降叛逆，真狗彘之不若！」遂抱本入內庭，問侍御官曰：「天子在何處？」左右侍御對曰：「在摘星樓。」方景春竟至樓下候旨。左右啟上天子。紂王聞奏，宣上樓，朝賀畢，王曰：「大夫有何奏章？」方景春奏曰：「汜水關總兵官韓榮具本到都城，奏為冀州侯蘇護世受椒房之貴，滿門叨其恩寵，不思報國，反降叛逆，深負聖恩，法紀安在？具本申奏。臣未敢擅使，請旨定奪。」紂王見奏大驚曰：「蘇護乃朕心腹之臣，貴戚之卿，如何一旦反降周助惡，情殊痛恨！大夫暫退，朕自理會。」方景春下樓。紂王宣蘇皇后。姐已在御屏後，已聽知此事，聞宣，竟至紂王御案前，雙膝跪下，兩淚如珠，嬌聲軟語，泣而奏曰：「妾在深宮，荷蒙聖上恩寵，粉骨難消。不知父親受何人唆使，反降叛逆，罪惡通天，法當族誅，情無可赦。願陛下斬姐已之首，懸于都城，以謝天下。庶百官萬姓知陛下聖明，乾綱在握，守祖宗成法，不私貴倖。正妾之報陛下恩遇之榮，死有餘幸矣。」道罷，將香肌伏在紂王膝上，相偎相倚，

與孤代勞，設宴待之。」子牙領旨。蘇侯人馬盡入城，西岐雲集群雄不題。且言汜水關韓榮聞得此報大驚，忙差官修本赴朝歌城來。不知吉凶如何，且聽下回分解。

評

殷洪乃紂王之子，豈得概以違天論之？雖紂惡貫盈，而殷洪罪不應此，豈得定報之如斯？當日殷洪等既是封神榜有名之人，赤精子何不叫他不要下山？不是，也免得這番惡孽，分明是赤精子送他上山。宜乎再無人背上太華山修行學業也！哭之何益？

又評

鄭倫真有丈夫氣概，其對子牙之語，勝蘇護十倍。蘇護此際，當如何生活？

喊馬嘶，正值初夏天氣，風和日暖，梅雨霏霏，真好光景。怎見得，有詩為證：

冉冉綠陰密，風輕甚引雛。新荷翻沼面，修竹漸扶蘇。芳草連天碧，山花遍地鋪。溪邊蒲插劍，榴火壯行圖。何時了王事，鎮日醉呼盧③。

話言張山人馬一路晚住曉行，也受了些饑餐渴飲，鞍馬奔馳。不一日，來到西岐北門。左右報入行營：「稟元帥：前哨人馬已至岐周北門。」張山傳令安營。一聲砲響，三軍吶喊，絞起中軍帳來。張山坐定，只見錢保、李錦上帳參謁。錢保曰：「兵行百里，不戰自疲，請主將定奪。」張山謂二將曰：「將軍之言甚善。姜尚乃智謀之士，不可輕敵。況吾師遠來，利在速戰。今且暫歇息軍士，吾明日自有調用。」二將應諾而退。

且言子牙在西岐，日日與眾門人共議拜將之期，命黃飛虎造大紅旗幟，不要雜色。黃飛虎曰：「旗號乃三軍眼目。旗分五色，原為按五方之位次，使三軍知左右前後，進退攻擊之法，不得錯亂隊伍。若純是一色紅旗，則三軍不知東南西北，何以知進退趨避之方？猶恐不便；或其中另有妙用？乞丞相一一教之。」子牙笑曰：「將軍實不知其故耳。紅者火也。今主上所居之地乃是西方，此地原自屬金，非借火煉，寒金豈能為之有用？此正興周之兆。然于旗上另安號帶，須按青、黃、赤、白、黑五色，使三軍各自認識，自然不致亂淆。又使敵軍一望生疑，莫知其故，自然致敗。兵法云：『疑則生亂。』」正此故耳，又何不可之有？」黃飛虎打躬謝曰：「丞相妙算如神！」子牙又令辛甲造軍器。只見天下八百諸侯又表上西岐，請武王伐紂，會兵于孟津。子牙接表，與眾將官商議，恐武王不肯行。眾入正遲疑間，只

③

呼盧：古時有博戲叫樗蒲。盧、雉都是樗蒲中的名目。呼盧即是賭博之代稱。

悲悲泣泣，淚雨如注。紂王見妲己淚流滿面，嬌啼婉轉，真如帶雨梨花，啼春嬌鳥，紂王見如此態度，更覺動情，用手挽起，口稱：「御妻，汝父反朕，你在深宮，如何得知？何罪之有？賜卿平身，毋得自戚，有損花容。縱朕將江山盡失，也與愛卿無干。幸宜自愛。」妲己謝恩。紂王次日陞九間殿，聚眾文武，曰：「蘇侯叛朕歸周，情實痛恨！誰與孤代勞伐周，將蘇護併叛逆眾人拿解朕躬，以正其罪？」班中閃出一員大臣，乃上大夫李定，進前奏曰：「姜尚足智多謀，故所到者非敗則降，累辱王師，大為不軌。若不擇人而用，速正厥罪，則天下諸侯皆觀望效尤，何以懲將來！臣舉大元戎張山，久于用兵，慎重慮謀，可堪斯任，庶幾不辱君命。」紂王聞奏大喜，即命傳詔齊發❶，差官往三山關來。使命離了朝歌，一路上無詞。一日到了三山關館驛歇下。次日傳與管關元帥張山同錢保、李錦等來館驛，接了聖旨，至府堂上焚香案，跪聽開讀詔敕。

詔曰：征伐雖在於天子，功成又在闕外❷元戎。姬發猖獗，大惡難驅，屢戰失機，情殊痛恨！朕欲親往討賊，百司諫阻。茲爾張山，素有才望，上大夫李定等特薦卿得專征伐。爾其用心料理，克振壯猷，毋負朕倚托之重。俟旋凱之日，朕決不食言，以吝此茅土之賞。爾其欽哉！特詔。

欽差官讀罷詔旨，眾官謝恩畢，管待使臣，打發回朝歌。張山等候交代官洪錦，交割事體明白，方好進兵。

一日，洪錦到任，張山起兵，領人馬十萬，左右先行乃錢保、李錦；佐貳乃馬德、桑元。一路上人

❶ 齊發：齎，付之意，此調發付詔命。

❷ 闕外：闕為城郭門限，闕外即郭外。

罵曰：「反賊匹夫！國家有何事虧你，背恩忘義；一旦而事敵國，死有餘辜！今不倒戈受縛，尚敢恃強，殺朝廷命官。今日拿匹夫解上朝歌，以正大法。」鄧九公曰：「你既為大將，上不知天時，下不諳人事，空生在世，可惜衣冠著體，真乃人中之畜生耳！今紂王貪淫無道，殘虐不仁，天下諸侯不歸紂而歸周，天心人意可見。汝尚欲勉強逆天，是自取辱身之禍，與聞太師等枉送性命耳。可聽吾言，下馬歸周，共伐獨夫，拯溺救焚，上順天心，下酬民願，自不失封侯之位。若勉強支吾，悔無及矣。」張山大怒，罵曰：「利口匹夫！敢假此無稽之言，惑世誣民，碎屍不足以盡其辜！」搖鎗直取。鄧九公刀迎面還來。二將相持，一場賭鬥。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

輕舉擎天手，生死在輪回。往來無定論，叱咤似春雷。一個恨不得平吞你腦袋，一個恨不得活砍你顛腮。只殺得一個天昏地暗沒三才，那時節方纔兩下分開。

話說鄧九公與張山大戰三十回合，鄧九公戰張山不下，鄧嬋玉在後陣，見父親刀法漸亂，打馬兜回，發手一石，把張山臉上打傷，幾乎墜馬，敗進大營。鄧九公父女掌得勝鼓進城，入相府報功不表。

話言張山失機進營，臉上著傷，心上甚是急躁，切齒深恨。忽報：「營外有一道人求見。」張山傳令：「請來。」只見一道人，頭挽雙髻，背縛一口寶劍，飄然而至中軍，打稽首。張山欠身答禮，至帳中坐下。道人見張山臉上青腫，問曰：「張將軍面上為何著傷？」張山曰：「昨日見陣，偶被女將暗算。」道人忙取藥餌敷搽，即時痊癒。張山忙問：「老師從何處而來？」道人曰：「吾從蓬萊島而至，貧道乃羽翼仙也。特為將軍來助一臂之力。」張山感謝道人。次日，早至城下，請子牙答話。報馬報入相府：「城外有一道人請戰。」子牙曰：「原該有三十六路征伐西岐，此來已是三十二路，還有四路未曾來至，

見探事官報入相府，來報子牙曰：「成湯有人馬在北門安營，主將乃是三山關總兵張山。」子牙聽說，忙問鄧九公曰：「張山用兵如何？」鄧九公曰：「張山原是末將交代官，此人乃一勇之將耳。」正話之時，又報：「有將請戰。」子牙傳令：「誰去走遭？」鄧九公欠身：「末將願往。」領令出城：見一員戰將，如一輪火車，滾至軍前。怎見得打扮驍勇，有贊為證，贊曰：

頂上金盔分鳳翅，黃金鎧掛龍鱗砌。大紅袍上繡團花，絲蠻寶帶吞頭異。腰下常懸三尺鋒，打陣銀鎗如猛鷲。攔山跳澗紫驊騮，斬將鋼刀生殺氣。一心分免紂王憂，萬古留傳在史記。

話說鄧九公馬至軍前，看來者乃是錢保。鄧九公大叫曰：「錢將軍，你且回去，請張山出來，吾與他自有話說。」錢保指九公大罵曰：「反賊！紂王有何事負你！朝廷拜你為大將，寵任非輕，不思報本，一旦投降叛逆，真狗彘不若！尚有何面目立于天地之間？」鄧九公被數語罵得滿面通紅，亦罵曰：「錢保！料你一匹夫，有何能處，敢出此大言！你比聞太師何如？況他也不過如此。早受吾一刀，免致三軍受苦。」言罷，縱馬舞刀，直取錢保。錢保手中刀急架相還。二馬盤旋，看一場大戰。怎見得：

二將坐鞍轡，征雲透九霄。急取壺中箭，忙拔紫金標。這一個興心安社稷，那一個用意正天朝。這一個千載垂青史，那一個萬載把名標。真如一對狻猊鬥，不亞翻江兩怪蛟。

話說鄧九公大戰錢保有三十回合，錢保豈鄧九公對手，被九公回馬刀劈于馬下，梟首級進城，來見子牙，請令定奪。子牙大悅，記功宴賀不表。只見敗兵報與張山說：「錢保被鄧九公梟首級進城去了。」張山聞報大怒。次日，親臨陣前，坐名要鄧九公答話。報馬報入相府，言：「有將請戰，要鄧將軍答話。」鄧九公挺身而出，有女鄧嬋玉願隨壓陣，子牙許之。九公同女出城，張山一見鄧九公走馬至軍前，乃大

黃天化，下三路土行孫。

且說哪吒見羽翼仙了得，先下手祭乾坤圈打來，正中羽翼仙肩胛。道人把眉頭一皺，方欲把身逃走，被黃天化回手一攢心釘，把道人右臂打通；又被土行孫把道人腿上打了數下；楊戩復祭哮天犬把羽翼仙夾頸子一口。羽翼仙四下吃虧，大叫一聲，借土遁走了。子牙得勝，眾門人相隨進城。且說羽翼仙吃了許多的虧，把牙一挫，走進營來。張山接住，口稱：「老師今日誤中奸計，老師反被他著傷。」道人曰：「不妨，吾不曾防備他，故此著了他的手。」羽翼仙忙將花籃中取出丹藥，用水吞下一二粒，即時痊癒。羽翼仙調張山曰：「我念慈悲二字，到不肯傷眾生之命；他今日反來傷我，是彼自取殺身之禍。」復對張山：「可取些酒來，你我痛飲。至更深時，我叫西岐一郡化為渤海。」張山大喜，忙治酒相款不表。卻說子牙得勝進府，與諸門人將佐商議。忽一陣風把簷瓦刮下數片來。子牙忙焚香爐中，取金錢在手，占卜吉凶，只見排下卦來，把子牙誠得魂不附體；忙沐浴更衣，望崑崙下拜。拜罷，子牙披髮仗劍，移北海之水，救護西岐，把城郭罩住。只見崑崙山玉虛宮元始天尊早知詳細，用琉璃瓶中三光神水，灑向北海水面之上，又命四謁諦神把西岐城護定，不可輓動。正是：

人君福德安天下，元始先差謁諦神。

話說羽翼仙飲至一更時分，命張山收去了酒，出了轅門，現了本像，乃大鵬金翅鵬。張開二翅，飛在空中，把天也遮黑了半邊。好利害！有贊為證。贊曰：

二翅遮天雲霧迷，空中響亮似春雷。曾搗四海俱見底，吃盡龍王海內魚。只因怒發西岐難，還是明君福德齊。羽翼根深歸正道，至今萬載把名題。

我少不得要出去。」忙傳令：「排五方隊伍！」一聲砲響，齊出城來。羽翼仙擡頭觀看，只見兩扇門間，紛紛繞繞，俱是穿紅著綠狼虎將；攢攢簇簇，盡是敢勇當先驍騎兵。哪吒對黃天化，金吒對木吒，韋護對雷震子，楊戩與眾門人左右排列保護，中軍武成王壓陣，子牙坐四不相，走出陣前。見對面一道者，生的形容古怪，尖嘴縮腮，頭挽雙髻，徐徐而來。怎見得，有贊為證：

頭挽雙髻，體貌輕揚。皂袍麻履，形異常。嘴如鷹鷂，眼露凶光。葫蘆背上，劍佩身藏。蓬萊怪物，得道無疆。飛騰萬里，時歇滄浪。名為金翅，綽號禽王。

話說子牙拱手言曰：「道友請了！」羽翼仙曰：「請了。」子牙曰：「道友高姓何名？今日會尚有何事吩咐？」羽翼仙答曰：「貧道乃蓬萊島羽翼仙是也。姜子牙，我且問你：你莫非是崑崙門下元始徒弟，你有何能，對人罵我，欲拔吾翎毛，抽吾筋骨？我與你無涉，你如何這等欺人？」子牙欠身曰：「道友不可錯來怪人。我與道友並未曾會過，焉知道友根底？必有人搬唆④，說有甚失禮得罪之處。我與道友未有半面之交，此語從何而來？道友請白三思。」羽翼仙聽得此語，低頭暗思：「此言大是有理。」乃謂子牙曰：「你話雖有理，只是此語未必無自而來。但說過，你從今百事斟酌，毋得再是如此造次，我與你不得干休。去罷！」子牙欲勒騎，哪吒聽罷大怒：「這潑道焉敢如此放肆，渺視師叔！」登開風火輪，搖鎗就刺。羽翼仙笑曰：「原來你仗這些孽障兇頑，敢於欺人！」徹步持劍相交，鎗劍併舉。黃天化忙催玉麒麟，使雙鎗，雙戰道人。雷震子把風雷翅飛起空中，黃金棍往下刷來。土行孫倒拖郇鐵棍，來打下三路。楊戩縱馬舞三尖刀，前來助戰。把羽翼仙圍裏核心。上三路雷震子，中三路哪吒、楊戩、

西了？」道童答曰：「來早就有，來遲了，東西已儘與眾位師父，安能再有？必至明日方可。」羽翼仙曰：「你揀人布施，我偏要吃！」二人嚷將起來。只見一位穿黃的道人向前問曰：「你為何事在此爭論？」童兒曰：「此位師父來遲了，定要吃齋。那裡有了？故此閑講。」那道人曰：「童兒，你看可有麵點心否？」童兒答曰：「點心還有；要齋卻沒有了。」羽翼仙曰：「就是點心也罷，快取將來。」那童兒忙把點心拿將來，遞與羽翼仙。羽翼仙一連吃了七八十個。那童兒曰：「老師可吃夠了？」羽翼仙曰：「有，還吃得幾個。」童兒又取十數個來。羽翼仙共吃了一百零八個。正是：

妙法無邊藏秘訣，今番捉住大鵬鵬。

話說羽翼仙吃飽了，謝過齋，復現本像，飛起往西岐來；復從那洞府過，道人還坐在那裡，望著大鵬鵬把手一指，大鵬鵬跌將下來。哎呀的一聲，跌斷肚腸了！在滿地打滾，只叫：「痛殺我也！」不知大鵬鵬性命如何，且聽下回分解。

評

張山有大將之才，惜乎自不是子牙對手！只這箇大鵬鵬，也來混一場戰，並未曾得尺寸之功，反為口腹被擒，畢竟是羽毛中品格。

又評

只見大鵬鵬飛在空中，望下一看，見西岐城是北海水罩住。羽翼仙不覺笑曰：「姜尚可調腐朽，不知我的利害。我欲稍用些須之力，連四海頃刻搗乾，豈在此一海之水！」羽翼仙展兩翅，用力連搗有七八十搗。他不知此水有三光神水在上面，越搗越長，不見枯涸。羽翼仙自一更時分直搗到五更天氣，那水差不多淹著大鵬鵬的腳。這一夜將氣力用盡，不能成功，不覺大驚，「若再遲延，恐到天明不好看。」自覺慚愧，不好進營來見張山，一怒飛起來，至一座山洞，甚是清奇。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

高峰掩映，怪石嵯峨。奇花瑤草馨香，紅杏碧桃艷麗。崖前古樹，霜皮溜雨四十圍；門外蒼松，黛色參天三千尺。雙雙野鶴，常來洞口舞清風；對對山禽，每向枝頭啼白晝。簇簇黃藤如掛索，行行煙柳似垂金。方塘積水，深穴依山。方塘積水，隱千年未變的蛟龍；深穴依山，生萬載得道之仙子。果然不亞玄都府，真是神仙出入門。

話說大鵬鵬飛至山洞前，見一道人靠著洞邊默坐。羽翼仙尋思：「不若將此道人抓來充饑，再作道理。」大鵬鵬方欲撲來，道人用手一指，大鵬鵬撲躪的跌將下地來。道人揉眉擦目，言曰：「你好沒禮！你為何來傷我？」羽翼仙曰：「實不相瞞，我去伐西岐，腹中餓了，借你充饑，不知道友仙術精奇，得罪了！」道人曰：「你腹中餓了，問吾一聲，我自然指你去。你如何就來害我？甚是非禮。也罷，我說與你知道：離此二百里，有一山，名為紫雲崖，有三山五嶽四海道人，俱在那裡赴香齋。你速去，恐遲了不便。」大鵬鵬謝曰：「承教了。」把二翅飛起，霎時而至，即現仙形。只見高高下下，三五一攢，七八一處，都是四海三山道者赴齋。又見一童兒往來捧東西與眾道人吃。羽翼仙曰：「道童請了！貧道是來赴齋的。」那童兒聽說，呀的一聲，答曰：「老師來早些方好，如今沒有東西了。」羽翼仙曰：「偏我就沒有東

第六十三回 申公豹說反殷郊

公豹存心至不良，紂王兩子喪疆場。當初致使殷洪反，今日仍教太歲亡。

長舌惹非成個事？巧言招禍作何忙？雖然天意應如此，何必區區話短長！

話說羽翼仙在地下打滾，只叫疼殺我也！這道人起身，徐徐行至面前，問曰：「你方纔去吃齋，為何如此？」大鵬答曰：「我吃了些麵點心，腹中作疼。」道人曰：「吃不著，吐了罷。」大鵬當真的去吐，不覺一吐而出，有雞子大，白光光的，連綿不斷，就像一條銀索子，將大鵬的心肝鎖住。大鵬覺得異樣，及至扯時，又扯得心疼。大鵬甚是驚駭，知是不好消息，欲待轉身，只見這道人臉一抹，大喝一聲：「我把你這孽障！你認得我麼？」這道人乃是靈鷲山元覺洞燃燈道人。道人罵曰：「你這孽障！姜子牙奉玉虛符命，扶助聖主，戡定禍亂，拯溺救焚，弔民伐罪，你為何反起狼心，連我也要吃？你助惡為虐！」命黃巾力士：「把這孽障吊在大松樹上，只等姜子牙伐了紂，那時再放你不遲！」大鵬忙哀訴曰：「老師大發慈悲，赦宥弟子！弟子一時愚昧，被旁人唆使。從今知過，再不敢正眼窺伺西岐。」燃燈曰：「你在天皇時得道，如何大運也不知，真假也不識，還聽旁人唆使，情真可恨，決難恕饒！」大鵬再三哀告曰：「可憐我千年功夫，望老師憐憫！」燃燈曰：「你既肯改邪歸正，須當拜我為師，我方可放你。」大鵬連忙極口稱道曰：「願拜老爺為師，修歸正果。」燃燈曰：「既然如此，待我放你。」

來伐西岐的，屢欲暗算子牙，每每被狂風簷瓦報信，便至保全無事。即此可卜天意，豈是人力所能強為？可笑殷洪殷郊錯了念頭。

兵器，如何在此閑玩？」忙出洞來，過了石橋，及至回頭，早不見洞府。殿下心疑，不覺渾身骨頭響，左邊肩頭上忽冒出一隻手來。殿下著慌，大驚失色；只見右邊又是一隻。一會兒忽長出三頭，六臂，把殷郊只誑得目瞪口呆，半晌無語。只見白雲童兒來前叫曰：「師兄，師父有請。」殷郊這一會略覺神思清爽，面如藍靛，髮似硃砂，上下獠牙，多生一目，晃晃蕩蕩，來至洞前。

廣成子拍掌答曰：「奇哉！奇哉！仁君有德，天生異人。」命殷郊進洞，至桃園內，廣成子傳與方天畫戟，言曰：「你先下山，前至西岐，我隨後就來。」道人取出番天印、落魂鐘、雌雄劍付與殷郊。殷郊即時拜辭下山。廣成子曰：「徒弟，你且住。我有一事對你說。吾將此寶盡付與你，須是順天應人，東進五關，輔周武，興弔民伐罪之師，不可改了念頭，心下狐疑，有犯天譴，那時悔之晚矣。」殷郊曰：「老師之言差矣！周武明德聖君，吾父荒淫昏虐，豈得錯認，有辜師訓。弟子如改前言，當受犁鋤之厄。」道人大喜。殷郊拜別師尊。正是：

殿下實心扶聖主，只恐旁人起禍殃。

話說殷郊離了九仙山，借土遁往西岐前來。正行之間，不覺那遁光飄飄，落在一座高山。怎見得好山，有贊為證，贊曰：

沖天占地，轉日生雲。沖天處尖峰矗矗，占地處遠脈迢迢。轉日的，乃嶺頭松鬱鬱；生雲的，乃崖下石磷磷。松鬱鬱，四時八節常青；石磷磷，萬年千載不改。林中每聽夜猿啼，澗內常見妖蟒過。山禽聲咽咽，走獸吼呼呼。山獐山鹿，成雙作對紛紛走；山鴉山雀，打陣攢群密密飛。山草山花看不盡，山桃山菓應時新。雖然崎嶇不堪行，卻是神仙來往處。

用手一指，那一百零八個念珠還依舊吐出腹中。大鵬遂歸燃燈道人，往靈鷲山修行不表。

話分兩頭，且說九仙山桃園洞廣成子只因犯了殺戒，只在洞中靜坐，保攝天和，不理外務。忽有白鶴童子奉玉虛符命，言子牙不日金臺拜將，命眾門人須至西岐山錢別東征。廣成子謝恩，打發白鶴童兒回玉虛去了。道人偶想起殷郊：「如今子牙東征，把殷郊打發他下山，佐子牙東進五關，一則可以見他家之故土，一則可以捉姪已報殺母之深仇。」忙問：「殷郊在那裡？」殷郊在殿後聽師父呼喚，忙至前殿，見師父行禮。廣成子曰：「方今武王東征，天下諸侯相會孟津，共伐無道，正你報仇泄恨之日。我如今著你前去，助周作前隊，你可去麼？」殷郊聽罷，口稱老師曰：「弟子雖是紂王之子，實與姪已為仇。父王反信奸言，誅妻殺子，母死無辜，此恨時時在心，刻刻掛念，不能有忘。今日老師大捨慈悲，發付弟子，敢不前往，以圖報效，真空生於天地間也。」廣成子曰：「你且去桃源洞外獅子崖前，尋了兵器來，我傳你些道術，你好下山。」殷郊聽說，忙出洞往獅子崖來尋兵器。只見白石橋那邊有一洞。怎見得，有西江月為證：

門依雙輪日月，照耀一望山川。珠淵金井煖含煙，更有許多堪羨。疊疊朱樓畫閣，凝凝赤壁

青田。三春楊柳九秋蓮，兀的①洞天罕見。

話說殷郊見石橋兩畔有一洞府，獸環朱戶，儼若王公第宅。殿下自思：「我從不曾到此，一過橋去，便知端的。」來至洞前，那門雖兩扇，不推而自開。只見裡邊有一石几，几上有熱氣騰騰六七枚豆兒。殷郊拈一個吃了，自覺甘甜香美，非同凡品，「好豆兒，不若一總吃了罷。」剛吃了時，忽然想起：「來尋

① 兀的：相當這或那。也作兀底。

崑崙門下申公豹是也。殿下往那裡去？」殷郊曰：「吾奉師命，往西岐投拜姬周，姜師叔不久拜將，助他伐紂。」道人笑曰：「我問你，紂王是你甚麼人？」殷郊答曰：「是吾父王。」道人曰：「恰又來！世間那有子助外人而伐父之理！此乃亂倫忤逆之說。你父不久龍歸滄海，你原是東宮，白當接成湯之亂，位九五之尊，承帝王之統，豈有反助他人，滅自己社稷，毀自己宗廟，此亘古所未聞者也。且你異日，百年之後，將何面目見成湯諸王在天之靈哉！我見你身藏奇寶，可安天下，形像可定乾坤，當從吾言，可保自己天下，以誅無道周武，是為長策。」殷郊答曰：「老師之言雖是，奈天數已定，吾父無道，天命人心已離，周主當興，吾何敢逆天哉！況姜子牙有將相之才，仁德散布于天下，諸侯無不響應。我老師曾吩咐我下山助姜師叔東進五關，吾何敢有背師言，此事斷難從命。」申公豹暗想：「此言犯不動他，也罷，再犯他一場，看他如何？」申公豹又曰：「殷殿下，你言姜尚有德，他的德在那裡？」殷郊曰：「姜子牙為人公平正直，禮賢下上，仁義慈祥，乃良心君子，道德丈夫，天下服從，何得小視他。」申公豹曰：「殿下有所不知。吾聞有德不滅人之辮倫，不戕人之天性，不妄殺無辜，不矜功自伐②。殿下之父親固得罪于天下，可與為讎。殿下之胞弟殷洪，聞說他也下山助周；豈意他欲邀己功，竟將殿下親弟用太極圖化成飛灰，此還是有德之人做的事，無德之人做的事？今殿下忘手足而事讎敵，吾為殿下不取也。」殷郊聞言大驚曰：「老師，此事可真？」道人曰：「天下盡知，難道吾有誑語。實對你說，如今張山現在西岐住紮人馬，你只問他。如果殷洪無此事，你再進西岐不遲；如有此事，你當為弟報讎。我今與你再請一高人，來助你一臂之力。」申公豹跨虎而去。

② 矜功自伐：即自己誇大自己的功勞。

話說殷郊纔看山嶺險峻之處，只聽得林內一聲鑼響，見一人面如藍靛，髮似硃砂，騎紅砂馬，金甲紅袍，三隻眼，攆兩根狼牙棒，那馬如飛奔上山來，見殷郊三頭六臂，也是三隻眼，大呼曰：「三首者乃是何人，敢來我山前探望？」殷郊答曰：「吾非別人，乃紂王太子殷郊是也。」那人忙下馬，拜伏在地，曰：「千歲為何往此白龍山上過？」殷郊曰：「吾奉師命，往西岐去見姜子牙。」話未曾了，又一人帶扇雲盔，淡黃袍，點鋼鎗，白龍馬，面如傅粉，三綰長髯，也奔上山來，大呼曰：「此是何人？」藍臉的道：「快來見殷千歲。」那人也是三隻眼，滾鞍下馬，拜伏在地。二人同曰：「且請千歲上山，至寨中相見。」三人步行至山寨，進了中堂。

二人將殷郊扶在正中交椅上，納頭便拜。殷郊忙扶起，問曰：「二位高姓大名？」那藍臉的應曰：「末將姓溫，名良；將白臉的姓馬，名善。」殷郊曰：「吾看二位一表非俗，俱負英雄之志，何不同吾往西岐立功，助武王伐紂？」二人曰：「千歲為何反助周滅紂？」殷郊答曰：「商家氣數已盡，周家王氣正盛，況吾父得十罪于天下，今天下諸侯應天順人，以有道伐無道，以無德讓有德，此理之常，豈吾家故業哉。」溫良、馬善曰：「千歲之言是也，真以天地父母為心，乃丈夫之所為，如千歲者鮮矣。」溫良與馬善整酒慶喜。殷郊一面吩咐嘍囉改作周兵，放火燒了寨柵，隨即起兵。殷郊三人同上了馬，離了白龍山，往大路進發，逕奔西岐而來。正是：

殷郊有意歸周主，只怕蒼天不肯從。

殷郊正行，嘍囉報曰：「啟千歲：有一道人騎虎而來，要見千歲。」殷郊聞報，忙吩咐左右旗門官，令安下人馬，請來相見。道人下虎進帳。殷郊忙迎將下來打躬，口稱：「老師從何而來？」道人曰：「吾乃

牙，左右二騎乃溫良、馬善，各持兵器。哪吒暗笑：「三人九隻眼，多了個半人！」殷郊走馬至軍前，叫：「姜尚出來見我！」子牙向前曰：「來者何人？」殷郊大喝曰：「吾乃長殿下殷郊是也！你將吾弟殷洪用太極圖化作飛灰，此恨如何消歇！」子牙不知其中緣故，應聲曰：「彼自取死，與我何干。」殷郊聽罷，大叫一聲，幾乎氣絕，大怒曰：「好匹夫！尚說與你無干！」縱馬搖戟來取。

旁有哪吒登開風火輪，將火尖鎗直取殷郊。輪馬相交，未及數合，被殷郊一番天印把哪吒打下風火輪來。黃天化見哪吒失機，催開了玉麒麟，使兩柄銀鎚，敵住了殷郊。子牙左右救回哪吒。黃天化不知殷郊有落魂鐘。殷郊搖動了鐘，黃天化坐不住鞍轡，跌將下來，張山走馬將黃天化拿了。及至上了繩索，黃天化方知被捉。黃飛虎兒子被擒，催開五色神牛來戰。殷郊也不答話，鎗戟併舉，又戰數合，搖動落魂鐘，黃飛虎也撞下神牛，早被馬善、溫良捉去。楊戩在旁見殷郊祭番天印、搖落魂鐘，恐傷了子牙，忙鳴金收回隊伍。子牙忙令軍士進城，坐在殿上納悶。楊戩上殿奏曰：「師叔，如今又是一場古怪事出來！」子牙曰：「有甚古怪？」楊戩曰：「弟子看殷郊打哪吒的是番天印；此寶乃廣成子師伯的，如何反把與殷郊？」子牙曰：「難道廣成子使他來伐我？」楊戩曰：「殷洪之故事，師叔獨忘之乎？」子牙方悟。

且說殷郊將黃家父子拿至中軍，黃飛虎細觀不是殷郊。殷郊問曰：「你是何人？」黃飛虎曰：「吾乃武成王黃飛虎是也。」殷郊曰：「西岐也有武成王黃飛虎？」張山在旁坐，欠身答曰：「此就是天子殿前黃飛虎；他反了五關，投歸周武，為此叛逆，惹下刀兵；今已被擒，正所謂『天網恢恢，疏而不漏』，是彼自取死耳。」殷郊聞言，忙下帳來，親解其索，曰稱：「恩人，昔日若非將軍，焉能保有今日。」

殷郊甚是疑惑，只得把人馬催動，逕往西岐。殷郊一路上沉吟思想：「吾弟與天下無讎，如何將他如此處治，必無此事。若是姜子牙將吾弟果然如此，我與姜尚誓不兩立，必定為弟報讎，再圖別議。」人馬在路，非止一日，來至西岐，果然有一枝人馬打商湯旗號在此住割。殷郊令溫良前去營裡去問果是張山否？話說張山白羽翼仙當晚去後，兩日不見回來；差人打探，不得實信。正納悶間，忽軍政官來報：「營外有一大將，口稱『請元帥接千歲大駕』，不知何故，請元帥定奪。」張山聞報，不知其故，沉思：「殿下久已失亡，此處是那裡的？」忙傳令：「令來。」軍政官出營對來將曰：「元帥令將軍相見。」溫良進營來見張山，打躬。張山問曰：「將軍自何處而來？有何見諭？」溫良答曰：「吾奉殷郊千歲令旨，令將軍相見。」張山對李錦曰：「殿下久已失亡，如何此處反有殿下？」李錦在旁曰：「只恐是真。元戎可往相見，看其真偽，再做區處。」張山從其言，同李錦出營，來至軍前。

溫良先進營回話，對殷郊曰：「張山到了。」殷郊曰：「令來。」張山進營，見殷郊三首六臂，像貌凶惡；左右立溫良、馬善，都是三隻眼。張山問曰：「啟殿下：是成湯那枝宗派？」殷郊曰：「吾乃當今長殿下殷郊是也。」因將前事訴說一番。張山聞言，不覺大悅，忙行禮，口稱千歲。殷郊曰：「你可知道二殿下殷洪的事？」張山答曰：「二千歲因伐西岐，被姜尚用太極圖化作飛灰多日矣。」殷郊聽罷，大叫一聲，昏倒在地。眾人扶起，放聲大哭曰：「兄弟果死于惡人之手！」躍身而起，將令箭一枝折為兩段，曰：「若不殺姜尚，誓與此箭相同！」次日，殷郊親自出馬，坐名只要姜尚出來。報馬報入城中，進相府報曰：「城外有殷郊殿下請丞相答話。」子牙傳令：「軍士排隊伍出城。」砲聲響處，西岐門開，一對對英雄似虎，一雙雙戰馬如飛，左右列各洞門人。子牙兒對營門一人，三首六臂，青面獠

鋼刀隨過隨時長，如同切水一般同。

南宮适看見大驚，忙進相府回令曰：「啟丞相：異事非常！」子牙問曰：「有甚話說？」南宮适曰：「奉令將馬善連斬三刀，這邊過刀，那邊長完，不知有何幻術，請丞相定奪。」子牙聽報大驚，忙同諸將出府來，親見動手，也是一般。旁有韋護祭起降魔杵打將下來，正中馬善頂門，只打的一派金光，就地散開。韋護收回杵，還是人形。眾門人大驚，只叫古怪！子牙無計可施，命眾門人：「借三昧真火燒這妖物！」旁有哪吒、金木二吒、雷震子、黃天化、韋護，運動三昧真火焚之。馬善乘火光一起，大笑曰：「吾去也！」楊戩看見火光中走了馬善。子牙心下不樂，各回府中商議不題。且言馬善走回營來見殷郊，盡言擒去，怎樣斬他，怎樣放火焚他，「未將借火光而回。」殷郊聞言大喜。

子牙在府中沉思。只見楊戩上殿，對子牙曰：「弟子往九仙山探聽虛實，看是如何。二則再往終南山見雲中子師叔，去借照妖鑑來，看馬善是甚麼東西，方可治之。」子牙許之。楊戩離了西岐，借土遁逕往九仙山來。不一時，已至桃園洞，來見廣成子。楊戩行禮，曰稱：「師叔。」廣成子曰：「前日令殷郊下山，到西岐同子牙伐紂，好三首六臂麼？候拜將日，再來囑他。」楊戩曰：「如今殷郊不伐朝歌，反伐西岐，把師叔的番天印打傷了哪吒諸人，橫行狂暴。弟子奉子牙之命，特來探其虛實。」廣成子聞言，大叫：「這畜生有背師言，定遭不測之禍！但吾把洞內寶珍盡付與他，誰知今日之變。」叫楊戩：「你且先回，我隨後就來。」楊戩離了九仙山，逕往終南山來，須臾而至；進洞府，見雲中子行禮，曰稱：「師叔，今西岐來了一人，名曰馬善，誅斬不得，水火亦不能傷他，不知何物作怪，特借老師照妖鑑一用；俟除此妖邪，即當奉上。」雲中子聽說，即將寶鑑付與楊戩。

忙問飛虎曰：「此人是誰？」黃飛虎答曰：「此吾長子黃天化。」殷郊急傳令也放了，因對飛虎曰：「昔日將軍救吾兄弟二人；今日我放你父子，以報前德。」

黃飛虎感謝畢，因問曰：「千歲當時風刮去，卻在何處？」殷郊不肯說出根本，恐泄了機密，乃朦朧應曰：「當日乃海島仙家救我，在山學業；今特下山，來報吾弟之仇。今日吾已報過將軍大德，倘後見戰，幸為迴避；如再被擒，必正國法。」黃家父子告辭出營，至城下叫門。把門軍官見是黃家父子，忙開城門放入。父子進相府來見子牙，盡言其事。子牙大喜。次日，探馬來報：「有將請戰。」子牙問：「誰人去走一遭？」旁有鄧九公願往，子牙許之。鄧九公領令出府，上馬提刀，開放城門，見一將白馬長鎗，穿淡黃袍。怎見得：

戴一頂扇雲冠，光芒四射；黃花袍，紫氣盤旋；銀葉甲，輝煌燦爛；三股繚，身後交加；白龍馬，追風趕日；杵白鎗，大蟒頑蛇。修行在仙山洞府，成道行有正無邪。

話說鄧九公大呼曰：「來者何人？」馬善曰：「吾乃大將馬善是也。」鄧九公也不通姓名，縱馬舞刀，飛來直取。馬善鎗劈面相迎。兩馬往還，戰有十二三回合，鄧九公刀法如神，馬善敵不住，被鄧九公閃一刀逼開了馬善的鎗，抓住腰間繚袍，撈過鞍轡，往下一摔，生擒進城，至相府來見子牙。子牙問曰：「將軍勝負如何？」九公曰：「擒了一將，名喚馬善；今在府前，候丞相將令。」子牙命：「推來。」少時，將馬善推至殿前。那人全不畏懼，立而不跪。子牙曰：「既已被擒，何不屈膝？」馬善大笑，罵曰：「老匹夫！你乃叛國逆賊。吾既被擒，要殺就殺，何必多言！」子牙大怒，令：「推出府斬訖報來！」南宮适為監斬官，推至府前，只見行刑箭出，南宮适手起一刀，猶如削菜一般。正是：

施禮，口稱：「師兄，弟子楊戩，借問老爺面前琉璃燈可曾點著？」白鶴童兒答曰：「點著哩。」楊戩自思：「此處點著，想不是這裡，且往靈鷲山去。」彼時離了玉虛，逕往靈鷲山來。好快！正是：

駕霧騰雲仙體輕，玄門須仗五行行。週遊寰宇須臾至，纔離崑崙又玉京。

楊戩進元覺洞，倒身下拜，口稱：「老師，弟子楊戩拜見。」燃燈問曰：「你來做甚麼？」楊戩答曰：「老爺面前的琉璃燈滅了。」道人擡頭看見燈滅了，呀的一聲，「這孽障走了！」楊戩把上件事說了一遍。燃燈曰：「你先去，我隨即就來。」楊戩別了燃燈，借上遁徑歸西岐，至相府來見子牙，將至玉虛見燃燈事說了一遍：「燃燈老師隨後就來。」子牙大喜。正言之間，門官報：「廣成子至。」子牙迎接至殿前。廣成子對子牙謝罪曰：「貧道不知有此大變，豈意殷郊反了念頭，吾之罪也。待吾出去，招他來見。」廣成子隨即出城，至營前大呼曰：「傳與殷郊，快來見我！」不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。

評

申公豹與子牙有甚麼讎隙？五次三番，邀請十洲三島凶神惡煞來伐西岐，不知殺害多少生靈，畢竟與子牙無損，徒自送了這許多人。這不是與子牙為讎，是與眾人為讎耳。

又評

紂王兩個兒子，被申公豹一場巧舌浪語，都送入極慘死地。此正不是保紂，實所以害紂；所謂自滅還自滅耳。大抵今人作惡還自身受，正是天道恰好主張。

楊戩離了終南山，往西岐來，至相府參謁子牙。子牙問曰：「楊戩，你往九仙山見廣成子，此事如何？」楊戩把上項事情一一訴說一遍，又將取照妖鑑來的事亦說了一遍，令明日可會馬善。次日，楊戩上馬提刀，來營前討戰，坐名只要馬善出來。探馬報入中軍，殷郊命馬善出營。馬善至軍前，楊戩暗取寶鑑照之，乃是一點燈頭兒在裡面晃。楊戩收了寶鑑，縱馬舞刀，直取馬善。二馬相交，刀鎗併舉，戰有二十回合，楊戩撥馬就走。馬善不趕，回營來見殷郊回話：「與楊戩交戰，那廝敗走，未將不去趕他。」殷郊曰：「知己知彼，此是兵家要訣，此行是也。」

且言楊戩回營進府來，子牙問曰：「馬善乃何物作怪？」楊戩答曰：「弟子照馬善，乃是一點燈頭兒，不知詳細。」旁有韋護曰：「世間有三處有三盞燈：玄都洞八景宮有一盞燈，玉虛宮有一盞燈，靈鷲山有一盞燈，莫非就是此燈作怪？楊道兄可往三處一看，便知端的。」楊戩忻然欲往，子牙許之。楊戩離了西岐，先往玉虛宮而來，駕著土遁而走。正是：

風聲響處行千里，一飯功夫至玉虛。

話說楊戩自不曾至崑崙山，今見景致非常，因便玩賞。怎見得：

珍樓玉閣，上界崑崙。谷虛繁地籟，境寂散天香。青松帶雨遮高閣，翠竹依稀兩道旁。霞光縹緲，采色飄飄。朱欄碧檻，畫棟雕簷。談經香滿座，靜閉月當窗。鳥鳴丹樹內，鶴飲石泉旁。四時不謝奇花草，金殿門開射赤光。樓臺隱現祥雲裡，玉磬韻長。珠簾半捲，爐內煙香。講動

黃庭方入聖，萬仙總領鎮東方。

話說楊戩至麒麟崖，看罷崑崙景致，不敢擅入，立于宮外，等候多時；只見白鶴童子出宮來，楊戩上前

「老師，沒來由你為姜尚與弟子變顏，實係偏心；倘一時失禮，不好看相。」廣成子又一劍劈來。殷郊曰：「老師何苦為他人不顧自己天性，則老師所謂天道、人道，俱是矯強①。」廣成子曰：「此是天數，你自不悔悟，違背師言，必有殺身之禍！」復又一劍砍來。殷郊急得滿面通紅，曰：「你既無情待我，偏執己見，自壞手足，弟子也顧不得了！」乃發手還一戟來。師徒二人戰未及四五合，殷郊祭番天印打來。廣成子著慌，借縱地金光法逃回西岐至相府。正是：

番天印傳殷殿下，豈知今日打師尊。

話說廣成子回相府，子牙迎著，見廣成子面色不似平日，忙問今日會殷郊詳細。廣成子曰：「彼被申公豹說反，吾再三苦勸，彼竟不從。是吾怒起，與他交戰，那孽障反祭番天印來打我；吾故此回來，再做商議。」子牙不知番天印的利害，正說之間，門官報：「燃燈老爺來至。」二人忙出府迎接。至轅前，燃燈對子牙曰：「連吾的琉璃燈也來尋你一番，俱是天數。」子牙曰：「尚該如此，理當受之。」燃燈曰：「殷郊的事大，馬善的事小；待吾先收了馬善，再做道理。」乃謂子牙曰：「你須得如此如此，方可收服。」子牙俱依此計。次日，子牙單人獨騎出城，坐名「只要馬善來見我！」左右報馬報入中軍：「啟千歲爺：姜子牙獨騎出城，只要馬善出戰。」殷郊白思：「昨日吾師出城見我，未曾取勝；今日令子牙單騎出城要馬善，必有緣故。且令馬善出戰，看是何如？」馬善得令，撻鎗上馬，出轅門，也不答話，直取子牙。子牙手中劍赴面相迎。未及數合，子牙也不歸營，望東南上逃走。馬善不知他的本主等他，隨後趕來。未及數射之地，只見柳陰之下立著一個道人，讓過子牙，當中阻住，大喝曰：「馬善！

① 矯強：即矯情強言。

第六十四回

羅宣火焚西岐城

離宮原是火之精，配合干支在丙丁。烈石焚山情更惡，流金燄海勢偏橫。

在天列曜人君畏，入地藏形萬姓驚。不是羅宣能作難，只因西土降仙卿。

話說探馬報入中軍：「啟千歲：有一道人請千歲答話。」殷郊暗想：「莫不是吾師來此？」隨即出營，果然是廣成子。殷郊在馬上欠身言曰：「老師，弟子甲冑在身，不敢叩見。」廣成子見殷郊身穿王服，大喝曰：「畜生！不記得山前是怎樣話？你今日為何改了念頭？」殷郊泣訴曰：「老師在上，聽弟子所陳：弟子領命下山，又收了溫良、馬善；中途遇著申公豹，說弟子保紂伐周，弟子豈肯有負師言？弟子知吾父殘虐不仁，肆行無道，固得罪于天下，弟子不敢有違天命。只吾幼弟又得何罪，竟將太極圖把他化作飛灰！與姜尚何讎，遭此慘死！此豈有仁心者所為？此豈以德行仁之主？言之痛心刺骨！老師反欲我事讎，是誠何心？」殷郊言罷，放聲大哭。廣成子曰：「殷郊：你不知申公豹與子牙有隙，他是誑你之言，不可深信。此事乃汝弟自取，實是天數。」殷郊曰：「申公豹之言固不可信；吾弟之死，又是天數，終不然是吾弟自走入太極圖中去，尋此慘酷極刑。老師說得好笑！今兄存弟亡，實為可慘。老師請回，俟弟子殺了姜尚以報弟讎，再議東征。」廣成子曰：「你可記得發下誓言？」殷郊曰：「弟子知道。就受了此厄，死也甘心，決不願獨自偷生！」廣成子大怒，喝一聲，仗劍來取。殷郊用戟架住：

方欲逃回，不意被楊戩一彈子，穿了肩頭，跌下馬去，死于非命。殷郊見溫良死于馬下，忙祭番天印打子牙。子牙展開杏黃旗，便有萬道金光，祥雲籠罩；又現有千朵白蓮，謹護其身；把番天印懸在空中，只是不得下來。子牙隨祭打神鞭，正中殷郊後背，翻筋斗落下馬去。楊戩急上前欲斬他首級，有張山、李錦二騎搶出，不知殷郊已借遁去了。子牙竟獲全勝進城，燃燈與廣成子共議曰：「番天印難治。且子牙拜將已近，恐誤吉辰，罪歸于你。」廣成子告曰：「老師為我設一謀，如何除得此惡？」燃燈曰：「無籌可治，奈何！奈何！」

且說殷郊著傷逃回進營，納悶鬱鬱不喜。且說轅門外來一道人，戴魚尾冠，面如重棗，海下赤髯，紅髮，三目，穿大紅八卦服，騎赤煙駒。道人下騎，叫：「報與殷殿下，吾要見他。」軍政官報入中軍：「啟千歲：外邊有一道者求見。」殷郊傳令：「請來。」少時，道人行至轅前。殷郊看見，忙降階接見。道人通身赤色，其形相甚惡。彼此各打稽首。殷殿下忙欠身答曰：「老師可請上坐。」道人亦不謙讓，隨即坐下。殷郊曰：「老師高姓？大名？何處名山洞府？」道人答曰：「貧道乃火龍島焰中仙羅宣是也；因中公豹相邀，特來助你一臂之力。」殷郊大悅，治酒款待。道人曰：「吾乃是齋，不用葷。」殷郊命治素酒相待不題。

一連在軍中過了三四日，也不出去會子牙。殷郊問曰：「老師既為我而來，為何數日不會子牙一陣？」道人曰：「我有一道友，他不曾來；若要來時，我與你定然成功，不用殿下費心。」且說那日正坐，轅門官軍來報：「有一道者來訪。」羅宣與殷郊傳令：「請來。」少時，見一道者，黃臉虬鬚，身穿皂服，徐步而來。殷郊乃出轅迎接，至轅，行禮尊于上坐。道人坐下，羅宣問曰：「賢弟為何來遲？」道人曰：

你可認得我？」馬善只作不知，就一鎗來刺。燃燈袖內取出瑠璃望空中祭起，那瑠璃望下掉來。馬善擡頭看見，及待驟時，燃燈忙令黃巾力士：「可將燈焰帶回靈鷲山去。」正是：

仙燈得道現人形，反本還元歸正位。

話說燃燈收了馬善，令力士帶上靈鷲山去了不題。

且說探馬來報入中軍：「啟千歲：馬善追趕姜尚，只見一陣光華，止有戰馬，不見了馬善。未敢擅專，請令定奪。」殷郊聞報，心下疑惑，隨傳令：「點砲出營，定與子牙立決雌雄。」只見燃燈收了馬善，方回來與廣成子共議：「殷郊被申公豹說反，如之奈何？」正說之間，探馬報入相府：「有殷殿下請丞相答話。」燃燈曰：「子牙公，你去得。你有杏黃旗，可以保身。」子牙忙傳令，同眾門人出城。砲聲響亮，西岐門開。子牙一騎當先，對殷郊言曰：「殷郊，你負師命，難免犁鋤之厄。及早投戈，免得自悔。」殷郊大怒，見了讎人，切齒咬牙，大罵：「匹夫把吾弟化為飛灰，我與你誓不兩立！」縱馬搖戟，直取子牙，子牙仗劍迎之。戟劍交加，大戰龍潭虎穴。且說溫良走馬來助，這壁廂哪吒登開風火輪接住交兵。兩下裡只殺得：

黑鷲雲迷白日，鬧嚷嚷殺氣遮天。鎗刀劍戟冒征煙，鬧斧猶如閃電。好勇的成功建業；恃強的努力當先。為明君不怕就死，報國恩欲把身捐。只殺得一團白骨見青天，那時節方纔收軍罷戰。

且說溫良祭起白玉環來打哪吒，哪吒也將乾坤圈祭起來；一聲響，將白玉環打得粉碎。溫良大叫一聲：「傷吾之寶，怎肯甘休！」奮力來戰，又被哪吒一金磚正中後心，打得往前一晃，未曾閃下馬來。

赤寶丹天降異人，渾身上下烈煙燻，離宮煉就非凡品，南極熬成迥出群。火龍島內修真性，焰氣聲高氣似雲。純陽自是三昧火，烈石焚金惡煞神。

話說羅宣現了三百六臂，將五龍輪一輪，把黃天化打下玉麒麟。早有金、木二吒救回去了。楊戩正欲暗放哮天犬來傷羅宣，不意子牙早祭起打神鞭望空中打來，把羅宣打得幾乎翻下赤煙駒來。哪吒戰住了劉環，把乾坤圈打來，只打得劉環三昧火冒出，俱大敗回營。

張山在轅門觀看，見岐周多少門人，祭無窮法寶，一個勝如一個，心中自思：「久後滅紂者必是子牙一輩。」心中甚是不悅。只見羅宣失利回營，張山接住慰勞。羅宣曰：「今日不防姜尚打我一鞭，吾險些兒墜下騎來。」忙取葫蘆中藥餌，吞而治之。羅宣對劉環曰：「這也是西岐一群眾生該當如此，非我定用此狠毒也。」道人咬牙切齒。正是：

山紅土赤須臾了，殿閣樓臺化作灰。

話說羅宣在帳內與劉環議曰：「今夜把西岐打發他乾乾淨淨，免得費我清心。」劉環道：「他既無情，理當如此。」正是子牙災難至矣。子牙只知得勝回兵，那知有此一節。不意時至二更，羅宣同劉環借著火遁，乘著赤煙駒，把萬里起雲煙射進西岐城內。此萬里起雲煙乃是火箭，及至射進西岐城內，可憐東、西、南、北，各處火起，相府、皇城，到處生煙。子牙在府內只聽的百姓吶喊之聲，振動華岳。燃燈已知道了，與廣成子出靜室看火。怎見得，好火：

黑煙漠漠，紅焰騰騰。黑煙漠漠，長空不見半分毫；紅焰騰騰，大地有光千里赤。初起時，灼灼金蛇；次後來，千千火塊。羅宣切齒逞雄威，惱了劉環施法力。燥乾柴燒烈火性，說甚麼燧

「因攻戰之物未完，故此來遲。」殷郊對道人口：「請問道長高姓？大名？」道人口：「吾乃九龍島煉氣士劉環是也。」殷郊傳令治酒款待。次早，二位道者出營，來至城下，請子牙答話。探馬忙報入相府：「啟丞相：有二位道人請丞相爺答話。」子牙隨即同眾門人出城，排開隊伍。只見催陣鼓響，對陣中有一道者，生得甚是兇惡。怎見得：

魚尾冠，純然烈焰；大紅袍，片片雲生。絲絲懸赤色，麻履長紅雲。劍帶星星火，馬如赤爪龍。面如血潑紫，鋼牙暴出唇。三日光輝觀宇宙，火龍島內有聲名。

話說子牙對諸門人口：「此人一身赤色，連馬也是紅的！」眾弟子曰：「截教門下，古怪者甚多。」話未畢，羅宣一騎馬當先，大呼曰：「來者可就是姜子牙？」子牙答曰：「道兄，不才便是。不知道友是何處名山？那裡洞府？」羅宣曰：「吾乃火龍島焰中仙羅宣是也。吾今來會你。只因你倚仗玉虛門下，把吾輩截教甚是恥辱，吾故到此與你見一個雌雄，方知二教自有高低，非在放口舌爭也。你那左右門人不必向前；料你等不過毫末道行，不足為能。只我與你比個高下。」道罷，把赤煙駒催開，使兩口飛煙劍來取子牙。子牙手中劍急架相迎。二獸盤旋，未及數合，哪吒登開風火輪，搖鎗來刺。羅宣旁有劉環躍步而出，抵住哪吒。大抵子牙的門人多，不由分說，楊戩舞三尖刀沖殺過來；黃天化使開雙鎚，也來助戰；雷震子展開二翅，飛起空中，將金棍刷來；土行孫使動卻鐵棍，往下三路也自殺來；韋護綽步，使降魔杵劈頭就打；四面八方，圍裹上來。羅宣見子牙眾門人不分好歹，一湧而上，抵擋不住，忙把三百六十骨節搖動，現出三首六臂，一手執照天印，一手執五龍輪，一手執萬鴉壺，一手執萬里起雲煙，雙手使飛煙劍，好利害！怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

害明君，吾特來助陣。你可速回，毋取滅亡之禍。」羅宣大怒，將五龍輪劈面打來。公主笑曰：「我知道你只有這些伎倆，你可盡力發來！」乃忙取四海瓶掣在手中，對著五龍輪。只見一輪竟打在瓶裡去了。火龍進入于海內，焉能濟事！羅宣大叫一聲，把萬里起雲煙射來，公主又將四海瓶收住去了。劉環大怒，腳踏紅焰，仗劍來取。公主把臉一紅，將二龍劍望空中一丟。劉環那裡經得起，隨將劉環斬于火內。羅宣忙現三首六臂，祭照天印打龍吉公主。公主把劍一指，此印落于火內，又將劍去起。羅宣情知難拒，撥赤煙駒就走。公主再把二龍劍去起，正中赤煙駒後背。赤煙駒自倒，將羅宣撞下火來，借火遁而逃。公主忙施雨露，且救了西岐火焰，好兒子牙。怎見得好雨，有贊為證：

瀟瀟灑灑，密密沉沉。瀟瀟灑灑，如天邊墜落明珠；密密沉沉，似海口倒懸滾浪。初起時，如拳大小；次後來，甕潑盆傾。溝壑水飛千丈玉，澗泉波浪萬條銀。西岐城內看看滿，低凹池塘漸漸平。真是武王有福高明助，倒瀉天河往下傾。

話說龍吉公主施雨救滅西岐火焰，滿城民人齊聲大叫曰：「武王洪福齊天，普施恩澤，吾等皆有命也！」合城大小，歡聲震地。一夜天翻地沸，百姓皆不得安生。武王在殿內祈禱，百官帶雨問安。子牙在相府，神魂俱不附體。只見燃燈曰：「子牙憂中得吉，就有異人至也。貧道非是不知，吾若是來治此火，異人必不能至。」話言未了，有楊戩報入府來：「啟師叔：有龍吉公主來至。」子牙忙降階迎迓上殿。公主見燃燈、廣成子在殿上，公主打稽首，口稱：「道兄請了！」子牙忙問燃燈曰：「此位何人？」公主忙答曰：「貧道乃龍吉公主，有罪于天。方纔羅宣用火焚燒西岐，貧道今特來此間，用些須小法術，救滅此火，特佐子牙東征，會了諸候，有功于社稷，可免罪愆，得再回瑤池耳，真不負貧道下山一場。」

人鑽木；熱油門上飄絲，勝似那老子開爐。正是那無情火發，怎禁這有意行兇。不去弭災，返行助虐。風隨火勢，焰飛有千丈餘高；火逞風威，灰迸上九霄雲外。兵兵兵兵，如同陣前施響；轟轟轟轟，卻似鑼鼓齊鳴。只燒得男啼女哭，叫皇天，抱女攜兒無處躲。姜子牙總有妙法不能施；周武王德政天齊難逃避。門人雖有，各自保守其軀；大將英雄，盡是蹣跑鼠竄。正是災來難避，無情火，慌壞青鸞斗闕仙。

話說武王聽得各處火起，連宮內生煙，武王跪在丹墀，告祈后土、皇天曰：「姬發不道，獲罪于天，降此大厄，何累于民？只願上天將姬發盡戶滅絕，不忍萬民遭此災厄。」俯伏在地，放聲大哭。且說羅宣將萬鴉壺開了，萬隻火鴉飛騰入城，口內噴火，翅上生煙；又用數條火龍，把五龍輪架在當中，只見赤煙駒四蹄生烈焰，飛煙寶劍長紅光，那有石牆、石壁燒不進去。又有劉環接火，頃刻畫閣雕梁，即時崩倒。正是：

武王有福逢此厄，自有高人滅火時。

話說羅宣正燒西岐，來了鳳凰山青鸞斗闕的龍吉公主，乃是昊天上帝親生，瑤池金母之女。只因有念思凡，貶在鳳凰山青鸞斗闕，今見子牙伐紂，也來助一臂之力。正值羅宣來燒西岐，娘娘就假此好見子牙，遂跨青鸞來至。遠遠的只見火內有千萬火鴉，忙叫：「碧雲童兒，將霧露乾坤網撒開，往西岐火內一罩。」此寶有相生相剋之妙，霧露者乃是真水；水能克火，故此隨即息滅，即時將萬隻火鴉盡行收去。羅宣正放火亂燒，忽不見火鴉。往前一看，見一道姑，戴魚尾冠，穿大紅絳綃衣。羅宣大呼：「乘鸞者乃是何人，敢滅吾之火？」公主笑曰：「吾乃龍吉公主是也。你有何能，敢動惡意，有逆天心，來

羅宣放火燒城，使滿城鼎沸，眾生無所措手足，幸得龍吉公主來救滅。燃燈此時反說現成話，真可謂道人會打誑語！

子牙大喜，忙吩咐侍兒，打點焚香淨室，與公主居住。西岐城內這一場釀鬧，大是利害，乃收拾宮闈府第不表。

且說羅宣敗走下山，喘息不定，倚松靠石，默然沉思：「今日把這些寶貝一旦失與龍吉公主，此恨怎消？」正愁恨時，只聽得腦後有人作歌而至。歌曰：

「曾做菜羹寒士，不去奔波朝市。宦情收起，打點林泉事。高山採紫芝，溪邊理釣絲。洞中戲耍，閒寫黃庭字。把酒醺然，長歌腹內詩。識時扶王立帝基，知機②羅宣今日危。」

話說羅宣聽罷，回頭一看，見個大漢，戴扇雲盔，穿道服，持戟而至。羅宣問曰：「汝是何人，敢出大言？」其人答曰：「吾乃李靖是也。今日往西岐見姜子牙，東進五關，吾無有進見之功，今日擎你權當一功。」羅宣大怒，躍身而起，將寶劍來取。二人交鋒，不知性命如何，且聽下回分解。

評

廣成子畢竟被殷郊數語壓倒，沒得回他。紂雖得罪於天下，於其子何辜？大抵廣成子俱局於數術，定要送他弟兄兩個性命。多惹此一番爭鬥，與申公豹何干？

又評

彩色氤氳遶碧空。霧隱樓臺重疊疊，霞盤殿閣紫陰陰。祥光萬道臨福地，瑞氣千條照洞門。大羅宮內金鐘響，八景宮開玉磬鳴。開天闢地神仙府，纔是玄都第一重。

話說廣成子至玄都洞，不敢擅入，等候半晌，只見玄都大法師出來，廣成子上前稽首，口稱：「道兄，煩啟老師，弟子求見。」玄都大法師至蒲團前啟曰：「廣成子至此，求見老師。」老子曰：「廣成子不必著他進來，他來是要離地焰光旗；你將此旗付與他去罷。」玄都大法師隨將旗付與廣成子，曰：「老師吩咐，你去罷，不要進見了。」廣成子感謝不盡，將旗高捧，離了玄都，逕至西岐，進了相府。子牙接見，拜了焰光旗。廣成子又往西方極樂之鄉來。縱金光，一日到了西方勝境，比崑崙山大不相同。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

寶焰金光映日明，異香奇彩更微精。七寶林中無窮景，八德池邊落瑞瓊。素品仙花人罕見，簞簞仙樂耳更清。西方勝界真堪羨，真乃蓮花瓣裡生。

話說廣成子站立多時，見一童子出來，廣成子曰：「那童子，煩你通報一聲，說廣成子相訪。」只見童子進去，不一時，童子出來，道：「有請。」廣成子見一道人，身高丈六，面皮黃色，頭挽抓髻，向前稽首，分賓主坐下。道人曰：「道兄乃玉虛門下，久仰清風，無緣會晤；今幸至此，實三生有緣。」廣成子謝曰：「弟子因犯殺戒，今被殷郊阻住子牙拜將日期，今特至此，求借青蓮寶色旗，以破殷郊，好佐周王東征。」接引道人曰：「貧道西方乃清淨無為，與貴道不同。以花開見我，我見其人，乃蓮花之像，非東南兩度之客。此旗恐惹紅塵，不敢從命。」廣成子曰：「道雖二門，其理合一。以人心合天道，豈得有兩？南北東西共一家，難分彼此。如今周王是奉玉虛符命，應運而興，東西南北，總在皇上

第六十五回

殷郊岐山受犁鋤

鼙鼓頻催日已西，殷郊此日受犁鋤。翻天有印皆淪落，離地無旗孰可棲？

空負肝腸空自費，浪留名節浪為題。可憐二子俱如昔，氣化清風魂魄泥。

話說李靖大戰羅宣，戟劍相交，猶如虎狼之狀。李靖祭起按三十二天黃金寶塔，乃大叫曰：「羅宣！今日你難逃此難矣！」羅宣欲待脫身，怎脫此厄？只見此塔落將下來，如何存立？可憐！正是：

封神臺上有坐位，道術通天難脫逃。

話說黃金塔落將下來，正打在羅宣頂上，只打得腦漿迸流，一靈已奔封神臺去了。李靖收了寶塔，借土遁往西岐，時刻而至。到了相府前，有木吒看見父親來至，忙報與子牙：「弟子父親李靖等令。」燃燈對子牙曰：「乃是吾門人，曾為紂之總兵。」子牙聞之大喜，忙令相見畢。且說廣成子見殷郊阻兵于此，子牙拜將又近，問燃燈曰：「老師，如今殷郊不得退，如之奈何？」燃燈曰：「番天印利害。除非取了玄都離地焰光旗，西方取了青蓮寶色旗。如今止有了玉虛杏黃旗，殷郊如何伏得他，必先去取了此旗方可。」廣成子曰：「弟子願往玄都，見師伯走一遭。」燃燈曰：「你速去！」廣成子借縱地金光法往玄都來，不一時來至八景宮玄都洞。真好景致！怎見得，有贊為證：

金碧輝煌，珠玉燦爛。青葱婆娑，蒼苔欲滴。仙鸞仙鶴成群，白鹿白猿作對。香煙縹緲沖霄漢，

燃燈方悟，隨命廣成子往崑崙山來。廣成子縱金光至玉虛宮，立于麒麟崖，等候多時，有南極仙翁出來。廣成子把殷郊的事說了一遍。南極仙翁曰：「我知道了，你且回去。」廣成子回西岐不表。且說南極仙翁即忙收拾，換了朝服，擊了玎璫玉珮，手執朝笏，離了玉虛宮，足踏祥雲，飄飄蕩蕩，鶴駕先行引導。怎見得，有詩為證：

祥雲托足上仙行，跨鶴乘鸞上玉京。福祿並稱為壽曜，東南常自駐行旌。

話說南極仙翁來到瑤池，落下雲頭，見朱門緊閉，玉珮無聲；只見瑤池那些光景，甚是稀奇。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

頂摩霄漢，脈插須彌。巧峰排列，怪石參差。懸崖下瑤草琪花，曲徑旁紫芝香蕙。仙猿摘果入桃林，卻似火焰燒金；白鶴棲松立枝頭，渾如蒼煙捧玉。彩鳳雙雙，青鸞對對。彩鳳雙雙，向日一鳴天下瑞；青鸞對對，迎風躍舞世間稀。又見黃澄澄瑤瑤瓦疊鴛鴦，明晃晃錦花磚鋪瑪瑙。東一行，西一行，盡是蕊宮珍闕；南一帶，北一帶，看不了寶閣瓊樓。雲光殿上長金霞，聚仙亭下生紫霧。正是：金闕堂中仙樂動，方知紫府是瑤池。

話說南極仙翁俯伏金階，口稱：「小臣南極仙翁奏聞金母：應運聖主，鳴鳳岐山，仙臨殺戒，垂象上天；因三教並談，奉玉虛符命，按三百六十五度，封神八部，雷、火、瘟、斗，群星列宿。今有玉虛副仙廣成子門人殷郊，有負師命，逆天叛亂，殺害生靈，阻撓姜尚不能前往，恐誤拜將口期。殷郊發誓，應在西岐而受犁鋤之厄。今奉玉虛之命，特懇聖母，恩賜聚仙旗，下至西岐治殷郊以應願言。誠惶誠恐，稽首頓首。具疏小臣南極仙翁具奏。」俯伏少時，只聽得仙樂一派。怎見得：

水土之內。道兄怎言西方不與東南之教同？古語云：『金丹舍利同仁義，三教元來是一家。』接引道人曰：「道人言雖有理，只是青蓮寶色旗染不得紅塵。奈何！奈何！」

二人正論之間，後邊來了一位道人，乃是準提道人；打了稽首，同坐下。準提曰：「道兄此來，欲借青蓮寶色旗，西岐山破殷郊；若論起來，此寶借不得。如今不同，亦自有說。」乃對接引道人曰：「前番我曾對道兄言過：東南兩度，有三千丈紅氣沖空，與吾西方有緣；是我八德池中五百年花開之數。西方雖是極樂，其道何日得行於東南？不若借東南大教，兼行吾道，有何不可？況今廣成子道兄又來，當得奉命。」接引道人聽準提道人之言，隨將青蓮寶色旗付與廣成子。廣成子謝了二位道人，離西方望西岐而來。正是：

只為殷郊逢此厄，纔往西方走一遭。

話說廣成子離了西方，不一日來到西岐，進相府來見燃燈，將西方先不肯借旗，被準提道人說了方肯的話說了一遍。燃燈曰：「事好了！如今正南用離地焰光旗，東方用青蓮寶色旗，中央用杏黃戊己旗，西方用素色雲界旗，單讓北方與殷郊走，方可治之。」廣成子曰：「素色雲界旗那裡有？」眾門人都想，想不起來，廣成子不樂。眾門人俱退。土行孫來到內裡，對妻子鄧嬋玉說：「平空殷郊伐西岐，費了許多的事，如今還少素色雲界旗，不知那裡有？」只見龍吉公主在靜室中聽見，忙起身來問土行孫曰：「素色雲界旗是我母親那裡有。此旗一名雲界，一名聚仙，但赴瑤池會，將此旗拽起，群仙俱知道，即來赴瑤池勝會，故曰聚仙旗。此旗別人去不得，須得南極仙翁方能借得來。」土行孫聞說，忙來至殿前，見燃燈道人曰：「弟子回內室，與妻子商議，有龍吉公主聽見。彼言此旗乃西王母處有，名曰聚仙旗。」

計就月中擒玉兔，謀成日裡捉金烏。

子牙吩咐停當，先同武王往岐山，安定西方地位。

且說張山、李錦見營中殺氣籠罩，上帳見殷郊，言曰：「千歲，我等駐紮在此，不能取勝，不如且回兵朝歌，再圖後舉。千歲意下如何？」殷郊曰：「我不曾奉旨而來；待吾修本，先往朝歌，求援兵來至，料此一城有何難破？」張山曰：「姜尚用兵如神，兼有玉虛門下甚眾，亦不是小敵耳。」殷郊曰：「不妨。連吾師也懼吾番天印，何況他人！」三人共議至抵暮。有一更時分，只見黃飛虎帶領一枝人馬，點砲吶喊，殺進轅門。真是父子兵，一擁而進，不可抵擋。殷郊還不曾睡，只聽得殺聲大振，忙出帳，上馬擄戟，掌起燈籠火把。燈光內只見黃家父子殺進轅門。殷郊大呼曰：「黃飛虎，你敢來劫營，是自取死耳！」黃飛虎曰：「奉將令，不敢有違。」搖鎗直取。殷郊手中戟急架忙迎。黃天祿、黃天爵、黃天祥等一裹而上，將殷郊圍在核心。只見鄧九公帶領副將太鸞、鄧秀、趙昇、孫焰紅沖殺左營；南宮适領辛甲、辛免、太顛、閔天直殺進右營，李錦接住廝殺；張山戰住鄧九公。哪吒、楊戩搶入中軍，來助黃家父子。哪吒的鎗只在殷郊前後心窩、兩脇內亂刺，楊戩的三尖刀只在殷郊頂上飛來。殷郊見哪吒登輪，先將落魂鐘對哪吒一晃，哪吒全然不理。祭番天印打楊戩，楊戩有八九玄功，迎風變化，打不下馬來。故此殷郊著忙。晝夜交兵，苦殺了成湯士卒。正是：

只因為主安天下，馬死人亡滿戰場。

話說哪吒祭起一塊金磚，正中殷郊的落魂鐘上，只打得霞光萬道；殷郊大驚。南宮适斬了李錦，也殺到中營來助戰。張山與鄧九公大戰，不防孫焰紅噴出一口烈火，張山面上被火燒傷，鄧九公趕上一刀，劈

玉殿金門兩扇開，樂聲齊奏下瑤臺。鳳銜丹詔離天府，玉敕金書降下來。

話說南極仙翁俯伏玉階，候降敕旨。只聞樂聲隱隱，金門開處，有四對仙女高捧聚仙旗，付與南極仙翁，曰：「敕旨付南極仙翁：周武當有大下，紂王穢德彰聞，應當絕滅，正合天心。今特敕爾聚仙旗前去，以助周邦，事畢，速速送還，毋得延緩，有褒仙寶。速往。欽哉！望闕謝恩。」南極仙翁謝恩畢，離了瑤池。正是：

周主洪基年八百，聖入金闕借旗來。

話說南極仙翁離了瑤池，逕至西岐，有楊戩報入相府。廣成子焚香接敕，望闕謝恩畢。子牙迎接仙翁至殿中坐下，共言殷郊之事。仙翁曰：「子牙，吉辰將至，你等可速破了殷郊，我暫且告回。」眾仙送仙翁回宮。燃燈曰：「今有聚仙旗，可以擒殷郊。只是還少兩三位可助成功。」話猶未了，哪吒來報：「赤精子來至。」子牙迎至殿前。廣成子曰：「我與道兄一樣，遭此不肖弟子。」彼此嘆歎。又報：「文殊廣法天尊來至。」見了子牙，口稱：「恭喜！」子牙答曰：「何喜可賀？連年征伐無休，日不能安食，夜不得安寢；怎能得靜坐蒲團，了悟無生之妙也！」燃燈道：「今日煩文殊道友，可將青蓮寶色旗往西岐山震地駐紮，赤精子用離地焰光旗在岐山離地駐紮，中央戊己乃貧道鎮守，西方聚仙旗須得武王親自駐紮。」子牙曰：「這個不妨。」隨即請武王至相府，子牙不提擒殷郊之事，只說是：「請大王往岐山退兵，老臣同往。」武王曰：「相父吩咐，孤自當親往。」話說子牙掌聚將鼓，令黃飛虎領令箭，沖張山大轅門，鄧九公沖左輝道門，南宮适沖右輝道門，哪吒、楊戩在左，韋護、雷震子在右，黃天化在後，金木二吒、李靖父子三人掠陣。正是：

鴻濛初判道精微，產在離宮造化機。今日岐山開展處，殷郊難免血沾衣。

赤精子展開此寶，番天印只在空中亂滾，不得下來。殷郊見如此光景，忙收了印，往中央而來。燃燈道人叫殷郊曰：「你師父有一百張犁鋤候你！」殷郊聽罷著慌，口稱：「老師，弟子不曾得罪與眾位師尊，為何各處逼迫？」燃燈曰：「孽障！你發願對天，出口怎免？」殷郊乃是一位惡神，怎肯干休？便氣沖牛斗，直取過來。燃燈口稱：「善哉！」將劍架戟。未及三合，殷郊發印就打。燃燈展開了杏黃旗，此寶乃玉虛宮奇珍。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

執掌崑崙按五行，無窮玄法使人驚。展開萬道金光現，致使殷郊性命傾。

殷郊見燃燈展開杏黃旗，就有萬朵金蓮現出，番天印不得下來，恐被他人收去了，忙收印在手。忽然望正西上一看，見子牙在龍鳳簫下。殷郊大叱一聲：「仇人在前，豈可輕放！」縱馬搖戟，大呼：「姜尚！吾來也！」武王見一人三首六臂，搖戟而來。武王曰：「誑殺孤家！」子牙曰：「不妨，來者乃殷郊殿下。」武王曰：「既是當今儲君，孤當下馬拜見。」子牙曰：「今為敵國，豈可輕易相見？老臣自有道理。」武王看殷郊來得勢如山倒一般，滾至面前，也不答話，直一戟刺來有聲。子牙劍急架忙迎。只一合，殷郊就祭印打來，子牙急展聚仙旗。此乃瑤池之寶，只見氤氳遍地，一派異香，籠罩上面，番天印不得下來。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

五彩祥雲天地迷，金光萬道吐虹霓。殷郊空用番天印，咫尺犁鋤頂上擠。

子牙見此旗有無窮大法，番天印不得下來，子牙把打神鞭祭起來打殷郊。殷郊著忙，抽身望北面走。燃燈遠見殷郊已走坎地，發一雷聲，四方吶喊，鑼鼓齊鳴，殺聲大振。殷郊催馬向北而走，四面追趕，

於馬下。九公領眾將官也沖殺至中軍，重重疊疊把殷郊圍住，鎗刀密匝，劍戟森羅，如銅牆鐵壁。殷郊雖然是三首六臂，怎經得起這一群狼虎英雄，俱是封神榜上惡曜^❶。又經得雷震子飛在空中，使開金棍刷將下來。殷郊見大營俱亂，張山、李錦皆亡，殷郊見勢頭不好，把落魂鐘對黃天化一晃，黃天化翻下玉麒麟來。殷郊乘此走出陣來，往岐山逃遁。眾將官鳴鑼擂鼓，追趕三十里方回。黃飛虎督兵進城，俱進相府，候子牙回兵。

且說殷郊殺到天明，止剩有幾個殘兵敗卒。殷郊歎曰：「誰知如此兵敗將亡！俺如今且進五關，往朝歌見父借兵，再報今日之恨不遲。」因策馬前行。忽見文殊廣法天尊站立前面而言曰：「殷郊，今日你要受犁鋤之厄！」殷郊欠身，口稱：「師叔，弟子今日回朝歌，老師為何阻吾去路？」文殊廣法天尊曰：「你入羅網之中，速速下馬，可赦你犁鋤之苦。」殷郊大怒，縱馬搖戟，直取天尊；天尊手中劍急架忙迎。殿下心慌，祭起番天印來。文殊廣法天尊忙將青蓮寶色旗招展。好寶貝：白氣懸空，金光萬道，現一粒舍利子。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

萬道金光隱上下，三乘玄妙入西方。要知舍利無窮妙，治得番天印渺茫。

文殊廣法天尊展動此寶，只見番天印不能落將下來。殷郊收了印，往南方離地而來。忽見赤精子大呼曰：「殷郊，你有負師言，難免出口發誓之災！」殷郊情知不殺一場也不得完事，催馬搖戟來刺赤精子。赤精子曰：「孽障！你兄弟一般，俱該如此，乃是天數，俱不可逃。」忙用劍架戟。殷郊復祭番天印就打，赤精子展動離地焰光旗。此寶乃玄都寶物，按五行奇珍。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

❶ 惡曜：即凶神惡煞。

第六十六回 洪錦西岐城大戰

奇門遁術陣前開，斬將奪旗亦壯哉。黑焰引魂遮白日，青旛擲地盡塵埃。

三山關上多英俊，五氣崖前有異才。不是仙娃能幻化，只因月老作新媒。

話說燃燈合山，擠住殷郊，四路人馬齊上山來。武王至山頂上，看見殷郊這等模樣，滾鞍下馬，跪於塵埃，大呼：「千歲！小臣姬發，奉法克守臣節，併不敢欺君枉上。相父今日令殿下如此，使孤有萬年污名。」子牙挽扶武王而言曰：「殷郊違逆天命，大數如此，怎能脫逃？大王要盡人臣之道，行禮以盡主公之德可也。」武王曰：「相父今日把儲君夾在山中，大罪俱在我姬發了。望列位老師大開惻隱，憐念姬發，放了殿下罷！」燃燈道人笑曰：「賢王不知天數。殷郊違逆天命，怎能逃脫！大王盡過君臣之禮便罷了，大王又不可逆天行事。」武王兩次三番勸止。子牙正色言曰：「老臣不過順天應人，斷不敢逆天而誤主公也。」武王含淚，撮土焚香，跪拜在地，稱臣泣訴曰：「臣非不救殿下，奈眾老師要順守天命，實非臣之罪也。」拜罷，燃燈請武王下山，命廣成子推犁上山。廣成子一見殷郊這等如此，不覺落淚。正是：

只因出口犁鋤願，今日西岐怎脫逃？

只見武吉犁了殷郊。殷郊一道靈魂往封神臺來，清福神祇柏鑑用百靈幡來引殷郊。殷郊怨心不服，一陣

把殷郊趕得無路可投，往前行山徑越窄，殷郊下馬步行，又聞後面追兵甚急，對天祝曰：「若吾父王還有天下之福，我這一番天印把此山打一條路徑而出，成湯社稷還存；如打不開，吾今休矣。」言罷，把番天印打去。只見響一聲，將山打出一條路來。殷郊大喜曰：「成湯天下還不能絕。」便往山路就走。只聽得一聲砲響，兩山頭俱是周兵，捲下上頂來，後面又有燃燈道人趕來。殷郊見左右前後俱是子牙人馬，料不能脫得此難，忙借上遁，往就走。殷郊的頭方冒出山尖，燃燈道人使用手一合，二山頭一擠，將殷郊的身子夾在山內，頭在山外。不知性命如何，且聽下回分解。

評

殷郊之死，固是天數，以報紂之極惡；廣成子未免有些孟浪。當日一旦將無數寶付托與他，後面治伏此寶，要去東挪西借，走了無限腳頭，費了許多氣力；後面又去啼哭，毫無神仙品，反是一般婆子心腸。

又評

我想神仙原是弄人耍子，必竟要做出這些模樣，方顯得這些神通，使人莫測其涯際；不然，只不放他下山，何等直捷！何等無事！

至三山關館驛中安下。次日，洪錦待佐貳官接旨，開讀畢，交代官乃是孔宣。不日俟孔宣交代明白，洪錦領十萬雄師，離了高關，往西岐進發。好人馬！怎見得，有贊為證：

一路上旌旗迷麗日，殺氣亂行雲。刀鎗寒颯颯，劍戟冷森森。弓彎秋月樣，箭插點寒星。金甲黃澄澄，銀盔似玉鐘。鑼響驚天地，鼓插似雷鳴。人似貔貅猛，馬似蛟龍雄。今往西岐去，又送姜前程。

話說洪錦一路行來，兵過岐山，哨馬報入中軍：「人馬已至西岐了。」洪錦傳令安營，立下寨柵。先行官季康、柏顯忠上帳參見。洪錦曰：「今奉敕征討，爾等各宜盡心為國。姜尚足智多謀，非同小敵，須是謹慎小心，不得造次草率。」二將曰：「謹領臺命。」次日，季康領令出營，至西岐城下搦戰。探馬報入相府，子牙大喜：「三十六路征伐，今日已滿，可以打點東征。」忙問口：「那一員將官去走一遭？」南宮适願往，子牙許之。南宮适領命出城，見季康猶如一塊烏雲而至。南宮适曰：「來者何人？」季康答曰：「吾乃洪總兵麾下正印官季康是也，今奉敕征伐。爾等叛逆之徒，理當授首轅門，尚敢領兵拒敵，真是無法無君！」南宮适笑曰：「似你這等不堪之類，西岐城也不知殺了幾百萬，何在你這一人而已！快快回兵，免你一死。」季康大怒，縱馬舞刀直取。南宮适手中刀赴面相迎。

二將殺有三十回合，季康乃左道旁門，念動咒語，頂上現一塊黑雲，雲中現出一隻犬來，把南宮适夾膊子上一口，連袍帶甲，扯去半邊，幾乎被季康刀劈了。南宮适誠得魂不附體，敗進城，至相府回話，將咬傷一事訴說了一遍，子牙不樂。只見季康進營，見洪錦言得勝，傷南宮适敗進城去了。洪錦大喜：「頭陣勝，陣陣勝。」次日，柏顯忠上馬，至城下請戰，探馬報入相府。子牙問：「誰人出馬？」有鄧

風逕往朝歌城來。紂王正與妲己在鹿臺飲酒。好風！怎見得，有贊為證：

刮地遮天暗，愁雲照地昏。鹿臺如潑墨，一派靛粧成。先刮時揚塵播上，次後來倒樹推林。只刮得嫦娥抱定娑羅樹，空中仙子怎騰雲。吹動崑崙頂上石，捲得江河水浪渾。

話說紂王在鹿臺上正飲酒，聽得有人來，紂王不覺昏沉，就席而臥。見一人三首六臂，立於御前，口稱：「父王，孩兒殷郊為國而受犁鋤之厄。父王可修仁政，不失成湯社稷，當任用賢相，速拜元戎，以任內外大事。不然，妾尚不久便欲東行，那時悔之晚矣！孩兒還要訴奏，恐封神臺不納，孩兒去也！」紂王驚醒，口稱：「怪哉！」妲己、胡喜妹、王貴人三人共席欠身，忙問曰：「陛下為何口稱怪哉？」紂王把夢中事說了一遍。如曰：「夢由心作，陛下勿疑。」紂王乃酒色昏君，見三妖嬌態，把盞傳杯，遂不在心。只見汜水關韓榮有本進朝歌告急。其本至文書房，微子看本，看見如此，心下十分不樂，將此本抱入內庭。紂王正在顯慶殿，當駕官啟奏：「微子候旨。」王曰：「宣。」微子至殿前，行禮畢，將汜水關韓榮報本呈上。

紂王展看，見張山奉敕征討失利，又帶著殷郊殿下絕於岐山。紂王看畢大怒，與眾臣曰：「不道姬發自立武王，竟成大逆。屢屢征伐，損將折兵，不見成功。為今之計，可用何卿為將？若不早除，恐為後患。」班內一臣乃中諫大夫李登，進禮稱臣曰：「今天下不靜，刀兵四起，十餘載未寧。雖東伯侯姜文煥、南伯侯鄂順、北伯侯崇黑虎，此三路不過癰疥之疾；獨西岐姜尚助姬發而為不道，肆行禍亂，其志不小。論朝歌城內，皆非姜尚之敵手。臣薦三山關總兵官洪錦，才術雙全，若得此臣征伐，庶幾大事可定。」紂王即傳旨，齎敕往三山關，命洪錦得專征伐。使命持詔，逕往三山關來，一路無詞。一日來

討大元戎洪錦是也。爾等不守臣節，違天作亂，往往拒敵主帥，法難輕貸①。今奉旨特來征討爾等，寧解朝歌，以正國法。若知吾利害，早早下騎就擒，可救一郡生靈塗炭。」子牙笑曰：「洪錦，你即是大將，理當知機。天下盡歸周主，賢士盡叛獨夫；料你不過一泓之水，能濟甚事？今諸侯八百齊伐無道，吾不久會兵孟津，弔民伐罪，以救生民塗炭，削平禍亂。汝等急急早降，乃歸有道，自不失封侯之位耳。尚敢逆天以助不道，是自取罪戾也。」洪錦大罵：「好老匹夫！焉敢如此肆志亂言！」遂縱馬舞刀，沖過陣來。

旁有姬叔明大呼曰：「不得猖獗！」催開馬，搖鎗直取洪錦，二將殺在一堆。姬叔明乃文王第七十二子，這殿下心性最急，使開鎗勢如狼虎，約戰有三四十合。洪錦乃左道術士出身，他把馬一夾，跳在圈子外面，將一皂旗往下一戳，把刀望上一晃，那旗化作一門，洪錦連人帶馬逕進旗門而去。殿下不知，也把馬趕進旗門來。此時洪錦看得見姬叔明，姬叔明看不見洪錦，馬頭方進旗門，洪錦在旗門裡一刀把姬叔明揮於馬下。子牙大驚。洪錦收了旗門，依舊現身，大呼曰：「誰來與吾見陣？」旁有鄧嬋玉走馬至軍前，大呼：「匹夫！少待恃強！吾來也！」洪錦看見一員女將奔來，金盔金甲，飛臨馬前。怎見得，有詩為證：

女將生來正幼齡，英風凜凜貌娉婷。五光寶石飛來妙，輔國安民定太平。

鄧嬋玉一馬沖至陣前，洪錦也不答話，舞刀直取，佳人手中雙刀急架忙迎。洪錦暗思：「女將不可戀戰，速斬為上策。」洪錦依然去把皂旛如前用度，也把馬走入旗門裡去了，只等鄧嬋玉趕他。不知嬋玉有智，

① 法難輕貸：依法難以寬恕。

九公應曰：「末將願往。」子牙許之。鄧九公開放西岐城，走馬至軍前，認得是柏顯忠，大呼曰：「柏顯忠！天下盡歸明主，你等今日不降，更待何時？」柏顯忠曰：「似你這匹夫，負國大恩，不顧仁義，乃天下不仁不智之狗彘耳！」鄧九公大怒，催開坐騎，使開合扇大刀，直取柏顯忠。顯忠挺鎗刺來。二將交鋒，如同猛虎搖頭，不亞獅子擺尾，只殺的天昏地暗。怎見得，有贊為證：

這一個頂上金盔飄烈焰，那一個黃金甲掛連環套。這一個猩猩血染大紅袍，那一個粉素征袍如白練。這一個大刀揮如閃電光，那一個長鎗恰似龍蛇現。這一個胭脂馬跑鬼神驚，那一個白龍駒走如銀靄。紅白二將似天神，虎鬥龍爭真不善。

二將大戰二十回合，鄧九公乃是有名大將，展開刀如同閃電，勢不可當。柏顯忠那裡是九公敵手，被九公賣個破綻，手起一刀，把柏顯忠揮於馬下。鄧九公得勝進城，至相府回話：「斬了柏顯忠首級報功。」子牙令：「將首級號令城上。」且說洪錦見折了一將，在中軍大怒，咬牙切齒，恨不得平吞西岐。次日，領大隊人馬，坐名要子牙答話，哨馬報入相府。子牙聞報，即時排隊伍出城。砲聲響處，西岐門開，一枝人馬而出。洪錦看城內兵來，紀律嚴整，又見左右歸周豪傑，一個個勝似虎狼，那三山五嶽門人，飄飄然俱有仙風道骨，兩旁鴈翅排開。寶纛旗下乃開國武成王黃飛虎。子牙坐四不相，穿一身道服，體貌自別。怎見得，有詩為證：

金冠如魚尾，道服按東方。絲繚懸水火，麻鞋繁玉璫。

手執三環劍，胸藏百煉鋼。帝王師相品，萬載把名揚。

話說洪錦走馬至軍前，大呼曰：「來者是姜尚麼？」子牙答曰：「將軍何名？」洪錦曰：「吾乃奉天征

主雖是仙子，終是女流，力氣甚少，及舉劍望洪錦背上砍來，正中肩胛，洪錦哎喲一聲，不顧旗門皂旛，往正北上逃走。

龍吉公主隨後趕來，大叫：「洪錦速速下馬受死！吾乃瑤池金母之女，來助武王伐紂。莫說你有道術，便趕你上天入地，也要帶了你的首級來！」望前緊趕。洪錦只得捨生奔走。往前又趕，看看趕上，公主又曰：「洪錦莫想今日饒你！吾在姜丞相面前說過，定要斬你方回。」洪錦聽罷，心下著忙，身上又痛，自思：「不若下馬借土遁逃回，再作區處。」龍吉公主見洪錦借土遁逃走，笑曰：「洪錦這五行之術，隨意變化，有何難哉！吾來也！」下馬借木遁趕來。取木能克土之意。看看趕至北海，洪錦自思曰：「幸吾有此寶在身，不然怎了？」忙取一物，往海裡一丟。那東西見水重生，攪海翻波而來。此物名曰鯨龍。洪錦腳跨鯨龍，奔入海內而去。龍吉公主趕至北海，只見洪錦跨鯨而去。怎見得，有贊為證：

煙波蕩蕩，巨浪悠悠。煙波蕩蕩接天河，巨浪悠悠連地脈。潮來洶湧，水浸灣環。潮來洶湧，猶如霹靂吼三春；水浸灣環，卻似狂風吹九夏。乘龍福老，往來必定皺眉行；跨鶴仙童，反覆果然憂慮過。近岸無村舍，傍水少漁舟。浪捲千層雪，風生六月秋。野禽憑出沒，沙鳥任浮沉。

眼前無釣客，耳畔只聞鷗。海底魚游樂，天邊鳥過愁。

話言龍吉公主趕至北海，見洪錦跨鯨而逃。公主笑曰：「幸吾離瑤池帶得此寶而來。」忙向錦囊中取出一物，也往海裡一丟。那寶貝見水，復現原身，滑喇喇分開水勢，如泰山一般。此寶名為神鯨，原身浮於海面。公主站立於上，仗劍趕來。此神鯨善降鯨龍，起頭鯨龍入海，攪得波浪滔天；次後來神鯨入海，鯨龍無勢。龍吉公主看看趕上，祭起綱龍索，命黃巾力士：「將洪錦速拿往西岐去！」黃巾力士領娘娘

也不來趕，忙取五光石往旗門裡一石打來，聽得洪錦在旗門內哎喲一聲，面已俱傷，收了旗旛，撤回營去了。子牙回兵進府，又見傷了一位殿下，鬱鬱不爽，納悶在府。

且言洪錦被五光石打得面上眼腫鼻青，激得只是咬牙，忙用丹藥敷貼，一夜痊癒。次日，上馬親至城下，坐名只要女將。哨馬報入相府，言：「洪錦只要鄧嬋玉。」子牙無計，只得著人到後面來說。土行孫兒人來報，忙對鄧嬋玉曰：「今日洪錦坐名要你，你切不可進他旗門。」嬋玉曰：「我在三山關大戰數年，難道左道也不知？我豈有進他旗門去的理？」二人正議論間，時有龍吉公主聽見，忙出靜室，問曰：「你二人說甚麼？」土行孫曰：「有一大將洪錦，善用幻術，將皂旛一面，化一旗門，殿下姬叔明趕進去，被他一刀送了性命。昨與嬋玉交戰，他又用皂旛；嬋玉不趕，只一石往裡面打去，打傷此賊。他今日定要嬋玉出馬，故此弟子吩咐他今日切不可趕他。如若不去，使他說吾西岐無人物。」龍吉公主笑曰：「此乃小術，叫做旗門遁。皂旛為內旗門，白旛為外旗門。既然如此，待吾收之。」土行孫上銀安殿，將子牙把龍吉公主的事說了一遍。子牙大喜，忙請公主上殿。

公主見子牙，打稽首曰：「乞借一坐騎，待吾去收此將。」子牙令取五點桃花駒。龍吉公主獨自出馬，開了城門，一騎當先。洪錦見女將來至，不是鄧嬋玉。洪錦問曰：「來者乃是何人？」龍吉公主曰：「你也不必問我；我要說出來，你也不知。你只是下馬受死，是你本色。」洪錦大怒，罵曰：「好大膽賤人，焉敢如此！」縱馬舞刀來取，公主手中鸞飛劍急架忙迎。二騎交鋒，只三四合，洪錦又把內旗門遁使將出來。公主看見，也取出一首白旛，往下一戳，將劍一分，白旛化作一門，公主走馬而入，不知所往。洪錦及至看時，不見了女將，大驚。不知外旗門有相生相克之理。龍吉公主從後面趕將出來，公

第六十七回

姜子牙金臺拜將

金臺拜將若飛仙，斗大黃金肘後懸。夢入熊羆方寶地，年登耄耋始朝天。

延綿周室承先業，樹列齊封啟後賢。福壽兩端人罕及，帝王師相古今傳。

話說子牙見捉了洪錦，料知龍吉公主成功。將洪錦放下丹墀。少時，龍吉公主進相府，子牙欠身謝曰：「今日公主成莫大之功，皆是社稷生民之福。」公主曰：「自下高山，未與丞相成尺寸之功；今日捉了洪錦，但憑丞相發落。」龍吉公主道罷，自回靜室去了。子牙令左右將洪錦推至殿前，問曰：「似你這等逆天行事之輩，何嘗得片甲回去？」命：「推將出去，斬首號令！」有南宮适為監斬，候行刑令下，方欲開刀，只見一道人忙奔而來，喘息不定，只叫：「刀下留人！」南宮适看見，不敢動手，急進相府來稟曰：「啟丞相得知：末將斬洪錦，方欲開刀，有一道人只叫刀下留人。未敢擅使，請令定奪。」子牙傳：「請。」少時，那道人來至殿前，與子牙打了稽首。子牙曰：「道兄從何處來？」道人曰：「貧道乃月合老人也。因符元仙翁曾言龍吉公主與洪錦有俗世姻緣，曾締紅絲之約，故貧道特來通報；二則可以保子牙兵度五關，助得一臂之力。子牙公不可違了這件大事。」子牙暗想：「她乃蕊宮仙子，吾怎好將凡間姻緣之事與她講？」乃令鄧嬋玉先去見龍吉公主，就將月合仙翁之言先稟過，方可再議。

鄧嬋玉逕進內庭，請公主出淨室議事。公主忙出來，見鄧嬋玉，問曰：「有何事見我？」鄧嬋玉曰：

法旨，憑空把洪錦擄去，拿往西岐，至相府往塔下一摔。子牙正與眾將官共議軍情，只見空中摔下洪錦，子牙大喜。不知洪錦性命如何，且聽下回分解。

評

殷郊之死，也是天數，只是廣成子不該著他下山來，明明是送他上路。廣成子不得辭其責。

進表丞相臣姜尚：臣聞惟天地萬物父母，惟人萬物之靈。天佑下民，作之君，作之師。惟其克相上帝，寵綏四方，作民父母。今商王受弗敬上天，降災下民，流毒邦國，剝喪元良，賊虐諫輔，狎侮五常，荒怠不敬，沉湎酒色，罪人以族，官人以世；惟宮室、臺榭、陂池、侈服以殘害于萬姓，遺厥先宗廟弗祀，播棄黎老^③，昵比罪人，惟婦言是用。焚炙忠良，剝剔孕婦，崇信姦回^④，放黜師保；屏棄典刑，囚奴正士；殺妻戮子，惟淫醜是圖。作奇技淫巧，以悅婦人；郊社不修，宗廟不享。商罪貫盈，天人共怒。今天下諸侯大會于孟津，興弔民伐罪之師，救生民于水火，乞大王體上天好生之心，孚四海諸侯之念，思天下黎庶之苦，大奮鷹揚，擇日出師，恭行天罰，則社稷幸甚，臣民幸甚！乞賜詳示施行。謹具表以聞。

武王覽畢，沉吟半晌。王曰：「相父此表，雖說紂王無道，為天下共棄，理當征伐；但昔日先王曾有遺言：『切不可臣伐君。』今日之事，天下後世以孤為口實。況孤有辜先王之言，謂之不孝。縱紂王無道，君也。孤若伐之，謂之不忠。孤與相父共守臣節，以俟紂王改過遷善，不亦善乎？」子牙曰：「老臣怎敢有負先王！但天下諸侯布告中外，訴紂王罪狀，不足以君天下；糾合諸侯，大會孟津，昭暢天威，興弔民伐罪之師，觀政于商。前有東伯侯、姜文煥、南伯侯、鄂順、北伯侯、崇黑虎、具文書知會，如那一路諸侯不至者，先問其違抗之罪，次伐無道。老臣恐誤國家之事，因此上表，請王定奪，願大王裁之。」武王曰：「既是他三路欲伐成湯，聽他等白為。孤與相父坐守本土，以盡臣節；上不失為臣之禮，下可以

③ 播棄黎老：放棄不親近老成之臣。

④ 崇信姦回：尊重信任姦邪之臣。

「今有月合仙翁言公主與洪錦有俗世姻緣，曾締紅絲之約，該有一世夫妻。現在殿前與丞相共議此事，故丞相先著妾身啟過娘娘，然後可以面議。」公主曰：「吾因在瑤池犯了清規，特貶我下凡，不得復歸瑤池與吾母重逢。今下山來，豈得又多此一番俗孽耶。」鄧嬋玉不敢作聲。少時，月合仙翁同子牙至後廳，龍吉公主見仙翁稽首。仙翁曰：「今日公主已歸正道，今貶下凡間者，正要了此一段俗緣，自然反本歸元耳。況今子牙拜將在邇，那時兵度五關，公主該與洪錦建不世之勳，垂名竹帛^①。候功成之日，瑤池自有旌旛來迎接公主回宮。此是天數，公主雖欲強為，不可得矣。所以貧道受符元仙翁之命，故不辭勞頓，親自至此，特為公主作伐^②。不然，洪錦剛赴法行刑，貧道至此，不遲不早，恰逢其時，其冥數可知。公主當依貧道之言，不可誤卻佳期，罪愆更甚，那時悔之晚矣。公主請自三思！」龍吉公主聽了月合仙翁一篇話，不覺長吁一聲：「誰知有此孽冤所繫！既是仙翁掌人間婚姻之牘，我也不能強辭，但憑二位主持。」子牙、仙翁大喜，遂放了洪錦，用藥敷好劍傷。洪錦自出營招回季康人馬，擇吉日與龍吉公主成了姻眷。正是：

天緣月合非容易，自有紅絲牽繫來。

話說洪錦與龍吉公主成了姻親，乃紂王三十五年三月初三日。西岐城眾將打點東征，一應錢糧，俱各停當，只等子牙上山師表。翌日，武王設聚早朝，王曰：「有奏章上班，無事朝散。」言未畢，有姜丞相捧出師表上殿，武王命接上來。奉御官將表文開于御案上。武王從頭觀看：

① 垂名竹帛：即名垂青史。

② 作伐：即作媒。

十五日，請大王至金臺，親拜相父為帥。」武王准旨，俟至日行禮。

且說子牙三月十三日立辛甲為軍政司，先將斬法紀律牌掛在帥府，使眾將各宜知悉。辛甲領令，掛出帥府，上書：

大元帥姜條約示諭大小眾將一體知悉。各款開列于後：

聞鼓不進，聞金不退，舉旗不起，按旗不伏：此為慢軍，犯者斬。

呼名不應，點視不到，違期不至，動乖紀律：此為欺軍，犯者斬。

夜傳刁斗，怠而不報，更籌違度，聲號不明：此為懈軍，犯者斬。

多出怨言，毀謗主將，不聽約束，梗教難治：此為橫軍，犯者斬。

揚聲笑語，蔑視禁約，曉晡軍門：此為輕軍，犯者斬。

所用兵器，剋削錢糧，致使弓弩絕弦，箭無羽鏃，劍戟不利，旗幟凋敝：此為貪軍，犯者斬。

謠言詭語，造捏鬼神，假托夢寐，大肆邪說，鼓惑將士：此為妖軍，犯者斬。

奸舌利齒，妄為是非，調撥士卒，互相爭鬥，致亂行伍：此為刁軍，犯者斬。

所到之地，凌侮百姓，逼淫婦女：此為姦軍，犯者斬。

竊人財物，以為己利，奪人首級，以為己功：此為盜軍，犯者斬。

軍中聚眾議事，近帳私探信音：此為探軍，犯者斬。

或聞所謀，及聞號令，漏泄于外，使敵人知之：此為背軍，犯者斬。

調用之際，結舌不應，低眉俛首，面有難色：此為怯軍，犯者斬。

守先王之命，不亦美乎？」子牙曰：「惟天為萬物父母，惟人萬物之靈，竇聰明，作元后，元后作民父母。今商王受荼毒生民，如坐水火，罪惡貫盈，皇天震怒，命我先王，大勳未集耳。今大王行弔民伐罪之師，正代天以彰天討，救民于水火。如不順上天，厥罪惟均。」

只見上大夫散宜生上前奏曰：「丞相之言乃為國忠謀，大王不可不聽。今天下諸侯大會孟津，大王若不以兵相應，則不足取信于眾人，則眾人不悅，必罪我國以助紂為虐。倘移兵加之，那時反不自遺伊戚？況紂王信讒，屢征西土，黎庶遭驚慌之苦，文武有汗馬之勞，今方安寧，又動天下之兵，是禍無已時。以臣愚見，不若依相父之言，統兵大會孟津，與天下諸侯陳兵商郊，觀政于商，俟其自改，則天下生民皆蒙其福，又不失信于諸侯，遭災于西土；上可以盡忠于君，下可以盡孝于先王，可稱萬全策。乞大王思之。」武王聽得散宜生一番言語，不覺忻悅，乃曰：「大夫之言是也。不知用多少人馬？」宜生奏曰：「大王兵進五關，須當拜丞相為大將軍，付以黃鉞、白旄，總理大權，得專闔外之政，方可便宜行事。」武王曰：「但憑大夫主張；即拜相父為大將軍，得專征伐。」宜生曰：「昔黃帝拜風后，須當築臺，拜告皇天、后土、山川、河瀆之神，捧轂、推輪❶，方成拜將之禮。」武王曰：「凡一應事宜，俱是大夫為之。」武王朝散。宜生又至相府恭賀，百官俱各欣悅，眾門人個個喜歡。宜生次日至相府對子牙說，令南宮适、辛甲往岐山監造將臺。當時二人至岐山，揀選木植磚石之物，克日興工。也非一日，將臺已完，二將回報子牙。宜生入內庭回武王旨，曰：「臣奉旨監造將臺已完，謹擇良辰，于三月

❶ 捧轂推輪：即推轂。漢書馮唐傳：「上古王者遣將也，跪而推轂曰：闔以內寡人制之，闔以外將軍制之。」後用為天子拜將之禮。

話說眾將分道而行。武王至將臺邊一看，只見將臺高聳，甚是巍峨軒昂。怎見得，但見：

臺高三丈，象按三才。闊二十四丈，按二十四氣。臺有三層：第一層臺中立二十五人，各穿黃衣，手持黃旗，按中央戊己土；東邊立二十五人，各穿青衣，手持青旗，按東方甲乙木；西邊立二十五人，各穿白衣，手持白旗，按西方庚辛金；南邊立二十五人，各穿紅衣，手持紅旗，按南方丙丁火；北方立二十五人，各穿皂衣，手持皂旗，按北方壬癸水。第二層是三百六十五人，手各執大紅旗三百六十五面，按周天三百六十五度。第三層立七十二員牙將，各執劍、戟、抓、鎚，按七十二候。三層之中，各有祭器、祝文。自一層之下，兩邊儀仗，雁翅排列。真是衣冠整肅，劍戟森嚴，從古無兩。

只見散宜生至鸞輿前，請武王出輿。武王忙下輿。宜生曰：「大王可至元帥前，請元帥下輦。」武王行至輦前，欠身曰：「請元帥下輦。」子牙忙下輦來，宜生引導子牙至臺邊。散宜生贊禮曰：「請元帥面南背北。」散宜生開讀祝文：

「維大周十有三年，孟春丁卯朔丙子，西周武王姬發遣上大夫散宜生敢昭告于五岳，四瀆，名山大川之神曰：嗚呼！惟天惠民，惟辟奉天，撫綏眾庶，克底于道。今商王受弗敬上天，降災下民，惟婦言是用，昏棄厥祀弗答^⑥，昏棄厥遺王父、母、弟不迪，乃惟四方之多罪逋逃，是罔是長^⑦，是信是使，是以為大夫卿士，俾暴虐于百姓，以斂宄^⑧于商邑。今發夙夜祗懼，若不順天，厥罪惟

⑥ 昏棄厥祀弗答：紂傾倒昏亂，廢棄宗廟祭祀之禮而不報。

⑦ 惟四方多罪逋逃二句：惟尊崇四方多罪逃亡之人。

出越隊伍，攙前亂後，言語喧嘩，不遵禁約：此為亂軍，犯者斬。

託傷詐病，以遁征進，捏故假死，因而逃脫：此為奸軍，犯者斬。

主掌錢糧，給賞之時，阿私所親，使士卒結怨：此為弊軍，犯者斬。

觀寇不審，探賊不詳，到不言到，多則言少，少則言多：此為誤軍，犯者斬。

話說子牙將斬法牌掛于帥府，眾將觀之，無不敬謹。

且說宣生至十四日，入內庭見武王，曰：「請大王明日清晨至相府，請丞相登壇。」武王曰：「拜將之道，如何行禮？」宣生曰：「大王如黃帝拜風后，方成拜將之禮。」武王曰：「卿言正合孤意。」

次日乃三月十五日吉辰，武王帶領合朝文武齊至相府前。只聽裡面樂聲響過三番，軍政司令門官放砲開門。只見三聲砲響，相府開。宣生引道，武王隨後，至銀安殿。軍政司忙稟請元帥降殿：「有千歲親來拜請元帥登輦。」子牙忙從後面道服而出。武王乃欠身言曰：「請元帥登輦。」子牙慌忙謝過，同武王分左右並行至大門。武王欠身打一躬，兩邊扶子牙上輦。宣生請武王親扶鳳尾，連推三步。後人有詩讚子牙末年叨此榮寵，詩曰：

周主今朝列將臺，風雲龍虎四門開。香生滿道衣冠引，紫氣當天御仗來。

統領貔貅添瑞彩，安排士馬盡崔嵬。磻溪今日人龍出，八百開基說異才。

話說子牙排儀仗出城，只見前面七十里俱是大紅旗，直擺到西岐山。西岐百姓，扶老攜幼，俱來觀看。子牙至岐山，將近將臺邊，有一座牌坊，上有一副對聯：

三千社稷歸周主，一派華夷屬武王。

脛，剖賢人之心，作威殺戮，毒痛四海，崇信姦回，放黜師保，屏棄典刑，囚奴正士。郊社不修，宗廟不享，作奇技淫巧，以悅婦人。無辜籲天，上帝弗順，祝降時喪。臣發曷敢有越厥志，祇承上帝，以遏亂略，華夏蠻貊，罔不率俾。惟我先王，為國求賢，聘請姜尚以助發。今特拜為大將軍，大會孟津，以彰天討，取彼獨夫，永清四海。所賴有神，尚克相予，以濟兆民，無作神羞；克成厥勳，誕膺天命，以撫方夏。懇祈照臨，永光西土。神其鑒茲。伏惟尚饗！」

召公奭讀罷祝文，子牙居中而立。軍政司上臺，啟元帥發鼓豎旗。兩邊鼓響，拽起寶纛旗來。軍政司請元帥戴護頂之寶。軍政官用紅漆端盤，捧上一頂金盔來。怎見得：

黃澄澄，耀日鏡；玲瓏花，巧樣稱。豎三叉，攢四鳳。六瓣六楞紫金盔，纓絡翻，硃砂迸。珊瑚碧玉週圍遶，瑪瑙珍珠前面釘。

軍政司將盔捧與子牙戴上。又傳令：「取袍甲上臺。」軍政官高捧袍鎧，獻在臺上。怎見得：

龍吞口，獸吞肩。紅似火，赤似煙。老君爐，曾燒煉，千鎚打，萬鎚顛。綠絨扣，紫絨穿。迸銅鎚，扛鐵鞭。鎖子文，甲上懸。披一領，按南方丙丁火，茜草染，胭脂抹。五彩裝，花千朵。

遍金織就大紅袍，繫一條四指闊，羊脂玉，瑪瑙鑲，琥珀砌，紫金雀舌，八寶攢就白玉帶。

話說姜元帥金裝甲胄立于臺上。軍政司傳：「取印劍上臺。」軍政官捧劍、印上臺，又捧一架，架上有三般令天子、協諸侯之物；內有令天子旗，令天子印，令天子劍。只見印、劍上臺來，有詩為證：

黃金斗大掌貔貅，殺伐從來神鬼愁。呂望今朝登臺後，乾坤一統屬西周。

⑨ 狎侮五常：紂對於君臣、父子、兄弟、夫婦等常道，褻狎侮慢。

均。謹擇今日，特拜姜尚為大將軍，恭行天罰，伐罪弔民，永清四海。所賴神祇，相我眾士，以克厥勳。伏惟尚饗！」

話說散宜生讀罷祝文，有周公旦引子牙上第二層臺。周公旦贊禮曰：「請元帥面東背西。」周公旦開讀祝文：

「維大周十有三年，孟春丁卯朔丙子，西周武王姬發遣周公旦敢昭告曰：日月星辰，風伯雨師，歷代聖帝明王之神曰：嗚呼！天有顯道，厥類惟彰。今商王受乃夷居弗事上帝神祇，遺厥先宗廟弗祀，沉湎酒色，淫酗肆虐，惟宮室臺榭是崇。焚炙忠良，剗剔孕婦，以殘害于下民；犧牲粢盛，既于凶盜，乃曰吾有民有命，罔懲其侮。皇天震怒，命發誅之。發曷敢有越厥志。自思：欲濟斯民，匪才不克。今特拜姜尚為大將軍，取彼凶殘，殺伐用張。仰賴神祇翊衛啟迪，吐納風雲，嘯咈變化，拯救下民，恭行天罰，克定厥勳，于湯有光。伏惟尚饗！」

周公旦讀罷祝文，有召公奭引子牙上第三層臺。毛公遂捧武王所賜黃鉞白旄，祝曰：「自今以後，奉天征討，罰此獨夫，為生民除害，為天下造福，元戎往勗之哉！」子牙跪受黃鉞白旄，乃令左右執捧，禮官贊禮曰：「請元戎面北，拜受龍章鳳篆。」子牙跪拜。左右歌中和之曲，奏八音之章，樂聲嘹亮，動徹上下。召公奭開讀祝文：

「維大周十有三年，孟春丁卯朔丙子，西岐武王姬發敢昭告昊天上帝，后土神祇曰：嗚呼！天矜于民，民之所欲，天必從之。今商王受狎侮五常^⑧，荒怠弗敬，自絕于天，結怨于民。斯朝涉之

⑧ 菟亢：犯法作亂。

帝王之師，以受人間福祿，不可小視了。你東征滅紂，立功建業，列土分茅，子孫綿遠，國祚延長。貧道今日特來餞你。」命白鶴童子取酒來。斟了半杯，子牙跪接，一飲而盡。元始曰：「此一杯願成功扶聖主。」又飲一盃，「治國定無虞。」又一盃，「速速會諸侯。」子牙吃了三盃，又跪下。元始曰：「又復跪者何說？」子牙曰：「蒙老爺天恩教育，使尚得拜將東征，弟子此行，不知吉凶如何，懇求指示！」天尊曰：「你此去併無他虞，你謹記一偈，自有驗也。偈曰：

界牌關遇誅仙陣，穿雲關下受瘟癘。謹防『達兆光先德』，過了萬仙身體康。」

子牙聞偈，拜謝曰：「弟子敬佩此偈。」元始曰：「我返駕回宮，你眾弟子再為餞別。」群仙送出篷來，只見仙風一陣，回了鸞駕。且說眾仙來與子牙奉酒，各飲三盃；南極仙翁也奉子牙餞別酒三盃，俱要起身作辭而去。眾門人見子牙問師尊前去吉凶，金吒忙向文殊廣法天尊問曰：「弟子前去，吉凶如何？」道人曰：「你：修身一性超仙體，何怕無謀進五關？」

哪吒也來問太乙真人曰：「弟子此行，吉凶如何？」真人曰：「你：汜水關前施道術，方顯蓮花是化身。」木吒來問普賢真人曰：「弟子領法旨下山，不知歸著如何？」真人曰：「你：進關全仗吳鉤劍，不負仙傳在九宮。」

韋護也問道行天尊曰：「弟子佐姜師叔至孟津，可有妨礙？」道行天尊曰：「你比眾人不同，豈不知你：歷代多少修行客，獨你全真第一人！」

雷震子來問雲中子曰：「弟子此去，吉凶如何？」雲中子曰：「你：兩枚仙杏安天下，可保周家八百年。」楊戩也問玉鼎真人曰：「弟子此去如何？」真人曰：「你也比別人不同：修成八九玄中妙，任爾縱橫在

話說軍政司將印、劍捧至子牙面前。子牙將印、劍接在手中，高捧過肩。散宜生請武王拜將。武王在臺下大拜八拜。武王拜罷，子牙令辛甲把令天子旗將武王請上臺來。少時，辛甲執旗大呼曰：「奉元帥將令，請武王上臺！」武王隨令旗上臺。子牙傳令：「請開印、劍。」請武王面南端坐。子牙拜謝畢，跪而奏曰：「老臣聞國不可從外而治，軍不可從中而御，二心不可以事君，疑志不可以應敵。臣既受命，尊節鉞之威，豈敢不效驚駘，以報知遇之恩也？」武王曰：「相父今為大將東征，但願早至孟津，會兵速返，孤之幸矣。」子牙謝恩。武王下臺，眾將聽候指揮。子牙傳令：「軍政官與眾得知，俱于三日後在教軍場聽點。今日有三山五岳眾道兄與我餞別。」辛甲領命，傳與眾將知悉。武王同文武百官俱在金臺。

子牙離了將臺，往岐山正南而來。有哪吒領諸門人來迎接子牙。只見甲冑威儀，十分壯麗。來至蘆篷，只見玉虛門下十二弟子拍手大笑而來，對子牙曰：「將相威儀，自壯行色，子牙真人中之龍也！」子牙欠背打躬曰：「多蒙列位師兄擡舉，今日得握兵權，皆眾師兄之賜也，而姜尚何能哉！」眾仙曰：「只等掌教聖人來至，吾輩纔好奉酒。」話猶未了，只聽得空中一派笙簫，仙樂齊奏。怎見得，有詩為證：

紫氣空中遶帝都，笙簫嘹亮白雲浮。青鸞丹鳳隨鸞駕，羽扇旛幢傍轡轡。

對對金童雲裡現，雙雙玉女珮聲殊。祥光瑞彩多靈異，周室當興應赤符。

話說元始天尊駕臨，諸弟子伏道迎接。子牙俯伏，口稱：「弟子願老爺爺萬壽無疆！」眾門人引道，酌水焚香，迎鸞接駕。元始天尊上了蘆篷坐下，子牙復拜。元始曰：「姜尚，你四十年積功累行，今為

第六十八回

首陽山夷齊阻兵

首陽芳躅日爭光，欲樹千秋臣道防。凜凜數言垂世宇，寥寥片語立綱常。

求仁自是求仁得，義士還從義士揚。讀罷史文猶自淚，空留齒頰有餘香。

話說清虛道德真君見黃天化來問前程歸著，欲說出所以，恐他不服；欲不說明白，又恐他誤遭陷害。

真君沒奈何，只得將前去機關作一偈，聽憑天命。真君作偈曰：

「逢高不可戰，遇能即速回。金雞頭上看，蜂擁便知機。

止得功為首，千載姓名題。若不知時務，防身有難危。」

道人作罷偈，黃天化年少英雄，那裡放在心上？只見土行孫也來問懼留孫。懼留孫也知上行孫不好，他還進得關，死于張奎之手；也只得作一偈與土行孫存驗，偈曰：

「地行道術既能通，莫為貪嗔錯用功。攢出一獐咬一口，崖前猛獸帶衣紅。」

懼留孫作罷偈，土行孫謝過師尊。

且說眾仙與子牙作別，各回山岳而去。子牙同武王、眾將進西岐城，武王回宮，子牙回帥府，大小眾將俟候三日後，下教場聽點。子牙次日作本謝恩，上殿來見武王。姜子牙金幘頭，大紅袍，玉帶，將本呈上。只見上大夫散宜生接本，展于御案上。子牙俯伏奏曰：「姜尚何幸，蒙先王顧聘，未效涓埃之

世間。」

李靖來問燃燈道人曰：「弟子此行，凶吉如何？」道人曰：「你也比別人不同：肉身成聖超天境，久後靈山護法臺。」

黃天化問清虛道德真君曰：「弟子此行，凶吉何如？」道德真君一見黃天化命運不長，面帶絕氣，低首不言；然而心中不忍，真是可憐。真君復向黃天化言曰：「徒弟，你問前程之事，我有一傷，你可時時在心，謹記依偈而行，庶幾無事。」道人念偈。不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。

南宮适是左哨，武吉是右哨，哪吒是後哨。子牙大喜，令軍政官簪花掛紅，各領印信。四將飲過酒，謝了元帥。子牙又令楊戩、土行孫、鄭倫各拈一闖，作三軍督糧官。楊戩是頭運，土行孫是二運，鄭倫是三運。子牙令軍政官取督糧印付與三將，俱簪花掛紅，各飲三杯喜酒，三將下臺。子牙令軍政官取點將簿。先點：

黃飛虎 黃飛彪 黃飛豹 黃明 周紀 龍環 吳謙 黃天祿 黃天爵 黃天祥 辛免 太顛
閔天 祁恭 尹勛

周之四賢、八俊：

毛公遂 周公旦 召公奭 畢公高 伯達 伯适 仲突 仲忽 叔夜 叔夏 季隨 季騏 姬

叔乾 姬叔坤 姬叔康 姬叔正 姬叔啟 姬叔伯 姬叔元 姬叔忠 姬叔廉 姬叔德 姬叔美

姬叔奇 姬叔順 姬叔平 姬叔廣 姬叔智 姬叔勇 姬叔敬 姬叔崇 姬叔安

文王有九十九子，雷震子乃燕山所得，共為百子。文王有四乳，二十四妃，生九十九子，有三十六殿下習武，因紂王屢征西岐，陣亡十八位。又有歸降將佐：

鄧九公 太鸞 鄧秀 趙昇 孫焰紅 晁田 晁雷 洪錦 季康 蘇護 蘇全忠 趙丙 孫子羽

女將二員：

龍吉公主 鄧嬋玉

② 拈一闖：即抽籤。

報，又蒙大王拜尚為將，知遇之隆，古今罕及。尚敢不效犬馬之力，以報深恩也！今特表請駕親征，以順天人之願。」武王曰：「相父此舉，正合天心。」忙覽表，略云：

大周十三年，孟春月，掃蕩成湯天寶大元帥姜尚言：伏以觀時應變，固天地之氣運；殺伐用張，亦神聖之功化。今商王受不敬上天，荒淫不德，殘虐無辜，肆行殺戮，逆天征伐，天愁民怨，致我西土十載不安；仰仗天威，自行殄滅。臣念此艱難之久，正值紂惡貫盈之時。天下諸侯，其會孟津。蒙准臣等之請，許以東征。萬姓歡騰，將士踴躍。臣不勝感激，日夜祇懼：才疏德薄，恐無補報于涓埃；佩服王言，實有慚于節鉞。特懇大王，大奮乾綱❶，恭行天討，親御行營，托天威于咫尺，措全勝于前籌，早進五關，速會諸侯，觀政于商。庶幾天厭其穢，獨夫授首，不獨泄天人之憤，實于湯為有光。臣不勝激切惓望之至！謹具表以聞。

武王覽表，問曰：「相父此兵何日起程？」子牙曰：「老臣操演停當，謹擇吉日，再來請駕起程。」武王傳左右：「治宴與相父賀喜。」君臣共飲，子牙謝恩出朝。次日，子牙下教場看操，照名點將。子牙五更時分至教軍場，降了將臺。軍政司辛甲啟元帥：「放砲豎旗，擂鼓點將。」子牙暗思：「今人馬有六十萬，須用四個先行方有協助。」子牙命軍政司：「令南宮适、武吉、哪吒、黃天化上臺來。」辛甲領令，令四將上臺打躬。子牙曰：「吾兵有六十萬，用你四將為先行，掛左、右、前、後印。你等各拈一圖❷，自任其事，毋得錯亂。」四將聲喏。子牙將四圖與四將各自拈認：黃天化拈著是頭隊先行，

❶ 大奮乾綱：乾為陽，喻天子。天子總理萬物，有如綱之大繩統領綱目。此子牙鼓勵武王振起天子之雄威以伐紂。

❷ 圖。

起兵點起號砲，兵威甚是雄壯。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

征雲蔽日隱旌旗，戰士橫戈縱鐵騎。飛劍有光來紫電，流星斜落掛金縷。

將軍猛烈堪圖畫，天子威儀異所施。漫道弔民來伐罪，方知天地果無私。

話說大隊雄兵離了西岐，前往箕山一路上而來，三軍懽悅，百倍精神。行過了箕山，正往首陽山來。大隊人馬正行，只見伯夷、叔齊二人，寬衫博袖，麻履絲絛，站立中途，阻住大兵，大呼曰：「你是那裡去的人馬？我欲見你主將答話。」有哨探馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：有二位道者欲見千歲並元帥答話。」子牙聽說，忙請武王並轡上前。只見伯夷、叔齊向前稽首曰：「千歲與子牙公，見禮了。」武王與子牙欠身曰：「甲冑在身，不能下騎。二位阻路，有何事見諭？」夷、齊曰：「今日主公與元帥起兵往何處去？」子牙曰：「紂王無道，逆命于天，殘虐萬姓，囚奴正士，焚炙忠良，荒淫不道，無辜籲天，穢德彰聞。惟我先王，若日月之照臨，光于四方，顯于西土，命我先王肅將天威，大勳未集。惟我西周誕及多方，肆予小子，恭行天之罰。今天下諸侯一德一心，大會于孟津，我武維揚，侵于之疆，取彼凶殘，殺伐用張，于湯有光。此予小子不得已之心也。」夷、齊曰：「臣聞『子不言父過，臣不彰君惡。』故父有諍子，君有諍臣。只聞以德而感君，未聞以下而伐上者。今紂王，君也，雖有不德，何不傾城盡諫，以盡臣節，亦不失為忠耳。況先王以服事殷，未聞不足于湯也。臣又聞『至德無不感通，至仁無不賓服。』苟至德至仁在我，何凶殘不化為淳良乎！以臣愚見，當退守臣節，禮先王服事之誠，守千古君臣之分，不亦善乎。」武王聽罷，停驂不語。

子牙曰：「二位之言雖善，予非不知，此是一得之見耳。今天下溺矣，百姓如坐水火，三綱已絕，

話說子牙點將已畢，傳令：「令黃飛虎上臺。」子牙曰：「成湯雖是氣數已盡，五關之內必有精奇之士，不可不防備。當戰者戰，當攻者攻，其間軍士須要演習陣圖，方知進退之法，然後可破敵人。」隨令軍政官擡十陣牌放在臺上：

一字長蛇陣

二龍出水陣

三日月兒陣

四門斗底陣

五虎巴山陣

六甲迷魂陣

七縱七擒陣

八卦陰陽子母陣

九宮八卦陣

十代明王陣

天地三才陣

包羅萬象陣

子牙曰：「此陣俱按六韜之內，精演停當，軍士方知進退之方。黃將軍與鄧將軍、洪將軍，你三位走一字長蛇陣。聽砲響變以下諸陣，毋得錯亂。」三將領下令臺走此陣。正行之際，子牙傳令：「點砲，化六甲迷魂陣。」竟不能齊。子牙看見，把三將令上臺來，教之曰：「今日東征，非同小可，乃是大敵；若士卒教演不精，此是主將之羞，如何征伐！三位須是日夜操練，毋得怠玩，有乖軍政。」三將領令下臺，用心教習。子牙傳令散操，眾將打點，收拾東征。翌日，子牙朝賀武王畢，子牙奏曰：「人馬軍糧皆一應齊備，請大王東行。」武王問曰：「相父將內事托與何人？」子牙曰：「上大夫散宜生可任國事，似乎可托。」武王又曰：「外事托與何人？」子牙曰：「老將軍黃滾歷練老成，可任軍國重務。」武王大喜：「相父措處得宜，使孤歡悅。」武王退朝，入內宮見太姬，曰：「上啟母后知道：今相父姜尚會諸侯于孟津，孩兒一進五關，觀政于商，即便回來，不敢有乖父訓。」太姬曰：「姜丞相此行，決無差失，孩兒可一應俱依相父指揮。」吩咐宮中治酒，與武王錢行。

翌日，子牙把六十萬雄師竟出西岐。武王親乘甲馬，率御林軍來至十里亭。只見眾御弟排下九龍席，與武王、姜元帥錢行。眾弟進酒武王與子牙用罷，乘吉日良辰起兵。此正是紂王三十年三月二十四日。

宜小心。」南宮适領令上馬，砲聲大振，一馬走出營前。見一將幟頭鐵甲，烏馬長鎗。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

將軍如猛虎，戰騎可騰雲。鐵甲生光艷，皂服襯龍文。赤膽扶真主，忠肝保聖君。西岐來報效，趕駕立功勳。子牙逢此將，門徒是魏賁。

南宮适問曰：「你是那裡無名之兵，敢阻西岐大軍？」魏賁曰：「你是何人？往那裡去？」南宮适答曰：「俺元帥奉天征討而伐成湯，你敢大膽粗心，阻吾大隊人馬！」大喝一聲，舞刀直取。此將手中鎗赴面交還。兩馬相交，刀鎗併舉，戰有三十回合。南宮适被魏賁直殺得汗流脊背，心下暗思：「纔出兵至此，今日遇這員大將，若敗回大營，元帥必定見責。」南宮适心上出神，不提防被魏賁大喝一聲，抓住南宮适的袍帶，生擒過馬去。魏賁曰：「吾不傷你性命，快請姜元帥出來相見。」又把南宮适放回營來。軍政官報入中軍：「南宮适聽令。」子牙傳令：「命來。」南宮适上帳，將被擒放回，請元帥定奪，說了一遍。子牙聽得大怒曰：「六十萬人馬，你乃左哨首領官，今一旦先挫吾鋒，你還來見我？」喝左右：「綁出轅門，斬訖報來！」左右隨將南宮适推出轅門來。魏賁在馬上，見要斬南宮适，在馬上大叫曰：「刀下留人！只請姜元帥相見，吾自有機密相商！」軍政官報入帳中：「啟老爺：那人在轅門外，叫『刀下留人，請元帥答話，自有機密相商。』」子牙大罵：「匹夫擒吾將而不殺，反放回來，如今又在轅門討饒！速傳令擺隊伍出行營！」砲聲響處，大紅寶纛旗搖，只見轅門下一對對都是紅袍金甲，英雄威猛，先行官騎的是玉麒麟，赳赳殺氣；哪吒登風火輪，昂昂眉宇；雷震子藍面紅髮，手執黃金棍；韋護手捧降魔杵，俱是片片雲光。正是：

四維已折，天怒于上，民怨于下，天翻地覆之時，四海鼎沸之際。惟天矜民，民之所欲，天必從之。況夫天已肅命乎我周，若不順天，厥罪惟均。且天視自我民視，天聽自我民聽。百姓有過，在予一人。今予必往。如逆天不順，非予先王有罪，惟予小子無良。」子牙左右將士欲行，見伯夷、叔齊二人言之不已，心上甚是不快。夷、齊見左右俱有猶豫之色，又見眾人挾武王、子牙欲行，二人知其必往，乃至于馬前，攬其轡，諫曰：「臣受先王養老之恩，終守臣節之義，不得不盡心耳。今大王雖以仁義服天下，豈有父死不葬，援及干戈，可謂孝乎？以臣伐君，可謂忠乎？臣恐天下後世必有為之口實者。」左右眾將見夷、齊叩馬而諫，軍士不得前進，心中大怒，欲舉兵殺之。子牙忙止之曰：「不可，此天下之義士也。」忙令左右扶之而去，眾兵方得前進。後伯夷、叔齊臥食周粟，入首陽山，採薇作歌，歌曰：

「登彼西山兮，采其薇矣！以暴易暴兮，不知其非矣！神農虞夏忽焉沒兮，我安適歸矣！吁嗟徂兮，命之衰矣！」

遂餓死於首陽山，此是後事不表。

且說子牙大隊雄師離了首陽山，往前進發。正是：

騰騰殺氣沖霄漢，簇簇征雲蓋地來。

子牙人馬行至金雞嶺。嶺上有一枝人馬，打兩杆大紅旗，駐紮嶺上，阻住大兵。哨馬報至軍前：「啟元帥：金雞嶺有一枝人馬阻住，大軍不能前進，請令定奪。」子牙傳令安下行營。陞帳坐下，著探事軍打探，是那裡人馬在此處阻軍？話猶未了，只見左右來報：「有一將請戰。」子牙不知是那裡人馬，忙傳令問：「誰人見陣走一遭？」有左哨先行南宮适上帳應聲曰：「未將願往。」子牙曰：「首次出軍，當

話說使命官至三山關傳旨意，孔宣接至殿上。欽差官開讀詔旨，孔宣跪聽宣讀：

詔曰：天子有征伐之權，將帥有闔外之寄。今西岐姬發大肆猖獗，屢挫上師，罪在不赦。茲爾孔宣，謀術兩全，古今無兩，允堪大將；特遣使齎爾斧鉞旌旗，得專征伐，務擒首惡，勦滅妖人，永清西土。爾之功在社稷，朕亦與有榮焉。朕決不惜茅土之封，以賞有功。爾其欽哉！故茲爾詔。

孔宣拜罷旨意，打發天使回朝歌，連夜下營，整點人馬，共是十萬。即日拜寶纛旗，離了三山關，一路上曉行夜住，饑餐渴飲。在路行程，也非一日。那日探馬報入中軍：「有汜水關韓榮接元帥。」孔宣傳令請來。韓榮至中軍打躬：「元帥此來遲了。」孔宣曰：「為何遲了？」韓榮曰：「姜子牙三月十五日金臺拜將，人馬已出西岐了。」孔宣曰：「料姜尚有何能！我此行定拏姬發君臣解進朝歌。」吩咐可速開關，把人馬催動前往西岐大道而來。不一日，至金雞嶺。哨探馬來報：「金雞嶺下周兵已至，請令定奪。」孔宣傳令：「將大營駐紮嶺上阻住周兵。」不知勝負如何，且聽下回分解。

盔山甲海真威武，一派天神滾出來。

話說子牙在四不相上問曰：「你是誰人，請吾相見？」魏賁見子牙威儀整飭，兵甲鮮明，知其興降之兆，乃滾鞍下馬，拜伏道旁，言曰：「末將聞元帥天兵伐紂，特來麾下，欲效犬馬微勞，附功名于竹帛耳。因未見元帥真實，末將不敢擅入。今見元帥士馬之精，威令之嚴，儀節之盛，知不專在軍威而在于仁德也。末將敢不隨鞭墜鐙，共伐此獨夫，以泄人神之憤耶。」子牙隨令進營。魏賁上帳，復拜在地曰：「末將幼習鎗馬，未得其主，今逢明君與元帥，乃魏賁不負數載功夫耳。」子牙大喜。魏賁復跪而言曰：「啟元帥：雖然南將軍一時失利，望元帥憐而赦之。」子牙曰：「南宮适雖則失利，然既得魏將軍，反是吉兆。」傳令：「放來。」左右將南宮适放上帳來，南宮适謝過子牙。子牙曰：「你乃周室元勳，身為首領，初陣失機，理當該斬；奈魏賁歸周，乃先凶而後吉。雖然如此，你可將左哨先行印與魏賁，你自隨營聽用。」即時將魏賁補掛了左哨。彼時南宮适交代印綬畢，子牙傳令起兵不表。

且說只因張山陣亡，飛報至汜水關，韓榮已知子牙二月十五日金臺拜將，具本上朝歌。那日微子看本，知張山陣亡，洪錦歸周，忙抱本人內庭見紂王，具奏張山為國捐軀。紂王大駭：「不意姬發猖獗至此！」忙傳旨意，鳴鐘鼓臨殿，百官朝賀。紂王曰：「今有姬發大肆猖獗，卿等有何良謀可除西土大患？」言未畢，班中閃出中大夫飛廉，俯伏奏曰：「姜尚乃崑崙左術之士，非堂堂之兵可以擒勦，陛下發詔，須用孔宣為將；他善能五行道術，庶幾反叛可擒，西土可勦。」紂王准奏，遣使命持詔往三山關來，一路無詞。正是：

使命馬到傳飛檄，九重丹詔鳳銜來。

二將陣前勢無比，顛開戰馬定生死。盤旋鐵騎眼中花，展動旗旛龍擺尾。銀鎗發手沒遮攔，戟刺咽喉蛇信起。自來也見將軍戰，不似今番無底止。

麟馬交還，大戰有三十回合，黃天化掩一鎗便走。陳庚不知好歹，隨後趕來。黃天化聞得腦後鸞鈴響，掛下雙鎗，取火龍標掌在手中，回手一標。正是：

金標發出神光現，斷送無常死不知。

話說黃天化回手一鏢，將陳庚打下馬來，兜回馬取了首級，掌鼓進營，來見子牙。子牙問：「出陣如何？」黃天化答曰：「末將托元帥洪福，標取了陳庚首級。」子牙大喜，上黃天化首功。子牙方纔舉筆向硯臺上醮墨，不覺筆頭吊將下來。子牙半晌不言，從新再取筆，上了黃天化頭一功。此是黃天化只得首功一次，故有此警報。

且說報馬報入孔宣營中：「稟元帥：陳庚失機，被黃天化斬了首級，號令轅門。」孔宣笑曰：「陳庚自己無能，死不足惜。」全不在意。次日，又是孫合出馬，至周營搦戰。子牙傳令：「誰去走一遭？」有武吉應曰：「弟子願往。」子牙許之。武吉出營，見一員將官，金甲紅袍，黃馬大刀，飛臨陣前，大呼曰：「來者何人？」武吉曰：「吾乃姜元帥門下右哨先行官武吉是也。」孫合笑曰：「姜尚乃是一漁翁，你乃是一個樵子。你師徒二人正是一軸畫圖——漁樵問答。」武吉大怒曰：「匹夫無理！焉敢以言戲吾！」切齒咬牙，舉鎗分心就刺。孫合手中刀急架忙迎。兩馬交鋒，一場惡殺。大戰有三十回合，未分勝負，武吉掩一鎗便走，詐敗而逃。孫合見武吉敗走，知是樵子出身，料有何能，隨後趕來。不知子牙在磻溪傳武吉這條鎗，有神出鬼沒之妙。武吉已知孫合趕來，把馬一兜，那馬停了一步；孫合馬來得

第六十九回

孔宣兵阻金雞嶺

伐罪弔民誅獨夫，西周原應玉虛符。自無血戰成功易，豈有紛爭立業殊？

孔雀逆天皆孟浪，金雞阻路盡支吾。休言伎倆參玄妙，總有西方接引徒。

話說孔宣人馬出關，至金雞嶺，探馬報入中軍：「前有周兵在嶺下，請令定奪。」孔宣令在嶺上安下營寨，阻住咽喉之路，使周兵不能前進不題。只見子牙人馬正行，報馬報入中軍：「稟上元帥：前有成湯大隊人馬住在嶺上。」子牙傳令安營。陞帳坐下自思：「三十六路人馬俱完，怎麼又有這枝兵來？」子牙沉思，掐指算來：「連張山是三十五路，連此一路方是三十六路。此事必又費手。」

且說孔宣在嶺上止住了三日，子牙大兵已到。忙傳令問：「誰人去周營見頭陣走一遭？」有先行官陳庚出位應曰：「末將願先見頭陣。」孔宣許之。陳庚上馬下嶺，至周營搦戰，探馬報入中軍。子牙問左右：「誰去見此頭陣？」有先行官黃天化應曰：「願往。」子牙吩咐曰：「務要小心。」黃天化答曰：「不必囑咐。」忙上了玉麒麟出營。看見來將手提方天戟大呼曰：「反賊何人？」黃天化答曰：「吾非反賊，乃奉天征討掃蕩成湯大寶大元帥麾下，正印先行官黃天化是也。你乃何人？也通個名來，錄功簿上好記你的首級。」陳庚大怒：「量你雞犬小輩，敢與天朝大將相拒哉？」縱馬搖戟，直取黃天化。天化手中雙鎚赴面交還。麟馬往來，鎚戟併舉。有贊為證，贊曰：

軍：「孔宣請元帥答話。」子牙傳令：「擺八健將出營。」大紅寶纛旗展處，子牙左右有四個先行官與眾門徒，雁翅排開。子牙乘四不相至陣前，看孔宣來歷大不相同。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

身似黃金映火，一籠盔甲鮮明。大刀紅馬勢崢嶸，五道光華色映。曾見開天闢地，又見出口月星辰。一靈道德最根深，他與西方有分。

子牙看孔宣背後有五道光華，按青、黃、赤、白、黑，子牙心下疑惑。孔宣見子牙自來，將馬一拍，來至軍前，問曰：「來者莫非姜子牙麼？」子牙曰：「然也。」孔宣問曰：「你原是殷臣，為何造反，妄自稱王，會合諸侯，逆天欺心，不守本上？吾今奉詔征討，汝好好退兵，敬守臣節，可保家國；若半字遲延，吾定削平西土，那時悔之晚矣。」子牙曰：「天命無常，惟有德者居之。昔帝堯有子丹朱不肖，讓位與舜。舜帝有子商均亦不肖，讓位與禹。禹有子啟賢，能繼父志，禹尊禪讓，復讓與益。天下之朝覲訟獄，不之益而之啟。再後傳之桀。桀王無道，成湯伐夏而有天下。今傳之紂。紂王今淫酗肆虐，穢德彰聞，天怒民怨，四海鼎沸。德在我周，恭行天之罰。將軍何不順天以歸我周，共罰獨夫也？」

孔宣曰：「你以下伐上，反不為逆天，乃架此一段污穢之言，惑亂民心，借此造反，拒逆天兵，情殊可恨！」縱馬舞刀來取。子牙後有洪錦走馬奔來，大呼：「孔宣不得無禮！吾來也！」孔宣見洪錦走馬而至，孔宣大罵：「逆賊！你還敢來見我！」洪錦曰：「天下八百諸侯俱已歸周，料你一個忠臣，也不能濟得甚事。」孔宣大怒，搖刀直取。二馬交兵，未及數合，洪錦將旗門遁往下一戮，把刀往下一分，那旗化為一門。洪錦方欲進門，孔宣大笑曰：「米粒之珠，有何光彩？」孔宣兜回馬，把左邊黃光往下一刷，將洪錦刷去，毫無影響，就如沙灰投入大海之中，止見一匹空馬。子牙左右小將官俱目瞪口呆。

太速，正撞個滿懷，早被武吉回馬鎗挑下來，取了首級，掌鼓進營，兒子牙報功。子牙大喜，上了武吉的功。就把哪吒激得抓耳撓腮，恨不得要出營廝殺。

且說報馬報入成湯營裡：「啟元帥：孫合失機，被武吉回馬鎗挑了，梟去首級，號令轅門，請令定奪。」孔宣聽報，謂左右曰：「吾今奉詔征討，爾等隨軍立功，不期連折二陣，使吾心中不悅。今日誰去見陣走一遭，為國立功？」旁有五軍救應使高繼能曰：「末將願往。」孔宣吩咐曰：「務要小心。」

高繼能上馬提鎗，至營前討戰，哨馬報入中軍。旁有哪吒忙應聲曰：「弟子願往。」子牙許之。哪吒登風火輪，前有一對紅旗，如風捲火雲，飛奔前來。高繼能大呼曰：「哪吒慢來！」哪吒大喜曰：「既知吾名，何不早早下馬受死？」高繼能對哪吒大笑曰：「聞你道術過人，一般今日也會得你著。」哪吒曰：「你且通名來，功勞簿上好記你的首級。」高繼能大怒，使開鎗分心刺來。哪吒火尖鎗急速忙迎。輪馬盤旋，雙鎗齊舉，這場戰非是等閑，怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

二將交鋒在戰場，四肢臂膊望空忙。這一個丹心要保真明主，那一個赤膽還扶段紂王。哪吒要成千載業，繼能為主立家邦。古來有福催無福，有道該興無道亡。

高繼能大戰哪吒，恐哪吒先下手，高繼能掩一鎗便走。哪吒自思：「吾此來定要成功！」那裡肯捨？隨手取乾坤圈望空中祭起。高繼能的蜈蚣袋未及放開來，不意哪吒的圈來得快，一圈正打中肩窩，伏鞍而逃。哪吒為不得全功，心下懊惱，回營見子牙曰：「弟子未得全功，請令定奪。」子牙上了哪吒的功。且說高繼能被哪吒打傷，敗進營來見孔宣，具言前事。孔宣不語，取些丹藥與繼能敷貼，立時痊癒。

孔宣次日命中軍點砲，自領大隊人馬，親臨陣前，對旗門官將曰：「請你主將答話。」探馬報入中

夜交兵，更不答話，麟馬相交，鎗鎗併舉。好黃天化！兩柄鎗只打的鎗尖生烈焰，殺氣透心寒。二將乃是夜戰，況黃天化兩柄鎗似流星不落地，來往不沾塵。高繼能見如此了得，掩一鎗，撥馬就走。黃天化催開玉麒麟趕來。高繼能展開蜈蚣袋，也是黃天化命該如此，那蜈蚣捲將來，成堆成團而至，一似飛蝗。黃天化用兩柄鎗遮擋，不防蜈蚣把玉麒麟的眼叮了一下，那麒麟叫了一聲，後蹄站立，前蹄直豎，黃天化坐不住鞍轡，撞下地來，早被高繼能一鎗正中脇下，死于非命。一魂往封神臺去了。可憐下山大破四天王，不曾取成湯寸土。正是：

功名未遂身先死，早至臺中等候封。

且說孔宣收兵，殺了一夜，嶺頭上屍橫遍野，血染草梢。孔宣降帳，將五色神光一抖，只見哪吒、雷震子跌下地來。孔宣命左右拿於後營監禁，然後坐下。高繼能獻功，報斬了黃天化首級。孔宣吩咐號令轅門不表。

且言子牙一夜不曾睡，只聽得嶺上天翻地覆一般。及至天明，報馬進營：「啟老爺：三將劫營，黃天化首級已號令轅門，二將不知所往。」子牙大驚。黃飛虎聽罷，放聲大哭曰：「天化苦死！不能取成湯尺寸之土，要你奇才無用！」三兄弟、二叔叔、眾將無不下淚，武成王如酒醉一般，子牙納悶無言。南宮适曰：「黃將軍不必如此。令郎為國捐軀，萬年垂于青史。方今高繼能有左道蜈蚣之術，將軍何不請崇城黑虎來？他有神鷹能制此術。」黃飛虎聽得此言，上帳來見子牙，曰：「末將往崇城去請崇城黑虎來破此賊，以泄吾兒之恨。」子牙見黃飛虎這等悲切，即許之。黃飛虎離了行宮，逕往崇城大道而來。一路上，曉行夜住，飢餐渴飲。一日來到一座山，山下有一石碣，上書飛鳳山。飛虎看罷，策馬過山，

孔宣復縱馬來取子牙。子牙手中劍急架相迎，旁有鄧九公走馬來助陣。子牙大戰十五六合。子牙祭打神鞭打孔宣，那鞭已落在孔宣紅光中去了，似石投水。子牙大驚，忙傳令鳴金，兩邊各歸營寨。

且說子牙陞帳，坐下沉吟，想：「此人後有五道光華，按有五行之狀；今將洪錦攝去，不知吉凶，如之奈何？」子牙自思：「不若乘孔宣得勝，今夜去劫他的營，且勝他一陣，再作區處。」子牙令哪吒：「你今夜去劫孔宣的大轅門；黃天化，你去劫他左營；雷震子，你可去劫他右營；先挫動他軍威，然後用計破他，必然成功。」三人領命去訖。且說孔宣得勝進營，將後面五色光華一抖，只見洪錦昏迷睡於地下。孔宣吩咐左右，將洪錦監在後營，收了打神鞭，正欲退後營，只見一陣大風，將帥旗連捲三四捲。孔宣大驚，掐指一算，早已知其就裡，忙喚高繼能吩咐：「你在左營門埋伏；周信，你在右營門埋伏，今夜姜子牙要來劫吾營寨。我正要你來，只可惜姜尚不曾親來！」

且說姜子牙營中三路兵暗暗上嶺。將近二更，一聲砲響，三路兵吶喊一聲，殺進轅門。哪吒登輪搖鎗，沖開營門，殺至中營而來。孔宣獨坐帳中，不慌不忙，上了馬迎來，大笑曰：「哪吒，你今番劫營，定然遭擒，再休想前番取勝也！」哪吒也不知孔宣的利害，大怒，罵曰：「今日定擎你成功！」舉鎗來戰，殺在中軍，難解難分。雷震子飛在空中，沖開右營；周信大戰雷震子。雷震子展動風雷二翅，飛在空中，是上三路，又是黃夜間，觀看不甚明白，周信被雷震子一棍刷將下來，正中頂門，打得腦漿迸出，死于非命。雷震子飛至中營，見哪吒大戰孔宣，雷震子大喝一聲，如霹靂交加，孔宣將黃光望上一撒，先擎了雷震子，哪吒見如此利害，方欲抽身，又被孔宣把白光一刷，連哪吒撒去，不知去向。

且說黃天化只聽得殺聲大作，不察虛實，催開玉麒麟，沖進左營，忽聽砲響，高繼能一馬當先，黃

之言，雖是如此說，但崇君侯欲進陳塘關，也要等武王的兵到。大王且權在小寨草棚一宵，明日俺弟兄三人同大王一往，料崇君侯定來協助，決無推辭之理。」黃飛虎感謝不盡，就在山寨中歇了一宿。次日，四將用罷飯，一同起行。在路無詞。一日來至崇城，文聘至帥府。門官來見黑虎，報曰：「啟千歲：有飛鳳山三位求見。」崇黑虎道：「請進來。」三將至殿前行禮畢，崔英曰：「武成王尚在外面等候。」崇黑虎聞言，降階迎接，口稱：「大王，不才不知大王駕臨，有失遠迎，望大王恕罪。」黃飛虎曰：「輕造帥府，得睹尊面，實末將三生之幸。」敘禮畢，分賓主依次而坐。彼此溫慰畢，文聘將黃飛虎的事說了一遍，崇黑虎咨歎不語。崔英曰：「仁兄莫非先要進陳塘關麼？今姜元帥阻隔在金雞嶺，仁兄縱先進陳塘關，至孟津，也少不得等武王到，方可會合諸侯。這不是還可遲得？依弟愚見，不若先破了高繼能，讓子牙進兵，兄再分兵進陳塘關不遲，總是一事。」崇黑虎曰：「既然如此，明日就行。著世子崇應鸞操練三軍，待吾等破了孔宣，再來起兵未晚。」黃飛虎謝罷。崇黑虎乃治酒管待飛虎等四人。次日四鼓時分起馬，五岳離了崇城，往金雞嶺大道行來。非止一日，五岳至子牙轅門聽令。探馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：黃飛虎轅門等令。」子牙令至帳前，問曰：「請崇黑虎的事如何？」黃飛虎啟曰：「還添有三位，俱在轅門外聽令。」子牙傳令用請旗請來。崇黑虎等俱遵閫外之令，上帳打躬曰：「元帥在上：吾等甲冑在身，不能全禮！」子牙忙迎下接住曰：「君侯等皆係外客，如何這等罪不才也！」俱彼此遜讓，以賓主之禮序過。子牙命設坐，崇黑虎等俱客席，子牙與飛虎主席相陪。

子牙曰：「今孔宣猖獗，阻逆大兵，有勞賢侯，途次奔馳，深多罪戾！」崇黑虎謝過，起身對子牙曰：「煩元帥引進，參謁周王。」子牙前行引路，黑虎隨後，進後帳與武王見禮。相敘畢，崇黑虎曰：

耳邊只聞得鑼鼓齊鳴，武成王自思：「是那裡戰鼓響？」把坐下五色神牛一撥，走上山來。只見山凹裡三將廝殺：一員將使五股托天叉，一員將使八楞熟銅鎚，一員將使五爪爛銀抓；三將大戰，殺得難解難分。只見那使叉的同著使抓的殺那使鎚的。戰了一會，只見使鎚的又同著使叉的殺那使抓的。三將殺得呵呵大笑。

黃飛虎在坐騎上，自忖曰：「這三人為何以殺為戲？待吾向前問他端的。」黃飛虎走騎至面前。只見使叉的見飛虎丹鳳眼，臥蠶眉，穿王服，坐五色神牛，使叉的大呼曰：「二位賢弟，少停兵器！」二人忙停了手。那將馬上欠身問曰：「來者好似武成王麼？」黃飛虎答曰：「不才便是。不識三位將軍何以知我？」三將聽得，滾鞍下馬，拜伏在地。黃飛虎慌忙下騎，頂禮相還。三將拜罷，口稱：「大王，適纔見大王儀表，與昔日所聞，故此知之。今何幸至此！」邀請上山，進得中軍帳，分賓主坐下。黃飛虎曰：「方纔三位兄廝殺，卻是何故？」三人欠身曰：「俺弟兄三人在此吃了飯，沒事幹，假此消遣耍子，不期誤犯行旌，有失迴避。」黃飛虎亦遜謝畢，問曰：「請問三位高姓大名？」三人欠身曰：「末將姓文，名聘；此位姓崔，名英；此位姓蔣，名雄。」這一回正該是五岳相會：文聘乃是西岳，崔英乃是中岳，蔣雄乃是北岳，黃飛虎乃是東岳，崇黑虎乃是南岳，表過不題。

文聘治酒管待黃飛虎，酒席之間，問曰：「大王何往？」黃飛虎把子牙拜將伐湯，遇孔宣殺了黃天化的事說了一遍，「如今未將往崇城請崇君侯往金雞嶺，共破高繼能，為吾子報仇。」文聘曰：「只怕崇君侯不得來。」飛虎曰：「將軍何以知之？」文聘曰：「崇君侯操演人馬，要進陳塘關，至孟津會天下諸侯，恐誤了事，決不得來。」黃飛虎曰：「幸是遇著三位，不是枉走一遭。」崔英曰：「不然。文兄

且說五岳將高繼能圍住在核心。好高繼能，一條鎗遮架攔擋。此正是五岳除黑煞，不知性命如何，且聽下回分解。

「今大主體上天好生之仁，救民于水火，共伐獨夫，孔宣自不度德，敢阻天兵，是自取死耳，隨即撲滅。」武王曰：「孤力窮德薄，謬蒙眾位大士推許，共舉義兵，今初出岐周，便有這些阻隔，定是人心未順耳。孤意欲回兵，自修己德，以俟有道，何如？」崇黑虎曰：「大王差矣！今紂惡貫盈，人神共怒，豈得以孔宣疥癬之輩，以阻天下諸侯之心？時哉不可失！大王切不可失了將士之心。」武王感謝，命左右治酒，與黑虎共飲數盃。黑虎謝酒而出。子牙與崇侯出來，在中軍重新治酒，管待四位。正是：

五岳共飲金雞嶺，這場大戰實驚人。

話說崇黑虎次日上火眼金睛獸，左右有文聘、崔英、蔣雄，上嶺來，坐名只要高繼能出來答話。孔宣聞報，隨命高繼能速退西兵。高繼能出營，來見崇黑虎，大喝曰：「你乃是北路反叛，為何也來助西岐為惡？這正是你等會聚在一處，便于擒捉，省得費我等心機。」崇黑虎曰：「匹夫！死活不知！四面八方皆非紂有，尚敢支吾而不知天命也？前日斬黃公子是你？」高繼能笑曰：「哪吒、雷震子不過如此，你有何能，敢來問吾？」縱馬搖鎗直取，崇黑虎手中斧赴面相迎。獸馬相交，鎗斧併舉。未及數合，文聘青驄馬跑，五股叉搖；崔英催開黃彪馬，蔣雄磕開烏騅馬，四將把高繼能圍在當中。好個高繼能，一條鎗抵住了四件兵器。三軍呐喊，數對旗搖。且說黃飛虎在中軍帳，子牙聽的鼓聲大振，對黃飛虎曰：「黃將軍，崇侯侯此來為你，你可出營助陣方是。」黃飛虎曰：「末將思子，一時昏聩，幾乎忘卻了。」隨上五色神牛，搖鎗殺出營來，大呼：「崇侯侯，吾來拿殺子仇人也！」把坐下牛一縱，殺入圈子裡來。正應著：

五岳特來除黑煞，金雞嶺上立奇功。

復回來又戰。五人又把高繼能圍住，黃飛虎一條鎗裏住了高繼能。只見孔宣在營中間掠陣，官曰：「高將軍與何人對敵？」軍政司稟曰：「與五員大將殺在核心。」孔宣前往，出營門掠陣。見高繼能鎗法漸亂，纔待走馬出營，高繼能早被黃飛虎一鎗刺中脇下，翻鞍墜馬，梟了首級。纔要掌鼓回營，忽聽得後邊大呼曰：「匹夫少待回兵！吾來也！」五將見孔宣來至，黃飛虎罵曰：「孔宣！你不知天時，真乃匹夫也！」孔宣笑曰：「我也不對你這等草木之輩閑話，你且不要走，放馬來！」把刀一晃，直取文聘。崇黑虎忙舉雙斧砍來，一似車輪。六騎交鋒，直殺得：

空中飛鳥藏林內，山裡猿蟲隱穴中。

孔宣見這五員大將，兵器來得甚是兇猛，若不下手，反為他所算。把背後五道光華往下一晃，五員戰將一去毫無蹤影，只剩下五騎歸營。子牙正坐，只見探事官來報：「五將被孔宣華光撒去，請令定奪。」子牙大驚曰：「雖然殺了高繼能，倒又折了五將！且按兵不動。」話說孔宣進營，把神光一抖，只見五將跌下，眼前昏迷。吩咐左右監在後營。孔宣見左右并無一將，只得自己一個，也不來請戰，只阻住咽喉總路，周兵如何過去得？

話說子牙頭運糧草官楊戩至轅門下馬，大驚曰：「這時候還在此處？」軍政官報與子牙：「督運官楊戩聽令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」楊戩上帳參謁畢，稟曰：「催糧三千五百，不誤限期，請令定奪。」子牙曰：「督糧有功，乃是為國。」楊戩曰：「是何人領兵阻在此處？」子牙把死了黃天化，並擒拿了許多將官的事說了一遍。楊戩聽得黃天化已死，正是：

道心推在汪洋海，卻把無名火上來。

第七十回

準提道人收孔宣

準提菩薩產西方，道德根深妙莫量。荷葉有風生色相，蓮花無雨立津梁。

金弓銀戟非防患，實杵魚腸另有方。漫道孔宣能變化，婆娑樹下號明王。

話說高繼能與五岳大戰，一條鎗如銀蟒翻身，風馳雨驟，甚是驚人。怎見得一場大戰，有贊為證，

贊曰：

刮地寒風如虎吼，旗旛招展紅閃灼。飛虎忙施提蘆鎗，繼能搖鎗真猛惡。文聘使發托天叉，崔英銀鎚流星落。黑虎板斧似車輪，蔣雄神抓金紐索。三軍喝彩把旗搖，正是黑煞逢五岳。

且說高繼能久戰多時，一條鎗擋不住五般兵器，又不能跳出圈子，正在慌忙之時，只見蔣雄使的抓把金紐索一軟，高繼能乘空把馬一攔，跳出圈子就走。崇黑虎等五人隨後趕來。高繼能把蜈蚣袋一抖，好蜈蚣！遮天映日，若驟雨飛蝗。文聘攔回馬就要逃走，崇黑虎曰：「不妨。不可著驚，有吾在此。」忙把背後一紅葫蘆頂揭開了，裡邊一陣黑煙冒出，煙裡隱有千隻鐵嘴神鷹。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

葫蘆黑煙生，煙開神鬼驚。秘傳玄妙法，千隻號神鷹。乘煙飛騰起，蜈蚣當作羹。鐵翅如銅剪，尖嘴似金針。翅打蜈蚣成粉爛，嘴啄蜈蚣化水晶。今朝五岳來相會，黑煞逢之命亦傾。

且說高繼能蜈蚣盡被崇黑虎鐵嘴神鷹翅打嘴吞，一時吃了個乾乾淨淨。高繼能大怒：「焉敢破吾之術！」

金塔落去無蹤無影。孔宣叫：「李靖不要走！來擒你也！」正是：

紅光一展無窮妙，方知玄內有真玄。

話說金木二吒見父親被擒，兄弟二人四口寶劍飛來，大罵：「孔宣逆賊！敢傷吾父！」兄弟二人舉劍就砍，孔宣手中刀急架相迎。只三合，金吒祭遁龍椿，木吒祭吳鉤劍，俱祭在空中，總來孔宣把這些寶貝不為稀罕，只見俱落在紅光裡面去了。金木二吒見勢不好，欲待要走，被孔宣把神光復一撒，早已拿去。子牙見此一陣折了許多門人，不覺怒從心上起，惡向膽邊生：「吾在崑崙山也不知會過多少高明之士，豈懼你孔宣一匹夫哉！」催開四不相來戰孔宣。未及三四回合，孔宣將青光往下一撒。子牙見神光來得利害，忙把杏黃旗招展，那旗現有千朵金蓮，護住身體，青光不能下來。此正是玉虛之寶，白比別樣寶貝不同。孔宣大怒，驟馬趕來。子牙後隊惱了鄧嬋玉，用手把馬攔回，抓一塊五光石打來。正是：

發手紅光出五指，流星一點落將來。

孔宣被鄧嬋玉一石打傷面門，勒轉馬望本營逃回，不防龍吉公主祭起鸞飛寶劍，從孔宣背後砍來。孔宣不知，左臂上中了一劍，大叫一聲，幾乎墮馬，負痛敗進營來。坐在帳中，忙取丹藥敷之，立時痊癒。方把神光一抖，收了諸般法寶，仍將李靖、金木二吒監禁，切齒深恨不表。

子牙鳴金收軍回營，只見楊戩已在中軍。子牙降帳，問曰：「眾門人俱被拿去，你如何倒還來了？」楊戩曰：「弟子仗師尊妙法，師叔福力，見孔宣神光利害，弟子預先化金光走了。」子牙見楊戩未曾失利，心中還略覺安妥，然而心下甚是憂悶：「吾師偈中說：『界牌關下遇誅仙。』如何在此處有這枝人馬阻住許久？似此如之奈何！」正憂悶之間，武王差小校來請子牙後帳議事。子牙忙至後帳，行禮坐下。武

楊戩曰：「明日元帥親臨陣前，待弟子看他是甚麼東西作怪，好以法治之。」子牙曰：「這也有理。」楊戩下帳，只見南宮适、武吉對楊戩曰：「孔宣連拿黃飛虎、洪錦、哪吒、雷震子，莫知去向。」楊戩曰：「吾有照妖鑑在此，不曾送上終南山去。明日元帥會兵，便知端的。」次日，子牙帶眾門人出營，來會孔宣。巡營軍卒報入中軍。孔宣聞報出來，復會子牙，曰：「你等無故造反，誣謗妖言，惑亂天下諸侯，妄起兵端，欲至孟津會合天下叛賊；我也不與你廝殺，我只阻住你不得過去，看你如何會得成！待你等糧草盡絕，我再拿你未遲。」只見楊戩在旗門下把照妖鑑照著孔宣，看鏡裡面似一塊五彩裝成的瑪瑙，滾前滾後。楊戩暗思：「這是個甚麼東西？」孔宣看見楊戩照他，孔宣笑曰：「楊戩，你將照妖鑑上前來照，那遠遠照，恐不明白。大丈夫當明白做事，不可暗地裡行藏。我讓你照！」楊戩被孔宣說明，便走馬至軍前，舉鑑照孔宣，也是如前一般，楊戩遲疑。

孔宣見楊戩不言不語，只管照，心中大怒，縱馬搖刀直取。楊戩三尖刀急架相還。刀來刀架，兩馬盤旋，戰有三十回合，未分勝負。楊戩見起先照不見他的本像，及至廝殺，又不見取勝，心下十分焦躁，忙祭起哮天犬在空中。那哮天犬方欲下來奔孔宣，不覺自己身輕飄飄落在神光裡面去了。韋護來助楊戩，忙將降魔杵打將下來，孔宣把神光一撒。楊戩見勢頭不好，知他身後的神光利害，駕金光走了。只見韋護的降魔杵早落在紅光之中去了。孔宣大呼曰：「楊戩，我知道你有八九玄機，善能變化，如何也逃走了？敢再出來會我？」韋護見失了寶杵，將身隱在旗下，面面相覷。孔宣大呼：「姜尚！今日與你定個雌雄！」孔宣走馬來戰子牙。後有李靖大怒，罵曰：「你是何等匹夫！焉敢如此猖獗！」搖戟直沖向前，抵住孔宣的刀。二將又戰在虎穴龍潭之中。李靖祭起按三十六天玲瓏金塔往下打來。孔宣把黃光一絞，

乃滅紂之日，你如何阻得住？倘有高明之士出來，足下一旦失手，那時悔之晚矣。」孔宣笑曰：「料你不過草莽惡夫，識得甚麼天時人事！」把刀一晃，來取陸壓，陸壓手中劍急架忙迎。步馬相交，未及五六合，陸壓取葫蘆欲放斬仙飛刀；只見孔宣將五色神光望陸壓撒來。陸壓知神光利害，化作長虹而走，走得營來，對子牙曰：「果是利害，不知是何神異，竟不可解。貧道只得化長虹走來，再作商議。」子牙聽見，越加煩悶。孔宣在轅門不肯回去：「只要姜尚出來見我，以決雌雄，不可難為三軍苦于此地！」左右報入中軍，子牙正沒奈何處治。孔宣在轅門大呼曰：「姜尚有元帥之名，無元帥之行，畏刀避劍，豈是丈夫所為！」正在轅門百般罵子牙，只見二運官土行孫剛至轅門，見孔宣口出大言，心下大怒：「這匹夫焉敢如此藐視元帥！」土行孫大罵：「逆賊是誰？敢如此無理！」孔宣擡頭，見一矮子，提條鐵棍，身高不過三四尺長，孔宣笑曰：「你是個甚麼東西，也來說話？」土行孫也不答話，滾到孔宣的馬足下來，舉棍就打。孔宣輪刀來架。土行孫身子伶俐，左右竄跳，三五合，孔宣甚是費力。土行孫見孔宣如此轉折，隨縱步跳出圈子，誘之曰：「孔宣，你在馬上不好交兵，你下馬來，與你見個彼此；吾定要拿你，方知吾的手段！」孔宣原不把土行孫放在眼裡，便以此為實。暗想：「這匹夫合該死！不要講刀砍他，只是一腳也踢做兩斷。」孔宣曰：「吾下馬來與你戰，看你如何！」這個正是：

欲要成功扶紂王，誰知反中巧中機。

孔宣下馬，執劍在手，往下敵來，土行孫手中棍望上來迎。二人惡戰在嶺下。且說報馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：二運官土行孫運糧至轅門，與孔宣大戰。」子牙著忙，恐運糧官被擄，糧道不通，令鄧嬋玉出轅門掠陣，嬋玉立在轅門不表。且說土行孫與孔宣步戰，大抵土行孫是步戰慣了的，孔宣原是馬上將

王曰：「聞元帥連日未能取勝，屢致損兵折將，元帥既為諸將之元首，六十萬生靈俱懸于元帥掌握。今一旦信任天下諸侯狂悖，陡起議論，糾合四方諸侯，大會孟津，觀政于商，致使天下鼎沸，萬姓洶洶，糜爛其民。今阻兵于此，眾將受羈縻之厄，三軍擔不測之憂，使六十萬軍士拋撇父母妻子，兩下憂心，不能安生；使孤遠離膝下，不能盡人子之禮，又有負先王之言。元帥聽孤，不若回兵，固守本土，以待天時，聽他人白為之，此為上策。元帥心下如何？」

子牙答曰：「大王之言雖是，老臣恐違天命。」武王曰：「天命有在，何必強為！豈有凡事阻逆之理？」子牙被武王一篇言語把心中感動，這一會執不住主意，至前營傳令與先行官：「今夜滅灶班師。」眾將官打點收拾起行，不敢諫阻。二更時，轅門外來了陸壓道人，忙忙急急大呼：「傳與姜元帥！」子牙方欲回兵，軍政官報入：「啟元帥：有陸壓道人在轅門外來見。」子牙忙出迎接。二人攜手至帳中坐下。子牙見陸壓喘息不定，子牙曰：「道兄為何這等慌張？」陸壓曰：「聞你退兵，貧道急急趕來，故爾如此。」乃對子牙曰：「切不可退兵！若退兵之時，使眾門人俱遭橫死。天數已定，決不差錯。」子牙聽陸壓一番言語，也無主張，故此子牙復傳令：「叫大小三軍，依舊紮住營寨。」武王聽見陸壓來至，忙出帳相見，問其詳細。陸壓曰：「大王不知天意。大抵天生大法之人，自有大法之人可治。今若退兵，使被擒之將俱無迴生之曰。」武王聽說，不敢再言退兵。

且說次日孔宣至轅門搦戰，探馬報入中軍。陸壓上前曰：「貧道一往，會會孔宣，看是如何。」陸壓出了轅門，見孔宣全裝甲冑。陸壓問曰：「將軍乃是孔宣？」宣答曰：「然也。」陸壓曰：「足下既為大將，豈不知天時人事？今紂王無道，天下分崩，願共伐獨夫，足下以一人欲挽回天意耶？甲子之期

孔宣道罷，燃燈一時也尋思不來：「不知此人是何物得道？」燃燈曰：「你既知興亡，深通玄理，如何天命不知，尚兀自逆天耶？」孔宣曰：「此是你等惑眾之言，豈有天位已定，而反以叛逆為正之理？」燃燈曰：「你這孽障！你自恃強梁，口出大言，毫無思忖，必有噬臍之悔！」孔宣大怒，將刀一擺，就來戰燃燈。燃燈口稱：「善哉！」把寶劍架刀，纔戰二三回合，燃燈忙祭起二十四粒定海珠來打孔宣。孔宣忙把神光一攝，只見那寶珠落在神光之中去了。燃燈大驚，又祭紫金鉢盂，只見也落在神光中去了。燃燈大呼：「門人何在？」只聽半空中一陣大風飛來，內現一隻大鵬鵬來了。孔宣見大鵬鵬飛至，忙把頂上盔挺了一挺，有一道紅光直冲牛斗，橫在空中。燃燈道人仔細定睛，以慧眼觀之，不見明白，只聽見空中有天崩地塌之聲。有兩個時辰，只聽得一聲響亮，把大鵬鵬打下塵埃。孔宣忙催開馬，把神光來撒燃燈。燃燈借著一道祥光，自回本營，見子牙陳說利害，不知他是何物。只見大鵬鵬也隨至帳前。燃燈問大鵬曰：「孔宣是甚麼東西得道？」大鵬曰：「弟子在空中，只見五色祥雲護住他的身子，也像有兩翅之形，但不知是何鳥。」正議之間，軍政官來報：「有一道人至轅門求見。」子牙同燃燈至轅門迎接。見此人挽雙抓髻，面黃身瘦，髻上戴兩枝花，手中拿一株樹枝，見燃燈來至，大喜曰：「道友請了！」燃燈忙打稽首曰：「道兄從何處來？」道人曰：「吾從西方來，欲會東南兩度有緣者。今知孔宣阻逆大兵，特來渡彼。」燃燈已知西方教下道人，忙請入帳中。那道人見紅塵滾滾，殺氣騰騰，滿口俱是殺運，口裡只道：「善哉！善哉！」來至帳前，施禮坐下。燃燈問曰：「貧道聞西方乃極樂之鄉，今到東土，濟渡眾生，正是慈悲方便。請問道兄尊姓大名？」道人曰：「貧道乃西方教下準提道人是也。前日廣成子道友在俺西方，借青蓮寶色旗，也會過貧道。今日孔宣與吾西方有緣，特來請他同赴極樂之鄉。」燃

官，下來步戰，轉折甚是不及，反被土行孫打了幾下。孔宣知是失計，忙把五色神光往下撒來。土行孫見五色光華來得疾速神異，知道利害，忙把身子一扭，就不見了。孔宣見落了空，忙看地下。不防鄧婁玉發手打來一石，喝曰：「逆賊看石！」孔宣聽得響，及至擡頭時，已是打中面門，哎呀一聲，雙手掩面，轉身就走。婁玉乘機又是一石，正中後頸，著實帶了重傷，逃回行營。土行孫夫妻二人大喜，進營見子牙，將打傷孔宣，得勝回營的話說了一遍。子牙亦喜，對土行孫曰：「孔宣五色神光，不知何物，撮許多門人將佐。」土行孫曰：「果是利害，俟再為區處。」子牙與土行孫慶功不表。

孔宣坐在營中大惱，把臉被他打傷二次，頸上亦有傷痕，心中大怒，只得服了丹藥。次日痊愈上馬，只要發石的女將，以報三石之仇。報馬報入中軍，鄧婁玉就欲出陣。子牙曰：「你不可出去。你發石打過他三次，他豈肯善與你甘休？你今出去，必不利。」子牙止住婁玉，吩咐：「且懸免戰牌出去。」孔宣見周營懸掛免戰牌，怒氣不息而回。且說次日燃燈道人來至轅門，軍政官報入中軍：「啟元帥：有燃燈道人至轅門。」子牙忙出轅門迎接，入帳行禮畢，尊于上坐。子牙口稱老師，將孔宣之事一一陳訴過一遍。燃燈曰：「吾盡知之，今日特來會他。」子牙傳令去了免戰牌。左右報于孔宣。孔宣知去了免戰牌，忙上馬提刀，至轅門請戰，燃燈飄然而出。孔宣知是燃燈道人，笑曰：「燃燈道人，你是清靜聞人，吾知你道行甚深，何苦也來惹此紅塵之禍？」燃燈曰：「你既知我道行深高，你便當倒戈投順，同周王進五關，以伐獨夫；如何執迷不悟，尚敢支吾也？」孔宣大笑曰：「我不遇知音，不發言語。你說你道行深高，你也不知我的根腳，聽我道來：

混沌初開吾出世，兩儀太極任搜求。如今了卻生理，不向三乘妙裡遊。」

第七十一回 姜子牙三路分兵

丞相興兵列戰車，虎賁將士實堪誇。諸侯鼓舞皆忘我，黎庶謳歌盡棄家。

劍戟森羅飛瑞彩，旌旗掩映舞朝霞。須知天意歸仁聖，縱有征誅若浪沙。

話說準提道人上嶺，大呼曰：「請孔宣答話！」少時，孔宣出營，見一道人來得蹊蹺。怎見得，有偈為證，偈曰：

身披道服，手執樹枝。八德池邊常演道，七寶林下說三乘。頂上常懸舍利子，掌中能寫沒文經。飄然真道客，秀麗實奇哉。煉就西方居勝境，修成永壽脫塵埃。蓮花成體無窮妙，西方首領大仙來。

話說孔宣見準提道人，問曰：「那道者通個名來！」道人曰：「貧道與你有緣，特來同你享西方極樂世界，演講三乘大法，無罣無礙，成就正果，完此金剛不壞之體，豈不美哉！何苦於此殺劫中尋生活耶？」孔宣大笑曰：「一派亂言，又來惑吾！」道人曰：「你聽我道來，我見你有歌為證，歌曰：

功滿行完官沐浴，煉成本性合天真。大開於子方成道，九戒三皈始自新。

脫卻羽毛歸極樂，超出樊籠養百神。洗塵滌垢全無染，返本還元不壞身。」

孔宣聽罷大怒，把刀望道人頂上劈來。準提道人把七寶妙樹一刷，把孔宣的大杆刀刷在一邊。孔宣忙取

燈聞言大喜曰：「道兄今日收伏孔宣，可以無誤武王東進之期矣。」準提曰：「孔宣得道，根行深重，與西方有緣，故特來收之。」準提道罷，即出營來會孔宣。不知勝負如何，且聽下回分解。

依山傍水結行營，暗伏強弓百步弩。

子牙陞帳坐下，將正印僉哪吒為先行，把南宮适補後哨，住兵三日。

且說汜水關韓榮聞孔宣失機，周兵又至關下，與眾將上城，看子牙人馬著實整齊。但見得：

一團殺氣，擺一川鐵馬兵戈；五彩紛紛，列千桿紅旗赤幟。畫戟森羅，輕飄豹尾描金五彩旛；兵戈凜冽，樹立斬虎屠龍純雪刃。密密鋼鋒，如列百萬大小水晶盤；對對長鎗，似排數千粗細冰淋尾。幽幽畫角，猶如東海老龍吟；唧唧提鈴，酷似簷前鐵馬響。長弓初吐月，短弩似飛星。錦帳圍營如密布，旗旛繡帶似層雲。道服儒巾，盡是玉虛門客；紅袍玉帶，都係走馬先行。正是：子牙東進兵戈日，我武惟揚在此行。

韓榮看子牙大營，盡是大紅旗，心上疑惑。韓榮下城，在銀安殿與眾將官修本，差官往朝歌告急；一邊點將上城，設守城之法。且說子牙在中軍正坐，有先行官哪吒進前言曰：「兵至關下，宜當速戰。師叔住兵不戰，何也？」子牙曰：「不可。吾如今三路分兵：一路取佳夢關，一路取青龍關，吾自取汜水關，方免吾軍左右受敵也。但督兵分取二關，非才德兼全、英雄蓋世者不足以當此任。吾知非黃將軍、洪將軍不可。」二將齊聲願往。子牙曰：「二位可拈一闔，分為左右。」二將應諾。子牙把二闔放在桌上，只見黃飛虎拈的是青龍關，洪錦拈的是佳夢關。二將各掛紅簪花，每一路分兵十萬。黃飛虎的先行是鄧九公、黃明、周紀、龍環、吳謙、黃飛豹、黃飛彪、黃天祿、黃天爵、黃天祥、太鸞、鄧秀、趙昇、孫焰紅，擇吉日祭旗，往青龍關去了。洪錦的先行是季康、南宮适、蘇護、蘇全忠、辛免、太顛、閔天、祁恭、尹籍，分兵十萬，往佳夢關去了。卻說洪錦離了汜水關，一路上浩浩軍威，人喊馬嘶，三軍踴躍；

金鞭在手，復望準提道人打來。道人又把七寶妙樹刷來，把孔宣的鞭又刷在一邊去了。孔宣止存兩隻空手，心上著急，忙將當中紅光一撒，把準提道人撒去。燃燈看紅光撒去了準提道人，不覺大驚。只見孔宣撒去了準提道人，只是睜著眼，張著嘴，須臾間，頂上盔，身上袍甲，紛紛粉碎，連馬壓在地下，只聽得孔宣五色光裡一聲雷響，現出一尊聖像來，十八隻手，二十四首，執定瓔珞、傘蓋、花貫、魚腸、加持神杵、寶鏢、金鈴、金弓、銀戟、旛旗等件。準提道人作偈曰：

「寶焰金光映日明，西方妙法最微精。千千瓔珞無窮妙，萬萬祥光逐次生。」

加持神杵人罕見，七寶林中豈易行。今番同赴蓮臺會，此日方知大道成。」

且說準提道人將孔宣用絲縑扣著他頸下，把加持寶杵放在他身上，口稱：「道友，請現原形！」霎時間，現出一隻目細冠紅孔雀來。準提道人坐在孔雀身上，一步步走下嶺，進了子牙大營。準提道人曰：「貧道不下來了。」欲別子牙。子牙曰：「老師大法無邊。孔宣將吾許多門人諸將不知放于何地？」準提問孔宣曰：「道友今日已歸正果，當還子牙眾將門人。」孔雀應曰：「俱監在行營裡。」準提道人對子牙說過，別了燃燈，把孔雀一拍，只見孔雀二翅飛騰，有五色祥雲紫霧盤旋，逕往西方去了。

且說子牙同韋護、陸壓，領眾將至孔宣行營，招降兵卒。眾兵見無頭領，俱願投降，子牙許之。忙至後營放眾門人。諸將等出來，至本營拜謝子牙、燃燈畢。次日，崇黑虎等同崇城，燃燈、陸壓俱各歸山，楊戩仍催糧去訖。子牙傳令催動人馬，大軍過了金雞嶺，一路無詞。兵至汜水關，探軍報入，子牙傳令安營，在關下紮住大寨。怎見得：

營安勝地，寨背孤虛。南分朱雀北玄武，東按青龍西白虎。打更小校搖金鈴，傳箭兒郎鳴戰鼓。

傑之所為。」胡雷曰：「長兄之言差矣！我等世受國恩，享天下高爵厚祿，今當國家多事之秋，不思報本，以分主憂，而反說此貪生之語。常言道：『主憂臣辱。』以死報國，理之當然。長兄切不可提此傷風敗俗之言！待吾明日定要成功。」胡升默然無言可對，各歸營中歇息。

次日，胡雷奮勇出關，向周營討戰。報馬報入中軍，有南宮适出馬。胡雷大呼：「南宮适慢來！」胡雷手中刀望南宮适頂門上砍來，南宮适手中刀劈面相迎。兩馬相交，雙刀併舉，一場大戰。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

二將兇猛俱難併，棋逢對手如梟獍。來來去去手無停，下下高高心不定。一個扶王保駕棄殘生，一個展土開疆捨性命。生前結下殺人冤，兩虎一傷方得勝。

南宮适與胡雷戰有三四十合，被南宮适賣個破綻，胡雷用力一刀砍入南宮适懷裡來，馬頭相交，南宮适讓過刀，伸開手把胡雷生擒活捉拿至軍前，轅門下馬，逕進中軍報功。洪錦傳令：「推來。」及至眾士卒將胡雷推至轅前，立而不跪。洪錦曰：「既被擒來，何得抗拒？」胡雷大罵曰：「反國逆賊！你不思報國大恩，反助惡成害，真狗彘也！吾恨不能食汝之肉！」洪錦大怒，命：「推出去，斬訖報來！」立時將胡雷推出轅門，須臾斬首號令。洪錦方與南宮适賀功，纔飲酒，旗門來報：「胡雷又來討戰。」洪錦大怒，傳令：「把報事官斬了！為何報事不明？」左右一聲，把報事官綁出去。報事官大呼冤枉！洪錦令推回來，問其故：「你報事不明，理當該斬，為何口稱冤枉？」報事官曰：「老爺，小人怎敢報事不明？外面果然是胡雷。」

南宮适曰：「待末將出營，便知端的。」洪錦沉吟驚異。只見南宮适復上馬出營來見，果是胡雷。

過了些重山重水，縣府州衙，哨馬報入中軍：「前至佳夢關了。」洪錦傳令安營，立了大寨。三軍吶喊，洪錦降帳，眾將參謁。

洪錦曰：「兵行百里，不戰自疲。俟次日誰先取關走一遭？」季康應聲：「願往。」洪錦許之。季康次日，上馬提刀，至關下搦戰。佳夢關主將胡升、胡雷、徐坤、胡雲鵬正議退兵，只見報馬入帥府：「啟總兵：周將請戰。」胡升問：「誰人退周將走一遭？」旁有徐坤領令，全裝甲胄出關。季康認得是徐坤，大呼曰：「徐坤，今日天下盡屬周主，汝何為尚逆天命而強戰也？」徐坤大罵：「反賊！諒爾不過一走使耳，你有何能，敢出大言！」縱馬搖鎗直取，季康手中刀赴面交還。兩馬相交，大戰五十餘合。季康口中念念有詞，只見頂上一道黑氣，黑氣中現一狗頭；正酣戰之間，徐坤被狗夾臉一口。徐坤未曾防備，怎經得一口？不覺手中鎗法大亂，早被季康手起一刀，揮于馬下，梟了首級，掌鼓進營報功不題。且說報馬報與胡升，說徐坤陣亡，胡升心下甚是不樂。次日，左右又報：「有周將討戰。」胡升令胡雲鵬走一遭。雲鵬領令上馬，提斧出得關來，看來將乃是蘇全忠。胡雲鵬大罵：「反賊！天下反完了，你也不可反。你姐姐是朝陽寵后，這等忘本！你好生坐在馬上，待吾來擒你！」二馬撥開，鎗斧併舉，大戰龍潭虎穴。戰有三四十合，胡雲鵬不覺汗流。正是：

征雲慘淡遮紅日，海沸江翻神鬼愁。

胡雲鵬那裡是蘇全忠對手，只殺得馬仰人翻，措手不及，被蘇全忠大呼一聲，把胡雲鵬刺于馬下，梟了首級，回營見洪錦報功。哨馬又報入關中，報與主將曰：「胡雲鵬失機陣亡。」胡升與胡雷曰：「賢弟，今兩陣連失二將，天命可知。況今天下歸周，非止一處，俺弟兄商議，不若歸周，以順天時，亦不失豪

洪錦看罷，重賞差官：「我也不及回書，明日早進關安民便了。」來使回關見胡升，稟曰：「洪總兵准其納款，不及回書，明早進關。」胡升令左右將佳夢關上豎起周家旗號，打點戶口冊籍，庫藏錢糧，俟明早交割事宜。正打點間，忽報：「府外來有一穿紅的道姑，要見老爺。」胡升不知就裡，傳令：「請來。」少時，道姑從中道而進，甚是兇惡，腰束水火繚，至殿前打稽首。胡升欠身還禮，問曰：「師父至此，有何見論？」道姑曰：「吾乃丘鳴山火靈聖母是也。汝弟胡雷是吾徒弟，因死于洪錦之手，吾特下山來為他復仇。汝係他同胞弟兄，不念手足之情，君臣之義，乃心向外人，而反與仇敵共立哉！」胡升聽得此語，忙下拜，口稱：「老師，弟子實是不知，有失迎迓，望乞恕罪。弟子非是事仇，自思兵微將寡，才淺學疏，不足以當此任；況天下紛紛，俱思歸周，縱然守住，終是要屬他人，徒令軍民日夜辛苦。弟子不得已納降，不過救此一郡生靈耳，豈是貪生畏死之故？」火靈聖母曰：「這也罷了。只我下山，定復此仇。你可將城上還立起成湯旗號，我自有處。」胡升沒奈何，又拽起成湯旗來。

洪錦正打點明日進關，只見報馬來報：「佳夢關依舊又拽起成湯旗號。」洪錦大怒：「這匹夫敢如此反覆戲侮我！等待明日拿匹夫碎尸萬段，以泄此恨！」且說火靈聖母問胡升曰：「關中有多少人馬？」胡升曰：「馬步軍卒有二萬。」聖母曰：「你挑選三千名出來，我自下教軍場教演，方有用處。」胡升即選三千熊彪大漢。聖母命三千人俱穿大紅，赤足，披髮，背上帖一紅紙葫蘆，腳心裡俱書寫風火符印，一隻手執刀，一隻手執幡，下教場操演不題。且說次日，洪錦命蘇全忠關下討戰。胡升掛免戰牌。全忠只得回營，見洪錦曰：「胡升掛免戰二字，末將只得暫回。」洪錦怒氣不息。只見火靈聖母操演人馬，至一七方纔精熟。那日，火靈聖母命關上去了免戰牌，一聲炮響，關中軍馬齊出。火靈聖母騎金眼驄，

南宮适大罵曰：「妖人焉敢以邪術惑吾！不要走！」縱馬舞刀，二將復戰。其如胡雷本事實不如南宮适，未及三十合，依舊擒胡雷下馬，掌鼓進營，來見洪錦。洪錦大喜，將胡雷推至軍前。洪錦不知何術，兩邊大小眾將紛紛亂議，驚動後營。龍吉公主上中軍帳來問其緣故，洪錦將胡雷的事說了一遍。龍吉公主叫把胡雷推至帳前一看，公主笑曰：「此乃小術，有何難哉！」叫把胡雷頂上頭髮分開，公主取三寸五分乾坤針放在胡雷泥丸宮針將下去，立時斬了。公主曰：「此乃替身法，何足為奇！」正是：

因斬胡雷招大禍，子牙難免這場非。

話說洪錦斬了胡雷，號令在轅門。有報馬報入關中：「啟總兵爺：二爺陣亡，號令轅門。」胡升大驚：「吾弟不聽吾言，故有喪身之厄。今天下大半歸周，不如投降為上。」令中軍官修納降文書，速獻關寨，以救生民塗炭。只見左右將納降文表修理停當，只等差人納款。

且說洪錦正與眾將飲酒賀功，忽報：「佳夢關差將納款。」洪錦傳：「令來。」將差官令至軍前，呈上降表。洪錦展開觀看：

鎮守佳夢關總兵胡升泊①佐貳眾將等，謹具降表與奉天討逆元帥麾下：升等仕商有年，豈意紂王肆行不道，荒淫無度，見棄于天；仇溺士庶，皇天不保。特命大周興兵以張天討，兵至佳夢關。升等不自度德，反行拒敵，致勞元戎奮威，斬將殄兵，莫敢抵當。今已悔過改行，特修降表，遣使納款，懇鑒愚悃，俯容改過之恩，以啟更新之路。正元帥不失代天宣化之心，弔民伐罪之舉，則升等不勝感激待命之至。謹表。

① 泊：音4一，反。

話說洪錦身著劍傷，逃進大營。不意火靈聖母領三千火龍兵沖殺進營，勢不可當。二軍叫苦，自相踐踏，死者不計其數。龍吉公主在後營，聽得一聲三軍吶喊，急上馬撈劍，走出中軍，見洪錦伏鞍而逃，洪錦不及對龍吉公主說金光的事，龍吉公主只見火勢沖天，烈煙捲起，正欲念咒救火，又見一塊金光奔至面前。公主不知所以，忙欲看時，被火靈聖母舉劍照龍吉公主劈來。不知性命如何，且聽下回分解。

將煉成火龍兵，隱在後面，先令胡升在前討戰。

胡升得令，一馬當先，來至軍前，要洪錦出來答話。探馬報入關中：「關上有胡升討戰。」洪錦聞報，上馬提刀，帶左右將官出營。一見胡升，大罵：「逆賊！反覆無常，真乃狗彘匹夫！敢來戲侮于我！」縱馬舞刀直取。胡升未及還手，只見火靈聖母催開金眼駝，用兩口太阿劍，大呼：「洪錦不要走！吾來也！」洪錦仔細定睛，見道姑連人帶獸，似一塊火光滾來。洪錦問曰：「來者何人？」聖母答曰：「吾乃丘鳴山火靈聖母是也。你敢將吾門下胡雷殺了！吾今特來報仇。你可速速下馬受死，莫待吾怒起，連累此十萬生靈，死無瞧類②也。」道罷，將太阿劍飛來直取，洪錦手中大桿刀火速忙迎。未及數合，洪錦方欲用旗門遁以誅火靈聖母，但不知聖母頭上戴一頂金霞冠，冠上有一淡黃色包袱蓋住，火靈聖母將包袱挑開，現出十五六寸金光，把火靈聖母籠罩當中。他看得見洪錦，洪錦看不見他，早被聖母把洪錦照前甲上一劍砍來。洪錦躲不及，已劈開鎖子連環甲。洪錦哎呀一聲，帶傷而逃。火靈聖母招動三千火龍兵沖殺進大營來。好利害！怎見得好火，有賦為證，賦曰：

炎炎烈焰迎空燎，赫赫威風遍地紅。卻似火輪飛上下，猶如火鳥舞西東。這火不是燧人鑽木，又不是老君煉丹；非天火，非野火，乃是火靈聖母煉成一塊三昧火。三千火龍兵勇猛，風火符印合五行，五行生化火煎成。肝木能生心火旺，心火致令脾土平。脾土生金金化水，水能生木徹通靈。生生化化皆因火，火燎長空萬物榮。燒倒旗門無攔擋，拋擲棄鼓各逃生。焦頭爛額，堆積，為國亡身一旦空。正是：洪錦災來難躲避，龍吉公主也遭凶。

他火龍兵沖來，勢不可解，大折一陣。乞元帥速發援兵，以解倒懸②。非比尋常可以緩視之也、謹此上書，不勝翹望之至！

話說子牙看罷大驚：「這事非我自去不可！」隨吩咐李靖：「暫署大營事務，候我親去走一遭。爾等不可違吾節制，亦不可與汜水關會兵；緊守營寨，毋得妄動，以挫軍威，違者定按軍法！等我回來，再取此關。」李靖領命。

子牙隨帶韋護、哪吒，調三千人馬，離了汜水關，一路上滾滾征塵，重重殺氣，非止一日，來到佳夢關安營，不見洪錦的行營。子牙陞帳坐下，半晌，洪錦打聽子牙兵來，夫妻方移營至轅門聽令。子牙把洪錦令人中軍，夫妻上帳請罪，備言失機折軍之事。子牙曰：「身為大將，受命遠征，須當見機而作，如何造次進兵，致有此一場大敗！」洪錦啟曰：「起先俱得全功，不意一道姑名曰火靈聖母，有一塊金霞，方圓有十餘丈罩住他；末將看不見他，他反看得見我。又有三千火龍兵，似一座火焰山一擁而來，勢不可當；軍士見者先走，故此失機。」子牙聽罷，心下甚是疑惑：「此又是左道之術。」正思量破敵之計。

且說火靈聖母在關內連日打探，洪錦不見抵關。只見這日報馬報入城來，報姜子牙親提兵至此。火靈聖母曰：「今日姜尚自來，也不負我下山一場。我必親會他，方纔甘心。」別了胡升，忙上金眼駝，暗帶火龍兵出關，至大營前，坐名要子牙答話。報馬報入中軍：「稟元帥：火靈聖母坐名請元帥答話。」子牙即便帶了眾將佐，點砲出營。火靈聖母大呼曰：「來者可是姜子牙麼？」子牙答曰：「道友，不才

② 以解倒懸：即以解倒懸之急。孟子公孫丑：「民之悅之，猶解倒懸也。」倒懸喻困苦。

第七十二回

廣成子三謁碧遊宮

三叩玄關禮大仙，貝宮珠闕自天然。翔鸞對舞瑤塔下，馴鹿呦鳴碧檻前。

無限干戈從此肇，若多詠戮自今先。周家旺氣承新命，又有西方正覺緣。

話說龍吉公主被火靈聖母一劍砍傷胸腔，大叫一聲，撥轉馬望西北逃走，火靈聖母追趕有六七十里方回。這一陣洪錦折兵一萬有餘。胡升大喜，迎接火靈聖母進陣。只見龍吉公主乃蕊宮仙子，今墮凡塵，也不免遭此一劍之厄。夫妻帶傷而逃，至六七十里，方纔收集敗殘人馬，立住營寨。忙取丹藥敷搽，一時即癒。忙作文書申姜元帥求援兵。且說差官非一日至子牙大營，子牙正坐，忽報：「洪錦遣官，轅門等令。」子牙命：「令來。」差官進營叩頭，呈上文書。子牙展開，書曰：

奉命東征佳夢關副將洪錦頓首百拜，奉書謹啟大元戎麾下：末將以檣櫟之才①，謬叨重任，日夜祇懼，恐有不克負荷，有傷元帥之明。自分兵抵關之日，屢獲全勝，因獲逆命守關裨將胡雷，擅用妖術，被末將妻用法斬之。豈意彼師火靈聖母欲圖報仇，自恃道術，末將初會戰時，不知深淺，誤中

①

檣櫟之才：自謙之辭。莊子逍遙遊：「吾有大樹，人謂之檣，其大本擁腫而不中繩墨，其小枝卷曲而不中規

矩，立之塗，匠者不顧。」又人間世：「匠石至齊，至於曲轅，見櫟社樹，其大蔽千牛，絮之百圍，匠石不顧曰：『散木也，是不材之木也，無所可用，故能若是之壽。』」因用檣櫟之才為無用之喻。

話說火靈聖母方去取子牙首級，只見廣成子作歌而至。火靈聖母認得是廣成子，大呼曰：「廣成子！你不該來！」廣成子曰：「吾奉玉虛符命，在此等你多時矣！」火靈聖母大怒，仗劍攔來。這一個輕移道步，那一個急轉麻鞋；劍來劍架，劍鋒斜刺一團花；劍去劍迎，腦後千團寒霧滾。火靈聖母把金霞冠現出金光來，他不知廣成子內穿著掃霞衣，將金霞冠的金光一掃全無。火靈聖母大怒曰：「敢破吾法寶，怎肯干休！」氣哼哼的仗劍來砍，惡狠狠的火焰飛騰，復來戰廣成子。廣成子是犯戒之仙，他如今還存甚麼念頭？忙取番天印祭在空中。正是：

聖母若逢番天印，道行千年付水流。

話說廣成子將番天印祭起在空中，落將下來，火靈聖母那裡躲得及，正中頂門，可憐打的腦漿迸出，一靈也往封神臺去了。廣成子收了番天印，將火靈聖母的金霞冠也收了，忙下山頭，澗中取了水，葫蘆中取了丹藥，扶起子牙，把頭放在膝上，把丹藥灌入子牙口中，下了十二重樓。有一個時辰，子牙睜開二目，見廣成子，子牙曰：「若非道兄相救，姜尚必無再生之理。」廣成子曰：「吾奉師命，在此等候多時。你該有此厄。」把子牙扶上四不相，廣成子曰：「子牙前途保重！」子牙深謝廣成子：「難為道兄救吾殘喘，銘刻難忘！」廣成子曰：「我如今去碧遊宮繳金霞冠去。」

子牙別了廣成子，回佳夢關來。正行之際，忽然一陣風來，甚是利害，只見摧林拔樹，攪海翻江。子牙曰：「此風如同虎至一般！」話未了時，果然見中公豹跨虎而來。子牙曰：「狹路相逢這惡人，如何是好？也罷，我躲了他罷。」子牙把四不相一兜，欲隱于茂林之中。不意申公豹先看見了子牙，申公豹大呼曰：「姜子牙！你不必躲，我已看見你了！」子牙只得強打精神，上前稽首。子牙曰：「賢弟那

便是。道友，你既在道門，便知天命。今紂惡貫盈，天人共怒，天下諸侯，大會孟津，觀政于商，你何得助紂為虐，逆天行事，獨不思得罪于天耶？況吾非一己之私，奉玉虛符命，以恭行天之罰，道友又何必逆天強為之哉？不若聽吾之言，倒戈納降，吾亦體上天好生之仁，決不肯廢爛其民也。」火靈聖母笑曰：「你不過仗那一番惑世誑民之談，愚昧下民。料你不過一釣叟，貪功網利，鼓弄愚民，以為己功，怎敢言應天順人之舉？且你有多大道行，自恃其能哉！」催開金眼駝，仗劍來取。子牙手中劍火速忙迎。左有哪吒，登開風火輪，使開火尖鎗，劈胸就刺；韋護持降魔杵，掉步飛騰；三人戰住聖母。正是：

大蟒逞威噴紫霧，蛟龍奮勇吐光輝。

火靈聖母那裡經得起三人惡戰，鎗杵環攻，抽身回走，用劍挑開淡黃袱，金霞冠放出金光，約有十餘丈遠近。子牙看不見火靈聖母，聖母提劍把子牙前胸一劍，子牙又無鎧甲抵擋，竟砍開皮肉，血灑衣襟，撥轉四不相望西逃走。火靈聖母大呼曰：「姜子牙！今番難逃此厄也！」三千火龍兵一齊在火光中吶喊。只見大轅門金蛇亂攪，圈子內個個遭殃，火焰沖于霄漢，赤光燒盡旌旗，一會家副將不能顧主將。正是：刀砍尸體滿地，火燒人臭難聞。且言火靈聖母趕子牙，又趕至無躲無閃之處，前走的一似猛弩離弦；後趕的好似飛雲掣電。子牙一來年紀高大，劍傷又疼，被火靈聖母把金眼駝趕到至緊至急之處，不得相離。子牙正在危迫之間，又被火靈聖母取出一個混元鎚望子牙背上打來，正中子牙後心，翻筋斗跌下四不相去了。火靈聖母下了金眼駝，來取子牙首級。只聽得一人作歌而來：

「一徑松竹籬扉，兩葉煙霞窗戶。三卷黃庭經，四季花開處。新詩信手書，丹爐自己扶。垂綸菱浦，散步溪山處。坐回蒲團，調動離龍坎虎。功夫披塵遠世途，狂呼嘯傲兔和烏。」

留孫吩咐黃巾力士曰：「與我拿至麒麟崖去，等吾來發落。」黃巾力士領法旨去訖。且說懼留孫下山，挽扶子牙，靠石倚松，少坐片時；又取粒丹藥服之，方纔復舊。子牙曰：「多感道兄救我！傷痕未好，又打了一珠，也是吾七死三災之厄耳。」子牙辭了懼留孫，上了四不相，回佳夢關不表。且說懼留孫縱金光法往玉虛宮來，行至麒麟崖，見黃巾力士等候。懼留孫行至宮門前，少時，見一對提爐，一對提爐，兩行羽扇分開。怎見得元始天尊出玉虛宮光景，有詩為證：

鴻濛初判有聲名，煉得先天聚五行。頂上三花朝北闕，胸中五氣透南溟。

群仙隊裡稱元始，玄妙門庭話未生。漫道香花隨輦轂，滄桑萬劫壽同庚。

話說懼留孫見掌教師尊出玉虛宮來，俯伏道旁，口稱：「老師萬壽！」元始天尊曰：「好了！你們也攢開雲霧，不久返本還元。」懼留孫曰：「奉老師法旨，將申公豹拿至麒麟崖，聽候發落。」元始聽說，來至麒麟崖，見申公豹捉在那裡。元始曰：「業障！姜尚與你何仇，你邀三山五岳人去伐西岐？今日天數皆完，你還在中途害他，若不是我預為之計，幾乎被你害了。如今封神一切事體要他與我代理，應合佐周；你如何只要害他，使武王不能前進？」命黃巾力士：「揭起麒麟崖，將這業障壓在此間，待姜尚封過神再放他！」看官，元始天尊豈不知道要此人收聚封神榜上三百六十五位正神，故假此難他，恐他又起波瀾耳。黃巾力士來拿申公豹要壓在崖下。申公豹口稱冤枉！元始曰：「你明明的要害姜尚，何言冤枉？也罷，我如今把你壓了，你說我偏向姜尚；你如再阻姜尚，你發一個誓來。」申公豹發一個誓願，只當口頭言語，不知出口有願。公豹曰：「弟子如再要使仙家阻擋姜尚，弟子將身子塞了北海眼！」元始曰：「是了，放他去罷。」申公豹脫了此厄而去，懼留孫也拜辭去了。

裡來？」申公豹笑曰：「特來會你。」姜子牙，你今日也還同南極仙翁在一處不好，如今一般也有單白一個撞著我！料你今日不能脫吾之手！」子牙曰：「兄弟，我與你無仇，你何事這等惱我？」申公豹曰：「你不記得在崑崙，你倚南極仙翁之勢，全無好眼相看。先叫你，你只是不睬；後又同南極仙翁辱我，又叫白鶴童兒銜我的頭去，指望害我。這是殺人冤仇，還說沒有！你今日金臺拜將，要伐罪弔民，只怕你不能兵進五關，先當死于此地也！」把寶劍照子牙砍來。子牙手中劍架住，曰：「兄弟，你真乃薄惡之人。我與你同一師尊門下，抵足四十年，何無一點情意！及至我上崑崙，你將幻術愚我，那時南極仙翁叫白鶴童兒難你，是我再三解釋，你倒不思量報本，反以為仇，你真是無情無義之人也。」申公豹大怒：「你二人商議害我，今又巧語花言，希圖饒你。」說未了，又是一劍。子牙大怒：「申公豹！吾讓你，非是怕你，恐後人言我姜子牙不存仁義，也與你一般。你如何欺我太甚！」將手中劍來戰申公豹。大抵子牙傷痕纔癒，如何敵得過申公豹。只見子牙前心牽扯，後心疼痛，撥轉四不相，望東就走。申公豹虎踏風雲，趕來甚緊。正是子牙：

方纔脫卻天羅難，又撞冤家地網來。

話說申公豹趕上子牙，打開一天珠來，正中子牙後心。子牙坐不住四不相，滾下鞍轡。申公豹方下虎來欲害子牙，不防山坡下坐著夾龍山飛龍洞懼留孫道人，他也是奉玉虛之命在此等候申公豹的。乃大呼曰：「申公豹少得無禮！我在此！我在此！」連叫兩聲。申公豹回頭看見懼留孫，吃了一驚。他知道懼留孫利害，自思不好，便欲抽身上虎而走。懼留孫笑曰：「不要走。」手中急祭綱仙繩，將申公豹網了。懼

若不聽教訓的，是白取咎，與姜尚無干。廣成子去罷！」

廣成子出了碧遊宮，正行，只見諸大弟子在旁，聽見掌教師尊吩咐，凡吾教下弟子不遵訓誨，任憑他打；眾弟子心下甚是不服，俱在宮外等他。旁邊有最不忿的是金靈聖母、無當聖母，對眾言曰：「火靈聖母是多賣道人門下，廣成子打死了他，就是打我等一樣。他還來繳金霞冠，明明是欺瞞吾教！我等師尊又不察其事，反吩咐任他打，是明明欺吾等無人物也！」此時惱了龜靈聖母，大呼曰：「豈有此理！他打死火靈聖母，還來繳金霞冠！待吾去拿了廣成子，以洩吾等之恨！」龜靈聖母仗劍依來，大呼：「廣成子不要走！我來了！」廣成子站住，見他來的勢局不同，廣成子陪笑迎來，問曰：「道兄有何吩咐？」龜靈聖母曰：「你把吾教門人打死，還到此處來賣弄精神，分明是欺瞞吾教，顯你等豪強，情殊可恨！不要走！我與火靈聖母報仇！」仗劍依來。廣成子將手中劍架住，言曰：「道友差矣！你的師尊具立封神榜，豈是我等欺他？是他自取，也是天數該然，與我何咎？道友言替他報仇，真是不諳事體！」龜靈聖母大怒曰：「還敢以言語支吾！」不由分說，又是一劍。廣成子正色言曰：「我以禮諭你，你還是如此，終不然我怕你不成？縱是我師長，也只好讓你兩劍。」龜靈聖母又是一劍。

廣成子大怒，面皮通紅，仗寶劍相還。兩家未及數合，廣成子祭番天印打來。龜靈聖母見此印打下來，招架不住，忙現原身，乃是個大鳥龜。昔蒼頡造字而有龜文羽翼之形，就是那時節得道的；修成人形，原是一個母鳥龜，故此稱為聖母。彼時金靈聖母、多寶道人見龜靈聖母現了原身，各人面上俱覺慚愧之極，甚是追悔。只見虬首仙、烏雲仙、金光仙、金牙仙大呼：「廣成子，你欺吾教不是這等！」數人發怒，一齊仗劍趕來。廣成子自思：「吾在他家裡，身入重地；自古道『軍絲不成線』，反為不美。」

且說廣成子打死火靈聖母，逕往碧遊宮來，這個原是截教教主所居之地。廣成子來至宮前，好所在！怎見得，有賦為證：

煙霞凝瑞靄，日月吐祥光。老柏青青，與山嵐似秋水長天一色；野卉緋緋，同朝霞如碧桃丹杏齊芳。彩色盤旋，盡是道德光華飛紫霧；香煙繚繚，皆從先天無極吐清芬。仙桃仙果，顆顆恍若金丹；綠楊綠柳，條條渾如玉線。時聞黃鶴鳴皋，每見青鸞翔舞。紅塵絕跡，無非是仙子仙童來往，玉戶常關，不許那凡夫俗女閑窺。正是：無上至尊行樂地，其中妙境少人知。

話說廣成子來至碧遊宮外，站立多時。裡邊開講道德玉文。少時，有一童子出來，廣成子曰：「那童子，煩你通報一聲，宮外有廣成子求見老爺。」童兒進宮，至九龍沉香輦下稟曰：「啟老爺：外有廣成子至宮外，不敢擅入，請法旨定奪。」通天教主曰：「著他進來。」廣成子進至裡邊，倒身下拜：「弟子願師叔萬壽無疆！」通天教主曰：「廣成子，你今日至此，有何事見我？」廣成子將金霞冠奉上：「弟子啟師叔：今有姜尚束征，兵至佳夢關，此是武王應天順人，弔民伐罪；紂惡貫盈，理當勦滅。不意師叔教下門人火靈聖母仗此金霞冠，前來阻逆大兵，擅行殺害生靈，糜爛士卒。頭一陣劍傷洪錦併龍吉公主；第二陣又傷姜尚，幾乎喪命。弟子奉師尊之命，下山再三勸慰。彼仍恃實行兇，欲傷弟子。弟子不得已，用了番天印，不意打中頂門，以絕生命。弟子特將金霞冠繳上碧遊宮，請師叔法旨。」通天教主曰：「吾三教共議封神，其中有忠臣義士上榜者，有不成仙道而成神道者，各有深淺厚薄，彼此緣分；故神有尊卑，死有先後。吾教下也有許多，此是天數，非同小可，況有彌封，只至死後方知端的。廣成子，你與姜尚說，他有打神鞭，如有我教下門人阻他者，任憑他打。前日我有諭帖在宮外，諸弟子各宜緊守；他

火靈聖母自恃金霞冠無敵，致有殺身之禍。假若他當日無此寶，則無所恃。他自不下山來，安得有這場是非？這還是通天教主主作成送他個死。

廣成子又見他們重重圍來，「不若還奔碧遊宮，見他師尊，自然解釋。」乃不等通報，逕自投臺下來。通天教主曰：「廣成子，你又來有甚話說？」廣成子跪而啟曰：「師叔吩咐，弟子領命下山。不知師叔門人龜靈聖母同許多門人來為火靈聖母復仇。弟子無門可入，特來見師叔金容，求為開釋！」通天教主命水火童兒：「把龜靈聖母叫來！」少時，龜靈聖母至法臺下行禮，口稱：「弟子在。」通天教主曰：「你為何去趕廣成子？」龜靈聖母曰：「廣成子將吾教下門人打死，反上宮來獻金霞冠，分明是欺瞞吾教！」通天教主曰：「吾為掌教之主，反不如你等？此是你不守我諭言，自取其禍。大抵俱是天數，我豈不知？廣成子把金霞冠繳來，正是尊吾法旨，不敢擅用吾寶。爾等仍是狼心野性，不守我清規，大是可惡！將龜靈聖母革出宮外，不許入宮聽講！」遂將龜靈聖母革出。兩旁惱了許多弟子，私相怨曰：「今為廣成子，反把自家弟子輕辱，師尊如何這樣偏心？」大家俱不忿，盡出門來。只見通天教主吩咐廣成子：「你快去罷！」廣成子拜謝了教主，方纔出了碧遊宮，只見後面一起截教門人趕來，只叫：「拿住廣成子以洩吾眾人之恨！」廣成子聽得著慌：「這一番來得不善！欲逕往前行不好；欲與他抵敵，寡不敵眾；不若還進碧遊宮，纔免得此厄。」看官，廣成子你原不該來！這正應了三謁碧遊宮。正是：

沿潭撒下鉤和線，從今釣出是非來。

話說廣成子這一番慌慌張張跑至碧遊宮臺下，來見通天教主，不知吉凶如何，且聽下回分解。

話說通天教主曰：「姜尚乃是奉吾三教法旨，扶佐應運帝王。這三教中都有在封神榜上的。廣成子也是犯教之仙。他就打死火靈聖母，非是他來尋事做；這是你去尋他，總是天意。爾等何苦與他做對？連我的訓諭不依，成何體面！」眾門人未及開言，只見多寶道人跪下稟曰：「老師聖諭，怎敢不依？只是廣成子太欺吾教，妄自尊大他的玉虛教法，辱罵我等不堪，老師那裡知道？倒把他一面虛詞當做真話，被他欺誑過去。」通天教主曰：「紅花白藕青荷葉，三教原來總一般。」他豈不知，怎敢亂說欺弄。你等切不可自分彼此，致生事端。」多寶道人曰：「老師在上：弟子原不敢說，只今老師不知詳細，事已至此，不得不以直告。他罵吾教是左道傍門，不分披毛帶角之人，濕生卵化之輩，皆可同群共處。他視我為無物，獨稱他玉虛道法為無上至尊，所以弟子等不服也。」通天教主曰：「我看廣成子亦是真實君子，斷無是言。你們不要聽錯了。」多寶道人曰：「弟子怎敢欺誑老師！」眾門人齊曰：「實有此語，這都可以面質。」通天教主笑曰：「我與羽毛相並，他師父卻是何人？我成羽毛，他師父也是羽毛之類。這畜生這等輕薄！」吩咐金靈聖母：「往後邊取那四口寶劍來。」少時，金靈聖母取一包袱，內有四口寶劍，放在案上。教主曰：「多寶道人過來，聽我吩咐：他既是笑我教不如，你可將此四口寶劍去界牌關擺一誅仙陣，看闡教門下那一個門人敢進吾陣！如有事時，我自來與他講。」多寶道人請問老師：「此劍有何妙用？」通天教主曰：「此劍有四名：一曰誅仙劍，二曰戮仙劍，三曰陷仙劍，四曰絕仙劍。此劍倒懸門上，發雷振動，劍光一晃，任從他是萬劫神仙，也難逃得此難。」昔曾有贊，贊此寶劍：

非銅非鐵又非鋼，曾在須彌山下藏。不用陰陽顛倒煉，豈無水火淬鋒芒？誅仙利，戮仙亡，陷仙到處起紅光；絕仙變化無窮妙，大羅神仙血染裳。

第七十三回

青龍關飛虎折兵

流水滔滔日夜磨，不知烏兔若奔梭。纔看苦海成平陸，又見蒼桑化碧波①。

熊虎將軍餐白刃，英雄俊傑飲干戈。遲金只因天數定，空教血淚滴婆婆。

話說廣成子三進碧遊宮，又來見通天教主，雙膝跪下。教主問曰：「廣成子，你為何又進我宮來？全無規矩，任你胡行！」廣成子曰：「蒙師叔吩咐，弟子去了；其如眾門人不放弟子去，只要與弟子掙力。弟子之來，無非敬上之道，若是如此，弟子是求榮反辱。望老師慈悲發付弟子，也不壞師叔昔日三教共立封神榜的體面。」通天教主聽說，怒曰：「水火童子快把這些無知畜生喚進宮來！」只見水火童子領法旨出宮來，見眾門人，曰：「列位師兄，老爺發怒，喚你等進去。」眾門人聽師尊呼喚，大家沒意思，只得進宮來見。通天教主喝曰：「你這些不守規矩的畜生！如何師命不遵，恃強生事？這是何說！廣成子是奉我三教法旨，扶助周武，這是應運而興。他等逆天行事，理當如此。你等如何還是這等胡為？情實可恨！」直罵得眾人們面面相覷，低頭不語。通天教主吩咐廣成子曰：「你只奉命而行，不要與這些人計較。你好生去罷！」廣成子謝過恩，出了宮，逕回九仙山去了。後有詩歎曰：

廣成奉旨涉先天，只為金霞冠欲還。不是天心原有意，界牌關下有誅仙。

① 蒼桑化碧波：即青綠的桑田變作滄海。

者元帥率兵抵關，升弟胡雷與火靈聖母不知天命，致逆王師，自罹于禍，悔亦無及。升罪固宜，罔赦，但元帥汪洋之度，好生之人，無不覆載。今特遣裨將王信薰沐上書，乞元帥下鑒愚悃，容其納降，以救此一方人民，真時雨之師②，萬姓頂祝③矣。胡升再頓首謹啟。

子牙看書畢，問王信曰：「你主將既已納款，吾亦不究往事。明日即行獻關，毋得再有推阻。」洪錦在旁言曰：「胡升反覆不定，元帥不可輕信，恐其中有詐。」子牙曰：「前日乃是他兄弟違傲，與火靈聖母自恃左道之術故耳。以我觀，胡升乃是真心納降也。公無多言。」隨令王信回覆主將，明日進關。王信領令，進關來見胡升，將子牙言語盡說一遍。胡升大喜，隨命關上軍士立起周家旗號。次日，胡升同大小將領率百姓出關，手執降旗，焚香結彩，迎子牙大勢人馬進關。來至帥府堂上坐下，眾將官侍立兩旁。只見胡升來至堂前行禮畢，稟曰：「末將胡升一向有意歸周，奈吾弟不識天時，以遭誅戮。末將先曾具納降文表與洪將軍，不期火靈聖母要阻天兵，末將再三阻擋不住，致有得罪于元帥麾下，望元帥恕末將之罪。」

子牙曰：「聽你之言，真是反覆不定：頭一次納降，非你本心。你見關內無將，故爾偷生。及見火靈聖母來至，汝便欺心，又思故主。總是暮四朝三之小人，豈是一言以定之君子？此事雖是火靈聖母主意，也要你自己肯為，我也難以准信。留你久後必定為禍。」命左右：「推出斬之！」胡升無言抵塞，追悔無及。左右將胡升綁出帥府，少時，見左右將首級來獻。子牙命拿出關前號令。子牙平定了佳夢關，

- ② 時雨之師：喻有如及時雨一般能紓解民困的軍隊。孟子滕文公：「如時雨降，民大悅。」
③ 頂祝：頂禮祝賀。頂禮是佛家最尊敬之禮節，用頭頂禮佛足。

話說通天教主將此劍付與多寶道人，又與一誅仙陣圖，言曰：「你往界牌關去，阻住周兵，看他怎樣對你。」多寶道人離了高山，遷往界牌關去不表。

且說子牙自從遇申公豹得脫回佳夢關來，周營內差人四下裡打探子牙消息。只見哪吒登風火輪，四下找尋。子牙正策四不相前行，恰好遇著韋護。韋護大喜，上前安慰子牙曰：「自火龍兵沖散人馬，急切難以收聚，不意火靈聖母趕師叔去。那些兵原是左道邪術，見沒有主將作法驅逐，一時火光滅了，並無有一些手段。被我等收回兵，復一陣殺的他乾淨，只是不見師叔。如今哪吒等四路去打探，不期弟子在此得遇尊顏，我等不勝幸甚！」有探事官飛奔中軍，來報于洪錦，洪錦遠迎。子牙進轅門，眾將歡喜。收點人馬，計算又折了四五千軍卒。子牙把火靈聖母、申公豹的事對眾軍將細說一遍，眾人賀喜。子牙吩咐整頓人馬，離佳夢關五十里，住了三日，子牙方整點士卒，一聲砲響，復至關下安營。

且說胡升在關內不知火靈聖母吉凶，又聽得報馬來報，子牙兵復至關下，胡升大驚：「姜尚兵又復至，火靈聖母休矣！」急與佐貳官商議：「前日已是降周，平空而來火靈聖母攬擾這場，使吾更變一番，雖然勝了姜子牙二陣，成得甚事！如今怎好相見？」旁有佐貳官王信曰：「如今元帥把罪名做在火靈聖母身上，彼自不罪元帥也。這也無妨。」胡升曰：「此言也有理。」就差王信具納降文書，前往周營來見子牙。有軍政官報入中軍：「啟元帥：關內差官下文書，請令定奪。」子牙傳令：「令來。」王信來至中軍，呈上文書。子牙展于案上觀看，書曰：

納降守關主將胡升暨大小將佐等，頓首上書于西周大元帥麾下：不職升謬承司閫，鎮守邊關，謹慎小心，希圖少盡臣節以報主知；孰意皇天不眷，降災于殷，天愁人叛，致動天下諸侯觀政于商。日

擺開，請總兵答話。」黃飛虎傳令：「也把大隊人馬擺出。」砲聲響處，大紅旗展，好雄威人馬出來！正是：

人是獾彪攔關潤，馬如大海老龍騰。

話言丘引見黃飛虎，左右分開大小將官，一馬當先，大叫：「黃飛虎負國忘恩，無父無君之賊！你反了五關，殺害朝廷命官，劫紂王府庫，助姬發為惡，今日反來侵擾天子關隘，你真是惡貫滿盈，必受天誅！」黃飛虎笑曰：「今天下會兵，紂王亡在旦夕，你等皆無死所！馬前一卒，有多大本領，敢逆天兵耶！」飛虎回顧左右：「那一員戰將與吾拚了丘引？」後有黃天祥應曰：「待吾來擒此賊！」天祥年方十七歲，正所謂初生之犢不懼虎，催開戰馬，搖手中鎗沖殺過來。這壁廂有高貴搖斧接住。兩馬相交，鎗斧並舉。黃天祥也是封神榜上之人，力大無窮。來來往往，未及十五回合，一鎗刺中高貴心窩，翻鞍下馬。丘引大呼一聲：「氣殺吾也！不要走，吾來也！」丘引銀盔素鎧，白馬長鎗，飛來直取天祥。黃天祥見丘引白至，心下暗喜：「此功該吾成也！」搖手中鎗劈面相還。好殺！怎見得，正是：

棋逢敵手難藏興，將遇良才好奏功。

黃天祥使發了這條鎗，如風馳雨驟，勢不可當。丘引自覺不能勝。天祥今會頭陣，如此英勇，鎗法更神。有贊為證，贊曰：

乾坤真個少，蓋世果然稀。
老君爐裡煉，曾敲十萬八千鎚；
磨塌太行山頂石，湛乾黃河九曲溪。
上陣不沾塵世界，回來一陣血腥飛。

話說黃天祥使開鎗，把丘引殺得只有招架之功，更無還兵之力。旁有丘引副將孫寶、余成兩騎馬，兩口

令祁恭鎮守。子牙把戶口查明，即口回兵至汜水關。李靖領眾將轅門迎接。子牙至後營見武王，將取住夢關一事奏知武王。武王置酒在中軍與子牙賀功不表。

且說黃飛虎領十萬雄師往青龍關來，一路浩浩軍威，紛紛殺氣。一日哨馬報入中軍：「啟總兵：人馬已至青龍關，請令安營。」黃總兵傳令安下行營，放砲呐喊。話說這青龍關鎮守大將乃是丘引，副將是馬方、高貴、余成、孫寶等。聞周兵來至，丘引忙陞廳坐下，與眾將議曰：「今日周兵無故犯界，甚是狂悖，吾等正當效力之時，各宜盡心報國。」眾將官齊曰：「願效死力。」人人俱摩拳擦掌，個個勇往直前。

且說黃總兵陞帳曰：「今日已抵關隘，誰去見頭一陣立功？」鄧九公曰：「願往。」飛虎曰：「將軍一往，必建奇功。」鄧九公上馬出營，至關下搦戰。哨探馬報入帥府，丘引急令馬方：「去見頭陣，便知端的。」馬方上馬提刀，開放關門，兩杆旗開，見鄧九公紅袍金甲，一騎馬飛臨陣前。馬方大呼曰：「反賊慢來！」九公曰：「馬方，你好不知天時！方今兵連禍結，眼見成湯亡于旦夕，爾尚敢來出關會戰也！」馬方大罵：「逆天潑賊，欺心匹夫，敢出妄言，惑吾清聽！」縱馬搖鎗飛來直取。鄧九公手中刀急架忙迎。二馬盤旋，大戰有三十回合。鄧九公乃久經戰場上將，馬方那裡是他的對手，正戰間，被九公賣個破綻，大喝一聲，將馬方劈于馬下。鄧九公梟了首級，掌得勝鼓回營，來見黃飛虎，將馬方首級獻上。黃總兵大喜，上九公首功，具酒相慶。

且說敗兵報進關來：「稟元帥：馬方失機，被鄧九公梟了首級，號令周營。」丘引聽報，只氣得三尸神暴跳，七竅內生煙。次日，親自提兵出關。黃飛虎正議取關一事，見哨馬報入中軍：「青龍關大隊

話說丘引被黃天祥一鎗，正中前面護心鏡上，打得丘引噴鮮血，幾乎落下鞍轡，敗進關內，閉門不出。黃天祥得勝回營，來見父親，說丘引閉門不出。黃飛虎與鄧九公共議取關之策不表。且說丘引被這一鎗打得吐血不止，忙服丹藥，一時不能痊癒；切齒深恨黃天祥于骨髓，在關內保養傷痕。次日，周兵攻打青龍關，丘引鎗傷未癒，上城來親自巡視，千方百計防設守關之法。大抵此關乃朝歌保障之地，西北藩屏，最是緊要，城高濠深，急切難以攻打。周兵一連攻打三日，不能得下。黃飛虎見此關急切難下，傳令鳴金收回人馬，再作良謀。丘引見周兵退兵，也下城來，至帥府坐下，心中納悶。忽報：「督糧官陳奇聽令。」丘引令至殿前。陳奇打躬曰：「催糧應濟軍需，不曾違限，請令定奪。」丘引曰：「催糧有功，總為朝廷出力。」陳奇問：「周兵至此，元帥連日勝負如何？」丘引答曰：「姜尚分兵取關，惟恐吾斷他糧道，連日與他會戰，不意他將佐驍勇，鄧九公殺吾佐貳官，黃天祥鎗馬強勝，吾被他鎗中，箭射，鎗打。若是拿住這逆賊，必分化其尸，方泄吾恨！」陳奇曰：「元帥只管放心，等末將拿來，報元帥之恨。」

次日，陳奇領本部飛虎兵，坐火眼金睛獸，提手中蕩魔杵，至周營搦戰。哨馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：關上有將搦戰。」黃飛虎問曰：「誰將出馬？」鄧九公曰：「末將願領人馬。」九公綽兵刃在手，逕出營來；見對陣鼓響，一將當先，手提蕩魔杵，坐金睛獸而來。鄧九公問曰：「來者何人？」陳奇曰：「吾乃督糧官陳奇是也。你是何人？」鄧九公答曰：「吾乃西周東征副將鄧九公是也。日前丘引失機，閉門不出，你想法是來替死，然而也做不得他的名下！」陳奇大笑曰：「看你這匹夫如嬰兒草莽，你有什么能！」便催開金睛獸，使開蕩魔杵，劈胸就打，鄧九公大杆刀赴面交還。獸馬交鋒，刀杵併舉，兩家大戰三十

刀，殺奔前來助戰。鄧九公見二將前來協助，鄧九公奮勇走馬，刀劈了余成，翻鞍落馬。孫寶大怒，罵曰：「好匹夫！焉敢傷吾大將！」轉回來力敵九公。話說丘引被黃天祥戰住，不得開空，縱有左道之術，不能使出來；又見鄧九公走馬刀劈了余成，心下急躁。黃天祥賣了個破綻，一鎗正中丘引左腿。丘引大叫一聲，撥轉馬就走。黃天祥掛下鎗，取弓箭在手，拽滿弓弦，往後心射來，正中丘引肩窩。孫寶見主將敗走，心下著慌，又被鄧九公一刀把孫寶揮于馬下，梟了首級。黃飛虎掌鼓進營。正是：

只知得勝回營去，那曉男兒大難來。

話說丘引敗進高關，不覺大怒：「四員副將盡被兩陣殺絕，自己又被這黃天祥鎗刺左腿，箭射肩窩，候明日出陣，拿住此賊，碎尸萬段，以泄此恨！」看官：丘引乃曲鱗④得道，修成人體，也善左道之術。此人自用丹藥敷搽，即時痊癒。到三日後，上馬提鎗，至周營前，只叫：「黃天祥來見我！」哨馬報入中軍，黃天祥又出來會戰。丘引見了仇人，不答話，搖鎗直取天祥。黃天祥手中鎗急架忙迎。二馬交鋒，來往戰有三十回合。黃天祥看丘引頂上銀盔露出髮來，暗想：「此賊定有法術，恐遭毒害。」天祥心生一計，把鎗丟了一空⑤。丘引要報前日之仇，乘空一鎗刺來，刺了個空，跌在黃天祥懷裡來。黃天祥掣出銀裝鎗來。好鎗！怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

寶攢玉靶，金葉鑲成，綠絨繩穿就護手，熟銅抹就光輝。打大將翻鞍落馬，沖行營鬼哭神悲。門斷三環劍，磕折丈八鎗。寒凜凜有甚三冬雪，冷洩洩賽過九秋霜。

④ 曲鱗：即蚯蚓。

⑤ 把鎗丟了一空：即賣一個破綻，引誘對手中計。

軍問左右：「誰去走一遭？」話未了，只見旁邊走過三子黃天祿、黃天爵、黃天祥應曰：「不肖三人願往。」黃飛虎吩咐須要仔細。三人應聲曰：「知道。」弟兄三人上馬，逕出營來。陳奇問曰：「來者何人？」黃天祿答曰：「吾乃開國武成王三位殿下：黃天祿、天爵、天祥是也。」陳奇暗喜：「正要拿這業畜，他恰自來送死！」催開金睛獸，也不答話，使開蕩魔杵，飛來直取天祿兄弟。三人三條鎗，急架忙迎，四馬交鋒。怎見得一場好殺：

四將陣前發怒，催開獸馬相持。長鎗晃晃閃虹霓，蕩魔杵發來峻利。這一個拼命捨死定輸贏；

那三個為國忘家分軒輊。險些兒失手命難存，留取清名傳萬世。

三匹馬裹住了陳奇一匹金睛獸，大戰在龍潭虎穴。不知凶吉如何，且聽下回分解。

評

胡升反覆不常，留之久必為禍；況當糧道要衝，安得以疑似之人守之殺之？但太公伐紂，乃順天應人，豈有他虞？而必欲以平常之疑待之。子牙此舉，有愧時雨之師。

又評

鄧九公有將才，而遭逢不辰，故為左道所害，此數也。然一段慷慨不屈，亦足取也。

回合。鄧九公的刀法如神，陳奇用的是短兵器，如何抵擋得住？陳奇把蕩魔杵一舉，他有三千飛虎兵，手執撓鉤套索，如長蛇陣一般，飛奔前來，有拿人之狀。鄧九公不知緣故。陳奇原是左道，有異人秘傳，養成腹內一道黃氣，噴出口來，凡是精血成胎者，必定有三魂七魄，見此黃氣，則魂魄自散。九公見此黃氣，坐不住鞍韉，翻身落馬。鄧九公被飛虎兵一擁上前，生擒活捉，拿進高關，三軍吶喊。

丘引正坐，左右報入府來：「稟元帥：陳奇捉了鄧九公聽令。」丘引大悅，令左右：「推來！」鄧九公及至醒來，身上已是繩索綁縛，莫能轉挫；左右推至丘引面前，九公大罵曰：「匹夫以左道之術擒吾，我就死也不服！今既失機，有死而已。吾生不能啖汝血肉，死後必為厲鬼以殺叛賊！」丘引大怒，令推出斬之！可憐鄧九公歸周，不能會諸侯於孟津，今日全忠於周主。正是：

功名未遂扶王志，今日逢危已盡忠。

話說丘引發出行刑牌出府，將鄧九公首級號令于關上。有哨探馬報入中軍：「啟老爺：鄧九公被陳奇口吐黃氣，拏了進關，將首級號令城上。」黃飛虎大驚曰：「鄧九公乃大將之才，不幸而喪于左道之術。」心中甚是傷感。

話說丘引治酒與陳奇賀功。次日，陳奇又領兵至周營搦戰，報馬報入中軍。旁有九公佐貳官太鸞大怒曰：「末將不才，願與主將報仇。」黃飛虎許之。太鸞上馬出營，與陳奇相對，也不答話，大戰二十回合。陳奇把杵一舉，後面飛虎兵擁來。陳奇把嘴一張，太鸞依舊落馬，被眾人擒拿進關見丘引。丘引曰：「此乃從賊，且不必斬他，暫送下囚圍，俟拿了主將，一齊上囚車解往朝歌，以盡國法，又不負汝之功耳。」陳奇大喜。且說黃總兵見又折了太鸞，心下甚是不樂。只見次日來報：「陳奇搦戰。」黃將

軍卒生擒下馬，繩縛二臂。及至醒時，已被捉住。丘引大喜，掌鼓進關。正是：

可惜年少英雄客，化作南柯夢裡人！

且說丘引拏住黃天祥進關，陞堂坐下，傳令兩邊把黃天祥推來。眾人將黃天祥推至面前。黃天祥氣沖牛斗，厲聲大呼曰：「丘引，你這逆賊，敢以妖術成功，非大丈夫也！我死不足惜，當報國恩。若姜元帥兵臨，你這匹夫有粉骨碎身之禍！既被你擒，快與我一死！吾定為厲鬼以殺賊！」丘引大怒曰：「你這叛賊，反出語傷人！你箭射、鎗打、鎗刺，你心下便自爽然。今日被擒，不自求生，又以惡語狂言辱吾！」天祥睜目大罵：「逆賊！我恨不得鎗穿你肺腑，鎗打碎你天靈，箭射透你心窩，方稱我報國忠心！今不幸被擒，自分一死，何必多言，做出那等的模樣！」丘引大怒，命左右：「先梟了首級，仍風化其尸，掛在城樓上！」少時，哨馬報入周營：「啟老爺：四公子被丘引拏去，梟了首級，把尸骸掛城樓上，風化其尸，請軍令定奪。」黃飛虎聽報，大叫一聲，跌倒在地，眾將扶起。黃總兵放聲大哭曰：「吾生四子，不能為武王至孟津大會諸侯以立功，今方頭一座關隘，先喪吾三子！」黃飛虎思子，作詩一首以志感，詩曰：

「為國捐軀赴戰場，丹心可並日爭光。幾番未滅強梁寇，左衛擒兒年少亡。」

話說黃總兵見事機如此，忙修告急中文，連夜差使臣往汜水關老營中，見子牙求救。

使臣在路，也非一日，來至行營。旗門官報入中軍：「啟元帥：黃總兵遣官至轅門等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」使臣至轅前行禮，將中文呈上。子牙拆開看畢，大驚曰：「可惜鄧九公、黃天祥俱死于非命！」著實傷悼。只見鄧嬋玉哭上帳來：「稟上元帥：末將願去為父報仇。」子牙許之；又點先行官

第七十四回

哼哈二將顯神通

二將相逢各有名，青龍關遇定輪贏。五行道術皆堪並，萬劫輪回共此生。

黃氣無聲能覆將，白光有影更擒兵。須知妙法無先後，大難來時命自傾。

話說黃天祿兄弟三人裹住陳奇，忽一鎗正中陳奇右腿，陳奇將坐騎跳出圈子外邊，黃天祿隨後趕來。陳奇雖然腿上有傷，他的道術自在；他把蕩魔杵一舉，只見飛虎兵蜂擁而來，將腹內煉成黃氣噴出，黃天祿滾下鞍轡，早被飛虎兵撓鉤搭住，生擒活捉了進關來見丘引。丘引吩咐，也把黃天祿監禁了。話說黃天爵、黃天祥回營見父，言兄被擒。黃總兵十分不樂，遣官打聽可曾號令。探事官回報：「啟老爺：不曾號令。」話說陳奇腿上有傷，自用丹藥敷搽。只見次日丘引傷痕痊愈，要來報仇，乃不戴頭盔，頂上戴一金箍，似頭陀樣，貫甲披袍，上馬撻鎗，來奔至周營，坐名要黃天祥決戰。報馬報入營中，天祥便欲出戰，飛虎阻擋不住。天祥上馬提鎗，出營來見是丘引，大叫曰：「丘引，今日定要擒你見功！」催開馬，搖手中鎗，直刺丘引。丘引鎗赴面交還。二馬盤旋，雙鎗並舉，大戰在關下。黃天祥這根鎗如風狂雨驟，勢不可當。丘引招架不住，掩一鎗，勒回馬往關前就走。黃天祥不知好歹，隨後趕來。只見丘引頂上長一道白光，光中分開，裡面現出碗大一顆紅珠，在空中滴溜溜只是轉。丘引大叫：「黃天祥，你看吾此寶！」黃天祥不知所以，擡頭看時，不覺神魂飄蕩，一會兒不知南北西東，昏昏慘慘，被步下

且說土行孫催糧至子牙大營，見元帥回令畢，土行孫下殿，不見鄧嬋玉，問其故，武吉曰：「黃飛虎求救兵，申文言你岳翁陣亡，你夫人去了。」土行孫聽得鄧九公已死，著實傷悼，忙忙領子牙催糧箭，督二運運往青龍關來。不一日至轅門，探馬報入中軍，黃飛虎令：「請來。」土行孫來至帳前行禮畢，黃飛虎曰：「鄧九公為左衛陣亡，吾子二人被擒，天祥被丘引逆賊風化其尸。今日先行哪吒打丘引一乾坤圈，逆賊未曾授首。」土行孫曰：「待末將今晚且將天祥尸首盜出，用棺木收殮，明日好擒丘引以報此仇。」土行孫下帳來，與鄧嬋玉等相見。只至到曉，土行孫借地行術，逕進關來。先在裡邊走了一番。及行到圍圈之中，看見太鸞、黃天祿。時至二更，四下裡人聲寂靜，土行孫鑽上來，悄悄的叫：「黃天祿，我來了。你放心，不久就取關了。」黃天祿聽的是土行孫聲音，大喜曰：「速些纔妙！」土行孫曰：「不必吩咐。」土行孫說了信，逕至城樓上，把繩子割斷，天祥的尸首掉在關下，周紀收去尸首。

黃飛虎看見尸首，放聲大哭曰：「年少為國，致捐其軀，真為可惜！」急用棺木收尸。黃飛虎自思想：「吾生四子，今喪三人，今日不若命黃天爵送天祥尸首回西岐去，早晚亦可侍奉吾父，一則不失黃門之後，二則使我忠孝兩全。」黃飛虎打發第三子黃天爵押送車回西岐去了。且說丘引被哪吒打傷，次日降廳納悶。只見巡城軍士來報：「黃天祥尸首，夜來不知被何人割斷繩子，將尸首盜去。」丘引聽報，愈加愁悶。陳奇大怒：「不才出關，拏來為主將報仇！」說罷，領本部飛虎兵至營前搦戰。哨馬報入中軍。黃總兵問：「誰人見陣？」土行孫願往；鄧嬋玉欲為父親報仇，願隨掠陣。夫妻二人出營，見陳奇坐金睛獸，提蕩魔杵，滾至陣前。土行孫大罵陳奇曰：「匹夫用左道邪術，殺吾岳丈，不共戴天！今日特來擒你報仇！」

哪吒同往。哪吒大喜，領了將令，星夜往青龍關來。哪吒風火輪來的快，便先行；嬋玉隨營行走。只見哪吒霎時就到青龍關了。正是：

頃刻行千里，須臾至九州。

話說哪吒至營前，報入中軍，「有先行官哪吒轅門聽令。」黃總兵忙叫：「請來。」哪吒進中軍行禮畢，黃總兵曰：「吾奉令分兵至此，不幸子亡兵敗，鄧九公竟被左衛喪身，吾在此待罪請援。今先行官至此，吾輩不勝幸甚！」哪吒曰：「小將軍丹心忠義，為國捐軀，青史簡篇，永垂不朽，亦不辜負將軍教養之功。」次日，哪吒上風火輪，提火尖鎗，往關下搦戰。猛見黃天祥之尸，大怒曰：「吾拿住丘引，定以此為例！」大叫：「城上報事官！快傳與丘引，早來洗頸受戮！」報馬報入帥府：「有將請戰。」丘引聽報，自恃己能，依舊是頭陀打扮，竟出關門。看見一人登風火輪而來，大呼曰：「來者莫非是哪吒麼？」哪吒大罵曰：「你這匹夫！黃天祥與你不過敵國之仇，彼此為國，不過梟首；又有何罪，你竟欲風化其尸？我今拏住你，定碎醢汝尸，為天祥泄恨！」把火尖鎗擺動，直取丘引。丘引以鎗急架相還。二馬相交，雙鎗併舉，來往戰殺二三十合。丘引就走，哪吒趕來，丘引依舊把頭上白氣昇出，現那一顆紅珠出來在空中旋轉。丘引把哪吒當做凡胎肉體，不知他是蓮花化身，便大叫曰：「哪吒！你看吾之寶！」哪吒擡頭看見，大笑曰：「無知匹夫！此不過是個紅珠兒，你叫我看他怎的！」丘引大驚：「吾得道修成此珠，捉將擒軍，無不效驗，今日哪吒看見，如何不昏於輪下？」心中已是著忙，只得勒回馬來又戰；被哪吒用乾坤圈打來，正中丘引肩窩，打的筋斷骨折，伏鞍而逃，敗回關去。哪吒得勝回營，來見黃飛虎不表。

孫曰：「足下係二運官，今到此何幹？」土行孫曰：「青龍關中有一人名喚陳奇，也與你一樣拏人，吾岳丈被他拏去，壞了性命，特奉元帥將令，來此救援。只他比你不同，他把嘴一張，口內噴出一道黃氣來，其人自倒；比你那鼻中哼出白氣來大不相同，覺他的便宜。昨日我被他拏去，走了一遭來。」鄭倫曰：「豈有此理！當時吾師傳我，曾言吾之法蓋世無雙，難道此關又有此異人？我必定會他一會，看其真實。」

且說陳奇恨鄧嬋玉打傷他頭面，自服了丹藥，一夜痊癒。次日出關，坐名只要鄧嬋玉出來定個雌雄。哨馬報入中軍：「啟老爺：陳奇搦戰。」鄭倫出而言曰：「末將願往。」黃飛虎曰：「你督糧亦是要緊的事，原非先行破敵之役，恐姜丞相見罪。」鄭倫曰：「俱是朝廷功績，何害于理？」黃飛虎只得應允。鄭倫上了金睛獸，捉降魔杵，領本部三千烏鴉兵出營來。見陳奇也是金睛獸，捉降魔杵，也有一隊人馬，俱穿黃號衣，也拏著撓鉤套索。鄭倫心下疑惑，乃至軍前大呼曰：「來者何人？」陳奇曰：「吾乃督糧上將軍陳奇是也。你乃何人？」鄭倫曰：「吾乃三運總督官鄭倫是也。」鄭倫問曰：「聞你有異術，今日特來會你。」鄭倫催開金睛獸，搖手中降魔杵，劈頭就打，陳奇手中蕩魔杵赴面交還。二獸交加，一場大戰。怎見得：

二將陣前尋鬥賭，兩下交鋒誰敢阻。這一個似搖頭獅子下山崗；那一個不亞擺尾狻猊尋猛虎。這一個忠心定要正乾坤；那一個赤膽要把江山輔。天生一對惡星辰，今朝相遇爭旗鼓。

話說二將大戰虎穴龍潭：這一個惡狠狠圓睜二目；那一個咯支支咬碎銀牙。只見土行孫同哪吒出轅門來看二將交兵，連黃飛虎同眾將也在旗門下，都來看廝殺。鄭倫正戰之間，自忖：「此人當真有些術法。」

陳奇大笑：「諒你這等人，真如朽腐之物，做得出甚麼事來！殺你恐污吾手！」催開坐騎，指杵就打，土行孫手中棍急架忙迎，杵棍併舉。未及數合，陳奇見土行孫往來小巧便宜，急切不能取勝；陳奇忙把杵一擺，飛虎兵齊奔前來，陳奇對著土行孫把嘴一張，噴出一道黃氣。土行孫站不住，一交跌倒在地，飛虎兵把土行孫拏去。陳奇不防鄧嬋玉在對面，見拏了他丈夫，發出一塊五光石來，正中陳奇嘴上，打得唇綻齒落，哎呀一聲，掩面而走。嬋玉又發一石，夾後心一下，把後心鏡打得粉碎。陳奇只得伏鞍而逃。只見土行孫睜開眼，渾身上了繩子，笑曰：「到有趣！」陳奇被鄧嬋玉打傷，逃回關內來見丘引。丘引看見陳奇鼻青嘴綻，袍帶皆鬆，忙問其故。陳奇曰：「只因拏一不堪匹夫，不防對過有一賤人，用石打傷面門，復一石又打傷脊背，致失機而回。」丘引聽說，忙令左右：「將周將拏來！」左右隨將土行孫推至階前。看見土行孫身不滿三四尺，便問陳奇曰：「這樣東西，拏他何用？」命左右：「推出去斬了號令！」土行孫也不慌不忙，來至關上。左右方欲動手，只見土行孫把身子一扭，杳無蹤跡。正是：

地行道術原無跡，盜寶偷關蓋世雄。

話說左右見土行孫不見了，只說得目瞪口呆，慌忙報與丘引。丘引聽報，大驚曰：「周營中有此異人，所以屢伐西岐俱皆失利。今日不見黃天祥尸首，就是此人盜去，也未可知。速傳令，早晚各要防備關隘。」

且說土行孫回見黃總兵，其議取關。忽哨探馬報入中軍：「有三運督糧官鄭倫來轅門等令。」黃總兵傳令：「令來。」鄭倫至轅前行禮畢，言曰：「奉姜元帥將令，催糧應付，軍前聽用。」黃飛虎曰：「多蒙將軍催糧有功，俟上功勞簿。」鄭倫曰：「俱是為國效用。」鄭倫偶見土行孫也在此，忙問土行

趙升、孫焰紅把丘引裹在當中。鄭倫殺進城來，正遇陳奇，二將夜兵大戰。黃天祿從後面殺進府來，土行孫倒拖郇鐵棍，往丘引馬下打來。丘引不及提防，被土行孫一棍正打著馬七寸；那馬打了個前失，把丘引跌下馬來。黃飛虎看見，忙撚鎗刺來。丘引已借土遁去了。正是：生死有定，不該絕于此關。且言眾將裏住陳奇，被哪吒祭起乾坤圈打中，陳奇傷了臂膊，往左一閃，被黃飛虎一鎗刺中脇下，死于非命。殺到天明，黃飛虎收兵查點，只走了丘引。飛虎陞廳，出榜安民，查明戶口冊籍，留將守青龍關。黃總兵回師，先有哪吒報捷。土行孫仍催糧去了。

且說子牙在中軍與眾將正講六韜三略，報事官報：「元帥：哪吒等令。」子牙命：「傳進來。」哪吒至中軍，備言取了青龍關事，說了一遍：「弟子先來報捷。」子牙大悅，謂眾將曰：「吾之先取此二關者，欲通吾之糧道；若不得此，倘紂兵斷吾糧道，前不能進，後不能退，我先首尾受敵，此非全勝之道也，故為將先要察此。今幸俱得，可以無憂。」眾將曰：「元帥妙算，真無遺策！」正談論間，左右報：「黃飛虎等令。」子牙曰：「令來。」飛虎至中軍，打躬行禮。子牙賀過功，因不見鄧九公、黃天祥在前，心中甚是悽楚，歎曰：「可惜忠勇之士，不得享武王之祿耳！」營中治酒權飲。次日，子牙差辛甲先下一封戰書。

話說汜水關韓榮兒子牙按兵不動，分兵取佳夢、青龍二關，速速差人打探。回報二關已失。韓榮對眾將曰：「今西周已得此二關，軍威正盛，我等正當中路，必須協力共守，毋得專恃力戰也。」眾將各有不忿之色，願決一死戰。正議間，報：「姜元帥遣官下戰書。」韓榮命：「令來。」辛甲至殿前，將書呈上。韓榮接書，展開觀看，書曰：

打人不過先下手為妙。」把杆在空中一擺，鄭倫部下烏鴉兵行如長蛇陣一般而來。陳奇看鄭倫擺杆，士卒把撓鉤套索似有拏人之狀，陳奇搖杆，他那裡飛虎兵也有套索鉤撓，飛奔前來。正是：

能人自有能人伏，今日哼哈相會時。

鄭倫鼻子裡兩道白光，出來有聲；陳奇口中黃光也自迸出。陳奇跌了個金冠倒蹶；鄭倫跌了個鎧甲離鞍。兩邊士卒不敢拏人，只顧各人搶各人主將回營。鄭倫被烏鴉兵搶回；陳奇被飛虎兵搶回，各自上了金睛獸回營。土行孫同眾將笑得腰軟骨折。鄭倫自歎曰：「世間又有此異人，明日定要與他定個雌雄，方肯罷休。」不表。只說陳奇進關來見丘引，盡言前事。丘引又聞佳夢關失了，心下不安。次日，鄭倫關下搦戰，陳奇上騎出關，言曰：「鄭倫，大丈夫一言已定，從今不必用術，各賭手上工夫，你我也難得會。」催開坐下騎，又殺一日，未見輸贏。來見黃飛虎，眾將俱在帳上，共議取關之策。哪吒曰：「如今土行孫也在此，不若今夜我先進關，斬關落鎖，夜裡乘其無備，取了關為上策。」黃飛虎曰：「全仗先行。」正是：

哪吒定計施威武，今夜青龍屬武王。

話說丘引在關內，修表進朝歌，請遣將來此協同守關，共阻周兵。不覺是一更時分，土行孫先進關裡來，暗暗在囹圄中打點放黃天祿、太鸞。二更時分，哪吒登風火輪，飛進關來，在城樓上祭起金磚，把守門軍將打散，隨撞開拴鎖。周兵吶一聲喊，殺進城中來，金鼓大作，天翻地覆，城中大亂，百姓只顧逃生。土行孫在囹圄中，聽得吶喊，隨放了黃天祿、太鸞，殺出本府來。丘引還不曾睡，急忙上馬，擐鎗出府，只見燈光影裡，火把叢中，見金甲紅袍，乃武成王黃飛虎。哪吒登風火輪使鎗殺來。鄭秀、

搖鎗前來，飛取韓榮；韓榮手中戟赴面交還。魏賁的鎗勢如猛虎，韓榮見先折了王虎，心中已自慌忙，無心戀戰。只見子牙揮動兵將沖殺過來，韓榮抵敵不住，敗進關中去了。子牙得勝回營不表。

且說韓榮兵敗進關，一面具表往朝歌告急，一面設計守關。正在緊急之時，忽報：「七首將軍余化等令。」韓榮聽得余化來至，大喜，忙傳令：「令來。」余化至殿上行禮，韓榮曰：「自從將軍戰敗去後，此關反被黃飛虎走出去了，不覺數載；豈意他養成氣力，今反夥同那姜尚，三路分兵，取了佳夢關、青龍關，盡為周有。昨日會兵，不能取勝，如之奈何？」余化曰：「末將被哪吒打傷，敗回蓬萊山，見我師尊，燒煉一件寶物，可以復我前仇。縱周家有千萬軍將，只叫他片甲無存。」韓榮大喜，治酒管待。話說次日，余化至周營討戰。子牙問：「誰去出馬？」哪吒應聲而出：「弟子願往。」哪吒道罷，登輪提鎗，出得營來，一見余化，哪吒認得他，大叫曰：「余化慢來！」余化見了仇人，把臉紅了半邊，也不答話，催開金睛獸，搖戟直取哪吒；哪吒的鎗赴面交還。輪獸相交，戟鎗雙舉，來往沖殺有二三十合。哪吒的鎗乃太乙真人傳授，有許多機變，余化不是哪吒對手。余化把一口刀，名曰化血神刀祭起，如一道電光，中了刀痕，時刻即死。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

丹爐曾煅煉，火裡用功夫。靈氣後先妙，陰陽表裡扶。

透甲元神喪，沾身性命無。哪吒逢此刀，眼下血為膚。

余化將化血刀祭起，那刀來得甚快，哪吒躲不及，中了一刀。大抵哪吒乃蓮花化身，渾身俱是蓮花瓣兒，縱傷了他，不比凡夫血肉之軀，登時即死，該有凶中得吉。哪吒著刀傷了，大叫一聲，敗回營中，走進轅門，跌下風火輪來。哪吒著了刀傷，只是顫，不能做聲。旗門官報與子牙，子牙令扎擡至中軍。子牙

西周奉天征討大寶大元帥姜尚，致書于汜水關主將麾下：嘗聞天命無常，惟有德者永冀大眷。今商王受淫酗肆虐，暴殄下民，天愁于上，民怨于下。海宇分崩，諸侯叛亂，生民塗炭。惟我周武王特恭行天之罰，所在民心效順，強梁授首；所有佳夢、青龍二關逆命，俱已斬將奪旗，萬民歸順。今大兵到此，特以尺一之書，咸使聞知。或戰或降，早賜明決，毋得白誤。不宣。

韓榮觀看畢，即將原書批回：「來日會戰。」辛甲領書回營，見子牙曰：「奉令下書，原書批回，明日會兵。」子牙整頓士卒，一夜無詞。次日，子牙行營砲響，大隊擺開出轅門，在關下搦戰。有報馬報入關來：「今有姜元帥關下請戰。」韓榮忙整點人馬，放砲呐喊出關，左右大小將官分開。韓榮在馬上見子牙號令森嚴，一對對英雄威武。怎見得，有鷓鴣天一詞為證，詞曰：

殺氣騰騰萬里長，旌旗戈戟透寒光。雄師手仗三環劍，虎將鞍橫丈八鎗。軍浩浩，士忙忙，鑼鳴鼓響猛如狼。東征大戰三十陣，汜水交兵第一場。

話說韓榮在馬上見子牙，口稱：「姜元帥請了！」『率土之濱，莫非王臣』，元帥何故動無名之師，以下凌上，甘心作商家叛臣？吾為元帥不取也！」子牙笑曰：「將軍之言差矣。君正則居其位，君不正，則求為匹夫不可得。是天命豈有常哉？惟有德者能君之。昔夏桀肆虐，成湯伐之，代夏而有天下。今紂王罪過于桀，天下諸侯叛之。我周特奉天之罰，以討有罪，安敢有逆天命，厥罪惟鈞哉。」韓榮大怒曰：「姜子牙，我以你為高明之士，你原來是妖言惑眾之人！你有多大本領，敢出大言！那員將與吾拚了？」旁有先行王虎，走馬搖鎗，飛奔前來，直取子牙。只見哪吒已登風火輪，舉鎗忙迎。輪馬相交，刀鎗併舉。兩下裡喊聲不息，鼓角齊鳴。戰未數合，哪吒奮勇一鎗，把王虎挑于馬下。魏賁見哪吒得勝，把馬一磕，

第七十五回

土行孫盜騎陷身

余化恃強自喪身，師尊何苦費精神。因燒土行反招禍，為惹懼留致起噴。

北海初沉方脫難，細仙再縛豈能拘！從來數定應難解，已是封神榜內人。

話說余化得勝回營，至次日，又來周營搦戰。探馬報入中軍，子牙問：「誰人出馬？」有雷震子應曰：「願往。」提棍出營，見余化黃面赤髯，甚是兇惡，問曰：「來者可是余化？」余化大罵：「反國逆賊！你不認得我麼！」雷震子大怒，把二翅飛騰于空中，將黃金棍劈頭打來；余化手中戟赴面交還。

一個在空中用力，一個在獸上施威。雷震子金棍刷來，如泰山一般。余化望上招架費力，略戰數合，忙舉起化血刀來，把雷震子風雷翅傷了一刀。幸而原是兩枚仙杏化成風雷二翅，今中此刀，尚不至傷命，跌在塵埃，敗進行營，來見子牙。子牙又見傷了雷震子，心中甚是不樂。次日，有報馬報入中軍：「有余化搦戰。」子牙曰：「連傷二人，若痴呆一般，又不做聲，只是寒顫；且懸免戰牌出去。」軍政官將免戰牌掛起。余化見周營掛免戰牌，掌鼓回營。只見次日，有督糧官楊戩至轅門，見掛免戰二字，楊戩曰：「從三月十五日拜將之後，將近十日，如今還在這裡，尚不曾取成湯寸土，連忙掛免戰牌。」心中甚是疑惑，「且見了元帥，再做道理。」探馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：有督糧官楊戩候令。」子牙曰：「令來。」楊戩上帳，參謁畢，稟曰：「弟子催糧，應付軍需，不曾違限，請令定奪。」子牙曰：「兵糧足

叫哪吒，哪吒不答話。子牙心下鬱鬱不樂。不知哪吒性命如何，且聽下回分解。

評

陳奇與鄭倫方是對手，正所謂不相上下，又添了哪吒土行孫等，則陳奇授首宜矣！

又評

土行孫地行之術，為偷營劫寨，固是奇妙；若遇著楊戩之流，止落得一番空行。青龍關內止一二庸品，安能抵得土行孫之偷劫哉？

鼎真人忙令楊戩將刀痕來看，真人見此刀刃，便曰：「此乃是化血刀所傷。但此刀傷了，見血即死。幸雷震子傷的兩枚仙杏，你又有玄功，故爾如此；不然，皆不可活。」楊戩聽得，不覺大驚，忙問曰：「似此將何術解救？」真人曰：「此毒連我也不能解。此刀乃是蓬萊島一氣仙余元之物。當時修煉時，此刀在爐中，有三粒神丹同煉的。要解此毒，非此丹藥，不能得濟。」真人沉思良久，乃曰：「此事非你不可。」附耳如此如此方可。楊戩大喜，領了師父之言，離了玉泉山往蓬萊島而來。正是：

真人道術非凡品，咫尺蓬萊見大功。

話說楊戩借土遁往蓬萊島來，前至東海。好個海島，異景奇花，觀之不盡。怎見得海水平波，山崖錦砌，正所謂蓬萊景致與天闕無差。怎見得好山，有贊為證：

勢鎮東南，源流四海。汪洋潮湧作波濤，滂渤山根成碧闕。蜃樓結彩，化為人世奇觀；蛟孽興風，又是滄溟幻化。丹山碧樹非凡，玉宇瓊宮天外。麟鳳優遊，自然仙境靈胎；鸞鶴翱翔，豈是人間俗骨。琪花四季吐精英，瑤草千年呈瑞氣。且慢說青松翠柏常春，又道是仙桃仙果時有。修竹拂雲留夜月，藤蘿映日舞清風。一溪瀑布時飛雪，四面丹崖若列星。正是：百川滄注擎天柱，萬劫無移大地根。

話說楊戩來至蓬萊山，看罷蓬萊景致，仗八九元功，將身變成七首將軍余化，逕進蓬萊島來。見了一氣仙余元，倒身下拜。余元見余化到此，乃問曰：「你來做甚麼？」余化曰：「弟子奉師父之命，去汜水關協同韓總兵把守關隘，不意姜尚兵來，弟子見頭一陣，刀傷了哪吒，第二陣傷了雷震子，第三陣恰來了姜子牙師姪楊戩，弟子用刀去傷他，被他一指，反把刀指回來，將弟子傷了肩臂，望老師慈悲救拔。」

矣，其如戰不足何！」楊戩曰：「師叔且將免戰牌收了，弟子明日出兵，看其端的，自有處治。」子牙在中軍與眾人正議此事，左右報：「有一道童來見。」子牙曰：「請來。」少時至帳前，那童子倒身下拜曰：「弟子是乾元山金光洞太乙真人門下。師兄哪吒有厄，命弟子背上山去調理。」子牙即將哪吒交與金霞童子，皆往乾元山去了。不表。且說楊戩見雷震子不做聲，只是顫，看刀刃中血水如墨。楊戩觀看良久，「此乃是毒物所傷。」楊戩啟子牙：「去了免戰牌。」子牙傳令去了免戰牌。次日，汜水關哨馬報入關中：「周營已去免戰牌。」余化聽得，隨上了金睛獸出關，來至營前搦戰。哨馬報入中軍：「關內有將討戰。」正是：

常勝不知終有敗，周營自有妙人來。

話說余化至營搦戰，楊戩稟過子牙，忙提三尖刀出營。見余化光景，是左道邪說之人，楊戩大叫曰：「來者莫非余化麼？」余化曰：「然也。爾通名來。」楊戩曰：「吾乃姜元帥師姪楊戩是也。」縱馬搖三尖刀飛來直取。余化手中戟赴面交還。兩馬相交，一場大戰。未及二十餘合，余化祭起化血神刀，如閃雷飛來。楊戩運動八九元功，將元神遁出，以左肩迎來，傷了一刀，也大叫一聲，敗回行營，看是甚麼毒物，來見子牙。子牙問曰：「你會余化如何？」楊戩曰：「弟子見他神刀利害，仗吾師道術，將元神遁出，以左臂迎他一刀，畢竟看不出他的果是何毒。弟子且往玉泉山金霞洞去一遭。」子牙許之。楊戩借土遁往玉泉山來，到了金霞洞，進洞見師父，拜罷，玉鼎真人問曰：「楊戩，你此來有甚麼話說？」楊戩對曰：「弟子同師叔進兵汜水關，與守關將余化對敵。彼有一刀，不知何毒，起先雷震子被他傷了一刀，只是寒顫，不能做聲；弟子也被他傷了一刀，幸賴師父玄功，不曾重傷，然不知果是何毒物。」玉

催開金睛獸，大戰楊戩。二馬相交，刀戟併舉，二將酣戰三十餘合。正殺之間，雷震子得了此丹，即時全好了，心中大怒，竟飛出周營，大喝曰：「好余化！將惡刀傷吾。若非丹藥，幾至不保。不要走，吃我一棍，以泄此恨！」擡起黃金棍，劈頭刷來，余化將手中戟架棍。楊戩三尖刀來得又勇，余化被雷震子一棍打來，將身一閃，那棍正中金睛獸，把余化掀翻下地，被楊戩復一刀，結果了性命。正是：

一腔左衛全無用，枉做成湯梁棟材。

楊戩斬了余化，掌鼓回營，兒子牙報功不表。

且說韓榮聞余化陣亡，大驚：「此事怎好！前日遣官往朝歌去，救兵未到；今無人協同守此關隘，如何是好！」正議間，余元乘了金睛五雲駝，至關內下騎，至帥府前，令門官通報。眾軍官見余元好兇惡，忙報韓榮。韓榮傳令：「請來。」道人進帥府，韓榮迎接余元。只見他生得面如藍靛，赤髮獠牙，身高一丈七八，凜凜威風，二目兇光冒出。韓榮降階而迎，口稱老師，請上銀安殿。韓榮下拜，問曰：「老師是那座名山？何處洞府？」一氣仙余元曰：「楊戩欺吾太甚，盜丹殺我弟子余化。貧道是蓬萊島一氣仙余元是也；今特下山，以報此仇。」韓榮聞說大喜，治酒管待。次日，余元上了五雲駝，出關至周營，坐名要子牙答話。報馬報入中軍：「汜水關有一道人請元帥答話。」子牙傳令：「擺隊伍出營。」左右分五岳門人，一騎當先。只見一位道人，生的十分兇惡。怎見得：

魚尾冠，金嵌成；大紅服，雲暗生。面如藍靛獠牙冒，赤髮紅鬚古怪形。絲絲飄火焰，麻鞋若水晶。蓬萊島內修仙體，自在逍遙得至清。位在監齋成神道，一氣仙名舊有聲。

話說子牙至軍前問曰：「道者請了。」余元道：「姜子牙，你叫出楊戩來見我。」子牙曰：「楊戩催糧

一氣仙余元曰：「有這等事？他有何能，敢指回我的寶刀？但當時煉此寶，在爐中分龍虎，定陰陽，同煉了三粒丹藥，我如今將此丹留在此間也無用，你不若將此丹藥取了去，以備不虞。」余元隨將丹遞與余化。余化叩頭：「謝老師大恩。」忙出洞來，回周營不表。有詩單贊楊戩玄功變化之妙：

悟到功成道始精，玄中玄妙有無生。蓬萊柱秘通靈藥，汜水徒勞化血兵。

計就騰挪稱幻聖，裝成奇巧盜英明。多因福助周文武，一任奇謀若浪萍。

話說楊戩得了丹藥，逕回周營。且說一氣仙余元把藥一時俱與了余化，靜坐思忖：「楊戩有多大本領，能指回我的化血刀？若余化被刀傷了，他如何還到得這裡？其中定有緣故。」余元掐指一算，大叫曰：「好楊戩匹夫！敢以變化玄功盜吾丹藥，欺吾太甚！」余元大怒，上了金眼駝，來趕楊戩。楊戩正往前行，只聽得後面有風聲趕至，楊戩已知余元來趕，忙把丹藥放在囊中，暗祭哮天犬存在空中。余元只顧趕楊戩，不知暗算難防，余元被哮天犬夾頸子一口。此犬正是：

牙如鋼劍傷皮肉，紅袍拉下半邊來。

余元不曾提防暗算，被犬一口，把大紅白鶴衣扯了半邊。余元又吃了大虧，不能前進：「吾且回去，再整頓前來，以復此仇。」話說子牙正在營中納悶，只見左右來報：「有楊戩等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」楊戩至帳前見子牙，備言前事，盜丹而回。子牙大喜，忙取丹藥救雷震子，又遣木吒往乾元山，送此藥與哪吒調理。次日，楊戩往關下搦戰。探事官報入帥府：「周營中有將討戰。」韓榮忙令余化出戰。余化上了金睛獸，擐戟出關。楊戩大呼曰：「余化，前日你用化血刀傷我，幸吾煉有丹藥，若無丹藥，幾中汝之奸計也。」余化暗思：「此丹乃一爐所出，焉能周營中也有此丹？若此處有這丹，此刀無用。」

何不可？」鄧嬋玉曰：「雖然如此，你若要去，須稟知元帥，方可行事，不得造次。」土行孫曰：「與他說沒用，總是走去便來，何必又多一番唇舌？」當時夫妻計較停當。將至三更，土行孫把身子一扭，逕進汜水關，來到帥府裡。土行孫見余元默運元神，土行孫在地下，往上看他，道人目似垂簾，不敢上去，只得等候。卻言余元默運元神，忽然心血來潮，余元默暗暗掐指一算，已知土行孫來盜他的坐騎。余元默把陽神出竅，少刻，鼻息之聲如雷。土行孫在地下聽見鼻息之聲，大喜曰：「今夜定然成功。」將身子鑽了上來，拖著鐵棍，又見廊下拴著五雲駝。土行孫解了韁繩，牽到丹墀下，挨著馬臺扒上去，試驗試驗，然後又扒將下來。將這那鐵棍執在手裡，來打余元；照余元耳門上一下，只打得七竅中三昧火冒出來，只是不動；復打一棍，打得余元只不作聲。土行孫曰：「這潑道，真是頑皮！吾且回去，明日再做道理。」土行孫上了五雲駝，把它頂上拍了一下，那獸四足就起金雲，飛在空中。土行孫心下十分懽喜。正是：

懽喜未來災又至，只因盜物惹非殃。

且說土行孫騎著五雲駝，只在關裡串，不得出關去。土行孫曰：「寶貝，你還出關去！」話猶未了，那五雲駝便落將下地來。土行孫方欲下駝，早被余元一把抓住頭髮，攆著他，不令他挨地，大叫曰：「拿住偷駝的賊了！」驚動一府大小將官，掌起火把燈毬。韓榮陞了寶殿，只見余元高高的把土行孫攆著。韓榮燈光下見一矮子：「老師攆著他做甚麼？放下他來罷了。」余元曰：「你不知他會地行之術，但沿了地，他就去了。」韓榮曰：「將他如何處治？」余元曰：「你把俺蒲團下一個袋兒取來，裝著這業障，用火燒死他，方絕禍患。」韓榮取了袋兒裝起來。余元叫：「搬柴來。」少時間，架起柴來，把如意乾

去了，不在行營。道者，你既在蓬萊島，難道不知天意？今成湯傳位六百餘年，至紂王無道，暴殄天命①，肆行兇惡，罪惡貫盈，天怒人怨，天下叛之。我周應天順人，克修天道，天下歸周。今奉天之闢，以觀政于商，爾何得阻逆天吏，自取滅亡哉？道者，你不觀余化諸人皆是此例，他縱有道術，豈能扭轉天命耶？」余元大怒曰：「總是你這一番妖言惑眾！若不殺你，不足以絕禍根！」催開五雲駝，仗寶劍直取子牙。子牙手中劍赴面交還。左有李靖，右有韋護，各舉兵器，前來助戰。四人只為無名火起，眼前要定雌雄。余元的寶劍光華灼灼，子牙劍彩色輝輝，李靖刀寒光燦燦，韋護杵殺氣騰騰。余元坐在五雲駝上，把一尺三寸金光鏢祭在空中，來打子牙。子牙忙展杏黃旗，現出有千朵金蓮，擁護其身。余元忙收了金光鏢，復祭起來打李靖。不防子牙祭起打神鞭來，一鞭正中余元後背，只打的三昧真火噴出丈餘遠近。李靖又把余元腿上一鎗。余元著傷，把五雲駝頂上一拍，只見那金眼駝四足起金光而去。子牙見余元著傷而走，收兵回營不表。

且說土行孫催糧來至，見子牙會兵，他暗暗的瞧見余元的五雲駝四足起金光而去，土行孫大喜：「我若得此戰騎，催糧真是便益。」當時子牙回營陞帳，忽報：「土行孫等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」土行孫至帳前，交納糧數，不誤限期。子牙曰：「催糧有功，暫且下帳少憩。」土行孫下帳，來見鄧嬋玉，夫妻共語，說：「余化把刀傷了哪吒，哪吒往乾元山養傷痕去了。」土行孫至晚，對鄧嬋玉曰：「我方纔見余元坐騎，四足旋起金光，如雲霓縹緲而去，妙甚，妙甚！我今夜走去盜了他的來，騎著催糧，有

① 暴殄天命：言不珍惜天命，書武成：「今商王受無道，暴殄大物。」孔傳：「言逆天也。」後用作耗費物品，無所愛惜之意。

只見一氣仙余元出關來至周營，坐名只要懼留孫。懼留孫曰：「他來只為如意乾坤袋。我不去會他，你只須如此，自可擒此潑道也。」懼留孫與子牙計較停當，子牙點砲出營。余元一見子牙，大呼曰：「只叫懼留孫來會我！」子牙曰：「道友，你好不知天命！據道友要燒死那土行孫，自無逃躲；豈知有他師父來救他，正所謂有福之人，縱千方百計而不能加害；無福之人遇溝壑而喪其軀。此豈人力所能哉！」余元大怒曰：「巧言匹夫尚敢為他支吾！」催開五雲駝，使寶劍來取。子牙坐下四不相，手中劍赴面相迎。二獸相交，雙劍併舉，兩家一場大戰。怎見得，有詞為證：

凜凜征雲萬丈高，軍兵擂鼓把旗搖。一個是封神都領袖，一個是監齋名姓標。這個是正道奉天滅紂王，那個是無福成仙自逞高；這個是六韜之內稱始祖，那個是惡性兇心怎肯饒。白來有福催無福，天意循環怎脫逃？

話說子牙大戰余元，未及十數合，被懼留孫祭綱仙繩在空中，命黃巾力士半空將余元拿去，止有五雲駝跳進關中。子牙與懼留孫將余元拿至中軍。余元曰：「姜尚，你雖然擒我，看你將何法治我？」子牙令李靖：「斬訖報來！」李靖領令，推出轅門，將寶劍斬之；一聲響，把寶劍砍缺有二指。李靖回報子牙，備言殺不得之事，說了一遍。子牙親自至轅門，命韋護祭降魔杵打，只打得騰騰煙出，烈烈火飛。余元作歌曰：

「君不見大皇得道將身煉，修仙養道碧遊宮。坎虎離龍方出現，五行隨我任心遊。四海三江都走遍，頂金頂玉秘修成。曾在爐中仙火燉，你今斬我要分明。自古一劍還一劍，漫道余言說不靈。」余元作歌罷，子牙心下十分不樂，與懼留孫共議：「如今放不得余元，且將他囚於後營，等取了關再做

坤袋燒著。土行孫在火裡大叫曰：「燒死我也！」好火！怎見得，有詩為證：

細細金蛇遍地明，黑煙滾滾即時生。燧人出世居離位，炎帝騰光號火精。

山石逢時皆赤土，江湖偶遇盡枯平。誰知天意歸周主，自有真仙渡此驚。

話說余元燒土行孫，命在須臾。也是天數，不該如此，只見懼留孫正坐蒲團默養元神，見白鶴童子來至曰：「奉師尊玉旨，命師兄去救土行孫。」懼留孫聞命，與白鶴童子分別，借著縱地金光法來至汜水關裡。見余元正燒乾坤袋，懼留孫來一陣旋窩風，往下一坐，伸下手來，連如意乾坤袋提將去了。余元看見一陣風來，又見火勢有景，余元掐指一算：「好懼留孫！你救你的門人，把我如意乾坤袋也拿了去！我明日自有處治。」且說懼留孫將土行孫救出火焰之中，土行孫在袋內覺得不熱，不知何故。懼留孫來至周營。那夜是南宮适巡外營，時至三更盡，南宮适問曰：「是甚麼人？」懼留孫曰：「是我。快通報子牙，我來也。」南宮适向前看，知是懼留孫，忙傳雲板。子牙三鼓時分起來，外邊傳人帳中：「有懼留孫在轅門。」子牙忙出迎接，見懼留孫捧著一個袋子，至軍前打稽首坐下。

子牙曰：「道兄夤夜至此，有何見諭？」懼留孫曰：「土行孫有火難，特來救之。」子牙大驚：「土行孫昨日催糧回，其災如何得至？」懼留孫把如意袋兒打開，放出土行孫來，問其詳細。土行孫把盜五雲駝的事說了一遍。子牙大怒曰：「你要做此事，也該報我知道，如何違背主帥，暗行辱國之事？今若不正軍法，諸將效尤，將來營規必亂。傳刀斧手，將土行孫斬首號令！」懼留孫曰：「土行孫不遵軍令，暗行進關，有辱國體，理宜斬首；只是用人之際，暫且戴罪立功。」子牙曰：「若不是道兄求免，定當斬首。」令左右：「且與我放了。」土行孫謝了師父，又謝過子牙。一夜周營中未曾安靜。次日，

也覺得難堪；先將一道符印貼余元身上，教主用手一彈，只見緬仙繩掉下來。占語云：「聖人怒發不上臉。」隨命余元：「跟吾進宮。」教主取一物與余元，曰：「你去把懼留孫拿來見我，不許你傷他。」余元曰：「弟子知道。」正是：

聖人賜與穿心鎖，只恐皇天不肯從。

話說余元得了此寶，離了碧遊宮，借土遁而來。行得好快，不須臾，已到汜水關。有報事馬報入關中：「有余道長到了。」韓榮降階迎接到殿，欠身言曰：「聞老師失利，被姜尚所擒，使末將身心不安。今得睹天顏，韓榮不勝幸甚！」余元曰：「姜尚用鐵櫃把我沉于北海，幸吾借小術到吾師尊那所在，借得一件東西，可以成功。可將吾五雲駝收拾，打點出關，以報此恨。」余元隨上騎，至周營轅門，坐名只要懼留孫。報馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：余元搦戰，只要懼留孫。」幸而懼留孫不曾回山。子牙大驚，忙請懼留孫商議。懼留孫曰：「余元沉海，畢竟借水遁潛逃至碧遊宮，想通天教主必定借有奇寶，方敢下山。子牙，你還與他答話，待吾再擒他進來，且救一時燃眉之急。若是他先祭其實，則吾不能支耳。」子牙曰：「道兄言之有理。」子牙傳令點砲。帥旗展動，子牙至軍前。余元大呼曰：「姜子牙，我與你今日定見雌雄！」催開五雲駝，惡狠狠飛來直取，姜子牙手中劍赴面交還。只一合，懼留孫祭起緬仙繩，命黃巾力士：「將余元拿下！」只聽得一聲響，又將余元平空拿去了。正是：

秋風未動蟬先覺，暗送無常死不知。

余元不提防暗中下手。子牙見拿了余元，其心方安；進營，將余元放在帳前。子牙與懼留孫共議：「若殺余元，不過五行之術，想他俱是會中人，如何殺得他？倘若再走了，如之奈何！」正所謂「生死有定，

區處。」懼留孫曰：「子牙，你可命匠人造一鐵櫃，將余元沉于北海，以除後患。」子牙命鐵匠急造，鐵櫃已成，將余元放在櫃內。懼留孫命黃巾力士擡定了，往北海中一丟，沉于海底。黃巾力士回復懼留孫法旨不表。

且說余元入于北海之中，鐵櫃亦是五金之物，況又丟在水中，此乃金水相生，反助了他一臂之力。余元借水遁走了，逕往碧遊宮紫芝崖下來。余元被緬仙繩纏住，不得見截教門人傳與掌教師尊。忽聽得一個道童唱道情而來，詞曰：

「山遙水遙，隔斷紅塵道。粗袍敝袍，袖裡乾坤倒。日月肩挑，乾坤懷抱。常自把煙霞嘯傲，天地逍遙。龍降虎伏道白高，紫霧護新巢，白雲做故交。長生不老，只在壺中一覺。」

話說余元大呼曰：「那一位師兄，來救我之殘喘！」水火童兒見紫芝崖下一道者，青面紅髮，巨口獠牙，網在那裡，童兒問曰：「你是何人，今受此厄？」余元曰：「我乃是金靈聖母門下，蓬萊島一氣仙余元是也；今被姜子牙將我沉于北海，幸天不絕我，得借水遁，方能到得此間。望師兄與我通報一聲。」水火童兒逕來見金靈聖母，備言余元一事。金靈聖母聞言大怒，急至崖前，不見還可，越見越怒。金靈聖母逕進宮內，見通天教主行禮畢，言曰：「弟子一事啟老師：人言崑崙門下欺滅吾教，俱是耳聽，今將一氣仙余元，他得何罪，竟用鐵櫃沉于北海；幸不絕生，借水遁逃至于紫芝崖。望老師大發慈悲，救弟子等體面。」通天教主曰：「如今在那裡？」金靈聖母曰：「在紫芝崖。」通天教主吩咐：「擡將來。」少時，將余元擡至宮前。碧遊宮多少截教門人，看見余元，無不動氣。只見金鐘聲響，玉磬齊鳴，掌教師尊來至。到了宮前，一見諸大弟子，齊言：「闡教門人欺吾教太甚！」教主看見余元這等光景，教主

驚動韓榮二子，在後園中設造奇兵，欲拒子牙。弟兄二人聽得家中紛紛然闕亂，走出庭來，只見家將扛擡箱籠，問其緣故，家將把棄關的話說了一遍。二人聽罷，「你們且住了，我自有道理。」二人齊來見父親，不知凶吉如何，且聽下回分解。

大數難逃。」余元正應封神榜上有名之人，如何逃得？子牙在中軍正無法可施，無籌可展，忽然報：「陸壓道人來至。」子牙同懼留孫出營相接。至中軍，余元一見陸壓，只說得仙魂縹緲，面似淡金，余元悔之不及。余元曰：「陸道兄，你既來，還求你慈悲我，可憐我千年道行，苦盡功夫。從今知過必改，再不敢干犯西兵。」陸壓曰：「你逆天行事，天理難容；況你是封神榜上之人，我不過代天行罰。」正是：不依正理歸邪理，仗你腦中道術高。誰知天意扶真主，吾今到此命難逃。

陸壓曰：「取香案。」陸壓焚香爐中，望崑崙山下拜，花籃中取出一個葫蘆，放在案上，揭開葫蘆蓋，裡邊一道白光如線，起在空中，現出七寸五分橫在白光頂上，有眼有翅。陸壓口裡道：「寶貝請轉身！」那東西在白光之上連轉三四轉，可憐余元斗大顆首級落將下來。有詩單道斬將封神飛刀，其詩曰：

先煉真元後運功，此中玄妙配雌雄。惟存一點先天訣，斬怪誅妖自不同。

話說陸壓用飛刀斬了余元，他一靈已進封神臺去了。子牙欲要號令，陸壓曰：「不可。余元原有仙體，若是暴露，則非禮矣。用上掩埋。」陸壓與懼留孫辭別歸山。

且說韓榮打聽余元已死，在銀安殿與眾將共議曰：「如今余道長已亡，再無可敵周將者。況兵臨城下，左右關隘俱失與周家；子牙麾下俱是道德術能之士，終不得取勝。欲要歸降，不忍負成湯之爵位；如不歸降，料此關難守，終被周人所據。為今之計，奈何，奈何！」旁有偏將徐忠曰：「主將既不忍有負成湯，決無獻關之理。吾等不如將印綬掛在殿庭，文冊留於府庫，望朝歌拜謝皇恩，棄官而去，不失盡人臣之道。」韓榮聽說，俱從其言，隨傳令眾軍士：「將府內貴重之物，打點上車。」欲隱跡山林，埋名丘壑。此時眾將官各自去打點起行。韓榮又命家將搬運金珠寶玩，打擡細軟衣帛。紛紛喧譁，忽然

況其下者乎！此雖是你弟兄二人忠肝義膽，我豈不喜？只恐畫虎不成，終無補于實用，徒死無益耳。」韓昇曰：「說那裡的話來！食人之祿，當分人之憂。若都是自為之計，則朝廷養士何用？不肖孩兒願捐軀報國，萬死不辭。父親請坐，俟我兄弟取一物來與父親過目。」韓榮聽罷，心中也自暗喜：「吾門也出此忠義之後。」韓昇到書房中取出一物，乃是紙做的風車兒，當中有一轉盤，一隻手執定中間一竿，週圍推轉，如飛轉盤；上有四首旛，旛上有符有印，又有地、水、火、風四字，名為萬刃車。韓榮看罷，問曰：「此是孩兒家頑妄之物，有何用處？」韓昇曰：「父親不知其中妙用。父親如不信，且下教場中，把這紙車兒試驗試驗與老爺看。」韓榮見二子之言甚是鑿鑿有理，隨命下教場來。

韓昇兄弟二人上馬，各披髮仗劍，口中念念有詞，只見雲霧陡生，陰風颯颯，火焰冲天，半空中有百萬刀刃飛來，把韓榮唬得魂不附體。韓昇收了此車。韓榮曰：「我兒，你是何人傳你的？」韓昇曰：「那年父親朝覲之時，俺弟兄閑居無事，在府前頑耍。來了一個頭陀，叫做法戒，在我府前化齋。俺弟兄就與了他一齋，他就叫我們拜他為師。我們那時見他體貌異常，就拜他為師。他說道：『異日姜尚必有兵來，我秘授你此法寶，可破周兵，可保此關。』今日正應我師之言，定然一陣成功，姜尚可擒也。」韓榮大喜，隨令韓昇收了此寶，仍問曰：「我兒還可用人馬，你此車約有多少？」韓昇曰：「此車有三千輛，那怕姜尚雄師六十萬耶！一陣管教他片甲不存！」韓榮忙點三千精銳之兵與韓昇兄弟二人，在教場操演三千萬刃車。正是：

余元相阻方纔了，又是三軍屠戮災。

話說韓昇用三千人馬，俱穿皂服，披髮赤腳，左手執車，右手仗刀，任意誅軍殺卒。操練有二七日期，

第七十六回

鄭倫捉將取汜水

萬刃車兇勢莫當，風狂火驟助強梁。旗旛著焰皆逢劫，將士遭殃盡帶傷。

白晝已難遮半壁，黃昏安可護三鄉。誰知督運能催命，二子逢之刻下亡。

話說韓榮坐在後廳，吩咐將上，亂紛紛的搬運物件，早驚動長子韓昇、次子韓變。二人見父親如此舉動，忙問左右曰：「這是何說？」左右將韓榮前事說了一遍。二人忙至後堂，來見韓榮曰：「父親何故欲搬運家私？棄此關隘，意欲何為？」韓榮曰：「你二人年幼，不知世務，快收拾離此關隘，以避兵燹，不得有誤。」韓昇聽得此語，不覺失聲笑曰：「父親之言差矣！此言切不可聞于外人，空把父親一世英名污了。父親受國家高爵厚祿，衣紫腰金，封妻蔭子，無一事不是恩德。今主上以此關托重于父親，父親不思報國酬恩，捐軀盡節，反效兒女子之計，貪生畏死，遺譏後世，此豈大丈夫舉止？有負朝廷倚任大臣之意。古云：『在社稷者死社稷，在封疆者死封疆。』」父親豈可輕議棄去。孩兒弟兄二人，曾蒙家訓，幼習弓馬，遇異人，頗習有異術，未曾演熟；連日正自操演，今日方完，意欲進兵，不意父親有棄關之舉。孩兒願效一死盡忠于國也。」

韓榮聽罷，點頭歎曰：「『忠義』二字，我豈不知？但主上昏瞶，荒淫不道，天命有歸；苦守此關，又恐累生民塗炭，不若棄職歸山，救此一方民耳。況姜子牙門下又多異士，余化、余元俱懼不測，又何

話說子牙被萬刃車一陣只殺的屍山血海，沖過大陣來，勢不可當。韓榮低頭一想，計上心來，忙傳令：「鳴金收軍！」韓昇、韓變聽得金聲，收回萬刃車。子牙方得收住人馬，計傷士卒七八千有餘。子牙陞帳，眾將官俱在帳內，彼此俱言：「此一陣利害，風火齊至，勢不可當。」子牙曰：「不知此刃是何名目？」眾將曰：「一派利刃，漫空塞地而來，風火助威，勢不可敵；非若軍士可以力敵也。」子牙心下十分不樂，納悶軍中不表。且說韓榮父子進關，韓昇曰：「今日正宜破周，擒拿姜尚，父親為何鳴金收軍？」韓榮曰：「今日是青天白日，雖有雲霧風火，姜尚門人俱是道術之士，自有準備，保護自身，如何得一般盡絕？我有一絕後計，使他不得整備，黑夜裡仗此道術，使他片甲不存，豈不更妙！」二子欠身曰：「父親之計，神鬼莫測！」正是：

安心要劫周營寨，只恐高人中道來。

話說韓榮打點夜劫周營，收拾停當，只等黑夜出關不表。只見子牙在營納悶，想：「利刃風火，果是何物，來得甚惡，勢如山倒，莫可遮攔？此畢竟是截教中之惡物！」當日已晚，子牙因今日不曾打點，致令眾將著傷，心下憂煩，不曾防備今夜劫寨。也是合該如此。眾將因早間失利，俱去安歇。且說韓榮父子將至初更，暗暗出關，將三千萬刃車雄兵殺至轅門。周營中雖有鹿角，其如這萬刃車，有風火助威，刃如驟雨。砲聲響亮，齊沖至轅門，誰敢抵當，真是勢如破竹。怎見得，正是：

四下裡火砲亂響，萬刃車刀劍如梭。三軍踴躍縱征鼉，馬蹏人身逕過。風起處遮天迷地，火來時煙飛焰裹。軍吶喊，天翻地覆；將用法，虎下崖坡。著刀軍連聲叫苦；傷鎗將鎧甲難馱。打著的焦頭爛額；絕了命身臥沙窩。姜子牙有法難使；金木二吒也白難擎。李靖難使金塔；雷震

軍士精熟。那日，韓榮父子統精兵出關搗戰。

話說子牙因破了余元，打點設計取關，只聽得關內砲響。少時探馬報入中軍，稟曰：「汜水關總兵韓榮領兵出關，請元帥答話。」子牙忙傳令與眾門人、將士：「統大隊出營。」子牙會過韓榮一次，那裡知道有這場虧累，去提防他。子牙問曰：「韓將軍，你時勢不知，天命不順，何以為將？速速倒戈❶，免致後悔。」韓榮笑曰：「姜子牙，倚著你兵強將勇，不知你等死在咫尺之間，尚敢耀武揚威，數口道黑也！」子牙大怒：「誰與我把韓榮拿下？」旁有魏賁，縱馬搖鎗，沖殺過來。韓榮腦後有兩員小將，乃韓昇、韓變，二人搶出陣來，截住了魏賁。魏賁大呼曰：「來者二將何人？」韓昇曰：「吾乃韓總兵長子韓昇，吾弟韓變是也。你等恃強，欺君罔上，罪惡滔天，今日乃爾等絕命之地矣！」魏賁大怒，縱馬搖鎗，飛來直取；韓昇、韓變兩騎赴面交還。未及數合，韓昇撥轉馬往後就走。魏賁不知是計，往下趕來。韓昇回頭見魏賁趕來，把頂上冠除了，把鎗一擺，三千萬刃車殺將出來，勢如風火，如何抵當。只見萬刃車捲來，風火齊至。怎見得好萬刃車，有贊為證：

雲迷世界，霧罩乾坤。颯颯陰風沙石滾，騰騰煙焰蟒龍奔。風乘火勢，黑氣平吞。風乘火勢，戈矛萬道怯人魂；黑氣平吞，目下難觀前後土。魏賁中刃，幾乎墜下馬鞍轡；武吉著刀，險些打了三寸氣。渴喇喇風聲捲起無情石，黑暗暗刀痕剝壞將和兵。人撞人，哀聲慘慘；馬蹣馬，鬼哭神驚。諸將士慌忙亂走；眾門人借遁而行。忙壞了先行元帥；攪亂了武王行營。那裡是青天白日，恍如是黑夜黃昏。子牙今日兵遭厄，地覆天翻怎太平？

❶ 倒戈：謂臨陣倒轉干戈，自相攻殺。書武成：「前徒倒戈，攻于後以北。」

被擒，其法已解，風火兵刃，化為烏有。眾兵撤回身，就跑奔回來，正遇韓榮任意趕殺周兵，看見二千兵奔回，風火兵刃全無，不見二子回來，忙問曰：「二位小將軍安在？」眾兵曰：「二位將軍趕姜子牙至一山邊，只見有一將出來，與二位將軍交戰，未及一合，不知怎麼跌下馬來，被他捉去。我等在後，不一時，風火兵刃全無，止有此車而已，只得敗回。幸遇老將軍，望乞定奪。」韓榮聽得二子被擒，心中惶惶，不敢戀戰，只得收兵進關不表。

且說鄭倫擒了二將，來見子牙，子牙大喜，押在糧車上。子牙回軍，於路遇著武王、毛公遂等，眾門人諸將齊集。大抵是貪夜交兵，便是有道德的也只顧得自己，故此大折一陣。子牙問安，武王曰：「孤幾乎誑殺！幸得毛公遂保孤，方得免難。」子牙曰：「皆是尚之罪也。」彼此安慰，治酒壓驚。一宿不表。次日，整頓雄師，復至汜水關下扎營，放砲吶喊，聲振天地。韓榮聽得砲聲響，著人打探。來報曰：「啟總兵：周兵復至關下安營。」韓榮大驚：「周兵復至，吾子休矣！」親自上城，差官打聽。且說子牙降帳坐下，眾將參謁畢，子牙傳令：「擺五方隊伍，吾親自取關。」眾將官切齒深恨韓昇、韓變。子牙至關下叫曰：「請韓總兵答話！」韓榮在城樓上現身，大叫曰：「姜子牙，你是敗軍之將，焉敢又來至此？」子牙大笑曰：「吾雖誤中你的奸計，此關我畢竟要取你的。你知那得勝將軍今已被我擒下。」命兩邊左右：「押過韓昇、韓變來！」左右將二將押過來，在馬頭前。韓榮見二子蓬頭跣足②，縶縛二臂，押在軍前，不覺心痛，忙大叫曰：「姜元帥，二子無知，冒犯虎威，罪在不赦，望元帥大開惻隱，憐而赦之，吾願獻汜水關以報之耳。」韓昇大呼曰：「父親不可獻關！你乃紂王之股肱，食君之重祿，

② 跣足：赤足。

子止保皇哥。南宮适抱頭而走；武成王不顧兵戈。四賢八俊俱無用，馬死人亡遍地拖。正是：遍地草梢含碧血，滿田低陷疊行屍。

且說韓昇、韓變兄弟二人，夜劫子牙行營，喊聲連天，沖進轅門。子牙在中軍忽聽得劫營，急自上騎，左右門人俱來中軍護衛。只見黑雲密布，風火交加，刀刃齊下，如山崩地裂之勢，燈燭難支。三千火車兵沖進轅門，如潮奔浪滾，如何抵當？況且黑夜，彼此不能相顧，只殺得血流成渠，屍骸遍野，那分別人自己？武王上了逍遙馬，毛公遂、周公旦保駕前行。韓榮在陣後擂鼓，催動三軍，只殺得周兵七零八落，君不能顧臣，父不能顧子。只見韓昇、韓變趁勢趕子牙，幸得子牙執著杏黃旗，遮護了前面一段；軍士將領一擁奔走。韓昇、韓變二人催著萬刃車往前緊趕，把子牙趕得上天無路，直殺到天明。韓昇、韓變大叫曰：「今日不捉姜尚，誓不回兵！」望前趕，吩咐三千兵卒曰：「不入虎穴，安得虎子！」子牙見韓昇趕至無休，看看至金雞嶺了，只見前面兩杆大紅旗展，子牙見是催糧官鄭倫來至，其心少安。且說鄭倫坐騎出山口，正迎子牙，忙問曰：「元帥為何失利？」子牙曰：「後有追兵，用的是萬刃車，又有風火助威，勢不可當。此是左道異術，你仔細且避其銳。」鄭倫把坐下金睛獸一磕，往前迎來。只見韓昇弟兄在前緊趕，三千兵隨後，少離半射之地。鄭倫與韓昇、韓變撞個滿懷。鄭倫大喝曰：「好匹夫！怎敢追我元帥！」韓昇曰：「你來也替不得他！」把鎗搖動來刺，鄭倫手中杵赴面交還。鄭倫知他萬刃車利害，只見後面一片風火兵刃擁來，鄭倫知其所以，只一合，忙運動鼻子內兩道白光，一聲響，對著韓昇兄弟二人哼了一聲，韓昇、韓變兄弟二人坐不住鞍轡，翻下馬來，被烏鴉兵生擒活捉，上了繩索。兄弟兩個方睜開眼時，見已被擒捉，呀的一聲歎曰：「天亡我也！」後面三千兵架車前進，見主將

膊來。哪吒說得目瞪口呆。只聽得左右齊響，長出六隻手來，共得八條臂膊；又長出三個頭來。哪吒著慌，無可奈何，自思：「且回去，問我師父來。」只得登回風火輪。方至洞門，只見太乙真人也至門首，拍掌大笑曰：「奇哉！奇哉！」有詩為證：

瓊漿三盞透三關，火棗頻添壯士顏。八臂已成神妙術，三頭莫作等閒看。

須臾變化超凡聖，頃刻風雷任往還。不是西岐多異士，只因天意惡奸讒。

話說哪吒回來見太乙真人，曰：「弟子長出這些手，丫丫叉叉，怎好用兵？」真人曰：「子牙行營有許多異士：有雙翼者，有變化者，有地行者，有奇珍者，有異寶者，今著你現三頭六臂，不負我金光洞裡所傳。此去進五關，也見周朝人物稀奇，個個俊傑。這法隱隱現現，但憑你自己心意。」哪吒感謝師尊恩德。太乙真人傳哪吒隱現之法，哪吒大喜，一手執乾坤圈，一手執混天綾，一手執金磚，兩隻手擎兩根火尖鎗，還空三手。真人又將九龍神火罩，又取陰陽劍，共成八件兵器。哪吒拜辭了師父下山，逕往汜水關來。正是：

余化刀傷歸洞府，今朝變化更神通。

且說姜元帥在汜水關計點軍將，收拾取界牌關，忽然想起師尊偈來：「界牌關下遇誅仙」，此事不知有何吉凶，且不可妄動。」又想：「若不進兵，恐誤了日期。」正在殿上憂慮，忽報：「黃龍真人來至。」子牙迎接至中堂，打稽首，分賓主坐下。黃龍真人曰：「前面就是誅仙陣，非可草率前進。子牙可吩咐門人，搭起蘆篷席殿，迎接各處真人異士，伺候掌教師尊，方可前進。」子牙聽畢，忙令南宮适、武吉起蘆蘆篷去了。且說哪吒現了三首八臂，登風火輪，面如藍靛，髮似硃砂，丫丫叉叉，七八隻手，

豈可惜子之命，而失臣節也！只宜緊守關隘，俟天子救兵到日，協力同心，共擒姜尚匹夫，那時碎屍萬段，為子報仇，未為晚也。我二人萬死無恨！」子牙聽得大怒，令左右斬之。只見南宮适奉令，手起刀落，連斬二將於關下。韓榮見子受誅，心如刀割，大叫一聲，往城下自墜而死。可憐父子二人，捐軀盡節，千古罕及。後人有詩贊曰：

汜水滔滔日夜流，韓榮志與國同休。父存臣節孤猿泣，子盡忠貞老鶴愁。

一死依稀酬社稷，三魂縹緲傲王侯。如今屈指應無愧，笑殺當年兒女儔。

話說韓榮墜城而死，城中百姓開關，迎接子牙人馬進汜水關。父老焚香迎接武王進帥府，眾將官懽喜，查點府庫錢糧停妥，出榜安民。武王命厚葬韓榮父子。子牙傳令，治酒款待有功人員，在關上住了三四日。

且說乾元山金光洞太乙真人在碧遊床靜坐，忽金霞童兒來報：「有白鶴童子至此。」太乙真人出洞，見白鶴童子手執玉剖降臨，言曰：「請師叔下山，同會誅仙陣。」太乙真人望崑崙謝恩畢，白鶴童子回玉虛不表。且說太乙真人吩咐：「叫哪吒來。」哪吒慌忙來至，見師父行禮畢，真人曰：「你如今養的傷痕痊癒，你可先下山，我隨後就來，共破誅仙陣也。」哪吒領師命，方欲下山，真人曰：「你且站住。當日玉虛宮掌教天尊贈子牙三盃酒；你今下山，我也贈你三盃如何？」哪吒感謝。真人命金霞童兒斟酒過來，贈哪吒頭一盃酒；哪吒謝過，一飲而盡。真人袖內取了一枚棗兒遞與哪吒過酒。哪吒連飲三盃，吃了三枚火棗。真人送哪吒出洞府，看哪吒上了風火輪，真人方進洞去。哪吒提火尖鎗，方欲闖上遁前行，只見左邊一聲響，長出一隻臂膊來。哪吒大驚曰：「怎的了？」還不曾說得完，右邊也長出一隻臂

是。」眾道友俱起身，定睛觀看不表。

且說多寶道人已知闡教門人來了，用手發一聲掌心雷，把紅氣展開，現出陣來。蘆篷上眾仙正看，只見紅氣閃開，陣圖已現。好利害，殺氣騰騰，陰雲慘慘，怪霧盤旋，冷風習習，或隱或現，或昇或降，上下反覆不定。內中有黃龍真人曰：「吾等今犯殺戒，該惹紅塵，既遇此陣，也當得一會。」燃燈曰：「自古聖人云：只觀善地千千次，莫看人間殺伐臨。」內中有十二代弟子倒有八九位要去。燃燈道人阻不住，齊起身下了蘆篷，諸門人也隨著來看此陣。行至陣前，果然是驚心駭目，怪氣凌人。眾仙俱不肯就回，只管貪看。不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。

評

自古忠臣義士，同此血肉之軀，少不得與之俱盡；只這一段俠烈肝腸，忠貞氣節，常亙古今而不朽。若韓昇韓變折父親於庭幃之中，對軍前勸父親以守關之語，視死就如歸，何等慷慨！何等直捷！真不愧與龍逢比干同游。何物韓榮，有此佳兒，不怕阿翁不墜城而死，阿郎反替乃父成就了個好人，他昆玉是難兄弟。

又評

或曰韓昇韓變終是少年仗倚法術，濟得甚事？終歸無濟。遠不若韓榮棄職全家屬，老臣庶幾兩全。

走進關來。軍校不知是哪吒現此化身，著忙飛報子牙：「稟元帥：外面有一個三頭八臂的將官，要進關來，請令定奪。」子牙命李靖：「去探來。」李靖出府，果見三頭八臂的人，甚是兇惡，李靖問曰：「來者何人？」哪吒兒是李靖，忙叫：「父親，孩兒是三太子哪吒。」

李靖大驚，問曰：「你如何得此大術？」哪吒把火棗之事說了一遍。李靖進殿回子牙，備言前事。子牙大喜，傳令：「令來。」哪吒進殿，拜見元帥。眾將觀之，無有不悅，俱來稱賀。不表。只見次日南宮适來回報曰：「稟元帥：蘆篷俱已完備。」黃龍真人曰：「如今只有洞府門人去得，以下將官一概都去不得。」子牙傳下令來：「諸位官將保武王緊守關隘，不得擅離。我同黃龍真人與諸門弟子前去蘆篷，伺候掌教師尊與列位仙長，會誅仙陣。如有妄動者，定按軍法。」眾將領命去訖。子牙進後殿來見武王，曰：「臣先去取關，大王且同眾將住於此處。俟取了界牌關，差官來接聖駕。」武王曰：「相父前途保重。」子牙感謝畢，復至前殿，與黃龍真人同眾門弟子離了汜水關，行有四十里，來至蘆篷。只見懸花結綵，疊錦鋪瑜，黃龍真人同子牙上了蘆篷坐下。少時間只見廣成子來至，赤精子隨至。

次曰，懼留孫、文殊廣法天尊、普賢真人、慈航道人、玉鼎真人來至，隨後有雲中子、太乙真人、清虛道德真君、道行天尊、靈寶大法師俱陸續來至。子牙一一上下迎接，俱至蘆篷坐下。少時，又是陸壓道人來至，稽首坐下。陸壓曰：「如今誅仙陣一會，只有萬仙陣再會一次。吾等劫運已滿，自此歸山，再圖精進，以正道果。」眾道人曰：「師兄之言正是如此。」眾皆默坐，專候掌教師尊。不一時，只聽得空中有環珮之聲，眾仙知是燃燈道人來了，眾道人起身，降階迎上篷來，行禮坐下。燃燈道人曰：「誅仙陣只在前面，諸友可曾見麼？」眾道人曰：「前面不見甚麼光景。」燃燈曰：「那一派紅氣罩住的便

第七十七回 老子一氣化三清

「一氣三清勢更奇，壺中妙法貫須彌。移來一木還生我，運去分身莫浪疑。」

誅戮散仙根行淺，完全正果道無私。須知順逆皆天定，截教門人枉自癡。

話說眾門人來看誅仙陣，只見正東上掛一口誅仙劍，正南上掛一口戮仙劍，正西上掛一口陷仙劍，正北上掛一口絕仙劍，前後有門有戶，殺氣森森，陰風颯颯。眾人貪看，只聽得裡面作歌曰：

兵戈劍戈，怎脫誅仙禍；情魔意魔，反起無明火。今日難過，死生在我，玉虛宮招災惹禍。穿心寶鎖，回頭纔知往事訛。咫尺起風波，這番怎逃躲？自倚才能，早晚遭折挫！

話說多寶道人在陣內作歌，燃燈曰：「眾道友，你們聽聽作的歌聲，豈是善良之輩！我等且各自回蘆篷，等掌教師尊來，自有處治。」話猶未了，方欲回身，只見陣內多寶道人仗劍一躍而出，大呼曰：「廣成子不要走，吾來也！」廣成子大怒曰：「多寶道人，如今又是在你碧遊宮，倚你人多，再三欺我；況你掌教師尊吩咐過，你等全不遵依，又擺此誅仙陣。我等既犯了殺戒，畢竟你等俱入劫數之內，故造此業障耳。正所謂『閻羅註定三更死，怎肯留人到五更！』」廣成子仗劍來取多寶道人，道人手中劍赴面交還。怎見得：

仙風陣陣滾塵沙，四劍忙迎影亂斜。一個是玉虛宮內真人輩，一個是截教門中根行差。一個是

余曰：不然，是非爾所知也。據他對父親之私語，軍前之明決，片語隻字，無不令人凜凜，無不令人感激，此是何等力量！何等擔當！何等果決！何等明白！無牽纏，無掛礙，真是聖人之徒。天地正氣，又何得而議論之？只他以此術復仇者，不過如人子之事親。當有病之時，雖至甚不可為，必百般周旋，以求萬一，豈得坐視其死哉？是非爾所知也。或人歛衽謝曰：命之矣！

第七十七回 老子一氣化三清

一氣三清勢更奇，壺中妙法貫須彌。移來一木還生我，運去分身莫浪疑。

誅戮散仙根行淺，完全正果道無私。須知順逆皆天定，截教門人枉自癡。

話說眾門人來看誅仙陣，只見正東上掛一口誅仙劍，正南上掛一口戮仙劍，正西上掛一口陷仙劍，正北上掛一口絕仙劍，前後有門有戶，殺氣森森，陰風颯颯。眾人貪看，只聽得裡面作歌曰：

兵戈劍戈，怎脫誅仙禍；情魔意魔，反起無明火。今日難過，死生在我，玉虛宮招災惹禍。穿心寶鎖，回頭纔知往事訛。咫尺起風波，這番怎逃躲？自倚才能，早晚遭挫折！

話說多寶道人在陣內作歌，燃燈曰：「眾道友，你們聽聽作的歌聲，豈是善良之輩！我等且各自回蘆篷，等掌教師尊來，自有處治。」話猶未了，片欲回身，只見陣內多寶道人仗劍一躍而出，大呼曰：「廣成子不要走，吾來也！」廣成子大怒曰：「多寶道人，如今又是在你碧遊宮，倚你人多，再三欺我；況你掌教師尊吩咐過，你等全不遵依，又擺此誅仙陣。我等既犯了殺戒，畢竟你等俱入劫數之內，故造此業障耳。正所謂『閻羅註定三更死，怎肯留人到五更！』」廣成子仗劍來取多寶道人，道人手中劍赴面交還。怎見得：

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曰：「可會誅仙陣麼？」元始曰：「此地豈吾久居之所？」吩咐弟子排班。赤精子對廣成子，太乙真人對靈寶大法師，清虛道德真君對懼留孫，文殊廣法天尊對普賢真人，雲中子對慈航道人，玉鼎真人對道行天尊，黃龍真人對陸壓，燃燈童子牙在後，金、木、土三吒執提爐；韋護與雷震子並列，李靖在後，哪吒先行。只見誅仙陣內金鐘響處，一對旗開，只見奎牛坐的是通天教主，左右立諸代門人。

通天教主見元始天尊，打稽首曰：「道兄請了！」元始曰：「賢弟為何設此惡陣？這是何說？當時你在碧遊宮共議封神榜，當面彌封，立有三等：根行深者，成其仙道；根行稍次，成其神道；根行淺薄，成其人道，仍隨輪迴之劫。此乃天地之生化也。成湯無道，氣數當終，周室仁明，應運當興，難道不知？反來阻逆姜尚，有背上天垂象。且當日封神榜內應有三百六十五度，分有八部列宿群星，當有這三山五岳之人在數，賢弟為何出乎反乎？」自取失信之愆？況此惡陣，立名便自可惡。只誅仙二字，可是我我道家所為的事？且此劍立有誅、戮、陷、絕之名，亦非是我我道家所用之物。這是何說，你作此過端？」

通天教主曰：「道兄不必問我，你只問廣成子，便知我的本心。」

元始問廣成子曰：「這事如何說？」廣成子把三謁碧遊宮的事說了一遍。通天教主曰：「廣成子，你曾罵我的教下不論是非，不分好歹，縱羽毛禽獸亦不擇而教，一體同觀。想吾師一教傳三友，吾與羽毛禽獸相並；道兄難道與我不是一本相傳？」元始曰：「賢弟，你也莫怪廣成子。其實，你門下胡為亂做，不知順逆，一味恃強，人言獸行。況賢弟也不擇是何根行，一意收留，致有彼此搬弄是非，令生靈塗炭。你心忍乎！」通天教主曰：「據道兄所說，只是你的門人有理，連罵我也是該的？不念一門手足

② 出乎反乎：即出爾反爾。

廣成不老神仙體；一個是多寶西方拜釋迦。二教只因逢殺運，誅仙陣上亂如麻。

話說廣成子祭起番天印，多寶道人躲不及，一印正中後心，撲的打了一跌，多寶道人逃回陣中去了。燃燈曰：「且各自回去，再作商議。」眾仙俱上蘆篷坐下。只聽得半空中仙樂齊鳴，異香縹緲，從空而降。眾仙下篷來，迎掌教師尊。只見元始天尊坐九龍沉香輦，馥馥香煙，氤氳遍地。正是：

提爐對對煙生霧，羽扇分開白鶴朝。

話說燃燈眾人焚香引道，接上蘆篷。元始坐下，諸弟子拜畢，元始曰：「今日誅仙陣上，纔分別得彼此。」元始上坐，弟子侍立兩邊。至子時正，元始頂上現出慶雲，垂珠瓔珞，金花萬朵，絡繹不斷，遠近照耀。多寶道人正在陣中打點，看見慶雲升起，知是元始降臨，自思：「此陣必須我師尊來至，方可有為；不然，如何抵得過他？」

次日，果見碧遊宮通天教主來了。半空中仙音響亮，異香襲襲，隨侍有大小眾仙，來的是截教門中師尊。怎見他的好處，有詩為證：

鴻鈞①生化見天開，地丑人寅上法臺。煉就金身無量劫，碧遊宮內育多才。

話說多寶道人見半空仙樂響亮，知是他師尊來至，忙出陣拜迎進了陣，上了八卦臺坐下。眾門人侍立臺下，有上四代弟子，乃多寶道人、金靈聖母、無當聖母、龜靈聖母；又有金光仙、烏雲仙、毘蘆仙、靈牙仙、虬首仙、金箍仙、長耳定光仙相從在此。通天教主乃是掌截教之鼻祖，修成五氣朝元，三花聚頂，也是萬劫不壞之身。至子時，五氣沖空。燃燈已知截教師尊來至。次日天明，燃燈來啟曰：「老師，今

① 鴻鈞：天。

「通天賢弟擺此誅仙陣，反阻周兵，使姜尚不得東行，此是何意？吾因此來問他，看他有甚麼言語對我。」元始曰：「今日貧道自專，先進他陣中走了一遭，未曾與他較量。」老子曰：「你就破了他的罷了。他肯相從就罷；他若不肯相從，便將他拿上紫霄宮去見老師，看他如何講。」二位教主坐在篷上，俱有慶雲彩氣上通于天，把界牌關照耀通紅。至次日天明，通天教主傳下法旨，令眾門人排班出去：「大師兄也來了，看他今日如何講！」多寶道人同眾門人擊動了金鐘玉磬，逕出誅仙陣來，請老子答話。哪吒報上篷來。少時，蘆篷裡香煙靄靄，瑞彩翩翩，你看老子騎著青牛而來。怎見得，有詩為證：

騎牛遠遠過前村，短笛仙音隔隴聞。闢地開天為教主，爐中煉出錦乾坤。

話說老子至陣前，通天教主打稽首曰：「道兄請了。」老子曰：「賢弟，我與你三人共立封神榜，乃是體上天應運劫數。你如何反阻周兵，使姜尚有違天命？」通天教主曰：「道兄，你休要執一偏向。廣成子三進碧遊宮，面辱吾教，惡語罵，犯上不守規矩。昨日二兄堅意只向自己門徒，反滅我等手足，是何道理？今兄長不責自己弟子，反來怪我，此是何意？如若要我釋怨，可將廣成子送至我碧遊宮，等我發落，我使甘休；若是半字不肯，任憑長兄施為，各存二教本領，以決雌雄！」老子曰：「似你這等說話，反是不偏向的？你偏聽門人背後之言，大動無明之火，擺此惡陣，殘害生靈。莫說廣成子未必有此言語，便有，也罪不至此。你就動此念頭，悔卻初心，有逆天道，不守清規，有犯嗔痴之戒。你趁早聽我之言，速速將此陣解釋，回守碧遊宮，改過前愆，尚可容你還掌截教；若不聽吾言，拿你去紫霄宮，見了師尊，將你貶入輪迴，永不能再至碧遊宮，那時悔之晚矣！」通天教主聽罷，須彌山紅了半邊，修行眼雙睛煙起，大怒叫曰：「李耳！我和你一體同人，總掌二教，你如何這等欺滅我？偏心護短，一意

罷了。我已是擺了此陣，道兄就破吾此陣，便見高下。」元始曰：「你要我破此陣，這也不難，待吾自來見你此陣。」通天教主兜回奎牛，進了戮仙門；眾門人隨著進去，且看元始進來破此陣。正是：

截闡道德皆正果，方知兩教不虛傳。

話說元始在九龍沉香輦上，扶住飛來椅，徐徐行至正東震地，乃誅仙門。門上掛一口寶劍，名曰誅仙劍。元始把輦一拍，命四謁諦神撮起輦來，四腳生有四枝金蓮花，花瓣上生光，光上又生花。一時有萬朵金蓮照在空中。元始坐在當中，逕進誅仙陣來。通天教主發一聲掌心雷，震動那一口寶劍一晃，好生利害！雖是元始，頂上還飄飄落下一朵蓮花。元始進了誅仙門，裡邊又是一層，名為誅仙關。元始從正南上往裡走，至正西，又在正北坎地上看了一遍。元始作一歌以笑之，歌曰：

「好笑通天有厚顏，空將四劍掛中間。枉勞用盡心機術，獨我縱橫任往還。」

話說元始依舊還出東門而去。眾門人迎接，上了蘆篷，燃燈請問曰：「老師，此陣中有何光景？」元始曰：「看不得。」南極仙翁曰：「老師既入陣中，今日如何不破了他的，讓姜師弟好東行？」元始曰：「古云：『先師次長。』雖然吾掌此教，況有師長在前，豈可獨自專擅？候大師兄來，自有道理。」說話未了，只聽得半空中一派仙樂之聲，異香縹緲，板角青牛上坐一聖人，有玄都大法師牽住此牛，飄飄落下來。元始天尊率領眾門人前來迎接。怎見得，有詩為證：

不二門中法更玄，汞鉛相見結胎仙。未離母腹頭先白，纔到神霄氣已全。

室內煉丹攬戊己，爐中有藥奪先天。生成八景宮中客，不記人間幾萬年。

話說元始見太上老君駕臨，同眾門人下篷迎接，二人攜手上篷坐下，眾門人下拜，侍立兩旁。老子曰：

風氣呼號，乾坤蕩漾；雷聲激烈，震動山川。電掣紅絹，鑽雲飛火；霧迷日月，大地遮漫。風刮得沙塵掩面，雷驚得虎豹藏形，電閃得飛禽亂舞，霧迷得樹木無蹤。那風只攪得通天河波翻浪滾，那雷只震得界牌關地裂山崩，那電只閃得誅仙陣眾仙迷眼，那霧只迷得蘆篷下失了門人。這風真是推山轉石松篁倒，這雷真是威風凜冽震人驚，這電真是流天照野金蛇走，這霧真是瀰瀰漫漫蔽九重。

話說老子在陷仙門大戰，自己頂上現出玲瓏寶塔在空中，那怕他雷鳴風吼。老子自思：「他只知仗他道術，不知守己修身，我也顯一顯玄都紫府手段與他的門人看看！」把青牛一指，跳出圈子來；把魚尾冠一推，只見頂上三道氣出，化為三清。老子復與通天教主來戰。只聽得正東上一聲鐘響，來了一位道人，戴九雲冠，穿大紅白鶴絳絹衣，騎白驢而來；手仗一口寶劍，大呼曰：「李道兄！吾來助你一臂之力！」通天教主認不得，隨聲問曰：「那道者是何人？」道者答曰：「吾有詩為證：

混元初判道為先，常有常無得自然。紫氣東來三萬里，函關初度五千年。」

道人作罷詩曰：「吾乃上清道人是也。」仗手中劍來取。通天教主不知上清道人出于何處，慌忙招架。只聽得正南上又有鐘響，來了一位道者，戴如意冠，穿淡黃八卦衣，騎天馬而來；一手執靈芝如意，大呼曰：「李道兄！吾來佐你共伏通天道人！」把天馬一兜，仗如意打來。通天教主問曰：「來者何人？」道人曰：「我也認不得，還稱你做截教之主？聽吾道來。詩曰：

函關初出至崑崙，一統華夷屬道門。我體本同天地老，須彌山倒性還存。

吾乃玉清道人是也。」通天教主不知其故，「自古至今，鴻鈞一道傳三友；上清、玉清不知從何教而來？」

遮飾，將我抬白，難道我不如你？吾已擺下此陣，斷不與你甘休！你敢來破我此陣？」老子笑曰：「有何難哉！你不可後悔！」正是：

元始大道今舒展，方顯玄都不二門。

老子復又曰：「既然要我破陣，我先讓你進此陣，運用停當，我再進來，毋令得手慌腳亂。」通天道人怒曰：「任你進吾陣來，吾自有擒你之處！」道罷，通天道人隨兜奎牛進陷仙門去，在陷仙闕下，等候老子。老子將青牛一拍，往西方兌地來；至陷仙門下，將青牛催動，只見四足祥光白霧，紫氣紅雲，騰騰而起。老子又將太極圖抖開，化一座金橋，昂然入陷仙門來。老子作歌，歌曰：

「玄黃世分拜明師，混沌時分任我為。五行兮在吾掌握，大道兮度進群迷。清靜兮修成金塔，閑遊兮曾出關西。兩手包羅天地外，腹安五嶽共須彌。」

話說老子歌罷，逕入陣中。且說通天教主見老子昂然直入，卻把手中雷放出。一聲響亮，雷動了陷仙門上的寶劍。這寶劍一動，任你人仙首落。老子大笑曰：「通天賢弟，少得無禮，看吾扁拐！」劈面打來。通天教主見老子進陣，如入無人之境，不覺滿面通紅，遍身火發，將手中劍火速忙迎。正在戰間，老子笑曰：「你不明至道，何以管立教宗？」又一扁拐照臉打來。通天教主大怒曰：「你有何道術，敢肆誅我的門徒？此恨怎消！」將劍擋拐，二聖人戰在誅仙陣內，不分上下，敵鬥數番。正是：

邪正逞胸中妙訣，水清處方顯魚龍。

話說二位聖人戰在陷仙門裡，人人各自施威。方至半個時辰，只見陷仙門裡八卦臺下，有許多截教門人，一個個睜睛豎目。那陣內四面八方雷鳴風吼，電光閃灼，霧氣昏迷。怎見得，有贊為證：

不可當；雖老子元始二天尊，猶自凜然，其餘散仙，則不敢撓其鋒矣。似如此毒惡之劍，豈是慈悲者所蓄之物？噫！鼻祖如此，其流派更甚，有以哉！

手中雖是招架，心中甚是疑惑。正尋思未已，正北上又是一聲玉磬響，來了一位道人，戴九霄冠，穿八寶萬壽紫霞衣；一手執龍鬚扇，一手執三寶玉如意，騎地吼而來，大呼：「李道兄！貧道來輔你共破陷仙陣也！」通天教主又見來了這一位蒼顏鶴髮道人，心上不安，忙問曰：「來者何人？」道人曰：「你聽我道來。詩曰：

混沌從來不計年，鴻濛剖處我居先。參同天地玄黃理，任你傍門望眼穿。

吾乃太清道人是也。」四位天尊圍住了通天教主，或上或下，或左或右，通天教主止有招架之功。且說截教門人見三位來的道人身上霞光萬道，瑞彩千條，光輝燦爛，映日射眼，內有長耳定光仙暗思：「好一個闡教，來得畢竟正氣！」深自羨慕。不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。

評

余常笑世人耳朵軟，專信婆子搬唆，無有丈夫氣。今見通天教主為神仙領袖，猶自聽徒弟戳舌，便動無明之火，連自己做的事，都反悔了；不但不可做神仙，連丈夫也做不過。世人所以怕老婆，故不敢不聽其指使。難道神仙怕徒弟不成？果徒弟乎？老婆乎？余不解此意。問有徒弟者。

又評

常聞人說道：人心最狠。余尚未深信斯言。今見通天教主有戮仙，陷仙，誅仙，絕仙，四劍利害

元始迎接坐下。元始問曰：「今日入陣，道兄見裡面光景如何？」老子笑曰：「他雖擺此惡陣，急切也難破他的；被吾打了二三扁拐。多寶道人被吾用風火蒲團拿往玄都去了。」元始曰：「此陣有四門，得四位有力量的方能破得。」老子曰：「我與你只顧得兩處，還有兩處，非眾門人所敢破之陣。此劍你我不怕，別人怎麼經得起？」正議論間，忽見廣成子來稟曰：「二位老師，外面有西方教下準提道人來至。」老子、元始二人忙下簷迎接，請上簷來，敘禮畢，坐下。老子笑曰：「道兄此來，無非為破誅仙陣，來收西方有緣；只是貧道正欲借重，不意道兄先來，正合天數，妙不可言！」準提道人曰：「不瞞道兄說，我那西方，花開見人人見我。因此貧道來東南兩土，未遇有緣；又幾番見東南二處有數百道紅氣沖空，知是有緣。貧道借此而來，渡得此緣，以興西法，故不辭跋涉，會一會截教門下諸友也。」老子曰：「今日道兄此來，正應上天垂象之兆。」準提道人問曰：「這陣內有四口寶劍，俱是先天妙物，不知當初如何落在截教門下？」老子曰：「當時有一分寶巖，吾師分寶鎮壓各方，後來此四口劍就是我通天賢弟得去，已知他今日用此作難。雖然眾仙有厄，原是數當如此。如今道兄來的恰好；只是再得一位，方可破此陣耳。」準提道人曰：「既然如此，總來為渡有緣，待我去請我教主來。正應三教會誅仙，分辨玉石。」老子大喜。準提道人辭了老子，往西方來請西方教主接引道人，其遇有緣。正是：

佛光出在周王世，興在明章①釋教開。

且說準提來至西方，見了接引道人，打稽首坐下。接引道人曰：「道友往東土去，為何回來太速？」準提道人曰：「吾見紅光數百道俱出闌、截二教之門。今通天教主擺一誅仙陣，陣有四門，非四人不能

① 明章：東漢明帝、章帝。

第七十八回

三教會破誅仙陣

誅仙惡陣四門排，黃霧狂風雷火偕。遇劫黃冠遭劫運，墮塵羽士盡塵埋。

劍光徒有吞神骨，符印空勞吐黑靈。縱有通天無上法，時逢聖主自多乖。

話說老子一氣化的三清，不過是元氣而已，雖然有形有色，裹住了通天教主，也不能傷他。此是老子氣化分身之妙，迷惑通天教主，竟不能識。老子見一氣將消，在青牛上作詩一首，詩曰：

「先天而老後天生，借李成形得姓名。曾拜鴻鈞修道德，方知一氣化三清。」

話說老子作罷詩，一聲鐘響，就不見了三位道人。通天教主心下愈加疑惑，不覺出神，被老子打了三三扁拐。多寶道人見師父受了虧，在八卦臺作歌而來。歌曰：

「碧遊宮內談玄妙，豈忍吾師扁拐傷，只今舒展胸中術，且與師伯做一場！」

歌罷，大呼：「師伯！我來了！」好多寶道人！仗劍飛來直取。老子笑曰：「米粒之珠，也放光華！」把扁拐架劍，隨取風火蒲團祭起空中，命黃巾力士：「將此道人拿去，放在桃園，俟吾發落！」黃巾力士將風火蒲團把多寶道人捲將去了。正是：

從今棄邪歸正道，他與西方卻有緣。

且說老子用風火蒲團把多寶道人拿往玄都去了，老子竟不戀戰，出了陷仙門，來至蘆篷。眾門人與

身出蓮花清淨臺，三乘妙典法門開。玲瓏舍利超凡俗，瓔珞明珠絕世埃。

八德池中生紫焰，七珍妙樹長金苔。只因東土多英俊，來遇前緣結聖胎。」

話說接引道人說罷，通天教主曰：「你有你西方，我有我東土，如水火不同居，你為何也來惹此煩惱？你說你蓮花化身，清淨無為，其如五行變化，立竿見影。你聽我道來：

混元正體合先天，萬劫千番只自然。渺渺無為傳大法，如如不動號初玄。

爐中久煉全非汞，物外長生盡屬乾。變化無窮還變化，西方佛事屬逃禪。」

話說準提道人曰：「通天道友，不必誇能鬥舌。道如淵海，豈在口言？只今我四位至此，勸化你好好收了此陣，何如？」通天教主曰：「既是四位至此，畢竟也見個高下。」通天教主說罷，竟進陣去了。元始對西方教主曰：「道兄，如今我四人各進一方，以便一齊攻戰。」接引道人曰：「吾進離宮。」老子曰：「吾進兌宮。」準提曰：「吾進坎地。」元始曰：「吾進震方。」四位教主各分方位而進。且說元始先進震方，坐四不相逕進誅仙門。八卦臺上通天教主手發雷聲，震動誅仙寶劍。那劍晃動，元始頂上慶雲迎住，有千朵金花，瓔珞垂珠，絡繹不絕，那劍如何下得來。元始進了誅仙門，立于誅仙闕，只見西方教主進離宮，乃是戮仙門。通天教主也發雷聲震那寶劍。接引道人頂上現出三顆舍利子，射住了戮仙劍。那劍如釘釘一般，如何下來得。西方教主進了戮仙門，至戮仙闕立住。老子進西方陷仙門，通天教主又發雷震那陷仙劍。只見老子頂上現出玲瓏寶塔，萬道光華，射住陷仙劍。老子進了陷仙門，也在陷仙闕立住。準提道人進絕仙門，只見通天教主發一聲雷，震動絕仙劍。準提道人手執七寶妙樹，上邊放出千朵青蓮，射住了絕仙劍，也進了絕仙門來，到了絕仙闕。四位教主，齊進闕前。老子曰：「通天

破。如今有了三位，還少一位。貧道特來請道兄去走一遭，以完善果。」西方教主曰：「但我自未曾離清淨之鄉，恐不諳紅塵之事，有誤所委，反為不美。」準提曰：「道兄，我與你俱是自在無為，豈不能破那有象之陣？道兄不必推辭，須當同往。」接引道人如準提道人之言，同往東土而來。只見足踏祥雲，霎時而至蘆篷。廣成子來稟老子與元始曰：「西方二位尊師至矣。」老子與元始率領眾門人下篷來迎接。見一道人丈六金身。但見：

大仙赤腳瓊梨香，足踏祥雲更異常。十二蓮臺演法寶，八德池邊現白光。

壽同天地言非謬，福比洪波語豈狂。修成舍利名胎息，清閑極樂是西方。

話說老子與元始迎接接引、準提上了蘆篷，打稽首坐下。老子曰：「今日敢煩，就是三教會盟，其完劫運，非吾等故作此孽障耳。」接引道人曰：「貧道來此，會有緣之客，也是欲了冥數。」元始曰：「今日四友俱全，當早破此陣，何故在此紅塵中擾攘也！」老子曰：「你且吩咐眾弟子，明日破陣。」元始命玉鼎真人、道行天尊、廣成子、赤精子：「你四人伸手過來。」元始各書了一道符印在手心裡：「明日你等見陣內雷響，有火光沖起，齊把他四口劍摘去，我自妙用。」四人領命，站過去了。又命燃燈：「你站在空中，若通天教主往上走，你可把定海珠往下打，他自然著傷；一來也知我闡教道法無邊。」元始吩咐畢，各自安息不言。只等次日黎明，眾門人排班，擊動金鐘、玉磬。四位教主齊至誅仙陣前，傳令命左右：「報與通天教主，我等來破陣也。」左右飛報進陣。只見通天教主領眾道人齊出戮仙門來，迎著四位教主。通天教主對接引、準提道人曰：「你二位乃是西方教下清淨之鄉，至此地意欲何為？」準提道人曰：「俺弟兄二人雖是西方教主，特往此處來遇有緣。道友，你聽我道來：

尚容稱謝！」老子曰：「通天教主逆天行事，自然有敗而無勝。你我順天行事，天道福善禍淫，毫無差錯，如燈取影耳。今此陣破了，你等劫數將完，各有好處。姜尚，你去取關；吾等且回山去。」眾門人俱別過姜子牙，隨四位教主各回山去了。

子牙送別師尊，自回汜水關來會武王。王曰：「相父遠破惡陣，諒有眾仙，孤不敢差人來問候。」子牙謝恩畢，對曰：「荷蒙聖恩，仰仗天威，三教聖人親至，共破了誅仙陣，前至界牌關了，請大王明日前行。」武王傳旨治酒賀功不表。

又說通天教主被老子打了一扁拐，又被準提道人打了一加持寶杵，吃了一場大虧，又失了四口寶劍，有何面目見諸大弟子！白思：不若往紫芝崖立一壇，拜一惡旛，名曰「六魂旛」。此旛有六尾，尾上書接引道人、準提道人、老子、元始、武王、姜尚六人姓名，早晚用符印，俟拜完之日，將此旛搖動，要壞六位的性命。正是：

左道兇心今不息，枉勞空拜六魂旛。

不表通天道人拜旛，後在萬仙陣中用。且說界牌關徐蓋陞了銀安殿，與眾將商議曰：「方今周兵取了汜水關，駐兵不發。前日來的那多寶道人擺甚誅仙陣，也不知勝敗。如今且修本，差官往朝歌去取救兵來，共守此關。」只見差官領了本章往朝歌來，一路無詞。渡了黃河，進了朝歌城，至午門下馬，到文書房。那日是箕子看本，見徐蓋的本大驚：「姜尚兵進汜水關，取左右青龍關、佳夢關，兵至界牌關，事有燃眉之急！」箕子忙抱本來見紂王，往鹿臺來。當駕官奏知：「箕子候旨。」紂王曰：「宣來。」箕子上臺，拜罷，將徐蓋本進上。紂王覽本，驚問箕子曰：「不道姜尚作反，侵奪孤之關隘，必須點將

教主，吾等齊進了你誅仙陣，你意欲何為？」老子隨手發雷，震動四野，誅仙陣內一股黃霧騰起，迷住了誅仙陣。怎見得：

騰騰黃霧，艷艷金光。騰騰黃霧，誅仙陣內似噴雲；艷艷金光，八卦臺前如氣罩。劍戟戈矛，渾如鐵桶；東南西北，恰似銅牆。此正是截教神仙施法力，通天教主顯神通。晃眼迷天遮日月，搖風噴火撼江山。四位聖人齊會此，劫數相遭豈易逢？

且說四位教主齊進四闕之中，通天教主仗劍來取接引道人。接引道人手無寸鐵，只有一拂塵架來。拂塵上有五色蓮花，朵朵托劍。老子舉扁拐紛紛的打來。元始將三寶玉如意架劍亂打。只見準提道人把身子搖動，大呼曰：「道友快來！」半空中又來了孔雀明王。準提現出法身，有二十四首，十八隻手，執定了瓔珞、傘蓋、花貫、魚腸、金弓、銀戟、加持神杵、寶鏢、金瓶，把通天教主裹在當中。老子扁拐夾後心就一扁拐，打的通天教主三昧真火冒出。元始祭三寶玉如意來打通天教主。通天教主方纔招架玉如意，不防被準提一加持杵打中，通天教主翻鞍滾下奎牛，教主就借土遁而走。不知燃燈在空中等候，纔待上時，被燃燈一定海珠又打下來。陣內雷聲且急，外面四仙家各有符印在身，奔入陣中，廣成子摘去誅仙劍，赤精子摘去戮仙劍，玉鼎真人摘去陷仙劍，道行天尊摘去絕仙劍。四劍既摘去，其陣已破。通天道人獨自逃歸，眾門人各散去了。且說四位教主破了誅仙陣，元始作詩以笑之，詩曰：

「堪笑通天教不明，千年掌教陷群生。仗伊黨惡污仙教，番聚邪宗枉橫行。」

寶劍空懸成逃事，元神虛耗竟無名。不知順逆先遭辱，猶欲鴻鈞說反盈。」

話說四位教主上了蘆篷坐下。元始稱謝西方教主曰：「為我等門人犯戒，動勞道兄扶持，得完此劫數，

天下盡知，非是今日之奏。皇上殺界牌關走使，豈不失邊庭將士之心。」王曰：「料姜尚不過一術士耳，有何大志？況且還有四關之險，黃河之隔，孟津之阻，豈一旦而被小事所惑也。皇伯放心，不必憂慮。」箕子長吁一聲而出，看著朝歌宮殿，不覺潸然淚下，嗟歎社稷丘墟。箕子在九間殿作詩以歎之，詩曰：

「憶昔成湯放桀時，諸侯八百盡歸斯。誰知六百餘年後，更甚南巢幾倍奇！」

話言箕子作罷詩回府不表。

且說姜元帥在汜水關點人馬進征，來辭武王。子牙見武王曰：「老臣先去取關，差官請駕。」武王曰：「但願相父早會諸侯，孤之幸矣。」子牙別了武王，一聲砲響，人馬往界牌關進發。——只離八十里，來之甚快。正行間，只見探馬報入中軍：「已至界牌關下。」子牙傳令安營，點砲吶喊。話說徐蓋已知關外周兵安營，隨同眾將上城來看，周兵一派盡是紅旗，鹿角森嚴，兵威甚肅。徐蓋曰：「子牙乃崑崙羽士，用兵自有調度，只營寨大不相同。」旁有先行官王豹、彭遵答曰：「主將休誇他人本領，看末將等成功，定拿姜尚，解上朝歌，以正國法。」言罷，各自下城，準備廝殺。只見次日，子牙問帳下：「那員將官關下見頭功？」帳下應聲而出，乃魏賁曰：「末將願往。」姜子牙許之。魏賁上馬，提鎗出營，至關下搦戰。有報馬報入關上曰：「啟主帥：關下有周兵討戰。」徐蓋曰：「眾將官在此，我等先議後行。紂王聽信讒言，殺了差官，是自取滅亡，非為臣不忠之罪。今天下已歸周武，眼見此關難守，眾將不可不知。」彭遵曰：「主將之言差矣！況吾等俱是紂臣，理當盡忠報國，豈可一旦忘君徇私？古云：『食君祿而獻其地，是不忠也。』末將寧死不為！願效犬馬，以報君恩。」言罷，隨上馬出關。見魏賁連人帶馬，渾如一塊烏雲。怎見得：

協守，方可阻其大惡。」箕子奏曰：「如今四方不寧，姜尚自立武王，其志不小；今率兵六十萬來寇五關，此心腹大患，不得草草而已。願皇上且停飲樂，以國事為本，社稷為重，願皇上察焉！」

紂王曰：「皇伯之言是也。朕與眾卿共議，點官協守。」箕子下臺。紂王悶悶不悅，無心懽暢。忽姐己、胡喜妹出殿見駕，行禮坐下。姐己曰：「今日聖上雙鎖眉頭，鬱鬱不樂，卻是為何？」王曰：「御妻不知，今日姜尚興師，侵犯關隘，已占奪三關，實是心腹之大患；況四方刀兵蜂起，使孤不安，為宗廟社稷之慮，故此憂心。」姐己笑而奏曰：「陛下不知下情，此俱是邊庭武將，鑽刺網利②；桀③言周兵六十萬來犯關庭，用金賄賂大臣，誣奏陛下，陛下必發錢糧支應。故此守關將官冒破支消④，空費朝廷錢糧，實為有私，何常有兵侵關？正為裡外欺君，情實可恨！」紂王聞奏，深信其言有理。因問姐己曰：「倘守關官復有本章，何以批發？」姐己曰：「不必批發，只將齋本官斬了一員，以警將來。」紂王大喜，遂傳旨：「將齋本官梟首，號令于朝歌。」正是：

妖言數句江山失，一統華夷盡屬周。

話說紂王信姐己之言，忙傳旨意：「將界牌關走本官即時斬首號令！」箕子知之，忙至內庭來見紂王：「皇上為何而殺使命？」王曰：「皇伯不知，邊庭鑽刺，詐言周兵六十萬，無非為冒支府庫錢糧之計；此乃是內外欺君，理當斬首，以戒將來。」箕子曰：「姜尚興兵六十萬，自三月十五日金臺拜將，

② 鑽刺網利：鑽刺即鑽營、活動。網利即取利。

③ 桀：捏造。

④ 冒破支消：謂假借名目要朝廷支付錢糧。

白料寡不敵眾，把馬跳出圈子就走。趙丙隨後起來。正趕之間，被王豹回手一個劈面雷，打在臉上，可憐隨駕東征，未曾受武王封爵之賞，趙丙翻下鞍轡。孫子羽急來救時，王豹又是一個雷放出，此劈面雷甚是利害，有雷就有火，孫子羽被雷火傷了面門，跌下馬來，早被王豹一戟一個，皆被刺死。蘇家父子不敢向前。王豹也知機，掌鼓進關，回見徐蓋，連誅二將，得勝回兵慶喜不表。

且說蘇護父子進營來見子牙，備言損了二將。子牙曰：「你父子久臨戰場，如何不知進退，致損二將？」蘇全忠曰：「元帥在上：若是馬上征戰，自然好招架；今王豹以幻術發手，有雷有火，打在臉上，就要燒壞面門，怎經得起，故此二將失利。」子牙曰：「誤喪忠良，實為可恨！」次日，子牙曰：「眾門人誰去關下走一遭？」言未畢，有雷震子曰：「弟子願往。」子牙許之。雷震子出營，至關下搦戰；報馬報入關中。徐蓋問曰：「誰去見陣走一遭？」彭遵領令出關，見雷震子十分兇惡，面如藍靛，口赤髮，獠牙上下橫生，遵大呼曰：「來者何人？」雷震子曰：「吾乃武王之弟雷震子是也。」彭遵不知雷震子脇有雙翅，搖手中鎗催開馬，來取雷震子。雷震子把風雷翅飛起，使開黃金棍，劈頭來打。彭遵那裡招架得住，撥馬就走。雷震子見他詐敗，忙將翅飛起，起來甚急，劈頭一棍，彭遵馬蹶，急架時，正中肩窩上，打翻馬下，梟了首級，進營來見子牙。子牙上了雷震子功績簿。且說探馬報入關中：「彭遵陣亡，將首級號令轅門。」徐蓋曰：「此關終是難守，我知順逆，你們只欲強持。」王豹聽說：「主將不必性急，待我明日戰不過時，任憑主將處治。」徐蓋默然無語，王豹竟回私宅去了。不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。

幘頭純墨染，抹額襯纓紅。皇袍如黑漆，鐵甲似蒼松。銅鞭懸塔影，寶劍插冰峰。人如下山虎，馬似出海龍。子牙門下客，驍將魏賁雄。

話說彭遵見魏賁，大呼曰：「周將通名來！」魏賁曰：「吾乃掃蕩成湯天寶大元帥姜尚麾下左哨先鋒魏賁是也，你乃何人？若是知機，早獻關隘，其扶周室；如不倒戈，城破之日，玉石俱焚，悔之晚矣！」彭遵大怒，罵曰：「魏賁，你不過馬前一匹夫，敢出大言！」搖鎗催馬直取，魏賁手中鎗赴面相迎。兩馬相交，雙鎗併舉，一場大戰。好魏賁！鎗力勇猛，戰有三十回合，彭遵戰不過魏賁，掩一鎗往南敗走。魏賁見彭遵敗走，縱馬趕來。彭遵回顧，見魏賁趕下陣來，忙掛下鎗，囊中取出一物，往地下撒來。此物名曰蒺藜陣，按三才八卦方位，布成一陣。彭遵先進去了。魏賁不知，將馬趕進陣來。彭遵在馬上發手一個雷聲，把蒺藜陣震動，只見一陣黑煙迸出，一聲響，魏賁連人帶馬震得粉碎，彭遵掌得勝鼓進關。報馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：魏賁連人帶馬震為齏粉。」子牙聽罷，歎曰：「魏賁忠勇之士，可憐死于非命，情實可憫！」子牙著實傷悼。彭遵進關來見徐蓋，將壞了魏賁得勝事說了一遍。徐蓋權為上了功績。次日，徐蓋對眾將曰：「關中糧草不足，朝廷又不點將協守，昨日雖則勝了他一陣，恐此關終難守耳。」正議之間，報：「有周將搦戰。」王豹曰：「末將願往。」上馬提戟，開關見一員周將，連人帶馬純是一片青色。王豹曰：「周將何名？」蘇護曰：「吾乃冀州侯蘇護是也。」王豹曰：「蘇護，你乃天下至無情無義之夫！你女受椒房之寵，身為國戚，滿門俱受皇家富貴，不思報本，反助武王逆叛，侵故主之關隘，你有何面目立于天地之間！」催開馬，搖戟來取蘇護。蘇護手中鎗赴面來迎。二馬相交，鎗戟併舉。蘇護正戰王豹，有蘇全忠、趙丙、孫子羽三將一齊上來，把王豹圍在核心。王豹如何敵得住？

第七十九回

穿雲關四將被擒

一關已過一關逢，法寶多端勢更兇。法戒引魂成往事，龍安酥骨又來証。

幾多險處仍須吉，若許能時總是空。堪笑徐芳徒逆命，枉勞心思竟何從！

話說徐蓋當晚默默退歸後堂不題。只見次日王豹也不來見主將，竟領兵出關，往周營搦戰。報馬報入中軍。子牙問：「誰人見陣走一遭？」哪吒應曰：「我願往。」子牙許之。哪吒登風火輪，提火尖鎗，奔出營來。王豹見一將登風火輪而來，忙問曰：「來者莫非哪吒麼？」哪吒答曰：「然也。」搖鎗就刺，王豹的畫戟急架忙迎。王豹知哪吒是闡教門下，自思：「打人不過先下手。」正戰間，發一劈面雷來打哪吒。不知這雷只好傷別人，哪吒乃是蓮花化身之客，他見雷聲至，火焰來，把風火輪一登，輪起空中，雷發無功。哪吒祭起乾坤圈去，正中王豹頂門，打昏落馬；哪吒復一鎗刺死，梟了首級號令，回營來見子牙，備言前事。子牙大喜。

且說徐蓋聞報王豹陣亡，暗思：「二將不知時務，自討殺身之禍。不若差官納降，以免生民塗炭。」正憂疑之際，忽報：「有一頭陀來見。」徐蓋命：「請來。」道人進府，至殿前打稽首曰：「徐將軍，貧道稽首。」徐蓋曰：「請了！道者至此，有何見諭？」道人曰：「將軍不知，吾有一門徒，名喚彭遵，喪于雷震子之手，特至此為他報仇。」徐蓋曰：「道者高姓大名？」道人曰：「貧道姓法，名戒。」徐

評

破誅仙陣一段，大有許多慧解，分明指點世人。你看他四位教主，進此四門，只有自家本身寶貝，可以當得住；若是眾門人，便先問師父討註腳。不知師父原替不得他，所以令人只向別人身上尋思，忘卻自家至寶，所以不能自做主張。

又評

彭遵王豹雖未曾做得事業，然而其志可嘉，其情可矜，不得以成敗論英雄。

打了一交。哪吒方欲用鎗來刺，法戒已借土遁去了。子牙收兵回營，見折了雷震子，心下甚惱，納悶在中軍。

且說法戒被哪吒打了一圈，逃回關內。徐蓋見法戒著傷而回，便問：「老師，今日初陣如何失機？」法戒曰：「不妨，是我誤用此寶。他原來是靈珠子化身，原無魂魄，焉能擒他。」忙取丹藥，吃了一粒，即時痊癒；吩咐左右把雷震子擡來！法戒對雷震子將旛右轉兩轉。雷震子睜開眼一觀，已被擒捉。法戒大怒，罵曰：「為你這廝，又被哪吒打了我一圈！」命左右：「拿去殺了！」徐蓋在旁解曰：「老師既來為我末將，且不可斬他，暫監在圈套之中，候解往朝歌，俟天子發落，表老師莫大之功，亦知末將請老師之微功耳。」看官：此是徐蓋有意歸周，故假此言遮飾。法戒聽說，笑曰：「將軍之言甚是有理。」正是：

徐蓋有意歸周主，不怕頭陀道術高。

話說法戒次日出關，又至周營搦戰，軍政官報與子牙。子牙隨即出營會戰，大呼曰：「法戒！今日與你定個雌雄！」催開四不相，仗劍直取，法戒手中劍赴面迎來。戰未及數合，旁有李靖縱馬搖畫杆戟來助子牙。子牙祭起打神鞭來打法戒。不知此寶只打得神，法戒非封神榜上之人，正是：

封神榜上無名字，不怕崑崙鞭一條。

話說子牙祭鞭來打法戒，不意被法戒將鞭接去；子牙著忙。忽然上行孫催糧到營前，見法戒將打神鞭接去，上行孫大怒，走向前大呼曰：「吾來也！」法戒見個矮子用條鐵棍打來，法戒仗劍迎戰。三人正殺在一處，不意楊戩也催糧來至，見上行孫大戰頭陀，走馬舞三尖刀亦來助戰。子牙見楊戩來至，心

蓋見道人有些仙風道骨，忙請上坐。法戒不謙，欣然上坐。徐蓋曰：「姜子牙乃崑崙道德之士，他帳下有三山五岳門人，恐不能勝他。」法戒曰：「徐將軍放心，我連姜尚俱與你拿了，以作將軍之功。」徐蓋曰：「若如此，乃是老師莫大之恩。」忙問：「老師是素，是葷？」法戒曰：「持齋，我不用甚東西。」一夕無詞。次日法戒提劍在手，逕至周營，坐名要請姜子牙答話。探馬報入中軍：「有一頭陀請元帥答話。」子牙傳令，帶眾門人出營，來會這頭陀。只見對面並無士卒，獨自一人。怎見得：

赤金箍，光生燦爛；皂蓋服，白鶴朝雲。絲絲懸水火，頂上焰光生。五遁三除無比賽，胸臆萬象包成。自幼根深成大道，一時應墮紅塵。封神榜上沒他名，要與子牙賭勝。

子牙把四不相催至軍前見法戒，曰：「道者請了！」法戒道：「姜子牙，久聞你大名，今日特來會你。」子牙曰：「道者姓甚？名誰？」法戒曰：「我乃蓬萊島煉氣士姓法，名戒。彭遵是吾門下，死于雷震子之手。你只叫他來見我，免得你我分顏❶！」雷震子在旁，聽得舌尖上丟了一個雷字，大怒罵曰：「討死的潑道！我來也！」把風雷二翅飛在空中，將黃金棍劈面打來，法戒手中劍急架忙迎，兩下裡大戰有四五回合。法戒跳出圈子去，取出一旛，對著雷震子一晃，雷震子跌在塵埃。徐蓋左右軍士將雷震子拿了。雖然綱將起來，只是閉目不知人事。法戒大呼曰：「今番定要擒姜尚！」旁有哪吒大怒，罵曰：「妖道用何邪術，敢傷吾道兄也！」登開風火輪，搖開火尖鎗，來戰法戒。法戒未及三四回合，忙把那旛取出來也見哪吒。哪吒乃蓮花化身，卻無魂魄，如何晃得動他。法戒見哪吒在風火輪上安然不能跌將下來，已自著忙。哪吒見法戒拿一旛在手內晃，知是左道之術，不能傷己，忙祭乾坤圈打來。法戒躲不及，

歌罷，大呼曰：「刀下留人，不可動手！你與我報知元帥，說準提道人來見。」楊戩忙報與子牙曰：「有西方準提道人來至。」子牙同眾門人迎接至轅門外，請準提道人進中軍。準提曰：「不必進營。貧道有一言奉告：法戒雖然違天，逆元帥，理宜正法，但封神榜上無名，與吾西方有緣。貧道特為此而來，望子牙公慈悲。」子牙曰：「老師吩咐，尚豈敢違。」傳令放了。準提上前，扶起法戒曰：「法戒道友，我那西方絕好景致，請道兄皈依：

西方極樂真幽境，風清月朗天籟定。白雲透出引祥光，流水潺潺如谷應。猿嘯鳥啼花木奇，菩提路上芝蘭勝。松搖巖壁散煙霞，竹拂雲霄招彩鳳。七寶林內更逍遙，八德池邊多寂靜。遠列巔峰似插屏，盤旋溪壑如幽磬。曇花開放滿座香，舍利玲瓏超上乘。崑崙地脈發來龍，更比崑崙無命令。」話說準提道人道罷，西方景致，法戒只得皈依，同準提辭了眾人，回西方去了。——後來法戒在舍衛國化邪它太子，得成正果，歸於佛教；至漢明、章二帝時，興教中國，大闡沙門。此是後事不表。

且說界牌關主將見法戒被擒，忙命左右，將囚圍中雷震子放了，開關同雷震子至營門納降。探馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：雷震子轅門等令。」子牙大喜，忙命：「令來。」雷震子至帳前對子牙曰：「徐蓋久欲歸周，屢被眾將阻撓，今特同弟子獻關納降，不敢擅入，在轅門外聽令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」徐蓋縞素進營，拜倒在地，啟曰：「末將有意歸周，無奈左右官將不從，致羈行旌，屢獲罪戾，納款已遲，死罪，死罪！望元帥海宥。」子牙曰：「徐將軍既知天命歸周，亦不為遲，何罪之有？」忙令請起。徐蓋謝過，請子牙進關安撫軍民。子牙傳令：「催人馬進關。」子牙陞銀安殿，一面迎請武王，一面清查戶口、庫藏。

中大喜，兩員運糧官雙戰法戒。正是天數不由人，不意鄭倫催糧也到。鄭倫見土行孫、楊戩雙戰道人，鄭倫自思曰：「今日四人戰這頭陀不下，畢竟是左道之人。我也是督糧官，他成得功，我也成得功！」將金睛獸催開，沖殺過來，就把子牙喜不自勝。子牙兜回四不相，傳令軍士：「擂鼓助戰！」法戒被三運督糧官裏在核心，不得落空，縱有法寶，如何使用？只見土行孫卻鑽棍在下三路上打了幾棍，法戒意欲逃走；鄭倫見土行孫成功，恐法戒逃遁，忙將鼻竅中兩道白光哼出來。法戒聽得，不知是甚麼東西響，忙擡頭一看，看見兩道白光。正是：

眼見白光出鼻竅，三魂七魄去無蹤。

話說法戒跌倒在地，被烏鴉兵生擒活捉綁了。子牙用符印鎖住了法戒的泥丸宮，掌得勝鼓回營。法戒方睜開眼，見渾身上了繩索，歎曰：「豈知今日在此地誤遭毒手！」追悔無及。只見子牙降帳坐下，三運官來見子牙。子牙曰：「三運得功不小！」獎諭三運官曰：

「運督軍需，智擒法戒。玄機妙算，奇功莫大！」

子牙獎諭畢，三員官稱謝子牙。子牙傳令：「推法戒來。」眾軍卒將法戒推至中軍。法戒大呼曰：「姜尚，你不必開言。今日天數合該如此，正所謂『大海風波見無限，誰知小術反擒吾。』」可知是天命耳。速將軍令施行！」子牙曰：「既知天命，為何不早降？」命左右：「推出去斬了！」眾軍士把法戒擁至轅門，方欲行刑，只見一道人作歌而來，歌曰：

「善惡一時忘念，榮枯都不關心。晦明隱現任浮沉，隨分饑餐渴飲。靜坐蒲團存想，昏聩便有魔侵。故將惡念阻明君，何苦紅塵受刃。」

吩咐左右：「埋伏刀斧手，兩旁伺候。」不一時，左右開關。徐蓋不知親弟有心拿他，徐蓋進關，來至府前下馬，逕至殿前。

徐芳也不動身，問曰：「來者何人？」徐蓋大笑曰：「賢弟為何見我至此，而猶然若不知也？」徐芳大喝一聲，命左右：「拿了！」兩邊跑出刀斧手，將徐蓋拿下綁了。徐芳曰：「辱沒祖宗匹夫！你降反賊，也不顧家眷遭殃。今日你自來至此，正是祖宗有靈，不令徐門受屠戮也！」徐蓋大罵曰：「你這不知天時的匹夫！天下盡已歸周，紂王亡在旦夕，何況你這彈丸之地，敢抗拒弔民伐罪之師！你要做忠臣，你比蘇護、黃飛虎何如？洪錦、鄧九公何如？我今被你所擒，死固無足惜；但不知何人擒你，以泄吾忿也！」

徐芳傳令：「把這逆命的匹夫且監候，俟拿了周武、姜尚，一齊解往朝歌正罪。」左右將徐蓋監了。徐芳問：「誰為國討頭陣走一遭？」一將應聲而出，乃正印先行官神煙將軍馬忠願往，徐芳許之。馬忠領令開關，砲聲響處，殺至周營。報馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：穿雲關有將搦戰。」子牙曰：「徐蓋休矣！」忙令哪吒去取關，就探徐蓋消息。哪吒領令，上了風火輪，出得營來，見馬忠金甲紅袍，威風凜凜。哪吒走至軍前，馬忠曰：「來者莫非哪吒否？」哪吒曰：「然也。你既知我，為何不倒戈納降？」馬忠大怒曰：「無知匹夫！你等妄白稱王，逆天反叛，不守臣節，侵王疆土，罪在不赦。不日拿住你等，粉骨碎身；尚自不知，猶且巧言饒舌！」哪吒笑曰：「吾看你等好一似土蛙、腐鼠，頃刻便為齏粉，何足與言！」馬忠怒起，搖手中鎗，飛來直取。哪吒的鎗閃爍光明，輪馬相交，雙鎗併舉，殺至穿雲關下。正是：

次日，武王駕進界牌關，眾將迎接武王上銀安殿，參謁畢。王曰：「相父勞心遠征，使孤不得與相父共享昇平，孤心不安。」子牙曰：「老臣以天下諸侯為重，民坐水火之中，故不敢逆天以圖安樂。」子牙領徐蓋拜見武王，武王曰：「徐將軍獻關有功，命設宴犒賞三軍。」一宵已過。次日，子牙傳令：「起兵前取穿雲關。」放砲起程，三軍吶喊，不過八十里一關，前哨探馬報入中軍：「前軍已抵穿雲關下。」子牙傳令：「放炮安營。」正是：

戰將東征如猛虎，營前小校似獾狼。

話說穿雲關主將徐芳乃是徐蓋兄弟。徐芳聞知兄長歸周，只急得三屍神暴跳，口鼻內生煙，大罵：「匹夫不顧父母妻子，失身反叛，苟圖爵位，遺臭萬年！」忙點聚將鼓，眾將俱上殿參謁。徐芳曰：「不幸吾兄忘親背君，苟圖富貴，獻了關隘，已降叛臣。但我一門難免戮身之罪。為今之計，必盡擒賊臣，以贖前罪方可。」

只見先行官龍安吉曰：「主將放心，待末將先拿他幾員賊將解往朝歌請罪，然後俟擒渠魁，以贖前愆，以顯忠蓋；則主將滿門良眷自然無事矣。」徐芳曰：「此言正合吾意。只願先行與諸將協力同心，以勦叛逆，上報主恩，是吾之願也，其他亦非所顧忌。」眾將商議不表。

且說次日，子牙陞帳，問曰：「誰取穿雲關去走一遭？」徐蓋應聲曰：「啟元帥：穿雲關主將乃是末將之弟，不用張弓隻箭，末將說舍弟歸周，以為進身之資。」子牙大喜曰：「將軍若肯如此，真為不世之奇功，豈止進身而已！」徐蓋上馬至關下，大呼曰：「左右，開關！」守關軍卒不敢擅自開關，忙報入帥府：「啟主帥：有大老爺在關下叫關。」徐芳大喜：「快令開關，請來！」把關軍士去了。徐芳

戰五十餘合。二將真是「棋逢敵手，將遇作家」。龍安吉見黃飛虎的鎗法毫無滲漏，心下暗思：「莫與他賣弄精神。」把鎗一挑，錦囊中取出一物，望空中一丟，只聽得有叮噹之聲，龍安吉曰：「黃飛虎，看吾寶貝來也！」黃飛虎不知何物，擡頭一看，早已跌下鞍轡。關內人馬吶一聲喊，將黃飛虎生擒活捉，繩纏索綁，拿進穿雲關去了。報馬報入中軍：「黃飛虎被擒。」子牙大驚曰：「是怎麼樣拿了去的？」掠陣官回曰：「正戰之間，只見龍安吉丟起一圈在空中，有叮噹之聲，黃將軍便跌下坐騎，因此被擒。」子牙聽說不悅：「此又是左道之術！」且說龍安吉將黃飛虎拿進穿雲關來見徐芳，黃飛虎站立言曰：「吾被邪術拿來，願以一死報國恩也。」徐芳罵曰：「真是匹夫！捨故主而投反叛，今反說欲報國恩，何其顛倒耶！且監在監中。」

徐蓋見黃飛虎來至，忙慰曰：「不才惡弟，不識天時，特倚邪術，不意將軍亦遭此羅網之厄。」黃飛虎點頭無語，惟有咨嗟而已。話說徐芳治酒，與龍安吉賀功。次日又至周營搦戰。子牙問：「誰敢出馬？」只見洪錦出馬，來至陣前，看見是龍安吉——龍安吉曾在洪錦帳下為偏將——洪錦曰：「龍安吉，你今見故主，為何不下馬納降，尚敢支吾耶？」龍安吉笑曰：「反將洪錦，何得多言！我正欲拿你等，解進朝歌，以正國法。爾何不知進退，尚敢巧言也。」發馬就殺，刀斧併舉。龍安吉祭起一圈，起在空中。不知此圈兩個，左右翻覆，如太極一般，扣就陰陽連環雙鎖，此圈名曰四肢酥。此寶有叮噹之聲，耳聽眼見，渾身四肢，骨解筋酥，手足齊軟。當時洪錦聽見空中響，擡頭一看，便坐不住鞍轡，跌下馬來，又被龍安吉拿了進關。洪錦自思：「此賊昔在吾帳下，我就不知他有這件東西，誤陷匹夫之手！」左右將洪錦推至殿前，來見徐芳。徐芳大喜曰：「洪錦，你奉命征討，如何反降逆賊？今日將何面目又

馬忠神煙無敵手，只恐哪吒道德高。

馬忠知哪吒是道德之士，手段高強，自思：「我若不先下手，恐他先弄手腳，卻是不美。」馬忠把口一張，只見一道黑煙噴出，連人帶馬都不見了。哪吒見馬忠黑煙噴出口，迷住一塊，忙將風火輪登起，把身子一搖，現出八臂三頭，藍臉獠牙，起在空中。馬忠在煙裡看不見哪吒，急收神煙，正欲回馬，只聽得哪吒大叫：「馬忠休走！吾來了！」馬忠擡頭，見哪吒三頭八臂，藍面獠牙，在空中起來，馬忠誠得魂不附體，撥馬就走。哪吒忙將九龍神火罩拋來，罩住馬忠，復把手一拍，罩裡現出九條火龍圍繞，霎時間，馬忠化為灰燼。怎見得，有詩為證：

乾元玄妙授來真，秘有靈符法更神。火棗瓊漿原自異，馬忠應得化微塵。

話說哪吒燒死馬忠，收了神火罩，得勝回營，來見子牙，備言燒死馬忠一事，子牙大喜慶功不表。

只見報馬報入關中：「啟主帥：馬忠被哪吒燒死。」徐芳大怒。旁邊轉過龍安吉曰：「馬忠不知淺深，自恃一口神煙，故有此敗。待末將明日成功，拿幾員反將，解往朝歌請罪。」次日，龍安吉上馬出關，前來搦戰。哨馬報入中軍。子牙問：「誰人出馬？」只見武成王黃飛虎上帳曰：「末將願往。」子牙許之。黃飛虎上了五色神牛，提鎗出營。龍安吉見一員周將，怎見得，有詩為證：

慣戰能爭氣更揚，英雄猛烈性堅強。忠心不改歸周主，鐵面無回棄紂王。

青史名標真義士，丹臺像列是純良。至今伐紂稱遺跡，留得聲名萬古香。

龍安吉大呼曰：「來者何人？」飛虎曰：「吾乃武成王是也。」龍安吉曰：「你就是黃飛虎？反叛成湯，釀禍之根，今日正要擒你！」催開馬搖手中斧來取，黃飛虎手中鎗急架忙迎。二將相交，鎗斧併舉，大

法戒與龍安古二件寶物：一曰引魂幡，一曰四肢酥。立此二名字，俱是婆心說法。引魂幡一動，則人之魂魄皆飛，七尺委地；四肢酥一響，則人之骨解筋酥，四肢莫救，可畏也。令人自思，誰家不有此二物？豈可任其酥骨引魂，令人七尺委地，四肢莫救可乎？真是勸世最上一乘！

見商君也！」

洪錦曰：「天意如此，何必多言！吾雖被擒，其志不屈，有死而已！」徐芳傳令：「且送下監去。」黃飛虎見洪錦也至監中，各各嘆歎而已。子牙又聽見探馬報進營來，言洪錦被擒，子牙心下十分不樂。次日，報：「龍安吉又來搦戰。」子牙問：「誰去見陣？」只見南宮适出馬，與龍安吉戰有數合，被龍安吉仍用四肢酥拿進關來見徐芳。徐芳吩咐：「也送下監中。」只見報馬報與子牙，子牙大驚。旁有正印先行哪吒言曰：「這龍安吉是何等妖術，連擒數將，待末將見陣，便知端的。」不知龍安吉性命如何，且聽下回分解。

評

法戒馬忠龍安吉皆有一技之能，俱恃為取勝之術，一遇勁敵，便至敗亡，理也。獨法戒竟為西方有緣化去，幸免一死；然則緣也，是不可不結的。獨恨近日之和尚，於婦女燒香拜佛之時，持盤化錢，動曰結緣法；然則此緣可結乎？更有一種賊充淫僧，假言講經宣卷，男女叢聚，不分老少，輒以此一字反復聞說，誘惑良家婦女，墜其術中，釀成奸淫之數，不勝枚舉。悲夫！有閨門之責者，可不預為之防乎！

又評

奈何？忙修本遣官，齎赴朝歌不表。忽見左右來報：「府前有一道人要見老爺。」徐芳忙傳令：「請來。」少時，見一道人，三隻眼，面如藍靛，赤髮獠牙，逕進府來。徐芳降階迎接，請上殿，與道人打稽首，徐芳導道人上坐。徐芳問曰：「老師是那座名山？何處洞府？」道人曰：「貧道乃九龍島煉氣士，姓呂名岳。吾與姜尚有不世之仇，今特來至此，借將軍之兵，以復昔日之仇。」徐芳大喜：「成湯洪福天齊，又有高人來助！」治酒相待，一宿晚景不題。卻說次日，呂岳出關至營前，請子牙答話。報馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：有一道人請元帥答話。」子牙不知是呂岳，吩咐：「點砲出營。」來至營前，看見對陣乃是呂岳，不覺可笑。豈意子牙兩邊眾門人一見呂岳，人人切齒，個個咬牙。子牙曰：「呂道友，你不知進退，尚不愧顏！當日既得逃生而去，今日又為何復投死地也。」呂岳曰：「我今日來時，也不知誰死誰活！」只見雷震子大吼一聲，罵曰：「不知死的匹夫！吾來了！」展開二翅，飛在空中。好黃金棍，夾頭打來。呂岳手中劍急架忙迎。金吒步行，用雙劍劈頭砍來。木吒厲聲大罵：「潑道！不要走！也吃吾一劍！」李靖、韋護、哪吒眾門人一齊擁上前來，將呂岳困在核心。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

殺氣迷空透九重，一千神聖逞英雄。這場大戰驚天地，海沸江翻勢更兇。

話說眾門人圍住了呂岳，呂岳現出三首六臂，祭起列瘟印，把雷震子打將下來。眾門人齊動手救回。子牙把打神鞭祭起空中，正中呂岳後背，打得三昧真火迸出，敗回穿雲關來。呂岳進關，徐芳接住，安慰曰：「老師，今日會戰，其實利害。」呂岳曰：「今日出去早了，等吾一道友來再出去，便可成功。」話說子牙進營，見雷震子著傷，心下又有些不悅。且白不題。

只見呂岳在關上，一連住了幾日。不一日，來了一位道者，至府前對軍政官曰：「你與主將說，有

第八十回

楊任大破瘟瘟陣

瘟瘟傘蓋屬邪巫，疫癘閭浮盡若屠。列陣兇頑非易破，著人狂躁豈能蘇。

須臾遍染家家盡，頃刻傳尸戶戶殂。只為子牙災未滿，穿雲闢下受崎嶇。

話說哪吒上了風火輪，前來闢下搦陣，大呼曰：「左右的！傳與你主將，叫龍安吉出來見我！」徐芳聞報，命龍安吉出陣。龍安吉領命出得關來，見哪吒在風火輪上，心下暗思：「此人乃是道術之士，不如先祭此寶，易於成功。」龍安吉至軍前問曰：「來者可是哪吒麼？」道罷，哪吒未及答應，就是一鎗。哪吒的鎗赴面相迎。輪馬交還，只一合，龍安吉就祭四肢酥丟在空中，大叫：「哪吒，看吾寶貝！」哪吒擡頭看時，只見陰陽扣就如太極環一般，有叮噹之聲。龍安吉不知哪吒是蓮花化身，原無魂魄，焉能落下輪來。倏然此圈落在地下。哪吒見圈落下，不知其故。龍安吉大驚。正是：

鞍轡慌壞龍安吉，豈意哪吒法寶來。

話說哪吒又現出三頭八臂，祭起乾坤圈，大呼曰：「你的圈不如我的，也還你一圈！」龍安吉躲不及，正中頂門，打下馬來。哪吒復加上一鎗，結果了性命。哪吒梟了首級，進營來見子牙：「取了龍安吉首級。」子牙大喜。

且說報馬報知徐芳，徐芳大驚。只見左右無將，朝廷又不點官來協守，止得方義真一人而已，如之

穿雲關底受瘟癘。」此莫非是瘟癘陣？」乃對楊戩曰：「此正應吾師元始之言，莫非是瘟癘陣麼？」楊戩曰：「待弟子對他說。」二人商議停當，回至軍前。呂岳曰：「子牙公識此陣否？」楊戩答曰：「呂道長，此乃小術耳，何足為奇！」呂岳曰：「此陣何名？」楊戩答曰：「此乃瘟癘陣。你還不曾擺全；俟擺全了，吾再來破你的。」呂岳聞楊戩之言，如石投大海，半晌無言。正是：

爐中玄妙全無用，一片雄心付水流。

話說楊戩言罷，同眾人回營。子牙陞帳坐下，眾門人齊讚楊戩利齒伶牙。子牙曰：「雖然一時回得他好看，終不知此陣中玄妙，如何可破？」哪吒曰：「且答應他一時，再作道理。況且上絕惡陣與誅仙這樣大陣，俱也破了，何況此小小陣圖，不足為慮。」子牙曰：「雖然如此，不可不慎。古人云：『人無遠慮，必有近憂。』豈可因其小而忽略？」眾門人齊曰：「元帥之言甚善。」正議間，左右來報：「終南山雲中子來見。」眾門人曰：「武王洪福齊天，自有高人來濟此陣之急也。」子牙忙迎出轅門，接住雲中子，二人攜手，行至帳中坐下。子牙曰：「道兄此來，必為姜尚遇此瘟癘陣也。」雲中子笑曰：「特為此陣而來。」子牙欠身謝曰：「姜尚屢遭大難，每勞列位道兄動履，尚何以消受。」因請教：「此陣中有何秘術？當用何人可破？」

雲中子曰：「此陣不用別人，乃是子牙公百日之災。只至災滿，自有一人來破。吾與你代掌帥印，調督軍事，其餘不足為慮。」子牙曰：「但是道兄如此，姜尚便一死又何足惜，況未必然乎！」子牙欣然，就將劍、印付與雲中子掌管。只見左右傳與武王。武王聞知雲中子說子牙有百日之災，忙至中軍左右來報。雲中子與子牙迎接上帳，行禮坐下。武王曰：「聞相父破陣，孤心不安。往往爭持，致多苦

一道人求見。」軍政官報入，呂岳曰：「請來。」少時，一道人進府，與呂岳打了稽首，與徐芳行禮坐下。徐芳問呂岳曰：「此位老師高姓大名？」呂岳曰：「此是吾弟陳庚，今日特來助你，共破子牙，併擒武王。」徐芳稱謝不盡，忙治酒款待。呂岳問陳庚曰：「賢弟前日所煉的那件寶貝，可曾完否？」陳庚答曰：「為等此寶完了，方纔趕來，所以來遲；明日可以會姜尚耳。」正是：

煉就奇珍行大惡，誰知海內有高明。

一宿晚景無詞。只至次日，呂岳命徐芳選三千人馬，出關來會子牙，徐芳親自掠陣不表。且說子牙陞帳，與眾門人曰：「今日呂岳又來阻吾之兵，你們各要仔細。」正議間，左右來報：「楊戩轅門等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」楊戩來至帳前行禮畢，言曰：「奉令催輝無誤。」子牙曰：「如今呂岳又來阻住穿雲關。」楊戩曰：「呂岳乃是失機之士，何敢又阻行旌？」話猶未了，只見軍政官來報：「呂岳會戰。」子牙忙傳令出營，率領眾將，與諸門人隨子牙來至營前。呂岳曰：「姜子牙，吾與你有勢不兩立之仇！若論兩教作為，莫非如此，且你係元始門下道德之士，吾有一陣，擺與你看，但你認得，吾便保周伐紂；若是認不得，我與你立見高低。」子牙曰：「道友，你何不自守清淨，往往要作此業障，甚非道者所為。你既擺陣，請擺來我看。」呂岳同陳庚進陣，有半個時辰，擺成一陣；復至軍前，大呼曰：「姜子牙請看吾陣！」子牙同哪吒、楊戩、韋護、李靖上前來。

楊戩曰：「呂道長，吾等看陣，不可發暗器傷人。」呂岳曰：「爾乃小輩之言。我自堂堂之陣，正正之旗，豈有用暗器傷你之理！」子牙同眾人往前後看了一遍，渾然一陣，又無字跡，如何認得？子牙心中焦躁：「此必是不可攻伐之陣，又是左道之術。」子牙忽然想起元始四偈：「界牌關下遇誅仙，

話說呂岳不聽李平之勸，差官下書知會姜尚，來破此陣。使命齎戰書至子牙行營，來至轅門。左右報入中軍。子牙命：「令來。」使命至中軍，朝上見禮畢，呈上戰書。子牙接開展玩，書曰：

九龍島煉氣士呂岳致書于西岐元帥姜子牙麾下：竊聞物極必返，逆天必罰。爾西岐不守臣節，以臣伐君，以下凌上，有干綱常，得罪天地；況且以黨惡之象，屢抗敵于天兵，仗闡教之術，復屠城而殺將，惡已貫盈，人神共憤。故上大厥惡，特假手于吾，設此瘟癘陣。今差使致書，早早批宣，以決勝負。如白揣不德，急早倒戈，尚待爾不死。戰書至日，速乞自裁。

且說子牙看罷書，將原書批回：「明日決破此陣。」來使領書，回見呂岳不表。次日，雲中子在中軍請子牙上帳，用三道符印：前心一道，後心一道，冠內一道；又將一粒丹藥與子牙揣在懷中。打點停當，只聽得關外砲響，報馬進營來：「有呂岳在營前搦戰。」子牙上了四不相，武王同眾將諸門下齊至軍前掠陣。真好瘟癘陣！怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

殺氣漫空，悲風四起。殺氣漫空，黑暗暗俱是些鬼哭神嚎；悲風四起，昏昏鄧盡是那雷轟電掣。透心寒，怎禁他冷氣侵入；解骨酥，難當他陰風撲面。遠觀似飛砂走石，近看如霧捲雲騰。瘟癘陣飛來，火水扇翩翩亂舉。瘟癘陣內神仙怕，正應姜公百曰災。

話說子牙至陣前曰：「呂岳，你今設此毒陣，與你定決雌雄。只怕你禍至難逃，悔之晚矣。」呂岳忙催開金眼駝，仗劍飛來直取；子牙手中劍急架忙迎。二人戰未及數合，呂岳掩一劍，逕入陣去了。子牙催開四不相，隨後趕進陣來。呂岳上了八卦臺，將一把瘟癘傘往下一蓋，昏昏黑黑，如紅紗黑霧罩將下來，勢不可當。子牙一手執定杏黃旗架住此傘。可憐！正是：

惱，孤想不若回軍，各安疆界，以樂民生，何必如此？」雲中子曰：「賢王不知，上天垂象，天運循環，氣數如此，豈是人為，縱欲逃之不能。賢王放心。」武王默然無語。

且不言雲中子與子牙商議破敵，且說呂岳進關，同陳庚將二十一把瘟癘傘安放在陣內，按九宮八卦方位，擺列停當，中立一土臺，安置用度符印，打點擒拿周將。正與陳庚在陣內調度，見左右來報：「有一道人要見呂老爺。」呂岳曰：「是誰？與我請來。」少時，那道人飄然而至。呂岳一見李平來至，忙迎住，喜曰：「道兄此來，必是來助我一臂之力，以滅周武、姜尚也。」李平曰：「不然，我特來勸你。吾在中途，聞你擺瘟癘陣以阻周兵，我故此特地前來，相勸道兄。今紂王無道，罪惡貫盈，天下其叛，此天之所以滅商湯也。武王乃當世有德之君，上配堯舜，下合人心，是應運而興之君，非草澤乘奸之輩①。況鳳鳴岐山，王氣已鍾久矣，道兄安得以一人扭轉天命哉。子牙奉天征討，伐罪弔民，會諸侯于孟津，正應滅紂于甲子。難道我李平反為武王，不為截教，來逆道兄之意？道兄若依我勸，可撤去此陣，但憑武王與子牙征伐取關。我們原係方外閒人，逍遙散淡，無束無拘，又何名羈利鎖之不能解脫耶。」呂岳笑曰：「李兄差矣！我來誅逆討叛，正是應天順人。你為何自己受惑，反說我所為非也！你看我擒姜尚、武王，令他片甲不回。」李平曰：「不然。姜尚有七死三災之厄，他也過了；遇過多少毒惡之人，十絕、誅仙惡陣，他也經過，也非容易至此。古云：『前車已覆，後車當鑒。』道兄何苦執迷如此？」李平五次三番勸不醒呂岳，此正是：

三部正神天數盡，李平到此也難逃。

① 草澤乘奸之輩：即草澤中依據奸邪之道橫行的人，即草澤奸雄。

仗崑崙杏黃旗攔住瘟癘傘，陣內常放金花千百朵，或隱或現，保護其身。話說呂岳進關來，徐芳接住曰：「老師，今將姜尚困于陣內，不知他何日得死？周兵何日得勦？」呂岳曰：「吾自有法取之。」徐芳曰：「如今且把擒獲周將解往朝歌請罪，吾另外再作一本，稱讚老師功德，併請益兵防守。」呂岳曰：「不必言及吾等。你乃紂臣，理當如此。我是道門，又不受他爵祿，言之無用。只是不可把反臣留在關內，提防不測，這倒是緊要事。併請兵協守，再作理會。」徐芳領命，忙忙把四將點名，上了囚車，差方義真押解往朝歌請罪。正是：

指望成功扶帝業，中途自有異人來。

話說方義真押解四將往潼關來，算只有八十里，不一日就到。且按下不表。

話說青峰山紫陽洞清虛道德真君閒暇無事，往桃園中來，見楊任在旁，真君曰：「今日正該你去穿雲關以解子牙瘟癘陣之厄，並釋四將之愆。」楊任曰：「老師，弟子乃是文臣出身，非是兵戈之客。」真君笑曰：「這有何難，學之自然得會；不學雖會也疏。」真君隨入後洞，取出一根鎗，名曰飛電鎗，在桃園裡傳與楊任。有歌為證，歌曰：

君不見，此鎗名號為飛電。穿心透骨不尋常，刺虎降龍真可羨。先天鉛汞配雌雄，煉就坎離相眷戀。也能飛，也能戰，變化無窮隨意見。今日與你破瘟癘，呂岳逢之鮮血濺。

話說楊任乃是封神榜上之神，自然聰慧，一見真君傳授，須臾即會。真君曰：「我把雲霞獸與你騎，還有一把五火神焰扇，你帶了下山。若進陣中，須是如此如此，自然破他瘟癘陣，何愁呂岳不滅耳！還有黃飛虎四將，有難在中途，你先可救他，在關內以為接應；破陣後，裡外夾攻，定然成功。」楊任拜

七死三災扶帝業，萬年千載竟留芳。

話說呂岳將子牙困于陣中，復出陣前大呼曰：「姜尚已絕于吾陣，叫姬發早早受死！」武王在轅門聞呂岳之言，慌問雲中子曰：「老師，相父若果絕于陣中，真痛殺孤家也！」雲中子曰：「不妨，此是呂岳謬言。子牙該有百日之災。」只見後邊哪吒、楊戩、金木二吒、李靖、韋護、雷震子一齊大呼：「拿這妖道碎尸萬段，以泄我等之恨！」呂岳、陳庚二人向前迎敵，大戰在一處。只殺的陰風颯颯，冷霧迷空。怎見得：

這幾個赤膽忠良名譽大，他兩個要阻周兵心思壞。一低一好兩相持，數位正神同賭賽。降魔杵，來得快，正直無私真寶貝。這一邊哪吒、楊戩善騰挪；那一邊呂岳、陳庚多作怪。刀鎗劍戟往來施，俱是玄門仙器械。今日穿雲關外賭神通，各逞英雄真可愛。一個兇心不息阻周兵；一個要與武王安世界。苦爭惡戰豈尋常，地慘天昏無可奈！

話說眾人把呂岳、陳庚困在核心，哪吒現了三首八臂，把乾坤圈祭起，正中陳庚肩窩上；楊戩祭哮天犬，把呂岳頭上咬了一口，二人逕敗進瘟癘陣去了。眾門人也不趕他，同武王進營。武王不見子牙，心中甚是不樂，問雲中子曰：「相父受困于陣內，幾時方能出來？」雲中子曰：「不過百日之厄，災滿自然無事。」武王大驚曰：「百日無食，焉能再生？」雲中子曰：「大王可記得在紅沙陣內，也是百日，自然無事。古云：『有福之人，千方百計莫能害他；無福之人，遇溝壑也喪性命。』大王不必牽掛。」且不講武王納悶在帳內，度日如年，雙眉頻鎖。

且說呂岳自困住了子牙，甚是歡喜，每日入陣內三次，用傘上之功，將瘟癘來毒子牙。可憐子牙全

黃飛虎——俱是一殿之臣——忙下了雲霞獸，口稱：「黃將軍，我非別人，不才便是上大夫楊任。因紂王失政，起造鹿臺，我等直諫，昏君將吾剗去二目。多虧道德真君救吾上山，將兩粒仙丹納放目中，故此生出手中之眼耳。今特督我下山，來破瘟癘陣，先救將軍等，故效此微勞耳。」隨放了四將。四將謝過了楊任，只是咬牙深恨。楊任曰：「四位將軍且不必出關，且借住民家，待吾破了瘟癘陣，那時率眾取關，公等可作內應。只聽砲聲為號，不可有誤。」黃飛虎等感謝楊任，自投關內民家去了。

且說楊任上了雲霞獸，出穿雲關，來至周營，下了雲霞獸。軍政官見了大驚。楊任曰：「早報于武王，吾非反臣也。」報馬報入中軍：「有異人求見。」雲中子知是楊任來了，忙傳令：「請進中軍。」諸將見了，各自駭然。楊任見雲中子下拜，曰：「師叔在此，料呂岳何能為患。」雲中子安慰謝畢，請起與眾門人相見。楊任來見武王。武王大驚，問其緣故，楊任把紂王剗目之事又說了一遍。武王大喜，命治酒款待。楊任又將救了四將事表過，「吾師特命不才來破瘟癘陣耳。」雲中子曰：「你來的正好。還差三日，正是百日之厄完滿。」眾門人見又添楊任，各有歡喜之色，不覺過了三日。

次日清晨，周營砲響，大隊齊出，一千周將與眾門人併武王、雲中子齊至轅門，看楊任破瘟癘陣。楊任至陣前大呼曰：「呂岳何不早來見我！」只見陣內呂道人現了三首六臂，手掣寶劍而出，見楊任相貌異常，心下也自驚駭，忙問曰：「你是何人？通箇名來！」楊任曰：「吾乃道德真君門下楊任是也；今奉師命下山，特來破你瘟癘陣。」呂岳笑曰：「你不過一小童耳，敢出大言！」仗劍來取。楊任飛電鎗急架相迎。二獸相交，鎗劍並舉。戰未三合，呂岳掩一劍望陣中而走。楊任大呼：「吾來也！」楊任進陣，不知吉凶如何，且聽下回分解。

辭師父下山，上了雲霞獸，把頂上角拍了一把，那騎四蹄自然生起雲彩，望空中飛來。正是：

莫道此獸無好處，曾赴蟠桃四五番。

且說楊任霎時已至潼關，離城有三十里遠，只見方義真解著犯官前進，旗旛上大書解岐周反將黃飛虎、南宮适等名字。楊任落下獸來，阻住去路，大呼曰：「來將那裡去？」軍士一見楊任生的古怪蹺蹶，眼眶裡長出兩隻手來，手心裡反有兩隻眼睛，騎著一匹神獸，五柳長髯，飄揚腦後，軍士見之，無不駭然。飛報與方義真：「啟上將軍，前邊來了個古怪異人阻住了路。」方義真仗自己胸襟，把馬一夾，走出車前，見楊任如此行狀，從來也不曾有這樣的相貌，心中也自著驚，大呼曰：「來者何人？」楊任終是文官出身，言語自然輕柔，乃應曰：「不須問我，吾乃上大夫楊任是也。將軍，天道已歸明主，你又何必逆天行事，自取滅亡也？」方義真曰：「吾奉主將命令，押解周將往朝歌請功，你為何阻住去路？」楊任曰：「吾奉師令下山，來破瘟癘陣，今逢將軍押解周將，理宜救護。我勸將軍不若和我歸了武王，正所謂應天順人，不失封侯之位，有何不可？」方義真見楊任低言悄語，不把楊任放在心上，把手中鎗一舉，大喝曰：「逆賊休走，吃吾一鎗！」楊任忙用手中鎗急架相還。兩家大戰，未及數合，楊任恐軍士傷了被擒官將，忙用五火神焰扇照著方義真一扇搨去。楊任不知此扇利害，一聲響，怎見得，可憐！有詩為證，詩曰：

烈焰騰空萬丈高，金蛇千道逞英豪。黑煙捲地紅三尺，煮海翻波咫尺消。

話說楊任把扇子一搨，方義真連人帶馬化一陣狂風去了。眾軍士見了，吶一聲喊，抱頭棄兵，奔走回關。且說黃飛虎等見楊任這等相貌，知是異人，忙在陷車中問曰：「來者是那一位尊神？」楊任認得

第八十一回 子牙潼關遇痘神

痘疹惡疾勝瘡瘍，不信人間有異方。疤紫毒生追命藥，漿清氣絕索魂湯。

時行戶戶應多難，傳染人人盡著傷。不是武王多福蔭，枉教軍士喪疆場。

話說呂岳走進陣去，楊任趕進陣來。呂岳上了八卦臺，將瘟癘傘撐起來，往上一罩。楊任把五火扇一搨，那傘化作友爐，飄揚而去；又搨了數扇，只見那二十把傘盡成飛灰。有瘟部神祇李平進陣來，指望勸解呂岳，不要與周兵作難；也是天數該然，恰逢其會，被楊任一扇子搨來，李平怎能逃脫？可憐！正是：

一點誠心分邪正，反遭一扇喪微軀。

李平誤被楊任一扇子搨成灰燼。陳庚大怒，罵曰：「何處來的妖人，敢傷吾弟！」舉兵刃飛取楊任。楊任把扇子連搨數扇，莫說是陳庚一人，連地都搨紅了。呂岳在八卦臺上見勢頭凶險，捏著避火訣，指望逃走；不知楊任此扇乃五火真性攢簇而成，豈是五行之火可以趨避？呂岳見火勢愈熾，不能鎮壓，撒身往後便走，被楊任趕上前，連搨數扇，把八卦臺與呂岳俱成灰燼。三魂俱赴封神臺去了。有詩為證，詩曰：

九龍島內曾修煉，得道多年根未深。今日遭逢神火扇，可知天意滅真心。

評

呂岳昔日在西岐逃去，幸而不死，自當改過遷善，如何又來這裡阻逆周兵？只討送去了性命方罷。何其癡愚若此！予見他對徐芳曰：我又不受爵祿。據此觀之，乃好事之人。

又評

李平特來為子牙解釋，極是好意；又知子牙有七死三災之厄，然而於自己則不知，反來湊數，此是好事之人，迷卻本性。倘當日只在山裡坐，那有殺身之禍？今日之招攬多事者，宜當鑑戒！

士卒生擒活捉，拿縛關下。眾將收了軍卒，迎姜元帥進關，陞廳坐下，出榜安民畢。有黃飛虎、南宮适等來見子牙。子牙曰：「將軍等身受陷棄之苦，幸皇天庇祐，轉禍為福，此皆將軍等為國忠心，感動天地耳。」眾將在穿雲關安置已定，子牙吩咐：「把徐芳推來。」左右將徐芳擁至堦前，徐芳立而不跪。

子牙罵曰：「徐芳，你擒兄已絕手足之情，為臣有失邊疆之責，你有何顏尚敢抗禮？此乃人中之禽獸也！速推出斬首！」眾軍士把徐芳推出斬首，號令在穿雲關。武王設宴與眾將飲酒，犒賞三軍。翌日，子牙傳令起兵，行有八十里，兵至潼關，安營砲響，立下寨棚。子牙陞帳，眾將官參謁畢，商議取關。

且言潼關主將余化龍有子五人，乃是余達、余兆、余光、余先、余德，惟余德一人在海外出家，不在潼關，連余化龍只有父子五人守此關隘。忽聽關外砲響，探事報知：「周兵抵關下寨。」余化龍謂四子曰：「周兵此來，一路屢屢得勝，今日至此，亦是勁敵，須是要盡一番心力。」四子齊曰：「父親放心，料姜尚有多大本領，不過偶然得勝，諒他何能過得此關？」不言余化龍父子商議，再言子牙次日陞帳，問左右：「誰去取此關見陣一遭？」旁有太鸞應聲曰：「末將願往。」子牙許之。太鸞出營，至關下搦戰，哨馬報入關中。余化龍命長子余達出關，余達領令出關。太鸞見潼關內有一將，銀甲紅袍，真個齊整，滾出關來。怎見得，有讚為證，讚曰：

紫金冠，名束髮；飛鳳額，雉尾插。面如傅粉一般同，大紅袍罩連環甲。獅鸞寶帶現玲瓏，打將銅鞭如鐵塔。銀合馬跑白雲飛，白銀鎗杵鞍上拉。大紅旗上書金字：潼關首將名余達。

話說太鸞大呼曰：「潼關來將何名？」余達曰：「吾乃余元帥長子余達是也。久聞姜尚大逆不道，興兵搆怨，不守臣節，干犯朝廷關隘，是自取滅亡耳。」太鸞曰：「吾元帥乃奉天征討，東進五關，弔民伐

話說楊任破了瘟癘陣，只見子牙在四不相上伏定，手執著杏黃旗，左右金花發現，擁護其身。諸門人看見，齊來攙住。子牙也不言語，面如淡金，只見四不相一躍而起。武王在轅門見武吉背負子牙而來，武王垂淚言曰：「相父為國為民，受盡苦中之苦！」隨將子牙背至中軍，放在臥榻之上。雲中子用丹藥灌入于子牙口中，送下丹田。少時，子牙睜目，見眾將官立于左右，乃言曰：「有勞列位苦心。」武王大喜曰：「相父且自安心，仔細調理。」子牙在軍中安養了數日，只見雲中子曰：「子牙且自寬心，待後萬仙陣，我等再來助你，今日且奉別。」子牙不敢強留，雲中子回終南山去了。

子牙打點取關，只見楊任上前言曰：「前日不才已暗放了四將在內，元帥可作速調遣。」子牙見楊任說有四將在內，須得裡外夾攻，方可取關。子牙傳令，點眾將攻關。且說徐芳又見破了瘟癘陣，左右來報：「方義真已死，四將不知所往。」心下十分著忙。只見門外殺聲振地，鑼鼓齊鳴，喊聲不止，如天崩地塌之狀。徐芳急上關來守禦，只見周兵大勢人馬，四面架起雲梯火砲，攻打甚急。有雷震子大怒，飛在空中，一棍刷在城敵樓上，把敵樓打塌了半邊。徐芳禁持不住，急下城來，雷震子已立于城上。哪吒登起風火輪，也上城來。守城軍士見雷震子這等兇惡，一齊走了。哪吒下城，斬落了鎖鑰，周兵一擁而入。徐芳見周營大勢人馬進關，只得縱馬搖鎗前來抵擋，被周營大小眾將把徐芳圍困在當中，彼此混戰。

且說黃飛虎、南宮适、洪錦、徐蓋聽得關內喊殺，知是周兵成功，四將步行，趕至關前，見周兵已將徐芳圍住。黃飛虎大叫曰：「徐芳休走，吾來也！」徐芳正在著忙之際，又見黃飛虎等四人沖殺前來，不覺吃了一驚，措手不及，被黃飛虎一劍砍來。徐芳望後一閃，那劍竟砍落馬首，把徐芳撞下鞍轡，被

牙，大喝曰：「你可是余兆？快來領死！」余光曰：「非也。吾乃是余元帥三子余光是也。」蘇全忠大怒，縱馬搖戟，沖殺過來。二馬相交，戟鎗併舉，大戰有二十餘合，余光撥馬便走。蘇全忠因父親被害，怒發如雷，大罵曰：「不殺匹夫，誓不回兵！」趕下陣來。余光按下鎗，取梅花鏢，回首一鏢，有五根一齊出手。

全忠身中三鏢，幾乎墜于馬下，敗回周營。余光得勝，進關見父回令：「鏢打蘇全忠敗回。」余化龍曰：「明日待吾親會姜尚，設謀共破周兵，必取全勝。」次日，關中點砲吶喊，余總兵帶四子出關，至周營搦戰。哨馬報進營來，子牙與眾將出營拒敵，左右軍威甚齊。余化龍見子牙出兵，歎曰：「人言子牙善于用兵，果然話不虛傳。」余化龍看罷，一騎當先：「姜子牙請了！」子牙答禮曰：「余元帥，不才甲冑在身，不能全禮。不才奉天征討獨夫，以除不道，弔民伐罪，所以望風納降，俱得保全富貴；所有逆命者，隨則敗亡，國家盡失。元帥不得以昨日三次僥倖之功，認為必勝之策。倘執迷不悟，一時玉石俱焚，悔之何及？請自三思，毋貽伊戚。」余化龍笑曰：「似你出身淺薄，不知天高地厚之恩，只知妖言惑眾，造反叛主，以逞狂妄。今日逢吾，只教你尸甲無存，死無葬身之地矣。」大叫：「左右！誰與我拿姜尚見頭一功？」只見左右四子沖殺過來。蘇全忠戰住余達，余兆敵住武吉，鄧秀抵住余光，余先戰住黃飛虎，余化龍壓住陣腳，四對兒交兵。這場大戰，怎見得好殺？有贊為證，贊曰：

兩陣上旗旛齊磨，四對將各逞英豪。長鎗闊斧並相交，短劍斜揮閃耀。蘇全忠英雄赳赳，余達似猛虎頭搖；武吉只教活拿余兆；鄧秀喊捉余光餐刀；黃飛虎恨不得鎗挑余先下馬；眾兒郎助陣似潮湧波濤。咫尺間天昏地暗，殺多時鬼哭神嚎。這一陣只殺得屍橫遍野血凝膏，尚不肯干

罪，會合天下諸侯，觀政于商。五關進之有三，爾尚敢拒逆天兵哉？速宜倒戈，免汝一死；若候關破之日，玉石俱焚，追悔何及！」余達大怒，搖鎗直取；太鸞手中刀赴面來迎。二將大戰，二十合，余達撥馬便走，太鸞隨後趕來。余達聞腦後馬至，掛下鎗，取出撞心杵，回手一杵，正中太鸞臉上。太鸞翻下鞍轡。可憐為將官的，正是：

禍福隨身于頃刻，翻身落馬項無頭。

余達把太鸞一杵打下馬來，復一鎗結束了性命，梟了首級，掌鼓進關，見父請功，將首級號令于關上。敗兵回見子牙報知，子牙聞太鸞已死，心下不樂。次日，子牙陞帳，只見蘇護上帳，欲去取關，子牙許之。蘇護上馬，至關下討戰。哨馬報知，余化龍命次子余兆出關對敵。蘇護問曰：「來者何人？」余兆曰：「吾乃余元帥次男余兆是也。爾是何名？」蘇護曰：「吾非別人，乃冀州侯蘇護是也。」余兆曰：「老將軍，末將不知是老皇親。老將軍身為貴戚，世受國恩，宜當共守王土，以圖報效；何得忘椒房之寵，一旦造反，以助叛逆，竊為將軍不取！一旦武王失恃，那時被擒，身弑國亡，遺譏萬世，追悔何及。速宜倒戈，尚可轉禍為福耳。」蘇護大怒：「天下大勢，八九已非商土，豈在一潼關也！」縱馬搖鎗，直取余兆。余兆手中鎗急架忙迎。二馬來往，未及十合，余兆取一杏黃旗一展，咫尺似一道金光一晃，余兆連人帶馬就不見了。蘇護不知所往，急自左右看時，腦後馬至；慌忙轉馬，早被余兆一鎗刺中脇下，蘇護翻鞍落馬，一魂已往封神臺去了。余兆取了首級，進關來見父報功，將首級號令，慶喜不表。且說子牙又見折了蘇護，著實傷悼。蘇護長子蘇全忠聞報痛哭，上帳欲報父仇；子牙不得已，許之。蘇全忠領令，至關下搦戰，哨馬報進關來，余化龍令第三子余光出關對敵。蘇全忠見關中一少年將來，切齒咬

現出三首八臂；雷震子、韋護、金吒、木吒、李靖一齊上前迎敵，口稱：「拿此潑道，休得輕放！」眾門人一齊上前，把余德圍在核心，縱有奇術，不能使用。楊戩見余德渾身一團邪氣裹住，知是左道之術，把馬跳出圈子去，取彈弓在手，發出金丸，正中余德。余德大叫一聲，借土遁走了。子牙回營，楊戩見子牙曰：「余德乃左道之士，渾身一團邪氣籠罩，防他暗用妖術。」子牙曰：「吾師有言：『謹防達兆光先德。』莫非就是此余德也？」旁有黃飛虎曰：「前日四將輪戰四日，果然是余達、余兆、余光、余先、余德。」子牙大驚，憂容滿面，雙鎖眉梢，正尋思無計。

且說余德著傷敗回關上，進府來，用藥服了，不一時，身體痊癒。余德切齒深恨曰：「我若留你一個，也不是有道之士！」彼時至晚，余德與四兄曰：「你們今夜沐浴靜身，我用一術，使周兵七日內，叫他片甲無存。」四人依其言，各自沐浴更衣。至一更時分，余德取出五個帕來，按青、黃、赤、白、黑顏色，鋪在地下。余德又取出五個小斗兒來，一人拿著一個，「叫你抓著灑，你就灑；叫你把此斗往下潑，你就潑。不用張弓射箭，七日內死他乾乾淨淨。」兄弟五人，俱站在此帕上。余德步罡斗法，用先天一氣，忙將符印祭起。好風！有詩為證，詩曰：

蕭蕭颯颯竟無蹤，拔樹崩山勢更兇。
莫道封姨無用處，藏妖影怪作先鋒。

話說余德祭起五方雲來至周營，站立空中，將此五斗毒瘴四面八方潑灑，至四更方回。不表。且說周營眾人俱肉體凡胎，如何經得起，三軍人人發熱，眾將個個不寧。子牙在中軍也自發熱，武王在後殿，自覺身疼。六十萬人馬俱是如此。三日後，一概門人、眾將，渾身上下俱長出顆粒，莫能動履；營中煙火斷絕；止得哪吒乃蓮花化身，不逢此厄。楊戩知道余德是左道之人，故此夜間不在營中，各自運度，因

休罷了。

八員戰將，各要爭先，余達撥馬就走；蘇全忠隨後趕來，被余達回手一杵，正中護心鏡上，打得紛紛粉碎。蘇全忠翻身落馬，余達勒回馬，挺鎗來刺，早有雷震子展開雙翅，飛來且快，使開黃金棍，當頭刷來，余達只得架棍。周營內早有偏將祁恭將全忠救回。話說余化龍見雷震子敵住余達，自縱馬舞刀來取子牙；旁有哪吒登風火輪挺鎗來刺，來往沖突，兩軍殺在虎穴之中。正酣戰間，卻有楊戩催糧至營，見子牙捉對交兵。楊戩立馬橫刀，看十人對敵，不分勝負。楊戩自思曰：「待我暗助他等一陣。」遠遠將哮天犬祭起。余化龍那裡知道，被哮天犬一口咬了頸子，連盔都帶去了。哪吒見余化龍著傷，急祭起乾坤圈，一圍正中余先肩窩，大敗而走。周兵揮動人馬，沖殺一陣；只殺得屍橫遍野，血淋草梢。子牙掌鼓回營。正是：

眼前得勝權回寨，只恐飛災又降臨。

話說余化龍被哮天犬所傷，余先又打傷肩臂，父子二人呻吟一夜，府中大小俱不能安。不一日，余德回家探父，家將報知：「五爺來了。」余化龍尚自呻吟不已，只見余德走近臥榻之前，見父親如此模樣，急忙請問，余化龍將前事備述一遍。余德曰：「不妨，這是哮天犬所傷。」忙取丹藥，用水敷之，即時痊癒。又用藥調治兄長余先。當日晚景休題。次日，余德出關至周營，只要姜子牙答話。哨馬報入中軍，子牙隨出大營，見一道童，頭挽抓髻，麻鞋道服，仗劍而來。子牙曰：「道者從那裡來？」余德曰：「吾乃余化龍第五子余德是也。楊戩用哮天犬咬傷吾父，哪吒用圈打傷吾兄，今日下山，特為父兄報仇。吾與汝等，共顯胸中道術，以決雌雄。」縱步仗劍，來取子牙，旁有楊戩舞刀忙迎。哪吒提鎗，

碧草，龍鬚柔軟；古怪怪的古樹，鹿角丫叉。亂石堆山，似大大小小的伏虎；老藤掛樹，似彎彎曲曲的騰蛇。丹壁上更有些分分明明的金碧影，低澗中只見那香香馥馥的瑞蓮華。洞府中鎖著那氤氳氤氳的霧靄，青巒上籠著那爛爛縷縷的煙靄。對對彩鸞鳴，渾似那唧唧啞啞的律呂；雙雙丹鳳嘯，恍疑是嘹嘹亮亮的笙箏。碧水跳珠，點點滴滴從玉女盤中泄出；虹霓流彩，閃閃灼灼自蒼龍嶺上飛斜。真個是：福地無如仙景好，火雲仙府勝玄都。

話說楊戩看罷景致，不敢擅入；少時，見一水火童子出來，楊戩上前稽首曰：「敢煩師兄借傳一語，楊戩求見。」童子認得楊戩，忙回禮曰：「師兄少待。」童子回言畢，進洞府來：「啟老爺：外面有楊戩求見。」伏羲聖人曰：「著他進來。」童子復至外面：「楊戩進見。」楊戩至蒲團前，倒身下拜：「弟子楊戩願老爺聖壽無疆！」拜罷，將書呈上。伏羲展玩，書曰：

弟子黃龍真人、玉鼎真人薰沐頓首，謹書上啟闢天開地太昊上帝寶座下：弟子仰仗三教，演習靈文，自宜守蒲團，豈敢冒言瀆奏。但弟子等運逢劫數，殺戒已臨，襄應運之天子，伐無道之獨夫。路至潼關，突遭余德以左道之幻術，暗毒害于生靈。茲有元戎姜尚暨門徒將士兵卒六十餘萬，驟染顆粒之瘡，莫辨為癰為毒，懣懣待盡，至呼吸以難通，旦夕垂亡，雖水漿而莫用。自思無奈，仰叩仁慈，懇祈大開惻隱，憐憫大立極之聖君，拯無辜之性命，早施雨露，以解倒懸。臨啟不勝待命之至！

伏羲看罷書，謂神農曰：「今武王有事于天下，乃是應運之君，數當有此厄難，吾等理宜助一臂之力。」神農曰：「皇兄之言是也。」遂取三粒丹藥付與楊戩。楊戩得了丹藥，跪而啟曰：「此丹將何用度？」

此上不曾侵染。只見過了五六日，子牙渾身上俱是黑的。此痘形按五方：青、黃、赤、白、黑。哪吒與楊戩曰：「今番又是那年呂岳之故事。」楊戩曰：「呂岳伐西岐，還有城郭可依；如今不過行營寨柵，如何抵擋？倘瀆闢余家父子沖殺出來，如何濟事？」二人心下甚是焦悶。且說余化龍父子六人在瀆闢城上來看，周營煙火全無，空立旗旛寨柵，余達曰：「乘周營諸將有難，吾等領兵下關，一齊殺出，只此一陣成功，豈不為美！」余德曰：「長兄，不必勞師動眾，他自然盡絕，也使旁人知我等妙法無邊。不動聲色，令周兵六十萬餘人自然滅絕。」父子五人齊曰：「妙哉！妙哉！」看官：此正是武王有福，不然，若依余達之言，則周營兵將死無噍類。正是：

洪福已扶仁聖主，徒令余達逞奇謀。

話說楊戩見子牙看看病勢危急，心下著慌，與哪吒共議曰：「師叔如此狼狽，呼吸俱難，如之奈何？」話猶未了，只見半空中黃龍真人跨鶴而來。楊戩、哪吒迎接黃龍真人至中軍坐下。真人曰：「楊戩，你師父可曾來？」楊戩答曰：「不曾來。」真人曰：「他原說先來，如今該會萬仙陣了。」話未絕時，又聽得玉鼎真人自空中來至，楊戩迎迓，拜罷。玉鼎真人起身，入內營來看子牙，見子牙如此模樣，真人點首歎曰：「雖是帝王之師，好容易！正是你：

七死三災今已滿，清名留在簡篇中。」

玉鼎真人歎息不已，隨命楊戩：「你再往火雲洞走一遭。」楊戩領命，借著土遁往火雲洞而來，如風雲一樣。看看來至山腳下，好山，真無限的景致，有奇花馥馥，異草依依。怎見得，有賦為證，賦曰：

勢連天界，名號火雲。青青翠翠的喬松，龍鱗重疊；猗猗挺挺的秀竹，鳳尾交加；蒙蒙茸茸的

痘疹毒惡，大抵是九死一生之症；乃知此孽始於是時，其流波不可止。只恨當日子牙惹此禍端，何不連根斬斷？

又評

痘疹與近日相似，人人難免，觀之當年神仙，也自遭厄。如此言之，在當年不出痘的，也做不得神仙；在近日不出痘的，也做不得人。人與仙兩不可做得，還請自做主張。

伏羲曰：「此丹：一粒可救武王，一粒可救子牙；一粒用水化開，只在軍前四處灑過，此毒氣自然消滅。」楊戩又問曰：「不知此疾何名？」伏羲曰：「此疾名為痘疹，乃是傳染之病；若少救遲，俱是死症。」楊戩又答曰：「倘此疾後日傳染人間，將何藥能治？乞賜指示。」神農曰：「你隨我出洞至紫雲崖來。」楊戩隨了神農來至崖前，尋了一遍；神農拔一草遞與楊戩：「你往人間，傳與後世，此藥能救痘疹之患也。」楊戩又跪懇曰：「此草何名？」神農曰：「你聽我道來：此草有詩為證，詩曰：

紫梗黃根八瓣花，痘瘡發表是升麻。常桑曾說玄中妙，傳與人間莫浪誇。」

話說楊戩求了丹藥，又傳下升麻，以濟後人；離了火雲洞，逕至周營，來見玉鼎真人，備言求得丹藥，併升麻之草，可救痘疹之厄。黃龍真人忙將丹藥化開，先救武王；玉鼎真人來治子牙；楊戩與哪吒用水化開此丹，用楊枝灑起四處來。霎時間，痘疹之毒一時全消。正是：

痘疹毒害從今起，後人遇皆冇生亡。

周營內被楊戩、哪吒在四面灑遍。只三山五岳門人，與凡夫不同，俱是腹內有三昧真火的，又會五行之術，不覺俱先好了；人人切齒，個個咬牙。次日，子牙見眾門人臉上俱有疤痕，子牙大怒，與眾人共議取潼關泄恨。眾人齊厲聲大叫曰：「今日不取潼關，勢不回軍！」不知余化龍父子性命如何，且聽下回分解。

木二吒氣沖牛斗，楊任腹内生煙，雷震子聲如霹靂，韋護咬碎鋼牙，李靖欲平吞他父子；龍鬚虎足踏水雲，奪勇爭先。余家父子迎上前來，周營中眾門人裹住了余家父子。未及數合，哪吒現了三首八臂，登起風火輪，先在潼關城上。軍士見哪吒三首八臂，一聲喊，散了個乾淨。余化龍父子見哪吒上關，身子被眾人裹住，不得跳出圈子，因此上出了神，被雷震子一棍，正中余光頂上，翻下馬來。余達大呼曰：「匹夫！傷吾之弟，勢不兩立！」來戰雷震子；又被韋護祭起降魔杵把余達打死，倒在塵埃。楊任將扇子一搥，余先、余兆二人化作飛灰而散。余德兄弟已死四人，心中大怒，直奔子牙殺來。子牙身體方纔好，諒戰不過，急祭打神鞭于空中，正中余德，打翻在地，早被李靖一戟刺死。雷震子見哪吒上城，也飛進城來。余化龍見五子陣亡，潼關已歸西土，在馬上大呼曰：「紂王！臣不能盡忠扶帝業，為主報深仇，臣今拼一死而報君恩也！」余化龍仗劍自刎而亡。後人單道余化龍父子一門死節，後人有詩弔之，詩曰：

鐵騎馳騎血刃紅，潼關力戰未成功。一門盡節忠商主，萬死丹心泣曉風。
苟祿真能慚素位，捐生今始識英雄。清風耿耿流千載，豈在漁樵談笑中？

話說余化龍自殺，子牙驅人馬進關，出榜安民，清查庫藏。子牙憐余化龍父子一門忠烈，命左右收屍厚葬。凡軍士未得平復的，俱放在潼關調理。子牙方分割已定，只見黃龍真人、玉鼎真人與子牙議曰：「前面就是萬仙陣了，可請武王也暫歇在此關，我等領人馬往前面，要路上先命人造起蘆篷席殿，迎迓三教師尊。我等只此一舉，以完劫數，了此紅塵之殺運也。」子牙不覺大喜，忙命楊戩、李靖去造蘆篷；二人領令去訖。周營眾將自從遭痘疹之厄，人人身弱，個個狼狽，俱在關上將息。又過了數日，只見李靖

第八十二回

三教大會萬仙陣

萬仙惡陣列山隈，颯颯寒風劈面催。片片祥光籠斗柄，紛紛殺氣透靈臺。

魚龍此際分真偽，玉石從今盡脫胎。多少修持遭此劫，三屍斬去五雲開。

話說余化龍與余達等俱聽了余德言語，不以周兵為意，逐日飲酒，只等周營兵將自己病死。那一日不覺就是第八日，余化龍對諸子言曰：「今日已是八日，不見探事官來報，我們可上城一看。」五子齊曰：「上城看看纔是。」那時離了帥府，上得城來，只見周營比起初三四日光景不同：起先營中毫無煙火；今日周營中反覺騰騰殺氣，烈烈威風，人人勇敢，個個精神，旌旗嚴整，金鼓分明，重重戈戟，疊疊鎗刀。余化龍忙問余德曰：「這幾日周營中已有復舊光景，此事如何？」余達從旁埋怨曰：「兄弟，你不從吾言，致有今日。豈有人是自家會死得盡的？」余德默默不言，暗思：「吾師傳我此術，響應隨時，豈有不準之理？其中必有原故。」乃對父兄言曰：「事已至此，遲疑無益。此必有人在暗中解了。諒他一時身弱，也不能爭戰。不若乘其不備，一戰可以成功；遲則有變。」余化龍聽說，只得領五子殺出關來，逕奔周營。欺周將身弱，余德穿道服仗劍在前，如風馳雨驟而來，喊聲大振。

姜子牙與眾門人諸將正要出營，恰逢其時，楊戩曰：「此匹夫恃強欺敵，是自取死也。」子牙坐四不相，哪吒引道，眾門人左右擁護，一齊殺出營來，大呼曰：「余化龍！今日是汝父子死期至矣！」金

「吾等不必去看，只等師尊來至，自有會期。」廣成子曰：「我等又不與他爭論，又不破他的陣，遠觀何妨？」眾道人曰：「廣成子言之甚當。」燃燈阻不住眾人，只得下篷，一齊來看萬仙陣。只見門戶重疊，殺氣森然。眾仙搖首曰：「好利害！人人異樣，個個兇形，全無辦道修行意，反有爭持殺伐心。」燃燈對眾人曰：「列位道兄，你看他們可是神仙了道之品！」眾仙看罷，方欲回篷，只聽萬仙陣中一聲鐘響，來了一位道人作歌而出，歌曰：

「人笑馬遂是痴仙，痴仙腹內有真玄。真玄有路無人走，惟我蟠桃赴幾千。」

馬遂歌罷，大呼曰：「玉虛門下，既來偷看吾陣，敢與我見個高低？」燃燈曰：「你們只貪看惡陣，致多生此一段是非。」黃龍真人上前曰：「馬遂，你休要這等自恃。如今吾不與你論高低，且等掌教聖人來至，自有破陣之時。你何必倚仗強橫，行兇滅教也？」馬遂躍步，仗劍來取。黃龍真人手中劍急忙來迎。只一合，馬遂祭起金箍，把黃龍真人的頭箍住了。真人頭疼不可忍，眾仙急救真人，大家回蘆篷上來。真人急忙除金箍，除又除不掉，只箍得三昧真火從眼中冒出；大家圍在一處不表。且說元始天尊來會萬仙陣，先著南極仙翁持玉符先行。南極仙翁跨鶴而來，雲光繚繚。馬遂擡頭，見是南極仙翁，急架雲光在半空中來，阻住去路。仙翁笑曰：「馬遂，你休要猖獗，掌教師尊來了。」馬遂正欲爭持，只見後面仙樂一派，遍地異香，馬遂知不可爭持，按落雲頭，回歸本陣。南極仙翁先至蘆篷，率眾仙迎鸞接駕，上篷坐下。眾門人拜畢，侍立兩旁。

元始曰：「黃龍真人有金箍之厄。」忙叫：「過來。」黃龍真人走至面前，元始用手一指，金箍隨脫。真人謝畢，元始曰：「今日你等俱該圓滿此厄，各回洞府，守性修心，斬卻三尸，再不惹紅塵之難。」

回令：「蘆篷俱已完備。」黃龍真人曰：「蘆篷既完，只是眾門人去得，餘者俱離四十里遠，紮下團營，俟破陣後，方許起程。」眾將得令，就此駐劄不表。

且說子牙同二位真人，與諸門人弟子，前至蘆篷上。但見懸花結彩，香氣氤氳，迎接玉虛門下之客。今日萬仙陣總會一面，滿其紅塵殺戒，再去返本還元。不一時這三山五岳眾道人齊齊拍手大笑而來：廣成子、赤精子、文殊廣法天尊、普賢真人、慈航道人、清虛道德真君、太乙真人、靈寶大法師、道行天尊、懼留孫、雲中子、燃燈道人。眾道人見子牙稽首，曰：「今日之會，正完其一千五百年之劫數。」正是：

緣滿皈依從正道，靜心定性誦黃庭。

子牙迎接上篷坐下，先論破陣原故。燃燈曰：「只等師長來，自有道理。」眾皆默然端坐。且說金靈聖母在萬仙陣中，見燃燈道人頂上現了三花，沖上空中，已知玉虛門下眾道者來了；隨發一個雷聲，振開萬仙陣，一塊煙霧散開，現出萬仙陣來。蘆篷上眾仙一見，睜目細看數番，見截教中高高下下，攢攢簇簇，俱是五岳三山四海之中雲遊道客，奇奇怪怪之人。燃燈點頭對眾道人歎曰：「今日方知截教有這許多人品，吾教不過屈指可數之人。」正是：

玄都大法傳吾輩，方顯清虛不二門。

內中有黃龍真人曰：「眾位道友，自元始以來，為道獨尊，但不知截教門中一意濫傳，遍及匪類，真是可惜工夫，苦勞心力，徒費精神。不知性命雙修，枉了一生作用，不能免生死輪迴之苦，良可悲也！」道行天尊曰：「此一會，正是我等一千五百年之劫，難逢難遇。今我等先下篷看看，如何？」燃燈曰：

立湖海雲遊頭陀並散客。正東上：九華巾，水合袍，太阿劍，梅花鹿，都是道德清高奇異人；正西上：雙抓髻，淡黃袍，古定劍，八叉鹿，畫是駕霧騰雲清隱士；正南上：大紅袍，黃斑鹿，昆吾劍，正是五遁三除截教公；正北上：皂色服，蓮子簪，邠鐵鐃，跨麋鹿，都是倒海移山雄猛客。翠藍旛，青雲繞繞；素白旗，彩氣翩翩；大紅旗，火雲罩頂；皂藍旗，黑氣施張；杏黃旗，萬千條古怪的金霞，內藏著天上無、世上少、闔地開天無價寶。又是烏雲仙、金光仙、虬首仙神光起起；靈牙仙、毘蘆仙、金箍仙氣概昂昂。七香車坐金靈聖母，分門別戶；八虎車坐申公豹，總督萬仙；無當聖母法寶隨身；龜靈聖母包羅萬象。金鐘響，翻騰宇宙；玉磬敲，驚動乾坤；提爐排，嫋嫋香煙籠霧隱；羽扇搖，翩翩彩鳳離瑤池。奎牛上坐的是混沌未分、天地玄黃之外、鴻鈞教下通天截教主。只見長耳仙持定了神書，奧妙道德無窮，與截滅闢六魂旛。左右金童隨聖駕，紫霧紅雲離碧遊。通天教主身心變，只因一怒結成讎。兩教生剋終有損，天翻地覆鬼神愁。崑崙正法扶明主，山河一統屬西周。

話說老子同元始來看萬仙陣，老子一見萬仙陣，與元始曰：「他教下就有這些門人！據我看來，總是不分品類，一概濫收，那論根器深淺，豈是了道成仙之輩。此一回玉石自分，淺深互見。遭劫者，可不枉用工夫，可勝歎息！」話猶未了，只見通天教主從陣中坐奎牛而出，穿大紅白鶴絳絹衣，手執寶劍而來。老子看通天教主全無道氣，一臉兇光。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

闔地開天道理明，談經論法碧遊京。五氣朝元傳妙訣，三花聚頂演無生。頂上金光分五彩，足下紅蓮逐萬程。八卦仙衣飛紫氣，三鋒寶劍號青蘋。伏虎降龍為第一，擒妖縛怪任縱橫。徒眾

眾門人曰：「願老師聖壽無疆！」正靜坐間，忽聽得空中有一陣異香仙樂，飄飄而來。元始已知老子來至，隨同眾門人迎候。老子下了板角青牛，攜手上簾。眾門人禮拜畢，老子拍掌曰：「周家不過八百年基業，貧道也到紅塵中來三番四轉，可見運數難逃，何怕神仙佛祖。」元始曰：「塵世劫運，便是物外神仙都不能免，況我等門人，又是身犯之者？我等不過來了此一番劫數耳。」二位師尊言過，端然默坐。至三更時分，只見各聖賢頂上現有瓔珞慶雲，祥光繚繞，滿空中有無限瑞靄，直沖霄漢。且言二位掌教師尊與眾門人默坐蘆篷不表。

且說金靈聖母在萬仙陣內，見瑞靄祥雲，知二位師伯已至，自思曰：「今日掌教師伯已來，吾師也要早至方可。」及至天明，只聽的半空中仙樂盈空，珮環之聲不絕，群仙隨通天教主離了碧遊宮，親至萬仙陣來。金靈聖母得知，率領眾仙，迎接教主，進了陣門，上了八卦臺坐下。萬仙叩謁畢，金靈聖母曰：「二位師伯俱已至此。」通天教主曰：「罷了，如今是月缺難圓。既擺此萬仙陣，必定與他兒個雌雄，以定一尊之位。今日是萬仙統會，以完劫數。」隨命長耳定光仙：「你且去蘆篷上見你二位師伯，下這一封書。」定光仙領命，逕至蘆篷下，見楊戩等俱在左右站立。哪吒問曰：「來者何人？」長耳定光仙曰：「吾是奉命下書，來見師伯的。借你通報。」哪吒上前啟知。老子曰：「命來。」哪吒下簾說知。定光仙上得簾來，見左右立著十二代門人，定光仙拜伏于地，將書呈上。老子看書畢，調定光仙曰：「吾知道了，明日來破萬仙陣也。」定光仙下簾至萬仙陣，回復通天教主。且說次日，二位教主領眾門徒來看萬仙陣，下得簾來，至陣前一見，好萬仙陣！怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

一團怪霧，幾陣寒風。彩霞籠五色金光，瑞雲起千叢艷色。前後排山岳修行道士與全真，左右

赤精子躍身而出。只見太極陣中一位道人，長鬚黑面，身穿皂服，腰束絲絲，跳出陣前，大呼曰：「赤精子，你敢來會吾陣麼？」赤精子曰：「烏雲仙，你不可恃強，此處是你的死地了！」烏雲仙大怒，仗劍來取，赤精子手中劍赴面交還。未及三四個回合，烏雲仙腰間掣出混元鎚就打，一聲響，把赤精子打了一跤。烏雲仙纔待下手，有廣成子大呼曰：「少待傷吾道兄，吾來了！」仗劍抵住了烏雲仙。二人大戰，未及數合，烏雲仙又是一鎚把廣成子打倒在地。廣成子爬將起來，往西北上走了。通天教主命烏雲仙趕去，「定然拿來！」烏雲仙領法旨，隨後趕來。廣成子前走，烏雲仙後趕。看看趕上，廣成子正無可奈何，轉過山坡，只見準提道人來至。讓過了廣成子，準提阻住了烏雲仙，笑容滿面，口稱：「道友請了！」烏雲仙認得是準提道人，大叫曰：「準提道人，你前日在誅仙陣上傷了吾師，今又阻吾去路，情殊可恨！」仗寶劍望準提道人頂上劈來。道人把口一張，有一朵青蓮托住了劍。言曰：

「舌上青蓮能托劍，吾與烏雲有大緣。」

準提曰：「道友，我與你是有緣之客，特來化你歸吾西方，其享極樂，有何不美？」烏雲仙大呼曰：「好潑道！欺吾太甚！」又是一劍。準提用中指一指，一朵白蓮托劍。準提又曰：「道友，

掌上白蓮能托劍，須知極樂在西方。二六蓮臺生瑞彩，波羅花放滿園香。」

烏雲仙大呼曰：「一派胡說！敢來欺我！」又是一劍。準提將手一指，一朵金蓮托住。準提曰：「烏雲仙友，吾乃是大慈大悲，不忍你現出真相。若是現時，可不有辱你平昔修煉工夫，化為烏有。我如今不過要與你興西方教法，故此善化你，幸祈急早回頭。」烏雲仙大怒，又是一劍砍來。準提將拂塵一刷，烏雲仙手中劍只剩得一個靶兒。烏雲仙大怒，擡起混元鎚打來。準提就跳出圈子去了，烏雲仙隨後趕來。

三千分左右，後隨萬姓盡精英。天花亂墜無窮妙，地擁金蓮長瑞禎。度盡眾生成正果，養成正道屬無聲。對對幡幢前引道，紛紛音樂及時鳴。奎牛穩坐截教主，仙童前後把香焚。靈龜沉轡雲霧長，騰騰殺氣白氤氳。白鶴唳時天地轉，青鸞展翅海山澄。通天教主離金闕，來聚群仙百萬名。

話說通天教主見二位教主，對面打稽首，曰：「二位道兄請了！」老子曰：「賢弟可謂無賴之極！不思悔過，何能掌截教之主？前日誅仙陣上已見雌雄，只當潛蹤隱跡，自己修過，以懺往愆，方是掌教之主；豈得怙惡不改，又率領群仙布此惡陣？你只待玉石俱焚，生靈戕滅殆盡，你方纔罷手，這是何苦定作此業障耶？」通天教主怒曰：「你等謬掌闡教，自恃己長，縱容門人，肆行猖獗，殺戮不道，反在此巧言惑眾。我是那一件不如你？你敢欺我！今日你再請西方準提道人將加持杵打我就是了。不知他打我即是打你一般。此恨如何可解？」元始笑曰：「你也不必口講，只你既擺此陣，就把你胸中學識舒展一二，我與你共決雌雄。」通天教主曰：「我如今與你仇恨難解，除是你我俱不掌教，方纔干休！」通天教主道罷，走進陣去；少時，布成一個陣勢，乃是一個陣結三個營壘，攢簇而立。通天教主至陣前問曰：「你二人可識吾此陣否？」老子大笑曰：「此乃是吾掌中所出，豈有不知之理？此是太極兩儀四象之陣耳！有何難哉！」通天教主曰：「可能破否？」元始曰：「你且聽吾道來：

混元初判道為尊，煉就乾坤清濁分。太極兩儀生四象，如今還在掌中存。」

老子問曰：「誰去破此太極陣走一遭？」赤精子大呼曰：「弟子願會此陣！」作歌而出，歌曰：

「今朝圓滿斬三尸，復整菩提在此時。太極陣中遇奇士，回頭百事自相宜。」

第八十三回

三大士收伏獅象吼

一鉤明月半輪秋，三點如星仔細求。獅象有名緣相立，慈航無著借形修。

朝元最忌貪嗔敗，脫骨須知罣礙離。總為諸仙逢殺劫，披毛帶角盡皆休。

話說準提道人命水火童子：「將六根清淨竹，來釣金鰲。」童子向空中將竹枝垂下，那竹枝就有無限光華異彩，裏住了烏雲仙，烏雲仙此時難逃現身之厄。準提叫曰：「烏雲仙，你此時不現原形，更待何時！」只見烏雲仙把頭搖了一搖，化作一個金鬚鰲魚，剪尾搖頭，上了釣竿。童子上前，按住了烏雲仙的頭，將身騎上鰲魚背上，逕往西方八德池中享受極樂之福去了。正是：

八德池中開戲宴，金蓮為伴任逍遙。

話說準提道人收了金鰲，趕至萬仙陣前。通天教主看見準提，怒沖面上，眼角俱紅，大呼曰：「準提道人，你今日又來會吾此陣，吾決不與你干休！」準提道人曰：「烏雲仙與吾有緣，被吾用六根清淨竹釣去西方八德池邊，自在逍遙，無罣礙，真強如你在此紅塵中擾攘也。」通天教主聽罷大怒，正欲與準提廝殺，只聽得太極陣中一人作歌而出，歌曰：

「大道非凡道，玄中玄更玄。誰能參悟透，咫尺見先天。」

話說太極陣中虬首仙提劍而出：「誰人敢進吾陣中來，共決雌雄？」準提道人曰：「文殊廣法天尊，借

準提曰：「徒弟在那裡？」只見了一個童兒來，身穿水合衣，手執竹枝而來。不知烏雲仙凶吉如何，且聽下回分解。

評

余化龍父子一門忠烈，真不愧鬚眉；雖余德甚癡，豈得以此少之？三仁之後，不得多得。

又評

神仙原是清淨無為，豈得專以殺伐為事？況其鼻祖者乎！通天教主原是封神榜的人，如何反走了糊突帳裡去？真個可笑！此老真該打入輪迴，不可令他掌教鴻鈞，自欠主張。

個通天教主羞紅滿面，大怒曰：「你再敢破吾兩儀陣麼？」老子尚未及回言，只見兩儀陣內靈牙仙大呼而出曰：「誰敢來破吾兩儀陣麼？」正是：

袖裡乾坤翻上下，兩儀陣內定高低。

靈牙仙逕出陣來，問：「誰敢來見吾此陣？」元始命普賢真人曰：「你去破此陣走一遭。」遂將太極符印付與普賢真人。真人至陣前曰：「靈牙仙，你苦修成形，為何不守本分，又來多此一番事也？只怕你咫尺間現了原形，那時悔之晚矣。」靈牙仙大怒，仗二劍飛來直取，普賢真人仗手中劍火速忙迎。未及數合，靈牙仙便往兩儀陣中而去；普賢真人趕入陣內。靈牙仙祭動兩儀妙用，逞截教玄功，發動雷聲，來困普賢真人。只見普賢真人泥丸宮現出化身，甚是兇惡。怎見得，有贊為證：

面如紫棗，巨口獠牙。霎時間紅雲籠頂上，一會家瑞彩罩金身。瓔珞垂珠掛遍體，蓮花托足起祥雲。三首六臂持利器，手內降魔杵一根。正是：有福西方成正果，真人今日已完成。

話說普賢真人現出法身，鎮住靈牙仙，仍用長虹索，命黃巾力士：「將靈牙仙拿去蘆篷下，聽候指揮。」普賢真人破了兩儀陣，逕至蘆篷上，參見老子。老子命南極仙翁速現靈牙仙原身。南極仙翁領令，將三寶玉如意把靈牙仙連擊數下；靈牙仙就地一滾，現出原形，乃是一隻白象。老子吩咐：「將白象頸上也掛一牌，上書靈牙仙名諱，與普賢真人為坐騎。」復至陣前。通天教主見青獅在左，白象在右，不覺大怒，正欲上前，只見四象陣中金光仙大呼曰：「闡教門人不要逞強，吾來也！」乃作歌而出，歌曰：

「妙法廣無邊，身心合汞鉛。今領四象陣，道術豈多言？二指降龍虎，雙眸運太玄。誰人來會

我，方是大羅仙。」

你去會此位有緣之客。」準提道人把文殊廣法天尊頂上一指，泥丸復開，三光迸出，瑞氣盤旋。元始天尊遞一旛與文殊，名曰盤古旛，可破此太極陣。文殊廣法天尊接旛作偈而出，偈曰：

「混元一氣此為先，萬劫修持合太玄。莫道此中多變化，汞鉛消盡福無邊。」

文殊廣法天尊歌罷，虬首仙大呼曰：「今日之功，各顯其教，不必多言！」仗手中劍砍來。文殊廣法天尊手中劍急架相還。未及數合，虬首仙便往陣中而去，文殊廣法天尊縱步趕來。虬首仙進陣，便祭起符印，只見陣中如鐵壁銅牆一般，兵力如山。文殊廣法天尊將盤古旛展動，鎖住了太極陣，廣法天尊現出一法身來。怎見得，有贊為證：

面如藍靛，赤髮紅髯。渾身上五彩呈祥，遍體內金光擁護。降魔杵滾滾紅焰飛來；金蓮邊騰騰霞光亂舞。正是：太極陣中，皈依大法現威光，朵朵祥雲籠八面。

虬首仙見廣法天尊現出一位化身，甚是奇異，只見香風縹緲，瓔珞纏身，蓮花托足。虬首仙無法可治，正欲迴避；文殊忙將網妖繩祭起，命黃巾力士：「拿去蘆篷下聽候發落。」廣法天尊收了法像，徐徐出陣，上篷來見元始，曰：「弟子已破太極陣矣。」元始命南極仙翁：「去蘆篷下，將虬首仙打出原身。」仙翁領命至篷下，見虬首仙縛住一團。南極仙翁對虬首仙口中念念有詞，道聲：「疾！還不速現原形，更待何時！」只見虬首仙把頭搖了兩搖，就地一滾，乃是一個青毛獅子，剪尾搖頭，甚是雄偉。南極仙翁回復元始天尊命令。元始吩咐：「就命廣法天尊坐騎，仍于項下掛一牌，上書虬首仙名諱。」次日，老子與元始親臨陣前，問：「通天教主何在？」左右報與通天教主，逕出陣前。老子命文殊騎了青獅至前面，老子指與通天教主看，曰：「你的門下多有此等之物，你還要自逞道德清高，真是可笑！」就把

仙拿至蘆篷下。南極仙翁在篷下等候，忽見空中丟下金光仙來。南極仙翁見金光仙跌下篷來，遵老子命令，將金光仙頸上連拍幾下：「這業障還不速現原形，更待何時！」金光仙情知不能逃脫，就地一滾，現出原形，乃是一隻金毛吼。仙翁至蘆篷回覆法旨。元始吩咐：「也與他頸上掛一牌，書金光仙名諱，就與慈航為坐騎。」仙翁一一如命施為。慈航騎了，復出陣前。此乃是三大士收伏獅、象、吼；後與釋門，成於佛教，為文殊、普賢、觀音，是三位大士。此是後話，表過不題。且說通天教主見如此光景，心中大怒，方欲仗劍前來，以決雌雄，忽聽得後面一門人大呼曰：「老師不要動怒，吾來也！」通天教主觀之，乃是龜靈聖母，身穿大紅八卦衣，仗手中寶劍，作歌而來，歌曰：

「炎帝修成大道通，胸藏萬象妙無窮。碧遊宮內傳真訣，特向紅塵西破戎。」

只見龜靈聖母欲來拿廣成子報仇，這壁廂有懼留孫迎上前來曰：「那業障慢來！」老子、元始、準提道人三位教主是慧眼，看見龜靈聖母行相，元始笑曰：「三位道兄，似這樣東西，如何也要成正果？真個好笑！」你道他如何出身，有贊為證：

根源出處號幫泥，水底增光獨顯威。世隱能知天地性，靈星偏曉鬼神機。藏身一縮無頭尾，展足能行即白飛。蒼顏造字須成體，卜筮先知伴伏羲。穿萍透荇千般俏，戲水翻波把浪吹。條條金線穿成甲，點點裝成玳瑁齊。九宮八卦生成定，散碎鋪遮綠羽衣。生來好勇龍王幸，死後還駝三教碑。要知此物名和姓，炎帝得道母烏龜。

且說龜靈聖母仗劍出來，與懼留孫大戰，未及三五合，急祭起日月珠打來。懼留孫不識此寶，不敢招架，轉身往西而敗走。通天教主大呼曰：「速將懼留孫拿來！」龜靈聖母飛趕前來。懼留孫——乃是西方有

元始見金光仙出得四象陣來，勇猛莫敵，忙吩咐慈航道人曰：「你將如意執定，進四象陣去，直須如此如此，就變化無窮，何愁此陣不破也？此是你有緣之騎。」慈航道人作歌而出，歌曰：

「普陀崖下有名聲，了劫歸根返玉京。今日已完收四象，夢魂猶自怕臨兵。」

慈航歌罷，金光仙躍身而出，大呼曰：「慈航道人，你口出大言，肆行無忌，好個『今日已完收四象』，只怕你死于目前！不要走，正要拿你！」仗手中劍飛來直取，慈航道人手中劍急架忙迎。未及三合，金光仙便入四象陣了。慈航趕入陣中，金光仙將四象陣符印發開，內有無窮法寶，來治慈航道人。正是：

四象陣遇金毛猿❶，潮音洞裡聽談經。

話說慈航道人見四象陣中變化無窮，忙將頭上一拍，有一朵慶雲籠罩，蓋住頂上，只聽得一聲雷響，現出一位化身，怎見得：

面如傅粉，三首六臂。二目中火光焰裡見金龍；兩耳內朵朵金蓮生瑞彩。足踏金鰲，靄靄祥雲千萬道；手中托杵，巍巍紫氣徹青霄。三寶如意擎在手，長毫光燦燦；楊枝在肘後，有瑞氣騰騰。

正是：

普陀妙法莊嚴，方顯慈航道行。

且說金光仙看見闡教內門人這等化身，自歎曰：「真好一個玉虛門下，果然器宇不同！」欲待逃回，早已被慈航道人祭起三寶玉如意，命黃巾力士：「把此物拿去簷下，聽候發落。」少時，力士平空把金光

❶ 猿：音尸ヌ。北方之獸，似犬，食人。

話說白蓮童子打開包裹，放出蚊蟲。那蚊蟲聞得血腥氣，俱來可在龜靈聖母頭足之上。及至趕打，如何趕得徹？未曾趕得這裡，那裡又宿滿了。不一時，把龜靈聖母吸成空殼。白蓮童子急至收時，他也自四散飛去，一翅飛往西方，把十二品蓮臺食了三品。後來西方教主破了萬仙陣回來，方能收住，已是少了三品蓮臺，追悔無及。正是：

九品蓮臺登彼岸，千年之後有沙門。

不表蚊蟲之事，且說西方教主同懼留孫來至萬仙陣前，見了紫霧紅雲，黃光繚繞，有準提道人見師兄來至，老子與元始忙迎上前，打稽首曰：「道友請了！」對面通天教主看見，大呼曰：「接引道人，你前番可惡，破吾誅仙陣；今又來此！吾與你見個高下！」道罷，把奎牛催開，用劍來取。西方教主也不動手，只見泥丸宮舍利子升起三顆，或上或下，反覆翻騰，遍地俱是金光。通天教主寶劍架隔，不能近身。通天教主大怒，復用漁鼓打來。準提用手一指，一朵金蓮架住，亦不能近身。老子與元始請曰：「二位道兄暫回，今日且不要與他較量。」赤精子聽罷，忙鳴金鐘，廣成子又擊玉磬。四位教主皆回。通天教主又不能阻攔，心中大怒，曰：「今日且讓他暫回，明日決要會你等，以見高下！」老子曰：「你且回去，不要性急。」

只見四位教主同至蘆篷上坐下，元始曰：「二位道兄此來共佐周室，若明日破陣，必盡除此教，以絕彼之虛妄。只是難為後來訪道修真之人，絕此一種耳。」接引道人曰：「貧道此來，單只為渡有緣之客。據吾觀，萬仙陣中邪者多而正者少，沒奈何，只得隨緣相得，不敢勉強耳。」老子曰：「吾等門人今已滿戒，明日速破此陣，讓他早早返本還元，以全此輩根行，也不失我等解脫一場。」元始隨命姜尚

緣之客，久後入於釋教，大闡佛法，興於西漢。——正往西上逃走，只見迎頭來了一人，頭挽雙髻，身穿水合道袍，徐徐而來，讓過懼留孫，阻住龜靈聖母，大呼曰：「不要趕吾道友。你既修成人體，禮當守分安居，如何肆志亂行，作此業障？若不聽吾之言，那時追悔何及！你可速回，吾乃西方教主，大展沙門，今來特遇有緣，非是無端惹事。」正是：

若是有緣當早會，同上西方極樂天。

龜靈聖母大呼曰：「你是西方客，當守你巢穴，如何敢在此妖言亂語，惑吾清聽！」也不及交手，急祭日月珠劈面打來。接引道人指上放一白毫光，光上生一朵青蓮，托住此珠。曰：「青蓮托此物，眾生那得知？」龜靈聖母原非根深行滿之輩，不知進退，依舊用此珠打來。接引道人曰：「既到此間，也免得行此紅塵之事；非是不慈悲，乃是氣數使然，我也難為自主。我且將此寶祭起，看他如何。」西方教主將念珠祭起，龜靈聖母一見，躲身不及，那念珠落下，正打在龜靈聖母背上，壓倒在地，現出原身，乃是一個大龜，只見壓得頭足齊出。懼留孫方欲仗劍斬之，西方教主急止之曰：「道友不可殺他，若動此念，轉劫難完，相報不己。」教主呼：「童子在那裡？」言未畢，只見一童子走至前面，西方教主曰：「我同此位道友去會有緣之客，你可將此畜收之。」接引道人同懼留孫赴蘆篷來不表。

且說西方白蓮童子將一小包兒打開，欲收龜靈聖母，不意走出一件好東西，甚是利害，聲音細細，映日飛來。怎見得，有詩為證：

聲若轟雷嘴若針，穿衾度幔更難禁。貪餐血食侵人體，畏避煙燻集茂林。

炎熱愈威偏聒噪，寒風纔動便無情。龜靈聖母因逢劫，難免今朝萬喙臨。

從來心上修仙道，邪正方知成大宗。

話說通天教主至陣前，見老子、元始四人一至，大呼曰：「今日定要與你等見個高低，斷不草率干休！」話猶未了，只見洪錦走馬至陣前，與龍吉公主也不聽約束，舉刀刃直衝殺過去。子牙攔阻不住。——看官：此正是這二位星官該絕於此，天數使然，故不由分說，直殺過去耳。——洪錦把刀一擺，兩騎馬沖進陣中。萬仙陣不曾提防有此衝突之患，被龍吉公主祭起瑤池內白光劍，傷了數位仙家。夫妻二人正衝殺間，只見亂騰騰殺氣迷空，黑靄靄陰風晦晝，正遇金靈聖母在七香車上布陣，忽報：「龍吉公主衝進陣來。」金靈聖母急下車看時，公主已殺至面前。聖母綽步，提飛金劍抵敵。未及數合，聖母祭起四象塔打來。公主不知此寶，躲不及，一塔正打中頂上，跌下馬來，被眾仙殺之。洪錦見公主已絕，大叫一聲：「休傷吾公主！」把刀來取聖母。聖母又祭起龍虎如意，正中洪錦頂上。可憐！白歸周土，屢得奇功，今日夫妻陣亡，以報武王。二位清魂俱往封神臺去了。元始正欲與通天教主答話，只見洪錦夫妻已亡，元始歎謂西方教主曰：「方纔絕者乃是瑤池金母之女。天數合該如此，可見非人力所為。」只聽得萬仙陣裡有一竿翠藍旗搖，隱隱調出四位道者，乃是按二十八宿之星，正應萬仙陣而出。元始見翠藍旗搖動，來了四位道人，俱穿青色衣。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

一字青紗腦後飄，道袍水合束絲絛。元神一現群龜滅，斬將封為角木蛟。

九揚紗巾頭上蓋，腹內玄機無比賽。降龍伏虎似平常，斬將封為斗木獬。

三柳髭鬚一尺長，煉就三花不老方。蓬萊海島無心戀，斬將封為奎木狼。

修成道氣精光煥，巨口獠牙紅髮亂。碧遊宮內有聲名，斬將封為井木犴。

過來，問曰：「前日破誅仙陣，那四口寶劍在否？」子牙曰：「此劍俱在弟子處。」元始曰：「取來。」子牙隨取出四口劍獻上元始，乃誅、戮、陷、絕之劍。元始乃命廣成子、赤精子、玉鼎真人、道行天尊四人過來，吩咐曰：「你四人但看明日吾等進陣之時，陣裡面八卦臺前有一座寶塔昇起，你四個先衝進重圍之中，祭起此劍。原是他的寶劍，還絕他的門人，非吾等故作此惡業也。」又調子牙曰：「明日會陣之際，但凡吾門下，見者皆可進陣，以完劫數。」子牙領了法旨，來至蘆篷下，吩咐眾門人曰：「明日共破萬仙陣，爾等俱入陣中，各見雌雄，以完劫數。」眾門人聽說，喜不自勝，不表。

且說潼關眾將聽得破萬仙陣，俱在關內，一個個心癢難抓，恨不得也來看看。內有洪錦與龍吉公主曰：「我也是截教，況你又是瑤池仙子，理合去會萬仙陣；如何在此不行？」龍吉公主曰：「我們明日早去無妨。」夫妻計議停當，次日來見武王曰：「臣辭大王，要去會萬仙陣，以完劫數，特聽姜元帥調遣。」武王曰：「卿去固好，當佐相父破敵也。」武王大喜，奉酒餞行，洪錦夫婦告別起行。也是合該如此。正是：

萬仙陣內夫妻絕，天數安排不得差。

且說元始次日下篷，吩咐眾門人鳴動金鐘、玉磬，三教聖人率諸門人共破萬仙陣。只見通天教主吩咐長耳定光仙曰：「但吾與你師伯共西方二位道人會戰，吾叫你將六魂幡磨動，你可將旛磨動，不得有誤！」長耳定光仙曰：「弟子知道。」通天教主打點會戰。且說長耳定光仙自思：「我前只見師伯左右門人，總共十二代弟子，俱是道德之士；昨日又見西方教主，三顆舍利子頂上光華，真是道法無邊。」先自三分退讓。正是：

五行妙術體全殊，合就玄中白丈夫。悟道成仙無造化，斬將封為壁水獮。

元始曰：「此俱是截教門中，併無一人有根行之士，俱是無福修為，該受此劫數也，深為可悲！」又見皂蓋旛搖，出來四位道人。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

跨虎登山觀鶴鹿，驅邪捉怪神鬼哭。只因無福了仙家，斬將封為女土蝠。

頂上祥光五彩氣，包含萬象多伶俐。無分無緣成正果，斬將封為胃土雉。

採煉陰陽有異方，五行攢簇配中黃。不歸闡教歸截教，斬將封為柳土獐。

赤髮紅鬚情性惡，游盡三山併五岳。包羅萬象枉徒勞，斬將封為氏土貉。

元始與老子同西方教主共言曰：「你看這些人，有仙之名，無仙之骨，那裡做得修行悟道之品！」四位教主正談論之間，只見旗門開處，又來了四位道人。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

修成大道真瀟灑，妙法玄機有真假。不能成道卻凡塵，斬將封為星日馬。

鐵樹開花怎得齊，陰神行樂跨虹霓。只因無福為仙侶，斬將封為昂日雞。

面如藍靛多威武，赤髮金睛惡似虎。呼風喚雨不尋常，斬將封為虛日鼠。

三昧真火空中露，霞光前後生百步。萬仙陣內逞英雄，斬將封為房日兔。

話說通天教主在陣中調出第七對來，展一桿素白旛，旛下有四位道者，兇兇惡惡，凜凜起起，手提方楞鋼出來。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

道術精奇蓋世無，修真煉性握兵符。長生妙訣貪塵劫，斬將封為畢月烏。

髮似硃砂臉似靨，渾身上下金光現。天機玄妙總休言，斬將封為危月燕。

元始又見一聲鐘響，一桿大紅旗搖，又來了四位道人，俱穿大紅絳絹衣，好兇惡！怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

碧玉霞冠形容古，雙手善把天地補。無心訪道學長生，斬將封為尾火虎。
截教傳來煉玉樞，玄機兩濟用工夫。丹砂鼎內龍降虎，斬將封為室火豬。
秘授口訣伏妖邪，頂上靈雲天地遮。三花聚頂難成就，斬將封為翼火蛇。
不戀榮華止自修，降龍伏虎任悠游。空為數載丹砂力，斬將封為背火猴。

老子見萬仙陣中一桿白旗搖動，又有四位道人出來，身穿大白衣，體態兇頑，各有妖氛氣概。因謂元始曰：「似這等業障都來枉送性命，你看出來的都是如此之類。」怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

五岳三山任意遊，訪玄參道守心修。空勞爐內金丹汞，斬將封為斗金牛。
腹內珠璣貫八方，包羅萬象道汪洋。只因殺戒難逃躲，斬將封為鬼金羊。
離龍坎虎相匹偶，煉就神丹成不朽。無緣頂上現三花，斬將封為婁金狗。
金丹煉就脫樊籠，五遁三除大道通。未滅三尸吞六氣，斬將封為亢金龍。

四位教主又見通天教主把手中劍望東、西、南、北指畫，前後又是鐘鳴；陣門開處，又有四位道人出來，真好稀奇！有詩為證，詩曰：

自從修煉玄中妙，不戀金章共紫誥。通天教主是吾師，斬將封為箕水豹。
出世虔誠悟道言，勤修苦行反離魂。移山倒海隨吾意，斬將封為參水猿。
簪冠道服性聰敏，煉就白氣心無損。只因無福了長生，斬將封為軫水蚓。

第八十四回

子牙兵取臨潼關

幽魂幡下夜猿啼，壯士紛紛急鼓聲。黑霧瀰漫人魄散，妖氛籠罩將星低。

只知戰勝歌刁斗，不認奸邪悔噬臍。屈死英雄遭血刃，至今城下草萋萋。

話說通天教主率領眾仙至陣前，老子曰：「今日與你決定雌雄，萬仙遭難。正應你反覆不定之罪。」通天教主怒曰：「你四人看我今番怎生作用！」遂催開奎牛，執劍欲來。老子笑曰：「料你今日作用也只如此！只你難免此厄也！」催開青牛，舉起扁拐，急架忙迎。元始天尊對左右門人曰：「今日你等俱滿此戒，須當齊入陣中，以會截教萬仙，不得錯過。」眾門人聽此言，不覺歡笑，啞一聲喊，齊殺入萬仙陣中。正是：

萬仙陣上施玄妙，都向其中了劫塵。

文殊廣法天尊騎獅子，普賢真人騎白象，慈航道人騎金毛犼；三位大士各現出化身，衝將進去。靈寶大法師仗劍而來，太乙真人持寶鏢進陣，懼留孫、黃龍真人、雲中子、燃燈道人齊往萬仙陣來。後面又有姜子牙同哪吒等眾門人亦大呼曰：「吾等今日破萬仙陣，以見真偽也！」話未了時，只見陸壓道人從空飛來，撞入萬仙陣內，也來助戰。看這場大戰，正是萬劫總歸此地，神仙殺運方完。只見：

老子坐青牛，往來跳躍；通天教主縱奎牛，猛勇來攻。三大士催開了青獅、象、犼，金靈聖母

面如赤棗落腮鬚，撒豆成兵蓋世無。兩足登雲如掣電，斬將封為心月狐。

腹內玄機修二六，煉就陰陽超凡俗。誰道五氣未朝元，斬將封為張月鹿。

話說通天教主把九曜二十八宿調將出來，按定方位。只見四七二十八位道客，齊齊整整，左右盤旋，簾擁而出。但見了些飛霞紅氣，紫電青光，有多少者層層密密，兇兇頑頑，真個是殺氣騰騰，愁雲慘慘，好生利害！不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。

評

金龜獅象玃與龜，皆鱗甲披毛之屬，而通天教主一概收為門下，其截教之非正道可知。又云：凡七竅者，皆可成仙。又云：披毛從此得，作佛也由他。從此看來，俱是自家作主張。當日烏雲虬首等仙學好，便可以成仙了道。一動殺心，便成金龜成獅成象成玃成龜，都各從其類，這是自討的。此一段說法，正是慈悲勸世。

又評

金龜獅象玃，不過復其本相，為人坐騎耳。若龜靈聖母則飽足蚊蟲之腹，其死法亦苦，無怪今人深惡而痛絕之。今又有甘之者，誠何心哉！

燃燈將定海珠把金靈聖母打死。廣成子祭起誅仙劍，赤精子祭起戮仙劍，道行天尊祭起陷仙劍，玉鼎真人祭起絕仙劍，數道黑氣衝空，將萬仙陣罩住，凡封神臺上有名者，就如砍瓜切菜一般，俱遭殺戮。子牙祭打神鞭，任意施為。萬仙陣中又被楊任用五火扇搗起烈火，千丈黑煙迷空，可憐萬仙遭難，其實難堪。哪吒現三首八臂，往來衝突。玉虛一千門下，如獅子搖頭，狻猊舞勢，只殺得山崩地塌。通天教主見萬仙受此屠戮，心中大怒，急呼曰：「長耳定光仙快取六魂幡來！」定光仙因見接引道人白蓮裹體，舍利現光，又見十二代弟子玄都門人俱有瓔珞、金燈、光華罩體，知道他們出身清正，截教畢竟差訛，他將六魂幡收起，輕輕的走出萬仙陣，逕往蘆篷下隱匿。正是：

根深原是西方客，躲在蘆篷獻寶幡。

話說通天教主大呼：「定光仙快取幡來！」連叫數聲，連定光仙也不見了。教主已知他去了，大怒，欲待無心戀戰，又見萬仙受此等狼狽；欲待上前，又有四位教主阻住；欲要退後，又恐教下門人笑話，只得勉強相持，又被老子打了一拐。通天教主著了急，祭起紫電鎚來打老子。老子笑曰：「此物怎能近我！」只見頂上現出玲瓏寶塔，此鎚焉能下來。通天教主止出神，不防元始天尊又一如意，打中通天教主肩窩，幾乎落下奎牛。通天教主大怒，奮勇爭戰。只見二十八宿星官已殺得看看殆盡，止丘引見勢不好了，借土遁就走。被陸壓看見，惟恐追不及，急縱至空中，將葫蘆揭開，放出一道白光，上有一物飛出，陸壓打一躬，命：「寶貝轉身。」可憐丘引頭已落地。陸壓收了寶貝，復至陣中助戰。且說接引道人在萬仙陣內將乾坤袋打開，盡收那三千紅氣之客，有緣往極樂之鄉者，俱收入此袋內。準提同孔雀明王在陣中現三十四頭，十八隻手，執定瓔珞傘蓋，花貫魚腸，金弓銀戟，白鉞幡幢，加持神杵，寶鏹銀瓶等物來

使寶劍飛騰。靈寶大法師面如火熱；無當聖母怒氣沖空。太乙真人動了心中三昧；昆蘆仙亦顯神通。道德真君來完殺戒；雲中子寶劍如虹。懼留孫把網仙繩祭起；金箍仙用飛劍來攻。陣中玉磬錚錚響，臺下金鐘朗朗鳴。四處起團團煙霧，八方長颯颯狂風。人人會三除五遁，個個曉倒海移峰。劍對劍，紅光燦燦；兵迎寶，瑞氣溶溶。平地下鳴雷震動，半空中霹靂交轟。這壁廟三教聖人行正道，那壁廟通天教主涉邪宗。這四位教主也動了嗔癡煩惱，那通天教主竟犯了反覆無終。正克邪，始終還正；邪逆正，到底成凶。急嚷嚷天翻地覆，鬧炒炒華岳山崩。姜子牙奉天征討，眾門人各要立功；楊戩刀猶如閃電，李靖戟一似飛龍，金吒躍開腳步，木吒寶劍齊衝，韋護祭起降魔寶杵，哪吒登開風火輪，各自稱雄。雷震子二翅半空施勇，楊任手持五火扇搗風。又來了四仙家，祭起那誅、戮、陷、絕四口寶劍，這般兵器難當其鋒，咫尺間斬了二十八宿，頃刻時九曜俱空。通天教主精神減半，金靈聖母口內啁啾，昆蘆仙已無主意，無當聖母戰戰兢兢。一時間又來了西方教主，把乾坤袋舉在空中，有緣的須當早進，無緣的任你縱橫。霎時間雲愁霧慘，一會家地暗難窮。從今驚破通天膽，一事無成有愧容。

話說老子與元始衝入萬仙陣內，將通天教主裏住。金靈聖母被三大士圍在當中，只見三大士面分藍、紅、白，或現三首六臂，或現八首六臂，或現三首八臂，渾身上下俱有金燈、白蓮、寶珠、瓔珞、華光護持。金靈聖母用玉如意招架三大士多時，不覺把頂上金冠落在塵埃，將頭髮散了，這聖母披髮大戰。正戰之間，遇著燃燈道人祭起定海珠打來，正中頂門。可憐！正是：

封神正位為星首，北闕香煙萬載存。

定光仙遂拜了接引、準提二位教主。子牙在篷下與哪吒等曰：「今日萬仙陣中許多道者遭殃，無辜受戮，其實痛心。」門人之內，個個歡喜不表。

且說通天教主被四位教主主破了萬仙陣，內中有成神者，有歸西方教主者，有逃去者，有無辜受戮者。彼時無當聖母見陣勢難支，先自去了。申公豹也走了，崑崙仙已歸西方教主，後成為崑崙佛，此是千年後纔見佛光。當日通天教主主領著二百名散仙，走在一座山下，少憩片時，自思：「定光仙可恨將六魂旛竊去，使吾大功不能成！今番失利，再有何顏掌碧遊宮大教？左右是一不做，二不休，如今回宮，再立地水火風，換個世界罷！」左右眾仙俱各各贊襄。通天教主見左右四個切己門徒俱喪，切齒深恨：「不若往紫霄宮見吾老師，先稟過了他，然後再行此事。」正與眾散仙商議，忽見正南上祥雲萬道，瑞氣千條，異香襲襲，見一道者，手執竹杖而來。作偈曰：

「高臥九重雲，蒲團了道真。天地玄黃外，吾當掌教尊。盤古生太極，兩儀四象循。一道傳三友，二教闡截分。玄門都領秀，一氣化鴻鈞。」

話說鴻鈞道人來至，通天教主知是師尊來了，慌忙上前迎接，倒身下拜曰：「弟子願老師聖壽無疆！不知老師駕臨，未曾遠接，望乞恕罪。」鴻鈞道人曰：「你為何設此一陣，塗炭無限生靈，這是何說？」通天教主曰：「啟老師，二位師兄欺滅吾教，縱門人毀罵弟子，又殺戮弟子門下，全不念同堂手足，一味欺凌，分明是欺老師一般。望老師慈悲！」鴻鈞道人曰：「你這等欺心！分明是你自己作業，致生殺伐，該這些生靈遭此劫數；你不自責，尚去責人，情殊可恨！當日三教共僉封神榜，你何得盡忘之也！名利乃凡夫俗子之所爭，嗔怒乃兒女子之所事，縱是未斬三尸之仙，未赴蟠桃之客，也要脫此苦惱；豈

戰通天教主。通天教主看見準提，頓起三昧真火，大罵曰：「好潑道！焉敢欺吾太甚，又來攪吾此陣也！」縱奎牛衝來，仗劍直取；準提將七寶妙樹架開。正是：

西方極樂無窮法，但是蓮花一化身。

且說通天教主用劍砍來，準提將七寶妙樹一刷，把通天教主手中劍打的粉碎。通天教主把奎牛一撻，跳出陣去了。準提道人收了法身，老子與元始也不趕他。群仙其破了萬仙陣，鳴動金鐘，擊響玉磬，俱回蘆篷上來。老子與元始看見定光仙，問曰：「你是截教門人定光仙，為何躲在此處也？」定光仙拜伏在地曰：「師伯在上，弟子有罪，敢稟明師伯。吾師煉有六魂幡，欲害二位師伯並西方教主、武王、子牙，使弟子執定聽用。弟子因見師伯道正理明，吾師未免偏聽逆道，造此業障，弟子不忍使用，故收匿藏身於此處。今師伯下問，弟子不得不以實告。」元始曰：「奇哉！你身居截教，心向正宗，自是有根器之人。」隨命跟上蘆篷，四位教主坐下，共論今日邪正方分。老子問定光仙曰：「你可取六魂幡來。」定光仙將幡呈上。西方教主曰：「此幡可摘去周武、姜尚名諱，將幡展開，以見我等根行如何。」準提隨將六魂幡摘去武王、姜尚名諱，命定光仙展布。定光仙依命，將幡連展數展。只見四位教主頂上各現奇珍：元始現慶雲，老子現塔，西方二位教主現舍利子，保護其身。定光仙見了，棄幡倒身下拜，言曰：「似此吾師妄動嗔念，陷無限生靈也！」西方教主曰：「吾有一偈，你且聽著：

極樂之鄉客，西方妙術神。
蓮花為父母，九品立吾身。
池邊分八德，常臨七寶園。
波羅花開後，遍地長金珍。
談講三乘法，舍利腹中存。
有緣生此地，久後幸沙門。」

西方教主曰：「定光仙與吾教有緣。」元始曰：「他今日至此，也是棄邪歸正念頭，理當皈依道兄。」

來。」老子、元始、通天三個走近前面。道人問曰：「當時只因周家國運將興，湯數當盡，神仙逢此緞運，故命你三個共立封神榜，以觀眾仙根行淺深，或仙，或神，各成其品。不意通天弟子輕信門徒，致生事端，雖是劫數難逃，終是你不守清淨，白背盟言，不能善為眾仙解脫，以致俱遭屠戮，罪誠在你，非是我為師的有偏向，這是公論。」接引與準提齊曰：「老師之言不差。」鴻鈞曰：「今日我與你講明，從此解釋。大徒弟，你須讓過他罷。俱各歸仙闕，毋得戕害生靈。況眾弟子厄滿，姜尚大功垂成，再毋多言，從此各修宗教。」鴻鈞吩咐：「三人過來跪下。」三位教主齊至面前，雙膝跪下。道人袖內取出一個葫蘆，倒出三粒丹來，每一位賜他一粒：「你們吞入腹中，吾自有話說。」三位教主俱皆依師命，各吞一粒。鴻鈞道人曰：「此丹非是卻病長生之物，你聽我道來：

此丹煉就有玄功，因你三人各自攻。若有先將念頭改，腹中丹發即時甦！」

鴻鈞道人作羅詩，三位教主叩首：「拜謝老師慈悲！」鴻鈞道人起身，作辭西方教主，命通天三弟子：「你隨我去。」通天教主不敢違命。只見接引道人與準提俱起身，同老子、元始率眾門人同送至蓬下。鴻鈞別過西方二位教主，老子與眾門人等又拜伏道旁，俟鴻鈞發駕。鴻鈞吩咐：「你等去罷。」眾人起立拱候。只見鴻鈞與通天教主駕祥雲冉冉而去。西方教主也作辭回西去了。老子、元始與子牙曰：「今日來，我等與十二代弟子俱回洞府，候你封過神，重新再修身命，方是真仙。」正是：

重修頂上三花現，返本還元又是仙。

子牙與元始眾仙下得蘆篷，姜子牙伏於道旁，拜求掌教師尊曰：「弟子姜尚蒙師尊指示，得進於此地，不知後會諸候一事如何？」老子曰：「我有一詩，你謹記有驗。詩曰：

意你三人乃是混元大羅金仙，歷萬劫不磨之體，為三教元首，為因小事，生此嗔癡，作此邪慾。他三人原無此意，都是你作此過惡，他不得不應耳。雖是劫數使然，也都是你約束不嚴，你的門徒生事，你不是居多。我若不來，彼此報復，何日是了？我特來大發慈悲，與你等解釋冤愆，各掌教宗，毋得生事。」隨吩咐左右散仙：「你等各歸洞府，自養天真，以俟超脫。」眾仙叩首而散。

鴻鈞道人命通天教主先至蘆篷通報。通天教主不敢有違師命，只得先往蘆篷下來，心中自思：「如何好見他們？」不得已，靦面而行。話說哪吒同韋護俱在蘆篷下，議論萬仙陣中那些光景，忽見通天教主先行，後面跟著一個老道人扶策而行，只見祥雲繚繞，瑞氣盤旋，冉冉而來，將至篷下。眾門人與哪吒等各各驚疑未定。只見通天教主將近篷下，大呼曰：「哪吒可報與老子、元始，快來接老爺聖駕！」哪吒忙上篷來報。話說老子在篷上與西方教主正講眾弟子劫數之厄，今已圓滿，猛擡頭見祥光瑞靄，騰躍而來，老子已知老師來至，忙起身謁元始曰：「師尊來至！」急率眾弟子下篷。只見哪吒來報：「天主教主跟一老道人而來，呼老爺接駕，不知何故。」老子曰：「吾已知之。此是我等老師，想是來與我等解釋冤愆耳。」遂相率下篷迎接，在道旁俯伏曰：「不知老師大駕下臨，弟子有失遠接，望乞恕罪。」鴻鈞道人曰：「只因十二代弟子運逢殺劫，致你兩教參商。吾特來與你等解釋冤尤，各安宗教，毋得自相背逆。」老子與元始聲喏曰：「願聞師命。」遂至篷上，與西方教主相見。鴻鈞道人稱讚：「西方極樂世界真是福地。」西方教主應曰：「不敢！」教主請鴻鈞道人拜見。鴻鈞曰：「吾與道友無有拘束。這三個是吾門下，當得如此。」接引道人與準提道人打稽首坐下。後面就是老子、元始過來拜見畢，又是十二代弟子併眾門人俱來拜見畢，俱分兩邊侍立。通天教主也在一旁站立。鴻鈞道人曰：「你三個過

孤之幸也。」子牙傳令，起兵往臨潼關來。只八十里，早已來至關下，安下行營。且說臨潼關守將歐陽淳聞報，與副將卞金龍、桂天祿、公孫鐸共議曰：「今姜尚兵來，止得一關，焉能阻擋周兵？」眾將言曰：「主將明日與周兵見一陣，如勝則以勝而退周兵；如不勝，然後堅守，修表往朝歌去告急，俟援兵協守，此為上策。」歐陽淳曰：「將軍之言是也。」次日，子牙陞帳，傳下令去：「誰去取臨潼關走一遭？」傍有黃飛虎曰：「末將願往。」子牙許之。飛虎領本部人馬，一聲砲響，至關下搦戰。報馬報入帥府：「啟主帥：有周將搦戰。」歐陽淳曰：「誰去走一遭？」只見先行官卞金龍領令，出關來見黃飛虎，大呼曰：「來將何名？」飛虎曰：「吾乃武成王黃飛虎是也。」卞金龍大罵：「反賊不思報國，反助叛逆！吾乃臨潼關先行卞金龍是也。」黃飛虎大怒，縱騎搖鎗，飛來直取。卞金龍手中斧急架忙迎。牛馬相交，鎗斧併舉。戰未三十合，黃飛虎賣個破綻，吼一聲，將卞金龍刺下馬來，梟了首級，掌鼓回營，來見姜元帥。子牙大喜，上了黃將軍功績不表。且說報馬報入帥府，歐陽淳大驚，只見卞金龍家將報入本府，卞金龍妻子胥氏聽說，放聲大哭，驚動後園長子卞吉。卞吉問左右：「太太為何啼哭？」左右把家主陣亡事說了一遍。卞吉怒髮沖冠，隨換了披掛，來見母親曰：「母親不須啼哭，俟兒為父親報仇。」胥氏只是啼哭，也不管卞吉的事。卞吉上馬，至帥府前。左右報入殿庭：「啟元帥：卞先行長子聽令。」歐陽淳命：「令來。」卞吉上殿，行禮畢，含淚啟曰：「末將父死何人之手？」歐陽淳曰：「尊翁不幸，被反賊黃飛虎鎗挑下馬，喪了性命。」卞吉曰：「今日已晚，明日拏仇人為父洩恨。」卞吉回至家中，令家將扛擡一個紅櫃，隨領軍出關。卞吉率領軍士至關外，豎立一根大旛桿，將紅櫃打開，擡出一首旛，掛將起來，懸於空中，有四五丈高。好利害旛！怎見得，有詩為證：

險處又逢險處過，前程不必問如何。諸侯八百看齊會，只待封神奏凱歌。」

老子道罷，與元始各回玉京去了。廣成子與十二代仙人，俱來作別曰：「子牙，吾等與你此一別，再不能會面也！」子牙心下甚是不忍分離，在篷下戀戀不捨。子牙作詩以送之，詩曰：

「東進臨潼會萬仙，依依回首甚相憐。從今別後何年會？安得相逢訴舊緣。」

話說群仙作別而去，惟有陸壓握子牙之手曰：「我等此去，會面已難，前途雖有凶險之處，俱有解釋之人；只還有幾件難處之事，非此寶不可，我將此葫蘆之寶送你，以為後用。」子牙感謝不已。陸壓隨將飛刀付與，也自作別而去。

話分兩頭，單表元始駕回玉虛。申公豹只因破了萬仙陣，希圖逃竄他山，豈知他惡貫滿盈，跨虎而遁；只見白鶴童子看見申公豹在前面，似飛雲掣電一般奔走，白鶴童子忙啟元始天尊曰：「前面是申公豹逃竄。」元始曰：「他曾發一誓，命黃巾力士將我的三寶玉如意把他掣在麒麟崖伺候。」童子接了如意，遞與力士。力士趕上前大呼曰：「申公豹不要走！奉天尊法旨掣你去麒麟崖聽候！」祭起如意，平空把申公豹掣了往麒麟崖來。且說元始天尊駕至崖前，落下九龍沉香輦，只見黃巾力士將申公豹掣來，放在天尊面前。元始曰：「你曾發下誓盟，去塞北海眼，今日你也無辭。」申公豹低首無語。元始命黃巾力士：「將我的蒲團捲起他來，掣去塞了北海眼！」力士領命，將申公豹塞在北海眼裡。有詩為證：

堪笑闡教申公豹，要保成湯滅武王。今日誰知身塞海，不知紅日幾滄桑。

話說黃巾力士將申公豹塞了北海，回元始法旨不表。

且說子牙領眾門徒回潼關來見武王，武王曰：「相父今日回來，兵士俱齊，可速進兵，早會諸侯，

來刺。黃飛虎急撥鎗來迎。戰有三十回合，卞吉詐敗，竟往旛下去了。黃飛虎不知，也趕至旛下，亦如南宮适一樣被擒。黃明大怒，搖斧趕來，欲救黃飛虎，不知至旛下，也跌翻在地，也被擒了。卞吉連擒二將，進關來報功，欲將黃飛虎斬首，以報父仇。歐陽淳曰：「小將軍雖要報父之仇，理宜斬首；只他是起禍渠魁，正當獻上朝廷正法，一則以洩尊翁之恨，一則以顯小將軍之功；恩怨兩伸，豈不為美？且將他監候。」卞吉不得已，只得含淚而退。

話說周紀見黃明又失利，不敢向前，只得敗進營來見子牙。子牙聞說黃飛虎被擒，大驚，問周紀曰：「他如何擒去？」周紀曰：「他於關外立有一旛，俱是人骨頭穿成，高有數丈。他先自敗走，竟從旛下過去；若是趕他的，只至旛下，便身連馬倒了。黃明去救武成王，也被擒去。」子牙大驚：「此又是左道之術！待吾明日親自臨陣，便知端的。」次日，子牙與眾將門人出營來，看見此旛，懸於空中，有千條黑氣，萬道寒煙。哪吒等仔細定睛，看那白骨上俱有硃砂符印，對子牙曰：「師叔可曾見上面符印麼？」子牙曰：「吾已見了。此正是左道之術。你等今後交戰，只不往他旛下過便了。」只見報馬報入關內，歐陽淳也親自出關，來會子牙。歐陽淳不往旛下過，往旁邊走來。子牙看見歐陽淳轉將出來，對門人曰：「你看主將也不從此處過。」眾將皆點頭會意。子牙迎上前來，問：「來將莫非守關主將麼？」歐陽淳曰：「然也。」子牙曰：「將軍何不知天命耶？五關止此一城，尚欲抗拒天兵哉？」歐陽淳大怒：「匹夫敢出此言！」回顧卞吉曰：「與吾拿此叛賊！」卞吉催開馬，搖手中戟飛奔過來。旁有雷震子大呼曰：「賊將慢來，有吾在此！」展開二翅，舉棍打來。卞吉見雷震子兇悍，知是異人，未及數合，就往旛下敗走。雷震子自忖：「此旛既是妖術，不若先打碎此旛，再殺卞吉未遲。」雷震子把二翅飛起，望旛上

萬骨攢成世罕知，開天闢地最為奇。周王不是多洪福，百萬雄師此處危。

話說當日卞吉將旛桿豎起，一馬竟至周營轅門前搦戰。哨馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：關內有將請戰。」子牙問：「誰人出馬？」只見南宮适領命出營。見一員小將，生的面貌兇惡，手持方天畫戟，大呼曰：「來者何人？」南宮适笑曰：「似你這等黃口孺子，定然不認得，吾是西岐大將南宮适。」卞吉曰：「且饒你一死回去，只叫黃飛虎出來！他殺我父，吾與他有不共戴天之仇。我不拏你這將生替死之輩。」南宮适聽罷大怒，縱馬舞刀，直取卞吉；卞吉手中戟急架忙迎。二馬相交，戟刀併舉。二將大戰，正是棋逢對手，將遇作家。卞吉與南宮适戰有二十合，卞吉撥馬便走，南宮适隨後趕來。卞吉先往旛下過去。南宮适不知詳細，也往旛下來，只見馬到旛前，早已連人帶馬跌倒，南宮适不醒人事，被左右守旛軍士將南宮适繩纏索綁，掣出旛來。南宮适方睜開二目，乃知墮入他左道之術。卞吉進關來見歐陽淳，把掣了南宮适的話說了一遍。歐陽淳命左右：「推來。」至殿前，南宮适站立不跪。歐陽淳罵曰：「反國逆賊！今已被擒，尚敢抗禮！」命：「速斬首號令！」傍有公孫鐸曰：「主將在上：目今奸佞當道，言我等守關將士俱是架言征戰，冒破錢糧，賄買功績；凡有邊報，一概不准，尚將齋本人役斬了。依末將愚見，不若將南宮适監候，俟捉獲渠魁，解往朝歌，以塞奸佞之口，庶知邊關非冒破之名。不知主將意下若何？」歐陽淳曰：「將軍之言正合吾意。」遂將南宮适送在監中不表。

且說子牙聞報，南宮适被擒，心中大驚，悶坐中軍。次日，卞吉又來搦戰，坐名要黃飛虎。飛虎帶黃明、周紀出營來。見卞吉飛馬過來，大呼曰：「來者何人？」黃飛虎曰：「吾乃武成王黃飛虎是也。」卞吉聞言大怒，罵曰：「反國逆賊，擅殺吾父，不共戴天之仇。今日拿你碎尸萬段，以洩吾恨！」展戟

又評

申公豹雖罪之魁，亦功之首；元始還該寬恕他。若不是他邀請只些人，如何湊得封神榜上數？此時元始不過只要應他的咒，以合冥數，故從闡教人。畢竟要應數，一些也不放空；截教不論數，只是恃力扭轉他。二者皆非正道。

一棍打來。不知此旛周圍有一股妖氣迷住，撞著他就自昏迷，雷震子一棍打來，竟被妖氣沖著，便翻下地來，不醒人事。兩邊守旛家將，把雷震子綑綁起來。這壁廂韋護大怒，急祭起降魔杵來打此旛。此杵雖能鎮壓邪魔外道之人，不知打不得此旛。只見那杵竟落旛下。正是：

休言韋護降魔杵，怎敵幽魂百骨旛。

話說韋護見此杵竟落于旛下，不覺大驚；眾門下俱面面相覷。只見卞吉復至軍前大呼曰：「姜尚可早下騎歸降，免你一死！」哪吒聽得大怒，登開風火輪，現出三首八臂，大喝曰：「匹夫慢來！」搖火尖鎗飛來直取。卞吉見哪吒如此形狀，先自吃了一驚。未及數合，被哪吒一乾坤圈把卞吉幾乎打下馬來，回身敗進關去了。子牙後有李靖催馬搖戟來戰，歐陽淳旁有桂天祿舞手中刀抵住了李靖。未及數合，被李靖一戟刺于馬下。歐陽淳大怒，搖手中斧來戰李靖，子牙命左右擂鼓助戰。只見陣後沖出辛甲、辛免，四賢毛公遂、周公旦、召公奭無數周將，把歐陽淳圍在當中，又有周紀、龍環、吳謙三將也來助戰，把歐陽淳殺得只有招架之功，更無還兵之力。不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。

評

通天教主為神仙領袖，如何這等模糊？既知天意已定，如何扭得過來，徒令生靈受苦？夫子云：不知天命，無以為君子。若通天教主可為知命乎？豈可還令他掌教？因該打入常行，歷百千劫，方可還其掌教。鴻鈞道人甚欠主張，俱為情面所使。

妄生禍亂；侵佔疆土，五關已得四關，大兵見屯臨潼關下，損兵殺將，大肆狂暴，真繫卵之危，其禍不小。守關主將具疏告急，乞陛下以社稷為重，日親政事，速賜施行，不勝幸甚！」微子將表呈上。紂王接表，看罷，大驚曰：「不意姜尚作難肆橫，竟克朕之四關也。今不早治，是養癰自患也。」隨傳旨上殿。左右當駕官施設龍車鳳輦：「請陛下發駕。」只見警蹕傳呼，天子御駕早至金鑾寶殿。掌殿官與金吾大將忙將鐘鼓齊鳴，百官端肅而進，不覺威儀一新。只因紂王有經年未曾臨朝，今一旦登殿，人心鼓舞如此。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

煙籠鳳閣，香燭龍樓。光搖月辰動，雲拂翠華流。侍臣燈，宮女扇，雙雙映彩；孔雀屏，麒麟殿，處處光浮。靜鞭三下響，衣冠拜冕旒。金章紫綬垂天象，管取江山萬萬秋。

話說紂王設朝，百官無不慶幸。朝賀畢，王曰：「姜尚肆橫，以下凌上，侵犯關隘，已壞朕四關，如今屯兵于臨潼關下。若不大奮乾剛，以懲其侮，國法安在！眾卿有何策可退周兵？」言未畢，左班中閃出一位上大夫李通，出班啟奏曰：「臣聞『君為元首，臣為股肱。』陛下平昔不以國事為重，聽讒遠忠，荒淫酒色，屏棄政事，以致天愁民怨，萬姓不保，天下思亂，四海分崩。陛下今日臨軒，事已晚矣。況今朝歌豈無智能之士，賢俊之人？只因陛下平日不以忠良為重，故今日亦不以陛下為重耳。即今東有姜文煥，遊魂關晝夜無寧；南有鄂順，三山關攻打甚急；北有崇黑虎，陳塘關旦夕將危；西有姬發，兵叩臨潼關，指日可破；真如大廈將傾，一木焉能支得？臣今不避斧鉞之誅，直言冒瀆天聽，乞速加整飭，以救危亡。如不以臣言為謬，臣舉保二臣，可先去臨潼關，阻住周兵，再為商議。願陛下日修德政，去讒遠佞，諫行言聽，庶可少挽天意，猶不失成湯之脈耳。」王曰：「卿保舉何人？」李通曰：「臣觀眾

第八十五回

鄧芮二侯歸周主

西山日落景寥寥，大廈將傾借小條。卞吉無辜遭屈死，歐陽熱血染霞綃。

奸邪用事民生喪，妖孽頻興社稷搖。可惜成湯先世業，輕輕送入往來潮。

話說歐陽淳被干周將圍在核心，只殺得盔甲歪斜，汗流浹背，自料抵擋不住，把馬跳出圈子，敗進關中去了，緊閉不出。子牙在轅門又見折了雷震子，心下十分不樂。且說歐陽淳敗進關來，忙陞殿坐下，見卞吉打傷，吩咐他且往私宅調養，一面把雷震子且送下監中，修告急文書往朝歌求救。差官在路上，正是春盡夏初時節，怎見得一路上好光景，有詩為證，詩曰：

清和天氣爽，池沼芰荷生。梅逐雨餘熟，麥隨風景成。
草隨花落處，鶯老柳枝輕。江燕攜雛習，
山雞哺子鳴。斗南當日永，萬物顯光明。

話說差官在路，不分晝夜，不一日進了朝歌，在館驛安歇。次日，將本齎進午門，至文書房投遞。那日是中大夫惡來看本，差官將本呈上。惡來接過手，正看那本，只見微子啟來至，惡來將歐陽淳的本遞與微子看。微子大驚：「姜尚兵至臨潼關下，敵兵已臨咫尺之地，天子尚高臥不知。奈何！奈何！」隨抱本往內庭見駕。紂王正在鹿臺與三妖飲宴，當駕官啟駕：「有微子啟候旨。」紂王曰：「宣來。」微子至臺上見禮畢，王曰：「皇兄有何奏章？」微子奏曰：「姜尚造反，自立姬發，興兵作叛；糾合諸侯，

歐陽淳命：「開關拿來。」不知若要拿人，只是卞吉的家將拿的，其餘別人皆拿不得，到不得旛下去。彼時幾個軍士走至旛下，俱翻身跌倒，不省人事。關上軍士看見，忙報主將。歐陽淳亦自驚疑，忙叫左右：「去請卞吉來。」卞吉此時在家調養傷痕，聞主帥來呼喚，只得勉強進府中。歐陽淳將前事告訴一遍。卞吉曰：「此小事耳。」命家將：「去把那矮子拿來，將眾人放了。」家將出關，將土行孫綁了，把眾軍士拖出旛外。眾人如醉方醒，各各揉眼擦面。一時將土行孫扛進關來，拿進府中。歐陽淳問曰：「你是何人？」土行孫曰：「我見旛下有一黃金棍，拿去家裡耍子，不知就在那裡睡著了。」卞吉在旁邊罵曰：「你這匹夫！怎敢以言語來戲弄我？」命左右：「拿去斬了！」眾軍士拿出前門，舉刀就斬，只見土行孫一扭，就不見了。正是：

地行妙術真堪羨，一晃全身入土中。

眾軍士忙進府中來報曰：「啟元帥：異事非常！我等拿此人，方纔下手，那矮子把身一晃，就不見了。」歐陽淳與卞吉曰：「這個就是土行孫了，倒要仔細。」彼此驚異不表。土行孫回營，來見子牙，曰：「果然此旛利害，弟子至旛下就跌倒了，不知人事；若非地行之術，性命休矣。」次日，卞吉傷痕痊癒，領家將出關，至軍前搦戰。哨馬報入子牙，子牙問：「誰人出馬？」哪吒願往，登風火輪，搖火尖鎗出營來。卞吉見了仇人，也不答話，搖畫杆戟，劈面刺來；哪吒火尖鎗分心就刺。一場大戰，怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

戰鼓殺聲揚，英雄臨戰場。紅旗如烈火，征夫四臂忙。這一個展開銀杆戟，那一個發動火尖鎗。
哪吒施威武，卞吉逞剛強。忠心扶社稷，赤膽為君王。相逢難下手，孰在孰先亡。

臣之內，止有鄧昆、芮吉素有忠良之心，輔國實念，若得此二臣前去，可保無虞也。」紂王准奏，隨官鄧昆、芮吉上殿。不一時宣至殿前，朝賀畢，王曰：「今有上大夫李通奏卿忠心為國，特舉卿二人前去臨潼關協守。朕加爾黃鉞白旄，特專閫外。卿當盡心竭力，務在必退周兵，以擒罪者。卿功在社稷，朕豈惜茅土以報卿哉？當領朕命。」鄧昆、芮吉叩首曰：「臣敢不竭駑駘之力以報陛下知遇之恩也。」紂王傳旨：「賜二卿筵宴，以見朕寵榮至意。」二臣叩頭，謝恩下殿。須臾，左右鋪上筵席，百官與二候把盞。微子、箕子二位殿下也奉酒與二候，哽咽言曰：「二位將軍，社稷安危，在此一行，全仗將軍扶持國難，則國家幸甚！」二候曰：「殿下放心，臣平日之忠肝義膽，正報國恩于今日也，豈敢有負皇上委托之隆，眾大夫保舉之恩也。」酒畢，二人謝過二位殿下與眾官，次日起兵離了朝歌，逕往孟津渡黃河而來。按下不表。

且說土行孫催糧至轅門，看見一首旛，旛下卻是韋護的降魔杵，雷震子的黃金棍。土行孫不知其故，自思：「他二人兵器如何丟在此旛下？我且見了元帥，再來看其真實。」報馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：二運督糧官等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」土行孫來至中軍，見子牙行禮畢，問曰：「弟子適纔督糧至轅門外，見那關前豎一首旛，那旛下卻有韋護、雷震子兩件兵器在那旛下，不知何故？」子牙把卞吉的事說了一遍。土行孫不信：「豈有此理？」哪吒曰：「卞吉被吾打了一圈，這幾日俱不曾出來。」土行孫曰：「待吾去便知端的。」哪吒曰：「你不可去，果是那旛利害。」土行孫只是不信。那時天色將晚，土行孫逕出營門，一頭往旛下來。方至旛下，便一交跌倒，不知人事。周營哨馬報于子牙，子牙大驚。正無可計較，只見關上軍士見旛下睡著一個矮子，報與歐陽淳。

把人馬調出關會姜尚，早定雌雄，以免無辜塗炭。」歐陽淳曰：「將軍之言甚善。」令卞吉等關中點砲吶喊，人馬一齊出關。

鄧、芮二侯出了關外，見了幽魂白骨旛高懸數丈，阻住正道。卞吉在馬上曰：「啟上二位將軍：把人馬從左路上走，不可往旛下去。此旛不同別樣寶貝。」芮吉曰：「既去不得，便不可走。」軍士俱從左路至子牙營前，對左右探馬曰：「請武王、子牙答話。」哨馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：關中大勢人馬排開，請武王、元帥答話。」子牙曰：「既請武王答話，必有深意。」命中軍官速請武王臨陣。子牙傳令：「點砲吶喊。」寶纛旗磨動，轅門開處，鼓角齊鳴，周營中人馬齊出。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

紅旗閃灼出軍中，對對英雄氣吐虹。馬上將軍如猛虎，步下士卒似蛟龍。騰騰殺氣沖霄漢，靄靄威光透九重。金盔鳳翅光華吐，銀甲魚鱗瑞彩橫。幟頭燦爛紅抹額，束髮冠搖雉尾雄。五岳門人多驍勇，哪吒正印是先鋒。保周滅紂元戎至，法令森嚴姜太公。

話說鄧、芮二侯在馬上見子牙出兵，威風凜凜，殺氣騰騰，別是一般光景；又見那三山五岳門人，一班兒齊齊整整；又見紅羅傘下，武王坐逍遙馬，左右有四賢、八俊，分于兩旁。怎見得武王生成的天子，儀表非俗，有詩為證，詩曰：

龍鳳丰姿迥出群，神清氣爽帝王君。三停①勻稱金霞遠，五岳朝歸紫霧分。

①三停：相法術語。身有三停，自頸至臍曰上停，自臍至膝曰中停，自膝至足曰下停。上停長主安逸，下停長主勞碌。面亦有三停，又名三才，額角、準頭、地角是也。上停長主少年富，中停長主福祿昌，下停長主老吉祥，三停平等主一生衣食不虧。

話說卞吉戰哪吒，又恐他先下手，把馬一撥，預先往旛下走來。看官：若論哪吒要往旛下來，他也來得；他是蓮花化身，卻無魂魄，如何來不得？只是哪吒天性乖巧，他猶恐不妙，便立住腳，看卞吉往旛下過去了，他便登回風火輪，自己回營不表。

且說卞吉進關來見歐陽淳，言曰：「不才欲誼哪吒往旛下來，他狡猾不來趕我，自己回營去了。」歐陽淳曰：「似此奈何？」正議間，忽探馬報：「鄧、芮二侯奉旨前來助戰，請主將迎接。」歐陽淳同眾將出府來迎接。二侯忙下馬，攜手上銀安殿，行禮畢，二侯上坐，歐陽淳下陪。鄧問曰：「前有將軍告急本章進朝歌，天子看過，特命不才二人與將軍協守此關。今姜尚猖獗，所在授首，軍威已挫，似全不在戰之罪也。今臨潼關乃朝歌保障，與他關不同，必當重兵把守，方保無虞。連日將軍與周兵交戰，勝負如何？」歐陽淳曰：「初次副將卞金龍失利，幸其子卞吉有一旛，名曰幽魂白骨旛，全仗此旛，以阻周兵。一次拏了南宮适，二次拏了黃飛虎、黃明，三次拏了雷震子。」鄧曰：「拏的可是反五關的黃飛虎？」歐陽淳曰：「正是他了。」歐陽淳此回，正是：

無心說出黃飛虎，咫尺臨潼關子牙。

話說鄧問：「可是武成王黃飛虎？」歐陽淳曰：「正是。」鄧冷笑曰：「他今日也被你拏了，此將軍莫大之功也。」歐陽淳謙謝不已。鄧暗記在心。原來黃飛虎是鄧兩姨夫，眾將那裡知道。歐陽淳治酒管待二侯，眾將飲罷各散。鄧至私宅，默思：「黃飛虎今已被擒，如何救他？我想天下八百諸侯，盡已歸周，此關大勢盡失，料此關焉能阻得他？不若歸周，此為上策。但不知芮吉何如？且待明日會過一戰，見機而作。」次日，二侯上殿，眾將參謁。芮吉曰：「吾等奉旨前來，當以忠心報國。速傳令，

哪吒三頭八臂，相貌異常，只嚇得神魂飛散，急忙先走，傳令鳴金收兵，眾將各架住兵器。正是：

人言姬發過堯舜，雲集群雄佐聖君。

話說鄧昆回兵進關，至殿前坐下，歐陽淳、卞吉等俱說姜尚用兵有法，將勇兵驍，門下又有許多三山五岳道術之士，難以取勝，俱各各咨嗟不已。歐陽淳只得治酒管待。至夜，各自歸于臥所。且說鄧昆至更深，白思：「如今天時已歸西周，紂王荒淫不道，諒亦不久；況黃飛虎又是兩姨夫，被陷在此，使吾掣肘，如之奈何？且武王功德日盛，有龍鳳之姿，天口之表，真應運之主。子牙又善用兵，門下又是些道術之客，此關豈能為紂王久守哉？不若歸周，以順天時。只恐芮吉不從，奈何！且俟明日以言挑他，看他意思何如，再作道理。」就思想了半夜。不說鄧昆已有意歸周，且表芮吉自與武王見陣進關，雖是吃酒，心上暗自沉吟：「人言武王有德，果然器宇不同。子牙善能用兵，果然門下俱是異士。今三分天下，周其有二，眼見得此關如何守！不若獻關歸降，以免兵革之苦。只不知鄧昆心上如何？且慢慢將言語探他，便知虛實。」兩下裡俱各有意不題。

只見次日，二侯降轎坐下，眾將官參謁畢，鄧昆曰：「關中將寡兵微，昨日臨陣，果然姜尚用兵有法，所助者又是些道術之士。國事艱難，如之奈何？」卞吉曰：「國家興隆，自有豪傑來佐，又豈在人之多寡哉！」鄧昆曰：「卞將軍之言雖是，但目下難支，奈何？」卞吉曰：「今關外尚有此旂，阻住周兵，料姜尚不能過此。」芮吉聽了他二人說話，心中自忖：「鄧昆已有意歸周。」不覺至晚，飲了數杯，各散。鄧昆令心腹人密請芮侯飲酒，芮吉聞命，欣然而來。二侯執手至密室相敘，左右掌起燭來，二侯對面傳杯。正是：

仁慈相繼同堯舜，弔伐重光過夏殷。八百餘年開世業，特將時雨救如焚。

話說鄧、芮二侯在馬上大呼曰：「來者可謂武王、姜子牙麼？」子牙曰：「然也。」因而問之：「二公乃何人？」鄧昆曰：「吾乃鄧昆、芮吉是也。姜子牙，你想西周不以仁義禮智輔國四維，乃擅自僭稱王號，收匿叛亡，拒逆天兵，殺軍覆將，已罪在不赦；今又大肆猖獗，欺君罔上，忤逆不道，侵占天下疆土，意欲何為！獨不思『率土之濱，莫非王臣』，而敢竄惑天下後世之人心哉？」芮吉又指武王曰：「你先王素稱有德，雖羈囚羑里七年，更無一言怨尤，克守臣節，蒙紂王憐赦歸國，加以黃鉞白旄，特專征伐；其洪恩德澤，可為厚矣。爾等當世酬報，尚未盡涓涯之萬一；今父死未久，深聽姜尚妄語，尋事干戈，興無名之師，犯大逆之罪，是自取覆宗滅祀之禍，悔亦何及！今聽吾言，速速退兵，還我關隘，擒其渠魁，獻俘商郊，爾自歸待罪，尚待爾以不死；不然，恐天子大奮乾剛，親率六師，大張天討，只恐爾等死無噍類矣。」

子牙笑曰：「二位賢侯只知守常之語，不知時務之宜。古云：『天命無常，惟有德者居之。』今紂王殘虐不道，荒淫醜暴，殺戮大臣，誅妻棄子，郊社不修，宗廟不享，臣下化之，朋家作仇，戕害百姓，無辜籲天，穢德彰聞，罪惡貫盈。皇天震怒，特命我周恭行天之討，故天下諸侯相率事周，會于孟津，觀政于商郊。二侯尚執迷不悟，猶以口舌相爭耶？以吾觀之，二侯如寄寓之客，不知誰為之主；宜速倒戈，棄暗投明，亦不失封侯之位耳。請自速裁。」鄧昆大怒，命卜吉：「拏此野叟！」卜吉縱馬搖戟，衝殺過來；旁有趙昇使雙刀前來抵住。二人正接戰間，芮吉持刀也衝將過來。這邊孫焰紅使斧抵住。只見武吉催開馬殺來助戰。旁邊惱了先行哪吒，登開風火輪，現三首八臂，衝殺過來，勢不可當。鄧昆見

古人所謂「良禽擇木而棲，賢臣擇主而仕」，以展賢弟之才。」言罷，咨嗟不已。

芮吉笑曰：「據弟察兄之意，兄已有意歸周，故以言探我耳。弟有此心久矣。果長兄有意歸周，弟願隨鞭鐙。」鄧昆忙起身慰之曰：「非不才敢蓄此不臣之心，只以天命人心卜之，終非好消息，而徒死無益耳。既賢弟亦有此心，正所謂『二人同心，其利斷金』，只吾輩無門可入，奈何？」芮吉曰：「慢慢尋思，再乘機會。」二人正商議綢繆，已被土行孫在地下聽得詳細，喜不自勝，思想：「不若乘此時會他一會，有何不可？也是我進關一場。引進二侯歸周，也是功績。」正是：

世間萬事由天數，引得賢侯歸武王。

話說土行孫在黑影裡鑽將上來，現出身子，上前言曰：「二位賢侯請了！要歸武王，吾與賢侯作引進。」道罷，就把鄧、芮二侯謊得半晌無言。土行孫曰：「二侯不要驚恐，吾乃是姜元帥麾下二運糧官土行孫是也。」鄧、芮二侯聽畢，方纔定神，問曰：「將軍為何夤夜至此？」土行孫曰：「不瞞賢侯說，奉姜元帥將令，特來進關探聽虛實。適纔在地下聽得二位賢侯有意歸周，恨無引進，故敢輕冒，致驚大駕，幸無見罪。若果真意歸周，不才預為先容。吾元帥謙恭下士，決不致有辜二侯之美意也。」鄧、芮二侯聽說，不勝欣喜，忙上前行禮曰：「不知將軍前來，有失迎迓，望勿見罪。」鄧昆復挽土行孫之手，歎曰：「大抵武王仁聖，故有公等高明之士為之輔弼耳。不才二人昨日因在陣上，見武王與姜元帥俱是盛德之士，天下不久歸周，今日回關，與賢弟商議，不意為將軍得知，實吾二人之幸也。」土行孫曰：「事不宜遲。將軍可修書一封，俟我先報知姜元帥，候將軍乘機獻關，以便我等接應。」鄧昆急忙向燈下修書，遞與土行孫，曰：「煩將軍報知姜元帥，設法取關。早晚將軍還進關來，以便商議。」土行孫

二侯有意歸真主，自有高人送信來。

且不言二侯正在密室中飲酒，欲待要說心事，彼此不好擅出其口。只見子牙在營中運籌取關，又多
了那首旛，阻在路上，欲別尋路徑，又不知他關中虛實，黃飛虎等下落，無計可施。忽然想起土行孫來，
隨喚上行孫吩咐：「你今晚可進關去，如此如此探聽，不得有誤。」土行孫得令，把精神抖擻，至一更
時分，逕進關來。先往禁中，來看南宮适等三人。土行孫見看守的尚未曾睡，不敢妄動，卻往別處行走。
只見來至前面，聽得鄧、芮二侯在那廂飲酒。土行孫便躲在地下聽他們說些甚麼。只見鄧、芮屏退左右，
笑謂芮吉曰：「賢弟，我們說句笑話。你說將來還是周興，還是紂興？你我私議，各出自己見，不要藏隱，
總無外人知道。」芮吉亦笑曰：「兄長下問，使弟如何敢盡言？若說我等的識見洪遠，又有所不敢言；
若是模糊應答，兄長又笑小弟是無用之物，弟終訥于言。」鄧、芮笑曰：「我與你雖為各姓，情同骨肉，
此時出君之口，入吾之耳，又何本心之不可說哉。賢弟勿疑！」

芮吉曰：「大丈夫既與同心之友談天下政事，若不明曰張膽傾吐一番，又何取其能擔當天下事，為
識時務之俊傑哉？據弟愚見，你如今雖奉敕協同守關，不過強逆天心民意，是豈人民之所願者也？今主
上失德，四海分崩，諸侯叛亂，思得明主，天下事不卜可知。況周武仁德播布四海，姜尚賢能，輔相國
務，又有三山五岳道術之士為之羽翼，是周曰強盛，湯曰衰弱，將來繼商而有天下者，非周武而誰？前
者會戰，其規模器宇已自不同。但我等受國厚恩，惟以死報國，盡其職耳。承長兄下問，故敢以實告，
其他非我知也。」鄧、芮笑曰：「賢弟這一番議論，足見洪謀遠識，非他人所可及者，但可惜生不逢時，
遇不得其主耳。將來紂為周擄，吾與賢弟不過徒然一死而已。愚兄固當與草木同朽，只可惜賢弟不能效

馬報入中軍，子牙即忙領眾將出營。鄧昆大呼曰：「姜子牙，今日與你共決雌雄也！」拍馬殺入陣中來。只見子牙背後有黃飛彪、黃飛豹二馬沖出，接住鄧、芮二侯廝殺。四騎相交，正在酣戰之下；卞吉看不過，大呼曰：「吾來助戰，二侯勿懼！」武吉出馬，接住大戰。只見卞吉撥馬往旛下就走，武吉不趕。子牙兒只有鄧、芮二侯相戰，忙令鳴金，兩邊各自回軍。子牙看見鄧、芮四將往旛下逕自去了，心中著實遲疑；進營坐下，沉吟自思：「前日只是卞吉一人行走得，餘則昏迷；今日如何他四人俱往旛下行得？」土行孫曰：「元帥遲疑，莫不是為著那旛下他四人都走得麼？」子牙曰：「正為此說。」土行孫曰：「這有何難，候弟子今日再往關內去走一遭，便知端的。」子牙大喜曰：「當宜速行。」當晚初更，土行孫進關，來至鄧、芮二侯密室。二侯見土行孫來至，不勝大喜曰：「正望公來！那旛名喚幽魂白骨旛，再無法可治。今日被我二人刁難他，他將一道符與我們頂在頭上，往旛下過，就如平常，安然無事。足下可持此符獻與姜元帥，速速進兵，吾自有獻關之策也。」土行孫得符，辭了二侯，往大營來，見子牙備言前事。子牙大喜，取符一看，子牙已識得符中妙訣，取硃砂書符，吩咐眾將，俱各領符一道，預備明日會戰。不知卞吉吉凶如何，且聽下回分解。

評

鄧芮二侯是來協守此關的，誰知他來送了此關，又屈殺一個忠良，情殊可恨！李通當坐以安舉之罪。

領命，把身子一晃，無影無形去了。二侯看了，目瞪口呆，咨嗟不已。有詩贊之，詩曰：

暗進臨潼察事奇，二侯共議正逢時。行孫引進歸明主，不負元戎託所知。

話說上行孫來至中軍，剛有五鼓時分，子牙還坐在後帳中等土行孫消息。忽然土行孫立于面前，子牙忙問其進關所行事體如何？上行孫曰：「弟子奉命進關，三將還在禁中，因看守人不曾睡，不敢下手。復行至鄧、芮二侯密室，見二人共議歸周，恨無引進，被弟子現身見他，二侯大悅，有書在此呈上。」子牙接書，燈下觀看，不覺大喜：「此真天子之福也！再行設策，以候消息。」令土行孫回帳不表。

且說鄧、芮二侯次日陞殿坐下，眾將來見。鄧昆曰：「吾二人奉敕協守此關，以退周兵，昨日會戰，未見雌雄，豈是大將之所為？明日整兵，務在一戰以退周兵，早早班師以復王命，是吾願也。」歐陽淳曰：「賢侯之言是也。」當日整頓兵馬，一宿晚景不題。次日，鄧昆檢點士卒，砲聲響處，人馬出關，至周營前搦戰。鄧昆見幽魂白骨旛豎在當道，就在這旛上發揮，忙令卞吉將此旛去了。卞吉大驚曰：「賢侯在上：此旛是無價之寶，阻周兵全在于此；若去了此旛，臨潼關休矣。」芮吉曰：「吾乃是朝廷欽差官，反走小徑；你為偏將，倒行中道，周兵觀之，深為不雅。縱有常勝，亦不為武。理當去了此旛。」卞吉自思：「若是去了此旛，恐無以勝敵人；若不去，彼為主將，我豈可與之抗禮？今既為父親報仇，豈惜此一符也。」卞吉馬上欠身曰：「二位賢侯不必去旛，請回關中一議，自然往返無礙耳。」鄧、芮二侯俱進了關，卞吉忙畫了三道靈符，鄧、芮二侯每人一道，放在幟頭②裡面。歐陽淳一道放在盔裡，復出關來，數騎往旛下過，就如尋常，二侯大喜。及至周營，對軍政官曰：「報你主將出來答話。」探

② 幟頭：一名帕首，幟中之屬。

第八十六回 澠池縣五岳歸天

澠池小縣亦屏商，主將英雄卻異常。吐霧神駒真鮮得，地行妙術更難量。

二王年少因他死，五岳奇謀為爾亡。惟有智多楊督運，騰挪先殺老營堂。

話說子牙將所用之符畫完，吩咐軍政官擂鼓，眾將上帳參見。子牙曰：「你眾將俱各領符一道，藏在盔內，或在髮中亦可。明日會戰，候他敗走，眾將先趕去，搶了他的白骨旛，然後攻他關隘。」眾將聽畢，領了符命，無不歡喜。次日，子牙大隊而出，遙指關上搦戰。探馬報知，鄧、芮二侯命卞吉出馬。卞吉領令出關，可憐：

丹心枉作千年計，死到臨頭尚不知。

卞吉上馬出關，逕往旛下來，大呼曰：「今日定拿你成功也！」縱馬搖戟，直奔子牙。只見子牙左右，干大小將官沖殺過來，把卞吉圍在核心，鑼鼓齊鳴，喊聲四起，只殺得煙霧迷空。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

殺氣漫漫鎖太華，戈聲響亮亂交加。五關今屬西岐主，萬載名垂讚子牙。

話說卞吉被眾將困在核心，不能得出，忽然一戟刺中趙丙肩窩，趙丙閃開，卞吉乘空跳出陣來，逕往旛下逃去。周營一千眾將隨後趕來。卞吉那知暗裡已漏消息，尚自妄想拿人。卞吉復兜回馬，伺候家將拿

又評

卞吉為父報仇，豈得與平常擒拿將軍等？當日拿住武成王，即就幽魂白骨幡下，親手刃之，以洩不共戴天之恨；乃擒進閹來，致權在主將，不肯即斬，欲留為解閹靖功之地。迨鄧昆到來，因與黃飛虎姻戚之故，遂盡軍情，大壞事體，幽魂白骨幡竟成無用。不能報殺父之仇，反惹殺身之禍，豈可不哀也哉！

效辜恩負義之賊也！」鄧、芮二侯大喝曰：「今天下諸侯盡已歸周，難道俱是負成湯之恩者？止不過為獨夫殘虐生民，萬姓塗炭。周武興弔民伐罪之師，汝安得以叛逆目之？真不識天時之匹夫！」歐陽淳大呼曰：「陛下誤用奸邪，反賣國求榮，吾先殺此逆賊，以報君恩！」仗劍來殺鄧、芮二侯。二侯亦仗劍來迎，殺在殿上，雙戰歐陽淳。歐陽淳如何戰得過，被芮吉吼一聲，一劍砍倒歐陽淳，梟了首級。正是：為國亡身全大節，二侯察理順天心。

話說二侯殺了歐陽淳，監中放出三將。黃飛虎上殿來，見是姨丈鄧昆，二人相會大喜，各訴衷腸。芮吉傳令速行開關，先放三將來大營報信。三將至轅門，軍政官報入中軍，子牙大喜，忙令進帳來。三將至中軍見禮畢，子牙問其詳細，只見左右報：「鄧昆、芮吉至轅門聽令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」二侯至中軍，子牙迎下座來，二侯下拜，子牙攙住，安慰曰：「今日賢侯歸周，真不失賢臣擇主而仕之智！」二侯曰：「請元帥進關安民。」子牙傳令，催人馬進關。武王亦起駕隨行，大軍就地歡呼，人心大悅。武王來至帥府，查過戶口冊籍。關中人民父老，俱牽羊擔酒，迎迓王師。武王命殿前治宴，管待東征大小眾將，犒賞三軍。住了數日，子牙傳令起兵往澠池縣。好人馬！一路上怎見得，有詩贊之，詩曰：

殺氣迷空千里長，旂旗招展日無光。層層鐵鉞鋒如雪，對對銅刀刃似霜。

人勝登山豺虎猛，馬過出水蟒龍剛。澠池此際交兵日，五岳齊遭劍下亡。

話說子牙人馬在路前行，不一日，探馬報曰：「啟元帥：前至澠池縣了，請令定奪。」子牙傳令安營，點砲呐喊。話說澠池縣總兵官張奎聽得周兵來至，忙陞帥府坐下。左右有二位先行官，乃是王佐、鄭椿，上廳來見張奎。奎曰：「今日周兵進了五關，與帝都止有一河之隔，幸賴吾在此，尚可支撐。」

人，只見數將趕過旛下，逕殺奔前來。卞吉大驚曰：「此是天喪成湯社稷，如何此寶無靈也？」不敢復戰，隨敗進關來，關門不出。子牙也不趕他，命諸將先將此旛收了。韋護取了降魔杵，又將雷震子黃金棍取了，掌鼓回營。且說卞吉進關來，見鄧、芮二侯。不知二侯已自歸周，就要尋事處治卞吉。忽報：「卞吉回見。」行至階下，芮吉曰：「想今日卞將軍擒有幾個周將？」卞吉曰：「今日末將會戰，周營有十數員大將圍裏當中，末將刺中一將，乘空敗走，引入旛下，以便擒拿他幾員；不知何故，他眾將一擁前來，俱往旛下過來。此乃天喪成湯，非末將戰不勝之罪也。」芮吉笑曰：「前日擒三將，此旛就靈驗；今日如何此旛就不准了？」鄧曰：「此無他說，卞吉見關內兵微將寡，周兵勢大，此關難以久守，故與周營私通，假輸一陣，使眾將一擁而入，以獻此關耳。幸軍士隨即緊閉，未遂賊計，不然，吾等皆為擄矣。此等逆賊，留之終屬後患。」喝令兩邊刀斧手：「拿下梟首示眾！」可憐！正是：

一點丹心成畫餅，怨魂空逐杜鵑啼。

卞吉不及分辯，被左右拿下，推出帥府，即時斬了首級號令。歐陽淳不知其故，見斬了卞吉，目瞪口呆，心下茫然。鄧、芮二侯調歐陽淳曰：「卞吉不知天命，故意逗留軍機，理宜斬首。我二人實對將軍說：方今成湯氣數將終，荒淫不道，人心已離，天命不保；天下諸侯久已歸周，只有此關之隔耳。今關中又無大將，足抵周兵，終是不能拒守。不若我等與將軍將此關獻于周武，共伐無道。正所謂『順天者昌，逆天者亡。』且周營俱是道術之士，我等皆非他的對手。固然我與你俱當死君之難；但無道之君，天下共棄之，你我徒死無益耳。願將軍思之。」歐陽淳大怒，罵曰：「食君之祿，不思報本，反欲獻關，甘心降賊，屈殺卞吉，此真狗彘之不若也！我歐陽淳其首可斷，其身可碎，而此心決不負成湯之恩，甘

只見子牙門下眾將左右分開，張奎大呼曰：「姜元帥慢來！」子牙上前曰：「張將軍，你可知天意？速速早降，不失封侯之位；若自執迷不悟，與五關為例。」張奎笑曰：「你逆天罔上，微幸至此，量你今日死無葬身之地矣。」子牙笑曰：「天時人事，不問可知，只足下迷而不悟耳。此去朝歌不過數百里，一河之隔；四面八方，天下諸侯雲集，諒你區區彈丸之地，何敢拒吾師哉！此正所謂大廈將傾，非一木所能支撐，徒自取滅亡耳！」張奎大怒，催開馬，使手中刀，飛來直取子牙。後面姬叔明、姬叔昇二殿下走馬大呼：「少沖吾陣！」兩條鎗急架忙迎。好張奎！使開刀力戰二將。有詩為證：

臂膊掄開好用兵，空中各自下無情。吹毛利刃分先後，刺骨尖鋒定死生。

惡戰止圖麟閣姓，苦爭只為史篇名。張奎刀法真無比，到處成功定太平。

話說姬叔明等二將見戰張奎不下，二位殿下掩一鎗，詐敗而走，指望回馬鎗挑張奎；不知張奎的坐騎甚奇，名為獨角烏煙獸，其快如神。張奎讓二將去有三四射之地，他把馬上角一拍，那馬如一陣烏煙，似飛雲掣電而來。姬叔明聽得有人追趕，以為得計時，不意張奎已至後面，措手不及，被張奎一刀揮于馬下。姬叔昇見其兄落馬，及至回馬，又被張奎順手一刀，也是兩段。可憐金枝玉葉，一旦遭殃！子牙大驚，急鳴金收兵。張奎也掌鼓進城。子牙見折了二位殿下，收軍回營，心下不樂。武王聞知喪了二弟，掩面而哭，進後營去了。張奎連斬二將，心中甚喜。夫妻二人商議，具表進朝歌不題。

且言子牙悶坐帳上，謂諸將曰：「料漚池不過一小縣，反傷了二位殿下！」只見眾將齊說：「張奎的馬有些奇異，其快如風，故此二位殿下措手不及，以致喪身。」眾將正猜疑時，忽報：「北伯侯崇黑虎至轅門求見。」子牙傳令：「請來。」崇黑虎同文聘、崔英、蔣雄上帳來，參謁子牙。子牙忙下帳，

張奎打點禦敵。且說姜元帥次日陞帳，命將出軍，忽報：「有東伯侯差官下書。」子牙傳令：「令來。」差官至軍前行禮畢，將書呈上。子牙拆書觀看。子牙看書畢，問左右曰：「如今東伯侯姜文煥求借救兵，我這裡必定撥兵纔是。」旁有黃飛虎答曰：「天下諸侯皆仰望我周，豈有坐視不救之理？元帥當得發兵救援，以安天下諸侯之心。」子牙傳令，問：「誰去取遊魂關走一遭？」旁有金、木二吒欠身曰：「弟子不才，願去取遊魂關。」子牙許之，分一枝人馬與二人去了不表。

且說子牙吩咐：「誰去澠池縣取頭一功？」南宮适應聲願往，領令出營，至城下搦戰。張奎聞報，問左右先行：「誰人出馬？」有王佐願往，領兵開放城門，來至軍前。南宮适大呼曰：「五關皆為周有，止此彈丸之地，何不早獻，以免誅身之禍。」王佐罵曰：「無知匹夫！你等叛逆不道，罪惡貫盈，今日自來送死也！」縱馬舞刀來取，南宮适手中刀劈面交還。戰有二三十回合，被南宮适手起刀落，早把王佐揮為兩段。南宮适得勝回營報功，子牙大喜。只見報馬報進城來，張奎聞報，王佐失機，心下十分不快。次日，又報：「周將黃飛虎搦戰。」鄭椿出馬，與黃飛虎大戰二十合，被黃飛虎一鎗刺于馬下，梟了首級回營。子牙大喜。話說張奎又見鄭椿失利，著實煩惱。子牙見連日斬他二將，命左右軍士一齊攻城。眾將率領軍士，放砲呐喊，前來攻城。城上士卒來報張奎，張奎在後廳聞報，與夫人高蘭英商議：「如今孤城難守，連折二將，如之奈何？」高蘭英曰：「將軍有此道術，況且又有坐騎，可以成功，何懼賊兵哉？」奎曰：「夫人不知，五關之內多少英雄，俱不能阻逆，一旦至此，天意可知。今主上猶荒淫如故，為臣豈能安于枕席？」夫妻正議，又報：「周兵攻城甚急。」張奎即時上馬提刀，夫人掠陣，開放城門，一騎當先。

雄的五爪抓似簇，飛揚，黃飛虎長鎗如大蟒出穴。好張奎，敵五將，似猛虎翻騰。刀架斧，斧劈刀，叮噹響亮；又迎刀，刀架叉，有叱咤之聲；鎗打刀，刀架鎗，不離其身；抓分頂，刀掠處，全憑心力；鎗刺來，刀隔架，純是精神。五員將鞍轡上各施巧妙，只殺得刮地寒風聲拉雜，蕩起征塵飛鎧甲，澠池城下立功勳，數定五岳逢七殺。

話說五將把張奎圍在核心，戰有三四十回合，未分勝負。崇黑虎暗思：「既來立功，又何必與他戀戰。」把坐下金睛獸一兜，跳出圈子，詐敗就走，好放神鷹。四將知機，也使撥馬跟黑虎敗走。他不知張奎坐騎其快如風，也是五岳命該如此。——只見張奎等五將去有三二箭之地，把馬頂上角一拍，一陣烏煙，即時在文聘背後，手起一刀，把文聘揮于馬下。崇黑虎急用手去揭葫蘆蓋，已是不及，早被張奎一刀砍為兩段。崔英勒回馬來時，張奎使開刀又戰三將。忽然桃花馬上，一員女將用兩口日月刀，飛出陣來，乃是高蘭英來助張奎。這婦人取出個紅葫蘆來，祭出四十九根太陽金針，射住三將眼目，觀看不明，早被張奎連斬三將下馬。可憐五將一陣而亡！有詩為證，詩曰：

五將東征會澠池，時逢七殺數應奇①。忠肝化碧猶啼血，義膽成灰永不移。

千古英風垂泰嶽，萬年禪祀祝嵩山。五方帝位多隆寵，報國孤忠史冊垂。

話說張奎連誅五將，哨馬報與子牙，子牙大驚：「如何就誅了五將？」掠陣官備言張奎的馬有些利害，故此五將俱措手不及，以致失利。子牙見折了黃飛虎，著實傷悼。正尋思之間，忽報：「楊戩催糧至轅門等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」至中軍，參謁畢，稟曰：「弟子督糧已進五關，今願繳督糧印，

① 數應奇：即命運應該不好。奇，音奇。奇為不偶。

迎接上帳，各敘禮畢，子牙曰：「君侯兵至孟津幾時了？」黑虎曰：「不才白起兵取了陳塘關，人馬已至孟津割營數月矣。今聞元帥大兵至此，特來大營奉謁，願元帥早會諸侯，共伐無道。」子牙大喜。有武成王與崇黑虎相見，感謝黑虎曰：「昔日蒙君侯相助，擒斬高繼能，此德尚未圖報，時刻不敢有忘，銘刻五內。」彼此遜謝畢。子牙吩咐營中治酒，管待崇黑虎等。正是：

死生有數天生定，五岳相逢絕澠池。

當日酒散。次日，子牙降帳，眾將參謁，忽報張奎搦戰。哨馬報入中軍，子牙問：「今日誰人戰張奎走一遭？」崇黑虎曰：「末將今日來至，當得效勞。」只見文聘、崔英、蔣雄三人也要同去，子牙大喜。四將同出大營，領本部人馬擺開，崇黑虎催開了金睛獸，舉雙板斧，飛臨陣前，大呼曰：「張奎！天兵已至，何不早降？尚敢逆天，自取滅亡哉！」張奎大怒，罵曰：「無義匹夫！你乃是弑兄圖位，天下不仁之賊，焉敢口出大言！」催開馬，使手中刀飛來直取。崇黑虎舉雙斧，急架忙迎。文聘大怒，發馬搖叉，沖殺過來。崔英八楞鎚一似流星，蔣雄的抓絨繩飛起，一齊上前，把張奎裹在當中。卻說子牙在帳上見黃飛虎站立在旁，子牙曰：「黃將軍，崇侯今日會戰，你可去掠陣助他，也不負昔日崇侯曾為將軍郎君報仇。」黃飛虎領令出營，見四將與張奎大戰，黃飛虎自思：「吾在此掠陣，不見我之情分，不若走騎成功，何不為美？」黃飛虎將五色神牛催開，大呼曰：「崇君侯，吾來也！」此正是五岳逢七殺，大抵天數已定，畢竟難逃。只見五將裹住張奎，這場大戰。怎見得，有贊為證：

只殺得愁雲慘淡，旭日昏塵，征夫馬上抖精神。號帶飄揚，千條瑞彩滿空飛；劍戟參差，白雪漫陣舞。崇黑虎雙板斧紛紜上下，文聘的托天叉左右交加，崔英的八楞鎚如流星蕩漾，蔣

必多言！」張奎大怒，命左右：「推出斬首號令！」只見左右將楊戩斬訖，持首級號令。張奎方欲坐下，不一時，只見管馬的來報：「啟老爺得知：禍事不小！」張奎大驚：「甚麼禍事？」管馬的曰：「老爺的馬好好的吊下頭來。」張奎聽得此言，不覺失色，頓足曰：「吾成大功，全仗此烏煙獸，豈知今日無故吊下頭來！」正在廳上急得三尸神暴跳，七竅內煙生，忽報：「方纔被擒的周將又來搦戰。」張奎頓然醒悟：「吾中了此賊奸計！」隨即換馬，提刀在手，復出城來；一見楊戩，大罵：「逆賊擅壞吾龍駒，氣殺我也！怎肯甘休？」楊戩笑曰：「你仗此馬傷吾周將，我先殺此馬，然後再殺你的驢頭！」張奎切齒大罵曰：「不要走！吃吾一刀！」使開手中刀來取，楊戩的刀急架相迎。又戰二十合，楊戩又賣個破綻，被張奎又抓住腰內絲絛，輕輕掙將過去，二次擒來。張奎大怒曰：「這番看你怎能脫去！」正是：

張奎二次擒楊戩，只恐萱堂血染衣。

張奎捉了楊戩進城，坐在廳上。忽報，後邊夫人高蘭英來至前面，因問其故？張奎長吁歎曰：「夫人，我為官多年，得許大功勞，全仗此烏煙獸；今日周將楊戩用邪術壞吾龍駒，這次又被我擒來，還是將何法治之？」夫人曰：「推來我看。」傳令：「將楊戩推來。」少時，推至廳前，高蘭英一見，笑曰：「吾自有處治。將烏雞黑犬血取來，再用尿糞和勻，先穿起他的琵琶骨，將血澆在他的頭上。又用符印鎖住，然後斬之。」張奎如法製度。夫妻二人齊出府前，看左右一一如此施行。高蘭英用符印畢，先將血糞往楊戩頭上澆，手起一刀，將首級砍落在地。夫妻大喜，方纔進府來到廳前，忽聽得後邊丫環飛報出廳來，哭稟曰：「啟老爺夫人：不好了！老太太正在香房，不知那裡穢污血糞把太太澆了一頭，隨即就吊下頭來，真是異事驚人！」張奎大叫曰：「又中了楊戩妖術！」放聲大哭，如醉如癡一般。自思：「老母養

隨軍征伐立功。」子牙曰：「此時將會孟津，也要你等在中軍協助。」楊戩立在一旁，聽得武成王黃將軍已死，楊戩歎曰：「黃氏一門忠烈，父子捐軀，以為王室，不過留清芬于簡編耳！」又問：「張奎有何本領，先行為何不去會他？」哪咤曰：「崇君侯意欲見功，不才先要讓他，豈好占越？不意俱遭其害。」正言間，只見左右來報：「張奎搦戰。」有黃飛彪願為長兄報仇，子牙許之，楊戩掠陣。黃飛彪出營，見張奎也不答話，挺鎗直取，張奎的刀急架忙迎。兩馬相交，一場大戰，約有一二十合。黃飛彪急于為兄報仇，其力量非張奎對手，鎗法漸亂，被張奎一刀揮于馬下。楊戩掠陣，見張奎把黃飛彪斬于馬下，又見他的馬頂上有角，就知此馬有些原故，「待吾除之！」楊戩縱馬搖刀，大呼曰：「張奎休走！吾來也！」張奎問曰：「你是何人，也自來取死？」楊戩答曰：「你這匹夫，屢以邪術壞吾諸將，吾特來拿你，碎尸萬段，以泄眾將之恨！」舉三尖刀劈面砍來，張奎手中刀急架相還。二馬相交，舉刀併舉。怎見得一場大戰，有贊為證，贊曰：

二將棋逢敵手，陣前各逞豪強。翻來覆去豈尋常，真似一對虎狼形狀。這一個會騰挪變化，那一個會攪海翻江。刀來刀架兩無妨，兩個將軍一樣。

話說張奎與楊戩大戰，有三十回合，楊戩故意賣個破綻，被張奎撞個滿懷，伸出手抓住楊戩腰帶，擡過鞍轡。正是：

張奎今日擒楊戩，眼見喪了黑煙駒。

張奎活捉了楊戩，掌鼓進縣，陞廳坐下，令：「將周將推來！」左右將楊戩擁至廳前，楊戩站立。張奎大喝曰：「既被吾擒，為何不跪？」楊戩曰：「無知匹夫！我與你既為敵國，今日被擒，有死而已，何

第八十七回 土行孫夫妻陣亡

地行妙術法應玄，誰識張奎更占先。猛獸崖前身已死，澠池城下婦歸泉。

許多功業成何用？幾度勳名亦枉然。留得兩行青史在，從來成敗總由天。

話說子牙在中軍正議進兵之策，忽報：「張奎搦戰。」哪吒曰：「弟子願往。」登風火輪而出，現出八臂三首，來戰張奎，大呼曰：「張奎若不早降，悔之晚矣！」張奎大怒，催開馬，仗手中刀來取。哪吒使手中鎗劈面迎來。未及三五合，哪吒將九龍神火罩祭起去，把張奎連人帶馬罩住。用手一拍，只見九條火龍一齊吐出煙火，遍地燒來。——不知張奎會地行之術，如土行孫一般。——彼時張奎見罩落將下來，知道不好，他先滾下馬，就地下去了。哪吒不曾留心看，幾乎誤了大事，只是燒死他一匹馬。哪吒掌鼓回營，見子牙，說：「張奎已被燒死。」子牙大喜不表。且說張奎進城，對妻子曰：「今日與哪吒接戰，果然利害，被他提起火龍罩將我罩住，若不是我有地行之術，幾乎被他燒死。」高蘭英曰：「將軍今夜何不地行進他營寨，刺殺武王君臣？」計成功，大事可定，又何必與他爭能較勝耶？」張奎深悟曰：「夫人之言甚是有理。只因被楊戩可惡，暗害吾老母，惑亂吾心，連日神思不定，幾乎忘了。今夜必定成功。」張奎打點收拾，暗帶利刀進營。正是：

武王洪福過堯舜，自有高人守大營。

育之恩未報，今因為國，反將吾母喪命，真個痛殺我也！」忙取棺槨收殮不表。且說楊戩逕進中軍，來見子牙，備言：「先斬其馬，後殺其母，先惑亂其心，然後擒張奎不難矣。」子牙大喜曰：「此皆是你不世之功。」且說張奎思報母仇，上馬提刀，來周營搦戰，不知凶吉如何，且聽下回分解。

評

五岳之英勇，為世無敵，而為神乃無上至尊之品。一逢七殺，則同時皆盡，豈才力不足以敵乎？亦藝術不足致勝乎？非也，不過見屈於烏煙駒耳。可見人之才力藝術，俱不足恃者。古云：飛不以尾，缺其尾則飛不遠；走不以手，縛其手則走不疾。良有以也。

又評

楊戩之巧於幻化，為周營第一；而討便宜見機，亦是周營第一；而下手辣毒，亦是周營第一。擲而斬烏煙駒，並及其母，這是他幻化之妙；問哪吒何不出戰，這是他機械之巧。斬烏煙駒似矣，而又以穢污殺其老母，這是他下手之毒。可見極乖巧之人，是極惡毒之人。或曰：未必盡然。予曰：君請看癡人，討得那個便宜！

「你也不知周營中利害。」張奎大叫：「我不殺楊戩，此恨怎休！」舞刀直取楊戩。楊戩手中刀赴面交還。兩馬相交，雙刀併舉，未及數合，楊戩祭起哮天犬來傷張奎。張奎見此犬奔來，忙下馬，即時就不見了。楊戩觀之，不覺咨嗟。正是：

張奎道術真伶俐，賽過周營上行孫。

話說楊戩回營來見子牙，子牙問曰：「今日會張奎，如何？」楊戩把張奎會地行道術說了一遍，「真好似土行孫！夜來楊戩之功莫大焉！」子牙大喜，傳令：「以後只令楊戩巡督內外，防守營門。」彼時張奎進城至府，見夫人高氏曰：「今會楊戩，料周營道術之士甚多，吾夫妻不能守此城也。依吾愚見，不若棄了渑池，且回朝歌，再作商議。你的意下如何？」夫人曰：「將軍之言差矣！俺夫妻在此鎮守多年，名揚四方，豈可一旦棄城而去！況此城關係不淺，乃朝歌屏障，今一棄此城，則黃河之險與周兵共之，這個斷然不可！明日待我出去，自然成功。」

次日，高蘭英出城，至營前搦戰。子牙正坐，忽報：「有一女將請戰。」子牙問：「誰可出馬？」有鄧嬋玉應聲曰：「末將願往。」子牙曰：「須要小心。」鄧嬋玉曰：「末將知道。」言罷上馬，一聲砲響，展兩杆大紅旗出營，大呼曰：「來將何人？快通名來！」高蘭英觀看，見是一員女將，心下疑惑，忙應曰：「吾非別人，乃鎮守渑池張將軍夫人高蘭英是也。你是誰人？」鄧嬋玉曰：「吾乃是督運糧儲土將軍夫人鄧嬋玉是也。」高蘭英聽說，大罵：「賤人！你父子奉敕征討，如何苟就成婚？今日有何面目歸見故鄉也？」鄧嬋玉大怒，舞雙刀來取。高蘭英一身縞素，將手中雙刀急架來迎。二員女將，一紅一白，殺在城下。怎見得，有贊為證：

話說子牙在帳中，聞得張奎已死，議取城池。至晚，發令箭，點練士卒，至三更造飯，四更整箭，五鼓登城，一鼓成功。子牙吩咐已畢。這也是天意，恰好是楊任巡外營，那是將近三更時分。張奎把身子一扭，逕往周營而來，將至轅門，適遇楊任來至前營。不知楊任眼眶裡長出來的兩隻手，手心裡有兩隻眼，此眼上看天庭，下觀地底，中看人間千里。彼時楊任忽見地下有張奎提一口刀逕進轅門，楊任曰：「地下是張奎，慢來！有吾在此！」張奎大驚：「周營中有此等異人，如何是好！」自思：「吾在地下行得快，待吾進中軍殺了姜尚，他就來也是遲了。」張奎仗刀逕入，楊任一時著急，將雲霞獸一磕，至三層圈子內，擊雲板大呼曰：「有刺客進營！各哨仔細！」不一時，合營齊起。子牙急忙陞帳，眾將官弓上弦，刀出鞘，兩邊火把燈毬，照耀如同白晝。

子牙問曰：「刺客從那裡來？」楊任進帳啟曰：「張奎提刀在地下逕進轅門。弟子故敢擊雲板報知。」子牙大驚曰：「昨日哪吒把張奎燒死，今夜如何又有個張奎？」楊任曰：「此人還在此聽元帥講話。」子牙驚疑未定，旁有楊戩曰：「候弟子天明再作道理。」就把周營裡亂了半夜。張奎情知不得成功，只得回去。楊任一雙眼只看著地下，張奎走出轅門，楊任也出轅門，只送張奎至城下方回。當時張奎進城，來至府中，高蘭英問曰：「功業如何？」張奎只是搖頭道：「利害！利害！周營中有許多高人，所以互關勢如破竹，不能阻擋。」遂將進營的事細細說了一遍。夫人曰：「既然如此，可急修本竟往朝歌，請兵協守；不然，孤城豈能阻擋周兵？」張奎從其言，忙修本差官往朝歌不表。

且說天明，楊戩往城下來，坐名叫：「張奎出來見我！」張奎聞報，上馬提刀，開放城門，正是仇人見了仇人，大罵曰：「好匹夫！暗害吾母，與你不共戴天！」楊戩曰：「你這逆天之賊，若不殺你母，

土行孫是也。」道罷，舉手中棍滾將來，劈頭就打；張奎手中刀急架來迎。二人大戰，往往來來，未及數合，哪吒、楊戩齊出來助戰。哪吒忙提起乾坤圈來打張奎；張奎看見，滾下馬就不見了。土行孫也把身子一扭來趕張奎。張奎一見大驚：「周營中也有此妙術之人！」隨在地底下，二人又復大戰。大抵張奎身子長大，不好轉換；土行孫身子矮小，轉換伶俐，故此或前或後，張奎反不濟事，只得敗去。土行孫趕了一程，趕不上，也自回來。那張奎地行術一日可行一千五百里，土行孫止行一千里，因此趕不上他，只得回營，來見子牙，言：「張奎果然好地行之術。此人若是阻住此間，深為不便。」子牙曰：「昔日你師父擒爾用指地成鋼法；今欲治張奎，非此法不可。你如何學得此法以治之？」上行孫曰：「元帥可修書一封，待弟子去夾龍山見吾師，取此符印來，破了澗池縣，遂得早會諸侯。」子牙大喜，忙修書付與土行孫。土行孫別了妻子，往夾龍山來。可憐！正是：

丹心欲佐真明主，首級高懸在澗池。

土行孫逕往夾龍山去。且說張奎被土行孫戰敗回來，見高蘭英，雙眉緊皺，長吁曰：「周營中有許多異人，如何是好？」夫人曰：「誰為異人？」張奎曰：「有一土行孫，也有地行之術，如之奈何？」高蘭英曰：「如今再修告急表章，速往朝歌求救。俺夫妻二人死守此縣，不必交兵，只等救兵前來，再為商議破敵。」夫妻正議，忽然一陣怪風飄來，甚是奇異。怎見得好風，有詩為證：

走石飛砂勢更凶，推雲擁霧亂行蹤。暗藏妖孽來窺戶，又送孤帆過楚峰。

風過一陣，把府前寶纛旗一折兩斷。夫妻大驚曰：「此不祥之兆也。」高蘭英隨排香案，忙取金錢，排下一卦，已解其意。高蘭英曰：「將軍可速為之！土行孫往夾龍山取指地成鋼之術，來破你也！不可遲

這一個頂上金盞耀日光，那一個束髮銀冠列鳳凰。這一個黃金鎖子連環鎖，那一個千葉龍鱗甲更強。這一個猩猩血染紅衲襖，那一個素白征袍似粉裝。這一個是赤金映日紅瑪瑙，那一個是白雪初施玉琢娘。這一個似向陽紅杏枝枝嫩，那一個似月下梨花帶露香。這一個似五月榴花紅似火，那一個似雪裡梅花靠粉牆。這一個腰肢嫵娜在鞍轡上，那一個體態風流十指長。這一個雙刀晃晃如閃電，那一個二刃如鋒劈面揚。分明是：廣寒仙子臨凡世，月裡嫦娥降下方。兩員女將天下少，紅似銀珠白似霜。

話說鄧嬋玉大戰高蘭英有二十回合，撥馬就走。高蘭英不知鄧嬋玉詐敗，便隨後趕來。嬋玉聞腦後鸞鈴響處，忙取五光石回手一下，正中高蘭英面上，只打得嘴唇青腫，掩面而回。鄧嬋玉得勝進營，來見姜元帥，說高蘭英被五光石打敗進城。子牙方上功勞簿，只見左右官報：「二運官土行孫轅門等令。」子牙傳令：「來。」土行孫上帳參謁：「弟子運糧已完，繳督糧印，願隨軍征伐。」子牙曰：「今進五關，軍糧有天下諸侯應付，不消你等督運，俱隨軍征進罷了。」土行孫下帳來見眾將，獨不見黃將軍，忙問哪吒。哪吒曰：「今漚池不過一小縣，反將黃將軍、崇君侯五人一陣而亡。昨張奎善有地行之術，比你分外精奇。前日進營，欲來行刺，多虧楊任救之。故此阻住吾師，不能前進。」土行孫聽罷：「有這樣事！當時吾師傳吾此術，可稱蓋世無雙，豈有此處又有異人也？待吾明日會他。」至後帳來問鄧嬋玉：「此事可真？」鄧嬋玉曰：「果是不差。」土行孫躊躇一夜。

次早，上帳來見姜元帥，「願去會張奎。」子牙許之。旁有楊戩、哪吒、鄧嬋玉俱欲去掠陣；土行孫許之。來至城下搦戰，哨馬報與張奎。張奎出城，見一矮子，問曰：「你是何人？」土行孫曰：「吾乃

孟津未會諸侯面，今日夫妻喪渾池。

話說高蘭英先祭太陽神針，射住嬋玉二目，因此斬了鄧嬋玉，進城號令了。哨馬報入中軍，備言前事。子牙著實傷悼，對眾門人曰：「今高蘭英有太陽神針，射人二目，非同小可，諸將俱要防備。」故此按兵不動，再設法以取此縣。南宮适曰：「這一小縣，今損無限大將，請元帥著人馬四面攻打，此縣可以躍為平地。」子牙傳令，命三軍四面攻打，架起雲梯火砲，三軍吶喊，攻打甚急。張奎夫妻千方百計看守此城，一連攻打兩晝夜，不能得下。子牙心中甚惱，且命：「暫退，再為設計；不然徒令軍士勞苦無益耳。」眾將鳴金收軍回營。

且說張奎又修本往朝歌城來。差官渡了黃河，前至孟津，有四百鎮諸侯駐紮人馬。差官潛蹤隱跡，一路無詞，至館驛中，歇了一宵。次日，將本至文書房投遞。那日看本乃是微子。微子接本看了，忙入內庭，只見紂王在鹿臺宴樂。微子至臺下候旨，紂王宣上鹿臺。微子行禮稱臣畢，王曰：「皇伯有何奏章？」微子曰：「武王兵進五關，已至渾池縣，損兵折將，莫可支撐，危在旦夕。請陛下速發援兵，早來協守。不然，臣惟一死，以報君恩。何況此縣離都城不過四五百里之遠，陛下還在此臺宴樂，全不以社稷為重。孟津現有南方、北方四百諸侯駐兵，候西伯共至商郊，事有燃眉之急。今見此報，使臣身心如焚，莫知所措。願陛下早求賢士，以治國事，拜大將以勦反叛，改過惡而訓軍民，修仁政以回天變，庶不失去湯之宗廟也。」

紂王聞奏大驚曰：「姬發反叛，而今已侵陷孤之關隘，覆軍殺將，兵至渾池，情殊可恨！孤當御駕親征，以除大惡。」中大夫飛廉奏曰：「陛下不可！今孟津有四百諸侯駐兵，一聞陛下出軍，他讓過陛

誤！」張奎大驚，忙忙收拾，結束停當，逕往夾龍山去了。土行孫一日止行千里；張奎一日行一千五百里，張奎先到夾龍山，到個崖畔，潛等上行孫。等了一日，土行孫來至猛獸崖，遠遠望見飛龍洞，滿心歡喜：「今日又至故土也！」不知張奎豫在崖旁，側身躲匿，把刀擡起，只等他來。土行孫那裡知道，只是往前走。也是數該如此，看看來至面前，張奎大叫曰：「上行孫不要走！」土行孫及至擡頭時，刀已落下，可憐砍了個連肩帶背。張奎割了首級，逕回澠池縣來號令。後人有詩歎上行孫歸周未受茅土之封，可憐無辜死于此地，有詩為證：

憶昔西岐歸順時，輔弼督運未愆期。進關盜寶功為首，劫寨偷營世所奇。

名播諸侯空嘖嘖，聲揚宇宙恨絲絲。夾龍山下亡身處，反本還元正在茲。

話說張奎非止一日來至澠池縣，夫妻相見，將殺死土行孫一事說了一遍，夫妻大喜，隨把土行孫的首級號令在城上。只見周營中探馬見澠池縣裡號令出頭來，近前看時，卻是土行孫的首級，忙報入中軍：「啟元帥：澠池縣城上號令了上行孫首級，不知何故，請令定奪。」子牙曰：「他往夾龍山去了，不在行營，又未出陣，如何被害？」子牙掐指一算，拍案大呼曰：「土行孫死于無辜，是吾之過也！」子牙甚是傷感。不意帳後驚動了鄧嬋玉，聞知丈夫已死，哭上帳來，「願與夫主報仇！」子牙曰：「你還斟酌，不可造次。」鄧嬋玉那裡肯住，啼泣上馬，來至城下，只叫：「張奎出來見我！」哨馬報入城中：「有女將搦戰。」高蘭英曰：「這賤人！我正欲報一石之恨，今日合該死于此地！」高蘭英上馬提刀，先將一紅葫蘆執在手中，放出四十九根太陽神針，先在城裡提出。鄧嬋玉只聽得馬響，二日被神針射住，觀看不明，早被高蘭英手起一刀，揮于馬下。可憐！正是：

紂王聞奏，龍心大悅，封袁洪為大將，吳龍、常昊為先行，命殷破敗為參軍，雷開為五軍總督，使殷成秀、雷鵬、魯仁傑等俱隨軍征伐。紂王傳旨，嘉慶殿排宴，慶賀諸臣。內有魯仁傑自幼多智，廣識英雄，見袁洪行事不按禮節，暗思曰：「觀此人行事不是大將之才，且看他操演人馬，便知端的。」當日宴散，次日謝恩，三日後下教場，操演三軍。魯仁傑看袁洪舉動措置，俱不知法，諒非姜子牙敵手；但此時是用人之際，魯仁傑也只得將機就計而已。次日，袁洪朝見紂王，王曰：「元帥可先領一支人馬，往渾池縣佐張奎以阻西兵，元帥意下如何？」袁洪曰：「以臣觀之，都中之兵不宜遠出。」紂王曰：「如何不宜遠出？」袁洪奏曰：「今孟津已有南北二路諸侯駐紮，以窺其後；臣若往渾池，此二路諸侯拒守孟津，阻臣糧道，那時使臣前後受敵，此不戰自敗之道。況糧為三軍生命，是軍未行而先需者也。依臣之計，不若調二十萬人馬，阻住孟津之咽喉，使諸侯不能侵擾朝歌，一戰成功，大事定矣。」紂王大悅：「卿言甚善，真乃社稷之臣！依卿所奏施行。」袁洪隨調兵二十萬，吳龍、常昊為先行，殷破敗為參贊，雷開為五軍都督，使殷成秀、雷鵬、魯仁傑隨軍征伐，往孟津而來。不知勝負如何，且聽下回分解。

評

土行孫往夾龍山來，天反以風信報張奎，使彼在猛獸崖等候，致土行孫不及提防遇害。上天惡紂極矣，宜其敗張奎而助土行孫。今則不然，天道難知矣，數乎否也！

下，阻住後路，首尾受敵，非萬全之道也。陛下可出榜招賢，大懸賞格，自有高名之士應求而至。古云：『重賞之下，必有勇夫。』又何勞陛下親御六師，與叛臣較勝於行伍哉？」紂王曰：「依卿所奏，速傳旨，懸立賞格，張掛於朝歌四門，招選豪傑；才堪督府者，不次銓除①。」四外哄動，就把個朝歌城內萬民口受數次驚慌。只見一日來了三個豪傑，來揭榜文。守榜軍士隨同三人先往飛廉府裡來參謁。門官報入中堂，飛廉道：「有請。」三人進府，與飛廉見禮畢，言曰：「聞天子招募天下賢士，愚下三人自知非才，但君父有事，願捐軀效犬馬。」飛廉見三人器宇清奇，就命賜坐。三人曰：「吾等俱是閭閻子民，大夫在上，子民焉敢坐？」飛廉曰：「求賢定國，聘傑安邦，雖高爵重祿，直受不辭，又何妨於一坐耶？」三人告過，方纔坐下。飛廉曰：「三位姓甚名誰？住居何所？」三人將一手本呈上，飛廉觀看，原來是梅山人氏，一名袁洪，一名吳龍，一名常昊。——此乃梅山七聖。先是三人投見，以下俱陸續而來。袁洪者乃白猿精也；吳龍者乃蜈蚣精也；常昊者乃長蛇精也；俱借袁、吳、常三字取之為姓也。

——飛廉看了姓名，隨帶入朝門，來朝見紂王。飛廉入內庭，天子在顯慶殿與惡來弈棋，當駕官啟奏：「中大夫飛廉候旨。」王曰：「宣來。」飛廉見駕，奏曰：「臣啟陛下：今有梅山三個傑士，應陛下求賢之詔，今在午門候旨。」紂王大悅：「傳旨宣來。」少時，三人來至殿下，山呼拜畢，紂王賜三人平身，三人謝恩畢，侍立兩旁。王曰：「卿等此來，有何妙策可擒逆賊？」袁洪奏曰：「姜尚以虛言巧語，糾合天下諸侯，鼓惑黎庶作反。依臣愚見，先破西岐，拿了姜尚，則八百諸侯望陛下降詔招安，赦免前罪，天下不戰而自平也。」

① 不次銓除：謂不依照順序量才授給官職。

第八十八回

武王白魚躍龍舟

白魚吉兆喜非常，預兆周家瑞應昌。八百諸侯稱碩德，千年師帥賴匡襄^①。

堂堂陣演三三疊，正正旗門六六行。時雨師臨民甚悅，成湯基業已消亡。

話說袁洪調兵往孟津駐紮，以阻諸侯咽喉不表。且說澠池縣張奎曰：「夕望朝歌救兵，忽有報馬報入府來：『天子招了新元帥袁洪，調兵二十萬駐紮孟津，以阻諸侯；未見發兵來救澠池。』」張奎聞報大驚曰：「天子不發救兵，此城如何拒守？況前有周兵，後有孟津四百諸侯，前後合攻，此取敗之道。今反捨此不救，奈何？」忙與夫人高蘭英共議。夫人曰：「料吾二人也可阻得住周兵。今袁洪拒住孟津，則南北諸侯也不能抄我之後。只打聽袁洪得勝，若破了南北二侯，我再與你合兵共破周武，再無有不勝之理。俺們如今只設法守城，不要與周將對敵；待他糧盡兵疲，一戰成功，無有不克。此萬全之道也。」張奎心下狐疑不定。且說子牙見澠池一個小縣，攻打不下，反陣亡了許多將官，納悶在中軍，暗暗點首嗟歎：「可憐這些扶主定國英雄，瀝膽披肝^②，止落得遺言在此，此身皆化為烏有！」子牙正在那裡傷悼，忽轅門官來報：「有一道童求見。」子牙傳令：「請來。」少時，只見一道童至帳下行禮曰：「弟子乃來

① 匡襄：匡正幫助。

② 瀝膽披肝：喻竭誠效忠。

又評

高蘭英不但太陽神針可以致勝，只她議論前後畫策，勉勵丈夫，大有經緯，大有作用，宜其擅男權而夫事之者也！只笑今人稱娘子軍者，果何若乎？何天下之夫事者多耶！

是：

計就月中擒玉兔，謀成日裡捉金烏。

子牙同武王撥馬向西而走，張奎趕來。周營中一將也不出來接應，張奎放心趕來。看看趕有三十里，只聽得金鼓齊鳴，砲聲響亮，三軍吶喊，震動天地，周營中大小將官齊出營來，殺奔城下。高蘭英在城上全裝甲冑守護城池，忽聽周營中又是砲響，不知其故。忽城上落下哪吒來，現三首八臂，腳踏風火輪，搖火尖鎗殺來。高蘭英急上馬，用雙刀抵住了哪吒。二人在城上不便爭持，高蘭英走馬下城，哪吒隨後趕來。雷震子又早展開二翅，飛上城來，使開黃金棍，把城上軍士打散，隨斬關落鎖，周兵進城。高蘭英見事不好，正欲取葫蘆放太陽神針，早已不及。被哪吒一乾坤圈，打中頂上，翻下馬來，又是一鎗，死於非命，早往封神臺去了。有詩為證，詩曰：

孤城死守為成湯，今日身亡實可傷。全節全忠名不朽，女中貞烈萬年揚。

話說雷震子、哪吒進了渾池縣，軍士見打死了主母，俱伏地請降。哪吒曰：「俱免汝死，候元帥來安民。」哪吒復向雷震子曰：「道兄且在城上拒住，吾還去接應師叔與武王，恐怕驚了主公。」雷震子曰：「道兄不可遲疑，當速行為是。」好哪吒！把風火輪登開，往正西上趕來。只見張奎正趕子牙有二十里遠近，只聽得砲聲四起，喊聲大振，心下甚是驚疑，也不去趕子牙。子牙在後面大呼曰：「張奎！你渾池已失，何不歸降？」張奎心慌，情知中計，勒轉馬望舊路而來；天色又黑，正遇哪吒現三首八臂迎來。哪吒大罵曰：「逆賊！你今日還不下馬受死，更待何時！」張奎大怒，搖刀直取。哪吒手中鎗急架相還。未及數合，哪吒復祭起九龍神火罩罩來。張奎知此術利害，把身子一扭，往地下去了。哪吒見張奎預先走了，

龍山飛龍洞懼留孫的門人，因師兄土行孫在夾龍山猛獸崖被張奎所害，家師已知應上天之數，這是救不得的。只是過澠池須有原故，家師特著弟子來此下書，師叔便知端的。」子牙接上書來，展開觀看，書曰：

道末懼留孫致書於大元帥子牙公麾下：前者土行孫合該於猛獸崖死於張奎之手，理數難逃，貧道只有望崖垂泣而已，言之可勝長歎！今張奎善於守城，急切難下，但他數亦當終，子牙公不可遲誤，可令楊戩將貧道符印先在黃河岸邊，等楊任、韋護追趕至此擒之。取城只用哪吒、雷震子足矣。子牙公須是親自用調虎離山計，一戰成功，此去自然坦夷。只候封神之後，再圖會晤。不宣。

子牙看罷書，打發童子回山。當日子牙傳令：「哪吒領令箭，雷震子領令箭前去，如此而行。楊戩、楊任領東帖前去如此。韋護領東帖前去如此。」子牙俱吩咐已畢。至晚間，周營中砲響，三軍呐喊，殺奔城下而來。張奎急上城，設法守護，百計千方防禦，急切難下。子牙知張奎善於守城，且暫鳴金收兵。次日午未未初，請武王上帳相見：「今日請大王同老臣出營，看看澠池縣城池，好去攻取。」武王乃忠厚君子，隨應曰：「孤願往。」即時同子牙出營，至城下周圍看了。用手指曰：「大王若破此城，須用轟天大砲，方能攻打。此城一時可破也。」子牙與武王指畫攻城，只見澠池城上哨探士卒報與張奎：「啟老爺：姜子牙同一穿紅袍的在城下探看城池。」張奎聽報，即上城來看時，果是子牙同武王在城下，周圍指畫。張奎自思曰：「姜尚欺吾太甚！只因連日吾堅守此城，不與他會戰，他便欺我，至吾城下，肆行無忌，藐視吾無人物也。」隨下城與夫人曰：「你可用心堅守此城，待我出城走去殺來，以除大患。」夫人上城觀戰。張奎上馬撈刀，開了城門，一馬飛來，大呼曰：「姬發、姜尚！今日你命難逃也！」正

飯依三教稱慈善，鎮壓諸天護法雄。今日黃河除七殺，千年英氣貫長虹。

話說章護祭起降魔杵，把張奎打成齏粉。一靈也往封神臺去了。三位門人得勝，齊來見子牙，備言打死張奎，追趕至黃河之事，說了一遍。子牙大喜，在澠池縣住了數日，擇日起兵。

那日，整頓人馬，離了澠池縣，前往黃河而來。時近隆冬天氣，眾將官重重鐵鎧，疊疊征衣，寒氣甚勝。怎見得好冷，有贊為證：

重裘無暖氣，袖手似揣冰。敗葉垂霜蕊，蒼松掛凍鈴。地裂因寒甚，池平為水凝。魚舟空釣線，仙觀沒人行。樵子愁柴少，王孫喜炭增。征人鬚似鐵，詩客筆如零。皮襖猶嫌薄，貂裘尚恨輕。蒲團僵老衲，紙帳旅魂驚。莫訝寒威重，兵行令若靈。

話說子牙人馬來至黃河，左右報至中軍。子牙吩咐：「借辦民舟。」每隻俱有工食銀五錢，並不白用民船一隻，萬民樂業，無不懽呼感德，真所謂時雨之師。子牙傳令，另備龍舟一隻，裝載武王。子牙與武王駕坐中艙，左右鼓棹③，向中流進發。只聽得黃河內潑浪濤天，風聲大作，把武王龍舟在浪裡顛播。武王曰：「相父，此舟為何這樣掀播？」子牙曰：「黃河水急，平昔浪發，也是不小的；況今日有風，又是龍舟，故此顛播。」武王曰：「推開艙門，俟孤看一看，何如？」子牙同武王推艙一看，好大浪！怎見得黃河疊浪千層，有詩為證：

洋洋光侵月，浩浩影浮天。靈派吞華嶽，長流貫百川。千層凶浪滾，萬疊峻波顛。岸口無漁火，沙頭有鷺眠。茫然渾似海，一望更無邊。

③ 鼓棹：搖槳。

因想起土行孫的光景，心上不覺悲悼，往前來迎武王。張奎急走至城下，見雷震子立於城上，知城池已陷，夫人不知存亡，自思：「不若往朝歌，與袁洪合兵一處，再作道理。」話說哪吒上前迎接武王與子牙，一同回渾池縣來，將大軍進城屯紮，又將城上周將首級收殮，設祭祀之，乃於高阜處安葬不表。

只見張奎全裝甲冑，縱地行之術，往黃河大道而走，如風一般，飛雲掣電而來。話說楊任遠遠望見張奎從地底下來了，楊任知會韋護曰：「道兄，張奎來了。你須是仔細些，不要走了他。你看我手往那裡指，你就往那邊祭降魔杵鎮之。」韋護曰：「謹領尊命。」且說張奎正走，遠遠看見楊任騎雲霞獸，手心裡那兩隻眼神光射耀，往下看著他，大呼曰：「張奎不要走！今日你難逃此厄也！」張奎聽得，魂不附體，不敢停滯，縱著地行法，刷的一聲，須臾就走有一千五百里遠。楊任在地上催著雲霞獸，緊緊追趕。韋護在上頭只看著楊任，楊任只看著張奎在地底下；如今三處看著，好趕！正是：

上邊韋護觀楊任，楊任生追七殺神。

話說張奎在地下見楊任緊緊跟隨在他頭上；如張奎往左，楊任也往左邊來趕；張奎往右，楊任也往右邊來趕。張奎無法，只是往前飛走。看著行至黃河岸邊，前有楊戩奉柬帖在黃河岸邊專等楊任。只見遠遠楊任追起來了，楊任也看見了楊戩，乃大呼曰：「楊道兄！張奎來了！」楊戩聽得，忙將三昧火燒了懼留孫指地成鋼的符篆，立在黃河岸邊。張奎正行，方至黃河，只見四處如同鐵桶一般，半步莫動，左撞左不能通，右撞右不能通，撤身回來，後面猶如鐵壁。張奎正慌忙無措，楊任用手往下一指；半空中韋護把降魔杵往下打來。此寶乃鎮壓邪魔護三教大法之物，可憐張奎怎禁得起。有詩為證，詩曰：

金光一道起空中，五彩雲霞協用功。鬼怪逢時皆絕跡，邪魔遇此盡成空。

今日諸侯會孟津，紛紛殺氣滅紅塵。旌旗向日飛龍鳳，劍戟迎霜泣鬼神。
士卒起超歌化日，軍民濟濟慶仁人。應知世運當亨泰，四海謳吟總是春。

且說武王同西方二百諸侯來至孟津大營，探馬報入中軍帳，子牙率領東、南、北三方四百諸侯，又有二百小諸侯，齊來迎接。武王逕進中軍。先有：

東南揚侯鍾志明 南伯侯鄂順 西南豫州侯姚楚亮

北伯侯崇應鸞 東北兗州侯彭祖壽 夷門伯武高達 左伯宗智明

右伯姚庶良 遠伯常信仁 邠州伯丁建吉 近伯曹宗

眾諸侯進營，止有東伯侯姜文煥未曾進遊魂關，乃序武王降帳，武王不肯。彼此固遜多時，武王同眾諸侯交相下拜。天下諸侯俯伏曰：「今大王大駕特臨此地，使眾諸侯得睹天顏，仰觀威德，早救民於水火之中，天下幸甚！萬民幸甚！」武王深自謙讓曰：「予小子發，嗣位先王，孤德寡聞，惟恐有負前烈；謬蒙天下諸侯傳檄相邀，特拜相父東會列位賢侯，觀政於商。若謂予小子統率諸侯，則予豈敢？惟望列位賢侯教之！」內有豫州侯姚楚亮對曰：「紂王無道，殺妻誅子，焚炙忠良，殺戮大臣，沉湎酒色，弗敬上天，郊廟不祀，播棄黎民，昵比罪人，皇天震怒，絕命於商。予等奉大王恭行天之罰，伐罪弔民，拯萬姓於水火，正應天順人之舉，泄人神之憤，天下無不咸悅。若予與大王坐視不理，厥罪惟均，望大王裁之。」武王曰：「紂王雖不行正道，俱臣下蔽惑之耳。今只觀政於商，擒其孽倖，令人君改其蔽政，則天下自平矣。」彭祖壽曰：「天命靡常，惟有德者居之。昔堯有天下，因其子不肖，而禪位於舜；舜有天下，亦因其子之不肖，而禪位於禹；禹之子賢，能承繼父業，於是相傳；至桀而德衰，暴虐夏政，

話說武王一見黃河，白浪滔天，一望無際，嚇得面如土色。那龍舟只在浪裡，或上或下。忽然有一旋窩，水勢分開，一聲響亮，有一尾白魚跳在船艙裡來，就把武王嚇了一跳。那魚在舟中，左迸右跳，跳有四五尺高。武王問子牙曰：「此魚入舟，主何凶吉？」子牙曰：「恭喜大王！賀喜大王！魚入王舟者，主紂王該滅，周室當興，正應大王繼湯而有天下也。」子牙傳令：「命庖人將此魚烹來，與大王享之。」武王曰：「不可。」仍命擲之河中。子牙曰：「既入王舟，豈可捨此？正謂『天賜不取，反受其咎』，理宜食之，不可輕棄。」左右領子牙令，速命庖人烹來。不一時獻上，子牙命賜諸將。少頃，風恬浪靜，龍舟已渡黃河。

只見四百諸侯知周兵已至，打點前來迎接武王。子牙知武王乃仁德之主，豈肯欺君？恐眾諸侯尊稱武王，以致中餒④，則大事去矣。須是預先吩咐過，然後相見，庶幾不露出主角⑤；俟破紂之後，再作區處。乃對武王曰：「今舟雖抵岸，大王還在舟中，俟老臣先上岸，陳設器械，嚴整軍威，以示武於諸侯，立定營柵，然後來請大王。」武王曰：「聽憑相父設施。」子牙先上了岸，率大隊人馬至孟津，立下營寨。眾諸侯齊至中軍來見子牙，子牙迎接上帳，相敘禮畢，子牙曰：「列位君侯見武王，不必深言其伐君弔民之故，只以觀政於商為辭，俟破紂之後，再作商議。」眾諸侯大喜，俱依子牙之言。子牙令軍政官與哪咤、楊戩前去迎請武王。後面又有西方二百諸侯隨後過黃河，同武王車駕而進。真個是天下諸侯會合，自是不同。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

④ 中餒：中途氣餒。此有半途而廢之意。

⑤ 主角：圭之鋒銳有稜角，比喻言語動作不合於俗，有如主角之峭厲。此有真象之意。

山甲海，威勢如彪，英雄似虎，布成陣勢，三軍吶喊，衝至軍前。哨馬報與袁洪，袁洪與眾將出營觀看。子牙大兵隊伍，只見天下諸侯鴈翅排開，分于左右，當中是元帥姜尚，左有哪順，右有崇應鸞。有詩為證，詩曰：

諸侯共計破朝歌，正是神仙遇劫魔。百萬雄師興宇宙，奇功立在孟津河。

姜尚東征除虐政，諸侯拱手尊號令。妖氛滾滾各爭先，楊戩梅山收七聖。

話說袁洪在馬上見姜子牙穿道服，乘四不相，來至軍前，左右排列有眾位門人，次後武王乘逍遙馬，南北分列眾位諸侯。只見袁洪銀盔素鎧，坐下白馬，使一條郇鐵棍，擔在鞍轡，英雄凜凜。怎見得袁洪好處，有贊為證：

銀盔素鎧甲，纓絡大紅凝。左插狼牙箭，右懸寶劍鋒。橫擔郇鐵棍，白馬似神行。幼長梅山下，成功古洞中。曾受陰陽訣，又得天地靈。善能多變化，玄妙似人形。梅山稱第一，保紂滅周兵。

話說子牙向前問曰：「來者莫非成湯元帥袁洪麼？」袁洪曰：「你可就是姜尚？」子牙曰：「然也！征今天下歸周，商紂無道，天下離心離德，只在旦夕受縛，料你一杯之水，安能救車薪之火哉！汝若早早倒戈納降，尚待汝以不死；汝若支吾，一朝兵敗，玉石俱焚，雖欲求其獨生，何可及哉。休得執迷，徒勞伊戚。」袁洪笑曰：「姜尚，你只知磻溪捕魚，水有深淺，今幸而五關無有將才，讓你深入重地。你敢手巧言令色，惑吾眾聽耶！」回顧左右先行曰：「誰與吾拿此鄙夫，以泄天下之憤？」旁有一人大呼曰：「元帥放心，待我成功！」走馬飛臨陣前，搖手中鎗直取姜子牙。旁有右伯侯姚庶良縱馬搖手中斧，大呼曰：「匹夫慢來，有吾在此！」也不答話，兩馬相交，鎗斧併舉，一場大戰。怎見得，有詩為證，

天人怨之，故湯得行天之罰，放桀於南巢，伐夏而有天下。賢聖之君六七作，至於紂，罪惡貫盈，毀棄善政，戕賊不道，皇天震怒，降災於商，爰命大王以代殷湯。大王幸毋固辭，以友諸侯之心。」武王謙讓未遑。子牙曰：「列位賢侯，今日亦非商議正事之時，俟至商郊，再有說話。」眾諸侯僉曰：「相父之言是也。」武王命營中治酒，大宴諸侯不表。

且說袁洪在營中，只見報馬啟曰：「今有武王兵至孟津下寨，大會諸侯，請元帥定奪。」殷破敗聽得，忙上前言曰：「周武乃天下叛逆元首，白興兵至此，所在獲捷；軍威甚銳，元帥不可輕忽，務要嚴兵以待。」袁洪曰：「參軍之言固善，料姜尚不過一礮溪村夫，有何本領？此皆諸關將士不用心，以致彼僥倖成功。參軍放心，看吾一陣令他片甲不回。」次日，子牙陞帳，眾諸侯上帳參見，有夷門伯武高達言曰：「啟元帥：諸侯六百駐兵於此，俱未敢擅於用兵，止在此拒住，只候武王大駕來臨，以憑裁奪。今日若不先擒袁洪，則匹夫尚自逞強，猶不知天吏之不可戰也。望元帥早賜施行。」子牙曰：「賢侯之言甚善。吾必先下戰書，然後會兵孟津，方可以示天下之惡，惟天下之德可以克之。」眾皆大喜。子牙忙修書，差楊戩往湯營內來下戰書。

楊戩領命，往成湯營前下馬，大呼曰：「奉姜元帥將令，來下戰書！」探事小校報與中軍，袁洪聽得周營來下戰書，忙命左右：「令來。」只見軍政官來至營門，令楊戩進見。楊戩至中軍帳見袁洪，呈上戰書。袁洪觀看畢，乃曰：「吾不修回書，約定明日會兵便了。」楊戩回至中軍見子牙，言明日會兵。子牙傳令與眾諸侯：「明早會兵。」俱各各準備去了。次日，周營砲響，子牙調出大隊人馬，有八百諸侯齊出，當中是子牙人馬，俱是大紅旗；左是南伯侯鄂順，右是北伯侯崇應鸞，盡是五色旛幢；真若盈

第八十九回

紂王敲骨剖孕婦

紂王酷虐古今無，淫酗貪婪聽美姝。孕婦無辜遭惡劫，行人有難罹凶途。

遺譏簡冊稱殘賊，留與人間罵獨夫。天道悠悠難究竟，且將濁酒對花奴。

話說姚庶良隨後趕來，常昊乃是蛇精，縱馬腳下起一陣旋風，捲起一團黑霧，連人帶馬罩住，方現出他原形，乃是一條大蟒蛇；把口一張，吐出一陣毒氣。姚庶良禁不起，隨昏於馬下。常昊便下馬取了首級，大呼曰：「今拏姜尚如姚庶良為例！」眾諸侯之內，不知他是妖精。有兗州侯彭祖壽縱馬搖鎗，大呼曰：「匹夫敢傷吾大臣！」時有吳龍在袁洪右邊，見常昊立功，忍不住使兩口雙刀，催開馬飛奔前來，曰：「不要衝吾陣腳！」也不答話，兩騎相交，刀鎗併舉，殺至陣前。六百鎮諸侯俱在左右，看著二將交兵。戰未數合，吳龍掩一刀敗走；彭祖壽隨後趕來。吳龍乃是蜈蚣精，見彭祖壽將近，隨現出原形；只見一陣風起，黑雲捲來，妖氣迷人，彭祖壽已不知人事，被吳龍一刀揮為兩斷。眾諸侯不知何故，只見將官追下去就是一塊黑雲罩住，將官隨即絕命。

子牙旁邊有楊戩對哪吒曰：「此二將俱不是正經人，似有些妖氣。我與道兄一往，何如？」只見吳龍躍馬舞刀，飛奔軍前，大呼曰：「誰來先啖吾雙刀？」哪吒登開風火輪，使火尖鎗，現三首八臂迎來。吳龍曰：「來者是誰？」哪吒曰：「吾乃哪吒是也。你這業畜，怎敢將妖術傷吾諸侯！」把鎗一擺，直

詩曰：

征雲蕩蕩透虛空，劍戟兵戈擾攘中。今日姜公頭一戰，孟津血濺竹梢紅。

話說姚庶良手中斧轉換如飛，不知常昊乃是梅山一個蛇精，姚庶良乃是真實本領，那裡知道，只要成功，常昊不覺敗下陣去，姚庶良便催馬趕來。不知性命如何，且聽下回分解。

評

當日武王觀政於商，時有白魚躍舟，赤烏降屋，已肇周室興隆耳。武王猶謙遜未遑，此所以為德之至，仁之至；若是以臣伐君，則當日便有許多議論，何至再三謙抑耶？

又評

張奎夫人高蘭英著實有將才，其議論鑿鑿堪聽，雖古之名將，無出其右，宜其丈夫拱手聽命！只笑近日人家婦人，有何才能？一味會吃醋，而必欲丈夫懾服，已自可笑！豈奈丈夫亦平心畏服？可嘆哉！

諸侯會兵此處，正是大敵；豈有這些妖邪能拒敵成功耶？」殷成秀曰：「長兄且莫忙說破，看他後來如何？」魯仁傑曰：「總來吾受成湯三世之恩，豈敢有負國恩之理？惟一死以報國耳！」話說差官往朝歌，來至文書房內，飛廉接本觀看，見袁洪報捷，連誅大鎮叛逆諸侯彭祖壽、姚庶良，心中大喜，忙持木上鹿臺來見紂王。當駕官上臺啟曰：「有中大夫飛廉候旨。」紂王曰：「宣來。」左右將飛廉宣至殿前，參拜畢，俯伏奏曰：「今有元帥袁洪領敕鎮守孟津，以逆②天下諸侯；初陣斬兗州侯彭祖壽、右伯侯姚庶良，軍威已振，大挫周兵鋒銳。自興師以來，未有今日之捷。此乃陛下洪福齊天，得此大帥，可計曰奏功，以安社稷者也。特具本齎奏。」紂王聞奏大悅：「元帥袁洪連斬二逆，足破敵人之膽，其功莫大焉。傳朕旨意，特敕獎諭，賜以錦袍、金珠，以勵其功；仍以蜀錦百疋，寶鈔萬貫，羊、酒等件以犒將士勤勞。務要用心料理，勦滅叛逆，另行分列茅土，朕不食言。欽哉！故諭。」飛廉頓首謝恩，領旨打點解犒賞往孟津去。不表。

且言妲己聞飛廉奏袁洪得勝奏捷，來見紂王曰：「妾蘇氏恭喜陛下又得社稷之臣也！袁洪實有大將之才，永堪重任。似此奏捷，叛逆指日可平，臣妾不勝慶幸，實皇上無疆之福以啟之耳，今特具觴為陛下稱賀。」紂王曰：「御妻之言正合朕意。」命當駕于鹿臺上治九龍席，三妖同紂王共飲。此時正值仲冬天氣，嚴威凜冽，寒氣侵人。正飲之間，不覺彤雲四起，亂舞梨花。當駕官啟奏曰：「上天落雪了。」紂王大喜曰：「此時正好賞雪。」命左右煖注金罇，重斟盃③，酣飲交歡。怎見好雪，有贊為證：

② 逆：迎。此指迎戰。

③ 盃：酒杯。罇，音同「Y」。

刺吳龍。吳龍手中刀急架交還，未及三四合，被哪吒祭起九龍神火罩，響一聲，將吳龍罩在裡面。吳龍已化道青光去了。哪吒用手一拍，反至罩中現出九條火龍時，吳龍去之久矣。常昊見哪吒用火龍罩罩住吳龍，心中大怒，縱馬持鎗，大呼曰：「哪吒不要走！吾來也！」只見楊戩使三尖刀，縱銀合馬，同哪吒雙戰常昊。常昊見勢不好，便敗下陣去。楊戩也不趕他，取彈弓在手，隨手發出金丸，照常昊打來。只見那金丸不知落於何處。哪吒後祭起神火罩，將常昊罩住；也似吳龍化一道赤光而去。袁洪見三將如此精奇，心下甚是歡喜，傳令三軍擂鼓！袁洪縱馬沖殺過來，大呼曰：「姜子牙！我與你兒個雌雄！」旁有楊任見袁洪沖來，急催開雲霞獸，使開雲飛鎗，敵住袁洪；戰有五七回合，楊任取出五火扇，照袁洪一搨，袁洪已預先走了，止燒死他一匹馬。子牙鳴金收隊回營，降帳坐下，歎曰：「可惜傷了二路諸侯！」心下不樂。楊戩上帳曰：「今日弟子看他三人俱是妖怪之相，不似人形。方纔哪吒祭神火罩，楊任用神火扇，弟子用金丸，俱不曾傷他，竟化青光而去。」只見眾諸侯也都議論常昊、吳龍之術，紛紛不一。

且說袁洪回營，降帳坐下，見常昊、吳龍齊來參謁，袁洪曰：「哪吒罩兒，楊任的扇子，俱好利害！」吳龍笑曰：「他那罩與扇子只好降別人，那裡奈何得我們？只是今日指望拿了姜尚，誰知只壞了他兩個諸侯，也不算成功。」袁洪一面修本往朝歌報捷，寬免天子憂心。且說魯仁傑對殷成秀、雷鵬、雷鵬曰：「賢弟，今日你等見袁洪、吳龍、常昊與子牙會兵的光景麼？」眾人曰：「不知所以。」魯仁傑曰：「此正所謂『國家將興，必有祲祥；國家將亡，必有妖孽。』」今日他三將俱是些妖孽，不似人形。今天下

① 國家將興四句：語見中庸。祲祥，吉兆。妖孽，凶兆。

且快。又有一少年人，亦跣足渡水，懼冷行緩，有驚怯之狀。紂王在高處觀之，盡得其態，問于妲己曰：「怪哉！怪哉！有這等異事！你看那老者渡水，反不怕冷，行步且快；這年少的反又怕冷，行走甚難，這不是反其事了？」妲己曰：「陛下不知，老者不甚怕冷，乃是少年父母，精血正旺之時，交媾成孕，所秉甚厚；故精血充滿，骨髓皆盈，雖至末年，遇寒氣猶不甚畏怯也。至若少年怕冷，乃是末年父母，氣血已衰，偶爾姤精成孕，所秉甚薄，精血既虧，髓皆不滿，雖是少年，形同老邁，故遇寒冷而先畏怯也。」紂王笑曰：「此惑朕之言也！人秉父精母血而生，自然少壯，老衰，豈有反其事之理？」妲己又曰：「陛下何不差官去拏來，便知端的。」紂王傳旨：「命當駕官至西門，將渡水老者、少者俱拿來。」當駕官領旨，忙出朝趕至西門，不分老少，即時一併拿來。老少民人曰：「吾等奉公守法，不欠錢糧，為何來拿我們？」侍臣曰：「只怕當今天子有好處到你們，也不可不知。」正是：

平白行來因過水，誰知敲骨喪其生！

紂王在鹿臺上專等渡水人民。卻說侍駕官將二民拏至臺下，回曰：「啟陛下：將老少二民拏至臺下。」紂王命：「將斧砍開二民脛骨，取來看驗。」左右把老者、少者腿俱砍斷，拏上臺看，果然老者髓滿，少者髓淺。紂王大喜，命左右：「把尸拖出！」可憐無辜百姓，受此慘刑！後人有詩歎之，詩曰：

敗葉飄飄落故宮，至今猶自起悲風。獨夫只聽讒言婦，日下朝歌社稷空。

話說紂王見妲己如此神異，撫其背而言曰：「御妻真是神人，何靈異若此！」妲己曰：「妾雖係女流，少得陰符之術，其勘驗陰陽，無不命中。適纔斷脛驗髓，此猶其易者也。至如婦人懷孕，一見便知他腹內有幾月，是男，是女，而在腹內，或朝東、南、西、北，無不週知。」紂王曰：「序纔老少人民

彤雲密布，冷霧繽紛。彤雲密布，朔風凜凜號空中；冷霧繽紛，大雪漫漫鋪地下。——真個是：六花片片飛瓊，千樹株株倚玉。須臾積粉，須臾成鹽。白鸛渾失素，皓鶴竟無形。平添四海三江水，壓倒東西幾樹松。卻便似戰敗玉龍三百萬，果然是退鱗殘甲滿空飛。但只是：幾家村舍如銀砌，萬里江山似玉圖。好雪！真個是：柳絮滿橋，梨花蓋舍。柳絮滿橋，橋邊漁叟掛蓑衣；梨花蓋舍，舍下野翁煨樹樵④。客子難沽酒，蒼頭苦覓梅。洒洒瀟瀟裁蝶翅，飄飄蕩蕩剪鵝衣。團團滾滾隨風勢，颼颼冷氣透幽幃。豐年祥瑞從天降，堪賀人間好事宣。

話說紂王與妲己共飲，又見大雪紛紛，忙傳旨，命：「捲起氈簾，待朕同御妻、美人看雪。」侍駕官捲起簾幔，打掃積雪。紂王同妲己、胡喜媚、王貴人在臺上，看朝歌城內外似銀裝世界，粉砌乾坤。王曰：「御妻，你自幼習學歌聲曲韻，何不把按雪景的曲兒唱一套，俟朕漫飲三杯。」妲己領旨，款啟朱唇，輕舒鶯舌，在鹿臺上唱一個曲兒。真是：婉轉鶯聲飛柳外，笙簧嘹唳白天來。曲曰：

纔飛燕塞邊，又灑向城門外。輕盈過玉橋去，虛飄臨閨苑來。攘攘挨挨，顛倒把乾坤玉載。凍的長江上魚沉鴈杳，空林中虎嘯猿哀。憑天降，冷禍胎，六花飄墜難禁耐，砌漫了白玉堦。宮幃裡冷侵衣袂，那一時暖烘烘紅日當頭晒，掃彤雲四開，現青天一派，瑞氣祥光擁出來。

妲己唱罷，餘韻悠揚，嬌嬌不絕。紂王大喜，連飲三大杯。一時雪俱止了，彤雲漸散，日色復開。紂王同妲己憑欄，看朝歌積雪，忽見西門外有一小河，——此河不是活河水，因紂王造鹿臺，挑取泥土，致成小河，適纔雪水注積，因此行人不便，必跣足過河。——只見有一老人跣足渡水，不甚懼冷，而行步

④ 樹樵：音「メ、ク、メ、」，樹根。

你敢當面侮君，而妄言先王也！」

箕子泣諫曰：「臣聞人秉天下之靈氣以生，分別五官，為天地宣猷贊化⑤，作民父母；未聞荼毒生靈，稱為民父母者也。且人死不能復生，誰不愛此血軀，而輕棄以死耶。今陛下不敬上天，不修德政，天怒民怨，人曰思亂；陛下尚不自省，猶殺此無辜婦女，臣恐八百諸侯屯兵孟津，旦夕不保。一旦兵臨城下，又誰為陛下守此都城哉？只可惜商家宗裔為他人所擄，宗廟被他人所毀，宮殿為他人所居，百姓為他人之民，府庫為他人之有，陛下還不自悔，猶聽婦女之言，敲民骨，剔孕婦，臣恐周武人馬一到，不用攻城，朝歌之民自然獻之矣！軍民與陛下作仇，只恨周武不能早至，軍民欲簞食壺漿以迎之耳。雖陛下被擄，理之當然；只可憐二十八代神主，盡被天下諸侯之所毀，陛下此心忍之乎？」紂王大怒曰：「老匹夫！焉敢覲面侮君，以亡國視朕，不敬孰大于此！」命武士：「拿去打死！」箕子大叫曰：「臣死不足惜，只可惜你昏君敗國，遺譏萬世，縱孝子慈孫不能改也！」只見左右武士扶箕子方欲下臺，只見臺下有人大呼曰：「不可！」微子、微子啟、微子衍三人上臺，見紂王俯伏，嗚咽不能成語，泣而奏曰：「箕子忠良，有功社稷。今日之諫，雖則過激，皆是為國之言。陛下幸察之！陛下昔日剖比干之心，今又誅忠諫之口，社稷危在旦夕，而陛下不知悟，臣恐萬姓怨憤，禍不旋踵也。幸陛下憐赦箕子，褒忠諫之名，庶幾人心可挽，天意可回耳。」紂王見微子等齊來諫諍，不得已，乃曰：「聽皇伯、皇兄之諫，將箕子廢為庶民！」妲己在後殿出而奏曰：「陛下不可！箕子當面辱君，已無人臣禮；今若放之在外，必生怨望。倘與周武構謀，致生禍亂，那時表裡受敵，為患不小。」紂王曰：「將何處治？」妲己曰：

⑤ 為天地宣猷贊化：謂幫助天地化育萬民。

斷脛驗髓，如此神異，朕得聞命矣；至如孕婦，再無有不妙之理。」命當駕官傳旨：「民間搜取孕婦見朕。」奉御官往朝歌城來。正是：

天降大殃臨孕婦，成湯社稷盡歸周。

話說奉御官在朝歌滿城尋訪，有三名孕婦，一齊拿往午門來。只見他夫妻難捨，搶地呼天，哀聲痛慘，大呼曰：「我等百姓又不犯天子之法，不拖欠錢糧，為何拿我等有孕之婦？」子不捨母，母不捨子，悲悲泣泣，前遮後擁，扯進午門來。只見箕子在文書房共微子、微子啟、微子衍、上大夫孫榮正議袁洪為將，退天下諸侯之兵，不知何如，只聽得九龍橋鬧鬧嚷嚷，呼天叫地，哀聲不絕。眾人大驚，齊出文書房來，問其情由。見奉御官拉著兩個婦女而來。箕子問曰：「這是何故？」民婦泣曰：「吾等俱是女流，又不犯天子之法，拿我女人做甚麼？老爺是天子之臣，當得為國為民，救我等蟻命！」言罷哭聲不絕。箕子忙問奉御官，奉御官答曰：「皇上夜來聽娘娘言語，將老少二民敲骨驗髓，分別淺深，知其老少生育，皇大喜。娘娘又奏，尚有剖腹驗胎，知道陰陽。皇上聽信斯言，特命臣等取此孕婦看驗。」箕子聽罷，大罵：「昏君！方今兵臨城下，將至濠邊，社稷不久丘墟，還聽妖婦之言，造此無端罪業！左右且住！待吾面君諫止。」箕子怒氣不息，後隨著微子等俱往鹿臺來見駕。且說紂王在鹿臺專等孕婦來看驗，只見當駕官啟曰：「有箕子等候旨。」王曰：「宣。」箕子至臺上，俯伏大哭曰：「不意成湯相傳十世之天下，一旦喪于今日，而尚不知警戒修省，造此無辜惡業，你將何面目見先王之靈也！」紂王怒曰：「周武叛逆，今已有大帥袁洪足可禦敵，斬將覆軍，不日奏凱。朕偶因觀雪，見朝涉者，有老少之分，行步之異，幸皇后分別甚明，朕得以決其疑，于理何害。今朕欲剖孕婦以驗陰陽，有甚大事，

那日招賢榜簾下，來了二人，生得相貌甚是凶惡：一個面如藍靛，眼似金燈，口獠牙，身軀偉岸；一個面似瓜皮，口如血盆，牙如短劍，髮似硃砂，頂生雙角，甚是怪異，往中大夫府謁見。飛廉一見甚是畏懼。行禮畢，飛廉問曰：「二位傑士是那裡人氏？高姓何名？」二人欠身曰：「某二人乃大夫之子民，成湯之百姓。聞姜尚欺妄，侵天子關隘，吾兄弟二人願投麾下，以報國恩，決不敢望爵祿之榮，願破周兵，以洗王恥。子民姓高名明，弟乃高覺。」通罷姓名，飛廉領二人往朝內拜見紂王，進午門逕往鹿臺見駕。紂王問曰：「大夫有何奏章？」飛廉奏曰：「今有二賢高明、高覺，願來報效，不圖爵祿，敢破周兵。」紂王聞奏大悅，宣上臺來。二人倒身下拜，俯伏稱臣。王賜平身，二人立起。紂王一見相貌奇異，甚是駭然：「朕觀二士真乃英雄也！」隨在鹿臺上俱封為神武上將軍，二人謝恩。王曰：「大夫與朕陪宴。」二人下臺冠帶了，至顯慶殿待宴，至晚謝恩出朝。次日旨意下，命高明、高覺同欽差解湯羊、御酒往孟津來。不知凶吉如何，且聽下回分解。

評

紂王焚炙忠良，蔓益惡焰，可謂極古今之慘，何得又有此一番惡想！竟剗剔孕婦，斷朝涉之脛，千古之下，稱為獨夫，信不誣矣！

「依臣妾愚見，且將箕子剃髮囚禁，為奴宮禁，以示國法，使人民不敢妄為，臣下亦不敢瀆奏矣。」紂王聞奏大喜，將箕子竟囚之為奴。微子見如此光景，料成湯終無挽救之日，隨即下臺，與微子啟、微子衍大哭曰：「我成湯繼統六百年來，今日一旦被嗣君所失，是天亡我商也，奈之何哉！」微子與微子啟兄弟二人商議曰：「我與你兄弟可將太廟中二十八代神主負往他州外郡，隱姓埋名，以存商代禪祀，不令同日絕滅可也。」微子啟含淚應曰：「敢不如命！」於是三人打點收拾，投他州自隱。——後孔聖稱他三人曰：「微子去之，箕子為之奴，比干諫而死。」謂「殷有三仁」是也。後人有詩贊之：

鶯囀商郊百草新，成湯宮殿已成塵。為奴豈足存商祀，去國因之接子禪。

剖腹丹心成往事，割胎民婦又遭連。朝歌不日歸周主，戰血郊原已化燐。

話說微子三人收拾行囊，投他州去了。紂王將三婦人拿上鹿臺，姐已指一婦人：「腹中是男，面朝左脇。」一婦人：「也是男，面朝右脇。」命左右用刀剖開，毫厘不爽。又指一婦人：「腹中是女，面朝後背。」用刀剖開，果然不差。紂王大悅：「御妻妙術如神，雖龜筮莫敵！」自此肆無忌憚，橫行不道，慘惡異常，萬民切齒。當日有詩為證：

大雪紛紛宴鹿臺，獨夫何苦降飛災！三賢遠遁全宗廟，孕婦身亡實可哀。

話說當日剗剔孕婦，天昏地暗，日月無光。次日，有探事軍報上臺來：「有微子等三位殿下，封了府門，不知往何處去了。」紂王曰：「微子年邁，就在此，也是沒用之人；微子啟弟兄兩人，就留在朝歌，也做不得朕之事業；他去了，又省朕許多煩絮。即今元帥袁洪屢見大功，料周兵不能做得甚事。」遂日日荒淫宴樂，全不以國事為重。在朝文武不過具數而已，併無可否。

第九十回 子牙捉神荼鬱壘

眼有明兮耳有聰，能于千里決雌雄。神機纔動情先泄，密計方行事已空。

軒廟借靈憑鬼使，棋山毓秀仗桃叢。誰知名載封神榜，難免降魔杵下紅。

話說高明、高覺同欽差官往孟津來，行至轅門，傳：「旨意下！」旗門官報入中軍，袁洪與眾將接旨，進中軍閱讀，詔曰：

嘗聞：將者乃三軍之司命，係社稷之安危。將得其人，國有攸賴；苟非其才，禍遂莫測，則國家又何望焉。茲爾元帥袁洪，才兼文武，學貫天人，屢建奇功，真國家之柱石，當代之人龍也！今特遣大夫陳友解湯羊、御酒、金帛、錦袍，用酬戍外之勞，慰朕當宁之望。爾當克勤克儉，撲滅叛逆，早安邊疆，以靖海宇。朕不惜茅土重爵，以待有功。爾其欽哉！特諭。

袁洪謝恩畢，款待天使。又令高明、高覺進見。高明、高覺上帳參謁袁洪，行禮畢，袁洪認得他是棋盤山桃精、柳鬼；高明、高覺也認得袁洪是梅山白猿。彼此大喜，各相溫慰，深喜是一氣同枝。正是：

不是武王洪福大，焉能七聖死梅山。

高明、高覺在營中與眾將相見，各各致意。次日，袁洪修謝恩本，打發天使回朝歌。不表。當日，袁洪命高明、高覺二將往周營搦戰。二人慨然出營，至周營大呼曰：「著姜尚來見我！」哨馬報入中軍，子

又評

妲己之毒惡，極為古今婦人之最，然而惡名歸於紂王。今人只知罵紂王為獨夫，何嘗罵妲己為獨婦？此又古今極便宜的事。予想此婦，可謂極善逢迎者，不但當日能惑紂王，尚能遞過天下後世人，又可謂極古今婦人之媚！

討殺身之禍也！」高明大笑曰：「姜子牙，我知你是崑崙之客，你也不曾會我等這樣高人。今日成敗定在此舉也。」道罷，二將使戟、斧沖殺過來。這邊李靖、楊任二騎沖出，也不答話，四處兵器交加。正是四將賭鬥，怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

四將交鋒在孟津，人神仙鬼孰虛真。從來劫運皆天定，縱有奇謀盡墮塵。

話說楊戩在旁，見高明、高覺一派妖氣，不是正人，仔細觀看，以備不虞。只見楊任取出五火扇來，照高明一搨，只聽得「呼」的一聲，化一道黑光而去。李靖也祭起黃金塔來，把高覺罩在裡面，一時也不見了。袁洪同眾將正在轅門看高明兄弟二人大戰周兵，見楊任用五火扇搨高明，又見李靖用塔罩高覺，忙命吳龍、常昊接戰。二將大叫曰：「周將不必回營，吾來也！」哪吒登風火輪來戰吳龍；楊戩使三尖刀敵住常昊，四將大戰。袁洪心下自思曰：「今日定要成功，不可錯過。」把白馬催開，使一條邵鐵棍來戰子牙。旁有雷震子、韋護二人截住袁洪相殺。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

凜凜寒風起，森森殺氣生。白猿使鐵棒，雷震棍更精。韋護降魔杵，來往勢猶兇。捨命安天下，拼生定太平。

話說雷震子展風雷翅，飛在空中，那條棍從頂上打來。韋護祭起降魔杵，此杵豈同小可，如須彌山一般打將下來。袁洪雖是得道白猿，也經不起這一杵，袁洪化白光而去，止將鞍馬打得如泥。楊戩祭哮天犬咬常昊；常昊乃是蛇精，狗也不能傷他。常昊知是仙犬，先借黑氣走了。哪吒祭起神火罩，罩住吳龍；吳龍也化青氣走了。總是一場虛話。

子牙鳴金回營。楊戩上帳曰：「今日會此一陣，俱為無用。當時弟子別師尊時，師父曾有一言吩咐

牙間左右：「誰去走一遭？」旁有哪吒曰：「弟子願往。」子牙許之。哪吒領令出營，忽見二人步行而來，好兇惡！怎見得：

一個面如藍黃腮如燈，一個臉似青松口血盆。一個獠牙凸暴如鋼劍，一個海下鬚鬚似赤繩。一個方天戟上懸豹尾，一個加鋼板斧似車輪。一個棋盤山上稱柳鬼，一個得手人間叫高明。正是：神荼鬱壘該如此，要阻周兵鬧孟津。

話說哪吒大呼曰：「來者何人？」高明答曰：「吾乃高明、高覺是也：今奉袁洪將軍將令，特來擒拿反叛姜尚耳。你是何人，敢來見我？」哪吒大喝曰：「好孽畜，敢出大言！」搖手中火尖鎗，直取二將。高明、高覺舉戟、斧劈面迎來。三將交兵，大戰在龍潭虎穴。哪吒早現出三頭八臂，祭起乾坤圈，正中高覺頂門上，打得個一派金光，散漫于地。哪吒復祭九龍神火罩，把高明罩住，用手一拍，即現九條火龍，須臾燒罷。哪吒回營來見子牙，言圈打高覺，罩住高明一事，子牙大喜。不表。且說高明等二人進營，來見袁洪曰：「姜尚所仗無他，俱倚的是三山五岳門人，故此所在僥倖成功，不曾遇著我等奧妙之人，莫說是姜尚幾個門人，何怕你有通天徹地手段，豈能脫得吾輩之手也？」眾人俱各歡喜。

次日，高明、高覺又往周營搦戰。哨馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：高明、高覺請元帥答話。」子牙問哪吒曰：「你昨日回我滅了二將，今日又來，何也？」哪吒曰：「想必高明二人有潛身小術，請師叔親臨，吾等便知真實。」子牙傳令，六百諸侯齊出，看子牙用兵。高明對高覺曰：「哪吒言吾等有潛身小術，俱出來一看吾等真實。」言未了，只聽砲響，見周營大隊排開，似盤山甲海，射日光華。子牙乘四不相，來至軍前，看見二將相貌兇惡，醜陋不堪，大喝曰：「高明、高覺，不順天時，敢勉強而阻逆王師，自

高明笑曰：「不要走！吾豈懼你安排，吾來也！」兄弟二人隨後趕入陣來。剛入得八卦方位，東有李靖，南有雷震子，西有哪吒，北有楊戩，四面發起符印，處處雷鳴；韋護空中將一瓶穢污之物往下打來，那些雞犬穢血，濺得滿地。高明、高覺化陣青光，早已不見了。眾門人親自觀見，莫知去向。子牙收兵回營，陞帳坐下，大怒曰：「豈知今日日本營先有奸細私透營內之情，如此何日成功也！將吾機密之事盡被高明知道，此是何說！」楊戩在旁曰：「師叔在上：料左右將官自在西岐共起義兵，經過三十六路征伐，今進五關，經過數百場大戰，苦死多少忠良。今日至此，克成湯只在目下，豈有這樣之理？據弟子觀之，此二人非是正人，定有些妖氣，那光景大不相同。望師叔詳察。今弟子往一所在去來，自知虛實。」子牙曰：「你往那裡去？」楊戩曰：「機不可泄，泄則不能成功也。」子牙許之。楊戩當晚別子牙去訖。且說高明、高覺來見袁洪，言子牙用八卦陣，將釘桃棒的事說了一遍。袁洪具表往朝歌報捷。高覺聽得周營子牙與楊戩共議，楊戩要往一所在去，又聽見楊戩不肯說，兄弟二人曰：「憑你怎樣尋吾根腳，料你也不能知道！」二人又大笑一回。不表。

且說楊戩離了周營，借土遁往玉泉山金霞洞來，正是：

遁中道術真玄妙，咫尺青風萬里程。

話說楊戩來至金霞洞，見洞門緊閉，楊戩洞外敲門。少時，一童子出來，見是師兄，忙問曰：「師兄何來？」楊戩曰：「煩賢弟通報。」童子進洞內見玉鼎真人，啟曰：「師兄楊戩在洞府外求見。」真人起身吩咐曰：「著他進來。」楊戩來至碧遊床前下拜。真人曰：「你今到此為何？」楊戩把孟津事說了一遍。真人曰：「此業障是棋盤山桃精、柳鬼。桃、柳根盤三十里，採天地之靈氣，受日月之精華，成氣

弟子說：「若到孟津，謹防梅山上聖阻隘。」教弟子留心。今日觀之，祭寶不能成功，俱化青黑之氣而走。元帥宜當設計處治，方可成功。若是死戰，終是無用。」子牙曰：「吾自有道理。」當日至晚，子牙帳中鼓響，眾將官上帳聽令。子牙命李靖領柬帖：「你在八卦陣正東上，按震方，書有符印，用桃椿，上用犬血，如此而行。」又命雷震子領柬帖：「你在正南上，按離方，亦有符印，也用桃椿，上用犬血，如此而行。」命哪吒領柬帖：「在正西上，按兌方，也用桃椿，上用犬血，如此而行。」又命楊任：「在正北上，按坎方，也用桃椿，上用犬血，如此而行。楊戩，你可引戰，用五雷之法，望桃椿上打下來，韋護，你用瓶盛烏雞、黑狗血，女人尿尿和勻，裝在瓶內，見高明、高覺趕上我陣中，你可將瓶打下，此穢污濁物壓住他妖氣，自然不能逃走。此一陣可以擒二豎子也。」眾門人聽令而去。子牙先出營，布開八卦，暗合九宮，將桃椿釘下。正是：

設計要擒桃柳鬼，這場辛苦枉勞神。

子牙安置停當。且說高明聽著子牙傳令安八卦方位，用烏雞、黑狗血，釘桃椿拿他兄弟，二人大笑不止：「空費心機！看你怎樣捉我二人！」次日，子牙親臨轅門搦戰。袁洪命高明、高覺出營，大呼曰：「姜子牙，你自稱掃蕩成湯大元帥，據吾看，你不過一匹夫耳！你既是崑崙之士，理當遣將調兵，共決雌雄；為何釘桃椿，安符印，週圍布八卦，按九宮，用門人將烏雞、黑狗血穢污之物壓我二人。吾非鬼魅精邪，豈懼你左道之術也！」二人道罷，放步搖斧、舉戟直取子牙。子牙左右有武吉、南宮适二馬齊出，急架忙迎。四將交兵，鎗刀共舉。高明逞精神，如同猛虎；南宮适使氣力，一似蛟龍；高覺戟刺擺長旛，武吉鎗來生殺氣；四將酣戰。子牙催四不相，仗劍也來助戰；未及數合，便往陣中敗走。

子牙令至中軍，問其「打泥鬼如何？」雷震子曰：「奉令去打碎了二鬼，放火燒了廟宇，以絕其根，恐再為祟；待周王伐紂功成，再重修殿宇未遲。」子牙大悅，隨在帳前令哪吒、武吉在營布起一壇，設下五行方位，當中放一罈，四面八方俱鎮壓符印，安治停當。只見李靖掘桃、柳鬼根盤已畢，來至中軍回話。子牙大喜。正是：

李靖掘根方至此，袁洪舉意劫周營。

話說子牙在中軍共議東伯侯還不見來，忽報三運督糧官鄭倫來至。子牙令至帳前，鄭倫回令畢，交納糧印。鄭倫聽得土行孫已死，著實傷悼不表。且說袁洪在營中自思：「今與周兵屢戰，未見輸贏，枉費精神，虛費日月。」令左右暗傳與常昊、吳龍：「令高明、高覺衝頭陣，今夜劫姜尚的營。」又令：「參軍殷破敗、雷開為左右救應，殷成秀、魯仁傑為斷後，務要一夜成功。」眾將聽令，只等黃昏行事。話說子牙在中軍，忽見一陣風從地而起，捲至帳前。子牙見風色怪異，掐指一算，早知其意。子牙大喜，傳令：「中軍帳釘下桃楮，鎮壓符印，下布地網，上蓋天羅，黑霧迷漫中軍。令各營俱不可輕動。」李靖拒住東方，楊任拒住西方，哪吒拒住南方，雷震子拒住北方，楊戩、韋護在將臺左右保護。」子牙令南宮适、武吉、鄭倫、龍鬚虎等：「各防守武王營寨。」眾將得令而去。子牙沐浴上臺，等候袁洪來劫營寨。詩曰：

子牙妙算世無雙，動地驚天勢莫當。
二鬼有心施密計，三妖無計展疆場。
遭殃楊任歸神去，逃死袁洪免喪亡。
莫說孟津多惡戰，連逢劫殺損忠良。

話說袁洪當晚打點人馬劫營，大破子牙，以成全功。纔至三更時分，高明、高覺為頭一隊，袁洪為二隊。

有年。今棋盤山有軒轅廟，廟內有泥塑鬼使，名曰千里眼、順風耳；二怪托其靈氣，目能觀看千里，耳能詳聽千里；千里之外，不能視聽也。你可叫姜子牙著人往棋盤山去，將桃、柳根盤掘挖，用火焚盡；將軒轅廟二鬼泥身打碎，以絕其靈氣之根；再用一重霧常鎖營寨，如此如此，則二鬼自然絕也。」楊戩受命，離了玉泉山，復往周營而來。軍政官報與子牙，子牙令人中軍，問楊戩曰：「此去如何？」楊戩搖頭不語，猶恐泄機。子牙曰：「你今日為何如此？」楊戩曰：「弟子今日不敢言，且隨弟子行之。」子牙並依楊戩，不去阻擋。楊戩執定令旗下帳，把後隊大紅旗二千杆，令三軍磨旗；又令一千名軍士擂鼓鳴鑼，恍然有驚天動地之勢。子牙見楊戩如此，不知其故。楊戩方來對子牙曰：「高明、高覺二人乃是棋盤山桃精、柳鬼。他憑托軒轅廟二鬼之靈，名曰千里眼、順風耳。如今須用旗招展不住，使千里眼不能觀看；鑼鼓齊鳴，使順風耳不能聽察。請元帥命將往棋盤山，掘挖其根，用火焚之；再令將官去把軒轅廟裡二鬼打碎；然後用大霧一重，常鎖行營，此怪方能除也。」子牙聽說：「既然如此，吾自有治度。」子牙令李靖：「領三千人馬，速往棋盤山，去挖絕其根。」又令雷震子：「去打碎泥塑鬼使。」後人有詩歎之，詩曰：

虎鬥深山淵鬥龍，高明高覺逞邪蹤。當時不遇仙師指，難滅軒轅二鬼風。

話說子牙安排已定，只等二門人來回令。且說高明、高覺只聽得周營中鼓響鑼鳴不止，高覺曰：「長兄，你看看怎樣？」高明曰：「一派盡是紅旗招展，連眼都晃花了。兄弟，你且聽聽看。」高覺曰：「鑼鼓齊鳴，把耳朵都震聾了，如何聽得見一些兒？」二人急躁不表。只見李靖人馬去掘桃、柳的根盤；雷震子去打泥塑的鬼使；子牙在帳內望二人回來，方好用計破之。次日，子牙在中軍，忽報：「雷震子回來。」

第九十一回

蟠龍嶺燒邸文化

力大排山氣吐虹，手拖扒木快如風。行舟陸地誰堪及，破敵營門孰敢同。

擒虎英名成往事，食牛全氣化崆峒。總來天意歸周主，火燎蟠龍嶺下紅。

話說子牙在將臺上作法，只見風雲四起，黑霧瀰漫，上有天羅，下有地網，昏天慘地，罩住了周營。霹靂交加，電光馳驟，火光灼灼，冷氣森森，雷響不止，喊聲大振。各營內鼓角齊鳴，若天崩地塌之狀。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

風霧濛濛電火燒，雷聲響亮鎮邪妖。桃精柳鬼難逃躲，早把封神名姓標。

話說高明、高覺闖進周營，殺進中軍，只見鼓聲大振，三軍呐喊。一聲砲響，東有李靖，西有楊任，南有哪吒，北有雷震子，左有楊戩，右有韋護，一齊衝將出來，把高明等圍住。臺上有子牙作法。臺下四箇門人，齊把桃棓震動。上有天羅，下有地網，上下交合。子牙祭起打神鞭打將下來，高明、高覺難逃此難，只打得腦漿迸流。一靈已往封神臺去了。且說袁洪同常昊、吳龍在後面催軍，殺進周營，被哪吒等接住大戰。此時晝夜交兵，兩軍混戰。韋護祭起降魔杵來打吳龍；吳龍早化青光去了。哪吒也祭起九龍神火罩來罩常昊；常昊化一道青氣不見了。袁洪乃是白猿得道，變化多端，把元神從頭上現出。楊任正欲取五火扇搗袁洪，不意袁洪頂上白光中元神手舉一棍打來，楊任及至躲時，已是不及，早被袁洪一

魯仁傑對殷成秀曰：「賢弟，據我愚見，今夜劫營，不但不能取勝，定有敗亡之禍。況姜子牙善于用兵，知玄機變化，且門下又多道德之士，此行豈無準備。我和你且在後隊，見機而作。」殷成秀曰：「兄長之言甚善。」不說他二人各自準備，且說高明、高覺來至周營，點起大砲，響一聲，喊殺進營來。袁洪同常昊、吳龍從後接應。子牙在將臺上披髮仗劍，踏罡步斗，霎時四下裡風雲齊起，這正是子牙借崑崙之妙術，取神荼、鬱壘。不知凶吉何如，且聽下回分解。

評

高明高覺耳目能視覺千里，一遇旌旗金鼓，便惑敵其聰明，倏然被擒；然則有耳目之靈，可不慎歟！

又評

語云：方以類聚，物以群分。當日有袁洪、常昊、吳龍三人怪，就有桃精柳鬼來應付。青天白日之下，純是魑魅魍魎用事，紂欲不亡得乎！

如若不識時務，悔無及矣。」袁洪大笑曰：「料爾不過是磻溪一釣叟耳，有何本領，敢出此大言！」回顧常昊曰：「與吾將姜尚擒了！」常昊縱馬挺鎗，飛來直取子牙。旁有楊戩催馬舞刀，抵住廝殺。二馬往來，刀鎗併舉，只殺得凜凜寒風，騰騰殺氣。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

殺氣騰騰鎖孟津，梅山妖魅亂紅塵。須臾難遁終南鑑，取次摧殘作鬼燐。

話說兩人大戰，未及十五合，常昊撥馬便走。楊戩隨後趕來，取出照妖鑑來照，原來是條大白蛇。楊戩已知此怪，看他怎樣騰挪。只見常昊在馬上忽現原身，有一陣怪風捲起，播土揚塵，愁雲靄靄，冷氣森森，現出一條大蛇。怎見得，有詩為證：

黑霧漫漫天地遮，身如雪練弄妖邪。神光閃灼兇頑性，久與梅山是舊家。

話說楊戩看見白蛇隱在黑霧裡面來傷自己，楊戩搖身一變，化作一條蜈蚣，身生兩翅飛來，鉗如利刃。怎見他的模樣，有詩為證：

二翅翩翩似片雲，黑身黃足氣如焚。雙鉗豎起渾如劍，先斬頑蛇建首勳。

楊戩變做一條大蜈蚣，飛在白蛇頭上，一剪兩斷。那蛇在地下挺折扭滾。楊戩復了本相，將此蛇斬做數斷，發一個五雷訣，只見雷聲一響，此怪震作飛灰。袁洪知白蛇已死，大怒，縱馬使一根棍，大呼曰：「好楊戩！敢傷吾大將！」旁有哪吒登風火輪，現三頭八臂，使火尖鎗，抵住了袁洪。輪馬相交，未及數合，哪吒祭起九龍神火罩，將袁洪連人帶馬罩住；哪吒用手一拍，現出九條火龍，將袁洪盤旋週繞焚燒。不知袁洪有七十二變玄功，焉能燒的著他，袁洪早借火光去了。吳龍見哪吒施勇，使兩口雙刀來戰哪吒。哪吒翻身復來，接戰吳龍。楊戩在旁，忙取照妖鑑照看，原來是一條蜈蚣。楊戩縱馬舞刀，雙戰

棍打中頂門，可憐白穿雲關歸周，纔至孟津，未受封爵而死。後人有詩歎之，詩曰：

白離成湯歸紫陽，穿雲關下破瘟癘。孟津盡節身先喪，俱是南柯夢一場。

話說楊任被袁洪打死，兩軍混戰，至天明，子牙鳴金，兩下收兵。子牙降帳，點視軍將，已知楊任陣亡，著實嗟歎不已。楊戩上帳言曰：「今夜大戰，雖然斬了高明、高覺，反折楊任一員大將。據弟子見袁洪等俱是精靈所化，急切不能成功。大兵阻于此地，何日結局。弟子今往終南山，借了照妖鑑來，照定他的原身，方可擒此妖怪也，不然終無了期。」子牙許之。楊戩離了周營，借土遁往終南山而來。不多時，早至玉柱洞前，按落遁光，至洞門聽候雲中子。少時，只見金霞童子出來，楊戩上前稽首曰：「師兄，借煩通報，有楊戩要見師伯。」童子忙還禮曰：「師兄少待，容吾通報。」童子進洞對雲中子曰：「有楊戩在外面候見。」雲中子命童子：「著他進來。」童子出洞云：「師兄請見。」楊戩見雲中子，行禮畢，稟曰：「弟子今到此，欲求師伯照妖鑑一用。曰今兵至孟津，有幾箇妖怪阻住周師，不能前進。雖大戰數場，法寶難治。因此上奉姜元帥將令，特地至此，拜求師伯。」雲中子曰：「此乃梅山七怪也。只你可以擒獲。」忙取寶鑑付與楊戩。楊戩辭了終南，借土遁逕往周營內來見子牙，備言：「此是梅山七怪，明日俟弟子擒他。」話說袁洪在營中與常昊、吳龍眾將議退諸侯之策，殷破敗曰：「明日元戎不大殺一場以樹威，使天下諸侯知道利害，則彼皆不能善解。與他遷延日月，恐師老軍疲，其中有變，那時反為不美。」袁洪從其言。

次日，整頓軍馬，砲聲大振，來至軍前。子牙亦帶領眾諸侯出營，兩下列成陣勢。袁洪一馬當先。子牙調袁洪曰：「足下不知天命久已歸周，而何阻逆王師，令生民塗炭耶？速早歸降，不失封侯之位。」

湯社稷終屬西岐。況今日朝廷不明，妄用妖精為將，安有能成功之理？但我與賢弟受國恩數代，豈可不盡忠于國；然而就死也須死在朝歌，見吾輩之忠義，不可枉死于此地，與妖孽同腐朽也。不若乘機討一差遣，往而不返可也。」二將議定。忽有總督糧儲官上帳來稟袁洪曰：「軍中止有五日行糧，不足支用，特啟元帥定奪。」袁洪命軍政司修本，往朝歌催糧。旁有魯仁傑出而言曰：「末將願往。」袁洪許之。魯仁傑領令，往朝歌去催糧不表。

且說朝歌城來了一個大漢，身高數丈，力能陸地行舟，頓餐隻牛，用一根排扒木，姓鄒名文化，揭招賢榜投軍。朝廷差官送鄒文化至孟津營聽用。來至轅門，左右報與袁洪。袁洪命：「令來。」鄒文化同差官至中軍，見禮畢，通名站立。袁洪見鄒文化一表非俗，恍似金剛一般，撐在半天裡，果是驚人。袁洪曰：「將軍此來，必懷妙策。今將何計以退周兵？」鄒文化曰：「末將乃一勇鄙夫，奉聖旨齎送元帥帳下調用，聽憑指揮。」袁洪大喜：「將軍此來，必定首建大功，何愁姜尚不授首也！」鄒文化次日清晨上帳領令，出營搦戰，倒拖排扒木，行至周營，大呼曰：「傳與反叛姜尚，早至轅門洗頸受戮！」話說子牙在中軍帳，猛聽戰鼓聲響，擡頭觀看，見一大漢豎在半天裡，驚問眾將曰：「那裡來了一個大漢子？」眾人齊來觀看，果是好箇大漢子，眾皆大驚。正欲尋問，只見軍政官報入中軍來：「有一大漢，口出大言，請令定奪。」有龍鬚虎出口曰：「弟子願往。」子牙許之，吩咐曰：「你須仔細。」龍鬚虎領令出營來。鄒文化低頭往下一看，大笑不止：「那裡來了一個蝦精？」龍鬚虎擡頭看鄒文化，怎生兇惡，但見有詩為證，詩曰：

身高數丈髭櫛頭，口似窑門兩眼摳①。丈二蒼鬚如散線，尺三草履似行舟。

吳龍。吳龍料戰不過，撥馬便走，哪吒登風火輪就趕。楊戩曰：「道兄休趕，讓吾來也。」哪吒聽說，便立住了風火輪，讓楊戩催馬追趕。吳龍見楊戩趕來，即現原形，就馬腳下捲起一陣黑霧，罩住自己，怎見得，有詩為證：

黑霧陰風布滿天，梅山精怪法無邊。誰知治剋難相恕，千歲蜈蚣化罔然。

吳龍見楊戩追趕，即現原形，隱在黑霧之中，來傷楊戩。楊戩見此怪飛來，隨即搖身一變，化作一隻五色雄雞。怎見得，詩曰：

綠耳金睛五色毛，翅如鋼劍嘴如刀。蜈蚣今遇無窮妙，即喪原身怎脫逃。

楊戩化做一隻金雞，飛入黑霧之中，將蜈蚣一嘴啄作數斷，又除一怪。子牙與眾將掌鼓進營不表。

卻說殷破敗、雷開與諸將親自看見今日光景，不覺笑曰：「國家不祥，妖孽方興，今日我們兩員副將，豈知俱是白蛇、蜈蚣成精，來此惑人。此豈是好消息！不若進營與主將商議何如？」隨進營來，見袁洪在中軍悶坐，俱至帳前參謁。袁洪見眾將來見，也覺沒趣，乃對眾將曰：「吾就不知常昊、吳龍乃是兩個精靈，幾乎被他誤了大事。」眾將曰：「姜子牙乃崑崙道德之士，麾下又有這三山五岳門人相隨，料吾兵不能固守此地，請元帥早定大策，或戰或守，可以預謀，毋令臨期掘井，一時何及。眼見我兵微將寡，力敵不能，依不才等愚見，不如退兵，固守城都，設防禦之法，以老其師。此『不戰能屈人之兵』者，不知元帥尊意如何？」袁洪曰：「參軍之言差矣！奉命守此地方，則此地為重；今捨此不守，反欲退拒城都，此為臨門禦寇，未有不敗者也。今姜尚雖有輔佐之人，而深入重地，亦不能用武。看看在此地破敵，吾自有妙策，諸將勿得多言。」各人下帳。魯仁傑與殷成秀曰：「方今時勢，也都見了，料成

轅門。那是黑夜，誰人抵敵？沖開七層鹿角，撞翻四方木柵、擋牌，鄔文化把排扒木只是橫掃兩邊。也是周營軍士有難，可憐被他衝殺得尸橫遍野，血流成河，六十萬人馬在中軍呼兄喚弟，覓子尋爺。又有袁洪協同，黑夜中袁洪放出妖氣，籠罩住營中，驚動多少大小將官。子牙聽得大漢劫營，急上了四不相，手執杏黃旗，護定身子，只聽得殺聲大振，心下著忙。又是大漢二目如兩盞紅燈，眾門人各不相顧，只殺得孟津血水成渠。有詩為證，詩曰：

姜師提兵會列候，袁洪賭智未能休。朝歌遣將能催敵，周寨無謀是自蹂。

軍士有災皆在劫，元戎遇難更何尤。可惜英雄徒浪死，賢愚無辨喪荒丘。

話說鄔文化晝夜劫周營，後有袁洪助戰。周將睡熟，被鄔文化將排扒木兩邊亂掃，可憐為國捐軀，名利何在！袁洪騎馬，仗妖術沖殺進營，不辨賢愚，盡是些少肩無臂之人，都做了破腹無頭之鬼。武王有四賢保駕奔逃，子牙落荒而走，五七門徒借五遁逃去。只是披堅執銳之士，怎免一場大厄！該絕者難逃天數，有生者躲脫災殃。且說鄔文化直沖殺至後營，來到糧草堆根前，此處乃楊戩守護之所。忽聽得大漢劫營，姜元帥失利，楊戩急上馬看時，見鄔文化來得勢頭兇，欲要迎敵，又顧糧草，心生一個計，且救眼下之厄。忙下馬，念念有詞，將一草豎立在手，吸口氣，叫聲「變！」化了一個大漢，頭撐天，腳踏地。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

頭有城門大，二目似披缸。鼻孔如水桶，門牙扁擔長！

鬚鬚似竹筍，口內吐金光。大呼鄔文化，與吾戰一場！

話說鄔文化正盡力沖殺，燈光影裡見一大漢，比他更覺長大，大呼曰：「那匹夫慢來！吾來也！」鄔文

生成大力排山岳，食盡金牛賽虎彪。陸地行舟人罕見，蟠龍嶺上火光愁。

鄒文化大呼曰：「周營中來的是個甚麼東西？」龍鬚虎大怒，罵曰：「好匹夫！把吾當作甚麼東西！吾乃姜元帥第二門徒龍鬚虎是也。」鄒文化笑曰：「你是一個畜生，全無一些人相，難道也是姜尚門徒！」龍鬚虎曰：「村匹夫快通名來，殺你也好上功勞簿。」鄒文化罵曰：「不識好歹畜畜！吾乃紂王御前袁元帥麾下威武大將軍鄒文化是也。你快回去，叫姜尚來受死，饒你一命。」龍鬚虎大怒，罵曰：「今奉令特來擒你，尚敢多言！」發手一石打來。鄒文化一排扒木打下來，龍鬚虎閃過，其釘打入上有三四尺深；急自拽起釘扒來，到被龍鬚虎夾大腿連腰上打了七八石頭；再轉身，又打了五六石頭；只打的是下三路。鄒文化身大，轉身不活，不上一個時辰，被龍鬚虎連腿帶腰打了七八十下，打得鄒文化疼痛難當，倒拖著排扒木望正東上走了。龍鬚虎得勝回營，來見子牙，備言其事。眾將俱以為大而無用，子牙也不深究所以，彼此相安不察。且說鄒文化敗走二十里，坐在一山崖上，擦腿摸腰，有一個時辰，乃緩緩來至轅門。左右報入中軍曰：「啟元帥：鄒文化在轅門等令。」袁洪吩咐：「令來。」鄒文化來至帳前，參謁袁洪。袁洪責之曰：「你今初會戰，便自失利，挫動鋒銳，如何不自小心！」鄒文化曰：「元帥放心。末將今夜劫營，管教他片甲不存，上報朝廷，下泄吾恨。」袁洪曰：「你今夜劫營，吾當助爾。」鄒文化收拾打點，今夜去劫固營。此是子牙軍士有難，故有此失。正是：

一時不察軍情事，斷送無辜填孟津。

話說子牙不意鄒文化今夜劫營。將至二更時分，成湯營裡一聲炮響，喊聲齊起，鄒文化當頭，撞進

話說鄒文化得了大功，紂王差官齎袍、帶、表禮等物獎諭，袁洪、鄒文化二將謝恩，打發天使回朝歌。不表。袁洪對鄒文化曰：「荷蒙天子恩寵獎諭，鄒將軍，我等當得盡忠竭力，以報國恩，不負吾輩名揚于天下也。」鄒文化曰：「末將明日使姜尚無備，再殺他個片甲無存，早早奏凱。」袁洪大喜，設宴慶賞。正談笑間，探事馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：今有姜子牙與武王在轅門閑看吾營，不知有何原故，請令定奪。」袁洪聽報，即令鄒文化：「暗出大營，抄出子牙之後擒之，如探囊取物耳。」鄒文化領令，忙出右營門，撒開大步，拖排扒木，如飛雲掣電而來，大呼曰：「姜尚休走！今番吾定擒你成功也。速速下騎受死，免吾費力。」子牙與武王見鄒文化追來，撥轉坐騎，望西南而逃。鄒文化見子牙、武王落荒而走，放心追來。子牙回顧，誘鄒文化曰：「鄒將軍，你放我君臣回營，得歸故國，再不敢有犯邊疆，吾群臣感將軍洪恩不淺矣。」鄒文化曰：「今番錯過，千載難逢。」拼命趕來，那裡肯捨。望前趕了一個時辰。姜子牙與武王是有腳力的；鄒文化步行，怎當得他是急急追趕，一氣趕了五六十里！鄒文化氣力已乏，立住腳不趕了。子牙回頭看時，見鄒文化不趕，子牙勒轉坐騎，大呼曰：「鄒文化，你敢來與吾戰三合麼？」鄒文化大怒曰：「有何不敢？」回身又望前趕來。子牙勒轉四不相又走，看看趕至蟠龍嶺了，子牙君臣進山口去了。鄒文化大喜：「姜尚進山，似魚游釜中，肉在几上！」隨後追進山口。不知鄒文化性命如何，且聽下回分解。

評

化擡頭看見，說得魂不附體：「我的命來了！」倒拖排扒木，回頭就走，也不管好歹，只是飛跑。楊戩化身隨後趕來一程，正遇袁洪。楊戩大呼曰：「好妖怪，怎敢如此！」使開三尖刀，飛奔殺來。袁洪使棍抵住。大戰一回，楊戩祭哮天犬時，袁洪看見，化一道白光，脫身回營。且說孟津眾諸侯聞袁洪劫姜元帥的大營，驚起南北二鎮諸侯，齊來救應。兩下混戰，只殺到天明。子牙會集諸門人，尋見武王，收集敗殘人馬，點算折軍兵有二十餘萬，帳下折了將官三十四員，龍鬚虎被鄒文化排扒木絕其性命。軍士有見龍鬚虎的頭掛在排扒木上，因此報知。子牙聞龍鬚虎被亂軍中殺死，子牙傷悼不已。眾諸侯上帳，問武王安。楊戩來見子牙，備言：「鄒文化沖殺，是弟子如此治之，方救得行糧無虞。」子牙曰：「一時失於檢點，故遭此厄，無非是天數耳。」心下鬱鬱不樂，納悶中軍。

且說袁洪得勝回營，具本往朝歌報捷：「鄒文化大勝周兵，戶塞孟津，其水為之不流。」群臣具賀：「自征伐西岐，從未有此大勝。」紂王大喜，曰：「縱樂，全不以周兵為事。且說楊戩來見子牙曰：『如今先將大漢鄒文化治了，然後可破袁洪。』子牙曰：『須得如此，方可絕得此人。』楊戩領令，去到孟津探路徑。走有六十里，至一所在，地名蟠龍嶺。此山灣環如蟠龍之勢，中有空闊一條路，兩頭可以出入。楊戩看罷，心下大喜曰：「此處正好行此計也！」忙回見子牙，備言：「蟠龍嶺地方可以行計。」子牙聽說大喜，在楊戩耳邊備說如此如此，可以成功。楊戩遂自去了。正是：

計燒大將鄒文化，須得姜公用此謀。

話說子牙令武吉、南宮适：「領二千人馬，往蟠龍嶺去埋伏引火之物，中用竹筒引線，暗埋火炮、火箭各項等物，嶺上下俱用柴薪引火乾燥物件，預備停當，只等鄒文化來至，便可行之。」二將領令去訖。

第九十二回 楊戩哪吒收七怪

梅山七怪阻周兵，逞異誇能苦戰爭。狗竇雖兇誰獨死，牛黃縱惡自戕生。

朱真伏地先無項，楊顯縱橫後亦驚。堪笑白猿多惹事，千年道行等閑傾。

話說武吉、南宮适望見子牙引鄒文化進山，先讓過子牙與武王，用木石疊斷前山。只見鄒文化趕進山口，不見了子牙、武王，立住了腳，遲疑四望，竟無蹤跡。正欲迴身出山，只聽得兩邊砲響，殺聲振地，山上用滾木大石輓斷山口，軍士用火弓、火箭、火砲、乾柴等物望山下拋放，只見四下裡火起，滿谷煙生。怎見得好火，贊曰：

騰騰烈焰，滾滾煙生。一會家地塌山崩，霎時間雷轟電掣。須臾綠樹盡沾紅，頃刻青山皆帶赤。那怕你銅牆鐵壁，說甚麼海闊河寬。任憑他燦石流金，遇著時枯泉轍涸。風乘火勢逞雄威，火借風高拼惡毒。休說鄒文化血肉身軀，就是滿山中披毛帶角的皆逢其劫。

話說鄒文化見後面火起，疊斷歸路，抽身轉奔進山來。那山腳下地砲、地雷發作，望上打來。可憐頂天立地大漢，陸地行舟的英雄，只落得頃刻化為灰燼！後人有詩歎之：

夜劫固營立大功，孟津河下逞英雄。姜公妙算驅楊戩，火化蟠龍一陣風。

話說楊戩、武吉、南宮适見燒死了鄒文化，俱回來見姜子牙，備言前事。子牙大喜，又調楊戩曰：「只

從來妖邪鬼魅，安能白晝勝人？不過混亂一場而已。所以高明、高覺、常昊、吳龍皆陸續被擒，只是商朝氣數，不卜可知其敗也。豈有堂堂天子，而魑魅魍魎公然橫行於青天白日之下哉？

又評

鄒文化一勇之夫，固無足論；只笑姜子牙為武事中鼻祖，開教中之高士，如何不能前知？如何不諳紀律？令全軍屠戮，武王著驚，子牙公能遁其責？以理定罪，則當今之祖武其事，尸祝其神者，俱當罰去。

麾下副將余忠，此人不信道術，使狼牙棒，面如紫棗，三柳長髯，飛馬大呼曰：「此功留與我來取！」子牙見左哨來了余忠，一馬當先，也不答話，使開棒夾頭就打。朱子真手中劍劈面交還。步馬相交，劍棒併舉。未及二十合，朱子真轉身就走，余忠隨後趕來。子牙傳令擂鼓呐喊，以助軍威。余忠追來，未及一里之路，朱子真乃是妖魅，足下陰風簇擁，一派寒霧籠罩，故馬亦迫之不上。朱子真把身子立住，余忠馬看看至近，子真回頭，把口一張，一道黑煙噴出，籠罩其身，現出本相，一口把余忠咬了半段，余忠尸骸倒于馬下。朱子真復現元身，回奔而來，大呼曰：「姜子牙敢與吾立見雌雄麼？」楊戩在旁，用照妖寶鑑一照，原來是一個大豬。楊戩把馬催開，使三尖刀從後面大喝曰：「好業障少來，有吾在此！」使開刀，分頂門砍來。朱子真手中劍急架忙迎。步馬相交，刀劍併舉，未及數合，朱子真抽身就走，楊戩隨後趕來。朱子真如前，復現原身，將楊戩一口吃去。子牙見楊戩如此，傳令回兵進營。朱子真得勝，來見袁洪，袁洪大喜，治酒管待朱子真賀功。正飲之間，忽報：「轅門有一傑士求見。」袁洪傳令：「令來。」

少時，見一人面如傅粉，海下長髯，頂生三角，戴一頂束髮冠，至帳下行禮畢，袁洪問曰：「傑士何方人氏？」其人答曰：「末將姓楊，名顯，祖居梅山人氏。」——此傑士乃是羊精也，借羊成姓，也是梅山一怪，俱是袁洪一起。只恐旁人看破，故此降續而來，托姓借名，以掩眾人耳目。當日袁洪留在軍中，賜坐飲酒。楊顯與朱子真各自誇能鬥勝，嘵嘵不休。殷破敗自思：「此又是袁洪等一黨妖孽耳！」默對雷開不語。只見大小將官正飲酒，方到三更時分，聽得朱子真腹內有人言曰：「朱道人，你可知道吾是誰？」朱子真驚得魂不附體，忙問曰：「你是誰？你實在那裡？」楊戩在腹內答曰：「吾乃玉泉山

是袁洪此怪未除，如之奈何？」楊戩曰：「此怪乃梅山得道白猿，最是精靈，俟徐徐除之。」子牙曰：「且等東伯侯來至，諸侯方可進兵。」

話說袁洪聞報，知道燒死了鄒文化，心中不樂，正獨坐網悶，忽報：「轅門外有一頭陀求見。」袁洪傳令：「請來。」少時，頭陀至中軍，打稽首曰：「元帥，貧道稽首了。」袁洪曰：「道者請了。道者從何處來？有何見諭？」頭陀曰：「吾亦在梅山地方居住，與元帥相隔不遠，姓朱名子真。今知元帥為紂王出力，特來助一臂之力。不識元帥肯容納否？」袁洪聽說大喜，邀請頭陀上坐。朱子真再三謙讓，就席而坐。旁有參軍殷破敗、雷開二將聽得又是梅山之士，乃相調歎曰：「此又是常昊、吳龍一黨。」袁洪命治酒管待朱子真。一宵不表。次日，朱子真提寶劍在手，率左右行至周營，坐名請元帥答話。軍政官報入中軍。子牙聽見有道者，忙傳令南北二處諸侯齊出轅門，排開隊伍，自己親率諸眾弟子出轅門，列成陣勢。見成湯旗門腳下，來一頭陀。怎見得，有贊為證：

面如黑漆甚蹺蹶，海下髭髯一剪齊。長唇大耳真兇惡，眼露光華掃帚眉。皂服絲絛飄蕩蕩，渾身冷氣浸人肌。梅山豬怪逢楊戩，不久周營現此軀。

話說朱子真步行至前，見子牙簇擁而至。子牙曰：「道者何人？」朱子真曰：「吾乃梅山煉氣士朱子真是也。」姜子牙曰：「你不守分安居，來此何幹？是自尋死亡也。」朱子真大笑曰：「成湯相傳數十世，爾等世受國恩，無故造反，侵奪關隘，反言天命人心，真是妖言惑眾，不忠不孝之夫！至今日到此，快下馬納降，各還故土，尚待你等以不死；如有半字不然，那時拿住，定碎尸萬段，悔無及矣。」子牙大罵曰：「無知匹夫！你死在目前，尚不自知，猶自饒舌也！」朱子真仗劍來取子牙。只見旁有南伯侯

只見袁洪調楊顯曰：「似此露出本相，成何體面！把吾輩在梅山千年道術，一代英名，俱成畫餅，豈不愧哉！誓不與姜尚干休！」楊顯曰：「楊戩他恃自己有變化之術，不意朱子真誤中奸計，若不復此仇，豈能再立於人世！」二人正彼此痛恨，忽轅門官報入中軍：「啟元帥：有天使至，請令定奪。」袁洪忙出轅門，迎接天使。天使曰：「奉天子敕，命送一賢士至軍前聽用。」袁洪接了旨意，打發天使去了，復至中軍坐下，命左右：「令來將參謁。」來將至中軍參拜畢，袁洪亦問曰：「將軍何名？」來者答曰：「末將姓戴名禮，梅山人氏；聞紂王招賢，故不辭千里之遠，特來效勞於麾下。」——此怪也是梅山之狗精，恐怕被人識破，故此陸續而來，若為不知耳。袁洪與眾將曰：「今日又添一賢士，定然與他決一雌雄。」隨傳令：「放砲吶喊。」三軍排隊伍出營，請子牙答話。周營軍政司報入中軍：「啟元帥：有袁洪搦戰。」子牙隨帶諸將出營。見袁洪走馬至軍前，子牙曰：「袁洪，你不知時務，眼見覆軍殺將，天意可知。今紂惡貫盈，人神共怒，諒爾不過區區螳臂，敢與天下諸侯相拒哉！」袁洪笑曰：「你偶爾得勝，便自矜誇，量你今日斷然無生回之理。」問左右曰：「誰與吾捉此反臣也？」左有楊顯大呼曰：「俟末將擒此反賊！」子牙看來將白面長鬚，頂生三角。怎見得，有讚曰：

頂上金冠生殺氣，柳葉甲掛龍鱗砌。頭生雙角氣崢嶸，白面長鬚聲更細。梅山妖孽號羊精，也至孟津將身斃。從來邪正到頭分，何苦身投羅網地。

話說楊顯走馬搖戟，沖殺過來。楊戩在旗門下用照妖鑑一照，卻是一隻羊精。楊戩收鑑，走馬舞三尖刀，也不答話，接住廝殺。刀戟併舉，殺在虎穴龍潭。二將正戰之間，只見成湯營裡一將，使兩口刀，飛奔前來，大叫曰：「楊兄弟，吾來助爾一臂之力！」子牙旁有哪吒登風火輪，使開火尖鎗迎來。怎見的此

金霞洞玉鼎真人門徒楊戩是也，今已在你腹內。你只知貪吃血食，不知在梅山吃了多少眾生。今日你這業障罪惡貫盈，我把你的肝腸弄一弄！」把手在他心肝上一掐，朱子真大叫一聲：「痛殺我也！」口稱：「大仙饒了小畜罷！」楊戩曰：「你是欲生？欲死？」朱子真曰：「望大仙慈悲！小畜在梅山也不知費幾許辛苦，採天地靈氣，吸日月精華，方能修成人形；今不知分量，干犯天威，望乞恕饒，真再生之德也！」楊戩曰：「你既要全生，你可速現原身，跪伏周營，吾當饒你性命；如不依吾言，我把你的心、肝、肺、腑都摘下來！」朱子真沒奈何，有法也無處使，只得苦苦哀告。楊戩大叫曰：「如若遲了，吾就動手！」朱子真只得隨現原形，是一個大豬，晃晃蕩蕩，走出轅門，就把袁洪急得抓耳撓腮，楊顯惱得無名火發，有力也無有用處，只得聽之而已。話說豬精走至周營轅門前跪伏，此時南宮适巡營，剛纔四更，巡至轅門，只見一豬伏著，南宮适曰：「此是民間豢養的，怎生至此間來？等到天明，叫原人領去。」楊戩在豬腹內大呼曰：「南將軍，報與姜元帥得知，此是梅山豬怪。今早見陣，是吾鑽入他腹裡，特地擒伏至此，快請元帥來轅門發落！」

南宮适方悟，知是楊戩變化在他肚裡，不覺大喜，忙進營門，至中軍外帳將雲板敲響，請元帥陞帳議事。內使傳與子牙，子牙忙陞帳。南宮适上帳啟元帥曰：「楊戩收服梅山豬精，已在營門，請元帥發落。」子牙傳令，命眾將掌上燈毬火把出營。不一時，一聲砲響，子牙率領眾諸侯齊出轅門，看時，果是一口大豬，跪伏在地。子牙問曰：「你這業障，沒來由，何苦自取殺身之禍！」楊戩在腹內應曰：「請元帥施行，斬除此怪，以絕後患。」子牙傳令：「命南宮适行刑。」南宮适手起一刀，將豬頭斬落在地。楊戩借血光而出，現了自己真身。眾諸侯無不欣羨。子牙命將豬頭掛在轅門號令，俱回營寨。不表。

問曰：「將軍高姓大名？」來將答曰：「末將姓金，雙名大升，祖貫梅山人氏。」此來者又是牛怪，用三尖刀，力大無窮，今來助袁洪，俱是梅山七怪之數。袁洪故問，以遮眾人耳目。袁洪乃設酒管待。次日，金大升上了獨角獸，提三尖刀，至周營搦戰。哨馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：成湯營有一大將請戰。」

子牙對眾將問曰：「誰見陣走一遭？」言未畢，旁有鄭倫出而言曰：「末將願往。」子牙許之。鄭倫上了金睛獸，撻降魔杵，出了營門，見對面一將，生的異怪雄偉，鄭倫問曰：「來者何人？」金大升答曰：「吾乃袁洪麾下副將金大升是也。爾是何人？快通名來。」鄭倫答曰：「吾乃總督五軍上將軍鄭倫是也。吾觀你異相非人，焉敢阻時雨之師，有逆天之罪！早早歸周，共破獨夫，以誅無道。如不知機，自取辱身之禍。」金大升大怒，催開獨角獸，使三尖刀砍來。鄭倫手中杵劈面相迎。二獸相交，大戰數合。金大升乃是牛怪，腹內煉成一塊牛黃，有碗口大小，噴出來，如火電一般。鄭倫不及提防，正中臉上，打傷鼻孔，腮綻唇裂，倒撞下獸去，被金大升手起一刀，揮為兩段。可憐！正是：

胸中奇術成何用，只落名垂在史篇。

話說金大升斬了鄭倫，掌鼓回營。報馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：鄭倫被湯營大將金大升所傷，請令定奪。」子牙聞報，著實傷悼，歎曰：「鄭倫屢建大功，自從蘇侯歸周，一路督糧，有功王室，豈知至此喪於無名下將之手，情實可傷！」子牙淚下如雨。有詩以弔之，詩曰：

胸中妙術孰能班，豈意遭逢喪此間？惟有清風常作伴，忠魂依舊返家山。

話說子牙次日令下：「誰為鄭倫報仇走一遭？」旁有楊戩應聲答曰：「弟子願往。」子牙許之。楊戩隨即上馬提刀，至成湯營前，坐名要金大升出來答話。少時，見成湯營內砲聲響處，只見金大升坐獨

怪，有詩為證：

嘴尖耳大最蹊蹺，遍體妖光透九霄。七怪之中他是首，千年得道一神獒。

話說哪吒用鎗阻住，大呼曰：「匹夫慢來！通名來，好記功勞簿。」來將答曰：「吾乃袁洪副將戴禮是也。」哪吒使開鎗，劈胸就刺。戴禮雙刀急架相還。輪馬相交，刀鎗併舉，大戰在一處。且說楊戩戰楊顯有二十合，楊顯撥馬便走，楊戩趕來。楊顯在馬上吐出一道白光，連馬罩住，現原身來傷楊戩。楊戩化一隻白額斑斕猛虎。楊顯見楊戩變了一隻猛虎，已尅治了他，急欲逃走，早被楊戩一刀砍為兩段。楊戩割下羊頭，大叫曰：「啟元帥：弟子又殺了梅山一怪也！」戴禮與哪吒正酣戰間，戴禮口內吐出一粒紅珠，有碗口大小，望哪吒頂門打來。哪吒見勢頭兇兇，諒不能治伏，只得閃一鎗敗下陣來。楊戩見哪吒失機，走馬大呼曰：「業障不得無禮！吾來也！」使開三尖刀來戰戴禮。二人大戰二十餘合，戴禮撥馬便走，楊戩縱馬趕來。戴禮又吐出一粒紅珠，現出光華，來傷楊戩。楊戩祭起哮天犬，飛在空中。此犬乃是仙犬，看見此珠，十分兇惡，竟讓過他的珠來奔戴禮。戴禮見仙犬奔來，正欲抽身逃走，早被哮天犬一口咬住，不能掙扎。楊戩手起一刀，揮於馬下。有詩為證，詩曰：

梅山狗怪逞猖狂，煉寶傷人勢莫當。豈意仙犬能伏怪，紅塵血染命空亡。

話說楊戩又殺了狗怪，掌鼓回營。子牙陞帳，見楊戩屢破諸怪，大喜，慶賀楊戩不表。

且說袁洪回至中軍，又見戴禮被戮，現出原形，心下甚是不樂。眾將交頭接耳，紛紛議論，十分沒趣。忽轄門官來報：「啟元帥：轄門外有一大將求見。」袁洪傳令：「令來。」少時，令至帳前，見一人身高一丈六尺，頂生雙角，捲嘴尖耳，金甲紅袍，全身甲冑，十分軒昂，戴紫金冠，近前施禮。袁洪

原故。楊戩把女媧娘娘收伏牛怪之事說了一遍，「今至轅門，請元帥發落。」子牙傳令：「請眾諸侯齊至大營門，看吾號令此怪。」少時，眾諸侯齊至轅門。子牙命牽過牛怪，用縛妖索將此怪縛在地下，令南宮适行刑。南宮适手起一刀，將牛頭斬下。孟津河八十萬人馬齊聲喝采。子牙命將牛頭掛在旗竿上號令，掌鼓回營。卻說袁洪已知梅山眾弟兄俱被子牙所滅，欲前而不能進，欲後而不能退，著實無計，事屬兩難，心下甚是憂疑。不表。

只見子牙回營陞帳，問楊戩曰：「梅山絕了幾怪？」楊戩掐指一算：「啟元帥：已滅了六怪。」子牙曰：「今晚傳與眾諸侯：二更時分齊劫成湯大營。」又令楊戩：「你可單劫袁洪，取巧降伏此怪，大事可定。」楊戩答曰：「弟子同哪吒雙去建功，更覺易於為力。」子牙許之，仍將眾將分派已定。不表。卻說袁洪在營中與參軍殷破敗、雷開二將議曰：「今主上命吾等在此守禦，此處周兵雖多，能者甚少，況連日朝歌不曾見有救兵，亦不曾見吾捷報，恐天子憂心，深屬不便。」命中軍具疏往朝歌，請天子速發援兵前來接應。中軍官具表求救。且說子牙親乘坐騎，時至二更，一聲炮響，周兵吶一聲喊，齊殺進成湯營裡去。正是：

黑夜沖營無準備，三軍無故受災殃。

話說南伯侯鄂順領三百諸侯，一齊奮勇當先；比伯侯崇應鸞沖殺進左營；李靖、韋護、雷震子沖殺進右營；楊戩、哪吒殺入大營，進中軍來戰袁洪。且說袁洪聽得周將劫營，忙上馬，使一根鐵棍，方出中軍，恰逢楊戩，也不答話，二馬相交，只殺得愁雲蕩蕩，慘霧紛紛。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

夜劫湯營神鬼驚，喊聲齊發鼓鐘鳴。
軍兵奮勇誰堪敵，將士施威孰敢撓。

角獸，來至軍前，大呼曰：「來者通名！」楊戩曰：「吾乃楊戩是也。你就是金大升麼？」大升曰：「然也。」楊戩舞刀直取，金大升手中三尖刀赴面來迎。二將俱是三尖刀，往來沖突，一場大戰，有三十餘合。楊戩先未曾用照妖鑑照他，不防金大升噴出生黃，此寶猶如火塊飛來。楊戩見來得太急，化一道金光，往正南而走，金大升隨後趕來。大升的獨角獸來的快，楊戩忙取照妖鑑出來照時，卻原來是個水牛。楊戩回身，正欲變化拿他，忽然前面一陣香風縹緲，異味芳馨，氤氳遍地，有五彩祥雲，隱隱中一對黃旛飄蕩，當中有一位道姑，跨青鸞而至，旁有女童三四對，應聲叫曰：「楊戩早來見娘娘聖駕！」楊戩聽說，乃向前抄手施禮曰：「弟子楊戩參見娘娘。」

那道姑曰：「楊戩，吾非別神，乃女媧娘娘是也。今見成湯數盡，周室當興，吾特來助你降伏梅山之怪。」令楊戩立於一旁，乃命青雲女童：「將此寶去把那業障牽來。」青雲女童接寶在手，只見金大升足踏陰雲，提刀趕來。青雲女童上前攔住，大呼曰：「那業障！娘娘聖駕在此，休得無禮！今奉娘娘法旨，特來擒你！」金大升大怒，將刀往上一舉，劈面砍來。青雲女童將伏妖索祭起空中，只見黃巾力士將金大升穿起鼻子來，用銅鏈把金大升脊背上打了三四鏈，一聲雷響，金大升現出原身，乃是一匹水牛。楊戩向前倒身下拜：「弟子楊戩願娘娘聖壽無疆！」女媧曰：「楊戩，你且將牛怪帶回周營發落；我還助你收伏白猿精怪也。」楊戩別了女媧娘娘，把牛牽著回來。

且說子牙在中軍，聽報到：「楊戩化一道金光往正南上去了，這大將趕去，不知凶吉。」子牙驚疑不定。哪吒曰：「楊戩自有運用，元帥何必驚疑？」子牙曰：「方今東伯侯人馬未至，況有梅山七怪阻住吾師，使吾心下不能安然。」言未畢，只見報馬來報：「啟元帥：楊戩回來。」子牙令至帳前，問其

派仙樂之音，滿地祥雲繚繞，又見女媧娘娘駕臨。楊戩俯伏山下，叩首曰：「弟子楊戩不知娘娘聖駕降臨，有失迴避，望娘娘恕罪！」女媧曰：「你雖是玉泉山金霞洞玉鼎真人門徒，善會八九變化，不能降伏此怪。吾將此寶授你，可以收伏此惡怪也。」楊戩叩首拜謝，女媧娘娘自回宮去了。楊戩將此寶展開看時，心中甚是歡喜。此寶乃山河社稷圖。楊戩一一依法行之，懸於一大樹上。楊戩復上梅山，依舊找尋原路。話說袁洪見楊戩復上梅山，乃大呼曰：「楊戩，你此來是自送死也！」楊戩大笑曰：「你今日諒無生理！」使開刀，直取袁洪。袁洪也使開棍劈面交還。二人大戰一會，楊戩轉身就走，袁洪隨後趕來。楊戩下了梅山，往前又走，忽見前面一座高山，楊戩逕上了山。袁洪隨趕上山來。不知此山乃女媧娘娘賜的山河社稷圖變化的。袁洪趕上山來，入於圈套，再不能下山。楊戩將身一縱，下了山河社稷圖，只見袁洪在山上左攢右跳。不知性命如何，且聽下回分解。

評

梅山七怪，並無一個好看的；其略看得，不過一白猿而已，其餘皆豬狗牛羊而已。畜類當斯之時，真可謂有天無日，卽後世之失天下，混亂無紀，未有若此者也。紂惡可謂極矣！

又評

楊戩降豬精，逕鑽入他腹內；雖然擒復有功，只是他大腸內，一陣豬屎臭，何以為情！楊戩甚是伶俐，只此一節，未得便宜。

破敗無心貪戀戰，雷開有意奔途程。梅山七怪從今滅，掃蕩妖氛宇宙清。

話說眾諸侯齊殺入成湯營裡，只殺的口橫遍野，血滿溝渠，哀聲慘切，不堪聽聞。只見楊戩大戰袁洪，袁洪現出原身，起在半空，將楊戩劈頭一棍，打得火星迸出。楊戩有七十二變，隨化一道金光，起在空中，也照袁洪頂上一刀劈將下來。這袁洪也有八九工夫，隨刀化一道白氣，護住其身。楊戩大喝曰：「梅山猴頭，焉敢弄術！拿住你定要剝皮抽筋！」袁洪大怒曰：「你有多大本領，敢將吾兄弟盡行殺害，我與你勢不兩立！必擒你碎口萬段，以報其恨！」他二人各使神通，變化無窮，相生相剋，各窮其技，凡人世物件、禽獸，無不變化，盡使其巧，俱不見上下。袁洪暗思：「此時其兵已攻破大營，料不能支，且將他誑上梅山，入吾巢穴，使他不能舒展，那時再擒他不難。」遂棄了大營，往梅山逃去。不表。且說眾諸侯追殺成湯殘敗人馬，殺到天明，子牙鳴金收兵，眾諸侯各自回營。正是：

諸侯鞭敲金鐙響，子牙全勝進轅門。

話說楊戩見袁洪縱祥光而去，乃棄了馬，亦縱步借土遁緊緊追趕。只見袁洪隨變一塊怪石立在路旁。楊戩正趕，忽然不見了袁洪，即運神光，定睛觀看，已知袁洪化為怪石；隨即變一石匠，手執鎚鑽，上前鎚他。袁洪知他識破，便化陣清風往前去了。如此兩家各使神通，看看趕上梅山，忽的又不見了袁洪。楊戩上得梅山，果然好景。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

梅山形勢路羊腸，古柏喬松兩岸旁。颯颯陰風雲霧裡，妖魔假此匿行藏。

話說楊戩上了梅山，四面觀望一遍，忽聽得崖下一聲響，躡出千百小猴兒，手執棍棒，齊來亂打楊戩。楊戩見眾小猢猻左右亂打，情知不能取勝，不若脫身下山。楊戩化道金光去了。方纔轉過一坡，只聽一

子牙大喜，命：「將白猿拿來見我。」少時，楊戩將白猿擁至中軍帳。子牙觀之，見是一個白猿，乃曰：「似此惡怪，害人無厭，情殊痛恨！」令：「推出斬之！」眾將把白猿擁至轅門，楊戩將白猿一刀，只見猴頭落下地來，他頂上無血，有一道清氣沖出，頸子裡長出一朵白蓮花來；只見花一放一收，又是一個猴頭。楊戩連誅數刀，一樣如此，忙來報與子牙。子牙急出營來看，果然如此。子牙曰：「這猿猴既能採天地之靈氣，便會煉日月之精華，故有此變化耳。這也無難……」忙令左右排香案於中，子牙取出一個紅葫蘆，放在香几之上，方揭開葫蘆蓋，只見裡面昇出一道白線，光高三丈有餘。子牙打一躬：「請寶貝現身！」須臾間，有一物現於其上，長七寸五分，有眉，有眼，眼中射出兩道白光，將白猿釘住身形。子牙又一躬：「請法寶轉身！」那寶物在空中，將身轉有兩三轉，只見白猿頭已落地，鮮血滿流，眾皆駭然。有詩贊之，詩曰：

此寶崑崙陸壓傳，秘藏玄理合先天。誅妖殺怪無窮妙，一助周朝八百年。

話說子牙斬了白猿，收了法寶，眾門人問曰：「如何此寶能治此巨怪也？」子牙對眾人曰：「此寶乃在破萬仙陣時，蒙陸壓老師傳授與我，言後有用他處，今日果然。大抵此寶乃用邵鐵修煉，採日月精華，奪天地秀氣，顛倒五行；至王夫圓滿，如黃芽白雪，結成此寶，名曰飛刀。此物有眉有眼，眼裡有兩道白光，能釘人仙妖魅泥丸宮的元神，縱有變化，不能逃走。那白光頂上如風輪轉一般，只一二轉，其頭自然落地。前次斬余元即此寶也。」眾人無不驚歎：「乃武王之洪福，故有此寶來剋治之耳。」不言子牙斬了白猿，且說殷破敗、雷開回朝歌，面見紂王，備言：「梅山七怪化成人形，與周兵屢戰，俱被陸續誅滅，復現原形，大失朝廷體面，全軍覆沒，臣等只得逃回。今天下諸侯齊集孟津，旌旗蔽日，殺氣

第九十三回

金吒智取遊魂關

斗柄看看又向東，寶禁枉自逞雄風。金吒設智開周業，微地多謀弄女紅。
總為浮雲遮曉日，故教殺氣鎖崆峒。須知王霸終歸主，枉使生靈泣路窮。

話說袁洪上了山河社稷圖，如四象變化有無窮之妙，思山即山，思水即水，想前即前，想後即後，袁洪不覺現了原身。忽然見一陣香風撲鼻，異樣甜美，這猴兒爬上樹去一望，見一株桃樹，綠葉森森，兩邊搖蕩，下墜一枝紅滴滴的仙桃，顏色鮮潤，嬌嫩可愛。白猿看見，不覺忻羨，遂攀枝穿葉，摘取仙桃下來，聞一聞，撲鼻馨香，心中大喜，一口吞而食之。方纔倚松靠石而坐，未及片時，忽然見楊戩仗劍而來。白猿欲待起身，竟不能起。不知食了此桃，將腰墜下，早被楊戩一把抓住頭皮，用縛妖索網住，收了山河社稷圖，望正南謝了女媧娘娘，將白猿擄著，逕回周營而來。有詩單贊女媧授楊戩秘法，伏梅山七怪，詩曰：

悟道投師在玉泉，秘傳九轉妙中玄。離龍坎虎分南北，地戶天門列後先。
變化無端還變化，坤乾顛倒合坤乾。女媧秘授真奇異，任你精靈骨已穿。

話說楊戩擒白猿來至轅門，軍政官報入中軍：「啟元帥：楊戩等令。」子牙命：「令來。」楊戩來至中軍見子牙，曰：「弟子追趕白猿至梅山，仰仗女媧娘娘秘授一術，已將白猿擒至轅門，請元帥發落。」

成擒耳。正所謂『迅雷不及掩耳』，此誠不世出之功也。但貧道出家之人，本不當以兵戈為事，因偶然不平，故向將軍道之，幸毋以方外術士之言見誚可也。乞將軍思之。」

寶榮聽罷，沉吟不語。旁有副將姚忠厲聲大呼曰：「主將切不可信此術士之言！姜尚門下方士甚多，是非何足以辨？前日聞報，孟津有六百諸侯協助姬發。今見主將阻住來兵，不能會合孟津，姜尚故將此二人假作雲遊之士，詐投麾下，為裡應外合之計。主將不可不察，毋得輕信，以墮其計。」金吒聽罷，大笑不止，回首謂木吒曰：「道友，不出你之所料。」金吒復向寶榮曰：「此位將軍之言甚是。此是龍蛇混雜，是非莫辨，安知我輩不是姜尚之所使耳？在將軍不得不疑。但不知貧道此來，雖是雲遊，其中尚有原故。因吾師叔在萬仙陣死於姜尚之手，屢欲思報此恨，為獨木難支，不能向前；今此來特假將軍之兵，上為朝廷立功，下以報天倫私怨，中為將軍效一臂之勞，豈有他心？既將軍有猜疑之念，貧道又何必在此瑣瑣也！但剖明我等一點血誠，自當告退。」道罷，抽身就走，撫掌大笑而出。寶榮聽罷金吒之言，見如此光景，乃沉思曰：「天下該多少道者伐西岐，姜尚門下雖多，海外高人不少，豈得恰好兩個就是姜尚門人？況我關內之兵將甚多，若只是這兩個，也做不得甚麼事，如何反疑惑他？據吾看他意思，是個有道之士，況且來意至誠，不可錯過。」忙令軍政官趕去，速請道者回來，正是：

武王洪福摧無道，故令金吒建大功。

話說軍政官趕上金、木二吒，大呼曰：「二位師父，我老爺有請！」金吒回頭，看見有人來請，對使者正色言曰：「皇天后土，實鑒我心。我將天下諸侯之首送與你們老爺，你老爺反辭而不受，卻信偏將之疑，使我蒙不白之恥，如今我斷不回去！」軍政官苦苦堅執不放，言曰：「師父若不去，我也不敢去。」

籠罩數百里。望陛下早安社稷為重，不可令諸侯一至城下，那時救解遲矣。」紂王著忙，急急設朝問兩班文武曰：「今周兵猖獗，如何救解？」眾官鉗口不言。有中大夫飛廉出班奏曰：「今陛下速行旨意，張掛朝歌四門：如能破得周兵，能斬將奪旗者，官居一品。古云：『重賞之下，必有勇夫。』況魯仁傑才兼文武，令彼調圍營人馬，訓練精銳，以待敵軍，嚴備守城之具，堅守勿戰，以老其師。今諸侯遠來，利在速戰。一不與戰，以待彼糧盡，彼不戰自走；乘其亂以破之，天下諸侯雖眾，未有不敗者也，此為上策。」紂王曰：「卿言甚善。」隨傳旨意，張掛各門，一面令魯仁傑操練士卒，修理攻守之具。不表。

且說金吒、木吒別了子牙，兄弟二人在路商議。金吒曰：「我二人奉姜元帥將令來助東伯侯姜文煥進關，若與寶榮大戰，恐不利也。我和你且假扮道者，詐進遊魂關反去協助寶榮，於中用事，使彼不疑；然後裡應外合，一陣成功，何為不美。」木吒曰：「長兄言得甚善。」二人吩咐使命：「領人馬先去報知姜文煥，我弟兄二人隨後就來。」使命領人馬去訖。金、木二吒隨借土遁，落在關內，逕至帥府前，金吒曰：「門上的，傳與你元帥得知，海外有煉氣士求見。」門官不敢隱諱，急至殿前啟曰：「府外有二道者，口稱海外之士，要見老爺。」寶榮聽說，傳令：「請來。」二人逕至簷前，打稽首曰：「老將軍，貧道稽首了。」寶榮曰：「道者請了。今道者此來，有何見諭？」金吒答曰：「貧道二人乃東海蓬萊島煉氣散人孫德、徐仁是也。方纔我兄弟偶爾閑遊湖海，從此經過，因見姜文煥欲進此關，往孟津會合天下諸侯，以伐當今天子。此是姜尚大逆不道，以惶惑之言挑釁天下諸侯，致生民塗炭，海宇騰沸。此天下之叛臣，人人得而誅之者也。我弟兄晚觀乾象，湯氣正旺，姜尚等徒苦生靈耳。吾弟兄願出一臂之力，助將軍先擒姜文煥，解往朝歌；然後以得勝之兵，掩諸侯之後，出其不意，彼前後受敵，一戰乃

話說金吒出關，見東伯侯門旗腳下一員大將，金甲，紅袍，走馬軍前，大呼曰：「來此道者，先試吾利刃也！」金吒曰：「爾是何人？早通名來。」來將答曰：「吾乃東伯侯麾下總兵官馬兆是也。道者何人？」金吒曰：「貧道是東海散人孫德。因兒成湯旺氣正盛，天下諸侯無故造反，吾偶閑遊東土，見姜文煥屢戰多年，眾生塗炭，吾心不忍，特發慈悲，擒拿渠魁，殄滅群虜，以救眾生。汝等知命，可倒戈納降，尚能待爾等以不死；如若半字含糊，叫你立成齏粉！」言罷，縱步綽劍來取馬兆，馬兆手中刀急架來迎。怎見金吒與馬兆一場大戰，有詩為證，詩曰：

紛紛戈甲向金城，文煥專征正未平。不是金吒施妙策，遊魂安得渡東兵。

話說金吒大戰馬兆，步馬相交，有二十合，金吒祭起遁龍椿，一聲響，將馬兆遁住。寶榮揮動兵戈，一齊沖殺。東兵力戰不住，大敗而走。金吒命左右將馬兆拿下，與寶榮掌得勝鼓進關。寶榮陞殿坐下，金吒坐在一旁。寶榮令左右：「將馬兆推來。」眾軍士把馬兆擁至殿前，馬兆立而不跪。寶榮喝令：「匹夫！既被吾擒，如何尚自抗禮？」馬兆大怒，罵曰：「吾被妖道邪術遭擒，豈肯屈膝於你無名鼠輩耶！一死何足惜，當速正典刑，不必多說。」寶榮喝令：「推出斬之！」金吒曰：「不可。待吾擒了姜文煥，一齊解送朝歌，聽候朝廷發落，以顯老將軍不世之功，豈不美哉！」寶榮見金吒如此手段，說話有理，便倚為心腹，隨傳令將馬兆囚在府內不表。且說東伯侯姜文煥聞報，金吒將馬兆拿去，姜文煥大喜：「進關只在咫尺耳！」次日，姜文煥布開大隊，擺列三軍，鼓聲大振，殺氣迷空，來關下搦戰。哨馬報入關中，寶榮忙問金、木二吒曰：「二位老師，姜文煥親自臨陣，將何計以擒之，則功勞不小。」金、木二吒慨然應曰：「貧道此來，單為將軍早定東兵，不負俺弟兄下山一場。」隨即提劍在手，出關

見老爺。」木吒曰：「道兄，竇將軍既來請俺回去，看他怎樣待我們。若重我等，我們就替他行事；如不重我等，我們再來不遲。」金吒方勉強應允。二人回至府前，軍政官先進府通報。竇榮命：「快請來！」二人進府，復見竇榮，竇榮忙降階迎接，慰之曰：「不才與師父素無一面，況兵戈在境，關防難稽，有不才副將不得不疑。只不才見識淺薄，不能立決，多有得罪於長者，幸毋過責，不勝頂戴！今姜尚聚兵孟津，人心搖撼，姜文煥在城下，日夜攻打，不識將何計可解天下之倒懸，擒其渠魁，殄其黨羽，令萬姓安堵？望老師明以教我，不才無不聽命。」

金吒曰：「據貧道愚見：今姜尚拒敵孟津，雖有諸侯數百，不過烏合之眾，人各一心，久自離散。只姜文煥兵臨城下，不可以力戰，當以計擒之。其協從諸侯，不戰而自走也。然後以得勝之師，掩孟津之後，姜尚雖能，安得豫為之計哉？彼所恃者天下諸侯，而眾諸侯一聞姜文煥東路被擒，挫其鋒銳，彼眾人自然解體；乘其離而戰之，此萬全之功也。」竇榮聞言大喜，慌忙請坐，命左右排酒上來。金、木二吒曰：「貧道持齋，並不用酒食。」隨在殿前蒲團而坐，竇榮亦不敢強。一夕晚景已過。次日，竇榮降殿，聚眾將議事，忽報：「東伯侯遣將搦戰。」竇榮對金、木二吒曰：「今日東伯侯在城下搦戰，不識二位師父作何計以破之？」金吒曰：「貧道既來，今日先出去見一陣，看其何如，然後以計擒之。」道罷，忙起身提劍在手，對竇榮曰：「借老將軍綱綁手隨吾壓陣，好去拿人。」竇榮聽罷大喜，忙傳令：「擺隊伍，吾自去壓陣。」關內砲聲響亮，三軍吶喊，開放關門，一對旗搖，金吒提劍而來。怎見得，正是：

竇榮錯認三山客，咫尺遊魂關屬周。

古云：「將欲取之，必固與之。」願將軍詳察。」金、木二吒曰：「竇將軍在上：夫人之疑，大似有理。我二人又何必在此多生此一番枝節耶，即此告辭。」金、木二吒言畢，轉身就走。竇榮扯住金、木二吒曰：「老師休怪。我夫人雖係女流，亦善能用兵，頗知兵法。他不知老師實心為紂，乃以方士目之，恐其中有詐耳。老師幸毋嗔怪，容不才賠罪。俟破敵之日，不才自有重報。」

金吒正色言曰：「貧道一點為紂真心，惟天地可表。今夫人相疑，吾弟兄若飄然而去，又難禁老將軍一段熱心相待，只等明日擒了姜文煥，方知吾等一段血誠。只恐夫人難與貧道相見耳。」夫人不覺慚謝而退。竇榮與金吒議曰：「不知明日老師將何法擒此反臣，以釋群疑，以暢眾懷？」金吒曰：「明日會兵，當祭吾法寶，自然立擒姜文煥耳。文煥被擒，餘黨必然瓦解。然後往孟津會兵，以擒姜子牙，可解諸侯之兵也。」竇榮聽說大喜，回內室安息。金、木二吒靜坐殿上，將至三更，只聽得關外炮聲大振，喊殺連天，金鼓大作，殺至關下，架砲攻打。有中軍官人府，擊雲板，急報竇榮。竇榮忙出殿，聚眾將上關，有夫人做地娘子披掛提刀而出。金吒對竇榮曰：「今姜文煥恃勇，乘夜提兵攻城，出我等之不意。我等不若將計就計，齊出掩殺，待貧道用法寶擒之，可以一陣成功，早早奏捷。夫人可與吾道弟謹守城池，毋使他虞。」夫人聽罷，滿口應允：「道者之言，甚是有理。我與此位守關，你與此位出敵。我自料理城上，乘此晝夜，可以成功也。」正是：

文煥攻關歸呂望，金吒設計滅成湯。

話說竇榮聽金吒之言，整點眾將士，方欲出關，有夫人又言曰：「晝夜交兵，須是謹慎，毋得貪戰，務要見機，不得落他圈套。將軍謹記，謹記！」看官，這是做地夫人留心防關，恐二位道者有變，故此叮

來迎敵。只見東伯侯、姜文煥一馬當先，左右分大小眾將。怎生打扮，有贊為證，贊曰：

頂上盔，攢六瓣；黃金甲，鎖子絆；大紅袍，團龍貫；護心鏡，精光煥；白玉帶，玲花獻；勒甲縵，飄紅焰；虎眼鞭，龍尾半；方楞鐃，卻鐵燬；咽喉馬，毛如彪；斬將刀，如飛電。千戰千贏。
東伯侯，文煥姓姜千古讚。

話說金、木二吒大呼曰：「反臣慢來！」姜文煥曰：「妖道通名！」金吒答曰：「吾乃東海散人孫德、徐仁是也。爾等不守臣節，妄生事端，欺君反叛，戕害生靈，是自取覆宗滅嗣之禍；可速倒戈，免使後悔。」姜文煥大罵曰：「潑道無知，仗妖術擒吾大將，今又巧言惑眾，這番拿你，定碎屍以泄馬兆之恨！」催開馬，使手中刀，飛來直取，金吒手中劍劈面交還。步馬相交，有七八回合，姜文煥撥馬便走。金、木二吒隨後起來。約有一射之地，金吒對東伯侯曰：「今夜二更，賢侯可引兵殺至關下，吾等乘機獻關便了。」姜文煥謝畢，掛下鋼刀，回馬一箭射來。金、木二吒把手中劍望上一挑，將箭撥落在地。金吒大罵曰：「奸賊！敢暗射吾一箭也！吾且暫回，明日定拿你以報一箭之恨！」金、木二吒回關，來見寶榮。寶榮問曰：「老師為何不用寶貝伏之？」金吒答曰：「貧道方欲祭此寶，不意那匹夫撥馬就走；貧道趕去擒之，反被他射了一箭。待貧道明日以法擒之。」三人正在殿上講議，忽後邊報：「夫人上殿。」金、木二吒見一女將上殿，忙向前打稽首。夫人問寶榮曰：「此二位道者何來？」寶榮曰：「此二位道長乃東海散人孫德、徐仁是也；今特來助吾共破姜文煥。前日臨陣，擒獲馬兆；待明日用法寶擒獲姜文煥等，以得勝之師，掩襲姜尚之後，此長驅莫禦之策，成不世之功也。」夫人笑曰：「老將軍，事不可不慮，謀不可不周，不可以一朝之言傾心相信。倘事生不測，急切難防，其禍不小。望將軍當慎重其事。」

又評

金、木二吒設智誑關，計亦為奇，而徹地娘子累能破識，無不道著隱微；其如寶崇不聽，竟墮術中。若此夫者，真該一棒打死！若此婦當奉之八寶座上，拜之為師。

嚙嚙呬耳。金吒見夫人言語真切，乃以目送情與木吒。木吒已解其意，只在臨機應變而已，亦以目兩相關會，隨同徹地夫人在關上駐紮防衛。只見竇榮開關，把人馬沖出，竇榮在旗門腳下，見姜文煥滾至軍前，竇榮大喝曰：「反臣！今日合該休矣！」姜文煥也不答話，仗手中刀直取竇榮。竇榮以手中刀赴面交還。二馬相交，雙刀併舉。怎見得，有詩贊之，詩曰：

殺氣騰騰燭九天，將軍血戰苦相煎。扶王碧血垂千古，為國丹心勒萬年。

文煥歸周扶帝業，竇榮盡節喪黃泉。誰知運際風雲會，八百昌期兆已先。

話說竇榮揮動眾將，兩軍混戰，只殺得人愁地暗，鬼哭神嚎，刀鎗響亮，斧劍齊鳴，喊殺之聲振地，燈籠火把如同白晝，人馬兇湧似海沸江翻。且言金吒縱步，在軍中混戰，觀看東伯侯帶領二百鎮諸侯圍將上來，金吒急祭起遁龍椿，一聲響，先將竇榮遁住。不知老將軍性命若何，且聽下回分解。

評

陸壓所用曰飛刀，能誅人神仙怪，可謂神矣！但還有形跡，又有葫蘆盛時，似覺費手。不若漢唐時有劍仙，更為神妙。彼劍仙所鍊神劍，或藏於腦門，或藏於耳後，或藏於兩血脈中；如遇用時，倏忽千里，意之所至，無不如志。其神劍之來，若電光之影；其人神仙怪之首，自然落地，頃刻化為烏有。惟血餘難化，用寒水石點之，泯然無跡。神矣哉！此飛刀若居其次矣。

煥曰：「謹如二位師父大教。」金、木二吒辭了姜文煥，駕土遁往孟津前來。且說子牙在孟津大營，與二路大諸侯共議：「三月初九日乃是戊午之辰，看看至近，如何東伯侯尚未見來？奈何！奈何！」正商議間，忽報：「金、木二吒在轅門等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」金、木二吒來至中軍行禮畢，乃曰：「奉元帥將令，往遊魂關詐為雲遊之士，乘機取關。」把前事如此如彼盡說了一遍，「今弟子先來報與元帥，東伯侯大兵隨後至矣。」子牙聞說大喜，深羨二人用計，乃曰：「天意響應，不到戊午日，天下諸侯不能齊集。」

話說東伯侯大兵那一日來至孟津，哨馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：東伯侯至轅門等令。」子牙傳令：「請來。」姜文煥率領二百鎮諸侯進中軍，參謁子牙；子牙忙迎下座來，彼此溫慰一番。姜文煥又曰：「煩元帥引見武王一面。」子牙同姜文煥進後營，拜見武王。不表。此時天下諸侯共有八百，各處小諸侯不計，共合人馬一百六十萬。子牙在孟津祭了寶纛旗旛，一聲砲響，整頓人馬望朝歌而來。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

征雲迷遠谷，殺氣振遐方。刀鎗如積雪，劍戟似堆霜。旌旗遮綠野，金鼓震空桑。刁斗傳新令，時雨慶壺漿。軍行如驟雨，馬走似奔狼。正是：弔民伐罪兵戈勝，壓碎群兇福祚長。

話說天下諸侯領人馬正行，只見哨馬報入中軍曰：「啟元帥：人馬已至朝歌，請元帥軍令定奪。」子牙傳令：「安下大營。」三軍吶喊，放定營大砲。

只見守城軍士報入午門，當駕官啟奏曰：「今天下諸侯兵至城下，紮下行營，人馬共有一百六十萬，其鋒不可當，請陛下定奪。」紂王聽罷大驚，隨命眾官保駕上城，看天下諸侯人馬。怎見得，有贊為證，

第九十四回 文煥怒斬殷破敗

兵馬臨城卻講和，諸侯豈肯罷干戈。殷湯德業八荒盡，周武仁風四海歌。

大廈將傾誰可負，潰癰已破孰能荷！荒淫到底成何事，盡付東流入海波。

話說金吒祭起遁龍椿，將寶榮遁住，早被姜文煥一刀揮為兩段。可憐守關二十年，身經數百戰，善守關防，不曾失利，今日被金吒智取殺身！正是：

爭名樹葉隨流水，為國孤忠若浪萍。

話說姜文煥斬了寶榮，三軍吶喊。只見木吒在關上見東伯侯率領諸侯鏖戰，聲勢大振，在城敵樓上暗暗祭起吳鉤劍去，此劍昇於空中，木吒暗曰：「清寶貝轉身！」那劍在空中如風輪一般，連轉三三轉，可憐徹地夫人，正是：

油頭粉面成虛話，廣智多謀一旦休。

話說木吒暗祭吳鉤劍，斬了徹地夫人，在關上大呼曰：「吾是木吒在此，奉姜元帥將令，來取此關。今主將皆已伏誅，降者免死，逆者無生！」眾皆拜伏於地。金吒已知兄弟獻關，同東伯侯姜文煥殺至關下，木吒令左右開關迎接。人馬進了關，姜文煥查盤府庫，安撫百姓，放了被禁馬兆，感謝金、木二吒。金吒曰：「賢侯速行，吾等先往孟津，報與姜元帥。賢侯不可遲誤戊午之辰，以應上天垂象之兆。」姜文

如天命不眷，萬姓離心，大廈將傾，一木如何支撐？可憐成湯當日如何德業，拜伊尹，放桀于南巢，相傳六百餘年，賢聖之君六七作，今一旦至紂而喪亡，令人曰極時艱，不勝嘆歎！」丁策乃作詩一首以歎之，詩曰：

「伊尹成湯德業優，南巢放桀冠諸侯。誰知三九逢辛紂，一統華夷盡屬周。」

話說丁策作詩完畢，只見大門外有人進來，卻是結盟弟兄郭宸。二人相見，施禮坐下。丁策問曰：「賢弟何來？」郭宸答曰：「小弟有一事特來與長兄商議。」丁策曰：「有何事？請賢弟見教。」郭宸曰：「方今天下諸侯都已會集于此，將朝歌圍困，天子出有招賢榜文。小弟特請長兄出來，共輔王室。況長兄抱經濟之才，知戰守之術，一出仕于朝，上可以報效于朝廷，顯親揚名，下不負胸中所學。」丁策笑曰：「賢弟之言雖則有理，但紂王失政，荒淫不道，天下離心，諸侯叛亂，已非一日；如大癰既潰，命亦隨之，雖有善者，亦未如之何矣。你我多大學識，敢以一盃之水救車薪之火哉？況姜子牙乃崑崙道德之士，又有這三山五岳門人，徒送了性命，不為可惜耶。」郭宸曰：「兄言差矣！吾輩乃紂王之子民，食其土而踐其茅，誰不沐其恩澤？國存與存，國亡與亡，此正當報效之時，便一死何惜！為何說此不智之言。況吾輩堂堂丈夫，一腔熱血，不向此處一灑，更何待也。若論俺弟兄胸中所學，講甚麼崑崙之士，理當出去解天子之憂耳。」丁策曰：「賢弟，事關利害，非同小可，豈得造次，再容商量。」二人正辯論間，忽門外馬響，有一大漢進來。此人姓董名忠，慌忙而入。丁策看董忠人來，問曰：「賢弟何來？」董忠曰：「小弟特來請兄同佐紂王，以退周兵。昨日小弟在朝歌城見招賢榜文，小弟大膽將兄名諱連郭兄、小弟，共是三人，齊投入飛廉府內。飛廉且奏紂王，令明早朝見。今特來約兄等明早朝見。占云：

贊曰：

行營方正，遍地兵山。刁斗傳呼，威嚴整肅。長鎗列千條柳葉，短劍排萬片冰魚。瑞彩飄飄，旗旛色映似朝霞；寒光閃閃，刀斧影射如飛電。竹節鞭懸豹尾，方楞鋼掛龍梢。弓弩排兩行秋月，抓鎚列數隊寒星。鼓進金退，交鋒士卒若神威；癸呼庚應，遞傳糧餉如鬼運。畫角幽幽，人聲寂寂。真是：堂堂正正之師，弔民伐罪之旅。

話說紂王看子牙行營，忙下城登殿，坐問兩班文武，言曰：「方今天下諸侯會兵于此，眾卿有何良策以解此危？」魯仁傑出班奏曰：「臣聞：『大廈將傾，一木難扶。』曰今庫藏空虛，民日生怨，軍心俱離，縱有良將，其如人心未順何！雖與之戰，臣知其不勝也。不若遣一能言之士，陳說君臣大義，順逆之理，令其罷兵，庶幾可解此危。」紂王聽罷，沉吟半晌。只見中大夫飛廉出班奏曰：「臣聞：『重賞之下，必有勇夫。』況都城之內，環堵百里，其中豈無豪傑之士隱蹤避跡于其間者？願陛下急急求之，加以重爵崇祿而顯榮之，彼必出死力以解此危。況城中尚有甲兵十數萬，糧餉頗足。即不然，令魯將軍督其師，背城一戰，雌雄尚在未定之天。豈得驟以講和示弱耶！」紂王曰：「此言甚是有理。」一面將聖諭張掛榜箋，一面整頓軍馬。不表。

且說朝歌城外離三十里地方，有一人，姓丁名策，乃是高明隱士。正在家中閑坐，忽聽得周兵來至，圍了朝歌，丁策歎曰：「紂王失德，荒淫無道，殺忠聽佞，殘害生靈，天愁人怨，故賢者退位，奸佞盈廷。今天下諸侯會兵至此，眼見滅國，無人替天子出力，束手待斃而已。平日所以食君之祿，分君之憂者安在！想吾丁策，昔日曾訪高賢，傳吾兵法，深明戰守，意欲出去舒展生平所負，以報君父之恩，其

立于左手；楊戩仗三尖刀，淡黃袍，騎白馬，立于右手；雷震子、韋護、金吒、木吒、李靖、南宮适、武吉等一班排立；眾諸侯濟濟師師，大是不同。正是：

扶周滅紂姜元帥，五岳三山得道人。

話說魯仁傑一馬當先，大呼曰：「姜子牙請了！」子牙在四不相上欠背打躬，問曰：「來者是誰？」魯仁傑曰：「吾乃紂王駕下總督兵馬大將軍魯仁傑是也。姜子牙，你既是崑崙道德之士，如何不遵王化，構合諸侯，肆行猖獗？以臣伐君，屠城陷邑，誅君殺將，進逼都城，意欲何為？千古之下，安能逃叛逆之名，欺君之罪也？今天子已赦爾往愆，不行深究。爾等可速速倒戈，撤回人馬，各安疆土，另行修貢，天子亦以禮相看。如若執迷，那時天子震怒，必親率六師，搗其巢穴，立成齏粉，悔之何及？」子牙笑曰：「你為紂王重臣，為何不察時務，不知興亡？今紂王罪惡貫盈，人神共怒，天下諸侯會兵駐此，亡在旦夕，子尚欲強言以惑眾也？昔日成湯德日隆盛，夏桀暴虐，成湯放于南巢，伐夏而有天下，至今六百餘年。至紂之惡，過于夏桀，吾今奉天征討而誅獨夫，公何得尚執迷如此，以逆天時哉？今天下諸侯會兵在此，止彈丸一城，勢如繫卵，猶欲以言詞相尚，公何不智如此！」魯仁傑大怒曰：「利口匹夫！吾以你為老成有德之人，故以理相論，汝猶恃強妄談彼長哉？獨不思以臣伐君，遺譏萬世耶？」回顧左右曰：「誰為吾擒此逆賊？」後有一將大呼曰：「吾來也！」縱馬舞刀，飛來直取子牙。子牙背有南宮适將過來，與郭宸截住廝殺。二馬相交，雙刀併舉。兩下擂鼓，殺聲大振。丁策在馬上也搖鎗沖殺過來助戰，這壁廂武吉走馬抵住交鋒。戰未有一二十餘合，有南伯侯鄂順飛馬直沖過來截殺，那邊有董忠敵住。子牙營左邊惱了一路諸侯，乃是東伯侯姜文煥，碰開紫驊騮，走馬刀劈了董忠，使發銅鋒好兇惡！

『學成文武藝，貨與帝王家。』況君父有難，為臣子者忍坐視之耶！」丁策曰：「賢弟也不問我一聲，就將我名字投出去。此事干係重大，豈得草率如此？」董忠曰：「吾料兄必定出身報國，豈是守株待兔之輩！」郭宸懽然大笑曰：「董賢弟所舉不差，我正在此勸丁兄，不意你先報了名。」丁策只得沽酒相待。三人飲了一宵，次早往朝歌來。正是：

痴心要想成梁棟，天意扶周怎奈何！

話說丁策三人，次日來至午門候旨。午門官至殿上奏曰：「今有三賢士在午門候旨。」紂王命：「宣三人進殿。」午門官至外面傳旨，三人聞命進殿，望駕進禮稱臣。王曰：「昨飛廉薦卿等高才，三卿必有良策可退周兵，輔朕之社稷，以分朕憂。朕自當分茅列土，以畱卿等。朕決不食言。」丁策奏曰：「臣聞：『戰危事也，聖王不得已而用。』今周兵至此，社稷有疊卵之危，我等雖幼習兵書，固知戰守之宜，臣等不過盡此心報效于陛下，其成敗利鈍，非臣等所逆料也。願陛下敕所司，以供臣等取用，毋令有掣肘之虞。臣等不勝幸甚！」紂王大喜，封丁策為神策上將軍，郭宸、董忠為威武上將軍，隨賜袍帶，當殿腰金衣紫，賜宴便殿；三將謝恩。次早參見魯仁傑。魯仁傑調人馬出朝歌城來。有詞為證，詞曰：

御林軍卒出朝歌，壯士紛紛擊鼓鼙。千里愁雲遮日色，數重怨氣障山窩。被鎧甲冑荷干戈，人

人踴躍似奔波。諸侯八百皆離紂，枉使兒郎遭網羅。

話說魯仁傑調人馬出城安營。只見探馬報入中軍：「啟元帥：成湯遣大兵在城外立下營寨，請令施行。」子牙傳令：「命眾將出營，至成湯營前搦戰。」只見探馬報入中軍：「有周營大隊人馬討戰。」魯仁傑聞報，親自率領眾將出轅門，見子牙乘異獸，兩邊擺列三山五岳門人。只見哪吒登風火輪，捉火尖鎗，

有可聽者，無不如命；如不可行者，亦不必言。幸老將軍諒之。」子牙命賜坐，殷破敗遜謝，坐而言曰：「末將嘗聞，天子之尊，上等于天，天可滅乎？又法典所載：『有違天子之制而擅專征伐者，是為亂臣。亂臣者，殺無赦。有搆會群黨謀為不軌，犯上無君者，此為逆臣。逆臣者，則族誅。天下人人得而討之。』昔成湯以至德，沐風櫛雨，伐夏而有天下；相傳至今，六百餘年，則天下之諸侯百姓，皆世受國恩，何人非紂之臣民哉？今不思報本，反倡為亂首，率天下諸侯相為叛亂，殘賊生靈，侵王之疆土；覆軍殺將，逼王之都城，為亂臣逆臣之尤，罪在不赦。千古之下，欲逃篡弑之名，豈可得乎？末將深為元帥不取也！以末將愚見，元帥當屏退諸侯，各還本國，各修德業，毋令生民塗炭。天子亦不加爾等之罪，惟厥修政事，以樂天年，則天下受無疆之福矣。不識元帥意下如何？」子牙笑曰：「老將軍之言差矣！尚聞：『天下者非一人之天下，乃天下人之天下也。』故天命無常，惟眷有德。昔堯帝有天下而讓于舜，虞帝復讓于禹。禹相傳至桀而荒怠朝政，不修德業，遂墜夏統。成湯以大德得承天命，于是放桀而有天下，傳至于今。豈意紂王罪甚于桀，荒淫不道，殺妻誅子，剖賢人之心，炮烙諫官，薑盆宮女，囚奴正士，醢戮大臣，斷朝涉之歷，剗剔孕婦；三綱盡絕，五倫有乖，天怒民怨，自古及今，罪惡昭著未有若此之甚者。語云：『賊仁者，謂之賊；賊義者，謂之殘。殘賊之人，謂之一夫。』乃天下所共棄者，又安得謂之君哉？今天下諸侯共伐無道，正為天下洗此兇殘，救民于水火耳，豈有私意？故奉天之罰者，謂之天吏，豈得尚拘之以臣伐君之名耶？」

殷破敗兒子牙一番言詞，鑿鑿有理，知不可解，自思：「不若明日張膽，慷慨痛言一番，以盡臣節而已。」乃大言曰：「元帥所說，乃一偏之言，豈全公之語！吾聞：君父有過，為臣子者必委曲周旋諫

怎見得好刀，有詩為證，詩曰：

怒髮沖冠射碧空，鋼刀閃灼快如風。旗開得勝姜文煥，一怒橫行劈董忠。

話說東伯侯走馬刀劈董忠，在成湯陣前，兇如猛虎，惡似狼豺。子牙左右有哪吒大叫曰：「吾等進五關不曾見大功，今日至都城大戰，難道束手坐觀成敗耶？」言罷，隨登開風火輪，搖火尖鎗沖殺過來。楊戩也縱馬搖刀直殺進陣內；這壁廂魯仁傑縱馬搖鎗敵住。兩家混戰，只殺得天愁地暗，鬼哭神嚎。哪吒大戰丁策，郭宸也來助戰。只聽得鼓振乾坤，旗遮旭日。哪吒祭起乾坤圈，正中丁策。可憐！正是：

明知昏主傾邦國，冥下含冤怨董忠。

話說哪吒打死丁策，郭宸落荒，被楊戩一刀劈于馬下。魯仁傑料不能取勝，隨敗進行營。子牙鳴金收軍。

卻說魯仁傑報入城中，連折三將，大敗一陣。紂王聞報，心中甚悶，與眾臣共議曰：「今周兵駐師城外，兵敗將亡，不能取勝，國內無人，為之奈何？」旁有殷破敗奏曰：「今社稷有繫卵之危，萬姓有倒懸之急，朝野無人，旦夕莫待，臣與姜子牙有半面之識，捨死至周營，曉以君臣大義，勸其罷兵，令天下諸侯解釋，各安本土，或未可知。如其不然，臣願罵賊而死。」紂王從其言，使殷破敗往周營說之。殷破敗領旨出城，來至周營，命左右通報。只見中軍官進營來見子牙，啟曰：「成湯差官至營門，請令定奪。」子牙傳令：「令來。」殷破敗隨令而入，進了大營。好齊整！只見兩邊列坐天下諸侯，中軍帳上坐姜子牙。殷破敗上帳曰：「姜元帥，末將殷破敗甲冑在身，不能全禮。」子牙忙欠身迎曰：「殷將軍此來有何見諭？」殷破敗曰：「末將別元帥已久，不意元帥總六師之長，為諸侯之表率，真榮寵崇耀，令人驚羨！今特來參謁，有一言奉告，但不知元帥肯容納否？」子牙曰：「老將軍有何事見教？但

姜文煥曰：「這匹夫敢于眾諸侯之前鼓唇搖舌，說短論長，又叱辱不才，情殊可恨。若不殺之，心下鬱悶。」子牙曰：「事已至此，悔之無及。」命左右將破敗之尸擡出，以禮厚葬，打點進兵。不知後事如何，下回分解。

評

兵臨城下，而欲講和罷兵，此臨時抱佛腳之計，十無一濟。只殷破敗敢於明目張膽，暢明君臣大義，自是萬古不泯，亦偉矣哉！

又評

丁策分明欲躬耕畎畝，保全亂世，可謂識時俊傑；無奈重忠孟浪，送了三個性命，可恨！可恨！大抵天下事，貪爵慕祿者，未有不墜於彀中，信乎！香餌之下，必有死魚。

靜之，務引其君于當道；如甚不得已，亦盡心苦諫，雖觸君父之怒，或死或辱，或緘默以去，總不失忠臣孝子之令名。未聞暴君之過，揚父之惡，尚稱為臣子者也。元帥以至德稱周，以至惡歸君，而尚謂之至德者乎？昔汝先王被囚姜里七年，蒙赦歸國，愈自修德，以達君父知遇之恩，未聞有一怨言及君，至今天下共以大德稱之。不意傳之汝君臣，搆合天下諸侯，妄稱君父之過，大肆猖獗，屠城陷邑，覆軍殺將，白骨盈野，碧血成流，致民不聊生，四民廢業，天下荒荒，父子不保，夫妻離散；此皆汝等造這等惡業，遺羞先王，得罪于天下後世。雖有孝子慈孫，焉能蓋其篡弑之名哉？況我都城，尚有甲兵十餘萬，將不下數百員，倘背城一戰，勝負尚未可知；汝等何得藐視天子，妄恃己能耶？」左右諸侯聽殷破敗之言，俱各大怒。

子牙未及回言，只見東伯侯姜文煥帶劍上帳，指殷破敗大言曰：「汝為國家大臣，不能匡正其君，引之于當道，今已陷之于喪亡，尚不自恥，猶敢鼓唇弄舌于眾諸侯之前耶？真狗彘不若，死有餘辜！還不速退，免爾一死！」子牙急止之曰：「兩國相爭，不禁來使。況為其主，何得與之相爭耶？」姜文煥尚有怒色。殷破敗被姜文煥數語，罵得勃然大怒，立起罵曰：「汝父搆通皇后，謀逆天子，誅之宜也。汝尚不克修德業，以蓋父愆，反逞強恃眾，肆行叛亂，真逆子有種。吾雖不能為君討賊，即死為厲鬼，定殺汝等耳！」姜文煥被殷破敗罵的一腔火起，滿面煙生，執劍大罵曰：「老匹夫！我思吾父被醜，國母遭害，俱是你這一班賊子播弄國政，欺君罔上，造這禍端！不殺你這老賊，吾父何日得泄此沉冤於地下也！」罵罷，手起一刀，揮為兩段，及至子牙止之，已無濟矣。眾諸侯齊曰：「東伯侯斬此利口匹夫，大快人意！」子牙曰：「不然，殷破敗乃天子大臣，彼以禮來講好，豈得擅行殺戮，反成彼之名也。」

刀來恍似三冬雪，那一個利刃猶如九陌霜。這一個丹心碧血扶周主，那一個赤膽忠肝助紂王。
白來惡戰皆如此，怎似將軍萬古揚。

話說二將大戰三十餘合，姜文煥乃東方有名之士，殷成秀豈是文煥敵手，早被文煥一刀揮于馬下。可憐父子俱盡忠于國！姜文煥下馬，將殷成秀首級梟回營來，見子牙備言前事。子牙大喜。且說報馬報入午門，至殿前奏曰：「殷成秀被姜文煥梟了首級，號令轅門，請旨定奪。」紂王聞言，驚魂不定，忙問左右：「事已急矣，如之奈何？」左右又報：「周兵四門攻打，各架雲梯、火砲，圍城甚急，十分難支，望陛下早定守城之策！」紂王未及開言，旁有魯仁傑出班奏曰：「臣親自上城，設法防守，保護城池，且救燃眉，再作商議。」紂王許之。魯仁傑出朝，上城守禦。不表。且說子牙見守城有法，一時難下，隨鳴金收兵回營。子牙與眾將商議曰：「魯仁傑乃忠烈之士，盡心守城，急切難下，況京師城郭堅固，若以力攻，徒費心力，當以計取可也。」眾門人齊曰：「我等各遁進城，裡應外合，一舉成功，又何必與他較勝負于城下耶？」子牙曰：「不然。今眾人進城，未免有殺傷之苦，百姓豈堪遭此屠戮？況都城百姓，近在輦轂之下，被紂王殘虐獨甚，慘毒備嘗，今再加之殺戮，非所以救民，實所以害民也。」眾門人曰：「元帥之見甚是。」子牙曰：「今百姓被紂王敲骨削胎，廣施土木，負累百姓，痛入骨髓，恨不能食其肉而寢其皮，不若先寫一告示射入城中，曉諭眾人，使百姓自相離析，人心離亂，不日其城可得矣。」眾將曰：「元帥之言乃萬全之策。」子牙援筆作稿。後人有詩單道子牙妙計，詩曰：

告示傳宣免甲戈，軍民日夜受煎磨。若非妙計離心旅，安得軍民唱凱歌？

話說子牙作稿，命中軍官寫了告示數十章，四面射入城中，或射于城上，或射于房屋之上，或射于途路

第九十五回

子牙暴紂王十罪

紂王無道類窮奇，十罪傳聞萬世知。敲骨剖胎黎庶慘，黃盆炮烙鬼神悲。

西風夜吼啼玄鳥，暮雨朝垂泣子規。無限傷心題往事，至今青史不容私。

話說子牙命左右將殷破敗口首擡出營去，于高阜處以禮安葬畢，令眾將攻城。只見紂王在殿上與眾文武議事，忽午門官來啟奏：「殷破敗因言觸忤姜尚被害，請旨定奪。」紂王大驚。旁有殷破敗之子哭而奏曰：「兩國相爭，不斬來使。」豈有擅殺天使？欺逆之罪，莫此為甚！臣願捨死以報君父之仇。」紂王慰之曰：「卿雖忠藎可嘉，須要小心用事。」殷成秀點人馬出城，殺至周營搦戰。子牙在營中，正議攻城，只見報馬報入中軍：「有將討戰。」子牙問：「誰去見陣走一遭？」有東伯侯出班曰：「末將願往。」子牙許之。姜文煥調本部人馬，出了轅門，見是殷成秀，姜文煥乃曰：「來者乃是殷成秀？你父不諳時務，鼓唇搖舌，觸忤姜元帥，吾故誅之。你今又來取死也！」殷成秀大怒，罵曰：「大膽匹夫！『兩國相爭，不斬來使。』吾父奉天子之命，通兩國之好，反遭你這匹夫所害。殺父之仇，不共戴天，定拿你碎尸萬段，以泄此恨！」罵罷，縱馬舞刀，飛來直取。姜文煥手中刀劈面交還。二馬相交，雙刀併舉。有贊為證，贊曰：

二將交鋒勢莫當，征雲片片起霞光。這一個生心要保真命主，那一個立志還從俠烈王。這一個

聲？真驚破朕心也！」少時，宮官報入宮中：「啟陛下：朝歌軍民人等已獻了城池，天下諸侯之兵俱禁在午門了。」紂王忙整衣出殿，聚文武共議大事。紂王曰：「不意軍民人等如此背逆，竟將朝歌獻了，如之奈何？」魯仁傑等齊曰：「都城已破，兵臨禁地，其實難支。不若背城決一死戰，雖雄尚在未定；不然，徒束手待斃，無用也。」紂王曰：「卿言正合朕意。」紂王吩咐整點御林人馬。不表。

且言子牙在中軍聚眾諸侯商議曰：「今大兵進城，須當與紂王會兵一戰，早定大事。列位諸侯併大小眾將，汝其助哉！」眾諸侯齊聲曰：「敢不竭股肱之力，以誅無道昏君耶！但憑元帥所委，雖死不辭。」子牙傳令：「眾將依次而出，不可紊亂；違者，按軍法從事。」只見周營砲響，喊聲大振，金鼓齊鳴，如地覆天翻之勢。紂王在九間殿聽得如此，忙問侍臣，只見午門官啟奏：「天下諸侯請陛下答話。」紂王聽罷，忙傳旨意，自己結束甲冑，命排儀仗，率御林軍，魯仁傑為保駕，雷鵬、雷鵬為左右翼，紂王上趙遙馬，擐金背刀，日月龍鳳旗開，鏘鏘戈戟，正朝鸞駕，排出午門。只見周營內一聲砲響，招展兩杆大紅旗，一對對排成隊伍，循序而出，甚是整齊。紂王見子牙排五方隊伍，甚是森嚴，兵戈整肅，左右分列，大小諸侯何止千數。又見門人、眾將，一對對侍立兩旁，威風凜凜，氣宇軒昂。左右又列有二十四對穿大紅的軍政官，雁翅排開。正中央大紅傘下，纔是姜子牙，乘四不相而出。怎見得，有贊姜元帥一詞，贊曰：

四八悟道，修身煉性。仙道難成，人間福慶。奉旨下山，輔相國政。窘迫八年，安于義命。擒怪有功，仕紂為令。姐已獻讒，棄官習靜。渭水持竿，磻溪隱姓。八十時來，飛熊入夢。龍虎欣逢，西岐兆聖。先為相父，托孤事定。紂惡日盈，周德隆盛。三十六路，紛紛相競。九三拜

之中。軍民人等拾得此告示，打開觀看，只見告示上寫得甚是明白。怎見得，只見書上寫道：

掃蕩成湯大寶大元帥示諭朝歌萬民知悉：天愛下民，篤生聖主，為民父母，所以保毓乾元，統禦萬國。豈意紂王荒淫不道，苦虐生靈，不修郊社，絕滅紀綱；殺忠拒諫，炮烙蜚盆，淫刑慘惡，人神共怒。孰意紂王稔惡不悛，慘毒成性，敲骨削胎，取童子賢命，言之痛心切骨！民命何辜，遭此荼毒！今某奉天討罪，大會諸侯，伐此獨夫，解萬民之倒懸，救群生之性命。況我周王仁德素著，薄海週知；本欲進兵攻城，念爾等萬姓久困水火之中，望拯如渴，恐一時城破，玉石俱焚，甚非我等弔民伐罪之意。爾等宜當體此，速獻都城，庶免殺戮之虞，早解塗炭之苦。爾等當速議施行，毋貽後悔。特示。

話說眾軍民父老人等看罷，議曰：「周主仁德著于海內，姜元帥弔伐，誠為至公。吾等遭昏君凌虐，深入骨髓，若不獻城，是逆民也。」滿城哄然，真是民變難治，合城軍民人等俱要如此。直至三更時分，一聲喊起，朝歌城四門大開，父老軍民人等齊出，大呼曰：「吾等俱係軍民百姓，願獻朝歌，迎迓真主！」喊聲動地。且說子牙在寢帳中靜坐，忽聞外面雲板響，子牙忙令人探問，左右回報曰：「軍民人等已獻朝歌，請元帥定奪。」子牙大喜，忙傳令眾將：「各門止許進兵五萬，其餘俱在城外駐紮，不可入城攪擾。如入城者，不可妄行殺戮，擅取民間物用。違者定按軍法梟首！」子牙令人馬夜進朝歌，俱按轡而行，各依方位，立于東、南、西、北，雖然殺聲大振，百姓安堵如故。子牙將兵馬屯在午門，諸侯俱各依次序紮寨。

話說紂王在宮內，正與妲己飲宴，忽聽得一片殺聲振天，紂王大驚，忙問宮官曰：「是那裡喊殺之

盈宇宙，天愁民怨，天下叛之。吾今奉天明命，行天之罰，陛下幸毋以臣叛君自居也。」紂王曰：「朕有何罪，稱為大惡？」子牙曰：「天下諸侯，靜聽吾道紂王大惡素表著于天下者。」眾諸侯聽得，齊上前聽子牙道紂王十大罪。子牙曰：

「陛下身為天子，繼天立極，竇聰明，作元后，元后作民父母；今陛下沉湎酒色，弗敬上天，謂宗廟不足祀，社稷不足守，動曰：『我有民，有命。』遠君子，親小人，敗倫喪德，極古今未有之惡。罪之一也。」

皇后為萬國母儀，未聞有失德；陛下乃聽信妲己之讒言，斷恩絕愛，剝剔其目，炮烙其手，致皇后死于非命，廢元配而妄立妖妃，縱淫敗度，大壞彝倫。罪之二也。」

太子為國之儲貳，承祧宗社，乃萬民所仰望者也。陛下乃輕信讒言，命晁雷、晁田封賜尚方，立刻賜死；輕棄國本，不顧嗣胤，忘祖絕宗，得罪宗社。罪之三也。」

黃耆大臣，乃國之枝幹；陛下乃播棄荼毒之，炮烙殺戮之，囚奴幽辱之，如杜元銑、梅伯、商容、膠鬲、微子、箕子，比干是也。諸君子不過去君之非，引君于道，而遭此慘毒，廢股肱而昵比罪人，君臣之道絕矣。罪之四也。」

信者人之大本，又為天子號召四方者也，不得以一字增損。今陛下聽妲己之陰謀，宵小之奸計，誣詐諸侯入朝，將東伯侯、姜桓楚、南伯侯、鄂崇禹，不分皂白，一碎醢其尸，一身首異處，失信于天下諸侯，四維不張。罪之五也。」

法者非一己之私，刑者乃持平之用，未有過用之者也。今陛下悉聽妲己慘惡之言，造炮烙，阻

將，金臺盟正。捧轂推輪，古今難並。會合諸侯，天人相應。東進五關，吉凶互訂。三死七災，緣期果證。夜進朝歌，君臣賭勝。滅紂成周，武功永詠。正是：六韜留下成王業，妙算玄機不可窮。出將入相千秋業，伐罪弔民萬古功。運籌帷幄欺風后，變理陰陽壓老彭。互古軍師為第一，聲名直並泰山隆。

話說紂王見子牙皓首蒼顏，全裝甲冑，手執寶劍，十分丰彩；又見東伯侯姜文煥、南伯侯鄂順、北伯侯崇應鸞，當中乃武王姬發，四總督諸侯，俱張紅羅傘，齊齊整整，立在子牙後面。子牙見紂王戴沖天鳳翅盔，赭黃鎖子甲，甚是勇猛。有贊紂王一詞，贊曰：

沖天盔盤龍交結，獸吞頭鎖子連環。滾龍袍猩猩血染，藍鞵帶緊束腰間。打將鞭懸如鐵塔，斬將劍光吐霞斑。坐下馬如同獬豸，金背刀閃灼心寒。會諸侯旗開拱手，逢眾將力戰多般。論薊力托梁換柱，講辯難舌戰群談。自古為君多孟浪，可知總賴化兇頑。

話說子牙見紂王，忙欠身言曰：「陛下，老臣姜尚甲冑在身，不能全禮。」紂王曰：「爾是姜尚麼？」姜子牙答曰：「然也。」紂王曰：「爾曾為朕臣，為何逃避西岐，縱惡反叛，累辱王師？今又會天下諸侯，犯朕關隘，恃兇逞強，不遵國法，大逆不道，孰甚于此？又擅殺天使，罪在不赦！今朕親臨陣前，尚不倒戈悔過，猶白抗拒不理，情殊可恨！朕今日不殺你這賊臣，誓不回兵！」子牙答曰：「陛下居天子之尊，諸侯守拒四方，萬姓供其力役，錦衣玉食，貢山航海，何莫非陛下之所有也。古云：『率土之濱，莫非王臣。』誰敢與陛下抗禮哉？今陛下不敬上天，肆行不道，殘虐百姓，殺戮大臣，惟婦言是用；淫酗沉湎，臣下化之，朋家作仇，陛下無君道久矣。其諸侯臣民，又安得以君道待陛下也？陛下之惡貫

頂上盔，朱纓燦；龜背甲，金光爛。大紅袍上繡團龍，護心寶鏡光華現。腰間寶帶扣絲蠻，鞍旁箭插如雲雁。打將鞭，吳鉤劍，殺人如草心無間。馬上橫擔斬將刀，坐下龍駒追紫電。銅心鐵膽東伯侯，保周滅紂姜文煥。

話說東伯侯走馬至軍前，大喝曰：「吾父王姜桓楚被你醢尸，吾姐姐姜后被你剝目烙手，俱死于非命。今日借武王仁義之師，仗姜元帥之力，誅此無道，以泄我無窮之恨！」只見南伯侯青驄馬沖出，厲聲大叫：「無道昏君！殺父之仇，不共戴天，姜王兄，留功與我！」鄂順馬至軍前，叱曰：「你行無道，吾父王未曾犯罪，無故而誅大臣，情理難容也！」把手中鎗一晃，劈胸就刺。紂王手中刀劈面交還。姜文煥手中刀使開，沖殺過來。二侯與紂王戰在午門。怎見得，有詩為證，詩曰：

龍虎相爭起戰場，三軍擂鼓列刀鎗。紅旗招展如赤焰，素帶飄飄似雪霜。

紂王江山風燭短，周家福祚海天長。從今一戰雌雄定，留得聲名萬古揚。

北伯侯崇應鸞見東、南二侯大戰紂王，也把馬催開，來助二侯。紂王見又來了一路諸侯，抖擻神威，力戰三路諸侯，一口刀抵住他三般兵器，只殺得天昏地暗，旭日無光。武王在逍遙馬上歎曰：「只因天子無道，致使天下諸侯會集于此，不分君臣，互相爭戰，寇履倒置，成何體統！真是天翻地覆之時！」忙將逍遙馬催上前，與子牙曰：「三侯還該善化天子，如何與天子抗禮？甚無君臣體面。」子牙曰：「方纔大王聽老臣言紂王十罪，乃獲罪于天地人神者，天下之人，皆可討之，此正是奉天命而滅無道，老臣豈敢有違天命耶？」武王曰：「當今雖是失政，吾等莫非臣子，豈有君臣相對敵之理？元帥可解此危。」子牙曰：「大王既有此意，傳令命軍士擂鼓。」子牙傳令擂鼓！天下諸侯聽的鼓響，左右有三十五騎紛

忠諫之口，設蠶盆，吞宮人之肉，冤魂啼號于白晝，毒焰障蔽于青天，天地傷心，人神共憤。罪之六也。

天地之生財有數，豈得妄用奢靡，窮財之力，擁為己有，竭民之生？今陛下惟污池臺榭是崇，酒池肉林是用，殘宮人之命，造鹿臺廣施土木，積天下之財，窮民物之力；又縱崇侯虎剝削貧民，有錢者三丁免抽，無錢者獨丁赴役，民生日促，偷薄成風，皆陛下貪剝有以倡之。罪之七也。

廉恥者乃風頑懲鈍之防，況人君為萬民之主者？今陛下信妲己狐媚之言，誣賈氏上摘星樓，君欺臣妻，致貞婦死節；西宮黃貴妃直諫，反遭摔下摘星樓，死于非命。三綱已絕，廉恥全無。罪之八也。

舉措乃人君之大體，豈得妄自施張？今陛下以玩賞之娛，殘虐生命，斷朝涉者之脛，驗民生之老少；剗剔孕婦之胎，試反背之陰陽，民庶何辜，遭此荼毒？罪之九也。

人君之宴樂有常，未聞流連忘反。今陛下晝夜暗納妖婦喜媚，共妲己在鹿臺晝夜宣淫，酗酒肆樂；信妲己以童男割炙腎命，以作羹湯，絕萬姓之嗣脈，殘忍慘毒，極今古之冤。罪之十也。

臣雖能言之，陛下決不肯悔過遷善；肆行荼毒，累軍民于萬死，暴白骨于青天，獨不思臣民生斯世者，竟遭陛下無辜之殺戮耶？今臣尚特奉天之明命，襄周王發恭行天之罰，陛下毋得以臣逆君而少之也。」
紂王聽姜子牙暴其十罪，只氣得目瞪口呆。只見八面諸侯聽罷，齊吶一聲喊：「願誅此無道昏君！」眾
人方欲上前，有東伯侯姜文煥大呼曰：「殷受不得回馬！吾來也！」紂王見一員大將，金甲紅袍，白馬
大刀，怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

第九十六回 子牙發東擒妲己

從來巧笑號傾城，狐媚君王浪用情。嬖娜腰肢催命劍，輕盈體態引魂兵。

雉雞有意能歌月，玉石無心解鼓聲。斷送殷湯成個事，依然枉自送殘生。

話說武王是仁德之君，一時那裡想起鼓進金止之意？只見眾將聽的鼓響，各要爭先，鎗刀劍戟，鞭鐺抓鎚，鉤鎌鉞斧，拐子流星，一齊上前，將紂王裹在核心。魯仁傑對雷鵬、雷鵬曰：「主憂臣辱，吾等正于此時盡忠報國，捨一死以決雌雄，豈得令反臣揚威逞武哉！」雷鵬曰：「兄言是也。吾等當捨死以報先帝。」三將縱馬殺進重圍。怎見得紂王大戰天下諸侯，有贊為證，贊曰：

殺氣迷空鎖地，煙塵障嶺漫山。擺列諸侯八百，一時地沸天翻。花腔鼓播如雷震，御林軍展動旗旛。眾門人猶如猛虎，殷紂王漸漸摧殘。這也是天下遭逢殺運，午門外撼動天關。眾諸侯各分方位，滿空中劍戟如攢。東伯侯姜文煥施威仗勇，南伯侯鄂順抖擻如彪。北伯侯崇應鸞橫拖雪刃，武王下南宮近似猛虎爭餐。正東上青旛下，眾諸侯猶如靛染；正西上白旛下，驍勇將恍若冰岩。正南上紅旛下，眾門徒渾如火塊；正北上皂旛下，牙門將恰似烏漫。這紂王神威天縱，魯仁傑一點心丹。雷鵬右遮左架，雷鵬左護右攔。眾諸侯齊動手那分上下，殷紂王共三員將前後胡戡。頂上砍，這兵器似颼颼冰塊；脇下刺，那鎗劍如蟒龍齊翻。只聽得叮叮噹噹響亮，兵

紛殺出，把紂王圍在核心。不知紂王性命如何，且聽下回分解。

評

紂王無道，其慘毒陰惡，極古今之所未有，而十惡尚未足以盡厥辜。雖然，只此十惡，紂王足以殺身亡國，遺禍於後世矣。有天下者，可為之炯鑒哉！

又評

子牙以二示得朝歌，不用眾門人以威力殺伐取之，足稱王者之師。

侯曰：「今日這場惡戰，大失君臣名分，姜君侯又傷主上一鞭，使孤心下甚是不忍。」姜文煥曰：「大王言之差矣！紂王殘虐，人神共怒，便殺之于市曹，猶不足以盡其辜，大王又何必為彼惜哉！」

話說紂王被姜文煥一鞭打傷後背，敗回午門，至九間殿坐下，低頭不言，自己沉吟歎曰：「悔不聽忠諫之言，果有今日之辱！可惜魯仁傑、雷鵬兄弟皆遭此難！」旁有中大夫飛廉、惡來奏曰：「今陛下神威天縱，雖于千萬人之中，猶能刀劈數名反臣。只是誤被姜文煥鞭傷陛下龍體，只須保養數日，再來會戰，必定勝其反叛也。古云：『吉人天相。』『勝負乃兵家之常』，陛下又何須過慮？」紂王曰：「忠良已盡，文武蕭條；朕已著傷，何能再舉，又有何顏與彼爭衡哉？」隨卸甲胄入內宮，不表。且說飛廉謂惡來曰：「兵困午門，內無應兵，外無救援，眼見旦夕必休，吾輩何以處之？倘或兵進皇城。」荊山失火，玉石俱焚。」可惜百萬家資，竟被他人所有！」惡來笑曰：「長兄此言竟不知時務！凡為丈夫者，當見機而作。眼見紂王做不得事業，退不得天下諸侯，亡在旦夕，我和你乘機棄紂歸周，原不失了自已富貴。況武王仁德，姜子牙英明，他見我等歸周，必不加罪。如此方是上著。」飛廉曰：「賢弟此言使我如夢中喚醒。只是還有一件，以我愚意，俟他攻破皇城之日，我和你入內庭，將傳國符璽盜出，藏隱于家，待諸侯議定，吾想繼湯者必周，等武王入內庭，吾等方去朝見，獻此國璽玉符。武王必定以我們係忠心為國，欣然不疑，必加以爵祿。此不是一舉兩得？」惡來又曰：「即後世必以我等為知機，而不失『良禽擇木，賢臣擇主』之智。」二人言罷大笑，自謂得計。正是：

痴心妄想居周室，斬首周岐謝將臺。

話說飛廉與惡來共議棄紂歸周，不表。

兵兵往還。鞭來打，鎗來敲，斧來劈，劍來刺，左左右右吸人魂；勾開鞭，撥去鎗，逼去斧，架開劍，上上下下心驚顫。正似那紂王力如三春茂草，越戰越有精神；眾諸侯怒發，恍似轟雷，喊殺聲聞斗柄。紂王初時節精神足備，次後來氣力難撐。為社稷何必貪生，好功名焉能惜命！存亡只在今朝，死生就在目下。殷紂王畢竟勇猛，眾諸侯終欠調停。喝聲著，將官落馬；叫聲中，翻下鞍韉。紂王刀擺似飛龍，欲將傷軍如雪片，劈諸侯如同兒戲，斬大將鬼哭神驚。當此時惱了哪吒殿下，那楊戩怒氣沖沖，大喝道：「紂王不要逃走！等我來與你見個雌雄！」可憐見：驚天動地哭聲悲，嚎山泣嶺三軍淚。英雄為國盡亡軀，血水滔滔紅滿地。馬撞人死口難開，將劈三軍無躲避。只殺的哀聲小校亂奔馳，破鼓折鎗都拋棄。多少良才帶血回，無數軍兵拖傷去。紂王膽戰將心驚，雷鵬、雷鵬無主意。這是：君王無道喪家邦，謀臣枉用千條計。這一陣只殺得：雪消春水世無雙，風捲殘紅鋪滿地。

話說紂王被眾諸侯圍在核心，全然不懼，使發了手中刀，一聲響，將南伯侯一刀揮于馬下。魯仁傑鎗挑林善。惱了哪吒，登開風火輪，大喝曰：「不得猖獗，吾來也！」旁有楊戩、雷震子、韋護、金木二吒一齊大叫曰：「今日大會天下諸侯，難道我等不如他們！」齊殺至重圍。楊戩刀劈了雷鵬；哪吒祭起乾坤圈，把魯仁傑打下鞍韉，喪了性命。雷震子一棍結果雷鵬。東伯侯姜文煥見哪吒眾人立功，將刀放下，取鞭在手，照紂王打來。紂王及至看時，鞭已來得太急，閃不及，早已打中後背，幾乎落馬，逃回午門。眾諸侯吶一聲喊，齊迫至午門。只見午門緊閉，眾諸侯方回。子牙鳴金收兵，陞帳坐下；眾諸侯來見子牙。子牙查點大小將官，損了二十六員。又見南伯侯鄂順被紂王所害，姜文煥等著實傷悼。武王對眾諸

營。紂王見三人甲冑整齊，心中大喜，只看今晚成功。不表。

且說子牙在營中籌算，甲子屆期，紂王當滅。心中大喜，未曾提防三妖來劫營，故此幾乎失利。只見將至二更，只聽得半空中風響。怎見得，有賦為證，賦曰：

冷冷颼颼，驚人情況。颼颼蕭蕭，沙揚塵障。透壁穿牕，尋波逐浪。聚怪藏妖，與魔伏魘。也會去助虎張威，也會去從龍俯仰。起初時，都是些悠悠蕩蕩淅淅聲；次後來，卻盡是滂滂湃湃呼吼響。且休言摧殘月裡娑羅^①；盡道是刮倒峰頭疊嶂。推開了積霧重雲，吹折了蘭橈畫漿。

蒼松翠竹盡遭殃，朱閣丹樓俱掃蕩。這一陣風只吹得鬼哭與神驚，八百諸侯俱膽喪。

話說妲己與胡喜媚等三人俱全裝甲冑，甚是停當。妲己用雙刀，胡喜媚用兩口寶劍，王貴人用一口繡鸞刀，俱乘桃花馬，發一聲響，殺人周營。各駕妖風，播土揚塵，飛砂走石，沖進周營內來。只見周營中軍士，咫尺間不分南北，那辨東西？守營小校盡奔馳，巡邏將士皆束手。真個是：層圍木柵撞得東倒西歪，鐵騎連車沖得七橫八豎。驚動了大小眾將，急報子牙。子牙忙起身出帳觀看，只見一派妖風怪霧，滾將進來。子牙忙傳令，命眾門人齊去，將妖怪獲來。哪吒聽得，急登風火輪，搖火尖鎗；楊戩縱馬，使三尖刀；雷震子使黃金棍；韋護用降魔杵；李靖搖方天戟；金、木、土吒用四口寶劍，齊殺出中軍帳來，迎敵三妖。只見三妖全身甲冑，橫沖直撞，左右廝殺。楊戩大呼曰：「好業障！不要猖獗，敢來此自送死也！」哪吒登輪，奮勇當先。七位門人將三妖圍在核心。

子牙在中軍用五雷正法鎮壓邪氣，把手一放，半空中一聲霹靂，只震得三妖膽顫心寒。三妖見來的

① 日裡娑羅：娑羅，木名，一名菩提樹。今月中樹影即娑羅樹影。

且說紂王入內宮，有妲己、胡喜媚、王貴人三個前來接駕。紂王一見三人，不覺心頭酸楚，語言悲咽，對妲己曰：「朕每以姬發、姜尚小視，不曾著心料理，豈知彼糾合天下諸侯，會兵于此。今日朕親與姜尚會兵，勢孤莫敵，雖然斬了他數員反臣，倒被姜文煥這廝鞭傷後背，致魯仁傑陣亡，雷鵬兄弟死節。朕靜坐自思，料此不能久守，亡在旦夕。想成湯傳位二十八世，今日有失，朕將何面目見先帝于在天也！朕已追悔無及，只三位美人與朕久處，一旦分離，朕心不忍，為之奈何？倘武王兵入內庭，朕豈肯為彼所擄，朕當先期自盡。但朕絕之後，卿等必歸姬發。只朕與卿等一番恩愛，竟如此結局，言之痛心！」道罷，淚如雨下。三妖聞紂王之言，齊齊跪下，泣對紂王曰：「妾等蒙陛下眷愛，鏤心刻骨，沒世難忘。今不幸遭此離亂，陛下欲捨妾身何往？」紂王泣曰：「朕恐被姜尚所擄，有辱我萬乘之尊。朕今別你三人，自有去向。」妲己俯伏紂王膝上，泣曰：「妾聽陛下之言，心如刀割。陛下何遽忍捨妾等而他往耶？」隨扯住紂王袍服，淚流滿面，柔聲嬌語，哭在一處，甚難割捨。紂王亦無可奈何，遂命左右治酒，與三美人共飲作別。紂王把盞，作詩一首，歌之以勸酒，詩曰：

「憶昔歌舞在鹿臺，孰知姜尚會兵來。分飛鸞鳳惟今日，再會鴛鴦已隔垓。」

烈土盡隨煙焰滅，賢臣方際運弘開。一杯別酒心如醉，醒後滄桑變幾回。」

話說紂王作詩畢，遂連飲數杯。妲己又奉一盞為壽。紂王曰：「此酒甚是難飲，真所謂不能下咽者也！」妲己曰：「陛下且省愁煩。妾身生長將門，昔日曾學刀馬，頗能廝殺。況妹妹喜媚與王貴人善知道術，皆通戰法。陛下放心，今晚看妾等三人一陣功成，解陛下之憂悶耳。」紂王聞言大悅：「若是御妻果能破賊，真百世之功，朕有何憂也！」妲己又奉紂王數盃，乃與喜媚、王貴人結束停當，議定今晚去劫周

定按軍法！」楊戩領命去了。子牙又令：「雷震子領東帖，你去把九尾狐狸精拿來。如有失，定依軍法！」又令：「韋護領東帖，你去將玉石琵琶精拿來。如違令，定按軍法！」三個門人領令，出了轅門，議曰：「我三人去拿此三妖，不知從何處下手？那裡去尋他？」楊戩道：「三妖此時料紂王已不濟事了，必竟從宮中逃出。吾等借土遁，站在空中等候，看他從何處逃走。吾等務要小心擒獲，不得鹵莽，恐有疏虞不便。」雷震子曰：「楊師兄言之有理。」道罷，各駕土遁，往空中等候三妖來至，有詩贊之，詩曰：

一道光華隱法身，修成幻化合天真。驅龍伏虎生來妙，今日三妖怎脫神。

話說妲己與胡喜媚、王貴人在宮中還吃了幾個宮人，方纔起身。一陣風響，三妖起在空中，往前要走，只見楊戩看見風響，隨與雷震子、韋護曰：「孽怪來也！各要小心！」楊戩指寶劍大呼曰：「怪物休走！吾來也！」九尾狐狸精見楊戩仗劍起來，舉手中劍罵道：「我們姐妹斷送了成湯天下，成你們的功名，你反來害我等，何無天理也！」楊戩大怒曰：「業畜休得多言，早早受縛！吾奉姜元帥將令，特來擒你。不要走，吃吾一劍！」雉雞精舉劍來迎。雷震子黃金棍打來，早有九尾狐狸精雙刀架住。韋護降魔杵打來，玉石琵琶精用繡鸞刀敵住。三妖與楊戩等三人戰未及三五回合，三妖借妖光逃走；楊戩與雷震子、韋護惟恐有失，緊緊趕來。怎見得，有贊為證，贊曰：

妖光蕩蕩，冷氣颼颼。妖光蕩蕩，旭日無光；冷氣颼颼，乾坤黑暗。黃河漠漠怪塵飛，黑霧漫漫妖氣慘。雉雞精、狐狸精、琵琶精往前逃，似電光飛閃；雷震子與楊戩併韋護緊追隨，如驟雨狂風。三妖要命，恍如弩箭離弦，那顧東西南北；三聖爭功，恰似葉落隨風，豈知流行坎止。

勢頭不好，俱是些道術之士，料難取勝，不敢戀戰，借一陣怪風，連人帶馬沖出周營，往午門逃回。妖白二更入周營，直至四更方纔逃回，也傷了些士卒。不表。且說紂王在午門外看三妃今夜劫營成功，洗目以待。忽見三妃來至，紂王問曰：「三卿劫營，勝負如何？」妲己曰：「姜子牙俱有準備，故此不能成功，幾乎被他眾門人困于核心，險不能見陛下也。」紂王聞言大驚，低首不言。進了午門，上了大殿，紂王不覺淚下曰：「不期天意喪吾，莫可救解。」妲己亦泣曰：「妾身指望今日成功，平定反臣而安社稷，不料天心不順，力不能支，如之奈何！」紂王曰：「朕已知天意難回，非人力可解，從今與你三人一別，各自投生，免使彼此牽絆。」把袍袖一擺，逕往摘星樓去了。三妖也慰留不住。後人有詩歎之，詩曰：

大廈將傾止一莖，尚思劫寨破周兵。孰知天意歸真主，猶向三妖訴別情。

話說三妖見紂王自往摘星樓去了，妲己調二妖曰：「今日紂王此去，必尋自盡，只我等數年來把成湯一個天下送得乾乾淨淨，如今我們卻往那裡去好？」九頭雉雞精曰：「我等只好迷惑紂王，其他皆不聽也。此時無處可棲，不若還歸軒轅墳去，依然自家巢穴，尚可安身，再為之計。」玉石琵琶精曰：「姐姐之言甚善。」三妖共議還歸舊巢。不表。

且說子牙被三妖劫營，殺至營前，三妖逃遁。子牙收軍，陞帳坐下，眾諸侯上帳參謁。子牙曰：「一時未曾防此妖孽，被他劫營，幸得眾門人俱是道術之士，不然幾為所算，失了銳氣。今若不早除，後必為患。」子牙言罷，命排香案。左右聞命，即將香案施設停當。子牙禱畢，將金錢排下，乃大驚曰：「原來如此！若再遲延，幾被三妖逃去。」忙傳令，命：「楊戩領東帖，你去把九頭雉雞精拿來。如走了，

第九十七回

摘星樓紂王自焚

紂王暴虐害黔黎，國事紛紛日夜迷。浪飲不知民血盡，荒淫那顧鬼神棲。

黃盆宮女真殘賊，焚炙忠良類虎鯢。報應昭昭須不爽，旗懸太白金今題。

話說楊戩正趕雉雞精，見前面黃旛隱隱，寶蓋飄揚，有數對女童分于左右，當中一位娘娘，跨青鸞而來，乃是女媧娘娘駕至。怎見得，有詩為證：

一天瑞彩紫霞浮，香靄氤氳擁鳳輿。展翅鸞凰皆雅馴，飄飄童女自優遊。

旛幢繚繞迎華蓋，瓔珞飛揚罩冕旒。止為昌期逢泰運，故教仙聖至中州。

話說女媧娘娘跨青鸞而來，阻住三個妖怪之路。三妖不敢前進，按落妖光，俯伏在地，口稱：「娘娘聖駕降臨，小畜有失迴避，望娘娘恕罪。小畜今被楊戩等追趕甚迫，求娘娘救命。」女媧娘娘聽罷，吩咐碧雲童兒：「將縛妖索把這三個業障鎖了，交與楊戩，解往周營，與子牙發落。」童兒領命，將三妖縛定。三妖泣而告曰：「啟娘娘得知：昔日是娘娘用招妖旛招小妖去朝歌，潛入宮禁，迷惑紂王，使他不行正道，斷送他的天下。小畜奉命，百事逢迎，去其左右，令彼將天下斷送。今已垂亡，正欲覆娘娘釣旨，不期被楊戩等追襲。路遇娘娘聖駕，尚望娘娘救護，娘娘反將小畜縛去，見姜子牙發落，不是娘娘出爾反爾了？望娘娘上裁！」女媧娘娘曰：「吾使你斷送殷受天下，原是合上天氣數；豈意你無端造業，

雷震子性起，迫得狐狸有穴難尋；楊戩心忙，趕得雉雞上天無路。琵琶性巧欲騰挪，韋護英明驅壓定。這也是三妖作過罪業多，故遇著三聖玄功能取命。

話說楊戩追趕九頭雉雞精，往前多時，看看趕上，楊戩取出哮天犬祭在空中。那犬乃仙犬修成靈性，見妖精舞爪張牙，趕上前一口，將雉雞頭咬掉了一個。那妖精顧不得疼痛，帶血逃災。楊戩見犬傷了他一頭，依舊走了，心下著慌，急駕上遁緊追。雷震子趕狐狸，韋護追琵琶精，緊緊不捨。只見前面兩首黃旛，空中飄蕩，香煙繚繚，遍地氤氳。不知是誰來了，且聽下回分解。

評

紂王雖然無道，還算個俠烈漢子；起先做了許多惡業，及至到壞事時，便爽爽利利，以死自待，決不沾泥帶水。若是小丈夫便有無限婆子氣，不知作多少悲啼哭泣。

又評

成湯一個完完全全天下，被妲己送得乾乾淨淨；及至紂王尋死，彼更不曾有一點顧惜之意，便去尋自己巢穴，以為安身之計，情殊可恨！畢竟被子牙拿來，身首異處，正所謂天網恢恢，疏而不漏。今觀其妖怪似婦人者，尚無怪乎婦人心最毒也！

闌，侍奉中櫛而已；其他妾安能以自專也。紂王失政，雖文武百官不啻千百，皆不能釐正，又何況區區一女子能動其聽也？今元帥德播天下，仁溢四方，紂王不日授首，縱殺妾一女流，亦無補于元帥。況古語云：「罪人不孥①。」懇祈元帥大開慈隱，憐妾身之無辜，赦歸故國，得全殘生，真元帥天地之仁，再生之德也。望元帥裁之！」眾諸侯聽姐已一派言語，大是有理，皆有憐惜之心。

子牙笑曰：「你說你是蘇侯之女，將此一番巧言，迷惑眾聽，眾諸侯豈知你是九尾狐狸在恩州驛迷死蘇姐已，借竅成形，惑亂天子？其無端毒惡，皆是你造業。今已被擒，死且不足以盡其罪，尚假此巧語花言，希圖漏網！」命左右：「推出轅門，斬首號令！」姐已等三妖低頭無語。左右旗牌官簇擁出轅門來，後有雷震子、楊戩、韋護監斬。只見三妖推至法場，雉雞精垂頭喪氣，琵琶精默默無言，惟有這狐狸精乃是姐已，他就有許多嬌痴，又連累了幾個軍士。

話說那姐已綁縛在轅門外，跪在塵埃，恍然似一塊美玉無瑕，嬌花欲語，臉襯朝霞，唇含碎玉，綠蓬鬆雲鬢，嬌滴滴朱顏，轉秋波無限鍾情，頓歌喉百般嫵媚，乃對那持刀軍士曰：「妾身係無辜受屈，望將軍少緩須臾，勝造浮屠七級！」那軍士見姐已美貌，已自有十分憐惜，再加他嬌滴滴的叫了幾聲將軍長，將軍短，便把這幾個軍士叫得骨軟筋酥，口呆目瞪，軟痴痴癱作一堆，麻酥酥痒成一塊，莫能動履。只見行刑令下：「楊戩監斬九頭雉雞精，韋護監斬玉石琵琶精，雷震子監斬狐狸精。」三人見行刑令下，喝令：「軍士動手！」楊戩鎮壓住雉雞精，韋護鎮壓住琵琶精，一聲吶喊，軍士動手，將兩個妖精斬了首級。有一首詩單道琵琶精終不免一刀之厄，詩曰：

① 罪人不孥：犯罪之人，應止於其身，不連帶其妻與子。

殘賊生靈，荼毒忠烈，慘惡異常，大拂上天好生之仁。今日你罪惡貫盈，理宜正法。」三妖俯伏，不敢聲言。只見楊戩同雷震子、韋護正望前追趕三妖，楊戩望見祥光，忙對雷震子、韋護曰：「此位是女媧娘娘大駕降臨，快上前參謁。」雷震子聽罷，三人向前，倒身下拜。楊戩等曰：「弟子不知聖駕降臨，有失迎迓，望娘娘恕罪。」女媧娘娘曰：「楊戩，我與你將此三妖拿在此間，你可帶往行營，與姜子牙正法施行。今日周室重興，又是太平天下也。你三人去罷。」楊戩等感謝娘娘，叩首而退，將妖解往周營。後人有詩歎之：

三妖造惡萬民殃，斷送殷商至喪亡。今日難逃天鑒報，軒轅巢穴枉思量。

話說楊戩等將三妖摔下雲端，三人隨收土遁，來至轅門。那眾軍士見半空中掉下三個女人，後隨著楊戩等三人，軍士忙報入中軍：「啟元帥：楊戩等令。」子牙傳令：「令來。」楊戩上帳見子牙，子牙曰：「你拿的妖怪如何？」楊戩曰：「奉元帥將令，趕三妖于中途，幸逢女媧娘娘大發仁慈，賜縛妖繩，將三妖捉至轅門，請令施行。」子牙傳令：「解進來。」帳下左右諸侯俱來看怎樣個妖精。少時，楊戩解九頭雉雞精，雷震子解九尾狐狸精，韋護解玉石琵琶精同至帳下。三妖跪于帳前。子牙曰：「你這三個業障，無端造惡，殘害生靈，食人無厭，將成湯天下送得乾乾淨淨。雖然是天數，你豈可縱慾殺人，唆紂王造炮烙，慘殺忠諫，治蠶盆荼毒宮人，造鹿臺聚天下之財，為酒池、肉林，內官喪命，甚至敲骨看髓，剖腹驗胎；此等慘惡，罪不容誅，天地人神共怒，雖食肉寢皮，不足以盡厥辜！」妲己俯伏哀泣告曰：「妾身係冀州侯蘇護之女，幼長深閨，鮮知世務，謬蒙天子宣詔，選擇為妃。不意國母薨逝，天子強立為后。凡一應主持，皆操之于天子，政事俱掌握于大臣。妾不過一女流，惟知灑掃應對，整飾宮

憶昔恩州能借竅，應知內闕善周旋。從來嬌媚歸何處？化作南柯帶血眠。

話說子牙斬了妲己，將首級號令轅門。眾諸侯等無不歎賞。

且說紂王在顯慶殿懨懨獨坐，有宮人左右紛紛如蟻，慌慌亂亂。紂王問曰：「爾等為何這樣急遽？想是皇城破了麼？」旁一內臣跪下，泣而奏曰：「三位娘娘，夜來二更時分不知何往，因此六宮無主，故此著忙。」紂王聽罷，忙叫內臣快快查，往那裡去了，速速來報。有常侍打聽，少時來報：「啟陛下，三位娘娘首級已號令于周營轅門。」紂王大驚，忙隨左右宦官，急上五鳳樓觀看，果是三后之首。紂王看罷，不覺心酸，淚如雨下，乃作詩一首以弔之，詩曰：

「玉碎香消實可憐，嬌容雲鬢盡高懸。奇歌妙舞今何在？覆雨翻雲竟枉然。」

鳳枕已無藏玉日，鴛鴦難再拂花眠。悠悠此恨情無極，日落滄桑又萬年。」

話說紂王吟罷詩，自嘆自歎，不勝傷感。只見周營中一聲砲響，三軍吶喊，齊欲攻城。紂王看見，不覺大驚，知大勢已去，非人力可挽，點頭數點，長吁一聲，竟下五鳳樓，過九間殿，至顯慶殿，過分宮樓，將至摘星樓來。忽然一陣旋窩風，就地滾來，將紂王罩住。怎見得怪風一陣，透膽生寒，有詩為證：

蕭蕭颯颯攝離魂，透骨浸肌氣若吞。撮起沉冤悲往事，追隨枉死泣新猿。

催花須借吹噓力，助雨敲殘次第先。止為紂王慘毒甚，故教屈鬼訴辜恩。

話說紂王行至摘星樓，只見一陣怪風，就地裹將上來。那蠶盆內咽咽哽哽，悲悲泣泣，無限蓬頭披髮、赤身裸體之鬼，血腥臭惡，穢不可聞，齊上前來，扯住紂王大呼曰：「還吾命來！」又見趙啟、梅伯赤身大叫：「昏君！你一般也有今日敗亡之時！」紂王忽的把二目一睜，陽氣冲出，將陰魂撲散。那些屈

憶昔當年遇子牙，硯臺擊頂煉琵琶。誰知三九重逢日，萬死無生空白嗟。

話說三軍動手，已將雉雞精、琵琶精斬了首級，楊戩與韋護上帳報功。只有雷震子監斬狐狸精，眾軍士被姐已迷惑，皆目瞪口呆，手軟不能舉刃。雷震子發怒，喝令軍士，只見個個如此。雷震子急得沒奈何，只得來中軍帳報知，請令定奪。子牙見楊戩、韋護報功，令：「拿出轅門號令。」惟有雷震子赤手來見。子牙問曰：「你監斬姐已，如何空身來見我？莫非這狐狸走了？」雷震子曰：「弟子奉令監斬姐已，執意眾軍士被這妖狐迷惑，皆目瞪口呆，莫能動履。」子牙怒曰：「監斬無能，要你何用！」一聲喝退，雷震子羞慚滿面，站立一旁。子牙命：「將行刑軍士拿下，斬首示眾。」復命楊戩、韋護監斬。二人領命，另換了軍士，再至轅門。只見那妖婦依舊如前，一樣軟款，又把這些軍士弄得東倒西歪，如痴如醉。

楊戩與韋護看見這等光景，二人商議曰：「這畢竟是個多年狐狸，極善迷惑人，所以紂王被他纏縛得迷而忘返，又何況這些愚人哉？我與你快去稟明元帥，無令這些無辜軍士死于非命也。」楊戩道罷，二人齊至中軍帳來，對子牙如此如此說了一遍。眾諸侯俱各驚異。子牙對眾人口：「此怪乃千年老狐，受日精月華，偷採天地靈氣，故此善能迷惑人，待吾自出營去，斬此惡怪。」子牙道罷先行，眾諸侯隨後。子牙同眾諸侯門弟子出得轅門，見姐已綁縛在法場，果然千嬌百媚，似玉如花，眾軍士如木雕泥塑。子牙喝退眾士卒，命左右排香案，焚香爐內，取出陸壓所賜葫蘆，放于案上，揭去頂蓋，只見一道白光上昇，現出一物，有眉有眼，有翅有足，在白光上旋轉。子牙打一躬：「請寶貝轉身！」那寶貝連轉兩三轉，只見姐已頭落塵埃，血濺滿地。諸侯中尚有憐惜之者。有詩為證，詩曰：

姐已妖嬈起眾憐，臨刑軍士也情牽。桃花難寫溫柔態，芍藥堪方窈窕妍。

話說朱昇再三哭奏，勸紂王且自寬慰，另尋別策，以解此圍。紂王怒曰：「事已急矣！朕籌之已密。若諸侯攻破午門，殺入內庭，朕一被擒，汝之罪不啻泰山之重也！」朱昇大哭下樓，去尋柴薪，堆積樓下。不表。且說紂王見朱昇下樓，自服袞冕，手執碧玉圭，滿身珠玉，端坐樓中。朱昇將柴堆滿，揮淚下拜畢，方敢舉火，放聲大哭。後有詩為證，詩曰：

摘星樓下火初紅，煙捲烏雲四面風。今日成湯傾社稷，朱昇原是盡孤忠。

話說朱昇舉火，燒著樓下乾柴，只見煙捲沖天，風狂火猛，六宮中宮人喊叫，霎時間乾坤昏暗，宇宙翻崩，鬼哭神號，帝王失位。朱昇見摘星樓一派火著，甚是凶惡。朱昇撩衣，痛哭數聲，大叫：「陛下！奴婢以死報陛下也！」言罷，將身撞入火中。可憐朱昇忠烈，身為宦豎，猶知死節。話說紂王在三層樓上，看樓下火起，烈焰沖天，不覺撫膺長歎曰：「悔不聽忠諫之言，今日自焚，死固不足惜，有何面目見先王於泉壤也！」只見火趁風威，風乘火勢，須臾間，四面通紅，煙霧障天。怎見得，有賦為證，賦曰：

煙迷霧捲，金光灼灼掣天飛；焰吐雲從，烈風呼呼如雨驟。排炕烈焰，似燭如燭。須臾萬物盡成灰，說什麼棟連霄漢；頃刻千里化紅塵，那管他雨聚雲屯。五行之內最無情，二氣之中為獨盛。雖梁畫棟，不知費幾許工夫，遭著他盡成齏粉；珠欄玉砌，不知用多少金錢，逢著你皆為瓦解。摘星樓下勢如焚，六宮三殿，延燒得柱倒牆崩，天子命喪在須臾；八妃九嬪，牽連得頭焦額爛，無辜宮女盡遭殃，作惡內臣皆在劫。這紂天子呵！拋卻塵寰，講不起貢山航海，錦衣玉食，金甌社稷，錦繡乾坤，都化作滔滔洪水向東流；脫離慾海，休誇那粉黛蛾眉，溫香暖玉，

魂怨鬼隱然而退。紂王把袍袖一抖，上了頭一層樓，又見姜娘娘一把扯住紂王，大罵曰：「無道昏君，誅妻殺子，絕滅彝倫，今日你將社稷斷送，將何面目見先王于泉壤也！」姜娘娘正扯住紂王不放，又見黃娘娘一身血污，腥氣逼人，也上前扯住，大呼曰：「昏君摔我下樓，跌吾粉骨碎身，此心何忍！真殘忍刻薄之徒！今日罪盈惡滿，天地必誅！」紂王被兩個冤魂纏得如痴似醉一般，又見賈夫人也上前大罵曰：「昏君受辛！你君欺臣妻，吾為守貞立節，墜樓而死，沉冤莫白。今日方能泄我恨也！」照紂王一掌劈面打來。

紂王忽然一點真靈驚醒，把二目一睜，沖出陽神，那陰魂如何敢近？隱隱散了。紂王上了摘星樓，行至九曲欄邊，默默無語，神思不寧，扶欄而問：「封宮官何在？」封宮官朱昇聞紂王呼喚，慌忙上摘星樓來，俯伏欄邊，口稱：「陛下，奴婢聽旨。」紂王曰：「朕悔不聽群臣之言，誤被讒奸所惑，今兵連禍結，莫可救解，噬臍何及。朕思身為天子之尊，萬一城破，為群小所獲，辱莫甚焉。欲尋白晝，此身尚遺人間，猶為他人作念；不若自焚，反為乾淨，毋得令兒女子藉口也。你可取柴薪堆積樓下，朕當與此樓同焚。你當如朕命。」朱昇聽罷，淚流滿面，泣而奏曰：「奴婢侍陛下多年，蒙養之恩，粉骨難報。不幸皇天不造我商，禍亡旦夕，奴婢恨不能以死報國，何敢舉火焚君也！」言罷，嗚咽不能成聲。紂王曰：「此天亡我也，非干你罪。你不聽朕命，反有忤逆之罪。昔日朕曾命費、尤向姬昌演數，言朕有自焚之厄；今日正是天定，人豈能逃？當聽朕言！」後人有詩單歎紂王臨焚念文王易數之驗，有詩為證，詩曰：

昔日文王姜里囚，紂王無道困西侯。費尤曾問先天數，烈焰飛煙鎖玉樓。

又有史官觀史，有詩單道紂王失政云：

女媧宮裡祈甘霖，忽動攜雲握雨心。豈為有情聯好句，應知無道起商參。

婦言是用殘黃耆，忠諫難聽縱浪淫。炮烙冤魂多屈死，古來慘惡獨君深。

又詩歎紂王才兼文武，詩曰：

打虎雄威氣更驕，千斤膂力冠群僚。托梁換柱超今古，赤手擒飛過鷲雕。

拒諫空稱才絕代，飾非枉道巧多饒。只因三怪迷真性，贏得樓前血肉焦。

話說摘星樓焚了紂王，眾諸侯俱在午門外佳筍。少時，午門開處，眾宮人同侍衛將軍，御林士卒酌洒獻花，焚香拜迎武王車駕，並諸侯入九間殿。姜子牙忙傳令：「且救息宮中火。」不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。

評

紂王無道，殘賊生靈，不知凡幾，自家落得摘星樓燒死，縱不是如佛氏報應輪迴之說，自是天理難容耳。畢竟紂王有些家夾氣，自家做過的事，不肯落在他人之手裡；所以一刀兩段，毫不沾滯，真是斬釘削鐵漢子，何難立地成佛？

又評

翠袖慙慙，清謳皓齒，盡赴於栩栩羽化隨夢繞。這正是：從前餘焰逞雄威，作過災殃還自受。成湯事業化飛灰，周室江山方赤熾。

話說子牙在中軍方與眾諸侯議攻皇城，忽左右報進中軍：「啟元帥：摘星樓火起。」子牙忙領眾將，同武王、東伯侯、北伯侯共天下諸侯，齊上馬出了轅門看火。武王在馬上觀看，見煙迷一人，身穿赭黃袈裟，頭戴冕旒，手拱碧玉圭，端坐於煙霧之中，朦朧不甚明白。武王問左右曰：「那煙霧中乃是紂天子麼？」眾諸侯答曰：「此正是無道昏君。今日如此，正所謂自作自受耳。」武王聞言，掩面不忍看視，兜馬回營。子牙忙上前啟曰：「大王為何掩面而回？」武王曰：「紂王雖則無道，得罪於天地鬼神，今日自焚，適為業報；但我我皆為臣下，曾比面事之，何忍目睹其死，而蒙逼君之罪哉？不若回營為使。」子牙曰：「紂王作惡，殘賊生民，天怒民怨，縱太白懸旗❶，亦不為過；今日自焚，正當其罪。但大王不忍，是大王之仁明忠愛之至意也。然猶有一說，昔成湯以至仁放桀於南巢，救民於水火，天下未嘗少之；今大王會天下諸侯，奉天征討，弔民伐罪，實於湯有光，大王幸毋介意。」眾諸侯同武王回營。子牙督領眾將門人看火，以便取城。只見那火越盛，看看捲上樓頂，那樓下的柱腳燒倒，只聽得一聲響，摘星樓塌倒，如天崩地裂之狀，將紂王埋在火中，一霎時化為灰燼。一靈已入封神臺去了。後人有詩歎之，詩曰：

放桀南巢憶昔時，深仁厚澤立根基。誰知殷受多殘虐，烈焰焚身悔已遲。

❷ 太白懸旗：太白，殷旗名。言紂之頭，懸在太白旗上。戰國策趙策：「卒斬紂之頭，而懸太白者，是武王之功也。」

第九十八回 周武王鹿臺散財

紂王聚斂吸民脂，不信當年放桀時。積粟已無千載計，盈財豈有百年期？

須知世運逢真主，卻笑貪淫有阿癡。今日還歸民社去，從來天意豈容私！

話說眾諸侯俱上了九間殿，只見丹墀下大小將領頭目等眾，躑躑踴踴，簇擁兩旁。子牙傳令：「軍士先救滅宮中火焰。」武王對子牙曰：「紂王無道，殘虐生靈，而六宮近在肘腋，其宮人宦寺被害更慘，今軍士救火，不無波及無辜；相父當首先嚴禁，毋令復遭陷害也。」子牙聞言，忙傳令：「凡軍士人等止許救火，毋得肆行暴虐，敢有違令妄取六宮中一物，妄殺一人者，斬首示眾，決不姑息，汝宜悉知。」只見眾宮人宦寺，侍衛軍官齊呼萬歲。武王在九間殿駐蹕，與眾諸侯看軍士救火。武王猛擡頭，看見殿東邊有黃澄澄二十根大銅柱擺列在旁，武王問曰：「此銅柱乃是何物？」子牙曰：「此銅柱乃是紂王所造炮烙之刑。」武王曰：「善哉！不但臨刑者甚慘，只今日孤觀之，不覺心膽皆裂。紂天子可謂殘忍之甚！」子牙引武王入後宮，至摘星樓下，見蠶盆裡面蛇蝎上下翻騰，白骨暴露，骷髏亂滾；又見酒池內陰風慘慘，肉林下冷露悽悽。武王問曰：「此是何故？」子牙曰：「此是紂王所製蠶盆，殺害宮人者；左右正是肉林、酒池。」武王曰：「傷哉！紂天子何無仁心一至此也！」不勝傷感，乃作詩以紀之，詩曰：

天地間妖精中之最靈悍者，無過狐狸，善於巧令，亦最嫵媚，所以惑人最深，而殺人亦毒。請觀妲己生前，弄得紂王國破身亡，甚至臨刑，猶遺害不淺。古今遭此狐妖之害者，豈止於有天下國家之人哉！幸毋惑此，方是打破重關，跳出苦海。此一書分明指與世人作榜樣。今人不可將此狐狸認作真的，把自己身邊那個狐狸當做假的，有幸此老婆心說法。

荼毒之苦，征斂之煩，日坐水火之中，衽席不安，重足而立，今不若將鹿臺聚積之貨財，給散與諸侯百姓，將鉅橋聚斂之稻粟，賑濟與饑民，使萬民昭蘇，享一日安康之福耳。」子牙曰：「大王興言及此，真社稷生民之福也！宜速行之。」武王命左右去發財粟運，不表。

只見後宮擒紂王之子武庚至，子牙令：「推來。」眾諸侯切齒。少時，眾將將武庚推至殿前，武庚跪下。眾諸侯齊曰：「殷受不道，罪盈滿貫，人神共怒，今日當斬首正罪，以泄天地之恨。」子牙曰：「眾諸侯之言甚是。」武王急止之曰：「不可！紂王肆行不道，皆是群小、妖婦惑亂其心，與武庚何干？且紂王炮烙大臣，雖賢如比干、微子，皆不能匡救其君，又何況武庚一幼稚之子哉？今紂王已滅，與子何讎？且『罪人不孥』，原是天好生之德，孤願與眾位大王共體之，切不可枉行殺戮也。俟新君嗣位，封之以茅土，以存商祀，正所以報商之先王也。」東伯侯姜文煥出而言曰：「元帥在上：今大事俱定，當立新君以安天下諸侯、士民之心。況且天不可以無口，國不可以無君，天命有道，歸於至仁，今武王仁德著於四海，天下歸心，宜正大位，以安天下民心。況我等眾諸侯入關，襄武王以伐無道，正為今日之大事也。望元帥一力擔當，不可遲滯，有辜眾人之心。」眾諸侯齊曰：「姜君侯講得有理，正合眾人之意。」

子牙尚未及對，武王惶懼遜謝曰：「孤位輕德薄，名譽未著，惟曰兢兢，求為寡過以嗣先王之業而未遑，安敢妄覬天位哉！況天位惟艱，惟仁德者居之，乞眾位賢侯共擇一有德者以嗣大位，毋令有忝厥職，遭天下羞。孤與相父早歸故土，以守臣節而已。」旁有東伯侯厲聲大言曰：「大王此言差矣！天下之至德，孰有如大王者！今天下歸周，已非一日，即黎民之簞食壺漿以迎王師，豈有他哉！謂大王能救

「成湯祝網德聲揚，啟桀南巢正大綱。六百年來風氣薄，誰知慘惡喪疆場！」

又傷炮烙之刑，作詩以紀之，詩曰：

「苦陷忠良性獨偏，肆行炮烙悅嬋娟。遺魂常傍黃金柱，樓下焚燒業報牽。」

話說武王來至摘星樓，見餘火尚存，煙焰未絕，燒得七狼八豕，也有無辜宮人遭在此劫，尚有遺骸未盡，臭穢難聞。武王更覺心中不忍，忙吩咐軍士：「快將這些遺骸檢出去埋葬，無令暴露。」因調子牙曰：「但不知紂王骸骨焚於何所？當另為檢出，以禮安葬，不可使暴露於天地。你我為人臣者，此心何安！」子牙曰：「紂王無道，人神共憤，今日自焚，實所以報之也。今大王以禮葬之，誠大王之仁耳。」子牙吩咐軍士：「檢點遺骸，毋使混雜。須尋紂王骸骨，具衣衾棺槨，以天子之禮葬之。」後人有詩歎成湯王業如斯而盡：

天喪成湯業，敵兵盡倒戈。積山尸遍野，漂杵血流河。

盡去煩苛法，方興時雨歌。太平今日定，祇席樂天和。

話說子牙令軍士尋紂王遺骸，以禮安葬，不表。

且說眾諸侯同武王往鹿臺而來。上了臺時，見閣簷雲端，樓飛霄漢，亭臺疊疊，殿宇巍峨，雕欄玉飾，梁棟金裝；又只見明珠異寶，珊瑚玉樹，鑲嵌成瓊宮瑤室，堆砌就繡閣蘭房，不時起萬道霞光，頃刻有千條瑞彩，真所謂目眩心搖，神飛魄亂。武王點首歎曰：「紂天子這等奢靡，竭天下之財以窮己欲，安有不亡身喪國者也！」子牙曰：「古今之所以喪亡者，未有不從奢侈而敗，故聖王再三叮嚀垂戒者，『寶己以德，毋寶珠玉』，良有以也。」武王曰：「如今紂王已滅，天下諸侯與閭閻百姓受紂王剝削之禍，

也。顧大王詳察！」武王曰：「眾人固是美愛，然孤之德薄，不足以勝此任，恐遺先王之羞耳。」東伯侯姜文煥曰：「大王不必辭遜，元帥自有主見。」乃對子牙曰：「請元帥速行，不得遲滯，恐人心解散。」子牙急忙傳令：「命畫圖樣造臺，作祝文昭告天地社稷，俟後有大賢，大王再讓位未遲。」眾諸侯已知子牙之意，隨聲應諾。旁有周公旦自去造臺。後人有詩誦之，詩曰：

朝歌城內築禪臺，萬姓歡呼動八垓。沴氣已隨餘焰盡，和風方向太陽來。

岐山鳴鳳纏禪瑞，殿陛賡歌進壽杯。四海雍熙從此盛，周家泰運又重開。

話說周公旦畫了圖樣，於天地壇前造一座臺，臺高三層，按三才之象，分八卦之形。正中設皇天后土之位，旁立山川社稷之神，左右有十二元神旗號，按子、丑、寅、卯、辰、巳、午、未、申、酉、戌、亥立於其地；前後有十干旗號，按甲、乙、丙、丁、戊、己、庚、辛、壬、癸立於本位。壇上有四季正神方位：春日太昊，夏日炎帝，秋日少昊，冬日顓頊，中有皇帝軒轅。壇上羅列簋、豆、簠、籩、金爵、玉斚，陳設祭前，併生芻炙脯，列於几席，鮮醬魚肉設於案桌，無不齊備。只見香燒寶鼎，花插金瓶，子牙方請武王上壇。武王再三謙讓，然後祭壇。八百諸侯齊立於兩旁，周公旦高捧祝文，上臺開讀，祝文曰：

惟大周元年壬辰，越甲子昧爽三日，西岐姬發敢昭告於皇天后土神祇曰：嗚呼！惟天惠民，惟辟奉天。有殷受弗克上天，自絕於命，臣發承祖宗累治之仁，列聖相沿之德，予小子曷敢有越厥志？恭天承命，抵商之罪，大正於商。惟爾神祇，克成厥勳，誕膺天命。予小子方日夜祇懼，恐墜前烈，敬修未遑。無奈諸侯、軍、民、耆老人等，疏請再三，眾志誠難固違，俯從群議。爰考舊典，式識

民於水火也。且天下諸侯景從雲集，隨大王以伐無道，其愛戴之心，蓋有自也。大王又何必固辭？望大王俯從眾議，毋令眾人失望耳。」武王曰：「發有何德，望賢侯無得執此成議，還當訪詢有眾，以服天下之心。」東伯侯姜文煥曰：「昔帝堯以至德克相上帝，得膺大位；後生丹朱不肖，帝求人而遜位，眾臣舉舜。舜以重華之德，以繼堯而有天下。後帝舜生子商均亦不肖，舜乃舉天下而讓之禹。禹生啟賢明，能承繼夏命，故相繼而傳十七世。至桀無道而失夏政，成湯以至德放桀於南巢，代夏而有天下，傳二十八世。至紂，大肆無道，惡貫罪盈。大王以至德與眾諸侯恭行天之討，今大事已定，克承大寶，非大王而誰？大王又何必固遜哉！」武王曰：「孤安敢方禹湯之賢哲也？」姜文煥曰：「大王不事干戈，以仁義教率天下，化行俗美，三分天下有其二，故鳳鳴於岐山，萬民而樂業。天下相應，理不可誣。大王之政德，與二君何多讓哉！」武王曰：「姜君侯素有才德，當為天下之主。」忽聽得兩旁諸侯一齊上前，大呼曰：「天下歸心，已非一日，大王為何苦苦固辭？大拂眾人之心矣！況吾等會盟此地，豈是一朝一夕之力，無非欲立大王，再見太平之日耳。今大王捨此不居。則天下諸侯瓦解，自此生亂，是使天下終無太平之日矣。」子牙上前急止之曰：「列位賢侯不必如此，我自有名正言順之說。」正是：

子牙一計成王業，致使諸侯拜聖君。

話說眾諸侯在九間殿，見武王固遜，俱紛紛爭辯不一，子牙乃止之，對武王曰：「紂王禍亂天下，大王率諸侯明正其罪，天下無不悅服，大王禮當正位，號令天下。況當日鳳鳴岐山，祥瑞現於周地，此上天垂應之兆，豈是偶然！今天下人心悅而歸周，正是天人響應，時不可失。大王今日固辭，恐諸侯心冷，各散歸國，渙無所統，各據其地，日生禍亂，甚非大王弔伐之意。深失民望，非所以愛之，實所以害之

熙熙皞皞，真是太平景象。有詩為證，詩曰：

八十公公杖策行，相逢欣笑話生平。眼中不識干戈事，耳內稀聞戰鼓聲。

每見麒麟鸞鳳現，時聽絲竹管絃鳴。而今世上稱寧宇，不似當年枕席驚。

話說武王為天子，天人感應，民安物阜，天降祥瑞，萬民無不悅服。只見天下諸侯俱辭朝各歸本國。子牙入內庭見武王，王曰：「相父有何奏章？」子牙奏曰：「方今天下已定，老臣啟陛下，命官鎮守朝歌。」武王曰：「俱聽相父。若用何官？」子牙曰：「今武庚陛下既待以不殺，使守本土，得存商祀，必用何人監守方可。」武王曰：「俟明日臨朝商議。」子牙退朝回相府。只至次日，武王早朝，諸臣朝見畢，武王曰：「朕今封武庚世守本土，以存商祀，必使人監國，當用何人而後可？」武王問罷，眾臣共議非親王不可。遂議管叔鮮、蔡叔度二王監國。武王依允，隨命二叔守此朝歌。武王吩咐明日大駕歸國。只見武王聖諭一出，朝歌軍民羣老老人等，俱謀議遮留聖駕。不表。

話說武王次日吩咐二叔監國，大駕隨即起行。只見百姓扶老挈幼，遮拜於道，大呼曰：「陛下救我等於水火之中，今日歸國，是使萬姓而無父母也。望陛下二視同仁，留居此地，我等百姓不勝慶幸！」武王見百姓挽留，乃慰之曰：「今朝歌朕已命二叔監守，如朕一樣，必不令爾等失所也。爾等當奉公守法，自然安業，又何必朕在此，方能安阜也？」百姓挽留不住，放聲大哭，震動天地。武王亦覺悽然。復謂二弟管叔鮮、蔡叔度曰：「民乃國之根本，爾不可輕虐下民，當視之如子。若是不體朕意，有虐下民，朕自有國法在，必不能為親者諱也。二弟其勉之！」二叔受命。武王即日發駕起程，往西岐前進。百姓哭送一程，竟回朝歌。不表。

吉日，祇告於天地宗廟社稷暨我文考，於是曰受冊寶，嗣即大位。仰承中外靖恭之頌，天人協應之符，慶日月之照臨，膺皇天之永命。尚望福我維新，永終不替，慰兆人胥戴之情，垂累葉無疆之緒。神其鑒茲！伏惟尚饗。

話說周公旦讀罷祝文，焚了，祝告天地畢，只見香煙籠罩空中，瑞靄氤氳滿地，其日天朗氣清，惠風慶雲，真是昌期應運，太平景象，自然迥別。那朝歌百姓擁擠，遍地歡呼。

武王受了冊寶，即天子位，面南垂拱端坐。樂奏三番，眾諸侯出笏，山呼萬歲。拜賀畢，武王傳旨，大赦天下。眾人簇擁武王下壇，來至殿廷，從新拜賀畢，武王傳旨，命擺九龍筵席，大宴八百諸侯，君臣共樂。眾人酒過數巡，俱各歡暢。百官覺已深沉，各辭闕謝恩而散。後人讀史，見武王一戎衣而有天下，君臣和樂，作詩以詠之，詩曰：

壇上香風繞聖王，軍民嵩祝舞霓裳。江山依舊承柴望，社稷重新樂裸將。

金闕曉臨仙掌動，玉堦時聽珮環忙。熙熙皞皞清明世，萬姓謳歌慶未央。

話說次日武王設朝，眾諸侯朝賀畢，武王調子牙曰：「殷紂因廣施土木之功，竭天下之財，荒淫失政，故有此敗。朕蒙眾諸侯立之為君，朕欲將鹿臺之貨財給散與天下諸侯，頒賜各夷王衣襲之費。列爵惟五，分土惟三，建官惟賢，位事惟能，重民五教，惟食喪祭，惇信明義，崇德報功。命諸侯各引人馬歸國，以安享其土地。」又將摘星樓殿閣盡行拆毀，散鹿臺之財，發鉅橋之粟，釋箕子之囚，封比干之墓，式商容之閭，放內宮之人，大資於四海，而萬姓悅服。乃偃武修文，歸馬於華山之陽，放牛於桃林之野，以示天下弗戰。武王在朝歌旬月，萬民樂業，人物安阜，瑞草生，鳳凰現，醴泉溢，甘露降，景星慶雲，

話說子牙兵過首陽山，至燕山，一路上，周民簞食壺漿迎武王。一日，兵至西岐山，忽有上大夫散宜生、黃滾前來接駕，領眾官俱在道旁俯伏。武王在車中見眾弟與黃滾老將軍，後隨孫兒黃天爵，武王曰：「朕東征五載，今見卿等，不覺滿腔悽慘，愁懷勃勃也。」宜生近前啟曰：「陛下今登大位，天下太平，此不勝之喜。臣等得復睹天顏，正是龍虎重逢，再慶都俞喜起之風，陛下與萬姓同樂太平，又何至悽慘不悅也！」武王曰：「朕因會諸侯而伐紂，東進五關，一路內損朕許多忠良，未得其享太平，先歸泉壤；今日卿等，老者、少者、存者、沒者，俱不一其人，使朕不勝今昔之感，所以鬱鬱不樂耳。」散宜生啟曰：「以臣死忠，以子死孝，俱是報君父之洪恩，遺芳名于史冊，自是美事。陛下爵祿其子孫，世受國恩，即所以報之也，又何必不樂哉？」武王與眾臣併轡而行。西岐山至岐州只七十里，一路上，萬民爭看，無不歡悅。武王鸞駕簇擁，來至西岐城，笙簫嘹亮，香氣氤氳。武王至殿前下輦，入內庭，參見太姜，謁太姬，會太姬，設筵宴在顯慶殿，大會文武。正是：

太平天子排佳宴，
龍虎風雲聚會時。

話說武王宴賞百官，君臣懽飲，盡醉而散。

次日早朝，聚眾文武參謁畢，武王曰：「有奏章出班見朕，無事早散。」言未畢，子牙出班奏曰：「老臣奉天征討，滅紂興周，陛下大事已定；只有屢年陣亡人仙，未受封職。老臣不日辭陛下往崑崙山，見掌教師尊，請玉牒金符，封贈眾人，使他各安其位，不致他悵悵無依耳。」武王曰：「相父之言甚是。」言未畢，午門官啟駕：「外有商臣飛廉、惡來在午門候旨。」武王問子牙曰：「今商臣至此見朕，意欲何為？」子牙奏曰：「飛廉、惡來，紂之佞臣。前破紂之時，二奸隱匿；今見天下太平，至此欲惶惑陛

話說武王離朝歌，一路行來，也非一日，不覺來至孟津。思想昔日渡孟津時，白魚躍舟，兵戈擾攘，今日又是一番光景，不勝嗟歎。後人有詩詠之：

駕逝西岐龍入海，與民懽懽樂堯年。放牛桃林開新運，牧馬華山洗舊塵。

箕子囚中先解釋，比干墓上有封箋。孟津昔日曾流血，無怪周王念往賢。

話說武王同子牙渡了黃河，過澠池，出五關。子牙一路行來，忽然想起一班隨行征伐陣亡的將官，心下不勝傷悼。一日來至金雞嶺，兵過首陽山。只見大隊方行，前面有二位道者阻住，對旗門官曰：「與我請姜元帥答話。」左右報進中軍，子牙忙出轅門觀看，卻是伯夷、叔齊。子牙忙躬身問曰：「二位賢侯見尚，有何見諭？」伯夷曰：「姜元帥今日回兵，紂王致於何地？」子牙答曰：「紂王無道，天下共棄之。吾兵進五關，只見天下諸侯已大會于孟津。至甲子日，受辛兵旅若林，罔敢敵于我師，前徒倒戈攻于後，以比①，致血流漂杵②，紂王自焚，天下大定。吾主武王散鹿臺之財，發鉅橋之粟，封比干之墓，武商容之閭，諸侯無不悅服，尊武王為天子。今日之天下，非紂王之天下也。」子牙道罷，只見伯夷、叔齊仰面涕泣，大呼曰：「傷哉！傷哉！以暴易暴兮，予意欲何為！」歌罷，拂袖而回，竟入首陽山，作採薇之詩，七日不食周粟，餓死首陽山。後人有詩弔之，詩曰：

昔阻周兵在首陽，忠心一點為成湯。三分已去猶啼血，萬死無辭立大綱。

水土不知新世界，江山還念舊君王。可憐耽食周朝粟，萬古常存日月光。

① 以北：因而打敗仗。

② 血流漂杵：血流成河，杵杵可漂浮其上。比喻殺人之多。

如油煎火燎一般，追悔不及，越覺怒惱。當時馬氏辭了老婆子，白家歸來，坐在房裡，越想越恨：「我當初如何看不上他？這雙眼睛，還生在世上！」自思：「便活一百歲，也只是如此；天下豈有這等一個大貴人錯過了，還有甚麼好處！」又想：「適纔這個老婆子說是我沒福，不覺羞慚，再有何顏立于人世！不如尋個白盡罷！」乃大哭了一回。心裡又想：「恐怕不是他。假如錯聽了，天下也有這個同名同姓的，卻不是枉死了？」自己又自解歎：「且等到晚間，俟我這個丈夫來家，問他明白，再死未遲。」那日天晚，只見那農夫張三老往城中賣菜來家，馬氏接著，收拾了晚飯與丈夫吃了，因問曰：「如今姜子牙，聞說他出將入相，百般富貴，果然真麼？」張三老聽說，忙陪笑臉答曰：「賢妻不問，我也不好說，果然是真的。前日姜丞相在朝歌，甚麼樣威儀？天下諸侯，俱各聽命。我那時要與你說去見他一見，也討個小小的富貴；我只怕他品位俱尊，恐惹出事來，故此一向不曾說得。今蒙娘子問及，只得說與你知道。如今遲了，姜丞相回國多時，只是當初在這裡好的。」馬氏聞言，半日無語。這張三老恐娘子著惱，又安慰了一回。馬氏假意勸丈夫睡了，自己收拾渾身乾淨，哭了數聲，懸梁自縊而死。一魂往封神臺去了。反至張三老知覺，天已明了。馬氏氣絕，張三老只得買棺木埋葬。不表。後人有詩歎之：

痴心尚望享榮華，應悔當時一念差。三復垂恩無計策，懸梁雖死愧黃沙。

話說次日子牙入朝見武王，奏曰：「昔日老臣奉師命下山，助陛下平民伐罪，原是應運而興，凡人、仙皆逢殺劫，先立有封神榜在封神臺上。今大事已定，人、仙魂魄無依，老臣特啟陛下，給假往崑崙山見師尊，請玉符金冊來封眾神，早安其位。望陛下准臣施行。」武王曰：「相父勞苦多年，當享太平之福；但此事亦是不了之局，相父可速即施行，不得久羈仙島，令朕朝夕凝望。」子牙曰：「老臣怎敢有

下，希圖爵祿耳。此等奸佞，豈可一日容之于天地間哉？但老臣有用他之處，陛下可宣入殿廷，俟老臣吩咐他，自有道理。」武王從其言，命：「宣入殿前來。」左右將二臣引至丹墀，拜舞畢，口稱：「亡國臣飛廉、惡來願陛下萬歲！」武王曰：「二卿至此，有何所願？」飛廉奏曰：「紂王不聽忠言，荒淫酒色，以至社稷傾覆。臣聞大王仁德著于四海，天下歸心，真可駕堯軼舜，臣故不憚千里，求見陛下，願效犬馬。倘蒙收錄，得執鞭于左右，則臣之幸也。謹獻玉符金冊，願陛下容納。」子牙曰：「二位大夫在紂俱有忠誠，奈紂王不察，致有敗亡之禍。今既歸周，是棄暗投明，願陛下當用二位大夫，正所謂捨玦而用美玉也。」武王聽子牙之言，封飛廉、惡來為中大夫；二臣謝恩。後人有詩歎之，詩曰：

貪望高官特地來，玉符金冊獻金堆。子牙早定防奸計，難免封神劍下災。

話說武王封了飛廉、惡來二人，子牙出朝回相府，不表。

單說當年馬氏笑子牙不能成其大事，竟棄子牙而他適。及至今日，武王嗣位，天下歸周，宇宙太平，即茅簷鄙屋，窮谷深山，凡有人煙聚集之處，無有不知武王伐紂，俱是相父姜子牙之功。今日一統華夷，姜子牙出將入相，享人間無窮富貴，權侔人主，位極人臣，古今罕及，天下人無不讚歎：當日子牙困窮之時，磻溪坐隱，此身已老于漁樵；孰意八十歲方被文王聘請歸國，今日才做出這般天大事業來。今日講，明日講，一日講到這馬氏耳朵裡來。馬氏此時跟隨了一個鄉村田戶之人。其日聞得鄰家一個老婆子對馬氏曰：「昔日你初嫁的那個姜某，如今做了多大事業！」如此長，如此短，說了一遍，說得那馬氏滿面通紅，一腔熱烘烘的起來，半日無語。那老婆子又促了他兩句，說道：「當日還是大娘子錯了，若是當時隨了姜某，今日也享這無窮富貴，卻強如在這裡守窮度日。這還是你命裡沒福！」馬氏越發心裡

第九十九回

姜子牙歸國封神

濛濛香霧彩雲生，滿道謳歌賀太平。北極祥光籠兌地，南來紫氣繞金城。

群仙此日皆證果，列聖明朝盡返貞。萬古崇呼禮祀遠，從今護國永澄清。

話說子牙借土遁來至玉虛宮前，不敢擅入。少時，只見白鶴童子出來，看見姜子牙，忙問曰：「師叔何來？」子牙曰：「煩你通報一聲，特來叩謁老師。」童子忙進宮來，至碧遊床前啟曰：「稟上老爺：姜師叔在宮外求見。」元始天尊曰：「著他進來。」童子出來，傳與子牙。子牙進宮，至碧遊床前，倒身下拜：「弟子姜尚願老師萬壽無疆！弟子今日上山，拜見老師，特為請玉符敕命，將陣亡忠臣孝子，逢劫神仙，早早封其品位，毋令他遊魂無依，終日懸望。乞老師大發慈悲，速賜施行。諸神幸甚！弟子幸甚！」元始曰：「我已知道了。你且先回，不日就有符敕至封神臺來。你速回去罷。」子牙叩首謝恩而退。子牙離了玉虛宮，回至西岐。次日，入朝參謁武王，備言封神一事，「老師自令人齋來。」不覺光陰迅速，也非止一日，只見那日空中笙簫嘹亮，香氣氤氳，旌幢羽蓋，黃巾力士簇擁而來。白鶴童子親齋符敕降臨相府。怎見得，有詩為證：

紫府金符降玉臺，旌幢羽蓋拂三臺。雷瘟火斗分先後，列宿群星次第開。
糾察無私稱至德，滋生有自序長才。仙神人鬼從今定，不使朝朝墮草萊。

寧聖恩而樂遊林壑也！」子牙忙辭武王回相府，沐浴畢，駕士遁往崑崙山而來。不知後事如何，且聽下回分解。

評

當日飛廉惡來歸周，姜子牙當明其罪狀，收而戮之，使天下後世知奸佞，斷不容於盛世耳，何必定以詐力惑之然後殺之哉？子牙斯舉，殊失大聖人作用，予深惜之。

又評

馬氏先不隨子牙入西，原是個惡婦；只是一知子牙富貴，自羞當年不識人，遂自縊而死，這還是個知羞恥烈性婦人。只是當時一念之差，較之今日竟不為恥者，豈啻天淵哉？其事雖不足取，其情實又可憐！

捐軀報國，忠盡可嘉！一向沉淪海嶠，冤尤可憫。幸遇姜尚封神，守臺功茂，特賜寶籙，慰爾忠魂。今敕封爾為三界首領八部三百六十五位清福正神之職。爾其欽哉！」栢鑑在壇下陰風影裡，手執百靈幡，望玉敕叩頭謝恩畢。只見壇下風雲簇擁，香霧盤旋。栢鑑至臺外，手執百靈幡伺候指揮。子牙命栢鑑：「引黃天化上臺聽封。」

不一時，只見清福神用旛引黃天化至臺下，跪聽宣讀敕命。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始救命：爾黃天化以青年盡忠報國，下山首建大功，救父尤為孝德；未享榮封，捐軀馬革，情實痛焉！援功定賞，當從其厚，特敕封爾為管領三山正神炳靈公之職。爾其欽哉！」黃天化在壇下叩首謝恩，出壇而去。子牙命栢鑑：「引五岳正神上壇受封。」少時，清福神引黃飛虎等齊至臺下，跪聽宣讀敕命。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始救命：爾黃飛虎遭暴主之慘惡，致逃亡于他國，流離遷徙，方切骨肉之悲；奮志酬知，空遇滯池之劫，遂罹凶禍，情實可悲！崇黑虎有志濟民，時逢劫運；聞聘等三人，金蘭氣重，方圖協力同心，忠義志堅，欲效股肱之願；豈意陽運告終，齋志而歿。爾五人同一孤忠，功有深淺。特賜榮封，以是差等。乃敕封爾黃飛虎為五岳之首，仍加敕一道，執掌幽冥地府一十八重地獄；凡一應生死轉化人神仙鬼，俱從東岳勘對，方許施行。特敕封爾為東岳泰山天齊仁聖大帝之職，總管天地人間吉凶禍福。爾其欽哉！毋渝厥典。」黃飛虎在臺下叩首謝恩。子牙方讀四敕曰：「特敕封爾崇黑虎為南岳衡山司天昭聖大帝；特敕封爾聞聘為中岳嵩山中天崇聖大帝；特敕封爾崔英為北岳恆山安天玄聖大帝；特敕封爾蔣雄為西岳華山金天願聖大帝。爾其欽哉！」崇黑虎等俱叩首謝恩畢，同黃飛虎出壇而去。子牙命栢鑑：「引雷部正神上臺受封。」只見清福神持引魂旛出壇來引雷部正神。只見聞太師，畢竟他英風銳氣，不肯讓人，

話說子牙迎接玉符金敕，供于香案上，望玉虛宮謝恩畢，黃巾力士與白鶴童子別了子牙回崑崙不表。子牙將符敕親自齋捧，借上遁往岐山前來。只一陣風早到了封神臺。有清福神柏鑑來接子牙，子牙捧符敕進了封神臺，將符敕在正中供奉，傳令武吉、南宮适，立八卦紙旛，鎮壓方向與下支旗號。又令二人領三千人馬，按五方排列。子牙吩咐停當，方沐浴更衣，拈香金鼎，酌酒獻花，遶臺三匝。子牙拜畢誥敕，先命清福神柏鑑在臺下聽候。子牙然後閱讀玉虛宮元始天尊誥敕：

太上無極混元教主元始天尊敕曰：嗚呼！仙凡路迴，非厚培根行者不能通；神鬼途分，豈諂媚奸邪之所可覬？縱服氣煉形于島嶼，未曾斬卻三尸，終歸五百年後之劫；總抱貞守一于玄關，若未超脫陽神，難赴三千瑤池之約。故爾等雖聞至道，未證菩提。有心曰修持，貪癡未脫；有身已入聖，嗔怒難除。須知往愆累積，劫運相尋。或託凡軀而盡忠報國；或因嗔怒而自惹災尤。生死輪迴，循環無已；業冤相逐，轉報無休。吾甚憫焉！憐爾等身受鋒刃，日沉淪于苦海；心雖忠藎，每飄泊而無依。特命姜尚依劫運之輕重，循資品之高下，封爾等為八部正神，分掌各司，按布週天，糾察人間善惡，檢舉三界功行。禍福自爾等施行，生死從今超脫，有功之曰，循序而遷。爾等其恪守弘規，毋肆私妄，自惹愆尤，以貽伊戚，永膺寶籙，常握絲綸。故茲爾敕，爾其欽哉！

子牙宣讀敕書畢，將符籙供奉案桌之上，乃全裝甲冑，左手執杏黃旗，右手執打神鞭，站立中央，大呼曰：「柏鑑可將封神榜張掛臺下。諸神俱當循序而進，不得攙越取咎。」柏鑑領法旨，將封神榜張掛臺下。只見諸神俱簇擁前來觀看。那榜首就是柏鑑。柏鑑看見，手執引魂旛，忙進壇跪伏壇下，聽宣元始封誥。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始敕命：爾柏鑑昔為軒轅皇帝大帥，征伐蚩尤，曾有勳功，不幸殛死北海，

子牙曰：「今奉太上元始敕命：爾羅宣昔在火龍島曾修無上之真，未跨青鸞之翼，因一念嗔癡，棄七尺為烏有。雖尤爾咎，實乃往愆。特敕封爾為南方三氣火德星君正神之職；仍率領火部五位正神，任爾施行，巡察人間善惡。爾其欽哉！」

火部五位正神名諱：

尾火虎朱招

室火豬高震

嘴火猴方貴

翼火蛇王蛟

接火天君劉環」

話說火星率領五位正神叩首謝恩，出臺去了。子牙又命栢鑑：「引瘟部正神上臺受封。」少時，清福神引呂岳等至臺下，跪聽宣讀敕命。只見慘霧悽悽，陰風習習。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始敕命：爾呂岳潛修島嶼，有成仙了道之機，誤聽萋菲^③，動干戈殺戮之慘，自墮惡趣^④，夫復何戚！特敕封爾為主掌瘟癘昊天大帝之職，率領瘟部六位正神，凡有時症，任爾施行。爾其欽哉！」

瘟部六位正神名諱：

東方行瘟使者周信

南方行瘟使者李奇

西方行瘟使者朱天麟

北方行瘟使者楊文輝

勸善大師陳庚

和瘟道士李平」

呂岳等聽罷封號，叩首謝恩，出壇去了。子牙又命栢鑑：「引斗部正神至臺上受封。」不一時，只見清神福引金靈聖母等至臺下，跪聽宣讀敕命。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始敕命：爾金靈聖母，道德已全，曾歷百年之劫；嗔心未退，致罹殺戮之殃。皆自蹈于烈焰之中，豈冥數已定輪迴之厄？悔已無及。慰爾潛

③ 萋菲：讒言。

④ 惡趣：佛家語。謂惡境。

那裡肯隨栢鑑。子牙在臺上看見香風一陣，雲氣盤旋，率領二十四位正神逕闖至臺下，也不跪。子牙就鞭大呼曰：「雷部正神跪聽宣讀玉虛宮封號！」聞太師方纔率眾神跪聽封號。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始救命：爾間仲曾人名山，證修大道，雖聞朝元之果，未至真一之諦①，登大羅②而無緣，位人臣之極品，輔相兩朝，竭忠補袞，雖劫運之使然，其真烈之可憫。今特令爾督率雷部，興雲布雨，萬物托以長養，誅逆除奸，善惡由之禍福。特敕封爾為九天應元雷神普化天尊之職，仍率領雷部二十四員催雲助雨護法天君，任爾施行。爾其欽哉！」

雷部二十四位天君正神名諱：

鄧天君忠

辛天君環

張天君節

陶天君榮

龐天君洪

劉天君甫

董天君章

畢天君環

秦天君完

趙天君江

荀天君全

袁天君角

李天君德

孫天君良

栢天君禮

王天君奕

姚天君賓

張天君紹

興雲神（彩雲仙）

金天君素

古天君立

余天君慶

助風神（萑芝仙）

閃電神（金光聖母）

話說雷祖率領二十四位天君聽封號畢，俱望臺上叩首謝恩，出封神臺去訖。只有祥光繚繚，紫霧盤旋，電光閃灼，風雲簇擁，自是不同。有詩贊之，詩曰：

布雨興雲助太平，滋培萬物育群生。從今雷部承天敕，誅惡安良達聖明。

雷祖去了。子牙又命栢鑑：「引火部正神上臺聽封。」不一時，清福神引羅宣等至臺下，跪聽宣讀救命。

① 真一之諦：真一，謂道。真諦：「守真一者，頭不白，禿髮更生。」諦，即真理。

② 大羅：道家以為最高之天為大羅天。

力士星	鄔文化	奏善星	膠鬲	河魁星	黃飛彪	月魁星	徹地夫人
帝車星	姜桓楚	天嗣星	黃飛豹	帝輅星	丁策	天馬星	鄂崇禹
皇恩星	李錦	天醫星	錢保	地后星	黃妃	宅龍星	姬叔德
伏龍星	黃明	驛馬星	雷開	黃旛星	魏賁	豹尾星	吳謙
喪門星	張桂芳	弔客星	風林	勾絞星	費仲	卷舌星	尤渾
羅喉星	彭遵	計都星	王豹	飛廉星	姬叔坤	大耗星	崇侯虎
小耗星	殷破敗	貫索星	丘引	欄杆星	龍安吉	披頭星	太鸞
五鬼星	鄧秀	羊刃星	趙升	血光星	孫焰紅	官符星	方義真
孤辰星	余化	天狗星	季康	病符星	王佐	鑽骨星	張鳳
死符星	卞金龍	天敗星	柏顯忠	浮沉星	鄭椿	天殺星	卞吉
歲殺星	陳庚	歲刑星	徐芳	歲破星	晁田	獨火星	姬叔義
血光星	馬忠	亡神星	歐陽淳	月破星	王虎	月遊星	石磯娘娘
死氣星	陳季貞	咸池星	徐忠	月厭星	姚忠	月刑星	陳梧
黑殺星	高繼能	七殺星	張奎	五谷星	殷洪	除殺星	余忠
天刑星	歐陽天祿	天羅星	陳桐	地網星	姬叔吉	天空星	梅武
華蓋星	敖丙	十惡星	周信	蠶畜星	黃元濟	桃花星	高蘭英
掃帚星	馬氏	大禍星	李良	狼籍星	韓榮	披麻星	林善

修，特敕封爾執掌金闕，坐鎮斗府，居週天列宿之首，為北極紫氣之尊，八萬四千群星惡煞，咸聽驅使，永坐坎宮斗母正神之職。欽承新命，克盡前愆！

五斗群星吉曜惡煞正神名諱：

東斗星君 蘇護 金奎 姬叔明 趙丙

西斗星君 黃天祿 龍環 孫子羽 胡昇 胡雲鵬

中斗星君 魯仁傑 晁雷 姬叔昇

中天北極紫微大帝 姬伯邑考

南斗星君 周紀 胡雷 高貴 余成 孫寶 雷鵬

北斗星君 黃天祥（天罡） 比干（文曲） 竇榮（武曲） 韓昇（左輔） 韓變（右弼）

蘇全忠（破軍） 鄂順（貪狼） 郭宸（巨門） 董忠（招搖）

群星名諱：

青龍星 鄧九公 白虎星 殷成秀 朱雀星 馬方 玄武星 徐坤

勾陳星 雷鵬 滕蛇星 張山 太陽星 徐蓋 太陰星 姜后

玉堂星 商容 天貴星 姬叔乾 龍德星 洪錦 紅鸞星 龍吉公主

天喜星 紂王 天德星 梅伯 月德星 夏招 天赦星 趙啟

貌端星 賈氏 金府星 蕭臻 木府星 鄧華 水府星 余元

火府星 火靈聖母 土府星 土行孫 六合星 鄧嬋玉 博士星 杜元銑

隨斗部地煞星七十二位名諱：

天暗星	李新	天佑星	徐正道	天空星	典通	天速星	吳旭
天異星	呂自成	天煞星	任來聘	天微星	龔清	天究星	單百招
天退星	高可	天壽星	戚成	天劍星	王虎	天平星	卜同
天罪星	姚公	天損星	唐天正	天敗星	申禮	天牢星	聞傑
天慧星	張智雄	天暴星	畢德	天哭星	劉達	天巧星	程三益
地魁星	陳繼真	地煞星	黃景元	地勇星	賈成	地傑星	呼百顏
地雄星	魯修德	地威星	須成	地英星	孫祥	地奇星	王平
地猛星	栢有患	地文星	革高	地正星	考高	地闢星	李燧
地闔星	劉衡	地強星	夏祥	地暗星	余惠	地輔星	鮑龍
地會星	魯芝	地佐星	黃丙慶	地祐星	張奇	地靈星	郭巳
地獸星	金南道	地微星	陳元	地慧星	車坤	地暴星	桑成道
地獸星	周庚	地猖星	齊公	地狂星	霍之元	地飛星	葉中
地走星	顧宗	地巧星	李昌	地明星	方吉	地進星	徐吉
地退星	樊煥	地滿星	卓公	地遂星	孔成	地周星	姚金秀
地隱星	甯三益	地異星	余知	地理星	童貞	地俊星	袁鼎相
地樂星	汪祥	地捷星	耿顏	地速星	邢三鸞	地鎮星	姜忠

九醜星 龍鬚虎 三尸星 撒堅 三尸星 撒強 三尸星 撒勇

陰錯星 金成 陽差星 馬成龍 刃殺星 公孫鐸 四廢星 袁洪

五窮星 孫合 地空星 梅德 紅艷星 楊妃 流霞星 武榮

寡宿星 朱昇 天瘟星 金大升 荒蕪星 戴禮 胎神星 姬叔禮

伏斷星 朱子真 反吟星 楊顯 伏吟星 姚庶良 刀砧星 常昊

滅沒星 房景元 歲厭星 彭祖壽 破碎星 吳龍

二十八宿名諱（內有八人封在水、火部管事）：

角木蛟 栢林 斗木獬 楊信 奎木狼 李雄 井木犴 沈庚

牛金牛 李弘 鬼金羊 趙白高 婁金狗 張雄 亢金龍 李道通

女土蝠 鄭元 胃土雉 宋庚 柳土獐 吳坤 氏土貉 高丙

星日馬 呂能 昂日雞 黃倉 虛日鼠 周寶 房日兔 姚公伯

畢月烏 金繩陽 危月燕 侯太乙 心月狐 蘇元 張月鹿 薛定

隨斗部天罡星三十六位名諱：

天魁星 高衍 天罡星 黃真 天機星 盧昌 天閒星 紀丙

天勇星 姚公孝 天雄星 施檜 天猛星 孫乙 天威星 李豹

天英星 朱義 天貴星 陳坎 天福星 黎仙 天滿星 方保

天孤星 詹秀 天傷星 李洪仁 天玄星 王龍茂 天健星 鄧玉

痛母后致觸君父，幾罹不測之殃；後證道名山，背師言有逆天意，釀成犁鋤之禍。雖申公豹之唆使，亦爾自作之愆由。爾楊任事紂，忠君直諫，先遭剜目之苦，歸周捨身報國，後罹橫死之災，總劫運之使然，亦冥數之難道。特敕封爾殷郊為執年歲君太歲之神，坐守週年，管當年之休咎。爾楊任為甲子太歲之神，率領爾部下曰值正神，循週天星宿度數，察人間過往愆尤。爾等宜恪修厥職，永欽新命。

太歲部下曰值眾星名諱：

日遊神 溫良

夜遊神 喬坤

增福神 韓壽龍

損福神 薛惡虎

顯道神 方弼

開路神 方相

值年神 李丙

值月神 黃承乙

值日神 周登

值時神 劉洪

殷郊等聽罷封號，叩首謝恩，出壇去了。子牙又命栢鑑：「引王魔等上壇受封。」不一時，清福神用旛引王魔等至臺下，跪聽宣讀敕命。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始敕命：爾王魔等皆在九龍島潛修大道，奈根行未深，聽唆使之萑罪，致拋九轉功夫，反受血刃之苦。此亦自作之愆，莫怨彼蒼之咎。特敕封爾等為鎮守靈霄寶殿四聖大元帥。永承欽命，慰爾幽魂。」

王魔 楊森 高友乾 李興霸

王魔等聽罷封號，叩頭謝恩，出壇去了。又命栢鑑：「引趙公明等上壇受封。」不一時，清福神用旛引趙公明等至臺下，跪聽宣讀敕命。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始敕命：爾趙公明昔修大道，已證三乘根行；

地龍星	孔天兆	地魔星	李躍	地妖星	龔倩	地幽星	段清
地伏星	門道正	地僭星	祖林	地空星	蕭電	地孤星	吳四玉
地金星	匡玉	地短星	蔡公	地角星	藍虎	地囚星	宋祿
地藏星	關斌	地平星	龍成	地損星	黃烏	地奴星	孔道靈
地察星	張煥	地惡星	李信	地魂星	徐山	地數星	葛方
地陰星	焦龍	地刑星	秦祥	地壯星	武衍公	地劣星	范斌
地健星	葉景昌	地耗星	姚燁	地賊星	孫吉	地狗星	陳夢庚

隨斗部九曜星官名諱：

崇應彪	高系平	韓鵬
李濟	王封	劉禁
王儲	彭九元	李三益

北斗五氣水德星君名諱：

水德星	魯雄（率領水部四位正神）
箕水豹	楊真
參水猿	孫祥
	壁水獺 方吉清
	軫水蚓 胡道元

眾群星列宿聽罷封號，叩首謝恩，紛紛出壇而去。子牙又命栢鑑：「引直年太歲至臺下受封。」少時，清福神用幡引殷郊、楊任等至臺下，跪聽宣讀敕命。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始敕命：爾殷郊昔身為紂子，

國，實有可嘉。總歸劫運，無用深嘆。茲特即爾等腹內之奇，加之位職。敕封爾等鎮守西釋山門，宣布教化，保護法寶，為哼哈二將之神。爾其恪修厥職，永欽成命。」鄭倫與陳奇聽罷封號，叩首謝恩，出壇去了。子牙又命栢鑑：「引余化龍父子上壇受封。」不一時，只見清福神用旛引余化龍等至壇下，跪聽宣讀敕命。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始敕命：爾余化龍父子，拒守孤城，深切忠貞，一門死難，永堪華袞之封。特賜爾之新綸，當克裏乎上理；乃敕封爾掌人間之時症，主生死之修短，秉陰陽之順逆，立造化之元神，為主痘碧霞元君之神，率領五方痘神，任爾施行。並敕封爾元配金氏為衛房聖母元君；同承新命，永修厥職，汝其欽哉！」

五方主痘正神名諱：

東方主痘正神 余 達

西方主痘正神 余 兆

南方主痘正神 余 光

北方主痘正神 余 先

中央主痘正神 余 德

余化龍等聽罷封號，叩首謝恩，出壇去了。子牙命栢鑑：「引三仙烏雲霄、瓊霄、碧霄上臺受封。」少時，只見清福神用旛引雲霄等至臺下，跪聽宣讀敕命。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始敕命：爾雲霄等，潛修仙島，雖勤日夜之功；得道天皇，未登大羅之岸。雖兄仇之當急，金蛟剪所傷實多，而師訓之頓忘，黃河陣為虐已甚。致歷代之上仙，劫遭金斗，削三花之元氣，復轉凡胎。罪孽造乎多端，性命於焉同盡。姑從寬典，賜爾榮封。奉敕封爾執掌混元金斗，專擅先後之天，凡一應仙、凡、人、聖，諸侯、天子，貴、賤，賢、愚，落地先從金斗轉劫，不得越此，為感應隨世仙姑正神之位。爾當念此鸞封，克勤爾職！」

深入仙鄉，無奈心頭火熱。德業迴超清淨，其如妄境牽纏，一墮惡趣，返真無路。生未能入大羅之境，死當受金誥之封。特敕封爾為金龍如意正一龍虎玄壇真君之神，率領部下四位正神，迎祥納福，追逃捕亡。爾其欽哉！

招寶天尊 蕭昇

納珍天尊 蕭寶

招財使者 陳九公 利市仙官 姚少司

趙公明等聽罷封號，叩首謝恩，出壇去了。子牙又命栢鑑：「引魔家四將上壇受封。」少時，只見清福神用旛引魔禮青兄弟等至臺下，跪聽宣讀敕命。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始敕命：爾魔禮青等仗秘授之奇珍，有逆天命；逞弟兄之一體，致戮無辜。雖忠盡之可嘉，奈劫運之難躲。同時而盡，久入沉淪。今特敕封爾為四大天王之職；輔弼西方教典，立地水火風之相，護國安民，掌風調雨順之權。永修厥職，毋忝新綸。」

增長天王 魔禮青，掌青光寶劍一口，職風。

廣目天王 魔禮紅，掌碧玉琵琶一面，職調。

多文天王 魔禮海，掌管混元珍珠傘，職雨。

持國天王 魔禮壽，掌紫金龍花狐貂，職順。」

魔禮青等聽罷封號，叩首謝恩，出壇去了。子牙又命栢鑑：「引鄭倫等上壇受封。」不一時，清福神用旛引鄭倫等至臺下，跪聽宣讀敕命。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始敕命：爾鄭倫棄紂歸周，方慶良臣之得主；督糧盡瘁，深勤跋涉之劬勞。未膺一命之榮，反罹陽九之厄。爾陳奇阻弔伐之師，雖違天命；盡忠節于

姜太公為諸神之祖，欽敕眾神，無不用命；其規模氣象，猗歟盛哉！宜其萬聖皈依，群仙景仰也！

又評

持寶縱惡，瓊霄碧霄二位之罪，若雲霄還有些處好，原是強逼而來，如何也一概定罪，致千古之下，受了多少臭氣？這都是元始天尊偏護自己弟子，只為削了他頂上三花，就令三姑永劫不磨，報之未免太重。

雲霄娘娘

瓊霄娘娘

碧霄娘娘

以上三姑，正是坑三姑之神。混元金斗即人間之淨桶。凡人之生育，俱從此化生也。

三姑聽罷封號，叩頭謝恩，出壇去了。子牙又命栢鑑：「引申公豹至臺上受封。」不一時，只見清福神用百靈幡引申公豹至臺下，跪聽宣讀敕命。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始敕命：爾申公豹身歸闡教，反助逆以拒直；既已被擒，又發誓以粉過。身雖塞乎北海，情難釋其往愆。姑念清修之苦，少加一命之榮。特敕封爾執掌東海，朝觀日出，暮轉天河，夏散冬凝，週而復始，為分水將軍之職。爾其永欽成命，毋替厥職！」申公豹聽罷封號，叩首謝恩出壇去了。

子牙封罷三百六十五位正神已畢，只見眾神各去領受執掌，不一時，封神臺邊悽風盡息，慘霧澄清，紅日中天，和風蕩漾。子牙下壇傳令，命南宮适會合朝大小文武官員，至岐山聽候發落。南宮适領命，忙令馬上飛遞前去。不表。次日，眾官躋躋踴踴，齊至壇下伺候。少時，子牙陞帳，眾官俱進帳參謁畢，子牙傳令：「將飛廉、惡來拿下。」飛廉、惡來二人齊曰：「無罪。」子牙笑曰：「你這二賊，惑君亂政，陷害忠良，斷送成湯社稷，罪盈惡貫，死有餘辜！今國破君亡，又來獻寶偷安，希圖仕周，以享厚祿。新天子祇承休命，萬國維新，豈容你這不忠不義之賊于世，以貽新政之差也？」命左右：「推出斬之正法！」二人低頭不語。左右推出轅門，不知性命如何，且聽下回分解。

評

旭日圍黃，慶雲舒彩。只聽得玉珮叮噹，眾官袍袖舞清風；蛇龍弄影，四圍御帳迎曉日。靜鞭三響整朝班，文武嵩呼稱萬歲。怎見得早朝美景，後唐人有詩，單道早朝好處：

絳幘雞人報曉籌，尚衣方進翠雲裘。九天閭闔開宮殿，萬國衣冠拜冕旒。

曰色纔臨仙掌動，香煙欲傍袞龍浮。朝罷須裁五色詔，珮聲歸到鳳池頭。

話說武王降殿，只見當駕官傳旨：「有事出班啟奏，無事捲簾朝散。」言還未畢，班部中有姜子牙出班上殿，俯伏稱臣。武王曰：「相父有何奏章見朕？」子牙奏曰：「老臣昨日奉師命將忠臣良將與不道之仙，奸佞之輩，俱依劫運，遵玉敕一一封定神位，皆各分執掌，受享禋祀，護國祐民，掌風調雨順之權，職福善禍淫之柄。自今以往，永保澄清，無復勞陛下宸慮。但天下諸侯與隨行征戰功臣，名山洞府門人，曾親冒矢石，俱有血戰之功。今天下底定，宜分茅列土，封之以爵祿，使子孫世食其土，以昭崇德報功之義。其親王子孫，亦當封樹藩屏，以壯王室。昔上古三皇五帝之後，亦宜分封土地，以報其立極之功。此皆陛下首先之務，當亟行之，不可一刻緩者。」武王曰：「朕有此心久矣。只因相父封神未竣，故少俟之耳。今相父既回，一聽相父行之。」

武王方纔言罷，只見李靖、楊戩等出班奏曰：「臣等原係山谷野人，奉師法皆下山，克襄劫運，戡定禍亂。今已太平，臣等理宜歸山，以覆師命。凡紅塵富貴、功名、爵祿，亦非臣等所甘心者也。今日特陛辭皇上，望陛下敕臣等歸山，真莫大之洪恩也。」武王曰：「朕蒙卿等旋乾轉坤之力，浴日補天之才，戡禍亂于永清，闢宇宙而再朗，其有功于社稷生民，真無涯際；雖家禋戶祀，尚不足以報其勞，豈驟捨朕而歸山也？朕何忍焉！」李靖等曰：「陛下仁恩厚德，臣等沐之久矣。但臣等恬淡性成，志存泉

第一百回

武王封列國諸侯

周室開基立帝國，分茅列土報功殊。制田世祿惟三等，品爵官人樹五途。

鐵券金書藏石室，高牙大纛擁銅符。從今藩鎮如星布，倡化宣猷萬姓蘇。

話說子牙傳令，命斬飛廉、惡來，只見左右旗門官將二人推至轅門外，斬首號令，回報子牙。子牙斬了兩個佞臣，復進封神臺，拍案大呼曰：「清福神柏鑑何在？快引飛廉、惡來魂魄至壇前受封！」不一時，只見清福神用旛引飛廉、惡來至壇下，跪聽宣讀敕命。但見二魂俯伏壇下，悽切不勝。子牙曰：「今奉太上元始敕命：爾飛廉、惡來，生前甘心奸佞，惶惑主聰，敗國亡君，偷生苟免；只知盜竇以榮身，孰意法網無疏漏？既正明刑，當有幽錄。此皆爾自受之愆，亦是運逢之劫。特敕封爾為冰消瓦解之神。雖為惡煞，爾宜克修厥職，毋得再肆凶鋒。汝其欽此！」飛廉、惡來聽罷封號，叩首謝恩，出壇去了。子牙封罷神下臺，率領百官回西岐。有詩為證：

天理循環若轉車，有成有敗更無差。往來消長應堪笑，反覆興衰若可嗟。

夏桀南巢風裡燭，商辛焚死浪中花。古今弔伐皆如此，惟有忠魂傍日斜。

話說子牙回岐州，進了都城，人相府安息。眾官俱回私宅。

一夕晚景已過。次日早朝，武王登殿，真是有道天子，朝儀自是不同。所謂香霧橫空，瑞煙縹緲，

雷震子，此七人俱是肉身成聖。後人有詩贊之，詩曰：

別駕歸山避世囂，閑將丹竈白焚燒。修成羽翼超三界，煉就陰陽越九霄。

兩耳怕聞金紫貴，一身離卻是非朝。逍遙不問人間事，任爾滄桑化海潮。

話說子牙別了李靖等七人率領從者進西岐城，回相府。至次日早朝，武王陞殿，姜子牙與周公出班奏曰：「昨蒙陛下賜李靖等歸山，得遂他修行之願，臣等不勝欣幸。但有功之臣，當分茅土者，乞陛下速賜施行，以慰臣下之望。」武王曰：「昨七臣歸山，朕心甚是不忍；今所有分封儀制，一如相父、御弟所議施行。」子牙與周公謝恩出殿，條議分封儀注併位次，上請武王裁定。次日武王登寶座，命御弟周公于金殿上唱名策封，先追王祖考，自太王、王季、文王皆為天子，其餘功臣與先朝帝王後裔俱列爵為五等：公、侯、伯、子、男，其不及五等者為附庸。

列侯分封國號名諱：

魯

姬姓，侯爵。周文王第四子周公旦，佐文王、武王，有大勳勞于天下。後成王命為冢宰，食邑扶風雍縣東北之周城，號周公，留相天子，主自陳以東之諸侯。乃封其長子伯禽于曲阜，地方七百

里，分以寶玉大弓之器，俾侯于魯，以輔周室。

齊

姜姓，侯爵。係炎帝裔孫，伯益為四岳，佐禹平水土有功，賜姓曰姜氏，謂之呂侯。其國在南陽宛縣之西南。自太公望起自渭水，為周文王師，號為尚父，佐文、武定天下，有大功，封營丘，為齊侯，列于五侯九伯之上。即今山東青州府是也。

燕

姬姓，伯爵。係周同姓功臣，曰君奭，佐文、武定天下，有大功，為周太保。食邑于召，謂之召

石，況師令難以抗違，天心豈敢故逆？乞陛下憐而允之，臣等不勝幸甚！」武王見李靖等堅執要去，不肯少留，不勝傷感，乃曰：「昔日從朕始事征伐之時，其忠臣義士，雲屯雨集；不意中道有死于王事、歿于征戰者，不知凡幾，今僅存者甚是殘落，朕已不勝今昔之感。今卿等方際太平，當與朕共享康寧之福；卿等又堅請歸山，朕欲強留，恐違素志，今勉從卿請，心甚戚然。俟明日，朕率百官親至南郊餞別，少盡數年從事之情。」李靖等謝恩而去，眾官無不悽惻。子牙聽得七人告辭歸山，也不勝慘戚，俱各朝散。一宿晚景不題。

次日，光祿寺典膳官預先至南郊，整治下九龍筵席，一色齊備。只見眾文武百官與李靖等先至南郊候駕；惟姜子牙在朝內伺候武王御駕同行。話說武王陞殿，傳旨排轡輿出城，子牙隨後。一路上香煙載道，瑞彩繽紛，士民歡悅，俱來看天子與眾人、仙餞別，真是哄動一城居民，齊集郊外。只見武王來至南郊，眾文武百官上前接駕畢，李靖等復上前叩謝曰：「臣等有何德能，敢勞陛下御駕親臨賜宴，使臣等不勝感激！」武王用手挽住，慰之曰：「今日卿等歸山，乃方外神仙，朕與卿已無君臣之屬，卿等幸毋過謙。今日當痛飲盡醉，使朕不知卿之去方可耳。不然，朕心何以為情哉！」李靖等頓首稱謝不已。須臾，當駕官報：「酒已齊備。」武王命左右奏樂，各官俱依次就位。武王上坐。只見簫韶迭奏，君臣權飲，把盞輪盃，真是暢快。說甚麼庖鳳烹龍，味窮水陸。君臣飲罷多時，只見李靖等出席謝宴告辭，武王亦起身執手，再三勸慰，又飲數盃。李靖等苦苦告別，武王知不可留，不覺淚下。李靖等慰之曰：「陛下當善保天和，則臣等不勝慶幸。俟他日再圖相晤也。」武王不得已，方肯放行。李靖等拜別武王及文武百官。子牙不忍分離，又送了一程，各灑淚而別。後來李靖、金吒、木吒、哪吒、楊戩、韋護、

即今丹陽南郡枝江縣是也。

許 姜姓，男爵。係堯四岳之後。因先世有功，武王克商，封其裔文叔于許。即今之許州是也。

秦 嬴姓，伯爵。係顓頊之裔。因先世有功，武王克商，封其裔柏翳于秦。即今之陝西西安府是也。

莒 嬴姓，子爵。係少昊之後。因先世有功，武王克商，封其後茲與期于莒城。即今之莒縣是也。

紀 姜姓，侯爵。係太公之次子。武王念太公之功，分封于紀。即今東莞劇縣是也。

邾 曹姓，子爵。係陸終第五子晏安之後。武王克商，封其裔曹挾于邾。即今之山東鄒縣是也。

薛 仕姓，侯爵。黃帝之後。因世有功，武王克商，封其後裔奚仲于薛。即今山東沂州是也。

宋 子姓，公爵。係商王帝乙之長庶子微子啟。因紂王不道，微子抱祭器歸周。武王克商，封微子

于宋。即今之睢陽縣是也。

杞 姁姓，伯爵。係夏禹王之後。武王克商，求夏禹苗裔，得東樓公，封于杞，以奉禹祀。即今之開

封府雍丘縣是也。

陳 嬌姓，侯爵。係帝舜之後。其裔孫闕父為武王陶正，能利器用，王實賴之。以元女大姬下嫁其子

滿，而封諸陳，使奉虞帝祀。其地在太皞之墟，即今之陳縣是也。

薊 姬姓，侯爵。係帝堯之裔。武王克商，求其後，封之于薊，以奉唐帝之祀。即今之北京順天府是

也。

高麗

子姓，乃殷賢臣，曰箕子，亦商王之裔，因不肯臣事于周，武王請見，乃陳洪範九疇一篇而去之遼東。武王即其地以封之。至今乃其子孫，即朝鮮國是也。

康公。留相天子，主自陝以西之諸侯。乃封其子為北燕伯，其地乃幽州薊縣是也。

姬姓，伯爵。係周同姓功臣，曰畢公高，佐文、武定天下，有大功，封於魏國。即今河南開封府

高密縣是也。

姬姓，侯爵。係武王弟，曰姬叔鮮，以監武庚封于管。即今河南信陽縣是也。

姬姓，侯爵。係武王弟，曰姬叔度，以監武庚封于蔡。即今河南汝寧府上蔡縣是也。

姬姓，伯爵。係武王弟，曰姬叔振鐸。武王克商，封于曹。即今濟陽定陶縣是也。

姬姓，伯爵。係武王弟，曰姬叔武。武王克商，封于邲。即今山東兗州府汶上縣是也。

姬姓，伯爵。係武王弟，曰姬叔處。武王克商，封于霍。即今山西平陽府是也。

姬姓，侯爵。係武王同母少弟，封為大司寇，食采于康，謂之康叔，封于衛。即禹貢冀州是也。

姬姓，侯爵。係武王弟，曰姬叔繻。武王克商，封于滕。即今山東章邱縣是也。

姬姓，侯爵。係武王少子，曰唐叔虞。封于唐，後改為晉。即今山西平陽府絳縣東翼城是也。

姬姓，子爵。係周太王長子泰伯之後。武王克商，遂封之為吳。即今吳郡是也。

姬姓，公爵。係周太王子仲雍之後。武王克商，求泰伯、仲雍之後，得章，已為吳君；封其別子

為虞公。在河東太陽縣是也。

姬姓，公爵。係王季子虢仲，文王弟也。仲與虢叔為文王卿士，勳在王室，藏于盟府。而文王友

愛二弟，謂之二虢。武王克商，封仲于弘農陝縣東南之虢城。

畢姓，子爵。係顓頊之裔，曰鬻熊。為周文王師，有勤勞于王家，封之于荊蠻，以子男之上居之。

楚

虢

虞

吳

晉

滕

衛

霍

邲

曹

蔡

管

魏

艱，一向未曾圖報；今天下大定，不乘此時修候，是忘恩負義之人耳。」乃遣一使臣，齎黃金千斤，錦衣玉帛，修書一封，前往朝歌，問候宋異人。使臣離了齊國，一路行來，不覺一日來到朝歌。其時宋異人夫婦已死，止有兒子掌管家私，反覺比往時更勝幾倍。其日收了禮物，修回書與來使至齊，回覆太公。太公在齊，治國有法，使民以時，不越五日，而齊國大治。後子牙薨，公子伋嗣位，至小白，相管仲，霸天下，春秋賴之。後至康公，方為田氏所滅。此是後事，亦不必表。

且說武王西都長安，垂拱而治，海內清平，萬民樂業，天下熙熙皞皞，順帝之則。真一戎衣而天下大定，不遜堯舜之揖讓也。後武王崩，成王立，周公輔相之，戡定內難，天下復睹太平。自太公開基，周公贊襄，遂成周家八百年基業。然子牙、周公之鴻功偉烈，充塞乎天地之間矣。後人有詩單贊子牙斬將封神，開周家不世之基：

寶符秘籙出先天，斬將封神合往還。敕賜崑崙承旨渥，名班冊籍注銓編。

斗瘟雷火分前後，神鬼人仙任倒顛。自是修持憑造化，故教伐紂洗腥膻。

又有詩贊周公輔相成王，戡定內難，為開基首功，而又有十亂以襄之，詩曰：

天潢分派足承桃，繼述訂謨更自饒。豈獨簪纓資啟沃，還從劍履秩宗朝。

和邦協佐能戡亂，典禮咸稱善補貂。總為周家多福蔭，天生十亂始同調。

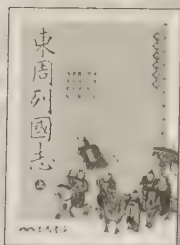
評

其親王功臣，帝王後裔，共封有七十二國。今錄其最著者。其餘如越封于會稽，向封于濰國，凡封于汲郡，宥封于東平，郤封于濟陰，鄧封于潁川，戎封于陳留，芮封于馮翊，極封為附庸，穀封于南陽，牟封于泰山，葛封于梁國，郕封為附庸，譚封于平陵，遂封于濟北，滑封于河南，邢封于襄國，江封于汝南，冀封于皮縣，徐封于下邳，舒封于廬江，弦封于弋陽，鄭封于瑯琊，厲封于義陽，項封于汝陰，英封于楚，申封于南陽，其封于汲郡，夷封于城陽等國，不悉詳記。如南宮适、散宜生、閎夭等，各分列茅土有差。即于是日大排筵席，慶賀功臣、新封文武等官。又開庫藏，將金銀寶物悉分于諸侯人等。眾人俱各痛飲，盡醉而散。次日，各上謝表，陞辭天子，各歸本國。後人有詩為證：

一舉戎衣定大周，分茅列土賜諸侯。三王漫道家天下，全仗屏藩立遠謀。

話說眾人各領封敕，俱望本國以赴職任，惟御弟周公旦、召公奭在朝輔相王室。武王乃謂周公曰：「鎬京為天下之中，真乃帝王之居。」于是命召公遷都于鎬京，即今陝西西安府咸陽縣是也。武王謂：「師尚父年老，不便在朝。」乃厚其賜賚，賜以宮女、黃金、蜀錦，鎮國寶器黃鉞、白旄，得專征伐，為諸侯之長。令其之國，以享安康之福。

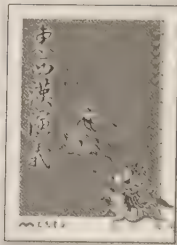
次日，子牙入朝，拜謝賜賚，陞辭之國。武王乃率百官餞送于南郊。子牙叩首謝恩曰：「臣蒙陛下賜令之國，不得朝夕侍奉左右。今日一別，不知何日再睹天顏也！」言罷，不勝傷感。武王慰之曰：「朕因相父年邁，多有勤勞于王室，欲令相父之國，以享安康之福，不再勞相父在此朝夕勤劬耳。」子牙再三拜謝曰：「陛下念臣至此，臣將何以報陛下知遇之恩也！」其日君臣分別，子牙拜送武王與百官進城，子牙方纔就道，往齊國而去。太公至齊，因思：「昔日下山至朝歌時，深蒙宋異人百般恩義，因主事多



東周列國志

馮夢龍／原著 蔡元放／改撰 劉本棟／校注 繆天華／校閱

《東周列國志》是記載東周列國事跡的小說，其內容絕大部分都是可信的史實，與一般虛構的小說不同，可說是趣味化的一部白話歷史，也具有一定的歷史價值。本書校注者以審慎嚴謹的態度，將小說中一些明顯與史書矛盾錯誤之處加以校正，俾俗難懂的詞語並有簡明注释，使本書更具可讀性。



東西漢演義

甄偉、謝詔／編著 朱恒夫／校注 劉本棟／校閱

《東西漢演義》在高度尊重史實的基礎上，演述了劉邦、項羽、張良、范增、韓信、班超、蘇武、劉秀等英雄人物的傳奇，以及鴻門之宴、築壇拜將、四面楚歌、王莽篡漢、光武中興等膾炙人口的故事。透過這本歷史演義，可以清晰了解兩漢重要史實，並從中感知藝術之美，既是一本通俗的歷史讀物，也是優秀的文學作品，值得玩味欣賞。



包公案

明·無名氏／撰 顧宏義／校注 謝士楷、繆天華／校閱

《包公案》是部專講宋朝名臣包拯斷獄故事的公案小說，其中樹立起包拯廉潔奉公、明察秋毫的清官形象，大為深受貪官污吏之害的百姓歡迎，故能廣為流傳，歷久不衰。本書以清代翰寶樓刊本為底本，校以藻文堂刻本等，多所補闕訂正，冷僻詞語、典故並有注释，便於讀者閱讀理解。

周室之分茅列土，首自親王十亂以及諸臣，甚置星列藩屏帝京，捍衛王室，可為盡善盡美！所以周之享國久遠，良在是歟！

又評

封神一書，其說由來甚遠，事無可稽，情有可信。語云：生為上柱國，死作閻羅王。是又因人而可決者。況忠臣義士氣可貫虹，心可穿石，死後豈得泯泯無聞耶？然諸神名號，雖無可稽，而當日有無是事，亦未可知。余弟因伯敬先生所家藏之本，又詳為考訂，公諸同好；但取其新奇可喜，怪異不馴，用以醒倦目資談柄而已，其他非所計也。



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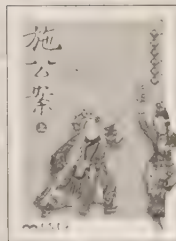
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七劍十三俠

唐芸洲／著 張建一／校注

《七劍十三俠》是一部以明代武宗年間，寧王朱宸濠叛亂一事為背景架構，寫七子十三生如何鏟奸除惡，並助明武宗平定宸濠之亂的歷史俠義小說。作者採用虛實交錯的手法，將歷史與想像結合，故事高潮迭起，描述生動，讀來讓人不忍釋卷。本書以善本相校，難解詞語注釋詳盡，書中所提歷史制度、人物事件則皆有說明，十分便於閱讀。



施公案

清・無名氏／編撰 黃珣／校注

《施公案》描寫清代多謀善斷的施公清正為官，懲治貪官汙吏，土豪惡霸，專替弱勢百姓申冤的故事。主角施公與俠士黃天霸的性格塑造鮮明，正義無私的形象符合百姓期待，口語化的語言且富於生活氣息，故而大受歡迎，問世後便吸引眾多寫手一續再續，衍成五百三十八回之巨著。本書以善本相校，完整收錄正續集，注釋詳盡，讀者切不可錯過。

推薦 閱讀



鏡花緣

李汝珍／撰 尤信雄／校注 繆天華／校閱

《鏡花緣》是一部敘述「海外奇談」和描繪一百位才女故事的章回小說。它承受《山海經》和《神異經》的內容，而將其予以人情化，不單只是神話故事的翻版。作者藉由女人和神怪這兩種題材的安排，運用隱括敘藏、諧音暗喻等修辭方式，暗諷滿清之入僭中原，譏評現實的社會人生，並進一步提出個人的主張和理想。文筆幽默活潑，情節翻空出奇，雅俗共賞，為明清小說中獨樹一格之作。



何典 斬鬼傳 唐鍾馗平鬼傳（合刊）

張南莊等／著 鄔國平／校注 繆天華／校閱

本書合刊清代三部通俗小說：《何典》以幻想的鬼界來折射人世實相，嘻怒笑罵，皆有所指。《斬鬼傳》、《唐鍾馗平鬼傳》則依據民間廣為流傳的鍾馗斬鬼故事，加以演繹或重新設計人物、編造情節，藉「鬼」以暴露人間的黑暗和醜惡，內容引人入勝。三書正文皆依據善本校正，方言俚語並加注釋，讓讀者於欣賞連篇鬼話之餘，能得會心一笑。



中國古典名著

《封神演義》是一部以周武王伐紂的歷史為架構，天命思想為中心的戰爭神怪小說。作者才華洋溢，想像力豐富。書中人物如姜子牙、妲己、哪吒等，性格的塑造十分傳神。故事則曲折離奇，許多令人匪夷所思的仙道妖怪和變幻莫測的法術大戰，可謂集幻想之大成，讀來趣味盎然。它對後世有極大的影響，地方戲劇以之為題材，電影、電視劇也不斷搬演，受歡迎之程度可見一斑。本書以善本相校，除改正坊間版本許多明顯的錯誤外，難懂的詞句並有注釋，加上人名、地名等皆畫標線，十分便於閱讀。

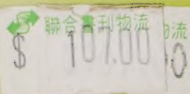
ISBN 978-957-14-4736-0

(857)



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NT. 320



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W9-BKG-959

Article

The Pre-Dawn of the Three Caverns Thought: An Examination Based on *Shangqing taiji yinzhu yujing baojue*

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Abstract: The emergence of the “Three Caverns” 三洞 thought was a critical step in the formation of medieval Daoism. It proposed the first viable approach to integrating emerging Daoist scriptural traditions, enabling the creation of the first canonical Daoist catalog, and laying the foundation for the compilation of the Daozang and the establishment of the Ordination Ranks 法位 system. Scholars generally agree that the *Shangqing taiji yinzhu yujing baojue* 上清太極隱注玉經寶訣 played a significant role in the development of the Three Caverns thought. However, research on the formation of this scripture remains lacking. This study fills this gap by confirming the composition of the scripture through two independent lines of evidence. Then, based on new insights into its composition, this study discusses the historical context of the Three Caverns concept in this scripture and its direct impact on Lu Xiuqing 陸修靜 (406–477)’s cataloging work. These discussions illustrate that, when confronted with the challenge posed by the newly composed Shangqing scriptures, the authors of the *Shangqing taiji yinzhu yujing baojue* employed the integrative approach commonly found in the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures to propose a more inclusive scriptural system. This approach played a crucial role in providing a theoretical foundation for the formation of medieval Daoism.

Keywords: Daoism; Three Caverns; Ancient Lingbao Scriptures; *Shangqing taiji yinzhu yujing baojue*; Shangqing Apocrypha



Academic Editors: Huaiyu Chen and Minhao Zhai

Received: 29 September 2024

Revised: 4 January 2025

Accepted: 7 January 2025

Published: 13 January 2025

Citation: Cao, Ling. 2025. The Pre-Dawn of the Three Caverns Thought: An Examination Based on *Shangqing taiji yinzhu yujing baojue*. *Religions* 16: 72. <https://doi.org/10.3390/rel16010072>

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1. Introduction

The thought of “The Books of the Three Caverns” (三洞經典 Sandong jingdian, hereafter referred to as *Three Caverns*) is one of the significant legacies of the Daoist scripture creation wave that took place in the Jiangnan 江南 region during the early Six Dynasties 六朝 (220–589) period. As a bibliographic concept, it positioned three relatively new yet ambitious corpora of scriptures at the core of the Daoist scriptures, laying the foundation for reconstructing the Daoist canon in medieval times. These three corpora of scriptures are the Shangqing (上清 or Upper Clarity) scriptures, the Lingbao (靈寶 or Numinous Treasure) scriptures, and the Sanhuang (三皇 or Three Sovereigns) scriptures. Shortly after the formation of the concept of Three Caverns, it served as the foundation for the earliest Daoist canonical catalog of scriptures, Lu Xiuqing’s *Catalog of the Scriptures of the Three Caverns* (三洞經目錄 Sandong jing mulu). Furthermore, the concept of the Three Caverns subsequently gave rise to a more extensive and hierarchical classification system of Daoist scriptures, including the Seven Parts (七部 Qibu) and the Thirty-Six Divisions (三十六部 Sanshiliu bu). These scripture classification systems collectively shaped the structure of Daoist canons throughout history (see [Schipper and Verellen 2004](#), pp. 11–40).

However, the significance of the Three Caverns concept extends beyond a mere bibliographical classification system. It represents a pivotal step in consolidating the Daoist community during a new era and region grounded in newly composed scriptures and ideas. Consequently, this concept, along with a series of related concepts that emerged from it, became the cornerstone of the intricate system of Ordination Ranks (法位 *Fawei*) within institutionalized Daoism during the medieval period.¹ It played a crucial role in defining the boundaries of *Daoism* and establishing the fundamental framework for the relationships and hierarchies between different groups of scriptures and traditions of practice within Daoism (Öfuchi 1979, pp. 258–65).²

Early scholarship posited that the Three Caverns concept was first conceived and employed by Lu Xiujin 陸修靜 (406–477), the distinguished Daoist bibliographer of the Liu Song Dynasty (e.g., Fukui 1958, pp. 134–213; Chen 1963, pp. 1–2). However, since the 1980s, a series of studies have noted that the term “Three Caverns” (or related terms) and the parallel arrangement of the Shangqing, Lingbao, and Sanhuang scriptures—resembling the structure of the Three Caverns system—had already appeared in earlier Shangqing and Lingbao texts (Robinet 1984; Öfuchi 1997). Consequently, Lu Xiujin should not be regarded as the originator of the Three Caverns concept. Instead, he adopted and further refined this concept by applying it to the compilation of a canonical catalog.

In research on the formation of the Three Caverns concept, one scripture, Shangqing taiji yinzhu yujing baojue 上清太極隱注玉經寶訣 (Precious Instructions on the Jade Scriptures, a Secret Commentary by the [Zhenren of the] Supreme Pole, hereafter referred to as “YZYJB”) has received particular attention. The YZYJB is a short scripture of one volume (卷, *Juan*) included in the Yujue 玉訣 (the Exegeses) category of the Dongxuan section within the Zhengtong Daozang 正統道藏, compiled during the Ming Dynasty. In this printed version included in the Daoist Canon, the title of the YZYJB was prefixed with the term “Shangqing”, which is a later misnomer. The YZYJB is one of the earliest Lingbao scriptures (i.e., the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures 古靈寶經). The catalog of Lingbao scriptures by Lu Xiujin, cited in the Dunhuang manuscript of Lingbaojing yishu 靈寶經義疏, classifies it under the “New Scriptures 新經” category, named Taishang yujing taiji yinzhu baojingjue 太上玉經太極隱注寶經訣 (Öfuchi 1974, pp. 35–50).

Although it purports to be an instructional text 訣文 based on its title, the YZYJB is not an exegesis of any particular scripture but rather a relatively independent scripture. The text of the YZYJB can be divided into two parts. The first part comprises a brief preface and several paragraphs that begin with the phrase “The Taishang Yujing Yinzhu status 太上玉經隱註曰”. This section concludes with the statement, “Yinzhu daoing ends here 隱注道經畢矣”, marking the end of the main text of the scripture. According to the theology of the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures, the original copy of this part is believed to have been preserved in the heavenly palaces. The second part consists of paragraphs beginning with “The Taiji Zhenren status 太極真人曰” and includes praises attributed to the Taiji Zhenren. Following the legends found in the Lingbao scriptures, this section should be regarded as an oral instruction imparted by Taiji Zhenren to a mortal who receives the scripture. This recipient could be Ge Xuan or potentially other Daoist aspirants who had previously engaged with the Lingbao scriptures before him. Despite the apparent division, the first and second parts were complementary, suggesting they were simultaneously established.

Within the text of the YZYJB, it is claimed that the scripture has the alternate title “The Scriptures of the Ritual for the [books of the] Three Caverns 三洞威儀經”. As this title suggests, one of the primary objectives of this scripture is to introduce the rites associated with the Three Caverns scriptures (as well as the *Daode Jing* 道德經³ and some other relatively minor scriptures), encompassing the rites of conferring and reciting scriptures⁴ among other ritual topics. In addressing these matters, the author of the scripture presents

a mature and systematic understanding of the Three Caverns theory. Consequently, some studies have regarded this scripture as key evidence supporting the view that Lu Xiuqing's theory of the Three Caverns originated in the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures.

This conclusion appears correct, and we endeavor to substantiate it in the following discussion. However, avoiding overextending this inference is crucial. Specifically, it is important to recognize that this does not imply that the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures or their authors independently developed a systematic theory of the Three Caverns from an initial, rudimentary foundation. Isabelle Robinet (1984, pp. 75–86) proposed a more complex possibility: initially, the *Dongzhen taishang suling dongyuan dayou miaojing* 洞真太上素靈洞元大有妙經 (hereafter, *Dayou Miaojing*) employed the Three Caverns concept within the context of the Shangqing scriptures, which was then further developed by the Lingbao scriptures and applied across the Shangqing, Lingbao, and Sanhuang corpora of scriptures. Throughout this process, certain key ideas from Shangqing tradition were preserved. Although subsequent advances in the study of medieval Daoist scriptures (including both the Shangqing and Ancient Lingbao Scriptures) have rendered Robinet's argument problematic, necessitating significant revisions,⁵ and her insights remain valuable. They remind us that the influence of Shangqing scriptures on the evolution of the Three Caverns concept was both continuous and substantial.

In summary, we argue that in the decades preceding Lu Xiuqing's compilation of the *Catalog of the Scriptures of the Three Caverns*, the authors of the Shangqing and Lingbao texts engaged in sustained and profound reflections on the systematization of Daoist scriptures. These reflections gave rise to various theories, subject to fierce competition and debate. Consequently, the mature theory of the Three Caverns should be viewed as a product of this intellectual competition rather than the proposition of any single school. The *YZYJB* preserved historical fragments of this competition as it approached its conclusion. It could even be suggested that the *YZYJB* was composed to resolve this competition. In pursuing this purpose, this text exhibits a unique character that distinguishes it from other Ancient Lingbao Scriptures. Most notably, the characteristics of Lingbao are conspicuously *thin* in the *YZYJB*, which incorporates numerous elements of the Shangqing tradition.

This characteristic of the *YZYJB* had already been noted by Ninji Ōfuji, who found it puzzling. He speculated that the author of this scripture intended to compose it from the broader perspective of the Three Caverns rather than from the narrower standpoint of the Lingbao tradition and, out of respect for the Shangqing scriptures—the first category in the Three Caverns—the text particularly emphasized Shangqing elements (Ōfuchi 1997, pp. 165–70). This inference aligns, to some extent, with Robinet's perspective on the development of the Three Caverns' thought within the Lingbao tradition, although it lacks sufficient evidence. Wang Chengwen, on the other hand, argues that this "mixture" reflects the inherent characteristics of Lingbao, particularly the features of the Three Caverns thought within the Lingbao scriptures. He further suggests that the conferral rituals associated with the scriptures of the Three Caverns in the *Taizhen yudi siji mingke jing* 太真玉帝四極明科經 (*Sworn Code of the Four Poles of the Jade Emperor*, hereafter referred to as *SJMKJ*) also emerged under its influence (Wang 2002, pp. 230–33). However, this interpretation fails to account for the distinctive nature of the *YZYJB* among the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures. These differing viewpoints are partially due to varying understandings of the time and background in which the related texts, particularly the *YZYJB* and relevant Shangqing scriptures, were written.

Fortunately, recent breakthroughs in the study of the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures and early Shangqing scriptures provide new insights. Based on these new studies, it is now possible to explain the source of uniqueness in the *YZYJB* and further investigate the background and influence of the establishment surrounding the Three Caverns theory in the

YZYJB. To achieve this, the first step is to clarify the establishment period of this scripture and its relationship with the Shangqing apocryphal scriptures such as the SJMKJ. This is the first issue addressed in this study.

2. The Composition Era of the YZYJB: An Analysis Based on Self-Administered Content

The YZYJB was anonymously cited in the *Dongxuan lingbao shoudu yi* 洞玄靈寶授度儀 (*Ritual for the Transmission of the Corpus of Lingbao Scriptures*), authored by Lu Xiuqing (Lü 2018, 14). Based on previous studies, the latest possible date for the composition of the YZYJB can be approximated as before the 440s–450s CE (Liu 2018, pp. 54–56). Conversely, the earliest possible date for its establishment can be tentatively placed after 400 CE, when Ge Chaofu 葛巢甫 began composing the Lingbao scriptures. Although this time frame of a few decades seems relatively precise, it is important to recognize that this was a period of significant development for both Lingbao and Shangqing traditions. During these decades, a series of texts profoundly transformed the character of both the Shangqing and Lingbao traditions. Therefore, where possible, it is imperative to refine further and confirm the date of composition of the scripture. A passage in the YZYJB related to the transmission of scriptures may provide significant assistance in further clarifying the composition date of this scripture. This passage describes the ritual of transmitting scriptures in the absence of a master, a concept referred to as “self-administered” (自誓, or “self-karma” 自羯磨) in Buddhist literature, which we shall refer to here.

To the best of the author’s knowledge, the earliest mention of the self-administered ritual in Taoist scriptures seems to be found in the YZYJB (YZYJB, p. 643) and the *Shangqing Taishang huangsu sishisifang jing* 上清太上黃素四四方經 (*Scripture of the Forty-four Methods on Yellow Silk*, hereafter referred to as SSSFJ⁶), where the latter refers to it as “Hidden Oath and Profound Vow 隱盟玄誓” (SSSFJ, p. 74). In Buddhist literature, the self-administered ritual is primarily related to the receiving of Bodhisattva precepts 菩薩戒.⁷ The two earliest translated texts to mention the self-administered ritual are the *Pusa dichi jing* (菩薩地持經, T. 1581, p. 917) translated by Dharmakṣema (曇無讖 Tanwuchen, pp. 385–433) and the *Pusa shanjie jing* (菩薩善戒經, T. 1583, p. 1014) translated by Guṇabhadra (求那跋摩 Qiunabamo, pp. 394–468).⁸

Although the relevant texts differ in their wording and rituals, their core content remains remarkably consistent; they all address the issue of how to receive scriptures or precepts in the absence of a master. This consistency prompts an important question: what is the relationship between self-administered rituals in Buddhism and Daoism?

Historically, early Mahāyāna Buddhism was generally regarded as a non-mainstream tradition in India and Central Asia, rendering the challenge of being without a master a tangible reality. From a doctrinal perspective, such practices are theoretically permissible since the Bodhisattva precepts are ultimately received from the Buddhas and great Bodhisattvas rather than from ordinary individuals. Furthermore, the independent translations of the *Pusa shanjie jing* and *Pusa dichi jing* in distinct regions of southern and northern China both containing similar content further corroborate that the practice of self-administration was not an idea artificially introduced during their translation into Chinese. This conclusion is further reinforced by the corresponding content found in Xuan zang’s 玄奘 translation of the *Yogācārabhūmi* (瑜伽師地論 *Yujiashidilun*).

In contrast, the sudden appearance of such a ritual in Daoism, which traditionally emphasizes the sanctity of teacher–student transmission and the secrecy of scriptures, appears somewhat abrupt.⁹ The concept of scripture transmission in the Three Caverns scriptures is profoundly influenced by the southern Fangshi 方士 (recipe masters) tradition. Similar to the situation in the Fangshi tradition, the master is not only the bestower of

scriptures but also bears the responsibility of assessing the disciple's qualifications prior to transmission and evaluating them afterward (Lü 2008, pp. 75–77). Furthermore, the master would likely supplement the content of the scriptural texts in the form of oral instructions, guiding the disciple's practice. This importance of the master in the Three Caverns scriptures is highlighted. For this reason, Zhengao states that “every practitioner must have a master 學者皆有師” (Zhengao, p. 517), and even the *YZYJB* emphasizes the principle that “if the scriptures are not received from a master, the divine will not respond 夫道經不師授,則神不行矣” (*YZYJB*, p. 643).

How then should we interpret the “masterless” scenario in the aforementioned two scriptures? While the *YZYJB* does not provide specific details regarding this situation, the *SSSF* provides a clearer explanation: it defines the “masterless” condition as one in which a practitioner's devotion to their practice moves the immortals, resulting in a sudden encounter with divinely bestowed scriptures. This scenario might be likened to the account in the *Taishang lingbao wufu xu* 太上靈寶五符序 (*The Five Numinous Treasure Talismans of the Most High*), where Yu the Great 大禹 “suddenly received 忽得” the scripture (*Taishang lingbao wufu xu*, p. 316). In addition, some early literature concerning the transmission of the *Sanhuangwen* 三皇文 also contains similar accounts. Lü Pengzhi 呂鵬志 suggested that the emergence of such situations may be related to the “celestial script (Tianwen 天文)” nature of the *Sanhuangwen* (see Lü 2008, p. 56). It is important to note that the process of receiving the scriptures in these accounts must involve the approval and revelation of deities and the texts transmitted are said to be copies hidden in the mountains rather than those circulating among mortals. Thus, the description of the “masterless” scenario in the *SSSF* is actually based on the mythology surrounding the emergence of the scriptures, rather than something that frequently occurs in the real world.

If we accept this inference, then there would be no need for scriptures to specifically design rituals for such a situation, even if they are interested in mentioning these mythical scenarios. Nevertheless, both scriptures prescribe such rituals similar to Buddhist texts that mention self-administration. It is also conceivable that if self-administration were to become an acceptable option in practice, it would negatively impact the Daoist transmission order. Perhaps for this reason, the *SSSF* suggests that “even after receiving the scriptures, one should continue to practice them 虽已受经, 亦常行之”, thereby attempting to transform the ritual into a method of cultivation. However, later Daoist texts indicate that the self-administered ritual, whether as a method of receiving scriptures or as a cultivation practice, did not significantly influence Daoism.¹⁰

The analysis above suggests that the sudden interest in the “masterless” scenario in certain Daoist scriptures composed during the fifth century, along with the creation of specific rituals for this situation, likely stems from an attempt to imitate the highly popular Buddhist Bodhisattva precepts of the time, rather than from addressing any genuine doctrinal or practical needs.

Although the concept of self-administration in Daoism may be considered a fleeting phenomenon, it provides crucial insights into determining the period of composition of these scriptures. Among the two Buddhist texts mentioned above, *Pusa dichi jing* was the first to be translated. While no clear record indicates when this sūtra was introduced to southern China, based on the general timeline of scriptures translated by Dharmakṣema, Funayama Tōru speculates that it may have reached the south around the 7th (430) or 8th (431) years of the Yuanjia 元嘉 (424–453) period. Initially, the Bodhisattva precepts had minimal impact in south China until Guṇabhadra's arrival in Jiankang 健康 in 431, where he translated the *Pusa shanjie jing* and planned to administer the Bodhisattva precepts to Emperor Wen. However, since Guṇabhadra passed away in the same

year, it was not until after 440 that the Bodhisattva precepts were widely implemented (Funayama 1995, pp. 45–50).

As Zücher (1980, pp. 84–147) argued, the authors of the early Lingbao scriptures were not experts in Buddhist literature. Still, they incorporated Buddhist-related elements from scriptures widely circulated in the south from lay Buddhism.¹¹ Considering the history of the spread of relevant texts in southern China, it is difficult to imagine that Daoist scriptures would have adopted the concept of self-administration from the *Pusa dichi jing* before 431, a time when the Bodhisattva precepts had yet to exert significant influence in the region. Therefore, 431 is considered the earliest possible date for the formulation of this scripture. This places *YZYJB*’s composition within a time frame, possibly only two decades or so before Lu Xiuji compiled the *Dongxuan Lingbao Shoudu Yi*.

3. The Composition Era of the *YZYJB*: An Analysis Based on Its Relationship with the Shangqing Apocrypha

Although we have tentatively dated the composition of the *YZYJB* to be between 431 and approximately 450 CE, this estimation necessarily involves a certain degree of speculation. Therefore, it may be more prudent to temporarily set aside this hypothesis and investigate whether a corroborating conclusion can be reached by examining the text’s relationship with the Shangqing Apocrypha.

The term “apocryphal scriptures 偽經” was first employed by Tao Hongjing 陶弘景 (456–536) within the Shangqing tradition to refer to the new Shangqing texts composed after the original revelations received by the medium Yang Xi 楊羲 (330–?).¹² The most prominent representative of these apocryphal texts is the works attributed to Wang Lingqi 王靈期. According to Tao Hongjing, after Wang Lingqi obtained the “true scriptures 真經” from Xu Huangmin 許黃民 (361–429), he composed dozens of new Shangqing texts to compete with the widely popular Lingbao scriptures of the time. Although Tao Hongjing did not acknowledge the sacredness of these texts, it did not prevent them from achieving significant success, and they continued to be transmitted over the centuries.

The catalog of scriptures authored by Wang Lingqi has not been documented in historical records. Michel Strickmann noted that records related to Wang Lingqi’s scriptural activities mention annotations by Xu Rongdi 許容弟 (?–435), which he considered an essential marker of Wang Lingqi’s authorship. Accordingly, Strickmann (1977, pp. 24–29) successfully identified several texts as works of Wang Lingqi. Isabelle Robinet concurred with this assessment and, in her research, identified a significant number of Shangqing scriptures composed after the revelations received by Yang Xi. However, she did not specifically attempt to determine which of these later texts were authored by Wang Lingqi.

Recently, two scholars have sought to deepen our understanding of Wang Lingqi’s scriptural activities in their doctoral dissertations. Zhang Chaoran 張超然 proposes that in his competition with the Lingbao scriptures, Wang Lingqi systematically constructed and organized the Shangqing texts using concepts such as the “Three Extraordinary Writings 三奇寶文” and the “Thirty-One Volumes of Extraordinary Scriptures 三十一卷獨立寶經”. In this process, he may have revised the *Dadong zhenjing* 大洞真經 and composed the other two marvelous texts, the *Dayou Miaojing* and the *Dongzhen gaoshagn yudi dadong ciyi yujian wulao baojing* 洞真高上玉帝大洞雌一玉檢五老寶經 (hereafter, *Ciyi jing*). He also authored new *Ke* texts 科文 (Code Texts), such as the *SJMKJ*.¹³ He also provided a new catalog of Shangqing scriptures and guidelines for their transmission and application (Zhang 2007, pp. 253–310). Li Jing 李靜 further clarified the chronology and characteristics of Wang Lingqi’s scriptural activities and, by confirming Wang Lingqi’s authorship of the aforementioned scriptures, created a more comprehensive catalog of apocryphal texts possibly

authored by Wang Lingqi. These findings offer new insights into the compilation of Daoist scriptures during the first half of the fifth century (Li 2009, pp. 11–76).

The text of the *YZYJB* lists a series of scriptures, most of which belong to the Shangqing tradition. For example, the preface of the *YZYJB* includes the following passage:

Opening the eight-colored vessels of scriptures, presenting the supreme treasures, and holding and reciting the esteemed scriptures of the *Dadong*, *Dongxuan*, and *Daode zun-jing*, as well as the *Hidden Chapters of the Eight Purities*, *Golden Truth and Jade Brilliance*, *Annihilate Demons and Dispel Spirits*, *The Summoning Immortals and Pacing the Void*, and *Scripture on Wings for Flying*.

開八色之蘊，陳無上之寶藏，而執讀大洞洞玄，道德尊經，八素隱篇，金真玉光，消魔散靈，招仙步虛，飛行羽經。

Among the texts cited above, “*Dadong* 大洞” likely serves as a collective term for the Shangqing scriptures, while “*Dongxuan* 洞玄” functions similarly for the Lingbao scriptures. The *Daode Jing* holds special significance, being considered comparable in status to the Three Caverns scriptures, and is thus listed after the *Dongxuan* scriptures. The subsequent content pertains to a different tier of scriptures, enumerating individual scriptures such as the *Basu* 八素 (referring to *八素真經服日月*),¹⁴ *Jinzheng Yuguang* 金真玉光 (referring to *金真玉光太上隱書*), *Xiaomo* 消魔 (referring to *消魔智慧*), *Buxu* 步虛 (referring to *昇玄步虛章*), and *Feixing Yujing* 飛行羽經 (referring to *白羽黑翮飛行羽經*). Among these, only the *Buxu* scripture belongs to the Lingbao system, whereas the others are found among the Shangqing scriptures listed in the *SJMKJ*. Another passage mentions the *Xiaomo zhihui yuqing jinzheng dongjing* 消魔智慧玉清金真洞經, which includes several scripture titles that can be reconstructed as *Xiaomo zhihui* 消魔智慧, *Yuqing yinshu* 玉清隱書, and *Jinzheng yuguang* 金真玉光, all of which are found in the *SJMKJ* and the *Jiuzhen mingke* 九真明科.¹⁵

As can be seen from the passages cited above, the *YZYJB* enumerates a broad spectrum of Shangqing scriptures spanning various types. Additionally, in other sections, the text also references other scriptures within the Shangqing tradition, such as the *Huangting neijing jing* 黃庭內景經. By contrast, the only Ancient Lingbao Scripture explicitly mentioned in the text is *Shengxuan buxu zhang*.

The previous comparison shows a strong correlation between the scriptures listed in the *YZYJB* and those listed in the *SJMKJ* and the *Jiuzhen mingke*. Likewise, these two texts were not the result of the revelations received by Yang Xi; they were compiled later, representing a significant development in the Shangqing scripture system. Recent research on Wang Lingqi’s scriptural activities suggests that these texts can be attributed to him. The relationship between the *YZYJB* and the Shangqing *Ke* texts, particularly the *SJMKJ*, is closely tied to the history of the establishment of the Three Caverns concept and the creation of the Lingbao scriptures, highlighting their significance for further investigation.

The following evidence further demonstrates the close relationship between the *YZYJB* and *SJMKJ*:

(1) The *YZYJB* states that the *Dadong zhenjing* is also known as the *Taizhen daoijing* 太真道經. This claim can be found in Volume Three of the *SJMKJ* as well as in the *SSSFJ*, which is also suspected to have been authored by Wang Lingqi (Li 2009, pp. 57–59).

(2) The ritual for the recitation of the *Dongzhen Jing* 洞真經 (referring to the Shangqing scriptures) and *Dongxuan Jing* 洞玄經 (referring to the Lingbao scriptures) in the *YZYJB* corresponds to the ritual guidelines for scripture recitation in the *SJMKJ*, as shown in Table 1. In particular, the method of *Huifeng hunhe*, the Qi of the five-colored (light), and the essence of the five stars appear together in both *YZYJB* and *SJMKJ*.

Table 1. Textual comparison of the *YZYJB*J and *SJMKJ*.

<i>YZYJB</i> J, 643	<i>SJMKJ</i> , 420
<i>Taishang Yujing Yinzhu</i> status: “When reciting the <i>Dongzhen jing</i>, one should tap the teeth 36 times and swallow the saliva 36 times, first visualizing the hundred divines and ten thousand true [person] of the [method of] Huifeng hunhe diyi, and then recite the <i>Dongzhen Jing</i>”. <i>Taishang Yujing Yinzhu</i> status: “When reciting the <i>Dongxuan jing</i>, one should tap the teeth 36 times and swallow the saliva 36 times, visualizing the five-colored Qi from the five organs and infusing the essence of the five stars, then recite the scripture”. 太上玉經隱注曰：當讀洞真經，叩齒三十六通，曰（咽）液三十六過，先存回風混合帝一百神萬真，然後詠洞經。 太上玉經隱注曰：讀洞玄經，叩齒三十六下，咽液三十六過，存五藏五色之氣，上注五星之精，而讀經。	<i>Taixuandu siji mingKe</i> status: “When reciting the <i>Da Dong Zhen Jing</i> of Thirty-Nine Chapters with the precious names of one hundred divines of the [method of] Huifeng hunhe diyi, as well as the <i>Yujian ciyi wulao baojing</i>, <i>Dongxuan suling dayou miaojing</i>, and <i>Taidan yinshu</i>... Tap the teeth 36 times, swallow the saliva 36 times, visualize the Qi of five-colored light within the five organs, and infuse the essence of the five stars”. 太玄都四極明科曰：讀《大洞真經三十九章》回風混合帝一百神寶名，《玉檢雌一五老寶經》、《洞玄素靈大有妙經》、《太丹隱書》……叩齒三十六通，咽液三十六過，存五藏之內，有五色之光氣，注五星之精。

(3) The *YZYJB*J states, “When receiving the scriptures, each character must be checked thrice. An error in one character reduces the lifespan by one year. Beyond this, the penalty increases; adding or omitting a character will also reduce one’s lifespan by one year 受經皆比字三校，誤一字，減壽一歲，過此計加之，增損一字，亦奪一歲” (*YZYJB*J, p. 645). Correspondingly, Volume One of the *SJMKJ* contains the statement, “When receiving the Shangqing and Lingbao scriptures... each character must be checked three times; it must not be carelessly revealed or treated with negligence 凡受上清、靈寶經……皆當比字三校，不得輕洩漏慢” (*SJMKJ*, p. 655).

The above evidence demonstrates a close connection between the two scriptures but does not clarify how the origin of this connection came about. Wang Lingqi was inspired to compose new scriptures after witnessing the popularity of the Lingbao scriptures. Thus, it seems reasonable to infer that Wang Lingqi may have referenced the *YZYJB*J when composing the *SJMKJ*, resulting in the observed correlation. However, upon further analysis of the *YZYJB*J’s citations of the Shangqing scriptures, we believe this view cannot be substantiated.

Notably, the scripture of *Jinzhen Yuguang* was mentioned twice in the *YZYJB*J. Although this title was already referenced in texts dating back to the original Shangqing revelation, it originally referred to a talisman rather than a scripture. However, in the context of the *YZYJB*J, it denotes a scripture, likely corresponding to the *Shangqing Jinzhen yuguang bajing fei jing* 上清金真玉光八景飛經 (*The Scripture of the Eight Effulgences of Jade Brilliance and Golden Truth*) found in the Daoist canon. Given that this scripture includes annotations by Xu Rongdi, it can be reasonably identified as a text authored by Wang Lingqi. This suggests that the author of the *YZYJB*J was already acquainted with some of the “Apocryphal” Shangqing scriptures created by Wang Lingqi.

Second, the content cited in Table 1 pertains to visualization practices. The method of Huifeng hunhe appears in the revised text of the *Dadong zhenjing* (the so-called *large edition* 大本) rather than belonging to the teachings from the time of Yang Xi’ and Xu Mi’s revelations. Additionally, the *YZYJB*J includes a visualization practice involving the Sansu yuanjun (三素元君), which involves visualizing the Sansu yuanjun in the Jinhua Palace in the

form of an infant. Sansu yuanjun is a significant female deity in the Shangqing scriptures. The depiction of the Sansu yuanjun as an infant first appears in *Ciyi jing*. This scripture is one of the “Three Extraordinary Writings” in the new Shangqing scripture system, and its author is most likely Wang Lingqi. In this context, it is understandable that the author of the *SJMKJ* would incorporate these practices into the text. However, the Lingbao scriptures do not provide detailed explanations of these visualization practices, making it difficult to imagine that they were initially conceived by the authors of the Lingbao scriptures and later adopted by those of the Shangqing Apocrypha. The *YZYJB* requires visualization of the Qi of five-colored light and infuses the essence of the five stars while reciting the Dongxuan scriptures (Table 1). The ancient Shangqing scripture *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing* 上清太上八素真經 (*The Scripture of the Eight Purities*), believed to date back to the time of the original revelation of Shangqing scriptures, includes a primary practice focused on visualizing the infusion of the essence of the five stars 注五星之精, which likely served as the basis for this section. In the *SJMKJ*, this visualization is applied to secondary-level Shangqing scripture subordinate to the *Dadong zhenjing*. The *YZYJB* employs it as part of the ritual for reciting the Lingbao scriptures, possibly because of the importance of the number five in Lingbao teaching. However, I did not find similar practices in other Ancient Lingbao Scriptures.

Furthermore, there are two examples related to the second volume of the *Dongzhen taishang badaomingji jing* 洞真太上八道命籍經 (hereafter, *BDMJJ*). First, the *YZYJB* contains a chant for opening the vessel of the Dongzhen scriptures (*YZYJB*, p. 643), which is nearly identical to the passage found in the *BDMJJ* (p. 516), with only minor variations in a few characters. Second, the *YZYJB* instructs practitioners to “always visualize the head as bright green like jade, hands as red like cinnabar, and feet as white like snow” 常存头正青如碧玉, 两手如丹, 两脚如雪 (*YZYJB*, p. 644). This visualization practice is identical in content and expression to a visualization described in the *BDMJJ* during the ritual of ascending the high seat to deliver a sermon (*BDMJJ*, p. 516).

Finally, the *YZYJB* includes numerous uncredited references to Shangqing scriptures that can be traced back to their original revelation of the Shangqing scriptures, such as the aforementioned *Shangqing taishang basu zhenjing*. The manner in which these references were used did not differ significantly from the examples previously discussed.

In summary, the evidence indicates that the compiler of the *YZYJB* utilized a series of early Shangqing scriptures and the Shangqing Apocrypha in the same manner, using them as sources for the text. Therefore, the composition of this work undoubtedly followed Wang Lingqi’s activities. According to previous research (Li 2009, pp. 37–38), Wang Lingqi’s scriptural activities mainly occurred between 405 and 435 CE (the year of Xu Rongdi’s death).¹⁶ The *YZYJB* was compiled after these scriptures were largely completed and had begun to exert some influence. This means that its composition could not have occurred earlier than the 430s when Xu Rongdi began promoting Wang Lingqi’s scriptures. This timeline coincides with the conclusions drawn in the previous section regarding the relationship between the *YZYJB* and Buddhist texts, which is not likely a coincidence.

Based on the two lines of evidence discussed above, it is suggested that *YZYJB* was likely composed after the 430s as an Ancient Lingbao Scripture. During its composition, this text was heavily influenced by the Shangqing Apocrypha, authored by Wang Lingqi. This influence is important for understanding the formation of the concept of the Three Caverns and the early history of the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures. The following section provides a preliminary discussion on this topic.

4. On the Three Caverns Concept in the YZYJB

A comparison between the YZYJB and Shangqing Ke texts reveals similarities in their nature and the issues they primarily address. However, there are significant differences in their understanding of the term “Three Caverns” and in their interpretation of the relationships among the three corpora of scriptures referred to as the Three Caverns. Therefore, the YZYJB should be viewed as a response from the Lingbao tradition to the new Shangqing Ke texts. The direct motivation for this response stems from the appearance of the Shangqing version of the Three Caverns Theory in the Shangqing Apocrypha.

It is well established that the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures were composed relatively recently compared to the early portions of the Sanhuang and Shangqing scriptures. Therefore, they were uniquely positioned to clarify the relationships among these scripture systems. Some of the earlier Ancient Lingbao Scriptures composed the initial concept of the Three Caverns. The order of these three categories of scriptures follows the same sequence as in later periods, with the Shangqing scriptures placed first, followed by the Lingbao scriptures, and finally, the Sanhuang scriptures. The reason why the authors of the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures adopted this order is not entirely clear, but it certainly does not imply that the Shangqing scriptures were considered the most sacred. Relevant texts often emphasize the exceptional transcendence of the Lingbao scriptures. For example, in the preface to the Jinlu *jianwen jing* 金籙簡文經 (*The Scripture of the Tablets of the Golden Register*),¹⁷ the Shangqing, Lingbao, and Sanhuang scriptures are listed in order. However, the text suggests that while the Shangqing scriptures can only “liberate the Seven Generations of ancestors and extend blessings to one family 拔度七玄，福流一門”，the Lingbao scriptures, described as the “Great Vehicle 大乘”，can “universally save both celestial beings and humans, extending blessings to all 普度天人，福逮一切” (Lü Forthcoming; Wang 2013, pp. 20–39).

Under the influence of the Lingbao scriptures, the concept of the Three Caverns was introduced and transformed into the newly composed Shangqing scriptures of the early fifth century. However, during this process, terms related to the Three Caverns were separated from their original association with the three scripture categories. Instead, the term related to the Three Caverns was repurposed as an alternative name for the new core of Shangqing scriptures, known as the “Three Extraordinary Writings”.¹⁸ These scriptures were considered the most revered group of Daoist scriptures, possessing a unique status that transcended other scriptures (Robinet 1984, pp. 76–85; Li 2009, pp. 60–63). Additionally, the new Ke texts, represented by the *Jiuzhen mingke* and *SJMKJ*, further addressed the relationship between the Shangqing, Lingbao, and Sanhuang scriptures. For instance, the *Jiuzhen mingke*, part of the *Dayou miaojing*, introduced a hierarchical framework of upper-, middle-, and lower-grade scriptures. Within this hierarchy, the Shangqing scriptures occupy the upper grade, accessible only to advanced practitioners. Among these, the “Three Extraordinary Writings” were so exalted that they could only be transmitted to practitioners who had already attained the status of the Zhenren 真人 (the True Person). By contrast, the Lingbao scriptures were classified as “middle grade and suitable for attaining Earthly Immortality 中品之妙，下方（不妨）地仙” and possessing relatively limited functions (*Dayou miaojing*, p. 414). The *SJMKJ* further reinforced and formalized this hierarchical relationship through ritual regulations. For instance, the established rituals varied in the ceremonies used to transmit and recite scriptures. In the *SJMKJ*, reciting the *Dadong zhenjing* required thirty-six teeth taps, while other Shangqing scriptures required twenty-four, and the Lingbao and Sanhuang scriptures were considered lower, with only twelve taps. Additionally, the direction faced during scripture recitation also varied, with the Shangqing scriptures recited facing north, whereas the Dongxuan (i.e., Lingbao) scriptures facing east (*SJMKJ*, p. 420). Thus, the Shangqing version of the Three Caverns theory leveraged the advantage

of the Shangqing scriptures being placed first in the original Lingbao theory of the Three Caverns, transforming it into a hierarchy of scriptural status. This significantly elevated the position of the Shangqing scriptures within the Daoist canon and bestowed upon them a transcendence far above that of the Lingbao and Sanhuang scriptures. This was likely an outcome that the early authors of the Lingbao scriptures did not foresee when they first proposed the Three Caverns theory.

In response to this new Shangqing version of the Three Caverns theory, the *YZYJB* also acknowledges the distinction between upper-, middle-, and lower-grade scriptures, applying different ritual ranks accordingly. However, in direct opposition to the Shangqing Apocrypha, the *YZYJB* asserts that all Three Caverns scriptures and the *Daode jing* belong to upper-grade scriptures. Consequently, the rituals outlined in the *YZYJB* prescribe a *uniform* direction—northward—for the master to face when transmitting the Three Caverns scriptures, aligning with the protocol for upper-grade scripture transmissions in the *SJMKJ*. Additionally, the *YZYJB* eliminated the hierarchical distinctions between the Shangqing and Lingbao scriptures in ritual practice. For example, the number of teeth taps during scripture transmission and recitation was standardized to thirty-six, consistent with the ritual for reciting the *Dadong zhenjing* in the *SJMKJ*. The lower-level ritual of twelve teeth taps was instead reserved for the recitation of the “Ascension Scriptures 昇仙之經”. This approach not only defends the upper-grade status of the Lingbao scriptures but also implies that the spiritual attainment facilitated by the Lingbao scriptures is equivalent to achieving the status of a True Person rather than merely that of an Immortal 仙人. However, it is essential to note that the *YZYJB* no longer emphasizes the transcendence of the virtues of the Lingbao scriptures. In other words, while the *YZYJB* implicitly (and possibly due to circumstances) conceded the leadership of the Shangqing position within the Three Caverns, it refused to acknowledge that the Shangqing scriptures were superior in rank to the Lingbao and Sanhuang scriptures. Instead, the *YZYJB* presents a relatively more balanced system of the Three Caverns.

The author of the *YZYJB* confronted a compelling trend in the Shangqing scriptures, a different situation from what earlier Ancient Lingbao Scriptures faced. This was likely because of the rapid spread of the new Shangqing scriptures created by Wang Lingqi and others. The strong influence of Shangqing ideas within the *YZYJB* should be understood within this context rather than as a mere continuation or elaboration of doctrinal ideas already established in the early Ancient Lingbao Scriptures.

Although the *YZYJB* extensively references Shangqing scriptures, the author does not seem to fully understand the new Shangqing scripture system constructed in the Shangqing Apocrypha. For example, the *YZYJB* states that the *Dadong zhenjing*, also titled the “*Taizhen daojing*” or the “*Taiqing shangdao guantian neijing shangpin*”, consists of ten volumes. The Golden Elixir scriptures in Shangqing comprise seven volumes. The *Gaoshang damiao dadan xiaomo zhihui da dong zhenjing*, which contains thirty-nine chapters, is a scripture of the highest Shangqing teachings, the subtlest words of ultimate truth, and the marvelous scripture of immortal flight “《大洞真經》，或曰《太真道經》，或曰《太清上道觀天內經上品》，凡有十卷。上清金丹之經七卷。其《高上大妙大丹消魔智慧大洞真經》，三十九章，上清之高旨，極真之微辭，飛仙之妙經也” (*YZYJB*, p.645). This brief passage reveals two errors.

First, as mentioned earlier, the alternative name “*Taizhen daojing*” appears in both the *SJMKJ* and *SSSFJ*. However, in these two Shangqing scriptures, the name *Dadong zhenjing* refers explicitly to the scripture known as “*Dadong zhenjing* with thirty-nine chapters”. In contrast, the *YZYJB* uses the title “*Dadong zhenjing*” to refer to the entire Shangqing scripture collection, which includes the “*Da Dong Zhen Jing* with thirty-nine chapters”, namely the *Gaoshang damiao dadan xiaomo zhihui dadong zhenjing*. This means that in the *YZYJB*,

the name “Taizhen daojing” is applied as an alternate title for the entirety of the Shangqing scriptures. Such usage is clearly incorrect or, at least, inconsistent with the understanding of these titles within the Shangqing scriptures themselves.

Second, the name *Taiqing shangdao guantian neijing shangpin* 太清上道觀天內經上品 does not appear in any Shangqing scriptures. However, a similar reference can be found in the *Baopuzi neipian* 抱樸子內篇, where it is stated, “The *Taiqing guantian jing* consists of nine sections. It is said that the upper three sections must not be taught or transmitted; the middle three sections are not suitable for transmission in the world and should be submerged beneath the Three Springs; the lower three sections are the authentic Elixir Scriptures of the upper, middle, and lower grades, comprising three volumes 《太清觀天經》有九篇，云其上三篇，不可教受；其中三篇，世無足傳，當沉之三泉之下；下三篇者，正是丹經上中下，凡三卷也” (抱樸子內篇校釋, p. 76). In a citation found in the *Yunji qiqian* 雲笈七籤, the “nine sections” are referred to as “ten sections”, and “the upper seven sections must not be taught or transmitted” (*Yunji qiqian*, p. 467). The *Taiqing huantian jing* mentioned in the *Baopuzi neipian* refers to the text for refining the Taiqing Divine Elixir 太清神丹, which corresponds to the Shangqing Golden Elixir scriptures described in the *YZYJB*. Therefore, it is highly likely that the author of *YZYJB* was inspired by this passage in the *Baopuzi neipian*, rewrote it, and used it to describe the Shangqing scriptures. However, even with some modifications, it still does not originate from the *Shangqing* scriptures themselves, and it diverges significantly from the understanding of the *Shangqing* scriptures held by its authors.

This suggests that the author of the *YZYJB* had a limited understanding of the most central scripture among the Shangqing scriptures, the *Dadong zhenjing*, as well as of the newly proposed canonical system introduced in the Shangqing Apocrypha. This limitation may be attributed to the author of *YZYJB*'s lack of access to or sufficient resources for thoroughly studying and comprehending the newly composed Shangqing scriptures.

5. The Influence of the *YZYJB* on Lu Xiuqing

Lu Xiuqing's inclusion of the *YZYJB* in the catalog of Lingbao scriptures suggests that he had encountered this text. However, there are few explicit references to the *YZYJB* in his surviving works. Nonetheless, the uncredited citations in the *Dongxuan lingbao shoudu yi* may indicate that the version of the *YZYJB* available to Lu Xiuqing was likely similar to the extant text. Lu Xiuqing held significant importance in the historical development of the Lingbao scriptures and the integration of Daoist scriptures during the Six Dynasties. He collected scriptures from various traditions and authored numerous related works.¹⁹ He also compiled separate catalogs of the Lingbao scriptures and the Three Caverns scriptures, thereby perfecting the classification system of Daoist scriptures and laying the foundation for the compilation of Daoist canons by later generations. In this regard, Lu Xiuqing's work was likely significantly influenced by the *YZYJB*.

Lu Xiuqing's general understanding of the Three Caverns can be found in the *Dongxuan lingbao shoudu yi biao* 洞玄靈寶授度儀表. In this text, he criticizes the prevailing ordination practices of his time: “Ever since Lingbao has come to lead this generation, some who have transmitted it have conducted joint ordinations in all the Three Caverns, taking a single oath on the same ritual stage. [In this way], the refined and the rough have become mixed; the great and the petty are circulated without distinction. Sometimes, when some receive only the Dongxuan [i.e., Lingbao] section but put higher rites into practice ... Others absorb the Officers of the Yellow and the Red of the lower way (i.e., Heavenly Master Daoism 天師道) so that they descend into base locales and perform improperly 自靈寶導世以來，相傳授者，或總度三洞，同壇共盟，精粗糅雜，小大混行。時有單受洞玄，而施用上法.....或采搏下道黃赤之官，降就卑猥” (Lü 2018, p. 3). The “single oath on

the same ritual stage” refers to ordinations encompassing all Three Caverns scriptures simultaneously. Although Lu Xiuqing disagreed with this ordination method, he recognized the structure of the Three Caverns scriptures and their superiority over the rituals of Celestial Master Daoism 天師道. However, even among the Three Caverns scriptures and registers, there are distinctions between higher and lower ranks. In Lu Xiuqing’s view, the Lingbao scriptures were not the “highest” among the Three Caverns; therefore, there were issues with employing “higher rites” when transmitting the Dongxuan scriptures. The “higher rites” mentioned here likely refer to rituals that transmit the Shangqing scriptures. Therefore, Lu Xiuqing likely also agreed that the Shangqing scriptures were the most esteemed among the Three Caverns. When comparing these views with the discussion of the Three Caverns in the *YZYJB*, there is a clear consistency.

As mentioned earlier, the *YZYJB* itself was, in part, a response from the Lingbao scriptures to the growing prominence of the Shangqing scriptures. Consequently, the Three Caverns theory presented in this scripture is more integrative and conciliatory, reflecting a balanced approach to the Three Caverns doctrine that better mirrors the status and circulation of the scriptures at that time. Lu Xiuqing’s emphasis on and citation of the Three Caverns concept in the *YZYJB* was likely motivated by theological and practical considerations. Lu Xiuqing’s incorporation of this concept solidified it as a core component of the Daoist canonical system.

There is also the matter of how Lu Xiuqing classified the Lingbao scriptures. It is commonly believed that he divided the Lingbao scriptures into two categories: the “old scriptures 舊經” and the “new scriptures 新經”. However, based on Lu Xiuqing’s explanations in the Dunhuang manuscript of the catalog of the Lingbao scriptures, we propose a further subdivision of the *new scriptures* into two subcategories: “Essential Instructions on Precepts Received by the Duke-Immortal Ge 葛仙公所受教誡訣要” and “New Scriptures on Practices [as Spoken by the Duke-Immortal Ge] [葛仙公]所說行業新經”. The first category primarily includes instructions that explain the old scriptures, while the second has a biographical nature, similar to the Buddhist Jātaka literature. This classification is also directly reflected in the catalog of the New Scriptures by Lu Xiuqing; using *Taishang xi-aomo baoshenanzhi zhihui benyuan dajie* 太上消魔寶身安志智慧本願大戒 as the dividing line, the scriptures preceding it clearly belong to the category of essential instructions, while the latter scriptures are all biographical works (see Liu 2018, pp. 262–64). Therefore, it is likely that Lu Xiuqing’s classification of Lingbao scriptures follows a two-tiered, three-category structure.

The *YZYJB* likely influenced this classification system. The first part of the *YZYJB* provides a classification that addresses the issue of transmission, while the second part supplements this by explaining the transmission of two types of texts: the “Separate 分傳” Instructions (as opposed to the instructions attached to the scripture as the second part of the *YZYJB*) and the *Xianren benye zhuan* 仙人本業傳 (the biography of the Immortals’ original acts), also referred to in the text as “*Daoji jing*” 道跡經 (the scriptures of Daoist traces). The Separate Instructions correspond to the “Essential Instructions on Precepts Received by the Duke-Immortal Ge”, while the *Daoji jing* corresponds to the “New Scriptures on Practices [as Spoken by the Duke-Immortal Ge]”. These texts are considered less sacred than the primary scriptures; thus, the ritual standards for their transmission are lower. However, the text still emphasizes that a master must transmit these texts, and their ritual grade roughly corresponds to that of the middle-grade scriptures, meaning that they broadly retain a scriptural nature. When combined with the classification system outlined in the main body of the *YZYJB*, this structure is almost identical to the classification of Lingbao scriptures outlined in the catalog of Lingbao scriptures by Lu Xiuqing. This classification is not observed in other Ancient Lingbao Scrip-

tures, which typically contain only preliminary forms of such divisions. For instance, in the *Xianren qingwen benxing yinyuan zhongshengnan jing* 仙人請問本行因緣眾聖難經,²⁰ the Immortal Duke Ge states, “on the fifteenth day of the lunar month, one should perform fasting in a quiet chamber, and recite the Daoist scriptures received and Daoji of the various Immortals...天師言月旦十五日，能齋於靜室，讀所受道經及諸仙道跡.....” (*Taishang Dongxuan Lingbao Benxing Yinyuan Jing*, p. 129) This suggests that it can be seen as a binary division between scriptures and Daoji. Therefore, the classification method for Lingbao scriptures adopted by Lu Xiuqing was likely derived from the *YZYJB*.

The *YZYJB* did not limit this two-tiered, three-category system to the Lingbao scriptures but extended its application to the Three Cavern scriptures. Unfortunately, we cannot determine whether Lu Xiuqing adopted a similar structure when organizing the Shangqing and Sanhuang scriptures.

Lu Xiuqing played a significant role in integrating Daoist scriptures during the Six Dynasties. He collected many texts from various traditions, organizing and enriching them through the compilation of catalogs and the establishment of rituals. In terms of the relationship between the Three Caverns scriptures and the structure of the Lingbao scriptures, Lu Xiuqing seems to have been greatly influenced by the *YZYJB*. Of course, the ideas presented in the *YZYJB* were not created in a vacuum. The concept of the Three Caverns originated in the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures but was later adapted and transformed by the newly composed Shangqing Apocrypha. The Three Caverns theory in the *YZYJB* represents a compromise with the Shangqing scriptures and can be seen as a conclusive proposal that emerged after decades of intense competition. The classification system of scriptures, instructions, and hagiographies in the *YZYJB* likely developed within the Lingbao scriptures, where it was refined and associated with corresponding rituals. Notably, the *YZYJB* did not limit this classification system to the Lingbao scriptures, which naturally brings to mind Gu Huan's 顧歡 work on the Shangqing scriptures, titled the *Daoji Jing*. Therefore, the subsequent influence of this classification method on Daoist bibliographic studies, particularly on Lu Xiuqing's *Catalog of the Scriptures of the Three Caverns*, warrants further investigation.

6. Conclusions

Daoist scriptures' emerged during the transitional period between the East Jin (317–420) and Song (420–479) dynasties in southern China. For approximately one century, many highly influential scriptures were produced. These scriptures can be divided into different systems, such as Shangqing and Lingbao. However, the creation of these texts was not entirely independent within each system, resulting in a highly complex setting. This complexity was likely even more challenging for Daoists of the time, who faced not only the issues of classifying and organizing scriptures but also the practical task of defining Daoism and interpreting the relationships between different Daoist traditions. The Three Caverns theory emerged as an effective solution to these needs.

However, before the fully mature concept of the Three Caverns was proposed, various texts had already engaged in a long-term exploration of a classification system for Daoist scriptures. The *YZYJB* played a crucial role in this process.

In this study, we employed two different approaches to determine whether the composition of the *YZYJB* should be dated between the 430s and approximately 450 CE, when the *Dongxuan Lingbao Shoudu yi* was compiled. Based on this foundation, we examined the background and key features of the Three Caverns concept in the *YZYJB* offering a preliminary assessment of the scripture's impact on Lu Xiuqing.

We argue that Wang Lingqi, the prominent author of the Shangqing Apocrypha, was motivated to compose his scriptures in response to the flourishing Lingbao tradition. This

suggests that, in the early fifth century, the Lingbao scriptures temporarily overshadowed the ancient Shangqing texts. However, once the Shangqing Apocrypha gained widespread popularity, the Shangqing tradition regained momentum. It emerged as a formidable force, proposing a new Three Caverns concept entirely based on Shangqing-centrism. This pressure compelled the Lingbao tradition to respond. The most representative text for this response is the *YZYJB*. Building upon the already popular Ancient Lingbao Scriptures and Shangqing texts, it constructed a highly inclusive new Three Caverns theory, which likely aligned with the prevailing understanding of the time and was more widely accepted. Through Lu Xiuqing's subsequent adoption and development, this theory was further refined, ultimately forming the cornerstone of the Daoist canonical system. In this sense, the concept of the Three Caverns in *YZYJB* can be seen as a pre-dawn light to the more fully developed Three Caverns theory.

The *YZYJB* absorbed substantial content from the Shangqing scriptures to an extent reminiscent of the strong Buddhist influences found in other Lingbao scriptures. These two phenomena have several similarities.²¹ Both forms of borrowing, whether from Shangqing or Buddhism, sought to create a new and more inclusive system by integrating other scriptural and philosophical systems into the foundation of Lingbao. This syncretic approach was crucial to the Lingbao scriptures' important role in the development of Daoism during the Six Dynasties. However, unlike other Lingbao texts that emphasize the superiority of Lingbao over Buddhism, the *YZYJB* placed greater emphasis on adjusting internal relationships within different Daoist traditions. Perhaps this shift can be seen as an essential step in further defining the boundaries of *Daoism*. In a certain sense, it can be seen as another perfect embodiment of the spirit of the Lingbao scriptures.

The findings of this study lead to two major conclusions. First, the teachings of the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures did not evolve in isolation but rather through *continuous interaction* with external influences. In many cases, this evolution involved compromising under external pressure and the timely adjusting of their doctrines. Therefore, overemphasizing doctrinal consistency with the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures may obscure their historical context, hindering a deeper understanding of their role in the evolution of Daoism during medieval times. Second, the emphasis on external factors in some of the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures does not necessarily indicate a change in the authorial community or their foundational beliefs. For example, although many Shangqing elements appear in the *YZYJB*, the authors seemed to have had a very limited understanding of the later Shangqing texts. To move beyond these somewhat overly simplistic explanations and further investigate the development of the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures, it is necessary to combine new findings from other fields and delve deeper into the background of *each of* the Lingbao texts. This effort will not only enrich our understanding of the Lingbao scriptures but also provide new revelations about the overall history of Daoist development during the medieval period.

Funding: This research was funded by grants from the State Social Sciences Foundation of China “Research on Medieval Buddhist and Daoist Ritual Documents from the Perspective of Diplomats” 古文書學視域下的中古佛道教儀式文書研究, grant number 24BZS111.

Institutional Review Board Statement: Not applicable.

Informed Consent Statement: Not applicable.

Data Availability Statement: No new data were created or analyzed in this study. Data sharing is not applicable to this article.

Conflicts of Interest: The author declares no conflict of interest.

Notes

- ¹ On the system of Ordination Ranks in medieval period, see (Schipper 1985, pp. 127–43; Bai 2018, pp. 274–328).
- ² On the historical meaning of the concept of the “Three Caverns”, see (Öfuchi 1979, pp. 258–65; Lü 2023, pp. 1–2).
- ³ In the *YZYJB*, the *Daode jing* is placed in a very important position, with the belief that it holds equal value to the books of Three Caverns. As previous research has pointed out, there are differences in attitudes toward the *Daode jing* between the “Old Scriptures 舊經” and “New Scriptures 新經” within the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures. The New Scriptures, to which *YZYJB* belongs, generally shows special emphasis on the *Daode jing*, even positioning it at the same level as the Three Caverns (see Liu 2018, pp. 598–607). There is still scholarly debate on how the differing was formed. However, for the issues addressed in this paper, I argue that the importance given to the *Daode jing* in *YZYJB* stems from the general tendency of the New Scriptures, rather than a unique perspective of this text itself. In contrast, Daoist theology after Lu Xiuqing did not fully accept this view of the New Scriptures, and therefore did not inherit its approach to the *Daode jing*.
- ⁴ In the existing texts, some sections do not mention the *Sanhuang scriptures*, which is likely due to textual errors caused by later revisions. Volume 38 of the *Wushang miyao* 無上秘要 (*Wushang miyao*, pp. 126–27) cites the *Taiji Yinzhuojing* (referring to the *YZYJB*) and records the transmission ritual of the *Sanhuang scriptures*. The rewriting and deletion of content related to the *Sanhuang scriptures* in the existing texts may be associated with the Tang dynasty’s prohibition of the *Sanhuang scriptures*. Therefore, although the existing text seems to exhibit a tendency to depreciate the *Sanhuang scriptures*, it is difficult to confirm whether this situation existed from the very beginning of the text’s composition.
- ⁵ For example, some content in the *Dayou miaojing* was undoubtedly written after the rise of the Lingbao tradition. Robinet emphasized that the existing versions of the scripture compile content from different periods (Schipper and Verellen 2004, pp. 187–88), and that referring to the *Three Extraordinary Writings* 三奇寶文 of Shangqing as the Three Caverns is among the earlier content, which in turn inspired the Three Caverns thought in the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures. However, this article argues that this section is closely related to the later classification of the Shangqing, Lingbao, and Sanhuang scriptures, and the two correspond with each other. They highlight the nobility of the *Three Extraordinary Writings* and elaborate on the new canonical theory. Therefore, we are more inclined to agree with Zhang’s (2007) view that these contents were written concurrently and that their author was most likely Wang Lingqi.
- ⁶ *SSSFJ* is also considered to be part of the Shangqing Apocrypha (see Schipper and Verellen 2004, p. 179; Li 2009).
- ⁷ A limited number of sources mention that precepts other than those in the Bodhisattva precepts can be received through the method of self-administration; however, they did not have much practical influence. For the basic information on self-administered precepts, see Funayama (1998). This paper also suggests that Tao Hongjing likely received the Bodhisattva precepts through the method of self-administration.
- ⁸ These two *Jing* 經 can be seen as two parallel translated versions of the *Bodhisattvabhūmi* from the *Yogācārabhūmi*, but there are some differences in their content. For details on the translation of these texts and their relationship, see Funayama (1995, pp. 21–24, 45–50, 2004, pp. 97–120).
- ⁹ For the significance of ordination rituals for Daoist practitioners and their historical development, see Benn (2000). For a general overview of the transmission rituals in the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures, see Lü (2008).
- ¹⁰ An interesting example is provided in the *Zhenxi* 真係 by Li Bo 李渤 (773–831), where he uses the concept of “secret oath” from the *Huangsu Fang* 黃素方 (i.e., *SSSFJ*) to explain how Lu Xiuqing could have legally utilized the Shangqing scriptures he acquired (*Yunji Qiqian*, p.133). Unfortunately, there is no evidence that Lu Xiuqing actually acted this ritual. It is more likely that this was merely Li Bo’s speculation. However, this also indicates that the concept of the secret oath still retained theoretical legitimacy until the Tang dynasty.
- ¹¹ For further analysis of Buddhist elements in the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures, see Bokenkamp (1983).
- ¹² Tao Hongjing used a series of terms to describe these scriptures, collectively referred to here as *apocrypha*. For more on Tao Hongjing’s understanding of the issue of apocryphal scriptures, see Hirose (2015).
- ¹³ Regarding the formulation process of the *SJMKJ* and which parts can be attributed to Wang Lingqi, Zhang Chaoran and Li Jing differ in their views. However, the portion considered in this article is recognized by both scholars as Wang Lingqi’s work, and therefore, we will not discuss related issues further. Additionally, Ozaki (1977) dates the *SJMKJ* to the sixth century (a view also accepted by Wang Chengwen), but the evidence for this conclusion is evidently too weak (see Zhang 2007, p. 263).
- ¹⁴ The scripture titles listed above do not necessarily directly correspond to the related texts preserved in the printed *Daoist Canon*. Therefore, for the Shangqing scriptures, we have listed the names from the *SJMKJ*, and for the Lingbao scriptures, we have used the names from the *Lingbaojing yishu*.
- ¹⁵ Based on internal evidence, the *Jiuzhen mingke* was originally composed as part of the *Dayou miaojing* (see Zhang 2007).
- ¹⁶ Öfuchi (1997) dated Wang Lingqi’s scripture composition to between 420 and 427. However, he did not provide reasons for this; thus, this paper cannot adopt this view. Additionally, since Wang Lingqi’s birth and death years are unclear, it is possible that he continued to compose some scriptures even after Xu Rongdi’s death in 435.

- ¹⁷ The *Jinlu Jianwen Jing* has been lost, but scholars have made several attempts to reconstruct its text. The following content refers to the latest results of these efforts, as found in Lü Pengzhi's unpublished manuscript.
- ¹⁸ Similar dynamics occur in the Sanhuang scriptures as well. Volume six of the *Wushang miyao* quotes a passage from the “Sanhuangjing 三皇經”, claiming that the Three Sovereigns 三皇 are the revered deities of the Three Caverns and providing an explanation of this idea. The text includes terms such as “Dadong 大洞”, “Dongxuan 洞玄”, and “Dongshen 洞神”, which are evidently closely related to the later Three Caverns thought, and corresponds them to the Three Sovereigns of Heaven, Earth, and Humanity (*Wushang miyao*, 19). Some scholars have noted this passage and argued that the concept of “Three Caverns” was first proposed by the Sanhuang Scriptures (e.g., Lu 1993, p. 40; Zhang 2010). Regarding this issue, Wang Zongyu's research is quite enlightening. He pointed out that the text attributed to the “Sanhuangjing” does not directly address the bibliography system of Daoist scriptures and bears significant traces of influence from the Shangqing scriptures (Wang 2000, pp. 81–85). Based on these insights, it seems plausible to speculate that this passage was added under the influence of the Three Extraordinary Writings theory found in the Shangqing scriptures. However, this also indicates that the Sanhuangjing was not absent in the competitive process regarding the concept of the Three Caverns.
- ¹⁹ For information on the life and contributions of Lu Xiujing, see Verellen (2019, pp. 123–216).
- ²⁰ In the *Daoist Canon*, this scripture is titled “*Taishang Dongxuan Lingbao Benxing Yinyuan Jing*”. However, we use the title from the Dunhuang manuscript (p. 2454). The text quoted in this paper shows no differences between the two versions.
- ²¹ For discussions on how the Ancient Lingbao Scriptures absorbed and transformed elements from various sources, including Buddhism and the Shangqing tradition, to create their own unique tradition, see Bokenkamp (1983, pp. 434–86).

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TWO POWERS

ALAN F. SEGAL

IN HEAVEN

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EARLY RABBINIC REPORTS
ABOUT CHRISTIANITY AND GNOSTICISM



*Early Rabbinic Reports about
Christianity and Gnosticism*

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BRILL ACADEMIC PUBLISHERS, INC.
BOSTON • LEIDEN
2002

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Segal, Alan F., 1945–

Two powers in heaven : early rabbinic reports about Christianity and Gnosticism / by Alan F. Segal

p. cm.

Originally published: Leiden : E.J. Brill, 1977, in series: Studies in Judaism in late antiquity.

Includes bibliographical references and index.

ISBN 0-391-04172-X

1. Heresies, Jewish. 2. Dualism in rabbinical literature. 3. Rabbinical literature—History and criticism. 4. Church history—Primitive and early church, ca. 30-600. 5. Gnosticism. I. Title.

BM646 .S44 2002

296.3'5—dc21

2002018341

ISBN 0-391-04172-X

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

For Meryl

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PREFACE

This study of the rabbinic heretics who believed in "two powers in heaven" began as a dissertation at Yale. The advantage of the topic, as Professors Goldin, Dahl, and I discussed it, was that it allowed me to explore some relationships between rabbinic Judaism, Merkabah mysticism, and early Christianity without becoming overly dependent on the complicated and uncharted Merkabah texts. Ironically, what seemed like a neat and carefully defined problem soon expanded in an almost unforeseen direction. It became clear that "two powers in heaven" was a very early category of heresy, earlier than Jesus, if Philo is a trustworthy witness, and one of the basic categories by which the rabbis perceived the new phenomenon of Christianity. It was one of the central issues over which the two religions separated. Furthermore, the reports of heresy began to clarify how gnosticism, Judaism, and Christianity related—a problem which has vexed scholarship for more than a century.

That systematic study of the reports of "two powers" in rabbinic literature might yield some interesting clues about the history of mysticism, gnosticism, and Christianity was not a total surprise. Previous scholarship had identified the heretics inconclusively as gnostics and Christians. The work of Gershom Scholem had emphasized a relationship to early Merkabah mysticism. Not unexpectedly, the sources showed that some mysticism and apocalypticism, as well as Christianity and gnosticism, were seen as "two powers" heretics by the rabbis. The key factor was not that all qualified as heresy but that, with prudent dating of the stages of the traditions, the development of the heresy could be reconstructed.

Dating the rabbinic reports was the most complicated problem. It depended on methods developed in New Testament scholarship for dating the sayings of Jesus. While the use of form criticism and tradition history has grown quite sophisticated in New Testament studies, Jewish scholars have been slower to pick up the methods. Jacob Neusner has consistently championed the use of form criticism and tradition history in Judaism. This study was influenced by his opinions but the application to the field of rabbinic polemic (where extra-rabbinic sources can be used for dating) has not been tried

before. Due to the analogous task, the examples and experience of scholars trying to define the opponents of Paul were also useful.

Though it was difficult to date the rabbinic traditions accurately in many cases, the results showed that the earliest heretics believed in two *complementary* powers in heaven while only later could heretics be shown to believe in two *opposing* powers in heaven. The extra-rabbinic evidence allowed the conclusion that the traditions were earlier than the first century. Furthermore, in comparing the literature, it was possible to define a number of dangerous scriptural interpretations central to the heresy and show how the rabbis countered them by bringing in other scriptures which unambiguously stated God's unity. From this evidence it became clear that the basic heresy involved interpreting scripture to say that a *principal angelic or hypostatic manifestation in heaven was equivalent to God*. This heresy was combatted by the rabbis with verses from Deuteronomy and Isaiah which emphasized God's unity.

Common sense tells us to expect discussions of monotheism in rabbinic Judaism. After all, strict monotheism has been one of the central characteristics of Judaism throughout the ages. However, rabbinic literature, unlike Greco-Roman Jewish literature, does not often discuss theology directly. Most scholars, noting the lack of attention to theology in rabbinic writings, emphasize the rabbinic interest in "orthopraxy" rather than "orthodoxy." A few have even suggested that there was no concept of orthodoxy in rabbinic Judaism. Part of the importance of these reports about "two powers in heaven" is that they show us that the rabbis, in common with their brethren in the diaspora, were concerned about the theological and orthodox center of Judaism when other sectarian groups of their day seemed willing to compromise Judaism's integrity. This study gives us actual evidence of one of the central issues around which rabbinic orthodoxy formed.

Besides the obvious relevance of these findings for understanding the rabbinic movement, this study has ramifications for Christian historians in two important areas: (1) the development of christology and (2) the rise of gnosticism. On the subject of christology, the rabbinic information emphasizes the scriptural basis for christological discussion. According to rabbinic description, it does not seem necessary to believe that early Christians merely associated Jesus with some pre-existent savior model who came equipped with a fixed title and job description. Rather, it appears that the debate between Christianity and Judaism proceeded partially on midrashic or exegetical lines.

Ambiguous passages in scripture were clarified by each side of the debate through the use of other scriptural passages which mentioned the same vocabulary or concept. Consequently, this study supports a growing number of New Testament scholars who do not feel the need to postulate a pre-Christian "son of man" redeemer figure with which Jesus was identified. The character of the rabbinic debate makes it possible to see christology build through exegesis rather than through hypothetical, pre-existent titles. Christians, believing in his translation to heaven, could have applied to Jesus a number of passages describing either God's principal angel or some other divine but anthropomorphic manifestation described in Israel's scriptures. There is no need to postulate a previous title "son of man" or even outline a complete model of the figure. The unity could easily have been achieved in applying all the different traditions to Jesus. The title would then emerge later, as a result of the exegesis. To be sure, the New Testament never calls the Christ an angel and clearly argues that Jesus is higher than the angels. But, insistence on divine perquisites for God's principal assistant was apparently not unique to Christianity and became exactly the detail which put Christianity in the category of heresy from the rabbinic perspective.

The second area in which "two powers in heaven" traditions in rabbinic literature offer some clarification is in the history of gnosticism. Here we are on less speculative ground than when trying to understand the earliest christologies. It turned out that gnosticism picked up several of the heretical Bible exegeses of earlier "two powers" heretics. The gnostic interpretation of God's principal angel was a specialized answer against the rabbinic attack. The rabbis had pointed out that God said "There is no God but me" (as in Dt. 32:39, Is. 44-47, etc.). The gnostics invented a mythical scene in which those scriptures could have been said, yet not be evidence against gnosticism. They claimed that the God of the Jews said He was unique but He was an ignorant and limited God. In claiming this, they reserved half of the texts characteristic of the principal angelic mediator for their gnostic redeemer while attributing the other half to the evil demiurge who was the god of the Jews but not the author of salvation. This stage in the debate can only be traced to the second century and logically presupposes the earlier stages. Therefore it comes later than the debate in which Christianity participated. From the rabbinic perspective, both Christianity and gnosticism were virulent and vituperative varieties of "two powers" heresy but the heresy with a complementary divine

economy arose earlier than the heresy with an opposing one. This evidence gives limited and disinterested support to the church fathers' contention that gnosticism arose later than Christianity. But it further implies that both Christianity and gnosticism arose out of Hellenistic and apocalyptic Judaism by sharing heretical traditions of scripture interpretation which speculated on a principal angelic mediator of God.

As I said, the inquiry has had ramifications quite far removed from the rabbinic material. I am not so naive to think that my conclusions about christology or the rise of gnosticism can be accepted without comment by people more specialized in these fields. Nor was that my desire. Rather, I only outlined enough of these specialized fields to date the rabbinic material and to suggest the relationship of the rabbinic texts to Christian history. Hopefully, I learned enough of the characteristics of these disparate bodies of text to stimulate constructive rather than destructive criticism. I realize that no single individual or body of material can fully explain this most complex and difficult period of history. The important thing, I think, is to perceive the relevance of the rabbinic material for solving traditional problems of New Testament and gnostic scholarship, even while maintaining the necessity of reading those literatures for dating rabbinic material. That rabbinic and Christian communities interacted antagonistically is an obvious and unfortunate part of centuries of Western history. This study has shown me that, ironically, in spite of the enmity, the witness of each community is necessary for understanding the history of the other.

Since this book started as a dissertation I have had the advantage of much significant advice. Anyone familiar with the study of Hellenistic Judaism or New Testament scholarship will recognize the debt I owe to Professor N. A. Dahl. I have cited his works when specifically relevant but his insight and knowledge extend far beyond explicit citation. His direction and encouragement underlie the whole. I also owe a debt of gratitude to many scholars who served as my advisers. Professor Judah Goldin, who served as co-director of the dissertation while he remained at Yale, was a considerable help. Professor Sid Leiman was a constant adviser throughout the research and writing. He was especially generous with his time and patience in commenting on the rabbinic evidence. I have also received much helpful direction from my colleagues and teachers at Princeton and Yale. Wayne Meeks and Rowan Greer read the manuscript when submitted for the degree in December 1975. I have tried to profit from their comments in

revising for publication. Gilles Quispel, Jarl Fossum, Elaine Pagels, Ithamar Gruenwald, Donald Juel, John Gager, Richard Sarason, Matthew Black, and Jacob Neusner kindly read parts of the dissertation and offered suggestions for improvements. However my abilities are judged, these scholars have made theirs freely available to me.

I owe many people thanks for helping in the production of the manuscript. My wife, Meryl, aided me at several crucial moments even while her own career continued to make its normal demands on her. Beverly Jones and Lorraine Fuhrmann have been extraordinarily persevering typists while Elaine Mustain, though she also helped with the typing, should properly be considered an editor, since she both read critically and offered trained suggestions about the text. Particular thanks goes to Jenny Lehmann at Princeton's computer center, who adapted an indexing program to my needs, and to Len Galla, who helped me enter the data.

I would also like to express special gratitude to the institutions who granted me stipends for my research. The Memorial Foundation for Jewish Culture helped to defray part of the costs of typing and binding the dissertation. The Princeton University Committee on Research in the Humanities and Social Science helped pay for typing and binding towards publication and made a generous grant subsidizing the printing. A further grant to subsidize publication was made by the Max Richter Foundation.

Princeton, New Jersey
March 23, 1976
Adar 21 5736

ALAN F. SEGAL

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

(and frequently cited works)

AAJR	American Academy for Jewish Research
Ab.	Aboth
Abr.	De Abrahamo
Act. Pil.	Acts of Pilate
Acts	The Acts of the Apostles
Adv. Haer.	Adversus Haereses
Adv. Marc.	Adversus Marcionem
Act.	De Aeternitate Mundi
Agr.	De Agricultura
AJSJL	<i>American Journal of Semitic Languages and Literature</i>
Albeck	Isaac Albeck and Enoch Yalon, <i>The Six Orders of the Mishnah</i> (Jerusalem: 1959).
Alon, <i>Toledot</i>	G. Alon, <i>Toledot ha-Yehudim be-eres Yisrael betekufat ha-Mishnah we-hatalmud</i> (2 vols.) Tel Aviv: 1952-55
Am.	Amos
Ant.	Antiquities (as in Josephus, <i>Jewish Antiquities</i>)
Apoc. Abr.	Apocalypse of Abraham
Apocr. and Pseudepigr.	R. H. Charles, ed., <i>Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament</i> (Oxford: 1913)
Apol.	Apology
Aptowitzer	<i>Kain und Abel in der Agada: den Apocryphen, der hellenistischen, christlichen und mohammedanischen Literatur.</i> (Vienna and Leipzig: R. Lowit, 1922)
Aq.	Aquila
Arab. vers.	Arabic version
Arak.	Arakhin
Arm.	Armenian
ARN, ARNA, ARNB	Aboth de Rabbi Nathan, Texts A and B
Asc. Is.	Ascension of Isaiah
Ass. Mos.	Assumption of Moses
A. Zar.	Abodah Zarah
B.B.	Baba Bathra
b	Babli (Babylonian Talmud)
b.	ben or bar (son of)
Bacher, <i>APA</i>	Wilhelm Bacher, <i>Die Agada der Palästinensischen Amoräer</i> (Strassburg, 1892)
Bacher, <i>AT</i>	W. Bacher, <i>Aggadot Ha-Tannaim</i> , tr. into Hebr. by A. Z. Rabbinowitz (Tel Aviv: 5682)
Bar.	Baruch
BASOR	<i>Bulletin of the American Schools of Oriental Research</i>
B.C.E.	Before the Common Era
BDB	F. Brown, S. R. Driver and C. A. Briggs <i>Hebrew and English Lexicon</i> (New York: 1907)
Bekh.	Bekhoroth
Ber.	Berakhoth
Bergmann	J. Bergmann, <i>Jüdische Apologetik: im neutestamentlichen Zeitalter</i> (Berlin: Georg Reimer, 1908)

Bet. haMidr.	Bet haMidrash
Betz.	Betzah (or 'Yom Tob')
Bianchi, <i>Gnosticismo</i>	Bianchi, ed., <i>Le Origine della Gnosticismo</i> (Leiden: 1967)
Bikk.	Bikkurim
Birnbaum	Philip Birnbaum, ed., <i>Daily Prayer Book</i> (New York: 1949)
<i>BJRL</i>	<i>Bulletin of the John Rylands Library</i>
B.K.	Baba Kamma
B.M.	Baba Metzia
Borgen	Peder Borgen, "God's Agent in the Fourth Gospel," <i>Religions in Antiquity</i> . Festschrift for E. R. Goodenough (Leiden: Brill, 1968) p. 137-148.
Buber	Martin Buber, <i>Eclipse of God: Studies in the Relations Between Religion and Philosophy</i> (New York: 1957)
Büchler, <i>Minim</i>	Adolph Büchler, "The Minim of Sepphoris & Tiberius in the Second and Third Centuries" in <i>Studies in Jewish History</i> (London: 1956)
<i>CCARJ</i>	<i>Central Conference of American Rabbis Journal</i>
C.E.	Common Era
Cher.	De Cherubim
1 Chr.	1 Chronicles
2 Chr.	2 Chronicles
c. Christ.	Julian, <i>contra Christianos</i>
CD	The Damascus Rule (The Zadokite Fragment)
C.G.	Cairo Geniza
C.G.L.	Coptic Gnostic Library at Nag Hamadi
Chron. Jer.	Chronicles of Jerahmeel
Col.	Colossians
Conf.	De Confusione Linguarum
Congr.	De Congressu Eruditionis gratia
Cont. Ap.	Contra Apionem
1 Cor.	1 Corinthians
2 Cor.	2 Corinthians
C.P.J.	Corpus Papyrorum Judaicarum
Dahl, 2 Cor.	Nils Alstrup Dahl, "The Fragment 2 Corinthians 6:14-7:1 and its Context" unpublished paper
Dahl, "Christology Notes"	N. A. Dahl, unpublished "Christology Notes"
Dahl, "Conflicting Scriptural Passages"	N. A. Dahl, unpublished notes on Conflicting Scriptural Passages
Dahl	N. A. Dahl, "Der Erstgeborene Satans und der Vater des Teufels (Polyk. 7 und Joh. 8:44)," <i>Apophoreta: Festschrift—Ernst Haenchen</i> (Berlin: 1964)
Dan.	Daniel
Decal.	De Decalogo
Dem.	Demai
Det.	Quod Deterius Potiori insidiari solet
Dial.	Justin, <i>Dialogue with Trypho</i>
d.o.	Direct object
D.S.	<i>Diqduke Soferim</i> (Variae Lectionis in Mischnam et in Talmud Babylonicum) recorded by R. Rabinowitz (Brooklyn: 5720 et. seq.)
D.S.S.	Dead Sea Scrolls
Dt.	Deuteronomy

Ebr.	De Ebrietate
Ec.	Ecclesiastes
Eduy.	Eduyoth
EJ	<i>Encyclopedia Judaica</i>
Elbogen	Ismar Elbogen, <i>Der jüdische Gottesdienst in seiner geschichtlichen Entwicklung</i> (Hildesheim: 1962)
Ep. Arist.	Epistle of Aristeas
Eph.	Ephesians
Epi.	Epiphanius
Epstein, tr.	<i>The Babylonian Talmud, tr. I Epstein</i> (London: Soncino, 1961).
Epstein, MBW ³ WT	J. N. Epstein, MBW ³ WT L ³ SPRWT HTN ³ YM. (Jerusalem: 1957)
Eranos	<i>Eranos Jahrbuch</i>
E.R.E.	<i>Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics</i>
Erub.	Erubin
Est.	Esther
Eus.	Eusebius
Evang. Quart.	<i>Evangelical Quarterly</i>
Ex.	Exodus
Ezek.	Ezekiel
Ezra	Ezra
Festugière	R. P. Festugière, <i>La Révélation d'Hermès Trismégiste</i> (Paris: 1949-54) in four volumes
Finkelstein	<i>Sifre on Deuteronomy</i> , ed., L. Finkelstein (New York: 1969)
Fischel	H. Fischel, <i>Rabbinic Literature and Greco-Roman Philosophy: A Study of Epicurea and Rhetorica in Early Midrashic Writings</i> (Leiden: 1973)
Flacc.	In Flaccum
Fossum	Jarl Fossum, Dissertation, Utrecht
Freedman, tr.	<i>Midrash Rabbah</i> , ed. and tr. H. Freedman and K. Simon (London: Sociano, 1961)
Friedländer, <i>Gnosticismus</i>	M. Friedländer, <i>Die vorchristliche jüdische Gnosticismus</i> (Göttingen: 1898)
Fug.	De Fuga et Inventione
Gal.	Galatians
Gen.	Genesis
Gen. Apoc.	Genesis Apocryphon
Gig.	De Gigantibus
Ginzberg, <i>Legends</i>	Louis Ginzberg, <i>The Legends of the Jews</i> , trans. Henrietta Szold (Philadelphia: 1968)
Gitt.	Gittin
Goldin, <i>Song</i>	J. Goldin, <i>The Song at the Sea: Being a Commentary on a Commentary in Two Parts</i> (New Haven: 1971)
Goodenough, <i>Jewish Symbols</i>	E. R. Goodenough, <i>Jewish Symbols in the Greco-Roman Period</i> (New York: 1942)
Graetz, <i>Gnosticismus</i>	H. Graetz, <i>Gnosticismus und Judentum</i> (Krotoschin: 1946)
Green	A. Green, "The Children in Egypt and the Theophany at the Sea: Interpretation of an Aggadic Motif," unpublished paper
Gruenwald, <i>Apocalyptic</i>	I. Gruenwald, <i>Apocalyptic and Merkabah Mysticism: A</i>

- and Merkabah Mysticism* *Study of the Jewish Esoteric Literature in the time of the Mishnah and Talmud.* Unpublished dissertation (Jerusalem: Hebrew University, 1968/9) revised edition forthcoming from Leiden: Brill, 1978.
- Gruenwald, *Visions of Ezekiel* I. Gruenwald, ed., "The Visions of Ezekiel" *Temirin: Texts and Studies in Kabbalah and Hasidism*, ed., I. Weinstein (Jerusalem: 1972)
- Gunther, *St. Paul's Opponents* J. J. Gunther, *St. Paul's Opponents and their Background* (Leiden: 1973)
- H.A. Hypostasis of the Archons
- Hab. Habakkuk
- Hag. Hagigah
- Harnack A. von Harnack, *Marcion: das Evangelium vom fremden Gott: eine Monographie zur Geschichte der Grundlegung der katholischen Kirche* (Darmstadt: 1960)
- Hall. Hallah
- Heb. Hebrews
- Hengel, *Son of God* Martin Hengel, *The Son of God*, tr. J. Bowden (Philadelphia: Abingdon, 1976).
- Herford R. Travers Herford, *Christianity in Talmud and Midrash* (London: 1903)
- Hip. Hippolytus
- Hist. Jud.* *Historia Judaica*
- Holscher, *Anfängliches Fragen* U. Holscher, *Anfängliches Fragen: Studien zur frühen griechischen Philosophie* (Göttingen: 1968)
- Hor. Horayoth
- Hos. Hosea
- H-R H. S. Horowitz & A. Rabin, *Mekhilta d'Rabbi Ismael* (Frankfort: 1931)
- HR *History of Religions*
- HSS *Harvard Semitic Studies*
- HTR *Harvard Theological Review*
- HUCA *Hebrew Union College Annual*
- Hull. Hullin
- Hyp. Hypothetica
- ICC *International Critical Commentary*
- IEJ *Israel Exploration Journal*
- Is. Isaiah
- JAOS *Journal of the American Oriental Society*
- Jas. James
- Jastrow M. Jastrow, *Dictionary of the Targumim, the Talmud Babli & Yerushalmi and the Midrashic Literature* (New York: 1926)
- JBL *Journal of Biblical Literature*
- JE *Jewish Encyclopedia*
- Jer. Jeremiah
- Jg. Judges
- JJGL *Jahrbuch für jüdische Geschichte und Literatur*
- JJS *Journal of Jewish Studies*
- Jl. Joel
- Jn. John
- 1 Jn. 1 John
- 2 Jn. 2 John

3 Jn.	3 John
JNES	<i>Journal of Near Eastern Studies</i>
Job	Job
Joël, <i>Blicke</i>	M. Joël, <i>Blicke in die Religionsgeschichte zu Anfang des zweiten christlichen Jahrhunderts</i> (Breslau: 1880)
Jon.	Jonah
Jos.	De Josepho
Josh.	Joshua
JPS	<i>Jewish Publication Society of America</i>
JR	<i>Journal of Religion</i>
JSJ	<i>Journal for the Study of Judaism</i>
Jub.	Jubilees
Jude	Jude
Kasher	M. M. Kasher, <i>Torah Shelemah</i> , 23 vols. (New York: 5709 f.)
Kel.	Kelim
Ker.	Kerithoth
Ker. Pet.	The Preaching of Peter
Ket.	Ketuboth
1 Kg.	1 Kings
2 Kg.	2 Kings
Kidd.	Kiddushin
Kil.	Kilaim
Kinn.	Kinnim
Koehler-Baumgartner	L. Koehler & W. Baumgartner, <i>Lexicon in Veteris Testamenti Libros</i> (Leiden: 1948)
Krauss	S. Krauss, <i>Griechische und Lateinische Lehnwörter in Talmud, Midrash & Targum</i> (Berlin: 1898-9)
Lam.	Lamentations
Lauterbach	J. Z. Lauterbach, <i>Mekilta de-Rabbi Ishmael</i> (Philadelphia: 1949)
Lauterbach, <i>Clarifications</i>	J. Lauterbach, "Some Clarifications on the Mekhilta," <i>Sefer Klausner: A Collection of Science and Belles-Lettres gathered for Prof. Y. Klausner on his Sixtieth Jubilee</i> , ed., N. H. Torchyner, A. A. Kubek, A. Tcherikover, B. Shortman, (Tel Aviv: 1940)
Lauterbach, <i>Jesus</i>	J. Lauterbach, "Jesus in the Talmud," in <i>Rabbinic Essays</i> by J. Lauterbach (New York: 1973).
Lauterbach, <i>Rabbinic Essays</i>	J. Lauterbach, <i>Rabbinic Essays</i>
Leg.	De Legatione ad Gaium
Leg. All. i, ii, iii	Legum Allegoria
Lev.	Leviticus
Lieberman, <i>Greek</i>	S. Lieberman, <i>Greek in Jewish Palestine: Studies in the Life and Manners of Jewish Palestine in the II-IV Centuries C.E.</i> (New York: 1965)
Lieberman, <i>How Much Greek?</i>	S. Lieberman, "How Much Greek in Jewish Palestine?" <i>Biblical and other Studies</i> , ed., A. Altmann, (Cambridge: 1963)
Liddell-Scott	Liddell & Scott, <i>Greek-English Lexicon</i> , 9th ed., (Oxford: 1940)
Lk.	Luke
Loeb	Loeb Classics Edition, e.g. <i>Philo</i> , tr. F. H. Colson and G. Whitaker and R. Marcus (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1971)

LXX	Septuagint
m	mishnah
Maas.	Maaseroth
Makk.	Makkoth
Mal.	Malachi
Marmorstein, <i>Background</i>	A. Marmorstein, "The Background of the Haggadah," <i>HUCA</i> , 6 (1929)
Marmorstein, <i>Essays in Anthropomorphism</i>	A. Marmorstein, <i>Essays in Anthropomorphism</i> , vol. II of <i>The Old Rabbinic Doctrine of God</i> (New York: 1937)
Marmorstein, <i>The Old Rabbinic Doctrine of God</i> , also <i>ORDOG</i>	A. Marmorstein, <i>The Old Rabbinic Doctrine of God</i> (London: 1937)
Marmorstein, <i>RGS</i>	A. Marmorstein, <i>Religionsgeschichtliche Studien I Heft: Die Bezeichnungen für Christen, und Gnostischen im Talmud und Midras</i> (Schotschau: 1910)
Marmorstein, <i>Studies</i>	A. Marmorstein, <i>Studies in Jewish Theology</i> ed., J. Rabinowitz (Oxford: 1950)
Marmorstein, <i>Unity</i>	A. Marmorstein, <i>The Unity of God in Rabbinic Literature</i> , <i>HUCA</i> , 1 (1923).
Meeks, <i>The Prophet-King</i>	W. Meeks, <i>The Prophet-King: Moses Traditions and the Johannine Christology</i> (Leiden: 1967)
Meg.	Megillah
Meil.	Meilah
Men.	Menahoth
MGWJ	<i>Monatsschrift für die Geschichte und Wissenschaft des Judentums</i>
Mic.	Micah
Mid. Tan.	Midrash Tannaim
Midd.	Middoth
Mig.	De Migratione Abrahamo
Mikw.	Mikwaoth
Mk.	Mark
M. Kat.	Moed Katan
Moore	G. F. Moore, <i>Judaism</i> (Cambridge: 1927-40)
Mos. i, ii	De Vita Mosis
MRI	Mekhilta de R. Ishmael
MRSbY	Mekhilta of R. Simeon b. Yohai
M. Sh.	Maaser Sheni
M.T.	massoretic text
Mt.	Matthew
Mut.	De Mutatione Nominum
Nah.	Nahum
Naz.	Nazir
Ned.	Nedarim
Neg.	Negaim
Neh.	Nehemiah
Neusner, <i>Traditions of the Pharisees</i>	J. Neusner, "The Rabbinic Traditions about the Pharisees before 70 A.D.: The Problem of Oral Transmission," <i>JJS</i> , 22 (1971).
NHW	J. Lewy, <i>Neuhebräisches & chaldäisches Wörterbuch über die Talmudim & Midrashim</i> (Leipzig: 1876)
Nidd.	Niddah
NT	<i>Novum Testamentum</i>

N.T.	New Testament
NTS	<i>New Testament Studies</i>
Num.	Numbers
Ob.	Obadiah
Ödeberg, III Enoch	H. Ödeberg, <i>III Enoch or the Hebrew Book of Enoch</i> (Cambridge: 1928)
Ohol.	Oholoth
Op.	De Opificio Mundi
<i>Oracles Chaldaïques</i>	<i>Oracles Chaldaïques</i> , (Paris: 1971)
Orl.	Orlah
OTS	<i>Oudtestamentische Studiën</i>
PA 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5	Palestinian amora of the first through fifth generation
PAAJR	<i>Proceedings of the American Academy of Jewish Research</i>
Par.	Parah
Pauly-Wissowa	<i>Paulys Realencyclopaedie der classischen Altertumswissenschaft</i> ... hrsg. von G. Wissowa, (Stuttgart, 1894 f.)
P.E.	<i>Praeparatio Evangelica</i>
Pcalh	Peah
PEQ	<i>Palestine Exploration Quarterly</i>
Pe.	Pesahim
Pesh.	Peshitta
Pes. K.	Pesikta de Rav Kahana
1 Pet.	1 Peter
2 Pet.	2 Peter
P.G.	<i>Patrologia Graeca</i> , ed., J. Migne, <i>Patrologiae cursus Completas Series Graeca</i> (Paris, 1928-36)
PGM	<i>Papyri Graecae Magicae</i> , ed. K. Preisendanz (Leipzig: 1928-31)
Phil.	Philippians
Philem.	Philemon
<i>Philos.</i>	Origines, <i>Philosophumena</i> (Same as Hip. <i>Refutatio</i>)
Plant.	De Plantatione
Post.	De Posteritate Caini
P.R.	Pesikta Rabbati
Pr.	Proverbs
Praem.	De Praemiis et Poenis
PRĪ	Pirke de Rabbi Eliezer
Prov.	De Providentia
Ps.	Psalms
Ps. Clem. Hom.	Pseudo-Clement, <i>Homilies</i>
Ps. Jon.	Pseudo-Jonathan
1 Q Apoc.	Genesis Apocryphon from Qumran
4 Q Flor.	The Blessing of Jacob from Qumran
IQH	The Thanksgiving Psalms from Qumran
IQM	The Wars of the Sons of Light against the Sons of Darkness, the War Scroll from Qumran
11 Q Melch.	The Melchizedek Fragment from Qumran
1 Q pHab.	The Habakkuk Commentary from Qumran
4 Q pNah.	The Nahum Commentary from Qumran
IQS	The Manual of Discipline from Qumran
4 Q Test.	The 'Testimonia' from Qumran
Quis Her.	Quis rerum divinarum Heres sit
Quispel, <i>Gnostic Studies</i>	G. Quispel, <i>Gnostic Studies</i> , 1, (Istambul: 1974)

Quod Deus	Quod Deus sit Immutabilis
Quod Omn. Prob.	Quod omnis Probus liber
Ref.	Refutatio
... R.	Rabbah (indicating a commentary in the Midrash Rabbah)
R.	Rabbi, Rab
RB	<i>Revue Biblique</i>
REJ	<i>Revue des Études Juives</i>
Rev.	Revelations
RHR	<i>Revue de l'Histoire des Religions</i>
Rom.	Romans
RQ	<i>Revue de Qumran</i>
R. Sh.	Rosh ha-Shanah
RSV	<i>Revised Standard Version of the Bible</i>
Ru.	Ruth
Sac.	De Sacrificiis Abelis et Caini
1 Sam.	1 Samuel
2 Sam.	2 Samuel
Sam. Pent.	Samaritan Pentateuch
Sanh.	Sanhedrin
SBL	Society of Biblical Literature
<i>Scholem Festschrift</i>	<i>Studies in Mysticism & Religion Presented to Gershom Scholem on his 70th Birthday by Pupils, Colleagues and Friends</i> (Jerusalem: 1967)
<i>Scholem, Major Trends</i>	G. Scholem, <i>Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism</i> (New York: 1961)
<i>Scholem, Jewish Gnosticism</i>	G. Scholem, <i>Jewish Gnosticism, Merkabah Mysticism and Talmudic Tradition</i> (New York: 1965)
Shab.	Shab.
Shebi.	Shebi'ith
Shebu.	Shebu'oth
Shek.	Shekalim
Sib. Or.	Sibylline Oracles
Simon, <i>Verus Israel</i>	M. Simon, <i>Verus Israel: Étude sur les relations entre Chrétiens et Juifs dans L'Empire Romain (135-425)</i> (Paris: 1964)
SJC	Sophia Jesus Christi
Slav.	Slavonic
Smith, <i>Observations</i>	M. Smith, "Observations on Hekhalot Rabbati," in <i>Biblical and Other Studies</i> , ed., A. Altmann, (Cambridge: 1963)
Sob.	De Sobrietate
S. of S.	Song of Solomon
Som. i, ii	De Somniis
Soncino Midrash	H. Freedman & M. Simon, ed. <i>Midrash Rabbah</i> , trans. into English (London: 1939)
Sot.	Sotah
Sowers, <i>Hermeneutics</i>	S. Sowers, <i>The Hermeneutics of Philo and Hebrews: a Comparison of the Interpretation of the OT in Philo Judaeus and the Epistle to the Hebrews</i> (Zurich: 1965)
Spec. Leg. i, ii, iii, iv	De Specialibus Legibus
ST	<i>Studia Theologica</i>
Strack-Billerbeck	H. Strack & P. Billerbeck, <i>Das Evangelium nach Matthäus erläutert aus Talmud und Midrash</i> . vols., I, II, III, IV1, IV2, V, VI (München: 1922)

Strom.	Stromateis
Stud. Patr.	Studia Patristica
Sukk.	Sukkah
t	tosefta
T 1, 2, 3, 4, 5	Tanna of the first through fifth generations
Tam.	Tamid
Taan.	Taanith
Tanh. B.	Tanhuma in Buber's edition
TDNT	<i>Theological Dictionary of the New Testament</i>
Teb. Y.	Tebul Yom
Tem.	Temurah
Ter.	Tertullian
Test. Abr.	Testament of Abraham
Test. Ash.	Testament of Asher
Test. Ben.	Testament of Benjamin
Test. Jud.	Testament of Judah
Test. Lev.	Testament of Levi
Test. Naph.	Testament of Naphtali
Test. Rcub.	Testament of Reuben
Test. Zeb.	Testament of Zebulun
Tg.	Targum
1 Th.	1 Thessalonians
2 Th.	2 Thessalonians
Theodor-Albeck	J. Theodor & C. Albeck, <i>Midrash Bereshit Rabba. Critical Edition with Notes and Commentary</i> (in Hebrew) 2nd printing, corrected. (Jerusalem: 1965)
1 Tim.	1 Timothy
2 Tim.	2 Timothy
Tit.	Titus
TO	Targum Onkelos
TJ	Targum of Jerusalem
TJ II	Fragmentary Targum
TP	Palestinian Targum (TJ, TJ II)
Toh.	Tohoroth
TWNT	<i>Theologisches Wörterbuch zum Neuen Testament</i>
Uktz.	Uktzin
Urbach, <i>Sages</i>	E. Urbach, <i>The Sages, their Concepts and Beliefs</i> (Jerusalem: 1969, in Hebrew)
Urbach, <i>Secret Torah</i>	E. Urbach, "The Tradition about Secret Torah" in <i>Studies in Mysticism and Religion presented to Gershom Scholem on his 70th Birthday by Pupils, Colleagues and Friends</i> (Jerusalem: 1967).
USQR	<i>Union Seminary Quarterly Review</i>
U.W.	"Ursprung des Welt" (The Origin of World) from the Coptic Gnostic Library (untitled work)
Virt.	De Virtute
Vit. Cont.	De Vita Contemplativa
VT	Vetus Testamentum
Vulg.	Vulgate
Weiss, <i>Dor</i>	I. Weiss, <i>Dor Dor WeDorshaw</i> , 5 vols. (Wilno: 1911)
Winston, <i>Iranian Component</i>	D. Winston, "The Iranian Component in the Bible, Apocrypha and Qumran: A Review of the Evidence," <i>HR</i> , 5 (1966), 183-216.
Wolfson, <i>Philo</i>	H. Wolfson, <i>Philo: Foundations of Religious Philosophy</i>

	<i>in Judaism, Christianity and Islam</i> . 2 vols. (Cambridge: 1947)
Yad.	Yadaim
Yalk.	Yalkut Shimoni
Yamauchi, <i>Pre-Christian Gnosticism</i>	E. M. Yamauchi, <i>Pre-Christian Gnosticism: A Survey of the Proposed Evidence</i> (Grand Rapids: 1973)
Yeb.	Yebamoth
Z.	Zuta
Zab.	Zabim
ZAW	<i>Zeitschrift für die alttestamentliche Wissenschaft</i>
Zeb.	Zebahim
Zech.	Zechariah
Zeph.	Zephaniah
ZNW	<i>Zeitschrift für die neutestamentliche Wissenschaft</i>

TRANSLITERATIONS

א	=	'	מ	=	M
ב	=	B	נ	=	N
ג	=	G	ס	=	S
ד	=	D	ע	=	'
ה	=	H	פ	=	P
ו	=	W	צ	=	Ṣ
ז	=	Z	ק	=	Q
ח	=	Ḥ	ר	=	R
ט	=	T	ש	=	Ṣ
י	=	Y	ת	=	T
ך	=	K			
ל	=	L			

Names and familiar words are spelled in conventional English.

Greek

Greek letters are transliterated by their Latin equivalents. But,

η	=	ē
θ	=	th
ξ	=	x
υ	=	y; u in diphthongs
φ	=	ph
χ	=	ch
ψ	=	ps
ω	=	ō
ς	=	h

PART ONE

INTRODUCTION

CHAPTER ONE

TWO POWERS IN HEAVEN

The History and Importance of the Problem

The intention of this book is to collect and examine the rabbinic reports about the heresy of "two powers in heaven" and to identify the proponents of the heresy. Such a task will impress most readers as abstruse. What interest can there be in such an obscure group of heretics within the early rabbinic movement? This book will attempt to answer that question. My study has convinced me that reports of these heretics (in the talmudic and midrashic literature of roughly the first six centuries of our era) are of considerable relevance for any student of late Hellenistic religion, especially for those interested in Christianity during the first crucial centuries of its growth.

That is no small claim. Anyone familiar with the quantity of material written in the fields of Christian origins and early Judaism has the right to be skeptical of claims to novelty. Surely every shred of evidence in traditional bodies of material has been studied and noted already! Even the heretics who believed in "two powers in heaven" have been discussed several times in scholarly literature. Nor has their significance been entirely missed. The sectarians have been identified, albeit inconclusively, both as gnostics¹ and as Christians. Of course, were it established that the rabbinic reports dealt with one or the other of the groups, the reports about "two powers" would be unmistakably significant. Any new piece of evidence about the behavior of early Christianity would help us understand its cloudy beginnings as a movement. But what has continued to keep this peculiar rabbinic heresy obscure

¹ By gnosticism, I mean primarily that religion of salvation in late antiquity which posited an evil secondary god who created this world, making it impossible for any but the elect, by virtue of their knowledge (*gnōsis*) of the high god to find salvation. Gnosticism is the extreme form of a much broader trend in the centuries immediately surrounding Jesus' life. Social alienation, pessimism, other worldliness, secret societies, all may be loosely described as gnostic. But, for reasons which will soon grow apparent, anti-cosmic dualism will be taken as the primary criterion separating the phenomenon of *gnōsis* and the movement of gnosticism. See Yamauchi, *Pre-Christian Gnosticism*, pp. 13-28 for a discussion of the problems in defining gnosticism. (Full references for frequently cited works can be found in the list of abbreviations, p. xv f.)

is lack of firm proof that the term "two powers in heaven" referred either to Christians or to gnostics exclusively (as if they were separate movements!) compounded by a great deal of confusion about what the heretical doctrine was.

Unfortunately, I cannot claim to have identified the heretics in every case. In fact, many of my remarks will be cautionary—showing that an earlier scholar's identification of a report of "two powers" either as Christian or as gnostic cannot be firmly maintained. However, in one very early, very important text I can identify one group as the indicated heresy by excluding the others. This has significant implications for our understanding of the first century. More often, I will try to show that both Christians and gnostics (and others as well) became the targets of the particular rabbinic polemic which the title "two powers" denoted. Previous studies have tended to make identifications casually, so even negative conclusions or mixed conclusions will be significant. It would also be significant to demonstrate that the rabbis put Christianity and gnosticism in the same category to argue against them. Furthermore there is new evidence suggesting that Christians and gnostics were not the only targets for the title of "two powers" heretics. I will try to show where the reports can be related to other groups, whose lives or writings can be more firmly dated than the rabbinic tradition. Whenever it is possible to isolate reports and date them (a constant concern throughout the paper) I will try to sketch out a history of the various heresies in Judaism which, in turn, may illuminate the darkness regarding the origins of Christianity and gnosticism.

Needless to say, if the problem of the "two powers" heresy could be solved in a straightforward manner, it would already have been solved. However, writers like the Christian heresiologists, who composed special tracts against their enemies, were rare, and an intellectual like Origen, who actually quoted his opponent copiously, was unique. The rabbis stuck closer to a more effective procedure of their day for dealing with opponents—allusion and polemic. They did little to characterize their enemies, especially when to do so would have had the effect of spreading the error further. Such an exercise would have impressed them as unwittingly publicizing evil or, as they would have said, as "an opening of the mouth for Satan." Consequently, identifying any of the opponents of the rabbis in rabbinical texts is still a vexing problem.

We must realize that problems abound even in the definition and

etymology of the rabbinic word for "sectarian" or "heretic." (Hebrew "*min*"; pl. "*minim*").² In English the words "sectarian" and "heretic" express different degrees of disapproval and social distance. A sectarian is probably best described as a disapproved rival among many factions within the parent group, while a heretic is someone who began in the parent group but who has put himself beyond the pale with respect to some canon of orthodoxy. The transition between "sectarian" and "heretic" in rabbinic literature would have been apparent only when rabbinic Judaism was acknowledged to have become "normative." Unfortunately, there is no scholarly consensus about when rabbinic thought became orthodox. Furthermore the rabbis assume that their interpretation of Judaism was always orthodox and never distinguish clearly between "sectarians" and "heretics." So far as they were concerned, any interpretation not part of their accepted community was "heretical" though there was certainly a time when non-pharisaic interpretations were only "sectarian."

This is what one would expect generally in long conflicts within a community. Since any community includes people who may share only a few important norms and mutual connections, not every argument is grounds for fission. Rather, when a crisis arises, a period of debate takes place when the issues are clarified. New authority may develop to deal with the crisis. Temporary sanctions may be applied to warn the heretics of their behavior. Only at the end of a long process of definition will the heresy grow clear. However, after the limit has been set, the past history of the issue may be seen in much less ambiguous light. Once the end point is known the development takes on a different aspect.

² *Min* = heretic seems to have no convincing antecedents in Biblical Hebrew. Joël, *Blicke*, II, p. 71, derived it from מִּמְּיָן (believer, like *pistos*), which seems improbable. For a complete bibliography and discussion of the problems, see Elbogen, p. 36, Simon, *Verus Israel*, p. 217 f. and G. Hoennecke in the appendix to his study *Juden-Christentum*, p. 398. Levy, *NHW*, III, 104a derived the term from the arabic root meaning to lie, speak falsely, by comparing it with the assumed etymology of the Syriac, *mania*. However, *mania* is equally likely to have been a loan word from the Greek, meaning "madness." Herford, p. 362 suggested that the word came from a root shared by Hebrew and Aramaic (*min* in Hebrew, *ZN* in Aramaic). The word is associated with the Hebrew word, *ZNH* meaning "to commit adultery." Bacher's suggestion seems the most plausible to me. He derived the word from the Hebrew, *MYN*, meaning "kind" or "species," or "sex." From this it acquired the secondary sense of "sect." Finally, in rabbinic literature it became the word describing a member of that sect—a development paralleled by the word "GWY," which meant "nation" in Biblical Hebrew but evolved the meaning of "gentile" in rabbinic Hebrew. The *double entendre* that Herford noticed would hold in any case.

What we know about the rabbinic period seems to follow this general model. The standard, rabbinic modes of expulsion—HRM and NDWY—do not seem to have been formalized in the first and second centuries.³ At least, we do not have good evidence to suppose their use against the *minim*. However, the process of exclusion was certainly well underway by the time of the Mishnah's codification (200 C.E.) for the Mishnah prohibits the leader of the service from saying certain benedictions associated with the *minim*.⁴ Since the instrument of expulsion is liturgical in this case, perhaps we may trace the process back to the Yavnean community where Gamaliel (about 80-115) ordered Samuel the Small to compose a "benediction" against the *minim*.⁵ This would have made participation in synagogue services impossible for anyone identifying himself as a *min*. Though the tradition is from a later source and may have been embellished in many respects, such a development would not be unexpected in the Yavnean community, which had to deal with the problem of understanding what the term "Jew" was to mean after the temple was destroyed. Therefore we are dealing with a definition of the limits of Judaism which developed over the time and which may not have reached uniform practice until the very end of the second century.

Logically, one would think that a non-Jew would qualify neither as a sectarian nor as a heretic. Unfortunately, strict logic does not apply to the situation. There is a certain amount of evidence that the rabbis occasionally used the word "*min*" loosely to describe gentiles whose beliefs and practices resembled the Jewish heresy under consideration.

One thing is certain. The earlier scholarly attempt to identify the *minim* as a single group was misled.⁶ A variety of Jewish sectarian groups fell heir to the rabbinic designation, *min*. Depending on the context and epoch in which the specific tradition arose, *min* could refer

³ See Goeran Forkman, *The Limits of the Religious Community: Expulsion from the Religious Community within the Qumran Sect, within Rabbinic Judaism and within Primitive Christianity* (Lund: 1972). He relies on the work of C. H. Hunzinger, *Die jüdische Bannpraxis im neutestamentlichen Zeitalter* (Göttingen: 1954) and J. E. Mignard, *Jewish and Christian Cultic Discipline to the Middle of the Second Century* (Boston: 1966).

⁴ See p. 98 f.

⁵ See Berakhoth 28b. An original reference to *minim* in the "blessing" is generally conceded even though the contemporary liturgy has omitted the phrase. It can be reconstructed from versions in the Cairo Geniza. See Elbogen, p. 37 f.

⁶ Herford (p. 17 f.) tried to identify *min* with Christian but that is overly-simple, as will become apparent.

to Samaritan, Sadducee, gnostic, Judeo-Christian, and many others.⁷ This contributes to much of the confusion in identifying heretical groups and makes the careful determination of the place and date of the rabbinic traditions all the more important. Furthermore, in order to identify the various sectarian groups, one must also identify the heretical doctrine espoused by those groups and find evidence that the doctrine can be clearly associated with an historical group at the time the rabbinic tradition arose.

Those heretics who believed in "two powers in heaven" present a more promising target in the identification of sectarian groups than do other heresies, because some kind of dualistic doctrine is inherent in the rabbinic designation. However, as we have seen, that definition of dualism must be broad enough to include Christianity as a referent. At its beginning, Christianity was rather more "binitarian" than trinitarian, emphasizing only Christ and the Father as God. Since Christianity has been suggested as a candidate for the heresy by scholars, we must be prepared to allow that the "two powers in heaven" were complementary instead of opposing deities as one normally expects. The heresy may have been "binitarianism" or "ditheism" depending on the perspective of the speaker, but not necessarily opposing dualism. Thus, propounding a strict definition of the heresy before looking at the evidence will be impossible. Instead I will continue to call the heresy "two powers in heaven" as the rabbis did.⁸

⁷ According to j. Sanh. 10:5, there were 24 different kinds of *minim* at the destruction of the Temple. While the number "twenty four" must be purely conventional, it illustrates the complexities in identifying sectarian groups. The "*min*" who derided Alexander the Great for rising before the Jewish High Priest, thus showing him deference (Lev. R. xiii), is usually identified as a Samaritan, because Samaritans are reported in other legends to have criticized the Jews before Alexander. Ber. 9:5 refers to the institution of a benediction with the words "from eternity to eternity" which has been taken as a counter-measure against the Sadducees who rejected the concept of resurrection. A variety of Jewish Christians or gnostics have been seen as the opponents of the rabbis in b. Sanh. 39b. See JE, VIII, 595 for examples of these conventional identifications. S. M. Wagner has attempted to define several categories of deviation in rabbinic writings in *Religious Non-Conformity in Ancient Jewish Life*. Unpub. dissertation, Yeshiva University, 1964. However, the terms may have changed in meaning over their long history of use in tannaitic and amoraic literature.

⁸ The ambiguous translation "two powers in heaven" has been maintained with the knowledge that the Hebrew term is only approximated by the English "power." Its different meanings should perhaps be noted at the outset. From the root R-Š-Y, it has the general sense of power of disposal, permission, authority. In detail, it means the right of possession to something (see Foerster, TDNT, "exousia" 565 for examples) the authority of commission, the right or the freedom to do something, as heirs and

Of course, most rabbinic passages just use "two powers" and assume the reader will know what it means. Only a few passages in rabbinic literature actually elaborate on the subject of "two powers in heaven," and even these few passages define it from a confusing variety of perspectives. Some of the passages treat "two powers in heaven" as one category of heretical doctrine. Sifre Dt. 329, for instance, mentions those who believe in "no power in heaven," followed by those who believe in "two powers in heaven," and finally, those who believe

descendants at law (in Ket., 9:5; a divorced women in Ned. 10:3; the marriage Ned. 10:3 etc.).

When contrasted with H^WBH (obligatory) it means "optional" or "recommended" or "voluntary." It can mean "power" in the sense of "capability" or "ability," as when someone is able to move himself voluntarily, under his own power.

However, since the more normal word for power in the sense of "capability" is K^H, R^{SWT} should be distinguished as power in the sense of "authority" as when a piece of land is within the power of a person or community. Indeed, the terms does have many legal ramifications, in the fixing of limits on property rights and obligations. Accordingly, ŠTY R^{SWYWT} B^{ŠMYM} has often been taken to mean "two dominions in heaven." I use the more ambiguous term "power" because the texts show that dominion is not its primary meaning. Rather, as I will show in reference to the Greek understanding of the term "authority," R^{SWT} often has the implication of a figure or person and means authority in the sense that the figure has capability independent of God. Indeed, "two gods" is a common synonym.

The implication of "personage" may clearly be seen in the New Testament use of the word. In Greek, *dynamis* (power, capability) and *exousia* (power, authority) may be synonymous (see Liddell-Scott, *TDNT*). The LXX often translates MLKWT (dominion) as *exousia* or *dynamis*, though sometimes with other words as well. Strictly speaking, *dynamis* would imply an impersonal power when predicated of deity whereas *exousia* would imply a personal power. However, these distinctions become clouded in Hellenistic Jewish texts where the *dynamis* of the deity is sometimes hypostatized as a separate person. (Grundmann, *dynamis TDNT*, II, 295). Thus the exercise of God's power may be personified in the forces of angels who bear different names, such as *archai*, *kyriotētes*, *eklektōi*, *exousiai*, *thronoi*, *dynameis*. (Cf., Bertholdt Stade, *Theologie des A.T.*, I (1911) 375, for examples). The Hebrew word and the NT usage of *exousia* seem parallel except in matters where the NT theologically differs from rabbinic discussions. (Foerster, *TDNT*). In the NT, *exousia* may also mean the power of Satan, though it is sometimes seen as a derivative of God's power. In relation to Jesus, where it denotes his divinely given power and authority to act, it goes beyond rabbinic theology where only God can act independently in the heavenly realm, and thus gives credence to the rabbinic use as a charge against Christian heretics. In Christianity, it may also be used for the authority imparted to the church. (Foerster, *op. cit.* for examples.) Then too, the NT uses *exousia*, together with *archai*, *dynameis*, and *kyriotetes* to describe supernatural beings.

It is clear that what the rabbis objected to was not other heavenly beings. They too told stories about angels. However, they were particularly scrupulous to avoid the connotation that any heavenly being could exercise *independent authority* and every detail in characterizing a heavenly being's personality made that danger more real. It will become clear, then, that the rabbis will object to "two powers" heresy because they view it as a "two authorities" theology.

that God has "neither the power to kill nor to preserve." Of course, the categories for defining the heretics lack consistency. The expected parallel—many powers in heaven—does not appear here though it is attested elsewhere. The third group is defined in different categories than the first and second. The reason for this is that the rabbinic source is primarily concerned with the exegesis of the scripture under consideration—Dt. 32:39—which turns out to be a powerful argument against heretics. It is only secondarily concerned with categories of doctrine. Throughout the paper considerable attention will be devoted to the pattern of scriptural citation because the scriptural supports for heresy and orthodoxy were of primary importance to the rabbis. Their attention to scripture will guide us in reconstructing the argument between the rabbis and the heretics, at least as the rabbis saw it. After this has been done, it will be possible to assess the rabbis' perspective about the content of the heresy.

By outlining the difficulties encountered merely in defining terms, I am suggesting that previous studies have artificially simplified the problem. Yet, I do not mean to imply that the previous research is irrelevant in the gargantuan task of identifying these heretics. Previous researchers have been mature scholars educated since youth in traditional texts. Rather, the passage of time has brought new information and new methodologies to light making it possible to refine their insights and correct their biases. To appreciate the problem of partiality, one must survey the approaches that scholarship has taken on the problem.

Heinrich Graetz began the study of "two powers" heretics. He was attempting to relate the reports of gnosticism and anti-gnostic polemic in the writings of the church fathers with reports of sectarianism and heresy in rabbinic texts.⁹ Graetz's analysis of gnosticism centered on the figure of Elisha ben Abuya (ca. 110-135) whom tradition had branded the arch-heretic. Elisha ben Abuya was disrespectfully named "Aher" (Other), by the rabbis, as if he were too infamous to name directly. Graetz saw Elisha b. Abuya as the model antinomian gnostic. The relationship between Aher's apostasy and "two powers in heaven" is based on a long passage in the Babylonian Talmud (Hag. 14b) which

⁹ The literature on Jewish gnosticism from Krochmal, *Moreh Nebukei Hazeman* (Lemberg: 1851) and Graetz, *Gnosticismus* can be found in Blau's article in *JE*, V, 686. See also Weiss, *Dor*, II, 125 ff. Some modern problems are summed up in R. Mcl. Wilson, *The Gnostic Problem* (London: 1958).

concerns four rabbis' mystical journey to paradise. For Graetz, the passage became the paradigm of Hellenistic sectarian possibilities. In this passage, four sages—Akiba, Simeon b. Zoma, Simeon b. Azai and Aher—are credited with an ascension to Paradise (the *pardes*) while yet alive; only Akiba is reported to have survived the journey unharmed. For Graetz, Aher exemplifies of the antinomian wing of gnosticism; Simeon b. Zoma and Simeon b. Azai are representatives of the moderate Jewish-gnostic wing; only Akiba is exemplary of Jewish anti-gnosticism. Graetz described Aher as an antinomian because he is elsewhere reported to have stopped observing the law. His gnosticism was supposed by Graetz to derive from an incident on this heavenly journey. Having successfully avoided the dangers of the voyage, Aher arrives at the *Pardes* and sees the angel Metatron enthroned in heaven. Astounded, Aher asks whether there are “two powers in heaven” and becomes a heretic when he returns to earth. Graetz associated “two powers in heaven” with the anti-cosmic dualism that appears in extreme gnosticism. To do so, he emphasized Metatron's resemblance to the gnostic demiurge, who created an evil world and then tried to keep men from discovering the good, high god beyond his influence. Since Metatron is pictured as writing down the merits of Israel and since he is reported to be Moses' teacher in kabbalistic literature, Graetz reasoned that he must be equivalent to that gnostic god who has sovereignty over all earthly things. He must also be seen as subservient to a higher god, since the Talmud reports that he is punished by God for giving Aher the wrong impression. Consequently, the reports of “two powers in heaven” were seen by Graetz as extreme gnosticizing within Judaism, a tendency exemplified by Aher and characterized by a rejection of those aspects of Judaism which were difficult or dangerous to observe in the Hadrianic persecution (which he dated before the Bar Kochba Revolt). Even so, Graetz saw gnosticism as a Hellenistic phenomenon. It arose outside of Judaism and entered it during a time when the convenient adoption of its principles made life easier for those without the courage to stand fast to Judaism's monotheistic “orthodoxy.”

Graetz's dating and theories have deservedly been criticized because of his speculative reconstruction of events. However, every scholarly inquiry into Jewish gnosticism has continued to assume that reports of “two powers in heaven” are part of its subject matter.¹⁰ Other scholars have blithely assumed that “two powers in heaven” refers to Christ-

¹⁰ See p. 60 f. (Chapter 3) for a fuller discussion of the problem.

ianity. J. Z. Lauterbach,¹¹ suggested that refutations of those who believe in "two powers" are arguments against Christianity when it was still considered a Jewish heresy. To demonstrate this assertion he cited Dt. R. II, 33 where Solomon is reported by the rabbis to have stated categorically that the one God has neither son or brother. Since some texts associate this heresy with "two powers" Lauterbach felt that the second heavenly power must be Jesus. "Two powers" could only refer to Persian dualism if the parties were antagonistic,¹² while Christian theology might easily have been understood by the rabbis to posit a second divine figure working in harmony with and claiming to be the son of the one God.

R. Travers Herford¹³ also dealt with the rabbinic evidence but was misled by prior assumptions. As he saw it, his task was to collect all the passages describing Christianity in the Talmuds and midrash. However, he quickly took up the thesis that all the references to the *minim* refer to Christians, a view which he maintained in spite of evidence to the contrary. Predictably, he came to the conclusion that the *minim* who believed in "two powers in heaven" were Christians, though probably gnostic Christians. Of course, like other scholars of this period, his conclusion was not wrong for the entire history of the heresy. Herford's primary mistake was methodological. Having taken up a theory, everything was made to fit it, despite information which contradicted his thesis.

Only one study in this period dealt solely with the heresy of "two powers in heaven." That was the work of S. Rubin.¹⁴ His study defined "two powers" as any kind of dualism. Hence, he dealt with any philosophical dualism as "two powers in heaven," mentioning the talmudic period only superficially and without any real historical method. He also fancifully assumed that the talmudic dualists were Manichaeans because the term *min* resembles the name *Mani*.

A more significant direction was taken by A. Marmorstein¹⁵ who studied eight tradition clusters concerning those who believe in "two

¹¹ Lauterbach, *Jesus*.

¹² Lauterbach is assuming that sons and brothers could not be antagonistic in the heavenly economy. However, he neglects to mention that Ahura Mazda and Angra Mainyu are spoken of as brothers in Persian literature and that a monotheistic heresy in Zoroastrianism, namely Zurvanism, assumed that there was a common father for both.

¹³ R. Travers Herford, *Christianity in Talmud and Midrash*.

¹⁴ Solomon Rubin, *The Belief in Two Powers* [in Hebr.] (Krakow: 1908-09).

¹⁵ Marmorstein, *RGS*, I, pp. 66-81.

powers." His efforts were devoted to the interrelation between rabbinic Judaism and Christianity, but the passages themselves were discussed under the rubric of the *dogmata* (*Lehrsätze*) of the gnostics, implying a certain reticence to identify the traditions as referring strictly either to Christian or gnostic groups. Even in some later works, Marmorstein¹⁶ found it impossible to reach any final conclusion about the identity of the rabbis' opponents, allowing both Christians and gnostics as possibilities from the internal evidence. According to Marmorstein, the critical evidence must come from external sources. He was most hopeful of developing "statistical data," by which he seems to have meant demographic and sociological information about the geographical proximity of various opponent communities to the rabbinic sages. Yet, Marmorstein tended in other writings to ignore his more cautious statements. He attributed the tannaitic reports of "two powers in heaven" to anti-gnostic polemic; those afterwards he attributed to anti-Christian polemic.¹⁷ No good reasons were developed for the assumption of such a chronology. Rather he seemed to rely on the then new, but now outmoded, scholarly consensus that Christianity grew out of a hypothetical pre-Christian gnosticism. Viewed from our later perspective, his assumption of a pre-Christian gnosticism was premature. Proof of its existence has remained elusive, though there is growing evidence of non-Christian gnosticism.¹⁸ With more careful examination of the data, and without making assumptions at the outset, it is hoped that a few more clues about the origin of gnosticism, and its relationship to Judaism and Christianity can be recovered in the reports of "two powers in heaven." But it is certainly counter-productive to assume any sequence or development for the data before it has been thoroughly analyzed.

Among more recent scholars, Adolf Büchler¹⁹ made a most helpful contribution by asking why many statements attributed to heretics vilify Jews but not the biblical claims of Israel. He then suggested that these "sectarians," though called "heretics," must have understood themselves as non-Jews. Therefore, the term "heretic" must be comprehended in its historical context. As an example of this, he showed that Jewish

¹⁶ Marmorstein, *Unity*, 467-99.

¹⁷ See also Marmorstein, *Background*, pp. 141-204 for a discussion of Marcion and the problem of dualism in rabbinic literature.

¹⁸ See Yamauchi, *Pre-Christian Gnosticism*.

¹⁹ Büchler, *Minim*.

polemic against heretics sometimes was aimed at gentile Christians like Justin Martyr.²⁰ Only a person who wanted to place his group in the privileged position of Israel would attempt to discredit the Jews without doing damage to Jewish exegetical traditions. More interesting still for this study is the fact that some of the arguments of Justin are called "two powers" arguments by the rabbis.²¹ When his evidence is fully seen it is sufficient to conclude that Christians were sometimes described as "those who believed in two powers,"²² but only in one particular time and place. We must still leave open the possibility that other groups at other times used the same arguments and hence warranted the same designation.

Even though these scholars did not solve the problem adequately, a great deal has been learned about the significance of the reports of "two powers in heaven" from them. The earliest studies tended to assume that the reports of "two powers" were evidence for their hypotheses about early Jewish heretics, whether they identified them as Christians or gnostics. As time went on, it became clear that more than one group could have been involved. What is needed now is an impartial study of the reports without any previous assumption about their referents or priorities.

The groundwork for impartial study of "two powers" tradition was begun by G. F. Moore.²³ Moore dealt with the problem of "two

²⁰ His argument for the association is made by reviewing the scriptural passages used to fight dualism. These would include Gen. 1:26 ("Let us make man in our image") where the possible interpretation of God's having an associate in creation proved difficult to the rabbis. Of course, the rabbis record many instances of these difficult passages. One such instance, Gen. 19:24, was discussed in Sepphoris around 200 C.E. by Ishmael ben Yosi. The verse reads "The Lord rained down fire and brimstone on Sodom and Gomorrah from the Lord from heaven." The difficulty here is a possible inference of two gods from the otherwise superfluous "from the Lord."

As Büchler points out, Justin Martyr used this verse in his *Dialogue with Trypho* to demonstrate that the God who appeared to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, was the Christ and a different divine figure from the God who had planned the creation. Further, one of the Jews accompanying Trypho admits that one of the two angels who had gone to Sodom was called "God" by Abraham. Apparently, Justin Martyr also knew of Jews who allowed one name of God to refer to something like a *logos* but refused to identify the *logos* with Jesus as he had done. Since Justin also lived in Tiberias at the same time as R. Ishmael b. Yose, we have the beginning of the kind of "statistical" or demographic evidence that Marmorstein was seeking.

²¹ See p. 118.

²² See p. 221 f.

²³ Moore, *Judaism in the First Centuries of the Christian Era: The Age of the Tannaim* (New York: 1971), I, p. 365 f.

powers in heaven" briefly and in philosophical rather than historical terms in his discussion of the Jewish concept of God. He showed that the rabbis basically criticized these heretics for compromising the monotheistic center of Judaism. But he also reasoned that the designation of "two powers" could not refer to polytheism, for polytheism would hardly have been a danger within the Jewish community. However, there were two trends within sectarian Judaism which Moore felt might account for this peculiar rabbinic designation. Some theory of two deities might be related to the several descriptions in rabbinic literature of those who believed God to be the author of good only. Alternatively, a very sublime and transcendent concept of God might lead to a role as divine agent for intermediary heavenly powers, like either the demiurge of gnosticism or the Christ of Hellenistic Christianity. While he masterfully described the rabbinic understanding of monotheism, Moore found it impossible to decide between the two logical possibilities for the identity of the "two powers" heresy. Instead, he summarized the issues by commenting on the advantages of dualism for reconciling the evil and imperfection so perceptible in the world with the goodness and perfection posited of God. Since dualism was also a widespread solution to the problem of theodicy in Hellenistic philosophy, it was not surprising to Moore that dualistic heresies arose in Judaism.

Obviously all the scholars who have written on the problem of "two powers" have seen gnosticism, Judaism, and Christianity as related phenomena, but I have not discussed that aspect of their thought yet because no two scholars agreed completely on the causal nexus between them. It would go too far afield now to summarize the many relationships which scholars have posited between Judaism, Christianity and gnosticism. Perhaps since gnosticism was first described by church fathers, Christian scholars have been the most interested in the problem. Although there is agreement among them in correlating Christianity with gnosticism, there is hardly any agreement on a theory which would explain that correlation. Particularly thorny has been the problem of whether gnosticism or Christianity is the chronological predecessor. Did Christianity grow out of a gnostic environment or did gnosticism grow out of a Christian one? The early church fathers saw gnosticism as a Christian heresy and they first reported the term "gnostic" as a description of it.

But from Graetz's time forward it became clear that the question of priority could not be addressed without careful study of Jewish text.

In his book,²⁴ Moritz Friedländer put forth the thesis that gnosticism is a pre-Christian phenomenon which originated in antinomian circles in the Jewish community of Alexandria.²⁵ This was a clear statement of the priority of gnosticism to Christianity; it was also innovative in its suggestion that gnosticism originated in Judaism.²⁶

Later in the twentieth century, the "History of Religions" school came to similar conclusions from different evidence for the priority of gnosticism to Christianity. They saw the predecessors of gnosticism in Persian and Mandaic texts and theorized that gnosticism grew out of Jewish thought that had absorbed Indo-Iranian themes.²⁷

Based on this consensus, many New Testament scholars feel that Christianity actually adapted a pre-existent gnostic savior myth to the facts of Jesus' life.²⁸ The discovery of gnostic texts at Nag Hammadi has verified the existence of a non-Christian gnosticism in the third century, but no document of pre-Christian gnosticism (which according to Bultmann developed out of a combination of Persian mythology with Israelite traditions) has been discovered. Nor has any one document from the early periods evinced the entire so-called gnostic salvation myth. In fact, we lack any pre-Christian texts which evidence the kind of anticosmic, exclusivistic beliefs evident in the Nag Hammadi texts. Without some contemporary evidence we cannot be sure even of the major tenets of any possible gnosticism in Jesus' time. In order to point out this difficulty, a group of researchers, gathered at Messina, agreed to use "gnosticism" to refer exclusively both to the phenomena outlined by the church fathers and to the later developments of those phenomena, while using "gnosis" to refer to gnostic traits and themes occurring earlier.²⁹ No agreement was reached as to whether the *gnosis*

²⁴ Friedländer, *Gnosticismus*. Friedländer is also indebted to M. Joël, *Blicke in die Religionsgeschichte zu Anfang des zweiten christlichen Jahrhunderts* (Breslau: 1880).

²⁵ Philo speaks of these sectarians in Mig. 86-93. See Friedländer, *Gnosticismus*, p. 4-9.

²⁶ For a detailed analysis of this aspect of Friedländer's work see Birger Pearson, "Friedländer Revisited: Alexandrian Judaism and Gnostic Origins," *Studia Philonica*, 2 (1973), 23-39.

²⁷ The accomplishments of this school of scholarship are critically surveyed by Carsten Colpe, *Die religionsgeschichtliche Schule* (Göttingen: 1961).

²⁸ This theory particularly characterizes those scholars influenced by R. Bultmann, to mention the foremost scholar having held this view. For a short review of the evidence brought by scholars for the existence of a gnostic redeemer myth see Meeks, *The Prophet-King* (Leiden: 1967), pp. 6-17. The history of scholarship on gnosticism is summarized at greater length by Yamauchi, *Pre-Christian Gnosticism*, pp. 13-28.

which preceded gnosticism was proto-gnostic (that is, incipient gnosticism), or only pre-gnostic (that is, a chronological but unessential predecessor to gnosticism).

Gilles Quispel has dealt specifically with the gnostic problem and "two powers" heretics in his essay on the significance of the Jung Codex.³⁰ His basic point is that, since Jewish sectarianism has lately been shown to be more extensive than previously thought, both our ideas of Christian and Jewish orthodoxy and the origin of gnosticism should be re-evaluated. In a tack which anticipates some of the conclusions of this essay, he sees a relationship between "two powers" heresy and mystical traditions of the Merkabah type which hypostasize the "name of God" as a separate angelic being. At the same time, he sees a greater relationship than commonly recognized between these Jewish mystical traditions and Christian or apocalyptic works on the one hand and gnostic works on the other.

Several other scholars have seen a relationship between gnosticism and heterodox Judaism. R. M. Grant³¹ promoted the position that gnosticism is to be explained as a response to the failure of Jewish apocalyptic. M. Mansoor³² has seen Qumran especially as the source of gnostic speculation and his views have been corroborated by Ringgren.³³ Hugo Ödeberg³⁴ and Nils Dahl³⁵ have pointed out the relationship between gnosticism and early Jewish mysticism, with Christianity serving as an intermediary between earlier mysticism and the later gnosticism. Good summaries of this new perspective have been published during the last few years. For instance, H. F. Weiss³⁶ has reviewed some of the "two powers in heaven" reports in rabbinic literature, together with the reports of early mysticism, in his study

²⁹ Bianchi, *Gnosticismo*. Unfortunately much of the clarity ostensibly achieved is not carried into practice since the adjective derived from both gnosticism and *gnosis* is "gnostic".

³⁰ "The Jung Codex and its significance," *The Jung Codex: A Newly Recovered Gnostic Papyrus*, 3 Studies by H.-ch. Puech, G. Quispel and W. C. Van Unnik, translated and edited by F. L. Cross, (London: 1955), pp. 35-78.

³¹ R. M. Grant, *Gnosticism and Early Christianity* (New York: 1966).

³² Bianchi, *Gnosticismo*, p. 379-400.

³³ Helmer Ringgren, *The Faith of Qumran* (Philadelphia: 1963), pp. 68-81.

³⁴ Hugo Ödeberg, *The Fourth Gospel* (Amsterdam: 1968) and *III Enoch*.

³⁵ N. A. Dahl, "The Johannine Church and History," in W. Klassen and G. Snyder eds., *Current Issues in New Testament Interpretation* (New York: 1962) and his student Peder Borgen, "God's Agent in the Fourth Gospel," in J. Neusner, ed., *Religions in Antiquity*, (Leiden: 1968), p. 137 f. as well as *Bread From Heaven: Supplements to Novum Testamentum*, X (Leiden: 1965), pp. 158-164. See also, Dahl, "Christology Notes."

of cosmology and creation in Hellenistic and Palestinian Judaism. He is especially interested in the parallels between the rabbinic reports and the impersonal kinds of mediation that parallel Greek philosophy. Martin Hengel has recently published a summary of the material as part of an argument that the title "Son of God" developed within the Jewish milieu of early Christianity.³⁷ In doing so, he reviews much of the evidence about angelic mediators which will become important in this study and mentions the rabbinic references to "two powers in heaven" as relevant.

Most of these works argue that extreme gnosticism cannot easily be shown to precede Christianity. Yet, some of the most difficult aspects of this thorny problem of the definition of gnosticism can be side-stepped in the study of "two powers." Our texts make a different distinction necessary. When the rabbis describe "two powers" in heretical beliefs which are antagonistic (and other opposing dualisms can be ruled out) extreme gnosticism is the indicated heresy. But, when the "two powers" are complementary, some other kind of heresy is indicated. A variety of concepts generally thought to contribute to extreme gnosticism—apocalypticism, Merkabah mysticism or *gnosis*—may be considered when the texts suggest two corresponding powers in heaven, but not extreme gnosticism. In other words, for rabbinic purposes, the key criterion separating extreme gnosticism from earlier phenomena—whether they be pre-gnostic or proto-gnostic—is the opposition between the two powers. All the configurations were heretical.

The rabbinic texts about "two powers" can yield new evidence in the controversy over the origins of gnosticism and its relationship to Christianity, if they are treated with these sensitivities in mind. For instance, sometimes it will be possible to isolate and date different strands of the rabbinic attack. In those cases, we will be able to tell whether opposing dualism or the moderate, corresponding "binitarianism" entered rabbinic purview first. On that basis, we will be able to sketch the outlines of a history of the heresy of "two powers," including an approximate date for the entrance of several different heretical groups into rabbinic scrutiny. This, in turn, will suggest a progression and relative chronology of apocalypticism, mysticism,

³⁶ See Hans-Friedrich Weiss, *Untersuchungen zur Kosmologie des hellenistischen und palästinischen Judentums*, DAWB 97, (Berlin: 1966). See also, I. Gruenwald, "Knowledge and Vision," IOS, 3 (1973), 102 n. 52-53.

³⁷ Martin Hengel, *Der Sohn Gottes, die Entstehung der Christologie und die jüdisch-hellenistische Religionsgeschichte*, (Tübingen: 1975). It has just been translated into English by John Bowden (Philadelphia: 1976).

Christianity and gnosticism as historical movements, at least as the rabbis saw them. Of course, this evidence by itself cannot be final. The rabbis may have missed some aspects of the phenomenon or have chosen not to record their earliest encounters. But the task of this paper is to explain what has been preserved, not speculate on what has not.

The research into the heresy of "two powers in heaven" has been done by illustrious scholars, though it should be evident by now that the time is ripe for formulating some significant new conclusions. New discoveries have brought to light important new information about the religious movements of that time. The known variety of dualistic possibilities for the identity of the heretics should now be explored. It would be helpful to the search for ditheistic sects to review each possibility, noting briefly what has been learned recently about each.

According to the *Jewish Encyclopedia* of 1901,³⁸ Zoroastrianism, Philonic theosophy, Manicheanism, and gnosticism were the dualistic phenomena opposed by the rabbis, while Essenism had improperly been considered a dualistic possibility. Twentieth-century scholarship has reversed these conclusions almost entirely. We have already seen the extent to which Christianity is implicated. Furthermore, while Zoroastrianism remains a *possible* referent for the antidualistic polemic of the rabbis, it cannot be considered the *probable* target any longer. For one thing, Zoroastrianism cannot be considered the classical case of dualism which it was once supposed to be. In the Gathas, Zarathustra evinced characteristics both of a monolatrism and a dualist³⁹—monolatrism, because he worshipped only one God; dualist, because he seemed to believe in two aboriginal, opposing, moral principles, truth and falsehood. Zarathustra's supposed writing (the oldest writing to survive in the Avesta) is ambiguous enough on the subject of dualism to require clarification by strictly dualistic commentary of later texts. Unfortunately, while the younger Avestan texts develop the theme of moral and cosmological dualism, they also contain references to gods which are, at best, extraneous to Zarathustra's system and which appear logically to contradict most of his thought. Hence, dating the emergence of dualistic thought in Persia is quite difficult. Apparently, Iranian religion was able to subsume a variety of differing theological tendencies. Not

³⁸ Kaufmann Kohler and F. G. Hoffmann (*JE*, V, 5 f.) criticize Zeller (*Gesch. der Philosophie*, 2nd ed., iii, 250) for the notion that the Essenes espoused dualism.

³⁹ Exactly what Zarathustra contributed to Zoroastrianism is still hotly contested. See, e.g., Ilya Gershevitch, "Zoroaster's Own Contribution to Zoroastrianism," *JNES*, 23 (1964), 12-31.

until after Zoroastrianism became the state religion of the Sassanian Empire (ca. 225 C.E. at the earliest) can strict dualism be documented as the end-product of a long development towards orthodoxy. The result is that some scholars now place the emergence of clear dualism as late as the end of the Sassanian Empire in the fifth century C.E.⁴⁰ On the other hand, dualism cannot be ruled out completely as a characteristic of early Persian religion. A fragment of Aristotle's *peri philosophias* cited by Diogenes Laertius reports that the Magi believed in two opposing moral principles.⁴¹

No doubt, Morton Smith is right to point out that Persian influence on Israelite culture has been generally underestimated because of the lack of textual evidence.⁴² Since documentation of this influence is further hampered by lack of knowledge about when dualism became characteristic of Persian religion, stylistic rather than philosophical parallels have become important in pointing out the relationship between Persia and Israel. M. Smith⁴³ characterized a genre in II Isaiah as typical of the Persian court in Babylonia. In the oracle concerning Cyrus (Isa. 44:24-28, 45:1-7) YHWH's theophany is framed in terms similar to those that frame Marduk's praise of Cyrus. This suggests that the writing is meant to describe YHWH with the grandeur reserved for Babylonian royalty, though adapted for Cyrus's political purposes. These findings are important to us because they include the basic biblical polemic against dualism, for instance: (Is. 45:7) "I form light and create darkness, make weal and create woe, I, YHWH, do all these things." These statements represent a clear change from the creation story in Genesis where God creates light, but not darkness. Such insistence on God's authorship of all creation (even risking contradiction of other biblical traditions) would implicate Zoroastrian dualism as the target of the prophet's polemic.⁴⁴ Yet it is important to note that Persians are not the only people singled out as opponents of YHWH. The prophet argues in the same passage that the gods and religions of all the other nations have no power. This kind of

⁴⁰ E.g., R. C. Zaehner, *Dawn and Twilight of Zoroastrianism* (London: 1961), pp. 175-92.

⁴¹ Diog. Laer. Proem., 8. See C. Clemen, *Fontes Historiae Religionis persicae* (Bonn: 1920), p. 75. Also *Die griechischen und lateinischen Nachrichten über die persische Religion* (Giessen: 1920).

⁴² Morton Smith, *Palestinian Parties and Politics that Shaped the Old Testament* (New York: 1971), p. 73.

⁴³ Morton Smith, "II Isaiah and the Persians," *JAOS*, 83 (1963), 415-21.

⁴⁴ See, e.g., Claus Westermann, *Isaiah 40-66* (Philadelphia: 1969), p. 162.

polemic would certainly fit the new picture of religion in the Persian Empire of II Isaiah's time—a picture which sees Zoroastrianism as a small minority even within the Persian ruling class, who also tolerated both the traditional religions of its conquered peoples and several non-Zoroastrian strains of their own Persian religion.

The conclusions about Persian thought relevant to our study can thus be summarized in the following way: Although Zoroastrianism can be pinpointed with some probability in Isaiah's writings and although Isaiah's writing serves as the basis of the rabbinic polemic, it is not necessarily true that Zoroastrians were the heretics who believe in "two powers in heaven." Another piece of evidence which argues against the identification of Zoroastrians with "two powers" heretics is the fact that many rabbinic writings do not hesitate to identify Zoroastrians by name and to name their gods:

A magi (sic) once said to Amemar: From the middle of your (body) upwards you belong to Ormazd; from the middle downwards to Ahriman. The latter asked: Why then does Ahriman permit Ormazd to send water through his territory? ⁴⁵

The Magi are openly defeated. There is no reason for the rabbis to use more obscure terms.

The Dead Sea Scrolls, however, have given us significant evidence of dualism within Judaism. Some scholars even claim that Qumran was a case of Jewish sectarian absorption of Persian thought. T. H. Gaster, for instance, sees Qumran as the Jewish form of Zoroastrianism. ⁴⁶ Whether or not they were "Zoroastrian Jews" is still problematic, but it is growing clear that the Dead Sea covenanters were a kind of Essene. ⁴⁷ Because of the Dead Sea Scrolls, we can be certain that some apocalyptic and sectarian movements within Judaism developed dualistic tendencies which could have been described as "two powers in heaven" by the rabbis. Even without raising the issue of their relationship to Zoroastrianism (which, in any case, was unnoticed by their contemporaries) the Qumranites can be seen as a contemporary source of dualism.

In the Manual of Discipline of the Dead Sea Scrolls, ethical dualism is boldly outlined:

⁴⁵ San. 39a. tr. Epstein.

⁴⁶ See Gaster, *The Dead Sea Scrolls in English* (New York: 1956), p. 190.

⁴⁷ Dupont-Sommer, *The Essene Writings of Qumran*. F. M. Cross, *The Ancient Library of Qumran* (New York: 1958), pp. 49-106.

He created man for dominion over the earth; and he set in him two spirits for him to set his course by them until the set time of his visitation. They are the spirits of truth and of perversity. In a dwelling of light are the generations of truth and from a well of darkness come the generations of perversity. In the hand of the prince of lights is the dominion of all the sons of righteousness; in the ways of light will they walk. In the hand of the angel of darkness is all the dominion of the sons of perversity and in the ways of darkness they will walk.

And by the angel of darkness are the errors of all the sons of righteousness; and all their sins and iniquities and guiltiness and deeds of transgression are in his dominion according to the secrets of God for his appointed time. All their afflictions and set times of their troubles are under the dominion of his hostility and all the spirits of his portion are set to trip up the sons of light, but the God of Israel and his angel of truth are the help of the sons of light.⁴⁸

Just as the two spirits of truth and error vie for the rule of man's heart, so does a man belong to the good party of righteousness or the evil party of iniquity. From the War Scroll, it becomes quite clear that the Qumran group felt itself to be the elect which, though then few in numbers, would one day serve with the angels as God's divine army, vindicating their present outcast status with victory at the end of time.

Although the Dead Sea sectarians seem to be dualists, they also believed in one transcendent God above all the angels. For them, each of the moral forces, good and evil, had a captain. The angel of darkness and the angel of truth would correspond to the spirit of light and the spirit of darkness. Other apocalyptic documents contain similar dualistic statements.⁴⁹ Otzen,⁵⁰ for instance, pointed out dualistic phrases in the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs: "Know, therefore, my children that two spirits wait upon man—the spirit of truth and

⁴⁸ A. R. C. Leany, *The Rule of Qumran and its Meaning* (London: 1966), p. 144 to I Q S 3:17 f.

⁴⁹ See the recent comprehensive article on extra-rabbinic dualism by John G. Gammie "Spatial and Ethical Dualism in Jewish Wisdom and Apocalyptic Literature," *JBL*, 93 (1974), 356-385.

⁵⁰ Otzen, "Die neugefundene hebräischen Sektenschriften," *ST*, 7 (1953), 135 f. For more possible "Two natures" arguments see Apoc. of Abraham 22, I Enoch i; 1, 38:1, 89:10 f., The Wisdom of Solomon 3:2 ff., 4:3 ff., 21:13 ff. See also Hermetic Writings I 18, 21. IX, 5. This same legend also occurs in pagan writing. Plato, *Phaedrus*, 248, among the Stoics see Arnim, j., *Stoicorum Veterum Fragmenta* (Stuttgart: 1958) I, 216; III, 658. *Diogenes Laertes*, ed. Hicks (Cambridge: 1958), VII, 127. Additional references provided by John Gager, unpublished paper on dualism. Also, S. Aalen, *Die Begriffe 'Licht' und 'Finsternis' im AT, im Spätjudentum, und im Rabbanismus* (Oslo: 1951).

the spirit of deceit," ⁵¹ and "Two ways hath God given to the children of men and two wills, two places and two goals." ⁵² Of course, there is room for saying that this dualism is less extreme than that of Qumran, merely reflecting a belief in two opposing human impulses. ⁵³ Traces of this kind of dualism even occur in rabbinic thought where they are not regarded as heretical. The rabbis developed their own theory of man's two impulses, the impulse toward good, and the impulse toward evil. ⁵⁴ In a *baraita*, R. Akiba is also supposed to have articulated a theory of extreme, ethical dualism:

After his apostasy, Aher asked R. Meir [a question], saying to him: What is the meaning of the verse: *God hath made even the one as well as the other?* He replied: It means that for everything that God created He created [also] its counterpart. He created mountains, and created hills; He created seas, and created rivers. Said [Aher] to Him: R. Akiba, thy master, did not explain it thus, but [as follows]: He created righteous, and created wicked; He created the Garden of Eden, and created Gehinnom. Everyone has two portions, one in the Garden of Eden and one in Gehinnom. The righteous man, being meritorious, takes his own portion and his fellow's portion in the Garden of Eden. The wicked man, being guilty, takes his own portion and his fellow's portion in Gehinnom. R. Mesharsheya said: What is the Biblical proof for this? In the case of the righteous, it is written: *Therefore in their land they shall possess double.* In the case of the wicked it is written: *And destroy them with double destruction.* ⁵⁵

Aher had asked a question which implies he was thinking of an heretical dualism. Meir replied with an exegesis about God's plan for creation. Then Akiba is credited with a statement of ethical dualism which, while careful to preserve man's free will, nevertheless resembles many passages in apocalyptic and even some Qumranic literature. We should probably assume that these dualistic ideas were more commonly shared among all sects of Judaism than is evident from orthodox rabbinic texts. Since this passage also makes clear that aspects of op-

⁵¹ Testament of Judah 20:1.

⁵² Testament of Asher 1:3 ff.

⁵³ Wernberg-Moeller, "A Reconsideration of the Two Spirits in the Rule of the Community," *RQ*, 3 1961-2 and M. Travers, "The Two Spirits of the Rule of the Community," *ibid.*, 449, 541 believe that the Qumran community as well should be considered as believing only in two impulses within man. However, the hypostasization of angels overseeing these impulses as a major theme indicates the presence of meta-physical existence of the two forces, whatever they may be considered within the heart of man.

⁵⁴ See Urbach, *Sages*, pp. 415-427.

⁵⁵ *Hag.* 15a., Tr. Epstein.

posing dualism were subsumed by the rabbinic movement, it is less likely that any ethical or opposing dualism *per se* would become the target of the "two powers" polemic. In the course of the paper we will have to observe the specific criteria which made a dualistic system heretical.

Since the Christian messiah may have been a target of the "two powers" polemic, other mediating or intermediary divine helpers in Jewish tradition may also have offended rabbinic sensibilities. The Aramaic terms *Yeqara*, *Memra*, and *Shekkinah* could be included in the heresy to the extent that they were not verbal subterfuges and point to a metaphysical or theological conception.⁵⁶ However, it seems likely that these traditions represent rabbinic attempts to explain dangerous scripture rather than "heresy" itself.

In view of the lack of other evidence and because of his obvious genius, Philo has long been held to be the example *par excellence* of "Hellenistic Judaism" of the first century. His use of the term *logos* points to Jewish familiarity with Hellenistic philosophical schools. Philo's concept of the *logos* is a combination of Platonic ideas of divine intermediation and the Stoic world spirit. *Logos* is equivalent with the intelligible world; but, because it can be hypostasized, the *logos* can also be viewed as a separate agent and called a god. Hence any Jew who shared Philo's ideas of the nature of divinity could be a prime candidate for the charge of "two powers in heaven."⁵⁷

Philo writes about the providence of God in another way as well—in terms of His powers summarized by the creative and ruling power. We shall see that these traditions may also have some bearing on the problem of "two powers in heaven."

Many scholars have pointed out that Philo's conception of *logos* is intimately related to other Hellenistic Jewish traditions about the

⁵⁶ The history of the argument about the nature of the *Shekkinah*, *Memra*, and *Yeqara* is ably summed up by A. M. Goldberg in *Untersuchungen über die Vorstellung von der Shekkinah in der frühen rabbinischen Literatur*, pp. 1-12.

⁵⁷ Several scholars have seen relationships between Jewish heresy and the various schools of Hellenistic philosophy. One should mention perhaps Joël, whose thesis is that the mystical texts discussed briefly above were the product of Jewish speculation in Platonic and neo-Pythagorean modes. H. Fischel has also pointed out many relationships between Jewish traditions and Epicurean, Stoic and Cynic thought. (Henry Fischel, *Rabbinic Literature and Greco-Roman Philosophy: A study of Epicurea and Rhetorica in Early Midrashic Writings*, Leiden: 1973). He feels that the traditions about the four who entered the *pardes*, which we discussed previously, are linked with Jewish epicureanism.

figure of Wisdom, the name of God, and the great archangel that mediated the Sinai theophany. It is possible that underlying Philo's philosophical language are exegetical traditions which he shares with many other Jews.

Any angel who assumed a primary role in heterodox Jewish tradition might have been the subject of the rabbinic injunction. This would include traditions about the angel Melchizedek, a heavenly Jacob, Michael, Gabriel, or the hero Enoch. The rabbis themselves associated "two powers in heaven" with Aher, who had travelled to heaven and seen the angel Metatron in a posture that suggested two powers.

The relevance of the "son of man" tradition reiterates what has already become obvious: Christianity must be considered as one of the prime candidates for the charge of "two powers in heaven," because the Christian community relied on many of the traditions of a principal angel for its exaltation christology.⁵⁸ Where a glorified christology developed, criticism of "two powers in heaven" could be levelled by the rabbis. The evidence has already been reviewed in discussing the work of Buechler and Marmorstein.

We have few clear references to Christianity in the talmuds and midrash. Presumably this is partly due to censoring of texts by medieval Church authorities. Most references to Jesus are late, such as: "On the eve of Passover they hanged Jesus and a herald went out before him for 40 days. Let him be stoned for he has committed sorcery and has deceived Israel and led it astray."⁵⁹ However the charge that Jesus was a magician was early: Justin⁶⁰ refers to it. The New Testament implies it. Since historical references to first-century Christians are unsure and obscure in the talmud and midrash, Christianity becomes an even better candidate for the charge of "two powers in heaven."⁶¹

Most of what can be said of Christianity as a candidate for "two

⁵⁸ N. A. Dahl, "The Johannine Church and History" in W. Klassen and G. Snyder, *Current Issues in New Testament Interpretation* (New York: 1962), suggests a relationship between *Merkabah*-traditions and Christianity, especially the Gospel of John. See also Dahl, "Christology notes."

⁵⁹ b. San. 43a. Notice the later rabbinic attention to halakhic procedure. Jesus should have been stoned for "sorcery" and "leading astray," not crucified, which was improper execution in rabbinic law.

⁶⁰ Dialogue 69:7.

⁶¹ Herford, Marmorstein, Büchler all argue that polemics about men claiming to be gods reflect debates with Christianity. See also Lauterbach, *Jesus* esp. pp. 550-565 for more arguments. See also Winston, *Iranian Component*, pp. 183-216, appendix II for review of the literature on the Christian use of the Balaam oracles and the Jewish polemic against it.

powers" heresy may also be true of gnosticism, as we have seen. Where a demiurge and transcendent god are described, the rabbinic charge of "two powers in heaven" becomes plausible; where a complex system of archons and spheres is described, the closely associated charge of "many powers in heaven" becomes possible as well.

Marcion must be mentioned as an example of Christian dualism. He is often classified as a gnostic, but his gnosticism is of such an individual kind that he would be better defined as a radical, Pauline Christian with gnostic affinities. Almost all our information about Marcion is derived from the church fathers, who were hardly complementary, but not necessarily totally inaccurate. When the rabbinic description of "two powers" heresy warrants it, Marcion's thought will have to be investigated.

If growing knowledge of the Hellenistic world has widened the field of candidates for the identification of "two powers" heretics, the passage of time has also brought more sophisticated tools for study of the primary texts themselves. Methodological advances in the study of religion have had ramifications for the traditions about "two powers." In particular, insights gained from form, source, and redaction criticism of the New Testament have made new and more careful assumptions necessary for the study of rabbinic literature. The most emphatic spokesman for this enterprise is Jacob Neusner, whose approach to rabbinic literature is ground-breaking.⁶²

Though the technical issues cannot be discussed in detail, the methods must be described. Source criticism tried to isolate the separate documents or traditions within the literature. Based on these results, form criticism presupposes and concentrates on the oral stage of development of folklore. It assumes that the sources of the traditional literature can be found in an oral genre which can be identified and whose properties can be studied in reference to the specific historical or social institution (*Sitz-im-Leben*) which produced it. The genre produced, however, is usually maintained even after the social institution

⁶² Jacob Neusner, *Traditions of the Pharisees* pp. 1-18. Also see some of his longer works, as, *From Politics to Piety: The Emergence of Pharisaic Judaism* (Englewood Cliffs: 1973); *A Life of Johanan ben Zakkai* (Leiden: 1962, 1970); *Development of a Legend: Studies on the Traditions Concerning Yohanan ben Zakkai* (Leiden: 1970); *The Rabbinic Traditions About the Pharisees before 70* (Leiden: 1971); *A History of the Mishnaic Law of Purities* (Leiden: 1974 f.); See also W. Sibley Towner, *The Rabbinic "Enumeration of Scriptural Examples"* (Leiden: 1973); and B. Gerhardsson, *Memory and Manuscript: Oral Tradition and Written Tradition in Rabbinic Judaism and Early Christianity* (Lund: 1961).

has faded or after the tradition has been written down, although literary styles in turn influence the tradition in different ways.⁶³ These observations, however inexact, have been used extensively in European and biblical folklore. In the study of the New Testament they have been massively employed to distinguish between the traditions which go back to Jesus himself and those which are probably products of the early church.⁶⁴ The application of this technique has restricted our confidence severely. For instance, in the search for the Jesus-layer of the gospel traditions, the overriding criterion for authenticity has had to be that of dissimilarity. Only those traditions essentially dissimilar from the general ideological milieu and later tendencies of the church can be firmly allowed as authentic to Jesus.⁶⁵

Redaction criticism is the name for scholarly analysis of the motives behind the editing of a document in its present form. It asks the question—*a cui bono*—to whose advantage is the preservation of the statement under discussion. As such, it often isolates the *Tendenz* characteristic not just of the literary redactor (as was originally hoped), but also of a long period of editing. Form criticism and redaction criticism, then, are complementary ways to study any tradition—the first emphasizing the context out of which the tradition arose, the second stressing the perspectives and biases of the people who preserved it.

Some rules of tradition formation, of course, hold for all folklore. Others are particular to specific cultures and must be examined individually. In the study of rabbinic literature, adoption of form and tradition criticism has not been quick. Consequently, there are few specific principles that can be generalized about rabbinic thought as

⁶³ Jan Vansina, *Oral Tradition: A Study in Historical Methodology* sharply distinguishes between oral traditions in preliterate and literate societies. Oral tradition in literate societies is limited to exchanges which take place in every day conversation and are handed down randomly, without special institutions. Rabbinic traditions are evidently an exception to these observations, as J. Gager points out, "The Gospels and Jesus: Some Doubts about Method," *JR* (1974), 250.

⁶⁴ The literature on form criticism of the New Testament is manifold. See Edgar V. McKnight, *What is Form Criticism?* (Philadelphia: 1969), for basic bibliography.

⁶⁵ Other criteria for authenticity—coherence, multiple attestation, and Aramaism are either more suspect or reducible to the criterion of dissimilarity. See J. Gager's article, cited above, for a discussion of these criteria. Obviously, the criteria for authenticity are not applicable to rabbinic traditions without adaptation. Probably, the criterion of dissimilarity can be used most fruitfully only with the traditions attributed to the most pre-eminent rabbis. The real work on establishing criteria for authenticity in rabbinic writing has yet to be done. See Neusner, *Eliezer b. Hyrcanus, The Tradition and the Man* (Leiden: 1974-5).

yet. Basically we shall only be able to use the method to distinguish between various levels of the traditions in the same rabbinic text.

Since consensus has not yet been reached about how to apply insights gained from other cultures' oral traditions to the study of rabbinic literature, scholars must make careful, cumbersome methodological suppositions concerning the date of rabbinic writings. In most cases this means that the wording of a tradition cannot be proved earlier than the second century. Therefore, it would not be out of place now to anticipate a specific dating problem in the "two powers" materials in order to exemplify the constraints which form and redaction criticism must place upon us until a consensus is reached. R. Simlai and R. Yohanan are credited with a principle for defeating heretics who based their belief on the plurality of divinities on scripture.⁶⁶ For instance, some heretics used statements like: "Let *us* make man... (Gen. 1:26)" as positive proof that there is more than one God. Either R. Yohanan or R. Simlai simply observed that wherever God is described in plural terms, a singular form follows closely in scripture, disproving the heretical exegesis. They are therefore credited with the principle that wherever the heretics base their arguments on scripture, their defeat is close at hand. The problem is not merely that the same principle is attributed to two different rabbis. They were close contemporaries and R. Yohanan was the teacher of R. Simlai. The problem is even more complicated. Although the principle is attributed to the third century rabbis, the argument also occurs frequently in texts attributed to second century tannaim, without reference to R. Yohanan or R. Simlai.

There are two basic ways to resolve this contradiction in attribution. Either R. Yohanan and R. Simlai's names are associated with an exegetical principle which is of greater antiquity, or the principle was added into the earlier traditions as a gloss because it dismissed the heresy in summary fashion. While pious Jews have always been disposed towards the former solution, careful historical methodology demands that we use the latter solution as the basis for inquiry. Since we are dealing with a culture which distinguished various levels of antiquity of traditions in order to formulate legal precedents and valued older traditions more highly, we must rule out the earlier dating by methodological premise *unless and until* other evidence warrants it. In other words, when dating is in doubt, the *onus* of proof is on the scholar who wants to maintain an early dating. The study of oral forms and the

⁶⁶ See p. 121.

application of the criterion of dissimilarity forces a methodological skepticism of antique dating because cultures like the one in which the rabbis lived characteristically attribute new thoughts to more and more ancient authority as a way of expressing the value of the thought. In the particular case at hand, we will find that the third century principle is always recognizable by means of its unique wording. So whether or not the argument was more antique than the third century, R. Yohanan and his pupil impressed a datable form upon it.

Though this limitation on dating in rabbinic literature is strict, any attempt to reconstruct a first century form of the "two powers" traditions is not automatically precluded. When there are hints for the existence of an earlier form of the tradition than can be provided from the rabbinic evidence alone, (as will be true for the "two powers" traditions) there are warrants for searching other first century, non-rabbinic literatures for further evidence of it. The different varieties of early dualism have already been discussed, so both the magnitude and the possibilities inherent in such a task must already be evident. However, if we postpone that task until after the rabbinic material is surveyed, we can look through the extra-rabbinic documents for evidence of the specific beliefs which the rabbis opposed. In other words, even if the rabbinic evidence alone cannot demonstrate the existence of a heresy in the first century and before, it may yet give us hints about the earlier forms of the thought which were in the process of becoming heretical. It may not give us all the evidence, but we may only properly discuss phenomena indicated by rabbinic texts. Though the limitations of such a methodological attack must be evident, they will provide us with some important new information.

In some ways, the study of tradition formation in rabbinic Judaism is easier than the comparable and older study of tradition in the New Testament. In New Testament scholarship, one has to begin with complete skepticism of every statement attributed to Jesus because the positive benefits of attributing a church doctrine to its original, supernatural author were immeasurable. In rabbinic tradition not every thought needed to be attributed to an early sage, because the deliberations of every rabbi were considered divinely inspired. One must be alert to the specific gain in authority (for instance, in legal precedent) when an amoraic tradition is elsewhere attributed to a tanna. Then too, it is far sounder method to use the New Testament to corroborate a first century date for a rabbinic tradition than to use rabbinic literature to illuminate and date New Testament traditions, as is now often done.

With reference to the "two powers" heresy, I believe I can show some positive results from Christian and extra-rabbinic literature, even given the methodological precautions, if the reader is patient enough to follow a necessarily long and sometimes tedious argument. Unfortunately, not until one places the results of the analysis of rabbinic text in the context of extra-rabbinic, Jewish-sectarian, and Christian writing does the great antiquity and significance of the "two powers" traditions become manifest.

The proper procedure for this study, then, is to collect, collate, and consider all the evidence about "two powers in heaven," both in the tannaitic and amoraic periods. This corpus will itself be important because the collation has never been accomplished before. Close analysis will be necessary to isolate the various generic and formal characteristics of the traditions, to separate the stages in the development of the argument itself and to reveal clues about the identities of the heretics. Sometimes it will be necessary to distinguish many different layers of tradition in one passage. Often no firm dating will be possible. Particular attention will have to be paid to the scriptural passages from which the heretics derive their doctrines. But only after these considerations have been weighed can we discover whether the biblical passages were actually used by some contemporary dualistic group or were only biblical stylizations of heresy, invented by the rabbis themselves. This analysis will be carried out in Section II (The Rabbinic Traditions).

When the rabbinic evidence has been sifted, we will be in a better position to judge which of the dualistic communities reviewed earlier in this chapter were the likely targets for the rabbinic polemic at any isolatable time and place. With the extra-rabbinic evidence we will also be able to solve some of the ambiguities of the rabbinic texts. For this reason, many of the final conclusions about the significance of the rabbinic reports will necessarily be found in the chapters of Section III dealing with extra-rabbinic evidence. This is, admittedly, an inconvenient place to look for the conclusions about the rabbinic corpus, but this complex problem necessitates such a difficult form. I think the task worth the effort because a new clarity about the rabbinic view of the rise of Christianity and gnosticism can be gained by the end. This information is important for its own sake. But it becomes essential information when one realizes that the rabbis were among the closest, most expert, and most concerned contemporary observers of Christianity and gnosticism.

PART TWO

THE EARLY RABBINIC EVIDENCE

CHAPTER TWO

CONFLICTING APPEARANCES OF GOD

PASSAGE 1

MRSbY

The Mekhilta of R. Simeon b. Yohai,
p. 81. Bashalah 15.

Another interpretation: *YHWH is a man of war, YHWH is His name.*

Because, when the Holy One Blessed
be He was revealed at the sea,
He appeared to them as a young man
making war.

YHWH is His name. He appeared
to them at Sinai like an old man,
full of mercy:

I beheld 'til thrones were set down.
(Dan. 7:9).

So as not to give an opportunity to
say "There are two powers in heav-
en" Rather *YHWH is a man of War.*
(Another interpretation:) *YHWH is
a man of War.* YHWH fought in
Egypt. YHWH fought at the Sea.
And He is at the Jordan, He is at the
Arnon streams.

And He is in this world, And He
is in the world to come. He is in the
past and He is in the future to come.

MRI

The Mekhilta of R. Ishmael Baḥo-
desh 5, Shirta 4.

I am YHWH your God: Why is this
said?

Because When
He was revealed at the sea,
He appeared to them as a mighty
hero making war. As it is said,
YHWH is a man of war.

He appeared at Sinai like an old man,
full of mercy, as it is said: *And they
saw the God of Israel.* (Ex. 24:10)
And of the time after they had been
redeemed what does it say? *And the
like of the very heaven for clearness.*
(Ex. 24:10).

Again, it says
I beheld 'til thrones were set down
(Dan. 7:9) And it also says *A fiery
stream issued and came forth from
him* etc.

Scripture would not give an oppor-
tunity to the nations of the world to
say "There are 'two powers' but de-
clares *I am YHWH your God.*" (Ex.
20:2).

I was in Egypt.

I was at the Sea.

I was in the past, I will be in the
future to come.

I am in this world, I am in the world
to come.

MRSbY

As it is said: *Behold now, that I, even, I, am He*, etc. (Dt. 32:39) *Thus says YHWH, the king of Israel*, etc. *I am YHWH, the first and the last*, etc. (Is. 44:6).

MRI

As it is said: *Behold now, that I, even I, am He*, etc. (Dt. 32:39). *Even unto old age I am the same* (Is. 46:4). *Thus says YHWH the king of Israel and his Redeemer the Lord of Hosts, I am the first and the last*, (Is. 44:6). And it says *Who has wrought and done it? He that called the generations from the beginning. I, the Lord who am the first, and to the end I am He*. (Is. 41:4).

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(Another comment: *Face after face*) R. Levi said: God faced them in many guises. To one He appeared standing, and to one seated; (See Gen. 28:13 and Isa. 6:1) to one as a young man, and to one as an old man. How so? At the time the Holy One, blessed be He, appeared on the Red Sea to wage war for His children and to requite the Egyptians, He faced them as a young man, since war is waged best by a young man, as is said *The Lord is a man of war, the Lord is His name* (Ex. 15:3). And when the Holy One, blessed be He, appeared on Mount Sinai to give the Torah to Israel, He faced them as an old man, for Torah is at its best when it comes from the mouth of an old man. What is the proof? The verse *With aged men is wisdom, and understanding in length of days* (Job 12:12); and therefore Daniel said: *I beheld till thrones were placed, and one that was Ancient of days did sit* (Dan. 7:9). In regard to God's guises R. Hiyya bar Abba said: If a whoreson should say to you, "They are two gods," quote God as saying in reply: I am the One of the sea and I am the One of Sinai.

(Another comment) R. Levi taught at Sinai the Holy One, blessed be He, appeared to them with many faces, with a threatening face, with a severe face, with an angry face, with a joyous face, with a laughing face, with a friendly face. How so? ... In regard to God's many faces, R. Hiyya bar Abba taught: Should a whoreson say to you, "They are two gods," reply to him, Scripture does not say "The gods have spoken ... face after face" but *The Lord has spoken with you face after face*.

Passage 1 may be found in several places in midrashic literature and is alluded to in many more. The primary reference is in *MRI* where the passage occurs in two places (Bahodesh 5 and Shirta 4) in virtually identical form. In Bahodesh alone a closely related tradition, adduced in the name of Rabbi Nathan, was added because of its obvious rele-

¹ See also Pesikta Rabbati de Bahodesh, Ex. 20:2 together with Dt. 5:4. Tr. Braude, p. 421 f. The later midrashim tend to fill in the gaps in reasoning in the earlier ones. For a description of the rabbis ambiguous style, see Goldin, *Song*, *ad loc.*

vance (Passage 2, see p. 57). A second, simpler form of the tradition (which will be the first text to be scrutinized) is found in *MRSbY* Bashalah. Finally the tradition was known and discussed in *PR*, but, there, it has undergone considerable secondary clarification.

In *MRSbY* the subject is introduced as an exegetical comment on the two statements made about YHWH in Ex. 15:3. The exegesis notes the repetition of the name of YHWH in Ex. 15:3 and explains its significance. "YHWH is a man of war" is to be interpreted as a descriptive statement referring to God's manifestation as a young warrior when He destroyed the Egyptians at the Red Sea. "YHWH is His name" is necessary because at Sinai He will reveal Himself as an old man, showing mercy. Hence, it is important for the Israelites to realize that the same God is speaking in both cases, though the manifestations look different.² The proof-text for these statements is Dan. 7:9 f. which describes a heavenly enthronement scene involving two divine manifestations, "the son of man" and "the Ancient of Days." In this context, the reference from Dan. must be taken to demonstrate that God may be manifested either as a young man or as an old man.

When the whole biblical passage is seen, the passage seems to describe more a danger than a solution.

As I looked, thrones were placed and one that was ancient of days took his seat; his raiment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool; his throne was fiery flames, its wheels were burning fire. A stream of fire issued and came forth from before him; a thousand thousands served him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him; the court sat in judgment, and the books were opened.... I saw in the night visions, and behold, with the clouds of heaven there came one like a son of man, and he came to the Ancient of Days and was presented before him. And to him was given dominion and glory and kingdom, that all peoples, nations, and languages should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom one that shall not be destroyed.³

Not only does the passage allow the interpretation that God changes aspect, it may easily be describing two separate, divine figures. More than one throne is revealed and scripture describes two divine figures to fill them. One sits and the other seems to be invested with power, possibly enthroned. The Ancient of Days may be responsible for

² See Lauterbach, *Clarifications*, p. 181-188, esp. 184-8.

³ Dan. 7:9, 10, 13, 14.

judgment, but delegates the operation to a "son of man" who accomplishes judgment by means of a fiery stream. That this "son of man" is young or that his dominion is to be merciful, ostensibly the point of the reference, is hardly evident in the text. All of this makes it more likely that Dan. 7:9 f. is as central to the heresy as it is to the defense against it. It could be interpreted to describe a kind of heresy which Ex. 15:3 is supposed to deny. Its use here presumes that some orthodox counter-interpretation of this dangerous scripture has already developed and is well known. That the two descriptions of God's appearance may imply a contradiction in scripture is not specifically mentioned. It is no longer an important problem. Rather the midrash immediately follows the exegesis with a warning that no doctrine of "two powers in heaven" should be derived from the passage. Ex. 15:3 is itself the proof-text that repudiates the false doctrine, but the scriptural text must first be seen in the correct light. This text, then, must be a fairly late summation of a considerable amount of argumentation.

Then the text continues with an elaboration, introduced as a separate midrash (DBR ³HR), which emphasizes that but one God is revealed in the history of Israel and, indeed, that there is only one God for all the universe, for all time. Further proof-texts of Dt. 32:39, Is. 44:6 and Is. 41:4 are brought to substantiate this point.

Although the MRSbY contains the shortest version of the story, it cannot of itself be the earliest version of the tradition. Rather it seems to be an epitome of an already sophisticated argument. Where it agrees with the version in MRI it is sometimes slightly longer, implying that MRSbY has gone through a certain, perhaps short period of independent elaboration.⁴ However, since it is altogether the least elaborated version of the tradition, the various themes of the story may be more easily separated in it. By isolating the themes, we may come one step closer to separating the various sources and identifying the earliest form.

First, one has to notice that the exegetical root of the tradition is the repetition of the name of God, YHWH, and the problems which arise from that. In this case, the dangerous doctrine is the idea that there are two different manifestations of God—one, a young man, appearing at the Sea; the other, an old man, appearing at Sinai. As we

⁴ Lauterbach, *Clarifications*, maintains that the editor of the MRSbY actually had a later version of the tradition than MRI and that the editor of MRSbY misunderstood the tradition he received in various respects.

have it, the tradition is centered around the Exodus theophanies. Dan. 7:9 is ostensibly a proof-text but is also the locus of the same heretical traditions, since two different figures are mentioned there as well. Of course, the rabbis objected to this tradition, saying that the repetition of the divine name was not to identify "two powers" but to emphasize God's unity, since the Israelites would also have to recognize God in another form. In attempting to identify the heretics, we should look for a doctrine which did associate "two powers" with the names for God in the Exodus theophany and in Dan. 7. Obviously, from the rabbinic perspective, but not necessarily at the earliest stage of the tradition itself, this dangerous exegesis became subsumed under the unfavorable category of "two powers in heaven." This text gives us no description of the persons holding such a doctrine.

At the end of the section there is a peroration which articulates implications present already in the designation "two powers in heaven," by directly stating that the doctrine is a threat to monotheism and condemning it roundly with the appropriate biblical texts from Isaiah and Deuteronomy. In fact the verses are so useful as a defense against the heresy as to characterize the opposition to "two powers" throughout its entire history and will be important in the attempt to identify the heretics.

The midrash is saying that, though scripture allows for the interpretation that God may be viewed in various aspects, there is a limit to how far one may go in ascribing independent motives to the different hypostases. Not only is there only one God, but there is no possibility of ever deriving a second deity. It was the same God in Egypt who was at the Sea; the same in this world as He will be in the world to come; the same in the past who will be in the future. These descriptions are later rhetorical flourishes, embellishing and emphasizing an argument whose assumption has been laid down previously. *MRSbY* even introduces the thoughts as "another interpretation." However, one may ask whether the embellishments are purely arbitrary. In view of the importance of the name of God in this midrash it is not unlikely that the midrash is relying on the mysterious name of God which was revealed to Moses at the burning bush. "I am that I am" is being interpreted with past and future implications of the Hebrew verb forms and is being understood to be an eternal pledge to remain with Israel.

The text in MRI is even more complex and obviously the result of a long history of redaction. Neither MRI nor *MRSbY* can itself

be the ancient tradition. Rather the most ancient layer, which will later appear to be tannaitic, must be carefully uncovered in comparing them. The basic structure is similar to the argument in *MRSbY* and appears to be based on an exegesis of the name of God as well. In *MRI* the rabbis acknowledge that God manifested Himself in two ways in the Bible. They derive this contention not merely from the repetition of "YHWH" in scripture, as *MRSbY* did, but from the contrast between the Hebrew name, "YHWH," used to describe the Lord at the sea, and the other Hebrew name for divinity, "Elohim," used to describe God at Sinai. At least one possible conclusion based on the two different names of the deity—namely, that two different divinities, God and Lord, were being described—is condemned as dangerous. Instead, the rabbis suggest that the solution to the paradox will be found at Ex. 20:2, the first of the Ten Commandments, which contains both names of God and declares His unity. Hence, the editor of *MRI*, by introducing the orthodox solution based on Ex. 20:2, in his commentary to one of the dangerous passages, Ex. 15:3, allowed no opportunity for the orthodox opinion to be compromised. He has also added Ex. 20:2 to the list of effective scriptural defense against heresy.

Though the major thrust of the passage seems evident, it contains many elaborations missing from the *MRSbY* version, while some parts of its argument remain obscure. For one thing, a new theme of justice and mercy, corresponding to young and old manifestations of God, has been emphasized. This is facilitated by bringing in more proof-texts. Ex. 15:3 is taken only as a proof of God's justice. Ex. 24:10 f., which is part of the Sinai theophany, is introduced as the proof of God's mercy.⁵ These two seemingly contradictory biblical verses are compared by the midrash, which then uses Ex. 20:2, the first line of the Ten Commandments, as the third, decisive text with which to harmonize the other two.⁶

⁵ Just how Ex. 24:10 proves God's mercy will take some explanation. The proof-text reads "They saw the God of Israel," which, rather than clarifying, adds another puzzling statement—that a group of people actually saw God. While the text says that they saw Him, it tells nothing of what they saw. The implication of Ex. 24:11a, however, offers a possible answer to the problem. The verse states that God did not lay His hand upon the nobles of the children of Israel. Since the nobles saw God, and since it says elsewhere in Scriptures that no man may see God and live (Ex. 33:20), then God must have acted mercifully towards the nobles in not laying His hand upon them (Ex. 24:11a). God's supererogatory behavior is further evidenced by the fact that, far from punishing the elders, He provides them with food and drink (Ex. 24:11b). See Goldin, *Song*, *ad loc.*

⁶ The paradigm for this argument is rule 13 of the Talmudic exposition of the

MRI, in comparison to *MRSbY*, has developed an elegant argument based on the unstated rabbinic doctrine of the Two Attributes of God.⁷ This rabbinic doctrine derives two different aspects of God—one merciful (MDT HRḤMYM) and the other, just (MDT HDYN)—from the two Hebrew names of God, YHWH and Elohim.⁸ Ex. 20:2, the first line of the Ten Commandments, since it contains both Hebrew names, proves not only that one God was present, but that He was present on Sinai in both His just and His merciful manifestations. The complete argument allows that God can appear in different manifestations—either as a just or as a merciful God or as both—but that it is always the same God and that He was present in both His manifestations when He gave the Torah to Israel.

Although this elaboration is quite sophisticated, there are some difficult aspects to it. For one thing, the two locations adduced in scripture for the doctrine of God's two attributes are puzzling. They imply that YHWH should be seen as the just attribute, while Elohim should be the merciful attribute, which is exactly the opposite of the standard rabbinic identification. That problem will be addressed later, but one point can be clarified now. The argument that two figures or manifestations of God are possible (one ostensibly old, the other young) is separable from the argument that God has two attributes, one just and the other merciful. Of course, they are related ideas. But what they share is a dependence on exegesis either of the repetition of the name of God or the different names of God in the scripture.

Other variations in *MRI* should be noted. Just as Ex. 15:3 and Ex. 24:10 f. are introduced as separate but related cases of theophany in *MRI*, so Dan. 7:9 is treated as a separate case of the phenomenon of God's changing manifestations, as was suspected in reading *MRSbY*.

Scriptures known as the Baraita of Rabbi Ishmael and found in the introduction to the *Sifra*, a tannaitic midrash on Leviticus. See Nils A. Dahl, "Widersprüche in der Bibel: Ein altes hermeneutisches Problem," *Studia Theologica*, 25 (1971), 1-19.

⁷ Lauterbach maintains that the doctrine of God's mercy and justice may be seen even in *MRSbY* where YHWH = A man of war would be a problem since YHWH should symbolize God's mercy. This seems correct to me. The point of bringing in Ex. 24:10 f. here is to prove God's mercy at the giving of the law, not merely his appearance as an old man in Dan. If any problem can be said to be more basic I suspect it is the very idea of God portrayed as a man. That is what all the passages have in common. Not only Dan. 7:9, Ex. 15:3, but also Is. 42:13, Ez. 1:26 would also qualify as dangerous, because they figure God in human form. We shall see that many of these are implicated in other descriptions of the heresy as well.

⁸ For a complete summary of the Rabbinic Doctrine of the "Two Aspects of God," see Urbach, *Sages*, pp. 396-407.

Here the details of the argument are worked out. In the apocalyptic vision ascribed to Daniel, two thrones appear in heaven, which imply two different figures to fill them. After referring to this dangerous idea, the midrashist has also inserted a specific remedy to the misconception that "two powers in heaven" are being described by Daniel. In Dan. 7:10 scripture states that "a fiery stream... came forth from *Him*" where the singular pronoun shows that only one personage is present, although there may be two manifestations.⁹

A further elaboration in *MRI* must also be explained. Ex. 24:10 f. was quoted because Ex. 24:11b contained the proof that God was merciful to the Israelites at Sinai. However, the midrash also makes a special point of quoting Ex. 24:10b ("And the like of the very heaven for clearness"), which is irrelevant to the argument that God is merciful, the point of the proof-text. However, this biblical verse contains an anthropomorphic description of YHWH, (probably understood to describe a glorious enthronement).¹⁰ That it contains another merkabah (chariot-throne) description similar to Dan. 7:9 f. is perhaps of itself enough to explain the reference. However, in this case, the midrashist must also be alluding to other rabbinic traditions which explain how God's throne could be both constructed of brick-work and be "the like of the very heaven for clearness." This possible contradiction in the deity's appearance is solved by assuming that when Israel was in bondage, God's Shekhina or presence shared their fate symbolically by resting on the brickwork, but when they were freed, His throne rested on the clear blue heaven.¹¹ The redactor then must have been reason-

⁹ The argument of the rabbis is not completely convincing for the text may only be referring to one of the two figures at this point. In fact, the rabbinic argument is characteristic of the method for combatting the heresy developed in the third century by R. Yohanan. In chapter 1 we decided that it must be considered a gloss. See pp. 27 and 121.

¹⁰ It can be shown that Dan. 7:9 f. and Ex. 24:10 f. were seen together by early interpreters. T.O. states that a throne (KRŠ⁹) is present in the vision of God at Ex. 24:10 f., a detail which is missing in MT and LXX but can be supplied by assuming the influence of other enthronement traditions. The detail could have been supplied from Dan. 7:9 f. but more likely both Ex. 24:10 f. and Dan. 7:9 f. were seen in the light of Ez. 1 and Is. 6 which contain descriptions of the throne, resting on a precious stone with a figure like a man sitting on it. The TJ declares that the whole vision was mediated by the angel Michael whose name means "Who is like God" and who appears as a man.

¹¹ In the *MRI* Pisha XIV, the following legend is recounted: Whenever Israel is in bondage, the Shekhina is, as it were, in bondage with them; as it is said, "and they saw the God of Israel; and there was, under His feet (the like of brick-work) etc.," i.e., even as they were engaged in making brick during their bondage,

ing that, since the contention under discussion is that God's aspect changed in the various visions He gave to man, the legend of the Shekhina's change of aspect at Ex. 24:10 should be included as well.

The peroration at the end of *MRI* has also been expanded over the version in *MRSbY*. It comprises a list of biblical passages which combat the idea that two deities rule the cosmos, together with an elaboration of the many aspects of God which, nevertheless, remain descriptions of only one deity. As in *MRSbY*, it appears to be based on Ex. 3:14, the revelation of His name. Although God may be viewed in various aspects, there is a limit to how far one may go in ascribing independent motives to His different hypostases.¹²

MRI, in effect, has defined more carefully than *MRSbY* what the problem of "two powers in heaven" entails, by giving us three different texts from which the heresy can be derived: Dan. 7:9 f., Ex. 15:3, and Ex. 24:10 f. Furthermore, it has identified the people who believe in "two powers in heaven" as gentiles. In the final peroration against the doctrine, it does not know about the reference to the River Arnon which was present in *MRSbY* and adds Is. 46:4 to the list of scriptural passages which may be used as a corrective against the false doctrine. *MRI* and *MRSbY* must have a sophisticated "legend" in common together with some independent development.

The last recension of these traditions, *PR* 21 (100b) is very late. It records similar objections against "two powers in heaven" ascribed

so He had at His feet, the likeness of a brick, symbolizing His sharing of their fate.) But when they were redeemed, it was, as the verse says, "The like of the very heaven for clearness"—i.e., the brightness of the skies symbolizing God's joy. See for a complete presentation of the argument Goldin, *Song*, p. 127, who bases his well argued suggestion on I. Levy, "Ein Wort über die Mikhilta des R. Simeon," p. 9 n. 1. See also the rabbinic discussion in j. Suk. 4:5.

¹² *MRSbY* introduces these thoughts as another interpretation (DBR ³HR.) It also makes the name of God a part of the explicit commentary by saying: The Lord is a man of war—(this means) He makes battle in Egypt; the Lord is His name—He battles at the sea and is the same at the Jordan and the same at the Arnon, the same in this world and the same in the world to come, the same in the past and the same in the future age. The passage, hence, has been further expanded by *MRSbY* to include the events of the Arnon. (For description of saving events at Arnon see, Tan B., IV, 126-27, Tan. Hukhat 19, Nu. R. 19:24, SZ 23-24, b. Ber. 59a-59b. Also Ginzberg, *Legends*, III, p. 337 f. and VI, p. 116 f.) The proof-texts have been expanded as well, by the addition of two more biblical quotations—Is. 44:6 between Dt. 32:39 and Is. 41:4 and also Is. 48:12 at the end. It is possible that each of the four scriptural quotations is to be taken as a specific proof for the corresponding previous statement of God's immutability. (See Goldin, *Song*, p. 128.) In the Bahodesh traditions, the statements of God's constancy are present but the proof-texts are Dt. 32:39, Is. 46:4, Is. 44:6, and Is. 41:4.

to a third generation amora, R. Hiyya b. Abba (290-320 C.E.) therefore is later than him. Notice that the midrash is occasioned by Moses' vision of God "face to face," confirming that theophany and anthropomorphism are basic issues in the tradition. Moses' special gift in somehow seeing God or His angel, though it may contradict Ex. 33, remains a central preoccupation. R. Levi (290-320 C.E.) first contributes the midrash that God appears in whatever form is appropriate to His action. He uses Ex. 15:3 as his proof-text that God appeared as a young man at the Sea. Interestingly enough, he seems at first not to be interested in Ex. 24:10 f., which demonstrates elsewhere that God appeared in His merciful form. Rather, he emphasizes the youth-age contrast by quoting Job 12:12 to the effect that age denotes wisdom. Hence, it was appropriate for God to have appeared in aged form on Sinai. This exegesis effectively splits the tradition into its two logical aspects—the first only concerning the forms in which God appeared; the second, which follows, concerning His attitude of grace or anger at each manifestation. To each of the separate strands of the tradition, R. Hiyya b. Abba answers in Aramaic, rather than Hebrew, that if a heretic says that there are "two gods" based on Dan. 7:9 f., one is to remind him that God stated that He is the same at the Sea and at Sinai.¹³ Here, both the Sinai theophany and the Daniel vision are central texts. In the second midrash, R. Hiyya b. Abba uses Dt. 5:4 as a proof-text that all God's faces (i.e., aspects) are present at Sinai. Ex. 24:10 f. does not appear, but R. Hiyya b. Abba refers to the same theophany given to Moses, as it is reported in Deuteronomy instead of Exodus. He also deals with the same troublesome report that the elders saw God. All of this leads to the conclusion that this version of the tradition is quite late. The themes of God's appearance and human form have been divided into separate issues in order to deal with each more conveniently and fully, but the relationship to the name of God has grown more obscure.

In just three passages, then, we have become aware of the development of a tradition over a vast period of time. Traditions with so many different layers present immense dating problems. Each layer can only be dated by approximation. Later, I will show that extra-

¹³ Since God never directly says in scripture that He was at the Sea and at Sinai, one must conclude that R. Hiyya is referring to an earlier midrash which resembled the text in *MRSbY* or *MRI* or even to targumic exegesis of Ex. 3 since R. Hiyya quotes in Aramaic. Note that the term "two gods" (ditheism) can be equated with "two powers" (binitarianism) in this passage.

rabbinic writings contain similar traditions making a first century origin plausible on external grounds. To anticipate only a fraction of the evidence, Philo attests to the pervasiveness and antiquity of the problem of God's appearance and His different aspects.¹⁴ Since Philo states that he relies on ancient Jewish tradition, his writings, including those pertaining to the exegesis of the names of God, may indicate the antiquity of the tradition. That Philo knows the issue suggests a possible origin well before the birth of Jesus. But Philo's writing suggests more than a continuing issue. He employs very similar scriptures and suggests the existence of widespread scriptural traditions, since the rabbis, a century later, know nothing of him directly and are not indebted to him for their exegesis. Yet Philo and the rabbis independently interpret the different names of God both as signifying different figures and as symbolizing His attributes. Preliminary indications are, therefore, that many parts of the Jewish community in various places and periods used the traditions which the rabbis claim is an heretical conception of the deity.

Although we shall see that Philo uses both traditions about different manifestations of God and traditions about His contrasting attributes in his exegetical discussions, the rabbis emphasize the latter and warn against the former. We can see how the two different manifestations of God present in Daniel's vision might trouble the rabbis. It is not too much to suppose that some kind of argument about contrasting manifestations of God in different theophany texts was known to Philo and used by him but that it was later opposed by the rabbis who called other people who espoused that kind of argument "two powers" heretics.

It is not possible to decide exactly when rabbinic opposition to such doctrines started. For one thing, it is nearly impossible to be sure of the wording of rabbinic traditions before 200 C.E. much less before 70 C.E., when the rabbis became the leaders of the Jewish community. Most rabbinic traditions, at least as we have them, were written subsequently.¹⁵ So we cannot blithely assume that the rabbinic reports date from the Second Commonwealth.

However, with Philo's evidence, we have reason to suppose their

¹⁴ See p. 159 f.

¹⁵ Jacob Neusner, *Traditions of the Pharisees*, claims that it was the academies after 70 that developed the forms of recording traditions. This argument has much merit and even if there are exceptions to his rule, it is best to earn them, instead of conveniently assuming that any passage is early.

antiquity. Furthermore some attempts at dating are possible. We can be sure that the root argument is quite ancient. This is because the doctrine of the two attributes (MDWT) of God is important to the rabbinic defense against the argument that God has two manifestations. Yet, the doctrine about the two attributes of God in the text under consideration is not quite consonant with the orthodox version. Ex. 15:3 contains the name of YHWH, which signifies mercy in the rabbinic system, while the sense of the passage requires the aspect of justice to be present. (YHWH is a Man of War.) Ex. 24:10 contains the construct form of the name Elohim, which signifies justice in the rabbinic system, while the interpretation requires that God show mercy ("And they saw the God of Israel..." yet remained alive!). The rabbis would certainly not have discussed such a contradictory passage, had it not already become a *crux interpretationis* on independent grounds. Whether or not the Mekhilta reflects an earlier rabbinic notion of the identification of attributes with the names of God,¹⁶ or merely heretical understanding of such a tradition, the fact that it differs from the orthodox tradition allows us one conclusion: The tradition must have preceded the firm fixing of the rabbinic doctrine of the two attributes (MDWT) of God. After the tradition was fixed, no rabbi would have considered the consequences of this alternative identification of divine names, without noting that he knew what his forebearers had believed. It is, therefore, probable that the doctrine was characteristic of the heretics themselves. Since no one believes the rabbis knew of Philo, these heretics must have known of an exegetical tradition like Philo's.

The date of the origin for the rabbinic doctrine of the two attributes (MDWT) of God has been the subject of some controversy. A. Marmorstein¹⁷ tried to maintain that R. Meir and R. Simeon b. Yohai

¹⁶ There is evidence that other kinds of Jews identified traditions in different ways. Philo identified the names and attributes in ways opposing to the accepted rabbinic doctrine. See N. A. Dahl and A. Segal, "Philo and the Rabbis on the Names of God," *JSJ*, forthcoming. There is certainly a case to be made that the rabbis knew of an earlier doctrine, congruent with the Philonic one and that they subsequently fought against it.

¹⁷ Marmorstein, *The Old Rabbinic Doctrine of God* showed that the "old" phrases, attribute of punishment (MDT HPWR'NWT), and attribute of good (MDT HTWB) occur in discussions between R. Gamaliel II (80-110) and R. Akiba (110-135). Midr. Ps. 119 f. cf., San. 81a, Makk. 24a. They are also used once by R. Simeon b. Abba (290-320) (Gen. R. 9), although these latter may be a repetition of older speculation. In some of the sayings of R. Meir (*ARN* 30) (135-170) and R. Simeon b. Yohai (135-170) (Tan. 1:34), the older sayings are used, although in other traditions they also use the new terms. R. Jose b. Halafta (135-170) and R. Judah b. Ilai

(middle second century) were the first to use the terms MDT HDYN (attribute of justice) and MDT HRḤMYM (attribute of mercy). He suggested that MDT HTWB (attribute of good) and MDT HPWR^c-NWT (attribute of punishment), synonyms for the accepted doctrine found in some tannaitic documents, were actually the technical terms of an earlier doctrine and were discarded by the rabbis, under the pressure of the gnostic menace. This much has been widely accepted. He also suggested that the surviving rabbinic doctrine was not antique and had been deliberately altered from an earlier one, out of polemical and apologetic motives. He even tried to prove that traces of an earlier, Philonic correlation of divine names and attributes were still to be found in some rabbinic texts. For instance, he tried to show that R. Akiba was unaware that "Elohim" could have the implication of "judge." However, that conclusion is too hasty. The same passage may be interpreted to indicate that R. Akiba was aware of the standard doctrine.¹⁸ That would mean that the standard rabbinic doctrine could have been developed even earlier than R. Akiba. What is more important, the orthodox doctrine was massively developed by rabbis like R. Simeon and R. Meir only a few years after Akiba's death.

Now, since Marmorstein's time we have had to become more skeptical of attributions to tannaitic sages. Though they are not necessarily later, the attributions themselves cannot be the final proof of a tannaitic date. So far, we know only that rabbinic use of "justice

(135-170) still can use the old designations for the two attributes, but the new terms are also reputed to be in use by the same masters. These rabbis, then, are supposed by rabbinic tradition to be the beginnings of the transition of the use of the new terms (MDT HDYN and MDT HRḤMYM). From this Marmorstein deduced that the terms "attribute of mercy" and "attribute of justice" are no older than the middle of the second century and are probably younger than that.

¹⁸ Marmorstein maintains that R. Akiba did not know that Elohim meant judge because in *Mekhilta Kaspā* 1 (*Mishpatim* 19; H-R, p. 317 and Lauterbach III, p. 151) he treats the name of God as holy. But he would have had to be aware of the issue in order to have made such a ruling. So the opposite is the case. Furthermore, the origin of the current vocabulary is even attributed to earlier sages than Marmorstein thought. It can be seen in the sayings of R. Yosi Hagelili (*Gen. R.* 26:6, b. *Sanh.* 38b). In fact, some aspects of the tradition linking God's names and His attributes are biblical. In *Jonah* 3:8 and 4:3, God's change of mind in regard to the punishment of Nineveh is interpreted by means of God's interpretation of His name to Moses in *Ex.* 34:6: "YHWH, YHWH is a God merciful and gracious, longsuffering and abundant in goodness and truth." So the interpretation of the names of God as related to mercy is ancient. However the scripture is ambiguous enough to be used equally by the rabbis or by Philo as a demonstration of their respective systems of interpreting the names of God.

and mercy" arguments to counter heresy were attributed unselfconsciously to Akiba or earlier. We shall see that some of the attributions are likely to be accurate. The heated debates about mercy and justice are entirely appropriate to the gnostic menace of the early and middle second century. We will have to wait for the extra-rabbinic evidence to see that some Jews discussed such doctrines as early as Philo.

Marmorstein has been severely criticized and largely dismissed because he maintained that the rabbis actually used the Philonic identification of divine names, only changing to the received tradition in the face of gnostic opposition of the second century. As I tried to indicate above, his critics were right to question his arguments in several places. There is not sufficient evidence to reach his conclusion. But, having dismissed his arguments about a prior rabbinic formulation of the doctrine of God's two attributes, Marmorstein's critics failed to come to terms with the larger questions which he raised ¹⁹—the relationship between the Philonic and rabbinic tradition of the names of God. The ancient terms for the attributes—attribute of goodness and attribute of punishment—do parallel Philo's normal vocabulary to discuss God's powers. ²⁰ Furthermore, the important point is not the disagreement between the rabbis and Philo over the interpretation of the names of God but their fundamental agreement that God is the author of both justice and mercy. Both would say that God does mercifully even when He is administering strict justice. It is the mixture that is important. That is certainly the moral of the passage in the Mekhilta as well. Furthermore, that is exactly the issue over which the received terminology of the rabbinic doctrine was formulated. This would suggest that "Hellenistic" and "Palestinian" Judaism were not separated by as wide a gap as is usually maintained. But for now, it is not germane to discuss how the similarity came about. Our problem is the date of the traditions. We have already seen that the "justice and mercy" traditions were added onto the basic Mekhilta argument about a manlike hypostasis of God in order to defeat the heretical implication that there is more than one God. Rabbinic literature attributes the debate over mercy and justice to R. Akiba and his successors of the mid-second century. The received vocabulary for discussing such questions did not develop

¹⁹ For more detail see N. A. Dahl and Alan F. Segal "Philo and the Rabbis and the Names of God," *JSJ*, forthcoming.

²⁰ MDT HTWB = *dynamis agathotētos*, MDT HPWR^cNWT = *dynamis kola-stērios*. See p. 173.

until shortly later, according to these reports. Furthermore, the tradition now under scrutiny in the Mekhilta seems to be part of the earlier stage of that discussion since it does not use the standard vocabulary. The next serious question which must be answered is: Can the midrashic attribution to the great rabbis of the second century be trusted? This can only be answered by comparing these traditions with others of that period. First, traditions can be compared with others attributed to R. Akiba and his circle. That exercise can increase our confidence that a mid-second century dating is possible. Finally, we must look for evidence outside of the midrash that the date can be maintained. Then we can reach some confidence that the two strands of the tradition—the appearances of God and the attributes of God—were joined in the mid-second century.

Some rabbinic traditions ascribed to R. Akiba make it possible that the period of his lifetime and immediately afterward was the beginning of the written record of such battles. They even suggest why the issue of “mercy” and “justice” became so important:

One passage says: *His throne was fiery flames* (Dan. 7:9) and another passage says: *Until thrones were placed; and One that was ancient of days did sit*—there is no contradiction; One (throne) for Him, and one for David: this is the view of R. Akiba. Said R. Yosi the Galilean to him: Akiba, how long will you treat the divine presence as profane! Rather, one for justice and one for grace. Did he accept (this explanation) from him, or did he not accept it?—come and hear: One for justice and one for grace; this is the view of R. Akiba.²¹

These two rabbis were perplexed by the seeming contradiction in the verses. In one place, more than one throne is indicated by the plural form of the noun. In another place “His (God’s) throne was fiery flames” implies only one throne. Does this mean that the “son of man” in the next verse was enthroned next to God? Rabbi Akiba (110-135 C.E.) affirms the possibility, stating that the other throne was for David. Akiba must be identifying the “son of man” with the Davidic

²¹ b. Hag. 14a Tr. Epstein. Cf. also b. Sanhedrin 38a where other rabbis are said to oppose R. Akiba. See also next interpretation of the verse in b. Hagigah where Eleazar b. Azariah states that the two thrones are actually a throne and a footrest (Is. 66:1).

Immediately before this midrash, the rabbis associate the description of the Ancient of Days in Dan. 7:9 with the description of the young man in Song of Songs 5:11 and bring up the contradiction in appearance. They settle the contradiction by saying that one manifestation is apt for the Lord sitting in counsel the next for the Lord in war.

messiah. Nor was R. Akiba alone in the rabbinic movement in identifying the figure in heaven as the messiah. There is some evidence that Judaism contained other traditions linking these verses in Daniel with the messiah.²²

However plausible R. Akiba's interpretation, it is opposed by his colleague, R. Yosi, who explicitly states that the throne is for a divine rather than a messianic figure. It is not clear that Akiba would have seen the two categories as contradictory.²³ Yet, the outcome of that controversy was that R. Akiba agreed that the two thrones in heaven should symbolize the two aspects of God's providence—His mercy and His justice. God is viewed as sitting on one throne when judging mercifully and on the other when judging by strict justice.²⁴ It is

²² There are reports of rabbinic exegesis of Dan. 7:9 which grant the messiah the title "Son of a Cloud" (See G. Vermes, "The Use of Bar Nash/Bar Nasha in Jewish Aramaic" in M. Black, *An Aramaic Approach to the Gospel and Acts*. Also H. Lietzmann, *Der Menschensohn* (Leipzig: 1896), p. 41. Other exegetes who lived even after Akiba also interpreted Dan. 7:9 f. messianically, but the specific image of two enthronements in heaven is no longer mentioned. See, e.g., M. Ps. 21:5 where R. Berehiah (350-375) interprets the verse in Dan. to refer to "the king messiah" and he attributes this tradition to R. Samuel (d. 254).

²³ Akiba is known for his doctrine of the political role for the Messiah. He was much criticized by later rabbis for having identified Bar Kokhba as the Messiah (M. Ps. 60:9, 10). See Lam. R. 2:4 where the anti-Bar Kokhba material is traced to Judah the Prince. This ought to cast serious doubt on the scholarly opinion that there were two, separate, messianic ideas current in Israel—one purely political and native to Israelite thought, the second eschatological and absorbed from Iranian thought. (See Mowinckel, *He that Cometh*). Furthermore, as we know from Qumran, a given community could, in fact, believe in more than one messiah (in this case, a kingly and a priestly figure) each of whom functioned both politically and eschatologically. See M. Smith, "What is implied by the variety of Messianic Figures?" *JBL*, 78 (1959), 66-72. It is much more logical to assume that each community sought legitimation of its historical situation and eschatological aspirations from the text of the Bible. See Nils Dahl, "Eschatology and History in the Light of the Qumran Texts," in *The Future of our Religious Past*, ed. J. M. Robinson, pp. 9-28. Viewed in this light, the whole controversy between Judaism and whatever sectarians used this verse would turn on the differing midrashic understandings of the identity of the second figure enthroned in Dan. See p. 201. Apparently, R. Yosi's opinion did not cut off such messianic interpretation entirely. It was the particular time of Akiba and Yosi which uniquely felt that such Messianic idea were too dangerous to allow to flourish.

²⁴ It should be noted that the vocabulary used here is not congruent with the doctrine of God's mercy and His justice. Instead of רַחֲמִימ, as we would expect, we find the word שְׁדָּחָה. Basically this word derives from the root meaning "straightness," "righteousness," or "justification," and, in biblical usage, would be another word referring to God's justice. In rabbinic texts, however, the word conventionally means acts of charity, pointing to the fact that often justice was viewed to contain mercy as well. The rabbis only separated the two terms "justice" and "mercy" when they needed to make a point about their distinction.

significant that a central figure in the rabbinic movement like R. Akiba was alleged to have proposed messianic interpretations of Dan. 7:9. Ironically he subsequently reconsidered those opinions by substituting an opinion in which both figures in heaven were seen to be divine, one God in two hypostases. The corrective to the messianic interpretation is to claim that the verse referred to God's aspects of mercy and justice. Since messianism and "son of man" speculations are characteristic of the Bar Kokhba period and earlier both the "mercy and justice" aspects of the tradition as well as Dan. 7:9 traditions could have become centrally important to rabbinic discussions in the middle of the second century. The atmosphere of that time is a plausible setting even though no *text* so far quoted is unimpeachable evidence of the antiquity of the traditions and no one would suggest these are Akiba's actual words.

Since R. Akiba died as a martyr as a result of the failure of the Bar Kokhba rebellion and since he was known to have supported Bar Kokhba's messianic claim, it is not surprising that a tradition reports that he recanted his views. But since the tradition comes to us only in a later text, we must be prepared to accept the probability that the alternate interpretation of Dan. 7:9f.—namely, that the two thrones were for mercy and justice—was a later addition, ascribing the "orthodox" interpretation to a great rabbinic leader, whom time had proven wrong. Thus, the messianic controversy over Dan. 7:13 is probably from R. Akiba's time; the mercy-justice revision is probably from his students.

However, if Akiba's messianic interpretation of the passage is rejected, it is clear that other groups would also have been rejected if they went even further than Akiba—not only ascribing messiahship to the second figure in the Daniel vision, but also ascribing divine or angelic stature to the figure. Both apocalyptic Jews and Christians can be shown to combine the angelic or divine interpretations of the passage with their messianic candidate.²⁵ Jews similar to Philo, who did not often talk about the Daniel vision, but did give special authority to a second, angelic or metaphysical manifestation of God in heaven,

²⁵ That the second figure in the Dan. 7 vision should be seen as the messiah is not evident from the text. An angel would be far more likely candidate in any scene taking place in heaven. Indeed, see J. J. Collins, "The Son of Man and the Saints of the most High in the Book of Daniel," *JBL*, 93 (1974) who believes Michael is meant. Gabriel is an equally likely candidate. For a discussion of the various apocalyptic groups and, of course, Christianity, which identified the "son of man" as the Messiah, see p. 201 f. Philo did not often talk about the Dan. 7 passage and did not identify any hypostasis of God with the messiah.

could be said to have affirmed a second power. It seems possible that any and all of these groups could be the targets of the charge. At any rate it is important to note that the exegesis involved believing in *two complementary powers*, not two opposing powers, thus ruling out Qumran sectarians and extreme gnostics as the originators of the heresy.

If the doctrine of God's two attributes is used as a remedy to Messianism shortly after the time of R. Akiba, the tradition of the Shekhina's change of aspect (linked to Ex. 24:10 f.) is also portrayed as a favorite subject of the sage. The tradition of the Shekhina's empathy with Israel in bondage and in freedom is frequently found in midrash together with many traditions attributed to R. Akiba. For instance, he discusses 2 Sam. 7:23, which states:

What other nation on earth is like Thy people Israel, whom God went to redeem to be His people, making Himself a name, and doing for them great and terrible things, by driving out before His people a nation and its God?

Akiba interprets a nation and its God (GWY W²LWHYW) to refer to the empathy between the Shekhina and Israel.²⁶ "Were it not for the fact that scripture actually says it," R. Akiba says, "one would not be justified in such an interpretation." But since the verse seems to say that God redeems Himself when He redeems Israel, scripture can only mean that the Shekhina came out of Egypt with Israel. In this context, R. Akiba may be comforting the people during the great sufferings of the second uprising. It is also probable that ideas of this kind reflect an acceptable, more moderate, unheretical version of the very traditions which the rabbis found dangerous.

There is, therefore, good reason to suspect that the traditions of the Shekhina's change in aspect could go back to R. Akiba. There is also good reason to believe that Ex. 24:10 was the source of the dangerous interpretations. "They saw the God of Israel" together with the description of the figure on the throne was a crux of interpretation for many scriptural communities. That it seemed to contradict Ex. 33:20 is part of the problem. The other part of the problem is

²⁶ See, e.g., Pisha XIV (I 113-115) and Sifre Behaalotekha 84, p. 82. The verse has been traditionally understood to have omitted the phrases than can be supplied by comparing it with 1 Chron. 17:21. This issue is quite closely related to that of the early dating of the Shiur Koma literature. See Lieberman (118-126 of Scholem, *Jewish Gnosticism*) who feels that the human appearance of God at Sinai was central to the thought of Akiba and brings copious evidence to prove it. See below, n. 27 and the works of Gruenwald.

that Moses is supposed to have seen either God or an angel of God. This might imply that the God of Israel was equivalent with the angel of YHWH. If so, was YHWH an angel or God? ²⁷ In the second century C.E., R. Judah b. Ilai warned against translating this verse at all. To translate literally would falsify the meaning, since no man can see God and live. To insert the word "angel" for God would be blasphemous (and imply two powers?). The only possible rendering of the verse according to him is, "And they saw the glory of the God of Israel." Accordingly, almost all the targumim make such a translation. ²⁸

These traditions in the targums are explicitly related to the rabbinic polemic about the interpretation of divine names. At Ex. 3:14 the Palestinian targums point out that the newly revealed name of God means, "I am He who was with you in the bondage of Egypt and who will be with you in every bondage." This language is meant to interpret the divine name itself. ²⁹ Apparently, whenever a second figure, either in the Pentateuch or in Dan., could be identified as a quasi-divine or independent angelic figure, the rabbis would fight vociferously against

²⁷ See p. 60 f., 182 f., 196 f., 244 f.

²⁸ The same mechanism was used with reference in Isaiah's vision of the figure on the temple throne (Is. 6:2 f.). Thus it is possible to find the Gospel of John 12:42 state that Isaiah saw the glory of Christ (for God), as the prophet's book says. The Fourth Gospel is surely an example of what the rabbis found heretical. See p. 214 f.

²⁹ These concepts are associated with personifications even when they are not described as the Shekhina. For instance, TO to Ex. 24:10 has: "The footstool of His feet as the work of pure sapphire stones, and as the aspect of the heavens when they are cleared from clouds." But TP has: "And Moshe and Aharon, Nadab and Abihu and seventy elders of Israel went up. And Nadab and Abihu lifted up their eyes and saw the glory of the God of Israel; and under the footstool of His feet which was placed beneath His throne, was like the work of sapphire stone—a memorial of the servitude with which the Egyptians had made the children of Israel to serve in clay and bricks, there had been women treading clay with their husbands; the delicate young woman with child was also there and made abortive by being beaten down with the clay. And thereof did Gabriel, descending, make brick, and, going up to the heavens on high, set it, a footstool under the throne of the Lord of the World, whose splendour was as the work of a precious stone, and as the power of the beauty of the heavens when they are clear from clouds." (See also T.P. to Ex. 15:3.)

Here the throne belongs to the "Lord of the World," who is God's principal angel (see p. 67, 189, 214, 256 f.) and evidently has the angel Gabriel under his control.

In discussing the youthful appearance of God, the rabbis might reflect some anti-merkabah or anti-Christian arguments. See Song of Songs R. 2:14 and TJ Ex. 24:10. Ps. 110, central to Christian exegesis, is normally interpreted to refer to Abraham, but a possible defensive folktale countering Christianity or apocalyptic messianism may be found in the M. Ps. to Ps. 110 where the verse is interpreted to mean that the Messiah will sit and study while God goes out to conquer Israel's enemies.

it. Once it was clear that this divine figure who seemed to be God, who carried His name, and who acted for God, could be called the *Shekhina* or the *Kavod* and not an independent deity, the rabbis accepted and expanded the tradition.

Thus it is not impossible that some of the tradition of the Mekhilta can go back to the second century. Let us return to the Mekhilta tradition for a moment to summarize what may be concluded. When all the traditions which must be later than R. Akiba are removed from *MRI*, we are left with an argument that looks rather like the argument common to both *MSbY* and *MRI*. The argument would serve to oppose any repetition of the divine name "YHWH" which could be construed as implying two independent deities. It would also oppose any identification of the two Hebrew names for God with two different independent divinities. To be sure, the peroration that God will continuously manifest himself ("He was in the past and He will be in the future") is present in both recensions but it is listed as a separate tradition in *MRSbY* and probably develops as an interpretation of YHWH based on Ex. 3:14. That leaves us with a kernel of traditions which associate the heresy with the warrior figure in Ex. 15:3 or the unspecified merciful figure at Sinai, together with the text of Dan. 7:9 f. The Dan. passage does, in fact, supply two figures in heaven, one old and one young. It seems likely, then, that the rabbis were opposed to any tradition of a manlike figure in heaven, acting independently of God.

The biblical passages are important in themselves. Dan. 7:9 f. can certainly be seen to allow for a "two powers" interpretation. Traditions about the human figure (YHWH's angel, but still God of Israel) seen at Ex. 24:10 f. allow for "two powers" interpretations without reference to other scripture. The same can be said for Ex. 15:3 (at least according to *MRSbY*). It is therefore probable that the rabbis have put these Exodus theophany passages together because some opponent also saw a reason to connect them.

The traditions of intermediation also seem appropriate to other rabbinic discussions attributed to the mid-second century. The problem is to relate the "mercy and justice" issue with the "intermediation" tradition. But the issues of mercy and justice are not necessarily related to the intermediation tradition in any definite fashion. The connection between "mercy and justice" and the "intermediation" is being made by the rabbis, because both traditions depend on an exegesis of the names of God. The rabbis are offering the mercy-justice exegesis as a substitute for the heretical implications of the intermediation tradition.

It is also clear that the intermediation tradition should be dated earlier since it is basic to the polemic. Therefore, dating the first redaction could depend on finding out when issues of mercy and justice became important to the rabbinic community. If it can be shown with reliable tannaitic sources that issues of mercy and justice actually are tannaitic and not merely ascribed to the tannaim by the later rabbis, then we have better reason to trust at least some of the attributions of the legends in this chapter. If arguments about mercy and justice do characterize tannaitic thought, then the heretical traditions are likely to be even earlier, since they logically must antedate the intermediation tradition.

There are several famous mishnahs which discuss mercy and justice, or good and evil, and thus show with a reliable source that these issues were important to the tannaim.³⁰ Some of these discussions were even linked to the heresy of "two powers in heaven" by the amoraim, so they will be discussed below.³¹ There, it will become evident that the link between mercy and justice and a heresy explicitly called "two powers in heaven" cannot be demonstrated from the mishnah alone. *But we do not know yet when the heresy was explicitly named "two powers in heaven."* All that is required for the moment is to show that the issues of mercy and justice are traceable to the tannaim. That is sufficient to imply that the original heresy is probably older than the second century, for we know that the tannaim linked the issue of God's appearance in different forms with the issue of His justice and mercy in order to defeat the idea that two divine hypostases operated independently. The clearest statement of tannaitic concern is in Ber. 9:5:

Man is bound to bless (God) for the evil even as he blesses (God) for the good, for it is said, *And thou shalt love YHWH thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might.* (Dt. 6:4). *With all thy heart*—with both impulses, thy good impulse and thy evil impulse; *and with all thy soul*—even if He take thy soul; *and with all thy might*—with all thy wealth. Another interpretation is: *With all thy might*—for whichever measure (MDH) He measures out to thee (MWDD), do give him thanks (MWDH) exceedingly.

This is a very interesting mishnah. It states the rabbinic and biblical notion that God is the author of good and evil. It explicitly argues that no personage other than God is to be acknowledged for evil. It brings in Dt. 6:4 as the salient scriptural citation. Dt. 6:4 was exceptionally

³⁰ See, e.g. Ber. 5:3, 9:3, Meg. 4:9.

³¹ See p. 98 f.

helpful to Philo in the context of God's uniqueness and will appear frequently in rabbinic discussions of "two powers in heaven." Furthermore, the mishnah links its discussion of divine providence to the technical terminology for God's attributes (MDWT). Since the mishnah is an unimpeachable tannaitic source, a mid-second century date is quite probable for a discussion of mercy and justice, just as the midrash attributions imply. Furthermore, the mid-second century is likely as the date for the combination of the two traditions in the Mekhilta and implies that the basic issue of the form of God's appearance to man is older still. Of course the texts themselves are later and alternative reconstructions can be imagined, but a second century date and gnostic impetus has become likely as the cause of the redaction. Since the rabbinic attributions can probably be trusted, at least in part, the whole tradition would fit the following chronological scheme: (1) A second manifestation of God can be shown in Hellenistic mystical and apocalyptic Judaism as early as the beginning of the Common Era (e.g., Philo). (2) Extreme varieties of this kind of speculation came to be opposed by the rabbis. (3) By the mid-second century, R. Akiba or his admiring successors in his name were using the doctrine of God's aspects of mercy and justice to counter the heresy. The defense went as follows: The contradiction between Ex. 15:3 and Ex. 24:10, can be reconciled by means of Ex. 20:2. Thus Dt. 32, Is. 44 f. and Ex. 20:2 are the main rabbinic proof-texts for the unity of God. Since the argument about God's justice and mercy is not consonant with the normative rabbinic doctrine, it seems probable that the rabbis were responding to opponents with a tradition associating justice and mercy with the names of God in a different fashion. (4) The issues which Passage 1 raises are discussed often by R. Akiba and his pupils—making the situation of the Bar Kokhba Revolt (ca. 135 C.E.) not impossible as a setting for the growth of a consolation theme. (5) Many parts of the traditions are obviously later elaborations and the final redaction may have been medieval. But at least one more part of the argument (that the singular of any verse counteracts the dangerous implications of a divine plural) is typical of the early amoraic period and attributed alternatively to R. Simlai and R. Yohanan. (6) The peroration at the end of Passage 1 could testify to the ferocity of the argument as early as the second century because it is targumic as well as midrashic. At any rate it represents an interpretation of the divine name YHWH which is extraordinarily relevant to the argument with the heretics.

Determining the identity of the group of heretics in question remains

a serious problem. The many versions contain two different descriptions of possessors of the doctrine. While *MRSbY* describes only the doctrine, *MRI* describes those professing belief in the doctrine as "gentiles" and *PR* calls a person with such beliefs either a "whoreson" or "son of heresy" depending on the translation. Each of these terms will have to be investigated.

MRI: "gentiles," *lit.* "the nations of the world." Even though there are no major variants to these lines in *MRI*, Herford³² suggested that the earliest version of the tradition must have read *minim* "sectarians" instead of "gentiles." It must be remembered that Herford identified all *minim* with Christians. According to him, "nations of the world" was inserted in the place of "sectarians" because the discussion in *MRI* in reference to the Ten Commandments (Bahodesh 5) contained many other traditions that dealt with the "gentiles."

Herford's arguments are misdirected in several respects. First of all, there is no conclusive evidence that *minim* always meant Christians.³³ Nor is it clear that the substitution of "gentiles" for sectarian can be supported. Although the context allows for a *possibility* of confusing "gentile" with "heretic" in the version of *MRI*, no such confusion can occur in the *Shirta* version. Furthermore, there is no textual evidence for such an assertion. Its only virtue is that it advances Herford's thesis. I see no reason to ignore the *prima facie* evidence that "gentiles" is the correct reading. That would seem to eliminate the immediate targets for the rabbinic charges "heterodox Jews" whose philosophy resembled Philo, together with apocalyptists, or mystics. However this is only one description of the heresy.

Though "the nations of the world" is the best rendering of the text, they must have been gentiles well-versed in Jewish tradition to have offered such a dangerous and sophisticated interpretation of Dan. 7:9 f. To be sure, the rabbis often put biblical quotations in the mouths of gentiles, stylizing in Jewish idiom a view which gentiles may well have had. However, here the heresy is not just proof-texted by reference to Dan. 7:9 f., Ex. 15:3, and Ex. 24:10 f. It actually rests on an exegesis of those texts, to which the rabbis have offered their own exegesis as a corrective. Thus, the argument may have originated in the Hellenistic milieu with people who were interested in Judaism but had not yet become Jews according to rabbinic definition.

³² Herford, p. 301.

³³ Places where *minim* cannot mean Christians consist of places where *minim* are described as disbelieving in resurrection of the dead. See e.g., j Ber. 9c.

In the second century, this group would certainly have contained gentile Christians ³⁴ who are the best contenders for this charge, though they are not the only group who could have been designated. We know some gentiles were "God-fearers" but had not accepted circumcision, thus invalidating their conversions in the opinion of most rabbis.

R. Hiyya b. Abba (290-320), a Babylonian amora who was contemporary with R. Levi and who immigrated to Palestine to study with R. Yohanan, is portrayed as calling whoever would believe in two gods "the son of harlot." Marmorstein suggested that either gnosticism or Christianity may be implied by such a term. ³⁵ Both Herford ³⁶ and Lauterbach ³⁷ felt that the polemic was occasioned by Christianity. They argued that the reference to a son of a harlot is a stock denial of the virgin birth. However, the Aramaic word for harlotry could be associated either with the Hebrew word *min* (for sectarian) or the Hebrew root ZNH which could mean "to go whoring" which was associated with sinful, Canaanite (i.e. gentile) religion. We know it could be used with the sense of sectarian in the rabbinic period. ³⁸ Hence, in the fourth century, the opponents could either have been gentile opponents of the rabbis or sectarian Jews. There is no reason to associate the heresy explicitly with either Christianity or gnosticism on the basis of the term alone.

There is some more evidence to connect this argument with a rabbinic polemic against Christianity. Elsewhere, M. Ps. 22 comments on "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?," which in its Aramaic translation is supposed to have been Jesus' last words (Mt. 27:46). The Rabbis say that the first "My God" refers to the Sea and the second "my God" refers to Sinai. Since no other group found this verse suitable, this is enough to infer that Christianity was identified as "two powers" heresy, but the rabbinic charge of "two powers" may not have been originally or exclusively used against it.

In these traditions then, gentiles or gentile Christians seem to be the earliest recorded targets of the charge, probably because they were most vociferous contemporaries when the text was fixed in its present

³⁴ In fact, Justin Martyr uses similar arguments to portray the Christ. See Section III, p. 221 f.

³⁵ Marmorstein, *RGS*, II, p. 103.

³⁶ Herford, p. 304.

³⁷ Lauterbach, *Jesus*, p. 549.

³⁸ See b. A. Zar. 7a, where Prov. 5:8 is discussed. The passage in Prov. personifies Wisdom and moral rectitude as a woman and compares her with "the strange woman" who would represent moral folly, and is clearly described as a whore.

form. But we must also allow that where gentile Christians are involved, Jewish Christians, hence Jewish sectarians, are almost certain to have been their teachers. Nothing completely conclusive can be demonstrated from the internal evidence. But one aspect of the heretical beliefs can be of further use—the biblical passages which formed the basis of the heretical exegesis. An examination of the use of biblical exegesis in various Jewish sectarian groups of the first few centuries will yield further information about the identity of the heretics in question. That investigation will be carried out in Section III.

PASSAGE 2

Mekhilta Bahodesh 5

Rabbi Nathan says: From this one can cite a refutation of the heretics who say: "There are two powers." For when the Holy One Blessed be He, stood up and exclaimed: "I am the Lord thy God," was there any one who stood up to protest against Him? If you should say that it was done in secret—but has it not been said: "I have not spoken in secret," etc. (Isa. 45:19)? "I said not unto the seed of Jacob" (*ibid.*) that is, to these alone will I give it. "They sought me in the desert" (*ibid.*). Did I not give it in broad daylight? And thus it says: "I the Lord speak righteousness, I declare things that are right" (*ibid.*).³⁹

R. Nathan's (ca. 135-170 C.E.) argument immediately follows passage 1 in *MRI* Bahodesh 5. Indeed, it assumes an exegesis of Ex. 20:2 for it is a further comment on the fact that only one God gave the Law. At the giving of the Ten Commandments, he argues, no other deity contradicted YHWH's statement that He is Israel's God. Since He made this statement openly and was not contradicted, there could be no other deity. R. Nathan uses further quotations from Isaiah to show that the statement in Ex. 20:2 was spoken publicly and openly. From this one may infer that the criticism on the part of those who believe in "two powers in heaven" was that the God who gave the Law acted secretly or deviously. This, in turn, suggests an opposition between the two deities in the doctrine of the heretics. It becomes possible to posit an opponent for R. Nathan who believed that the God of Israel did something in secret as a scheme against a higher God. There was only one kind of group in Palestine during that time that could hold such doctrines—the gnostics. R. Nathan's remark may oppose gnostic sectarians, either of a Christian or a non-Christian variety.

³⁹ Tr. Lauterbach, II, 232.

While it must be admitted that R. Nathan's remarks are a good defense against radically gnostic opponents, it is not clear that R. Nathan must have had radical gnostic opponents in mind. His defense also may imply heretics who are detractors of the Law. The rabbis, in this very pericope, are concerned to defeat the idea that the Torah is a parochial Law. They relate that every nation was offered the benefits of Torah; Israel alone accepted the responsibility. They claim that the Torah was given in open country, so that no nation could claim it for a private possession. R. Nathan's remarks ought to be seen within the context of this argument as well. But the argument has been expanded beyond the issue of the scope of Torah. R. Nathan specifically condemns the idea that any power can contradict God. Furthermore, he quotes a passage from Isaiah in which creation, not the gift of Torah, is the context in which God's unity is claimed. This suggests that a more serious problem—cosmic dualism from creation onwards—is being linked with the defense of the Law. Though one can never be certain of R. Nathan's actual opponents it seems clear from the expansion of the argument that his midrash would be very useful against radical gnostics.

R. Nathan directs his remarks against the *minim* or sectarians, who are obviously viewed as heretics by the rabbis. However, gnostic Jews or Jewish-Christians could still be included under the rubric of "sectarian" or "heretic" (as opposed to "gentile") at the end of the second century.⁴⁰ Since we know from the previous passage that "two powers" referred to Christians and not extreme gnostics, we have to conclude that "two powers" was a catch-all term for many different groups—including Christians, gnostics and Jews. We shall see that it grew to be a more popular and conventional designation as time went on.

It is important to note that the rabbis are dealing with a complex theological question by relying on biblical exegesis. The importance of the theological question should not be overlooked because the basis of the discussion in the rabbinic text is exegetical. The rabbis are saying that many varieties of Jewish sects—including Christians and

⁴⁰ As Büchler has shown (*Minim*, p. 252), *min* must have referred also to non-Jews at some point for arguments are ascribed to them which no Jew who wanted to maintain his relationship to the people Israel (of whatever interpretation) could maintain. From a methodological point of view then, one has to assume that *minim* are always Jewish sectarians, viewed as heretics by the middle of the second century, unless they are specifically accused of anti-Israel propaganda.

gnostics—are guilty of violating an essential premise of Judaism, even while they think they are exegeting scripture correctly. The rabbis are involved in the formulation of orthodoxy—a task necessary in their view because some Jewish sects have ceased to understand the theological center of Judaism. But the rabbis are not using philosophical tools to formulate orthodoxy; they are employing exegetical techniques.

The strategy of the rabbis in using the term “two powers” was quite sophisticated. First, there is a sense in which the designation is apt. Christians and gnostics did posit a second divine hypostasis. Second, the rabbis subsumed at least two different groups under one category. This policy implies that the rabbis either could not distinguish between the two or wanted to view various sectarians not as different groups but as one group sharing a single, basic misunderstanding. Putting all heretics in one category and dismissing them is an effective way of dealing with opposition. Third, although the designation is apt from the rabbinic perspective it is also exaggerated from the Christian one. In fact, neither apocalyptic, mystical, nor Christianized Judaism affirmed two separate deities. Each understood itself to be monotheistic, giving special emphasis to one divine hypostasis or manifestation. Only extreme gnosticism posited two different and opposing deities. In effect, the rabbis were classifying the other groups together with extreme gnosticism and treating them all alike. This tactic was effective because it was based not only on a plausible description but also on one which was a heinous charge from both the rabbinic and Christian perspective. In calling the sectarians “those who say there are two powers in heaven,” the rabbis were stating that the sectarians violated the most basic tenet of Israelite faith—the unity of God. In view of this evidence, together with the mercy and justice traditions surveyed previously, it seems possible to frame the hypothesis that the rabbis may have always opposed Christian and other apocalyptic messianism but that the battle with “two powers in heaven” intensified when extreme gnosticism demonstrated the direction this kind of speculation might take.

CHAPTER THREE

AHER, METATRON, MERKABAH AND THE ANGEL OF YHWH

The heavenly enthronement texts (Ex. 24:10 f., Dan. 7:9 f., perhaps even Ez. 1:26 f.) whose interpretation separated orthodoxy from heresy in passage 1 are suggestive of Merkabah mysticism and its antecedents. As we have seen, this controversial phenomenon in Jewish history has been implicated from the beginning of research on Jewish gnosticism.¹ The midrashic passages discussed here will affirm a relationship between "two powers in heaven" and Merkabah mysticism. But, at the outset, justification for including such texts in a discussion of tannaitic evidence can be made on the basis of the ostensible subject of the next passage, Elisha b. Abuya (110-135 C.E.). We shall see that the attribution is certainly to be distrusted, but that relevant aspects of Maaseh Merkabah must be quite early.

PASSAGE 3

b. Hagigah 15a

Aher mutilated the shoots. Of him Scripture says: (Ecc. 5:5). Suffer not thy mouth to bring thy flesh into guilt. What does it refer to?—He saw that permission was granted to Metatron to sit and write down the merits of Israel. Said he: "It is taught as a tradition that on high there is no sitting and no emulation, no back and no weariness." Perhaps God forbend!—there are two divinities (powers). Thereupon they led Metatron forth, and punished him with sixty fiery lashes, saying to him: "Why didst thou not rise before him when thou didst see him?" Permission was (then) given to him to strike out the merits of Aher. A Bath Kol went forth and said: "Return, ye backsliding children" (Jer. 3:22)—except Aher.²

The tradition is a late addition to the Babylonian Talmud. It reports that Aher entered the *pardes*³ and received a mistaken impression

¹ For more recent discussions, Scholem, *Major Trends*, pp. 40-79; also *Jewish Gnosticism*, and his articles in *EJ*. A good summary of scholarship on merkabah may be found in J. Greenfield's introduction to *III Enoch*, ed., H. Ödeberg. The outstanding essay on the relationship between the Sinai theophany and merkabah speculation is by Lieberman, Appendix D of Scholem's *Jewish Gnosticism*, 118-126.

² Tr. Epstein. See also *III Enoch* 16:2.

³ The story of the *pardes* has been often discussed by commentators interested in defining the nature of Jewish gnosticism or mystical practice among the rabbis.

about the events he saw taking place there. Whatever the original meaning of *pardes*, the scene here is obviously the heavenly court with Metatron depicted as sitting to write down the merits of Israel. Apparently being seated is more than an infringement of protocol, for it is serious enough to give Aher the impression that Metatron is enthroned as equivalent to God Himself, hence able to act independently of God. Accordingly, the angels lead Metatron out to be punished, demonstrating that he is susceptible to divine commands and punishments, in no sense equal to God. Finally, the text claims that the prophecy of Jer. 3:22 does not apply to Aher and that he will be both unrepentant and unforgiven for getting an heretical impression about Metatron.

In this well-known story, much is revealed about one kind of thought to which the designation "two powers in heaven" was applied. There are some strikingly unexpected turns in this story, which makes its authenticity dubious and its purpose obvious. In the first place, Aher's observation that Metatron's seated posture gives the impression that there are "two powers" is not illogical. It stands to reason that divine and exalted creatures seated in heaven are enthroned. The rabbis are determined to refute the whole idea of heavenly enthronement by stating that such things as "sitting" and other anthropomorphic activities are unthinkable in heaven. Yet we have already seen that the rabbis are not reluctant elsewhere to talk of divine enthronement *per se* or the seats of mercy and justice. Nor does Aher present his observation as a challenge to the rabbis. He is horrified by it. "*Heaven forbid* that there are two powers," he exclaims.⁴ Furthermore, Metatron, who is in no way responsible for Aher's assertion, and who apparently had the right to be seated, is punished as an object lesson for Aher.⁵ In spite of this, Aher, whose statement at the beginning

The meaning of the term itself has been hotly contested. Those commentators who suspect early mysticism to have been present define the term as synonymous with heaven. Those who see the term to be originally non-mystical or philosophical and only later mystical tend to stress that it is Greek loan word (*paradeisos*) and could mean only garden, and, in fact, was quite often used in Epicureanism.

⁴ This is certainly a gloss occasioned by the rabbinic sensitivity to recording heresy, even in the mouth of a heretic. For a more credible version of the tradition see III Enoch 16:2. Of course neither recension should be viewed as *ipssima verba* of Aher!

⁵ "Fiery lashes" is the translation of PWLSY DNWR³ which are circular plates or rings heated and strung on a lash. See B.M. 85b, also Yom. 77a. Rashi here and in the other places comments that bringing out fiery lashes is a way of threatening excommunication. The punishment itself seems to be reserved for rebellious heavenly

was full of pious indignation, remains willfully unrepentant at the end. As a purely moral tale, the plot leaves something to be desired! Rather, in its present context it is an etiology of heresy. It explains how certain people, who had special Metatron traditions, risk the heretical designation of "two powers in heaven." Aher functions as the heretic *par excellence*, as Simon Magus does in Christian anti-heresiological tracts.

Elisha's apostasy so contradicted his teachings that it fired the rabbinic imagination. By the time of the redaction of Ecc. R. a charming and poignant short romance had formed.⁶ In this Hagigah passage, as we remember from Graetz,⁷ Elisha was one of the four rabbis who tried to make the dangerous journey to paradise—the other three being Simeon b. Zoma, Simeon b. Azzai, and Akiba. Of these four, the Talmud tells us only Akiba makes the journey to the *pardes* successfully; the two Simeons meet catastrophic ends for failing to perform the correct procedures. Although Aher returns safe and sane, he is lost as well because he becomes a heretic.

The stories about Aher and the other rabbis have been arranged around the garden metaphor and are obviously ramified by later sages. Many modern interpreters of the *pardes* traditions have asserted that originally they had nothing to do with mystical speculation, only later to be unjustly claimed by mystics, because they were interested in finding tannaitic justification for their practices.⁸ One of the foremost critics sharing this opinion is Ephraim Urbach, who is a strong modern apologist for the rationality of tannaitic thought and attempts to use text critical tools to demonstrate his points. He isolates the kernel of the *pardes* story as the parable of a king who has made a garden on high which commoners might see but not enter or use.⁹ He concludes his analysis by saying that these stories originally had nothing to do with

creatures. Rashi senses the moral of the story for the Jewish community. It is a heavenly warning against heresy.

⁶ See Ecc. R. VII, 8 and Ruth R. 6:4 f. as well as here, b. Hag. 12b f.

⁷ See p. 9.

⁸ The following have all suggested that the *pardes* story involved philosophical speculation (about *materia prima* usually) which was later misdirected into mystical thought: Graetz, *Gnosticismus*, pp. 94-95, Joël, *Blick*, I, p. 163, Bacher, *AT*, I, p. 233. See also Fischel, pp. 1-34.

⁹ Urbach, *Scholem Festschrift*, p. 12-18. David Halpern is studying the midrashic and talmudic traditions in great detail in his dissertation at Berkeley. The parable that Urbach finds at center of the *pardes* tradition may be found in j. Hag. 73c near the bottom.

apocalyptic or mystical traditions. But that is not the same as saying there is no mystical speculation in first century Judaism. What he isolates is the parable at the core of the legend, the metaphor around which the legend was redacted on the basis of a word play between "paradise" and garden. His analysis implies nothing about the historicity of mystical tales about Akiba and his successors or even about the date that the parable of the *pardes* was associated with mysticism.¹⁰

Morton Smith¹¹ and Gershom Scholem,¹² on the other hand, show that the traditions in the Talmud and mystical texts are not out of place in the apocalyptic or the theurgic context of the second and third centuries. Scholem goes further, saying that the traditions are integrally related to apocalyptic lore. He even supposes a link with first century mystics like Paul, who claimed to know of a man who was taken up into the third heaven. Scholem's problem like Urbach's is to discover the specific part of the legend of "the four who entered paradise" which could go back to the first or second century.

We can best locate the early levels by peeling back the later ones. Whatever the origin of the story of the four who entered the *pardes*, it is likely that the part dealing with Aher has been extensively revised by later redactors. Firstly, the language of the story is Babylonian Aramaic. Next, it is not unlike the rather lengthy cycle of stories which were built up about Aher by later sages except that it has a moral particularly suitable for instruction against heresy. Lastly, the name of the angel, Metatron, argues for a Babylonian redaction and late date.¹³

We know that the story was meant to show the error of the doctrine which Aher espoused and to classify that doctrine as "two powers in

¹⁰ To be sure, he addresses himself to just this problem in the legends concerning ben Arak. But his conclusions there are based on his previous argument that the stories are late.

¹¹ See Smith, *Observations*, where he argues that the theurgic magic in the so-called Mithras liturgy is of a piece with the heavenly journey of Hekhaloth Rabbati and hence the latter, which is not a talmudic report but an actual mystical book, may go back to the third century.

¹² See Scholem, *Jewish Gnosticism*, "The Four Who entered Paradise and Paul's Ascension to Paradise" where he traces mystical themes to Paul and II Enoch. See also J. W. Bowker, "Merkabah Visions and the Visions of Paul," *JSS*, 16 (1971), 157-73; A. Neher "Le Voyage de Quatre," *RHR*, CXL (1951), 59-82; J. Neusner, "The Development of the Merkabah Tradition," *JSJ*, 2 (1971), 149-60.

¹³ Ginzberg first promulgated this argument. He denied all historic worth to the story because he thought Metatron to be a name otherwise completely limited to Babylonian sources. See *JE*, "Merkabah." It is probable, however, that Metatron is a rabbinic name first evidenced in Babylonia for a principal angel known by many names in Palestinian sects. See below, p. 64 f.

heaven." We also know from the previous chapter that the earliest isolatable heresy involved a divine hypostasis of God, somehow derived by exegesis from the Hebrew names of God. The rabbis maintained that such conceptions implied an independent will for one of God's creatures, hence compromised monotheism. But there is no reason to suppose that the heretics themselves would have said so. Here we have a similar tradition involving a specific angel, Metatron. The conclusions of the previous chapter make it seem likely, on grounds completely independent of Scholem or Smith, that angelic speculation led to heresy in Palestine. But that is not all. There is further evidence in rabbinic literature that opposition to principal angelic mediators is quite early. For instance, the rabbis often emphasize that some of God's actions in behalf of Israel were accomplished "not by an angel and not by a messenger." Judah Goldin ¹⁴ shows that the formula was applied to texts when the Hebrew syntax indicates that the subject (most often God, but once Moses!) should be specially emphasized. The contexts in which the formula occurs are five-fold: (1) God's redemption of Israel from Egyptian bondage, (2) God's punishment of Israel, (3) God's providing for Israel on its land, (4) God's revelation of the law to Moses at Sinai, and finally, (5) Moses' instruction to Israel about the covenantal value of the sabbath. These areas tend to show specifically where the rabbis were most concerned to emphasize that God himself, (once Moses) and not an angelic mediator, was responsible for the action. The comments by the rabbis are quite consonant with the teachings of R. Akiba's pupil, R. Simeon b. Yohai, perhaps even with R. Akiba himself ¹⁵ which were discussed in the previous chapter. But the letters of Paul give us certain proof that some Jews of the first century thought that the law was given by angels, an idea which would certainly have been opposed by the rabbis as well. ¹⁶

It is not clear that the proto-Merkabah mystics would have identified their candidate for mediating angel or messenger with Metatron. To be sure, Metatron is an exceptionally important figure in later merkabah

¹⁴ Judah Goldin, "Not by means of an Angel and not by Means of a Messenger," in *Religions in Antiquity: Essays in Memory of E. R. Goodenough*, ed. J. Neusner (Leiden: 1968), pp. 412-424. The language itself is likely to be related to LXX of Isaiah 63:9, or even a targumic rendering of the verse. In its augmented form this verse is a crucial part of the Christian discussion of the trinity. See Jaroslav Pelikan, *The Christian Tradition*, I, p. 177 f.

¹⁵ See above (p. 45 f.) and also Urbach, *Sages*, pp. 116 f., 156 f. Also see Lieberman in Scholem, *Jewish Gnosticism*, p. 118-126.

¹⁶ See Galatians 3:13 f. and below p. 211 f.

speculation. In *The Third or Hebrew Book of Enoch*, Metatron is set on a throne alongside God and appointed above angels and powers to function as God's vizir and plenipotentiary. These traditions are related to the earlier Enoch cycle in apocalyptic literature because Enoch is described by the mystics as having been caught up to the highest heaven (based on Gen. 5:24), where he is transformed into the fiery angel, Metatron. This is clearly dependent on the ancient "son of man" traditions which appear in Ethiopian Enoch 70 and 71, but they have been expanded in Jewish mysticism so that Enoch and Metatron are now *alter egos*, while neither the titles "son of man" nor "son of God" appear at all. Instead the principal angel is given the title "YHWH HQTWN" (YHWH the lesser) or the "N'R" (youth) and possibly even "SR H'WLM" (Prince of the World).¹⁷ Martin Hengel suggests that titles like "youth" actually function as substitutes for the original titles in *I Enoch*, which had taken on christological significance and could not be used in Jewish mysticism.¹⁸ Since these mystical descriptions of Metatron are later traditions and Metatron is described in orthodox, amoraic rabbinic writings as well, not every appearance of the angel Metatron can be heretical, and most of them are probably not antique. Scholem claims that only the concept of a principal angel, underlying the name of Metatron,¹⁹ is Palestinian and antique. He points out that the names Yahoel, "Lesser YHWH" or YHWH HQTWN, which are quite often attributed to Metatron in Merkabah tradition and occasionally occur in Coptic-gnostic literature, must underlie the Aher story.²⁰ If Metatron were also known as YHWH HQTWN, Aher's mistake would have been both more understandable and more dangerous because the name of the angel would contain

¹⁷ See my article "Prince of the World - Angel or Demon?: Towards a Sociology of Gnosticism," forthcoming.

¹⁸ Martin Hengel, *The Son of God*, p. 46.

¹⁹ See Cyrus Gordon, *Archiv Orientalni*, VI (1934), 328 and IX (1937), 95, for occurrences of Metatron on Babylonian libation bowls. Metatron is called "Great Prince" and "Great Prince of His Throne." See now Charles Isbell, *Corpus of the Aramaic Incantation Bowls* (Missoula, Montana: SBL and Scholar's Press, Dissertation Series 17, 1975). pp. 34.4; 49.11; 56.12. For the various views on the derivation of the name, Metatron, see Ödeberg, *III Enoch*, 125-142 and Scholem's explanation, *Maj. Trends*, p. 68. Urbach shows (*The Sages*, p. 119, n. 15) that Scholem must be wrong in deriving the name from *vox mystica* phenomena. The fact that Metatron equals Shaddai in Gematria, which is in keeping with the tradition "My name is in him," argues for deliberate choosing of the name. See further words by Lieberman on metatronos in Gruenwald *Apocalyptic and Merkabah*.

²⁰ The Lesser Yah or Yahoel are also related terms and, being composed from YHWH, would contain the name of God, hence resemble the angel of Ex. 33:20 f. as well. See p. 195.

the tetragrammation and might indeed be taken as a second deity.²¹ These observations allow Scholem to push the date of these Merkabah traditions back to the third century for sure and possibly the second, but certainly into the Hellenistic (hence Palestinian) cultural milieu.²²

According to Scholem, YHWH HQṬWN was only one name for the mediator. Many of the legends told about the archangel Michael in earlier aggadic sources were transferred by Merkabah mystics and by the rabbis to Metatron. The process of identification, says Scholem, can be traced to the fourth and perhaps the third centuries. The evidence for this identification is an apocalyptic, mystical document known as the "Visions of Ezekiel," which is based on a description of the seven heavens more or less parallel to the rabbinic account of the heavens in *Hag.* 12b and ARN.

As quoted by Scholem, the key passage reads as follows:

And what is there in *Zebul*? R. Levi said in the name of R. Hama bar Ukba, who said it in the name of R. Johanan: The Prince [obviously Michael as in the Talmudic passage] is not dwelling anywhere but in *Zebul* and he is the very fullness of *Zebul* [i.e., fills all of it?] and before him are thousands of thousands and myriads of myriads who minister to him. Of them it is said in Daniel: I beheld till thrones were placed, etc.; a fiery stream issued, etc. (7:9-10). And what is his name? Kimos [or Kemos] ... is his name. R. Isaac said: Ma'atah [or me'atah] is his name. R. Inyanei bar Sisson said: Bizbul [meaning: in *zebul*] is his name. R. Tanhum, the Old said: Atatiah..., is his name. Eleazar Nadwadaya said: Metatron, like the name of the (divine) *Dynamis*. And those who make theurgic use of the (divine) Name say: *Salnas*, ... is his name, Kasbak, ... [a different reading: *Baskabas*] is His name, similar to the name of the Creator of the World. And what is the name of the Merkabah of *Zebul*? *Halwaya*, ... it its name.²³

The setting is the seven-tiered heaven, mentioned in b. *Hag.* 12b and ARN. The passage implies that Metatron, whatever the derivation of the name, is to be understood as a secret name for the archangel Michael. At least this is the interpretation that Eleazar Nadwadaya offers. At the same time, the passage states that the name Metatron is also like the name of God, here also called (GBWRH = *dynamis*) or "the power." The passage was composed by Jewish mystics, not

²¹ Ödeberg, *III Enoch*, pp. 188-192. See also Scholem, *Major Trends*, p. 68 f. and *Jewish Gnosticism*, p. 41.

²² Scholem's conclusions have been criticized by Lieberman (ŠQY^cYN, 5699, p. 15) who questions the manuscript evidence he brings and by Urbach, *Sages*, (p. 119, n. 5). See Gruenwald, *Apocalyptic and Merkabah Mysticism*, and *Visions of Ezekiel*.

²³ Scholem's *Jewish Gnosticism*, p. 46.

their rabbinic colleagues, so the appearance of the now familiar reference to Dan. 7:9 f. further substantiates that other groups besides Christians were making "dangerous" interpretations of that verse, and that Daniel's vision substantiated the mystical doctrine. The mystics of the third and fourth centuries inherited these esoteric traditions about the night vision of Daniel and used them in an exegesis central to their position.²⁴ The passage shows that there were traditions about a principal angel of God, whatever the name, that are older than the Babylonian texts testifying to such traditions. We also know something of a quite similar heresy reported by rabbis in the second century. Whatever else the heresy may have been, it contained some of the kinds of traditions which would later become Merkabah mysticism, making it appropriate to describe the heretics as proto-Merkabah mystics. Of course we cannot be sure merely from the rabbinic title "two powers" that these traditions are historically related to the apocalyptic, Christian and later gnostic heresies we discovered in the last chapter. The rabbis may have associated many groups on the basis of phenomenological similarity, rather than common history. The fact that they use similar exegeses suggests some kind of relationship, as yet unspecified, among the various groups.

With these conclusions, we can now look at another text in the Babylonian Talmud related to the problem of "two powers in heaven":

²⁴ Perhaps the relationship between Metatron and Daniel 7:9 as shown by the quotation from the *Visions of Ezekiel* makes clearer the predicate of N^cR or "youth" for Metatron which Scholem finds so puzzling. It occurs in 3 Enoch 3:2 and is referred to in the *Shiur Koma* in the phrase MŠKN HN^cR. The young figure in Daniel 7:9 and Ex. 15:3 is never called N^cR in rabbinic literature. He is called GBWR, BHWR, ʔŠ MLHMH. However the midrash does use the word ZQN, old man, explicitly to describe the Ancient of Days and the manifestation of God at Sinai, Ex. 24:10 f. and Ex. 20:2. Perhaps the missing step in the development is the use of Ps. 37:25 which states: "I have been a youth and now I am old." Thus the young figure in the heavenly visions could be identified as N^cR and the meaning of "servant" (as in servant of the altar) would be derivative. One should also mention that the contrast between God in youth and in old age was developed eloquently by appeal to passage in the Song of Songs (see, e.g., Hag. 14a), an extremely popular book, and the *Shiur Koma* literature produced by Merkabah mystics. See Green, "The Children in Egypt and the Theophany at the Sea: Interpretation of an Aggadic Motif." The theme has also occurred in liturgy of later periods e.g. the *Shir Hak-Kabod*. Some evidence that such an hypothetical reconstruction is in accord with the history of the tradition comes from Yeb. 16b where Ps. 37:25 is put into the mouth of a figure called the "Prince of the World" because "only he who was present during the history of creation from its beginning to its end could have spoken these words." The Prince of the World, as we shall see, is another figure intimately bound up in the traditions of Metatron and Michael and YHWH. See p. 50 f., 60, 64 f., 189, 214. See also Lieberman in Scholem, *Jewish Gnosticism*, as noted.

Sanhedrin 38b

R. Nahman said: "He who is as skilled in refuting the *Minim* as is R. Idith [MS. M: R. Idi] let him do so; but not otherwise. Once a *Min* said to R. Idi: 'It is written, *And unto Moses He said: Come up to the Lord* (Ex. 24:1). But surely it should have stated, *Come up to me!*'—'It was Metatron,' he replied, whose name is similar to that of his Master, for it is written, *For My name is in Him.* (Ex. 23:21). 'But if so, we should worship him!' 'The same passage however,' replied R. Idi, 'says: *Be not rebellious against Him* [i.e., exchange Me not for him.]' 'But if so, why is it stated: *He will not pardon your transgression?*' (Ex. 23:21). He answered: 'By our troth [lit: we hold the belief] we would not accept him even as a messenger, for it is written. And he said unto him, *If Thy presence go not etc.*' (Ex. 33:15)." ²⁵

The passage is ascribed to R. Nahman, a Babylonian who lived in the late third century. He, in turn, praises the rhetorical skills of R. Idi (or Idith), ²⁶ who apparently lived in Palestine in the generation previous to R. Nahman. R. Nahman warns that it is dangerous business to get into arguments with the heretics. ²⁷ One should refrain unless one has the skill of R. Idi.

The demonstration of R. Idi's competence is exceedingly interesting. Without naming the heresy, he describes a passage conducive to the "two powers" heresy (Ex. 24:1). In that scripture, God orders Moses and the elders to ascend to the Lord. Since the text says, "Come up to YHWH" and not "Come up to me," the heretic states that two deities are present. The tetragrammaton would then be the name of a second deity, a conclusion further supported by the lack of an explicit subject for the verb "said" in the Massoretic Text. The high god can refer to his helper as YHWH because the helper is the same figure of whom it is said, "My name is in him" (Ex. 23:20 f.).

Obviously this is another case of heretics believing in a principal angel with divine perquisites because the Lord's name is in him. Now we see how the name of YHWH was associated with the mediator. ²⁸ The language is Babylonian Aramaic so the text itself can only be dated

²⁵ Tr. Epstein.

²⁶ Not even Urbach, *Sages*, p. 119 is sure of the identity of this rabbi.

²⁷ If the identity of the group here is merkabah mystics, it is the only place in midrash that implies they are heretics. Note also the common pseudo-correction of Sadducee for sectarian.

²⁸ Scholem argues that this implies that the earliest name for the angel here described must have been YHWH HQTWN or Yahoel, (or, at the very least Michael, whose name means "Who is like God!"). Rashi and R. Hananel *ad loc* say that Metatron refers to God as "Lord," thus avoiding the heretical implication.

to the third century with any surety. But the tradition must be based on older traditions in apocalyptic or proto-Merkabah or proto-gnostic texts where the principal angel has a theophoric name.

A most significant question is whether or not such ideas were ever current within rabbinic Judaism. As we have seen, Urbach²⁹ says that they existed only on the outskirts of rabbinism and only at the end of the second century. Scholem³⁰ says that they were central and early. It is quite possible that our texts are too refractory for definite answers but rabbinic opposition to extreme forms of speculation can be outlined by looking at their arguments.

The defense against the heretical doctrine is based on a *double entendre*. According to R. Idi, scripture should be understood as saying, "Do not exchange me" (from M-W-R) rather than, "Be not rebellious or provocative" (from M-R-H). Therefore, it is scripture itself that offers the best caution against the heretical doctrine. We learn from this defense that the heretics, in rabbinic eyes, were seen to confuse an angel with God!

The heretic then asks why the Bible needed to say that "he will not pardon your sins." As it is stated, the heretic is challenging the rabbi to apply a rabbinic doctrine that each phrase in scripture must be interpreted in such a way as to add its own specific piece of information. Although this stylizes the heretic in a rabbinic idiom, the heretical argument itself can certainly be discovered. More is at stake than a heretic challenging a rabbi to observe the proper rules of rabbinic debate. The heretic is saying that since the angel is described as not pardoning the Israelites at this one place, normally the angel must offer pardons. Hence, in heretical eyes, he has an independent share of God's power. Furthermore, the last polemical remark of the rabbi makes this implication clear. Were he only a messenger or agent—*parvanka*³¹—he should not be received.

²⁹ Urbach, *Secret Torah*, throughout.

³⁰ Scholem, *Major Trends and Jewish Gnosticism*, esp. pp. 20 f., 31 f., 43 f., 75 f.

³¹ The word "*parvanka*" is a loan word from Mandaean and ultimately from Persian where it meant a forerunner or messenger or the normal word for letter carrier. In Hebrew, it seems to be used in the sense of messenger (Heb. *shaliah*), used in respect to both prophecy and liturgy to describe a representative of the people or to the sovereign. Since *shaliah* was a readily available word, one wonders why the rabbis did not use it, relying instead on the less familiar "*parvanka*." Ödeberg suggests that *shaliah* had already started to receive the connotation of savior, liberator, or deliverer, as it has in Mandaic. But Ödeberg is mistaken for *parvanka* also has soteriological connotations in Mandaic. See Nöldeke, *Man. Gram.* 117, n. 1, for its

If we take the literature in the New Testament as characteristic of some kinds of heresy in the first century, we find that this is not an entirely inaccurate description of Christian exegesis. Ex. 23:20 is most often taken to refer to John the Baptist (Mk. 1:2, Mt. 11:10)—that is, purely an earthly messenger. But the point of Mt. 11:10 is precisely that Jesus, for those who truly believe in him, is greater than John the Baptist and is in the same category as eschatological figures like Elijah. Furthermore, one of the things which, according to the New Testament, most upsets the Jews about Jesus is precisely that he does claim the power to forgive sins (Mk. 2:7 f.).

This is not intended to say that the pericope which has been described as characteristic of the third century at the earliest must be speaking about first century Christianity. There are some obvious differences between the two uses of Ex. 23:20. I only maintain that arguments like those which we find opposed by the rabbis in the third century and later were already present in heretical writings of the first century, as represented by Christians. The rabbis, then, accused heretics (some who resembled Christians, but probably others as well) not merely with the charge of believing in angels (which the rabbis themselves certainly acknowledged) but with the charge of believing that a certain principal angel was a special mediator between God and man. The mediation might have involved the forgiving of sins, which, in any case, was enough for the rabbis to conclude that the principal figure of the heretics was supposed to be more than an angel. Or it

use in Kolasta and L. Ginza, as a guide for the spirit when it leaves its earthly life. Widengren ("Heavenly Enthronement and Baptism," *Religions in Antiquity*, 566) translates *parvanka* as "companion" because of its soteriological connotations and remarks on the relationship to M. Ir. "*Parvanak*." Another more probable reason for using *parvanka* rather than *shaliakh* is that the word "*shaliakh*" had the legal status of "agent" in rabbinic law. As an agent, a person acting for someone else should be treated *as if he were* the person he represents. Some considered an agent as a *partner* of the person that he represents. (B.K. 70a). In fact, there are accounts of "two powers" heretics who thought that the second power was God's partner in creation (see p. 111 f.). Accordingly, it was probable that the rabbis were avoiding the terms which would explicitly validate the heresy in rabbinic law. It is also possible that they used a word which the heretics themselves used to describe the second power. That would mean that the heretics are similar to Mandaeen gnostics, or to the group who brought gnosticism to the Mandaeans. The rabbis did not employ the word *shaliakh* to describe the angel described in Ex. 23:20, but the Persian loan word would be suitable because it contained the connotation of mediator without giving rabbinic approval to the concept. For the concept of God's agency as used in the Gospel of John to describe Jesus' mission on earth, see Peder Borgen, *Bread from Heaven*, Supplements to NT, X, (Leiden: 1965) 158-164 and "God's Agent in the Fourth Gospel," *Religions in Antiquity*, pp. 136-148.

might have involved the belief that the angel participated in God's divinity by appropriating one of His names. It seems clear therefore that some varieties of the heresy go back to the first century, even if the rabbinic texts do not.

It is important to note that the two powers worshipped by the heretics were complementary rather than opposing, as gnostic deities were. On the basis of this evidence, we must conclude that the earliest traditions which the rabbis opposed were of the complementary variety, since we have no hint that the opposing variety of heretical traditions (like the kind that R. Nathan may have described) had a similar, ancient history. Because of this, we should be prepared to accept the conclusion that the heretics, among whom Christians were certainly included, would not have agreed with the rabbinic charge that they were dualists. By the third century, which is the earliest possible period of our text, the rabbis seem to be fully aware of the kinds of claims that could be made about a "son of man" or Metatron or any other principal angel. So they reject the idea of divine intermediaries totally, except as dependent agents of punishment. In place of the "two power" understanding of Ex. 23:20, they offer the opposing verse Ex. 33:15, "If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence," which they interpret as Moses' prayer that God himself should always be Israel's guide.³²

The final stage in the rabbinic argument against angelic mediation may be found in Ex. R. 32:9 where it is recorded that wherever an angel of YHWH is mentioned one should understand that the Shekhina (i.e., God's presence) was manifested. The effect is to remove any doubt that the manifestation of divine force can be separate from God.

Identifying the specific group about whom the rabbis were concerned in this passage can not be successful. Scholars have answered the question in a variety of ways. Friedländer³³ erroneously saw the passages themselves as dating from the tannaitic period. In accordance with that theory, he could regard the rabbinic opponent as a gnostic. He then proposed that "Metatron" should be identified with a gnostic

³² Philo offers an interesting and "dangerous" exegesis of these verses in Quae. Ex. II 46: When Moses was called above at the theophany on the seventh day (Ex. 24:16), he was changed from earthly man to heavenly man. The gospel of John (3:13) seems to contain a polemic against that idea. John says that the vision of God's kingdom and the second birth from above are not brought about by ascent into heaven to the son of man, but rather the heavenly man's descent brings the vision and the second birth. See Borgen, p. 146.

³³ Friedländer, *Gnosticismus*, p. 103.

god, "Horos." Of course, this overlooks the important fact that the rabbis (R. Aher and R. Idi), not the heretic, mention Metatron. Further, there is no hint of gnostic opposition of deities in any of the material. It seems likely that Metatron, chief of God's angels, who acts as His messenger and representative but is never regarded as God, is the rabbinic name for many mediators in heretical thought.

Herford³⁴ saw the heretical doctrine as belonging to the Christian camp, which was in accordance with his general theory that all *minim* are Christians. He suggested further that the type of Christianity involved would have to be the Jewish-Christianity outlined in the Epistle to the Hebrews. There, the Christ is seen as the heavenly High Priest "after the order of Melchizedek," who, in turn, is a kind of supernatural mediator. This ignores the fact that the Epistle to the Hebrews argues that the Christ, as Son, is superior to any angel. Urbach³⁵ also suggests that the opponent is a Christian. However he does this only because he feels that Merkabah mysticism must be excluded as a possibility during the tannaitic period. None are prepared to say that a variety of phenomena fit the bill of particulars.

With the information and study which Scholem has brought to the subject comes the most complete understanding of the opponents. His study has made it clear that these traditions were quite generalized and went through different phases in different Jewish sects. Nor were reports of heavenly journeys exclusively confined to Judaism, as the reports about Julian the Theurgist show. At first they were fairly widespread in apocalyptic, mystical, and ascetic groups. In Jewish circles they are always associated with theophany texts in the Old Testament, the same texts we have been tracing. They were witnessed by Philo, who, as we shall see, recast them as the *logos* and used them to describe the rewards of the mystical ascent. But the traditions were also present in the Qumran Community.³⁶ There is no reason to doubt that R. Yohanan b. Zakkai and his disciples, to whom the earliest Merkabah traditions are attributed in talmudic sources, were familiar with some

³⁴ Herford, p. 285 f.

³⁵ *The Sages*, p. 118 f.

³⁶ See Jonas Greenfield's prolegomenon to the new edition of *III Enoch*, ed., H. Odeberg for a fine review of the evidence linking merkabah mysticism with various Palestinian apocalyptic traditions in the first century. See also G. Quispel, "The Jung Codex and its Significance" in *The Jung Codex*, H.-ch. Puech, G. Quispel and W. L. van Unnik (London: 1955), pp. 35-78. See Lawrence Schiffman, "Merkabah Speculation at Qumran: The 4Q Serekh Shiroth 4Q Olat ha-Shabbat," *Festschrift for A. Altman*, forthcoming.

of the Essene and apocalyptic traditions that circulated in their day.³⁷ Whether or not the rabbis also indulged in mystical *praxis* at first is unknown. By the third century, however, all evidence shows that such practices were known to be dangerous by the rabbis. The traditions which did survive within Judaism only did so in secret conventicles of esoteric knowledge which collected and redacted the later documents of Merkabah mysticism.³⁸ The repression of such dangerous ideas in Judaism must date from the same period as the mishnaic rules in Hagigah strictly governing the transmission of Merkabah lore—that is, the late second century at the latest. The germ of the story about Aher then may be authentic or come from the period when such ideas were less restricted, though the heretical charge must be later and based in Aher's presumed antinomianism. The story about R. Idi and the *min* must come from the amoraic period when those who espoused the tradition could be subject to the charge of the "two powers in heaven." The heretical opponent of R. Idi in the third century could be either a Christian or Merkabah mystic. The former is somewhat more likely, because nowhere else are Merkabah mystics explicitly called "*minim*."

If one allows that either Christians or Merkabah mystics could have espoused these "two powers" doctrines in the third century, one must be willing to grant that the heretical traditions themselves are quite a bit older than the amoraic period, and that the title "two powers" could be applied to a variety of related doctrines.

³⁷ See Urbach, *Secret Torah* for an analysis of how these apocalyptic traditions ramified into the traditions now present as *beraitot* in Hagigah. See especially N. A. Dahl, "The Johannine Church and History," in *Current Issues in NT Interpretation*, ed., Klassen and G. Snyder (New York: 1962), p. 124-142, especially 131 for the impetus to see the roots of Johannine Christology within Jewish traditions of the visionary ascent to heaven, as witnessed in merkabah and Christian apocrypha like "The Ascension of Isaiah." This work develops the observations of Ödeberg in *III Enoch* and *The Fourth Gospel*.

³⁸ It is difficult to tell how much of the later mystical ascent practice through ecstasy was present in the earliest period. However, theurgic ascent practices can be traced to the Julian the Theurgist (author of the Chaldaean Oracles) at the end of the second century, and hence to his father, in the middle of the same century (See Smith, *Observations*, H. Lewy, *Chaldaean Oracles and Theurgy* (Cairo: 1956) and *Oracles Chaldaïques*, ed., des Places (Paris: 1971) and subsequently became quite widespread throughout the Roman Empire. Whether earlier Jewish apocalyptic heavenly journeys could have existed without such theurgic practices is a moot question, but it seems to me to be quite unlikely that the literary traditions could circulate without some basis in ecstatic experience.

CHAPTER FOUR

A CONTROVERSY BETWEEN ISHMAEL AND AKIBA

We have learned a considerable amount about the early character of binitarian heresy from the "two powers" midrashism surveyed so far. However, as we will now see, much material not originally part of the heresy came to be associated with the "two powers" tradition. Hence it becomes especially difficult from this point onward to identify one specific group or doctrine with the heresy. Instead, a variety of different groups inherit the title. This can be shown clearly in the case of one debate between two tannaim, Akiba and Ishmael. In this particular case, an originally ambiguous story was only associated with the heresy of "two powers" in a later recension. The editor who associated the two traditions was, in effect, offering an interpretation of the ambiguous tradition by saying that it concerned "two powers" heresy.

PASSAGE 4

Genesis Rabba 1:14, b. Hag. 12a, Tan. 8

¹*T the heavens and T the earth* (Gen. 1:1) R. Ishmael asked R. Akiba: 1 Since you have studied twenty-two years under Nahum of Gimzo [who formulated the principle that] ²*K* and *RQ* are limitations while ³*T* and *GM* are extensions, [tell me], what of the ⁴*T* written here? Said he to him: "If it stated 'In the beginning created God heaven and earth' ⁵2 we might have maintained that heaven and earth too are divine." Thereupon he cited to him. ⁶3 "*For it is no empty matter for you* (Dt. 32:47)" and if it is empty, it is so on your account—because you are unable to interpret—rather:

¹ Hagigah: when they were walking in the way.

² Hagigah: If "heaven and earth" (alone) were said I would have thought that "heaven" was the name of the Holy One Blessed be He. Now it says "⁷*T the heaven and T the earth*" (Gen. 1:1)—"heavens" the real heavens; "earth," the real earth.

Tanhuma: "In the beginning created God heavens and earth" is not written rather, "⁸*T the heavens and T the earth*" to show the logic of the divine writ.

³ Tanhuma: R. Akiba said to him! For it is no empty thing for you (Dt. 32:47) "If heavens and earth (alone) were said, we would have thought that THERE ARE TWO GODS, rather ⁹*T the heavens and T the earth*—them and what is described with them."

וְ³T *the heavens* is to include the sun and the moon, the stars and the constellations, the וְ³T *the earth*—to include the trees and the grasses and the garden of Eden.⁴

As the text stands, R. Ishmael is challenging the method by which R. Akiba interprets scripture. R. Akiba was taught by Nahum of Gimzo that every use of וְ³T signifies an inclusion in the meaning of the text.⁵ “וְ³T the Torah”—one might hypothesize, would mean both the oral and written laws. R. Ishmael, however, challenges the principle with the first verse in scripture. But R. Akiba says that he does not interpret the scripture to include or exclude anything here. Rather the וְ³T signifies only that “heaven” and “earth” are definite direct objects of the verb “created,” not the subject of “created.” Hence, in no way can one assume that “heaven” and “earth” are deities. R. Ishmael replies that “This is no empty thing for you” (Dt. 32:47) presumably meaning that the occurrence of וְ³T in this verse cannot remain without special significance in R. Akiba’s system of interpretation or it would show a failure of that system. As he says, “If it is an empty thing for you, it is because you do not know how to interpret.”

The next phrase of R. Ishmael is ambiguous. Either he says (1) וְ³T “the heaven already includes the sun and moon, stars and constellations...” meaning that R. Akiba’s system has to fail because “heaven and earth” is already a synecdoche for all creation, or (2) he helps R. Akiba’s argument by offering an explanation which R. Akiba has

⁴ The end of this quotation differs from Freedman order to convey the ambiguity of the Hebrew. See Theodor-Albeck I, 12 for complete references.

⁵ This is the Hebrew particle signifying the definite direct object which, therefore, like a case ending, has syntactical value but no lexical meaning. The verse in question is Genesis 1:1 (“In the beginning, God created heaven and earth.”) Because of the Hebrew accusative particle וְ³T, we know that “heaven and earth” are to be understood as definite direct objects of the verb “created.” If the Torah were written in ordinary Hebrew, the sole function of the וְ³T would be to point out this definite direct object. But the kind of Hebrew that comprised the Torah is precisely the point at issue between Ishmael and Akiba. (See Epstein, MBW³WT, pp. 521-526 and Bacher, *Aggada der Tannaiten*, I, p. 67 f.) R. Ishmael stated that DBRH TWRH KLŠWN BNY וְ³DM. The words of Torah are like ordinary speech (lit.: is like the language of men) (Sifre bashalah 112, San. 64b). This means that one should not pay any special attention to the seemingly pleonastic words in the text or even things that seem repetitious. R. Akiba, on the other hand, had learned his exegetical methodology from Nahum of Gimzo, who taught that all particles, indeed, every jot and tittle of the Torah held some special meaning which must be unlocked. In particular, conjunctions employed in the Torah were intended to indicate the extension or limitation of its provisions. Hence this system was called extension and limitation RBWY WMYWT. The particles KL, וְ³P, were regarded as implying extensions while וְ³K, MN, KK were regarded as limitations.

not himself considered but which would support R. Akiba's system. Or (3) the last phrase can be understood as being spoken by R. Akiba. The first possibility (1) has two difficulties: (a) it leaves the matter wholly undecided; (b) it involves translating the definitive LRBWT as "already does include." The second possibility (2) seems most likely to me because it involves the least textual change but it has the difficulty of attributing to R. Ishmael an argument for a system of interpretation which he is known always to have opposed. The third possibility (3) involves a change of speakers without any indication in the text. It also involves assuming that R. Akiba is the first to bring up the idea that heaven and earth are *pars pro toto*, Ishmael not having a suspicion of it previously. The third possibility is the route most scholars have taken, by assuming that the text is in disarray and that another "MR LW" should be added in the text somewhere, indicating that the speaker did change.⁶

The ambiguity in the text is quite old; even the elaborations of the tradition in *Tanhuma* and *Hagigah* may be seen as separate attempts to resolve it. In *Tanhuma* R. Akiba is reported to have said the last phrase and, by using the "eth" to have included all the things in heaven and earth. This statement closes the argument. He also maintains that heaven and earth might be taken to mean "two gods"—which is the exact phrase used in the statement of R. Elisha b. Abuya in *Hagiga*, and, as we have seen previously must be equivalent to saying that the heresy of "two powers" is involved. But the text is late, relative to

⁶ See e.g., Theodor-Albeck, *ad loc.*; Marmorstein, *Essays in Anthropomorphism*, p. 11 interprets the paragraph based on an emendation. Marmorstein is most articulate about how the passage should be read... "The original text can be reconstructed by consulting all the available parallels and manuscripts." *Tanhuma* ed. Buber, Gen., 5 f., has the following reading in which R. Ishmael says: "The expressions (eth) in Gen. 1:1 surely cannot be explained according to your method; it is, however, the usual expression of the text. R. Akiba says: 'Thou canst not explain it according to your method, cf. (v. Deut. 32:47) but I can, for if the particle would be omitted one would think that heaven and earth are Godheads; now, since the texts puts "eth," the teaching can be derived that heaven and earth were brought into existence fully furnished with their complete equipment.' It is noteworthy that the rendering of the verse from Deuteronomy, which is quoted here in the dialogue in the name of R. Ishmael or R. Akiba respectively, is cited in the Palestinian Talmud four times in the name of one of the younger Palestinian Amoraim, R. Mana, v. Peah 1:1, Shebiit 1:6, Shabbath 1:1, Sukka 4:1 and Ketuboth 8, end. This looks strange unless we take it as a later gloss. The Midrash Abkir published by me in Dwir, pt. 1, pp. 127-128 enables us to render the question and answer in this way: R. Ishmael asks what is the meaning of "eth" in the verse? Surely no one of us will go so far as to suggest that heaven and earth are deities or that man is God, or that God is a lad? Therefore R. Akiba gives his interpretation."

the other versions, and the Genesis Rabba text, which is supported by all the other versions, has neither a direct mention of "two deities" nor an additional marking that the speaker changes. If R. Akiba is the author of the last statement, he speaks without a definite mark of the change in speakers.⁷

Whatever the solution to the textual problem and the structure of the argument, the crucial point for studying rabbinic heresiology is to understand what is meant by calling heaven and earth gods. The heresy—or more exactly the faulty interpretation of scripture—was puzzling to later rabbinic interpreters as well. In the Hagigah version of the text, for instance, the dangerous doctrine is described as believing that "heaven" and "earth" are *names* of God. Only in the late midrash, Tanhuma, is the heretical belief explicitly called "two gods." The only thing immediately apparent from the Tanhuma evidence is that the heresy of "two powers" was taken by later tradition as being equivalent to saying there are two Gods—i.e., ditheism. Discovering the character or practitioners of any hypothetical heretical doctrine and its dubious relationship to "two powers in heaven" will not be easy. It is sure that, despite the similarity in language, Tanhuma cannot have the same heresy in mind as we have traced in the first two chapters. Ishmael and Akiba can not be talking about "two deities or powers *in heaven*." Only one is in heaven,—or, more exactly, *is* heaven. One suspects, then, by the time of the redaction of Tanhuma, the charge of "two gods" or "two powers" had become completely conventional and could be used against a variety of unorthodox opinions, without the slightest deference to the original sources of the heresy.

Heaven and earth were seen as deities by every polytheistic culture surrounding Israel. Even Persian and Greek philosophy maintained that they were divine. However, no culture around the Jews during that period maintained that heaven and earth were the only two gods. It is not likely that either polytheism or strict dualism is the doctrine attacked in this passage.

The same tradition is attached to a variety of different scriptural verses: Gen. 4:1, and Gen. 21:20, to name the principal ones. All of

⁷ The Soncino Midrash (in English) appears to understand the passage in this third way. Freedman and Simon translate ָלֹא as "No" and see the sense of the passage as follows: "No! ָלֹא the heavens is to include the sun and the moon, the stars and the planets ַעַל the earth is to include trees, herbage and the garden of Eden." Thus they see an implied change of speaker for this last paragraph.

these occurrences, as we shall see, are designed to combat some unstated heresy, although no unified conception of the heresy can be discovered. In view of this, one must suspect that the redactor brought a perfectly innocent, non-polemical, exegetical controversy between Ishmael and Akiba into a new context where the controversy could have a polemical ramification.

We cannot tell which context is the original location for the argument. Ishmael and Akiba's argument makes more sense at Gen. 1 than at other places, as we shall see. But the state of the text makes one hesitant to associate it with any one scripture. After all, there are thousands of "וT's" in the Bible.

Only when one abandons the idea that the "tannaitic" argument itself condemns heresy can one rely on what previous scholars have said. Ishmael and Akiba were arguing over an exegetical principle. Any other issue remains ambiguous. Nevertheless, somebody saw it as a convenient foil against a variety of unstated heretical beliefs.

Scholars have suggested a relationship between the argument between Akiba and Ishmael at Gen. 1 and gnosticism.⁸ Joël was the first to see a relationship between the passage and the report of the Marcosian Gnostics by Irenaeus. (Adv. Haer. 1:18). According to this report, the gnostics held the belief that "God," "beginning," "heaven," and "earth" in the first verse of the Bible were all to be considered part of a divine tetrad.

Actually, many other doctrines could have been the subject of the polemic as well. For instance, in the *Apophasis Megale*, ascribed to Simon Magus, the Samaritan from Gitta, there is a doctrine which sounds even more suitable. The creation is accomplished by the *logos*, "who stands, stood and will stand." He creates all the other powers, the first two of which are identified with heaven and earth. They, in turn, become allegorized as male and female principles in the formation of embryos, through an allegorical reading of the narrative of the garden of Eden. Wherever heaven and earth are hypostasized creatures in any fantastic gnostic system, not just the Simonian system, one could expect the rabbinic argument to be relevant. Furthermore, as is growing clear from the Nag Hammadi texts, Gen. 1 was a favorite Bible passage in almost every variety of gnostic exegesis. Practically any kind of gnosticism could be suitably answered in the polemic.

⁸ The scholars who see this passage as referring to gnosticism are Joël, *Blicke*, p. 169; Marmorstein, *Essays in Anthropomorphism*, p. 10.

However, the most widespread sectarian doctrine derived from the first chapter of Genesis had to do with a second power, the *logos*, and not with gnosticism specifically. Of all the terms in the first sentence of the Bible, "In the beginning"—not either "heavens" or "earth"—was the most commonly used to derive a second divine creature. "In the beginning" is often understood as "by means of 'The Beginning,'" thus hypostasizing a principal angelic helper in creation. Even in the gnostic systems mentioned above, the *logos* is present as creator of the many divine archons. These themes seem to be based on the well-known identification of Wisdom as God's helper in creation (See Gen. R. 1, for instance). Furthermore, in the fragmentary targum⁹ we find an interesting variant of the theme. Because it was assumed that God's Wisdom had mediated the creation, the targum translated "In the beginning" as "By wisdom." The Samaritan liturgy also contains that reading.¹⁰

This also may be the basis of the Sophia legend among the gnostics. The *Tractatus Tripartitus* of the Jung Codex emphasizes that though Wisdom fell from grace she had done so independently, by her own authority (*exousia*, 1:3). Furthermore, Christians, as exemplified by the church father Theophilus, maintained that "in the beginning" actually meant "Christ" because the gospel of John had identified the *logos* with the messiah. So many dangerous doctrines depend on the first verse of the Bible that one is reluctant even to specify which one is the most likely to have been the target of the polemic.¹¹

If Akiba wanted to defend against any of these doctrines, he picked a weak and indirect argument. Pointing out that "T" rendered "heaven and earth" direct objects would be little help against such well-developed heresies. Either the original dispute between Ishmael and Akiba was unrelated to this conflict or it was imperfectly transmitted. I suggest it was both.

However, the text makes more sense as an anti-heretical polemic when one assumes that later rabbis wanted to defeat a variety of heresies about the creation of the world. First of all, they could rely on a tradition about two great rabbis. Secondly, while the discussion actually does not demonstrate that the only divine being in the first

⁹ H. K. Weiss, *Untersuchungen zur Kosmologie des hellenistischen und palästinischen Judentums* (Berlin: 1966), p. 199 and Gilles Quispel, "From Mythos to Logos," *Erano's Jahrbuch*, 29 (1970), (pub. 1973, 323-340), now in *Gnostic Studies*, 1, 163.

¹⁰ Samaritan Liturgy, XVI, 1 (ed., Heidenheim, 25).

¹¹ This will be discussed further in Section III. See p. 184 f.

verse of the Bible is God, it could be maintained by later sages that the great rabbis had had that issue in mind. Furthermore, the history of the text's transmission shows just such a trend toward more and more explicit reference to heresy. It seems unlikely that the original issue of the text (or even the original target of the polemical understanding) can be recovered, but the ambiguity of the tradition allows it to be used broadly against heresy.

The other midrashim concerned with this dispute of Ishmael and Akiba also reflect a later polemical intent, although it is not always clear that gnosticism was the heresy implied. Apparently the rabbis quickly saw that the argument between Akiba and Ishmael about the meaning of "וְיָ" was a good counter argument to speculation in Genesis 1:1, where it makes a certain degree of sense. But they also used it in reference to various other Scriptural passages, where the discussion between R. Akiba and R. Ishmael is almost completely irrelevant.

In reference to Genesis 21:20 ("And God was with the youth," i.e., Ishmael) the rabbis noticed the problem posed by an incorrect interpretation of the "וְיָ." In this case, when the וְיָ is interpreted as introducing the direct object, one is left with the meaning "The Lord became a youth." Orthodoxy interpreted the phrase to mean "and the Lord was *with* the youth as וְיָ must have originally been understood. If the וְיָ had been left out, they say, "the verse would be very difficult." Indeed so! But this is not analogous to the Genesis verse because what is really at stake is the interpretation of וְיָ (d.o. or "with"), not strictly its presence or absence. If וְיָ were present and being used to introduce the direct object, the question would still be difficult. One has to assume that the tradition about Ishmael and Akiba was grafted conventionally onto this section because it was seen as a defense against heretical arguments. Yet strictly speaking, Ishmael and Akiba's argument is not applicable to the biblical verse. Of course, a number of different groups maintained that God became a youth. Merkabah mysticism may be implicated. The N^cR of Gen. 21:20 is a technical term for the younger figure in the mystical speculation.¹² However, any Christian group which believed in divine incarnation could also have been the target of such a tradition. There is no sure way to distinguish between the various opponents at this time. The only thing which can be said with reference to this passage is that the opponent would have to read Hebrew.

¹² See p. 67 f. for a discussion of N^cR in Jewish mystical writings.

Another context for the argument between Ishmael and Akiba over the use of the "T" is Gen. 4:1, the folk etymology for the name "Cain." In this case there is a clear polemical setting for the discussion. Cain's name is understood by means of the phrase: "With YHWH('s help) I have acquired a son." However, the statement could also be taken to mean "I have acquired a son through YHWH," or even, "I have received YHWH as husband." Notice again that the presence or absence of T is not the issue; the meaning of the word is in dispute. Were the T absent, the word would yield the sentence "I have acquired a man of God," which is irrelevant for the argument.

There is a long history of exegesis about the offspring of Cain,¹³ who were regarded, like Cain himself, as wholly evil.¹⁴ Many heretical groups came to be associated with Cain.¹⁵

N. A. Dahl has suggested a plausible theory of how heretical groups came to be identified with Cain and also how the gnostic group, the Cainites, may have taken such a figure for their hero or eponymous ancestor. Perhaps another example of understanding the tetragrammaton as one of the angels lies behind this passage.¹⁶ In orthodox eyes, the angel is no longer good. Rather he is Satan and he is seen as the angel who commits adultery with Eve. Therefore, the defensive tradition would be based on the idea that Cain is the first-born of Satan, making his offspring anathema. Such a defensive argument was used not only by the rabbis but also by the evangelists (John 8:44) and the church fathers (Polycarp 7:1). In the evangelist's case, the appellation is used against Jews: Whoever does not want to believe in Jesus has Cain for a father instead of Abraham. The Jews who are the target of this charge were accusing Jesus of being a Samaritan. It is possible that the accusation of being an offspring of Cain was first a Jewish charge against Christians (and others such as Samaritans)

¹³ Seth-Cain typology in Arm. Adam 63-64, *W. Sol.* 2:24, Post. 42, see also 35, 38, Det. 78, see also 32, 68, 103.

¹⁴ *JE*, III, 493 ("demiurge"); Comp Gen. R. 8:9. Marmorstein, *Unity*, p. 483; *Background*, p. 156.

¹⁵ See Aptowitzer, p. 11. In the fragmentary targum a tradition is recorded that Cain said to his brother in the field "I believe that the world was not created with the attribute of mercy." See also Aptowitzer, p. 12 and p. 122, n. 63, and A. J. Braver, "The Debate Between a Sadducee and Pharisee in the Mouths of Cain and Abel," *Beth Mikra*, 44 (1971), 583-585 (Hebr.). More importantly in Tg. Ps. Jn 4:1, 5:3 and PRE 21, 22 Cain is not viewed as the offspring of Adam.

¹⁶ See Dahl, p. 72; based on Gen. 16:7-13; 22, 11-16; Ex. 3:27, Ki. 6:11-24; Zach. 3:1 f.; and Ödeberg, *III Enoch*, Intro. 82 f., 90, 117, 119, 188-192.

which was here reversed by the Christians as a defense against the charge.

The heresiologists knew of a gnostic group which actually called themselves Cainites and traced their lineage back to him. According to them, Cain had a greater power than Abel because his power came from above. This idea may have been based on some other tradition about angelic agency in Gen. 4:1. The heretics would have regarded a good angel as the father of Cain. Philo, who sees Cain as a symbol for evil, admits a similarity with Enoch and Melchizedek in that the scripture does not record his death.¹⁷ No doubt this fact was not lost on the Cainites either. It would not be improbable for Cainites to have based traditions about Cain's translation to heaven and enthronement on scriptural grounds, since we find enthronement traditions about Enoch and Melchizedek based on scriptures' omission of a report of their death.

Nor was the positive evaluation of Cain restricted only to the Cainites. The Perateans suggested that it was only the demiurge, the god of this world, who did not accept the offering of Cain.¹⁸ Marcion taught that the high god accepted Cain, leaving Abel and Abraham and their descendants behind unsaved.¹⁹

The groups who viewed Cain positively had merely accepted the charge of being the first-born of Satan which was hurled at them by orthodoxy. However, they turned it into a positive attribution. The later church fathers also said that Cainites took Judas Iscariot as well as Cain as a hero.²⁰ This "negative value" kind of Judaism or Christianity was a product of the intense three-way polemic going on between Judaism, gnosticism and Christianity—with the gnostic groups being opposed by both sides.

That the paragraph of rabbinic discussion between Ishmael and Akiba could be associated with all these different heretical arguments makes sense best in a polemical environment. The biblical Ishmael and Cain became allegorized as the ancestors of groups who had fallen away from the truth while Genesis 1:1 was the source of most all of the gnostic cosmologies.

The exact conflict between Akiba and Ishmael is unclear. The

¹⁷ Fug. 64.

¹⁸ Hippolyt. Ref., V, 16:9.

¹⁹ See p. 234 f.

²⁰ Friedländer, *Gnosticismus*, p. 19-24. Puech ascribes the Gospel of Judas to the Cainites. (Dahl, p. 80).

evidence is that it was unclear to early tradition as well. Some rabbis later remembered an historical argument between the tannaim in a new context and used it as a convenient counter to cosmological, angelological, ascension, and gnostic traditions. The redactor seems to be the one who made sure that the argument appeared at Gen. 4:1 and 21:20. It is possible that Akiba and Ishmael actually argued about Gen. 1:1. But from the state of our texts, it is impossible to isolate the original issue exactly. The original disagreement seems to have concerned exegetical methodology, later reinterpreted under the pressure of the gnostic controversy. Both heresy and orthodoxy accepted the metaphor that they were brothers—but ironically, vilification, not brotherhood, was the purpose of the identification. As far as “two powers” is concerned, it is clear that only some of the possible heretical traditions deal specifically with doctrines about a second, angelic helper for God. The term is quickly brought into a variety of contexts, many of which are anti-gnostic, and some of which have nothing to do with the earliest level of the heresy.

CHAPTER FIVE

MIDRASHIC WARNING AGAINST "TWO POWERS"

PASSAGE 5

Sifre Deuteronomy 379

See now that I, even I, am He. (Dt. 32:39). This is a response to those who say there is no power in heaven. He who says there are two powers in heaven is answered: "Has it not elsewhere been said: '*And there is no God with me.*'" And similarly (for one who says) "There is no power in it (heaven) to kill or to revive, none to do evil or to make good," Scripture teaches: "*See now that I, even I, am He. I kill and I revive*" (Dt. 32:39). And Again, "*Thus says YHWH, the king of Israel and his deliverer, YHWH of Hosts. I am the first, I am the last, and besides Me there is no God.*" (Is. 44:6).

Another interpretation: "*I kill and I revive*" (Dt. 32:39). This is one of four sure allusions to resurrection of the dead: *I kill and I revive* (Dt. 32); *Let my soul die the death of the righteous; Let Reuben live and not die* (Dt. 33); *After two days he will revive us* (Hosea 6). I might think that death was by one (power) while life was by another. Scripture teaches: "*I wounded and I will heal.*" Just as wounding and healing is by one (power), so is death and life by one (power alone).¹

None escape my hand: No father can save his sons. Abraham could not save Ishmael and Isaac could not save Esau. From this example, I know only that fathers cannot save their sons. From where do I learn that brothers may not save their brothers? Scripture teaches: "No man can ransom his brother" (Ps. 49:8). Isaac did not save Ishmael, Jacob did not save Esau. Even if a man were to give all the money in the world, it would not give him atonement, as it is said: "No man can ransom his brother... his ransom would cost too much..." (*Ibid.*). A soul is dear. When a man sins with it, there is no compensation.

¹ Midrash Tannaim: Another interpretation: *See now, I, even I, am He.* R. Eliezer said: Why is it suitable for Scripture to say "I" twice? The Holy One, Blessed be He said: 'I am in this world and I am in the world to come. I am He who redeemed Israel from the hand of Egypt and I will redeem it in the future at the end of the Fourth Kingdom.'" *And there is no God with Me:* Every nation who says there is a second god will I prohibit from eternal life, and every nation who says, there is no second god, I will give them resurrection in the future. I will kill these and revive those, as it says "*I kill and I revive.*"

This anonymous passage in Sifre cannot be shown to be aimed merely at one heretical group. It is a cleverly designed anthology of arguments against various views which the rabbis opposed. Something about the character of the heretical doctrines can be learned, but the final identities of any groups espousing the doctrines is elusive. The best we can do is note the form of the argument. First, those who deny the existence of God are refuted by reference to Dt. 32:39a. This is obviously an important scriptural weapon because immediately thereafter those who believe in "two powers" in heaven are refuted with the continuation of the same verse. Finally, those who believe in God but deny His ability to kill or bring to life are refuted by reference to Is. 44:6.

Great difficulty is encountered when one attempts to find hints of the identifies of the opponents. Büchler² argued that the opponents in this passage must be either Jews, Judeo-Christians or gnostics by reasoning that the use of biblical passages would be little help in combatting gentiles, for whom the Bible held no authority. Büchler's guess is hardly a specific identification, yet even this argument must remain open to question. This particular passage (as opposed to the earlier traditions) might have been only a rabbinic stylization of various arguments and used only within the Jewish community.

Nor does it seem likely that the rabbis could have had only one group of heretics in mind. The first opponents mentioned seem to be atheists. Other passages in rabbinic literature are amenable to the suggestion that there were atheistic Jews. For instance, Sifre to Dt. 32:21³ says "I will vex them with a foolish people" as a reference to *minim*. Then it further characterizes the heresy by applying Ps. 14:1 "The fool says in his heart, there is no God." Of course, few people in the ancient world denied deity completely, but Epicureans were often called atheists because they felt the gods could effect nothing in the world and were irrelevant to men. Furthermore, the midrash knows of Jews who believed that the world operated "automatically,"⁴ which implies that some Jews of the period were students of Epicurean philosophy.⁵

² Büchler, *Minim*, p. 267. Stauffer, *TDNT*, III, p. 99 associates the verses with Marcion. See Marmorstein, *EJ* (1931), VII, 564.

³ Finkelstein, p. 367, Sifre Deut. 32:21 (pp. 320, 137a).

⁴ Midr. Psalms, I, 5 see Krauss, II, p. 4. See also Sifre Deut., pp. 221. Josephus, *Antiquities*, 10, 278. Lieberman, *How Much Greek?* p. 130.

⁵ Sifre Num. 112, m. San. X i; m. Aboth II 14; b. San. 99b and 38b; Gen. R. ch. 19:1; Sifre Dt. 12, t. Sanh. XIII, 5b (17a); also A. Marmorstein, "Les Épicuriens dans la littérature talmudique," *REJ*, LIV (1907), 181-193; Yalk. Zach., pp. 582,

These atheists may be related to the opponents who either deny that "God neither kills nor brings to life," or those who felt that He "neither causes evil nor good." Since two separate heretical arguments are mentioned, it is possible that there were really two distinct heresies, the first of which denied resurrection, the second of which denied reward and punishment or even divine providence entirely. However, in that case, those who deny reward and punishment could have easily been included under the first category of "those who believe that there is no authority in heaven."

Even leaving aside the atheists who may be separate from the others, the same group who believed in "two powers" could not have also believed that God had no power to do either evil or good. Some hypothetical heresy may have believed that one god did not supervise activities, leaving all immanent functions to another god, or that one god was the author of evil while the other god created good; but it is not likely that any group accepted both dualism and the lack of punishment and reward at the same time. No specific relationship between the three types of doctrines is implied in the passage, beyond the rabbinic opposition which they all share. The thread of the argument comes from the scriptural quotation rather than logical argumentation. The different doctrines opposing the rabbis are so tied to the exegesis of the passage that one must suspect that some of the doctrines are completely theoretical, derived merely from the words of scripture and do not reflect actual heretical doctrines.

However, this suspicion cannot be entirely demonstrated either. The "two powers" argument is brought up because the Hebrew word ³NY (I) is repeated twice, possibly implying two speakers. This is the kind of scripture which might have appealed to various heretical groups. Even the LXX translates the verse by repeating "see" twice instead of the "I," implying an early sensitivity to the verse.

The second paragraph of this section may reflect some real debates. It gives four pericopae in scripture from which one can demonstrate the doctrine of resurrection.⁶ The heretical doctrine is elaborated by

Yalk. num., pp. 764 b. Hag. 5b, Gen. R. 8:9; b. Ned. 23a, Krauss, p. 107. See Marmorstein, *RGS*, I, p. 52, and especially Urbach, *Sages*, pp. 73, 311, 588. Talmudic uses of the word "apikoros" are compiled by S. Wagner, *Religious Non-Conformity in Ancient Jewish Life*, (unpublished dissertation: Yeshiva University, 1964), 124-144. A relationship between Epicurean philosophy and resurrection, providence, mercy and justice is provided by Fischel, pp. 35-50.

⁶ Midr. Tan. expands the list to ten pericopes in scripture but the additional

the charge that one god might be thought to be in charge of killing while another is in charge of revivification. This charge is countered by use of Hos. 6:2 where God says that He has struck down and will heal. Just as one God alone strikes down with sickness and heals, so too only one God is responsible for life and death.⁷ Of course, logically and historically, healing and resurrection may be separate ideas connected only by their similar form. They also have no absolute connection with dualism and may just as well imply polytheism or merely the existence of a doctrine of a demonic world opposing the divine plan. In that case one set of divine creatures would be responsible for all the sickness in the world, while another would be responsible for healings.⁸

In the first paragraph of the text we had a clear reference to "two powers in heaven" but no clear evidence that the doctrine was related to any of the other heresies mentioned. In the second paragraph of the text, there is an ambiguous reference to a doctrine which might be dualistic but might as well be polytheistic, together with a discussion of the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. No historical information may be concluded from such an anthology.

Based on Hoffman's research, it is generally assumed that the additional midrash appearing in Midr. Tan. is a secondary elaboration stemming from a later period and perhaps dating as late as the eighth century, because the first other appearance of that tradition is the *Pirke* of Rabbi Eliezer (hereafter *PRE*) which is commonly understood to have been edited in the eighth century.⁹ This additional midrash does record evidence about "two powers in heaven." It assumes that those who believe in a second god are from gentile nations (*goi*) and links that doctrine with the discussion of resurrection in the following way: Those gentiles who deny a second god will be saved to enjoy resurrection, but those who do not deny the second god will not enjoy the benefits of the world to come. It seems that an eighth century midrashist

passages do not always seem appropriate for proving a doctrine of resurrection from Torah.

⁷ See Marmorstein, *Unity*, p. 447 and Ex. R. 28:3. God's revelation takes different shapes but this variety does not in the least imply the theory of "two powers." In regard to Moses, see p. 145. Elsewhere the same God wounds and heals, reveals himself in the same moment in the East, West, North and South. See p. 1317.

⁸ For the operation of this kind of belief in the Hellenistic world see E. R. Dodds, "Man and the Demonic World," *Pagan and Christian in an Age of Anxiety* (Cambridge: 1965), pp. 27-68.

⁹ M. D. Herr dates *PRE* to the first half of the eighth century in Palestine just prior to the fall of the Omayyad dynasty, see *EJ*.

has simply assumed that the two paragraphs of the midrash (the first describing atheists, dualists, etc., and the second describing resurrection) are related. Probably he did so on the basis of m San. 10:1 which states that all Israel has a share in the world to come, then defines those sinners who have lost their portion. The Epicurean, he who denies the divine origin of the Law, and he who does not admit that resurrection is prophesized in the Torah are all condemned by the Mishnah. But since "two powers" heresy is not explicitly mentioned by the Mishnah, the midrashic commentator wants to make sure that the penalties for ditheism are clearly spelled out as well. He does so by connecting the discussion of resurrection at the beginning of the second paragraph in *Sifre Dt.* with the *caveat* against dualism at the end.

In the third paragraph of the *Sifre* passage, there are a few clues to the identity of the unspecified sectarian groups, but there is no implied relationship between the sectarian practices in any of the other paragraphs. In the third paragraph the midrashist warns that fathers cannot save their sons nor brothers save their brothers from retribution for sin. That families will be split up on the day of judgment is a standard motif appearing many times in the literature of the day and, in fact, in many different religious systems throughout the world.¹⁰

That no father can redeem his son and no son redeem his father is a tradition present in other rabbinic writings as well.¹¹ Elsewhere, the dictum is modified to allow that a son can redeem his father, although no father can redeem his son. Rabbinic literature does record that the patriarch Abraham redeemed his father, Terah. Ginzberg feels that this type of statement is a warning against excess in the doctrine of "the Merits of the Fathers," by which the goodness of the patriarchs in the past was believed to atone for an individual's misdeed in the present.¹² This suggests that some of rabbinic opposition in this passage could be directed against abuse of rabbinic doctrines or against the far more serious problem of the exaltation of Abraham or Jacob found in apocalyptic documents and pseudepigrapha.

There is no clear evidence, then, that the three paragraphs in this section can be viewed as speaking about only one group. What unites them is only that the rabbis use the quotation from Deuteronomy as

¹⁰ See vivid descriptions of heart-rending family separations in Mt. 24:40, Lk. 17:34, Quran 23:103, 80:33 f., b. San 104a, 4 Ezra 7:102, Bundahisn 31. Winston, *Iranian Component*, 196.

¹¹ M. Ps. 46:1, San. 104a, for example.

¹² Ginzberg, *Legends*, V, 274 f., 419, see II Enoch 53:1.

an opportunity to discuss and dismiss conclusively various doctrines which they oppose. It is clear that the redactor of the *Sifre* felt that the doctrines could readily be grouped together but the exact basis of the grouping, and hence, the exact character of the groups under discussion, became quickly muted in the transmission of the tradition and remains elusive.

Although no one group can be definitely identified, the fact that more than one group can be seen in the passage is a positive conclusion. What may be certainly concluded is that Herford and Buechler were hasty in applying these passages only to Christians. Christians do remain a possibility for the subject of some of the traditions. However, Samaritans, gnostics and Jewish apocalyptic groups cannot be excluded. It seems likely that such editorial redactions of Midrash were responsible for the expansion of the term "two powers in heaven" by later rabbis until it could cover many heretical groups. The problem is to discover which of the heretical groups were actually called "two powers in heaven" by the earliest tannaitic sages before the designation became common. Because of the ambiguity of the passages, no evidence can be found for changing the conclusion that the earliest traditions posited a separate, principal, angelic helper, of God on the basis of scriptural theophany texts. The other traditions seem to be later additions to the polemic. However, from this pericope, we can conclude that Deuteronomy 32:39 became a favorite scripture—like Exodus 20, Dt. 6:4, Isaiah 44-47—to defeat heretical notions of the godhead. There are important correlations between arguments of God's justice and mercy and "two powers" heresy in this passage. But the exact relationship cannot be defined. All we can say is that after a certain point in time, many forms of mediation—from binitarianism to extreme, opposing dualism—were subsumed under the title "two powers in heaven."

PASSAGE 6

Numbers 15:30

But the person who sins presumptuously, native or alien, he insults the Lord.

Sifre Zuta Shalah 15:30

The person—This refers to him who says: "There is no power in heaven!"

The person ... and the person—This refers to him who says: "There are two powers in heaven."

Who sins presumptuously—to include him who sins intentionally.

he insults the Lord—Why do idolators resemble one who empties a pot while stirring it, so that nothing remains. [See p. 92 n. 18 for this translation].

This passage in *Sifre Zuta* (passage 6) resembles that in *Sifre Deuteronomy* (passage 5) in that it uses the repetition in the wording of scripture as an occasion to discuss "two powers in heaven." It is generally supposed that *Sifre Zuta* is from the "school of R. Akiba" and is part of the traditions handed down through the academy of R. Eliezer b. Jacob II (135-170 C.E.). This would contrast with the previous passage in *Sifre Deuteronomy* (passage 5) which has been attributed by Epstein to "the school of R. Ishmael."¹³ In any event like the last tradition, the redaction is quite late and specific information about the tannaim will be difficult to come by. We may assume that the concern to safeguard the community from those who believe in "two powers in heaven" was evidenced in both "schools" of midrash and that similar exegetical means were found to show that such a heresy was forbidden in scripture. In *Sifre Deuteronomy* (passage 5), the fallacy of "two powers" doctrines was outlined. Here scripture is used to occasion a discussion of the penalties for the heresy. In *Sifre Deuteronomy* (passage 5) the views might be seen as sectarianism. Here it is clearly heresy and punishable by severe means.

Nu. 15:30 is quite well suited for use as an attack against inhospitable doctrines. It is from the part of Nu. which outlines the procedures for the various sacrifices which all residents in the Holy Land should bring to the Lord to atone for various transgressions, both accidental and willful. Nu. 15:30 states that any person "who sins presumptuously," whether he be born in the land or a stranger, is a reproach to the Lord. The penalty for such an offense is KRT. The stern wording makes the verse ideal for use against heretics. In fact, the passage in Nu. makes such good sense against rabbinic opponents that it has been used by many teachers to apply to many different enemies. In the *Sifre*,¹⁴ for instance, "he who sins presumptuously" is taken to signify he who makes perverse interpretations of scripture (MGLH

¹³ Mielziner, *Introduction to the Talmud* (New York: 1969), p. 285. Epstein, NBW³WT, pp. 625-633, esp. 628, where the passage in question from *Sifre Dt.* is attributed to R. Ishmael's school although the majority of *Sifre Dt.* is from R. Akiba's school. It should be noted that the schools mentioned indicate two differing redactional principles but not any real connection to the academies of these two sages. See *EJ*, "Midrashei Halakha," "PRE," "M.T." and "*Sifre Zuta*" (M. D. Herr). A summary of critical opinion on each midrash will also be found there.

¹⁴ *Sifre* 120.

PNYM BTWRH) while "he reproaches the Lord" is taken to mean he who indulges in fatuous interpretations (YWŠB WDWRŠ BHG-DWT ŠL DWPY).¹⁵ These apparently refer to unacceptable exegetes or parties within the rabbinic movement. On the next verse, the *Sifre* records that "because he despised the word of the Lord" refers to Sadducees while "he broke His commandments" refers to the Epicureans.¹⁶ R. Simeon b. Eleazar (170-200 C.E.) felt that the "soul shall be cut off" should be taken to refer to the Samaritans "who believe that the dead do not revive." He makes evident an ironic principle in attempting to fit each heretical deed with its proper punishment. From the rabbinic perspective, the Sadducee has despised the word of the Lord because he rejected the oral Torah. Epicureans have broken the commandments because they felt that the gods were irrelevant to man's existence. The punishment meted out to Samaritans also fits their crime: they are cut off from eternal life. In *Sifre* the opponents seem to refer to people who do not respect accepted traditions about the meaning of scripture within the academy. All of the groups opposed to the rabbis, then, seem to have real knowledge of scripture and can be called either rabbinic sectarians or Jewish heretics.

The passage in *Sifre Zuta* (passage 6) also includes those who believe in "two powers in heaven" among those to whom the penalty of KRT applies. How much of the characterization of the heretics in the paragraph actually applies to those who believe in "two powers in heaven" is uncertain, just as it was uncertain in passage 5. However here, even the characterization of the heresy is somewhat unclear. There is a rabbinic debate about the meaning of the word MGD¹⁷, (which I have been translating as "He reproaches the Lord"). The rabbis were concerned to define the exact nature of the reproach. In our passage, it is assumed that MGD¹⁷ means "idolator," which is the majority opinion among the rabbis. This would imply that the rabbis were protesting the community from Jews who went over to gentile ways. But R. Akiba is supposed by tradition to have dissented from this view. He believed that MGD¹⁷ referred to a blasphemer, as indeed is its usual meaning in the targums (II K 21:13) and many places in the Mishnah.¹⁷

But the problem is not just one of definition. There is also a problem

¹⁵ Bacher, *Exegetische Terminologie*, p. 149.

¹⁶ *Sifre* 121.

¹⁷ E.g., Ker. 1:2, Sanh. 7:5, j. A. Zar. 3 (42d) as well as Tosefta and Targum on Kings *ad loc.* (Sperber, v. 2, p. 310).

in the consistency of penalties in the law. In b. Ker. 7b the rabbis decide that MGD^P must be an idolator in order for the law's penalties to be applied consistently. This explains the irony that in *Sifre Zuta*, a document from the "school of R. Akiba," those redacting in R. Akiba's name list only the opposing, later predominant perspective that the crime is idolatry, not mentioning what was thought to have been R. Akiba's own understanding of the term—blasphemy.¹⁸

In the received edition it seems clear that two crimes are assumed for the purpose of deciding the penalties, so both the characterization

¹⁸ Though this reading testifies to the outcome of the dispute, other places in tannaitic literature show that the dispute continued for some time before the authoritative ruling was made, for R. Akiba's position on the question is often remembered. As the tradition developed, other closely associated traditions became included and added to the confusion. In *Sifre Zuta*, for instance, the etymology of G-D-P is taken as proof that the meaning of the reproach is idolatry. The proof rests on what must have been an expression in common usage. "After doing something to the bowl, a man has scraped it so clean that nothing remains." This self-defeating process is compared to idolatry, but neither the vehicle nor the tenor of the comparison is completely clear.

First the vehicle of the metaphor: Horowitz suggests that the text should be amended from N^TR to N^TL so that the phrase would mean, "after receiving the bowl." Lieberman (*Sifre Zuta*, p. 5 n. 12) takes issue, saying that the correct emendation is to N^CR (on the pattern of m. Kelim 28:2) which then would make the metaphor to empty the pot by means of stirring it and, in the process, scraping it out of impatience. Lieberman's emendation is the most carefully reasoned.

Other recensions of the tradition have tried to clarify the problem *vis-à-vis* the tenor of the metaphor. In the *Sifre* to this passage, the same difference of opinion is mentioned as an issue between R. Eleazar ben Azariah (T2) and Issi ben Akabiah (T5!). The earlier sage says that it is as if a man said to his compatriot "You scraped the bowl and nothing remains of it." Both seem to be implying that the damage was done in the process of emptying. In j. San. 25b Simon b. Eleazar (T5) is quoted as saying that the MGD^P and the idolator scrape out everything and don't leave a commandment. He allows two different categories of sinner, MGD^P and idolator, but sees that the etymology implies only that both violate all the commandments. In b. Keritot 7b each of the two etymological explanations are split up on corresponding sides of the debate about whether MGD^P means idolator or blasphemer. The rabbis here report that Elazar b. Azariah was understood to say MGD^P is one who scrapes the dish and does not impair it while R. Issi said MGD^P refers to one who scrapes the dish and does impair it. Then the talmud goes on to say that R. Elazar b. Azariah meant the passage to refer to those who worship idols while Issi and some other sages as well said that the phrase referred to blasphemers. According to this tradition the basic metaphor is as follows: Even if one may still believe and recognize the supremacy of the creator (a much more sophisticated understanding of the worship of *eikons* than the rabbis usually evince), when one has committed blasphemy, one has deprecated the creator himself. Blasphemy then becomes the more severe crime in the eyes of the rabbis, though both blasphemy and idolatry were equally severe in point of law. It seems probable then that this passage comes from a time when Jewish idolatry was not a problem and the rabbis wanted either to emphasize the crime of blasphemy or explain some practice as being less harmful than blasphemy.

and the penalties refer to both crimes. The rabbis seem to be saying that the people who sin presumptuously include either those who intentionally deny the authority in heaven or promote "two powers in heaven," whether they be part of Israel or outsiders. Atheism and dualism were linked in this verse to apply the penalties of idolatry to both. They were both seen to be perverters of the truth of the Bible and could be discredited with the same scriptural reference.

In passage 5, the previous anthology of heresy, it was discovered that more than one group was condemned in the passage and that "two powers in heaven" was only one of the many. Not all doctrines in that passage could then be applied without scruple to those who believed in "two powers in heaven." Any of several different groups of people—Sadducees, Samaritans, gnostics, Christians—might be implicated if the second paragraph, which concerned resurrection, could be taken as relevant to "two powers." If the third paragraph about the redemption by various relatives were also describing the "two powers" heresy, then any group which believed in the exaltation of its hero or patriarch could be implicated.

The next logical step is to compare passage 5 with passage 6 and ask if any of the groups in passage 5 could have been opposed, characterized and punished by the rabbis as idolators or blasphemers. Such an exercise can only cut down the logical possibilities to the strongest candidates, not yield a firm rejection of any group or a firm identification. But a determination of the strongest candidates is a relevant consideration.

The Sadducees are not prime candidates, for they do not appear to have been opposed by the Pharisees in those terms. The accusation is probably conventional. The Samaritans, however, were charged with both crimes. The idols of the Samaritans were mentioned in 2 Kings 17:30-31. Accordingly, Sanhedrin 63b informs us that the Samaritans continued to worship the gods of their native lands, even after their conversion to Judaism. Those from Babylon worshipped a hen, the Cuthians a cock, those from Hamath a ram, the Avvites a dog and an ass, the Sepharvites the mule and the horse. The Samaritans are even said to have fashioned images of Jacob and Joseph to whom they paid divine honors,¹⁹ a particularly interesting fact in view of the rabbinic warning against reliance on forefathers for salvation. Samaritans are also accused of blaspheming God—as, for instance, in j. San. 25d

¹⁹ Ginzberg, *Legends*, V, pp. 274 f., 419.

where R. Simeon b. Lakish (2A) is continuously obliged to rend his garments because of a Samaritan's language. In the same passage, gentiles who blaspheme are mentioned so the implication is that some Samaritans blaspheme just as some gentiles blaspheme. Yet blasphemy is characteristic enough of Samaritans to raise the question among the rabbis of whether it is worthwhile continuing the practice of rending the garments after hearing it.

One great difficulty in allowing that Samaritans could have been included under the rubric of "two powers in heaven" is to discover if anything in their beliefs could be interpreted dualistically or as binitarianism. While they were certainly viewed as schismatics by the end of the mishnaic period,²⁰ how they would have been characterized as "two powers" heretics is not at all clear. It is possible that the veneration of Jacob or Joseph along with God, as mentioned above, could point to apocalyptic doctrines seen by the rabbis as "two powers in heaven." Another possibility is to stress the link between Samaritanism and gnosticism, as is so often done by the sources. For instance, Simon Magus, the legendary founder of all Christian heresy, was a Samaritan. According to Epiphanius²¹ the Samaritans were the first to identify Shem with Melchizedek and hence Melchizedek's city of Salem with Shechem.²² It is known from 11QMelch at Qumran that Melchizedek was often viewed as an eschatological salvation figure, similar to the archangel Michael in many parts of sectarian Judaism.²³

That Christians are included among those who say there are "two powers in heaven" has been established previously. Blasphemy was one charge levelled at Jesus by Jews according to the New Testament. When Jesus was arrested and brought before the High Priest, he is

²⁰ See J. Purvis, *The Samaritan Pentateuch and the Origin of the Samaritan Sect* (Cambridge, Mass: 1968). Also see M. Smith on Alt and Montgomery's view of Samaritanism in *Palestinian Parties and Politics that Shaped the O.T.* (New York: 1971), pp. 193-201. See especially J. Fossum, dissertation Utrecht.

²¹ Haer 55:6.

²² See Ginzberg, *Legends*, V, 226. Also see pseudo-Eupolemus in Euseb. P.E. 9, 17, 5 where the holy city of Melchizedek is identified with Har Garizim instead of the usual Salem or Jerusalem. Epiphanius attributes the Shem-Melchizedek identification to the Samaritans while the Jews declare Melchizedek to be the son of a prostitute probably on the basis of the tradition that he was "without mother, father or genealogy." This report is particularly relevant when one remembers that "son of a prostitute" was also used to describe "two powers" heretics. See p. 54. See J. Fossum, dissertation Utrecht, for Samaritan demiurgic traditions.

²³ E.g., T. Levi 17:7. See p. 197, n. 31.

asked if he claims to be the messiah. Jesus answered, "I am and you shall see 'the son of man' sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven." (Mk. 14:62). According to this version of the story of Jesus' trial, he may have associated himself with the "son of man" in Daniel 7:9 f. The reaction of the High Priest was to rend his garments and accuse Jesus of blasphemy. Whether or not this was the original form of the saying is questionable. The church clearly associated Jesus with the son of man, therefore making the story's authenticity problematic. But, by the end of the tannaitic period, the claims of the church and not the actual event would have been the issue of any debate. If the rabbis heard and accepted the Christian story they might have regarded Jesus' crime as blasphemy, although it was not blasphemy in the name of God and hence could not carry the penalty of death. The trial of Stephen shows the same emphasis. Stephen sees a vision of the heavens opening with Jesus standing next to God's glory,²⁴ which is meant to refer to Jesus' words during his trial as well. Whatever these traditions imply about the actual events, they signify that the Christian community, earlier than 70 C.E.,²⁵ identified Jesus with the figure of the "son of man" in the dream vision at Daniel 7:9 f. which they said the Jewish community regarded as blasphemy.

Idolatry may also have been a charge levelled at Christianity by Jews insofar as even some Christians thought other Christians idolatrous for eating meat sacrificed to idols.²⁶

Christianity and Samaritanism are both closely linked with the gnostic movement, for gnosticism was first defined by church fathers (notably Irenaeus) as a Christian heresy. Irenaeus explained that the arch-heretic responsible for the rise of gnosticism was Simon Magus. Since many gnostics believed in the return of the elect to the highest God, it can be said that they believed in the immortality of the soul (or at least of some souls) but not necessarily in the resurrection of the body, which is impure in their speculation.²⁷

Of course, these represent only the logical possibilities, not estab-

²⁴ C. K. Barrett, "Stephen and the Son of Man," *Apophoreta* (Berlin: 1964), pp. 32-38.

²⁵ Willi Marxsen, *Mark the Evangelist*, pp. 151-206.

²⁶ I Cor. 10:14 f.

²⁷ The Valentinians, however, are evidently an exception. See, e.g., Elaine H. Pagels, "'The Mystery of the Resurrection': A Gnostic Reading of 1 Corinthians 15," *JBL*, 93 (1974), 276-88.

lished identifications. But the increasing range of possibilities seems to be characteristic of the history of the tradition. The result of viewing these passages, then, is not only to realize that various groups may be possible candidates for the title of "two powers in heaven," but also to see that groups which we would define as different might have been put into a single category by the rabbis. By the time of the editing of the midrash, the doctrines of atheism and dualism were being associated with proofs about punishment for idolators and blasphemers. Various groups charged with these crimes must have been gnostics, Christians, Samaritans, and apocalyptists, all of whom are recognized by modern scholarship as speculating on related scriptures, although Sadducees and Dead Sea Scroll sectarians may have been earlier targets for the same charges.

We cannot definitely identify a single group as the target for these charges by the end of the tannaitic period. By that time, and perhaps under the influence of these passages, the term "two powers in heaven" became a completely conventional, stereotypic term. It no longer referred to one group (if it ever did) and became relevant to a whole series of groups, becoming a homologous term with "those who say there is no power in heaven" and "those who say there are many powers in heaven." The rabbis must have used it deliberately rather than the synonymous term "two gods." Given the similarity in terms and the results of the previous chapters, it seems likely that the vocabulary itself was standardized in the middle or late second century at the earliest, to be used systematically only by the third and succeeding centuries.²⁸

After the charges against heretics were anthologized in this manner it is unlikely that "two powers" could have continued to be used to denote a specific group. Too many conflicting doctrines were put together. Furthermore, the plethora of terms and doctrines in these texts implies that the term "two powers" itself was coined to be elastic—fitting any number of different groups which might not otherwise answer to the description under strict definitions. That, no doubt, explains the confusion of modern scholars in isolating a group with the doctrines characteristic of "two powers in heaven." In the earlier periods, we were dealing with specific dangerous scriptures; here we are dealing with a number of dangerous doctrines and groups, some

²⁸ The advantage of RSWT is that it is ambiguous. It can denote an angelic presence, or it can be used to designate domain. *Sec Shab. 1:1* and *j. Shab. 1:1*. Thus, it may imply ditheism or a doctrine of archontic rulers without giving any details.

of whom could be characterized as believing in "two powers" but who were indiscriminately put together with a variety of different heretics. They were all defeated by the use of Nu. 15:30. Thus, the original referent of the charge was lost. But the blasphemous and idolatrous implications of the heretical beliefs had now been clarified.²⁹

²⁹ In the introduction, various means available to the rabbinic community for controlling deviance were discussed (see p. 6). Contemporary research on this subject has grown more wary of reading rabbinic excommunication—NDWY and HRM—into historical descriptions before the third century. Here, in traditions which must be later than the third century in their present context, the rabbinic modes of excommunication are not mentioned either. Rather the *minim* who believe in "two powers" were said to be worthy of KRT, extirpation. This suggests that rabbinic excommunication was reserved for offenders who still viewed themselves as part of the community. Crimes worthy of extirpation would include not only blasphemy and idolatry, as we have already seen, but also magic, sorcery, and "leading astray." There is no way to tell whether this association in Sifre to Nu. 15:30 was made for polemical effect, to show the community how bad the heresy was, whether it reflects theoretical, legal precedent, or the results of actual cases. It seems most likely that these midrashic traditions reflect accusations alone. According to Christian texts, such charges were made by the Jews. The New Testament, which tends to look for a Jewish religious charge against Jesus rather than a Roman, political one, claims that Jesus and Stephen were executed for blasphemy. Church fathers attest that Jews called Jesus' miracles sorcery while the New Testament itself may be sensitive to the charge (e.g. Mark 1:23 f., 5:7 f., 7:32 f., 9:23 f.). Even so, such traditions do not necessarily reflect actual Jewish reactions to Jesus, rather have been taken by Jews and Christians alike through the ages as descriptions of the events. Therefore linking groups like Christians with KRT is not illogical. The punishment of KRT is extremely elastic and variable. In different forms, different periods, and under different situations, it might entail the death penalty, or, as is the far more normal interpretation, death at the hands of God, who would cut off the life of the offender before his appointed time.

CHAPTER SIX

MISHNAIC PROHIBITIONS AGAINST UNORTHODOX PRAYER

Like the tannaitic midrashim, the Mishnah has preserved various traditions related to “two powers” heretics. The Mishnaic evidence can be dated to the late second century for sure, but, like the midrash, the Mishnah has been edited in such a way as to obscure the exact relationship between “two powers” heresy and the sectarian practice it describes. The *mishnayot* describe relevant heretical practices under the rubric of forbidden prayer. Various unacceptable prayers and practices described in the Mishnah are ascribed to “two powers” heretics by the amoraim, so we can only be sure of the presence of a named heresy in the amoraic period after the codification of the Mishnah. Clearly the heresy itself and exegesis of the dangerous scriptures on which it depended were earlier than the end of the second century.

The identity of the opponents in the tannaitic tradition is more obscure once the amoraic term “two powers” has been removed. The tannaim are concerned with some repetitions in prayer and with various heretical concepts of justice, goodness and mercy. By the end of the tannaitic period, these issues were associated with the “two powers” polemic. In passage 1, we saw that it was the rabbis themselves who made the association. They offered an exegesis of the names of God which emphasized his qualities of justice and mercy counter to, and in place of, an heretical doctrine which apparently hypothesized two different visual manifestations of God. These passages seem to show that the heretics themselves were quite concerned with the problems of mercy and justice.

PASSAGE 7

Mishnah Berakhot 5:3

He who says: (in a prayer) (A) “Even to a bird’s nest do your mercies extend” or (B) “May your name be remembered for the good” or (C) “We give thanks, we give thanks”—is to be silenced.

Mishnah Megillah 4:9

(D) He who says: “May the good bless you.”—this is the manner of sectarianism.

Jerusalem Talmud Megillah 4:10 75c

He who says: "May the good bless you—this is two powers."

Babylonian Talmud Megillah 25a and Berakhot 33b

Gemara: We understand why he is silenced if he says "We give thanks, we give thanks." because he is manifesting (a belief) like two powers; also if he says, "Be your name mentioned for the good," because this implies, for the good only and not for the bad, and we have learnt, a man must bless God for the evil as he blesses Him for the good. But what is the reason for silencing him if he says 'Your mercies extend to the bird's nest?' Two Amoraim of the West, R. Yosi b. Abin and R. Yosi b. Zebida, give different answers; one says it is because it creates jealousy among God's creatures, the other, because he presents the measures taken by the Holy One, Blessed be He, as springing from compassion, whereas they are but decrees...

This tradition occurs in two places in slightly altered form, once at Ber. 5:3 and again at Meg. 4:9. The passage apparently condemns various liturgical formulas in Palestinian Judaism. Whoever says that (A) God's mercy extends to a bird's nest or that (B) His name should be remembered for the good or who (C) repeats a "modim" prayer should be silenced. The Meg. passage contains the additional tradition that "He who says (D) 'May the good bless you' is acting in the manner of sectarianism." This fourth tradition (D) often appears in the manuscripts of the Talmud to Ber. as well as Meg.

The Mishnah makes no further statement about these forbidden prayers. It only includes them in part of the discussion of various heterodox liturgical practices to which the rabbis objected. Whether they were characteristic of one single group or related in some other way is left undiscussed by the rabbis. Elbogen¹ suggested that phrases (A), (B), and (D) were additions to the end of the "modim" prayer while (C) referred to a repetition of the words at the beginning. The basis for this assertion is the record of over three hundred different additions to the "modim" prayer from various texts and manuscripts of it. A person who uses benediction (A) is described as going before the ark, which implies that he was leading prayers. But there is no firm evidence that the synagogue was the only setting for all the heretical invocations. Before rejecting or accepting Elbogen's conclusions, let us look at each benediction.

(C) "We give thanks, we give thanks."

The Modim prayer is now one of the last parts of the Amidah, a prayer containing eighteen benedictions and one curse, which is

¹ Elbogen, p. 57.

essential to every Jewish service. The whole prayer is conventionally recited silently, facing Jerusalem, but if a quorum of ten is present, the reader of the service repeats the entire prayer aloud. When the Modim prayer is read aloud, the congregation responds to it by saying the MWDYM DRBNN in an undertone. The two Modim prayers themselves differ slightly from one another—the first, emphasizing God's mercies at the end; the latter, the MWDYM DRBNN, emphasizing God's creative powers at the beginning.² The MWDYM DRBNN is, however, from a period later than the Mishnah, being composed out of several phrases suggested by the amoraim.³ Even assuming without evidence that the current method of employing the prayer is roughly as ancient as the composition of MWDYM DRBNN, we must conclude that among the earliest commentators on the mishnah, it was not the repetition of the Modim prayer *per se* which was the mark of sectarianism, for the service began to require a repetition. It must have been the intent or content of the repetition, rather than the repetition itself, which was the problem. If so, we may suspect that the orthodox repetition of the modim prayer in the synagogue emphasized themes of mercy and justice as a corrective to an heretical repetition.

The amoraic traditions concerning the prayer do not clarify the heresy. Although they assume that such prayers are to be silenced because they manifest "two powers in heaven," they do not explain how. We may suspect that they themselves were guessing. We must also be prepared to allow that the tannaim in their day were worried by different phenomenon from the amoraim.

Yet some scholars have dismissed any doubts and seen the tannaitic report and the ascription to "two powers" to be both antique and trustworthy. Because of this, they can note a relationship between this *mishnah* and a passage in the Qumran Thanksgiving Psalm.⁴ The column reads:

I Thank Thee, my God, for Thou has dealt wondrously to dust and mightily towards a creature of clay!

I thank Thee, I thank Thee.⁵

² Birnbaum, p. 91.

³ Sotah 40a and j. Ber. 1:5 (3d) Elbogen, p. 58.

⁴ This reference was brought to my attention by Jonas Greenfield, who also remains skeptical of the identification. It comes from Jacob Licht, *The Thanksgiving Scroll: A Scroll from the Wilderness of Judaea: Text, Introduction, Commentary and Glossary* [In Hebr.] (Jerusalem: 1957), p. 161.

⁵ 1 Q H XI, 3.

Licht brings up the rabbinic charge casually in reference to the MWDH, MWDH in l. 3. There is good reason for Licht not to stress the identification. First of all, MWDH, MWDH is not the same as MWDYM, MWDYM. Secondly, there is nothing in the passage which the rabbis would have found heretical. There is nothing in the passage that is even specifically characteristic of Qumran. Finally, Licht himself observes in his critical notes that the repetition of MWDH looks like a gloss because it is written below the line. Lohse⁶ suggests that the repetition is a dittography. Now it is still possible that the Qumran sectarians would have been called "two powers" heretics by the rabbis. But we have no evidence that they were the ones who said "MWDYM... MWDYM" or even that they prayed to the angelic captain of evil.

Moreover, other groups remain just as plausible contenders for the charge. Christianity may be implicated because early Christian liturgy contained characteristic and crucial prayers that began with the word "*Eucharistoumen*." "We give thanks" which is a very plausible Greek translation for any Hebrew prayer, beginning MWDYM מְדַיִם. For instance, the *Didache* reports that the Eucharist was performed in the following manner:

And concerning the Eucharist, Hold Eucharist thus: First concerning the cup, "We give thanks to Thee, our Father, for the holy vine of David, thy child, which Thou didst make known to us through Jesus Thy child; to Thee belongs glory forever." And concerning the broken bread: "We give thanks, our Father, for the life and knowledge which Thou didst make known to us through Jesus, Thy child. To Thee be glory forever."⁷

These two benedictions were to be said previous to what appears to be a normal meal. After the meal, an additional benediction was said. Beginning the two blessings before the meal with MWDYM instead of BRWK may well have caught rabbinic attention. Although there is no further evidence to support the identification of this heretical prayer with Christianity, the parallel is so striking that it demands serious consideration. Of course, there is considerable critical agreement that the wording of the eucharist prayer was taken from Jewish sources.⁸

⁶ Eduard Lohse, *Die Texte aus Qumran: Hebräisch und Deutsch* (München: 1971), p. 152. He suggests the following translation: Ich preise dich, mein Gott. Denn du hast wunderbar am Staube gehandelt und am Gebilde von Lehm dich überaus herrlich erwiesen.

⁷ *Didache*, IX, X, tr. Lake, p. 323.

⁸ See, for example, Jeremias, *The Eucharistic Words of Jesus* (New York: 1966), p. 255 f.

If Christianity is to be considered a candidate for the heresy in the second century, it would have involved not praying to two different deities in the synagogue service, as the amoraim assumed, but actually referring to a second power in the blessing before the meal.

If it is true that Christians were the target of this ordinance because they repeated a "modim" prayer (albeit not the "Modim" of the Amidah), then the Babylonian amoraim, who did not know of the earliest identification, assumed that the "two powers" allegation referred to two different gods. Apparently, such dualists were believed to exist in the Babylonian synagogues of their day. Rab Abaye, the illustrious authority of the fourth generation of amoraim in Pumbeditha, adds an exegesis which helps clarify the heretical belief insofar as the amoraim are concerned.

R. Huna says: Whosoever prays at the rear of a Synagogue is called wicked. For it is said: *The wicked walk round about*. Abaye says: This only applies where he does not turn his face towards the Synagogue, but if he does turn his face towards the Synagogue there is no objection to it. There was once a man who prayed at the rear of a Synagogue and did not turn his face towards the Synagogue. Elijah passed by and appeared to him in the guise of an Arabian merchant. He said to him: "... *As if there were two powers?*" and drew his sword and slew him.⁹

The setting is the synagogue. Probably the Amidah is being discussed in this passage because S-L-Y was used to denote this prayer. What is important to note is, first, the severity of the charge of "two powers" in the folk tale. The man is not necessarily guilty of the charge. He only appears to be guilty of it. But it is enough to cause his death. One suspects that this story has no actual connection with the original heresy. There is no awareness of the earlier tannaitic traditions. Rather, for the amoraim, the issue was the orientation of the congregation towards Jerusalem, not merely that a man was praying in the rear or repeating the prayer. The man must have been praying toward the back of the synagogue, implying that he was worshipping a divine power other than the God of Israel.

⁹ b. Ber. 6b, tr. Epstein. The expression for "two powers" here is KDW BR. Something appears to have been left out of the text. Probably the expression was KDW BRY LHYN or possibly KDW BRY YN (two creators!). This raises the possibility that the term "two powers" might have been used as a euphemism for a stronger term. At any rate, it shows that the older terms for the heresy could have been used even after the term "two powers" became virtually standard in referring to phenomena of this sort. I have altered Epstein's translation to suit the context.

Quite probably, this a late folk-tale. If so, it is another piece of evidence for the process of conventionalization of heresy which is evident in other texts. The phenomenon described as "two powers" by the amoraim in fourth century Babylonia is certainly different from the one characterized by the tannaim in second century Palestine. This has to be true, whether or not one accepts Christianity as a likely target for the charge. In the late tradition only the term "two powers" (and not any consistent description of the heretic) has initiated the Elijah folk-tale.

The amoraim, however, continued to be very conscious of the relationship between the repetition of the "modim" prayer and "two powers." The third century Babylonian sage, R. Zeira, who studied at the Academy in Tiberius, links the Modim prayer with the Shema, the central prayer in Jewish liturgy. According to R. Zeira, there were those who said the Shema twice as well. But the rabbis distinguish this from the "two powers" controversy. The person who repeats the Shema is treated as a fool, not as a heretic, for the rabbis attribute the repetition to a lack of attention.

(D) "May the good praise you"

The Jerusalem Talmud identifies (D) with "two powers in heaven." All sources agree that saying such a thing is heresy but the character of the heresy is indistinct. Commentators have suggested a series of possible candidates for the heresy, based on guesses about the meaning of the saying. It could mean "May the (Lords of) the good bless You," suggesting at least two powers because the mention of powers of good (angels?) implies that powers of evil exist as well. It is also possible that the heretical groups were saying that certain angels had usurped God's power. In both cases the rabbis could have been objecting to a benediction which emphasized God's providence through various mediating figures like angels.

If the amoraic commentators had good information, it may be that the benediction encouraged only good men to praise God, while evil men presumably would praise Satan. In this case, the Qumran documents and associated movements like the covenanters of Damascus and the Therapeutae might be indicated, since in their *Weltanschauung* men were split into two camps in this way. But the early heresies are not as likely candidates as some later ones. One heretical group which might have been implicated is the gnostic sect described in the Book of Baruch. The gnostic Justin outlines a system where both the high

god and his supporters, once they ascend to heaven, are called "the good."¹⁰ Of course, we know if this group from a Greek report, but we do not know whether they or their predecessors or others like them could have expressed their prayers in Hebrew. In that case, the charge of "two powers in heaven" brought by the Palestinian rabbis would have been occasioned by a gnostic system.¹¹

(A) and (B)

The other two heretical phrases have no articulated connection to the heresy of "two powers in heaven" but they may be implicated by being grouped by a redactor with heretical prayers that do. We already know that arguments about the justice and mercy of God were brought into rabbinic polemic by the middle of the second century. This is additional evidence that the tannaim were interested in stressing God's authorship of both mercy and justice.

(A) "Even to a bird's nest do Your mercies extend."

Perhaps most puzzling is the first phrase (A), which states that anyone who says, "Your mercies extend to the nest of a bird," is to be silenced. The Mishnah is alluding to the law of Dt. 22:6, 7 stating that the mother bird may not be taken when scavenging for bird's nests. One can take the fledglings but not the mother with the young, killing the whole family. No doubt this law is meant to set an humanitarian example. Pointing to it in a benediction could, of itself, have been no cause for alarm. Consequently, there is considerable discussion in the gemara as to the exact nature of the heresy. Two fifth generation Palestinian amoraim, R. Yosi b. Zebida and R. Yosi b. Abin (350-375 C.E.) argue over the nature of the heretical views: The first says that such a phrase creates jealousy among the various works of God's creation—presumably meaning that man and beasts would be jealous of the mercy shown to birds. The second says that such a doctrine makes the commands of the Lord into acts of grace when they are His decrees, to be obeyed whether they are merciful or not.¹²

A further tradition from Babylonia includes Rabba and Abaye (320-350 C.E.) in a discussion of the same text. A man uses the following benediction in front of Rabba: "Thou hast shown pity on the bird

¹⁰ Hippolytus, Ref. V 26, 1-27, 5. This may be related to Jesus' statement in Mk. 10:18.

¹¹ See p. 248 for a discussion of the Gnostic Book of Baruch.

¹² Herford, p. 202 sees a protestation against the Pauline antithesis of law and grace in this doctrine. There is no evidence to support it.

and his nest, do Thou have pity and mercy on us!" Abaye points out correctly that the benediction, as admirable as it may seem, is nonetheless to be forbidden because of the tannaitic precedent. This points out that the ruling against this benediction was enforced even when the amoraim were hard pressed to discover the justification.

We thus have no real evidence from the explanations of the amoraim that they knew the actual historical situation of the tannaitic decree. It seems likely that the original argument was over some aspect of the doctrine of God's mercy and may even, as R. Yosi b. Zebida states, have to do with the emphasis of God's aspect of mercy when He must be understood as master of both justice and mercy. The amoraim's perplexity about the severity of the ruling ought to alert us to the deep tannaitic concern to attribute both justice and mercy to the one God.

(B) "May Your name be remembered for the good."

Good and evil is the obvious subject of this heretical benediction. The amoraic commentary unanimously points out that such a benediction is illegal because it conflicts with the mishnaic ruling in Ber. 9:5 that man is to praise God both for evil and for good. On this basis, many scholars have seen this statement as a safe-guard against a strict dualism. It implies an opposition which attributed only good to God while evil was attributed to other agencies. Depending on the hypothetical identification of the other power, scholars have seen a variety of different groups as the target for this charge. Maurice Simon¹³ feels that the evil force should be Ahriman, hence Zoroastrians, are involved. Most scholars feel that some variety of gnosticism is involved.

This brings to mind the related phenomena of Qumran, the Therapeutae and the Essenes as well. Philo describes the Essenes as believing that God is the source of good alone and not evil.¹⁴ Neither did the Qumran sectarians always seem to ascribe evil to God.¹⁵ Similar views are ascribed to various Jewish heresies by treatises found at Nag Hammadi.¹⁶ Here then is ample evidence that problems of good

¹³ Soncino Meg. p. 149.

¹⁴ Quod Omn. Prob. 84. Moore, *Judaism*, I, 364, n. 3. Lehmann (REJ, 30 (1895), 180 f.) suggested that our mishnaic tractate was meant to counter Essene, (HŠWNYH) beliefs. Since then more of the Essene type of dualism has become known from the Qumran texts. Furthermore, the identification of Essenes with HŠWNYM is unfounded.

¹⁵ E.g., I QS 2.

¹⁶ Quispel, "Christliche Gnosis und jüdische Heterodoxie," *ET* (1954); "Der gnostische Anthropos und die jüdische Tradition," *Erano*s, 22 (1954), p. 201.

and evil, justice and mercy were being discussed constantly in the environment around the tannaitic Jewish community, as we discovered even in the first passage about "two powers."

The heretical doctrines have some congruence with the heresies described together with "two powers in heaven" in the midrash. For instance, there may be some relationship between (B), (D) and the heretics of the midrash who deny that God has the power to do either good or evil.

The relationship to the question of God's attributes of mercy and justice is even more interesting. In the four heretical benedictions brought together in this place, problems of dualism, good and evil, justice and mercy are all combined. (B) and (D) are definitely involved with some heretical understanding of God as the source of good and evil. Some heretical understanding of justice and mercy is definitely involved in (A). (C) seems to be related to ditheism, but not necessarily to opposing dualism. Rather it seems to imply a complementary ditheism where both deities could be expected to listen to psalms of praise. One way to explain the assembling of various disparate texts of this sort and understanding them together is to assume that, whatever their separate origins, they were all viewed together by the rabbinic community at the end of the second century.

It is certainly true that concepts of God's justice and mercy were discussed in Judaism by Philo and even earlier. But the rabbinic evidence allows us only to date reports to the late second century when Marcionism, gnosticism, apocalypticism, and Christianity could all be seen together. This would correspond to the phase of traditioning in passage 1 and 2 (MRI, MRSbY, PR) when the doctrine of God's justice and mercy became tied into an independent exegetical argument against two heavenly figures.

One further relationship between the development of liturgy and the charge of dualism may be found in a later gemara:

What benedictions does one say [in the morning]? R. Jacob said in the name of R. Oshaya: "[Blessed art Thou] who formest light and createst darkness." Let him say rather: "Who formest light and createst brightness"?—We keep the language of the Scripture. If that is so, [what of the next words in the text]. *Who makest peace and createst evil*: do we repeat them as they are written? It is written "*evil*" and we say "all things" as a euphemism. Then here too let us say 'brightness' as a euphemism!—In fact, replied Raba, it is in order to mention the distinctive feature of the day in the night-time and the distinctive feature of the night in the day-time. It is correct that we

mention the distinctive feature of the night in the day-time, as we say, "Who formest light and createst darkness." ¹⁷

The question is over the wording of a prayer which is taken from scripture. R. Oshaya has asked whether one should not say, as a kind of euphemism, "who forms light and creates brightness," instead of the scriptural "darkness." The questioner is told that Is. 45:7 is the basis for the phrase in the liturgy and it must remain as is. The questioner then asks, "Why do we not follow Isaiah in another case?" He compares that part of the verse with the second part of the blessing-formula: "Who makes peace and creates all things." He claims rightly that, if Isaiah's wording is decisive, we should follow it all the way and not now replace "evil" by "all things." The answer is that "all things" is an effective euphemism for evil. However, if that is so, why then should "brightness" not be a euphemism for darkness? ¹⁸ The gemara seems to be prepared in principle to accept the argument but, in practice, states that darkness should be retained in the blessing so as to mention the qualities of both day and night. ¹⁹

It is interesting to note that the first substitution of language was not an issue to R. Oshaya. He accepted it as a principle and wanted to apply it further. If this is R. Oshaya the Great, the first generation amora, rather than the later amora of the same name, it would imply that such a substitution was in effect by the end of the tannaitic period. In any event, his suggestion that "brightness" also be accepted as a euphemism for darkness is rejected. This suggests that the previous substitution was accepted as antique and could not safely be contravened. On the other hand, the later rabbis were not going to let scripture be changed again in liturgy, even when it was convenient for their perspective. The net effect of such considerations is to conclude that the change of Is. 45:7 must have dated considerably before R. Oshaya's time.

Something more is at stake than the type of euphemism acceptable for prayers in synagogue. Here we have evidence that the verses in Isaiah were seen as dangerous enough to be slightly altered in liturgy.

¹⁷ Ber. 11a-b.

¹⁸ In suggesting this substitution the questioner has relied on the use of an antonym by way of completing the euphemism. This common practice, as e.g., calling a blind man *SGY* *NHWR*, appears to us to be an oxymoron but in its context was apparently a perfectly acceptable euphemism.

¹⁹ See, e.g., Finkelstein, "La kedouscha et les bénédictions du schema," *REJ*, 93 (1932), 21.

The change was carried out to emphasize that one God created all things, both day and night, both light and darkness, both good and evil. This softens the theological problem raised by calling God the creator of evil and may indicate opponents who charged that YHWH was solely a good or an evil god.

CHAPTER SEVEN

“MANY POWERS IN HEAVEN” AND MISCELLANEOUS REPORTS

Mishnah Sanhedrin 4:5

Therefore but a single man was created in the world, to teach that if any man has caused a single soul to perish from Israel [some texts omit “from Israel”], Scripture imputes it to him as though he had caused a whole world to perish; and if any man saves alive a single soul from Israel [some texts omit “from Israel”], Scripture imputes it to him as though he had saved alive a whole world. Again [but a single man was created] for the sake of peace among mankind, that none should say to his fellow, “My father was greater than your father;” also that the heretics should not say, “There are many ruling powers in heaven.” ... ¹

Mishnah Sanhedrin includes this very interesting report of a doctrine of “many powers in heaven” during the tannaitic period. Though it is called heresy, and it becomes an even greater problem for Judaism in the amoraic period, the manifold references to Adam speculation in the gemarah to this passage show as that a good deal of latitude was allowed by the rabbis.

The Mishnah includes the tradition in the middle of a discussion of the differences between witnesses in capital and non-capital cases. Witnesses are to be apprised of the fact that any mistake or perjury in testimony in capital cases is much more serious than in non-capital cases. If a man is killed unjustly, the witnesses are liable eternally, just as Cain was eternally liable for the crime he committed in murdering his brother. He who takes a life has acted as if to destroy the entire world, while he who preserves a life has preserved the entire world.

The last puzzling statement is explained by comparing each man with the first man. If Adam had been killed, all his potential progeny—that is, all mankind—would have died with him. Therefore, Adam was created singly in order to show that the life of each man is equal to the whole world. As was the case with Adam, so is the case with every man alive, according to the Mishnah. Each life is as important as Adam’s. But, since the theme of the first man has been broached,

¹ Tr. Danby, p. 388, with modifications. See also Ex. R. 29:2 and Dt. R. 2:13 also p. 121 f., 137 f.

the Mishnah includes several other traditions on the subject. All men are said to have one father to keep anyone from saying that he comes from better stock.² Also, men have one father, so that the heretics cannot say that there are "many powers in heaven." From these two brief statements, it is impossible either to tell the identity of those heretics who expressed such a doctrine or to define their relationship to the "two powers" heresy. It is impossible even to define their relationship to Adam speculation.

The brief comments in the Mishnah are discussed at length in the gemara both on the subject of Adam and on the issue of heresy. Nor are the two themes completely separate subjects, for we know from external sources that Adam speculation was a great part of heretical beliefs. Many of the legends reproduced in this place are interesting but not immediately relevant. We shall have to come back to them later. First, we must investigate legends which specifically clarify the refractory text of the Mishnah.

How does one progress from the idea that more than one man was created to the idea that there are many powers in heaven? One answer would be as follows: The Mishnah suggests that if the world's peoples were descended from different ancestors, there would be constant discord in the world. One could extrapolate from that statement to the idea that many different first men would imply that many different gods made them. This is the route taken by some rabbinic commentators to explain the connection.³ It is easy to see how traditional commentaries come to this conclusion by combining the two traditions of the gemara, but the gemara itself lists them separately.

The gemara develops the idea of the Mishnah in quite a different way, while adding some new material in order to make a short anthology of beliefs about Adam. It says:

Another answer is: for the sake of the righteous and the wicked that the righteous might not say: Ours is a righteous heredity and that the wicked might not say: Ours is a wicked heredity.

² Philo seems to argue that there were two Adams (*Leg. All.* 1:31, 53, 55), one heavenly and one earthly. Elsewhere he says that the good have Seth for a father, while the evil are the progeny of Cain. (*Post.* 35, 38, 42, 43, 45; *Det.* 32, 68, 78, 103; *Fug.* 64.) But there is considerably more Adam speculation in heretical and gnostic literature. See Urbach, *Sages*, p. 180 f. and especially Hans-Martin Schenke, *Der Gott "Mensch" in der Gnosis: Ein religionsgeschichtlichen Beitrag zur Diskussion über die paulinische Anschauung von der Kirche als Leib Christi* (Göttingen: 1962). See also J. Fossum, dissertation, Utrecht.

³ See Bertinoro, *ad loc.*, for instance.

This explanation rejects radical dualism and safeguards the rabbinic notion of man's free will to choose good or evil. Neither righteousness nor wickedness are hereditary attributes. People become righteous or wicked only by their actions. Again, arguments about the nature of providence intrude into heretical matters. Previously, heretical disbelief in providence has been mentioned by the rabbis. It is possible, though far from necessary, that the amoraim are right, and that heretical beliefs in complete determinism were present in some heretical groups who believed in "two powers" as well. They had been present in Qumran in the first century. During this time (at the beginning of the amoraic period at the earliest), the rabbis might have had the gnostic heresy in mind. Gnostics believed themselves to be the only redeemed in an alien and sinful world. But a "pariah mentality" in less extreme form has been characteristic of most apocalyptic groups from Daniel on.

The best conclusion from this evidence is that later rabbinic traditions either no longer recalled any historic relationship between Adam speculation and "many powers in heaven" or were not interested in the question and therefore used the opportunity to emphasize themes which they felt would be instructive to their students.

Some of the material collected in the anthology of Adam traditions is closely related to the problem of "two powers." One relevant tradition in this amoraic anthology of Adam legends is a defense against the idea that Adam is God's partner in creation, an idea with the rabbis encountered quite early because it is also recorded in tannaitic material.⁴

Our rabbis taught: Adam was created on the eve of the Sabbath [i.e., at the last moment on the sixth day]. And why? so that the Sadducees (alt: minim, sectarians) could not say: The Holy One, Blessed be He, had a partner in his work of creation.

The tradition explains that Adam was created on the sixth day in order to serve as a defense against the heretical idea that Adam was one of the creators. Of course, Adam participated in creation by naming the animals, but the rabbis want to make absolutely clear that Adam could not create by *fiat*; in no sense was he to be considered an independent power or demiurge. This argument must have been aimed at a doctrine which gave divine status to Adam. In that case, the heresy should properly be considered "two powers" rather than "many powers." Since the description appears in the Tosefta, it also must be older than the other "many powers" discussions among the rabbis.

⁴ Tosefta San. 8:7.

Several different themes have been brought together in the amoraic discussion of "many powers in heaven." One should note that the heretical doctrine of "many powers in heaven" is linked to the biblical description of creation. Furthermore, believing that God had a partner (ŠWTP) in creation is identical to considering that he had assistance from a second God or principal angelic figure. Š-T-P is even used technically to describe the sharing of divine honors with an object or person by means of the name of God. Thus the Lord combined His great name with Israel.⁵ But he who combines the name of God with a material object will be uprooted.⁶ The rabbis vociferously oppose the idea that Adam functioned as such an assistant to God in creation. Where "many powers in heaven" is discussed, "two powers in heaven" seems to be involved as well.

Genesis Rabba contains one more defense against the contention that Adam is a divine creature. In this case the angels wrongly assume that Adam is a divine creature, because of his likeness to God. Just as Metatron needed correction for the false impression he gave Aher, so Adam needs correction for the false impression given the angels.⁷

R. Hoshaya said: When the Holy One, blessed be He, created Adam, the ministering angels mistook him [for a divine being] and wished to exclaim "holy" before him. What does this resemble? A king and a governor who sat in a chariot and his subjects wished to say to the king, "*Domine!* (Sovereign)!", but they did not know which it was. What did the king do? He pushed the governor out of the chariot and so they knew who was the king. Similarly, when the Lord created Adam, the angels mistook him [for a divine being]. What did the Holy One, Blessed be He, do? He caused a sleep to fall upon him, and so all knew that he was [but mortal] man; thus it is written "*Cease ye from man, in whose nostrils is a breath, for how little is he to be accounted.*" (Isa 2:22).⁸

The text itself is probably late, for we have no evidence to connect it with the famous R. Hoshaya (PA 1) and must be content to attribute it to R. Hoshaya b. Shamaï (PA 5). On the other hand, it is clear that the meaning of Gen. 1:26, where God commands the making

⁵ j. Taan. 2 (65d).

⁶ b. Succ. 45b. See also Ber. 63a; and Ex. R. 42 (to Ex. 32:4). They did not say "the calf is God" but, "these are thy Gods" (They combined Him and it!). See also Ex. R. 29:2 Dt. R. 2:13 and p. 121 f., 137 f.

⁷ See Ginzberg, *Legends*, V, 86.

⁸ Gen. R. 8:10; tr. Freedman. Compare also with the Zohar I 38a and the Alphabet of R. Akiba 59. Yalkut 1:20 to Gen. 2:9 says that the angels noticing Adam's resemblance to God, said "Are there two powers in this world?" Whereupon God reduced Adam's size, which had formerly filled the entire universe.

of man in His image (and uses a plural form), was an issue as early as Philo.⁹ Plainly at issue is a "two powers" heresy in which Adam is viewed as a second creator.

No more stories here describe Adam as explicitly divine.¹⁰ But many other stories attribute superhuman characteristics to Adam. Such tales are gathered in Sanhedrin 38 f., the amoraic discussion of Sanhedrin 4:5, after the traditions we have just discussed. No doubt, they were all gathered in that place by the amoraim because of the subject of Adam speculation. Immediately thereafter, the rabbis feel free to indulge in speculation, as long as they avoid suggesting that Adam is an independent divinity. R. Meir implies that Adam represents all creation by saying that the dust to make him was taken from every place on earth. R. Yohanan gives a time-table for the various stages of the process of creating him on the sixth day. R. Judah quotes Rab's story that God consumed various companies of angels because they questioned the importance of creating man, knowing his proclivity to sin.¹¹ When the men of the flood began to sin, the angels again asked why God bothered with man. His response this time was to quote a verse about His immutability from a passage already familiar in combatting heresy: "Even to old age, I am the same, and even to hoary head will I tarry" (Is. 46:4). This time, one assumes that the verse is

⁹ See J. Jervell, *Imago Dei* (Göttingen: 1960); Kleinknecht, "Eikon" in *TDNT*; F. W. Eltester, *Eikon im Neuen Testament*, 1958. Also Urbach, *Sages*, p. 180 f.; M. Smith, "On the Shape of God and the Humanity of the Gentiles," in *Religions in Antiquity*, pp. 315-326; R. McL. Wilson, "The Early History of the Exegesis of Gen. 1:26," *Studia Patristica*, 1:1 (1957), 420-437.

¹⁰ In one of the versions of R. Simlai's discussions with heretics who ask him whether more than one power created the world, he tells them to ask the first man, who will testify that God has done it (See p. 126 f.). A possible implication from this tradition is that the creation story, when read correctly, will counter the arguments of heretics who derive either two gods or two creators from it. Jarl Fossum has also suggested the relevance of Gen. R. 21:5 where Adam's coming to knowledge is described as becoming like the angels (Gen. 1:22). See Theodor-Albeck, I, p. 200, n. 6,7. Of course, in these traditions it is Adam after the Fall who is described as divine (as Gen. 2:22 allows). These traditions clearly illustrate the rabbinic interpretation of the plurals of majesty as God speaking to His heavenly court. See p. 143, the previous notes and the dissertation of Jarl Fossum (Utrecht: 1978) for further details on Adam speculation. Especially interesting in this regard is Philo, *The Life of Adam and Eve*, *The Cave of Treasure* 2:12-3:2 and the *Testament of Abraham*.

¹¹ Interestingly enough, the angels share in the creation of man in this story, explaining the plural "Let us make man" etc. (Gen. 1:26) as due to God's conversation with angels. This tradition is, hence, properly dated together with the amoraic tradition which resemble it. See p. 143 f.

brought in to prove that God always keeps his original intention to create and preserve man.

R. Judah also reports in the name of Rab that Adam had cosmic dimensions at first. He proves this by relying on Dt. 4:32: "Since the day God created man upon the earth, even from one end of heaven unto the other." Further, this rabbi believes that Adam spoke Aramaic, making Aramaic the first language of man. Lastly, Rav believed that Adam was a *min* or heretic.¹² Yet even here there is a difference of opinion about the nature of Adam's heresy. Rav suggests that Adam's heresy rested in the fact that God had to ask him where he was, which meant that his heart had turned. (It could not mean that God did not know Adam's location!)¹³ R. Isaac felt that Adam had concealed the mark of circumcision with which he was born, taking Hos. 6:7: "Like Adam they have transgressed the covenant" as his proof. In this case, R. Isaac understood "transgressed the covenant" as the covenant of circumcision.

Certainly by the end of the tannaitic period, the rabbis felt that some Adam speculation was dangerous. The passages imply that the danger involved thinking that Adam was a divinity who helped make the world, which would be a form of "two powers" heresy. But the fact that it is called "many powers in heaven" implies Adam was not the only divine rival to God in the heresy.

The basic heresy was that God had help in creation. In this case, the helper is called Adam, but the concept of a divine helper is not unlike the idea that Wisdom or the *logos* was God's agent in creation. In fact, Philo sometimes claims that the *logos* is identical to the primal man, on the basis of Gen. 1:26.¹⁴ At any rate, these reports seem to reflect the actual beliefs of various Jewish groups, which are evidenced in extra-rabbinic reports long before we can ascertain their presence from rabbinic literature.¹⁵ For those reasons, it is safe to assume that

¹² This is another case of the rabbis using a figure important to some heretics to show up the error of the heresy. In this sense it resembles the Aher-Metatron traditions. See p. 60 f. and p. 112.

¹³ See p. 238 for Marcion's interpretation. Also p. 253 f.

¹⁴ See *Conf.* 146 and *Leg. All.* i 43, where *logos* and wisdom are equated. See also Wisdom of Solomon 7:25 f. which may be an example of some traditional Jewish ideas Philo was using. Already in the Greek translation of Gen. 1:26, "the image" may be understood as an entity all its own. Adam and the *logos* are identical because they are both the image of God. See p. 173 f., 184 f.

¹⁵ Note that any correlation between the primal man and a savior seems first attested in Paul who sees the Christ as remedy to Adam's sin. Robin Scroggs, *The Last Adam: A Study in Pauline Anthropology* (Philadelphia: 1966).

the rabbis pronounced the biblical Adam a heretic because they wanted to call heretical anyone who harbored exalted beliefs about him.

None of the traditional commentaries have offered a credible derivation of the term "many powers in heaven" as applied to these "two powers" creation traditions. However, based on the evidence it is possible to offer a hypothesis. It seems plausible that the rabbis called the heresy "many powers" rather than "two powers" when the context involved the creation story and when more than God and his primary agent populated the heretical cosmology. This suggests that the creation legends nurtured by the "many powers" heretics were the elaborate angelologies and systems of archontic rulers characteristic of many gnostic and Jewish-Christian sects. This hypothesis would certainly be an appropriate understanding of the heresy during the late tannaitic period, a time when the church fathers tell us that such schemes were common. But that would logically suggest that "two powers" heretics were the ideological predecessors of the "many powers" sects. Since that heresy seems related to similar texts and seems later than the earliest traditions about "two powers," the basic heresy would appear to involve thinking that God needs help to carry out His commands in the world. The earliest level of the tradition would testify not to a gnostic or a Jewish-Christian configuration only but to two corresponding figures. Only at the end of the tannaitic period, here and in the story attributed to R. Nathan (passage 2), do we have even a hint of evidence for the gnostic configuration. Even in the case of "many powers" speculation we cannot be sure that extreme gnostics were the only heretical groups involved. Jewish-Christians without gnostic pretensions also adopted such complex cosmologies. The earliest sure tannaitic title for the heresy appears to be "many powers" but the development of the heretical tradition is similar to the "two powers" traditions, where there is good reason to claim greater antiquity, and where we have seen that the original layer of heresy involved two corresponding divine manifestations. The later tannaim apparently expanded the argument so that the heresy could also be called "two powers in heaven" when the deities were opposing, or "many powers in heaven" when the divine economy contained many characters.

Another relevant controversy over monotheism appears in a tannaitic context and seems at first to be stimulated by the comment of a pagan emperor. Upon careful consideration, it becomes clear that the opponent is neither pagan nor an emperor, that the heresy is "two powers" and that the tradition is only dubiously tannaitic. Furthermore, it presents us

with further evidence that traditions about the creation of man can be associated with "two powers" as well as with "many powers" speculation:

Again the Emperor said to Rabban Gamaliel, "He who created the mountains did not create the wind, for it is written, *For lo, there is a former of mountains and a creator of wind.*" (Amos 4:13). According to this reasoning, when we find it written of Adam, *And He created...* (Gen. 1:27) *and He formed...* (Gen. 2:7) would you also say that He who created this did not create that? Further, there is a part of the human body just a handbreath which contains two holes, and because it is written "*He that plants the ear, shall He not hear? He that forms the eye, shall He not see?*" (Ps. 94:9). Would you maintain there too that He who created the one did not create the other?" Even so he answered. Yet he (R. Gamaliel) rejoined "At death, both are brought to agree." ¹⁶

Some versions of this text list KWPR (denier) instead of K³YSR (emperor) as Gamaliel's opponent in this controversy. Rabbinowitz ¹⁷ lists K³YSR as the most likely original reading. Furthermore, it is one of a number of discussions between Gamaliel and the emperor. However, when we turn our attention to the actual tradition rather than the text, we shall see that the original participants in the dialogue were not likely to have been either R. Gamaliel or a Roman emperor. Apparently, the various stories ascribed to R. Gamaliel constitute a small folk-romance of dubious historicity.

The issue in this controversy seems to be the existence of many creators or gods, which would imply pagan polytheism. However, when one looks at the scripture involved, one sees that there are actually only two gods at issue both in Amos 4:13 and Genesis 1:27 vs. 2:7. Ps. 94:9 allows only two gods but a later editor infers "many creators" based on the number of human limbs. That editorial statement, together with the textual ascription to the emperor, makes it seem as if polytheism is the problem. Actually the issue is whether two creators can be inferred from the different verbs used of God by scripture.

This argument becomes clear when we look at another version of the same story:

A certain *min* once said to Rabbi, He who formed the mountains did not create the wind, and he who created the wind did not form the mountains, for it is written, *For lo, He that formeth the mountains and*

¹⁶ Sanh. 39a; tr. Epstein.

¹⁷ D.S. *ad loc.*

createth the wind. (Amos 4:13). He replied, "You fool, turn to the end of the verse, '*The Lord [The God] of Hosts is His name.*'" Said the other, "give me three days time and I will bring back an answer to you." Rabbi spent those three days in fasting; thereafter, as he was about to partake of food he was told. "There was a *min* waiting at the door. Rabbi exclaimed, *Yea, they put poison in my food.*" (Ps. 69:22). Said [the *min*] "My master, I bring you good tidings; your opponent could find no answer and so threw himself down from the roof and died." He said, "Would you dine with me?" He replied "Yes." After they had eaten and drunk he [Rabbi] said to him, "Will you drink the cup of wine over which the benedictions of the Grace [after meals] have been said, or would you rather have forty gold coins?" He replied, "I would rather drink the cup of wine." Thereupon there came forth a Heavenly Voice and said, "The cup of wine over [which] the Benedictions [of Grace have been said] is worth forty gold coins." R. Isaac said, "The family [of that *min*] is still to be found amongst the notables of Rome and is named the Family of Bar Luianus." ¹⁸

In this version it is a *min* (and some texts have Sadducee) who uses the argument. It is Rabbi (i.e., Judah the Prince, ca. 200 C.E.) who counters the arguments by saying that the continuation of the pericope in Amos clearly implies only one God. By the time of R. Judah the Prince no Sadducee could have participated in the argument. Rather, the opponent was a member of a sect which also contained the son of an acculturated family in Rome known to the narrator. Since the method of argument is characteristic of third century rabbis and later, it is likely that even the ascription to Judah the Prince should be distrusted. ¹⁹ But it is clear that the issue is "two powers." However, the defense against the heresy based on Amos 4:13 involves stressing the name of God, showing that the issue may be related to the earliest varieties of the heresy.

This suggests that the original setting for the tradition was possibly the second century, but probably the third century in Galilee, where a heretic and an unknown rabbi (probably not Judah the Prince, certainly not Gamaliel and Caesar) debated the question. The incident may never have happened at all but, if not, the creator's imagination was fired by a real issue in the third century community. The tradition was eventually ascribed both to R. Judah and to R. Gamaliel, since it seemed like an argument of sufficient ingenuity for these great teachers.

¹⁸ Hullin 87a; tr. Lipstein.

¹⁹ See p. 26 f., p. 121 f.

One possible clue to understanding heretical explanations of this scriptural passage is to realize that there is a well-attested and early tradition that Amos 4:13 is messianic in character. For instance, the LXX translates as "announcing to men his messiah (*Christos*)."²⁰ Obviously the LXX has taken MH SYHW (his thought) as MSYHW (his messiah).

The heretic may also have combined the messianic interpretation of this verse with the argument about the number of deities. This constellation of issues would be fully appropriate to the "two powers" controversy. But if the story originated in the context of "two powers" controversy, the original connections must have been obscured in transmission. After all, it was the moral of the story, not the description of the heresy, which interested later exegetes. If a connection between the messiah and the "second power" can be maintained, the most likely candidate for this heresy is orthodox Christianity or Christian gnosticism.

One last passage must be considered under the rubric of tannaitic evidence because it appears in a *baraita*. The entire passage in which it appears is relevant but will be considered in more detail in the amoraic section of this work. The passage itself does not mention "two powers." The context, however, assumes it.

A min once said to R. Ishmael b. Yosi (170-200 C.E.): It is written: *Then the Lord caused to rain upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord.* But "from Him" should have been written. A certain fuller said: "Leave him to me, I will answer him." He then proceeded: "It is written. *And Lamech said to his wives, Ada and Zillah, 'Hear my voice, ye wives of Lamech.'*" But he should have said my wives. Such is the scriptural idiom.—So here too, it is the scriptural idiom."²⁰

In its present context the passage is one of a number of examples supposedly illustrating R. Simlai's contention that the scriptural refutation of heretics can always be found close by the place in scripture from which their heresy is drawn.²¹ The passage attributes this particular argument to a tanna of the second century and his contemporaries, even though R. Simlai's principle would have to come from the third century. When one looks carefully, however, one sees that

²⁰ San. 38b, tr. Epstein.

²¹ R. Simlai's or R. Yoḥanan's principle was outlined on p. 27 and will be dealt with at length on p. 122 f. It is awkward to discuss R. Ishmael's contribution before the context into which it has been inserted. But the insertion is tannaitic and ostensibly earlier in time than its amoraic context.

although the purpose is similar—to defend against dangerous interpretation of scripture—the method is quite different. The fuller in the company of the tanna wants to defeat an argument which suggests that two gods could be derived from this verse because of the repetitious style. He shows that the passage cannot bear a "two powers" interpretation merely on the basis of language, because biblical style is normally repetitious. It would be absurd to think that there are two Lamechs when Lamech addresses his wives as "wives of Lamech" instead of "my wives." So too, it is ridiculous to think that there are two different Gods because the tetragrammaton appears twice in the sentence instead of once with a subsequent pronoun. This would be quite an unusual argument for the rabbis, who based on R. Akiba's principles, were ordinarily quick to point out the intricacies of style in order to support their points. The fuller is allowed a more naive argument.

Normally, early datings of talmudic evidence are suspicious because traditions tend to be attributed to earlier rabbis though they do not actually come from that period. Here, however, there is less reason to remain suspicious. The naive defense is slightly embarrassing. The form of the story separates it from the context, abruptly interrupting the examples brought in the name of R. Simlai. In fact, the example contradicts his principle in some respects because the proof-text against the error is fifteen chapters away from the dangerous passage. The tradition must already have assumed its final form before it was inserted into the amoraic evidence. It may be an authentic discussion in the presence of R. Ishmael b. Yosi, inserted into R. Simlai's sermon.

This passage is a very important piece of evidence because we have external evidence to show that Gen. 19:24, was used by a contemporary of R. Ishmael b. Yosi to show that two divine figures rule the universe. Justin Martyr ²² used Gen. 19:24 to prove that Christ (taking YHWH as *Kyrios*) operates as the agent of punishment against Sodom because he is God's messenger in the world of men. This is remarkably firm proof that even orthodox Christians were seen as "two powers" heretics.

We have discovered that many "two powers" traditions ostensibly from tannaim are actually amoraic in their present form. The problem has been to discover if any aspect of the tradition could have existed during the tannaitic period. Because of that, much of the ostensibly tannaitic evidence has turned out to be datable only to amoraim and has

²² *Dial.* 56. See p. 221 f.

necessarily already been surveyed. Now we can turn to the remaining amoraic evidence. Of course, any heretical argument first attested by the rabbis during the amoraic period may yet have existed earlier. The report may signify that the rabbis only commented on it in a later period or that the other comments by rabbis have been lost. However, without some outside verification of an earlier date (as will be discussed in more detail in the last section) it is wise to assume that the rabbinic defense against heretical arguments should be best dated by its earliest report in rabbinic literature.

CHAPTER EIGHT

HOW MANY POWERS CREATED THE WORLD?

The major arguments against "two powers" heresies were laid down during the tannaitic period. The amoraim accepted these categories, expanded them greatly, and added new arguments. The increasing number of biblical passages regarded as dangerous testifies to the expansion rather than diminution of the heretical challenge. At the same time, as was clear already at the end of the tannaitic period, the term, "two powers" had come to signify a variety of apocalyptic, Christian and gnostic heresies. In the amoraic period the gnostic and Christian opponents dominated the Palestinian scene.¹ But all the rabbinic evidence should be considered before trying to discover the identities of the various kinds of sectarians who were discussed together under this category by the rabbis.

PASSAGE 8

Tanhuma Kadoshim 4 (Buber, 37a)²

Another interpretation: *Say to the whole congregation of the Children of Israel "You shall be holy for I am Holy. (Lev. 19:2). The Holy One Blessed Be He told them "Be holy for I am Holy in every matter. Look at what is written: 'For God is Holy (pl.)' " (Josh. 24:19). What is the meaning of "For God is Holy?" This verse gave an opportunity to the heretics for it appeared like two powers. The heretics asked R. Simlai about "For the Lord is Holy (pl.)"—You yourselves don't say that He is one power, rather there are two powers." He said to them "What fools the world contains! Look at what is written: 'For He is a Holy God.' If it had said 'They are Holy Gods,' you might have thought there were two powers."*

This passage is recorded in Tanhuma, a later document which is sometimes believed to contain ancient traditions.³ However, the version

¹ Büchler, Marmorstein, Lauterbach and Herford discuss all these amoraic traditions though not with equal skill. In general, it will be difficult to distinguish heretical from orthodox Christianity except in those cases where a definite, opposing gnostic system can be postulated.

² Versions of this text occur: Ber. 9:1; j. Ber. 12b; San. 38b; Gen. R. 1:13 ms. 8; Gen. R. 8:9; Ex. R. 29:1; Dt. R. 2:13; M. Ps. 50:1; Tanhuma Bereishit 7; Tanhuma Kadoshim 4. For Yalkut, Pugia Fidei, and other later midrash see notes to Gen. R. 8:9 in Theodor-Albeck edition (I, p. 63).

³ S. Buber, *Midrash Tanchuma: Ein Agadischer Kommentar zum Pentateuch von*

which names the heresy as "two powers" is not even the earliest version of this particular tradition. In fact, although the tradition occurs in many places in reference to many different biblical passages, this is the only version which names the heretical doctrine as "two powers." It is obvious that the term "two powers" was not central to the tradition at its inception and was perhaps added during one redaction of the *Tanhuma* midrash, not earlier than the fourth century.

Furthermore, the language of the passage does not identify the heresy as "two powers" in a straight-forward way. Rather, it says only that the arguments are "similar to the heresy of two powers." (KŠTY RŠWYWT). Apparently the designation "two powers" was already well known to the amoraim. These heretical arguments were seen to be of the same type by the rabbis, confirming what we already know—that "two powers" had become a conventional term for a variety of heresies whenever scripture could be interpreted to imply plural forms for divinity. Here the argument seems confined to grammatical plurals.

However, there is nothing in the traditions to indicate that the heretics themselves would have argued solely from plural grammar. Wherever we know that a scriptural passage was used by heretics, the arguments of the heretics were much more complicated.

The most complete version of this particular tradition is found in b. Sanhedrin 38b where almost all of this type of dangerous scriptural passages were brought together.

R. Yohanan said: in all the passages which the minim have taken (as grounds) for their heresy, their refutation is found near at hand. Thus: let us make man in our image (Gen. 1:26)—and God created (sing) man in His own image (*ibid.*, 27); Come, let us go down and there confound their language (Gen. 11:7)—and the Lord came down (sing) to see the city and the tower (*ibid.*, 5). Because there were revealed (Gen. 35:7) to him, God. Unto God who answers me in the day of my distress (*ibid.*, 3); For what great nation is there that has God so nigh (pl.) unto it, as the Lord our God is (unto us) whenever we call upon Him (Dt. 4:7). And what one nation in the earth is like Thy people, like Israel whom God went (pl.) to redeem for a people unto Himself (sing.) (2 Sam. 7:23). 'Til thrones were placed and [one that was] the ancient of days did sit (Dan. 7:9). ⁴

Here the passage was attributed to R. Yohanan (250-90 C.E.). In most other versions, the teaching was attributed to R. Simlai, his

Rabbi Tanchuma ben Rabbi Abba (Jerusalem, 1963/64 from Vilna: 1885), p. 3. Most scholars date it considerably later.

⁴ Tr. Epstein.

student. Possibly the name of R. Yohanan, the more famous rabbi, found its way into the text because this section of Talmud contains many other anti-heretical traditions ascribed to R. Yohanan.⁵ Since Simlai was Yohanan's student and colleague it is also possible that R. Simlai learned the tradition from his teacher and carried it on.⁶ The third century attribution of the traditions remains unaffected in any case.

Whatever the authorship, the process of exegesis is clear. A grammatical plural form in scripture is used by heretics to demonstrate duality or plurality in the deity. The rabbi suggests that the remedy to the heresy, always a grammatical singular, invariably occurs close to these plurals, proving the heretical doctrine wrong. Some of the dangerous scriptures must reflect real arguments between orthodox and heretical communities, but other passages may have been added purely by analogy, as the tradition grew. More importantly, we have no evidence that any actual heretical argument took the form in which it is reported. While the heretics might have used the passage, their beliefs were no doubt more sophisticated than the rabbis reported.

We already have had some indication that the arguments were more complex than the rabbinic reports suggest. Gen. 1:26 and Dan. 7:9, for instance, provide real support for many different kinds of heretical beliefs. In the earlier traditions we have seen that the heretical arguments based on these verses were wide and varied. The rabbinic response was always directly relevant to the heretical argument. When the rabbis also pointed to a singular in the verse, it could be shown to be a secondary layer of the rabbinic defense. For instance, in passage 1 the plural in Dan. 7:9 is countered with a singular in some of the versions, but that argument would seem to belong to the amoraic stratum. The original heretical argument based on this particular scripture must have involved the two manifestations—the "son of man" and the "Ancient of Days." The reduction of the argument to a conventional pattern reflects a later stage of the tradition, when the issue itself was no longer primary and a developing literary or oral genre had begun to

⁵ Rabinowitz, *Dikduke Soferim*, *ad loc.* notes that the text was frequently censored here.

⁶ Reuven Kimelman has shown that R. Yohanan and Origen, both living in third century Caesarea, were likely to have known about the arguments of each other. He feels this tradition should be attributed to R. Yohanan. See "Origen and R. Yohanan on Canticles," paper; AJS Conference, Boston, Dec. 1975, also.

dictate the form in which the tradition would be preserved. We may suspect that an earlier layer existed, but we can only describe it where we have good textual evidence of an earlier issue. The plural was probably noted by the heretics but we know that the "son of man" exegesis was far more elaborate than an explanation of the plural. The rabbis, on the other hand, did not allow themselves to be put in the position of helping to spread the heretical ideas. They simply located the plural in scripture, showed that it referred to the single God and avoided any further characterization.

A similar collection in the Jerusalem Talmud shows that the tradition evolved in a slightly different form in the Palestinian academies.

The minim asked R. Simlai "How many gods created the world?" He said to them, "Do you ask me? Go and ask the first man, as it is written, (Deut. 4:32) '*Ask now the former days which were before thee, since God created man upon the earth.*' It is not written here, '*(they) created*,' but, '*(he) created.*' " They said to him, "It is written, '*In the beginning God created* (Gen. 1:1) 'Is it written, '*(they) created?*' It is only written, '*(he) created.*' "

R. Simlai said, "In every passage where the minim go wrong, the answer to them is close by."

They (the minim) returned and asked him, "What of that which is written (Gen. 1:26) '*Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.*' " He said to them "It is not written here (*ib.* 27) '*And they created man in their image,*' but '*And God created man in His image.*' " His disciples said to him, "Rabbi, thou has driven away these men with a stick. But what dost thou answer to us?" He said to them, "At the first, Adam was created out of the dust, and Eve was created out of the man. From Adam onward (it is said) '*in Our image according to Our likeness.*' It is impossible for man to exist without woman, and it is impossible for woman to exist without man, and it is impossible for both to exist without the Shekhina."

And they returned and asked him, "What is that which is written: (Josh 22:22) '*God, God, the Lord, God, God, the Lord He knoweth.*' " He said to them, "It is not written here, '*they know,*' but it is written '*He knoweth.*' " His disciples said to him, "Rabbi, thou hast driven these men away with a stick. But what dost thou answer to us?" He said to them, "The three (names) are the name of one, just as a man says, 'Basileus,' 'Caesar,' 'Augustus.' "

They returned and asked him, "What is that which is written (Ps. 50:1) '*God, God, the Lord hath spoken and He called the earth?*' " He said to them "Is it written here '*(they) have spoken and have called?*' It is only written, '*He hath spoken and hath called the earth.*' " His disciples said to him, "Rabbi, thou hast driven these men away with a stick. But what do you answer to us?" He said to them, "The

three (names) are the names of one, just as a man says, 'labourers,' 'masons,' 'architects.' "

They returned and asked him, "What is that which is written (Josh 24:19) *'For He is a holy God* (where the word holy is plural)' " He said to them. "It is written there not 'they are holy,' but 'He is holy.' (He is a jealous God.)" His disciples said to him, "Rabbi, thou hast driven these men away with a stick. What dost thou answer to us?" R. Isaac said, "Holy in every form of holiness." For R. Judan said, in the name of R. Aha, "The way of the Holy One, Blessed be He, is in holiness. His word is in holiness, His sitting is in holiness, the baring of His arm is in holiness. He is fearful and mighty in holiness. His ways are in holiness, as it is written (Ps. lxxvii 13): *'Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary.* His footsteps are in holiness: (Ps. 68:24). *'Thy goings O my King, my God, in the sanctuary.'* His sitting is in holiness: (Ps. 47:8) *'God sitteth upon the throne of His holiness.'* His word is in holiness: (Ps. 108:7) *'God God has spoken in His holiness.'* The bearing of His arm is in holiness: (Ps. 51:10) *'The Lord has made bare His holy arm.'* He is fearful and might in holiness: (Ex. 15:11) *'Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, (fearful in praise?)'* "

They returned and asked him, "What is that which is written: (Dt. 4:7) *'For what great nation is there that hath a God so near to them, as the Lord our God, whensoever we call upon Him?'* " He said to them, "It is not written here, *'Call upon them,'* but *'Call upon Him.'* " His disciples said to him, "Rabbi, you have driven away these men with a stick. What do you answer to us?" He said to them. "He is near in every manner of nearness." ⁷

R. Simlai's method for defeating heretics is slightly different from the description of R. Yohanan's in the Babylonian Talmud. But the principle he espoused is similar to the Babylonian Talmud's version—countering the mysterious plurals with a nearby singular to show that there is only one God.

In one place this argument seems especially appropriate. The singular verb in Genesis 1:1 does prevent one from getting the wrong impression about the number of deities present at creation. In fact, the Palestinian rabbis seemed satisfied with the argument in this one place and made no further comment on that verse. Significantly, the rule of R. Simlai is adduced from that place. It is possible that the argument actually arose in regard to that verse and was later extended to others.

When the heretics appeal to Gen. 1:26, R. Simlai's principle is used to "drive away the heretics" but it is not sufficient to end the discussion within the academy. Apparently, although the "two powers"

⁷ j. Ber. 12d-13a.

heretics could be defeated easily, the correct understanding of Gen. 1:26 was not evident. Orthodox argument had the further advantage of justifying marriage as a divinely sanctioned institution. So R. Simlai's doctrine was not a sufficient exegesis of the passage, although it apparently sufficed to refute the heresy. It looks as if the doctrine of R. Simlai was applied quite automatically as a defense against any heretical passages, but the dangerous scriptural passages also received separate explanations which the rabbis found useful to proclaim. R. Simlai's principle could not be the final word on each passage.

To these already familiar traditions in midrash are appended several new scriptural passages which support heresy. These traditions add Jos. 22 and Ps. 50 to our list of places from which heretical doctrines could be derived—not this time from a grammatical plural, but from the repetition of the various divine names. These arguments, in fact, might be as old as the oldest “two power” arguments which we have traced since the oldest traditions also depended on an exegesis of the different names of God. R. Simlai defeats the heretical arguments with his versatile principle. But, the further question about the real significance of the divine names then arises for the rabbis. After these examples follows one last occurrence of the grammatical plural argument, obviously out of place and suggesting that the three previous examples were inserted in the text haphazardly from another source.

To summarize, in the first crux (Gen. 1:1), R. Simlai's principle is completely satisfactory. It is not clear that R. Simlai himself would have adduced the following cases where his principle is not the final word. Further use of his principle may have been made by modest exegetes working under his inspiration and hence attributed to him.

In the passage from the Babylonian Talmud where the tradent may have been either R. Simlai or R. Yohanan, the context concerned both heresy and heretical views of the creation separately. In the Jerusalem Talmud the link between heresy and dangerous views of creation is made explicit since R. Simlai is asked by the heretics “How many deities (or powers) created the world?” R. Simlai's response differs slightly in the many versions of this tradition. He either tells the heretics to inquire of the first days (Gen. R. 8:9) or the first man (j. Ber. 12b) or the record of creation (Dt. R. 2:13) or the Torah (Gen. R. 1:13 Mss 8, Tan. 7). In each case the directive is to seek a primeval authority, based on Dt. 4:32 (“Search into days gone by, long before your time, beginning at the day when God created man on earth; search from one end of heaven to the other and ask if any deed as

mighty as this has been seen or heard.”)⁸ Emphasizing different aspects of that verse yields the different primeval authorities.

Each version of the tradition has a slightly different anthology of biblical passages. But, in each case, the argument is most aptly used against the idea of two creators and later extended to apply to other ideas of two deities in heaven.⁹ This extension is facilitated by Dt.

⁸ The verse in Dt. can also be used as additional proof that one God only was responsible for the creation. Dt. is talking about the Mosaic revelation, a fact not lost on the rabbis. “Did any people ever hear the voice of God speaking out of the fire as you heard it and remain alive?” Dt. asks. This theme was strongly emphasized in reference to the Exodus passages in the Mekhilta (passage 1.) There, the elders of Israel saw God, yet lived—which showed God’s aspect of mercy, a different aspect of deity than was present at Sinai and the sea. Apparently, in the case of Dt. R. as well, heretical speculation about the number of Gods arose. R. Simlai explains that Dt. 4:33 (sing.) contradicts Dt. 4:32 (plural) (Ex. R. 29:1), and that only one God can be derived from the passage. The argument has become conventionalized in the rabbinic texts. The heretics surely did not rest content after merely observing the plural form.

⁹ *Ber.* 9:1; *j. Ber.* 12b Ask the first man (Dt. 4:32)

Gen. 1

Gen. 1:26

Josh. 22:22

Ps. 1:1

Josh. 24:19—Ps. 77:13, 68:24, 47:8, 108:7, 51:10, Ex. 15:11

Dt. 4:7

San. 38b: R. Yohanan gives the rule

Gen. 1:26

Gen. 11:5 f.

Gen. 35:5 f.

Dt. 4:7

2 Sam. 7:23

Dan. 7:9 f.

R. Idi Ex. 24:1 (Ex. 23:21)

Exchange me not: He will not pardon (Ex. 33:15)

R. Ishmael b. Yosi (Gen. 19:24)

Gen. 3:23

Gen. R. 1:13 Ms 8. Ask the Torah

Dt. 4:7

Josh. 24:19

Gen. R. 8:9 Ask the first days (Dt. 4:32)

Gen. 1:1

Gen. 1:26

Ex. R. 29:1 Ex. 20:1 and Dt. 4:33

Dt. 4:6

Dt. R. 2:13 the record of creation

Dt. 4:7

Gen. 1:1 also 1:3 1:6

Gen. 1:26

Dt. 4:6-7

4:34, which is telling proof against any dualistic doctrine not just two creators, because it states: "You have had sure proof that the YHWH is God; there is no other... This day, then, be sure and take to heart that the YHWH is God in heaven above and on earth below; there is no other." Of course, heretical distinctions between YHWH and God can be the target of such polemic.

Thus, we can derive a list of scriptural passages which were viewed as dangerous in the third century, contemporary with R. Simlai or R. Yohanan.¹⁰ These are Gen. 1:1 f., Gen. 1:26 f., Gen. 11:5 f., Gen. 19:24, Gen. 35:5 f., Dt. 4:7, 2 Sam. 7:23 f., Dan. 7:9 f., Josh.

M. Ps. 50:1

Dt. 4:24 Prov. 3:19-20

Josh. 22:22

¹⁰ *Gen. 1:1*

Gen. R. 8:9

Dt. R. 2:13 (here also Gen. 1:3, 1:6)

Gen. 1:26

Gen. R. 8:9

San. 38b

Dt. R. 2:13

Yalkut

Gen. 11:5 f.

San. 38b

Gen. 19:24

San. 38b (R. Ishmael b. Yosi)

Gen. 35:7

San. 38b

Dt. 4:7

Ber. 9, j. Ber. 12b

Dt. R. 2:13

San. 38b

Gen. R. 1:13 ms. 8

Ex. R. 29:1

Dt. 4:32-3

Ex. R. 29:1 (with Ex. 20:1)

Josh. 22:22

M. Ps. 50:1

Josh. 24:19

j. Ber. 12b

Tan. 7

Tan. kaddoshin 4 (with Lev. 19:2)

Gen. R. 1:13 ms. 8

2 Sam. 7:23

San. 38b

22:22, Josh. 24:19, Ps. 50:1. We can review these verses as they appear in other parts of rabbinic tradition to see whether there are any further hints characterizing the heresy in a less conventional way.

Gen. 1:1 f.: This verse was supposed to be at issue in tannaitic times.¹¹ Ishmael and Akiba are reported to have argued about whether the ׁT in the first verse of the Bible was inclusive or exclusive, which was interpreted later to defeat the idea that either heaven or earth were deities. That a plurality of deities could be derived from the first verse because the word for God (*Elohim*) is plural (Dt. R. 2:13) was the way this issue was expressed during the third century. One wonders if the conflict between Ishmael and Akiba (which may have been purely grammatical) became associated with heresy during this period.¹² Also relevant to this scriptural passage are *Gen. 1:3* and *1:6* where the same word is at issue. Since the word God, *Elohim*, occurs so often in the Bible, the defenders must have had in mind a specific doctrine of plurality of deities present at the creation. These verses were used to advantage by many groups using Hellenistic Jewish traditions and cannot be said to be exclusively gnostic, apocalyptic or Christian.¹³

Dan. 7:9

San. 38b

Ps. 50:1

j. Ber. 12b

Prov. 3:19-20

M. Ps. 50:1

¹¹ See p. 74, Ishmael and Akiba on *Gen. 1:1*.

¹² See 83 f.

¹³ See p. 226 f. and p. 257 f. *Meg. 9a*, *J. Meg. 71d* cf., also *Gen. R. 8:11*. The rabbis report that the Greek version of the Bible contained another translation of *Gen. 1:1*—i.e., "God created, in the beginning." Rashi and *tosafot ad loc.* say that this was to avoid the difficulty of "two powers." *Tosafot* says that "In the beginning" itself could have been taken as the name of a deity, were it not for the inversion of the familiar grammar.

Meg. Taanit, *Massekhet Soferim 1:7-10*, *j. Meg. 1:71d* (cf., *Mekh. Ex. R. 12:40*) *Meg. 9a* also *Gen. R. 8:11*; *10:9*, *38:10*, *48:17*, *98:5*, *Ex. R. 5:5*, *Lev. R. 13:5* all report several passages where the rabbis believe that the LXX changed the MT. Of these more than 13 alterations, only four actually appear in surviving manuscripts of the LXX, some more attestations surviving in African versions. None of the attestations are in verses relevant for us. However, Irenaeus does state that some heretical groups made "In the beginning" into a God (see p. 78). Frankel (*Vorstudien*, 31) suggests that all may have been variants of a Hebrew text presented to King Ptolemy and not basically a Greek translation of the text. See also Geiger, *Nachgelassene Schriften*: (herausgegeben von Ludwig Geiger), IV. Band (Berlin: 1876) p. 50 f. Against Frankel, A. Aptowitzer, "Die rabbinischen Berichte über die Entstehung der LXX," *Hak-kedem*, St. Petersburg: II (1908), 11-27 and 102-122 and III (1909), 4-17. Also see Towner, *Rabbinic Enumeration of Scriptural Examples*, pp.

Gen. 1:26: has already been studied in great detail by many scholars. The tradition of sectarian exegesis goes back to Philo and before.¹⁴ It is mentioned in *Gen. R.* 8:9, *San.* 38b, *Yalkut Shimoni*, and *Dt. R.* 2:13 as being among the phrases in scripture against which R. Simlai cautions. In his view, the problem is the plural of majesty with which God ordered the creation of man. Simlai's answer is that only one God is involved in the process because the verb in the next verse is in the singular. Of course, it is hardly a detailed answer to every heresy based on the verse, but it has the advantage of not broaching any of the other (sectarian) understandings. For instance, the problem of the likeness between man and God is not mentioned. Nor is the question broached of the identity of the being addressed. The repetition of the word "Adam," implying a plurality of creators or creations, is not mentioned. So many dangerous doctrines find support in this verse that one can easily see its refutation by R. Simlai's principle to be meant to counter them all by prudent dismissal with as little characterization as possible on the part of the amoraim.

Gen. 11:17: contains the same difficult plural of majesty as in *Gen. 1:26*. The report of LXX translators also occurs at *Gen. R.* 39:10 for this verse.¹⁵ Here God says "Let us go down and confound their language." (The plural is translated literally by the received text of the LXX.) Targum Onkelos is embarrassed by the idea that God descends, so it translates, characteristically, "was revealed" instead.

Gen. 19:24: contains the seemingly pleonastic repetition of "from YHWH" in the account of the punishing of Sodom and Gomorrah. This possible source of heresy has been added to R. Simlai's group but can actually be traced to a Tanna, R. Ishmael b. Yosi.¹⁶ Elsewhere, R. Hilfi (PA 2) the son of Samkai, reports that R. Judah (PA 2) felt the repetition meant that divine punishment was carried out by the

206-213, who rightfully stresses the history of the tradition within the midrash itself instead of the purported historical incident underlying it. It is enough for current purposes to note that rabbinic tradition assumed that battle over these verses went back to the second century B.C.E. and to the foundation of Hellenistic Judaism.

¹⁴ *Gen. 1:26* (and *Gen. 2:7* as well) is fully dealt with in the following places: Jervell, *Imago Dei*; M. Smith, "On the Shape of God and the humanity of the Gentiles," in J. Neusner, ed., *Religions in Antiquity*, pp. 315-26. Also R. Mcl. Wilson, *Studia Patristica*, I 1 (1957), 420-37. See p. 27 f., 113 f., 143 f. See also Birger Albert Pearson, *The Pneumatikos-Psychikos Terminology* (Missoula: SBL Dissertation Series 12, 1973), p. 51 f.

¹⁵ See note 13.

¹⁶ See p. 118.

angel Gabriel.¹⁷ Thus, he must believe that one of the "YHWH" 's in that passage refers to Gabriel. While Gabriel was not considered a separate, independent power by the rabbis, the tradition attests to the existence of exegeses which allowed the tetragrammaton to signify a being other than Israel's one God.¹⁸ Obviously that very doctrine was enough to worry the rabbis. Though this midrash does not mention "two powers," it involves a concept coming perilously close to that heresy, stopping only before the overt postulation of separate authority. This is followed by the exegetical principle of R. Eleazar who believed that "and YHWH" refers to both God and his heavenly court. R. Yohanan had espoused a similar idea but R. Eleazar has refined that intuition to a rule based on the occurrence of the word „and" (W). R. Yohanan, for his part, maintains that God always consults His heavenly court. Of course, this eliminates the problem of principal hypostases of God whose divinity could be confused with Him and also explains the plurals of majesty in Genesis. This verse is important in some Christian exegesis as well.¹⁹

Gen. 35:7 and 5: "There he built an altar and called the place El Bethel, because it was there that God had revealed Himself to him when he was running away from his brother." The problem is, again, the grammatical plural referring to God in the verse. The rabbis explain it by saying that 35:5 contains the singular to prove that God is really one. However, this is not an innocent occurrence of a grammatical plural either. It is bound up with the immense speculation about Jacob and the revelation at Bethel, which is based on Genesis 29:10 f. In different writers, notably Philo, the word "place" itself is taken as a name for God, just as MQWM (place) became the name for God within early rabbinic tradition. Philo himself discussed a "second god" in reference to the Bethel revelation.²⁰

Josh. 24:19: "Joshua answered the people, 'You cannot worship YHWH. He is a holy (pl.) God, a jealous God, and He will not forgive your rebellion and your sins.' " The rabbis point out the singular forms which contradict the one plural in the verse. The interpretation of the verse is puzzling and it is possible that some detractors of the

¹⁷ Gen. R. 51:2.

¹⁸ See p. 134 f., p. 201 f. See also Fossum dissertation, Utrecht.

¹⁹ See p. 113 n. 10 for a discussion of this principle behind the tradition in Gen. R. 21:5 that Adam became like the angels when he learned the difference between good and evil.

²⁰ See p. 159 f., p. 170 f.

God of Israel derived two gods—one just and one merciful, or one who created, another who forgives—from this verse.

2 *Sam.* 7:23: "And thy people Israel, to whom can they be compared? Is there any other nation on earth to whom thou, O God, has set out (pl.) to redeem from slavery to be your people?" The rabbis again show that the sense of the verse requires a single God to be present even though a plural is implied by the grammar. However, there are many other things in the verse which might give the impression of more than one God. The phrase GWY W³LHYW presents a problem to the rabbis. R. Eliezer suggested that it refers to idols which the Israelites took out with them from Egypt, namely the idol of Micah. As we have seen before, R. Akiba thought that this verse must refer to the Shekhina, who is to be redeemed along with Israel. Thus, there is room in the verse for understanding a divine manifestation other than God, as long as that manifestation is within the ken of orthodoxy.

Dan. 7:9 f.: The rabbis point out that the singular form in the verse counteracts the earlier plural. A good deal more speculation in heretical communities was based on these verses than is implied by the comment.²¹

Ps. 50:1 and *Josh.* 22:22: have a different character from the citations above. They are mentioned by R. Simlai expressly (in j. Ber. 12df) but their distinct character makes one suspicious of ascribing them originally to him. They may easily have been added to the tradition. Both of these examples involve the expression "God, God, YHWH," which the *minim* took to exemplify plurality of deity. In this case it is not a grammatical plural which presents the dualistic possibility but the different names of God. Since three names of God—El, Elohim and YHWH—are suggested in the verses, various scholars²² postulate that Christianity with a well developed trinitarian doctrine was the heresy under attack. However, the LXX had already translated the Hebrew in such a way as to imply that "two powers," rather than three, were present. We have seen that the linking of different names of God to different manifestations is quite ancient. It is probable that all the recorded midrashic traditions served as a defense against more radical doctrines.

At the beginning of the section, I noted that it was unclear whether

²¹ See p. 33 f., p. 66 f. and 201.

²² See Marmorstein, *Unity*, p. 491; Büchler, *Minim*, p. 258; Bacher, *APA*, I, pp. 555 f.; Herford, p. 261; and Bergmann, p. 89.

"two powers" or "many powers" was the heresy of interest to R. Simlai. The actual phrase "two powers" appears only in a late version in the Talmud. We discovered that the traditions ascribed to R. Simlai make an anthology of scriptural passages useful to defeat heresy. The rabbinic traditions have been reduced to a conventional form, where the heretical group merely pointed to a plural and the rabbis retorted with a singular. But we have seen that the actual doctrines were more complex. Behind the sectarian designation of plurality are traces of traditions either about a second principal figure in heaven, or about the meaning of the repetition of God's name, all of which go considerably along the way towards "two powers" heresy. After comparing these passages with the other rabbinic traditions about the same scriptures, it even seemed that some rabbinic writings contained traditions related to the heresy. Two passages may have had three powers in mind. They may have been describing a trinity of sorts, as some scholars have suggested but, whether of the gnostic or Christian variety is difficult to decide. However, the Greek translation of these passages implies two rather than three powers. So if the heretics read their Bible in Greek, they may have recognized only two powers. Only the two passages describing the creation—Gen. 1:1 and Gen. 1:26—definitely support the idea that more than two powers were involved. That interpretation is not necessary, rather suggested by what we know of "many powers" traditions of the creation.²³ This leads to the conclusion that the basic distinction in rabbinic thought even in amoraic times, was between "one power" and "two powers" in heaven. This basic distinction divided heresy from orthodoxy, Jewish monotheism from groups which read scripture but, from the rabbinic perspective, were outside of the community of believers.

Possible interpretations of "many powers in heaven" continue to correlate with the biblical creation account. This further suggests that the term "many powers in heaven" was coined after the term "two powers in heaven" had been in use and that it described a more complex heavenly hierarchy specifically derived from the creation account as in some varieties of apocalypticism, Christianity and gnosticism.

If it is true that "two powers in heaven" was the basic category of heresy, it is still not necessarily true that the term described only Christians while "many powers" described only gnostics. We know that there were Jewish-Christian groups with elaborate systems of

²³ See Ex. R. 29:2 and Dt. R. 2:13 as well as p. 109 f., 137 f., and 141.

cosmology and intermediaries, which could have been named as "many powers in heaven," even though they had no specifically gnostic character. On the other hand, some gnostic groups preserved only two gods, the high god and the demiurge.²⁴

²⁴ See p. 244 f.

CHAPTER NINE

DIVINE POWERS AND ANGELS

PASSAGE 9

Genesis Rabba 1:7

R. Isaac commenced with, *The beginning of Your word is truth; and all Your righteous ordinance endures forever* (Ps. 99:160). Said R. Isaac: From the very commencement of the world's creation, "*The beginning of Thy word is truth.*" [Even], *In the beginning God created* (Gen. 1:1) [shows that] YHWH Elohim is the true God. (Jer. 10:10). Therefore, *And all your righteous ordinance endures forever* (Ps. *loc. cit.*). For, in regard to every single decree which You have promulgated concerning Your creatures, they affirm the righteousness of Your judgment and accept it with faith. And no person can dispute and maintain that two powers gave the Torah or two powers created the world. For "And the Gods spoke" is not written here, but, *And God spake all these words* (Ex. 20:1). In the beginning Gods created is not written here, but *In the beginning God created.* (Gen. 1:1).¹

The Rabbi Isaac in question is R. Isaac b. Nappaha (250-320 C.E., so called only in the Babylonian Talmud) the famous Palestinian amora of the second and third generation. His identity is confirmed by the midrash, which has captured the type of exegesis characteristic of the Palestinian sage—making a proemium or introduction to the Bible reading of the week.² R. Isaac was a student of R. Yohanan and is portrayed in such a way as to bear out his teacher's lessons. He combatted both the now familiar heresy that two gods might have been present at creation and the additional problem that the ordinances of God might be unjust.

The defense against these doctrines was accomplished by associating another verse with the first verse of the weekly Bible reading in order to clarify the meaning of that verse. R. Isaac associated Ps. 119:160 with Gen. 1:1, both because of a similar subject matter and because of a similar word. Gen. 1:1 begins with BR³ŠYT (in the beginning) and Ps. 119:160 contains a word derived from the same root R³Š (head). Instead of "the principle of Your word is truth," he translated: "The beginning of Your word is truth." Hence Ps. 119:160 is applicable

¹ Tr. Freedman, with modifications.

² Bacher, *APA*, II, p. 275.

to the first words of the Bible—by a substitution, somewhat like a *gezerah shavah*. However, just which aspect of Ps. 119:160 is applied to Gen. 1:1 is ambiguous, and has occasioned two different interpretations among the traditional commentators. The first possibility is to reason that since “The beginning of Your word is truth,” we know that the beginning of the Bible is true when it says that one God (sing.) created the world, hence the statement that “YHWH is God” is true.³

This interpretation is the popular one, but has the disadvantage of not adequately explaining why R. Isaac quotes Jer. 10:10. It rather seems to me that R. Isaac was using a more elaborate system of substitution. He could be saying: “Since we know that the first statement of the Bible is true (Ps. 119:160) and since we know that YHWH as well as Elohim is the true God (Jer. 10:10), we can be sure that both God’s names—YHWH and Elohim—were present at creation. Therefore both His qualities of mercy and justice were also present.” From the very beginning God’s ordinances were both just and merciful. The only proper response is to accept them all faithfully. The conclusion of the argument is taken from the second part of Ps. 119:160—that every decree always shows justice and mercy (SDQH) at the same time.⁴

This immediately occasions a warning against the idea that two powers created the world or that two powers gave the Law. Then R. Simlai’s exegetical device is utilized to show the grammatical difficulty in propounding a “two powers” heresy.

If the second interpretation is right, the rabbinic doctrine of the two attributes of God—MDT HDYN and MDT HRHMYM—is being used apologetically against a heretical argument. That heresy may have taken two forms. The first possibility is that the creator was unjust. The second possibility is that the God who created is simply not the same God who saves.

Either possibility involves “two powers.” Both identify the names YHWH and Elohim as different deities. R. Isaac, using the rabbinic doctrine of the attributes of God as a defense, showed that only one

³ *Rashi* and *Etz Yosef* (Enoch Zundel b. Joseph of Bialistock, 19th century) both assume that the opening statement of the Bible proclaims the truth that the Lord is God, and there is none beside Him, for it is He alone who created the world.

⁴ The Mahartzu (Ze’eb Wolf Einhorn, 19th century) understands *Elohim* (God) to signify God’s attribute of Justice. The opening verse of the Bible “In the Beginning *Elohim* created” then is an assertion that He created the world on the basis both of justice and mercy.

God is present and proved his contention by using the method current with R. Simlai and R. Yohanan. The complete structure of his argument is considerably more complex than R. Simlai's principle, which is again appended as an after-thought.

R. Luliana b. Tabri said in R. Isaac's name: Whether we accept the view of R. Hanina or of R. Yohanan all agree that none were created on the first day, lest you should say, Michael stretched the world forth in the South of the firmament and Gabriel in the North, while the Holy One, Blessed be He, measured it in the middle: but I am the Lord that makes all things, that stretched forth the heavens alone, that spread out the earth by myself.—*Mi Itti?* (ib. 44:24)—who was with me? is written; who was associated with me in the creation of the world? ⁵

Another series of traditions, evinced in Gen. R. 3:8, is attributed to R. Isaac. In this tradition, R. Isaac cites the discussion between R. Hanina and R. Yohanan, Isaac's teacher, about the day on which the angels were created. Since it ought to be clear that the angels were not created on the first day, R. Isaac maintains that we can be sure that God accomplished creation without any angelic help. Hence, no angel can be his equal. R. Isaac gives an example of heretical belief, testifying that some people alleged that Michael and Gabriel were associates of God in creation. God may have created the middle, but each angel created other parts of the firmament. By means of a double entendre, R. Isaac uses Ps. 44:24 to ask the rhetorical question: "Who was associated with me in the creation of the world?" The answer, of course, is that no one, not even an archangel was given such an honor. This unnamed doctrine seems related to the Gabriel, Michael and Metatron speculation discussed previously. ⁶ However, other elaborate angelologies may have been involved, for beliefs in angelic mediation were commonplace throughout Judaism. What is dangerous, of course, is the notion that some principal angel could be said to usurp God's independent power.

This tradition also helps explain the relevance of the next midrash in Dt. Rabba, concerning the meaning of Dt. 6:4:

R. Isaac opened (his discourse) with the text: "*The Lord is my portion,*" said my soul; therefore will I hope in Him (Lam. 3:24). R. Isaac said: "This may be compared to a king who entered a province with his

⁵ Gen. R. 3:8 repeated 1:3. See also M. Ps. 24a, Tan. B. 1:12.

⁶ See p. 112 f., p. 141. The use of the word ŠWTP implies a separate divinity which makes use of the name of God. This is especially clearly brought out in Ex. R. 29:2 where such ideas are expressly called "many gods" and condemned by means of Ex. 20:2.

generals, rulers and governors. Some of the citizens of the province chose a general as their patron, others a ruler and others a governor. One of them who was cleverer than the rest, said, "I will choose the king." Why? All others are liable to change, but the king is never changed. Likewise, when God came down to Sinai, there also came down with Him many companies of angels, (Num. 2:3). Michael and his company, Gabriel and his company. Some of the nations of the world chose for themselves (as their patron) Michael, others Gabriel, but Israel chose God for itself, exclaiming, "The Lord is my portion," said my soul. This is the force of "Hear, O Israel, the Lord, our God, the Lord is One." ⁷

The passage, again from R. Isaac, does not mention "two powers in heaven." It does discuss Michael and Gabriel as if they had been accepted as deities by groups other than Israel.

The testament of God's unity in Dt. has allowed the redactor of Deuteronomy Rabba to assemble many rabbinic teachings against angelic and binitarian dangers.

Another explanation: *Hear, O Israel*. This bears out what Scripture says, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And besides Thee I desire none upon earth (Ps. 73:25)." Rab said: "There are two firmaments, the heaven and the heaven of heavens." R. Eleazar said: "There are seven firmaments: Heaven (ŠMYM), Heaven of Heavens (ŠMY ŠMYM), Firmament (RQY^c), Sky (ŠHQYM), Habitation (M^cWN), Residence (ZBWL), Thick Cloud (RPL^c); and God opened them all unto Israel in order to show them that there is no God but He. The Assembly of Israel said before God: 'Master of the Universe, whom have I in heaven but Thy glory? As in heaven I have none but Thee, so too upon earth I desire no other; as I have not associated another with Thee in heaven, so upon earth, too, I have not associated with Thee any other God but daily I enter the synagogues and testify concerning Thee that there is no other God but Thou, and I exclaim, *Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God, the Lord is one.*' " ⁸

The passage is an interpretation of Dt. 6:4, "Hear, O Israel, YHWH is our God, YHWH is One," a statement of God's unity which has assumed central importance in Israel's liturgy. The passage combines several traditions in a sophisticated way. First, it quotes Ps. 73:25, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and besides Thee I desire none upon the earth." The questions raised by the psalmist are used to proclaim God's complete unity.

The first question, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" is answered

⁷ Dt. R. 2:34, tr. Rabbinowitz.

⁸ Dt. R. 2:32, tr. Rabbinowitz, with modifications. See also Gruenwald, *The Visions of Ezekiel*, ad loc.

by reliance on a description of heaven, transmitted elsewhere in rabbinic literature in the name of Rab and R. Eleazar.⁹ In this version, a new edge has been put on the traditions by the rabbis, who are obviously reacting hostilely to some idea of a heavenly figure of major status. According to them, God opened each heaven to Israel to show to them that there is no other God but Him. The word used to describe that figure is ³LWH (God) rather than RŠWT (power) showing that the terms could be used interchangeably. By continuing the exegesis of Ps. 73, the possibility of another earthly God is also denied. This is a convenient argument against a number of beliefs, among which, especially in this context, would be incarnation. In order to counteract those heretical tendencies, the orthodox position marshalled the Shema (Dt. 6:4), the very center of synagogue liturgy.

The next passage in Dt. Rabba is also based on the Shema and contains information attributed to earlier times. It begins with a quotation from Pr. 24:21.

PASSAGE 10

Dt. Rabba 2:33

Another explanation: What is the force of, "*And the King? Make [God] King over you. And meddle not with them that are given to change*" (Prov. 24:21). Do not meddle with those who declare that there is a second god. R. Judah b. Simon said: [Scripture says], "*And it shall come to pass, that in all the land, saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die* (Zech. 13:8); the mouths that declare that there are two powers shall be cut off and die. And who will survive in the future? But the third shall be left therein. This refers to Israel who are termed 'thirds,' for they are divided into three groups: Priests, Levites and Israelites and are descended from the three Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." Another explanation: Because they praise God with the threefold expression of holiness, "Holy, holy, holy (Isa. 6:3)." R. Aha said: "God was angry with Solomon when he uttered the above verse. He said to him: 'Why do you express a thing that concerns the sanctification of My name by an obscure allusion' [in the words] 'And meddle not with them that are given to change' (ŠWNYM)? Thereupon immediately Solomon expressed it more clearly [in the words], 'There is one that is alone, and he hath not a second; yea; he hath neither son nor brother' (Eccl. 4:8); He hath neither son nor brother, but *Hear O Israel: the Lord our God, the Lord is one.*"¹⁰

⁹ See Lev. R. 29:11; Hag. 12b, ARN 37 (Goldin, ARN, p. 154); Ginsberg, *Legends*, V, 10 f. where it is ascribed to R. Meir. See p. 66 f.

¹⁰ Tr. Rabbinowitz.

"Meddle not with them that are given to change" is seen as relevant to the Shema by means of a double entendre: "Meddle not with those who say there is a second God." This is done by understanding the root Š-N-Y/H to imply two, or a second, instead of "change," its usual meaning in this form.¹¹ Instead of reading "Two parts therein shall be cut off and die," he suggests the alternative meaning: "The mouths that say there are 'two powers' shall be cut off and die." Having done that, the exegete is left with the difficult problem of interpreting the significance of the last third. This he deftly calls Israel because Israel is the last third of two conventional groupings—both priests, Levites and Israel, and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob (who is Israel). Though the argument may be ingenious, the rabbis expressed their own disapproval by imagining God's displeasure at such an indirect proof.

The next paragraph is thus taken to be a more direct attack on the same problem. It is based on Proverbs, but is adduced in R. Aha's name (PA4). R. Aha seems to identify those who believe in "two powers" as Christians. The earliest form of this tradition is actually tannaitic, appearing in Sifre 329 where the relationship to "two powers" is unstated. R. Aha attributes his exegesis to Solomon because the book of Proverbs, from which the text is taken, is attributed to Solomon. Therefore, the meaning of the verse can be clarified in light of another work attributed to Solomon—Ecc. 4:8, where Solomon is supposed to have stated that God has neither brother nor son.¹² By itself, the denial of the idea that God has brothers could have been a reference to any polytheistic system or Persian religion where the good and evil inclinations were sometimes conceived of as twin brothers. But the idea that God has no son seems to be best understood as a response to Christian or gnostic doctrine, even if there is no firm evidence for deciding between the two.

The text differs significantly in the version occurring at Ecc. R. 4:8:

*There is one that is alone, and He hath not a second (4:8). There is one: i.e., the Holy One, blessed be He, of whom it is said, The Lord our God, the Lord is one (Deut. 6:4). And He hath not a second: He has no partner in His universe. Yea, He hath neither son nor brother: since He has no brother, whence should He have a son?*¹³

¹¹ A similar exegesis on Zech 13:8 is attributed to R. Judah b. Simon (PA 1).

¹² See p. 11 f.

¹³ Ecc. R. 4:1, Tr. Rabbinowitz.

The traditional understanding is that ʾH is not just to be construed as "brother," rather as "consort." The meaning of the phrase would then be that God could not possibly have a son because he has no consort.¹⁴ This interpretation satisfies the sense of the passage. In fact it functions as a commentary because it places a logical progression on the tradition which is unsupported in any other version. Significantly, the phrase used to describe the second power in heaven is ŠWṬP, partner, which we have seen was the term for the heretical second figure present at the creation in Adam speculation.¹⁵

In other places as well, the amoraim attached the issue of "two powers" to some loosely related earlier tradition. In the following pericope, they added the issue because the earlier tradition dealt with other kinds of frivolous speculation. The tradition occurs four times in rabbinic literature. Each of the four occurrences demonstrates growth in the tradition towards more specification about the heresy involved. The earliest traditions are from Sifre and the Midrash Tannaim, two ostensibly tannaitic sources which appear to be stressing the perfection of the human body.

PASSAGE 11

Midrash Tannaim
p. 187

Sifre Dt. 307

The Rock, Perfect in all His actions:
The former because he formed the world first and formed man in it.

His work is perfect.

His work is perfected with all those who come into the world.

No man in the world can say, "If only I had three eyes, if only I had three legs, if only I had three hands, if only my head faced backwards, if only I could walk on my head, then I would be pleased!" Why? Because *All His ways are justice.*

His work is perfect.

His work is perfected with all those who come into the world. No one can speculate about his attributes, not even the most insignificant reason. And none can look and say: "If only I had three eyes, if only I had three hands, if only I had three legs, if only I could walk on my head, if only my head faced backwards, how pleasant that would be!" Scripture teaches, *All His ways are justice.*

¹⁴ The root (ʾHY) is not attested in Hebrew or Aramaic with the meaning of consort.

¹⁵ See the technical use of the term in relation to sharing God's name in j. Taan. 2 (65d) b. San. 63a, b. Suk, 45b, Ex. R. 42 (to Ex. 32:4). The power could be a partner in that he shares the divine name. See p. 112, p. 137, p. 183 f.

Ecc. R. 2:12

Gen. R. 12:1

R. Simeon b. Yohai said: this is compared to a king of flesh and blood who built palaces and all who visited it said: "If only the columns were higher, it would be more pleasant. If only the walls were higher, it would be more pleasant. If only its ceiling were higher, it would be more pleasant!" As if a man were to come and say: "If only I had three arms, or three eyes or three ears or three legs, I would be pleased." Scripture does not say: "that which he has already made him but," *that which they have already made him*. The supreme King of Kings, Blessed be He, and his court, took a vote, so to speak, on your every limb and plan. And if you should say: "There are 'two powers,' has it not already been said: *He has made you and established you*." (Dt. 32:6).

R. Simeon b. Yohai said: This is compared to a king of flesh and blood who built palaces and his comrades visited it and said: "If only the columns were higher, it would be more pleasant. If only the walls were higher, it would be more pleasant. If only the ceiling were higher it would be more pleasant." Yet if a man came and said: "If only I had three eyes, or three legs we would be astonished!"

It is not stated: "that he has already made him," but "*That which they have already made him*. The supreme King of Kings, blessed be He and his court, took a vote, so to speak, on your every limb, and set it up according to your plan: (Thus it is written) *He has made you and He has established you*. (Dt. 32:6).

The exegesis is based on Dt. 32:4, "The Rock, His work is perfect." Understanding "rock" (§WR) as "shaper" (§YYR). The exegete applies the verse to Genesis and teaches that no one has the right to criticize the perfection of the human body. This moral lesson is proof-texted by means of other statements emphasizing that God has confidence in His creation, that He judges each creature equally, and that the purpose of all men is to be righteous. We have seen that these themes are sounded against the heresy of "two powers" especially after it becomes impossible to distinguish between the gnostic and principal angel varieties. There is no attempt within Sifre to make any connection with "two powers" explicit. However, later rabbis were sensitive to the theme and spelled out the danger of "two powers" heresy.

The version in Genesis Rabba develops in a different way. The midrash arises in reference to Ecc. but the exegesis is occasioned by quoting Gen. 2:4, the summary of the creation story. It is attributed to R. Simeon b. Yohai and his moral is to avoid criticizing man or any other work of the creator, since that implies a criticism of God.¹⁶

¹⁶ The defensive argument may have been spurred by the notion that §YYR

Yet the analogy between divine and human motives is portrayed slightly differently than in the earlier version. Men stupidly criticize grand edifices. How much more stupid is it when they criticize man himself, who is God's magnificent edifice? An interesting addition to this passage is the explanation of the plurals in Genesis by saying they refer to God in consultation with His angelic court. God and His heavenly court decide by vote to create each human member, citing Dt. 32 as proof because it contains the seeming redundancy "He made you and established you."¹⁷ Based on what we know of "two powers" traditions, we can say that there would be a possibility of deriving two deities in two different places in this story—one from the two verbs used for creation in Genesis, and the other from the two verbs used for creation in Deuteronomy. However, the specific charge of heresy is not mentioned.

In Ecc. R. the latest version, approximately the same text is repeated with the significant addition of a warning against "two powers." After the description of God and his heavenly court, the midrash adds Dt. 32 as protection against the idea that there are "two powers." One editor has obviously picked up the dangerous implication of the repetition of verbs for creating in Dt. 32, since he specifically reiterates these words. He maintains that God's consultations with the heavenly court is the correct interpretation of the repetition but is not satisfied with this explanation either. So he then tries to remove all possibility of heresy by reading the verse in a slightly different manner, understanding the repetition as emphasizing that one God has made all creation.

From this midrashic development, one may infer that the original discussion had something to do with the creation of man and may have had some connection to heresy. Further discussion linked it significantly with "two powers." Clearly, although the elaboration is secondary, the amoraim were associating creation, "two powers" and different words for "creator" with heresy. They did so for good reason but we cannot be sure that the original tradition had to do with such matters.

In many places in rabbinic literature, defense against "two powers" may be implied, although there is no direct statement of it. Of course,

("formed") signifies that a different and lower creator than the high God, who can "create." (Elohim). See the controversy between Gamaliel and the Emperor, p. 116 f.

¹⁷ See p. 131 f. where R. Eleazar discusses also the heavenly court in regard to ambiguous passages of this type.

such passages are easily missed and there is no way to control rabbinic literature for all of them. But there is one that is very provocative:

Rabbi Zeira, the son of R. Abbahu. R. Abbahu in the name of R. Elazar: " 'Happy the man whose helper is the God of Jacob' (Ps. 146:5). Why does scripture seem redundant [in saying]: 'He who made heaven and earth' To what is this related? It is like a king of flesh and blood who employed a governor to rule one estate but who had no authority over another. Similarly, lest you should say the *kosmokrator* rules the land, but not the sea, the Holy One, Blessed be He rules over both dry land and sea, saving from water in the sea, and from fire on the dry land. He who saved Moses from the sword of Pharaoh and saved Jonah from the belly of the whale, Hananiah, Mishaël and Azariah from the fiery furnace and Daniel from the lions' den—He it is about whom it is written, 'He is the maker of heaven and earth, the sea and all that is therein.' " 18

The tradition comes from R. Elazar b. Pedath (PA 2 250-290) who is seeking to explain the relationship between Jacob's prayer for help in scripture and the answer that God is the creator of heaven and earth. A king of flesh and blood might appoint governors over various parts of his realm, but God does not. He rules all parts of His realm at the same time. Unlike a *kosmokrator*, God does not rule the earthly part of the world, leaving the sea to another ruler. Rather God saves both on land and sea, showing He is omnipotent. The term *kosmokrator* has technical meanings in some varieties of pagan thought, Christianity, and finally gnosticism where it became the title of the demiurge. At the base of all these traditions is probably the LXX, which often translated YHWH Sebaoth, "the Lord of Hosts" as *kosmokrator*. The late date of the tradition would argue for gnostic or Christian opposition. But it may also have been occasioned by an exegetical problem, without specific reference to heretical or gentile belief. An argument against figures helping God in His maintenance of the world may be implicit, but any relationship to "two powers in heaven" remains unstated. Therefore, this may only be an argument against polytheism generally.

One last occurrence of the term "two powers" uses the heresy incidentally but links the heresy to its corrective, the first of the Ten Commandments:

18 J. A. Zar. 3, 42c bottom.

PASSAGE 12

Pesikta Rabbati 20, 4

Then a troop of angels of destruction, strong and mighty, who are set round about the throne of glory, met him. When Moses reached them, they sought to burn him with the breath of their mouths. What did the Holy One, Blessed be He, do? He spread something of His own splendor about Moses, stood him up before His throne, and said: "Moses, make a reply to the ministering angels—speak up to them!" (The words: "*He causes (him) to take hold of the face of His throne and spreadeth His cloud upon him (Job. 26:9)*," prove, according to R. Nahum, that the Almighty spread about Moses something of the splendor of the presence of God, which is His cloud. Moses said to Him: "Master of the world, I fear that they will consume me with the breath of their mouths." God said: "Take hold of the throne of My glory and turn them back with thy words." Thereupon Moses made bold and gave a reply to the ministering angels. He said: "You have no cause to burn me with the breath of your mouths (in your wish to keep the Torah for yourselves.) In the Torah it is written (for the guidance of mortals) '*I am the Lord your God.*' (Ex. 20:2). But you, (who live in the very presence of the one God)—how could you have many gods? In the Torah it is written Thou shalt have no other Gods (Ex. 20:3). [Have you divided minds?] Have you 'two powers' (such as mortals are likely to have)?..."¹⁹

This late report in *Pesikta Rabbati* contains a passing reference to "two powers in heaven." The legend began as a commentary on Ex. 20:2 and related how Moses went up to heaven in the cloud on Sinai to get the Ten Commandments for Israel. This legend recounts a heavenly journey, a primary motif of Merkabah mysticism and implies, as Philo did, that Moses shared in God's divinity, though here it is solely for his protection. The reference to "two powers" occurs when Moses confronts the ministering angels, who, knowing a good thing when they see it, want to keep the Torah for themselves. Moses is forced to persuade them that the Torah is meant for Israel. He argues that the laws are designed only for man because the angels do not need them. They do not covet, have neither father nor mother, nor do they practice idolatry. He asks the angels whether or not they believe in "two powers," since they selfishly want to keep the first commandment for themselves. The first commandment is obviously viewed as a firm defense against dualistic or binitarian heresy. It is also clear that these traditions must be late since the charge of "two powers" is conventional, only used as a folkloric motif and presupposes no live heretical issue in the community.

¹⁹ Tr. Braude, p. 408-9 with changes to express the direct reference to "two powers" in the Hebrew.

Marmorstein mentions two further places, not yet discussed, where he feels the heresy of "two powers" is implied. In one place I can agree that the issue is "two powers," but the passage itself seems to be an interpolation. His second occurrence is less sure.²⁰

Marmorstein quotes a version of M. Ps. to Ps. 53:9:

According to worldly custom, a king of flesh and blood has a duke for each domain and they carry on the burden of government with him. When the princes are assisting they also share in his grandeur. But the Holy One, Blessed be He is not like that. He has neither duke, nor governor nor second-in-command, as it is said: "What god is there in heaven or on earth who can match your works and mighty deeds?" (Dt. 3:24). "I am the Lord who made all things, by myself I stretched out the skies, alone I hammered out the floor of the earth." (Is. 44:24 f.) None else shares His burden, as it is said: "I performed it and carried it out."²¹

Since Braude has left the version out of his English edition of M. Ps., he must view it as secondary. However at whatever point it entered the tradition, it is an argument against "two powers" of the conventional sort we have noticed. Marmorstein also listed another place which he feels is relevant to the heresy and which should be mentioned, M. Ps. 51:8.

"Only He alone knows, which wonderful deeds He will perform." is the key phrase for Marmorstein, who believes it to be a covert argument against gnostics. This is certainly possible, but that does not seem to be a necessary conclusion. The passage only argues against people who claim to prophesize, without mention of the cosmology to which they adhere. Even less evident is the relationship to "two powers" heresy. It rather seems to me that the "alone" in scripture occasions what is now a conventional remark taken from rabbinic "two powers" polemic.

These last two passages have been mentioned because they were linked with the heresy by the last generation of scholars. However, most editions of M. Ps. do not even print these few lines. Passages of this sort can be discovered in other, less obscure places as well, but they will yield no further information for our study. It is best now to summarize what has been found in the rabbinic texts and then turn to the extra-rabbinic evidence, which solves some of the ambiguities we noted in the rabbinic texts.

²⁰ Both may be found in Marmorstein, *RGS*, I, p. 71.

²¹ Ps. 53:9.

CHAPTER TEN

SUMMARY OF RABBINIC FINDINGS

The rabbinic evidence is now before us. Many questions remain; but a number of new observations about "two powers" can be made. First, we should note that the heresy is almost entirely confined to Palestine. Not one historical tradition is set in Babylonia. The defense against the heresy is attributed only to Palestinian sages or to Babylonian sages who emigrated to Palestine. This suggests not only a Palestinian locale for the heresy, but a date for the battle which would precede Judaism's intensive contact with orthodox Zoroastrianism in amoraic Babylonia.

More importantly, we can differentiate several early stages of the rabbinic defense against the heresy. Heretical doctrine was only infrequently attacked by direct phenomenological or doctrinal characterizations—like "those who say there is no power in heaven," or "those who say there are two powers in heaven," or "many powers in heaven." No doubt the rabbis debated about doctrine, for such doctrinal characterizations provided the technical terms for the various heresies. However they recorded their legal-exegetical discussions more carefully. The beginning of the long battle can be seen best in two different, equally early areas—polemical exegesis and liturgical orthopraxy.

The earliest differences of opinion for which we have evidence were centered on scripture. The rabbis attempted to defeat a growing body of sectarian biblical exegesis supporting a binitarian heresy by suggesting an orthodox understanding of the crucial scripture. We also have evidence of an attempt to exclude various heretical understandings of providence from the synagogue by silencing prayers associated with them from use in public services. The association between the "two powers" heresy and the various liturgical formulae about God's providence is made by the amoraim, but the tannaitic material implies that the themes of justice and mercy were united with the themes of the appearances of God by the mid-second century.

The earliest datable manifestations of the heresy are to be found in exegetical battles:

Dangerous Scriptural Passages

Tannaitic Evidence

- Chapter 2: *Conflicting Appearances of God:*
 Exodus 15:3 vs. Ex. 24:10 f.
 Daniel 7:9 f., later Ps. 22:2
defense: Ex. 20:2
 Dt. 32:39
 Is. 46:4 } i.e. Is. 44-47 generally
 44:6 } as well as other II
 41:4 } Isaiah passages
- Chapter 3: *Aber and Metatron*
 Daniel 7:9 f.
 Exodus 24:1 f.
 possibly: Ps. 37:25 (LXX 36:25)
 Ps. 104:31 (LXX 103:31, see Hull. 60a)
 Ex. 23:21
- Chapter 4: *A Controversy between Ishmael and Akiba;
 Heaven and Earth as Divine Powers:*
 Genesis 1:1
 Genesis 4:1
 Genesis 21:20
- Chapter 5: *Midrashic Warnings Against Two Powers*
 Deuteronomy 32:39 (?)
defense: Dt. 32:39
 Nu. 15:30
- Chapter 6: *Liturgical Prohibitions in the Mishnah*
 Deuteronomy 22:6 (?)
defense: Deuteronomy 6:4, 22:6
- Chapter 7: *Many Powers in Heaven;
 Adam as a Divine Creature*
 Genesis 1:26 Gen. 2:7 etc.
 Genesis 19:24
 Amos 4:13

Amoraic Evidence

- Chapter 8: *How Many Powers Created the World?*
- | | | |
|-------------|-----------------|-----------|
| Gen. 1:26 | <i>defense:</i> | Gen. 1:27 |
| Gen. 11:7 | | Gen. 11:5 |
| Gen. 35:7 | | Gen. 35:3 |
| Dt. 4:7 | | Dt. 4:7 |
| 2 Sam. 7:23 | | |

Dan. 7:9	Dan. 7:10
Gen. 1:1	
Gen. 1:26	Gen. 1:27
Josh 22:22	Josh 22:22
Ps. 50:1 (LXX 49:1)	
Josh. 24:19	
Dt. 4:7	Ps. 77:13
	Ps. 78:24
	Ps. 47:8
	Ps. 108:7
	Gen. 4:23

Chapter 9: *Divine Partners and Angels*

Gen. 1:1	<i>defense:</i>	Ps. 119:160
Gen. 1:1		Jer. 10:10
		Ps. 44:24
Gen. 2:4		Dt. 6:4
		Dt. 32:6

The crucial issues which can be dated early are: (1) a dangerous understanding of Dan. 7:9 f.; (2) dangerous contradictions between the portrayal of God as heavenly warrior (especially in Ex. 15:3) and the figure of an old man on a heavenly throne assumed to be described in various theophanies (especially Ex. 24:10 f.); (3) a tradition about a principal angel, based on Ex. 20 f., said to be Metatron in the amoraic traditions but whose real significance is that he is YHWH or the bearer of the divine name (using Ex. 23:21 f.).

These passages may have little in common in their origin. But they all picture God Himself as a man or posit a principal angel, with the shape of a man, who aids God in the governance of the world. Since the passages share a revelatory vision of the angelic figure or picture God sitting on His throne, other major biblical texts, describing God's angel or His enthronement could also be relevant. The angelophany and theophany passages of Genesis and Exodus might be included, as well as Is. 6 and Ex. 1. Besides Ex. 23:21 f. which the rabbis discuss at length, it might include Gen. 16:7 f., 21:17 f., 22:11, 31:11 f., Ex. 3:2 f., Ju. 2:1 f. where references to the angel of YHWH and Elohim are confused in the text.

The earliest isolatable rabbinic opposition to "two powers," then, is not against ethical dualism, but against a principal angel or mediator. While it seems possible that the angelic or anthropomorphic creature has some relation to the problem of theodicy, the helping angel is in no way evil. The portrayal of the second figure does not explain the existence of evil so much as the appearance of a sublime divinity to

men. Therefore it is apt to call such beliefs "binitarianism" or "ditheism" rather than "dualism."

The rabbis counter the dangerous angelologies by suggesting different interpretations of the passages under discussion. They maintain that the two different descriptions of God can be resolved into one just and merciful figure—just as Ex. 15:3 and 24:10 refer to one God, once Ex. 20:2 is taken into account.

Is. 44 f. and Dt. 32 are seen as especially helpful for the rabbinic defense in order to show that the Bible explicitly forbids "binitarianism" when it says that only one God rules the world. In the amoraic period, an additional, highly conventional response to the heretical arguments develops, which dismisses the scriptural passages important to the heresy but avoids any detailed description of the heretical beliefs by concentrating on grammar. Rabbis Yohanan and Simlai are probably the first to teach that wherever a grammatical plural in scripture modifies God, the counter-argument of God's unity can be deduced from the singular grammatical forms which are invariably associated with that plural.

By the middle of the second century the doctrine of God's justice and mercy is combined with the name of God traditions. There is evidence of several sets of terminology to discuss the relationship between God and His attributes, but the received identification of names and attributes is apparently already in effect by then. This development is coterminous with rabbinic discussions of heretical views of God's justice or mercy. Whenever they developed, the basic traditions concerning the angelic figure are older than the time of R. Akiba and R. Ishmael because the rabbinic defense against the heresy contradicts the rabbinic doctrine of divine mercy and justice which was known to both of them.¹

R. Nathan defends Jewish scripture against the heretical idea that God has created in secret. When put together with the issues of God's justice and mercy, this defense may imply complementary binitarianism but is more appropriate to the controversy either with Marcion or with extreme gnosticism. It is datable to the second century and probably served as the impetus to rapid development of rabbinic doctrines of mercy and justice. These issues were probably not totally unknown, however, before the mid-second century, since we shall see that Philo records many traditions concerned with such subjects.

¹ See p. 44 f.

Other traditions are associated with "two powers" in more obscure ways. These include notions about the process of creation or about Adam, who, in this context, is seen as a gigantic, mythic creature—possibly even an angel or a helper of God in creation. These traditions, only hinted at in the rabbinic writings and associated with "many powers in heaven" by the tannaim, centered around the creation story in Genesis. Though they appear in tannaitic writings, they are greatly elaborated upon by the amoraim, who first link them specifically with "two powers." Apparently at some point, a whole variety of different exegetical traditions are grouped together under the category of "two powers." From the rabbinic evidence alone, *it is not possible to show that any one heretical group combined all the different doctrines associated with the heresy.* Rabbinic literature presents a composite picture with many different positions being subsumed as heresy throughout the rabbinic period. It is possible to isolate some of the early tannaitic evidence but in the amoraic period all is melded. Thus even the historicity of the various attributions to amoraic rabbis is a moot point.

To summarize the exegetical front of the battle against "two powers" from the texts then, we see that the earliest isolatable layers of tradition can be discovered only as an early stratum in the Mekhilta and related passages (passages 1 and 2). Similar traditions of great antiquity may be safely supposed to lie behind the mystical traditions in the Talmud (passages 3 and 4). However, it cannot be assumed that the leading tannaim practiced mysticism in the way it is described. In the rest of the tannaitic passages, that exegetical sophistication developed in the earlier passages is put to use in fighting a variety of enemies. In the amoraic period the following passages are recorded as important in the heresy: Gen. 1:1, 1:26, 2:7, 11:7, 19:24, 35:7, Dt. 4:7, 2 Sam. 7:23, Dan. 7:9, Josh. 22:22, Ps. 50:1. Many of these were evident or implied in the tannaitic discussions. In most of the late cases the heretical issues are left obscure by the rabbis, so we must reconstruct them where we can. A number of the heretical arguments, however, are not attested in the tannaitic discussions. It is even probable that traditions originally having nothing to do with "two powers" were brought under the rubric in amoraic times. Clearly then, by the amoraic period, "two powers" was a broad enough category to include a number of different binitarian sectarians, some of whom could be described as radical, cosmic dualists.

The mishnaic evidence emphasizes the second thrust of the rabbinic offensive against heresy—ostracism from the synagogue. It is likely that the “two powers” sects were among the heretical groups excluded from the synagogue during earliest times, but it is not easy to characterize or date the entire battle.

The process of ostracism probably received its first impetus from Gamaliel—who expanded the curse against enemies of the synagogue in the liturgy to include the *minim*.² People who led prayers in the synagogue were admonished not to use a number of heretical prayers, among which was the “MWDYM... MWDYM” formula. But that formula is clearly related to “two powers” only at a later date when scholars agree that Christianity was included in the curse in the Amidah as well.³ Since we are sure that Christians were called “two powers” heretics by the late tannaim, we have some good reason to suspect that believers in “two powers” traditions were also among those cursed by the synagogue, even if they were not yet associated with the other heretical behaviors enunciated by the Mishnah. Yet the Mishnah does not identify the heretics who say “MWDYM... MWDYM” with the term “two powers.” We must conclude that this is an oversight, or that the prayer formula was not associated only with the “two powers” heresy at first, or that the term “two powers” became conventional only at a later time. The last possibility seems most likely, but all of them could be partly true.

Besides the mishnaic reports about rabbinic supervision of liturgy, we know that the later rabbis relied on the first commandment (Ex. 20:2), once a part of the liturgy,⁴ as a defense against dualism. The midrash to Deuteronomy points out that the Shema (Dt. 6:4 f.), together with its antiphonal answer, were also seen as the pronouncements *par excellence* against “binitarian” heresy. The rabbinic texts only associate “two powers” with the liturgical passages during the amoraic period, but the use of the same scriptures in exegetical battles

² See Elbogen, p. 36 f. for a discussion of the Birkat Haminim written by Samuel the Younger under the direction of Gamaliel. Samuel's text was probably appended to an earlier, version against the “arrogant,” and other enemies of the synagogue. Joseph Heinemann, *Prayer in the Period of the Tannaim and the Amoraim: Its Nature and its Patterns* [in Hebrew] (Jerusalem: 1966), p. 142-4.

³ A synagogue curse offensive to Christians is mentioned by several church fathers.

⁴ Ber. 1, 3c. See Geza Vermes, “The Decalogue and the Minim,” *Post-Biblical Jewish Studies* (Leiden: 1975), pp. 169-177.

is demonstrable in the tannaitic period. Furthermore, extra-rabbinic sources suggest the antiquity of the tradition.⁵

Other liturgical rulings point out the rabbinic strategy for excluding heretics from the synagogues. For instance, the ruling about hearing the whole benediction before pronouncing "amen" (Ber. 8 end) prevented any sectarians from gaining a measure of acceptance by inserting their prayers into synagogue benedictions and having them ratified with an "amen." The ruling is mentioned specifically with regard to Samaritans, but Christians used the suspect formulae in their creeds as well.⁶ Even The Apostles' Creed would have been completely orthodox in its beginning and closing. Only the middle contains material heretical from the Jewish perspective. Furthermore, "Samaritan" and "sectarian" are often confused in the manuscripts of rabbinic texts. From our study of tannaitic times it has become clear that Samaritans, Christians and other sectarians were grouped together and condemned in rabbinic heresiological writings and in liturgical ordinances because there was a phenomenological similarity between them from the rabbinic perspective: they all compromised monotheism by positing more than one authority in heaven.⁷

The term "two powers" may once have designated a specific group and circulated in various individual traditions but it appears to have become a stock characterization of heresy toward the end of the tannaitic period and to have lost any specificity it may have originally had. In some texts either "two powers" or "two gods" is used to describe the dangerous exegeses. The difficult passage at b. Ber. 11b (which calls the heresy DW BR) appears to be a defective rendering of some alternative denomination for "two powers." Toward the end

⁵ The Shema, like much of the Deuteronomist perenesis, contains the proclamation of God's unity emphasizing particularly the fear and love of God, which in turn were associated with the two aspects of justice and mercy in midrashic literature. The same structure of thought is found as early as Philo. There is some evidence that Philo was relying on even more ancient tradition in discussing this matter (see p. 178 f.), suggesting a very early origin for the relatively late discussion of fear and love that we find in our present texts.

⁶ See *Didache* 82 and Elbogen, p. 253.

⁷ Even methods of exegesis against dangerous scriptural passages found their way into the liturgy. According to Mann's reconstruction of the triennial cycle of the scripture readings which was current in Palestine, the *haftarah* for the Ten Commandments was chosen in order to deal with the same issues that we are discussing. Jacob Mann, *The Bible as Read and Preached in the Old Synagogue* (New York: 1971), believed that the Ten Commandments *sidrah* actually began at Ex. 20:2 in the triennial cycle, because the ten commandments actually began there. Mann believed that the *haftarah* for Ex. 20:2 f. must have started with Is. 43:11 and continued through v. 21.

of the tannaitic period, and into the amoraic, the term "two powers" became more popular, possibly because it defined the heresy doctrinally, but did not reveal much information about it. It could be easily contrasted with "no power in heaven" on the one hand and "many powers in heaven" on the other. By the beginning of the amoraic period "two powers" was the clearly understood title for all binitarian or dualistic heresies and doubtlessly no longer referred to any one particular sect.

It seems clear, then, that the synagogue and academies in Palestine were the locus of the debate and defense against "two powers." Exegesis was the earliest battleground of the conflict. Although the answers to the heretics were worked out by the academies, the question must have been raised in relation to Bible-reading and by groups who were interested in hearing the Jewish Bible expounded. Since we know that some "two powers" heretics were among those cursed in the synagogue, we can assume the following tentative reconstruction of the evidence: Either contemporary with the exegetical problem or immediately after it, a successful campaign was mounted to silence various sectarians in the synagogue by regulating the content and procedures of prayer. Among those silenced were some evincing "two powers" interpretations of scripture. The sectarians may not have called themselves "two gods" or "two powers" heretics. Only the offended party, from a new position of authority, described these doctrines as heresy. When the rabbis insisted that prayers in synagogue meet specific standards of monotheism, the incipient heretics and the rabbis withdrew from each other by mutual consent but certainly on less than peaceful terms. Although they separated, the groups encountered each other in debate frequently, showing that the heretics continued to proliferate and that they remained in close proximity to the rabbinic community. Since the *provenance* of the debate was largely Palestine, when the center of Jewish life moved to Babylonia, the debate slackened. The heretics were entirely outside of the synagogue and probably were no longer in active conflict with the Jewish community. The late occurrences of "two powers" traditions may have been occasioned by sporadic encounters with heretics but seem primarily meant for the encouragement and edification of believers rather than for defense against a threatening heretical group.

The next step in the investigation should be clear. At the beginning of the discussion of this heresy, several candidates for the charge of dualism were surveyed. In the next section, I will try to identify the

most likely candidates among the groups mentioned in Section I. Those using scriptures found dangerous by the rabbis will figure prominently in the discussion. Of course, particular note will be taken of Christianity and gnosticism which have frequently been implicated by the evidence (as well as by the suggestion of previous scholars).

To be sure, other apocalyptic and mystical groups have been implicated as well. But some tentative observations are possible at the outset, based on what we know about Christianity. Since Christian documents can be read as representative of one "two powers" group's experience, the reconstruction of the controversy previously outlined gains support. The book of Acts stresses that Christian evangelism began in the synagogues and expanded as the Jews rejected it. The Christian documents do not go into detail about the rabbinic grounds for the rejection. I feel the rabbinic evidence examined in this study clarifies that issue. It shows us that the rabbis opposed any group which emphasized a primary mediator. Christians were probably not uniquely condemned for there is nothing uniquely anti-Christian in the polemic. But it does not tell the whole story. The tentative reconstruction of events will continue to grow in attractiveness as the extra-rabbinic evidence unfolds. In due course, I think it will be possible to clarify some important historical relationships between Judaism, Christianity and gnosticism. The rabbinic polemic, when placed in the context of the known and datable extra-rabbinic evidence, suggests a chronology for the origin of extreme gnosticism and some of the reasons for its development.

One of the conclusions about gnostic origins is already evident: a full-blown gnostic salvation myth is unlikely to have existed in the first century. A number of reasons support this judgement. First, in the earliest rabbinic records the heretics do not seem to believe in two opposing gods, implying that the heretics were not dualistic in the usual sense. Second, nothing specifically or uniquely Christian or gnostic can be discovered in the heresy at first. Third, a number of groups were involved so there need not have been a unified mythology behind the heresy. Fourth, rather than a savior descending and rising there is much evidence that the angelic figure was to guide mystics and saints to the throne or to punish and forgive sins. Some of the gnostic versions of the "two powers" heresy, as we shall see, make more sense as a later stage of tradition designed to answer the rabbinic defense against the earlier binitarianism.

PART THREE

THE EXTRA-RABBINIC EVIDENCE AND CONCLUSIONS

CHAPTER ELEVEN

PHILO

The survey of rabbinic traditions about "two powers" has given us some clues for discovering the identity of the heretics whose beliefs became the target of the charge of "two powers." The major criterion must be the use by sectarian candidates of the same biblical verses which the rabbis associate with the heresy. We can now survey the dualistic phenomena outlined in the introduction. This time, we can concentrate on those extra-rabbinic traditions which support the ideas of a second figure in heaven by means of the scriptural passages at the center of the rabbinic controversy. Of course, in a work of this size, only the broad outlines of the history of the tradition can be suggested. Specialists in each of the extra-rabbinic literatures should be able to work through the arguments in more detail.

The first significant extra-rabbinic evidence of "two powers" traditions is from Philo. He actually uses the term "two Gods" which was a synonym for "two powers" in rabbinic thought.¹ Yet his opinion of the idea, when we look carefully, is not entirely negative:

Yet there can be no cowering fear for the man who relies on the hope of the divine comradeship, to whom are addressed the words "I am the God who appeared to thee in the place of God." (Gen. 31 : 13). Surely a right noble cause of vaunting it is, for a soul that Gods deigns to show himself to and converse with it. And do not fail to mark the language used, *but carefully inquire whether there are two Gods*; for we read "I am the God that appeared to thee," not "in my place" but "in the place of God," as though it were another's. What then are we to say? He that is truly God is one, but those that are improperly so-called are more than one. Accordingly, the holy word in the present instance has indicated Him who truly is God by means of the articles, saying "I am the God," while it omits the article when mentioning him who is improperly so called, saying "who appeared to thee in the place" not "of the God" but simply "of God."²

¹ See p. 60, 74.

² *Som.* i 227-229 (Loeb, V, 417, tr. Colson and Whitaker). The translation, unless otherwise noted will be that of the Loeb edition. — Italics added.

Philo discusses the concept of a second deity as an explanation of the many anthropomorphisms in the Bible. Strictly speaking, "second God" is an improper designation for the divinity described in Genesis 31, the God of Beth-El. But Philo takes a tolerant view of such improprieties because the Bible itself uses anthropomorphic language to describe God. Immediately after discussing "the second God," Philo brings up the problem of anthropomorphism directly:

And the sacred word ever entertaining holier and more august conceptions of Him that is, yet at the same time longing to provide instruction and teaching for the life of those who lack wisdom, likened God to man, not however, to any particular man. For this reason it has ascribed to Him face, hands, feet, mouth, voice, wrath and indignation, and over and beyond these, weapons, entrances and exits, movements up and down and all ways, and in following this general principle in its language it is concerned not with truth, but with the profit accruing to its pupils. For some there are altogether dull in their natures, incapable of forming any conception whatever of God as without a body, people whom it is impossible to instruct otherwise than in this way, saying that as a man does so God arrives and departs, goes down and comes up, makes use of a voice, is displeased at wrongdoings, is inexorable in His anger, and in addition to all this has provided Himself with shafts and swords and all other instruments of vengeance against the unrighteous. For it is something to be thankful for if they can be taught self-control by the terror held over them by these means. Broadly speaking the lines taken throughout the Law are these two only, one that which keeps truth in view and so provides the thought "God is not as man" (Num. 23 : 19) the other that which keeps in view the ways of thinking of the duller folk, of whom it is said, "The Lord God will chasten thee, as a man should chasten his son" (Dt. 8 : 5). Why then do we wonder any longer at His assuming the likeness of angels, seeing that for the succour of those that are in need He assumes the likeness of man? Accordingly, when He says, "I am the God who was seen of thee in the place of God" (Gen. 31 : 13) understand that He occupied the place of an angel only so far as appeared, without changing with a view to the profit of him who was not yet capable of seeing the true God.³

An anthropomorphic divinity is thus one of the two basic ways in which God can be conceived by man. The other is through pure intellectual activity. But both ways are based on an exegesis of scripture as far as Philo is concerned. Philo distinguishes the two understandings of God on the basis of two scriptural references. The first, summarized

³ *Som.* i 234-237. (Loeb, V, p. 421-23, tr. Colson and Whitaker.)

in Dt. 8:5, involves the description of God in terms appropriate to men, so that men may see him and the unsophisticated may learn of Him. The second, summarized in Nu. 23:19, is the conception of God available to those who have come to perceive Him truly, and is available only to those who are well enough trained by philosophical discipline to receive revelation. Philo takes these two contradictory ideas in scripture—figuring God as man, and knowing that He is not—as summaries both of man's knowledge of God and of the whole process of exegesis.⁴ They explain and justify the differences between the literal and allegorical methods of reading scripture. Therefore Philo finds it inappropriate to speak of God, the ultimate transcendent being, in anthropomorphic terms, yet justifies the language of the Bible as a valid pedagogical adaptation to the minds of people who have not learned otherwise. On the other hand, he will not abandon the importance of the text as it stands, sacrificing all literal meaning to the allegory. Thus God can actually appear to men as a man or angel. Any Jew or gentile would be able to call God's angels divine, or a "second God," as Philo himself does, while only the most trained would be able to see that this title does not compromise monotheism.⁵

The remark about a "second God" was occasioned by the angelic theophany which Jacob witnessed. The existence of the second figure is necessary exegetically, because the angel which appeared to Jacob was both shaped like a man and called a god. Of course, the story is important to Philo not only for discussing anthropomorphism, but also because Philo is interested in characterizing the type of vision vouchsafed to the mystic seeker of God, here symbolized by the patriarch Jacob-Israel. Philo takes the story to mean that the mystic can see a figure of God which is a "second God," but that figure does not compromise monotheism.

The identity of the second figure is especially interesting. Philo's exegesis relies on the Septuagint translation of "place of God" for the place-name of Beth-El (lit. house of God). For Philo, "place" is an important concept which may have three different meanings.⁶ The first definition corresponds to a physical space filled with a material

⁴ See, e.g., *Quod Deus* 53 f., 56 f., 61-62. *Leg. All.* iii 204-207. See also N. A. Dahl, *Widersprüche*.

⁵ See discussions of Philo's allegorical method in J. Pépin, *Mythe et Allégorie* (Paris: 1958), p. 238. Sowers, *Hermeneutics*, p. 238. Wolfson, *Philo*, I, 25, 37, 55-86; II, 94-126.

⁶ *Som.* i, 62.

form, our normal understanding of the term. The second corresponds to the *logos*,⁷ the hypostasized intelligence of God, and the third corresponds to God himself.⁸ Although he defines the terms philosophically, Philo's terminology bears striking resemblance to the early rabbinic designation MQWM for God. His concept of *logos* is similar to the rabbinic doctrine of God's *Shekhinah*, each of which is often used to explain the same difficult scriptures.⁹

When "place" refers to something divine revealed to man, as it did in the passage above, for Philo, it may mean God's image, His *logos*. It is, in fact, impossible for man to see God and live (Ex. 33:20). However, Moses and the elders see the image of God or everything "that is behind me" (Ex. 33:23). These are equivalent to the *logos* which as a second God can also be given the title "Lord." (*kyrios* = YHWH).¹⁰

This doctrine, which allows that "place" is a divine creature called Lord, cannot strike us as innocent, especially when we know that "Lord" is synonymous with the tetragrammaton and when the structure of the argument resembles the heretical argument which R. Ishmael b. Yosi countered at Gen. 19:24. We remember that R. Ishmael opposed the exegesis of Gen. 19:24 which derived a second power in heaven, (who was the agent of God in the destruction of Sodom)¹¹ from the second appearance of the divine name YHWH. By a similar method, Philo derives the idea that the *logos* is a separate, second divine hypostasis from the fact that "God" is repeated in "place of God" instead of using the pronoun (i.e., *My place*) as one would normally expect. Because of this, the *logos* is properly a god and may be called by the divine names. Philo is using an argument which R. Ishmael found dangerous. Furthermore he has paralleled the structure of the argument in the Mekhilta.¹²

The reasoning by which the name of God and the *logos* become

⁷ *Op.* 20 (C-W I 6, 9, 11), *Som.* i, 66, i, 117 f., I, 229 (C-W III 219, 6; 23, 4 f. cf., 253, 24 f.). See Koester, "topos" in *TDNT*.

⁸ *Leg. All.* i, 44 (C-W I, 72, 5) *Fug.* 75 (C-W III, 125, 25) *Fug.* 77 (III, 126, 8) *Som.* i, 64 (C-W III, 218, 24) *Leg. All.* iii 1 (C-W I, 114, 4) *Sob.* 63 (C-W II, 227-32).

⁹ Wolfson, *Philo*, I, 200-294.

¹⁰ See, e.g., *Fug.* 164 f., *Mut.* 8-10. This can be profitably compared with the rabbinic legend in the Mekhilta.

¹¹ See p. 118 f.

¹² See p. 35 f.

equated is also familiar to us. In this same passage in *On Dreams*, Philo states:

Here it gives the title of "God" to His chief Word, not from any superstitious nicety in applying names, but with one aim before him, to use words to express facts. Thus in another place, when he had inquired whether He that is has any proper name, he came to know full well that He has no proper name, [the reference is to Ex. 6 :3] and that whatever name anyone may use for Him he will use by license of language; for it is not the nature of Him that is to be spoken of, but simply to be. Testimony to this is afforded also by the divine response made to Moses' question whether He has a name, even "I am He that is (Ex. 3 : 14)." It is given in order that, since there are not in God things which man can comprehend, man may recognize His substance. To the souls indeed which are incorporeal and are occupied in His worship it is likely that He should reveal himself as He is, conversing with them as friend with friends; but to souls which are still in a body, giving Himself the likeness of angels, not altering His own nature, for He is unchangeable, but conveying to those which receive the impression of His presence a semblance in a different form, such that they take the image to be not a copy, but that original form itself.¹³

It is by virtue of the revelation of the divine name to Moses that the *logos* comes to be equated with the name of God. Of course, Philo is again dealing with the same biblical citations and issues which gave the rabbis so much trouble in succeeding centuries. Though Philo maintains no human characterization is properly applied to God, he also says that the *logos* may be called God, since it is in the form of the *logos* that God has chosen to reveal himself. Philo also seems to imply that certain men are actually able to see God directly, if they can transcend materiality. Conversely, he knows of men who know only the *logos*, who "take the image to be not a copy, but that original form itself." It takes but a small leap of the imagination, based on Philo's discussion of those "incapable of forming any conception of God whatsoever without a body" to suspect that there were others in Philo's day who spoke of a "second god," but who were not as careful as Philo in defining the limits of the term.

The importance of this kind of argument to the rabbinic texts ought to be clear. The parallel remains striking even when the biblical context is unfamiliar. Philo can use the same argument and the same term "second God" (Greek: *deuteros theos*, Latin: *secundus deus*)

¹³ *Som.* i, 230-33. (Loeb V, p. 419-21, tr. Colson and Whitaker).

whenever the biblical text might imply the existence of a second deity, not just when the term "place" is present:

(Gen. IX : 6) Why does (Scripture) say, as if (speaking) of another God, "In the image of God He made man" and not "in His own image"?

Most excellently and veraciously this oracle was given by God. For nothing mortal can be made in the likeness of the Most High One and father of the universe *but (only) in that of the second God, who is His logos*. For it was right that the rational part of the human soul should be formed as an impression by the divine *logos*, since the pre-*logos* God is superior to every rational nature. But He who is above the *logos* exists in the best and in a special form—what thing that comes into being can rightfully bear His likeness? Moreover, Scripture wishes to show that God most justly avenges the virtuous and decent men because they have certain kinship with His *logos*, of which the human mind is a likeness and image.¹⁴

Here Philo makes no disclaimer about the metaphoric quality of the terms he is using. He unabashedly calls the *logos* a "second God." Thus, in calling attention to various similar scriptural passages, the rabbis were not just stylizing theoretical arguments. Real traditions of a "second God" were present in Judaism as early as the time of Philo. Though the rabbis are opposed to the whole notion, Philo seems only to be opposed to the naive forms of the belief.

Of course, the idea of a "second God" raised the problem of compromising monotheism with Philo as well. Philo's answer to the problem was, as we saw in *On Dreams*, entirely unique. He said that when one looks carefully at the articles before the nouns in the sentence, one sees that "a god" merely refers to the divinity present at that moment, while the high God is signified either by the noun "God," without the article, or "the God" with a definite article.

In other words, Philo allows for the existence of a second, principal, divine creature, whom he calls a "second God," who nevertheless is only the visible emanation of the High, ever-existing God. In doing this, he has an entirely different emphasis than the rabbis. He is clearly following the Greek philosophers.¹⁵ Like them, he is reluctant

¹⁴ Italics added. *Quest. in Gen.* ii, 62 Philo Supplement I, p. 150, tr. R. Marcus. Eusebius (*P.E.* VII, 13, 1) credits Philo with the term "second God," denoting the *logos*.

¹⁵ See Wolfson, *Philo*, I, ch. 4 to whom I am heavily indebted for the following discussion. See also Festugière p. 162 and E. Peterson, *Der Monotheismus als politisches Problem* (Leipzig: 1935).

to conceive of a pure, eternal God who participates directly in the affairs of the corruptible world. So he employs a system of mediation by which God is able to reach into the transient world, act in it, fill it, as well as transcend material existence, without implying a change in His essence. In these passages, Philo has suggested that the mediation is effected by the *logos*, who is the sum total of all the forms of the intelligible world and equal to the mind of God.

Philo uses the stoic word *logos* in place of the Platonic word *nous* to mean the mind of God, in which all the ideas or forms of our world are conceived. Possibly in doing so he wishes to emphasize both the intradeical and extradeical aspects of this concept. That is to say, as the mind of God, *logos* is equivalent to the intelligible world itself. But Philo also wishes to speak of *logos* as an extradeical hypostasis of God. That transition is possible because divine thought is different in quality from human thought. For God, thinking is equivalent to acting. So the *logos*, defined as the thinking faculty of God, can easily be described also as an incorporeal being, created for the purpose of carrying out His thoughts, having existence outside of God as well as containing the forms of the whole world. Thus, Philo can use his concept of *logos* both for philosophical argumentation and for explaining the anthropomorphisms in the Bible. The *logos* becomes the actual figure of God, who appears "like a man" in order that men may know His presence.¹⁶

It is clear that Philo uses and approves of the term "second God" which the rabbis later would find repugnant, because it allows him to maintain the truth both of his philosophy and of his scripture at the

¹⁶ The vocabulary Philo uses is not unlike some other mystical, philosophical systems. Gilles Quispel (*Gnostic Studies*, I) points out that the Paternal Intellect of the *Chaldean Oracles* (which is the receptacle of the sensible forms and the image of the godhead) is called a "second God" (*deuteros theos*) by Pletho. Quispel's point is that the conception of the second deity in the *Chaldean Oracles* (a second century document) handles the problem of visible manifestation of godhead in a Platonic fashion. At the same time, this presupposes the relationship between mystical theurgy and neo-Platonism that E. R. Dodds has suggested. He further maintains that these doctrines can be discovered in the gnostics who opposed Amoheus in the third century A.D. and even in the work of Basilides earlier. Exploring this suggestion at this moment would take us too far afield. But if his analysis is correct, it appears that Philo, in some ways, would represent an early example of this supposed mystical-philosophical tradition which sanctioned the concept of a "second God" to describe some aspect of the godhead.

The idea of a "second God" also shows up in Christian neo-platonism and in many philosophical discussions in the church. See p. 229 for Origen and the modalist controversy.

same time. However, it is possible that the correspondance between Philonic and rabbinic terms is accidental. In order to show that the correspondance is significant, as I believe it is, one has to ascertain that the rabbis and Philo had specific traditions in common. It would be nice to have some statement of direct reliance. Unfortunately, we have little. Therefore we must discover a more indirect relationship. One way to reveal the reliance is to demonstrate that Philo has a continuous, not a merely fortuitous, interest in interpreting the same scripture as the rabbis. If his interest in these scriptures is constant and his arguments are parallel to the rabbis, there is a great chance that he was using traditions current in his environment which were also known to the rabbis a century later.

The best way to begin demonstrating that Philo evinced the scriptural traditions both useful and abhorrent to the rabbis is to trace Philo's use of the scriptural passages dangerous to the rabbis and to see the great similarity in exegesis, technique and methods. In reviewing these passages, the rabbinic traditions of "two powers" will be constantly relevant. In looking at Philo's exegesis, I think one can see not just similar themes but a direct parallel with the rabbis.

For instance Philo stresses that there is no God besides God the Most High and uses Dt. 4:39, as the rabbis do, to deny that any other figure can be considered a God.

But let Melchizedek instead of water offer wine, and give to souls strong drink, that they may be seized by a divine intoxication, more sober than sobriety itself. For he is a priest, even Reason, having as his portion Him that is, and all his thoughts of God are high and vast and sublime: for he is the priest of the Most High (Gen. xiv. 18), not that there is any other not Most High — for God being One "is in heaven above and on earth beneath and there is none beside Him" (Deut. 4:39) — but to conceive of God not in low earthbound ways but in lofty terms, such as transcend all other greatness and all else that is free from matter, calls up in us a picture of the Most High.¹⁷

In this particular case, Philo denies that any other being can be God's agent, for there is only one God. It is interesting that Philo picks the context of the story of Melchizedek to discuss this issue, since elsewhere he allows that the *logos* can be considered as a "second God" and divine mediator. It appears as though Philo is opposed to

¹⁷ Leg. iii, 81.

some concepts of mediation, even while he maintains the agency of the *logos*.¹⁸

In explicating the significance of God's descent to the Tower of Babel, Philo comments on another of the biblical passages against which the rabbis warn—namely Ex. 24:10 f., the beginning of the Sinai theophany. The verse, so puzzling in rabbinic exegesis, is used by Philo to represent the gloating comment of Israel's enemies:

Behold . . . the eye of the soul, so translucent and pure, so keen of vision, the eye which alone is permitted to look upon God, the eye whose name is Israel, is imprisoned after all in the gross material nets of Egypt and submits to do the bidding of an iron tyranny, to work at brick and every earthly substance with labor painful and unremitting.¹⁹

Philo's understanding of the phrase describing God's throne in Exodus is, first of all, that it is seen by the eye of the soul, whose name is Israel. This is difficult to interpret unless one remembers that the name "Israel" is allegorized in several ways for Philo. Here he may be relying on an etymology in which Israel is taken as יִשְׂרָאֵל —"the man who sees God." Therefore Israel is the name which Jacob received only after the theophany at Beth-El, because it is there that Jacob saw God. Yet it is also the name of the angel with whom Jacob fought, since Israel can be a name for the *logos* in Philo.²⁰ Furthermore what holds for the patriarch can be applied to his namesake, the people Israel, who are descended from him. So Philo can discuss both the people and the divine presence in exile with them, a motif similar to the midrashim associated with this verse in rabbinic writings.

Philo continues, significantly:

But it is the special mark of those who serve the Existent that theirs are not the tasks of cupbearers or bakers or cooks or any other tasks of the earth . . . nor do they mould or fashion material forms like

¹⁸ See Fred. L. Horton, Jr., *The Melchizedek Tradition: A Critical Examination of the Sources to the Fifth Century A.D. and in the Epistle to the Hebrews* (Cambridge: 1976). See also Friedländer, *Gnosticismus*, p. 30-33. See also Birger Pearson, "Friedländer Revisited: Alexandrian Judaism and Gnosticism," *Studia Philonica*, 2 (1973) p. 26. Sometimes, Melchizedek is allegorized as the *logos* by Philo. See below, p. 168.

¹⁹ *Conf.* 92, (Loeb, IV, 61), tr. Colson and Whitaker. The continuation of the passage is cited below, p. 168. Also see p. 177 f.

²⁰ See especially *Conf.* 146. These traditions would seem to parallel those about a divine messenger whose name is Jacob or Israel. See p. 199 f. and J. Smith in *Religions in Antiquity*.

the brickmakers, but in their thoughts ascend to the heavenly height, setting before them Moses, the nature beloved of God, to lead the way. For *then they shall behold the place*, which, in fact, is the *logos*, where God stands, the never changing, never swerving and also what lies under His feet like "the work of a brick of sapphire, like the form of the firmament of the heaven" (Ex. 24 : 10) even the world of our senses, which he indicates in the mystery. ²¹

The story serves a further purpose in his argument: to demonstrate that Moses, the true servant of God, can have a mystical vision of God. Philo has used Moses' vision as a paradigm for the mystical vision available to the true believer. According to the LXX translation of Ex. 24:10 f. Moses and the elders saw not God, as in Hebrew, but only "*the place where God stands.*" LXX has balked at translating a phrase which implies that a man can see God. Instead it substituted the circumlocution "place where God stands." As we have seen, Philo's understanding of the word "place" is *logos*. Therefore, the mystic, here Moses, does not see God himself, but the *logos*, "the place where God stands," who is manifested in the narration at Ex. 24:10 f. as a human figure astride the world. ²²

Philo then takes up the theme of the impossibility of conceiving of God himself. He cautions us not to take the description of the human form literally. "God is not a man" (Nu. 23:19). The form of a man is produced in order to illustrate the concept of *logos*, which otherwise might be unfathomable. But this argument is already familiar from *On Dreams*. The theme of the heavenly figure produced at Ex. 24 here and at *On Dreams* has to do with the "second God." Furthermore, the whole structure of the argument is strikingly parallel in Philonic and rabbinic exegesis. Both traditions posit a contradiction between the vision of God in Ex. 24:10 and other statements about God in scripture. In the rabbinic case, the contradiction is between Ex. 15:3 and Ex. 24:10 f., which is solved by the use of Ex. 20:2. In Philo's case, the contradiction is resolved by use of the *logos* doctrine, followed by the use of contrasting passages Nu. 23:19 and Dt. 8:5 instead of Ex. 15:3. That Philo never used Ex. 15:3 for the same purpose as the rabbis is only an apparent difficulty which can be easily explained by the LXX translation. The LXX toned down the striking anthropo-

²¹ *Conf.* 95, (Loeb, IV, p. 61, tr. Colson and Whitaker).

²² This translation is based on the necessary emendation of *delos* to *de logos*, as suggested by Colson (Loeb, IV, 60, n. 2). The simple alteration of the garbled phrase makes clear the identification of *place* and *logos*. Otherwise it comes in too abruptly in section 97.

morphism of the original Hebrew by rendering it "The Lord, bringing wars to nought, the Lord is His name." In the process it made the verse inappropriate for the point that Philo wanted to make, forcing him to rely on other striking statements of God's human form. Philo and the rabbis, then, are relying on the same tradition, but they work with slightly different verses and have different opinions of the helping figure.²³

The *logos* can be present in Philo's exegesis because, both in Gen. 31:13 and in Ex. 24:10 f., the LXX translated the Hebrew with a circumlocution involving the word "place." The usual understanding is that the LXX borrowed language from several biblical citations equating place with the divine. For instance, in Ex. 33:21 God tells Moses to stand in "a place" near Him to see His glory. In Gen. 28:11 Abraham comes to "a place" where he meets an angel. Thus, at the very least, the entire angelic theophany in Exodus (and maybe those in Genesis as well) was seen as a close unit as early as LXX translation in the second century B.C.E.

Philo shared and developed this perspective in striking ways. Philo wants the *logos*, the goal of the mystical vision of God, to serve as a simple explanation for all the angelic and human manifestations of the divine in the Old Testament.²⁴ Thus Philo hints that, at the burning bush, Moses saw the image of Being, but elsewhere calls it an angel as the scripture requires.²⁵ Whatever is implied about the status of the tradition at the time of the LXX translation, this angelic manifestation of God is so consistent a character in the biblical drama for Philo that he blithely applies the description of the angel Moses saw to the angel that appeared to Abraham. Again the link is made on the basis of *place*. (Gen. 28:11):

For as long as he falls short of perfection, he has the Divine Word as his leader, since there is an oracle which says, "Lo I send my messenger before thy face to guard thee in thy way, that he may bring you into the land which I have prepared for thee; give heed

²³ See Marmorstein, *Essays in Anthropomorphism*, p. 8 f. The rabbis use Hosea 11:9 against anthropomorphism. There is evidence that the rabbis occasionally associated the word "man" with God, in e.g., Dan. 8:16, Ez. 1:26, Ecc. 2:21. See Gen. R. 27 (T-A, p. 255) Ecc. R. on 2:26, Tanh. Buber i, p. 24. See Marmorstein, *op. cit.*, p. 123 and *ORDOG*, p. 64-65.

²⁴ For the identification of *logos* and angel, see *Leg. All.* iii 177, *Conf.* 28, *Quis Her.* 205, *Som.* i, 239, *Cher.* 3, 35, *Mut.* 87, *Mig.* 173, *Post.* 91, *Som.* i, 115.

²⁵ *Mos.* i, 66.

to him and hearken to him, disobey him not; for he will by no means withdraw from you. For My name is in him." (Ex. 23 : 20 f.) ²⁶

The *logos*, a necessary part of Philo's ontology, is, as "place," generally and completely equated with the angel mentioned throughout Genesis and Exodus. It seems likely that the tradition of a single angelic messenger can be traced to the LXX itself but it is well developed by Philo. Furthermore, this angel is a creature who carries "the name of God", as scripture says (Ex. 23:21). This is the same scripture which the rabbis found so easily misinterpreted. But not only can Philo refer to YHWH as the *logos*, he can also interpret other occurrences of YHWH in scripture to indicate the presence of an angel, not God. For instance, the Lord (YHWH) standing on top of Jacob's ladder (Gen. 28:13) is identified as the archangel, the *logos*. ²⁷ Such ideas are facilitated by (and, in fact, probably mean to explain) a certain amount of confusion in the biblical narratives as to whether God himself or an angel appears. ²⁸

It should be clear by now that the passages which Philo uses to discuss the *logos* as agent of God are used by the opponents of the rabbis to discuss God's principal angel. These traditions are similar to the ones we found later among the merkabah mystics. They discuss God's angel, Metatron, whose name contains the divine name, YHWH, (as does Philo's *logos*), and who may have been called Yahoel or YHWH HQTWN in other traditions.

Now there is a further aspect of Philo's exegesis of Ex. 24:10 f. and Ex. 23:21 in the LXX that deserves mention. Philo carefully notes the presence of the word "stands" in the Greek phrase "place where God stands." The same phrase has been appropriated by the Greek translator of the LXX at Ex. 24:10 on the basis of its appearance at

²⁶ *Mig.* 174, See also *Som.* i, 115 based on the scriptural citation where Abraham meets a "place." (Gen. 28:11).

²⁷ *Mut.* 126, *Mig.* 168, *Som.* i, 57, *Leg. All.* iii, 177, *Mut.* 87, *Quis Her.* 205 and often, in fact, Philo is able to link the two Hebrew words for God, *Elohim* and *YHWH*, which he knew by their Greek equivalents *theos* and *kyrios*, with the Existent One and His *logos* respectively. This is certainly not the only meaning which he chooses to draw out of the names of God. Other ideas, like linking mercy and justice with the divine names, which is parallel to rabbinic thought (see p. 38 f.) will also be relevant to us. But such exegesis is always available to him in analyzing the Old Testament.

²⁸ Such confusion is usually explained by modern exegetes as due to differences between J and E sources of the Bible. Confusion between the angel of YHWH and God himself can be seen in Gen. 16:7 f., 21:17 f., 22:11, 31:11 f.; Ex. 3:2 f., Ju. 2:1 f. as well as Ex. 23:21 f. which the rabbis discuss.

Ex. 23:21. Philo takes special notice of it, by stating that "standing" or "establishment" is a particularly important part of the tradition about Moses' theophany. Applied to God, "standing" is an indication of God's immutability. Furthermore, this quality is so superabundantly present in God that Moses was able to share it and become, in a way, divine:

And Moses too gives his testimony to the unchangeability of the deity when he says: "They saw the place where the God of Israel stood." (Ex. 24 : 10) for by the standing or establishment he indicated His immutability. But indeed so vast in its excess is the stability of the deity that He imparts to chosen natures a share of His steadfastness to be their richest possession. For instance, he says of His covenant filled with His bounties, the highest law and principle, that is, which rules existent things, that this God image shall be firmly planted with just souls on its pedestals.²⁹

Nor is the idea of a heavenly journey merely touched on in Philo's thinking. Rather, it forms a major theme of Philo and can be seen in the quotation above from *The Migration of Abraham*.³⁰ Abraham is allegorized as "he who follows God (173)." Of course, for that journey to God, he has God's principal angel as guide. Elsewhere Abraham is said to have drawn near to God, "the Standing One," by virtue of Gen. 18:22 f.: "He was standing before the Lord and he drew near and said..." Moses, however, is the clearest example of the man worthy of standing with God: "But as for thee, stand thou here by Me." (Dt. 5:31).³¹ There can be no doubt that Philo meant to say that rare men of uncommon abilities can share in God's immutability by being summoned into or guided into His presence by means of the *logos*. The *logos*, ambiguously, is also the form of God, which can be seen by the mystic.

Therefore, the phrase "place where God stands" is definitely meant by Philo to imply a divine nature which not only angels and the *logos* but also men of perspicacity can share, if they journey to God with the *logos* as guide. Within Philo's works there is evidence that Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Israel, and Aaron, Levi and Melchizedek all share some prerogatives of God as exemplars of perfection.³² Although the doc-

²⁹ *Som.* ii, 222-3. (Loeb V, p. 543, tr. Colson and Whitaker).

³⁰ See above, p. 170.

³¹ *Post.* 28-31. For Moses, as divine mediator, see W. A. Meeks, *The Prophet King*. Moses, is, e.g., said to be the eldest born of the *logos*. *Quest. in Ex.* ii, 44, *Quis her.* 205, cf., *Agr.* 51, *Som.* i, 215.

³² For a detailed exposition of these "exemplars" see the dissertation of Lala

trine implies immortalization, it is distinctly unlike incarnation in direction. Instead of a god being made flesh, the man is being made divine. However, it is in form not unlike the doctrine of *apotheosis* or *apathanatismos* common to Greek heroes, present in the Greek magical papyri, reported about some of the mystery cults and analogous to Merkabah mysticism.

God's *logos* and the two ways to read scriptures are brought together for Philo at the story of Moses' exaltation in Ex. 24. *Questions and Answers to Exodus* may serve as an example of the intermingling of the motifs in Philo's thought. Philo identifies the angel of Ex. 23:21 with the *logos*, as we have seen before, and says he is sent before the face of man in order to lead him into philosophy, and hence to the presence of God (13). The purpose of the whole theophany is mystical ascent:

What is the meaning of the words, "They appeared to God in the place and they ate and drank" (Ex. 24 : 11b)? Having attained to the face of the Father, they do not remain in any mortal place at all, for all such (places) are profane and polluted, but they send and make a migration to a holy and divine place which is called by another name, *logos*. Being in this place through the steward they see the master in a lofty and clear manner, envisioning God with the keen-sighted eyes of the mind . . . (39)

or again:

Ex. 24 : 12a What is the meaning of the words, "Come up to Me to the mountain and be there? This signifies that a holy soul is divinized by ascending not to the air to the ether or to heaven (which is higher than all) but to a region above the heavens, and beyond the world where there is no place but God. And He determines the stability of the removal by saying "be there (thus demonstrating the placelessness and the unchanging habitation of the divine place ...)

The highest purpose of man is to perceive the face of God or the *logos*. In this way, one sees God in all His power.³³ This is the meaning of the Sinai theophany.

Such relationships suggest a kind of Hellenistic Judaism about which we have little knowledge. Philo attests to a series of traditions involving the divinity of a principal angelic figure who functions as the helper of God. In Philo, these traditions are related to the concept of the

K. K. Dey, *The Intermediary World and Patterns of Perfection in Philo and Hebrews*, SBL Dissertation Series 25, p. 65 f.

³³ Notice the ambiguity over whether a man may see God!

logos. But he has also hinted that these doctrines are sometimes held by people who are less wise in philosophy and who actually compromise monotheism, which is precisely the issue in the rabbinic community. Perhaps these more radical traditions were mystical or apocalyptic, for we have seen evidence that they involve a journey to God. Furthermore, this voyage confers a supernatural status upon the voyager on the pattern of the heavenly ascent of Moses described in Ex. 24.

The doctrine of the *logos* is relevant in two further ways to Philo's conception of creation. First, Philo maintains that the *logos* was God's partner in creation.³⁴ To this effect, he calls the *logos*, "The Beginning," "The Ruler of the Angels," and significantly, "the Name of God."³⁵ But because the *logos* is an emanation of God, Philo can also talk about him as God's offspring, or the first-born son of God.³⁶ As such, he is a kind of immortal, heavenly man or the true father of men.³⁷ For this reason, Philo seems to say in places that God actually put two men into Eden.³⁸ We remember, of course, that the rabbis opposed ideas that there was more than one Adam, that God had a partner in creation³⁹ or even that angels helped him.⁴⁰ They objected to the idea that there could be more than one Adam, on the grounds that men would begin to boast of their differing lineage, some claiming to have descended from a better man. Of course, most sectarian groups believed themselves better than the common variety of men. But Philo also claims that the virtuous had a better father in that they were descended from the higher Adam.⁴¹ This provides us with a good example of a predecessor to the unstated argument which the tannaim would eventually call heresy, the same argument which was supplied by the amoraim.⁴²

Another important aspect of the rabbinic tradition in the Mekhilta which is parallel to Philo has not yet been discussed. That is the doctrine of the mercy and justice of God, based on the interpretation of His divine names. In discussing the early tradition of the Mekhilta, I

³⁴ *Leg. All.* iii, 96; *Cher.* 125, *Mig.* 6, *Spec. Leg.* i, 81.

³⁵ *Conf.* 146.

³⁶ *Agr.* 51, *Quis Her.*, *Som.* i, 215, *Conf.* 146.

³⁷ *Fug.* 72, *Det.* 83, *Quest. in Gen.* i, 4, *Conf.* 41, *Quis Her.* 23-1.

³⁸ *Leg. All.* i, 31, 53, 55.

³⁹ See p. 110 f., 117 f.

⁴⁰ See p. 137 f.

⁴¹ *Leg. All.* 53. He also uses Cain-Seth typologies to more potent effect in *Post.* 35, 38 f., 42, 43, 45, 78. *Fug.* 64, *Det.* 32, 68, 103.

⁴² See p. 110 f.

suggested that this doctrine of God's "two aspects" or "measures" was used by the rabbis to counter a doctrine of "two powers." A doctrine of God's aspects is present in Philo as well, and it is related to the mystical ascent we have noticed in his writings. In exploring Philo's exegesis of the names of God, we will be able to discover more detail about the mystical journey which the true seeker of God must follow.

Philo's alternative method of understanding God's names is also allegorical; they stand for judgment and mercy. For Plato, ideas have a characteristic called power (*dynamis*). Using scripture as a basis, Philo assumes the identification of "power" with "idea" and "form." According to Wolfson, the tradition developed in the following way.⁴³ In *Ex.* Moses had asked God to let him see His glory (M.T.: KBWD, LXX: *Doxa*). Now, in Ps. 24:9-10, the King of Glory is identified as the Lord of Hosts, which, in turn, was translated by LXX as "Lord of Powers" (*Kyrios tōn dynameōn*).⁴⁴ Therefore, Philo can assume that YHWH is equivalent both to the King of Glory and the Lord of Powers. On this basis Philo can understand Moses' request to see God's glory as a request to see His powers or ideas. Of course Philo develops all of his arguments in an exegetical framework, not a systematic one, as Wolfson implies. Alternatively Philo can discuss the *logos* as the sum of the forms, which can be manifested by the visible form of an angel. Philo, therefore, can risk contradiction by assuming that YHWH is Lord of Powers or the *logos*, depending on the needs of his allegory.

When discussing God's powers, Philo maintains they are infinite. But, for convenience, Philo allows them to be categorized into two different kinds. One category is described by the term "goodness" (*agathotēs*) and refers to God's creative power (*dynamis poietikē*) or merciful power (*dynamis eleōs*).⁴⁵ But this aspect of God can be identified with the Greek word for God, *theos*, which was the standard LXX translation of *Elohim*.⁴⁶ The other power is described by the term "authority" (*exousia*) or "sovereignty" (*archē*). It is often described as the governing or legislative or regal power—in short, those qualities which can be characterized as just. Alternatively, YHWH can

⁴³ Wolfson, *Philo*, I, 219.

⁴⁴ Other translations of YHWH שׁבׁוֹט in the LXX are *kyrios Sabaōth* and *kyrios pantokrator*.

⁴⁵ *Cher.* 9, 27-28, *Fug.* 18, 95, 100, Wolfson, *Philo*, I, 223 f. and n.

⁴⁶ Although the formula *kyrios* = YHWH, *theos* = *Elohim* is standard, there are many places where the LXX translates the tetragrammaton as *theos*. In these places, Philo usually follows the Greek text. This may partially explain the dichotomy between the rabbinic and Philonic traditions.

be allegorized as the just, governing power even though that might contradict the exegesis elsewhere that the tetragrammaton signifies the *logos* or all the powers.⁴⁷

Now, this summary of divine powers sounds suspiciously like the rabbinic doctrine of God's two attributes of mercy and justice, except that Philo's identification of mercy and justice with the names of God is exactly opposite to the standard rabbinic doctrine. YHWH is merciful for the rabbis; *kyrios*, judging for Philo. Conversely, *Elohim* is judging for the rabbis; *theos*, merciful for Philo. However, we have also seen that the Mekhilta passage, which does not actually use the technical terms developed in rabbinic writing, implies a doctrine of mercy and justice identical to the Philonic doctrine and contradictory to the standard rabbinic one. Therefore, the Mekhilta tradition must predate the standardized rabbinic doctrine. The Mekhilta, in reproducing arguments from heretics or in recording a rabbinic doctrine which preceded the official one, has given us an exegesis similar to the Philonic system.

From one point of view, divine powers are abstractions—like the *logos* only convenient ways of discussing vast capabilities of God. However, since their characteristics are fixed, Philo often describes them as living creatures. For instance, the two angels who guard the gates of paradise and the angels who enter Sodom are allegorized as the two powers of God. How these powers relate to the *logos* is ambiguous. Since the *logos* can also signify the sum of all the powers, it logically stands above the two powers in the ascent from concrete to abstract. Yet sometimes Philo uses *kyrios* and *theos* to refer to the two powers of God and other times to refer to the *logos* and the highest God, being-in-itself. Basically he uses whatever exegesis makes most sense in the allegorical context. He may also have received ancient *midrashim*, dictating the use of one tradition rather than another and explaining his similarity with the rabbis.

Not only are such doctrines reminiscent of the rabbinic doctrine, the exegesis of text is parallel. Philo sees Ex. 20:2 as the place where both the creative and ruling powers come together:

So then He is shown to be the Lord of the foolish in that He holds over them the errors that are proper to a sovereign. Of those who are on the way to betterment he is called in scripture, God, as in the

⁴⁷ This only points out Philo's exegetical approach. Since his emphasis is exegetical, it seems likely that he is attesting to scriptural traditions which he shares with the rabbis.

present passage. "I am God" or "I am thy God, increase and multiply." (Gen. 35:11). Of the perfect He is both Lord and God, as in the Decalogue, "I am the Lord thy God" (Ex. 20:2) and elsewhere, "The Lord God of our fathers" (Dt. 4:1) for it is His will that the wicked man should be under His sway as his Lord, and thus with awe and groaning feel the fear of the Master hanging over him; that the man of progress should be benefitted by Him as God. And through the one he remains free from lapses, through the other he is most surely God's man.⁴⁸

Philo uses Ex. 20:2 for the same reason that the rabbis did—to show the unification of both God's attributes at the Sinai theophany.⁴⁹ This similarity is especially striking when one notices that otherwise Philo almost never comments on Ex. 20:2, preferring as a basis for his exegesis the text of the Ten Commandments which occurs in Deuteronomy.

Several other scriptures seen as dangerous by the rabbis are applied to the powers by Philo. Gen. 1:26, for instance, is used by Philo to prove that the creative power is divine:

Akin to these two is the creative power called God because through this the Father, who is its begetter and contriver, made the universe; so that "I am thy God" is equivalent to "I am thy maker and artificer." And the greatest gift we can have is to have Him for our architect, who was also the architect of the whole world, for He did not form the soul of the bad, since wickedness is at enmity with Him, and in framing the soul which is in the intermediate stage He did not serve as the sole agent according to the holiest man, Moses, since such a soul would surely admit like wax, the different qualities of noble and base. And therefore we read "Let us make man after our image" (Gen. 1:26), so that according as the wax received the bad or the noble impress it should appear to be the handiwork of others or of Him who is the framer of the noble and the good alone.⁵⁰

Here Philo flirts with ideas of providence opposed by the tannaim. Notice too that Philo does not shrink from the idea that God's agents are called gods themselves, nor from the idea that God had help in creation—ideas which the rabbis later opposed. Nor is this the only

⁴⁸ *Mut.* 23, 24 (Loeb, V, 155, tr. Colson and Whitaker.)

⁴⁹ The point of both questions, regardless of the qualities they identify with each name of God, is that a mixture of God's qualities (*mixis*), not one quality alone, was present at the creation or the giving of the law. Henry Fischel has suggested that this concept parallels conventional Hellenistic philosophy. See Parmenides (on Empedocles') opposites, Anger (or strife) and love: W. K. C. Guthrie, *A History of Greek Philosophy*, II.

⁵⁰ *Mut.* 29-31, (V, 159, tr. Colson and Whitaker).

place where Philo uses such arguments. Such interpretations are common. Elsewhere Philo refers to other texts which were seen by the rabbis to be dangerous because they could imply a plurality of deities: Gen. 11:7 ("Come let us go down to confuse their language"), Gen. 3:22 (Behold Adam has become as one of us"), and Gen. 1:26 are mentioned.⁵¹ Philo maintains that one of God's two powers descends—in one case, to create man; in another, to punish those building the tower. He explains that these powers are angels and that their presence has so impressed some people (even Moses) that they feel no shame in calling them gods. In other words, Philo depends on his concept of the powers of justice and mercy to explain scriptural plurals, calling them both angels and divine.⁵²

Therefore in *On the Change of Names*, Philo can offer another interpretation of what the patriarchs saw when scripture says they saw God. (6-7). First, he remarks that they saw the same creative power of God which Moses saw on Sinai for the first time, having already been privileged to see God's ruling power. We remember that he has previously said that the elders saw the image of God or the *logos*. Of course, the two interpretations are not entirely consistent. Yet here, they are not entirely contradictory, for both the *logos* and the powers represent summations of all God's emanations. Since Moses has already known the lesser of God's powers, seeing the higher power as well can be equivalent to seeing the *logos*, the sum of all the powers. Again we note the same exegesis as the *Mekhilta* records in rabbinic lore a century later. This time Philo provides a witness to the doctrine which the rabbis defend, instead of the one they condemn.

At the beginning of *On the Change of Names*, Philo discusses seeing God. First, he cautions against understanding "seeing" literally. "Seeing" means "perceiving," not seeing with the senses. The passage where Abram was granted a vision of YHWH (Gen. 17:1-5) before his name was changed to Abraham forms the basis of Philo's discussion, but he goes far afield in reflecting upon it. At first, Abram only saw God's sovereign power (15-17). When scripture says that God said to him "I am thy God" it signified that a vision of the higher, creative

⁵¹ *Conf.* 33.

⁵² The divine plurals in scriptures are, in fact, consistently understood either as *logos* and God or as the two powers of God. See, e.g., Jervell, p. 58 f., Danielou, p. 135 (for Is. 6) Kretschmar, p. 44. For instance, Gen. 11:5: *Conf.* 134-149. The powers are seen to help in creation; *Op.* i, 72-75 (Gen. 1:26); *Fug.* 68, 70 (Dt. 4:7); *Praem.* 81-84. For the powers at Sinai, see *QE* 44.

power was given to Abram. Philo again is depending on the distinction between the two names of God. The Existent One may appear in either of two ways to normal men—as Lord YHWH to the bad, when they are punished (hence as the lower-potency), or as “God” to the earnest striver. Only to the perfected can he appear as both “God and Lord” (18-19). Thus he is spoken of as “Lord” to Pharaoh, whom he punished, “God” to Moses (before his ultimate revelation) and “Lord God” to Israel, who in this context is the highest, most perfect believer. Jacob is renamed Israel signifying that he has seen the complete image of God, his *logos*. Only to the higher man, who can understand the allegory, does God reveal himself as *theos*, the higher power, to whom man must respond with love. To those with lesser powers of intellect, who understand only the literal meaning, God reveals himself as a fearful, punishing deity, *kyrios*. They know no better than to perceive him as a man.

A word remains to be said about the nature of the relationship between Philo and rabbinic writings. The parallel has been clear enough. The question remaining is how the parallel came about. There are many possibilities. First it may be that the two writings are merely coincidentally parallel, that both Philo and the rabbis are interpreting the Bible and have only the text in common. This seems to me to be the least likely possibility because the parallels are exceptionally close; the parallels remain even when the LXX diverges from the MT Bible so the rabbis and Philo do not have a common text. The parallel themes are consistent interests of Philo, not merely the result of fortuitous exegesis. Philo occasionally seems to be aware of a Bible version closer to the Hebrew text than the LXX, implying that he either knew a little Hebrew or some exegetical traditions which were based on a biblical text closer to the Massoretic text than the received LXX.⁵³ Then too, Philo himself seems to recognize that Palestinian Bible traditions already exist. He uses the term “unwritten law” which may imply a Hebrew meaning of “Oral Law” as well as the Greek meaning. He also says at the beginning of his *Life of Moses* that he is retelling the story as he learned it—both from the sacred books, and from the

⁵³ The Hebrew text cannot often be felt underneath Philo's exegesis, but there are places where he appears to know of translations far closer to the Hebrew than the current LXX. See QG II, 51 on Gen. 8:2-9. Philo's exegesis of Gen. 6:5 in this place depends on the appearance of YHWH alone, but the LXX has *ho theos* and *kyrios ho theos*. In any event, Philo's knowledge of Hebrew is not definitive on the question of whether he knew ancient traditions of exegesis which the rabbis also knew.

elders of the nation, and interweaving the oral teachings with the results of his Bible reading.⁵⁴ The parallels between the rabbis and Philo are so complete in the case under consideration as to make it extremely likely that some relationship existed. Furthermore, almost no scholar disputes the conclusion that Philo and the rabbis evince common traditions.

The question of the nature of the influence is much more interesting and difficult. Philo is aware of Jewish "elders," which may be a reference to the technical sense of the word in Palestine. On the other hand, the rabbis never seem to be aware of Philo himself, so any channel of transmission is likely to be indirect. Therefore the various possibilities seem to be: (1) The traditions come from a common source. (2) The traditions have been borrowed from Palestine by Philo or other Alexandrian Jews. (3) Some may have been borrowed by Palestinian Jews from Hellenistic Judaism through various channels of communication. Now these are not mutually exclusive categories, for even the common source implies borrowing in one direction or another. We are not likely to find conclusive evidence for distinguishing between categories with respect to the traditions under consideration. But, since the exegeses under consideration are extremely complex and remarkably parallel, it seems likely that there was a basic tradition common to both Philo and the rabbis which was used in individual ways. This suggests that different issues motivated the exegesis in first century Alexandria and second century Palestine. Philo was interested in showing that the Bible portrayed a God sophisticated enough to make sense in a Greek intellectual climate. Anthropomorphism and God's immutability were his main problems. He needed a way to portray God as immutable yet available to man in the material world so he stressed the traditions of intermediation. The rabbis, on the other hand, were interested in uniting Judaism and preventing extreme applications of the same traditions which had appealed to Philo. There are many explanations for the difference, but it seems to me that it is a mistake to stress differences between Hellenistic and Palestinian Judaism too strongly in this regard. The rabbis were certainly aware of the issue which gripped Hellenistic Jews and showed their sensitivities in most respects. Philo shows sensitivities parallel to the rabbis. There is much more overlap than is usually assumed. Rather, the differences seem

⁵⁴ See Wolfson, *Philo*, I, 88 f., 190 f., for a more complete discussion of the problem.

to be explainable partially in terms of the epochal events that took place in the Jewish community in the century separating Philo's writings from the first demonstrable rabbinic texts. It is largely to that interval that we must soon turn in an attempt to reconstruct the traditions of God's appearance in the non-rabbinic communities of the first century.

But Philo's arguments will give us a good inkling of the kinds of traditions which must have been current in the Hellenistic Jewish communities of the first century. These traditions set the stage for the rabbinic opposition which we can date with surety only to the early second century but have suspected to have been earlier still. The rabbis too must have known of two different types of traditions about divine providence. In the first, a principal angel was seen as God's primary or sole helper and allowed to share in God's divinity. That a human being, as the hero or exemplar of a particular group, could ascend to become one with this figure—as Enoch, Moses or Elijah had—seems also to have been part of the tradition. In a second tradition, the qualities of divine mercy and justice were hypostasized attributes of the names of God and described the stages on the journey to God. The rabbis opposed the first tradition, with its divine helper and divinization of some earthly heroes. In trying to combat the first they stressed the second set of traditions emphatically. Rather than mention the divine helper at all, they fought against it with the alternative doctrines of God's mercy and justice.

The fact that Philo's doctrine of God's mercy and justice is linked with divine names in just the opposite way to the rabbis is significant. The traditional explanation that Philo did not know Hebrew, and hence confused the midrashic tradition, does injustice to the careful exegesis we know was characteristic of him. Neither is it likely that the rabbis would deliberately change a tradition that had come down to them. Rather, we must remember that the purpose of both traditions was to stress the mixture of justice and mercy in God's governance of the world. Probably the actual identification of divine names was not at first important. It became important within the rabbinic tradition when the rabbis saw that the divine name YHWH was being used to define a second divine creature or angel.

In the second century the sectarians probably continued to use the Philonic identification of divine names with attributes. The rabbis, however, in opposing dualistic views of intermediation, called all such ideas heretical. They wanted to make sure that YHWH, the God of

the Jews, was not equated merely with a demiurge. They therefore argued that YHWH should be understood as the merciful aspect of God's providence.

Philo viewed scripture through heavy philosophical lenses. It is difficult from his writings alone to characterize the traditions outside of philosophical discourse and in their developing heretical setting. To describe these traditions adequately we have to survey the intertestamental and particularly the apocalyptic literature.

CHAPTER TWELVE

JEWISH SECTARIAN TEXTS

A. *Apocalypticism and Mysticism*

Philo understood the descriptions of the "angel of YHWH" in scripture, together with other passages which the rabbis found dangerous, as references to the *logos* or one of the two principal powers of God. Based on the Philonic evidence, we should expect traditions about mediators and principal angels to appear in other writings contemporary with Philo. The expectation can be confirmed. However, the variety of conceptions about mediators and principal angels in intertestamental documents can only be summarized with difficulty, for the characteristics and names of the mediator differ widely in each document, suggesting that no single consistent myth underlies the whole.

In such a dense forest we must rely both on logic and on significant details gleaned from the rabbinic texts in order to identify those figures which are likely candidates for the rabbinic charge. Certainly not all the figures related to the scriptures under consideration can be automatically included in the heresy. For instance, we have already seen that many angels and mediators appear in rabbinic literature where they add color to midrashic stories but where they could not be considered heretical. In order for us to be sure that a mediator was part of the heresy of "two powers" we would have to find the kind of scriptural traditions characteristic of the heresy in the rabbinic polemic and we would have to have both some indication of its independent existence from God and its divine perquisites.

To start with, these general considerations help us remove some obvious phenomena from consideration as heresy. *Memra*, *yekara* and *shekhinah* are used in the targumim and midrash in reference to the dangerous passages to denote the presence of God. But they are never clearly defined as independent creatures.¹ It rather appears that rabbinic

¹ See Moore, *Judaism*, I, 414 f., also "Intermediaries in Jewish Theology" *HTR*, I, 15 (1922), 41-61 and Strack-Billerbeck, II, (on John 1), 302-333. The opposite perspective may be found in G. H. Box, "The Idea of Intermediation in Jewish

concepts of *memra*, *shekhina*, *yekara* avoid the implications of independent divinity and possibly are meant to combat them. We also know that Philo even saw "the Word" or *logos* as an angel. But there is nothing inherently heretical about such descriptions. It may be anachronistic to apply second century rabbinic categories of heresy to earlier phenomena. The best we can say is that ideas like this might have been seen as heretical in some contexts. More importantly they certainly formed the background out of which heresy arose.

Of course, from the survey of rabbinic documents and Philo, we know that the judgment that a particular conception of mediation violated the canons of monotheism was also partly a matter of individual opinion. Philo could even use the phrase "second God" to describe the *logos* without thinking that he had violated the monotheistic basis of his religion. Because of these perspectival factors, the scriptural passages which we found characteristic of the rabbinic polemic should become especially important in defining the heresy in the apocalyptic communities.

Clearly some of the same issues which Philo discussed were important in first century Palestine as well. Josephus, like Philo, denies that God had any help in creation.² After having reviewed the rabbinic traditions we know that God's independence at creation was an issue in the heresy. We can now be sure, from Philo and Josephus, that the issue itself dates back to the first century.

Two further considerations must be addressed. We must, first, discover traditions which deal with the same verses; and, second, we must give attention to the likelihood that heresy was involved. This will be an especially subtle question since even Philo, who was not adverse to the designation "second God" and who describes the *logos* as God's agent manifestation in creation, denies that God had help from assistants in creating.

Let us begin by summarizing the previous findings about scriptural traditions. The dangerous passages include (1) Dan. 7:9 f. and the

Theology: A Note on *Memra* and *Shekinah*," *JQR*, 23 (1932-33), 103-119. The history of the argument is summed up by A. M. Goldberg, *Untersuchungen über die Vorstellung von der Shekinah in der frühen rabbinischen Literatur*, 1-12.

² See *Against Apion*, II, 192, where Josephus describes the creation of the natural world. He says: "These God created, not with hands, not with toil, not with assistants (*synergasomenōn*) of whom He had no need." This may profitably be compared with Philo, (*Op.* 72) who uses the same word, *synergasomenos*, as well as the more technical *demiourgos* in excluding unwanted implications from the plural used by God in Gen. 1:26, namely, that God needed any help in creation. The same issue is reflected in rabbinic discussions of ŠWTP. See p. 112, 137, 141.

speculation about the identity of the "son of man," (2) the Ex. 24 theophany, possibly together with other passages in the Bible where God is pictured in the form of a man (3) the related descriptions of the angel of YHWH who carries the divine name³ (4) scriptural verses which describe God as plural (Gen. 1:26). Of course, the study of these traditions in apocalyptic literature cannot be exhaustive. Hopefully it can be representative of the developments peculiar to apocalyptic.

It is worthwhile to point out that many of these dangerous exegetical traditions may never have been entirely separate at any point in their development. Biblical scholars have recently noticed the relationship between all works describing the divine warrior figure (including both Ex. 15 and Dan. 7) and ancient Near Eastern mythology.⁴

Based on this kind of evidence, it seems likely that the human appearance of the divine mediator was a most important part of the tradition. As Philo has shown us, these ideas can be related to the notion of the image and likeness of God and the problem of anthropomorphism in scripture. The scriptural basis for such discussions in Philo is not only the theophany passages in the Old Testament but also Gen. 1:26 f. which describes the creation of man in the image and likeness of God. The motifs of likeness and image, as well as the identity of the heavenly man, have been studied by several scholars.⁵ In the LXX *eikōn* is used for *ṢLM* (image) and *homoiōsis* is used for DMWT (likeness). The latter, strictly speaking, means "likeness" only in the sense of similarity, not in the sense of an explicit image. However, there are several aspects of its biblical usage which have

³ This might also include the passages in scripture where YHWH and an angel are confused, e.g., Gen. 16:7 f., 21:17 f., 22:11, 31:11 f., Ex. 3:2 f., Ju. 2:1 f., as well as Ex. 23:21 f., though the rabbis themselves do not discuss most of these particular pericopes.

⁴ See F. M. Cross, "The Divine Warrior in Israel's Early Cult," in *Biblical Motifs: Origins and Transformations*, ed., Alexander Altman (Cambridge: 1966), pp. 11-30. See also Patrick D. Miller, *The Divine Warrior in Early Israel* (Cambridge: 1973).

⁵ See TDNT, *eikōn* (Kittel), *homoiōs* and cognates (Schneider). Also J. Jervell, *Imago Dei* (Göttingen: 1960) and a critique by M. Smith, "On the Shape of God and the Humanity of the Gentiles," *Religion in Antiquity*. R. Mc. L. Wilson, "The Early History of the Exegesis of Gen. 1:26," *Studia Patristica*, 1 (1957), 420-37. F. W. Eltestes, *Eikōn im Neuen Testament* (Berlin: 1958) Harald Hegermann, *Die Vorstellung vom Schöpfungsmittler im hellenistischen Judentum und Urchristentum* (Berlin: 1961); H. M. Schenke, *Der Gott "Mensch" in der Gnosis* (Göttingen: 1962); H. F. Weiss, *Untersuchungen zur Kosmologie des hellenistischen und palästinischen Judentums* (Berlin: 1966). See also Jarl Fossum, dissertation, Utrecht, for a very helpful summary of the Adam traditions.

accounted for a further extension in meaning. For one thing, the Greek word *homoiosis* appears in other places where heavenly creatures with human characteristics are described. For instance, it appears in Ez. 1:10 with reference to the figure on the heavenly throne who has the likeness of man. It also appears in reference to Dan. 10:16 where it describes the angel Michael who appears like "one who belongs to the sons of men." Thus Gen. 1:26 in Greek can be connected with the throne vision in Ezekiel, "the son of man," and the vision of an angel in Daniel by means of the likeness that Adam (before the fall) and various angelic creatures shared with God. However, one cannot say that these exegetical traditions or the groups which speculated on them were invariably heretical. As in the other cases, we have to look at the context. Some Adam speculation and considerable discussion of Gen. 1:26 and Dan. 7:13 f. occurs in rabbinic writing. As we have seen,⁶ the rabbis are willing to posit androgeny of the original Adam and describe the original Adam as having an immense size, which was later reduced on account of his sin. This tradition is probably related to the teaching of several Alexandrian church fathers that *eikōn* is common to all men, but that *homoiosis* is something for which man was created and after which he should strive. In fact, traditions relating to all the words for "likeness" should be carefully investigated for relationship to sectarian or heretical practices. These would include the terms *homoioōma*, *paradeigma*, *typos*, *rythmos*, *doxa*, and *morphē* which translate variously ṢLM, DMWT, TBNYT, and KBWD.

We know that the *logos* as well was assumed to be a human figure generally in Hellenistic Judaism. In the *Wisdom of Solomon* 18:15, for instance, the *logos* or Word is a stern warrior who leaps from the throne of God on command. Though the description certainly parallels the description of the human figure who is a "mighty man of war" in Ex. 15, there is no evidence that this is the specific tradition to which the rabbis objected. In this case the scriptural pericope under consideration is the account of the death of the first-born of Egypt in Ex. 12. Occasional clues like this make it probable that traditions of God's primary warrior manifestation are even more widespread than the rabbinic evidence would have us believe.

Another divine creature with human form is Wisdom or Sophia, which is hypostasized as early as Proverbs 8 and 9:1 f. and extensively developed in the apocrypha (Ben Sira 24, W. Sol. 10) and Pseudepi-

⁶ See p. 114.

grapha (1 Enoch 42). Within the rabbinic community Wisdom is identified with Torah; but wisdom themes sometimes form part of heretical discourse. Sophia is a major figure in gnostic myths, for instance. Obviously then, it is not the tradition itself which defines the heresy but the treatment of the angelic figure or hypostasis as an independent deity. We have no evidence that the early heresy involved a feminine manifestation of God.

We know from the rabbinic texts that some of the beliefs which the rabbis opposed explicitly involved an angel whose function was to guide the believer and who carries, contains, or possesses the divine name (Ex. 23:21 f.). Again, not every belief of this sort will be heretical. But as a preliminary field for inquiry in the intertestamental period, it is reasonable to look among the variety of angelic mediators for some evidence of the kind of beliefs which the rabbis called "two powers" heresy. The idea of a separate hypostasis of the divinity must be functionally equivalent to being an angelic presence.⁷

Because of the complexity of the phenomenon, only the broadest outlines can be suggested. Nor will it always be possible to define a sectarian belief as heresy. Actually, the entire subject of the principal angelic creature demands more systematic investigation than it has hitherto received, and that is a task which cannot be satisfactorily handled within the confines of this work.⁸ In the lack of any previously

⁷ It should be noted that the idea of angel is wider than one might ordinarily think. "Angel" means messenger, therefore prophets (2 Chron. 36:15-16; Is. 44:26; Haggai 1:12-13; cf. Justin Dial 75, including John the Baptist Mt. 11:10; Mk. 1:2; Lk. 7:27) or priests (Malachi 2:7) or kings (2 Sam. 14:17, 20; 19:27; Zech. 12:8) or even the patriarchs (Prayer of Joseph, see below) or Moses as well as the leaders of the people, in their intercessory role, could be referred to as מַלְאָכִים or *angelos*. We shall see that all of these traditions were used to promote celestial functions for worthies of the past. In the intertestamental age, immortality (or resurrection) could be promised to the righteous in the form of ascent to angelhood. To the righteous is promised: "You shall shine as the lights of heaven... and the portal of heaven shall be opened to you... You shall have great joy as angels of heaven... You shall become companions of the hosts of heaven" (1 Enoch 104:2, 4, 6; cf. 39:6-7; Dan. 12:3; Mt. 13:43, 22:30). Therefore, almost any righteous person in the past could be called an angel. Especially righteous men were singled out as paradigms of angelhood. Christianity, as we will see, will appropriate these traditions while denying that the Christ is merely an angel.

⁸ See, for instance, the study of W. Lueken, *Michael* (Göttingen: 1898). On the subject of angelologies in general see Kittel, "*angelos*" TDNT; D. S. Russell, *The Method and Message of Jewish Apocalyptic* (Philadelphia: 1964); Moore, *Judaism*, I, 403-413; Michaelis, *Zur Engelschristologie im Urchristentum*; M. Werner, *The Formation of the Christian Dogma* (London: 1957); E. Kaesemann, *Das wandernde Gottesvolk im Hebräerbrief* (Göttingen: 1959); N. Johansson, *Parakletoi* (Lund: 1940); O. Betz, *Der Paraklet* (Leiden: 1963); Joseph Barbel, *Christos Angelos*

completed, disinterested investigation, the discussion here can only be tentative. But it is possible to show that both inside and outside of the rabbinic community, the existence of a principal angelic creature did not seem to be at issue; rather, it was the identity, title and function of the second figure that occupied apocalyptic and mystical Jews' imagination. Among that figure's characteristics we should be especially interested in any that would have impressed the rabbis as compromising monotheism.

A staggering variety of angelic mediators developed during this period. As early as the book of Daniel, angels were identified by name, implying a certain consistency of characterization. Gabriel and Michael, the two named in Daniel (6:21, 8:16, 10:13, 21; 12:1) have the shapes of men and continue to be the most popular of angels, but other angels are also frequent. Of course, Gabriel and Michael are often seen as but two of the several archangels. Yet, whenever a configuration of archangels appears, one or another (often Michael or Gabriel, sometimes Uriel) is designated as the principal angel (often called "Angel of the Presence") or regarded as superior to the others.⁹

A number of common functions of angelic mediators may be summarized from various appearances in literature. Israel's heavenly protagonist and guardian can be spoken of as a principal or archangel.¹⁰ A principal angel often presides over judgment. As an archangel, he may be described as a choirmaster¹¹ or heavenly scribe¹² or the recorder of the merits of Israel or even the leader of souls (*psychopompos*)

(Bonn: 1941); N. A. Dahl, "Christology Notes," p. 86 f. See especially Gunther, *St. Paul's Opponents*, pp. 172-298; Hengel, *The Son of God*.

⁹ Gregory Dix, "The Seven Archangels and the Seven Spirits," *JTS*, 28 (1926), 233-285. In the Old Testament there are ambiguous references to archangels. The Hebrew Bible mentions the prince of the army of YHWH in Jos. 5:14, which the LXX translates as the *archistratēgos dunameōs kuriou*. In Dan. 10:13, 12:1, Michael is one of the *archōns* or the great angels. The first mention of seven special angels is Ez. 9:22 f. See further in Tob. 12:15, Est. 1:8; Gr. En. 20; Tg. J. Gen. 11:7; Rev. 8:2 (cf. also 1:4, 20; 3:1, 4:5, 5:6). Six are mentioned in I En. 20, Tg. JI Dt. 34:6, and four in I En. 9:1 ff., Sib. 2:215; Pes. R. 46. See Strack-Billerbeck III, 806. The term archangel also occurs in the Prayer of Joseph (Origen, Com. on *Job*. II, 25 f.), Gr. En. 20:8, 4 Ezra 4:36 and Philo, who uses it to describe the *logos*, as we have seen (*Conf.* 146, *Quis Her.* 205). See also Iamblichos (*Myst.*, 2, 3 p. 70, 10 Parthey) and the Magic Papyri (Preis., *PGM*: IV, 1203; VII, 257; XIII, 744, 929, 973). See Kittel, "*archangelos*," *TDNT*, I, 87. See also H. L. Ginsberg, "Michael and Gabriel," *EJ*.

¹⁰ See Michael in Dan. 10:13, 21; 12:1; Jub. 35:12; I Enoch 20:5; IQ M 17:7 f.

¹¹ Apoc. Abr. 10, *et passim*.

¹² I En. 89:61 f., 90:14 f.

on visionary ascent, parallel to the ascent at the end of life.¹³ Several functions of the angels may be served by men, if they are privileged to assume an exalted, triumphant or immortal form (like Enoch). In apocalyptic writings Enoch, Elijah, and Moses are frequently described as men of God, who are transported to heaven.¹⁴ Enoch traditions were especially elaborate (cf., already Sir. 44:16, 49:14; Wis. 4:10-15; Jub. 4:16-25). In the Enochian cycle Enoch himself is transformed into an angelic being. In III Enoch he is identified with the angel Metatron. But apocalyptic traditions about the translation and enthronement of Levi and Moses also exist,¹⁵ and often involved the principal angel as guide.

It should be noted that the *pneuma* or spirit of the righteous was characteristically thought to take on angelic form upon his death. (See Dan. 12:3; Mt. 13:43; 22:30; I Enoch 104:2, 4, 6 cf. 39:6-7). Therefore principal angels or notables served as role models for the righteous, as well as their guides. In this way, we can speak of an equivalent function for the principal angels and their patriarchal initiates—revealing both wisdom and the mystery of immortality.¹⁶ It is this kind of tradition which best explains the astral journeys reported of the ancient rabbis in the Merkabah texts. It also explains the frequent use of Hebrew angelic names in the magical papyri.

While God is sometimes viewed as using the *yekara*, spirit, word, *memra* or *logos* at creation, early evidence concerning an angel helping God at creation is quite complicated. In late texts, the angelic stature of the agent of God active at creation is not central. We have already noted a number of later Christian traditions in which “the beginning” or “wisdom” helped God in creation.¹⁷ However, there are few clear

¹³ I En. 71:3; II En. 22; Apoc. Abr. 12 ff.; *Life of Adam* 25:20, 47; Apoc. Mos. 37, Testament Abr. throughout.

¹⁴ See p. 172 f. for Philo. Moses is even called an archangel and eldest *logos*. *Quis Her.* 205; cf., *Agr.* 51; *Som.* i, 215.

¹⁵ For Levi, see *Test. Levi* 2-5, 8. For Moses see Meeks, *The Prophet King*.

¹⁶ See E. R. Goodenough, *Jewish Symbols*, VIII, pp. 121-218 also Ignazio Mancini, *Archaeological Discoveries* relative to the Judaeo-Christians, tr. G. Bushnell (Jerusalem: 1970), Bellarmino Bagatti, *L'Eglise de la Circoncision*, tr. Storme, (Jerusalem: 1965), p. 113 and compare their archaeological evidence of mystical journey through the cosmic ladder or seven heavens on tomb-stones etc. with the literary evidence in T. Levi 2:2-7, 3 Baruch 2:2, 3:1, 10:1, 11:1-4, Jubilees 32:20-22, T. Isaac (Coptic 67, 70; Arabic 146-47, 148) T. Jacob (Coptic, 83, cf. 82 and Arabic 153), I Enoch 40:2-10, 69 f., T. Abr. 10 f., Apoc. Abr. 12 f. and *Sefer Raziel*, beginning. See Gunther, *St. Paul's Opponents*, pp. 172-298.

¹⁷ See p. 74 f., 83 f., p. 129 f.; See also below, p. 226. See also Gen. R. 1:1.

statements that a principal angel was God's helper in creation.¹⁸ Philo might provide some evidence for identification of the angel with a divine helper in creation because angels can be allegorized as the *logos*.¹⁹

Adam traditions are especially important in this regard. We have already seen that Philo identifies the heavenly man with the *logos*, which is identified with God's archangel and principal helper in creation. There is an extraordinary amount of Adam speculation in apocalyptic and pseudepigraphical writings, often including descriptions of Adam's heavenly enthronement and glorification. The traditions can be dated to the first century, if an early dating of enthronement of Adam in the Testament of Abraham ch. 11 can be maintained. Adam legends are certainly well ramified later in Jewish, Christian, gnostic, Mandaean and other documents, and even appear at several important junctures in the ascent texts of the magical papyri.²⁰ As we have already seen, the rabbis themselves record legends about Adam even though they find some of this speculation dangerous, warning specifically against considering Adam God's partner.²¹

Angelic mediation in the giving of the Law is easy to find. It can be seen in Jubilees (Jub. 1:27-3:7) as well as in the New Testament (Gal. 3:19, Acts 7:38, 53, Heb. 2:2). We know that such a doctrine is explicitly criticized by the rabbis, but without special reference to "two powers" heresy.

¹⁸ Some relationship between God's principal angel and His agent at creation may be possible in traditions about the angel Adoel in II Enoch 25:1 f.

¹⁹ *Logos* is identified with an angel in *Leg. All.* iii 177; *Conf.* 28; *Quis Her.* 205; *Som.* i, 239; *Cher.* 3, and often but the identification is not stressed when discussing the creation. Rather Philo concentrates on the relationship between the *logos*, the *anthropos* and *hierous*: *Agr.* 51; *Quis Her.* 119, *Som.* i, 215; *Conf.* 146, see also *Fug.* 72, *Det.* 83, *QG i*, 4, *Conf.* 41, *Quis Her.* 230-31. See also *QG.*, 92, *Conf.* 62, 63 where all the themes converge.

²⁰ See E. Peterson, "La libération d'Adam de l'anagke," *RB*, 1948 and the revised edition, "Die Befreiung Adams aus der Anagke," in *Frühkirche, Judentums und Gnosis*, (Vienna: 1959). Also, see *PGM*, III, 146 f. where the magician announces that he is Adam, the original father and calls upon the Gods Iaō, Adōnai, Michael, Souriel, Raphael, and Abraxas. In III.211 f. the prayer to Apollo contains similar angelic names while the magician calls Adōnai, "Lord of the world."

²¹ For a fuller bibliography and documentary citations see Reitzenstein, *Poimandres* (Leipzig: 1904); W. Bousset, *Hauptprobleme der Gnosis* (reprint Göttingen: 1973); A. Altmann, "The Gnostic Background of the Rabbinic Adam Legends," *JQR*, 1945; G. Quispel, "Der gnostische Anthropos und die jüdische Tradition," *Eranos Jahrbuch*, 22 (1954); for helpful summaries of the primary source material see J. Fossum, dissertation Utrecht and Tardieu, *3 Mythes Gnostiques*, p. 85-139; see above, notes 5 and 8 for further bibliography.

The relationship of the principal angel to the messiah is more problematic. The messiah is essentially an earthly figure. In the Gospel of John, the heavenly *logos* and the earthly messiah are clearly identified for the first time. Furthermore, the earliest correlation of Adam with the messiah may come from Paul, who presented the Christ as the remedy for Adam's fall.²² This leads one to suspect that Christianity was the first to synthesize the various divine agents at creation by identifying all of them with the Christian messiah.²³

This summary has necessarily cut across many periods. From it we learned that certain functions of the archangel were common to many groups. To see that the commonality arose by means of exegesis of Old Testament texts, and to judge whether any exegesis could be taken as heretical, the traditions must be investigated in more detail. First we will look at the motifs connecting the manlike angelic figure with the name of God. Then we will look at the "son of man" traditions. Finally, we can look at the Christian movement within this context.

In the Hebrew Bible, both descriptions of the angel of YHWH and of God himself sitting on His throne show up in revelation and ascension texts. Characteristically, the inter-testamental writers interpret any human form in a theophany as the appearance of an angel. For instance, theophanies in Judges, Exodus, and Genesis underlie the description of the angel Raphael's appearance and ascension in Tobit 12. Old Testament texts themselves are not directly quoted but rather assumed as the basis for identifying the angel.

In Tobit 12:14, Raphael reveals his identity as the angel of YHWH who was sent to Abraham to try him.

And when thou didst not delay to rise up, and leave thy dinner, but didst go and cover the dead, then I was sent unto thee to try thee; and at the same time God did send me also to heal Sarah thy daughter-inlaw. I am Raphael, one of the seven angels, which stand and enter before the glory of the Lord.

Notice the identification of Raphael with the angel who stands close to the throne and who is able to see the divine form or "glory." The word "glory" is on its way to becoming a technical term for the form of God on the throne as it is in Merkabah mysticism.²⁴ Furthermore,

²² See Robin Scroggs, *The Last Adam* (Philadelphia: 1966).

²³ See especially below, p. 201 for a discussion of the "son of man" in the Parables of Enoch where the title "messiah" occurs.

²⁴ See Gruenwald, *Apocalyptic and Merkabah Mysticism*.

in the next chapter, Tobit magnifies God as Father, Lord, and God on account of the angel's appearance. Clearly the anthropomorphisms in the Bible are being reinterpreted in a new context of angelophany.

The entire Enoch cycle, it should be pointed out, is intimately based on theophany passages like Ez. 1 and Dan. 7:13, interpreted as angelophanies. But the books are composite, making it difficult to date some of the traditions to pre-Christian times. This is particularly important with regard to the "Parables of Enoch" which record the most systematic development of the "son of man" outside Christianity, but are not free from the suspicion of being influenced by Christian traditions. The "son of man" traditions will be discussed later. For now it is important to point out that other traditions based on Dan. 7:13 can be found in the pre-Christian parts of Enoch. In I Enoch 14, for instance, Scholem notes an early version of the heavenly journey which later becomes central to Merkabah mysticism. The description of the first palace with its tessellated marble floor gleaming like liquid is the basis for the tradition in b. Hag. 14b where R. Akiba warns his compatriots not to say "water, water" on their heavenly journey, lest they be injured. I Enoch 14 is also replete with imagery taken from the Old Testament theophany scenes. The sight of the palace with its tessellation so frightens Enoch that he falls to the ground and there beholds a vision:

And I beheld a vision, And lo! there was a second house greater than the former, and the entire portal stood open before me, and it was built of flames of fire. And in every respect it so excelled in splendor and magnificence and extent that I cannot describe to you its splendor and its extent. And its floor was of fire, and above it were lightnings and the path of the stars, and its ceiling was also flaming fire. And I looked and saw therein a lofty throne: its appearance was as crystal, and the wheels thereof as the shining sun, and there was the vision of cherubim. And from underneath the throne came streams of flaming fire so that I could not look thereon. And the Great Glory sat thereon, and His raiment shone more brightly than the sun and was whiter than any snow. None of the angels could enter and could behold His face by reason of the magnificence and glory, and no flesh could behold Him. The Flaming fire was round about Him, and a great fire stood before Him, and none around could draw nigh Him: ten thousand times ten thousand (stood) before Him, yet He needed no counsellor. And the most holy ones who were nigh to Him did not leave by night nor depart from Him. And until then I had been prostrate on my face, trembling: and the Lord called me with His own mouth, and said to me: "Come hither, Enoch, and hear my word." And one of the holy ones came to me and

waked me, and He made me rise up and approach the door: and I bowed my face downwards.²⁵

The scene is based on Dan. 7:9 together with Exodus 24 and Ez. 1. The figure on the throne is the Ancient of Days, not the "son of man." But there is extreme interest in describing how the divinity can have human shape. The figure is called the "Great Glory," which, as we have already seen, is a technical term for the appearance of God on the throne in Merkabah mysticism and has a similar use in Tobit. This figure is called "Lord" by Enoch as it was by Tobit. The figure is meant to be God manifest since the text states that He needs no counselor.²⁶ In I Enoch it is Enoch himself who serves as intercessor for the "Watchers." In II Enoch 33:10 f. the angel Michael is mentioned as *archistratēgos* and intercessor for the handwritings of the fathers, Adam, Seth, Enoch, Cainan, etc. Of course, this is another reconstruction of the heavenly judgment scene in Dan. Rather than "the son of man" Enoch himself in I Enoch and Michael in II Enoch are to function as intercessors in front of the throne. As in Philo, men of extraordinary righteousness and purity (e.g., Moses, Melchizedek and Levi) can actually participate in the divine drama. In the "Parables of Enoch," Enoch is identified as "the son of man." In any event, it is not the angel or mediator figure, but the divine figure on the throne in I Enoch, who has the major role, as does the Lord of the Sheep in I Enoch 90.

There are some cases where angelic mediation can be seen in a growing dualistic context. Usually, the primary figure is seen as the opposition to a demonic figure like Satan, where he pleads the cause of Israel as both heavenly advocate and intercessor.²⁷

In spite of this early evidence of traditions about a principal angel or manlike figure, there is no way to document a *heresy* involving the divine name as a separate angelic hypostasis in first century dualistic contexts. Some of the least justifiable actions of YHWH

²⁵ I Enoch 14:15 f.

²⁶ The Greek text and II Enoch 33:4 are quick to mention that this does not exclude the *logos*, who accomplishes all things for Him, because all things of God are eternal, "not made with hands." It seems clear that the Greek texts have incorporated the same concerns we saw in Philo to explain how God can appear as a man yet be beyond man's ken. The Greek texts remain just as sensitive to the problem of anthropomorphism but can incorporate *logos* conceptions to deal with it, probably arguing, as Philo did, that the *logos* is God himself, not merely a counselor.

²⁷ E.g., Test. Lev.; Test. Dan. 5 f.; I En. 68; 89:76 cf. IQ M. 13:9 f.; Jud. 9; Rev. 12:7. See J. G. Gammie, "Spatial and Ethical Dualism in Jewish Wisdom and Apocalyptic Literature," *JBL*, 93 (1974), 356-385.

in the Bible had been interpreted as being suggested or accomplished by Satan as early as I Chron. 21:1, where Satan proposes the census to David rather than YHWH as in the II Samuel account. In Jubilees 17:16, 48:2 f. and 12 Mastema is reported to have convinced God to initiate the testing of Abraham. These traditions may show that the tetragrammation was already sometimes interpreted in terms of an angel, albeit an evil one.

Further evidence about the archangel Melchizedek at Qumran is exciting but only ambiguously supportive of name of God traditions. At Qumran, the principal angel may be called "The Prince of Light" (1 QS 3:20; CD 5:18), "the Angel of His Truth" (CD 3:24), which is probably the same as "The Spirit of His Truth," and may be identifiable with Melchizedek (11 Q Melch).²⁸ Melchizedek appears in an incomplete text of Cave XI of Qumran, published by A. S. van der Woude.²⁹ In this ostensibly first century Hebrew document, Melchizedek appears as an eschatological saviour whose mission is to bring back the exiles at the end of days and to announce the expiation of their sins and liberation. He is identified with Michael who also appears in the scrolls as a celestial being (1QM 17:8). Melchizedek is helped by the celestial armies in his struggle against Belial and the evil angels. It may even be true that an opposing figure, Melkirasha,

²⁸ A word is in order about the general and pervasive importance of angelology at Qumran. The archangels named in the War Scroll are Gabriel, Michael, Sariel and Raphael. No other name is given to the Prince of Lights who aided Moses and Aaron (CD 5:18). The liturgy of the Sabbath from Cave 4 is especially rich in angelic titles and group names, many of which have been derived by detailed exegesis of biblical texts. That the angelic liturgy from Cave 4 pertains to worship within the community in which the angels were actually asked to participate may be deduced from references in other documents: "Praise be to all His holy angels... His holy angels are found in your congregation." (11Q ber. 4-5, 14). Because of this no ritually impure person was allowed in the congregation. See 1 QH 3:20-23, 1QM 12:1-8, 1QH 6:12-13. Also see Ringgren, *The Faith of Qumran*, p. 81 f., John Strugnell, "The Angelic Liturgy at Qumran — 4Q Serek Sirot olat Hassabath," Suppl. to VT VII, (Leiden: 1959) 318-345 and L. Schiffmann, "Merkabah Speculation at Qumran: the 4Q Serekh Shirot 'Olat ha-Shabbat' Festschrift for A. Altmann, forthcoming.

²⁹ A. S. van der Woude, "Melchizedek als himmlische Erlösergestalt in den neu-gefundenen eschatologischen Midrashim aus Qumran Höhle XI," *OTS*, XIV (1965), 354-73. Y. Yadin has made some improvements in the transcription in "A Note on Melchisedek and Qumran," *IEJ*, 15 (1965), 152-54. M. de Jonge and A. S. van der Woude have proposed a new transcription in "11Q Melchizedek and the New Testament," *NTS*, 12 (1966), 301-326. See also J. A. Fitzmyer, "Further light on Melchizedek from Qumran Cave 11," *JBL*, 86 (1967), 25-41 and also M. Delcor, "Melchizedek from Genesis to the Qumran Texts and the Epistle to the Hebrews," *JSJ*, 2 (1971), 115-135.

functioned as Melchizedek's heavenly opponent in place of Satan.³⁰

The status of Melchizedek in the heavenly economy is not clear. His function is based on an exegesis of Is. 61:2 (applied to Jesus in Luke 4:18) with Ps. 82 and Ps. 7. The Ps. 82 reference is of particular interest because it contains several words for God. In 11Q Melch 10a, van der Woude identifies one of the theophoric names with Melchizedek, translating in this way:

for that is the time of the acceptable year of Melchizedek . . . God's holy ones to the reign of judgment, as it is written concerning him the hymns of David who says: "The heavenly one (*Elohim*) standeth in the congregation of God (*El*); among the heavenly ones (*Elohim*) he judges" (Ps. 82 : 1).³¹

This translation applies the divine name "Elohim" to Melchizedek. However, the translation has been challenged by J. Carmignac.³² Carmignac finds no reason to support the suggested identification of Melchizedek with any celestial being and certainly rejects the identification of Melchizedek with Elohim. While this conclusion seems extreme in view of Melchizedek's role elsewhere in the apocalypse and his identification with Michael, Carmignac cogently points out that Ps. 82 may refer to God himself rather than Melchizedek. So we must take this identification of Melchizedek with Elohim as ambiguous but certainly not impossible.³³

³⁰ J. T. Milik, "Milki-sedeq et Milki-rasha dans les anciens écrits Juifs et Chrétiens," *JJS*, 4 (1972), 95-144 and *RB*, 79 (1972), 77-97.

³¹ This is English rendering of van der Woude's transcription taken from M. Delcor, *op. cit.*, 133.

³² "Le document de Qumran sur Melchizedek," *RQ*, 27 (1970), 343-378.

³³ The identification of Melchizedek with Elohim would certainly be anomalous, but it is not totally out of the question, when one looks at the subsequent history of tradition about this priest-king. In Leg. All, iii, 81 Philo warns against imputing plurality to God, while discussing Melchizedek. According to Sokolov's Slavonic manuscript of II Enoch, Melchizedek was conceived and born miraculously (iii, 2,7-21*) and was taken up by Michael to the paradise of Eden for forty days during the flood (iii, 28-29). There he is called "the great high priest, the Word of God, and the power to work great and glorious marvels above all that have been" (iii, 34). The seal of the priesthood on his breast was "glorious in countenance" (iii, 19). After him another Melchizedek was to arise (iv, 6; iii, 37).

In the modalist controversy within the church, the Asian Theodotus called Melchizedek a great unbegotten power who is mediator and intercessor for angels. (See Hippolytus *Ref.* 7:36, *Epi. Haer* 55:1, Philaster. *Haer.* 52, Pseudo-Ter. *Adv. Omn.* 8). The teaching that Melchizedek was an angel was also known to Origen and Didymus according to Jerome, *Epist. ad Evangelium* 73:2 (see Gunther, p. 240). Later still, a group of Melchizedekian heretics denied "that Melchizedek was a man and not Christ himself" (Migne, P.G. 65, 112a). They argued the absurdity of the idea that

The Melchizedek documents from Qumran are too fragmentary for definite conclusions, but it does not appear that the scriptural texts central to the Melchizedek traditions are those against which the rabbis explicitly warn. Instead, the Qumranites were primarily concerned with the Jubilee year, and have associated it with the eschaton. In 11 Q Melch., the return and investiture of Melchizedek initiates the judgment of God. Thus Melchizedek is seen as the duly enthroned agent of God who will inaugurate the Jubilee year and the salvation for Zion.

There are other places in the Qumran documents where concepts appear that are otherwise known in later Merkabah speculation. For instance, Is. 6:3 seems to be discussed in 4Q Serek 1. 23. However, in this place KBWD has been substituted for the Biblical KH GBWRWTK. This seems to represent an exegesis of the KBWD as the *dynamis* of God, which is well developed in later hekhalot literature. It is important to note that *dynamis* is a standard Greek translation for RŠWT, power. Apparently the Qumranites also believed that a future revelation would be accompanied by MR³WT KBWD ("a vision of the Glory" [34 3,26]), which probably represents another reference to the theophanies of the Old Testament—those of Isaiah, Ezekiel or Moses and the elders having been melded into a single tradition.³⁴

There is also other evidence that mystical and apocalyptic traditions of mediation by God's name existed in the first centuries of the common era. It would be appropriate to trace some of that material now, since the surviving fragments are located in Christian, gnostic and

Melchizedek was likened (*aphomoiōminos*) to Christ. Instead they asserted that Melchizedek is God by nature (*phusei theos*) (Gunther, p. 241; 1128D; cf. 1136 A, B). Unless he were God, how could he be without father and mother? Melchizedek would no longer be Son but Father. But he is not identical with God, rather he is the divine logos (*theos logos*).

Of course, these traditions ascribing divinity to Melchizedek have not only been affected by Christian thought, they have grown out of it. The *logos* category and the attention to divine perquisites is a result of the modalist and monarchian controversy within the church (see p. 229 f.). But the original angelic category is authentic to the first century and ostensibly free from Christian influence. That Melchizedek was actually called God by anyone in the first century remains a possibility. See the recent book by Fred Horton, Jr. *The Melchizedek Tradition — A Critical Examination of the Sources to the Fifth Century A.D. and in the Epistle to the Hebrews* (Cambridge: 1976). Unfortunately, the book was not available to me until after mine was in press.

³⁴ See L. Schiffman, "Merkabah Speculation at Qumran: *The 4Q Serekh Shirot Olat Ha-shabat*," forthcoming Festschrift for A. Altman. For a discussion of the *dynamis* and GBWRH see Scholem, *Jewish Gnosticism*, 67 f. and Lieberman in Scholem, *Jewish Gnosticism*, 118-126. Scholem suggests that Gen. Apoc. 2:4 MRH RBWT³, "great Lord" is also a representation of the GBWRH.

Merkabah literature, which prevents us from dealing with them in a unified fashion elsewhere.

No one can convincingly date the traditions in the Merkabah documents to the first-century rabbinic community.³⁵ But there is some independent evidence that the ideas in which we are interested were well developed within apocalypticism as early as the first century. This is amply illustrated by the *Apocalypse of Abraham*³⁶ which is usually dated to the late first century after the destruction of the temple, or early second century. In this work, Yahoel is given a major role. Yahoel himself says in his revelation to Abraham:

I am called Yahoel by Him who moveth that which existed in me on the seventh expanse upon the firmament, a power in virtue of the ineffable Name that is dwelling in me.³⁷

Obviously this, like the YHWH the lesser traditions we have seen, is a reference to the angel of Ex. 23:21. It is evident that the figure is a personification of the name itself. From the text it is quite clear that Yahoel is God's vice-regent, second only to God himself, and is the supreme figure in Jewish angelology.³⁸

The *Apocalypse of Abraham* is contemporary or earlier than the first mention of "two powers" heresy in rabbinic literature, but was probably itself not the target, since it is not clearly heretical and the rabbis' earliest reports mention gentiles as the targets. This kind of evidence indicates that the ideas about an angel carrying God's name enjoyed a fairly wide distribution, only some of which was in heretical circles.

In the "Parables of Enoch" there is a long excursus on the value of the hidden, divine name, by which the world was created and which the "son of man" learns.³⁹

The work is dated variously to pre-Christian times, to the first,

³⁵ See above, p. 60.

³⁶ G. H. Box, *Apocalypse of Abraham* (SPCK: 1919).

³⁷ Apoc. Abr. 10.

³⁸ See G. H. Box, p. xxv. See also *The Testament of Abraham*, where he is called *archistrategos*, and the *Test. of Job*. In the *Testament of Abraham* ch. 11 Adam is enthroned. See p. 109 f.

³⁹ I Enoch 69:14 f. R. H. Charles, *The Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament in English*, v. 2, pp. 234-235. For more discussion of the passage, see Gilles Quispel, *The Jung Codex and its Significance in Gnostic Studies* (Leiden: 1974), p. 20 f. and also Gershom Scholem, "Die Vorstellung vom Golem," *Erano's Jahrbuch*, 22 (1954), p. 246 f.

second and later centuries. What is most important is that there is an explicit reference to the use of God's hidden name as a weapon in an imprecation against demons or fallen angels, as well as in the creation of the world. Because of this name, all aspects of creation do homage to God, yet it becomes the possession of the "son of man." These traditions seem to refer to the tetragrammaton, whose pronunciation was probably already guarded.

Similar traditions based on the tetragrammaton are found in the magical papyri and in esoteric circles in Judaism. Of course, these traditions are datable with any surety only to the third century. In *Hekhaloth Rabbati* 9, for instance, we can see the same idea of the use of God's name in the creation of heaven and earth: "Great is the Name through which heaven and earth have been created." Similarly, *III Enoch* is familiar with the same idea:

He wrote with His finger with a flaming style upon the crown of my head the letters by which were created heaven and earth.⁴⁰

Come and behold the letters by which the heaven and the earth were created.⁴¹

In the *Sefer Yetzira*, written between the third and sixth centuries, the whole creation is described as proceeding from the name of God. In the *Sefer ha-Qoma*⁴² the ineffable name is expressly identified with Metatron Yahoel.⁴³

In *III Enoch*, Yahoel is also named YHWH the lessor (7, 12:5, 48). YHWH the lessor is also found in the gnostic *Pistis Sophia* (ch. 7). Thus, it seems very likely that, by the beginning of the second century and back into the first century as well, there existed apocalyptic speculations about the name of God as a mediator of creation which probably was very early connected with the idea that this mediation could also be portrayed by a principal angel.

Starting in the second century we see other evidence of speculation about the name of God, used in the gnosticism, described by the church fathers. Irenaeus, for instance, mentions that the Ophites used the Hebrew divine names for the various archons, or angels of the demiurge.⁴⁴ This may very well be one kind of belief which the rabbis

⁴⁰ *III Enoch* 13:1.

⁴¹ *III Enoch* 44:1.

⁴² *Inyane Merkabab*, Bodl. MS Oppenheimer 467, 61b.

⁴³ Cf., Ödeberg, *III Enoch*, p. 33.

⁴⁴ Iren. I, 30:5, 11, cf. II, 35:2-3. See Marmorstein, *ZNW*, 25 (1926), 257.

called "many powers in heaven." In one interesting place, the Valentinians mention that Iao has saved himself in Christ: "I redeem my soul from this age, and from all things connected with it in the name of Iao, who redeemed his own soul into redemption in Christ who liveth." ⁴⁵

In Origen's *Contra Celsum*, a corollary report about the Ophites contains the interesting information that, on the mystic journey through the spheres, a prayer is addressed to two different partially contrasting Iao's: "And thou, Archon of the hidden mysteries of Son and Father, who shinest by night, thou Iao, second and first, lord of death." ⁴⁶

Simon Magus also is reported to have used some of the same language which is frequent in these reports, calling himself "a power," even identifying himself with a god through use of traditions of "standing" and Ex. 24:10 f. which we noted in Philo. ⁴⁷

Samaritans, as well as Christians, may have preserved such ascension traditions. Although the evidence is scanty and speculative, the possible link between "two powers" and Samaritanism in rabbinic literature ⁴⁸ makes it necessary for us to mention them. The Samaritans, living in the North and rejecting the political control of Judea, did not await the coming of the Davidic Messiah, but the return of Moses or the coming of the "prophet like Moses" described in Dt. 18:15 f. In their glorification of Moses they resembled Philo. ⁴⁹ In Samaritan scripture a version of this prophecy is even inserted after the Ten Commandments. The fact that the Samaritans are said to deny resurrection does not mean that they necessarily believed the soul to perish after death. Rather they may have believed in angelic or pneumatic bodies which survived to return to heaven. Some New Testament scholars speculate

The new material from Nag. Hammadi, especially from tractate 2, is confirming a distinct relationship with Ophism. See below, p. 249.

⁴⁵ Iren. I, 21:3. See G. Quispel, "Mandaers en Valentinianen," *Nederlands Theologisch Tijdschrift*, viii: 3 (1954), 144-8.

⁴⁶ Orig. *Contra Celsum* 6:31. Chadwick, p. 347. Peterson (*Eis Theos*, p. 307) links the phrase "first and second" with the idea that Iao was identified with light and speculates that the "second" might refer to the light which illuminates Hades at night, as well as the light of the sun during the day (Vergil, *Aen.* VI, 641).

⁴⁷ See Acts 8:10; Justin *Apology* I 26, 3; Hippolytus *Refutatio*, VI, 9, 3-18, 7. The authenticity of this tradition is called into question by Roland Bergmeier, "Zur Frühdatierung samaritanischer Theologumena," *JSJ*, V (1974), 121-53, especially 146 f., but the use of the tradition can be demonstrated in heretical Christianity in any event. Its historicity is not the main concern.

⁴⁸ See p. 95 f.

⁴⁹ See Meeks, *The Prophet King*, pp. 216-257.

that early Christian enthronement traditions came from Samaritan circles. These enthronement traditions could certainly involve Ex. 24 or Dt. 5 as a central ascension text. It would not involve Dan. 7 which was not part of the Samaritan canon. A further link between Samaritanism and the Gospel of John is often theorized.⁵⁰ It should also be noted that the New Testament credits the Samaritan, Simon Magus, with a good deal of misinterpretation of Christianity, and later he becomes the first gnostic in the church fathers' account.

A most interesting example of heterodox Judaism has been preserved in the "Prayer of Joseph," which is contained in Origen's commentary on John 2:31.⁵¹ Though only a short fragment of the total work is recorded, almost all of the themes which we have been tracing since Philo are present in it. It is based on the theophany texts of Genesis which deal with Jacob's exploits and possibly is part of the testimony genre of literature which has been preserved in the name of other patriarchs. It is short enough to quote in full.

If one accepts from the apocrypha presently in use among the Hebrews the one entitled "The Prayer of Joseph," he will derive from it exactly this teaching . . . (namely) that those who have something distinctive from the beginning when compared to men, being much better than other beings, have descended from the angelic to human nature. Jacob, at any rate, says: "I, Jacob, who am speaking to you, am also Israel, an angel of God and a ruling spirit. Abraham and Isaac were created before any work. But I, Jacob, whom men call Jacob but whose name is Israel, am he who God called Israel, i.e. a man seeing God, because I am the firstborn of every living thing to whom God gives life." And he continues:

"And when I was coming up from Syrian Mesopotamia, Uriel, the angel of God came out and said that I had descended to earth and I had tabernacled among men and that I had been called by the name of Jacob. He envied me and fought with me and wrestled with me saying that his name and the name of Him that is before every angel was to be above mine. I told him his name and what rank he held among the sons of God: 'Are you not Uriel, the eighth after me and I, Israel, the archangel of the power of the Lord and the

⁵⁰ Charles Scobie, "The Origins and Development of Samaritan Christianity," p. 309 f. for survey of works. Also Bowman, "Early Samaritan Eschatology," *JJS*, (1955), 63-72. G. W. Buchanan, "The Samaritan Origin of the Gospel of John," *Religions in Antiquity*, (E. R. Goodenough Festschrift), 149-175. James D. Purvis, "The Fourth Gospel and the Samaritans," *SBL* section on John, Annual Meeting, Washington, D.C., October, 1974 and response by Wayne Meeks. Ödeberg speculated that the whole fourth Chapter of John was intended primarily for Samaritan circles, *Fourth Gospel*, p. 185 f.

⁵¹ Jonathan Z. Smith, "The Prayer of Joseph," in *Religions in Antiquity*.

chief captain among the sons of God? Am I not Israel, the first minister before the face of God?' And I called upon my God by the inextinguishable name . . . But we have made a lengthy digression in considering the matter of Jacob and using as evidence a writing not lightly to be despised to render more credible the belief concerning John the Baptist which maintains that he . . . being an angel, took a body in order to bear witness to the light.⁵²

Here it is an archangel of the power of the people of God who is called Israel and is also identified with the patriarch Jacob. He was created before all the works of creation and claims ascendancy over Uriel on the basis of his victory in personal combat by which he ostensibly possesses the divine name. To sum up the issues, as reported by J. Z. Smith, the fragment is dominated by three themes: (1) the lofty role of Israel (called Jacob, an angel of God, a ruling spirit, a man who sees God, the first-born of all life, the archangel of the power of the Lord, the heavenly chief captain, the high-priest before the face of God); (2) the conflict between Jacob and Uriel, each claiming ascendancy over each other; and (3) the myth relating to the descent of the angel to a flesh-like existence. Although this material is contained in a Christian source, no doubt its origin was Jewish sectarianism. Nor is it the only evidence that traditions about angelic keepers of the name were common in Jewish-Christianity. Cardinal Daniélou cites considerable evidence that traditions associating Michael and Gabriel with the name of God were recorded in Christian writings, often with the titles transferred to Christ.⁵³

In this quick tour of apocalyptic and mystical literature we have established certain things. First, it seems obvious that traditions similar to the ones which the rabbis dismissed as "two powers" heresy in the second century can be seen in sectarian literature of the first century. However, just when and where the traditions become heretical is a vexing question. It is certainly true that many of the traditions about the angel of YHWH would not have been taken as heretical by the rabbis. For instance, there is no convincing evidence that Merkabah mystics were ever called heretical, although the rabbis warned against exegesis of Ezekiel as early as the compilation of the Mishnah. While the evidence abounds for the existence of dangerous scriptural tradi-

⁵² J. Z. Smith, "The Prayer of Joseph," *ibid.*, p. 256 f. See also Martin Hengel, *The Son of God*, p. 48.

⁵³ Daniélou, *The Theology of Jewish Christianity*, pp. 119-131. See also E. R. Goodenough, "The Pseudo-Justinian *Oratio ad Graecos*," *HTR*, 18 (1925), 185-200.

tions there is not much evidence that angelic or hypostatic creatures were considered independent enough to provide definite targets for the "two powers" polemic. Of course, our knowledge of first century Judaism is quite limited. In the extreme gnostic systems, where the power with the Hebrew name opposed a higher power, the heresy is clear. But we have no solid evidence that such systems existed in apocalyptic literature before the early second century. Then too, to a certain extent the application of the term "heresy" is anachronistic because the earliest witness to the rabbinic charge is the second century, and we cannot be sure that the rabbis were firmly in control of Judaism until the second century. So we cannot be sure that any of the systems would have been called heresy in the first century or even if there was a central power interested to define it. But we cannot altogether dismiss the possibility that some apocalyptic groups posited an independent power as early as the first century or that other groups, among them the predecessors of the rabbis, would have called them heretics.

Once this general structure of traditions is clear we can hesitantly approach the thorny problem of the "son of man." We must certainly deal with the "son of man" traditions while we are discussing human manifestations in heaven in "apocalyptic Judaism." While most scholars agree that the "son of man" is not yet a specific title in Dan., there is little agreement about the character of the figure. Recently J. J. Collins has suggested anew that the "son of man" in Dan. means only a "manlike figure" who appears in the vision and is logically to be identified with Gabriel, the "manlike" angel (8:15; 9:21) or even Michael, the angel like God but with a human form, who appears in the next vision.⁵⁴ This would be in keeping with the archangels' role in the Enoch-Metatron literature. So it is growing more plausible that a whole constellation of traditions existed which speculated about the identity and character of the heavenly human figure. In its original mythological context before it appeared in Daniel it may have been a reflection of another Near Eastern god, as the holy war and divine warrior traditions have shown,⁵⁵ but this figure not a consistent personage in Jewish tradition.

Evidence for heterodox speculation about Daniel 7:9 f. in Jewish

⁵⁴ See Fossum, p. 92, J. J. Collins, "The Son of Man and the Saints of the Most High in the Book of Daniel," *JBL*, 93 (1974), 50-66 and H. L. Ginsberg, "Michael and Gabriel," *EJ*. Fossum argues persuasively for Gabriel because in 10:13 the angel speaks about Michael.

⁵⁵ See Altman, Cross and Miller, as cited on p. 184, n. 4.

thought may be recorded in some of the versions of the LXX. The original LXX translation of Daniel was very free and should appropriately be considered a commentary rather than a translation of Daniel. Because of this, it was eventually replaced in the Greek Bible by Theodotion's more literal translation. The LXX apparently translated "the son of man" vision in such a way as to make one suspicious that very early "two powers" traditions were being challenged. One version says that the "son of man" approached *as* the Ancient of Days, instead of *until* the Ancient of Days, coalescing the two divine figures by changing *heos* to *hos*.⁵⁶ Such a change can be explained as a scribal error, but since the text is well-attested, it may also have been a purposeful change to defend against heretics.

In the Parables of Enoch, which may bear Christian influence, the emphasis turned to the manlike figure, or the "son of man." Most of the portrayals of judgment in the Parables of Enoch (I Enoch 37-71)—as in all the Enoch literature—involve a detailed exegesis of the Daniel 7:13 passage. However the "son of man" in the Parables is a salvific figure of some prominence, having many divine perquisites. But whether "son of man" is actually the title of this savior or merely a semitic idiom describing "a manlike figure" has remained a scholarly puzzle.⁵⁷ Adapted from the Daniel pericope, the story of the "son of man" seems to involve the following scenario: (1) the wicked oppress the righteous (which is given as the reason for punishment); (2) the "son of man" enters God's throneroom and is enthroned (alternatively he is already enthroned before the scene opens); (3) whereupon the "son of man" passes judgment on God's behalf; (4) the wicked are justly punished by one of the two figures, usually the "son of man," and (5) scenes of triumph follow.⁵⁸ Of course, this is only the general scenario; the events are not always narrated in that order, nor are all the parts always expressed.⁵⁹ Whereas in other apocalyptic judgment scenes outside of the Parables, God is perfectly capable of

⁵⁶ See Montgomery, *Daniel*, ICC, p. 316. Recent publications appearing after this manuscript was in press, suggest that Enoch speculation may be quite old, older than Daniel, and form the basis of the Daniel speculation. See below, n. 65 for the evidence.

⁵⁷ Carsten Colpe, "*huios tou anthropou*," TDNT.

⁵⁸ This is adopted from the scheme of Lars Hartman, *Prophecy Interpreted: The Formation of Some Jewish Apocalyptic Texts and of the Eschatological Discourse in Mark 13* (Uppsala: 1966).

⁵⁹ See e.g., outside of the Parables in I Enoch 47:1-48 where parts of the pattern have been shuffled and some are missing.

carrying out the whole plan himself, ⁶⁰ in the Parables the "son of man" is usually the instrument of God's justice. This fact only points out the importance of the character of the "son of man" in the Parables. But nowhere is it certain that the "son of man" is a title. We may only have a series of traditions concerning Dan. 7:13.

In I En. 48:2 f. there is further description of this divine figure. He is casually named messiah and he (or only his name and office) are described as premundane, having been foreordained before the Lord of Spirits created the stars. Never before in this material has the figure been identified as the messiah, which leads many scholars to assume Christian influence (whether friendly or polemical), or authorship. In I En. 70 and 71 Enoch and his name are elevated to become the "son of man." He tours heaven, which contains the new paradise (I En. 70:4) (the *pardes*?) and is guided before the throne of the Ancient of Days by Michael; whereupon Enoch himself is proclaimed the "son of man." ⁶¹ At the last judgment the "son of man" will be brought before God and His name before the Ancient of Days. Because of this parallelism between the name and function of the figure of the "son of man," we are probably warranted in saying that from one perspective the "son of man" is a pre-existent being—but not in every respect, because the point of the story is to tell the mystical events by which Enoch learns of his future role. It seems clear that the figure has been human and becomes both divine and messianic, although his heavenly enthronement aspects are far better described than his earthly tasks. There is no evidence that a separate human messiah is to bring national redemption while this cosmic figure will bring cosmic justice.

The roots of the images in these verses should not concern us. Whether they are closest to ancient Canaanite, Babylonian, or Persian mythology is not specifically relevant. ⁶² Since the Prophets and the book of Daniel, the traditions were squarely within Israelite thought and underwent transformations peculiar to Israelite culture. I Enoch

⁶⁰ E.g., I Enoch 25:3-6, 100:1-9.

⁶¹ That the figures became one is as sure as it has been troublesome. R. H. Charles assumed that a copyist had erred in transcribing the pronouns, hence he changed the pronouns to make the conversation appear to be taking place between the "son of man" and God. Mowinkel has also denied any identification of the two figures. Note his description of the scene in *He That Cometh* (New York: n.d.) p. 383 f. and especially 442 f.

⁶² See Montgomery, *Daniel: A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Daniel* (Edinburgh, 1927), p. 317-322. Also Borsch, *The Son of Man in Myth and History* (London: 1970); Carson Colpe, "*uios tou anthropou*," in TDNT.

would be the next chronological occurrence of the tradition of the "son of man" after Daniel, exclusive of the gospels, if the early dating could be maintained. Yet the date of the Parables of Enoch, in which these traditions occur, is a great scholarly *desideratum*. It would be convenient to be able to assume that the book was pre-Christian, as many scholars have maintained.⁶³ But the evidence is hardly conclusive and the suspicious absence of "son of man" traditions at Qumran argues rather for a post-Christian date.⁶⁴ Until some definite evidence confirms a pre-Christian date, we must be satisfied with a post-Christian theory of origin. Even the scholarly consensus that the Parables are non-Christian has been seriously questioned. J. T. Milik has suggested that the parables are a Christian invention, designed to substitute for the "Book of Giants" attested at Qumran.⁶⁵

Though we learn much about the Daniel traditions from this writing, more prudent dating of the Parables requires us to take the New Testament as the earliest document which understands that the "son of man" as a title (though possibly not consistently), in turn identified with Christ. Of course, Philo does describe the heavenly Adam in terms which are elsewhere used of the "son of man." He also evidences similar ideas about the heavenly *logos*. So we must allow that some sort of "son of man" traditions preceded the gospels. It would not be surprising to find that the pre-Christian traditions were a variety of conflicting exegeses of Dan. 7:13, all describing an unnamed figure, possibly God's human hypostasis or a principal angel who carries the name of God. There is no clear evidence that the figure was proclaimed "son of man" as a title or that his coming was predicted before the eschaton. Instead there is some evidence that special people might be translated to heaven to appear before the throne, whereupon they are

⁶³ The pre-Christian son of man is integral part of the Bultmann thesis that the son of man is a representative of pre-Christian, gnostic-salvation myth.

⁶⁴ Ragnar Leivestad, "Exit the Apocalyptic Son of Man," *NTS*, 18 (1972), 243. J. C. Hindley, "Towards a Date for the Similitudes of Enoch: An Historical Approach," *NTS*, 14, 551-65.

⁶⁵ See Milik, "Problèmes de la littérature hénoclique à la lumière des fragments araméens de Qumran," *HTR*, 64 (1971), 333-78; "Turfan et Qumran: Livre des Géants juif et manichéen," *Tradition und Glaube: Das frühe Christentum in seiner Umwelt: Festgabe für K. G. Kuhn* (Göttingen: 1971), pp. 117-27. His new edition of *The Book of Enoch: Aramaic Fragments of Qumran Cave 4* (with the collaboration of Matthew Black) (Oxford: 1976) suggests that Enoch is older than Daniel and forms the basis of the Daniel speculation. The dating of the Son of Man title, however, remains unaffected. See Matthew Black, "The Parables, of Enoch (1 En. 37-71) and the 'Son of Man,'" *Expository Times*, 78 (1976), 5-8.

identified with the manlike figure or are granted immortality and use the name of God to gain vindication for themselves and their followers.

B. *New Testament Christianity*

Of all the forms of religion in Palestine in the first century, New Testament Christianity is the best documented, most controversial, and most often studied. Even so, there is little that can be said in certainty about the roots of Christian doctrines. This lack of sure knowledge will be especially frustrating in studying "two powers" tradition, as we shall see, because many traditions found heretical by the rabbis in the second century were intimately connected to the apostolic understanding of Jesus. Yet, it is a mistake to assume that Christianity was a unified social movement which contained a consistent, theological perspective, even in its earliest stages.⁶⁶ The most we can say is that some kinds of Christianity found "two powers" traditions favorable to their perspective. The relationships between these traditions of angelic mediation and Christianity are significant enough to call for a more complete study of the problem as background for Christology than has yet been attempted.

It is fair to begin with the observation that Jesus is never called merely an angel in the New Testament. Nor is there any clarity about the first titles applied to Jesus. In spite of these disclaimers, Christianity is the most extensive developer of the "son of man" traditions. As opposed to the Enoch traditions, the gospels certainly understand Jesus as "the son of man." It would not be exaggerating to say that one purpose of the gospel is to identify Jesus as the "son of man." However, the identification is neither clear nor consistent. The term does not always appear to be a title, nor is it proclaimed of Jesus since it only occurs in his own speeches. Yet, when the total picture is taken into account, the identification of Jesus with the "son of man" is so characteristic of the gospels that many scholars take the occasional *logion* of Jesus in which he does not equate himself with the "son of man" (or does so in some ambiguous way) to be undoubtedly authentic. Since a distinction between Jesus and the "son of man" could not reflect the bias of the early church, according to this perspective, it may reflect the authentic words of Jesus, because there would have

⁶⁶ J. M. Robinson and Helmut Koester, *Trajectories Through Early Christianity* (Philadelphia: 1971).

been no reason to preserve the statements, were they not from Jesus. Furthermore, the title itself quickly went to disuse, superceded by more understandable titles like "Son of God" and "Messiah" (*Christos*). Yet, whether or not Jesus meant anything apocalyptic in calling himself "son of man" has not been settled. A non-apocalyptic possibility for the meaning of Jesus' "son of man" sayings must be mentioned. It is possible that he used the phrase in a self-referential way only because it was a possible, self-referential Aramaic idiom, having no direct relationship to the manlike figure of Daniel.⁶⁷ In short, even accepting the argument which makes "son of man" an authentic self-designation of Jesus does not clarify what Jesus might have meant by it. One school of critics accepts the eschatological statements as primary; another accepts the self-referential ones as primary. All agree that neither the self-referential nor the eschatological statements can be clearly distinguished from the perspective of the church. Therefore some of the statements may have been attributed to Jesus by Christians who had already accepted the titles and found it impossible to imagine that Jesus may have thought of himself in other ways.

There is probably no possible historical solution to the question of Jesus' self-consciousness. There is a greater chance of discovering how various christologies developed.

It is clear that the "son of man" traditions refer back to *Dan.* 7:13, which is a text important for "two powers" investigation. So we should mention the uses of *Dan.* 7:9 f. in the New Testament. Certainly the most interesting use of *Dan.* 7:13 in the gospels for our purposes is its combination with *Ps.* 110.⁶⁸ *Ps.* 110, the most quoted Old Testament scripture in the New Testament, has recently been studied

⁶⁷ Geza Vermes, "Appendix E: The Use of Bar Nasha/BarNash in Jewish Aramaic," in Matthew Black, *An Aramaic Approach to the Gospels and Acts* (Oxford: 1967), pp. 310-330. However, criticism of this theory is persuasive, see J. Jeremias, *New Testament Theology* (New York: 1971), p. 261, n. 1. J. A. Fitzmyer has reported that BRNŠ³ is evidenced at Qumran as a designation for the collectivity "mankind" or the individual belonging to a collectivity (i.e., II Q³⁷ Job 26:3). But there is no evidence of its being used (a) as a surrogate for "I," (b) as a form of address, or (c) as an eschatological title. The full evidence is forthcoming in "Methodology in the Study of the Aramaic Substratum of Jesus' Sayings in the New Testament," *Jésus aux origines de la Christologie*, Bibliotheca ephemeridum theologicarum lovaniensium, (Gembloux: Ducalot, 1975).

⁶⁸ See *Mk.* 2:32 f., 8:56 f., 13:26, 14:62. Norman Perrin, *A Modern Pilgrimage in New Testament Christology* (Philadelphia: 1974), has been very helpful in this section.

by David Hay.⁶⁹ Many N.T. uses stress Jesus' exaltation after death, represented as a vindication by God. Other uses of the psalm stress Christ's enthronement as the basis for ecclesiology or for a priestly christology. But when used in connection with Dan. 7:13, the first clause of psalm 110 was certainly a support for the christological interpretation of the "son of man." No less, it served as testimony to the supreme dignity of the one whom the Christians called "My Lord" and promised vindication for the believers. The question is how such a concept developed. It may be that messianic interpretations already lay behind these scriptures when the Christians adopted them. But we do not have any firm evidence for that. Rather all that is necessary to be presupposed in the tradition is that Jesus be identified with the second "lord" in Ps. 110:1. This identification would be based on the Hebrew text, where both ³DWNY, (my lord) and tetragrammaton, YHWH, appears. Bousset had assumed that the use of the euphemism, "Lord," for the tetragrammaton was not known in Palestine in the first century. However, this theory has been challenged.⁷⁰ It is at least possible that believers said "lord" twice in quoting Ps. 110:1 in Hebrew in the first century. It is certainly true that anyone speaking Greek or Aramaic would have used two "Lords" in the psalm. This much seems sensible. But it is fascinating to speculate further. We know that the ascension and heavenly enthronement of Jesus was assumed on the basis of Ps. 110, which had the function of an eschatological promise for the believer and a vindication which countered Jesus' crucifixion. Might it be that the connection between the earthly Jesus and the son of man was made because Jesus was believed to have ascended to the throne in heaven—thus identifying him with the manlike figure (BRNŠ³ "son of man") who fought against the unjust, and who was seated on His divine throne? Immortality or resurrection were often stressed in reports of martyrdom,⁷¹

⁶⁹ David M. Hay, *Glory at the Right Hand: Ps. 110 in Early Christianity*, SBL monograph 18 (New York: 1973).

⁷⁰ J. A. Fitzmyer, "Qumran Aramaic and the New Testament," *NTS*, 20 (1974), 390. See now, Martin Hengel, *The Son of God*, p. 77-83.

⁷¹ See G. W. E. Nickelsburg, Jr. *Resurrection, Immortality, and Eternal Life in Intertestamental Judaism* (Cambridge: 1972). For the significant relationship between martyrdom, resurrection and the story of the sacrifice of Isaac in Jewish tradition, see Shalom Spiegel, *The Last Trial: On the Legends and Lore of the Command to Abraham to Offer Isaac as a Sacrifice: The Akedah*. tr. J. Goldin (New York: 1967). Geza Vermes, *Scripture and Tradition in Judaism*. (Leiden: 1961) and N. A. Dahl, "The Atonement—An Adequate Reward for the Akeda?" in *Neotestamentica et Semitica* (festschrift M. Black) ed. Ellis and Wilcox (Edinburgh: 1969).

while Philo wrote that men of special ability could mystically ascend to participate in divine immutability. The novelty of some Christian understandings would then have been to stress the divine title given to Jesus on the basis of Ps. 110, and thereby to associate the martyred messiah with the divine warrior who carried the name of God. While only a hypothesis, it has two advantages over the gnostic savior hypothesis. It does not need to predicate a well-defined but unevidenced myth into which Jesus was fit. Rather it assumes that many different traditions about mediators, human figures in heaven and angelic mediators were eventually identified with Jesus, after he was believed to have survived death and ascended to heaven. These traditions may or may not have been associated with the messiah before Jesus. But certainly Jesus' life provided one definite link with messianic expectations since he was crucified as "King of the Jews"—that is, as a messianic pretender, even if he had no messianic consciousness.⁷²

While the scriptural traditions with which Jesus was associated were not "gnostic," the motif can certainly be said to be mythical in the current, anthropological use of that term. Before Christianity there is evidence of many different exegetical traditions but no central, single redemption myth. It looks as if the unity was reached by applying all the traditions to Jesus.

As central and ancient as were these beliefs, they were by no means the whole story. It is not my purpose to elaborate a theory of the evolution of christological titles. But it should be pointed out that the christological titles (and even Son of God) can be partially understood as a combination of traditions of exegesis about various angelic figures with messianic prophecies.⁷³ All of these titles can be explained

⁷² See the title essay in N. A. Dahl's recently translated *The Crucified Messiah and other Essays* (Minneapolis: 1974).

⁷³ Martin Hengel, *The Son of God*, argues that Son of God was not a purely Hellenistic title. It would appear that in the Old Testament "My son" was a title of the king while "son of God" originally denoted other gods, which became subservient as angels under the pressure of biblical monotheism (see Föhrer, *TDNT*, "huios," 347 f.). The singular form occurs only late for Old Testament references, in Dan. 3:25. In the New Testament there are a few, uncertain traces of similar terminology. Rev. 2:18 introduces Christ as "the son of God" with features similar to Dan. 10:5 f. In Hebr. 7:3, Melkizedek is described as resembling the son of God. However, much more often the christological title "son of God" is linked up with messianic prophecies of the Old Testament—like Ps. 2:7 f. and 2 Sam. 7:14 f.—where God calls the Davidic king, "my son." It seems likely that "sonship" developed both to discuss Jesus' messianic mission and to define his relationship to the father. For instance, in Paul, Hebrews and Johannine writings, the term 'son of God' includes the idea of pre-existence. It is used in connection with terms like "*logos*" and "*image*"

without any necessary messianic or salvational self-proclamation by Jesus during his life. They all may be seen as part of the church's conviction that Jesus' death was vindicated by his ascension which, in turn, was the sign of the future vindication of all believers.

After this identification, the church could easily present the authority of Jesus in his ministry to stem from his identification with the "son of man." In Mark 2:10 and 2:28 the authority of Jesus, as "son of man," extends even to abrogating the law and forgiving sins. The latter claim is especially significant in view of R. Idi's argument with the heretics.

Besides the themes of vindication and authority apparent in the "son of man" sayings of Jesus, another exegesis of the book of Daniel figures prominently in the synoptic apocalypse, edited by the church during the time of the destruction of the Second Temple (ca. 70 C.E.). By now, Jesus, as Son of Man, was considered to have passed judgment on Jerusalem (Mk. 13:26 with Mk. 14:62). Nor could the destruction of Jerusalem fail to have been taken as a sign by the Christian community that the Jews were punished for opposing the Church and its message, a doctrine which was maintained even after the prophesied apocalyptic end failed to materialize.

Still other uses of "two powers" traditions may be found in the synoptic gospels. For instance, the Sinai theophany, together with Dan. 7:9 f. has often been suggested as the background for the synoptic account of the transfiguration, especially prominent in the Lukan version.⁷⁴ Of course these exegeses were not invented by Christianity. The early Christians referred to several other intertestamental texts which picture the appearance of angels and describe their functions on earth. We have seen that the appearance of angels in Jud. 6

of God" (Hebr. 1, Rom. 8:29, Col. 1:13-18, John 1:1-3, cf., John 1:1-18). Obviously, many associations have become part of this title but it cannot be said to have originated to express the pre-existence of Jesus. Like *Kyrios* and unlike *Christos*, the term "Son of God" would have remained meaningful to people who were not aware of its Jewish background. It should be noted that the divine connotation of "Son of God" is one way of explaining the charge of blasphemy at the trial. See D. Catchpole, *The Trial of Jesus: a Study in the Gospels and Jewish Historiography from 1770 to the Present Day* (Leiden: 1971), pp. 72-148. "Son of God" has been reported as a human title for the Messiah at Qumran by Milik, though the text has not yet been published. See Fitzmyer, "Qumran Aramaic and the New Testament," *NTS*, 20 (1974), 382-407.

⁷⁴ The strongest proponent of this idea is Davies, *He Ascended into Heaven: A Study in the History of Doctrine* (1958), pp. 25, 185. See also Gerhardt Lohfink, *Die Himmelfahrt Jesu: Untersuchungen zu den Himmelfahrts und Erhöhungstexten bei Lukas* (München: 1971), pp. 64, 191. Also Borsch, p. 383.

and 13 as well as the theophanies (understood as angelophanies) in the pentateuch underlie the description of the angel Raphael's appearance and ascension in Tobit 12. These, in turn, are likely to have formed the basis for Markan transfiguration. Interesting too is the recent suggestion by Anitra Kolenkow that these traditions may also underlie and give form to some of the healing and feeding stories in Mark as well as the post-resurrection epiphany stories in later gospels.⁷⁵

The identification of Jesus with the "son of man" was not the end of the matter. Rather it was the beginning of a long discussion of the status of Jesus in the heavenly economy. Jesus is not called an angel in the New Testament because he was not believed to be *merely* an angel. So it is not surprising to see the figure of Jesus begin to take over divine titles in the Pauline and Johannine corpora.

Therefore God has highly exalted him and bestowed upon him the name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and that every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the father.⁷⁶

On the basis of his ascension and translation Jesus has been raised higher even than the angels. The divine names and titles used by II Isaiah have been transferred to Jesus. Furthermore, though this occurs in the writings of Paul, which are certainly early (middle first century) and earlier than much of the gospel material, there is no reason to believe that Paul was the first to think of Jesus in this manner. This section in Paul's writing bears all the characteristics of a separate liturgical fragment which Paul inserted into his argument because it was relevant to his discussion of patience and humility. Note too that, true to this theme, the beginning of the psalm seems to deny Jesus' equality with God: "Christ Jesus, who, though he was in the form of God, did not count equality with God a thing to be grasped."⁷⁷ This represents a fairly early stage in the development of christology, similar in many respects to Philo, because though traditions about the name of God were applied to Jesus, Jewish sensibilities about the preservation of monotheism remained strong. In fact, Paul himself seems to use a polemic against some kinds of first century

⁷⁵ Anitra Kolenkow, "The Coming and Ascent of a Heavenly Healer—Tobit and Mark," a paper delivered to the SBI Gospel of John seminar, October, 1974.

⁷⁶ Phil. 2:9-11.

⁷⁷ Phil. 2:6.

Jews which we also find characteristic of the rabbinic "two powers" discussion in the second century.

Why then the law? It was added because of transgressions, till the offspring should come to whom the promise had been made; and it was ordained by angels through an intermediary. Now an intermediary implies more than one, but God is one.⁷⁸

Paul's total argument in this passage is ambiguous and baffling. He seems to be relying on Jewish argument in a peculiar way. He accepts the idea that the Law was given by angels, a position which is explicitly denied by the rabbis for reasons that are already apparent. Though Paul's point is opposite to theirs, his argument is rather similar to the rabbis. Both agree that some ideas of mediation dilute strict monotheism but argue toward different remedies: Paul claims that the Law is inferior. The rabbis will claim that the Law is given directly by God. Whatever else it proves, this seems to show that a polemic against angelology already existed in Jewish circles in the first century and could be applied in various, different ways, depending on the perspective of the exegete.

The pattern is characteristic of most Pauline letters as well as those of the Pauline School. We need not go into Paul's angelology in detail.⁷⁹ Generally speaking, it is fair to say that for Paul and his school Christ had brought the reign of both the Law and the angels to its close, since Christ had broken the power of sin and overthrown the cosmic spirits. It is interesting to note the common words that Paul uses to describe the various kinds of angelic creature. These are *archē*, *exousia*, and *dynamis* (see e.g., I Cor. 15:24-26, and freq.) as well as *thronos* (Col. 1:16) and *kosmokrator* (Eph. 6:12). These are identical with the words for angels in apocalyptic literature.⁸⁰ They are also the common Greek equivalents of the Hebrew term

⁷⁸ Gal. 3:19-20. See N. A. Dahl, "Widersprüche in der Bibel, ein altes hermeneutisches Problem," *Studia Theologica*, 25 (1971), 1-19.

⁷⁹ For more detail on Paul's concept of angels see W. D. Davies, "A Note on Josephus, *Antiquities* 15:136," *HTR*, 47 (1954); Bo Reicke, "The Law and the World according to Paul," *JBL*, 70 (1951), 261-63; Fred Francis, "Visionary Discipline and Scriptural Tradition at Colossae," *Lexington Theological Quarterly* 2 (1967); F. Francis and W. Meeks, *The Colossian Controversy* (SBL: 1974); G. MacGregor, "Principalities and Powers: The Cosmic Background of Paul's Thought," *NTS*, 1 (1954), 22; Andrew John Bandstra, *The Law and the Elements of the World* (1964), pp. 158-68; Edward Langton, *The Angel Teaching of the New Testament* (London: n.d.); H. Berkhof, *Christ and the Powers* (Scottsdale, Pa.: 1962); M. Jones, "St. Paul and the Angels," *Expositor*, vii-15 (1918), 415.

⁸⁰ See T. of Solomon 20:12-15, cf. I Enoch 61:10.

RŠWT. Paul uses such terms to stress the inferior status of the celestial beings. It seemed reasonable to assume that the rabbis used these terms, rather than the infrequent "two gods," for the same reason. However, we shall also find language similar to "two gods" in the New Testament.⁸¹ In Ephesians, Christ's victory over the angelic powers is stressed. And in 1:21 it appears as if the Pauline author describes Christ with the ineffable name of God:

They are measured by his strength and the might which he exerted in Christ when he raised him from the dead, when he enthroned him at his right hand in the heavenly realms, far above all government and authority, all power and dominion, and any title of sovereignty that can be named, not only in this age, but in the age to come.⁸²

Many "two powers" themes have come together. Jesus is raised from the dead and enthroned as Christ far above the status of any man or angel. He is sovereign in this age and the age to come, a claim explicitly reserved for God according to rabbinic tradition. Furthermore, Christ has been exalted beyond any title that can be named, implying that he has been awarded the secret name of God.

The process of transferring divine names and titles to Jesus is especially characteristic of the Revelation of John where the identification of the Christ with the tetragrammaton is even more obvious. For instance, Rev. 22:12-13:

Behold I am coming soon bringing my recompense to repay every one for what he has done. I am the alpha and the omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end.⁸³

We have seen that such titles from Isaiah and Deuteronomy are particularly important in the rabbinic polemic.⁸⁴ These traditions present some plausible targets for the rabbis' attack. The same can be said of the Christ's victorious coming in Rev. 19.

Then I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse! He who sat upon it is called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he judges and makes war. His eyes are like a flame of fire and on his head are many diadems; and he has a name inscribed which no one knows but himself. He is clad in a robe dipped in blood, and the name by which he is called is the Word of God. And the armies of heaven

⁸¹ See p. 216 f.

⁸² Eph. 1:20 f. according to NfB.

⁸³ Rev. 22:12-13.

⁸⁴ See p. 60 f., 84 f.

arrayed in fine linen white and pure, followed him on white horses. From his mouth issues a sharp sword with which to smite the nations and he will rule them with a rod of iron; he will tread the wine press of the fury of the wrath of God the almighty. On his robe and on his thigh he has a name inscribed, King of Kings and Lord of Lords.⁸⁵

Many different images are jumbled together in this description. Divine warrior imagery is prominent but the divine warrior has been identified with the messiah (Ps. 2) and Jesus, based on the "son of man" tradition in Daniel. Furthermore, many divine titles are applied to the figure: "true and faithful," "King of Kings," "Lord of Lords" are all divine attributions in Judaism. Lastly and more importantly, he has appropriated the ineffable name, which is identical with "Word of God" (v. 13). On this basis, it seems safe to consider that many Christians identified the Christ with God's principal angel, who carried the divine name, because of his resurrection.

It is in this context that we should see the arguments in the Epistle to the Hebrews that Jesus is more sublime a mediator than the angels or Moses. In Hebrews there is no complete polemic against angel worship. Rather Christ, as "Son" (1:4-2:10), is reputed to be better. Significantly the Son is reputed to be the "Elohim" enthroned in Ps. 45:7 (Heb. 1:8). The notion that the Lord will rule the world to come is transferred to Christ (2:5).⁸⁶ The book is probably directed against some Christians who did not see Jesus' role as unique, rather as merely one more example of a special intercessor who had been taken into the presence of God.

These ascension and theophany themes, placed in a polemical setting, show up in the Gospel of John. In John 6:46 the gospel states: "No one has ever seen God, except His son," which amounts to a new interpretation of Ex. 33:20 in the Sinai theophany. We saw that the solution to the contradiction between God's appearance to the elders at Sinai (Ex. 24:10 f.) and the statement that "no one can see Him and live" (Ex. 33:20) was the purpose of the rabbinic and Philonic exegesis of the passage. In Philo's case, reconciling the contradiction necessitated positing a second divine figure. In the rabbinic case, it occasioned a polemic against a second figure.⁸⁷ In the Johannine

⁸⁵ Rev. 19:11-16.

⁸⁶ This seems related to the rabbinic insistence that the God of Israel will rule in the age to come as well. See p. 60 f.

⁸⁷ Peder Borgen, *Bread from Heaven* (Leiden: 1965), p. 415. Also see Ödeberg, *The Fourth Gospel* and John 3:3-13. One should note the similarity to Abahu's com-

version a new argument is discovered in that theophany story. Since Moses was not allowed to see the face of God (for no mortal can see God and live), John proclaims that only a specific heavenly figure can have had a full vision of God—he who was from God, Jesus. Probably John was speaking against opposing ascension views. The statement that “No one has gone to heaven except he who is descended from heaven” is probably designed to disallow any ascension traditions excepting the Christian one.

Neither are controversies like the one in John 12:37 f. innocent of “two powers” ramifications:

In spite of many signs which Jesus had performed in their presence they would not believe in him, for the prophet Isaiah's utterance had to be fulfilled: “Lord, who has believed what we reported, and to whom has the Lord's arm been revealed?” So it was that they could not believe, for there is another saying of Isaiah's: “He has blinded their eyes and dulled their minds, lest they should see with their eyes, and perceive with their minds, and turn to me to heal them.” Isaiah said this because he saw His glory and spoke about Him.

... So Jesus cried aloud: “When a man believes in me, he believes in Him who sent me. I have come into the world as Light...”⁸⁸

The purpose of this passage is to identify Jesus as both messiah and as the “glory of God.” It does so by identifying the Christ as the glory of God which Isaiah saw in Is. 6.⁸⁹ Isaiah's prophecies of woe on Israel can then be transferred by the gospel writer to the Jews who did not perceive Jesus as God's glory. To make the matter clear Jesus even cries aloud that in viewing him, men also view the Father. The rabbis had partially insisted on the use of “glory” as a metonymy for God in order to remove any heretical implications from the Sinai theophany. They expressly forbid the interpretation of the theophany as an angelophany. The New Testament adopts the targumic language but not the entire rabbinic sensibility.

In a sense, it is no surprise to see so many of the themes of the

ment against the person who attempts to go to heaven or who calls himself the son of man:

R. Abahu said: If a man say to you “I am God,” he is a liar; if (he says, “I am) the son of man,” in the end people will laugh at him; if (he says) “I will go up to heaven, he says so, but shall not perform it.” (j Taan. 65b).

In Abahu's time, Christianity of the gnostic or even Johannine type, is the most likely referent for the heresy.

⁸⁸ John 12:37 f according to the NEB.

⁸⁹ See McNamara, *Targum and Testament*, p. 98 f. and p. 50 above. Also Is. 12:42 for a discussion of the targumic background for these traditions.

"two powers" controversy show up in Christianity. We should expect to find Christians seek out "two powers" exegesis. What is surprising is that both sides of the argument show up. Paul can argue that some Jews compromise monotheism, even while maintaining that he does not. Apparently, even within Christianity the "two powers" controversy was evidenced. This suggests that some Christians were certainly guilty of "two powers" speculation, that others were accused of it but might have thought the charge untrue, and that still others might not have been charged at all. Certainly, as we shall see in coming chapters, the language of the "two powers" controversy becomes especially important within the church's struggle to refine christology.

Having found certain evidence that Christianity was involved in "two powers" polemic in the first century, we have discovered that traditions which we saw for the first time in rabbinic literature of the second century already existed in the first century. But what is the guarantee that Jews of the first century would have reacted in the same way as the second century rabbis towards these apocalyptic and Christian concepts of mediation? Perhaps they would have taken a more tolerant attitude toward these ideas of mediation as Philo did even while maintaining strict adherence to law and monotheism. Perhaps the term "two powers" is anachronistic as applied to the first century. After all, not all kinds of Christianity can be said even to be guilty of the crime. And the New Testament does not predicate divinity of Jesus with any frequency.⁹⁰ Most of the passages suggesting that the title "God" was predicated of Jesus are in hymns or doxologies,⁹¹ which indicate that the title of God was applied to Jesus more quickly in liturgical contexts than in narrative or epistolary literature. Some reluctance to predicate godhood of Jesus is reflected in the Jesus traditions. In Mk. 10:18 Jesus refuses the title "good" because only God is good. Even in John, with its exalted christology, Jesus always speaks humbly of himself: "The Father is greater than I" (Jn. 14:28) or the Father is "the only true God" (Jn. 17:3).

Given these ambiguities in Christian traditions, do we have any guarantee that Christians were more susceptible to the charge of "two powers" than other apocalyptic groups? Previously, we have seen that it was difficult to know on the basis of apocalyptic thought alone whether any apocalyptic angelology or doctrine of mediation could have

⁹⁰ See R. Brown's article in *ST*, 26 (1965), 545-73 for a discussion of these texts.

⁹¹ Namely John 1:1, 18; 20:28; Rom. 9:5; Heb. 1:8; 2 Pet. 1:1.

been found offensive to monotheism. In the case of Christianity, the Gospel of John gives us a more definite answer. It records in three places that Jews sought to kill Jesus because he claimed to be God or a special notable. Obviously, these reports are exaggerated and should not be dated to the time of Jesus. They demonstrate only that the Johannine community was under pressure from the Jewish community by the time the gospel was written, which is probably the end of the first century. In Jn 5:18, this report appears: "For this reason the Jews sought all the more to kill him—not only was he breaking the sabbath; worse still, he was speaking of God as his own Father, thus making himself God's equal." In 5:21, relevant to the same issue, the gospel states that "...just as the father raises the dead and grants life, so also the Son grants life to those whom he wishes," applying Dt. 32 to Jesus in the same way that the rabbinic community applied it to God. In Jn 8:58-59, Jesus appears to apply the divine name to himself, after which the Jews take up stones against him, implying that he had blasphemed the divine name or attempted to lead others astray:

The Jews then said to him, "You are not yet fifty years old, and have you seen Abraham?" Jesus said to them, "Truly, truly I say to you, before Abraham was, I am." So they took up stones to throw at him, but Jesus hid himself and went out of the temple.

Jesus' claim to the divine title "I am" foreshadows the trial scenes where he seems guilty of blasphemy.

It should be noted that earlier in this dialogue (vs. 44) Christians call the Jews "the first-born of Satan," a phrase which will become more significant in both of the communities as the polemic intensifies.

The blasphemy theme is continued in John. In Ch. 10, the charge of the Jews is repeated:

The Jews took up stones again to stone him. Jesus answered them, "I have shown you many good works from the Father; for which of these do you stone me? The Jews answered him, "We stone you for no good work but for blasphemy; because you, being a man, make yourself God." ⁹²

Jesus answers by referring to Ps. 82:6 that all Israel is called by the title "gods" and "sons of gods." Of course, Christianity assumed that

⁹² John 10:33.

⁹³ It has been suggested that underlying this passage are several traditions of agency and judgment on the basis of Deut. 19:17, Ex. 21:6, 22:9. See Brown, p. 409. But the full extent of the issues cannot be taken up here.

the phrase "son of God" means more than this basic designation and that the Old Testament reference had found fulfillment in Jesus.⁹³ What is important for our purposes is to see that by the time of the Gospel of John, the Jewish community is already described as opposing Christianity on the issue of the divinity of Jesus. It was the divinity of Jesus, rather than the messianic claim (though both were issues), that is portrayed as separating the two communities. The Jews criticize the Christians of "ditheism," rather than "two powers" which also foreshadows a christological problem in later Christianity.

Some of the social bases of the opposition between Jew and Christian can also be seen. The Johannine gospel reflects a time when the cleavage between Jews and Christians had become irremediable. This must refer to the end of the first century, although John explicitly says that the hostility started during the time of Jesus (see, e.g., 12:42). The gospel reports that Jews were already applying ostracism to the Christian community. If anyone should confess Jesus as messiah, according to Jn. 9:22, he was excluded from the synagogue.⁹⁴ We already have good evidence about the doctrinal and exegetical issues that separated Jew from Christian. Now some of the social consequences can be seen. Lou Martyn has made the very cogent suggestion that the Johannine texts refer to the imposition of the *Birkat ha-minim*, the curse against sectarians which was expanded in this period to include the *minim*.⁹⁵

But the Christian community is also very bothered by the Jewish reaction, for the gospel contains an anti-Jewish polemic of extreme ferocity, culminating in the charge that the Jews are offspring of the devil, while Jesus and his followers are from God. (8:42 f.) This extreme, opposing dualism in the fourth gospel seems parallel to the highly irritated social situation and suggests that such dualism may sometimes arise out of situations of severe social conflict. More can be said about the correlation between polemic and dualism when discussing the extreme gnostics of succeeding centuries.⁹⁶

What is most important is that the New Testament attests to traditions which, by the methodological assumptions necessary in

⁹³ See N. A. Dahl, "The Johannine Church and History," in W. Klassen and G. F. Snyder, eds., *Current Issues in New Testament Interpretation* (Nashville: 1962), p. 125 f.

⁹⁴ See J. Louis Martyn, *History and Theology in the Fourth Gospel* (New York: 1968).

⁹⁶ See below, p. 244 and my article "'Lord of the World' — Angel or Devil?" forthcoming.

studying midrash, could only be dated to the second century actually date to the first century, both in the Greek-speaking philosophical-Hellenistic environment which Philo represented, and the Aramaic and Greek speaking environment described by the gospels. Apparently the categories which the rabbis used to describe heretics in the second century are somewhat serviceable even to more objective historiography of the first century. But since there is no uniquely anti-Christian theme in the rabbinic attack, we cannot conclude that Christians were the only offending group.

One may disagree as to whether or when these groups began to compromise monotheism, which was the force of the rabbinic criticism, since many different positions in Judaism defended themselves with "two powers" arguments. But the terminology itself is apt, because it tells us the categories in which the development of Christianity was seen. It tells us that Christianity was probably one of a number of similar sects. It may have been unique in that it identified a messianic candidate with the manlike figure in heaven who was going to judge the world. But the theme itself was apocalyptic (and possibly mystical) in nature. It may also have been unique to identify a contemporary rather than a hero of the past with an angelic being.⁹⁷ But the theme was not, insofar as anyone can prove, the Christian application of a redeemer myth of a single, gnostic pre-existent, divine savior who was going to descend to earth, save those who received him, and reascend to heaven. Rather Christianity was one among a plethora of different sects with similar scriptural traditions. The single gnostic pattern, if there is one, seems to be a rather sophisticated re-understanding of the Christian model.

To summarize, the one sectarian movement in Judaism about which we have considerable evidence is Christianity. There is warrant to believe that "two powers" heresy was manifested in some kinds of Christianity in the first century. The evidence seems to show that Johannine Christianity, at least, was condemned by Jews as "ditheism" and would have considered itself to be "binitarian." There is some evidence that the Greek vocabulary for "two powers" would have been understandable to Paul. He did not use the actual term against his opponents but argued against their concepts of the angelic powers on the basis of God's unity. It is beginning to look like it was Christianity, in its zeal

⁹⁷ It does not seem likely to me that this was a great innovation. Personages of the recent past, far past, antediluvian heroes and even angels, were all equally part of the thought-world of first century Judaism.

to apply all Hebrew designations of divinity to Christ, which first put together the complete myth of the redeemed redeemer who descended to earth to save his followers.

The New Testament never overtly identifies Jesus with an angel. On the other hand, the church fathers identify Jesus as an angel quite frequently. Whatever one may say about the variety of Christianity manifested in the New Testament, it seems quite certain, as we shall see, that the Christianity of Justin Martyr and other church fathers would have been condemned by the rabbis as "two powers" speculation.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE CHURCH FATHERS

We have seen that the rabbinic classification of heretics describes sectarian life sensibly, albeit from the rabbinic perspective, from the time of Philo and before through the apocalyptic and gnostic periods. Of course, Christianity was the most important heresy, not only because it was the most successful of the sects, but because it defined the divinity and personality of the "second power" in the clearest and most emphatic way. Since the Christian tradition is manifold and complex,¹ we cannot expect that the concept of an angelic mediator influenced every aspect of it. However, it seems possible, in light of the rabbinic description of Christianity, that such influence is greater than is usually assumed.

Luckily, much of the history of angelic christologies has already been chronicled in the process of tracing the origin of ancient Arianism.² In the next few sections on the church fathers, then, I can afford to be even more schematic and selective than previously. I must be content only to mention the angel in the Shepherd of Hermas, which should be seen as intimately related to the principal angel traditions in apocalyptic literature. Hermas talks in many places of a highest angel worthy of reverence, whom most commentators have identified as the Son of God.³ The angel is given the name Michael,⁴ yet the conclusion that he is equivalent to the Son of God or the Christ, is difficult to escape.⁵ Both are invested with supreme power over the people of God; both pronounce judgment on the faithful; both hand sinners over to the angel of repentance to record them.⁶

¹ See, e.g., J. Robinson & H. Koester, *Trajectories through Early Christianity* (Philadelphia: 1971).

² W. Michaelis, *Zur Engelschristologie in Urchristentum*; Werner, *The Formation of the Christian Dogma* (London: 1957), cf., Barbel, *Christos Angelos* (Bonn: 1941), see p. 186 n. 8.

³ See Barbel, p. 47, n. 4.

⁴ Sim. 8, 3, 3.

⁵ See Sim. 8, 3, 3 and 5, 6, 4.

⁶ Sim. 5, 2-7; 9, 6, 3-6; 9, 10, 4; 8, 2, 5; 8, 4, 3; 9, 7, 1. For a more detailed exposition of the relationship between the angel in Hermas and the angel of YHWH see H. Moxnes, "God and His Angel in the Shepherd of Hermas," *Studia Theologica*,

Justin, the gentile Christian, is the one church father whose relationship to the "two powers controversy" has been noted previously by several scholars.⁷ Justin Martyr was born at the beginning of the second century in Shechem, then called Flavia Neapolis, in Samaria. He called himself a Samaritan, which meant only that he was descended from people living in that part of the country and not part of that religious sect,⁸ because he stated that he was uncircumcized.⁹ The details of Justin's life add evidence for the relationship we have already suspected between Samaritans and early gentile Christianity. Justin's *Dialogue with Trypho* also evinces real polemical use of almost all the scriptural exegesis which the rabbis thought dangerous.

The setting for the *Dialogue* was Ephesus whence Justin had migrated in his Christian mission. The date for the *Dialogue* must have corresponded closely with the Bar Kokhba Revolt, for Justin mentions it often¹⁰ and Trypho is described as a Jewish fugitive who escaped from the turmoil.

Justin's use of midrashic traditions has sometimes been taken as evidence that the *Dialogue* is fictional, serving as a purely literary framework for presenting Justin's views.¹¹ Yet it certainly reflects one side of the debate between Judaism and Christianity in the early second century, whether the immediate incident be wholly fact, embellished incident, or pure fiction.

The clearest parallel between Justin and the enemies of the rabbis has been mentioned before.¹² By means of Gen. 19:24 Justin proceeds to show that a second divine figure, Christ, is responsible for carrying out divine commands on earth:

"The previously quoted Scriptural passages will make this evident to you," I replied. "Here are the words: 'The sun was risen upon the earth, and Lot entered into Segor. And the Lord rained upon

28 (1974), 49-56. He shows that language normally used of God, e.g., as the sender of angels, has been transferred to the principal angel.

⁷ Several scholars have pointed out Justin's relationship to the aggada. See A. H. Goldfahn, *Justinus Martyr und die Agada*, (Breslau: n.d.). Friedländer, "Patristische und talmudische Studien." Büchler has further emphasized the relevance of Justin for the two powers controversy around Sepphoris & Tiberius, see *Minim*. Also Ginzberg, *Die Aggada bei den Kirchenvätern*.

⁸ *Dial.* 120.

⁹ *Dial.* 29.

¹⁰ *Dial.* 108; *Apol.* I, 31, for example.

¹¹ E.g., Weissäcker, *Jahrbuch für Theol.*, 13 (1867), p. 63.

¹² See p. 13 f. and p. 118.

Sodom brimstone and fire from the Lord out of Heaven. And He destroyed these cities and all the country round about.' "

Then the fourth of the companions who remained with Trypho spoke up: "It must therefore be admitted that one of the two angels who went down to Sodom, and whom Moses in the Scriptures calls Lord, is different from Him who is also God, and appeared to Abraham."

"Not only because of that quotation," I said, "must we certainly admit that, besides the creator of the universe, another was called Lord by the Holy Spirit. For this was attested to not only by Moses, but also by David, when he said: 'The Lord said to my Lord: Sit Thou at My right hand, until I make Thy enemies Thy footstool,' and in other words: 'Thy throne, O God is forever and ever; the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a sceptre of uprightness. Thou hast loved justice, and hated iniquity; therefore God, Thy God hath annointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows.'" (Ps. 45:7-8).¹³

It is a Jew, not Justin, who admits that another divine being, "The Lord," was present at the destruction of Sodom and Gomorah, and that this divine being was different from God. From our previous discussion, there is no reason to doubt that such heterodox Jews existed as early as Philo. Justin only endeavored to prove that this second divinity is the Christ. It is significant that the angelic figure is accepted by the Jew—only his messianic status is questioned. This is another piece of evidence that Christianity was the first to connect the messiah and the principal angel. In this place he relies primarily on the various descriptions of vindication and enthronement found in the Psalm texts. Subsequently in the *Dialogue*, he relies on the various theophany texts where a man-like figure appears to the Israelites and their prophets: Gen. 31:10-14 (ch. 58); Gen. 32:22-31 (ch. 58); Gen. 35:6-10 (ch. 58); Ex. 2:23; Ex. 3:16, 3:2-4 and Gen. 35:7 (ch. 60). His conclusion is:

When the Scripture here states that an angel of the Lord appeared to Moses, and then announced that He is Lord and God, it refers to the same person who is identified in many of our earlier quotations as the minister to God who is above the world and above whom there is no God.¹⁴

Since Justin understands the appearance of God in Jacob's dreams, wrestlings and even at the burning bush as a single consistent figure, he is able to promote both the independent personality of the being

¹³ *Dial.* 56.

¹⁴ *Dial.* 60 end and 61.

manifested and his divine nature.¹⁵ Like Philo Justin calls the *logos* another God (*heteros theos*), distinct in number, if not in essence. (ch. 56). The sharply drawn personality of this manifestation (together with the doctrine of the incarnation) is the element which most distinguishes Justin's concept of *logos* from Philo's. But, as Goodenough has persuasively argued, both Justin and Philo should be seen as evidencing examples of the same Hellenistic Jewish traditions.¹⁶ Like Philo, Justin believes that the *logos* is an angel in that it is a power (*dynamis*) radiating from God. Like the angels it has freedom of choice, but unlike the angels, Justin's *logos* has self-direction. (ch. 88). Therefore, although Justin implies that the *logos* is the same as an angel, he prefers to emphasize its distinctiveness in ways that never occurred to Philo.

As further evidence that these traditions had a background in Hellenistic Judaism before they were put to Christian use, Goodenough shows that most of the titles applied to the *logos* by Justin are the same as those used by Philo and other Hellenistic Jewish writers: *theos*, *kyrios*, *angelos*, *dynamis*, *anatolē*, *litha*, *petra*, *archē*, *hemera* (*phos*), *sophia*, *anēr*, *anthrōpos*, *Israel*, *Jacob* etc.:¹⁷

As Justin says:

"So my friends," I said, "I shall show from Scripture that the God has begotten of Himself a certain rational power as a beginning before all other creatures. The Holy Spirit indicates this power by various titles, sometimes the Glory of the Lord, at other times, Son or Wisdom or Angel or God or Lord or Word. He even called himself commander-in-chief when he appeared in human guise to Josue, the son of Nun."¹⁸

To substantiate the claim of the *logos*'s primacy in the divine economy, Justin points to the grammatical plural referring to God in Gen. 1:26 and Gen. 3:22.¹⁹ After this he adduces passages to support the incarnation from the virgin birth to the ascension.²⁰ Of course, the argument is not well received by his Jewish opponents, even those who admitted the existence of the second power, and Justin is required

¹⁵ E. R. Goodenough, *The Theology of Justin Martyr: An Investigation into the Conceptions of the Earliest Christian Literature and its Hellenistic and Judaistic Influences* (Jena: 1923), p. 143 f.

¹⁶ E. R. Goodenough, *The Theology of Justin Martyr*, p. 147 f.

¹⁷ E. R. Goodenough, *The Theology of Justin Martyr*, p. 168-172.

¹⁸ *Dial.* 61, p. 244.

¹⁹ *Dial.* 62.

²⁰ *Dial.* 63-65.

to emphasize his argument by coming at essentially the same scripture from a variety of different perspectives. At one point he goes into a rather fanciful exegesis to show that the name of God, which the angel in Ex. 23:21 carried, is: "Jesus:"

Now from the book of Exodus we know that Moses cryptically indicated that the name of God himself (which He says was not revealed to Abraham or to Jacob) was also Jesus. For it is written: "And the Lord said to Moses, say to this people: Behold, I send my angel before thy face, to keep thee in thy journey, and bring thee into the place that I have prepared for thee. Take notice of him, and obey his voice; do not disobey him, for he will not pardon thee, because My name is in him." Consider well who it was that led your fathers into the promised land, namely he who was at first named Auses (Osee), but later renamed Jesus (Josue). If you keep this in mind, you will also realize that the name of him who said to Moses, "My name is in him," was Jesus. Indeed he was also called Israel, and he similarly bestowed this name upon Jacob.²¹

While it is clear that Justin is using "two powers" traditions to discuss Jesus, the traditions could have hardly originated with the identification of Jesus as the angel in Exodus. The attempt to see Jesus as the angel's name is secondary. Rather, Justin is taking over a previous exegetical, possibly mystical tradition, applying the name of his particular savior, and defending his belief against the other candidates for the office of angelic mediator. The tradition itself, without the Christian coloring, can be seen as early as Philo.

Nor did Justin neglect the Dan. 7:9 passage.²² He returned to that theme again and again, leaving no doubt it forms one central point of his faith. Since these are the very passages against which the rabbis warned, we should conclude that the rabbinic polemics against "two powers in heaven," by the middle of the tannaitic period, were directed against gentile Christians like Justin. Chronologically, it would correspond with the first written level of tradition in rabbinic writing and may be preserved at the core of the Mekhilta traditions where the opponents are actually called gentiles. Although Justin was Christian and could even call himself a Samaritan, he and people like him could easily have been seen as gentiles by the rabbis. This demonstrates that the reports of "two powers" do not merely put scripture in the mouths of the gentile opponents; they report actual scriptural debates.

²¹ *Dial.* 75. Probably, another form of the traditions evinced in the Prayer of Jacob lies behind this argument. See p. 199 f.

²² E.g., *Dial.* 76.

It is likely that the first fixed copy of the rabbinic traditions in the Mekhilta (which seems to come from exactly this time, as indicated by internal evidence,²³) was a response to people like Justin who were promulgating their doctrine of the Christian savior.

As was just concluded, Justin did not invent the arguments he used, nor was he the first to use them. The rabbinic texts, however, began to appear at the time in which Justin was alive and reflect enemies of Judaism like Justin who were contemporary with the Bar Kochba revolt.²⁴

Several traditions corresponding to the rabbinic ones are found in another second century church father, Theophilus of Antioch.²⁵ His relationship with midrashic traditions has been noticed before, but no conclusions have previously been drawn about his relationship to the "two powers" controversy. He too uses Christ as equivalent to *logos*, on the basis on John 1, but he uses several interesting scriptural quotations to prove his point.²⁶ He witnesses to the traditions we saw in Philo in which the *logos* is described as God's "place:"

Since the *logos* is God and derived his nature from God, whenever the Father of the Universe wills to do so, He sends him into some place where he is present and is heard and seen.²⁷

Further, after claiming that another title for the *logos* is "light," Theophilus could posit the idea that the *logos* helped God in the process of creation:

The unique spirit occupied the place of light and was situated between the water and the heaven so that, so to speak, the darkness might not communicate with the heaven which was nearer to God, before God said: "Let there be light."²⁸

²³ See p. 47 f.

²⁴ We know, of course that Christian gentiles were not the only gentiles to listen to the words of Jewish scriptures. Many people came to hear the scriptures read in synagogues. Judaism of that day had attracted many interested observers, even though it had not undertaken as zealous a proselytizing program as had Christianity. There is considerable evidence that Christian success in part depended on the attraction of that faith to gentiles already conversant with Judaism but unable to become completely Jewish either because they feared circumcision or because some Jews put other constraints and restrictions upon them. So we must not rule out the God-fearers or *sebomenoi* as the gentiles in these texts, even though we have no independent texts from them. See Paul Donahue, dissertation, Yale 1974.

²⁵ Barbel, *Christos Angelos* (Bonn: 1941), p. 61 f.

²⁶ See Theophilus *Ad Autolyicum* I, 3; II 22; also Gen. 1:26 is used in II, 18.

²⁷ *Ad Autolyicum* 2:22.

²⁸ *Ad Autolyicum* 2:13.

For him, "In the beginning," the first words of Genesis, has the meaning of "by means of the beginning," ²⁹ which is yet another name for the *logos* and characterizes it as Lord and agent of God in the creation. Traditions like this which have Philonic antecedents may well be the kind of doctrine opposed by use of the tradition about Ishmael and Akiba.

However, he is much opposed to those who can derive a *multiplicity* of gods in creation:

And Moses, who lived many years before Solomon, or rather the Logos of God speaking through him as an instrument, says: "In the beginning God made heaven and earth." (Gen. 1 : 1) First he mentioned beginning and creation and only then did he introduce God, for it is not right to mention God idly and in vain (id. Ex. 20 : 3). For the divine Sophia knew in advance that some persons were going to speak nonsense and make mention of a multiplicity of non-existent gods. Therefore, in order for the real God to be known through his work and to show that by his *logos* God made heaven and earth and what is in them, he said: "In the beginning God made heaven and earth." Then after mentioning this creation, he gives an explanation: "And the earth was invisible and formless and darkness was above the abyss and spirit of God was borne above the water" (Gen. 1 : 2). ³⁰

Theophilus does not identify his opponents. But he talks about them as if they, to use the rabbinic term, believe in "many powers in heaven." His use of Gen. 1:1 sounds like the debate between Ishmael and Akiba, or at least, the ways in which Ishmael and Akiba's exegesis was understood by later rabbis. ³¹ This points out that someone whom the rabbis would have called a believer in "two powers" and who believed in a divine partner in creation nevertheless opposed other traditions about the creation which he described as "many powers." It would not be too rash to attempt to identify the "many powers" groups with the varieties of gnosticism and Jewish Christians that elaborated grand schemes of the cosmic spheres, inhabited by myriads of angels.

Theophilus also opposes the idea that two different gods were involved in creation—one creating man, therefore masculine in nature; the other creating woman, therefore feminine in nature:

You shall be like Gods—so that no one would suppose that one god made man and another made woman, He made the two together. Moreover, He formed only man from the earth so that thus the

²⁹ *Ibid.*

³⁰ *Ad Autolycum* II, 10.

mystery of the divine unity might be demonstrated. At the same time, God made woman by taking her from his side, so that man's love for her might be greater.³²

To combat such heresies, Theophilus even relies on polemic familiar from rabbinic tradition to show that while God may do His work through His *logos* manifestation, there is only one, unique God responsible for all divine actions. Indeed, Theophilus argues from the same texts as the rabbis used: the same God who strikes down also heals.³³

Apparently then, some of the "two powers" traditions which the rabbis opposed were to be located within the Christian community. But others, like "many powers" traditions, gave what would become orthodox Christianity trouble as well. The arguments which evolved within the Christian community give us clues about how to distinguish the orthodox and heretical groups. "Many powers in heaven" were heretical both to the church fathers and the rabbis. And, if church fathers shared the "many powers" polemic with the rabbis, they must have been aware of the charge of "two powers" as well.³⁴

Irenaeus gives evidence for some of the same exegetical traditions which Justin and Theophilus evinced. But Irenaeus brings the scriptural passages to bear against gnosticism. Marmorstein³⁵ noticed the relationship between Irenaeus' and the rabbis' exegesis. However, it was his opinion that the reports in the church fathers and the rabbis were absolutely independent and could only be explained by assuming that both were original responses to gnosticism. That is not the probable conclusion, because when Irenaeus explicitly mentions some of the scriptural passages which the gnostics used, they do not correlate highly with the scriptures we are tracing. For instance, Marcosians used Gen. 1, Ex. 33:20, Is. 1:3, Hosea 4:1, Ps. 13:3, Dan. 12:9.³⁶ According to Irenaeus most of these passages were useful for showing that Israel is ignorant of its real, high God. Therefore, the rabbinic polemic probably had other, earlier targets in mind.

³¹ See p. 74 f.

³² *Ad Autolycum*, II, 28. See the pseudo-Clementine literature as possible reference for the male-female division. Also, p. 423 f. for a survey of a variety of gnostic writings.

³³ See p. 84 for examples of this use of Dt. 32.

³⁴ See E. R. Goodenough, *The Theology of Justin Martyr* (Jena: 1923) for the possibility that Theophilus and Justin were influenced by a type of Hellenized Judaism somewhat like Philo's but less sophisticated and philosophical. See also his "Pseudo-Justinian 'Oratio ad Graecos,'" *HTR*, 18 (1925), 185-200.

³⁵ *Religionsgeschichtliche Studien*, I, p. 61 f.

³⁶ Iren., *Adv. Haer.* I, 18,1-19,1.

Ex. 33:20 is the most relevant to us.³⁷ We have seen it occur often in rabbinic and Philonic exegesis, where it both contradicted Ex. 24:10 and supplied the idea that the God manifested at Sinai showed mercy as well as justice. It is possible that the theme of justice, as well as the inferiority of the demiurge, appealed to the gnostics. But such an argument is not mentioned by Irenaeus as significant for gnostic purposes. When it was manifested in Philonic and rabbinic doctrines, the basic structure of the argument involved a second figure present at the theophany. We cannot be sure that these gnostics were "two powers" heretics.

However, when Irenaeus defends Christianity against the Marcionite gnostics,³⁸ he himself uses "two powers" traditions. Jesus came from the Father, being foretold by the prophets in the following verses: Ps. 110:1, Gen. 19:24, Ps. 45:7, Ps. 82:1 and Ps. 50:1. By quoting these passages he tries to show that the Old Testament made mention of both the Christ (as Lord) and Father (as God)—though, at the same time, uniquely one true God. We are familiar with the use of Ps. 110 by the New Testament and Gen. 19:24 by the rabbis and Justin. The latter proved that the Son had received power to judge the Sodomites. Two of the new Psalm references—namely Ps. 45:7 and Ps. 82:1 are similar to Ps. 110 in that they describe an enthronement scene, which is taken to be the enthronement of the Son in heaven. Ps. 50:1 is more significant because it occurs as dangerous scripture in a late passage in amoraic midrash³⁹ along with Jos. 22:22 and Jos. 24:19. There, the form of the tradition was different enough from the surrounding context to make us suspicious of its being independent of R. Yohanan and R. Simlai, brought in by the editor because of the analogous subject matter. Here we have evidence that at least one of those added passages, namely Ps. 50:1, was used quite a bit earlier than the third century witness which the rabbinic text gives us. There is no specific evidence to demonstrate that the other passages were used as early as Ps. 50:1 was. But Jos. 22:22 has exactly the same string of divine names, as Ps. 50:1—El, Elohim, YHWH—so it is equally likely to have been used as proof of plurality. Notice that Irenaeus uses the passage merely to prove that the Son is one with the Father.

³⁷ Gen. 1 has been discussed several times before. It was used by so many groups to so many different purposes that we can conclude little from its occurrence here.

³⁸ *Adv. Haer.* III, 6, 1-4.

³⁹ See p. 126 f. Ps. 45:7 is used to prove that the Son is to be called *El*lohim in Heb. 1:8 (see p. 213) and is also used by Justin (see p. 222).

He could do this because the Greek translation of the psalm used a genitive plural to translate one name of God (*Theos Theōn Kyrios*) making a total of two figures. The rabbis, writing later, have heard the implication of three different aspects of deity as dangerous. They had a more emphatic trinitarian argument than Irenaeus' in mind; we can see from Irenaeus that the argument itself has an earlier, more primitive form. Jos. 24:19, on the other hand, provide a completely different argument in rabbinic text—that of grammatical plurality—and may not have been originally related to the former traditions at all. The best conclusion about Jos. 24 is that it is a later addition to the rabbinic text. The rabbis did not hear about its Christian use until later than the others, even though we have an independent witness that it was in use at an earlier time.

Thus, Irenaeus shows us that the enthronement and theophany passages in the Old Testament were very important to the Christian community and, in fact, heavily used by church fathers *to fight against* the new idea that the God in the Old Testament was not the God of salvation—a doctrine such as we find in Marcionism and gnosticism.

The heresy of "two powers" is often related to the church's debate about the nature of the trinity in ways that have not yet been adequately treated. The history of that phenomenon is best left for a separate work, but the main lines of the issue can be drawn here. Tertullian (ca. 160-220) and Hippolytus (d. 235) both devoted their energies to defeating gnosticism and Marcionism. However, they were also concerned to define the orthodox nature of Christianity. In doing so, they were, more than once, charged with believing in "two gods" by Christians of the modalist and monarchianist persuasion.⁴⁰ As early as Justin's time, there were Christians who objected to the idea that the *logos* was numerically different from the high God. The first theologian of this type of whom we have significant record, is Noetus of Smyrna. Hippolytus⁴¹ tells us that Noetus believed so strongly in the unity of God that he had to maintain that the Father suffered and underwent death along with the Son (patripassionism). For scriptural support, he and his supporters relied on some familiar rabbinic proof texts: Ex. 3:6, Ex. 20:3, Is. 44:6, Is. 45:14 f. and others from the New Testament, implying the unity of God.

Tertullian also debates with the adherents of this "modalistic"

⁴⁰ The main issues of doctrine are summed up in J. N. D. Kelly, *Early Christian Doctrines* (New York: 1958), pp. 83-132.

⁴¹ *Against the Heresy of Noetus* and also Ref. 9. See also Epiphanius 57:1:8.

heresy.⁴² In doing so, he makes binitarian use of all of the scriptures which we have associated with the heresy of "two powers." Furthermore, he is at pains to show that *two Gods* are presupposed by the Bible: one who spoke at creation, the second who created!⁴³ But he goes on to correct the implication of dualism, saying that it is not fit to derive from these scriptures a notion of two separate beings, only two Gods in number.⁴⁴ Apparently, these modalists were accusing Tertullian of believing in ditheism whereas he admits to being binitarian.

The closing decades of the second century witnessed an attempt to salvage biblical monotheism in Christianity. The second attempt, called dynamic monarchianism, was a kind of adoptionism teaching that Christ was a mere man. Apparently, the two Theodotuses who are associated with this heresy believed that Jesus was an ordinary man, or that he did not become deified until after his resurrection. The first Theodotus was excommunicated by Pope Victor (186-98).⁴⁵ The second Theodotus also promulgated heretical speculations about Melchizedek, whom he regarded as the supreme power, the spiritual son of God, superior to the Christ (messiah) and possibly identical to the spirit which descended on Jesus in baptism.⁴⁶ Novatian puts in the mouth of these heretics the criticism that orthodoxy believes: "If the Father is one and the Son another, and if the Father is God and Christ God, then there is not one God, but two Gods..."⁴⁷ Apparently then, despite the different starting points of monarchianism and modalism, they both were united in their concern to preserve the unity of the divinity.

A much more serious and sophisticated form of the modalist doctrine flourished during the reigns of Popes Zephyrinus (198-217) and Callistus (217-22). It must be remembered that they are in the orthodox succession, while Hippolytus, though called Bishop of Rome, was excommunicated. The man responsible for the modalist doctrine was Sabellius, who came to Rome during the end of Zephyrinus' reign and, after being patronized by Pope Callistus, was eventually excommunicated by him.⁴⁸ He is fiercely attacked by Hippolytus, as would be

⁴² Tert. *Adv. Praxeas*.

⁴³ Chapter XIII.

⁴⁴ He says: "God forbid! there are only two gods in number," in a manner like Elisha b. Abuya, (ch. 3).

⁴⁵ Kelly, p. 116.

⁴⁶ Hippolytus, *Ref.* 7, 36. See p. 194 n. 33.

⁴⁷ *De trin.* 30, quoted from Kelly, p. 117.

⁴⁸ Hippolytus *Ref.* IX, 11 f.

expected. However, in a sudden turn, Hippolytus also accuses Callistus of the same crime, even though the latter was presumably aware of the dangers of patripassionism. Most interesting of all, Hippolytus records one of the charges made against him by Callistus as ditheism, (*ditheous*).⁴⁹ Now, it is difficult to show the exact nature of the relationship of this polemic to the rabbinic one. But the great similarity in terms and scriptures may point to influence. It seems likely that the church continued to use the stronger term "two gods" because of the polemical context. This would suggest that the synagogue must have ceased to be actively involved in polemic when it prudently changed to the designation "two powers" at the end of the tannaitic and beginning of the amoraic period.

A philosophical context for the argument, corresponding to the exegetical context, is to be noticed in the writing of Origen (ca. 185-250). As an Alexandrian, he was heir to the Philonic tradition and is clearly also in the tradition of middle Platonism represented by Albinus. He felt that the Son of God, as *logos*, could be called a *deuteros theos*.⁵⁰ In his *Dialogue with Heraclides*, the issue between the two men is centered on the Eucharist. Apparently, they both agreed that Christianity could be said to believe in "two Gods," although only in a special way: "We are not afraid to speak, in one sense of two Gods, in another sense of one God."⁵¹

His reservations against describing Christianity as believing in "two Gods" are understandable. Jews, Christian modalists and even pagans could accuse him of violating monotheism. In fact, he is forced to defend himself from such a charge levelled by Celsus, who says that Christians believe that two lords rule the world.⁵² By now, many different groups of people were using the same arguments in a variety of contrasting ways. Of course, wherever the charge of "two gods" was brought, the familiar scriptural passages from Dt. and Is. as well as "I and my father are one" from the New Testament were the corrective. Origen can bring them in to defend the monotheism of Christianity, even while maintaining "two Gods" elsewhere.⁵³

⁴⁹ *Ref.* IX, 11, 12.

⁵⁰ *Contra Celsum* V, 39; VI, 61; VII, 57; *De Oratione* XV, 1; *Com. ev. Job.* II, 2; X, 37 (21).

⁵¹ *Dial. Heracl.* 2, 3 Oulton, ed., Library of Christian Classics, v. 2 *Alexandrian Christianity*, p. 438, 1. 124-125.

⁵² *Contra Celsum*, VIII, 12.

⁵³ *Comp. Contra Celsum* II, 24 where he shows that the same god both smites and heals, based on Dt., with the places in which he maintains "two gods."

Aphrahat also reviewed the scriptural exegesis against Christians which he has heard from the Jews. He said the Jews use Ex. 34 and Dt. 32:39 to show that God has no son,⁵⁴ as indeed the rabbis do in Sifre and Mekhilta.⁵⁵ At a fairly late period of time, the argument against God having a son continued in use against Christians.

Equally interesting is the polemic against Christians developed by Julian in the pagan revival. The surviving fragments of Julian's writing against Christians show that he criticized Christians for having given up the belief in God's unity when they adopted the doctrine of the trinity, while the Jews continued to preach the original idea.⁵⁶ Against Christians who protested that they did not worship more than one God, Julian quoted the New Testament: "And the Word was with God and was God" (John 1:18).⁵⁷ Obviously Julian had learned Christian scripture. Nor did his training stop with the New Testament; he knew the Old Testament and evidently was even familiar with rabbinic writings. There is a definite relationship between the arguments of Julian and the Jewish opponents of Justin in the *Dialogue with Trypho* although modalism may have provided the channel of transmission. Julian's observation that Gen. 49:10 could not be said about Jesus is the same as the comment of the Jewish sage to Justin. So Dt. 18:18 and Nu. 24:17, other of Julian's proof-texts against christology, may also have been in use in Jewish, anti-Christian polemic.⁵⁸ Even more to the point is Julian's use of rabbinic or modalist polemic when he charged the Christians with worshipping, "a second god." Julian showed that Moses repeatedly forbade such worship by citing Dt. 4:35-39, Dt. 6:4 and Dt. 32:39—the very passages which are developed for use against "two powers" in rabbinic literature. By the time of Julian therefore, the "two powers" argument was quite normally used both by and against Christians. This points to the existence of firm literary traditions but we know from the apocalyptic and Philonic evidence that the history of such traditions extended back as early as the first

R. Kimelman, dissertation in progress at Yale University, has pointed out that Origen and R. Yohanan interpret the Song of Songs in such corresponding ways that it is likely that they actually heard of each other's arguments in third century Caesaria.

⁵⁴ Aphrahat I, 785.

⁵⁵ See also Git. 57b; b. Pes. 68a; b. San. 91b. Neusner, *Aphrahat*, 159. See p. 11 f., p. 139 f. where we inferred that Christianity was the target, though it was not mentioned by name.

⁵⁶ Julian *c. Christ.* (p. 2133, Lehrman) and Lactantius IV, 29, 1.

⁵⁷ *c. Christ.* 55; 120.

⁵⁸ J. Gager, *Moses in Greco-Roman Paganism* (Nashville: 1972) p. 109.

century, even when we can only date the earliest rabbinic recension of these arguments to the second century. In comparing the use of the terms of the polemic in rabbinic and Christian settings, it has seemed logical to assume that "two gods" is a better term for battling with heretics, while "two powers" is better for instructing the faithful. If so the change from "two gods" to "two powers" in rabbinic writings would signal a change in the function of the tradition. It would have been done by rabbis more interested in warning their constituents than actually in battling the heretics.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

MARCION

Only when the scope of the "two powers" controversy has been outlined within both the Christian and Jewish communities, can one hope to approach the figure of Marcion. Certainly he is a key figure in the debate concerning dualism. The complexities that attend serious study of Marcion might justify a whole book on this aspect of his thought. Again we are in the position of having to deal with issues very selectively, primarily in order to date the rabbinic evidence, in the hope that some of the issues ignored or only touched upon now can be investigated more fully at a later date.

Marcion has been seen as a prime candidate for the rabbinic polemic against two powers.¹ However, we have already seen evidence that the controversy has roots that go back considerably earlier than he. It is growing clear that the rabbinic texts present us with a palimpsest of different traditions. Yet the Marcionite polemic has certain characteristics which will affect our identification of the targets of the rabbinic polemic. We shall see that, although he and his followers were participants in polemics, Marcion's method makes it unlikely that he himself could have been the original target of the rabbinic charges. In studying Marcion, then, we shall uncover merely one more layer of the development of the polemic, not the origin of the issue.

In his *Letter to the Phillipians* (7:1) Polycarp of Smyrna warned that he who denied that there can be either judgment or resurrection should be considered "the first-born of Satan." We realize that such issues were characteristic of both rabbinic and early Christian communities. By the time of Irenaeus, a legend had developed that Marcion had asked Polycarp for recognition as bishop only to be rebuffed by the words "I recognize you—as the first-born of Satan!"²

The term "first-born of Satan" has a Hebrew equivalent (BKWR STN) which seems to have had a similar and contemporary use within Jewish exegesis—as a term of reproach for someone who did not

¹ See Marmorstein, *Background*, pp. 141-204.

² *Adv. Haer.*, III 3, 4.

follow the accepted tradition of scriptural interpretation.³ (In the rabbinic occurrence, the offender had followed Shammaite *halakha*.) Since the first-born of Satan is Cain, as we discovered previously,⁴ the term probably alluded to the tradition we noted as early as Philo that the human race was descended from two different genealogies—the good from Seth and the bad from Cain.⁵ It seems likely that the term was developed in Jewish sectarian life and was later applied to Marcion. If we believe Harnack,⁶ there was good reason for this term of derision to have been applied to Marcion. What made Marcion extreme in his belief according to Harnack, and what would make him a good target for the term “first-born of Satan,” was the idea that only those who had been rejected by the creator (e.g., Cain and his descendents) could be led out from the lower world by Christ, while Abraham and those justified by the creator must remain unredeemed.⁷

Apparently Marcion accepted the traditions that those who did not follow the “orthodox exegesis” were descended from Cain, but he transvalued that tradition so that Cain became the ancestor of those elected of Christ, in turn, the messenger of a good, saving God yet unknown and unprophesied in the Old Testament.⁸

Such common terminology between Jewish and Christian communities is important to us because it points to a relationship between them. We already have good evidence that such relationships existed, based on corresponding terminology and exegesis in the rabbis and church fathers. Although the church’s use of language parallel to rabbinic practice in calling Marcion names appears now to tell us nothing specific about the “two powers” controversy, the reversal theme will provide a

³ b. Yeb. 16a, j. Yeb. 3a.

⁴ See N. A. Dahl, “Der Erstgeborene Satans und Der Vater des Teufels (Polyk 7:1 and John 8:44),” in *Apophoreta* (Berlin: 1964), pp. 70-84. See p. 81 f., p. 255.

⁵ See p. 173 f. Philo in *Post.* 35, 38 f., 42, 43, 45; *Det.* 32, 68, 78, 103; *Fug.* I 64. See also Armenian Adam 63. 64.

⁶ See Harnack, *Marcion: Das Evangelium vom fremden Gott: Eine Monographie zur Geschichte der Grundlegung der katholischen Kirche* (Leipzig: 2nd ed., 1924). In Harnack’s opinion, based on the reports of Irenaeus, Marcion believed that Christ’s function was to be judge at the end of the world, redeeming the good men from among the living and from the grave. If so, this would have been an idea he held in common with orthodox Christianity.

⁷ Cf., see Iren., *Haer.*, I, XXV, 1; Origen, *Contr. Cels.*, IV, 10 and E. C. Blackman, *Marcion and his Influence* (London: 1948), p. 102.

⁸ Marcion was not alone in this; the Cainite gnostics also had such a belief, as noted previously, p. 82 f.

model for a hypothesis about mutual dependence later on.⁹ Previously in this discussion, it has always seemed more plausible to reconstruct the transmission of a tradition from an original context in Judaism into Christianity. From Marcion onwards, the case is no longer clear. Since Marcion is primarily a Christian heretic, and since he represented fully as much a danger to the Christian community as to the Jewish one, the original source of the defense against him should remain open. If the rabbis were concerned with Marcionite theology they might have been dependent on the church fathers for their defense against him. It is also possible that each community developed its defense against Marcion independently.

We know about Marcion's doctrines from various polemics against him within the church fathers. Justin probably wrote the earliest treatise devoted solely to discrediting Marcion. Although scholars have detected parts of it in Irenaeus' discussion of Marcion, Justin's work has not survived intact. Irenaeus, in turn, wrote little as compared to the systematic work by Tertullian afterwards. Therefore, most of the evidence about Marcion is not contemporary with him and may testify not to Marcion's own doctrine but to what Marcion's later adherents believed as well as the extent to which the church fathers were willing to villify their opponents. Justin Martyr is the first to mention him, saying:

One Marcion, a man of Pontus, who is even now alive, teaching those who believe in him to pay honor to a different god, greater than the creator; and this man has by the assistance of demons caused many of every nation to utter blasphemies denying the God who made this universe and professing that another, a greater than He, has done greater things.¹⁰

Irenaeus said that Marcion was a follower of Cerdo and that both taught that the god discussed in Torah is just or righteous (*dikaïos*) but that he is not the father of Jesus, who was descended from an unknown and wholly good (*agathos*) god.¹¹ The Old Testament god is "just" or "righteous" in the sense of being the administrator of justice—simply paying men what they deserve for their actions. Besides this retributive aspect he is also the creator of the world. On the other hand, the New Testament god is good in the sense of being

⁹ See below, p. 245 f.

¹⁰ Apology, 1:26.

¹¹ Iren., *Haer.*, I, XXV, 1. Since Marcion is a true dualist, I have chosen not to capitalize his references to biblical divinity.

noble or generous or kind. Corresponding to the Old Testament god's role at creation, the New Testament god is the author of salvation. Then Irenaeus tells us that Marcion believed Jesus to have been an emissary of the good god, appearing suddenly in human shape at the start of his mission. Marcion only accepted those parts of Christian writings which substantiated his point. He accepted Luke alone of the gospels but abridged it to avoid any annunciation or birth narratives. Likewise, he edited the letters of Paul in such a way as to eliminate any inference that an Old Testament prophecy was fulfilled by Jesus or that the Christ aided in the work of creation. Lastly, Irenaeus tells us that Marcion made all the villains of the Old Testament into heroes.

Tertullian begins his treatise by saying that Marcion, like other heretics of Tertullian's day,¹² was perplexed by the problem of evil, especially as it was expressed in the book of Isaiah: "It is I who create evil things" (Is. 45:7). This testimony about the value of Isaiah 45 to heretics parallels the rabbis sensitivity to a similar passages in liturgy. But it does not make Marcion the first target of the heretical charges. It only makes clear that there were a variety of heretical notions which the rabbis wished to avoid and that Marcion promulgated one of them. It also clarifies rabbinic interest in arguments about God's justice and mercy.

Though he was strictly dualistic, many of Marcion's disciples followed more moderate routes. For instance, Apelles reduced the dualism of Marcion to a single god with one power (*dynamis*) who yet created a principal angel, called variously a second principle or second god, (*deuteros theos*).¹³ Whereas the followers of Marcion would seem uncontestedly to have used some of the dangerous ideas and scriptures characteristic of the "two powers" controversy, the same cannot necessarily be said of Marcion himself.

Pure Marcionite dualism then was a special, unique and shortlived development in the history of dualism and should involve identifiably different uses of scripture. Because his superior god is a stranger whose existence was previously unknown and unexpected, Marcion had to reject the Old Testament as irrelevant to the process of salvation, yet not as historically inaccurate. There could be no prophecies of the advent of the true Christ in the Old Testament, since the Christ was

¹² "Quod et nunc multi et maxime haeretici," *Adv. Marc.* 1:2.

¹³ See Harnack, *Marcion*, pp. 188-92. Apelles' god has a single power as described in Epiph., *Haer.*, 44, 1. His principal angel, like the *logos* of Philo, is called *deuteros theos* in Hipp., *Ref.*, X, 20.

absolutely unknown until he appeared.¹⁴ In fact, Marcion felt that the Jewish messiah, as a representative of the just god, was prophesied and would appear as a kind of anti-Christ. Furthermore, Marcion disallowed the kind of allegorical interpretation which was so popular in Philo and the church fathers.¹⁵ Therefore all Old Testament prophecies were either fulfilled in their time or refer to the Jewish messiah who was to be a national (albeit also a supernatural) deliverer. Thus, one can immediately observe that Marcion's understanding of Dan. 7:9 f. and the theophany passages in Gen. Ex. or Ez. would not have anything to do with the god of salvation. He might even have agreed with the messianic interpretation of Dan. 7 given by Akiba, but he certainly would not have used the passage to discuss anything beyond the national deliverance of Israel. These aspects of Marcion's thought help us understand the ferocity of the church fathers' opposition to him. They did not mind his deprecation of the Israel of the flesh. Rather his canon of New Testament writings was dangerous and the church required the Old Testament authority in order to foretell the coming of the Christian messiah.

Because Marcion's writings have not come down to us directly, it is difficult to draw firm conclusions about the scriptural passages which were most important to him. However, from the reports about the *Antitheses* which Harnack collected, some of Marcion's techniques of exegesis and certain of his favorite scriptures can be inferred. According to the church fathers he found those scriptures important which speak of the Old Testament god as the author of evil. This would include Isaiah 45:7 (which Tertullian placed at the center of his thought), but also Jeremiah 18:11 and the several other passages which discuss the power of God to do evil.¹⁶ Still, Marcion does not want to describe the Old Testament god as purely evil. Rather, he wants to show that his justice is inferior to the goodness of the New Testament god. Therefore, he emphasizes those aspects of Old Testament narrative which imply divine ignorance or inferiority. The god of the Old Testament has to ask Adam where he is. He has to ask Adam and Eve what they have done (Gen. 3:9). He has to ask Cain where his

¹⁴ Harnack, *Marcion*, pp. 188-92. In his strict adherence to the principle that the Old Testament prophecies refer to events congruent with their context, Marcion had a rather modern perspective on the Old Testament.

¹⁵ Ter. *Adv. Marc.*, V, 18; see Harnack, *Marcion*, p. 260*.

¹⁶ Harnack, p. 260. Ter. *Adv. Marc.*, II, 13 f., 24 and frequently.

brother Abel is (Gen. 4:9).¹⁷ He must descend in order to see what the outcry of Sodom and Gomorrah signifies (Gen. 18:21).¹⁸ Marcion further points out that the Old Testament god does and says many contradictory things, showing that he is inconstant. For instance, he repents.¹⁹ Now these passages turn out to be generally similar to the scriptural passages used by the critics of the Torah against whom both the rabbis and Philo polemicized. But they are not used by Marcion to develop "two powers" arguments.

In fact, Marcion seems to agree with the rabbis that one god speaks through the whole of the Jewish canon. The rabbis would say that God is both merciful or just. Marcion would say that he is by nature just but this would include being cruel on occasion.²⁰ However much the rabbis disagreed with his opinion of the Old Testament and the character of the divinity described therein, they would not have used "two powers" arguments to defeat him. Marcion himself, in the context of his own thought, finds principal support from the sayings of Jesus in Lk 16:13, (Mt. 6:24) and Lk 6:43 (Mt. 7:18) which warn against serving two masters or against a divided household.²¹

Accordingly, rabbinic and Marcionite beliefs appear similar enough to Tertullian that he sometimes groups them both together:

It is now possible for the heretic to learn, and the Jew as well, what he ought to know already, the reason for the Jew's errors: . . .²²

Also:

Let the heretic now give up borrowing poison from the Jew—the asp as they say, from the viper: let him from now on belch forth the slime of his own particular devices, as he maintains that Christ was a phantasm: except that this opinion too will have had other inventors, those so-to-speak premature and abortive Marcionites whom the apostle John pronounced antichrists, who denied that Christ was come in the flesh but not with the intention of setting up the law of a second god [*alterius deus*]²³—else for this too they would have been censured (by the apostle)—but because they had assumed it incredible that God (should take to him human) flesh.²³

¹⁷ Harnack, p. 269*. This resembles the gnostic arguments reported by Irenaeus. See p. 227 f. It is opposed by the rabbis, see p. 57.

¹⁸ See Harnack, p. 269*. This may explain some of the language of the Targumim, p. 84 f., p. 373 f.

¹⁹ Harnack, p. 268 f. See, e.g., Gen. 6:6.

²⁰ Harnack, p. 271*.

²¹ Harnack, p. 260*.

²² *Adv. Marc.*, III, 7, Evans, I, 187.

²³ Ter., *Adv. Marc.*, III, 8; (Evans, I, p. 191).

This section of Tertullian's work is known to have circulated independently under the title of *adversus Iudaeos*!²⁴ Evidently the Tertullian's interpretation of the Old Testament prophecies in a Christian sense attempts to be no less valid against Jews, who deny the incarnation and the truth of the New Testament, than against Marcionites who deny the Christian value of the Old Testament by asserting that there are two gods. The syntax is quite ambiguous, but Tertullian here seems to me ironically not to understand "a second God" as a term of derision against Marcionites. However, Tertullian asserts as counter-arguments to Marcion (and Jews) the very Old Testament passages which the rabbis found dangerous as grounds for "two powers" interpretations. It is clear, then, that the accusation has become conventional, having different meanings in different contexts.

Tertullian compares the Old Testament references to the "son of man" with the New Testament "son of man" sayings of Jesus to show that the Old Testament did, indeed, foretell the coming of Christ.²⁵ In one place he uses Ps. 110:1 to proclaim the "son of man" as identical with Jesus who has been raised in power to be seated next to God.²⁶ Furthermore, to prove that Christ is present in the Old Testament he has to retreat from the antinomianism of some of his predecessors.²⁷ He maintains that the good God was present at the giving of the Ten Commandments, by asserting that the Christ, even there, was God's intermediary. As proof of this, he quotes Ex. 23:20, one of the passages which gave the rabbis such trouble: "I send my angel before thy face, to guard thee in the way and to bring thee into the land which I have prepared for thee: give heed to him and hear him, disobey him not."²⁸

²⁴ The wording of Tertullian's work so closely parallels the anonymous *adversus Iudaeos* that it is possible to correct the defective reading of either one from the other. Several theories have been propounded about the relationship between them. Professor Gilles Quispel, *De bronnen van Tertullianus' adversus Marcionem* (1943) suggests that the author of the *adversus Iudaeos* is the Christian apostate whom Tertullian condemns for having pirated his work in *Adv. Marc.* I, 1. H. Traenkle, in his edition of *adversus Iudaeos* (1964), says that it is Tertullian's own work, but is earlier than *Adv. Marc.* See Evans, I, p. xix.

²⁵ *Adv. Marc.*, IV, 10, 9; (Evans, II, p. 301 f.) and IV, 39, 11; (Evans, II, p. 489).

²⁶ *Ter., Adv. Marc.*, IV, 41, 4 f.; (Evans, II, p. 497).

²⁷ On this problem of the abrogation of the law and the church fathers' retreat from the doctrine, see G. M. Werner, *The Formation of the Christian Dogma*, pp. 71-94.

²⁸ *Ter. Adv. Marc.*, III, 16, Evans, I, p. 219. Note dependence on Justin who used a similar argument against the Jews. See p. 224.

Similarly, Tertullian uses Ps. 22:2 to show that Jesus communicated with his Father in heaven while on the cross.

Not only is Marcion's exegesis of scripture similar to the rabbinic exegesis in some respects, but also Tertullian, as an opponent of Marcion, exhibits many of the characteristics of "two powers" heresy which offended the rabbis. Of course, this is to be expected, in part, since Tertullian is usually seen to have developed his defense against Marcion out of writings which came down to him from Justin, Irenaeus, and Theophilus, all of whom have assumed candidacy for the charge of "two powers" heresy.²⁹ It also implies that some modalists may have accused Christian orthodoxy of believing in a second God in order to group it together with Marcionism. The exegeses typical of this heresy in Judaism thus came to be completely revalued in Christianity.

As his use of "alterius deus" seems to imply, Tertullian can also use anti-dualism arguments against Marcionism which are familiar to us from rabbinic writings themselves:

To such a degree is this justice, even plentitude of divinity itself . . . God Father and Lord, Father in clemency, Lord in discipline . . . Thou shall love God and Thou shall fear Him . . . The same God who smites also heals: He kills and also makes alive, He brings down, He rises up: He creates evil, but also makes peace. So that on this suggestion too I have to answer the heretics. "See," they say, "He himself claims to be the creator of evil things when He says: 'It is I who create evil' . . ." ³⁰

It is surprising to see Tertullian marshal what look like Philonic or rabbinic arguments against "two powers" to defeat Marcion. The backbone of the passage is Dt. 32:39 which was central to the rabbinic exegesis against "two powers." Nor is it the only time that Tertullian relies on this passage:

Why need you explain a difference of facts as an opposition of *authorities*? Why need you distort against the Creator those antitheses in the evidences, which you can recognize also in His own thoughts and affection? *I will smite*, He says, and *I will heal*. *I will slay*, He says and also *I will make alive* by establishing evil things and making peace. ³¹

In this case Tertullian might be relying on a rabbinic tradition directly or indirectly through other church fathers, who had used it in

²⁹ See, e.g., Evans, I, p. xx.

³⁰ Tert. *Adv. Marc.*, II, 14; (Evans, I, p. 125). Note the similarity to the Philonic exegesis of the names of God.

³¹ Tert., *Adv. Marc.*, IV, 1; (Evans, II, p. 261).

their battles with heretics. It seems most likely, however, that Tertullian is trying to reinterpret Dt. 32:39 because it is a scriptural passage Marcion himself used.³² In Marcion's system, the statement of Dt. 32:39 can only be said by the inferior god of the Old Testament. Tertullian is trying to prove that the Old Testament God is good as well as just. Notice that in doing so he promulgates a distinction between YHWH and God, denying only the opposition between the powers. Marcion used Dt. 32:39 to show the ignorance and inferiority of the god of the Jews. Tertullian wishes to disprove dualism but does not necessarily object to a binitarian interpretation. When viewed together with the christological conflicts outlined in the last chapter we see the subtlety of the argument in a Christian context.

This is a special example of the inter-relationship between Christian and Jewish communities because Dt. 32 is especially important to the rabbinic polemic against "two powers." It is evidenced often in tannaitic writings as proof against binitarianism entirely. It seems obvious that the rabbis could not have brought up this passage originally to defeat Marcion, because Marcion would have been able to agree to all the rabbinic arguments against the doctrine of "two powers" within the Old Testament. If the rabbinic use is in any way related to the Christian and Marcionite use, it would have had to evolve earlier than Marcion. Marcion himself need never have heard the rabbinic use of Dt. 32 at all because he could have heard it from a source within the church. It may even be that the church's usage contributed to the evolution of standard terminology within Judaism. The exegetical issue dates from the first century but the terminology was standardized in this context. The most important point is to note that Marcion's statement of the ignorance of the Old Testament god becomes a typical refutation of the rabbinic understanding of Dt. 32, both for Marcion's followers and for other groups of his day. The rabbis stress God's unity by means of Dt. 32. Some gnostics will attribute these passages to the demiurge who promulgated his uniqueness only because he is ignorant.

We are left with the conclusion that the rabbinic polemic against "two powers" may oppose Tertullian's theology but could not have arisen to combat Marcion. In many respects Marcion's exegesis resembles some of the critics of the Torah in Philo's time. No doubt philosophical discussions about the nature of evil influenced him significantly. Many rabbinic traditions about justice and mercy may have had Marcion in

³² See Harnack, p. 264* who relies on Origen for this conclusion.

mind. But the debate over "two powers" must be earlier than Marcion since Marcion's use of scripture, when relevant at all, presumes that the debate has already reached a certain stage. Since Marcion himself lived in the first half of the second century, we have more evidence that the debate antedates the earliest references in rabbinic literature and seems appropriate to the first century. Some of Marcion's followers, like Apelles, certainly become relevant to the polemic when they give up the radical dualism of Marcion and turn the inferior god into a helping angel or *deus secundus*. In this respect they are no different from a host of gnostic sects proliferating during this period. It is to gnosticism that we must now turn our attention.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

GNOSTICISM

By the end of the second century, at least two different kinds of heretics were opposed in rabbinic polemic. The earliest polemic was designed to counter apocalyptic, mystical or Christian identifications of a manlike figure enthroned as judge next to God, as described in various epiphany texts. The second to emerge involved the claim that the creator was ignorant of a higher god and that there was a complete separation of divine mercy from divine justice, even to the extent of making them properties of two different gods. The first tradition could be seen as early as Philo in Hellenistic Judaism and was continuously employed by mystics, apocalyptists and Christians. It was opposed by the rabbis in traditions which antedate the first midrashic recensions of the post-Bar Kochba times. The second theme (divine mercy and justice) was present in Philo and the rabbis but it developed as a separate polemic only after "two powers" traditions had already started—in fact, as the rabbinic corrective to "two powers" heresy. It may have been asserted by the rabbis strenuously in opposition to Marcion. Based on the synoptic apocalypse, early Christianity may well have felt that the function of the second figure was to judge the world, not be merciful to it as in Marcion's system. So Marcion's doctrine represents a clear break from Christian conceptions as well as from the exegetical traditions in Judaism.

Is there any historical relationship between binitarian "two powers" heretics and dualistic "two powers" heretics? Were they historically related or merely classified together by the rabbis? It may be that Christians and gnostics (who are reportedly the best examples of binitarian and dualistic "two powers" heretics) are entirely different movements which were put together by the rabbis because of certain gross similarities. Yet, complete separation of the two communities should not be seen as probable because, in characterizing gnostics as Christian heretics, even the church fathers admitted an intimate relationship between the two.

If it is true that only the second angelic figure in heaven has a continuous history in heterodox exegesis and that the argument about mercy and justice was used extensively first by the rabbis against

Christians, gnostics and Marcion, then we are faced with the difficulty of explaining how some "two powers in heaven" heretics changed the early concept of co-operating deities into the two antagonistic deities characteristic of later gnosticism.

Is there anything in the rabbinic evidence which helps us understand the relationships between gnosticism and Christianity? The answer, I feel, is "Yes." There are some clues about the relationship between them in the scriptures they use. Gnosticism is an extremely widespread phenomenon in the late Hellenism occurring in many different communities—Jewish, Christian and pagan—so no history of traditions in any one community can account for the whole development definitively. Nor can any single argument be viewed as absolute in such a complex situation. Nevertheless, one significant aspect of the development of gnosticism in the Jewish and Christian communities is highlighted by the scriptural traditions which we have been tracing, when seen together with the gnostic texts found in the church fathers and those from Nag Hammadi. The change from binitarian to dualistic and gnostic systems seems more closely related to polemical exaggerations between groups than to the earlier sectarian dualisms (like Qumran, for example). Several intermediate systems will have to be mentioned before the reason for the change from binitarianism to dualism in sectarian literature will become clear.

The *Poimandres* is one of the earliest examples of these traditions. C. H. Dodd dates it just prior to the time of Valentinus (130-140 C.E.) but remarks that its exact date cannot yet be fixed.¹ As Dodd shows, the work is an amalgam of the creation story based on the Bible and various conceptions current in stoic and Platonic thought. At the base of the cosmos there is only a primal God, *Nous* or Mind, who is manifested to the seer as the figure Poimandres. Creation is carried out by the primary manifestation of the highest being, the *logos* or Word. This *logos* is personified as the Son of God in ways similar to those we have seen in Philo and the Wisdom of Solomon (18:15-16).² It is clear that, whatever else may be of interest in the document, it would be considered "two powers in heaven" by the rabbis. We can see that those powers are complementary.

Among the Greek philosophers, just as among the theosophists who produced the hermetic literature, the concept of "second god"

¹ *The Bible and the Greeks*, p. 209.

² C. H. Dodd, *The Bible and the Greeks*, pp. 117-119.

appears to have achieved some limited use, partially based on Plato's idea of the demiurge in the *Timaeus* and partially based on the application of the idea to the *logos* by Philo. Numenius of Apamea, for instance, though he survives only in fragments, is known to have been influenced by Jewish scriptures.³ Origen, in the *Contra Celsum*, remarks that Numenius was familiar with the scriptures of the Hebrews, which he endeavored to synthesize with Greek philosophy by means of allegory.⁴ Numenius calls the first divinity "The Good" or "Reason or Thought,"⁵ even "the Standing God."⁶ But because Numenius also distinguishes radically between God and matter, he finds it necessary to assume a "second god" who mediates the chasm while participating both in divinity and matter. With this cosmology, Numenius has appeared to many scholars as a gnostic.⁷ However, he can hardly be a radical gnostic, for the soul, while divine in origin, is distributed in sentient beings through the rational agency of the second god.⁸ Thus, Numenius' second god is hardly the evil demiurge of the radical gnostics. However, when seen together with the *Hermetic Literature* and possibly even the *Chaldaean Oracles*, Numenius' writing suggests that there was a healthy interest in Jewish thought among the pagan mystics and incipient neo-Platonists of the second century.⁹ Perhaps some philosophers like Numenius, as successors to Philo, together with gentile Christians were included among the "nations of the world" identified by the rabbis as believing in "two powers in heaven." This philosophical usage of the term "second god" in the successors of Philo may be the basis of the use of the term in rabbinic literature and the christological controversies of the second and third centuries.

Some of the documents called gnostic in the writings of the church

³ For the history of scholarship on Numenius, see the new edition of the *Fragments*, edited by Édouard des Places (Paris: 1973). The numbering of the fragments will be according to des Places' system, not according to the numbering of Leemans.

⁴ Origen, *Contra Celsum*, IV, 52.

⁵ Fr. 16-17.

⁶ Fr. 15. Notice the affinities with Philo's discussion of God, based on the LXX phrase, "place where God stands." In fact, since the study of K. S. Guthrie, *Numenius of Apamea: The Father of Neo-Platonism* some relationship between Philo and Numenius has been generally assumed.

⁷ See, for example, the study of Beutler in Pauly-Wissowa, Supplement 7 (1950).

⁸ Fr. 13. In this fragment Numenius uses the metaphor of a planter of a vineyard for God, as is common in Philo and Jewish tradition in general.

⁹ For a more detailed study of this question see Le R. P. Festugière, *La révélation d'Hermès Trismégiste*, 4 Vols., (Paris: 1950-53), especially Vol. III and IV.

fathers seem to play an intermediary role in the development towards radical dualism. Hippolytus gives us several instances of gnostic writings which have interesting conceptions of a second power in heaven together with the concomitant scriptural passages. In the Naasene Preaching,¹⁰ considerable Adam speculation is combined with the idea of a primal creature on the one hand and the saviour on the other. The primal man is the bisexual Adamas. He makes everything but is not identical with anything he makes. Apparently he is the primal helper of the highest principle, the pre-existent, also known as the *logos* or as Hermes, the guide of souls. Evil comes not from him, but from another power who creates this material world without the knowledge and consent of Adamas. Though Adamas is a beneficial and good power, he must be distinguished from "The Son of Man" or "the Great Man," who is identified with Christ. Apparently a number of concepts of mediation—some at creation, others at redemption—are being jumbled together in repetitive fashion. All of the mythic material repetitiously and somewhat contradictorily emphasizes the three-fold nature of the cosmos—a wholly good and pre-existent principle; the mediating figure who is also the symbol of transcendent intellect; and the inchoate, unredeemed material of this world. The object of mankind is to recognize the divine aspect within and, with this knowledge, seek to return to the purely divine realm through the mediation of the second figure.

In the *Apophysis Megale*, Hippolytus describes a gnostic system ascribed to Simon Magus of Gitta.¹¹ The highest power of God is again called the *logos*, which is in charge of creation of heaven and earth. He is described as He "that stands, took His stand, and will stand," (12:3) using terms for immutability reminiscent of the LXX and Samaritan traditions to describe the vision of the elders—namely, "the place where God stands," (LXX: Ex. 24:10) which we have seen before in Hellenistic Judaism.¹² The document uses "place of the Lord" to describe a divine presence (17:7). It is obvious that the document, like many other gnostic works, is a theological reworking of the biblical creation story together with angelophany scenes. So far, all stories posit a principal power of God who functions as His complementary (not antagonistic) helper because the highest God cannot enter into materiality.

¹⁰ *Ref.* V, 6:3-11:1.

¹¹ *Ref.* VI 9, 14-18, 7.

¹² See p. 165, 168 f.

The Book of Baruch, also condemned by Hippolytus,¹³ contains many complicated legends. In it, we see many motifs which worried the rabbis and the church fathers alike. Paradise is the primary setting and remains a major theme. The angels are predicated as man's creators. Finally, the highest God is called "the Good" and can possibly be identified as the divinity whose blessing is sought in the heretical benedictions "May the Good bless you" or "May your name be remembered for the Good."¹⁴

The mediating figures in *the Book of Baruch* are especially interesting. Since the Good cannot enter the evil world, he is confined to his realm of light. In order to carry out his orders in the material world he employs two other primal powers—the consorts Elohim and Eden, who are lovers. They sometimes appear to have the characteristics of earth and heaven divinities for they create and rule the earth and heaven respectively with their progeny of angels. Elohim and Eden therefore together function as demiurge. This is a first example of the Hebrew God represented as the demiurge alone, while a higher divinity rules the entire universe. However, Elohim is not yet the ignorant, arrogant god of later gnosticism. In the process of creating the heavens, Elohim recognizes that a luminary, greater than any he created, can be seen at the limits of the heavens (26, 15). He alone enters this highest abode through a gate and is enthroned next to the Good (Ps. 110:1).¹⁵ Thereupon, he contemplates destroying the imperfect world he has made, but he is dissuaded by the Good. Meanwhile, down below, Eden at first adorns herself to attract her consort but, when she realizes that she is abandoned, sets out to punish the spirit of Elohim in men. Thus, suffering comes into the world through the jealous female consort of Elohim, while he, the principal demiurge, remains an admirable creature. Indeed, he commissions Jesus to preach knowledge of the Good to men. Those who follow the teaching are said to participate in a mystery (by drinking water, also described as the true baptism) in which they "enter the Good" (27,2). Perhaps again, the heretics who valued these stories said the benedictions about "the Good" which so upset the rabbis.¹⁶ In any event, we can see a

¹³ Ref. V, 26, 1-27, 5.

¹⁴ See p. 104 f.

¹⁵ See R. A. Bullard, *The Hypostasis of the Archons: The Coptic Text with Translation and Commentary*, with a contribution by Martin Krause. (Berlin: 1970), 134: 27-135: 4. Also Böhlig and Labib, *Die Koptisch-agnostische Schrift ohne Titel aus Codex II von Nag Hammadi im koptischen Museum zu Al-Kairo* (Berlin: 1962), 152-31-153:16. See also Doresse, p. 167.

progression in the concept of the second power in heaven. Now the Hebrew God has become only the principal angel (or more exactly, both male and female characters together function as the Hebrew God) while there is a high god who is his master. Yet the Hebrew God is not yet evil; nor is he exclusively defined as YHWH.

Some of the more recently found gnostic documents illustrate the next (though not inevitable) step in the development of the "two powers" heresy. It is clear that the Chenoboskion library found at modern day Nag Hammadi contains many different documents with varying characteristics. Some treatises seem hardly gnostic; others hardly Christian. Some show significant and considerable influence by Jewish sectarianism and Merkabah mysticism.

The Gospel of Truth, contains very extensive comments on the Name of God, The Real Name (*kyrion onoma*) which is not to be expressed.¹⁷ I quote in full from the translation of G. Quispel:

And the end is the Taking-of-Gnosis about Him who is concealed. And this is the Father. He from whom proceeded the Beginning and to whom all who have proceeded from Him and who have been manifested for the Glory and for the Joy of His Name will return. And the Name of the Father is the Son. He it is who at first gave the Name to him who proceeded from Him and who was Himself. And He has begotten him as Son, He has given him His Name which He possessed, He—the Father—to whom belong all things existing near Him. He has the Name, He has the Son, (and) it is possible for them (i.e., the Aeons) to see Him. But on the other hand the Name is invisible, for this alone is the mystery of the Invisible, who has reached to the very ears which are all filled with it by Him. For, in fact, they do not name the Father's Name. But He reveals Himself by a Son. Great, therefore, is the Name. Who then is there who could pronounce a Name for Him, the great Name, except He alone, to whom this Name belongs? And the Sons of the Name are those in whom the Name of the Father rests. And they for their part rest in His Name. Since the Father is beyond being, only he whom He has begotten was (for Him) a Name before. He had set in order the Aeons, in order that the Name of the Father might be on their head as the Real Name (tr. of *kyrion onoma*). Such is the Authentic Name,

¹⁶ See p. 104 f., 215 f.

¹⁷ See G. Scholem "Über eine Formel in den koptisch-gnostischen Schriften," *ZNTW*, III (1931), 176. Based on this evidence Gilles Quispel suspects the presence of a related doctrine of heavenly journey by which the adept's cosmic twin, the self, journeys to behold the angel of the name who is equivalent to "the Face of God" because he is the visible manifestation of God. (See "The Birth of the Child," *Gnostic Studies*, I, 223). If so, there would be a continuity in thought between early heretical mysticism, Jewish Christianity, gnosticism and Manichaeism.

steadfast in its authority and by its perfect power; for this Name does not belong to the words (*Lexeis*) nor is it from the designations (that) His Name (comes), for it is invisible. He has given a Name to Him alone, while He it is who alone understands (lit. sees) it, while he alone is he to whom it is possible to give a Name. In truth, He, who is beyond being, has no Name. For what Name will one give to Him who is not? On the other hand, he who has become in his being, he is also with his Name and he alone knows it and to give him a Name there was the Father alone. The Son is his Name; He has therefore not concealed it by this action; but as soon as the Son had come into being, He gave a Name to him alone. That is why (lit. "therefore") the Name (of the Son) was that of the Father, in the same way that the Name of the Father was (that of the) Son. This mercy, where shall it find a Name, if it be not that of the Father? But certainly someone will say to his neighbour: "Who is it that will give a Name to Him before whom there was none, as in the case of the name which children receive from those who give them birth?" First of all, then, it is fitting for us to consider the mystery: What is the Name? For this (i.e. this Name) is the Authentic Name. This, then, has become the Name in the true sense of the word. So he did not receive the Name as a loan, like the others, after the manner of each, by which he returns (prob. trans. of *onoma tēs apokatastaseōs*). But this is the Real Name (*kyrion onoma*). There is none other to whom He has given it; but He was Unnameable, He was Ineffable until the moment when He, He alone who is perfect, uttered it, and He it is who has the power to say his Name and to understand (lit. "see") it. When He then (wished), still existing in Himself, that His beloved(?) Name should become His Son and (when) He had given him the Name, (then) He who proceeded from the Depth spoke of the hidden things of Him, knowing that the Father is a Being without evil. Therefore He also sent this one that he might speak about the Topos and His (place of) Rest, from whence he proceeded, in order that he might glorify in the Pleroma the Greatness of his Name and the Sweetness of the Father.¹⁸

In the midst of this work we suddenly find traditions that associate the name of God with "place" and make the divine name both a manifestation of God and an independent hypostasis which mediates revelation. All of this strongly suggests that various gnostic ideas ultimately go back to Jewish heterodox traditions where they may or may not have been heretical in nature. The opposing configuration of deities insures that at least two (perhaps many) independent deities were present. Therefore it seems clear that the rabbis would have considered it heretical. When the powers were complementary—as they seem to be

¹⁸ *Gnostic Studies*, 23-24.

in the apocalyptic literature of the first century, in some of the gnostic and much of the Christian literature—the independence of the second power is a moot question. It is often possible that the later traditions in heretical literature are survivals of heterodox but not necessarily heretical exegesis, brought into a new context.

In the untitled document from Codex II, often called the *Origin of the World*, and in *The Hypostasis of The Archons* there are long descriptions of the heavenly throne which depend to a great degree on the traditions we have been discussing from Ex. and from the beginning of Ezekiel. In both documents, as in those described by the church fathers, proto-Merkabah traditions abound. We see that the chariot is used as a throne surrounded by a glorious palace inhabited by a plethora of angels. The major cherubim have four faces—that of a lion, a bull, an eagle, and a man, as adduced from Ezekiel 1, the most important Merkabah text. Similar chariots are also employed by the seventy-two gods who give man the seventy-two languages of the world.

Sabaoth, in *The Untitled Work*, has many of the characteristics of the second figure in heaven. His name is evidently derived from the Hebrew YHWH ŠB'WT, Lord of Hosts or Powers. In UW 152:10 he is said to be "over all the forces (*dynameis*) of Chaos." He also shares some of the characteristics given to Jesus in various traditions. Like Christ in the *Sophia Jesu Christi*, he is said to have created the angels.¹⁹ Yet the parallel between the documents is not complete, since Jesus is himself one of the created angels, seated at the right of Sabaoth in the *Untitled Work* (UW 153:25-29), whereas in the *Hypostasis of the Archons*, it is Zoë who sits on the right of Sabaoth. Apparently, only the figure of the primary angel is consistent in the documents, not his name or identity.

In UW, Sabaoth is the son of Yaldabaoth, the demiurge. As in Valentinian thought, Sabaoth is to function as a savior. He has learned that what his father told him—namely, that his father is lord of all—is untrue. Upon realizing this, he is taken to the seventh heaven and enthroned. Some of the "two powers" traditions have been applied to the gnostic savior and the reason is clear. Sabaoth functions as the role model for the ideal believer, who is to move beyond Judaism (and Christianity) to true gnostic belief.

Other parts of these esoteric Jewish traditions have been applied to the demiurge. This development points out a transformation charact-

¹⁹ See H. A. Bullard, p. 110; (also SJC 99:18-100:3). Also now a new edition by Bentley Leyton, "The Hypostasis of the Archons," *HTR*, 67 (1974) p. 351 f.

eristic of gnostic interpretation of these traditions. Throughout the document we are informed that Yaldabaoth, the demiurge, had exclaimed at his creation: "There is no other god but me"—paraphrasing the same verses in Ex., Dt. and Is., which the rabbis had used to defend their God. In the gnostic text, the claim of the demiurge is patently false, because he is ignorant of the higher, good deity above him.

The pattern is far from unique. It occurs many times in the Nag Hammadi corpus. In every case, the ignorant demiurge (often Yaldabaoth) boasts that he is the only god, quoting or paraphrasing Dt. 32:29, Is. 44:6, or 46:4. In every case the boast is ironic because the reader knows that there is a god higher than he.²⁰ Therefore, gnostic interpretation also took over the claims of uniqueness of Israel's God, but applied them to a demiurge. Apparently gnostic exegesis split the tradition we find opposed by the rabbis into two parts. The traditions about a second figure were transmuted into the gnostic savior, while the scripture characteristic of the rabbinic polemic against "two powers" was associated with the evil demiurge who is still the god of Israel, but not the high god.

It is conceivable that "negative value" Judaism developed independently, and not in response to orthodox disapproval. Deuteronomy and Isaiah had been available for many centuries. But several considerations make it more probable that the specifically gnostic arguments date from a period considerably later, when the rabbinic polemic against "two powers" had already been developed. First of all, even a quick reading of gnostic texts reveals that the scriptural focus of the gnostic mind was on the first few chapters of Genesis rather than on Deuteronomy, Exodus or II Isaiah. The rabbis were the first sure witnesses to the use

²⁰ See H. Jonas, *History of Religion*, p. 267 who locates the following texts: #27 (p. 149), #39 (134:27-135:4; 143; 407), #4 (UW: 148:27-33; 151-3-28 155:17-37), #2 (Sacred book of the Invisible Great Spirit or Gospel of the Egyptians), p. 178; #4 (Sophia of Jesus, SJC in BG 125:10-126:5); #1, 6, 36 in Apoc. of John. (BG 44:8-16 cf., 45:11f, 45:20-46:9). According to the more recent numbering of the Nag Hammadi corpus the vain claim of the demiurge can be found in clear form also in "The Hypostasis of the Archons," (II, 1) 86:28-87:3; 94:20-28; 94:34-95:7 in "The Origin of the World" (II, 2) 103:6-20; "The Apocryphon of John" (II, 3) 11:18-21; 13:5-13 (with parallels to BG 44:9-17); "The Gospel of the Egyptians" (II, 4) 58:23-59:4 and often elsewhere. My thanks to Anne Maguire and N. A. Dahl for providing further references for the Nag Hammadi section of the 1976 SBL meeting. See also H. M. Schenke, *Der Gott "Mensch" in der Gnosis*, p. 87f. Also see Gilles Quispel, "The Origins of the Gnostic Demiurge" *Kyriakon: Festschrift für Johannes Quasten*, I (Leiden: 1970) 271-276, and H. A. Wolfson "The Pre-existent Angel of the Magharians and Al-Nahawandi," *JQR*, XI (1960), for exceedingly cogent discussions of gnostic roots in Jewish sectarianism.

of Deuteronomy passages together with the principal angel passages. Since they brought them in for polemical purposes, there is little possibility that gnostics could have brought in the same traditions for any purposes other than polemical ones. It makes good sense to see these distorted claims about the ignorance of Israel's God as a polemical answer to the rabbinic polemic against "two powers" which relied heavily on Dt. 32 and on Is. 44-47.

Final conclusions will have to await the publication of the remainder of the Nag Hammadi library. But some striking ramifications of the evidence in the library already seem to be clear. The Jewish sectarian milieu for gnostic origins, postulated by Quispel, Wolfson and others seems confirmed.²¹ For instance, two documents from the library, which give primary importance to Shem or Seth as revealers, clarify an essentially Jewish sectarian setting for many of the gnostic documents by showing Christian influence to be secondary. In the *Apocalypse of Adam*,²² Seth functions as the prophet to whom *gnosis* is given after creation, paralleled by Shem after the flood. Adam is quite important in this treatise. He helps in creation and is higher in rank than the god who created him and Eve. The demiurge attempts to stamp out *gnosis* by causing a deep sleep of forgetfulness to come over Adam but *gnosis* later triumphs. Adam is emphasized throughout the text, but he is not the redeemer, only an angelic carrier of the *gnosis*. Several other figures, including an "illuminator," function as redeemer. Persian themes are present in the birth of the illuminator, like Mithras, from a rock. Yet there is no single myth of a redeemed redeemer or *anthropos*, because Adam and the redeemer remain separate figures. If any Christian material relating the redeemer to Adam is present at all, it is well disguised. We are therefore justified in describing this document as a non-Christian, heterodox, Jewish-gnostic document, though there is no reason to assume it is pre-Christian in origin.

The same evidence seems to be emerging in reports about *The Paraphrase of Shem*.²³ In this case as well, we have evidence for a primarily Jewish sectarian document in the Nag Hammadi library. Almost no Christian influence can be seen. On the other hand, the dependence on the Hebrew Bible is obvious. Not only are Sodom and the Sodomites mentioned in a favorable sense, but the flood, and the tower of Babel

²¹ See above p. 252 n. 20 and p. 19.

²² See Foerster, *Gnosis*, II, p. 13-23.

²³ See Frederik Wisse, "The Redeemer Figure in the Paraphrase of Shem," *NT*, 12 (1970), 130-140.

also play a role. All of these contain primary places where the doctrine of "two powers" could be derived. In this case, the major character is called Derdekeas and functions primarily as a redeemer. He is also supposed to be the creator of heaven and earth, rather like *Poimandres*, except that the atmosphere is now anti-Jewish.²⁴

Instead of evidence of de-Christianization, we have some evidence that the tractate was Christianized. Hippolytus seems to use a form of the *Paraphrase of Shem* as his main source for the doctrine of the Sethians.²⁵ He calls it *the Paraphrase of Seth*, but the document is essentially the same. In Hippolytus' version, however, several Christological interpretations have been added.²⁶ Epiphanius knew of an early gnostic sect, the Archontici (many powers?) who, like the believers of this document, considered water anathema in baptism.²⁷ A preliminary study seems to be showing that this document is an example of non-Christian, Jewish sectarian gnostic work which was later Christianized. Like the *Poimandres* it makes use of material from the Hebrew Bible but in this case it is radically transformed into a "negative value" Judaism for polemical purposes.

It is now possible to speak of the later history of the polemic. Just as the rabbis were passionately trying to preserve their faith, so too some "two powers" sectarians were passionately trying to preserve theirs. They refuted the forceful rabbinic charge against dualism, based on Dt. 32, by revaluing the biblical creation to make their god or hero come out on top. We have already seen examples of this creative exegesis. Cainite and Marcionite circles accepted the appro-

²⁴ Fred Wisse seems to find that the notion of a pre-Christian savior myth is confirmed in this material, even though the document is not pre-Christian. It seems to me more warranted to say that many of the aspects of what is called "the gnostic salvation myth" are present, but the late date makes it impossible to decide when or how all the themes—helper in creation, Adam, angelic mediation and redemption—came together.

²⁵ Hippol. *Philosophoumena*, V, 19-22.

²⁶ See V, 19, 20. Since Sethians identified Seth with Christ, this identification of Shem with Christ indicates a peculiar relationship of Shem and Seth. We must also remember that Shem and Melchizedek are firmly connected with Samaritanism by Pseudo-Eupolemos. Shem and Melchizedek are also equated by the rabbis. In the Sethian documents of the Nag Hammadi corpus, the vain claim of the demiurge appears often. In *The Second Logos of the Great Seth* (VII, 2), for instance, the Cosmocrator says to the angels "I am God" but was scorned. The savior in this case has the Hebrew theophoric name "Adonaios" and gnostics ridicule orthodox christians for believing in "two lords, even a multitude."

²⁷ These Archontici lived in Palestine and were closely related to the Sethians. For further reports about this sect in the church fathers, see Wisse, p. 139.

bation "first born of Satan." In doing so, they revalued the dishonorable epithet into a positive term. Similarly, gnostic distortion of the original "two powers" tradition—the bifurcation of the second figure into a gnostic savior and evil demiurge—can be seen as a response to the aggravated atmosphere created by rabbinic polemic on the one side and incipient orthodox Christian polemic on the other.²⁸ The heretics must have reasoned that Israel's God and Christian orthodoxy's God who claimed to be unique as recorded in monotheistic statements of Exodus, Deuteronomy and Isaiah, was only an ignorant god. He did not know about the gnostic god, who was going to save only those who recognized him—that is, only the "two powers" heretics who were "gnostics." The church offered a possible haven from the battle because some varieties of Christianity maintained christologies which were very close to the gnostic idea of the redeemer, and Christianity shared the experience of expulsion from the synagogue for violating the doctrine of monotheism. But both church and synagogue reacted antagonistically to the gnostics. Thus we actually have a three-cornered battle. Extreme anti-Jewish gnosticism can be seen to arise in circumstances where groups holding "two powers" traditions run headlong into the polemics against "two powers" and "many powers" which developed in the rabbinic academies, but which were used by church fathers as well. In a real sense then, both orthodoxy and heresy were trying to manipulate scripture in order to demonstrate the veracity of their own beliefs and the authority of their own clergy. The rabbis attempted to use highly rationalized methods of exegesis to show that the stories of the heretics were completely faulty. Their method, midrash, was derived from the discussions of the academies and the sermons of the synagogues. The extreme gnostics countered by developing a massively polemical mythology.²⁹ The church fathers used both methods against both sides.

²⁸ This idea is an extension of the kind of development of traditions portrayed by N. A. Dahl, *Erstgeborene Satans*, see p. 137 f. and p. 234 f. We have jointly developed these themes further, together with a response from Birger Pearson in a forthcoming volume of proceedings from the SBL seminar on Nag Hammadi studies.

²⁹ The whole issue of polemical mythology deserves more serious study, both phenomenologically within history of religions circles and exegetically among scholars of this particular period. In this case, for instance, Dt. 32:39 occurs as the boast of the demiurge in such a variety of gnostic systems that one cannot escape the conclusion that the claim itself antedates any mythological setting. Probably many artificial myths were created in order to explain how the claim of the demiurge (that he was the only God) was to be treated. For an analogy see A. Kragerud, *Die Hymnen der Pistis*

The transformation of values seen in Nag Hammadi is not limited to the third century, when gnosticism was already full grown. The story of the arrogance of the demiurge was known to the early church fathers. It is reported in Irenaeus,³⁰ Hippolytus,³¹ and Epiphanius³²—indicating that the process of transvaluing Judaism to create an evil demiurge in contrast to the saving grace of the gnostic redeemer was already underway by the middle of the second century. Such arguments, in turn, might call forth the kind of defense seen in the latest level of rabbinic polemic. For instance in passage 2, R. Nathan's argument, may be understood to oppose the idea that the god who created the world claimed his uniqueness in secret.³³

Furthermore, not all groups wanted to use the solution of the radical gnostics. Many (probably those who continued to attract Jews) remained in an intermediate position where the text of the Old Testament was not so thoroughly revalued. We can see more evidence for them in the latest body of writing significant to the "two powers" controversy, the Pseudo-Clementine literature. Though the literature comes from the fourth century in its present form, earlier traditions have been recognized in it. The literature tries to defeat gnostic arguments; nevertheless, it contains many traditions common to Jewish esoteric teachings and various non-orthodox Christian communities. For instance, its division of the cosmos into masculine and feminine syzygies could easily have been the doctrine opposed by Theophilus.³⁴ In form, it is a collection of narratives and homilies attributed to the apostle Peter and transcribed by Clement, all polemicizing against the gnostic Simon. Yet the Christianity offered as a corrective to gnosticism is not equivalent to what has

Sophia (Oslo: 1967) especially 159-220. In that case, the myths about Sophia were created to provide a setting for the Psalms and Odes of Solomon texts which the sect wanted to clarify and interpret. Elaine Pagels reports in "The Demiurge and his Archons—Gnostic Views on the Bishop and Presbyters?" *HTR*, (1976), p. 1, that a similar battle can be seen between Christian and gnostic bishops. She suggests that the real issue was over the authority and polity of the bishops, but was translated into a mythological battle over whose god was higher! This is a very persuasive argument about the social context of gnostic polemics. We should not assume that the battles were merely exegetical. For instance, the social dimension of Johannine dualism may be discoverable in the polemic against their Jewish neighbors, who oppose their faith and have excluded them from the synagogue. See my article on the "Lord of the World-Angel or Devil?: Towards a Sociology of Gnosticism," and also p. 189 n. 20.

³⁰ Iren. *Adv. Haer.* I, 5, 2-4 and I, 30, 1-6.

³¹ Hippol. *Refut.* vi, 33 and vii 25:3.

³² Epiphan. *Pan.* 26:2.

³³ See p. 57 f.

³⁴ See p. 225 f.

become orthodoxy. Rather it has many "Jewish-Christian" characteristics. For instance, the statements of Christ's divinity in the New Testament are reinterpreted to mean that all men's souls are divine. After death they will all shine as stars in heaven. According to Peter, neither is Jesus himself a god. Instead he has been adopted as "the Son of God," and is called Adam, an angelic prince or a variety of other terms. Such doctrines, as well as Christian orthodoxy, may have been countered by rabbinic statements that God has no son, but they probably would not be considered "two powers" heresy by the rabbis.

Many other issues which we have been tracing were also discussed in this literature. Simon argues, for instance, that the plural used in Gen. 1:26 indicates that there were many creators, or at any rate, more than one.³⁵ Peter replies that the verse refers not to another creator but to God's *Wisdom*, who was present with God at the creation. Peter typically defends his monotheistic Christianity against the charges of his enemies by relying on many of the scriptures used by the rabbis against "two powers" and also some used by the church fathers against gnostics.³⁶

The heretical side of the dialogue is represented by Simon Magus. His doctrine also attests to the idea of *place* as another name for the *logos* or principal divine manifestation on earth. Simon allowed that two different areas have been separated in the cosmos; the second area, (*deutera chora*), being a second place, is also a second being.³⁷ In this system there are also two rulers (*hegemones*) who govern the two areas,³⁸ who are in turn related in time to this world and the next. The prince of this world is evil, while the prince of the world to come will be good.³⁹ So the high god, having delimited two areas or dominions, has also ordained two cosmic periods.⁴⁰ The total number of gods is then three. It is as if the Simon of this document has split the second god of Marcion into a creator and a legislator in a manner reminiscent of Philo. Therefore, the higher god has sent two gods, one of whom created the world, the other of whom gave the Law.⁴¹

³⁵ 16:11 also 38 for a similar use of Gen. 18:21 conflated with Gen. 11:7.

³⁶ 16:6 contains the following passages. Gen. 3:1-22, Ex. 22:28, Dt. 4:34, Jer. 10:10, Dt. 13:6, Josh. 23:7 (LXX) 24:7 (MT) Dt. 10:17, Ps. 86:8 (LXX 85) Ps. 50:1. Notice the presence of Jer. 10:10 which, in another way, was as important to R. Isaac's exegesis against the heretics. See p. 135 f.

³⁷ H 17:8 Souville, p. 323.

³⁸ 20:3.

³⁹ On the Prince of the World, see p. 51, 67, 189, 214, 256.

⁴⁰ H 20:2, see also 15:6, 7.

⁴¹ H 3:2.

Here is an occurrence of the two exegetical traditions—the second figure and the mercy and justice traditions—coming together in heresy, rather than in anti-heretical polemic. Apparently in the position attributed to Simon, traditions about the justice and mercy of God are combined with the notion of the high god and his helper. He is operating with the same issues which surround the rabbinic defense of “two powers” speculation. Unlike Marcion, Simon uses Old Testament references to prove his case. Therefore heretics like the Simon of this document may certainly among those that the rabbis condemned.

But they are also distressing to Peter! He attempts to counter them with the same scriptural passages which the rabbis would have used. One of his comments about Simon is a quite important:

Whilst I betake myself to the heathen who say there are many gods, to preach and proclaim the one and only God who made heaven and earth and all that is therein, that they may love and be saved, wickedness has anticipated me according to the laws of the syzygies and has sent Simon ahead in order that those men who, rejecting the gods assumed to exist on the earth, speak no more of their great numbers, may believe that there are *many gods in heaven*. Thus, would men be brought to dishonor the monarchy of God and to meet severe punishment and eternal perdition.⁴²

The writer of this document may have been familiar with the term “many powers in heaven.” He used rabbinic defenses against “two powers” arguments and the designation “many powers” so the “many powers” must certainly be seen as a species of “two powers” and not a wholly different heresy. He compared “many powers in heaven” with “many powers on earth,” synonymous with paganism. The rabbis never use the term to contrast with paganism, and instead contrast “no power in heaven” with “two powers in heaven” and “many powers in heaven.” Nevertheless the terms may not be unrelated. Though the method of definition differs, the basic identification by both Jews and Jewish Christians of sectarian groups (rather than gentile nonbelievers) is good evidence that both the rabbis and the Jewish Christians are dealing with similar opponents and the same traditions. In a work that relies so heavily both on rabbinic and Christian traditions, the ironic complaint of Peter cannot be purely coincidental. It seems as if “many powers in heaven” is meant to refer to the Simonian gnosticism with its complex system of archons and creators.

⁴² H. 3 (59:2) Hennecke-Schneemelcher, p. 552.

These traditions are fully in agreement with the traditions about "many powers in heaven" which we found in the rabbinic legends. They probably dated from the same time and confirm our suspicions that the basic category of heresy involved "two powers" ideas expanded by an elaborate angelic cosmology.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

CONCLUSIONS

Having surveyed several varieties of extra-rabbinic literature in the Hellenistic period to find texts relevant to the "two powers" controversy, it is now time to return to the original questions of the inquiry: Which extra-rabbinic groups are most likely to have been the targets of the rabbinic polemic? How early is the "two powers" controversy? The extra-rabbinic evidence has provided much information helpful for answering both of these questions. All the data and many of the conclusions have already been mentioned. But the various findings of the study need to be summarized so that avenues for future research can be defined.

In the rabbinic evidence, dating was an especially difficult problem, because the traditions crystallized over a long period of time, forming texts with complicated lattices and strata. Even when we could date a document with relative certainty, we could not be sure that the earliest form of that tradition was present in it. In such cases previous scholars have felt relatively free to assume a long and sometimes fanciful pre-history. With more careful attention to the text we were forced to conclude that the rabbinic polemic against "two powers," like most rabbinic traditions, can not be dated earlier than the time of Ishmael and Akiba. While even such an early dating has problems in rabbinic texts, there were many hints of greater antiquity.

In the rabbinic evidence, we discovered that the earliest issue concerned the identity and status of a human figure in heaven. The issue might have originally been the anthropomorphic language used of God or the meaning of the two Hebrew words for deity, YHWH and Elohim. It was difficult to tell which problem was the most basic, since both were based on the same exegetical context and were discussed together. In the late tannaitic period, but not before, we found a certain amount of evidence for an opposing, configuration of deities in the heretical theology. (R. Nathan).

Once the extra-rabbinic evidence was consulted it became obvious that the rabbis' second century opponents had first century forebears. In apocalyptic literature as well as in the Philonic corpus it was often difficult to say whether the borderline between sectarian strife and

heresy was actually crossed. No doubt the line was drawn subjectively, depending on the perspective of the observer.

It is now possible to construct a coherent, synchronized history of the tradition. The early biblical theophanies which picture God as a man or confuse YHWH with an angel are the basis of the tradition. The book of Daniel, usually dated to Maccabean times, is the earliest witness in the Bible to the existence of apocalyptic traditions of a heavenly figure, though it is possible that some Enoch traditions are older. Yet neither Daniel nor the early Enoch material give the figure a title. Most attributes of the "son of man" or "manlike" figure are undefined. Instead the tradition grew through differing exegeses of a variety of theophany texts. The events narrated in Dan. 7:9 f. may be part of the Israelite Holy War and Divine Warrior traditions—mythological motifs which Israel shared with its neighbors. If so, Israelite culture, as is normal in cases of cultural contact, not only shared the ideas, but transformed them to fit its own scheme of things. The mythology recorded in early Daniel and Enoch traditions was monotheistic and was fitted through exegesis to the events of Maccabean times, stimulating the development of an eschatology suited to Maccabean partisans. The speculation continued among a number of groups and was later canonized by the rabbinic community. In no way can every occurrence be considered heretical.

Some traditions which became part of the "two powers" controversy were known by Philo, who used the term "second god" (*deuteros theos*) to describe the *logos*. The Hebrew equivalent "two gods" or "second god" was used infrequently by the rabbis as a term of reproach. It did not become the preferred title for heresy within the rabbinic movement, possibly because of the risk of blasphemy merely in saying it. The usual rabbinic terminology "two powers in heaven" was standardized at the end of the tannaitic period, although alternatives continued to enjoy a certain currency in the amoraic period, apparently in polemical settings. "Two powers," on the other hand, was better suited for informing the community of the dangers of heresy without revealing too much of the content. It is impossible to speculate on how the Pharisees would have reacted to Philo's system.

Within the Palestinian community, with its many sects, polemics for monotheism were used in a variety of ways. Paul seems to use anti-"two powers" polemic against Jews whom he charged with venerating angels while he himself could have been charged with the identical crime by rabbinic Jews.

One heretical candidate was sure. The christological statements in Johannine literature are clearly heretical because the fourth gospel represents the Jews as opposing Jesus when he equates himself with God. Johannine Christians, if not Jesus himself, were charged with the crime. "Two powers" seems to be one of the basic issues over which Judaism and Christianity separated.

Therefore the evidence is that opposition to Christian exegesis preceded opposition to extreme gnostic exegesis. In this case, the key factor in separating radical gnosticism from earlier exegesis is the negative portrayal of the demiurge. Whenever the second figure in heaven is seen as negative, we are dealing with a radically gnostic system. Not until then can we say definitively that a gnostic heresy is present. In all the earliest traditions, the second figure is always seen as a complementary figure, suggesting that the notion of a divine helper who carried God's name is the basic concept which developed into heresy, not a redeemed redeemer.

Marcion's system is not a likely candidate for the original target of the rabbinic attack against "two powers," for the rabbinic attack was exegetical at base, while Marcion does not allow any Old Testament references to the savior God. Although the best candidates for the heresy, both on internal and external evidence, are Christians there is no distinctively anti-Christian polemic at first. Therefore we should continue to assume that the Christians were but one of a number of apocalyptic or mystical groups who posited a primary angelic helper for God. The rabbinic attack against these groups had two thrusts. It damned the sectarian groups for having violated Jewish monotheism, using Dt. 32 and Is. 44-47, and Ex. 20 while suggesting that the dangerous scripture used by the sectarians really concerned God's aspects of justice and mercy or His *shekhina*.

The rabbis did not invent the exegesis that God's Hebrew names stood for mercy and justice. They used ancient traditions of God's mercy and justice to defeat the heresy. These traditions were also attested by Philo, who understood the names of God as symbols for His attributes. No doubt Philo was relying on more ancient traditions as well. We have no conclusive evidence about the form these traditions took within the Palestinian, semitic-language-speaking community. The early Palestinian scholars may have followed the Philonic identification of the names of God or they may have followed the opposite identification, the normative tradition in rabbinic literature. Probably they just emphasized that the mixture, both mercy and justice, was present at

the creation and at Sinai. Such arguments became even stronger during the gnostic controversy. The received rabbinic identification of justice and mercy with Elohim and YHWH respectively is attested by the second century. It was a convenient weapon against Christianity, gnosticism and Marcionism because it emphasized that YHWH was a merciful God, making mercy the aspect of God which was most often manifested to Israel. While the argument made sense against Christianity, it was a very powerful argument against gnosticism, which maintained that Israel's god was ignorant and arbitrary.

During the later stage of the heresy, which is better evidenced in the rabbinic texts, almost any doctrine incompatible with monotheism was understood by the rabbis as "two powers" speculation. Such may already have been the case during the second century (Passage 1) but it certainly is true in the Mishnah (Passage 7, Chapter 7). It also seems clear that several church fathers evinced "two powers" heresy in the second century. Justin especially, but also Theophilus, maintained doctrines of the *logos* and Christ supported by scriptural traditions which the rabbis opposed. The "two powers" polemic was related to christological controversies between many of the early fathers as well.

By the end of the second century, arguments like R. Nathan's (Passage 2) were probably being used against dualists and gnostics, though it is unclear whether R. Nathan himself had gnostics in mind. He may have only been defending Torah against its critics. "Many powers in heaven" was also singled out for censure. Groups espousing this belief must have included any sectarians who provided an intricate mythological context for their angelology by using the first chapters in Genesis. Many second century gnostics and most third century gnostics were prominent members of this heresy. By the end of the second century complementary and antagonistic dualists were both evidencing "two powers" traditions, but before that time there was no evidence for any opposing configuration of deities either among the heretics or among the rabbinic traditions.

The rabbinic texts, which recorded only the rabbinic side of the argument, ordered and related the traditions thematically or by scriptural reference. This unintentionally obfuscated the historical progression of the debate. When both sides of the tradition have been presented and compared according to their use of scripture, the original order of the debate can be reconstructed.

Once the debate is reconstructed, we are able to understand some of the historical issues affecting the exegesis. By the time of the con-

solidation of rabbinic authority at Yavneh and the attempt at a new Jewish orthodoxy, mediation traditions were seen as a clear and present danger within rabbinic Judaism. No doubt the rabbis' concern was linked to the political events which immediately preceded. The war had stimulated a terrible crisis of faith. Furthermore Christians and others had taken the fall of Jerusalem as proof of the end of the Jewish dispensation. Such ideas were heinous to the majority of the Jewish community. A new set of standards was necessary to insure survival. In asserting further control over the synagogue, the rabbis excluded any sectarian who compromised monotheism from participating in the service. This meant that Christians, among others, were excluded from Jewish life. The growing emphasis on strict monotheism characterizes the rabbinic movement and sets it off from the other sects of its time.

The earliest reports about "two powers" in the rabbinic texts were associated with gentiles. This may further indicate that proto-gnostic interpretations of angelic mediation originated in a thoroughly Hellenized kind of Judaism or among gentiles attracted to synagogue services. But "two powers" heresy has a clear Jewish sectarian setting as well. Apparently, along with the Jewish sectarians, gentiles who had been drawn to the synagogue to hear the Bible proclaimed were attracted to biblical monotheism in a form that distinguished between the supreme God and a divine agent, possibly in a more extreme form than the system that Philo had described. All such doctrines, whether in apocalypticism, Christianity or philosophical speculations, were probably condemned by the rabbis as early as the end of the first century and the beginning of the second. But the gentiles continued to hear the Christian message.

The response of the excluded groups varied. Orthodox Christianity claimed both that the legal aspects of the Torah were void and that the Jews stubbornly refused to hear the message of the fulfillment of their own scriptures. A few Christians even relied on the teachings of men like Marcion and Cerdo, who argued that the god of salvation was unknown to the Jews. But that was atypical. Others claimed that the god of the official synagogue, in whose name they had been excluded from worship, was not the high god. By his own intransigence he proved he was an ignorant and vain god. For these gnostics, a higher god was envisioned, one who was the author of salvation. These arguments might be phenomenologically similar to Marcion's, but they differed in their use of Jewish scripture. Unlike Marcion, gnostics used familiar Old Testament verses to help prove their con-

tention of the arrogance of the creator. Condemned by the standards of strict monotheism, some of these "gnostics" transformed the distinction between the transcendent God and His agent manifestation on earth into a contrast between the high god and the vain demiurge god of the Jews.

The gnostics drew mainly upon the early chapters of Genesis to prove their point. They inherited many ancient traditions congenial to their perspective. But they also created new interpretations: They elaborated cosmogonic myths in order to provide a setting for their claim that Israel's god is ignorant. They also found ways to turn the insults hurled at them into compliments. However, their knowledge and use of other parts of scripture was more limited. The gnostic use of Isaiah and Deuteronomy passages seems to have arisen as a defense against the previous Jewish and Christian use of those scriptures against them.

There is further evidence that some who cherished moderate "two powers" traditions did not adopt anti-Jewish arguments. Jews who had a closer connection to the legal traditions of the community and were not part of the fierce polemic were able to give the traditions a limited form of acceptability in Merkabah mysticism.

Most others, having been linked together with the Christians by the rabbis, found refuge in the church and incorporated Christian elements into their systems. However, Christianity immediately found itself faced with the same problem that the rabbis were facing. Using the same traditions, Christians began to define orthodoxy and heresy along much more complicated lines. Tertullian claimed that Marcionites, who postulated a second god, were anti-christs like Jews. Monarchians and modalists claimed that "orthodoxy," like the gnostics and Marcionites, had compromised Christianity's monotheistic center. Therefore they used "two gods" as a term of approbation against "orthodox" Christianity, just as the rabbis did.

Obviously this is not meant to be *the* authoritative reconstruction of events. But it seems to be a credible account of the complete evidence. Besides a general chronological scheme, a new hypothesis is assumed—namely, *that the radicalization of gnosticism was a product of the battle between the rabbis, the Christians and various other "two powers" sectarians who inhabited the outskirts of Judaism.* The battle was recorded as a debate over the meaning of several scriptural passages, among which were all the angelic or theophany texts of the Old Testament, followed closely by the plurals used by or about God in scripture.

Of course, it took many sides to make this argument. The rabbis' polemical statements were justified from their perspective by sectarian readiness to dilute strict monotheism in order to support traditions which applied to their ancestors, heroes and saviors. From the other perspectives, the attempt to establish a "normative" Judaism was seen as exclusivist and caused the radicalization of the sectarian community. Therefore, it is possible to say that gnosticism arose in Judaism out of the polarization of the Jewish community over the issue of the status of God's primary angel.

One advantage of this new hypothesis for describing the gnostic debate is that it not only accounts for the large quantity of Jewish material in gnosticism and the phenomenological similarity between various proto-gnostic groups but it also accounts for the anti-Jewish bias of extreme gnosticism. Phenomenologically and historically the gnostic demiurge is the second deity of the earlier "two powers" theology. Usually he has appropriated half of the traditions about the second power, yielding the honorable traditions to the gnostic savior. The agent manifestation of God was therefore identified with the limited god of the Jews while the high god, unknown to Jews or Christians, was reserved only for the gnostics.

This theory, of course, does not address the history of gnostic and anti-gnostic speculation within pagan philosophy. Many of the concepts employed by the heretics were also developed in neo-Platonism, for example. But the theory does give a good account of the history of the phenomenon as it existed within its Jewish context. One ramification of this hypothesis lies in the area of New Testament scholarship. This history of traditions seems to show that radical gnosticism superceded rather than preceded Christianity as a target for the rabbinic debate.

Continued study is needed in almost every area to decide whether the hypothesis deserves further scholarly support. Of particular interest is the relationship of the angelic figure to early christology. Perhaps angelic christologies will turn out to be more important to the thought of the first century than the New Testament leads us to believe. Then too, the use of Enoch and Daniel traditions needs to be traced in detail in sectarian and proto-gnostic thought. Furthermore philosophical issues connecting divine anthropomorphism with the term "second god" need to be studied more closely. Hellenistic concepts of divine justice and mercy need to be explored in greater detail. It has often seemed plausible that a Hellenistic Judaism, like Philo's but less sophisticated, was the background for Justin's and Theophilus' writing.

Throughout this work, the central thread uniting all the early traditions has been God's theophany at the Sea, Sinai, in the Temple, in the Song of Songs, Daniel, Psalms and the prophets. It is quite evident that these traditions, contributing to what will be known as Merkabah mysticism in Judaism, have been a major factor in the development of the Jewish-Christian-gnostic polemic. Much more work is needed to uncover the fascinating subject of early Jewish mystical traditions.

The use of the term "second god" in Christian and pagan Platonism should also be investigated further. Perhaps philosophers like Numenius, who had some contact with Hebrew thought, will become an important link in understanding the relationship between the church fathers and the rabbis. It may turn out that the issues with which the rabbis were concerned were of general interest to all educated men at that time, while the exegetical issues were formulated by those intellectuals interested in combining Greek and Hebrew thought.

Further research is certainly necessary to uncover the social dynamics of this hostility. The exegetical nature of our texts should not preclude such inquiry. In the early post-war confusion, many groups were doubtlessly making claims for the authority to speak for the entire Jewish community. The conflict, as we have it recorded in "religious texts," was expressed in theological rather than political or social terms. No doubt, some social and political forces were being expressed in the religious controversies. For instance, strict dualism seems to appear where the most ferocious social antagonisms are expressed and seems to function as an explanation of opposition.

This study began by admitting that the reports about "two powers in heaven" were obscure. It is not likely that the preceding description and analysis has altered anyone's opinion about their obscurity. However, it does not necessarily follow that the reports are unimportant. Not until the reports were collected, collated, arranged and dated could the full significance of the "two powers" controversy become evident. It seems to have been one of the primary rabbinic categories for describing heresy. Furthermore, hidden within the reports is the Jewish witness to the rise of Christianity, even though the texts date from centuries later. They certainly give us a good idea of the issues over which Christianity and Judaism separated. Continued close study of rabbinic evidence may reveal more of this epoch-making period of history for all the religious traditions of the West.

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In this study of the rabbinic heretics who believed in “two powers in heaven,” Alan Segal explores some relationships between rabbinic Judaism, Merkabah mysticism, and early Christianity. “Two powers in heaven” was a very early category of heresy. It was one of the basic categories by which the rabbis perceived the new phenomenon of Christianity and one of the central issues over which Judaism and Christianity separated. Segal reconstructs the development of the heresy through prudent dating of the stages of the rabbinic traditions. The basic heresy involved interpreting scripture to say that a principal angelic or hypostatic manifestation in heaven was equivalent to God. The earliest heretics believed in two complementary powers in heaven, while later heretics believed in two opposing powers in heaven. Segal stresses the importance of perceiving the relevance of rabbinic material for solving traditional problems of New Testament and gnostic scholarship, even while maintaining the necessity of reading those literatures for dating rabbinic material.

“Scholars have long been concerned about the rabbinic reports of heterodox persons who believed that there were ‘two powers’ in heaven. In this monograph, Segal has subjected this issue to a fresh scrutiny. He has also situated this issue in the wider context of religious developments in Judaism, Christianity, and Gnosticism up to the third century C.E. . . . Segal’s study is wide-ranging and stimulating.”

—FRANCIS T. FALLON,
Journal of the American Academy of Religion

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